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This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



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img: 1-a
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In 0001

The Roaring Girle.

In 0002

OR

In 0003

Moll Cut-Purse.

In 0004

As it hath lately beene Acted on the Fortune-stage by

In 0005

the Prince his Players.

In 0006

Written by *T. Middleton* and *T. Dekkar.*

[Portrait of Moll Cutpurse]

In 0007

My case is alter'd, I must worke for my liuing.

In 0008

Printed at *London* for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be sold at his

In 0009

shop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall

In 0010

Exchange. 1611.

img: 2-a
sig: A2v

img: 2-b
sig: A3r

ln 0001

ln 0002

To the Comicke, Play-readers, Venery,
and Laughter.

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

ln 0013

ln 0014

ln 0015

ln 0016

ln 0017

ln 0018

ln 0019

ln 0020

ln 0021

ln 0022

ln 0023

ln 0024

ln 0025

THE fashion of play-making, I can properly compare to nothing, so naturally, as the alteration in apparell: For in the time of the Great-crop-doublet, your huge bombasted plaies, quilted with mighty words to leane purpose was onely then in fashion. And as the doublet fell, neater inuentions beganne to set vp. Now in the time of sprucenes, our plaies followe the nicenes of our Garments, single plots, quaint conceits, letcherous iests, drest vp in hanging sleeues, and those are fit for the Times, and the Tearmers: Such a kind of light-colour Summer stuffe, mingled with diuerse colours, you shall finde this published Comedy, good to keepe you in an afternoone from dice, at home in your chambers; and for venery you shall finde enough, for sixepence, but well coucht and you marke it. For *Venus* being a woman passes through the play in doublet and breeches, a braue disguise and a safe one, if the Statute vnty not her cod-peece point. The book I make no question, but is fit for many of your companies, as well as the person it selfe, and may bee allowed both Gallery roome at the play-house, and chamber-roome at your lodging: worse things I must needs confesse the world

A3

has

ln 0026
ln 0027
ln 0028
ln 0029
ln 0030
ln 0031
ln 0032
ln 0033
ln 0034
ln 0035
ln 0036
ln 0037

ha's taxt her for, then has beene written of her; but 'tis
the excellency of a Writer, to leaue things better then
he finds 'em; though some obscœne fellow (that cares not
what he writes against others, yet keepes a mysticall bau-
dy-house himselfe, and entertaines drunkards, to make
vse of their pockets, and vent his priuate bottle-ale at
mid-night) though such a one would haue ript vp the
most nasty vice, that euer hell belcht forth, and presented
it to a modest Assembly; yet we rather wish in such
discoueries, where reputation lies bleeding, a
slackenesse of truth, then fulnesse
of slander.

ln 0038

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Pro-

wln 0001

Prologus.

wln 0002

A Play (expected long) makes the Audience looke

wln 0003

For wonders: — that each Scæne should be a booke,

wln 0004

Compos'd to all perfection; each one comes

wln 0005

And brings a play in's head with him: vp he summes,

wln 0006

What he would of a Roaring Girle haue writ;

wln 0007

If that he findes not here, he mewes at it.

wln 0008

Onely we intreate you thinke our Scoene.

wln 0009

Cannot speake high (the subiect being but meane)

wln 0010

A Roaring Girle (whose notes till now neuer were)

wln 0011

Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater,

wln 0012

That's all which I dare promise: Tragick passion,

wln 0013

And such graue stuffe, is this day out of fashion.

wln 0014

I see attention sets wide ope her gates

wln 0015

Of hearing, and with couetous listning waites,

wln 0016

To know what Girle, this Roaring Girle should be.

wln 0017

(For of that Tribe are many.) One is shee

wln 0018

That roares at midnight in deepe Tauerne bowles,

wln 0019

That beates the watch, and Constables controuls;

wln 0020

Another roares i'th day time, sweares, stabbes, giues braues,

wln 0021

Yet sells her soule to the lust of fooles and slaues.

wln 0022

Both these are Suburbe-roarers. Then there's (besides)

wln 0023

A ciuill City Roaring Girle, whose pride,

wln 0024

Feasting, and riding, shakes her husbands state,

wln 0025

And leaues him Roaring through an yron grate.

wln 0026

None of these Roaring Girles is ours: shee flies

wln 0027

VVith wings more lofty. Thus her character lyes,

wln 0028

Yet what neede characters? when to giue a gesse,

wln 0029

Is better then the person to expresse;

wln 0030

But would you know who 'tis? would you heare her name?

wln 0031

Shee is cal'd madde Moll; her life, our acts proclaime.

Dramatis

wln 0032

Dramatis Personæ.

wln 0033

Sir *Alexander Wentgraue*, and *Neats-foot* his man.

wln 0034

Sir *Adam Appleton*.

wln 0035

Sir *Dauy Dapper*.

wln 0036

Sir *Bewteous Ganymed*.

wln 0037

Lord *Noland*.

wln 0038

Yong *Wentgraue*,

wln 0039

Iacke Dapper, and *Gull* his page.

wln 0040

Goshawke.

wln 0041

Greenewit.

wln 0042

Laxton.

wln 0043

Tilt-yard.

}Ciues & Vxores.

wln 0044

Openworke.

wln 0045

Gallipot.

wln 0046

Mol the Roaring Girle.

wln 0047

Trapdoore.

wln 0048

Sir *Guy Fitz-allard*.

wln 0049

Mary Fitz-allard his daughter.

wln 0050

Curtilax a Sergiant, and

wln 0051

Hanger his Yeoman.

wln 0052

Ministri.

THE

wln 0053

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0054

Act. 1. Scoe. 1.

wln 0055

Enter Mary Fitz-Allard disguised like a sempster with a case for

wln 0056

bands, and Neatfoot a seruingman with her, with a napkin on

wln 0057

his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.

wln 0058

Neatfoote.

wln 0059

The yong gentleman (our young maister) Sir

wln 0060

Alexanders sonne, is it into his eares (sweet

wln 0061

Damsell) (embleme of fragility) you

wln 0062

desire to haue a message transported, or to be tran-

wln 0063

scendent.

wln 0064

Mary A priuate word or two Sir, nothing

wln 0065

else.

wln 0066

Neat. You shall fructifie in that which you come for: your

wln 0067

pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will

wln 0068

(fairest tree of generation) watch when our young maister is

wln 0069

erected, (that is to say vp) and deliuer him to this your most

wln 0070

white hand.

wln 0071

Mary Thankes sir.

wln 0072

Neat. And withall certifie him, that I haue culled out for

wln 0073

him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicome

wln 0074

then any lay vpon his trencher at dinner — hath he notion

wln 0075

of your name, I beseech your chastitie.

wln 0076

Mary One Sir, of whom he be spake falling bands.

B

Neat.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0077
wln 0078
wln 0079
wln 0080
wln 0081
wln 0082
wln 0083
wln 0084
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wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111

Neat. Falling bands, it shall so be giuen him, — if you please to venture your modesty in the hall, amongst a curle-pated company of rude seruingmen, and take such as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously, and ingeniously welcome.

Mary I haue **dyled** indeed already sir.

Neat. — Or will you vouchsafe to kisse the lip of a cup of rich *Orleans* in the buttry amongst our waiting women.

Mary Not now in truth sir.

Neat. Our yong Maister shall then haue a feeling of your being here presently it shall so be giuen him. *Exit Neatfoote,*

Mary I humbly thanke you sir, but that my bosome Is full of bitter sorrowes, I could smile, To see this formall Ape play Antick tricks: But in my breast a poysoned arrow stickes, And smiles cannot become me, Loue wouen sleightly (Such as thy false heart makes) weares out as lightly, But loue being truely bred ith the soule (like mine) Bleeds euen to death, at the least wound it takes, The more we quench this, the lesse it slakes: Oh me!

Enter Sebastian Wengraue with Neatfoote.

Seb. A Sempster speake with me, saist thou.

Neat. Yes sir, she's there, *viua voce*, to deliuer her auricular confession.

Seb. With me sweet heart. What ist?

Mary I haue brought home your bands sir.

Seb. Bands: *Neatfoote.*

Neat. Sir.

Seb. Prithee look in, for all the Gentlemen are vpon rising.

Neat. Yes sir, a most methodicall attendance shall be giuen.

Seb. And dost heare, if my father call for me, say I am busy with a Sempster.

Neat. Yes sir, hee shall know it that you are busied with a needle woman.

Seb. In's eare good *Neat-foote,*

Neat

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
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wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148

Neat. It shall be so giuen him.

Exit Neat-foote.

Seb. Bands, y'are mistaken sweete heart, I bespake none,
when, where, I prithee, what bands, let me see them.

Mary Yes sir, a bond fast sealed, with solemne oathes,
Subscribed vnto (as I thought) with your soule:
Deliuered as your deed in sight of heauen,
Is this bond canceld, haue you forgot me.

Seb. Ha! life of my life: Sir *Guy Fitz-Allards* daughter,
What has transform'd my loue to this strange shape?
Stay: make all sure, — so: now speake and be briefe,
Because the wolfe's at dore that lyes in waite,
To prey vpon vs both albeit mine eyes
Are blest by thine, yet this so strange disguise
Holds me with feare and wonder.

Mary Mines a loathed sight,
Why from it are you banisht else so long.

Seb. I must cut short my speech, in broken language,
Thus much sweete *Moll*, I must thy company shun,
I court another *Moll*, my thoughts must run,
As a horse runs, thats blind, round in a Mill,
Out euery step, yet keeping one path still.

Mary Vmh: must you shun my company, in one knot
Haue both our hands byt'h hands of heauen bene tyed,
Now to be broke, I thought me once your Bride:
Our fathers did agree on the time when,
And must another bed-fellow fill my roome.

Seb. Sweete maid, lets loose no time, tis in heuens booke
Set downe, that I must haue thee: an oath we tooke,
To keep our vowes, but when the knight your father
Was from mine parted, stormes began to sit
Vpon my couetous fathers brow: which fell
From them on me, he reckond vp what gold
This marriage would draw from him, at which he swore,
To loose so much bloud, could not grieue him more.
He then diswades me from thee, cal'd thee not faire,
And askt what is shee, but a beggars heire?
He scorn'd thy dowry of (5000) Markes.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
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wln 0155
wln 0156
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wln 0184
wln 0185

If such a summe of mony could be found,
And I would match with that, hee'd not vndoe it,
Prouided his bags might adde nothing to it,
But vow'd, if I tooke thee, nay more, did sweare it,
Saue birth from him I nothing should inherit.

Mary What followes then, my ship-wracke.

Seb. Dearest no:

Tho wildly in a laborinth I go,
My end is to meete thee: with a side winde
Must I now saile, else I no hauen can finde
But both must sinke for euer. There's a wench
Cal'd *Mol*, mad *Mol*, or merry *Moll*, a creature
So strange in quality, a whole citty takes
Note of her name and person, all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfet passion,
I spend to mad my father: he beleuees
I doate vpon this *Roaring Girle*, and grieues
As it becomes a father for a sonne,
That could be so bewitcht: yet ile go on
This croked way, sigh still for her, faine dreames,
In which ile talke onely of her, these streames
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
That heere I anchor rather then be rent
Vpon a rocke so dangerours, Art thou pleas'd,
Because thou seest we are way-laid, that I take
A path thats safe, tho it be farre about,

Mary My prayers with heauen guide thee,

Seb. Then I will on,

My father is at hand, kisse and begon;
Howres shall be watcht for meetings; I must now
As men for feare, to a strange Idoll bow.

Mary Farewell.

Seb. Ile guide thee forth, when next we meete,
A story of *Moll* shall make our mirth more sweet.

Exeunt

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Sir Dauy Dapper, Sir Adam
Appleton, Goshake, Laxton, and *Gentlemen*.

Omnes Thanks good Sir *Alexander* for our bounteous cheere:

Alex.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194
wln 0195
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wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222

Alex. Fy, fy, in giuing thanks you pay to deare.
S. Dap. When bounty spreades the table, faith t'were sinne,
(at going of) if thanks should not step in.
Alex. No more of thanks, no more, I mary Sir,
Th'inner roome was too close, how do you like
This Parlour Gentlmen?
Omnes Oh passing well.
Adam What a sweet breath the aire casts heere, so coole,
Gosh. I like the prospect best.
Lax. See how tis furnisht.
S. Dap. A very faire sweete roome.
Alex. Sir *Dauy Dapper*,
The furniture that doth adorne this roome,
Cost many a faire gray groat ere it came here,
But good things are most cheape, when th'are most deere,
Nay when you looke into my galleries,
How brauely they are trim'd vp, you all shall sweare
Yare highly pleasd to see whats set downe there:
Stories of men and women (mixt together
Faire ones with foule, like sun-shine in wet wether)
Within one square a thousand heads are laid
So close, that all of heads, the roome **seemes** made,
As many faces there (**fil'd** with blith lookes)
Shew like the promising titles of new bookes,
(Writ merily) the Readers being their owne eyes,
Which seeme to moue and to giue plaudities,
And here and there (whilst with obsequious eares,
Throng'd heapes do listen) a cut pursepurse thrusts and leeres
With haukes eyes for his prey: I need not shew him,
By a hanging villanous looke, your selues may know him,
The face is drawne so rarely, Then sir below,
The very flowre (as twere) waues to and fro,
And like a floating Iland, seemes to moue,
Vpon a sea bound in with shores aboute,
Omnes. These sights are excellent.
Alex. I'le shew you all,
Since we are met, make our parting Comicall.

*Enter Sebastian and
M. Greene-wit.*

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0223

Seb. This gentleman (my friend) will take his leaue Sir.

wln 0224

Alex. Ha, take his leaue (*Sebastian*) who?

wln 0225

Seb. This gentleman.

wln 0226

Alex. Your loue sir, has already giuen me some time,

wln 0227

And if you please to trust my age with more,

wln 0228

It shall pay double interest: Good sir stay.

wln 0229

Green. I haue beene too bold.

wln 0230

Alex. Not so sir. A merry day

wln 0231

Mongst friends being spent, is better then gold sau'd.

wln 0232

Some wine, some wine. Where be these knaues I keepe.

wln 0233

Enter three or foure Seruingmen, and Neatfoote.

wln 0234

Neat. At your worshipfull elbow, sir.

wln 0235

Alex. You are kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.

wln 0236

Neat. Your worship has giuen it vs right.

wln 0237

Alex. You varlets stirre,

wln 0238

Chaires, stooles and cushions: pre'thee sir *Dauy Dapper*,

wln 0239

Make that chaire thine.

wln 0240

Sir Dap. Tis but an easie gift,

wln 0241

And yet I thanke you for it sir, I'le take it.

wln 0242

Alex. A chaire for old sir *Adam Appleton*.

wln 0243

Neat. A backe friend to your worship.

wln 0244

Adam. Mary good *Neatfoot*,

wln 0245

I thanke thee for it: backe friends sometimes are good.

wln 0246

Alex. Pray make that stoole your pearch, good M. *Goshawke*.

wln 0247

Gosh. I stoope to your lure sir.

wln 0248

Alex. Sonne *Sebastian*,

wln 0249

Take Maister *Greenewit* to you.

wln 0250

Seb. Sit deere friend.

wln 0251

Alex. Nay maister *Laxton* — furnish maister *Laxton*

wln 0252

With what he wants (a stone) a stoole I would say, a stoole.

wln 0253

Laxton. I had rather stand sir. *Exeunt seruants.*

wln 0254

Alex. I know you had (good M. *Laxton*.) So, so —

wln 0255

Now heres a messe of friends, and (gentlemen)

wln 0256

Because times glasse shall not be running long,

wln 0257

I'le quicken it with a pretty tale.

Sir

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
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wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294

Sir *Dap.* Good tales do well,
In these bad dayes, where vice does so excell.
Adam. Begin sir *Alexander.*
Alex. Last day I met
An aged man vpon whose head was scor'd,
A debt of iust so many yeares as these,
Which I owe to my graue, the man you all know.
Omnes. His name I pray you sir.
Alex. Nay you shall pardon me,
But when he saw me (with a sigh that brake,
Or seem'd to breake his heart-strings) thus he spake:
Oh my good knight, saies he, (and then his eies
Were richer euen by that which made them poore,
They had spent so many teares they had no more.)
Oh sir (saies he) you know it, for you ha seene
Blessings to raine vpon mine house and me:
Fortune (who slaues men) was my slaue: her wheele
Hath spun me golden threads, for I thanke heauen,
I nere had but one cause to curse my starres,
I ask't him then, what that one cause might be.
Omnes. So Sir.
Alex. He paus'd, and as we often see,
A sea so much becalm'd, there can be found
No wrinkle on his brow, his waues being drownd
In their owne rage: but when th'imperious wind,
Vse strange inuisible tyranny to shake
Both heauens and earths foundation at their noyse:
The seas swelling with wrath to part that fray
Rise vp, and are more wild, more mad, then they.
Euen so this good old man was by my question
Stir'd vp to roughnesse, you might see his gall
Flow euen in's eies: then grew he fantasticall.
Sir Dap. Fantasticall, ha, ha.
Alex. Yes, and talke odly.
Adam. Pray sir proceed,
How did this old man end?
Alex. Mary sir thus.

He

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
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wln 0306
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wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331

He left his wild fit to read ore his cards,
Yet then (though age cast snow on all his haire)
He ioy'd because (saies he) the God of gold
Has beene to me no niggard: that disease
(Of which all old men sicken) Auarice
Neuer infected me.

Lax. He meanes not himselfe i' me sure.

Alex. For like a lamp,
Fed with continuall oyle, I spend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet haue still
Enough to serue my selfe, Oh but (quoth he)
Tho heauens dew fall, thus on this aged tree,
I haue a sonne thats like a wedge doth cleaue,
My very heart roote,

S, Dap. Had he such a sonne,

Seb, Now I do smell a fox strongly.

Alex. Lets see: no Maister *Greene-wit* is not yet
So mellow in yeares as he; but as like *Sebastian*,
Iust like my sonne *Sebastian*, — such another.

Seb. How finely like a fencer my father fetches his by-blowes
to hit me, but if I beate you not at your owne weapon of sub-
tilty.

Alex. This sonne (saith he) that should be
The columnne and maine arch vnto my house,
The crutch vnto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firme foundation,

Adam Tis some prodigall.

Seba. Well shot old *Adam Bell*.

Alex. No citty monster neither, no prodigall,
But sparing, wary, ciuill, and (tho wiuelesse)
An excellent husband, and such a traueller,
He has more tongues in his head then some haue teeth,

S. Dap, I haue but two in myne

Gosh. So sparing and so wary,
What then could vex his father so.

Alex. Oh a woman.

Seb. A flesh fly, that can vex any man.

Alex.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0332
wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
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wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368

Alex. A scuruy woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doated:
A creature (saith he) nature hath brought forth
To mocke the sex of woman. — It is a thing
One knowes not how to name, her birth began
Ere she was all made. Tis woman more then man,
Man more then woman, and (which to none can hap)
The Sunne giues her two shadowes to one shape,
Nay more, let this strange thing, walke, stand or sit,
No blazing starre drawes more eyes after it.
S. Dap. A Monster, tis some Monster.
Alex. Shee's a varlet.
Seb. Now is my cue to bristle.
Alex. A naughty packe.
Seb. Tis false.
Alex. Ha boy.
Seb. Tis false.
Alex. Whats false, I say shee's nought.
Seb. I say that tongue
That dares speake so (but yours) stickes in the throate
Of a ranke villaine, set your selfe aside. —
Alex. So sir what then.
Seb. Any here else had lyed.
I thinke I shall fit you —
Alex. Lye.
Seb. Yes.
Sir Dap. Doth this concerne him.
Alex. Ah sirra boy.
Is your bloud heated: boyles it: are you stung,
Ile pierce you deeper yet: Oh my deere friends,
I am that wretched father, this that sonne,
That sees his ruine, yet headlong on doth run.
Adam. Will you loue such a poyson.
S. Dap. Fye, fye.
Seb. Y'are all mad.
Alex. Th'art sicke at heart, yet feelst it not: of all these,
What Gentleman (but thou) knowing his disease

aside.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
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wln 0397
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wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405

Mortall, would shun the cure: oh Maister *Greenewit*,
Would you to such an Idoll bow.
Greene. Not I sir.
Alex. Heer's Maister *Laxton*, has he mind to a woman
As thou hast.
Lax. No not I sir.
Alex. Sir I know it.
Lax. There good parts are so rare, there bad so common,
I will haue nought to do with any woman.
Sir Dap. Tis well done Maister *Laxton*.
Alex. Oh thou cruell boy,
Thou wouldst with lust an old mans life destroy,
Because thou seest I'me halfe way in my graue,
Thou shouelst dust vpon me: wod thou mightest haue
Thy wish, most wicked, most vnnaturall.
Dap. Why sir, tis thought, sir *Guy Fitz-Allards* daughter
Shall wed your sonne *Sebastian*.
Alex. Sir *Dauy Dapper*.
I haue vpon my knees, wood this fond boy,
To take that vertuous maiden.
Seb. Harke you a word sir.
You on your knees haue curst that vertuous maiden,
And me for louing her, yet do you now
Thus baffle me to my face: were not your knees
In such intreates, giue me *Fitz-Allards* daughter.
Alex. Ile giue thee rats-bane rather.
Seb. Well then you know
What dish I meane to feed vpon.
Alex. Harke Gentlemen,
He swears to haue this cut-purse drab, to spite my gall.
Omnes. Maister *Sebastian*.
Seb. I am deafe to you all.
Ime so bewicht, so bound to my desires,
Teares, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those fires
That burne within me. *Exit Sebastian.*
Alex. Her bloud shall quench it then,
Loose him not, oh diswade him Gentlemen.

Sir *Dap.*

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
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wln 0413
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wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442

Sir *Dap*. He shall be weand I warrant you.
Alex. Before his eyes
Lay downe his shame, my grieffe, his miseries.
Omnes. No more, no more, away. *Exeunt all but sir*
Alex. I wash a *Negro*, *Alexander*.
Loosing both paines and cost: but take thy flight,
Ile be most neere thee, when I'me least in sight.
Wilde Bucke ile hunt thee breathlesse, thou shalt run on,
But I will turne thee when I'me not thought vpon.
Enter Ralph Trapdore:
Now sirra what are you, leaue your Apes trickes and speake.
Trap. A letter from my Captaine to your Worship.
Alex. Oh, oh, now I remember tis to preferre thee into my
seruice.
Trap. To be a shifter vnder your Worships nose of a clean
trencher, when ther's a good bit vpon't.
Alex. Troth honest fellow — humh — ha — let me see,
This knaue shall be the axe to hew that downe
At which I stumble, has a face that promiseth
Much of a villaine, I will grind his wit,
And if the edge proue fine make vse of it.
Come hither sirra, canst thou be secret, ha.
Trap. As two crafty Attorneys plotting the vndoing of
their clyents.
Alex. Didst neuer, as thou hast walkt about this towne
Heare of a wench cal'd *Moll*, mad merry *Moll*.
Trap. *Moll* cutpurse sir.
Alex. The same, dost thou know her then,
Trap. Aswell as I know twill raine vpon *Simon* and *Iudes* day
next, I will sift all the tauerns ith citty, and drinke halfe pots
with all the Watermen ath bankside, but if you will sir Ile find
her out.
Alex. That task is easy, doot then, hold thy hand vp.
Whats this, ist burnt?
Trap. No sir no, a little sindgd with making fire workes.
Alex. Ther's mony, spend it, that being spent fetch more.
Trap. Oh sir that all the poore souldiers in *England* had

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
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wln 0460
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wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479

such a leader. For fetching no water Spaniel is like me.

Alex. This wench we speake of, straies so from her kind
Nature repents she made her. Tis a Mermaid
Has told my sonne to shipwracke.

Trap. Ile cut her combe for you.

Alex. Ile tell out gold for thee then: hunt her forth,
Cast out a line hung full of siluer hookes
To catch her to thy company: deepe spendings
May draw her thats most chast to a mans bosome.

Trap. The gingling of Golden bells, and a good foole with
a hobbyhorse, wil draw all the whoores ith towne to dance in a
morris,

Alex. Or rather, for thats best, (they say sometimes
Shee goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

Trap. And when her breeches are off, shee shall follow me.

Alex. Beate all thy braines to serue her.

Trap. Zounds sir, as country wenches beate creame, till
butter comes.

Alex. Play thou the suttle spider, weaue fine nets
To insnare her very life.

Trap. Her life.

Alex. Yes sucke
Her heart-bloud if thou canst, twist thou but cords
To catch her, Ile finde law to hang her vp.

Trap. Spoke like a Worshipfull bencher.

Alex. Trace all her steps: at this shee-foxes den
Watch what lambs enter: let me play the sheepeheard
To saue their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

Trap. This is the goll shall doot.

Alex. Be firme and gaine me
Euer thine owne. This done I entertaine thee:
How is thy name.

Trap. My name sir is *Raph Trapdore*, honest *Raph*.

Alex. *Trapdore*, be like thy name, a dangerous step
For her to venture on, but vnto me.

Trap. As fast as your sole to your boote or shooe sir.

Alex. Hence then, be little seene here as thou canst.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484

wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
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wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514

Ile still be at thine elbow.

Trap. The trapdores set.

Moll if you budge y'are gon: this me shall crowne,

A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girle puts downe,

Alex. God a mercy, loose no time.

Exeunt.

The three shops open in a ranke: the first a Poticaries shop, the next a Fether shop: the third a Sempsters shop: Mistresse Gallipot in the first, Mistresse Tiltyard in the next, Maister Openworke and his wife in the third, to them enters Laxton, Goshawke and Greenewit.

Mi. Open. Gentlemen what ist you lacke. What ist you buy, see fine bands and ruffes, fine lawnes, fine cambrickes, what ist you lacke Gentlemen, what ist you buy?

Lax. Yonders the shop.

Gosh. Is that shee. *Lax.* Peace.

Green Shee that minces Tobacco.

Lax. I: shees a Gentlewoman borne I can tell you, tho it be her hard fortune now to shread Indian pot-hearbes.

Gosh. Oh sir tis many a good womans fortune, when her husband turns bankrout, to begin with pipes and set vp againe.

Lax. And indeed the raysing of the woman is the lifting vp of the mans head at all times, if one florish, tother will bud as fast I warrant ye.

Gosh. Come th'art familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.

Lax. And you grope no better ith dark you may chance lye ith ditch when y'are drunke.

Gosh. Go th'art a misticall letcher.

Lax. I will not deny but my credit may take vp an ounce of pure smoake.

Gosh. May take vp an ell of pure smock; away go, tis the closest striker. Life I think he cōmits venery 40 foote deepe, no mans aware on't, I like a palpable smockster go to worke so openly, with the tricks of art, that I'me as aparantly seen as a naked boy in a viall, & were it not for a guift of trechery that I haue in me to betray my friend whē he puts most trust in me (masse yonder

The Roaring Girle.

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wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551

hee is too —) and by his iniurie to make good my accesse to her, I should appeare as defectiue in courting, as a Farmers sonne the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at Court, but woe the hangings and glasse windowes for a month together, and some broken wayting woman for euer after. I find those imperfections in my venerie, that were't not for flatterie and falshood, I should want discourse and impudence, and hee that wants impudence among women, is worthy to bee kickt out at beds feet. — He shall not see me yet.

Greene. Troth this is finely shred.

Lax. Oh women are the best mincers.

Mist. Gal. 'Thad bin a good phrase for a Cookes wife sir.

Lax. But 'twill serue generally, like the front of a newe Almanacke; as thus: Calculated for the meridian of Cookes wiues, but generally for all Englishwomen.

Mist. Gal. Nay you shall ha'te sir, I haue fild it for you.

Shee puts it to the fire.

Lax. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine alwaies so.

Gree. But not to be vs'd a that fashion.

Lax. O pardon me sir, I vnderstand no french.

I pray be couerd. Iacke a pipe of rich smoake.

Gosh. Rich smoake; that's 6. pence a pipe ist?

Green. To me sweet Lady.

Mist. Gal. Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange; Art and Wit makes a foole of suspition: — pray be warie.

Lax. Push, I warrant you: — come, how ist gallants?

Green. Pure and excellent.

Lax. I thought 'twas good, you were growne so silent; you are like those that loue not to talke at victuals, tho they make a worse noyse i'the nose then a common fidders prentice, and discourse a whole Supper with snuffling; — I must speake a word with you anone.

Mist. Gal. Make your way wisely then. (ners,

Gosh. Oh what else sir, hee's perfection it selfe, full of man- But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

Green. I and full of forme, h'as ne're a good stoole in's chamber.

Gosh.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555
wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559
wln 0560
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wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588

Gosh. But aboue all religious: hee prayeth daily vpon elder brothers.

Green. And valiant aboue measure; h'as runne three streets from a Serieant.

Lax. Puh, Puh. *he blowes tobacco in their faces.*

Green. Gosh. Oh, puh, ho, ho.

Lax. So, so.

Mist. Gal. Whats the matter now sir?

Lax. I protest I'me in extreame want of money, if you can supply mee now with any meanes, you doe mee the greatest pleasure, next to the bountie of your loue, as euer poore gentleman tasted.

Mist. Gal. What's the summe would pleasure ye sir? Tho you deserue nothing lesse at my hands.

Lax. Why 'tis but for want of opportunitie thou know'st; I put her off with opportunitie still: by this light I hate her, but for meanes to keepe me in fashion with gallants; for what I take from her, I spend vpon other wenches, beare her in hand still; shee has wit enough to rob her husband, and I waies enough to consume the money: why how now? what the chin-cough?

Gosh. Thou hast the cowardliest tricke to come before a mans face and strangle him ere hee be aware, I could find in my heart to make a quarrell in earnest.

Lax. Poxe and thou do'st, thou know'st I neuer vse to fight with my friends, thou'l but loose thy labour in't.

Iacke Dapper! *Enter I. Dapper, and his man Gull.*

Greene. Mounsier Dapper, I diue downe to your ankles.

I. Dap. Saue ye gentlemen all three in a peculiar salute.

Gosh. He were ill to make a lawyer, hee dispatches three at once.

Lax. So wel said: but is this of the same Tobacco mistresse Gallipot?

M. Gal. The same you had at first sir.

Lax. I wish it no better: this will serue to drinke at my chamber.

Gosh. Shall we taste a pipe on't?

Lax.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
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wln 0625

Lax. Not of this by my troth Gentlemen, I haue sworne before you.

Gosh. What not *Iacke dapper*.

Lax. Pardon me sweet *Iacke*, I'me sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oathes must stand: where art going *Iacke*.

Iac. Dap. Faith to buy one fether.

Lax. One fether, the foole's peculiar still.

Iac. Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maister.

Iac. Dap. Heer's three halfpence for your ordinary, boy, meete me an howre hence in Powles.

Gul. How three single halfpence; life, this will scarce serue a man in sauce, a halporth of mustard, a halporth of oyle, and a halporth of viniger, whats left then for the pickle herring: this showes like small beere ith morning after a great surfet of wine ore night, hee could spend his three pound last night in a supper amongst girles and braue budy-house boyes, I thought his pockets cackeld not for nothing, these are the eggs of three pound, Ile go sup 'em vp presently. *Exit Gul.*

Lax. Fight, nine, ten Angels, good wench ifaith, and one that loues darkenesse well, she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugsters wife in England: but that which mads her I raile vpon oportunity still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a roome with a candle in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no sooner entred but the candle was sent of an arrant: now I not intending to vnderstand her, but like a puny at the Innes of venery, cal'd for another light innocently, thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cosens her husband to keepe me, and Ile keepe her honest, as long as I can, to make the poore man some part of amends, an honest minde of a whooremaister, how thinke you amongst you, what a fresh pipe, draw in a third man.

Gosh. No your a horder, you ingrose bith ounces.

At the Fether shop now.

Iac. Dap. Puh I like it not.

M. Tiltyard What fether ist you'ld haue sir.

These

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0626
wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
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wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662

These are most worne and most in fashion,
Amongst the Beuer gallants the stone Riders.
The priuate stages audience, the twelu peny stool Gentlemen,
I can enforme you tis the generall fether.
Iac. Dap. And therefore I mislike it, tell me of generall.
Now a continuall *Simon* and *Iudes* raine
Beate all your fethers as flat downe as pancakes.
Shew me — a — spangled fether,
Mist. Tilt. Oh to go a feasting with,
You'd haue it for a hinch boy, you shall. *At the Sempsters*
Maist. Open. Masse I had quite forgot, *shop now.*
His Honours footeman was here last night wife,
Ha you done with my Lords shirt.
Mist. Open. Whats that to you sir,
I was this morning at his Honours lodging,
Ere such a snake as you crept out of your shell.
Maist. Open. Oh 'twas well done good wife.
Mt. Op. I hold it better sir, then if you had don't your selfe.
Ma. Op. Nay so say I: but is the Countesses smocke almost
donne mouse.
Mi. Op. Here lyes the cambricke sir, but wants I feare mee.
Ma. Op. Ile resolute you of that presently,
Mi. Op. Haida, Oh audacious groome,
Dare you presume to noble womens linnen,
Keepe you your yard to measure sheepeheards holland,
I must confine you I see that. *At the Tobacco shop now.*
Gosh. What say you to this geere.
Lax. I dare the arrants criticke in Tobacco
To lay one falt vpon't. *Enter Mol in a freese Jerkin and*
Gosh. Life yonders *Mol.* *a blacke sauegard.*
Lax. Mol which Mol. *Gosh.* honest *Mol.*
Lax. Prithee lets call her — *Mol.*
All. *Mol, Mol, pist Mol.*
Mol. How now, whats the matter.
Gosh. A pipe of good tobacco *Mol.*
Mol. I cannot stay.
Gosh. Nay *Moll* puh, prethee harke, but one word ifaith.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0663
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wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
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wln 0674
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wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699

Mol. Well what ist.

Green. Prithee come hither sirra.

Lax. Hart I would giue but too much money to be nibling with that wench, life, sh'as the Spirit of foure great parishes, and a voyce that will drowne all the Citty, me thinkes a braue Captaine might get all his souldiers vpon her, and nere bee beholding to a company of mile-end milke sops, if hee could come on, and come off quicke enough: Such a *Moll* were a maribone before an *Italian*, hee would cry *bona roba* till his ribs were nothing but bone. Ile lay hard siege to her, mony is that *Aqua fortis*, that eates into many a maidenhead, where the wals are flesh & bloud Ile euer pierce through with a golden auguer.

Gosh. Now thy iudgement *Moll*, ist not good?

Mol. Yes faith tis very good tobacco, how do you sell an ounce, farewell. God b'y you Mistresse *Gallipot*,

Gosh. Why *Mol*, *Mol*.

Mol. I cannot stay now ifaith, I am going to buy a shag ruffe, the shop will be shut in presently.

Gosh. Tis the maddest fantasticalst girle: — I neuer knew so much flesh and so much nimblenesse put together.

Lax. Shee slips from one company to another, like a fat Eele between a Dutchmās fingers: — Ile watch my time for her.

Mist. Gal. Some will not sticke to say shees a man And some both man and woman.

Lax. That were excellent, she might first cuckold the husband and then make him do as much for the wife.

The Fether shop againe.

Moll. Saue you; how does Mistresse *Tiltyard*?

I. Dap. *Mol*.

Mol. Iacke **Dapper**.

I. Dap. How dost *Mol*.

Mol. Ile tell the by and by, I go but toth' next shop.

I. Dap. Thou shalt find me here this howre about a fether.

Mol. Nay and a fether hold you in play a whole houre, a goose will last you all the daies of your life. Let me see a good shag ruffe.

The Sempster shop.

Mist. Open.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
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wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736

Maist. Open. Mistresse *Mary* that shalt thou ifaith, and the best in the shop.

Mist. Open. How now, greetings, loue tearmes with a pox betweene you, haue I found out one of your haunts, I send you for hollands, and you're ith the low countries with a mischiefe, I'me seru'd with good ware byth shift, that makes it lye dead so long vpon my hands, I were as good shut vp shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

Maist. Open. Nay and you fall a ringing once the diuell cannot stop you, Ile out of the Belfry as fast as I can — *Moll.*

Mist. Open. Get you from my shop.

Mol. I come to buy. (shop

Mist. Open. Ile sell ye nothing, I warne yee my house and

Mol. You goody *Openworke*, you that prick out a poore liuing And sowes many a bawdy skin-coate together, Thou priuate pandresse betweene shirt and smock, I wish thee for a minute but a man:

Thou shouldst neuer vse more shapes, but as th'art

I pittie my reuenge, now my spleenes vp, *Enter a fellow with a long rapier by his side.*

I would not mocke it willingly — ha be thankfull.

Now I forgiue thee.

Mist. Open. Mary hang thee, I neuer askt forgiuenesse in my life.

Mol. You goodman swinesface.

Fellow What wil you murder me.

Mol. You remember slaue, how you abusd me t'other night in a Tauerne.

Fel. Not I by this light.

Mol. No, but by candlelight you did, you haue trickes to saue your oathes, reseruations haue you, and I haue reserued somewhat for you, — as you like that call for more, you know the signe againe.

Fel. Pox ant, had I brought any company along with mee to haue borne witness on't, 'twold ne're haue grieu'd me, but to be strucke and nobody by, tis my ill fortune still, why tread vpon a worme they say twill turne taile, but indeed a Gentle-

The Roaring Girle.

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wln 0738
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wln 0773

man should haue more manners.

Exit fellow.

Lax. Gallantly performed ifath *Mol*, and manfully, I loue thee for euer fort, base rogue, had he offerd but the least counter-buffe, by this hand I was prepared for him.

Mol. You prepared for him, why should you be prepared for him, was he any more then a man.

Lax. No nor so much by a yard and a handfull London measure..

Moll. Why do you speake this then, doe you thinke I cannot ride a stone horse, vnlesse one lead him bith snaffle.

Lax. Yes and sit him brauely, I know thou canst *Mol*, twas but an honest mistake through loue, and Ile make amends fort any way, prethee sweete plumpe *Mol*, when shall thou and I go out a towne together.

Mol. Whether to Tyburne prethee.

Lax. Masse thats out a towne indeed, thou hangst so many iests vpon thy friends stil. I meane honestly to *Brainford*, *Staines* or *Ware*.

Mol. What to do there.

Lax. Nothing but bee merry and lye together, I'le hire a coach with foure horses.

Mol. I thought 'twould bee a beastly iourney, you may leaue out one wel, three horses will serue, if I play the iade my selfe.

Lax. Nay push th'art such another kicking wench, prethee be kind and lets meete.

Mol. Tis hard but we shall meete sir.

Lax. Nay but appoint the place then, there's ten Angels in faire gold *Mol*, you see I do not trifle with you, do but say thou wilt meete me, and Ile haue a coach ready for thee.

Mol. Why here's my hand Ile meete you sir.

Lax. Oh good gold, — the place sweete *Mol*.

Mol. It shal be your appointment.

Lax. Somewhat neere Holborne *Mol*.

Mol. In Graies-Inne fields then.

Lax. A match. *Mol.* Ile meete you there.

Lax. The houre. *Mol.* Three.

Lax.

The Roaring Girle.

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wln 0775
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wln 0809
wln 0810

Lax. That will be time enough to sup at *Braineford*.
Fall from them to the other.

Ma. Op. I am of such a nature sir, I cannot endure the house when shee scolds, sh'has a tongue will be hard further in a still morning then Saint Antlings-bell, she railes vpon me for for-raine wenching, that I being a freemã must needs keep a whore ith suburbs, and seeke to impouerish the liberties, when we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

Gosh. No trouble at all, tis a pleasure to mee to ioyne things together.

Maist. Open. Go thy waies, I doe this but to try thy honesty
Goshawke. *The Fether shop.*

Iac. Dap. How lik'st thou this *Mol.*

Mol. Oh singularly, your fitted now for a bunch, he looks for all the world with those spangled fethers like a nobleman's bedpost: The purity of your wench would I faine try, shee seemes like Kent vnconquered, and I beleue as many wiles are in her — oh the gallants of these times are shallow letchers, they put not their courtship home enough to a wench, tis impossible to know what woman is throughly honest, because shee's nere thoroughly try'd, I am of that certaine beleefe there are more queanes in this towne of their owne making, then of any mans prouoking, where lyes the slacknesse then? many a poore soule would downe, and ther's nobody will push Women are courted but nere soundly tri'd, (em:
As many walke in spurs that neuer ride. *The Sempsters shop.*

Mist. Open. Oh abominable.

Gosh. Nay more I tell you in priuate, he keeps a whore ith suburbs.

Mist. Open. O spittle dealing, I came to him a Gentlewoman borne. Ile shew you mine armes when you please sir.

Gosh. I had rather see your legs, and begin that way.

Mist. Openworke Tis well knowne he tooke me from a Ladies seruice, where I was well beloued of the steward, I had my Lattine tongue, and a spice of the French before I came to him, and now doth he keepe a subberbian whoore vnder my nostrils.

The Roaring Girle.

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wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847

Gosh. There's waies enough to cry quite with him, harke in thine eare.

Mist. Open. Theres a friend worth a Million.

Mol I'le try one speare against your chastity *Mist. Tiltyard*
Though it proue too short by the burgh.

Trap. Masse here she is. *Enter Ralph Trapdore*
I'me bound already to serue her, tho it be but a sluttish tricke.
Blesse my hopefull yong Mistresse with long life and great
limbs, send her the vpper hand of all balifes, and their hungry
adherents.

Mol. How now, what art thou?

Trap. A poore ebbing Gentleman, that would gladly wait
for the yong floud of your seruice.

Mol. My seruice! what should moue you to offer your ser-
uice to me sir?

Trap. The loue I beare to your heroicke spirit and mascu-
line womanhood.

Mol. So sir, put case we should retaine you to vs, what parts
are there in you for a Gentlewomans seruice.

Trap. Of two kinds right Worshipfull: moueable, and
immoueable: moueable to run of arrants, and immoueable to
stand when you haue occasion to vse me.

Mol. What strength haue you.

Trap. Strength *Mistresse Mol*, I haue gon vp into a steeple,
and staid the great bell as 'thas beene ringing; stopt a windmill
going. *Mols trips vp his heels he fals.*

Mol. And neuer strucke downe your selfe.

Trap. Stood as vpright as I do at this present.

Mol. Come I pardon you for this, it shall bee no disgrace
to you: I haue strucke vp the heeles of the high Germaines
size ere now, — what not stand.

Trap. I am of that nature where I loue, I'le bee at my mi-
stresse foot to do her seruice.

Mol. Why well said, but say your Mistresse should receiue
iniury, haue you the spirit of fighting in you, durst you second
her.

Trap. Life I haue kept a bridge my selfe, and droue seuen

The Roaring Girle.

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wln 0883

at a time before me. *Mol.* I.
Trap. But they were all Lincolneshire bullockes by my
troth. aside.
Mol. Well, meete me in Graies-Inne fields, between three
and foure this afternoone, and vpon better consideration weele
retaine you.
Trap. I humbly thanke your good Mistreship,
Ile crack your necke for this kindnesse. *Exit Trapdore*
Lax. Remember three. *Mol meets Laxton*
Moll. Nay if I faile you hange me.
Lax. Good wench Ifaith. *then Openworke.*
Moll. Whose this.
Maist. Open. Tis I *Mol.*
Moll. Prithee tend thy shop and preuent bastards.
Maist. Open. Wele haue a pint of the same wine ifaith *Mol.*
The bel rings.
Gosh. Harke the bell rings, come Gentlemen.
Iacke Dapper where shals all munch.
Iae. Dap. I am for Parkers ordinary.
Lax. Hee's a good guest to'm, hee deserues his boord,
He drawes all the Gentlemen in a terme time thither,
Weele be your followers *Iacke*, lead the way,
Looke you by my faith the foole has fetherd his nest well.
Exeunt Gallants.
Enter Maister Gallipot, Maister Tiltyard, and seruants
with water Spaniels and a ducke.

Maist. Tilt. Come shut vp your shops, where's *Maister*
Openworke.
Mist. Gal. Nay aske not me *Maister Tiltyard.*
Maist. Tilt. Wher's his water dog, puh — pist — hur — hur—pist
Maist. Gal. Come wenches come, we're going all to Hogs-
den.
Mist. Gal. To Hogsden husband.
Maist. Gal. I to Hogsden pigs ny.
Mist. Gal. I'me not ready husband. *spits in the dogs mouth*
Maist. Gal. Faith thats well — hum — pist — pist.

Come

The Roaring Girle.

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wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890

Maist. Gal. Come Mistresse *Openworke* you are so long.
Mist. Open. I haue no ioy of my life Maister *Gallipot*.
Maist. Gal. Push, let your boy lead his water Spaniel along,
and weele show you the brauest sport at parlous pond, he trug,
he trug, he trug, heres the best ducke in England, except my
wife, he, he, he, fetch, fetch, fetch, come lets away
Of all the yeare this is the sportfulst day.

wln 0891

Enter Sebastian solus.

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wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
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wln 0918

Seb. If a man haue a free will, where should the vse
More perfect shine then in his will to loue.
All creatures haue their liberty in that, *Enter Sir Alexander*
Tho else kept vnder seruile yoke and feare, *and listens to him.*
The very bondslaue has his freedome there,
Amongst a world of creatures voyc'd and silent.
Must my desires weare fetters — yea are you
So neere, then I must breake with my hearts truth;
Meete grieffe at a backe way — well: why suppose.
The two leaud tongues of slander or of truth
Pronounce *Mol* loathsome: if before my loue
Shee appeare faire, what iniury haue I,
I haue the thing I like? in all things else
Mine owne eye guides me, and I find 'em prosper,
Life what should aile it now? I know that man
Nere truely loues, if he gainesayt he lyes,
That winkes and marries with his fathers eyes.
Ile keepe myne owne wide open. *Enter Mol and a porter*
Alex. Here's braue wilfulnesse, *with a viall on his backe.*
A made match, here she comes, they met a purpose.
Por. Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber Mistresse
Mary.
Mol. Fiddle goodman hog-rubber, some of these porters
beare so much for others, they haue no time to carry wit for
themselues.
Por. To your owne chamber Mistresse *Mary.*
Moll. Who'le heare an Asse speake: whither else good-

man

The Roaring Girle.

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wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955

man pagent-bearer: the're people of the worst memories.

Exit Porter.

Seb. Why 'twere too great a burthen loue, to haue them carry things in their minds, and a'ther backes together.

Mol. Pardon me sir, I thought not you so neere.

Alex. So, so, so.

Seb. I would be neerer to thee, and in that fashion, That makes the best part of all creatures honest. No otherwise I wish it.

Mol. Sir I am so poore to requite you, you must looke for nothing but thankes of me, I haue no humor to marry, I loue to lye aboth sides ath bed my selfe; and againe ath' other side, a wife you know ought to be obedient, but I feare me I am too headstrong to obey, therefore Ile nere go about it, I loue you so well sir for your good will I'de be loath you should repent your bargaine after, and therefore weele nere come together at first, I haue the head now of my selfe, and am man enough for a woman, marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden looses one head, and has a worse ith place.

Alex. The most comfortablest answer from a Roaring Girle, that euer mine eares drunke in.

Seb. This were enough now to affright a foole for euer from thee, when tis the musicke that I loue thee for,

Alex. There's a boy spoyles all againe.

Mol. Beleeue it sir I am not of that disdainefull temper, but I could loue you faithfully.

Alex. A pox on you for that word. I like you not now, Y'are a cunning roarer I see that already.

Mol. But sleepe vpon this once more sir, you may chance shift a minde to morrow, be not too hasty to wrong your selfe, neuer while you liue sir take a wife running, many haue run out at heeles that haue don't: you see sir I speake against my selfe, and if euery woman would deale with their suter so honestly, poore yonger brothers would not bee so often gul'd with old cosoning widdowes, that turne ore all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poore Gentleman worke hard for a pension, fare you well sir.

E

Seb.

The Roaring Girle.

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Seb. Nay prethee one word more.

Alex. How do I wrong this girle, she puts him of still.

Moll. Thinke vpon this in cold bloud sir, you make as much hast as if you were a going vpon a sturgion voyage, take deliberation sir, neuer chuse a wife as if you were going to *Virginia.*

Seb. And so we parted, my too cursed fate.

Alex. She is but cunning, giues him longer time in't.

Enter a Tailor:

Taylor Mistresse *Mol*, Mistresse *Mol*: so ho ho so ho.

Mol. There boy, there boy, what dost thou go a hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger.

Taylor I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

Alex. Hoyda breeches, what will he marry a monster with two trinckets, what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must weare long coates like a foole.

Mol. What fiddings heere, would not the old patterne haue seru'd your turne.

Taylor. You change the fashion, you say you'le haue the great Dutch slop Mistresse *Mary.*

Mol. Why sir I say so still.

Taylor. Your breeches then will take vp a yard more.

Mol. Well pray looke it be put in then.

Taylor. It shall stand round and full I warrant you,

Mol. Pray make em easy enough.

Taylor. I know my fault now, t'other was somewhat stiffe betweene the legges, Ile make these open enough I warrant you.

Alex. Heer's good geere towards, I haue brought vp my sonne to marry a Dutch slop,. and a French dublet, a codpice daughter.

Taylor. So, I haue gone as farre as I can go.

Mol. Why then farewell.

Taylor. If you go presently to your chamber Mistresse *Mary*, pray send me the measure of your thigh, by some honest body.

Mol.

The Roaring Girle.

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Mol. Well sir, Ile send it by a Porter presently. *Exit Mol.*
Taylor. So you had neede, it is a lusty one, both of them
would make any porters backe ake in England. *Exit Taylor.*
Seb. I haue examined the best part of man,
Reason and iudgement, and in loue they tell me,
They leaue me vncontrould, he that is swayd
By an vnfeeling bloud, past heat of loue
His spring time must needes erre, his watch nere goes right
That sets his dyall by a rusty clocke,
Alex. So, and which is that rusty clocke sir you.
Seb. The clocke at Ludgate sir, it nere goes true.
Alex. But thou goest fals: not thy fathers cares
Can keepe thee right, when that insensible worke,
Obayes the workemans art, lets off the houre
And stops againe when time is satisfied,
But thou runst on, and iudgement, thy maine wheele,
Beats by all stoppes, as if the worke would breake
Begunne with long paines for a minutes ruine,
Much like a suffering man brought vp with care.
At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer,
Seb. I tast you bitterer then I can deserue sir.
Alex. Who has bewitch thee sonne, what diuell or drug,
Hath wrought vpon the weaknesse of thy bloud,
And betrayd all her hopes to ruinous folly?
Oh wake from drowsy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy soule sits with a golden dreame
Flatred and poysoned, I am old my sonne, (mine owne
Oh let me preuaile quickly, for I haue waightier businesse of
Then to chide thee: I must not to my graue,
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lyes
Onely to sleepe, and neuer cares to rise,
Let me dispatch in time, come no more neere her.
Seb. Not honestly, not in the way of marriage,
Alex. What sayst thou marriage, in what place, the
Sessions house, and who shall giue the bride, prethe, an indite-
ment.
Seb. Sir now yee take part with the world to wrong her.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1030 *Alex.* Why, wouldst thou faine marry to be pointed at,
wln 1031 Alas the numbers great, do not o're burden't,
wln 1032 Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,
wln 1033 Which all the country fixe their eyes vpon
wln 1034 As her thy folly doates on. If thou longst
wln 1035 To haue the story of thy infamous fortunes,
wln 1036 Serue for discourse in ordinaries and tauernes
wln 1037 Th'art in the way: or to confound thy name,
wln 1038 Keepe on, thou canst not misse it: or to strike
wln 1039 Thy wretched father to vntimely coldnesse,
wln 1040 Keepe the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
wln 1041 Yet if no teares wrung from thy fathers eyes,
wln 1042 Nor sighes that flye in sparkles, from his sorrowes,
wln 1043 Had power to alter what is wilfull in thee,
wln 1044 Me thinkes her very name should fright thee from her,
wln 1045 And neuer trouble me.
wln 1046 *Seb.* Why is the name of *Mol* so fatall sir.
wln 1047 *Alex.* Many one sir, where suspect is entred,
wln 1048 For seeke all *London* from one end to t'other,
wln 1049 More whoores of that name, then of any ten other.
wln 1050 *Seb.* Whats that to her? let those blush for themselues.
wln 1051 Can any guilt in others condemne her?
wln 1052 I'ue vovd to loue her: let all stormes oppose me,
wln 1053 That euer beate against the brest of man,
wln 1054 Nothing but deaths blacke tempest shall diuide vs.
wln 1055 *Alex.* Oh folly that can dote on nought but shame.
wln 1056 *Seb.* Put case a wanton itch runs through one name
wln 1057 More then another, is that name the worse,
wln 1058 Where honesty sits possest in't? it should rather
wln 1059 Appeare more excellent, and deserue more praise,
wln 1060 When through foule mists a brightnesse it can raise.
wln 1061 Why there are of the diuels, honest Gentlemen,
wln 1062 And well descended, keepe an open house,
wln 1063 And some ath (good mans) that are arrant knaues.
wln 1064 He hates vnworthily, that by rote contemnes,
wln 1065 For the name neither saues, nor yet condemnes,
wln 1066 And for her honesty, I haue made such prooffe an't,

The Roaring Girle.

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In seuerall formes, so neerely watcht her waies,
I will maintaine that strict, against an army,
Excepting you my father: here's her worst,
Sh'has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes neere it: and oftentimes
Through her apparell somewhat shames her birth,
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth,
Would all *Mols* were no worse.

Alex. This way I toyle in vaine and giue but ayme
To infamy and ruine: he will fall,
My blessing cannot stay him: all my ioyes
Stand at the brinke of a deuouring floud
And will be wilfully swallowed: wilfully.
But why so vaine, let all these teares be lost,
Ile pursue her to shame, and so al's crost. *Exit Sir Alexander*

Seb. Hee is gon with some strange purpose, whose effect
Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,
To thinke I loue so blindly: I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on th'other.
Wherein my ioy sits with a full wish crownd;
Onely his moode excepted which must change.
By opposite pollicies, courses indirect,
Plaine dealing in this world takes no effect.
This madde girle I'le acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes knowne,
Twixt louers hearts, shee's a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their owne,
By her aduise, for in that craft shee's wise,
My loue and I may meete, spite of all spies. *Exit Sebastian.*

Enter Laxton in Graies-Inne fields with the Coachman.

Lax. Coachman.

Coach. Heere sir.

Lax. There's a tester more, prethee driue thy coach to the
hither end of Marybone parke, a fit place for *Mol* to get in.

Coach. Marybone parke **fir**.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1102

Lax. I, its in our way thou knowst.

wln 1103

Coach. It shall be done sir.

wln 1104

Lax. Coachman.

wln 1105

Coach. A non sir.

wln 1106

Lax. Are we fitted with good phrampell iades.

wln 1107

Coach. The best in Smithfield I warrant **your** sir.

wln 1108

Lax. May we safely take the vpper hand of any coacht vel-
uet cappe or tuftaffety iacket, for they keepe a vilde swag-
gering in coaches now a daies, the hye waies are stopt with
them.

wln 1109

Coach. My life for yours and baffle em to sir, — why they
are the same iades beleue it sir, that haue drawne all your fa-
mous whores to *Ware*.

wln 1110

wln 1111

wln 1112

wln 1113

wln 1114

wln 1115

Lax. Nay then they know their businesse, they neede no
more instructions.

wln 1116

wln 1117

Coach. The're so vsd to such iourneis sir, I neuer vse whip to
em; for if they catch but the sent of a wench once, they runne
like diuels. *Exit Coachman with his whip.*

wln 1118

wln 1119

wln 1120

Lax. Fine *Cerberus*, that rogue will haue the start of a
thousand ones, for whilst others trot a foot, heele ride praun-
cing to hell vpon a coach-horse.

wln 1121

wln 1122

wln 1123

wln 1124

The clocke
striks three.

wln 1125

wln 1126

wln 1127

wln 1128

wln 1129

wln 1130

wln 1131

Stay, tis now about the houre of her appointment, but yet I
see her not, harke whats this, one, two three, three by the clock
at Sauoy, this is the houre, and Graies-Inne fields the place,
shee swore she'd meete mee: ha yonders two Innes a Court-
men with one wench, but thats not shee, they walke toward
Islington out of my way, I see none yet drest like her, I must
looke for a shag ruffe, a freeze ierken, a shortsword, and a
safeguard, or I get none: why *Mol* prethee make hast, or the
Coachman will curse vs anon.

wln 1132

Enter Mol like a man.

wln 1133

wln 1134

wln 1135

wln 1136

Mol. Oh heeres my Gentleman: if they would keepe
their daies as well with their Mercers as their houres with
their harlots, no bankrout would giue seuen score pound for a
seriants place, for would you know a catchpoole rightly deri-

ued

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173

riu'd, the corruption of a Cittizen, is the generation of a ser-
iant, how his eye hawkes for venery. Come are you ready sir.

Lax. Ready, for what sir.

Mol. Do you aske that now sir, why was this meeting
pointed.

Lax. I thought you mistooke me sir,
You seeme to be some yong barrister,
I haue no suite in law — all my land's sold
I praise heauen for't; t'has rid me of much trouble,

Mol. Then I must wake you sir, where stands the coach,

Lax. Whose this, *Mol:* honest *Mol.*

Mol. So young, and purblind, your an old wanton in your
eyes I see that.

Lax. Th'art admirably suited for the three pigions at
Brainford, Ile swears I knew thee not.

Mol. Ile swears you did not: but you shall know me now.

Lax. No not here, we shall be spyde efaith, the coach is bet-
ter, come. *Mol.* Stay.

Lax. What wilt thou vntrusse a point *Mol.*

Shee puts of her cloake and drawes.

Mol. Yes, heere's the point that I vntrusse, 'thas but
one tag, 'twill serue tho to tye vp a rogues tongue.

Lax. How. (here's her pace,

Mol. There's the gold with which you hir'd your hackney,
Shee rackes hard, and perhaps your bones will feele it,
Ten angels of mine own, I'ue put to thine, win em, & weare em,

Lax. Hold *Moll*, *Mistresse Mary*.

Mol. Draw or Ile serue an execution on thee
Shall lay thee vp till doomes day.

Lax. Draw vpon a woman, why what dost meane *Mol?*

Mol. To teach thy base thoughts manners: th'art one of those
That thinkes each woman thy fond flexible whore,
If she but cast a liberall eye vpon thee,
Turne backe her head, shees thine, or amongst company,
By chance drinke first to thee: then shee's quite gon,
There's no meanes to help her: nay for a need,
Wilt swears vnto thy credulous fellow letchers.

That

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1174 That th'art more in fauour with a Lady at first sight
wln 1175 Then her monky all her life time,
wln 1176 How many of our sex, by such as thou
wln 1177 Haue their good thoughts paid with a blasted name
wln 1178 That neuer deserued loosly or did trip
wln 1179 In path of whooredome, beyond cup and lip.
wln 1180 But for the staine of conscience and of soule,
wln 1181 Better had women fall into the hands
wln 1182 Of an act silent, then a bragging nothing,
wln 1183 There's no mercy in't — what durst moue you sir,
wln 1184 To think me whoorish? a name which Ide teare out
wln 1185 From the hye Germaines throat, if it lay ledger there
wln 1186 To dispatch priuy slanders against mee.
wln 1187 In thee I defye all men, there worst hates,
wln 1188 And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
wln 1189 With which they intangle the poore spirits of fooles,
wln 1190 Distressed needlewomen and trade-fallne wiues.
wln 1191 Fish that must needs bite, or themselues be bitten,
wln 1192 Such hungry things as these may soone be tooke
wln 1193 With a worme fastned on a golden hooke.
wln 1194 Those are the letchers food, his prey, he watches
wln 1195 For quarrelling wedlockes, and poore shifting sisters,
wln 1196 Tis the best fish he takes: but why good fisherman,
wln 1197 Am I thought meate for you, that neuer yet
wln 1198 Had angling rod cast towards me? cause youl'e say
wln 1199 I'me giuen to sport, I'me often mery, iest,
wln 1200 Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust?
wln 1201 O shame take all her friends then: but how ere
wln 1202 Thou and the baser world censure my life,
wln 1203 Ile send 'em word by thee, and write so much
wln 1204 Vpon thy breast, cause thou shalt bear't in mind,
wln 1205 Tell them 'twere base to yeeld, where I haue conquer'd.
wln 1206 I scorne to prostitute my selfe to a man,
wln 1207 I that can prostitue a man to mee,
wln 1208 And so I greete thee.
wln 1209 *Lax.* Heare me.
wln 1210 *Mol.* Would the spirits of al my slanders, were claspt in thine.

That

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
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wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247

That I might vexe an army at one time,
Lax. I do repent me, hold, *They fight.*
Mol. You'l die the better Christian then.
Lax. I do confesse I haue wrong'd thee *Mol.*
Mol. Confession is but poore amends for wrong,
Vnlesse a rope would follow.
Lax. I aske thee pardon.
Mol. I'me your hir'd whoore sir.
Lax. I yeeld both purse and body.
Mol. Both are mine, and now at my disposing.
Lax. Spare my life.
Mol. I scorne to strike thee basely.
Lax. Spoke like a noble girle i' faith.
Heart I thinke I fight with a familiar, or the Ghost of a fencer,
Sh'has wounded me gallantly, call you this a letcherous viage?
Here's bloud would haue seru'd me this seuen yeare in broken
heads and cut fingers, & it now runs all out together, pox athe
three pigions, I would the coach were here now to carry mee
to the Chirurgions. *Exit Laxton.*
Mol. If I could meete my enemies one by one thus,
I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,
And make 'em know, shee that has wit, and spirit,
May scorne to liue beholding to her body for meate,
Or for apparell like your common dame,
That makes shame get her cloathes, to couer shame.
Base is that minde, that kneels vnto her body,
As if a husband stood in awe on's wife,
My spirit shall be Mistrsse of this house,
As long as I haue time in't. — oh *Enter Trapdore.*
Heere comes my man that would be: 'tis his houre.
Faith a good well set fellow, if his spirit
Be answerable to his vmbles; he walkes stiffe,
But whether he will stand to't stifly, there's the point;
Has a good calfe for't, and ye shall haue many a woman
Choose him shee meanes to meke her head, by his calfe;
I do not know their trickes in't, faith he seemes
A man without; I'le try what he is within,

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284

Trap. Shee told me Graies-Inne fields twixt three & foure,
Ile fit her Mistreship with a peece of seruice,
I'me hir'd to rid the towne of one mad girle. *Shee iustles him*
What a pox ailes you sir?
Mol. He beginnes like a Gentleman,
Trap. Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-sight:
Life he comes backe againe. *She comes towards him.*
Mol. Was this spoke to me sir.
Trap. I cannot tell sir.
Mol. Go y'are a coxcombe.
Trap. Coxcombe.
Mol. Y'are a slaue.
Trap. I hope there's law for you sir.
Mol. Ye, do you see sir. *Turne his hat.*
Trap. Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what
house your off.
Mol. One of the Temple sir. *Philips him.*
Trap. Masse so me thinkes.
Mol. And yet sometime I lye about chicke lane.
Trap. I like you the worse because you shift your lodging
Ile not meddle with you for that tricke sir. (so often
Mol. A good shift, but it shall not serue your turne.
Trap. You'le giue me leaue to passe about my businesse sir.
Mol. Your businesse, Ile make you waite on mee before I
ha done, and glad to serue me too.
Trap. How sir, serue you, not if there were no more men
in England.
Moll. But if there were no more women in England
I hope you'd waite vpon your Mistresse then,
Trap. Mistresse.
Mol. Oh your a tri'd spirit at a push sir,
Trap. What would your Worship haue me do.
Mol. You a fighter.
Trap. No, I praise heauen, I had better grace & more maners.
Mol. As how I pray sir.
Trap. Life, 'thad bene a beastly part of me to haue drawne
my weapons vpon my Mistresse, all the world would a cry'd

shame

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299

wln 1300

wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319

shame of me for that.

Mol. Why but you knew me not.

Trap. Do not say so Mistresse, I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had bene in your belly.

Mol. Well, we shall try you further, ith meane time wee giue you intertainement.

Trap. Thanke your good Mistreship.

Mol. How many suites haue you.

Trap. No more suites then backes Mistresse.

Mol. Well if you deserue, I cast of this, next weeke, And you may creepe into't.

Trap. Thanke your good Worship.

Mol. Come follow me to *S. Thomas Apostles*,

Ile put a liuery cloake vpon your backe, the first thing I do,

Trap. I follow my deere Mistresse. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Mistresse Gallipot *as from supper, her husband after her.*

Maist. Gal. What *Pru*, Nay sweete *Prudence*.

Mist. Gal. What a pruing keepe you, I thinke the baby would haue a teate it kyes so, pray be not so fond of me, leaue your Citty humours, I'me vext at you to see how like a calfe you come bleating after me.

Maist. Gal. Nay hony *Pru*: how does your rising vp before all the table shew? and flinging from my friends so vnciuily, fiye *Pru*, fye, come.

Mist. Gal. Then vp and ride ifaith.

Maist. Gal. Vp and ride, nay my pretty *Pru*, thats farre from my thought, ducke: why mouse, thy minde is nibbling at something, **whats** ist, what lyes vpon thy Stomach?

Mist. Gal. Such an asse as you: hoyda, y'are best turne mid-wife, or Physition: y'are a Poticary already, but I'me none of your drugs.

Maist. Gal. Thou art a sweete drug, sweetest *Pru*, and the more thou art pounded, the more pretious.

Mist. Gal. Must you be prying into a womans secrets: say ye?

Maist. Gal. Womans secrets.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1320

Mist. Gal. What? I cannot haue a qualme come vpon mee
but your teeth waters, till your nose hang ouer it.

wln 1321

Maist. Gal. It is my loue deere wife.

wln 1322

Mist. Gal. Your loue? your loue is all words; giue mee
deeds, I cannot abide a man thats too fond ouer me, so coo-
kish; thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind,

wln 1323

wln 1324

Maist. Gal. No *Pru*? why I hope I haue handled. —

wln 1325

Mist. Gal. Handle a fooles head of your owne, — fih — fih.

wln 1326

wln 1327

Maist. Gal. Ha, ha, tis such a waspe; it does mee good now
to haue her **sing** me, little rogue.

wln 1328

wln 1329

Mist. Gal. Now fye how you vex me, I cannot abide these
aperne husbands: such cotqueanes, you ouerdoe your things,
they become you scruily.

wln 1330

wln 1331

wln 1332

Maist. Gal. Vpon my life she breeds, heauen knowes how
I haue straind my selfe to please her, night and day: I wonder
why wee Cittizens should get children so fretfull and vnto-
ward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as
gentle as milch kine: shall I leaue thee my *Pru*.

wln 1333

wln 1334

wln 1335

wln 1336

wln 1337

Mist. Gal. Fye, fye, fye.

wln 1338

Maist. Gal. Thou shalt not bee vext no more, pretty kind
rogue, take no cold sweete *Pru*. *Exit Maist. Gallipot.*

wln 1339

wln 1340

wln 1341

Mist. Gal. As your wit has done: now Maister *Laxton* shew
your head, what newes from you? would any husband suspect
that a woman crying, Buy any scruui-grasse, should bring loue
letters amongst her herbes to his wife, pretty tricke, fine con-
ueyance? had ielousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scur-
uy-grasse blinds them all; *Laxton* with bayes crown I thy wit
for this, it deserues praise.

wln 1342

wln 1343

wln 1344

wln 1345

wln 1346

wln 1347

This makes me affect thee more, this prooues thee wise,
Lacke what poore shift is loue forc't to deuise? (toth' point)

wln 1348

wln 1349

wln 1350

She reads the letter.

wln 1351

O Sweete Creature — (a sweete beginning) *pardon my long ab-*
sence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence; though
Demophon was false to Phillis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus
was to Cres-sida: tho Eneus made an asse of Dido, I will dye to
thee ere I do so; o sweetest creature make much of me, for no man

wln 1352

wln 1353

wln 1354

wln 1355

beneath

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370

*beneath the siluer moone shall make more of a woman then I do
of thee, furnish me therefore with thirty pounds, you must doe it of
necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee,
protesting not to dye in thy debt, but rather to liue so, as hitherto I
haue and will.*

Thy true *Laxton* euer.

Alas poore Gentleman, troth I pittie him,
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?
Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an 0,
I know his threes too well; my childbed linnen?
Shall I pawne that for him? then if my marke
Be knowne I am vndone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout: which way shall I turne?
Laxton, what with my owne feares, and thy wants,
I'me II[...] a needle twixt two adamants.

wln 1371

Enter Maister Gallipot hastily.

wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390

Maist. Gal. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all vp, ha, how,
reading a letters? I smel a goose, a couple of capons, and a gam-
mon of bacon from her mother out of the country, I hold my
life, — steale, — steale. *Mist. Gal.* O beshrow your heart.
Maist. Gal. What letter's that? I'le see't. *She teares the letter.*
Mist. Gal. Oh would thou had'st no eyes to see the downfall
of me and thy selfe: I'me for euer, for euer I'me vndone.
Maist. Gal. What ailes my *Pru*? what paper's that thou tear'st?
Mist. Gal. Would I could teare
My very heart in peeces: for my soule
Lies on the racke of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a womans suffering.
Maist. Gall: What meanes this?
Mist. Gall. Had you no other vengeance to throw downe,
But euen in heighth of all my ioyes?
Maist. Gal. Deere woman.
Mist. Gal. When the full sea of pleasure and content seem'd
to flow ouer me.
Maist. Gal. As thou desirest to keepe mee out of bedlam,

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
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wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427

tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at nurse falne sicke, or
dead?

Mist. Gal. Oh no.

Maist. Gal. Heauens blesse me, are my barnes and houses
Yonder at Hockly hole consum'd with fire,
I can build more, sweete *Pru*.

Mist. Gal. Tis worse, tis worse.

Maist. Gal. My factor broke, or is the *Ionas* suncke.

Mist. Gal. Would all we had were swallowed in the waues,
Rather then both should be the scorne of slaues.

Maist. Gal. I'me at my wits end.

Mist. Gal. Oh my deere husband,
Where once I thought my selfe a fixed starre,
Plac't onely in the heauen of thine armes,
I feare now I shall proue a wanderer,
Oh *Laxton, Laxton*, is it then my fate
To be by thee orethrowne?

Maist. Gal. Defend me wisdom, (thy bosome.
From falling into frenzie, on my knees.
Sweete *Pru*, speake, whats that *Laxton* who so heauy lyes on

Mist. Gal. I shall sure run mad.

Maist. Gal. I shall run mad for company then: speak to me,
I'me *Gallipot* thy husband, — *Pru*, — why *Pru*.
Art sicke in conscience for some villanous deed
Thou wert about to act, didst meane to rob me,
Tush I forgiue thee, hast thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow vnder anothers head?
Ile winke at all faults *Pru*, las thats no more,
Then what some neighbours neere thee, haue done before,
Sweete hony *Pru*, whats that *Laxton*?

Mist. Gall. Oh.

Maist. Gal. Out with him.

Mist. Gall. Oh hee's borne to be my vndoer,
This hand which thou calst thine, to him was giuen,
To him was I made sure ith sight of heauen.

Maist. Gal. I neuer heard this thunder.

Mist. Gall. Yes, yes, before

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1428 I was to thee contracted, to him I swore,
wln 1429 Since last I saw him twelue moneths three times told,
wln 1430 The Moone hath drawne through her light siluer bow,
wln 1431 For ore the seas hee went, and it was said,
wln 1432 (But Rumor lyes) that he in France was dead.
wln 1433 But hee's aliue, oh hee's aliue, he sent,
wln 1434 That letter to me, which in rage I rent,
wln 1435 Swearing with oathes most damnably to haue me,
wln 1436 Or teare me from this bosome, oh heuens saue me,
wln 1437 *Maist. Gal.* My heart will breake, — sham'd and vndone
wln 1438 for euer.
wln 1439 *Mist. Gal.* So black a day (poore wretch) went ore thee neuer.
wln 1440 *Maist. Gal.* If thou shouldst wrastle with him at the law,
wln 1441 Th'art sure to fall, no odde slight, no preuention.
wln 1442 Ile tell him th'art with child.
wln 1443 *Mist. Gal.* Vmh.
wln 1444 *Maist. Gall.* Or giue out one of my men was tane a bed
wln 1445 with thee.
wln 1446 *Mist. Gal.* Vmh, vmh.
wln 1447 *Maist. Gal.* Before I loose thee my deere *Pru*,
wln 1448 Ile driue it to that push.
wln 1449 *Mist. Gal.* Worse, and worse still,
wln 1450 You embrace a mischiefe, to preuent an ill.
wln 1451 *Maist. Gal.* Ile buy thee of him, stop his mouth with Gold,
wln 1452 Think'st thou twill do.
wln 1453 *Mist. Gall.* Oh me, heuens grant it would,
wln 1454 Yet now my sences are set more in tune,
wln 1455 He writ, as I remember in his letter,
wln 1456 That he in riding vp and downe had spent,
wln 1457 (Ere hee could finde me) thirty pounds, send that,
wln 1458 Stand not on thirty with him.
wln 1459 *Maist. Gal.* Forty *Pru*, say thou the word tis done, wee
wln 1460 venture liues for wealth, but must do more to keepe our wiues,
wln 1461 thirty or forty *Pru*.
wln 1462 *Mist. Gal.* Thirty good sweete
wln 1463 Of an ill bargaine lets saue what we can,
wln 1464 Ile pay it him with my teares, he was a man

When

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468

When first I knew him of a meeke spirit,
All goodnesse is not yet dryd vp I hope.
Maist. Gall. He shall haue thirty pound, let that stop all:
Loues sweets tast best, when we haue drunke downe Gall.

wln 1469
wln 1470

*Enter Maister Tiltyard, and his wife, Maister Goshawke, and
Mistresse Openworke.*

wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480

Gods so, our friends; come, come, smoth your cheeke;
After a storme the face of heauen looks sleeke.
Maist. Tilt. Did I not tell you these turtles were together?
Mist. Tilt. How dost thou sirra? why sister *Gallipot*?
Mist. Open. Lord how shee's chang'd?
Gosh. Is your wife ill sir?
Maist. Gal. Yes indeed la sir, very ill, very ill, neuer worse,
Mist. Tilt. How her head burnes, feele how her pulses work.
Mist. Open. Sister lie downe a little, that alwaies does mee
good.

wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485

Mist. Tilt. In good sadnesse I finde best ease in that too,
Has shee laid some hot thing to her Stomach?
Mist. Gal. No, but I will lay something anon.
Maist. Tilt. Come, come fooles, you trouble her, shal's goe
Maister *Goshawke*?

wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492

Gosh. Yes sweete Maister *Tiltyard*; sirra *Rosamond* I hold my
life *Gallipot* hath vext his wife.
Mist. Open. Shee has a horrible high colour indeed.
Gosh. Wee shall haue your face painted with the same red
soone at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in
a false alley; thou wilt not beleeeue me that his bowles run with
a wrong byas.

wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499

Mist. Open. It cannot sinke into mee, that hee feedes vpon
stale mutten abroad, hauing better and fresher at home.
Gosh. What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand
at racke and manger?
Mist. Open. Ile saddle him in's kind, and spurre him till hee
kicke againe.
Gosh. Shall thou and I ride our iourney then.

Mist. Open.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510
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wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534

Mist. Open. Heere's my hand.
Gosh. No more; come Maister *Tiltyard*, shall we leape into
the stirrops with our women, and amble home?
Maist. Tilt. Yes, yes, come wife.
Mist. Tilt. In troth sister, I hope you will do well for all this.
Mist. Gal. I hope I shall: farewell good sister: sweet Maister
Goshawke.
Maist. Gal. Welcome brother, most kindlie welcome sir.
Omnes Thankes sir for our good cheere.
Exeunt all but Gallipot and his wife.
Maist. Gal. It shall be so, because a crafty knaue
Shall not out reach me, nor walke by my dore
With my wife arme in arme, as 'twere his whoore,
I'le giue him a golden coxcombe, thirty pound:
Tush *Pru* what's thirty pound? sweete ducke looke cheerely.
Mist. Gal. Thou art worthy of my heart thou bui'st it deerely.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Vds light the tide's against me, a pox of your Potti-
carishp: oh for some glister to set him going; 'tis one of *Her-*
cules labours, to tread one of these *Cittie hennes*, because their
cockes are stil crowing ouer them; there's no turning tale here,
I must on.
Mist. Gal. Oh, husband see he comes.
Maist. Gal. Let me deale with him.
Lax. Blesse you sir.
Maist. Gal. Be you blest too sir if you come in peace.
Lax. Haue you any good pudding Tobacco sir?
Mist. Gal. Oh picke no quarrels gentle sir, my husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are,
He knowes all, I haue opned all before him, concerning you.
Lax. Zounes has she showne my letters.
Mist Gal. Suppose my case were yours, what would you do.
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaultes,
Of father, mother, kinred, to dissolue
The knot you tyed, and to be bound to him?

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539
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wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571

How could you shift this storme off?

Lax. If I know hang me.

Mist. Gal. Besides a story of your death was read
Each minute to me.

Lax. What a pox meanes this ridling?

Maist. Gal. Be wise sir, let not you and I be tost
On Lawiers pens; they haue sharpe nibs and draw
Mens very heart bloud from them; what need you sir
To beate the drumme of my wifes infamy,
And call your friends together sir to prooue
Your **precontact**, when sh'has confest it?

Lax. Vmh sir, — has she confest it?

Maist. Gal. Sh'has 'faith to me sir, vpon your letter sending.

Mist. Gal. I haue, I haue.

Lax. If I let this yron coole call me slaue,
Do you heare, you dame *Prudence*? think'st thou vile woman
I'le take these blowes and winke?

Mist. Gal. Vpon my knees.

Lax. Out impudence.

Maist. Gal. Good sir.

Lax. You goatish slaues,
No wilde foule to cut vp but mine?

Maist. Gal. Alas sir,

You make her flesh to tremble, **frighr** her not,
Shee shall do reason, and what's fit.

Lax. I'le haue thee, wert thou more common
Then an hospitall, and more diseased. —

Maist. Gal. But one word good sir.

Lax. So sir.

Maist. Gal. I married her, haue **line** with her, and got
Two children on her body, thinke but on that;
Haue you so beggarly an appetite
When I vpon a dainty dish haue fed
To dine vpon my scraps, my leauings? ha sir?

Do I come neere you now sir?

Lax. Be lady you touch me.

Maist. Gal. Would not you scorne to weare my cloathes sir?

Lax.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1572

Lax. Right sir.

wln 1573

Maist. Gal. Then pray sir weare not her, for shee's a garment

wln 1574

So fitting for my body, I'me loath

wln 1575

Another should put it on, you will vndoe both.

wln 1576

Your letter (as shee said) complained you had spent

wln 1577

In quest of her, some thirty pound, I'le pay it;

wln 1578

Shall that sir stop this gap vp twixt you two?

wln 1579

Lax. Well if I swallow this wrong, let her thanke you:

wln 1580

The mony being paid sir, I am gon:

wln 1581

Farewell, oh women happy's hee trusts none.

wln 1582

Mist. Gall. Dispatch him hence sweete husband.

wln 1583

Maist. Gal. Yes deere wife: pray sir come in, ere Maister

wln 1584

Thou shalt in wine drinke to him, (*Laxton* part

wln 1585

Exit Maister Gallipot and his wife.

wln 1586

Mist. Gal. With all my heart; — how dost thou like my wit?

wln 1587

Lax. Rarely, that wile

wln 1588

By which the Serpent did the first woman beguile,

wln 1589

Did euer since, all womens bosomes fill;

wln 1590

Y'are apple eaters all, deceiuers still.

Exit Laxton.

wln 1591

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue: Sir Dauy Dapper, Sir Adam

wln 1592

Appleton, at one dore, and Trapdore at another doore.

wln 1593

Alex. Out with your tale Sir *Dauy*, to Sir *Adam*.

wln 1594

A Knaue is in mine eie deepe in my debt.

wln 1595

Sir Da. Nay: if hee be a knaue sir, hold him fast.

wln 1596

Alex. Speake softly, what egge is there hatching now.

wln 1597

Trap. A Ducks egge sir, a ducke that has eaten a frog, I

wln 1598

haue crackt the shell, and some villany or other will peep out

wln 1599

presently; the ducke that sits is the bouncing Rampe (that

wln 1600

Roaring Girle my Mistresse) the drake that must tread is your

wln 1601

sonne *Sebastian*.

wln 1602

Alex. Be quicke.

wln 1603

Trap. As the tongue of an oister wench.

wln 1604

Alex. And see thy newes be true.

wln 1605

Trap. As a barbars euery satterday night — mad *Mol*.

wln 1606

Alex. Ah.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
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wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643

Trap. Must be let in without knocking at your backe gate.
Alex. So.
Trap. Your chamber will be made baudy.
Alex. Good.
Trap. Shee comes in a shirt of male.
Alex. How shirt of male?
Trap. Yes sir or a male shirt, that's to say in mans apparell.
Alex. To my sonne.
Trap. Close to your sonne: your sonne and her Moone
will be in coniunction, if all Almanacs lie not, her blacke
saueguard is turned into a deepe sloppe, the holes of her vpper
body to button holes, her wastcoate to a dublet, her placket to
the ancient seate of a codpice, and you shall take 'em both with
standing collers.
Alex. Art sure of this?
Trap. As euery throng is sure of a pick-pocket, as sure as
a whoore is of the clyents all *Michaelmas* Tearme, and of the
pox after the Tearme.
Alex. The time of their tilting?
Trap. Three.
Alex. The day?
Trap. This.
Alex. Away ply it, watch her.
Trap. As the diuell doth for the death of a baud, I'le watch
her, do you catch her.
Alex. Shee's fast: heere weaue thou the nets; harke,
Trap. They are made. (maintain't.
Alex. I told them thou didst owe mee money; hold it vp:
Trap. Stifly; as a Puritan does contention,
Foxe I owe thee not the value of a halfepenny halter.
Alex. Thou shalt be hang'd in't ere thou scape so.
Varlet I'le make thee looke through a grate.
Trap. I'le do't presently, through a Tauerne grate, drawer:
pish. *Exit Trapdore*
Adf/m.* Has the knaue vext you sir?
Alex. Askt him my mony,
He swears my sonne receiu'd it: oh that boy

Will

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
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wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680

Will nere leaue heaping sorrowes on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite.

Adam. Is he still wild?

Alex. As is a russian Beare.

Adam. But he has left

His old haunt with that baggage.

Alex. Worse still and worse,
He laies on me his shame, I on him my curse.

S. Davy. My sonne *Iacke Dapper* then shall run with him,
All in one pasture.

Adam. Proues your sonne bad too sir?

S. Davy. As villany can make him: your *Sebastian*
Doates but on one drabb, mine on a thousand,
A noyse of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whoore,
A Mercer that will let him take vp more,
Dyce, and a water spaniell with a Ducke: oh,
Bring him a bed with these, when his purse gingles,
Roaring boyes follow at's tale, fencers and ningles,
(Beasts *Adam* nere gaue name to) these horse-leeches sucke
My sonne, he being drawne dry, they all liue on smoake.

Alex. Tobacco?

S. Davy Right, but I haue in my braine
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my sonne, and make him wise,
Or a starke foole; pray lend me your aduise.

Both. That shall you good sir *Davy*.

S. Davy. Heere's the sprindge
I ha set to catch this woodcocke in: an action
In a false name (vnknowne to him) is entred.
I'th Counter to arrest *Iacke Dapper*.

Both. Ha, ha, he.

S. Davy. Thinke you the Counter cannot breake him?

Adam. Breake him?

Yes and breake's heart too if he lie there long.

S. Davy. I'le make him sing a Counter tenor sure.

Adam. No way to tame him like it, there hee shall learne
What mony is indeed, and how to spend it.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1681

S. Dauy. Hee's bridled there.

wln 1682

Alex. I, yet knowes not how to mend it,

wln 1683

Bedlam cures not more madmen in a yeare,

wln 1684

Then one of the Counters does, men pay more deere

wln 1685

There for there wit then any where; a Counter

wln 1686

Why 'tis an vniuersity, who not sees?

wln 1687

As schollers there, so heere men take degrees,

wln 1688

And follow the same studies (all alike.)

wln 1689

Schollers learne first Logicke and Rhetoricke.

wln 1690

So does a prisoner; with fine honied speech

wln 1691

At's first comming in he doth perswade, beseech,

wln 1692

He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy;

wln 1693

To lie in a cleane chamber, in sheets not lowsy,

wln 1694

But when he has no money, then does he try,

wln 1695

By subtile Logicke, and quaint sophistry,

wln 1696

To make the keepers trust him.

wln 1697

Adam. Say they do.

wln 1698

Alex. Then hee's a graduate.

wln 1699

S. Dauy. Say they trust him not,

wln 1700

Alex. Then is he held a freshman and a sot,

wln 1701

And neuer shall commence, but being still bar'd

wln 1702

Be expulst from the Maisters side, toth' twopenny ward,

wln 1703

Or else i'th hole, beg plac't.

wln 1704

Adam. When then I pray proceeds a prisoner.

wln 1705

Alex. When mony being the theame,

wln 1706

He can dispute with his hard creditors hearts,

wln 1707

And get out cleere, hee's then a Maister of Arts;

wln 1708

Sir *Dauy* send your sonne to Woodstreet Colledge,

wln 1709

A Gentleman can no where get more knowledge.

wln 1710

S. Dauy. There Gallants study hard.

wln 1711

Alex. True: to get mony.

wln 1712

S. Dauy. 'lies bith' heeles i'faith, thanks, thanks, I ha sent

wln 1713

For a couple of beares shall paw him.

wln 1714

Enter Seriant Curtilax and Yeoman Hanger.

wln 1715

Adam. Who comes yonder?

S.Dauy

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
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wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752

S. Dauy. They looke like puttocks, these should be they.

Alex. I know 'em, they are officers, sir wee'l leaue you.

S. Dauy. My good knights.

Leaue me, you see I'me haunted now with spirits.

Both. Fare you well sir. *Exeunt Alex. and Adam,*

Curt. This old muzzle chops should be he

By the fellowes discription: Saue you sir.

S. Dauy. Come hither you mad varlets, did not my man tell you I watcht here for you.

Curt. One in a blew coate sir told vs, that in this place an old Gentleman would watch for vs, a thing contrary to our oath, for we are to watch for euery wicked member in a Citty.

S. Dauy. You'l watch then **fot** ten thousand, what's thy name honesty?

Curt. Seriant *Curtilax* I sir.

S. Dauy. An excellent name for a Seriant, *Curtilax*.

Seriants indeed are weapons of the law,
When prodigall ruffians farre in debt are growne,
Should not you cut them; Cittizens were orethrowne,
Thou dwel'st hereby in Holborne *Curtilax*.

Curt. That's my circuit sir, I coniure most in that circle.

S. Dauy. And what yong toward welp is this?

Hang. Of the same litter, his yeoman sir, my name's *Hanger*.

S. Dauy. Yeoman *Hanger*.

One paire of sheeres sure cut out both your coates,
You haue two names most dangerous to mens throates,
You two are villanous loades on Gentlemens backs,
Deere ware, this *Hanger* and this *Curtilax*.

Curt. We are as other men are sir, I cannot see but hee who makes a show of honesty and religion, if his clawes can fasten to his liking, he drawes bloud; all that liue in the world, are but great fish and little fish, and feede vpon one another, some eate vp whole men, a Seriant cares but for the shoulder of a man, they call vs knaues and cures, but many times hee that sets vs on, worries more lambes one yeare, then we do in seuen.

S. Dauy. Spoke like a noble *Cerberus*, is the action entred?

Hang. His name is entred in the booke of vnbeleeuers.

S.Dauy.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
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wln 1760
wln 1761
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wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789

S. Dauy. What booke's that?

Curt. The booke where all prisoners names stand, and not one amongst forty, when he comes in, beleeues to come out in hast.

S. Da. Be as dogged to him as your office allows you to be.

Both. Oh sir.

S. Dauy. You know the vnthrift *Iacke Dapper*.

Curt. I, I, sir, that Gull? aswell as I know my yeoman.

S. Dauy. And you know his father too, *Sir Dauy Dapper*?

Curt. As damn'd a vsurer as euer was among Iewes; if hee were sure his fathers skinne would yeeld him any money, hee would when he dyes flea it off, and sell it to couer drummes for children at Bartholmew faire.

S. Dauy. What toades are these to spit poyson on a man to his face? doe you see (my honest rascals?) yonder gray-hound is the dog he hunts with, out of that Tauerne *Iacke Dapper* will sally sa, sa; giue the counter, on, set vpon him.

Both. Wee'l charge him vppo'th backe sir.

S. Dauy. Take no baile, put mace enough into his caudle, double your files, trauerse your ground.

Both. Braue sir.

S. Dauy: Cry arme, arme, arme.

Both. Thus sir.

S. Dauy. There boy, there boy, away: looke to your prey my trew English wolues, and and so I vanish. *Exit S. Dauy*

Curt. Some warden of the Seriants begat this old fellow vpon my life, stand close.

Hang. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

Curt. No nooke thou yonder. *Enter Mol and Trapdore.*

Mol. Ralph.

Trap. What sayes my braue Captaine male and female?

Mol. This Holborne is such a wrangling streete,

Trap. Thats because Lawiers walkes to and fro in't.

Mol. Heere's such iustling, as if euery one wee met were drunke and reel'd.

Trap. Stand Mistresse do you not smell carrion?

Mol. Carryon? no, yet I spy rauens.

Trap.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
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wln 1826

Trap. Some poore winde-shaken gallant will anon fall into sore labour, and these men-midwiues must bring him to bed i'the counter, there all those that are great with child with debts, lie in.

Mol. Stand vp.

Trap. Like your new maypoll.

Hang. Whist, whew.

Curt. Hump, no.

Mol. Peeping? it shall go hard huntsmen, but I'le spoyle your game, they looke for all the world like two infected malt-men comming muffled vp in their cloakes in a frosty morning to London.

Trap. A course, Captaine; a beare comes to the stake.

Enter Iacke Dapper and Gul.

Mol. It should bee so, for the dogges struggle to bee let loose.

Hang. Whew. *Curt.* Hemp.

Moll. Harke *Trapdore*, follow your leader.

Iacke Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maister.

Iacke Dap. Did'st euer see such an asse as I am boy?

Gul. No by my troth sir, to loose all your mony, yet haue false dice of your owne, why 'tis as I saw a great fellow vsed t'other day, he had a faire sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beate him with a cudgell.

Both. Honest Serieant fly, flie Maister *Dapper* you'l be arrested else.

Iacke Dap. Run *Gul* and draw.

Gul. Run Maister, *Gull* followes you.

Exit Dapper and Gull.

Curt. I know you well enough, you'r but a whore to hang vpon any man.

Mol. Whores then are like Serieants, so now hang you, draw rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'l keepe their beds, and recouer twenty markes damages.

Curt. You shall pay for this rescue, runne downe shoe-lane and meete him.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1827

Trap. Shu, is this a rescue Gentlemen or no?

wln 1828

Mol. Rescue? a pox on 'em, *Trapdore* let's away,

wln 1829

I'me glad I haue done perfect one good worke to day,

wln 1830

If any Gentleman be in Scriueners bands,

wln 1831

Send but for *Mol*, she'll baile him by these hands.

Exeunt.

wln 1832

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue solus.

wln 1833

Alex. **Vnahppy** in the follies of a sonne,

wln 1834

Led against iudgement, sence, obedience,

wln 1835

And all the powers of noblenesse and wit;

Enter Trapdore

wln 1836

Oh wretched father, now *Trapdore* will she come?

wln 1837

Trap. In mans apparell sir, I am in her heart now,

wln 1838

And share in all her secrets.

wln 1839

Alex. Peace, peace, peace.

wln 1840

Here take my Germane watch, hang't vp in sight,

wln 1841

That I may see her hang in English for't.

wln 1842

Trap. I warrant you for that now, next Sessions rids her sir,

wln 1843

This watch will bring her in better then a hundred constables.

wln 1844

Alex. Good *Trapdore* saist thou so, thou cheer'st my heart

wln 1845

After a storme of sorrow, — my gold chaine too,

wln 1846

Here take a hundred markes in yellow linkes.

wln 1847

Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to light sir.

wln 1848

And worth a thousand of your Headborowes lanthornes.

wln 1849

Alex. Place that a'the Court cubbart, let it lie

wln 1850

Full in the veiw of her theefe-whoorish eie.

wln 1851

Trap. Shee cannot misse it sir, I see't so plaine, that I could steal't my selfe.

wln 1852

Alex. Perhaps thou shalt too,

wln 1854

That or something as weighty; what shee leaues,

wln 1855

Thou shalt come closely in, and filch away,

wln 1856

And all the weight vpon her backe I'le lay.

wln 1857

Trap. You cannot assure that sir.

wln 1858

Alex. No, what lets it?

wln 1859

Trap. Being a stout girle, perhaps shee'l desire pressing,

wln 1860

Then all the weight must ly vpon her belly.

wln 1861

Alex. Belly or backe I care not so I'ue one.

Trap.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873

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wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896

Trap. You'r of my minde for that sir.

Alex. Hang vp my ruffe band with the diamond at it,
It may be shee'l like that best.

Trap. It's well for her, that shee must haue her choice, hee
thinkes nothing too good for her, if you hold on this minde
a little longer, it shall bee the first worke I doe to turne thee
my selfe; would do a man good to be hang'd when he is so wel
prouided for.

Alex. So, well sayd; all hangs well, would shee hung so too,
The sight would please me more, then all their gilsterings:
Oh that my mysteries to such streights should runne,
That I must rob my selfe to blesse my sonne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sebastian, with Mary Fitz-Allard like a page, and Mol.

Seb. Thou hast done me a kind office, without touch
Either of sinne or shame, our loues are honest.

Mol. I'de scorne to make such shift to bring you together else.

Seb. Now haue I time and opportunity
Without all feare to bid thee welcome loue. *Kisse.*

Mary. Neuer with more desire and harder venture.

Mol. How strange this shewes one man to kisse another.

Seb. I'de kisse such men to chuse *Moll*,
Me thinkes a womans lip tasts well in a dublet:

Mol. Many an old madam has the better fortune then,
Whose breathes grew stale before the fashion came,
If that will help 'em, as you thinke 'twill do,
They'l learne in time to plucke on the hose too.

Seb. The older they waxe *Moll*, troth I speake seriously,
As some haue a conceit their drinke tasts better
In an outlandish cup then in our owne,
So me thinkes euery kisse she giues me now
In this strange forme, is worth a paire of two,
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eie
Of all suspicion, this is my fathets chamber,
Vpon which floore he neuer steps till night.
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his comming,

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899
wln 1900
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wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933

At mine owne chamber he still pries vnto me,
My freedome is not there at mine owne finding,
Still checkt and curb'd, here he shall misse his purpose.
Mol. And what's your businesse now, you haue your mind sir;
At your great suite I promisd you to come,
I pittied her for names sake, that a *Moll*
Should be so crost in loue, when there's so many,
That owes nine layes a piece, and not so little:
My taylor fitted her, how like you his worke?
Seb. So well, no Art can mend it, for this purpose,
But to thy wit and helpe we're chiefe in debt,
And must liue still beholding.
Mol. Any honest pittie
I'me willing to bestow vpon poore Ring-doues.
Seb. I'le offer no worse play.
Moll. Nay and you should sir,
I should draw first and prooue the quicker man,
Seb. Hold, there shall neede no weapon at this meeting,
But cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,
Heere take this viall, runne vpon the guts,
And end thy quarrell singing.
Mol. Like a swan aboue bridge,
For looke you heer's the bridge, and heere am I.
Seb. Hold on sweete *Mol.*
Mary. I'ue heard her much commended sir, for one that
was nere taught.
Mol. I'me much beholding to 'em, well since you'l needes
put vs together sir, I'le play my part as wel as I can: it shall nere
be said I came into a Gentlemans chamber, and let his instru-
ment hang by the walls.
Seb. Why well said *Mol* i'faith, it had bene a shame for that
Gentleman then, that would haue let it hung still, and nere
offred thee it.
Mol. There it should haue bene stil then for *Mol*, for though
the world iudge impudently of mee, I nere came into that
chamber yet, where I tooke downe the instrument my selfe.
Seb. Pish let 'em prate abroad, th'art heere where thou art

knowne

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940

knowne and lou'd, there be a thousand close dames that wil cal
the viall an vnmannerly instrument for a woman, and therefore
talke broadly of thee, when you shall haue them sit wider to a
worse quality.

Mol. Push, I euer fall a sleepe and thinke not of 'em sir, and
thus I dreame.

Seb. Prithee let's heare thy dreame *Mol.*

wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945

Mol. *I dreame there is a Mistresse,
And she layes out the money,
Shee goes vnto her Sisters,
Shee neuer comes at any.*

The song.

Enter Sir *Alexander* behind them

wln 1946
wln 1947
wln 1948
wln 1949

*Shee sayes shee went to 'th Bursse for patternes,
You shall finde her at Saint Katherns,
And comes home with neuer a penny.*

Seb. That's a free Mistresse 'faith.

Alex. I, I, I, like her that sings it, one of thine own choosing.

wln 1950

Mol. But shall I dreame againe?

wln 1951
wln 1952
wln 1953
wln 1954

*Here comes a wench will braue ye,
Her courage was so great,
Shee lay with one o'the Nauy,
Her husband lying i'the Fleet.*

wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958

*Yet oft with him she cauel'd,
I wonder what shee ailes,
Her husbands ship lay grauel'd,
When her's could hoyse vp sailes,
Yet shee beganne like all my foes,
To call whoore first: for so do those;
A pox of all false tayles.*

wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962

Seb. Marry amen say I.

Alex. So say I too.

wln 1963
wln 1964
wln 1965
wln 1966
wln 1967
wln 1968

Mol. Hang vp the viall now sir: all this while I was in a
dreame, one shall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keepe my
legges together; a watch, what's a clocke here.

Alex. Now, now, shee's trapt.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1969
wln 1970
wln 1971
wln 1972
wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
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wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005

Moll. Betweene one and two; nay then I care not: a watch and a musitian are cossen Germans in one thing, they must both keepe time well, or there's no goodnesse in 'em, the one else deserues to be dasht against a wall, and tother to haue his braines knockt out with a fiddle case, what? a loose chaine and a dangling Diamond.

Here were a braue booty for an euening-theefe now,
There's many a younger brother would be glad
To looke twice in at a window for't,
And wriggle in and out, like an eele in a sandbag,
Oh if mens secret youthfull faults should iudge 'em,
'Twould be the general'st execution,
That ere was seene in England; there would bee but few left to
sing the ballets, there would be so much worke: most of our
brokers would be chosen for hangmen, a good day for them:
they might renew their wardrops of free cost then.

Seb. This is the roaring wench must do vs good.

Mary. No poyson sir but serues vs for some vse, which
is confirm'd in her.

Seb. Peace, peace, foot I did here him sure, where ere he be.

Mol. Who did you heare?

Seb. My father, 'twas like a sight of his, I must be wary,

Alex. No wilt not be, am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I'le put him to his plundge for't.

Seb. Life, heere he comes, — sir I beseech you take it,
Your way of teaching does so much content me,
I'le make it foure pound, here's forty shillings sir.
I thinke I name it right: helpe me good *Mol*,
Forty in hand.

Mol. Sir you shall pardon me,
I haue more of the meanest scholler I can teach,
This paiies me more, then you haue offred yet.

Seb. At the next quarter
When I receiue the meanes my father 'lowes me.
You shall haue tother forty,

Alex. This were well now,
Wer't to a man, whose sorrowes had blind eies,

But

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
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wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042

But mine behold his follies and vntruthes,
With two cleere glasses — how now?
Seb. Sir.
Alex. What's he there?
Seb. You'r come in good time sir, I'ue a suite to you,
I'de craue your present kindnesse.
Alex. What is he there?
Seb. A Gentleman, a musitian sir, one of excellent fingring:
Alex. I, I thinke so, I wonder how they scapt her.
Seb. Has the most delicate stroake sir,
Alex. A stroake indeed, I feele it at my heart,
Seb. Puts downe all your famous musitians.
Alex. I, a whoore may put downe a hundred of 'em.
Seb. Forty shillings is the agrement sir betweene vs,
Now sir, my present meanes, mounts but to halfe on't.
Alex. And he stands vpon the whole.
Seb. I indeed does he sir.
Alex. And will doe still, hee'l nere be in other taile,
Seb. Therefore I'de stop his mouth sir, and I could,
Alex. Hum true, there is no other way indeed,
His folly hardens, shame must needs succeed.
Now sir I vnderstand you professe musique.
Mol. I am a poore seruant to that liberall science sir.
Alex. Where is it you teach?
Mol. Right against Cliffords Inne.
Alex. Hum that's a fit place for it: you haue many schollers.
Mol. And some of worth, whom I may call my maisters.
Alex. I true, a company of whooremaisters; you teach to
sing too?
Mol. Marry do I sir.
Alex. I thinke you'l finde an apt scholler of my sonne, es-
pecially for pricke-song.
Mol. I haue much hope of him.
Alex. I am sorry for't, I haue the lesse for that: you can play
any lesson.
Mol. At first sight sir.
Alex. There's a thing called the witch, can you play that?

Mol.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2043

Mol. I would be sory any one should mend me in't.

wln 2044

Alex. I, I beleeeue thee, thou hast so bewitcht my sonne,

wln 2045

No care will mend the worke that thou hast done,

wln 2046

I haue bethought my selfe since my art failes,

wln 2047

I'll make her pollicy the Art to trap her.

wln 2048

Here are foure Angels markt with holes in them

wln 2049

Fit for his crackt companions, gold he will giue her,

wln 2050

These will I make induction to her ruine,

wln 2051

And rid shame from my house, grieffe from my heart

wln 2052

Here sonne, in what you take content and pleasure,

wln 2053

Want shall not curbe you, pay the Gentleman

wln 2054

His latter halfe in gold.

wln 2055

Seb. I thanke you sir.

wln 2056

Alex. Oh may the operation an't, end three,

wln 2057

In her, life: shame, in him; and grieffe, in mee. *Exit Alexander.*

wln 2058

Seb. Faith thou shalt haue 'em 'tis my fathers guift,

wln 2059

Neuer was man beguild with better shift.

wln 2060

Mol. Hee that can take mee for a male musitian,

wln 2061

I cannot choose but make him my instrument,

wln 2062

And play vpon him. *Exeunt omnes.*

wln 2063

Enter Mistresse Gallipot, and Mistresse Openworke.

wln 2064

Mi. Gal. Is then that bird of yours (*Maister Goshawke*) so wild?

wln 2065

Mist. Open. A *Goshawke*, a *Puttocke*; all for prey: he angles for fish, but he loues flesh better.

wln 2066

Mist. Gal. Is't possible his smoth face should haue wrinkles in't, and we not see them?

wln 2067

Mist. Open. Possible? why haue not many handsome legges in silke stockins villanous splay feete for all their great roses?

wln 2068

Mist. Gal. Troth sirra thou saist true.

wln 2069

Mist. Op. Didst neuer see an archer (as tho'ast walkt by *Bunhill*) looke a squint when he drew his bow?

wln 2070

Mist. Gal. Yes, when his arrowes haue flin'e toward *Islington*, his eyes haue shot cleane contrary towards *Pimlico*.

wln 2071

Mist. Open. For all the world so does *Maister Goshawke* double with me.

wln 2072

wln 2073

wln 2074

wln 2075

wln 2076

wln 2077

Mist. Gal.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2078 *Mist. Gal.* Oh fie vpon him, if he double once he's not for me.
wln 2079 *Mist. Open.* Because *Goshawke* goes in a shag-ruffe band,
wln 2080 with a face sticking vp in't, which showes like an agget set in
wln 2081 a crampe ring, he thinkes I'me in loue with him.
wln 2082 *Mist. Gal.* 'Las I thinke he takes his marke amisse in thee.
wln 2083 *Mist. Open.* He has by often beating into me made mee be-
wln 2084 leeuue that my husband kept a whore.
wln 2085 *Mist. Gal.* Very good.
wln 2086 *Mist. Open.* Swore to me that my husband this very morning
wln 2087 went in a boate with a tilt ouer it, to the three pidgions at
wln 2088 *Brainford*, and his puncke with him vnder his tilt.
wln 2089 *Mist. Gal.* That were wholesome.
wln 2090 *Mist. Open.* I beleeu'd it, fell a swearing at him, curssing of
wln 2091 harlots, made me ready to hoysse vp saile, and be there as soone
wln 2092 as hee.
wln 2093 *Mist. Gal.* So, so.
wln 2094 *Mist. Open.* And for that voyage *Goshawke* comes hither in-
wln 2095 continently, but sirra this water-spaniell diues after no ducke
wln 2096 but me, his hope is hauing mee at *Braineford* to make mee cry
wln 2097 quack.
wln 2098 *Mist. Gall.* Art sure of it?
wln 2099 *Mist. Open.* Sure of it? my poore innocent *Openworke* came
wln 2100 in as I was poking my ruffe, presently hit I him i'the teeth with
wln 2101 the three pidgions: he forswore all, I vp and opened all, and
wln 2102 now stands he (in a shop hard by) like a musket on a rest, to hit
wln 2103 *Goshawke* i'the eie, when he comes to fetch me to the boate.
wln 2104 *Mist. Gal.* Such another lame Gelding offered to carry
wln 2105 mee through thicke and thinne, (*Laxton* sirra) but I am ridd of
wln 2106 him now.
wln 2107 *Mist. Open.* Happy is the woman can bee ridde of 'em all;
wln 2108 'las what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh
wln 2109 'em rightly man for man.
wln 2110 *Mist. Gall.* Troth meere shallow things.
wln 2111 *Mist. Open.* Idle simple things, running heads, and yet let
wln 2112 'em run ouer vs neuer so fast, we shop-keepers (when all's done)
wln 2113 are sure to haue 'em in our pursnets at length, and when they
wln 2114 are in, Lord what simple animalls they are.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2115
wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
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wln 2121
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wln 2150
wln 2151

Mist. Open. Then they hang head.

Mist. Gal. Then they droupe.

Mist. Open. Then they write letters.

Mist. Gal. Then they cogge.

Mist. Open. Then they deale vnder hand with vs, and wee must ingle with our husbands a bed, and wee must sweare they are our cosens, and able to do vs a pleasure at Court.

Mist. Gal. And yet when wee haue done our best, al's but put into a riuen dish, wee are but frumpt at and libell'd vpon.

Mist. Open. Oh if it were the good Lords will, there were a law made, no Cittizen should trust any of 'em all.

Enter Goshawke.

Mist. Gal. Hush sirra, *Goshawke* flutters.

Gosh. How now, are you ready?

Mist. Open. Nay are you ready? a little thing you see makes vs ready.

Gosh. Vs? why, must shee make one i'the voiage?

Mist. Open. Oh by any meanes, do I know how my husband will handle mee?

Gosh. 'Foot, how shall I find water, to keepe these two mils going? Well since you'l needs bee clapt vnder hatches, if I sayle not with you both till all split, hang mee vp at the maine yard, & duck mee; it's but lickering them both soundly, & then you shall see their corke heeles flie vp high, like two swannes when their tayles are aboue water, and their long neckes vnder water, diuing to catch gudgions: come, come, oares stand ready, the tyde's with vs, on with those false faces, blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband, casting out his net to catch fresh *Salmon* at *Brainford*.

Mist. Gal. I belecue you'l eate of a coddess head of your owne dressing, before you reach halfe way thither.

Gosh. So, so, follow close, pin as you go.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Do you heare?

Mist. Gal. Yes, I thanke my eares.

Lax. I must haue a bout with your Poticariship,

Mist. Gal. At what weapon?

Lax.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154
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wln 2188

Lax. I must speake with you. *Mist. Gal.* No.
Lax. No? you shall.
Mist. Gal. Shall? away soust Sturgion, halfe fish, halfe flesh.
Lax. 'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'le cut your tayle pus-
cat for this.
Mist. Gal. 'Las poore *Laxton*, I thinke thy tayle's cut alrea-
dy: your worst;
Lax. If I do not, — *Exit Laxton.*
Gosh. Come, ha' you done? *Enter Maister Openworke.*
Sfoote Rosamond, your husband. welcome,
Maist. Open. How now? sweete *Maist Goshawke*, none more
I haue wanted your embracements: when friends meete,
The musique of the spheares sounds not more sweete,
Then does their conferenc: who is this? *Rosamond*:
Wife: how now sister?
Gosh. Silence if you loue mee.
Maist. Open. Why maskt?
Mist. Open. Does a maske grieue you sir?
Maist. Open. It does.
Mist. Open. Then y'are best get you a mumming.
Gosh. S'foote you'l spoyle all.
Mist. Gall. May not wee couer our bare faces with maskes
As well as you couer your bald heads with hats?
Ma. Op. No maskes, why, th'are theeues to beauty, that rob
Of admiration in which true loue lies, (eies
Why are maskes worne? why good? or why desired?
Vnlesse by their gay couers wits are fiered
To read the vild'st lookes; many bad faces,
(Because rich gemmes are treasured vp in cases)
Passe by their priuiledge currant, but as caues
Dambe misers Gold, so maskes are beauties graues,
Men nere meete women with such muffled eies,
But they curse her, that first did maskes deuise,
And swere it was some beldame. Come off with't.
Mist. Open. I will not.
Maist. Open. Good faces maskt are Iewels kept by spirits.
Hide none but bad ones, for they poyson mens sights,

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2189 Show then as shop-keepers do their broidred stuffe,
wln 2190 (By owle light) fine wares cannot be open enough,
wln 2191 Prithee (sweete Rose) come strike this sayle.
wln 2192 *Mist. Open.* Saile? (eyes:
wln 2193 *Maist. Op.* Ha? yes wife strike saile, for stormes are in thine
wln 2194 *Mist. Open.* Th'are here sir in my browes if any rise.
wln 2195 *Maist. Open.* Ha browes? (what sayes she friend) pray tel me
wln 2196 Your two flagges were aduaunst; the Comedy, (why
wln 2197 Come what's the Comedy?
wln 2198 *Mist. Open.* Westward hoe.
wln 2199 *Maist. Open.* How?
wln 2200 *Mist. Open.* 'Tis Westward hoe shee saies.
wln 2201 *Gosh.* Are you both madde?
wln 2202 *Mist. Open.* Is't Market day at *Braineford*, and your ware not
wln 2203 sent vp yet?
wln 2204 *Maist. Open.* What market day? what ware?
wln 2205 *Mist. Open.* A py with three pidgions in't, 'tis drawne and
wln 2206 staies your cutting vp.
wln 2207 *Gosh.* As you regard my credit.
wln 2208 *Maist. Open.* Art madde?
wln 2209 *Mist. Open.* Yes letcherous goate; Baboone.
wln 2210 *Maist. Open.* Baboone? then tosse mee in a blancket,
wln 2211 *Mist. Open.* Do I it well? *Mist. Gall.* Rarely.
wln 2212 *Gosh.* Belike sir shee's not well; best leaue her.
wln 2213 *Maist. Open.* No,
wln 2214 I'le stand the storme now how fierce so ere it blow.
wln 2215 *Mist. Open.* Did I for this loose all my friends? refuse
wln 2216 Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made
wln 2217 A stale to a common whore?
wln 2218 *Maist. Open.* This does amaze mee.
wln 2219 *Mist. Open.* Oh God, oh God, feede at reuersion now?
wln 2220 A Strumpets leauing? *Maist. Open.* Rosamond,
wln 2221 *Gosh.* I sweate, wo'ld I lay in cold harbour.
wln 2222 *Mist. Open.* Thou hast struck ten thousand daggers through
wln 2223 my heart.
wln 2224 *Maist. Open.* Not I by heauen sweete wife. (thee
wln 2225 *Mist. Open.* Go diuel go; that which thou swear'st by, damnes

Gosh.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262

Gosh. S'heart will you vndo mee?

Mist. Open. Why stay you heere? the starre, by which you saile, shines yonder about *Chelsy*; you loose your shore if this moone light you: seeke out your light whore.

Maist. Open. Ha?

Mist. Gal. Push; your Westerne pug.

Gosh, Zounds now hell roares.

Mist. Open. With whom you tilted in a paire of oares, this very morning.

Maist. Open. Oares? *Mist. Open.* At *Brainford* sir.

Maist. Open. Racke not my patience: Maister *Goshawke*, some slaue has buzzed this into her, has he not? I run a tilt in *Brainford* with a woman? 'tis a lie: What old baud tels thee this? S'death 'tis a lie.

Mist. Open. 'Tis one to thy face shall iustify all that I speake.

Maist. Open. Vd'soule do but name that rascal.

Mist. Open. No sir I will not.

Gosh. Keepe thee there girle: — then!

Mist. Open. Sister know you this varlet? *Mist. Gall.* Yes.

Maist. Open. Swear true,

Is there a rogue so low damn'd? a second *Iudas*? a common hangman? cutting a mans throate? does it to his face? bite mee behind my backe? a cur dog? sweare if you know this hell-hound.

Mist. Gall. In truth I do,

Maist. Open. His name?

Mist. Gall. Not for the world;

To haue you to stab him.

Gosh. Oh braue girles: worth Gold.

Maist. Open. A word honest maister *Goshawke*.

Draw out his sword

Gosh. What do you meane sir?

Maist. Open. Keepe off, and if the diuell can giue a name to this new fury, holla it through my eare, or wrap it vp in some hid character: I'le ride to *Oxford*, and watch out mine eies, but I'le heare the brazen head speak: or else shew me but one haire of his head or beard, that I may sample it; if the fiend I meet (in myne owne house) I'le kill him: — the streete.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299

Or at the Church dore: — there — (cause he seekes to vnty
The knot God fastens) he deserues most to dy.

Mist. Open. My husband titles him.

Maist. Open. Maister *Goshawke*, pray sir

Sweare to me, that you know him or know **hiw** not, (wiues,

Who makes me at *Brainford* to take vp a peticote beside my

Gosh. By heauen that man I know not.

Mist. Open. Come, come, you lie.

Gosh. Will you not haue all out?

By heauen I know no man beneath the moon

Should do you wrong, but if I had his name,

I'de print it in text letters.

Mist. Open. Print thine owne then,

Did'st not thou sweare to me he kept his whoore?

Mist. Gal. And that in sinfull *Brainford* they would commit
That which our lips did water at sir, — ha?

Mist. Open. Thou spider, that hast wouen thy cunning web
In mine owne house t'insnare me: hast not thou

Suck't nourishment euen vnderneath this roofe,

And turned it all to poyson? spitting it,

On thy friends face (my husband?) he as t'were sleeping:

Onely to leaue him vgly to mine eies,

That they might glance on thee.

Mist. Gal. Speake, are these lies?

Gosh. Mine owne shame me confounds:

Mist. Open. No more, hee's stung;

Who'd thinke that in one body there could dwell

Deformitie and beauty, (heauen and hell)

Goodnesse I see is but outside, wee all set,

In rings of Gold, stones that be counterfet:

I thought you none.

Gosh. Pardon mee.

Maist. Open. Truth I doe.

This blemish growes in nature not in you,

For mans creation sticke euen moles in scorne

On fairest cheeks, wife nothing is perfect borne.

Mist. Open. I thought you had bene borne perfect.

Maist. Open.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2300

Maist. Open. What's this whole world but a gilt rotten pill?
For at the heart lies the old chore still.

wln 2301

I'le tell you Maister *Goshawke*, I in your eie

wln 2302

I haue seene wanton fire, and then to try

wln 2303

The soundnesse of my iudgement, I told you

wln 2304

I kept a whoore, made you beleue 'twas true,

wln 2305

Onely to feele how your pulse beate, but find,

wln 2306

The world can hardly yeeld a perfect friend.

wln 2307

Come, come, a tricke of youth, and 'tis forgiuen,

wln 2308

This rub put by, our loue shall runne more euen.

wln 2309

Mist. Open. You'l deale vpon mens wiues no more?

wln 2310

Gosh. No: — you teach me a tricke for that.

wln 2311

Mist. Open. Troth do not, they'l o're-reach thee.

wln 2312

Mai. Open. Make my house yours sir still.

wln 2313

Gosh. No.

wln 2314

Maist. Open. I say you shall:

wln 2315

Seeing (thus besieg'd) it holds out, 'twill neuer fall.

wln 2316

*Enter Maister Gallipot, and Greenewit like a Somner,
Laxton muffled a loofe off.*

wln 2317

wln 2318

Omnes How now?

wln 2319

Maist. Gall. With mee sir?

wln 2320

Greene. You sir? I haue gon snaffling vp and downe by your
dore this houre to watch for you.

wln 2321

Mist. Gall. What's the matter husband?

wln 2322

Greene. — I haue caught a cold in my head sir, by sitting vp
late in the rose tauerne, but I hope you vnderstand my speech.

wln 2323

Maist. Gal. So sir.

wln 2324

Greene. I cite you by the name of *Hippocrates Gallipot*, and
you by the name of *Prudence Gallipot*, to appeare vpon *Crastino*,
doe you see, *Crastino sancti Dunstani* (this *Easter Tearme*) in
Bow Church.

wln 2325

Maist. Gall. Where sir? what saies he?

wln 2326

Greene. Bow: Bow Church, to answeere to a libel of precon-
tract on the part and behalfe of the said *Prudence* and another;
y'are best sir take a cobby of the citation, 'tis but tweluepence.

wln 2327

wln 2328

wln 2329

wln 2330

wln 2331

wln 2332

wln 2333

wln 2334

Omnes

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
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wln 2348
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wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372

Omnes A Citation?

Maist. Gal. You pocky-nosed rascall, what slaue fees you to this?

Lax. Slaue? I ha nothing to do with you, doe you heare sir?

Gosh. *Laxton* ist not? — what fagary is this?

Maist. Gal. Trust me I thought sir this storme long ago had bene full laid, when (if you be remembred) I paid you the last fiteene pound, besides the thirty you had first, — for then you swore.

Lax. Tush, tush sir, oathes,
Truth yet I'me loth to vexe you, — tell you what;
Make vp the mony I had an hundred pound,
And take your belly full of her.

Maist. Gall. An hundred pound?

Mist. Gal. What a 100 pound? he gets none: what a 100 pound?

Maist. Gal. Sweet *Pru* be calme, the Gentleman offers thus,
If I will make the monyes that are past
A 100 pound, he will discharge all courts,
And giue his bond neuer to vexe vs more.

Mist. Gal. A 100 pound? 'Las; take sir but threescore,
Do you seeke my vndoing?

Lax. I'le not bate one sixpence, — I'le mall you pusse for spitting.

Mist. Gal. Do thy worst,
Will fourescore stop thy mouth?

Lax. No.

Mist. Gal. Y'are a slaue,
Thou Cheate, I'le now teare mony from thy throat,
Husband lay hold on yonder tauny-coate.

Greene. Nay Gentlemen, seeing your woemen are so hote, I must loose my haire in their company I see.

Mist. Ope. His haire sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.

Gosh. He has had the better Chirurgion, Maister *Greenewit*, is your wit so raw as to play no better a part then a Somners?

Maist. Gal. I pray who playes a knacke to know an honest man in this company?

Mist. Gal.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408
wln 2409

Mist. Gall. Deere husband, pardon me, I did dissemble,
Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pound,
I had no shift but that.

Maist. Gal. A very cleane shift: but able to make mee
lowsy, On.

Mist. Gal. Husband, I pluck'd (when he had tempted mee to
thinke well of him) Get fethers from thy wings, to make him
flie more lofty. *Maist. Gall.* A'the top of you wife: on.

Mist. Gal. He hauing wasted them, comes now for more,
Vsing me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whose sinne keepes him in breath: by heauen I vow,
Thy bed he neuer wrong'd, more then he does now.

Maist. Gal. My bed? ha, ha, like enough, a shop-board will
serue to haue a cuckolds coate cut out vpon: of that wee'l
talke hereafter: y'are a villaine.

Lax. Heare mee but speake sir, you shall finde mee none.

Omnes Pray sir, be patient and heare him.

Maist. Gal. I am muzzled for biting sir, vse me how you will.

Lax. The first howre that your wife was in my eye,
My selfe with other Gentlemen sitting by,
(In your shop) tasting smoake, and speech beng vsed,
That men who haue fairest wiues are most abused,
And hardly scapt the horne, your wife maintain'd
That onely such spots in Citty dames were stain'd,
Iustly, but by mens slanders: for her owne part,
Shee vow'd that you had so much of her heart;
No man by all his wit, by any wile,
Neuer so fine spunne, should your selfe beguile,
Of what in her was yours.

Maist. Gal. Yet *Pru* 'tis well: play out your game at Irish
sir: Who winnes?

Mist. Open. The triall is when shee comes to bearing:

Lax. I scorn'd one woman, thus, should braue all men,
And (which more vext me) a shee-citizen.
Therefore I laid siege to her, out she held,
Gaued many a braue repulse, and me compel'd

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2410 With shame to sound retrait to my hot lust,
wln 2411 Then seeing all base desires rak'd vp in dust,
wln 2412 And that to tempt her modest eares, I swore
wln 2413 Nere to prsumne againe: she said, her eie
wln 2414 Would euer giue me welcome honestly,
wln 2415 And (since I was a Gentlman) if it runne low,
wln 2416 Shee would my state relieue, not to o'rethrow
wln 2417 Your owne and hers: did so; then seeing I wrought
wln 2418 Vpon her meekenesse, mee she set at nought,
wln 2419 And yet to try if I could turne that tide,
wln 2420 You see what streame I stroue with, but sir I sweare
wln 2421 By heauen, and by those hopes men lay vp there,
wln 2422 I neither haue, nor had a base intent
wln 2423 To wrong your bed, what's done, is meriment:
wln 2424 Your Gold I pay backe with this interest,
wln 2425 When I had most power to do't I wrong'd you least.
wln 2426 *Maist. Gal.* If this no gullery be sir,
wln 2427 *Omnes* No, no, on my life,
wln 2428 *Maist. Gal.* Then sir I am beholden (not to you wife)
wln 2429 But Maister *Laxton* to your want of doing ill,
wln 2430 Which it seemes you haue not Gentlemen,
wln 2431 Tarry and dine here all.
wln 2432 *Maist. Open.* Brother, we haue a iest,
wln 2433 As good as yours to furnish out a feast.
wln 2434 *Maist. Gal.* Wee'l crowne our table with it: wife brag no more,
wln 2435 Of holding out: who most brags is most whore. *Exeunt omnes.*

wln 2436 *Enter Iacke Dapper, Moll, Sir Beautious Ganymed,*
wln 2437 *and Sir Thomas Long.*

wln 2438 *Iacke Dap.* But prethee Maister Captaine *Iacke* be plaine and
wln 2439 perspicuous with mee; was it your *Megge* of Westminsters
wln 2440 courage, that rescued mee from the Poultry puttockes indeed.
wln 2441 *Mol.* The valour of my wit I ensure you sir fetcht you off
wln 2442 brauely, when you werre i'the forlorne hope among those
wln 2443 desperates, Sir *Bewtious Ganymed* here, and sir *Thomas Long*
wln 2444 heard that cuckoe (my man *Trapdore*) sing the note of your

ransome

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
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wln 2472
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wln 2474
wln 2475
wln 2476
wln 2477
wln 2478
wln 2479
wln 2480
wln 2481

ransome from captiuty.

Sir Bewt. Vds so *Mol*, where's that *Trapdore*?

Mol. Hang'd I thinke by this time, a Iustice in this towne, (that speakes nothing but make a *Mittimus* a way with him to Newgate) vsed that rogue like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

Omnes how, how?

Mol. Marry to lay traines of villany to blow vp my life; I smelt the powder, spy'd what linstocke gaue fire to shoote against the poore Captaine of the Gallifoyst, & away slid I my man, like a shouell-board shilling, hee stroutes vp and downe the suburbes I thinke: and eates vp whores: feedes vpon a bauds garbadg.

T. Long. Sirra *Iacke Dapper*.

Iac, Dap. What sai'st *Tom Long*?

T. Long. Thou hadst a sweet fac't boy haile fellow with thee to your little *Gull*: how is he spent?

Iack. Dap. Troth I whistled the poore little buzzard of a my fist, because when hee wayted vpon mee at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i'the teeth still, and said I lookt like a painted Aldermans tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a deaths head. Sirra *Iacke, Mol*.

Mol. What saies my little *Dapper*?

Sir Bewt. Come, come, walke and talke, walke and talke.

Iack. Dap. *Mol* and I'le be i'the midst.

Mol. These Knights shall haue squiers places belike then: well *Dapper* what say you?

Iack. Dap. Sirra Captaine mad *Mary*, the gull my owne father (*Dapper*) *Sir Dauby*) laid these London boote-halers the catch poles in ambush to set vpon mee.

Omnes Your father? away *Iacke*.

Iack. Dap. By the tassels of this handkercher 'tis true, and what was his warlicke stratageme thinke you? hee thought because a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lowsy prison could make an asse of mee.

Omnes A nasty plot.

Iack. Dap. I; as though a Counter, which is a parke, in which

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2482
wln 2483
wln 2484

all the wilde beasts of the Citty run head by head could tame mee.

Enter the Lord Noland.

wln 2485
wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
wln 2489
wln 2490
wln 2491
wln 2492
wln 2493
wln 2494
wln 2495
wln 2496
wln 2497
wln 2498
wln 2499
wln 2500

Moll. Yonder comes my Lord *Noland*.

Omnes Saue you my Lord.

L. Nol. Well met Gentlemen all, good *Sir Bewtious Gany-med*, *Sir Thomas Long?*, and how does *Maister Dapper?*

Iack. Dap. Thankes my Lord.

Mol. No Tobacco my Lord?

L. Nol No faith *Iacke*.

Iack. Dap. My Lord *Noland* will you goe to Pimlico with vs? wee are making a boone voyage to that nappy land of spice-cakes

L. Nol. Heeres such a merry ging, I could find in my heart to saile to the worlds end with such company, come Gentlemen let's on.

Iack. Dap. Here's most amorous weather my Lord.

Omnes Amorous weather.

They walke.

Iac. Dap. Is not amorous a good word?

wln 2501
wln 2502

Enter Trapdore like a poore Souldier with a patch o're one eie, and Teare-Cat with him, all tatters.

wln 2503
wln 2504
wln 2505
wln 2506
wln 2507
wln 2508
wln 2509
wln 2510
wln 2511
wln 2512
wln 2513
wln 2514
wln 2515

Trap. Shall we set vpon the infantry, these troopes of foot? Zounds yonder comes *Mol* my whoorish *Maister & Mistresse*, **wo[*]ld** I had her kidneys betweene my teeth.

Tear-Cat. I had rather haue a cow heele.

Trap. Zounds I am so patcht vp, she cannot discouer mee: wee'l on.

T. Cat. Alla corago then.

Trap. Good your Honours, and Worships, enlarge the eares of commiseration, and let the sound of a hoarse military organ-pipe, penetrate your pittiful bowels to extract out of them so many small drops of siluer, as may giue a hard strawbed lodging to a couple of maim'd souldiers.

Iacke Dap. Where are you maim'd?

T. Cat

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2516

T. Cat. In both our neather limbs.

wln 2517

Mol. Come, come, *Dapper*, lets giue 'em something, las
poore men, what mony haue you? by my troth I loue a souldier
with my soule.

wln 2518

wln 2519

Sir Bewt. Stay, stay, where haue you seru'd?

wln 2520

T. Long. In any part of the Low countries?

wln 2521

wln 2522

Trap. Not in the Low countries, if it please your manhood,
but in *Hungarie* against the *Turke* at the siede of *Belgrad*.

wln 2523

wln 2524

L. Nol. Who seru'd there with you sirra?

wln 2525

Trap. Many *Hungarians*, *Moldauians*, *Valachians*, and *Tran-*
siluanians, with some *Sclauonians*, and retyring home sir, the *Ve-*
netian Gallies tooke vs prisoners, yet free'd vs, and suffered vs
to beg vp and downe the country.

wln 2526

wln 2527

wln 2528

Iack. Dap. You haue ambled all ouer *Italy* then.

wln 2529

wln 2530

Trap. Oh sir, from *Venice* to *Roma*, *Uecchio*, *Bononia*, *Romania*,
Bolonia, *Modena*, *Piacenza*, and *Tuscana*, with all her Cities, as
Pistoia, *Valteria*, *Mountepulchena*, *Arrezzo*, with the *Siennesis*, and
diuerse others.

wln 2531

wln 2532

wln 2533

Mol. Meere rogues, put spurres to 'em once more.

wln 2534

wln 2535

Iack. Dap. Thou look'st like a strange creature, a fat butter-
box, yet speak'st English,
What art thou?

wln 2536

wln 2537

wln 2538

T. Cat. *Ick mine Here. Ick bin den ruffling Teare=Cat.*

wln 2539

Den, braue Soldado, Ick bin dorick all Dutchlant.

wln 2540

Gueresen: Der Shellum das meere Ine Beasa

wln 2541

Ine woert gaeb.

wln 2542

Ick slaag um stroakes on tom Cop.

wln 2543

Dastick Den hundred touzun Diuell halle,

wln 2544

Frollick mine Here.

wln 2545

Sir Bewt. Here, here, let's be rid of their iobbering,

wln 2546

Moll. Not a crosse *Sir Bewtious*, you base rogues, I haue
taken measure of you, better then a taylor can, and I'le fit you,
as you (monster with one eie) haue fitted mee,

wln 2547

wln 2548

Trap. Your Worship will not abuse a souldier.

wln 2549

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2550
wln 2551
wln 2552
wln 2553
wln 2554
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wln 2584
wln 2585
wln 2586

Moll. Souldier? thou deseru'st to bee hang'd vp by that tongue which dishonours so noble a profession, souldier you skeldering varlet? hold, stand, there should be a trapdore here abouts. *Pull off his patch*

Trap. The balles of these glasier of mine (mine eyes) shall be shot vp and downe in any hot peece of seruice for my inuincible Mistresse.

Iacke Dap. I did not thinke there had bene such knauery in blacke patches as now I see.

Mol. Oh sir he hath bene brought vp in the Ile of dogges, and can both fawne like a Spaniell, and bite like a Mastiue, as hee finds occasion.

L. Nol. What are you sirra? a bird of this feather too.

T. Cat. A man beaten from the wars sir.

T. Long. I thinke so, for you neuer stood to fight.

Iac. Dap. What's thy name fellow souldier?

T. Cat. I am cal'd by those that haue seen my valour, *Tear-Cat. Omnes* Teare-Cat?

Moll. A meere whip-Iacke, and that is in the Commonwealth of rogues, a slaue, that can talke of sea-fight, name all your chiefe Pirats, discouer more countries to you, then either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English euer found out, yet indeed all his seruice is by land, and that is to rob a Faire, or some such venturous exploit; *Teare-Cat*, foot sirra I haue your name now I remember me in my booke of horners, hornes for the thumbe, you know how.

T. Cat. No indeed Captaine *Mol* (for I know you by sight) I am no such nipping Christian, but a maunderer vpon the pad I confesse, and meeting with honest *Trapdore* here, whom you had cashierd from bearing armes, out at elbowes vnder your colours, I instructed him in the rudements of roguery, and by my map made him saile ouer any Country you can name, so that now he can maunder better then my selfe.

Iack. Dap. So then *Trapdore* thou art turn'd souldier now.

Trap. Alas sir, now there's no warres, 'tis the safest course of life I could take.

Mol. I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you

sirra

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2587
wln 2588
wln 2589
wln 2590
wln 2591
wln 2592
wln 2593
wln 2594
wln 2595
wln 2596
wln 2597
wln 2598
wln 2599
wln 2600
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wln 2621
wln 2622
wln 2623

sirra are an vpright man.

Trap. As any walkes the hygh way I assure you.

Mol. And *Teare-Cat* what are you? a wilde rogue, an angler, or a ruffler?

T. Cat. Brother to this vpright man, flesh and bloud, ruffling *Teare-Cat* is my name, and a ruffler is my stile, my title, my profession.

Mol. Sirra where's your Doxy, halt not with mee.

Omnes Doxy *Mol*, what's that?

Mol. His wench.

Trap. My doxy I haue by the *Salomon* a doxy, that carries a kitchin mort in her slat at her backe, besides my dell and my dainty wilde del, with all whom I'le tumble this next dark-mans in the strommel, and drinke ben **haufe**, and eate a fat gruntling cheate, a cackling cheate, and a quacking cheate.

Iack. Dap. Here's old cheating.

Trap. My doxy staves for me in a bousing ken, braue Capitaine.

Mol. Hee sayes his wench staies for him in an alehouse: you are no pure rogues.

T. Cat. Pure rogues? no, wee scorne to be pure rogues, but if you come to our lib ken, or our stalling ken, you shall finde neither him nor mee, a quire cuffin.

Mol. So sir, no churle of you.

T. Cat. No, but a ben caue, a braue caue, a gentry cuffin.

L. Nol. Call you this canting?

Iack. Dap. Zounds, I'le giue a schoolemaister halfe a crowne a week, and teach mee this pedlers French.

Trap. Do but strowle sir, halfe a haruest with vs sir, and you shall gabble your belly-full.

Mol. Come you rogue cant with me.

T. Long. Well sayd *Mol*, cant with her sirra, and you shall haue mony, else not a penny.

Trap. I'le haue a bout if she please.

Mol. Come on sirra.

Trap. Ben mort, shall you and I heaue a booth, mill a ken or nip a bung, and then wee'l couch a hogshead vnder the Ruffe-

mans

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2624
wln 2625
wln 2626
wln 2627
wln 2628
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wln 2630
wln 2631
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wln 2640
wln 2641
wln 2642
wln 2643
wln 2644
wln 2645
wln 2646
wln 2647

mans, and there you shall wap with me, & Ile niggle with you.

Mol. Out you damn'd impudent rascall.

Trap. Cut benar whiddes, and hold your fambles and your stampes.

L Nol. Nay, nay, *Mol*, why art thou angry? what was his gibberish?

Mol. Marry this my Lord sayes hee; Ben mort (good wench) shal you and I heaue a booth, mill a ken, or nip a bung? shall you and I rob a house, or cut a purse?

Omnes Very Good. (mans:

Mol. And then wee'l couch a hogshead vnder the Ruffe- And then wee'l lie vnder a hedge.

Trap. That was my desire Captaine, as 'tis fit a souldier should lie.

Mol. And there you shall wap with mee, and I'le niggle with you, and that's all.

Sir Bewt. Nay, nay *Mol* what's that wap?

Jack. Dap. Nay teach mee what niggling is, I'de faine bee niggling.

Mol. Wapping and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.

Trap. 'Tis fadoodling: if it please you.

Sir Bewt. This is excellent, one fit more good *Moll*,

Mol. Come you rogue sing with me.

wln 2648
wln 2649
wln 2650
wln 2651
wln 2652
wln 2653
wln 2654
wln 2655
wln 2656
wln 2657
wln 2658
wln 2659

A gage of ben Rom-bouse

In a bousing ken of Rom-vile.

T. Cat. Is Benar then a Caster,

Pecke, pennam, **lay** or popler,

Which we mill in deuse a **vile**.

Oh I wud lib all the lightmans.

The song.

Oh I woud lib all the darkemans,

By the sollamon vnder the Ruffemans.

By the sollamon in the Hartmans.

T. Cat. And scoure the Quire cramp ring,

And couch till a pallyard docked my dell,

So my bousy nab might skew rome bouse well

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2660

Auast to the pad, let vs bing,

wln 2661

Auast to the pad, let vs bing.

wln 2662

Omnes Fine knaues i' faith.

wln 2663

Jack. Dap. The grating of ten new cart-wheeles, and the gruntling of fiue hundred hogs cōming from Rumford market, cannot make a worse noyse then this canting language does in my eares; pray my Lord *Noland*, let's giue these soul-diers their pay.

wln 2664

wln 2665

wln 2666

wln 2667

Sir Bewt. Agreed, and let them march.

wln 2668

L. Nol. Heere *Mol.*

wln 2669

wln 2670

Mol. Now I see that you are stal'd to the rogue, and are not ashamed of your professions, looke you: my Lord *Noland* heere and these Gentlemen, bestowes vpon you two, two boordes and a halfe, that's two shillings sixe pence.

wln 2671

wln 2672

wln 2673

Trap. Thankes to your Lordship.

wln 2674

wln 2675

T. Cat. Thankes heroicall Captaine.

wln 2676

Mol. Away.

wln 2677

Trap. Wee shall cut ben whiddes of your Maisters and Mistresship, wheresoeuer we come.

wln 2678

Moll. You'l maintaine sirra the old Iustices plot to his face.

wln 2679

Trap. Else trine me on the cheats: hang me.

wln 2680

Mol. Be sure you meete mee there.

wln 2681

Trap. Without any more maundring I'le doo't, follow braue *Tear-Cat.*

wln 2682

Exeunt they two

T. Cat. I *præ, sequor*, let vs go mouse.

manet the rest.

wln 2683

L. Nol. Mol what was in that canting song? (onely milke

wln 2684

Mol. Troth my Lord, onely a praise of good drinke, the

wln 2685

Which these wilde beasts loue to sucke, and thus it was:

wln 2687

A rich cup of wine, oh it is iuyce Diuine,

wln 2688

More wholesome for the head, then meate, drinke, or bread,

wln 2689

To fill my drunken pate, with that, I'de sit vp late,

wln 2690

By the heeles wou'd I lie, vnder a lowsy hedge die,

wln 2691

Let a slaue haue a pull at my whore, so I be full

wln 2692

Of that precious liquor; And a parcell of such stufte my Lord

wln 2693

Not worth the opening.

wln 2694

L

Enter

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2695
wln 2696

Enter a Cutpurse very gallant, with foure or fiue men after him, one with a wand.

wln 2697

L. Nol. What gallant comes yonder?

wln 2698

T. Long. Masse I thinke I know him, 'tis one of Cumberland.

wln 2699

I Cut. Shall we venture to shuffle in amongst yon heap of Gallants, and strike?

wln 2700

wln 2701

2 Cut. 'Tis a question whether there bee any siluer shels amongst them, for all their sattin outsides.

wln 2702

wln 2703

Omnes Let's try?

wln 2704

Mol. Pox on him, a gallant? shaddow mee, I know him: 'tis one that cumbers the land indeed; if hee swimme neere to the shore of any of your pockets, looke to your purses.

wln 2705

wln 2706

Omnes Is't possible?

wln 2707

Mol. This braue fellow is no better then a foyst.

wln 2708

Omnes. Foyst, what's that?

wln 2709

wln 2710

Mol. A diuer with two fingers, a picke-pocket; all his traine study the figging law, that's to say; cutting of purses and foysting; one of them is a nip, I tooke him once i'the twopenny gallery at the Fortune; then there's a cloyer, or snap, that dogges any new brother in that trade, and snapes will haue halfe in any booty; Hee with the wand is both a stale, whose office is, to face a man i'the streetes, whil'st shels are drawne by an other, and then with his blacke coniuring rod in his hand, he by the nimblenesse of his eye and iugling sticke, will in cheaping a peece of plate at a goldsmithes stall, make foure or fiue ringes mount from the top of his *caduceus*, and as if it were at leape-frog, they skip into his hand presently.

wln 2711

wln 2712

wln 2713

wln 2714

wln 2715

wln 2716

wln 2717

wln 2718

wln 2719

wln 2720

wln 2721

2. Cut. Zounds wee are smoakt. *Omnes.* Ha?

wln 2722

wln 2723

2. Cut. Wee are boyl'd, pox on her; see *Moll* the roaring drabbe.

wln 2724

1. Cut. All the diseases of sixteene hospitals boyle her: away.

wln 2725

Mol. Blesse you sir.

wln 2726

1. Cut. And you good sir.

wln 2727

Mol. Do'st not ken mee man?

wln 2728

1. Cut. No rust mee sir.

wln 2729

Moll.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2730
wln 2731
wln 2732
wln 2733
wln 2734
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wln 2756
wln 2757
wln 2758
wln 2759
wln 2760
wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764
wln 2765
wln 2766

Mol. Heart, there's a Knight to whom I'm bound for many fauours, lost his purse at the last new play i'the Swanne, seuen Angels in't, make it good you'r best; do you see? no more.

I. Cut. A Sinagogue shall be cal'd Mistresse *Mary*, disgrace mee not; *pacus palabros*, I will coniure for you, farewell:

Mol. Did not I tell you my Lord?

L. Nol. I wonder how thou cam'st to the knowledge of these nasty villaines.

T. Long. And why doe the foule mouthes of the world call thee *Mol* cutpurse? a name, me thinkes, damn'd and odious.

Mol. Dare any step forth to my face and say,
I haue tane thee doing so *Mol*? I must confesse,
In younger dayes, when I was apt to stray,
I haue sat amongst such adders; seene their stings,
As any here might, and in full play-houses
Watcht their quicke-diuing hands, to bring to shame
Such rogues, and in that streame met an ill name:
When next my Lord you spie any one of those,
So hee bee in his Art a scholler, question him,
Tempt him with gold to open the large booke
Of his close villanies: and you your selfe shall cant
Better then poore *Mol* can, and know more lawes
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foysts, puggards, curbers,
Withall the diuels blacke guard, then it is fit
Should be discouered to a noble wit.
I know they haue their orders, offices,
Circuits and circles, vnto which they are bound,
To raise their owne damnation in.

Iack. Dap. How do'st thou know it?

Moll. As you do, I shew it you, they to me show it.
Suppose my Lord you were in *Venice*.

L. Nol. Well.

Mol. If some Italian pander there would tell
All the close trickes of curtizans; would not you
Hearken to such a fellow?

L. Nol. Yes.

Mol. And here,

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2767
wln 2768
wln 2769
wln 2770
wln 2771
wln 2772
wln 2773
wln 2774
wln 2775
wln 2776
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wln 2778
wln 2779
wln 2780
wln 2781
wln 2782
wln 2783
wln 2784
wln 2785
wln 2786
wln 2787
wln 2788

wln 2789
wln 2790

wln 2791
wln 2792
wln 2793
wln 2794
wln 2795
wln 2796
wln 2797
wln 2798
wln 2799
wln 2800
wln 2801

Being come from *Uenice*, to a friend most deare
That were to trauell thither, you would proclaime
Your knowledge in those villanies, to saue
Your friend from their quicke danger: must you haue
A blacke ill name, because ill things you know,
Good troth my Lord, I am made *Mol* cutpurse so.
How many are whores, in small ruffes and still lookes?
How many chaste, whose names fill slanders bookes?
Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their scornes
Cal so, we should not walke for goring hornes,
Perhaps for my madde going some reprove mee,
I please my selfe, and care not else who loues mee.

Omnes A braue minde *Mol* i' faith.

T. Long. Come my Lord, shal's to the Ordinary?

L. Nol. I, 'tis noone sure.

(or to the world:

Mol. Good my Lord, let not my name condemne me to you
A fencer I hope may be cal'd a coward, is he so for that?
If all that haue ill names in London, were to be whipt, (ther
And to pay but twelue pence a peece to the beadle, I would ra-
Haue his office, then a Constables.

Jack. Dap. So would I Captaine *Moll*: 'twere a sweete tick-
ling office i' faith.

Exeunt.

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Goshawke and
Greenewit, and others.*

Alex. My sonne marry a theefe, that impudent girle,
Whom all the world sticke their worst eyes vpon?

Greene. How will your care preuent it?

Gosh. 'Tis impossible.

They marry close, thei'r gone, but none knowes whether.

Alex. Oh Gentlemen, when ha's a fathers heart-strings

Enter a seruant.

Held out so long from breaking: now what newes sir?

Seruant. They were met vppo'th water an houre since, sir,
Putting in towards the Sluce.

Alex. The Sluce? come Gentlemen,

'Tis

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2802
wln 2803
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wln 2808
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wln 2836
wln 2837
wln 2838

'Tis *Lambith* workes against vs.

Greene. And that *Lambith*, ioynes more mad matches, then
your sixe wet townes, twixt that and *Windsor-bridge*, where
fares lye soaking.

Alex. Delay no time sweete Gentlemen: to Blacke Fryars,
Wee'l take a paire of Oares and make after 'em.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Your sonne, and that bold masculine rampe
My mistresse, are landed now at Tower.

Alex. Hoyda, at Tower?

Trap. I heard it now reported.

Alex. Which way Gentlemen shall I bestow my care?
I'me drawne in peeces betwixt decept and shame.

Enter sir Fitz-Allard.

Fitz-Alla. Sir *Alexander*.

You'r well met, and most rightly serued,
My daughter was a scorne to you.

Alex. Say not so **fir**.

Fitz-All. A very abiect, shee poore Gentlewoman,
Your house had bene dishonoured. Giue you ioy sir,
Of your sons Gaskoyne-Bride, you'l be a Grandfather shortly
To a fine crew of roaring sonnes and daughters,
'Twill helpe to stocke the suburbes passing well sir.

Alex. O play not with the miseries of my heart,
Wounds should be drest and heal'd, not vext, or left
Wide open, to the anguish of the patient,
And scornefull aire let in: rather let pittie
And aduise charitably helpe to refresh 'em.

Fitz-All. Who'd place his charity so vnworthily.
Like one that giues almes to a cursing beggar,
Had I but found one sparke of goodnesse in you
Toward my deseruing child, which then grew fond
Of your sonnes vertues, I had eased you now.
But I perceiue both fire of youth and goodnesse,
Are rak'd vp in the ashes of your age,
Else no such shame should haue come neere your house,
Nor such ignoble sorrowe touch your heart,

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2839 *Alex.* If not for worth, for pitties sake assist mee.
wln 2840 *Greene.* You vrge a thing past sense, how can he helpe you?
wln 2841 All his assistance is as fraile as ours,
wln 2842 Full as vncertaine, where's the place that holds 'em?
wln 2843 One brings vs water-newes; then comes an other
wln 2844 With a full charg'd mouth, like a culuerins voyce,
wln 2845 And he reports the Tower; whose sounds are truest?
wln 2846 *Gosh.* In vaine you flatter him sir *Alexander.*
wln 2847 *Fitz-All.* I flatter him, Gentlemen you wrong mee grosly.
wln 2848 *Greene,* Hee doe's it well i'faith.
wln 2849 *Fitz-All.* Both newes are false,
wln 2850 Of Tower or water: they tooke no such way yet. (plundges?
wln 2851 *Alex.* Oh strange: heare you this Gentlemen, yet more
wln 2852 *Fiz-Alla.* Th'are neerer then you thinke for yet more close,
wln 2853 then if they were further off.
wln 2854 *Alex.* How am I lost in these distractions?
wln 2855 *Fitz-Alla.* For your speches Gentlemen,
wln 2856 In taxing me for rashnesse; fore you all,
wln 2857 I will engage my state to halfe his wealth,
wln 2858 Nay to his sonnes reuenewes, which are lesse,
wln 2859 And yet nothing at all, till they come from him;
wln 2860 That I could (if my will stucke to my power),
wln 2861 Preuent this mariage yet, nay banish her
wln 2862 For euer from his thoughts, much more his armes.
wln 2863 *Alex.* Slacke not this goodnesse, though you heap vpon me
wln 2864 Mountaines of malice and reuenge hereafter:
wln 2865 I'de willingly resigne vp halfe my state to him,
wln 2866 So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.
wln 2867 *Greene.* Hee talkes impossibilites, and you beleeeue 'em.
wln 2868 *Fitz-Alla.* I talke no more, then I know how to finish,
wln 2869 My fortunes else are his that dares stake with me,
wln 2870 The poore young Gentleman I loue and pittie:
wln 2871 And to keepe shame from him, (because the spring
wln 2872 Of his affection was my daughters first,
wln 2873 Till his frowne blasted all,) do but estate him
wln 2874 In those possessions, which your loue and care
wln 2875 Once pointed out for him, that he may haue roome,

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2876
wln 2877
wln 2878
wln 2879
wln 2880
wln 2881
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wln 2887
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wln 2913

To entertaine fortunes of noble birth,
Where now his desperate wants casts him vpon her:
And if I do not for his owne sake chiefly,
Rid him of this disease, that now growes on him,
I'le forfeit my whole state, before these Gentlemen.
Greene. Troth but you shall not vndertake such matches,
Wee'l perswade so much with you.
Alex. Heere's my ring,
He will beleue this token: fore these Gentlemen,
I will confirme it fully: all those lands,
My first loue lotted him, he shall straight possesse
In that refusall.
Fitz-All. If I change it not, change mee into a beggar.
Green. Are you mad sir?
Fitz-All. 'Tis done.
Gosh. Will you vndoe your selfe by doing,
And shewe a prodigall tricke in your old daies?
Alex. 'Tis a match Gentlemen.
Fitz-All. I, I, sir I.
I akse no fauour; trust to you for none,
My hope rests in the goodnesse of your son. *Exit Fitz-Allard.*
Greene. Hee holds it vp well yet.
Gosh. Of an old knight i' faith.
Alex. Curst be the time, I laid his first loue barren,
Wilfully barren, that before this houre
Had sprung forth friutes, of comfort and of honour;
He lou'd a vertuous Gentlewoman. *Enter Moll.*
Gosh. Life, heere's *Mol.*
Green. *Iack.*
Gosh. How dost thou *Iacke*?
Mol. How dost thou Gallant?
Alex. Impudence, where's my sonne?
Moll. **Weakensse**, go looke him.
Alex. Is this your wedding gowne?
Mol. The man talkes monthly:
Hot broth and a darke chamber for the knight,
I see hee'l be starke mad at our next meeting. *Exit Moll*
Gosh. Why sir, take comfort now, there's no such matter,

No

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2914
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wln 2946
wln 2947
wln 2948

No Priest will marry her, sir, for a woman,
Whiles that shape's on, and it was neuer knowne,
Two men were married and conioyn'd in one:
Your sonne hath made some shift to loue another.
Alex. What ere' she be, she has my blessing with her,
May they be rich, and fruitfull, and receiue
Like comfort to their issue, as I take in them,
Ha's pleas'd me now, marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not chuse amisse.
Green. Glad y'are so penitent, for your former sinne sir.
Gosh. Say he should take a wench with her smocke-dowry,
No portion with her, but her lips and armes?
Alex. Why? who thriue better sir? they haue most blessing,
Though other haue more wealth, and least repent,
Many that want most, know the most content.
Greene. Say he should marry a kind youthfull sinner.
Alex. Age will quench that, any offence but theft and drun-
Nothing but death can wipe away. (kennesse,
There sinnes are greene, euen when there heads are gray,
Nay I dispaire not now, my heart's cheer'd Gentlemen,
No face can come vnfortunately to me,
Now sir, your newes? *Enter a seruant.*
Seruant. Your sonne with his faire Bride is neere at hand,
Alex. Faire may their fortunes be.
Green. Now you'r resolu'd sir, it was neuer she,
Alex. I finde it in the musicke of my heart,

Enter Mol maskt, in Sebastians hand, and Fitz-Allard.

See where they come.
Gosh. A proper lusty presence sir.
Alex. Now has he pleas'd me right, I alwaies counseld him
To choose a goodly personable creature,
Iust of her pitch was my first wife his mother.
Seb. Before I dare discouer my offence, I kneele for pardon.
Alex.; My heart gaue it thee, before thy tongue could aske it,
Rise, thou hast rais'd my ioy to greater height.

Then

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2949
wln 2950
wln 2951
wln 2952
wln 2953
wln 2954
wln 2955
wln 2956
wln 2957
wln 2958
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wln 2983
wln 2984
wln 2985

Then to that seat where grieffe delected it,
Both welcome to my loue, and care for euer,
Hide not my happinesse too long, al's pardoned,
Here are our friends, salute her, Gentlemen. *They vnmaske her.*
Omnes. Heart, who this *Mol*?
Alex. O my reuiuing shame, is't I must liue,
To be strucke blind, be it the worke of sorrow,
Before age take't in hand.
Fitz-All. Darkenesse and death.
Haue you deceau'd mee thus? did I engage
My whole estate for this.
Alex. You askt no fauour,
And you shall finde as little, since my comforts,
Play false with me, I'le be as cruell to thee
As grieffe to fathers hearts.
Mol. Why what's the matter with you?
Lesse too much ioy, should make your age forgetfull,
Are you too well, too happy?
Alex. With a vengeance.
Mol. Me thinkes you should be proud of such a daughter,
As good a man, as your sonne.
Alex. O monstrous impudence.
Mol. You had no note before, an vnmarkt **Kinght**,
Now all the towne will take regard on you,
And all your enemies feare you for my sake,
You may passe where you list, through crowdes most thicke,
And come of brauely with your pursse vnpickt,
You do not know the benefits I bring with mee,
No cheate dares worke vpon you, with thumbe or knife,
While y'auē a roaring girle to your sonnes wife.
Alex. A diuell rampant.
Fitz-Alla. Haue you so much charity?
Yet to release mee of my last rash bargaine,
And I'le giue in your pledge.
Alex. No sir, I stand to't, I'le worke vpon aduantage,
As all mischiefes do vpon mee.
Aitz-All. Content, beare witnesse all then

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2986

His are the lands, and so contention ends.

wln 2987

Here comes your sonnes Bride, twixt two noble friends.

wln 2988

Enter the Lord Noland, and Sir Bewtious Ganymed, with Ma-

wln 2989

ry Fitz-Allard betweene them, the Cittizens and their

wln 2990

wiues with them.

wln 2991

Mol. Now are you gull'd as you would be, thanke me for't,
I'de a fore-finger in't.

wln 2992

Seb. Forgiue mee father,

wln 2993

Though there before your eyes my sorrow fain'd,

wln 2994

This still was shee, for whom true loue complain'd.

wln 2995

Alex. Blessings eternall, and the ioyes of Angels,

wln 2996

Beginne your peace heere, to be sign'd in heauen,

wln 2997

How short my sleepe of sorrow seemes now to me,

wln 2998

To this eternity of boundlesse comforts,

wln 2999

That finds no want but vtterance, and expression.

wln 3000

My Lord your office heere appeares so honourably:

wln 3001

So full of ancient goodnesse, grace, and worthinesse,

wln 3002

I neuer tooke more ioy in sight of man,

wln 3003

Then in your comfortable presence now.

wln 3004

L. Nol. Nor I more delight in doing grace to vertue,

wln 3005

Then in this worthy Gentlewoman, your sonnes Bride,

wln 3006

Noble *Fitz-Alards* daughter, to whose honour

wln 3007

And modest fame, I am a seruant vow'd,

wln 3008

So is this Knight.

wln 3009

Alex. Your loues make my ioyes proud,

wln 3010

Bring forth those deeds of land, my care layd ready,

wln 3011

And which, old knight, thy noblenesse may challenge,

wln 3012

Ioynd with thy daughters vertues, whom I prise now,

wln 3013

As deerely as that flesh, I call myne owne.

wln 3014

Forgiue me worthy Gentlewoman, 'twas my blindnesse

wln 3015

When I reiected thee, I saw thee not,

wln 3016

Sorrow and wilfull rashnesse grew like filmes

wln 3017

Ouer the eyes of iudgement, now so cleere

wln 3018

I see the brightnesse of thy worth appeare.

wln 3019

Mary. Duty and loue may I deserue in those,

wln 3020

And

The Roaring Girle.

wln 3021

And all my wishes haue a perfect close,

wln 3022

Alex. That tongue can neuer erre, the sound's so sweete,

wln 3023

Here honest sonne, receiue into thy hands,

wln 3024

The keyes of wealth, possession of those lands,

wln 3025

Which my first care prouided, thei'r thine owne,

wln 3026

Heauen giue thee a blessing with 'em, the best ioyes,

wln 3027

That can in worldly shapes to man betide,

wln 3028

Are fertill lands, and a faire fruitfull Bride,

wln 3029

Of which I hope thou'rt sped.

wln 3030

Seb. I hope so too sir.

wln 3031

Mol. Father and sonne, I ha' done you simple seruice here,

wln 3032

Seb. For which thou shalt not part *Moll* vnrequited.

wln 3033

Alex. Thou art a madd girle, and yet I cannot now con-
demne thee.

wln 3034

Mol. Condemne mee? troth and you should sir,
I'de make you seeke out one to hang in my roome,

wln 3035

I'de giue you the slip at Gallowes, and cozen the people.
Heard you this iest my Lord?

wln 3036

L. Nol. What is it *Iacke*?

wln 3037

Mol. He was in feare his sonne would marry mee,
But neuer dreamt that I would nere agree.

wln 3038

L. Nol. Why? thou had'st a suiter once *Iacke*, when wilt marry?

wln 3039

Mol. Who I my Lord, I'le tell you when ifaith,
When you shall heare,

wln 3040

Gallants voyd from Serieants feare,
Honesty and truth vnslandred,

wln 3041

Woman man'd, but neuer pandred,
Cheates booted, but not coacht,

wln 3042

Vessels older e're they'r broacht.
If my minde be then not varied,

wln 3043

Next day following, I'le be married.

wln 3044

L. Nol. This sounds like domes-day,
Moll. Then were marriage best,

wln 3045

For if I should repent, I were soone at rest.

wln 3046

Alex. Introth tho'art a good wench, I'me sorry now,
The opinion was so hard, I conceiu'd of thee.

wln 3047

wln 3048

wln 3049

wln 3050

wln 3051

wln 3052

wln 3053

wln 3054

wln 3055

wln 3056

The Roaring Girle.

wln 3057
wln 3058
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wln 3092
wln 3093

Some wrongs I'ue done thee. *Enter Trapdore.*
Trap. Is the winde there now?
'Tis time for mee to kneele and confesse first,
For feare it come too late, and my braines feele **It**,
Vpon my pawes, I aske you pardon mistresse.
Mol. Pardon? for what sir? what ha's your rogueship done
now?
Trap. I haue bene from time to time hir'd to confound you,
by this old Gentleman.
Mol. How?
Trap. Pray forgiue him,
But may I connsell you, you should neuer doo't.
Many a snare to entrapp your Worships life,
Haue I laid priuily, chaines, watches, Jewels,
And when hee saw nothing could mount you vp,
Foure hollow-hearted Angels he then gaue you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to saue you.
Alex. To all which, shame and grieffe in me cry guilty,
Forgiue mee now, I cast the worlds eyes from mee,
And looke vpon thee freely with mine owne:
I see the most of many wrongs before hee,
Cast from the iawes of enuy and her people,
And nothing foule but that, Il'e neuer more
Condemne by common voyce, for that's the whore,
That deceiues mans opinion; mockes his trust,
Cozens his loue, and makes his heart vniust.
Mol. Here be the Angels Gentlemen, they were giuen me
As a Musitian, I pursue no pittie,
Follow the law, and you can cucke mee, spare not
Hang vp my vyall by me, and I care not.
Alex. So farre I'me sorry, I'le thrice double 'em
To make thy wrongs amends,
Come worthy friends my honourable Lord,
Sir *Bewteous Ganymed*, and Noble *Fitz-Allard*,
And you kind Gentlewoman, whose sparkling presence,
Are glories set in mariage, beames of society,
For all your loues giue luster to my ioyes,

The

The Roaring Girle.

wln 3094 The happinesse of this day shall be remembred,
wln 3095 At the returne of euery smiling spring:
wln 3096 In my time now 'tis borne, and may no sadnesse
wln 3097 Sit on the browes of men vpon that day,
wln 3098 But as I am, so all goe pleas'd away.

wln 3099

Epilogus,

wln 3100 A Painter hauing drawne with curious Art
wln 3101 The picture of a woman (euery part,
wln 3102 Limb'd to the life) hung out the peece to sell:
wln 3103 People (who pass'd along) veiwing it well,
wln 3104 Gaue seuerall verdicts on it. some dispraised
wln 3105 The haire, some sayd the browes too high were raised,
wln 3106 Some hit her o're the lippes, mislik'd their colour,
wln 3107 Some wisht her nose were shorter; some, the eyes fuller,
wln 3108 Others sayd roses on her cheekes should grow,
wln 3109 Swearing they lookt too pale, others cry'd no,
wln 3110 The workeman still as fault was found, did mend it,
wln 3111 In hope to please all; (but this worke being ended)
wln 3112 And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
wln 3113 So monstrous and so vgly all men did smile
wln 3114 At the poore Painters folly. Such wee doubt
wln 3115 Is this our Comedy, Some perhaps do floute
wln 3116 The plot, saying; 'tis too thinne, too weake, too meane,
wln 3117 Some for the person will reuile the Scène.
wln 3118 And wonder, that a creature of her being
wln 3119 Should bee the subiect of a Poet, seeing
wln 3120 In the worlds eie, none weighes so light: others looke

M3

For

Epilogus.

wln 3121
wln 3122
wln 3123
wln 3124
wln 3125
wln 3126
wln 3127
wln 3128
wln 3129
wln 3130
wln 3131
wln 3132
wln 3133
wln 3134
wln 3135
wln 3136

For all those base trickes publish'd in a booke,
(Foule as his braines they flow'd from) of Cut-purse,
Of Nips and Foysts, nastie, obscæne discourses,
As full of lies, as emptie of worth or wit,
For any honest eare, or eye vnfit. And thus,
If we to euery braine (that's humerous)
Should fashion Sceanes, we (with the Painter) shall
In striuing to please all, please none at all.
Yet for such faults, as either the writers wit,
Or negligence of the Actors do commit,
Both craue your pardons: if what both haue done,
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The *Roring Girle* her selfe some few dayes hence,
Shall on this Stage, giue larger recompence. (you,
Which Mirth that you may share in, her selfe does woe
And craues this signe, your hands to becken her to you.

wln 3137

FINIS.

img: 47-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **7 (1-b)**: The caption is printed along the left vertical edge of the woodcut image.
2. **33 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *Wengrave* is amended from the original *Wentgraue*.
3. **33 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *Neatfoot* is amended from the original *Neats-foot*.
4. **38 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *Wengrave* is amended from the original *Wentgraue*.
5. **82 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *died* comes from the original *dyed*, though possible variants include *dined*.
6. **207 (6-b)**: The regularized reading *seems* is amended from the original *seeemes*.
7. **208 (6-b)**: The regularized reading *filled* is amended from the original *fil'd*.
8. **693 (13-a)**: The regularized reading *Dapper* is amended from the original *Dappper*.
9. **836 (15-a)**: The regularized reading *Moll* is amended from the original *Mols*.
10. **1101 (18-b)**: The regularized reading *sir* is amended from the original *fir*.
11. **1107 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is amended from the original *your*.
12. **1312 (21-b)**: The regularized reading *what* is amended from the original *whats*.
13. **1329 (22-a)**: The regularized reading *sting* is amended from the original *sing*.
14. **1370 (22-b)**: The regularized reading *like* is supplied for the original *l[...]*.
15. **1545 (25-a)**: The regularized reading *precontract* is amended from the original *precontact*.
16. **1558 (25-a)**: The regularized reading *fright* is amended from the original *frighr*.
17. **1564 (25-a)**: The regularized reading *line* comes from the original *line*, though possible variants include *lain*.
18. **1585 (25-b)**: Erroneous stage direction: Mistress Gallipot must leave only after her next speech.
19. **1641 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *Adam* is supplied for the original *Ad[*]m*.
20. **1652 (26-b)**: The regularized reading *son* is amended from the original *sonne*.
21. **1728 (27-b)**: The regularized reading *for* is amended from the original *for*.
22. **2198 (34-a)**: Erroneous speech prefix. Suggest Mistress Gallipot.
23. **2267 (35-a)**: The regularized reading *him* is amended from the original *hiw*.
24. **1833 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *Unhappy* is amended from the original *Vnahppy*.
25. **2505 (38-a)**: The regularized reading *would* is supplied for the original *wof[*]ld*.
26. **2600 (39-b)**: The regularized reading *bouse* is amended from the original *baufe*.
27. **2651 (40-a)**: The regularized reading *lay* comes from the original *lay*, though possible variants include *lap*.
28. **2652 (40-a)**: The regularized reading *vile* comes from the original *vile*, though possible variants include *vill*.
29. **2729 (41-a)**: The regularized reading *trust* is amended from the original *rrust*.

30. **2908 (43-b)**: The regularized reading *Weakness* is amended from the original *Weakensse*.
31. **2971 (44-b)**: The regularized reading *Knight* is amended from the original *Kinght*.
32. **2819 (42-b)**: The regularized reading *sir* is amended from the original *fir*.
33. **3060 (46-a)**: The regularized reading *it* is amended from the original *lt*.