

The 1st Part
of
The History of
Promos & Cassandra

by
George Whetstone (1578)

Principal Characters

Promos, *enjoined by the King of Hungary to enforce the law in Julio*

A Mayor

A Sherriff

Phallax, *Promos' Man*

Lamia, *a Courtesan*

Rosko, *Lamia's Man*

Dalia, *Lamia's Maid*

Cassandra

Andrugio, *Cassandra's Brother*

Ganio, *Andrugio's Boy*

Gripax & Rapax, *Informers*

A Hangman

A Beadle

A Gaoler

Grimball

Polina, *Andrugio's Lover*

Rowke, *a Cutpurse*

also, Prisoners, Officers etc.

Act One

Scene 1

*Promos, Mayor, Sherriff, Swordbearer, One with a
bunch of keys, Phallax*

- Promos** You Officers which now in Julio stay,
Know you our leige, the King of Hungary
Sent me, Promos, to join with you in sway,
That still we may to Justice have an eye.
And now to show my rule & power at large,
Attentively his Letters Patents hear:
Phallax, read out my Sovereign's charge.
- Phallax** As you command, I will: give heedful ear.

*Phallax readeth the King's Letters Patents, which must be fair
written in parchment, with some great counterfeit seal*
- Promos** Lo, here you see what is our Sovereign's will.
Lo, hear his wish, that right, not might, bear sway.
Lo, hear his care, to weed from good the ill,
To scourge the wights, good Laws that disobey.
Such zeal he bears unto the Commonweale,
(How so he bids the ignorant to save)
As he commands, the lewd do rigour feel.
Such is his wish, such is my will to have,
And such a judge here Promos vows to be.
No wilful wrong sharp punishment shall miss,
The simple thrall shall be judg'd with mercy.
Each shall be doom'd, even as his merit is.
Love shall not stay, nor hate revenge procure,
Ne yet shall coin corrupt or foster wrong.
I do protest, whilst that my charge endure,
For friend nor foe to sing a partial song.
Thus have you heard how my commission goes;
He absent, I present our Sovereign still:
It answers then, each one his duty shows
To me, as him, what I command and will.
- Mayor** Worthy Deputy, at thy charge we joy.
We do submit ourselves to work thy hest.
Receive the sword of Justice to destroy
The wicked imps, and to defend the rest.
- Sherriff** Our City keys take wish'd Lieutenant here;
We do commit our safety to thy head.
Thy wise foresight will keep us void of fear,

Yet will we be assistant still at need.

Promos Both Sword and Keys, unto my Prince's use
I do receive and gladly take my charge.
It resteth now for to reform abuse,
We 'point a time of Council more at large,
To treat of which a while we will depart.

All Speak To work your will we yield a willing heart.

Exeunt

Scene 2

Lamia, a Courtesan, enters singing

The Song

Lamia *All aflaunt now vaunt it, brave wench cast away care,
With Lays of Love chant it, for no cost see thou spare.
Sith Nature hath made thee, with beauty most brave,
Sith Fortune doth lade thee, with what thou wouldst have.
Ere Pleasure doth 'vade thee, thyself set to sale,
All wantons will trade thee, and stoop to thy stale.
All aflaunt, Ut Supra.
Young Rufflers maintains thee, defends thee and thine,
Old Dottrels retains thee, thy Beauties so shine.
Though many disdains thee, yet none may thee touch,
Thus Envy refrains thee, thy countenance is such.
All aflaunt, Ut Supra.*

Triumph, fair Lamia now, thy wanton flag advance,
Set forth thyself to bravest show, boast thou of happy chance.
Girl, accompt thou thyself the chief of Lady Pleasure's train,
Thy face is fair, thy form content, thy Fortunes both doth stain.
Even as thou wouldst thy house doth stand, thy furniture is gay,
Thy weeds are brave, thy face is fine, & who for this doth pay?
Thou thyself? No, the rushing youths, that bathe in wanton bliss,
Yea, old and doting fools sometimes, do help to pay for this.
Free cost between them both I have, all this for my behove,
I am the sterne that guides their thoughts, look what I like, they love.
Few of them stir that I bid stay; if I bid go, they fly:
If I on foe pursue revenge, Alarm a hundred cry.
The bravest I their hearts, their hands, their purses hold at will,
Join'd with the credit of the best, to bowlster me in ill.
But see, wheras my trusty man doth run, what news brings he?

Scene 3

Rosko, Lamia

- Rosko** Good people, did none of you my mistress Lamia see?
- Lamia** Rosko, what news, that in such haste you come blowing?
- Rosko** Mistress, you must shut up your shops & leave your occupying.
- Lamia** What so they be, foolish knave, tell me true?
- Rosko** Oh, ill, for thirty besides you.
- Lamia** For me good fellow, I pray thee why so?
- Rosko** Be patient, Mistress, and you shall know.
- Lamia** Go to, say on.
- Rosko** Marry, right now at the Sessions I was,
And thirty must to *Trussum corde*¹ go.
Among the which (I weep to show) alas—
- Lamia** Why, what's the matter man?
- Rosko** O Andrugio,
For loving too kindly, must lose his head.
And his sweetheart must wear the shameful weeds²
Ordain'd for Dames that fall through fleshly deeds.
- Lamia** Is this offence in question come again?
Tell, tell no more, 'tis time this tale were done:
See, see how soon my triumph turns to pain.
- Rosko** Mistress, you promis'd to be quiet.
For God's sake, for your own sake, be so.
- Lamia** Alas, poor Rosko, our dainty diet,
Our bravery and all we must forgo.
- Rosko** I am sorry.
- Lamia** Yea, but out alas, sorrow will not serve.
Rosko, thou must needs provide thee elsewhere,
My gains are past, yea, I myself might starve
Save that I did provide for a dear year.
- Rosko** They reward fair (their harvest in the stack,)
When winter comes, that bid their servants pack.
Alas, Mistress, if you turn me off now,
Better then a rogue none will me allow.

¹ *Truss with a cord – hang.*

² *A blue gown.*

- Lamia** Thou shalt have a Passport.
- Rosko** Yea, but after what sort?
- Lamia** Why, that thou wert my man.
- Rosko** O the Judge seld shows the favour,
To let one thief bail another:
Tush I know, ere long you so will slip away,
As you for yourself must seek some testimony
Of your good life.
- Lamia** Never fear: honestly Lamia now means to live, even till she die.
- Rosko** As jump as Apes, in view of Nuts to dance,
Kytte will to kind, of custom or by chance.
Well, howso you stand upon this holy point,
For the thing you know, you will jeopard a joint.
- Lamia** Admit I would, my hazard were in vain.
- Rosko** Perhaps I know to turn the same to gain.
- Lamia** Thou comforts me, good *Rosko*, tell me how?
- Rosko** You will be honest, 'twere sin to hinder you.
- Lamia** I did but jest, good sweet servant, tell me.
- Rosko** Sweet servant now, and late, pack sir, god b'wi' ye.
- Lamia** Tush, to try thy unwillingness I did but jest.
- Rosko** And I do but try how long you would be honest.
- Lamia** I thought thy talk was too sweet to be true.
- Rosko** Yea, but meant you to bid honesty adieu?
- Lamia** No, I did so long since, but, enforc'd by need,
To bid him welcome home again I was decreed.
- Rosko** Very good, Mistress, I know your mind;
And for your ease this remedy I find:
Prying abroad, for play fellows and such,
For you Mistress, I heard of one *Phallax*,
A man esteem'd of *Promos* very much,
Of whose Nature, I was so bold to ask,
And I smelt, he lov'd lac'd mutton³ well.
- Lamia** And what of this?
- Rosko** Marry of this, if you the way can tell
To toll him home, he of you will be fain,

³ Whoring.

Whose countenance will so excuse your faults,
As none for life dare of your life complain.

Lamia A good device, God grant us good success.
But I pray thee, what trade doth he profess?

Rosko He is a paltry pettyfogger.⁴

Lamia All the better, suspicion will be the less.
Well, go thy ways, and if thou him espy,
Tell him from me that I a cause or two
Would put to him, at leisure willingly.

Rosko Her case is so common, that small pleading will serve.
I go (nay run) your commandment to observe.

Lamia Aye me alas, less *Phallax* help, poor wench undone I am.
My foes now in the wind will lie to work my open shame.
Now envious eyes will pry abroad, offenders to entrap,
Of force now *Lamia* must be chaste, to shun a more mishap.
And wanton girl, how wilt thou shift for garments fine and gay?
For dainty fare can crusts content? Who shall thy house rent pay?
And that delights thee most of all, thou must thy dalliance leave?
And can then the force of law, or death, thy mind of love bereave?
In good faith, no: the wight that once hath taste the fruits of love,
Until her dying day will long Sir *Chaucer's* jests to prove.

Scene 4

Lamia's maid, Lamia

Maid Forsooth Mistress, your thraule stays for you at home.

Lamia Were you born in a mill, curtal, you prate so high?

Maid The gentleman, that came the last day with Captain Prie—

Lamia What, young Hipolito?

Maid Even he.

Lamia Lest he be gone, home hie;
And will Dalia pop him in the nether room,
And keep the falling door close till I come,
And tell my thraule his fortune will not stay.

Maid Will you ought else?

Lamia Prating vixen, away!

Exit Maid

Gallants adieu, I venter must Hipolito to see.

⁴ a cheap lawyer.

He is both young and wealthy yet, the better spoil for me.
 My hazard for his sake I trow, shall make him pray and pay:
 He, he shall prank me in my plumes and deck me brave and gay,
 Of courtesy I pray you yet, if Phallax come this way,
 Report to put a case with him here Lamia long did stay.

Exit

Act Two

Scene 1

Cassandra

Cassandra Aye, me, unhappy wench, that I must live the day
 To see Andrugio timeless die, my brother and my stay.
 The only mean, God wot, that should our house advance,
 Who in the hope of his good hap, must die through wanton chance.
 O blind affects in Love, whose torments none can tell.
 Yet wantons will bide fire and frost, yea hazard death, nay hell,
 To taste thy sour sweet fruits, digested still with care.
 Foul fall thee, Love, thy lightning joys hath blasted my welfare.
 Thou fire'st affection first, within my brother's breast.
 Thou mad'st Polina grant him (earst) even what he would request:
 Thou mad'st him crave and have a proof of Venus' meed,
 For which foul act he is adjudg'd, ere long to lose his head.
 The law is so severe in scourging fleshly sin,
 As marriage to work after mends doth seldom favour win.
 — A law first made of zeal, but wrested much amiss —
 Faults should be measur'd by desert, but all is one in this.
 The lecher fir'd with lust is punished no more
 Then he which fell through force of love, whose marriage salves his sore,
 So that poor I despair of my Andrugio's life.
 O would my days might end with his, for to appease my strife.

Scene 2

Andrugio in prison, Cassandra

Andrugio My good Sister Cassandra?

Cassandra Who calleth Cassandra?

Andrugio Thy woeful brother Andrugio.

Cassandra Andrugio, O dismal day, what griefs do me assail,
 Condemned wretch to see thee here, fast fetter'd now in jail.
 How haps thy wits were witched so, that knowing death was meed
 Thou would'st commit (to slay us both) this vile, lacivious deed?

- Andrugio** O good Cassandra, leave to check and chide me, thraule therefore.
 If late repentance wrought me help I would do so no more.
 But out alas, I wretch, too late do sorrow my amiss.
 Unless Lord Promos grant me grace in vain is had I wist.
 Wherefore sweet sister, whilst in hope my damned life yet were,
 Assault his heart in my behalf, with battering tire of tears.
 If thou by suit dost save my life, it both our joys will be.
 If not it may suffice thou sought'st to set thy brother free.
 Wherefore speed to prorogue my days, tomorrow else I die.
- Cassandra** I will not fail to plead and pray, to purchase thee mercy.
 Farewell a while, God grant me well to speed.
- Andrugio** Sister adieu, till thy return I live 'tween hope and dread.
- Cassandra** Oh happy time! See where Lord Promos comes:
 Now tongue address thyself my mind to wray.
 And yet lest haste work waste, I hold it best
 In covert for some advantage to stay.

Scene 3

Promos with the Sherriff and their Officers

- Promos** Tis strange to think what swarms of unthrifts live
 Within this town, by rapine, spoil and theft:
 That were it not that Justice oft them grieve,
 The just man's goods by rufers⁵ should be reft.
 At this our 'Size, are thirty judg'd to die,
 Whose falls I see their fellows smally fear;
 So that the way is by severity,
 Such wicked weeds even by the roots to tear.
 Wherefore Sherriff, execute with speedy pace
 The damned wights, to cut off hope of Grace.
- Sherriff** It shall be done.
- Cassandra** *[To herself]* O cruel words, they make my heart to bleed,
 Now, now I must this doom seek to revoke
 Lest grace come short when starved is the steed. –

She kneels before Promos

Most mighty Lord & worthy Judge, thy judgement sharp abate,
 Vail thou thine ears to hear the plaint that wretched I relate:
 Behold the woeful sister here of poor Andrugio,
 Whom though that law awardeth death, yet mercy do him show;
 Weigh his young years, the force of Love, which forced his amiss.

⁵ *Thieves.*

Weigh, weigh, that marriage works amends for what committed is.
 He hath defil'd no nuptial bed, nor forced rape hath mov'd,
 He fell through love, who never meant but wive the wight he lov'd.
 And wantons sure to keep in awe these statutes first were made.
 Or none but lustful lechers should with rig'rous law be paid.
 And yet to add intent thereto, is far from my pretence,
 I sue with tears, to win him grace, that sorrows his offence.
 Wherefore herein, renowned Lord, Justice with pity peise;
 Which two in equal balance weigh'd to heaven your fame will raise.

Promos Cassandra, leave off thy bootless suit, by law he hath been tried.
 Law found his fault, Law judg'd him death.

Cassandra Yet this may be replied:
 That law a mischief oft permits, to keep due form of law,
 That law small faults with greatest dooms, to keep men still in awe.
 Yet Kings, or such as execute regal authority,
 If mends be made may overrule the force of law with mercy.
 Here is no wilful murder wrought, which asketh blood again;
 Andrugio's fault may valued be, marriage wipes out his stain.

Promos Fair Dame, I see the natural zeal thou bearest to Andrugio,
 And for thy sake (not his desert) this favour will I show:
 I will reprieve him yet a while, and on the matter pause.
 Tomorrow you shall licence have, afresh to plead his cause.
 Sherriff, execute my charge, but stay Andrugio,
 Until that you in this behalf more of my pleasure know.

Sherriff I will perform your will.

Cassandra O most worthy Magistrate, myself thy thrall I find,
 Even for this little lightning hope which at thy hands I find.
 Now will I go and comfort him which hangs twixt death & life.

Exit

Promos Happy is the man, that enjoys the love of such a wife!
 I do protest, her modest words hath wrought in me a maze.
 Though she be fair, she is not deck'd with garish shows for gaze;
 Her beauty lures, her looks cut off fond suits with chaste disdain.
 O God, I feel a sudden change that doth my freedom chain.
 What didst thou say? Fie, Promos, fie! Of her avoid the thought,
 And so I will; my other cares will cure what love hath wrought.
 Come, away.

Exeunt

Scene 4

Phallax, Gripax and Rapax

- Phallax** My trusty friends, about your business straight,
With simple shows your subtle meanings bait:
Promote all faults up into my office,
Then turn me loose, the offenders to fleece.
- Gripax** Tush, to find law-breakers let me alone,
I have eyes will look into a millstone.
- Phallax** God a mercy, Gripax.
- Rapax** And I am so subtle-sighted I trow,
As I the very thoughts of men do know.
- Gripax** I' fayth Rapax, what thought thy wife when she,
To lie with the priest, by night stole from thee?
- Rapax** Marry, she knew you and I were at square,⁶
And lest we fell to blows, she did prepare
To arm my head, to match thy horned brow.
- Gripax** Go, and a knave with thee.
- Rapax** I stay for you.
- Phallax** No harm is done; here is but blow for blow.
Birds of a feather best fly together;
Then like partners about your market go.
Marrows adieu, God send you fair weather.
- Gripax** Fare you well, for us take no care.
With us this brode speech seldom breedeth square.
- Phallax** *[Alone]* Marry sir, wel fare an office, what someever it be,
The very countenance is great, though slender be the fee.
I thank my good Lord Promos now, I am an officer made,
In sooth more by hap then desert, in secret be it said.
No force for that, each shift for one, for Phallax will do so.
Well fare a head can take his time, nay watch for time, I trow.
I smile to think of my fellows, how some brave it, some wait,
And think reward their service just, with offer'd shifts will bait
When they (poor souls) in troth do fall a mile upon account,
For flattery and fervent pleasing are means to make men mount.
I speak on proof; Lord Promos I have pleased many a day,
Yet am I neither learned, true, nor honest any way.
What skills for that, by wit or will I have an office got,

Exeunt

⁶ *At odds.*

By force wherof every licence, warrant, patent, passport,
 Lease, fine, fee, et cetera, pass and repass through Phallax' hands.
 Disorder'd persons bribe me well to escape from Justice' bands.
 And wealthy churls for to promote I now have set a-work
 Such hungry lads as soon will smell where statute breakers lurk,
 And if they come within our gripe we mean to strip them so,
 As (if they scape from open shame) their bags with us shall go.
 And trust me this, we officers of this mild mould are wrought:
 Agree with us, and sure your shame by us shall not be sought.
 But soft awhile, I see my Lord, what makes him lour so?
 I will intrude into his sight, perhaps his grief to know.

Scene 5

Phallax, Promos

- Promos** Well met, Phallax, I long have wish'd to show
 A cause to thee which none but I yet know.
- Phallax** Say on my Lord, a happy man were I
 If any way your wish I could supply.
- Promos** Fain would I speak, but oh, a chilling fear
 (The case is such) makes me from speech forbear.
- Phallax** These words my Lord (whomever have been just)
 Now makes me think that you my truth mistrust.
 But cease suspect, my will with yours shall 'gree,
 What so (or against whom) your dealing be.
- Promos** Against a wight of small account it is,
 And yet I fear I shall my purpose miss.
- Phallax** Fear not my Lord, the old Proverb doth say,
 Faint hearts doth steal fair Ladies seld away.
- Promos** Fair Ladies? O, no Lady is my love,
 And yet she sure as coy as they will prove.
- Phallax** I thought as much, love did torment you so.
 But what is she that dare say Promos no?
- Promos** Do what one can, fire will break forth I see,
 My words unwares hath shown what grieveth me.
 My wound is such as Love must be my leech,
 Which cure will bring my Gravity in speech,
 For what may be a folly of more note,
 Then for to see a man grey-hair'd to dote.
- Phallax** No my Lord, *Amor omnia vincit*,
 And Ovid saith, *Forma numen habet*.
 And for to prove love's service seems the wise,

Set Sallamon and Sampson before your eyes,
 For wit, and strength, who won the chiefest prize;
 And both liv'd by the laws Love did devise,
 Which proves in Love a certain godhead lies.
 And Gods rule yarely, by wisdom from the skies,
 Whose wills (think I) are wrought best by the wise.

Promos Indeed, divine I think Love's working is.
 From reasons use, in that my senses swarve,
 In pleasure pain, in pain I find a bliss,
 On woe I feed, in sight of food I starve:
 These strange effects by love are lodg'd in me,
 My thoughts are bound, yet I myself am free.

Phallax Well my good Lord, I ask (with pardon sought)
 Who she may be that hath your thralldom wrought?

Promos The example is such, as I sigh to show,
 Sister she is, to damn'd Andrugio.

Phallax All the better for you the game doth go.
 The proverb saith that kith will unto kind,
 If it be true, this comfort then I find:
 Cassandra's flesh is as her brothers, frail,
 Then will she stoop, (in chief) when Lords assail.

Promos The contrary (through fear) doth work my pain,
 For in her face such modesty doth reign,
 As cuts off loving suits, with chaste disdain.

Phallax What Love will not, necessity shall gain,
 Her brother's life will make her glad and fain.

Promos What, is it best *Andrugio* free to set
 Ere I am sure his sister's love to get?

Phallax My loving Lord, your servant means not so,
 But if you will, elsewhere in secret go.
 To work your will a shift I hope to show.

Promos With right good will, for such my sickness is,
 As I shall die if her good will I miss.

Exeunt

Scene 6

The Hangman, with a great many ropes about his neck

Hangman The wind is ill blows no man's gain, for cold I need not care;
 Here is nine and twenty suits of apparel for my share:
 And some berlady very good, for so standeth the case,

As neither gentleman, nor other Lord, *Promos* sheweth Grace.
 But I marvel much, poor slaves, that they are hang'd so soon,
 They were wont to stay a day or two, now scarce an afternoon.
 All the better for the hangman! I pardons dreaded sore,
 Would cutters save, whose cloths are good, I never fear'd the poor.
 Let me see, I must be dapper in this my faculty.
 Hear are new ropes; how are my knots? I' faith sir, slippery.
 At fast or loose, with my *Giptian* I mean to have a cast:
 Ten to one I read his fortune by the *Marymas* fast.

Sergeant Away, what a stir is this, to see men go to hanging?

Hangman Hark, god be w' ye, I must begone, the pris'ners are a-coming.

Exit

Scene 7

Six prisoners bound with cords – two Hacksters, one Woman, one like a Giptian, the rest poor Rogues, a Preacher, with other Officers

They sing:

*With heart and voice to thee O Lord,
 At latter gasp for grace we cry:
 Unto our suits good God accord,
 Which thus appeal to thy mercie.
 Forsake us not in this distress,
 Which unto thee our sins confess:
 Forsake us not in this distress,
 Which unto thee our sins confess.*

1st Hackster All sorts of men beware by us, whom present death assaults,
 Look in your conscience what you find, & sorow for your faults.
 Example take by our fresh harms, see here the fruits of pride,
 I for my part deserved death long ere my theft was spied,
 O careless youth, led, led awry with every pleasing toy,
 Note well my words, they are of worth that cause though my annoy.
 Shun to be prank'd in peacock's plumes, for gaze which only are,
 Hate, hate the dice even as the divell; of wanton Dames beware:
 These, these were they that suck'd my wealth; what follow'd them
 in need?
 I was entic'd by lawless men on theevish spoils to feed.
 And nuzzl'd once in wicked deeds, I fear'd not to offend;
 From bad to worse and worst I fell, I would at leisure mend.
 But oh presuming over much still to escape in hope,
 My faults were found and I adjudg'd to totter in a rope;
 To which I go with these my mates, likewise for breach of laws,
 For murder some, for theevery some, and some for little cause.

- 2nd Hackster** Beware dear friends of quarrelling, thirst spoil of no mans breath,
Blood asketh blood; I shedding blood untimely catch my death.
- Woman** Maids & women, shun pride & sloth, the roots of every vice.
My death ere long will shew their ends, God grant it make you wise.
- Scoffing Catchpole** How now *Giptian*? All amort knave, for want of company?
Be crusty, man, the *Hangman* straight will read Fortunes with thee.
- Preacher** With this thy scoffing speech, good friend offend him not.
His faults are scourg'd, thine scape (perhaps) that do deserve his lot?
- Poore Rogue** Jesus save me, I am cast, for a purse with three halfpence.
- Churlish Officer** Dispatch, prating knave, and be hang'd! that we were jogging
hence!

*They leisurably depart singing, the Preacher whispering some one or other of the Prisoners still in the ear.
They sing.*

*Our secret thoughts thou Christ dost know,
Whom the world doth hate in thrall.
Yet hope we that thou wilt not so,
On whom alone we thus do call.
Forsake us not in this distress,
Which unto thee our sins confess,
Forsake us not, &c.*

Act 3

Scene 1

Promos, alone

- Promos** Do what I can, no reason cools desire.
The more I strive my fond affects to tame,
The hotter (oh) I feel a burning fire
Within my breast, vain thoughts to forge and frame.
O, straying effects of blind affected Love,
From wisdom's paths which doth astray our wits,
Which makes us haunt that which our harms doth move,
A sickness like the Fever Etticke⁷ fits,
Which shakes with cold when we do burn like fire.
Even so in Love, we freeze through chilling fear,
When as our hearts doth fry with hot desire.
What said I? Like to Etticke fits? Nothing near.
In sourest Love some sweet is ever suck'd.

⁷ *Consumptive.*

The Lover findeth peace in wrangling strife,
 So that if pain were from his pleasure pluck'd,
 There were no Heaven like to the Lover's life.
 But why stand I to plead their joy or woe,
 And rest unsure, of her I wish to have?
 I know not if *Cassandra* love or no;
 But yet admit she grant not what I crave,
 If I be nice to her brother life to give
 Her brother's life to much will make her yield.
 A promise then to let her brother live
 Hath force enough to make her fly the field.
 Thus though suit fail, necessity shall win,
 Of Lordly rule the conquering power is such.
 But (oh sweet sight) see where she enters in.
 Both hope and dread at once my heart doth touch.

Scene 2

Cassandra, Promos

Cassandra *[To herself]* I see two thralls, sweet seems a little joy,
 For fancies free *Andrugio's* breast hath scope.
 But lest detract doth raise a new annoy,
 I now will seek to turn to hap his hope.
 See, as I wish'd, Lord *Promos* is in place,
 Now in my suit, God grant I may find grace.

She kneels to Promos

Renowned Lord, whilst life in me doth last,
 In homage bonds I bind myself to thee;
 And though I did thy goodness lately taste,
 Yet once again on knees I mercy seek
 In his behalf that hangs tween death and life,
 Who still is pleas'd, if you the mends do leek,⁸
 His lawless love to make his lawful wife.

Promos Fair Dame, I well have weigh'd thy suit & wish to do thee good,
 But all in vain; all things conclude to have thy brother's blood.
 The strictness of the law condemns an ignorant abuse.
 Then willful faults are hardly help'd or cloked with excuse,
 And what may be more willful, then a Maid to violate.

Cassandra The force was small, when with her will, he, wretch, the conquest got.

Promos Law ever at the worst doth conster evil intent.

Cassandra And law even with the worst awards them punishment.

⁸ *Who still desires, if you like the remedy.*

And sith that rig'rous law adjudged him to die,
 Your glory will be much the more in showing him mercy.
 The world will think how that you do but grant him grace on cause,
 And where cause is there mercy should abate the force of laws.

Promos *Cassandra*, in thy brothers half, thou hast said what may be
 And for thy sake it is, if I do set *Andrugio* free.
 Short tale to make, thy beauty hath surprised me with love,
 That maugre wit I turn my thoughts as blind affections move.
 And quite subdu'd by *Cupid's* might need makes me sue for grace
 To thee *Cassandra*, which dost hold my freedom in a lace.
 Yield to my will, and then command, even what thou wilt of me,
 Thy brothers life and till that else may with thy liking 'gree.

Cassandra [*To herself*] And may it be, a Judge himself the self same fault should use
 For which he dooms another's death, O crime without excuse! –
 Renowned Lord, you use this speech (I hope) your thrall to try,
 If otherwise, my brother's life so dear I will not buy.

Promos Fair Dame, my outward looks my inward thoughts bewray,
 If you mistrust, to search my heart would God you had a kay.

Cassandra If that you love (as so you say) the force of love you know,
 Which felt, in conscience you should my brother favour show.

Promos In doubtful war one prisoner still doth set another free.

Cassandra Whatso war seeks, love unto war contrary is, you see.
 Hate fostreth war, love cannot hate, then may it covet force?

Promos The Lover oft sues to his foe, and findeth no remorse:
 Then if he hap to have a help to win his froward foe,
 Too kind a fool I will him hold that lets such vantage go.

Cassandra Well, to be short, myself will die ere I my honour stain.
 You know my mind, leave off to tempt, your offers are in vain.

Promos Bethink yourself, at price enough I purchase sweet your love,
Andrugio's life suffic'd alone your strangeness to remove;
 The which I grant, with any wealth that else you will require.
 Who buyeth love at such a rate pays well for his desire.

Cassandra No *Promos*, no, honour never at value may be sold.
 Honour far dearer is then life, which passeth price of gold.

Promos To buy this jewel at the full, my wife I may thee make.

Cassandra For unsure hope, that peerless pearl I never will forsake.

Promos [*To himself*] These suits seems strange at first I see, where modesty
 bears sway,
 I therefore will set down my will, & for her answer stay. –

Fair *Cassandra*, the jewel of my joy,
 How so in show my tale seems strange to thee,
 The same well weigh'd, thou need'st not be so coy.
 Yet for to give thee respite to agree,
 I will two days hope still of thy consent,
 Which if thou grant (to clear my clouds of care)
 Cloth'd like a Page (suspect for to prevent)
 Unto my Court, some night, sweet wench repair.
 Till then adieu; thou these my words in works perform'd shall find.

Exit

Cassandra Farewell my Lord, but in this suit you bootless waste your wind.
 O most unhappy, subject to every woe,
 What tongue can tell, what thought conceive, what pen thy grief
 can show?
 Whom to scourge, Nature, heaven & earth, do heaps of thrall ordain,
 Whose words in waste, whose works are lost, whose wishes are in vain.
 That which to others comfort yields, doth cause my heavy cheer.
 I mean my beauty breeds my bale, which many hold so dear.
 I would to God that kind elsewhere bestowed had this blaze,
 My virtues then had wrought regard, my shape now gives the gaze:
 This form so *Promos* fires with Love as wisdom can not quench
 His hot desire till he lust in *Venus* seas hath drencht.

At these words Ganio must be ready to speak

Scene 3

Ganio (Andrugio's boy), Cassandra

Ganio Mistress *Cassandra*, my Master longs to hear of your good speed.

Cassandra Poor *Ganio*, his death alas, fierce Fortune hath decreed.

Ganio His death! God forbid all his hope should turn to such success;
 For Gods sake go and comfort him, I sorrow his distress.

Cassandra I needs must go, although with heavy cheer.

Ganio Sir, your sister *Cassandra* is here.

Exit

Scene 4

Andrugio out of prison, Cassandra on the stage

Andrugio My *Cassandra*, what news? Good sister, show!

Cassandra All things conclude thy death, *Andrugio*.
 Prepare thyself, to hope it were in vain.

- Andrugio** My death, alas, what rais'd this new disdain?
- Cassandra** Not Justice zeal in wicked *Promos*, sure.
- Andrugio** Sweet, show the cause I must this doom endure?
- Cassandra** If thou dost live I must my honour lose.
Thy ransom is, to *Promos* fleshly will
That I do yield: than which I rather choose
With torments sharp myself he first should kill.
Thus am I bent, thou seest thy death at hand.
O would my life would satisfy his ire,
Cassandra then would cancel soon thy band.
- Andrugio** And may it be, a Judge of his account
Can spot his mind with lawless love or lust?
But more, may he doom any fault with death
When in such fault he finds himself unjust?
Sister, that wise men love we often see,
And where Love rules, 'gainst thorns doth reason spurn.
But who so loves, if he rejected be
His passing love to peevish hate will turn.
Dear sister then, note how my fortune stands:—
That *Promos* love, the like is oft in use:
And sith he crave this kindness at your hands,
Think this, if you his pleasure do refuse,
I in his rage (poor wretch) shall sing *Peccavi*.
Here are two evils, the best hard to digest.
But where as things are driven unto necessity,
There are we bid of both evils choose the least.
- Cassandra** And of these evils the least I hold is death,
To shun whose dart we can no mean devise.
Yet honour lives when death hath done his worst,
Thus fame than life is of far more emprise.
- Andrugio** Nay *Cassandra*, if thou thyself submit,
To save my life, to *Promos* fleshly will,
Justice will say thou dost no crime commit,
For in forc'd faults is no intent of ill.
- Cassandra** How so th'intent is construed in offence,
The Proverb says, that ten good turns lie dead,
And one ill deed, ten times beyond pretence,
By envious tongues report abroad doth spread.
Andrugio, so my fame shall valu'd be,
Despite will blaze my crime, but not the cause;
And thus although I fain would set thee free,
Poor wench, I fear the gripe of slander's paws.

Andrugio Nay sweet sister, more slander would infame
 Your spotless life, to reave your brother's breath
 When you have power for to enlarge the same.
 Once in your hands doth lie my life and death.
 Weigh that I am, the selfsame flesh you are,
 Think I once gone, our house will go to wrack.
 Know forced faults, for slander need not care.
 Look you for blame if I quail⁹ through your lack.
 Consider well my great extremity.
 If otherwise this doom I could revoke,
 I would not spare, for any jeopardy,
 To free thee, wench, from this same heavy yoke.
 But ah I see, else no way saves my life.
 And yet his hope may further thy consent;
 He said, he may perchance make thee his wife,
 And t'is likely, he can not be content
 With one nights joy. If love he after seeks,
 And I discharg'd, if thou aloof then be,
 Before he lose thyself, that so he leeks,
 No doubt but he to marriage will agree.

Cassandra [*To herself*] And shall I stick to stoop to *Promos'* will,
 Since my brother enjoyeth life thereby?
 No, although it doth my credit kill,
 Ere that he should, myself would choose to die.
 – My *Andrugio*, take comfort in distress,
Cassandra is won, thy ransom great to pay.
 Such care she hath thy thralldom to release
 As she consents her honour for to slay.
 Farewell, I must my virgin's weeds forsake:
 And like a page to *Promos* lewd repair.

Exit

Andrugio My good sister, to God I thee betake,
 To whom I pray that comfort change thy care.

Scene 5

Phallax alone

Phallax Tis more than strange to see Lord *Promos'* plight,
 He frisks about as birds were in his breech.
 Even now he seems (through hope) to taste delight,
 And straight (through fear) where he claws it doth not itch.
 He museth now, straight ways the man doth sing –

⁹ *Am killed.*

A sight in sooth, unseemly for his age.
 He longing looks, when any news shall bring
 To speak with him without there waits a page.
 O worthy wit (fit for a *Judge's* head)
 Unto a man to change a shiftless maid.
 Wink not on me, twas his, and not my deed:
 His, nay, his rule, this *Metamorphos* made,
 But *Holla* tongue, no more of this I pray,
*Non bonus est, ludere cum sanctis.*¹⁰
 The quietest and the thriftiest course they say
 Is not to check, but praise great men's amiss.
 I find it true, for soothing *Promos* vain,
 None like myself, is like in his conceit.
 While favour last, then good, I fish for gain
 (For Grace will not bite always at my bait)
 And as I wish, at hand, good Fortune, see.
 Here comes *Rapax*, and *Gripax*, but what's this,
 As good as fair handsell,¹¹ God grant it be:
 The knaves bring a Woman, *Coram nobis.*¹²

Scene 6

Phallax, Gripax, Rapax, a Beadle and one with a brown bill, bring in Lamia, and Rosko her man

Lamia Tear not my clothes my friends, they cost more then you are aware.
Beadle Tush, soon you shall have a blue gown, for these take you no care.
Rosko If she took thy offer, poor knave, thy wife would starve with cold.
Gripax Well sir, whipping shall keep you warm.
Phallax What means these knaves to scold?
Rapax Maister *Phallax*, we find you in good time,
 A *Woman* here, we have brought afore you:
 One to be charg'd with many a wanton crime,
 Which trial will with proof enough find true.
 A knave of hers, we have stayed likewise,
 Both to be us'd as you shall us advise.
Phallax What call you her name?
Rapax *Lamia.*

¹⁰ 'It is not good to jest at sacred things'.

¹¹ Lucky gift.

¹² Into our presence.

- Phallax** Faire Dame, hereto who do you say?
- Lamia** Worshipful Sir, myself I happy reake,
With patience that my answer you will hear:
These naughty men these words on malice speak,
And for this cause:—ill will to me they bear.
I scorn'd to keep; their minds with money play,
I mean to keep my life from open shame,
Yea, if I liv'd as lewdly as they say.
But I that knew myself unworthy blame,
Shrunk not to come unto my trial now.
My tale is told, conceive as liketh you.
- Phallax** My friends, what proof have you against this dame?
Speak on sure ground, lest that you reap the shame:
The wrong is great, and craves great recompense,
To touch her honest name without offence.
- Gripax** All Julio, sir, doth ring of her lewd life.
- Bill** Indeed she is known for an idle huswife.
- Rosko** He lies, she is occupied day and night.
- Phallax** To swear against her is there any wight?
- Rapax** No, not present, but if you do detain her,
There will be found by oath some that will stain her.
- Phallax** I see she is then on suspicion stay'd,
Whose faults to search upon my charge is laid.
From charge of her I therefore will set you free.
Myself will search her faults if any be.
A God's name you may depart.
- 2 or 3** God b'w'you, sir.
- Gripax** In such shares as this henceforth I will begin,
For all is his, in his claws that commeth in.
- Exeunt all but Phallax, Lamia & Rosko*
- Phallax** Fair *Lamia*, since that we are alone,
I plainly will discourse to you my mind.
I think you not to be so chaste a one,
As that your life this favour ought to find:
No force for that, since that you scot free go,
Unpunished, whose life is judged ill.
Yet think (through love) this grace the Judge doth show,
And love with love ought to be answered still.
- LAMIA** Indeed I grant (although I could reprove

Their lewd complaints with goodness of my life)
 Your courtesy, your debtor doth me prove,
 In that you took (my honest fame in strife)
 My answer for discharge of their report.
 For which good turn, I at your pleasure rest,
 To work amends in any honest sort.

Phallax Away with honesty, your answer then in sooth
 Fits me as jump as a pudding a Friars mouth.

Rosko [*Aside*] He is a crafty child; dally, but do not.

Lamia Tush, I warrant thee, I am not so hot –
 Your words are too hard, sir, for me to conster.

Phallax Then to be short, your rare beauty my heart hath wounded so,
 As (save your love become my leech) I sure shall die with woe.

Lamia I see no sign of death in your face to appear,
 Tis but some usual qualm you have, pitiful Dames to fear.

Phallax Fair *Lamia*, trust me I fain not, betimes bestow some grace.

Lamia Well, I admit it so, only to argue in your case,
 I am married, so that to set your love on me were vain.

Phallax It sufficeth me, that I may your secret friend remain.

Rosko A holy Hood makes not a Friar devout,
 He will play at small game, or he sit out.

Lamia Though for pleasure, or to prove me, these proffers you do move,
 You are too wise, to hazard life upon my yielding love.
 The man is pain'd with present death, that useth wanton pleasure.

Phallax To scape such pain, wise men, these joys without suspect can measure.
 Furthermore, I have been (my Girl) a Lawyer too too long,
 If at a pinch I cannot wrest the Law from right to wrong.

Lamia If law you do profess, I gladly crave
 In a cause or two your advice to have.

Phallax To resolve you, you shall command my skill,
 Wherefore like friends, lets common in good will.

Lamia You are a merry man, but leave to jest.
 Tomorrow night, if you will be my guest
 At my poor house, you shall my causes know,
 For good cause which I mean not here to show.

Phallax Willingly, and for that haste calls me hence.
 My suit till then shall remain in suspense:
 Farewell Client, tomorrow look for me.

Exit

Lamia Your good welcome, Sir, your best cheer will be.

Rosko I told you earst, the nature of *Phallax*,
Money, or fair Women, works him as wax:
And yet I must commend your sober cheer.
You told your tale as if a Saint you were.

Lamia Well (in secret be it said) how so I seem'd divine,
I feared once a blew gown would have been my shrine.
But now that pain is fled, and pleasure keeps his hold,
I know that *Phallax* will my Fame henceforth uphold.
To entertain which guest I will some dainty cheer prepare,
Yet ere I go, in pleasant Song I mean to purge my care.

The Song

*Adieu poor care, adieu.
Go, cloy some helpless wretch:
My life, to make me rue,
Thy forces do not stretch.
Thy harbour is the heart
Whom wrong hath wrapt in woe:
But wrong doth take my part,
With cloak of right in show.
My faults inquiry scape.
At them the Judges wink:
Those for my fall that gape,
To show my lewdness shrink.
Then silly care go pack,
Thou art no guest for me:
I have, and have no lack.
And lack is shrowd for thee.*

Exeunt

Scene 7

Cassandra, apparelled like a Page

Cassandra Unhappy wretch, I blush myself to see
Apparell'd thus monstrous to my kind:
But oh, my weeds will with my fault agree,
When I have pleas'd lewd *Promos'* fleshly mind.
What shall I do, go proffer what he sought?
Or on more suit shall I give my consent?
The best is sure, since this must needs be wrought.
I go, and show need makes me to his bent.
My floods of tears from true intent which flow,
May quench his lust or ope his muffled eyen,

To see that I deserve to be his wife,
 Though now constrain'd to be his Concubine.
 But so or no, I must the venter give.
 No danger fears the wight prick'd forth by need;
 And thus like one more glad to die then live,
 I foreward set. God grant me well to speed.

Exit

Act 4

Scene 1

Dalia, Lamias' Maid, going to market

Dalia With my Mistress the world is changed well,
 She fear'd of late of whipping cheer to smell.
 And now again both gallant, fresh and gay,
 Who in *Julio* flaunts it out like *Lamia* ?
 A lucky friend (yea, one that beareth sway)
 Is now become a prop, of such a stay
 To her good name, as who is he dare say
 That *Lamia* doth offend, now any way?
 This her good friend, will be her guest this night,
 And that he may in his welcome delight
 To market I, in haste, am sent to buy
 The best chear that I fasten on my eye.

Exit

Scene 2

Promos alone

Promos By proof I find no reason cools desire.
Cassandra's suit sufficed to remove
 My lewd request, but contrary, the fire
 Her tears inflam'd, of lust and filthy Love.
 And having thus the conquest in my hands,
 No prayer serv'd to work restraint in me:
 But needs I would untie the precious bands
 Of this fair Dame's spotless Virginity.
 The spoil was sweet, and won even as I would,
 And yet ungain'd, till I had given my troth
 To marry her, and that her brother should
 Be free from death, all which I bound with oath.
 It resteth now (unless I wrong her much)

I keep my vow: and shall *Andrugio* live?
 Such grace would me with unindifferency touch.
 To pardon him that did commit a Rape,
 To set him free, I to *Cassandra* sware;
 But no man else is privy to the same,
 And rage of Love for thousand oaths nill spare
 More than are kept when gotten is the game.
 Well, what I said, then Lover-like I said:
 Now reason says, unto thy credit look,
 And having well the circumstances weigh'd,
 I find I must unswear the oath I took.
 But double wrong I so should do *Cassandra*.
 No force for that, my might commandeth right.
 Her privy maim her open cries will stay,
 Or if not so, my frowning will her fright
 And thus shall rule conceal my filthy deed.
 Now forthwith I will to the Gaoler send
 That secretly *Andrugio* he behead,
 Whose head he shall with these same words commend:—
 To *Cassandra*, as *Promos* promis'd thee.
 From prison, lo, he sends thy Brother free.

Scene 3

Cassandra

Cassandra Fain would I wretch conceal the spoil of my virginity,
 But O my guilt doth make me blush, chaste virgins here to see.
 I monster now, no maid nor wife, have stoop'd to *Promos'* lust.
 The cause was, neither suit nor tears could quench his wanton thirst.
 What cloak will 'scuse my crime? Myself, my conscience doth accuse
 And shall *Cassandra* now be term'd, in common speech, a stew's?
 Shall she, whose virtues bare the bell, be call'd a vicious dame?
 O cruel death, nay hell to her, that was constrain'd to shame!
 Alas, few will give forth I sinn'd, to save my brother's life:
 And faintly I through *Promos* oaths do hope to be his wife.
 For lovers fear not how they swear, to win a Lady fair,
 And having won what they did wish, for oaths nor Lady care.
 But be he just or no, I joy *Andrugio* yet shall live.—
 But ah, I see a sight that doth my heart asunder rive.

Scene 4

Gaoler, with a dead man's head in a charger, Cassandra

Gaoler [Aside] This present will be gall, I know, to fair *Cassandra*,

Yet if she knew as much as I, most sweet I dare well say.
In good tyme, see where she doth come, to whom my errand is.

Cassandra Alas, his hasty pace to me shows somewhat is amiss.

Gaoler Fair *Cassandra*, my Lord *Promos* commends him unto thee
To keep his word, who says from prison he sends thy brother free.

Cassandra Is my *Andrugio* done to death? Fie, fie, O faithless trust!

Gaoler Be quiet Lady, law found his fault; then was his judgement just.

Cassandra Well, my good friend, show *Promos* this, since law hath done this deed
I thank him that he would vouchsafe on me my brother's head,
Lo this is all, now give me leave to rue his loss alone.

Gaoler I will perform your will, and wish you cease your moan.

Cassandra Farewell.

Gaoler *[Aside]* I sure had shoven what I had done, her tears I pittied so,
But that I weigh'd that women seld do die with grief and woe,
And it behoves me to be secret or else my neck verse con.¹³
Well now to pack my dead man hence, it is high time I run.

Cassandra Is he past sight, then have I time to wail my woes alone.
Andrugio, let me kiss thy lips, yet ere I fall to moan.
O would that I could waste to tears, to wash this bloody face,
Which fortune far beyond desert hath follow'd with disgrace.
O *Promos* false and most unkind, both spoil'd of love and ruth,
O *Promos* thou dost wound my heart, to think on thy untruth,
Whose plighted faith is turn'd to fraud, & words to works unjust.
Why do I live, unhappy wench, sith treason 'quites my trust?
O death divorce me wretch at once, from this same worldly life.
But why do I not slay myself for to appease this strife?
Perhaps within this womb of mine another *Promos* is.
I so by death shall be aveng'd of him in murthring his,
And ere I am assur'd that I have reveng'd this deed,
Shall I dispatch my loathed life? That haste were more then speed.
So *Promos* would triumph that none his tyranny should know.
No, no, this wicked fact of his so slightly shall not go.
The king is just and merciful, he doth both hear and see,
See men's deserts, hear their complaints, to judge with equity.
My woeful case with speed I will unto his grace address,
And from the first unto the last the truth I will confess.
So *Promos*, thou by that same law shalt lose thy bated breath,
Through breach wherof thou didst condemn *Andrugio* unto death.
So doing yet, the world will say I broke *Diana's* laws,

¹³ He could save his neck by claiming benefit of clergy if he can quote Latin scripture.

But what of that? No shame is mine when truth hath shown my cause:
I am resolv'd, the King shall know of *Promos'* injury.
Yet ere I go, my brother's head I will engraved see.

Exit

Scene 5

Gaoler, Andrugio

Gaoler *Andrugio*, as you love our lives, forthwith post you away.
For God's sake, to no living friend your safety yet bewray:
The proverb saith, two may keep counsel if that one be gone.

Andrugio Assure thyself most faithful friend, I will be known to none:
To none alas! I see my scape yields me but small relief.
Cassandra, and *Polina* will destroy themselves with grief
Through thought that I am dead. They dead, to live what helpeth me?

Gaoler Leave off these complaints of small avail, thank God that you are free.
For God it was within my mind that did your safety move,
And that same God, no doubt will work for your and their behave.

Andrugio Most faithful friend, I hope that God will work as you do say.
And therefore to some place unknown I will myself convey.
Gaoler, farewell: for thy good deed I must remain thy debtor.
In meanwhile yet receive this gift, till fortune sends a better:

Gaoler God b'w'y, sir, but keep your money, your need you do not know.

Andrugio I pass not now for fortune's threats, yea though her force she show.
And therefore stick not to receive this small reward in part.

Gaoler I will not sure; such proffers leave, tis time you do depart.

Andrugio Since so thou wilt, I will be gone; adieu till fortune smile.

Exit

Gaoler Sir, fare you well, I will not fail to pray for you the while.
Well, I am glad that I have sent him gone,
For by my faith, I liv'd in parlous fear.
And yet God wot, to see his bitter moan
When he should die, would force a man forbear
From harming him, if pity might bear sway.
But see how God hath wrought for his safety:—
A dead man's head, that suffered th'other day,
Makes him thought dead throughout the city.
Such a just, good and righteous God is he.
Although awhile he let the wicked reign,
Yet he relieves the wretch in misery,
And in his pride he throws the tyrant down.
I use these words upon this only thought,

That *Promos* long his rod cannot escape,
 Who hath in thought a wilful murder wrought,
 Who hath in act perform'd a wicked rape.
 God's will be done, who well *Andrugio* speed!
 Once well, I hope to hear of his good luck,
 For God thou know'st my conscience did this deed,
 And no desire of any worldly muck.

Exit

Scene 6

Dalia from Market

Dalia In good sweet sooth, I fear I shall be shent,
 It is so long since I to market went,
 But trust me, willdfowl are such costly gear,
 Specially woodcocks, out of reason dear,
 That this hour I have the market bett,
 To drive a bargain to my most profit.
 And in the end I chanc'd to light on one,
 Hit me as pat as a pudding *Pope Jone*.
 Other market maids pay down for their meat,
 But that I have bought, on my score is set.
 Well fare credit when money runneth low!
 Marry yet, Butchers, the which do credit so
 As much good meat as they kill, may perchance
 Be glad and fain at herring heads to dance.
 What force i' that? Every man shift for one,
 For if I starve, let none my fortune moan.

She fains to goe out

Scene 7

Grimball, Dalia, both with a basket

Grimball Soft *Dalia*, a word with you I pray.
Dalia What friend *Grimball*, welcome as I may say.
Grimball Sayst thou me so, then kiss me for acquaintance.
Dalia If I like your manhood, I may do so perchance.

She fains to look in his basket

Grimball Bate me an ase, quoth *Boulton*, Tush, your mind I know:
 Ah sir, you would, belike, let my Cock Sparrows go.

Dalia I warrant thee, *Grimball*.

She takes out a white pudding

- Grimball** Lay off hands, *Dalia*.
You'd rob me, if that you got my Pudding away.
- Dalia** Nay good, sweet, honny *Grimball*, this Pudding give me.
- Grimball** Iche were as good gi't her, for she will hate, I see.
Well, my nown good heart root, I freely give thee this,
Upon condition that thou give me a kiss.
- Dalia** Nay, but first wash your lips with sweet water you shall.
- Grimball** Why ych was, right now, for my Pudding, 'honey sweet *Grimball*'.
Well *Dalia*, you will flout so long, till (though I say)
With kindness you will cast a proper handsome man away,
Wherefore soote Conny, even a lyttle spurt.
- Dalia** Lay off hands, Sir:
- Grimball** Good do not bite, for ych mean thee no hurt:
Come off Pyggesnie, prefarre me not a jote.
- Dalia** What would the good fool have?
- Grimball** Why, you woot what. Hearn in your ear.
- Dalia** You shall command, so proper a man ye are,
That for your sake, I will not stick to ware
A blue Cassock during my life forsooth,
Marry, for my sake I would be very loathe
So goodly a handsome man should lose his head.
- Grimball** Nay, for my head care not a Tinker's torde,
For so God judge me, and at one bare word
I'll lose my death, yea, and my great brown Cow,
I love you so filthily: lo ye now.
- Dalia** Thou sayest valiantly, now sing as well too:
And thou shalt quickly know what I mean to do.
- Grimball** Yes, by Gogs foot, to pleasure thee ych shall
Both sing, spring, fight and play, the dewl and all.
- Dalia** O lustily:
- The Song*
- Grimball** *Come smack me, come smack me, I long for a smouch,*
- Dalia** *Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthy fine slouch.*
- Grimball** Leard how I love thee!
- Dalia** This cannot move me.
- Grimball** Why pretty Pygsney, my heart, and my honny?
- Dalia** Because, goodman Hogsface, you woo without money.

Grimball I lack money, chy grant.

Dalia Then Grimball avant.

Grimball Cham young sweetheart, and feat, come kiss me for love.

Dalia Crokeshanke, your Jowle is too great such liking to move.

Grimball What mean you by this?

Dalia To leave thee, by gys.

Grimball *First smack me, first smack, I die for a smouch,*

Dalia *Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthy fine slouch.*

Exit

Grimball Dalia, art thou gone? what, wolt serve me so?
 O God, cham ready to raye myself for woe:
 Be valiant *Grimball*, kill thyself, man?
 Nay, bum Lady, I will not, by Saint *Anne*.
 Ich have heard my great Grandsire say:
 Maid will say nay and take it. And so she may,
 And therfore chyll to Mistress *Lamia*,
 With these Puddings and Cock Sparows, by and by:
 And in the dark again ych will her try.

Exit

Act 5

Scene 1

Phallax alone

Phallax I marvel much what worketh so my Lord *Promos'* unrest.
 He fares as if a thousand Devils were gnawing in his breast.
 There is sure some worm of grief, that doth his conscience nip,
 For since *Andrugio* lost his head he hath hung down the lip.
 And truth to say, his fault is such as well may grieve his mind,
 The Devil himself could not have us'd a practice more unkind.
 This is once, I love a woman, for my life, as well as he,
 But (fair dames) with her that loves me, I deal well, trust me.
 Well, leave I now my Lord *Promos*, his own deeds to answer.
Lamia, I know looks and double looks when I come to supper:
 I thought as much: see, to seek me, here comes her Aple squire.

Scene 2*Rosko, Phallax*

Rosko O that I could find Master *Phallax*, the meat burns at the fire.
And by your leave, *Andrugio's* death doth make my mistress sweat.

Phallax How now *Rosko*?

Rosko I'st you sir? My Mistress doth intreat
That with all speed your worship will come away to supper.
The meat and all is ready to set upon the board, sir.

Phallax Gramercy for thy pains, I was even coming to her.

Rosko You are the welcom'st man alive to her I know,
And trust me at your commandment remaineth poor *Rosko*.

Phallax It is honestly said, but now tell me,
What quality hast, that I may use thee!

Rosko I am a Barbour, and when you please, sir,
Call (and spare not) for a cast of rose water.

Phallax But hear me, canst thou heal a green wound well?

Rosko Yea, green and old.

Phallax Then thy best were to dwell
In some usual place or street, where, through frays,
Thou mayst be set a-work with wounds always.

Rosko I thank my Mistress, I have my hands full
To trim gentlemen of her acquaintance:
And I trust, Sir, if that your worship chance
To have need of my help, I shall earn your money
Afore another.

Phallax That thou shalt truly.
But sirrah, where dwells *Lamia*?

Rosko Even here, sir, enter I pray.

Phallax That I will, sure, if that my way be clear.

Rosko Yes sir, her doors be open all the year.

*Exeunt***Scene 3***Polina, (the maid that Andrugio lov'd) in a blue gown*

Polina *Polina* curst, what dame alive hath cause of grief like thee?
Who (won by love) hast yield the spoil of thy virginity?
And he for to repair thy fame, to marry thee, that vow'd,

Is done to death for first offence, the second mends not 'low'd.
 Great shame redounds to thee, O *Love*, in leaving us in thrall.
Andrugio and *Polina* both, in honouring thee did fall.
 Thou so didst witch our wits as we from reason strayed quite,
 Provok'd by thee we did refuse no vantage of delight.
 Delight, what did I say? Nay death, by rash and foul abuse,
 Alas I shame to tell thus much, though *Love* do work excuse.
 So that (fair dames) from such consent, my accidents of harm,
 Forewarneth you to keep aloof though *Love* your hearts do arm.
 But ah, *Polina*, whither runs thy words into advice,
 When others harms, inforst by love, could never make thee wise?
 The cause is plain, for that in love no reason stands in stead,
 And reason is the only mean that others harms we dread.
 Then that the world hereafter may to love inferr my ill,
Andrugio's tomb with daily tears *Polina* worship will.
 And further more I vow'd, whilst life in me doth foster breath,
 No one shall vaunt of conquer'd love by my *Andrugio's* death.
 These shameful weeds, which forst I wear that men my fault may know,
 Whilst that I live shall show I mourn for my *Andrugio*.
 I will not bide the sharp assaults from sugred words I sent,
 I will not trust to careless oaths which often win consent.
 I will cut off occasions all which hope of mirth may move,
 With ceaseless tears I'll quench each cause that kindleth coals of love:
 And thus till death *Polina* will estrange herself from joy,
Andrugio, to reward thy love which did thy life destroy.

Exit

Scene 4

Rosko alone

Rosko

Ah Sir, in faith, the case is alter'd quite.
 My mistress late that liv'd in wretched plight,
 Bids care adieu and every cause of woe.
 The fear is fled, which made her sorrow so,
 Master *Phallax* so underprops her fame,
 As none for life dare now her lewdness blame.
 I fear (nay hope) she hath bewitch'd him so,
 As half his bribes unto her share will go.
 No force for that; who others doth deceive,
 Deserves himself like measure to receive.
 Well, leave I *Lamia* for herself to pray,
 Better than I can show, who knows the way:
 It stands me on for my poor self to shift,
 And I have found a help at a dead lift:

My old friend *Grimball's* purse with pence is full,
 And if I empty it not, *Dalia* will.
 The slaving fool, what he can rap and rend,
 (He loves her so) upon the filth will spend.
 But by your leave, I'll bar her of this match;
 My net and all is set the fool to catch.
 Forsooth before his amorous suit he move,
 He must be trimm'd to make her more to love.
 And in good sooth, the world shall hardly fall,
 But that he shall be wash'd, trimm'd, shav'd and all.
 And see the luck, the fool is fast I know,
 In that with *Rowke* he doth so sadly go.

Scene 5

Grymball, Rowke, Rosko

- Grimball** God bores, as sayst, when somewhat handsome ch'am,
 I' faith she will come off for very shame.
- Rowke** Yea, without doubt, for I swear by saint *Anne*,
 Myself loves you, you are so clean a young man.
- Grimball** Nay, thou woulst say so, when my face is fair wash'd.
- Rosko** Good luck a God's name, the woodcock is masht.
- Rowke** And who Barbes ye, *Grimball*?
- Grimball** A dapper knave, one *Rosko*.
- Rosko** Well leatherface, we shall have you Asse ere you go.
- Rowke** I know him not, is he a deft barber?
- Grimball** O, yea, why he is Mistress *Lamia's* powler.
 And look sirrah, yen is the little knave.
 How dost *Rosko*?
- Rosko** Whope, my eyesight God save,
 What, old *Grimball* welcome, sit you down here.
 Boye!
- Boy** *[In the house]* Anon.
- Rosko** Bay leaves in warm water, quick, bring clean gear.
- Boy** Straight!
- Rowke** As thou sayd'st *Grymball*, this is a feat knave indeed.
- Rosko** How say, sir? Ointments for a scab do you need?
- Rowke** Scab, scurvy Jack, I'll set you a-work, sir.

- Grimball** Nay gogs foot, good now, no more of this stir.
- Rowke** I' faith Barber, I will pick your teeth straight.
- Rosko** Nay, to pick my purse I fear thou dost wait.
- Rowke** Yea, gogs heart.
- Grymball** Nay, gogs foot.
- Rosko** Now come, Ruffian ...
- Grimball** Leave, if you be men,
Heare ye me now! Be friends, and by my troth,
Ch'ill spend a whole quart of Ale on you both.
- Rosko** Well, masse, *Grimball*, I little thought I wus
You would a brought a knave to use me thus.
- Grimball** Why, knowest him not? Why, it is lustie *Rowke*.
- Rosko** A strong thief, I warrant him by his look.
- Rowke** Go to. Barber, no more, lest Copper you catch.
- Grimball** What? Wilt give thy nose away? beware that match,
For chy see no Copper, unless't be there.
- Boy brings water*
- Boy** Master, here is delicate water, & clean gear.
- Exit*
- Rosko** Well, to quiet my house, and for *Grimball's* sake.
If it pleaseth you, as friends we hands will shake.
- Grimball** I, I, do so.
- Rowke** And for his sake, I agree.
- Grimball** Well then, that we may drink, straight ways wash me.
- Rosko** Good sir, here's water as sweet as a Rose.
Now whiles I wash, your eyes hard you must close.
- Grimball** Thus?
- Rosko** Harder yet.
- Grimball** O, thus.
- Rosko** Yea marry, so.
How sirrah, you know what you have to do.
- Rowke cuts Grimball's purse*
- Rosko** Wink hard, *Grimball*.
- Grimball** Yes, yes, I shall.
- Rowke** Here's the toothpick, and all.
- Exit*

- Rosko** Depart then, till I call!
Very well, sir, your face is gaily clean,
Were your teeth now pick'd, you may kiss a queen!
- Grimball** Sayst thou me so? Good, now dispatch and away!
I even fart until I smouch *Dalia*.
- Rosko** O do you so? I am right glad you tell:
I else had thought, 'tad been your teeth did smell.
- Grimball** O Lord, gogs foot, you pick me to the quick.
- Rosko** Quiet yourself, your teeth are furr'd thick.
- Grimball** O, oh no more, O God, I spattell blood.
- Rosko** I have done, spit out, this doth you much good:
Boy!
- Boy** [*Within*] Anon.
- Rosko** Bring the drink in the porringer
To gargalis his teeth.
- Boy** [*Entering*] It is here, sir.
- Exit*
- Rosko** Wash your teeth with this, good maister *Grimball*.
- Grimball** I am poison'd, ah, it is bitter gall.
- Rosko** Eat these Comfits, to sweeten your mouth with all.
- Grimball** Yea, marry sir, these are gay sugred gear.
- Rosko** Their sweetness straight will make you stink I fear.
- Grimball** Well now, what must I pay, that chy were gone?
- Rosko** What you will.
- Grimball** Sayest me so? O cham undone.
- Rosko** How now *Grimball*?
- Grimball** O Leard, my Purse is cut.
- Rosko** When? Where?
- Grimball** Now, here.
- Rosko** Boy, let the door be shut. If it be here, we will straight ways see.
Where's he that came with you?
- Grimball** I cannot tell.
- Rosko** What is he?
- Grimball** I know not.
- Rosko** Where doth he dwell?

Grimball O Leard, I ken not, I.

Rosko You have done well.
This knave your pence in his pocket hath purs'd.
Let's seek him out.

Grimball Nay hark, I must needs first—
Learde, Learde, cham sick, my belly akes too, too!

Rosko Thou lookst ill; well, I'll tell thee what to do:
Since thou art so sick, straight ways get thee home.
To find this Jack, myself abroad will roam,
The rather for that he play'd the knave with me.

Grimball Cham sick indeed, and therefore ych thank thee:

Rosko I see sometime the blind man hits a Crow,
He may thank me that he is plagued so.

Grimball Well, well, *Dalia*, the Love ych bare to thee,
Hath made me sick, and pick'd my purse from me.

Exit

Rosko Ah, is he gone? A fool company him,
In good soothe Sir, this match fadg'd trim.
Well, I will trudge to find my fellow *Rowke*,
To share the price that my device hath took.

Exit

Scene 6

Cassandra, in black

Cassandra The heavy charge that Nature binds me to
I have perform'd; engrav'd my Brother is:
O would to God (to ease my ceaseless woe)
My wretched bones entombed were with his!
But O in vain this bootless wish I use,
Poor I must live in sorrow, join'd with shame.
And shall he live that did us both abuse,
And quench through rule the coals of just revenge?
O no, I will now hie me to the King,
To whom I will recount my wretched state,
Lewd *Promos* rape, my Brothers death and all.
And (though with shame I may this tale relate)
To prove that force enforced me to fall,
When I have shown Lord *Promos'* foul misdeeds,
This knife forthwith shall end my woe and shame.
My gored heart, which at his feet then bleeds,
To scourge his faults the King will more inflame
In deeds to do, that I in words pretend.

I now advise my journey to the King:
Yet ere I go, as Swans sing at their end,
In solemn song I mean my knell to ring.

Cassandra's Song

*Sith fortune thwart doth cross my joys with care,
Sith that my bliss is chang'd to bale by fate:
Sith froward chance my days in woe doth wear.
Sith I alas, must moan without a mate,
I wretch have vow'd to sing both day and night.
O sorrow slay all motions of delight.
Come griesly grief, torment this heart of mine,
Come deep despair, and stop my loathed breath.
Come wretched woe my thought of hope to pine,
Come cruel care, prefer my suit to death.
Death, end my woe, which sing both day and night,
O sorrow slay all motions of delight.*

Exit

FINIS