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



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img: 1-a
sig: [N/A]

img: 1-b
sig: A1r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

In 0009

In 0010

In 0011

In 0012

THE
KNIGHT OF
the Burning Pestle.

— *Quod si*
Iudicium subtile, videndis artibus illud
Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares:
Bæotum in crasso iurares aëre natos.
Horat. in Epist. ad Oct. Aug.

LONDON,
Printed for *Walter Burre*, and are to be sold at the
signe of the Crane in Paules Church-yard.
1613.

img: 2-a
sig: A1v

img: 2-b
sig: A2r

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003

TO HIS MANY
WAIES ENDEERED
friend Maister Robert Keysar.

ln 0004
ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013
ln 0014
ln 0015
ln 0016
ln 0017
ln 0018
ln 0019
ln 0020
ln 0021
ln 0022

*SIR, this vnfortunate child, who
in eight daies (as lately I haue
learned) was begot and borne
soone after, was by his parents
(perhaps because hee was so vn-
like his brethren) exposed to the
wide world, who for want of
iudgement, or not vnderstanding
the priuy marke of Ironie about
it (which shewed it was no of-spring of any vulgar
braine) vtterly reiected it: so that for want of accep-
tance it was euen ready to giue vp the Ghost, and was in
danger to haue bene smothered in perpetuall obliuion, if
you (out of your direct antipathy to ingratitude) had not
bene moued both to relieue and cherish it: wherein I must
needs commend both your iudgement, vnderstan-
ding, and singular loue to good wits; you afterwards sent
it to mee, yet being an infant and somewhat ragged, I
haue fostred it priuately in my bosome these two yeares,*

A2

and

The Epistle Dedicatory.

In 0023
In 0024
In 0025
In 0026
In 0027
In 0028
In 0029
In 0030
In 0031
In 0032
In 0033
In 0034
In 0035
In 0036
In 0037
In 0038
In 0039
In 0040

and now to shew my loue returne it to you, clad in good lasting cloaths, which scarce memory will weare out, and able to speake for it selfe; and withall, as it telleth mee, desirous to try his fortune in the world, where if yet it be welcome, both father and foster-father, nurse and child, haue their desired end. If it bee slighted or traduced, it hopes his father will beget him a yonger brother, who shall reuenge his quarrell, and challenge the world either of fond and meerey literall interpretation, or illiterate misprision. Perhaps it will be thought to bee of the race of Don Quixote: we both may confidently sweare, it is his elder aboue a yeare; and therefore may (by vertue of his birth-right) challenge the wall of him. I doubt not but they will meet in their aduentures, and I hope the breaking of one staffe will make them friends; and perhaps they will combine themselues, and trauell through the world to seeke their aduentures. So I commit him to his good fortune, and my selfe to your loue.

In 0041

Your assured friend

In 0042

W. B.

The

wln 0001
wln 0002
wln 0003

The famous Historie
Of the Knight of the burning
PESTLE.

wln 0004

Enter PROLOGVE.

wln 0005
wln 0006

FRom all that's neere the Court, from all
that's great

wln 0007
wln 0008

Within the compasse of the Citty-wals,
We now haue brought our Sceane.

wln 0009

Enter Citizen.

wln 0010

Cit. Hold your peace good-man boy.

wln 0011

Pro. What do you meane sir?

wln 0012

Cit. That you haue no good meaning: This seuen yeares
there hath beene playes at this house, I haue obserued it,
you haue still girds at Citizens; and now you call your play,
The London Marchant. Downe with your Title boy, downe
with your Title.

wln 0013

Pro. Are you a member of the noble Citty?

wln 0014

Cit. I am.

wln 0015

Pro. And a Free-man?

wln 0016

Cit. Yea, and a Grocer.

wln 0017

Pro. So Grocer, then by your sweet fauour, we intend
no abuse to the Citty.

wln 0018

Cit. No sir, yes sir, if you were not resolu'd to play the
Iacks, what need you study for new subiects, purposely to a-
abuse your betters? why could not you be contented, as well
as others, with the legend of *Whittington*, or the life & death
of sir *Thomas Gresham*? with the building of the Royall Ex-

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025

wln 0026

wln 0027

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
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wln 0037
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wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064

change? or the story of Queene *Elenor*, with the rearing of London bridge vpon wool-sackes?

Pro. You seeme to bee an vnderstanding man: what would you haue vs do sir?

Cit. Why present something notably in honour of the Commons of the Citty.

Pro. Why what doe you say to the life and death of fat *Drake*, or the repairing of Fleet-priuies?

Cit. I do not like that, but I will haue a Citizen, and hee shall be of my owne trade.

Pro. Oh you should haue told vs your minde a moneth since, our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that, I will haue a Grocer, and he shall do admirable things.

Pro. What will you haue him do?

Cit. Marry I will haue him —

Wife. Husband, husband.

Wife below.

Rafe. Peace mistresse.

Rafe below.

Wife. Hold thy peace *Rafe*, I know what I do I warrant tee. Husband, husband.

Cit. What sayst thou cunny?

Wife. Let him kill a Lyon with a pestle husband, let him kill a Lyon with a pestle.

Cit. So he shall, ll'e haue him kill a Lyon with a pestle.

Wife. Husband, shall I come vp husband?

Cit. I cunny. *Rafe* helpe your mistresse this way: pray gentlemen make her a little roome, I pray you sir lend me your hand to helpe vp my wife: I thanke you sir. So.

Wife. By your leaue Gentlemen all, Im'e something troublesome, Im'e a strãnger here, I was nere at one of these playes as they say, before; but I should haue seene *Iane Shore* once, and my husband hath promised me any time this Twelue-moneth to carry me to the *Bold Beauchams*, but in truth he did not, I pray you beare with me.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I haue a cupple stooles, and then begin, and let the Grocer do rare things.

Pro. But sir, we haue neuer a boy to play him, euery

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
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wln 0100
wln 0101

one hath a part already.

Wife. Husband, husband, for Gods sake let *Rafe* play him, beshrew mee if I do not thinke hee will goe beyond them all.

Cit. Well remembred wife, come vp *Rafe*: Il'e tell you Gentlemen, let them but lend him a suit of reparrell, and necessaries, and by Gad, if any of them all blow winde in the taile on him, Il'e be hang'd.

Wife. I pray you youth let him haue a suit of reparrell, Il'e be sworne Gentlemen, my husband tels you true, hee will act you sometimes at our house, that all the neighbours cry out on him: hee will fetch you vp a couraging part so in the garret, that we are all as feard I warrant you, that wee quake againe: wee'l feare our **chlidren** with him if they bee neuer so vn-ruly, do but cry, *Rafe comes, Rafe comes* to them, and they'l be as quyet as Lambes. Hold vp thy head *Rafe*, shew the Gentlemen what thou canst doe, speake a huffing part, I warrant you the Gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do *Rafe*, do.

Rafe. By heauen me thinkes it were an easie leap To plucke bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the sea,
Where neuer fathame line touch't any ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor from the lake of hell.

Cit. How say you Gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay Gentlemen, hee hath playd before, my husband sayes, *Musidorus* before the Wardens of our Company.

Cit. I, and hee should haue playd *Ieronimo* with a Shoemaker for a wager.

Pro. He shall haue a suite of apparrell if he will go in.

Cit. In *Rafe*, in *Rafe*, and set out the Grocery in their kinde, if thou lou'st me.

Wife. I warrant our *Rafe* will looke finely when hee's drest.

Pro. But what will you haue it cal'd?

Cit. *The Grocers honour.*

Pro. Me thinks *The Knight of the burning Pestle* were better.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 0102

Wif. Il'e be sworn husband, thats as good a name as can be.

wln 0103

Cit. Let it be so, begin, begin, my wife and I wil sit downe.

wln 0104

Pro. I pray you do.

wln 0105

Cit. What stately mucsike haue you? you haue shawmes.

wln 0106

Pro. Shawnes? no.

wln 0107

Cit. No? Im'e a thiefe if my minde did not giue me so. *Rafe* playes a stately part, and he must needs haue shawnes: Il'e be at the charge of them my selfe, rather then wee'l be without them. *Pro.* So you are like to be.

wln 0108

Cit. Why and so I will be: ther's two shillings, let's haue the waits of South-warke, they are as rare fellowes as any are in England; and that will fetch them all or'e the water with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

wln 0109

Pro. You shall haue them: will you sit downe then?

wln 0110

Cit. I, come wife.

wln 0111

Wife. Sit you merry all Gentlemen, Im'e bold to sit amongst you for my ease.

wln 0112

Pro. From all that's neere the Court, from all that's great.

wln 0113

Within the compasse of the Citty-walles,
We now haue brought our Sceane: flye farre from hence
All priuate taxes, immodest phrases,
What ere may but shew like vicious:
For wicked mirth neuer true pleasure brings,
But honest minds are pleas'd with honest things.
Thus much for that we do: but for *Rafes* part
You must answeere for your selfe.

wln 0114

wln 0115

wln 0116

wln 0117

wln 0118

wln 0119

wln 0120

wln 0121

wln 0122

wln 0123

wln 0124

wln 0125

wln 0126

wln 0127

wln 0128

Cit. Take you no care for *Rafe*, hee'l discharge himselfe I warrant you.

wln 0129

Wife. I faith Gentlemen Il'e giue my word for *Rafe*.

wln 0130

wln 0131

Actus primi, Scoena prima.

wln 0132

Enter Marchant, and Iasper his Prentice.

wln 0133

March. Sirrah, Il'e make you know you are my Prentice,
And whom my charitable loue redeem'd
Euen from the fall of fortune, gaue thee heate

wln 0134

wln 0135

And

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
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wln 0172

And growth, to be what now thou art, new cast thee,
Adding the trust of all I haue at home,
In forren Staples, or vpon the Sea
To thy direction, ti'de the good opinions
Both of my selfe and friends to thy endeauours,
So faire were thy beginnings, but with these,
As I remember, you had neuer charge,
To loue your Maisters daughter, and euen then,
When I had found a wealthy husband for her,
I take it, sir, you had not; but how euer,
I'le breake the necke of that commission,
And make you know you are but a Merchants Factor.

Iasp. Sir, I do liberally confesse I am yours,
Bound, both by loue and duty, to your seruice;
In which, my labour hath bene all my profit;
I haue not lost in bargaine, nor delighted
To weare your honest gaines vpon my backe,
Nor haue I giuen a pencion to my bloud,
Or lauishly in play consum'd your stocke.
These, and the miseries that do attend them,
I dare, with innocence, proclaime are strangers
To all my temperate actions; for your daughter,
If there be any loue, to my deseruings,
Borne by her vertuous selfe, I cannot stop it?
Nor, am I able to refraine her wishes.
She's priuate to her selfe and best of knowledge,
Whom she'le make so happy as to sigh for.
Besides, I cannot thinke you meane to match her,
Vnto a fellow of so lame a presence,
One that hath little left of *Nature* in him.

Mar. 'Tis very well sir, I can tell your wisdom
How all this shall bee cur'd. *Iasp.* Your care becomes you.

March. And thus it must be sir, I heere discharge you
My house and seruice, take your liberty,
And when I want a sonne I'le send for you.

Exit:

Iasp. These be the faire rewards of them that loue.
O you that liue in freedome neuer proue

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
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wln 0209

The trauell of a mind led by desire. *Enter Luce.*

Luce. Why, how now friend, struck with my fathers thun-

Iasp. Strucke and strucke dead vnlesse the remedy (der?
Be full of speede and vertue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your fathers.

Luce. But mine. *Iasp.* But yours, and onely yours I am,
That's all I haue to keepe mee from the Statute,
You dare be constant still. *Luce.* O feare me not,
In this I dare be better then a woman.

Nor shall his anger, nor his offers moue me,
Were they both equall to a Princes power.

Iasp. You know my riuall? *Luce.* Yes and loue him deerly
Euen as I loue an ague, or foule weather,
I prethee *Iasper* feare him not. *Iasp.* O no,
I do not meane to do him so much kindnesse,
But to our owne desires, you know the plot
We both agreed on. *Luce.* Yes, and will performe
My part exactly. *Iasp.* I desire no more,
Fare-well, and keepe my heart, 'tis yours. *Luce.* I take it,
He must do miracles makes me forsake it. *Exeunt.*

Cittiz. Fye vpon am little infidels, what a matters here
now? well, I'le be hang'd for a halfe-penny, if there be not
some abomination knauery in this Play, well, let 'em looke
toot, *Rafe* must come, and if there be any tricks a brewing, —

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too husband, a Gods name,
Rafe will find all out I warrant you, and they were older then
they are, I pray my pretty youth is *Rafe* ready.

Boy. He will be presently.

Wife. Now I pray you make my commendations vnto
him, and withall carry him this sticke of Licoras, tell him his
Mistresse sent it him, and bid him bite a peece, 'twill open his
pipes the better, say.

Enter Marchant, and Maister Humfery.

Mar. Come sir, shee's yours, vpon my faith she's yours
You haue my hand, for other idle lets
Betweene your hopes and her, thus, with a wind
They are scattered and no more: my wanton Prentice,

That

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 0210 That like a bladder, blew himselfe with loue,
wln 0211 I haue let out, and sent him to discouer
wln 0212 New Maisters yet vnknowne. *Humf.* I thanke you sir,
wln 0213 Indeed I thanke you sir, and ere I stir
wln 0214 It shall bee knowne, how euer you do deeme,
wln 0215 I am of gentle bloud and gentle seeme.
wln 0216 *March.* O sir, I know it certaine. *Humf.* Sir my friend,
wln 0217 Although, as Writers say, all things haue end,
wln 0218 And that we call a pudding, hath his two
wln 0219 O let it not seeme strange I pray to you,
wln 0220 If in this bloody simile, I put
wln 0221 My loue, more endlesse, then fraile things or gut.
wln 0222 *Wife.* Husband, I prethee sweete lambe tell me one thing,
wln 0223 But tell mee truely: stay youths I beseech you, till I question
wln 0224 my husband. *Citiz.* What is it mouse?
wln 0225 *Wife.* Sirrah, didst thou euer see a prettier child? how it
wln 0226 behaues it selfe, I warrant yee, and speakes, and lookes, and
wln 0227 pears vp the head? I pray you brother, with your fauor, were
wln 0228 you neuer none of M. *Monkesters* schollars?
wln 0229 *Cit.* Chicken, I prethee heartely containe thy selfe, the
wln 0230 childer are pretty childer, but when *Rafe* comes, Lambe.
wln 0231 *Wife.* I when *Rafe* comes conny; well my youth, you may
wln 0232 *Mar.* Wel sir, you know my loue, and rest, I hope, (proceed
wln 0233 Assur'd of my consent, get but my daughters,
wln 0234 And wed her when you please; you must be bold,
wln 0235 And clap in close vnto her, come, I know
wln 0236 You haue language good enough to win a wench.
wln 0237 *Wife.* A whoreson tyrant has ben an old stringer in's daies I
wln 0238 warrant him. *Humf.* I take your gentle offer and withall
wln 0239 Yeeld loue againe for loue recipocall. *Enter Luce.*
wln 0240 *Mar.* What *Luce* within there. *Lu.* Cal'd you sir? *Mar.* I did.
wln 0241 Giue entertainment to this Gentleman
wln 0242 And see you bee not froward: to her sir,
wln 0243 My presence will but bee an eye-soare to you. *Exit.*
wln 0244 *Humf.* Faire Mistresse *Luce*, how do you, are you well?
wln 0245 Giue me your hand and then I pray you tell,
wln 0246 How doth your little sister, and your brother?

And

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283

And whether you loue me or any other.
Luce. Sir, these are quickly answered. *Humf.* So they
Where women are not cruel: but how farre (are.
Is it now distant from this place we are in,
Vnto that blessed place your fathers warren.
Luce. What makes you thinke of that sir?
Humf. Euen that face
For stealing Rabbets whilome in that place,
God *Cupid*, or the Keeper, I know not whether
Vnto my cost and charges brought you thither,
And there began. *Luce.* Your game sir. *Humf.* Let no game,
Or any thing that tendeth to the same.
Bee euermore remembred, thou faire killer
For whom I sate me downe and brake my Tiller.
Wife. There's a kind Gentleman, I warrant you, when
will you do as much for me *George*?
Luce. Beshrew me sir, I am sorry for your losses,
But as the prouerbe saies, I cannot cry,
I would you had not seene me. *Humf.* So would I.
Vnlesse you had more maw to do me good.
Luce. Why, cannot this strange passion be withstood,
Send for a Constable and raise the Towne.
Humf. O no, my valiant loue will batter downe
Millions of Constables, and put to flight,
Euen that great watch of Mid-summer day at night.
Luce. Beshrew me sir, 'twere good I yeelded then,
Weake women cannot hope, where valiant men
Haue no resistance. *Humf.* Yeeld then, I am full
Of pittie, though I say it, and can pull
Out of my pocket, thus, a paire of gloues,
Looke *Lucy*, looke, the dogs tooth, nor the Doues
Are not so white as these; and sweete they bee,
And whipt about with silke, as you may see.
If you desire the price, sute from your eie,
A beame to this place, and you shall espie
F. S. which is to say, my sweetest hony,
They cost me three and two pence, or no mony.

Luce.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
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Luce. Well sir, I take them kindly, and I thanke you,
What would you more? *Hum.* Nothing. *Luce.* Why then
Humf. Nor so, nor so, for Lady I must tell, (fare-well.
Before we part, for what we met together,
God grant me time, and patience, and faire weather.
Luce. Speake and declare your minde in termes so brieve.
Humf. I shall, then first and formost for reliefe
I call to you, **I** if that you can affoord it,
I care not at what price, for on my word, it
Shall be repaid againe, although it cost me
More then I'le speake of now, for loue hath tost me,
In furious blanket like a Tennis ball,
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall.
Luce. Alas good Gentleman, alas the day.
Humf. I thanke you hartely, and as I say,
Thus do I still continue without rest,
I'th' morning like a man, at night a beast,
Roaring and bellowing myne owne disquiet,
That much I feare, forsaking of my diet,
Will bring me presently to that quandary,
I shall bid all adeiw: *Luce.* Now by S. *Mary*
That were great pitty. *Hum.* So it were beshrew me,
Then ease me lusty *Luce*, and pitty shew me.
Luce. Why sir, you know my will is nothing worth
Without my fathers grant, get his consent,
And then you may with assurance try me.
Humf. The Worshipfull your sire will not deny me.
For I haue askt him, and he hath repli'd,
Sweete Maister *Humfrey*, *Luce* shall be thy Bride.
Luce. Sweete Maister *Humfrey* then I am content.
Humf. And so am I intruth. *Luce.* Yet take me with you,
There is another clause must be annex,
And this it is, I swore and will performe it;
No man shall euer ioy me as his wife
But he that stole me hence, if you dare venter
I am yours; you need not feare, my father loues you,
If not farewell for euer. *Humf.* Stay Nymph, staie,

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0357

I haue a double Gelding culored bay,
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind,
Another for my selfe, though somewhat blind,
Yet true as trusty tree. *Luce.* I am satisfied,
And so I giue my hand, our course must lie
Through *Waltham* Forrest, where I haue a friend
Will entertaine vs, so fare-well sir *Humfrey,* *Exit Luce.*
And thinke vpon your businesse. *Humf.* Though I die,
I am resolu'd to venter life and lim,
For one so yong, so faire, so kind, so trim. *Exit Humfrey.*

Wife. By my faith and troth *George,* and as I am vertu-
ous, it is e'ne the kindest yong man that euer trod on shooe
leather, well, go thy waies if thou hast her not, 'tis not thy
fault 'faith.

Cit. I prethee mouse be patient, a shall haue her, or i'le
make some'em smoake for't.

Wife. That's my good lambe *George,* fie, this stinking
Tobacco kils men, would there were none in *England,* now I
pray Gentlemen, what good does this stinking Tobacco? do
you nothing, I warrant you make chimnies a your faces: o
husband, husband, now, now, there's *Rafe,* there's *Rafe.*

Enter Rafe like a Grocer in's shop, with two Prentices
Reading Palmerin of England.

Cit. Peace foole, let *Rafe* alone, harke you *Rafe;* doe not
straine your selfe too much at the first, peace, begin *Rafe.*

Rafe. Then *Palmerin* and *Trineus* snatching their Launces
from their **Dwarses**, and clasping their Helmets gallopt a-
maine after the Gyant, and *Palmerin* hauing gotten a sight of
him, came posting amaine, saying: Stay trayterous thiefe, for
thou maist not so carry away her, that is worth the greatest
Lord in the world, and with these words gaue him a blow on
the shoulder, that he stroake him besides his Elephant, and
Trineus comming to the Knight that had *Agricola* behind
him, set him soone besides his horse, with his necke broken
in the fall, so that the Princesse getting out of the thronge,
betweene ioy and griefe said; all happy Knight, the **mirrout**
of all such as follow Armes, now may I bee well assured of

the

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0394

the loue thou bearest me, I wonder why the Kings doe not raise an army of foureteene or fifteene hundred thousand men, as big as the Army that the Prince of *Portigo* brought against *Rocicler*, & destroy these Giants, they do much hurt to wandring Damsels, that go in quest of their Knights.

Wife. Faith husband and *Rafe* saies true, for they say the King of *Portugall* cannot sit at his meate, but the Giants & the Ettins will come and snatch it from him,

Cit. Hold thy tongue, on *Rafe*.

Rafe. And certainly those Knights are much to be commended, who neglecting their possessions, wander with a Squire and a Dwarfe through the Desarts to relieue poore Ladies.

Wife. I by my faith are they *Rafe*, let 'em say what they will, they are indeed, our Knights neglect their possessions well enough, but they do not the rest.

Rafe. There are no such courteous and faire well spoken Knights in this age, they will call one the sonne of a whore, that *Palmerin* of England, would haue called faire sir; and one that *Rosicler* would haue cal'd right beauteous Damsell, they will call dam'd bitch.

Wife. I'le besworne will they *Rafe*, they haue cal'd mee so an hundred times about a scuruy pipe of Tobacco.

Rafe. But what braue spirit could be content to sit in his shop with a flappet of wood and a blew apron before him selling *Methridatum* and *Dragons water* to visited houses, that might pursue feats of Armes, & through his noble atchieuements procure such a famous history to be written of his heroicke prowesse.

Cit. Well said *Rafe*, some more of those words *Rafe*.

Wife. They go finely by my troth.

Rafe. Why should not I then pursue this course, both for the credit of my selfe and our Company, for amongst all the worthy bookes of Atchieuements I doe not call to minde that I yet read of a Grocer Errant, I will be the said Knight, haue you heard of any, that hath wandred vnfurnished of his Squire and Dwarfe, my elder Prentice

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0396
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wln 0430
wln 0431

Tim shall be my trusty Squire, and little *George* my Dwarfe,
Hence my blew Aporne, yet in remembrance of my former
Trade, vpon my shiled shall be purtraide, a burning Pestle,
and I will be cal'd the *Knight oth burning Pestle*.

Wife. Nay, I dare sweare thou wilt not forget thy old
Trade, thou wert euer meeke. *Rafe*. *Tim*.

Tim. Anon.

Rafe. My beloued Squire, & *George* my Dwarfe, I charge
you that from hence-forth you neuer call me by any other
name, but the *Right Courteous and Valiant Knight of the bur-
ning Pestle*, and that you neuer call any female by the name of
a woman or wench, but faire Ladie, if she haue her desires,
if not distressed Damsell, that you call all Forrests & Heaths
Desarts, and all horses Palfries.

Wife. This is very fine, faith, do the Gentlemen like *Rafe*,
thinke you, husband?

Cittiz. I, I warrant thee, the Plaiers would giue all the
shooes in their shop for him.

Rafe. My beloued Squire *Tim*, stand out, admit this were
a Desart, and ouer it a Knight errant pricking, and I should
bid you inquire of his intents, what would you say?

Tim. Sir, my Maister sent me, to know whether **your**
are riding?

Rafe. No, thus; faire sir, the *Right Courteous and Valiant
Knight of the burning Pestle*, commanded me to enquire, vpon
what aduventure **your** are bound, whether to relieue some di-
stressed Damsels, or otherwise.

Cit. **Whoresome** blocke-head cannot remember.

Wife. I' faith, & *Rafe* told him on't before, all the Gentlemen
heard him, did he not Gentlemen, did not *Rafe* tel him on't?

George. *Right Courteous and Valiant Knight of the burning
Pestle*, here is a distressed Damsell, to haue a halfe penny-
worth of pepper.

Wife. That's a good boy, see, the little boy can hit it, by
my troth it's a fine child.

Rafe. Relieue her with all courteous language, now
shut vp shoppe, no more my Prentice, but my trusty

Squire

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468

Squire and Dwarfe, I must bespeak my shield and arming-
pestle.

Cit. Go thy waies *Rafe*, as Im'e a true man, thou art the
best on 'em all.

Wife. *Rafe, Rafe.*

Rafe. What say you mistresse?

Wife. I pre'thee come againe quickly sweet *Rafe*.

Rafe. By and by.

Exit Rafe.

Enter Iasper, and his mother mistresse Merri-thought.

Mist. merri. Giue thee my blessing? No, Il'e ner'e giue
thee my blessing, Il'e see thee hang'd first; it shall ner'e bee
said I gaue thee my blessing, th'art thy fathers owne sonne,
of the right bloud of the *Merri-thoughts*, I may curse the
time that er'e I knew thy father, he hath spent all his owne,
and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughes and dan-
ces, and sings, and cryes, *A merry heart liues long-a*. And
thou art a wast-thrift, and art run away from thy maister,
that lou'd thee well, and art come to me, and I haue laid vp a
little for my yonger sonne *Michael*, and thou think'st to be-
zell that, but thou shalt neuer be able to do it. Come hither
Michael, come *Michael*, downe on thy knees, thou shalt
haue my blessing.

Enter Michael.

Mich. I pray you mother pray to God to blesse me.

Mist. merri. God blesse thee: but *Iasper* shal neuer haue
my blessing, he shall be hang'd first, shall hee not *Michael*?
how saist thou?

Mich. Yes forsooth mother and grace of God.

Mist. merri. That's a good boy.

Wife. I faith it's a fine spoken child.

Iasp. Mother, though you forget a parents loue,
I must preserue the duty of a child.
I ran not from my maister, nor returne
To haue your stocke maintaine my Idlenesse.

Wife. Vngracious childe I warrant him, harke how hee
chops logicke with his mother: thou hadst best tell her she
lyes, do tell her she lyes.

Cit. If hee were my sonne, I would hang him vp by the

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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heeles, and flea him, and salt him, whoore-sonne halter-sack.

Iasp. My comming onely is to begge your loue,
Which I must euer, though I neuer gaine it,
And howsoever you esteeme of me,
There is no drop of bloud hid in these veines,
But I remember well belongs to you
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all againe, and let it out.

Mist. merri. I faith I had sorrow enough for thee (God knowes) but Il'e hamper thee well enough: get thee in thou vagabond, get thee in, and learne of thy brother *Michael*.

Old merri. within. Nose, nose, iolly red nose, and who gaue thee this iolly red nose?

Mist. merri. Harke, my husband hee's singing and hoiting,
And Im'e faine to carke and care, and all little enough.
Husband, *Charles, Charles Merithought*.

Enter old Merithought.

Old merri. Nutmegs and Ginger, Cinnamon and Cloues,
And they gaue me this iolly red Nose.

Mist. merri. If you would consider your state, you would haue little lust to sing, I-wisse.

Old merri. It should neuer bee considered while it were an estate, if I thought it would spoyle my singing.

Mist. merri. But how wilt thou do *Charles*, thou art an old man, and thou canst not worke, and thou hast not fortie shillings left, and thou eatest good meat, and drinkest good drinke, and laughest?

Old merri. And will do.

Mist. merri. But how wilt thou come by it *Charles*?

Old merri. How? why how haue I done hitherto this forty yeares? I neuer came into my dining roome, but at eleuen & six a clocke, I found excellent meat and drinke a'th table, my clothes were neuer worne out, but next morning a Taylor brought me a new suit; and without question it will be so euer: vse makes perfectnesse. If all should faile, it is but a little

straining

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0541
wln 0542

straining my selfe extraordinary, & laugh my selfe to death.

Wife. It's a foolish old man this: is not he *George*?

Cit. Yes Cunny.

Wife. Giue me a peny i'th purse while I liue *George*.

Cit. I by Ladie cunnie, hold thee there.

Mist. merri. Well *Charles*, you promis'd to prouide for *Iasper*, and I haue laid vp for *Michael*, I pray you pay *Iasper* his portion, hee's come home, and hee shall not consume *Michaels* stocke: he saies his maister turnd him away, but I promise you truly, I thinke he ran away.

Wife. No indeed mistresse *Merrithought*, though he bee a notable gallowes, yet Il'e assure you his maister did turne him away, euen in this place 'twas I' faith within this halfe houre, about his daughter, my husband was by.

Cit. Hang him rougue, he seru'd him well enough: loue his maisters daughter! by my troth Cunnie if there were a thousand boies, thou wouldst spoile them all with taking their parts, let his mother alone with him.

Wife. I *George*, but yet truth is truth.

Old merri. Where is *Iasper*, hee's welcome how euer, call him in, hee shall haue his portion, is he merry?

Enter Iasper and Michael.

Mist. merri. I foule chiue him, he is too merrie. *Iasper*, *Michael*.

Old merri. Welcome *Iasper*, though thou runst away, welcome, God blesse thee: 'tis thy mothers minde thou should'st receiue thy portion; thou hast beene abroad, and I hope hast learn'd experience enough to gouerne it, thou art of sufficient yeares, hold thy hand: one, two, three, foure, fiue, sixe, seuen, eight, nine, there's ten shillings for thee, thrust thy selfe into the world with that, and take some setled course, if fortune crosse thee, thou hast a retiring place, come home to me, I haue twentie shillings left, bee a good husband, that is, weare ordinary clothes, eate the best meate, and drinke the best drinke, bee merrie, and giue to the poore, and beleeeue me, thou hast no end of thy goods.

Iasp.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579

Iasp. Long may you liue free from all thought of ill,
And long haue cause to be thus merry still.
But father?

Old merri. No more words *Iasper*, get thee gone, thou
hast my blessing, thy fathers spirit vpon thee. Farewell *Ias-*
per, but yet or ere you part (oh cruell!) kisse me, kisse me
sweeting, mine owne deere iewell: So, now begone; no
words.

Exit Iasper.

Mis. mer. So *Michael*, now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forsooth mother, but Il'e haue my fathers bles-
sing first.

Mis. mer. No *Michael*, 'tis **now** matter for his blessing,
thou hast my blessing, begone; Il'e fetch my money & iew-
els, and follow thee: Il'e stay no longer with him I warrant
thee, truly *Charles* Il'e begone too.

Old merri. What you will not.

Mis. merri. Yes indeed will I.

Old merri. Hey ho, fare-well *Nan*, Il'e neuer trust wench
more againe, if I can.

Mis. merri. You shall not thinke (when all your owne
is gone) to spend that I haue beene scraping vp for *Mi-*
chael.

Old merri. Farewell good wife, I expect it not; all I haue
to doe in this world, is to bee merry: which I shall, if the
ground be not taken from me: and if it be,
When earth and seas from me are rest,
The skyes aloft for me are left.

Exeunt.

Boy danceth. Musicke.

Finis Actus primi.

Wife. Il'e be sworne hee's a merry old Gentleman for all
that. Harke, harke husband, harke, fiddles, fiddles; now sure-
ly they go finely. They say, 'tis present death for these fidlers
to tune their Rebeckes before the great Turkes grace, is't
not *George*? But looke, looke, here's a youth dances: now
good youth do a turne ath' toe, sweetheart, I'faith Ile haue
Rafe come and do some of his Gambols; hee'l ride the wild
mare Gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him. I
thanke you kinde youth, pray bid *Rafe* come.

Cit.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Cit. Peace Cunnie. Sirrah, you scuruie boy, bid the plai-
ers send *Rafe*, or by Gods — and they do not, Il'e teare
some of their periwigs beside their heads: this is all Riffe
Raffe.

Actus secundi Scœna prima.

Enter Merchant and Humphrey.

March. And how faith? how goes it now son *Humphrey*?

Humph. Right worshipfull, and my beloued friend
And father deere, this matters at an end.

March. 'Tis well, it should be so, Im'e glad the girle
Is found so tractable. *Humph.* Nay she must whirle
From hence, and you must winke: for so I say,
The storie tels, to morrow before day.

Wife. *George*, do'st thou thinke in thy conscience now 'twil
be a match? tell me but what thou thinkst sweet rogue, thou
seest the poore Gentleman (deere heart) how it labours and
throbs I warrant you, to be at rest: Il'e goe moue the father
fort.

Cit. No, no, I pre'thee sit still hony-suckle, thoul't spoile all,
if he deny him, Il'e bring halfe a dozē good fellows my selfe,
& in the shutting of an euening knock't vp, & ther's an end.

Wife. Il'e busse thee for that i'faith boy; well *George*, well,
you haue beene a wag in your daies I warrant you: but God
forgiue you, and I do with all my heart.

March. How was it sonne? you told me that to morrow
Before day breake, you must conuey her hence.

Humph. I must, I must, and thus it is agreed,
Your daughter rides vpon a browne-bay steed,
I on a sorrell, which I bought of *Brian*,
The honest Host of the red roaring Lion

In *Waltham* situate: then if you may
Consent in seemely sort, lest by delay,
The fatall sisters come and do the office,
And then you'l sing another song. *March.* Alasse
Why should you be thus full of grieve to me?
That do as willing as your selfe agree

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The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0652

To any thing so it be good and faire,
Then steale her when you will, if such a pleasure
Content you both, I'le sleepe and neuer see it,
To make your ioyes more full, but tell me why
You may not here performe your marriage?

Wife. Gods blessing a thy soule old man, i' faith thou art
loath to part true hearts, I see, a has her *Georg*, & I'me as glad
on't, well, go thy waies *Humphrey*, for a faire spoken man, I
beleuee thou hast not thy fellow within the wals of *London*,
& I should say the Suburbes too, I should not lie, why dost
not reioyce with me *George*? (mine Host i' faith.

Cit. If I could but see *Raph* againe, I were as merry as

Hum. The cause you seeme to aske, I thus declare,
Helpe me ô Muses nine, your daughter sweare
A foolish oath, the more it was the pittie,
Yet none but my selfe within this Citty,
Shall dare to say so, but a bold defiance
Shall meete him, were he of the noble Science.

And yet she sweare, and yet why did she sweare?
Truely I cannot tell, vnlesse it were
For her owne ease, for sure sometimes an oath,
Being sworne thereafter is like cordiall broth.
And this it was shee swore, neuer to marry,
But such a one, whose mighty arme could carry
(As meaning me, for I am such a one)
Her bodily away through sticke and stone,
Till both of vs arriue, at her request,
Some ten miles off, in the wilde *Waltham* Forrest.

March. If this be all, you shall not need to feare
Any deniall in your loue, proceed,
I'le neither follow, nor repent the deed.

Hum. Good-night, twenty good-nights, & twenty more.
And 20 more good-nights, that makes three-score.

Exeūt.

Enter mistresse Mery-thought, and her son Michael.

Mist. mer. Come *Michael*, art thou not weary boy?

Mich. No for-sooth mother not I.

Mist. mer. Where be we now child?

Mich.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0689

Mich. Indeed for-sooth mother I cannot tell, vnlesse we be at Mile-end, is not all the world Mile-end, Mother?

Mist. mer. No *Michael*, not al the world boy, but I can assure thee *Michael*, Mile-end is a goodly matter, there has bene a pitch-field my child betweene the naughty *Spaniels* and the *English-men*, and the *Spaniels* ran away *Michael*, and the *English-men* followed, my neighbour *Coxstone* was there boy, and kil'd them all with a birding peece. *Mich.* Mother forsooth.

Mist. mer. What saies my white boy?

Mich. Shall not my father go with vs too?

Mist. mer. No *Michael*, let thy father go snicke-vp, he shall neuer come between a paire of sheets with me againe, while he liues, let him stay at home & sing for his supper boy, come child sit downe, and I'le shew my boy fine knacks indeed, look here *Michael*, here's a Ring, and here's Bruch, & here's a Bracelet, and here's two Rings more, and here's mony and gold bi'th eie my boy. *Mich.* Shall I haue all this mother?

Mist. mer. I *Michael* thou shalt haue all *Michael*.

Cit. How lik'st thou this wench?

Wife. I cannot tell, I would haue *Raph, George*; I'le see no more else indeed-law, & I pray you let the youths vnderstand so much by word of mouth, for I tell you truely, I'me afraid a my boy, come, come *George*, let's be merry and wise, the child's a father-lesse child, and say they should put him into a streight paire of Gaskins, 'twere worse then knot-grasse, he would neuer grow after it.

*Enter Raph, Squire,
and Dwarfe.*

Cit: Here's *Raph*, here's *Raph*.

Wife. How do you *Raph*? you are welcome *Raph*, as I may say, it's a good boy, hold vp thy head, and be not afraid, we are thy friends *Raph*, the Gentlemen will praise thee *Raph*, if thou plaist thy part with audacity, begin *Raph* a Gods name.

Raph. My trusty Squire vnlace my Helme, giue mee my hat, where are we, or what Desart may this be?

Dwarfe. Mirrour of Knight-hood, this is, as I take it, the perrilous Waltham downe, In whose bottome stands the enchanted Valley.

Mist. mer. O *Michael*, we are betrai'd, we are betraid

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726

here be Gyants, flie boy, flie boy, flie. *Exeūt mother & Michael.*

Rafe. Lace on my helme againe: what noise is this?

A gentle Ladie flying? the imbrace

Of some vncurteous knight, I will releiue her.

Go squire, and say, the Knight that weares this pestle,

In honour of all Ladies, sweares reuenge

Vpon that recreant coward that pursues her.

Go comfort her, and that same gentle squire

That beares her companie. *Squire.* I go braue Knight.

Rafe. My trustie Dwarfe and friend, reach me my shield,

And hold it while I sweare: First by my knight-hood,

Then by the soule of *Amadis de Gaule*,

My famous Ancestor, then by my sword,

The beauteous *Brionella* girt about me,

By this bright burning pestle of mine honour,

The liuing Trophie, and by all respect

Due to distressed Damsels, here I vow

Neuer to end the quest of this faire Lady,

And that forsaken squire, till by my valour

I gaine their liberty. *Dwarf.* Heauen blesse the Knight

That thus relieues poore errant Gentlewomen.

Exit.

Wife. I marrie *Rafe*, this has some sauour in't, I would see
the proudest of them all offer to carrie his bookes after him.

But *George*, I will not haue him go away so soone, I shall bee

sicke if he go away, that I shall; Call *Rafe* againe *George*, call

Rafe againe, I pre'thee sweet heart let him come fight before

me, and let's ha some drums, and some trumpets, and let him

kill all that comes neere him, and thou lou'st me *George*.

Cit. Peace a little bird, hee shall kill them all and they

were twentie more on 'em then there are.

Enter Iasper.

Iasp. Now Fortune, if thou bee'st not onely ill,

Shew me thy better face, and bring about

Thy desperate wheele, that I may clime at length

And stand, this is our place of meeting,

If loue haue any constancie. Oh age!

Where onely wealthy men are counted happie:

How shall I please thee? how deserue thy smiles?

When

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0763

When I am onely rich in misery?
My fathers blessing, and this little coine
Is my inheritance, a strong reuene,
From earth thou art, and to the earth I giue thee,
There grow and multiply, whilst fresher aire,
Breeds me a fresher fortune, how, illusion!
What hath the Diuell coin'd himselfe before me?
'Tis mettle good, it rings well, I am waking,
And taking too I hope, now Gods deere blessing
Vpon his heart that left it here, 'tis mine,
These pearles, I take it, were not left for swine.

*spies the
casket.*

Exit.

Wife. I do not like that this vnthrifty youth should em-
becill away the money; the poore Gentlewoman his mother
will haue a heauy heart for it God knowes.

Cittiz. And reason good, sweet heart.

Wife. But let him go, I'le tell *Raph* a tale in's eare
shall fetch him againe with a Wanion I warrant him, if hee bee
aboue ground, and besides *George*, heere are a number of
sufficient Gentlemen can witnesse, and my selfe, and your
self, and the Musitians, if we be cal'd in question, but here
comes *Raph*, *George*, thou shalt here him speake, an he were
an Emperall.

Enter Rafe and Dwarfe.

Raph. Comes not sir Squire againe?

Dwar. Right courteous Knight,

Your Squire doth come and with him comes the Lady,

Enter mistresse Merr: and Michael, and Squire.

For and the Squire of Damsels as I take it.

Rafe. Madam if any seruice or deuoire
Of a poore errant Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it, I am prest to giue you succour,
For to that holy end I beare my Armour,

Mist. mer. Alas sir, I am a poore Gentlewoman, and I
haue lost my monie in this forrest.

Rafe. Desart, you would say Lady, and not lost
Whilst I haue sword and launce, dry vp your teares
Which ill befits the beauty of that face:

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0799
wln 0800

And tell the storie, if I may request it,
Of your disasterous fortune.

Mist. mer. Out alas, I left a thousand pound, a thousand pound, e'ne all the monie I had laid vp for this youth, vpon the sight of your Maistership, you lookt so grim, and as I may say it, sauing your presence, more like a Giant then a mortall man.

Rafe. I am as you are Ladie, so are they
All mortall, but why weepes this gentle Squire.

Mist. mer. Has hee not cause to weepe doe you thinke,
when he hath lost his inheritance?

Rafe. Yong hope of valour, weepe not, I am here
That will confound thy foe and paie it deere
Vpon his coward head, that dares denie,
Distressed Squires and Ladies equitie.
I haue but one horse, on which shall ride
This Ladie faire behind me, and before
This courteous Squire, fortune will giue vs more
Vpon our next aduenture; fairelie speed
Beside vs Squire and Dwarfe to do vs need.

Exeunt.

Cit. Did not I tell you *Nel* what your man would doe?
by the faith of my bodie wench, for cleane action and good deliuerie they may all cast their caps at him.

Wife. And so they may i'faith, for I dare speake it boldly,
the twelue Companies of *London* cannot match him, timber
for timber, well *George*, and hee be not inueigled by some of
these paltrie Plaiers, I ha much maruell, but *George* wee ha
done our parts if the boy haue any grace to be thankfull.

Cittiz. Yes I warrant thee duckling.

Enter Humphrey and Luce.

Hum. Good Mistresse *Luce* how euer I in fault am
For your lame horse; you're welcome vnto *VValtham*.
But which way now to go or what to saie
I know not truely till it be broad daie.

Luce. O feare not Maister *Humphrey*, I am guide
For this place good enough. *Hum.* Then vp and ride,
Or if it please you walke for your repose,

Or

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0837

Or sit, or if you will go plucke a rose:
Either of which shall be indifferent,
To your good friend and *Humphrey*, whose consent
Is so entangled euer to your will,
As the poore harmelesse horse is to the Mill.
Luce. Faith and you say the word we'le e'ne sit downe
And take a nap. *Hum.* 'Tis better in the Towne,
Where we may nap together, for beleue me
To sleepe without a snatch would mickle grieue me.
Luce. You're merrie Maister *Humphrey*. *Hum.* So I am,
And haue bene euer merrie from my Dam.
Luce. Your nurce had the lesse labour.
Hum. Faith it may bee,
Vnlesse it were by chance I did beray mee. *Enter Iasper.*
Iasp. *Luce* deere friend *Luce.* *Luce.* Heere *Iasper*.
Iasp. You are mine.
Hum. If it be so, my friend, you vse me fine,
What do you thinke I am? *Iasp.* An arrant noddie
Hum. A word of obloquie, now by Gods bodie,
I'le tell thy maister for I know thee well.
Iasp. Nay, and you be so forward for to tell,
Take that, and that, and tell him sir I gaue it,
And saie I paid you well. *Hum.* O sir I haue it,
And do confesse the paiement, praie be quiet.
Iasp. Go, get to your night-cap and the diet,
To cure your beaten bones. *Luce.* Alas poore *Humphrie*
Get thee some wholsome broth with sage and comfrie:
A little oile of Roses and a feather,
To noint thy backe withall. *Hum.* When I came hether,
Would I had gone to *Paris* with *Iohn Dorrie*.
Luce. Fare-well my prettie Nump, I am verie sorrie
I cannot beare thee companie. *Hum.* Fare-well,
The Diuels Dam was ne're so bang'd in hell. *Exeunt.*
manet Humphrey.
Wife. This yong *Iasper* will proue me another **Things**, a
my conscience and he may be suffered; *George*, dost not see
George how a swaggers, and flies at the very heads a fokes as

hee

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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he were a Dragō; well if I do not do his lesson for wronging
the poore Gentleman, I am no true woman, his friends that
brought him vp might haue bene better occupied, I wis,
then ha taught him these fegaries, hee's e'ne in the high-way
to the gallows, God blesse him.

Cit. You're too bitter, conny, the yong man may do wel
enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither Maister *Humfrey*, has hee hurt you?
now beshrew his fingers for't, here sweet heart, here's some
greene ginger for thee, now beshrew my heart but a has pep-
per-nel in's head, as big as a pullets egge, alas sweete lamb,
how thy Tempels beate; take the peace on him sweete heart,
take the peace on him.

Enter a boy.

Cit. No, no, you talke like a foolish woman, I'le ha *Raph*
fight with him, and swing him vp welfauourdie, sirrah boie
come hither, let *Raph* come in and fight with *Iasper*.

Wife. I, and beate him well, he's an vnhappy boy.

Boy. Sir you must pardon vs, the plot of our Plaie lies
contrarie, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our Plaie.

Cit. Plot mee no plots, I'le ha *Raph* come out, I'le make
your house too hot for you else.

Boy. Why sir he shall, but if anie thing fall out of order,
the Gentlemen must pardon vs.

Cit. Go your waies good-man boie, I'le hold him a pen-
nie hee shall haue his bellie-full of fighting now, ho heere
comes *Raph*, no more.

Enter Raph, mistresse Merri: Michael, Squire, and Dwarfe.

Raph. What Knight is that Squire, aske him if he keep
The passage, bound by loue of Ladie faire,
Or else but prickant. *Hum.* Sir I am no Knight,
But a poore Gentleman, that this same night,
Had stolne from me on yonder Greene,
My louelie wife, and suffered to be seene
Yet extant on my shoulders such a greeting,
That whilst I liue, I shall thinke of that meeting.

Wife. I *Raph* hee beate him vnmercifully, *Raph*, and thou
spar'st him *Raph* I would thou wert hang'd.

Cit.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 0911

Cit. No more, wife no more.

Rafe. Where is the caitife wretch hath done this deed.

Lady your pardon, that I may proceed

Vpon the quest of this iniurious Knight.

And thou faire Squire repute me not the worse,

In leauing the great venture of the purse,

And the rich casket till some better leasure,

*Enter Iasper
and Luce.*

Hum. Here comes the Broker hath purloin'd my treasure.

Raph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,

An Errant Knight at Armes, to craue deliuery

Of that faire Lady to her owne Knights armes.

If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,

And so defye him. *Squire.* From the Knight that beares

The golden Pestle, I defie thee Knight.

Vnlesse thou make faire restitution.

Of that bright Lady.

Iasp. Tell the Knight that sent thee

Hee is an Asse, and I will keepe the wench

And knocke his Head-peece.

Raph. Knight, thou art but dead,

If thou **thou** recall not thy vncurteous tearmes.

VVife. Breake's pate *Raph*, breake's pate *Raph*, soundly.

Iasper. Come Knight, I am ready for you, now your Pestel

Snatches away his Pestle.

Shall try what temper, sir, your Morters off

With that he stood vpriight in his stirrops,

And gaue the Knight of the Calue-skinne such a knocke,

That he forsooke his horse and downe he fell,

And then he leaped vpon him and plucking of his Helmet.

Hum. Nay, and my noble Knight be downe so soone,

Though I can scarely go I needs must runne.

Exit Humphery and Raph.

VVife. Runne *Raph*, runne *Raph*, runne for thy life boy,

Iasper comes, *Iasper* comes.

Iasper. Come *Luce*, we must haue other Armes for you,

Humphery and *Golden Pestle* both adiew.

Exeunt.

VVife. Sure the diuell, God blesse vs, is in this Springald,

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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why *George*, didst euer see such a fire-drake, I am afraid my boie's miscaried, if he be, though hee were Maister *Mery-thoughts* sonne a thousand times, if there bee any Law in *England* I'le make some of them smart for't.

Cit. No, no, I haue found out the matter sweete-heart, *Iasper* is enchanted, as sure as we are heere, he is enchanted, he could no more haue stood in *Raph's* hands, then I can stand in my Lord Maiors, I'le haue a ring to discouer all enchantments, and *Raph* shall beate him yet: be no more vext for it shall be so.

Enter Raph, Squire, Dwarfe, mistresse Mery-thought and Michaell.

Wife. O husband heere's *Raph* againe, stay *Raph* let mee speake with thee, how dost thou *Raph*? art thou not shroddly hurt? the soule great *Lungeis* laid vnmercifully on thee, there's some suger-candy for thee, proceed, thou shalt haue another bout with him.

Cit. If *Raph* had him at the Fencing-schoole, if hee did not make a puppy of him, and driue him vp and downe the schoole he should nere come in my shop more.

Mist. mer. Truly Maister Knight of the *Burning Pestle* I am weary.

Mich. Indeed law mother and I am very hungry.

Raph. Take comfort gentle Dame, and you faire Squire, For in this Desart there must needs be plac't, Many strong Castles, held by curteous Knights, And till I bring you safe to one of those, I swear by this my Order nere to leaue you.

Wife. Well said *Raph*, *George*, *Raph* was euer comfortable, was he not? *Cit.* Yes Ducke.

Wife. I shall nere forget him, when wee had lost our child, you know, it was straid almost, alone, to *Puddle-wharfe* and the Criers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd it selfe but for a Sculler, *Raph* was the most comfortablest to me: peace Mistresse, saies he, let it go, I'le get you another as good, did he not *George*? did he not say so?

Cit. Yes indeed did he mouse.

Dwarfe.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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Dwarfe. I would we had a messe of Pottage, and a pot
of drinke, Squire, and were going to bed.

Squire. Why we are at *Waltham* Townes end, and that's
the *Bell* Inne.

Dwarfe. Take courage valiant Knight, Damsel, & Squire
I haue discouered, not a stoness cast off,
An ancient Castle held by the old Knight
Of the most holy order of the *Bell*,
Who giues to all Knights errant entertaine:
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd,
By the white hands of his owne Lady deere.
He hath three Squires that welcome all his Guests.
The first high Chamberlino, who will see
Our beds prepar'd, and bring vs snowy sheetes,
Where neuer foote-man stretch'd his butter'd Hams.
The second hight *Tastero*, who will see
Our pots full filled and no froth therein.
The third a gentle Squire *Ostlero* hight,
Who will our Palfries slicke with wisps of straw,
And in the Maunger put them Oates enough,
And neuer grease their teeth with candle snuffe.

Wife. That same *Dwarfe*'s a pretty boy, but the *Squire*'s
a grout-nole.

Raph. Knocke at the Gates my *Squire* with stately
launce. *Enter Tapster.*

Tap. Who's there, you're welcome Gentlemen, will you
see a roome? (*Pestle*,

Dwarfe. Right curteous and valiant Knight of the burning
This is the *Squire Tapstero*.

Raph. Faire *Squire Tapstero*, I a wandring Knight,
Hight of the burning *Pestle*, in the quest
Of this faire Ladies Casket, and wrought purse,
Loosing my selfe in this vast Wildernesse
Am to this Castle well by fortune brought,
Where hearing of the goodly entertaine
Your Knight of holy Order of the *Bell*
Giues to all Damsels, and all errant Knights,

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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I thought to knocke, and now am bold to enter.

Tapster. An't please you see a chamber, you are very welcome.

Exeunt.

Wife. *George* I would haue something done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it *Nel*?

Wife. Why *George*, shall *Raph* beate no body againe? prethee sweete-heart let him.

Cit. So he shall *Nel*, and if I ioyne with him, wee'll knocke them all.

Enter Humphery and Merchant.

Wife. O *George* here's maister *Humphery* againe now, that lost Mistresse *Luce*, and Mistresse *Lucies* father, Maister *Humphery* will do some-bodies errant I warrant him.

Humf. Father, it's true, in armes I nere shall claspe her, For shee is stolne away by your man *Iasper*.

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

March. Vnhappy that I am to loose my child, Now I beginne to thinke on *Iaspers* words, Who oft hath vrg'd to me thy foolishnesse, Why didst thou let her go? thou loust her not, That wouldst bring home thy life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father forgiue me, shall I tell you true, Looke on my shoulders they are blacke and blew. Whilst too and fro faire *Luce* and I were winding, Hee came and basted me with a hedge binding.

March. Get men and horses straight, we will be there Within this houre, you know the place againe.

Hum. I know the place, where he my loines did swaddle, I'll get six horses, and to each a saddle.

Mar. Mean time I'll go talke with *Iaspers* father.

Exeunt.

Wife. *George*, what wilt thou laye with mee now, that Maister *Humphery* has not Mistresse *Luce* yet, speake *George*, what wilt thou laie with me?

Cit. No *Nel*, I warrant thee *Iasper* is at *Puckeridge* with her, by this.

Wife. Nay *George*, you must consider Mistresse *Lucies*

feete

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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feete are tender, and, besides, 'tis darke, and I promise you **tuely**, I doe not see how hee should get out of **Wa[...]** forrest with her yet.

Cit. Nay Cunny, what wilt thou laie with me that *Raph* has her not yet.

Wife. I will not lay against *Raph* hunny, because I haue not spoken with him, but looke *George*, peace, heere comes the merry old Gentleman againe.

Enter old Merrie-thought.

Old mer. When it was growne to darke midnight,
And all were fast asleepe,
In came *Margarets* grimely Ghost,
And stood at *Williams* feete.

I haue mony, and meate and drinke before hand, till to morrow at noone, why should I be sad? mee thinkes I haue halfe a dozen Iouiall spirits within mee, I am three merry men, and three merry men, To what end should any man be sad in this world? giue me a man that when hee goes to hanging cries, troule the blacke bowle to mee: and a woeman that will sing a **cath** in her Trauell. I haue seene a man come by my dore, with a serious face, in a blacke cloake, without a hat-band, carrying his head as if hee lookt for pinnes in the streete, I haue lookt out of my window halfe a yeare after, and haue spide that mans head vpon *London-bridge*: 'tis vile, neuer trust a Tailor that does not sing at his worke, his mind is of nothing but filching.

Wife. Marke this *George*, tis worth noting: **Godfry** my Tailor, you know, neuer sings, and hee had foureteene yards to make this Gowne, and I'le be sworne Mistresse *Pen-nistone* the Drapers wife had one made with twelue.

Old mer: 'Tis mirth that fils the veines with bloud,
More then wine, or sleepe, or food.
Let each man keepe his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keepe
From diseases, must not weepe,
But who euer laughes and sings,

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064
wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
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wln 1080
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wln 1082
wln 1083
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wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096

Neuer he his body brings
Into feuers, gouts, or rhumes,
Or lingringly his longs consumes:
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or Catharhes, or griping stone:
But contented liues for aye,
The more he laughes, the more he may.

Wife. Looke *George*, how saist thou by this *George*? is't not a fine old man? Now Gods blessing a'thy sweet lips. When wilt thou be so merry *George*? Faith thou art the frowningst little thing when thou art angry, in a Countrey.

Enter Merchant.

Cit. Peace Coney, thou shalt see him taken downe too I warrant thee; here's *Luces* father come now.

Old mer. As you came from *Walsingham*, frō that holy land, there met you not with my tru-loue by the way as you came

March. Oh Maister *Merri-thought*! my daughter's gone. This mirth becomes you not, my daughters gone.

Old merri. Why an if she be, what care I?
Or let her come or go, or tarry.

March. Mocke not my misery, it is your sonne,
Whom I haue made my owne, when all forsooke him,
Has stolne my onely ioy, my childe away. (gray,

Old mer. He set her on a milk-white steed, & himselfe vpō a
He neuer turn'd his face againe, but he bore her quite away.

March. Vnworthy of the kindnesse I haue shewn
To thee, and thine: too late I well perceiue
Thou art consenting to my daughters losse.

Old mer. Your daughter, what a stur's here wee yer daughter? Let her goe, thinke no more on her, but sing lowd. If both my sons were on the gallows, I would sing, *downe, down, downe*: they fall downe, and arise they neuer shall.

March. Oh might I behold her once againe,
And she once more embrace her aged sire.

Old merri. Fie, how scruily this goes: and she once more imbrace her aged sire? you'l make a dogge on her, will yee? she cares much for her aged sire I warrant you.

She

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
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

She cares cares not for her daddy, nor shee cares not for her
mammie,

For she is, she is, she is, she is my Lord of *Low-gaues* Lassie.

March. For this thy scorne, I will pursue
That sonne of thine to death.

Old merri. Do, and when you ha kild him,
Giue him flowers i'now Palmer: giue him flowers i'now,
Giue him red, and white, and blew, greene, and yellow.

March. Il'e fetch my daughter.

Old merri. Il'e heare no more a your daughter, it spoyles
my mirth.

March. I say Il'e fetch my daughter.

Old merri. Was neuer man for Ladies sake, *downe, downe,*
Tormented as I poore sir *Guy? de derry downe,*
For *Lucies* sake, that Lady bright, *downe, downe,*
As euer men beheld with eye? *de derry downe.*

March. Il'e be reueng'd by heauen.

Exeunt.

Musicke.

Finis Actus secundi.

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
wln 1132

Wife. How do'st thou like this *George*?

Cit. Why this is well coney: but if *Raph* were hot once,
thou shouldst see more.

Wife. The Fidlers go againe husband.

Cit. I *Nell*, but this is scuruy musicke: I gaue the whore-
son gallowes money, and I thinke hee has not got mee the
waits of South-warke, if I heare him not anan, Il'e twinge
him by the eares. You Musicians, play *Baloo.*

Wife. No good *George*, lets ha *Lachrimæ.*

Cit. Why this is it cony.

Wife. It's all the better *George*: now sweet lambe, what
story is that painted vpon the cloth? the confutation of Saint
Paul?

Cit. No lambe, that's *Raph* and *Lucrece.*

Wife. *Raph* and *Lucrece*? which *Raph*? our *Raph*?

Cit. No mouse, that was a Tartarian.

Wife. A Tartarian? well, I'wood the fidders had done, that
wee might see our *Raph* againe.

Actus

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1133

Actus tertius, Scoena prima.

wln 1134

Enter Iasper and Luce.

wln 1135

Iasp. Come my deere deere, though we haue lost our way,

wln 1136

We haue not lost our selues: are you not weary

wln 1137

With this nights wandring, broken from your rest?

wln 1138

And frighted with the terrour that attends

wln 1139

The darknesse of **these** wilde vn-peopled place?

wln 1140

Luce. No my best friend, I cannot either feare,

wln 1141

Or entertaine a weary thought, whilst you

wln 1142

(The end of all my full desires) stand by me.

wln 1143

Let them that loose their hopes, and liue to languish

wln 1144

Amongst the number of forsaken louers,

wln 1145

Tell the long weary steps, and number time,

wln 1146

Start at a shadow, and shrinke vp their bloud,

wln 1147

Whilst I (possest with all content and quiet)

wln 1148

Thus take my prettie loue, and thus imbrace him.

wln 1149

Iasp. You haue caught me *Luce*, so fast, that whilst I liue

wln 1150

I shall become your faithfull prisoner,

wln 1151

And were these chaines for euer. Come sit downe,

wln 1152

And rest your body, too too delicate

wln 1153

For these disturbances; so, will you sleepe?

wln 1154

Come, do not be more able then you are,

wln 1155

I know you are not skilfull in these watches:

wln 1156

For women are no souldiers; be not nice,

wln 1157

But take it, sleepe I say.

wln 1158

Luce. I cannot sleepe,

wln 1159

Indeed I cannot friend.

wln 1160

Iasp. Why then wee'l sing,

wln 1161

And try how that will worke vpon our sences.

wln 1162

Luce. Il'e sing, or say, or any thing but sleepe.

wln 1163

Ias. Come little Mer-maid, rob me of my heart

wln 1164

With that inchanting voyce.

wln 1165

Luce. You mocke me *Iasper*.

Song

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

Sung.

wln 1166

Iasp. *Tell me (dearest) what is loue?*

wln 1167

Luce. *'Tis a lightning from aboue,*

wln 1168

'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,

wln 1169

'Tis a boy they call desire.

wln 1170

'Tis a smile

wln 1171

Doth beguile

wln 1172

Ias. *The poore hearts of men that proue.*

wln 1173

Tell me more, are women true?

wln 1174

Luce. *Some loue change, and so do you.*

wln 1175

Ias. *Are they faire, and neuer kind?*

wln 1176

Luce. *Yes, when men turne with the winde.*

wln 1177

Ias. *Are they froward?*

wln 1178

Luce. *Euer toward,*

wln 1179

Those that loue, to loue a new.

wln 1180

wln 1181

Ias. *Dissemble it no more, I see the God*

wln 1182

Of heauy sleepe, lay on his heauy mace

wln 1183

Vpon your eye-lids. Luce. I am very heauy.

wln 1184

Iasp. Sleep, sleep, & quiet rest crowne thy sweet thoughts:

wln 1185

Keepe from her faire bloud, distempers, startings,

wln 1186

Horrors. and fearefull shapes: let all her dreames

wln 1187

Be ioyes, and chast delights, imbraces, wishes,

wln 1188

And such new pleasures, as the rauisht soule

wln 1189

Giues to the sences. So, my charmes haue tooke.

wln 1190

Keepe her you powers diuine, whilst I contemplate

wln 1191

Vpon the wealth and beauty of her minde.

wln 1192

She is onely faire, and constant: onely kinde,

wln 1193

*And onely to thee *Iasper*. Oh my ioyes!*

wln 1194

Whither will you transport me? let not fulnesse

wln 1195

Of my poore buried hopes, come vp together,

wln 1196

And ouer-charge my spirits: I am weake

wln 1197

Some say (how euer ill) the sea and women

wln 1198

Are govern'd by the Moone, both ebbe and flow,

wln 1199

Both full of changes: yet to them that know,

wln 1200

And truly iudge, these but opinions are,

wln 1201

And heresies to bring on pleasing warre

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1202 Betweene our tempers, that without these were
wln 1203 Both void of **ater-loue**, and present feare.
wln 1204 Which are the best of *Cupid*. Oh thou child!
wln 1205 Bred from dispaire, I dare not entertaine thee,
wln 1206 Hauing a loue without the faults of women,
wln 1207 And greater in her perfect goods then men:
wln 1208 Which to make good, and please my selfe the stronger,
wln 1209 Though certainly I am certaine of her loue,
wln 1210 Il'e try her, that the world and memory
wln 1211 May sing to after times, her constancie.
wln 1212 *Luce, Luce*, awake. *Luce*. Why do you fright me, friend,
wln 1213 With those distempered lookes? what makes your sword
wln 1214 Drawne in your hand? who hath offended you?
wln 1215 I pre'thee *Iasper* sleepe, thou art wilde with watching.
wln 1216 *Iasp*. Come make your way to heauen, and bid the world
wln 1217 (With all the villanies that sticke vpon it)
wln 1218 Fare-well; you'r for another life. *Luce*. Oh *Iasper*!
wln 1219 How haue my tender yeares committed euill,
wln 1220 (Especially against the man I loue)
wln 1221 Thus to be cropt vntimely? *Iasp*. Foolish girle,
wln 1222 Canst thou imagine I could loue his daughter,
wln 1223 That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
wln 1224 Discharged me his seruice, shut the doores
wln 1225 Vpon my pouerty, and scorn'd my prayers,
wln 1226 Sending me, like a boat without a mast,
wln 1227 To sinke or **swin**? Come, by this hand you dye,
wln 1228 I must haue life and bloud to satisfie
wln 1229 Your fathers wrongs.
wln 1230 *Wife*. Away *George*, away, raise the watch at *Ludgate*, and
wln 1231 bring a *Mittimus* from the Iustice for this desperate villaine.
wln 1232 Now I charge you Gentlemen, see the Kings peace kept. O
wln 1233 my heart what a varlet's this to offer man-slaughter vpon the
wln 1234 harmelesse **Gntlewoman**?
wln 1235 *Cit*. I warrant thee (sweet heart) wee'l haue him ham-
wln 1236 pered.
wln 1237 *Luce*. Oh *Iasper*! be not cruell,
wln 1238 If thou wilt kill me, smile and do it quickly.

And

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1239
wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
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wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
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wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275

And let not many deaths appeare before me.
I am a woman made of feare and loue,
A weake, weake woman, kill not with thy eyes,
They shoot me through and through. Strike I am ready,
And dying stil I loue thee. *Enter Merchant, Humphrey, and*
March. Where abouts. *his men.*
Iasp. No more of this, now to my selfe againe.
Hum. There, there he stands with sword like martial knight
Drawne in his hand, therefore beware the fight
You that be wise: for were I good sir *Beuis*,
I would not stay his comming, by your leaues.
March. Sirrah, restore my daughter. *Iasp.* Sirrah, no.
March. Vpon him then.
Wife. So, downe with him, downe with
him, downe with him: cut him i'th leg boies, cut him i'th leg.
March. Come your waies Minion, Il'e prouide a Cage
For you, your growne so tame. Horse her away.
Humph. Truly Ime glad your forces haue the day. *exeunt.*
Iasp. They are gone, and I am hurt, my loue is lost, *manet*
Neuer to get againe. Oh me vnhappy! *Iasper.*
Bleed, bleed, and dye, I cannot: Oh my folly!
Thou hast betraid me. Hope where art thou fled?
Tell me if thou bee'st any where remaining.
Shall I but see my loue againe? Oh no!
She will not daine to looke vpon her butcher,
Nor is it fit she should; yet I must venter.
Oh chance, or fortune, or what ere thou art
That men adore for powerfull, heare my cry,
And let me louing, liue; or loosing, die. *Exit.*
Wife. Is a gone *George*?
Cit. I conie.
Wife. Marie and let him goe (sweet heart,) by the faith a
my body a has put me into such a fright, that I tremble (as
they say) as 'twere an Aspine leafe: looke a my little finger
George, how it shakes: now i truth euery member of my bo-
dy is the worse for't.
Cit. Come, hugge in mine armes sweet mouse, hee shall

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
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wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312

not fright thee any more: alas mine owne deere heart, how
it quiuers.

*Enter Mistresse Merrithought, Rafe, Michall, Squire
Dwarfe, Host, and a Tapster.*

Wife. O *Rafe*, how dost thou *Rafe*? how hast thou slept to
night? has the knight vs'd thee well?

Cit. Peace *Nell*, let *Rafe* alone.

Tapst. Maister, the reckoning is not paid.

Rafe. Right curteous knight, who for the orders sake
Which thou hast tane, hang'st out the holy bell,
As I this flaming pestle beare about,
We render thanks to your puissant selfe,
Your beauteous Lady, and your gentle Squires,
For thus refreshing of our wearied limbes,
Stiffned with hard atchieuements in wilde desert.

Tapst. Sir, there is twelue shillings to pay.

Rafe. Thou merry Squire *Tapstero*, thanks to thee,
For comforting our soules with double Iug,
And if aduentrous fortune pricke thee forth,
Thou *Iouiall* Squire, to follow feats of armes,
Take heed thou tender euery Ladies cause,
Euery **truery** true Knight, and euery damsell faire **faire**;
But spill the bloud of trecherous Sarazens,
And false inchanters, that with magicke spells,
Haue done to death full many a noble Knight.

Host. Thou valiant Knight of the *burning Pestle*, giue eare
to me, there is twelue shillings to pay, and as I am a true
Knight, I will not bate a peny.

Wife. *George*, I pray thee tell me, must *Rafe* pay twelue shil-
lings now?

Cit. No *Nell*, no, nothing but the old Knight is merrie
with *Rafe*.

Wife. O is't nothing else? *Rafe* will be as merry as he.

Rafe. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well,
But to requite this liberall curtesie,
If any of your Squires will follow armes,
Hee shall receiue **ftom** my heroicke hand

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
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wln 1324
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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

A Knight-hood, by the vertue of this Pestle.

Host. Faire Knight I thanke you for noble offer,
Therefore gentle Knight,
Twelue shillings you must pay, or I must cap you.

Wife. Looke *George*, did not I tell thee as much, the Knight
of the *Bel* is in earnest, *Raph* shall not bee beholding to him,
giue him his money *George*, and let him go snickvp.

Ci. Cap *Raph*? no; hold your hand sir Knight of the *Bel*, theres
your mony, haue you any thing to say to *Raph* now? Cap *Raph*?

Wife. I would you should know it, *Raph* has friends that
will not suffer him to be capt for ten times so much, and ten
times to the end of that, now take thy course *Raph*.

M. mer. Come *Michael*, thou & I wil go home to thy father,
he hath enough left to keep vs a day or two, and we'le set fel-
lows abroad to cry our Purse & our Casket, Shal we *Michael*?

Mich. I, I pray Mother, intruth my feete are full of
chilblaines with traueilling.

Wife. Faith and those chilblanes are a foule trouble, Mi-
stresse *Merie-thought* when your youth comes home let him
rub all the soles of his feete, and the heeles, and his ancles,
with a mouse skinne, or if none of your people can catch a
mouse, when hee goes to bed, let him rowle his feete in the
warme embers, aud I warrant you hee shall be well, and you
may make him put his fingers betweene his toes & smell to
them, it's very soueraigne for his head if he be costiuē.

Mist. mer. Maister Knight of the burning Pestle, my son
Michael and I, bid you farewel, I thanke your Worship hear-
tily for your kindnesse.

Raph. Fare-well faire Lady and your tender Squire,
If, pricking through these Desarts, I do heare
Of any traiterous Knight who through his guile,
Hath light vpon your Casket and your Purse,
I will despoile him of them and restore them.

Mist. mer. I thanke your Worship. *Exit with Michael.*

Raph. Dwarfe beare my shield, Squire eleuate my lance,
And now fare-well you Knight of holy *Bell*.

Cit. I, I *Raph*, all is paid.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
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wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
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wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386

Raph. But yet before I go, speake worthy Knight,
If ought you do of sad aduentures know,
Where errant Knights may through his prowesse winne,
Eternall fame and free some gentle soules,
From endlesse bonds of steele and lingring paine.

Host. Sirrah go to *Nicke* the *Barbor*, and bid him prepare
himselfe, as I told you before, quicklyly.

Tap. I am gone sir.

Exit Tapster.

Host. Sir Knight, this wildernesse affoordeth none
But the great venter, where full many a Knight
Hath tride his prowesse and come off with shame,
And where I would not haue you loose your life,
Against no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Raph. Speake on sir Knight, tell what he is, and where,
For heere I vow vpon my blazing badge,
Neuer to blaze a day in quietnesse;
But bread and water will I onely eate,
And the greene hearbe and rocke shall be my couch,
Till I haue queld that man, or beast, or fiend,
That workes such damage to all Errant Knights.

Host. Not far from hence, neere to a craggy cliffe,
At the North end of this distressed Towne,
There doth stand a lowly house
Ruggedly builded, and in it a Caue,
In which an ougly Gyant now doth won,
Ycleped *Barbaroso*: in his hand
He shakes a naked lance of purest steele,
With sleeues turn'd vp, and him before he weares,
A motley garment, to preserue his cloaths
From bloud of those Knights which he massacres,
And Ladies Gent: without his dore doth hang
A copper bason, on a prickant speare:
At which, no sooner gentle Knights can knocke,
But the shrill sound, fierce *Barbaroso* heares,
And rushing forth, **bings** in the errant Knight,
And sets him downe in an enchanted chaire.
Then with an Engine which he hath prepar'd,

With

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
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wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423

With forty teeth, he clawes his courtly crowne,
Next makes him winke, and vnderneath his chinne,
Hee plants a brazen peece of mighty bord,
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks,
Whilst with his fingers, and an instrument
With which he snaps his haire off, he doth fill
The wretches eares with a most hideous noise.
Thus euery Knight Aduenturer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him.

Raph. In Gods name, I will fight him, kinde sir,
Go but before me to this dismall Caue,
Where this huge Gyant *Barbaroso* dwels,
And by that vertue that braue *Rosicleere*,
That damned brood of ougly Gyants slew,
And *Palmerin Frannarco* ouerthrew:
I doubt not but to curbe this Traitor foule,
And to the Diuell send his guilty soule.

Host. Braue sprighted Knight, thus far I will performe
This your request, I'le bring you with in sight
Of this most lothsome place, inhabited
By a more loathsome man: but dare not stay,
For his maine force **soopes** all he sees away.

Raph. Saint *George* set on before, march Squire and page. *Exeunt.*

Wife. *George*, dost thinke *Raph* will confound the Gyant?

Cit. I hold my cap to a farthing hee does: why *Nel* I saw
him wrastle with the great Dutch-man and hurle him.

Wife. Faith and that **Ducth-man** was a goodly man, if
all things were answerable to his bignesse, and yet they say
there was a Scotch-man higher then hee, and that they two
and a Knight met, and saw one another for nothing, but of
all the sights that euer were in *London*, since I was married,
mee thinkes the little child that was so faire growne about
the members was the prettiest, that, and the *Hermophrodite*.

Cit. Nay by your leaue *Nel*, *Niniuuy* was better.

Wife. *Niniuie*, O that was the story of *Ione* and the Wall,
was it not *George*?

Cit. Yes lam.

Enter mistresse Merry-thought.

Wife.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
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wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460

Wife. Looke *George*, heere comes *Mistresse Merry-thought* againe, and I would haue *Raph* come and fight with the Giant, I tell you true, I long to see't.

Cit. Good *Mistresse Merry-thought* be gone, I pray you for my sake, I pray you forbear a little, you shall haue audience presently, I haue a little businesse.

Wife. *Mistresse Merry-thought* if it please you to refraine your passiō a little, til *Raph* haue dispatch the Giant out of the way we shal think our selues much bound to you, I thank you good *Mistresse Merry-thought*. *Exit mist. Merry-thou:*

Enter a boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither, send away *Raph* and this whore-sonne Giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith sir we cannot, you'le vtterly spoile our Play, and make it to be hist, and it cost money, you will not suffer vs to go on with our plot, I pray Gentlemen rule him.

Cit. Let him come now and dispatch this, and I'le trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you giue me your hand of that?

Wife. Giue him thy hand *George*, do, and I'le kisse him, I warrant thee the youth meanes plainly.

Boy. I'le send him to you presently. *Exit Boy.*

Wife. I thanke you little youth, feth the child hath a sweete breath *George*, but I thinke it bee troubled with the wormes, *Carduus Benedictus* and Mares milke were the onely thing in the world for't, O *Raph's* here *George*, God send thee good lucke *Raph*.

Enter Raph, Host, Squire, and Dwarfe.

Host. Puissant Knight yonder his Mansion is,
Lo where the speare and Copper Bason are,
Behold that string on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawne from the gentle iaw of wandring Knights,
I dare not stay to sound, hee will appeare.

Exit Host.

Raph. O faint not heart, *Susan* my Lady deere,
The Coblers Maid in Milke-streete, for whose sake,
I take these Armes, O let the thought of thee,
Carry thy Knight through all aduenterous deeds,

And

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
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wln 1492
wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497

And in the honor of thy beauteous selfe,
May I destroy this monster *Barbaroso*,
Knocke Squire vpon the Bason till it breake. *Enter*
With the shrill stroakes, or till the Giant speake. *Barbor.*
Wife. O *George*, the Giant, the Giant, now *Raph* for thy life.
Barber. What fond vnknowing wight is this? that dares
So rudely knocke at *Barbarossa's* Cell,
Where no man comes but leaues his fleece behind?
Raph. I, traiterous Caitiffe, who am sent by fate
To punish all the sad enormities
Thou hast committed against Ladies Gent
And errant Knights, traitor to God and men:
Prepare thy selfe, this is the dismall houre
Appointed for thee, to giue strickt account
Of all thy beastly treacherous villanies.
Barber. Foole-hardy Knight, full soone thou shalt aby
This fond reproach, thy body will I bang, *Hee takes downe*
And loe vpon that string thy teeth shall hang: *his pole.*
Prepare thy selfe, for dead soone shalt thou bee,
Raph. Saint *George* for me. *They fight.*
Barber. *Gargantua* for me.
Wife. To him, *Raph* to him, hold vp the Giant, set out thy
leg before *Raph*.
Cit. Falsifie a blow *Raph*, falsifie a blow, the Giant lies
open on the left side.
Wife. Beare't off, beare't of still; there boy, O *Raphe's* al-
most downe, *Raph's* almost downe.
Raph. *Susan* inspire me, now haue vp againe.
Wife. Vp, vp, vp, vp, vp, so *Raph*, downe with him, downe
with him *Raph*.
Cit. Fetch him ore the hip boy.
Wife. There boy, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, *Raph*.
Cit. No *Raph* get all out of him first.
Raph. Presumptuous man, see to what desperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee, the iust Gods,
Who neuer prosper those that do despise them,
For all the villanies which thou hast done

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
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wln 1505
wln 1506
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wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534

To Knights and Ladies, now haue paid thee home
By my stiffe arme, a Knight aduenturous,
But say vile wretch, before I send thy soule
To sad *Auernus* whether it must go,
What captiues holdst thou in thy sable caue.

Barber. Go in and free them all, thou hast the day.

Raph. Go Squire & Dwarfe, search in this dreadfull Caue
And free the wretched prisoners from their bonds.

Exit Squire and Dwarfe.

Barber. I craue for mercy, as thou art a Knight,
And scornst to spill the bloud of those that beg.

Raph. Thou showdst no mercy, nor shalt thou haue any,
Prepare thy selfe for thou shalt surely die.

Enter Squire leading one winking, with a Bason vnder his chin.

Squire. Behold braue Knight heere is one prisoner,
Whom this wilde man hath vsed as you see.

Wife. This is the first wise word I heard the Squire speake.

Raph. Speake what thou art, and how thou hast bene vs'd,
That that I may giue condigne punishment,

I. Kni. I am a Knight that tooke my iourney post
North-ward from *London*, and in curteous wise,
This Giant train'd me to his loathsome den,
Vnder pretence of killing of the itch,
And all my body with a powder strew'd,
That smarts and stings, and cut away my beard,
And my curl'd lockes wherein were ribands ti'de,
And with a water washt my tender eyes,
Whilst vp and downe about me still he skipt,
Whose vertue is, that till mine eyes be wip't
With a dry cloath, for this my foule disgrace,
I shall not dare to looke a dog i'th' face.

Wife. Alas poore Knight, relieue him *Raph*, relieue poore
Knights whilst you liue.

Raph. My trusty Squire conuey him to the Towne,
Where he may finde releife, adiew faire Knight, *Exit knight.*

Enter Dwarfe leading one with a patch ore his Nose.

Dwar. Puisant Knight of the burning Pestle hight,

See

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
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wln 1540
wln 1541
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wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571

See heere another wretch, whom this foule beast
Hath scorcht and scor'd in this inhumaine wise.

Raph. Speake me thy name and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath bene thy vsage in this Caue.

2. *Knight.* I am a Knight, Sir *Pocke-hole* is my name,
And by my birth I am a *Londoner*
Free by my Coppy, but my Ancestors
Were *French-men* all, and riding hard this way,
Vpon a trotting horse, my bones did ake,
And I faint Knight to ease my weary limbes,
Light at this Caue, when straight this furious fiend,
With sharpest instrument of purest steele,
Did cut the gristle of my Nose away,
And in the place this veluet plaister stands,
Relieue me gentle Knight out of his hands.

Wife. Good *Raph* releiue sir *Pocke-hole* and send him
away, for, intruth, his breath stinkes,

Raph. Conuey him straight after the other Knight,
Sir *Pocke-hole* fare you well.

2. *Kni.* Kinde sir good-night.

Exit.

Cryes within.

Man. Deliuier vs. *VVoeman.* Deliuier vs.

VVife. Hearke *George*, what a woefull cry there is, I thinke
some woman lies in there. *Man.* Deliuier vs.

VVoeman. Deliuier vs.

Raph. What gastly noise is this? speake *Barbaroso*,
Or by this blasing steele thy head goes off.

Barber. Prisoners of mine whom I in diet keepe,
Send lower downe into the Caue,
And in a Tub that's heated smoaking hot,
There may they finde them and deliuier them,

Raph. Run Squire and Dwarfe, deliuier them with speed.

Exeunt Squire and Dwarfe.

Wife. But will not *Raph* kill this Giant, surely I am afeard
if hee let him go he will do as much hurt, as euer he did.

Cittiz. Not so mouse neither, if hee could conuert
him.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576

Wife. I *George* if hee could conuert him, but a Giant is not so soone conuerted as one of vs ordinary people: there's a pretty tale of a Witch, that had the diuels marke about her, God blesse vs, that had a Giant to her sonne, that was cal'd *Lob-lie-by-the-fire*, didst neuer here it *George*?

wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579

Enter Squire leading a man with a glasse of Lotion in his hand, and the Dwarfe leading a woman, with diet-bread and drinke.

wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582

Cit. Peace *Nel*, heere comes the prisoners.

Dwar. Here be these pined wretches, manfull Knight, That for these sixe weekes haue not seene a wight.

wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585

Raph. Deliuier what you are, and how you came To this sad Caue, and what your vsage was?

wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588

Man. I am an Errant Knight that followed Armes, With speare and shield, and in my tender yeares I stricken was with *Cupids* fiery shaft, And fell in loue with this my Lady deere, And stole her from her friends in Turne-bull-streete, And bore her vp and downe from Towne to Towne, Where we did eate and drinke and Musicke heare, Till at the length, at this vnhappy Towne Wee did arriue, and comming to this Caue This beast vs caught and put vs in a Tub, Where we this two monthes sweate, and should haue done Another Moneth if you had not relieu'd vs.

wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591

wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594

wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597

Wom. This bread and water hath our diet bene, Together with a rib cut from a necke Of burned Mutton, hard hath bene our fare, Release vs from this ougly Giants snare.

wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600

wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603

Man. This hath bene all the food we haue receiu'd, But onely twice a day for nouelty, He gaue a spoonefull of this hearty broth, *Puls out a siringe* To each of vs, through this same slender quill.

wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606

Raph. From this infernall monster you shall go, That vseth Knights and gentle Ladies so,

wln 1606
wln 1607

Conuey them hence. *Exeunt man and woman.*

Cit.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
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wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644

Cit. Cony, I can tell thee the Gentlemen like *Rafe*.

Wife. I *George*, I see it well enough. Gentlemen I thanke you all heartily for gracing my man *Rafe*, and I promise you you shall see him oftner.

Barber. Mercy great knight, I do recant my ill, And henceforth neuer gentle bloud will spill.

Rafe. I giue thee mercy, but yet shalt thou sweare Vpon my burning pestle, to performe Thy promise vtterd.

Barber. I sweare and kisse.

Rafe. Depart then, and amend. Come squire and dwarfe, the Sunne growes towards his set, and we haue many more aduentures yet.

Exeunt.

Cit. Now *Rafe* is in this humour, I know hee would ha beaten all the boyes in the house if they had beene set on him.

Wife. I *George*, but it is well as it is, I warrant you the Gentlemen do consider what it is to ouerthrow a gyant: but looke *George*, heere comes mistresse *Merri-thought* and her sonne *Michael*; now you are welcome mistresse *Merri-thought*, now *Rafe* has done you may go on.

Enter mistresse Merri-thought, and Michael.

Mist. mer. *Micke* my boy?

Mich. I forsooth mother.

Mist. mer. Be merry *Micke* we are at home now; where I warrant you, you shall finde the house flung out at the windowes: Harke, hey dogges, hey, this is the old world I'faith with my husband, if I get in among 'em, Ile play em such a lesson, that they shall haue little list to come scraping hither, againe. Why maister *Merri-thought*, husband, *Charles Merri-thought*.

Old merri. within. If you will sing and daunce, and laugh, and hollow, and laugh againe, and then cry there boyes, there: why then

One, two, three, and foure,
We shall be merry within this houre.

Mist. merri. Why *Charles*, doe you not know your

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1645
wln 1646
wln 1647
wln 1648
wln 1649
wln 1650
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wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681

owne naturall wife? I say, open the doore, and turne me out those mangy companions; 'tis more then time that they were fellow and fellow like with you: you are a Gentleman *Charles*, and an old man, and father of two children; and I my selfe (though I say it) by my mothers side, Neece to a worshipfull Gentleman, and a Conductor, ha has beene three times in his Maiesties seruice at *Chester*, and is now the fourth time, God blesse him, and his charge vpon his journey.

Old Mer. Go from my window, loue, goe;
Go from my window my deere,
The winde and the raine will driue you backe againe,
You cannot he lodged heere.

Harke you Mistresse *Merrithought*, you that walke vpon adventures, and forsake your husband, because hee sings with neuer a peny in his purse; What shall I thinke my selfe the worse? Faith no, Il'e be merry.

You come not heere, heer's none but lads of mettle, liues of a hundred yeares, and vpwards, care neuer drunke their blouds, nor want made 'em warble.

Hey-ho, my heart is heauy.

Mist mer. Why Mr. *Merrithought*, what am I that you should laugh me to scorne thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler (as we may say) in all our miseries? your comforter in health and sicknesse? haue I not brought you Children? are they not like you *Charles*? looke vpon thine owne Image hard-hearted man; and yet for all this —

Old mer. within. Begone, begone, my luggy, my puggy, begone my loue, my deere.

The weather is warme, twill do thee no harme, thou canst not be lodged heere.

Be merry boyes, some light musicke, and more wine.

Wife. He's not in earnest, I hope *George*, is he?

Cit. What if he be, sweet heart?

Wife. Marie if hee be *George*, Ile make bold to tell him hee's an Ingrant old man, to vse his bed-fellow so scruily.

Cit. What how does he vse her hunny?

Wife.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1682
wln 1683
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wln 1717
wln 1718

Wife. Marie come vp sir sauce-box, I thinke you'l take his part, will you not? Lord how hot you are growne: you are a fine man an you had a fine dogge, it becomes you sweetly.

Cit. Nay pre'thee *Nell* chide not: for as I am an honest man, and a true Christian Grocer, I doe not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercie then *George*; you know we are all fraile, and full of infirmities. Dee heare Mr. *Merri-thought*, may I craue a word with you?

Old mer within. Strike vp liuely lads.

Wife. I had not thought in truth, Mr. *Merrithought*, that a man of your age and discretion (as I may say) being a Gentleman, and therefore knowne by your gentle conditions, could haue vsed so little respect to the weaknesse of his wife: for your wife is your owne flesh, the staffe of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whose helpe you draw through the mire of this transitory world: Nay, she's your owne ribbe. And againe—

Old mer. I come not hither for thee to teach, I haue no pulpit for thee to preach, I would thou hadst kist me vnder the breech, As thou art a Lady gay.

Wife. Marie with a vengeance. I am hartely sorry for the poore gentlewoman: but if I were thy wife, I'faith gray-beard, I'faith—

Cit. I pre'thee sweet hunny-suckle, be content.

Wife. Giue me such words that am a gentlewoman borne, hang him hoary rascall. Get mee some drinke *George*, I am almost molten with fretting: now beshrew his knaues heart for it.

Old mer. Play me a light *Lualto*: come, bee frolicke, fill the good fellowes wine.

Mist. mer. Why Mr. *Merrithought*, are you disposed to make me wait here: you'l open I hope, Il'e fetch them that shall open else.

Old mer. Good woman if you wil sing Il'e giue you something, if not —

Song.

The Knight of the burning Pestle

Song.

*You are no loue for me Margret, I am no loue for you.
Come aloft Boyes, aloft.*

Mist. mer. Now a Churles fart in your teeth sir: Come *Micke*, wee'l not trouble him, a shall not ding vs i'th teeth with his bread and his broth: that he shall not: come boy, Il'e prouide for thee, I warrant thee: wee'l goe to maister *Venterwels* the Merchant, Il'e get his letter to mine Host of the *Bell* in *Waltham*, there Il'e place thee with the Tapster; will not that doe well for thee *Micke*? and let me alone for that old Cuckoldly knaue your father, Il'e vse him in his kinde, I warrant yee.

Wife. Come *George*, wher's the beere?

Cit. Here loue.

Wife. This old fornicating fellow wil not out of my mind yet; Gentlemen, Il'e begin to you all, and I desire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the Gentlemen some beere *George*.

Finis Actus tertij.

Musicke.

wln 1738

Actus quartus, Scœna prima.

wln 1739

Boy daunceth.

Wife. Looke *George*, the little boy's come againe, mee thinkes he lookes something like the prince of *Orange* in his long stocking, if hee had a little harnesse about his necke. *George* I will haue him dance *Fading*; *Fading* is a fine Iigge Il'e assure you Gentlemen: begin brother, now a capers sweet heart, now a turne a'th toe, and then tumble: cannot you tumble youth?

Boy. No indeed forsooth:

Wife. Nor eate fire? *Boy.* Neither.

Wife. Why then I thanke you heartily, there's two pence to buy you points withall.

Enter Iasper and Boy.

Iasp. There boy, deliuer this: but do it well. Hast thou prouided me foure lusty fellowes?

wln 1740

wln 1741

wln 1742

wln 1743

wln 1744

wln 1745

wln 1746

wln 1747

wln 1748

wln 1749

wln 1750

wln 1751

wln 1752

wln 1753

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

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wln 1789
wln 1790

Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy businesse? *Boy.* Sir, you need not feare,
I haue my lesson here, and cannot misse it:
The men are ready for you, and what else
Pertaines to this imployment. *Iasp.* There my boy,
Take it, but buy no land. *Boy.* Faith sir 'twere rare
To see so yong a purchaser: I flye,
And on my wings carry your destinie. *Exit.*

Iasp. Go, and be happy. Now my latest hope
Forsake me not, but fling thy Anchor out,
And let it hold: stand fixt thou rolling stone,
Till I enioy my deerest: heare me all
You powers that rule in men cœlestiall. *Exit.*

Wife. Go thy wayes, thou art as crooked a sprigge as euer
grew in *London*; I warrant him hee'l come to some naughty
end or other: for his lookes say no lesse: Besides, his father
(you know *George*) is none of the best, you heard him take
me vp like a flirt Gill, and sing baudy songs vpon me: but
Ifaith if I liue *George*—

Cit. Let me alone sweet-heart, I haue a tricke in my head
shall lodge him in the Arches for one yeare, and make him
sing *Peccaui*, er'e I leaue him, and yet hee shall neuer know
who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do my good *George*, do.

Cit. What shall we haue *Rafe* do now boy?

Boy. You shall haue what you will sir.

Cit. Why so sir, go and fetch me him then, and let the So-
phy of *Persia* come and christen him a childe.

Boy. Beleeue me sir, that will not doe so well, 'tis stale, it
has beene had before at the red Bull.

Wife. *George* let *Rafe* trauell ouer great hils, & let him be ve-
ry weary, and come to the King of *Cracouia*'s house, couered
with veluet, and there let the Kings daughter stand in her
window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with
a combe of Iuory, and let her spy *Rafe*, and fall in loue with
him, and come downe to him, and carry him into her fathers
house, and then let *Rafe* talke with her.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
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wln 1826
wln 1827

Cit. Well said *Nell*, it shal be so: boy let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you shall heare them talke together: but wee cannot present a house couered with blacke veluet, and a Lady in beaten gold.

Cit. Sir boy, lets ha't as you can then.

Boy. Besides it will shew ill-fauouredly to haue a Grocer's prentice to court a kings daughter.

Cit. Will it so sir? you are well read in Histories: I pray you what was sir *Dagonet*? was not he prentice to a Grocer in London? read the play of the *Foure Prentices of London*, where they tosse their pikes so: I pray you fetch him in sir, fetch him in.

Boy. It shall be done, it is not our fault gentlemen.

Exit.

Wife. Now we shall see fine doings I warrant tee *George*. O here they come; how pretily the king of *Cracuioa*'s daughter is drest. *Enter Rafe and the Lady, Squire and dwarfe.*

Cit. I *Nell*, it is the fashion of that country, I warrant tee.

Lady. Welcome sir Knight vnto my fathers Court.

King of *Moldauia*, vnto me *Pompiona*

His daughter deere: but sure you do not like

Your entertainment, that will stay with vs

No longer but a night. *Rafe.* Damsell right faire,

I am on many sad aduentures bound,

That call me forth into the wildernesse:

Besides, my horses backe is something gal'd,

Which will inforce me ride a sober pace.

But many thankes (faire Lady) be to you,

For vsing errant Knight with curtesie.

Lady. But say (braue knight) what is your name & birth?

Rafe. My name is *Rafe*, I am an English man,

As true as steele, a hearty Englishman,

And prentice to a Grocer in the strond,

By deed Indent, of which I haue one part:

But Fortune calling me to follow Armes,

On me this holy order I did take,

Of Burning pestle, which in all mens eyes,

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
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wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864

I beare, confounding Ladies enemies.
Lady. Oft haue I heard of your braue country-men,
And fertill soyle, and store of holesome food:
My Father oft will tell me of a drinke
In England found, and *Nipitato* cal'd.
Which driueth all the sorrow from your hearts.
Rafe. Lady 'tis true, you need not lay your lips
To better *Nipitato* then there is.
Lady. And of a wild-fowle he will often speake,
Which poudred beefe and mustard called is:
For there haue beene great warres 'twixt vs and you,
But truly *Rafe*, it was not long of me.
Tell me then *Rafe*, could you contented be,
To weare a Ladies fauour in your shield?
Rafe. I am a knight of religious order,
And will not weare a fauour of a Ladies
That trusts in Antichrist, and false traditions.
Cit. Well sayd *Rafe*, conuert her if thou canst.
Rafe. Besides, I haue a Lady of my owne
In merry England, for whose vertuous sake
I tooke these Armes, and *Susan* is her name,
A Coblers maid in Milke-street, whom I vow
Nere to forsake, whilst life and Pestle last.
Lady. Happy that Cobling dame, who ere she be,
That for her owne (deere *Rafe*) hath gotten thee.
Vnhappy I, that nere shall see the day
To see thee more, that bearest my heart away.
Rafe. Lady fare-well, I needs must take my leaue.
Lady. Hard-harted *Rafe*, that Ladies dost deceiue.
Cit. Harke thee *Rafe*, there's money for thee; giue
something in the King of *Cracouia*'s house, be not beholding
to him.
Rafe. Lady before I go, I must remember
Your fathers Officers, who truth to tell,
Haue beene about me very diligent.
Hold vp thy snowy hand thou princely maid,
There's twelue pence for your fathers Chamberlaine,

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1865
wln 1866
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wln 1899
wln 1900
wln 1901

And another shilling for his Cooke,
For by my troth the Goose was rosted well.
And twelue-pence for your fathers horse-keeper,
For nointing my horse backe; and for his butter
There is another shilling. To the maid
That wash't my boot-hose, there's an English groat;
And two pence to the boy that wip't my boots:
And last, faire Lady, there is for your selfe
Three pence to buy you pins at *Bumbo* faire.
Lady. Full many thanks, and I will keepe them safe
Till all the heads be off, for thy sake *Rafe*.
Rafe. Aduance my Squire and Dwarfe, I cannot stay.
Lady. Thou kilst my heart in parting thus away.
Wife. I commend *Rafe* yet that hee will not stoope to a
Cracouian, there's properer women in London then any are
there I-wis. But heere comes Maister *Humphrey* and his loue
againe now *George*.
Cit. I cony, peace.
Enter Marchant, Humphrey, Luce and a Boy.
March. Go get you vp, I will not be intreated.
And gossip mine, Il'e keepe you sure hereafter
From gadding out againe with boyes and vnthrifts,
Come, they are womens teares, I know your fashion.
Go sirrah, locke her in, and keepe the key,
Safe as you loue your life. Now my sonne *Humfrey*,
You may both rest assured of my loue
In this, and reape your owne desire.
Hum. I see this loue you speake of, through your daughter,
Although the hole be little; and hereafter
Will yeeld the like in all I may, or can,
Fitting a Christian, and a gentleman.
March. I do beleue you (my good sonne) and thanke you:
For 'twere an impudence to thinke you flattered.
Humph. It were indeed, but shall I tell you why,
I haue beene beaten twice about the lye.
March. Well son, no more of complement, my daughter
Is yours againe; appoint the time, and take her,

Exeūt.

*Exit Luce
& Boy.*

Wee'le

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1902
wln 1903
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wln 1938

We'le haue no stealing for it, I my selfe
And some few of our friends will see you married.
Hum. I would you would i' faith, for be it knowne
I euer was afraid to lie alone.
March. Some three daies hence then.
Hum. Three daies, let me see,
'Tis some-what of the most, yet I agree,
Because I meane against the appointed day,
To visite all my friends in new array. *Enter seruant.*
Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without would speake
with your Worship. *Merch.* What is shee?
Seru. Sir I askt her not.
Merch. Bid her come in.
Enter mistresse Merry-thought and Michael.
Mist. mer. Peace be to your Worship, I come as a poore
Suter to you sir, in the behalfe of this child.
Merch. Are you not wife to *Merrie-thought*?
Mist. mer. Yes truely, would I had nere seene his eies, ha has
vndone me and himselfe and his children, & there he liues at
home & sings, & hoights, & Reuels among his drunken cō-
panions, but, I warrant you, where to get a peny to put bread
in his mouth, he knowes not: and therefore if it like your
Worship, I would entreate your letter, to the honest Host
of the *Bel* in *VValtham*, that I may place my child vnder
the protection of his Tapster, in some settled course of life.
Merch. I'me glad the heauens haue heard my prayers: thy
VVhen I was ripe in sorrows laught at me, (husband
Thy sonne like an vnthankfull wretch, I hauing
Redeem'd him from his fall and made him mine,
To shew his loue againe, first stole my daughter,
Then wrong'd this Gentleman, and last of all,
Gau me that grieffe, had almost brought me downe
Vnto my graue, had not a stronger hand
Releiu'd my sorrowes, go, and weepe, as I did
And be vnpittied, for I heere professe
An euerlasting hate to all thy name.
Mist. mer. VVill you so sir, how say you by that? come

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1939

Micke, let him keepe his winde to coole his Porrage, we'le
go to thy Nurces *Micke*, shee knits silke stockings boy, and
we'le knit too boy, and bee beholding to none of them

wln 1940

all. *Exeunt Michael and mother.*

wln 1941

wln 1942

Enter a boy with a letter.

wln 1943

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the Maister of this house.

wln 1944

Merch. How then boy?

wln 1945

Boy. Then to your selfe sir comes this letter.

wln 1946

Merch. From whom my pretty Boy?

wln 1947

Boy. From him that was your seruant, but no more

wln 1948

Shall that name euer be, for hee is dead,
Griefe of your purchas'd anger broke his heart,

wln 1949

I saw him die, and from his hand receiu'd

wln 1950

This paper, with a charge to bring it hither,

wln 1951

Reade it, and satisfie your selfe in all.

wln 1952

Letter.

wln 1953

March. Sir, that I haue wronged your loue, I must confesse, in
which I haue purchast to my selfe. besides myne owne vndoing, the
ill opinion of my friends, let not your anger, good sir, out liue me, but
suffer mee to rest in peace with your forgiuenesse; let my body (if a
dying man may so much preuaile with you) bee brought to your
daughter, that shee may truely know my hote flames are now buried,
and, withall, receiue a testimony of the zeale I bore her vertue: fare-
well for euer, and be euer happy. *Iasper.*

wln 1954

wln 1955

wln 1956

wln 1957

wln 1958

wln 1959

wln 1960

wln 1961

wln 1962

wln 1963

Gods hand is great in this, I do forgiue him,

wln 1964

Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope

wln 1965

He will not bite againe: boy bring the body

wln 1966

And let him haue his will, if that be all.

wln 1967

Boy. 'Tis here without sir. *March.* So sir, if you please

wln 1968

You may conduct it in, I do not feare it.

wln 1969

Hump. I'le be your Vsher boy, for though I say it,

wln 1970

He ow'd me something once, and well did pay it. *Exeunt.*

wln 1971

Enter Luce alone.

wln 1972

Luce. If there be any punishment inflicted

wln 1973

Vpon the miserable, more then yet I feele,

wln 1974

Let it together ceaze me, and at once

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 1975
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wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011

Presse downe my soule, I cannot beare the paine
Of these delaying tortures: thou that art
The end of all, and the sweete rest of all;
Come, come ô death, bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nourish
Both of my father and my cruell friend.
O wretched maide still liuing to be wretched,
To be a say to fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together,
How happy had I bene, if being borne
My graue had bene my cradle?

Enter seruant.

Ser. By your leaue

Yong Mistresse, here's a boy hath brought a coffin,
What a would say I know not, but your father
Charg'd me to giue you notice, here they come.

Enter two bearing a Coffin, Iasper in it.

Luce. For me I hop't 'tis come, and 'tis most welcome.

Boy. Faire Mistresse let me not adde greater grieffe

To that great store you haue already; *Iasper*
That whilst he liu'd was yours, now dead,
And here enclos'd, commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to craue a teare
From those faire eyes, though he deseru'd not pittie,
To decke his funerall, for so he bid me
Tell her for whom he di'de. *Luce.* He shall haue many:

Good friends depart a little, whilst I take
My leaue of this dead man, that once I lou'd:
Hold, yet a little, life and then I giue thee
To thy first heauenly being; O my friend!
Hast thou deceiu'd me thus, and got before me?
I shall not long bee after, but beleeue me,
Thou wert too cruell *Iasper* gainst thy selfe,
In punishing the fault, I could haue pardoned,
With so vntimely death; thou didst not wrong me,
But euer wer't most kind, most true, most louing;
And I the most vnkind, most false, most cruell.
Didst thou but aske a teare? Il'e giue thee all,

*Exeunt Coffin
carrier & boy.*

The Knight of the burning Pestle

wln 2012 Euen all my eies can powre downe, all my sigh's
wln 2013 And all my selfe, before thou goest from me
wln 2014 There are but sparing rites: But if thy soule
wln 2015 Be yet about this place, and can behold
wln 2016 And see what I prepare to decke thee with,
wln 2017 It shall go vp, borne on the wings of peace
wln 2018 And satisfied: first will I sing thy dirge,
wln 2019 Then kisse thy pale lips, and then die my selfe,
wln 2020 And fill one Coffin and one graue together.

Song.

wln 2022 *Come you whose loues are dead,*
wln 2023 *And whiles I sing*
wln 2024 *Weepe and wring*
wln 2025 *Euery hand and euery head,*
wln 2026 *Bind with Cipres and sad Ewe,*
wln 2027 *Ribands blacke, and candles blew,*
wln 2028 *For him that was of men most true.*

wln 2029 *Come with heauy mourning,*
wln 2030 *And on his graue*
wln 2031 *Let him haue*
wln 2032 *Sacrifice of sighes and groaning,*
wln 2033 *Let him haue faire flowers enow,*
wln 2034 *White and purple, greene and yellow,*
wln 2035 *For him that was of men most true.*

wln 2036 Thou sable cloth, sad couer of my ioies
wln 2037 I lift thee vp, and thus I meete with death.
wln 2038 *Iasp.* And thus you meete the liuing. *Luce.* Saue me heauen.
wln 2039 *Ias.* Nay do not flie me faire, I am no spirit,
wln 2040 Looke better on me, do you know me yet?
wln 2041 *Luce.* O thou deere shadow of my friend.
wln 2042 *Iasp.* Deere substance,
wln 2043 I swear I am no shadow, feele my hand,
wln 2044 It is the same it was, I am your *Iasper*,
wln 2045 Your *Iasper* that's yet liuing, and yet louing,
wln 2046 Pardon my rash attempt, my foolish prooffe

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2047
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wln 2083

I put in practise of your constancy,
For sooner should my sword haue drunke my bloud,
And set my soule at liberty, then drawne
The least drop from that body; for which boldnesse
Dooome me to any thing: if death I take it
And willingly. *Luce.* This death I'le giue you for it,
So, now I am satisfied: you are no spirit,
But my owne truest, truest, truest friend,
VVhy doe you come thus to mee.

Iasper. First to see you,
Then to conuey you hence.

Luce. It cannot bee,
For I am lockt vp here and watcht at all howers,
That 'tis impossible for me to scape.

Iasp. Nothing more possible, within this coffin
Do you conuey your selfe, let me alone,
I haue the wits of twenty men about me,
Onely I craue the shelter of your Closet
A little, and then feare me not; creepe in
That they may presently conuey you hence:
Feare nothing deerest loue, Il'e be your second,
Lie close, so, all goes well yet; Boy.

Boy. At hand sir.

Iasp. Conuey away the Coffin, and be wary.

Boy. 'Tis done already.

Iasp. Now must I go coniure.

Exit.

Enter Merchant.

Merch. Boy, Boy.

Boy. Your seruant sir.

March. Do me this kindnesse Boy, hold here's a crowne:
Before thou bury the body of this fellow, carry it to his
old merie father, and salute him from mee, and bid him sing,
he hath cause.

Boy. I will sir.

Merch. And then bring me word what tune he is in,
and haue another crowne: but do it truely.
I haue fitted him a bargaine, now, will vex him.

I

Boy

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087
wln 2088
wln 2089
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wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120

Boy. God blesse your VVorships health sir.

March. Fare-well boy.

Exeunt.

Enter Maister Merrie-thought.

Wife. Ah old *Merry-thought*, art thou there againe, let's here some of thy songs.

Old Mer. *Who can sing a merrier noate,
Then he that cannot change a groat?*

Not a *Denier* left, and yet my heart leapes, I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a Trade, or serue, that may sing and laugh, and walke the streetes, my wife and both my sonnes are I know not where, I haue nothing left, nor know I how to come by meate to supper, yet am I merry still; for I know I shall finde it vpon the Table at sixe a clocke, therefore hang Thought.

I would not be a **Seruigman** to carry the cloke-bag still, Nor would I be a Fawleconer the greedy Hawkes to fill. But I would be in a good house, & haue a good Maister too. But I would eat & drink of the best, & no work would I do. This is it that keepes life and soule together, mirth, this is the Philosophers stone that they write so much on, that keepes a man euer yong.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they say they know all your mony is gone, and they will trust you for no more drinke.

Old mer. Will they not? let am choose, the best is I haue mirth at home, and neede not send abroad for that, let them keepe their drinke to themselues.

For *Iillian of Berry* shee dwels on a Hill,
And shee hath good Beere and Ale to sell.

And of good fellowes she thinks no ill,
And thether will we go now, now, now, now, and thether
Will wee go now.

And when you haue made a little stay,
You need not aske what is to pay,
But kisse your Hostesse and go your way, And thither, &c.

Enter another Boy.

2. *Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for supper.

Old mer.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123
wln 2124
wln 2125
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wln 2156
wln 2157

Old mer. Hang bread and supper, let's preserue our mirth,
and we shall neuer feele hunger, I'le warrant you, let's haue
a Catch, boy follow me, come *sing this Catch.*

*Ho, ho, no body at home, meate, nor drinke, nor money ha wee
none, fill the pot Eedy, neuer more need I.*

Old mer. So boies enough, follow mee, let's change our
place and we shall laugh afresh.

Exeunt.

Wife. Let him goe *George*, a shall not haue any counte-
nance from vs, nor a good word from any i'th' Company, if
I may strike stroke in't.

Cit. No more a shannot loue; but *Nel* I will haue *Raph*
doe a very notable matter now, to the eternall honour
and glory of all *Grocers*, sirrah you there boy, can none of
you heare?

Boy. Sir, your pleasure.

Cit. Let *Raph* come out on May-day in the morning and
speake vpon a Conduit with all his Scarfes about him, and his
fethers and his rings and his knacks.

Boy. Why sir you do not thinke of our plot, what will be-
come of that then?

Cit. Why sir, I care not what become on't, I'le haue him
come out, or I'le fetch him out my selfe, I'le haue some-
thing done in honor of the Citty, besides, he hath bene long
enough vpon Aduentures, bring him out quickly, or if I
come in amongst you —

Boy. Well sir hee shall come out, but if our play miscar-
ry, sir you are like to pay for't.

Exit Boy.

Cit. Bring him away then.

Wife. This will be braue i'faith, *George* shall not he dance
the morrice too for the credit of the Strand.

Cittiz. No sweete heart it will bee too much for the boy,
ô there he is *Nel*, hee's reasonable well in reparell, but hee
has not rings enough.

Enter Raph.

Raph. London, *to thee I do present the merry Month of May*

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2158 *Let each true Subject be content to heare me what I say:*
wln 2159 *For from the top of Conduit head, as plainely may appeare,*
wln 2160 *I will both tell my name to you and wherefore I came heere.*
wln 2161 *My name is Raph, by due discent, though not ignoble I,*
wln 2162 *Yet far inferior to the Flocke of gracious Grocery.*
wln 2163 *And by the Common-councell, of my fellowes in the Strand,*
wln 2164 *With guilded Staffe, and crossed Skarfe, the May-lord here I stand.*
wln 2165 *Reioyce, ô English hearts, reioyce, reioyce ô Louers deere,*
wln 2166 *Reioyce ô Citty, Towne, and Country, reioyce eke euery Shire;*
wln 2167 *For now the fragrant Flowers do spring and sprout in seemely sort,*
wln 2168 *The little Birds do sit and sing, the Lambes do make fine sport.*
wln 2169 *And now the Burchin Tree doth bud that maks the Schoole boy cry*
wln 2170 *The Morrice rings while Hobby-horse doth foote it feateously:*
wln 2171 *The Lords and Ladies now abroad for their disport and play,*
wln 2172 *Do kisse sometimes vpon the Grasse, and sometimes in the Hey.*
wln 2173 *Now Butter with a leafe of Sage is good to Purge the bloud,*
wln 2174 *Fly Venus and Phlebotomy for they are neither good.*
wln 2175 *Now little fish on tender stone, beginne to cast their bellies,*
wln 2176 *And sluggish snails, that erst were mute, do creep out of their shelies*
wln 2177 *The rumbling Riuers now do warme for little boies to padle,*
wln 2178 *The sturdy Steede, now goes to grasse, and vp they hang his saddle.*
wln 2179 *The heauy Hart, the bellowing Bucke, the Rascal and the Pricket,*
wln 2180 *Are now among the Yeomans Pease, and leaue the fearefull thicket.*
wln 2181 *And be like them, ô you, I say, of this same noble Towne,*
wln 2182 *And lift aloft your veluet heads, and slipping of your gowne:*
wln 2183 *With bels on legs, and napkins cleane vnto your shoulders tide,*
wln 2184 *With Scarfes & Garters as you please, & Hey for our Town cri'd*
wln 2185 *March out and shew your willing minds by twenty and by twenty,*
wln 2186 *To **Hogsdon** or to Newington, where Ale and Cakes are plenty:*
wln 2187 *And let it nere be said, for shame, that we the youths of London,*
wln 2188 *Lay thrumming of our Caps at home, and left our custome vndone.*
wln 2189 *Vp then, I say, both yong and old, both man and maide a Maying*
wln 2190 *With Drums and Guns that bounce alowd, & mery Taber playing.*
wln 2191 *VVhich to prolong, God saue our King, and send his Country peace*
wln 2192 *And roote out Treason from the Land, and so, my friends I cease.*
wln 2193

Finis Act. 4.

Actus.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2194

Actus 5. Scœna prima.

wln 2195

Enter Marchant, solus.

wln 2196

wln 2197

wln 2198

wln 2199

March. I will haue no great store of company at the wedding, a cupple of neighbours and their wiues, and wee will haue a Capon in stewed broth, with marrow, and a good peece of beefe, stucke with rose-mary.

wln 2200

Enter Iasper, his face mealed.

wln 2201

Iasp. Forbeare thy paines fond man, it is too late.

wln 2202

March. Heauen blesse me: *Iasper?*

wln 2203

Iasp. I, I am his Ghost

wln 2204

Whom thou hast iniur'd for his constant loue:

wln 2205

Fond worldly wretch, who dost not vnderstand

wln 2206

In death that true hearts cannot parted be.

wln 2207

First know thy daughter is quite borne away,

wln 2208

On wings of Angels, through the liquid aire,

wln 2209

To farre out of thy reach, and neuer more

wln 2210

Shalt thou behold her face: But shee and I

wln 2211

Will in another world enioy our loues,

wln 2212

Where neither fathers anger, pouertie,

wln 2213

Nor any crosse that troubles earthly men

wln 2214

Shall make vs seuer our vnited hearts.

wln 2215

And neuer shalt thou sit, or be alone

wln 2216

In any place, but I will visit thee

wln 2217

With gastly lookes, and put into thy minde

wln 2218

The great offences wich thou didst to me.

wln 2219

When thou art at thy Table with thy friends

wln 2220

Merry in heart, aud fild with swelling wine,

wln 2221

Il'e come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,

wln 2222

Inuisible to all men but thy selfe,

wln 2223

And whisper such a sad tale in thine eare,

wln 2224

Shall make thee let the Cuppe fall from thy hand,

wln 2225

And stand as mute and pale as Death it selfe.

wln 2226

March. Forgiue me *Iasper*; Oh! what might I doe?

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
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wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263

Tell me, to satisfie thy trobled Ghost?
Iasp. There is no meanes, too late thou thinkst of this.
March. But tell me what were best for me to doe?
Iasp. Repent thy deede, and satisfie my father,
And beat fond *Humphrey* out of thy dores, *Exit Iasper.*
Enter Humphrey.
Wife. Looke *George*, his very Ghost would haue folkes
beaten.
Humph. Father, my bride is gone, faire mistresse *Luce*,
My soule's the fount of vengeance, mischiefes sluice.
March. Hence foole out of my sight, with thy fond passion
Thou hast vndone me.
Humph. Hold my father deere,
For *Luce* thy daughters sake, that had no peere.
Mar. Thy father foole? there's some blows more, begone.
Iasper, I hope thy Ghost bee well appeased,
To see thy will performd, now will I go
To satisfie thy father for thy wrongs. *Exit.*
Humph. What shall I doe? I haue beene beaten twice,
And mistresse *Luce* is gone? helpe me deuce:
Since my true-loue is gone, I neuer more,
Whilst I do liue, vpon the sky will pore;
But in the darke will weare out my shooe-soles
In passion, in Saint *Faiths* Church vnder *Paules*. *Exit.*
Wife. *George* call *Rafe* hither, if you loue me call *Rafe* hi-
ther, I haue the brauest thing for him to do *George*; pre'thee
call him quickly.
Cit. *Rafe*, why *Rafe* boy. *Enter Rafe.*
Rafe. Heere sir.
Cit. Come hither *Rafe*, come to thy mistresse boy.
Wife. *Rafe* I would haue thee call all the youthes together
in battle-ray, with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to
Mile end in pompous fashion, and there exhort your Souldi-
ers to be merry and wise, and to keepe their beards from bur-
ning *Rafe*, and then skirmish, and let your flagges flye, and
cry kill, kill, kill: my husband shall lend you his Ierkin *Rafe*,
and there's a scarfe; for the rest, the house shall furnish you,

and

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274
wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277
wln 2278
wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300

and wee'l pay for't: doe it brauely *Rafe*, and thinke before whom you performe, and what person you represent.

Rafe. I warrant you mistresse if I do it not for the honour of the Citty, and the credit of my maister, let me neuer hope for freedome.

Wife. 'Tis well spoken Ifaith; go thy wayes, thou art a sparke indeed.

Cit. *Rafe, Rafe*, double your files brauely *Rafe*.

Rafe. I warrant you sir.

Exit Rafe.

Cit. Let him looke narrowly to his seruice, I shall take him else, I was there my selfe a pike-man once in the hottest of the day, wench; had my feather shot sheere away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a scouring-sticke, and yet I thanke God I am heere.

Drum within.

Wife. Harke *George* the drums.

Cit. Ran, tan, tan, tan; ran, tan: O wench an thou hadst but seene little *Ned* of **Algate**, drum *Ned*, how hee made it rore againe, and layd on like a tyrant: and then stroke softly till the ward came vp, and then thundred againe, and together we go: sa, sa, sa, bounce quoth the guns: courage my hearts, quoth the Captaines: Saint *George*, quoth the pikemen; and withall here they lay, and there they lay: And yet for all this I am heere wench.

Wife. Be thankfull for it *George*, for indeed 'tis wonderfull.

Enter Rafe and his company with Drummes and colours.

Rafe. March faire my hearts, Lieuetenant beate the reare vp: Ancient, let your colours flye; but haue a great care of the Butchers hookes at white-Chappell, they haue beene the death of many a faire Ancient. Open your files that I may take a view both of your persons and munition: Sergeant call a muster.

Serg. A stand, *William Hamerton* peuterer.

Ham. Here Captaine.

Rafe. A Corslet, and a spanish pike; 'tis well, can you shake it with a terror?

Ham.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
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wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337

Ham. I hope so Captaine.

Rafe. Charge vpon me, 'tis with the weakest: put more strength *William Hammerton*, more strength: as you were againe. Proceed Sergeant.

Serge. *George Greene-goose*, Poulterer?

Greene. Heere.

Rafe. Let me see your peece neighbour *Greene-goose*, when was she shot in?

Greene. And like you maister Captaine, I made a shot euen now, partly to scoure her, and partly for audacity.

Rafe. It should seeme so certainly, for her breath is yet inflamed: besides, there is a maine fault in the touch-hole, it runnes, and stinketh; and I tell you moreouer, and beleeue it: Ten such touch-holes would breed the pox in the Army. Get you a feather, neighbour, get you a feather, sweet oyle, and paper, and your peece may do well enough yet. Where's your powder?

Greene. Heere.

Rafe. What in a paper? As I am a Souldier, and Gentleman, it craues a Martiall Court: you ought to dye for't. Where's your horne? answer me to that.

Greene. An't like you sir, I was obliuious.

Rafe. It likes me not you should bee so; 'tis a shame for you, and a scandall to all our neighbours, beeing a man of worth and estimation, to leaue your horne behinde you: I am afraid 'twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't; stand, till I view you all. What's become o'th nose of your flaske?

1. Souldier. Indeed law Captaine, 'twas blowne away with powder.

Rafe. Put on a new one at the Cities charge. Wheres the stone of this peece?

2. Souldier. The Drummer tooke it out to light Tobacco.

Rafe. 'Tis a fault my friend, put it in againe: You want a Nose, and you a Stone; Sergeant, take a note on't, for I meane to stoppe it in the pay. Remoue and march, soft and

faire

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
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wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374

faire Gentlemen, soft and faire: double your files, as you were, faces about. Now you with the sodden face, keepe in there: looke to your match sirrah, it will be in your fellowes flaske anone. So, make a crescent now, aduance your pikes, stand and giue eare. Gentlemen, Countrey-men, Friends, and my fellow-Souldiers, I haue brought you this day from the Shops of Security, and the Counters of Content, to measure out in these furious fields, Honour by the ell; and pro- wesse by the pound: Let it not, ô let it not, I say, bee told hereafter, the noble issue of this Citie fainted: but beare your selues in this faire action, like men, valiant men, and free- men; Feare not the face of the enemy, nor the noise of the guns: for beleue me brethren, the rude rumbling of a Brew- ers Carre is farre more terrible, of which you haue a daily experience: Neither let the stinke of powder offend you, since a more valiant stinke is nightly with you. To a resol- ued minde, his home is euery where: I speake not this to take away the hope of your returne; for you shall see (I do not doubt it) and that very shortly, your louing wiues againe, and your sweet children, whose care doth beare you company in baskets. Remember then whose cause you haue in hand, and like a sort of true-borne Scauingers, scour me this famous Realme of enemies. I haue no more to say but this: Stand to your tacklings lads, and shew to the world you can as well brandish a sword, as shake an apron. Saint *George* and on my hearts. *Omnes.* *St. George, St. George.* *Exeunt*
Wife. 'Twas well done *Rafe*, Il'e send thee a cold Capon a field, and a bottle of March-beere; and it may be, come my selfe to see thee.

Cit. *Nell*, the boy has deceiued me much, I did not thinke it had beene in him: he has performed such a matter wench, that if I liue, next yeare Il'e haue him Captaine of the Gally- foist, or Il'e want my will.

Enter old Merri-thought.

Old mer. Yet I thanke God, I breake not a rinkle more then I had, not a stoope boyce: *Care* liue with *Cats*, I defie thee, my heart is as sound as an Oke; and though I want drinke

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380
wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
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wln 2408
wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411

to wet my whistle, I can sing:
Come no more there boyes, come no more there:
For we shall neuer whilst we liue, come any more there.

Enter a boy with a Coffin.

Boy. God saue you sir.

Oldmer. It's a braue boy: canst thou sing?

Boy. Yes sir, I can sing, but 'tis not so necessary at this time.

Old merri. Sing wee, and chaunt it, whilst loue doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, sir, if you knew what I haue brought you, you would haue little list to sing.

Old mer. O the Mimon round, full long long I haue thee sought,

And now I haue thee found, & what hast thou here brought?

Boy. A Coffin sir, and your dead son *Iasper* in it.

Old mer. Dead? why fare-well he:
Thou wast a bonny boy, and I did loue thee.

Enter Iasper.

Iasp. Then I pray you sir do so still.

Old mer. *Iaspers* ghost? thou art welcome from Stygian lake so soone,
Declare to mee what wondrous things in *Pluto*'s court are done.

Ias. By my troth sir, I nere came there, tis too hot for me sir.

Old mer. A merry ghost, a very merry ghost.
And where is your true-loue? ô where is yours?

Ias. Marie looke you sir. *Heaues vp the Coffin.*

Old mer. Ah ha! Art thou good at that Ifaith?
With hey trixie terlery-whiskin, the world it runnes on wheeles,

When the yong mans — vp goes the maidens heeles.

Mistresse Merri-thought, and Michael within.

Mist. mer. What Mr. *Merri-thought*, will you not let's in?
what do you thinke shall become of vs?

Old mer. What voyce is that that calleth at our doore?

Mist. mer. You know me well enough, I am sure I haue not

beene

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
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wln 2443
wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448

beene such a stranger to you.

Old mer. And some they whistled, and some they sung, *Hey downe, downe*: and some did lowdly say, euer as the Lord *Bar-nets* horne blew, *away Musgraue, away*.

Mist. mer. You will not haue vs starue here, will you Mr. *Merri-thought*?

Iasp. Nay good sir be perswaded, she is my mother: if her offences haue beene great against you, let your owne loue remember she is yours, and so forgiue her.

Luce Good Mr. *Merri-thought* let mee entreat you, I will not be denied. (still?)

Mist. mer. Why Mr. *Merri-thought*, will you be a vext thing

Old. mer. Woman I take you to my loue againe, but you shall sing before you enter: therefore dispatch your song, and so come in.

Mist. mer. Well, you must haue your will when al's done. *Micke* what song canst thou sing boy?

Mich. I can sing none forsooth, but a Ladies daughter of *Paris* properly.

Mist. mer. *Song. It was, a Ladies daaghter, &c.*

Old. mer. Come, you'r welcome home againe. If such danger be in playing, and iest must to earnest turne, You shall go no more a Maying.

March. within. Are you within sir, Maister *Merri-thought*?

Iasp. It is my maisters voyce, good sir go hold him in talke whilst we conuey our selues into some inward roome.

Old mer. What are you? are you merry? you must bee very merry if you enter.

March. I am sir.

Old mer. Sing then.

March. Nay good sir open to me.

Old mer. Sing, I say, or by the merry heart you come not in.

March. Well sir, Il'e sing.

Fortune my Foe, &c.

Old mer. You are welcome sir, you are welcome, you see your entertainment, pray you bee merry.

March. O Mr. *Merri-thought*, I am come to aske you

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
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wln 2483
wln 2484
wln 2485

Forgiuenesse for the wrongs I offered you,
And your most vertuous sonne, they're infinite,
Yet my contrition shall be more then they.
I do confesse my hardnesse broke his heart,
For which, iust heauen hath giuen me punishment
More then my age can carry, his wandring spirit
Not yet at rest, pursues me euery where,
Crying, I'le haunt thee for thy cruelty.
My daughter she is gone, I know not how,
Taken inuisible, and whether liuing,
Or in graue, 'tis yet vncertaine to me.
O Maister *Merry-thought*, these are the weights,
Will sinke me to my graue, forgiue me sir.

Old mer. Why sir, I do forgiue you, and be merry,
And if the wag, in's life time, plaid the knaue,
Can you forgiue him too? *Merch.* With all my heart sir.

Old mer. Speake it againe, and hartely.

Merch. I do sir,
Now by my soule I do.

Old mer. With that came out his Paramoure,
Shee was as white as the Lillie flower,
Hey troule trollie lollie.

Enter Luce and Iasper.

With that came out her owne deere Knight,
He was as true as euer did fight. &c.
Sir, if you will forgiue **ham**, clap their hands together,
there's no more to be sad i'th' matter.

Merch. I do, I do.

Cit. I do not like this, peace boies, heare me one of you,
euery bodies part is come to an end but *Raphes*, and hee's
left out.

Boy. 'Tis long of your selfe sir, wee haue nothing to doe
with his part.

Cit. *Raph* come away, make on him as you haue done of
the rest, boies come.

Wife. Now good husband let him come out and die.

Cit. He shall *Nel*, *Raph* come away quickely and die boy.

Boy. 'Twill be very vnfit he should die sir, vpon no occa-

sion,

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
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wln 2522

sion, and in a Comedy too.

Cit. Take you no care of that sir boy, is not his part at an end, thinke you, when he's dead? come away *Raph.*

Enter Raph, with a forked arrow through his head.

Raph. When I was mortall, this my costie corps
Did lap vp Figs and Raisons in the Strand,
Where sitting I espi'd a louely Dame,
Whose Maister wrought with Lingell and with All,
And vnder ground he vampied many a boote,
Straight did her loue pricke forth me, tender sprig
To follow feats of Armes in warlike wise,
Through *VValtham* Desert, where I did performe
Many atchieuements, and did lay on ground
Huge *Barbaroso* that insulting Giant,
And all his Captiues soone set at liberty.
Then honour prickt me from my natiue soile,
Into *Moldauia*, where I gain'd the loue
Of *Pompiana* his beloued daughter:
But yet prou'd constant to the blacke thum'd maide
Susan, and skorn'd *Pompianaes* loue:
Yet liberall I was and gaue her pinnes,
And money for her fathers Officers.
I then returned home, and thrust my selfe
In action, and by all men chosen was
Lord of the May, where I did flourish it,
With Skarfes and Rings, and Posie in my hand,
After this action, I preferred was,
And chosen Citty Captaine at Mile-end,
With hat and feather and with leading staffe,
And train'd my men and brought them all off cleere,
Saue one man that berai'd him with the noise.
But all these things I *Raph* did vndertake,
Onely for my beloued *Susans* sake.
Then comming home, and sitting in my Shop
With Apron blew, death came vnto my Stall
To cheapen *Aqua-vitae*, but ere I
Could take the bottle downe, and fill a taste,

The Knight of the burning Pestle

wln 2523
wln 2524
wln 2525
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wln 2558
wln 2559

Death caught a pound of Pepper in his hand,
And sprinkled all my face and body ore,
And in an instant vanished away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty fiction i' faith.

Raph. Then tooke I vp my Bow and Shaft in hand,
And walkt into *Moore-fields* to coole my selfe,
But there grim cruell death met me againe,
And shot this forked arrow through my head,
And now I faint, therefore be warn'd by me,
My fellowes euery one of forked heads.

Fare-well all you good boies in merry *London*,
Nere shall we more vpon Shroue-tuesday meete
And plucke downe houses of iniquitie.

My paine increaseth, I shall neuer more
Hold open, whilst another pumpes both legs,
Nor daube a Satten gowne with rotten eggs:

Set vp a stake, ô neuer more I shall,
I die, flie, flie my soule to *Grocers Hall*. oh, oh, oh, &c.

Wife. Well said *Raph*, doe your obeysance to the Gentle-
men and go your waies, well said *Raph*.

Exit Raph.

Old mer. Me thinkes all we, thus kindly and vnexpectedly
reconciled should not depart without a song.

Merch. A good motion.

Old mer. Strike vp then.

Song.

*Better Musicke nere was knowne,
Then a quire of hearts in one.
Let each other that hath beene,
Troubled with the gall or spleene:
Learne of vs to keepe his brow,
Smoth and plaine as ours are now.
Sing though before the houre of dying
He shall rise and then be crying.
Hey ho, 'tis nought but mirth.
That keepes the body from the earth.*

Exeunt Omnes.

Epilogus.

The Knight of the burning Pestle.

wln 2560

Epilogus.

wln 2561

Cittiz. Come *Nel*, shall we go, the Plaies done.

wln 2562

Wife. Nay by my faith *George*, I haue more manners then

wln 2563

so, I'le speake to these Gentlemen first: I thanke you all

wln 2564

Gentlemen, for your patience and **countenane** to *Raph*, a

wln 2565

poore fatherlesse child, and if I might see you at my house, it

wln 2566

should go hard, but I would haue a pottle of wine and a pipe

wln 2567

of Tobacco for you, for truely I hope you do like the youth,

wln 2568

but I would bee glad to know the truth: I referre it to your

wln 2569

owne discretions, whether you will applaud him or no, for

wln 2570

I will winke, and whilst you shall do what you will, I thanke

wln 2571

you with all my heart, God giue you good night; come

wln 2572

George.

wln 2573

FINIS.

Textual Notes

1. **38 (3-a)**: The regularized reading *combine* is amended from the original *conbine*.
2. **78 (4-b)**: The regularized reading *children* is amended from the original *chlidren*.
3. **280 (7-a)**: The regularized reading *shoot* is amended from the original *sute*.
4. **291 (7-b)**: Potential alternate reading: remove 'I'.
5. **347 (8-a)**: The regularized reading *Dwarfs* is amended from the original *Dwarses*.
6. **356 (8-a)**: The regularized reading *mirror* is amended from the original *mirrout*.
7. **416 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is amended from the original *your*.
8. **420 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is amended from the original *your*.
9. **422 (9-a)**: The regularized reading *Whoreson* is amended from the original *Whoresome*.
10. **554 (11-a)**: The regularized reading *no* is amended from the original *now*.
11. **835 (14-b)**: The regularized reading *Things* comes from the original *Things*, though possible variants include *Thing*.
12. **895 (15-b)**: 'thou' is duplicated. It has been struck-through in the text.
13. **964 (16-b)**: The regularized reading *Tapstero* is amended from the original *Tastero*.
14. **1024 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *Waltham* is supplied for the original *Wa[....]m*.
15. **1024 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *truly* is amended from the original *tuely*.
16. **1042 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *catch* is amended from the original *cath*.
17. **1049 (17-b)**: The regularized reading *Godfrey* is amended from the original *Godfrry*.
18. **1139 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *these* comes from the original *these*, though possible variants include *this*.
19. **1203 (20-a)**: The regularized reading *after-love* is amended from the original *ater-loue*.
20. **1227 (20-a)**: The regularized reading *swim* is amended from the original *swin*.
21. **1234 (20-a)**: The regularized reading *Gentlewoman* is amended from the original *Gntlewoman*.
22. **1297 (21-a)**: Some editions remove 'truery'.
23. **1297 (21-a)**: 'faire' is duplicated.
24. **1312 (21-a)**: The regularized reading *from* is amended from the original *fom*.
25. **1384 (22-a)**: The regularized reading *brings* is amended from the original *bings*.
26. **1408 (22-b)**: The regularized reading *swoops* is amended from the original *soopes*.
27. **1413 (22-b)**: The regularized reading *Dutchman* is amended from the original *Ducth-man*.
28. **1657 (26-a)**: The regularized reading *be* is amended from the original *he*.
29. **2098 (32-a)**: The regularized reading *Servingman* is amended from the original *Seruigman*.
30. **2123 (32-b)**: Ambiguous stage direction: these words are preceded by a lacuna. It is ambiguous whether this is a stage direction or part of Old Merrythought's speech.

31. **2186 (33-a)**: The regularized reading *Hogsdon* comes from the original *Hogsdon*, though possible variants include *Hoxton*.
32. **2281 (34-b)**: The regularized reading *Aldgate* is amended from the original *Algate*.
33. **2473 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *'em* is amended from the original *ham*.
34. **2564 (38-b)**: The regularized reading *countenance* is amended from the original *countenane*.