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img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A2r

ln 0001

The Roaring Girl.

ln 0002

OR

ln 0003

Moll Cutpurse.

ln 0004

As it hath lately been Acted on the Fortune stage by

ln 0005

the Prince his Players.

ln 0006

Written by *T. Middleton* and *T. Dekker.*

[Portrait of Moll Cutpurse]

ln 0007

My case is altered, I must work for my living.

ln 0008

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

ln 0009

shop in *Pope's* head-palace, near the Royal

ln 0010

Exchange. 1611.

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A3r

ln 0001

To the Comic, Play-readers, Venery,

ln 0002

and Laughter.

ln 0003

THE fashion of playmaking, I can properly

ln 0004

compare to nothing, so naturally, as

ln 0005

the alteration in apparel: For in the time

ln 0006

of the Great crop-doublet, your huge

ln 0007

bombasted plays, quilted with mighty

ln 0008

words to lean purpose was only then

ln 0009

in fashion. And as the doublet fell, neater inventions

ln 0010

began to set up. Now in the time of spruceness, our

ln 0011

plays follow the niceness of our Garments, single plots,

ln 0012

quaint conceits, lecherous jests, dressed up in hanging

ln 0013

sleeves, and those are fit for the Times, and the Termers:

ln 0014

Such a kind of light-color Summer stuff, mingled with

ln 0015

diverse colors, you shall find this published Comedy,

ln 0016

good to keep you in an afternoon from dice, at home in

ln 0017

your chambers; and for venery you shall find enough,

ln 0018

for sixpence, but well couched and you mark it. For *Venus*

ln 0019

being a woman passes through the play in doublet

ln 0020

and breeches, a brave disguise and a safe one, if the Statute

ln 0021

untie not her codpiece point. The book I make no

ln 0022

question, but is fit for many of your companies, as well

ln 0023

as the person itself, and may be allowed both Gallery

ln 0024

room at the playhouse, and chamber-room at your

ln 0025

lodging: worse things I must needs confess the world

img: 3-a

sig: A3v

ln 0026

has taxed her for, than has been written of her; but 'tis

In 0027
In 0028
In 0029
In 0030
In 0031
In 0032
In 0033
In 0034
In 0035
In 0036
In 0037

the excellency of a Writer, to leave things better than
he finds 'em; though some obscene fellow (that cares not
what he writes against others, yet keeps a mystical bawdy-house
himself, and entertains drunkards, to make
use of their pockets, and vent his private bottle-ale at
midnight) though such a one would have ripped up the
most nasty vice, that ever hell belched forth, and presented
it to a modest Assembly; yet we rather wish in such
discoveries, where reputation lies bleeding, a
slackness of truth, than fullness
of slander.

In 0038

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

img: 3-b
sig: A4r

wln 0001

Prologus.

wln 0002

A Play (expected long) makes the Audience look

wln 0003

For wonders: — that each Scene should be a book,

wln 0004

Composed to all perfection; each one comes

wln 0005

And brings a play in 's head with him: up he sums,

wln 0006

What he would of a Roaring Girl have writ;

wln 0007

If that he finds not here, he mews at it.

wln 0008

Only we entreat you think our Scene.

wln 0009

Cannot speak high (the subject being but mean)

wln 0010

A Roaring Girl (whose notes till now never were)

wln 0011

Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater,

wln 0012

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

wln 0013

And such grave stuff, is this day out of fashion.

wln 0014

I see attention sets wide ope her gates

wln 0015

Of hearing, and with covetous listening waits,

wln 0016

To know what Girl, this Roaring Girl should be.

wln 0017

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

wln 0018

That roars at midnight in deep Tavern bowls,

wln 0019

That beats the watch, and Constables controls;

wln 0020

Another roars i' th' day time, swears, stabs, gives braves,

wln 0021

Yet sells her soul to the lust of fools and slaves.

wln 0022

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

wln 0023

A civil City Roaring Girl, whose pride,

wln 0024

Feasting, and riding, shakes her husband's state,

wln 0025

And leaves him Roaring through an iron grate.

wln 0026

None of these Roaring Girls is ours: she flies

wln 0027

With wings more lofty. Thus her character lies,

wln 0028

Yet what need characters? when to give a guess,

wln 0029

Is better than the person to express;

wln 0030

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

wln 0031

She is called mad Moll; her life, our acts proclaim.

img: 4-a
sig: A4v

wln 0032

Dramatis Personae.

wln 0033

Sir *Alexander Wengrave*, and *Neatfoot* his man.

wln 0034

Sir *Adam Appleton*.

wln 0035

Sir *Davy Dapper*.

wln 0036

Sir *Beauteous Ganymede*.

wln 0037

Lord *Noland*.

wln 0038

Young *Wengrave*,

wln 0039

Jack Dapper, and *Gull* his page.

wln 0040

Goshawk.

wln 0041

Greenwit.

wln 0042

Laxton.

wln 0043

Tiltyard.

Cives et Uxores.

wln 0044

Openwork.

wln 0045

Gallipot.

wln 0046

Moll the Roaring Girl.

wln 0047

Trapdoor.

wln 0048

Sir *Guy Fitzallard*.

wln 0049

Mary Fitzallard his daughter.

wln 0050

Curtilax a Sergeant, and

wln 0051

Hanger his Yeoman.

wln 0052

Ministri.

img: 4-b

sig: B1r

wln 0053

The Roaring Girl.

wln 0054

Act. 1. Scene 1.

wln 0055

Enter Mary Fitzallard disguised like a sempster with a case for

wln 0056

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

wln 0057

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

wln 0058

Neatfoot.

wln 0059

THE young gentleman (our young master) Sir

wln 0060

Alexander's son, is it into his ears (sweet

wln 0061

Damsel) (emblem of fragility) you

wln 0062

desire to have a message transported, or to be

wln 0063

transcendent.

wln 0064

Mary A private word or two Sir, nothing

wln 0065

else.

wln 0066

Neatfoot You shall fructify in that which you come for: your

wln 0067

pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contentation: I will

wln 0068

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

wln 0069

erected, (that is to say up) and deliver him to this your most

wln 0070

white hand.

wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074
wln 0075
wln 0076

img: 5-a
sig: B1v

Mary Thanks sir.
Neatfoot And withal certify him, that I have culled out for him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicum than any lay upon his trencher at dinner — hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chastity.

Mary One Sir, of whom he bespake falling bands.

wln 0077
wln 0078
wln 0079
wln 0080
wln 0081
wln 0082
wln 0083
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

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

Mary I have **died** indeed already sir.

Neatfoot — Or will you vouchsafe to kiss the lip of a cup of rich *Orleans* in the buttery amongst our waiting women.

Mary Not now in truth sir.

Neatfoot Our young Master shall then have a feeling of your being here presently it shall so be given him. *Exit Neatfoot,*

Mary I humbly thank you sir, but that my bosom
Is full of bitter sorrows, I could smile,
To see this formal Ape play Antic tricks:
But in my breast a poisoned arrow sticks,
And smiles cannot become me, Love woven slightly
(Such as thy false heart makes) wears out as lightly,
But love being truly bred i' th' the soul (like mine)
Bleeds even to death, at the least wound it takes,
The more we quench this, the less it slakes: Oh me!

wln 0097

Enter Sebastian Wengrave with Neatfoot.

wln 0098
wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101
wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111

Sebastian A Sempster speak with me, say'st thou.

Neatfoot Yes sir, she's there, *viva voce*, to deliver her auricular confession.

Sebastian With me sweet heart. What is 't?

Mary I have brought home your bands sir.

Sebastian Bands: *Neatfoot.*

Neatfoot Sir.

Sebastian Prithee look in, for all the Gentlemen are upon rising.

Neatfoot Yes sir, a most methodical attendance shall be given.

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

Neatfoot Yes sir, he shall know it that you are busied with a needlewoman.

Sebastian In 's ear good *Neatfoot,*

img: 5-b
sig: B2r

wln 0112
wln 0113

Neatfoot It shall be so given him. *Exit Neatfoot.*

Sebastian Bands, y' are mistaken sweet heart, I bespake none,

wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122
wln 0123
wln 0124
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wln 0140
wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148

img: 6-a
sig: B2v

wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154
wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161

when, where, I prithee, what bands, let me see them.

Mary Yes sir, a bond fast sealed, with solemn oaths,
Subscribed unto (as I thought) with your soul:
Delivered as your deed in sight of heaven,
Is this bond canceled, have you forgot me.

Sebastian Ha! life of my life: Sir *Guy Fitz-Allard's* daughter,
What has transformed my love to this strange shape?
Stay: make all sure, — so: now speak and be brief,
Because the wolf's at door that lies in wait,
To prey upon us both albeit mine eyes
Are blessed by thine, yet this so strange disguise
Holds me with fear and wonder.

Mary Mine's a loathed sight,
Why from it are you banished else so long.

Sebastian I must cut short my speech, in broken language,
Thus much sweet *Moll*, I must thy company shun,
I court another *Moll*, my thoughts must run,
As a horse runs, that's blind, round in a Mill,
Out every step, yet keeping one path still.

Mary Umh: must you shun my company, in one knot
Have both our hands by th' hands of heaven been tied,
Now to be broke, I thought me once your Bride:
Our fathers did agree on the time when,
And must another bedfellow fill my room.

Sebastian Sweet maid, let's lose no time, 'tis in heaven's book
Set down, that I must have thee: an oath we took,
To keep our vows, but when the knight your father
Was from mine parted, storms began to sit
Upon my covetous father's brow: which fell
From them on me, he reckoned up what gold
This marriage would draw from him, at which he swore,
To lose so much blood, could not grieve him more.
He then dissuades me from thee, called thee not fair,
And asked what is she, but a beggar's heir?
He scorned thy dowry of five thousand Marks.

If such a sum of money could be found,
And I would match with that, he'd not undo it,
Provided his bags might add nothing to it,
But vowed, if I took thee, nay more, did swear it,
Save birth from him I nothing should inherit.

Mary What follows then, my shipwreck.

Sebastian Dearest no:
Though wildly in a labyrinth I go,
My end is to meet thee: with a side wind
Must I now sail, else I no haven can find
But both must sink forever. There's a wench
Called *Moll*, mad *Moll*, or merry *Moll*, a creature
So strange in quality, a whole city takes

wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180
wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185

Note of her name and person, all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfeit passion,
I spend to mad my father: he believes
I dote upon this *Roaring Girl*, and grieves
As it becomes a father for a son,
That could be so bewitched: yet i'll go on
This crooked way, sigh still for her, fain dreams,
In which I'll talk only of her, these streams
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
That here I anchor rather than be rent
Upon a rock so dangerous, Art thou pleased,
Because thou seest we are waylaid, that I take
A path that's safe, though it be far about,
Mary My prayers with heaven guide thee,
Sebastian Then I will on,
My father is at hand, kiss and begone;
Hours shall be watched for meetings; I must now
As men for fear, to a strange Idol bow.
Mary Farewell.
Sebastian I'll guide thee forth, when next we meet,
A story of *Moll* shall make our mirth more sweet. *Exeunt*
Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave, Sir Davy Dapper, Sir Adam
Appleton, Goshawk, Laxton, *and Gentlemen.*
Omnes Thanks good Sir *Alexander* for our bounteous cheer:

img: 6-b
sig: B3r

wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194
wln 0195
wln 0196
wln 0197
wln 0198
wln 0199
wln 0200
wln 0201
wln 0202
wln 0203
wln 0204
wln 0205
wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208
wln 0209

Alexander Fie, fie, in giving thanks you pay too dear.
Sir Dapper When bounty spreads the table, faith 'twere sin,
(at going off) if thanks should not step in.
Alexander No more of thanks, no more, Ay marry Sir,
Th' inner room was too close, how do you like
This Parlor Gentlemen?
Omnes Oh passing well.
Adam What a sweet breath the air casts here, so cool,
Goshawk I like the prospect best.
Laxton See how 'tis furnished.
Sir Dapper A very fair sweet room.
Alexander Sir *Davy Dapper*,
The furniture that doth adorn this room,
Cost many a fair gray groat ere it came here,
But good things are most cheap, when th' are most dear,
Nay when you look into my galleries,
How bravely they are trimmed up, you all shall swear
Y' are highly pleased to see what's set down there:
Stories of men and women (mixed together
Fair ones with foul, like sunshine in wet weather)
Within one square a thousand heads are laid
So close, that all of heads, the room **seems** made,
As many faces there (**filled** with blithe looks)
Show like the promising titles of new books,

wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222

img: 7-a
sig: B3v

(Writ merrily) the Readers being their own eyes,
Which seem to move and to give plaudities,
And here and there (whilst with obsequious ears,
Thronged heaps do listen) a cutpurse thrusts and leers
With hawk's eyes for his prey: I need not show him,
By a hanging villainous look, yourselves may know him,
The face is drawn so rarely, Then sir below,
The very floor (as 'twere) waves to and fro,
And like a floating Island, seems to move,
Upon a sea bound in with shores above, *Enter Sebastian and*
Omnes. These sights are excellent. *Master Greenwit.*
Alexander I'll show you all,
Since we are met, make our parting Comical.

wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232

Sebastian This gentleman (my friend) will take his leave Sir.
Alexander Ha, take his leave (*Sebastian*) who?
Sebastian This gentleman.
Alexander Your love sir, has already given me some time,
And if you please to trust my age with more,
It shall pay double interest: Good sir stay.
Greenwit I have been too bold.
Alexander Not so sir. A merry day
'Mongst friends being spent, is better than gold saved.
Some wine, some wine. Where be these knaves I keep.

wln 0233

Enter three or four Serving-men, and Neatfoot.

wln 0234
wln 0235
wln 0236
wln 0237
wln 0238
wln 0239
wln 0240
wln 0241
wln 0242
wln 0243
wln 0244
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wln 0246
wln 0247
wln 0248
wln 0249
wln 0250
wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255

Neatfoot At your worshipful elbow, sir.
Alexander You are kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.
Neatfoot Your worship has given it us right.
Alexander You varlets stir,
Chairs, stools and cushions: prithee sir *Davy Dapper*,
Make that chair thine.
Sir Dapper 'Tis but an easy gift,
And yet I thank you for it sir, I'll take it.
Alexander A chair for old sir *Adam Appleton*.
Neatfoot A back friend to your worship.
Adam. Marry good *Neatfoot*,
I thank thee for it: back friends sometimes are good.
Alexander Pray make that stool your perch, good Master *Goshawk*.
Goshawk I stoop to your lure sir.
Alexander Son *Sebastian*,
Take Master *Greenwit* to you.
Sebastian Sit dear friend.
Alexander Nay master *Laxton* — furnish master *Laxton*
With what he wants (a stone) a stool I would say, a stool.
Laxton. I had rather stand sir. *Exeunt servants.*
Alexander I know you had (good Master *Laxton*.) So, so —
Now here's a mess of friends, and (gentlemen)

wln 0256
wln 0257

img: 7-b
sig: B4r

Because time's glass shall not be running long,
I'll quicken it with a pretty tale.

wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
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wln 0275
wln 0276
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wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
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wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290
wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294

Sir Dapper Good tales do well,
In these bad days, where vice does so excel.
Adam. Begin sir *Alexander.*
Alexander Last day I met
An aged man upon whose head was scored,
A debt of just so many years as these,
Which I owe to my grave, the man you all know.
Omnes. His name I pray you sir.
Alexander Nay you shall pardon me,
But when he saw me (with a sigh that brake,
Or seemed to break his heartstrings) thus he spake:
Oh my good knight, says he, (and then his eyes
Were richer even by that which made them poor,
They had spent so many tears they had no more.)
Oh sir (says he) you know it, for you ha' seen
Blessings to rain upon mine house and me:
Fortune (who slaves men) was my slave: her wheel
Hath spun me golden threads, for I thank heaven,
I ne'er had but one cause to curse my stars,
I asked him then, what that one cause might be.
Omnes. So Sir.
Alexander He paused, and as we often see,
A sea so much becalmed, there can be found
No wrinkle on his brow, his waves being drowned
In their own rage: but when th' imperious wind,
Use strange invisible tyranny to shake
Both heaven's and earth's foundation at their noise:
The seas swelling with wrath to part that fray
Rise up, and are more wild, more mad, than they.
Even so this good old man was by my question
Stirred up to roughness, you might see his gall
Flow even in 's eyes: then grew he fantastical.
Sir Dapper Fantastical, ha, ha.
Alexander Yes, and talk oddly.
Adam. Pray sir proceed,
How did this old man end?
Alexander Marry sir thus.

img: 8-a
sig: B4v

wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300

He left his wild fit to read o'er his cards,
Yet then (though age cast snow on all his hairs)
He joyed because (says he) the God of gold
Has been to me no niggard: that disease
(Of which all old men sicken) Avarice
Never infected me.

wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331

Laxton He means not himself i'm sure.
Alexander For like a lamp,
Fed with continual oil, I spend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet have still
Enough to serve myself, Oh but (quoth he)
Though heaven's dew fall, thus on this aged tree,
I have a son that's like a wedge doth cleave,
My very heart root,
Sir, Dapper Had he such a son,
Sebastian Now I do smell a fox strongly.
Alexander Let's see: no Master *Greenwit* is not yet
So mellow in years as he; but as like *Sebastian*,
Just like my son *Sebastian*, — such another.
Sebastian How finely like a fencer my father fetches his by-blows
to hit me, but if I beat you not at your own weapon of
subtlety.
Alexander This son (saith he) that should be
The column and main arch unto my house,
The crutch unto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firm foundation,
Adam 'Tis some prodigal.
Sebastian Well shot old *Adam Bell*.
Alexander No city monster neither, no prodigal,
But sparing, wary, civil, and (though wifeless)
An excellent husband, and such a traveler,
He has more tongues in his head than some have teeth,
Sir Dapper I have but two in mine
Goshawk So sparing and so wary,
What then could vex his father so.
Alexander Oh a woman.
Sebastian A flesh fly, that can vex any man.

img: 8-b
sig: C1r

wln 0332
wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348

Alexander A scurvy woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doted:
A creature (saith he) nature hath brought forth
To mock the sex of woman. — It is a thing
One knows not how to name, her birth began
Ere she was all made. 'Tis woman more than man,
Man more than woman, and (which to none can hap)
The Sun gives her two shadows to one shape,
Nay more, let this strange thing, walk, stand or sit,
No blazing star draws more eyes after it.
Sir Dapper A Monster, 'tis some Monster.
Alexander She's a varlet.
Sebastian Now is my cue to bristle.
Alexander A naughty pack.
Sebastian 'Tis false.
Alexander Ha boy.
Sebastian 'Tis false.

wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368

img: 9-a
sig: C1v

wln 0369
wln 0370
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wln 0372
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wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
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wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389
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wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395
wln 0396

Alexander What's false, I say she's naught.
Sebastian I say that tongue
That dares speak so (but yours) sticks in the throat
Of a rank villain, set yourself aside. —
Alexander So sir what then.
Sebastian Any here else had lied.
I think I shall fit you — aside.
Alexander Lie.
Sebastian Yes.
Sir Dapper Doth this concern him.
Alexander Ah sirrah boy.
Is your blood heated: boils it: are you stung,
I'll pierce you deeper yet: Oh my dear friends,
I am that wretched father, this that son,
That sees his ruin, yet headlong on doth run.
Adam. Will you love such a poison.
Sir Dapper Fie, fie.
Sebastian Y' are all mad.
Alexander Th' art sick at heart, yet feel'st it not: of all these,
What Gentleman (but thou) knowing his disease

Mortal, would shun the cure: oh Master *Greenwit*,
Would you to such an Idol bow.
Greenwit Not I sir.
Alexander Here's Master *Laxton*, has he mind to a woman
As thou hast.
Laxton No not I sir.
Alexander Sir I know it.
Laxton Their good parts are so rare, their bad so common,
I will have naught to do with any woman.
Sir Dapper 'Tis well done Master *Laxton*.
Alexander Oh thou cruel boy,
Thou wouldst with lust an old man's life destroy,
Because thou seest I'm half-way in my grave,
Thou shovel'st dust upon me: would thou mightest have
Thy wish, most wicked, most unnatural.
Dapper Why sir, 'tis thought, sir *Guy Fitz-Allard's* daughter
Shall wed your son *Sebastian*.
Alexander Sir *Davy Dapper*.
I have upon my knees, wooed this fond boy,
To take that virtuous maiden.
Sebastian Hark you a word sir.
You on your knees have cursed that virtuous maiden,
And me for loving her, yet do you now
Thus baffle me to my face: were not your knees
In such entreats, give me *Fitzallard's* daughter.
Alexander I'll give thee ratsbane rather.
Sebastian Well then you know
What dish I mean to feed upon.

wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405

img: 9-b
sig: C2r

Alexander Hark Gentlemen,
He swears to have this cutpurse drab, to spite my gall.
Omnes. Master *Sebastian*.
Sebastian I am deaf to you all.
I'm so bewitched, so bound to my desires,
Tears, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those fires
That burn within me. *Exit Sebastian*.
Alexander Her blood shall quench it then,
Lose him not, Oh dissuade him Gentlemen.

wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
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wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442

Sir Dapper He shall be weaned I warrant you.
Alexander Before his eyes
Lay down his shame, my grief, his miseries.
Omnes. No more, no more, away. *Exeunt all but sir*
Alexander I wash a *Negro*, *Alexander*.
Losing both pains and cost: but take thy flight,
I'll be most near thee, when I'm least in sight.
Wild Buck I'll hunt thee breathless, thou shalt run on,
But I will turn thee when I'm not thought upon.
Enter Ralph Trapdoor:
Now sirrah what are you, leave your Ape's tricks and speak.
Trapdoor A letter from my Captain to your Worship.
Alexander Oh, Oh, now I remember 'tis to prefer thee into my
service.
Trapdoor To be a shifter under your Worship's nose of a clean
trencher, when there's a good bit upon 't.
Alexander Troth honest fellow — humh — ha — let me see,
This knave shall be the axe to hew that down
At which I stumble, has a face that promiseth
Much of a villain, I will grind his wit,
And if the edge prove fine make use of it.
Come hither sirrah, canst thou be secret, ha.
Trapdoor As two crafty Attorneys plotting the undoing of
their clients.
Alexander Didst never, as thou hast walked about this town
Hear of a wench called *Moll*, mad merry *Moll*.
Trapdoor *Moll* cutpurse sir.
Alexander The same, dost thou know her then,
Trapdoor As well as I know 'twill rain upon *Simon* and *Jude*'s day
next, I will sift all the taverns i' th' city, and drink half pots
with all the Watermen a' th' bankside, but if you will sir I'll find
her out.
Alexander That task is easy, do 't then, hold thy hand up.
What's this, is 't burnt?
Trapdoor No sir no, a little singed with making fireworks.
Alexander There's money, spend it, that being spent fetch more.
Trapdoor Oh sir that all the poor soldiers in *England* had

img: 10-a
sig: C2v

wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452
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wln 0464
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wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479

img: 10-b
sig: C3r

wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484

wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488

such a leader. For fetching no Water-spaniel is like me.

Alexander This wench we speak of, strays so from her kind
Nature repents she made her. 'Tis a Mermaid
Has tolled my son to shipwreck.

Trapdoor I'll cut her comb for you.

Alexander I'll tell out gold for thee then: hunt her forth,
Cast out a line hung full of silver hooks
To catch her to thy company: deep spendings
May draw her that's most chaste to a man's bosom.

Trapdoor The jingling of Golden bells, and a good fool with
a hobby-horse, will draw all the whores i' th' town to dance in a
morrise,

Alexander Or rather, for that's best, (they say sometimes
She goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

Trapdoor And when her breeches are off, she shall follow me.

Alexander Beat all thy brains to serve her.

Trapdoor Zounds sir, as country wenches beat cream, till
butter comes.

Alexander Play thou the subtle spider, weave fine nets
To ensnare her very life.

Trapdoor Her life.

Alexander Yes suck

Her heart-blood if thou canst, twist thou but cords
To catch her, I'll find law to hang her up.

Trapdoor Spoke like a Worshipful bencher.

Alexander Trace all her steps: at this she-fox's den
Watch what lambs enter: let me play the shepherd
To save their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

Trapdoor This is the goll shall do 't.

Alexander Be firm and gain me

Ever thine own. This done I entertain thee:
How is thy name.

Trapdoor My name sir is *Rafe Trapdoor*, honest *Raph*.

Alexander *Trapdoor*, be like thy name, a dangerous step
For her to venture on, but unto me.

Trapdoor As fast as your sole to your boot or shoe sir.

Alexander Hence then, be little seen here as thou canst.

I'll still be at thine elbow.

Trapdoor The trapdoor's set.

Moll if you budge y' are gone: this me shall crown,
A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girl puts down,

Alexander God-a-mercy, lose no time.

Exeunt.

*The three shops open in a rank: the first a Pothecary's shop, the next
a Feather shop: the third a Sempster's shop: Mistress Gallipot
in the first, Mistress Tiltyard in the next, Master Openwork*

wln 0489

and his wife in the third, to them enters Laxton, Goshawk and Greenwit.

wln 0490

Mistress Openwork Gentlemen what is 't you lack. What is 't you buy, see fine bands and ruffs, fine lawns, fine cambrics, what is 't you lack Gentlemen, what is 't you buy?

wln 0491

Laxton Yonder's the shop.

wln 0492

Goshawk Is that she. *Laxton* Peace.

wln 0493

wln 0494

Greenwit She that minces Tobacco.

wln 0495

wln 0496

Laxton Ay: she's a Gentlewoman born I can tell you, though it be her hard fortune now to shred Indian pot-herbs.

wln 0497

Goshawk Oh sir 'tis many a good woman's fortune, when her husband turns bankrupt, to begin with pipes and set up again.

wln 0498

wln 0499

Laxton And indeed the raising of the woman is the lifting up of the man's head at all times, if one flourish, t' other will bud as fast I warrant ye.

wln 0500

wln 0501

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

wln 0502

Laxton And you grope no better i' th' dark you may chance lie i' th' ditch when y' are drunk.

wln 0503

wln 0504

Goshawk Go th' art a mystical lecher.

wln 0505

wln 0506

Laxton I will not deny but my credit may take up an ounce of pure smoke.

wln 0507

wln 0508

Goshawk May take up an ell of pure smock; away go, 'tis the closest striker. Life I think he commits venery forty foot deep, no man's aware on 't, I like a palpable smockster go to work so openly, with the tricks of art, that I'm as apparently seen as a naked boy in a vial, and were it not for a gift of treachery that I have in me to betray my friend when he puts most trust in me (mass yonder

wln 0509

wln 0510

wln 0511

wln 0512

wln 0513

wln 0514

img: 11-a
sig: C3v

wln 0515

he is too —) and by his injury to make good my access to her, I should appear as defective in courting, as a Farmer's son the first day of his feather, that doth nothing at Court, but woe the hangings and glass windows for a month together, and some broken waiting-woman for ever after. I find those imperfections in my venery, that were 't not for flattery and falsehood, I should want discourse and impudence, and he that wants impudence among women, is worthy to be kicked out at bed's feet. — He shall not see me yet.

wln 0516

Greenwit Troth this is finely shred.

wln 0517

Laxton Oh women are the best mincers.

wln 0518

Mistress Gallipot 'T had been a good phrase for a Cook's wife sir.

wln 0519

Laxton But 'twill serve generally, like the front of a new

wln 0520

Almanac; as thus: Calculated for the meridian of Cooks' wives, but generally for all Englishwomen.

wln 0521

Mistress Gallipot Nay you shall ha 't sir, I have filled it for you.

wln 0522

She puts it to the fire.

wln 0523

Laxton The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine always so.

wln 0524

Greenwit But not to be used a' that fashion.

wln 0525

Laxton O pardon me sir, I understand no french.

wln 0526

wln 0527

wln 0528

wln 0529

wln 0530

wln 0531

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wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551

img: 11-b
sig: C4r

I pray be covered. Jack a pipe of rich smoke.

Goshawk Rich smoke; that's six pence a pipe is 't?

Greenwit To me sweet Lady.

Mistress Gallipot Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange;
Art and Wit makes a fool of suspicion: — pray be wary.

Laxton Push, I warrant you: — come, how is 't gallants?

Greenwit Pure and excellent.

Laxton I thought 'twas good, you were grown so silent; you are like those that love not to talk at victuals, though they make a worse noise i' the nose than a common fiddler's prentice, and discourse a whole Supper with snuffling; — I must speak a word with you anon.

Mistress Gallipot Make your way wisely then.

Goshawk Oh what else sir, he's perfection itself, full of manners, But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

Greenwit Ay and full of form, h'as ne'er a good stool in 's chamber.

Goshawk But above all religious: he prayeth daily upon elder brothers.

Greenwit And valiant above measure; h'as run three streets from a Sergeant.

Laxton Puh, Puh. *he blows tobacco in their faces.*

Greenwit Goshawk Oh, puh, ho, ho.

Laxton So, so.

Mistress Gallipot What's the matter now sir?

Laxton I protest I'm in extreme want of money, if you can supply me now with any means, you do me the greatest pleasure, next to the bounty of your love, as ever poor gentleman tasted.

Mistress Gallipot What's the sum would pleasure ye sir? Though you deserve nothing less at my hands.

Laxton Why 'tis but for want of opportunity thou know'st; I put her off with opportunity still: by this light I hate her, but for means to keep me in fashion with gallants; for what I take from her, I spend upon other wenches, bear her in hand still; she has wit enough to rob her husband, and I ways enough to consume the money: why how now? what the chincough?

Goshawk Thou hast the cowardliest trick to come before a man's face and strangle him ere he be aware, I could find in my heart to make a quarrel in earnest.

Laxton Pox and thou dost, thou know'st I never use to fight with my friends, thou 'll but lose thy labor in 't.

Jack Dapper! *Enter Jack Dapper, and his man Gull.*

Greenwit Monsieur Dapper, I dive down to your ankles.

Jack Dapper Save ye gentlemen all three in a peculiar salute.

Goshawk He were ill to make a lawyer, he dispatches three at once.

wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
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wln 0559
wln 0560
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wln 0582

wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588

img: 12-a
sig: C4v

Laxton So well said: but is this of the same Tobacco mistress
Gallipot?

Mistress Gallipot The same you had at first sir.

Laxton I wish it no better: this will serve to drink at my
chamber.

Goshawk Shall we taste a pipe on 't?

wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600

Laxton Not of this by my troth Gentlemen, I have sworn
before you.

Goshawk What not *Jack dapper*.

Laxton Pardon me sweet *Jack*, I'm sorry I made such a rash
oath, but foolish oaths must stand: where art going *Jack*.

Jack Dapper Faith to buy one feather.

Laxton One feather, the fool's peculiar still.

Jack Dapper Gull

Gull Master.

Jack Dapper Here's three halfpence for your ordinary, boy,
meet me an hour hence in Paul's.

Gull How three single halfpence; life, this will scarce serve
a man in sauce, a ha'p'orth of mustard, a ha'p'orth of oil, and a
ha'p'orth of vinegar, what's left then for the pickle herring: this
shows like small beer i' th' morning after a great surfeit of
wine o'er night, he could spend his three pound last night in
a supper amongst girls and brave bawdy-house boys, I
thought his pockets cackled not for nothing, these are the eggs
of three pound, I'll go sup 'em up presently. *Exit Gull*

Laxton Fight, nine, ten Angels, good wench i' faith, and one
that loves darkness well, she puts out a candle with the best
tricks of any drugster's wife in England: but that which mads
her I rail upon opportunity still, and take no notice on 't. The
other night she would needs lead me into a room with a candle
in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no sooner
entered but the candle was sent of an errand: now I not intending
to understand her, but like a puny at the Inns of venery,
called for another light innocently, thus reward I all her cunning
with simple mistaking. I know she cozens her husband to
keep me, and I'll keep her honest, as long as I can, to make
the poor man some part of amends, an honest mind of a
whoremaster, how think you amongst you, what a fresh
pipe, draw in a third man.

Goshawk No you're a hoarder, you engross by th' ounces.

At the Feather shop now.

Jack Dapper Puh I like it not.

Mistress Tiltyard What feather is 't you'd have sir.

img: 12-b
sig: D1r

wln 0626
wln 0627

These are most worn and most in fashion,
Amongst the Beaver gallants the stone Riders.

wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635
wln 0636
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wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662

img: 13-a
sig: D1v

wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675

The private stage's audience, the twelvepenny-stool Gentlemen,
I can inform you 'tis the general feather.

Jack Dapper And therefore I mislike it, tell me of general.

Now a continual *Simon* and *Jude's* rain

Beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes.

Show me — a — spangled feather,

Mistress Tiltyard Oh to go a-feasting with,
You'd have it for a hench boy, you shall.

*At the Sempster's
shop now.*

Master Openwork Mass I had quite forgot,
His Honor's footman was here last night wife,
Ha' you done with my Lord's shirt.

Mistress Openwork What's that to you sir,
I was this morning at his Honor's lodging,
Ere such a snake as you crept out of your shell.

Master Openwork Oh 'twas well done good wife.

Mistress Openwork I hold it better sir, than if you had done 't yourself.

Master Openwork Nay so say I: but is the Countess's smock almost
done mouse.

Mistress Openwork Here lies the cambric sir, but wants I fear me.

Master Openwork I'll resolve you of that presently,

Mistress Openwork Hey-day, Oh audacious groom,

Dare you presume to noblewomen's linen,
Keep you your yard to measure shepherd's holland,
I must confine you I see that.

At the Tobacco shop now.

Goshawk What say you to this gear.

Laxton I dare the arrant'st critic in Tobacco

To lay one fault upon 't. *Enter Moll in a frieze Jerkin and*

Goshawk Life yonder's *Moll*. *a black safeguard.*

Laxton Moll which Moll. *Goshawk* honest *Moll*.

Laxton Prithee let's call her — *Moll*.

All. *Moll, Moll, pist Moll*.

Moll How now, what's the matter.

Goshawk A pipe of good tobacco *Moll*.

Moll I cannot stay.

Goshawk Nay *Moll* puh, prithee hark, but one word i' faith.

Moll Well what is 't.

Greenwit Prithee come hither sirrah.

Laxton Heart I would give but too much money to be nibbling
with that wench, life, sh'as the Spirit of four great parishes,
and a voice that will drown all the City, methinks a brave
Captain might get all his soldiers upon her, and ne'er be
beholding to a company of mile-end milksops, if he could
come on, and come off quick enough: Such a *Moll* were a
marrowbone before an *Italian*, he would cry *bona roba*
till his ribs were nothing but bone. I'll lay hard siege to her,
money is that *Aqua fortis*, that eats into many a maidenhead,
where the walls are flesh and blood I'll ever pierce through with
a golden auger.

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wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
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wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699

img: 13-b
sig: D2r

Goshawk Now thy judgement *Moll*, is 't not good?

Moll Yes faith 'tis very good tobacco, how do you sell an ounce, farewell. God b' i' you *Mistress Gallipot*,

Goshawk Why *Moll*, *Moll*.

Moll I cannot stay now i' faith, I am going to buy a shag ruff, the shop will be shut in presently.

Goshawk 'Tis the maddest fantastical'st girl: — I never knew so much flesh and so much nimbleness put together.

Laxton She slips from one company to another, like a fat Eel between a Dutchman's fingers: — I'll watch my time for her.

Mistress Gallipot Some will not stick to say she's a man And some both man and woman.

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

The Feather shop again.

Moll. Save you; how does *Mistress Tiltyard*?

Jack Dapper *Moll*.

Moll Jack **Dapper**.

Jack Dapper How dost *Moll*.

Moll I'll tell thee by and by, I go but to th' next shop.

Jack Dapper Thou shalt find me here this hour about a feather.

Moll Nay and a feather hold you in play a whole hour, a goose will last you all the days of your life. Let me see a good shag ruff.

The Sempster shop.

Master Openwork *Mistress Mary* that shalt thou i' faith, and the best in the shop.

Mistress Openwork How now, greetings, love terms with a pox between you, have I found out one of your haunts, I send you for hollands, and you're i' th' the low countries with a mischief, I'm served with good ware by th' shift, that makes it lie dead so long upon my hands, I were as good shut up shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

Master Openwork Nay and you fall a-ringing once the devil cannot stop you, I'll out of the Belfry as fast as I can — *Moll*.

Mistress Openwork Get you from my shop.

Moll I come to buy.

Mistress Openwork I'll sell ye nothing, I warn ye my house and shop

Moll You goody *Openwork*, you that prick out a poor living And sews many a bawdy skin-coat together, Thou private pandress between shirt and smock, I wish thee for a minute but a man:

Thou shouldst never use more shapes, but as th' art

I pity my revenge, now my spleens up,

*Enter a fellow with
a long rapier by his side.*

I would not mock it willingly — ha' be thankful.

Now I forgive thee.

Mistress Openwork Marry hang thee, I never asked forgiveness in my life.

wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
wln 0708
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wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735

img: 14-a
sig: D2v

Moll You goodman swinesface.

Fellow What will you murder me.

Moll You remember slave, how you abused me t' other night in a Tavern.

Fellow Not I by this light.

Moll No, but by candlelight you did, you have tricks to save your oaths, reservations have you, and I have reserved somewhat for you, — as you like that call for more, you know the sign again.

Fellow Pox on 't, had I brought any company along with me to have borne witness on 't, 'twould ne'er have grieved me, but to be struck and nobody by, 'tis my ill fortune still, why tread upon a worm they say 'twill turn tail, but indeed a Gentleman

wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
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wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771

should have more manners.

Exit fellow.

Laxton Gallantly performed i' faith *Moll*, and manfully, I love thee for ever for 't, base rogue, had he offered but the least counterbuff, by this hand I was prepared for him.

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

Laxton No nor so much by a yard and a handful London measure..

Moll. Why do you speak this then, do you think I cannot ride a stone horse, unless one lead him by th' snaffle.

Laxton Yes and sit him bravely, I know thou canst *Moll*, 'twas but an honest mistake through love, and I'll make amends for 't any way, prithee sweet plump *Moll*, when shall thou and I go out o' town together.

Moll Whether to Tyburn prithee.

Laxton Mass that's out o' town indeed, thou hang'st so many jests upon thy friends still. I mean honestly to *Brainford*, *Staines* or *Ware*.

Moll What to do there.

Laxton Nothing but be merry and lie together, I'll hire a coach with four horses.

Moll I thought 'twould be a beastly journey, you may leave out one well, three horses will serve, if I play the jade myself.

Laxton Nay push th' art such another kicking wench, prithee be kind and let's meet.

Moll 'Tis hard but we shall meet sir.

Laxton Nay but appoint the place then, there's ten Angels in fair gold *Moll*, you see I do not trifle with you, do but say thou wilt meet me, and I'll have a coach ready for thee.

Moll Why here's my hand I'll meet you sir.

Laxton Oh good gold, — the place sweet *Moll*.

Moll It shall be your appointment.

Laxton Somewhat near Holborn *Moll*.

Moll In Gray's Inn fields then.

wln 0772

wln 0773

img: 14-b
sig: D3r

wln 0774

wln 0775

wln 0776

wln 0777

wln 0778

wln 0779

wln 0780

wln 0781

wln 0782

wln 0783

wln 0784

wln 0785

wln 0786

wln 0787

wln 0788

wln 0789

wln 0790

wln 0791

wln 0792

wln 0793

wln 0794

wln 0795

wln 0796

wln 0797

wln 0798

wln 0799

wln 0800

wln 0801

wln 0802

wln 0803

wln 0804

wln 0805

wln 0806

wln 0807

wln 0808

wln 0809

wln 0810

img: 15-a
sig: D3v

wln 0811

wln 0812

wln 0813

wln 0814

wln 0815

wln 0816

Laxton A match. *Moll* I'll meet you there.

Laxton The hour. *Moll* Three.

Laxton That will be time enough to sup at *Brainford*.

Fall from them to the other.

Master Openwork I am of such a nature sir, I cannot endure the house when she scolds, sh' has a tongue will be heard further in a still morning than Saint Antling's bell, she rails upon me for foreign wenching, that I being a freeman must needs keep a whore i' th' suburbs, and seek to impoverish the liberties, when we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

Goshawk No trouble at all, 'tis a pleasure to me to join things together.

Master Openwork Go thy ways, I do this but to try thy honesty
Goshawk. *The Feather shop.*

Jack Dapper How lik'st thou this *Moll*.

Moll Oh singularly, you're fitted now for a bunch, he looks for all the world with those spangled feathers like a nobleman's bedpost: The purity of your wench would I fain try, she seems like Kent unconquered, and I believe as many wiles are in her — Oh the gallants of these times are shallow lechers, they put not their courtship home enough to a wench, 'tis impossible to know what woman is thoroughly honest, because she's ne'er thoroughly tried, I am of that certain belief there are more queans in this town of their own making, than of any man's provoking, where lies the slackness then? many a poor soul would down, and there's nobody will push 'em: Women are courted but ne'er soundly tried,
As many walk in spurs that never ride. *The Sempster's shop.*

Mistress, Openwork Oh abominable.

Goshawk Nay more I tell you in private, he keeps a whore i' th' suburbs.

Mistress Openwork O spittle dealing, I came to him a Gentlewoman born. I'll show you mine arms when you please sir.

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

Mistress Openwork 'Tis well known he took me from a Lady's service, where I was well beloved of the steward, I had my Latin tongue, and a spice of the French before I came to him, and now doth he keep a suburban whore under my nostrils.

Goshawk There's ways enough to cry quit with him, hark in thine ear.

Mistress Openwork There's a friend worth a Million.

Moll I'll try one spear against your chastity *Mistress Tiltyard*
Though it prove too short by the burgh.

Trapdoor Mass here she is. *Enter Ralph Trapdoor*

wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826
wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
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wln 0834
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wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847

img: 15-b
sig: D4r

wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864

I'm bound already to serve her, though it be but a sluttish trick.
Bless my hopeful young Mistress with long life and great
limbs, send her the upper hand of all bailiffs, and their hungry
adherents.

Moll How now, what art thou?

Trapdoor A poor ebbing Gentleman, that would gladly wait
for the young flood of your service.

Moll My service! what should move you to offer your service
to me sir?

Trapdoor The love I bear to your heroic spirit and masculine
womanhood.

Moll So sir, put case we should retain you to us, what parts
are there in you for a Gentlewoman's service.

Trapdoor Of two kinds right Worshipful: movable, and
immovable: movable to run of errands, and immovable to
stand when you have occasion to use me.

Moll What strength have you.

Trapdoor Strength Mistress *Moll*, I have gone up into a steeple,
and stayed the great bell as 't has been ringing; stopped a windmill
going. *Moll trips up his heels he falls.*

Moll And never struck down yourself.

Trapdoor Stood as upright as I do at this present.

Moll Come I pardon you for this, it shall be no disgrace
to you: I have struck up the heels of the high German's
size ere now, — what not stand.

Trapdoor I am of that nature where I love, I'll be at my mistress'
foot to do her service.

Moll Why well said, but say your Mistress should receive
injury, have you the spirit of fighting in you, durst you second
her.

Trapdoor Life I have kept a bridge myself, and drove seven

at a time before me. *Moll* Ay.

Trapdoor But they were all Lincolnshire bullocks by my
troth. aside.

Moll Well, meet me in Gray's Inn fields, between three
and four this afternoon, and upon better consideration we'll
retain you.

Trapdoor I humbly thank your good Mistress-ship,
I'll crack your neck for this kindness. *Exit Trapdoor*

Laxton Remember three. *Moll meets Laxton*

Moll. Nay if I fail you hang me.

Laxton Good wench I' faith. *then Openwork.*

Moll. Who's this.

Master Openwork 'Tis I *Moll.*

Moll. Prithee tend thy shop and prevent bastards.

Master Openwork We'll have a pint of the same wine i' faith *Moll.*
The bell rings.

Goshawk Hark the bell rings, come Gentlemen.

wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873

Jack Dapper where shall's all munch.

Jack Dapper I am for Parker's ordinary.

Laxton He's a good guest to 'm, he deserves his board,
He draws all the Gentlemen in a term time thither,
We'll be your followers *Jack*, lead the way,
Look you by my faith the fool has feathered his nest well.

Exeunt Gallants.

*Enter Master Gallipot, Master Tiltyard, and servants
with Water-spaniels and a duck.*

wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883

Master Tiltyard Come shut up your shops, where's *Master
Openwork*.

Mistress Gallipot Nay ask not me *Master Tiltyard*.

Master Tiltyard Where's his water dog, puh — pist — hur — hur—pist

Master Gallipot Come wenches come, we're going all to
Hogsdon.

Mistress Gallipot To Hogsdon husband.

Master Gallipot Ay to Hogsdon pigsny.

Mistress Gallipot I'm not ready husband. *spits in the dog's mouth*

Master Gallipot Faith that's well — hum — pist — pist.

img: 16-a
sig: D4v

wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890

Master Gallipot Come *Mistress Openwork* you are so long.

Mistress Openwork I have no joy of my life *Master Gallipot*.

Master Gallipot Push, let your boy lead his Water-spaniel along,
and we'll show you the bravest sport at parlous pond, he trug,
he trug, he trug, here's the best duck in England, except my
wife, he, he, he, fetch, fetch, fetch, come let's away
Of all the year this is the sportful'st day.

wln 0891

Enter Sebastian solus.

wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904
wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909

Sebastian If a man have a free will, where should the use
More perfect shine than in his will to love.

All creatures have their liberty in that,

Though else kept under servile yoke and fear,

The very bondslave has his freedom there,

Amongst a world of creatures voiced and silent.

Must my desires wear fetters — yea are you

So near, then I must break with my heart's truth;

Meet grief at a back way — well: why suppose.

The two lewd tongues of slander or of truth

Pronounce *Moll* loathsome: if before my love

She appear fair, what injury have I,

I have the thing I like? in all things else

Mine own eye guides me, and I find 'em prosper,

Life what should ail it now? I know that man

Ne'er truly loves, if he gainsay 't he lies,

That winks and marries with his father's eyes.

I'll keep mine own wide open.

*Enter Sir Alexander
and listens to him.*

Enter Moll and a porter

wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917

img: 16-b
sig: E1r

Alexander Here's brave wilfulness, *with a viol on his back.*
A made match, here she comes, they met a purpose.

Porter Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber Mistress *Mary*.

Moll Fiddle Goodman hog-rubber, some of these porters bear so much for others, they have no time to carry wit for themselves.

Porter To your own chamber Mistress *Mary*.

Moll. Who'll hear an Ass speak: whither else Goodman

pageant-bearer: they're people of the worst memories.

Exit Porter.

Sebastian Why 'twere too great a burden love, to have them carry things in their minds, and a' their backs together.

Moll Pardon me sir, I thought not you so near.

Alexander So, so, so.

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

Moll Sir I am so poor to requite you, you must look for nothing but thanks of me, I have no humor to marry, I love to lie a' both sides a' th' bed myself; and again a' th' other side, a wife you know ought to be obedient, but I fear me I am too headstrong to obey, therefore I'll ne'er go about it, I love you so well sir for your good will I'd be loath you should repent your bargain after, and therefore we'll ne'er come together at first, I have the head now of myself, and am man enough for a woman, marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden loses one head, and has a worse i' th' place.

Alexander The most comfortablest answer from a Roaring Girl, that ever mine ears drunk in.

Sebastian This were enough now to affright a fool for ever from thee, when 'tis the music that I love thee for,

Alexander There's a boy spoils all again.

Moll Believe it sir I am not of that disdainful temper, but I could love you faithfully.

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

Moll But sleep upon this once more sir, you may chance shift a mind tomorrow, be not too hasty to wrong yourself, never while you live sir take a wife running, many have run out at heels that have done 't: you see sir I speak against myself, and if every woman would deal with their suitor so honestly, poor younger brothers would not be so often gulled with old cozening widows, that turn o'er all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poor Gentleman work hard for a pension, fare you well sir.

wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
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wln 0926
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wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955

img: 17-a
sig: E1v

wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
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wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992

Sebastian Nay prithee one word more.

Alexander How do I wrong this girl, she puts him off still.

Moll. Think upon this in cold blood sir, you make as much haste as if you were a going upon a sturgeon voyage, take deliberation sir, never choose a wife as if you were going to *Virginia*.

Sebastian And so we parted, my too-cursed fate.

Alexander She is but cunning, gives him longer time in 't.

Enter a Tailor:

Tailor Mistress *Moll*, Mistress *Moll*: so ho ho so ho.

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

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

Alexander Hoyda breeches, what will he marry a monster with two trinkets, what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must wear long coats like a fool.

Moll What fiddlings here, would not the old pattern have served your turn.

Tailor. You change the fashion, you say you'll have the great Dutch slop Mistress *Mary*.

Moll Why sir I say so still.

Tailor. Your breeches then will take up a yard more.

Moll Well pray look it be put in then.

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

Moll Pray make 'em easy enough.

Tailor. I know my fault now, t' other was somewhat stiff between the legs, I'll make these open enough I warrant you.

Alexander Here's good gear towards, I have brought up my son to marry a Dutch slop, and a French doublet, a codpiece daughter.

Tailor. So, I have gone as far as I can go.

Moll Why then farewell.

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

img: 17-b
sig: E2r

wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003

Moll Well sir, I'll send it by a Porter presently. *Exit Moll*

Tailor. So you had need, it is a lusty one, both of them would make any porter's back ache in England. *Exit Tailor.*

Sebastian I have examined the best part of man, Reason and judgement, and in love they tell me, They leave me uncontrolled, he that is swayed By an unfeeling blood, past heat of love His springtime must needs err, his watch ne'er goes right That sets his dial by a rusty clock,

Alexander So, and which is that rusty clock sir you.

Sebastian The clock at Ludgate sir, it ne'er goes true.

wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026
wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029

img: 18-a
sig: E2v

wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
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wln 1045
wln 1046
wln 1047
wln 1048
wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051

Alexander But thou goest falser: not thy father's cares
Can keep thee right, when that insensible work,
Obeys the workman's art, lets off the hour
And stops again when time is satisfied,
But thou runn'st on, and judgement, thy main wheel,
Beats by all stops, as if the work would break
Begun with long pains for a minute's ruin,
Much like a suffering man brought up with care.

At last bequeathed to shame and a short prayer,

Sebastian I taste you bitterer than I can deserve sir.

Alexander Who has bewitch thee son, what devil or drug,
Hath wrought upon the weakness of thy blood,
And betrayed all her hopes to ruinous folly?
Oh wake from drowsy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy soul sits with a golden dream
Flattered and poisoned, I am old my son,
Oh let me prevail quickly, for I have weightier business of mine own
Than to chide thee: I must not to my grave,
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lies
Only to sleep, and never cares to rise,
Let me dispatch in time, come no more near her.

Sebastian Not honestly, not in the way of marriage,

Alexander What sayst thou marriage, in what place, the
Sessions-house, and who shall give the bride, prithee, an
indictment.

Sebastian Sir now ye take part with the world to wrong her.

Alexander Why, wouldst thou fain marry to be pointed at,
Alas the number's great, do not o'er burden 't,
Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fix their eyes upon
As her thy folly dotes on. If thou long'st
To have the story of thy infamous fortunes,
Serve for discourse in ordinaries and taverns
Th' art in the way: or to confound thy name,
Keep on, thou canst not miss it: or to strike
Thy wretched father to untimely coldness,
Keep the left hand still, it will bring thee to 't.
Yet if no tears wrung from thy father's eyes,
Nor sighs that fly in sparkles, from his sorrows,
Had power to alter what is wilful in thee,
Methinks her very name should fright thee from her,
And never trouble me.

Sebastian Why is the name of *Moll* so fatal sir.

Alexander Many one sir, where suspect is entered,
For seek all *London* from one end to t' other,
More whores of that name, than of any ten other.

Sebastian What's that to her? let those blush for themselves.
Can any guilt in others condemn her?

wln 1052
wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066

img: 18-b
sig: E3r

I've vowed to love her: let all storms oppose me,
That ever beat against the breast of man,
Nothing but death's black tempest shall divide us.
Alexander Oh folly that can dote on naught but shame.
Sebastian Put case a wanton itch runs through one name
More than another, is that name the worse,
Where honesty sits possessed in 't? it should rather
Appear more excellent, and deserve more praise,
When through foul mists a brightness it can raise.
Why there are of the devils, honest Gentlemen,
And well descended, keep an open house,
And some a' th' (good man's) that are arrant knaves.
He hates unworthily, that by rote contemns,
For the name neither saves, nor yet condemns,
And for her honesty, I have made such proof an 't,

wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
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wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095

In several forms, so nearly watched her ways,
I will maintain that strict, against an army,
Excepting you my father: here's her worst,
Sh' has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes near it: and oftentimes
Through her apparel somewhat shames her birth,
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth,
Would all *Molls* were no worse.
Alexander This way I toil in vain and give but aim
To infamy and ruin: he will fall,
My blessing cannot stay him: all my joys
Stand at the brink of a devouring flood
And will be wilfully swallowed: wilfully.
But why so vain, let all these tears be lost,
I'll pursue her to shame, and so all's crossed. *Exit Sir Alexander*
Sebastian He is gone with some strange purpose, whose effect
Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,
To think I love so blindly: I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on th' other.
Wherein my joy sits with a full wish crowned;
Only his mood excepted which must change.
By opposite policies, courses indirect,
Plain dealing in this world takes no effect.
This mad girl I'll acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes known,
Twixt lovers' hearts, she's a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their own,
By her advice, for in that craft she's wise,
My love and I may meet, spite of all spies. *Exit Sebastian.*

wln 1096
wln 1097

Enter Laxton in Gray's Inn fields with the Coachman.

Laxton Coachman.

wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101

img: 19-a
sig: E3v

Coachman Here sir.
Laxton There's a tester more, prithee drive thy coach to the
hither end of Marybone park, a fit place for *Moll* to get in.
Coachman Marybone park sir.

wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131

The clock
strikes three.

Laxton Ay, it's in our way thou know'st.
Coachman It shall be done sir.
Laxton Coachman.
Coachman Anon sir.
Laxton Are we fitted with good frampold jades.
Coachman The best in Smithfield I warrant you sir.
Laxton May we safely take the upper hand of any coached velvet
cap or tuftaffety jacket, for they keep a vild swaggering
in coaches nowadays, the highways are stopped with
them.

Coachman My life for yours and baffle 'em too sir, — why they
are the same jades believe it sir, that have drawn all your famous
whores to *Ware*.

Laxton Nay then they know their business, they need no
more instructions.

Coachman They're so used to such journeys sir, I never use whip to
'em; for if they catch but the scent of a wench once, they run
like devils. *Exit Coachman with his whip.*

Laxton Fine *Cerberus*, that rogue will have the start of a
thousand ones, for whilst others trot a foot, he'll ride prancing
to hell upon a coach-horse.
Stay, 'tis now about the hour of her appointment, but yet I
see her not, hark what's this, one, two three, three by the clock
at Savoy, this is the hour, and Gray's Inn fields' the place,
she swore she'd meet me: ha yonder's two Inns a' Court men
with one wench, but that's not she, they walk toward
Islington out of my way, I see none yet dressed like her, I must
look for a shag ruff, a frieze jerkin, a short sword, and a
safeguard, or I get none: why *Moll* prithee make haste, or the
Coachman will curse us anon.

Enter Moll like a man.

wln 1132

wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136

img: 19-b
sig: E4r

Moll Oh here's my Gentleman: if they would keep
their days as well with their Mercers as their hours with
their harlots, no bankrupt would give seven score pound for a
sergeant's place, for would you know a catchpole rightly

wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140

derived, the corruption of a Citizen, is the generation of a sergent,
how his eye hawks for venery. Come are you ready sir.
Laxton Ready, for what sir.
Moll Do you ask that now sir, why was this meeting

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 1156
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wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
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wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173

img: 20-a
sig: E4v

'pointed.

Laxton I thought you mistook me sir,
You seem to be some young barrister,
I have no suit in law — all my land's sold
I praise heaven for 't; 't has rid me of much trouble,

Moll Then I must wake you sir, where stands the coach,

Laxton Who's this, *Moll*: honest *Moll*.

Moll So young, and purblind, you're an old wanton in your
eyes I see that.

Laxton Th' art admirably suited for the three pigeons at
Brainford, I'll swear I knew thee not.

Moll I'll swear you did not: but you shall know me now.

Laxton No not here, we shall be spied i' faith, the coach is better,
come. *Moll* Stay.

Laxton What wilt thou untruss a point *Moll*.

She puts off her cloak and draws.

Moll Yes, here's the point that I untruss, 't has but
one tag, 'twill serve though to tie up a rogue's tongue.

Laxton How.

Moll There's the gold with which you hired your hackney, here's her pace,
She racks hard, and perhaps your bones will feel it,
Ten angels of mine own, I've put to thine, win 'em, and wear 'em,

Laxton Hold *Moll*, Mistress *Mary*.

Moll Draw or I'll serve an execution on thee
Shall lay thee up till doomsday.

Laxton Draw upon a woman, why what dost mean *Moll*?

Moll To teach thy base thoughts manners: th' art one of those
That thinks each woman thy fond flexible whore,
If she but cast a liberal eye upon thee,
Turn back her head, she's thine, or amongst company,
By chance drink first to thee: then she's quite gone,
There's no means to help her: nay for a need,
Wilt swear unto thy credulous fellow lechers.

wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188

That th' art more in favor with a Lady at first sight
Than her monkey all her lifetime,
How many of our sex, by such as thou
Have their good thoughts paid with a blasted name
That never deserved loosely or did trip
In path of whoredom, beyond cup and lip.
But for the stain of conscience and of soul,
Better had women fall into the hands
Of an act silent, than a bragging nothing,
There's no mercy in 't — what durst move you sir,
To think me whorish? a name which I'd tear out
From the high German's throat, if it lay ledger there
To dispatch privy slanders against me.
In thee I defy all men, their worst hates,
And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,

wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210

img: 20-b
sig: F1r

With which they entangle the poor spirits of fools,
Distressed needlewomen and trade-fall'n wives.
Fish that must needs bite, or themselves be bitten,
Such hungry things as these may soon be took
With a worm fastened on a golden hook.
Those are the lecher's food, his prey, he watches
For quarreling wedlocks, and poor shifting sisters,
'Tis the best fish he takes: but why good fisherman,
Am I thought meat for you, that never yet
Had angling rod cast towards me? 'cause you'll say
I'm given to sport, I'm often merry, jest,
Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust?
O shame take all her friends then: but howe'er
Thou and the baser world censure my life,
I'll send 'em word by thee, and write so much
Upon thy breast, 'cause thou shalt bear 't in mind,
Tell them 'twere base to yield, where I have conquered.
I scorn to prostitute myself to a man,
I that can prostitute a man to me,
And so I greet thee.

Laxton Hear me.

Moll Would the spirits of all my slanders, were clasped in thine.

wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
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wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236

That I might vex an army at one time,

Laxton I do repent me, hold,

They fight.

Moll You'll die the better Christian then.

Laxton I do confess I have wronged thee *Moll*.

Moll Confession is but poor amends for wrong,
Unless a rope would follow.

Laxton I ask thee pardon.

Moll I'm your hired whore sir.

Laxton I yield both purse and body.

Moll Both are mine, and now at my disposing.

Laxton Spare my life.

Moll I scorn to strike thee basely.

Laxton Spoke like a noble girl i' faith.

Heart I think I fight with a familiar, or the Ghost of a fencer,
Sh' has wounded me gallantly, call you this a lecherous voyage?
Here's blood would have served me this seven year in broken
heads and cut fingers, and it now runs all out together, pox a' the
three pigeons, I would the coach were here now to carry me
to the Chirurgeons.

Exit Laxton.

Moll If I could meet my enemies one by one thus,
I might make pretty shift with 'em in time,
And make 'em know, she that has wit, and spirit,
May scorn to live beholding to her body for meat,
Or for apparel like your common dame,
That makes shame get her clothes, to cover shame.
Base is that mind, that kneels unto her body,

wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247

img: 21-a
sig: Flv

As if a husband stood in awe on's wife,
My spirit shall be Mistress of this house,
As long as I have time in 't. — Oh *Enter Trapdoor.*
Here comes my man that would be: 'tis his hour.
Faith a good well-set fellow, if his spirit
Be answerable to his umbles; he walks stiff,
But whether he will stand to 't stiffly, there's the point;
Has a good calf for 't, and ye shall have many a woman
Choose him she means to make her head, by his calf;
I do not know their tricks in 't, faith he seems
A man without; I'll try what he is within,

wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
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wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284

Trapdoor She told me Gray's Inn fields twixt three and four,
I'll fit her Mistress-ship with a piece of service,
I'm hired to rid the town of one mad girl. *She justles him*
What a pox ails you sir?
Moll He begins like a Gentleman,
Trapdoor Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eyesight:
Life he comes back again. *She comes towards him.*
Moll Was this spoke to me sir.
Trapdoor I cannot tell sir.
Moll Go y' are a coxcomb.
Trapdoor Coxcomb.
Moll Y' are a slave.
Trapdoor I hope there's law for you sir.
Moll Ye, do you see sir. *Turn his hat.*
Trapdoor Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what
house you're of.
Moll One of the Temple sir. *Filips him.*
Trapdoor Mass so methinks.
Moll And yet sometime I lie about chick lane.
Trapdoor I like you the worse because you shift your lodging so often
I'll not meddle with you for that trick sir.
Moll A good shift, but it shall not serve your turn.
Trapdoor You'll give me leave to pass about my business sir.
Moll Your business, I'll make you wait on me before I
ha' done, and glad to serve me too.
Trapdoor How sir, serve you, not if there were no more men
in England.
Moll. But if there were no more women in England
I hope you'd wait upon your Mistress then,
Trapdoor Mistress.
Moll Oh you're a tried spirit at a push sir,
Trapdoor What would your Worship have me do.
Moll You a fighter.
Trapdoor No, I praise heaven, I had better grace and more manners.
Moll As how I pray sir.
Trapdoor Life, 't had been a beastly part of me to have drawn
my weapons upon my Mistress, all the world would ha' cried

img: 21-b
sig: F2r

wln 1285

shame of me for that.

wln 1286

Moll Why but you knew me not.

wln 1287

Trapdoor Do not say so Mistress, I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had been in your belly.

wln 1288

Moll Well, we shall try you further, i' th' meantime we give you entertainment.

wln 1289

Trapdoor Thank your good Mistress-ship.

wln 1290

Moll How many suits have you.

wln 1291

Trapdoor No more suits than backs Mistress.

wln 1292

Moll Well if you deserve, I cast off this, next week, And you may creep into 't.

wln 1293

Trapdoor Thank your good Worship.

wln 1294

Moll Come follow me to Saint *Thomas Apostles*,

wln 1295

I'll put a livery cloak upon your back, the first thing I do,

wln 1296

Trapdoor I follow my dear Mistress. *Exeunt omnes*

wln 1297

wln 1298

wln 1299

wln 1300

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

wln 1301

Master Gallipot What *Pru*, Nay sweet *Prudence*.

wln 1302

Mistress Gallipot What a pruing keep you, I think the baby would have a teat it kyes so, pray be not so fond of me, leave your City humors, I'm vexed at you to see how like a calf you come bleating after me.

wln 1303

Master Gallipot Nay honey *Pru*: how does your rising up before all the table show? and flinging from my friends so uncivilly, fie *Pru*, fie, come.

wln 1304

Mistress Gallipot Then up and ride i' faith.

wln 1305

Master Gallipot Up and ride, nay my pretty *Pru*, that's far from my thought, duck: why mouse, thy mind is nibbling at something, **what** is 't, what lies upon thy Stomach?

wln 1306

Mistress Gallipot Such an ass as you: hoyda, y' are best turn midwife, or Physician: y' are a Potheary already, but I'm none of your drugs.

wln 1307

Master Gallipot Thou art a sweet drug, sweetest *Pru*, and the more thou art pounded, the more precious.

wln 1308

Mistress Gallipot Must you be prying into a woman's secrets: say ye?

wln 1309

Master Gallipot Woman's secrets.

wln 1310

wln 1311

wln 1312

wln 1313

wln 1314

wln 1315

wln 1316

wln 1317

wln 1318

wln 1319

img: 22-a
sig: F2v

wln 1320

Mistress Gallipot What? I cannot have a qualm come upon me but your teeth waters, till your nose hang over it.

wln 1321

Master Gallipot It is my love dear wife.

wln 1322

Mistress Gallipot Your love? your love is all words; give me deeds, I cannot abide a man that's too fond over me, so cookish; thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind,

wln 1323

Master Gallipot No *Pru*? why I hope I have handled. —

wln 1324

Mistress Gallipot Handle a fool's head of your own, — fie — fie.

wln 1325

wln 1326

wln 1327

wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
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

Master Gallipot Ha, ha, 'tis such a wasp; it does me good now to have her **sting** me, little rogue.

Mistress Gallipot Now fie how you vex me, I cannot abide these apron husbands: such cotqueans, you overdo your things, they become you scurvily.

Master Gallipot Upon my life she breeds, heaven knows how I have strained myself to please her, night and day: I wonder why we Citizens should get children so fretful and untoward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as gentle as milch kine: shall I leave thee my *Pru*.

Mistress Gallipot Fie, fie, fie.

Master Gallipot Thou shalt not be vexed no more, pretty kind rogue, take no cold sweet *Pru*. *Exit Master Gallipot.*

Mistress Gallipot As your wit has done: now Master *Laxton* show your head, what news from you? would any husband suspect that a woman crying, Buy any scurvy-grass, should bring love letters amongst her herbs to his wife, pretty trick, fine conveyance? had jealousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scurvy-grass blinds them all; *Laxton* with bays crown I thy wit for this, it deserves praise.

This makes me affect thee more, this proves thee wise, 'Lack what poor shift is love forced to devise? (to th' point)

She reads the letter.

O Sweet Creature — (a sweet beginning) *pardon my long absence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence; though Demophon was false to Phyllis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus was to Cres-sida: though Aeneas made an ass of Dido, I will die to thee ere I do so; o sweetest creature make much of me, for no man*

img: 22-b
sig: F3r

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

beneath the silver moon shall make more of a woman than I do of thee, furnish me therefore with thirty pounds, you must do it of necessity for me; I languish till I see some comfort come from thee, protesting not to die in thy debt, but rather to live so, as hitherto I have and will.

Thy true *Laxton* ever.

Alas poor Gentleman, troth I pity 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 linen?
Shall I pawn that for him? then if my mark
Be known I am undone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrupt: which way shall I turn?
Laxton, what with my own fears, and thy wants,
I'm **like** a needle 'twixt two adamants.

Enter Master Gallipot hastily.

wln 1371
wln 1372

Master Gallipot Nay, nay, wife, the women are all up, ha, how,

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

img: 23-a
sig: F3v

reading a' letters? I smell a goose, a couple of capons, and a gammon
of bacon from her mother out of the country, I hold my
life, — steal, — steal. *Mistress Gallipot* O beshrew your heart.
Master Gallipot What letter's that? I'll see 't. *She tears the letter.*
Mistress Gallipot Oh would thou hadst no eyes to see the downfall
of me and thyself: I'm for ever, for ever I'm undone.
Master Gallipot What ails my *Pru*? what paper's that thou tear'st?
Mistress Gallipot Would I could tear
My very heart in pieces: for my soul
Lies on the rack of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a woman's suffering.
Master Gallipot What means this?
Mistress Gallipot Had you no other vengeance to throw down,
But even in height of all my joys?
Master Gallipot Dear woman.
Mistress Gallipot When the full sea of pleasure and content seemed
to flow over me.
Master Gallipot As thou desirest to keep me out of bedlam,

wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
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wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
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wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420

tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at nurse fall'n sick, or
dead?
Mistress Gallipot Oh no.
Master Gallipot Heavens bless me, are my barns and houses
Yonder at Hockley hole consumed with fire,
I can build more, sweet *Pru*.
Mistress Gallipot 'Tis worse, 'tis worse.
Master Gallipot My factor broke, or is the *Jonas* sunk.
Mistress Gallipot Would all we had were swallowed in the waves,
Rather than both should be the scorn of slaves.
Master Gallipot I'm at my wit's end.
Mistress Gallipot Oh my dear husband,
Where once I thought myself a fixed star,
Placed only in the heaven of thine arms,
I fear now I shall prove a wanderer,
Oh *Laxton*, *Laxton*, is it then my fate
To be by thee o'erthrown?
Master Gallipot Defend me wisdom,
From falling into frenzy, on my knees.
Sweet *Pru*, speak, what's that *Laxton* who so heavy lies on thy bosom.
Mistress Gallipot I shall sure run mad.
Master Gallipot I shall run mad for company then: speak to me,
I'm *Gallipot* thy husband, — *Pru*, — why *Pru*.
Art sick in conscience for some villainous deed
Thou wert about to act, didst mean to rob me,
Tush I forgive thee, hast thou on my bed
Thrust my soft pillow under another's head?
I'll wink at all faults *Pru*, 'las that's no more,
Than what some neighbors near thee, have done before,
Sweet honey *Pru*, what's that *Laxton*?

wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427

img: 23-b
sig: F4r

Mistress Gallipot Oh.
Master Gallipot Out with him.
Mistress Gallipot Oh he's born to be my undoer,
This hand which thou call'st thine, to him was given,
To him was I made sure i' th' sight of heaven.
Master Gallipot I never heard this thunder.
Mistress Gallipot Yes, yes, before

wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432
wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435
wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438
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wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464

img: 24-a
sig: F4v

I was to thee contracted, to him I swore,
Since last I saw him twelve months three times told,
The Moon hath drawn through her light silver bow,
For o'er the seas he went, and it was said,
(But Rumor lies) that he in France was dead.
But he's alive, oh he's alive, he sent,
That letter to me, which in rage I rent,
Swearing with oaths most damnably to have me,
Or tear me from this bosom, oh heavens save me,
Master Gallipot My heart will break, — shamed and undone
for ever.
Mistress Gallipot So black a day (poor wretch) went o'er thee never.
Master Gallipot If thou shouldst wrestle with him at the law,
Th' art sure to fall, no odd slight, no prevention.
I'll tell him th' art with child.
Mistress Gallipot Umh.
Master Gallipot Or give out one of my men was ta'en abed
with thee.
Mistress Gallipot Umh, umh.
Master Gallipot Before I lose thee my dear *Pru*,
I'll drive it to that push.
Mistress Gallipot Worse, and worse still,
You embrace a mischief, to prevent an ill.
Master Gallipot I'll buy thee off him, stop his mouth with Gold,
Think'st thou 'twill do.
Mistress Gallipot Oh me, heavens grant it would,
Yet now my senses are set more in tune,
He writ, as I remember in his letter,
That he in riding up and down had spent,
(Ere he could find me) thirty pounds, send that,
Stand not on thirty with him.
Master Gallipot Forty *Pru*, say thou the word 'tis done, we
venture lives for wealth, but must do more to keep our wives,
thirty or forty *Pru*.
Mistress Gallipot Thirty good sweet
Of an ill bargain let's save what we can,
I'll pay it him with my tears, he was a man

wln 1465

When first I knew him of a meek spirit,

wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468

All goodness is not yet dried up I hope.
Master Gallipot He shall have thirty pound, let that stop all:
Love's sweets taste best, when we have drunk down Gall.

wln 1469
wln 1470

Enter Master Tiltyard, *and his wife*, Master Goshawk, *and*
Mistress Openwork.

wln 1471
wln 1472

Godso, our friends; come, come, smooth your cheek;
After a storm the face of heaven looks sleek.

wln 1473

Master Tiltyard Did I not tell you these turtles were together?

wln 1474

Mistress Tiltyard How dost thou sirrah? why sister *Gallipot*?

wln 1475

Mistress Openwork Lord how she's changed?

wln 1476

Goshawk Is your wife ill sir?

wln 1477

Master Gallipot Yes indeed la sir, very ill, very ill, never worse,

wln 1478

Mistress Tiltyard How her head burns, feel how her pulses work.

wln 1479

Mistress Openwork Sister lie down a little, that always does me
good.

wln 1480

Mistress Tiltyard In good sadness I find best ease in that too,
Has she laid some hot thing to her Stomach?

wln 1482

Mistress Gallipot No, but I will lay something anon.

wln 1483

Master Tiltyard Come, come fools, you trouble her, shall's go

wln 1485

Master Goshawk?

wln 1486

Goshawk Yes sweet *Master Tiltyard*; sirrah *Rosamond* I hold my
life *Gallipot* hath vexed his wife.

wln 1487

Mistress Openwork She has a horrible high color indeed.

wln 1488

Goshawk We shall have your face painted with the same red
soon at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in
a false alley; thou wilt not believe me that his bowls run with
a wrong bias.

wln 1489

Mistress Openwork It cannot sink into me, that he feeds upon
stale mutton abroad, having better and fresher at home.

wln 1490

Goshawk What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand

wln 1491

at rack and manger?

wln 1492

Mistress Openwork I'll saddle him in 's kind, and spur him till he
kick again.

wln 1493

Goshawk Shall thou and I ride our journey then.

wln 1494

wln 1495

wln 1496

wln 1497

wln 1498

wln 1499

img: 24-b
sig: G1r

wln 1500

Mistress Openwork Here's my hand.

wln 1501

Goshawk No more; come *Master Tiltyard*, shall we leap into
the stirrups with our women, and amble home?

wln 1502

Master Tiltyard Yes, yes, come wife.

wln 1503

Mistress Tiltyard In troth sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

wln 1504

Mistress Gallipot I hope I shall: farewell good sister: sweet *Master*
Goshawk.

wln 1505

Master Gallipot Welcome brother, most kindly welcome sir.

wln 1506

Omnes Thanks sir for our good cheer.

wln 1507

wln 1508

wln 1509

wln 1510

wln 1511

Exeunt all but Gallipot and his wife.

Master Gallipot It shall be so, because a crafty knave
Shall not outreach me, nor walk by my door

wln 1512
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515

With my wife arm in arm, as 'twere his whore,
I'll give him a golden coxcomb, thirty pound:
Tush *Pru* what's thirty pound? sweet duck look cheerly.
Mistress Gallipot Thou art worthy of my heart thou buy'st it dearly.

wln 1516

Enter Laxton muffled.

wln 1517
wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534

Laxton Uds light the tide's against me, a pox of your Pothearyship:
oh for some glister to set him going; 'tis one of *Hercules'*
labors, to tread one of these City hens, because their
cocks are still crowing over them; there's no turning tail here,
I must on.
Mistress Gallipot Oh, husband see he comes.
Master Gallipot Let me deal with him.
Laxton Bless you sir.
Master Gallipot Be you blessed too sir if you come in peace.
Laxton Have you any good pudding Tobacco sir?
Mistress Gallipot Oh pick no quarrels gentle sir, my husband
Is not a man of weapon, as you are,
He knows all, I have opened all before him, concerning you.
Laxton Zounds has she shown my letters.
Mistress Gallipot Suppose my case were yours, what would you do.
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaults,
Of father, mother, kindred, to dissolve
The knot you tied, and to be bound to him?

img: 25-a
sig: G1v

wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539
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wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557

How could you shift this storm off?
Laxton If I know hang me.
Mistress Gallipot Besides a story of your death was read
Each minute to me.
Laxton What a pox means this riddling?
Master Gallipot Be wise sir, let not you and I be tossed
On Lawyer's pens; they have sharp nibs and draw
Men's very heart-blood from them; what need you sir
To beat the drum of my wife's infamy,
And call your friends together sir to prove
Your **precontract**, when sh' has confessed it?
Laxton Umh sir, — has she confessed it?
Master Gallipot Sh' has 'faith to me sir, upon your letter sending.
Mistress. Gallipot I have, I have.
Laxton If I let this iron cool call me slave,
Do you hear, you dame *Prudence*? think'st thou vile woman
I'll take these blows and wink?
Mistress Gallipot Upon my knees.
Laxton Out impudence.
Master Gallipot Good sir.
Laxton You goatish slaves,
No wild foul to cut up but mine?
Master Gallipot Alas sir,

wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571

img: 25-b
sig: G2r

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

Laxton I'll have thee, wert thou more common
Than an hospital, and more diseased. —

Master Gallipot But one word good sir.

Laxton So sir.

Master Gallipot I married her, have **line** with her, and got
Two children on her body, think but on that;
Have you so beggarly an appetite
When I upon a dainty dish have fed
To dine upon my scraps, my leavings? ha sir?
Do I come near you now sir?

Laxton Be-lady you touch me.

Master Gallipot Would not you scorn to wear my clothes sir?

Laxton Right sir.

Master Gallipot Then pray sir wear not her, for she's a garment
So fitting for my body, I'm loath
Another should put it on, you will undo both.
Your letter (as she said) complained you had spent
In quest of her, some thirty pound, I'll pay it;
Shall that sir stop this gap up twixt you two?

Laxton Well if I swallow this wrong, let her thank you:
The money being paid sir, I am gone:
Farewell, oh women happy's he trusts none.

Mistress Gallipot Dispatch him hence sweet husband.

Master Gallipot Yes dear wife: pray sir come in, ere Master *Laxton* part
Thou shalt in wine drink to him,

Exit Master Gallipot and his wife.

Mistress Gallipot With all my heart; — how dost thou like my wit?

Laxton Rarely, that wile

By which the Serpent did the first woman beguile,
Did ever since, all women's bosoms fill;
Y' are apple eaters all, deceivers still.

Exit Laxton.

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave: Sir Davy Dapper, Sir Adam
Appleton, at one door, and Trapdoor at another door.*

Alexander Out with your tale Sir *Davy*, to Sir *Adam*.
A Knave is in mine eye deep in my debt.

Sir Dapper Nay: if he be a knave sir, hold him fast.

Alexander Speak softly, what egg is there hatching now.

Trapdoor A Duck's egg sir, a duck that has eaten a frog, I
have cracked the shell, and some villainy or other will peep out
presently; the duck that sits is the bouncing Ramp (that
Roaring Girl my Mistress) the drake that must tread is your
son *Sebastian*.

Alexander Be quick.

Trapdoor As the tongue of an oyster wench.

wln 1591
wln 1592

wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603

wln 1604

wln 1605

wln 1606

img: 26-a
sig: G2v

wln 1607

wln 1608

wln 1609

wln 1610

wln 1611

wln 1612

wln 1613

wln 1614

wln 1615

wln 1616

wln 1617

wln 1618

wln 1619

wln 1620

wln 1621

wln 1622

wln 1623

wln 1624

wln 1625

wln 1626

wln 1627

wln 1628

wln 1629

wln 1630

wln 1631

wln 1632

wln 1633

wln 1634

wln 1635

wln 1636

wln 1637

wln 1638

wln 1639

wln 1640

wln 1641

wln 1642

wln 1643

img: 26-b
sig: G3r

wln 1644

wln 1645

wln 1646

wln 1647

wln 1648

Alexander And see thy news be true.

Trapdoor As a barber's every Saturday night — mad *Moll*.

Alexander Ah.

Trapdoor Must be let in without knocking at your back gate.

Alexander So.

Trapdoor Your chamber will be made bawdy.

Alexander Good.

Trapdoor She comes in a shirt of male.

Alexander How shirt of mail?

Trapdoor Yes sir or a male shirt, that's to say in man's apparel.

Alexander To my son.

Trapdoor Close to your son: your son and her Moon will be in conjunction, if all Almanacs lie not, her black safeguard is turned into a deep slop, the holes of her upper body to button holes, her waistcoat to a doublet, her placket to the ancient seat of a codpiece, and you shall take 'em both with standing collars.

Alexander Art sure of this?

Trapdoor As every throng is sure of a pickpocket, as sure as a whore is of the clients all *Michaelmas* Term, and of the pox after the Term.

Alexander The time of their tilting?

Trapdoor Three.

Alexander The day?

Trapdoor This.

Alexander Away ply it, watch her.

Trapdoor As the devil doth for the death of a bawd, I'll watch her, do you catch her.

Alexander She's fast: here weave thou the nets; hark,

Trapdoor They are made.

Alexander I told them thou didst owe me money; hold it up: maintain 't.

Trapdoor Stiffly; as a Puritan does contention, Fox I owe thee not the value of a halfpenny halter.

Alexander Thou shalt be hanged in 't ere thou scape so. Varlet I'll make thee look through a grate.

Trapdoor I'll do 't presently, through a Tavern grate, drawer: pish. *Exit Trapdoor*

Adam. Has the knave vexed you sir?

Alexander Asked him my money, He swears my son received it: oh that boy

Will ne'er leave heaping sorrows on my heart,
Till he has broke it quite.

Adam. Is he still wild?

Alexander As is a russian Bear.

Adam. But he has left

wln 1649
wln 1650
wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657
wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
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wln 1664
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wln 1667
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wln 1670
wln 1671
wln 1672
wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680

img: 27-a
sig: G3v

His old haunt with that baggage.
Alexander Worse still and worse,
He lays on me his shame, I on him my curse.
Sir Davy. My son *Jack Dapper* then shall run with him,
All in one pasture.
Adam. Proves your son bad too sir?
Sir Davy. As villainy can make him: your *Sebastian*
Dotes but on one drab, mine on a thousand,
A noise of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whore,
A Mercer that will let him take up more,
Dice, and a water-spaniel with a Duck: oh,
Bring him abed with these, when his purse jingles,
Roaring boys follow at 's tail, fencers and ningles,
(Beasts *Adam* ne'er gave name to) these horse-leeches suck
My son, he being drawn dry, they all live on smoke.
Alexander Tobacco?
Sir Davy Right, but I have in my brain
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my son, and make him wise,
Or a stark fool; pray lend me your advice.
Both. That shall you good sir *Davy*.
Sir Davy. Here's the springe
I ha' set to catch this woodcock in: an action
In a false name (unknown to him) is entered.
I' th' Counter to arrest *Jack Dapper*.
Both. Ha, ha, he.
Sir Davy. Think you the Counter cannot break him?
Adam. Break him?
Yes and break's heart too if he lie there long.
Sir Davy. I'll make him sing a Counter tenor sure.
Adam. No way to tame him like it, there he shall learn
What money is indeed, and how to spend it.

wln 1681
wln 1682
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

Sir Davy. He's bridled there.
Alexander Ay, yet knows not how to mend it,
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a year,
Than one of the Counters does, men pay more dear
There for their wit than anywhere; a Counter
Why 'tis an university, who not sees?
As scholars there, so here men take degrees,
And follow the same studies (all alike.)
Scholars learn first Logic and Rhetoric.
So does a prisoner; with fine honeyed speech
At 's first coming in he doth persuade, beseech,
He may be lodged with one that is not itchy;
To lie in a clean chamber, in sheets not lousy,
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtle Logic, and quaint sophistry,
To make the keepers trust him.

wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713

Adam. Say they do.
Alexander Then he's a graduate.
Sir Davy. Say they trust him not,
Alexander Then is he held a freshman and a sot,
And never shall commence, but being still barred
Be expelled from the Master's side, to th' twopenny ward,
Or else i' th' hole, beg placed.
Adam. When then I pray proceeds a prisoner.
Alexander When money being the theme,
He can dispute with his hard creditors' hearts,
And get out clear, he's then a Master of Arts;
Sir Davy send your son to Woodstreet College,
A Gentleman can nowhere get more knowledge.
Sir Davy. There Gallants study hard.
Alexander True: to get money.
Sir Davy. ' lies by th' heels i' faith, thanks, thanks, I ha' sent
For a couple of bears shall paw him.

wln 1714

Enter Sergeant Curtilax and Yeoman Hanger.

wln 1715

Adam. Who comes yonder?

img: 27-b
sig: G4r

wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726
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wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742

Sir Davy. They look like puttocks, these should be they.
Alexander I know 'em, they are officers, sir we'll leave you.
Sir Davy. My good knights.
Leave me, you see I'm haunted now with spirits.
Both. Fare you well sir. *Exeunt Alexander and Adam,*
Curtilax This old muzzle chops should be he
By the fellow's description: Save you sir.
Sir Davy. Come hither you mad varlets, did not my man tell
you I watched here for you.
Curtilax One in a blue coat sir told us, that in this place an
old Gentleman would watch for us, a thing contrary to our
oath, for we are to watch for every wicked member in a City.
Sir Davy. You'll watch then **for** ten thousand, what's thy
name honesty?
Curtilax Sergeant *Curtilax* I sir.
Sir Davy. An excellent name for a Sergeant, *Curtilax.*
Sergeants indeed are weapons of the law,
When prodigal ruffians far in debt are grown,
Should not you cut them; Citizens were o'erthrown,
Thou dwell'st hereby in Holborn *Curtilax.*
Curtilax That's my circuit sir, I conjure most in that circle.
Sir Davy. And what young toward whelp is this?
Hanger Of the same litter, his yeoman sir, my name's *Hanger.*
Sir Davy. Yeoman *Hanger.*
One pair of shears sure cut out both your coats,
You have two names most dangerous to men's throats,
You two are villainous loads on Gentlemen's backs,

wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748
wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752

img: 28-a
sig: G4v

wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
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wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789

Dear ware, this *Hanger* and this *Curtilax*.

Curtilax We are as other men are sir, I cannot see but he who makes a show of honesty and religion, if his claws can fasten to his liking, he draws blood; all that live in the world, are but great fish and little fish, and feed upon one another, some eat up whole men, a Sergeant cares but for the shoulder of a man, they call us knaves and curs, but many times he that sets us on, worries more lambs one year, than we do in seven.

Sir Davy. Spoke like a noble *Cerberus*, is the action entered?

Hanger His name is entered in the book of unbelievers.

Sir Davy. What book's that?

Curtilax The book where all prisoners' names stand, and not one amongst forty, when he comes in, believes to come out in haste.

Sir Dapper Be as dogged to him as your office allows you to be.

Both. Oh sir.

Sir Davy. You know the unthrift *Jack Dapper*.

Curtilax Ay, Ay, sir, that Gull? as well as I know my yeoman.

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

Curtilax As damned a usurer as ever was among Jews; if he were sure his father's skin would yield him any money, he would when he dies flay it off, and sell it to cover drums for children at Bartholomew fair.

Sir Davy. What toads are these to spit poison on a man to his face? do you see (my honest rascals?) yonder greyhound is the dog he hunts with, out of that Tavern *Jack Dapper* will sally sa, sa; give the counter, on, set upon him.

Both. We'll charge him upo' th' back sir.

Sir Davy. Take no bail, put mace enough into his caudle, double your files, traverse your ground.

Both. Brave sir.

Sir Davy: Cry arm, arm, arm.

Both. Thus sir.

Sir Davy. There boy, there boy, away: look to your prey my true English wolves, and and so I vanish. *Exit Sir Davy*

Curtilax Some warden of the Sergeants begat this old fellow upon my life, stand close.

Hanger Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

Curtilax No nook thou yonder. *Enter Moll and Trapdoor.*

Moll Ralph.

Trapdoor What says my brave Captain male and female?

Moll This Holborn is such a wrangling street,

Trapdoor That's because Lawyers walks to and fro in 't.

Moll Here's such justling, as if every one we met were drunk and reeled.

Trapdoor Stand Mistress do you not smell carrion?

Moll Carrion? no, yet I spy ravens.

img: 28-b

wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803
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wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826

Trapdoor Some poor wind-shaken gallant will anon fall into
sore labor, and these men-midwives must bring him to bed
i' the counter, there all those that are great with child with
debts, lie in.

Moll Stand up.

Trapdoor Like your new maypole.

Hanger Whist, whew.

Curtilax Hump, no.

Moll Peeping? it shall go hard huntsmen, but I'll spoil
your game, they look for all the world like two infected maltmen
coming muffled up in their cloaks in a frosty morning
to London.

Trapdoor A course, Captain; a bear comes to the stake.

Enter Jack Dapper and Gull.

Moll It should be so, for the dogs struggle to be let
loose.

Hanger Whew. *Curtilax* Hemp.

Moll Hark *Trapdoor*, follow your leader.

Jack Dapper Gull.

Gull Master.

Jack Dapper Didst ever see such an ass as I am boy?

Gull No by my troth sir, to lose all your money, yet have
false dice of your own, why 'tis as I saw a great fellow used
t' other day, he had a fair sword and buckler, and yet a butcher
dry beat him with a cudgel.

Both. Honest Sergeant fly, fly Master *Dapper* you'll be arrested
else.

Jack Dapper Run *Gull* and draw.

Gull Run Master, *Gull* follows you.

Exit Dapper and Gull.

Curtilax I know you well enough, you're but a whore to hang
upon any man.

Moll Whores then are like Sergeants, so now hang you, draw
rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'll keep their beds,
and recover twenty marks damages.

Curtilax You shall pay for this rescue, run down shoe lane
and meet him.

wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831

wln 1832

wln 1833

Trapdoor Shoo, is this a rescue Gentlemen or no?

Moll Rescue? a pox on 'em, *Trapdoor* let's away,
I'm glad I have done perfect one good work today,
If any Gentleman be in Scrivener's bands,
Send but for *Moll*, she'll bail him by these hands.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Alexander Wengrave solus.

Alexander **Unhappy** in the follies of a son,

wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844
wln 1845
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wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861

img: 29-b
sig: H2r

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

wln 1874

wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879

Led against judgement, sense, obedience,
And all the powers of nobleness and wit; *Enter Trapdoor*
Oh wretched father, now *Trapdoor* will she come?
Trapdoor In man's apparel sir, I am in her heart now,
And share in all her secrets.
Alexander Peace, peace, peace.
Here take my German watch, hang 't up in sight,
That I may see her hang in English for 't.
Trapdoor I warrant you for that now, next Sessions rids her sir,
This watch will bring her in better than a hundred constables.
Alexander Good *Trapdoor* sayst thou so, thou cheer'st my heart
After a storm of sorrow, — my gold chain too,
Here take a hundred marks in yellow links.
Trapdoor That will do well to bring the watch to light sir.
And worth a thousand of your Headboroughs lanthorns.
Alexander Place that a' the Court cupboard, let it lie
Full in the view of her thief-whorish eye.
Trapdoor She cannot miss it sir, I see 't so plain, that I could
steal 't myself.
Alexander Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty; what she leaves,
Thou shalt come closely in, and filch away,
And all the weight upon her back I'll lay.
Trapdoor You cannot assure that sir.
Alexander No, what lets it?
Trapdoor Being a stout girl, perhaps she'll desire pressing,
Then all the weight must lie upon her belly.
Alexander Belly or back I care not so I've one.

Trapdoor You're of my mind for that sir.
Alexander Hang up my ruff band with the diamond at it,
It may be she'll like that best.
Trapdoor It's well for her, that she must have her choice, he
thinks nothing too good for her, if you hold on this mind
a little longer, it shall be the first work I do to turn thief
myself; would do a man good to be hanged when he is so well
provided for.
Alexander So, well said; all hangs well, would she hung so too,
The sight would please me more, than all their gilsterings:
Oh that my mysteries to such straits should run,
That I must rob myself to bless my son. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sebastian, with Mary Fitzallard like a page, and Moll.

Sebastian Thou hast done me a kind office, without touch
Either of sin or shame, our loves are honest.
Moll I'd scorn to make such shift to bring you together else.
Sebastian Now have I time and opportunity
Without all fear to bid thee welcome love. *Kiss.*

wln 1880
wln 1881
wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887
wln 1888
wln 1889
wln 1890
wln 1891
wln 1892
wln 1893
wln 1894
wln 1895
wln 1896

img: 30-a
sig: H2v

Mary. Never with more desire and harder venture.
Moll How strange this shows one man to kiss another.
Sebastian I'd kiss such men to choose *Moll*,
Methinks a woman's lip tastes well in a doublet:
Moll Many an old madam has the better fortune then,
Whose breathes grew stale before the fashion came,
If that will help 'em, as you think 'twill do,
They'll learn in time to pluck on the hose too.
Sebastian The older they wax *Moll*, troth I speak seriously,
As some have a conceit their drink tastes better
In an outlandish cup than in our own,
So methinks every kiss she gives me now
In this strange form, is worth a pair of two,
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eye
Of all suspicion, this is my father's chamber,
Upon which floor he never steps till night.
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his coming,

wln 1897
wln 1898
wln 1899
wln 1900
wln 1901
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wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927

At mine own chamber he still pries unto me,
My freedom is not there at mine own finding,
Still checked and curbed, here he shall miss his purpose.
Moll And what's your business now, you have your mind sir;
At your great suit I promised you to come,
I pitied her for name's sake, that a *Moll*
Should be so crossed in love, when there's so many,
That owes nine lays apiece, and not so little:
My tailor fitted her, how like you his work?
Sebastian So well, no Art can mend it, for this purpose,
But to thy wit and help we're chief in debt,
And must live still beholding.
Moll Any honest pity
I'm willing to bestow upon poor Ring-doves.
Sebastian I'll offer no worse play.
Moll. Nay and you should sir,
I should draw first and prove the quicker man,
Sebastian Hold, there shall need no weapon at this meeting,
But 'cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,
Here take this vial, run upon the guts,
And end thy quarrel singing.
Moll Like a swan above bridge,
For look you here's the bridge, and here am I.
Sebastian Hold on sweet *Moll*.
Mary. I've heard her much commended sir, for one that
was ne'er taught.
Moll I'm much beholding to 'em, well since you'll needs
put us together sir, I'll play my part as well as I can: it shall ne'er
be said I came into a Gentleman's chamber, and let his instrument
hang by the walls.
Sebastian Why well said *Moll* i' faith, it had been a shame for that

wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933

img: 30-b
sig: H3r

Gentleman then, that would have let it hung still, and ne'er offered thee it.

Moll There it should have been still then for *Moll*, for though the world judge impudently of me, I ne'er came into that chamber yet, where I took down the instrument myself.

Sebastian Pish let 'em prate abroad, th' art here where thou art

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

known and loved, there be a thousand close dames that will call the viol an unmannerly instrument for a woman, and therefore talk broadly of thee, when you shall have them sit wider to a worse quality.

Moll Push, I ever fall asleep and think not of 'em sir, and thus I dream.

Sebastian Prithee let's hear thy dream *Moll*.

wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945

Moll *I dream there is a Mistress,
And she lays out the money,
She goes unto her Sisters,
She never comes at any.*

The song.

Enter Sir *Alexander* behind them

wln 1946
wln 1947
wln 1948
wln 1949
wln 1950
wln 1951
wln 1952
wln 1953
wln 1954
wln 1955
wln 1956
wln 1957
wln 1958
wln 1959
wln 1960
wln 1961
wln 1962

*She says she went to th' Burse for patterns,
You shall find her at Saint Kathern's,
And comes home with never a penny.*

Sebastian That's a free Mistress 'faith.

Alexander Ay, Ay, Ay, like her that sings it, one of thine own choosing.

Moll But shall I dream again?
*Here comes a wench will brave ye,
Her courage was so great,
She lay with one o' the Navy,
Her husband lying i' the Fleet.
Yet oft with him she caviled,
I wonder what she ails,
Her husband's ship lay gravelled,
When hers could hoise up sails,
Yet she began like all my foes,
To call whore first: for so do those;
A pox of all false tails.*

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

Sebastian Marry amen say I.

Alexander So say I too.

Moll Hang up the viol now sir: all this while I was in a dream, one shall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keep my legs together; a watch, what's o'clock here.

Alexander Now, now, she's trapped.

img: 31-a
sig: H3v

wln 1969
wln 1970

Moll. Between one and two; nay then I care not: a watch and a musician are cousin Germans in one thing, they must

wln 1971
wln 1972
wln 1973
wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
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wln 1993
wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001
wln 2002
wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005

img: 31-b
sig: H4r

wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018

both keep time well, or there's no goodness in 'em, the one else deserves to be dashed against a wall, and t' other to have his brains knocked out with a fiddle case, what? a loose chain and a dangling Diamond.

Here were a brave booty for an evening-thief now,
There's many a younger brother would be glad
To look twice in at a window for 't,
And wriggle in and out, like an eel in a sandbag,
Oh if men's secret youthful faults should judge 'em,
'Twould be the general'st execution,
That e'er was seen in England; there would be but few left to
sing the ballads, there would be so much work: most of our
brokers would be chosen for hangmen, a good day for them:
they might renew their wardropes of free cost then.

Sebastian This is the roaring wench must do us good.

Mary. No poison sir but serves us for some use, which
is confirmed in her.

Sebastian Peace, peace, foot I did hear him sure, where'er he be.

Moll Who did you hear?

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

Alexander No wilt not be, am I alone so wretched
That nothing takes? I'll put him to his plunge for 't.

Sebastian Life, here he comes, — sir I beseech you take it,
Your way of teaching does so much content me,
I'll make it four pound, here's forty shillings sir.
I think I name it right: help me good *Moll*,
Forty in hand.

Moll Sir you shall pardon me,
I have more of the meanest scholar I can teach,
This pays me more, than you have offered yet.

Sebastian At the next quarter
When I receive the means my father 'lows me.
You shall have t' other forty,

Alexander This were well now,
Were 't to a man, whose sorrows had blind eyes,

But mine behold his follies and untruths,
With two clear glasses — how now?

Sebastian Sir.

Alexander What's he there?

Sebastian You're come in good time sir, I've a suit to you,
I'd crave your present kindness.

Alexander What is he there?

Sebastian A Gentleman, a musician sir, one of excellent fing'ring:

Alexander Ay, I think so, I wonder how they scaped her.

Sebastian H'as the most delicate stroke sir,

Alexander A stroke indeed, I feel it at my heart,

Sebastian Puts down all your famous musicians.

Alexander Ay, a whore may put down a hundred of 'em.

wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023
wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
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wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
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wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042

img: 32-a
sig: H4v

wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
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wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062

wln 2063

wln 2064

Sebastian Forty shillings is the agreement sir between us,
Now sir, my present means, mounts but to half on 't.
Alexander And he stands upon the whole.
Sebastian Ay indeed does he sir.
Alexander And will do still, he'll ne'er be in other tail,
Sebastian Therefore I'd stop his mouth sir, and I could,
Alexander Hum true, there is no other way indeed,
His folly hardens, shame must needs succeed.
Now sir I understand you profess music.
Moll I am a poor servant to that liberal science sir.
Alexander Where is it you teach?
Moll Right against Clifford's Inn.
Alexander Hum that's a fit place for it: you have many scholars.
Moll And some of worth, whom I may call my masters.
Alexander Ay true, a company of whoremasters; you teach to
sing too?
Moll Marry do I sir.
Alexander I think you'll find an apt scholar of my son, especially
for pricksong.
Moll I have much hope of him.
Alexander I am sorry for 't, I have the less for that: you can play
any lesson.
Moll At first sight sir.
Alexander There's a thing called the witch, can you play that?

Moll I would be sorry anyone should mend me in 't.
Alexander Ay, I believe thee, thou hast so bewitched my son,
No care will mend the work that thou hast done,
I have bethought myself since my art fails,
I'll make her policy the Art to trap her.
Here are four Angels marked with holes in them
Fit for his cracked companions, gold he will give her,
These will I make induction to her ruin,
And rid shame from my house, grief from my heart
Here son, in what you take content and pleasure,
Want shall not curb you, pay the Gentleman
His latter half in gold.
Sebastian I thank you sir.
Alexander Oh may the operation an 't, end three,
In her, life: shame, in him; and grief, in me. *Exit Alexander.*
Sebastian Faith thou shalt have 'em 'tis my father's gift,
Never was man beguiled with better shift.
Moll He that can take me for a male musician,
I cannot choose but make him my instrument,
And play upon him. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Mistress Gallipot, and Mistress Openwork.

Mistress Gallipot Is then that bird of yours (Master *Goshawk*) so wild?

wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077

img: 32-b
sig: 11r

Mistress Openwork A Goshawk, a Puttock; all for prey: he angles for fish, but he loves flesh better.

Mistress Gallipot Is 't possible his smooth face should have wrinkles in 't, and we not see them?

Mistress Openwork Possible? why have not many handsome legs in silk stockings villainous splay feet for all their great roses?

Mistress Gallipot Troth sirrah thou sayst true.

Mistress Openwork Didst never see an archer (as thou 'st walked by Bunhill) look a squint when he drew his bow?

Mistress Gallipot Yes, when his arrows have fline towards Islington, his eyes have shot clean contrary towards Pimlico.

Mistress Openwork For all the world so does Master *Goshawk* double with me.

wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
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wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112

Mistress Gallipot Oh fie upon him, if he double once he's not for me.

Mistress Openwork Because *Goshawk* goes in a shag-ruff band, with a face sticking up in 't, which shows like an agate set in a cramp-ring, he thinks I'm in love with him.

Mistress Gallipot 'Las I think he takes his mark amiss in thee.

Mistress Openwork He has by often beating into me made me believe that my husband kept a whore.

Mistress Gallipot Very good.

Mistress Openwork Swore to me that my husband this very morning went in a boat with a tilt over it, to the three pigeons at *Brainford*, and his punk with him under his tilt.

Mistress Gallipot That were wholesome.

Mistress Openwork I believed it, fell a-swearing at him, cursing of harlots, made me ready to hoise up sail, and be there as soon as he.

Mistress Gallipot So, so.

Mistress Openwork And for that voyage *Goshawk* comes hither incontinently, but sirrah this water-spaniel dives after no duck but me, his hope is having me at *Brainford* to make me cry quack.

Mistress Gallipot Art sure of it?

Mistress Openwork Sure of it? my poor innocent *Openwork* came in as I was poking my ruff, presently hit I him i' the teeth with the three pigeons: he forswore all, I up and opened all, and now stands he (in a shop hard by) like a musket on a rest, to hit *Goshawk* i' the eye, when he comes to fetch me to the boat.

Mistress Gallipot Such another lame Gelding offered to carry me through thick and thin, (*Laxton* sirrah) but I am rid of him now.

Mistress Openwork Happy is the woman can be rid of 'em all; 'las what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh 'em rightly man for man.

Mistress Gallipot Troth mere shallow things.

Mistress Openwork Idle simple things, running heads, and yet let 'em run over us never so fast, we shopkeepers (when all's done)

wln 2113

wln 2114

img: 33-a
sig: I1v

are sure to have 'em in our purse nets at length, and when they are in, Lord what simple animals they are.

wln 2115

Mistress Openwork Then they hang head.

wln 2116

Mistress Gallipot Then they droop.

wln 2117

Mistress Openwork Then they write letters.

wln 2118

Mistress Gallipot Then they cog.

wln 2119

Mistress Openwork Then they deal under hand with us, and we must inge with our husbands abed, and we must swear they are our cousins, and able to do us a pleasure at Court.

wln 2120

Mistress Gallipot And yet when we have done our best, all's but put into a riven dish, we are but frumped at and libeled upon.

wln 2121

Mistress Openwork Oh if it were the good Lord's will, there were a law made, no Citizen should trust any of 'em all.

wln 2122

Enter Goshawk.

wln 2123

Mistress Gallipot Hush sirrah, *Goshawk* flutters.

wln 2124

Goshawk How now, are you ready?

wln 2125

Mistress Openwork Nay are you ready? a little thing you see makes us ready.

wln 2126

Goshawk Us? why, must she make one i' the voyage?

wln 2127

Mistress Openwork Oh by any means, do I know how my husband will handle me?

wln 2128

Goshawk 'Foot, how shall I find water, to keep these two mills going? Well since you'll needs be clapped under hatches, if I sail not with you both till all split, hang me up at the main yard, and duck me; it's but liquoring them both soundly, and then you shall see their cork heels fly up high, like two swans when their tails are above water, and their long necks under water, diving to catch gudgeons: come, come, oars stand ready, the tide's with us, on with those false faces, blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband, casting out his net to catch fresh *Salmon* at *Brainford*.

wln 2129

Mistress Gallipot I believe you'll eat of a cod's head of your own dressing, before you reach half way thither.

wln 2130

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

wln 2131

Enter Laxton muffled.

wln 2132

Laxton Do you hear?

wln 2133

Mistress Gallipot Yes, I thank my ears.

wln 2134

Laxton I must have a bout with your Pothecaryship,

wln 2135

Mistress Gallipot At what weapon?

wln 2136

wln 2137

wln 2138

wln 2139

wln 2140

wln 2141

wln 2142

wln 2143

wln 2144

wln 2145

wln 2146

wln 2147

wln 2148

wln 2149

wln 2150

wln 2151

img: 33-b
sig: I2r

wln 2152

Laxton I must speak with you. *Mistress Gallipot* No.

wln 2153

Laxton No? you shall.

wln 2154

Mistress Gallipot Shall? away soused Sturgeon, half fish, half flesh.

wln 2155

Laxton 'Faith gib, are you spitting, I'll cut your tail puss-cat for this.

wln 2156

Mistress Gallipot 'Las poor *Laxton*, I think thy tail's cut already:

wln 2157

wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
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wln 2164
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wln 2188

img: 34-a
sig: l2v

wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
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wln 2197
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wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205

your worst;

Laxton If I do not, —

Exit Laxton.

Goshawk Come, ha' you done?

Enter Master Openwork.

'Sfoot *Rosamond*, your husband.

Master Openwork How now? sweet *Master Goshawk*, none more welcome,
I have wanted your embracements: when friends meet,

The music of the spheres sounds not more sweet,

Than does their conference: who is this? *Rosamond*:

Wife: how now sister?

Goshawk Silence if you love me.

Master Openwork Why masked?

Mistress Openwork Does a mask grieve you sir?

Master Openwork It does.

Mistress Openwork Then y' are best get you a-mumming.

Goshawk S'foot you'll spoil all.

Mistress Gallipot May not we cover our bare faces with masks
As well as you cover your bald heads with hats?

Master Openwork No masks, why, th' are thieves to beauty, that rob eyes
Of admiration in which true love lies,

Why are masks worn? why good? or why desired?

Unless by their gay covers wits are fired

To read the vild'st looks; many bad faces,

(Because rich gems are treasured up in cases)

Pass by their privilege current, but as caves

Damn miser's Gold, so masks are beauty's graves,

Men ne'er meet women with such muffled eyes,

But they curse her, that first did masks devise,

And swear it was some beldame. Come off with 't.

Mistress Openwork I will not.

Master Openwork Good faces masked are Jewels kept by spirits.
Hide none but bad ones, for they poison men's sights,

Show then as shopkeepers do their broidered stuff,

(By owl light) fine wares cannot be open enough,

Prithee (sweet *Rose*) come strike this sail.

Mistress Openwork Sail?

Master Openwork Ha? yes wife strike sail, for storms are in thine eyes:

Mistress Openwork Th' are here sir in my brows if any rise.

Master Openwork Ha brows? (what says she friend) pray tell me why
Your two flags were advanced; the Comedy,

Come what's the Comedy?

Mistress Openwork Westward ho.

Master Openwork How?

Mistress Openwork 'Tis Westward ho she says.

Goshawk Are you both mad?

Mistress Openwork Is 't Market day at *Brainford*, and your ware not
sent up yet?

Master Openwork What market day? what ware?

Mistress Openwork A pie with three pigeons in 't, 'tis drawn and

wln 2206
wln 2207
wln 2208
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wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219
wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225

img: 34-b
sig: 13r

stays your cutting up.
Goshawk As you regard my credit.
Master Openwork Art mad?
Mistress Openwork Yes lecherous goat; Baboon.
Master Openwork Baboon? then toss me in a blanket,
Mistress Openwork Do I it well? *Mistress Gallipot* Rarely.
Goshawk Belike sir she's not well; best leave her.
Master Openwork No,
I'll stand the storm now how fierce soe'er it blow.
Mistress Openwork Did I for this lose all my friends? refuse
Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made
A stale to a common whore?
Master Openwork This does amaze me.
Mistress Openwork Oh God, oh God, feed at reversion now?
A Strumpet's leaving? *Master Openwork* Rosamond,
Goshawk I sweat, would I lay in cold harbor.
Mistress Openwork Thou hast struck ten thousand daggers through
my heart.
Master Openwork Not I by heaven sweet wife.
Mistress Openwork Go devil go; that which thou swear'st by, damns thee

wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
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wln 2237
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wln 2241
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wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253

Goshawk S'heart will you undo me?
Mistress Openwork Why stay you here? the star, by which you
sail, shines yonder above *Chelsea*; you lose your shore if this
moon light you: seek out your light whore.
Master Openwork Ha?
Mistress Gallipot Push; your Western pug.
Goshawk Zounds now hell roars.
Mistress Openwork With whom you tilted in a pair of oars, this
very morning.
Master Openwork Oars? *Mistress Openwork* At *Brainford* sir.
Master Openwork Rack not my patience: *Master Goshawk*, some
slave has buzzed this into her, has he not? I run a tilt in *Brainford*
with a woman? 'tis a lie: What old bawd tells thee this?
'Sdeath 'tis a lie.
Mistress Openwork 'Tis one to thy face shall justify all that I speak.
Master Openwork 'Ud'soul do but name that rascal.
Mistress Openwork No sir I will not.
Goshawk Keep thee there girl: — then!
Mistress Openwork Sister know you this varlet? *Mistress Gallipot* Yes.
Master Openwork Swear true,
Is there a rogue so low damned? a second *Judas*? a common hangman?
cutting a man's throat? does it to his face? bite me behind
my back? a cur dog? swear if you know this hellhound.
Mistress Gallipot In truth I do,
Master Openwork His name?
Mistress Gallipot Not for the world;
To have you to stab him.
Goshawk Oh brave girls: worth Gold.

wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262

img: 35-a
sig: I3v

wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
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wln 2281
wln 2282
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wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299

Master Openwork A word honest master *Goshawk*.

Draw out his sword

Goshawk What do you mean sir?

Master Openwork Keep off, and if the devil can give a name to this new fury, holla it through my ear, or wrap it up in some hid character: I'll ride to *Oxford*, and watch out mine eyes, but I'll hear the brazen head speak: or else show me but one hair of his head or beard, that I may sample it; if the fiend I meet (in mine own house) I'll kill him: — the street.

Or at the Church door: — there — ('cause he seeks to untie The knot God fastens) he deserves most to die.

Mistress Openwork My husband titles him.

Master Openwork Master *Goshawk*, pray sir Swear to me, that you know him or know **him** not, Who makes me at *Brainford* to take up a petticoat beside my wife's,

Goshawk By heaven that man I know not.

Mistress Openwork Come, come, you lie.

Goshawk Will you not have all out?

By heaven I know no man beneath the moon Should do you wrong, but if I had his name, I'd print it in text letters.

Mistress Openwork Print thine own then, Did'st not thou swear to me he kept his whore?

Mistress Gallipot And that in sinful *Brainford* they would commit That which our lips did water at sir, — ha?

Mistress Openwork Thou spider, that hast woven thy cunning web In mine own house t' ensnare me: hast not thou Sucked nourishment even underneath this roof, And turned it all to poison? spitting it, On thy friend's face (my husband?) he as 'twere sleeping: Only to leave him ugly to mine eyes, That they might glance on thee.

Mistress Gallipot Speak, are these lies?

Goshawk Mine own shame me confounds:

Mistress Openwork No more, he's stung; Who'd think that in one body there could dwell Deformity and beauty, (heaven and hell) Goodness I see is but outside, we all set, In rings of Gold, stones that be counterfeit: I thought you none.

Goshawk Pardon me.

Master Openwork Truth I do. This blemish grows in nature not in you, For man's creation stick even moles in scorn On fairest cheeks, wife nothing is perfect born.

Mistress Openwork I thought you had been born perfect.

img: 35-b
sig: I4r

wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
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wln 2363
wln 2364
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wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372

img: 36-b
sig: K1r

Truth yet I'm loath to vex you, — tell you what;
Make up the money I had an hundred pound,
And take your belly full of her.

Master Gallipot An hundred pound?

Mistress Gallipot What a hundred pound? he gets none: what a hundred pound?

Master Gallipot Sweet *Pru* be calm, the Gentleman offers thus,
If I will make the moneys that are past
A hundred pound, he will discharge all courts,
And give his bond never to vex us more.

Mistress Gallipot A hundred pound? 'Las; take sir but threescore,
Do you seek my undoing?

Laxton I'll not bate one sixpence, — I'll maul you puss for
spitting.

Mistress Gallipot Do thy worst,
Will fourscore stop thy mouth?

Laxton No.

Mistress Gallipot Y' are a slave,
Thou Cheat, I'll now tear money from thy throat,
Husband lay hold on yonder tawny coat.

Greenwit Nay Gentlemen, seeing your women are so hot, I
must lose my hair in their company I see.

Mistress Openwork His hair sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much
in the nose as he did before.

Goshawk He has had the better Chirurgeon, Master *Greenwit*,
is your wit so raw as to play no better a part than a Sumner's?

Master Gallipot I pray who plays a knack to know an honest
man in this company?

Mistress Gallipot Dear 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.

Master Gallipot A very clean shift: but able to make me
lousy, On.

Mistress Gallipot Husband, I plucked (when he had tempted me to
think well of him) Get feathers from thy wings, to make him
fly more lofty. *Master Gallipot* O' the top of you wife: on.

Mistress Gallipot He having wasted them, comes now for more,
Using me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whose sin keeps him in breath: by heaven I vow,
Thy bed he never wronged, more than he does now.

Master Gallipot My bed? ha, ha, like enough, a shop-board will
serve to have a cuckold's coat cut out upon: of that we'll
talk hereafter: y' are a villain.

Laxton Hear me but speak sir, you shall find me none.

Omnes Pray sir, be patient and hear him.

Master Gallipot I am muzzled for biting sir, use me how you will.

Laxton The first hour that your wife was in my eye,

wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
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wln 2409

Myself with other Gentlemen sitting by,
(In your shop) tasting smoke, and speech being used,
That men who have fairest wives are most abused,
And hardly scaped the horn, your wife maintained
That only such spots in City dames were stained,
Justly, but by men's slanders: for her own part,
She vowed that you had so much of her heart;
No man by all his wit, by any wile,
Never so fine spun, should yourself beguile,
Of what in her was yours.

Master Gallipot Yet *Pru* 'tis well: play out your game at Irish
sir: Who wins?

Mistress Openwork The trial is when she comes to bearing:

Laxton I scorned one woman, thus, should brave all men,
And (which more vexed me) a she-citizen.
Therefore I laid siege to her, out she held,
Gave many a brave repulse, and me compelled

img: 37-a
sig: K1v

wln 2410
wln 2411
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With shame to sound retreat to my hot lust,
Then seeing all base desires raked up in dust,
And that to tempt her modest ears, I swore
Ne'er to presume again: she said, her eye
Would ever give me welcome honestly,
And (since I was a Gentleman) if it run low,
She would my state relieve, not to o'erthrow
Your own and hers: did so; then seeing I wrought
Upon her meekness, me she set at naught,
And yet to try if I could turn that tide,
You see what stream I strove with, but sir I swear
By heaven, and by those hopes men lay up there,
I neither have, nor had a base intent
To wrong your bed, what's done, is merriment:
Your Gold I pay back with this interest,
When I had most power to do 't