PART II
The Progresse to Parnassus

A Transcription of Manuscript V.a. 355

in the

Folger Shakespeare Library
Introduction

This transcription seeks to accurately and faithfully reproduce the contents of the Folger Shakespeare Library’s MS. V.a. 355, *The Progresse to Parnassus*. The manuscript occupies a small volume hardbound in black leather with marbled boards. A note dated October 4, 1978 states that before J.F. Mowery rebound the volume, it was originally bound in half calf with marble boards “late 18th cent.” The manuscript consists of two preliminary leaves with the text occupying six gatherings of four leaves each. The text is paginated until the beginning of Act V. The volume bears the bookplate of Joannis Towneley de Towneley. According to his own hand-written note, the manuscript was purchased from the Towneley sale at Sotheby’s on June 20, 1883 by J.O. Halliwell-Phillipps, for a price of £7.15.0.

For the transcription process, a microfilm of the manuscript was obtained from the Folger Shakespeare Library. This microfilm was then scanned and a transcription from the scan was made by hand. The transcription manuscript was then typed into a Microsoft Word document and proofread against the original scan.

The Greek ε is used almost interchangeably with the standard “e”, especially through the latter part of the manuscript. I have chosen to transcribe the ε only in cases in which the ε represents the “er/ur” sound, as in “vnivεsity” (=university) or “yoε” (=your).

Unbolded square brackets [ ] indicate the enclosed letters do not actually appear in the text but are implied by the letter preceeding it. For instance, various shorthands for the letter “p” exist, one which indicates “pro”, one which indicates “pre”, and another which indicates “per/par”. Likewise common are shorthands which indicate the letter “m” or “n” are to follow, as in “ca[n]non” (an “n” is to follow the “a”) or “poetaru[m]” (an “m” is to follow the “u”). Thus all letters enclosed in unbolded square brackets represent the letters to be filled in provided by the shorthand of the preceeding letter. Unbolded brackets with bold lettering enclosed indicate shorthand for which I am unsure of the proper lettering.

Bolded square brackets [ ] and their contents indicate that the manuscript is unclear in some way. The contents of the [ ] show the best guess of the transcriber. If no determination can be made, ?? are substituted for letters. In
certain occasions, [cut off] is used to indicate where the letters have disappeared into the inner fold.

Combinations of characters such as “æ” are written out as separate letters (ae/oe).

What we would write as “J/j” I have transcribed as “I/i” unless specifically indicated by the manuscript (ex. “iiij”).

The & represents all written shorthand forms of “and”.

Little or no attempt has been made to preserve format, except in the distinction between prose, which is allowed to carry over below the speech heading, and verse, which is indented.

Capitals, especially “V”, “W”, and “D” should be taken with a grain of salt, especially if they appear within a speech and not at the beginning of a line. The upper and lower case forms of each letter often appear indistinguishable. If one of these letters appears at the beginning of a line of verse, I have capitalized it to maintain uniformity with the rest of the verse lines.

I have made no attempt to indicate changes in writing styles, i.e. secretary hand to italic hand.

Punctuation is often a matter of speculation. The more uncertain punctuation marks I have placed in bold square brackets [ ].

Struck through letters indicate the scribe wrote the letter or word but has crossed it out. In some instances I note where the scribe began writing one letter only to write over it with a different letter. I have placed these notes in bold square brackets [ ].

—Christopher A. Adams

  November, 2008
The progress[e] to Parnassus as it was acted in S[t] Johns Colledge in Cambridge An° 1601

Dramatis personae.

Boy, Stagekeeper, & two other in ye prologue.

Ingenioso. Academic[o]n
Judicio. Amoretto
Danter Page
Philomusus. Sig[n]ior [Im]merito
Studioso: Stercuti[o] his father
Furor poeticus. S[e] Randa[l]l
Phantasma. Recorder.
Patient. Page.
Richardetto. Prodigo.
Theodore a phisitian. Burbage
Burges a patient. Kempe
Iaques. studioso. Fidlers.

The Prologue./
Boy non plus} Spectators, wee will act a Com[m]edy

Stage Keeper prompter: A pox on’t, this booke hath it not in’t, yo[u] would bee wh[??] yo[u] rakehell, yo[u] must bee sitting vpp all night at card[es] when yo[y] should bee co[n]ninge yo[e] parte./

Boy. Its all longe of yo[u], I could not gett my parte a night or two before that I might sleepe on’t./

Stagekeep[er] carrieth y[e] boy away vnder his arm

Momus Its even well done, heer’s such a sturre about a scurvye English shewe.

Defender of y[e] play was non plus: Scurvye in thy face tho[u] scurvye Iacke, if [t]his co[m]panye were not tho[u] paltrye Cric[ke]tt: Gentlemen yo[u] y’ know w’ it is to play at Primero, or Passage[,] yo[u] y’ have beene deepe students at post & pare Sa[int] & Loadam: yo[u] y’ [one word illegible] spent all yo[e] quarters revenues in ridinge post [rest of speech illegible]

Momus. Gentlemen yo[u] y’ can play at noddye, or rather play vpon Noddies: yo[u] y’ can sett vp a Iest at Primero or Passage in steede of a Rest Laughe at y[e] p[ro]louge y’ was taken away in a voyder./

Defensor: What wee p[re]sent I must needs confesse is but a slubberd inven=tion, but if yo[e] wisdome observe y[e] Circu[m]stance, yo[e] kindnes will pardon y[e] substaunce./

Momus: W’ is p[re]sented heere is an ould mustye shouewe, y’ has lien a twelve month in y[e] bottome of a coalehouse, amonge broomes & ould shoos; an invention y’ wee are
asham'd of, & threfore wee have p[ro]misd y^e copies to y^e Chaundlers, to wrapp candles in.

Defensor. Its but a Christmas toye, & so may it please yo^e curtisies to lett it passe./

Momus. Its a Christmas toye indeede, as good a conceite as stanginge hottcockles, or blindman buffe./

Defensor: Some humors yo^u shall see aymed at if not well resembled

Momus. Humors indeede, is it not a prettye humour to stand ham=meringe vpon 2 schollers some foure yeare: this same Philo=musus & Studiosus have beeene followed w^th a whipp & a verse like a couple a vagabonds through England & Italye: The pilgrimage to Parnassus & y^e returne from Pernassus, have stoode y^e honest stagekeep[er]s in many a Crownes expense. for torches & vizards: Purchas'd many a Sophister a knoc[k] w^th a Clubbe, hindred y^e butlers boxe & emptied y^e Colledge Barrells, & now vnles yo^u have heard y^e former, yo^u may re=turne home againe as wise as yo^u came: For this last is y^[e] last p[ar]t of y^e returne fro[m] Pernassus, y^i is y^e last time [y^[i]} y^e Authors withe will turne vpon y^e toe in this vayne: And at this time y^e scene is not at Pernassus: that is, look[?] not good invention in y^e face./

Defensor. If y^e Catastrophe please yo^u not, impute it to y^e vnpleas[ng] fortunes of discontented schollers.

Momus. For Catastrophe, ther's never a tale in S^e John Mandav[cut off] or Bevis of [words illegible] [?]urninge./

Stagekeep[er]./ W^l yo^u leering asse be gon w^th a pox./

Momus. Yo^u may doe better to busye yo^e selfe in p[ro]vidinge beere for y^e shewe will bee pittifull drye, pittifull drye. Exit

Defensor./ Noe more of this, I heard ye spectators aske for a blanke verse./

2. In Schollers fortunes quite forlorne & dead
Twise hath o^e wearye pen earst labourd
Making them pilgrims to Pernassus hill
Then penninge their returne w^th ruder quill
Now wee p[re]sented vnto each pittienge eye
The schollers p[ro]gresse in their miserye
Refined spirritts yo^e patience is o^e blisse
Too weake o^e sceane too great yo^e judgment is
To yo^u wee seeke to shewe a schollers state
His scorned fortunes, his vnpitied fate
To yo^u: for if yo^u did not schollers blesse
Their case (poore case.) weare too too pittiles
Yo^u shade y^e Muses vnder fosteringe
And make them leave to Sighe & learn to singe.

W't ear we shew is but a Christmas jest
Conceave of this & gesse at all ye rest
Full like a schollers haples fortunes pend
Whose former greafs seldom have happye end
Framen as well wee might w'th easy straine
W'th' more praise & w'th as little payne
Storyes of love, where forme ye wondringe bench
The lispinge gallant might joy e his wench
Or make some sire acknowledge his lost sonne
Found when ye weary act is almost done
Nor unto this nor yt is o'se scene bent
Wee only shew a schollers discontent/

Actus ius. Scaena i².
Ingenioso solus w'th Juvenall in his hande/

Ingenioso./ Difficile est satyra[m] non scribere, nam quis iniquae
Tat patiens vrbis, tam ferreus vt teneat se.

I

I Juvenall thy ierking hand is good
Not gently layeng out but fetching bloud
So surgeon=like, thou dost w'th cuttinge heale
Where nought but lanchinge can ye wound avayle
O suffer mee among so many men
To tread aright ye traces of my pen
And light my linke at thy eternall flame
Till w'th it I brand everlasting shame
On ye worlds forhead, & w'th thine owne spiritt
Pay home ye world accordinge to his merritt
Thy purer soule could not endure to see
Even smallest spots of base impuritye
For could small faults escape thy cleaner hands.
Then foule fac’ vice was in his swathinge bands
Now like Antaeus grown a monster is
A match for none but mighty Hercules.
Now can ye world practise in plainer guise
Both sinnes of ould & new borne villanies
Stale sinnes ar stale, now doth ye world beginne
To take sole pleasure in a wittye sinne
Unpleasant is ye lawles lust has beene
At midnight rest, when Darknes covers sinne
Its clownish vnbeeseeming a young knight
Unles it Dare out face ye glaring light
Nor can it mongst o’se gallants praises reape
Unles it bee ydone in staringe Cheape
In a sin=guilty Coach not closely pent
Iogginge alonge ye harder pavement
O did not feare check my repining spright
Soone should my angry ghost a story write
In wch I would new fosterd sinsns combine
Not knowne earst by truth telling Aretine./


Judicio./ W't Ingenioso carrieng a vinneger bottle about thee like a great schoole boy
giving ye world a bloudy nose./

Ingenio: Faith Judicio if I carry a vineger bottle, its great reason I should conferre it vpon
ye bald pated world, & againe if my kitchin want the [illegible] of viands, great reason
other men should have ye sauce of vineger, And for the bloudy nose Judicio, I may
chaunce indeed to give ye world a bloudy nose, but it shall hardly give mee a crackt
crowne, though it give others-Poetts ffrench Crownes/

Judicio./ I would wish thee Ingenioso to sheath thy penne for tho' canst not bee succesfull
in ye fray considering thy enemies have ye advantage of ye grounde/

Ingenio: Or rather Judicio they have ye ground w't advantage & ye french crowns w't a
pox, & I would they had them w't ye plague too but hang 'em swadds, ye basest corner
in my thoughts is to gallant a roome to lodge them in; But say Jud: w't news in yo' presse?
did yo' keepe any late corrections vpon any tardy pamphletts.

Judicio. Vetere iubes RENOVARE dolorem: Ingenioso w't ere befall thee, keepe thee from
the trade of ye corrector of ye presse./

Inge: Mary so I will I warrant thee if povertye presse not too much ile correct noe presse
but ye presse of ye people

Judicio. would it not greve any good spiritt to sitt a whole month nittinge over a lowsye
beggerly pamphlet, & like a needy Phisitian to stand whole yeares tooting & tumbling ye
filth ye hath fallen from so many Draughty inventions as daily swarme in o' printinge ho
[hole in paper] house./

Ingenios: Come, I thinke wee shall have yo' putt finger in ye eye, & cry o frends no
frends say man, w't new pap[er] hobby horses, w't rattle babies are come out in yo' late
morrice Edition./

Judicio/ Slymy rimers, as thicke as flyes in ye sunne; I thinke there bee never an alehouse
in England, not any so base a Maypole on a cuontrye greene, but setts foorth some Poetts
Pternells, or Demy lances to ye paper warrs in Pouls churchyearde/
Ingeni: And well too may ye issue of a stronge hope learne to hoppe over all England, when as better witts sitt like lame Coblers in their studdies, such barmy heads will allwaies bee working, when as sadd vinegar witts sitt sowring at the bottome of a barrell: Plaine Meretors bredd of ye exhalation of Tobacco, & ye vapours of a moyst pott, ye soare vpp into ye open ayre, when as sounder witts keepe below.

Iudicio. Considering of ye furies of ye times, I could better endure to see these younge cann=quaffing hacksters shooe off their pelletts, soe they would keepe them fro[m] these English Flores poetar[m] : but now ye world is come to ye passe, ye there startes vpp every day an old goose That sitts hatching vpp of those eggs, w^ch have beene filcht from ye nests of Crowes & Kestrells./ Heers a booke Ing: why to condemne it to Cloaca vsuall Tyburne of all mislivinge pap[er]s we[cut off] too faire a death for so foule an offender./

Ingen: Whats ye name of it I pry thee Iudicio./

Iud: Looke heere its cald Belvedere./

Ingen: W^t, a bell weather in poules church yard so cald because it keepes a bleatinge, or because it has the tincklinge bell of so manye poetts about ye necke of it: w^t is ye rest of ye title?

Iud. The garden of ye Muses.

Inge: W^th have wee heere? ye Poett garish Gayly bedeckt like forehorse of ye Parishe./ W^t followes?

Iudi: Quem referent Musae vivet dum robora tellus Dum caelum stellas. dum vehit amnis aquas.

Inge: Who blurres faire pap[er] w^th foule bastard rimes Shall live full many an age in after times Who maks a bullett for an Alehouse dore Shall live in future times for evermore Then Bodenham thy muse shall live as longe As draftye ballads to ye paile are songe.

But w^th his deuise? Pernassus w^th ye sunne & ye lawrell; I wonder this owle dare looke on ye sunne & I ma^vaile this goose flyes not; The Lawrell? his devise might have beene better; A foole going into ye markett place to bee seene w^th this Motto: Scribimus indocti: or a poore begger gleaninge of eares in the end of harvest, w^th this word; sua cinq[ue] gloria./

Iudi. Turne over ye leafe Inge: & tho^u shalt see ye pains of this worthy gentleman: Sentences gatherd out of all kind of Poets, referrd to certaine methodicall heads,
profitable for ye vse of this time to rime vpon any occasion at a little warninge; Reade ye names

Ingen: So I will if tho wilt helpe mee to censure them.
    Edmund Spencer; Henry Constable; Thomas
    Lodge, Samuell Daniell, Thomas Watson, Michaell
    Drayton, John Davies; John Marston; Kitt
    Marlowe./

Good men & true stand together heare ye censure wts thy Iudgme of S[cut off]er

Iudicio. A sweeter Swanne then ever sunge in Poe
    A shriller nightngall then ever blest
    The prouder groves of self admiringe Rome.
    Blith was each valley; & each shepheard proud
    While hee did chaunt his rurall minstralsye
    Attentive was full many a daintye eare
    Nay hearers hunge vpon his meltinge tounge
    While sweetly of his faery Queene hee sunge
    While to ye waters fall hee tun’d de her fame
    And in each barke endorc’t Elizaes name.
    And yet for all this; Vnregarding soyle
    Vnlacte ye line of his desired life
    Denieng maintenance for his deere releife
    Careles ere to p[re]vent his exequie
    Scarse dayning to shutt vpp his dyenge eye./

Inge: Pittye it is ye gentler witts should breed
    Where thick skinnd chuffs laugh at a schollers neede
    But softly may o Homers ashes rest
    That lye by merrye Chaucers noble chest

But I prethee Iudi: p[ro]ceede breiflye in thy censure y I may bee proude of myselfe if
    as in ye first so in ye rest my censure iump wth thine./

Iud: Henry Constable; Samuell Daniell, Thomas Lodge, Tho: Wattson./
    Sweete Constable doth take ye wandring eare
    And layes it vp in willing prisonment.
    Sweet hony dropping Daniell may wage
    Warr wth ye proudest bigg Italian
    That melts his hart in sugred sonettinge
    Only lett him more sparingly make vse
    Of others witt, & vse his owne ye more
    That well may skorne base imitation.
    ff for Lodge & Watson men of some deserte
    Yet subiect to a Critticks Marginall
    Lodge, for his oare in every pap[er] boate
Hee y’turnes over Gallen every daye
To sitt & simper Euphues legacye.

Inge./ Michaell Drayton./

Judi: Draytons sweete Muse is of a sanguine die
    Able to ravish y’e rash gazers eye.
__
However hee wants one true noate of a poett of o’times, and y’t is this: Hee can[n]ot
swagger it well in a Taverne, or domineere in a hot house./

Inge: Iohn Davies?

Judicio/ Acute Iohn Davies I affect thy rimes
    That jertk in hidden tearmes these looser times
    Thy plainer verse, thy vnaffected vaine
Is grac’t w’th a fayre end & sooping trayne
Martiall & hee may sitt vpon one bench
Either wrote well & either lov’d his wench.

Ingen: Lock & Hudson.

Judic: Lock & Hudson? Sleepe yo’u quiett shavers amonc y’e shavings of y’e presse, & lett
yo’u books lye in some old nooke, amongst ould bootes & shooes so yo’u may happ to
avoyd my censure./

Ingeni: Why then clapp a lock on their feete & turne them to co[m]mons./
    Iohn Marston./

Judicio./ W’t, Mounsieur Kinsaider lifting vpp yo’u legge & pissing against y’e world. putt
vpp man, putt vpp for shame./

Ingen: Mee thinks hee is a Ruffian in his stile
    W’douten bandes or garters ornaments
Hee quaffs a cupp of Frenchmans Helicon
Then Royster Doister in his oylie tearmes
Cutts thrusts & foines at whome so ere hee meetes
And strewes about Ramme alley meditations
Tut! w’t cares hee for modest close cowcht tearmes
Cleanly to g[ui]rd o’s looser libertines
Give him plaine naked words stript from their shirtes
That might beseeme plaine dealing Aretine.

Judicio./ I. There is one y’t backs a pap[er] steed
    And manageth a penknife gallantlye
    Striks his poynado at a buttons breadth
Brings ye great battringe ramme of tearmes to towne
And at first volley of his can[n]on shott
Batters the walls of ye ould fusty world

Ingen: Christopher Marlowe/

Judicio./ Marlow was happy in his buskind Muse
    Alas vnhappye in his life & end
    Pittye it is ye witt so ill should dwell
    Witt lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.

Ingen: Our theater hath lost: Pluto hath gott
    A tragicke penman for a dreiry plotte.
        Beniamin Johnson.

Judicio./ The wittiest fellowe of a bricklayer in England.

Ingeni: A mery Empeirick, one ye gets w' hee has by observation, and make[s] onelye
    nature privye to w' hee endites: so slowe an Inventor, ye hee weare better beeteake
    himselfe to his ould trade of bricklayeng: A bold whorson, as confident now in making of
    a booke as hee was in times past at layenge of a Bricke./
        William Shakespeare./

Judicio/ Who loves not Adons love, or Lucrece rape?
    His sweeter verse conteynes hart throbbinge line
    Could but a graver subiect him content
    W/thout loves foolish lazie languishment

Ingenioso./ Churchyearde
    Hath not Shores wife, although a light skirt shee
    Given him a chast long lastinge memorye?

Judicio/ Noe! all light pamph[e]s one day vinden shall
    A churchyard & a grave to bury all.

Ingenio: Thomas Nash: I heer’s a fellow Judicio ye carried ye deadly stockado in his pen;
    whose muse was arm’d w/ a gagtooth & his penne possest w/ ye spiritte of Hercules
    Furens./

Judicio./ Lett all his faultes sleepe w/ his mournfull chest
    And there forever w/ his ashes rest
    His stile was wittye though it had some gall
    Some things hee might have mended, so may all./

Ingenioso Reades ye rest./
Iudicio. As for these, they have some of them beene the ould hedgstaks of ye presse, & some of them are at this instant ye botts & glaunders of ye printinge house: fellowes ye stand only vpon tearmes to serve ye tear[nn]e wth their blotted pap[er]s; write as men goe to ye stoole, for neede. and when they write, they write as a boare pisses now & then droppe a pamphlette./

I[cut off] : Durum telum necessitas. Good faith they doe as I doe, exchange woordes for money: I have some trafficke this day wth Da[un]ter about a Libell wch I have made, ye name of it is a catalogue of Cambridge cuckolds./

Iudicio/ But this Belvedere, this methodicall Asse hath almost made mee forgett my time: Ile now to Poulles churchyard, meete mee an howre hence at ye signe of ye Pegasus in Cheapside, & ile moist thy temples wth a cupp of Clarrett as hard as ye world goes./

Exit Iudicio

Actus jũs Scaena 3ᵃ Danter ye printer.

Ingenioso./ Danter thou art Deceavd, witt is deerer then tho takst it to bee I tell thee this Libell of Cambridge has much salt & pepper in ye nose, it will sell sheerly vnderhand, whenas these books of exhorta=tions & Catechismes lye mouldinge on thy Shopp=boarde./

Danter. Its true; But good faith Με Ingenioso I lost by yo last booke, & yo knowe there is many a one y paies mee largely for y prin=tinge of their inventions; but for all this yo shall have fortye shillings & an odd potte of wine./

Ingenios: ffortye shillinges? a fitt reward for one of yo rumaticke Poets y beslavers all y paper they come by & furnish y Chaundlers wth wast paper to wrappe Candles in. But as for mee, ille bee paid deare even for y dreggs of my witt: Little knowes y world w belongs to y keeping of a good witt in waters, dyetts drinks, Tobacco &c. It is a daintye & costly creature, & ther=fore I must bee paid sweetlye: Furnish mee wth money y I may putt my selfe in a suite of new cloathes, & ile suite thy shoppe in a new suite of tearmes; its y gallantest child my invention was ever deliverd of: the title is, A Chronicle of Cambridge cuckolds: heere a man may see w day of ye month such a mans co[m]mons ware enclosed, & when throwen open, And when any entaild some odd crownes vpon ye heires of their bodies vnlaw=fully begotten. Speake quickly els I am gone./

Danter./ O this will sell gallantlye, ile have it wsoever it cost, will y walke on M Ingeniososo, weele sitt over a Cupp of wine and agree on it./

Ingenios: A cupp of wine is as good as a Constable as can bee to take vp y quarrell betwixt vs./ Exeunt./

Actus jũs Scaena 4ᵃ. Philomusus in a Phisitians habite, Studioso like his man, a Patient.
Philomus: Tit, tit, tit, non point, non debet fieri phlebotomatio in coitu lu=nae, heere is a Recipe.

Patient. A Recipe.

Philomu: Nos Gallici non curamus quantitatem sillabaru[m], lett mee heare how many stoole yo" doe make Adieu Mounsieur, good Mounsieur, w' how? Iaques. Il n’a personne apres [u?]]y/

IStudioso./ Non.

Philo: Then lett vs steale time frome this borrowed shape
   Recounting ơ νeqvall happs of late
   Late did y² Ocean graspe vs in his armes
   Late did wee live w'ìn a stranger ayre
   Late did wee see y' cinders of great Rome
   Wee thought y' English fugitives there eate
   Gould for restorative if gold weare meate
   Yet now wee find by bought experience
   That whersoere wee wander vp & downe
   On y' rownd γ-shoulders of this massye world
   Or ơ ill fortune or the worlds ill eye
   Forespeaks ơ good, p[ro]cures ơ miserye.

Studioso./ So oft y' northern wind w' nned frozen wings
   Hath beate y' flowres y' in o' garden growe
   Throwne downe y' stalks of o' aspiring youth
   So oft hath winter nipt o' trees faire rinde
   That now wee seeeme nought, but two bared boughes
   Scornd by y' basest bird y' chirpes in grove
   Nor Rome nor Rhemes y' wonted are to give
   A Cardinalls cappe to discontented clarkes
   That have forsooke their homebredd thatched roofes
   Yelded vs any equall maintenance
   And its as good to starve mongst English swine
   As in a forreyne land to begge & pine.
   Ile scorne y' world y' scorneth mee againe

Philom: Ile vex y' world y' works mee so much paine

Studi: Thy lame revenging power y' world well weenes

Philo: Flies have their spleene, each silly Ant his teene

Studio: Wee have y' words, they y' possessions have
Philo: Wee all ar equall in oε latest grave
Stud: Soone then o soone may wee both graved bee
Philo: Who wisheth death doth wronge wise destynye
Stud: Its wrong to force life=loathing men to breathe
Philo: Its sinne fore doomed day to wish thy death
Stud: Too late oε soules flitt to their resting place
Philo: Why mans whole life is but a breathinge space
Stud: A painfull minute seemes a taedious yeare
Philo: A constant mind eternall woes will beare
Stud: When shall oε soules their wearied lodge forgoe
Philo: When wee have tyred miserye & woe.
Stud: Soone then may fates this gayle delivery send vs

Philo: Small woes vex longe, great woes will quickly end vs./
But Studioso letts leave this capping of rymes & followe oε late devise, that wee may
maintayne oε heads in Capps, oε bellyes in p[ro]vender, & oε backs in saddle & bridle:
Hitherto wee have sought all yε honest meanes wee could to live, & now letts, audere
aliquid brevib[us] giaris et carcere diguu[m]; lett us runne through all the lewd forms of
limetwigge purloyning villanye; Lett vs prove Connycatchers bawdes, or any thinge so
wee may rubbe out; And first my plott for playeng yε french doctor y[l] shall hold; Our
lodging stands heere fittlye in showe lane, for if oε co[m]minges in bee not yε better,
London may shortlye throwe an ould shoe after vs: And w[th] these shreds of ffrench y[l]
wee gatherd vpp at our hostes house in Paris, weele gull yε world y[l] hath in esteeme —
forreyne Phisitions. And if any of yε hidebound brethren of Cambridge & Oxford or any
of those Stigmaticke Masters of Artes y[l] abus’d vs in times past, leave their owne
Phisitians & become oε patients, [f]weele alter quite yε stile of them: For they shall never
hearafter write; yoε Lordshipps most bounden, but yoε Lo: most laxative./

Stud: It shall bee soe: see how a little vermin povertye, altereth a whole milkye
disposition./

Philo: Soe then my selfe straight w[th] revenge ile sate
Stud: provoked patience growes interperate
Enter Richardetto Iaques Scholler learning French.

Iaques. How now my little knave; quelle novelle Monsieur.

Richardet: There is a fellow with a nightcap on his head, & an vinall in his hand would faine speake with M. Theodore.

Iaques. Parle francois mon petit garsonna

Richard: Il y a un home avec le bonnet de la teste et un vinell en la main qui veult parler Theodore.

Iaques. For bien.

Theodor: Iaques alonns

Exeunt.

Actus jus Scae: 5a.

Furor poeticus, & presently after enter Phantasma.

Furor rapt in contemplation} Why how now pedant Phoebus are you smouching Thalia on her tender lippes there, ha? Pesant avaut, come pretty short nosd nymph[e]. O sweete Thalia I doe kisse thy foote; w[.] Clio[,] o sweete Clio, nay prethee doe not weep Melpomine; w[.] Vrania, Polimnia, & Calliope, lett one doe reverence to you deities./

Phantasma pulls him by your sleeve/ I am your holy swayne your night & day

Sitts for you saks rubbinge my wrinckled browe
Studdieng a month for one fitt Epithite./

Furor: Nay silver Cinthia doe not trouble mee
Straight will I thy Endimions storye write
To w[.] halest mee on both day & night
Yo[.] like skirt starres this is yo wonted guise
By gloomy light perke out yo dowtfull heads
But when don Phoebus shewes his flashinge snowt
You are skye puppies, straight, yo light is out.

Phant: So ho Furor, nay prethee good Furor in sober sadnes?


Phant: Nay sweete Furor: Ipsae te Tytere pinus
Ipsi te fontes, ipsa haec arbusta vocarunt.

Furor. Whose your runnes headlong on my quills sharpe point
That wearied of his life & baser breath
Offers himselfe to an Iambicke verse.

Phant: Si quoties peccant homines sua fulmina mittat
Jupiter exiguo tempore inermis erit./

Furor/ W't slimye bold p[re]sumptuous groome is hee
Dares w'th his rude, audacious hardye chatte
Thus sever mee from sky bredd contemplation

Phant: Carmina vel caelo possunt ducere lunam

Furor./ O Phantasma! w't my individuall mate

Phant: O mihi post nullos Furor memorande sodales

Furor. Say whence com'st thou, sent from w't deitye
From great Apollo, or slye Mercurye

Phant. I come from y't little Mercurye Ingenioso. For
Ingenio pollet cui vim natura negavit.

Furor. Ingenioso? he is a pretty slight inventor of base prose
But thers noe spirrit in his groveling speach
Hang him whose verse can't out belch ye wind
That can't beard & brave Don AEolus
That when ye clowde of his invention breaks
Cannott out cracke ye scarrcrow thunderbolt
Hange him I saye

Phant: Pendo pependi, tendo tetendi pedo pepedi: wilt please yo' M' Furor to wilke w'th mee; I p[ro]mised to bringe yo' to a drinkinge in Cheapside at ye signe of ye Naggs head: for
Tempore lenta pati fr[ae]na docent' equi.

Furor: Pace thee before, Ile come incontinent./

Phant: Nay faith M' Furor, letts goe together, Quonia[m] co[n]venimus amb[cut off]

Furor: Lett vs march on vnto ye house of fame
There quaffinge bowles of Bacchus bloud full nimblye
Endite a tiptoe strowting poesye.

Phant: Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenu[m].

Furor Tu maior, tibi me[e] est aequu[m] parere Menalca.
They offer ye way to one another  Exeunt

Actus 2\textsuperscript{ns}. Scaena. j\textsuperscript{a}. Philo: Studio: Burges.

Theodore putts on spectackles \{ Monsieur here are te[re of are written over to] Atomi natantes w\textsuperscript{th} doe make shewe your worshipp to bee as lecherous as a Bu[u written over o]ll/

Burg: Truly M\textsuperscript{e} D\textsuperscript{e} wee are all men, all men

Theod: This water is intation of heate are yo\textsuperscript{n} not p[er]turbed w\textsuperscript{th} an ake in yo\textsuperscript{e} vace or ind yo\textsuperscript{e} occiput, I meane yo\textsuperscript{e} headpeace, Lett mee feele the pulse of yo\textsuperscript{e} little finger.

Bur: Ile assure you sir M\textsuperscript{e} Theodore ye pulse of my head beats exceedinglye, & I thinke I have disturbed my selfe by studyeng ye paenall statutes./

Theo: Tit, tit, yo\textsuperscript{e} worshipp taks care for yo\textsuperscript{e} speaches, O. Courae leves loqunt\textsuperscript{e} ingantes stoupent. it is an Aphorisme in Gallen/

Bur: And w\textsuperscript{i} is ye exposition of ye??

Theo: That ye worshipp must take a glande vt emittat\textsuperscript{e} sanguis ye signe is fort exe\textsuperscript{cellant}/

Bur: Good M\textsuperscript{e} D\textsuperscript{e} vse mee gentlye, for marke yo\textsuperscript{u} S\textsuperscript{e}, there is a double consideracon to bee had of mee, first as I am a publicke magistrate & secondlye as I am a private butcher, & but for ye worshipfull creditt of ye place, & office wherein I now stand & live, I would not so hazard my worshipfull apparrell, w\textsuperscript{th} a suppositor or a glyster; But for ye countenancing of ye place I must goe oftner to ye stoole; For as a gentleman of good experience told mee ye it was ye cheife note of a magistrate[,

Theod. A vous ettes vn gentell home vraiment; w\textsuperscript{i} ho! Iaques. Iaques? donee vous vn fort, gentell purgation pour Mounsieur Burgessse/

Iaques. vostre tres humble serviteure a vostre co[m]manndemant/

Theod: Donnee vous vn gentill purge a Mounsieur Burgess: I have considered of ye Crasis & symptoma of yo\textsuperscript{e} disease, & here is vn fort gentell purgation p[ro] evacuatione excrementor[iu]m as wee Phisitions vse to parler./

Bur: I hope M\textsuperscript{e} D\textsuperscript{e} yo\textsuperscript{u} have a care of ye countryes officer, I tell yo\textsuperscript{u} I durst not have trusted my selfe w\textsuperscript{th} every Physition, & yet I am not afraid for my selfe[,] but ye I would not depr[i]ve ye towne of so carefull a magistrate./
Theod: Oh. Mounsieur I have a singular care of yo\`valetudo: It is re=kisite y\`e French Phisition bee learned & carefull; Yo\`e Anglish [illegible words] is [illegible]ant & anvious.

Bur: Heere is M\`e D\`e iii\`d yo\`e due, & viij\`d my bountye, yo\`u shall heare from mee[,] good M\`e D\`e, farewell, farewell good M\`e D\`e./ Exit

Theod: Adiew good Mounsieur, adiew good Mounsieur./
   Then burst w\`th teere vnhappye graduate
   Thy fortunes wayward still & backward beene
   Nor canst tho\`u thr[i]ve by vertue, nor by sinne

Iaques/ Oh[;] how it greeves my vexed soule to see
   Each painted asse in chaire of digniye
   And yet wee grovell on y\`e ground alone
   Runing through every trade but thrive by none
   More wee must act in this lives tragedye

Theo: Sadd is y\`e plott, sadd y\`e Catastrophe.

Iaques. Sighes are the Chorus in o\`e Tragedye

Theo: And rented thoughtes continuall actors bee

Iaques. Who Woe [written above who; possibly wot] is the subiect?

Theod: Earth y\` e loathed stage
   Wheron wee act this fayned p[er]sonage.

Iaques. Mossy barbarians y\`e spectators bee
   That sitt & laugh at o\`e calamitye

Theod. Bannd bee those howres when mongst y\`e learned throngs
   By Grantaes muddy banks wee whilome sunge

Iaques. Bannd bee y\`e hill w\`ch learned witts adore
   Where earst wee spent o\`e stocke & little store

Theod: Bann\`d bee those musty mewes where wee have spent
   Our youthfull dayes in paled languishment

Iaques. Bann\`d bee those cozening artes y\`e wrought our woe
   Making vs wandring pilgrims to & fro.

Theod: And pilgrims must wee bee w\`th out reliefe
   And where so ere wee runne there meetes vs greife
Iaques. Where ere wee tosee vpon this troubled stage
Greifes oε companion, patience bee oε page

Theod: Ah but this patience is a page of ruth
A tired lackye to oε wandringe youth

Exeunt/

Actus 2us. Scaena .2a./
Academico Solus

Academ: Fayne would I have a livinge if I could tell how to come by it
E: Buy it/
Acad: Buy it fond Eccho why thoυ dost greatly mistake it
E: Stake it.[/]
Acad: Stake it w^ should I stake at this game of Simonye
E: Money./
Acad: What is ye^ world a game ar livings gotten by playeng.
E: Payenge
Acad: Payeng? but say w^ is ye^ nearest way to come by a livinge
E: Giuing. &c. &c. &c. &c. Exit

Actus 2us. Scae: 3a. Amoretto w^ an
Ovid in his hand. Im[m]erito./

Amor: Take it on ye^ word of a gentleman, yoυ ca[n]ot have it a penny vnder, thinke on’t
while I meditate on my faire mistresse
Nunc sequor imp[er]ium[m] magne Cupido tuu[m].
W^ ere become of this bare thredbare Clarke
I must bee costly in my Mistres eye
Ladies regard not ragged companye
Ile w^th revenues of my chaferd church
First buy an ambling hobbye for my faire
Whose measured pase may teach ye^ world to daunce
<Proude [P written over B] of his burthen when hee gins to praunce[.]>
Then must I buy a lewell for her eare
A kirtle of some hundred Crownes or more
With these faire guiftes when I acco[m]panied goe
She’le give Ioves breakfast; Sidney tearms it soe
I am her needle, shee is my Adamant
Shee’s a faire Rose I her vnworthy pricke

Acad: Is there noe bodye here, will take y° pains to geld his mouth

Amoret[.] Shee’s Cleopatora I marke Anthonye

Acade: Noe tho” art a meare marke for good Judgments to shoote at, & in y’ suite tho” wilt make a fine man to dash poore Clownes [written over r in Clownes] out of countenaunce./

Amoret[:] Shee is my moone, I her Endimion

Acad[e]m Noe shee is thy shoulder of mutton, tho” her onyon, or shee may bee thy Luna well[,] thou her Lunaticke./

Amoret: I her AEneas shee my Dido is./

Acade: Shee is thy heyho, tho” her brasen asse
    Or shee dame Phantasie & tho” her gull
    Shee thy Pasiphae, tho” her loving bull

    Actus 2us. Scae: 4°./
    Immerito & Stercutio his Father

St[e]r: Sonne, is this y° gentleman y° sells vs y° livinge?

Immer: ffye father yo” must not call it sellinge, yo” must say is this the gentleman, y° must have y° gratuito./

Acad: W° have wee heere, ould trupenny come to towne? to fetch away y° living in his ould greasye sloppes? Then ile none: The time hath beene when such a fellowe medled w° nothing but his plowshare, his spade & his hobnailes & so to a peice of bread & cheese & went his way: but now these s[cum]y fellowes ar grown y° only factors for p[re]ferment/

Ster: O is this y° grating gentleman, & how many pounds must I paye./

Immer: Oh yo” must not call them poundes, but thanks, & harke yo” father, yo” must tell of nothing y° is done, for I must seeme to come clearly to it
St-Acade [Acade: written over St]: Not pounds but thanks: see whether this simple fellowe yt hath nothing of a scholler, but yt ye draper hath blackt him over hath not gotten ye stile of ye time.

Ster Amor: By my faith sonne looke for no more portion./

Im[m]eri: Well father I will not, vpon this condition yt when yo u have gotten m[cut off] ye gratuito of ye livinge, yo u will likewise disburse a little money to ye Byshoppes poser; for there are certaine questions I make scruple to bee posd in./

Acad: hee meanes any question in Latine wch hee counts a scruple: oh th[cut off] honest man could never abide this Popish tongue of Latine, oh hee is as true an Englishman as lives/

Ster: Ile take ye Gentleman now hee is in a good vaine, for hee smiles

Amo[.]: Sweete Ovid I doe honour every page[/]

Acad: Good Ovid y in his life time livd among ye Getes & now after his death converseth w th a Barbarian./

Ster[.]: God bee at yo woorke sir: my sonne told mee yo u weare ye gratinge Gentleman, I am Stercutio his father, simple as I stand here/

Amor[.]: Fellow I had rather have given thee a hundred pounds then tho u shouldst have putt mee out of my excellent meditation by ye faith of a gentle=man I was even rapt in contemplation./

Im[m]er: S r you must p[ar]don my father, hee wants bringing vpp./

Acade: Mary it seemes hee hath good bringing vp when hee brings vpp so much moneye.

Stercu: Indeed sir yo u must p[ar]don mee I did not know yo u weare a gentleman of ye temple before/

Amor: Well I am content in a generous disposition to beare w th countrye education[,] but fellow wts thy name/

Ster[.]: My name sir? Stercutio sir/

Amor[.]: Why then Stercutio I would bee very willing to bee ye instrument to my father, ye this living might bee confer[r]d vpon yo s sonne, mary I would have yo u knowe ye I have beene importun’d by 2 or 3 se-verall Lords my kind Cozens in ye behalf of some Cambridge — schollers, & have almost engaged my woord; mary if I shall see yo dis=position to bee more thankfull then other mens, I shall bee very readye to respect kind naturd men; For as ye Italian p[ro]verbe speaketh very well
Academ: Why? heers a gallant young drover of livings.

Sterc: I beseech you[u written over ε] sir speake English, for it is naturall to mee & my sonne & all o ε kindred to vnderstand but one language

Amor: Why then this in plaine English I must bee respected wth thanks./

Acad: This is a subtilt tactive when thanks may bee felt & seene[.] 

Ster[.] And I pray yo u w i is y ε lowest thanks yo u will take 

Acad[.] The very same methode y i hee vseth in buyeng of an Oxe[.] 

Amor. I must have some odd sprinklinge of a C i or soe, & so I shall thinke yo u thankfull & co[m] mend yo i sonne as a man of good guifts to my father./ 

Acad: A sweete world give a C i & this is but counted thankfulness./ 

Ster: Harke yo u sir, yo u shall have four score thanks./ 

Amor: I tell thee fellowe I never opend my mouth in this kind so cheape before in my life, I tell thee few yong gentlemen ar found, y i will deale so kindlye wth thee as I doe/ 

Ster: Well sir, because I knowe my sonne to bee a good tow[o]rd thinge, & one y i hath taken all the hath on his owne head wth out sending to y ε vniv'sitye I am co[n]tente to give yo u as many thanks as yo u aske so yo u will p[ro]mise mee to bringe it to passe./ 

Amor: I warrant yo u for y i if I say it once, repaire yo u to y ε place, & staye there for my father, hee is walkt abroad in to y ε parke, to take the benefitt of y ε ayre, Ile meete him as hee returns, & make way for yo ε suite[.] 

Ex: Ster: Imme: 

Amoretto. 

Amor: Gallant y faith/ 

Acad: I see wee schollers fishe for livings in these shallowe foords wth out a silver hooke: why would it not gall a man to see a spruse garterd youth of o ε Colledge a while agoe bee a broker for a livinge, & an old bawde for a benefice; This sweete S i p[ro]ferrd mee much kindnesse when hee was of o ε Colledge & now ile trye w i wind remains in this [cut off] 

Acad: God save yo u sir/
Amor: By ye masse I am afraid I have seene this Genus & species in Cambridge before now, Ile take noe notice of him; Now on ye faith of a Gentleman this is a prety pretye Elegie of w' age is ye day fellowe sirra boy hath ye groome sadled my hunting hobbye; Can Robin hunter tell where a hare sitts.

Acad: S'a poore old frend of yours S' of S' Iohns Colledge in Cambridge/

Amor. Good faith sir yo must pardon mee[,] I have forgotten yo/  

Acad[,] My name is Academico sir, one y' made an Oration for yo on[ce] on ye Queens day & a shew y' yo' gott some creditt bye./

Amor: it may bee so it may bee so, but indeed I have forgotten it; Mary yet I remember there was such a fellowe, y' I was very beneficall vnto in my time[,] but howsoever I have ye Curtesye of ye towne for yoA, I am sory yo' did not take mee at my fathers house; but now I am in exceeding great hast, for I have vowed ye death of a hare, y' wee found this morninge musinge on her Maze/

Acad: S' I am emboldned by ye great acquaintance y' heer to fore I had wth yo' is likewise it hath pleasd yo' herrtorefore./

Amor[,] Looke sirra if yo' see my hobbye come./

Acad[,] To make me some kind p[ro]mises I am to request yo' good mediation to the [the written over y] worshipfull yo' father in my behalfl; and I will dedicate to ye self[e] in ye way of thanks, those dayes I have to live/

Amor[,] Oh good sir y' I had knowne yo' mind before, for my father hath alreadly given ye induccion to a Chaplain of his owne a p[ro]per man I knowe not of w't univ'sitye hee is./

Acad[:] Signior Imerito they say hath bidden fayrest for it/

Amor: I knowe not his name but hee is a grave discreet man, I warrant him indeed, hee wants vtterance in some measure./

Acad: Nay mee thinks hee hath very good vtterance for his gravitye[,] for hee came hether very grave, but I thinke hee will returne light enough when hee is ridd of ye heavy element hee carrieth about him./

Amor: ffaith sir yo' must p[ar]don mee, it is my ordinary custome to bee too studdious, my M'dis hath told mee of it very often, & I find it to hurte my ordinary discourse[,] But say sweet sir do yo' affect ye' most gent[e]man like game of hunting./

Acad: How say to ye' Crafty Gull, hee would faine gett mee abroad to make sporte wth mee in their hunters tearmes wth wee schollers ar not acquainted wth: S' I have lovd this
kind of sport well, but I beginne to hate it for it hath beene my lucke allwaies to beate ye bush while another kild ye hare./

Amor: Hunters lucke, hunters luck sir but there was a fault in your hounds that did not spend well.

Acad: S', I have had worst lucke alwaies at huntinge of ye ffox

Amor: W't sir doe yo'u meane at vnkenneling[,] vntapering, or earthing of him.

Acad: I meane earthing if yo'u tearme it soe[:] for I never yet found yellowe earth inough to cover y' ould fox yo' father in/

Amor: Good faith sir ther's an excellent skill in blowing for ye terriers, it is a word y' wee hunters vse when ye fox is earthd[;] Yo'u must blowe one long, 2 shorte[.] The second wind, one long 2 shorte; Now sir in blowing every long containeth 7 quavers one [mimim], & one quaver one [mimim] conteyneth 4 quavers, one short containeth 3 quavers./

Acade: S'e might I find yo'e favour in my suite I would wind ye horne wherin yo'e beau deserte, should bee sounded w' th so many [mimim]s, so many quavers[.]

Amor: Sweet sir I would I could conferr this or any kindnes vpon yo'u[;] I wonde[cut off] ye' boy coms not away w' my hobbye: Now sir as I was p[ro]ceeding, when yo[cut off] blowe ye' death of yo'e Fox in field or covert then must yo'u sound 3 notes, w' th 3 winds the recheate (marke yo'u sir) vpon ye' same w' th 3 winds.

Acad[,] I pray yo'u S' &c./

Amor: Now sir when you come to yo'e stately gate[,] as yo'u sounded ye' recheate before so now yo'u must sound ye' releife 3 times

Academ: Releife call yo'u it[,] it were good if every patron would wind ye' horne/

Amor: Oh sir[,] but yo'e veline is yo'e cheifest & sweetest note y' is sir, when your hounds hunt after an vnknowne game, & then yo'u must sound one longe & 6 short, y'e 2 wind 2 short & one longe, y'e 3 wind one long & 2 shorte./

Acad: True sir it is a very good trade now adaies to bee a villaine, I am ye' hound y' hunts after ye' game vnknowne & hee blowes ye' villaine./

Amor: S'f, I will blesse yo'e ears w' th a very pretty storable, my father out of his owne cost & charges, keepe a open table for all kind of doggs./

Acad: And hee keepes one more by thee./
Amor[.] Hee hath yoε grey hound yoε mungrell yoε mastife, yoε Lem[ui]re, yoε Spa=niell, yoε kennets[,] terriers, butchers dogs, Trindle tailes[,] prick eard cures smale ladies puppies Raches & Bastards./.

Acad: Wε a bawdy knave hath hee to his father, yε keeps [p written over k?] his Rachell[,] getts his Bastardes & letts his sonne bee a plaine ladies puppye to bewraye a Ladies Chamber/

Amor: It was my pleasure 2 dayes agoe to take a leash of gallant grey hounds & into my fathers parke I went acco[m]panied w with 2 or 3 noblemen of my neare acquaintance, desirous to shew them some sporte, I caused ye ke[cut off]per to severre ye Rascall deare from ye bucks of ye first head. Now sir, a Bucke ye first yeare is a fawne, ye 2 yeare a Prickett, ye 3 yeare a Sorrell, ye 4 yeare a Sore, ye 5 yeare a Bucke of ye first head ye 6 yeare a complete Bucke: As likewise yoε harte is ye first yeare a Calfe, ye 2 yeare a Brockett, ye 3 yeare a Spade, ye 4 year[cut off] a stagge[,] ye 5 yeare a great stagge ye 6 yeare a harte[,] As alikewise ye Rowbucke is ye first yeare a Kidd, ye 2 yeare a Girle, ye 3 yeare a he[e]mase, & these are yoε speciall beasts for chase[,] or as wee huntsmen terme it for venerye/

Acad[ :] If chast bee taken for venerye thoε art a more speciall beast, then any in thy fathers forrest: Sε I am sory I have bene so troublesome vnto yoε

Amor[ : ] I knewe this was yeε readiest way to chase away yeε scholler, by getting him into a subiect hee cannott talke of for his life: Sε, I will borrowe so much time of yoε as to finish this my begunne stroye Now sir after much travaile wee singled a Bucke, I road yε same time vpon a roane gelding, & stood to intercept him from ye thickett, ye Bucke broake gallantlye my great Swift being disadvantagεd in yeε slippe was at yeε first behind marye p[re]sentlye hee coated & out strippεd them when as yeε bucke p[re]sentlye descended to yeε river & being in yeε water p[ro]ferd, & p[ro]ferd, & p[ro]ferd againe, & at last hee vpstarted at yeε other sid[cut off] of yeε water, wε call yeε Soile of yeε Harte, & there other huntsmen mett him wε an advant reilley, wee followed in hard chase for yeε space of 8 howres, 3 our hounds were at default, & then wee cryed a stayne streare so ho[.] Through good reclaiming, my faulty hounds found thei[cut off] game againe, & so went thoroughge yeε wood wε a gallant noyse of Music[ε] resembling so many violl de Gambos, at last yeε hart layd him down and whilst yeε hounds seazed vpon him, hee groand, & wept, & dyed, in go[cut off] faith it made mee weep too, to thinke of Actaeons fortune wε my Ovid speaks of: Militatominis amans et habet sua Castra Cupido./ reads Ovid

Acad: Sε can yoε putt mee in any hope of obtaining my suite./

Amor: In good faith sir if I did not love yoε as my soule, I would not make yoε acquainted wε misteries of oε Arte./

Acad: Nay I will not dye of a discourse if I can choose[.]

Amoretto's page.

Page. I wonder w[elbow]t is become of y[elbow]t Ovid de Arte amandi my M[elbow], hee y[elbow]t for y[elbow]t practise of his discourse[,] is wont to courte his hobbye abroad, & at home in his chamber maks a sett speach to his Greyhound[elbow] desiringe y[elbow]t most faire & amiable dogge, to grace his companye in a stately galliard, & if y[elbow]t dogg seeing him practice his loftye points as his crosse pointe & his — backe caper chaunce to bewray y[elbow]e roome[,] hee p[re]sently doffes his capp most solemnlye makes a low legg to her Ladyshippe, taking it for y[elbow]e greatest favour in y[elbow]e world, y[elbow]t shee would vouchsafe to leave her Ci=vett boxe or her sweet glove behind her./

Amoretto opens ovid & reads

Not a word more: S[elbow]r an't please yo[elbow], yo[elbow]t hobby will meete yo[elbow]t at ye lanes end/

Amoret: W[elbow]t Iackey? faith I ca[n]not but vent vnto thee a most wittye iest of mine./

Page I hope my M[elbow] will not breake wind[,] wilt please yo[elbow]t to blesse myn eares w[elbow]t discourse of it

Amor[elbow]: Good faith y[elbow]t boy begins to have an elegant smack of my stile[,] why then thus it was lacke: A scurvye meere Cambridge scholler I — knowe not how to define him./

Page./ Nay M[elbow] lett mee define a meere scholler[,] a heard a Courtier once define a meere scholler to bee Animal scabiosum y[elbow]t is a living crea=ture y[elbow]t is troubled w[elbow]h y[elbow]t itch: or a meere scholler is a creature y[elbow]t can strike fire in a morninge at his tinderbox putt on a paire of lined slippers sitt rewming till dinner, & then goe to his meate when y[elbow]t bell rings; one y[elbow]t hath a peculier guift in a Coughe, & a licence to spitte or if yo[elbow]t would have him defin'd by negatives, hee is one y[elbow]t cannott make a good legge, one y[elbow]t ca[n]t eate a messe of broath cleanlye, one y[elbow]t ca[n]t ride a horse w[elbow]hout spurgallinge, one y[elbow]t ca[n]t salute a woma[n] & looke on her directlye, one y[elbow]t ca[n]t —

Amor: Enough Iack[elbow]. I can stay no longer I am so great in childbirth w[elbow]h this Iest; Sirrh this p[re]dic'able, this sawcye Groome, because when I was in Cambridge & lay in a Trundlebedd vnder my Tutor I was content in discreete humilitye to give him some meane place at my table[,] & because I envited y[elbow]t hungrye slave sometimes to my Chamber to y[elbow]t canvasinge of a Turkye pye or a peice of [f written over v] venison w[elbow]h my ladye grandmother sent mee hee therfore thought himselfe eternally possest of my love, & came hether to take acquaintance of mee, & thought his old familiaritye did
continue & would beare him out in a matter of waight[,] I could not tell how to ridd myselfe better of y^e trouble some burre[,] then by getting him into y^e discourse of huntinge, & there tormentinge awhile w^1st o^e words of arte the poore Scorpion became speechles, & sodainlye vanisht, these — Clarkes ar simple fellowes[,] simple fellowes./

hee reads Ovid/

Page/ Simple indeed they are for they want yo^e courtly composition of a Foole & a knave; Good faith sir a most absolute iest; but mee thinks it might have beene followed a little farther. /

Amo: As how my little knave./

Page: Why this sir, had yo^n invited him home to dinner at yo^e table, & have pu[cut off] y^e carving of a Capon vpon him[,] yo^u should have seene him handle y^e kniff[cut off] so foolishlye[,] then runne through a lurie of faces, then wagging his head shewing his teeth in familiarite, venter vpon it w^th y^e same methode y^1 h[cut off] was wont to vntrusse an apple pye, or Tyrannise over an egge & butt[cut off] then would I have plied him all dinner time w^th clean trenchers, cle[cut off] trenchers, & still when hee had a good bitt of meate I would have take[cut off] it from him by giving him a cleane trencher & so have starvd him in kindnesse. /

Amor: Well said subtill Iacke putt mee in mind when I returne againe[,] y^1 I may make my lady mother laugh at y^e scholler; Ile to my game, For yo^n Iacke, I would have yo^n imploy yo^e time till my returne, in watchinge w^th time of y^e day my hawke m[ink blot]tes. Exit./

Page: Is not this an excellent office, to bee an Apothecarye to his worships hawke, to sitt skoring on y^e wall, how y^e Phisick works[,] And is not my M^e an absolute villaine, y^1 loves his hawke his hobbye, & his greyhound more then any mortall creature[,] doe but dispraise a feather of his hawks traine & hee writhes his mouth & sweares (for hee can doe that onlye w^th a good grace) y^1 yo^n are y^e most shallow braind fellow y^lives, doe but say his horse stales w^th a good p[re]sence & hee is yo^e bondslove when hee returns ille tell him twenty admirable lyes of his hawke, And then I shall bee his little Rogue & his white villainne for a whole week after[,] well lett others co[m]plaine, but I thinke there’s noe f[illegible]licitye to y^e servinge of a foole./ Exit./

Actus 3^us Scaena. j^a
S^e Randoll, Recorder, Page Signior Im[m]erito./.

S^e Randall[,] Signior Im[m]erito, yo^n remember my caution for your tithes & my p[ro]mise for farminge my tithes at such a rate[?]?

Im[m]er: I an’t please yo^e worshipp sir./

S^e Rand: Yo^n must put in securitye for y^e p[er]formance of it in such sorte as I & M^e Recorder shall think of/
I will an’t please yo[e] worshippe./

S’ Rand: And because I wilbee sure I have conferrd this kindnes vpon a sufficient man I have desired M[e] Recorder to take examination of yo[u] /

Page[/) My M[e] it seemes takes him for a theefe[,] but hee hath small reason for’t: as for learning its plaine he never stole any, & for y[e] livinge hee knowes himselfe how hee comes [by] it; For lett him but eate a messe of Furmentye this seaven years & hee shall never bee able to recover himselfe alas poore s[he]pe y’ hath fallen into y[e] hands of such a Foxe./

S’ Rand: Good M[e] Recorder take yo[e] place by m[e]e & make triall of his guiftes is y[e] Clarke heere to record his examination or y[e] page shall serve y[e] turne./

Page: Triall of guifts? Never had any guift a better triall: Why Im[m]erito his guifts have appeared in as many coulours as y[e] Rainebow: First to M[e] Amoretto in y[e] coulour of y[e] sattin suite hee weares[;] to my ladye in the similitude of a loose gowne, to my M[e] in y[e] similitude of a silver basen & Ewre; to vs pages in y[e] semblance of new suites & pointes; So y’t M[e] Amoretto plaies y’e gull in a peece of a parsonage; my M[e] adorns his cup=boord w’th a peece of a Parsonage & wee pages play at blow pointe for a peice of a parsonage. I thinke heeres tryall enough for one mans guifts./

Recorder: For as much as nature hath done her p[ar]te in making yo[u] a handsome likly man

Page. Hee is a p[ro]per yonge man indeed & hath a p[ro]per gelded parsonage./

Record: in y[e] next place some art is requisite for y[e] p[er]fection of nature[;] for the tryall wherof at y[e] request of my worshipfull frend I will in some sort p[ro]pound questions fitt to bee resolv’d by one of yo[p]ro]fession: Say w’t is y’t parson y’t was never at y[e] vniuersyte./

Im[m]erit: A parson y’t was never at y[e] vniuersyte is a living creature y’t can eate a tithe pigge./

Recorder: Very well answered; but yo[u] should have added, & must bee officious to his patron; Write downe this answere to shewe his learninge in Logicke

S’ Rand[.] Yea boy write it downe; very learnedly in good faith[;] I pray yo[u] lett mee aske yo[u] one question y’t I remember[,] whether is y[e] masculine, or y[e] feminine gender more worthye.[/]

Im[m]erit: The faeminine sir./.
S' Rand[.] The right answere, ye right answere in good faith I have beene of ye minde allwayes: write downe ye boy to shewe hee is a Gramarran./

Page[.] No marvaile if my M[e] Bee against ye gr[m]er, for hee hath allwayes made false latine in ye genders./

Record: What vniv[e]sitye are yo[u] of ?

Imerit: Of none sir.[/]

S' Rand[.] Hee tells th to tell truth is an excellent vertue, boy make 2 heads one for his learninge another for his vertues & referre, & referre this to ye head of his vertues not of his learninge.[/]

Page What halfe a messe of good qualities referrd to an asses head[.]

S' Rand[.] Now M[e] Record: if it please yo[u] Ile examin him in another pointe ye wil[cut off] sound him to ye depth, a booke of Astronomy otherwise cald an Almanacke./

Record[.] Verry good S' Randall[,] it were to bee wisht ye there were no other books of humanitye then there would not bee such busye state pryeng fellowes as there are now adayes. Proceed good sir.[/]

S' Rand[.] What is ye dominicall letter

Imerit[.] C[.] sir an't please yo[e] worshippe./

S' Rand A very good answere a very good answere, ye very answere of ye booke, write downe ye & referre it to his learninge in Philosophie.[/]

Pag[,] C ye dominicall lettre? its true Craft & Cunninge do so domineere yet rather C & D are dominicall y[e] craflye dunseye[/]

S' Rand[,] How many daies hath September?

Imer[.] Thirty dayes hath September, Aprill Iune & November Februarye hath eight & twentye alone[;] & all ye rest thirty & one[/]

S' Rand[,] Verye learnedely [rn written over ld] in good faith, hee hath also a smatch in poetrye, write dow[n] ye boy[,] to shew his learning in poetrye[:] How many miles is it fro[m] Waltha[m] to London

Im[m]ert: Twelve sir[.]/

S' Rand[:] How many from Newarke to Grantham[?]
Im[m]erit: Tenne sir

Page[:] Without doubt in his dalyes hee hath beene some Carriers horse[.] 
S' Rand. How call yo" him y' is cu[n]ninge in 1.2.3.4.5 & ye cipher[.] 

Record: A good Arith[mi]tician 
S' Rand[.] Write downe y' answere of his to shewe his cu[n]ninge in Arithmeticke/ 
Page[.] Hee must needs bee a good Arithmetician y' counted money so latelye/ 
S' Rand[.] When is ye New moone? 
Im[m]er[.] The last quarter ye 5 day at 2 of ye Clocke & 38 minutes in ye morning/ 
S' Rand: Write him downe[,] how call yo" him y' is weatherwise 

Record[.] A good Astrinomer / 
S' Rand[.] Sirrha boy write him downe a good Astronomer[.] 
Page[.] As collit Astra. 
S' Rand: W't day of ye month lights ye Queenes day on? 
Im[m]erit: The 17th of November 
S' Rand: Boy referre this to his vertues, & write him downe a good subiect [/] 

Page[,] ffaith hee weare an excellent subiect for 2 or 3 good witts: hee would make a fine 
Asse for an Ape to ride vpon [.] 

S' Rand: And these shall suffice for ye p[ar]ts of his learninge. Now it remaines to trye 
whether yo" bee a man of good vtterance: y' is whether yo" can aske for ye straied heyfer 
with ye white face as also chide ye boies in ye bellfree, & bidd ye Sexton whipp out ye doggs, Lett mee heare your voyce. 

Im[m]erit: If any man or woman./ 
S' Rand: Thats too highe 

Im[m]erit[.] If any man or woman[.] 
S' Rand[.] Thats too lowe/
Im[m]erito If any man or woman can tell any tydings of an horse with 4 feete 2 eares, yt did straye about ye 7 howre 3 minutes in ye morninge ye 5 daye.

Page Hee talks of an horse as it weare of ye Eclipse of ye moone./

S’ Rand[.] Boy write him downe for good vtterance M[c] Record: I thinke he hath beene examind sufficientlye./

Record: I sir Randall wee have tried him thoroughlye

Page/ I wee have taken an Inventorye of his good parts & priz’d them accordinglye/.

S’ Rand[i:] Signior Im[m]erito for as much as wee have made a dowble tryall of yo[u], ye one of yo[u] learninge, ye other of yo[u] erudition; it is expedient also in ye next place to give yo[u] a few exhortacons considering ye[y] greatest Clarks are not ye[w]isest men: This is therfore first to exhort yo[u] to abstaine from controvers[ies], secondly not to guird at men of worshipp such as myselfe; but to vse yo[u] witt discreetly thirdly not to speake when any man or woman coughes; do so, & in so doing I will p[er]severe to bee yo[u] worshipfull frend & loving Patron[

Imerito[.] I thanke yo[u] worshipp yo[u] have beene ye deficient cause of my p[re]ferment

S’ Rand[i:] Lead Im[m]erito in to my sonne & lett him dispatch him & remember my tithes to bee reservd payeng XII a yeare: I am going to Moorefields to speake w[ith] an vnthrift I should meete of ye middle temple about a purchase, when yo[u] have done followe vs.

Actus 3[as] Scae: 2[a]
S’ Randall. Recorder

S’ Rand: Harke yo[u] M[c] Record: I have flesht my p[ro]digall boy notably in letting him deale for this livinge, it hath done him much good, much good I assure yo[u].

Record: Yo[u] doe well S’ Randall to bestowe yo[u] living on such a one as wil bee con-tent to share & on Sunday to say nothinge, wheras yo[u] proude vniv’sitye princocks thinks hee is a man of such merritt yo[u] world ca[n]not sufficiently endowe him w[th] p[re]ferment, an vnthankfull vip[er], an vnthankfull vip[er], yo[u] will stinge the man that relievd him./.

Why ist not strange to see a ragged clarke
Some start vpp weaver or some butchers sonne
That scrubbd of late w[th]in a sleevels gowne
When ye[e] Com[m]encment like a Morrice dance
Hath putt a bell or two about his leggs
Created him a sweete cleane Gentleman
How then hee ginns to follow fashions
He whose thinne sire dwells in a smoaky roofe
Must take Tobacco & must weare a locke
His thirsty dad drinks in a woodden bowle
But his sweete selfe is servd in silver plate
His hungry sire will scrape yo" twenty leggs
For one good Christmas meale on Newyears day
But his Maw must bee capon crammd’de each day
Hee must ere long bee triple benefic’de
Els w’th his tounghe heele thunderbolt ye world
And shake each peasant by his deafe mans eare
But had ye world no wiser men then I
Wee’de penne ye peating parratts in a Cage
A chaire a candle & a Tinder box
A thatched chamber & a ragged gownte
Should bee their lands & whole possessions
Knights Lords & ladies, should bee lodg’d & dwell
W’d in these overstately heapes of stone
W’th doating Sires in old age did erecteB[.]

Well it were to bee wisht y’ never a scholler in England might have above 40’th a yeare [/]

S’ Rand: I faith M’ Record: if it went by wishing there should never a one of them all have above 20’th a yeare, a good stipend[,] a good stipend M’ Record: In ye mean time howsoever I hate them all deadlye, yet I am faine to give them good word oh, they are pestilent fellows, they speake nothing but bodkins & pisse vineger well doe w’l I can in outward kindnes to them, yet they doe nothing but berime my house, as y’ was one y’ made a couple of knavish verses on my countrye chimney now in ye time of my soiourning heere in london & it was thus:

Sir Randoll keeps no chimney coevaleere, y’ takes Tobacco above once a yeere And another made a couple of verses one my daughter y’ leares to play on ye violl de gambo: Her violl Gambo is her whole content[.]

For twixt her leggs shee holds her instrument.

Very knavish very knavish M’ Record: if yo’ looke in too’t[;] Nay they have plaid many a knavish tricke beside w’th mee; well it is a shame there should be any such priviledgd places for proud beggars as Cambridge and Oxford are, but lett them goo & if ever they light in my hands, if I doe not plague them, lett me never returne home againe to see my wives wayting maide./

Recorder[,] This scorne of knights is too egregious

But how these yonge Colts prove amblers
When ye old heavy gated iades doe trotte
There shall yo’ see a punye boy starte vpp
And make a theame against co[m]mon lawyers
Then ye old vnweildy Cam[m]ells ginne to daunce
This fidling boy playeng a fitt of mirth
The gray beards scrubb & laugh & cry good good
To them againe scorrg ye Barbarians
But wee may give ye’ loosers leave to talke
Wee have ye’ Coine, then lett them laughe for mee
Yet knights & Lawyers hope to see your day
When we may share their large possessions
And make Indentures of their chaffed skinnes
Dice of their bones to throw in merriment.

Sir Rand: Oh good faith Mawster Recorder if I could see it today once.

Recorder: Well remember another day when I say: schollers are pryed into of late & are found to bee busye fellows, disturbers of you peace, I say no more, gesse at my meaning, I smell a ratte.

Sir Rand: Well, I hope at length England will bee wise enough, I hope so your faith, then an old knight may have his wench in a corner, without any Satyres or Epigrams but your day is farre spent. Recorder: & I feare by this time your wntirft is ar-riv’d at your place appointed in Moorefields, lett vs hasten to him.

Recorder: Indeed this eager subject transported vs too farre, but I thinke wee shall not come much too late.

Exeunt

Actus 3us. Scaee: 3a.
Amoretto & his page. Im[m]erito Booted/

Amoretto: Mawster Im[m]erito deliver this letter to your poser in my fathers name, mary with all some sprinkling some sprinklinge: verbum sapienti sat est. Mawster Im[m]erito farewell.

Im[m]erito: I thank your worshipp most hartelye.

Page: Is it not a shame to see this ould dunce learning his induction at these years? but lett him goe I loose nothing by him; for ile bee sworne but for your bootye of selling your parsonage, I should have gone in my ould cloaths this Christmas: A dunce I see is a good neighbourly bruite beast, a man may live by him.

Amoretto seems to make v'ses} A pox on’t my muse is not so wittye as shee was wont to bee: Her nose is like — not yet? plague on these Mathematicks, they have spoild my vaine in a verse

Page: Hange mee if hee have any more Mathematicks then will serve to counte a clocke, or tell your Meridian houre by your rumbling of his paunch.

Amoretto: Her nose is like —

Page A Coblers showinghorne.

Amor: Her nose is like a beauteous marybone.

Page/ Marry a sweete snottye Mawsters/
Amor: Faith I doe not like it yet; Asse as I was to read a peice of Aristotle yesternigh[1] in Greeke, it hath putt mee out of my English vaine quite./

Page./ Oh monstrous lyar; lett mee bee a point trusser while I live if hee vn=derstand any tongue but Englishe./

Amor Sirrha boy remember mee when I come into Poules churchyarde to buy Ronzard & du Bartas in French & Aretine in Italian & o⁰ hardest writers in Spanishe, they will sharpen my witt gallantlye, I doe rellish these tongues in some sorte: O now I remember I heard a report of a Poett newlye come out in Hebrue, it is a pretty harsh tongue, & doth rellish a gentleman tran=veller; but come letts hast after my father, y⁰ fields are fitter for heavenlye meditations./

Exit

Page/ My Masters I could wish yo⁰ p[re]sence at an admirable iest: Why p[re]sently this great linguist my M⁰ε, will march thorough Poules churchyard to a booke bin=ders shoppe, & w⁰ a bigg Italian looke & a Spanish face, aske for these books in Spanish & Italian, then turninge through his ignorance y⁰ wronge ende of y⁰ booke vpwards vse action over this vnknowne tongue on this sorte: Firste looke on y⁰ title & wrinckle his browe, next make as though hee readd y⁰ fi[rst] page & bite y⁰ lippe; then w⁰⁰ his nayle skore the margent, as though ther were some notable conceite, & lastly when hee thinks hee hath guld y⁰ st[a]ders by sufficientlye, throwes y⁰ booke away in a rage, swearing y¹ hee could never find a booke of a true print since he was last in Padua; enquires after y⁰ next Marte & so departs: And so must I, for by this time his co[n]templacon is arrived at his M⁰⁰nis nose end, & hee is as bragg as if hee had taken Ostend by this time hee begins to spitt & crye, boy carry my cloak & now I goe to attend his worshipp././

Actus 3⁰. Scaena. 4ᵃ./
Ingenioso. Furor. Phantasma./

Ingenio[.] Come ladds this wine I hope whetts yo⁰ resolution øin[i written over o] ø⁰ designe[.] Its a ne[e]dy world w⁰ subtill spirits; & thers a gentlemanlike kind of begginge w⁰ may beseeme Poetts in this age./

Furor:/ Now by y⁰ wings of nimble Mercurye
   By my Thalie’s silver sounding harpe
   By y¹ caelestiall fire y⁰⁰ in my braine
   That gives a living Genius to my lines
   How ere my dullard intellectuall
   Capers lesse nimbly then it did of yore
   Yet will I play a huntsvpp to my Muse
   And make her mount from foorth her sluggards nest
   As high as is y⁰ highest spheare in heaven
   Awake yo¹ paltry trulles of Helicon
   Or by this light ile swagger w⁰⁰ yo¹ straight
Yo\textsuperscript{u} grandsire Phoebus w\textsuperscript{th} yo\textsuperscript{e} lovely eye
The firmaments aeternall vagabond
The heavens p[ro]mpter y\textsuperscript{i} dost peepe & prye
Into y\textsuperscript{e} acts of Mortall Tennis balls
Inspire mee straight w\textsuperscript{th} some rare delicies
Or ile dismount thee from thy radiant coach
And make thee a poore Cutchy heere on earth/

Phant: Currus Auriga paterni/

Ingen. Naye prethee good Furor doe not roare in rimes before thy time, thou\textsuperscript{u} ha[st] a verye terrible roaring muse; nothing but squibbs & firewoorks; Quiet thy selfe a while & heare thy charge./

Phant: Huc ades haec animo concipe dicta tuo./

Ingeni: Lett vs on to o\textsuperscript{e} devise o\textsuperscript{e} plott, o\textsuperscript{e} p[ro]ject. That old S\textsuperscript{r} Randall, y\textsuperscript{i} new prin[t] compendiu[m] of all iniquitye, y\textsuperscript{i} hath not ayred his cuntrey chimneys onc[e] in 3 yeeres; hee y\textsuperscript{i} loves to live in an odd corner heere in London & affect an odd wench in a nooke & y\textsuperscript{i} loves to live in a narrow roome, y\textsuperscript{i} hee may w[cut off] more facilitye in y\textsuperscript{e} darke light vpon his wives wayting maid; One y\textsuperscript{i} Loves a life a short sermon & a long play: One y\textsuperscript{i} goes to a play to a whore, to his bedd in a Circle; Good for nothing in y\textsuperscript{e} world but to sweat nightcapps, and fowl faire lawne shirts, feed a few foggy servingmen & p[re]ferre dunces to livings: This old S\textsuperscript{r} Randall (Furor) it shalbee thy taske to cudgell w\textsuperscript{th} thy thwick thwack tearms; Mary at ye first give him some sugar can=dy tearms & then if hee will not vntye ye\textsuperscript{e} pursestrings of his liberality stinge him w\textsuperscript{th} tearms laid in aqua fortis & gunpowder./

Furor./ In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.
   The cerule currant of my sliding verse
   Gently shall runne into his thick=skinnd ears
   Where it shall dwell like a Magnifico
   Com[m]and his slymy sprite to honour mee
   For my high tiptoe=strowting poesie
   But if his starrs have favourd him so ill
   As to debarre him by his dunghill thoughts
   Iustly, to esteeme my verses towring pitch
   If his earthrooting snowt shall ginne to scorne
   My verse y\textsuperscript{i} giveth Im[m]ortaliye: Then,
   Bella per Emathios —

Phant: Furor arma ministrat.

Furor: Ile shake his hart vpon my verses pointe
   Ripp vpp his guts w\textsuperscript{th} riming ponyard
   Quarter his credditt w\textsuperscript{th} a bloudy quill
Phantas: Scalpellum, calami, atramentum, charta, libelli
   Sint semper studijs arma parata tuis./

Ingenios: Inough Furo, wee know tho' art a nimble swaggerer with a goose quill Now for yo' Phantasma, leave trussing yo' points & listen/

Phantas: Omne tulit punctum./

Ingenio: Marke yo' Amorettos'Randalls sonne, to him shall thy piping poetry & sugar ends of verses bee directed: hee is one y' will drawe out his pocket glasse thrice in a walke; One y' dreams in ye night of nothing but Muske & Civett, & talks of nothing all day long but his hawke, his hound & his M'dis, one y' more admires ye good wrinkle of a boote, or ye curious cring of a sike stockinge, then all the wit in ye world; one y' loves noe scholler but him whose tired ears can endure halfe a day togeather his fly blowne sonnetts of his M'dis, & her loving pretty Creatures, her Munkey & her puppett; It shall bee thy taske Phantasma to cutt this Gulls throate with faire tearmes & if hee hold fast for all thy iugling Rhetoricke, fall at defiance with him & ye poking sticke hee weares./.

Phantas: Simul extulit ensem./

Ingeni: Come brave Imps, gather vpp ye spirits, & lett vs march on like adventu=rous knights, & discharge a hundred poeticall spirritts vpon them./

Phantas: Est deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo/
      Exeunt./.

Actus 3. Scaena. 5a. Philomusus. Studiosus./.

Studios: Well Philomusus wee never scapt so faire a scowringe: why yonder are Purseva[cut off] out for ye french d'es, & a lodging bespoken for him & his man in Newgate; it w[cut off] a terrible y' made vs cast our haire./

Philom: And canst tho' sport at ye calamities
   And countst vs happye to scape prisonment
   Why ye wide world ye blesseth some w'h wealth
   Is to ye chained thoughts a darksome gaile.

Studioso: Nay prethee frend these wonted tearms forgoe
   Hee dowbltes greives y' coments on a woe

Philom: Why doe fond men terme it impietie
   To send a wearsome sadder grudging ghost
   Vnto his home his long long lasting home
   Or lett them make ye life lesse greivous bee
Or suffer vs to end o\textsuperscript{e} misery./

Studios: Oh no[!]y\textsuperscript{e} Centinell his watch must keepe Vntill his Lord do licence him to sleepe.

Philo: Its time to sleepe w\textsuperscript{th}in o\textsuperscript{e} hollowe graves And rest vs in y\textsuperscript{e} darksome wombe of earth. Dead things are grav\’d, o\textsuperscript{e} bodies ar no lesse Pin\’d &forlorne like ghostly carcasses.

Stud: Not long this tapp of loathed life can runne Soone cometh death & then o\textsuperscript{e} woe is done Meane time good Philomusus be content Letts spend o\textsuperscript{e} daies in hopefull meriment./

Philo: Curst bee o\textsuperscript{e} thoughts when ere they dreame of hope Bann\’d bee those happs y\textsuperscript{t} hencefoorth flatter vs When mischief doggs vs still & still for aye From o\textsuperscript{e} first birth vntill o\textsuperscript{e} burieng daye In o\textsuperscript{e} first gamesome age o\textsuperscript{e} doating sires Carke & car\’d to have vs lettered Sent vs to Cambridg where o\textsuperscript{e} oyle yspent Vs o\textsuperscript{e} kind Colledg from her teat did teare And forc\’t vs walke before wee weaned weare From y\textsuperscript{t} time since ywandred have wee still In o\textsuperscript{e} wide world vrg\’d by o\textsuperscript{e} forced will Nor ever have wee happy fortune tried Then why should hope w\textsuperscript{th} o\textsuperscript{e} rent state abide Nay lett vs runne vnto y\textsuperscript{t} balefull cave Pight in y\textsuperscript{e} hollow ribbs of crabby cliffe Where dreery owles to shreeke y\textsuperscript{e} livelong night Chasing away y\textsuperscript{e} birds of cheerfull light Where yawning ghosts doe howle in ghastly wise Where y\textsuperscript{t} dull hollow eyd, y\textsuperscript{t} staring sire Iclipt despaire hath his sadd mansion And by his counsell end o\textsuperscript{e} miserye

Stud: To waile thy happs argues a dastard mind

Philo: To beare too long argues an asses kind

Stud: Why dost tho\textsuperscript{u} now thy sleeping plaints co[m]mence

Philo: Why should I ere bee duld w\textsuperscript{th} patience

Stud Wise folke doe beare w\textsuperscript{t} strugling ca[n]nott mend
Philo: Good spirrits must wth thwartinge fates contend
Stud: Some hope is left of fortunes to redresse
Phil: No hope but this still to bee comfortles
Stud: Our lives remainder gentler harts may find
Philo: The gentlest harts to vs will prove vnkind

Exeunt.//.

Actus 4th. Scaena jth./
S' Randall & Prodigo at one Corner of ye stage: Recorder &
Amoretto at ye other: 2 Pages scowring Tobacco pipes.

S' Rand: M' Prodigo; M' Recorder hath told yo lawe, yo land is forfeited, & for mee not
to take y Queens lawe; For marke yo Its law to take y forfeiture, threfore not to take it is to breake y Queens law; And to breake y Queens law is not to bee a good subject, & I meane to bee a good subject: Besides, I am a J ustice of y peace, & being a J ustice of peace, I must doe J ustice, y is, lawe: that is to take y forfeiture, specially havinge taken notice of it: Marry M' Prodigo there ar a few shillings over & besides the bargaine.//

Prodigo[:] Pox on yo shillings; S'blood a while agoe, before hee had mee in ye lurch, who but my coozen Prodigo, take my cozen Prodigoe's horse, A cupp of wine for my cozen Prodigo; have an especia ll care of my cozen p[rodigoe's] lodginge Now M' Prodigo wth a pox, & some few shillings wth advantage, plague on yo shillings; pox on yo shillings: if it weare not for y sergeant y doggs mee at the heeles, a plague on your shillings, pox on yo selfe & yo shillings; pox on your worshipp; If I catch thee at Ostend, I dare not stay for y Sergeant/ Exit

S' Rand: page./ Good faith M' Prodigo is an excellent fellowe, hee takes y Cuban ebullition so exceedinglye./

Amor: page./ Hee is a good liberall gentleman, hee hath bestowd an Ounce of Tobacco vpon vs & as long as it lasts, come cutt & long taile weele spend it as liberallye for theirakes./

S' Rand. page./. Come fill y pipe quicklye, while my M' is in his melancholye humour, its iust y melancholye of a Colliers horse./

Amoret: page/ If yo cough Iacke after yo Tobacco for punishment yo shall kisse y pantofle.

S' Randall./ Its a foule oversight y a man of worshipp ca[n]nott keepe a wench in his house, but there must bee muttering & surmising. It was y wisest sayeng y ere my father
vttered, yt a wife was a name of necessitie not of pleasure, For wt doe men marrye for, but to stocke their ground, & to have one to looke to the linnen: Sitt at ye upper end of ye table, & carve vpp a Capon; one yt can weare a hooede like a hawke, & cover her foule face wth a fanne[:]

But thers no pleasure alwaies to bee tied to a peice of mutton, a peice of mutton: sometimes a messe of stewd broath will doe well, & an vnlac'te rabbett is best of all: Well for mine owne part I have no great cause to co[m]plain, for I am well p[ro]vided of 3 bouncing wenches yt are mine owne fee simple; one of them I am p[re]sently to visite, if I can ridd my selfe cleanlye of this co[m]panye without berayeng:

Lett [in margin➔] hee looks on his watch} [◄end margin] mee see how ye day goes; pretious coles ye time is at hand, I must meditate on an excuse to bee gone./

Record: That wch I say is grounded on ye statute I spake of before enacted in ye raigne of Henry the sixt./.

Amoret: Its a plaine case wheron I mooted in yo temple & yt was this; Putt case there are 3 bretheren, Iohn a Nokes, Iohn a Nash, & Iohn a Stiles: Iohn a Nokes ye elder, Iohn a Nash ye younger, & Iohn a Stiles ye youngst of all. Iohn a Nash ye young[cut off] dieth wth out issue lawfully begotten; whether shall his lands asc and to Iohn a Noks ye elder[,] or descend to Iohn a Stiles ye youngst of all? The answere is ye lands doe collaterally descend not ascend./.

Record: Verye true, & for ye p[ro]ofe heerof I will shew yo a place in Littleton very pregna[n]t in this pointe./.

Actus 4us. Scaena. 2a./ Ingeniosus:
Furor. Phantasma./.

Ingenio: Ile pawne my witte, yt is my revenews, my land, my money, & wsoever I have (for I have nothing but my witte) yt they are at hand: why any sensible snowt may wind out Amoretto & his Pomander; M[ε] Recorder & his 2 neats feete, yt weare noe socks. S'r Randall by his Ra[m]nish co[m]plexion: Olet Gorgonius hircum: Sct Lupus in fabula; Furor[,] [Furor.] fire ye tuch boxe of thy Cannon witt; Phantasma let[t] yo invention play tricks like an Ape, beginne tho Furor & open like a Flappe=mouthd hound, follow tho Phantasma like a Ladies puppie, & as for mee, lett mee alone, Ile come after like a good waterdogg, yt will shake them off, when I have no vse of them. My M[ε]s ye watch woord is given; Furor discharge./.

Furor: The great p[ro]jector of ye thunderbolte
Hee yt is wonte to pish whole clowds of raine
Into ye earths vast gaping vrinall;
Wch yt one eye subsizer of ye skye
Don Phoebus empties by calliditye
Hee & his townsmen plannets bring to thee
Most fatty lumps of earths faelicitye:/
Sr Rand: Why will this fellowes English breake ye Queenes peace? I will not seeme to regard[е him]

Phantas: Maecenas atavis edite regibus
    O et p[re]sidiu[m] et dulce decus meu[m]
    Dij faciant votis vela secunda tuis./

Ingeni: God save yo[u] M[e] Recorder, & good fortunes followe yo[u] deserts; I thinke I have curst him sufficiently in few woords./

Sr Rand: pag W[t] have wee heare? 3 begging souldiers come from Ostend? or from Ireland?

    Cuium pecus an Meliboei; I have vented all y[e] Latine one man had

Phantas: Quid dicam amplius: domini similis es./

Amor: page/ Lett him alone I prethee: To him agaинe, tickle him there./

Phantas:./ Quam dispari domino dominaris./

Record: Nay yo[u] plaine in Littleton: For if ye fee & ye fee taile bee putt together, its ca[l]d a hodgpodge; Now this word hodgpodge in English is a pudding, for in such a pudding is not co[m]onlye putt one thing onelye, but one thing w/th another./.

Amoret: I thinke I doe remember this also at a mooting in o[ε] Temple; soe then this hodgpodg seems a term of similitude./

Furor./ Great Capricornus of thy head take keepe
    Good Virgo watch whilst y[ε] thy worshipp sleepe
    And when thy swelling bladder vents amaine
    Then Pisces bee thy spowting Chamberlaaine./

Sr Rand: I thinke y[e] devill hath sent some of his familye to torment mee./.

Amor: There is taile generall & taile speciall & littleton is very copious in y[ε] thea[cut off]
For taile generall is when lands are given to a man & to his heyres of his bo[cut off] begotten; Taile speciall when lands are given to a man & to his wife & To ye heyres of their two bodies lawfully begotten & y[ε] cald taile speciall./

Record: Very true; & for his oath I will give yo[u] a distinction. There is a materiall oath & a formall oath; The formall oath may bee broken, y[e] materiall oath ca[n]nott bee broken:
For marke yo[u] Sr, y[e] lawe is to take place before y[e] conscience, and therfore yo[u] may (vsing mee yo[e] counsellor) cast him in y[e] suite; There vontes no=thing to y[e] full meaninge of this place./

Phantas: Nihil hic nisi carmina desunt/
Ingenios: An excellent observation good faith, see how ye old fox teacheath ye young Cubbe to worrye a sheepe; or rather sitts himselfe like an old goose hatching ye addle braine of Amoretto. There is noe foole to ye sattin foole, ye velvett foole, ye p[er]fumd foole; And therfore ye witty taylours of this age putt them vnder coulour of kindnes into a paire of cloakbagg breeches & so ye fooles are taken away in a cloak bagg; where a voyder will not serve ye turne. And ther’s no knave to ye barbarous knave ye mooting knave, ye pleading knave. W’th hoe M[e] Recorder? M[e] noverint vni=ye se p[er] p[??]tes; Not a word hee vnles hee feele it in his fiste./

Phantas: Mitto tibi metulas cancros imitare legendo./

S’ Rand: Fellow! W’th art tho’ ye art so bold?./

Furor./ I am ye bastard of great Mercury
   Gott on Thalia when shee was asleepe
   My gawdy grandsire great Apollo hight
   Borne was I heire (but all my lucke was ill)
   To all ye land vpon ye forked hill./

Phantas: O crudelis Alexi nihil mea carmina curas?
   Nil nostri miserere mori me deniq[ue] cogis?

S’ Ran: page/ If yo’ vse them thus, my M[e] is a Jusitce of peace, & will send yo’ all to ye gallowes/

Phantas: Hei mihi quod domino non licet ire tuo./

Ingenios: Good M[e] Recorder, lett mee retaine yo’ this tearme for my cause, good M[e] Recorder./

Record: I am retain’d e allready by ye contrary p[ar]te, I have taken my fee, begone, begone/

Ingenios: Its his meaning I should come off; why heer’s ye true slight of a villaine, ye true faith of a Lawyer, its usuall w’th them to bee brib’d on ye one side & then to take a fee of ye other to pleade weaklye; then to bee brib’d & rebrib’d of ye oneside then to bee feed & refeed of ye other; till at lenghe p[er] varios casus, by putting ye case so often, they make their client so lanke, as they might case him vpp in a comb case, & pac=king home from ye tearme, as though hee had travailed to London to sell his horse only & having lost their fleeces, live afterward like poore shorne sheepe:/

Furor./ The godds above ye knowe great Furors name
   And doe Adore great poett furors fame
   Graunted long since at heavens high Parliament
   That who so Furor shall im[m]ortalize
No yawning goblins shall frequent his grave
Nor any bold prodigal shall dare
To lift his leg against his sacred dust
Where eare I leave my rime, there vermin flye
All save y' fowl fac't vermin povertye.
This sucks y' eggs of my invention
Evacuates my witts full pidgeon house.
Now may it please thy generous dignitie
To take this vermin napping as hee lye
In y' true trappe of liberalitie
Ile cause y' Pleiades to give thee thanks
Ile write thy name within y' sixteenth sphare
Ile make y' Antarticke pole to kisse thy toe
And Cinthia to doe homage to thy taile./

S' Rand: Pretious coales; tho' a man of worshipp & a justice of peace too? Its even soe
hee is eyther a madman or a coniurer, it weare well if his woords weare examin’d to see
if they bee y' Queenes frends or noe./

Phantas: Nunc si nos audis vt qui es divinus Apollo
Dic mihi qui nu[m]mos non habet, vnde petat./

Amoret: I am still haunted w' these needye Latinists; Fellow y' best counsaile I can give
is to bee gone./

Phantas: Quod peto da Caie, non peto consiliu[m]./

Amoret: Fellowe, looke to yo' braines, y'are madd y'are madd/

Phantas: Semel insanivimus omnes./

Amoret: M' Recorder is it not a shame y' a gallant ca[n]nott walke y' streetes quietlye for
these needy fellowes, & y' after there is a statute come out against begging./

Phantas: Pectora p[er]cussit, pectus quoq[ue] robora fiunt./

Record: I warrant yo' they are some needy graduates; y' vniv'city breaks winde twice a
yeare, & letts flye such as these are.//

Ingenio: So ho! M' Recorder? yo' y' are one of y' devills fellow co[m]oners; one y' sizeth in y' devills betterye sinnes & periuries very lavishlye, one y' art so deare to
Lucifer y' hee never putts yo' out of co[m]mons for non paiment; Yo' y' live like a
su[m]ner vpon y' sinnes of y' people; Yo' whose vocation serves to enlarge y' terr[cut
off]tories of hell, y' but for yo' had beene no bigger then a paire of stocks & a pillor[y]
Yo' y' hate a scholler because hee descrieth your asses eares, yo' y' are a plaine stufft
cloakbagg of all iniquitie, w^e^ ch grand servingmen of hell will one day trusse vpp behind him, &carry to his smoaky wardroppe./

Record: W^t^ frantick fellowe art tho^u^ y^l^ art possest w^th^ y^e^ spiritt of malediction./

Furor/ Vile muddy clodd of base vnhallowed claye
Tho^u^ slymy sprighted vnkind Saracen
When tho^u^ wert borne dame nature cast her calfe
Forage & time hath made thee a great Oxe
And now thy grinding iawes devouren quite
The fodder due to vs of heavenly sprite

Phantas: Nefasto p[ro]posuit die
Quicunq[ue] primu[m] et sacrilega manu
Produxit arbos in nepotum
Periciciem opprobriu[m]q[ue] pagi./

Ingenios: I pray yo^u^ Mounsieur Ployden of w^t^ vnivsitie was y^e^ first co[m]mon lawyer; Of none forsooth, for yo^e^ law is ruld by reason not by arte, great reason indeed, y^l^ a Ploydenist should bee mounted on a trapt palfrey, w^th^ a round velvett dish on his head to keepe warme y^e^ broath of his witt; & a long gowne y^l^ makes him looke like Cedant arma togae: whilst y^e^ poor Aristoteli[o]ns walke in a short cloake & a close venetian hose hard by y^e^ oysterwife; And y^e^ silly poett goes muffled in his cloake to escape the Counter. And yo^u^ Me^t^ Amoretto y^l^ are y^e^ cheife carpenter of sonnetts; a priveledge[cut off] vickar for y^e^ lawles marriidge of inke & pap[er]; yo^u^ y^l^ are good for nothing but to co[m]mend in a sett speach y^e^ coulour & quantity of yo^e^ M^13^ stoole & sweare it is most sweet Civett. Its fine when such a puppette player fortune must putt such a Birchin lane post in so good a suite & suite such an asse in so good fortune./

Amoret: Father shall I drawe?

S^t^ Rand: Noe sonne keepe y^e^ peace & hold y^e^ peace./

Ingenios: Nay doe not draw sir least yo^u^ chaunce to bepisse yo^e^ creddite./

Furor./ Flectere si nequeo sup[er]jos, Acheronta movebo
Fearfull Megaera w^h^ her snakye twine
Was cursed damme vnto thy damned selfe
And Hircan Tygers in y^e^ desert Rocks
Did foster vpp thy loathed hatefull life
Base ignorance y^e^ wicked cradle rockt
Vile barbarisme was wonte to dandle thee
Some wicked hell=hound tutored thy youth
And all y^e^ grisly sprites of griping hell
W^th^ mu[m]ing looks have dogd thee since thy birth
See how y^e^ sprites doe hover o`re thy head
As thicke as gnatts in su[m]mer evening tide
Balefull Alecto prethee stay awhile
Till w^th my verses I have rackt his sowle
And when thy soule departs a cocke may’t bee
No blanke at all in hells great lotterye
Shame sitt & howle vpon thy loathed grave
And howling vo[m]mitt vpp in filthy guise
The hidden stories of thy villanies. /

S’ Rand: The devill my M^is y^e devill in y^e likenes of a Poett, away my M^is away./ Exit

Phantas: Arma viru[m]q[ue] cano. Quem fugis ah demens?

Amoretto./ Base dogg; tis not y^e custome in Italye to drawe vpon every idle curre y^t barkes, an’t did stand w^th my reputation — well goe too, thanke my father for yo^e lives./.

Ingenios: Fond Gull whome I would vnertake to bastnado quickly, though there were a musket[t] planted in thy mouth; Are not yo^u y^e young drover of livings Academico told mee of: y^t haunts steeple faires; Base worne must tho^u needs discharge thy Crabbgunne to batter downe y^e walles of learninge./

Amoret: I thinke I have co[m]mitted some great sinne against my M^is y^t I am thus tormented w^th notable villanies; bold peasants I scorne them, I scorne them./. Exit/

Furor./ Nay prethee good sweet devill don’te tho^u parte
    I like an honest devill y^t will shewe
    Himselfe in a true hellish smoakye hewe
    How like thy front is to great Lucifers
    Such tallents had hee, such a glaring eye
    And such a cu[n]ning slight in villanye

Record: O y^e impudencye of this age, & if I take yo^u in my quarters./. Exit/

Furor./ Base slave ile hang thee on a crossed rime
    And quarter — —

Ingenios: Hee is gone Furor; stay thy furye./

[S] Ran: page/ I pray yo^u gentlemen, give mee three groates for a shillinge./

Amor: page./ W^t will yo^u give mee for a good old suite of apparrell./.

Phantas: Habet et musca splenem et formicae sua bilis inest.
[I]ngenioso./ Gramercy good ladds, this is o\(\epsilon\) share in happines to torment the happye:
letts walke along & laugh at y\(\epsilon\) iest, its noe stayeng heere long, least S\(\epsilon\) Randalls army of
bayliffs And clownes bee sent to app[re]hend vs./


Furor./ Ile lash Apolloes selfe w\(^{th}\) ierking hand
Vnles hee pawne his witt to buy mee land./ Exeunt.

Actus 4\(\epsilon\). Scaena 3\(\epsilon\). Burbidge & Kempe

Burbig/ Now Will Kempe if wee can entertaine these schollars at a low rate it w[ill] bee
well, they oftentimes have a good conceite in a parte./

Kempe Its true indeed honest Dicke; but y\(\epsilon\) slaves ar somew\(\epsilon\) prowde, & besides tis good
sporte in p[ar]te to see them never speake in their walke but at y\(\epsilon\) end of y\(\epsilon\) stage just as
though in walking w\(^{th}\) a fellowe wee should never speake but [cut off] a stile a gate or a
ditch where a man can[c written over g] goe noe farther; I was once a[t] a Co[m]medye
in Cambridge & there I saw a parasite make faces & mouthes of all sortes on this fashion

Burb: A little teaching will mend those faultes & it may bee besides they will bee able to
penne a p[ar]te./

Kempe/ Few of y\(\epsilon\) vuniversitye men penne plaies well, they smell too much of y\(\epsilon\) writer
Ovid, & y\(\epsilon\) writer Metamorphoses, & talke too much of Proserpina & Jupiter: Why heeres
o\(\epsilon\) fellowe Shakspeare putts them all downe, I & Ben johnson too: O y\(\epsilon\) Ben johnson is a
pestilent fellowe, hee brought vpp Hor[ace] giving y\(\epsilon\) poetts a pill; but o\(\epsilon\) fellowe
skhakespeare[h written over k] h[a]th given him a purge y\(\epsilon\) made him beraye his
credditt./

Burb: Its a shrewd fellowe indeed: I wonder these schollers stay so longe, they
appo[in]ted to bee heare p[re]sentlye y\(\epsilon\) wee might trye them; O heere they come

Actus 4\(\epsilon\). Scaena 4\(\epsilon\). Philomusus[,] Studioso[;/]

Stud: Take harte these letts o\(\epsilon\) clowded thoughts refine
Then sunnes shines brightest when it ginness decline

Burb: M\(\epsilon\) Philomusus & M\(\epsilon\) Studioso god save yo\(\epsilon\)u./

Kempe[;/] M\(\epsilon\) Philo: & M\(\epsilon\) Studio: well mett./

Philo: The same to yo\(\epsilon\) good M\(\epsilon\) Burbidge; W\(\epsilon\) M\(\epsilon\) Kempe, how doth y\(\epsilon\) Emperour of
Germanye./
Studi: God save you M° Kempe: Wellcome M° Kempe from dauncing y° morrice o’re y°
Alp[cut off]

Kempe: Well yo° merry knaves yo° may come to y° honour of it one day, i°st not better to
make a foole of y° world as I have done, then to bee fooled by y° world as you schollers
are? But bee merry my ladds, yo° have hapned vpon y° most excellent [vo]cation in y°
world: For money; they come North & South to bringe it to o° Play house. And for
honour who of more reporte then Dicke Burbidge & Will Ke[mpe] hee’s not counted a
Gentleman y° knowes not Dicke Burbidge & Will Kempe, Theres not a countrie wench y'
can daunce Sellingers round but can talke of Dick Burbidge & Will Kempe/

Philo: Inded M° Kempe yo° are verye famous, but y°s as well for yo° works in printe [&]
yo° p[ar]te in que. /

Kempe Yo° are in Cambridge still w° size que, And bee lusty humerous poettts, yo°
mu[cut off] vntrusse; I made this my last circuite purposely, because I would bee iudge
of yo° action[cut off]

Burb: M° Studioso I pray take some p[ar]te in this booke & act it y° I may see w° will
fi[cut off] yo° best; I thinke yo° voyce would serve for Hyeronimo; observe howe I acte it
& the[cut off] imitate mee: Who calls Ieronimo from his naked bedd

Studioso./ Who calls &c[?] 

Burb: Yo° will doe well after a while

Kempe[: ] Now for M° Philo: my thinks yo° should belonge to my tuition, & yo° face mee
thinks would bee good for a foolish Maior or a foolish Justice of peace: Marke mee:
Forasmuch as there bee 2 states of a co[m]non wealth y° one of peace y° other of
tranquillitye, 2 states of warre y° one of discord y° other of dissention, 2 states of an
incorporation, y° one of y° Aldermen y° other of y° brethren, 2 states of a magistrate, y°
one of governing y° other of bearing rule: Now as I said evenow (for a good thinge
can not bee said too often) vertue is y° shooinghorne of Iustice; y° is, vertue is y°
shooinghorne of doing Iustlye; it behoveth mee & it is my part to co[m]mend this
shooinghorne vnto yo°. I hope this word showing horne doth not offend any of yo° my
worshipfull brethren, for yo° being y° wo°; headsmen of y° towne know well w° y° horne
meaneth; Now therfore I am determined not only to teach but also to instruct not only y°
ignorant but also y° simple, not only w° is their duety towards their betters but also w° is
the[I]r duety toward their sup[er]iors Come lett mee see w° yo° can doe, sitt downe in y°
chayre./

Philomus: Forasmuch as there bee 2 states &c. &c.

Kempe[/] Yo° will doe well in time if yo° will bee ruled by yo° betters, y° is by myselfe,
& such grave aldermen of y° playhouse as I am./
Burb: I like yoε face & p[ro]portion of yoε body for Richard ye 3. I pray yoβ Mε Philo: lett mee see yoβ act a little of it./

Philo: Now is yeε winter of oε discontent
    Made glorious su[m]mer by yε sonne of Yorke &c

Burb: Very well I assure yoγ: Well Mε Philo: & Mε Studioso we see of wε abilitye yoγ are, I pray walke wε vs to oε fellowes & wee will agree p[re]sentlye./

Philo: Wee will followe yoγ straight Mε Burbidge

Kempe It’s good ma[n]ners to follow vs Mε Philo: & Studioso./     Exeunt Bur et Kempe/

Philo: And must yε basest trade yeild vs releife
    Must wee bee practisd to those leaden spowtes
    That naught doe vent but wε they doe receave[.]
    Some fatall fier hath scorcht oε fortunes winge
    And still wee fall as wee doe vpward springe
    As wee strive vpward to yε vaulted skye
    Wee fall & feele oε balefull destanye

Studioso./. Wonder it is sweet frend thy pleading breath
    So like yε sweet blast of yε Southwest winde
    Melts not those rocks of yce those mounts of snowe
    Congeald in frozen hartes of men belowe.

Philomus: Wonder as well thoγ maist why mongst yε waves
    Mongst yε tempestuous surges of yε sea
    The waiting merchant can no pittye crave
    Wε cares yε wind & weather for their paines
    One striks yε saile, another turns yε same
    Hεe slacks yε maine, another takes yε oare
    Another laboureth & taketh paine
    To pumpe yε sea into yε sea againe
    Still they take paines, still yε lowde winds doe blowe
    Till yε shippes prowder mast bee layd belowe

Studioso./ Fond world yγ neare thinks on yγ aged man
    That Ariostoe’s old swift=paced man
    Whose name is time who never linne’s to runne
    Loaden wε bundle of decayeng names
    The wε in Lethes lake hee doth entombe
    Save only those wε Swanlike schollers take
    And doe deliver from yγ greedy lake.
    Inglorious may they live, inglorious dye
    That suffer learning live in miserye.
Philo: W't caren they w't forme their ashes have
When once they are coopt vpp in silent grave

Studios: If for faire fame they hope not when they dye
Yet lett them feare grave=stayning infamye

Philo: Their spendthrift heires will all those fierbrands quench
Swaggering full moistly on a Taverne bench

Studioso./ No shamed sire, for all his glosing heyre
Must long bee talkt of in y' empty ayre

Philom: Beleive mee tho' y't art my second selfe
My vexed soule is not disquieted
For y't I misse this gawdy painted sta lle
Whereat my fortunes fairly aimd of late
For w't am I ye meanest of many moe
That earning p[ro]fitt are repaide w'th woe
But this is it y't doth my soule torment
To thinke so many active able witts
That might contend w'th prowdest bird of Poe
Sitt now im[lurd w'th in their privat cells
Drinking a long, lanke[,] watching candles smoake
Spending y' marrowe of o' flowring age
In fruitles poaring on some worme eat leafe
When their deserts shall seeme of due to claime
A cheerfull croppe of fruitfull swelling sheafe
Cocckle their harvest is & weeds their gaine
Contempt their portion their possession paine

Stud: Schollers must seeme to live at a lowe sayle

Philo: Ill sayling where there blowes noe happy gale

Studio: Our shipp is ruinde & o' tackling rente

Philo: And all her gawdy furniture is spente

Studi: Tears bee y' waves wheron her ruines bide

Philo: And sighes y' wind y'l wafts her broken side

Studi: Mischeife y' Pilott is y' shipp to steare

Philo: And woe y' passenger this shippe doth beare
Stud: Come Philomusus lett vs breake this chatte

Philo: And breake my harte, oh would I could breake y'.

Studi[: Letts learne to act y' Tragick p[ar]te wee have

Philom: Would I weare silent actor in my grave. Exeunt./

Actus 5us. Scaena. jª Philomusus. Studioso
become fidlers w' their consorte they tune./

Philo: Tune fellow fidlers, Studioso & I am readye
Stud: [in margin] walke aside./ [end margin] Faire fall good Orpheus y' had rather bee
King of a mouldhill then a Keysars slave
Better it is mongst fidlers to bee cheife
Then at a plaiers trencher begg releife
But ist not strange, these Mimicke apes should prize
Vnhappye schollers at an hirelings rate
Vild world y' lifts them vpp to high degree
And treads vs downe in groveling miserye

Studioso/ England affoords those glorious vagabonds
That carryd earst their fardells on their backes
Coursers to ride on through y' gazing streetes
Sooping it in their glaring sattin suites
And pages to attend their master shippes
W'th mouthing woords y' better witts have fram'de
They purchase lands & now esquiers are nam'de

Philomu: What ere they seeme beeing even at y' best
They ar but sporting fortunes, scornefull iest

Studio: So merry fortune is wont from raggs to take
A ragged groome & him a gallant make

Philomu: The world & fortune have plaid on vs longe

Studio: Now to the world wee fiddle must a songe

Philomu: Our life is a plaine songe w'th cu[n]inge pend
Whose highest pitch in lowest base doth end

Studio: But see our fellowes vnto play are bent
If not o' minds, letts tune o' instruments.
The songe

They tune their instruments

Philomu: How can hee sing whose voyce is hoarse with care singes./
How can hee play whose hartstrings broken are
How can hee keepe his rest y' neare found rest
How can hee keepe his time whome time neare blest
Only hee can in sorrow beare a parte
Withe vntought hand & with vntuned harte
2 Fond artes farewell y' swallowed have my youth
Adiew vaine Muses y' have wrought my ruth
Repent fond sire y' traindst thy happles sonne
Cease, cease harsh tongue, vntuned Musicke rest
Intombe thy sorrowes in thy hollowe breast/

Stud: Thanks Philomusus for thy pleaantaunt songe
Oh, had this world a touch of iuster greife
Hard rocks would weepe for wante of o're releife

Philomu: The cold of woe hath quite vntunde my voyce
And made it too too harsh for listninge care
Time was in time of my young fortunes springe
I was a gamesome boy & learnd to singe.
But say fellow Musitians yo' knowe best whither wee goe; At w' dore must wee imperiouslye begge./

Iac[ke] fid: Heere dwells S' Randall & his sonne it may bee now at this good time of new yeare hee wil bee liberall, lett vs stand neere & drawe././

[?] Draw calst tho' it indeed it is y' most desperate kind of service y' ever I adventur'd on./

Actus 5th. Scaena. 2a. 2 pages./.

SR page My M's bidds mee tell yo' y' hee is but newly fallen asleepe & yo' forsooth (bas[e] slaves must come & disquiett him; w' never a basket of capons, Masse if he[e] come, hee co[m]mits yo' all./

Amo: page Sirrha Iacke shall tho' & I play sir Randall & Amoretto & reward these fidlers ile play M' Amoretto & give them as much as hee vseth./

S' R. pag And I my old M's S' Randall Fidlers playe Ile reward yo' faith I will

Amo: pag Good faith this pleaseth my sweete M's admirablye, ca[n]nott yo' play twitty twitty twatty foole, or to bee at hir to bee at hir./

S' R. pa: Have yo' never a songe of M's Dowlands making/
Amor: pa: Or Hos ego versiculos feci &c A pox on’t my M°Amoretto vseth it verye often. I have forgotten ye verse/

S° R pa Sirrha Amoretto heers a couple of fellowes brought before mee, & I knowe no[cut off] how to decide ye case, looke in my Christmas booke w[ch] of them brought mee a p[re]sent

Amor pa: One new years day good man foole brought yo[u] a p[re]sent, but goodman Clowne broug[cut off] yo[u] none/

S°' R [??] The right is on goodman fooles side/

Amor pa: My M° is so sweete yt all ye Physicians in ye towne ca[n]nott make her stinke, shee never goes to ye stoole: Oh shee is a most sweete little monkye, Please yo[u] worshipp good father yonder are some would speake w'th yo[u] ./

S°' R: page./ W't have they brought mee any thinge, if not, say I take phisicke: Forasmuch fidlers as I am a justice of the peace, I must needs love all weapons & instruments ye are for ye peace. Among ye w[ch] I account yo[u] fiddles because they can neither bite nor scratch: Marry now finding yo[u] fiddles to iarre & knowing yt iarring is a cause of breaking ye peace, I am by ye vertue of mine office & place to co[m]mitt yo[u] quarrelling fiddles to close enprisonmente i[cut off] their cases././/

Calls w'thin[ : ] What ho! Richardo Iacke?

Amor: pa: The foole w'thin marrs o[ ] play w'th out: ffidlers sett it on my head I vse to siz[cut off] my Musique or goe on ye skore for it, I pay it at ye quarters end/

S'R pa: Farewell good Pan. sweet Ismaenias adiew, Don Orpheus a thousand times farwel[cut off]

Iack fid: Yo[u] swore yo[u] would paye [wrote y over g] vs for o° Musique/

S°' R pa: For y'il ile give yo[u] M° Recorders law & y's this, There is a dowble oath, a formall oath &[ ] a materiall oath, A materiall oath ca[n]nott bee broken, y° formall oath may bee broken farewell fidlers//

Philo: Farewell good wagg whose witt praise woorth I deeme Though somewhat waggish so wee all have beene

Studioso./ Faith fellow fidlers heers no silver sound in this place no not so much as ye vsuall Christmas entertainment of Musitians, a blacke lack of beere & a Christmas pye/

Philo: Where ere wee in ye° wide world playeng bee Misofortune howles & marres o° melodye
Impossible to please with Musiques strayne
Our hartstrings broke will neare bee tun’d againe

Studioso./. Then lett vs vs leave this baser fidling trade
For though o" purse should mend o" credditt fades/

Philo: Full gladd I am to see thy minds free course
Declininge from ye" trencher wayting trade
Well may I now disclose in plainer guise[,] Wt earst I meant to worke in secreat wise
My busy conscience checkt my greived soule
For seeking maint’nance by base vassalage
And then suggested to my secreat thought
A sheapheards poore secure contented life
One wch since then I doated every hower
And meant ye same how ere in sadder plight
T’have stolne from thee in secreat time of night

Studios: Deare frend thou seemst to wrong my love too much
Thinking ye Studioso would accounte
That fortune sower wch tho accountest sweete
Nor any life to mee more sweete can bee
Then happy swaines in plaine of Arcadye

Philo. Why then letts both goe spend o" little store
In ye p[ro]vision of due furniture
A shepheards hooke, a tarrbox & a scrippe
And hast vnto those sheepe adorned fields hills
Where if not blesse o" fortunes wee may blesse o" wills
True mirth wee may enioy in thacked stall
Nor hoping higher rise, nor fearing lower fall./

Studioso./ Weele therfore discharge these fidlers: Fellow Musitians wee are sorye ye it hath beene yo" ill happ to have had vs in yo" co[m]panye, yo" are nothing but shritch owles & night ravens able to marre ye" [p]urest melodye And be=sides o" co[m]pany is so ominous, ye where wee are thence liberallitye is pac=kinge; Our resolution is therfore to wishe yo" well & to bidd yo" farewell

Philomus: Come Studioso lett vs hast awaye
Returninge neare to this vnhappye baye

Actus 5us. Scae: 3a/
Ingenioso. Academico[.]

Ingenios: Faith Academico its ye feare of ye fellowe (I meane the signe of ye" sergeants head) ye makes mee so hastely to bee gone, To bee breife Academico writts are out for
mee to app[re]hend mee for my playes & now I am bound for y[e] Ile of doggs: Furor & Phantasma come after removing y[e] campe as fast as they can Farewell Mea si quid vota valebunt/

Academ: Faith Ingenioso I thinke y[e] vniv[s]sitie is a Melancholy life, for there a good fellow ca[n]nott sitt 2 howres in his chamber, but hee shalbee troubled w[th] y[e] bill of a drap[er] or a vintner but y[e] point is, I knowe not how to better my selfe & so I am faine to take it/

Actus 5th. Scaena 4th. Furor. Phantasma./

Philo[:] Who have wee there Ingenioso & Academico

Stud[:] The ver[y] same, but who are these Furor & Phantasma./

Furor takes} And are yo[u] there six footed Mercurye
a lowse off} Are rymes become such creepers now adaies
his sleeve/} Presumptuous lowse y'[t] dost good ma[n]ers lacke
Daring to creepe on Poett Furors backe

Phantasma w[th]} Multi refert quibscum vixeris
his hand in his boso[m]e} Non videmus manticae quod in tergo est

Philo[:] What Furor & Phantasma too our ould Colledg fellowes, letts encounter them all: w'[t] Ingenioso Academico Furor, Phantasma, God save yo[u] all./.

Stud: W't Ingenioso Academico, Furor & Phantasma, how doe yo[u] brave lads./

Inge. W[t] o[e] deare frends Philo & Studioso

A[c]ade: W't o[e] old frends Philo: & Studioso

Furor W[t] o[e] sup[er]naturall frends Philo: & Studioso./

Phant W[t] my good phantasticall frends

e.

Philo: Wee have runne through many trades yet thrive by none
Poore in content & on[lie] rich in moane
A shepheards life tho[u] knowst I wont to admire
Turning a Cambridge apple by y[e] fier
To live in humble dale wee now are bente
Spending o'e daies in fearlesse Merrimente

Studi: Weele teach each tree even of y[e] knottiest kind
To keepe o\textsuperscript{e} wofull names w\textsuperscript{th} in their rinde
Weele watch o\textsuperscript{e} flocks & yett weele sleepe w\textsuperscript{th} all
Weele tune o\textsuperscript{e} sorrowes to y\textsuperscript{e} waters fall
The woods & rocks w\textsuperscript{th} o\textsuperscript{e} shrill songs weele blesse
Lett them prove kind since men prove pittile\textsuperscript{ss}/
But say whether [a]re yo\textsuperscript{u} & yo\textsuperscript{e} co[m]pany wagging, it seemes by yo\textsuperscript{e} apparrell
you are aboute to wander

[Ingeni:] ffaith wee are fully bent to bee Lords of misrule in y\textsuperscript{e} worlds wide hall o\textsuperscript{e}
voyage is to y\textsuperscript{e} Ile of dogs, there Where y\textsuperscript{e} barking beast doth rule & raigne,
    Rendinge y\textsuperscript{e} creditt of whome ere hee please
    Where serpents tongues y\textsuperscript{e} penmen are to write
    Where goates doe waule by day: doggs barke by night
    There shall engored venome bee my Inke
    My pen a sharper quill of Porcupine:
    My stained paper, this sinne loaden earth
    There will I write in lines shall never dye
    Our feared Lordings cryenge villanye

Philo: A gentle witt tho\textsuperscript{u} hadst, nor is it blame
    To turne so tarte for time hath wrongd y\textsuperscript{e} same

Studioso/ And well tho\textsuperscript{u} dost from this fond earth to flee[t]e
    Where most mens penns are hired parasites

Acade: Goe happilye; I wish thee store of gall
    Sharply to wounde y\textsuperscript{e} guilty world w\textsuperscript{th} all

Philom: But say w\textsuperscript{l} shall become of Furor & Phantasma/

Ingen: These my co[m]panions still w\textsuperscript{th} mee must wend

Acade: Furie & fancye on good witts attend./

Furor[:] When I arrive w\textsuperscript{th}in y\textsuperscript{e} Ile of dogges
    Don Phoebus I will make thee kisse y\textsuperscript{e} pumpe
    Thy one eye pries in every drapers stall
    Yett never thinks on poett furors neede
    Furor is lowsie, great Furor lowsie is
    Ile make thee rue this lowsie case I wis
    And then my sluttish laundres Cinthia
    Neare thinks on Furors linnen Furors shirte
    Tho\textsuperscript{u} & thy squirting boy Endimion
    Lye slavering still vpon a lawles couche
    Furor will have thee carted through y\textsuperscript{e} dirte
    That makst great poett Furor want his shirte
Ingen[:] Is not here a true dogg ye dares barkes so boldlye at ye moone/

Philo: Exclaiming want & needye care & carke
    Would make ye mildest spright to bite & barke

Phanta: Canes timidi vehementius latrant: There are certaine burres in the Ile of doggs
cald in yoε English tongue men of worshippe, certaine bryars as ye Indians call them, as
wee say certaine lawyers, certaine great lumps of earth as ye Arabians call them, certaine
grossers as wee terme them: Quos ego: sed motos p[re]stat co[m]ponere fluctus./

Ingeni: Wee therevnto ye snarling Iland hast
    And there oε vexed breath in snarling wast

Philo: Wee will bee gone into ye downes of Kent
    Sure footing wee shall find in humble dale
    Oε fleecye flocks weele learne to watch & ward
    In Iulies heat & cold of Ian[u]vere
    Weele chaunte oε woes vpon an oaten reede
    Whilst bleatinge flocks vpon their supper feede/

Studios: Soe shall wee shunne ye company of men
    That growe more hatefull as ye world growe olde
    Weele teach ye murmuring brooks in teares to flowe
    And steepie rocks to waile oε passed woe

Acade Adiew yoε gentle spirritts longe adiew
    Yoε witts I love & yoε ill fortunes rue
    I hast mee to my Cambridge sell againe
    My fortunes canott waxe but they may Waine

Ingen Adiew good shepheards happie may yoε live
    And if heerafter in some secrete shade
    Yee shall recount poore schollers miseries
    Vouch safe to mention wεth teare=swelling eyes
    Ingeniosoes thwarting destinies
    And thoε still happy Academico
    That still maiest rest vpon ye Muses bedd
    Enioyeng there a quiett slumberinge
    When thoε repayrst vnto thy Grantaes streams
    Wonder at thine owne blisse pittye oε case
    That still doe tread ill fortunes endles maze
    W[II]sh them ye are p[re]ferments Almoners
    To cherrish gentle witts in their greene budd
    For had not Cambridg beene to mee vnkind
    I had not turnd to gall a milkye mind./
Philo: I wish thee of good happre a plenteous store
    Thy witt deserves noe lesse, my love can wish noe more
Farewell farwell good Academico
Neare maist tho\textsuperscript{T}a taste of o\textsuperscript{T} forepassed woe
Wee wish thy fortunes may attaine their due
Furor & yo\textsuperscript{\i} Phantasma both adiew

Stud Farewell[,] farewell[,] farewell o long farewell
    The rest my tongue conceales, lett sorrow tell

Phanta: Et longum vale inquit Iola./

Furor./ Farewell my M\textsuperscript{e} Furor’s a mastie dogge
    Nor can w\textsuperscript{th} a smooth glosinge farewell cogge
Nought can great Furor doe but barke & howle
And snarle & grinne & lowre & lugge y\textsuperscript{e} world
Like a great swine by his longe leverd luggs
Farewell musty dusty rusty fusty London
Tho\textsuperscript{l} art not worthy of great Furors witt
That cheatest vertue of her due desert
And sufferest great Apolloes sonne to wante/./

Ingeni: Nay stay a while & helpe mee to contente
    So many gentle witts attention
Who kenne y\textsuperscript{e} lawes of every Comicke stage
And wonder y\textsuperscript{t} o\textsuperscript{e} sceane ends discontente
Yee ayrie witts, subtill, Iudicious
Since y\textsuperscript{t} few schollers fortunes are contente
Wonder not if o\textsuperscript{e} sceane ends discontent
When y\textsuperscript{t} yo\textsuperscript{e} fortunes reach their owne content
Then shall o\textsuperscript{e} sceane end in her merriment/

Philo: Perhapps some happy witt w\textsuperscript{th} feel[\i]ng hand
    Heerafter may record y\textsuperscript{e} Pastorall
Of y\textsuperscript{e} two schollers to Parnassus hill
And then o\textsuperscript{e} sceane may end & have content

Ingeni Meanetime if there bee any spightfull guest
    That smiles to see poore schollers miseries
Cold is his charitie his witt[\tr]s too dull
Wee scorne his censure; hees a ieering gull
But w\textsuperscript{l} soere refined sprights there bee
That deeply groane at o\textsuperscript{e} calamitie
Whose breath is tournd to sighes, whose eyes ar wett
To see bright artes bent to their latest sett
Where never they againe their heads shall reare
To blesse of art=disgracing [+] hemispheare/

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