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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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In 0001

In 0002

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A PLEASANT
Comedie, called
Summers last will and
Testament.

Written by *Thomas Nash.*

Imprinted at London by *Simon Stafford,*
for *Water* *Burre.*
1600.

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SVMMERS
last will and Testament.

*Enter Will Summers in his fooles coate but halfe on,
comming out.*

NOctem peccatis, & fraudibus obiice nubem.

There is no such fine time to play the knaue
in, as the night. I am a Goose or a Ghost at
least; for what with turmoyle of getting my
fooles apparell, and care of being perfit, I am
sure I haue not yet supt to night. *Will Sum-*
mers Ghost I should be, come to present you with *Summers*
last will, and Testament. Be it so, if my cousin *Ned* will lend
me his Chayne and his Fiddle. Other stately pac't *Prologues*
vse to attire themselues within: I that haue a toy in my head,
more then ordinary, and vse to goe without money, without
garters, without girdle, without a hat-band, without poynts to
my hose, without a knife to my dinner, and make so much vse
of this word *without*, in euery thing, will here dresse me with-
out. *Dick Huntley* cryes, Begin, begin: and all the whole
house, For shame come away; when I had my things but now
brought me out of the *Lawndry*. God forgiue me, I did not
see my Lord before. Ile set a good face on it, as though what
I had talkt idly all this while, were my part. So it is, *boni viri*,
that one foole presents another; and I a foole by nature, and
by arte, do speake to you in the person of the Idiot our Play-
maker. He like a Foppe & an Asse, must be making himselfe a
publike laughing stock, & haue no thanke for his labor; where
other *Magisterij*, whose inuention is farre more exquisite, are
content to sit still, and doe nothing. Ile shewe you what a

B

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scuruy *Prologue* he had made me in an old vayne of similitudes: if you bee good fellowes, giue it the hearing, that you may iudge of him thereafter.

The Prologue.

AT a solemne feast of the *Triumuiiri* in Rome, it was seene and obserued, that the birds ceased to sing, & sate solitarie on the house tops, by reason of the sight of a paynted Serpēt set openly to view. So fares it with vs nouices, that here betray our imperfections: we, afraid to looke on the imaginary serpent of Enuy, paynted in mens affections, haue ceased to tune any musike of mirth to your eares this tweluemonth, thinking, that as it is the nature of the serpent to hisse: so childhood and ignorance would play the goslings, contemning, and condemning what they vnderstood not. Their censures we wey not, whose sences are not yet vnswadled. The little minutes will be continually striking, though no man regard them. Whelpes will barke, before they can see, and striue to byte, before they haue teeth. *Politianus* speaketh of a beast, who, while hee is cut on the table, drinketh, and represents the motions & voyces of a liuing creature. Such like foolish beasts are we, who, whilest we are cut, mocked, & flowted at, in euery mans common talke, will notwithstanding proceed to shame our selues, to make sport. No man pleaseth all, we seeke to please one. *Didymus* wrote foure thousand bookes, or as some say, six thousand, of the arte of *Grammar*. Our Authour hopes, it may be as lawfull for him to write a thousand lines of as light a subject. *Socrates* (whom the Oracle pronounced the wisest man of Greece) sometimes daunced. *Scipio* and *Lelius* by the seaside played at peeble-stone. *Semel insaniuimus omnes*. Euery man cannot, with *Archimedes*, make a heauen of brasse, or dig gold out of the iron mynes of the lawe. Such odde trifles, as Mathematicians experiments be, Artificiall flyes to hang in the ayre by themselues, daunsing balles, an egge-shell that shall clyme vp to the top of a speare, fiery breathing goares, *Poeta noster* professeth not to make. *Placeat sibi quisq; licebit*. What's a foole but his bable? Deepe reaching wits, heere is no deepe

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streame for you to angle in. Moralizers, you that wrest a neuer meant meaning, out of euery thing, applying all things to the present time, keepe your attention for the common Stage: for here are no quips in Characters for you to reade. Vayne glozers, gather what you will. Spite, spell backwards, what thou canst. As the *Parthians* fight, flying away: so will wee prate and talke, but stand to nothing that we say. How say you, my masters, doe you not laugh at him for a Coxcombe? Why, he hath made a *Prologue* longer then his Play: nay, 'tis no Play neyther, but a shewe. Ile be sworne, the ligge of Rowlands God-sonne, is a Gyant in comparison of it. What can be made of Summers last will & Testament? Such another thing, as *Gyllian* of *Braynfords* will, where shee bequeathed a score of farts amongst her friends. Forsooth, because the plague raignes in most places in this latter end of summer, Summer must come in sicke: he must call his officers to account, yeeld his throne to Autumne, make Winter his Executour, with tittle tattle Tom boy: God giue you good night in Watling street. I care not what I say now: for I play no more then you heare; & some of that you heard to (by your leau) was extempore. He were as good haue let me had the best part: for Ile be reueng'd on him to the vttermost, in this person of *Will Summer*, which I haue put on to play the *Prologue*, and meane not to put off, till the play be done. Ile sit as a *Chorus*, and flowte the *Actors* and him at the end of euery Sceane: I know they will not interrupt me, for feare of marring of all: but looke to your cues, my masters; for I intend to play the knaue in cue, and put you besides all your parts, if you take not the better heede. *Actors*, you Rogues, come away, cleare your throats, blowe your noses, and wype your mouthes e're you enter, that you may take no occasion to spit or to cough, when you are *non plus*. And this I barre ouer and besides, That none of you stroake your beardes, to make action, play with your cod-piece poynts, or stād fumbling on your buttons, when you know not how to bestow your fingers. Serue God, and act cleanly; a fit of mirth, and an old song first, if you will.

B2

Enter

Summers last will

*Enter Summer, leaning on Autumnes and Winters shoulders,
and attended on with a trayne of Satyrs, and wood-
Nymphs, singing.*

Fayre Summer droops, droope men and beasts therefore:

So fayre a summer looke for neuer more.

All good things vanish, lesse then in a day,

Peace, plenty, pleasure sodainely decay.

Goe not yet away bright soule of the sad yeare.

The earth is hell, when thou leau'st to appeare.

What, shall those flowres that deckt thy garland erst,

Vpon thy graue be wastfully disperst?

O trees, consume your sap in sorrowes sourse.

Streames, turne to teares your tributary course.

Goe not yet hence, bright soule of the sad yeare.

The earth is hell, when thou leau'st to appeare.

The Satyrs and wood-Nymphs goe out singing, and leaue

Summer and Winter and Autumne on the stage.

Will. Summer. A couple of pratty boyes, if they would wash their faces, and were well breecht an houre or two. The rest of the greene men haue reasonable voyces, good to sing catches, or the great *lowben* by the fires side, in a winters euening. But let vs heare what Summer can say for himselfe, why hee should not be hist at.

Summer. What pleasure **alway** lasts? no ioy endures:

Summer I was, I am not as I was:

Haruest and age haue whit'ned my greene head:

On Autumne now and Winter must I leane.

Needs must he fall, whom none but foes vphold.

Thus must the happiest man haue his blacke day.

Omnibus vna manet nox, & calcanda semel via lethi.

This month haue I layne languishing a bed,

Looking eche houre to yeeld my life, and throne;

And dyde I had in deed vnto the earth,

But that *Eliza* Englands beauteous Queene,

On whom all seasons prosperously attend,

Forbad the execution of my fate,

Vntill

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Vntill her ioyfull progresse was expir'd.
For her doth Summer liue, and linger here,
And wisheth long to liue to her content:
But wishes are not had when they wish well.
I must depart, my death-day is set downe:
To these two must I leaue my wheaten crowne.
So vnto vnthrifths rich men leaue their lands,
Who in an houre consume long labours gaynes.
True is it that diuine Sidney sung,
O, he is mard, that is for others made.
Come neere, my friends, for I am neere my end.
In presence of this Honourable trayne,
Who loue me (for I patronize their sports)
Meane I to make my finall Testament:
But first Ile call my officers to count,
And of the wealth I gaue them to dispose,
Know what is left. I may know what to giue
Vertumnus then, that turnst the yere about.
Summon them one by one to answere me,
First *Ver*, the spring, vnto whose custody
I haue committed more then to the rest:
The choise of all my fragrant meades and flowres,
And what delights soe're nature affords.
Vertum. I will, my Lord. *Ver*, lusty *Ver*, by the name of
lusty *Ver*, come into the court, lose a marke in issues.
Enter Ver with his trayne, ouerlayd with suites of greene mosse,
representing short grasse, singing.
The Song.
Spring, the sweete spring, is the yeres pleasant King,
Then bloomes eche thing, then maydes daunce in a ring,
Cold doeth not sting, the pretty birds doe sing,
Cuckow, iugge, iugge, pu we, to witta woo.
The Palme and May make countrey houses gay.
Lambs friske and play, the Shepherds pype all day,
And we heare aye, birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckow, iugge, iugge, pu we, to witta woo.

Summers last will

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*The fields breathe sweete, the dayzies kisse our feete,
Young louers meete, old wiues a sunning sit:
In euery streete, these tunes our eares doe greete,
Cuckow, iugge, iugge, pu we, to witta woo.
Spring the sweete spring.*

Will Summer. By my troth, they haue voyces as cleare as
Christall: this is a pratty thing, if it be for nothing but to goe
a begging with.

Summers: Beleeue me, *Ver*, but thou art pleasant bent,
This humor should import a harmlesse minde:
Knowst thou the reason why I sent for thee?

Ver. No faith, nor care not, whether I do or no.
If you will daunce a Galliard, so it is: if not, Falangtado, Fa-
langtado, to weare the blacke and yellow: Falangtado, Falāg-
tado, my mates are gone, Ile followe.

Summer. Nay, stay a while, we must confer and talke.
Ver, call to mind I am thy soueraigne Lord,
And what thou hast, of me thou hast, and holdst.
Vnto no other end I sent for thee.

But to demaund a reckoning at thy hands,
How well or ill thou hast imployd my wealth.

Ver. If that be all, we will not disagree.
A cleane trencher and a napkin you shall haue presently.

Will Summer. The truth is, this fellow hath bin a tapster in
his daies.

*Ver goes in, and fetcheth out the Hobby horse & the morris
daunce, who daunce about.*

Summer. How now? is this the reckoning we shall haue?

Winter. My Lord, he doth abuse you: brooke it not.

Autumne. *Summa totalis* I feare will proue him but a foole.

Ver. About, about, liuely, put your horse to it, reyne him
harder, ierke him with your wand, sit fast, sit fast, man; foole,
hold vp your ladle there.

Will Summer. O braue hall! O, well sayd, butcher. Now for
the credit of Wostershire. The finest set of Morris-dauncers
that is betweene this and Stretham: mary, me thinks there is

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one of them daūceth like a Clothyers horse, with a wool-pack on his backe. You friend with the Hobby-horse, goe not too fast, for feare of wearing out my Lords tyle-stones with your hob-nayles.

Ver. So, so, so, trot the ring twice ouer, and away. May it please my Lord, this is the grand capitall summe, but there are certayne parcels behind, as you shall see.

Summer. Nay, nay, no more; for this is all too much.

Ver. Content your selfe, we'le haue variety.

Here enter 3. Clownes, & 3. maids, singing this song, daunsing.

Trip and goe, heaue and hoe,

Vp and downe to and fro,

From the towne, to the groue,

Two, and two, let vs roue

A Maying, a playing:

Loue hath no gainsaying:

So merrily trip and goe.

Will Summer. Beshrew my heart, of a number of ill legs, I neuer sawe worse dausers: how blest are you, that the wenches of the parish doe not see you!

Summer. Presumptuous *Ver.* vnciuill nurturde boy, Think'st I will be derided thus of thee?

Is this th'account and reckoning that thou mak'st?

Ver. Troth, my Lord, to tell you playne, I can giue you no other account: *nam quæ habui, perdidit*; what I had, I haue spent on good fellowes, in these sports you haue seene, which are proper to the Spring, and others of like sort, (as giuing wenches greene gownes, making garlands for Fencers, and tricking vp children gay) haue I bestowde all my flowry treasure, and flowre of my youth.

Will Summer. A small matter. I knowe one spent in lesse then a yere, eyght and fifty pounds in mustard, and an other that ranne in det, in the space of foure or fiue yeere, aboue foureteene thousand pound in lute strings and gray paper.

Summer. O monstrous vnthrift, who e're heard the like? The seas vast throate in so short tract of time,

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Deuoureth nor consumeth halfe so much.

How well mightst thou haue liu'd within thy bounds?

Ver. What talke you to me, of liuing within my bounds? I tell you, none but Asses liue within their bounds: the silly beasts, if they be put in a pasture, that is eaten bare to the very earth, & where there is nothing to be had but thistles, will rather fall soberly to those thistles, and be hungerstaru'd, then they will offer to breake their bounds; whereas the lusty courser, if he be in a barrayne plot, and spye better grasse in some pasture neere adioyning, breakes ouer hedge and ditch, and to goe, e're he will be pent in, and not haue his belly full. Peraduenture, the horses lately sworne to be stolne, carried that youthfull mind, who, if they had bene Asses, would haue bene yet extant.

Will Summers. Thus we may see, the longer we liue, the more wee shall learne: I ne're thought honestie an asse, till this day.

Ver. This world is transitory, it was made of nothing, and it must to nothing: wherefore, if wee will doe the will of our high Creatour, (whose will it is, that it passe to nothing) wee must helpe to consume it to nothing. Gold is more vile then men: Men dye in thousands, and ten thousands, yea, many times in hundreth thousands in one battaile. If then, the best husband bee so liberall of his best handyworke, to what ende should we make much of a glittering excrement, or doubt to spend at a banket as many pounds, as he spends men at a battaile? Me thinkes I honour *Geta* the Romane Emperour, for a braue minded fellow: for he commaunded a banket to bee made him of all meats vnder the Sunne; which were serued in after the order of the Alphabet; and the Clarke of the kitchin following the last dish (which was two mile off from the foremost) brought him an Index of their seuerall names: Neyther did he pingle when it was set on the boord, but for the space of three dayes and three nights, neuer rose from the Table.

Will Summers. O intolerable lying villayne, that was neuer begotten without the consent of a whetstone.

Summer.

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Summer. Vngratious man, how fondly he argueth!

Ver. Tell me, I pray, wherefore was gold layd vnder our feete in the veynes of the earth, but that wee should contemne it, and treade vpon it, and so consequently treade thrift vnder our feete? It was not knowne, till the Iron age, *donec facinus inuasit mortales*, as the Poet sayes; and the Scythians alwayes detested it. I will proue it, that an vnthrift, of any, comes neerest a happy man, in so much as he comes neerest to beggery. Cicero saith, *summum bonum* consistes in *omnium rerum vacatione*, that it is the chieftest felicitie that may be, to rest from all labours. Now, who doeth so much *vacare à rebus*, who rests so much? who hath so little to doe, as the begger? Who can sing so merry a note, as he that cannot change a groate? *Cui nil est, nil deest*: hee that hath nothing, wants nothing. On the other side, it is said of the Carle, *Omnia habeo, nec quicquam habeo*: I haue all things, yet want euery thing. *Multi mihi vitio vertunt, quia egeo*, saith Marcus Cato in Aulus Gellius, *at ego illis, quia nequeunt egere*: Many vpbrayde me, sayth he, because I am poore: but I vpbrayd them, because they cannot liue if they were poore. It is a common prouerbe, *Dinesq; miserq;*, a rich man, and a miserable: *nam natura paucis cōtenta*, none so contented as the poore man. Admit that the chieftest happines were not rest or ease, but knowledge, as Herillus, Alcidas, & many of Socrates followers affirme; why, *paupertas omnes perdocet artes*, pouerty instructs a man in all arts, it makes a man hardy and venturous; and therefore it is called of the Poets, *Paupertas audax*, valiant pouerty. It is not so much subiect to inordinate desires, as wealth or prosperity. *Non habet vnde suum paupertas pascat amorem*: pouerty hath not wherewithall to feede lust. All the Poets were beggers: all Alcumists, and all Philosophers are beggers: *Omnia mea mecum porto*, quoth Bias, when he had nothing, but bread and cheese in a letherne bagge, and two or three bookes in his boosome. Saint Frauncis, a holy Saint, & neuer had any money. It is madnes to dote vpon mucke. That young man of Athens, (Aelianus makes mention of) may be an example to vs, who

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doted so extremely on the image of Fortune, that when hee might not inioy it, he dyed for sorrow. The earth yelds all her fruites together, and why should not we spend them together? I thanke heauens on my knees, that haue made mee an vn-thrift.

Summer. O vanitie it selfe; O wit ill spent!
So studie thousands not to mend their liues,
But to maintayne the sinne they most affect,
To be hels aduocates against their owne soules.
Ver, since thou giu'st such prayse to beggery,
And hast defended it so valiantly,
This be thy penance; Thou shalt ne're appeare,
Or come abroad, but Lent shall wayte on thee:
His scarsity may counteruayle thy waste.
Ryot may flourish, but findes want at last.
Take him away, that knoweth no good way,
And leade him the next way to woe and want.
Thus in the paths of knowledge many stray,
And from the meanes of life fetch their decay.

Exit Ver.

Will Summer. Heigh ho. Here is a coyle in deede to bring beggers to stockes. I promise you truely, I was almost asleep; I thought I had bene at a Sermon. Well, for this one nights exhortation, I vow (by Gods grace) neuer to be good husband while I liue. But what is this to the purpose? *Hur come to Powl* (as the Welshman sayes) *and hur pay an halfepenny for hur seat, and hur heare the Preacher talge, and a talge very well by gis, but yet a cannot make hur laugh: goe a Theater, and heare a Queenes Fice, and he make hur laugh, and laugh hur belly-full.* So we come hither to laugh and be merry, and we heare a filthy beggerly Oration, in the prayse of beggery. It is a beggerly Poet that writ it: and that makes him so much commend it, because hee knowes not how to mend himselfe. Well, rather then he shall haue no imployment but licke dishes, I will set him a worke my selfe, to write in prayse of the arte of stouping, and howe there was neuer any famous Thresher, Porter, Brewer, Pioner, or Carpenter, that had streight backe. Repayre to my

chamber,

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wln 0388

chamber, poore fellow, when the play is done, and thou shalt see what I will say to thee.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, call *Solstitium*.

Vertum. *Solstitium*, come into the court without: peace there below; make roome for master *Solstitium*.

Enter Solstitium like an aged Hermit, carrying a payre of ballances, with an houre-glasse in eyther of them; one houre-glasse white, the other blacke: he is brought in by a number of shepherds, playing vpon Recorders.

Solstitium. All hayle to Summer my dread soueraigne Lord.

Summer. Welcome, *Solstitium*, thou art one of them,
To whose good husbandry we haue referr'd
Part of those small reuenues that we haue.
What hast thou gaynd vs? what hast thou brought in?

Solstitium. Alas, my Lord, what gaue you me to keepe,
But a fewe dayes eyes in my prime of youth?
And those I haue conuerted to white hayres:
I neuer lou'd ambitiously to clyme,
Or thrust my hand too farre into the fire.
To be in heauen, sure, is a blessed thing:
But Atlas-like, to proppe heauen on ones backe,
Cannot but be more labour then delight.
Such is the state of men in honour plac'd;
They are gold vessels made for seruile vses,
High trees that keepe the weather from low houses,
But cannot sheild the tempest from themselues.
I loue to dwell betwixt the hilles and dales;
Neyther to be so great to be enuide,
Nor yet so poore the world should pitie me.

Inter vtrumq[ue] tene, medio tutissimus ibis.

Summer. What doest thou with those ballances thou bearest?

Solstitium. In them I weigh the day and night alike.
This white glasse is the houre-glasse of the day:
This blacke one the iust measure of the night;
One more then other holdeth not a grayne:

Summers last will

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wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423
wln 0424

Both serue times iust proportion to mayntayne.
Summer. I like thy moderation wondrous well:
And this thy ballance, wayghing the white glasse
And blacke, with equall poyze and stedfast hand,
A patterne is to Princes and great men,
How to weigh all estates indifferently:
The Spirituality and Temporalty alike,
Neyther to be too prodigall of smyles,
Nor too seuere in frowning without cause.
If you be wise, you Monarchs of the earth,
Haue two such glasses still before your eyes;
Thinke as you haue a white glasse running on,
Good dayes, friends fauour, and all things at beck,
So this white glasse runne out (as out it will)
The blacke comes next, your downfall is at hand,
Take this of me, for somewhat I haue tryde;
A mighty ebbe followes a mighty tyde.
But say, *Solstitium*, hadst thou nought besides?
Nought but dayes eyes, and faire looks, gaue I thee?
Solstitium. Nothing my Lord, nor ought more did I aske.
Summer. But hadst thou alwayes kept thee in my sight,
Thy good deserts, though silent, would haue askt.
Solst. Deserts, my Lord, of ancient seruitours,
Are like old sores, which may not be ript vp:
Such vse these times haue got, that none must beg,
But those that haue young limmes to lauish fast.
Summer. I grieue, no more regard was had of thee:
A little sooner hadst thou spoke to me,
Thou hadst bene heard, but now the time is past:
Death wayteth at the dore for thee and me;
Let vs goe measure out our beds in clay:
Nought but good deedes hence shall we beare away.
Be, as thou wert, best steward of my howres,
And so returne vnto thy countrey bowres.
*Here Solstitium goes out with his musike,
as he comes in.*

Will

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Will Summer. Fye, fye of honesty, fye: Solstitium is an asse, perdy, this play is a gally-maufrey: fetch mee some drinke, some body. What cheere, what cheere, my hearts? are not you thirsty with listening to this dry sport? What haue we to doe with scales, and hower-glasses, except we were Bakers, or Clock-keepers? I cannot tell how other men are addicted, but it is against my profession to vse any scales, but such as we play at with a boule, or keepe any howers, but dinner or supper. It is a pedanticall thing, to respect times and seasons: if a man be drinking with good fellowes late, he must come home, for feare the gates be shut; when I am in my warme bed, I must rise to prayers, because the bell rings. I like no such foolish customes. Actors, bring now a black Iack, and a rundlet of of Renish wine, disputing of the antiquity of red noses; let the prodigall childe come out in his dublet and hose all greasy, his shirt hanging forth, and ne're a penny in his purse, and talke what a fine thing it is to walke summerly, or sit whistling vnder a hedge and keepe hogges. Go forward in grace and vertue to proceed; but let vs haue no more of these graue matters.

Summer. *Vertumnus,* will *Sol* come before vs.

Vertumnus. *Sol, Sol, vt, re, me, fa, sol,* come to church while the bell toll.

Enter Sol, verie richly attir'de, with a noyse of Musicians before him.

Summer. I marrie, here comes maiestie in pompe, Resplendent *Sol*, chiefe planet of the heauens, He is our seruant, lookes he ne're so big.

Sol. My liege, what crau'st thou at thy vassals hands?

Summer. Hypocrisie, how it can change his shape! How base is pride from his owne dunghill put? How I haue rais'd thee, *Sol*, I list not tell, Out of the Ocean of aduersitie, To sit in height of honors glorious heauen, To be the eye-sore of aspiring eyes,

Summers last will

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To giue the day her life, from thy bright lookes,
And let nought thriue vpon the face of earth,
From which thou shalt withdraw thy powerful smiles.
What hast thou done deseruing such hie grace?
What industrie, or meritorious toyle,
Canst thou produce, to proue my gift well plac'de?
Some seruice, or some profit I expect:
None is promoted but for some respect.
Sol. My Lord, what needs these termes betwixt vs two?
Vpbraiding, ill beseemes your bounteous mind:
I do you honour for aduancing me.
Why, t'is a credit for your excellence,
To haue so great a subiect as I am:
This is your glorie and magnificence,
That without stouping of your mightinesse,
Or taking any whit from your high state,
You can make one as mightie as your selfe.
Autumne. O arrogance exceeding all beliefe!
Summer my Lord, this sawcie vpstart Iacke,
That now doth rule the chariot of the Sunne,
And makes all starres deriue their light from him,
Is a most base insinuating slaue,
The sonne of parsimony, and disdaine,
One that will shine, on friends and foes alike,
That vnder brightest smiles, hideth blacke showers:
Whose enuious breath doth dry vp springs and lakes,
And burnes the grasse, that beastes can get no foode.
Winter. No dunghill hath so vilde an excrement,
But with his beames hee will forthwith exhale:
The fennes and quag-myres tithe to him their filth:
Foorth purest mines he suckes a gainefull drosse:
Greene Iuy-bushes at the Vintners doores
He withers, and deuoureth all their sap.
Autumne. Lasciuious and intemperate he is.
The wrong of *Daphne* is a well known tale:
Eche euening he descends to *Thetis* lap,

The

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The while men thinke he bathes him in the sea.

O, but when he returneth whence he came,

Downe to the West, then dawnes his deity,

Then doubled is the swelling of his lookes;

He ouerloades his carre with Orient gemmes,

And reynes his fiery horses with rich pearle:

He termes himselfe the god of Poetry,

And setteth wanton songs vnto the Lute.

Winter. Let him not talke; for he hath words at will,

And wit to make the baddest matter good. (or truth

Summer. Bad words, bad wit: oh, where dwels faith

Ill vsury my fauours reape from thee,

Vsurping *Sol*, the hate of heauen and earth.

Sol. If Enuy vnconfuted may accuse,

Then Innocence must vncondemned dye.

The name of Martyrdome offence hath gaynd,

When fury stopt a froward Iudges eares.

Much Ile not say (much speech much folly shewes)

What I haue done, you gaue me leaue to doe.

The excrements you bred, whereon I feede,

To rid the earth of their contagious fumes;

With such grosse carriage did I loade my beames,

I burnt no grasse, I dried no springs and lakes:

I suckt no mines, I withered no greene boughes.

But when to ripen haruest I was forc'st,

To make my rayes more feruent then I wont,

For *Daphnes* wrongs and scapes in *Thetis* lap,

All Gods are subiect to the like mishap.

Starres daily fall (t'is vse is all in all)

And men account the fall but natures course:

Vaunting my iewels, hasting to the West,

Or rising early from the gray ei'de morne.

What do I vaunt but your large bountihood

And shew how liberall a Lord I serue.

Musique and poetrie, my two last crimes,

Are those two exercises of delight,

Summers last will

wln 0531 Wherewith long labours I doe weary out.
wln 0532 The dying Swanne is not forbid to sing.
wln 0533 The waues of *Heber* playd on *Orpheus* strings,
wln 0534 When he (sweete musiques *Trophe*) was destroyd.
wln 0535 And as for Poetry, woods eloquence,
wln 0536 (Dead *Phaetons* three sisters funerall teares
wln 0537 That by the gods were to *Electrum* turnd)
wln 0538 Not flint, or rockes of Icy cynders fram'd,
wln 0539 Deny the sourse of siluer-falling streames.
wln 0540 Enuy enuieth not outcryes vnrest:
wln 0541 In vaine I pleade, well, is to me a fault,
wln 0542 And these my words seeme the slyght webbe of arte,
wln 0543 And not to haue the taste of sounder truth.
wln 0544 Let none but fooles, be car'd for of the wise;
wln 0545 Knowledge owne children, knowledge most despise.
wln 0546 *Sūmer.* Thou know'st too much, to know to keepe the
wln 0547 He that sees all things, oft sees not himselfe. (meane
wln 0548 The *Thames* is wnesse of thy tyranny,
wln 0549 Whose waues thou hast exhaust for winter showres.
wln 0550 The naked channell playnes her of thy spite,
wln 0551 That laid'st her intrailles vnto open sight.
wln 0552 Vnprofitably borne to man and beast,
wln 0553 Which like to *Nilus* yet doth hide his head,
wln 0554 Some few yeares since thou let'st o'reflow these walks,
wln 0555 And in the horse-race headlong ran at race,
wln 0556 While in a cloude, thou hid'st thy burning face:
wln 0557 Where was thy care to rid contagious filth,
wln 0558 When some men wetshod, (with his waters) droupt?
wln 0559 Others that ate the Eeles his heate cast vp,
wln 0560 Sickned and dyde by them impoysoned.
wln 0561 Sleep'st thou, or keep'st thou then *Admetus* sheepe,
wln 0562 Thou driu'st not back these flowings to the deepe?
wln 0563 *Sol.* The winds, not I, haue floods & tydes in chase:
wln 0564 *Diana*, whom our fables call the moone,
wln 0565 Only commaundeth o're the raging mayne,
wln 0566 Shee leads his wallowing offspring vp and downe,

Shee

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wln 0601
wln 0602

Shee wayning, all streames ebbe in the yeare:
Shee was eclipst, when that the *Thames* was bare.
Summer. A bare coniecture, builded on perhaps;
In laying thus the blame vpon the moone,
Thou imitat'st subtill *Pithagoras*,
Who, what he would the people should beleeeue,
The same he wrote with blood vpon a glasse,
And turnd it opposite gainst the new moone;
Whose beames reflecting on it with full force,
Shewd all those lynes, to them that stood behinde,
Most playnly writ in circle of the moone,
And then he said, Not I, but the new moone
Faire *Cynthia* perswades you this and that;
With like collusion shalt thou not blind mee:
But for abusing both the moone and mee,
Long shalt thou be eclipsed by the moone,
And long in darknesse liue, and see no light.
Away with him, his doome hath no reuerse.

Sol. What is eclipst, will one day shine againe:
Though winter frownes, the Spring wil ease my paine.
Time, from the brow, doth wipe out euery stayne.

Exit Sol.

Will Summer. I thinke the Sunne is not so long in passing
through the twelue signes, as the sonne of a foole hath bin dis-
puting here, about had I wist. Out of doubt, the Poet is bribde
of some that haue a messe of creame to eate, before my Lord
goe to bed yet, to hold him halfe the night with riffe, raffe, of
the rumming of Elanor. If I can tell what it meanes, pray god,
I may neuer get breakefast more, when I am hungry. Troth,
I am of opinion, he is one of those *Hieroglificall* writers, that by
the figures of beasts, planets, and of stones, expresse the mind,
as we doe in A. B. C. or one that writes vnder hayre, as I
haue heard of a certaine Notary *Histiuous*, who following *Da-*
rius in the Persian warres, and desirous to disclose some se-
crets of import, to his friend *Aristagoras*, that dwelt afarre
off, found out this meanes: He had a seruant that had bene

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Imberbis
Apollo, a
beardles
Poet.

long sicke of a payne in his eyes, whom, vnder pretence of curing his maladie, he shau'd from one side of his head, to the other, and with a soft pensill wrote vpon his scalpe, (as on parchment) the discourse of his busines, the fellow all the while imagining, his master had done nothing but noynt his head with a feather. After this, hee kept him secretly in his tent, till his hayre was somewhat growne, and then wil'd him to go to *Aristagoras* into the countrey, and bid him shaue him, as he had done, and he should haue perfit remedie. He did so: *Aristagoras* shau'd him with his owne hands, read his friends letter; and when hee had done, washt it out, that no man should perceyue it else, and sent him home to buy him a night-cap. If I wist there were any such knauery, or Peter Bales *Brachigraphy*, vnder *Sols* bushy hayre, I would haue a Barber, my hoste of the Murrions head, to be his Interpretour, who would whet his razor on his Richmond cap, and giue him the terrible cut, like himselfe, but he would come as neere as a quart pot, to the construction of it. To be sententious, not superfluous, *Sol* should haue bene beholding to the Barbour, and not the beard-master. Is it pride that is shadowed vnder this two-leg'd Sunne, that neuer came neerer heauen, then *Dubbers* hill? That pride is not my sinne, *Slouens Hall*, where I was borne, be my record. As for couetousnes, intemperance and exaction, I meet with nothing in a whole yeare, but a cup of wine, for such vices to bee conuersant in. *Pergite porro*, my good children, and multiply the sinnes of your absurdities, till you come to the full measure of the grand hisse, and you shall heare how we will purge rewme with censuring your imperfections.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, call *Orion*.

Vertum. *Orion*, *Vrion*, *Arion*; my Lord thou must looke vpon: *Orion*, gentleman dogge-keeper, huntsman, come into the court: looke you bring all hounds, and no bandogges. Peace there, that we may heare their hornes blow.

Enter Orion like a hunter, with a horne about his necke, all his men after the same sort hallowing, and blowing their hornes.

Orion

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Orion. Sirra, wast thou that cal'd vs from our game?
How durst thou (being but a pettie God)
Disturbe me in the entrance of my sports?
Summer. 'Twas I, *Orion*, caus'd thee to be calde.
Orion. 'Tis I, dread Lord, that humbly will obey.
Summer. How haps't thou leftst the heauens, to hunt below?
As I remember, thou wert *Hireus* sonne,
Whom of a huntsman Ioue chose for a starre,
And thou art calde the Dog-starre, art thou not?
Autumne. Pleaseth your honor, heauens circumfe-
Is not ynough for him to hunt and range, (rence
But with those venome-breathed cures he leads,
He comes to chase health from our earthly bounds:
Each one of those foule-mouthed mangy dogs
Gouernes a day, (no dog but hath his day)
And all the daies by them so gouerned,
The Dog-daies hight, infectious fosterers
Of meteors from carrion that arise,
And putrifid bodies of dead men,
Are they ingendred to that ougly shape,
Being nought els but preseru'd corruption.
T'is these that in the entrance of their raigne
The plague and dangerous agues haue brought in.
They arre and barke at night against the Moone,
For fetching in fresh tides to cleanse the streetes.
They vomit flames, and blast the ripened fruites:
They are deathes messengers vnto all those,
That sicken while their malice beareth sway.
Orion. A tedious discourse, built on no ground,
A sillie fancie *Autumne* hast thou told,
Which no Philosophie doth warrantize,
No old receiued poetrie confirmes.
I will not grace thee by confuting thee:
Yet in a iest (since thou railest so gainst dogs)
Ile speake a word or two in their defence:
That creature's best that comes most neere to men.

Summers last will

wln 0675 That dogs of all come neerest, thus I proue:
wln 0676 First they excell vs in all outward sence,
wln 0677 Which no one of experience will deny,
wln 0678 They heare, they smell, they see better then we,
wln 0679 To come to speech they haue it questionlesse,
wln 0680 Although we vnderstand them not so well:
wln 0681 They barke as good old Saxon as may be,
wln 0682 And that in more varietie then we:
wln 0683 For they haue one voice when they are in chase,
wln 0684 Another, when they wrangle for their meate,
wln 0685 Another, when we beate them out of dores.
wln 0686 That they haue reason, this I will alleadge,
wln 0687 They choose those things that are most fit for them,
wln 0688 And shunne the contrarie all that they may,
wln 0689 They know what is for their owne diet best,
wln 0690 And seeke about for't very carefully.
wln 0691 At sight of any whip they runne away,
wln 0692 As runs a thiefe from noise of hue and crie:
wln 0693 Nor liue they on the sweat of others browes,
wln 0694 But haue their trades to get their liuing with,
wln 0695 Hunting and conie-catching, two fine artes:
wln 0696 Yea, there be of them as there be of men,
wln 0697 Of euerie occupation more or lesse:
wln 0698 Some cariers, and they fetch, some watermen,
wln 0699 And they will diue and swimme when you bid them:
wln 0700 Some butchers, and they worrie sheep by night:
wln 0701 Some cookes, and they do nothing but turne spits.
wln 0702 *Chrisippus* holds, dogs are Logicians,
wln 0703 In that by studie and by canuasing,
wln 0704 They can distinguish twixt three seuerall things,
wln 0705 As when he commeth where three broad waies meet,
wln 0706 And of those three hath staid at two of them,
wln 0707 By which he gesseth that the game went not,
wln 0708 Without more pause he runneth on the third,
wln 0709 Which, as *Chrisippus* saith, insinuates,
wln 0710 As if he reason'd thus within himselfe:

Eyther

wln 0711 Eyther he went this, that, or yonder way,
wln 0712 But neyther that, nor yonder, therefore this:
wln 0713 But whether they Logicians be or no,
wln 0714 Cinicks they are, for they will snarle and bite,
wln 0715 Right courtiers to flatter and to fawne,
wln 0716 Valiant to set vpon the enemies,
wln 0717 Most faithfull and most constant to their friends;
wln 0718 Nay they are wise, as *Homer* witnesseth,
wln 0719 Who talking of *Vlisses* comming home,
wln 0720 Saith all his houshold, but *Argus* his Dogge,
wln 0721 Had quite forgot him: I, and his deepe insight,
wln 0722 Nor *Pallas* Art in altering of his shape,
wln 0723 Nor his base weeds, nor absence twenty yeares,
wln 0724 Could go beyond, or any way delude.
wln 0725 That Dogges Phisicians are, thus I inferre,
wln 0726 They are ne're sicke, but they know their disease,
wln 0727 And finde out meanes to ease them of their grieffe,
wln 0728 Speciall good Surgions to cure dangerous wounds:
wln 0729 For strucken with a stake into the flesh,
wln 0730 This policie they vse to get it out:
wln 0731 They traile one of their feet vpon the ground,
wln 0732 And gnaw the flesh about where the wound is,
wln 0733 Till it be cleane drawne out: and then, because
wln 0734 Vlcers and sores kept fowle, are hardly cur'de,
wln 0735 They licke and purifie it with their tongue,
wln 0736 And well obserue Hipocrates old rule,
wln 0737 *The onely medicine for the foote, is rest:*
wln 0738 For if they haue the least hurt in their feet,
wln 0739 They beare them vp, and looke they be not stird:
wln 0740 When humours rise, they eate a soueraigne herbe,
wln 0741 Whereby what cloyes their stomacks, they cast vp,
wln 0742 And as some writers of experience tell,
wln 0743 They were the first inuented vomitting.
wln 0744 Sham'st thou not, *Autumne*, vnaduisedly
wln 0745 To slander such rare creatures as they be?
wln 0746 *Summer.* We cal'd thee not, *Orion*, to this end,

Summers last will

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wln 0779

wln 0780

To tell a storie of dogs qualities.
With all thy hunting how are we inricht?
What tribute payest thou vs for thy high place?
Orion. What tribute should I pay you out of nought?
Hunters doe hunt for pleasure, not for gaine.
While Dog-dayes last, the haruest safely thriues:
The sunne burnes hot, to finish vp fruits growth:
There is no bloud-letting to make men weake:
Physicians with their *Cataposia*,
r. tittle *Elinctoria*
Masticatorum and *Cataplasmata*:
Their Gargarismes, Clisters, and pitcht clothes,
Their perfumes, sirrups, and their triacles,
Refraine to poyson the sicke patients,
And dare not minister till I be out.
Then none will bathe, and so are fewer drownd:
All lust is perilsome, therefore lesse vs' de.
In briefe, the yeare without me cannot stand:
Summer, I am thy staffe, and thy right hand.
Summer. A broken staffe, a lame right hand I had,
If thou wert all the stay that held me vp.
Nihil violentum perpetuum.
No violence that liueth to olde age.
Ill-gouern'd starre, that neuer boad'st good lucke,
I banish thee a twelue-month and a day,
Forth of my presence, come not in my sight,
Nor shewe thy head, so much as in the night.
Orion. I am content, though hunting be not out,
We will goe hunt in hell for better hap.
One parting blowe, my hearts, vnto our friends,
To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell:
Tosse vp your bugle hornes vnto the starres.
Toyle findeth ease, peace followes after warres.

Exit.

Here

wln 0781
wln 0782

*Here they goe out, blowing their hornes,
and hallowing, as they came in.*

wln 0783
wln 0784
wln 0785
wln 0786
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wln 0809

Will Summer. Faith, this Sceane of *Orion*, is right *prandium caninum*, a dogs dinner, which as it is without wine, so here's a coyle about dogges, without wit. If I had thought the ship of fooles would haue stayde to take in fresh water at the Ile of dogges, I would haue furnisht it with a whole kennell of collections to the purpose. I haue had a dogge my selfe, that would dreame, and talke in his sleepe, turne round like Ned foole, and sleepe all night in a porridge pot. Marke but the skirmish betweene sixpence and the foxe, and it is miraculous, how they ouercome one another in honorable curtesy. The foxe, though he weares a chayne, runnes as though hee were free, mocking vs (as it is a crafty beast) because we haue a Lord and master to attend on, runne about at our pleasures, like masterles men. Young sixpence, the best page his master hath, playes a little, and retires. I warrant, he will not be farre out of the way, when his master goes to dinner. Learne of him, you deminitiuie vrchins, howe to behaue your selues in your vocation, take not vp your standings in a nuttree, when you should be waiting on my Lords trencher. Shoote but a bit at buttes, play but a span at poyntes. What euer you doe, *memento mori*: remember to rise betimes in the morning.

Summer. Vertumnus, call Haruest.

Vertumnus. Haruest, by west, and by north, by south and southeast, shewe thy selfe like a beast. Goodman *Haruest* yeoman, come in, and say what you can: roome for the sithe and the siccles there.

wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812

Enter Haruest with a sythe on his neck, & all his reapers with siccles, and a great black bowle with a posset in it, borne before him: they come in singing.

Summers last will

wln 0813

The Song.

wln 0814

Merry, merry, merry, cheary, cheary, cheary,

wln 0815

Trowle the black bowle to me,

wln 0816

Hey derry, derry, with a poupe and a lerry,

wln 0817

Ile trowle it againe to thee:

wln 0818

Hooky, hooky, we haue shorne,

wln 0819

and we haue bound,

wln 0820

And we haue brought Haruest

wln 0821

home to towne.

wln 0822

Summer. Haruest, the Bayly of my husbandry,

wln 0823

What plenty hast thou heapt into our Barnes?

wln 0824

I hope thou hast sped well thou art so blithe.

wln 0825

Haruest. Sped well, or ill sir, I drinke to you on the same:

wln 0826

Is your throate cleare to helpe vs to sing, hooky, hooky?

wln 0827

Heere they all sing after him,

wln 0828

Hooky, hooky, we haue shorne,

wln 0829

and we haue bound,

wln 0830

And we haue brought haruest

wln 0831

home to towne.

wln 0832

Autumne. Thou Coridon, why answer'st not direct?

wln 0833

Haruest. Answer? why friend, I am no tapster, to say, A-

wln 0834

non, anon, sir: but leaue you to molest me, goodman tawny

wln 0835

leaues, for feare (as the prouerbe sayes, leaue is light) so I mow

wln 0836

off all your leaues with my sithe.

Winter.

wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
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wln 0846
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wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872

Winter. Mocke not, & mowe not too long you were best,
For feare we whet not your sythe vpon your pate.

Summer. Since thou art so peruerse in answering,
Haruest, heare what complaints are brought to me.
Thou art accused by the publike voyce,
For an ingrosser of the common store,
A Carle, that hast no conscience, nor remorse,
But doost impouerish the fruitfull earth,
To make thy garners rise vp to the heauens.
To whom giuest thou? who feedeth at thy boord?
No almes, but vnreasonable gaine,
Disgests what thy huge yron teeth deuoure:
Small beere, course bread, the hynds and beggers cry,
Whilest thou withholdest both the mault and flowre,
And giu'st vs branne, and water, (fit for dogs.)

Haruest. Hooky, hooky, if you were not my Lord, I would
say you lye. First and formost you say I am a Grocer. A
Grocer is a citizen: I am no citizen, therefore no Grocer. A
hoorder vp of graine: that's false; for not so much but my el-
bows eate wheate euery time I leane on them. A Carle: that is
as much to say, as a conny-catcher of good fellowship. For that
one word, you shall pledge me a carouse: eate a spoonfull of
the curd to allay your choller. My mates and fellowes, sing no
more, Merry, merry: but weep out a lamētable hooky, hooky,
and let your Sickles cry, Sicke, sicke, and very sicke, & sicke,
and for the time; for Haruest your master is abusde without
reason or rime. I haue no conscience I; Ile come neerer to
you, and yet I am no scabbe, nor no louse. Can you make
prooffe where euer I sold away my conscience, or pawnd it?
doe you know who would buy it, or lend any money vpon it?
I thinke I haue giuen you the pose; blow your nose, master
constable. But to say that I impouerish the earth, that I robbe
the man in the moone, that I take a purse on the top of Paules
steeple; by this straw and thrid I sweare, you are no gentle-
man, no proper man, no honest man, to make mee sing, O
man in desperation.

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wln 0874
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wln 0907
wln 0908

Summer. I must giue credit vnto what I heare;
For other then I heare, attract I nought.

Haruest. I, I, nought seeke, nought haue: an ill husband is
the first steppe to a knaue. You obiect I feede none at my
boord. I am sure, if you were a hogge, you would neuer say
so: for, surreuerence of their worships, they feed at my stable,
table, euery day. I keepe good hospitality for hennes & geese;
Gleaners are oppressed with heauy burdens of my bounty.
They rake me, and eate me to the very bones, till there be no-
thing left but grauell and stones, and yet I giue no almes, but
deuoure all. They say when a man cannot heare well, you
heare with your haruest eares: but if you heard with your
haruest eares, that is, with the eares of corne, which my almes-
cart scatters, they would tell you, that I am the very poore mans
boxe of pitie, that there are more holes of liberality open in
haruests heart, then in a siue, or a dust-boxe. Suppose you
were a craftsman, or an Artificer, and should come to buy
corne of mee, you should haue bushels of mee, not like the
Bakers loafe, that should waygh but sixe ounces, but vsury for
your mony, thousands for one: what would you haue more?
Eate mee out of my apparell, if you will, if you suspect mee
for a miser.

Summer. I credit thee, and thinke thou wert belide.
But tell mee, hadst thou a good crop this yeare?

Haruest. Hay, Gods plenty, which was so sweete and so
good, that when I ierted my whip, and said to my horses but
Hay, they would goe as they were mad.

Summer. But hay alone thou saist not; but hay-ree.

Haruest. I sing hay-ree, that is, hay and rye: meaning, that
they shall haue hay and rye their belly-fulls, if they will draw
hard; So wee say, wa, hay, when they goe out of the way:
meaning, that they shall want hay, if they will not doe as they
should doe.

Summer. How thriue thy oates, thy barley, and thy wheate?

Haruest. My oates grew like a cup of beere that makes the
brewer rich: my rye like a Caulier, that weares a huge feather

img: 15-b
sig: E4r

and Testament.

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wln 0911

wln 0912

wln 0913

wln 0914

wln 0915

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wln 0937

wln 0938

wln 0939

wln 0940

wln 0941

wln 0942

img: 16-a
sig: E4v

wln 0943

wln 0944

wln 0945

wln 0946

wln 0947

wln 0948

wln 0949

in his cap, but hath no courage in his heart; had a long stalke,
a goodly huske, but nothing so great a kernell as it was wont:
my barley, euen as many a nouice is crossebitten, as soone as
euer hee peepes out of the shell, so was it frost-bitten in the
blade, yet pickt vp his crummes agayne afterward, and bade,
Fill pot, hostesse, in spite of a deare yeere. As for my
Pease and my Fetches, they are famous, and not to be
spoken of.

Autumne. I, I, such countrey button'd caps as you,
Doe want no fetches to vndoe great townes.

Haruest. Will you make good your words, that wee want
no fetches?

Winter. I, that he shall.

Haruest. Then fetch vs a cloake-bagge, to carry away
your selfe in.

Summer. Plough-swaynes are blunt, and will taunt
bitterly.

Haruest, when all is done, thou art the man,

Thou doest me the best seruice of them all:

Rest from thy labours till the yeere renues,

And let the husbandmen sing of thy prayse.

Haruest. Rest from my labours, and let the husbandmen
sing of my prayse? Nay, we doe not meane to rest so; by your
leauē, we'le haue a largesse amongst you, e're we part.

All. A largesse, a largesse, a largesse.

Will Summer. Is there no man that will giue them a hisse for
a largesse?

Haruest. No, that there is not, goodman Lundgis: I see,
charitie waxeth cold, and I thinke this house be her habitatiō,
for it is not very hot; we were as good euen put vp our pipes,
and sing Merry, merry, for we shall get no money.

Here they goe out all singing,

*Merry, merry, merry, cheary, cheary, cheary,
Trowle the blacke bowle to me:*

E4

Hey

Summers last will

Hey derry, derry, with a poupe and a lerrie,

Ile trowle it againe to thee:

Hookie, hookie, we haue shorne and we haue bound,

And we haue brought haruest home to towne.

Will Summer. Well, go thy waies, thou bundle of straw;
Ile giue thee this gift, thou shalt be a Clowne while thou liu'st.
As lustie as they are, they run on the score with Georges wife

wln 0950
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wln 0970
wln 0971

for their posset, and God knowes who shal pay goodman Yeomans, for his wheat sheafe: they may sing well enough, Trowle the blacke bowle to mee, trowle the blacke bowle to mee: for, a hundreth to one, but they will bee all drunke, e're they goe to bedde: yet, of a slauering foole, that hath no conceyte in any thing, but in carrying a wand in his hand, with commendation when he runneth by the high way side, this stripling *Haruest* hath done reasonable well. O that some bodie had had the wit to set his thatcht suite on fire, and so lighted him out: If I had had but a Iet ring on my finger, I might haue done with him what I list; I had spoild him, I had tooke his apparrell prisoner; for it being made of straw, & the nature of let, to draw straw vnto it, I would haue nailde him to the pommell of my chaire, till the play were done, and then haue carried him to my chamber dore, and laide him at the threshold as a wispe, or a piece of mat, to wipe my shooes on, euerie time I come vp durtie.

Summer. Vertumnus, call Bacchus.

Vertum. Bacchus, Baccha, Bacchum, god Bacchus, god fat-backe, Baron of dubble beere, and bottle ale, come in & shew thy nose that is nothing pale: backe, backe there, god barrell-bellie may enter.

wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975

Enter Bacchus riding vpon an Asse trapt in Iuie, himselfe drest in Vine leaues, and a garland of grapes on his head: his companions hauing all Iacks in their hands, and Iuie garlands on their heads, they come in singing.

The

The Song.

Mounsieur Mingo, for quæffing doth surpasse,

In Cuppe, in Canne, or glasse.

God Bacchus doe mee right,

And dubbe mee knight Domingo.

Bacchus. Wherefore didst thou call mee, *Vertumnus*? hast any drinke to giue mee? One of you hold my Asse while I light: walke him vp and downe the hall, till I talke a word or two.

Summer. What, *Bacchus*: still *animus in patinis*, no mind but on the pot?

Bacchus. Why, *Summer*, *Summer*, how would'st doe, but for rayne? What is a faire house without water comming to it? Let mee see how a smith can worke, if hee haue not his trough standing by him. What sets an edge on a knife? the grindstone alone? no, the moyst element powr'd upō it, which grinds out all gaps, sets a poynt vpon it, & scowres it as bright as the firmament. So, I tell thee, giue a soldier wine before he goes to battaile, it grinds out all gaps, it makes him forget all scarres and wounds, and fight in the thickest of his enemies, as though hee were but at foyles, amongst his fellows. Giue a scholler wine, going to his booke, or being about to inuent, it sets a new poynt on his wit, it glazeth it, it scowres it, it giues him *acumen*. *Plato* saith, *vinum esse fomitem quēdam, et incitabilem ingenij virtutisque*. *Aristotle* saith, *Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura dementiae*. There is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madnesse. And what makes a man more madde in the head then wine? *Qui bene vult poyein, debet ante pinyen*, he that will doe well, must drinke well. *Prome, prome, potum prome*: Ho butler, a fresh pot. *Nunc est bibēdum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda*: a pox on him that leaues his drinke behinde him; hey *Rendouow*.

Summer. It is wines custome, to be full of words. I pray thee, *Bacchus*, giue vs *vicissitudinem loquendi*.

Bacchus. A fiddlesticke, ne're tell me I am full of words. *fœcundi calices, quem non fecere desertum: aut epi, aut abi*, eyther

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Summers last will

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wln 1047

*Knockes
the lacke
vpon his
thumbe.*

take your drinke, or you are an infidell.

Summer. I would about thy vintage question thee:
How thriue thy vines? hadst thou good store of grapes?

Bac. *Vinum quasi venenum*, wine is poyson to a sicke body;
a sick body is no sound body; *Ergo*, wine is a pure thing, & is poy-
son to all corruption. Try-lill, the hūters hoope to you: ile stand
to it, *Alexander* was a braue man, and yet an arrant drunkard.

Winter. Fye, drunken sot, forget'st thou where thou art?
My Lord askes thee, what vintage thou hast made?

Bac. Our vintage, was a vintage, for it did not work vpon the
aduantage, it came in the vauntgard of Summer, & winds and
stormes met it by the way, and made it cry, Alas and welladay.

Summer. That was not well, but all miscaried not?

Bac. Faith, shal I tel you no lye? Because you are my coūtry-
man, & so forth, & a good fellow, is a good fellow, though he
haue neuer a penny in his purse: We had but euen pot luck, a
little to moysten our lips, and no more. That same *Sol*, is a Pa-
gan, and a Proselite, hee shinde so bright all summer, that he
burnd more grapes, then his beames were worth, were euery
beame as big as a weauers beame. *A fabis abstinendum*: faith, he
shuld haue abstaind: for what is flesh & blud without his liquor?

Autumne. Thou want'st no liquor, nor no flesh and bloud.
I pray thee may I aske without offence?

How many tunnes of wine hast in thy paunch?

Me thinks, that, built like a round church,

Should yet haue some of Iulius Cæsars wine:

I warrant, 'twas not broacht this hundred yere.

Bacchus. Hear'st, thou dow-belly, because thou talkst, and
talkst, & dar'st not drinke to me a black lack, wilt thou giue me
leauē, to broach this little kilderkin of my corps, against thy
backe? I know thou art but a mycher, & dar'st not stand me. *A
vous, moūsieur Winter*, a frolick vpsy freese, crosse, ho, *super nagulū*.

Winter. Grammercy, Bacchus, as much as though I did.
For this time thou must pardon me perforce.

Bacchus. What, giue me the disgrace? Goe to, I say, I am no
Pope, to pardō any man. *Ran, ran, tarra*, cold beere makes good

bloud

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bloud. S. George for Englād: somewhat is better then nothing.
Let me see, hast thou done me iustice? why so: thou art a king,
though there were no more kings in the cards but the knaue.
Summer, wilt thou haue a demy culuering, that shall cry husty
tusty, and make thy cup flye fine meale in the Element?

Summer. No, keepe thy drinke, I pray thee, to thy selfe.

Bacchus. This *Pupillonian* in the fooles coate, shall haue a cast
of martins, & a whiffe. To the health of Captaine *Rinocerotry*:
looke to it, let him haue weight and measure.

Will Summer. What an asse is this? I cannot drinke so much,
though I should burst.

Bacchus. Foole, doe not refuse your moyst sustenance; come,
come, dogs head in the pot, doe what you are borne to.

Will Summer. If you will needs make me a drunkard against
my will, so it is, ile try what burthen my belly is of.

Bacchus. Crouch, crouch on your knees, foole, when you
pledge god *Bacchus*.

Here Will Sūmer drinks, & they sing about him. Bacchus begins.

All, Mounsieur Mingo for quaffing did surpasse,
In Cup, in Can, or glasse.

Bacchus. Ho, wel shot, a tutchter, a tutchter: for quaffing *Toy*
doth passe, in cup, in canne, or glasse.

All. God Bacchus doe him right, and dubbe him knight.

Bac. Rise vp Sir Robert Tosspot. *Here he dubs Will Summer*

Sum, No more of this, I hate it to the death. *with the black*
Iacke.

No such deformer of the soule and sence,
As is this swynish damn'd-borne drunkennes.
Bacchus, for thou abusest so earths fruits,
Impris'ned liue in cellars and in vawtes,
Let none commit their counsels vnto thee:
Thy wrath be fatall to thy dearest friends,
Vnarmed runne vpon thy foemens swords,
Neuer feare any plague, before it fall:
Dropsies, and watry tympanies haunt thee,
Thy lungs with surfeting be putrified,
To cause thee haue an odious stinking breath,
Slauer and driuell like a child at mouth,

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wln 1119
wln 1120

Bee poore and beggerly in thy old age,
Let thy owne kinsmen laugh, when thou complaynst,
And many teares gayne nothing but blind scoffes.
This is the guerdon due to drunkennes;
Shame, sicknes, misery, followe excesse.

Bacchus. Now on my honor, Sim Summer, thou art a bad member, a Dunse, a mungrell, to discredit so worshipfull an arte after this order. Thou hast curst me, and I will blesse thee: Neuer cup of *Nipitaty* in London, come neere thy niggardly habitation. I beseech the gods of good fellowship, thou maist fall into a consumption with drinking smal beere. Euery day maist thou eate fish, and let it sticke in the midst of thy maw, for want of a cup of wine to swim away in. Venison be *Venenum* to thee: & may that Vintner haue the plague in his house, that sels thee a drop of claret to kill the poyson of it. As many wounds maist thou haue, as *Casar* had in the Senate house, and get no white wine to wash them with: And to conclude, pine away in melancholy and sorrow, before thou hast the fourth part of a dramme of my Iuice to cheare vp thy spirits.

Summer. Hale him away, he barketh like a wolfe,
It is his drinke, not hee that rayles on vs.

Bacchus. Nay soft, brother Summer, back with that foote, here is a snuffe in the bottome of the lack, inough to light a man to bed withall, wee'le leaue no flocks behind vs what-soeuer wee doe.

Summer. Go dragge him hence I say when I commaund.

Bacchus. Since we must needs goe, let's goe merrily.
Farewell, sir Robert Tosse-pot: sing amayne, *Monsieur Myngo*, whilst I mount vp my Asse.

Here they goe out singing, Monsieur Myngo, as they came in.

Will Summer. Of all gods, this *Bacchus* is the ill-fauourd'st misshapen god that euer I sawe. A poxe on him, he hath cristned me with a newe nickname of sir *Robert Tosse-pot*, that will not part frō me this twelmonth. Ned fooles clothes are so perfumde with the beere he powrd on me, that there shall not be a Dutchmā within 20. mile, but he'le smel out & claime kindred

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wln 1156

of him. What a beastly thing is it, to bottle vp ale in a mās belly, whē a man must set his guts on a gallō pot last, only to purchase the alehouse title of a *boone companion*? Carowse, pledge me and you dare: S’wounds, ile drinke with thee for all that euer thou art worth. It is euē as 2. men should striue who should run furthest into the sea for a wager. Me thinkes these are good household termes; Wil it please you to be here, sir? I cōmend me to you: shall I be so bold as trouble you? sauing your tale I drink to you. And if these were put in practise but a yeare or two in tauernes, wine would soone fall from six and twentie pound a tunne, and be beggers money, a penie a quart, and take vp his Inne with wast beere in the almes tub. I am a sinner as others: I must not say much of this argument. Euerie one when hee is whole, can giue aduice to them that are sicke. My masters, you that be good fellowes, get you into corners, and soupe off your prouender closely: report hath a blister on her tongue: open tauerns are tel-tales. *Non peccat, quicumq; potest peccasse negare.*

Summer. Ile call my seruants to account said I?

A bad account: worse seruants no man hath.

Quos credis fidos effuge, tutus eris:

The prouerbe I haue prou’d to be too true,

Totidem domi hostes habemus, quot seruos.

And that wise caution of *Democritus*,

Seruus necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis:

No where fidelitie and labour dwels.

Hope, yong heads count to build on had I wist.

Conscience but few respect, all hunt for gaine:

Except the Cammell haue his prouender

Hung at his mouth, he will not trauell on.

Tyresias to *Narcissus* promised

Much prosperous hap, and many golden daies,

If of his beautie he no knowledge tooke.

Knowledge breeds pride, pride breedeth discontent.

Blacke discontent, thou vrgest to reuenge.

Reuenge opes not her eares to poore mens praiers.

That dolt destruction, is she without doubt,

Summers last will

wln 1157 That hailes her fourth and feedeth her with nought.
wln 1158 Simplicitee and plainnesse, you I loue:
wln 1159 Hence double diligence, thou mean'st deceit.
wln 1160 Those that now serpent-like creepe on the ground,
wln 1161 And seeme to eate the dust, they crouch so low:
wln 1162 If they be disappointed of their pray,
wln 1163 Most traiterously will trace their tailes and sting.
wln 1164 Yea, such as like the Lapwing build their nests
wln 1165 In a mans dung, come vp by drudgerie,
wln 1166 Will be the first, that like that foolish bird,
wln 1167 Will follow him with yelling and false cries.
wln 1168 Well sung a shepheard (that now sleeps in skies)
wln 1169 Dumbe swaines do loue, & not vaine chattering pies.
wln 1170 In mountaines Poets say Eccho is hid,
wln 1171 For her deformitie and monstrous shape:
wln 1172 Those mountaines are the houses of great Lords,
wln 1173 Where **Scenter** with his hundreth voices sounds
wln 1174 A hundreth trumpets at once with rumor filld:
wln 1175 A woman they imagine her to be,
wln 1176 Because that sexe keepes nothing close they heare:
wln 1177 And that's the reason magicke writers frame,
wln 1178 There are more witches women then of men;
wln 1179 For women generally for the most part,
wln 1180 Of secrets more desirous of, then men,
wln 1181 Which hauing got, they haue no power to hold.
wln 1182 In these times had Ecchoes first fathers liu'd,
wln 1183 No woman, but a man she had beene faind.
wln 1184 (Though women yet will want no newes to prate.)
wln 1185 For men (meane men) the skumme & drosse of all,
wln 1186 Will talke and babble of they know not what,
wln 1187 Vpbraid, depraue, and taunt, they care not whom:
wln 1188 Surmises passe for sound approoued truthes:
wln 1189 Familiaritie and conference,
wln 1190 That were the sinewes of societies,
wln 1191 Are now for vnderminings onely vsde,
wln 1192 And novell wits, that loue none but themselues,

Thinke

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Thinke wisdomes height as falshood slily couch't,
Seeking each other to o'rethrow his mate.
O friendship, thy old temple is defac't.
Embrasing euery guilefull curtesie,
Hath ouergrowne fraud-wanting honestie.
Examples liue but in the idle schooles:
Sinon beares all the sway in princes courts:
Sicknes, be thou my soules phisition:
Bring the Apothecarie death with thee.
In earth is hell, true hell felicitie,
Compared with this world the den of wolues.
Aut. My Lord, you are too passionate without cause.
Winter. Griue not for that which cannot be recal'd:
Is it your seruants carelesnesse you plaine?
Tullie by one of his owne slaues was slaine.
The husbandman close in his bosome nurst
A subtill snake, that after wrought his bane.
Autumne. *Seruos fideles liberalitæs facit:*
Where on the contrarie, *seruitutem:*
Those that attend vpon illiberall Lords,
Whose couetize yeelds nought els but faire lookes,
Euen of those faire lookes make their gainfull vse.
For as in *Ireland* and in *Denmarke* both
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
Which in the corner of a napkin wrapt,
Shall blow him safe vnto what coast he will:
So make ill seruants sale of their Lords wind,
Which wrapt vp in a piece of parchment,
Blowes many a knaue forth danger of the law.
Summer. Inough of this, let me go make my will.
Ah it is made, although I hold my peace,
These two will share betwixt them what I haue.
The surest way to get my will perform'd,
Is to make my executour my heire:
And he, if all be giuen him and none els,
Vnfallibly will see it well perform'd.

Summers last will

wln 1229 Lyons will feed, though none bid them go to.
wln 1230 Ill growes the tree affordeth ne're a graft.
wln 1231 Had I some issue to sit in my throne, (grone.
wln 1232 My grieve would die, death should not heare mee
wln 1233 But when perforce these must enioy my wealth,
wln 1234 Which thanke me not, but enter't as a pray,
wln 1235 Bequeath'd it is not, but cleane cast away.
wln 1236 *Autumne*, be thou successor of my seat:
wln 1237 Hold, take my crowne: looke how he graspes for it.
wln 1238 Thou shalt not haue it yet: but hold it too;
wln 1239 Why should I keep that needs I must forgo?
wln 1240 *Winter*. Then (dutie laid aside) you do me wrong:
wln 1241 I am more worthie of it farre then he.
wln 1242 He hath no skill nor courage for to rule,
wln 1243 A weather-beaten banckrout asse it is,
wln 1244 That scatters and consumeth all he hath:
wln 1245 Eche one do plucke from him without controll.
wln 1246 He is nor hot nor cold, a sillie soule,
wln 1247 That faine would please eche party, if so he might:
wln 1248 He and the spring are schollers fauourites.
wln 1249 What schollers are, what thriftles kind of men,
wln 1250 Your selfe be iudge, and iudge of him by them.
wln 1251 When Cerberus was headlong drawne from hell,
wln 1252 He voided a blacke poison from his mouth,
wln 1253 Called *Aconitum*, whereof inke was made:
wln 1254 That inke with reeds first laid on dried barks,
wln 1255 Seru'd men a while to make rude workes withall,
wln 1256 Till *Hermes*, secretarie to the Gods,
wln 1257 Or *Hermes Trismegistus* as some will,
wln 1258 Wearie with grauing in blind characters,
wln 1259 And figures of familiar beasts and plants,
wln 1260 Inuented letters to write lies withall.
wln 1261 In them he pend the fables of the Gods,
wln 1262 The gyants warre, and thousand tales besides.
wln 1263 After eche nation got these toyes in vse,
wln 1264 There grew vp certaine drunken parasites,

Term'd

wln 1265 Term'd Poets, which for a meales meat or two,
wln 1266 Would promise monarchs immortalitie:
wln 1267 They vomited in verse all that they knew,
wln 1268 Found causes and beginnings of the world,
wln 1269 Fetcht pedegrees of mountaines and of flouds,
wln 1270 From men and women whom the Gods transform'd:
wln 1271 If any towne or citie, they pass'd by,
wln 1272 Had in compassion (thinking them mad men)
wln 1273 Forborne to whip them, or imprison them,
wln 1274 That citie was not built by humane hands,
wln 1275 T'was raisde by musique, like Megara walles,
wln 1276 Apollo, poets patron founded it,
wln 1277 Because they found one fitting fauour there:
wln 1278 Musæus, Lynus, Homer, Orpheus,
wln 1279 Were of this trade, and thereby wonne their fame.
wln 1280 *Will. Summer. Fama malum, quo non velocius vllum.*
wln 1281 *Winter.* Next them, a company of ragged knaues,
wln 1282 Sun-bathing beggers, lazie hedge-creepers,
wln 1283 Sleeping face vpwards in the fields all night,
wln 1284 Dream'd strange deuices of the Sunne and Moone,
wln 1285 And they like Gipsies wandring vp and downe,
wln 1286 Told fortunes, iuggled, nicknam'd all the starres,
wln 1287 And were of idiots term'd Philosophers:
wln 1288 Such was Pithagoras the silencer,
wln 1289 Prometheus, Thales, Milesius,
wln 1290 Who would all things of water should be made:
wln 1291 Anaximander, Anaximenes,
wln 1292 That positiuely said the aire was God;
wln 1293 Zenocrates, that said there were eight Gods:
wln 1294 And Cratoniates, Alcmeon too,
wln 1295 Who thought the Sun and Moone, & stars were gods:
wln 1296 The poorer sort of them that could get nought,
wln 1297 Profest, like beggerly Franciscan Friers,
wln 1298 And the strict order of the Capouchins,
wln 1299 A voluntarie wretched pouertie,
wln 1300 Contempt of gold, thin fare, and lying hard:

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Yet he that was most vehement in these,
Diogenes the Cinicke and the Dogge,
Was taken coyning money in his Cell.
Wil Summer. What an olde Asse was that? Me thinks, hee
should haue coynde Carret rootes rather: for as for money, he
had no vse for, except it were to melt, and soder vp holes in
his tub withall.
Winter. It were a whole *Olimpiades* worke to tell,
How many diuillish, *ergo* armed arts,
Sprung all as vices, of this Idlenesse:
For euen as souldiers not imployde in warres,
But liuing loosely in a quiet state,
Not hauing wherewithall to maintaine pride,
Nay scarce to finde their bellies any foode,
Nought but walke melancholie, and deuise
How they may cousen Marchāts, fleece young heires,
Creepe into fauour by betraying men,
Robbe churches, beg waste toyes, court city dames,
Who shall vndoe their husbands for their sakes:
The baser rabble how to cheate and steale,
And yet be free from penaltie of death.
So those word-warriers, lazy star-gazers,
Vsde to no labour, but to lowze themselues,
Had their heads fild with coosning fantasies,
They plotted how to make their pouertie,
Better esteemde of, then high Soueraignty:
They thought how they might plant a heauē on earth,
Whereof they would be principall lowe gods,
That heauen they called Contemplation,
As much to say, as a most pleasant slouth,
Which better I cannot compare then this,
That if a fellow licensed to beg,
Should all his life time go from faire to faire,
And buy gape-seede, hauing no businesse else.
That contemplation like an aged weede,
Engendred thousand sects, and all those sects

Were

wln 1337 Were but as these times, cunning shrowded rogues,
wln 1338 Grammarians some: and wherein differ they
wln 1339 From beggers, that professe the Pedlers French?
wln 1340 The Poets next, slouinly tatterd slaues,
wln 1341 That wander, and sell Ballets in the streetes.
wln 1342 Historiographers others there be,
wln 1343 And the like lazars by the high way side,
wln 1344 That for a penny, or a halfe-penny,
wln 1345 Will call each knaue a good fac'd Gentleman,
wln 1346 Giue honor vnto Tinkers, for good Ale,
wln 1347 Preferre a Cobler fore the Black prince farre,
wln 1348 If he bestowe but blacking of their shooes:
wln 1349 And as it is the Spittle-houses guise,
wln 1350 Ouer the gate to write their founders names,
wln 1351 Or on the outside of their walles at least,
wln 1352 In hope by their examples others moou'd,
wln 1353 Will be more bountifull and liberall,
wln 1354 So in the forefront of their Chronicles,
wln 1355 Or *Peroratione operis*,
wln 1356 They learnings benefactors reckon vp,
wln 1357 Who built this colledge, who gaue that Free-schoole,
wln 1358 What King or Queene aduanced Schollers most,
wln 1359 And in their times what writers flourished;
wln 1360 Rich men and magistrates whilest yet they liue,
wln 1361 They flatter palpably, in hope of gayne.
wln 1362 Smooth-tounged Orators, the fourth in place,
wln 1363 Lawyers, our common-wealth intitles them,
wln 1364 Meere swash-bucklers, and ruffianly mates,
wln 1365 That will for twelue pence make a doughtie fray,
wln 1366 Set men for strawes together by the eares.
wln 1367 Skie measuring Mathematicians;
wln 1368 Golde-breathing Alcumists also we haue,
wln 1369 Both which are subtill witted humorists,
wln 1370 That get their meales by telling miracles,
wln 1371 Which they haue seene in trauailing the skies,
wln 1372 Vaine boasters, lyers, make-shifts, they are all,

Summers last will

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Men that remoued from their inkehorne termes,
Bring forth no action worthie of their bread.
What should I speake of pale physicions?
Who as *Fismenus non nasatus* was,
(Vpon a wager that his friends had laid)
Hir'de to liue in a priuie a whole yeare:
So are they hir'de for lucre and for gaine,
All their whole life to smell on excrements.

Wil. Summer. Very true, for I haue heard it for a prouerbe
many a time and oft, *Hunc os fatidum*, fah, he stinkes like a phi-
sicion.

Winter. Innumerable monstrous practises,
Hath loytring contemplation brought forth more,
Which t'were too long particular to recite:
Suffice they all conduce vnto this end,
To banish labour, nourish slothfulnesse,
Pamper vp lust, deuise newfangled sinnes.
Nay I will iustifie there is no vice,
Which learning and vilde knowledge brought not in,
Or in whose praise some learned haue not wrote.
The arte of murther Machiauel hath pend:
Whoredome hath Ouid to vphold her throne:
And Aretine of late in Italie,
Whose *Cortigiana* toucheth bawdes their trade.
Gluttonie Epicurus doth defend,
And bookes of th'arte of cookerie confirme:
Of which Platina hath not writ the least.
Drunkennesse of his good behaiour
Hath testimoniall from where he was borne:
That pleasant worke *de arte bibendi*,
A drunken Dutchman spued out few yeares since:
Nor wanteth sloth (although sloths plague bee want)
His paper pillers for to leane vpon,
The praise of nothing pleades his worthinesse.
Follie Erasmus sets a flourish on.
For baldnesse, a bald asse, I haue forgot,

Patcht

wln 1409 Patcht vp a pamphletarie periwigge.
wln 1410 Slouenrie Grobianus magnifieth:
wln 1411 Sodomitrie a Cardinall commends,
wln 1412 And Aristotle necessarie deemes.
wln 1413 In briefe all bookes, diuinitie except,
wln 1414 Are nought but tales of the diuels lawes,
wln 1415 Poyson wrapt vp in sugred words,
wln 1416 Mans pride, damnations props, the worlds abuse:
wln 1417 Then censure (good my Lord) what bookemen are
wln 1418 If they be pestilent members in a state;
wln 1419 He is vnfit to sit at sterne of state,
wln 1420 That fauours such as will o'rethrow his state:
wln 1421 Blest is that gouernment where no arte thriues,
wln 1422 *Vox populi, vox Dei:*
wln 1423 The vulgars voice, it is the voice of God.
wln 1424 Yet Tully saith, *Non est consilium in vulgo, non ratio, non discrimen,*
wln 1425 *non differentia:*
wln 1426 The vulgar haue no learning, wit, nor sence.
wln 1427 Themistocles hauing spent all his time
wln 1428 In studie of Philosophie and artes,
wln 1429 And noting well the vanitie of them,
wln 1430 Wisht with repentance, for his follie past,
wln 1431 Some would teach him th'arte of obliuion,
wln 1432 How to forget the arts that he had learnd.
wln 1433 And Cicero, whom we alleadg'd before,
wln 1434 (As saith Valerius) stepping into old age,
wln 1435 Despised learning, lothed eloquence.
wln 1436 Naso, that could speake nothing but pure verse,
wln 1437 And had more wit then words to vtter it,
wln 1438 And words as choise as euer Poet had,
wln 1439 Cride and exclaimde in bitter agonie,
wln 1440 When knowledge had corrupted his chaste mind,
wln 1441 *Discite qui sapitis non hæc quæ scimus inertes,*
wln 1442 *Sed trepidas acies, & fera bella sequi.*
wln 1443 You that be wise, and euer meane to thriue,
wln 1444 O studie not these toyes we sluggards vse,

Summers last will

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But follow armes, and waite on barbarous warres.
Young men, yong boyes, beware of Schoolemasters,
They will infect you, marre you, bleare your eyes:
They seeke to lay the curse of God on you,
Namely confusion of languages,
Wherewith those that the towre of *Babel* built,
Accursed were in the worldes infancie.
Latin, it was the speech of Infidels.
Logique hath nought to say in a true cause.
Philosophie is curiositie:
And *Socrates* was therefore put to death,
Onely for he was a Philosopher:
Abhorre, contemne, despise, these damned snares.
Will Summer. Out vpon it, who would be a Scholler? not I,
I promise you: my minde alwayes gaue me, this learning was
such a filthy thing, which made me hate it so as I did: when I
should haue beene at schoole, construing *Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi*
Batte, I was close vnder a hedge, or vnder a barne wall, playing
at spanne Counter, or Iacke in a boxe: my master beat me,
my father beat me, my mother gaue me bread and butter, yet
all this would not make me a squitter-booke. It was my desti-
nie, I thanke her as a most courteous goddesse, that shee hath
not cast me away vpon gibridge. O, in what a mightie vaine
am I now against Horne-bookes! Here before all this compa-
nie, I professe my selfe on open enemy to Inke and paper. Ile
make it good vpon the Accidence body, that In speech is the
diuels Pater noster: Nownes and Pronounes, I pronounce
you as traitors to boyes buttockes, Syntaxis and Prosodia, you
are tormenters of wit, & good for nothing but to get a schoole-
master two pence a weeke. Hang copies, flye out phrase books,
let pennes be turnd to picktooths: bowles, cards & dice, you are
the true liberal sciēces, Ile ne're be Goosequill, gentlemē, while
Sūmer. Winter, with patience vnto my grieffe, (I liue.
I haue attended thy inuectiue tale:
So much vntrueth wit neuer shadowed:
Gainst her owne bowels thou Arts weapons turn'st:

Let

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Let none beleue thee, that will euer thriue:
Words haue their course, the winde blowes where it lists;
He erres alone, in error that persists.
For thou gainst *Autumne* such exceptions tak'st,
I graunt, his ouer-seer thou shalt be,
His treasurer, protector, and his staffe,
He shall do nothing without thy consent;
Prouide thou for his weale, and his content.
Winter. Thanks, gracious Lord: so Ile dispose of him,
As it shall not repent you of your gift.
Autumne. On such conditions no crowne will I take.
I challenge *Winter* for myemie,
A most insaciate miserable carle,
That, to fill vp his garners to the brim,
Cares not how he indammageth the earth:
What pouerty he makes it to indure!
He ouer-bars the christall streames with yce,
That none but he and his may drinke of them:
All for a fowle Back-winter he layes vp;
Hard craggie wayes, and vncouth slippery paths
He frames, that passengers may slide and fall:
Who quaketh not, that heareth but his name?
O, but two sonnes he hath, worse then himselfe,
Christmas the one, a pinch-back, cut-throate churle,
That keepes no open house, as he should do,
Delighteth in no game or fellowship,
Loues no good deeds, and hateth talke,
But sitteth in a corner turning Crabbes,
Or coughing o're a warmed pot of Ale:
Back-winter th'other, that's his none sweet boy,
Who like his father taketh in all points,
An elfe it is, compact of enuious pride,
A miscreant, borne for a plague to men.
A monster, that deuoureth all he meetes:
Were but his father dead, so he would raigne:
Yea he would go goodneere, to deale by him,

Summers last will

wln 1517
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wln 1552

As *Nabuchodonozors* vngratious sonne,
Euilmerodach by his father dealt:
Who, when his sire was turned to an Oxe,
Full greedily snatcht vp his soueraigntie,
And thought himselfe a king without controwle.
So it fell out, seuen yeares expir'de and gone,
Nabuchodonozor came to his shape againe,
And dispossesst him of the regiment:
Which my young prince no little greeuing at,
When that his father shortly after dide,
Fearing lest he should come from death againe,
As he came from an Oxe to be a man,
Wil'd that his body spoylde of couerture,
Should be cast foorth into the open fieldes,
For Birds and Rauens, to deuoure at will,
Thinking if they bare euery one of them,
A bill full of his flesh into their nests,
He would not rise, to trouble him in haste.

Will Summer. A vertuous sonne, and Ile lay my life on't, he
was a Caualiere and a good fellow.

Winter. Pleaseth your honor, all he sayes, is false.
For my owne part I loue good husbandrie,
But hate dishonourable couetize.
Youth ne're aspires to vertues perfect growth,
Till his wilde oates be sowne: and so the earth,
Vntill his weeds be rotted, with my frosts,
Is not for any seede, or tillage fit.
He must be purged that hath surfeited:
The fields haue surfeited with Summer fruites,
They must be purg'd, made poore, opprest with snow,
Ere they recouer their decayed pride,
For ouerbarring of the streames with Ice.
Who locks not poyson from his childrens taste?
When Winter raignes, the water is so colde,
That it is poyson, present death to those
That wash, or bathe their lims, in his colde streames.

The

img: 24-b
sig: H1r

and Testament.

wln 1553
wln 1554
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wln 1560
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wln 1566

The slipprier that wayes are vnder vs,
The better it makes vs to heed our steps,
And looke e're we presume too rashly on:
If that my sonnes haue misbehau'd themselues,
A Gods name let them answer't fore my Lord.
Autumne. Now I beseech your honor it may be so.
Summer. With all my heart: *Vertumnus*, go for them.
Wil Summer. This same *Harry Baker* is such a necessary fel-
fel to go on arrants, as you shall not finde in a country. It is
pitty but he should haue another siluer arrow, if it be but for
crossing the stage, with his cap on.
Summer. To wearie out the time vntill they come,
Sing me some dolefull ditty to the Lute,
That may complaine my neere approaching death.

wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574

The Song.
*Adieu, farewell earths blisse,
This world vncertaine is,
Fond are lifes lustfull ioyes,
Death proues them all but toyes,
None from his darts can flye,
I am sick, I must dye.
Lord haue mercy on vs.*

wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581

*Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health,
Phisick himselfe must fade.
All things, to end are made,
The plague full swift goes hye,
I am sick, I must dye,
Lord haue mercy on vs.*

H

img: 25-a
sig: H1v

Beautie

Summers last will

wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586
wln 1587
wln 1588

*Beauty is but a flowre,
Which wrinkles will deuoure,
Brightnesse falls from the ayre,
Queenes haue died yong, and faire,
Dust hath closde Helens eye.
I am sick, I must dye,
Lord haue mercy on vs.*

wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592

*Strength stoopes vnto the graue,
Wormes feed on Hector braue,
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth still holds ope her gate,*

wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595

*Come, come, the **hells** do crye.
I am sick, I must dye,
Lord haue mercy on vs.*

wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602

*VVit with his wantonnesse,
Tasteth deaths bitternesse,
Hels executioner,
Hath no eares for to heare,
VWhat vaine art can reply.
I am sick, I must dye,
Lord haue mercy on vs.*

wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606

*Haste therefore eche degree,
To welcome destiny:
Heauen is our heritage,
Earth but a players stage,*

Mount

img: 25-b
sig: H2r

and Testament.

wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609

*Mount wee vnto the sky.
I am sick, I must dye,
Lord haue mercy on vs.*

wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
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wln 1636

Summer. Beshrew mee, but thy song hath moued mee.
Will Summer. Lord haue mercy on vs, how lamentable 'tis!
*Enter Vertumnus with Christmas
and Backwinter.*
Vertumnus. I haue dispatcht, my Lord, I haue brought you
them you sent mee for.
Will Sūmer What saist thou? hast thou made a good batch?
I pray thee giue mee a new loafe.
Summer. Christmas, how chaūce thou com'st not as the rest,
Accompanied with some musique, or some song?
A merry Carroll would haue grac't thee well,
Thy ancestors haue vs'd it heretofore.
Christmas. I, antiquity was the mother of ignorance: this
latter world that sees but with her spectacles, hath spied a pad
in those sports more then they could.
Summer. What, is't against thy conscience for to sing?
Christmas. No nor to say, by my troth, if I may get a good
bargaine.
Summer. Why, thou should'st spend, thou should'st not
care to get. Christmas is god of hospitality.
Christmas. So will he neuer be of good husbandry. I may
say to you, there is many an old god, that is now growne out
of fashion. So is the god of hospitality.
Summer. What reason canst thou giue he should be left?
Christmas. No other reason, but that Gluttony is a sinne, &
too many dunghils are infectious. A mans belly was not made
for a poudring beefe tub: to feede the poore twelue dayes, &

wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640

let them starue all the yeare after, would but stretch out the
guts wider then they should be, & so make famine a bigger den
in their bellies, then he had before. I should kill an oxe, & haue
some such fellow as *Milo* to come and eate it vp at a mouth-full.

H2

Or

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wln 1676

Or like the *Sybarites*, do nothing all one yeare, but bid ghestes against the next yeare. The scraping of trenchers you thinke would put a man to no charges. It is not a hundreth pound a yeare would serue the scullions in dishclouts. My house stands vpon vaults, it will fall if it be ouer-loden with a multitude. Besides, haue you neuer read of a city that was vnderminde and destroyed by Mowles? So, say I keepe hospitalitie, and a whole faire of beggers bid me to dinner euery day, what with making legges, when they thanke me at their going away, and setting their wallets handsomly on their backes, they would shake as many lice on the ground, as were able to vndermine my house, and vndoe me vtterly: It is their prayers would builde it againe, if it were ouerthrowne by this vermine, would it? I pray, who begun feasting, and gourmandize first, but *Sardanapalus*, *Nero*, *Heliogabalus*, *Commodus*, tyrāts, whoremasters, vnthrifts? Some call them Emperours, but I respect no crownes, but crownes in the purse. Any mān may weare a siluer crowne, that hath made a fray in Smithfield, & lost but a peece of his braine pan. And to tell you plaine, your golden crownes are little better in substance, and many times got after the same sort.

Summer. Grosse-headed sot, how light he makes of state!

Autumne. Who treadeth not on stars when they are fallen?
Who talketh not of states, when they are dead?

A foole conceits no further then he sees,
He hath no scence of ought, but what he feeles.

Christmas. I, I, such wise men as you, come to begge at such fooles doores as we be.

Autumne. Thou shutst thy dore, how should we beg of thee?
No almes but thy sincke carries from thy house.

Wil Summer. And I can tell you, that's as plentifulfull almes for the plague, as the sheriffes tub to them of Newgate.

Autumne. For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feedst:
The wormes will curse thy flesh another day,
Because it yeeldeth them no fatter pray.

Christmas. What wormes do another day I care not, but Ile be sworne vpon a whole Kilderkin of single Beere, I will not

haue

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haue a worme-eaten nose like a Pursuant, while I liue. Feasts are but puffing vp of the flesh, the purueyers for diseases, trauell, cost, time ill spent. O, it were a trim thing to send, as the *Romanes* did, round about the world for prouision for one banquet. I must rigge ships to *Samos* for Peacocks, to *Paphos* for Pigeons, to *Austria* for Oysters, to *Phasis* for Phesants, to *Arabia* for Phænixes, to *Meander* for Swans, to the *Orcades* for Geese, to *Phrigia* for Woodcocks, to *Malta* for Cranes, to the Isle of Man for Puffins, to *Ambracia* for Goates, to *Tartole* for Lampreys, to *Egypt* for Dates, to *Spaine* for Chestnuts, and all for one feast.

Wil Summer. O sir, you need not, you may buy them at London better cheape.

Christmas. *Liberalitas liberalitate perit*, loue me a little and loue me long: our feete must haue wherewithall to feede the stones, our backs walles of wooll to keepe out the colde that besiegeth our warme blood, our doores must haue barres, our dublets must haue buttons. Item, for an olde sword to scrape the stones before the dore with, three halfe-pence for stitching a wodden tanckard that was burst. These Water-bearers will empty the conduit and a mans coffers at once. Not a Porter that brings a man a letter, but will haue his penny. I am afraid to keepe past one or two seruants, least hungry knaues they should rob me: and those I keepe, I warrant I do not pamper vp too lusty, I keepe them vnder with red Herring and poore Iohn all the yeare long. I haue dambd vp all my chimnies for feare (though I burne nothing but small cole) my house should be set on fire with the smoake. I will not deny, but once in a dozen yeare when there is a great rot of sheepe, and I know not what to do with them, I keepe open house for all the beggers, in some of my out-yardes, marry they must bring bread with them, I am no Baker.

Wil Summer. As good men as you, and haue thought no scorne to serue their prentiships on the pillory.

Summer. Winter, is this thy sonne? hear'st how he talkes?

Winter. I am his father, therefore may not speake,

Summers last will

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But otherwise I could excuse his fault.

Summer. Christmas, I tell thee plaine, thou art a snudge.
And wert not that we loue thy father well,
Thou shouldst haue felt, what longs to Auarice.
It is the honor of Nobility,
To keepe high dayes and solemne festiuals:
Then, to set their magnificence to view,
To frolick open with their fauorites,
And vse their neighbours with all curtesie,
When thou in huggar mugger spend'st thy wealth.
Amend thy maners, breathe thy rusty gold:
Bounty will win thee loue, when thou art old.

Wil Summer. I, that bounty would I faine meete, to borrow
money of, he is fairely blest now a dayes, that scapes blowes
when he begs. *Verba dandi & reddendi*, goe together in the
Grammer rule: there is no giuing but with condition of resto-
ring: ah *Benedicite*, well is he hath no necessitie of gold ne of su-
stenance; slowe good hap comes by chance; flattery best fares;
Arts are but idle wares; faire words want giuing hāds; the Lēto
begs that hath no lands; fie on thee thou scuruy knaue, that hast
nought, and yet goest braue; a prison be thy death bed, or be
handg all saue the head.

Summer. Back-winter, stand forth.

Vertum. Stand forth, stād forth, hold vp your head, speak out.

Back-winter. What, should I stand? or whether, should I go?

Summer. Autumne accuseth thee of sundry crimes,
Which heere thou art to cleare, or to confesse.

Back-winter. With thee, or Autumne, haue I nought to do:
I would you were both hanged face to face.

Summer. Is this the reuerence that thou ow'st to vs?

Back-winter. Why not? what art thou?

Shalt thou alwayes liue?

Autumne. It is the veriest Dog in Christendome.

Winter. That's for he barks at such a knaue as thou.

Back-winter. Would I could barke the sunne out of the sky,
Turne Moone and starres to frozen Meteors,

And

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And make the Ocean a dry land of Yce,
With tempest of my breath, turne vp high trees,
On mountaines heape vp second mounts of snowe,
Which melted into water, might fall downe,
As fell the deluge on the former world.
I hate the ayre, the fire, the Spring, the yeare,
And what so e're brings mankinde any good.
O that my lookes were lightning to blast fruites!
Would I with thunder presently might dye,
So I might speake in thunder, to slay men.
Earth, if I cannot iniure thee enough,
Ile bite thee with my teeth, Ile scratch thee thus,
Ile beate downe the partition with my heeles,
Which as a mud-vault seuers hell and thee.
Spirits, come vp, 'tis I that knock for you,
One that enuies the world, farre more then you:
Come vp in millions, millions are to few,
To execute the malice I intend.

Summer. O scelus inauditum, O vox damnatorum!

Not raging *Hæcuba*, whose hollow eyes
Gauē sucke to fiftie sorrowes at one time,
That midwife to so many murders was,
Vsde halfe the execrations that thou doost.

Back-winter. More I wil vse, if more I may preuaile:

Back-winter comes but seldome foorth abroad,
But when he comes, he pincheth to the prooffe;
Winter is milde, his sonne is rough and sterne.
Ouid could well write of my tyrranny,
When he was banisht to the frozen Zoane.

Summer. And banisht be thou frō my fertile bounds.

Winter, imprison him in thy darke Cell,
Or with the windes, in bellowing caues of brasse,
Let sterne *Hipporlatos* locke him vp safe,
Ne're to peepe foorth, but when thou faint and weake
Want'st him to ayde thee in thy regiment.

Back-winter. I will peepe foorth, thy kingdome to supplant:

Summers last will

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My father I will quickly freeze to death,
And then sole Monarch will I sit and thinke,
How I may banish thee, as thou doost me.

Winter. I see my downfall written in his browes:
Conuay him hence, to his assigned hell.
Fathers are giuen to loue their sonnes too well.

Wil Summer. No by my troth, nor mothers neither, I am sure
I could neuer finde it. This *Back-winter* playes a rayling part to
no purpose, my small learning findes no reason for it, except as
a Back-winter or an after winter is more raging tempestuous,
and violent then the beginning of Winter, so he brings him in
stamping and raging as if he were madde, when his father is a
iolly milde quiet olde man, and stands still and does nothing.
The court accepts of your meaning; you might haue writ in
the margent of your play-booke, Let there be a fewe rushes
laide in the place where *Back-winter* shall tumble, for feare of
raying his cloathes: or set downe, Enter *Back-winter*, with his
boy, bringing a brush after him, to take off the dust if need re-
quire. But you will ne're haue any ward-robe wit while you
liue. I pray you holde the booke well, we be not *nonplus* in the
latter end of the play.

Summer. This is the last stroke, my tongs clock must strike,
My last will, which I will that you performe:
My crowne I haue disposde already of.
Item, I giue my withered flowers, and herbes,
Vnto dead corses, for to decke them with,
My shady walkes to great mens seruitors,
Who in their masters shadowes walke secure,
My pleasant open ayre, and fragrant smels,
To Croyden and the grounds abutting round,
My heate and warmth to toyling labourers,
My long dayes to bondmen, and prisoners,
My short nights to young married soules,
My drought and thirst, to drunkards quenchesse throates,
My fruites to *Autumne* my adopted heire,
My murmuring springs, musicians of sweete sleepe,
To murmuring male-contents, with their well tun'de cares,

wln 1822 Channel'd in a sweete falling quaterzaine,
wln 1823 Do lull their eares asleepe, listning themselues.
wln 1824 And finally, O words, now clense your course,
wln 1825 Vnto *Eliza* that most sacred Dame,
wln 1826 Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name;
wln 1827 All my faire dayes remaining, I bequeath
wln 1828 To waite vpon her till she be returnd.
wln 1829 Autumne, I charge thee, when that I am dead,
wln 1830 Be prest and seruiceable at her beck,
wln 1831 Present her with thy goodliest ripened fruites,
wln 1832 Vnclothe no Arbors where she euer sate,
wln 1833 Touch not a tree, thou thinkst she may passe by.
wln 1834 And Winter, with thy wrythen frostie face,
wln 1835 Smoothe vp thy visage when thou lookst on her,
wln 1836 Thou neuer lookst on such bright maiestie:
wln 1837 A charmed circle draw about her court,
wln 1838 Wherein warme dayes may daunce, & no cold come,
wln 1839 On seas let winds make warre, not vexe her rest,
wln 1840 Quiet inclose her bed, thought flye her brest.
wln 1841 Ah gracious Queene, though Summer pine away,
wln 1842 Yet let thy flourishing stand at a stay,
wln 1843 First droupe this vniuersals aged frame,
wln 1844 E're any malady thy strength should tame:
wln 1845 Heauen raise vp pillers to vphold thy hand,
wln 1846 Peace may haue still his temple in thy land.
wln 1847 Loe, I haue said, this is the totall summe.
wln 1848 Autumne and Winter, on your faithfulnessse,
wln 1849 For the performance I do firmly builde.
wln 1850 Farewell, my friends, Summer bids you farewell,
wln 1851 Archers, and bowlers, all my followers,
wln 1852 Adieu, and dwell with desolation,
wln 1853 Silence must be your masters mansion:
wln 1854 Slow marching thus, discend I to the feends.
wln 1855 Weepe heauens, mourne earth, here Summer ends.
wln 1856 *Heere the Satyres and Wood-nimphes carry him*
wln 1857 *out, singing as he came in.*

wln 1858

The Song.

wln 1859

Autumne hath all the Summers fruitfull treasure,

wln 1860

Gone is our sport, fled is poore Croydens pleasure:

wln 1861

Short dayes, sharpe dayes, long nights come on a pace,

wln 1862

Ah who shall hide vs, from the Winters face?

wln 1863

Colde dooth increase, the sicknesse will not cease,

wln 1864

And here we lye God knowes, with little ease:

wln 1865

From winter, plague & pestilence, good Lord deliuer vs.

wln 1866

London dooth mourne, Lambith is quite forlorne,

wln 1867

Trades cry, Woe worth, that euer they were borne:

wln 1868

The want of Terme, is towne and Cities harme,

wln 1869

Close chambers we do want, to keepe vs warme,

wln 1870

Long banished must we liue from our friends:

wln 1871

This lowe built house, will bring vs to our ends.

wln 1872

From winter, plague & pestilence, good Lord deliuer vs.

wln 1873

Wil Summer. How is't? how is't? you that be of the grauer

wln 1874

sort, do you thinke these youths worthy of a *Plaudite* for pray-

wln 1875

ing for the Queene, and singing of the Letany? they are poore

wln 1876

fellowes I must needes say, and haue bestowed great labour in

wln 1877

sowing leaues, and grasse, and strawe, and mosse vpon cast

wln 1878

suites. You may do well to warme your hands with clapping,

wln 1879

before you go to bed, and send them to the tauerne with merry

wln 1880

hearts. Here is a pretty boy comes with an Epilogue, to get

wln 1881

him audacity. I pray you sit still a little, and heare him say his

wln 1882

lesson without booke. It is a good boy, be not afraide, turne

wln 1883

thy face to my Lord. Thou and I will play at poutch, to mor-

wln 1884

row morning for a breakfast. Come and sit on my knee, and

wln 1885

Ile daunce thee, if thou canst not indure to stand.

[·]nter a

[·]tle boy

[·]ith an

[·]pilogue.

wln 1886

The Epilogue.

wln 1887

*V*Lisses a Dwarffe, and the prolocutor for the *Græcians*,

wln 1888

gaue me leaue that am a Pigmee, to doe an Embassage

wln 1889

to you from the Cranes: Gentlemen (for Kings are no

wln 1890

better) certaine humble Animals, called our Actors,

wln 1891

commend them vnto you; who, what offence they haue com-

wln 1892

mitted, I know not (except it be in purloyning some houres out

wln 1893

of times treasury, that might haue beene better imployde; but

wln 1894

by me (the agent for their imperfections) they humbly craue

wln 1895

pardon, if happily some of their termes haue trodde awrye, or

wln 1896

their tongues stumbled vnwittingly on any mans content. In

wln 1897

much Corne is some Cockle; in a heape of coyne heere and

wln 1898

there a peece of Copper; wit hath his dregs as well as wine;

wln 1899

words their waste, Inke his blots, euery speech his Parenthesis,

wln 1900

Poetical fury, as well Crabbes as Sweetings for his Summer

wln 1901

fruites. *Nemo sapit omnibus horis*. Their folly is deceased, their

wln 1902

feare is yet liuing. Nothing can kill an Asse but colde: colde

wln 1903

entertainment, discouraging scoffes, authorized disgraces,

wln 1904

may kill a whole litter of young Asses of them heere at once,

wln 1905

that haue traueled thus farre in impudence, onely in hope to sit

wln 1906

a sunning in your smiles. The Romanes dedicated a Temple

wln 1907

to the feuer quartane, thinking it some great God, because

wln 1908

it shooke them so: and another, to Ill fortune in *Exquilliis*

wln 1909

a Mountaine in Roome, that it should not plague them at

wln 1910

Cardes and Dice. Your Graces frownes are to them shaking

wln 1911

feuers, your least disfauours, the greatest ill fortune that may

wln 1912

betide them. They can builde no Temples, but themselues

wln 1913

and their best indeuours, with all prostrate reuerence, they

wln 1914

here dedicate and offer vp, wholly to your seruice. *Sis bonus, O*

wln 1915

fælixque tuis. To make the gods merry, the cœlestiall clowne

wln 1916

Vulcan tun'de his polt foot, to the measures of *Apolloes*

wln 1917

Lute, and daunst a limping Gallyard in *Ioues* starrie hall.

Summers last will

wln 1918
wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935

To make you merry that are the Gods of Art, and guides vn-
to heauen, a number of rude *Vulcans*, vnweldy speakers, ham-
mer-headed clownes (for so it pleaseth them in modestie to
name themselues) haue set their deformities to view, as it were
in a daunce here before you. Beare with their wants, lull me-
lancholie asleepe with their absurdities, and expect hereafter
better fruites of their industrie. Little creatures often terrifie
great beasts: the Elephant flyeth from a Ramme, the Lyon
from a Cock and from fire; the Crocodile from all Sea-fish,
the Whale from the noyse of parched bones; light toyes chase
great cares. The great foole *Toy* hath marde the play: Good
night, Gentlemen; I go, **let** him be carryed away.

Wil Summer. Is't true Iackanapes, doo you serue me so? As
sure as this coate is too short for me, all the Points of your hoase
for this are condemnde to my pocket, if you and I e're play at
spanne Counter more. *Valete, spectatores*, pay for this sport
with a *Plaudite*, and the next time the winde blowes from this
corner, we will make you ten times as merry.

wln 1936
wln 1937

wln 1938

*Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non
intelligor vlli.*

FINIS.

img: 30-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **7 (1-b)**: The regularized reading *Walter* is amended from the original *Water*.
2. **3 (2-b)**: The regularized reading *Summer* is amended from the original *Summers*.
3. **125 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *always* is amended from the original *alway*.
4. **182 (5-a)**: The regularized reading *Summer* is amended from the original *Summers*.
5. **260 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Summer* is amended from the original *Summers*.
6. **280 (6-a)**: The regularized reading *Summer* is amended from the original *Summers*.
7. **1048 (17-b)**: Sig. F2r is missigned D2. The signature D2 is also printed in an unusual position on the page.
8. **1121 (18-b)**: Sig. F3r is missigned D3.
9. **1173 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *Stentor* is amended from the original *Scenter*.
10. **1193 (19-b)**: Sig. F4r is missigned D3.
11. **1593 (25-a)**: The regularized reading *bells* is amended from the original *hells*.
12. **1781 (27-b)**: The regularized reading *Hipporlatos* comes from the original *Hipporlatos*, though possible variants include *Hippotades*.
13. **1880 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *Enter* is supplied for the original *[·]nter*.
14. **1880 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *little* is supplied for the original *[·]tle*.
15. **1880 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *with* is supplied for the original *[·]ith[·]ith*.
16. **1880 (29-a)**: The regularized reading *Epilogue* is supplied for the original *[·]pilogue*.
17. **1929 (30-a)**: 'Let him be carried away' could be interpreted as a stage direction or as speech by another character.