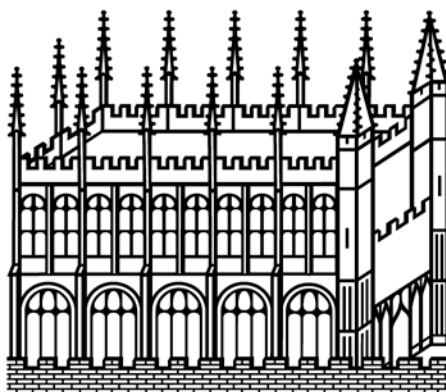




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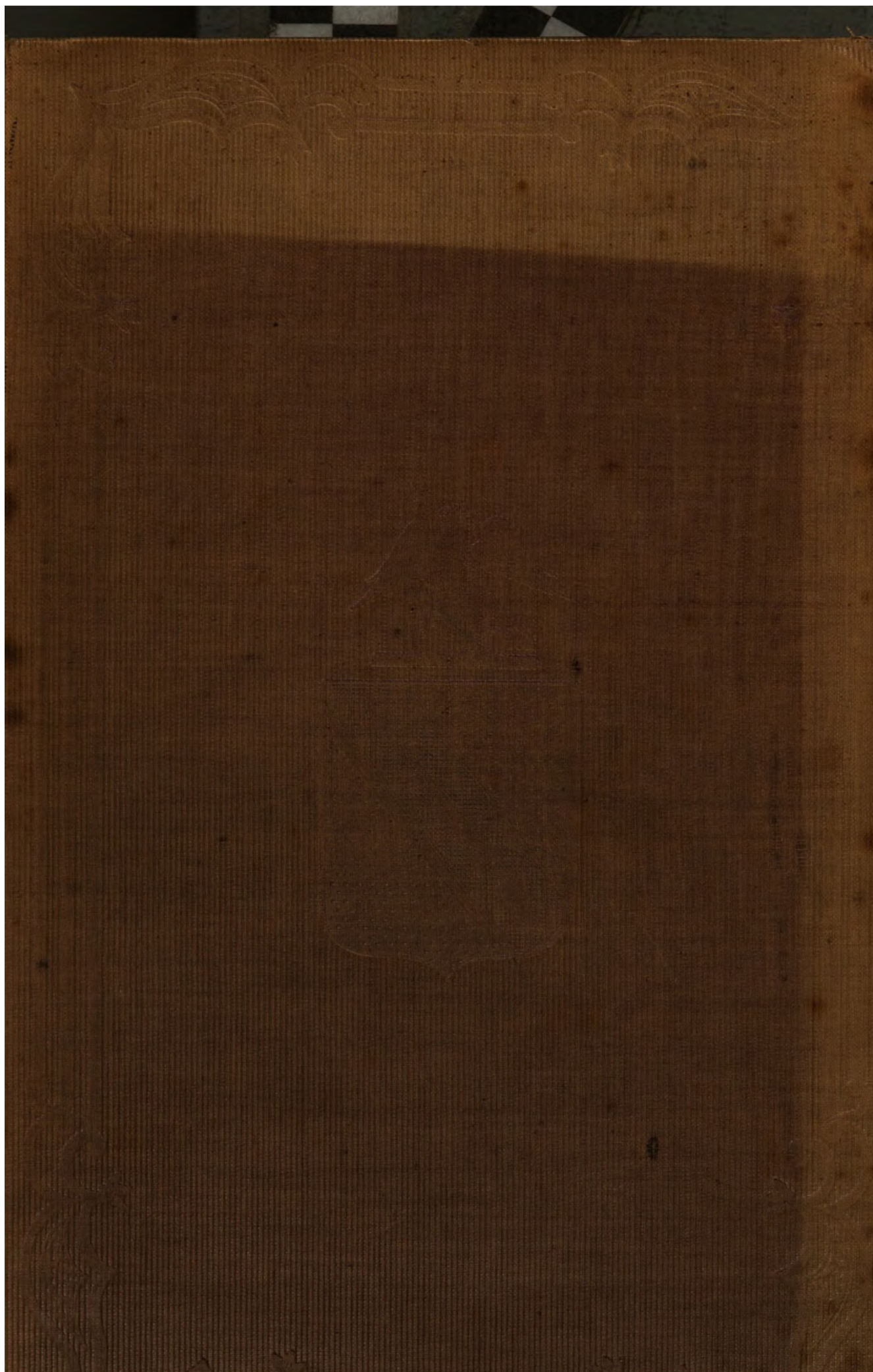
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Malone
F. I. 5.



PATIENT GRISSIL:

A Comedy

BY

THOMAS DEKKER, HENRY CHETTLE, AND
WILLIAM HAUGHTON.

Reprinted from the Black-Letter Edition of 1603.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES.



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INTRODUCTION.

The French lay claim to the original of the story of Griselda; and the Abbé de Sade (Mem. de Petrarch, iii, 797) asserts that it is found in a manuscript called *Le Parement des Dames*. Mr. Campbell, in his "Life of Petrarch," follows the authority of de Sade upon this point; but it seems that the French manuscript, containing the novel of Griselda, was the work of Olivier de la Marche, who was not born till considerably after the death of Boccaccio. (Tyrwhitt's Introd. to Cant. Tales, i. cxcv. edit. 1830, 8vo.) Whencesoever, therefore, Boccaccio derived his materials, we know of no earlier version than that which he has left us in his Decameron, of which it forms the tenth novel of the last day. In a note at the end of the table to the Giolito edition of Boccaccio, 12mo., 1552, it is said, "*Il Petrarca tradusse la presente Novella in lingua Latina, e mandolla al Boccaccio,*" which we know to be the fact, because the letter from Petrarch to Boccaccio, transmitting the translation of it, is still extant; (Op. Petrarch. edit. Basil, 1581, 540.) and Petrarch adds that "he had heard the story many years before." It is very possible, therefore, that Boccaccio was originally indebted to Petrarch for the incidents which he subsequently

wove into a narrative, which gave so much delight to the poet of Vacluse. Chaucer, too, in the prologue to his "Clerk of Oxenford's Tale," informs us that he (speaking in the person of the narrator) had heard the substance of it from Petrarch himself at Padua, and makes no allusion to Boccaccio. It may not be easy at this time to fix with certainty the date when Chaucer visited Petrarch at Padua, but there seems no ground for altogether discrediting his testimony on the point.

As far as can now be ascertained, the French were the first to bring the subject on the stage: *Le Mystere de Griselidis* was represented in Paris as early as 1393, (Warton's Hist. Engl. Poetry, ii. 251, edit. 8vo. 1824.) and more than a century afterwards it was printed by Jehan Bonfons in Paris, under the title of *Le Mystere de Griselidis de Saluces, par personnages*. A re-impression of this edition was made by Pinard, and published by Silvestre, as recently as 1832. It is singular, considering the popularity of the subject in Italy, and the peculiar facility with which it could be adapted to the stage, that it remained undramatized in that country until 1620. This statement we make upon the authority of Apostolo Zeno, who himself converted the story into an opera, and whose testimony is not to be disputed. In Germany it was adopted, and adapted, in the middle of the sixteenth century, Hans Saachs having converted it into a drama as early as the year 1550.

English readers first became acquainted with the story by means of Chaucer's beautiful and extended versification of the incidents; and comparing them with those in Boccaccio's novel, it may be inferred that

Chaucer saw Petrarch after he had read, if not translated, what Boccaccio had sent to him. Subsequently the story acquired great celebrity, and we find it thus noticed in Thomas Feylde's "Contraversye bytwene a Lover and a Jaye," printed, without date, by Wynkyn de Worde:—

" Ryght fewe of Grysylde kynde
Is now lefte on lyve ;"

the author having previously introduced her among sundry pairs of lovers. Warton (H. E. P. iv. 136. edit. 1824) mentions a MS. poem dedicated to Queen Mary by William Forrest, her chaplain, comparing Katherine, the first wife of Henry VIII., to Griselda; and we know from the entries on the Stationers' Registers, that about the middle of the sixteenth century ballads upon the subject of "Patient Grissell" were by no means uncommon. What is called "The Pleasant and sweet History of Patient Grissell" was evidently an early production of this class, in prose and verse, although the only known copy of it, in black letter, has the date cut off, and purports to be "printed by E. P. for John Wright." Apart from the prose, the verse also remains to us in the shape of a black-letter broadside, under the title of "An excellent Ballad of a Noble Marquess and Patient Grissell." The language is evidently older than the date when these pieces appear to have been issued; and although they must have undergone various changes and many corruptions, we are perhaps warranted in concluding that they were the "Pacyente Grissell" which gave popularity to the tune, which went by that name, soon after Elizabeth came to the throne.

Two ballads, "to the tune of pacyente Grissell," were entered in the year 1565. There was also a prose narrative, of considerable length, which came out under the title of "The antient true and admirable History of Patient Grisel, a poore man's daughter in France: shewing how Maides, by her example in their good behaviour, may marry rich husbands; and likewise Wives, by their patience and obedience, may gaine much glorie." This tract was "printed by H. L. for William Lugger," in 1619, 4to.; but there can be no doubt, from the style and other circumstances, that it was a re-impression of a much anterior work. The great popularity of these pieces, and the many destructive hands through which they passed, will account for their rarity.

The prose tract above noticed was in all probability the immediate source of the ensuing play, but all were more or less founded upon the Decameron, although it was not translated into English, in its entire form, until 1620, when it made a handsome folio volume, in two portions. It was probably "done by several hands," with much inequality, and the novel of "the Marquesse of Saluzzo and Griselda" is certainly as ill rendered as any in the collection. It is there any thing but the "touching story" which, according to Petrarch, few could read without tears.—(Campbell's Life of Petrarch, ii. 309.) Upon the frequency of the allusions to it by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, it is not necessary to dwell.

The ensuing play possesses almost the rarity of a manuscript: there is no copy of it in the British Museum; none at Cambridge: the only public library that

contains it is, we believe, the Bodleian; and the only private collection in which it is known to exist in a complete state, is that of the Duke of Devonshire. Before his Grace was able to procure a perfect copy, he was obliged to be satisfied with an imperfect one, which he subsequently gave to the writer of the present notice: both have been of material service in the present re-impression. The members of the Shakespeare Society will thus be aware that they are in a manner under a double obligation to the Duke of Devonshire, since the imperfect copy would have been of comparatively little use, without the aid of the perfect one to supply its deficiencies.

The authors of it were three celebrated contemporaries of Shakespeare—Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, as we learn from that curious and valuable theatrical record, Henslowe's Diary, which is about to be printed entire for the use of the members of the Shakespeare Society. Malone refers to the memorandum under December 1599, (Shakesp. by Bosw., iii. 332) but he does not give the precise date, nor the exact terms of the entry. It runs thus—the body of it being in the handwriting of the dramatist who first subscribed it:

“Received in earnest of Patient Grissell by us Tho. Dekker, Hen. Chettle and Willm. Hawton, the sume of 3li of good and lawfull money, by a note sent from Mr. Robt. Shaa: the 19th of December 1599.

“By me HENRY CHETTLE
W. HAUGHTON
THOMAS DEKKER.”

One of the remaining copies of the play has only the name

of Henry Chettle on the title-page in a hand-writing of the time ; but it is quite clear from the preceding quotation that Dekker and Haughton were his coadjutors. Robert Shaa, or Shaw, was one of the temporary managers of the company of the Earl of Nottingham's players, and upon his authority and responsibility Henslowe paid the money to the three poets. It was probably acted early in 1600, but it was not printed until 1603. There was an intention to print it some time before it appeared, for it was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication on the 28th March, 1599-1600, as "the Plaie of Patient Grissell."

The subject cannot be said to be a very good one for the stage, however easily adapted, because the chief incidents are violent and improbable. Petrarch, in his letter to Boccaccio, mentions a Veronese, who asserted that "there never had been, and never would be such a woman as Griselda;" and we cannot but accord in this opinion, even if we could suppose that a man could be found who, like the Marquess of Saluzzo, would expose a young, beautiful, and faithful wife to trials so severe. Taking this disadvantage into account, we cannot but admire the manner in which our three old English dramatists employed not only the materials with which they were furnished, but others which seem to be merely their own invention. Supposing that a Welsh knight and a Welsh widow might be found in Lombardy under the circumstances in which they are placed, (the relationship of the latter to the marquess does not much reconcile us to their situation) we can hardly too much admire the humour of the scenes

in which Sir Owen and Gwenthyan are concerned, or the manner in which their peculiar dispositions are made to set off the conduct and character of the hero and heroine. The contrast is excellently preserved, and it is assisted by all the accidents that ingenuity could discover, or skill employ. The incident of the wands, we suspect, is not new; and, though very happily interwoven, it is liable to the objection that it rather shows a method of preventing a woman from becoming a shrew, than how to cure one. It is very evident that the authors had Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" in their minds throughout, and once it is introduced, as it were, by name. This comedy, in 1599, had been in a course of representation at a rival theatre for several years, to say nothing of the older play, "The Taming of a Shrew," upon which it was founded, and which had been often acted by the company for which "Patient Grissil" was expressly written.

Laureo and Babulo are two principal persons not found in the original story; and, making only ordinary allowances, it cannot be denied that the characters are excellently drawn. They are rendered contributory to the progress of the plot and to the main effect; and several fine points for a serious actor are put into the mouth of the poor scholar, while the part of the Clown (who, like Touchstone, was dressed "in motley") must have been considered a capital one for such a performer as Kempe. It will be seen by Henslowe's Diary, when printed, that Kempe was a member of the Earl of Nottingham's company of players in 1602, a circumstance of importance in relation to some of Shakespeare's cha-

racters, which he is supposed to have originally represented. Kempe's name does not occur in the patent granted by James I. to "the King's Servants" in 1603; but it is probable that, having originally belonged to that association, he rejoined it not long after the death of Elizabeth.

In the serious portion of the drama, that in which the chief characters are concerned, many passages of a higher order of poetry occur, and, generally speaking, the blank verse (intermixed with rhyme) flows with ease and harmony. The text has of course come down to us with certain blemishes and corruptions, which, with due notice, we have endeavoured to remedy. The original copy is not separated into acts and scenes, but we have supplied these artificial divisions. We are not entirely satisfied with our own arrangement in this particular, but it is of comparatively little consequence in the mere reading of the play. The case would be different were we adapting it to the stage instead of the closet. The character of the Marquess of Saluzzo is well sustained throughout, and that of Grissil drawn with so much grace, delicacy, and truth, as powerfully to excite our sympathies in her favour.

It may be necessary to add, that we have not thought any thing was gained, in a case of this kind, by the preservation of the old orthography: on the contrary, it looks uncouth to the modern eye, and interferes in some degree with that smoothness of perusal which is required for the full enjoyment of the language of the old poets. In what manner they distributed the work

between them, and what particular portions belong to each, it is impossible now to determine. We have made no more notes than seemed necessary, and those, with proper references, are placed at the conclusion of the comedy.

J. P. C.

It will not be out of place to subjoin here some stanzas from one of the early ballads upon the story of the following drama. We observe with satisfaction that the Percy Society propose to reprint the versified narratives, as well as the prose history, entire, and we will not, therefore, trench farther upon the ground they have pre-occupied. The poem quoted below bears the title of "An excellent Ballad of a noble Marquess and Patient Grissel. To the tune of the Bride's Good-morrow." In Deloney's "Garland of Good-will," printed before 1596, is a ballad to the same tune.

A noble marquess,
As he did ride a-hunting,
Hard by a forest side,
A fair and comely maiden,
As she did sit a-spinning,
His gentle eye espied.
Most fair and lovely, and of comely grace was she,
Although in simple attire :
She sung full sweetly, with pleasant voice melodiously,
Which set the Lord's heart on fire.
The more he look'd, the more he might ;
Beauty bred his heart's delight ;
And to this damsel then, with speed he went :—
God speed, quoth he, thou famous flower,

INTRODUCTION.

Fair mistress of this homely bower,
Where love and virtue dwell with sweet content.

* * * * *

At length she consented,
And being both contented,
They married were with speed.
Her country russet
Was chang'd to silk and velvet,
As to her state agreed :
And when that she was trimly 'tired in the same,
Her beauty shin'd most bright,
Far staining every other fair and princely dame
That did appear in sight.
Many envied her, therefore,
Because she was of parents poor,
And twixt her lord and her great strife did raise :
Some said this, and some said that,
And some did call her beggar's brat,
And to her Lord they did her oft dispraise.

* * * * *

When that the marquess
Did see that they were bent thus
Against his faithful wife,
Whom he most dearly,
Tenderly, and entirely
Beloved as his life,
Minding in secret for to try her patient heart,
Thereby her foes to disgrace,
Thinking to show her a hard, discourteous part,
That men might pity her case :
Great with child the lady was,
And at the last it came to pass
Two goodly children at one birth she had ;
A son and a daughter God had sent,
Which did their mother well content,
And which did make their father's heart full glad.

Great royal feasting
 Was at these children's christ'ning,
 And princely triumph made :
 Six weeks together
 All the nobles that came thither
 Were entertain'd and stay'd.
 And when that all the pleasant sporting quite was done,
 The marquess a messenger sent
 For his young daughter and his pretty smiling son,
 Declaring his full intent
 How that the babes must murdered be,
 For so the marquess did decree.
 Come, let me have the children then he said.
 With that fair Grissel wept full sore :
 She wrung her hands and said no more,
 My gracious lord must have his will obey'd.

* * * * *

My nobles murmur,
 Fair Grissel, at thy honour,
 And I no joy can have
 Till thou be banished
 Both from my court and presence,
 As they unjustly crave.
 Thou must be stripp'd out of thy stately garments all,
 And as thou cam'st to me,
 In homely grey, instead of bis and purest pall,
 Now all thy clothing must be.
 My lady thou must be no more,
 Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore :
 The poorest life must now content thy mind.
 A groat to thee I dare not give,
 Thee to maintain while I do live ;
 Against my Grissel such great foes I find.

* * * * *

And in the morning,
 When as they should be wedded,

Her patience then was tried :
Grissel was charged
Herself in friendly manner
For to attire the bride.
Most willingly she gave consent to do the same :
The bride in bravery was drest ;
And presently the noble marquess thither came,
With all his lords, at his request.
O, Grissel, I will ask of thee,
If to this match thou wilt agree ?
Methinks thy looks are waxed wondrous coy.
With that they all began to smile,
And Grissel, she replied the while,
God send lord marquess many years of joy !

The marquess was moved
To see his best beloved
Thus patient in distress :
He stepp'd unto her,
And by the hand he took her ;
These words he did express.
Thou art my bride, and all the brides I mean to have :
These two thine own children be !
The youthful lady on her knees did blessing crave,
Her brother as well as she.
And you that envy her estate,
Whom I have made my chosen mate,
Now blush for shame, and honour virtuous life.
The chronicles of lasting fame
Shall evermore extol the name
Of Patient Grissel, my most constant wife.

THE
P L E A S A N T
C O M O D I E O F
Patient Grissill.

As it hath beene sundrie times lately plaid
by the right honorable the Earle of Not-
tingham (Lord high Admirall)
his servants.

L O N D O N.
Imprinted for HENRY ROCKET, and are to
be solde at the long Shop under *S. Mildreds*
Church in the *Poultry*.
1603.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

GWALTER, Marquess of Saluzzo.

MARQUESS OF PAVIA, his brother.

ONOPHRIO,	}	Suitors to Julia.
FARNEZE,		
URCENZE,		
MARIO,	}	Courtiers.
LEPIDO,		

EMULO, a fantastic gallant.

FURIO, attendant on Gwalter.

SIR OWEN AP MEREDITH, a Welsh knight.

RICE, servant to Sir Owen.

JANICULO, a basket-maker, father to Grissil.

LAUREO, a poor scholar, his son.

BABULO, the Clown, servant to Janiculo.

GRISSIL, daughter to Janiculo.

JULIA, sister to Gwalter.

GWENTHYAN, a Welsh widow.

Two Ladies.

Huntsmen, attendants, &c.

The scene lies in and near Saluzzo.

* This list of characters is not in the old copy.

THE
PLEASANT COMEDY
OF
PATIENT GRISSIL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The country near Saluzzo.

*Enter the MARQUESS, PAVIA, MARIO, LEPIDO, and
huntsmen ; all like hunters. A noise of horns within.*

Mar. Look you so strange, my hearts, to see our limbs
Thus suited in a hunter's livery ?
Oh ! 'tis a lovely habit, when green youth,
Like to the flowery blossom of the spring,
Conforms his outward habit to his mind.
Look how yon one-ey'd waggoner of heaven
Hath, by his horses' fiery-winged hoofs,
Burst ope the melancholy jail of night ;
And with his gilt beams' cunning alchymy
Turn'd all these clouds to gold, who, with the winds
Upon their misty shoulders, bring in day.
Then sully not this morning with foul looks,
But teach your jocund spirits to ply the chase,
For hunting is a sport for emperors.

Pa. We know it is ; and, therefore, do not throw
On these, your pastimes, a contracted brow.

How swift youth's bias runs to catch delights,
To me is not unknown : no, brother Gwalter,
When you were woo'd by us to choose a wife,
This day you vow'd to wed ; but now I see
Your promises turn all to mockery.

Lep. This day yourself appointed to give answer
To all those neighbour princes, who in love
Offer their daughters, sisters, and allies,
In marriage to your hand. Yet, for all this,
The hour being come that calls you to your choice,
You stand prepar'd for sport, and start aside
To hunt poor deer, when you should seek a bride.

Mar. Nay, come Mario, your opinion too ;
He had need of ten men's wit that goes to woo.

Ma. First satisfy these princes, who expect
Your gracious answer to their embassies ;
Then may you freely revel : now you fly
Both from your own vows, and their amity.

Mar. How much your judgments err ! Who gets a
wife
Must, like a huntsman, beat untrodden paths,
To gain the flying presence of his love.
Look how the yelping beagles spend their mouths,
So lovers do their sighs ; and as the deer
Outstrips the active hound, and oft turns back
To note the angry visage of her foe,
Who, greedy to possess so sweet a prey,
Never gives over till he seize on her,
So fares it with coy dames, who, great with scorn,
Fly the care-pined hearts that sue to them ;
Yet on that feigned flight, love conquering them,
They cast an eye of longing back again,
As who would say, be not dismay'd with frowns,
For though our tongues speak no, our hearts sound yea ;
Or, if not so, before they'll miss their lovers,

Their sweet breaths shall perfume the amorous air,
And brave them still to run in beauty's chase.
Then can you blame me to be hunter like,
When I must get a wife? but be content :
So you'll engage your faith by oath to us,
Your wills shall answer mine, my liking yours,
And, that no wrinkle on your cheeks shall ride,
This day the marquess vows to choose a bride.

Pa. Even by my honour——

Mar. Brother, be advis'd.

The importunity of you and these
Thrusts my free thoughts into the yoke of love,
To groan under the load of marriage.
Since, then, you throw this burthen on my youth,
Swear to me, whomsoever my fancy choose,
Of what descent, beauty, or birth she be,
Her you shall like and love, as you love me.

Pa. Now, by my birth I swear, wed whom you please,
And I'll embrace her with a brother's arm.

Lep. Mario and myself to your fair choice
Shall yield all duties and true reverence.

Mar. Your protestations please me jollily.
Let's ring a hunter's peal, and in the ears
Of our swift forest citizens proclaim
Defiance to their lightness. Our sports done,
The venison that we kill shall feast our bride.
If she prove bad, I'll cast all blame on you ;
But if sweet peace succeed this amorous strife,
I'll say my wit was best to choose a wife. *[Exeunt.]*

*As they go in, horns sound, and hallooing within : that
done, enter JANICULO, GRISSIL, and BABULO, with two
baskets begun to be wrought.*

Bab. Old master, here's a morning able to make us
work tooth and nail (marry, then, we must have vic-
tuals) : the sun hath play'd bo-peep in the element any

time these two hours, as I do some mornings when you call. "What, Babulo!" say you. "Here, master," say I; and then this eye opens, yet don is the mouse—lie still. "What, Babulo!" says Grissil. "Anon," say I; and then this eye looks up, yet down I snug again. "What, Babulo!" say you again; and then I start up, and see the sun, and then sneeze, and then shake mine ears, and then rise, and then get my breakfast, and then fall to work, and then wash my hands, and by this time I am ready. Here's your basket; and, Grissil, here's yours.

Jan. Fetch thine own, Babulo: let's ply our business.

Bab. God send me good luck, master.

Gri. Why, Babulo, what's the matter?

Bab. God forgive me! I think I shall not eat a peck of salt: I shall not live long, sure. I should be a rich man by right, for they never do good deeds but when they see they must die; and I have now a monstrous stomach to work, because I think I shall not live long.

Jan. Go, fool: cease this vain talk, and fall to work.

Bab. I'll hamper somebody if I die, because I am a basket-maker. *[Exit.*

Jan. Come, Grissil, work, sweet girl. Here the warm
sun

Will shine on us; and, when his fires begin,
We'll cool our sweating brows in yonder shade.

Gri. Father, methinks it doth not fit a maid,
By sitting thus in view, to draw men's eyes
To stare upon her: might it please your age,
I could be more content to work within.

Jan. Indeed, my child, men's eyes do now-a-days
Quickly take fire at the least spark of beauty;
And if those flames be quench'd by chaste disdain,
Then their envenom'd tongues, alack! do strike,
To wound her fame whose beauty they did like.

Gri. I will avoid their darts, and work within.

Jan. Thou need'st not : in a painted coat goes sin,
And loves those that love pride. None looks on thee ;
Then, keep me company. How much unlike
Are thy desires to many of thy sex !

How many wantons in Salucia
Frown like the sullen night, when their fair faces
Are hid within doors ; but, got once abroad,
Like the proud sun they spread their staring beams :
They shine out to be seen ; their loose eyes tell
That in their bosoms wantonness doth dwell.
Thou canst not do so, Grissil ; for thy sun
Is but a star, thy star a spark of fire,
Which hath no power t'inflame doting desire.
Thy silks are threadbare russets ; all thy portion
Is but an honest name ; that gone, thou art dead
Though dead thou liv'st, that being unblemished.

Gri. If to die free from shame be ne'er to die,
Then I'll be crown'd with immortality.

Jan. Pray God thou mayest : yet, child, my jealous
soul

Trembles through fears, so often as mine eyes
See our duke court thee, and when to thine ears
He tunes sweet love-songs. Oh, beware, my Grissil ;
He can prepare his way with gifts of gold ;
Upon his breath winged promotion flies.
Oh, my dear girl, trust not his sorceries.
Did he not seek the shipwreck of thy fame,
Why should he send his tailors to take measure
Of Grissil's body, but as one should say,
If thou wilt be the marquess' concubine,
Thou shalt wear rich attires : but they that think
With costly garments sin's black face to hide,
Wear naked bravery and ragged pride.

Gri. Good father, do not shake your age with fears.

Although the marquess sometimes visit us,
Yet all his words and deeds are like his birth,
Steep'd in true honour ; but admit they were not,
Before my soul look black with speckled sin
My hands shall make me pale death's underling.

Jan. The music of those words sweetens mine ears.
Come, girl, let's faster work ; time apace wears.

[*Re*] *Enter BABULO with his work.*

Gri. Come, Babulo ; why hast thou staid so long ?

Bab. Nay, why are you so short ? Master, here's money I took, since I went, for a cradle. This year I think be leap year, for women do nothing but buy cradles. By my troth, I think the world is at an end, for as soon as we be born we marry ; as soon as we marry we get children (by hook or by crook gotten they are) ; children must have cradles, and as soon as they are in them they hop out of them ; for I have seen little girls, that yesterday had scarce a hand to make them ready, the next day had worn wedding-rings on their fingers, so that, if the world do not end, we shall not live one by another. Basket-making, as all other trades, runs to decay, and shortly we shall not be worth a button ; for none in this cutting age sew true stitches but tailors and shoemakers, and yet now and then they tread their shoes awry too.

Jan. Let not thy tongue go so : sit down to work,
And, that our labour may not seem so long,
We'll cunningly beguile it with a song.

Bab. Do, master, for that's honest cozenage.

THE SONG.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
Oh, sweet content !
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
Oh, punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O, sweet content! O, sweet, &c.

Foot. Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
O, sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
O, punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O, sweet content! &c.

Foot. Work apace, apace, &c.

Enter LAUREO.

Bab. Weep, master; yonder comes your son.

Jan. Laureo, my son! oh, Heaven, let thy rich hand
Pour plenteous showers of blessing on his head!

Lau. Treble the number fall upon your age.
Sister!

Gri. Dear brother Laureo, welcome home.

Bab. Master Laureo, Janiculo's son, welcome home.
How do the nine muses—Pride, Covetousness, Envy,
Sloth, Wrath, Gluttony, and Lechery? You, that are
scholars, read how they do.

Lau. Muses! these, fool, are the seven deadly sins.

Bab. Are they? mass, methinks it's better serving
them than your nine muses, for they are stark beggars.

Jan. Often I have wish'd to see you here.

Lau. It grieves me that you see me here so soon.

Jan. Why, Laureo, dost thou grieve to see thy father,
Or dost thou scorn me for my poverty?

Bab. He needs not, for he looks like poor John him-
self. Eight to a neck of mutton—is not that your com-
mons?—and a cue of bread.

Lau. Father, I grieve my young years to your age
Should add more sorrow.

Jan. Why, son, what's the matter?

Lau. That which to think on makes me desperate.

I, that have charg'd my friends, and from my father
Pull'd more than he could spare ; I, that have liv'd
These nine years at the university,
Must now, for this world's devil, this angel of gold,
Have all those days and nights to beggary sold :
Through want of money what I want I miss.
Who is more scorn'd than a poor scholar is ?

Bab. Yes, three things — age, wisdom, and basket-makers.

Gri. Brother, what mean these words ?

Lau. Oh, I am mad
To think how much a scholar undergoes,
And in the end reaps nought but penury !
Father, I am enforc'd to leave my book,
Because the study of my book doth leave me
In the lean arms of lank necessity.
Having no shelter, ah me ! but to fly
Into the sanctuary of your aged arms.

Bab. A trade, a trade ! follow basket-making : leave books, and turn blockhead.

Jan. Peace, fool. Welcome, my son : though I am
poor,

My love shall not be so. Go, daughter Grissil,
Fetch water from the spring to seeth our fish,
Which yesterday I caught ; the cheer is mean,
But be content. When I have sold these baskets,
The money shall be spent to bid thee welcome.
Grissil, make haste ; run and kindle fire.

[*Exit* GRISSIL.]

Bab. Go, Grissil ; I'll make fire, and scour the ket-

tle: it's a hard world when scholars eat fish upon flesh days.

[*Exit BABULO.*]

Lau. Is't not a shame for me, that am a man,
Nay more, a scholar, to endure such need,
That I must prey on him whom I should feed.

Jan. Nay, grieve not, son; better have felt worse woe.
Come, sit by me. While I work to get bread,
And Grissil spin us yarn to clothe our backs,
Thou shalt read doctrine to us for the soul.
Then, what shall we three want? nothing, my son;
For when we cease from work, even in that while,
My song shall charm grief's ears, and care beguile.

[*Re*] *Enter GRISSIL, running, with a pitcher.*

Gri. Father, as I was running to fetch water,
I saw the marquess, with a gallant train,
Come riding towards us. Oh, see where they come!

*Enter MARQUESS, PAVIA, MARIO, LEPIDO, two ladies,
and some other attendants.*

Mar. See where my Grissil (and her father) is!
Methinks her beauty, shining through those weeds,
Seems like a bright star in the sullen night.
How lovely poverty dwells on her back!
Did but the proud world note her as I do,
She would cast off rich robes, forswear rich state,
To clothe them in such poor habiliments.
Father, good fortune ever bless thine age.

Jan. All happiness attend my gracious lord.

Mar. And what wish you, fair maid?

Gri. That your high thoughts
To your contentment may be satisfied.

Mar. Thou would'st wish so, knew'st thou for what I
come.—

Brother of Pavia, behold this virgin.—

Mario, Lepido, is she not fair?

Pa. Brother, I have not seen so mean a creature,
So full of beauty.

Mar. Were but Grissil's birth
As worthy as her form, she might be held
A fit companion for the greatest state.

Lau. O, blindness! So that men may beauty find,
They ne'er respect the beauties of the mind.

Mar. Father Janiculo, what's he that speaks?

Jan. A poor despised scholar, and my son.

Mar. This is no time to hold dispute with scholars.
Tell me, in faith, old man, what dost thou think,
Because the marquess visits thee so oft?

Jan. The will of princes subjects must not search :
Let it suffice your grace is welcome here.

Mar. And I'll requite that welcome, if I live.—
Grissil, suppose a man should love you dearly,
As I know some that do, would you agree
To quittance true affection with the like?

Gri. None is so fond to fancy poverty.

Mar. I say there is.—Come, lords, stand by my side.
Nay, brother, you are sped, and have a wife ;
Then give us leave, that are all bachelors.—
Now, Grissil, eye us well, and give your verdict,
Which of us three you hold the properest man?

Gri. I have no skill to judge proportions.

Mar. Nay, then you jest. Women have eagle's eyes
To pry even to the heart ; and why not you?
Come, we stand fairly ; freely speak your mind,
For, by my birth, he whom thy choice shall bless
Shall be thy husband.

Ma. What intends your grace?

Lep. My lord, I have vow'd to lead a single life.

Mar. A single life ! this cunning cannot serve.

Do not I know you love her? I have heard
Your passions spent for her, your sighs for her.
Mario to the wonder of her beauty
Compil'd a sonnet.

Ma. I, my lord, write sonnets?

Mar. You did entreat me to entreat her father,
That you might have his daughter to your wife.

Lep. To any one I willingly resign
All interest in her which doth look like mine.

Ma. My lord, I swear she ne'er shall be my bride.
I hope she'll swear so, too, being thus denied.

Mar. Both of you turn'd apostates in love!
Nay then, I'll play the cryer: once, twice, thrice!
Speak, or she's gone else. No?—since 'twill not be,
Since you are not for her, yet she's for me.

Pa. What mean you, brother?

Mar. Faith, no more but this;
By love's most wond'rous metamorphosis,
To turn this maid into your brother's wife.
Nay, sweet heart, look not strange: I do not jest,
But to thine ears mine amorous thoughts impart;
Gwalter protests he loves you with his heart.

Lau. The admiration of such happiness
Makes me astonish'd.

Gri. Oh, my gracious lord,
Humble not your high state to my low birth,
Who am not worthy to be held your slave,
Much less your wife.

Mar. Grissil, that shall suffice,
I count thee worthy.—Old Janiculo,
Art thou content that I shall be thy son?

Jan. I am unworthy of so great a good.

Mar. Tush, tush! talk not of worth: in honest
terms,
Tell me if I shall have her? for, by Heaven,

Unless your free consent allow my choice,
To win ten kingdoms I'll not call her mine.
What's thy son's name?

Jan. Laureo, my gracious lord.

Mar. I'll have both your consents.—I tell ye, lords,
I have wooed the virgin long : oh, many an hour
Have I been glad to steal from all your eyes
To come disguis'd to her. I swear to you,
Beauty first made me love, and virtue woo.
I lov'd her lowliness, but when I tried
What virtues were entempled in her breast,
My chaste heart swore that she should be my bride.
Say, father, must I be forsworn or no?

Jan. What to my lord seems best, to me seems so.

Mar. Laureo, what's your opinion?

Lau. Thus, my lord :

If equal thoughts durst both your states confer,
Her's is too low, and you too high for her.

Mar. What says fair Grissil now?

Gri. This doth she say :

As her old father yields to your dread will,
So she her father's pleasure must fulfil.
If old Janiculo make Grissil yours,
Grissil must not deny ; yet had she rather
Be the poor daughter still of her poor father.

Mar. I'll gild that poverty, and make it shine
With beams of dignity : this base attire
These ladies shall tear off, and deck thy beauty
In robes of honour, that the world may say
Virtue and beauty was my bride to-day.

Ma. This mean choice will distain your nobleness.

Mar. No more, Mario : then, it doth disgrace
The sun to shine on me.

Lep. She's poor, and base.

Mar. She's rich ; for virtue beautifies her face.

Pa. What will the world say, when the trump of fame
Shall sound your high birth with a beggar's name?

Mar. The world still looks asquint, and I deride
His purblind judgment: Grissil is my bride.—
Janiculo, and Laureo, father, brother,
You and your son, graced with our royal favour,
Shall live to outwear time in happiness.

[*Re*] *Enter* BABULO.

Bab. Master, I have made a good fire. Sirrha Grissil,
the fish——

Jan. Fall on thy knees, thou fool: see, here's our duke.

Bab. I have not offended him; therefore I'll not duck
an he were ten dukes. I'll kneel to none but God and
my prince.

Lau. This is thy prince. Be silent, Babulo.

Bab. Silence is a virtue: marry, 'tis a dumb virtue.
I love virtue that speaks, and has a long tongue, like a
bell-weather, to lead other virtues after it. If he be a
prince, I hope he is not prince over my tongue. Snails!
wherefore come all these? Master, here's not fish
enough for us. Sirrha Grissil, the fire burns out.

Mar. Tell me, my love, what pleasant fellow is this?

Gri. My aged father's servant, my gracious lord.

Bab. How? my love! master, a word to the wise,
scilicet me, my love.

Mar. What's his name?

Bab. Babulo, sir, is my name.

Mar. Why dost thou tremble so? we are all thy
friends.

Bab. It's hard, sir, for this motley jerkin to find
friendship with this fine doublet.

Mar. Janiculo, bring him to court with thee.

Bab. You may be ashamed to lay such knavish burden
upon old age's shoulders: but I see they are stooping a

little ; all cry down with him. He shall not bring me, sir ; I'll carry myself.

Mar. I pray thee do : I'll have thee live at court.

Bab. I have a better trade, sir—basket-making.

Mar. Grissil, I like thy man's simplicity :
Still shall he be thy servant.—Babulo,
Grissil, thy mistress, now shall be my wife.

Bab. I think, sir, I am a fitter husband for her.

Mar. Why shouldst thou think [so] ? I will make her rich.

Bab. That's all one, sir : beggars are fit for beggars, gentlefolks for gentlefolks. I am afraid that this wonder of the rich loving the poor will last but nine days.—Old master, bid this merry gentleman home to dinner.—You shall have a good dish of fish, sir.—And thank him for his good will to your daughter Grissil ; for I'll be hanged if he do not, as many rich cogging merchants now-a-days do, when they have got what they would, give her the bells, let her fly.

Gri. Oh, bear, my lord, with his intemperate tongue.

Mar. Grissil, I take delight to hear him talk.

Bab. Ay, ay ; you are best take me up for your fool. Are not you he that came speaking so to Grissil here ? Do you remember how I knock'd you once, for offering to have a lick at her lips ?

Mar. I do remember it, and for thy pains
A golden recompense I'll give to thee.

Bab. Why do, and I'll knock you as often as you list.

Mar. Grissil, this merry fellow shall be mine.
But we forget ourselves ; the day grows old.
Come, lords, cheer up your looks, and with fair smiles
Grace our intended nuptials. Time may come,
When all-commanding love your hearts subdue,
The marquess may perform as much for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An open place in the City of Saluzzo.

Enter FARNEZE, URCENZE; and RICE meeting them, running.

Far. Rice! How now, man? whither art thou galloping?

Rice. Faith, even to find a full manger; my teeth water till I be munching. I have been at the cutler's to bid him bring away Sir Owen's rapier, and I am ambling home thus fast, for fear I am driven to fast.

Urc. But, sirrah Rice, when's the day? will not thy master, Sir Owen, and Signor Emulo fight?

Rice. No; for Signor Emulo has warn'd my master to the court of conscience, and there's an order set down that the coward shall pay my master good words weekly, till the debt of his choler be run out.

Far. Excellent! But did not Emulo write a challenge to Sir Owen?

Rice. No: he sent a terrible one; but he gave a sexton of a church a groat to write it, and he set his mark to it, for the gull can neither write nor read.

Urc. Ha, ha! not write and read! why, I have seen him pull out a bundle of sonnets, written, and read them to ladies.

Far. He got them by heart, Urcenze, and so deceiv'd the poor souls, as a gallant whom I know cozens others; for my brisk spangled baby will come into a stationer's shop, call for a stool and a cushion, and then asking for some Greek poet, to him he falls, and there he grumbles God knows what, but I'll be sworn he knows not so much as one character of the tongue.

Rice. Why, then it's Greek to him.

Far. Ha, ha! Emulo not write and read!

Rice. Not a letter, an you would hang him.

Urc. Then he'll never be saved by his book.

Rice. No, nor by his good works, for he'll do none. Signors both, I commend you to the skies; I commit you to God. Adieu.

Far. Nay, sweet Rice, a little more.

Rice. A little more will make me a great deal less. Housekeeping, you know, is out of fashion; unless I ride post, I kiss the post. In a word, I'll tell you all: challenge was sent, answered no fight, no kill, all friends, all fools, Emulo coward, Sir Owen brave man. Farewell: dinner, hungry, little cheer, great, great stomach, meat, meat, meat, mouth, mouth, mouth! adieu, adieu, adieu!

[*Exit.*

Urc. Ha, ha! adieu, Rice. Sir Owen, belike, keeps a lean kitchen.

Far. What else, man? that's one of the miserable vows he makes when he's dubbed; yet he doth but as many of his brother knights do, keep an ordinary table for him and his long coat follower.

Urc. That long coat makes the master a little king; for, wheresoever his piece of a follower comes hopping after him, he's sure of a double guard.

Far. I'll set some of the pages upon thy skirts for this.

Urc. I shall feel them no more than so many fleas; therefore I care not. But, Farneze, you'll prove a most accomplish'd coxcomb.

Far. Ah, old touch, lad! this younker is right Trinidado, pure leaf tobacco, for indeed he's nothing: puff, reek; and would be tried, not by God and his country, but by fire, the very soul of his substance, and needs would convert into smoke.

Urc. He's steel to the back, you see, for he writes challenges.

Far. True, and iron to the head. Oh, there's a rich leaden mineral amongst his brains, if his skull were well digg'd. Sirrah Urcenze, this is one of those changeable silk gallants, who, in a very scurvy pride, scorn all scholars and read no books but a looking-glass, and speak no language but "sweet lady," and "sweet signior," and chew between their teeth terrible words, as though they would conjure, as "compliment," and "projects," and "fastidious," and "capricious," and "misprision," and "the sintheresis of the soul," and such like raise-velvet terms.

Urc. What be the accoutrements of these gallants?

Far. Indeed, that's one of their fustian, outlandish phrases, too. Marry, sir, their accoutrements are all the fantastic fashions that can be taken up, either upon trust or at second hand.

Urc. What their qualities?

Far. None good: these are the best — to make good faces, to take tobacco well, to spit well, to laugh like a waiting gentlewoman, to lie well, to blush for nothing, to look big upon little fellows, to scoff with a grace, though they have a very filthy grace in scoffing; and, for a need, to ride pretty and well.

Urc. They cannot choose but ride well, because every good wit rides well.

Far. Here's the difference; that they ride upon horses, and when they are ridden, they are spurred for asses. So they can cry "wighee!" and "holloa, kicking jade!" they care not if they have no more learning than a jade.

Urc. No more of these jadish tricks: here comes the hobby-horse.

Far. Oh, he would dance a morrice rarely, if he were hung with bells.

Urc. He would jangle villanously.

Far. Peace! Let's encounter them.

Enter EMULO, and SIR OWEN talking ; RICE after them, eating secretly.

Sir Ow. By Cod, Sir Emulo, Sir Owen is clad out o' cry, because is friends with hur, for Sir Owen sware—did hur not swear, Rice?

Rice. Yes, forsooth. *[Spits out his meat.]*

Sir Ow. By Cod is swear terrible to knog hur pade, and fling hur spingle legs at plum trees, when hur come to fall to hur tagger and fencing trigs. Yes, faith, and to breag hur shins ; did hur not, Rice?

Rice. Yes, by my troth, sir.

Sir Ow. By Cod's udge me, is all true ; and to give hur a great teal of bloody nose, because, Sir Emulo, you shallenge the Pritish knight. Rice, you know, Sir Owen, shentleman first, and secondly knight. What a pox ail you, Rice ? is shoke now ?

Rice. No, sir : I have my five senses, and am as well as any man.

Sir Ow. *[To EMULO.]* Well, here is hand : now is mighty friends.

Emu. Sir Owen——

Far. *[Aside to URCENZE.]* Now the gallimaufry of language comes in.

Emu. I protest to you, the magnitude of my condolment hath been elevated the higher to see you and myself, two gentlemen——

Sir Ow. Nay, 'tis well known Sir Owen is good shentleman, is not, Rice ?

Rice. He that shall deny it, sir, I'll make him eat his words.

Emu. Good friend, I am not in the negative : be not so capricious—you misprize me—my collocation tendeth to Sir Owen's dignifying.

Far. *[Aside to URCENZE.]* Let's step in. *[To them.]*
God save you, Signor Emulo.

Urc. Well encounter'd, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Owe ! how do you ? Sir Emulo is friends out a cry now ; but Emulos, take heed you match no more love trigs to widow Gwenthyans. By Cod udge me, that do so must knog hur, see you now !

Emu. Not so tempestuous, sweet knight. Though to my disconsolation, I will oblivionize my love to the Welsh widow, and do here proclaim my delinquishment ; but, sweet signior, be not too Diogenical to me.

Sir Ow. Ha ? ha ? is know not what genicalls mean ; but Sir Owen will genicall hur, and hur tage hur genicalling Gwenthyan.

Far. Nay, faith, we'll have you sound friends, indeed ; otherwise, you know, Signor Emulo, if you should bear all the wrongs, you would be out-Atlassed.

Emu. Most true.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is out a cry friends. But harg, Farneze, Urcenze, tawg a great teal to Emulos. Owen is great teal of friends. [*To FARNEZE*]. Ha ! ha ! is tell fine admirable shest : by Cod, Emulos, for fear Sir Owen knog hur shins, is tell Sir Owen by tozen shentlemen, her poots is put about with laths : ha, ha ! Serge hur, serge hur.

Far. No more ; tell Urcenze of it.—Why should you two fall out for the love of a woman, considering what store we have of them ? Sir Emulo, I gratulate your peace : your company you know is precious to us, and we'll be merry, and ride abroad. Before God, now I talk of riding, Sir Owen, methinks, has an excellent boot.

Urc. His leg graces the boot.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is fine leg, and fine poot too ; but Emulos leg is petter, and finer, and shenglier skin to wear.

Emu. I bought them of a penurious cordwainer, and they are the most incongruent that e'er I ware.

Sir Ow. Congruent ! 'splood ! what leather is congruent ? Spanish leather ?

Emu. Ha ! ha ! Well, gentlemen, I have other projects beckon for me : I must disgress from this bias, and leave you. Accept, I beseech you, of this vulgar and domestic compliment.

[Whilst they are saluting, Sir Owen gets to EMULO's leg, and pulls down his boot.]

Sir Ow. Pray, Emulos, let hur see hur congruent leather. Ha ! ha ! how ! what a pox is here ? ha ! ha ! is mage a wall to hur shins for keep hur warm.

Far. What's here ? laths ! Where's the lime and hair, Emulo ?

Rice. Oh, rare ! is this to save his shins ?

Sir Ow. Ha ! ha ! Rice, go call Gwenthyan.

Rice. I will, master. Dahoma, Gwenthyan ! Dahoma !

Sir Ow. A pogs on hur ! go fedge her, and call her within.

Rice. I am gone, sir.

[Exit RICE.]

Far. Nay, Sir Owen, what mean you ?

Sir Ow. By Cod, is mean to let Gwenthyan see what booby fool love her. A pogs on you !

Emu. Sir Owen, and signors both, do not expatiate my obloquy ; my love shall be so fast conglutinated to you.

Sir Ow. Cod's plood ! you call her gluttons ? Gwenthyan ! so ho, Gwenthyan !

Emu. I'll not disgest this pill.—Signors, adieu !
You are fastidious, and I banish you.

[Exit EMULO.]

Far. Gods so, here comes the widow ; but, in faith, Sir Owen, say nothing of this.

Sir Ow. No go to them : by Cod, Sir Owen bear as prave mind as emperor.

Enter GWENTHYAN.

Gwe. Who calls Gwenthyan so great teal of time ?

Urc. Sweet widow, even your countryman here.

Sir Ow. Belly the ruddo whee : wrage witho mandag eny mou du ac wellock en wea awh.

Gwe. Sir Owen, gramarcy whee : Gwenthyan mandage eny, ac wellock en thawen en ryn mogh.

Far. Mundage ! Thlawen ! oh, my good widow, gabble that we understand you, and have at you.

Sir Ow. Have at her ! nay, by Cod, is no have at her to. Is tawg in her Pritish tongue ; for 'tis fine delicates tongue, I can tell hur.—Welsh tongue is finer as Greek tongue.

Far. A baked neates tongue is finer than both.

Sir Ow. But what says Gwenthyan now ? will have Sir Owen ? Sir Owen is known for a wisely man as any since Adam and Eve's time ; and that is, by Cod's udge me, a great teal ago.

Urc. I think Solomon was wiser than Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Solomons had pretty wit, but what say you to king Tavie ? King Tavie, is well known, was as good musitions as the best fiddler in all Italy, and king Tavie was Sir Owen's countryman : yes, truly, a Pritish shentleman porn, and did twinkle, twinkle, twinkle out o'cry upon Welsh harp ; and 'tis known Tavie love mistress Persabe, as Sir Owen loves Gwenthyan. Will hur have Sir Owen now ?

Far. Faith, widow, take him. Sir Owen is a tall man, I can tell you.

Sir Ow. Tall man, as Cod udge me : hur think the Pritish shentleman is faliant as Mars, that is (the fine knaves, the poets, say) the cod of pribles and prables. I hope, widow, you see little more in Sir Owen than in Sir Emulos. Say, shall hur have her now ? 'tis faliant as can desire, I warrant hur.

Gwe. Sir Owen, Sir Owen ; 'tis not for faliant Gwenthyan care so much, but for honest, and firtuous, and loving, and pundal to let her have her will.

Sir Ow. Cod udge me, tage her away to her husband, and is let her have her will out o' cry ; yet, by Cod, is pridle her well enough.

Gwe. Well, Sir Owen, Gwenthyan is going to her cousin Gwalter, the duke ; for, you know, is her near cousin by marriage, by t'other husband that pring her from Wales.

Sir Ow. By Cod, Wales is better country than Italy ; a great teal so better.

Gwe. Now, if her cousin Gwalter say, " Gwenthyan, tage this Pritish knight," shall love hur diggon ; but must have her good will, marg you that, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Owe ! what's else ? Sir Owen marg that ferrywell. Yet shall tage her down quigly inough. Come, widow, will wag to the coward, now to her cousin, and bid her cousin tell hur mind of Sir Owen.

Gwe. You'll man Gwenthyan, Sir Owen ?

Sir Ow. Yes, by Cod, and pravelly too. Come, shentlemens, you'll tage pains to go with her.

Far. We'll follow you presently, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Come, widow. Un loddis glane Gwenthyan an mondu.

Gwe. Gramercy wheeh, am a mock honnoh.

[*Exeunt.*

Far. So, this will be rare. Sirrah Urcenze, at the marriage night of these two, instead of Io Hymen, we shall hear hey ho, Hymen ! Their love will be like a great fire made of bay leaves, that yields nothing but crack-ing, noise, noise.

Urc. If she miss his crown, 'tis no matter for cracking.

Far. So she solder it again, it will pass current.

Enter ONOPHRIO and JULIA, walking over the stage.

Urc. Peace ! here comes our fair mistress.

Far. Let's have a fling at her.

Urc. So you may, but the hardness is to hit her.

Ono. Farewell.—Farneze, you attend well upon your mistress.

Jul. Nay, nay ; their wages shall be of the same colour that their service is of.

Far. Faith, mistress, would you had travelled a little sooner this way, you should have seen a rare comedy acted by Emulo.

Urc. Every courteous mouth will be a stage for that. Rather tell her of the Welsh tragedy that's towards.

Jul. What tragedy?

Far. Sir Owen shall marry your cousin Gwenthyan.

Jul. Is't possible? ah, they two will beget brave warriors ; for if she scold, he'll fight, and if he quarrel, she'll take up the bucklers. She's fire, and he's brimstone : must not there be hot doings, then, think you?

Ono. They'll prove turtles ; for their hearts being so like they cannot chuse but be loving.

Jul. Turtles ! turkey cocks. For God's love, let's entreat the duke, my brother, to make a law that, wheresoever Sir Owen and his lady dwell, the next neighbour may always be constable, lest the peace be broken ; for they'll do nothing but cry Arm ! Arm !

Far. I think Sir Owen would rather die than lose her love.

Jul. So think not I.

Ono. I should for Julia, if I were Julia's husband.

Jul. Therefore Julia shall not be Onophrio's wife, for I'll have none die for me. I like not that colour.

Far. Yes ; for your love you would, Julia.

Jul. No ; nor yet for my hate, Farneze.

Urc. Would you not have men love you, sweet mistress?

Jul. No, not I; fye upon it, sweet servant.

Ono. Would you wish men to hate you?

Jul. Yes, rather than love me. Of all saints I love not to serve Mistress Venus.

Far. Then, I perceive you mean to lead apes in hell.

Jul. That spiteful proverb was proclaim'd against them that are married upon earth; for to be married is to live in a kind of hell.

Far. Ay, as they do at barley-break.

Jul. Your wife is your ape, and that heavy burthen wedlock, your jack-an-ape's clog; therefore, I'll not be tied to't. Master Farneze, sweet virginity is that invisible godhead, that turns [us] into angels, that makes us saints on earth, and stars in heaven: here virgins seem goodly, but there glorious: in heaven is no wooing, yet all there are lovely; in heaven are no weddings, yet all there are lovers.

Ono. Let us, sweet madam, turn earth into heaven by being all lovers here too.

Jul. So we do; to an earthly heaven we turn it.

Ono. Nay; but, dear Julia, tell us why so much you hate to enter into the lists of this same combat, matrimony.

Jul. You may well call that a combat; for indeed marriage is nothing else but a battle of love, a friendly fighting, a kind of favourable, terrible war. But you err, Onophrio, in thinking I hate it: I deal by marriage as some Indians do [by] the sun, adore it, and reverence it, but dare not stare on it, for fear I be stark blind. You three are bachelors, and, being sick of this maidenhead, count all things bitter which the physic of a single life ministers unto you: you imagine, if you could make the arms of fair ladies the spheres of your hearts, good hearts! then you were in heaven. Oh, but, bachelors,

take heed : you are no sooner in that heaven, but you straight slip into hell.

Far. As long as I have a beautiful lady to torment me, I care not.

Urc. Nor I ; the sweetness of her looks shall make me relish any punishment.

Ono. Except the punishment of the horn, Urcenze ; put that in.

Jul. Nay, he were best put that by. Lord, lord ! see what unthrifths this love makes us ! if he once but get into our mouths, he labours to turn our tongues to clappers, and to ring all in at Cupid's church, when we were better to bite off our tongues, so we may thrust him out. Cupid is sworn enemy to time ; and he that loseth time, I can tell you, loseth a friend.

Far. Ay, a bald friend.

Jul. Therefore, my good servants, if you wear my livery, cast off this loose upper coat of love : be ashamed to wait upon a boy, a wag, a blind boy, a wanton. My brother, the duke, wants our companies. 'Tis idleness and love make you captives to this solitariness : follow me, and love not, and I'll teach you how to find liberty.

All. We obey, to follow you, but not to love you : we renounce that obedience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Palace of Saluzzo.

Enter the MARQUESS and FURIO.

Mar. Furio.

Fu. My lord.

Mar. Thy faith I oft have tried, thy faith I credit,
For I have found it solid as the rock.
No babbling echo sits upon thy lips,
For silence, even in speech, doth seal them up.
Wilt thou be trusty, Furio, to thy lord ?

Fu. I will.

Mar. It is enough : those words, " I will,"
Yield sweeter music than the gilded sounds,
Which chatting parrots, long-tongu'd sycophants,
Send from the organs of their syren voice.
Grissil, my wife, thou seest bear in her womb
The joy of marriage. Furio, I protest,
My love to her is as the heat to fire,
Her love to me as beauty to the sun,
Inseparable adjuncts : in one word,
So dearly love I Grissil, that my life
Shall end, when she doth end to be my wife.

Fu. 'Tis well done.

Mar. Yet is my bosom burnt up with desires
To try my Grissil's patience. I'll put on
A wrinkled forehead, and turn both mine eyes
Into two balls of fire, and clasp my hand,
Like to a mace of iron, to threaten death ;
But, Furio, when that hand lifts up to strike,
It shall fly open to embrace my love.
Yet Grissil must not know this : all my words
Shall smack of wormwood, all my deeds of gall ;
My tongue shall jar, my heart be musical :
Yet Grissil must not know this.

Fu. Not for me.

Mar. Furio, my trial is thy secresy.

Enter GRISSIL.

Yonder she comes : on goes this mask of frowns.
Tell her I am angry.—Men, men, try your wives ;
Love that abides sharp tempests sweetly thrives.

Fu. My lord is angry.

Gri. Angry ? the heavens forefend ! with whom ? for
what ?

Is it with me ?

Fu. Not me.

Gri. May I presume
To touch the vein of that sad discontent,
Which swells upon my dear lord's angry brow?

Mar. Away, away!

Gri. Oh, chide me not away.
Your handmaid Grissil, with unvexed thoughts,
And with an unrepining soul, will bear
The burden of all sorrows, of all woe,
Before the smallest grief should wound you so.

Mar. I am not beholding to your love for this.
Woman, I love thee not: thine eyes to mine
Are eyes of basilisks; they murder me.

Gri. Suffer me to part hence, I'll tear them out,
Because they work such treason to my love.

Mar. Talk not of love: I hate thee more than poison
That sticks upon the air's infected wings,
Exhal'd up by the hot breath of the sun.
'Tis for thy sake that speckled infamy
Sits like a screech-owl on my honour'd breast,
To make my subjects stare and mock at me.
They swear they'll never bend their awful knees
To the base issue of thy beggar womb:
'Tis for thy sake they curse me, rail at me.
Think'st thou, then, I can love thee?—Oh, my soul!—
Why didst thou build this mountain of my shame!
Why lie my joys buried in Grissil's name!

Gri. My gracious lord——

Mar. Call not me gracious lord.
See, woman, here hangs up thine ancestry,
The monuments of thy nobility;
This is thy russet gentry, coat and crest:
Thy earthen honours I will never hide,
Because this bridle shall pull in thy pride.

Gri. Poor Grissil is not proud of these attires;
They are to me but as your livery,

And from your humble servant, when you please,
You may take all this outside, which, indeed,
Is none of Grissil's : her best wealth is need.
I'll cast this gayness off, and be content
To wear this russet bravery of my own,
For that's more warm than this. I shall look old
No sooner in coarse frieze, than cloth of gold.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Spite of my soul, she'll triumph over
me. [*He drops his glove.*]

Fu. Your glove, my lord.

Mar. Cast down my glove again.—
Stoop you for it, for I will have you stoop,
And kneel even to the meanest groom I keep.

Gri. 'Tis but my duty. If you'll have me stoop
Even to your meanest groom, my lord, I'll stoop.

Mar. Furio, how slovenly thou goest attir'd.

Fu. Why so, my lord?

Mar. Look here, thy shoes are both untied.
Grissil, kneel you and tie them.

Fu. Pardon me.

Mar. Quickly, I charge you.

Gri. Friend, you do me wrong
To let me hold my lord in wrath so long.
Stand still, I'll kneel and tie them : what I do,
Furio, 'tis done to him, and not to you.

[*She ties them.*]

Fu. 'Tis so.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Oh, strange ! oh, admirable patience !
I fear, when Grissil's bones sleep in her grave,
The world a second Grissil ne'er will have.

[*To her.*] Now get you in.

Gri. I go, my gracious lord.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Didst thou not hear her sigh ? did not one frown
Contract her beauteous forehead ?

Fu. I saw none.

Mar. Did not one drop fall down from sorrow's eyes
To blame my heart for these her injuries?

Fu. Faith, not a drop. I fear she'll frown on me,
For doing me service.

Mar. Furio, that I'll try.
My voice may yet o'ertake her. Grissil! Grissil!

[*Re-*] *Enter* GRISSIL.

Fu. She comes at first call.

Gri. Did my lord call?

Mar. Woman, I call'd thee not.
I said this slave was like to Grissil, Grissil,
And must thou, therefore, come to torture me?
Nay, stay: here's a companion fit for you.
Thou vexest me, so doth this villain, too;
But ere the sun to his highest throne ascend,
My indignation in his death shall end.

Gri. Oh, pardon him, my lord; for mercy's wings
Bear round about the world the fame of kings.
Temper your wrath, I beg it on my knee:
Forgive his fault, though you'll not pardon me.

Mar. Thank her.

Fu. Thanks, madam.

Mar. I have not true power
To wound thee with denial. Oh, my Grissil,
How dearly should I love thee;
Yea, die to do thee good, but that my subjects
Upbraid me with thy birth, and call it base,
And grieve to see thy father and thy brother
Heav'd up to dignities.

Gri. Oh, cast them down,
And send poor Grissil poorly home again.
High cedars fall, when low shrubs safe remain.

Mar. Fetch me a cup of wine. [Exit GRISSIL.]

Enter at the same door, MARIO and LEPIDO.

Fu. She's a saint, sure.

Mar. Ah, Furio, now I'll boast that I have found
An angel upon earth : she shall be crown'd
The empress of all women.—Lepido,
Mario, what was she that passed by you ?

Both. Your virtuous wife.

Mar. Call her not virtuous,
For I abhor her. Did not her swollen eyes
Look red with hate or scorn ? Did she not curse
My name, or Furio's name ?

Ma. No, my dear lord.

Mar. For he and I rail'd at her, spit at her.
I'll burst her heart with sorrow ; for I grieve
To see you grieve that I have wrong'd my state
By loving one whose baseness now I hate.

[Re-]Enter GRISSIL with wine.

Mar. Come faster, if you can.—Forbear, Mario ;
'Tis but her office : what she does to me
She shall perform to any of you three.

Lep. I am glad to see her pride thus trampled on.

Mar. Now serve Mario, then serve Lepido ;
And as you bow to me, so bend to them.

Gri. I'll not deny't to win a diadem.

Ma. Your wisdom I commend, that have the power
To raise or throw down, as you smile or lower.

Gri. Your patience I commend, that can abide
To hear a flatterer speak, yet never chide.

Mar. Hence, hence ! dare you control them whom I
 grace ?

Come not within my sight.

Gri. I will obey,

And, if you please, ne'er more behold the day. *[Exit.*

Mar. Furio.

Fu. My lord.

Mar. Watch her where she goes,
And mark how in her looks this trial shows.

Fu. I will.

[*Exit.*

Mar. Mario, Lepido, I loathe this Grissil,
As sick men loathe the bitterest potion
Which the physician's hand holds out to them.
For God's sake, frown upon her when she smiles ;
For God's sake, smile for joy to see her frown ;
For God's sake, scorn her, call her beggar's brat :
Torment her with your looks, your words, your deeds,
My heart shall leap for joy that her heart bleeds.
Wilt thou do this, Mario ?

Ma. If you say,
Mario, do this, I must in it obey.

Mar. I know you must ; so, Lepido, must you.
'Tis well ; but counsel me what's best to do—
How shall I please my subjects ? Do but speak ;
I'll do it, though Grissil's heart in sunder break.

Lep. Your subjects do repine at nothing more,
Than to behold Janiculo, her father,
And her base brother lifted up so high.

Ma. To banish them from court were policy.

Mar. Oh, rare, oh, profound wisdom ! dear Mario,
It forthwith shall be done : they shall not stay,
Though I may win by them a kingdom's sway.

[*Exit.*

Lep. Mario, laugh at this.

Ma. Why, so I do.
Headlong I had rather fall to misery,
Than see a beggar rais'd to dignity.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chamber in the Palace of Saluzzo.

Enter BABULO, singing, with a boy after him.

Bab. Boy, how sits my rapier? la sol, la sol, &c.

Boy. It hangs as even as a chandler's beam.

Bab. Some of them deserve to hang upon a beam for that evenness. Boy, learn to give every man his due: give the hangman his due, for he's a necessary member.

Boy. That's true, for he cuts off many wicked members.

Bab. He's an excellent barber; he shaves most cleanly. But, page, how dost thou like the court?

Boy. Prettily, and so.

Bab. Faith, so do I, prettily and so. I am weary of being a courtier, boy.

Boy. That you cannot be, master, for you are but a courtier's man.

Bab. Thou sayest true; and thou art the courtier's man's boy; so thou art a courtier in decimo sexto, in the least volume, or a courtier at the third hand, or a courtier by reversion, or a courtier three descents removed, or a courtier in minority, or an under courtier, or a courtier in posse, and I thy master in esse.

Boy. A posse ad esse non est argumentum, master.

Bab. Thou hast too much wit to be so little; but imitation, imitation is his good lord and master.

Enter JANICULO, LAUREO, and FURIO.

Jan. Banish'd from court! oh, what have we misdone?

Lau. What have we done, we must be thus disgraced?

Fu. I know not, but you are best pack: 'tis my lord's

will, and that's law. I must uncase you : your best course is to fall to your own trades. [*Strips them.*]

Bab. Sirrah, what art thou ? a broker ?

Fu. No ; how then ? I am a gentleman.

Bab. Th'art a Jew, th'art a pagan : how dar'st thou leave them without a cloak for the rain, when his daughter, and his sister, and my mistress, is the king's wife.

Fu. Go look, sirrah fool : my condition is to ship you too.

Bab. There's a ship of fools ready to hoist sail ; they stay but for a good wind and your company. Ha, ha, ha ! I wonder, if all fools were banished, where thou wouldst take shipping.

Jan. Peace, Babulo : we are banish'd from the court.

Bab. I am glad ; it shall ease me of a charge here. As long as we have good clothes on our backs, 'tis no matter for our honesty ; we'll live any where, and keep court in any corner.

Enter GRISSIL.

Jan. Oh, my dear Grissil !

Gri. You from me are banish'd ;
But ere you leave the court, oh leave, I pray,
Your grief in Grissil's bosom : let my cheeks
Be water'd with woe's tears, for here and here,
And in the error of these wand'ring eyes
Began your discontent : had not I been
By nature painted thus, this had not been.
To leave the court and care be patient ;
In your old cottage you shall find content.
Mourn not because these silks are ta'en away ;
You'll seem more rich in a coarse gown of grey.

Fu. Will you be packing ? when ?

Jan. Friend, what's thy name ?

Fu. Furio my name is ; what of that ?

Bab. Is thy name Fury? thou art half hang'd, for thou hast an ill name.

Lau. Thy looks are like thy name: thy name and looks

Approve thy nature to be violent.

Gri. Brother, forbear: he's servant to my lord.

Bab. To him, master: spare him not an inch.

Lau. Princes are never pleas'd with subjects' sins,
But pity those whom they are sworn to smite,
And grieve as tender mothers, when they beat
With kind correction their unquiet babes;
So should their officers compassionate
The misery of any wretch's state.

Fu. [*Aside.*] I must obey my master; though, indeed,
My heart, that seems hard, at their wrongs doth bleed.
[*To them.*] Pray get you gone. I say little, but you
know my mind.

Bab. Little said is soon amended. Thou say'st but little, and that little will be mended soon; indeed, that's never, and so the proverb stands in his full strength, power, and virtue.

Enter MARQUESS, MARIO, LEPIDO, *and attendants.*

Fu. They will not go, my lord.

Mar. Will they not go?

Away with them! expel them from our court!
Base wretches, is it wrong to ask mine own?
Think you that my affection to my wife
Is greater than my love to public weal?
Do not my people murmur every hour,
That I have rais'd you up to dignities?
Do not lewd minstrels, in their ribald rhymes,
Scoff at her birth, and descant on her dower?

Jan. Alas, my lord, you knew her state before.

Mar. I did; and, from the bounty of my heart,

I robb'd my wardrobe of all precious robes,
That she might shine in beauty like the sun ;
And in exchange I hung this russet gown,
And this poor pitcher, for a monument
Amongst my costliest gems. See where they hang :
Grissil, look here ; this gown is unlike to this.

Gri. My gracious lord, I know full well it is.

Bab. Grissil was as pretty a Grissil in the one, as in the other.

Mar. You have forgot these rags, this water-pot.

Gri. With reverence of your highness, I have not.

Bab. Nor I : many a good mess of water-gruel has that yielded us.

Mar. Yes, you are proud of these your rich attires.

Gri. Never did pride keep pace with my desires.

Mar. Well, get you on.—Part briefly with your father.

Jan. Our parting shall be short.—Daughter, farewell !

Lau. Our parting shall be short.—Sister, farewell !

Bab. Our parting shall be short.—Grissil, farewell !

Jan. Remember thou didst live when thou wert poor,
And now thou dost but live.—Come, son, no more.

Mar. See them without the palace, Furio.

Fu. Good ; yet 'tis bad [*aside*].

[*Exeunt with FURIO.*]

Bab. Shall Furio see them out of the palace ? do you turn us out of doors ? you turn us out of doors then ?

Mar. Hence with that fool. Mario, drive him home.

Bab. He shall not need : I am no ox nor ass ; I can go without driving. For all his turning, I am glad of one thing.

Lep. What's that, Babulo ?

Bab. Mary, that he shall never hit us i'th' teeth with turning us, for 'tis not a good turn. Follower, I must

cashier you : I must give over housekeeping ; 'tis the fashion. Farewell, boy.

Boy. Marry, farewell, and be hang'd.

Bab. I am glad thou tak'st thy death so patiently. Farewell, my lord : adieu, my lady. Great was the wisdom of that tailor that stitch'd me in motley, for he's a fool that leaves basket-making to turn courtier. I see my destiny dogs me : at first I was a fool, for I was born an innocent ; then I was a traveller, and then a basket-maker, and then a courtier, and now I must turn basket-maker and fool again : the one I am sworn to, but the fool I bestow upon the world, for, *stultorum plena sunt omnia*, adieu, adieu. [*Exit.*

Mar. Farewell, simplicity ; part of my shame, farewell.

Now, lady, what say you of their exile ?

Gri. Whatever you think good I'll not term vile.

By this rich burthen in my worthless womb,
Your handmaid is so subject to your will,
That nothing which you do to her seems ill.

Mar. I am glad you are so patient. Get you in.

[*Exit* GRISSIL.]

Thy like will never be, never hath been.

Mario ! Lepido !

Ma. and Lep. My gracious lord.

Mar. The hand of poverty held down your states
As it did Grissil's ; and as her I rais'd
To shine in greatness' sphere, so did mine eye
Throw gilt beams of your births ; therefore, methinks,
Your soul should sympathize, and you should know
What passions in my Grissil's bosom flow.
Faith, tell me your opinions of my wife.

Lep. She is as virtuous, and as patient
As innocence, as patience itself.

Ma. She merits much of love, little of hate :
Only in birth she is unfortunate.

Mar. Ay, ay ; the memory of that birth doth kill
me.

She is with child, you see : her travail past,
I am determin'd she shall leave the court,
And live again with old Janiculo.

Both. Wherein you shew true wisdom.

Mar. Do I, indeed ? [*aside.*]

Dear friends, it shall be done. I'll have you two
Rumour that presently to the wide ears
Of that news-loving beast, the multitude :
Go, tell them for their sakes this shall be done.

Ma. With wings we fly.

Lep. Swifter than time we run.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. Begone, then.—Oh, these times ! these impious
times !

How swift is mischief ! with what nimble feet
Doth envy gallop to do injury !
They both confess my Grissil's innocence,
They both admire her wondrous patience,
Yet, in their malice, and to flatter me,
Headlong they run to this impiety.
Oh, what's this world but a confused throng
Of fools and madmen, crowding in a thrust
To shoulder out the wise, trip down the just !
But I will try by self-experience,
And shun the vulgar sentence of the base.
If I find Grissil strong in patience,
These flatterers shall be wounded with disgrace ;
And whilst verse lives the fame shall never die
Of Grissil's patience, and her constancy.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The country near Saluzzo.

Enter URCENZE and ONOPHRIO at several doors, and FARNEZE in the midst.

Far. Onophrio and Urcenze, early met. Every man take his stand, for there comes a most rich purchase of mirth; Emulo, with his hand in a fair scarf, and Julia, with whom he sighs apace, and, therefore, I am sure he lies apace.

Ono. His arm in a scarf! has he been fighting?

Far. Fighting! hang him, coward.

Urc. Perhaps he does it to show his scarf.

Far. Peace! here the ass comes: stand aside and see him curvet. *[They stand back.]*

[Enter EMULO and JULIA.]

Jul. Did my new married cousin, Sir Owen, wound you thus?

Emu. He, certes! As he is allied to the illustrious Julia, I live his devoted; as Signor Emulo's enemy, no adulatory language can redeem him from vengeance. If you please, my most accomplished mistress, I will make a most palpable demonstration of our battle.

Jul. As palpably as you can, good servant.

Ono. Oh, she gulls him simply.

Far. She has reason: is he not a simple gull?

Urc. Sound an alarum ere his battle begin.

Far. Peace! Sa, sa, sa!

Emu. Sir Owen and myself encountering, I vailed my upper garment; and enriching my head again with a fine velvet cap, which I then wore, with a band to it of orient pearl and gold, and a foolish sprig of some nine or ten pound price or so, we grew to an imparlance.

Far. Oh, ho, ho! this is rare.

Jul. You did wisely to confer before you combated.

Emu. Verily we did so ; but, falling into the hands of bitter words, we retorted a while, and then drew.

Ono. True ; his gloves, to save his hands.

Urc. No ; his handkerchief, to wipe his face.

Far. He sweat pitifully for fear ; if it were true—if—

Emu. I was then encounter'd with a pure Toledo silvered, and elevating mine arm, in the drawing—by Jesu, sweet madam, my rich cloak, loaded with pearl, which I wore at your sister Grissil's bridal ; I made it then, by God, of mere purpose to grace the court, and so forth—that foolish garment dropped down. The buttons were illustrious and resplendent diamonds, but it's all one.

Far. Nay, they were all scarce one.

Emu. Divine lady, as I said, we both lying,—

Far. I'll be sworn thou dost.

Emu. I must recognize and confess, very generously and heroically at our ward, the Welsh knight, making a very desperate thrust at my bosom, before God, fairly missed my embroidered jerkin that I then wore ; and with my poignard vapulating and checking his engine, down it cut me a pair of very imperial cloth of gold hose, at least thus long thwart the cannon, at least.

Jul. And miss'd your leg ?

Far. Ay, and his hose, too.

Emu. And miss'd my leg, most bright star : which advantageous sign I () this leg, (having a fair carnation silk stocking on) stumbled : my spangled garters in that imprision fell about my feet, and he, fetching a most valorous and ingenious career, invaded my rapier hand, entered this gilded fort, and in that passado vulnerated my hand thus deep, I protest and contest Heaven.

Jul. No more : it's too tragical !

Emu. I conclude : I thought (by the syntheresis of my soul) I had not been imperished, till the blood, showing his red tincture at the top of a fair enveloped glove,

sunk along my arm, and spoiled a rich waistcoat wrought in silk and gold, a toy, &c.

Far. He'll strip himself out of his shirt, anon. For God's sake, step in.

Emu. My opinion is, I shall never recuperate the legitimate office of this member, my arm.

All three. [*Coming forward.*] Signor Emulo!

Emu. Sweet and accomplish'd signors.

Far. Ha, ha! Madam, you had a pitiful hand with this fool; but see, he is recovered.

Jul. But, servant, where is your other hand?

Ono. See, sweet mistress, one is my prisoner.

Urc. The other I have ta'en up with the fine finger.

Jul. Look in his scarf, Farneze, for another: he has a third hand, and 'tis pitifully wounded; he tells me, pitifully, pitifully.

Far. Wounded? oh, palpable! come, a demonstration of it.

Ono. Give him your larded cloak, signor, to stop his mouth, for he will undo you with lies.

Urc. Come, Signor, one fine be now to apparel all these former in some light sarcenet robe of truth: none, none in this mint?

Jul. Fie, servant: is your accomplish'd courtship nothing but lies?

Ono. Fie, signor: no music in your mouth but battles, yet a mere milksop?

Urc. Fie, Emulo: nothing but wardrobe, yet here all your trunks of suits?

Far. Fie, signor: a scarf about your neck, yet will not hang yourself to hear all this?

Jul. Servant, I discharge you my service. I'll entertain no braggarts.

Ono. Signor, we discharge you the court. We'll have no gulls in our company.

Far. Abr'am, we cashier you our company. We must have no minions at court.

Emu. Oh, patience! be thou my fortification. Italy, thou spurnest me for uttering that which I only suck'd from thee.

Far. How? Italy? away, you idiot! Italy infects you not, but your own diseased spirits. Out, you froth! you scum! Because your soul is mud, and that you have breathed in Italy, you'll say Italy hath defiled you. Away, you boar! thou wilt wallow in mire in the sweetest country in the world.

Emu. I cannot conceit this rawness. Italy, farewell: Italians, adieu:

A virtuous soul abhors to dwell with you.

[*Exit.*

All. Ha, ha, ha! [*They laugh.*]

Enter MARQUESS and SIR OWEN.

Jul. Peace, servants: here comes the duke, my brother.

Mar. Lo, cousin, here they be.—Are ye here, gentlemen?

And Julia, too? then, I'll call your eyes

To testify, that to Sir Meredith

I do deliver here four sealed bonds.

Coz, have a care to them, it much behoves you;

For, gentlemen, within this parchment lies

Five thousand ducats, payable to him,

Just fourteen days before next Pentecost.

Coz, it concerns you, therefore, keep them safe.

Sir Ow. Fugh! hur warrant hur shall log them ub from sun and moon, and seven stars, too, I hobe. But, harg you, cousin marquess.

Mar. Now, what's the matter?

Sir Ow. A pox on it, 'tis scald matter. Well, well: pray, cousin marquess, use her laty Grissil a good teal

better ; for, as God udge me, you hurt Sir Owen out o' cry by maging her sad, and pout so, see you.

Mar. Hurt you? What harm or good reap you thereby?

Ono. Harm ! yes, by God's lid, a poggie teal of harm ; for, loog you, cousin, and cousin Julia, and shentlemen all, (for all is to know hur wife's case) you know hur tage to wife the widow Gwenthyan.

Mar. True, cousin ; and she's a virtuous gentlewoman.

Ono. One of the patientest ladies in the world.

Urc. She's wondrous beautiful, and wondrous kind.

Far. She's the quietest woman that ere I knew ; for, good heart, she'll put up any thing.

Jul. Cousin, I am proud that you are sped so well.

Sir Ow. Are you? by God, so am not I. I'll tell you what, cousin marquess, you all know hur well : you know her face is liddle fair and smug, but hur has a tongue goes jingle jangle, jingle jangle, petter and worse than pells when hur house is o' fire. Patient ! Sir Owen shall tage hur heels, and run to Wales, and hur play the tevil so out o' cry, terrible, a pox on her la !

Jul. Why, cousin, what are her qualities, that you so commend her ?

Sir Ow. Commend her ! no, by God, not I. Ha, ha ! is know her qualities petter and petter fore I commend her ; but Gwenthyan is worse and worse out o' cry ; oh, out o' cry worse, out of all cry ! She's feared to be made fool, as Grissil is, and, as God udge me, hur mage fine poobie fool of Sir Owen. Hur shide, and shide, and prawl, and scold, by God, and scradge terrible sometime. Ow ! and said hur will do what hur can. Ha, ha, ha ! an Sir Owen were handsome pachelor again ! Pray, cousin marquess, tage some order in Grissil, or teach Sir Owen to mage Gwenthians quiet, and tame her.

Mar. To tame her? that I'll teach you presently.
You had no sooner spake the word of taming,
But mine eye met a speedy remedy.
See, cousin, here's a plot where osiers grow;
The ground belongs to old Janiculo,
My Grissil's father: come, Sir Meredith;
Take out your knife, cut three, and so will I.
So, keep yours, cousin; let them be safe laid up:
These three, thus wound together, I'll preserve.

Sir Ow. What shall hur do now with these? peat and
knog her, Gwenthyan?

Mar. You shall not take such counsel from my lips.

Enter MARIO.

How, now, Mario? what news brings thee hither
In such quick haste?

Ma. Your wife, my gracious lord,
Is now delivered of two beauteous twins,
A son and daughter.

Mar. Take that for thy pains:
Not for the joy that I conceive thereby,
For Grissil is not gracious in the eye
Of those that love me; therefore I must hate
Those that do make my life unfortunate,
And that's my children: must I not, Mario?
Thou bowest thy knee. Well, well, I know thy mind.
Virtue in villains can no succour find. [*aside.*]
A son and daughter? I by them will prove
My Grissil's patience better, and her love.—
Come, Julia; come, Onophrio: coz, farewell.
Reserve those wands: these three I'll bear away.
When I require them back, then will I show
How easily a man may tame a shrew. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Ow. Ha, ha, ha! tame a shrew? Oh, 'tis out o'
cry terrible hard, and more worse than tame a mad pull.

But what mean hur cousin to mage hur cut hur wands? Ha! ha! God udge me, 'tis fine knag. I see hur knavery now: 'tis to pang Gwenthyan's pody, and she mage a noise and prabble. Is not so? by God's lid, so; and, Gwenthyan, Sir Owen will knog you before hur abide such horrible do.

Enter GWENTHYAN and RICE.

God's lid! here hur comes. Terdawgh, Gwenthian; terdawgh.

Gwe. Terdawgh whee, Sir Owen, terdawgh whee.

Sir Ow. Owe, loog here: fine wands, Gwenthyan, is not?

Gwe. Rees, tage them, and preag them in pieces.

Rice. What say you, forsooth?

Gwe. What say you, forsooth! you saucy knave! must hur tell hur once, and twice, and thrice, and four times what to do? preag these wands.

Sir Ow. Rees is petter preag Rees his pate. Here, Rees, carry hur home.

Rice. Would I were at gallows, so I were not here.

Gwe. Do, and hur tare; do, and hur tare. See you, now, what shall hur do with wands? peat Gwenthyan body, and mage Gwenthyan put her finger in me hole? ha! ha! by God, by God, is scradge hur eyes out that tudge her, that tawg to her, that loog on her: marg you that, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Yes, hur marg hur.—Rees, pray marg hur lady.

Rice. Not I, sir; she'll set her marks on me, then.

Gwe. Is prate? is prate? Go to, Rees: I'll Rees hur, you tog you.

Sir Ow. Pray, Gwenthian, be patient as her cousin Grissil is.

Gwe. Grissil? how! how! Grissil? no, no, no, no.

Hur shall not mage Gwenthian such ninny, pooby fool as Grissil. I say, preag hur wands.

Sir Ow. God's plude ! is pought hur to peat dust out of hur cloag and parrels.

Gwe. Peat hur cloag and parrels ? fye, fye, fye ! 'tis lie, Sir Owen, 'tis lie.

Rice. Your worship may stab her : she gives you the lie.

Sir Ow. Peace, Rees ! go to.—I pought them indeed to mage her horse run and go a mighty teal of pace. Pray let Rees tage hur in, good Gwenthyan.

Gwe. Rees, bear in hur wands, because Sir Owen beg so gently.

Sir Ow. Go, Rees, go ; lock them up in a pox or shest : go.

Rice. You shall not need to bid me go, for I'll run.

[*Exit.*

Sir Ow. I pought them for her horse. Here, een now, was her cousin marquess, and prought her all these scribblings here for her money. Gwenthyan shall have her ponds and keep her wisely. Sirrah Gwenthyan, I will tell her prave news : Grissil is prought to bed of a shentleman and shentlewoman : is glad out o' cry—speak her fair.—Yes, truly, Grissil is prought a bed.

Gwe. Grissil ! no pody but Grissil ! what care I for Grissil ! I say, if Sir Owen love Gwenthyan, shall not love Grissil nor marquess so ; see you now.

Sir Ow. God udge me, not love her cousin ? is shealous ? oh, is fine trig not love her cousin. God udge me, hur will, and hang herself ; see you now.

Gwe. Hang herself ! how, how, how ? Gwenthyan's tother husband is scorn to say hang herself : hang herself ! How, how, how, how ?

Sir Ow. God plude ! what cannot get by prawls, is get by how, how, how. Is a terrible ladie. Pray be

peace, and cry no more how, how, how. Tawson, Gwenthians : God udge me, is very fury.

Gwe. O, mon Iago ! mon due ! hang Gwenthyans ?

Sir Ow. Adologo whee Gwenthyan bethog, en thonigh en moyen due.

Gwe. Nevetho en thonigh gna wathe gethla tee. Hang Gwenthyans ?

Sir Ow. Sir Owen shall say no more hang herself : be out o' cry still, and hur shall puy hur new car to ride in, and two new fine horses, and more plue coats and padges to follow her heels ; see you now.

Gwe. But will hur say no more, hang herself ?

[*Re*] *Enter* RICE.

Sir Ow. Oh, no more, as God udge me, no more : pray leave how, how, how.

Rice. Tannekin, the frow, hath brought your rebato ; it comes to three pound.

Sir Ow. What a pestilence ! is this for Gwenthyan ?

Gwe. For her neg ; is call'd repatoe. Gwenthyan wear it here : is't not prave ?

Sir Ow. Prave ! yes, is prave : 'tis repatoes, I warrant her. Ay, patoes money out o' cry : yes, 'tis prave. Rees, the preese ? Rees, the preece ?

Rice. The frow, sir, says three pound.

Sir Ow. Ha, ha, ha ! [three] pound ! Gwenthyan, pray do not puy it.

Gwe. By God udge me, hur shall puy it.

Sir Ow. God udge me, hur shall not.

Gwe. Shall not ! Rees, tage hur away ; I say her shall, and were it puy and puy.

Sir Ow. Then, mage a pooby fool of Sir Owen, indeed. God's plude, shall ! I say, shall not. Three pound for puble, for patoes ? here, there ; [*Tears it*] so, tage it now, wear it now pout her neg. Shall pridle Sir Owen, ha !

Rice. Oh, rare Sir Owen! oh, precious knight! oh, rare Sir Owen!

Gwe. Out, you rascals! you prade and prade. I'll prade your neaces. [Beats him.]

Rice. Oh, rare madam! oh, precious madam! oh God! oh God! oh God; oh! [Exit.]

Gwe. Is domineer now? you tear her ruffs and repatoes? you preak her ponds? I'll tear as good ponds, and petter too, and petter too. [Tears the bonds.]

Sir Ow. Oh, Gwenthyan! God's plude, is five thousand ducats! hold, hold, hold! a pogs on hur pride! what has hur done?

Gwe. Go loog: is now paid for her repatoes? I'll have hur wills and desires: I'll teadge hur pridle hur lady. Catho crogge, ne vetho, en thonigh gna wathee gnatla tee. [Exit.]

Sir Ow. A breath vawer or no tee. Pridle her! Sir Owen is pridled, I warrant. Widows! were petter, God's plude, marry whore: were petter be hang'd and quarter'd, than marry widows, as God udge me. Sir Owen, fall on hur knees and pray God to tag hur to hur mercy, or else put petter mind in hur lady. All Pritish shentlemans tage heed how her marry vixen widow.

Sir Owen ap Meredith can rightly tell,
A shrew's sharp tongue is terrible as hell.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in the Palace of Saluzzo.

Enter MARQUESS, and FURIO with an infant in his arms.

Mar. Did she not see thee when thou took'st it up?

Fu. No; she was fast asleep.

Mar. Give me this blessed burthen. Pretty fool!

With what an amiable look it sleeps,
And in that slumber how it sweetly smiles,
And in that smile how my heart leaps for joy!
Furio, I'll turn this circle to a cradle,
To rock my dear babe. A great Roman lord
Taught his young son to ride a hobbyhorse;
Then, why should I think scorn to dandle mine?
Furio, behold it well; to whom is't like?

Fu. You: there's your nose and black eyebrows.

Enter MARIO.

Mar. Thou dost but flatter me; here comes Mario:
I know Mario will not flatter me.

Mario, thy opinion: view this child;
Doth not his lips, his nose, his forehead,
And every other part, resemble mine?

Ma. So like, my lord, that the nice difference
Would stay the judgment of the curious't eye.

Mar. And yet, methinks, I am not half so brown.

Ma. Indeed, your cheeks bear a more lively colour.

Mar. Furio, play thou the nurse: handle it softly.

Fu. One were better get a dozen, than nurse one.

Mar. Mario, step to Grissil; she's asleep,
Her white hand is the pillow to those cares
Which I ungently lodge within her head:
Steal thou the other child, and bring it hither.
If Grissil be awake, and strive with thee,
Bring it perforce, nor let her know what hand
Hath robb'd her of this other. Haste, Mario.

Ma. I fly, my gracious lord. *[Exit.]*

Mar. Run, flattery.

Because I did blaspheme and call it brown,
This parasite cried, like an echo, brown.

Fu. The child is fair: my lord, you were ne'er so fair.

Mar. I know 'tis fair, I know 'tis wondrous fair.

Dear, pretty infant let me with a kiss
Take that dishonour off, which the foul breath
Of a profane slave laid upon thy cheeks.
Had I but said, my boy's a blackamoor,
He would have damn'd himself, and so have swore.

Enter GRISSIL, and MARIO with a child.

Gri. Give me mine infant! where's my other babe?
You cannot play the nurse; your horrid eyes
Will fright my little ones, and make them cry:
Your tongue's too rough to sound a lullaby.
'Tis not the pleasure of my lord, I know,
To load me with such wrong.

Ma. No; I unload you. [*scoffingly.*]

Mar. Give her her child, Mario: and yet stay—
Furio, hold thou them both. Grissil, forbear;
You are but nurse to them; they are not thine.

Gri. I know, my gracious lord, they are not mine;
I am but their poor nurse, I must confess.
Alas! let not a nurse be pitiless.

To see the cold air make them look thus bleak
Makes me shed tears, because they cannot speak.

Mar. If they could speak, what think you they would
say?

Gri. That I in all things will your will obey.

Mar. Obey it then in silence. Shall not I
Bestow what is mine own as likes me best?
Deliver me these brats. Come, press me down
With weighty infamy: here is a load
Of shame, of speckled shame! Oh, God! how heavy
An armful of dishonour is: here's two.
Grissil, for this I'll thank none else but you.
Which way so'er I turn I meet a face
That makes my cheeks blush at mine own disgrace.
[*Aside.*] This way or this way, never shall mine eye

Look thus, or thus ; but (oh me !) presently,
(Take them, for God's sake, Furio) presently
I shall spend childish tears : true tears, indeed,
That thus I wrong my babes, and make her bleed.
[To her.] Go, Grissil ; get you in.

Gri. I go, my lord.

Farewell, sweet, sweet, dear babes : so you were free,
Would all the world's cares might be thrown on me !

[*Exit.*

Mar. Ha ! ha ! why, this is pleasing harmony.

Fu. My lord, they'll wrawle : what shall I do with
them ?

Mar. Tell her thou must provide a nurse for them.
Comes she not back, Mario.

Ma. No, my lord.

Mar. Tush, tush ! it cannot be but she'll return.
I know her bosom bears no marble heart ;
I know a tender mother cannot part,
With such a patient soul, from such sweet souls.
She stands and watches sure, and sure she weeps
To see my seeming flinty breast. Mario,
Withdraw with me : Furio, stay thou here still.
If she return, seem childish, and deny
To let her kiss or touch them.

[*Exeunt.*

Fu. Faith, not I : I have not such a heart. An she
ask to touch them, I'll deny it, because I'll obey my lord ;
yet she shall kiss and touch them, too, because I'll please
my lady. Alas, alas ! pretty fools, I love you well, but
I would you had a better nurse.

[*Re*]-*Enter* GRISSIL, *stealingly.*

Gri. A better nurse ! seek'st thou a better nurse ?
A better nurse than whom ?

Fu. Than you ; away.

Gri. I am their mother : I must not away.

Look, look, good Furio ; look, they smile on me :
I know, poor hearts, they fear to smile on thee.
I prithee, let me have them.

Fu. Touch them not.

Gri. I prithee, let me touch them.

Fu. No ; hands off.

Gri. I prithee, gentle Furio, let me kiss them.

Fu. Not one kiss for a king's crown.

Gri. Must I not kiss my babes? must I not touch them?

Alas! what sin so vile hath Grissil done,
That thus she should be vexed? not kiss my infants!
Who taught thee to be cruel, gentle churl?
What must thou do with them?

Fu. Get them a nurse.

Gri. A nurse! alack, what nurse? where must she
dwell?

Fu. I must not tell you—till I know myself.

Gri. For God's sake, who must nurse them? do but
name her,

And I will swear those fiery eyes do smile,
And I will swear, that which none else will swear,
That thy grim brows do mercy's livery wear.

Fu. Chuse you.

[*Re*] *Enter* MARQUESS, *standing aside.*

Gri. Oh, God! oh, God! might Grissil have her choice,
My babes should not be scar'd with thy devil's voice!
Thou get a nurse for them? they can abide
To taste no milk but mine. Come, come, I'll chide,
In faith, you cruel man, I'll chide indeed,
If I grow angry.

Fu. Do, do ; I care not.

Mar. [*Aside.*] To chide and curse thy lord thou hast
more need.

Gri. Wilt thou not tell me who shall be their nurse?

Fu. No.

Gri. Wilt thou not let me kiss them?

Fu. No, I say.

Gri. I prithee, let my tears, let my bow'd knees,
Bend thy obdurate heart. See, here's a fountain
Which heaven into this alabaster bowels
Instill'd to nourish them: man, they'll cry,
And blame thee that this runs so lavishly.
Here's milk for both my babes—two breasts for two.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Poor babes! I weep to see what
wrong I do.

Gri. I pray thee let them suck. I am most meet
To play their nurse; they'll smile, and say 'tis sweet
Which streams from hence. If thou dost bear them
hence,

My angry breasts will swell, and as mine eyes
Let fall salt drops, with these white nectar tears
They will be mix'd, this sweet will then be brine.
They'll cry; I'll chide, and say the sin is thine.

Fu. Mine arms ache mightily, and my heart aches.

Mar. [*Aside.*] And so doth mine. Sweet sounds this
discord makes.

Fu. Here, madam, take one: I am weary of both.
Touch it and kiss it too, it's a sweet child. [*Aside.*] I
would I were rid of my misery, for I shall drown my
heart with my tears that fall inward.

Gri. Oh, this is gently done! this is my boy,
My first-born care; thy feet, that ne'er felt ground,
Have travell'd longest in this land of woe,
This world's wilderness, and hast most need
Of my most comfort. Oh, I thank thee, Furio:
I knew I should transform thee with my tears,
And melt thy adamant heart like wax.
What wrong shall these have to be ta'en from me!
Mildly entreat their nurse to touch them mildly,

For my soul tells me, that my honour'd lord
Does but to try poor Grissil's constancy.
He's full of mercy, justice, full of love.

Mar. [*Aside.*] My cheeks do glow with shame to hear
her speak.

Should I not weep for joy, my heart would break.
And yet a little more I'll stretch my trial.
[*Coming forward.*] Mario, Lepido !

Enter MARIO and LEPIDO.

Both. My gracious lord.

Mar. You shall be witness of this open wrong.
I gave strait charge she should not touch these brats,
Yet has she tempted with lascivious tears
The heart of Furio : see, she dandles them.
Take that child from her. [*Aside to FURIO.*] Stay, stay ;
I'll commend

That pity in thee which I'll reprehend.

Fu. Do.

Mar. Dare you thus contradict our strait command ?
But here's a trusty groom. Out, hypocrite !
I shall do justice wrong to let thee breathe
For disobeying me.

Gri. My gracious lord.

Mar. Tempt me not, syren. Since you are so loving,
Hold you, take both your children. Get you gone.—
Disrobe her of these rich habiliments,
Take down her hat, her pitcher, and her gown,
And as she came to me in beggary,
So drive her to her father's.

Ma. My dear lord !

Mar. Vex me not, good Mario : if you woo me
(Or if you shed one tear), to pity her,
Or if by any drift you succour her,
You lose my favour everlastingly.

Both. We must obey, since there's no remedy.

Mar. [*Aside.*] You must be villains, there's no remedy.

[*To them.*] Mario, Lepido, you two shall help
To bear her children home.

Gri. It shall not need ;

I can bear more.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Thou bear'st too much, indeed.

Gri. Come, come, sweet lambs : we'll laugh and live
content,

Though from the court we live in banishment.

These rich attires are for your mother fit,

But not your nurse ; therefore, I'll off with it.

Mar. Away with her, I say.

Gri. Away, away ?

Nothing but that cold comfort ? we'll obey.

Heaven smile upon my lord with gracious eye.

Mar. Drive her hence, Lepido.

Lep. Good madam, hence.

Gri. Thus tyranny oppresseth innocence.

Thy looks seem heavy, but thy heart is light,

For villains laugh when wrong oppresseth right.

[*She runs to the MARQUESS.*

Must we be driven hence ? Oh, see, my lord,

Sweet pretty fools, they both smil'd at that word ;

They smile, as who should say indeed, indeed,

Your tongue cries hence, but your heart's not agreed.

Can you thus part from them ? in truth, I know,

Your true love cannot let these infants go.

Mar. [*Aside.*] She'll triumph over me, do what I can.

[*He turns from her.*

Ma. Good madam, hence.

Gri. Oh, send one gracious smile

Before we leave this place : turn not away ;

Do but look back ; let us but once more see

Those eyes, whose beams shall breathe new souls in
three.

It is enough: now we'll depart in joy.—

Nay, be not you so cruel: should you two

Be thus driven hence, trust me, I'd pity you.

Mar. Disrobe her presently.

Both. It shall be done.

Gri. To work some good deed thus you would not
run. *[Exeunt.]*

Mar. Oh, Grissil, in large characters of gold,

Thy virtuous, sacred fame shall be enroll'd.

Tell me thy judgment, Furio, of my wife.

Fu. I think, my lord, she's a true woman, for she
loves her children; a rare wife, for she loves you (I be-
lieve you'll hardly find her match); and I think she's
more than a woman, because she conquers all wrongs
by patience.

Mar. Yet once more will I try her. Presently
I'll have thee go to old Janiculo's,
And take her children from her: breed some doubt
(By speeches) in her, that her eyes shall never
Behold them more: bear them to Pavia;
Commend us to our brother; say from us,
That we desire him, with all kind respect
To nurse the infants, and withal conceal
Their parentage from any mortal ear.
I charge thee, on thy life, reveal not this:
I charge thee, on thy life, be like thy name,
When thou com'st to her, rough and furious.

Fu. Well, I will. It's far from Saluce to Pavia: the
children will cry; I have no teats, you know: 'twere
good you thought upon it.

Mar. There's gold.

Fu. That's good.

Mar. Provide them nurses.

Fu. That's better : I will, an I can.

[*Exit FURIO.*

Mar. Away ! Though I dare trust thy secrecy,
Yet will I follow thee in some disguise,
And try thy faith, and Grissil's constancy.
If thou abide unblemish'd, then, I swear,
I have found two wonders that are seldom rife,
A trusty servant, and a patient wife.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Near the Cottage of Janiculo.

Enter JANICULO and LAUREO, with burdens of osiers.

Lau. Father, how fare you ?

Jan. Very well, my son.

This labour is a comfort to my age.
The marquess hath to me been merciful,
In sending me from courtly delicates,
To taste the quiet of this country life.

Lau. Call him not merciful ; his tyranny
Exceeds the most inhuman.

Jan. Peace, my son.

I thought by learning thou hadst been made wise ;
But I perceive it puffeth up thy soul :
Thou tak'st a pleasure to be counted just,
And kick against the faults of mighty men.
Oh, 'tis in vain ! the earth may even as well
Challenge the potter to be partial
For forming it to sundry offices.
Alas, the error of ambitious fools !
How frail are all their thoughts, how faint, how weak !
Those that do strive to jostle with the great,
Are certain to be bruised, or soon to break.
Come, come ; mell with our osiers : here let's rest ;
This is old homely home, and that's still best.

Enter BABULO, with a bundle of osiers in one arm, and a child in another ; GRISSIL after him with another child.

Bab. Hush, hush, hush, hush ! and I dance mine own child, and I dance mine own child, &c., ha, ha ! whoop, old master ! so ho, ho ! look here. And I dance mine own child, &c. Here's sixpence a week, and sixpence a week, eight groats, soap, and candle. I met her in osier grove, crying hush, hush, hush, hush ! I thought it had been some beggar woman, because of her pitcher, for you know they bear such household stuff to put drink and porridge together. And I dance mine, &c.

Lau. Oh, father, now forswear all patience !

Grissil comes home to you in poor array ;

Grissil is made a drudge, a cast-away.

Jan. Grissil is welcome home to poverty.—

How now, my child, are these thy pretty babes ?

Bab. And I dance mine own child. Art thou there ?
art thou there ?

Jan. Why art thou thus come home ? who sent thee
hither ?

Gri. It is the pleasure of my princely lord,
Who, taking some offence to me unknown,
Hath banish'd me from care to quietness.

Bab. A fig for care ! old master, but now old grandsire, take this little Pope Innocent : we'll give over basket-making, and turn nurses. She has uncled Laureo. It's no matter, you shall go make a fire. Grandsire, you shall dandle them. Grissil shall go make pap, and I'll lick the skillet ; but first I'll fetch a cradle. It's a sign 'tis not a dear year, when they come by two at once. Here's a couple, quoth jackdaw. Art thou there ? sing grandsire. *[Exit.*

Jan. What said the marquess when he banish'd thee ?

Gri. He gave me gentle language, kiss'd my cheek ;

For God's sake, therefore, speak not ill of him.
Tears trickling from his eyes, and sorrow's hand
Stopping his mouth, thus did he bid adieu,
Whilst many a deep-fetch'd sigh from his breast flew :
Therefore, for God's sake, speak not ill of him.
Good lord ! how many a kiss he gave my babes,
And with wet eyes bade me be patient ;
And, by my truth (if I have any truth)
I came from court more quiet and content,
By many a thousand part, than when I went ;
Therefore, for God's love, speak not ill of him.

Lau. Oh, vile dejection of too base a soul !
Hast thou beheld the paradise of court,
Fed of rich several meats, bath'd in sweet streams,
Slept on the bed of pleasure, sat enthron'd,
Whilst troops, as saint-like, have adored thee,
And being now thrown down by violence,
Dost thou not envy those that drive thee thence ?

Gri. Far be it from my heart from envying my lord
In thought, much less either in deed or word.

Lau. Then hast thou no true soul ; for I would curse,
From the sun's rising to his western fall,
The marquess and his flattering minions.

Gri. By day and night kind Heaven protect them
all !

What wrong have they done me ? what hate to you ?
Have I not fed upon the prince's cost,
Been cloth'd in rich attires, liv'd on his charge ?
Look here : my russet gown is yet unworn,
And many a winter more may serve my turn,
By the preserving it so many months.
My pitcher is unhurt : see, it is fill'd
With crystal water of the crisped spring.
If you remember, on my wedding day,
You sent me with this pitcher to the well,

And I came empty home, because I met
The gracious marquess and his company :
Now hath he sent you this cup full of tears.
You'll say the comfort's cold : well, be it so,
Yet every little comfort helps in woe.

Jan. True model of true virtue ! welcome, child.
Thou and these tender babes to me are welcome :
We'll work to find them food. Come, kiss them soon,
And let's forget these wrongs as never done.

[*Re*] *Enter BABULO, with a cradle.*

Bab. Come, where be the infidels ? here's the cradle
of security, and my pillow of idleness for them, and
their grandsire's cloak (not of hypocrisy) but honesty to
cover them.

Jan. Lay them both softly down. Grissil, sit down.
Laureo, fetch you my lute—Rock thou the cradle :
Cover the poor fool's arm. I'll charm their eyes
To take a sleep by sweet tun'd lullabies.

THE SONG.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you ;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons ; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

*Enter FURIO ; and the MARQUESS aloof, disguis'd, with
baskets.*

Fu. Leave singing.

Bab. We may chuse. Grandsire, sol fa once more.

We'll "alla mira" him, and "wail in woe," and who can hinder us ?

Fu. Sirrah scholar, read there : it's a commission for me to take away these children.

Bab. Nay then, y'are welcome : there's four groats, and here's four more.

Gri. To take away my children ! gentle Furio, Why must my babes bear this ungentle doom ?

Fu. Go look.

Lau. Oh, misery ! oh, most accursed time !
When to be foes to guilt is held a crime.
Sister, this fiend must bear your infants hence.

Jan. Good Grissil, bear all wrongs with patience.

[*Weeps.*]

Gri. Good father, let true patience cure all woe.
You bid me be content ; oh ! be you so.

Lau. Father, why do you weep ?

Jan. What can I do ?—

Though her he punish, he might pity you.

Lau. Let's fret, and curse the marquess cruelly.

Bab. Ay, by my troth, that's a good way. We may well do it, now we are out of his hearing.

Gri. Must I then be divorc'd, and lose this treasure ?
I must and am content, since 'tis his pleasure.
I prithee tell me whither they must go ?

Fu. No.

Gri. Art thou commanded to conceal the place ?

Fu. Ay.

Gri. Then will I not inquire. Thou dost but jest :
I know thou must not rob me ; 'tis to try
If I love them. No, no [*looking at the commission*] ;
here I read
That which strikes blind mine eyes, makes my heart
bleed.

Farewell, farewell ; dear souls, adieu, adieu ;

Your father sends, and I must part from you.
I must, oh, God ! I must : must is for kings,
And low obedience for low underlings.

Lau. He shall not hale them thus : keep them perforce.

This slave looks on them with a murdering eye.

Bab. No ; he shall not have them. Knock out his brains, and save the little hop o' my thumbs.

Fu. Do, if you dare.

Mar. [*Coming forward.*] How now, my hearts ;
what's the matter ?

Fu. What carest thou ?

Lau. This is poor Grissil, wife unto our duke,
And these her children : thus he sends her home,
And thus he sends a serpent to devour
Their precious lives. He brings commission
To hale them hence, but whither none can tell.

Gri. Forbear, forbear !

Mar. Take them from him perforce.

Are these his children ?

Bab. So she says.

Mar. Two sweet ducks. And is this his wife ?

Bab. Yes, he has lain with her.

Mar. A pretty soul !—Sirrah, thou wilt be hang'd for this.

Fu. Hang thyself.

Mar. Beat him ; but first take these two from his arms.

I am a basket-maker, and I swear,
I'll die before he bear away the babes.

Bab. Oh, rare ! Cry prentices and clubs ! The corporation cannot be (.) Sirrah, set down thy baskets, and to't pell-mell.

Fu. [*Aside.*] Would I were rid of my office !

Gri. What will you do? drive this rash fellow hence?

Mar. The marquess is a tyrant, and does wrong.

Gri. I would not for the world that he should hear thee!

Mar. [*Aside.*] I would not for ten worlds but hear my Grissil.

Gri. A tyrant! no; he's mercy even herself:

Justice in triumph rides in his two eyes.

Take heed how thou profan'st high deities.

Go, Furio, get thee gone: good father, help me

To guard my dear lord's servant from this place.

I know he'll do my pretty babes no harm,

For see, Furio looks gently. Oh, get thee gone.

Pity sits on thy cheeks; but God can tell

My heart says my tongue lies. Farewell, farewell!

Mar. Stay, sirrah, take thy purse.

Fu. I let none fall.

Bab. Half part!

Jan. A purse of gold, Furio, is fall'n from thee.

Fu. It's none of mine.—Sirrah, basket-maker, if my arms were not full, thou shouldst have thy hands full. Farewell, Grissil: if thou never see thy children more, curse me; if thou dost see them again, thank God. Adieu!

[*Exit.*]

Bab. Farewell, and be hang'd.

Gri. I will thank God for all. Why should I grieve To lose my children? no, no; I ought rather Rejoice, because they are borne to their father.

Jan. Daughter, here's nothing in this purse but gold.

Bab. So much the better, master: we'll quickly turn it into silver.

Jan. This purse that fellow did let fall; run, run; Carry it him again: run, Babulo. Away with it: 'tis laid to do us wrong.

Lau. Try all their golden baits. Stay ; never run :
They can do no more wrong than they have done.

Jan. What ails my Grissil ? comfort [thee], my child.

Bab. I'll fetch rosa solis.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Poor soul, her grief burns inward, yet
her tongue

Is loth to give it freedom. I do wrong,
Oh, Grissil ! I do wrong thee, and lament
That for my sake thou feel'st this languishment.
I came to try a servant and a wife,
Both have I proved true. That purse of gold I brought,
And let it fall of purpose to relieve her :
Well may I give her gold, that so much grieve her :
As I came in by stealth, so I'll away.
Joy has a tongue, but knows not what to say.

[*Exit.*

Gri. So, father, I am well ; I am well, indeed.
I should do wondrous ill, should I repine
At my babes' loss, for they are none of mine.

Jan. I am glad thou tak'st this wound so patiently.

Bab. Whoop ! whither is my brother basket-maker
gone ? ha ! let me see : I smell a rat ; sneaked hence,
and never take leave ? either he's a crafty knave, or else
he dogs Furio to bite him ; for, when a quarrel enters
into a trade, it serves seven years before it be free.

Jan. Let him be whom he will, he seem'd our friend.
Grissil, lay up this gold : 'tis Furio's, sure,
Or it may be thy lord did give it him
To let it fall for thee ; but keep it safe.
If he disdain to love thee as a wife,
His gold shall not buy food to nourish thee.
Grissil, come in : time swiftly runs away ;
The greatest sorrow hath an ending day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—An Apartment in Sir Owen's House.

Enter GWENTHYAN and RICE; she meanly, he like a cook.

Gwe. Rees, lay hur table, and set out hur fictuals and pread, and wines and ale, and peer and salt for hur guests.

Rice. Yes, forsooth, my lady: but what shall I do with all yonder beggars?

Gwe. Send out the peggers into hur lady; go.

Rice. How? the beggars in! we shall have a lousy feast, madam.

Gwe. You rascal, prate no more, but fedge them in.
[*Exit RICE.*]

Shall pridle Sir Owen a good teal well enough, is warrant hur. Sir Owen is gone to bid hur cousin marquess and a many to dine at hur house, but Gwenthyan shall give hur dinner, I warrant hur, for peggers shall have all hur meat.

Enter RICE with a company of beggars: a table is set with meat.

Rice. Come, my hearts, troop, troop! every man follow his leader: here's my lady.

All. God bless your ladyship! God bless your ladyship!

Gwe. I thang you, my good peggars.—Rees, pring stools; sit all down: Rees, pring more meat.

Rice. Here, madam: I'll set it on, tak't off who will.

Beg. Let us alone for that, my lady. Shall we scramble, or eat mannerly?

Gwe. Peggars, I hope, have no manners; but first hear me, pray you now, and then fall to out o' cry.

Beg. Peace! hear my lady. Jack Mumblecrust, steal no penny loaves.

Gwe. Peggers all, you know Sir Owen.

All. Passing well, passing well: God bless his worship!

1st Beg. Madam, we know him as well as a beggar knows his dish.

Gwe. All these fictuals is made for cousin marquess. Sir Owen is gone to fedge him; but Sir Owen has anger hur lady.

1st Beg. More shame for him: he's not a knight, but, a knitter of caps for it.

Gwe. Sir Owen is anger hur lady, and therefore her lady is anger Sir Owen.

1st Beg. Make him a cuckold, madam; and upon that I drink to you. Helter skelter, here, rogues; top and top gallant, pell mell, hufty tufty, hem! God save the duke, and a fig for the hangman.

Gwe. Rees, fedge wine and peer enough; and fall to, pegger, and eat all her sheer and tomineer: see you now, pray do.

[A drunken feast; they quarrel and grow drunk, and pocket up the meat: the dealing of cans, like a set at mawe. [Exit RICE.]

Gwe. Nay, I pray, peggars be quiet: tage your meats; you have trinks enough, I see, and get you home now, good peggars.

1st Beg. Come, you rogues, let's go; tag and rag, cut and long tail. I am victualled for a month. Good bye, madam: pray God, Sir Owen and you may fall out every day. Is there any harm in this, now? hey tri-lill! give the dog a loaf. Fill the t'other pot, you whore, and God save the duke. *[Exeunt.]*

Gwe. I thang you, good peggars.—Ha! ha! this is fine spord: by God is have peggars eat hur fictuals all day long!

Enter SIR OWEN and RICE.

Sir Ow. Where is the sheer, Rees? Cod's plude! where?

Rice. I beseech you, sir, be patient. I tell you, the beggars have it.

Sir Ow. What a pogs is do with peggars! what is peggars at knight's house? Is peggars Sir Owen's guests, Rees?

Rice. No, Sir Owen: they were my lady's guests.

Sir Ow. Ha! you hungry rascals! where's hur lady Gwenthyan? Cod's plude! peggars eat her sheer, and cousin marquess come?

Rice. I know not where my lady is; but there's a beggar woman: ask her, for my lady dealt her alms amongst them herself.

Sir Ow. A pogs on you, peggar whore, where's the pread and sheer? Cod udge me, I'll peggar you for fictuals!

Gwe. Hawld, hawld, hawld! what is mad now? here is hur lady. Is hur lady peggar, you rascals?

Rice. No, sweet madam, you are my lady. A man is a man, though he have but a hose on his head, and you are my lady, though you want a hood.

Sir Ow. How now? how now? ha! ha! hur lady in tawny coat and tags and rags so! where is hur meat, Gwenthyan? where is hur sheer? hur cousin marquess is here, and great teal of shentlefolks, and laties and lords, pye and pye.

Gwe. What care hur for laties or cousin, too? fictuals is all gone.

Sir Ow. How! gone? is hur lady mad?

Gwe. No, hur lord is mad. You tear her ruffs and repatoes, and pridle her: is hur prided now? is hur repatoed now? is hur tear in pieces now? I'll teach hur pridle hur lady again. Hur cousin marquess shall eat no pread and meat here, and hur lady Gwenthyan will go in tags and rags, and like peggar, to vex and chafe Sir Owen; see you now.

Sir Ow. A pogs seize her!—Cod's plude! what is do now, Rees?

Rice. Speak her fair, master, for she looks wildly.

Sir Ow. Is look wildly, indeed. Gwenthyan, pray go in, and put pravery upon her pack and pelly. God udge me, is puy new repatoes and ruffs for hur lady: pray do so, pray, good lady.

Rice. Do, good madam.

Gwe. Cartho crogge, cartho crogge. Gwenthyan scorns hur flatteries. Hur lady go no petter: Sir Owen hang hursself.

Sir Ow. O, mon Iago! hur Pritish plude is not endure it, by Cod! A pogs on her! put on her fine coats is pest: put on; go to, put on.

Rice. Put off, Sir Owen, and she'll put on.

Gwe. A pogs on her? is put on none, but go like peggarr.

Sir Ow. Rees, go mage more fire, and let hur have more sheer.

Gwe. Rees mage fire, and I'll scald hur like pig; see you now.

Rice. I shall be peppered, howe'er the market goes.

Sir Ow. Mage great teal of fires, or Sir Owen shall knog your ears.

Gwe. Make little teal of fire, or Gwenthyan shall cut off your ears, and pob you, and pob you, Rees; see you now.

Rice. Hold, good madam! I see you and feel you too: y'are able to set stones together by th' ears. I be-seech you be quiet both. I'll make a fire, Sir Owen, to please you.

Sir Ow. Do, Rees: I'll pridle her ladies well enough.

Gwe. Will you, rascal?

Rice. Nay, but hear you, sweet madam: I'll make a

fire to please Sir Owen ; and when it burns, I'll quench it to please you. *[Exit.*

Enter FARNEZE apace.

Far. Ha, ha, ha ! Why, how now, Sir Owen ? your cousin, the marquess, and all your guests are at hand, and I see no meat towards.

Sir Ow. Is no meat toward ; but hur lady is fery toward.

Far. What baggage is this stands laughing thus ?

Sir Ow. A pogs on her, 'tis our lady baggage : 'tis Gwenthyan.

Far. How ! my lady Gwenthyan ? ha, ha, ha !

Enter MARQUESS, JULIA, ONOPHRIO, URCENZE, and MARIO.

Mar. You see, Sir Owen, we are soon invited. Where is your wife, the lady Gwenthyan ?

Sir Ow. Is come pye and pye.—Cod udge me, Gwenthyan, pray put on your pravery and fine knacks, and shame not Sir Owen.—Yes, truly, Gwenthyan is come out pye and pye.—Man gras worthe whee, cousin marquess ; man gras worthe whee, cousin Julia : is welcome all.

Far. Ha ! ha ! welcome ! Come, come, madam, appear in your likeness, or rather in the likeness of another. My lord, y'are best send back to your own cooks, if you mean to set your teeth a-work to-day.

Mar. Why, Farneze ? what's the matter ?

Far. Nay, there's no matter in it : the fire's quenched, the victuals given to beggars. Sir Owen's kitchen looks like the first chaos, or like a broker's stall, full of odd ends ; or like the end of some terrible battle, for upon every dresser lies legs, and feathers, and heads of poor capons and wild-fowl, that have been drawn and quar-

tered, and now mourn that their carcasses are carried away. His are not rheumatic, for there's no spitting: here lie fish in a pitiful pickle; there stand the coffins of pies, wherein the dead bodies of birds should have been buried, but their ghosts have forsaken their graves and walked abroad. The best sport is to see the scullions, some laughing, some crying, and whilst they wipe their eyes, they black their faces: the cooks curse her lady, and some pray for our lord.

Mar. Sir Owen Meredith, is this all true?

Sir Ow. True? it is true, I warrant her: pogs on her, too true.

Ono. You told his grace you had tamed your wife.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is tell hur a lie, then: hur wife has priddled and tamed hur, indeed. Cousin marquess, because Grissil is made fool and turn away, Gwenthyan mage fool of Sir Owen. Is good? ha, is good?

Gwe. 'Tis lie, cousin marquess, is terrible lie. Tawson en ennoh twewle. 'Tis lie, 'tis lie. Sir Owen tear her repatoes and ruffs, and pridle hur laty, and bid her hang herself; but is priddled, I warrant hur, is not, Sir Owen?

Sir Ow. Addologg whee bethogh en thlonigh en moyen due, Gwenthyan.

Gwe. Ne vetho en thlonigh gna watha gethla tee.

Urc. What says she, Sir Owen?

Sir Ow. I pray, and pray her, for Cod's love, be quiet. Splude! hur say hur will not be quiet, do what Sir Owen can. Mon due, Gwenthyan, me knocke thepen en umbleth, pobe des, and pobe nose.

Gwe. Gwenogh olcha vessagh whee en herawgh ee.

Ju. Stand between them, Farneze.

Far. You shall bob no nose here.

Gwe. En herawgh ee? Me gravat the legatee athlan oth pendee adroh ornymee on dictar en hecar ee.

Ono. Doth she threaten you, Sir Owen? bind her to the peace.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is threaten hur indeed: hur says she'll scradge out Sir Owen's eyes, an hur frown upon her. A pogs on her nails!

Mar. Oh! my dear Grissil, how much different Art thou to this curs'd spirit here! I say My Grissil's virtues shine.—Sir Meredith, And cousin Gwenthyan, come, I'll have you friends. This dinner shall be sav'd, and all shall say, Tis done because 'tis Gwenthyan's fasting day.

Gwe. Gwenthyan scorns to be friends. Hur lady will be master, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. By Cod, I'll see her laty hang'd first! Cousin marquess, and cousins all, pray tage time, and stay here: Rees shall dress more fictuals, and shall dine here in spite of hur lady. God's plude! Rees! Rees!

[*Exit.*

Gwe. Will you? Is try that pye and pye: Stethe whee lawer, cousin marquess, stethe whee lawer. Shen- tlemen, Gwenthyan is not pridled so soon.

[*Exit.*

Mar. I'll see the peace kept sure. Do what he can, I doubt his wife will prove the better man.

[*Exit.*

Ju. Signor Mario, you say nothing: how like you this interlude?

Ma. So well, madam, that I rather wish to play the beggar's than a king's part in it, in Sir Owen's apparel.

Ju. Why this it is to be married: thus you see, those that go to woo go to woe. Oh! for a drum to summon all my lovers, my suitors, my servants together!

Far. I appear, sweet mistress, without summons.

Ono. So does Onophrio.

Urc. So does Urcenze.

Jul. Signor Emulo, I see, will not be seen without calling.

Far. No, faith, madam ; he's blown up : no calling can serve him. He has ta'en another manner of calling upon him, and I hope repents the folly of his youth.

Jul. If he follow that vocation well, he'll prove wealthy in wit.

Urc. He had need, for his head is very poor.

Far. Well, mistress, we appear without drumming. What's your parley ? and yet not so ; your eyes are the drums that summon us.

Urc. And your beauty the colours we fight under.

Ono. And the touch of your soft hand arms us at all points with devotion to serve you, desire to obey you, and vows to love you.

Jul. Nay then, in faith, make me all soldier : mine eyes a drum, my beauty your colours, and my hand your armour. What becomes of the rest ?

Far. It becomes us to rest before we come to the rest. Yet for a need we could turn you into an armoury : as, for example, your lips, let me see — no point of war for your lips ? Can I put them to no use but kissing ? Oh, yes ; if you change them to shoot out unkind language to us that stand at your mercy, they are two culverins to destroy us.

Jul. That I'll try : my tongue shall give fire to my words presently.

All. Oh, be more merciful, fair Julia !

Jul. Not I : would you have me pity you and punish myself ? would you wish me to love when love is so full of hate ? How unlovely is love ! how bitter, how full of blemishes ! My lord and brother insults our Grissil — that makes me glad : Gwenthyan curbs Sir Owen — that makes you glad : Sir Owen is mastered by his mis-

tress—that makes you mad : poor Grissil is martyr'd by her lord—that makes you merry ; for I always wish that a woman may never meet better bargains, when she'll thrust her sweet liberty into the hands of a man. Fie upon you ! you're nothing but wormwood, and oak, and glass : you have bitter tongues, hard hearts, and brittle faith.

Ono. Condemn us not, till you try our loves.

Jul. Sweet servant, speak not in this language of love. Gwenthyan's peevishness, and Grissil's patience, make me here to defy that ape Cupid : if you love, stand upon his laws. I charge you leave it — I charge you neither to sigh for love, nor speak of love, nor frown for hate. If you sigh I'll mock you, if you speak I'll stop mine ears, if you frown I'll bend my fist.

Far. Then you'll turn warrior, indeed.

Jul. Had I not need, encountering with such enemies ? but say, will you obey and follow me, or disobey, and I'll fly you ?

Ono. I obey, since it is your pleasure.

Urc. I obey, though I taste no pleasure in it.

Far. I obey too ; but, so God help me, mistress, I shall shew you a fair pair of heels, and cry a new mistress, — a new—if any pitiful creature will have me !

Jul. Better lost than found, if you be so wavering.

Enter MARQUESS, LEPIDO, SIR OWEN, GWENTHYAN
brave, and FURIO.

Mar. Furio, hie thee to old Janiculo's.
Charge him, his daughter Grissil, and his son,
To come to court, to do such office
Of duty to our marriage, as shall like
Our state to lay upon them.

Jul. Oh ! my lord,
Vex not poor Grissil more : alas, her heart !

Mar. Tut, tut! I'll have my will, and tame her
pride :

I'll make her be a servant to my bride.

Julia, I'll bridle her.

Jul. You do her wrong.

Mar. Sister, correct that error.—Come, Sir Owen,
Is not this better music than your brawls.

Sir Ow. Yes, as Cod udge me, is. How, cousin Julia,
is out a cry friends now : Gwenthyan is laugh, and be
fery patience now. Sir Owen kiss hur laty a great teal
now ; see els.

Far. Ay ; but, Sir Owen, the kissing hur lady is no
mirth to us, if we kiss the post.

Sir Ow. Owe ! her cousin marquess has terrible mighty
news for tell her ; or els is made ready a great banquet
at home for all. Pray come home, is all ready for her ;
her lady say not bo-peep now. But, first, hear her cou-
sin marquess' news.

Mar. Julia and gentlemen, these are the news,
Brought on the wings of haste and happiness,
By trusty Lepido. Our endeared brother
Is hard at hand, who in his company
Brings my fair second choice, a worthy bride,
Attended by the states of Pavia :
She's daughter to the duke of Brandenburg.
Now shall no subject's envious soul repine,
And call her base whom now I will make mine ;
None shall upbraid me now, as they have done,
That I will slay a daughter and a son.
Grissil's two babes are dead, and kill'd by scorn,
But that fair issue, that shall now be born,
Shall make a satisfaction of all wrongs.
Come, gentlemen, we will go meet this train :
Let every one put on a smiling brow.
Sir Owen, I will have your company,

And yours, fair cousin. Well remember'd, too ;
Bring your three wands, Sir Owen, to the court.
Though Gwenthyan look with a smoother eye,
I'll teach you how to win the sovereignty.

Sir Ow. Is glad of that : ha, ha, ha ! tage heed of
wands, laty.

Gwe. Tage heed of nails, knight.

Mar. We play the unthrifths in consuming time.
Though your curst wife make some afraid to woo,
Yet I'll woo once more, and be married too.

Sir Ow. God udge me, Sir Owen would hang before
marry once more, if I were another pachelor — marry ?
oh !

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Near Janiculo's Cottage.

Enter LAUREO, reading, and BABULO with him.

Bab. Come, I have left my work to see what matters
you mumble to yourself. Faith, Laureo, I would you
could leave this Latin, and fall to make baskets. You
think 'tis enough if at dinner you tell us a tale of pig-
mies, and then munch up our victuals ; but that fits not
us : or the history of the well, Helicon, and then drink
up our beer : we cannot live upon it.

Lau. A scholar doth disdain to spend his spirits,
Upon such base employments as hand-labours.

Bab. Then you should disdain to eat us out of house
and home : you stand all day peeping into an ambry
there, and talk of monsters, and miracles, and countries,
to no purpose. Before I fell to my trade I was a tra-
veller, and found more in one year, than you can by
your poets and paltries in seven years.

Lau. What wonders hast thou seen, which are not here ?

Bab. Oh, God ! I pity thy capacity, good scholar : as a little wind makes a sweet ball smell, so a crumb of learning makes your trade proud : what wonders ? wonders not of nine days, but 1599. I have seen, under John Prester and Tamer Cam, people with heads like dogs.

Lau. Alas, of such there are too many here !
All Italy is full of them that snarl,
And bay, and bark at other men's abuse,
Yet live themselves like beasts in all abuse.

Bab. It's true : I know many of that complexion ; but I have seen many without heads, having their eyes, nose, and mouths in their breasts.

Lau. Why that's no wonder : every street with us
Swarms full of such.

Bab. I could never see them.

Lau. Dost thou not see our wine-belly drunkards
reel ;
Our fat-fed gluttons wallow in the streets,
Having no eyes but to behold their guts,
No heads but brainless scalps, no sense to smell,
But where full feasts abound in all excess ?
These Epimœi be our epicures.

Bab. I have seen monsters of that colour too ; but what say you to them that have but one leg, and yet will outrun a horse ?

Lau. Such are our bankrupts, and our fugitives,
Scarce having one good leg, or one good limb,
Outrun their creditors, and those they wrong.

Bab. Mass ! 'tis true. There was a cripple in our village ran beyond Venice, and his creditors, with their best legs, could never since take him. But let me descend, and grow lower and lower : what say you to the

little pigmies, no higher than a boy's gig, and yet they tug and fight with the long-necked cranes?

Lau. Oh, poor and wretched people are the pigmies ;
Oh, rich oppressors the devouring cranes !

Within my father's house I'll shew thee pigmies :
Thou seest my sister Grissil ; she's a pigmy.

Bab. She's a pretty little woman, indeed, but too big
for a pigmy.

Lau. I am a pigmy.

Bab. Fie, fie ! worse and worse.

Lau. My old father's one.

Bab. No, no, no ; giants all.

Lau. The marquess is the rich devouring crane,
That makes us less than pigmies, worse than worms.

*Enter JANICULO with an angling rod, GRISSIL with a
reel, and FURIO.*

Bab. Yonder they come, and a crane with them.

Fu. Janiculo, leave your fish-catching, and you your
reeling, you ; and you, sirrah, you must trudge to court
presently.

Jan. Must we again be hurried from content,
To live in a more grievous banishment?

Lau. Methinks, my lord the marquess should be
pleas'd

With marriage of another : and forbear
With trumpets to proclaim this injury,
And to vex Grissil with such lawless wrong.

Gri. 'Tis no vexation ; for what pleaseth him
Is the contentment of his handmaid's heart.

Fu. Will you go?

Jan. Yes, we will go,
To fly from happiness to find out woe.

Bab. Good Furio, vanish : we have no appetite, tell
your master. Clowns are not for the court ; we'll keep

court ourselves; for what do courtiers do, but we do the like? you eat good cheer, and we eat good bread and cheese; you drink wine, and we strong beer; at night you are as hungry slaves as you were at noon—why, so are we; you go to bed, you can but sleep—why, and so do we; in the morning you rise about eleven of the clock—why, there we are your betters, for we are going before you; you wear silks, and we sheepskins. Innocence carries it away in the world to come; and, therefore, vanish, good Furio; torment us not, good my sweet Furio.

Fu. Ass, I'll have you snaffled.

Bab. It may be so; but then, Furio, I'll kick.

Fu. Will you go, or shall I force you?

Gri. You need not, for I'll run to serve my lord;
Or, if I wanted legs, upon my knees
I'll creep to court, so I may see him pleas'd.
Then courage, father.

Jan. Well said, patience!

Thy virtues arm mine age with confidence.
Come, son; bondmen must serve; shall we away?

Lau. Ay, ay; but this shall prove a fatal day.

Gri. Brother, for my sake, do not wrong yourself.

Lau. Shall I in silence bury all our wrongs?

Gri. Yes; when your words cannot get remedy.
Learn of me, Laureo; I that share most woe,
Am the least mov'd. Father, lean on my arm;
Brother, lead you the way, whilst wretched I
Uphold old age, and cast down misery.

Fu. Away.

Bab. Old master, you have fish'd fair, and caught a
frog. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Palace of Saluzzo.

Enter MARQUESS, PAVIA, LEFIDO, ONOPHRIO, URCENZE, FARNEZE, and MARIO.

Mar. Lords, as you love our state, affect our loves,
Like of your own content, respect your lives,
Urge us no further : Gwalter is resolv'd
To marry the half heir of Brandenburgh.
My brother Pavia, with no small expense,
Hath brought the princess out of Germany,
Together with prince Gwalter, her young brother.
Now they are come, learn of the rising sun ;
Scatter the cloudy mists of discontent,
As he disperseth vapours with his beams.

Pa. Brother, there is no eye but brightly shines :
Gladness doth lodge in [all] your nobles' looks,
Nor have they any cause to cloud their brows.

Enter SIR OWEN, GWENTHYAN, and RICE with wands.

Far. Oh, here comes Sir Owen and my lady patience !
Room, there.

Sir Ow. Tardawgh, cousin marquess and lords all.

Mar. Welcome, good cousin Gwenthyan. Will you
please

Go in, and lend your presence to my bride ?

Gwe. Cousin, 'tis hur intentions so to do ; but I swear,
an I were Grissil, I would pull her eyes out, an she
were as many Shermans daughter as there be cows in
Cambria ; and that is above twenty score, and a little
more, you know, Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. Yes, truly ; above a dozen more, is warrant
hur.

Mar. Grissil is patient : madam, be you pleas'd.

Gwe. Well, and she be so basely minded, 'tis well ;
but I know what I know. Sir Owen here thinks to make

Gwenthyan so patience : Sir Owen, 'tis all in vains. Well,
I go to her brides. *[Exit.*

Sir Ow. You prade and you tawg, Gwenthyan, but I
made you put on parrels for all your tawg and prade.
Rees ! where's Rees ? Pring the wands here, Rees.

Rice. They are here, sir, in the twinkling of an eye.

Sir Ow. Cousin, when hur weddings are done and at
leisures, I will learn your medicines to tame shrews.

Mar. You shall anon, good cousin Meredith.

Sir Ow. Stand by, Rees ; walk in the halls among
the servingmans : keep hur wands till I call, hear you
now.

Rice. Yes, sir.

[Exit.

Enter FURIO.

Mar. Furio, are Grissil and the other come ?

Fu. Yes, they are come.

Mar. Are they employ'd according to our charge ?

Fu. They are.

Mar. How does her brother take it ?

Fu. Ill.

Mar. How her father ?

Fu. Well.

Mar. How herself ?

Fu. Better.

Mar. Furio, go call out Grissil from the bride.

Fu. I will. *[Exit FURIO.*

Far. It's pity that fellow was not made a soldier : we
should have but a word and a blow at his hands.

*Enter JANICULO and BABULO, carrying coals ; LAUREO
with wood, GRISSIL with wood.*

Bab. Master, go you but under the coal staff : Babulo
can bear all, staff, basket and all.

Jan. It is the marquess' pleasure I must drudge.
Load me, I pray thee, I am born to bear.

Lau. But I'll no longer bear a loggerhead :
Thus I'll cast down his fuel in despight.
So, though my heart be sad, my shoulder's light.

Gri. Alas ! what do you, brother ? see you not
Our dread lord yonder ? come, perform his will.
Oh, in a subject this is too, too ill !

Mar. What mean'st thou, fellow, to cast down thy
load ?

Lau. I have cast down my burthen, not my load :
The load of your gross wrongs lies here like lead.

Mar. What fellow is this ?

Gri. Your handmaid Grissil's brother.

Mar. Take him away into the porter's lodge.

Lau. Lodge me in dungeons, I will still exclaim
On Gwalter's cursed acts and hated name.

[*Exit with MARIO.*]

Mar. Grissil, take you his load and bear it in.

Bab. Oh tiger-minded, monstrous marquess ! make
thy lady a collier ?

Mar. What's that that villain prates so ?

Bab. God bless the noble marquess !

Mar. Sirrah, take you his coals. Grissil, depart :
Return, but bear that first.

Gri. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt GRISSIL, and BABULO grinning at him.*]

Mar. Stay you, Janiculo. I have heard you sing.

Jan. I could have sung, when I was free from care.

Mar. What grief can in your aged bosom lie ?

Jan. Grief, that I am ungracious in your eye.

Far. Then, would he not desire your company.

[*Re*] *Enter GRISSIL.*

Mar. Janiculo, here is a bridal song :
Play you the lark, to greet my blessed sun.
Grissil, are you return'd ? play you the morning

To lead forth Gratiana, my bright bride.
Go in, and wait on her. Janiculo,
Sing Hymeneus' hymns. Music, I say!

[*Exit GRISSIL.*

Sir Ow. Tawson, Tawson, cousins all; and hear hur
sol fas.

THE SONG.

Beauty, arise, shew forth thy glorious shining;
Thine eyes feed love, for them he standeth pining.
Honour and youth attend to do their duty
To thee, their only sovereign beauty.
Beauty arise, whilst we, thy servants, sing,
Io to Hymen, wedlock's jocund king.
Io to Hymen, Io, Io, sing,
Of wedlock, love, and youth, is Hymen king.

Beauty, arise, thy glorious lights display,
Whilst we sing Io, glad to see this day.
Io, Io, to Hymen Io, Io, sing,
Of wedlock, love, and youth, is Hymen king.

Mar. Art thou as glad in soul as in thy song?

Jan. Who can be glad when he endureth wrong?

Sir Ow. As Cod udge me, Jan Niclas is honest man:
he does not flatter, and sembles, but tell his intentions.
How? more melodies? Oh! here comes her new pride.

Music sounds. *Enter GRISSIL alone; after her the
marquess' son and daughter; JULIA, GWENTHYAN,
and other ladies, MARIO and FURIO.*

Mar. Salute my beauteous love.

All. All joy betide

To Gratiana, our dear marquess' bride.

Mar. Bring me a crown of gold to crown my love;
A wreath of willow for despised Grissil.

Gri. Grissil is not despised in your eye,
Sithence you name her name so gently.

Sir Ow. Gwenthyan, there's wives, there's patient
wives!

Gwe. Fuh ! fuh ! is fools : tawson, is errant pooby fools.

Mar. Grissil, place you this crown upon her head ;
Put these embroidered slippers on her feet—
'Tis well : deliver me your wedding-ring ;
Circle her finger with it. Now stand by.
Art thou content with all ?

Gri. Content with all.

Mar. My bride is crown'd ! Now tell me, all of you,
Which of you ever saw my love before ?
What is her name, her birth-place, or estate ?

Lep. Till now, I never beheld her beauty.

Ono. Nor I.

Urc. Trust me, nor I.

Far. By my troth, nor I.

Ma. We hear that she was born in Germany,
And half heir to the Duke of Brandenburgh.

Mar. You all hear this, and all think this ?

All. We do.

Mar. Then, Furio, stand thou forth.—Lords, in his
breast

A loyal servant's true soul doth rest.

Furio shall be apparell'd in a robe.

Fu. I shall not become it.

Mar. Some that are great put robes on parasites.—

Mario, Lepido, come you two hither :

Are not you richly clad ?—have I done so ?

Both. What means your grace by this ?

Mar. Graceless, have done :

Truth seldom dwells in a still talking tongue.

Furio, bring Laureo from the porter's lodge :

Take in Janiculo, and clothe them both

In rich habiliments. They shall awhile

Be flattered with false fortune's wanton smile.

Jan. Fortune can do no more than she hath done :

They that are mark'd to woe, to woe must run.

[*Exeunt* FURIO and JANICULO.]

Mar. How do you like my bride?

Gri. I think her blest

To have the love of such a noble lord.

Mar. You flatter me.

Gri. Indeed, I speak the truth ;

Only I prostrately beseech your grace,

That you consider of her tender years,

Which, as a flower in spring, may soon be nipp'd

With the least frost of cold adversity.

Mar. Why are not you then nipp'd? you still seem
fresh,

As if adversity's cold icy hand

Had never laid his fingers on your heart.

Gri. It never touch'd my heart : adversity

Dwells still with them that dwell with misery,

But mild content hath eas'd me of that yoke ;

Patience hath born the bruise, and I the stroke.

Enter FURIO, JANICULO, and LAUREO, striving about attire.

Lau. Give him his silks : they shall not touch my
back.

Mar. What strife is there? what aileth Laureo?

Lau. I will not wear proud trappings, like a beast,
Yet hourly feel the scornful rider's spur.

Mar. Clothe old Janiculo in rich attire.

Jan. Do ; load me, for to bear is my desire.

Mar. Do ye repine? Nay then, I'll vex you more.
Grissil, I will receive this second wife

From none but from thy hands : come, give her me.

Gri. I here present you with an endless bliss :

Rich honour, beauteous virtue, virtuous youth.

Long live my lord with her contentedly !

Sir Ow. Marg patience there, Gwenthyan : see you
that ?

Mar. Grissil, dost thou deliver me this maid
As an untainted flower, which I shall keep,
Despite of envy's canker, till the rust
Of all-consuming death finish her life ?

Gri. I do, my dear lord ; and as willingly
As I delivered up my maiden youth.

Mar. What says Janiculo ?

Jan. I say but thus :

Great men are gods, and they have power o'er us.

Mar. Grissil, hold fast the right hand of my bride :
Thou wear'st a willow wreath, and she a crown.
True bride, take thou the crown, and she the wreath.

Ma. My gracious lord, you do mistake yourself.

Mar. Peace, peace, thou sycophant ! Grissil, receive
Large interests for thy love and sufferance.
Thou gav'st me this fair maid ; I, in exchange,
Return thee her and this young gentleman,
Thy son and daughter : kiss with patience,
And breathe thy virtuous spirit into their souls.

Gwe. Oh ! Sir Owen, marg you now ; the man is
yielded to her laty : learn now, Sir Owen, learn, learn,
knight, your duty : see you that ?

Mar. Why stands my wronged Grissil thus amazed ?

Gri. Joy, fear, love, hate, hope, doubts, encompass
me.

Are these my children I supposed slain ?

Jan. Are these my nephews that were murdered ?

Gri. Blessing distil on you like morning dew !
My soul, knit to your souls, knows you are mine.

Mar. They are, and I am thine. Lords, look not
strange :

These two are they at whose births envy's tongue
Darted envenom'd stings : these are the fruit
Of this most virtuous tree. That multitude,
That many-headed beast, nipp'd their sweet hearts

With wrongs, with bitter wrongs : all you have wrong'd
her ;

Myself have done most wrong, for I did try
To break the temper of true constancy.

But these, whom all thought murder'd, are alive :
My Grissil lives, and, in the book of fame,
All worlds in gold shall register her name.

Lep. and Ma. Most dreaded lord !

Mar. Arise, flatterers ; get you gone !
Your souls are made of black confusion.

[*Exeunt MARIO and LEPIDO.*]

Father Janiculo.

Jan. Oh, pardon me,
Though dumb betwixt my grief and joy I be.

Mar. Who stands thus sad ? what, brother Laureo ?

Lau. Pardon me, gracious lord ; for now I see
That scholars with weak eyes pore on their books,
But want true souls to judge on majesty.
None else but kings can know the hearts of kings :
Henceforth my pride shall fly with humbler wings.

Mar. Our pardon and our love circle thee round.
Let's all to banquet ; mirth our cares confound.

Sir Ow. Hold, hold, hold ! banquet ? if you banquet
so, Sir Owen is like to have sheer. Her laty here is
cog a hoop now at this. Pray, cousin, keep your pro-
mise.—Rees, the wands ! Rees !—your medicines and
fine trigs to tame shrews.

Mar. Furio, where be the wands that I bound up ?

Fu. Here, my lord.

Mar. I wreath'd them then, Sir Owen ; and you see,
They still continue so : wreathe you these three.

Sir Ow. Oh ! wind them ? yes, is wind them, and
mage good mighty cudgel, to tame and knog hur laty,
and she prawl or cry, or give pread and meat to peggars,
or tear ponds. By Cod, is well remembered too : cousin,

you promised to help her to her duck-eggs, for all her paper and ponds are torn.

Mar. And I will keep my promise. Wreathe your wands.

Sir Ow. Oh, God's lid ! mine is stubborn, like Gwen-
thyan. God's plude ! see it preaks in snip snap pieces.
What now, cousin ?

Mar. But, cousin, these you see did gently bow.
I tried my Grissil's patience, when 'twas green
Like a young osier, and I moulded it
Like wax to all impressions. Married men,
That long to tame their wives, must curb them in
Before they need a bridle ; then they'll prove
All Grissils, full of patience, full of love :
Yet that old trial must be tempered so,
Lest, seeking to tame them, they master you.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is true as Pistle and Gospel. Oh !
true out o' cry.

Mar. But you, Sir Owen, giving her the head,
As you gave liberty to those three wands,
She'll break as those do, if you bend her now ;
And then y'are past all help, for if you strive,
You'll gain as gamesters do, that seldom thrive.

Sir Ow. What shall do to hur laty then ? is pest run
away, cousin, or knog her brains out ? for is as faliant as
Mars, if I be anger.

Jul. That were a shame — either to run away from a
woman, or to strike her. Your best physic, Sir Owen,
is to wear a velvet hand, leaden ears, and no tongue :
you must not fight, howsoever she quarrels ; you must
be deaf whensoever she brawls, and dumb when yourself
should brabble. Take this caudle next your heart every
morning, and, if your wife be not patient, the next re-
medy that I know is to buy your winding-sheet.

Gwe. Cousin marquess, cousin Julia, lords and laties

all, it shall not need : as her cousin has tried Grissil, so Gwenthyan has Sir Owen.

Sir Ow. O ! by Cod, is thought, should pull her down : ah, ha !

Gwe. Is not pulled down neither ; but Sir Owen shall be her head, and is sorry has anger her head, and mage it acke : but pray, good knight, be not proud, and triumph too much, and tread hur laty down. God udge me, will tage her will again, do what hur can.

Sir Ow. By Cod, is love her out o' cry now. Sir Owen could tame her before, but Pritish plude scorns to fight hur laties ; yes, faith, scorns out o' cry. A pogs on't, 'tis nought : Gwenthyan shall no more be called Gwenthyan, but patient Grissil, ah ha ! is ?

Mar. Our joys are complete ; forward to our feast : Patience hath won the prize, and now is blest.

Jul. Nay, brother, your pardon a while. Besides ourselves, there are a number here that have beheld Grissil's patience, your own trials, and Sir Owen's sufferance, Gwenthian's frowardness, these gentlemen lovertine, and myself a hater of love. Amongst this company, I trust, there are some maiden bachelors, and virgin maidens : those that live in that freedom and love it, those that know the war of marriage and hate it, set their hands to my bill ; which is, rather to die a maid, and lead apes in hell, than to live a wife, and be continually in hell.

Gwe. Julia, by your leaves, a liddle while. You tawg and you prabble about shidings in marriages, and you abuse young men and damsels, and fraid them from good sports, and honourable states : but, hear you now, all that be sembled here : know you that discord's mage good music, and when lovers fall out, is soon fall in, and 'tis good, you know. Pray you, all be married, for wedlock increases peobles and cities : all you, then, that have

husbands that you would pridle, set your hand to Gwenthyan's pill, for 'tis not fit that poor womens should be kept always under.

Mar. Since Julia of the maids, and Gwenthyan
Of froward wives, entreat a kind applaud,
See, Grissil, among all this multitude,
Who will be friend to gentle patience?

Sir Ow. Ha, ha, ha! Grissil is weary: pray let Sir Owen speak. Grissil is patient, and her cousin is patient; therefore is speak for two. God's plude! you see hur laty is sprite of buttry! yet Sir Owen tame her, and tear her ruffs, and mage her cry, and put on her parrels, and say is sorry, Sir Owen: marg that well. If Sir Owen was not patient, hur laty had not been pridled; if Grissil had not been patient, her cousin marquess had not been pridled. Well, now, if you love Sir Owen's laty, I hope you love Sir Owen too, or is grow mighty angry. Sir Owen love you, as God udge me, out o' cry, a terrible teal, do you hear now? then, pray, all that have crabbed husbands, and cannot mend them, as Grissils had; and all that have fixen wives, and yet is tame her well enough, as Sir Owen does, and all that have scolds, as Sir Owen does, and all that love fair laties, as Sir Owen does, to set hur two hands to his pill, and by God shall have Sir Owen's heart and soul in his pelly, and so God save you all! Man gras wortha whee. Man gras wortha whee. Good night, cousins all.

[*Exeunt.*]

FINIS.

NOTES.

Page 3, line 20. Then *sully* not this morning.] The old copy reads, "Then *sally* not," &c., which is evidently a misprint.

P. 4, l. 30. Fly the care-pined hearts.] The old copy has "*Shew* the care-pined hearts;" but it was easy for the compositor to mistake the long *s* of the MS. for the letter *f* in the word "fly."

P. 5, l. 24. Of our swift *forest citizens*.] So in Lodge's *Rosalynd*. (*Vide* "Shakespeare's Library," Part II. p 93.)

"About her wondering stood
The citizens o' the wood."

Sir P. Sidney calls deer "burgesses of the forest" in his *Arcadia*; and every body will recollect Shakespeare's line in "As you like it"—

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens."

P. 6, l. 3. Don is the mouse.] We say, "Still as a mouse," and Babulo's expression seems equivalent to it: possibly it is a corruption of "dumb is the mouse," occasioned by its *dun* colour.

P. 7, l. 6. How many wantons in *Salucia*.] The old copy has it *Salivia*. "Salucia," instead of *Saluzzo*, was required by the measure.

P. 8, l. 18. To make them ready.] This phrase was of old equivalent to *dress themselves*.

P. 9, l. 4. *Foot*.] The meaning of this word seems to be that the lines which immediately follow it are the "foot," *close*, or *burden* of the song. Many old ballads terminate with "Hey, nony, nony;" among them Shakespeare's "Sigh no more Ladies," in "Much Ado," &c.

P. 9, l. 33. Poor John.] A kind of dried salted fish.

P. 10, l. 9. This angel *of* gold.] "Of" is injurious both to the sense and metre; but, as it stands in the 4to., 1603, we have not thought it right to omit it.

P. 11, l. 21. Methinks *her* beauty.] The 4to., 1603, reads "Methinks *for* beauty," an obvious error.

P. 12, l. 21. None is so *fond*.] "Fond," in old language, meant *foolish*.

P. 13, l. 7. To *your* wife.] "To *his* wife," old copy.

P. 13, l. 12. *Apostates* in love.] The word apostates must be pronounced as a quadrasyllable: in the 4to., 1603, it is printed *apostataes*.

P. 13, l. 27. *Who am* not worthy.] In the old copy, the text stands, "Whom not worthy," but both sense and metre detect the error.

P. 15, l. 9. Sirrah Grissil, the fish.] So the old copy, and Babulo seems to call Grissil "Sirrah," by way of humour. He reminds her that the fire is ready to boil the fish.

P. 16, l. 17. As many rich cogging *merchants*.] "Merchant here, as in many other places in our old writers, is used as a term of reproach. So the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," Act II. sc. 4., asks, respecting Mercutio, "I pray you, sir, what saucy *merchant* was this?"

P. 16, l. 18. Give her the bells, let her fly.] A figure taken from hawking.

P. 17, l. 22. Ha, ha! not write and read, &c.] In the old edition this speech is given to Rice, but from Farneze's reply it is clear that it belongs to Urcenze.

P. 18, l. 2. Then he'll never be saved by his book.] Alluding to the benefit of clergy.

P. 18, l. 29. Ah, old touch lad, &c.] This speech is not very intelligible, but it seems that Farneze is speaking of Emulo, and his fantastic habits with tobacco.

P. 20, l. 3. By Cod, Sir Emulos, Sir Owen is clad *out o' cry*.] "Out of cry" is equivalent to "beyond measure." It is to be recollected that Sir Owen is a Welsh knight, and talks in the dialect of his country.

P. 21, l. 15. You would be out-Atlassed.] The meaning is, that Emulo would have to bear such a burden of wrongs that it would exceed the weight supposed to be sustained by Atlas. The old copy has it, "our Athlassed."

P. 21, l. 18. *Tawg* a great teal to Emulos.] *i. e.* *Talk* a great deal to Emulo: the old copy misprints it *twag*.

P. 22, l. 16. Dahoma!] Probably a Welsh exclamation, as Rice is ordered to call the widow.

P. 22, l. 34. No go to them.] Thus it stands in the old copy, but it is probably a misprint. Sir Owen seems to assent to the suggestion of Farneze.

P. 23, l. 4. Belly the ruddo whee.] This Welsh gibberish was not meant to be understood. We have spelt it precisely as in the original.

P. 23, l. 28. Sir Owen is a tall man.] "Tall" of old was synonymous with *courageous*.

P. 24, l. 3. *Pundal* to let her have her will.] What word is meant

by "pundal," and whether Welsh or English, must be left to conjecture. Possibly it is a corruption of *punctual*.

P. 26, l. 10. Ay, as they do at barley-break.] This game was either called barley-break, or "the last couple in hell." The mention of it is very frequent in old writers; and those who wish to know how it was played, may refer to Vol. I. p. 104 of Gifford's Massinger, second edition.

P. 27, l. 20. 'Tis idleness and love make you *captives*.] In the old copy it stands *captains*.

P. 27, l. 23. We obey, to follow you, but not to love you: we renounce that obedience.] The meaning is obscure: it must be, "We obey in order to follow you, but not to attend to your injunctions as regards loving you: we renounce that obedience." The old copy reads "no renounce," &c.

P. 29, l. 19. Sits like a screech owl on my honour'd *breast*] So in the original; but ought we not rather to read *crest*?

P. 29, l. 24. Oh my soul!] This exclamation must have been uttered aside. The marquess immediately recovers his self-possession, and turns to Grissil again.

P. 35, l. 11. There's a ship of fools ready to hoist sail.] One of the many allusions to Sebastian Brandt's *Navis Stultifera*, which was translated into English by Alex. Barclay, and printed by Pynson, in 1509, and by Cawood, in 1570.

P. 38, l. 8. At first I was a fool, for I was born an *innocent*.] An "innocent" was equivalent to an idiot: our old writers frequently distinguish between idiots and jesters, or fools.

P. 38, l. 29. *Throw* gilt beams of your births.] The old 4to. reads "*Through* gilt beams of your births:" the marquess means that he threw gilt beams *on* the births of Mario and Lepido.

P. 39, l. 3. Ay, ay; the memory of that birth doth kill me.] For "birth," which is evidently the true word, the old copy has *mirth*.

P. 39, l. 26. Crowding in a thrust.] This expression is awkward, but intelligible.

P. 40, l. 3. Farneze in the midst.] It would seem from this direction that there were three entrances to the stage; one at each side, which we now call the wings, and another in the middle, at the back.

P. 40, l. 23. Oh, she gulls him simply.] Meaning, she gulls him *excellently*: "simply" was used in this sense, though "simple," as we see in the next line, meant *silly* or *foolish*.

P. 40, l. 27. I *vailed* my upper garment.] To "vail" was to lower. Emulo means that he took off his hat before he began the combat.

P. 41, l. 5. If it were true—if——] Possibly Farneze was interrupted by Emulo, who continued his narration to Julia; or perhaps Farneze meant to go no farther, but merely to imply his incredulity by the emphatic repetition of "if."

P. 41, l. 26. I () this leg.] So it stands in the original copy. Perhaps the author only meant that Emulo should pause, as doubting which leg, and then we ought to read, "Ay——this leg." Possibly the compositor could not here decipher some word in the MS.

P. 42, l. 2. A toy, &c.] The author here seems to have intended the actor to continue the sentence as he liked.

P. 43, l. 1. Abra'm, we cashier you our company.] By "Abra'm," or *Abraham*, Farneze means to call Emulo an impostor. The Abraham men of old were wandering cheats and rogues. See note to Vol. II. p. 5. of the last edition of Dodsley's "Old Plays."

P. 47, l. 7. Your worship may stab her: she gives you the lie.] This practice of stabbing, not only for giving the lie, but on much slighter occasions, was censured and ridiculed by S. Rowlands, in his tract "Look to it, or I'll stab you," which was printed in 1604, and of which Mr. Edw. V. Utterson has recently made an excellent but very limited reprint.

P. 48, l. 1. *Tawson*, Gwentyhans.] Mr. Dyce, Webster's Works, iii. 210, explains the Welsh exclamation, "*Taw a son*," as "hold your tongue." We wish he had given us the means of understanding the rest of the Welsh in this play.

P. 48, l. 9. New *car* to ride in.] The original has new *card*, which may be meant for *cart*, as the authors often make Sir Owen use the letter *d* for *t*.

P. 48, l. 10. Plue coats and padges to follow her heels.] At the date when this play was written, male servants were uniformly dressed in blue coats, and wore the badges of their different masters for distinction.

P. 48, l. 16. Tannekin, the *frow*.] Tannekin was a common name for a Dutchwoman, and *frow* is a corruption of the Dutch word *vrouwe*, woman. It occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Wit at several Weapons," and elsewhere.

P. 48, l. 22. Ay, *patoes* money out o' cry.] Sir Owen seems intending to make a joke upon the word "*rebato*," or *repato*, as he calls it, in reference to the money it costs.

P. 48, l. 24. The frow, sir, says *three* pound.] Misprinted *five* pound in the old 4to. The sum is omitted by Sir Owen in the next line, as if the printer did not know whether he ought to insert *three* or *five*.

P. 49, l. 3. I'll prade your *neaces*.] By "prade" Gwenthyan of course means prate, but what she means by "neaces" it is not so easy to understand. Perhaps we ought to read, "I'll preak your necks."

P. 52, l. 23. If she return, seem *childish*.] Perhaps we ought to read *chidish*; but "childish" may be right.

P. 54, l. 6. Which heaven into this alabaster *bowels*.] "Bowels" seems wrong, and perhaps we ought to read *vessel*.

P. 58, l. 32. Come, come; *mell* with our oziers.] *i. e.* *meddle* with our oziers.

P. 59, l. 4. "And I dance mine own child.]" Probably a quotation from some lost nursery rhyme.

P. 60, l. 16. Whilst troops, *as* saint-like have adored thee.] The old reading is, "Whilst troops *of* saint-like," &c. This cannot be right, and the emendation preserves the measure and restores the sense.

P. 60, l. 18. Dost thou not *envy* those that drive thee thence.] One of many instances in which "envy" is to be taken in the sense of *hate*.

P. 61, l. 11. Come, where be the *infidels*? Here's the cradle of security and my pillow of idleness for them.] Babulo calls them infidels, because the children are not yet Christians. The rest of the passage is an allusion to an old moral-play, called "The Cradle of Security," of which an account may be seen in the "Hist. of Engl. Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," ii. 273.

P. 61, l. 26. You are *care*, and care must keep you.] Ought we not to read, "You are *care's*, and care must keep you."

P. 62, l. 1. We'll *alla mira* him, and *wail in woe*, and who can hinder us?] The old copy inserts "he we" between "and," and "wail in woe," which are needless. The clown speaks of two tunes, one beginning *Alla mira*, and the other "I wail in woe," both, but especially the latter, well known and often mentioned by writers of the time.

P. 63, l. 31. O, rare! Cry prentices and clubs! The corporation cannot be () Sirrah, sit down, &c.] This is exactly the mode in which the passage is printed in the original: possibly the compositor indicated by the parenthesis the absence of a word he could not read. "Prentices and Clubs!" was the exclamation in London on any commotion in which it was required that the prentices should take part.

P. 67, l. 18. The dealing of cans, like a set at *mawe*.] *Mawe* was a game at cards, and probably the beggars threw the cans from one to the other in much the same way as cards were dealt out to the players at mawe.

P. 67, l. 23. Tag and rag, cut and long tail.] These were proverbial expressions often in use, particularly the last, which seems to have relation to horses of various descriptions. It was employed so lately as in Sir J. Vanburgh's "*Æsop*." It occurs in "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," A. III. sc. 4.

P. 73, l. 24. If you *change* them to shoot out unkind language to us.] "Change" may be the right reading, in reference to the alteration Julia's lips would have to undergo; but the more apposite word seems to be *charge*, which preserves the propriety of the figure.

P. 74, l. 26. Gwenthyan *brave*.] *i. e.* bravely, or handsomely attired.

P. 76, l. 27. You stand all day peeping into an *ambry* there.] An "ambry" is a *closet* or *cupboard*; but it does not appear why Laureo should stand all day peeping into one, unless his books were there.

P. 77, l. 5. Wonders, not of nine days, but of 1599.] This play was written at the close of the year 1599, which, perhaps, led the authors to mention that number.

77, l. 7. People with heads like dogs.] The authors took their notions of these monsters from the descriptions of Sir J. Mandeville and other travellers. Shakespeare mentions "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," in "*Othello*" and in the "*Tempest*."

P. 82, l. 13. Take him away into the porter's lodge.] The porter's lodge was the place where domestic servants, especially fools, of old were confined and punished.

P. 82, l. 30. Then would he not desire your company.] This line in the old copies is mistakenly assigned to Babulo, who has gone out with Grissil. It most likely belongs to Farneze, whose initial letters, *Fa.*, might be misread *Ba.* by the compositor.

P. 83, l. 13. *Io* to Hymen.] Misprinted "*Jove* to Hymen" in the old copy.

P. 83, l. 16. Beauty, arise.] These words are repeated in the printed play, but the measure of the first line of the first stanza shows that it was not intended. The music in singing the song, no doubt, required the repetition, and hence the error.

P. 86, l. 27. Are these my *nephews*.] They were Janiculo's grandchildren; but he uses "nephews" in the Latin sense.

P. 88, l. 1. To help her to her *duck-eggs*.] "Duck-eggs" for *Ducats*.

P. 89, l. 20. These gentlemen *lovertine*.] So in the old copy. Perhaps Julia means to coin a word similar to *libertine*, to indicate the state of her three *innamorati*.

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