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



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b
sig: A2r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

ln 0008

ln 0009

img: 2-a

img: 2-b
sig: A3r

wln 0001

wln 0002

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wln 0006

wln 0007

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wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

img: 3-a

sig: A3v

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

wln 0025

THE
Old Wives Tale.

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

Written by *G. P.*

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

The old Wives
Tale.

Enter Antic, Frolic and Fantastic.

Antic.

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

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

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

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

wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
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wln 0037
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wln 0039
wln 0040
wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046

img: 3-b
sig: A4r

wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
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wln 0056
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wln 0068
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wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074

to the tune of O man in desperation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

at this time of the night?

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

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

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

All. O blessed Smith, O bountiful Clunch.

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

Hear a Dog bark..

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

Enter old woman.

wln 0075
wln 0076

img: 4-a
sig: A4v

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

wln 0077
wln 0078
wln 0079
wln 0080
wln 0081
wln 0082
wln 0083
wln 0084
wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087
wln 0088
wln 0089
wln 0090
wln 0091
wln 0092
wln 0093
wln 0094
wln 0095
wln 0096

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

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

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

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

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

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

they sing.

wln 0097
wln 0098
wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101
wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104

Song.

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

img: 4-b
sig: B1r

wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110
wln 0111
wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118

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

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

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

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

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

img: 5-a
sig: B1v

wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
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wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162

img: 5-b
sig: B2r

wln 0163

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

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

Frolic: And I another that's flat.

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

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

Exeunt Antic and the Smith.

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

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

Both: Content Gammer that will we do.

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

Frolic Who dressed his dinner then?

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

Fantastic: Well said, on with your tale Gammer.

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

Frolic Soft Gammer, here some come to tell

your tale for you.

wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
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wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191

img: 6-a
sig: B2v

wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194
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wln 0197
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wln 0199
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wln 0202
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wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210
wln 0211

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

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

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

Enter Senex at the Cross stooping to gather.

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

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

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

Old man: Yea son.

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

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

Old man: Was she fair?

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

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

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

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

img: 6-b
sig: B3r

wln 0221
wln 0222
wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
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wln 0230
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wln 0249

img: 7-a
sig: B3v

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

Say the white Bear of England's wood.

2. *Brother*: Well if this do us any good,
Well fare the white Bear of England's wood.

exeunt.

Old man Now sit thee here and tell a heavy tale.
Sad in thy mood, and sober in thy cheer,
Here sit thee now and to thyself relate,
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.
In *Thessaly* I lived in sweet content,
Until that Fortune wrought my overthrow;

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

Enter Venelia his Lady mad; and goes in again.

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

Enter Lampriscus with a pot of Honey.

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

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

your fare.

Old man: Thanks neighbor, set it down,
Honey is always welcome to the Bear.
And now neighbor let me hear the cause of
your coming.

Lampriscus: I am (as you know neighbor)
a man unmarried, and lived so unquietly

wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
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wln 0264
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wln 0278

img: 7-b
sig: B4r

wln 0279
wln 0280
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wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304

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

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

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

Old man: True neighbor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Exit.

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

Exeunt.

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

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

wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307

img: 8-a
sig: B4v

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

wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
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wln 0317
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wln 0332
wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336

*Enter the harvestmen a-singing, with this
Song double repeated
All ye that lovely lovers be, pray you for me,
Lo here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love:
In your sweet hearts well may it prove.*

Exeunt.

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

img: 8-b
sig: C1r

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

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

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

wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
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wln 0356
wln 0357
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wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365

img: 9-a
sig: C1v

wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
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wln 0393

img: 9-b
sig: C2r

wln 0394

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

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

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

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

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

knight of the neat's feet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Old man: Yea son.

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

Exit.

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

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

wln 0395
wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
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wln 0407
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wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412

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

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

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

Exeunt omnes.

wln 0413

Enter Sacrapant in his study.

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

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

img: 10-a
sig: C2v

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

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

Enter Delia with a pot in her hand.

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

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

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

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

img: 10-b
sig: C3r

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

img: 11-a
sig: C3v

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

Adamant.

Delia: Will it please you to sit down sir.

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

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

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

well sit thee down.

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

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

Sacrapant Here *Delia*, will ye fall to.

Delia Is this the best meat in England?

Sacrapant Yea.

Delia What is it?

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

Delia Is this the best wine in *France*?

Sacrapant Yea.

Delia What Wine is it?

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

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

Sacrapant Yea.

Delia What is he a Friar?

Sacrapant Yea a Friar indefinite, and a knave infinite.

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

Fryer: The miserable and most covetous
Usurer.

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

Exit Friar.

Enter the two Brothers.

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

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

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

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

img: 11-b
sig: C4r

wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
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wln 0524
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wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529
wln 0530
wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533

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

Echo: Near.

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

Echo: Tidings.

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

Echo: This.

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

Echo: Yes.

2. *Brother:* Brother remember you the white

Bear of England's wood:

Start not aside for every danger,

Be not afeard of every stranger;

Things that seem, are not the same.

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

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

Enter the Conjuror; it lightens and thunders,

the 2. Brother falls down.

1. *Brother* What brother dost thou fall?

Sacrapant Ay, and thou too *Calypha*.

Fall 1. Brother. Enter two furies.

Adestes Daemones: away with them,

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

There in despair and torture for to dwell;

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

That come to seek *Delia* their sister forth:

But with a potion, I to her have given,

My arts hath made her to forget herself.

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

See here the thing which doth prolong my life

With this enchantment I do any thing.

And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,

And never none shall break this little glass,

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

Then cheer thyself, this is thy destiny,

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

Exeunt.

Enter Eumenides the wand'ring Knight,

and the old man at the cross.

Eumenides Tell me Time, tell me just Time,
When shall I *Delia* see?

When shall I see the lodestar of my life?

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

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

Father God speed, if you tell fortunes, I pray
good father tell me mine.

Old man: Son I do see in thy face,

Thy blessed fortune work apace;

I do perceive that thou hast wit,

wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536

img: 12-a
sig: C4v

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

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

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

Exit Old man

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

*Enter Wiggen, Corebus, Churchwarden
and Sexton.*

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

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

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

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

img: 12-b
sig: D1r

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

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

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

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

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

Eumenides awakes and comes to them.

Eumenides Hold thy hands good fellow.

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

img: 13-a
sig: D1v

wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
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wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623

img: 13-b
sig: D2r

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

Eumenides Why what was that *Jack*?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sexton: Ay even thereabouts sir.

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

wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627
wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
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wln 0635
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wln 0644
wln 0645
wln 0646
wln 0647
wln 0648
wln 0649
wln 0650
wln 0651
wln 0652

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

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

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

Both: Come let's go.

Exeunt.

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

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

Enter the harvestmen singing, with women in their hands.

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

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

Here they begin to sing, the song doubled.

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

Exit the harvestmen.

img: 14-a
sig: D2v

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

Enter Huanebango, and Corebus the clown.

Frolic Soft, who have we here?

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

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

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

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

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

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

img: 14-b
sig: D3r

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

img: 15-a
sig: D3v

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

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

Voice: No.

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

Enter the Conjuror, and strike Corebus blind.

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

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

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

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

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

Now will I call her by another name,
For never shall she know herself again,
Until that *Sacrapant* hath breathed his last.
See where she comes. *Enter Delia.*

Come hither *Delia* take this goad,
Here hard at hand two slaves do work and dig
for gold,
Gore them with this and thou shalt have enough.

He gives her a goad.

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

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

Exit Sacrapant.

Delia: O heavens! how am I beholding to

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

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

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

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

img: 15-b
sig: D4r

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

wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
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wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759
wln 0760
wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Sacrapant.

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

Exeunt omnes.

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

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

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

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

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

Zantippa Marry gup with a murrain, I know

wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766

img: 16-a
sig: D4v

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

wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
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wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795

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

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

Exit.

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

Enter Zantippa with a Pitcher to the Well.

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

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

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

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

img: 16-b
sig: E1r

wln 0796
wln 0797

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

wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800

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

wln 0801

Huanebango Phylyda phylerydos, Pamphylyda floryda flortos,

wln 0802

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

wln 0803

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

wln 0804

Just by thy side shall sit surnamed great *Huanebango*

wln 0805

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

wln 0806

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

wln 0807

wln 0808

wln 0809

wln 0810

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

wln 0811

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

wln 0812

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

wln 0813

wln 0814

wln 0815

img: 17-a
sig: E1v

wln 0816

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

wln 0817

wln 0818

wln 0819

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

wln 0820

wln 0821

wln 0822

wln 0823

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

wln 0824

wln 0825

wln 0826

wln 0827

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

wln 0828

wln 0829

Zantippa: Why what a prating Ass is this?

wln 0830

wln 0831

Huanebango: Her Coral lips, her crimson chin,

wln 0832

wln 0833

Her silver teeth so white within:

wln 0834

Her golden locks her rolling eye,

wln 0835

Her pretty parts let them go by:

wln 0836

Hey ho hath wounded me,

wln 0837

That I must die this day to see.

wln 0838

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

wln 0839

wln 0840

wln 0841

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

wln 0842

wln 0843

wln 0844

img: 17-b
sig: E2r

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

thy desire in possession.

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

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

Exeunt omnes.

wln 0852

Enter Eumenides the wand'ring Knight.

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

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

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

Enter Jack.

Jack: You are well overtaken sir.

Eumenides Who's that?

Jack: You are heartily well met sir.

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

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

img: 18-a
sig: E2v

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

img: 18-b
sig: E3r

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

img: 19-a
sig: E3v

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eumenides No I promise thee not yet.

Jack: Why I am *Jack*.

Exeunt Jack.

Eumenides *Jack*, why be it so then.

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

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

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

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

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

Hostess Marry shall you sir presently.

Exit.

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

Jack: Well master look in your purse.

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

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

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

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

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

img: 19-b
sig: E4r

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

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

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

Eumenides Thanks my fine eloquent hostess.

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

Eumenides I am Jack, here is my hand.

Jack: Enough master, I ask no more.

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

Hostess You are heartily welcome sir.

Eumenides Come *Jack* whither go we now?

Jack: Marry master to the conjurer's presently.

Eumenides Content *Jack:* Hostess farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

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

Corebus Come my duck come: I have now

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

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

Corebus Come wench, are we almost at the well.

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

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

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

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

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

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

wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986

img: 20-a
sig: E4v

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

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

img: 20-b
sig: F1r

Corebus So *Corebus* things have well hit,
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit. *Exit.*

Enter Jack and the wand'ring knight.

Jack: Come away master come,

Eumenides Go along *Jack*, I'll follow thee,
Jack, they say it is good to go cross-legged, and
say his prayers backward: how sayest thou?

Jack; Tut never fear master, let me alone,
here sit you still, speak not a word. And because
you shall not be enticed with his enchanting
speeches; with this same wool I'll stop your
ears: and so master sit still, for I must to the
Conjurer. *Exit Jack.*

Enter the Conjurer to the wand'ring knight.

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

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

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

Now in his death to hell desends his soul.

He dieth.

Jack: Oh Sir are you gone: now I hope we
shall have some other coil. Now master how
like you this; the Conjurer he is dead, and
vows never to trouble us more. Now get you
to your fair Lady, and see what you can do
with her: Alas he heareth me not all this while;
but I will help that.

He pulls the Wool out of his ears.

Eumenides How now *Jack*, what news?

Jack: Here master, take this sword and dig

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

wln 1028
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wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043

img: 21-a
sig: F1v

wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046

wln 1047
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wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070

img: 21-b
sig: F2r

wln 1071

with it, at the foot of this hill.

He digs and spies a light.

Eumenides How now *Jack*, what is this?

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

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

Jack: Ay master, how?

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

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

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

He winds the horn.

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

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

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

Eumenides God speed fair maid sitting alone
there is once.

God speed fair maid; there is twice:

God speed fair maid, that is thrice.

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

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

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

These have I crossed for thee fair *Delia*:

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

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

wln 1080

Enter Jack with a head in his hand.

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

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

He winds his horn.

wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095

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

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

img: 22-a
sig: F2v

wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116

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

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

img: 22-b
sig: F3r

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

img: 23-a
sig: F3v

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

will have half there is no remedy.

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

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

Eumenides Before I will falsify my faith unto my

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

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

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

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

Delia: Then farewell world, adieu
Eumenides.

He offers to strike and Jack stays him.

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

Eumenides Ay very well Jack.

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

Jack leaps down in the ground.

Eumenides Jack what art thou gone?
Then farewell Jack.

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

We will to *Thessaly* with joyful hearts.

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

Exeunt omnes.

Fantastic: What Gammer, asleep?

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

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

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

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

wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165

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

wln 1166

FINIS.

ln 0001
ln 0002
ln 0003
ln 0004
ln 0005

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

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

Textual Notes

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