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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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ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

THE
SHOMAKERS
Holiday.
OR
The Gentle Craft.

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

With the humorous life of Simon
Eyre, shoemaker, and Lord Maior
of London.

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

ln 0012

As it was acted before the Queenes most excellent Ma-
iestie on New-yeares day at night last, by the right
honourable the Earle of Notingham, Lord high Ad-
mirall of England, his seruants.

ln 0013

ln 0014

ln 0015

ln 0016

Printed by Valentine Sims dwelling at the foote of **Adling**
hill, neere Bainards Castle, at the signe of the White
Swanne, and are there to be sold.
1600.

img: 3-a
sig: A2v

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003

To all good Fellowes, Professors of
the Gentle Craft; of what degree
soeuer.

ln 0004
ln 0005
ln 0006
ln 0007
ln 0008
ln 0009
ln 0010
ln 0011
ln 0012
ln 0013
ln 0014
ln 0015
ln 0016
ln 0017
ln 0018
ln 0019
ln 0020
ln 0021
ln 0022
ln 0023
ln 0024
ln 0025

*KInde Gentlemen, and honest boone Compani-
ons, I present you here with a merrie conceited
Comedie, called the Shoomakers Holyday, acted
by my Lorde Admiralls Players this present
Christmasse, before the Queenes most excellent
Maiestie. For the mirth and pleasant matter, by her Highnesse
graciously accepted; being indeede no way offensiue. The
Argument of the play I will set downe in this Epistle: Sir
Hugh Lacie Erle of Lincolne, had a yong Gentleman of his
owne name, his nere kinsman, that loued the Lorde Maiors
daughter of London; to preuent and crosse which loue, the
Earle caused his kinsman to be sent Coronell of a companie
into France: who resigned his place to another gentleman his
friend, and came disguised like a Dutch Shoomaker, to the
house of Symon Eyre in Tower streete, who serued the Maior
and his houshold with shooes. The merriments that passed in
Eyres house, his comming to be Maior of London, Lacies get-
ting his loue, and other accidents; with two merry Three-mens
songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for
nothing is purposed but mirth, mirth lengthneth long life;
which, with all other blessings I heartily wish you.*

A3

Farewell.

img: 4-a
sig: A3v

wln 0001

wln 0002

*The first Three-mans
Song.*

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

O the month of Maie, the merrie month of Maie,
So frolicke, so gay, and so gréene, so gréene, so gréene:
O and then did I, vnto my true loue say,
Sweete Peg, thou shalt be my Summers Quéene.

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

NOw the Nightingale, the prettie Nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the Forrests quier:
Intreates thée swéete Peggie, to heare thy true loues tale,
Loe, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

But O I spie the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo,
Sée where she sitteth, come away my ioy:
Come away I prithee, I do not like the Cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggie and I kisse and toy.

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

O the month of Maie, the merrie month of Maie,
So frolike, so gay, and so gréene, so gréene, so gréene:
And then did I, vnto my true loue say,
Swéete Peg, thou shalt be my Summers Quéene.

img: 4-b
sig: A4r

wln 0019

wln 0020

*The Second Three-mans
Song.*

wln 0021

This is to be sung at the latter end.

wln 0022

COLD's the wind, and wet's the raine,

wln 0023

Saint Hugh be our good spéede:

wln 0024

Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,

wln 0025

Nor helps good hearts in néede.

wln 0026

Trowle the boll, the iolly Nut-browne boll,

wln 0027

And here kind mate to thée:

wln 0028

Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hughes soule,

wln 0029

And downe it merrily.

wln 0030

Downe a downe, hey downe a downe,

wln 0031

Hey derie derie down a down, Close with the tenor boy:

wln 0032

Ho well done, to me let come,

wln 0033

King compasse gentle ioy.

wln 0034

Trowle the boll, the Nut-browne boll,

wln 0035

And here kind &c as often as there be men to drinke.

wln 0036

At last when all haue drunke, this verse.

wln 0037

Cold's the wind, and wet's the raine,

wln 0038

Saint Hugh be our good spéede:

wln 0039

Ill is the weather that bringeth no gaine,

wln 0040

Nor helps good hearts in neede.

img: 5-a
sig: A4v

wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043

*The Prologue as it was pronounced
before the Queenes
Maiestie.*

wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046
wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061

AS wretches in a storme (expecting day)
With trembling hands and eyes cast vp to heauen,
Make Prayers the anchor of their conquerd hopes,
So we (deere Goddess) wonder of all eyes,
Your meanest vassalls (through mistrust and feare,
To sincke into the bottome of disgrace,
By our imperfit pastimes) prostrate thus
On bended knees, our sailes of hope do strike,
Dreading the bitter stormes of your dislike.
Since then (vnhappy men) our hap is such,
That to our selues our selues no help can bring,
But néedes must perish, if your saint-like eares
(Locking the temple where all mercy sits)
Refuse the tribute of our begging tongues.
Oh graunt (bright mirror of true Chastitie)
From those life-breathing starres your sun-like eyes,
One gracious smile: for your celestiall breath
Must send vs life, or sentence vs to death.

img: 5-b
sig: B1r

wln 0062

wln 0063

A pleasant Comedie of
the Gentle Craft.

wln 0064

Enter Lord Maior, Lincolne.

wln 0065

Lincolne.

wln 0066

MY Lord Maior, you haue sundrie times
Feasted my selfe, and many Courtiers more,
wln 0067
Seldome, or neuer can we be so kind,
wln 0068
To make requitall of your curtesie:
wln 0069
But leauing this, I heare my cosen Lacie
wln 0070
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

wln 0071

wln 0072

L. Maior. True my good Lord, and she loues him so wel,
That I mislike her boldnesse in the chace.

wln 0073

wln 0074

Lincol. Why my lord Maior, think you it then a shame,
To ioyne a Lacie with an Otleys name?

wln 0075

wln 0076

wln 0077

L. Maior. Too meane is my poore girle for his high birth,
Poore Cittizens must not with Courtiers wed,
wln 0078
Who will in silkes, and gay apparrell spend
wln 0079
More in one yeare, then I am worth by farre,
wln 0080
Therefore your honour néede not doubt my girle.

wln 0078

wln 0079

wln 0080

wln 0081

Lincolne. Take héede my Lord, aduise you what you do,
A verier vnthrift liues not in the world,
wln 0082
Then is my cosen, for Ile tel you what,

wln 0082

wln 0083

B

Tis

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0084 Tis now almost a yeare since he requested
wln 0085 To trauell countries for experience,
wln 0086 I furnisht him with coyne, billes of exchange,
wln 0087 Letters of credite, men to waite on him,
wln 0088 Solicited my friends in Italie
wln 0089 Well to respect him: but to see the end:
wln 0090 Scant had he iornied through halfe Germanie,
wln 0091 But all his coyne was spent, his men cast off,
wln 0092 His billes imbezeld, and my iolly coze,
wln 0093 Asham'd to shew his bankrupt presence here,
wln 0094 Became a Shoemaker in Wittenberg,
wln 0095 A goodly science for a gentleman
wln 0096 Of such discent: now iudge the rest by this.
wln 0097 Suppose your daughter haue a thousand pound,
wln 0098 He did consume me more in one halfe yeare,
wln 0099 And make him heyre to all the wealth you haue,
wln 0100 One twelue moneth's rioting wil waste it all,
wln 0101 Then seeke (my Lord) some honest Cittizen
wln 0102 To wed your daughter to.
wln 0103 *L. Maior.* I thanke your Lordship,
wln 0104 Wel Foxe, I understand your subtiltie,
wln 0105 As for your nephew, let your lordships eie
wln 0106 But watch his actions, and you néede not feare,
wln 0107 For I haue my daughter farre enough,
wln 0108 And yet your cosen Rowland might do well
wln 0109 Now he hath learn'd an occupation,
wln 0110 And yet I scorne to call him sonne in law.
wln 0111 *Lincolne.* I but I haue a better trade for him,
wln 0112 I thanke his grace he hath appointed him,
wln 0113 Chiefe colonell of all those companies
wln 0114 Mustred in London, and the shires about,
wln 0115 To serue his highnesse in those warres of France:
wln 0116 See where he comes: Louel what newes with you?

Enter

the Gentle Craft.

Enter Louell, Lacie, and Askew.

Louell. My Lord of Lincolne, tis his highnesse will,
That presently your cosen ship for France
With all his powers, he would not for a million,
But they should land at Déepe within foure daies.

Linc. Goe certifie his grace it shall be done:
Now cosen Lacie, in what forwardnesse
Are all your companies?

Exit Louell.

Lacie. All well prepar'd,
The men of Hartfordshire lie at Mile end,
Suffolke, and Essex, traine in Tuttle fields,
The Londoners, and those of Middlesex,
All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,
With frolike spirits, long for their parting hower.

L. Maior They haue their imprest, coates, and furniture,
And if it please your cosen Lacie come
To the Guild Hall, he shall receiue his pay,
And twentie pounds besides my brethren
Will fréely giue him, to approue our loues
We beare vnto my Lord your vnclé here.

Lacie. I thanke your honour.

Lincolne. Thankes my good Lord Maior.

L. Ma. At the Guild Hal we wil expect your comming,

Exit.

Lincolne. To approue your loues to me? no subtiltie
Nephew: that twentie pound he doth bestow,
For ioy to rid you from his daughter Rose:
But cosens both, now here are none but friends,
I would not haue you cast an amorous eie
Vpon so meane a proiect, as the loue
Of a gay wanton painted cittizen,
I know this churle, even in the height of scorne,
Doth hate the mixture of his bloud with thine,
I pray thée do thou so, remember coze,

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154
wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
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wln 0181
wln 0182

What honourable fortunes wayt on thée,
Increase the kings loue which so brightly shines,
And gilds thy hopes, I haue no heire but thée:
And yet not thée, if with a wayward spirit,
Thou start from the true byas of my loue.

Lacie. My Lord, I will (for honor (not desire
Of land or liuings) or to be your heire)
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
As shall adde glorie to the Lacies name.

Lincolne. Coze, for those words heres thirtie Portugues
And Nephew Askew, there's a few for you,
Faire Honour in her loftiest eminence
Staies in France for you till you fetch her thence,
Then Nephewes, clap swift wings on your dissignes,
Be gone, be gone, make haste to the Guild Hall,
There presently Ile méete you, do not stay,
Where honour becomes, shame attends delay.

Exit.

Askew. How gladly would your vncler haue you gone?

Lacie. True coze, but Ile ore-reach his policies,
I haue some serious businesse for thrée dayes,
Which nothing but my presence can dispatch,
You therefore cosen with the companies
Shall haste to Douer, there Ile méete with you,
Or if I stay past my prefixed time,
Away for France, weele meete in Normandie,
The twentie pounds my Lord Maior giues to me
You shall receiue, and these ten portugues,
Part of mine vnclers thirtie, gentle coze,
Haue care to our great charge, I know your wisdom
Hath tride it selfe in higher consequence.

Askew. Coze, al my selfe am yours, yet haue this care,
To lodge in London with al secresie,
Our vncler Lincolne hath (besides his owne)

any

the Gentle Craft.

wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
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wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215

Many a ieaious eie, that in your face
Stares onely to watch meanes for your disgrace.

Lacie. Stay cosen, who be these?

Enter Symon Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firke, Iane, & Rafe with a peece.

Eyre. Leaue whining, leaue whining, away with this
whimpring, this pewling, these blubbring teares, and these
wet eies, Ile get thy husband discharg'd, I warrant thee
swéete Iane: go to.

Hodge. Master, here be the captaines.

Eyre. Peace Hodge, husht ye knaue, husht.

Firke Here be the caualiers, and the coronels, maister.

Eyre. Peace Firke, peace my fine Firke, stand by with
your pishery pasherie, away, I am a man of the best presence,
Ile speake to them and they were Popes, gentlemen, cap=
taines, colonels, commanders: braue men, braue leaders,
may it please you to giue me audience, I am Simon Eyre,
the mad Shoomaker of Tower streete, this wench with the
mealy mouth that wil neuer tire, is my wife I can tel you,
heres Hodge my man, and my foreman, heres Firke my fine
firking iourneyman, and this is blubbered Iane, al we come
to be suters for this honest Rafe kéepe him at home, and as I
am a true shoomaker, and a gentleman of the Gentle Craft,
buy spurs your self, and Ile find ye bootes these seuen yéeres.

Wife. Seuen yeares husband?

Eyre. Peace Midriffe, peace, I know what I do, peace.

Firke. Truly master cormorant, you shal do God good ser=
uice to let Rafe and his wife stay together, shées a yong new
married woman, if you take her husband away from her a
night, you vndoo her, she may beg in the day time, for hées as
good a workman at a pricke & an awle, as any is in our trade.

Iane. O let him stay, else I shal be vndone.

Firke. I truly, she shal be laid at one side like a paire of old
shoes else, and be occupied for no vse.

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222
wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
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wln 0248

Lacie. Truly my friends, it lies not in my power,
The Londoners are prest, paide, and set forth
By the Lord Maior, I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why then you were as good be a corporall, as a
colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tell
you true, I thinke you doe more then you can answere, to
presse a man within a yeare and a day of his mariage.

Eyre. Wel said melancholy Hodge, gramercy my fine
foreman.

Wife. Truly gentlemen, it were il done, for such as you,
to stand so stiffely against a poore yong wife: considering her
case, she is new married, but let that passe: I pray deale not
roughly with her, her husband is a yong man and but newly
entred, but let that passe.

Eyre. Away with your pisherie pasherie, your pols and
your edipolls, peace Midaffe, silence Cisly Bumtrincket, let
your head speake.

Firke. Yea and the hornes too, master.

Eyre. Too soone, my fine Firk, too soone: peace scoundrels,
see you this man? Captaines, you will not release him, wel
let him go, hée's a proper shot, let him vanish, peace Iane,
drie vp thy teares, theile make his powder dankish, take
him braue men, Hector of Troy was an hackney to him,
Hercules and Termagant scoundrelles, Prince Arthurs
Round table, by the Lord of Ludgate, nere fed such a tall,
such a dapper swordman: by the life of Pharo, a braue reso=
lute swordman, peace Iane, I say no more, mad knaues.

Firk. Sée, see Hodge, how my maister raues in commen=
dation of Rafe.

Hodge. Raph, thart a gull by this hand, and thou goest.

Askew. I am glad (good master Ayre) it is my hap
To méete so resolute a souldiour.
Trust me, for your report, and loue to him,

the Gentle Craft.

wln 0249 A common slight regard shall not respect him.
wln 0250 *Lacie.* Is thy name Raph?
wln 0251 *Raph.* Yes sir.
wln 0252 *Lacie.* Giue me thy hand,
wln 0253 Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman:
wln 0254 Woman, be patient, God (no doubt) wil send
wln 0255 Thy husband safe againe, but he must go,
wln 0256 His countries quarrel sayes, it shall be so.
wln 0257 *Hodge* Thart a gull by my stirrop, if thou dost not goe, I
wln 0258 wil not haue thee strike thy gimblet into these weake vessels,
wln 0259 pricke thine enemies Rafe. *Enter Dodger.*
wln 0260 *Dodger* My lord, your vncl on the Tower hill,
wln 0261 Stayes with the lord Mayor, and the Aldermen,
wln 0262 And doth request you with al speede you may
wln 0263 To hasten thither. *exit Dodger.*
wln 0264 *Askew* Cosin, lets go.
wln 0265 *Lacy,* *Dodger* runne you before, tel them we come,
wln 0266 This *Dodger* is mine vncl's parasite,
wln 0267 The arrantst varlet that ere breathd on earth,
wln 0268 He sets more discord in a noble house,
wln 0269 By one daies broching of his pickethanke tales,
wln 0270 Then can be salu'd againe in twentie yeares,
wln 0271 And he (I feare) shall go with vs to France,
wln 0272 To prie into our actions.
wln 0273 *Askew.* Therefore coze,
wln 0274 It shall behouue you to be circumspect,
wln 0275 *Lacy.* Feare not good cosen: Raph, hie to your colours.
wln 0276 *Raph.* I must, because theres no remedie,
wln 0277 But gentle maister and my louing dame,
wln 0278 As you haue alwaies béene a friend to me,
wln 0279 So in mine absence thinke vpon my wife.
wln 0280 *Iane.* Alas my Raph.
wln 0281 *Wife.* She cannot speake for wéeeping.

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
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wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314

Eyre. Peace you crackt groates, you mustard tokens, dis=
quiet not the braue souldier, goe thy waies Raph.

Iane. I I, you bid him go, what shal I do when he is gone?

Firk. Why be doing with me, or my felow Hodge, be not idle.

Eyre. Let me sée thy hand Iane, this fine hand, this white
hand, these prettie fingers must spin, must card, must worke,
worke you bembast cotten-candle-queane, worke for your
liuing with a pox to you: hold thée Raph, heres fiue sixpences
for thée, fight for the honour of the *Gentle Craft*, for the gen=
tlemen Shoormakers, the couragious Cordwainers, the flow=
er of S. Martins, the mad knaues of Bedlem, Fléetstréete,
Towerstréete, and white Chappell, cracke me the crownes
of the French knaues, a poxe on them, cracke them, fight, by
the lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy.

Firke. Here Rafe, here's thrée two pences, two carry into
France, the third shal wash our soules at parting (for sorrow
is drie) for my sake, Firke the *Basa mon cues*.

Hodge. Raph, I am heauy at parting, but heres a shil=
ling for thée, God send thée to cramme thy slops with French
crownes, and thy enemies bellies with bullets.

Raph. I thanke you maister, and I thanke you all:
Now gentle wife, my louing louely Iane,
Rich men at parting, giue their wiues rich gifts,
Jewels and rings, to grace their lillie hands,
Thou know'st our trade makes rings for womens héeles:
Here take this paire of shooes cut out by Hodge,
Sticht by my fellow Firke, seam'd by my selfe,
Made vp and pinckt, with letters for thy name,
Weare them my déere Iane, for thy husbands sake,
And euerie morning when thou pull'st them on,
Remember me, and pray for my returne,
Make much of them, for I have made them so,
That I can know them from a thousand mo.

Sound

the Gentle Craft.

*Sound drumme, enter Lord Maior, Lincolne, Lacy, Askew,
Dodger, and souldiers, They passe ouer the stage, Rafe
falles in amongst them, Firke and the rest cry farewell,
&c. and so Exeunt.*

Enter Rose alone making a Garland.

Here sit thou downe vpon this flowry banke,
And make a garland for thy *Lacies* head,
These pinkes, these roses, and these violets,
These blushing gilliflowers, these marigoldes,
The faire embrodery of his coronet,
Carry not halfe such beauty in their chéekes,
As the swéete countnaunce of my *Lacy* doth.
O my most vnkinde father! O my starres!
Why lowrde you so at my natiuity,
To make me loue, yet liue robd of my loue?
Here as a théefe am I imprisoned
(For my déere *Lacies* sake) within those walles,
Which by my fathers cost were builded vp
For better purposes: here must I languish
For him that doth as much lament (I know)
Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

enter Sibil.

Sibil Good morrow yong Mistris, I am sure you make
that garland for me, against I shall be Lady of the Har=
uest.

Rose *Sibil*, what news at London?

Sibil None but good: my lord Mayor your father, and
maister *Philpot* your vnclé, and maister *Scot* your coosin, and
mistris *Frigbottom* by Doctors Commons, doe all (by my
troth) send you most hearty commendations.

Rose Did *Lacy* send kind gréetings to his loue?

Sibil O yes, out of cry, by my troth, I scant knew him,
here a wore scarffe, and here a scarfe, here a bunch of fethers,

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
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wln 0379

and here pretious stones and iewells, and a paire of garters:
O monstrow like one of our yellow silke curtains, at home
here in Old-ford house, here in maister *Bellymounts* cham=
ber, I stode at our doore in Cornehill, lookt at him, he at me
indeed, spake to him, but he not to me, not a word, mary gup
thought I with a wanion, he passt by me as prowde, mary
foh, are you growne humorous thought I? and so shut the
doore, and in I came.

Rose O *Sibill*, how dest thou my *Lacy* wrong?

My Rowland is as gentle as a lambe,
No doue was euer halfe so milde as he.

Sibil Milde? yea, as a bushel of stampd crabs, he lookt vp=
on me as sowre as veriuice: goe thy wayes thought I, thou
maist be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my neather=
stockes: this is your fault mistris, to loue him that loues not
you, he thinkes scorne to do as he's done to, but if I were as
you, Ide cry, go by *Ieronimo*, go by, Ide set mine olde debts
against my new driblets, and the hares foot against the goose
giblets, for if euer I sigh when sléepe I shoulde take, pray
God I may loose my mayden-head when I wake.

Rose Will my loue leaue me then and go to France?

Sibill I knowe not that, but I am sure I see him stalke
before the souldiers, by my troth he is a propper man, but
he is proper that proper doth, let him goe snicke-vp yong mi=
stris.

Rose Get thée to London, and learne perfectly,
Whether my *Lacy* go to France, or no:
Do this, and I wil giue thée for thy paines,
My cambricke apron, and my romish gloues,
My purple stockings, and a stomacher,
Say, wilt thou do this *Sibil* for my sake?

Sibil Wil I quoth a? at whose suite? by my troth yes, Ile
go, a cambricke apron, gloues, a paire of purple stockings,

and

img: 10-b
sig: C2r

the Gentle Craft.

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wln 0382
wln 0383
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wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412

and a stomacher, Ile sweat in purple mistris for you, ile take any thing that comes a Gods name, O rich, a Cambricke apron; faith then haue at vp tailes all, Ile go, Iiggy, Ieggy to London, and be here in a trice yong mistris.

Exit.

Rose. Do so good Sibill, meane time wretched I Will sit and sigh for his lost companie.

Exit.

Enter Rowland Lacy like a Dutch Shooe-maker.

Lacy. How many shapes haue gods and kings deuisde, Thereby to compasse their desired loues? It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then, To clothe his cunning with the Gentle Craft, That thus disguisde, I may vnknowne possesse, The onely happie presence of my Rose: For her haue I forsooke my charge in France, Incurd the Kings displeasure, and stir'd vp Rough hatred in mine vnclie Lincolnes brest: O loue, how powerfull art thou, that canst change High birth to barenesse, and a noble mind, To the meane semblance of a shooemaker? But thus it must be: for her cruell father, Hating the single vnion of our soules, Hath secretly conueyd my Rose from London, To barre me of her presence, but I trust Fortune and this disguise will furder me Once more to view her beautie, gaine her sight. Here in Towerstréete, with Ayre the shooe=maker, Meane I a while to worke, I know the trade, I learn't it when I was in Wittenberge: Then cheere thy hoping sprites, be not dismaide, Thou canst not want, do fortune what she can, The Gentle Craft is liuing for a man.

exit.

Enter Eyre making himselfe readie.

Eyre. Where be these boyes, these girles, these drabbes,

C2

these

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
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wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445

these scoundrels, they wallow in the fat brewisse of my boū=
tie, and licke vp the crums of my table, yet wil not rise to see
my walkes cleansed: come out you powder-beefe-queanes,
what Nan, what Madge-mumble-crust, come out you fatte
Midriffeswag, belly-whores, and swéepe me these kennels,
that the noysome stench offende not the nose of my neigh=
bours: what Firke I say, what Hodge? open my shop win=
dowes, what Firke I say. *Enter Firke.*

Firke. O master, ist you that speake bandog and bedlam
this morning, I was in a dreame, and muzed what madde
man was got into the streete so earlie, haue you drunke this
morning that your throate is so cleere?

Eyre. Ah well saide Firke, well said Firke, to worke my
fine knaue, to worke, wash thy face, and **thou[*]t** be more blest.

Firke. Let them wash my face that will eate it, good mai=
ster send for a sowce wife, if youle haue my face cleaner.

enter Hodge.

Eyre. Away slouen, auaunt scoundrell, good morrow
Hodge, good morrow my fine foreman.

Hodge. O maister, good morrow, yare an earlie stirrer,
heeres a faire morning, good morrow Firke, I could haue
slept this howre, héeres a braue day towards.

Eyre. O haste to worke my fine foreman, haste to worke.

Firke. Maister I am drie as dust, to heare my fellow Ro=
ger talke of faire weather, let vs pray for good leather, and let
clownes and plowboyes, and those that worke in the fieldes,
pray for braue dayes, wee worke in a drie shop, what care
I if it raine? *enter Eyres wife.*

Eyre. How now dame Margery, can you sée to rise? trip
and go, call vp the drabs your maides.

Wife. See to rise? I hope tis time inough, tis earlie inough
for any woman to be séene abroad, I maruaile how manie
wiues in Towerstréet are vp so soon? Gods me, tis not noone,

heres

the Gentle Craft.

wln 0446
wln 0447
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wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478

heres a yawling.

Eyre. Peace Margerie, peace, wheres Cisly Bumtrin=
ket your maide? she has a priuie fault, she fartes in her sleepe,
call the queane vp, if my men want shooethréed, ile swinge
her in a stirrop.

Firke. Yet thats but a drie beating, heres still a signe of
drought. *enter Lacy singing.*

Lacy. Der was een bore van Gelderland, Frolick si byen,
He was als dronck he cold nyet stand, vpsolce se byen,
Tap eens de canneken drincke **scheue** mannekin.

Firke. Maister, for my life yonders a brother of the Gen=
tle Craft, if he beare not saint Hughes bones, Ile forfeit my
bones, hées some vplandish workman, hire him good master,
that I may learne some gible, gabble, twill make vs worke
the faster.

Eyre. Peace Firke, a hard world, let him passe, let him
vanish, we haue iourneymen enow, peace my fine Firke.

Wife. Nay, nay, y'are best follow your mans counsell,
you shal see what wil come on t: we haue not men enow, but
we must entertaine euerie butter-boxe: but let that passe.

Hodge. Dame, fore God if my maister follow your coun=
sell, héele consume little béefe, he shal be glad of men and hee
can catch them.

Firke. I that he shall.

Hodge. Fore God a proper man, and I warrant a fine
workman: maister farewell, dame adew, if such a man as he
cannot find worke, Hodge is not for you. *offer to goe.*

Eyre. Stay my fine Hodge.

Firke. Faith, and your foreman goe, dame you must take
a iourney to seeke a new iorneyman, if Roger remoue, Firke
followes, if S. Hughs bones shall not be set a worke, I may
pricke mine awle in the wals, and goe play: fare ye wel ma=
ster, God buy dame.

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0479

wln 0480

wln 0481

wln 0482

wln 0483

wln 0484

wln 0485

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wln 0487

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wln 0510

wln 0511

Eyre. Tarrie my fine Hodge, my briske foreman, stay
Firke, peace pudding broath, by the lord of Ludgate I loue
my men as my life, peace you gallimafrie, Hodge if he want
worke Ile hire him, one of you to him, stay, he comes to vs.

Lacie. Goeden dach meester, ende v vro oak.

Firke. Nayls if I should speake after him without drink=
ing, I shuld choke, and you frind Oake are you of the Gentle

Lacie. Yaw yaw, Ik bin den skomawker. (Craft?)

Firke. Den skomaker quoth a, and heark you skomaker,
haue you al your tooles, a good rubbing pinne, a good stopper,
a good dresser, your foure sorts of awles and your two balles
of waxe, your paring knife, your hand and thumb-leathers,
and good S. Hughs bones to smooth vp your worke.

Lacie. Yaw yaw be niet vorveard, Ik hab all de dingen,
voour mack shoes groot and cleane.

Firke. Ha ha good maister hire him, héele make me laugh
so that I shal worke more in mirth, then I can in earnest.

Eyre. Heare ye friend, haue ye any skill in the mistery of
Cordwainers?

Lacie. Ik wéet niet wat yow seg ich vestaw you niet.

Firke. Why thus man, Ich verste v niet quoth a.

Lacie. Yaw, yaw, yaw, ick can dat wel doen.

Firke. Yaw, yaw, he speakes yawing like a Iacke daw,
that gapes to be fed with chéese curdes, O héele giue a villa=
nous pul at a Can of double Béere, but Hodge and I haue
the vantage, we must drinke first, because wee are the eldest
iourneyman.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacy. Hans, Hans, Meulter.

Eyre. Giue me thy hand, th'art welcome, Hodge enter=
taine him, Fyrk bid him welcome, come Hans, runne wife,
bid your maids, your Trullibubs, make readie my fine mens
breakefasts: to him Hodge.

Hodge

the Gentle Craft.

wln 0512
wln 0513
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Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome, vse thy selfe friendly, for we are good fellowes, if not thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger then a Giant.

Fyrk. Yea and drunke with, wert thou Gargantua, my maister keepes no cowards, I tel thee: hoe, boy, bring him an heele-blocke, heers a new iourneyman.

Enter boy.

Lacy. Oich wersto, you Ich moet een halue dossen Cans betaelen: here boy nempt dis skilling, tap eens fréelicke.

Exit boy.

Eyre. Quicke snipper snapper, away Fyrk, scowre thy throate, thou shalt wash it with Castilian licour, come my last of the fiues, giue me a Can, haue to thee Hans, here Hodge, here Fyrk, drinke you mad Gréeke, and worke like true Troians, and pray for Simon Eyre the Shoemaker: here Hans, and th'art welcome.

Enter boy.

Fyrk. Lo dame you would haue lost a good fellow that wil teach vs to laugh, this béere came hopping in wel.

Wife. Simon it is almost seuen.

Eyre. Is't so dame clapper dudgeon, is't seuen a clocke, and my mens breakefast not readie? trip and goe yow sowst cunger, away, come you madde Hiperboreans, follow me Hodge, follow me Hans, come after my fine Fyrk, to worke, to worke a while and then to breakfast.

Exit.

Fyrk. Soft, yaw, yaw, good Hans, though my master haue no more wit, but to call you afore mee, I am not so foolish to go behind you, I being the elder iourneyman.

exeunt.

*Hollowing within. Enter Warner, and Hammon,
like hunters.*

Hammon. Cosen, beate euery brake, the game's not far, This way with winged féete he fled from death, Whilst the pursuing hounds senting his steps: Find out his high way to destruction,

Besides

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0545

Besides, the millers boy told me euen now,
He saw him take saile, and he hallowed him,
Affirming him so embost,
That long he could not hold.

wln 0546

wln 0547

wln 0548

wln 0549

Warner. If it be so,

wln 0550

Tis best we trace these meddowes by old Ford.

wln 0551

A noise of hunters within, enter a boy.

wln 0552

Hammon. How now boy, wheres the déere? speak, sawst
thou him?

wln 0553

wln 0554

Boy. O, yea I saw him scape through a hedge, and then
ouer a ditch, then at my Lord Maiors pale, ouer he skipt me
and in he went me, and holla the hunters cride, and there
boy there boy, but there he is a mine honestie.

wln 0555

wln 0556

wln 0557

wln 0558

Ham. Boy God amercy, cosen lets away,

wln 0559

I hope we shal find better sport to day.

exeunt.

wln 0560

Hunting within, enter Rose, and Sibill.

wln 0561

Rose. Why Sibill wilt thou proue a forrester?

wln 0562

Sibill. Vpon some no, forrester, go by: no faith mistris,
the deere came running into the barne through the orchard,
and ouer the pale, I wot wel, I lookt as pale as a new chéese
to sée him, but whip saies goodman pinne-close, vp with his
flaile, and our Nicke with a prong, and downe he fel, and
they vpon him, and I vpon them, by my troth we had such
sport, and in the end we ended him, his throate we cut, flead
him, vnhornd him, and my lord Maior shal eat of him anon
when he comes.

wln 0563

wln 0564

wln 0565

wln 0566

wln 0567

wln 0568

wln 0569

wln 0570

wln 0571

Hornes sound within.

wln 0572

Rose. Heark heark, the hunters come, y'are best take héed
Theyle haue a saying to you for this deede.

wln 0573

Enter Hammon, Warner, huntsmen, and boy.

wln 0574

Ham. God saue you faire ladies.

wln 0575

Sibil. Ladies, O grosse!

wln 0576

War. Came not a bucke this way?

wln 0577

Rose.

the Gentle Craft.

wln 0578 *Rose.* No, but two Does.
wln 0579 *Ham.* And which way went they? faith wéel hunt at those
wln 0580 *Sibill.* At those? vpon some no: when, can you tell?
wln 0581 *War.* Vpon some, I.
wln 0582 *Sibill.* Good Lord!
wln 0583 *War.* Wounds then farewell.
wln 0584 *Ham.* Boy, which way went he?
wln 0585 *Boy.* This way sir he ranne.
wln 0586 *Ham.* This way he ranne indéede, faire mistris Rose,
wln 0587 Our game was lately in your orchard séene.
wln 0588 *War.* Can you aduise which way he tooke his flight?
wln 0589 *Sibil.* Followe your nose, his hornes will guide you
wln 0590 right.
wln 0591 *VVar.* Thart a mad wench.
wln 0592 *Sibill.* O rich!
wln 0593 *Rose.* Trust me, not I,
wln 0594 It is not like the wild forrest déere,
wln 0595 Would come so neare to places of resort,
wln 0596 You are deceiu'd, he fled some other way.
wln 0597 *VVar.* Which way my suger=candie, can you shew?
wln 0598 *Sibill.* Come vp good honnisops, vpon some, no.
wln 0599 *Rose.* Why doe you stay, and not pursue your game?
wln 0600 *Sibill.* Ile hold my life their hunting nags be lame.
wln 0601 *Ham.* A déere, more deere is found within this place.
wln 0602 *Rose.* But not the déere (sir) which you had in chace.
wln 0603 *Ham.* I chac'd the déere, but this déere chaceth me.
wln 0604 *Rose.* The strangest hunting that euer I see,
wln 0605 But wheres your parke?
wln 0606 *She offers to goe away.*
wln 0607 *Ham.* Tis here: O stay.
wln 0608 *Rose.* Impale me, and then I will not stray.
wln 0609 *VVar.* They wrangle wench, we are more kind then they
wln 0610 *Sibill.* What kind of hart is that (déere hart) you séeke?

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0611

War. A hart, deare hart.

wln 0612

Sibil. Who euer saw the like?

wln 0613

Rose. To loose your heart, is't possible you can?

wln 0614

Ham. My heart is lost.

wln 0615

Rose. Alacke good gentleman.

wln 0616

Ham. This poore lost hart would I wish you might find.

wln 0617

Rose. You by such lucke might proue your hart a hind.

wln 0618

Ham. Why Lucke had hornes, so haue I heard some say.

wln 0619

Rose. Now God and't be his wil send Luck into your way.

wln 0620

Enter L. Maior, and seruants.

wln 0621

L. Mai. What M. Hammon, welcome to old Ford.

wln 0622

Sibill. Gods pittikins, hands off sir, héers my Lord.

wln 0623

L. Maior. I heare you had ill lucke, and lost your game.

wln 0624

Hammon. Tis true my Lord.

wln 0625

L. Maior. I am sorie for the same.

wln 0626

What gentleman is this?

wln 0627

Hammon. My brother in law.

wln 0628

L. Maior. Y'are welcome both, sith Fortune offers you

wln 0629

Into my hands, you shal not part from hence,

wln 0630

Vntil you haue refresht your wearied limmes:

wln 0631

Go Sibel couer the boord, you shal be guest

wln 0632

To no good cheare, but euen a hunters feast.

wln 0633

Hammon. I thanke your Lordship: cosen, on my life

wln 0634

For our lost vension, I shal find a wife.

exeunt.

wln 0635

L. Maior. In gentlemen, Ile not be absent long.

wln 0636

This Hammon is a proper gentleman,

wln 0637

A citizen by birth, fairely allide,

wln 0638

How fit an husband were he for my girle?

wln 0639

Wel, I wil in, and do the best I can,

wln 0640

To match my daughter to this gentléman.

exit.

wln 0641

Enter Lacie, Skipper, Hodge, and Firke.

wln 0642

Skip. Ick sal yow wat seggen Hans, dis skip dat comen
from Candy is al wol, by gots sacrament, van sugar, ciuet,

almonds,

wln 0643

the Gentle Craft.

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wln 0676

almonds, cambrick, end alle dingen towsand towsand ding,
nempt it Hans, nempt it vor v meester, daer be de bils van
laden, your meester Simon Eyre sal hae good copen, wat
seggen yow Hans?

Firk. Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen, laugh Hodge
laugh.

Lacie. Mine lieuer broder Firk, bringt meester Eyre tot
den signe vn swannekin, daer sal yow finde dis skipper end
me, wat seggen yow broder Firk? doot it Hodge, come skip=
per.

exeunt.

Firke. Bring him qd. you, héers no knauerie, to bring my
master to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2 or 3 hūdrēd thou=
sand pounds, alas thats nothing, a trifle, a bable Hodge.

Hod The truth is Firk, that the marchant owner of the
ship dares not shew his head, and therefore this skipper that
deales for him, for the loue he beares to Hans, offers my ma=
ster Eyre a bargaine in the commodities, he shal haue a rea=
sonable day of payment, he may sel the wares by that time,
and be an huge gainer himselfe.

Firk. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twen=
tie porpentines as an earnest pennie.

Hodge. Portegues thou wouldst say, here they be Firke,
heark, they gingle in my pocket like S. Mary Oueries bells.

enter Eyre and his wife.

Firke. Mum, here comes my dame and my maister, shéele
scold on my life, for loytering this Monday, but al's one, let
them al say what they can, Monday's our holyday.

Wife. You sing sir sauce, but I beshrew your heart,
I feare for this your singing we shal smart.

Firke. Smart for me dame, why dame, why?

Hodg. Maister I hope yowle not suffer my dame to take
downe your iourneymen.

Firk. If she take me downe, Ile take her vp, yea and take

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0677

her downe too, a button-hole lower.

wln 0678

Eyre. Peace Firke, not I Hodge, by the life of Pharao, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, euery haire whereof I valew at a kings ransome, shee shal not meddle with you, peace you bumbast-cotten-candle Queane, away queene of Clubs, quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firke, Ile firke you if you do.

wln 0679

wln 0680

wln 0681

wln 0682

wln 0683

wln 0684

Wife. Yea, yea man, you may vse me as you please: but let that passe.

wln 0685

wln 0686

Eyre. Let it passe, let it vanish away: peace, am I not Simon Eyre? are not these my braue men? braue shoormakers, all gentlemen of the gentle craft? prince am I none, yet am I noblie borne, as beeing the sole sonne of a Shoormaker, away rubbish, vanish, melt, melt like kitchin stuffe.

wln 0687

wln 0688

wln 0689

wln 0690

wln 0691

wln 0692

Wife. Yea, yea, tis wel, I must be cald rubbish, kitchin stuffe, for a sort of knaues.

wln 0693

wln 0694

Firke. Nay dame, you shall not weepe and waile in woe for me: master Ile stay no longer, here's a vennentorie of my shop tooles: adue master, Hodge farewell.

wln 0695

wln 0696

Hodge. Nay stay Firke, thou shalt not go alone.

wln 0697

wln 0698

Wife. I pray let them goe, there be mo maides then mawkin, more men then Hodge, and more fooles then Firke.

wln 0699

wln 0700

Firke. Fooles? nailes if I tarry nowe, I would my guts might be turnd to shoo-thread.

wln 0701

wln 0702

Hodge. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turnd to a Turke, and set in Finsbury for boyes to shoot at: come Firk.

wln 0703

wln 0704

Eyre. Stay my fine knaues, you armes of my trade, you pillars of my professiō. What, shal a tittle tattles words make you forsake Simon Eyre? auaunt kitchinstuffe, rip you brown bread tannikin, out of my sight, moue me not, haue not I tane you from selling tripes in Eastcheape, and set you in my shop, and made you haile fellowe with

wln 0705

wln 0706

wln 0707

wln 0708

wln 0709

Simon

the Gentle Craft.

wln 0710
wln 0711
wln 0712
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wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742

Simon Eyre the shoemaker? and now do you deale thus with my Iourneymen? Looke you powder béefe queane on the face of Hodge, heers a face for a Lord.

Firke. And heers a face for any Lady in Christendome.

Eyre. Rip you chitterling, auaunt boy, bid the tapster of the Bores head fil me a doozen Cannes of béere for my iourneymen.

Firke. A doozen Cans? O braue, Hodge now Ile stay.

Eyre. And the knaue fils any more then two, he payes for them: a doozen Cans of béere for my iourneymen, heare you mad Mesopotamians, wash your liuers with this liquour, where be the odde ten? no more Madge, no more, wel saide, drinke & to work: what worke dost thou Hodge? what work?

Hodge. I am a making a paire of shooes for my Lord Maiors daughter, mistresse Rose.

Firke. And I a paire of shooes for Sybill my Lords maid, I deale with her.

Eyre. Sybil? fie, defile not thy fine workemanly fingers with the féeete of Kitchinstuffe, and basting ladies, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads, commit their feete to our apparelling, put grosse worke to Hans; yarke and seame, yarke and seame.

Fyrk. For yarking & seaming let me alone, & I come toot.

Hodge. Wel maister, al this is from the bias, do you remember the ship my fellow Hans told you of, the Skipper and he are both drinking at the swan? here be the Portugues to giue earnest, if you go through with it, you can not choose but be a Lord at least.

Firke. Nay dame, if my master proue not a Lord, and you a Ladie, hang me.

Wife. Yea like inough, if you may loiter and tipple thus.

Firke. Tipple dame? no, we haue béene bargaining with Skellum Skanderbag: can you Dutch spreaken for a ship of

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0743

silke Cipresse, laden with sugar Candie.

wln 0744

Enter the boy with a veluet coate, and an Aldermans gowne.

wln 0745

Ayre puts it on.

wln 0746

Eire. Peace Firk, silence tittle tattle: Hodge, Ile go through with it, héers a seale ring, and I haue sent for a garded gown, and a damask Casock, see where it comes, looke here Maggy, help me Firk, apparrel me Hodge, silke and satten you mad Philistines, silke and satten.

wln 0747

wln 0748

wln 0749

wln 0750

wln 0751

Firk. Ha, ha, my maister wil be as proud as a dogge in a dublet, al in beaten damaske and veluet.

wln 0752

wln 0753

Eyre. Softly Firke, for rearing of the nap, and wearing thread=bare my garments: how dost thou like mee Firke? how do I looke, my fine Hodge?

wln 0754

wln 0755

wln 0756

Hodge. Why now you looke like your selfmaster, I war= rant you, ther's few in the city, but wil giue you the wal, and come vpon you with the right worshipful.

wln 0757

wln 0758

wln 0759

Firke. Nailles my master lookes like a thred-bare cloake new turn'd, and drest: Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment both? dame, dame, are you not enamoured?

wln 0760

wln 0761

Eyre. How saist thou Maggy, am I not brisk? am I not fine?

wln 0762

wln 0763

wln 0764

Wife. Fine? by my troth sweet hart very fine: by my troth I neuer likte thée so wel in my life swéete heart. But let that passe, I warrant there be many women in the citie haue not such handsome husbands, but only for their apparell, but let that passe too. *Enter Hans and Skipper.*

wln 0765

wln 0766

wln 0767

Hans. Godden day mester, dis be de skipper dat heb de skip van marchandice de commodity ben good, nempt it ma= ster, nempt it.

wln 0768

wln 0769

wln 0770

Aire. Godamercy Hans, welcome skipper, where lies this ship of marchandice?

wln 0771

wln 0772

wln 0773

Skip. De skip ben in rouere: dor be van Sugar, Cyuet, Almonds, Cambricke, and a towsand towsand tings, gotz sacrament, nempt it mester, yo sal heb good copen.

wln 0774

wln 0775

Firke.

the Gentle Craft.

wln 0776
wln 0777
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wln 0808

Firke. To him maister, O swéete maister, O swéet wares,
prunes, almonds, suger-candy, carrat roots, turnups, O braue
fattening meate, let not a man buye a nutmeg but your selfe.

Eyre. Peace Firke, come Skipper, Ile go abroade with
you, Hans haue you made him drinke?

Skip. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale ge drunck.

Eyre. Come Hans follow me: Skipper, thou shalt haue
my countenance in the Cittie.

Exeunt.

Firke. Yaw heb veale ge drunck, quoth a: they may well
be called butter-boxes, when they drinke fat veale, and thick
beare too: but come dame, I hope you'le chide vs no more.

Wife. No faith Firke, no perdy Hodge, I do féele honour
créepe vpon me, and which is more, a certaine rising in my
flesh, but let that passe.

Firke. Rising in your flesh do you feele say you? I you may
be with childe, but why should not my maister féele a rising
in his flesh, hauing a gowne and a gold ring on, but you are
such a shrew, you'l'e soone pull him downe.

Wife. Ha, ha, prethée peace, thou mak'st my worshippe
laugh, but let that passe: come Ile go in Hodge, prethée goe
before me, Firke follow me.

Fi. Firke doth follow, Hodge passe out in state.

Exeunt.

Enter Lincolne and Dodger.

Li. How now good Dodger, whats the newes in France?

Dodger. My Lord, vpon the eightéene day of May,
The French and English were preparde to fight,
Each side with eager furie gaue the signe
Of a most hot encounter, fiue long howres
Both armies fought together: at the length,
The lot of victorie fel on our sides,
Twelue thousand of the Frenchmen that day dide,
Foure thousand English, and no man of name,
But Captaine Hyam, and yong Ardington,

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0809

Two gallant Gentlemen, I knew them well.

wln 0810

Lin. But Dodger, prethée tell me in this fight,
How did my cozen Lacie beare himselfe?

wln 0811

wln 0812

Dodger. My Lord, your cosen Lacie was not there.

wln 0813

Linc. Not there? *Dog.* No, my good Lord.

wln 0814

Lin. Sure thou mistakest,

wln 0815

I saw him shipt, and a thousand eies beside

wln 0816

Were witnesses of the farewels which he gaue,

wln 0817

When I with wéeeping eies bid him adew:

wln 0818

Dodger take héede.

wln 0819

Dodger. My Lord I am aduis'd,

wln 0820

That what I spake is true: to proue it so,

wln 0821

His cosen Askew that supplide his place,

wln 0822

Sent me for him from France, that secretly

wln 0823

He might conuey himselfe hither.

wln 0824

Lin. Ist euen so.

wln 0825

Dares he so carelessly venture his life,

wln 0826

Vpon the indignation of a King?

wln 0827

Hath he despis'd my loue, and spurn'd those faouours,

wln 0828

Which I with prodigall hand powr'd on his head?

wln 0829

He shall repent his rashnes with his soule,

wln 0830

Since of my loue he makes no estimate,

wln 0831

Ile make him wish he had not knowne my hate,

wln 0832

Thou hast no other newes?

wln 0833

Dodger. None else, my Lord.

wln 0834

Lin. None worse I know thou hast: procure the king

wln 0835

To crowne his giddie browes with ample honors,

wln 0836

Send him chéefe Colonell, and all my hope

wln 0837

Thus to be dasht? but tis in vaine to grieue,

wln 0838

One euill cannot a worse releue:

wln 0839

Vpon my life I haue found out his plot,

wln 0840

That old dog Loue that fawnd vpon him so,

wln 0841

Loue to that puling girle, his faire cheek't Rose,

The

img: 17-b
sig: E1r

the Gentle Craft.

wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
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wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874

The Lord Maiors daughter hath distracted him,
And in the fire of that loues lunacie,
Hath he burnt vp himselfe, comsum'd his credite,
Lost the kings loue, yea and I feare, his life,
Onely to get a wanton to his wife:
Dodger, it is so.

Dodger. I feare so, my good Lord.

Lincolne. It is so, nay sure it cannot be,

I am at my wits end Dodger.

Dodger. Yea my Lord.

Lin. Thou art acquainted with my Nephewes haunts,
Spend this gold for thy paines, goe seeke him out,
Watch at my Lord Maiors (there if he liue)
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to méete with him:
Prethée be diligent. Lacie thy name
Liu'd once in honour, now dead in shame:
Be circumspect.

exit.

Dodger. I warrant you my Lord.

exit.

Enter Lord Maior, and master Scotte.

L. Ma. Good maister Scot, I haue beene bolde with you,
To be a witnesse to a wedding knot,
Betwixt yong maister Hammon and my daughter,
O stand aside, see where the louers come.

Enter Hammon, and Rose.

Rose Can it be possible you loue me so?
No, no, within those eie-bals I espie,
Apparant likelihoods of flattery,
Pray now let go my hand.

Hammon. Sweete mistris Rose,
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceiue
Of my affection, whose deuoted soule
Sweares that I loue thée dearer then my heart.

Rose. As deare as your owne heart? I iudge it right.

E

Men

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0875

Men loue their hearts best when th'are out of sight.

wln 0876

Hamond. I loue you, by this hand.

wln 0877

Rose. Yet hands off now:

wln 0878

If flesh be fraile, how weake and frail's your vowe?

wln 0879

Hamond. Then by my life I sweare.

wln 0880

Rose. Then do not brawle,

wln 0881

One quarrell looseth wife and life and all,

wln 0882

Is not your meaning thus?

wln 0883

Hamond. In faith you iest.

wln 0884

Rose. Loue loues to sport, therfore leaue loue y'are best.

wln 0885

L. Mai. What? square they maister Scot?

wln 0886

Scot. Sir, neuer doubt,

wln 0887

Louers are quickly in, and quickly out.

wln 0888

Ham. Swéet Rose, be not so strange in fansying me,

wln 0889

Nay neuer turne aside, shunne not my sight,

wln 0890

I am not growne so fond, to fond my loue

wln 0891

On any that shall quit it with disdain,

wln 0892

If you wil loue me, so, if not, farewell.

wln 0893

L. Ma. Why how now louers, are you both agréede?

wln 0894

Ham. Yes faith my Lord. (daughter.)

wln 0895

L. Maior. Tis well, giue me your hand, giue me yours

wln 0896

How now, both pull backe, what meanes this, girle?

wln 0897

Rose. I meane to liue a maide.

wln 0898

Ham. But not to die one, pawse ere that be said. *aside.*

wln 0899

L. Mai. Wil you stil crosse me? still be obstinate?

wln 0900

Hamond. Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,

wln 0901

If she can liue an happie virgins life,

wln 0902

Tis farre more blessed then to be a wife.

wln 0903

Rose. Say sir I cannot, I haue made a vow,

wln 0904

Who euer be my husband, tis not you.

wln 0905

L. Mai. Your tongue is quicke, but M. Hamond know,

wln 0906

I bade you welcome to another end.

wln 0907

Ham. What, would you haue me pule, & pine, and pray,

With

img: 18-b
sig: E2r

the Gentle Craft.

wln 0908
wln 0909
wln 0910
wln 0911
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wln 0940

With louely ladie mistris of my heart,
Pardon your seruant, and the rimer play,
Rayling on Cupid, and his tyrants dart,
Or that I vndertake some martiall spoile,
Wearing your gloue at turney, and at tilt,
And tel how many gallants I vnhorst,
Swéete, wil this pleasure you?

Rose. Yea, when wilt begin?

What louerimes man? fie on that deadly sinne.

L. Maior. If you wil haue her, Ile make her agréé.

Ham. Enforced loue is worse then hate to me,
There is a wench kéepes shop in the old change,
To her wil I, it is not wealth I séeke,
I haue enough, and wil preferre her loue
Before the world: my good lord Maior adew,
Old loue for me, I haue no lucke with new.

Exit.

L. Ma. Now mammet you haue wel behau'd your selfe,
But you shal curse your coyne if I liue,
Whose within there? see you conuay your mistris
Straight to th'old Forde, Ile kéepe you straight enough,
Fore God I would haue sworne the puling girle,
Would willingly accepted Hammons loue,
But banish him my thoughts, go minion in,
Now tel me master Scot would you haue thought,
That master Simon Eyre the shoemaker,
Had béene of wealth to buy such marchandize?

exit Rose.

Scot. Twas wel my Lord, your honour, and my selfe,
Grew partners with him for your bils of lading,
Shew that Eyres gaines in one commoditie,
Rise at the least to ful thrée thousand pound,
Besides like gaine in other marchandize.

L. Maior. Wel he shal spend some of his thousands now

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
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wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973

For I haue sent for him to the Guild Hal, *enter Eyre.*
Sée where he comes: good morrow master Eyre.

Eyre. Poore Simon Eyre, my Lord, your shoomaker.

L. Maior. Wel wel, it likes your selfe to terme you so,
Now M. Dodger, whats the news with you?

Enter Dodger.

Dodger. Ide gladly speake in priuate to your honour.

L. Maior. You shal, you shal: master Eyre, and M. Scot,
I haue some businesse with this gentleman,
I pray let me intreate you to walke before
To the Guild Hal , Ile follow presently,
Master Eyre, I hope ere noone to call you Shiriffe.

Eyre I would not care (my Lord) if you might cal me
king of Spaine, come master Scot.

L. Maior. Now maister Dodger, whats the newes you
bring?

Dod. The Earle of Lincolne by me gréets your lordship
And earnestly requests you (if you can)
Informe him where his Nephew Lacie kéepes.

L. Maior. Is not his Nephew Lacie now in France?

Dodger. No I assure your lordship, but disguisde
Lurkes here in London.

L. Maior. London? ist euen so?

It may be, but vpon my faith and soule,
I know not where he liues, or whether he liues,
So tel my Lord of Lincolne, lurch in London?
Well master Dodger, you perhaps may start him,
Be but the meanes to rid him into France,
Ile giue you a dozen angels for your paines,
So much I loue his honour, hate his Nephew,
And prethée so informe thy lord from me.

Dodger. I take my leaue.

exit. Dodger.

L. Maior. Farewell good master Dodger.

Lacie

the Gentle Craft.

wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
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wln 1005
wln 1006

Lacie in London? I dare pawne my life,
My daughter knowes thereof, and for that cause,
Denide yong M. Hammon in his loue,
Wel I am glad I sent her to old Forde,
Gods lord tis late, to Guild Hall I must hie,
I know my brethren stay my companie.

exit.

Enter Firke, Eyres wife, Hans, and Roger.

Wife. Thou goest too fast for me Roger.

Firke. I forsooth.

Wife. I pray thée runne (doe you heare) runne to Guild Hall, and learne if my husband master Eyre wil take that worshipfull vocation of M. Shiriffe vpon him, hie thée good Firke.

Firke. Take it? well I goe, and he should not take it, Firk sweares to forswear him, yes forsooth I goe to Guild Hall.

Wife. Nay when? thou art too compendious, and tedious.

Firke. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence, how like a new cart whéele my dame speakes, and she lookes like an old musty ale-bottle going to scalding.

Wife. Nay when? thou wilt make me melancholy.

Firke. God forbid your worship should fall into that humour, I runne.

exit.

Wife. Let me see now Roger and Hans.

H. I forsooth dame (mistris I should say) but the old terme so stickes to the roofe of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off.

Wife. Euen what thou wilt good Roger, dame is a faire name for any honest christian, but let that passe, how dost thou Hans?

Hans. Mée tanck you vro.

Wife. Wel Hans and Roger you sée God hath blest your master, and perdie if euer he comes to be M. Shiriffe of London (as we are al mortal) you shal sée I wil haue some odde thing or other in a corner for you: I wil not be your

A pleasant Comedie of

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wln 1039

backe friend, but let that passe, Hans pray thée tie my shooe.

Hans. Yaw it sal vro.

Wife Roger, thou knowst the length of my foote, as it is none of the biggest, so I thanke God it is handsome enough, prethée let me haue a paire of shooes made, corke good Roger, wooden héele too.

Hodge. You shall.

Wife. Art thou acquainted with neuer a fardingale-maker, nor a French-hoode maker, I must enlarge my bumme, ha ha, how shall I looke in a hoode I wonder? perdie odly I thinke.

Roger. As a catte out of a pillorie, verie wel I warrant you mistresse.

Wife. Indéede all flesh is grasse, and Roger, canst thou tel where I may buye a good haire?

Roger. Yes forsooth, at the poulterers in Gracious stréet.

VVi. Thou art an vngratious wag, perdy, I meane a false haire for my periwig.

Roger. Why mistris, the next time I cut my beard, you shall haue the shauings of it, but they are all true haires.

VVi. It is verie hot, I must get me a fan or else a maske.

Rog. So you had néede, to hide your wicked face.

VVi. Fie vpon it, how costly this world's calling is, perdy, but that it is one of the wonderfull works of God, I would not deale with it: is not Firke come yet? Hans bée not so sad, let it passe and vanish, as my husbands worshippe saies.

Hans. Ick bin vrolicke, lot sée yow soo.

Roger. Mistris, wil you drinke a pipe of Tobacco?

VWife. O fie vppon it Roger, perdy, these filthie Tobacco pipes are the most idle slauering bables that euer I felt: out vppon it, God blesse vs, men looke not like men that vse thē.

Enter

the Gentle Craft.

Enter Rafe being lame.

Roger. What fellow Rafe? Mistres looke here, Ianes husband, why how, lame? Hans make much of him, hées a brother of our trade, a good workeman, and a tall soul=dier.

Hans. You be welcome broder.

Wife. Pardie I knew him not, how dost thou good Rafe? I am glad to see thee wel.

Rafe. I would God you saw me dame as wel, As when I went from London into France.

Wife. Trust mee I am sorie Rafe to see thee impotent, Lord how the warres haue made him Sunburnt: the left leg is not wel: t was a faire gift of God the infirmitie tooke not hold a litle higher, considering thou camest from France: but let that passe.

Rafe. I am glad to see you wel, and I reioyce To heare that God hath blest my master so Since my departure.

Wife. Yea truly Rafe, I thanke my maker: but let that passe.

Rog. And sirra Rafe, what newes, what newes in France?

Rafe. Tel mee good Roger first, what newes in England? How does my Iane? when didst thou see my wife? Where liues my poore heart? sheel be poore indeed Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

Roger. Limbs? hast thou not hands man? thou shalt neuer see a shoemaker want bread, though he haue but three fingers on a hand.

Rafe. Yet all this while I heare not of my Iane.

Wife. O Rafe your wife, perdie we knowe not whats become of her: she was here a while, and because she was married grewe more stately then became her, I checkt her, and so forth, away she flung, neuer returned, nor saide bih

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1073

nor bah: and Rafe you knowe ka me, ka thée. And so as I
tell ye. Roger is not Firke come yet?

wln 1074

Roger. No forsooth.

wln 1075

wln 1076

Wife. And so indeed we heard not of her, but I heare
shée liues in London: but let that passe. If she had wanted,
shee might haue opened her case to me or my husband, or
to any of my men, I am sure theres not any of them perdie,
but would haue done her good to his power. Hans looke if
Firke be come.

wln 1077

wln 1078

wln 1079

wln 1080

wln 1081

wln 1082

Exit Hans.

wln 1083

Hans. Yaw it sal vro.

wln 1084

Wife. And so as I saide: but Rafe, why dost thou wéepe?
thou knowest that naked wee came out of our mothers
wombe, and naked we must returne, and therefore thanke
God for al things.

wln 1085

wln 1086

wln 1087

wln 1088

Roger. No faith Iane is a straunger héere, but Rafe
pull vp a good heart, I knowe thou hast one, thy wife man,
is in London, one tolde mée hée sawe her a while agoe ve=
rie braue and neate, wéele ferret her out, and London holde
her.

wln 1089

wln 1090

wln 1091

wln 1092

wln 1093

Wife. Alas, poore soule, hées ouercome with sorrowe,
he does but as I doe, weepe for the losse of any good thing:
but Rafe, get thee in, call for some meate and drinke, thou
shalt find me worshipful towards thée.

wln 1094

wln 1095

wln 1096

wln 1097

Rafe. I thanke you dame, since I want lims and lands,
Ile to God, my good friends, and to these my hands.

wln 1098

wln 1099

exit.

wln 1100

Enter Hans, and Firke running.

wln 1101

Fyrke. Runne good Hans, O Hodge, O mistres, Hodge.
haue vp thine eares, mistresse smugge vp your lookes, on

wln 1102

with

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1103

with your best apparell, my maister is chosen, my master is called, nay condemn'd by the crie of the countrie to be shiriffe of the Citie, for this famous yeare nowe to come: and time now being, a great many men in **bla[*]ke** gownes were askt for their voyces, and their hands, and my master had al their fists about his eares presently, and they cried I, I, I, I, and so I came away, wherefore without all other grieue, I doe salute you mistresse shrieue.

wln 1104

wln 1105

wln 1106

wln 1107

wln 1108

wln 1109

wln 1110

Hans. Yaw, my mester is de groot man, de shrieue.

wln 1111

wln 1112

Roger. Did not I tell you mistris? nowe I may boldly say, good morrow to your worship.

wln 1113

wln 1114

wln 1115

Wife. Good morrow good Roger, I thanke you my good people all. Firke, hold vp thy hand, héer's a thrée-peny péce for thy tidings.

wln 1116

wln 1117

Fyrk. Tis but thrée halfe pence, I thinke: yes, tis thrée pence, I smel the Rose.

wln 1118

wln 1119

Roger. But mistresse, be rulde by me, and doe not speake so pulingly.

wln 1120

wln 1121

Firke. Tis her worship speakes so, and not she, no faith mistresse, speake mee in the olde key, too it Firke, there good Firke, plie your businesse Hodge, Hodge, with a full mouth: Ile fill your bellies with good cheare til they crie twang.

wln 1122

wln 1123

wln 1124

wln 1125

Enter Simon Eire wearing a gold chaine.

wln 1126

Hans. See myn lieuer broder, héer compt my meester.

wln 1127

Wife. Welcome home maister shrieue, I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

wln 1128

wln 1129

Eyre. See here my Maggy, a chaine, a gold chaine for Simon Eyre, I shal make thee a Lady, heer's a French hood for thee, on with it, on with it, dresse thy browes with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thée looke louely: where be my fine men? Roger, Ile make ouer my shop and tooles to thee: Firke, thou shalt be the foreman: Hans, thou shalt

wln 1130

wln 1131

wln 1132

wln 1133

wln 1134

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167

haue an hundred for twentie, bee as mad knaues as your
maister Sim Eyre hath bin, & you shall liue to be Sheriues
of London: how dost thou like me Margerie? Prince am I
none, yet am I princely borne, Firke, Hodge, and Hans.

Al 3. I forsooth, what saies your worship mistris Sherife?

Eyre. Worship and honour you Babilonion knaues, for
the Gentle Craft: but I forgot my selfe, I am bidden by my
Lord Maior to dinner to old Foord, hees gone before, I must
after: come Hodge, on with your trinkets: nowe my true
Troians, my fine Firke, my dapper Hodge, my honest
Hans, some deuice, some odde crochets, some morris, or such
like, for the honour of the gentle shoemakers, meete me at
old Foord, you know my minde: come Madge, away shutte
vp the shop knaues, and make holiday.

exeunt.

Firke. O rare, O braue, come Hodge, follow me Hans,
Wéele be with them for a morris daunce.

exeunt.

*Enter Lord Maior, Eyre, his wife, Sibill in a French hood,
and other seruants.*

L. Maior. Trust mee you are as welcome to old Foord,
as I my selfe.

Wife. Truely I thanke your Lordship.

L. Ma. Would our bad chéere were worth the thanks
you giue.

Eyre. Good chéere my Lord Maior, fine chéere, a fine
house, fine walles, all fine and neat.

L. Maior. Now by my troth Ile tel thée maister Eyre,
It does me good and al my brethren,
That such a madcap fellow as thy selfe
Is entred into our societie.

Wife. I but my Lord, hee must learne nowe to putte on
grauitie.

Eyre. Peace Maggy, a fig for grauitie, when I go to Guild=
hal in my scarlet gowne, Ile look as demurely as a saint, and

speake

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192
wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200

speake as grauely as a Justice of peace, but now I am here at
old Foord, at my good Lord Maiors house, let it go by, vanish
Maggy, Ile be merrie, away with flip flap, these fooleries,
these gulleries: what hunnie? prince am I none, yet am I
princly borne: what sayes my Lord Maior?

L. Maior. Ha, ha, ha, I had rather then a thousand pound,
I had an heart but halfe so light as yours.

Eyre. Why what should I do my Lord? a pound of care
paies not a dram of debt: hum, lets be merry whiles we are
yong, olde age, sacke and sugar will steale vpon vs ere we be
aware.

L. Ma. Its wel done mistris Eyre, pray giue good counsell
to my daughter.

Wife. I hope mistris Rose wil haue the grace to take no=
thing thats bad.

L. Ma. Pray God she do, for ifaith mistris Eyre,
I would bestow vpon that peeuish girle
A thousand Marks more then I meane to giue her,
Vpon condition shéed be rulde by me,
The Ape still crosseth me: there came of late,
A proper Gentleman of faire reuenewes,
Whom gladly I would call sonne in law:
But my fine cockney would haue none of him.
You'le proue a cockscombe for it ere you die,
A courtier, or no man must please your eie.

Eyre. Be rulde swéete Rose, th'art ripe for a man: marrie
not with a boy, that has no more haire on his face then thou
hast on thy chéekes: a courtier, wash, go by, stand not vpon
pisherie pasherie: those silken fellowes are but painted Ima=
ges, outsides, outsides Rose, their inner linings are torne:
no my fine mouse, marry me with a Gentleman Grocer like
my Lord Maior your Father, a Grocer is a swéete trade,
Plums, Plums: had I a sonne or Daughter should marrie

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203

out of the generation and bloud of the shoe-makers, he
should packe: what, the Gentle trade is a liuing for a man
through Europe, through the world.

wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208

A noyse within of a Taber and a Pipe.

Maior. What noyse is this?

Eyre. O my Lord Maior, a crue of good fellowes that
for loue to your honour, are come hither with a morrisdance,
come in my Mesopotamians chéerely.

wln 1209
wln 1210

*Enter Hodge, Hans, Raph, Firke, and other shooe-makers in a mor-
ris: after a little dauncing the Lord Maior speakes.*

wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218
wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230

Maior. Maister Eyre, are al these shoe-makers?

Eyre. Al Cordwainers my good Lord Maior.

Rose. How like my Lacie lookes yond shooe-maker.

Haunce. O that I durst but speake vnto my loue!

Maior. Sibil, go fetch some wine to make these drinke,
You are al welcome.

All. We thanke your Lordship.

Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Haunce.

Rose. For his sake whose faire shape thou representst,
Good friend I drinke to thée.

Hans. It be dancke good frister.

Eyres Wife. I see mistris Rose you do not want iudge=
ment, you haue drunke to the properest man I kéepe.

Firke. Here bee some haue done their parts to be as proper
as he.

Maior. Wel, vrgent busines cals me backe to London:
Good fellowes, first go in and taste our cheare,
And to make merrie as you homeward go,
Spend these two angels in beere at Stratford Boe.

Eyre. To these two (my madde lads) Sim Eyre ads an=

other,

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1231
wln 1232

other, then chéerely Firke, tickle it Haunce, and al for
the honour of shoemakers.

wln 1233

All goe dauncing out.

wln 1234

M. Come maister Eyre, lets haue your companie. *exeunt.*

wln 1235

Rose. Sibil What shal I do?

wln 1236

Sibill. Why whats the matter?

wln 1237

Rose. That Haunce the shoemaker is my loue Lacie,

wln 1238

Disguisde in that attire to find me out,

wln 1239

How should I find the meanes to speake with him?

wln 1240

Sibill. What mistris, neuer feare, I dare venter my mai=

wln 1241

denhead to nothing, and thats great oddes, that Haunce the

wln 1242

Dutchman when we come to London, shal not onely see and

wln 1243

speake with you, but in spight of al your Fathers pollicies,

wln 1244

steale you away and marrie you, will not this please you?

wln 1245

Rose. Do this, and euer be assured of my loue.

wln 1246

Sibil. Away then and follow your father to London, lest

wln 1247

your absence cause him to suspect something:

wln 1248

To morrow if my counsel be obeyde,

wln 1249

Ile binde you prentise to the gentle trade.

wln 1250

Enter Iane in a Semsters shop working, and Hamond muffled

wln 1251

at another doore, he stands aloofe.

wln 1252

Hamond. Yonders the shop, and there my faire loue sits,

wln 1253

Shées faire and louely, but she is not mine,

wln 1254

O would she were, thrise haue I courted her,

wln 1255

Thrise hath my hand béene moistned with her hand,

wln 1256

Whilst my poore famisht eies do féed on that

wln 1257

Which made them famish: I am infortunate,

wln 1258

I stil loue one, yet no body loues me,

wln 1259

I muse in other men what women see,

wln 1260 That I so want? fine mistris Rose was coy,
wln 1261 And this too curious, oh no, she is chaste,
wln 1262 And for she thinkes me wanton, she denies
wln 1263 To cheare my cold heart with her sunnie eies:
wln 1264 How prettily she workes, oh prettie hand!
wln 1265 Oh happie worke, it doth me good to stand
wln 1266 Vnseene to see her, thus I oft haue stood,
wln 1267 In frostie euenings, a light burning by her,
wln 1268 Enduring biting cold, only to eie her,
wln 1269 One onely looke hath seem'd as rich to me
wln 1270 As a kings crowne, such is loues lunacie:
wln 1271 Muffled Ile passe along, and by that trie
wln 1272 Whether she know me.
wln 1273 *Iane.* Sir, what ist you buy?
wln 1274 What ist you lacke sir? callico, or lawne,
wln 1275 Fine cambricke shirts, or bands, what will you buy?
wln 1276 *Ham.* That which thou wilt not sell, faith yet Ile trie:
wln 1277 How do you sell this handkercher?
wln 1278 *Iane.* Good cheape.
wln 1279 *Ham.* And how these ruffes?
wln 1280 *Iane.* Cheape too.
wln 1281 *Ham.* And how this band?
wln 1282 *Iane.* Cheape too.
wln 1283 *Ham.* All cheape, how sell you then this hand?
wln 1284 *Iane.* My handes are not to be solde.
wln 1285 *Ham.* To be giuen then: nay faith I come to buy.
wln 1286 *Iane.* But none knowes when.
wln 1287 *Ham.* Good swéete, leaue worke a little while, lets play.
wln 1288 *Iane.* I cannot liue by keeping holliday.
wln 1289 *Ham.* Ile pay you for the time which shall be lost.
wln 1290 *Iane.* With me you shall not be at so much cost.
wln 1291 *Ham.* Look how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.
wln 1292 *Iane.* It may be so.

Ham

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1293 *Ham.* Tis so.
wln 1294 *Iane.* What remedie?
wln 1295 *Ham.* Nay faith you are too coy.
wln 1296 *Iane.* Let goe my hand.
wln 1297 *Ham.* I will do any task of your command,
wln 1298 I would let goe this beautie, were I not
wln 1299 In mind to disobey you by a power
wln 1300 That controlles kings: I loue you.
wln 1301 *Iane.* So, now part.
wln 1302 *Ham.* With hands I may, but neuer with my heart,
wln 1303 In faith I loue you.
wln 1304 *Iane.* I beleeeue you doe.
wln 1305 *Ham.* Shall a true loue in me bréede hate in you?
wln 1306 *Iane.* I hate you not.
wln 1307 *Ham.* Then you must loue.
wln 1308 *Iane.* I doe, what are you better now? I loue not you,
wln 1309 *Ham.* All this I hope is but a womans fray,
wln 1310 That means, come to me, when she cries, away:
wln 1311 In earnest mistris I do not iest,
wln 1312 A true chaste loue hath entred in my brest,
wln 1313 I loue you dearely as I loue my life,
wln 1314 I loue you as a husband loues a wife.
wln 1315 That, and no other loue my loue requires,
wln 1316 Thy wealth I know is little, my desires
wln 1317 Thirst not for gold, swéete beauteous Iane whats mine,
wln 1318 Shall (if thou make my selfe thine) all be thine,
wln 1319 Say, iudge, what is thy sentence, life or death?
wln 1320 Mercie or crueltie lies in thy breath.
wln 1321 *Iane.* Good sir, I do beleeeue you loue me well:
wln 1322 For tis a séely conquest, séely pride,
wln 1323 For one like you (I meane a gentleman)
wln 1324 To boast, that by his loue tricks he hath brought,
wln 1325 Such and such women to his amorous lure:

wln 1326 I thinke you do not so, yet many doe,
wln 1327 And make it euen a very trade to wooe,
wln 1328 I could be coy, as many women be,
wln 1329 Féede you with sunne=shine smiles, and wanton lookes,
wln 1330 But I detest witchcraft, say that I
wln 1331 Doe constantly beleeeue you, constant haue.
wln 1332 *Ham.* Why dost thou not beléeue me?
wln 1333 *Iane.* I beleeeue you,
wln 1334 But yet good sir, because I will not gréeue you,
wln 1335 With hopes to taste fruite, which will neuer fall,
wln 1336 In simple truth this is the summe of all
wln 1337 My husband liues, at least I hope he liues,
wln 1338 Prest was he to these bitter warres in France,
wln 1339 Bitter they are to me by wanting him,
wln 1340 I haue but one heart, and that hearts his due,
wln 1341 How can I then bestow the same on you?
wln 1342 Whilst he liues, his I liue, be it nere so poore,
wln 1343 And rather be his wife, then a kings whore.
wln 1344 *Ham.* Chaste and deare woman, I will not abuse thée,
wln 1345 Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me,
wln 1346 Thy husband prest for France, what was his name?
wln 1347 *Iane.* Rafe Dampport.
wln 1348 *Ham.* Dampport, heres a letter sent
wln 1349 From France to me, from a deare friend of mine,
wln 1350 A gentleman of place, here he doth write,
wln 1351 Their names that haue bin slaine in euery fight.
wln 1352 *Iane.* I hope deaths scroll containes not my loues name
wln 1353 *Ham.* Cannot you reade?
wln 1354 *Iane.* I can.
wln 1355 *Ham.* Peruse the same,
wln 1356 To my remembrance such a name I read
wln 1357 Amongst the rest: sée here.
wln 1358 *Iane.* Aye me, hées dead:

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1359 Hées dead, if this be true my deare hearts slaine.
wln 1360 *Ham.* Haue patience, deare loue.
wln 1361 *Iane.* Hence, hence.
wln 1362 *Ham.* Nay swéete Iane,
wln 1363 Make not poore sorrow prowde with these rich teares,
wln 1364 I mourne thy husbands death because thou mournst.
wln 1365 *Iane.* That bil is forgde; tis signde by forgerie.
wln 1366 *Ham.* Ile bring thée letters sent besides to many
wln 1367 Carrying the like report: Iane tis too true,
wln 1368 Come, wéepe not: mourning though it rise from loue
wln 1369 Helpes not the mourned, yet hurtes them that mourne.
wln 1370 *Iane.* For Gods sake leaue me.
wln 1371 *Ham.* Whither dost thou turne?
wln 1372 Forget the déede, loue them that are aliue,
wln 1373 His loue is faded, trie how mine will thriue.
wln 1374 *Iane.* Tis now no time for me to thinke on loue,
wln 1375 *Ham.* Tis now best time for you to thinke on loue, because
wln 1376 your loue liues not.
wln 1377 *Iane.* Thogh he be dead, my loue to him shal not be buried:
wln 1378 For Gods sake leaue me to my selfe alone.
wln 1379 *Ham.* T would kil my soule to leaue thée drownd in mone:
wln 1380 Answer me to my sute, and I am gone,
wln 1381 Say to me, yea, or no.
wln 1382 *Iane.* No.
wln 1383 *Ham.* Then farewell, one farewell wil not serue, I come
wln 1384 again, come drie these wet chéekes, tel me faith swéete Iane,
wln 1385 yea, or no, once more.
wln 1386 *Iane.* Once more I say no, once more be gone I pray, else
wln 1387 wil I goe.
wln 1388 *Ham.* Nay then I wil grow rude by this white hand,
wln 1389 Vntil you change that colde no, here ile stand,
wln 1390 Til by your hard heart
wln 1391 *Iane.* Nay, for Gods loue peace,

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
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wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424

My sorrowes by your presence more increase,
Not that you thus are present, but al grieffe
Desires to be alone, therefore in briefe
Thus much I say, and saying bid adew,
If euer I wed man it shall be you.

Ham. Oh blessed voyce, deare Iane Ile vrge no more,
Thy breath hath made me rich.

Iane. Death makes me poore.

exeunt.

*Enter Hodge at his shop boord, Rafe, Firke, Hans,
and a boy at work.*

All. Hey downe, a downe, downe derie.

Hodge. Well said my hearts, plie your worke to day, we
loytred yesterday, to it pell mell, that we may liue to be Lord
Maiors, or Aldermen at least.

Firke. Hey downe a downe derie.

Hodge. Well said yfaith, how saist thou Hauns, doth not
Firke tickle it?

Hauns. Yaw mester.

Firke. Not so neither, my organe pipe squeakes this mor=
ning for want of licoring: hey downe a downe derie.

Hans. Forward Firke, tow best vn iolly yongster hort I me=
ster ic bid yo cut me vn pair vāpres vor mester ieffres bootes.

Hodge. Thou shalt Hauns.

Firke. Master.

Hodge. How now, boy?

Firke. Pray, now you are in the cutting vaine, cut mée
out a paire of counterfeits, or else my worke will not passe
currant, hey downe a downe.

Hodge. Tell me sirs, are my coosin M. Priscillaes shooes
done?

Firke. Your coosin? no maister, one of your auntes, hang
her, let them alone.

Rafe. I am in hand with them, she gaue charge that none

bu

wln 1425

but I should doe them for her.

wln 1426

Firke Thou do for her? then [◇] [◇] [◇] [◇] [◇][*] [◇]

wln 1427

that she loues not: Rafe, thou **m**[*****] [◇] [◇] [◇] [◇] [◇][*]

wln 1428

in faith I would haue yearkt and [◇] [◇] [◇][*] [◇]

wln 1429

downe a downe derry, this géere **w**[***] [◇] [◇].

wln 1430

Hodge How saist thou *Firke*? were [◇] [◇] [◇] [◇] [◇]

wln 1431

Ford?

wln 1432

Firke How merry? why our buttockes went Iiggy iog=

wln 1433

gy like a quagmyre: wel sir Roger Oatemeale, if I thought

wln 1434

all meale of that nature, I would eate nothing but bag pad-

wln 1435

dings.

wln 1436

Rafe Of all good fortunes, my fellow Hance had the best.

wln 1437

Firke Tis true, because mistris Rose dranke to him.

wln 1438

Hodge Wel, wel, worke apace, they say seuen of the Al=

wln 1439

dermen be dead, or very sicke.

wln 1440

Firke I care not, Ile be none.

wln 1441

Rafe No nor I, but then my M. Eyre will come quickly

wln 1442

to be L. Mayor.

Enter Sibil.

wln 1443

Firke Whoop, yonder comes Sibil.

wln 1444

Hodge Sibil, welcome yfaith, and how dost thou madde

wln 1445

wench?

wln 1446

Firke Sib whoore, welcome to London.

wln 1447

Sibil Godamercy sweete *Firke*: good Lord *Hodge*, what

wln 1448

a delitious shop you haue got, you tickle it yfaith.

wln 1449

Rafe Godamercy *Sibil* for our good chéere at old Ford.

wln 1450

Sibil That you shal haue *Rafe*.

wln 1451

Firke Nay by the masse, we hadde tickling chéere *Sibil*,

wln 1452

and how the plague dost thou and mistris Rose, and my L.

wln 1453

Mayor? I put the women in first.

wln 1454

Sibil Wel Godamercy: but Gods me, I forget my self,

wln 1455

wheres Haunce the Fleming?

wln 1456

Firke Hearke butter-boxe, nowe you must yely out some

wln 1457

spreken.

[◇◇] Comedie of

wln 1458

[◇][◇][◇] vod gon Frister.

wln 1459

[◇][◇][◇]me to my yong mistris, to pull

wln 1460

[◇][◇][◇][◇][◇][◇][◇]

wln 1461

[◇][◇][◇]le fro, vare ben your mistris?

wln 1462

[◇][◇][◇] our London house in Cornewaile

wln 1463

[◇][◇] serue her turne but Hans?

wln 1464

Sibill. No [◇], come Hans, I stand vpon néedles.

wln 1465

Hodg. Why then Sibil, take héede of pricking.

wln 1466

Sibill. For that let me alone, I haue a tricke in my bud=
get, come Hans.

wln 1467

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ic sall méete yo gane.

wln 1468

Exit Hans and Sibill.

wln 1469

Hodge. Go Hans, make haste againe: come, who lacks
worke?

wln 1470

Firke. I maister, for I lacke my breakfast, tis munching
time, and past

wln 1471

wln 1472

Hodge Ist so? why then leaue worke Raph, to breakfast,
boy looke to the tooles, come Raph, come Firke.

wln 1473

wln 1474

wln 1475

Exeunt.

wln 1476

Enter a Seruingman.

wln 1477

Ser. Let me sée now, the signe of the last in Towerstréet,
mas yonders the house: what haw, whoes within?

wln 1478

wln 1479

Enter Raph.

wln 1480

Raph. Who calles there, what want you sir?

wln 1481

Seru. Marrie I would haue a paire of shooes made for a
Gentlewoman against to morrow morning, what can you
do them?

wln 1482

wln 1483

Raph. Yes sir, you shall haue them, but what lengths her
foote?

wln 1484

wln 1485

Seru. Why you must make them in all parts like this
shoe, but at any hand faile not to do them, for the Gentle=
woman is to be married very early in the morning.

wln 1486

wln 1487

wln 1488

Raph.

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1489

Raph How? by this shoe must it be made? by this, are you sure sir by this?

wln 1490

wln 1491

Seru. How, by this am I sure, by this? art thou in thy wits? I tell thee I must haue a paire of shooes, dost thou marke

wln 1492

wln 1493

me? a paire of shooes, two shooes, made by this verie shoe, this same shoe, against to morrow morning by foure a clock, dost vnderstand me, canst thou do't?

wln 1494

wln 1495

wln 1496

Raph. Yes sir, yes, I, I, I can do't, by this shoe you say: I should knowe this shoe, yes sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do t, foure a clocke, well, whither shall I bring them?

wln 1497

wln 1498

wln 1499

Seru. To the signe of the golden ball in Watlingstréete, enquire for one maister Hamon a gentleman, my maister.

wln 1500

wln 1501

Raph. Yea sir, by this shoe you say.

wln 1502

wln 1503

Seru. I say maister Hammon at the golden ball, hée's the Bridegroome, and those shooes are for his bride.

wln 1504

wln 1505

Raph. They shal be done by this shoe: wel, well, Maister Hammon at the golden shoe, I would say the golden Ball, verie well, verie well, but I pray you sir where must maister Hammon be married?

wln 1506

wln 1507

wln 1508

Seru. At Saint Faiths Church vnder Paules: but whats that to thee? prethee dispatch those shooes, and so farewell.

wln 1509

wln 1510

exit.

wln 1511

Raph. By this shoe said he, how am I amasde At this strange accident? vpon my life, This was the verie shoe I gaue my wife When I was prest for France, since when alas, I neuer could heare of her: it is the same, And Hammons Bride no other but my lane.

wln 1512

wln 1513

wln 1514

wln 1515

wln 1516

wln 1517

Enter Firke.

wln 1518

Firke. Snailles Raph thou hast lost thy part of thrée pots, a councieman of mine gaue me to breakfast.

wln 1519

G3

Raph.

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1520

Rafe I care not, I haue found a better thing.

wln 1521

Firke A thing? away, is it a mans thing, or a womans thing?

wln 1522

Rafe Firke, dost thou know this shooe?

wln 1523

Firke No by my troth, neither doth that know me? I haue no acquaintance with it, tis a méere stranger to me.

wln 1525

Rafe Why then I do, this shooe I durst be sworne Once couered the instep of my Iane:

wln 1526

wln 1527

This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my loue,

wln 1528

These true loue knots I prickt, I hold my life,

wln 1529

By this old shooe I shall finde out my wife.

wln 1530

Firke Ha ha old shoo, that wert new, how a murren came this ague fit of foolishnes vpon thee?

wln 1532

Rafe Thus Firke, euen now here came a seruingman,

wln 1533

By this shooe would he haue a new paire made

wln 1534

Against to morrow morning for his mistris,

wln 1535

Thats to be married to a Gentleman,

wln 1536

And why may not this be my swéete Iane?

wln 1537

Firke And why maist not thou be my swéete Asse? ha, ha.

wln 1538

Rafe Wel, laugh, and spare not: but the trueth is this.

wln 1539

Against to morrow morning Ile prouide,

wln 1540

A lustie crue of honest shoemakers,

wln 1541

To watch the going of the bride to church,

wln 1542

If she proue Iane, Ile take her in dispite,

wln 1543

From Hammon and the diuel, were he by,

wln 1544

If it be not my Iane, what remedy?

wln 1545

Hereof am I sure, I shall liue till I die,

wln 1546

Although I neuer with a woman lie.

wln 1547

Fir. Thou he with a woman to builde nothing but Crip=ple-gates! Well, God sends fooles fortune, and it may be he may light vpon his matrimony by such a deuice, for wed=ding and hanging goes by destiny.

wln 1549

wln 1550

wln 1551

wln 1552

exit.

exit.

Enter

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1553

Enter Hauns, and Rose arme in arme.

wln 1554

Hans. How happie am I by embracing thée,
Oh I did feare such crosse mishaps did raigne,
That I should neuer see my Rose againe.

wln 1555

wln 1556

wln 1557

Rose. Swéete Lacie, since faire Oportunitie
Offers her selfe to funder our escape,

wln 1558

wln 1559

wln 1560

Let not too ouer=fond estéeme of me
Hinder that happie hower, inuent the meanes,
And Rose will follow thée through all the world.

wln 1561

wln 1562

Hans. Oh how I surfeit with excesse of ioy,
Made happie by thy rich perfection,

wln 1563

wln 1564

wln 1565

But since thou paist sweete intrest to my hopes,
Redoubling loue on loue, let me once more,

wln 1566

wln 1567

Like to a bold facde debter craue of thée,
This night to steale abroad, and at Eyres house,

wln 1568

wln 1569

Who now by death of certaine Aldermen,
Is Maior of London, and my master once,

wln 1570

wln 1571

Méete thou thy Lacie where in spite of change,
Your fathers anger, and mine vncles hate,

wln 1572

Our happie nuptialls will me consummate.

wln 1573

Enter Sibill.

wln 1574

Sib Oh God, what will you doe mistris? shift for your
selfe, your father is at hand, hées comming, hées comming,
master Lacie hide your selfe in my mistris, for Gods sake
shift for your selues.

wln 1575

wln 1576

wln 1577

Hans Your father come, swéete Rose, what shall I doe?
Where shall I hide me? how shall I escape?

wln 1578

wln 1579

Rose. A man and want wit in extremitie,
Come, come, be Hauns still, play the shoemaker,
Pull on my shooe.

wln 1580

wln 1581

wln 1582

Enter Lord Maior.

wln 1583

Hans Mas, and thats well remembered.

wln 1584

Sib Here comes your father.

wln 1585

Hans

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1586

Hans. Forware metresse, tis vn good skow, it sal vel dute,
or ye sal neit betallen.

wln 1587

Rose. Oh God it pincheth me, what will you do?

wln 1588

Hans. Your fathers presence pincheth, not the shoo.

wln 1589

L. Mai. Well done, fit my daughter well, and shee shall
please thee well.

wln 1591

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well, for ware tis vn good
shoo, tis gi mait van neits leither, se ener mine here.

wln 1592

Enter a prentice.

wln 1593

L. Mai. I do beléeue it, whats the newes with you?

wln 1594

Prent. Please you, the Earle of Lincolne at the gate is
newly lighted, and would speake with you.

wln 1595

L. Mai. The Earle of Lincolne come speake with me?

wln 1596

Well, well, I know his errand: daughter Rose,
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, haue done:
Sib, make things handsome: sir boy follow me.

wln 1597

wln 1598

wln 1599

wln 1600

wln 1601

wln 1602

Exit.

wln 1603

Hans. Mine vncler come, oh what may this portend?
Swéete Rose, this of our loue threatens an end.

wln 1604

Rose. Be not dismaid at this what ere befall,

wln 1605

Rose is thine owne, to witnes I speake truth,
Where thou appoints the place Ile méete with thée,
I will not fixe a day to follow thée,

wln 1606

wln 1607

wln 1608

wln 1609

But presently steale hence, do not replie.
Loue which gaue strength to beare my fathers hate,
Shall now adde wings to further our escape.

wln 1610

wln 1611

wln 1612

exeunt.

wln 1613

Enter L. Maior, and Lincolne.

wln 1614

L. Mai. Beléeue me, on my credite I speake truth,
Since first your nephew Lacie went to France,
I haue not seene him. It séemd strange to me,
When Dodger told me that he staide behinde,

wln 1615

wln 1616

wln 1617

Neglecting

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1618

Neglecting the hie charge the King imposed.

wln 1619

Linc. Trust me (sir Roger Otly) I did thinke

wln 1620

Your counsell had giuen head to this attempt,

wln 1621

Drawne to it by the loue he beares your child.

wln 1622

Here I did hope to find him in your house,

wln 1623

But now I see mine error, and confesse

wln 1624

My iudgement wrongd you by conceuing so.

wln 1625

L. Maior Lodge in my house, say you? trust me my Lord,

wln 1626

I loue your Nephew Lacie too too dearely

wln 1627

So much to wrong his honor, and he hath done so,

wln 1628

That first gaue him aduise to stay from France.

wln 1629

To witnesse I speake truth, I let you know

wln 1630

How carefull I haue beene to keepe my daughter

wln 1631

Free from all conference, or speeche of him,

wln 1632

Not that I skorne your Nephew, but in loue

wln 1633

I beare your honour, least your noble bloud,

wln 1634

Should by my meane worth be dishonoured.

wln 1635

Lin. How far the churles tongue wanders from his hart,

wln 1636

Well, well sir Roger Otley I beleue you,

wln 1637

With more then many thanks for the kind loue,

wln 1638

So much you seeme to beare me: but my Lord,

wln 1639

Let me request your helpe to seeke my Nephew,

wln 1640

Whom if I find, Ile straight embarke for France,

wln 1641

So shal my Rose be free, your thoughts at rest,

wln 1642

And much care die which now dies in my brest.

Enter Sibill.

wln 1643

Sibill. Oh Lord, help for Gods sake, my mistris, oh my

wln 1644

yong mistris.

wln 1645

L. Ma. Where is thy mistris? whats become of her?

wln 1646

Sibill. Shées gone, shées fled.

wln 1647

L. Maior Gone? whither is she fled?

wln 1648

Sibill. I know not forsooth, shées fled out of doores with

wln 1649

Hauns the Shoomaker, I saw them scud, scud, scud, apace,

wln 1650

apace.

H

L. Ma.

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1651
wln 1652
wln 1653
wln 1654
wln 1655
wln 1656
wln 1657
wln 1658
wln 1659
wln 1660
wln 1661
wln 1662
wln 1663
wln 1664
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wln 1673
wln 1674
wln 1675
wln 1676
wln 1677
wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680
wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683

L. Maior Which way? what Iohn, where be my men?
which way?

Sibil I know not, and it please your worship.

L. maior Fled with a shoemaker, can this be true?

Sibil Oh Lord sir, as true as Gods in heauen.

Linc. Her loue turnd shoemaker? I am glad of this.

L. Ma. A fleming butter boxe, a shoemaker,
Will she forget her birth? requite my care
With such ingratitude? skornd she yong Hammon,
To loue a honnikin, a néedie knaue?
Wel let her flie, Ile not flie after her,
Let her starue if she wil, shées none of mine.

Linc. Be not so cruell sir.

Enter Firke with shooes.

Sibil I am glad shées scapt.

L. Ma. Ile not account of her as of my child:

Was there no better obiect for her eies,
But a foule drunken lubber, swill bellie,
A shoemaker, thats braue.

Firke. Yea forsooth, tis a very braue shooe, and as fit as a
pudding.

L. Ma How now, what knaue is this, from whence com=
mest thou?

Firke No knaue sir, I am Firke the shoemaker, lusty Ro=
gers cheefe lustie iorneyman, and I come hither to take vp
the prettie legge of sweete mistris Rose, and thus hoping
your worshippe is in as good health as I was at the making
hereof, I bid you farewell, yours Firke.

L. Ma. Stay stay sir knaue.

Linc. Come hither shoemaker.

Firke Tis happie the knaue is put before the shoemaker,
or else I would not haue vouchsafed to come backe to you, I
am moued, for I stirre.

L. Ma.

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1684

L. Ma. My Lorde, this villaine calles vs knaues by craft.

wln 1685

wln 1686

Firke. Then tis by the Gentle Craft, and to cal one knaue gently, is no harme: sit your worship merie: Sib your yong mistris Ile so bob then, now my maister M. Eyre is Lorde Maior of London.

wln 1687

wln 1688

wln 1689

L. Ma. Tell me sirra, whoes man are you?

wln 1690

wln 1691

Firke I am glad to see your worship so merrie, I haue no maw to this geere, no stomacke as yet to a red peticote.

wln 1692

wln 1693

Pointing to Sibil.

wln 1694

Lin He means not sir to wooe you to his maid,
But onely doth demand whose man you are.

wln 1695

wln 1696

Firke I sing now to the tune of Rogero, Roger my felow is now my master.

wln 1697

wln 1698

Lin Sirra, knowst thou one Hauns a shoemaker?

wln 1699

wln 1700

Firke Hauns shoemaker, oh yes, stay, yes I haue him, I tel you what, I speake it in secret, mistris Rose, and he are by this time: no not so, but shortly are to come ouer one another with, Can you dance the shaking of the shéetes? it is that Hauns, Ile so gull these diggers.

wln 1701

wln 1702

wln 1703

L. Ma Knowst thou then where he is?

wln 1704

wln 1705

Firke Yes forsooth, yea marry.

wln 1706

Lin Canst thou in sadnesse?

wln 1707

Firke No forsooth, no marrie.

wln 1708

L. Ma Tell me good honest fellow where he is,
And thou shalt see what Ile bestow of thee.

wln 1709

wln 1710

Firke Honest fellow, no sir, not so sir, my profession is the Gentle Craft, I care not for séeing, I loue feeling, let me feele it here, *aurium tenus*, ten peeces of gold, *genuum tenus*, ten peeces of siluer, and then Firke is your man in a new paire of strechers.

wln 1711

wln 1712

wln 1713

wln 1714

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1715

L. Ma. Here is an Angel, part of thy reward,
Which I will giue thée, tell me where he is.

wln 1716

wln 1717

Firke. No point: shal I betray my brother? no, shal I proue
Iudas to Hans? no, shall I crie treason to my corporation?
no, I shall be firkt and yerkt then, but giue me your angell,
your angell shall tel you.

wln 1718

wln 1719

wln 1720

Lin Doe so good fellow, tis no hurt to thée.

wln 1721

Firke Send simpering Sib away.

wln 1722

L. Ma Huswife, get you in.

wln 1724

exit Sib.

wln 1725

Firke. Pitchers haue eares, and maides haue wide
mouthes: but for Hauns prauns, vpon my word to morrow
morning, he and yong mistris Rose goe to this géere, they
shall be married together, by this rush, or else tourne
Firke to a firkin of butter to tanne leather withall.

wln 1726

wln 1727

wln 1728

wln 1729

L. Ma. But art thou sure of this?

wln 1730

wln 1731

Firke Am I sure that Paules stéple is a handfull higher
then London stone? or that the pissing conduit leakes
nothing but pure mother Bunch? am I sure I am lustie
Firke, Gods nailes doe you thinke I am so base to gull
you?

wln 1732

wln 1733

wln 1734

wln 1735

Linc. Where are they married? dost thou know the
church?

wln 1736

wln 1737

wln 1738

Firke I neuer goe to church, but I know the name of it,
it is a swearing church, stay a while, tis: I by the mas, no,
no, tis I by my troth, no nor that, tis I by my faith, that that,
tis I by my Faithes church vnder Paules crosse, there they
shall be knit like a paire of stockings in matrimonie, there
theile be in conie.

wln 1739

wln 1740

wln 1741

wln 1742

wln 1743

wln 1744

Lin. Vpon my life, my Nephew Lacie walkes
In the disguise of this Dutch shoomaker.

wln 1745

Firke

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1746

Firke Yes forsooth.

wln 1747

Linc. Doth he not honest fellow?

wln 1748

Firke No forsooth, I thinke Hauns is no bodie, but Hans
no spirite.

wln 1750

L. Ma. My mind misgiues me now tis so indéede.

wln 1751

Lin. My cosen speakes the language, knowes the trade.

wln 1752

L. Ma. Let me request your companie my Lord,

wln 1753

Your honourable presence may, no doubt,

wln 1754

Refraine their head-strong rashnesse, when my selfe

wln 1755

Going alone perchance may be oreborne,

wln 1756

Shall I request this fauour?

wln 1757

Linc. This, or what else.

wln 1758

Firke Then you must rise betimes, for they meane to fal
to their hey passe, and repasse, pindy pandy, which hand will
you haue, very earely.

wln 1760

L. Ma. My care shal euery way equal their haste,

wln 1761

This night accept your lodging in my house,

wln 1762

The earlier shal we stir, and at Saint Faithes

wln 1763

Preuent this giddy hare-braind nuptiall,

wln 1764

This trafficke of hot loue shal yéeld cold gaines,

wln 1765

They ban our loues, and wéele forbid their baines.

wln 1766

wln 1767

exeunt.

wln 1768

Linc. At Saint Faithes church thou saist.

wln 1769

Firke Yes, by their troth.

wln 1770

Linc. Be secret on thy life.

wln 1771

Firke Yes, when I kisse your wife, ha, ha, heres no craft
in the Gentle Craft, I came hither of purpose with shooes to
sir Rogers worship, whilst Rose his daughter be coniecatcht
by Hauns: soft nowe, these two gullles will be at Saint
Faithes church to morrow morning, to take master Bride=
groome, and mistris Bride napping, and they in the meane
time shal chop vp the matter at the Sauoy: but the best sport
is, sir Roger Otly wil find my felow lame, Rafes wife going

wln 1772

wln 1773

wln 1774

wln 1775

wln 1776

wln 1777

wln 1778

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781
wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785

to marry a gentleman, and then heele stop her in stéede of his daughter; oh braue, there wil be fine tickling sport: soft now, what haue I to doe? oh I know now a messe of shoemakers meate at the wooll sack in Ivié lane, to cozen my gentleman of lame Rafes wife, thats true, alacke, alacke girles, holde out tacke, for nowe smockes for this tumbling shall goe to wracke.

exit

wln 1786

Enter Ayre, his Wife, hauns, and Rose.

wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789
wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803
wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806
wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809

Eyre This is the morning then, stay my bully my honest Hauns, is it not?

Hans This is the morning that must make vs two happy, or miserable, therefore if you

Eyre Away with these iffes and ands Hauns, and these *et cæteraes*, by mine honor *Rowland Lacie* none but the king shall wrong thée: come, feare nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre Lord mayor of London? feare nothing Rose, let them al say what they can, dainty come thou to me: laughest thou?

Wife Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre Why my swéete lady Madgy, thincke you Simon Eyre can forget his fine dutch Iourneyman? No vah. Fie I scorne it, it shall neuer be cast in my teeth, that I was vnthankeful. Lady Madgy, thou hadst neuer couerd thy Sarracens head with this french flappe, nor loaden thy bumme with this farthingale, tis trash, trumpery, vanity, Simon Eyre had neuer walkte in a redde petticoate, nor wore a chaine of golde, but for my fine Iourneymans portigues, and shall I leaue him? No: Prince am I none, yet beare a princely minde.

Hans My Lorde, tis time for vs to part from hence.

Ayre

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844
wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848
wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862
wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865
wln 1866
wln 1867
wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870
wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874

euery Shrouetuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell: my fine dapper Assyrian lads, shall clap vp their shop windows, and away, this is the day, and this day they shall doot, they shall doot: boyes, that day are you frée, let masters care, and prentises shall pray for Simon Eyre.

exit.

Enter Hodge, Firke, Rafe, and fiue or sixe shoemakers, all with cudgels, or such weapons.

Hodge Come Rafe, stand to it Firke: my masters, as we are the braue bloods of the shoemakers, heires apparant to saint Hugh, and perpetuall benefactors to all good fellowes: thou shalt haue no wrong, were Hammon a king of spades, he should not delue in thy close without thy sufferaunce: but tell me Rafe, art thou sure tis thy wife?

Rafe Am I sure this is Firke? This morning when I strokte on her shooes, I lookte vpon her, and she vpon me, and sighed, askte me if euer I knew one Rafe. Yes sayde I: for his sake saide she (teares standing in her eyes) and for thou art somewhat like him, spend this péece of golde: I tooke it: my lame leg, and my trauel beyond sea made me vnknown, all is one for that, I know shées mine.

Firke Did she giue thée this gold? O glorious glittering gold; shées thine owne, tis thy wife, and she loues thée, for Ile stand toot, theres no woman will giue golde to any man, but she thinkes better of him than she thinkes of them shee giues siluer to: and for Hamon, neither Hamon nor Hang=man shall wrong thée in London: Is not òur olde maister Eire lord Mayor? Speake my hearts.

All. Yes, and Hamon shall know it to his cost.

Enter hamon, his man, Iane, and others.

Hodge Peace my bullies, yonder they come.

Rafe, Stand toot my hearts, Firke, let me speake first.

Hodge No Rafe, let me: Hammon, whither away so earely?

Hamon

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1875

Hamon Vnmannerly rude slaue, whats that to thée?

wln 1876

Firke To him sir? yes sir, and to me, and others: good mo=
row Iane, how dost thou? good Lord, how the world is chan=
ged with you, God be thanked.

wln 1877

wln 1878

wln 1879

Hamon Villaines, handes off, howe dare you touch my
loue?

wln 1880

wln 1881

All. villaines? downe with them, cry clubs for prentises.

wln 1882

wln 1883

Hod. Hold, my hearts: touch her Hamon? yea and more
than that, wéele carry her away with vs. My maisters and
gentlemen, neuer draw your bird spittes, shooemakers are
steele to the backe, men euery inch of them, al spirite.

wln 1884

wln 1885

All of Hamons side Wel, and what of all this?

wln 1886

wln 1887

Hodge Ile shew you: Iane, dost thou know this man?
tis Rafe I can tell thee: nay, 'tis he in faith, though he be
lamde by the warres, yet looke not strange, but run to him,
fold him about the necke and kisse him.

wln 1888

wln 1889

wln 1890

Iane Liues then my husband? oh God let me go,
Let me embrace my Rafe.

wln 1891

wln 1892

Hamon What meanes my Iane?

wln 1893

Iane Nay, what meant you to tell me he was slaine?

wln 1894

wln 1895

Ham. Pardon me deare loue for being misled,
Twas rumord here in London thou wert dead.

wln 1896

wln 1897

Firke Thou séest he liues: Lasse, goe packe home with
him: now M. Hamon, wheres your mistris your wife?

wln 1898

wln 1899

Seru. Swounds M. fight for her, will you thus lose her?

wln 1900

All. Downe with that creature, clubs, downe with him.

wln 1901

Hodge Hold, hold.

wln 1902

Ham. Hold foole, sirs he shal do no wrong,
Wil my Iane leaue me thus, and breake her faith?

wln 1903

Firke Yea sir, she must sir, she shal sir, what then? mend it.

wln 1904

wln 1905

Hodge Hearke fellow Rafe, folowe my counsel, set the
wench in the midst, and let her chuse her man, and let her be
his woman.

wln 1906

wln 1907

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1908 *Iane* Whom should I choose? whom should my thoughts
wln 1909 But him whom heauen hath made to be my loue, (affect?
wln 1910 Thou art my husband and these humble wéedes,
wln 1911 Makes thée more beautiful then all his wealth,
wln 1912 Therefore I wil but put off his attire,
wln 1913 Returning it into the owners hand,
wln 1914 And after euer be thy constant wife.
wln 1915 *Hodge.* Not a ragge *Iane*, the law's on our side, he that
wln 1916 sowes in another mans ground forfeits his haruest, get thée
wln 1917 home *Rafe*, follow him *Iane*, he shall not haue so much as a
wln 1918 buske point from thée.
wln 1919 *Firke* Stand to that *Rafe*, the appurtenances are thine
wln 1920 owne, *Hammon*, looke not at her.
wln 1921 *Seru.* O swounds no.
wln 1922 *Firke* Blew coate be quiet, wéele giue you a new liuerie
wln 1923 else, wéele make *Shroue Tuesday Saint Georges day* for
wln 1924 you: looke not *Hammon*, leare not, *Ile Firke* you, for thy
wln 1925 head now, one glance, one shéepes eie, any thing at her,
wln 1926 touch not a ragge, least I and my brethren beate you to
wln 1927 clowtes.
wln 1928 *S.* Come master *Hammon*, theres no striuing here.
wln 1929 *Ham.* Good fellowes, heare me speake: and honest *Rafe*,
wln 1930 Whom I haue iniured most by louing *Iane*,
wln 1931 Marke what I offer thée: here in faire gold
wln 1932 Is twentie pound, *Ile* giue it for thy *Iane*,
wln 1933 If this content thée not, thou shalt haue more.
wln 1934 *Hodge.* Sell not thy wife *Rafe*, make her not a whore.
wln 1935 *Ham.* Say, wilt thou fréely cease thy claime in her,
wln 1936 And let her be my wife?
wln 1937 *All.* No, do not *Rafe*.
wln 1938 *Rafe* *Sirra Hammon Hammon*, dost thou thinke a
wln 1939 *Shooe=maker* is so base, to bee a bawde to his owne
wln 1940 wife for commoditie, take thy golde, choake with it, were

the Gentle Craft.

wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
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wln 1972
wln 1973

I not lame, I would make thée eate thy words.
Firke A shoemaker sell his flesh and bloud, oh indignitie!
Hod. Sirra, take vp your pelfe, and be packing.
Ham I will not touch one pennie, but in liew
Of that great wrong I offered thy Iane,
To Iane and thée I giue that twentie pound,
Since I haue faild of her, during my life
I vow no woman else shall be my wife:
Farewell good fellowes of the Gentle trade,
Your mornings mirth my mourning day hath made.
Firke Touch the gold creature if you dare, ya're best be
trudging: here Iane take thou it, now lets home my hearts.
Hod. Stay, who comes here? Iane, on againe with thy
maske.
Enter Lincolne, L. Maior, and seruants.
Linc. Yonders the lying varlet mockt vs so.
L. Ma. Come hither sirra.
Firke. I sir, I am sirra, you meane me, do you not?
Linc. Where is my Nephew married?
Firke Is he married? God giue him ioy, I am glad of it:
they haue a faire day, and the signe is in a good planet, Mars
in Venus.
L. Ma Villaine, thou toldst me that my daughter Rose,
This morning should be married at Saint Faithes,
We haue watcht there these thrée houres at the least,
Yet sée we no such thing.
Firke Truly I am sorie for't, a Bride's a prettie thing.
Hodge Come to the purpose, yonder's the Bride and
Bridegroomer you looke for I hope: though you be Lordes,
you are not to barre, by your authoritie, men from women,
are you?
L. Ma Sée sée my daughters maskt.
Linc. True, and my Nephew.

exeunt

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 1974
wln 1975
wln 1976
wln 1977
wln 1978
wln 1979
wln 1980
wln 1981
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wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006

To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame.
Firke Yea truely god helpe the poore couple, they are lame
L. Maior Ile ease her blindnes. (and blind.
Lin. Ile his lamenes cure.
Firke Lie downe sirs, and laugh, my felow Rafe is taken
for *Rowland Lacy*, and Iane for mistris damaske rose, this
is al my knauery.
L. Maior What, haue I found you minion?
Linc. O base wretch,
Nay hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt,
Can hardly be washt off: where are thy powers?
What battels haue you made? O yes I see
Thou foughtst with Shame, and shame hath conquerd thee.
This lamenesse wil not serue.
L. Ma. Vnmaske your selfe.
Lin. Leade home your daughter.
L. Ma. Take your Nephew hence.
Rafe. Hence, swounds, what meane you? are you mad? I
hope you cannot inforce my wife from me, wheres Hamon?
L. Ma. Your wife.
Lin. What Hammon?
Rafe Yea my wife, and therfore the prowdest of you that
laies hands on her first, Ile lay my crutch crosse his pate.
Firke To him lame Rafe, heres braue sport.
Rafe Rose call you her? why her name is Iane, looke
here else, do you know her now?
Lin. Is this your daughter?
L. Ma. No, nor this your nephew:
My Lord of Lincolne, we are both abusde
By this base craftie varlet.
Firk Yea forsooth no varlet, forsooth no base, forsooth I am
but meane, no craftie neither, but of the Gentle Craft.
L. Ma. Where is my daughter Rose? where is my child?

Lin.

the Gentle Craft.

wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009
wln 2010
wln 2011
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wln 2013
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wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039

Lin. Where is my nephew Lacie married?
Firke Why here is good lacde mutton as I promist you.
Lin. Villaine, Ile haue thée punisht for this wrong.
Firke Punish the iornyman villaine, but not the iorney=
man shoemaker. *Enter Dodger.*
Dodger. My Lord I come to bring vnwelcome newes,
Your Nephew Lacie, and your daughter Rose,
Earely this morning wedded at the Sauoy,
None being present but the Ladie Mairesse:
Besides I learnt among the officers,
The Lord Maior vowes to stand in their defence,
Gainst any that shal seeke to crosse the match.
Lin. Dares Eyre the shoemaker vphold the deede?
Firk Yes sir, shoemakers dare stand in a womans quarrel
I warrant you, as deepe as another, and deeper too.
Dod. Besides, his grace, to day dines with the Maior,
Who on his knées humbly intends to fall,
And beg a pardon for your Nephewes fault.
Lin. But Ile preuent him come sir Roger Oteley,
The king wil doe vs iustice in this cause,
How ere their hands haue made them man and wife,
I wil disioyne the match, or loose my life. *exeunt.*
Firke Adue monsieur Dodger, farewel fooles, ha ha,
Oh if they had staide I would haue so lambde them with
floutes, O heart, my codpéece point is readie to flie in péeces
euery time I thinke vpon mistris Rose, but let that passe, as
my Ladie Mairesse saies.
Hodge This matter is answerd: come Rafe, home with
thy wife, come my fine shoemakers, lets to our masters the
new lord Maior and there swagger this shroue Tuesday, ile
promise you wine enough, for Madge kéepes the seller.
All. O rare! Madge is a good wench.
Firke And Ile promise you meate enough, for simpring

A pleasant Comedie of

Susan kéepes the larder, Ile leade you to victuals my braue
souldiers, follow your captaine, O braue, hearke, hearke.

Bell ringes.

All. The Pancake bell rings, the pancake bel, tri-lill my
hearts.

Firke Oh braue, oh swéete bell, O delicate pancakes, o-
pen the doores my hearts, and shut vp the windowes, kéepe
in the house, let out the pancakes: oh rare my heartes, lets
march together for the honor of saint Hugh to the great new
hall in Gracious streete corner, which our Maister the newe
lord Maior hath built.

Rafe O the crew of good fellows that wil dine at my lord,
Maiors cost to day!

Hodge By the lord, my lord Maior is a most braue man,
how shal prentises be bound to pray for him, and the honour
of the gentlemen shoormakers? lets feede and be fat with my
lordes bountye.

Fir. O musical bel stil! O Hodge, O my brethren! theres
chéere for the heauens, venson **pastimes** walke vp and down
piping hote, like sergeants, beefe and brewesse comes mar=
ching in drie fattes, fritters and pancakes comes trowling
in in whéele barrowes, hennes and oranges hopping in por=
ters baskets, colloppes and egges in scuttles, and tartes and
custardes comes quauering in in mault shouels.

Enter more prentises.

All. Whoop, looke here, looke here.

Hodge How now madde laddes, whither away so fast?

I. Pren. Whither, why to the great new hall, know you
not why? The lorde Maior hath bidden all the prentises in
London to breakfast this morning.

All. Oh braue shoormaker, oh braue lord of incomprehen=
sible good fellowship, whoo, hearke you, the pancake bell
rings.

Cast vp caps.

Firke

wln 2040

wln 2041

wln 2042

wln 2043

wln 2044

wln 2045

wln 2046

wln 2047

wln 2048

wln 2049

wln 2050

wln 2051

wln 2052

wln 2053

wln 2054

wln 2055

wln 2056

wln 2057

wln 2058

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wln 2061

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wln 2063

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wln 2066

wln 2067

wln 2068

wln 2069

wln 2070

wln 2071

wln 2072

the Gentle Craft.

wln 2073
wln 2074
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wln 2101
wln 2102
wln 2103
wln 2104
wln 2105

Firke Nay more my hearts, euery Shrouetuesday is our
yéere of Jubile: and when the pancake bel rings, we are as
free as my lord Maior, we may shut vp our shops, and make
holiday: Ile haue it calld, Saint Hughes Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed, *Saint Hughes Holiday.*

Hodge And this shal continue for euer.

All. Oh braue! come come my hearts, away, away.

Firke O eternall credite to vs of the gentle Craft, march
faire my hearts, oh rare.

exeunt.

Enter King and his traine ouer the stage.

King Is our lord Maior of London such a gallant?

Noble man One of the merriest madcaps in your land,
Your Grace wil thinke, when you behold the man,
Hées rather a wilde ruffin than a Maior:
Yet thus much Ile ensure your maiestie,
In al his actions that concerne his state,
He is as serious, prouident, and wise,
As full of grautie amongst the graue,
As any maior hath béene these many yeares.

King I am with child til I behold this huffe cap,
But all my doubt is, when we come in presence,
His madnesse will be dasht cleane out of countenance.

Noble man It may be so, my Liege.

King Which to preuent,
Let some one giue him notice, tis our pleasure,
That he put on his woonted merriment:
Set forward. *All.* On afore.

exeunt.

*Enter Hodge, Firke, Rafe, and other shoemakers,
all with napkins on their shoulders.*

Eyre Come my fine Hodge, my iolly gentlemen shooema=
kers, soft, where be these Caniballes, these varlets my offi=
cers, let them al walke and waite vpon my brethren, for my
meaning is, that none but shoomakers, none but the liuery

of

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
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wln 2134
wln 2135
wln 2136
wln 2137
wln 2138

of my Company shall in their sattin hoodes waite vpon the trencher of my soueraigne.

Firke O my Lord, it will be rare.

Ayre No more Firke, come liuely, let your fellowe prentises want no cheere, let wine be plentiful as béere, and beere as water, hang these penny pinching fathers, that cramme wealth in innocent lamb skinnes, rip knaues, auant, looke to my guests

Hodge My Lord, we are at our wits end for roome, those hundred tables wil not feast the fourth part of them.

Ayre Then couer me those hundred tables againe, and againe, til all my iolly prentises be feasted: auoyde Hodge, runne Rafe, friske about my nimble Firke, carowse me fa dome healths to the honor of the shoormakers: do they drink liuely Hodge? do they tickle it Firke?

Firke Tickle it? some of them haue taken their licour standing so long, that they can stand no longer: but for meate, they would eate it and they had it.

Ayre Want they meate? wheres this swag-belly, this greasie kitchinstuffe cooke, call the varlet to me: want meat! Firke, Hodge, lame Rafe, runne my tall men, beleager the shambles, beggar al East-Cheape, serue me whole oxen in chargers, and let sheepe whine vpon the tables like pigges for want of good felowes to eate them. Want meate! vanish Firke, auaunt Hodge.

Hodge Your lordship mistakes my man Firke, he means their bellies want meate, not the boords, for they haue drunk so much they can eate nothing.

Eneer hans, Rose, and Wife.

Wife Where is my Lord.

Ayre How now lady Madgy.

Wife The kings most excelent maiesty is new come, hée sends me for thy honor: one of his most worshipful Péeres,

bade

the Gentle Craft.

wln 2139

bade me tel thou must be mery, and so forth: but let that passe.

wln 2140

Eyre Is my Soueraigne come? vanish my tall shooma=
kers, my nimble brethren, looke to my guests the prentises:
yet stay a little, how now Hans, how lookes my little Rose?

wln 2141

wln 2142

wln 2143

Hans Let me request you to remember me,

wln 2144

I know your honour easily may obtaine,

wln 2145

Frée pardon of the king for me and Rose,

wln 2146

And reconcile me to my vncles grace.

wln 2147

wln 2148

Eyre Haue done my good Hans, my honest iorneyman,
looke chéerely, Ile fall vpon both my knees till they be as
hard as horne, but Ile get thy pardon.

wln 2149

wln 2150

Wife Good my Lord haue a care what you speake to his
grace.

wln 2151

wln 2152

wln 2153

Eyre Away you Islington whitepot, hence you hap=
perarse, you barly pudding ful of magots, you broyld carbo=
nado, auaunt, auaunt, auoide Mephostophilus: shall Sim
Eyre leaue to speake of you Ladie Madgie? vanish mother
Miniuer cap, vanish, goe, trip and goe, meddle with your
partlets, and your pishery pasherie, your flewes and your
whirligigs, go, rub, out of mine alley: Sim Eyre knowes
how to speake to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tambur=
laine and he were here: and shal I melt? shal I droope before
my Soueraigne? no, come my Ladie Madgie, follow me
Hauns, about your businesse my frolicke frée=booters: Firke,
friske about, and about, and about, for the honour of mad Si=
mon Eyre Lord Maior of London.

wln 2154

wln 2155

wln 2156

wln 2157

wln 2158

wln 2159

wln 2160

wln 2161

wln 2162

wln 2163

wln 2164

wln 2165

Firke Hey for the honour of the shoomakers. *exeunt.*

wln 2166

A long flourish or two: enter King, Nobles, Eyre, his wife, Lacie,

wln 2167

Rose: Lacie and Rose kneele.

wln 2168

King Well Lacie though the fact was verie foule,

wln 2169

Of your reuolting from our kingly loue,

wln 2170

And your owne duetie, yet we pardon you,

wln 2171

Rise both, and mistris Lacie, thanke my Lord Maior

wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
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wln 2204

For your yong bridegroom here.

Eyre So my déere liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren the gentlemen shoemakers shal set your swéete maiesties image, cheeke by iowle by Saint Hugh, for this honour you haue done poore Simon Eyre, I beséeth your grace pardon my rude behaiour, I am a handicrafts man, yet my heart is without craft, I would be sory at my soule, that my boldnesse should offend my king.

King Nay, I pray thée good lord Maior, be euen as mery as if thou wert among thy shoemakers, It does me good to see thee in this humour.

Eyre Saist thou me so my swéete Dioclesian? then hump, Prince am I none, yet am I princely borne, by the Lord of Ludgate my Liege, Ile be as merrie as a pie.

King Tel me infaith mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre My Liege a verie boy, a stripling, a yonker, you sée not a white haire on my head, not a gray in this beard, euerie haire I assure thy maiestie that stickes in this beard, Sim Eyre values at the king of Babilons ransome, **Tama** Chams beard was a rubbing brush toot: yet Ile shaue it off, and stuffe tennis balls with it to please my bully king.

King But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre My liege, I am sixe and fiftie yeare olde, yet I can crie humpe, with a sound heart for the honour of Saint Hugh: marke this olde wench, my king, I dauncde the shaking of the sheetes with her sixe and thir= tie yeares agoe, and yet I hope to get two or three yong Lorde Maiors ere I die: I am lustie still, Sim Eyre still: care, and colde lodging brings white haire. My swéete Maiestie, let care vanish, cast it vppon thy Nobles, it will make thée looke alwayes young like Apollo, and crye humpe: Prince am I none, yet am

the Gentle Craft.

wln 2205

I princely borne.

wln 2206

King Ha ha: saye Cornewall, didst thou euer see his
like?

wln 2207

wln 2208

Noble man Not I, my Lorde.

wln 2209

Enter Lincolne, and Lord Maior.

wln 2210

King Lincolne, what newes with you?

wln 2211

Linc. My gracious Lord, haue care vnto your selfe,

wln 2212

For there are traytors here.

wln 2213

All. Traytors, where? who?

wln 2214

Eyre Traitors in my house? God forbid, where be my officers? Ile spend my soule ere my king feele harme.

wln 2215

King Where is the traytor? Lincolne.

wln 2216

Linc. Here he stands.

wln 2217

King Cornewall, lay hold on Lacie: Lincolne, speake:

wln 2218

What canst thou lay vnto thy Nephewes charge?

wln 2219

Linc. This my deere liege: your grace to doe me honour,

wln 2220

Heapt on the head of this degenerous boy,

wln 2221

Desertlesse fauours, you made choise of him,

wln 2222

To be commander ouer powers in France,

wln 2223

But he.

wln 2224

King Good Lincolne prythee pawse a while,

wln 2225

Euen in thine eies I reade what thou wouldst speake,

wln 2226

I know how Lacie did neglect our loue,

wln 2227

Ranne himselfe déepely (in the highest degré)

wln 2228

Into vile treason.

wln 2229

Linc. Is he not a traytor?

wln 2230

King Lincolne, he was: now haue we pardned him,

wln 2231

Twass not a base want of true valors fire,

wln 2232

That held him out of France, but loues desire.

wln 2233

Linc. I wil not beare his shame vpon my backe.

wln 2234

King Nor shalt thou Lincolne, I forgive you both.

wln 2235

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
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wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268

Lin Then (good my liege) forbid the boy to wed
One, whose meane birth will much disgrace his bed.
King Are they not married?
Linc. No my Liege.
Both We are.
King Shall I divorce them then? O be it farre,
That any hand on earth should dare vntie,
The sacred knot knit by Gods maiestie,
I would not for my crowne disioyne their hands,
That are conioynd in holy nuptiall bands,
How saist thou Lacy? wouldst thou loose thy Rose?
Hans Not for all Indians wealth, my soueraigne.
King But Rose I am sure her Lacie would forgoe.
Rose If Rose were askt that question, sheed say, no.
King You heare them Lincolne.
Linc Yea my liege, I do.
King Yet canst thou find ith heart to part these two?
Who séeks, besides you, to diuorce these louers?
L. Ma. I do (my gracious Lord) I am her father.
King Sir Roger Oteley, our last Maior I thinke,
Nob The same my liege.
King Would you offend Loues lawes?
Wel, you shal haue your wills, you sue to me,
To prohibite the match: Soft, let me see,
You both are married, Lacie, art thou not?
Hans I am, dread Soueraigne.
King Then vpon thy life,
I charge thée, not to call this woman wife.
L. Ma. I thanke your grace.
Rose O my most gratious Lord!
King Nay Rose, neuer wooe me, I tel you true,
Although as yet I am a batchellor,
Yet I beléeue I shal not marry you.

kneele

Rose

the Gentle Craft.

wln 2269 *Rose* Can you diuide the body from the soule,
wln 2270 Yet make the body liue?
wln 2271 *King* Yea, so profound?
wln 2272 I cannot *Rose*, but you I must diuide:
wln 2273 Faire maide, this bridegroomme cannot be your bride.
wln 2274 Are you pleasde *Lincolne*? Oteley, are you pleasde?
wln 2275 *Both* Yes my Lord.
wln 2276 *King* Then must my heart be easde,
wln 2277 For credit me, my conscience liues in paine,
wln 2278 Til these whom I deuorcde be ioyned againe:
wln 2279 Lacy, giue me thy hand, *Rose*, lend me thine.
wln 2280 Be what you would be: kisse now: so, thats fine,
wln 2281 At night (louers) to bed: now let me sée,
wln 2282 Which of you all mislikes this harmony?
wln 2283 *L. Ma.* Wil you then take from me my child perforce?
wln 2284 *King* Why tell me Oteley, shines not *Lacies* name,
wln 2285 As bright in the worldes eye, as the gay beames
wln 2286 Of any citizen?
wln 2287 *Linc.* Yea but my gracious Lord,
wln 2288 I do mislike the match farre more than he,
wln 2289 Her bloud is too too base.
wln 2290 *King* *Lincolne*, no more,
wln 2291 Dost thou not know, that loue respects no bloud?
wln 2292 Cares not for difference of birth, or state,
wln 2293 The maide is yong, wel borne, faire, vertuous,
wln 2294 A worthy bride for any gentleman:
wln 2295 Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoope
wln 2296 To bare necessitie: and as I heare,
wln 2297 Forgetting honors, and all courtly pleasures,
wln 2298 To gaine her loue, became a shooemaker.
wln 2299 As for the honor which he lost in France,
wln 2300 Thus I redéeme it: *Lacie*, knéele thée downe,
wln 2301 Arise sir *Rowland Lacie*: tell me now,

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 2302

Tell me in earnest Oteley, canst thou chide?

wln 2303

Séeing thy Rose a ladie and a bryde.

wln 2304

Lord Maior. I am content with what your Grace hath done.

wln 2306

Linc. And I my liege, since theres no remedie.

wln 2307

King Come on then, al shake hands, Ile haue you friends,
Where there is much loue, all discord ends,
What sayes my mad Lord Maior to all this loue?

wln 2308

wln 2309

wln 2310

Eyre O my liege, this honour you haue done to my fine
iourneyman here, Rowland Lacie, and all these fauours
which you have showne to me this daye in my poore house,
will make Simon Eyre liue longer by one dozen of warme
summers more then he should.

wln 2311

wln 2312

wln 2313

wln 2314

wln 2315

King Nay, my mad Lord Maior (that shall be thy name)
If any grace of mine can length thy life,
One honour more Ile doe thee, that new building,
Which at thy cost in Cornehill is erected,
Shall take a name from vs, wéele haue it cald,
The Leaden hall, because in digging it,
You found the lead that couereth the same.

wln 2316

wln 2317

wln 2318

wln 2319

wln 2320

wln 2321

wln 2322

Eyre I thanke your Maiestie.

wln 2323

Wife God blesse your Grace.

wln 2324

King Lincolne, a word with you.

wln 2325

Enter Hodge, Firke, Rafe, and more shoormakers.

wln 2326

Eyre How now my mad knaues? Peace, speake softly,
yonder is the king.

wln 2327

wln 2328

King With the olde troupe which there we kéepe in pay,
We wil incorporate a new supply:

wln 2329

wln 2330

Before one summer more passe ore my head,

wln 2331

France shal repent England was iniured.

wln 2332

What are all those?

wln 2333

Hans All shoormakers, my Liege,

Some=

the Gentle Craft.

wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340
wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
wln 2357
wln 2358
wln 2359
wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366

Sometimes my fellowes, in their companies
I liude as merry as an empror.

King My mad lord Mayor, are all these shoemakers?

Eyre All Shooemakers, my Liege, all gentlemen of the
Gentle Craft, true Troians, couragious Cordwainers, they
all knéele to the shrine of holy saint Hugh.

All. God saue your maiesty all shoemakers

King Mad Simon, would they any thing with vs?

Eyre Mum mad knaues, not a word, Ile doot, I warrant
you. They are all beggars, my Liege, all for themselues: and
I for them all, on both my knées do intreate, that for the ho=
nor of poore Simon Eyre, and the good of his brethren these
mad knaues, your Grace would vouchsafe some priuilege to
my new Leden hall, that it may be lawfull for vs to buy and
sell leather there two dayes a wéeke.

King Mad Sim, I grant your suite, you shall haue patent
To hold two market dayes in Leden hall,
Mondayes and Fridayes, those shal be the times:
Will this content you?

All. Iesus blesse your Grace.

Eyre In the name of these my poore brethren shoemakers,
I most humbly thanke your Grace. But before I rise, sée=
ing you are in the Giuing vaine, and we in the Begging,
graunt Sim Eyre one boone more.

King What is it my Lord Maior?

Eyre Vouchsafe to taste of a poore banquet that standes
swéetely waiting for your sweete presence.

King I shall vndo thee Eyre, only with feasts,
Already haue I béene too troublesome,
Say, haue I not?

Eyre O my deere king, Sim Eyre was taken vnawares
vpon a day of shrouing which I promist long ago to the pren
tises of London: for andt please your Highnes, in time past

A pleasant Comedie of

wln 2367 I bare the water tankerd, and my coate
wln 2368 Sits not a whit the worse upon my backe:
wln 2369 And then vpon a morning some mad boyes,
wln 2370 It was Shrouetuesday éeune as tis now,
wln 2371 Gaue me my breakefast, and I swore then by the stopple of
wln 2372 my tankerd, if euer I came to be Lord Maior of London, I
wln 2373 would feast al the prentises, This day (my liege) I did it, and
wln 2374 the slaues had an hundred tables fiue times couered, they
wln 2375 are gone home and vanisht: yet adde more honour to the
wln 2376 Gentle Trade, taste of Eyres banquet, Simon's happie
wln 2377 made.

wln 2378 *King* Eyre, I wil taste of thy banquet, and wil say,
wln 2379 I haue not met more pleasure on a day,
wln 2380 Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you al,
wln 2381 Thanks my kind Ladie Mairesse for our chéere,
wln 2382 Come Lordes, a while lets reuel it at home,
wln 2383 When all our sports, and banquetings are done,
wln 2384 Warres must right wrongs which frenchmen haue begun.

Exeunt.

wln 2386

FINIS.

img: 41-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **13 (2-b)** : The regularized reading *Adling* comes from the original *Adling*, though possible variants include *Addle*.
2. **426 (11-a)** : The regularized reading *thou 'lt* is supplied for the original *thou[*]t*.
3. **455 (11-b)** : The regularized reading *schone* is amended from the original *scheue*.
4. **546 (13-a)** : The regularized reading *sail* comes from the original *saile*, though possible variants include *soil*.
5. **1106 (21-b)** : The regularized reading *black* is supplied for the original *bla[*]ke*.
6. **1426 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *'twill* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
7. **1426 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *be* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
8. **1426 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *a* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
9. **1426 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *lame* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
10. **1426 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *doing* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
11. **1426 (26-b)** : The regularized reading , is supplied for the original [*].
12. **1426 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *and* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
13. **1427 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *might 'st* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
14. **1427 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *have* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
15. **1427 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *sent* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
16. **1427 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *her* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
17. **1427 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *to* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
18. **1427 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *me* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
19. **1427 (26-b)** : The regularized reading , is supplied for the original [*].
20. **1428 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *firked* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
21. **1428 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *your* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
22. **1428 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *Priscilla* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
23. **1428 (26-b)** : The regularized reading , is supplied for the original [*].
24. **1428 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *hey* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
25. **1429 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *will* is supplied for the original w[***].
26. **1429 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *not* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
27. **1429 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *hold* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
28. **1430 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *we* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
29. **1430 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *not* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
30. **1430 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *merry* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
31. **1430 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *at* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
32. **1430 (26-b)** : The regularized reading *old* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
33. **1458 (27-a)** : The regularized reading *Hans* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
34. **1458 (27-a)** : The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [*].
35. **1458 (27-a)** : The regularized reading *Vat* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
36. **1458 (27-a)** : The regularized reading *begaie* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
37. **1458 (27-a)** : The regularized reading *gon* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
38. **1458 (27-a)** : The regularized reading *vat* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
39. **1459 (27-a)** : The regularized reading *Sybil* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
40. **1459 (27-a)** : The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [*].
41. **1459 (27-a)** : The regularized reading *Marry* is supplied for the original [\diamond].
42. **1459 (27-a)** : The regularized reading *you* is supplied for the original [\diamond].

43. **1459 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *must* is supplied for the original [◇].
44. **1459 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *come* is supplied for the original [**]me.
45. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *on* is supplied for the original [◇].
46. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *her* is supplied for the original [◇].
47. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *shoes* is supplied for the original [◇].
48. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is supplied for the original [◇].
49. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *made* is supplied for the original [◇].
50. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *last* is supplied for the original [◇].
51. **1460 (27-a)**: The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [*].
52. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Hans* is supplied for the original [◇].
53. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [◇].
54. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Vare* is supplied for the original [◇].
55. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *ben* is supplied for the original [◇].
56. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *your* is supplied for the original [◇].
57. **1461 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *egle* is supplied for the original [**]le.
58. **1462 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Sybil* is supplied for the original [◇].
59. **1462 (27-a)**: The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [◇].
60. **1462 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Marry* is supplied for the original [◇].
61. **1462 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *here* is supplied for the original [◇].
62. **1462 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *at* is supplied for the original [◇].
63. **1463 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Firk* is supplied for the original [◇].
64. **1463 (27-a)**: The regularized reading . is supplied for the original [*].
65. **1463 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *Will* is supplied for the original [◇].
66. **1463 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *nobody* is supplied for the original [◇].
67. **1464 (27-a)**: The regularized reading *sir* is supplied for the original [◇].
68. **2058 (36-a)**: The regularized reading *pasties* is amended from the original *pastimes*.
69. **2134 (37-a)**: The regularized reading *Enter* is amended from the original *Eneer*.
70. **2191 (38-a)**: The regularized reading *Tamar* is amended from the original *Tama*.