

Author: Anonymous

Text type: Drama

Date of composition: c 1591

Editions: 1605, 1664, 1673, 1684, 1685, 1709, 1714, 1731, 1734, 1780, 1785, 1786, 1810, 1838, 1848, 1852, 1854, 1855, 1859, 1869, 1870, 1873, 1875, 1893, 1899, 1900, 1903, 1904, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1913, 1914, 1929, 1945, 1947, 1958, 1970, 1971, 1975, 1982, 1994, 1995, 1999, 2000, 2004, 2010, 2011, 2013.

Source text:

Anonymous. 1605. *The London Prodigall. As it was plaide by the Kings Maiesties Seruants.* London: Printed by T.C. for Nathaniel Butter. 1910. London: Issued to subscribers by the editor of the Tudor Facsimile Texts.

e-text

Access and transcription: July 2014

Number of words: 17,006

Dialect represented: Devonshire

Produced by Maria F. Garcia-Bermejo Giner

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STVDII
SALAMANTIINI

—
THE
LONDON
Prodigall.

As it was plaide by the Kings Maie-
sties seruants.

By *W*iliam Shakespeare.

LONDON.
Printed by T. C. for *Nathaniel Butter*, and
are to be sold neere *S. Austins* gate,
at the signe of the pyde Bull.

1605.

[1]

THE LONDON
Prodigall.

Enter old Flowerdale and his brother.

Fath.

Brother, from *Venice*, being thus disguisde,
I come to proue the humours of my sonne:
How hath he borne himself since my departure,
I leauing you his patrone and his guide?

Vnck.

Ifaith, brother, so as you will grieue to hear,
And I almost ashamde to report it.

Fath.

Why how ist, brother? what doth he spend
Beyond the allowance I left him?

Vnck.

How! beyond that? and farre more: why, your exhibition is nothing, hee hath spent that, and since hath borrowed, protested with oathes, alledged kindred to wring mony from me, by the loue I bore his father, by the fortunes might fall vpon himself, to furnish his wants: that done, I haue had since, his bond, his friend and friends bond, altho I knowe that hee spends is yours; yet it grieues me to see the vnbridled wildnes that raines over him.

Fath.

Brother, what is the manner of his life? how is the name of his offences? if they do not rellish altogether of damnation, his youth may priuiledge his wantonnesse: I my selfe ran an vnbridled course till thirtie, nay almost till fortir; well, you see how I am: for vice once looked into with the eies of discretion, and well balanced with the waites of reason, the course past, seemes so abominable, that the Landlord of himself, which is the heart of his body, will rather intombe himselfe

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in the earth, or seek a new Tenānt to remaine in him, which once settled, how much better are they that in their youth haue knowne all these vices, and left it, then those that knewe little, and in their age runnes into it? Beleeve me brother, they that dye most vertuous, hath in their youth, liued most vicious, and none knowes the danger of the fire, more then he that falles into it: But say, how is the course of his life? lets heare his particulars.

Vnck.

Why Ile tell you, brother, hee is a continual swearer, And a breaker of his oathes, which is bad.

Fath.

I grant indeed to swears is bad, but not in keeping those oathes is better: for who will set by a bad thing?

Nay by my faith, I hold this rather a vertue then a vice, Well, I pray proceed.

Vnck.

He is a mighty brawler, and comes commonly by the worst.

Fath.

By my faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he Brawle and be beaten for it, it wil in time make him shunne it: For what brings a man or child, more to vertue, then correctiō? What raignes over him else?

Vnck.

He is a great drinker, and one that will forget himselfe.

Fath.

O best of all, vice should be forgotten: let him drink on,

So he drink not Churches.

Nay and this be the worst, I hold it rather a happines in him, Then any iniquity. Hath he any more attendants?

Vnck.

Brother, he is one that will borrow of any man.

Fath.

Why you see so doth the sea, it borrowes of all the small Currents in the world, to encrease himselfe.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Vnck.

I, but the sea paies it again, and so will neuer your son.

Fath.

No more would the sea neither, if it were as dry as my sonne.

Vnck.

Then, brother, I see you rather like these vices in your sonne,

Then any way condemne them.

Fath.

Nay mistake me not, brother, for though I slur them over now,

As things slight and nothing, his crimes being in the budde,

It would gall my heart, they should euer raigne in him.

Flow.

Ho! who's within ho?

Flowerdale knocks within.

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Vnck.

That's your sonne, hee is come to borrowe more money.

Fath.

For Godsake giue it out I am dead, see how hele take it,

Say I haue brought you newes from his father.

I haue here drawne a formal will, as it were from my selfe,

Which Ile deliuer him.

Vnck.

Goe too, brother, no more: I will.

Flow.

Vnkle, where are you, Vnckle?

within.

Vnck.

Let my couswn in there.

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Fath.

I am a Sayler come from *Venice*, and my name is *Christopher*.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow.

By the Lord, in truth Vnkle.

Vnck.

In truth would a serv'd, cousen, without the Lord.

Flow.

By your leaue, Vnkle, the Lord is the Lord of truth.

A couple of rascalles at the gate, set vpon me for my purse.

Vnck.

You neuer come, but you bring a brawle in your mouth.

Flow.

By my truth, Vnkle, you must needes lend me tenne
(pound.

Vnck.

Giue my cousen some small beere here.

Flow.

Nay looke you, you turne it to a iest now, bythis light,

I should ryde to *Croydon* fayre, to meete Syr *Lancelot Spurrock*,

I should haue his daughter *Luce*, and for scuruy

Tenne pound, a man shall loose nine hundred three-score and odde pounds, and a
daily friend beside, by this hande, Vnkle, 'tis true.

Vnck.

Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow.

To see now: why you shall haue my bond Unckle, or *Tom Whites*, *Iames Brocks*: or
Nick Halls, as good rapyer and dagger men, as any be in *England*, lets be damn'd if
wee do not pay you, the worst of vs all will not damne our selues for ten pound. A
pox of ten pound.

Vnck.

Cousen, this is not the first time I haue belieeu'd you.

Flow.

Why trust me now, you know not what may fall:
If one thing were but true, I would not greatly care,

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I should not neede ten pound, but when a man cannot be beleue'd, ther's it.

Vnck.

Why what is it, cousen?

Flow.

Marry this Vnkle, can you tell me if the Katernhue be come home or no?

Vnck.

I marry ist.

Flow.

By God I thanke you for that newes.

What ist in the pool can you tell?

Vnck.

It is; what of that?

Flow.

What? why then I haue six peeces of vellet sent me
Ile giue you a peece, Vnckle: for thus said the letter,
A peece of Ashcolour, a three-pilde black, a colourde deroy,
A crimson, a sad greene, and a purple: yes yfaith.

Vnck.

From whom should you receive this?

Flow.

From who? why from my father? with commendations to you, Vnkle, and thus he writes: I know, saith he, thou hast much troubled thy kind Unkle, whom God-willing at my return I will see amply satisfied; Amply, I remember was the very word; so God help me.

Vnck.

Haue you the letter here?

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Flo. Yes I haue the letter here, here is the letter: no, yes, no, let me see, what breechs wore I a Satterday: let mesee, a Tuesday, my Calymanka, a Wednesday, my peach colour Sattin, a Thursday my Vellure, a Friday my Callymanka again, a Satterday, let me see, a Satterday, for in those breeches I wore a Satterday is the letter: O my ryding breeches, Ankle, those that you thought had bene vellet, In those very breeches is the letter.

Vnck.

When should it be dated?

Flow.

Mary *Didicimo tersios Septembris*, no, no, *trydissimo tertios Octobris*, I *Octobris*, so it is.

Vnck.

Dicditimo tersios Octobris: and here receive I a letter that your father dyed in *Iune*: how say you, *Kester*?

Fath.

Yes truly, Syr, your father is dead, these hands of mine holpe to winde him.

Flow.

Dead?

Fath.

I, Syr, dead.

Flow.

'Sblood, how should my father come dead?

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Fath.

Yfaith Syr, according to the old Prouerbe,
The child was borne: and cryed, became man,
After fell sicke, and dyed.

Vnck.

Nay, cousen, doe not take it so heuily.

Flow.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Nay I cannot weep you extempory, mary some two or three dayes hence, I shall weep without any stinced. But I hope he dyed in good memory.

Fath.

Very well, Syr, and set downe euery thing in good order,
And the Katherine and Hue you talkt of, I came ouer in;
And I saw all the bills of lading, and the vellet
That you talkt of, there is no such aboard.

Flo. By God I assure you, then there is knauery abroad.

Fath.

Ile be sworne of that: ther's knauery abroad,
Altho there were neuer a peece of vellet in *Venice*.

Flow.

I hope he dyed in good estate.

Fath.

To the report of the world he did, and made his will,
Of which I am an vnworthy bearer.

Flow.

His will, haue you his will?

Fath.

Yes, syr, and in the presence of your Vnkle,
I was willed to deliuer it.

Vnck.

I hope, cousen, now God hath blessed you with wealth, you will not be vnmindfull of me.

Flow.

Ile doe reason, Vnkle, yet yfaith I take the deniall of this tenne pound very hardly.

Vnck.

Nay I denyd you not.

Flow. r

By God you denide me directly.

Vnck.

Ile be iudge by this good-fellowe.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Fath.

Not directly, syr.

Flow.

Why he said he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct denyall, if the old phrase hold:

Well, Vnkle, come weelee fall to the Legasies,

In the name of God, Amen.

Item, I bequeath to my brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred pounds, to pay such trivial debts as I owe in *London*.

Item, to my son *Mat Flowerdale*, I bequeath two bayle of false dice, *Videlliced*, high men and loe men, fullomes, stop cater traies, and other bones of function.

Flow.

'Sbloud what doth he meane by this?

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Vnck.

Proceed, Cousen.

Flow.

These precepts I leaue him, let him borrow of his oath,

For of his word no body will trust him.

Let him by no means marry an honest woman,

For the other will keep her selfe.

Let him steale as much as he can, that a guilty conscience

May bring him to this destinate repentance,

I thinke he meanes hanging. And this were his last will and Testament, the Diuell stood laughing at his beddes feete while he made it. Sblood, what doth hee thinke to fop off his posterity with Paradoxes.

Fath.

This he made, syr, with his owne hands.

Flow.

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I, well, nay come, good Vnkle, let me haue this ten pound, Imagine you haue lost it, or robd of it, or misreckond yourselfe so much: any way to make it come easily off, good Vnkle.

Vnck.

Not a penny.

Fath.

Yfaith lend it him, syr, I my selfe haue an estate in the City worth twenty pound, all that Ile ingage for him, he saith it concerns him in a marriage.

Flow.

I marry doth it, this is a fellow of some sense, this: Come, good Vnkle.

Vnck.

Will you giue your word for it, Kester?

Fath.

I will, syr, willingly.

Vnck.

Well, cousen, come to me some hower hence, you shall haue it readie.

Flow.

Shall I not faile?

Vnck.

You shall not, come or send.

Flow.

Nay ile come my selfe.

Fath.

By my troath, would I were your worships man.

Flow.

What? wouldst thou serue?

Fath.

Very willingly, Syr.

Flow.

Why ile tell thee what thou shalt doe, thou saith thou hast twentie pound, goe into *Burchin Lane*, put thy selfe into cloathes, thou shalt ride with me to *Croyden* fayre.

Fath.

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I thanke you syr, I will attend you.

Flow.

Well, Vnkle, you will not faile me an hower hence?

Vnck.

I will not, cousen.

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Flow.

What's thy name, *Kester*?

Fath.

I, syr.

Flo. Well, prouide thy selfe: Vnkle, farewell till anon.

Exit Flowerdale.

Vnck.

Brother, how doe you like your sonne?

Fath.

Yfaith brother, like a mad vnbridled colt,
Or as a Hawke, that neuer stoop'd to lure:
The one must be tamde with an yron byt,
The other must be watched, or still she is wilde,
Such is my sonne, awhile let him be so;
For counsell still is follies deadly foe.

Ile serue his youth, for youth must haue his course,

For being restrainde, it makes him ten times worse:

His pride, his ryot, all that may be named,

Time may recall, and all his madnesse tamed

Enter Syr Launcelot, Maister Weathercocke, Daffidill,

Artichoake, Luce, and Francke.

Lance. Syrrha *Artichoake*, get you home before,

And as you proued your self a calfe in bying,

Drive home your fellow calves that you haue bought.

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Arty. Yes forsooth, shall not my fellow *Daffidill* go along with me.

Lance. No, syr, no, I must haue one to wait on me.

Arty. *Daffidill*, farewell, good fellow *Daffidill*,

You may see, mistressee, I am set up by the halues,

Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to driue home calues.

Lance. Ifaith *Francke*, I must turne away this *Daffidill*,

Hees growne a very foolish sawcie fellow.

Fran. Indeed law father, he was so since I had him:

Before he was wise enough, for a foolish seruing-man.

Wea. But what say you to me syr *Lancelot*?

Lance. O, about my daughters, wel I will goe forward,

Heers two of them, God saue them: but the third,

O shees a stranger in her course of life,

Shee hath refused you, Maister *Weathercock*.

Wea. I by the Rood syr *Lancelot*, that she hath,

But had she tride me, she should a found a man of me indeed.

Lance. Nay be not angry syr, at her deniall,

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Shee hath refus'de seauen of the worshipfulst and worthyest hous-keepers this day in

Kent:

Indeed she will not marry I suppose.

Wea. The more foole she.

Lance. What is it folly to loue Charitie?

Wea. No mistake me not, syr *Lancelot*,

But tis an old prouerbe, and you know it well,

That women dying maides, lead apes in hell.

Lance. Thats a foolish prouerbe, and a false.

Wea. By the masse, I thinke it be, and therefore let it goe:

But who shall marry with mistresse *Frances*?

Fran. By my troath they are talking of marrying me sister.

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Luce. Peace, let them talke:

Fooles may haue leaue to prattle as they walke.

Daff. Sentesses still, sweet mistresse,

You haue a wit, and it were your Alliblaste.

Luce. Yfaith and thy tongue trips trench-more.

Lance. No of my knight-hood, not a shuter yet:

Alas God helpe her sillie girle, a foole, a verie foole:

But thers the other black-browes a shroad girle,

Shee hath wit at will, and shuters two or three:

Syr *Arthur Green-sheld* one, a gallant knight,

A valiant Souldier, but his power but poore.

Then thers young *Oliuer*, the *Deuen-shyre* lad,

A wary fellow, marry full of wit,

And rich by the rood, but thers a third all aire,

Light as a feather, changing as the wind: young *Flowerdale*.

Wea. O hee syr, hees a desperate dick indeed.

Bare him your house.

Lance. Fye, not so, hees of good parentage.

Wea. By my faie and so he is, and a proper man.

Lance. I proper enough, had he good qualities.

Wea. I marrie, thers the point, syr *Lancelot*:

For thers an old saying,

Be he rich, or be he poore,

Be he hye, or be he lowe:

Be he borne in barne or hall,

Tis maners makes the man and all.

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Lance. You are in the right, maister *Weathercock*.

Enter Mounsier Ciuet.

Ciuet. Soule, I thinke I am sure crossed,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Or witcht with an owle, I haue haunted them, Inne after Inne, booth after booth, yet cannot finde them; ha, yonder they are, thats she, I hope to God tis shee, nay I know tis shee now, for she treads her shooe a little awry.

Lance. Where is this Inne? we are past it, *Daffidill.*

Daff. The good signe is heere, syr, but the black gate is before.

Ciuet. Saue you, syr, I pray may I borrow a peece of a word with you?

Daff. No peeces, syr.

Civ. Why then the whole.

I pray, syr, what may yonder gentlewomen be?

Daff. They may be Ladies, syr, if the destinies and mortalitie worke.

Civ. Whats her name, syr.

Daff. Mistresse *Frances Spurcocke*, syr *Launcelots Spurcocke's* daughter.

Civ. Is she a maid syr?

Daff. You may aske *Pluto*, and dame *Proserpine* that:

I would be loth to be ridelled, syr.

Civ. Is she married I meane Syr?

Daff. The Fates knowes not yet what shooe-maker shall make her wedding shooes.

Civ. I pray where Inne you syr? I would be very glad to bestowe the wine of that gentlewoman.

Daff. At the *George* syr.

Civ. God saue you syr.

Daff. I pray your name syr?

Civ. My name is maister *Ciuet* syr.

Daff. A sweet name, God be with you, good maister *Ciuet.*

Exit Ciuet.

Lance. A, haue we spide you stout *S. George*?

For all your dragon, you had best selles good wine:

That needs no yuie-bush: well, weele not sit by it,

As you do on your horse, this room shall serue:

Drawer, let me haue sacke for vs old men:

For these girles and knaues small wines are best.

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A pinte of sacke, no more.

Draw. A quart of sack in the three Tunnes,

Lance. A pinte, draw but a pinte, *Daffidill*,

Call for wine to make your selues drinke.

Fran. And a cup of small beere, and a cake, good *Daffidill*.

Enter young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, fye, sit in the open roome, now good syr *Lancelot*, & my kind friend worshipfull Maister *Weathercock*.

What at your pinte, a quart for shame.

Lance. Nay Royster, by your leaue we will away.

Flow. Come, giues some Musickr, weele goe dance,

Begone syr *Lancelot*, what, and fayre day too?

Lance. Twere fowly done, to dance within the fayre.

Flow. Nay if you say so, fairest of all faires,

Then Ile not dance, a poxe vpon my tayler,

He hath spoiled me a peach colour satten shute,

Cut vpon cloathe of silver, but if euer the Rascall serue me such an other tricke, Ile giue him leaue yfaith, to put me in the calender of fooles and you, and you, syr *Lancelot*; and Maister *Weathercock*, my gold-smyth too on tother side, I bespoke thee, *Luce*, a carkenet of gold, and thought thou shouldst a had it for a fayring, and the Rogue puts me in rerages for Oryant Pearle: but thou shalt haue it by sunday night, wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Syr, here is one hath sent you a pottle of rennish wine, brewed with Rose-water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No syr to the knight; and desyres his more acquaintance.

Lance. To me? what's he that proues so kind?

Daff. I haue a tricke to know his name syr. He hath a moneths mind here to mistresse

Frances, his name Is maister *Ciuet*.

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Lance. Call him in, *Daffidill*.

Flow. O, I know him syr, he is a foole,

But reasonable rich, his father was one of these lease-mongers, these corne-monger-, these mony-mongers, but he neuer had the wit to be a whore-monger.

Enter maister Ciuet.

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Lance. I promise you syr, you are at too much charge.

Civ. The charge is small charge syr,

I thank God my father left me wherewithall, if it please you, syr, I haue a great mind to this gentlewoman here, in the way of marriage.

Lance. I thanke you syr: please you come to *Lewsome* to my poore house, you shall be kindly welcome: I knewe your father, he was a wary husband: to paie here
Drawer.

Draw. All is paid syr: this gentleman hath paid all.

Lance. Yfaith you do vs wrong,

But we shall liue to make amends ere long:

Maister *Flowerdale*, is that your man?

Flow. Yes faith, a good old knaue.

Lance. Nay then I thinke you will turne wise,

Now you take such a seruant:

Come, youle ride with vs to *Lewsome*, lets away,

Tis scarce two howres to the end of day.

Exit Omnes.

*Enter syr Arthur Green-shood, Oliuer, Lieu-
tenant and Souldiers.*

Ar. Lieuftenant leade your Souldiers to the ships,

There let them haue their coates, at their arriuell

They shall haue pay: farewell, looke to your charge.

Sol. I, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speake with our friends.

The Salamanca Corpus: The London Prodigal (c 1591)

Oly. No man what ere you vused a zutch a fashion, thicke you cannot take your leaue of your vreens.

Ar. Fellow no more, Lieuftenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I haue not my pay and my cloathes,

Ile venture a running away, tho I hang fort.

Ar. Away surrha, charme your tongue.

Exeunt Souldiers.

Oly. Bin and you a presser syr?

Ar. I am a commander, syr, vnder the King.

Oly. Sfoot man, and you bee nere zutch a commander. Shud a spoke with my vreens before I chid agone, so shud.

Ar. Content your selfe man, my authority will stretch to presse so good a man as you.

Oly. Presse me? I deuie, presse scoundrells, and thy messels:

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presse me, chee scornes thee yfaith: For seest thee, heres a worshipfull knight knowes, cham not to be pressed by thee.

*Enter Syr Lancelot Weathercocke, young Flowerdale,
old Flowerdale, Luce, Franck.*

Lance. Syr *Arthur*, welcome to *Lewsome*, welcome by my troath, What's the matter man, why are you vext?

Oly. Why man he would presse me.

Lance. O Fye, syr *Arthur*, presse him? he is a man of reckoning.

Wea. I that he is, syr *Arthur*, he hath the nobles,

The golden ruddockes he.

Ar. The fitter for the warres: and were he not in fauour

With your worships, he should see,

That I haue power to presse so good as he.

Oly. Chill stand to the triall, so chill.

Flow. I marry shall he, presse-cloath and karsie,

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White pot and drowsen broth: tut, tut, he cannot.

Oly. Well, syr, though you see vlouten cloth and karsie, chee a zeene zutch a karsie coate weare out the towne sick a zilken Iacket, as thick a one you weare.

Flow. Well sed vlitan vlattan.

Oly. Ah and well sed cocknell, and boe-bell too: what doest thincke cham avearde of thy zilken coate, no fer vere thee.

Lance. Nay come no more, be all louers and friends.

Wea. I tis best so, good maister *Olyuer*.

Flow. Is your name maister *Oliuer* I pray you?

Oly. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

Flow. No but I'd gladly know if a man might not haue a foolish plot out of maister *Oliuer* to work vpon.

Oly. Work thy plots vpon me, stand a side, worke thy foolish plots vpon me, chill so vse thee, thou weart neuer so vsed since thy dame bound thy head, worke vpon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oly. Zyrha, zyrha, if it were not vor shame, chee would a

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giuen thee zutch a whister poope vnder the eare, chee would a made thee a vanged an other at my feete: stand a side let me loose, cham all of a vlaming fire-brand; Stand aside.

Flow. Well I forbear you for your friends sake.

Oly. A vig for all my vreens, doest thou tell me of my vreens?

Lance. No more, good maister *Oliuer*, no more, syr *Arthur*.

And maiden, here in the sight of all your shuters, euery man of worth, Ile tell you whom I fainest would preferre to the hard bargine of your marriage bed: shall I be plaine among you Gentlemen?

Arty. I syr tis best.

Lance. Then syr, first to you, I doe confesse you a most gallant knight, a worthy souldier, and an honest man: but honesty maintaines a french-hood, goes very seldome in a chain of gold, keeps a small traine of seruants: hath fewe friendes: and

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

for this wilde oates here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not iudge, God can worke myracles, but hee were better make a hundred new, then thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Wea. Beleeue me he hath hyt you there, he hath touched you to the quicke, that hath he.

Flow. Woodcocke a my side, why, Maister *Weathercocke* you know I am honest, howsoever triffls.

Wea. Now by my troath, I knowe no otherwise,

O, your old mother was a dame indeed:

Heauen hath her soule, and my wiues too I trust:

And your good father, honest Gentleman,
He is gone a Iourney as I heare, far hence.

Flow. I God be praised; he is far enough,

He is gone a pylgrimage to Paradiſe.

And left me to cut a caper against care,

Luce looke on me that am as light ayre.

Luce. Yfaith I like not shadowes, bubbles, broath,

I hate a light a loue, as I hate death.

Lance. Gyrle, hold thee there: looke on this *Deuen-shire* lad:

Fat, faire, and louely, both in purse and person.

[14]

Oli. Well, syr, cham as the Lord hath made me,

You know me well yuine, cha haue three-score packe a karsay, and blackem hal, and chiefe credit beside, and my fortunes may be so good as an others, zoe it may.

Lance. 'Tis you I loue, whatsoeuer others say?

Ar. Thanks fayrest.

Flow. What would'st thou haue me quarrel with him?

Fath. Do but say he shall heare from you.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Lance. Yet gentleman, howsoever I preferre this *Deuen-shire* shuter, Ile enforce no loue, my daughter shall haue liberty to choose whom she likes best: in your loue shute proceed:

Not all of you, but onely one must speed.

Wea. You haue sed well: indeed right well.

Enter Artychocak.

Arty. Mistresse, heeres one would speake with you, my fellow *Daffidill* hath him in the sellor already, he knowes him, he met him at *Croyden* fayre.

Lance. O, I remember, a little man.

Arty. I a very little man.

Lance. And yet a proper man.

Arty. A very proper, very little man.

Lance. His name is Mounsiour *Ciuet*.

Arty. The same, syr.

Lance. Come Gentlemen, if other shuters come,

My foolish daughter will be fitted too:

But *Delia* my saint, no man dare moue,

*Exit at all but young Flowerdale and Olyuer,
and old Flowerdale.*

Flow. Harke you syr, a word.

Oly. What ha an you say to me now?

Flow. Ye shall heare from me, and that very shortly.

Oly. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not a vig.

Exit Oliuer.

Flow. What if should come more? I am fairly drest.

Fath. I do not meane that you shall meete with him, But presently weele goe and draw a will:

Where weele set downe land, that we neuer sawe,

[15]

And we will haue it of so large a summe,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Syr *Lancelot* shall intreat you take his daughter:

This being formed, giue it maister *Weathercocke*,

And make syr *Lancelots* daughter heire of all:

And make him sweare neuer to show the will

To any one, vntill that you be dead.

This done, the foolish changing *Weathercocke*,

Will straight discourse vnto syr *Lancelot*,

The forme and tenor of your Testament,

Nor stand to pause of it, be rulde by mee:

What will inshue, that shall you quickly see.

Flow. Come lets about it; if that a will sweet *Kyt*,

Can get the Wench, I shall renown thy wit.

Can get the wench, I shall renowne thy wit.

Exit omnes.

Enter Daffidill.

Daff. Mistresse, still froward?

No kind lookes vnto your *Daffidill*, now by the Gods.

Luce. Away you foolish knaue, let my hand goe.

Daff. There is your hand, but this shall goe with me:

My heart is thine, this is my true loues fee.

Luce. Ile haue your coate stript ore your eares for this,

You sawcie rascall.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lance. How now maid, what is the newes with you?

Luce. Your man is something sawcie.

Exit Luce.

Lance. Goe too, syrrha, Ile talke with you anon.

Daff. Syr, I am a man to be talked withall,

I am no horse I tro:

I Know my strength, then no more then so.

Wea. A by the matkins, good syr *Lancelot*, I saw him the other day hold vp the bucklers, like an *Hercules*,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Ifaith God a mercie lad, I like thee well.

Lance. I, I, like him well, go Syrrha, fetch me a cup of wine,

That ere I part with maister *Weathercocke*,

We may drinke downe oure farewell in French wine.

Wea. I thanke you, syr, I thanke you, friendly knight,

Ile come and visit you, by the mouse-foot I will:

In the meane time, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,

[16]

He is a desperate dyck I warrant you,

Lance. He is, he is: fill *Daffidill*, fill me some wine, ha, what weares he on his arme?

My daughter *Luces* bracelet, I tis the same:

Ha to you maister *Weathercocke*.

Wea. I thanke you, syr: Here *Daffidill*, an honest fellow and a tall thou art: well: Ile take my leaue, good knight, and hope to haue you and all your daughters at my poor house, in good sooth I must.

Lance. Thankes maister *Weathercocke*, I shall be bold to trouble you be sure.

Wea. And welcome, heartily farewell.

Exit Weathercocke.

Lance. Syrrha, I saw my daughters wrong, and withall her bracelet on your arme; off with it: and with it my livery too, Haue I care to see my daughter matched with men of worship, and are you growne so bold? Goe syrrha, from my house, or Ile whip you hence.

Daff. Ile not be whipped, syr, there's your livery.

Exit Daffidill.

This is a seruiegmans reward, what care I, I haue meanes to trust too: I scorne seruice I.

Lance. I a lusty knaue, but I must let him goe,

Our seruants must be taught, what they should know.

Enter Syr Arthur and Luce.

The Salamanca Corpus: The London Prodigal (c 1591)

Luce. Syr, as I am a maid, I doe affect you about any shuter that I haue, altho that souldiers scarce knowes how to loue.

Ar. I am a souldier, and a gentleman,
Knowes what belongs to war, what to a lady:
What man offends me, that my sword shall right:
What woman loues me, I am her faithfull knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your vallour, nor your loue, but there be some that bares a souldiers forme, that sweares by him they neuer think vpon, goes swaggering vp and downe from house to house, crying God payes: and.

Flow. Ifaith, Lady Ile discry you such a man,
Of them there be many which you haue spoke off,

[17]

That beare the name and shape of souldiers,
Yet God knowes very seldome saw the war:
That haunt your Tauerns, and your ordinaries,
Your ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like
To vphold the brutish humour of their mindes,
Being marked downe, for the bondmen of dispare:
Their mirth begins in wine, but ends in blood,
Their drinke is cleare, but their conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great gentlemen souldiers,

Ar. No they are wretched slaues,
Whose desperate liues doth bring them timelesse graues.

Luce. Both for your selfe, and for your forme of life,
If I may choose, Ile be a souldiers wife.

Enter Syr Lancelot and Oliuer.

Oly. And tyt trust to it, so then.

Lance. Ashure your selfe,
You shall be married with all speed we may:
One day shall serue for *Frances* and for *Luce*,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Oly. Why che wood vaine know the time, for prouiding wedding rayments.

Lance. Why no more but this, first get your ashurance made touching my daughters ioynter, that dispatched, we wil in two daies make prouision.

Ol. Why man, chil haue the writings made by tomorrow.

Lance. To morrow be it then, lets meet at the kings head in fishstreet.

Oly. No fie man, no, lets meet at the Rose at *Templebar*,
That will be nearer your counsellor and mine.

Lance. At the Rose be it then, the hower nine,
He that comes last, forfeits a pinte of wine.

Oly. A pinte is no paymēt, let it be a whole quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoake.

Arty. Maister, here is a man would speake with maister *Oliuer*, he comes from young maister *Flowerdale*.

Oly. Why chill speake with him, chill speake with him.

Lance. Nay, sonne *Oliuer*, Ile shurely see,
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.

I pray God it be no quarrel.

[18]

Oly. Why man if he quarrel with me, chill giue him his hands full.

Fath. God saue you, good Syr *Lancelot*.

Lance. Welcome honest friend.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. To you and yours my maister wisheth health,

But vnto you Syr this, and this he sendes:

There is the length syr of his rapier,

And in that paper shall you know his mind.

Oly. Here chill meet him my vrend, chill meet him.

Lance. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffin fye.

Oly. And I doe not meete him, chill giue you leaue to call

Me cut, where ist, syrrha? where ist? where ist?

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Fath. The letter shoves both time and place,

And if you be a man, then keepe your word.

Lance. Syr he shall not keepe his word, he shall not meet.

Fath. Why let him choose, heele be the better knowne

For a base rascall, and reputed so.

Oly. Zirrha, zirrha: and tweare not an old fellow, and sent after an arrant, chid giue thee something, but chud be no mony: But hold thee, for I see thou art somewhat testorne, holde thee, theres vortie shillings, bring thy maister a veeld, chil giue thee vortie more, looke thou bring him, chil mall him tell him, chill mar his dauncing tressels, chil vse him, he was nere so vsed since his dam bound his head, chill make him for capyring any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You seeme a man, stout and resolute,

And I will so report, what ere befall.

Lance. And fall out ill, ashure thy maister this,

Ile make him flye the land, or vse him worse.

Fath. My Maister, syr, deserues not this of you,

And that youle shortly finde.

Lance. Thy maister is an vnthrift, you a knaue,

And Ile attache you first, next clap him vp:

Or haue him bound vnto his good behaiour.

Oly. I woud you were a sprite if you do him any harme for this: And you doe, chill nere see you, nor any of yours, while chill haue eyes open: what doe you thinke, chil be abaffelled vp and downe the towne for a messel, and a scoundrel, no chy bor you: zirrha chil come, zay no more, chil come tell him.

[19]

Fath. Well, sir, my Maister deserues not this of you,

And that youle shortly finde.

Exit.

Oly. No matter, he's an vnthrift, I defie him.

Lance. No, gentle sonne, let me know the place.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Oly. Now chy vore you.

Lance. Let me see the note.

Oly. Nay, chill watch you for zutch a tricke.

But if che meet him, zoe, if not, zoe: chill make him knowe me, or chill know why I shall not, chill vare the worse.

Lance. What will you then neglect my daughters loue?

Venture your state and hers, for a loose brawle?

Oly. Why man, chill not kill him, marry chill veze him too, and againe; and zoe God be with you vather.

What man, we shall met to morrow.

Exit.

Lance. Who would a thought he had bin so desperate.

Come forth my honest seruantnt *Artichoake*.

Enter Artic.

Arty. Now, what's the matter? some brawle toward, I warrant you.

Lance. Go get me thy sword bright scowred, thy buckler mended, O for that knaue, that *Vyllaine Daffidill* would haue done good seruice. But to thee.

Arty. I, this is the trickes of all you gentlemen, when you stand in neede of a good fellow. O for that *Daffidill*, O where is he? but if you be angry, and it bee but for the wagging of a strawe, then out a doores with the knaue, turne the coate ouer his eares. This is the humour of you all.

Lance. O for that knaue, that lustie *Daffidill*.

Arty. Why there tis now: our yeares wages and our vailes will scarce pay for broken swords and bucklers that wee vse in our quarrels. But Ile not fight if *Daffidill* bee a tother side, that's flat.

Lance. 'Tis no such matter man, get weapons ready, and bee at London ere the breake of day: watch neere the lodging of the *Deuon-shire* Youth, but be vnseen: and as he goes out, as he will goe out, and that very earely without doubt.

Arty. What, would you haue me draw vpon him,

As he goes in the streete?

Lance. Not for a world man, into the fields.

[20]

For to the field he goes, there to meet the desperat *Flowerdale*:

Take thou the part of *Olyuer* my sonne, for he shal be my son,

And marry *Luce*: Doest vnderstand me, knaue?

Arty. I, syr, I de vnderstand you, but my young mistresse might be better prouided in matching with my fellowe *Daffidill*.

Lance. No more; *Daffidill* is a knaue.

That *Daffidill* is a most notorious knaue.

Exit.

Enter Weathercocke.

Maister *Weathercocke*, you come in happy time, The desperat *Flowerdale* hath writ a challenge: And who thinke you must answere it, but the *Deuenshyre* man, my sonne *Oliuer*.

Wea. Mary I am sorry for it, good syr *Lancelot*,
But if you will be ruled by me, wee'l stay the furie.

Lance. As how I pray?

Wea. Marry Ile tell you, by promising yong *Flowerdale* the red lipped *Luce*.

Lance. Ile rather follow her vnto her graue.

Wea. I syr *Lancelot* I would haue thought so too, but you and I haue been deceiued in him, come read this will, or deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your spectacles I pray.

Lance. Nay, I thanke God, I see very well.

Wea. Marry God blesse your eyes, mine hath bene dim almost this thirty yeares.

Lance. Ha what is this? what is this?

Wea. Nay there is true loue indeed, he gaue it to me but this very morne, and bid me keepe it unseene from any one, good youth, to see, how men may be deceiued.

Lance. Passion of me, what a wretch am I to hate this louing youth, he hath made me, together with my *Luce* hee loues so deare, executors of all his wealth.

Wea. All, all, good man, he hath giuen you all.

Lance. Three ships now in the straits, & homeward bound, Two Lordships of two hundred pound a yeare:

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloster-shyre*:

Debts and accounts are thirty thousand pound,

[21]

Plate, money, Jewels, 16 thousand more,

Two housen furnished well in *Cole-man* street:

Beside whatsoever his Vnckle leaues to him,

Being of great demeanes and wealth at *Peckham*.

Wea. How like you this good knight? how like you this?

Lance. I haue done him wrong, but now Ile make amends,

The *Deuen-shyre* man shall whistle for a wife,

He marrie *Luce*, *Luce* shall be *Flowerdales*.

Wea. Why that is friendly said, lets ride to *London* and preuent their match, by promising your daughter to that louely lad.

Lance. Weele ride to *London*, or it shall not need,

Weele crosse to *Dedford-Strand*, and take a boat:

Where be these knaues? what *Artichoak*, what *Fop*?

Enter Artichoake.

Ar. Heere be the very knaues, but not the merry knaues.

Lance. Here take my cloake, Ile haue a walke to *Dedford*.

Arty. Syr, wee haue bin bscouring of our Swords and bucklers for your defence.

Lance. Defence me no defence, let your swordes rust, Ile haue no fighting: I, let blowes alone, bid *Delia* see all things be in readinesse against the wedding, wee le haue two atonce, and that will saue charges, maister *Weathercocke*.

Arty. Well we will do it syr.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Ciuet, Francke, and Delia.

Civ. By my truth this is good lucke, I thanke God for this. In good sooth I haue euen my harts desire: sister *Delia*, now I may boldly call you so, for your father hath franck and freely giuen me his daughter *Francke*.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Fran. I by my troth, *Tom*, thou hast my good will too, for I thanke God I longed for a husband, and would I might neuer stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Delia. Why, sister, now you haue your wish.

Civ. You say very true, sister *Delia*, and I prethee call me nothing but *Tom*: and Ile call thee sweetheart, and *Francke*: will it not doe well sister *Delia*?

[22]

Delia. It will doe very well with both of you.

Fran. But *Tom*, must I goe as I doe now when I am married?

Civ. No *Francke*, Ile haue thee goe like a Citizen
In a garded gowne, and a French-hood.

Fran. By my troth that will be excellent indeed.

Delia. Brother, maintaine your wife to your estate,
Apparel you your selfe like to your father:
And let her goe like to your ancient mother,
He sparing got his wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of pride, some bids thrift adue.

Civ. So as my father and my mother went, that's a iest indeed, why she went in a fringed gowne, a single ruffe, and a white cap.

And my father in a mocado coat, a paire of red satten sleeues, and a canuis backe.

Del. And yet his wealth was all as much as yours.

Civ. My estate, my estate, I thank God, is fortie pound a year in good leases and tenements, besides twenty marke a yeare at cuckoldes-hauen, and that comes to vs all by inheritance.

Delia. That may indeed, tis very fitly plyed,
I know not how it comes, but so it falles out
That those whose fathers haue died wonderous rich,
And tooke no pleasure but to gather wealth,
Thinking of little that they leaue behind:
For them they hope, will be of their like minde.
But falles out contrary, forty yeares sparing

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Is scarce three seven yeares spending, neuer caring

What will inshue, when all their coyne is gone,

And all to late, then thrift is thought vpon:

Oft haue I heard, that pride and ryot kist,

And then repentance cryes, for had I wist.

Civ. You say well, sister *Delia*, you say well: but I meane to liue within my boundes: for looke you, I haue set downe my rest thus farre, but to maintaine my wife in her french hood, and her coach, keepe a couple of geldings, and a brace of gray-hounds, and this is all Ile doe.

Del. And youle do this with fortie pound a yeare?

Civ. I, and a better penny, sister.

[23]

Fran. Sister, you forget that at cuckolds-hauen.

Ciuet. By my troath well remembred, *Francke*,
Ile giue thee that to buy thee pinnes.

Delia. Keepe you the rest for points, alas the day,
Fooles shall haue wealth, tho all the world say nay:

Come, brother, will you in, dinner staies for vs.

Civ. I, good sister, with all my heart.

Fran. I by my troath, *Tom*, for I haue a good stomacke.

Civ. And I the like, sweet *Francke*, no sister

Doe not thinke Ile goe beyond my boundes.

Delia. God grant you may not.

Exit Omnes,

*Enter young Flowerdale and his father, with foyles
in their handes.*

Flow. Syrrha *Kyt*, tarrie thou there, I haue spied syr *Lancelot*, and old *Weathercocke* comming this way, they are hard at hand, I will by no meanes be spoken withall.

Fath. Ile warrant you, goe get you in.

The Salamanca Corpus: The London Prodigal (c 1591)
Enter Lancelot and Weathercocke.

Lance. Now, my honest friend, thou doest belong to maister *Flowerdale*?

Fath. I doe syr.

Lance. Is he within my good fellowe?

Fath. No syr he is not within.

Lance. I prethee if he be within, let me speake with him.

Fath. Syr to tell you true, my maister is within, but indeed would not be spoke withall: there be some tearmes that stands vpon his reputation, therefore he will not admit any conference till he hath shooke them off.

Lance. I prethee tell him his very good friend syr *Lancelot Spurcocke*, intreates to speake with him.

Fath. By my troath, syr, if you come to take vp the matter between my maister and the Deuen-shyre man, you doe but beguile your hopes, and loose your labour.

Lance. Honest friend, I haue not any such thing to him, I come to speake with him about other matters.

Fath. For my maister syr hath set down his resolution, Either to redeeme his honor, or leaue his life behind him.

Lance. My friend, I doe not know any quarrel, touching

[24]

Thy maister or any other person, my businesse is of a different nature to him, and I prethee to tell him.

Fath. For howsoeuer the Deuen-shire man is, my maisters Mind is bloody: thats a round O,
And therefore syr, intreatie is but vaine:

Lance. I haue no such thing to him, I tell thee once againe.

Fath. I will then so signifie to him.

Exit Father.

Lance. A syrrha, I see this matter is hotly carried.
But Ile labour to dissuade him from it,

Enter Flowerdale.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Good morrow maister *Flowerdale*.

Flow. Good morrow good syr *Lancelot*, good morrowe maister *Weathercocke*.

By my troath, gentlemen, I haue bene a reading ouer

Nick Machivill, I find him

Good to be known, not to be followed:

A pestilent humane fellow, I haue made

Certain anatations of him such as they be:

And how is syr *Lancelot*? ha? how ist?

A mad world, men cannot liue quiet in it.

Lance. Maister *Flowerdale*, I do vnderstand there is some iarre

Betweene the Deuen-shyre man and you.

Fath. They syr? they are good friends as can be.

Flow. Who maister *Oliuer* and I? as good friends as can be.

Lance. It is a kind of safetie in you to denie it, and a generous

Silence, which too few are indued withall: But syr, such

A thing I heare, and I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such thing syr *Lancelot*, a my reputation,

As I am an honest man.

Lance. Now I doe believe you then, if you doe

Ingage your reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not ingage my reputation there is not,

You shall not bind me to any condition of hardnesse:

But if there be any thing betweene vs, then there is,

If there be not, then there is not: be, or be not, all is one.

Lance. I doe perceiue by this, that there is something betweene you, and I am very sorie for it.

Flow. You may be deceiued syr *Lancelot*, the *Italian*

Hath a pretie saying, *Questo*? I haue forgot it too,

Tis out of my head, but in my translation

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Ift hold thus, thou hast a friend, keep him,

If a foe trip him.

Lance. Come, I doe see by this there is somewhat betweene you,
And before God I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. Well what is betweene vs, can hardly be altered:

Syr *Lancelot*, I am to ride forth to morrow,
That way which I must ride, no man must denie
Me the Sunne, I would not by any particular man,
Be denied common and generall passage. If any one
Saith *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way:

My answeare is, I must either on or returne,
But returne is not my word, I must on:

If I cannot, then make my way, nature

Hath done the last for me, and theres the fine.

Lance. Maister *Flowerdale*, euery man hath one tongue,
And two eares, nature in her building,
Is a most curious worke-maister.

Flow. That is as much to say, a man should heare more
Then he should speake.

Lance. You say true, and indeed I haue heard more,
Then at this time I will speake.

Flow. You say well.

Lance. Slanders are more common then troathes maister *Flowerdale*:
But prooffe is the rule for both.

Flow. You say true, what doe you call him
Hath it there in his third canton?

Lance. I haue heard you haue bin wild: I haue beleeued it.

Flow. Twas fit, twas necessarie.

Lance. But I haue seene somewhat of late in you,
That hath confirmed in me an opinion of
Goodnesse toward you.

Flow. Ifaith syr, I am shure I neuer did you harme:

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Some good I haue done, either to you or yours,
I am shure you know not, neither is it my will you should.

Lance. I your will syr.

Flow. I my will syr: sfoot do you know ought of my will,
Begod and you do syr, I am abused.

Lance. Go maister *Flowerdale*, what I know I know:
And know you thus much out of my knowledge,
That I truly loue you. For my daughter,

[26]

She yours. And if you like a marriage better
Then a brawle, all quirks of reputation set aside, goe with me presently: And where
you should fight a bloodi battle, you shall be married to a louely Ladie.

Flow. Nay but syr *Lancelot*?

Lance. If you will imbrace my offer, yet ashure your self thus much, I will haue
order to hinder your incounter.

Flow. Nay but heare me syr *Lancelot*.

Lance. Nay stand not you vpon imputative honour,
Tis meere vnsound, unprofitable, and idle:
Inferences your businesse is to wedde my daughter, therefore giue me your present
word to doe it, Ile goe and prouide the maid, therefore giue mee your present
resolution, either now or neuer.

Flow. Will you so put me to it?

Luce. I afore God, either take me now, or take me neuer.

Else what I thought should be our match, shal be our parting,
So fare you well for euer.

Flow. Stay: fall out, what may fall, my loue

Is aboue all: I will come.

Lance. I expect you, and so fare you well.

Exit syr Lancelot.

Fath. Now syr, how shall we doe for wedding apparell?

The Salamanca Corpus: The London Prodigal (c 1591)

Flow. By the masse thats true: now helpe *Kyt*,

The marriage ended, weele make amendes for all.

Fath. Well no more, prepare you for your bride,

We will not want for cloathes, what so ere betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I haue my dower,

In mirth weele spend,

Full many a merry hower:

As for this wench, I not regard a pin,

It is her gold must bring my pleasures in.

Fath. Ist possible, he hath his second liuing,

Forsaking God, himselfe to the diuel giuing:

But that I knew his mother firme and chast,

My heart would say, my hed she had disgrast:

Else would I swear, he neuer was my sonne,

But her faire mind, so fowle a deed did shun.

[27]

Enter Vnkle.

Vnck. How now, brother, how doe you find your sonne?

Fath. O brother, heedlesse as a libertine,

Euen growne a maister in the school of Vice,

One that doth nothing, but invent desceit:

For all the day he humours vp and downe,

How he the next day might deceiue his friend,

He thinkes of nothing but the present time:

For one groat readie down, heele pay a shilling,

But then the lender must needes stay for it.

When I was young, I had the scope of youth,

Both wild, and wanton, carelesse and desperate:

But such mad straines, as hee's possest withall,

I thought it wonder for to dreame vpon.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Vnck. I told you so, but you would not beleve it.

Fath. Well I haue found it, but one thing comforts me

Brother, to morrow hee's to be married

To beautilous *Luce*, syr *Lancelots Spurcockes* daughter.

Vnck. Ist possible?

Fath. Tis true, and thus I meane to curbe him,

This day, brother, I will you shall arrest him:

If any thing will tame him, it must be that,

For he is ranck in mischiefe, chained to a life,

That will increase his shame, and kill his wife.

Vnck. What arrest him on his wedding day?

That were unchristian, and an vnhumane part:

How many couple euen for that very day,

Hath purchast 7 yeares sorrow afterward?

Forbeare him then to day, doe it to morrow,

And this day mingle not his joy with sorrow.

Fath. Brother, Ile haue it done this very day,

And in the viewe of all, as he comes from Church:

Doe but obserue the course that he will take,

Vpon my life he will forswear the debt:

And for weele haue the summe shall not be slight,

Say that he owes you neere three thousand pound:

Good brother let be done immediately.

[28]

Vnck. Well, seeing you will haue it so,-

Brother Ile doot, and straiter prouide the Sheriffe.

Fath. So brother, by this means shall we perceiue

What syr *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:

And how his wife doth stand affected too him,

Her loue will then be tried to the vttermost:

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will doo,
Shall harme him much, and much auaille him too.

Exit.

Oly. Cham ashured thicke be the place, that the scoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, zo: if a come not, zo.
And che war avise, he should make a coystrell an vs,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyst him, and giue it him too and againe, zo chud:
Who bin a there syr *Arthur*, chill staie aside.

Ar. I haue dogd the Deuen-shyre man into the field,
For feare of any harme that should befall him:
I had an inckling of that yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this morning:
Tho of my soule, *Oliuer* feares him not,
Yet for ide see fair play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their valours tride.
God morrow to maister *Oliuer*.

Oly. God an good morrow.

Ar. What maister *Oliuer*, are you angry?

Oly. What an it be, tyt and greeven you?

Ar. Not me at all syr, but I imagine

By your being here thus armed,
You stay for some that you should fight withall.

Oly. Why and he doe, che would not dezire you to take his part.

Ar. No by my troth, I think you need it not,
For he you looke for, I thinke meanes not to come.

Oly. No, & che war ashure of that, ched avese him in a nother place.

Enter Daffidill.

Daff. O syr *Arthur*, Maister *Oliuer*, aye me,
Your loue, and yours, and mine, sweet Mistresse *Luce*,
This morning is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Ar. Married to *Flowerdale*! 'tis impossible.

The Salamanca Corpus: The London Prodigal (c 1591)

Oly. Married man? che hope thou doe'st but iest:

[29]

To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daff. O tis too true. Here comes his Vnkle.

Enter Flowerdale, Sheriffe, Officers.

Uncle. Good morrow, sir *Arthur*, good morrow, M. *Oliver*.

Oly. God and good morne, M. *Flowerdale*. I pray tellen vs,

Is your scoundrel kinsman married?

Ar. M. *Oliuer*, call him what you will, but hee is maryed

To sir *Lancelots* daughter here.

Vnkle. Sirr *Arthur*, vnto her?

Oly. I, ha the olde vellow zarued me thicke tricke,

Why man, he was a promise, chill chud a had her,

Is a zitch a voxer, chill looke to his water che vor him.

Vnkle. The musicke playes; they are comming from the Church.

Sheriffe doe your Office: fellowes, stand stoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oly. God giue you joy, as the old zaid Prouerb is, and some zorrow among. You met vs well, did you not?

Lance. Nay, be not angry sir, the fault is in me, I haue done all the wrong, kept him from comming to the field to you, as I might sir, for I am a Iustice, and sworne to keepe the peace.

Wea. I marry is he sir, a very Iustice, and sworne to keepe the peace, you must not disturbe the weddings.

Lance. Nay, neuer frowne nor storme sir, if you doe, Ile haue an order taken for you.

Oly. Well, Well, chill be quiet.

Whe. M. *Flowerdale*, sir *Lancelot*, lookee you who here is? M. *Flowerdale*.

Lance. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my heart.

Flow. Vnkle, this is she yfaith: Maister Vnder-sheriffe

Arrest me? at whose sute? draw *Kit*.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Vnck. At my sute, sir.

Lance. Why what's the matter, M. *Flowerdale*?

Vnck. This is the matter, sir, this vnthrift here,

Hath cozened you, and hath had of me,

In seuerall summes three thousand pound.

Flow. Why Vnckle, Vnckle.

[30]

Vnck. Cousen, cousen, you haue vnckled me,

And if you be not staid, youle proue

A cousoner vnto all that know you,

Lance. Why syr, suppose he be to you in debt

Ten thousand pound, his state to me appeare,

To be at least three thousand by the yeare.

Vnck. O syr, I was too late informed of that plot,

How that he went about to cousen you:

And formde a will, and sent it to your good

Friend there maister *Weathercocke*, in which was

Nothing true, but brags and lyes.

Lance. Ha, hath he not such Lordships, lands, and shippes?

Vnck. Not worth a groat, not worth a halfepenny he.

Lance. I pray tell vs true, be plaine young *Flowerdale*.

Lance. My vnckle, here mad, and disposed to do me wrong,

But heer's my man, an honest fellow

By the lord, and of good credit, knowes all is true.

Fath. Not I syr, I am too old to lye, I rather know

You forgde a will, where euery line you writ,

You studied where to coate your landes might lye.

Wea. And I prethee, where be thy honest friends?

Fath. Yfaith no where syr, for he hath none at all.

Wea. Benedicitie, we are ore wretched I beleeeve.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Lance. I am cousend, and my hopefulst child vndone.

Flow. You are not cousend, nor is she vndone,

They slaunder me, by this light, they slander me:

Looke you, my Unkle heres an vsurer, and would vndo me,

But Ile stand in law, do you but baile me, you shal do no more:

You, brother *Ciuets*, and maister *Weathercocke*, doe but

Baile me, and let me haue my marriage mony

Paid me, and weele ride downe, and there your owne

Eyes shall see, how my poore tenants there wil welcome me.

You shall but baile me, you shall doe no more,

And you greedy gnat, their baile will serue.

Vnck. I syr, Ile aske no better baile.

Lance. No, syr, you shall not take my baile, nor his,

Nor, my sonne *Ciuets*, Ile not be cheated I,

Shreeue take your prisoner, Ile not deale with him:

[31]

Let's Vnkle make false dice with his false bones,

I will not haue to doe with him: mocked, guld, & wrongd.

Come Girle, though it be late it falls out well,

Thou shalt not liue with him in beggers hell.

Luc. He is my husband, & hie heauen doth know,

With what vnwillingnesse I went to Church,

But you inforced me, you compelled me too it:

The holy Church-man pronounced these words but now,

I must not leaue my husband in distresse:

Now I must comfort him, not goe with you.

Lance. Comfort a cozoner? on my curse forsake him:

Luc. This day you caused me on your curse to take him:

Doe not I pray my griued soule oppresse,

God knowes my heart doth bleed at his distresse.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Lance. O *M. Weathercock*, I must confesse I forced her to this match.

Led with opinion his false will was true.

Wea. A, he hath ouer-reached me too.

Lance. She might haue liued like *Delia*, in a happie Virgins state.

Delia. Father, be patient, sorrow comes too late.

Lance. And on her knees she begd & did entreat,

If she must needes taste a sad marriage life,

She craued to be sir *Arthur Greene-sheilds* wife.

Ar. You haue done her & me the greater wrong.

Lance. O take her yet.

Arthur. Not I.

Lanc. Or, *M. Oliuer*, except my child, and halfe my wealth is yours.

Oly. No sir, chil breake no Lawes.

Luce. Neuer feare, she will not trouble you.

Delia. Yet, sister, in this passion doe not runne headlong to confusion. You may affect him, though not follow him.

Francke. Doe sister, hang him, let him goe.

Wea. Doe faith, Mistresse *Luce*, leaue him.

Luc. You are three grosse fooles, let me alone,

I swear Ile liue with him in all mone.

Oly. But an he haue his legges at libertie,

Cham aveard hee will neuer live with you.

[32]

Art. I, but hee is now in hucksters handling for running away.

Lanc. Huswife, you heare how you and I am wrongd,

And if you will redresse it yet you may:

But if you stand on tearmes to follow him,

Neuer come neere my sight, nor looke on me,

Call me not father, looke not for a groat,

For all thy portion I wil this day giue

The Salamanca Corpus: The London Prodigal (c 1591)

Vnto thy syster *Frances*.

Fran. How say you to that, *Tom*, I shall haue a good deale,

Besides Ile be a good wife, and a good wife

Is a good thing I can tell.

Civ. Peace, *Franck*, I would be sorry to see thy sister

Cast away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lance. What, are you yet resolued?

Luc. Yes, I am resolued.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or neuer come.

Luc. This way I turne, goe you vnto your feast,

And I to weepe, that am with grieffe opprest.

Lanc. For euer flie my sight: come, gentlemen,

Lets in, Ile helpe you to far better wiues then her.

Delia, vpon my blessing talke not to her,

Bace Baggage, in such haste to beggery?

Vnck. Sheriffe, take your prisoner to your charge.

Flo. Vnckle, be-god you haue usd me very hardly,

By my troth, vpon my wedding Day.

*Exeunt all: young Flowerdale, his Father, Vnckle,
Sheriffe, and Officers*

Luc. O, M. *Flowerdale*, but hear me speake,

Stay but a little while, good M. Sheriffe,

If not for him, for my sake pittie him:

Good syr, stop not your eares at my complaint,

My voyce growes weake, for womens words are faint.

Flow. Looke you, she kneeles to you.

[33]

Vnc. Fair maid, for you, I loue you with my heart,

And greeue, sweet soule, thy fortune is so bad,

That thou shouldst match with such a gracelesse Youth,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Go to thy father, thinke not vpon him,
Whom hell hath marked to be the sonne of shame.

Luc. Impute his wildnesse syr, vnto his youth,
And thinke that now is the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gayne can you receiue,
To imprison him that nothing hath to pay?
And where nought is, the king doth lose his due,
O pittie him as God shall pittie you.

Vnc. Ladie, I know his humours all too well,
And nothing in the world can doe him good,
But miserie it selfe to chaine him with.

Luc. Say that your debts were paid, then is he free?

Vnc. I virgin, that being answered, I haue done.

But to him that is all as impossible,
As I to scale the high Piramydies.
Sheriffe, take your prisoner, Maiden fare thee well.

Luc. O goe not yet, good M. *Flowerdale*:

Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.

Flow. I, by God, *Vncle*, and my bond too.

Luc. Alas, I nere ought nothing but I paid it;

And I can workr, alas, he can doe nothing:

I haue some friends perhaps will pittie me,

His chiefest friends doe seeke his miserie.

All that I can, or beg, get, or receiue,

Shall be for you: O doe not ture away:

Me thinkes within a face so reuerent,

So well experienced in this tottering world,

Should haue some feeling of a maidens griefe:

For my sake, his fathers and your brothers sake,

I, for your soules sake that doth hope for ioy,

Pittie my state: do not two soules destroy.

Vnc. Faire maid stand vp, not in regard of him,

But in pittie of thy haplesse choice,

[34]

I doe release him: M. Sheriffe, I thanke you:

And officers, there is for you to drinke.

Here, maide, take this monie, there is a 100. Angels;

And for I will be sure he shall not haue it,

Here *Kester* take it you, and vse it sparingly,

But let not her haue any want at all.

Dry your eyes, Neece, doe not too much lament

For him, whose life hath beene in royt spent:

If well he vseth thee, he gets him friends,

If ill, a shamefull end on him depends.

Exit Vncle.

Flow. A plague goe with you for an old fornicator:

Come *Kit* the monie, come, honest *Kit*.

Fath. Nay by my faith sir, you shall pardon me.

Flow. And why sir, pardon you? giue me the mony,

You old Rascall, or I shall make you.

Luc. Pray hold your hands, giue it him honest friend.

Fath. If you be so content, withall my heart.

Flow. Content syr, sblood shee shall be content

Whether she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me?

Goe get you gone to the greasie chuffe your father,

Bring me your dowrie, or neuer looke on me.

Fath Syr she hath forsooke her father, and all her friends for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her friends and father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with something to prouide her lodging.

Flo. Yes, I meane to part with her and you, but if I part with one Angel, hang me at a poste. Ile rather throw them at a cast at Dice, as I haue done a thousand of their fellowes.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Fath. Nay then I will be plaine degenerate, boy,
Thou hadst a Father would haue been ashamed.

Flow. My father was an Asse, an old Asse.

Fath. Thy father? proud lycentious villaine:
What are you at your foyles, Ile foyle with you.

Luc. Good syr, forbear him.

[35]

Fath. Did not this whining woman hang on me,

Ide teach thee what it was to abuse thy father:
Goe hang, beg, starue, dice, game, that when all is gone
Thou maist after despaire and hang thy selfe.

Luce. O doe not curse him.

Fath. I doe not curse him, and to pray for him were vaine,
It greeues me that he beares his fathers name.

Flow. Well, you old rascall, I shall meet with you:

Syrrha, get you gone, I will not strip the liuery

ouer your eares, because you paid for it:

But doe not vse my name, syrrha, doe you heare? looke you doe not
Vse my name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twentie pound then, that I lent you,

Or giue me securitie when I may haue it.

Flow. Ile pay thee not a penny, and for securitie, Ile giue thee none. Minckins looke
you doe not follow me, looke you doe not: If you doe begger, I shall slit your nose.

Luce. Alass, what shall I doe?

Flow. Why turne whore, thats a good trade,

And so perhaps Ile see thee now and then.

Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas the day that euer I was borne.

Fath. Sweete mistresse doe not weepe, Ile sticke to you.

Luce. Alas my friend, I know not what to do,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

My father and my friends, they haue despised me:

And I a wretched maid, thus cast away,

Knowes neither where to goe, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieues me at the soule, to see her teares

Thus staine the crimson roses of her cheekes:

Lady take comfort, doe not mourne in vaine,

I haue a little liuing in this towne,

The which I thinke comes to a hundred pound,

All that and more shall be at you dispose;

Ile straitte goe helpe you to some strange disguise,

And place you in a seruice in this towne:

[36]

Where you shal know all, yet your selfe unknowne:

Come greue no more, where no helpe can be had,

Weepe not for him, that is more worse then bad.

Luce. I thanke you syr.

Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke and them.

Oly. Well, cha a bin zerued many a sluttish tricke,

But such a lerripoope as thick ych was nere a sarued.

Lance. Son *Ciuet*, daughter *Frances*, beare with me,

You see how I am pressed downe with inward grieffe,

About that lucklesse gyrl, your sister *Luce*:

But tis fallen out with me, as with many families beside,

They are most vnhappie, that are most beloued.

Civ. Father tis so, tis euen fallen out so,

But what remedie, set hand to your heart, and let it passe:

Here is your daughter *Frances* and I, and weele not say,

Weele bring forth as wittie children, but as prettie

Children as euer she was: tho she had the pricke

And praise for a prettie wench: But, Father, done is

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

The mouse, youle come?

Lance. I sonne *Ciuet*, Ile come.

Civ. And you, maister *Oliuer*?

Oly. I, for che a vext out this veast, chill see if a gan

Make a better veast there.

Civ. And you syr *Arthur*?

Ar. I syr, although my heart be full,

Ile be a partner at your wedding feast.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome, come, *Francke*, are you readie?

Fran. Ieshue how hastie these husbands are, I pray, father,

Pray to God to blesse me.

Lance. God blesse thee, and I doe: God make thee wise,

Send you both ioy, I wish it with wet eyes.

[37]

Fran. But, Father, shall not my sister *Delia* goe along with vs?

She is excellent good at cookery, and such things.

Lance. Yes mary shall she: *Delia*, make you ready.

Deli. I am ready syr, I will first goe to *Green-witch*,

From thence to my cousen *Chesterfeelds*, and so to *London*.

Civ. It shall suffice good sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,

But faile vs not good sister, giue order to cookes, and others,

For I would not haue my sweet *Francke*

To soyle her fingers.

Fran. No by my troath not I, a gentlewoman, and a married

Gentlewoman too, to be companions to cookes,

And kitchin-boyes, not I, yfaith, I scorne that.

Civ. Why, I doe not meane thou shalt sweete heart,

Thou seest I doe not goe about it: well, farewell too:

You, Gods pittie *M. Weathercocke*, we shal haue your cõpany too?

Wea. Withall my heart, for I loue good cheare.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Civ. Well, God be with you all, come *Francke*.

Fra. God be with you father, God be with you syr *Arthur*, Maister *Oliuer*, and Maister *Weathercocek*, sister, God be with you all: God be with you father, God be with you euery one.

Wea. Why, how now syr *Arthur*? all a mort, maister *Oliuer*, how now man?

Cheerely syr *Lancelot*, and merily say,

Who can hold that will away.

Lance. I she is gone indeed, poore girl, vndone,

But when theyle be selfewilled, children must smart.

Ar. But syr, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest cause,

Therefore tis reason you redresse her wrong.

Wea. Indeed you must syr *Lancelot*, you must.

Lance. Must? who can compell me, maister *Weathercock*?

I hope I may doe what I list.

Wea. I grant you may, you may doe what you list.

Oly. Nay, but and you be well euisen, it were not good,

By this vrampolnesse, and vrowardnesse, to cast away

As prety a dowssabell, as am chould chance to see

[38]

In a Sommers day, chil tell you what chall doe,

Chill go spyw vp and downw the townw, and see if I

Can hearw any tale or dydings of her,

And take her away from thicke a messell, vor cham

Ashured, heele but bring her to the spoile,

And so var you well, we shall meete at your sonne *Ciuets*.

Lance. I thanke you syr, I take it very kindly.

Arty. To find her out, Ile spend my dearest blood.

Exit both.

So well I loued her, to affect her good.

Lance. O, maister *Weathercocke*, what hap had I, to force my daughter.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

From maister *Oliuer*, and this good knight?

To one that hath no goodnesse in his thought.

Wea. Ill luckw, but what remediw?

Lance. Yes, I haue almost devised a remedy,

Young *Flowerdale* is shure a prisoner.

Wea. Shure, nothing more shure.

Lance. And yet perhaps his Unkle hath released him.

Wea. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.

Lance. Well if he be in prison, Ile haue warrants

To tache my daughter till the law be tried,

For I will shue him vpon couzonage.

Wea. Mary may you, and ouerthrow him too.

Lance. Nay thats not so; I may chance be scoft,

And sentence past with him.

Wea. Beleeue me, so he may, therefore take heed.

Lance. Well howsoeuer, yet I will haue warrants,

In prison, or at libertie, alls one:

You will helpe to serue them maister *Weathercocke*?

Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the diuell, the diuell take the dyce,

The dyce, and the diuell, and his damme goe together:

[39]

Of all my hundred golden angels,

I haue not left me one denier:

A pox of come a fiue, what shall I doe?

I can borrow no more of my credit:

There's not any of my acquaintance, man, nor boy,

But I haue borrowed more or lesse of:

I would I knewe where to take a good purse,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

And goe cleare away, by this light Ile venture for it,
Gods lid my sister *Delia*,
Ile rob her, by this hand.

Enter Delia and Artichoake.

Delia. I prethee, *Artichoake*, goe not so fast,
The weather is hot, and I am something wearie.

Art. Nay I warrant you mistresse *Delia*, Ile not tire you
With leading, weele goe an extream moderate pace.

Flow. Stand, deliuer your purse.

Art. O Lord, theeves, theeves.

Exit Artichoake.

Flow. Come, come, your purse ladie, your purse.

Delia. That voice I haue heard often before this time,
What, brother *Flowerdale* become a theeefe?

Flow. I, a plague ont, I thanke your father;
But sister, come, your mony, come:
What the world must find me, I am bornee to liue,
Tis not a sinne to steale, when none will giue.

Delia. O God, is all grace banisht from thy heart,
Thinke of the shame that doth attend this fact.

Flow. Shame me no shames, come giue me your purse,
Ile bind you sister, least I faire the worse.

Delia. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I haue,
And would that mony would redeeme thy shame.

Enter Oliuer, syr Arthur, and Artichoake.

Arty. Theeves, theeves, theeves.

Oly. Theeves, where man? why how now, mistresse *Delia*,
Ha you a liked to bin a robbed?

[40]

Delia. No, maister *Oliuer*, tis maister *Flowerdale*, hee did but iest with me.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Oliv. How, *Flowerdale*, that scoundrell? syrrha, you meten vs

Well, vang thee that.

Flow. Well syr, Ile not meddle with you, because I haue a charge.

Delia. Here brother *Flowerdale*, Ile lend you this same mony.

Flow. I thanke you, sister.

Oliv. I wad you were ysplitted, and you let the mezell haue a penny;

But since you cannot keepe it, chil keepe it my selfe.

Art. Tis pittie to releeeue him in this sort,

Who makes a triumphant life his daily sport.

Delia. Brother, you see how all men consure you,

Farewell, and I pray God amend your life.

Oliv. Come, chill bring you along, and you safe enough

From twentie such scoundrells as thicke a one is,

Farewell and be hanged, zyrha, as I thinke so thou

Wilt be shortly, come syr *Arthur*.

Exit all but Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague goe with you for a karsie rascall:

This Deuenshyre man I think is made all of porke,

His hands made onely for to heave vp packs:

His heart as fat and big as his face,

As differing far from all braue gallant minds,

As I to serue the hogges, and drinke with hindes,

As I am very neere now: well what remedie,

When mony, meanes, and friends, doe growe so small,

Then farewell life, and there's an end of all.

Exit omnes.

*Enter Father, Luce, like a Dutch Frow, Ciuet, and his
wife mistresse Frances.*

Ciu. By my troath god a mercie for this, good *Christopher*,

I thank thee for my maide, I like her very well,

How doest thou like her, *Frances*?

Fran. In good sadness, *Tom*, very well, excellent well,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

She speakes so prettily, I pray what's your name?

Luce. My name forsooth be called *Tanikin*.

[41]

Fran. By my troath a fine name: O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing one head a newe fashion.

Luce. Me fall doe euery ting about da head.

Civ. What countriwoman is she *Kester*?

Fath. A dutch woman sir.

Civ. Why then she is outlandish, is she not?

Fath. I Syr she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to help me to cheekes and eares?

Luce. Yes mistresse verie vell.

Fath. Cheekes and eares, why mistresse *Frances*, want you Cheekes and eares? me thinkes you haue very faire ones.

Fran. Thou art a foole indeed, *Tom*, thou knowest what I meane.

Civ. I, I, *Kester*, tis such as they weare a their heads,

I prethee, *Kit*, haue her in, and shewe her my house.

Fath.

I will sir, come *Tanikin*.

Fran. O *Tom*, you haue not bussed me to day, *Tom*.

Civ. No *Frances*, we must not kisse afore folkes,

God saue my *Francke*,

Enter Delia, and Artichoake.

See yonder my sister *Delia* is come, welcome good sister.

Fran. Welcome good sister, how do you like the tier of my head?

Delia. Very well sister.

Civ. I am glad you're come sister *Delia* to giue order for Supper, they will be here soone.

Arty. I, but if good luck had not serued, she had Not bin here now, filching *Flowerdale* had like

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

To peppard vs, but for maister *Oliuer*, we had bin robbed.

Delia. Peace syrrha, no more.

Fath. Robbed! by whom?

Arty. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turned theefe.

Civ. By my faith, but that is not well, but God be praised

For your escape, will you draw neere sister?

Fath. Syrrha come hither, would *Flowerdale*, hee that was my maister, a robbed you, I prethee tell me true?

[42]

Arty. Yes yfaith, euen that *Flowerdale*, that was thy maister.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a French crowne, and speake no more of this.

Arty. Not I, not a word, now do I smell knauery:

In euery purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is halfe:

And giues me this to keepe counsele, not a word I.

Fath. Why God a mercy.

Fran. Sister looke here, I haue a new Dutch maid,

And she speakes so fine, it would doe your heart good.

Civ. How do you like her, sister?

Del. I like your maide well.

Civ. Well dear sister, will you draw neere, and giue directions for supper, guesse will be here presently.

Del. Yes brother, leade the way, Ile follow you.

Exit all but Delia and Luce.

Hark you Dutch frowe a word.

Luce. Vat is your will wit me?

Del. Sister *Luce*, tis not your broken language,

Nor this same habit, can disguise your face

From I that know you: pray tell me, what meanes this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret:

This borrowed shape, that I haue tane vpon me,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Is but to keepe my selfe, a space unknowne,

Both from my father, and my nearest friendes:

Vntill I see how time will bring to passe,

The desperate course, of Maister *Flowerdale*.

Del. O hee is worse then bad, I prithee leaue him,

And let not once thy heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not perswade me, once to such a thought,

Imagine yet, that he is worse then naught:

Yet one louers time, may all that ill vndo,

That all his former life did run into.

[43]

Therefore kind sister doe not disclose my estate,

If ere his heart doth turne, tis nere too late.

Del. Well, seeing no counsel can remoue your mind,

Ile not disclose you, that art wilfull blinde.

Luce. Delia, I thank you, I now must please her eies,

My sister *Frances*, neither faire nor wise.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Flowerdale solus.

Flow. On goes he that knowes no end of his iourney,

I haue passed the very utmost bounds of shifting,

I haue no course now but to hang my self:

I haue liued since yesterday two a clocke, of a

Spice-cake I had at a buriall: and for drinke,

I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as

Will bear out a man, if he haue no mony indeed.

I meane out of their companyes, for they are men

Of good carriage. Who comes heere?

The two Conycatchers, that woon all my mony of me.

Ile trie if thayle lend me any.

The Salamanca Corpus: The London Prodigal (c 1591)

Enter Dick and Rafe.

What, M. *Richard*, how doe you?

How doest thou, *Rafe*? By God, gentlemē the world

Growes bare with me, will you do as much as lend

Me an Angel betweene you both, you know you

Won a hundred of me the other day.

Raf. How, an Angel? God damn vs if we lost not euery

Peny within an houre after thou wert gone.

Flo. I prethy lend me so much as will pay for my supper,

Ile pay you againe, as I am a Gentleman.

Rafe. Ifaith, we haue haue not a farthing, not a myte:

I wonder at it, M. *Flowerdale*,

You will so carelesly vndo your selfe,

Why you will loose more mony in an houre,

[44]

Then any honest man spend in a yea,

For shame betake you to some honest Trade,

And liue not thus so like a Vagabond.

Exit both.

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more villaines you:

They gaue me counsels that first cozend me:

Those Diuels first brought me to this I am,

And being thus, the first that doe me wrong.

Well, yet I haue one firiend left in store.

Not farre from hence there dwels a Cokatryce,

One that I first put in a satten gowne,

And not a tooth that dwell within her head,

But stands me at the least in 20. pound:

Her will I visite now my coyne is gone,

And as I take it heere dwelles the Gentlewoman.

The Salamanca Corpus: The London Prodigal (c 1591)

What ho, is Mistresse *Apricocke* within?

Enter Ruffin.

Ruff. What sawsie Rascall is that which knocks so bold,

O, is it you, old spend-thrift? are you here?

One that is turned Cozener about the towne:

My Mistresse saw you, and sends this word by me,

Either be packing quickly from the doore,

Or you shall haue such a greeting sent you strait,

As you will little like on, you had best be gone.

Flow. Why so, this is as it should be, being poore,

Thus art thou serued by a vile painted whoore.

Well, since thy damned crew doe so abuse thee,

Ile try of honest men, how they will vse mee.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Syr, I beseech you to take compassion of a man,

One whose Fortunes haue beene better then at this instant they seeme to be: but If I might craue of you so much little portion, as would bring mee to my friends, I should rest thankfull, vntill I had requited so great a curtesie.

[45]

Citiz. Fie, fie, young man, this course is very bad,

Too many such haue wee about this Cittie;

Yet for I haue not seene you in this sort,

Nor noted you to be a common begger,

Hold theres an Angel to beare your charges,

Downe, goe to your freinds, do not on this depend,

Such bad beginnings oft haue worser ends.

Exit Cit.

Flow. Worser endes: nay, if it fall out

No worse then in old angels I care not,

Nay, now I haue had such a fortunate beginning,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Ile not let a six-pennie-purse escape me:

By the Masse, here comes another.

Enter a Citizens wife with a torch before her.

God blesse you faire Mistresse.

Now would it please you gentlewoman to looke into the wants of a poore Gentleman, a younger brother, I doubt not but God will treble restore it backe againe, one that neuer before this time demanded pennie, halfpennie, nor farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay *Alexander*, now by troth a very proper man, and tis great pittie: hold my friend, theres all the monie I haue about me, a couple of shillings, and God blesse thee.

Flow. Now God thanke you, sweete Lady: if you haue any friend, or Garden-house, where you may imploy a poore gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret seruice.

Citiz. I thanke you good friend, I prethy let me see that againe, I gaue thee, there is one of them a brasse shilling, giue me them, and here is halfe a crowne in gold. *He giues it her.* Now out vpon thee: Rascale, secret seruice: what doest thou make of mee? it were a good deede to haue thee whipt: now I haue my money againe, Ile see thee hanged before I giue thee a pennie: secret seruice: on good *Alexander*.

Exit both.

[46]

Flow. This is villanous lucke, I perceiue dishonestie
Will not thriue: here comes more, God forgiue mee,
Sir *Arthur*, and M. *Oliuer*, afore God, Ile speake to them,
God saue you, Sir *Arthur*: God saue you, M. *Oliuer*.

Enter Sir Arthur, and M. Oliuer

Oly. Byn you there, zirrha, come will you ytaken your selfw
To your toolws, Coystrelw?

Flow. Nay, M. *Oliuer*, Ile not fight with you,
Alas syr, you know it was not my dooings,
It was onely a plot to get Sir *Lancelots* daughter:

The Salamanca Corpus: The London Prodigal (c 1591)

By God, I neuer meant you harme.

Oly. And whore is the Gentle-woman thy wife, Mezell?

Whore is she, Zirrha, ha?

Flow. By my troth, M. *Oliuer*, sicke, very sicke;

And God is my Iudge, I know not what meanes to make for her, good Gentlewoman.

Oly. Tell me true, is she sicke? tell me true itch vise thee.

Flow. Yes faith, tell you true: M. *Oliuer*, if you would doe mee the small kindnesse, but to lend me fortie shillings: So God helpe me, I will pay you so soone as my abilitie shall make me able, as I am a gentleman.

Oly. Well, thou zaist thy wife is zicke: hold, thers vortie shillings, giued it to thy wife, looke thou giue it her, or I shall zo veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this zeuen yeare, looke too it.

Ar. Yfaith, M. *Oliuer*, it is in vaine

To giue to him that neuer thinkes of her.

Oly. Well, would che could yuind it.

Flow. I tell you true, sir *Arthur*, as I am a gentleman.

Oly. Well fare you well zirrah: come sir *Arthur*.

Exit both.

Flow. By the Lord, this is excellent.

Fiue golden Angels compast in an houre,

If this trade hold, Ile neuer seeke a new.

[47]

Welcome sweet gold, and beggery adue.

Enter Vnckle and Father.

Vnc. See *Kester*, if you can find the house.

Flow. Whose here, my Vnckle, and my man *Kester*?

By the Masse tis they.

How doe you Vnckle, how dost thou *Kester*?

By my troath Vnckle, you must needes lend

Me some mony, the poore gentlewoman

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

My wife, so God helpe me, is verie sicke,

I was robde of the hundred angels

You gaue me, they are gone.

Vnck. I they are gone indeed, come *Kester* away.

Flow. Nay, *Vnckle*, do you heare? good *Vnckle*.

Vnc. Out hypocrite, I will not heare thee speake,
Come leaue him *Kester*.

Flow. *Kester*, honest *Kester*

Fath. Syr, I haue nought to say to you,
Open the doore to my kin, thou hadst best
Lockt fast, for theres a false knaue without.

Flow. You are an old lying Rascall,
So you are.

Exit both.

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is de matter, Vat be you yonker?

Flow. By this light a Dutch Froe, they say they are calde
Kind, by this light Ile cry her.

Luce. Vat bin you yonker, why doe you not speake?

Flow. By my troath, sweet heart, a poor gentleman that would desire of you, if it
stand with your liking, the bountie of your purse.

Enter Father.

Luce. O here God, so young an armine.

Flow. Armine, sweet-heart, I know not what you meane by that, but I am almost a
begger.

Luce. Are you not a married man, vere bin your wife? Here is all I haue, take dis.

Flow. What gold young Froe? this is braue.

Fath. If he haue any grace, heele now repent.

[48]

Luce. Why speake you not, were be your wife?

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Flow. Dead, dead, shees dead, tis she hath vndone me,

Spent me all I had, and kept rascalls vnder my nose to braue me.

Luce. Did you vse her vell?

Flow. Use her, theres neuer a gentlewoman in *England* could be better vsed then I did her, I could but Coatch her, her diet stood me in fortie pound a moneth, but shee is dead and in her graue, my cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not scone.

Fath. He is turned more diuell then he was before.

Flow. Thou doest belong to maister *Ciuets* here, doest thou not?

Luce. Yes, me doe.

Flow. Why theres it, theres not a handfull of plate

But belongs to me, God's my Iudge:

If I had such a wench as thou art,

Theres neuer a man in *England* would make more

Of her, then I would doe, so she had any stocke.

They call within.

O why *Tanikin*

Luce. Stay one doth call, I shall come by and by againe.

Flow. By this hand, this Dutch wench is in loue with me,

Were it not admirall to make her steale

All *Ciuets* Plate, and runne away.

Fath. Twere beastly. O maister *Flowerdale*,

Haue you no feare of God, nor conscience:

What doe you meane, by this vilde course you take?

Flow. What do I meane? why, to liue, that I meane.

Fath. To liue in this sort, fie vpon the course,

Your life doth show, you are a verie coward.

Flow. A coward, I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow sixpence of a boy.

Flow. Snailles is there such a cowardice in that? I dare

Borrow it of a man, I, and of the tallest man

In *England*, if he will lend it me:

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Let me borrowe it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare.

[49]

And it is well knowne, I might a rid out a hundred times

If I would: so I might.

Fath. It was not want of will, but cowardice,

There is none that lends to you, but know they gaine:

And what is that but onely stealth in you?

Delia might hang you now, did not her heart

Take pittie of you for her sisters sake.

Goe get you hence, least lingering here you stay,

You fall into their hands you looke not for.

Flow. Ile tarie here, till the Dutch Froe

Comes, if all the diuels in hell were here.

Exit. Father.

Enter syr Lancelot, maister Weathercocke and Artichoake.

Lance. Where is the doore, are we not past it *Artichoake*?

Arty. Bith masse heres one, Ile aske him, doe you heare sir?

What, are you so proud? doe you heare, which is the way

To maister *Ciuets* house? what, will you not speake?

O me, this is filching *Flowerdale*.

Lance. O wonderfull, is this leaude villaine here?

O you cheating Roague, you cut-purse conycatcher,

What ditch you villaine, is my daughters graue?

A cozening rascall, that must make a will,

Take on him that strict habit, very that:

When he should turne to angell, a dying grace,

Ile father in lawe you syr, Ile make a will:

Speake villaine, wheres my daughter?

Poysoned I warrant you, or knocked a the head:

And to abuse good maister *Weathercocke*, with his forgd will,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

And maister *Weathercocke*, to make my grounded resolution,

Then to abuse the *Deuenshyre* gentlemen:

Goe, away with him to prison.

Flow. Wherefore to prison? syr, I will not goe.

*Enter maister Ciuet, his wife, Oliuer, syr Arthur,
Father and Vnckle, and Delia.*

[50]

Luce. O heeres his Vnckle, welcome gentlemen, welcome all:

Such a cozener gentlemen, a murderer too

For any thing I know, my daughter is missing,

Hath been looked for, cannot be found, a vild vpon thee.

Vnck. He is my kinsman, although his life be vilde,

Therefore, in Gods name, doe with him what you will.

Lance. Marrie to prison.

Flow. Wherefore to prison? snickvp, I owe you nothing.

Lance. Bring forth my daughter then, away with him.

Flow. Go seeke your daughter, what doe you lay to my charge?

Lance. Suspition of murder, goe? away with him.

Flow. Murder your dogs, I murder your daughter,

Come, Vnkle, I know youle baile me.

Vnc Not I, were there no more,

Then I the Iaylor, thou the prisoner.

Lance. Goe, away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frowe.

Luce. O my life, where will you ha de man?

Vat ha de yonker done?

Wea. Woman, he hath kild his wife.

Luce. His wife, dat is not good, dat is not seen.

Lance. Hang not vpon him huswife, if you do Ile lay you by him.

Luce. Haue me no, and or way doe you haue him,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

He tell me dat he loue me hartily.

Fran. Lead away my maide to prison, why, *Tom*, will you suffer that?

Civ. No, by your leaue, Father, she is no vagrant:

She is my wiues chamber maid, and as true as the skin between any mans browes here.

Lance. Goe too, you're both fooles: sonne *Ciuert*,

Of my life this is a plot,

Some stragling counterfait preferd to you:

No doubt to rob you of your plate and Iewels:

Ile haue you led away to prison trull.

Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish Frowe,

Nor he, nor I shall to the prison goe:

Know you me now? nay neuer stand amazed.

[51]

Father, I know I haue offended you,

And tho that dutie wills me bend my knees

To you in dutie and obedience:

Yet this wayes doe I turne, and to him yeeld

My loue, my dutie, and my humblenesse.

Lance. Bastard in nature, kneele to such a slaue?

Luce. O M. *Flowerdale*, if too much grieffe

Haue not stopt vp the organs of your voyce,

Then speake to her that is thy faithfull wife,

Or doth contempt of me thus tye thy tongue:

Turne not away, I am no *Æthyope*,

No wanton *Cressed*, nor a changing *Hellen*:

But rather one made wretched by thy losse.

What turnst thou still from me? O then

I guess thee wofulst among haplesse men.

Flow. I am indeed, wife, wonder among wiues!

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Thy chastitie and vertue hath infused

Another soule in mee, red with defame,

For in my blushing cheekes is seene my shame.

Lance. Out Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.

Luce. Not trust him, by the hopes after blisse,

I know no sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lance. Well, since thou weart ordain'd to beggery,

Follow thy fortune, I defie thee.

Oli. Ywood che were so well ydoused as was euer white cloth in tocking mill, an
chea ha not made me weepe.

Fath.

If he hath any grace heele now repent.

Ar. It moues my heart.

Wea. By my troth I must weepe, I cannot chuse.

Vnck. None but a beast would such a maide misuse.

Flow. Content thy selfe, I hope to win his fauour,

And to redeeme my reputation lost:

And Gentlemen, beleue me, I beseech you,

I hope your eyes shall behold such change,

As shall deceive your expectation.

Oly. I would che were ysplitted now, but che beleue him.

Lance. How, beleue him.

Wea. By the mackins, I doe.

Lance. What doe you thinke that ere he will haue grace?

[52]

Wea. By my faith it will goe hard.

Oly. Well che vor ye he is changed: and, M. *Flowerdale*, in hope you been so, hold
theres vortie pound toward your zetting vp: what bee not ashamed, vang it man, vang
it, bee a good husband, louen to your wife: and you shall not want for vortie more, I
che vor thee.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Ar. My meanes are little, but if youle follow me,

I will instruct you in my ablest power:

But to your wife I giue this Diamond,

And proue true Diamond faire in all your life.

Flow. Thankes, good sir *Arthur*: M. *Oliuer*,

You being my enemie, and growne so kind,

Bindes me in all endeuour to restore.

Oly. What, restore me no restorings, man,

I haue vortie pound more for *Luce*, here vang it:

Zouth chil devie *London* els, what do not thinke me

A Mezel or a Scondrell to throw away my money? che haue a hundred pound more to pace of any good spotation: I hope your vnder and your vnkle wil vollow my zamples.

Vnck. You haue gest right of me, if he leaue of this course of life, he shall be mine heire.

Lance. But he shall neuer get a groat of me;

A Cozener, a deceiuer, one that kild his painefull

Father, honest Gentleman, that passed the fearefull

Danger of the sea, to get him liuing and maintaine him brave.

Wea. What hath he kild his father?

Lance. I sir, with conceit of his vild courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinformed.

Lance. Why thou old knaue, thou toldst me so thy selfe.

Fath. I wrong'd him then: and toward my M. stock,

Thers 20 Nobles for to make amends.

Flow. No *Kester*, I haue troubled thee, and wrongd thee more,

What thou in loue giues, I in loue restore.

Fran. Ha, ha, sister, there you playd bo-peepe with

Tom, What shall I giue her toward houshold?

Sister *Delia*, shall I giue her my Fanne?

Del. You were best aske your husband.

Fran. Shal I, *Tom*?

Civ. I do *Franck*, Ile by thee a new one, with a longer handle.

[53]

Franck. A russet one, *Franke*.

Civ. I with russet feathers.

Fran. Here sister, theres my Fanne toward houshold, to keep you warme.

Luce. I thanke you sister.

Wea. Why this is well, and toward faire *Luces* stocke, heres fortie shillings: and fortie good shillings more, Ile giue her marrie. Come sir *Lancelot*, I must haue you friends.

Lance. Not I, all this is counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your daughters dower worth?

Lance. Had she been married to an honest man,
It had beene better then a thousand pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and Ile giue you my bond,
To make her ioynter better worth then three.

Lance. Your bond sir, why what are you?

Fath. One whose word in *London* tho I say it,
Will passe there for as much as yours.

Lance. Weart not thou late that vnthrifths serving-man?

Fath. Looke on me better, now my scarre is off.

Nere muse man at this metamorphosie.

Lance. M. *Flowerdale*.

Flow. My father, O I shame to looke on him.

Pardon, deare father, the follyes that are past.

Fath. Sonne, sonne, I doe, and ioy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this vertuous maide,
Whom heauen hath sent to thee to saue thy soule.

Luce. This addeth ioy to ioy, hie heauen be prais'd.

Wea. M. *Flowerdale*, welcome frō death, good M. *Flowerdale*.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Twas sed so here, twas sed so here good faith.

Fath. I caused that rumour to be spred my selfe,

Because ide see the humours of my sonne,

Which to relate the circumstance is needlesse:

And sirrha, see you runne no more into that same disease:

For he thats once cured of that maladie,

Of Ryot, Swearing, Drunkennes, and Pride,

And falles againe into the like distresse,

That feur is deadly, doth till death indure:

Such men die mad as of a callenture.

Flow. Heauen helping me, Ile hate the course as hell.

[54]

Vnc. Say it, and do it Cozen, all is well.

Lance. Well, being in hope youle proue an honest man,

I take you to my fauour. Brother *Flowerdale*,

Welcome with all my heart: I see your care

Hath brought these acts to this conclusion,

And I am glad of it, come lets in and feast.

Oly. Nay zoft you awhile, you promised to make

Sir *Arthur* and me amends, here is your wisest

Daughter, see which ans sheele haue.

Lance. A Gods name, you haue my good will, get hers.

Oly. How say you then Damsell, tyters hate?

Delia. I sir, am yours.

Oly. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chill haue it

Dispatched in a trice, so chill.

Del. Pardon me sir, I meane I am yours,

In loue, in dutie: and affection.

But not to loue as wife, shall neere be said,

Delya was buried married, but a mayd.

The Salamanca Corpus: *The London Prodigal* (c 1591)

Ar. Doe not condemne your selfe for euer

Vertuous faire, you were born to loue.

Oly. Why you say true, sir *Arthur*, she was ybere to it,

So well as her mother: but I pray you shew vs

Some zamples or reasons why you will not marry?

Del. Not that I doe condemne a married life,

For tis no doubt a sanctimonious thing:

But for the care and crosses of a wife,

The trouble in this world that children bring,

My vow is in heauen in earth to liue alone,

Husbands howsoeuer good, I will haue none.

Oly. Why then, chil live a Batcheller too,

Che zet not a vig by a wife, if a wife zet not a vig

By me: Come shalls go to dinner?

Fath. To morrow I craue your companies in *Mark-lane*:

To night weele frolike in M. *Ciuites* house,

And to each healt,h drinke downe a full carowse.

FINIS

