

Author: Ben Jonson (1572-1637)

Text type: Drama

Date of composition: 1631

Editions: 1631, 1640, 1904, 1954, 1960, 1963, 1964

Source text:

Jonson, Ben. *Bartholmew Fayre*. London: Printed by I.B., 1631.

e-text:

Access and transcription: May 2014

Number of words: 36,108

Dialect represented: Northern English, Southwestern English, Irish

Produced by Francisco Javier Caldera Alamillo

Supervised by Javier Ruano-García

Copyright © 2011– DING, The Salamanca Corpus, Universidad de Salamanca

@ has been used to indicate that a word is doubtful or illegible

——

Jonson, Ben (1572-1637)
***Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)**

BARTHOLMEW

FAYRE:

A COMEDIE,

ACTED IN THE

YEARE, 1614.

By the Lady *ELIZABETHS*

SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to King JAMES, of
most Blessed Memorie;

By the Author, BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

*Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus: nam
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,*

The Salamanca Corpus: Bartholmew Fayre (1631)

Vi sibi prebentem, mimo spectacula plura.

Scriptores autem narrare putaret assello

Fabellam furdo. Hor. lib.2.Epist. I.

LONDON,

Printed by I.B. for ROBERT ALLOT, and are

To be sold at the signe of the *Beare*, in *Pauls*

Church-yard. 1631.

[Page]

THE
PROLOGUE
TO
THE KINGS
MAJESTY.

*Your Majesty is welcome to a Fayre;
Such place, such men, such language & such ware,
You much expect: with these, the zealous noyse
Of your lands Faction, scandaliz'd at toyes,
As Babies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-playes,
And such like rage, whereof the petulant wayes,
Your selfe have knowne, and have bin vext with long.
These for your sport, without particular wrong,
Or sust complaint of any privats man,
(Who of himselfe, or shall thinke well or can)
The Maker doth present: and hopes, to night
To give you for a Faying, true delight.*

[Page]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

THE PERSONS

OF THE PLAY.

JOHN LITTLEWIT.	<i>A Proctor.</i>
WIN LITTLE-WIT.	<i>His wife.</i>
DAME PURECRAFT.	<i>Her mother and widdow.</i>
ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY.	<i>Her Suitor, a Banbury man.</i>
WIN-WIFE.	<i>His Rivall, a Gentleman.</i>
QUARLOUS.	<i>His companion, a Gamester.</i>
BARTHOLMEW COKES.	<i>An Esquire of Harrow.</i>
HUMPHREY WASPE.	<i>His man.</i>
ADAM OVER-DOO.	<i>A Justice of Peace.</i>
DAME OVER-DOO.	<i>His wife.</i>
GRACE WELBORNE.	<i>His Ward.</i>
LANT. LEATHERHEAD.	<i>A Hobbi-horse seller.</i>
JOANE TRASH.	<i>A Ginger-bread woman.</i>
EZECHIEL EDGWORTH.	<i>A Cutpurse.</i>
NIGHTINGALE.	<i>A Ballad-singer.</i>
URSLA.	<i>A Pigge-woman.</i>
MOON-CALFE.	<i>Her Tapster.</i>
JORDAN KNOCK-HUM.	<i>A Horse-courser, and ranger o' Turnball.</i>
VAL. CUTTING.	<i>A Roarer.</i>
CAPTAINE WHIT.	<i>A Bawd.</i>
PUNQUE ALICE.	<i>Mistresse o' the Game.</i>
TROUBLE-ALL.	<i>A Madman.</i>

WHTCHMEN, three.

COSTARD-monger.

MOUSETRAP-man.

CLOTHIER.

WRESTLER.

PORTERS.

DOORE-KEEPERS. PUPPETS.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

[Page]

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

LITTLE-WIT. {To *him*} WIN.

A Pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I ha' such lucke to spinne out these finde things still, and like a Silke-worme, out of my selfe. Her's Master *Bartholomew Cokes*, of *Harrow* o'th hill, i'th County of *Middlesex*, Esquire, takes forth his Licence, to marry Mistresse *Grace Wel-borne* of the said place and County: and when do's hee take it forth? to day! the foure and twentieth of August! *Bartholmew* day! *Bartholmew* upon *Bartholmew*! there's the device! who would have mark'd such a leap-frogge chance now? A very lesse then *Ames-ace*, on two Dice! well, goe thy wayes *John Little-wit*, Proctor *John Little-wit*: One o'the pretty wits o' *Pauls*, the *Little-wit* of London (so thou art call'd) and some thing beside. When a quirk, or a *quiblin* do's scape thee, and thout dost not watch, and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Constable of conceit: (there now, I speake *quib* too) let 'hem carry thee out o'the Archdeacons Court, into his Kitchin, and make a *Jack* of thee, instead of a *John*. (There I am againe la!) *Win*, Good morrow, *Win*. I marry *Win*! Now you looke finely indeed, *Win*! this Cap do's convince! youl'd not ha' worne it, *Win*, nor ha' had it velvet, but a rough cuntry Beaver, with a copper-band, like the Conney-skinne woman of *Budge-row*? Sweete *Win*, let me kisse it! And her fine high shoes, like the *Spanish Lady*! Good *Win*, goe a litle I would faine see thee pace, pretty *Win*! By this fine Cap, I could never leave kissing on't.

[1]

WIN. Come, indeede la, you are such a foole, still!

LITT. No, but halfe a one, *Win*, you are the tother halfe: man and wife make one foole, *Win*. (Good!) Is there the Proctor, or Doctor indeed, i'the *Diocesse*, that ever had the fortune to win him such a *Win*! (There I am againe!) I doe feele conceits coming upon mee, more then I am able to turne tongue too. A poxe o'these pretenders, to wit! your *Three Cranes*, *Miter*, and *Mermaid* men! Not a corne of true salt, not a graine of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places or so, againe the next *Wit* fall, and

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

pay two pence in a quart more for their *Canary*, then other men. But gi' mee the man, can start up a *Justice of Wit* out of fix-shillings beare, and give the law to all the *Poets*, and *Poet-suckers* i' Towne, because they are the Players Gossips? 'Slid, other men have wives as fine as the Players, and as well drest. Come hither, *Win*.

ACT.I. SCENE. II.

WIN-WIFE. LITTLEWIT. WIN.

WHy, how now Master *Little-wit*! measuring of lips? or molding of kisses? which is it?

LITT. Troth I am a little taken with my *Wins* dressing here! Do'st not fine Master *Win-wife*? How doe you apprehend, Sir? Shee would not ha' worne this habit. I challenge all *Cheapside*, to shew such another: *Morefields*, *Pimlico* path, or the *Exchange*, in a sommer evening, with a Lace to boot as this has. Deare *Win*, let Master *Win-wife* kisse you. Hee comes a wooing to our mother *Win*, and may be our father perhaps, *Win*. There's no harme in him, *Win*.

WIN-W. None i'the earth, Master *Little-wit*.

LITT. I envy no man, my delicates, Sir.

WIN-W. Alas, you ha' the garden where they grow still! A wife heere with a *Strawbery*-breath, *Chery*-lips, *Apricot*-cheekes, and a soft velvet head, like a *Melicotton*.

LITT. Good y' faith! now dulnesse upon mee, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't, as well as he! Velvet head!

WIN-W. But my taste, Master *Little-wit*, tends to fruict of a later kinde: the sober Matron, your wives mother.

LITT. I! wee know you are a Suitor, Sir. *Win*, and I both, wish you well: by this Licence here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it, as here are a couple. *Win* would faine have a fine young father i' law, with a fether: that her mother

[2]

might hood it, and chaine it, with Mistris *Over-doo*. But, you doe not take the right course, Master *Win-wife*.

WIN-W. No? Master *Little-wit*, why?

LIT. You are not madde enough.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WIN-W. How? Is madnesse a right course?

LIT. I say nothing, but I winke upon *Win*. You have a friend, one (Master *Quarlous*) comes here sometimes?

WIN-W. Why? he makes no love to her, do's he?

LIT. Not a tokenworth that ever I saw, I assure you, But—

WIN-W. What?

LIT. He is the more Mad-cap o'the two. You doe not apprehend mee.

WIN. You have a hot coale i' your mouth, now, you cannot hold.

LIT. Let mee out with it, deare *Win*.

WIN. I'll tell him my selfe.

LIT. Doe, and take all the thanks, and much do good thy pretty heart, *Win*.

WIN. Sir, my mother has had her nativity-water cast lately by the Cunning men in *Cow lane*, and they ha' told her her fortune, and doe ensure her, shee shall never have happy houre; unlesse shee marry within this sen'night, and when it is, it must be a Madde-man, they say.

LIT. I, but it must be a Gentle-man Mad-man.

WIN. Yes, so the tother man of *More-fields* sayes.

WIN-W. But do's shee beleeve 'hem?

LIT. Yes, and ha's beene at *Bedlem* twice since, every day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there, mad!

WIN-W. Why, this is a confederacy, a meere piece of practice upon her, by these *Impostors*?

LIT. I tell her so; or else say I, that they meane some young-Madcap-Gentleman (for the divell can equivocate, as well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I advise you, to be a little madder, then Master *Quarlous*, hereafter.

WIN. Where is shee stirring yet?

LIT. Stirring! Yes, and studying an old Elfer, come from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in heere at meale-tyde, to praise the painefull brethren, or pray that the sweet fingers may be restor'd; Sayes a grace aas long as his breath lasts him! Some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or *Win*, are faine to fetch it againe with *Malmesey*, or *Aqua cælestis*.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WIN. Yes indeed, we have such a tedious life with him for his dyet, and his clothes too, he breaks his buttons, and cracks seames at every saying he sobs out.

JOHN. He cannot abide my Vocation, he sayes.

WIN. No, he told my mother, a *Proctor* was a claw of the *Beast*,

[3]

and that she had little lesse then committed *abomination* in marrying me so as she ha's done.

JOH. Every line (he sayes) that a *Proctor* writes, when it comes to be read in the Bishops Court, is a long blacke hayre, kemb'd out of the tayle of *Anti-Christ*.

WIN-W. When came this *Proselyte*?

JOH. Some three dayes since.

ACT.I. SCENE.III.

QUARLOUS, JOHN, WIN, WIN-WIFE.

O Sir, ha' you tane soyle, here? it's well, a man may reach you, after 3. houres running, yet! what an unmercifull companion art thou, to quit thy lodging, at such ungentle manly houres? None but a scatterd covey of Fidiere, or one of these Rag-rakers in dung-hills, or some Marrow-bone man at most, would have beene up, when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what aylest thou, thou canst not sleepe? hast thou Thornes i'thy eye-lids, or Thistles i'thy bed.

WIN-W. I cannot tell: It seemes you had neither i' your feet; that tooke this paine to finde me.

QUAR: No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o'the City should have drawne after you, by the sent rather, M^r *John Little-wit*! God save you, Sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of us, last night, *John*: shall we pluck a hayre o'the same Wolfe, to day, Proctor *John*?

JOH. Doe you remember Master *Quarlous*, what wee discourst on, last night?

QUAR. Not I, *John*: nothing that eyther discourse or doe, at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulnesse.

JOH. No? not concerning *Win*, looke you: there shee is, and drest as I told you she should be: harke you Sir, had you forgot?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

QUAR. By this head, I'le beware how I keepe you company, *John*, when I drunke, and you have this dangerous memory! that's certaine.

JOH. Why Sir?

QUAR. Why? we were all a little stain'd last night, sprinckled with a cup or two, and I agreed with Proctor *John* heere, to come and doe somewhat with *Win* (I know not what 'twas) to day; and he puts mee in minde on't, now; hee sayes hee was comming to fetch me: before *Truth*, if you have that fearefull quality, *John*, to remember, when you are sober, *John*, what you promise drunke, *John*; I shall take heed of you, *John*. For this once I am content to

[4]

winke at you, where's your wife? come hither *Win*.

He kisseth her.

WIN. Why *John*! doe you see this *John*? locke you! helpe me, *John*.

JOH. O *Win*, fie, what do you meane, *Win*! Be womanly, *Win*; make and outcry to your mother, *Win*? Master *Quarlous* is an honest Gentleman, and our worshipfull good friend, *Win*: and he is Master *Winwifes* friends, too: And Master *Win-wife* comes a Suitor to your mother *Win*; as I told you before, *Win*, and may perhaps, be our Father, *Win*, they'll do you no harme, *Win*, they are both our worshipfull good friends. Master *Quarlous*! you must know M^r *Quarlous*, *Win*; you must not quarrell with Master *Quarlous*, *Win*.

QUAR. No, wee'll kisse againe and fall in.

JOH. Yes, doe good *Win*.

WIN. Y' faith you are a foole, *John*.

JOH. A *Foole-John* she calls me, doe you marke that, Gentlemen? pretty littlewit of velvet! a foole-*John*!

QUAR. She may call you an *Apple-John*, if you use this.

WIN-W. Pray thee forbear, for my respect somewhat.

QUAR. Hoy-day! how respective you are become o'the sudden! I feare this family will turne you reformed too, pray you come about againe. Because she is in possibility to be

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

your daughter in law, and may aske you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to *Totnam* to eat creame. Well, I will forbear, Sir, but i'faith, would thou wouldst leave thy exercise of widdow-hunting once! this drawing after an old reverend Smocke by the splay-foote: There cannot be an ancient *Tripe* or *Trilibub* i'the Towne, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thy selfe to, when thou ha'st got one; scrubbing a piece of Buffe, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of *Pannyer-alley* to stinke in; or perhaps, worse, currying a carkasse, that thou art, or hast bound thy selfe to alive. I'll besworne, some of them, (that thou art, or hast beene a Suitor to) are so old, as no chast or marryed pleasure can ever become 'hem: the honest Instrument of procreation, has (forty yeeres since) left to belong to 'hem, thou must visit 'hem, as thou wouldst doe a *Tombe*, with a Torch, or three hand-fulls of Lincke, flaming hot, and so thou maist hap to make 'hem feele thee, and after, come to inherit according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himselfe a fortune in an old womans embers; we shall ha' thee after thou hast beene but a moneth marryed to one of 'hem, looke like the *quartane ague*, and the black *Jaundise* met in a face, and walke as if thou had'st borrow'd legges of a *Spinner*, and voyce of a *Cricket*. I would endure to heare fiteene Sermons aweeke for her, and such course, and lowd one's, as some of 'hem must be; I would een desire of Fate, I might dwell in a drumme, and take in my sustenance, with an old broken Tobacco-pipe and a Straw. Dost thou ever thinke to

[5]

bring thine eares or stomack, to the patience of a drie *grace*, as long as thy Tablecloth? and droan'd out by thy sonne, here, (that might be thy father;) till all the meat o'thy board has forgot, it was that day i'the Kitchin? Or to brooke the noise made, in a question of *Predestination*, by the good labourers and painefull eaters, assembled together, put to 'hem by the Matron, your Spouse; who moderates with a cup of wine, ever and anone, and a Sentence out of *Knox* between? or the perpetuall spitting, before, and after a sober drawne *exhortation* of fix houres, whose better part was the *hum-ha-hum*? Or to heare prayers groan'd out over thy iron chests, as if they were *charmes* to

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

breake 'hem? And all this for the hope of two *Apostle*-spoones, to suffer! and a cup to eate a cawdle in! For that will be thy legacy. She'll ha' convey'd her state, safe enough from thee, an' she be a right widdow.

WIN. Alasse, I am quite off that sent now.

QUAR. How so?

WINW. Put off by a *Brother* of *Banbury*, one, that, they say, is come heere, and governes all, already.

QUAR. What doe you call him? I knew divers of those *Banburians* when I was in *Oxford*.

WIN-W. Master *Little-wit* can tell us.

JOH. Sir! good *Win*, goe in, and if Master *Bartholmew Cokes*-his man come for the Licence: (the little old fellow) let him speake with me; what say you, Gentlemen?

WIN-W. What call you the Reverend *Elder*? you told me of? your *Banbury*-man.

JOH. *Rabbi Busy*, Sir, he is more then an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

QUAR. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

JOH. Hee was a Baker, Sir, but hee do's dreame now, and see visions, hee has given over his Trade.

QUAR. I remember that too: out of a scruple hee tooke, that (in spic'd conscience) those Cakes hee made, were serv'd to *Bridals*, *May-poles*, *Morrisses*, and such prophane feasts and meetings; his Christen-name is *Zeale-of-the-land*.

JOH. Yes, Sir, *Zeale-of-the-land Busye*.

WIN-W. How, what a name's there!

JOH. O, they have all such names, Sir; he was Witnessse, for *Win*, here, (they will not be call'd God-fathers) and nam'd her *Winne-the-fight*, you thought her name had beene *Winnifred*, did you not?

WIN-W. I did indeed.

JOH. Hee would ha' thought himselfe a starke Reprobate, if it had.

QUAR. I, for there was a Blew-starch-woman o'the name, at the same time. A notable hypocriticall vermine it is; I know him. One that stands upon his face, more then his faith, at all times;

[6]

Ever in seditious motion, and reproving for vaine-glory: of a most *lunatique* conscience, and splene, and affects the violence of *Singularity* in all he do's: (He has undone a Grocer here, in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeale as he, that's by the way: by his profession, hee will ever be i'the state of Innocence, though; and child-hood; derides all *Antiquity*; defies any other *Learning*, then *Inspiration*; and what discretion forever, yeeres should afford him, it is all prevented in this *Originall ignorance*; ha' not to doe with him: for hee is a fellow of a most arrogant, and invincible dulnesse, I assure you; who is this?

ACT.I. SCENE. IIII.

WASPE. JOHN. WIN-WIFE. QUARLOUS.

BY your leave, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you: and god you good morrow; M^r *Little-wit*, my businesse is to you. Is this Licence ready?

JOH. Heere, I ha' it for you, in my hand, Master *Humphrey*.

WAS. That's well, nay, never open, or read it to me, it's labour in vaine, you know. I am no *Clarke*, I scorne to be sav'd by my booke, i'faith I'll hang first; fold it up o' your word and gi' it mee; what must you ha' for't?

JOH. We'll talke of that anon, Master *Humphrey*.

WAS. Now, or not at all, good M^r *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

JOH. Sweet *Win*, bid *Salomon* send mee the little blacke boxe within, in my study.

WAS. I, quickly, good *Mistresse*, I pray you: for I have both egges o'the Spit, and yron i'the fire, say, what you must have, good M^r *Little-wit*.

JOH. Why, you know the price, M^r *Numps*.

WAS. I know? I know nothing. I, what tell you mee of knowing? (now I am in hast) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorne to know, and yet, (not I think on't) I will, and do know, as well as another; you must have a *Marke* for your thing here, and *eight pence* for the boxe; I could ha' sav'd *two pence* i'that, an' I had bought it my selfe, but heere's *fourteene shillings* for you. Good Lord! how long your little wife staies! pray God, *Salomon*, your Clerke, be not looking i'the wrong boxe, M^r *Proctor*.

JOH. Good, i'faith! no, I warrant you, *Salomon* is wiser then so, Sir.

[7]

WAS. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave Master *Little-wit*, this is scurvy, idle, foolish and abominable, with all my heart; I doe not like it.

WIN-W. Doe you heare? *Jack Little.-wit*, what businesse do's thy pretty head thinke, this fellow may have, that he keepes such a coyle with?

QUAR. More then buying of ginger-bread i'the *Cloyster*, here, (for that wee allow him) or a guilt pouch i'the *Fayre*?

JOH. Master *Quarlous*, doe not mistake him: he is his Masters both-hands, I assure you.

QUAR. What? to pull on his boots, a mornings, or his stockings, do's hee?

JOH. Sir, if you have a minde to mocke him, mocke him softly, and looke to'ther way: for if hee apprehend you flout him, once, he vill flie at you presently. A terrible testie old fellow, and his name is *Wasp* too.

QUAR. Pretty *Insect!* make much on him.

WAS. A plague o'this boxe, and the poxe too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it, or bought it! doe you see, Sir?

JOH. Nay, good M^r *Wasp*.

WAS. Good Master *Hornet*, turd i' your teeth, hold you your tongue; doe not I know you? your father was a *Pothecary*, and sold glisters, more then hee gave, I wusse: and turd i' your little wives teeth too (heere she comes,) 'twill make her spit as fine as she is, for all her velvet-custerd on her head, Sir.

JOH. O! be civill Master *Numpes*.

WAS. Why, say I have a humour not to be civill; how then? who shall compell me? you?

JOH. Here is the boxe, now.

WAS. Why a pox o' your boxe, once againe: let your little wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would have you to understand, and these Gentlemen too, if they please—

WIN-W. With all our hearts. Sir.

WAS. That I have a charge. Gentlemen.

JOH. They doe apprehend, Sir.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WAS. Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you, can apprehend mee, yet. (you are an Asse) I have a young Master, hee is now upon his making and marring; the whole care of his well doing, is now mine. His foolish scholemasters have done nothing, but runne up and downe the Countrey with him, to beg puddings, and cake-bread, of his tennants, and almost spoyled him, he has learn'd nothing, but to sing *catches*, and repeat *rattle bladder rattle*, and O, *Madge*. I dare not let him walke alone, for feare of learning of vile tunes, which hee will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! if hee meete but a Carman, i'the streete, and I finde him not talke to keepe him off on him, hee will whistle him, and all his tunes over, at night in his sleepe! he has a head full

[8]

of Bees! I am faine now (for this little time I am absent) to leave him in charge with a Gentlewoman; 'Tis true, shee is A *Justice of Peace* his wife, and a Gentlewoman o'the hood, and his naturall sister: But what may happen, under a womans government, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you doe not know him: hee is another manner of peece then you think for! but nineteen yeere old, and yet hee is taller then either of you, by the head, God blesse him.

QUAR. Well, mee thinkes, this is a fine fellow!

WIN-W. He has made his Master a finer by this description, I should thinke.

QUAR. 'Faith, much about one, it's *crosses* and *pile*, whether for a new farthing.

WAS. I'll tell you Gentlemen—

JOH. Will't please you drinke, Master *Wasp*?

WAS. Why, I ha' not talk't so long to be drie, Sir, you see no dust or cobwebs come out o'my mouth: doe you? you'ld ha' me gone, would you?

JOH. No, but you were in hast e'en now, M^r *Numpes*.

WAS. What an' I were? so I am still, and yet I will stay too; meddle you with your match, your *Win*, there, she has as little wit, as her husband it seemes: I have others to talke to.

JOH. She's my match indeede, and as little wit as I, Good!

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WAS. We ha' bin but a day and a halfe in towne, Gentlemen, 'tis true; and yester day i'the afternoone, we walk'd *London*, to shew the City to the Gentlewoman, he shall marry, Mistresse *Grace*; but, afore I will endure such another halfe day, with him, I'll be drawne with a good Gib-cat, through the great pond at home, as his uncle *Hodge* was! why, we could not meet that *heathen* thing, all day, but stayd him: he would name you all the *Signes* over, as hee went, aloud: and where hee spi'd a *Parrat*, or a *Monkey*, there hee was pitch'd, with all the littl-long-coats about him, male and female; no getting him away! I thought he would ha' runne madde o'the blacke boy in *Bucklers-bury*, that takes the scury, roguy *tobacco*, there.

JOH. You say true, Master *Numpes*: there's such a one indeed.

WAS. It's no matter, whether there be, or no, what's that to you?

QUAR. He will not allow of *John*'s reading at any hand.

[9]

ACT.I. SCENE. V.

COKES. Mistris OVER-DOO. WASPE. GRACE. QUARLOUS. WIN-WIFE.

JOHN. WIN.

O *Numpes*! are you here *Numpes*? looke where I am, *Numpes*! and Mistris *Grace*, too! nay, doe not looke angerly, *Numpes*: my Sister is heere, and all, I doe not come without her.

WAS. What, the mischiefe, doe you come with her? or shee with you?

COK. We came all to seeke you, *Numpes*.

WAS. To seeke mee? why, did you all thinke I was lost? or runne away with your foureteene shillings worth of small ware, here? or that I had chang'd it i'the *Fayre*, for hobby-horses? S'pretious— to seeke me!

OVER. Nay, good M^r *Numpes*, doe you shew discretion, though he bee exorbitant, (as M^r *Over-doo* saies,) and't be but for conservation of the *peace*.

WAS. Mary gip, goody she-*Justice*, Mistris *French-hood*! turd i' your teeth; and turd i' your *French-hoods* teeth, too, to doe you service, doe you see? must you quote your

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

Adam to me! you thinke, you are Madam *Regent* still, Mistris *Over-doo*; when I am in place? no such matter, I assure you, your *raigne* is out, when I am in, *Dame*.

OVER. I am content to be in *abeyance*, Sir, and be govern'd by you, so should hee too, if he did well; but 'twill be expected, you should also governe your passions.

WAS. Will't so forsooth? good Lord! how sharpe you are! with being at *Bet'lem* yesterday? *Whetston* has set an edge upon you, has hee?

OVER. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity: I doe, yet, to mine.

WAS. Very well, then.

COK. Is this the Licence, *Numpes*? for Loves sake, let me fee't. I never saw Licence.

WAS. Did you not so? why, you shall not fee't, then.

COK. An' you love mee, good *Numpes*.

WAS. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you, i'these foole-ries, set your heart at rest; there's nothing in't, but hard words: and what would you see't for?

COK. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all; and I will see't now, so I will.

WAS. You sha' not see it, heere.

COK. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll looke upo'the case heere.

WAS. Why, doe so, a man must give way to him a little in

[10]

trifles: Gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth: which he will mend, when he comes to judgement, and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceive so, and I thanke you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thnake you againe.

QUAR. Well, this *dry-nurse*, I say still, is a delicate man.

WIN-W. And I, am, for the *Cosset*, his charge! Did you ever see a fellowes face more accuse him for an *Asse*?

QUAR. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pittie 'tis yonder wench should marry such a *Cokes*?

WIN-W. 'Tis true.

QUAR. Shee seemes to be discrete, and as sober as shee is handsome.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WIN-W. I, and if you marke her, what a restrain'd scorne she casts upon all his behaviour, and speeches?

COK. Well, *Numpes*, I am now for another piece of businesse more, the *Fayre*, *Numpes*, and then—

WAS. Blesse me! deliver me, helpe, hold mee! the *Fayre*!

COK. Nay, never fidge up and downe, *Numpes*, and vexe it selfe. I am resolute *Bartholmew*, in this; Il'e make no suite on't to you; 'twas all the end of my journey, indeed, to shew Mistris *Grace* my *Fayre*: I call't my *Fayre*, because of *Bartholmew*: you know my name is *Bartholmew*, and *Bartholmew Fayre*.

JOH. That was mine afore, Gentlemen: this morning. I had that i'faith, upon his Licence, beleeve me, there he comes, after me.

QUAR. Come, *John*, this ambitious *wit* of yours, (I am afraid) will doe you no good i'the end.

JOH. No? why Sir?

QUAR. You grow so insolent with it, and overdoing, *John*: that if you looke not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there' twill leave you.

WIN-W. Doe not trust it too much, *John*, be more sparing, and use it, but now and then; a *wit* is a dangerous thing, in this age; doe not over buy it.

JOH. Thinke you so, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't, hereafter.

WIN. Yes, doe *John*.

COK. Aprety little soule, this same Mistris *Little-wit*! would I might marry her.

GRA. So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you.

COK. *Numps*, I will see it, *Numpes*, 'tis decreed: never be melancholy for the matter.

WAS. Why, see it, Sir, see it, doe see it! who hinders you? why doe you not goe see it? 'Slid see it.

COK. The *Fayre*, *Numps*, the *Fayre*.

WAS. Would the *Fayre* and all the Drums, and Rattles in't, were i' your belly for mee: they are already i' your braine: he that had the meanes to travell you head, now, should meet finer sights then any are i'the *Fayre*; and make a finer voyage on't; to see it

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

all hung with cockle-shells, pebbles, fine wheat-strawes, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cob-web.

QUAR. Goodfaith, hee lookes, me thinkes an' you marke him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his Sir *Cranion*-legs.

WIN-W. And his *Numpes*, to flap 'hem away.

WAS. God, bew' you, Sir, there's your *Bee* in a box, and much good doo't, you.

COK. Why, your friend, and *Bartholmew*; an' you be so contumacious.

QUAR. What meane you, *Numpes*?

WAS. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

OVER. You will not let him goe, *Brother*, and loose him?

COK. Who can hold that will away? I had rather loose him then the *Fayre*, I wusse.

WAS. You doe not know the inconvenience, Gentlemen, you perswade to: nor what trouble I have with him in these humours. If he goe to the *Fayre*, he will buy of every thing, to a Baby there; and houshold-stuffe for that too. If a legge or an arme on him did not grow on, hee would lose it i'the presse. Pray heaven I bring him off with one stone! And then he is such a Ravener after fruite! you will not beleeve what a coyle I had, t'other day, to compound a businesse betweene a *Katerne*-peare-woman, and him, about snatching! 'tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

WIN-W. O! but you must not leave him, now, to these hazards, *Numpes*.

WAS. Nay, hee knowes too well, I will not leave him, and that makes him presume: well, Sir, will you goe now? if you have such an itch i' your feete, to foote it to the *Fayre*, why doe you stop, am I your Tarriars? goe, will you goe? Sir, why doe you not goe?

COK. O *Numps*! have I brought you about? come Mistresse *Grace*, and Sister, I am resolute *Batt*, i'faith, still.

GRA. Truly, I have no such fancy to the *Fayre*; nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

COK. O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, Mistris *Grace*, we are inow of our selves to make it fashion: and for qualities, let *Numps* alone, he'l finde qualities.

QUAR. What a Rogue in apprehension is this! to understand her language no better.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WIN-W. I, and offer to marry to her? well, I will leave the chase of my widdow, for to day, and directly to the *Fayre*. These flies @ this hot season, but engender us excellent creeping sport. @ man that has but a spoone full of braine, would think so. Farewell,
John.

JOH. *Win*, you see, 'tis in fashion, to goe to the *Fayre*, *Win*: we must to the *Fayre* too, you, and I, *Win*. I have an affaire i'the *Fayre*, @ a Puppet-play of mine owne making, say nothing, that I writ

[12]

for the *motion* man, which you must see, *Win*.

WIN. I would I might *John*, but my mother will never consent to such a *prophane motion*: she will call it.

JOH. Tut, we'll have a device, a dainty one; (Now, *Wit*, helpe at a pinch, good *Wit* come, come, good *Wit*, and't be thy will.) I have it, *Win*, I have it' ifaith, and 'tis a fine one. *Win*, long to eate of a Pigge, sweet *Win*, i'the *Fayre*; doe you see? i'the heart o'the *Fayre*; not at *Pye-Corner*. Your mother will doe any thing, *Win*, to satisfie your longing, you know, pray thee long, presently, and be sicke o'the sudden, good *Win*. I'll goe in and tell her, cut thy lace i'the meane time, and play *Hypocrite*, sweet *Win*.

WIN. No, I'll not make me unready for it. I can be *Hypocrite* enough, though I were never so straight lac'd.

JOH. You say true, you have bin bred i'the family, and brought up to't. Our mother is a most elect *Hypocrite*, and has maintain'd us all this seven yeere with it, like Gentle-folkes.

WIN. I, Let her alone, *John*, she is not a wise wilfull widdow for nothing, not a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I ha'somewhat o'the moher in me, you shall see, fetch her, fetch her, ah, ah.

ACT.I SCENE.VI.

PURECRAFT. WIN. JOHN. BUSY. SALOMON.

NOW, the blaze of the beauteous discipline, fright away this evill from our house! how now *Win-the-fight*, Child: how do you? Sweet child, speake to me.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WIN. Yes, forsooth.

PUR. Looke up, sweet *Win-the-fight*, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this doore, remember that your education has bin with the purest, what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the uncleane beast, *Pigge*, to you, Child?

WIN. (Uh, uh.)

JOH. Not I, o'my sincerity, mother: she long'd above three houres, ere she would let me know it; who was it *Win*?

WIN. A prophane blacke thing with a beard, John.

PUR. O! resist it, *Win-the-fight*, it is the Tempter, the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of *Pig*, be strong against it, and it's foule temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were, on the weaker side, and pray against it's carnall provocations, good child, sweel child, pray.

[13]

JOH. Good mother, I pray you; that she may eat some *Pigge*, and her belly full, too; and doe not you cast away your owne child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter: how doe you, *Win*? Are you not sicke?

WIN. Yes, a great deale, *John*, (uh, uh.)

PUR. What shall we doe? call our zealous brother *Busy* hither, for his faithfull fortification in this charge of the adversary; child, my deare childe, you shall eat *Pigge*, be comforted, my sweet child.

WIN. I, but i'the *Fayre*, mother.

PUR. I meane i'the *Fayre*, if it can be any way made, or found lawfull; where is our brother *Busy*? Will hee not come? looke up, child.

JOH. Presently, mother, as soone as he has cleans'd his beard. I found him, fast by the teeth, i'the cold Turkey-pye, i'the cupbord, with a great white loafe on his left hand, and a glasse of *Malmesey* on his right.

PUR. Slander not the Brethren, wicked one.

JOH. Here hee is, now, purified, Mother.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

PUR. O brother *Busy*! you helpe heere to edifie, and raise us up in a scruple; my daughter *Win-the-fight* is visited with a naturall disease of women; call'd, A longing to eate Pigge.

JOH. I Sir, a *Bartholmew-pigge*: and in the *Fayre*.

PUR. And I would be satisfied from you, Religiously-wise, whether a widdow of the sanctified assembly, or a widdowes daughter, may commit the act, without offence to the weaker sisters.

BUS. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnall disease, or appetite, incident to women: and as it is carnall, and incident, it is naturall, very naturall: Now Pigge, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing, and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eating: but in the *Fayre*, and as *Bartholmew-pig*, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a *Bartholmew-pigge*, and to eat it so, is a spice of *Idolatry*, and you make the *Fayre*, no better then one of the high *Places*. This I take it, is the state of the question. A high place.

JOH. I, but in state of necessity: *Place* should give place, M^r *Busy*, (I have a conceit left, yet.)

PUR. Good Brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, thinke to make it as lawfull as you can.

JOH. Yes Sir, and as soone as you can: for it must be Sir; you see the danger my little wife is in, Sir.

PUR. Truely, I doe love my child dearely, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her first frutes, if it might be otherwise.

BUS. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject, to construction, subject, and hath a face of offence, with the weake, a great

[14]

face, a foule face, but that face may have a vaile put over it, and be shaddowed, as it were, it may be eaten, and in the *Fayre*, I take it, in a Booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midst of the prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with *sobriety*, and humblenesse; not gorg'd in with gluttony, or greedinesse; there's the feare: for, should she goe there, as taking pride in

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

the place, or delight in the uncleane dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or the lust of the palat, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

JOH. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't, but courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough; we'll seeke out the homeliest Booth i'the *Fayre*, that's certaine, rather then faile, wee'll eate it o'the ground.

PUR. I, and I'll goe with you my selfe, *Win-the-fight*, and my brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, shall goe with us too, for our better consolation.

WIN. Uh, uh.

JOH. I, and *Salomon* too, *Win*, (the more the merrier) *Win*, we'll leave *Rabby Busy* in a Booth. *Salomon*, my cloake.

SAL. Here, Sir.

BUS. In the way of comfort to the weake, I will goe, and eat. I will eate exceedingly, and prophesie; there may be a good use made of it, too, now I thinke on't: by the publike eating of Swines flesh, to professe our hate, and loathing of *Judaisme*, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eate, yea, I will eate exceedingly.

JOH. Good, i'faith, I will eate heartily too, because I will be no *Jew*, I could never away with that stiffenecked generation: and truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pigge so, i'the mothers belly.

BUS. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

[15]

ACT.II. SCENE.I.

JUSTICE OVERDOO.

WELL, in Justice name, and the Kings; and for the common-wealth! defie all the world, *Adam Overdoo*, for a disguise, and all *story*; for thou hast fitted thy selfe, I sweare; faine would I meet the *Linceus* now, that Eagles eye, that peircing *Epidaurian* serpent (as my *Quint. Horace* cal's him) that could discover a Justice of Peace, (and lately of the *Quorum*) under this covering. They may have seene many a foole in the habite of a Justice; but never till now, a Justice in the habit of a foole. Thus must we doe, though, that wake for the publike good: and thus hath the wise Magistrate done in all ages.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipfull man, sometime a capitall member of this City, for his high wisdome, in this point, who would take you, now the habit of a Porter; now of a Carman; now of the Dog-killer, in this moneth of *August*; and in the winter, of a Seller of tinder-boxes; and what would hee doe in all these shapes? mary goe you into every Alehouse, and down into every Celler; measure the length of puddings, take the gage of blacke pots, and cannes, I, and custards with a sticke; and their circumference, with a thrid; weigh the loaves of bread on his middle-finger; then would he send for 'hem, home; give the puddings to the poore, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his children; breake the pots, and burne the cannes, himselfe; hee would not trust his corrupt officers; he would do't himselfe. Would all men in authority would follow this worthy president! For (alas) as we are publike persons, what doe we know? nay, what can wee know? wee heare with other mens eares; wee see with other mens eyes? a foolish Constable or a sleepy Watch-

[16]

man, is all our information, he slanders a Gentleman, by the vertue of his place, (as he calls it) and wee by the vice of ours, must beleieve him. As a while agone, they made mee, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursivant, for a *Seminary*: and a proper yong Batcheler of Musicke, for a Bawd. This wee are subject to, that live in high place, all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers, knaves: and by your leave, our selves, thought little better, if not errant fooles, for beleiving 'hem. I *Adam Overdoo*, am resolv'd therefore, to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine owne discoveries. Many are the yeerely enormities of this *Fayre*, in whose courts of this *Fayre*, in whose courts of *Pye-pouldres* I have had the honour during the three dayes sometimes to sit as Judge. But this is the speciall day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my blacke booke, for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me: under this covert I shall see, and not be seene. On *Junius Brutus*. And as I began, so I'll end: in Justice name, and the Kings; and for the Common-wealth.

The Salamanca Corpus: Bartholmew Fayre (1631)

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

LEATHERHEAD. TRASH. JUSTICE. URSLA. MOONE-CALFE. NIGHTINGALE.

Costermonger. Passengers.

THE Fayre's pestlence dead, mee thinkes; people come not abroad, to day, what ever the matter is. Doe you heare, Sister *Trash*, Lady o'the Basket? sit farther with your ginger-bread-progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i'the *Fayre*, what stuffe they are made on.

TRA. Why, what stuffe are they made on, Brother *Leather-head*? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

LEA. Yes, stale bread, rotten egges, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

JUS. I! have I met with enormity, so soone?

LEA. I shall marre your market, old *Jone*.

TRA. Marre my market, thou too-proud Pedler? do thy worst; I defie thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st mee for all thou art parcell-poet, and an Inginer. I'll finde a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattell all over. Are you puft up with the pride of your wares? your *Arsedine*?

LEA. Goe to, old *Jone*, I'll take with you anone; and take you

[17]

downe too, afore Justice *Overdoo*, he is the man must charme you, Ile ha' you i'the *Piepouldres*.

TRA. Charme me? I'll meet thee face to face, afore his worship, when thou dar'st: and though I be a little crooked o'my body, I'll be found as upright in my dealing, as any woman in *Smithfield*, I, charme me?

JUS. I am glad, to heare, my name is their terror, yet, this is doing of Justice.

LEA. What doe you lacke? what is't you buy? what do you lacke? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babies o'the best? Fiddles o'th finest?

Enter Cost.

COS. But any peares, peares, fine, very fine peares.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

TRA. Buy any ginger-bread, guilt ginger-bread!

NIG. Hey, now *the Fayre's a filling!*

O, for a Tune to startle

The Birds o'the Booths here billing:

Yeerely with old Saint Barthle!

The Drunkards they are wading,

The Punques, and Chapmen trading;

Who'd see the Fayre without his lading?

Buy any ballads; new ballads?

URS. Fye upon't: who would weare out their youth, and prime thus, in roasting of pigges, that had any cooler vocation? Hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine vault, o'my conscience! what *Moone-calfe*.

MOO. Heere, Mistresse.

NIG. How now *Ursla?* in heate, in a heat?

URS. My chayre, you false faucet you; and my mornings draught, quickly, a botle of Ale, to quench mee, Rascall. I am all fire, and fat, *Nightingale*, I shall e'en melt away to the first woman, a ribbe againe, I am afraid. I doe water the ground in knots, as I goe, like a great Garden-pot, you may follow me by the S.S. I make.

NIC. Alas, good *Ur's*; was *Zekiel* heere this morning?

URS. *Zekiel?* what *Zekiel?*

NIG. *Zekiel Edgeworth*, the civill cut-purse, you know him well enough; hee that talkes bawdy to you still: I call him my Secretary.

URS. He promis'd to be heere this morning, I remember.

NIG. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be backe againe presently.

Moon-calse brings in the Chaire.

URS. Best take your mornings dew in your belly, *Nightingale*, come Sir, set it heere, did not I bid you should get this chayre let out o'the sides, for me, that my hips might play? you'll never thinke of any thing, till your dame be rumpgall'd; 'tis well, Changeling: because it can take in your Grasse-hoppers thighes, you care for no more. Now, you looke as you had been i'the corner

[18]

o'the Booth, fleaing your breech, with a candles end, and set fire o'the *Fayre*. Fill, Stotel: fill.

JUS. This Pig-woman doe I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity, shee hath beene before mee, *Punke*, *Pinnace* and *Bawd*, any time these two and twenty yeeres, upon record i'the *Pie-poudres*.

URS. Fill againe, you unlucky vermine.

MOO. 'Pray you be not angry, Mistresse, I'll ha' it widen'd anone.

URS. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the *Fayre* be done, you thinke, now you ha' heated me? A poore vex'd thing I am, I feele my selfe dropping already, as fast as I can: two stone a sewet a day is my proportion: I can but hold life & soule together, with this (heere's to you, *Nightingale*) and a whiffe of tobacco, at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant *Incubee*.

NIG. Nay, *Ursla*, thou'lt gall betweene the tongue and the teeth, with freeting, now.

URS. How can I hope, that ever hee'll discharge his place of trust, Tapster, a man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but looke too't, sirrah, you were best, three pence a pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole halfe pound of tabacco, and a quarter of a pound of *Coltsfoot*, mixt with it too, to itch it out. I that have dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoak, now. Then 6. and 20. shillings a barrell I will advance o'my Beere; and fifty shillings a hundred o'my bottle-ale, I ha' told you the waies how to raise it. Froth your cannes well i'the filling; at length Rogue, and jogge your bottles o'the buttocke, Sirrah, then skinke out the first glasse, ever, and drinke with all companies, though you be sure to be drunke; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be lesse asham'd on't. But your true tricke, Rascall, must be, to be ever busie, and mis-take away the bottles and cannes, in hast, before they be halfe drunke off, and never heare any body call, (if they should chance to marke you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forswear 'hem. Give me a drinke of Ale.

JUS. This is the very *wombe*, and *bedde* of enormitie! grosse, as her selfe! this must all downe for enormity, all, every whit on't.

One knocks.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

URS. Looke, who's there, Sirrah? five shillings a Pigge is my price, at least; if is be a sow-pig, fix pence more: if she be a great bellied wife, and long for't fix pence more for that.

JUS. *O Tempora! O mores!* I would not ha' lost my discovery of this one grievance, for my place, and worship o'the *Bench*, how is the poore subject abus'd, here! well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Moone-calfe*, and winne out wonders of enormity. By thy leave, goodly woman, and the fatnesse of the *Fayre*: oylly as the Kings constables Lampe, and shining as his Shooing-horne! hath thy Ale vertue, or thy Beere strenght? that the tongue of man may be tickled? and his palat pleas'd in the morning? let

[19]

thy pretty Nephew here, goe search and see.

URS. What new Roarer is this?

MOO. O Lord! doe you not know him, Mistris, 'tis mad *Arthur* of *Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Brave Master, old *Arthur* of *Bradley*, how doe you? welcome to the *Fayre*, when shall wee heare you againe, to handle your matters? with your backe again a Booth, ha? I ha' bin one o' your little disciples, i' my dayes!

JUS. Let me drinke, boy, with my love, thy Aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foule on the *Fayre*.

URS. Why dost thou not fetch him drinke? and offer him to sit?

MOO. Is't Ale, or Beere? Master *Arthur*?

JUS. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best; the same thy Dove drinketh, and thou drawest on holy daies.

URS. Bring him a sixe penny bottle of Ale; they say, a fooles handsell is lucky.

JUS. Bring both, child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beere for *Bradley*. Ale for thine Aunt, boy. My disguise takes to the very wish, and reach of it. I shall by the benefit of this, discover enough, and more: and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be. A certaine midling thing, betweene a foole and madman.

ACT.II. SCENE. III.

KNOCKHUM. {to them.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WHat! my little leane *Ursla!* my shee-Beare! art thou alive yet? with thy litter of pigges, to grunt out another *Bartholmew Fayre?* ha!

URS. Yes, and to amble afoote, when the *Fayre is done*, to heare you groane out of a cart, up the heavy hill.

KNO. Of Holbourne, *Ursla*, meanst thou so? for what? for what, pretty *Urs?*

URS. For cutting halfe-penny purses: or stealing little penny dogges, out o'the *Fayre*.

KNO. O! good words, good words *Urs*.

JUS. Another speciall enormitie. A cutpurse of the sword! the boote, and the feather! those are his marks.

URS. You are one of those horsleaches, that gave out I was dead, in Turne-bull streete, of a surfet of botle ale, and tripes?

KNO. No, 'twas better meat *Urs*: coves udders, coves udders!

[20]

URS. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day.

KNO. What? thou'lt poyson mee with a neust in a bottle of Ale, will't thou? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe, *Urs?* Come, there's no malice in these fat folkes, I never feare thee, and I can scape thy leane *Moonecalfe* heere. Let's drinke it out, good *Urs*, and no vapours!

JUS. Dost thou heare, boy? (there's for thy Ale, and the remnant for thee) speake in thy faith of a faucet, now; is this goodly person before us here, this vapours, a knight of the knife?

MOO. What meane you by that, Master *Arthur?*

JUS. I meane a child of the horne-thumb, a babe of booty, boy; a cutpurse.

MOO. O Lord, Sir! far from it. This is Master *Dan. Knockhum: Jordane* the Ranger of Turnebull. He is a horse-courser, Sir.

JUS. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cutpurse.

MOO. Like enough, Sir, shee'll doe forty such things in an houre (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her i'the greasie kerchiefe: it makes her fat you see. Shee battens with it.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

JUS. Here might I ha' beene deceiv'd, now: and ha' put a fooles blot upon my selfe, if I had not play'd an after game o'discretion.

Ursla comes in againe dropping.

KNO. Alas poore *Urs*, this's an ill season for thee.

URS. Hang your selfe, Hacney-man.

KNO. How? how? *Urs*, vapours! motion breede vapours?

URS. Vapours? Never tuske, nor twirle your dibble, good *Jordane*, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be Captaine o'the Roarers, and fight well at the case of pis-pots, you shall not fright me with your Lyon-chap, Sir, nor your tuskes, you angry? you are hungry: come, a pigs head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomacke, at all times.

KNO. Thou art such another mad merry *Urs* still! Troth I doe make conscience of vexing thee, now i'the dog-daies, this hot weather, for feare of foundring thee i'the bodie; and melting down a *Piller* of the *Fayre*. Pray thee take thy chayre againe, and keepe state; and let's have a fresh bottle of Ale, and a pipe of tabacco; and no vapours. I'le ha' this belly o'thine taken up, and thy gresse scour'd, wench; looke! heere's *Ezechiel Edgworth*; a fine boy of his inches, as any is i'the *Fayre*! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart; and good vapours.

[21]

ACT.II. SCENE. IIII.

To them EDGWORTH. NIGHTINGALE. Corne-cutter. Tinder-box-man. Passengers.
THat I will, indeede, willingly, Master *Knockhum*, fetch so me Ale, and Tabacco.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? Maid: see a fine hobby horse for your young Master: cost you but a token a weeke his provander.

COR. Ha' you any cornes' iyour feete, and toes?

TIN. Buy a Mouse-trap, a Mouse-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

TRA. Buy some Ginger-bread.

NIG. Ballads, Ballads! fine new ballads.

Heare for your love, and buy for your money.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

A delicate ballad, o'the Ferret and the Coney.

A preservative again' the Punques evill.

Another of Goose-greene-starch, and the Devill.

A dozen of divine points, and the Godly garters.

The Fairing of good counsell, of an ell and three quarters. What is't you buy?

The Wind-mill blowne downe by the witches fart!

Or Saint George, that O! did breake the Dragons heart!

EDG. Master Nightingale, come hither, leave your mart a little.

NIG. O my Secretary! what sayes my Secretarie?

JUS. Childe o'the bottles, what's he? what he?

MOO. A civill young Gentleman, Master Arthur, that keepes company with the Roarers, and disburses all, still. He has ever money in his purse; He payes for them; and they roare for him: one do's good offices for another. They call him the Secretary, but he serves no body. A great friend of the Ballad-mans they are never asunder.

JUS. What pittie 'tis, so civill a young man should haunt this debauched company? here's the bane of the youth of our time apparant. A proper penman, I see't in his countenance, he has a good Clerks looke with him, and I warrant him a quicke hand.

MOO. A very quicke hand, Sir.

EDG. All the purses, and purchase, I give you to day by conveyance

[22]

bring hither to *Ursla's* presently. Heere we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Looke you choose good places, for your standing i'the *Fayre*, when you sing, *Nightingale*.

This they whisper, that Overdoo heares it not.

URS. I, neere the fullest passages; and shift 'hem often.

EDG. And i' your singing, you must use your hawks eye nimbly, and flye the purse to a marke, still, where 'tis worne, and o' which side; that you may gi' me the signe with your beake, or hang your head that way i'the tune.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

URS. Enough, talke no more on't: your friendship (Masters) is not now to beginne. Drinke your draught of Indenture, your sup of Covenant, and away, the Fayre fils apace, company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pigge ready, yet.

KNO. Well said! fill the cups, and light the tabacco: let's give fire i'th' works, and noble vapours.

EDG. And shall we ha' smockes *Ursla*, and good whimsies, ha?

URS. Come, you are i' your bawdy vaine! the best the *Fayre* will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keepe his word; how doe the Pigges, *Moone-calfe*?

MOO. Very passionate, Mistresse, one on 'hem has wept out an eye. Master *Arthur* o' *Bradley* is melancholy, heere, no body talkes to him. Will you any tabacco Master *Arthur*?

JUS. No, boy, let my mediations alone.

MOO. He's studying for an Oration now.

JUS. If I can, with this daies travell, and all my policy, but rescue this youth, here, out of the hands of the lewd man, and the strange woman. I will sit downe at night, and say with my friend *Ovid*, *Jamq; opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

KNO. Here *Zekiel*; here's a health to *Ursla*, and a kind vapour, thou hast money i'thy purse still; and store! how dost thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

EDG. Halfe I have, Master *Dan. Knockhum*, is alwaies at your service.

JUS. Ha, sweete nature! what Goshawke would prey upon such a Lambe?

KNO. Let's see, what 'tis, *Zekiel!* count it, come, fill him to pledge mee.

[23]

ACT.II. SCENE. V.

WIN-WIFE. QUARLOUS. {to them.

WEe are heere before 'hem, me thinkes.

QUAR. All the better, we shall see 'hem come in now.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen, what is't you lacke? a fine Horse? a Lyon? a Bull? a Beare? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine *Bartholmew*-bird? or an Instrument? what is't you lacke?

QUAR. S'lid! heere's *Orpheus* among the beasts, with his Fiddle, and all!

TRA. Will you buy any comfortable bread, Gentlemen?

QUAR. And *Ceres* selling her daughter picture, in Ginger-worke!

WIN. That these people should be so ignorant to thinke us chapmen for 'hem! doe wee looke as if wee would buy Ginger-bread? or Hobby-horses?

QUAR. Why, they know no better ware then they have, nor better customers then come. And our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would *Cokes* would come! there were a true customer for 'hem.

KNO. How much is't? thirty shillings? who's yonder! *Ned Winwife*? and *Tom Quarlous*, I thinke! yes, (gi' me it all) (gi' me it all) Master *Win-wife*! Master *Quarlous*! will you take a pipe of tabacco with us? do not discredit me now, *Zekiel*.

WIN. Doe not see him! he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's avoyd him: turne downe this way.

QUAR. S'lud, I'le see him, and roare with him, too, and hee roar'd as loud as *Neptune*, pray thee goe with me.

WIN. You may draw me to as likely an inconvienience, when you please, as this.

QUAR. Goe to then, come along, we ha' nothing to doe, man, but to see sights, now.

KNO. Welcome Master *Quarlous*, and Master *Winwife*! will you take any froth, and smoake with us?

QUAR. Yes, Sir, but you'l pardon us, if we knew not of so much familiarity betweene us afore.

KNO. As what, Sir?

QUAR. To be so lightly invited to smoake, and froth.

KNO. A good vapour! will you sit downe, Sir? this is old

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

Ursla's mansion; how like you her bower? heere you may ha' your Punque, and your Pigge in state, Sir, both piping hot.

QUAR. I had rather ha' my Punque, cold, Sir.

JUS. There's for me, Punque! and Pigge!

URS. What *Mooncalfe*? you Rogue.

She calls within.

MOO. By and by, the bottle is almost off Mistresse, here Master *Arthur*.

URS. I'le part you, and your play-fellow there, i'the garded coat, an' you sunder not the sooner.

KNO. Master *Win-wife*, you are proud (me thinkes) you doe not talke, nor drinke, are you proud?

WIN. Not of the company I am in, Sir, not the place, I assure you.

KNO. You doe not except at the company! doe you? are you in vapours, Sir?

MOO. Nay, good Master *Dan. Knockhum*, respect my Mistris Bower, as you call it; for the honour of our Booth, none o' your vapours, heere.

URS. Why, you thinne leane Polcat you, and they have a minde to be i'their vapours, must you hinder 'hem? what did you know Vermine, if they would ha' lost a cloake, or such a trifle? must you be drawing the ayre of pacification heere? while I am tormented, within, i'the fire, you Weasell?

She comes out with a fire-brand.

MOO. Good Mistresse, 'twas in the behalfe of your Booth's credit, that I spoke.

URS. Why? would my Booth ha' broake, if they had fal'ne out in't? Sir? or would their heate ha' fir'd it? in, you Rogue, and wipe the pigges, and mend the fire, that they fall not, or I'le both baste and roast you, till your eyes drop out, like 'hem. (Leave the bottle behinde you, and the curst a while.)

QUAR. Body o'the *Fayre*! what's this? mother o'the Bawds?

KNO. No, she's mother o'the Pigs, Sir, mother o'the Pigs!

WIN. Mother o'the *Furies*, I thinke, by her firebrand.

QUAR. Nay, shee is too fat to be a *Fury*, sure, some walking Sow of tallow!

WIN. An inspir'd vessell of Kitchin-stuffe!

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

QUAR. She'll make excellent geere for the Coach-makers, here in Smithfield, to anynt wheelles and axell trees with.

She drinkes this while.

URS. I, I, Gamesters, mocke a plaine plumpe soft wench o'the Suburbs, doe, because she's juicy and wholesome: you must ha'your thinne pinch'd ware, pent up i'the compasse of a dogge-collar, (or 'twill not do) that looks like a long lac'd *Conger*, set up-right, and a greene feather, like fennell i'the Joll on't.

KNO. Well said *Urs*, my good *Urs*; to 'hem *Urs*.

QUAR. Is shee your quagmire, *Dan. Knockhum*? is this your Bogge?

NIG. We shall have a quarrel presently.

[25]

KNO. How? Bog? Quagmire? foule vapours! hum'h!

QUAR. Yes, hee that would venture for't, I assure him, might sinke into her, and be drown'd a weeke, ere any friend hee had, could find where he were.

WIN. And then he would be a fort' night weighing up againe.

QUAR. 'Twere like falling into a whole *Shire* of butter: they had need be a teeme of *Dutchmen*, should draw him out.

KNO. Answer 'hem, *Urs*, where's thy *Bartholmew-wit*, now? *Urs*, thy *Bartholmew-wit*?

URS. Hang 'hem, rotten, roguy Cheaters, I hope to see 'hem plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with leane play-house poultry, that has the boany rumpe, sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Partizan, that every rib of 'hem is like the tooth of a Saw: aud will so grate 'hem with their hips, & shoulders, as (take 'hem altogether) they were as good lye with a hurdle.

QUAR. Out upon her, how she drips! she's able to give a man the sweating Sicknesse, with looking on her.

URS. Mary looke off, with a patch o' your face; and a dosen i' your breech, though they be o' scarlet, Sir. I ha' seene as fine outsides, as either o' yours, bring lowsie linings to the Brokers, ere now, twice a weeke?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

QUAR. Doe you thinke there may be a fine new Cuckingstoole i'the *Fayre*, to be purchas'd? one large inough, I meane. I know there is a pond of capacity, for her.

URS. For your mother, you Rascall, out you Rogue, you hedge bird, you Pimpe, you pannior-mans bastard, you.

QUAR. Ha, ha, ha.

URS. Doe you sneere, you dogs-head, you *Trendle tayle!* you looke as you were begotten a' top of a Cart in harvest-time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuffe after your brothers bitch, M^{rs} *Commodity*, that's the Livory you weare, 'twill be out at the elbows, shortly. It's time you went to't, for the to'ther remnant.

KNO. Peace, *Urs*, peace, they'll kill the poore Whale, and make oyle of her. Pray thee goe in.

URS. I'le see 'hem pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

WIN. Let's away, her language growes greasier then her Pigs.

URS. Dos't so, snotty nose? good Lord! are you sniveling? you were engendred on a she-begger, in a barne, when the bald Thrasher, your Sire, was scarce warme.

WIN. Pray thee, let's goe.

QUAR. No, faith: I'le stay the end of her, now: I know shee cannot last long; I finde by her *similes*, shee wanes a pace.

URS. Do's shee so? I'le set you gone. Gi' mee my Pig-pan hither a little. I'le scald you hence, and you will not goe.

KNO. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours! and very idle vapours! I assure you.

QUAR. You are a very serious asse, wee assure you.

[26]

KNO. Humh! Asse? and serious? nay, then pardon mee my vapour. I have a foolish vapour, Gentlemen: any man that doe's vapour me, the Asse, Master *Quarlous*—

QUAR. What then, Master *Jordan*?

KNO. I doe vapour him the lye.

QUAR. Faith, and to any man that vapours mee the lie, I doe vapour that.

KNO. Nay, then, vapours upon vapours.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

EDG. NIG. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan, shee comes with the pan, Gentlemen. God blesse the woman.

Ursla comes in, with the scalding-pan.

URS. Oh.

They fight.

ERA. What's the matter?

JUS. Goodly woman!

MOO. Mistresse!

She falls with it.

URS. Curse of hell, that ever I saw these Feinds, oh! I ha' scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg. I ha' lost a limb in the service! run for some creame and sallad oyle, quickly. Are you under-peering, you Baboun? rip off my hose, an' you be men, men, men.

MOO. Runne you for some creame, good mother *Jone*. I'le looke to your basket.

LEA. Best sit up i' your chaire, *Ursla*. Helpe, Gentlemen.

KNO. Be of good cheere, *Urs*, thou hast hindred me the currying of a couple of Stallions, here, that abus'd the good race-*Bawd* o' Smithfield; 'twas time for 'hem to goe.

NIG. I faith, when the panne came, they had made you runne else. (this had beene a fine time for purchase, if you had ventur'd.)

EDG. Not a whit, these fellowes were too fine to carry money.

KNO. Nightingale, get some helpe to carry her legge out o'the ayre; take off her shooes; body o' me, she has the Mallanders, the scratches, the crowne scabbe, and the quitter bone, i'the tother legge.

URS. Oh! the poxe, why doe you put me in minde o'my leg, thus, to make it prick, and shoot? would you ha' me i'the Hospitall, afore my time?

KNO. Patience, *Urs*, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister, as big as a Windgall; I'le take it away with the white of an egge, a little honey, and hogs grease, ha' thy pasternes well rol'd, and thou shall't pase againe by to morrow. I'le tend thy Booth, and looke to thy affaires, the while: thou shalt sit i'thy chaire, and give directions, and shine *Ursa major*.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

[27]

ACT. II. SCENE. VI.

JUSTICE. EDGEWORTH. NIGHTINGALE. COKES. WASPE. Mistris OVERDOO.
GRACE.

THEse are the fruites of bottle-ale, and tabacco! the some of the one, and the fumes of the other! Stay young man, and despise not the wisdom of these few hayres, that are growne gray in care of thee.

EDG. *Nightingale*, stay a little. Indeede I'le heare some o'this!

COK. Come, *Numps*, come where are you? welcome into the *Fayre*, Mistris *Grace*.

EDG. S'light, hee will call company, you shall see, and put us into doings presently.

JUS. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, Ale: for, who knowes, when hee openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle? hath not a Snaile, a Spider, yea, a Neust bin found there? thirst not after ir, youth: thirst not after it.

COK. This is a brave fellow, *Numps*, let's heare him.

WAS. S'blood, how brave is he? in a garded coate? you were best trucke with him, e'en strip, and trucke presently, it will become you, why will you heare him, because he is a Asse, and may be a kinne to the *Cokeses*?

COK. O, good *Numps*!

JUS. Neither doe thou lust after that tawney weede, tabacco.

COK. Brave words!

JUS. Whose complexion is like the Indians that vents it!

COK. Are they not brave words, Sister?

JUS. And who can tell, if, before the gathering, and making up thereof; the *Alligarta* hath not piss'd thereon?

WAS. 'Heart let' hem be brave words, as brave as they will! and they were all the brave words in a Countrey, how then? will you away yet? ha' you inough on him? Mistris *Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessory. If you doe lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with listning to his fables: say, *Numps*, is a witch, with all my heart, doe, say so.

COK. Avoyd i' your sattin doublet, *Numps*.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

JUS. The creeping venome of which subtill serpent, as some

[28]

late writers affirme; neither the cutting of the perrillous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting, or burning, can aby way perssway or asswage.

COK. Good, i'faith! is't not Sister?

JUS. Hence it is, that the lungs of the Tabacconist are rotted, the Liver spotted, the braine smoak'd like the backside of the Pig-womans Booth, here, and the whole body within, blacke, as her Pan, you saw e'en now, without.

COK. A fine similitude, that, Sir! did you see the panne?

EDG. Yes, Sir.

JUS. Nay, the hole in the nose heere, of some tabacco-takers, or the third nostrill, (if I may so call it) which makes, that they can vent the tabacco out, like the Ace of clubs, or rather the Flower-de-lice, is caused from the tabacco, the meere tabacco! when the poore innocent pox, having nothing to doe there, is miserably, and most unconscionably slander'd.

COK. Who would ha' mist this, Sister?

OVER. Not any body, but *Numps*.

COK. He do's not understand.

EDG. Nor you feele.

He picketh his purse.

COK. What would you have, Sister, of a fellow that knowes nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't? the best musique i'the *Fayre*, will not move a logge.

EDG. In, to *Ursla*, *Nightingale*, and carry her comfort: see it told. This fellow was sent to us by fortune, for our first fairing.

JUS. But what speake I of the diseases of the body, children of the *Fayre*?

COK. That's to us, Sister. Brave i'faith!

JUS. Harke, O, you sonnes and daughters of Smithfield! and heare what mallady it doth the minde: It causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling, and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

OVE. He hath something of Master *Overdoo*, mee thinkes, brother.

COK. So mee thought, Sister, very much of my brother *Overdoo*: And 'tis, when he speakes.

JUS. Looke into any Angle o'the towne; (the Streights, or the *Bermuda's*) where the quarreling lesson is read; and how doe they entertaine the time, but with bottle-ale; and tabacco? The Lecturer is o' one side, and his Pupils o'the other; But the seconds are still bottle-ale, and tabacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Novices pay. Thirty pound a weeke in bottle-ale! forty in tabacco! and then more in Ale againe. Then for a sute to drinke in, so much, and (that being slaver'd) so much for another sute, and then a third sute, and a fourth sute! and still the bottle-ale slavereth, and the tabacco stinketh!

WAS. Heart of a mad-man! are you rooted here? well you

[29]

never away? what can any man finde out in this bawling fellow, to grow heere for? hee is a full handfull higher, sin' he heard him, will you fix heere? and set up a Booth? Sir?

JUS. I will conclude briefly—

WAS. Hold your peace, your roaring Rascall, I'le runne my head i' your chaps else. You were best build a Booth, and entertaine him, make your Will, and you say the word, and him your heyre! heart, I never knew one taken with a mouth of a pecke, afore. By this light, I'le carry you away o'my backe, and you will not come.

He gets him up on pick-packe.

COK. Stay *Numpes*, stay, set mee downe: I ha' lost my purse, *Numpes*, O my purse! one o'my fine purses is gone.

OVER. Is't indeed, brother?

COK. I, as I am an honest man, would I were an errant Rogue, else! a plague of all roguy, damn'd cut-purses for me.

WAS. Blesse 'hem with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! Now, as I am no Infidell, that I know of, I am glad on't. I I am, (here's my witness!) doe you see, Sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I? no, no, I am a dull malt-horse, I, I know nothing. Are

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

you not justly serv'd i' your conscience now? speake i' your conscience. Much good doe you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart againe.

EDG. This fellow is very charitable, would he had purse too! but, I must not be too bold, all at a time.

COK. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my best purse.

WAS. Not your best! death! why should it be your worst? why should it be any, indeed, at all? answer me to that, gi' mee a reason from you, why it should be any?

COK. Nor my gold, *Numps*; I ha' that yet, looke heere else, Sister.

WAS. Why so, there's all the feeling he has!

OVER. I pray you, have a better care of that, brother.

COK. Nay, so I will, I warrant you; let him catch this, that catch can. I would faine see him get this, looke you heere.

WAS. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! Very good.

COK. I would ha' him come againe, now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good jest? I will put it just whete th'other was, and if we ha' good lucke, you shall see a delicate fine trap to eatch the cutpurse, nibling.

EDG. Faith, and he'll trye ere you be out o'the *Fayre*.

COK. Come, Mistresse *Grace*, pre' thee be not melancholy for my mis-chance; sorrow wi' not keepe it, Sweet heart.

GRA. I doe not thinke on't, Sir.

COOK. 'Twas but a little scurvy white money, hang it: it may hang the cutpurse, one day. I ha' gold left to gi' thee a fayring, yet, as hard as the world goes: nothing angers me, but that no body heere, look'd like a cutpurse, unlesse 'twere *Numps*.

[30]

WAS. How? I? I looke like a cutpurse? death! your Sister's a cutpurse! and your mother and father, and all your kinne were cutpurses! And here is a Rogueis the baud o'the cutpurses, whom I will beat to begin with.

They speake all together: and Waspe beats the Justice.

COK. *Numps, Numps.*

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

OVER. Good M^r *Humphrey*.

WAS. You are the *Patricol*! are you? the Patriarch of the cutpurses? you share, Sir, they say, let them share this with you. Are you i' your hot fit of preaching againe? I'le coole you.

JUS. Hold thy hand, childe of wrath, and heyre of anger, make it not Childermasse day in thy fury, or the feast of the French *Bartolmew*, Parent of the Massacre.

JUS. Murther, murther, murther.

ACT.III. SCENE.I.

WHIT. HAGGISE. BRITLÉ. LEATHER-HEAD. TRASH.

NAY, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen tou vilt not be phitin call, Master Offisher, phat ish a man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, & tou art in an oder 'orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too, one o'their brabblesh woud have fed ush ali dish fortnight, but tou art so bushy about beggersh stil, tou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and't be.

HAG. Why, I told you, *Davy Britsle*.

BRI. Come, come, you told mee a pudding, *Toby Haggise*; A matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! you said, let's goe to *Ursla*'s, indeede; but then you met the man with the monsters,

[31]

and I could not get you from him. An old foole, not leave seeing yet?

HAG. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so earely? or that the ale o'the *Fayre* would ha' beene up so soone.

WHI. Phy? phat a clocke toest tou tinke it ish, man?

HAG. I cannot tell.

WHI. Tou art a vishe vatchman, i'te meane teeme.

HAG. Why? should the watch goe by the clocke, or the clock by the watch, I pray?

BRI. One should goe by another, if they did well.

WHI. Tou art right now! phen didst tou ever know, or heare of a shuffishient vatchman, but he did tell the clocke, phat bushinesse soever he had?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

BRI. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knowes what a clocke it is.

WHI. Shleeping, or vaking! ash well as te clocke himshelfe, or te Jack dat shtrikes him!

BRI. Let's enquire of Master *Leatherhead*, or *Jone Trash* heere. Master *Leatherhead*, doe you heare, Master *Leatherhead*?

WHI. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho much noish vill not peirsh him.

LEA. I have a little businesse now, good friends doe not trouble me.

WHI. Phat? because o'ty wrought neet cap, and ty phelvet sherkin, Man? phy? I have sheene tee in ty Ledder sherkin, ere now, Mashter o'de hobby-Horses, as bushy and as stately as tou sheem'st to be.

TRA. Why, what an' you have, Captaine *Whit*? hee has his choyce of Jerkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when hee pelases to be either sicke, or imploy'd.

LEA. God a mercy *Jone*, answer for me.

WHI. Away, be not sheen i'my company, here be shentlemen, and men of vorship.

ACT.III. SCENE.II.

QUARLOUS. WHIT. WIN-WIFE. BUSY. JOHN. PURE-CRAFT. WIN. KNOKHUM.

MOON-CALFE. URSLA.

WEe had wonderfull ill lucke, to misse this prologue o'the purse, but the best is, we shall have five *Acts* of him ere night: hee'le be spectacle enough! I'le answer for't.

[32]

WIH. O Creesh! Duke *Quarlous*, how dosht tou? tou dosht not know me, I feare? I am te vishesht man, but Justish *Overdoo*, in all *Bartholmew Fayre*, now. Gi' me twelwepence from tee, I vill help tee to a wife vorth forty marks for't, and't be.

QUAR. Away, Rogue, Pimpe away.

WHI. And thee shall shew tee as fine cut o'rke fort't in her shmock too, as tou cansht vishe i'faith; vilt tou have her, vorshipfull *Vin vife*? I vill helpe tee to her, heere, be an't be, in te pig-quarter, gi'me ty twelwepence from tee.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WIN-W. Why, there's twelpence, pray thee wilt thou be gone.

WHI. Tou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipfull man still.

QUAR. Get you gone, Rascall.

WHI. I doe meane it, man. Prinsh *Quarlous* if tou liasnt need on me, tou shalt finde me heere, at *Urla's*, I will see phat ale, and punque ish i'te pigshty, for tee, blesse ty good vorship.

QUAR. Looke! who comes heere! *John Little-wit!*

WIN-W. And his wife, and my widdow, her mother: the whole family.

QUAR. 'Slight, you must gi 'hem all fairings, now!

WIN-W. Not I, I'le not see 'hem.

QUAR. They are going a feasting. What Schole-master's that is with 'hem?

WIN-W. That's my Rivall, I beleeve, the Baker!

BUS. So, walke on in the middle way, fore-right, turne neyther to the right hand, nor to the left: let not your eyes be drawne aside with vanity, nor your eare with noyses.

QUAR. O, I know him by that start!

LEA. What do you lack? what do you buy, pretty Mistris! a fine Hobby-Horse, to make your sonne a Tilter? a Drum to make him a Souldier? a Fiddle, to make him a Reveller? What is't you lack? Little Dogs for your Daughters! or Babies, male, or female?

BUS. Look not toward them, harken not: the place is *Smithfield*, or the field of Smiths, the Grove of Hobbi-horses and trinkets, and the wares are the wares of divels. And the whole *Fayre* is the shop of *Satan!* They are hooks, and baites, very baites, that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to hold you as it were, by the gills; and by the nostrills, as the Fisher doth: therefore, you must not looke, nor turne toward them— The Heathen man could stop his eares with wax, against the harlot o'the sea: Doe you the like, with your fingers against the bells of the Beast.

WIN-W. What flashes comes from him!

QUAR. O, he has those of his oven! a notable hot Baker 'twas, when hee ply'd the peepe: hee is leading his flocke into the *Fayre*, now.

WIN-W. Rather driving 'hem to the Pens: for he will let 'hem looke upon nothing.

KNO. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot! whither walke you?

[33]

Have a care o'your fine velvet caps, the *Fayre* is dusty. Take a sweet delicate Booth, with boughs, here, i'the way, and coole your selves i'the shade: you and your friends, The best pig and bottle-ale i'the *Fayre*, Sir. Old *Ursla* is Cooke, there you may read: the pigges head speakes it. Poore soule, shee has had a *Sringhalt*, the *Maryhinchco*: but shee's prettily amended.

Little-wit is gazing at the signe; which is the Pigs-head with a large writing under it.

WHI. A delicate show-pig, little Mistris, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leave i'de fire, la! Tou shalt ha' de cleane side o'de table-clot and di glass vash'd with phatersh of Dame *Anness Cleare*.

JOH. This's fine, verily, here be the best pigs: and shee doe's roast 'hem as well as ever she did; the Pigs head sayes.

KNO. Excellent, excellent, Mistris, with fire o' *Juniper* and *Rosemary* branches! The Oracle of the Pigs head, that, Sir.

PUR. Sonne, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? have you forgot the wholesome admonition, so soone?

JOH. Good mother, how shall we finde a pigge, if we doe not looke about for't? will it run off o'the spit, into our mouths thinke you? as in *Lubberland*? and cry, *we, we*?

BUS. No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiveth it may offer it selfe, by other meanes, to the sense, as by way of steeme which I thinke it doth, here in this place (Huh, huh) yes, it doth. And it were a sinne of obstinacy, great obstincacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline, or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the sent. Enter the Tents of the uncleane, for once, and satisfie your wives frailty. Let your fraile wife be satisfied: your zealous mother, and my suffering selfe, will also be satisfied.

Busy sents after it like a Hound.

JOH. Come, *Win*, as good winny here, as goe, farther, and see nothing.

BUS. Wee scape so much of the other vanities, by our earely entring.

PUR. It is an ædifying consideration.

WIN. This is scurvy, that we must come into the *Fayre*, and not looke on't.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

JOH. *Win*, have patience, *Win*, I'le tell you more anon.

KNO. *Moone-calfe*, entertaine within there, the best pig i'the Booth; a Porklike pig. These are *Banbury-bloods*, o'the sincere stud, come a pigge-hunting. *Whit*, wait *Whit*, looke to your charge.

BUS. A pigge prepare, presently, let a pigge be prepared to us.

MOO. S'light, who be these?

URS. Is this the good service, *Jordan*, you'ld doe me?

KNO. Why, *Urs*? why, *Urs*? thou'lt ha' vapours i'thy legge againe presently, pray thee go in, 't may turne to the scratches else.

[34]

URS. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stinke like you, are these guests o'the game, you promis'd to fill my pit with all, to day?

KNO. I, what aile they *Urs*?

URS. Aile they? they are all sippers, sippers o'the City, they looke as they would not drinke off two penn'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'hem.

MOO. A body may read that i'their small printed ruffes.

KNO. Away, thou art a foole, *Urs*, and thy *Moone-calfe* too, i'thy ignorant vapours, now? hence, good guests, I say right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o'pigs o'the board, and halfe a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'hem, and call *Whit*, I doe not love to heare Innocents abus'd: Fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone-puritane, with a sorrell head, and beard, good mouth'd gluttons: two to a pigge, away.

URS. Are you sure they are such?

KNO. O'the right breed, thou shalt try 'hem by the teech, *Urs*, where's this *Whit*?

WHI. Behold, man and see, what a worthy man am ee!

With the fury of my sword, and the shaking of my beard,

I will make ten thousand men afeard.

KNO. Well said, brave *Whit*, in, and feare the ale out o'the bottles, into the bellies of the brethren, and the sisters drinke to the cause, and pure vapours.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

QUAR. My Roarer is turn'd Tapster, mee thinks. Now were a fine time for thee, *Win-wife*, to lay aboard thy widdow, thou'lt never be Master of a better season, or place; shee that will venture her selfe into the *Fayre*, and a pig-boxe, will admit any assault, be affur'd of that.

WIN. I love not enterprises of that suddenesse, though.

QUAR. I'le warrant thee, then, no wife out o'the widdowes Hundred: if I had but as much Title to her, as to have breath'd once on that streight stomacher of hers, I would now assure my selfe to carry her, yet, ere she went out of *Smithfield*. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter sight, I confesse. But you are a modest undetaker, by circumstances, and degrees; come, 'tis Disease in thee, not Judgement, I should offer at all together. Looke, here's the poore foole, againe, that was stung by the waspe, ere white.

[35]

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

JUSTICE. WIN-WIFE. QUARLOUS.

I will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragicall conclusions. And I begin now to thinke, that by a spice of collaterall Justice, *Adam Overdoo*, deserv'd this beating; for I the said *Adam*, was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost: and my wives brothers purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it, at supper, (that will be the sport) and put my little friend, M^r *Humphrey Wasp's* choler quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the upper end o'my Table, as I use, & drinking to my brother *Cokes*, and M^{rs}. *Alice Overdoo*, as I wil, my wife, for their good affectiõ to old *Bradley*, I deliver to 'hem, it was I, that was cudgell'd, and shew 'hem the marks. To see what bad events may peepe out o'the taile of good purposes! the care I had of that civil yong man, I tooke fancy to this morning, (and have not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company, indeede, which drew the cut-purse; which drew the money; which drew my brother *Cokes* his losse; which drew on *Wasp's* anger; which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! And they shall ha' it i'their dish, i'faith, at night for fruit: I love to be merry at my Table. I had thought once,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

at one speciall blow he ga' me, to have revealed my selfe? but then (I thank thee fortitude) I remembred that a wise man (and who is ever so great a part, o'the Common-wealth in himselfe) for no particular disaster ought to abandon a publike good designe. The husbandman ought not for one unthankful yeer, to forsake the plough; The Shepheard ought not, for one scabb'd sheep, to throw by his tar-boxe; The Pilot ought not for one leake i'the poepe, to quit the Helme; Nor the Alderman ought not for one custerd more, at a meale, to give up his cloakes, The Constable ought not to breake his staffe, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night; Nor the Piper o'the Parish (*Ut parvis componere magna solebam*) to put up his pipes, for one rainy Sunday. These are certaine knocking conclusions; out of which, I am resolv'd, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discover who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said ever, in Justice name, and the King's, and for the Common-wealth.

[36]

WIN. What doe's he talke to himselfe, and act so feriously? poore foole!

QUAR. No matter what. Here's fresher argument, intend that.

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

COKES. LEATHERHEAD. WASPE. Mistresse OVERDOO. WIN-WIFE.

QUARLOUS. TRASH. GRACE.

Come, Mistresse *Grace*, come Sister, heere's more fine sights, yet i'the faith. Gods' lid where's *Numps*?

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine Rattles! Drummes? Babies? little Dogges? and Birds for Ladies? What doe you lacke?

COK. Good honest *Numpes*, keepe afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat: my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

WAS. You were best buy a whip i'your hand to drive me.

COK. Nay, doe not mistake, *Numps*, thou art so apt to mistake: I would but watch the goods. Looke you now, the treble fiddle, was e'en almost like to be lost.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WAS. Pray you take heede you lose not your selfe: your best way, were e'en get up, and ride for more surety. But a tokens worth of great pinnes, to fasten your selfe to my shoulder.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pincases, pipes? What is't you lacke? a paire o'smithes to wake you i'the morning? or a fine whistling bird?

COK. *Numps*, here be finer things then any we ha' bought by oddes! and more delicate horses, a great deale! good *Numpes*, stay, and come hither.

WAS. Will you scourse with him? you are in *Smithfield*, you may sit your selfe with a fine easy-going street-nag, for your saddle again' *Michaelmasse-terme*, doe, has he ne'er a little odde cart for you, to make a Carroch on, i'the countrey, with foure pyed hobbyhorses? why the meazills, should you stand heere, with your traine, cheaping of Dogges, Birds, and Babies? you ha' no children to bestow 'hem on? ha' you?

COK. No, but again' I ha' children, *Numps*, that's all one.

WAS. Do, do, do, do; how many shall you have, think you? an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my Tenants, too, they are a kind o'civill Savages, that wil part with their children for rattles, pipes, and knives. You were best buy a hatchet, or two, & truck with 'hem.

[37]

COK. Good *Numps*, hold that little tongue o'thine, and save it a labour. I am resolute *Bat*, thou know'st.

WAS. A resolute foole, you are, I know, and a very sufficient Coxcombe; with all my heart; nay you have it, Sir, and you be angry, turd i'your teeth, twice: (if I said it not one afore) and much good doe you.

WIN. Was there ever such a selfe-affliction? and so impertinent?

QUAR. Alas! his care will goe neere to cracke him, let's in, and comfort him.

WAS. Would I had beene set i'the gronnd, all but the head on me, and had my braines bowl'd at, ot thresh'd out, when first I underwent this plague of a charge!

QUAR. How now, *Numps*! almost tir'd i'your Protectorship? overparted? overparted?

WAS. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am, dos't grieve you?

QUAR. No, I sweare dos't not, *Numps*: to satisfie you.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WAS. *Numps?* S'blood, you are fine and familiar! how long ha' wee bin acquainted, I pray you?

QUAR. I thinke it may be remembred, *Numps*, that? 'twas since morning sure.

WAS. Why, I hope I know't well enough, Sir, I did not aske to be told.

QUAR. No? why then?

WAS. It's no matter why, you see with your eyes, now, what I said to you to day? you'll beleeve me another time?

QUAR. Are you removing the *Fayre*, *Numps*?

WAS. A pretty question! and a very civill one! yes faith, I ha' my lading you see; or shall have anon, you may know whose beast I am, by my burthen. If the pannier-mans Jacke were ever better knowne by his loynes of mutton, I'le be flead, and feede dogs for him, when his time comes.

WIN. How melancholi' Mistresse *Grace* is yonder! pray thee let's goe enter our selves in *Grace*, with her.

COK. Those sixe horses, friend I'le have—

WAS. How!

COK. And the three Jewes trumps; and halfe a dozen o'Birds, and that Drum, (I have one Drumme already) and your Smiths; I like that device o'your smiths, very pretty well, and foure Halberts— and (le' me see) that fine painted great Lady, and her three women for state, I'le have.

WAS. No, the shop; uy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

LEA. If his worship please.

WAS. Yes, and keepe it during the *Fayre*, Bobchin.

COK. Peace, *Numps*, friend, doe not meddle with him, an'

[38]

you be wise, and would shew your head above board: hee will sting thorow your wrought night-cap, beleeve me. A set of these Violines, I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I have i'the countrey, that are every one a size lesse then another, just like your fiddles. I would faine have a fine younf Masque at my marriage, now I thinke on't:

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

but I doe want such a number o'things. And *Numps* will not helpe me now, and I dare not speake to him.

TRA. Will your worship buy any ginger-bread, very good bread, comfortable bread?

COK. Ginger-bread! yes, let's see.

WAS. There's the tother sprindge?

LEA. Is this well, goody *Jone*? to interrupt my market? in the midst? and call away my customers? can you answer this, at the *Piepouldres*?

TRA. Why? if his Master-ship have a mine to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my ware, as well as you yours.

COK. Hold your peace; I'le content you both: I'le buy up his shop, and thy basket.

WAS. Will you i'faith?

LEA. Why should you put him from it, friend?

WAS. Cry you mercy! you'ld be sold too, would you? what's the price on you? Jerkin, and all as you stand? ha' you any qualities?

TRA. Yes, good-man angry-man, you shall finde he has qualities, if you cheapen him.

WAS. Gods so, you ha' the selling of him! what are they? will they be bought for love, or money?

TRA. No indeed, Sir.

WAS. For what then? victualls?

TRA. He scornes victualls, Sir, he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do moe for a good meale, if the toy take him i'the belly, mary then they must not set him at lower end; if they do, he'll goe away, though he fast. But put him a top o'the Table, where his place is, and hee'll doe you forty fine things. Hee has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great citty-suppers, to put downe *Coriat*, and *Cokeley*, and bin laught at for his labour; he'll play you all the Puppets i'the towne over, and the Players, every company, and his owne company too; he spares no body!

COK. I'faith?

TRA. Hee was the first, Sir, that ever baited the fellow i'the beare's skin, an't like your worship: no dog ever came neer him, since. And for fine motions!

COK. Is hee good at those too? can hee set out a Masque trow?

TRA. O Lord, Master! sought to farre, and neere, for his inventions:

[39]

and hee engrosses all, hee makes all the Puppets i'the *Fayre*.

COK. Do'st thou (in troth) old velvet Jerkin? give mee thy hand.

TRA. Nay, Sir, you shall see him in his velvet Jerkin, and a scarfe, too, at night, when you heare him interpret Master *Little-wit's* Motion.

COK. Speake no more, but shut up shop presently, friend. I'le buy both it, and thee too, to carry downe with me, and her hamper, beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the Masque, and hers the Banquet: I cannot goe lesse, to set out any thing with credit. What's the price, at a word, o'thy whole shop, case, and all as it stands?

LEA. Sir, it stands me in fixe and twenty shillings seven pence, halfe-peny, besides three shillings for my ground.

COK. Well, thirty shillings will doe all, then! And what comes yours too?

TRA. Foure shillings, and eleaven pence, Sir, ground, and all, an't like your worship.

COK. Yes, it do's like my worship very well, poore woman, that's five shillings more, what a Masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings? (twenty pound scotsh) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread? there's a stately thing! *Numps*? Sister? and my wedding gloves too? (that I never thought on afore.) All my wedding gloves, Ginger-bread? O me! what a device will there be? to make 'hem eate their fingers ends! and delicate Brooches for the Bride-men! and all! and then I'le ha' this poesie put to 'hem: *For the best grace*, meaning *Mistresse Grace*, my wedding poesie.

GRA. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholmew-wit*.

WAS. You doe not meane this, doe you? is this your first purchase?

COK. Yes faith, and I doe not thinke, *Numpes*, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest Act, that ever I did in my wardship.

WAS. Like inough! I shall say any thing. I!

[40]

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

JUSTICE. EDGWORTH. NIGHTINGALE.

I Cannot beget a *Project*, with all my politicall braine, yet; my *Project* is how to fetch off this proper young man, from his debauched company: I have followed him all the *Fayre* over, and still I finde him with this songster: And I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity; and the young man of a terrible taint, *Poetry!* with which idle disease, if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a state-course. *Actum est*, of him for a common-wealths-man: if hee goe to't in *Rime*, once.

EDG. Yonder he is buying o' Ginger-bread: set in quickly, before he part with too much on his money.

NIG. *My masters and friends, and good people, draw neere, &c.*

COK. Ballads! harke, harke! pray thee, fellow, stay a little, good *Numpes*, looke to the goods. What Ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see my selfe.

He runn's to the Ballad man.

WAS. Why so! hee's flowne' to another lime-bush, there he will flutter as long more; till hee ha' ne'r a feather left. Is there a vexation like this, Gentlemen? will you beleeeve mee now, hereafter? shall I have credit with you?

QUAR. Yes faith, shalt thou, *Numps*, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I never saw a young Pimpe errant, and his Squire better match'd.

WIN-W. Faith, the sister comes after 'hem, well, too.

GRA. Nay, if you saw the Justice her husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Messe, hee is such a wise one his way—

WIN-W. I wonder, wee see him not heere.

GRA. O! Hee is too serious for this place, and yet better sport then the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen: where ere he is, though't be o'the Bench.

COK. How dost thou call it! A caveat against cutpurses! a good jest, i'faith, I would faine see that *Dæmon*, your Cutpurse, you talke of, that delicate handed Divell; they say he walkes hereabout; I would see him walke, now. Looke you sister, here, here, let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, do's any cutpurses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two; beginne and shew me one.

He show's his purse boastingly.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

NIG. Sir, this is a spell against 'hem, spicke and span new, and 'tis made as 'twere in mine owne person, and I sing it in mine owne

[41]

defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone, if you buy it.

COK. No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd *Bartholmew*.

OVE. Ha'st a fine picture, Brother?

COK. O Sister, doe you remember the ballads over the Nursery-chimney at home o' my owne pasting up, there be brave pictures. Other manner of pictures, that these, friend.

WAS. Yet these will serve to picke the pictures out o' your pockets, you shall see.

COK. So, I heard 'hem say. Pray thee mind him not, fellow: hee'll have an oare in every thing.

NIG. It was intended Sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blamelesse, though: as by the sequell, will more plainely appeare.

COK. We shall find that i'the matter. Pray thee begin.

NIG. To the tune of *Paggingtons Pound*, Sir.

COK. *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la*. Nay, I'll put thee in tune, and all! mine owne country dance! Pray thee begin.

NIG. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, Sir, both to the purse-cutter, and the purse-bearer.

COK. Not a word more, out o'the tune, an' thou lov'st mee: *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la*. Come, when?

NIG. *My masters and friends, and good preople draw neere,*

And looke to your purses, for that I doe say;

COK. Ha, ha, this chimes! good counsell at first dash.

NIG. *And though little money, in them you doe beare.*

If cost more to get, then to lose in a day.

You oft have beene told,

Both the young and the old;

And bidden beware of the cutpurse so bold:

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

*Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,
Who both give you warning, for and, the cutpurse.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin starv'd by thy Nurse,
Then live to be hanged for cutting a purse.*

COK. Good!

COK. Well said! hee were to blame that wold not i' faith.

COK. Good i' faith, how say you, *Numps*? Is there any harme i' this?

NIG. *It hath bin upbrayded to men of my trade,*

That oftê times we are the cause of this crime.

Alacke and for pittie, why should it be said?

As if they regarded or places, or time.

Examples have been

Of some that were seen,

In Westminster Hall, yea the pleaders between,

Then why should the judges be free from this curse,

More then my poore selfe, for cutting the purse?

Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin starv'd by thy Nurse,

Then live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

COK. The more coxcôbes they that did it, I wusse.

COK. God a mercy for that! why should they be more free indeede?

[42]

COK. That againe, good Ballad-man, that againe. O rare! I would faine rubbe mine elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand. On, I pray thee, hee that made this ballad, shall be *Poet* to my *Masque*.

He sings the burden with him.

NIG. *At Worc'ter 'tis knowne well, and even i'the jayle,*

A Knight of good worship did there shew his face,

Against the foule sinners, in zeale for to rayle,

And left (ipso facto) his purse in the place.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

*Nay, once from the Seat
Of Judgement so great,
A judge there did lose a faire pouch of velvete.
O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their necks for a purse! Youth, youth, &c.*

COK. Is it possible?

COK. I' faith?

COK. *Youth, youth, &c?* pray thee stay a little, friend, yet o'thy conscience, *Numps*, speake, is there any harme i'this?

WAS. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, lesse you had grace to follow it.

JUS. It doth discover enormitie, I'le marke it more: I ha' not lik'd a platry piece of poetry, so well a good while.

COK. *Youth, youth, &c!* where's this youth, now? A man must call upon him, for his owne good, and yet hee will not appeare: looke here, here's for him, handy-dandy, which hand will he have? On, I pray thee, with the rest, I doe heare of him, but I cannot see him, this Master *Youth*, the cutpurse.

Hee shewes his purse.

NIG. *At Playes and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,*

'Tis daily their practice such booty to make:

Yea, under the Gallowes, at Executions,

They sticke not the Stare-about's purses to take.

Nay one without-grace,

at a better place,

At Court, & in Christmas, before the Kings face,

Alacke then for pittie must I beare the curse,

That onely belongs to the cunning cutpurse

COK. That was a fine fellow! I would have him, now.

COK. But where's their cunning, now, when they should use it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. *Youth, youth, thou hadst better, &c.* The Rat-catchers charme, are all fooles and Asses to this! A poxe on 'hem, that they will not come! that a man should have such a desire to a thing, and want it.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

QUAR. 'Fore God, I'd give halfe the *Fayre*, and 'twere mine, for a cutpurse for him, to save his longing.

COK. Looke you Sister, heere, heere, where is't now? which pocket is't in? for a wager?

Hee shewes his purse againe.

WAS. I beseech you leave your wagers, and let him end his matter, an't may be.

COK. O, are you ædified *Numps*?

JUS. Indeed hee do's interrupt him, too much: There *Numps* spoke to purpose.

[43]

COK. Sister, I am an Asse, I cannot keepe my purse: on, on; I pray thee, friend.

NIG. *But O, you vile nation of cutpurses all,*

Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,

And know that you ought not, by honest mens fall,

Advance your owne fortunes, to die above ground,

And though you goe gay,

In silkes as you may,

It is not the high way to heaven, (as they say)

Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse:

And kisse not the Gallowes for cutting a purse.

Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin starv'd by thy Nurse,

Then live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

Edgworth gets up to him, and tickles him in the care with a straw twice to draw his hand one of his pocket.

WINW. Will you see sport? looke, there's a fellow gathers up to him, marke.

QUA. Good, i' faith ô he has lighted on the wrōg pocket.

WINW. He has it, 'fore God hee is a brave fellow; pittie hee should be detected.

ALL. An excellent ballad! an excellent ballad!

EDG. Friend, let mee ha' the first, let mee ha' the first, I pray you.

COK. Pardon mee, Sir. First come, first serv'd; and I'le buy the whole bundle too.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WIN. That conveyance was better then all, did you see't? he has given the purse to the ballad-singer.

QUAR. Has hee?

EDG. Sir, I cry you mercy; I'le not hinder the poore mans profit: pray you mistake me not.

COK. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman; if that be mistaking, I met you to day afore: ha! humh! O God! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse, &c.

WAS. Come, doe not make a stirre, and cry your selfe and Asse, thorow the *Fayre* afore your time.

COK. Why, hast thou it, *Numpes*? good *Numpes*, how came you by it? I mar'le!

WAS. I pray you seeke some other gamster, to play the foole with: you may lose it time enough, for all your *Fayre-wit*.

COK. By this good hand, glove and all, I ha' lost it already, if thou hast it not: feele else, and Mistris *Grace*'s handkercher, too, out o'the tother pocket.

WAS. Why, 'tis well; very well, exceeding pretty, and well.

EDG. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir?

COK. O God! yes; as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en now, at *youth, youth*.

NIG. I hope you suspect not me, Sir.

EDG. Thee? that were a jest indeede! Dost thou thinke the Gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? Away Asse, away.

JUS. I shall be beaten againe, if I be spi'd.

EDG. Sir, I suspect an odde fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

[44]

OVE. Brother, it is the preaching fellow! you shall suspect him. He was at your tother purse, you know! Nay, stay, Sir, and view the worke you ha' done, an' you be benefic'd at the Gallowes, and preach there, thanke your owne handy-worke.

COK. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment: you shall be silenc'd quickly.

JUS. What doe you meane? sweet buds of gentility.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

COK. To ha' my peneworths out on you: Bud. No lesse then two purses a day, serve you? I thought you a simple fellow, when my man *Numpes* beate you, i'the morning, and pittied you—

OVE. So did I, I'll besworne, brother; but now I see hee is a lewd, and pernicious Enormity: (as Master *Overdoo* calls him.)

JUS. Mine owne words tun'd upon mee, like swords.

COK. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you, i'the Masters pocket, but you must intice it forth, and debauch it?

WAS. Sir, Sir, keepe your debauch, and your fine *Bartholmew*-termes to your selfe; and make as much on 'hem as you please. But gi' me this from you, i'the meane time: I beseech you, see if I can looke to this.

Wasp takes the Licence from him.

COK. Why, *Numps*?

WAS. Why? because you are an Asse, Sir, there's a reason the shortest way, and you will needs ha' it; now you ha' got the tricke of losing, you'd lose your breech, an't twere loose. I know you, Sir, come, deliver, you'll goe and cracke the vermine, you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the truth on't? they are such retchlesse flies as you are, that blow cutpurses abroad in every corner; your foolish having of money, makes 'hem. An' there were no wiser then I, Sir, the trade should lye open for you, Sir, it should i'faith, Sir. I would teach your wit to come to your head, Sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, Sir.

WIN. Alacke, good *Numps*.

WAS. Nay, Gentlemen, never pittie mee, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once, to *Harrow* o'the *Hill* againe, if I travell any more, call me *Coriat*; with all my heart.

QUAR. Stay, Sir, I must have a word with you in private. Doe you heare?

EDG. With me, Sir? what's your pleasure? good Sir.

QUAR. Doe not deny it. You are a cutpurse, Sir, this Gentleman here, and I, saw you, nor doe we meane to detect you (though we can sufficiently informe our selves, toward the danger of concealing you) but you must doe us a piece of service.

EDG. Good Gentlemen, doe not undoe me; I am a civill young man, and but a beginner, indeed.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

QUAR. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending, for us.

[45]

We are no Catchpoles nor Constables. That you are to undertake, is this; you saw the old fellow, with the blacke boxe, here?

EDG. The little old Governour, Sir?

QUAR. That same: I see, you have flowne him to marke already. I would ha' you get away that boxe from him, and bring it us.

EDG. Would you ha' the boxe and all, Sir? or onely that, that is in't? I'le get you that, and leave him the boxe, to play with still: (which will be the harder o'the two) because I would gaine your worships good opinion of me.

WIN-W. He sayes well, 'tis the greater Mastry, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

EDG. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

QUAR. But looke you doe it now, sirrah, and keepe your word: or—

EDG. Sir, if ever I breake my word, with a Gentleman, may I never read word at my need. Where shall I find you?

QUAR. Some-where i'the *Fayre*, heereabouts. Dispatch it quickly. I would faine see the carefull foole deluded! of all Beasts, I love the serious Asse. He that takes paines to be one, and playes the foole, with the greatest diligence that can be.

GRA. Then you would not chose, Sir, but love my Guardian, Justice *Overdoo*, who is answerable to that description, in every haire of him.

QUAR. So I have heard. But how came you, Mistris *Welborne*, to be his Ward? or have relation to him, at first?

GRA. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, Sir; and now he will marry me to his wives brother, this wise Gentleman, that you see, or else I must pay value o'my land.

QUAR. S'lid, is there no device of disparagement? or so? talke with some crafty fellow, some picklocke o'the Law! Would I had studied a yeere longer i'the Innes of Court, and't had beene but i'your case.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WIN-W. I Master *Quarlous*, are you proffering?

GRA. You'ld bring but little ayde, Sir.

WIN-W. (I'le looke to you ifaith, Gamster.) An unfortunate foolish *Tribe* you are falne into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'hem.

GRA. Sir, they that cannot worke their setters off; must weare 'hem.

WINW. You see what care they have on you, to leave you thus.

GRA. Faith the same they have of themselves, Sir. I cannot greatly complaine, if this were all the plea I had against 'hem.

WIN. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with us, a little, and make them thinke, they have lost you. I hope our manners ha' beene such hitherto, and our language, as will give

[46]

you no cause, to doubt your selfe, in our company.

GRA. Sir, I will give my selfe, no cause; I am so secure of mine owne manners, as I suspect not yours.

QUAR. Looke where *John Little-wit* comes.

WIN-W. Away, I'le not be seene, by him.

QUAR. No, you were not best, hee'ld tell his mother, the widdow.

WIN-W. Heatt, what doe you meane?

QUAR. Cry you mercy, is the winde there? must not the widdow be nam'd?

ACT. III. SCENE. VI.

JOHN. WIN. TRASH. LEATHERHEAD. KNOCKHUM. BUSY. PURECRAFT.

DOe you heare *Win, Win*?

WIN. What say you, *John*?

JOH. While they are paying the reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a thing *Win*, wee shall never see any sights i'the *Fayre, Win*, except you long still, *Win*, good *Win*, sweet *Win*, long to see some Hobby-horses, and some Drummers, and Rattles, and Dogs, and fine

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

devices, *Win*. The Bull with the five legs, *Win*; and the great Hog: now you ha' begun with Pigge, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and so for my Motion, *Win*.

WIN. But we sha' not eat o'the Bull, and the Hogge, *John*, how shall I long then?

JOH. O yes! *Win*: you may long to see, as well as to taste, *Win*: how did the Pothecarie's wife, *Win*, that long'd to see the Anatomy, *Win*? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to spit i'the great Lawyers mouth, after an eloquent pleading? I assure you they long'd, *Win*, good *Win*, goe in, and long.

TRA. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother *Leatherhead*, wee shall heare no more of him.

They plot to be gone.

LEA. All the better, let's packe up all, and be gone, before he finde us.

TRA. Stay a little, yonder comes a company: it may be wee may take some more money.

KNO. Sir, I will take your counsell, and cut my haire, and leave vapours: I see, that Tabacco, and Bottle-Ale, and Pig, and *Whit*, and very *Ursla*, her selfe, is all vanity.

BUS. Onely Pigge was not comprehended in my admonition,

[47]

the rest were. For long haire, it is an Ensigne of pride, a banner, and the world is full of those banners, very full of Banners. And, bottle-ale is a drinke of Sathan's, a diet-drinke of Sathans, devised to puffe us up, and make us swell in this latter age of vanity, as the smoake of tabacco, to keepe us in mist and error: But the fleshly woman, (which you call *Ursla*) is above all to be avoyded, having the marks upon her, of the three enemies of Man, the World, as being in the *Faire*; the Devill, as being in the fire; and the Flesh, as being her selfe.

PUR. Brother *Zeale-of-the land*! what shall we doe? my daughter *Win-the-fight*, is falne into her fit of longing againe.

BUS. For more pig? there is no more, is there?

PUR. To see some sights, i'the *Faire*.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

BUS. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place, swistly, left shee partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seate of the Beast, O *Smithfield*, and I will leave thee. Idolatry peepeth out on every side of thee.

KNO. An excellent right Hypocrite! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the Jade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and joy *Ursla*, with telling, how her pigge works, two and a halfe, he eate to his share. And he has drunke a pailefull. He eates with his eyes, as well as his teeth.

LEA. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you buy? Rattles, Drumms, Babies.—

BUS. Peace, with thy Apocryphall wares, thou prophane Publican: thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobie's Dogges*. Thy Hobby-horse is an Idoll, a very Idoll, a feirce and rancke Idoll: And thou, the *Nabuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nabuchadnezzar* of the *Faire*, that set'st it up, for children to fall downe to, and worship.

LEA. Cry you mercy, Sir, will you buy a fiddle to fill up your noise.

JOH. Looke *Win*, doe, looke a Gods name, and save your longing. Here be fine sights.

PUR. I child, so you hate 'hem, as our Brother *Zeale* do's, you may looke on 'hem.

LEA. Or what do you say, to a Drumme. Sir?

BUS. It is the broken belly of the Beast, and thy Bellowes there are his lungs, and these Pipes are his throate, those Feathers are of his taile, and thy Rattles, the gnashing of his teeth.

TRA. And what's my ginger-bread? I pray you.

BUS. The provander that pricks him up. Hence with thy basket of Popery, thy nest of Images: and whole legend of ginger-worke.

LEA. Sir if you be not quiet, the quicklier, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairely by the heeles, for disturbing the *Faire*.

BUS. The sinne of the *Faire* provokes me, I cannot bee silent.

PUR. Good brother *Zeale*!

[48]

LEA. Sir, I'll make you silent, beleeve it.

JOH. Il'd give a shilling, you could i'faith, friend.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

LEA. Sir, give me your shilling, I'll give you my shop, if I do not, and I'll leave it in pawne with you, i'the meane time.

JOH. A match i'faith, but do it quickly, then.

He speaks to the widdow.

BUS. Hinder me not, woman. I was mov'd in spirit, to bee here, this day, in this *Faire*, this wicked, and foule *Faire*; and fitter may it be called a foule, then a *Faire*: To protect against the abuses of it, the foule abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandize of *Babylon* againe, & the peeping of *Popery* upon the stals, here, here, in the high places. See you not *Goldyllocks*, the purple strumpet, there? in her yellow gowne, and greene sleeves? the prophane pipes, the tinckling timbrells? A shop of reliques!

JOH. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 'hem.

BUS. And this Idolatrous Grove of Images, this flasket of Idols! which I will pull downe—

Overthows the ginger-bread.

(*TRA.* O my ware, my ware, God blesse it.)

BUS. In my zeale, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

LEA. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeale, wee cannot sell a whistle, for him, in tune. Stop his noyse, first!

BUS. Thou canst not: 'tis a sanctified noise. I will make a loud and most strong noise, till I have daunted the prophane enemy. And for this cause.—

Leatherhead enters with officers.

LEA. Sir, heer's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall sweare it, i'the stocks, Sir.

BUS. I will thrust my selfe into the stocks, upon the pikes of the Land.

LEA. Carry him away.

PUR. What doe you meane, wicked men?

BUS. Let them alone; I feare them not.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

JOH. Was not this shilling well ventur'd, *Win?* for our liberty? Now we may goe play, and see over the *Fayre*, where we list our selves; my mother is gone after him, and let her ee'n go, and loose us.

WIN. Yes *John*, but I know not what to doe.

JOH. For what, *Win?*

WIN. For a thing, I am asham'd to tell you, i'faith, and 'tis too farre to go home.

JOH. I pray thee bee not asham'd, *Win.* Come, i'faith thou shall not be asham'd, is it any thing about the Hobby-horse-man? an't be, speake freely.

WIN. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorne him; no, I have very great, what sha'call 'um, *John.*

JOH. ô! Is that all, *Win?* wee'll goe backe to Captaine *Jordan*; to the pig-womans, *Win.* Hee'll helpe us, or she with a

[49]

dripping pan, or and old kettle, or something. The poore greasie foule loves you, *Win*, and after we'll visit the *Fayre* all over, *Win*, and, see my Puppet play, *Win*, you know it's a fine matter, *Win.*

LEA. Let's away, I counsell'd you to packe up afore, *Jone.*

TRA. A poxe of his *Bedlem* purity. Hee has spoyl'd halfe my ware: but the best is, wee lose nothing, if wee misse our first Merchant.

LEA. It shall be hard for him to finde, or know us, when we are translated, *Jone.*

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

TROUBLE-ALL. BRISTLE. HAGGISE. COKES. JUSTICE. POCHER. BUSY.

PURECRAFT.

MY Masters, I doe make no doubt, but you are officers.

BRI. What then, Sir?

TRO. And the Kings loving, and obedient subjects.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

BRI. Obedient, friend? take heede what you speake, I advise you: *Oliver Bristle* advises you. His loving subjects, we grant you: but not his obedient, at this time, by your leave, wee know our selves, a little better then so, wee are to command, S^t, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient subjects, going to the stocks, and wee'll make you such another, if you talke.

TRO. You are all wise enough i' your places, I know.

BRI. If you know it, Sir, why doe you bring it in question?

TRO. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have warrant, for what you doe, and so, quit you, and so, multiply you.

He goes away againe.

HAG. What's hee? bring him up to the stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

[50]

comes againe.

TRO. If you have Justice *Overdoo*'s warrant, 'tis well: you are safe; that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not give this button, for any mans warrant else.

BRI. Like enough, Sir, but let me tell you, an' you play away your buttons, thus, you will want 'hem ere night, for any store I see about you: you might keepe 'hem, and save pinnes, I wusse.

goes away.

JUS. What should hee be, that doth so esteeme, and advance my warrant? he seemes a sober and discreet person! it is a comfort to a good conscience, to be follow'd with a good fame, in his sufferings. The world will have a pretty tast by this, how I can beare adversity: and it will beget a kind of reverence, toward me, hereafter, even from mine enemies, when they shall see I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither breake mee, nor bend mee.

HAG. Come, Sir, heere's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your legge?

They put him in the stocks.

JUS. That I will, cheerefully.

BRI. O'my conscience a Seminary! hee kisses the stockes.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

COK. Well my Masters, I'le leave him with you; now I see him bestow'd, I'le goe looke for my goods, and *Numps*.

HAG. You may, Sir, I warrant you; where's the tother Bawler? fetch him too, you shall find 'hem both fast enough.

JUS. In the mid'st of this tumult, I will yet be the Author of mine owne rest, and not minding their fury, sit in the stockes, in that calme, as shall be able to trouble a *Triumph*.

TRO. Doe you assure me upon your words? may I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the question; that you have this warrant?

HAG. What's this fellow, for Gods sake?

comes againe.

TRO. Doe but shew me *Adam Overdoo*, and I am satisfied.

goes out.

BRI. Hee is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one *Trouble-all!* hee was an officer in the Court of *Pie-poulders*, here last yeere, and put out on his place by Justice *Overdoo*.

JUS. Ha!

BRI. Upon which, he tooke an idle conceipt, and's runne mad upon't. So that ever since, hee will doe nothing, but by Justice *Overdoo*'s warrant, he will not eate a crust, nor drinke a little, nor make him in his apparell, ready. His wife, Sirreverence, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant.

JUS. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster! how am I bound to satisfie this poore man, that is of so good a nature to mee, out of his wits! where there is no roome left for dissembling.

comes in.

TRO. If you cannot shew me *Adam Overdoo*, I am in doubt of you: I am afraid you cannot answeare it.

goes againe.

HAG. Before me, Neighbour *Bristle* (and now I thinke on't better) Justice *Overdoo*, is a very parantory person.

BRI. O! are you advis'd of that? and a severe Justicer, by your leave.

[51]

JUS. Doe I heare ill o'that side, too?

BRI. He will sit as upright o'the bench, an' you marke him, as a candle i'the socket, and give light to the whole Court in every businesse.

HAG. But he will burne blew, and swell like a bile (God blesse us) an' he be angry.

BRI. I, and hee will be angry too, when his list, that's more: and when hee is angry, be it right or wrong; hee has the Law on's side, ever. I marke that too.

JUS. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion may become a *Justice*, though it be a weaknesse, I confesse; and neerer a vice, then a vertue.

HAG. Well, take him out o'the stocks againe, wee'll goe a sure way to worke, wee'll ha' the Ace of hearts of our side, if we can.

They take the Justice out.

POC. Come, bring him away to his fellow, there. Master *Busy*, we shall rule your legges, I hope, though wee cannot rule your tongue.

BUS. No, Minister of darknesse, no, thou canst not rule my tongue, my tongue it is mine own; and with it I will both knocke and mocke downe your *Bartholmew* abominations, til you be made a hissing to the neighbour Parishes, round about.

HAG. Let him alone, we have devis'd better upon't.

PUR. And shall he not into the stocks then?

BRI. No, Mistresse, wee'll have 'hem both to *Justice Overdoo*, and let him doe over 'hem as is fitting. Then I, and my gossip *Haggis*, and my beadle *Pocher* are discharg'd.

PUR. O, I thanke you, blessed, honest men!

BRI. Nay, never thank us, but thank his mad-man that comes heere, hee put it in our heads.

PUR. Is hee mad? Now *heaven* increase his madness, and blesse it, and thanke it, Sir, your poore hand-maide thanks you.

Comes againe.

TRO. Have you a warrant? an' you have a warrant, shew it.

PUR. Yes, I have a warrant out of the word, to give thanks for removing any scorne intended to the brethren.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

TRO. It is Justice *Overdoo's* warrant, that I looke for, if you have not that, keepe your word, I'le keepe mine. Quit yee, and multiply yee.

[52]

ACT. IIII. SCENE. II.

EDGORTH. TROUBLE-ALL. NIGHTINGALE. COKES. COSTARDMONGER.

COme away *Nightingale*, I pray thee.

TRO. Whither goe you? where's your warrant?

EDG. Warrant, for what, Sir?

TRO. For what you goe about, you know how fit it is, an' you have no warrant, blesse you, I'le pray for you, that's all I can doe.

Goes out.

EDG. What meanes hee?

NIG. A mad-man that haunts the *Fayre*, doe you not know him? it's marvell hee has not more followers, after his ragged heeles.

EDG. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had knowne of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing! ha' you prepar'd the Costardmonger?

NIG. Yes, and agreed for his basket of peares; hee is at the corner here, ready. And your Prise, he comes downe, failing, that way, all alone; without his Protector: hee is rid of him, it seemes.

EDG. I, I know; I should ha' follow'd his Protector-ship for a seat I am to doe upon him: But this offer'd ir selfe, so I'the way, I could not let it scape: heere he comes, whistle, be this sport call'd *Dorring the Dottrell*.

Nightingale whistles.

NIG. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c.

COK. By this light, I cannot finde my ginger-bread-Wife, nor my Hobby-horse-man in all the *Fayre*, now; to ha' my money againe. And I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more, doe you heare, friend, you that whistle; what tune is that, you whistle?

NIG. A new tune, I am practising, Sir.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

COK. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? nay, on with thy tune, I ha' no such hast, for an answer: I'le practise with thee.

COS. Buy any peares, very fine peares, peares fine.

Nightingale *sets his foote afore him, and he falls with his basket.*

COK. Gods so! a musse, a musse, a musse, a musse.

COS. Good Gentleman, my ware, my ware, I am a poore man. Good Sir, my ware.

[53]

NIG. Let me hold your sword, Sir, it troubles you.

COK. Doe, and my cloake, an' thou wilt; and my hat, too.

Cokes *falls a scrambling whilest they runne away with his things.*

EDG. A delicate great boy! me thinks, he out-scrambles 'hem all. I cannot perswarde my selfe, but he goes to grammer-schole yet; and playes the trewant, to day.

NIG. Would he had another purse to cut, *Zekiel.*

EDG. Purse? a man might cut out his kidneys, I thinke; and he never feele 'hem, he is so earnest at the sport.

NIG. His foule is halfe way out on's body, at the game.

EDG. Away, *Nightingale*; that way.

COK. I thinke I am furnish'd for Catherne peares, for one under-meale: gi' me my cloake.

COS. Good Gentleman, give me my ware.

COK. Where's the fellow, I ga' my cloake to? my cloake? and my hat? ha! Gods 'lid, is he gone? thieves, thieves, helpe me to cry, Gentlemen.

He runs out.

EDG. Away, Costermonger, come to us to *Ursla's*. Talke of him to have a soule? 'heart, if hee have any more then a thing given him in stead of salt, onely to keepe him from stinking, I'le be hang'd afore my time, presently, where should it be trow? in his blood? hee has not so much to'ard it in his whole body, as will maintaine a good Flea; And if hee take this course, he will not ha' so much land left, as to reare a Calfe within this twelve month. Was there ever greene Plover so pull'd! That his little Overseer had

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

beene heere now, and beene but tall enough, to see him steale peates, in exchange; for his beaver-hat, and his cloake thus? I must goe finde him out, next, for his blacke boxe, and his Patent (it seemes) hee has of his place; which I thinke the Gentleman would have a reversion of; that spoke to me for it so earnestly.

He comes againe. Throws away his peares.

COK. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose, too; as I am an honest man, and never stirre, if I thinke there be any thing, but thieving, and cooz'ning, i'this whole *Fayre*, *Bartholmew-ferye*, quoth he; an' ever any *Bartholmew* had that lucke in't, that I have had, I'le be martyr'd for him, and in *Smithfield*, too. I ha' paid for my peares, a rot on 'hem, I'le keepe 'hem no longer; you were choake-peares to mee; I had bin better ha' gone to mum chance for you, I wusse. Me thinks the *Fayre* should not have us'd me thus, and 'twere but for my names sake, I would not ha' us'd a dog o'the name, so. O, *Numps* will triumph, now! Friend, doe you know who I am? or where I lye? I doe not my selfe, I'll besworne. Doe but carry me home, and I'le please thee, I ha' money enough there, I ha' lost my selfe, and my cloake and my hat; and my fine sword, and my sister, and *Numps*, and Mistris *Grace*, (a Gentlewoman that I should ha' marryed) and a cut-worke handkercher, shee ga' mee, and two purses to day. And my bargaine o'Hobby-horses and Ginger-bread, which grieves me worst of all.

Trouble-all comes againe.

TRO. By whose warrant, Sir, have you done all this?

[54]

COK. Warrant? thou art a wise fellow, indeed, as if a man need a warrant to lose any thing, with.

TRO. Yes, Justice *Overdo*'s warrant, a man may get; and lose with, I'le stand to't.

COK. Justice *Overdoo*? Dost thou know him? I lye there, hee is my brother in Law, hee marryed my sister: pray thee shew me the way, dost thou know the house?

TRO. Sir, shew mee your warrant, I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

COK. Why, I warrant thee, come along: thou shalt see, I have wrought pillowes there, and cambricke sheetes, and sweete bags, too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

TRO. Sir, I'le tell you; goe you thither your selfe, first, alone; tell your worshipfull brother your minde: and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his Clerkes, with *Adam Overdoo*, underneath; here I'le stay you, I'le obey, and I'le guide you presently.

COK. S'lid, this is an Asse, I ha' found him, poxe upon mee, what doe I talking to such a dull foole; farewell, you are a very Coxcomb, doe you heare?

TRO. I thinke, I am, if Justice *Overdoo* signe to it, I am, and so wee are all, hee'll quit us all, multiply us all.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. III.

GRACE. QUARLOUS. WIN-WIFE. TROUBLE-ALL. EDGWORTH.

They enter with their swords drawne.

Gentlemen, this is no way that you take: you do but breed one another trouble, and offence, and give me no contentment at all. I am no she, that affects to be quarell'd for, or have my name or fortune made the question of mens swords.

QUA. S'llood, wee love you.

GRA. If you both love mee, as you pretend, your owne reason will tell you, but one can enjoy me; and to that point, there leads a director line, then by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profest it to you ingenuously, that rather then to be yoak'd with this Bridegroomer is appointed me, I would take up any husband, almost upon any trust. Though Subtilty would say to me, (I know) hee is a foole, and has an estate, and I might governe him, and enjoy a friend, beside. But these are not my aymes, I must have a husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these politique wives!

[55]

WIN-W. Why, if you can like either of us, Lady, say, which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

QUA. Content, I accord to that willingly.

GRA. Sure you thinke me a woman of an extreme levity, Gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a place, as this, both at one instant, and not yet of

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

two hours acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other, of me) I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

QUA. Why, wherefore should you not? What should hinder you?

GRA. If you would not give it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit; give me so much of woman, and cunning, as not to betray my selfe impertinently. How can I judge of you, so farre as to a choyse, without knowing you more? you are both equall, and alike to mee, yet: and so indifferently affected by mee, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable creatures, you have understanding, and discourse. And it fate sent me an understanding husband, I have no feare at all, but mine owne manners shall make him a good one.

QUAR. Would I were put forth to making for you, then.

GRA. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: will you consent to a motion of mine, Gentlemen?

WINW. What ever it be, we'll presume reasonablenesse, coming from you.

QUAR. And sitnesse, too.

GRA. I saw one of you buy a paire of tables, e'en now.

WIN-W. Yes, heere they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in.

GRA. The fitter for what they may be employed in. You shall write either of you, heere, a word, or a name, what you like best; but of two, or three syllables at most: and the next person that comes this way (because *Destiny* has a high hand in businesse of this nature) I'll demand, which of the two words, he, or she doth approve; and according to that sentence, fixe my resolution, and affection, without change.

QUAR. Agreed, my word is conceived already.

WIN-W. And mine shall not be long creating after.

GRA. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know, which of you it is, taken; but give me leave to conceale that till you have brought me, either home, or where I may safely tender my selfe.

WIN-W. Why that's but equall.

QUAR. Wee are pleas'd.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

GRA. Because I will bind both your indeavours to work together, friendly, and joyntly, each to the others fortune, and have my selfe fitted with some meanes, to make him that is forsaken, a part of amends.

[56]

QUAR. These Conditions are very curteous. Well my word is out of the *Arcadia* then: *Argalus*.

WIN-W. And mine out of the play, *Palemon*.

TRO. Have you any warrant for this, Gentlemen?

Trouble-all *comes again*.

QUAR. WIN-W. Ha!

TRO. There must be warrant had, beleeve it.

WIN-W. For what?

TRO. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeede, no matter what.

QUA. S'light, here's a fine ragged Porphet, dropt downe i'the nicke!

TRO. Heaven quit you, Gentlemen.

QUA. Nay, stay a little, good Lady, put him to the question.

GRA. You are content, then?

WIN-W. QUAR. Yes yes.

GRA. Sir, heere are two names written—

TRO. Is *Judice Overdoo*, one?

GRA. How, Sir? I pray you read 'hem to your selfe; it is for a wager betweene these Gentlemen, and with a stroake, or any difference, marke which you approve best.

TRO. They may be both worshipfull name for ought I know, Mistresse, but *Adam Overdoo* had beene worth three of 'hem, I assure you, in this place; that's in plaine english.

GRA. This man amazes mee! I pray you, like one of 'hem, Sir.

TRO. I doe like him there, that has the best warrant, Mistresse, to save your longing, and (multiply him) It may be this. But I am I still for *Justice Overdoo*, that's my conscience. And quit you.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WIN-W. Is't done, Lady?

GRA. I, and stangely, as ever I saw! What fellow is this trow?

QUA. No matter what, a Fortune-teller wee ha' made him. Which is't, which is't.

GRA. Nay, did you not promise, not to enquire?

QUA. S'lid, I forgot that, pray you pardon mee. Looke, here's our *Mercury* come: The Licence arrives i'the finest time, too! 'tis but scraping out *Cokes* his name, and 'tis done.

WIN-W. How now lime-twig? hast thou touch'd.

EDG. Not yet, Sir, except you would goe with mee, and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The act is nothing, without a wisse. Yonder he is, your man with the boxe falne into the finest company, and so transported with vapours, they ha' got in a Northren Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Westerne man, that's come to wrastle before my Lord *Major*, anone, and Captaine *Whit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helps Captaine *Jordan* to roare, a circling boy: with whom your *Numps*, is so taken, that you may strip him of his cloathes, if you will. I'le undertake to geld him for you; if you had but a Surgeon, ready, to seare him. And Mistris *Justice*,

[57]

there, is the goodest woman! shee do's so love 'hem all over, in termes of Justice, and the Stile of authority, with her hood upright— that I beseech you come away Gentlemen, and see't.

QUAR. S'light, I would not lose it for the *Fayre*, what'll you doe, *Ned*?

WIN-W. Why, stay heere about for you, Mistrisse *Welborne* must not be seene.

QUA. Doe so, and find out a Priest i'the meane time, I'le bring the License. Lead, which way is't?

EDG. Here, Sir, you are o'the backside o'the Booth already, you may heare the noise.

ACT. III. SCENE. IV.

KNOCKHUM. NORDERN. PUPPY. CUTTING. WHIT. EDGWORTH. QUARLOUS.
OVERDOO. WASPE. BRISTLE.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WHit, bid *Vall Cutting* continue the vapours for a lift, *Whit*, for a lift.

NOR. Il'e ne mare, Il'e ne mare, the eale's too meeghty.

KNO. How now! my *Galloway Nag* the staggers? ha! *Whit*, gi' him a slit i'the forehead. Cheare up, man, a needle, and threed, to stitch his eares. I'd cure him now, an' I had it, with a little butter, and garlike, long-pepper, and graines. Where's my horne? I'le gi' him a mash presently, shall take away this dizzinesse.

PUP. Why, where are you zurs? doe you vlinch, and leave us i'the zuds, now?

NOR. I'le ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a Paipers bag, by my troth, I.

PUP. Doe my Northerne cloth zhrinke i'the wetting? ha?

KNO. Why, well said, old Flea-bitten, thou'lt never tyre, I see.

They fall to their vapours, againe.

CUT. No, Sir, but the may tire, if it please him.

WHI. Who told dee sho? that he vuld never teer, man?

CUT. No matter who told him so, so long as he knowes.

KNO. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

EDG. They are at it stil, Sir, this they call vapours.

WHI. He shall not pardon dee, Captaine, dou shalt not be pardon'd. Pre'de shweete heart doe not pardon him.

CUT. S'light, I'le pardon him, an' I lift, whosoever saies nay to't.

[58]

QUAR. Where's *Numps*? I misse him.

Here they continue their game of vapours, which is non sense. Every man to opose the last man that spoke: whether it concern'd him, or no.

WAS. Why, I say nay to't.

QUAR. O there he is!

KNO. To what doe you say nay, Sir?

WAS. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.

WHI. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little.

CUT. No, hee must not like it at all, Sir, there you are i'the wrong.

The Salamanca Corpus: Bartholmew Fayre (1631)

WHI. I thinke I be, he musht not like it, indeede.

CUT. Nay, then he both must, and will like it, Sir, for all you.

KNO. If he have reason, he may like it, Sir.

WHI. By no meansh Captaine, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.

WAS. I have no reason, nor I will heare of no reason, nor I will looke for no reason, and he is an Asse, that either knowes any, or looks for't from me.

CUT. Yes, in some sense you may have reason, Sir.

WAS. I, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

WHI. Pardon mee, thou ousht to grant him nothing, in no shensh, if dou doe love dy shelfe, angry man.

WAS. Why then, I doe grant him nothing; and I have no sense.

CUT. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

WAS. S'lid, but I have sense, now I thinke on't better, and I will grant him any thing, doe you see?

KNO. He is i'the right, and do's utter a sufficient vapour.

CUT. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour, neither, I deny that.

KNO. Then it is a sweet vapour.

CUT. It may be a sweet vapour.

WAS. Nay, it is no sweet vapour, neither, Sir, it stinkes, and I'le stand to't.

WHI. Yes, I tinke it dosh shtinke, Captaine. All capour dosh shtinke.

WAS. Nay, then it do's not stinke, Sir, and it shall not stinke.

CUT. But your leace, ir may, Sir.

WAS. I, by my leave, it may stinke, I know that.

WHI. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leave, angry man.

WAS. How can it not?

KNO. Nay, never question him, for he is i'the right.

WHI. Yesh, I am i'de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

WAS. I'le have nothing confest, that concernes mee. I am not i'the right, nor never was i'the right, nor never will be i'the right, while I am in my right minde.

CUT. Minde? why, heere'd no man mindes you, Sir, nor any thing else.

They drinke againe.

[59]

PUP. Vreind, will you mind this that wee doe?

QUA. Call you this vapours? this is such belatching of quarreh, as I never heard. Will you minde your businesse, Sir?

EDG. You shall see, Sir.

NOR. I'le ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auredy.

EDG. Will you take that, Master *Waspe*, that no body should minde you?

WAS. Why? what ha' you to doe? is't any matter to you?

EDG. No, but me thinks you should not be unminded, though.

WAS. Nor, I wu' not be, now I thinke on't, doe you heare, new acquaintance, do's no man mind me, say you?

CUT. Yes, Sir, every man heere mindes you, but how?

WAS. Nay, I care as little how, as you doe, that was not my question.

WHI. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i'faith la, tou shalt speake for mee, and I vill fight for tee.

KNO. Fight for him, *Whit*? A grosse vapour, hee can fight for himselfe.

WAS. It may be I can, but it may be, I wu' not, how then?

CUT. Why, then you may chuse.

WAS. Why, and I'le chuse wether I'le chuse or no.

KNO. I thinke you may, and 'tis true; and I allow if for a resolute vapour.

WAS. Nay, then, I doe thinke you doe not thinke, and it is no resolute vapour.

CUT. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

KNO. In no sort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

WAS. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no sort.

WHI. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.

WAS. A turd i'your teeth, never pre dee mee, for I will have nothing mistaken.

KNO. Turd, ha turd? a noysome vapour, strike *Whit*.

They fall by the cares.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

OVE. Why, Gentlemen why Gentlemen, I charge you upon my authority, conserve the peace. In the Kings name, and my Husbands, put up your weapons, I shall be driven to commit you my selfe, else.

QUA. Ha, ha, ha.

WAS. Why doe you laugh, Sir?

QUA. Sir, you'll allow mee my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

CUT. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, Sir.

KNO. Nay in some sort, Sir, hee may neither laugh, nor hope, in this company.

[60]

WAS. Yes, then he may both laugh, and hope in any sort, an't pelase him.

QUA. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please mee exceedingly.

WAS. No exceeding neither, Sir.

KNO. No, that vapour is too lofty.

QUA. Gentlemen, I doe not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but—

CUT. Doe you heare, Sir? I would speake with you in circle?

He drawes a circle on the ground.

QUA. In circle, Sir? what would you with me in circle?

CUT. Can you lend me a Piece, a *Jacobus*? in circle?

QUA. S'lid, your circle will prove more costly then your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

CUT. Your beard's not well turn'd up, Sir.

QUA. How Rascall? are you playing with my beard? I'le breake circle with you.

They draw all, and fight.

PUP. NOR. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

KNO. Gather up, *Whit*, gather up, *Whit*, good vapours.

OVE. What meane you? are you Rebels? Gentlemen? shall I send out a *Serjeant at Armes*, or a Writ o'Rebellion, against you? I'le commit you upon my woman-hood, for a Riot, upon my Justice-hood, if you persist.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WAS. Upon your Justice-hood? Mary shite o'your hood, you'll commit? Spoke like a true Justice of peace's wife, indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! turd i'your teeth for a see, now.

OVER. Why, *Numps*, in Master *Overdoo*'s name, I charge you.

WAS. Good Mistresse *Underdoo* hold your tongne.

OVER. Alas! poore *Numps*.

WAS. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poore *Numps*, goody *Rich*? am I come to be pittied by your tuft taffata now? why Mistresse, I knew *Adam*, the Clerke, your husband, when he was *Adam* Scrivener, and writ for two pence a sheet, as high as he beares his head now, or you your hood, Dame. What are you, Sir?

The watch comes in.

BRI. Wee bee men, and no Infidells; what is the matter, here, and the noyses? can you tell?

WAS. Heart, what ha' you to doe? cannot a man quarrell in quietnesse? but hee must be put out on't by you? what are you?

BRI. Why, wee be his Majesties Watch, Sir.

WAS. Watch? S'blood, you are a sweet watch, indeede. A body would thinke, and you watch'd well a nights, you should be contended to sleepe at this time a day. Get you to your fleas, and your flocke-beds, you Rogues, you kennells, and lye downe close.

BRI. Downe? yes, we will downe, I warrant you, downe with him in his Majesties name, downe, downe with him, and carry him away, to the pigeon-holes.

[61]

OVE. I thanke you honest friends, in the behalfe o'the Crowne, and the peace, and in Master *Overdoo*'s name, for suppressing enormities.

WHI. Stay, *Bristle*, heere ish a noder brash o'drunkards, but very quiet, speciall drunkards, will pay dee, five shillings very well. Take 'hem to dee, in the graish o'God: one of them do's change cloth, for Ale in the *Fayre*, here, te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayors man, and a wrastler. Hee has wrashed so long with the bottle, heere, that the man with the beard, hash almosht streeke up hish heelsh.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

BRI. S'lid, the Clerke o'the Market, has beene to cry him all the *Fayre* over, here, for my Lords service.

WHI. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensch, and make ty best on him. How now woman o'shilke, vat ailsh ty shweet faish? art tou melancholy?

OVE. A little distemper'd with these enormities; shall I intreat a curtesie of you, Captaine?

WHI. Intreat a hundred, velvet voman, I vill doe it, shpeake our.

OVE. I cannot with modesty speake it out, but—

WHI. I vill doe it, and more, and more, for dee. What *Ursla*, and't be bitch, and't be baud and't be!

URS. How now Rascall? what roare you for? old Pimpe.

WHI. Heere, put up de cloakes *Ursh*; de purchase, pre dee now, shweet *Ursh*, help dis good brave voman, to a *Jordan*, and't be.

URS. S'lid call your Captaine *Jordan* to her, can you not?

WHI. Nay, pre dee leave dy consheits, and bring the velvet woman to de—

URS. I bring her, hang her: heart must I find a common pot for every punque i'your purlews?

WHI. O good voordsh, *Ursh*, it ish a guest o'velvet, i'fait la.

URS. Let he sell her hood, and buy a sponge, with a poxe to her, my vessell, employed Sir. I have but one, and 'tis the bottome of and old bottle. An honest Proctor, and his wife, are at it, within, is shee'll stay her time, so.

WHI. As soone ash tou cansht shwet *Ursh*. Of a valiant man I tinke I am the patientsh man i'the world, or in all *Smithfield*.

KNO. How now *Whit*? close vapours, stealing your leaps? covering in corners, ha?

WHI. No fait, Captaine, dough tou beesht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie, for a woman of fashion here.

OVE. Yes, Captaine, though I am Justice of peace's wife, I doe love Men of warre, and the Sonnes of the sword, when they come before my husband.

KNO. Say'st thou so Filly? thou shalt have a leape presently, I'le horse thee my selfe, else.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

[62]

URS. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her talke her turne?

WHI. Gramercy good *Ursh*, I tanke dee.

OVER. Master *Overdoo* shall thanke her.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. V.

JOHN. WIN. URSLA. KNOCKHUM. WHIT. OVERDOO. ALES.

Good Ga'mere *Urs*: *Win*, and I, are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captaine *Jordan*, and Captaine *Whit*. *Win*, I'le be bold to leave you, i'this good company, *Win*: for halfe an houre, or so *Win*, while I goe, and see how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect: and then I'le come & fetch you, *Win*.

WIN. Will you leave me alone with two men, *John*?

JOH. I, they are honest Gentlemen *Win*, Captaine *Jordan*, and Captaine *Whit*, they'll use you very civilly, *Win*, God b'w'you, *Win*.

URS. What's her husband gone?

KNO. On his false, gallop, *Urs*, away.

URS. An' you be right *Barhtolmew*-brids, now shew your selves so: we are undone for want of fowle i'the *Fayre*, here. Here will be *Zekiell Edgworth*, and three or foure gallants, with him at night, and I ha' neither Plover nor Quaile for 'hem: perswade this betweene you two, to become a Bird o'the game, while I worke the velvet woman, within, (as you call her.)

KNO. I conceive thee, *Urs*! goe thy waies, doest thou heare, *Whit*? is't not pittie, my delicate darke chestnut here, with the fine leane head, large fore-head, round eyes, even mouth, sharpe eares, long necke, thinne crest, close withers, plaine backe, deepe sides, short fillets, and full flankes: with a round belly, a plumpe buttocke, large thighs, knit knees, streight legges, short pasternes, smooth hoofes, and short heeles; should lead a sull honest womans life, that might live the life of a Lady?

WHI. Yes, by my fait, and trot, it is, Captaine: de honesht womans life is a scurvy dull life, indeed, la.

WIN. How, Sir? is an honest womans life a scurvy life?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WHI. Yes fait, shweet heart, beleeve him, de leefe of a Bond-woman! but if dou vilt harken to me, I vill make tee a free-woman, and a Lady: dou shalt live like a Lady, as te Captaine saish.

KNO. I, and be honest too sometimes: have her wiers, and

[63]

her tires, her greene gownes, and velvet petticoates.

WHI. I, and ride to *Ware* and *Rumford* i'dy Coash, shee de Players, be in love vit 'hem; sup vit gallantsh, be drunke, and cost de noting.

KNO. Brave vapours!

WHI. And lye by twenty on 'hem, if dou pleash shweet heart.

WIN. What, and be honest still, that were fine sport.

WHI. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may'st doe it by my hand: it shall be justified to ty husband faish, now: tou shalt be as honesht as the skinne betweene his hornsh, la!

KNO. Yes, and weare a dressing, top, and top-gallant, to compare with ere a husband on 'hem all, for a fore-top: it is the vapour of spirit in the wife, to cuckold, now adaies; as it is the vapour of fashion, in the husband, not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed-citizen, is an abominable vapour.

WIN. Lord, what a foole have I beene!

WHI. Mend then, and doe every thing like a Lady, heereafter, never know ty husband, from another man.

KNO. Nor any one man from another, but i'the darke.

WHI. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any man.

URS. Helpe, helpe here.

KNO. How now? what vapour's there?

URS. O, you are a sweet *Ranger*! and looke well to your walks. Yonder is your *Punque* of *Turnbull*, *Ramping Ales*, has falne upon the poore Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood over her eares, and her hayre through it.

Alice enters, beating the Justice's wife.

OVE. Helpe, helpe, i'the Kings name.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

ALE. A mischiese on you, they are such as you are, that undoe us, and take our trade from us, with your tuft-taffata hanches.

KNO. How now *Alice*!

ALE. The poore common whores can ha' no traffique, for the privy rich ones; your caps and hoods of velvet, call away our customers, and lick the fat from us.

URS. Peace you foule ramping Jade, you—

ALE. Od's foote, you Bawd in greace, are you talking?

KNO. Why, *Alice*, I say.

ALE. Thou Sow of *Smithfield*, thou.

URS. Thou tripe of *Turnebull*.

KNO. Cat-a-mountaine-vapours! ha!

URS. You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd, and slash'd you were in *Bridewell*.

ALE. I, by the same token, you rid that weeke, and broake out the bottome o'the Cart, Night-tub.

KNO. Why, Lyonface! ha! doe you know who I am? shall I teare ruffe, slit wastcoat, make ragges of petticoat? ha! goe to vanish, for feare of vapours. *Whit*, a kick, *Whit*, in the parting vapour. Come brave woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a Lady, too.

[64]

WHI. Yes fait, dey shal all both be Ladies, and write Madame. I vill do't my selfe for dem. *Doe*, is the vord, and D is the middle letter of *Madame*, D D, put 'hem together, and make deeds, without which, all words are alike, la.

KNO. 'Tis true, *Ursla*, take 'hem in, open thy wardrope, and fit 'hem to their calling. Greene-gownes, Crimson-petticoats, green women! my Lord Majors green women! guests o'the Game, true bred. I'le provide you a Coach, to take the ayre, in.

WIN. But doe you thinke you can get one?

KNO. O, they are as common as wheelebarrowes, where there are great dunghills. Every Pettifoggers wife, has 'hem, for first he buyes a Coach, that he may marry, and then hee marries that hee may be made Cuckold in't: For if their wives ride not to their

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

Cuckolding, they doe 'hem no credit. Hide, and be hidden; ride, and be ridden, sayes the vapour of experience.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. VI.

TROBLE-ALL. KNOCKHUM. WHIT. QUARLOUS. EDGWORTH. BRISTLE.

WASPE. HAGGISE. JUSTICE. BUSY. PURE-CRAFT.

BY what warrant do's it say so?

KNO. Ha! mad child o'the *Pye-pouldres*, art thou there? fill us a fresh kan, *Urs*, wee may drinke together.

TRO. I may not drinke without a warrant, Captaine.

KNO. S'lood, thou'll not stale without a warant, shortly. *Whit*, Give mee pen, inke and paper. I'l draw him a warrant presently.

TRO. It must be *Justice Overdoo*'s?

KNO. I know, man, Fetch the drinke, *Whit*.

WHI. I pre dee now, be very briefe, Captaine; for de new Ladies stay for dee.

KNO. O, as briefe as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam Overdoo*.

TRO. Why, now, I'le pledge you, Captaine.

KNO. Drinke it off. I'll come to thee, anone, againe.

QUA. Well, Sir. You are now discharg'd: beware of being spi'd, hereafter.

Quarlous to the Cut-purse.

EDG. Sir, will it please you, enter in here, at *Ursla*'s; and take

[65]

part of a silken gowne, a velvet petticoate, or a wrought smocke; I am promis'd such: and I can spare any Gentleman a moity.

QUA. Keepe it for your companions in beastlinesse, I am none of 'hem, Sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespasse, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your offers. But goe your wayes, talke not to me, the hangman is onely fit to discourse with you; the hand of Beadle is too mercifull a punishment for your Trade of life. I am sorry I employ'd this fellow; for he thinks me

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

such: *Facinus quos inquinat, æquat*. But, it was for sport. And would I make it serious, the getting of this Licence is nothing to me, without other circumstances concur. I do thinke how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine, that the ragged fellow mark'd: And what advantage I have given *Ned Win-wife* in this time now, of working her, though it be mine. Hee'll go neare to forme to her what a debauch'd Rascall I am, and fright her out of all good conceipt of me: I should doe so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper, yet; and it must needs bee next to despaire, that is grounded on any part of a woman's discretion. I would give by my troth, now, all I could spare (to my cloathes, and my sword) to meete my tatter'd *sooth-sayer* againe, who was my judge i'the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or sav'd. For, till then, I live but under a *Repreive*. I must seek him. Who be these?

Ent Waspe with the officers.

WAS. Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt, and no Constable.

BRI. You say very well. Come put in his legge in the middle roundell, and let him hole there.

WAS. You stinke of leeks, *Metheglyn*, and cheese. You Rogue.

BRI. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the meane time? if you have a minde to stinke too, your breeches sit close enough to your bumm. Sit you merry, Sir.

QUA. How now, *Numps*?

WAS. It is no matter, how; pray you looke off.

QUA. Nay I'll not offend you, *Numps*. I thought you had sate there to be seen.

WAS. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your businesse, an' you have any.

QUA. Cry you mercy, *Numps*. Do's your leg lie high enough?

BRI. How now, neighbour *Haggise*, what sayes *Justice Overdo's* worship, to the other offenders?

HAG. Why, hee sayes just nothing, what should hee say? Or where should he say?

He is not to be found, Man. He ha' not been see i'the *Fayre*, here, all this live-long day, never since seven a clocke i'the morning. His Clearks know not what to thinke on't. There is no Court of *Pie-poulders* yet. Heere they be return'd.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

BRI. What shall be done with 'hem, then? in your discretion?

[66]

HAG. I thinke wee were best put 'hem in the stocks, in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an houre, or such a thing, till his worship come.

BRI. It is but a hole matter, if wee doe, Neighbour *Haggise*, come, Sir, heere is company for you, heave up the stocks.

As they open the stockes, Waspe puts his shooe on his hand, and slips it in for his legge.

WAS. I shall put a tricke upon your welsh diligence, perhaps.

BRI. Put in your legge, Sir.

QUA. What, *Rabby Busy!* is heo come?

They bring Busy, and put him in.

BUS. I doe obey thee, the Lyon may roare, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the *heathen* of the land, and put a part in the stocks, for the holy cause.

WAS. What are you, Sir?

BUS. One that rejoyceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesie, the destruction of *Fayres* and *May-games*, *Wakes*, and *Whitson-ales*, and doth sight and groane for the reformation, of these abuses.

WAS. And doe you sight, and groane too, or rejoyce in your affliction?

JUS. I doe not feele it, I doe not thinke of it, it is a thing without mee. *Adam*, thou art above these battries, these contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend *Horace* saies; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another friend of thine saies, (I think it be thy friend *Persius*) *Non te quæsiveris extra*.

QUA. What's heere! a Stoick I'the stocks? the Foole is turn'd *Philosopher*.

BUS. Friend, I will leave to communicate my spirit with you, if I heare any more of those superstitious reliques, those lists of Latin, the very rags of *Rome*, and patches of *Poperie*.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WAS. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leave you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: looke you, a device, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God b'w'you.

He gets out.

BUS. Wilt thou then leave thy brethren in tribulation?

WAS. For this once, Sir.

BUS. Thou art a halting *Neutrall* stay him there, stop him: that will not endure the heat of persecution.

BRI. How now, what's the matter?

BUS. Hee is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

BRI. What, has he made an escape, which way? follow, neighbour *Haggise*.

PUR. O me! in the stocks! have the wicked prevail'd?

BUS. Peace religious sister, it is my calling, comfort your selfe, an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

TRO. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this?

QUA. O, here's my man! dropt in, I look'd for.

[67]

JUS. Ha!

PUR. O good Sir, they have set the faithfull, here to be wonder'd at; and provided holes, for the holy of the land.

TRO. Had they warrant for it? shew'd they *Justice Overdoo's* hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

BRI. Sure you did not locke the stocks sufficiently, neighbour *Toby*!

HAG. No! see if you can lock 'hem better.

BRI. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truely, yet some thing is in the mater.

TRO. True, your warrant is the matter that is in question, by what warrant?

BRI. Mad man, hold your peace, I will put you in his roome else, in the very same hole, doe you see?

QUA. How! is hee a mad-man!

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

TRO. Shew me *Justice Overdoo*'s warrant. I obey you.

HAG. You are a mad foole, hold your tongue.

TRO. In *Justice Overdoo*'s name, I drinke to you, and here's my warrant.

Shewes his Kanne.

JUS. Alas poore wretch! how it earnes my heart for him!

QUA. If hee be mad, it is in vaine to question him. I'le try though, friend: there was a Gentlewoman, shew'd you two names, some houre since, *Argalus* and *Palemon*, to marke in a booke, which of 'hem was it you mark'd?

TRO. I marke no name, but *Adam Overdoo*, that is the name of names, hee onely is the sufficient Magistrate; and that name I reverence, shew it mee.

QUA. This fellowes madde indeede: I am further off, now, then afore.

JUS. I shall not breath in peace, till I have made him some amends.

QUA. Well, I will make another use of him, is come in my head: I have a nest of beards in my Truncke, one some thing like his.

BRI. This mad foole has made mee that I know not whether I have lock'd the stocks or no, I thinke I lock'd 'hem.

The watch-men come back againe. They mad-man fights with 'hem, and they leave open the stocks.

TRO. Take *Adam Overdoo* in your minde, and feare nothing.

BRI. S'lid, madnesse it selfe, hold thy peace, and take that.

TRO. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

BUS. We are delivered by miracle; fellow in fetters, let us not refuse the meanes, this madnesse was of the spirit: The malice of the enemy hath mock'd it selfe.

PUR. Mad doe they call him! the world is mad in error, but hee is mad in truth: I love him o'the sudden, (the cunning man sayd all true) and shall love him more, and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoake-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should wee draw to

[68]

madnesse in truth, with us!

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

BRI. How now! all scap'd? where's the *woman*? it is witchcraft! Her velvet hat is a witch, o'my conscience, or my key! t'one. The mad-man was a Divell, and I am an Asse; so blesse me, my place, and mine office.

The watch missing them are affrighted.

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

LANTHORNE. FILCHER. SHARKWEL.

WELL, Lucke and Saint *Bartholmew*; out with the signe of our invention, in the name of *Wit*, and do you beat the Drum, the while; All the fowlw i'the *Fayre*, I meane all the dirt in *Smithfield*, (that's one of Master *Littlewit's* *Carwhitchets* now) will be throwne at our Banner to day, if the matter do's not please the people. O the *Motions*, that I *Lanthorne* *Leatherhead* have given light to, i' my time, since my Master *Pod* dyed! *Jerusalem* was a stately thing; and so was *Ninive*, and the City of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*; with the rising o'the prentises, and pulling downe the bawdy houses there, upon *Shrove-Tuesday*; but the *Gunpowder-plot*, there was a get-penny! I have presented that to an eighteene, or twenty pence audience, nine times in an afternoone. Your home-borne projects prove ever the best, they are so easie and familiar, they put too much learning i'their things now o'dayes: and that I feare will be the spoile o'this. *Little-wit*? I say, *Mickle-wit*! if not too mickle! looke to your gathering there, good man *Filcher*.

Pod was a Master of motions before him.

FIL. I warrant you, Sir.

LAN. And there come any Gentlefolks, take two pence a piece, *Sharkwell*.

SHA. I warrant you, Sir, three pence, an' we can.

[69]

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

JUSTICE. WIN-WIFE. GRACE. QUARLOUS. PURE-CRAFT.

The Justice comes in like a Porter.

THis later disguise, I have borrow'd of a Porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which how ever interrupted, were never destroyed in me: neither is the houre

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

of my severity yet come, to reveale my selfe, wherein cloud-like, I will break out in raine, and haile, lightning, and thunder, upon the head of enormity. Two maine works I have to prosecute: first, one is to invent some satisfaction for the poor kind wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him comming, I will walke aside, and project for it.

WIN. I wonder where *Tom Quarlous* is, that hee returnes not, it may be is strucke in here to seeke us.

GRA. See, heere's our mad-man againe.

QUA. I have made my selfe as like him, as his gowne, and cap will give me leave.

Quarlous in the habit of the mad-man is mistaken by M^{TS} Pure-craft.

PUR. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

WIN-W. How! my widdow in love with a mad-man?

PUR. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit, as you.

QUA. By whose warrant? leave your canting. Gentlewoman, have I found you? (save yee, quit yee, and multiply yee) where's your booke? 'twas a sufficient name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

He desires to see the booke of Mistresse Grace.

GRA. What would you with ir, Sir?

QUA. Marke it againe, and againe, at your service.

GRA. Heere it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

QUA. *Palemon?* fare you well, fare you well.

WIN-W. How, *Palemon!*

GRA. Yes faith, hee has discover'd it to you, now, and therefore 'twere vaine to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

WIN-W. And you have him Mistresse, beleeve it, that shall never give you cause to repent her benefir, but make you rather to thinke that in this choyce, she had both her eyes.

GRA. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

QUA. *Palemon,* the word, and *Win-wife* the man?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

PUR. Good Sir, vouchsafe a yoakefellow in your madnesse, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you, in truth.

QUA. Away, you are a heard of hypocriticall proud Ignorants, rather wilde, then mad. Fitter for woods, and the society of beasts then houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of *Canterers*, Outlawes to order and *Discipline*, and the onely priviledg'd *Church-robbers* of *Christendome*. Let me alone. *Palemon*, the word, and *Winwife* the man?

PUR. I must uncover my selfe unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the *cunning mens* promises. Good Sir, heare me, I am worth sixe thousand pound, my love to you, is become my racke, I'll tell you all, and the truth: since you hate the hypocrisie of the party-coloured brother-hood. These seven yeeres I have beene a wilfull holy widdow, onely to draw feasts, and gifts from my intangled suitors: I am also by office, an assisting *sister* of the *Deacons*, and a devourer, in stead of a distributer of the alms. I am a speciall maker of marriages for our decayed *Brethren*, with our rich *widdowes*; for a third part of their wealth, when they are marryed, for the reliefe of the poore *elect*: as also our poore handsome yong Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or Widdowers; to make them steale from their husbands, when I have confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I ha' not my bargaine, they may sooner turne a scolding drab, in to a silent *Minister*, then make me leave pronouncing *reprobation* and *damnation* unto them. Our elder, *Zeal-of-the-land*, would have had me, but I know him to be the capitall Knave of the land, making himselfe rich, by being made *Feoffee* in trust to deceased *Brethren*, and coozning their *heyres*, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus having eas'd my conscience, and utter'd my heart, with the tongue of my love: enjoy all my deceits together. I beseech you. I should not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think mee so too, Sir?

QUA. Stand aside, I'le answer you, presently. Why should not I marry this sixe thousand pound, now I thinke on't? and a good trade too, that shee has beside, ha? The tother wench, *Winwife*, is sure of; there's expectation for me there! here I may make my selfe some saver, yet, if shee continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

why should I not marry the money when 'tis offer'd mee? I have a *License* and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolv'd! I were truly mad, an' I would not! well, come your wayes, follow mee, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a warrant!

He consider with himselfe of it.

He takes her along with him.

PUR. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

JUS. Sir, let mee speake with you.

The Justice calls him.

[71]

QUA. By whose warrant?

JUS. The warrant that you tender, and respect so; *Justice Overdoo's!* I am the man, friend *Trouble-all*, though thus disguis'd (as the carefull *Magistrate* ought) for the good of the Republicque, in the *Fayre*, and the weeding out of enormity. Doe you want a house or meat, or drinke, or cloathes? speake whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you, what want you?

QUA. Nothing but your *warrant*.

JUS. My *warrant?* for what?

QUA. To be gone, Sir.

JUS. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee; thinke what may doe thee good.

QUA. Your hand and seale, will doe me a great deale of good; nothing else in the whole *Fayre*, that I know.

JUS. If it were to any end, thou should'st have it willingly.

QUA. Why, it will satisfie me, that's end enough, to looke on; an' you will not gi' it mee, let me goe.

JUS. Alas! thou shalt ha' it presently. I'll but step into the Scriveners, hereby, and bring it. Doe not go away.

The Justice goes out.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

QUA. Why, this mad mans shape, will prove a very fortunate one, I thinke! can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise Justice, and he bring mee his hand, I shall goe neere to make some use on't. Hee is come already!

and returns.

JUS. Looke thee! heere is my hand and seale, *Adam Overdoo*, if there be any thing to be written, above in the paper, that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter; thinke on't; it is my deed, I deliver it so, can your friend write?

QUA. Her hand for a *witnesse*, and all is well.

JUS. With all my heart.

He urgeth Mistresse Purecraft.

QUA. Why should not I ha' the conscience, to make this a bond of a thousand pound? now, or what I would else?

JUS. Looke you, there it is; and I deliver it as my deede againe.

QUA. Let us now proceed in madnesse.

He takes her in with him.

JUS. Well, my conscience is much eas'd; I ha' done my part, though it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd satisfaction! The sting is removed from hence: poore man, he is much alter'd with his affliction, it has brought him low! Now, for my other worke, reducing the young man (I have follow'd so long in love) from the brinke of his bane, to the center of safety. Here, or in some such like vaine place, I shall be sure to finde him. I will waite the good time.

[72]

ACT. V. SCENE. III.

COKES. SHARKWEL. JUSTICE. FILCHER. JOHN. LANTERNE.

How now? what's here to doe? friend, art thou the *Master* of the *Monuments*?

SHA. 'Tis a *Motion*, an't please your worship.

JUS. My phantasticall brother in Law, Master *Bartholmew Cokes*!

He reads the Bill.

COK. A *Motion*, what's that? The ancient moderne history of *Hero*, and *Leander*, otherwise called *The Touchstrone of true Love*, with as true a tryall of friendship,

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

betweene *Damon*, and *Pithias*, two faithfull friend o'the Bankside? pretty i'faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an *Enterlude*? or what is't?

FIL. Yes Sir, please you come neere, wee'll take your money within.

COK. Backe with these children; they doe so follow mee up and downe.

The boyes o'the Fayre follow him.

JOH. By your leave, friend.

FIL. You must pay, Sir, an' you goe in.

JOH. Who, I? I perceiue thou know'st not mee: call the Master o'the *Motion*.

SHA. What, doe you not know the *Author*, fellow *Filcher*? you must take no monney of him; he must come in *gratis*: Mr. *Littlewit* is a voluntary; he is the *Author*.

JOH. Peace, speake not too lowd, I would not have any notice taken, that I am the *Author*, till wee see how it passes.

COK. Master *Littlewit*, how do'st thou?

JOH. Master *Cokes*! you are exceeding well met: what, in your doublet, and hose, without a cloake, or a hat?

COK. I would I might never stirre, as I am an honest man, and by that fire; I have lost all i'the *Fayre*, and all my acquaintance too; did'st thou meet any body that I know, Master *Littlewit*? my man *Numps*, or my sister *Overdoo*, or Mistresse *Grace*? pray thee Master *Littlewit*, lend mee some money to see the *Interlude*, here. I'le pay thee againe, as I am a Gentleman. If thou'lt but carry mee home, I have money enough there.

JOH. O, Sir, you shall command it, what, will a crowne serve you?

[73]

COK. I think it well, what do we pay for coming in, fellowes?

FIL. Two pence, Sir.

COK. Two pence? there's twelve pence, friend; Nay, I am a *Gallant*, as simple as I looke now; if you see mee with my man about me, and my *Artillery*, againe.

JOH. Your man was i'the Stocks, ee'n now, Sir.

COK. Who, *Numps*?

JOH. Yes faith.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

COK. For what i' faith, I am glad o'that; remember to tell me on't anone; I have enough, now! What manner of matter is this, Mr. *Littlewit*? What kind of *Actors* ha'a you? Are they good *Actors*?

JOH. Pretty youthes, Sir, all children both old and yong, heer's the Master of 'hem—
(LAN. Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lanterne*.)

Leatherhead *whispers* to *Littlewit*.

JOH. Master *Lanterne*, that gives light to the businesse.

COK. In good time, Sir, I would faine see 'hem, I would be glad drinke with the young company; which is the Tiring-house?

LAN. Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little, we are but beginners, yet, pray pardon us; you cannot goe upright in't.

COK. No? not now my hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me, feather, and all, as I was once to day? Ha' you none of your pretty impudent boyes, now; to bring stooles, fill Tabacco, fetch Ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses? let me see some o'your *Actors*.

JON. Shew him 'hem, shew him 'hem. Master *Lanterne*, this is a Gentleman, that is a favorer of the quality.

JUS. I, the favouring of this licencious quality, is the consumption of many a young Gentleman; a pernicious enormity.

COK. What, doe they live in baskets?

He brings them out in a basket.

LEA. They doe lye in a basket, Sir, they are o'the small *Players*.

COK. These be *Players minors*, indeed. Doe you call these *Players*.

LAN. They are *Actors*, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb showes: indeed, I am the mouth of 'hem all!

COK. Thy mouth will hold 'hem all. I thinke, one *Taylor*, would goe neere to beat all this company, with a hand bound behinde him.

JOH. I, and eate 'hem all, too, an' they were in cake-bread.

COK. I thanke you for that, Master *Littlewit*, a good jest! which is your *Burbage* now?

LAN. What meane you by that, Sir?

COK. Your best *Actor*. Your *Field*?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

JOH. Good ifaith! you are even with me, Sir.

LAN. This is he, that acts young *Leander*, Sir. He is extreemly belov'd of the womenkind, they doe so affect his action, the

[74]

green gamesters, that come here, and this is lovely *Hero*; this with the beard, *Damon*; and this pretty *Pythias*: this is the ghost of King *Dionysius* in the habit of a scrivener: as you shall see anone, at large.

COK. Well they are a civill company, I like 'hem for that; they offer not to fleere, nor geere, nor breake jests, as the great *Players* doe: And then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of 'hem, or making 'hem drunke, as to the other, by reason of their littlenesse. Doe they use to play perfect? Are they never fluster'd?

LAN. No, Sir. I thanke my industry, and policy for it; they are as well govern'd a company, though I say it— And heere is young *Leander*, is as proper an *Actor* of his inches; and shakes his head like an hostler.

COK. But doe you play it according to the printed booke? I have read that.

LAN. By no meanes, Sir.

COK. No? How then?

LAN. A better way, Sir, that is too learned, and poeticall for our audience; what doe they know what *Hellespont* is? Guilty of true loves blood? or what *Abidos* is? or the other *Sestos* hight?

COK. Th'art i'the right, I do not know my selfe.

LAN. No, I have entreated Master *Littlewit*, to take a little paines to reduce it to a more familiar straine for our people.

COK. How, I pray thee, good Mr. *Littlewit*?

JOH. It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But there is no such matter I assure you: I have onely made it a little easie, and *moderne* for the times, Sir, that's all; As, for the *Hellespont*, I imagine our *Thames* here; and then *Leander*, I make a *Diers sonne*, about *Puddle-wharfe*; and *Hero* a wench o'the *Banke-side*, who going over one morning to old fish-street; *Leander* spies her land at *Trigsstayers*, and falls in love with her: Now

The Salamanca Corpus: Bartholmew Fayre (1631)

do I introduce *Cupid*, having *Metamorphos'd* himselfe into a Drawer, and hee strikes *Hero* in love with a pint of *Sherry*, and other pretty passages there are, o'the friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of judgment.

COK. I'll be sworne they shall; I am in love with the *Actors* already, and I'll be allyed to them presently. (They respect gentlemen, these fellowes) *Hero* shall be fayring: But, which of my fayrings? (Le' me see) i'faith, my *fiddle!* and *Leander* my *fiddle-sticke:* Then *Damon*, my *drum;* and *Pythias*, my *Pipe* and the ghost of *Dionysius*, my *hobby-horse.* All fitted.

[75]

ACT. V. SCENE. IV.

To them WIN-WIFE. GRACE. KNOCKHUM. WHITT. EDGWORTH. WIN. *Mistris*
OVERDOO. *And to them* WASPE.

Looke yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his play-fellowes; I thought we could not misse him, at such a Spectacle.

GRA. Let him alone, he is so busie, he will never spie us.

LEA. Nay, good Sir.

COK. I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, fellow; what dost think me uncivill? I pray thee be not jealous: I am toward a wife.

Cokes is bandling the Puppets.

JOH. Well good Master *Lanterne*, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my wife, and looke you be perfect, you undoe me else, i' my reputation.

LAN. I warrant you Sir, doe not you breed too great an expectation of it, among your friends: that's the onely hurter of these things.

JOH. No, no, no.

COK. I'll stay here, and see; pray thee let me see.

WIN-W. How diligent and troublesome he is!

GRA. The place becomes him, me thinkes.

JUS. My ward, *Mistresse Grace* in the company of a stranger? I doubt I shall be compell'd to discover my selfe, before my time!

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

FIL. Two pence a piece Gentlemen, an excellent Motion!

The doore-keepers speake.

KNO. Shall we have fine fire-works, and good vapours!

SHA. Yes Captaine, and water-works, too!

WHI. I pree dee, take a care o' dy shmall Lady, there, *Edgworth*; I will looke to dish tall Lady my selfe.

LAN. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

WHI. Predee, Mashter o'de *Monshtersh*, helpe a very sicke Lady, here to a chayre, to shit in.

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WHI. Good fait now, *Urla's Ale*, and *Aqua-vitæ* ish to blame for't; shit downe shweet heart, shit downe, and shleep a little.

They bring Misstris Overdoo a chayre.

EDG. Madame, you are very welcom hither.

KNO. Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

JUS. Here is my care come! I like to see him in so good company; and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion, should resort hither!

By Edgworth.

[76]

EDG. This is a very private house, *Madame.*

The Cut-purse courts Mistresse Little-wit-

LAN. Will it please your Ladiship sit, *Madame?*

WIN. Yes good-man. They doe so all to be *Madame* mee, I thinke they thinke me a very Lady!

EDG. What else *Madame?*

WIN. Must I put off my masque to him?

EDG. O, by no meanes.

WIN. How would my husband know mee, then?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

KNO. Husband? an idle vapour; he must know not you, nor you him; there's the true vapour.

JUS. Yes, I will observe more of this: is this a *Lady*, friend?

WHI. I, and dat is another *Lady*, shweet heart; if dou hasht a minde to 'hem give me twelve pence from tee, and dou shalt have eder-oder on 'hem!

JUS. I? This will proove my chiefest enormity: I will follow this.

EDG. Is not this a finer life, *Lady*, then to be clogg'd with a husband?

WIN. Yes, a great deale. When will they beginne, trow? in the name o'the *Motion*?

EDG. By and by *Madame*, they stay but for company.

KNO. Doe you heare, *Puppet-Master*, these are tedious vapours; when begin you?

LAN. We stay but for Master *Littlewit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

WIN. That's I, that's I.

EDG. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no such poore thing.

KNO. Hang the *Authors* wife, a running vapour! here be *Ladies*, will stay for nere a *Delia* o'hem all.

WHI. But heare mee now, heere ish one o'de *Ladish*, a shleep, stay till shee but vake man.

WAS. How now friends? what's heere to doe?

FIL. Two pence a piece, Sir, the best *Motion*, in the *Fayre*.

The doore-keepers againe.

WAS. I beleeve you lye; if you doe, I'll have my money againe, and beat you.

WIN. *Numps* is come!

WAS. Did you see a Master of mine, come in here, a tall yong Squire of *Harrow* o'the *Hill*; Master *Bartholmew Cokes*?

FIL. I thinke there be such a one, within.

WAS. Looke hee be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' beene at the *Eagle*, and the blacke *Wolfe*, and the *Bull* with the five legges, and two pizzles; (hee was a Calfe at *Uxbridge Fayre*, two yeeres agoe) And at the *dogges* that daunce the *Morrice*, and the *Hare* o'the *Taber*; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight, that holds him so, if it have him.

[77]

COK. Come, come, are you ready now?

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WAS. Hoyday, hee's at worke in his Dublet, and hose; doe you heare, Sir? are you imploy'd? that you are bare headed, and so busie?

COK. Hold your peace, *Numps*; you ha' beene i'the Stocks, I heare.

WAS. Do's he know that? nay, then the date of my *Authority* is out; I must thinke no longer to raigne, my government is at an end. He that will correct another, must want fault in himselfe.

WIN-W. Sententious *Numps*! I never heard so much from him, before.

LAN. Sure, Master *Littlewit* will not come; please you take your place, Sir, wee'll beginne.

COK. I pray thee doe, mine eares long to be at it; and my eyes too. O *Numps*, i'the Stocks, *Numps*? where's your sword, *Numps*?

WAS. I pray you intend your game, Sir, let me alone.

COK. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit downe, *Numps*; I'le interpret to thee: did you see *Mistresse Grace*? it's no matter, neither, now I thinke on't, tell mee anon.

WIN-W. A great deale of love, and care, he expresses.

GRA. Alas! would you have him to expresse more then hee has? that were tyranny.

COK. Peace, ho; now, now.

LAN. *Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,*

Behold our chief Actor, amorous Leander.

With a great deale of cloth, lap'd about him like a Scarfe,

For he yet serves his father, a Dyer at Puddle wharfe,

Which place wee'll make bold with, to call it our Abidus,

As the Banke-side is our Sestos, and let it not be deny'd us.

Now, as he is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,

Who chances to come by, but faire Hero, in a Sculler;

And seeing Leandres naked legge, and goodly calfe,

The Salamanca Corpus: Bartholmew Fayre (1631)

Cast at him, from the boat, a Sheepes eye, and a halfe.

Now she is landed, and the Sculler come backe;

By and by, you shall see what Leander doth lacke.

PUP. L. Cole, Cole, old Cole.

LAN. That is the Scullers name without controle.

PUP. L. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.

LAN. We doe heare you.

PUP. L. Old Cole.

LAN. Old cole? Is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how do you sell?

PUP. L. A pox o'your maners, kisse my hole here, and smell.

LAN. Kisse your hole, and smell? there's manners indeed.

PUP. L. Why, Cole, I say, Cole.

LAN. It's the Sculler you need!

[78]

PUP. L. I, and be hang'd.

LAN. Be hang'd; looke you yonder.

Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.

PUP. C. Whereis he?

*PUP. L. Here, Cole, what fayerest of Fayers,
was that fare, that thou landedst but now a Trigstayres?*

COK. What was that, fellow? Pray thee tell me, I scarce understand 'hem.

*LAN. Leander do's aske, Sir, what fayrest of Fayers,
Was the fare the landed, but now, at Trigstayres?*

PUP. C. It is loney Hero.

PUP. L. Nero?

PUP.C. No, Hero.

LAN. It is Hero.

*Of the Bankside, he saith to tell you truth with out erring,
Is come over into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.*

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

Leander *sayes no more, but as fast as he can,*

Gets on all his best cloathes; and will after to the Swan.

COK. Most admirable good, is't not?

LAN. Stay, Sculler.

PUP. C. *What say you?*

LAN. *You must stay for Leander,
and carry him to the wench.*

PUP. C. *You Rogue, I am no Pandar.*

COK. He sayes he is no *Pandar*. 'Tis a fine language; I understand it, now.

LAN. *Are you no Pandar, Goodman Cole? heer's no man sayes you are,
You'll grow a hot Cole, it seemes, pray you stay for your fare.*

PUP. C. *Will hee come away?*

LAN. *What doe you say?*

PUP. C. *I'de ha' him come away.*

LEA. *Would you ha' Leander come away? why' pray' Sir, stay.*

*You are angry, Goodman Cole; I beleeve the faire Mayd
Came over w' you a' trust: tell us Sculler, are you paid.*

PUP. C. *Yes Goodman Hogrubber, o' Picket-hatch.*

LAV. *How, Hogrubber, o' Picket-hatch?*

PUP. C. *I Hogrubber o' Picket-hatch. Take you that.*

The Puppet strikes him over the pate.

LAN. *O, my head!*

PUP. C. *Harme watch, harme catch.*

COK. *Harme watch, harme catch, he sayes: very good i'faith, the Sculler had like to ha'
knock'd you, sirrah.*

LAN. *Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.*

PUP. L. *Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.*

LAN. *You are knavishly loaden, Sculler, take heed where you goe.*

PUP. C. *Knave i'your face, Goodman Rogue.*

PUP. L. *Row, row, row, row, row, row.*

COK. *Hee said knave i'your face, friend.*

[79]

LAN. I Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these water-men, they will ha' the last word.

COK. Cod's my life! I am not allied to the Sculler, yet; hee shall be *Dauphin* my boy. But my Fiddle-sticke do's fiddle in and out too much; I pray thee speake to him, on't: tell him, I would have him tarry in my sight, more.

LAN. I Pray you be content; you'll have enough on him, Sir.

*Now gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,
but that you have heard of a little god of love, call'd Cupid.*

*Who out of kindnes to Leander, hearing he but saw her,
this present say and houre, doth turne himselfe to a Drawer.*

*And because, he would have their first meeting to be merry,
he strikes Hero in love to him, with a pint of Sherry.*

*Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her,
who after him, into the roome of Hero, doth venter.*

Pup. Leander goes into Mistris Hero's room.

PUP. Jo: A pint of sacke, score a pint of sacke, i'the Conney.

COK. Sack? you said but ee'n now it should be *Sherry*.

PUP. Jo: Why so it is; *Sherry, sherry, sherry*.

COK. *Sherry, sherry, sherry*. By my troth he makes me merry. I must have a name for *Cupid*, too. Let me see, thou mightst helpe me now, an' thou wouldest, *Numps*, at a dead lift, but thou art dreaming o'the stocks, still! Do not thinke on't, I have forgot it: 'tis but a nine dayes wonder, man; let it not trouble three.

WAS. I would the stocks were about your necke, Sir; condition I hung by the heeles in them, till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

COK. Well said resolute *Numps*: but hearke you friend, where is the friendship, all this while, betweene my Drum, *Damon*; and my Pipe, *Pythias*?

LAN. You shall see by and by, Sir?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

COK. You thinke my Hobby-hose is forgotten, too; no, I'll see 'hem all enact before I go; I shall not know which to love best, else.

KNO. This Gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours, *Whitt*, puffe with him.

WHIT. No, I pre dee, Captaine, let him alone. Hee is a Child i'faith, la'.

LAN. *Now gentles, to the friends, who in number, are two,
and lodg'd in that Ale-house, in which faire Hero do's doe.*

Damon (*for some kindnesse done him the last weeke*)
is come faire Hero, in Fish-streete, this morning to seeke:

*Pythias do's smell the knavery of the meeting,
and now you shall see their true friendly greeting.*

PUP. Pi. *You whore-masterly Slave, you.*

COK. Whore-masterly slave, you? very friendly, & familiar, that.

PUP. Da. *Whore-master i'thy face,
Thou hast lien with her thy selfe, I'll prove't i'this place.*

COK. Damon *sayes Pythias has lien with her, himselfe, hee'll proove't in this place.*

[80]

LAN. *They are Whore-masters both, Sir, that's a plaine case.*

PUP. Pi. *You lye, like a Rogue.*

LAN. *Doe I ly, like a Rogue?*

PUP. Pi. *A Pimpe, and a Scabbe.*

LAN. *A Pimpe, and a Scabbe?*

I say between you, you have both but one Drabbe.

PUP. Da. *You lye againe.*

LAN. *Doe I lye againe?*

PUP. Da. *Like a Rogue againe.*

LAN. *Like a Rogue againe?*

PUP. Pi. *And you are a Pimpe, againe.*

COK. And you are a *Pimpe* againe, he sayes.

The Salamanca Corpus: Bartholmew Fayre (1631)

PUP. Da. And a Scabbe, againe.

COK. And a Scabbe againe, he sayes.

*LAN. And I say againe, you are both whore-masters againe,
and you have both but one Drabbe againe.*

They fight.

PUP. Da. Pi. Do'st thou, do'st thou, do'st thou?

AN. What, both at once?

PUP. P. Downe with him, Damon.

PUP. D. Pinke his guts, Pythias.

LAN. What, so malicious?

will ye murder me, Masters both, i'mine owne house?

COK. Ho! well acted my Drum, well acted my Pipe, well acted still.

WAS. Well acted, with all my heart.

LAN. Hold, hold your hands.

COK. I, both your hands, for my sake! for you ha' both done well.

PUP. D. Gramercypure Pythias.

PUP. P. Gramercy, Deare Damon.

COK. Gramercy to you both, my Pipe, and my drum.

PUP. P. D. Come now wee'll together to breakfast to Hero.

*LAN. 'Tis well, you can now got to breakfast to Hero,
you have given me my breakfast, with a hone and honero.*

COK. How is't friend, ha' they hurt thee?

LAN. O no!

Betweene you and I Sir, we doe but make show.

*Thus Gentles you perceive, without any deniall,
'twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendships true tryall.*

*Though hourelly they quarrell thus, and roare each with other,
they fight you no more, then do's brother with brother.*

*But friendly together, at the next man they meet,
they let fly their anger as here you might see't.*

The Salamanca Corpus: Bartholmew Fayre (1631)

COK. Well, we have seen't, and thou hast felt it, whatsoever thou sayest, what's next?
what's next?

LEA. *This while young Leander, with faire Hero is drinking,
and Hero growne drunke, to any mans thinking!
Yet was it not three pints of Sherry could flaw her.*

[81]

*till Cupid distinguish'd like Jonas the Drawer,
From under his apron, where his lechery lurkes,
put love in her Sacke. Now marke how it workes.*

PUP. H. *O Leander Leander, my deare my deare Leander,
I'le for ever be thy goose, so thou'lt be my gander:*

COK. Excellently well said, *Fiddle*, shee'll ever be his goose, so hee'll be her gander:
was't not so?

LAN. Yes, Sir, but marke his answer, now:

PUP. L. *And sweetest of geese, before I goe to bed,
I'll swimme o're the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.*

COK. Brave! he will swimme o're the *Thames*, and tread his goose, too night, he sayes.

LAN. I, peace, Sir, the'll be angry, if they heare you eaves-dropping, now they are
setting their match.

PUP. L. *But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my deare friend,
let thy window be provided of a candles end.*

PUP. H. *Feare not my gander, I protest, I should handle
my matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.*

PUP. L. *Well then, looke to't, and kisse me to boote.*

LAN. *Now, heere come the friends againe, Pythias, and Damon,
and under their clokes, they have of Bacon, a gammon.*

Damon and Pythias enter.

PUP. P. *Drawer, fill some wine heere.*

LAN. *How, some wine there?*

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

there's company already, Sir, pray forbear!

PUP. D. 'Tis Hero.

LAN. Yes, but shee will not be taken,
after sacke, and fresh herring, with your Dunmow-bacon.

PUP. P. You lye, it's Westfabian.

LAN. Westphalian you should say.

PUP. D. If you hold not your peace, you are a Coxcombe, I would say.

Leander and Hero are kissing.

PUP. What's here? what's here? kisse, kisse, upon kisse.

LAN. I, Wherefore should they not? what harme is in this?

'tis Mistresse Hero.

PUP. D. Mistresse Hero's a whore.

LAN. Is shee a whore? keepe you quiet, or Sir Knave out of dore.

Here the Puppets quarrell and fall together by the eares.

PUP. D. Knave out of doore?

PUP. H. Yes, Knave, out of doore.

PUP. D. Whore out of doore.

PUP. H. I say, Knave, out of doore.

PUP. D. I say, whore, out of doore.

PUP. P. Yea, so say I too.

PUP. H. Kisse the whore o'the arse.

LAN. Now you ha' something to doe:

you must kisse her o'the arse shee sayes:

PUP. D. P. So we will, so we will.

PUP. H. O my hanches, O my hanches, hold, hold.

LAN. Stand'st thou still?

[82]

Leander, where art thou? stand'st thou still like a sot,
and not offer'st to breake both their heads with a pot?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

See who's at thine elbow, there! Puppet Jonas and Cupid.

PUP. I. Upon 'hem Leander, be not so stupid.

They fight.

PUP. L. You Goat-bearded slave!

PUP. D. You whore-master Knave.

PUP. L. Thou art a whore-master.

PUP. I. Whore-masters all.

LAN. See, Cupid with a word has tane up the brawle.

KNO. These be fine vapours!

COK. By this good day they fight bravely! doe they not, Numps?

WAS. Yes, they lack'd but you to be their second, all this while.

LAN. This tragicall encounter, falling out thus to busie us,

It raises up the ghost of their friend Dionysius:

Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a Schoole,

in a Scriveners furr'd gowne, which shewes he is no foole,

for therein he hath wit enough to keepe himselfe warme.

O Damon he cries, and Pythias; what harme,

Hath poore Dionysius done you in his grave,

That after his death, you should fall out thus, and rave,

And call amorous Leander whore-master Knave?

PUP. D. I cannot, I will not, I promise you endure it.

ACT. V. SCENE. V.

To them BUSY.

BUS. Downe with Dagon, downe with Dagon; 'tis I, will no longer endure your prophanations.

LAN. What meane you, Sir?

BUS. I wil remove Dagon there, I say, that Idoll, that heathenish Idoll, that remaines (as I may say) a beame, a very beame, not a beame of the Sunne, nor a beame of the Moone, nor a beame of a balance, neither a house-beame, nor a Weavers beame, but a beame in they eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beame, an exceeding great beame; such

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

as are your *Stage players, Rimers, and Morrise-dancers*, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the *Brethren*, and the *Cause*; and beene borne out by instruments, of no meane countenance.

LAN. Sir, I present nothing, but what is licens'd by authority.

BAS. Thou art all *license*, even *licentiousnesse* it selfe, *Shimei!*

LAN. I have the Master of the *Revell's* hand for't, Sir.

[83]

BUS. The Master of *Rebells*, hand, thou hast; *Satan's!* hold thy peace, thy scurrility shut up thy mouth, thy profession is damable, and in pleading for it, thou dost plead for *Baal*. I have long opened my mouth wide, and gaped, I have gaped as the oyster for the tide after thy destruction: but cannot compasse it by sute, or dispute; so that I looke for a bickering, ere long, and then a battell.

KNO. Good *Bandury-vapours*.

COK. Friend, you'ld have an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no man o'the fist, hee has friends that will goe to cuffes for him, *Numps*, will not you take our side?

EDG. Sir, it shall not need, in my minde, he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation! hast thou nothing to say for thy selfe, in defence of thy quality?

LAN. Faith, Sir, I am not well studied in these controversies, betweene they hypocrites and us. But here's one of my *Motion*, *Puppet Donisius* shall undertake him, and I'le venture the cause on't.

COK. Who? my Hobby-horse? will he dispute with him?

LAN. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-Asse of him, I hope.

COK. That's excellent! indeed he lookes like the best scholler of 'hem all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your word, now.

BUS. I will not feare to make my spirit, and gifts knowne! assist me zeale, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

WIN-W. What a desperate, prophane wretch is this! is there any Ignorance, or impudence like his? to call his zeale to fill him against *Puppet*?

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

QUA. I know no fitter match, then a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite!

BUS. First, I say unto thee, *Idoll*, thou hast no *Calling*.

PUP. D. *You lie, I am call'd* Dionisius.

LAN. The *Motion* sayes you lie, he is call'd *Dionisius* ithe matter, and to that *calling* he answers.

BUS. I meane no *vocation*, *Idoll*, no present lawfull *Calling*.

PUP. D. *Is yours a lawfull Calling?*

LAN. The *Motion* asketh, if yours be a lawfull *Calling?*

BUS. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

PUP. D. *Then Idoll is a lawfull Calling.*

LAN. He saies, then *Idoll* is a lawfull *Calling!* for you call'd him *Idoll*, and your *Calling* is of the spirit.

COK. Well disputed, Hobby-horse!

BUS. Take not part with the wicked young Gallant. He neygheth and hinneyeth, all is but hir nying Sophistry. I call him *Idoll* againe. Yet, I say, his *Calling*, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, *Idoll*.

PUP. D. *It is not prophane!*

LAN. It is not prophane, he sayes.

BUS. It is prophane.

PUP. *It is not prophane.*

[84]

BUS. It is prophane.

PUP. *It is not prophane.*

LAN. Well said, confute him with *not*, still. You cannot beare him downe with your base noyse, Sir.

BUS. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creeke like the chariot wheelles of *Satan*; I am zealous for the *Cause*—

LAN. As a dog for a bone.

The Salamanca Corpus: Bartholmew Fayre (1631)

BUS. And I say, it is prophane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the waiting woman of *vanity*.

PUP. D. Yea? what say you to your *Tire-women*, then?

LAN. Good.

PUP. Or feather-makers i'the Fryers, that are o'your faction of faith? Are not they with their perrukes, and their puffes, their fannes, and their huffes, as much Pages of *Pride*, and waiters upon *vanity*? what say you? what say you? what say you?

BUS. I will not answer for them.

PUP. Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a Bungle-maker a lawfull Calling? or the Confect-makers? such you have there: or your French Fashioner? you'ld have all the sinne within your selves, would you not? would you not?

BUS. No, *Dagon*.

PUS. What then, *Dagonet*? is a Puppet worse then these?

BUS. Yes, and my maine argument against you, is, that you are an *abomination*: for the Male, among you, putteth on the apparell of the *Female*, and the *Female* of the *Male*.

PUP. You lye, you lye, you lye *abominably*.

COK. Good, by my troth, he has given him the lye thrice.

PUP. It is our old stale argument against the *Players*, but it will not hold against the *Puppets*; for we have neyther Male nor Female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblinde zeale as thou art!

The Puppet takes up his garment.

EDG. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend; by playne demonstration.

PUP. Nay, I'le prove, against ere a Rabbin of 'hem all, that my standing is as lawfull as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I have as little to doe with learning as he; and doe scorne her helps as much as he.

BUS. I am confuted, the *Cause* hath failed me.

PUS. Then be converted, be converted.

LAN. Be converted, I pray you, and let the Play goe one!

BUS. Let it goe on. For I am changed, and will become a beholder with you!

COK. That's brave i'faith, thou hast carryed it away, Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

JUS. Stay, now do I forbid, I *Adam Overdoo*! sit still, I charge you.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

The Justice discovers himselfe.

COK. What, my Brother i'law!

GRA. My wise Guardian!

EDG. *Justice Overdoo!*

[85]

JUS. It is time, to take Enormity by the fore head, and brand it; for, I have discover'd enough.

ACT. V. SCENE. VI.

To them, QUARLOUS. (*like the Mad-man*) PURE-CRAFT, (*a while after*) JOHN. *to them* TROUBLE-ALL. URSLA. NIGHTINGALE.

QUAR. Nay, come Mistresse Bride. You must doe as I doe, now. You must be mad with mee, in truth. I have heere *Justice Overdoo* for it.

JUS. Peace good *Trouble-all*; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too, you also, young man, shall be my care, stand there.

To the Cutpurse, and Mistresse Litwit.

EDG. Now, mercy upon mee.

KNO. Would we were away, *Whit*, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds, for feare o'the Cage.

The rest are stealing away.

JUS. Stay, is not my name your terror?

WHI. Yesh faith man, and it ish fot tat, we would be gone man.

JOH. O Gentlemen! did you not see a wife of mine? I ha' lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty *Win*, I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the Pig-womans, with Captaine *Jordan*, and Captaine *Whit*, very good men, and I cannot heare of her. Poore foole, I feare shee's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see *Win*?

JUS. If this gave Matron be your mother, Sir, stand by her, *Et digito compesce labellum*, I may perhaps spring a wife for you, anone. Brother *Bartholmew*, I am sadly sorry, to see you so lightly given, and such a *Disciple* of enormity: with your grave Governour

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

Humphrey: but stand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your course. *Mistresie Grace*, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

WIN-W. Pardon me, Sir, I am a kinsman of hers.

JUS. Are you so? of what name, Sir?

WIN-W. *Winwife*, Sir:

To Busy, to Lantern, to the horse-courser, and Cutpurse. Then Cap. Whit, and Mistresse Littlewit.

JUS. Master *Winwife*? I hope you have won no wife of her, Sir. If you have, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leasure. Now, to my enormities: looke upon mee, O *London!*

and see mee, O *Smithfield*; *The example of Justice*, and *Mirror of Magistrates*: the true top of formality, and scourge of enormity. Harken unto my

[86]

labours, and but observe my *discoveries*; and compare *Hercules* with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or *Columbus*, *Magellan*; or our countrey man *Drake* of later times: stand forth you weedes of enormity, and spread. First *Rabbi Busy*, thou *superlunaticall* hypocrite, next, thou other extremity, thou prophane professor of *Puppetry*, little better then *Poetry*: then thou strong Debaucher and Seducer of youth; witnesse this easie and honest young man: now thou *Esquire* of Dames, *Madams*, and twelve-penny *Ladies*: now my greene *Madame* her selfe, of the price. Let mee unmasque your *Ladiship*.

JOH. O my wife, my wife, my wife!

JUS. Is she your wife? *Redde te Harpocratem!*

TRO. By your leave, stand by my Masters, be uncover'd.

Enter Trouble-all.

URS. O stay him, stay him, helpe to cry, *Nightingale*; my pan, my panne.

JUS. What's the matter?

NIG. Hee has stolne gammar *Ursla's* panne.

TRO. Yes, and I feare no man but *Justice Overdoo*.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

JUS. *Ursla?* where is she? O the Sow of enormity, this! welcome, stand you there, you Songster, there.

To Ursla, and Nightingale.

URS. An' please your worship, I am in no fault: A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his gown, and his hat; and hee ranne away with my goods, here, for it.

JUS. Then this is the true mad-man, and you are the enormity!

To Quarlous.

QUA. You are i'the right, I am mad, but from the gowne outward.

JUS. Stand you there.

QUA. Where you please, Sir.

OVER. O lend me a bason, I am sicke, I am sicke; where's M^r. *Overdoo?* *Bridget*, call hither my *Adam*.

Mistresse Overdoo is sicke: and her husband is silenc'd.

JUS. How?

WHI. Dy very owne wife, i'fait, worshipfull *Adam*.

OVER. Will not my *Adam* come at mee? shall I see him no more then?

To the widdow.

QUA. Sir, why doe you not goe on with the enormity? are you opprest with it? I'l helpe you: harke you, Sir, i' your eare, your *Innocent young man*, you have tane such care of, all this day, is a *Cutpurse*; that hath got all your brother *Cokes* his things, and help'd you to your beating, and the stocks; if you have a minde to hang him now, and shew him your *Magistrates* wit, you may: but I should think it were better recovering the goods, and to save your estimation in him. I thank you, S^r. for the gift of your *Ward*, M^{rs}. *Grace*: look you, here is your hand & seale, by the way. M^r. *Win-wife* give you joy, you are *Palemon*, you are possesst o'the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And honest mad-man, there's thy gowne, and cap againe; I thanke thee for my wife. Nay, I can be mad, sweet heart, when I please, still; never feare me:

[87]

And carefull *Numps*, where's he? I thanke him for my licence.

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

WAS. How!

Waspe *misseth the Lincence*.

QUA. 'Tis true, *Numps*.

WAS. I'll be hang'd then.

QUA. Loke i'your boxe, *Numps*, nay, Sir, stanf not you fixt here, like a stake in *Finsbury* to be shot at, or the whipping post i'the *Fayre*, but get your wife, out o'the ayre, it wil make her worse else; and remember you are but *Adam*, Flesh, and blood! you have your frailty, forget your other name of *Overdoo*, and invite us all to supper. There you and I will compare our *discoveries*; and drowne the memory of all enormity in your bigg'st bowle at home.

COK. How now, *Numps*, ha' you lost it? I warrant, 'twas when thou wert i'the stocks: why dost not speake?

WAS. I will never speake while I live, againe, for ought I know.

JUS. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patiend, you must be so too; this pleasant conceited Gentleman hath wrought upon my judgement, and prevail'd: I pray you take care of your sicke friend, Mistresse *Alice*, and my good friends all—

QUA. And no enormities.

JUS. I invite you home, with mee to my house, to supper: I will have none feare to go along, for my intents are *Ad correctionem, non ad destructionem; Ad ædificandum, non ad dirvendum*: so lead on.

COK. Yes, and bring the *Actors* along, wee'll ha' the rest o'the *Play* at home.

The end.

The EPILOGUE.

Your Majesty hath seene the Play, and you
can best allow it from your eare, and view.

You know the scope of Writers, and what store,
of leave is given them, if they take not more,

And turne it into licence: you can tell

The Salamanca Corpus: *Bartholmew Fayre* (1631)

*if we have us 'd that leave you gave us, well:
Or whether wee to rage, or licence breake,
or be prophane, or make prophane men speake?
This is your power to judge (great Sir) and not
The envy of a few. Which if wee have got,
Wee value lesse what their dislike can bring,
if it so happy be, t' have pleas 'd the King.*

[88]