

# Folger SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

Advancing knowledge & the arts

## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

[emed.folger.edu](http://emed.folger.edu)

Discover over four hundred early modern English plays that were professionally performed in London between 1576 and 1642. Browse plays written by Shakespeare's contemporaries; explore the repertoires of London's professional companies; and download plays for reading and research.

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.



Plays distributed under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License.

img: 1-a

img: 1-b

sig: A2r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

img: 2-a

img: 2-b

sig: A3r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

img: 3-a

sig: A3v

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025

wln 0026

THE  
Old Wives Tale.

A pleasant conceited Comedy,  
played by the Queen's Majesty's  
players.

Written by *G. P.*

Printed at London by *John Danter*, and are to  
be sold by *Ralph Hancock*, and *John  
Hardy*. 1595.

The old Wives  
Tale.

*Enter Antic, Frolic and Fantastic.*

*Antic.*

How now fellow *Frantic*,  
what all a mort? Doth this sadness  
become thy madness? What  
though we have lost our way  
in the woods, yet never hang  
the head, as though thou hadst  
no hope to live till tomorrow: for *Fantastic*  
and I will warrant thy life tonight for twenty in  
the hundred.

*Frolic:* *Antic* and *Fantastic*, as I am  
frolic franion, never in all my life was I so  
dead slain. What? to lose our way in the  
wood, without either fire or candle so uncomfortable?  
*O coelum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!*

*Fantastic* Why makes thou it so strange, seeing  
Cupid hath led our young master to the fair Lady  
and she is the only Saint that he hath sworn  
to serve.

*Frolic.* What resteth then but we commit  
him to his wench, and each of us take his  
stand up in a Tree, and sing out our ill fortune

wln 0027  
wln 0028  
wln 0029  
wln 0030  
wln 0031  
wln 0032  
wln 0033  
wln 0034  
wln 0035  
wln 0036  
wln 0037  
wln 0038  
wln 0039  
wln 0040  
wln 0041  
wln 0042  
wln 0043  
wln 0044  
wln 0045  
wln 0046

img: 3-b  
sig: A4r

wln 0048  
wln 0049  
wln 0050  
wln 0051  
wln 0052  
wln 0053  
wln 0054  
wln 0055  
wln 0056  
wln 0057  
wln 0058  
wln 0059  
wln 0060  
wln 0061  
wln 0062  
wln 0063  
wln 0064  
wln 0065  
wln 0066  
wln 0067  
wln 0068  
wln 0069  
wln 0070  
wln 0071  
wln 0072  
wln 0073  
wln 0074

to the tune of O man in desperation.

*Antic* Desperately spoken fellow Frolic in the dark: but seeing it falls out thus, let us rehearse the old proverb.

*Three merry men, and three merry men,  
And three merry men be we.*

*I in the wood, and thou on the ground,  
And Jack sleeps in the tree.*

*Fantastic* Hush a dog in the wood, or a wooden dog, O comfortable hearing! I had even as lief the Chamberlain of the white Horse had called me up to bed.

*Frolic* Either hath this trotting Cur gone out of his circuit, or else are we near some village,

*Enter a Smith with a Lantern and Candle.*  
which should not be far off, for I perceive the glimmering of a Glow-worm, a Candle, or a Cat's eye, my life for a half penny. In the name of my own father, be thou Ox or Ass that appearest, tell us what thou art.

*Smith.* What am I? Why I am Clunch the Smith, what are you, what make you in my territories

at this time of the night?

*Antic* What do we make dost thou ask? why we make faces for fear: such as if thy mortal eyes could behold, would make thee water the long seams of thy side slops, Smith.

*Frolic* And in faith Sir unless your hospitality do relieve us, we are like to wander with a sorrowful hey ho, among the owlets, and Hobgoblins of the Forest: good *Vulcan*, for Cupid's sake that hath cozened us all: befriend us as thou mayest, and command us howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for ever and ever.

*Smith.* Well Masters it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood: in consideration whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his Cottage, you shall have house room, and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in.

*All.* O blessed Smith, O bountiful Clunch.

*Smith.* For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so.

*Hear a Dog bark..*

Hark this is Ball my Dog that bids you all welcome in his own language, come take heed for stumbling on the threshold, open door Madge take in guests.

*Enter old woman.*

wln 0075

wln 0076

img: 4-a  
sig: A4v

wln 0077

wln 0078

wln 0079

wln 0080

wln 0081

wln 0082

wln 0083

wln 0084

wln 0085

wln 0086

wln 0087

wln 0088

wln 0089

wln 0090

wln 0091

wln 0092

wln 0093

wln 0094

wln 0095

wln 0096

*Old Woman* Welcome Clunch and good fellows all that  
come with my good man for my good man's sake

come on sit down here is a piece of cheese and  
a pudding of my own making.

*Antic:* Thanks Gammer a good example  
for the wives of our town.

*Frolic:* Gammer thou and thy good man  
sit lovingly together, we come to chat and not  
to eat.

*Smith:* Well Masters if you will eat nothing  
take away: Come, what do we to pass  
away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to roast for  
Lambswool; what shall we have a game at  
Trump or Ruff to drive away the time, how  
say you?

*Fantastic:* This Smith leads a life as merry  
as a King with *Madge* his wife; *Sirrah Frolic*,  
I am sure thou art not without some  
round or other, no doubt but Clunch can bear  
his part.

*Frolic:* Else think you me ill brought up,  
so set to it when you will.

*they sing.*

wln 0097

wln 0098

wln 0099

wln 0100

wln 0101

wln 0102

wln 0103

wln 0104

*Song.*

*Whenas the Rye reach to the chin,  
And chopcherry chopcherry ripe within,  
Strawberries swimming in the cream,  
And school boys playing in the stream:  
Then O, then O, then O my true love said,  
Till that time come again,  
She could not live a maid.*

img: 4-b  
sig: B1r

wln 0105

wln 0106

wln 0107

wln 0108

wln 0109

wln 0110

wln 0111

wln 0112

wln 0113

wln 0114

wln 0115

wln 0116

wln 0117

wln 0118

*Antic:* This sport does well: but methinks  
Gammer, a merry winter's tale would drive away  
the time trimly, come I am sure you are not  
without a score.

*Fantastic:* I' faith Gammer a tale of an hour  
long were as good as an hour's sleep.

*Frolic* Look you Gammer, of the Giant  
and the King's Daughter, and I know not what,  
I have seen the day when I was a little one, you  
might have drawn me a mile after you with  
such a discourse.

*Old woman:* Well, since you be so importunate,  
my good man shall fill the pot and get him  
to bed, they that ply their work must keep

wln 0119  
wln 0120  
wln 0121  
wln 0122  
wln 0123  
wln 0124  
wln 0125  
wln 0126  
wln 0127  
wln 0128  
wln 0129  
wln 0130  
wln 0131  
wln 0132  
wln 0133

img: 5-a  
sig: B1v

wln 0134  
wln 0135  
wln 0136  
wln 0137  
wln 0138  
wln 0139  
wln 0140  
wln 0141  
wln 0142  
wln 0143  
wln 0144  
wln 0145  
wln 0146  
wln 0147  
wln 0148  
wln 0149  
wln 0150  
wln 0151  
wln 0152  
wln 0153  
wln 0154  
wln 0155  
wln 0156  
wln 0157  
wln 0158  
wln 0159  
wln 0160  
wln 0161  
wln 0162

img: 5-b  
sig: B2r

wln 0163

good hours, one of you go lie with him, he  
is a clean skinned man I tell you, without either  
spavin or windgall, so I am content to drive away  
the time with an old wife's winter's tale.

*Fantastic:* No better hay in Devonshire, o' my  
word Gammer, I'll be one of of your audience.

*Frolic:* And I another that's flat.

*Antic:* Then must I to bed with the good  
man, *Bona nox* Gammer, Good night *Frolic*.

*Smith:* Come on my Lad, thou shalt take  
thy unnatural rest with me.

*Exeunt Antic and the Smith.*

*Frolic:* Yet this vantage shall we have of  
them in the morning, to be ready at the sight  
thereof extempore.

*Old woman:* Now this bargain my Masters  
must I make with you, that you will say hum and  
ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

*Both:* Content Gammer that will we do.

*Old woman:* Once upon a time there was a  
King or a Lord, or a Duke that had a fair daughter,  
the fairest that ever was; as white as snow,  
and as red as blood: and once upon a time his  
daughter was stolen away, and he sent all his  
men to seek out his daughter, and he sent so  
long, that he sent all his men out of his Land.

*Frolic* Who dressed his dinner then?

*Old woman:* Nay either hear my tale,  
or kiss my tail.

*Fantastic:* Well said, on with your tale Gammer.

*Old woman:* O Lord I quite forgot, there  
was a Conjurer, and this Conjurer could do  
anything, and he turned himself into a great  
Dragon, and carried the King's Daughter away  
in his mouth to a Castle that he made of stone,  
and there he kept her I know not how long, till  
at last all the King's men went out so long, that  
her two Brothers went to seek her. O I forget:  
she (he I would say) turned a proper young man  
to a Bear in the night, and a man in the day, and  
keeps by a cross that parts three several ways,  
and he made his Lady run mad: gods me bones  
who comes here?

*Enter the two Brothers.*

*Frolic* Soft Gammer, here some come to tell

your tale for you.

wln 0164  
wln 0165  
wln 0166  
wln 0167  
wln 0168  
wln 0169  
wln 0170  
wln 0171  
wln 0172  
wln 0173  
wln 0174  
wln 0175  
wln 0176  
wln 0177  
wln 0178  
wln 0179  
wln 0180  
wln 0181  
wln 0182  
wln 0183  
wln 0184  
wln 0185  
wln 0186  
wln 0187  
wln 0188  
wln 0189  
wln 0190  
wln 0191

img: 6-a  
sig: B2v

wln 0192  
wln 0193  
wln 0194  
wln 0195  
wln 0196  
wln 0197  
wln 0198  
wln 0199  
wln 0200  
wln 0201  
wln 0202  
wln 0203  
wln 0204  
wln 0205  
wln 0206  
wln 0207  
wln 0208  
wln 0209  
wln 0210  
wln 0211

*Fantastic:* Let them alone, let us hear what they will say.

*1. Brother:* Upon these chalky Cliffs of *Albion*  
We are arrived now with tedious toil,  
And compassing the wide world round about  
To seek our sister, to seek fair *Delia* forth,  
Yet cannot we so much as hear of her.

*2. Brother:* O fortune cruel, cruel and unkind,  
Unkind in that we cannot find our sister;  
Our sister hapless in her cruel chance:  
Soft who have we here.

*Enter Senex at the Cross stooping to gather.*

*1. Brother:* Now father God be your speed,  
What do you gather there?

*Old man:* Hips and Haws, and sticks and  
straws, and things that I gather on the ground  
my son.

*1. Brother:* Hips and Haws, and sticks and  
straws, why is that all your food father?

*Old man:* Yea son.

*2. Brother:* Father, here is an Alms penny  
for me, and if I speed in that I go for, I will  
give thee as good a Gown of gray as ever thou  
didst wear.

*1. Brother:* And Father here is another alms  
penny for me, and if I speed in my journey, I  
will give thee a Palmer's staff of ivory, and a  
scallop shell of beaten gold.

*Old man:* Was she fair?

*2. Brother:* Ay the fairest for white, and the purest  
for red, as the blood of the Deer, or the  
driven snow:

*Old man* Then hark well and mark well, my old spell:  
Be not afraid of every stranger,  
Start not aside at every danger:  
Things that seem are not the same,  
Blow a blast at every flame:  
For when one flame of fire goes out,  
Then comes your wishes well about:  
If any ask who told you this good,  
Say the white Bear of England's wood.

*1. Brother:* Brother heard you not what the  
old man said:  
Be not afraid of every stranger,  
Start not aside for every danger:  
Things that seem are not the same,  
Blow a blast at every flame:  
If any ask who told you this good,

wln 0212  
wln 0213  
wln 0214  
wln 0215  
wln 0216  
wln 0217  
wln 0218  
wln 0219  
wln 0220

img: 6-b  
sig: B3r

Say the white Bear of England's wood.  
2. *Brother*: Well if this do us any good,  
Well fare the white Bear of England's wood.  
*Old man* Now sit thee here and tell a heavy tale.  
Sad in thy mood, and sober in thy cheer,  
Here sit thee now and to thyself relate,  
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.  
In *Thessaly* I lived in sweet content,  
Until that Fortune wrought my overthrow;

*exeunt.*

wln 0221  
wln 0222  
wln 0223  
wln 0224  
wln 0225  
wln 0226  
wln 0227  
wln 0228  
wln 0229  
wln 0230  
wln 0231  
wln 0232  
wln 0233  
wln 0234  
wln 0235  
wln 0236  
wln 0237  
wln 0238  
wln 0239  
wln 0240  
wln 0241  
wln 0242  
wln 0243  
wln 0244  
wln 0245  
wln 0246  
wln 0247  
wln 0248  
wln 0249

For there I wedded was unto a dame,  
That lived in honor, virtue, love, and fame:  
But *Sacrapant* that cursed sorcerer,  
Being besotted with my beauteous love:  
My dearest love, my true betrothed wife,  
Did seek the means to rid me of my life.  
But worse than this, he with his chanting spells,  
Did turn me straight unto an ugly Bear;  
And when the sun doth settle in the west,  
Than I begin to don my ugly hide:  
And all the day I sit, as now you see,  
And speak in riddles all inspire with rage,  
Seeming an old and miserable man:  
And yet I am in April of my age.

*Enter Venelia his Lady mad; and goes in again.*

See where *Venelia* my betrothed love,  
Runs madding all enraged about the woods;  
All by his cursed and enchanting spells.

*Enter Lampriscus with a pot of Honey.*

But here comes *Lampriscus* my discontented  
neighbor. How now neighbor, you look  
toward the ground as well as I, you muse on  
something.

*Lampriscus* Neighbor on nothing, but on the  
matter I so often moved to you: if you do any  
thing for charity, help me; if for neighborhood  
or brotherhood, help me: never was one so  
cumbered as is poor *Lampriscus*: and to begin,  
I pray receive this pot of Honey to mend

img: 7-a  
sig: B3v

wln 0250  
wln 0251  
wln 0252  
wln 0253  
wln 0254  
wln 0255  
wln 0256

your fare.  
*Old man*: Thanks neighbor, set it down,  
Honey is always welcome to the Bear.  
And now neighbor let me hear the cause of  
your coming.  
*Lampriscus*: I am (as you know neighbor)  
a man unmarried, and lived so unquietly

wln 0257  
wln 0258  
wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262  
wln 0263  
wln 0264  
wln 0265  
wln 0266  
wln 0267  
wln 0268  
wln 0269  
wln 0270  
wln 0271  
wln 0272  
wln 0273  
wln 0274  
wln 0275  
wln 0276  
wln 0277  
wln 0278

img: 7-b  
sig: B4r

wln 0279  
wln 0280  
wln 0281  
wln 0282  
wln 0283  
wln 0284  
wln 0285  
wln 0286  
wln 0287  
wln 0288  
wln 0289  
wln 0290  
wln 0291  
wln 0292  
wln 0293  
wln 0294  
wln 0295  
wln 0296  
wln 0297  
wln 0298  
wln 0299  
wln 0300  
wln 0301  
wln 0302  
wln 0303  
wln 0304

with my two wives, that I keep every year  
holy the day wherein I buried them both; the first  
was on saint *Andrew's* day; the other on saint  
*Luke's*.

*Old man:* And now neighbor, you of this  
country say, your custom is out: but on with  
your tale neighbor.

*Lampriscus* By my first wife, whose tongue wearied  
me alive, and sounded in my ears like the  
clapper of a great Bell, whose talk was a continual  
torment to all that dwelt by her, or lived  
nigh her, you have heard me say I had a handsome  
daughter.

*Old man:* True neighbor.

*Lampriscus:* She it is that afflicts me with her  
continual clamors, and hangs on me like a  
Burr: poor she is, and proud she is, as  
poor as a sheep new shorn, and as proud  
of her hopes, as a Peacock of her tail well  
grown.

*Old man:* Well said *Lampriscus*, you speak  
it like an Englishman.

*Lampriscus* As curst as a wasp, and as froward  
as a child new taken from the mother's teat,  
she is to my age, as smoke to the eyes, or as vinegar  
to the teeth.

*Old man:* Holily praised neighbor, as much  
for the next.

*Lampriscus* By my other wife I had a daughter,  
so hard favored, so foul and ill faced, that I  
think a grove full of golden trees; and the  
leaves of Rubies and Diamonds, would not  
be a dowry answerable to her  
deformity.

*Old man:* Well neighbor, now you have  
spoke, hear me speak; send them to the Well  
for the water of life: there shall they find their  
fortunes unlooked for; Neighbor farewell.

*Exit.*

*Lampriscus* Farewell and a thousand, and now  
goeth poor *Lampriscus* to put in execution  
this excellent counsel.

*Exeunt.*

*Frolic* Why this goes round without a fiddling  
stick; but do you hear Gammer, was this  
the man that was a Bear in the night, and a  
man in the day?

*Old woman:* Ay this is he; and this man that  
came to him was a beggar, and dwelt upon a



wln 0305  
wln 0306  
wln 0307

img: 8-a  
sig: B4v

green. But soft, who comes here? O these are  
the harvestmen; ten to one they sing a song of  
mowing.

wln 0308  
wln 0309  
wln 0310  
wln 0311  
wln 0312  
wln 0313  
wln 0314  
wln 0315  
wln 0316  
wln 0317  
wln 0318  
wln 0319  
wln 0320  
wln 0321  
wln 0322  
wln 0323  
wln 0324  
wln 0325  
wln 0326  
wln 0327  
wln 0328  
wln 0329  
wln 0330  
wln 0331  
wln 0332  
wln 0333  
wln 0334  
wln 0335  
wln 0336

*Enter the harvestmen a-singing, with this  
Song double repeated*

*All ye that lovely lovers be, pray you for me,  
Lo here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,  
And sow sweet fruits of love:  
In your sweet hearts well may it prove.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Huanebango with his two-hand sword,  
and Booby the Clown.*

*Fantastic:* Gammer, what is he?

*Old woman:* O this is one that is going to the  
conjurer, let him alone, hear what he says.

*Huanebango* Now by *Mars* and *Mercury*, *Jupiter*  
and *Janus*, *Sol* and *Saturnus*, *Venus* and *Vesta*,  
*Pallas* and *Proserpina*, and by the honor of my  
house *Polimackeroeplacidus*, it is a wonder to see  
what this love will make silly fellows adventure,  
even in the wane of their wits, and infancy  
of their discretion. Alas my friend what fortune  
calls thee forth to seek thy fortune among  
brazen gates, enchanted towers, fire and Brimstone,  
thunder and lightning. Beauty I tell thee  
is peerless, and she precious whom thou affectest:  
do off these desires good countryman,  
good friend run away from thyself, and so  
soon as thou canst, forget her; whom none  
must inherit but he that can monsters tame, labors  
achieve, riddles absolve, loose enchantments,  
murder magic, and kill conjuring: and  
that is the great and mighty *Huanebango*.

img: 8-b  
sig: C1r

wln 0337  
wln 0338  
wln 0339  
wln 0340  
wln 0341  
wln 0342  
wln 0343  
wln 0344  
wln 0345  
wln 0346  
wln 0347  
wln 0348  
wln 0349

*Booby:* Hark you sir, hark you; First know  
I have here the flirting feather, and have given  
the Parish the start for the long stock: Now  
sir if it be no more but running through a little  
lightning and thunder, and riddle me riddle me  
what's this, I'll have the wench from the Conjurer  
if he were ten Conjurers.

*Huanebango* I have abandoned the Court and honorable  
company, to do my devoir against  
this sore Sorcerer and mighty Magician: if this  
Lady be so fair as she is said to be, she is mine,  
she is mine, *Meus, mea, meum, in contemptum  
omnium Grammaticorum.*

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

img: 9-a  
sig: C1v

wln 0366  
wln 0367  
wln 0368  
wln 0369  
wln 0370  
wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373  
wln 0374  
wln 0375  
wln 0376  
wln 0377  
wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380  
wln 0381  
wln 0382  
wln 0383  
wln 0384  
wln 0385  
wln 0386  
wln 0387  
wln 0388  
wln 0389  
wln 0390  
wln 0391  
wln 0392  
wln 0393

img: 9-b  
sig: C2r

wln 0394

*Booby:* O *falsum Latinum!* the fair maid is  
*minum, cum apurtinantibus gibletes* and all.

*Huanebango* If she be mine, as I assure myself  
the heavens will do somewhat to reward my  
worthiness; she shall be allied to none of the  
meanest gods; but be invested in the most famous  
stock of *Huanebango Polimackeroeplacidus*,  
my Grandfather: my father *Pergopolyneo*:  
my mother, *Dionora de Sardinia*: famously  
descended.

*Booby:* Do you hear sir; had not you a  
Cousin, that was called *Gusteceridis*?

*Huanebango* Indeed I had a Cousin, that sometime  
followed the Court infortunately, and his name  
*Bustegusteceridis*.

*Booby:* O Lord I know him well: he is the

knight of the neat's feet.

*Huanebango* O he loved no Capon better, he hath  
oftentimes deceived his boy of his dinner, that  
was his fault good *Bustegusteceridis*.

*Booby:* Come shall we go along? Soft, here  
is an old man at the Cross, let us ask him the  
way thither. Ho, you Gaffer, I pray you tell  
where the wise man the Conjurer dwells?

*Huanebango* Where that earthly Goddess keepeth  
her abode; the commander of my thoughts,  
and fair Mistress of my heart.

*Old man:* Fair enough, and far enough  
from thy fingering son.

*Huanebango* I will follow my Fortune after mine  
own fancy, and do according to mine own  
discretion.

*Old man:* Yet give some thing to an old man  
before you go.

*Huanebango* Father methinks a piece of this  
Cake might serve your turn.

*Old man:* Yea son.

*Huanebango* *Huanebango* giveth no Cakes for  
Alms, ask of them that give gifts for poor  
Beggars. Fair Lady, if thou wert once shrined  
in this bosom, I would buckler thee  
haratantara.

*Exit.*

*Booby:* Father do you see this man, you little  
think he'll run a mile or two for such a Cake,

or pass for a pudding, I tell you father he has

wln 0395  
wln 0396  
wln 0397  
wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
wln 0408  
wln 0409  
wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412

kept such a begging of me for a piece of this  
Cake, who he comes upon me with a superfantial  
substance, and the foison of the earth,  
that I know not what he means: If he came  
to me thus, and said, my friend *Booby* or so, why  
I could spare him a piece with all my heart; but  
when he tells me how God hath enriched me  
above other fellows with a Cake: why he  
makes me blind and deaf at once: Yet father  
here is a piece of Cake for you as hard as the  
world goes.

*Old man:* Thanks son, but list to me,  
He shall be deaf when thou shalt not see;  
Farewell my son things may so hit,  
Thou mayst have wealth to mend thy wit.

*Booby:* Farewell father, farewell; for I must  
make haste after my two-hand sword that is gone  
before.

*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 0413

*Enter Sacrapant in his study.*

wln 0414  
wln 0415  
wln 0416  
wln 0417  
wln 0418  
wln 0419  
wln 0420

*Sacrapant:* The day is clear, the Welkin  
bright and gray,  
The Lark is merry, and records her notes;  
Each thing rejoiceth underneath the Sky,  
But only I whom heaven hath in hate:  
Wretched and miserable *Sacrapant*,  
In *Thessaly* was I born and brought up,

img: 10-a  
sig: C2v

wln 0421  
wln 0422  
wln 0423  
wln 0424  
wln 0425  
wln 0426  
wln 0427  
wln 0428  
wln 0429  
wln 0430  
wln 0431  
wln 0432  
wln 0433  
wln 0434  
wln 0435  
wln 0436  
wln 0437  
wln 0438  
wln 0439  
wln 0440

My mother *Meroe* hight a famous Witch,  
And by her cunning I of her did learn,  
To change and alter shapes of mortal men.  
There did I turn myself into a Dragon,  
And stole away the Daughter to the King;  
Fair *Delia*, the Mistress of my heart:  
And brought her hither to revive the man,  
That seemeth young and pleasant to behold,  
And yet is aged, crooked, weak and numb.  
Thus by enchanting spells I do deceive,  
Those that behold and look upon my face;  
But well may I bid youthful years adieu:

*Enter Delia with a pot in her hand.*

See where she comes from whence my sorrows grow,  
How now fair *Delia* where have you been?

*Delia:* At the foot of the Rock for running  
water, and gathering roots for your dinner  
sir.

*Sacrapant* Ah *Delia*, fairer art thou than the running  
water, yet harder far than steel or

wln 0441  
wln 0442  
wln 0443  
wln 0444  
wln 0445  
wln 0446  
wln 0447  
wln 0448  
wln 0449

img: 10-b  
sig: C3r

wln 0450  
wln 0451  
wln 0452  
wln 0453  
wln 0454  
wln 0455  
wln 0456  
wln 0457  
wln 0458  
wln 0459  
wln 0460  
wln 0461  
wln 0462  
wln 0463  
wln 0464  
wln 0465  
wln 0466  
wln 0467  
wln 0468  
wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472  
wln 0473  
wln 0474  
wln 0475  
wln 0476  
wln 0477  
wln 0478

img: 11-a  
sig: C3v

wln 0479  
wln 0480  
wln 0481  
wln 0482  
wln 0483  
wln 0484  
wln 0485

Adamant.

*Delia:* Will it please you to sit down sir.

*Sacrapant* Ay *Delia*, sit and ask me what thou wilt,  
thou shalt have it brought into thy lap.

*Delia:* Then I pray you sir let me have the  
best meat from the king of *England's* table, and  
the best wine in all *France*, brought in by the veriest  
knave in all *Spain*.

*Sacrapant* *Delia* I am glad to see you so pleasant,

well sit thee down.

*Sacrapant* Spread table spread; meat, drink and bread  
Ever may I have, what I ever crave:  
When I am spread, for meat for my black cock,  
And meat for my red.

*Enter a Friar with a chine of Beef and  
a pot of wine.*

*Sacrapant* Here *Delia*, will ye fall to.

*Delia* Is this the best meat in England?

*Sacrapant* Yea.

*Delia* What is it?

*Sacrapant* A chine of English beef, meat for a king  
And a king's followers.

*Delia* Is this the best wine in *France*?

*Sacrapant* Yea.

*Delia* What Wine is it?

*Sacrapant* A cup of neat wine of *Orleans*,  
That never came near the brewers in England.

*Delia* Is this the veriest knave in all *Spain*?

*Sacrapant* Yea.

*Delia* What is he a Friar?

*Sacrapant* Yea a Friar indefinite, and a knave infinite.

*Delia* Then I pray ye sir Friar tell me before  
you go, which is the most greediest  
Englishman?

*Fryer:* The miserable and most covetous  
Usurer.

*Sacrapant* Hold thee there Friar,  
But soft who have we here, *Delia* away begone.

*Exit Friar.*

*Enter the two Brothers.*

*Delia* away, for beset are we,  
But heaven or hell shall rescue her for me.

1. *Brother* Brother, was not that *Delia* did appear?  
Or was it but her shadow that was here?

2. *Brother:* Sister, where art thou? *Delia* come again  
He calls, that of thy absence doth complain.

wln 0486  
wln 0487  
wln 0488  
wln 0489  
wln 0490  
wln 0491  
wln 0492  
wln 0493  
wln 0494  
wln 0495  
wln 0496  
wln 0497  
wln 0498  
wln 0499  
wln 0500  
wln 0501  
wln 0502  
wln 0503  
wln 0504  
wln 0505  
wln 0506  
wln 0507

img: 11-b  
sig: C4r

wln 0508  
wln 0509  
wln 0510  
wln 0511  
wln 0512  
wln 0513  
wln 0514  
wln 0515  
wln 0516  
wln 0517  
wln 0518  
wln 0519  
wln 0520  
wln 0521  
wln 0522  
wln 0523  
wln 0524  
wln 0525  
wln 0526  
wln 0527  
wln 0528  
wln 0529  
wln 0530  
wln 0531  
wln 0532  
wln 0533

Call out *Calypha* that she may hear,  
And cry aloud, for *Delia* is near.

*Echo:* Near.

1. *Brother* Near, O where, hast thou any tidings?

*Echo:* Tidings.

2. *Brother* Which way is *Delia* then, or that, or this?

*Echo:* This.

1. *Brother* And may we safely come where *Delia* is

*Echo:* Yes.

2. *Brother:* Brother remember you the white

Bear of England's wood:

Start not aside for every danger,

Be not afeard of every stranger;

Things that seem, are not the same.

1. *Brother* Brother, why do we not then courageously enter.

2. *Brother* Then brother draw thy sword and follow me.

*Enter the Conjuror; it lightens and thunders,*

*the 2. Brother falls down.*

1. *Brother* What brother dost thou fall?

*Sacrapant* Ay, and thou too *Calypha*.

*Fall 1. Brother. Enter two furies.*

*Adestes Daemones:* away with them,

Go carry them straight to *Sacrapanto's* cell,

There in despair and torture for to dwell;

These are *Thenore's* sons of *Thessaly*,

That come to seek *Delia* their sister forth:

But with a potion, I to her have given,

My arts hath made her to forget herself.

*He removes a turf, and shows a light in a glass.*

See here the thing which doth prolong my life

With this enchantment I do any thing.

And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,

And never none shall break this little glass,

But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maid.

Then cheer thyself, this is thy destiny,

Never to die, but by a dead man's hand.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Eumenides the wand'ring Knight,*

*and the old man at the cross.*

*Eumenides* Tell me Time, tell me just Time,

When shall I *Delia* see?

When shall I see the lodestar of my life?

When shall my wand'ring course end with her sight?

Or I but view my hope, my heart's delight.

Father God speed, if you tell fortunes, I pray

good father tell me mine.

*Old man:* Son I do see in thy face,

Thy blessed fortune work apace;

I do perceive that thou hast wit,

wln 0534  
wln 0535  
wln 0536

img: 12-a  
sig: C4v

Beg of thy fate to govern it,  
For wisdom governed by advice,  
Makes many fortunate and wise.

wln 0537  
wln 0538  
wln 0539  
wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
wln 0543  
wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
wln 0547  
wln 0548  
wln 0549  
wln 0550  
wln 0551  
wln 0552  
wln 0553  
wln 0554  
wln 0555  
wln 0556  
wln 0557  
wln 0558  
wln 0559  
wln 0560  
wln 0561  
wln 0562  
wln 0563  
wln 0564  
wln 0565

Bestow thy alms, give more than all,  
Till dead men's bones come at thy call:  
Farewell my son, dream of no rest,  
Till thou repent that thou didst best.

*Exit Old man*

*Eumenides* This man hath left me in a Labyrinth,  
He biddeth me give more than all,  
Till dead men's bones come at thy call:  
He biddeth me dream of no rest,  
Till I repent that I do best.

*Enter Wiggen, Corebus, Churchwarden  
and Sexton.*

*Wiggen:* You may be ashamed, you whoreson  
scald Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had  
any shame in those shameless faces of yours, to  
let a poor man lie so long above ground unburied.  
A rot on you all, that have no more compassion  
of a good fellow when he is gone.

*Simon:* What would you have us to bury  
him, and to answer it ourselves to the  
parish?

*Sexton:* Parish me no parishes, pay me my  
fees, and let the rest run on in the quarters accounts,  
and put it down for one of your good  
deeds a God's name, for I am not one that curiously  
stands upon merits.

*Corebus:* You whoreson sodden-headed  
sheep's face, shall a good fellow do less service  
and more honesty to the parish, and will you not  
when he is dead let him have Christmas burial.

img: 12-b  
sig: D1r

wln 0566  
wln 0567  
wln 0568  
wln 0569  
wln 0570  
wln 0571  
wln 0572  
wln 0573  
wln 0574  
wln 0575  
wln 0576  
wln 0577  
wln 0578

*Wiggen:* Peace *Corebus*, assure as *Jack* was  
*Jack*, the frolic'st franion amongst you, and I  
*Wiggen* his sweet sworn brother, *Jack* shall  
have his funerals, or some of them shall lie on  
God's dear earth for it, that's once.

*Churchwarden Wiggen* I hope thou wilt do no  
more than thou dar'st answer.

*Wiggen* Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or less,  
answer or not answer, do this, or have this.

*Sexton* Help, help, help, *Wiggen* sets upon  
the parish with a Pikestaff.

*Eumenides awakes and comes to them.*

*Eumenides* Hold thy hands good fellow.

wln 0579  
wln 0580  
wln 0581  
wln 0582  
wln 0583  
wln 0584  
wln 0585  
wln 0586  
wln 0587  
wln 0588  
wln 0589  
wln 0590  
wln 0591  
wln 0592  
wln 0593  
wln 0594

img: 13-a  
sig: D1v

wln 0595  
wln 0596  
wln 0597  
wln 0598  
wln 0599  
wln 0600  
wln 0601  
wln 0602  
wln 0603  
wln 0604  
wln 0605  
wln 0606  
wln 0607  
wln 0608  
wln 0609  
wln 0610  
wln 0611  
wln 0612  
wln 0613  
wln 0614  
wln 0615  
wln 0616  
wln 0617  
wln 0618  
wln 0619  
wln 0620  
wln 0621  
wln 0622  
wln 0623

img: 13-b  
sig: D2r

*Corebus* Can you blame him sir, if he take *Jack's* part against this shake rotten parish that will not bury *Jack*.

*Eumenides* Why what was that *Jack*?

*Corebus* Who *Jack* sir, who our *Jack* sir? as good a fellow as ever trod upon Neat's leather.

*Wiggen:* Look you sir, he gave four score and nineteen mourning gowns to the parish when he died, and because he would not make them up a full hundred, they would not bury him; was not this good dealing?

*Churchwarden* Oh Lord sir how he lies, he was not worth a halfpenny, and drunk out every penny: and now his fellows, his drunken companions, would have us to bury him at the

charge of the parish, and we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the Bells, and thatch the chancel: he shall lie above ground till he dance a galliard about the churchyard for *Steven Loach*.

*Wiggen:* *Sic argumentaris domine Loach;* and we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the Bells, and thatch the chancel: in good time sir, and hang yourselves in the Bell ropes when you have done, *Domine oponens praepono tibi hanc questionem,* whether will you have the ground broken, or your pates broken: first, for one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine, I'll seal it upon your coxcomb.

*Eumenides* Hold thy hands, I pray thee good fellow be not too hasty.

*Corebus* You Capon's face, we shall have you turned out of the parish one of these days, with never a tatter to your arse, then you are in worse taking than *Jack*.

*Eumenides* Faith and he is bad enough: this fellow does but the part of a friend, to seek to bury his friend; how much will bury him?

*Wiggen:* Faith, about some fifteen or sixteen shillings will bestow him honestly.

*Sexton:* Ay even thereabouts sir.

*Eumenides:* Here hold it then, and I have left me but one poor three half-pence; now do I

wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
wln 0627  
wln 0628  
wln 0629  
wln 0630  
wln 0631  
wln 0632  
wln 0633  
wln 0634  
wln 0635  
wln 0636  
wln 0637  
wln 0638  
wln 0639  
wln 0640  
wln 0641  
wln 0642  
wln 0643  
wln 0644  
wln 0645  
wln 0646  
wln 0647  
wln 0648  
wln 0649  
wln 0650  
wln 0651  
wln 0652

img: 14-a  
sig: D2v

wln 0653  
wln 0654  
wln 0655  
wln 0656  
wln 0657  
wln 0658  
wln 0659  
wln 0660  
wln 0661  
wln 0662  
wln 0663  
wln 0664  
wln 0665  
wln 0666  
wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669  
wln 0670  
wln 0671

remember the words the old man spake at the cross; bestow all thou hast, and this is all, till dead men's bones comes at thy call, hear hold it, and so farewell.

*Wiggen* God, and all good, be with you sir; nay you cormorants, I'll bestow one peal of *Jack* at mine own proper costs and charges.

*Corebus* You may thank God the long staff and the bilbo blade, crossed not your coxcomb; well we'll to the church stile, and have a pot, and so trill lill.

*Both:* Come let's go.

*Exeunt.*

*Fantastic:* But hark you gammer, methinks this *Jack* bore a great sway in the parish.

*Old woman:* O this *Jack* was a marvelous fellow, he was but a poor man, but very well beloved: you shall see anon what this *Jack* will come to.

*Enter the harvestmen singing, with women in their hands.*

*Frolic* Soft, who have we here? our amorous harvesters.

*Fantastic:* Ay, Ay, let us sit still and let them alone.

*Here they begin to sing, the song doubled.*

*Lo here we come a-reaping, a-reaping,  
To reap our harvest fruit,  
And thus we pass the year so long,  
And never be we mute.*

*Exit the harvestmen.*

*Enter Huanebango, and Corebus the clown.*

*Frolic* Soft, who have we here?

*Old woman* O this is a choleric gentleman, all you that love your lives, keep out of the smell of his two-hand sword: now goes he to the conjurer.

*Fantastic:* Methinks the Conjurer should put the fool into a Juggling box.

*Huanebango* Fee, fa, fum, here is the Englishman, Conquer him that can, came for his lady bright, To prove himself a knight, And win her love in fight.

*Corebus* Hoo-haw master *Bango* are you here? hear you, you had best sit down here, and beg an alms with me.

*Huanebango* Hence base cullion, here is he that commandeth ingress and egress with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary whosoever saith no.



wln 0672  
wln 0673  
wln 0674  
wln 0675  
wln 0676  
wln 0677  
wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681

img: 14-b  
sig: D3r

wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684  
wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687  
wln 0688  
wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691  
wln 0692  
wln 0693  
wln 0694  
wln 0695  
wln 0696  
wln 0697  
wln 0698  
wln 0699  
wln 0700  
wln 0701  
wln 0702  
wln 0703  
wln 0704  
wln 0705  
wln 0706  
wln 0707  
wln 0708  
wln 0709  
wln 0710

img: 15-a  
sig: D3v

wln 0711  
wln 0712  
wln 0713  
wln 0714  
wln 0715  
wln 0716

*A voice and flame of fire: Huanebango  
falleth down.*

*Voice:* No.

*Old woman* So with that they kissed, and spoiled the  
edge of as good a two-hand sword, as ever God  
put life in; now goes *Corebus* in, spite of the  
conjurer.

*Enter the Conjurer, and strike Corebus blind.*

*Sacrapant* Away with him into the open fields,  
To be a ravening prey to Crows and Kites:

And for this villain let him wander up and down  
In naught but darkness and eternal night.

*Corebus* Here hast thou slain *Huan* a slashing knight  
And robbed poor *Corebus* of his sight. *Exit.*

*Sacrapant* Hence villain hence.  
Now I have unto *Delia* given a potion of  
forgetfulness,  
That when she comes she shall not know her  
Brothers:

Lo where they labor like to Country slaves,  
With spade and mattock on this enchanted  
ground.

Now will I call her by another name,  
For never shall she know herself again,  
Until that *Sacrapant* hath breathed his last.  
See where she comes. *Enter Delia.*  
Come hither *Delia* take this goad,  
Here hard at hand two slaves do work and dig  
for gold,  
Gore them with this and thou shalt have enough.

*He gives her a goad.*

*Delia* Good sir I know not what you mean.

*Sacrapant* She hath forgotten to be *Delia*,  
But not forgot the same she should forget:  
But I will change her name.

Fair *Berecynthia* so this Country calls you,  
Go ply these strangers wench they dig for gold

*Exit Sacrapant.*

*Delia:* O heavens! how am I beholding to

this fair young man.  
But I must ply these strangers to their work.  
See where they come.

*Enter the two Brothers in their shirts with  
spades digging.*

*1. Brother:* O Brother see where *Delia* is.

wln 0717  
wln 0718  
wln 0719  
wln 0720  
wln 0721  
wln 0722  
wln 0723  
wln 0724  
wln 0725  
wln 0726  
wln 0727  
wln 0728  
wln 0729  
wln 0730  
wln 0731  
wln 0732  
wln 0733  
wln 0734  
wln 0735  
wln 0736  
wln 0737  
wln 0738  
wln 0739

img: 15-b  
sig: D4r

wln 0740  
wln 0741  
wln 0742  
wln 0743  
wln 0744  
wln 0745

wln 0746  
wln 0747  
wln 0748  
wln 0749  
wln 0750  
wln 0751  
wln 0752  
wln 0753  
wln 0754  
wln 0755  
wln 0756  
wln 0757  
wln 0758  
wln 0759  
wln 0760  
wln 0761  
wln 0762  
wln 0763

2. *Brother*: O *Delia* happy are we to see thee here.

*Delia*: What tell you me of *Delia* prating swains?

I know no *Delia* nor know I what you mean,  
Ply you your work or else you are like to smart.

1. *Brother*: Why *Delia* knowest thou not thy Brothers here?

We come from *Thessaly* to seek thee forth,  
And thou deceivest thyself for thou art *Delia*.

*Delia*: Yet more of *Delia*, then take this and smart:

What feign you shifts for to defer your labor?  
Work villains work, it is for gold you dig.

2. *Brother* Peace brother peace, this vile enchanter  
Hath ravished *Delia* of her senses clean,  
And she forgets that she is *Delia*.

1. *Brother* Leave cruel thou to hurt the miserable;  
Dig brother dig, for she is hard as steel.

*Here they dig and descry the light under a little hill.*

2. *Brother* Stay brother what hast thou descried?

*Delia* Away and touch it not, it is some thing, that  
my Lord hath hidden there. *she covers it again.*

*Enter Sacrapant.*

*Sacrapant* Well said, thou pliest these Pioneers  
well, go get you in you laboring slaves.  
Come *Berecynthia*, let us in likewise,  
And hear the Nightingale record her notes.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Zantippa the cursed Daughter to the well,  
with a pot in her hand.*

*Zantippa* Now for a husband, house and home,  
God send a good one or none I pray God: My  
father hath sent me to the well for the water of  
life, and tells me if I give fair words I shall  
have a husband.

*Enter the foul wench to the well for water with a  
pot in her hand.*

But here comes *Celanta* my sweet sister, I'll  
stand by and hear what she says.

*Celanta* My father hath sent me to the well  
for water, and he tells me if I speak fair, I shall  
have a husband and none of the worst: Well  
though I am black I am sure all the world will  
not forsake me, and as the old proverb is  
though I am black, I am not the devil.

*Zantippa* Marry gup with a murrain, I know

wln 0764  
wln 0765  
wln 0766

**img: 16-a**  
**sig: D4v**

wherefore thou speakest that, but go thy ways  
home as wise as thou cam'st, or I'll set thee home  
with a wanion.

wln 0767  
wln 0768  
wln 0769  
wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772  
wln 0773  
wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776  
wln 0777  
wln 0778  
wln 0779  
wln 0780  
wln 0781  
wln 0782  
wln 0783  
wln 0784  
wln 0785  
wln 0786  
wln 0787  
wln 0788  
wln 0789  
wln 0790  
wln 0791  
wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795

*Here she strikes her Pitcher against her sister's,  
and breaks them both and goes her way.*

*Celanta:* I think this be the curstest quean in  
the world, you see what she is, a little fair, but  
as proud as the devil, and the veriest vixen that  
lives upon God's earth. Well I'll let her alone,  
and go home and get another Pitcher, and for  
all this get me to the well for water.

*Exit.*

*Enter two Furies out of the Conjurers Cell  
and lays Huanebango by the well  
of life.*

*Enter Zantippa with a Pitcher to the Well.*

*Zantippa* Once again for a husband, and in faith  
*Celanta* I have got the start of you; Belike husbands  
grow by the Well side; now my father  
says I must rule my tongue: why alas what am  
I then? a woman without a tongue, is as a soldier  
without his weapon; but I'll have my water  
and be gone.

*Here she offers to dip her Pitcher in, and a  
head speaks in the Well.*

*Head:* Gently dip, but not too deep,  
For fear you make the golden bird to weep,  
Fair maiden white and red,  
Stroke me smooth, and comb my head,  
And thou shalt have some cockle-bread.

*Zantippa* What is this, fair maiden white and red,  
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head:  
And thou shalt have some cockle-bread.

**img: 16-b**  
**sig: E1r**

wln 0796  
wln 0797

Cockle callest thou it boy, faith I'll give you  
cockle-bread.

wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800

*She breaks her Pitcher upon his head, then it  
thunders and lightens, and Huanebango rises  
up: Huanebango is deaf and cannot hear.*

wln 0801

*Huanebango* Phylyda phylerydos, Pamphylyda floryda flortos,

wln 0802

Dub dud a dub, bounce quoth the guns, with a sulphurous huff snuff:

wln 0803

Waked with a wench, pretty peat, pretty love, and my sweet pretty pigsney;

wln 0804

Just by thy side shall sit surnamed great *Huanebango*

wln 0805

Safe in my arms will I keep thee, threat *Mars* or thunder *Olympus*.

wln 0806

*Zantippa* Foh, what greasy groom have we here? He looks as though he crept out of the backside of the well; and speaks like a Drum perished at the West end.

wln 0807

wln 0808

wln 0809

wln 0810

*Huanebango* O that I might but I may not, woe to my destiny therefore;

wln 0811

Kiss that I clasp but I cannot, tell me my destiny wherefore?

wln 0812

*Zantippa* Whoop now I have my dream, did you never hear so great a wonder as this? Three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle bladder rattle.

wln 0813

wln 0814

wln 0815

img: 17-a  
sig: E1v

wln 0816

*Huanebango* I'll now set my countenance and to her in prose, it may be this rim ram ruff, is too rude an encounter.

wln 0817

wln 0818

wln 0819

Let me fair Lady if you be at leisure, revel with your sweetness, and rail upon that cowardly Conjuror, that hath cast me or congealed me rather into an unkind sleep and polluted my Carcase.

wln 0820

wln 0821

wln 0822

wln 0823

*Zantippa*: Laugh, laugh *Zantippa*, thou hast thy fortune, a fool and a husband under one.

wln 0824

wln 0825

wln 0826

wln 0827

*Huanebango* Truly sweet heart as I seem, about some twenty years, the very April of mine age.

wln 0828

wln 0829

wln 0830

*Zantippa*: Why what a prating Ass is this?

wln 0831

wln 0832

*Huanebango*: Her Coral lips, her crimson chin,

wln 0833

Her silver teeth so white within:

wln 0834

Her golden locks her rolling eye,

wln 0835

Her pretty parts let them go by:

wln 0836

Hey ho hath wounded me,

wln 0837

That I must die this day to see.

wln 0838

*Zantippa* By gog's bones thou art a flouting knave, Her Coral lips, her crimson chin: ka wilshaw.

wln 0839

wln 0840

wln 0841

*Huanebango* True my own and my own because mine, and mine because mine ha ha: Above a thousand pounds in possibility, and things fitting

wln 0842

wln 0843

wln 0844

img: 17-b  
sig: E2r

wln 0845  
wln 0846  
wln 0847  
wln 0848  
wln 0849  
wln 0850  
wln 0851

thy desire in possession.

*Zantippa* The Sot thinks I ask of his lands,  
Lob be your comfort, and Cuckold be your  
destiny: Hear you sir; and if you will have  
us, you had best say so betime.

*Huanebango* True sweetheart and will royalize  
thy progeny with my pedigree.

*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 0852

*Enter Eumenides the wand'ring Knight.*

wln 0853  
wln 0854  
wln 0855  
wln 0856  
wln 0857  
wln 0858

*Eumenides* Wretched *Eumenides*, still unfortunate,  
Envied by fortune, and forlorn by Fate;  
Here pine and die wretched *Eumenides*.  
Die in the spring, the April of my age?  
Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast done  
I would to God that it were ne'er begun.

wln 0859  
wln 0860  
wln 0861  
wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864  
wln 0865  
wln 0866  
wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870

*Enter Jack.*

*Jack:* You are well overtaken sir.

*Eumenides* Who's that?

*Jack:* You are heartily well met sir.

*Eumenides* Forbear I say, who is that which pincheth  
me?

*Jack:* Trusting in God good Master *Eumenides*,  
that you are in so good health as all your  
friends were at the making hereof: God give  
you God morrow sir, lack you not a neat  
handsome and cleanly young Lad, about the age  
of fifteen or sixteen years, that can run

img: 18-a  
sig: E2v

wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
wln 0878  
wln 0879  
wln 0880  
wln 0881  
wln 0882  
wln 0883  
wln 0884  
wln 0885  
wln 0886  
wln 0887  
wln 0888  
wln 0889

by your horse, and for a need make your Mastership's  
shoes as black as ink, how say  
you sir.

*Eumenides* Alas pretty Lad, I know not how to  
keep myself, and much less a servant, my  
pretty boy, my state is so bad.

*Jack:* Content yourself, you shall not be  
so ill a Master but I'll be as bad a servant: Tut  
sir I know you though you know not me; Are  
not you the man sir, deny it if you can sir, that  
came from a strange place in the land of Catita,  
where Jackanapes flies with his tail in his  
mouth, to seek out a Lady as white as snow,  
and as red as blood; ha, ha, have I touched you  
now.

*Eumenides* I think this boy be a spirit,  
How knowest thou all this?

*Jack:* Tut are not you the man sir, deny it  
if you can sir, that gave all the money you had

wln 0890  
wln 0891  
wln 0892  
wln 0893  
wln 0894  
wln 0895  
wln 0896  
wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899

img: 18-b  
sig: E3r

wln 0900  
wln 0901  
wln 0902  
wln 0903  
wln 0904  
wln 0905  
wln 0906  
wln 0907  
wln 0908  
wln 0909  
wln 0910  
wln 0911  
wln 0912  
wln 0913  
wln 0914  
wln 0915  
wln 0916  
wln 0917  
wln 0918  
wln 0919  
wln 0920  
wln 0921  
wln 0922  
wln 0923  
wln 0924  
wln 0925  
wln 0926  
wln 0927  
wln 0928

img: 19-a  
sig: E3v

wln 0929  
wln 0930  
wln 0931  
wln 0932  
wln 0933  
wln 0934

to the burying of a poor man, and but one  
three half-pence left in your purse: Content  
you sir, I'll serve you that is flat.

*Eumenides* Well my Lad since thou art so importunate,  
I am content to entertain thee, not as a  
servant; but a copartner in my journey. But  
whither shall we go for I have not any money  
more than one bare three half-pence.

*Jack:* Well Master content yourself,  
for if my divination be not out, that shall be

spent at the next Inn or alehouse we come to:  
for master I know you are passing hungry;  
therefore I'll go before and provide dinner until  
that you come, no doubt but you'll come  
fair and softly after.

*Eumenides* Ay, go before, I'll follow thee.

*Jack:* But do you hear master, do you  
know my name?

*Eumenides* No I promise thee not yet.

*Jack:* Why I am *Jack*.

*Exeunt Jack.*

*Eumenides* *Jack*, why be it so then.

*Enter the Hostess and Jack, setting meat on the  
table, and Fiddlers came to play, Eumenides  
walketh up and down, and will  
eat no meat.*

*Hostess* How say you sir, do you please to sit  
down?

*Eumenides* Hostess I thank you, I have no great  
stomach.

*Hostess* Pray sir, what is the reason your master  
is so strange, doth not this meat please him.

*Jack:* Yes Hostess, but it is my master's fashion  
to pay before he eats, therefore a reckoning  
good hostess.

*Hostess* Marry shall you sir presently.

*Exit.*

*Eumenides* Why *Jack* what dost thou mean,  
thou knowest I have not any money: therefore  
sweet *Jack* tell me what shall I do.

*Jack:* Well master look in your purse.

*Eumenides* Why faith it is a folly, for I have no  
money.

*Jack:* Why look you master, do so much for me.

*Eumenides* Alas *Jack* my purse is full of money.

*Jack:* Alas, master, does that word belong  
to this accident? why methinks I should have

wln 0935  
wln 0936  
wln 0937  
wln 0938  
wln 0939  
wln 0940  
wln 0941  
wln 0942  
wln 0943  
wln 0944  
wln 0945  
wln 0946  
wln 0947  
wln 0948  
wln 0949  
wln 0950  
wln 0951  
wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954  
wln 0955  
wln 0956  
wln 0957

img: 19-b  
sig: E4r

wln 0958  
wln 0959  
wln 0960  
wln 0961  
wln 0962  
wln 0963  
wln 0964  
wln 0965  
wln 0966  
wln 0967  
wln 0968  
wln 0969  
wln 0970  
wln 0971  
wln 0972  
wln 0973  
wln 0974  
wln 0975  
wln 0976  
wln 0977  
wln 0978  
wln 0979  
wln 0980  
wln 0981  
wln 0982

seen you cast away your cloak, and in a bravado  
danced a galliard round about the chamber;  
why master, your man can teach you more  
wit than this, come hostess, cheer up my master.

*Hostess* You are heartily welcome: and if it  
please you to eat of a fat Capon, a fairer bird,  
a finer bird, a sweeter bird, a crisper bird, a  
neater bird, your worship never eat of.

*Eumenides* Thanks my fine eloquent hostess.

*Jack:* But hear you master, one word by  
the way, are you content I shall be halves in all  
you get in your journey?

*Eumenides* I am Jack, here is my hand.

*Jack:* Enough master, I ask no more.

*Eumenides* Come Hostess receive your money,  
and I thank you for my good entertainment.

*Hostess* You are heartily welcome sir.

*Eumenides* Come *Jack* whither go we now?

*Jack:* Marry master to the conjurer's presently.

*Eumenides* Content *Jack:* Hostess farewell.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Corebus and **Celanta** the foul  
wench, to the well for water.*

*Corebus* Come my duck come: I have now

got a wife, thou art fair, art thou not?

*Celanta* My *Corebus* the fairest alive, make no  
doubt of that.

*Corebus* Come wench, are we almost at the well.

*Celanta* Ay *Corebus* we are almost at the Well  
now, i'll go fetch some water: sit down while  
I dip my pitcher in.

*Voice:* Gently dip: but not too deep;  
For fear you make the golden beard to weep.

*A head comes up with ears of Corn, and she  
combes them in her lap.*

Fair maiden white and red,  
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head:  
And thou shalt have some cockle-bread.  
Gently dip, but not too deep,  
For fear thou make the golden beard to weep.  
Fair maid, white, and red,  
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head;  
And every hair, a sheaf shall be,  
And every sheaf a golden tree.

*A head comes up full of gold, she  
combes it into her lap.*

*Celanta* Oh see *Corebus* I have combed a great  
deal of gold into may lap, and a great deal of  
corn.

wln 0983  
wln 0984  
wln 0985  
wln 0986

img: 20-a  
sig: E4v

*Corebus* Well said wench, now we shall have  
just enough, God send us coiners to coin our  
gold: but come shall we go home sweet heart?  
*Celanta* Nay come *Corebus* I will lead you.

wln 0987  
wln 0988  
wln 0989  
wln 0990  
wln 0991  
wln 0992  
wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995  
wln 0996  
wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001  
wln 1002  
wln 1003  
wln 1004  
wln 1005  
wln 1006  
wln 1007  
wln 1008  
wln 1009  
wln 1010  
wln 1011  
wln 1012  
wln 1013  
wln 1014  
wln 1015

*Corebus* So *Corebus* things have well hit,  
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit. *Exit.*  
*Enter Jack and the wand'ring knight.*  
*Jack:* Come away master come,  
*Eumenides* Go along *Jack*, I'll follow thee,  
*Jack*, they say it is good to go cross-legged, and  
say his prayers backward: how sayest thou?  
*Jack;* Tut never fear master, let me alone,  
here sit you still, speak not a word. And because  
you shall not be enticed with his enchanting  
speeches; with this same wool I'll stop your  
ears: and so master sit still, for I must to the  
Conjurer. *Exit Jack.*

*Enter the Conjurer to the wand'ring knight.*

*Sacrapant* How now, what man art thou that sits so sad  
Why dost thou gaze upon these stately trees,  
Without the leave and will of *Sacrapant*?  
What not a word but mum,  
Then *Sacrapant* thou art betrayed.

*Enter Jack invisible, and taketh off Sacrapant's  
wreath from his head, and his sword out  
of his hand.*

*Sacrapant* What hand invades the head of *Sacrapant*?  
What hateful fury doth envy my happy state?  
Then *Sacrapant* these are thy latest days,  
Alas my veins are numbed, my sinews shrink,  
My blood is pierced, my breath fleeting away,  
And now my timeless date is come to end:  
He in whose life his actions hath been so foul,

img: 20-b  
sig: F1r

wln 1016  
wln 1017  
wln 1018  
wln 1019  
wln 1020  
wln 1021  
wln 1022  
wln 1023  
wln 1024  
wln 1025  
wln 1026  
wln 1027

Now in his death to hell desends his soul.  
*He dieth.*  
*Jack:* Oh Sir are you gone: now I hope we  
shall have some other coil. Now master how  
like you this; the Conjurer he is dead, and  
vows never to trouble us more. Now get you  
to your fair Lady, and see what you can do  
with her: Alas he heareth me not all this while;  
but I will help that.  
*He pulls the Wool out of his ears.*  
*Eumenides* How now *Jack*, what news?  
*Jack:* Here master, take this sword and dig



wln 1028  
wln 1029  
wln 1030  
wln 1031  
wln 1032  
wln 1033  
wln 1034  
wln 1035  
wln 1036  
wln 1037  
wln 1038  
wln 1039  
wln 1040  
wln 1041  
wln 1042  
wln 1043

img: 21-a  
sig: F1v

wln 1044  
wln 1045  
wln 1046

wln 1047  
wln 1048  
wln 1049  
wln 1050  
wln 1051  
wln 1052  
wln 1053  
wln 1054  
wln 1055  
wln 1056  
wln 1057  
wln 1058  
wln 1059  
wln 1060  
wln 1061  
wln 1062  
wln 1063  
wln 1064  
wln 1065  
wln 1066  
wln 1067  
wln 1068  
wln 1069  
wln 1070

img: 21-b  
sig: F2r

wln 1071

with it, at the foot of this hill.

*He digs and spies a light.*

*Eumenides* How now *Jack*, what is this?

*Jack*: Master, without this the Conjuror could do nothing, and so long as this light lasts, so long doth his art endure, and this being out, then doth his art decay.

*Eumenides* Why then *Jack* I will soon put out this light.

*Jack*: Ay master, how?

*Eumenides* Why with a stone I'll break the glass, and then blow it out.

*Jack*: No master you may as soon break the Smith's Anvil, as this little vial; nor the biggest blast that ever *Boreas* blew, cannot blow out this little light; but she that is neither maid,

wife, nor widow. Master, wind this horn; and see what will happen.

*He winds the horn.*

*Here enters Venelia and breaks the glass, and blows out the light, and goeth in again.*

*Jack*: So master, how like you this; this is she that ran madding in the woods, his betrothed love that keeps the cross, and now this light being out, all are restored to their former liberty. And now master to the Lady that you have so long looked for.

*He draweth a curtain, and there Delia sitteth asleep.*

*Eumenides* God speed fair maid sitting alone there is once.

God speed fair maid; there is twice:

God speed fair maid, that is thrice.

*Delia*: Not so good sir, for you are by.

*Jack*: Enough master, she hath spoke, now I will leave her with you.

*Eumenides* Thou fairest flower of these western parts: Whose beauty so reflecteth in my sight, As doth a Crystal mirror in the sun: For thy sweet sake I have crossed the frozen *Rhine*, Leaving fair *Po*, I sailed up *Danuby*, As far as *Saba* whose enhancing streams, Cuts twixt the *Tartars* and the *Russians*,

These have I crossed for thee fair *Delia*:

wln 1072  
wln 1073  
wln 1074  
wln 1075  
wln 1076  
wln 1077  
wln 1078  
wln 1079

Then grant me that which I have sued for long.  
*Delia* Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is  
so good:  
To find me out, and set my brothers free,  
My faith, my heart, my hand, I give to thee.  
*Eumenides* Thanks gentle Madam: but here  
comes Jack, thank him, for he is the best friend  
that we have.

wln 1080

*Enter Jack with a head in his hand.*

wln 1081  
wln 1082  
wln 1083  
wln 1084  
wln 1085  
wln 1086  
wln 1087  
wln 1088  
wln 1089  
wln 1090  
wln 1091  
wln 1092

*Eumenides* How now Jack, what hast thou there?  
*Jack:* Marry master, the head of the conjurer.  
*Eumenides* Why Jack that is impossible, he was  
a young man.  
*Jack:* Ah master, so he deceived them that  
beheld him: but he was a miserable, old, and  
crooked man; though to each man's eye he seemed  
young and fresh, for master; this Conjuror  
took the shape of the old man that kept the  
cross: and that old man was in the likeness of  
the Conjuror. But now master wind your  
horn.

*He winds his horn.*

wln 1093  
wln 1094  
wln 1095

*Enter Venelia, the two brothers, and he  
that was at the cross.*

*Eumenides* Welcome *Erestus*, welcome fair *Venelia*,

img: 22-a  
sig: F2v

wln 1096  
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  
wln 1115  
wln 1116

Welcome *Thelea*, and *Calypha* both,  
Now have I her that I so long have sought,  
So saith fair *Delia*, if we have your consent.  
*1. Brother:* Valiant *Eumenides* thou well deservest  
To have our favors: so let us rejoice,  
That by thy means we are at liberty.  
Here may we joy each in other's sight,  
And this fair Lady have her wand'ring knight.  
*Jack:* So master, now ye think you have  
done: but I must have a saying to you;  
know you and I were partners, I to have half  
in all you got.  
*Eumenides* Why so thou shalt *Jack*.  
*Jack:* Why then master draw your sword,  
part your Lady, let me have half of her  
presently.  
*Eumenides* Why I hope *Jack* thou dost but  
jest, I promised thee half I got, but not half my  
Lady.  
*Jack:* But what else master, have you not  
gotten her, therefore divide her straight, for I

wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123

img: 22-b  
sig: F3r

wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136  
wln 1137  
wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149

img: 23-a  
sig: F3v

wln 1150  
wln 1151  
wln 1152  
wln 1153  
wln 1154  
wln 1155  
wln 1156  
wln 1157  
wln 1158  
wln 1159  
wln 1160  
wln 1161

will have half there is no remedy.

*Eumenides:* Well ere I will falsify my word  
unto my friend, take her all, here *Jack* I'll give  
her thee.

*Jack:* Nay neither more nor less Master,  
but even just half.

*Eumenides* Before I will falsify my faith unto my

friend, I will divide her, *Jack* thou shalt have  
half.

1. *Brother:* Be not so cruel unto our sister  
gentle Knight.

2. *Brother:* O spare fair *Delia* she deserves  
no death.

*Eumenides* Content yourselves, my word is past  
to him, therefore prepare thyself *Delia* for  
thou must die.

*Delia:* Then farewell world, adieu  
*Eumenides.*

*He offers to strike and Jack stays him.*

*Jack:* Stay Master, it is sufficient I have tried  
your constancy: Do you now remember since  
you paid for the burying of a poor fellow.

*Eumenides* Ay very well Jack.

*Jack:* Then Master thank that good deed,  
for this good turn, and so God be with you all.

*Jack leaps down in the ground.*

*Eumenides* Jack what art thou gone?  
Then farewell Jack.

Come brothers and my beauteous *Delia*,  
*Erestus* and thy dear *Venelia*:

We will to *Thessaly* with joyful hearts.

*All:* Agreed, we follow thee and *Delia*.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Fantastic:* What Gammer, asleep?

*Old woman:* By the Mass son 'tis almost day,  
and my windows shuts at the Cock's crow.

*Frolic* Do you hear Gammer, methinks  
this Jack bore a great sway amongst them.

*Old woman:* O man, this was the ghost of the  
poor man, that they kept such a coil to bury,  
and that makes him to help the wand'ring knight  
so much: But come let us in, we will have a cup  
of ale and a toast this morning and so depart.

*Fantastic:* Then you have made an end of your  
tale Gammer?

wln 1162  
wln 1163  
wln 1164  
wln 1165

*Old woman:* Yes faith: When this was done I  
took a piece of bread and cheese, and came  
my way, and so shall you have too before you  
go, to your breakfast.

wln 1166

*FINIS.*

ln 0001  
ln 0002  
ln 0003  
ln 0004  
ln 0005

Printed at London by *John Danter*, for *Ralph  
Hancock*, and *John Hardy*, and are to  
be sold at the shop over against  
Saint Giles his Church without  
Cripplegate.  
*1595.*

img: 23-b  
sig: [N/A]

---

### Textual Notes

1. **955 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *Celanta* is amended from the original *Zelanto*.