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## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

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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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ln 0001

The Roaring Girle.

ln 0002

OR

ln 0003

*Moll Cut-Purse.*

ln 0004

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

ln 0005

*the Prince his Players.*

ln 0006

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

[Portrait of Moll Cutpurse]

ln 0007

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

ln 0008

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

ln 0009

shop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall

ln 0010

Exchange. 1611.

img: 2-a  
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ln 0001  
ln 0002  
  
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ln 0025

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

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

*VWith 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 bands, and Neatfoot a seruingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.*

wln 0056

wln 0057

wln 0058

*Neatfoote.*

wln 0059

THE yong gentleman (our young maister) Sir  
*Alexanders* sonne, is it into his eares (sweet  
Damsell) (emblem of fragility) you  
desire to haue a message transported, or to be tran-  
scendent.

wln 0060

wln 0061

wln 0062

wln 0063

wln 0064

*Mary* A priuate word or two Sir, nothing  
else.

wln 0065

wln 0066

wln 0067

wln 0068

wln 0069

wln 0070

*Neat.* You shall fructifie in that which you come for: your  
pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will  
(fairest tree of generation) watch when our young maister is  
erected, (that is to say vp) and deliuer him to this your most  
white hand.

wln 0071

*Mary* Thankes sir.

wln 0072

wln 0073

wln 0074

*Neat.* And withall certifie him, that I haue culled out for  
him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicome  
then any lay vpon his trencher at dinner — hath he notion  
of your name, I beseech your chastitie.

wln 0075

wln 0076

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

B

*Neat.*

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0077

*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.

wln 0078

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

wln 0079

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

wln 0080

*Mary* Not now in truth sir.

wln 0081

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

wln 0082

*Mary* I humbly thanke you sir, but that my bosome

wln 0083

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!

wln 0084

wln 0085

wln 0086

wln 0087

wln 0088

wln 0089

wln 0090

wln 0091

wln 0092

wln 0093

wln 0094

wln 0095

wln 0096

wln 0097

*Enter Sebastian Wengraue with Neatfoote.*

wln 0098

*Seb.* A Sempster speake with me, saist thou.

wln 0099

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

wln 0100

wln 0101

*Seb.* With me sweet heart. What ist?

wln 0102

*Mary* I haue brought home your bands sir.

wln 0103

*Seb.* Bands: *Neatfoote.*

wln 0104

*Neat.* Sir.

wln 0105

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

wln 0106

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

wln 0107

*Seb.* And dost heare, if my father call for me, say I am

wln 0108

busy with a Sempster.

wln 0109

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

wln 0110

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

wln 0111

*Neat*

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0112  
wln 0113  
wln 0114  
wln 0115  
wln 0116  
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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 voves, 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  
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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 beleeuēs  
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  
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wln 0222

*Alex.* Fy, fy, in giuing thankes you pay to deare.  
*S. Dap.* When bounty spreades the table, faith t'were sinne,  
(at going of) if thankes should not step in.  
*Alex.* No more of thankes, 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.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0258  
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wln 0260  
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wln 0264  
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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.

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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 heuens 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 traoueller,  
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  
wln 0342  
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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  
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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 Sir *Dap.* He shall be weand I warrant you.  
wln 0407 *Alex.* Before his eyes  
wln 0408 Lay downe his shame, my grieffe, his miseries.  
wln 0409 *Omnes.* No more, no more, away. *Exeunt all but sir*  
wln 0410 *Alex.* I wash a *Negro,* *Alexander.*  
wln 0411 Loosing both paines and cost: but take thy flight,  
wln 0412 Ile be most neere thee, when I'me least in sight.  
wln 0413 Wilde Bucke ile hunt thee breathlesse, thou shalt run on,  
wln 0414 But I will turne thee when I'me not thought vpon.  
wln 0415 *Enter Ralph Trapdore:*  
wln 0416 Now sirra what are you, leaue your Apes trickes and speake.  
wln 0417 *Trap.* A letter from my Captaine to your Worship.  
wln 0418 *Alex.* Oh, oh, now I remember tis to preferre thee into my  
wln 0419 seruice.  
wln 0420 *Trap.* To be a shifter vnder your Worships nose of a clean  
wln 0421 trencher, when ther's a good bit vpon't.  
wln 0422 *Alex.* Troth honest fellow — humh — ha — let me see,  
wln 0423 This knaue shall be the axe to hew that downe  
wln 0424 At which I stumble, has a face that promiseth  
wln 0425 Much of a villaine, I will grind his wit,  
wln 0426 And if the edge proue fine make vse of it.  
wln 0427 Come hither sirra, canst thou be secret, ha.  
wln 0428 *Trap.* As two crafty Attorneys plotting the vndoing of  
wln 0429 their clyents.  
wln 0430 *Alex.* Didst neuer, as thou hast walkt about this towne  
wln 0431 Heare of a wench cal'd *Moll,* mad merry *Moll.*  
wln 0432 *Trap.* *Moll* cutpurse sir.  
wln 0433 *Alex.* The same, dost thou know her then,  
wln 0434 *Trap.* Aswell as I know twill raine vpon *Simon* and *Iudes* day  
wln 0435 next, I will sift all the tauerns ith citty, and drinke halfe pots  
wln 0436 with all the Watermen ath bankside, but if you will sir Ile find  
wln 0437 her out.  
wln 0438 *Alex.* That task is easy, doot then, hold thy hand vp.  
wln 0439 Whats this, ist burnt?  
wln 0440 *Trap.* No sir no, a little sindgd with making fire workes.  
wln 0441 *Alex.* Ther's mony, spend it, that being spent fetch more.  
wln 0442 *Trap.* Oh sir that all the poore souldiers in *England* had

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0443

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

wln 0444

*Alex.* This wench we speake of, straies so from her kind  
Nature repents she made her. Tis a Mermaid

wln 0445

Has told my sonne to shipwracke.

wln 0446

*Trap.* Ile cut her combe for you.

wln 0447

*Alex.* Ile tell out gold for thee then: hunt her forth,

wln 0448

Cast out a line hung full of siluer hookes

wln 0449

To catch her to thy company: deepe spendings

wln 0450

May draw her thats most chast to a mans bosome.

wln 0451

*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,

wln 0452

*Alex.* Or rather, for thats best, (they say sometimes

wln 0453

Shee goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

wln 0454

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

wln 0455

*Alex.* Beate all thy braines to serue her.

wln 0456

*Trap.* Zounds sir, as country wenches beate creame, till

wln 0457

butter comes.

wln 0458

*Alex.* Play thou the suttler spider, weaue fine nets

wln 0459

To insnare her very life.

wln 0460

*Trap.* Her life.

wln 0461

*Alex.* Yes sucke

wln 0462

Her heart-bloud if thou canst, twist thou but cords

wln 0463

To catch her, Ile finde law to hang her vp.

wln 0464

*Trap.* Spoke like a Worshipfull bencher.

wln 0465

*Alex.* Trace all her steps: at this shee-foxes den

wln 0466

Watch what lambs enter: let me play the sheepeheard

wln 0467

To saue their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

wln 0468

*Trap.* This is the goll shall doot.

wln 0469

*Alex.* Be firme and gaine me

wln 0470

Euer thine owne. This done I entertaine thee:

wln 0471

How is thy name.

wln 0472

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

wln 0473

*Alex.* *Trapdore*, be like thy name, a dangerous step

wln 0474

For her to venture on, but vnto me.

wln 0475

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

wln 0476

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

wln 0477

wln 0478

wln 0479

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0480

Ile still be at thine elbow.

wln 0481

*Trap.* The trapdores set.

wln 0482

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

wln 0483

A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girle puts downe,

wln 0484

*Alex.* God a mercy, loose no time.

*Exeunt.*

wln 0485

*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.*

wln 0486

wln 0487

wln 0488

wln 0489

wln 0490

*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?

wln 0491

wln 0492

wln 0493

*Lax.* Yonders the shop.

wln 0494

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

wln 0495

*Green* Shee that minces Tobacco.

wln 0496

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

wln 0497

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

wln 0498

wln 0499

*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.

wln 0500

wln 0501

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

wln 0502

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

wln 0503

wln 0504

*Gosh.* Go th'art a misticall letcher.

wln 0505

wln 0506

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

wln 0507

wln 0508

*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

wln 0509

wln 0510

wln 0511

wln 0512

wln 0513

wln 0514

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0515  
wln 0516  
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wln 0519  
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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  
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wln 0558  
wln 0559  
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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 anckles.

*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 0623  
wln 0624  
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 baudy-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'd 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 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 critticke 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  
wln 0664  
wln 0665  
wln 0666  
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wln 0694  
wln 0695  
wln 0696  
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  
wln 0708  
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wln 0732  
wln 0733  
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 pitty 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, reseruatiions 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.

wln 0737  
wln 0738  
wln 0739  
wln 0740  
wln 0741  
wln 0742  
wln 0743  
wln 0744  
wln 0745  
wln 0746  
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wln 0767  
wln 0768  
wln 0769  
wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772  
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.

wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776  
wln 0777  
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wln 0808  
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 railles 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 lookes for all the world with those spangled fethers like a noblemans bedpost: The purity of your wench would I faine try, shee seemes like Kent vnconquered, and I beleeeue 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.

wln 0811  
wln 0812  
wln 0813  
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wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842  
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.

wln 0848 at a time before me. *Mol.* I.  
wln 0849 *Trap.* But they were all Lincolneshire bullockes by my  
wln 0850 troth. aside.  
wln 0851 *Mol.* Well, meete me in Graies-Inne fields, between three  
wln 0852 and foure this afternoone, and vpon better consideration weele  
wln 0853 retaine you.  
wln 0854 *Trap.* I humbly thanke your good Mistreship,  
wln 0855 Ile crack your necke for this kindnesse. *Exit Trapdore*  
wln 0856 *Lax.* Remember three. *Mol meets Laxton*  
wln 0857 *Moll.* Nay if I faile you hange me.  
wln 0858 *Lax.* Good wench Ifaith. *then Openworke.*  
wln 0859 *Moll.* Whose this.  
wln 0860 *Maist. Open.* Tis I *Mol.*  
wln 0861 *Moll.* Prithee tend thy shop and preuent bastards.  
wln 0862 *Maist. Open.* Wele haue a pint of the same wine ifaith *Mol.*  
wln 0863 *The bel rings.*  
wln 0864 *Gosh.* Harke the bell rings, come Gentlemen.  
wln 0865 *Iacke Dapper* where shals all munch.  
wln 0866 *Iae. Dap.* I am for Parkers ordinary.  
wln 0867 *Lax.* Hee's a good guest to'm, hee deserues his boord,  
wln 0868 He drawes all the Gentlemen in a terme time thither,  
wln 0869 Weele be your followers *Iacke*, lead the way,  
wln 0870 Looke you by my faith the foole has fetherd his nest well.  
wln 0871 *Exeunt Gallants.*  
wln 0872 *Enter Maister Gallipot, Maister Tiltyard, and seruants*  
wln 0873 *with water Spaniels and a ducke.*  
  
wln 0874 *Maist. Tilt.* Come shut vp your shops, where's *Maister*  
wln 0875 *Openworke.*  
wln 0876 *Mist. Gal.* Nay aske not me *Maister Tiltyard.*  
wln 0877 *Maist. Tilt.* Wher's his water dog, puh — pist — hur — hur—pist  
wln 0878 *Maist. Gal.* Come wenches come, we're going all to Hogs-  
wln 0879 den.  
wln 0880 *Mist. Gal.* To Hogsden husband.  
wln 0881 *Maist. Gal.* I to Hogsden pigs ny.  
wln 0882 *Mist. Gal.* I'me not ready husband. *spits in the dogs mouth*  
wln 0883 *Maist. Gal.* Faith thats well — hum — pist — pist.

Come

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0884                   *Maist. Gal.*   Come Mistresse *Openworke* you are so long.  
wln 0885                   *Mist. Open.*   I haue no ioy of my life Maister *Gallipot*.  
wln 0886                   *Maist. Gal.*   Push, let your boy lead his water Spaniel along,  
wln 0887                   and weele show you the brauest sport at parlous pond, he trug,  
wln 0888                   he trug, he trug, heres the best ducke in England, except my  
wln 0889                   wife, he, he, he, fetch, fetch, fetch, come lets away  
wln 0890                   Of all the yeare this is the sportfulst day.

wln 0891   *Enter Sebastian solus.*

wln 0892                   *Seb.*   If a man haue a free will, where should the vse  
wln 0893                   More perfect shine then in his will to loue.  
wln 0894                   All creatures haue their liberty in that,                   *Enter Sir Alexander*  
wln 0895                   Tho else kept vnder seruile yoke and feare,               *and listens to him.*  
wln 0896                   The very bondslaue has his freedome there,  
wln 0897                   Amongst a world of creatures voyc'd and silent.  
wln 0898                   Must my desires weare fetters — yea are you  
wln 0899                   So neere, then I must breake with my hearts truth;  
wln 0900                   Meete grieffe at a backe way — well: why suppose.  
wln 0901                   The two leaud tongues of slander or of truth  
wln 0902                   Pronounce *Mol* loathsome: if before my loue  
wln 0903                   Shee appeare faire, what iniury haue I,  
wln 0904                   I haue the thing I like? in all things else  
wln 0905                   Mine owne eye guides me, and I find 'em prosper,  
wln 0906                   Life what should aile it now? I know that man  
wln 0907                   Nere truely loues, if he gainesayt he lyes,  
wln 0908                   That winkes and marries with his fathers eyes.  
wln 0909                   Ile keepe myne owne wide open.                   *Enter Mol and a porter*  
wln 0910                   *Alex.*   Here's braue wilfulnesse,                   *with a viall on his backe.*  
wln 0911                   A made match, here she comes, they met a purpose.  
wln 0912                   *Por.*   Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber Mistresse  
wln 0913                   *Mary.*  
wln 0914                   *Mol.*   Fiddle goodman hog-rubber, some of these porters  
wln 0915                   beare so much for others, they haue no time to carry wit for  
wln 0916                   themselues.  
wln 0917                   *Por.*   To your owne chamber Mistresse *Mary.*  
wln 0918                   *Moll.*   Who'le heare an Asse speake: whither else good-

man



The Roaring Girle.

wln 0919  
wln 0920  
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wln 0952  
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 disdainfull 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.

wln 0956

*Seb.* Nay prethee one word more.

wln 0957

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

wln 0958

*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.*

wln 0959

wln 0960

wln 0961

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

wln 0962

wln 0963

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

wln 0964

*Enter a Tailor:*

wln 0965

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

wln 0966

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

wln 0967

wln 0968

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

wln 0969

wln 0970

*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.

wln 0971

wln 0972

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

wln 0973

wln 0974

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

wln 0975

wln 0976

*Mol.* Why sir I say so still.

wln 0977

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

wln 0978

*Mol.* Well pray looke it be put in then.

wln 0979

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

wln 0980

*Mol.* Pray make em easy enough.

wln 0981

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

wln 0982

wln 0983

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

wln 0984

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

wln 0985

*Mol.* Why then farewell.

wln 0986

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

wln 0987

wln 0988

wln 0989

wln 0990

wln 0991

wln 0992

*Mol.*

The Roaring Girle.

wln 0993 *Mol.* Well sir, Ile send it by a Porter presently. *Exit Mol.*  
wln 0994 *Taylor.* So you had neede, it is a lusty one, both of them  
wln 0995 would make any porters backe ake in England. *Exit Taylor.*  
wln 0996 *Seb.* I haue examined the best part of man,  
wln 0997 Reason and iudgement, and in loue they tell me,  
wln 0998 They leaue me vncontrould, he that is swayd  
wln 0999 By an vnfeeling bloud, past heat of loue  
wln 1000 His spring time must needes erre, his watch nere goes right  
wln 1001 That sets his dyall by a rusty clocke,  
wln 1002 *Alex.* So, and which is that rusty clocke sir you.  
wln 1003 *Seb.* The clocke at Ludgate sir, it nere goes true.  
wln 1004 *Alex.* But thou goest falser: not thy fathers cares  
wln 1005 Can keepe thee right, when that insensible worke,  
wln 1006 Obayes the workemans art, lets off the houre  
wln 1007 And stops againe when time is satisfied,  
wln 1008 But thou runst on, and iudgement, thy maine wheele,  
wln 1009 Beats by all stoppes, as if the worke would breake  
wln 1010 Begunne with long paines for a minutes ruine,  
wln 1011 Much like a suffering man brought vp with care.  
wln 1012 At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer,  
wln 1013 *Seb.* I tast you bitterer then I can deserue sir.  
wln 1014 *Alex.* Who has bewitch thee sonne, what diuell or drug,  
wln 1015 Hath wrought vpon the weaknesse of thy bloud,  
wln 1016 And betrayd all her hopes to ruinous folly?  
wln 1017 Oh wake from drowsy and enchanted shame,  
wln 1018 Wherein thy soule sits with a golden dreame  
wln 1019 Flatred and poysoned, I am old my sonne, (mine owne  
wln 1020 Oh let me preuaile quickly, for I haue waightier businesse of  
wln 1021 Then to chide thee: I must not to my graue,  
wln 1022 As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lyes  
wln 1023 Onely to sleepe, and neuer cares to rise,  
wln 1024 Let me dispatch in time, come no more neere her.  
wln 1025 *Seb.* Not honestly, not in the way of marriage,  
wln 1026 *Alex.* What sayst thou marriage, in what place, the  
wln 1027 Sessions house, and who shall giue the bride, prethe, an indite-  
wln 1028 ment.  
wln 1029 *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           Apppeare 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.

wln 1067 In seuerall formes, so neerely watcht her waies,  
wln 1068 I will maintaine that strict, against an army,  
wln 1069 Excepting you my father: here's her worst,  
wln 1070 Sh'has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,  
wln 1071 But nothing else comes neere it: and oftentimes  
wln 1072 Through her apparell somewhat shames her birth,  
wln 1073 But she is loose in nothing but in mirth,  
wln 1074 Would all *Mols* were no worse.

wln 1075 *Alex.* This way I toyle in vaine and giue but ayme  
wln 1076 To infamy and ruine: he will fall,  
wln 1077 My blessing cannot stay him: all my ioyes  
wln 1078 Stand at the brinke of a deuouring floud  
wln 1079 And will be wilfully swallowed: wilfully.  
wln 1080 But why so vaine, let all these teares be lost,  
wln 1081 Ile pursue her to shame, and so al's crost. *Exit Sir Alexander*

wln 1082 *Seb.* Hee is gon with some strange purpose, whose effect  
wln 1083 Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,  
wln 1084 To thinke I loue so blindly: I but feed  
wln 1085 His heart to this match, to draw on th'other.  
wln 1086 Wherein my ioy sits with a full wish crownd;  
wln 1087 Onely his moode excepted which must change.  
wln 1088 By opposite pollicies, courses indirect,  
wln 1089 Plaine dealing in this world takes no effect.  
wln 1090 This madde girle I'le acquaint with my intent,  
wln 1091 Get her assistance, make my fortunes knowne,  
wln 1092 Twixt louers hearts, shee's a fit instrument,  
wln 1093 And has the art to help them to their owne,  
wln 1094 By her aduise, for in that craft shee's wise,  
wln 1095 My loue and I may meete, spite of all spies. *Exit Sebastian.*

wln 1096 *Enter Laxton in Graies-Inne fields with the Coachman.*

wln 1097 *Lax.* Coachman.

wln 1098 *Coach.* Heere sir.

wln 1099 *Lax.* There's a tester more, prethee driue thy coach to the  
wln 1100 hither end of Marybone parke, a fit place for *Mol* to get in.

wln 1101 *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

wln 1110

wln 1111

wln 1112

*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 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.

wln 1118

wln 1119

*Exit Coachman with his whip.*

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

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 cursse vs anon.

wln 1124

The clocke  
striks three.

wln 1125

wln 1126

wln 1127

wln 1128

wln 1129

wln 1130

wln 1131

wln 1132

*Enter Mol like a man.*

wln 1133

*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-

wln 1134

wln 1135

wln 1136

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  
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wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
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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  
wln 1222  
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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                   *Trap.*   Shee told me Graies-Inne fields twixt three & foure,  
wln 1249   Ile fit her Mistreship with a peece of seruice,  
wln 1250   I'me hir'd to rid the towne of one mad girle.                   *Shee iustles him*  
wln 1251   What a pox ailes you sir?  
wln 1252                   *Mol.*   He beginnes like a Gentleman,  
wln 1253                   *Trap.*   Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-sight:  
wln 1254   Life he comes backe againe.                   *She comes towards him.*  
wln 1255                   *Mol.*   Was this spoke to me sir.  
wln 1256                   *Trap.*   I cannot tell sir.  
wln 1257                   *Mol.*   Go y'are a coxcombe.  
wln 1258                   *Trap.*   Coxcombe.  
wln 1259                   *Mol.*   Y'are a slaue.  
wln 1260                   *Trap.*   I hope there's law for you sir.  
wln 1261                   *Mol.*   Ye, do you see sir.                   *Turne his hat.*  
wln 1262                   *Trap.*   Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what  
wln 1263   house your off.  
wln 1264                   *Mol.*   One of the Temple sir.                   *Philips him.*  
wln 1265                   *Trap.*   Masse so me thinkes.  
wln 1266                   *Mol.*   And yet sometime I lye about chicke lane.  
wln 1267                   *Trap.*   I like you the worse because you shift your lodging  
wln 1268   Ile not meddle with you for that tricke sir.                   (so often  
wln 1269                   *Mol.*   A good shift, but it shall not serue your turne.  
wln 1270                   *Trap.*   You'le giue me leaue to passe about my businesse sir.  
wln 1271                   *Mol.*   Your businesse, Ile make you waite on mee before I  
wln 1272   ha done, and glad to serue me too.  
wln 1273                   *Trap.*   How sir, serue you, not if there were no more men  
wln 1274   in England.  
wln 1275                   *Moll.*   But if there were no more women in England  
wln 1276   I hope you'd waite vpon your Mistresse then,  
wln 1277                   *Trap.*   Mistresse.  
wln 1278                   *Mol.*   Oh your a tri'd spirit at a push sir,  
wln 1279                   *Trap.*   What would your Worship haue me do.  
wln 1280                   *Mol.*   You a fighter.  
wln 1281                   *Trap.*   No, I praise heauen, I had better grace & more maners.  
wln 1282                   *Mol.*   As how I pray sir.  
wln 1283                   *Trap.*   Life, 'thad bene a beastly part of me to haue drawne  
wln 1284   my weapons vpon my Mistresse, all the world would a cry'd

shame

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1285

shame of me for that.

wln 1286

*Mol.* Why but you knew me not.

wln 1287

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

wln 1288

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

wln 1289

*Trap.* Thanke your good Mistreship.

wln 1290

*Mol.* How many suites haue you.

wln 1291

*Trap.* No more suites then backes Mistresse.

wln 1292

*Mol.* Well if you deserue, I cast of this, next weeke,

wln 1293

And you may creepe into't.

wln 1294

*Trap.* Thanke your good Worship.

wln 1295

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

wln 1296

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

wln 1297

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

wln 1298

wln 1299

wln 1300

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

wln 1301

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

wln 1302

*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.

wln 1303

*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.

wln 1304

*Mist. Gal.* Then vp and ride ifaith.

wln 1305

*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?

wln 1306

*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.

wln 1307

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

wln 1308

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

wln 1309

*Maist. Gal.* Womans secrets.

wln 1310

wln 1311

wln 1312

wln 1313

wln 1314

wln 1315

wln 1316

wln 1317

wln 1318

wln 1319

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 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

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

wln 1327

*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 1328

*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 1329

*Mist. Gal.* Fye, fye, fye.

wln 1330

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

wln 1331

*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 scruil-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 scru-  
uy-grasse blinds them all; *Laxton* with bayes crown I thy wit  
for this, it deserues praise.

wln 1332

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

wln 1333

wln 1334

wln 1335

wln 1336

wln 1337

wln 1338

wln 1339

wln 1340

wln 1341

wln 1342

wln 1343

wln 1344

wln 1345

wln 1346

wln 1347

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

*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.*

wln 1357

wln 1358

wln 1359

wln 1360

wln 1361

Thy true *Laxton* euer.

wln 1362

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 ¶ a needle twixt two adamants.

wln 1363

wln 1364

wln 1365

wln 1366

wln 1367

wln 1368

wln 1369

wln 1370

wln 1371

*Enter Maister Gallipot hastily.*

wln 1372

*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.

wln 1373

wln 1374

wln 1375

wln 1376

*Maist. Gal.* What letter's that? I'le see't. *She teares the letter.*

wln 1377

wln 1378

*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.

wln 1379

wln 1380

*Maist. Gal.* What ailes my *Pru*? what paper's that thou tear'st?

wln 1381

*Mist. Gal.* Would I could teare  
My very heart in peeces: for my soule

wln 1382

Lies on the racke of shame, that tortures me

wln 1383

Beyond a womans suffering.

wln 1384

*Maist. Gall:* What meanes this?

wln 1385

*Mist. Gall.* Had you no other vengeance to throw downe,  
But euen in heighth of all my ioyes?

wln 1386

*Maist. Gal.* Deere woman.

wln 1387

*Mist. Gal.* When the full sea of pleasure and content seem'd  
to flow ouer me.

wln 1388

wln 1389

*Maist. Gal.* As thou desirest to keepe mee out of bedlam,

wln 1390

The Roaring Girl.

wln 1391 tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at nurse false sicke, or  
wln 1392 dead?  
wln 1393 *Mist. Gal.* Oh no.  
wln 1394 *Maist. Gal.* Heavens blesse me, are my barnes and houses  
wln 1395 Yonder at Hockly hole consum'd with fire,  
wln 1396 I can build more, sweete *Pru*.  
wln 1397 *Mist. Gal.* Tis worse, tis worse.  
wln 1398 *Maist. Gal.* My factor broke, or is the *Ionas* suncke.  
wln 1399 *Mist. Gal.* Would all we had were swallowed in the waues,  
wln 1400 Rather then both should be the scorne of slaues.  
wln 1401 *Maist. Gal.* I'me at my wits end.  
wln 1402 *Mist. Gal.* Oh my deere husband,  
wln 1403 Where once I thought my selfe a fixed starre,  
wln 1404 Plac't onely in the heauen of thine armes,  
wln 1405 I feare now I shall proue a wanderer,  
wln 1406 Oh *Laxton, Laxton*, is it then my fate  
wln 1407 To be by thee overthrowne?  
wln 1408 *Maist. Gal.* Defend me wisdom, (thy bosome.  
wln 1409 From falling into frenzie, on my knees.  
wln 1410 Sweete *Pru*, speake, whats that *Laxton* who so heauy lyes on  
wln 1411 *Mist. Gal.* I shall sure run mad.  
wln 1412 *Maist. Gal.* I shall run mad for company then: speak to me,  
wln 1413 I'me *Gallipot* thy husband, — *Pru*, — why *Pru*.  
wln 1414 Art sicke in conscience for some villanous deed  
wln 1415 Thou wert about to act, didst meane to rob me,  
wln 1416 Tush I forgiue thee, hast thou on my bed  
wln 1417 Thrust my soft pillow vnder anothers head?  
wln 1418 Ile winke at all faults *Pru*, las thats no more,  
wln 1419 Then what some neighbours neere thee, haue done before,  
wln 1420 Sweete hony *Pru*, whats that *Laxton*?  
wln 1421 *Mist. Gall.* Oh.  
wln 1422 *Maist. Gal.* Out with him.  
wln 1423 *Mist. Gall.* Oh hee's borne to be my vndoer,  
wln 1424 This hand which thou calst thine, to him was giuen,  
wln 1425 To him was I made sure ith sight of heauen.  
wln 1426 *Maist. Gal.* I neuer heard this thunder.  
wln 1427 *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

When first I knew him of a meeke spirit,

wln 1466

All goodnesse is not yet dryd vp I hope.

wln 1467

*Maist. Gall.* He shall haue thirty pound, let that stop all:

wln 1468

Loues sweets tast best, when we haue drunke downe Gall.

wln 1469

*Enter Maister Tiltyard, and his wife, Maister Goshawke, and*

wln 1470

*Mistresse Openworke.*

wln 1471

Gods so, our friends; come, come, smoth your cheeke;

wln 1472

After a storme the face of heauen looks sleeke.

wln 1473

*Maist. Tilt.* Did I not tell you these turtles were together?

wln 1474

*Mist. Tilt.* How dost thou sirra? why sister *Gallipot*?

wln 1475

*Mist. Open.* Lord how shee's chang'd?

wln 1476

*Gosh.* Is your wife ill sir?

wln 1477

*Maist. Gal.* Yes indeed la sir, very ill, very ill, neuer worse,

wln 1478

*Mist. Tilt.* How her head burnes, feele how her pulses work.

wln 1479

*Mist. Open.* Sister lie downe a little, that alwaies does mee good.

wln 1480

*Mist. Tilt.* In good sadnesse I finde best ease in that too,

wln 1481

Has shee laid some hot thing to her Stomach?

wln 1482

*Mist. Gal.* No, but I will lay something anon.

wln 1483

*Maist. Tilt.* Come, come fooles, you trouble her, shal's goe Maister *Goshawke*?

wln 1484

*Gosh.* Yes sweete Maister *Tiltyard*; sirra *Rosamond* I hold my life *Gallipot* hath vext his wife.

wln 1485

*Mist. Open.* Shee has a horrible high colour indeed.

wln 1486

*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 1487

*Mist. Open.* It cannot sinke into mee, that hee feedes vpon stale mutten abroad, hauing better and fresher at home.

wln 1488

*Gosh.* What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand at racke and manger?

wln 1489

*Mist. Open.* Ile saddle him in's kind, and spurre him till hee kicke againe.

wln 1490

*Gosh.* Shall thou and I ride our iourney then.

wln 1491

wln 1492

wln 1493

wln 1494

wln 1495

wln 1496

wln 1497

wln 1498

wln 1499

*Mist. Open.*



The Roaring Girle.

wln 1500

*Mist. Open.* Heere's my hand.

wln 1501

*Gosh.* No more; come Maister *Tiltyard*, shall we leape into the stirrops with our women, and amble home?

wln 1502

*Maist. Tilt.* Yes, yes, come wife.

wln 1504

*Mist. Tilt.* In troth sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

wln 1505

*Mist. Gal.* I hope I shall: farewell good sister: sweet Maister *Goshawke*.

wln 1506

*Maist. Gal.* Welcome brother, most kindlie welcome sir.

wln 1507

*Omnes* Thankes sir for our good cheere.

wln 1508

*Exeunt all but Gallipot and his wife.*

wln 1509

*Maist. Gal.* It shall be so, because a crafty knaue

wln 1510

Shall not out reach me, nor walke by my dore

wln 1511

With my wife arme in arme, as 'twere his whoore,

wln 1512

I'le giue him a golden coxcombe, thirty pound:

wln 1513

Tush *Pru* what's thirty pound? sweete ducke looke cheerely.

wln 1514

*Mist. Gal.* Thou art worthy of my heart thou bui'st it deerely.

wln 1515

wln 1516

*Enter Laxton muffled.*

wln 1517

*Lax.* Vds light the tide's against me, a pox of your Pottishp: oh for some glister to set him going; 'tis one of *Hercules* 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.

wln 1518

*Mist. Gal.* Oh, husband see he comes.

wln 1519

*Maist. Gal.* Let me deale with him.

wln 1520

*Lax.* Blesse you sir.

wln 1521

*Maist. Gal.* Be you blest too sir if you come in peace.

wln 1522

*Lax.* Haue you any good pudding Tobacco sir?

wln 1523

*Mist. Gal.* Oh picke no quarrels gentle sir, my husband

wln 1524

Is not a man of weapon, as you are,

wln 1525

He knowes all, I haue opned all before him, concerning you.

wln 1526

*Lax.* Zounes has she showne my letters.

wln 1527

*Mist Gal.* Suppose my case were yours, what would you do.

wln 1528

At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaultes,

wln 1529

Of father, mother, kinred, to dissolue

wln 1530

The knot you tyed, and to be bound to him?

wln 1531

wln 1532

wln 1533

wln 1534

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1535

How could you shift this storme off?

wln 1536

*Lax.* If I know hang me.

wln 1537

*Mist. Gal.* Besides a story of your death was read

wln 1538

Each minute to me.

wln 1539

*Lax.* What a pox meanes this ridling?

wln 1540

*Maist. Gal.* Be wise sir, let not you and I be tost

wln 1541

On Lawiers pens; they haue sharpe nibs and draw

wln 1542

Mens very heart bloud from them; what need you sir

wln 1543

To beate the drumme of my wifes infamy,

wln 1544

And call your friends together sir to prooue

wln 1545

Your **precontact**, when sh'has confest it?

wln 1546

*Lax.* Vmh sir, — has she confest it?

wln 1547

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

wln 1548

*Mist. Gal.* I haue, I haue.

wln 1549

*Lax.* If I let this yron coole call me slaue,

wln 1550

Do you heare, you dame *Prudence*? think'st thou vile woman

wln 1551

I'le take these blowes and winke?

wln 1552

*Mist. Gal.* Vpon my knees.

wln 1553

*Lax.* Out impudence.

wln 1554

*Maist. Gal.* Good sir.

wln 1555

*Lax.* You goatish slaues,

wln 1556

No wilde foule to cut vp but mine?

wln 1557

*Maist. Gal.* Alas sir,

wln 1558

You make her flesh to tremble, **frighr** her not,

wln 1559

Shee shall do reason, and what's fit.

wln 1560

*Lax.* I'le haue thee, wert thou more common

wln 1561

Then an hospitall, and more diseased. —

wln 1562

*Maist. Gal.* But one word good sir.

wln 1563

*Lax.* So sir.

wln 1564

*Maist. Gal.* I married her, haue **line** with her, and got

wln 1565

Two children on her body, thinke but on that;

wln 1566

Haue you so beggarly an appetite

wln 1567

When I vpon a dainty dish haue fed

wln 1568

To dine vpon my scraps, my leauings? ha sir?

wln 1569

Do I come neere you now sir?

wln 1570

*Lax.* Be lady you touch me.

wln 1571

*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're 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 *Trap.* Must be let in without knocking at your backe gate.
- wln 1608 *Alex.* So.
- wln 1609 *Trap.* Your chamber will be made baudy.
- wln 1610 *Alex.* Good.
- wln 1611 *Trap.* Shee comes in a shirt of male.
- wln 1612 *Alex.* How shirt of male?
- wln 1613 *Trap.* Yes sir or a male shirt, that's to say in mans apparell.
- wln 1614 *Alex.* To my sonne.
- wln 1615 *Trap.* Close to your sonne: your sonne and her Moone
- wln 1616 will be in coniunction, if all Almanacs lie not, her blacke
- wln 1617 saueguard is turned into a deepe sloppe, the holes of her vpper
- wln 1618 body to button holes, her wastcoate to a dublet, her placket to
- wln 1619 the ancient seate of a codpice, and you shall take 'em both with
- wln 1620 standing collers.
- wln 1621 *Alex.* Art sure of this?
- wln 1622 *Trap.* As euey throng is sure of a pick-pocket, as sure as
- wln 1623 a whoore is of the clyents all *Michaelmas* Tearme, and of the
- wln 1624 pox after the Tearme.
- wln 1625 *Alex.* The time of their tilting?
- wln 1626 *Trap.* Three.
- wln 1627 *Alex.* The day?
- wln 1628 *Trap.* This.
- wln 1629 *Alex.* Away ply it, watch her.
- wln 1630 *Trap.* As the diuell doth for the death of a baud, I'll watch
- wln 1631 her, do you catch her.
- wln 1632 *Alex.* Shee's fast: heere weaue thou the nets; harke,
- wln 1633 *Trap.* They are made. (maintain't.
- wln 1634 *Alex.* I told them thou didst owe mee money; hold it vp:
- wln 1635 *Trap.* Stifly; as a Puritan does contention,
- wln 1636 Foxe I owe thee not the value of a halfepenny halter.
- wln 1637 *Alex.* Thou shalt be hang'd in't ere thou scape so.
- wln 1638 Varlet I'll make thee looke through a grate.
- wln 1639 *Trap.* I'll do't presently, through a Tauerne grate, drawer:
- wln 1640 pish. *Exit Trapdore*
- wln 1641 ***Adf\*/m.*** Has the knaue vext you sir?
- wln 1642 *Alex.* Askt him my mony,
- wln 1643 He swears my sonne receiu'd it: oh that boy

Will

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1644 Will nere leaue heaping sorrowes on my heart,  
wln 1645 Till he has broke it quite.  
wln 1646 *Adam.* Is he still wild?  
wln 1647 *Alex.* As is a russian Beare.  
wln 1648 *Adam.* But he has left  
wln 1649 His old haunt with that baggage.  
wln 1650 *Alex.* Worse still and worse,  
wln 1651 He laies on me his shame, I on him my curse.  
wln 1652 *S. Davy.* My sonne *Iacke Dapper* then shall run with him,  
wln 1653 All in one pasture.  
wln 1654 *Adam.* Proues your sonne bad too sir?  
wln 1655 *S. Davy.* As villany can make him: your *Sebastian*  
wln 1656 Doates but on one drabb, mine on a thousand,  
wln 1657 A noyse of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whoore,  
wln 1658 A Mercer that will let him take vp more,  
wln 1659 Dyce, and a water spaniell with a Ducke: oh,  
wln 1660 Bring him a bed with these, when his purse gingles,  
wln 1661 Roaring boyes follow at's tale, fencers and ningles,  
wln 1662 (Beasts *Adam* nere gaue name to) these horse-leeches sucke  
wln 1663 My sonne, he being drawne dry, they all liue on smoake.  
wln 1664 *Alex.* Tobacco?  
wln 1665 *S. Davy* Right, but I haue in my braine  
wln 1666 A windmill going that shall grind to dust  
wln 1667 The follies of my sonne, and make him wise,  
wln 1668 Or a starke foole; pray lend me your aduise.  
wln 1669 *Both.* That shall you good sir *Davy.*  
wln 1670 *S. Davy.* Heere's the sprindge  
wln 1671 I ha set to catch this woodcocke in: an action  
wln 1672 In a false name (vnknowne to him) is entred.  
wln 1673 I'th Counter to arrest *Iacke Dapper.*  
wln 1674 *Both.* Ha, ha, he.  
wln 1675 *S. Davy.* Thinke you the Counter cannot breake him?  
wln 1676 *Adam.* Breake him?  
wln 1677 Yes and breake's heart too if he lie there long.  
wln 1678 *S. Davy.* I'le make him sing a Counter tenor sure.  
wln 1679 *Adam.* No way to tame him like it, there hee shall learne  
wln 1680 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,  
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a yeare,  
Then one of the Counters does, men pay more deere  
There for there wit then any where; a Counter  
Why 'tis an vniuersity, who not sees?

wln 1683

wln 1684

wln 1685

wln 1686

wln 1687

wln 1688

wln 1689

wln 1690

wln 1691

wln 1692

wln 1693

wln 1694

wln 1695

wln 1696

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,  
And neuer shall commence, but being still bar'd  
Be expulst from the Maisters side, toth' twopenny ward,  
Or else i'th hole, beg plac't.

wln 1701

wln 1702

wln 1703

wln 1704

*Adam.* When then I pray proceeds a prisoner.

wln 1705

*Alex.* When mony being the theame,  
He can dispute with his hard creditors hearts,  
And get out cleere, hee's then a Maister of Arts;  
Sir *Dauy* send your sonne to Woodstreet Colledge,  
A Gentleman can no where get more knowledge.

wln 1706

wln 1707

wln 1708

wln 1709

*S. Dauy.* There Gallants study hard.

wln 1710

wln 1711

*Alex.* True: to get mony.

wln 1712

*S. Dauy.* 'lies bith' heeles i'faith, thankes, thankes, I ha sent  
For a couple of beares shall paw him.

wln 1713

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  
wln 1720  
wln 1721  
wln 1722  
wln 1723  
wln 1724  
wln 1725  
wln 1726  
wln 1727  
wln 1728  
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wln 1738  
wln 1739  
wln 1740  
wln 1741  
wln 1742  
wln 1743  
wln 1744  
wln 1745  
wln 1746  
wln 1747  
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 **fo**t ten thousand, what's thy  
name honesty?  
*Curt.* Seriant *Curtilax* I sir.  
*S. Dauy.* An excellent name for a Seriant, *Curtilax.*  
Seriant 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 fa-  
sten 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

*S. Dauy.* What booke's that?

wln 1754

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

wln 1755

wln 1756

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

wln 1757

*Both.* Oh sir.

wln 1758

wln 1759

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

wln 1760

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

wln 1761

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

wln 1762

*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.

wln 1763

wln 1764

wln 1765

wln 1766

*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.

wln 1767

wln 1768

wln 1769

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

wln 1770

wln 1771

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

wln 1772

*Both.* Braue sir.

wln 1773

*S. Dauy:* Cry arme, arme, arme.

wln 1774

*Both.* Thus sir.

wln 1775

wln 1776

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

wln 1777

wln 1778

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

wln 1779

*Hang.* Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

wln 1780

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

wln 1781

*Mol.* Ralph.

wln 1782

*Trap.* What sayes my braue Captaine male and female?

wln 1783

*Mol.* This Holborne is such a wrangling streete,

wln 1784

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

wln 1785

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

wln 1786

*Trap.* Stand Mistresse do you not smell carrion?

wln 1787

*Mol.* Carryon? no, yet I spy rauens.

wln 1788

wln 1789

*Trap.*



The Roaring Girle.

wln 1790  
wln 1791  
wln 1792  
wln 1793  
wln 1794  
wln 1795  
wln 1796  
wln 1797  
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wln 1823  
wln 1824  
wln 1825  
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 ar-  
rested 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,  
I'me glad I haue done perfect one good worke to day,

wln 1829

If any Gentleman be in Scriueners bands,

wln 1830

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

wln 1831

*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,  
Then all the weight must ly vpon her belly.

wln 1860

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

wln 1861

*Trap.*

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1862

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

wln 1863

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

wln 1864

wln 1865

*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.

wln 1866

wln 1867

wln 1868

wln 1869

wln 1870

*Alex.* So, well sayd; all hangs well, would shee hung so too,  
The sight would please me more, then all their gilsterings:

wln 1871

wln 1872

Oh that my mysteries to such streights should runne,

wln 1873

That I must rob my selfe to blesse my sonne.

*Exeunt.*

wln 1874

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

wln 1875

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

wln 1876

wln 1877

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

wln 1878

wln 1879

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

*Kisse.*

wln 1880

*Mary.* Neuer with more desire and harder venture.

wln 1881

wln 1882

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

wln 1883

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

wln 1884

wln 1885

*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.

wln 1886

wln 1887

wln 1888

*Seb.* The older they waxe *Moll*, troth I speake seriously,  
As some haue a conceit their drinke tasts better

wln 1889

wln 1890

In an outlandish cup then in our owne,  
So me thinkes euery kisse she giues me now

wln 1891

wln 1892

In this strange forme, is worth a paire of two,  
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eie

wln 1893

wln 1894

Of all suspicion, this is my fathets chamber,  
Vpon which floore he neuer steps till night.

wln 1895

wln 1896

Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his comming,

The Roaring Girle.

wln 1897  
wln 1898  
wln 1899  
wln 1900  
wln 1901  
wln 1902  
wln 1903  
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wln 1930  
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 Girl.

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 vnmanerly 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

*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.

wln 1945  
wln 1946  
wln 1947  
wln 1948

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

wln 1949  
wln 1950  
wln 1951  
wln 1952

*Seb.* That's a free Mistresse 'faith.  
*Alex.* I, I, I, like her that sings it, one of thine own choosing.  
*Mol.* But shall I dreame againe?

wln 1953  
wln 1954  
wln 1955  
wln 1956

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

wln 1957  
wln 1958  
wln 1959  
wln 1960  
wln 1961  
wln 1962

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

*Seb.* Marry amen say I.  
*Alex.* So say I too.  
*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  
wln 1977  
wln 1978  
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wln 2002  
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 paies 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  
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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'le 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 hoyses 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 duccke  
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

*Mist. Open.* Then they hang head.

wln 2116

*Mist. Gal.* Then they droue.

wln 2117

*Mist. Open.* Then they write letters.

wln 2118

*Mist. Gal.* Then they cogge.

wln 2119

*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.

wln 2120

*Mist. Gal.* And yet when wee haue done our best, al's but

wln 2121

put into a riuen dish, wee are but frumpt at and libell'd vpon.

wln 2122

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

wln 2123

wln 2124

wln 2125

wln 2126

*Enter Goshawke.*

wln 2127

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

wln 2128

*Gosh.* How now, are you ready?

wln 2129

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

wln 2130

wln 2131

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

wln 2132

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

wln 2133

wln 2134

*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*.

wln 2135

wln 2136

wln 2137

wln 2138

wln 2139

wln 2140

wln 2141

wln 2142

wln 2143

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

wln 2144

wln 2145

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

wln 2146

wln 2147

*Enter Laxton muffled.*

wln 2148

*Lax.* Do you heare?

wln 2149

*Mist. Gal.* Yes, I thanke my eares.

wln 2150

*Lax.* I must haue a bout with your Poticariship,

wln 2151

*Mist. Gal.* At what weapon?

*Lax.*

## The Roaring Girle.

wln 2152 *Lax.* I must speake with you. *Mist. Gal.* No.  
 wln 2153 *Lax* No? you shall.  
 wln 2154 *Mist. Gal.* Shall? away soust Sturgion, halfe fish, halfe flesh.  
 wln 2155 *Lax.* 'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'le cut your tayle pus-  
 wln 2156 cat for this.  
 wln 2157 *Mist. Gal.* 'Las poore *Laxton*, I thinke thy tayle's cut alrea-  
 wln 2158 dy: your worst;  
 wln 2159 *Lax.* If I do not, — *Exit Laxton.*  
 wln 2160 *Gosh.* Come, ha' you done? *Enter Maister Openworke.*  
 wln 2161 *Sfoote Rosamond*, your husband. welcome,  
 wln 2162 *Maist. Open.* How now? sweete Maist *Goshawke*, none more  
 wln 2163 I haue wanted your embracements: when friends meete,  
 wln 2164 The musique of the spheares sounds not more sweete,  
 wln 2165 Then does their conferenc: who is this? *Rosamond*:  
 wln 2166 Wife: how now sister?  
 wln 2167 *Gosh.* Silence if you loue mee.  
 wln 2168 *Maist. Open.* Why maskt?  
 wln 2169 *Mist. Open.* Does a maske grieue you sir?  
 wln 2170 *Maist. Open.* It does.  
 wln 2171 *Mist. Open.* Then y'are best get you a mumming.  
 wln 2172 *Gosh.* S'foote you'l spoyle all.  
 wln 2173 *Mist. Gall.* May not wee couer our bare faces with maskes  
 wln 2174 As well as you couer your bald heads with hats?  
 wln 2175 *Ma. Op.* No maskes, why, th'are theeues to beauty, that rob  
 wln 2176 Of admiration in which true loue lies, (eies  
 wln 2177 Why are maskes worne? why good? or why desired?  
 wln 2178 Vnlesse by their gay couers wits are fiered  
 wln 2179 To read the vild'st lookes; many bad faces,  
 wln 2180 (Because rich gemmes are treasured vp in cases)  
 wln 2181 Passe by their priuiledge currant, but as caues  
 wln 2182 Dambe misers Gold, so maskes are beauties graues,  
 wln 2183 Men nere meete women with such muffled eies,  
 wln 2184 But they curse her, that first did maskes deuise,  
 wln 2185 And swear it was some beldame. Come off with 't.  
 wln 2186 *Mist. Open.* I will not.  
 wln 2187 *Maist. Open.* Good faces maskt are Iewels kept by spirits.  
 wln 2188 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

*Gosh.* S'heart will you vndo mee?

wln 2227

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

wln 2228

wln 2229

*Maist. Open.* Ha?

wln 2230

*Mist. Gal.* Push; your Westerne pug.

wln 2231

*Gosh,* Zounds now hell roares.

wln 2232

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

wln 2233

wln 2234

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

wln 2235

*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.

wln 2236

wln 2237

wln 2238

wln 2239

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

wln 2240

*Maist. Open.* Vd'soule do but name that rascall.

wln 2241

*Mist. Open.* No sir I will not.

wln 2242

*Gosh.* Keepe thee there girle: — then!

wln 2243

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

wln 2244

*Maist. Open.* Swear true,

wln 2245

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.

wln 2246

wln 2247

*Mist. Gall.* In truth I do,

wln 2248

*Maist. Open.* His name?

wln 2249

*Mist. Gall.* Not for the world;

wln 2250

To haue you to stab him.

wln 2251

*Gosh.* Oh braue girles: worth Gold.

wln 2252

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

wln 2253

*Draw out his sword*

wln 2254

*Gosh.* What do you meane sir?

wln 2255

*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.

wln 2256

wln 2257

wln 2258

wln 2259

wln 2260

wln 2261

wln 2262

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2263 Or at the Church dore: — there — (cause he seekes to vnty  
wln 2264 The knot God fastens) he deserues most to dy.  
wln 2265 *Mist. Open.* My husband titles him.  
wln 2266 *Maist. Open.* Maister *Goshawke*, pray sir  
wln 2267 Swear to me, that you know him or know **hiw** not, (wiues,  
wln 2268 Who makes me at *Brainford* to take vp a peticote beside my  
wln 2269 *Gosh.* By heauen that man I know not.  
wln 2270 *Mist. Open.* Come, come, you lie.  
wln 2271 *Gosh.* Will you not haue all out?  
wln 2272 By heauen I know no man beneath the moon  
wln 2273 Should do you wrong, but if I had his name,  
wln 2274 I'de print it in text letters.  
wln 2275 *Mist. Open.* Print thine owne then,  
wln 2276 Did'st not thou swear to me he kept his whoore?  
wln 2277 *Mist. Gal.* And that in sinfull *Brainford* they would commit  
wln 2278 That which our lips did water at sir, — ha?  
wln 2279 *Mist. Open.* Thou spider, that hast wouen thy cunning web  
wln 2280 In mine owne house t'insnare me: hast not thou  
wln 2281 Suck't nourishment euen vnderneath this roofe,  
wln 2282 And turned it all to poyson? spitting it,  
wln 2283 On thy friends face (my husband?) he as t'were sleeping:  
wln 2284 Onely to leaue him vgly to mine eies,  
wln 2285 That they might glance on thee.  
wln 2286 *Mist. Gal.* Speake, are these lies?  
wln 2287 *Gosh.* Mine owne shame me confounds:  
wln 2288 *Mist. Open.* No more, hee's stung;  
wln 2289 Who'd thinke that in one body there could dwell  
wln 2290 Deformitie and beauty, (heauen and hell)  
wln 2291 Goodnesse I see is but outside, wee all set,  
wln 2292 In rings of Gold, stones that be counterfet:  
wln 2293 I thought you none.  
wln 2294 *Gosh.* Pardon mee.  
wln 2295 *Maist. Open.* Truth I doe.  
wln 2296 This blemish growes in nature not in you,  
wln 2297 For mans creation sticke euen moles in scorne  
wln 2298 On fairest cheeks, wife nothing is perfect borne.  
wln 2299 *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?  
wln 2301            For at the heart lies the old chore still.  
wln 2302            I'le tell you Maister *Goshawke*, I in your eie  
wln 2303            I haue seene wanton fire, and then to try  
wln 2304            The soundnesse of my iudgement, I told you  
wln 2305            I kept a whoore, made you beleeeue 'twas true,  
wln 2306            Onely to feele how your pulse beate, but find,  
wln 2307            The world can hardly yeeld a perfect friend.  
wln 2308            Come, come, a tricke of youth, and 'tis forgiuen,  
wln 2309            This rub put by, our loue shall runne more euen.  
wln 2310                *Mist. Open,*    You'l deale vpon mens wiues no more?  
wln 2311                *Gosh.*    No: — you teach me a tricke for that.  
wln 2312                *Mist. Open.*    Troth do not, they'l o're-reach thee.  
wln 2313                *Mai. Open.*    Make my house yours sir still.  
wln 2314                *Gosh.*    No.  
wln 2315                *Maist. Open.*    I say you shall:  
wln 2316            Seeing (thus besieg'd) it holds out, 'twill neuer fall.

wln 2317                            *Enter Maister Gallipot, and Greenewit like a Somner,*  
wln 2318                            *Laxton muffled a loofe off.*

wln 2319            *Omnes*    How now?  
wln 2320            *Maist. Gall.*    With mee sir?  
wln 2321            *Greene.*    You sir? I haue gon snaffling vp and downe by your  
wln 2322            dore this houre to watch for you.  
wln 2323            *Mist. Gall.*    What's the matter husband?  
wln 2324            *Greene.*    — I haue caught a cold in my head sir, by sitting vp  
wln 2325            late in the rose tauerne, but I hope you vnderstand my speech.  
wln 2326            *Maist. Gal.*    So sir.  
wln 2327            *Greene.*    I cite you by the name of *Hippocrates Gallipot*, and  
wln 2328            you by the name of *Prudence Gallipot*, to appeare vpon *Crastino*,  
wln 2329            doe you see, *Crastino sancti Dunstani* (this *Easter Tearme*) in  
wln 2330            Bow Church.  
wln 2331            *Maist. Gall.*    Where sir? what saies he?  
wln 2332            *Greene.*    Bow: Bow Church, to answere to a libel of precon-  
wln 2333            tract on the part and behalfe of the said *Prudence* and another;  
wln 2334            y'are best sir take a cobby of the citation, 'tis but tweluepence.

*Omnes*

The Roaring Girl.

wln 2335

*Omnes* A Citation?

wln 2336

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

wln 2337

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

wln 2338

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

wln 2339

*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.

wln 2340

*Lax.* Tush, tush sir, oathes,

wln 2341

Truth yet I'me loth to vexe you, — tell you what;

wln 2342

Make vp the mony I had an hundred pound,

wln 2343

And take your belly full of her.

wln 2344

*Maist. Gall.* An hundred pound?

wln 2345

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

wln 2346

*Maist. Gal.* Sweet *Pru* be calme, the Gentleman offers thus, If I will make the monyes that are past

wln 2347

A 100 pound, he will discharge all courts,

wln 2348

And giue his bond neuer to vexe vs more.

wln 2349

*Mist. Gal.* A 100 pound? 'Las; take sir but threescore,

wln 2350

Do you seeke my vndoing?

wln 2351

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

wln 2352

spitting.

wln 2353

*Mist. Gal.* Do thy worst,

wln 2354

Will fourescore stop thy mouth?

wln 2355

*Lax.* No.

wln 2356

*Mist. Gal.* Y'are a slaue,

wln 2357

Thou Cheate, I'le now teare mony from thy throat,

wln 2358

Husband lay hold on yonder tauny-coate.

wln 2359

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

wln 2360

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

wln 2361

*Gosh.* He has had the better Chirurgion, Maister *Greenewit*,

wln 2362

is your wit so raw as to play no better a part then a Somners?

wln 2363

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

wln 2364

wln 2365

wln 2366

wln 2367

wln 2368

wln 2369

wln 2370

wln 2371

wln 2372

*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  
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wln 2398  
wln 2399  
wln 2400  
wln 2401  
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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 spech 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  
wln 2455  
wln 2456  
wln 2457  
wln 2458  
wln 2459  
wln 2460  
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wln 2467  
wln 2468  
wln 2469  
wln 2470  
wln 2471  
wln 2472  
wln 2473  
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 2519

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

wln 2521

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

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

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

wln 2524

*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 2525

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

wln 2526

*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 2527

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

wln 2528

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

wln 2529

wln 2530

wln 2531

wln 2532

wln 2533

wln 2534

wln 2535

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  
wln 2555  
wln 2556  
wln 2557  
wln 2558  
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wln 2582  
wln 2583  
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  
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wln 2619  
wln 2620  
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 **baufe**, 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

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

wln 2625

*Mol.* Out you damn'd impudent rascall.

wln 2626

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

wln 2628

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

wln 2629

*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?

wln 2630

*Omnes* Very Good. (mans:

wln 2631

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

wln 2632

wln 2633

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

wln 2634

wln 2635

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

wln 2636

wln 2637

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

wln 2638

wln 2639

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

wln 2640

wln 2641

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

wln 2642

wln 2643

*Trap.* 'Tis fadoodling: if it please you.

wln 2644

wln 2645

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

wln 2646

wln 2647

*Mol.* Come you rogue sing with me.

wln 2648

A gage of ben Rom-bouse  
In a bousing ken of Rom-vile.

wln 2649

wln 2650

*T. Cat.* Is Benar then a Caster,  
Pecke, pennam, **lay** or popler,  
Which we mill in deuse a **vile**.

wln 2651

wln 2652

Oh I wud lib all the lightmans.

*The song.*

wln 2653

wln 2654

Oh I woud lib all the darkemans,  
By the sollamon vnder the Ruffemans.

wln 2655

wln 2656

By the sollamon in the Hartmans.

wln 2657

wln 2658

*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

wln 2659



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

*Iack. Dap.* The grating of ten new cart-wheeles, and the  
gruntling of fiue hundred hogs cōming from Rumford mar-  
ket, 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 Mi-  
streship, 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

wln 2682

braue *Tear-Cat.*

*Exeunt they two*

wln 2683

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

*manet the rest.*

wln 2684

*L. Nol.* Mol what was in that canting song?

(onely milke

wln 2685

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

wln 2686

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 stuffe 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

*1 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

wln 2708

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

wln 2709

*Omnes.* Foyst, what's that?

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 snappes 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 rrust mee sir.

wln 2729

*Moll.*

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2730  
wln 2731  
wln 2732  
wln 2733  
wln 2734  
wln 2735  
wln 2736  
wln 2737  
wln 2738  
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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

Being come from *Uenice*, to a friend most deare

wln 2768

That were to trauell thither, you would proclaime

wln 2769

Your knowledge in those villanies, to saue

wln 2770

Your friend from their quicke danger: must you haue

wln 2771

A blacke ill name, because ill things you know,

wln 2772

Good troth my Lord, I am made *Mol* cutpurse so.

wln 2773

How many are whores, in small ruffes and still lookes?

wln 2774

How many chaste, whose names fill slanders bookes?

wln 2775

Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their scornes

wln 2776

Cal so, we should not walke for goring hornes,

wln 2777

Perhaps for my madde going some reprove mee,

wln 2778

I please my selfe, and care not else who loues mee.

wln 2779

*Omnes* A braue minde *Mol* i' faith.

wln 2780

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

wln 2781

*L. Nol.* I, 'tis noone sure.

(or to the world:

wln 2782

*Mol.* Good my Lord, let not my name condemne me to you

wln 2783

A fencer I hope may be cal'd a coward, is he so for that?

wln 2784

If all that haue ill names in London, were to be whipt, (ther

wln 2785

And to pay but twelue pence a peece to the beadle, I would ra-

wln 2786

Haue his office, then a Constables.

wln 2787

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

wln 2788

ling office i' faith.

*Exeunt.*

wln 2789

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Goshawke and*

wln 2790

*Greenewit, and others.*

wln 2791

*Alex.* My sonne marry a theefe, that impudent girle,

wln 2792

Whom all the world sticke their worst eyes vpon?

wln 2793

*Greene.* How will your care preuent it?

wln 2794

*Gosh.* 'Tis impossible.

wln 2795

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

wln 2796

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

wln 2797

*Enter a seruant.*

wln 2798

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

wln 2799

*Seruant.* They were met vppo'th water an houre since, sir,

wln 2800

Putting in towards the Sluce.

wln 2801

*Alex.* The Sluce? come Gentlemen,

'Tis

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2802  
wln 2803  
wln 2804  
wln 2805  
wln 2806  
wln 2807  
wln 2808  
wln 2809  
wln 2810  
wln 2811  
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wln 2829  
wln 2830  
wln 2831  
wln 2832  
wln 2833  
wln 2834  
wln 2835  
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 To entertaine fortunes of noble birth,  
wln 2877 Where now his desperate wants casts him vpon her:  
wln 2878 And if I do not for his owne sake chiefly,  
wln 2879 Rid him of this disease, that now growes on him,  
wln 2880 I'le forfeit my whole state, before these Gentlemen.  
wln 2881 *Greene.* Troth but you shall not vndertake such matches,  
wln 2882 Wee'l perswade so much with you.  
wln 2883 *Alex.* Heere's my ring,  
wln 2884 He will beleue this token: fore these Gentlemen,  
wln 2885 I will confirme it fully: all those lands,  
wln 2886 My first loue lotted him, he shall straight possesse  
wln 2887 In that refusall.  
wln 2888 *Fitz-All.* If I change it not, change mee into a beggar.  
wln 2889 *Green.* Are you mad sir?  
wln 2890 *Fitz-All.* 'Tis done.  
wln 2891 *Gosh.* Will you vndoe your selfe by doing,  
wln 2892 And shewe a prodigall tricke in your old daies?  
wln 2893 *Alex.* 'Tis a match Gentlemen.  
wln 2894 *Fitz-All.* I, I, sir I.  
wln 2895 I akse no fauour; trust to you for none,  
wln 2896 My hope rests in the goodnesse of your son. *Exit Fitz-Allard.*  
wln 2897 *Greene.* Hee holds it vp well yet.  
wln 2898 *Gosh.* Of an old knight i' faith.  
wln 2899 *Alex.* Curst be the time, I laid his first loue barren,  
wln 2900 Wilfully barren, that before this houre  
wln 2901 Had sprung forth friutes, of comfort and of honour;  
wln 2902 He lou'd a vertuous Gentlewoman. *Enter Moll.*  
wln 2903 *Gosh.* Life, heere's *Mol.*  
wln 2904 *Green.* *Iack.*  
wln 2905 *Gosh.* How dost thou *Iacke*?  
wln 2906 *Mol.* How dost thou Gallant?  
wln 2907 *Alex.* Impudence, where's my sonne?  
wln 2908 *Moll.* **Weakensse**, go looke him.  
wln 2909 *Alex.* Is this your wedding gowne?  
wln 2910 *Mol.* The man talkes monthly:  
wln 2911 Hot broth and a darke chamber for the knight,  
wln 2912 I see hee'l be starke mad at our next meeting. *Exit Moll*  
wln 2913 *Gosh.* Why sir, take comfort now, there's no such matter,

No

The Roaring Girle.

wln 2914

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.

wln 2915

wln 2916

wln 2917

wln 2918

*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.

wln 2919

wln 2920

wln 2921

wln 2922

*Green.* Glad y'are so penitent, for your former sinne sir.

wln 2923

wln 2924

*Gosh.* Say he should take a wench with her smocke-dowry,  
No portion with her, but her lips and armes?

wln 2925

wln 2926

wln 2927

*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.

wln 2928

wln 2929

*Greene.* Say he should marry a kind youthfull sinner.

wln 2930

wln 2931

*Alex.* Age will quench that, any offence but theft and drun-  
Nothing but death can wipe away. (kennesse,

wln 2932

wln 2933

There sinnes are greene, euen when there heads are gray,  
Nay I dispaire not now, my heart's cheer'd Gentlemen,

wln 2934

wln 2935

No face can come vnfortunately to me,  
Now sir, your newes? *Enter a seruant.*

wln 2936

*Seruant.* Your sonne with his faire Bride is neere at hand,

wln 2937

*Alex.* Faire may their fortunes be.

wln 2938

*Green.* Now you'r resolu'd sir, it was neuer she,

wln 2939

*Alex.* I finde it in the musicke of my heart,

wln 2940

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

wln 2941

See where they come.

wln 2942

*Gosh.* A proper lusty presence sir.

wln 2943

*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.

wln 2944

wln 2945

*Seb.* Before I dare discouer my offence, I kneele for pardon.

wln 2946

wln 2947

*Alex.;* My heart gae it thee, before thy tongue could aske it,  
Rise, thou hast rais'd my ioy to greater height.

wln 2948

Then



The Roaring Girle.

wln 2949 Then to that seat where grieffe deieted it,  
wln 2950 Both welcome to my loue, and care for euer,  
wln 2951 Hide not my happinesse too long, al's pardoned,  
wln 2952 Here are our friends, salute her, Gentlemen. *They vnmaske her.*  
wln 2953 *Omnes.* Heart, who this *Mol*?  
wln 2954 *Alex.* O my reuiuing shame, is't I must liue,  
wln 2955 To be strucke blind, be it the worke of sorrow,  
wln 2956 Before age take't in hand.  
wln 2957 *Fitz-All.* Darkenesse and death.  
wln 2958 Haue you deceau'd mee thus? did I engage  
wln 2959 My whole estate for this.  
wln 2960 *Alex.* You askt no fauour,  
wln 2961 And you shall finde as little, since my comforts,  
wln 2962 Play false with me, I'le be as cruell to thee  
wln 2963 As grieffe to fathers hearts.  
wln 2964 *Mol.* Why what's the matter with you?  
wln 2965 Lesse too much ioy, should make your age forgetfull,  
wln 2966 Are you too well, too happy?  
wln 2967 *Alex.* With a vengeance.  
wln 2968 *Mol.* Me thinkes you should be proud of such a daughter,  
wln 2969 As good a man, as your sonne.  
wln 2970 *Alex.* O monstrous impudence.  
wln 2971 *Mol.* You had no note before, an vnmarkt **Kinght**,  
wln 2972 Now all the towne will take regard on you,  
wln 2973 And all your enemies feare you for my sake,  
wln 2974 You may passe where you list, through crowdes most thicke,  
wln 2975 And come of brauely with your pursse vnpickt,  
wln 2976 You do not know the benefits I bring with mee,  
wln 2977 No cheate dares worke vpon you, with thumbe or knife,  
wln 2978 While y'au'e a roaring girle to your sonnes wife.  
wln 2979 *Alex.* A diuell rampant.  
wln 2980 *Fitz-Alla.* Haue you so much charity?  
wln 2981 Yet to release mee of my last rash bargaine,  
wln 2982 And I'le giue in your pledge.  
wln 2983 *Alex.* No sir, I stand to't, I'le worke vpon aduantage,  
wln 2984 As all mischiefes do vpon mee.  
wln 2985 *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 Mary Fitz-Allard betweene them, the Cittizens and their wiues with them.*

wln 2989

wln 2990

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

wln 2993

*Seb.* Forgiue mee father,

wln 2994

Though there before your eyes my sorrow fain'd,

wln 2995

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

wln 2996

*Alex.* Blessings eternall, and the ioyes of Angels,

wln 2997

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

wln 2998

How short my sleepe of sorrow seemes now to me,

wln 2999

To this eternity of boundlesse comforts,

wln 3000

That finds no want but vtterance, and expression.

wln 3001

My Lord your office heere appeares so honourably:

wln 3002

So full of ancient goodnesse, grace, and worthinesse,

wln 3003

I neuer tooke more ioy in sight of man,

wln 3004

Then in your comfortable presence now.

wln 3005

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

wln 3006

Then in this worthy Gentlewoman, your sonnes Bride,

wln 3007

Noble *Fitz-Alards* daughter, to whose honour

wln 3008

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

wln 3009

So is this Knight.

wln 3010

*Alex.* Your loues make my ioyes proud,

wln 3011

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

wln 3012

And which, old knight, thy noblenesse may challenge,

wln 3013

Ioynd with thy daughters vertues, whom I prise now,

wln 3014

As deerely as that flesh, I call myne owne.

wln 3015

Forgiue me worthy Gentlewoman, 'twas my blindnesse

wln 3016

When I reiected thee, I saw thee not,

wln 3017

Sorrow and wilfull rashnesse grew like filmes

wln 3018

Ouer the eyes of iudgement, now so cleere

wln 3019

I see the brightnesse of thy worth appeare.

wln 3020

*Mary.* Duty and loue may I deserue in those,

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 3035

*Mol.* Condemne mee? troth and you should sir,

wln 3036

I'de make you seeke out one to hang in my roome,

wln 3037

I'de giue you the slip at Gallowes, and cozen the people.

wln 3038

Heard you this iest my Lord?

wln 3039

*L. Nol.* What is it *Iacke*?

wln 3040

*Mol.* He was in feare his sonne would marry mee,

wln 3041

But neuer dreamt that I would nere agree.

wln 3042

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

wln 3043

*Mol.* Who I my Lord, I'le tell you when ifaith,

wln 3044

When you shall heare,

wln 3045

Gallants voyd from Serieants feare,

wln 3046

Honesty and truth vnslandred,

wln 3047

Woman man'd, but neuer pandred,

wln 3048

Cheates booted, but not coacht,

wln 3049

Vessels older e're they'r broacht.

wln 3050

If my minde be then not varied,

wln 3051

Next day following, I'le be married.

wln 3052

*L. Nol.* This sounds like domes-day,

wln 3053

*Moll.* Then were marriage best,

wln 3054

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

wln 3055

*Alex.* Introth tho'art a good wench, I'me sorry now,

wln 3056

The opinion was so hard, I conceiu'd of thee.

The Roaring Girle.

wln 3057  
wln 3058  
wln 3059  
wln 3060  
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wln 3091  
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 For all those base trickes publish'd in a booke,  
wln 3122 (Foule as his braines they flow'd from) of Cut-purse,  
wln 3123 Of Nips and Foysts, nastie, obscœne discourses,  
wln 3124 As full of lies, as emptie of worth or wit,  
wln 3125 For any honest eare, or eye vnfit. And thus,  
wln 3126 If we to euery braine (that's humerous)  
wln 3127 Should fashion Sceanes, we (with the Painter) shall  
wln 3128 In striuing to please all, please none at all.  
wln 3129 Yet for such faults, as either the writers wit,  
wln 3130 Or negligence of the Actors do commit,  
wln 3131 Both craue your pardons: if what both haue done,  
wln 3132 Cannot full pay your expectation,  
wln 3133 The *Roring Girle* her selfe some few dayes hence,  
wln 3134 Shall on this Stage, giue larger recompence. (you,  
wln 3135 Which Mirth that you may share in, her selfe does woe  
wln 3136 And craues this signe, your hands to becken her to you.

wln 3137

FINIS.

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

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## 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 *house* 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*.