

# **The New Inne**

Ben Jonson

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# The New Inne

Ben Jonson

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*Availability:*

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**THE NEW INNE.**Or, The light Heart. A Comedy.

As it was neuer acted, but most negligently play'd, by some, the Kings Seruants. And more squeamishly beheld, and censured by others, the Kings Subiects.

1629.

Now, at last, set at liberty to the Readers, his Ma[ies]ties Seruants, and Subiects, to be iudg'd.

1631.

By the Author,

B. Ionson.

Hor.....me lectori credere malle:  
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi.

London, Printed by Thomas Harper, for Thomas Alchorne, and are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yearde, at the signe of the greene Dragon. MDCXXXI.

## Prologue

You are welcome, welcome, all, to the new Inne;

*Though the old house, we hope our cheare will win  
Your acception: we have the same Cooke,  
Still, and the fat, who sayes, you shall not looke  
Long, for your bill of fare, but euery dish  
Be seru'd in, in the time, and to your wish:  
If any\*thing be set to a wrong taste,  
It is not the meat, there, but the mouth is displac'd,  
Remoue but that sick palat, all is well.  
For this, the secure dresser badd me tell,  
Nothing more hurts iust meetings, then a croud;  
Or, when the expectation is growne too loud:  
That the nice stomack, would have this or that,  
And being ask'd, or vrg'd, it knowes not what:  
When sharpe, or sweet, have beene too much a feast,  
And both out liu'd the palate of the ghest.*

*Beware to bring such appetites to the stage,  
They do confesse a weake, sick, queasie age,  
And a shrew'd grudging too of ignorance,  
When clothes and faces 'boue the men aduance:  
Heare for your health, then, But at any hand,  
Before you iudge, vouchsafe to vnderstand,  
Concoct, digest: if then, it do not hit,  
Some are in a consumption of wit,  
Deepe, he dares say, he will not thinke, that all --  
For Hecticks are not epidemicall.*

## Act 1

### Scene 1

*Host:*

I am not pleas'd, indeed, you are in the right;

*Host:*

Nor is my house pleas'd, if my signe could speake,

*Host:*

The signe of the light Heart. There, you may read it;

*Host:*

So may your master too, if he looke on it.

*Host:*

A heart weigh'd with a fether, and out\*weigh'd too:

*Host:*

A brayne-child of mine owne! and I am proud of it!

*Host:*

And if his worship thinke, here, to be melancholy,

*Host:*

In spight of me or my wit, he is deceiu'd;

**Host:**

I will maintayne the Rebus 'gainst all humors,

**Host:**

And all complexions in the body of Man,

**Host:**

That is my word, or in the Isle of Britaine!

**Ferret:**

You have reason good mine host.

**Host:**

Sir I have rime too.

**Host:**

Whether it be by chance or art,

**Host:**

A heauy purse makes a light Heart.

**Host:**

There it is exprest! first, by a purse of gold,

**Host:**

A heauy purse, and then two Turtles, makes,

**Host:**

A heart with a light stuck in it, a light heart!

**Host:**

Old Abbot Islip could not inuent better,

**Host:**

Or Prior Bolton with his bolt and Ton.

**Host:**

I am an Innekeeper, and know my grounds,

*Host:*

And study them; Brayne of man, I study them:

*Host:*

I must have iouiall guests to driue my ploughs,

*Host:*

And whistling boyes to bring my haruest home,

*Host:*

Or I shall hear no Flayles thwack. Here, your master,

*Host:*

And you have beene this fornicht, drawing fleas

*Host:*

Out of my mattes, and pounding them in cages

*Host:*

Cut out of cards, and those rop'd round with pack-thread

*Host:*

Drawne thorow birdlime! a fine subtilty!

*Host:*

Or poring through a multiplying glasse,

*Host:*

Upon a captiu'd crab-louse, or a cheese-mite.

*Host:*

To be dissected, as the sports of nature,

*Host:*

With a neat Spanish needle! Speculations

*Host:*

That do become the age, I do confesse!

**Host:**

As measuring an Ants egges, with the Silke-wormes,

**Host:**

By a phantastique instrument of thred,

**Host:**

Shall giue you their iust difference, to a haire!

**Host:**

Or else recouering of dead flyes, with crums!

**Host:**

(Another queint conclusion in the physicks)

**Host:**

Which I have seene you busie at, through the key-hole --

**Host:**

But neuer had the fate to see a flye --  
Ent% Louel

**Host:**

Aliue in your cups, or once heard, drinke mine host,

**Host:**

Or such a chearfull chirping charme come from you.

## Scene 2

**Lovel:**

What is that? what is that?

**Ferret:**

A buzzing of mine host

The New Inne

***Ferret:***

About a flye! A murmure that he has.

***Host:***

Sir I am telling your store here, Monsieur Ferret,

***Host:***

For that I heare is his name) and dare tell you, Sir,

***Host:***

If you have a minde to be melancholy, and musty,

***Host:***

There is Footmans Inne, at the townes end, the stockes,

***Host:***

Or Carriers Place, at signe of the broken Waine,

***Host:***

Mansions of State! Take up your harbour there;

***Host:***

There are both flyes and fleas, and all variety

***Host:***

Of vermine, for inspection, or dissection.

***Lovel:***

We have set our rest up here, Sir, in your Heart.

***Host:***

Sir set your heart at rest, you shall not do it:

***Host:***

Vnlesse you can be iouiall. Brayne of man,

***Host:***

Be iouiall first, and drinke, and dance, and drinke.



The New Inne

**Host:**

Your lodging here, and with your daily dumps,

**Host:**

Is a mere libell 'gayn' my house and me;

**Host:**

And, then, your scandalous commons.

**Lovel:**

How mine host?

**Host:**

Sir, they do scandall me, upon the road, here

**Host:**

A poore quotidian rack of mutton, roasted,

**Host:**

Drie, to be grated! and that driuen downe

**Host:**

With beare, and butter–milke, mingled together,

**Host:**

Or clarified whey, instead of Claret!

**Host:**

It is against my free–hold, my inheritance,

**Host:**

My Magna charta, Cor la\*etificat,

**Host:**

To drinke such balder dash, or bonny clabbee!

**Host:**

Give me good wine, or catholique, or christian,

## The New Inne

**Host:**

Wine is the word, that glads the heart of man:

**Host:**

And mine is the house of wine, Sack, say's my bush,

**Host:**

Be merry, and drinke Sherry; that is my poe<sup>^</sup>sie!

**Host:**

For I shall neuer ioy in my light heart,

**Host:**

So long as I conceiue a sullen ghest,

**Host:**

Or any\*thing that is earthy!

**Lovel:**

Humerous Host.

**Host:**

I care not if I be.

**Lovel:**

But airy also,

**Lovel:**

Not to defraud you of your rights, or trench

**Lovel:**

Upon your priviledges, or great charter,

**Lovel:**

(For these are euery hostlers language now)

**Lovel:**

## The New Inne

Say, you were borne beneath those smiling starres,

*Lovel:*

Have made you Lord, and owner of the Heart,

*Lovel:*

Of the Light Heart in Barnet; suffer us

*Lovel:*

Who are more Saturnine, to enjoy the shade

*Lovel:*

Of your round roofe yet.

*Host:*

Sir I keepe no shades

*Host:*

Nor shelters, I: for either Owles or Rere-mise.

### Scene 3

*Ferret:*

He will make you a bird of night, Sir.

*Host:*

Blesse you child,

*Host:*

You will make your\*selues such.

En% Fra% (the Host speakes to his child of the by

*Lovel:*

That your son mine host?

*Host:*

He is all the sonnes I have Sir.

## The New Inne

**Lovel:**

Pretty boy!

**Lovel:**

Goes he to schoole?

**Ferret:**

O Lord, Sir, he prates Latine

**Ferret:**

If it were a parrat, or a play-boy.

**Lovel:**

Thou --

**Lovel:**

commend'st him fitly.

**Ferret:**

To the pitch, he flies, Sir,

**Ferret:**

He will tell you what is Latine for a looking-glasse,

**Ferret:**

A beard-brush, rubber, or quick-warming pan.

**Lovel:**

What is that?

**Ferret:**

a wench, in the Inn-phrase, is all these;

**Ferret:**

A looking-glasse in her eye,

**Ferret:**

A beard-brush with her lips,

**Ferret:**

A rubber with her hand,

**Ferret:**

And a warming pan with her hips.

**Host:**

This, in your scurrile dialect. But my Inne

**Host:**

knowes no such language.

**Ferret:**

That is because, mine host,

**Ferret:**

You do professe the teaching him your\*selfe.

**Host:**

Sir, I do teach him somewhat. By degrees,

**Host:**

And with a funnell, I make shift to fill

**Host:**

The narrow vessell, he is but yet, a bottell.

**Lovel:**

O let him lose no time, though.

**Host:**

Sir, he does not.

**Lovel:**

And lesse his manners.

**Host:**

I prouide for those, too.

**Host:**

Come hither Franke, speake to the gentleman

**Host:**

In Latine: He is melancholy; say,

**Host:**

I long to see him merry, and so would treat him.

**Frank:**

Subtristis visu' es esse aliquantulum patri,

**Frank:**

Quite laute excipere, etiam ac tractare gestit.

**Lovel:**

Pulchro.

**Host:**

Tell him, I feare it bodes us some ill luck,

**Host:**

His too reseruednesse.

**Frank:**

Veretur pater,

**Frank:**

Ne quid nobis mali ominis apportet iste

**Frank:**

Nimis pra\*ecclusus vulsus.

**Lovel:**

Belle. A fine child!

The New Inne

*Lovel:*

You would not part with him, mine host?

*Host:*

Who told you

*Host:*

I would not?

*Lovel:*

I but aske you.

*Host:*

And I answere.

*Host:*

To whom? for what?

*Lovel:*

To me, to be my Page.

*Host:*

I know no mischiefe yet the child hath done,

*Host:*

To deserue such a destiny.

*Lovel:*

Why?

*Host:*

Go down boy,

*Host:*

And get your break\*fast. Trust me, I had rather

*Host:*

Take a falre halter, wash my hands, and hang him

*Host:*

My\*selfe, make a cleane riddance of him, then --

*Lovel:*

What?

*Host:*

Then dam him to that desperate course of life.

*Lovel:*

Call you that desperate, which by a line

*Lovel:*

Of institution, from our Ancestors,

*Lovel:*

Hath beene deriu'd downe to us, and receiu'd

*Lovel:*

In a succession, for the noblest way

*Lovel:*

Of breeding up our youth, in letters, armes,

*Lovel:*

Faire meine, discourses, ciuill exercise,

*Lovel:*

And all the blazon of a Gentleman?

*Lovel:*

Where can he learne to vault, to ride, to fence,

*Lovel:*

To moue his body gracefuller? to speake

*Lovel:*

His language purer? or to tune his minde,



*Lovel:*

Or manners, more to the harmony of Nature

*Lovel:*

Then, in these nourceries of nobility? —

*Host:*

Aye that was, when the nourceries selfe, was noble

*Host:*

And only vertue made it, not the mercate,

*Host:*

That titles were not vented at the drum,

*Host:*

Or common out-cry; goodnesse gaue the greatnesse.

*Host:*

And greatnesse worship: Euery house became

*Host:*

An Academy of honour, and those parts —

*Host:*

We see departed, in the practise, now,

*Host:*

Quite from the institution.

*Lovel:*

Why do you say so?

*Lovel:*

Or thinke so enviously? do they not still

*Lovel:*

## The New Inne

Learne there, the Centaures skill, the art of Thrace,

**Lovel:**

To ride? or Pollux mystery, to fence?

**Lovel:**

The Pyrrhick gestures, both to dance, and spring

**Lovel:**

In armour, to be actiue for the Warres?

**Lovel:**

To study figures, numbers, and proportions,

**Lovel:**

May yeeld them great in counsels, and the arts

**Lovel:**

Graue Nestor, and the wise Vlysses practis'd?

**Lovel:**

To make their English sweet upon their tongue!

**Lovel:**

As reu'rend Chaucer sayes?

**Host:**

Sir you mistake,

**Host:**

To play Sir Pandarus my copy hath it,

**Host:**

And carry messages to Madam Cresside.

**Host:**

Instead of backing the braue Steed, o'mornings,

## The New Inne

*Host:*

To mount the Chambermaid; and for a leape

*Host:*

Of the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting house:

*Host:*

For exercise of armes, a bale of dice,

*Host:*

Or two or three packs of cards, to shew the cheat,

*Host:*

and nimbleness of hand: mistake a cloake

*Host:*

From my Lords back, and pawne it. Ease his pockets

*Host:*

Of a superfluous Watch, or geld a iewell

*Host:*

Of an odde stone, or so. Twinge three or foure buttons

*Host:*

From off my Ladyes gowne. These are the arts,

*Host:*

Of seuen liberall deadly sciences

*Host:*

Of Pagery, or rather Paganisme,

*Host:*

As the tides run. To which, if he apply him,

*Host:*

He may, perhaps, take a degree at Tiburne,

## The New Inne

**Host:**

A yeare the earlier: come to read a lecture

**Host:**

Upon Aquinas at S% Thomas a Waterings,

**Host:**

And so go forth a Laureat in hempe circle!

**Lovel:**

You are tart, mine host, and talke aboue your seasoning,

**Lovel:**

Ore what you seeme: it should not come, me\*thinkes,

**Lovel:**

Vnder your cap, this veine of salt, and sharpnesse!

**Lovel:**

These strikings upon learning, now and then?

**Lovel:**

How long have you, (if your dul ghest may aske it,)

**Lovel:**

Droue this quick trade, of keeping the light–heart,

**Lovel:**

Your Mansion, Palace here, or Hostelry.

**Host:**

Troth, I was borne to somewhat, Sir, aboue it.

**Lovel:**

I easily suspect that: Mine host, your name.

**Host:**

They call me Good–stock.

*Lovel:*

Sir, and you confesse it,

*Lovel:*

Both in your language, treaty, and your bearing.

*Host:*

Yet all, Sir, are not sonnes of the white Hen;

*Host:*

Nor can we, as the Songster sayes, come all

*Host:*

To be wrapt soft and warme in fortunes smock:

*Host:*

When she is pleas'd to trick, or trompe mankind:

*Host:*

Some may be Cotes, as in the cards; but, then

*Host:*

Some must be knaues, some varlets, baudes, and ostlers,

*Host:*

As aces, duizes, cards of ten, to face it

*Host:*

Out, in the game, which all the world is.

*Lovel:*

But,

*Lovel:*

It being in your free-will (as it was) to choose

*Lovel:*

## The New Inne

What parts you would sustaine, me\*thinkes, a man

**Lovel:**

Of your sagacity, and cleare nostrill, should

**Lovel:**

Have made, another choise, then of a place

**Lovel:**

So sordid, as the keeping of an Inne:

**Lovel:**

Where euery Iouial Tinker, for his chinke,

**Lovel:**

May cry, mine host, to crambe, giue us drinke;

**Lovel:**

And do not slinke but skinke, or else you stinke.

**Lovel:**

Rogue, Baud, and Cheater, call you by the surnames,

**Lovel:**

And knowne Synonyma of your profession.

**Host:**

But if I be no such; who then is the Rogue,

**Host:**

In vnderstanding, Sir, I meane? who erres?

**Host:**

Who tinkleth then? or personates Thom% Tinker?

**Host:**

Your weazill here may tell you I talke baudy,

The New Inne

**Host:**

And teach my boy it; and you may beleue him:

**Host:**

But Sir at your owne peril, if I do not:

**Host:**

And at his too, if he do lie, and affirme it.

**Host:**

No slander strikes, lesse hurts, the innocent.

**Host:**

If I be honest, and that all the cheat

**Host:**

Be, of my\*selfe, in keeping this Light Heart,

**Host:**

Where, I imagine all the world is a Play;

**Host:**

The state, and mens affaires, all passages

**Host:**

Of life, to spring new Scenes come in, go out,

**Host:**

And shift, and vanish; and if I have got

**Host:**

A seat, to sit at ease here, in mine Inne,

**Host:**

To see, the Comedy; and laugh, and chuck

**Host:**

At the variety, and throng of humors,

The New Inne

*Host:*

And dispositions, that come iustling in,

*Host:*

And out still, as they one droue hence another:

*Host:*

Why, will you enuy me my happinesse?

*Host:*

Because you are sad, and lumpish; carry a Loade–stone

*Host:*

In your pocket, to hang kniues on; or let rings,

*Host:*

To entice light strawes to leape at them: are not taken

*Host:*

With the alacrities of an host! It is more,

*Host:*

And iustlier, Sir, my wonder, why you tooke

*Host:*

My house up, Fidlers Hall, the Seate of noyse,

*Host:*

And mirth, an Inne here, to be drousie in,

*Host:*

And lodge your lethargie in the Light Heart,

*Host:*

As if some cloud from Court had beene your Harbinger,

*Host:*

Or Cheape–side debt Bookes, or some Mistresse charge,



**Host:**

Seeing your loue grow corpulent, give it a dyet,

**Host:**

By absence some, such mouldy passion!

**Lovel:**

It is guess'd vnappily.

**Ferret:**

Mine host, you are cal'd.

**Host:**

I come, boyes.

**Lovel:**

Ferret have not you bin ploughing

**Lovel:**

With this mad Oxe, mine host? nor he with you?

**Ferret:**

For what Sir?

**Lovel:**

Why, to find my riddle out.

**Ferret:**

I hope, you do beleeue, Sir, I can finde

**Ferret:**

Other discourse to be at, then my Master

**Ferret:**

With Hostes, and Host'lers.

**Lovel:**

If you can, it is well.

*Lovel:*

Go downe, and see, who they are come in, what ghests

*Lovel:*

And bring me word.

## Scene 4

*Lovel:*

O loue, what passion art thou!

*Lovel:*

So tyrannous! and trecherous! first to en-slaue,

*Lovel:*

And then betray, all that in truth do serue thee!

*Lovel:*

That not the wisest, nor the wariest creature,

*Lovel:*

Can more dissemble thee, then he can beare

*Lovel:*

Hot burning coales, in his bare palme, or bosome!

*Lovel:*

And lesse, conceale, or hide thee, then a flash

*Lovel:*

Of enflam'd powder, whose whole light doth lay it

*Lovel:*

Open, to all discouery, euen of those,

*Lovel:*

Who have but halfe an eye, and lesse of nose!

*Lovel:*

An Host, to find me! who is, commonly,

*Lovel:*

The log, a little of this side the signe-post!

*Lovel:*

Or, at the best, some round growne thing! a Iug,

*Lovel:*

Fac'd, with a beard, that fills out to the ghests,

*Lovel:*

And takes in, from the fragments of their iestes?

*Lovel:*

But, I may wrong this, out of sullennes,

*Lovel:*

Or my mis-taking humor? Pray thee, phant'sie,

*Lovel:*

Be lay'd, againe. And, gentle Melancholy,

*Lovel:*

Do not oppresse me. I will be as silent,

*Lovel:*

As the tame loue should be, and as foolish.

## Scene 5

*Host:*

My Ghest, my Ghest, be Iouiall, I beseech thee.

## The New Inne

**Host:**

I have fresh golden ghests, ghests of the game:

**Host:**

Three coach–full! Lords! and Ladies! new come in.

**Host:**

And I will cry them to thee, and thee, to them,

**Host:**

So I can spring a smile, but in this brow,

**Host:**

That like the rugged Roman Alderman, --

**Host:**

Old master Grosse, surnam'd 5Agelastos  
Ent% Ferret.

**Host:**

Was neuer seene to laugh, but at an Asse.

**Ferret:**

Sir here is the Lady Frampul.

**Lovel:**

How!

**Ferret:**

And her train.

**Ferret:**

Lord Beaufort, and Lord Latimer, the Coronel Tipto,

**Ferret:**

with Mistris Cis, the Chamber–mayd:

**Ferret:**

The New Inne

Trundle, the Coachman —

**Lovel:**

Stop, discharge the house:

**Lovel:**

Bring them to the back gate.

**Host:**

What meane you Sir?

**Lovel:**

To take faire leaue, mine Host.

**Host:**

I hope, my Ghest,

**Host:**

Though I have talked somewhat about my share,

**Host:**

At large, and bene in the altitudes, the extrauagants,

**Host:**

Neither my\*selfe, nor any of mine have gi'n you

**Host:**

The cause, to quit my house, thus, on the sodaine.

**Lovel:**

No, I affirme it, on my faith. Excuse me,

**Lovel:**

From such a rudenes; I was now beginning

**Lovel:**

To tast, and loue you: and am heartily sorry,

The New Inne

**Lovel:**

Any occasion should be so compelling,

**Lovel:**

To vrge my abrupt departure, thus. But —

**Lovel:**

Necessity is a Tyran, and commands it.

**Host:**

She shall command me first to fire my bush;

**Host:**

Then breake up house: Or, if that will not serue,

**Host:**

To breake with all the world. Turne country bankrupt.

**Host:**

In mine owne towne, upon the Mercat–day,

**Host:**

And be protested, for my butter, and egges,

**Host:**

To the last bodge of oates, and bottle of hay;

**Host:**

Ere you shall leaue me, I will breake my heart:

**Host:**

Coach, and Coach–horses, Lords, and Ladies pack?

**Host:**

All my fresh ghests shall stinke! I will put my signe, down

**Host:**

Conuert mine Inne, to an Almes–house! or a Spittle,

*Host:*

For lazers, or switch–sellers! Turne it, to

*Host:*

An Academy of rogues! or give it away

*Host:*

For a free–schoole, to breed up beggers in,

*Host:*

And send them to the canting Vniuersities

*Host:*

Before you leaue me.

*Lovel:*

Troth, and I confesse,

*Lovel:*

I am loath, mine host, to leaue you: your expressions

*Lovel:*

Both take, and hold me. But, in case I stay,

*Lovel:*

I must enioyne you and your whole family

*Lovel:*

To priuacy, and to conceale me. For,

*Lovel:*

The secret is, I would not willingly,

*Lovel:*

See, or be seene, to any of this ging,

*Lovel:*

Especially, the Lady.

**Host:**

Braine of man,

**Host:**

What monster is she? or Cocatrice in veluet,

**Host:**

That kills thus?

**Lovel:**

O good words, mine host. She is

**Lovel:**

A noble Lady! great in blood! and fortune!

**Lovel:**

Faire! and a wit! but of so bent a phant'sie,

**Lovel:**

As she thinks nought a happinesse, but to have

**Lovel:**

A multitude of seruants! and, to get them,

**Lovel:**

(Though she be very honest) yet she venters

**Lovel:**

Upon these precipices, that would make her

**Lovel:**

Not seeme so, to some prying, narrow natures.

**Lovel:**

We call her, Sir, the Lady Frances Frampul,

**Lovel:**



The New Inne

Daughter and heire to the Lord Frampul.

*Host:*  
Who?

*Host:*  
He that did loue in Oxford, first, a student,

*Host:*  
And, after, married with the daughter of --

*Lovel:*  
Silly.

*Host:*  
Right, of whom the tale went, to turne Puppet--mr%

*Lovel:*  
And trauell with Yong Goose, the Motion--man.

*Host:*  
And lie, and liue with the Gipsies halfe a yeare

*Host:*  
Together, from his wife.

*Lovel:*  
The very same:

*Lovel:*  
The mad Lord Frampul! And this same is his daughter!

*Lovel:*  
But as cock--brain'd as ere the father was!

*Lovel:*  
There were two of them, Frances and La\*etitia;

*Lovel:*

But Lattice was lost yong; and, as the rumor

*Lovel:*

Flew then, the mother upon it lost her\*selfe.

*Lovel:*

A fond weake woman, went away in a melancholy,

*Lovel:*

Because she brought him none but girles, she thought

*Lovel:*

Her husband lou'd her not. And he, as foolish,

*Lovel:*

Too late resenting the cause giu'n, went after,

*Lovel:*

In quest of her, and was not heard of since.

*Host:*

A strange diuision of a familie!

*Lovel:*

And scattered, as in the great confusion!

*Host:*

And takes all lordly wayes how to consume it

*Lovel:*

As nobly as she can; if cloathes, and feasting,

*Lovel:*

And the authoriz'd meanes of riot will do it.  
Ent% Fer%

*Host:*

She shewes her extract, and I honor her for it.

## Scene 6

*Ferret:*

Your horses Sir are ready; and the house

*Ferret:*

Dis —

*Lovel:*

Pleas'd, thou thinkst?

*Ferret:*

I cannot tel, dischargd

*Ferret:*

I am sure it is.

*Lovel:*

Charge it again, good Ferret.

*Lovel:*

And make vnready the horses: Thou knowst how.

*Lovel:*

Chalke, and renew the rondels. I am, now

*Lovel:*

Resolu'd to stay.

*Ferret:*

I easily thought so,

*Ferret:*

When you should heare what is purpos'd.

*Lovel:*

What?

***Ferret:***

The house out of the windo?

***Host:***

Braine of man,

***Host:***

I shall have the worst of that! will they not throw

***Host:***

My household stuffe out, first? Cushions, and Carpett;

***Host:***

Chaires, stooles, and bedding? is not their sport my ruine?

***Lovel:***

Feare not, mine host, I am not of the fellowship.

***Ferret:***

I cannot see, Sir, how you will auoid it;

***Ferret:***

They know already all, you are in the house.

***Lovel:***

Who know?

***Ferret:***

The Lords: they have seene me, and enquir'd it.

***Lovel:***

Why were you seene?

***Ferret:***

Because indeed I had

***Ferret:***

No med'cine, Sir, to go inuisible:

*Ferret:*

No Ferne—seed in my pocket; Nor an Opal

*Ferret:*

Wrapt in a Bay—leafe, in my left fist,

*Ferret:*

To charme their eyes with.

*Host:*

He does giue you reasons

*Host:*

As round as Giges ring: which, say the Ancients,

*Host:*

Was a hoop ring; and that is, round as a hoop!

*Lovel:*

You will have your Rebus still, mine host.

*Host:*

I must:

*Ferret:*

My Lady, too, lookt out of the windo, and cal'd me.

*Ferret:*

And see where Secretary Pru, comes from her,  
Ent% Pru%

*Ferret:*

Emploi'd upon some Ambassy vnto you —

*Host:*

I will meet her, if she come upon employment;

The New Inne

**Host:**

Faire Lady, welcome, as your host can make you.

**Prudence:**

Forbeare, Sir, I am first to have mine audience,

**Prudence:**

Before the complement. This gentleman

**Prudence:**

Is my addresse to.

**Host:**

And it is in state.

**Prudence:**

My Lady, Sir, as glad of the encounter

**Prudence:**

To finde a seruant, here, and such a seruant,

**Prudence:**

Whom she so values; with her best respects,

**Prudence:**

Desires to be remembred: and inuites

**Prudence:**

Your noblenesse, to be a part, to\*day,

**Prudence:**

Of the society, and mirth intended

**Prudence:**

By her, and the yong Lords, your fellow-seruants.

**Prudence:**

Who are alike ambitious of enjoying

**Prudence:**

The faire request; and to that end have sent

**Prudence:**

Me, their imperfect Orator, to obtaine it:

**Prudence:**

Which if I may, they have elected me,

**Prudence:**

And crown'd me, with the title of soueraigne

**Prudence:**

Of the dayes sports deuised in the Inne,

**Prudence:**

So you be pleas'd to adde your suffrage to it.

**Lovel:**

So I be pleas'd, my gentle mistresse Prudence?

**Lovel:**

You cannot thinke me of that course condition,

**Lovel:**

To enuy you any\*thing.

**Host:**

That is nobly say'd!

**Host:**

And like my ghest!

**Lovel:**

I gratulate your honor;

**Lovel:**

And should, with cheare, lay hold on my handle,

**Lovel:**

That could aduance it. But for me to thinke,

**Lovel:**

I can be any rag, or particle

**Lovel:**

Of your Ladyes care, more then to fill her list,

**Lovel:**

She being the Lady, that professeth still

**Lovel:**

To loue no soule, or body, but for endes;

**Lovel:**

Which are her sports: And is not nice to speake this,

**Lovel:**

But doth proclame it, in all companies:

**Lovel:**

Her Ladiship must pardon my weake counsels,

**Lovel:**

And weaker will, if it decline to obay her.

**Prudence:**

O master Louel you must not giue credit

**Prudence:**

To all that Ladies publicly professe,

**Prudence:**

Or talke, on the vollee, vnto their seruants.



The New Inne

*Prudence:*

Their tongues and thoughts, oft times lie far asunder.

*Prudence:*

Yet, when they please, they have their cabinet–counsels

*Prudence:*

And reserud thoughts, and can retire themselues

*Prudence:*

As well as others.

*Host:*

Aye, the subtlest of us!

*Host:*

All that is borne within a Ladies lips —

*Prudence:*

Is not the issue of their hearts, mine host.

*Host:*

Or kisse, or drinke afore me.

*Prudence:*

Stay, excuse me;

*Prudence:*

Mine errand is not done. Yet, if her Ladyships

*Prudence:*

Slighting, or disesteeme, Sir, of your seruice,

*Prudence:*

Hath formerly begot any distaste,

*Prudence:*

Which I not know of: here, I vow vnto you,

**Prudence:**

Upon a Chambermaids simplicity,

**Prudence:**

Reseruing, still, the honour of my Lady,

**Prudence:**

I will be bold to hold the glasse up to her,

**Prudence:**

To shew her Ladyship where she hath err'd,

**Prudence:**

And how to tender satisfaction:

**Prudence:**

So you vouchsafe to proue, by the dayes venter!

**Host:**

What say you, Sir? where are you? are you within?

**Lovel:**

Yes: I will waite upon her, and the company.

**Host:**

It is enough, Queene Prudence; I will bring him:

**Host:**

And of this kisse. I long'd to kisse a Queene!

**Lovel:**

There is no life on earth, but being in loue!

**Lovel:**

There are no studies, no delights, no businesse,

**Lovel:**

No entercourse, or trade of sense, or soule,

*Lovel:*

But what is loue! I was the laziest creature,

*Lovel:*

The most vnprofitable signe of nothing,

*Lovel:*

The veriest drone, and slept away my life

*Lovel:*

Beyond the Dormouse, till I was in loue!

*Lovel:*

And, now, I can out-wake the Nightingale,

*Lovel:*

Out-watch an vsurer, and out-walke him too,

*Lovel:*

Stalke like a ghost, that haunted 'bout a treasure,

*Lovel:*

And all that phant'si'd treasure, it is loue!

*Host:*

But is your name Loue-ill, Sir or Loue-well?

*Host:*

I would know that.

*Lovel:*

I do not know it my\*selfe,

*Lovel:*

Whether it is. but it is Loue hath beene

*Lovel:*

The New Inne

The hereditary passion of our house,

*Lovel:*

My gentle host, and, as I guesse, my friend;

*Lovel:*

The truth is, I have lou'd this Lady long,

*Lovel:*

And impotently, with desire enough,

*Lovel:*

But no successe: for I have still forborne

*Lovel:*

To expresse it, in my person, to her.

*Host:*

How then?

*Lovel:*

I have sent her toyes, verses, and Anagram's,

*Lovel:*

Trials of wit, mere trifles she has commended,

*Lovel:*

But knew not whence they came, nor could she guesse.

*Host:*

This was a pretty ridling way of wooing!

*Lovel:*

I oft have bene, too, in her company;

*Lovel:*

And look'd upon her, a whole day; admird her;

The New Inne

*Lovel:*

Lou'd her, and did not tell her so; lou'd still,

*Lovel:*

Look'd still, and lou'd: and lou'd, and look'd, and sigh'd;

*Lovel:*

But, as a man neglected, I came off,

*Lovel:*

And vnregarded --

*Host:*

Could you blame her, Sir,

*Host:*

When you were silent, and not said a word?

*Lovel:*

O but I lou'd the more; and she might read it

*Lovel:*

Best, in my silence, had she bin --

*Host:*

As melancholique

*Host:*

As you are. 'Pray you, why would you stand mute, Sir?

*Lovel:*

O thereon hangs a history, mine host.

*Lovel:*

Did you euer know, or heare, of the Lord Beaufort,

*Lovel:*

Who seru'd so brauely in France? I was his page,

*Lovel:*

And, ere he dy'd, his friend! I follow'd him,

*Lovel:*

First, in the warres; and in the times of peace,

*Lovel:*

I waited on his studies: which were right.

*Lovel:*

He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleer's,

*Lovel:*

No Knights of the Sunne, nor Amadies de Gaule's,

*Lovel:*

Primalions, and Pantagruel's, publique Nothings;

*Lovel:*

Abortiues of the fabulous, darke cloyster,

*Lovel:*

Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners:

*Lovel:*

But great Achilles, Agamemnons acts,

*Lovel:*

Sage Nestors counsels, and Vlysses slights,

*Lovel:*

Tydides fortitude, as Homer wrought them

*Lovel:*

In his immortall phant'sie, for examples

*Lovel:*

Of the Heroick vertue. Or, as Virgil,

*Lovel:*

That master of the Epick poeme, limn'd

*Lovel:*

Pious A\*Eneas, his religious Prince,

*Lovel:*

Bearing his aged Parent on his shoulders,

*Lovel:*

Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his yong sonne.

*Lovel:*

And these he brought to practise, and to vse.

*Lovel:*

He gaue me first my breeding, I acknowledge,

*Lovel:*

Then showr'd his bounties on me, like the Howres,

*Lovel:*

That open-handed sit upon the Clouds,

*Lovel:*

And presse the liberality of heauen

*Lovel:*

Downe to the laps of thankfull men! But then!

*Lovel:*

The trust committed to me, at his death,

*Lovel:*

Was about all! and left so strong a tye

*Lovel:*

The New Inne

On all my powers! as time shall not dissolve!

*Lovel:*

Till it dissolve it\*selfe, and bury all!

*Lovel:*

The care of his braue heire, and only sonne!

*Lovel:*

Who being a vertuous, sweet, yong, hopefull Lord,

*Lovel:*

Hath cast his first affections on this Lady.

*Lovel:*

And though I know, and may presume her such,

*Lovel:*

As, out of humor, will returne no loue;

*Lovel:*

And therefore might indifferently be made

*Lovel:*

The courting-stock, for all to practise on,

*Lovel:*

As she doth practise on all us, to scorne:

*Lovel:*

Yet, out of a religion to my charge,

*Lovel:*

And debt profess'd, I have made a selfe-decree,

*Lovel:*

Nere to expresse my person; though my passion



*Lovel:*

Burne me to cinders.

*Host:*

Then you are not so subtle,

*Host:*

Or halfe so read in loue-craft, as I tooke you.

*Host:*

Come, come, you are no Pho\*enix, if you were,

*Host:*

I should expect no miracle from your ashes.

*Host:*

Take some aduice. Be still that rag of loue,

*Host:*

You are. Burne on till you turne tinder.

*Host:*

This Chambermaid may hap to proue the steele,

*Host:*

To strike a sparkle out of the flint, your mistresse

*Host:*

May beget bonfires yet, you do not know,

*Host:*

What light may be forc'd out, and from what darknes.

*Lovel:*

Nay, I am so resolu'd, as still I will loue

*Lovel:*

Though not confesse it.

*Host:*

That is, Sir, as it chances:

*Host:*

We will throw the dice for it: Cheare up.

*Lovel:*

I do.

## Act 2

### Scene 1

*Lady Frampul:*

Come wench, this sute will serue: dispatch, make ready.

*Lady Frampul:*

It was a great deale with the biggest for me;

*Lady Frampul:*

Which made me leaue it off after once wearing.

*Lady Frampul:*

How does it fit? will it come together?

*Prudence:*

hardly.

*Lady Frampul:*

Thou must make shift with it. Pride feeles no pain

*Lady Frampul:*

Girt thee hard, Pru. Pox on this errand Taylour,

*Lady Frampul:*

He angers me beyond all marke of patience.

**Lady Frampul:**

These base Mechanicks neuer keepe their word,

**Lady Frampul:**

In any\*thing they promise.

**Prudence:**

It is their trade, madame

**Prudence:**

To sweare and breake, they all grow rich by breaking

**Prudence:**

More then their words; their honesties, and credits,

**Prudence:**

Are still the first commodity they put off.

**Lady Frampul:**

And worst, it seemes, which makes them do it so often.

**Lady Frampul:**

If he had but broke with me, I had not car'd,

**Lady Frampul:**

But, with the company, the body politique ---

**Prudence:**

Frustrate our whole designe, hauing that time,

**Prudence:**

And the materials in so long before?

**Lady Frampul:**

And he to faile in all, and disappoint us?

**Lady Frampul:**

The rogue deserues a tortue ---

**Prudence:**

To be crop'd

**Prudence:**

With his owne Scizzers.

**Lady Frampul:**

Let us devise him one.

**Prudence:**

And have the stumps sear'd up with his own searing candle?

**Lady Frampul:**

Close to his head, to trundle on his pillow?

**Lady Frampul:**

I will have the Leasse of his house cut out in measures,

**Prudence:**

And he be strangl'd with them?

**Lady Frampul:**

No, no life

**Lady Frampul:**

I would have touch't, but stretch'd on his owne yard

**Lady Frampul:**

He shold be a little, have the Strappado?

**Prudence:**

Or an ell of taffata

**Prudence:**

Drawne thorow his guts, by way of glister, and fir'd

**Prudence:**

With aqua vita\*e?

**Lady Frampul:**  
Burning in the hand

**Lady Frampul:**  
With the pressing iron cannot saue him.

**Prudence:**  
Yes,

**Prudence:**  
Now I have got this on: I do forgiue him,

**Prudence:**  
What robes he should have brought.

**Lady Frampul:**  
Thou art not cruell,

**Lady Frampul:**  
Although streight-lac'd, I see, Pru!

**Prudence:**  
This is well.

**Lady Frampul:**  
It is rich enough! But it is not what I meant thee!

**Lady Frampul:**  
I would have had thee brauer then my\*selfe,

**Lady Frampul:**  
And brighter farre. It will fit the Players yet,

**Lady Frampul:**  
When thou hast done with it, and yeeld thee somewhat.

**Prudence:**

That were illiberall, madam, and mere sordid

**Prudence:**

In me, to let a sute of yours come there.

**Lady Frampul:**

Tut, all are Players, and but serue the Scene. Pru,

**Lady Frampul:**

Dispatch; I feare thou dost not like the prouince,

**Lady Frampul:**

Thou art so long a\*fitting thy\*selfe for it.

**Lady Frampul:**

Here is a Scarfe, to make thee a knot finer.

**Prudence:**

You send me a\*feasting, madame.

**Lady Frampul:**

Weare it wench.

**Prudence:**

Yes. but, with leaue of your Ladiship, I would tel you

**Prudence:**

This can but beare the face of an odde iourney.

**Lady Frampul:**

Why Pru?

**Prudence:**

A Lady of your ranke and quality,

**Prudence:**

To come to a publique Inne, so many men,

**Prudence:**

Yong Lords, and others, in your company!

**Prudence:**

And not a woman but my\*selfe, a Chamber-maid!

**Lady Frampul:**

Thou doubt'st to be ouer-layd Pru? Feare it not,

**Lady Frampul:**

I will beare my part, and share with thee, in the venter.

**Prudence:**

O but the censure, madame, is the maine,

**Prudence:**

What will they say of you? or iudge of me?

**Prudence:**

To be translated thus, 'boue all the bound

**Prudence:**

Of fitnessse, or decorum?

**Lady Frampul:**

How, now! Pru!

**Lady Frampul:**

Turn'd foole upon the suddaine, and talke idly

**Lady Frampul:**

In thy best cloathes! shoot bolts, and sentences

**Lady Frampul:**

To affright babies with? as if I liu'd

**Lady Frampul:**

To any other scales then what is my owne?

**Lady Frampul:**

Or sought my\*selfe, without my\*selfe, from home?

**Prudence:**

Your Ladyship will pardon me, my fault,

**Prudence:**

If I have ouer-shot, I will shoote no more.

**Lady Frampul:**

Yes shoot againe, good Pru, I will have thee shoot,

**Lady Frampul:**

And aime, and hit: I know it is loue in thee,

**Lady Frampul:**

And so I do interpret it.

**Prudence:**

Then madame,

**Prudence:**

I would craue a farther leaue.

**Lady Frampul:**

Be it to licence,

**Lady Frampul:**

It shall not want an eare, Pru, Say, what is it?

**Prudence:**

A toy I have, to raise a little mirth,

**Prudence:**

To the designe in hand.

**Lady Frampul:**



Out with it Pru.

**Lady Frampul:**

If it but chime of mirth.

**Prudence:**

Mine host has, madame,

**Prudence:**

A pretty boy in the house, a deinty child,

**Prudence:**

His sonne, and is of your Ladyships name too, Frances!

**Prudence:**

Whom if your Ladiship would borrow of him,

**Prudence:**

And giue me leaue to dresse him, as I would,

**Prudence:**

Should make the finest Lady, and kins-woman,

**Prudence:**

To keepe you company, and deceiue my Lords,

**Prudence:**

Upon the matter, with a fountaine of sport.

**Lady Frampul:**

I apprehend thee, and the source of mirth

**Lady Frampul:**

That it may breed, but is he bold enough,

**Lady Frampul:**

The child? and well assur'd?

***Prudence:***

As I am, madame,

***Prudence:***

Have him in no suspicion, more then me.

***Prudence:***

Here comes mine host: will you but please to aske him,

***Prudence:***

Or let me make the motion?

***Lady Frampul:***

Which thou wilt, Pru.

## **Scene 2**

***Host:***

Your Ladiship, and all your traine are welcome.

***Lady Frampul:***

I thank you my hearty host.

***Host:***

so is your souerainty,

***Host:***

madame, I wish you ioy of your new gowne.

***Lady Frampul:***

It should have bin, my host, but Stuffe, our taylor

***Lady Frampul:***

has broke with us, you shall be of the counsell.

***Prudence:***

He will deserue it, madame, my Lady has heard

**Prudence:**

you have a pretty sonne, mine host, she would see him.

**Lady Frampul:**

I very faine, I pr'y\*thee let me see him, host.

**Host:**

Your Ladiship shall presently,

**Host:**

Bid Franke come hither, anone, vnto my Lady,

**Host:**

It is a bashfull child, homely brought up,

**Host:**

In a rude hostelery. But the light Heart

**Host:**

Is his fathers, and it may be his.

**Host:**

Here he comes. Franke salute my Lady.

**Frank:**

I do.

**Frank:**

What, madame, I am desin'd to do, by my birth right,

**Frank:**

As heire of the light Heart, bid you most welcome.

**Lady Frampul:**

And I beleeeue your most, my prettie boy,

**Lady Frampul:**

Being so emphased, by you.

**Frank:**

Your Ladiship,

**Frank:**

If you beleue it such, are sure to make it.

**Lady Frampul:**

Pretily answer'd! Is your name Francis?

**Frank:**

Yes madame.

**Lady Frampul:**

I loue mine own the better.

**Frank:**

If I knew yours,

**Frank:**

I should make haste to do so too, good madame.

**Lady Frampul:**

It is the same with yours.

**Frank:**

Mine then acknowledgeth

**Frank:**

The lustre it receiues, by being nam'd, after.

**Lady Frampul:**

You will win upon me in complement.

**Frank:**

By silence.

**Lady Frampul:**

## The New Inne

A modest, and a faire well-spoken-child.

**Host:**

Her Ladiship, shall have him, soueraigne Pru,

**Host:**

Or what I have beside: diuide my heart,

**Host:**

Betweene you and your Lady. Make your vse of it:

**Host:**

My house is yours, my sonne is yours. Behold,

**Host:**

I tender him to your seruice; Franke, become

**Host:**

What these braue Ladies would have you. Only this,

**Host:**

There is a chare-woman in the house, his nurse,

**Host:**

An Irish woman, I tooke in, a beggar,

**Host:**

That waits upon him; a poore silly foole,

**Host:**

But an impertinent, and sedulous one,

**Host:**

As euer was: will vexe you on all occasions,

**Host:**

Neuer be off, or from you, but in her sleepe;

The New Inne

**Host:**

Or drinke which makes it. She doth loue him so,

**Host:**

Or rather doate on him. Now, for her, a shape,

**Host:**

As we may dresse her (and I will helpe) to fit her,

**Host:**

With a tuft-taffata cloake, an old French hood,

**Host:**

And other pieces, heterogene enough.

**Prudence:**

We have brought a standard of apparrell, down

**Prudence:**

Because this Taylor fayld us in the maine.

**Host:**

She shall aduance the game.

**Prudence:**

About it then,

**Prudence:**

And send but Trundle, hither, the coachman, to me:

**Host:**

I shall: But Pru, Let Louel have faire quarter.

**Prudence:**

The best.

**Lady Frampul:**

Our Host (me\*thinks) is very gamesome!

**Prudence:**

How like you the boy?

**Lady Frampul:**

A miracle!

**Prudence:**

Good Madame,

**Prudence:**

But take him in, and sort a sute for him,

**Prudence:**

I will giue our Trundle his instructions;

**Prudence:**

And wayt upon your Ladiship, in the instant.

**Lady Frampul:**

But Pru, what shall we call him, when we have drest him?

**Prudence:**

My Lady No-body, Any\*thing what you will,

**Lady Frampul:**

Call him La\*etitia, by my sisters name,

**Lady Frampul:**

And so it will minde our mirth too, we have in hand.

### **Scene 3**

**Prudence:**

Good Trundle, you must straight make ready the Coach,

**Prudence:**

And lead the horses out but halfe a mile,

**Prudence:**

Into the fields, whether you will, and then

**Prudence:**

Drive in againe, with the Coach-leaues put downe,

**Prudence:**

At the backe gate, and so to the backe stayres,

**Prudence:**

As if you brought in some\*body, to my Lady,

**Prudence:**

A Kinswoman, that she sent for, Make that answer

**Prudence:**

If you be askd; and giue it out in the house, so.

**Stuff:**

What trick is this, good Mistrisse Secretary,

**Stuff:**

You would put upon us?

**Prudence:**

Us? Do you speake plurall?

**Stuff:**

Me and my Mares are us.

**Prudence:**

If you so ioyne them.

**Prudence:**

Elegant Trundle, you may vse your figures.

**Prudence:**



I can but vrge, it is my Ladies seruice.

*Stuff:*

Good Mistrisse Prudence, you can vrge inough.

*Stuff:*

I know you are Secretary to my Lady,

*Stuff:*

And Mistresse Steward.

*Prudence:*

You will still be trundling,

*Prudence:*

And have your wages stopt, now at the Audite.

*Stuff:*

It is true, you are Gentlewoman of the horse too.

*Stuff:*

Or what you will beside, Pru, I do thinke it;

*Stuff:*

My best to obey you.

*Prudence:*

And I thinke so too, Trundle.

## Scene 4

*Beaufort:*

Why here is returne inough of both our venters,

*Beaufort:*

If we do make no more discouery.

**Latimer:**  
what?

**Latimer:**  
Then of this Parasite?

**Beaufort:**  
O, he is a deinty one.

**Beaufort:**  
The Parasite of the house.

**Latimer:**  
here comes mine host.

**Host:**  
My Lords, you both are welcome to the Heart.

**Beaufort:**  
To the light heart we hope.

**Latimer:**  
And mery I swears.

**Latimer:**  
We neuer yet felt such a fit of laughter,

**Latimer:**  
As our glad heart hath offerd us, sin' we entred.

**Beaufort:**  
How came you by this propertie?

**Host:**  
who? my Fly?

**Beaufort:**  
Your Fly if you call him so.

**Host:**

nay, he is that.

**Host:**

And will be still.

**Beaufort:**

In euery dish and pot?

**Host:**

In euery Cup, and company, my Lords,

**Host:**

A Creature of all liquors, all complexions,

**Host:**

Be the drinke what it will, he will have his sip.

**Latimer:**

He is fitted with a name.

**Host:**

And he ioyes in it:

**Host:**

I had him when I came to take the Inne, here,

**Host:**

Assign'd me ouer, in the Inuentory,

**Host:**

As an old implement, a peice of houshold–stuffe,

**Host:**

And so he doth remaine.

**Beaufort:**

Iust such a thing,

**Beaufort:**

We thought him,

**Latimer:**

Is he a scholler?

**Host:**

Nothing

**Host:**

But colours for it, as you see: wear's black;

**Host:**

And speakes a little taynted, fly-blowne Latin,

**Host:**

After the Schoole.

**Beaufort:**

Of Stratford of the Bow.

**Beaufort:**

For Lillies Latine, is to him vnknown.

**Latimer:**

What calling has he?

**Host:**

Only to call in, still.

**Host:**

Enflame the reckoning, bold to charge a bill,

**Host:**

Bring up the shot in the reare, as his owne word is,

**Beaufort:**

And does it in the discipline of the house?

**Beaufort:**

As Corporall of the field, Maestro del Campo,

**Host:**

And visiter generall, of all the roome,

**Host:**

He has form'd a fine militia for the Inne too.

**Beaufort:**

And meanes to publish it?

**Host:**

With all his titles.

**Host:**

Some call him Deacon Fly, some Doctor Fly.

**Host:**

Some Captaine, some Leiutenant, But my folkes

**Host:**

Do call him Quarter-master, Fly, which he is.

## Scene 5

**Tipto:**

Come Quarter-master Fly.

**Host:**

Here is one, already,

**Host:**

Hath got his Titles.

The New Inne

**Tipto:**  
Doctor!

**Fly:**  
Noble Colonel!

**Fly:**  
No Doctor, yet. A poore professor of ceremony,

**Fly:**  
Here in the Inne, retainer to the host,

**Fly:**  
I discipline the house.

**Tipto:**  
Thou read'st a lecture.

**Tipto:**  
Vnto the family here, when is the day?

**Fly:**  
This is the day.

**Tipto:**  
I will heare thee, and I will have thee a Doctour,

**Tipto:**  
Thou shalt be one, thou hast a Doctors looke!

**Tipto:**  
A face disputatiue, of Salamanca.

**Host:**  
Who is this?

**Latimer:**  
The glorious Colonel Tipto, Host,

**Beaufort:**

One talkes upon his tiptoes, if you will heare him.

**Prudence:**

Thou hast good learning in thee, macte Fly.

**Fly:**

And I say macte, to my Colonel.

**Host:**

Well macted of them both.

**Beaufort:**

They are match'd i'faith.

**Tipto:**

But Fly, why macte?

**Fly:**

Quasi magis aucte,

**Fly:**

My honourable Colonel.

**Tipto:**

What a Critique?

**Host:**

There is another accession, Critique Fly.

**Latimer:**

I feare a taynt here in the Mathematiques.

**Latimer:**

They say, lines paralell do neuer meet;

**Latimer:**

He has met his paralell in wit, and schole-craft.

**Beaufort:**

They side, not meet man, mend your metaphor,

**Beaufort:**

And saue the credit of your Mathematiques.

**Tipto:**

But Fly, how cam'st thou to be here, committed

**Tipto:**

Vnto this inne?

**Fly:**

Upon suspicion of drinke, Sir,

**Fly:**

I was taken late one night, here, with the Tapster,

**Fly:**

And the vnder-officers, and so deposited.

**Tipto:**

I will redeeme thee, Fly, and place thee better,

**Tipto:**

With a faire Lady.

**Fly:**

A Lady, sweet Sir Glorious!

**Tipto:**

A Sou'raigne Lady. Thou shalt be the Bird

**Tipto:**

To Soueraigne Pru, Queene of our sports, her Fly.

**Tipto:**



The New Inne

The Fly in houshold, and in ordinary;

**Tipto:**

Bird of her eare, and she shall weare thee there!

**Tipto:**

A Fly of gold, enamel'd, and a schoole–Fly.

**Host:**

The schoole, then are my stables, or the cellar,

**Host:**

Where he doth study, deepely, at his houres,

**Host:**

Cases of cups, I do not know how spic'd

**Host:**

With conscience, for the Tapster, and the Hostler: as

**Host:**

Whose horses may be cossen'd? or what Iugs

**Host:**

Fil'd up which froth? that is his way of learning.

**Tipto:**

What antiquated Fether is that, that talkes?

**Fly:**

The worshipfull host, my patron, Mr% Good–stock:

**Fly:**

A merry Greke, and cants in Latine, comely.

**Fly:**

Spins like the parish top.

The New Inne

**Tipto:**

I will set him up, then.

**Tipto:**

Art thou the Dominus?

**Host:**

Fac-totum here, Sir.

**Tipto:**

Host reall of the house? and Cap of Maintenance?

**Host:**

The Lord of the light Heart, Sir, Cap a pie;

**Host:**

Whereof the Fether is the Embleme, Colonel,

**Host:**

Put up, with the Ace of Hearts!

**Tipto:**

But why in Cuerdo?

**Tipto:**

I hate to see an host, and old, in cuerpo.

**Host:**

Cuerdo? what is that?

**Tipto:**

Light, skipping hose and doublet.

**Tipto:**

The horse boyes garbe! poore blank, and halfe blank Cuerdo,

**Tipto:**

They relish not the grauity of an host,

**Tipto:**

Who should be King at Armes, and ceremonies,

**Tipto:**

In his owne house! know all, to the goldweights.

**Beaufort:**

Why that his Fly doth for him here, your Bird.

**Tipto:**

But I would do it my\*selfe, were I my Host,

**Tipto:**

I would not speake vnto a Cooke of quality,

**Tipto:**

Your Lordships footman, or my Ladies Trundle,

**Tipto:**

In Cuerdo! If a Dog but stay'd below

**Tipto:**

That were a dog of fashion, and well nos'd,

**Tipto:**

And could present himselfe; I would put on

**Tipto:**

The Savoy chaine about my neck; the ruffe;

**Tipto:**

And cuffes of Flanders; then the Naples hat;

**Tipto:**

With the Rome hatband; and the Florentine Agate;

**Tipto:**

The Millan sword; the cloake of Genoa; set

**Tipto:**

With Brabant buttons; all my giuen pieces:

**Tipto:**

Except my gloues, the natiues of Madrid,

**Tipto:**

To entertaine him in! and complement

**Tipto:**

With a tame cony, as with a Prince that sent it.

**Host:**

The same deeds, though, become not euery man,

**Host:**

That fits a Colonel, will not fit an host,

**Tipto:**

Your Spanish host is neuer seen in Cuerpo,

**Tipto:**

Without his Paramento's cloake, and sword.

**Fly:**

Sir, he has the father

**Fly:**

Of swords, within a long sword; Blade cornish stil'd

**Fly:**

Of Sir Rud Hughdibras.

**Tipto:**

And with a long sword, bully bird? thy fence.

**Fly:**

The New Inne

To note him a tall–man, and a Master of fence:

**Tipto:**

But doth he teach the Spanish way of Don Lewis?

**Fly:**

No, the Greeke Master he.

**Tipto:**

what cal you him?

**Fly:**

Euclide.

**Tipto:**

Fart upon Euclide, he is stale, and antique,

**Tipto:**

Give me the modernes.

**Fly:**

Sir he minds no modernes,

**Fly:**

Go by, Hieronymo!

**Tipto:**

What was he?

**Fly:**

The Italian,

**Fly:**

That plaid with Abbot Antony, in the Friars,

**Fly:**

And Blinkin–sops the bold.

***Tipto:***

Aye mary, those,

***Tipto:***

Had fencing names, what is become of them?

***Host:***

They had their times, and we can say, they were

***Host:***

So had Caranza his: so had Don Lewis.

***Tipto:***

Don Lewis of Madrid, is the sole Master

***Tipto:***

Now, of the world.

***Host:***

But this, of the other world

***Host:***

Euclide demonstrates! he! He is for all!

***Host:***

The only fencer of name, now in Elysium.

***Fly:***

He does it all, by lines, and angles, Colonel.

***Fly:***

By parallels, and sections, has his Diagrammes!

***Beaufort:***

Wilt thou be flying, Fly?

***Latimer:***

At all, why not?

The New Inne

**Latimer:**

The ayre is as free for a fly, as for an Eagle.

**Beaufort:**

A Buzzard! he is in his contemplation!

**Tipto:**

Euclide a fencer, and in the Elysium!

**Host:**

He play'd a prize, last weeke, with Archimedes,

**Host:**

And beate him I assure you.

**Tipto:**

Do you assure me?

**Tipto:**

For what?

**Host:**

For foure in the hundred. Give me fiue,

**Host:**

And I assure you, againe.

**Tipto:**

Host, Peremptory,

**Tipto:**

You may be tane, But where? whence had you this?

**Host:**

Upon the road, A post, that came from thence,

**Host:**

Three dayes agoe, here, left it with the Tapster.

***Fly:***

Who is indeede a through\*fare of newes,

***Fly:***

Iack Iug with the broken belly, a witty fellow!

***Host:***

Your Bird here heard him.

***Tipto:***

Did you heare him Bird?

***Host:***

Speake in the faith of a flie.

***Fly:***

Yes, and he told us,

***Fly:***

Of one that was the Prince of Oranges fencer,

***Tipto:***

Steuinus?

***Fly:***

Sir the same, had challeng'd Euclide

***Fly:***

A thirty weapons more then Archimedes

***Fly:***

Ere saw; and engines: most of his owne Inuention.

***Tipto:***

This may have credit, and chimes reason, this!

***Tipto:***



If any man endeanger Euclide, Bird,

**Tipto:**

Obserue, that had the honor to quit Europe

**Tipto:**

This forty yeare, it is he. He put downe Scaliger.

**Fly:**

And he was a great Master.

**Beaufort:**

Not of fence, Fly.

**Tipto:**

Excuse him, Lord, he went on the same grounds.

**Beaufort:**

On the same earth I thinke, with other Mortals?

**Tipto:**

I meane, sweete Lord, the Mathematiques. Basta!

**Tipto:**

When thou know'st more, thou wilt take lesse, greene honor.

**Tipto:**

He had his circles, semicircles, quadrants --

**Fly:**

He writ a booke of the quadrature of the Circle,

**Tipto:**

Cyclometria, I read --

**Beaufort:**

The title onely.

**Latimer:**

And Indice.

**Beaufort:**

If it had one of that qua\*ere

**Beaufort:**

What insolent, halfe-witted things, these are?

**Latimer:**

So are all smatterers, insolent, and impudent.

**Tipto:**

They lightly go together.

**Latimer:**

It is my wonder!

**Latimer:**

Two animals should hawke at all discourse thus!

**Latimer:**

Flie every subiect to the Marke, or retrieve —

**Beaufort:**

And neuer have the lucke to be in the right!

**Latimer:**

It is some folkes fortune!

**Beaufort:**

Fortune is a Baud

**Beaufort:**

And a blind Begger: it is their vanity!

**Beaufort:**

and shewes most vilely!

**Tipto:**

I could take the heart, now,

**Tipto:**

To write to Don Lewis, into Spaine,

**Tipto:**

To make a progresse to the Elysian fields.

**Tipto:**

Next summer ---

**Beaufort:**

And perswade him die for fame,

**Beaufort:**

Of fencing with a shadow! Where is mine Host?

**Beaufort:**

I would he had heard this buble breake, i'fayth.

## Scene 6

**Host:**

Make place, stand by, for the Queene Regent, Gentlemen.

**Tipto:**

This is thy Queen, that shall be, Bird, our Soueraigne.

**Beaufort:**

Translated Prudence!

**Prudence:**

Sweet my Lord, hand off:

**Prudence:**

It is not now, as when plaine Prudence liu'd,

**Prudence:**

And reach'd her Ladiship --

**Host:**

The Chamber--pot.

**Prudence:**

The Looking--glasse, mine Host, loose your house Metaphore.

**Prudence:**

Speake the host's language. Here is a yong Lord,

**Prudence:**

Will make it a precedent else.

**Latimer:**

Well acted Pru.

**Host:**

First minute of her raigne! what will she do

**Host:**

Forty yeare hence? God blesse her!

**Prudence:**

If you will kisse,

**Prudence:**

Or complement, my Lord, behold a Lady,

**Prudence:**

A stranger, and my Ladyes kinswoman.

**Beaufort:**

I do confesse my rudenesse, that had need

**Beaufort:**

To have mine eye directed to this beauty.

**Frank:**

It was so little, as it ask'd a perspicill.

**Beaufort:**

Lady, your name?

**Frank:**

My Lord, it is La\*etitia.

**Beaufort:**

La\*etitia! a faire omen! And I take it.

**Beaufort:**

Let me have still such Lettice for my lips:

**Beaufort:**

But that of your family, Lady?

**Frank:**

Silly, Sir.

**Beaufort:**

My Ladyes kinswoman?

**Frank:**

I am so honour'd.

**Host:**

Already, it takes!

**Lady Frampul:**

An excellent fine boy.

**Nurse:**

He is descended of a right good stock, Sir.

**Beaufort:**

What is this? an Antiquary?

**Host:**

An Antiquity,

**Host:**

By the dresse, you will sweare! An old Welsh Heralds widow:

**Host:**

She is a wild Irish borne! Sir, and a Hybride,

**Host:**

That liues with this yong Lady, a mile off here,

**Host:**

And studies Vincent against Yorke.

**Beaufort:**

She will conquer,

**Beaufort:**

If she read Vincent. Let me study her.

**Host:**

She is perfect in most pedigrees, most descents.

**Beaufort:**

A Baud, I hope, and knowes to blaze a coate.

**Host:**

And iudgeth all things with a single eye,

**Host:**

Fly, come you hither; No discouery

**Host:**

Of what you see, to your Colonel Toe, or Tip, here,

The New Inne

**Host:**

But keepe all close, though you stand in the way of preferment,

**Host:**

Seeke it, off from the roade; no flattery for it:

**Host:**

No lick-foote, paine of loosing your proboscis:

**Host:**

My Licorish Fly.

**Tipto:**

What sayes old veluet-head?

**Fly:**

He will present me himselfe, Sir, if you will not.

**Tipto:**

Who? he present? what? whom? An host! A Groome?

**Tipto:**

Diuide the thanks with me? share in my glories?

**Tipto:**

Lay up. I say no more.

**Host:**

Then silence Sir,

**Host:**

And heare the sou'raigne.

**Tipto:**

Hostlers? to vsurpe

**Tipto:**

Upon my Sparta or Prouince, as they say?

**Tipto:**

No broome but mine?

**Host:**

Still Colonel, you mutter!

**Tipto:**

I dare speake out, as Cuerpo.

**Fly:**

Noble Colonel.

**Tipto:**

And carry what I aske ---

**Host:**

Ask what you can Sir

**Host:**

So it be in the house.

**Tipto:**

I aske my rights and priuileges,

**Tipto:**

And though for forme I please to cal it a suit,

**Tipto:**

I have not beene accustomed to repulse.

**Prudence:**

No sweet Sir Glorious, you may still command.

**Host:**

And go without.

**Prudence:**



But yet Sir being the first,

**Prudence:**

And call'd a suit, you will looke it shall be such

**Prudence:**

As we may grant.

**Lady Frampul:**

It else denies it\*selfe.

**Prudence:**

You heare the opinion of the Court.

**Tipto:**

I mind

**Tipto:**

No Court opinions.

**Prudence:**

It is my Ladies, though.

**Tipto:**

My Lady is a Spinster, at the Law,

**Tipto:**

And my petition is of right.

**Prudence:**

What is it?

**Tipto:**

It is for this poore learned bird.

**Host:**

The Fly?

***Tipto:***

Professour in the Inne, here, of small matters.

***Latimer:***

How he commends him!

***Host:***

As, to save himselfe in him.

***Lady Frampul:***

So do all Politiques in their commendations.

***Host:***

This is a State-bird, and the verier flie?

***Tipto:***

Heare him problematize.

***Prudence:***

Blesse us, what is that?

***Tipto:***

Or syllogize, elenchize.

***Lady Frampul:***

Sure, petard's,

***Lady Frampul:***

To blow us up.

***Latimer:***

Some inginous strong words!

***Host:***

He meanes to erect a castle in the ayre,

***Host:***

And make his flie an Elephant to carry it.

***Tipto:***

Bird of the Arts he is, and Fly by name!

***Prudence:***

Buz

***Host:***

Blow him off good Pru, they will mar all

***Tipto:***

The Soueraigne's honor is to cherish learning.

***Prudence:***

What in a Fly?

***Tipto:***

In any\*thing industrious.

***Prudence:***

But Flies are busie!

***Lady Frampul:***

Nothing more troublesom,

***Lady Frampul:***

Or importune!

***Tipto:***

There is nothing more domestick,

***Tipto:***

Tame, or familiar then your Flie in Cuerpo.

***Host:***

That is when his wings are cut, he is tame indeed, else

***Host:***

Nothing more impudent, and greedy; licking:

**Lady Frampul:**

Or sawcy, good Sir Glorious.

**Prudence:**

Leaue your Aduocate–ship

**Prudence:**

Except that we shall call you Orator Flie,

**Prudence:**

And send you downe to the dresser, and the dishes.

**Host:**

A good slap, that!

**Prudence:**

Commit you to the steem!

**Lady Frampul:**

Or els condemn you to the bottles.

**Prudence:**

And pots.

**Prudence:**

There is his quarry.

**Host:**

He will chirp, far better,

**Host:**

Your bird, below.

**Lady Frampul:**

And make you finer Musique.

**Prudence:**

The New Inne

His buz will there become him.

***Tipto:***

Come away,

***Tipto:***

Buz, in their faces: Giue them all the Buz,

***Tipto:***

Dor in their eares, and eyes, Hum, Dor, and Buz!

***Tipto:***

I will statuminate and vnderprop thee.

***Tipto:***

If they scorne us, let us scorne them — We will finde

***Tipto:***

The thorough-fare below, and Qua\*ere him,

***Tipto:***

Leaue these relicts, Buz; they shall see that I,

***Tipto:***

Spight of their jeares, dare drinke, and with a Flie.

***Latimer:***

A faire remoue at once, of two impertinents!

***Latimer:***

Excellent Pru! I loue thee for thy wit,

***Latimer:***

No lesse then State.

***Prudence:***

One must preserue the other.

The New Inne

**Lady Frampul:**

Who is here?

**Prudence:**

O Louel, Madam, your sad seruant.

**Lady Frampul:**

Sad? he is sollen still, and weares a cloud

**Lady Frampul:**

About his browes; I know not how to approach him.

**Prudence:**

I will instruct you, madame, if that be all,

**Prudence:**

Go to him and kisse him.

**Lady Frampul:**

How, Pru?

**Prudence:**

Go, and

**Prudence:**

kisse him,

**Prudence:**

I do command it.

**Lady Frampul:**

Thou art not wilde, wench!

**Prudence:**

No,

**Prudence:**

Tame, and exceeding tame, but still your Sou'raigne.

**Lady Frampul:**

Hath too much brauery made thee mad?

**Prudence:**

Nor proud,

**Prudence:**

Do, what I do enioyne you. No disputing

**Prudence:**

Of my prerogatiue, with a front, or frowne;

**Prudence:**

Do not detrect: you know the authority

**Prudence:**

Is mine, and I will exercise it, swiftly,

**Prudence:**

If you prouoke me.

**Lady Frampul:**

I have wouen a net

**Lady Frampul:**

To snare my\*selfe in! Sir I am enioyn'd

**Lady Frampul:**

To tender you a kisse; but do not know

**Lady Frampul:**

Why, or wherefore, onely the pleasure royall

**Lady Frampul:**

Will have it so, and vrges — Do not you

**Lady Frampul:**

Triumph on my obedience, seeing it forc't thus.

**Lady Frampul:**

There it is.

**Lovel:**

And welcome. Was there euer kisse

**Lovel:**

That relish'd thus! or had a sting like this,

**Lovel:**

Of so much Nectar, but, with Aloe<sup>s</sup> mixt.

**Prudence:**

No murmuring, nor repining, I am fixt.

**Lovel:**

It had, me\*thinks, a Quintessence of either,

**Lovel:**

But that which was the better, drown'd the bitter.

**Lovel:**

How soone it pass'd away! how vnrecovered!

**Lovel:**

The distillation of another soule

**Lovel:**

Was not so sweet! and till I meet againe,

**Lovel:**

That kisse, those lips, like relish, and this taste.

**Lovel:**

Let me turne all, consumption, and, here waste.

**Prudence:**



The New Inne

The royall assent is past, and cannot alter.

**Lady Frampul:**

You will turne a Tyran.

**Prudence:**

Be not you a Rebell,

**Prudence:**

It is a name is alike odious.

**Lady Frampul:**

You will heare me?

**Prudence:**

No, not on this argument.

**Prudence:**

Would you make lawes, and be the first that break them?

**Prudence:**

The example is pernicious in a subiect,

**Prudence:**

And of your quality, most.

**Latimer:**

Excellent Princesse!

**Host:**

Iust Queene!

**Latimer:**

Braue Sou'raigne.

**Host:**

A she-Traian! this!

**Beaufort:**

What is it? Proceede incomparable Pru!

**Beaufort:**

I am glad I am scarce at leasure to applaud thee.

**Latimer:**

It is well for you, you have so happy expressions.

**Lady Frampul:**

Yes, cry her up, with acclamations, do,

**Lady Frampul:**

And cry me downe, runne all with Soueraignty.

**Lady Frampul:**

Prince Power will neuer want her Parasites.

**Prudence:**

Nor Murmure her pretences: Master Louel,

**Prudence:**

For so your libell here, or bill of complaint,

**Prudence:**

Exhibited, in our high Court of Sou'raignty,

**Prudence:**

At this first hower of our raigne, declares

**Prudence:**

Against this noble Lady, a dis-respect

**Prudence:**

You have conceiu'd, if not receiu'd, from her.

**Host:**

Receiued, so the charge lie in our bill.

***Prudence:***

We see it, his learned Councill, leaue your planing,

***Prudence:***

We that do loue our iustice, aboue all

***Prudence:***

Our other Attributes; and have the nearnesse,

***Prudence:***

To know your extraordinary merit;

***Prudence:***

As also to discerne this Ladyes goodnesse;

***Prudence:***

And finde how loth she would be, to lose the honour,

***Prudence:***

And reputation, she hath had, in hauing

***Prudence:***

So worthy a seruant, though but for few minutes.

***Prudence:***

Do here enioyne.

***Host:***

Good!

***Prudence:***

Charge, will, and command

***Prudence:***

Her Ladiship, pain of our high displeasure

***Prudence:***

And the committing an extreame contempt,

**Prudence:**

Vnto the Court, our crowne and dignity.

**Host:**

Excellent Soueraigne! And egregious Pru!

**Prudence:**

To entertaine you for a payre of howres,

**Prudence:**

(Choose, when you please, this day) with all respects,

**Prudence:**

And valuation of a principall seruant,

**Prudence:**

To giue you all the titles, all the priuiledges,

**Prudence:**

The freedoms, fauours, rights, she can bestow.

**Host:**

Large, ample words, of a braue latitude!

**Prudence:**

Or can be expected, from a Lady of honor,

**Prudence:**

Or quality, in discourse, accesse, addresse.

**Host:**

Good.

**Prudence:**

Not to giue eare, or admit conference

**Prudence:**

With any person but your\*selfe. Nor there,

**Prudence:**

Of any other argument, but loue,

**Prudence:**

And the companion of it, gentile courtship.

**Prudence:**

For which your two howres seruice, you shall take

**Prudence:**

Two kisses.

**Host:**

Noble!

**Prudence:**

For each howre, a kisse,

**Prudence:**

To be tane freely, fully, and legally;

**Prudence:**

Before us; in the Court here, and our presence.

**Host:**

Rare!

**Prudence:**

But those howres past, and the two kisses paid,

**Prudence:**

The binding caution is, neuer to hope

**Prudence:**

Renewing of the time, or of the suit,

The New Inne

**Prudence:**

On any circumstance.

**Host:**

A hard condition!

**Latimer:**

Had it beene easier, I should have suspected

**Latimer:**

The sou'raignes iustice.

**Host:**

O you are seruant,

**Host:**

My Lord, vnto the Lady, and a Riuall:

**Host:**

In point of law, my Lord, you may be challeng'd.

**Latimer:**

I am not iealous!

**Host:**

Of so short a time

**Host:**

Your Lordship needs not, and being done, in foro.

**Prudence:**

What is the answer?

**Host:**

He craues respite, madame,

**Host:**

To aduise with his learned Councill.

**Prudence:**

Be you he,

**Prudence:**

And go together quickly.

**Lady Frampul:**

You are, no Tyran?

**Prudence:**

If I be madam, you were best appeale me!

**Latimer:**

Beaufort —

**Beaufort:**

I am busie, pr'ythee let me alone:

**Beaufort:**

I have a cause in hearing too.

**Latimer:**

At what Barre?

**Beaufort:**

Lou's Court of Requests!

**Latimer:**

Bring it into the Souerainty:

**Latimer:**

It is the nobler Court, afore the Iudge Pru,

**Latimer:**

The only learned mother of the Law!

**Latimer:**

And Lady of conscience, too!

**Beaufort:**

It is well enough

**Beaufort:**

Before this mistresse of Requests, where it is.

**Host:**

Let them not scorne you. Beare up master Louel,

**Host:**

And take your howres, and kisses, They are a fortune.

**Lovel:**

Which I cannot approue, and lesse make vse of:

**Host:**

Still in this cloud! why cannot you make vse of?

**Lovel:**

Who would be rich to be so soone vndone?

**Lovel:**

The beggars best is wealth, he doth not know:

**Lovel:**

And, but to shew it him, inflames his want:

**Host:**

Two howers at height?

**Lovel:**

That ioy is too too narrow,

**Lovel:**

Would bound a loue, so infinite as mine:

**Lovel:**



And being past, leaues an eternall losse.

**Lovel:**

Who so prodigiously affects a feast,

**Lovel:**

To forfeit health, and appetite, to see it?

**Lovel:**

Or but to taste a spoone-full, would forgoe

**Lovel:**

All gust of delicacy euer after?

**Host:**

These, yet, are houres of hope.

**Lovel:**

But all houres following

**Lovel:**

Yeares of despaire, ages of misery!

**Lovel:**

Nor can so short a happinesse, but spring

**Lovel:**

A world of feare, with thought of loosing it;

**Lovel:**

Better be neuer happy, then to feele

**Lovel:**

A litle of it, and then loose it euer.

**Host:**

I do confesse, it is a strict iniunction;

*Host:*

But, then the hope is, it may not be kept.

*Host:*

A thousand things may interuene, We see

*Host:*

The winde shift often, thrice a day, sometimes;

*Host:*

Decrees may alter upon better motion,

*Host:*

And riper hearing. The best bow may start,

*Host:*

And the hand may vary. Pru may be a sage

*Host:*

In Law, and yet not soure, sweet Pru, smooth Pru,

*Host:*

Soft, debonaire, and amiable Pru,

*Host:*

May do as well as rough, and rigid Pru;

*Host:*

And yet maintayne her, venerable Pru;

*Host:*

Maiestique Pru, and Serenissimous Pru.

*Host:*

Trie but one hower first, and as you like

*Host:*

The loose of that, Draw home and prove the other.

*Lovel:*

If one howre could, the other happy make,

*Lovel:*

I should attempt it.

*Host:*

Put it on: and do.

*Lovel:*

Or in the blest attempt that I might die!

*Host:*

Aye mary, there were happinesse indeed;

*Host:*

Transcendent to the Melancholy, meant.

*Host:*

It were a fate, aboue a monument,

*Host:*

And all inscription, to die so. A Death

*Host:*

For Emperours to enioy! And the Kings

*Host:*

Of the rich East, to pawne their regions for;

*Host:*

To sow their treasure, open all their mines,

*Host:*

Spend all their spices to embalme their corps,

*Host:*

And wrap the inches up in sheets of gold,

**Host:**

That fell by such a noble destiny!

**Host:**

And for the wrong to your friend, that feare is away,

**Host:**

He rather wrongs himselfe, following fresh light,

**Host:**

New eies to swears by. If Lord Beaufort change,

**Host:**

It is no crime in you to remaine constant.

**Host:**

And upon these conditions, at a game

**Host:**

So vrg'd upon you.

**Prudence:**

Sir your resolution —

**Host:**

How is the Lady affected?

**Prudence:**

Sou'raignes vse not

**Prudence:**

To aske their subiects suffrage where it is due;

**Prudence:**

But where conditionall.

**Host:**

A royall Sou'raigne!

**Latimer:**

And a rare States–woman. I admire her bearing

**Latimer:**

In her new regiment.

**Host:**

Come choose your houres,

**Host:**

Better be happy for a part of time,

**Host:**

Then not the whole, and a short part, then neuer.

**Host:**

Shall I appoint them, pronounce for you?

**Lovel:**

Your pleasure.

**Host:**

Then he designes his first houre after dinner;

**Host:**

His second after supper. Say ye? Content?

**Prudence:**

Content.

**Lady Frampul:**

I am content.

**Latimer:**

Content.

**Frank:**  
Content.

**Beaufort:**  
What is that? I am content too.

**Latimer:**  
You have reason,

**Latimer:**  
You had it on the by, and we obseru'd it.

**Nurse:**  
Trot I am not content: in\*fait' I am not.

**Host:**  
Why art not thou content, Good shelee–nien?

**Nurse:**  
He tauk so desperate, and so debausht,

**Nurse:**  
So budy like a Courtier, and a Lord,

**Nurse:**  
God blesse him, one that tak'th Tobacco.

**Host:**  
Very well mixt.

**Host:**  
What did he say?

**Nurse:**  
Nay, nothing to the purpose,

**Nurse:**  
Or very little, nothing at all to purposh.

## The New Inne

**Host:**

Let him alone Nurse.

**Nurse:**

I did tell him of Serly

**Nurse:**

Was a great family come out of Ireland,

**Nurse:**

Descended of O\*Neale, Mac\*Con, Mac\*Dermot,

**Nurse:**

Mac\*Murrogh, but he mark'd not.

**Host:**

Nor do I.

**Host:**

Good Queene of Heralds, ply the bottle, and sleepe.

## Act 3

### Scene 1

**Tipto:**

I like the plot of your Militia, well!

**Tipto:**

It is a fine Militia, and well order'd!

**Tipto:**

And the diuision is neat! It will be desir'd

**Tipto:**

Only, the expressions were a little more Spanish:

***Tipto:***

For there is the best Militia of the world!

***Tipto:***

To call them Tertias. Tertia of the kitchin,

***Tipto:***

The Tertia of the cellar, Tertia of the chamber,

***Tipto:***

And Tertia of the stables.

***Fly:***

That I can, Sir,

***Fly:***

And find our very able, fit commanders.

***Fly:***

In euery Tertia.

***Tipto:***

Now you are in the right!

***Tipto:***

As in the Tertia of the kitchin, your\*selfe

***Tipto:***

Being a person, elegant in sawces,

***Tipto:***

There to command, as prime: Maestro del Campo,

***Tipto:***

Chiefe Master of the palate, for that Tertia:

***Tipto:***

Or the Cooke vnder you, 'cause you are the Marshall;



*Tipto:*

And the next officer in the field, to the Host.

*Tipto:*

Then for the cellars you have young Anone,

*Tipto:*

Is a rare fellow, what is his other name?

*Fly:*

Pierce, Sir.

*Tipto:*

Sir Pierce, I will have him a Cauquier.

*Tipto:*

Sir Pierce Anon, will pierce us a new hogs-head!

*Tipto:*

And then your thorow-fare, Iug here, his Alferrez:

*Tipto:*

An able officer, giu' me thy beard, round Iug,

*Tipto:*

I take thee by this handle, and do loue

*Tipto:*

One of thy inches! In the chambers, Iordan, here!

*Tipto:*

He is the Don del Campo of the beds.

*Tipto:*

And for the stables, what is his name?

*Fly:*

old Peck.

***Tipto:***

Maestro del Campo, Peck! his name is curt,

***Tipto:***

A monosyllabe, but commands the horse well.

***Fly:***

O, in an Inne, Sir, we have other horse,

***Fly:***

Let those troopes rest a while. Wine is the horse,

***Fly:***

That we must charge with here.

***Tipto:***

Bring up the troopes,

***Tipto:***

Or call sweet Fly, it is an exact Militia,

***Tipto:***

And thou an exact professor, Lipsius Fly,

***Tipto:***

Thou shalt be cal'd, and Iouse: Jack Ferret, welcome,

***Tipto:***

Old Trench-master, and Colonel of the Pyoners,

***Tipto:***

What canst thou bolt us now? a Coney? or two

***Tipto:***

Out of Thom Trundles burrow, here, the Coach?

**Tipto:**

This is the master of the carriages!

**Tipto:**

How is thy driving Thom: good, as it was?

**Stuff:**

It serves my Lady, and our officer Pru.

**Stuff:**

Twelve mile an hour! Thom has the old trundle still.

**Tipto:**

I am taken with the family, here, fine fellows?

**Tipto:**

Viewing the muster roll.

**Stuff:**

They are brave men!

**Ferret:**

And of the Fly-blowne discipline all, the Quarter-master!

**Tipto:**

The Fly is a rare bird, in his profession!

**Tipto:**

Let us sip a private pint with him, I would have him

**Tipto:**

Quit this light sign of the light heart, my bird:

**Tipto:**

And lighter house. It is not for his tall

**Tipto:**

And growing grauity so Cedar-like,

**Tipto:**

To be the second to an Host in Cuerpo,

**Tipto:**

That knowes no elegancies vse his owne

**Tipto:**

Dictamen, and his Genius, I would have him

**Tipto:**

Flie high, and strike at all. Here is yong Anone, too!

**Pierce:**

What wine is it Gentlemen, white or claret?

**Tipto:**

White. My briske Anone.

**Pierce:**

I will draw you Iuno's milke

**Pierce:**

That died the Lilies, Colonel.

**Tipto:**

Do so Peirce.

**Peck:**

A plague of all Jades, what a clap he has gi'n me!

**Fly:**

Why how now Cossen?

**Tipto:**

Who is that?

**Ferret:**

The Hostler.

*Fly:*

What ayl'st thou Cossen Peck?

*Peck:*

O me, my hanches!

*Peck:*

As sure as you liue, Sir, he knew perfectly

*Peck:*

I meant to Cossin him. He did leere so on me,

*Peck:*

And then he sneerd. As who would say take heed Srah,

*Peck:*

And when he saw our halfe-pecke, which you know

*Peck:*

Was but an old court-dish, Lord how he stamp't!

*Peck:*

I thought, it had beene for ioy. When suddainly

*Peck:*

He cuts me a backe caper with his heeles,

*Peck:*

And takes me iust on the crouper. Downe come I

*Peck:*

And my whole ounce of oates! Then he neighed out,

*Peck:*

As if he had a Mare by the tayle.

*Fly:*

Act 3

The New Inne

Troth Cossin,

*Fly:*

You are to blame to vse the poore dumbe Christians,

*Fly:*

So cruelly, defraud them of their Dimensum,

*Fly:*

Yonder is the Colonels horse (there I look'd in)

*Fly:*

Keeping our Ladies Eue! The diuell a bit

*Fly:*

He has got, sin' he came in yet! There he stands,

*Fly:*

And lookes and lookes, but it is your pleasure, Cosse,

*Fly:*

He should looke leane enough.

*Peck:*

He has hay before him.

*Fly:*

Yes, but as grosse as hempe, and assoone will choake him,

*Fly:*

Vnlesse he eat it butter'd. He had foure shoes,

*Fly:*

And good ones, when he came in: It is a wonder,

*Fly:*

With standing still he should cast three.

*Peck:*

Troth Quarter–Master,

*Peck:*

This trade is a kind of mystery, that corrupts

*Peck:*

Our standing manners quickely: Once a weeke,

*Peck:*

I meet with such a brush to mollifie me.

*Peck:*

Sometimes a brace, to awake my Conscience,

*Peck:*

Yet still, I sleepe securely.

*Fly:*

Cossin Peck,

*Fly:*

You must vse better dealing, fayth you must.

*Peck:*

Troth, to giue good example, to my successors,

*Peck:*

I could be well content to steale but two girths,

*Peck:*

And now and then a saddle cloth, change a bridle,

*Peck:*

For exercise: and stay there.

*Fly:*

If you could

The New Inne

*Fly:*

There were some hope, of you, Cosse. But the fate is

*Fly:*

You are drunke so early, you mistake whole Saddles:

*Fly:*

Sometimes a horse.

*Peck:*

Aye there is --

*Fly:*

The wine, come Cosse, I will talk with you anone.

*Peck:*

Do, loose no time, good Quarter-Master.

*Tipto:*

There are the horse, come, Flie.

*Fly:*

Charge, in Boyes, in; Lieutenant of the ordinance,

*Fly:*

Tobacco, and pipes.

*Tipto:*

Who is that? Old Iordan, good!

*Tipto:*

A comely vessell, and a necessary.

*Tipto:*

New-scour'd he is: Here is to thee, Martiall Fly.

*Tipto:*

In milke, my yong Anone sayes.



**Pierce:**

Cream of the grape:

**Pierce:**

That drop't from Iuno's breasts, and sprung the Lilly!

**Pierce:**

I can recite your fables, Fly, Here is, too,

**Pierce:**

The blood of Venus, mother of the Rose!

**Pierce:**

The dinner is gone up.

**Jug:**

I heare the whistle.

**Jordan:**

Aye, and the fidders. We must all go waite.

**Jug:**

Pox on this waiting, Quarter Master, Fly.

**Pierce:**

When Chambermaids are soueraignes, waite their Ladies

**Pierce:**

Fly scornes to breath.

**Peck:**

or blow upon them, he.

**Pierce:**

Old Parcel Peck! Art thou there? how now? lame?

**Peck:**

Act 3

The New Inne

Yes faith: it is ill halting afore cripples,

*Peck:*

I have got a dash of a Iade, here, will stick by me.

*Pierce:*

O you have had some phant'sie, fellow Peck,

*Pierce:*

Some reuelation --

*Peck:*

What?

*Pierce:*

To steale the hay,

*Pierce:*

Out of the racks againe:

*Fly:*

I told him so,

*Fly:*

When the ghests backs were turn'd.

*Pierce:*

Or bring his peck

*Pierce:*

The bottome upwards, heap'd with oates; and cry,

*Pierce:*

Here is the best measure upon all the roade! when

*Pierce:*

You know the ghest, put in his hand, to feele,

The New Inne

*Pierce:*

And smell to the oates, that grated all his fingers

*Pierce:*

Upon the wood --

*Peck:*

Mum!

*Pierce:*

And found out your cheat.

*Peck:*

I have bin in the cellar, Peirce.

*Pierce:*

You were then there,

*Pierce:*

Upon your knees; I do remember it:

*Pierce:*

To have the fact conceald. I could tell more,

*Pierce:*

Soping of saddles, cutting of horse tailles,

*Pierce:*

And cropping -- pranks of ale, and hostelry --

*Fly:*

Which he cannot forget, he sayes, yong Knight:

*Fly:*

No more then you can other deeds of darknesse,

*Fly:*

Done in the cellar.

**Tipto:**

Well said, bold professor.

**Ferret:**

We shall have some truth explain'd.

**Pierce:**

We are all mortall,

**Pierce:**

And have our visions.

**Peck:**

Truly it seemes to me

**Peck:**

That euery horse has his whole peck, and tumbles

**Peck:**

up to the eares in littour.

**Fly:**

When, indeed

**Fly:**

There is no such matter; not a smell of prouander.

**Ferret:**

Not so much straw as would tie up a horse-taile!

**Fly:**

Nor any\*thing in the rack, but two old cob-webs!

**Fly:**

And so much rotten hay, as had beene a hens nest!

**Stuff:**

And yet he is euer apt to sweepe the mangers!

**Ferret:**

But puts in nothing.

**Pierce:**

These are fits, and fancies,

**Pierce:**

Which you must leaue, good Peck.

**Fly:**

And you must pray

**Fly:**

It may be reueal'd to you, at some–times,

**Fly:**

Whose horse you ought to cosen; with what conscience;

**Fly:**

The how; and when; a Parsons horse may suffer —

**Pierce:**

Who's master is double benefic'd; put in that.

**Fly:**

A little greasing in the teeth; it is wholesome:

**Fly:**

And keeps him in a sober shuffle.

**Pierce:**

His saddle too

**Pierce:**

May want a stirrop.

**Fly:**

The New Inne

And, it may be sworne,

*Fly:*

His learning lay on one side, and so broke it.

*Peck:*

They have euer oates in their cloake–bags, to affront us.

*Fly:*

And therefore it is an office meritorious,

*Fly:*

To tith such soundly.

*Pierce:*

And a graziers may.

*Ferret:*

O they are pinching puckfists!

*Stuff:*

And suspicious.

*Pierce:*

Suffer before the masters face, sometimes.

*Fly:*

He shall thinke he sees his horse eate halfe a bushell,

*Pierce:*

When the slight is rubbing his gummes with salt,

*Pierce:*

Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble,

*Pierce:*

Like an old woman that were chewing brawne,

**Pierce:**

And drop them out againe.

**Tipto:**

Well argued Caulier,

**Fly:**

It may do well: and go for an example:

**Fly:**

But Cosse, have care of vnderstanding horses,

**Fly:**

Horses with angry heeles, Nobility horses

**Fly:**

Horses that know the world; let them have meat

**Fly:**

Till their teeth ake; and rubbing till their ribbes

**Fly:**

Shine like a wenchs forehead. They are Diuels else

**Fly:**

Will looke into your dealings.

**Peck:**

For mine owne part,

**Peck:**

The next I cossen of the pampred breed,

**Peck:**

I wish he may be found'red.

**Fly:**

Foun-de-red,

***Fly:***

Prolate it right.

***Peck:***

And of all foure, I wish it,

***Peck:***

I loue no crouper complements.

***Pierce:***

Whose horse was it?

***Peck:***

Why, Mr% Bursts.

***Pierce:***

Is Bat Burst come?

***Peck:***

An howre he has beene here.

***Tipto:***

What Burst?

***Pierce:***

Mas, Bartolmew Burst.

***Pierce:***

One that hath beene a Citizen, since a Courtier,

***Pierce:***

And now a Gamester. Hath had all his whirles,

***Pierce:***

And bouts of fortune, as a man would say,

***Pierce:***

Once a Bat, and euer a Bat! a Rere–mouse,



**Pierce:**

And Bird of twilight, he has broken thrice.

**Tipto:**

Your better man, the Geno'way Prouerbe says,

**Tipto:**

Men are not made of steele.

**Pierce:**

Nor are they bound

**Pierce:**

Alwayes to hold.

**Fly:**

Thrice honourable Colonel!

**Fly:**

Hinges will crack --

**Tipto:**

Though they be Spanish iron.

**Pierce:**

He is a merchant still, Aduenturer,

**Pierce:**

At in, and in: and is our thorough-fares friend.

**Tipto:**

Who? Iugs?

**Pierce:**

The same: and a fine gentleman

**Pierce:**

The New Inne

Was with him!

*Peck:*

Mr% Huffle.

*Pierce:*

Who? Hodge Huffle?

*Tipto:*

What is he?

*Pierce:*

A cheater, and another fine gentleman,

*Pierce:*

A friend of the Chamberlaynes! Iordans! Mr Huffle.

*Pierce:*

He is Bursts protection.

*Fly:*

Fights, and vapors for him.

*Pierce:*

He will be drunk so ciuilly.

*Fly:*

So discreetly.

*Pierce:*

And punctually! iust at his heure.

*Fly:*

And then,

*Fly:*

Call for his Iordan, with that hum and state,

The New Inne

*Fly:*

As if he piss'd the Politiques!

*Pierce:*

And sup

*Pierce:*

With his tuft-taffata night-geere, here, so silently!

*Fly:*

Nothing but Musique!

*Pierce:*

A dozen of bawdy songs.

*Tipto:*

And knowes the Generall this?

*Fly:*

O no, Sir Dormit,

*Fly:*

Dormit Patronus, still, the master sleepes.

*Fly:*

They will steale to bed.

*Pierce:*

In priuate Sir, and pay,

*Pierce:*

The Fidlers with that modesty, next morning.

*Fly:*

Take a disiune of muscadell, and egges!

*Pierce:*

And packe away in their trundling cheats, like Gipsies.

**Stuff:**

Mysteries, mysteries, Ferret.

**Ferret:**

Aye we see, Trundle,

**Ferret:**

What the great Officers, in an Inne may do;

**Ferret:**

I do not say the Officers of the Crowne

**Ferret:**

But the light heart.

**Tipto:**

I will see the Bat, and Huffle.

**Ferret:**

I have some busines Sir, I craue your pardon —

**Tipto:**

What?

**Ferret:**

To be sober.

**Tipto:**

Pox, go get you gone then.

**Tipto:**

Trundle shall stay.

**Stuff:**

No I besech you Colonel,

**Stuff:**

Your Lordship has a minde to be drunke priuate,

*Stuff:*

With these braue Gallants; I will step aside

*Stuff:*

Into the stables, and salute my Mares.

*Pierce:*

Yes do: and sleepe with them, let him go --- base Whip-stocke.

*Pierce:*

He is as drunke as a fish now, almost as dead.

*Tipto:*

Come, I will see the flickermouse, my Flie.

## Scene 2

*Prudence:*

Here set the hower; but first produce the parties:

*Prudence:*

And cleere the court. The time is now of price.

*Host:*

Iug, get you down, and Trundle get you up,

*Host:*

You shall be Crier. Ferret here, the Clerke.

*Host:*

Iordan, smell you without, till the Ladies calle you;

*Host:*

Take downe the Fiddlers too, silence that noyse,

*Host:*

The New Inne

Deepe, in the cellar, safe.

**Prudence:**

Who keeps the watch?

**Host:**

Old Sheelinin here, is the Madame Tel–clocke.

**Nurse:**

No fait and trot, sweet Maister, I shall sleep;

**Nurse:**

I\*fait, I shall.

**Beaufort:**

I pr'y\*thee, do then, Shrich–Owle.

**Beaufort:**

She brings to mind the fable of the Dragon,

**Beaufort:**

That kept the Hesperian fruit. Would I could charme her.

**Host:**

Trundle will do it with his hum. Come Trundle;

**Host:**

Precede him Ferret, in the forme.

**Ferret:**

Oyez, oyez, oyez.

**Stuff:**

Oyez, oyez, oyez.

**Ferret:**

Whereas here hath beene awarded,

**Stuff:**

Whereas here hath beene awarded,

**Ferret:**

By the Queene Regent of Loue,

**Stuff:**

By the Queene Regent of Loue,

**Ferret:**

In this high court of soueraignty,

**Stuff:**

In this high court of soueraignty,

**Ferret:**

Two speciall howers of adresse,

**Stuff:**

Two speciall howers of adresse,

**Ferret:**

To Herebert Louel, appellant,

**Stuff:**

To Herebert Louel, appellant,

**Ferret:**

Against the Lady Frampul, defendant

**Stuff:**

Against the Lady Frampul, defendant

**Ferret:**

Herebert Louel, Come into the Court

**Stuff:**

Herebert Louel, Come into the Court

**Ferret:**

Make challenge to thy first hower,

**Stuff:**

Make challenge to thy first hower,

**Ferret:**

And saue thee, and thy bayle.

**Stuff:**

And saue thee, and thy bayle.

**Host:**

Loe, louting where he comes into the Court!

**Host:**

Clarke of the sou'raignty take his appearance.

**Host:**

And how accoutred, how design'd he comes!

**Ferret:**

It is done. Now Crier, call the Lady Frampul,

**Ferret:**

And by the name of,

**Ferret:**

Francis, Lady Frampul, defendant,

**Stuff:**

Francis, Lady Frampul, defendant,

**Ferret:**

Come into the Court,

**Stuff:**

Come into the Court,



***Ferret:***

Make answer to the award,

***Stuff:***

Make answer to the award,

***Ferret:***

And saue thee, and thy bayle.

***Stuff:***

And saue thee, and thy bayle.

Enter Lady

***Host:***

She makes a noble, and a iust appearance.

***Host:***

Set it downe likewise, and how armd she comes.

***Prudence:***

Vsher of Loues Court, giue them their oath.

***Prudence:***

According to the forme, upon Loue's Missal.

***Host:***

Arise, and lay your hands upon the Booke.

***Host:***

Herebert Louel Appellant, and Lady Fraces Frampul,

***Host:***

Defendant, you shall sweare upon the Liturgie of Loue,

***Host:***

Ouid de arte amandi, that you neither have, ne

**Host:**

will have, nor in any wise beare about you, thing, or

**Host:**

things, pointed, or blunt, within these lists, other then

**Host:**

what are naturall, and allow'd by the Court; No enchanted

**Host:**

Armes, or weapons, Stories of vertue, Herbe

**Host:**

of Grace, Charme, Character, Spel, Philtre, or other

**Host:**

power, then Loues only, and the iustnesse of your cause.

**Host:**

So helpe you Loue, his Mother, and the contents of this

**Host:**

Booke: Kisse it. Returne vnto your seats. Crier bid silence.

**Stuff:**

Oyez. Oyez. Oyez.

**Ferret:**

In the name of the Soueraigne of loue

**Stuff:**

In the name of the Soueraigne of loue

**Ferret:**

Notice is giuen by the Court,

**Stuff:**

Notice is giuen by the Court,

**Ferret:**

To the Appellant, and Defendant,

**Stuff:**

To the Appellant, and Defendant,

**Ferret:**

That the first heure of addresse proceeds.

**Stuff:**

That the first heure of addresse proceeds.

**Ferret:**

And loue saue the Soueraigne.

**Stuff:**

And loue saue the Soueraigne.

**Stuff:**

Euery man, or woman keep silence paine of imprisonment.

**Prudence:**

Do your endeouours, in the name of Loue.

**Lovel:**

To make my first approaches, then, in loue.

**Lady Frampul:**

Tell us what Loue is, that we may be sure

**Lady Frampul:**

There is such a thing, and that it is in nature.

**Lovel:**

Excellent Lady, I did not expect

**Lovel:**

To meet an Infidell! much lesse an Atheist!

*Lovel:*

Here in Loue's lists! of so much vnbeleefe!

*Lovel:*

To raise a question of his being --

*Host:*

Well--charg'd!

*Lovel:*

I rather thought, and, with religion, thinke,

*Lovel:*

Had all the character of loue beene lost,

*Lovel:*

His lines, demensions, and whole signature

*Lovel:*

Raz'd, and defac'd, with dull humanity:

*Lovel:*

That both his nature, and his essence might

*Lovel:*

Have found their mighty instauration here,

*Lovel:*

Here where the confluence of faire, and good,

*Lovel:*

Meets to make up all beauty. For, what else

*Lovel:*

Is Loue, but the most noble, pure affection

*Lovel:*

Of what is truly beautifull, and faire?

**Lovel:**

Desire of vnion with the thing beloued?

**Beaufort:**

Have the assistants of the Court their votes,

**Beaufort:**

And writ of priuiledge, to speake them freely?

**Prudence:**

Yes, to assist; but not to interrupt.

**Beaufort:**

Then I have read somewhere, that man and woman

**Beaufort:**

Were, in the first creation, both one piece,

**Beaufort:**

And being cleft asunder, euer since,

**Beaufort:**

Loue was an appetite to be reioyn'd.

**Beaufort:**

As for example --

**Nurse:**

Cramo-cree! what meash' thou?

**Beaufort:**

Only, to kisse, and part.

**Host:**

So much is lawfull.

**Latimer:**

And stands with the prerogatiue of loues Court!

**Lovel:**

It is fable of Plato's, in his Banquet,

**Lovel:**

And vtter'd, there, by Aristophanes.

**Host:**

It was well remembred here, and to good vse.)

**Host:**

But on with your description, what Loue is.

**Host:**

Desire of vnion with the thing belou'd.

**Lovel:**

I meant a definition. For I make

**Lovel:**

The efficient cause, what is beautifull, and faire.

**Lovel:**

The formall cause, the appetite of vnion.

**Lovel:**

The finall cause, the vnion it\*selfe.

**Lovel:**

But larger, if you will have it, by description,

**Lovel:**

It is a flame, and ardor of the minde,

**Lovel:**

Dead, in the proper corps, quick in anothers:

***Lovel:***

Trans-ferres the Louer into the Loued.

***Lovel:***

The he, or she, that loues, engraues, or stamps

***Lovel:***

The Idea of what they loue, first in themselues:

***Lovel:***

Or, like to glasses, so their mindes take in

***Lovel:***

The formes of their belou'd, and them reflect,

***Lovel:***

It is the likenesse of affections,

***Lovel:***

Is both the parent, and the nurse of loue.

***Lovel:***

Loue is a spirituall coupling of two soules,

***Lovel:***

So much more excellent, as it least relates

***Lovel:***

Vnto the body; circular, eternall;

***Lovel:***

Not stain'd, or made, but borne: And then, so pretious,

***Lovel:***

As nought can value it, but it\*selfe. So free,

***Lovel:***

As nothing can command it, but it\*selfe.

**Lovel:**

And in it\*selfe, so round, and liberall,

**Lovel:**

As where it fauours, it bestowes it\*selfe.

**Beaufort:**

(And, that do I; here my whose selfe, I tender,

**Beaufort:**

According to the practise of the Court).

**Nurse:**

Aye it is a naughty practish, a lewd practish,

**Nurse:**

Be quiet man, thou shalt not leip her, here.

**Beaufort:**

Leape her? I lip her, foolish Queene at Armes,

**Beaufort:**

Thy Blazon is false: wilt thou blaspheme thine office?)

**Lovel:**

But, we must take, and vnderstand this loue

**Lovel:**

Along still, as a name of dignity;

**Lovel:**

Not pleasure.

**Host:**

(Mark you that, my light yong Lord?)

**Lovel:**



True loue hath no vnworthy thought, no light,

**Lovel:**

Loose, vn-becoming appetite, or straine,

**Lovel:**

But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

**Beaufort:**

(I relish not these philosophicall feasts:

**Beaufort:**

Giue me a banquet of sense, like that of Ovid:

**Beaufort:**

A forme, to take the eye; a voyce, mine eare;

**Beaufort:**

Pure aromatiques, to my sent; a soft,

**Beaufort:**

Smooth, deinty hand, to touch, and, for my taste,

**Beaufort:**

Ambrosiack kisses, to melt downe the palat.)

**Lovel:**

They are the earthy, lower forme of louers,

**Lovel:**

Are only taken with what strikes the senses!

**Lovel:**

And loue by that loose scale. Although I grant,

**Lovel:**

We like, what is faire and gracefull in an obiect,

*Lovel:*

And (true) would vse it, in the all we tend to,

*Lovel:*

Both of our ciuill, and domestick deedes.

*Lovel:*

In ordering of an army, in our style,

*Lovel:*

Apparell, gesture, building, or what not?

*Lovel:*

All arts, and actions do affect their beauty.

*Lovel:*

But put the case, in trauayle I may meet

*Lovel:*

Some gorgeous Structure, a braue Frontispice,

*Lovel:*

Shall I stay captiue in the outer court,

*Lovel:*

Surpris'd with that, and not aduance to know

*Lovel:*

Who dwels there, and inhabiteth the house?

*Lovel:*

There is my friendship to be made, within;

*Lovel:*

With what can loue me againe: not, with the walles,

*Lovel:*

Dores, windo'es, architrabes, the frieze, and coronice.

**Lovel:**

My end is lost in louing of a face,

**Lovel:**

An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,

**Lovel:**

Whose all is but a statue, if the mind

**Lovel:**

Moue not, which only can make the returne.

**Lovel:**

The end of loue is, to have two made one

**Lovel:**

In will, and in affection, that the mindes

**Lovel:**

Be first inoculated, not the bodies.

**Beaufort:**

Give me the body, if it be a good one.

**Lady Frampul:**

Nay, sweet my Lord, I must appeale the Soueraigne

**Lady Frampul:**

For better quarter; If you hold your practise.

**Stuff:**

Silence, paine of imprisonment: Heare the Court.

**Lovel:**

The bodyes loue is fraile, subiect to change,

**Lovel:**

And alter still, with it: The mindes is firme,

*Lovel:*

One, and the same, proceedeth first, from weighing,

*Lovel:*

And well examining, what is faire, and good;

*Lovel:*

Then, what is like in reason, fit in manners;

*Lovel:*

That breeds good will: good will desire of vnion.

*Lovel:*

So knowledge first, begets beneuolence,

*Lovel:*

Beneuolence breeds friendship, friendship loue.

*Lovel:*

And where it starts or steps aside from this,

*Lovel:*

It is a mere degenerous appetite,

*Lovel:*

A lost, oblique, depraud affection,

*Lovel:*

And beares no marke, or character of Loue.

*Lady Frampul:*

How am I changed! By what alchimy

*Lady Frampul:*

Of loue, or language, am I thus translated!

*Lady Frampul:*

His tongue is tip'd with Philosophers stone,

**Lady Frampul:**

And that hath touch'd me through euery vaine!

**Lady Frampul:**

I feele that transmutation of my blood,

**Lady Frampul:**

As I were quite become another creature,

**Lady Frampul:**

And all he speakes, it is proiection!

**Prudence:**

Well fain'd, my Lady: now her parts begin!

**Latimer:**

And she will act them subtilly.

**Prudence:**

She fails me else.

**Lovel:**

Nor do they trespasse within bounds of pardon,

**Lovel:**

That giuing way, and licence to their loue,

**Lovel:**

Di-uest him of his noblest ornaments,

**Lovel:**

Which are his modesty, and shamefac'tnesse:

**Lovel:**

And so they do, that have vnfit designes,

*Love!*

Upon the parties, they pretend to loue.

*Love!*

For, what is more monstrous, more a prodigie,

*Love!*

Then to heare me protest truth of affection

*Love!*

Vnto a person that I would dishonor?

*Love!*

And what is a more dishonor, then defacing

*Love!*

Anothers good, with forfeiting mine owne?

*Love!*

And drawing on a fellowship of sinne;

*Love!*

From note of which, though (for a while) we may

*Love!*

Be both kept safe, by caution, yet the conscience

*Love!*

Cannot be cleans'd. For what was hitherto

*Love!*

Cal'd by the name of loue, becomes destroyd

*Love!*

Then, with the fact: the innocency lost,

*Love!*

The bating of affection soone will follow:

**Lovel:**

And Loue is neuer true, that is not lasting.

**Lovel:**

No more then any can be pure, or perfect,

**Lovel:**

That entertaines more then one obiect, Dixi.

**Lady Frampul:**

O speake, and speake for\*euer! let mine eare

**Lady Frampul:**

Be feasted still; and filled with this banquet!

**Lady Frampul:**

No sense can euer surfet on such truth!

**Lady Frampul:**

It is the marrow of all louers tenents!

**Lady Frampul:**

Who hath read Pluto, Heliodore, or Tatius,

**Lady Frampul:**

Sydney, D'Vrfe^, or all Loues Fathers, like him?

**Lady Frampul:**

He, is there the Master of the Sentences,

**Lady Frampul:**

Their Schoole, their Commentary, text, and Glosse,

**Lady Frampul:**

And breathes the true diuinity of Loue!

**Prudence:**

Excellent actor! how she hits this passion!

**Lady Frampul:**

Where have I liu'd, in heresie, so long

**Lady Frampul:**

Out of the Congregation of Loue,

**Lady Frampul:**

And stood irregular, by all his Canons?

**Latimer:**

But do you thinke she playes?

**Prudence:**

Upon my Soueraignty,

**Prudence:**

Marke her anon.

**Latimer:**

I shake, and am halfe iealous.

**Lady Frampul:**

What penance shall I do, to be receiu'd,

**Lady Frampul:**

And reconcil'd, to the Church of Loue?

**Lady Frampul:**

Go on procession, bare-foot, to his Image,

**Lady Frampul:**

And say some hundred penitentiall verses,

**Lady Frampul:**

There, out of Chaucers Troilus, and Cresside?

**Lady Frampul:**



Or to his mothers shrine, vow a Waxe–candle

***Lady Frampul:***

As large as the Towne May–pole is, and pay it!

***Lady Frampul:***

Enioyne me any\*thing this Court thinks fit,

***Lady Frampul:***

For I have trespass'd, and blasphemed Loue.

***Lady Frampul:***

I have, indeed, despis'd his Deity,

***Lady Frampul:***

Whom (till this miracle wrought on me) I knew not.

***Lady Frampul:***

Now I adore Loue, and would kisse the rushes

***Lady Frampul:***

That beare this reuerend Gentleman, his Priest,

***Lady Frampul:***

If that would expiate -- but, I feare it will not.

***Lady Frampul:***

For, though he be somewhat strooke in yeares, and old

***Lady Frampul:***

Enough to be my father, he is wise,

***Lady Frampul:***

And onely wise men loue, the other couet.

***Lady Frampul:***

I could begin to be in loue with him,

**Lady Frampul:**

But will not tell him yet, because I hope

**Lady Frampul:**

To enjoy the other houre, with more delight,

**Lady Frampul:**

And proue him farther.

**Prudence:**

Most Socratick Lady!

**Prudence:**

Or, if you will Ironick! give you ioy

**Prudence:**

Of your Platonick loue here, Mr Louel.

**Prudence:**

But pay him his first kisse, yet, in the Court,

**Prudence:**

Which is a debt, and due: For the houre is run.

**Lady Frampul:**

How swift is time, and slily steales away

**Lady Frampul:**

From them would hug it, value it, embrace it?

**Lady Frampul:**

I should have thought it scarce had run ten minutes,

**Lady Frampul:**

When the whole houre is fled. Here, take your kisse, Sir,

**Lady Frampul:**

Which I most willing tender you, in Court.

**Beaufort:**

(And we do imitate -- )

**Lady Frampul:**

And I could wish,

**Lady Frampul:**

It had bene twenty -- so the Soueraignes

**Lady Frampul:**

Poore narrow nature had decreed it so --

**Lady Frampul:**

But that is past, irreuocable, now:

**Lady Frampul:**

She did her kind, according to her latitude --

**Prudence:**

Beware, you do not coniure up a spirit

**Prudence:**

You cannot lay.

**Lady Frampul:**

I dare you, do your worst,

**Lady Frampul:**

Shew me but such an iniustice: I would thanke you

**Lady Frampul:**

To alter your award.

**Latimer:**

Sure she is serious!

**Latimer:**

I shall have another fit of iealousie!

**Latimer:**

I feele a grudging!

**Host:**

Cheare up, noble ghest,

**Host:**

We cannot gesse what this may come to, yet;

**Host:**

The braine of man, or woman, is vncertaine!

**Lovel:**

Tut, she dissembles! All is personated,

**Lovel:**

And counterfeit comes from her! If it were not,

**Lovel:**

The Spanish Monarchy, with both the Indies,

**Lovel:**

Could not buy off the treasure of this kisse,

**Lovel:**

Or halfe giue balance for my happinesse.

**Host:**

Why, as it is yet, it glads my light Heart

**Host:**

To see you rouz'd thus from a sleepy humor,

**Host:**

Of drouzy, accidentall melancholy;

**Host:**

The New Inne

And all those braue parts of your soule awake,

**Host:**

That did before seemed drown'd, and buried in you!

**Host:**

That you expresse your\*self, as you had back'd

**Host:**

The Muses Horse! or got Bellerophons armes!

**Host:**

What newes with Fly?

**Fly:**

Newes, of a newer Lady,

**Fly:**

A finer, fresher, brauer, bonnier beauty,

**Fly:**

A very bona-Roba, and a Bouncer!

**Fly:**

In yeallow, glistering, golden Satten.

**Lady Frampul:**

Pru,

**Lady Frampul:**

Adiourne the Court.

**Prudence:**

Cry Trundle ---

**Stuff:**

Oyez,

## The New Inne

*Stuff:*

Any man, or woman, that hath any personal attendance

*Stuff:*

To giue vnto the Court; Keepe the second houre,

*Stuff:*

And Loue saue the Sou'raigne.

## Act 4

### Scene 1

*Jordan:*

O Barnabe!

*Jug:*

Welcome Barnabe! Where hast thou beene?

*Stuff:*

In the foule weather.

*Jordan:*

Which has wet thee, Ban.

*Stuff:*

As drie as a chip! Good Iug, a cast of thy name,

*Stuff:*

As well as thy office; two iugges!

*Jordan:*

By, and by.

*Jug:*

What Lady is this thou hast brought here?

The New Inne

**Stuff:**

A great Lady!

**Stuff:**

I know no more: one, that will trie you, Iordan.

**Stuff:**

She will finde your gage, your circle, your capacity,

**Stuff:**

How does old Staggers the Smith? and Tree, the Sadler?

**Stuff:**

Keep they their peny-club, stil?

**Jug:**

And the old catch too,

**Jug:**

Of whoop Barnaby —

**Stuff:**

Do they sing at me?

**Jug:**

They are reeling at it, in the parlour, now:

**Stuff:**

I will to them: Give me a drinke first.

**Jug:**

Where is thy hat?

**Stuff:**

I lost it by the way — Give me another.

**Jordan:**

A hat?

*Stuff:*

A drinke.

*Jordan:*

Take heed of taking cold Ban —

*Stuff:*

The wind blew it off at High-gate, and my Lady

*Stuff:*

Would not endure me, light, to take it up,

*Stuff:*

But made me driue bare-headed in the raine.

*Jug:*

That she might be mistaken for a Countesse?

*Stuff:*

Troth, like inough! She might be an o're-grown Dutchesse,

*Stuff:*

For ought I know.

*Jordan:*

What! with one man!

*Stuff:*

At a time,

*Stuff:*

They cary no more, the best of them.

*Jug:*

Nor the brauest.

*Stuff:*

And she is very braue!



**Jug:**

A stately gowne!

**Jug:**

And peticote, she has on!

**Stuff:**

Have you spi'd that, Iordan?

**Stuff:**

You are a notable peerer, an old Rabbi,

**Stuff:**

At a smocks–hem, boy.

**Jordan:**

As he is Chamberlane,

**Jordan:**

He may do that, by his place.

**Jug:**

What is her Squire?

**Stuff:**

A toy, that she allowes eight–pence a day.

**Stuff:**

A slight Man–net, to port her, up, and downe.

**Stuff:**

Come shew me to my play–fellowes, old Staggers,

**Stuff:**

And father Tree.

**Stuff:**

Here, this way, Barnabe.

## Scene 2

*Tipto:*

Come, let us take in fresco, here, one quart.

*Burst:*

Two quarts, my man of war, let us not be stinted.

*Huffle:*

Advance three iordans, varlet of the house.

*Tipto:*

I do not like your Burst, Bird; he is sawcy:

*Tipto:*

Some shop-keeper he was?

*Fly:*

Yes, Sir.

*Tipto:*

I knew it.

*Tipto:*

A broke-wing'd Shop-keeper? I nose them, streight.

*Tipto:*

He had no Father, I warrant him, that durst own him;

*Tipto:*

Some foundling in a stall, or the Church porch;

*Tipto:*

Brought up in the Hospitall; and so bound Prentise;

The New Inne

**Tipto:**

Then Master of a shop; then one of the Inquest;

**Tipto:**

Then breakes out Bankrupt; or starts Alderman:

**Tipto:**

The originall of both is a Church-porch --

**Fly:**

Of some, my Colonel.

**Tipto:**

Good fayth, of most!

**Tipto:**

Of your shop Citizens, they are rude Animals!

**Tipto:**

And let them get but ten mile out of towne

**Tipto:**

They out\*swagger all the wapen-take.

**Fly:**

What is that?

**Tipto:**

A Saxon word, to signifie the hundred.

**Burst:**

Come let us drinke, Sir Glorious, some braue health

**Burst:**

Upon our tip-toos.

**Tipto:**

To the health of the Bursts.

**Burst:**

Why Bursts?

**Tipto:**

Why Tipto's?

**Burst:**

O I cry you mercy!

**Tipto:**

It is sufficient.

**Huffle:**

What is so sufficient?

**Tipto:**

To drinke to you is sufficient.

**Huffle:**

On what terms?

**Tipto:**

That you shall giue security to pledge me.

**Huffle:**

So you will name no Spaniard, I will pledge you.

**Tipto:**

I rather choose to thirst: and will thirst euer,

**Tipto:**

Then leaue that creame of nations, vn-cry'd up.

**Tipto:**

Perish all wine, and gust of wine.

**Huffle:**

How spill it?

**Huffle:**

Spill it at me?

**Tipto:**

I wrek not, but I spilt it.

**Fly:**

Nay pray you be quiet, noble bloods.

**Burst:**

No Spaniards,

**Burst:**

I crie, with my cossen Huffle.

**Huffle:**

Spaniards? Pilchers?

**Tipto:**

Do not prouoke my patient blade. It sleep's,

**Tipto:**

And would not heare thee: Huffle, thou art rude,

**Tipto:**

And dost not know the Spanish composition.

**Burst:**

What is the Recipe? Name the ingredients.

**Tipto:**

Valor.

**Burst:**

Two ounces!

**Tipto:**

Prudence.

***Burst:***

Half a dram!

***Tipto:***

Iustice.

***Burst:***

A peny weight!

***Tipto:***

Religion.

***Burst:***

Three scruples!

***Tipto:***

And of grauida'd

***Burst:***

A face-full!

***Tipto:***

He carries such a dose of it in his lookes,

***Tipto:***

Actions, and gestures, as it breeds respect,

***Tipto:***

To him, from Sauages, and reputation

***Tipto:***

With all the sonnes of men.

***Burst:***

Will it giue him credit

The New Inne

**Burst:**

With Gamesters, Courtiers, Citizens, or Tradesmen?

**Tipto:**

He will borrow money on the stroke of his beard!

**Tipto:**

Or turne off his Mustaccio! His meere Cuello,

**Tipto:**

Or ruff about his necke in a Bill of Exchange

**Tipto:**

In any Banke, in Europe! Not a Marchant

**Tipto:**

That sees his gate, but straight will furnish him

**Tipto:**

Upon his pase!

**Huffle:**

I have heard the Spanish name

**Huffle:**

Is terrible, to children in some Countries;

**Huffle:**

And vs'd to make them eat — their bread and butter:

**Huffle:**

Or take their worm—seed.

**Tipto:**

Huffle, you do shuffle:  
to them: Stuffe, Pinnacia.

**Burst:**

Slid here is a Lady!

**Huffle:**

And a Lady gay!

**Tipto:**

A well-trimm'd Lady!

**Huffle:**

Let us lay her a\*board.

**Burst:**

Let us haile her first.

**Tipto:**

By your sweet fauour, Lady,

**Stuff:**

Good Gentlemen be ciuill, we are strangers.

**Burst:**

If you were Flemmings, Sir!

**Huffle:**

Or Spaniards!

**Tipto:**

They are here, have beene at Seuil in their dayes,

**Tipto:**

And at Madrid too!

**Pinnacia:**

He is a foolish fellow,

**Pinnacia:**

I pray you minde him not, He is my Protection.

**Tipto:**



The New Inne

In your protection, he is safe, sweet Lady.

**Tipto:**

So shall you be, in mine.

**Huffle:**

A share, good Coronell.

**Tipto:**

Of what?

**Huffle:**

Of your fine Lady! I am Hodge,

**Huffle:**

My name is Huffle.

**Tipto:**

Huffling Hodge, be quiet.

**Burst:**

And I pray you, be you so, Glorious Coronel,

**Burst:**

Hodge Huffle shall be quiet.

**Huffle:**

A Lady gay, gay.

**Huffle:**

For she is a Lady gay, gay, gay. For she is a Lady gay.

**Tipto:**

Bird of the Vespers, Vespertilio, Burst;

**Tipto:**

You are a Gentleman, of the first head.

**Tipto:**

But that head may be broke, as all the Body is —

**Tipto:**

Burst, if you tie not up your Huffle, quickly.

**Huffle:**

Tie dogs, not man.

**Burst:**

Nay pray thee, Hodge,

**Tipto:**

This steele here rides not, on this thigh, in vaine.

**Huffle:**

Shew'st thou thy steele, and thigh, thou glorious Dirt,

**Huffle:**

Then Hodge sings Sampson, and no ties shall hold.  
Pierce, Iug. Iorden. (To them.)

**Pierce:**

Keepe the peace gentlemen: what did you mean?

**Tipto:**

I will not discompose my\*selfe, for Huffle.

**Pinnacia:**

You see what your entreaty, and pressure still

**Pinnacia:**

Of gentlemen, to be ciuill, doth bring on?

**Pinnacia:**

A quarrell? and perhaps man—slaughter? You

**Pinnacia:**

Will carry your goose about you, stil? your planing iron!

*Pinnacia:*

Your tongue to smooth all! is not here fine stuffe!

*Stuff:*

Why wife?

*Pinnacia:*

Your wife? have not I forbidden you that?

*Pinnacia:*

Do you thinke I will call you husband in this gowne,

*Pinnacia:*

Or any\*thing, in that iacket, but Protection?

*Pinnacia:*

Here tie my shooe; and shew my vellute petticote,

*Pinnacia:*

And my silke stocking! why do you make me a Lady,

*Pinnacia:*

If I may not do like a Lady, in fine clothes.

*Stuff:*

Sweet heart, you may do what you will, with me.

*Pinnacia:*

Aye; I knew that at home; what to do with you;

*Pinnacia:*

But why was I brought hither? to see fashions?

*Stuff:*

And weare them too, sweet heart, but this wild Company --

*Pinnacia:*

Why do you bring me in wild Company?

***Pinnacia:***

You would have me tame, and ciuill, in wild Company?

***Pinnacia:***

I hope I know, wild Company are fine Company,

***Pinnacia:***

And in fine Company, where I am fine my\*self,

***Pinnacia:***

A Lady may do any\*thing, deny nothing

***Pinnacia:***

To a fine party, I have heard you say it.  
To them Peirce.

***Pierce:***

There are a Company of Ladies aboue

***Pierce:***

Desire your Ladiships Company, and to take

***Pierce:***

The surety of their lodgings, from the affront

***Pierce:***

Of these halfe-beasts, were here een now, the Centaures,

***Pinnacia:***

Are they fine Ladies?

***Pierce:***

Some very fine Ladies.

***Pinnacia:***

As fine as I?

The New Inne

**Pierce:**

I dare vse no comparisons,

**Pierce:**

Being a seruant, sent —

**Pinnacia:**

Spoke, like a fine fellow!

**Pinnacia:**

I would thou wert one; I would not then deny thee:

**Pinnacia:**

But, thank thy Lady.  
To them Host.

**Host:**

Madam, I must craue you

**Host:**

To afford a Lady a visit, would excuse

**Host:**

Some harshnesse of the house, you have receiu'd

**Host:**

From the brute ghests.

**Pinnacia:**

This is a fine old man!

**Pinnacia:**

I would go with him if he were a little finer!

**Stuff:**

You may sweet heart, it is mine Host.

**Pinnacia:**

Scene 2

mine Host!

*Host:*

Yes madame, I must bid you welcom.

*Pinnacia:*

Do then.

*Stuff:*

But do not stay.

*Pinnacia:*

I will be aduis'd by you, yes!

### Scene 3

*Pinnacia:*

To them Latimer. Beaufort. Lady. Pru. Frank.

*Pinnacia:*

Host. Pinnacia. Stuffe.

*Pinnacia:*

What more then Thracian Barbarisme was this!

*Latimer:*

The battayle of the Centaures, with the Lapithes!

*Beaufort:*

There is no taming of the Monster drinke.

*Lady Frampul:*

But what a glorious beast our Tipto shew'd!

*Lady Frampul:*

He would not discompose himselfe, the Don!

**Lady Frampul:**

Your Spaniard, nere, doth discompose himselfe.

**Beaufort:**

Yet, how he talkt, and ror'd, in the beginning?

**Prudence:**

And ran as fast, as a knock'd Marro-bone.

**Beaufort:**

So they did all at last, when Louel went downe,

**Beaufort:**

And chas'd them bout the Court.

**Latimer:**

For all his Don Lewis!

**Latimer:**

Or fencing after Euclide!

**Lady Frampul:**

I nere saw

**Lady Frampul:**

A lightning shoot so, as my seruant did,

**Lady Frampul:**

His rapier was a Meteor, and he wau'd it

**Lady Frampul:**

Ouer them, like a Comet! as they fled him!

**Lady Frampul:**

I mark'd his manhood! euery stoope he made

**Lady Frampul:**

Was like an Eagles, at a flight of Cranes!

**Lady Frampul:**

(As I have read somewhere.)

**Beaufort:**

Brauely exprest;

**Latimer:**

And like a Louer!

**Lady Frampul:**

Of his valour, I am!

**Lady Frampul:**

He seem'd a body, rarifi'd, to ayre!

**Lady Frampul:**

Or that his sword, and arme were of a peece,

**Lady Frampul:**

They went together so! Here, comes the Lady.

**Beaufort:**

A bouncing Bona-ropa! as the Flie sayd.

**Frank:**

She is some Giantesse! I will stand off,

**Frank:**

For feare she swallow me.

**Lady Frampul:**

Is not this our Gowne, Pru?

**Lady Frampul:**

That I bespoke of Stuffe?

**Prudence:**

It is the fashion!



**Lady Frampul:**

Aye, and the Silke! Feele, sure it is the same!

**Prudence:**

And the same Peticote, lace, and all!

**Lady Frampul:**

I will sweare it.

**Lady Frampul:**

How came it hither? make a bill of inquiry.

**Prudence:**

You have a fine sute on, Madam! and a rich one!

**Lady Frampul:**

And of a curious making!

**Prudence:**

And a new!

**Pinnacia:**

As new, as Day.

**Latimer:**

She answers like a fish-wife.

**Pinnacia:**

I put it on, since Noone, I do assure you.

**Prudence:**

Who is your Taylor?

**Lady Frampul:**

'Pray you, your Fashioners name.

**Pinnacia:**

The New Inne

My Fashioner is a certaine man of mine owne,

***Pinnacia:***

He is in the house: no matter for his name.

***Host:***

O, but to satisfie this beuy of Ladies:

***Host:***

Of which a brace, here, long'd to bid you well-come

***Pinnacia:***

He is one, in truth, I tittle my Protection:

***Pinnacia:***

Bid him come up.

***Host:***

Our new Ladies Protection!

***Host:***

What is your Ladiships stile?

***Pinnacia:***

Countesse Pinnaccia.

***Host:***

Countesse Pinnacias man, come to your Lady.

***Prudence:***

Your Ladiships Taylor! mas, Stuffe!

***Lady Frampul:***

How Stuffe?

***Lady Frampul:***

He the Protection!

**Host:**

Stuffe lookes like a remnant.

**Stuff:**

I am vndone, discouerd!

**Prudence:**

It is the suit, Madame,

**Prudence:**

Now, without scruple! and this, some devise

**Prudence:**

To bring it home with.

**Pinnacia:**

Why, upon your knees?

**Pinnacia:**

Is this your Lady Godmother?

**Stuff:**

Mum, Pinnacia,

**Stuff:**

It is the Lady Frampol: my best customer.

**Lady Frampul:**

What shew is this, that you present us with?

**Stuff:**

I do beseech your Ladiship, forgiue me.

**Stuff:**

She did but say the suit on.

**Lady Frampul:**

Who? Which she?

**Stuff:**

My wife forsooth.

**Lady Frampul:**

How? Mistresse Stuffe? Your wife!

**Lady Frampul:**

Is that the riddle?

**Prudence:**

We all look'd for a Lady,

**Prudence:**

A Dutchesse, or a Countesse at the least.

**Stuff:**

She is my owne lawfully begotten wife,

**Stuff:**

In wedlocke. We have beene coupled now seuen yeares.

**Lady Frampul:**

And why thus mas'qd? You like a footman, ha!

**Lady Frampul:**

And she your Countesse!

**Pinnacia:**

To make a foole of him.

**Pinnacia:**

And of me too.

**Stuff:**

I pray thee, Pinnace, peace,

**Pinnacia:**

Nay it shall out, since you have cald me wife,

*Pinnacia:*

And openly dis-Ladied me! though I am dis-Countess'd

*Pinnacia:*

I am not yet dis-countenanc'd. These shall see.

*Host:*

Silence!

*Pinnacia:*

It is a foolish tricke Madame, he has;

*Pinnacia:*

For though he be your Taylour, he is my beast.

*Pinnacia:*

I may be bold with him, and tell his story.

*Pinnacia:*

When he makes any fine garment will fit me,

*Pinnacia:*

Or any rich thing that he thinks of price,

*Pinnacia:*

Then must I put it on, and be his Countesse,

*Pinnacia:*

Before he carry it it home vnto the owners.

*Pinnacia:*

A coach is hir'd, and foure horse, he runnes

*Pinnacia:*

In his veluet Iackat thus, to Rumford, Croyden,

*Pinnacia:*

The New Inne

Hounslow, or Barnet, the next bawdy road:

***Pinnacia:***

And takes me out, carries me up, and throw's me

***Pinnacia:***

Upon a bed.

***Lady Frampul:***

Peace thou immodest woman:

***Lady Frampul:***

She glories in the brauery of the vice.

***Latimer:***

It is a quaint one!

***Beaufort:***

A fine species,

***Beaufort:***

Of fornicating with a mans owne wife,

***Beaufort:***

Found out by (what is his name?)

***Latimer:***

Mr Nic% Stuffe!

***Host:***

The very figure of preoccupation

***Host:***

In all his customers best clothes.

***Latimer:***

He lies

***Latimer:***

With his owne Succuba, in all your names.

***Beaufort:***

And all your credits.

***Host:***

I, and at all their costs.

***Latimer:***

This gown was then bespoken, for the Soueraigne?

***Beaufort:***

Aye marry was it.

***Lady Frampul:***

And a maine offence,

***Lady Frampul:***

Committed 'gainst the soueraignty: being not brought

***Lady Frampul:***

Home in the time. Beside, the prophanation,

***Lady Frampul:***

Which may call on the censure of the Court.

***Host:***

Let him be blanketed. Call up the Quarter-master.

***Host:***

Deliuier him ore, to Flie.

***Stuff:***

O good my Lord.

***Host:***

Pillage the Pinnace.

**Lady Frampul:**

Let his wife be stript.

**Beaufort:**

Blow off her vpper deck.

**Latimer:**

Teare all her tackle.

**Lady Frampul:**

Pluck the polluted robes ouer her eares;

**Lady Frampul:**

Or cut them all to pieces, make a fire of them:

**Prudence:**

To rags, and cinders, burn the idolatrous vestures.

**Host:**

Flie, and your fellowes, see that the whole censure

**Host:**

Be throughly executed.

**Fly:**

We will tosse him, brauely.

**Fly:**

Till the stuffe stinke againe.

**Host:**

And send her home,

**Host:**

Diuested to her flanell, in a cart.

**Latimer:**

And let her Footman beat the bason afore her.



***Fly:***

The Court shall be obei'd.

***Host:***

Fly, and his officers

***Host:***

Will do it fiercely.

***Stuff:***

Mercifull queene Pru.

***Prudence:***

I cannot help you.

***Beaufort:***

Go thy wayes Nic% Stuffe,

***Beaufort:***

Thou hast nickt it for a fashioner of Venery!

***Latimer:***

For his owne hell! though he run ten mile for it.

***Prudence:***

O here comes Louel, for his second houre.

***Beaufort:***

And after him, the tipe of Spanish valour.

## **Scene 4**

***Lady Frampul:***

Seruant, what have you there?

***Lovel:***

A meditation,

**Lovel:**

Or rather a vision, Madam, and of Beauty

**Lovel:**

Our former subiect.

**Lady Frampul:**

Pay you let us heare it.

**Lovel:**

It was a beauty that I saw

**Lovel:**

So pure, so perfect, as the frame

**Lovel:**

Of all the vniuerse was lame,

**Lovel:**

To that one figure, could I draw,

**Lovel:**

Or giue least line of it a law!

**Lovel:**

A skeine of silke without a knot!

**Lovel:**

A faire march made without a halt!

**Lovel:**

A curious forme without a fault!

**Lovel:**

A printed booke without a blot.

***Lovel:***

All beauty, and without a spot.

***Lady Frampul:***

They are gentle words, and would deserue a note,

***Lady Frampul:***

Set to them, as gentle.

***Lovel:***

I have tri'd my skill.

***Lovel:***

To close the second houre, if you will heare them,

***Lovel:***

My boy by that time will have got it perfect.

***Lady Frampul:***

Yes, gentle seruant. In what calme he speakes,

***Lady Frampul:***

After this noise, a tumult, so vnmou'd,

***Lady Frampul:***

With that serenity of countenance,

***Lady Frampul:***

As it his thoughts did acquiesce in that

***Lady Frampul:***

Which is the obiect of the second houre,

***Lady Frampul:***

And nothing else.

***Prudence:***

Well then summon the Court.

**Lady Frampul:**

I have a sute to the Soueraigne of loue,

**Lady Frampul:**

If it may stand with the honour of the Court,

**Lady Frampul:**

To change the question but from loue, to valour,

**Lady Frampul:**

To heare, it said, but, what true valour is,

**Lady Frampul:**

Which oft begets true loue.

**Latimer:**

It is a question

**Latimer:**

Fit for the Court, to take true knowledge of,

**Latimer:**

And hath my iust assent.

**Prudence:**

Content

**Beaufort:**

Content.

**Frank:**

Content. I am content, giue him his oath.

**Host:**

Herebert Louel, Thou shalt sweare upon the testament

**Host:**

of loue, To make answer to this question propounded

*Host:*

to thee by the Court, What true valour is.

*Host:*

And therein to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing

*Host:*

but the truth. So help thee loue, and thy bright

*Host:*

sword at need.

*Lovel:*

So help me loue and my good sword at need.

*Lovel:*

It is the greatest vertue, and the safety

*Lovel:*

Of all mankinde, the obiect of it is danger.

*Lovel:*

A certaine meane 'twixt feare, and confidence:

*Lovel:*

No inconsiderate rashnesse, or vaine appetite

*Lovel:*

Of false encountring formidable things;

*Lovel:*

But a true science of distinguishing

*Lovel:*

What is good or euill. It springs out of reason,

*Lovel:*

And tends to perfect honesty, the scope

**Lovel:**

Is alwayes honour, and the publique good:

**Lovel:**

It is no valour for a priuate cause.

**Beaufort:**

No? not for reputation?

**Lovel:**

That is mans Idoll,

**Lovel:**

Set up 'gainst God, the maker of all lawes,

**Lovel:**

Who hath commanded us we should not kill;

**Lovel:**

And yet we say, we must for reputation.

**Lovel:**

What honest man can either feare his owne,

**Lovel:**

Or else will hurt anothers reputation?

**Lovel:**

Feare to do base, vnworthy things, is valour,

**Lovel:**

If they be done to us, to suffer them,

**Lovel:**

Is valour too. The office of a man

***Level:***

That is truly valiant, is considerable

***Level:***

Three wayes: The first is in respect of matter,

***Level:***

Which still is danger; in respect of forme,

***Level:***

Wherein he must preserue his dignity;

***Level:***

And in the end, which must be euer lawfull.

***Latimer:***

But men, when they are heated, and in passion,

***Latimer:***

Cannot consider.

***Level:***

Then it is not valour.

***Level:***

I neuer thought an angry person valiant:

***Level:***

Vertue is neuer ayded by a vice.

***Level:***

What need is there of anger, and of tumult?

***Level:***

When reason can do the same things, or more?

***Beaufort:***

O yes, it is profitable, and of vse,

**Beaufort:**

It makes us fierce, and fit to vndertake.

**Lovel:**

Why so will drink make us both bold, and rash,

**Lovel:**

Or phrensie if you will, do these make valiant?

**Lovel:**

They are poore helps, and vertue needs them not.

**Lovel:**

No man is valianter by being angry,

**Lovel:**

But he that could not valiant be without:

**Lovel:**

So, that it comes not in the aid of vertue,

**Lovel:**

But in the stead of it.

**Latimer:**

He holds the right.

**Lovel:**

And it is an odious kinde of remedy,

**Lovel:**

To owe our health to a disease.

**Tipto:**

If man

**Tipto:**

Should follow the dictamen of his passion,



**Tipto:**

He could not scape --

**Beaufort:**

To discompose himselfe.

**Latimer:**

According to Don Lewis!

**Host:**

Or Caranza!

**Lovel:**

Good Colonel Glorious, whilst we treat of valour,

**Lovel:**

Dismiss your\*selfe.

**Latimer:**

You are not concern'd.

**Lovel:**

Go drink,

**Lovel:**

And congregate the Hostlers, and the Tapsters,

**Lovel:**

The vnder-officers of your regiment;

**Lovel:**

Compose with them, and be not angry valiant!

Tipto goes out.

**Beaufort:**

How does that differ from true valour?

*Love!*

Thus.

*Love!*

In the efficient, or that which makes it,

*Love!*

For it proceeds from passion, not from iudgement:

*Love!*

Then brute beasts have it, wicked persons, there

*Love!*

It differs in the subject: in the forme,

*Love!*

It is carried rashly, and with violence:

*Love!*

Then in the end, where it respects not truth,

*Love!*

Or publique honesty, but mere reuenge.

*Love!*

Now confident, and vndertaking valour,

*Love!*

Swayes from the true, two other wayes; as being

*Love!*

A trust in our owne faculties, skill, or strength,

*Love!*

And not the right, or conscience of the cause,

*Love!*

That workes it: Then in the end, which is the victory,

**Lovel:**

And not the honour.

**Beaufort:**

But the ignorant valour

**Beaufort:**

That knowes not why it undertakes, but doth it

**Beaufort:**

To escape the infamy merely --

**Lovel:**

Is worst of all:

**Lovel:**

That valour lies, in the eyes of the lookers on;

**Lovel:**

And is cal'd valour with a witnesse.

**Beaufort:**

Right:

**Lovel:**

The things true valour is exercis'd about,

**Lovel:**

Are pouerty, restraint, captiuity,

**Lovel:**

Banishment, losse of children, long disease:

**Lovel:**

The least is death. Here valour is beheld,

**Lovel:**

Properly seene; about these it is present:

*Lovel:*

Not triuiall things, which but require our confidence.

*Lovel:*

And, yet to those, we must obiect our\*selues,

*Lovel:*

Only for honesty: if any other

*Lovel:*

Respect be mixt, we quite put out her light.

*Lovel:*

And as all knowledge, when it is remou'd

*Lovel:*

Or separate from iustice, is cal'd craft,

*Lovel:*

Rather then wisdom: so a minde affecting,

*Lovel:*

Or vndertaking dangers, for ambition,

*Lovel:*

Or any selfe pretext, not for the publique,

*Lovel:*

Deserues the name of daring, not of valour,

*Lovel:*

And ouer-daring is as great a vice,

*Lovel:*

As ouer-fearing.

*Latimer:*

Yes, and often greater.

*Lovel:*

But as is not the mere punishment,

*Lovel:*

But cause that, makes a martyr, so it is not

*Lovel:*

Fighting, or dying; but the manner of it

*Lovel:*

Renders a man himselfe. A valiant man

*Lovel:*

Ought not to vndergoe, or tempt a danger,

*Lovel:*

But worthily, and by selected wayes:

*Lovel:*

He vndertakes with reason, not by chance.

*Lovel:*

His valour is the salt to his other vertues,

*Lovel:*

They are all vnseason'd without it. The waiting maids,

*Lovel:*

Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,

*Lovel:*

His magnanimity, his confidence,

*Lovel:*

His constancy, security, and quiet;

**Lovel:**

He can assure himselfe against all rumour!

**Lovel:**

Despaires of nothing! laughs at contumelies!

**Lovel:**

As knowing himselfe, aduanced in a height

**Lovel:**

Where iniury cannot reach him, nor aspersion

**Lovel:**

Touch him with soyle!

**Lady Frampul:**

Most manly vtterd all!

**Lady Frampul:**

As if Achilles had the chaire in valour,

**Lady Frampul:**

And Hercules were but a Lecturer!

**Lady Frampul:**

Who would not hang upon those lips for\*euere!

**Lady Frampul:**

That strike such musique? I could run on them;

**Lady Frampul:**

But modesty is such a schoole mistresse,

**Lady Frampul:**

To keepe our sexe in awe.

**Prudence:**

Or you can faine! my

***Prudence:***

Subtill and dissembling Lady mistresse.

***Latimer:***

I feare she meanes it, Pru, in too good earnest!

***Lovel:***

The purpose of an iniury it is to vexe

***Lovel:***

And trouble me: now, nothing can do that,

***Lovel:***

To him that is valiant. He that is affected

***Lovel:***

With the least iniury, is lesse then it.

***Lovel:***

It is but reasonable, to conclude

***Lovel:***

That should be stronger, still, which hurts, then that

***Lovel:***

Which is hurt. Now no wickednesse is stronger,

***Lovel:***

Then what opposeth it: Not Fortunes selfe,

***Lovel:***

When she encounters vertue, but comes off

***Lovel:***

Both lame, and lesse! why should a wise man then,

***Lovel:***

Confesse himselfe the weaker, by the feeling

*Lovel:*

Of a fooles wrong? There may an iniury

*Lovel:*

Be meant me, I may choose, if I will take it,

*Lovel:*

But we are, now, come to that delicacie,

*Lovel:*

And tendernesse of sense, we thinke an insolence

*Lovel:*

Worse then an iniury, beare words worse then deeds,

*Lovel:*

We are not so much troubled with the wrong,

*Lovel:*

As with the opinion of the wrong! like children,

*Lovel:*

We are made afraid with visors! Such poore sounds

*Lovel:*

As is the lie, or common words of spight.

*Lovel:*

Wise lawes thought neuer worthy a reuenge;

*Lovel:*

And it is the narrownesse of humane nature,

*Lovel:*

Our pouerty, and beggery of spirit,

*Lovel:*



The New Inne

To take exception at these things. He laugh'd at me!

*Lovel:*

He broke a iest! a third tooke place of me!

*Lovel:*

How most ridiculous quarrels are all these?

*Lovel:*

Notes of a queasie, and sick stomach, labouring

*Lovel:*

With want of a true iniury! The maine part

*Lovel:*

Of the wrong, is, our vice of taking it.

*Latimer:*

Or our interpreting it to be such.

*Lovel:*

You take it rightly. If a woman, or child

*Lovel:*

Giue me the lie, would I be angry? no,

*Lovel:*

Not if I were in my wits, sure I should thinke it

*Lovel:*

No spice of a disgrace. No more is theirs,

*Lovel:*

If I will thinke it, who are to be held

*Lovel:*

In as contemptible a ranke, or worse.

*Love!*

I am kept out a Masque, sometime thrust out,

*Love!*

Made wait a day, two, three, for a great word,

*Love!*

Which (when it comes forth) is all frown, and forehead!

*Love!*

What laughter should this breed, rather than anger!

*Love!*

Out of the tumult, of so many errors,

*Love!*

To feele, with contemplation, mine owne quiet?

*Love!*

If a great person do me an affront,

*Love!*

A Giant of the time, sure, I will beare it

*Love!*

Or out of patience, or necessity!

*Love!*

Shall I do more for feare, then for my iudgement?

*Love!*

For me now to be angry with Hodge Huffle,

*Love!*

Or Burst (his broken charge) if he be sawcy,

*Love!*

Or our owne type of Spanish valour, Tipto,

*Lovel:*

(Who were he now necessited to beg

*Lovel:*

Would aske an almes, like Conde Oliuares)

*Lovel:*

Were iust to make my\*selfe, such a vaine Animal

*Lovel:*

As one of them. If light wrongs touch me not,

*Lovel:*

No more shall great; if not a few, not many.

*Lovel:*

There is nought so sacred with us but may finde

*Lovel:*

A sacrilegious person, yet the thing is

*Lovel:*

No lesse diuine, cause the prophane can reach it.

*Lovel:*

He is shot free, in battayle, is not hurt,

*Lovel:*

Not he that is not hit. So he is valiant,

*Lovel:*

That yeelds not vnto wrongs, not he that scapes them:

*Lovel:*

They that do pull downe Churches, and deface

*Lovel:*

The holiest Altars, cannot hurt the God-head.

*Love!*

A calme wise man may shew as much true valour,

*Love!*

Amid'st these popular prouocations,

*Love!*

As can an able Captaine shew security,

*Love!*

By his braue conduct, through an enemies country.

*Love!*

A wise man neuer goes the peoples way,

*Love!*

But as the Planets still moue contrary

*Love!*

To the worlds motion; so doth he, to opinion:

*Love!*

He will examine, if those accidents

*Love!*

(Which common fame cal's iniuries) happen to him

*Love!*

Deseruedly, or no? come they deseruedly,

*Love!*

They are no wrongs then, but his punishments:

*Love!*

If vnderdeseruedly, and he not guilty,

*Love!*

The New Inne

The dor of them, first, should blush, not he.

***Latimer:***

Excellent!

***Beaufort:***

Truth, and right!

***Frank:***

An Oracle

***Frank:***

Could not have spoken more!

***Lady Frampul:***

Beene more beleeu'd!

***Prudence:***

The whole Court runnes into your sentence, Sir!

***Prudence:***

And see, your second houre is almost ended.

***Lady Frampul:***

It cannot be! O clip the wings of time,

***Lady Frampul:***

Good Pru, or make him stand still with a charme.

***Lady Frampul:***

Distill the gout into it, cramps, all diseases

***Lady Frampul:***

To arrest him in the foot, and fix him here:

***Lady Frampul:***

O, for an engine, to keepe backe all clocks!

**Lady Frampul:**

Or make the Sunne forget his motion!

**Lady Frampul:**

If I but knew what drinke the Time now lou'd,

**Lady Frampul:**

To set my Trundle at him, mine owne Barnabe!

**Prudence:**

Why? I will consult our Shelee\*nien, To-mas.

**Nurse:**

Er grae Chreest.

**Beaufort:**

Wake her not.

**Nurse:**

Tower een Cuppan

**Nurse:**

D'usque bagh doone.

**Prudence:**

D'vsque bagh's her drinke.

**Prudence:**

But it will not make the time drunke.

**Host:**

As it hath her,

**Host:**

Away with her, my Lord, but marry her first.

**Prudence:**

Aye, that will be sport anone too, for my Lady.

**Prudence:**

But she hath other game to fly at yet:

**Prudence:**

The houre is come, your kisse.

**Lady Frampul:**

My seruants song first.

**Prudence:**

I say the kisse, first, and I so enioyn'd it:

**Prudence:**

At your owne perill, do, make the contempt.

**Lady Frampul:**

Well Sir, you must be pay'd, and legally.

**Prudence:**

Nay nothing, Sir, beyond.

**Lovel:**

One more — I except.

**Lovel:**

This was but halfe a kisse, and I would change it.

**Prudence:**

The Court is dissolu'd, remou'd, and the play ended.

**Prudence:**

No sound, or aire of Loue more, I decree it.

**Lovel:**

From what a happinesse hath that one word

**Lovel:**

Throwne me, into the gulfe of misery?

*Lovel:*

To what a bottomlesse despaire? how like

*Lovel:*

A Court remoouing, or an ended Play

*Lovel:*

Shewes, my abrupt precipitate estate,

*Lovel:*

By how much more my vaine hopes were encreas'd

*Lovel:*

By these false houres of conuersation?

*Lovel:*

Did not I prophesie this, of my\*selfe,

*Lovel:*

And gaue the true prognosticks? o my braine!

*Lovel:*

How art thou turned! and my blood congeald!

*Lovel:*

My sinewes slackned! and my marrow melted!

*Lovel:*

That I remember not where I have bin,

*Lovel:*

Or what I am? Only my tongue is on fire;

*Lovel:*

And burning downward, hurles forth coales, and cinders,

*Lovel:*



The New Inne

To tell, this temple of loue, will soone be ashes!

*Lovel:*

Come Indignation, now, and be my mistresse,

*Lovel:*

No more of Loues ingratefull tyranny.

*Lovel:*

His wheele of torture, and his pits of bird-lime,

*Lovel:*

His nets of nooses, whirle-pooles of vexation,

*Lovel:*

His mils, to grind his seruants into powder —

*Lovel:*

I will go catch the wind first in a sieue,

*Lovel:*

Weigh smoak, and measure shadowes, plough the water,

*Lovel:*

And sow my hopes there, ere I stay in Loue.

*Lady Frampul:*

My iealousie is off, I am now secure.

*Lovel:*

Farewell the craft of crocodiles, womens piety,

*Lovel:*

And practise of it, in this art of flattering,

*Lovel:*

And foolish men. I have not lost my reason,

The New Inne

*Lovel:*

Though I have lent my\*selfe out, for two howres,

*Lovel:*

Thus to be baffuld by a Chambermaid,

*Lovel:*

And the good Actor, her Lady, afore mine Host,

*Lovel:*

Of the light Heart, here, that hath laught at all —

*Host:*

Who I?

*Lovel:*

Laugh on, Sir, I will to bed, and sleepe,

*Lovel:*

And dreame away the vapour of Loue, if the house

*Lovel:*

And your leere drunkards let me.

*Lady Frampul:*

Pru.

*Prudence:*

Sweet Madame.

*Lady Frampul:*

Why would you let him go thus?

*Prudence:*

In whose power

*Prudence:*

Was it to stay him, prop'rer then my Ladies!

**Lady Frampul:**

Why, in her Ladies? Are not you the Soueraigne?

**Prudence:**

Would you, in conscience, Madame, have me vexe

**Prudence:**

His patience more?

**Lady Frampul:**

Not but apply the cure,

**Lady Frampul:**

Now it is vex't.

**Prudence:**

That is but one bodies worke.

**Prudence:**

Two cannot do the same thing handsomely.

**Lady Frampul:**

But had not you the authority, absolute?

**Prudence:**

And were not you in rebellion, Lady Frampal,

**Prudence:**

From the beginning?

**Lady Frampul:**

I was somewhat froward,

**Lady Frampul:**

I must confesse, but frowardnesse sometime

**Lady Frampul:**

Becomes a beauty, being but a visor

***Lady Frampul:***

Put on. You will let a Lady weare her masque, Pru.

***Prudence:***

But how do I know, when her Ladiship is pleas'd

***Prudence:***

To leaue it off, except she tell me so?

***Lady Frampul:***

You might have knowne that by my lookes, and language,

***Lady Frampul:***

Had you beene or regardant, or observant.

***Lady Frampul:***

One woman, reads anothers character,

***Lady Frampul:***

Without the tedious trouble of deciphering:

***Lady Frampul:***

If she but giue her mind to it, you knew well,

***Lady Frampul:***

It could not sort with any reputation

***Lady Frampul:***

Of mine, to come in first, hauing stood out

***Lady Frampul:***

So long, without conditions, for mine honor.

***Prudence:***

I thought you did expect none, you so jeer'd him,

***Prudence:***

And put him off with scorne —

**Lady Frampul:**

Who, I, with scorn?

**Lady Frampul:**

I did expresse my loue, to idolatry rather,

**Lady Frampul:**

And so am iustly plagu'd, not vnderstood.

**Prudence:**

I sweare, I thought you had dissembled, Madam,

**Prudence:**

And doubt, you do so yet.

**Lady Frampul:**

Dull, stupid, wench!

**Lady Frampul:**

Stay in thy state of ignorance still, be damn'd,

**Lady Frampul:**

An idiot Chambermayd! Hath all my care,

**Lady Frampul:**

My breeding thee in fashion, thy rich clothes,

**Lady Frampul:**

Honours, and titles wrought no brighter effects

**Lady Frampul:**

On thy darke soule, then thus? Well! go thy wayes,

**Lady Frampul:**

Were not the Tailors wife, to be demolish'd,

**Lady Frampul:**

Ruin'd, vncas'd, thou shouldst be she, I vow.

**Prudence:**

Why, take your spangled properties, your gown,

**Prudence:**

And scarfes.

**Lady Frampul:**

Pru, Pru, what doest thou meane?

**Prudence:**

I will not buy this play–boyes brauery,

**Prudence:**

At such a price, to be vpbraided for it,

**Prudence:**

Thus, euery minute.

**Lady Frampul:**

Take it not to heart so.

**Prudence:**

The Taylors wife? There was a word of scorn!

**Lady Frampul:**

It was a word fell from me, Pru, by chance.

**Prudence:**

Good Madame, please to vndeceau your\*selfe,

**Prudence:**

I know when words do slip, and when they are darterd

**Prudence:**

With all their bitternesse: vncas'd? demolish't?

**Prudence:**

An idiot—Chambermaid, stupid, and dull?

**Prudence:**

Be damn'd for ignorance? I will be so.

**Prudence:**

And thinke I do deserue it, that, and more,

**Prudence:**

Much more I do.

**Lady Frampul:**

Here comes mine Host? No crying

**Lady Frampul:**

Good Pru. Where is my seruant Louel, Host?

**Host:**

You have sent him up to bed, would, you would follow him!

**Host:**

And make my house amends!

**Lady Frampul:**

Would you aduise it?

**Host:**

I would I could command it. My light heart

**Host:**

Should leape till midnight.

**Lady Frampul:**

Pray thee be not sollen,

**Lady Frampul:**

I yet must have thy counsell. Thou shalt weare, Pru,

**Lady Frampul:**

The new gowne, yet.

**Prudence:**

After the Taylours wife?

**Lady Frampul:**

Come, be not angrie, or grieu'd: I have a proiect.

**Host:**

Wake Sheleemien Thomas! Is this your Heraldrie?

**Host:**

And keeping of records, to loose the maine?

**Host:**

Where is your charge?

**Nurse:**

Gra chreest!

**Host:**

Go aske the oracle

**Host:**

Of the bottle, at your girdle, there you lost it:

**Host:**

You are a sober setter of the watch.

## Act 5

### Scene 1

**Host:**

Come Fly, and legacie, the Bird of the heart:



## The New Inne

**Host:**

Prime insect of the Inne, Professor, Quarter–master,

**Host:**

As euer thou deserued'st thy daily drinke,

**Host:**

Padling in sacke, and licking in the same,

**Host:**

Now shew thy\*selfe an implement of price,

**Host:**

And helpe to raise a nap to us, out of nothing.

**Host:**

Thou saw'st them married?

**Fly:**

I do thinke, I did,

**Fly:**

And heard the words, Philip, I take thee, La\*etice,

**Fly:**

I gaue her too, was then the father Flie,

**Fly:**

And heard the Priest do his part, far as fiue nobles

**Fly:**

Would lead him in the lines of matrimonie.

**Host:**

Where were they married?

**Fly:**

Act 5

The New Inne

In the new stable,

*Host:*

Ominous!

*Host:*

I have knowne many a church beene made a stable,

*Host:*

But not a stable made a church till now:

*Host:*

I wish them ioy. Fly, was he a full priest?

*Fly:*

He belly'd for it, had his veluet sleeues,

*Fly:*

And his branch'd cassock, a side sweeping gowne,

*Fly:*

All his formalities, a good cramm'd diuine!

*Fly:*

I went not farre to fetch him, the next Inne,

*Fly:*

Where he was lodg'd, for the action.

*Host:*

Had they a licence?

*Fly:*

Licence of loue, I saw no other, and purse,

*Fly:*

To pay the duties both of Church, and house,

The New Inne

*Fly:*

The angels flew about.

*Host:*

Those birds send luck:

*Host:*

And mirth will follow. I had thought to have sacrific'd,

*Host:*

To merriment to\*night, in my light Heart, Fly,

*Host:*

And like a noble Poet, to have had

*Host:*

My last act best: but all failes in the plot.

*Host:*

Louel is gone to bed; the Lady Frampull

*Host:*

And Soueraigne Pru falne out: Tipto, and his Regiment

*Host:*

Of mine-men, all drunk dumbe, from his whop Barnaby,

*Host:*

To his hoope Trundle: they are his two Tropicks.

*Host:*

No proiect to reare laughter on, but this,

*Host:*

The marriage of Lord Beaufort, with La\*etitia.

*Host:*

Stay! what is here! The sattin gowne redeem'd!

*Host:*

And Pru restor'd in it, to her Ladyes grace!

*Fly:*

She is set forth in it! rig'd for some imployment!

*Host:*

An Embassy at least!

*Fly:*

Some treaty of state!

*Host:*

It is a fine tack about! and worth the obseruing.

## Scene 2

*Lady Frampul:*

Sweet Pru, Aye, now thou art a Queene indeed!

*Lady Frampul:*

These robes do royally! and thou becom'st them!

*Lady Frampul:*

So they do thee! rich garments only fit

*Lady Frampul:*

The partyes they are made for! they shame others.

*Lady Frampul:*

How did they shew on good'y Taylors back!

*Lady Frampul:*

Like a Caparison for a Sow, God saue us!

*Lady Frampul:*

They putting them on hath purg'd, and hallow'd them

***Lady Frampul:***

From all pollution, meant by the Mechanicks.

***Prudence:***

Hang him poore snip, a secular shop-wit!

***Prudence:***

He hath nought but his sheeres to claime by, and his measures,

***Prudence:***

His prentise may as well put in, for his needle,

***Prudence:***

And plead a stitch.

***Lady Frampul:***

They have no taint in them,

***Lady Frampul:***

Now of the Taylor.

***Prudence:***

Yes, of his wiues hanches,

***Prudence:***

Thus thick of fat; I smell them, of the say.

***Lady Frampul:***

It is restoratiue, Pru! with thy but chasing it,

***Lady Frampul:***

A barren Hindes grease may worke miracles.

***Lady Frampul:***

Finde but his chamber doore, and he will rise

***Lady Frampul:***

The New Inne

To thee! or if thou pleasest, faine to be

**Lady Frampul:**

The wretched party her\*selfe, and com'st vnto him

**Lady Frampul:**

In forma pauperis, to craue the aide

**Lady Frampul:**

Of his Knight errant valour, to the rescue

**Lady Frampul:**

Of thy distressed robes! name but thy gowne,

**Lady Frampul:**

And he will rise to that!

**Prudence:**

I will fire the charme first,

**Prudence:**

I had rather dye in a ditch, with Mistresse Shore,

**Prudence:**

Without a smock, as the pitifull matter has it,

**Prudence:**

Then owe my wit to cloathes, or have it beholden.

**Host:**

Still spirit of Pru!

**Fly:**

And smelling of the Soueraigne!

**Prudence:**

No, I will tell him as it is, indeed;

***Prudence:***

I come from the fine, froward, frampull Lady,

***Prudence:***

One was runne mad with pride, wild with selfe-loue,

***Prudence:***

But late encountring a wise man, who scorn'd her,

***Prudence:***

And knew the way to his owne bed, without

***Prudence:***

Borrowing her warming-pan, she hath recouerd

***Prudence:***

Part of her wits: so much as to consider

***Prudence:***

How farre she hath trespass'd, upon whom, and how.

***Prudence:***

And now sits penitent and solitary,

***Prudence:***

Like the forsaken Turtle, in the volary

***Prudence:***

Of the light Heart, the cage, she hath abus'd,

***Prudence:***

Mourning her folly, weeping at the height

***Prudence:***

She measures with her eye, from whence she is falne,

***Prudence:***

Since she did branch it, on the top of the wood.

***Lady Frampul:***

I pr'y\*thee Pru, abuse me enough, that is vse me

***Lady Frampul:***

As thou thinkest fit, any course way, to humble me,

***Lady Frampul:***

Or bring me home againe, or Louel on:

***Lady Frampul:***

Thou doest not know my suffrings, what I feele,

***Lady Frampul:***

My fires, and feares, are met: I burne, and freeze,

***Lady Frampul:***

My liuer is one great coale, my heart shrunke up

***Lady Frampul:***

With all the fiuers, and the masse of blood

***Lady Frampul:***

Within me, is a standing lake of fire,

***Lady Frampul:***

Curl'd with the cold wind of my gelid sighs,

***Lady Frampul:***

That driue a drift of sleete through all my body,

***Lady Frampul:***

And shoot a February through my veines.

***Lady Frampul:***

Vntill I see him, I am drunke with thirst,

***Lady Frampul:***

And surfeted with hunger of his presence.



***Lady Frampul:***

I know not whether I am, or no, or speake,

***Lady Frampul:***

Or whether thou doest heare me.

***Prudence:***

Spare expressions.

***Prudence:***

I will once more venture for your Ladiship,

***Prudence:***

So you will vse your fortunes reuerendly.

***Lady Frampul:***

Religiously, deare Pru, Loue and his Mother,

***Lady Frampul:***

I will build them seuerall Churches, Shrines, and Altars,

***Lady Frampul:***

And ouer head, I will have, in the glasse windowes,

***Lady Frampul:***

The story of this day be painted, round,

***Lady Frampul:***

For the poore Layety of loue to read,

***Lady Frampul:***

I will make my\*selfe their booke, nay their example,

***Lady Frampul:***

To bid them take occasion by the forelock,

***Lady Frampul:***

The New Inne

And play no after-games of Loue, hereafter.

*Host:*

And here your Host, and his Fly, witnes your vowes.

*Host:*

And like two lucky birds, bring the presage

*Host:*

Of a loud iest: Lord Beaufort married is.

*Lady Frampul:*

Ha!

*Fly:*

All to be married.

*Prudence:*

To whom, not your sonne?

*Host:*

The same.

*Prudence:*

If her Ladiship could take truce

*Prudence:*

A little with her passion, and giue way

*Prudence:*

To their mirth now running.

*Lady Frampul:*

Runn's it mirth let it come,

*Lady Frampul:*

It shall be well receiu'd, and much made of it.

*Prudence:*

We must of this, It was our owne conception.

### Scene 3

Latimer. To them.

*Latimer:*

Roome for green rushes, raise the Fidlers, Chamberlain,

*Latimer:*

Call up the house in armes.

*Host:*

This will rouze Louel.

*Fly:*

And bring him on too.

*Latimer:*

Shelee–neen,

*Latimer:*

Runns like a Heyfar, bitten with the Brieze,

*Latimer:*

About the court, crying on Fly, and cursing.

*Fly:*

For what, my Lord?

*Latimer:*

You were best heare that from her,

*Latimer:*

It is no office, Fly, fits my relation.

*Latimer:*

Here come the happy couple! Ioy, Lord Beaufort.

*Fly:*

And my yong Lady too.

*Host:*

Much ioy, my Lord!

## Scene 4

Beaufort. Franke. Seruant. (To them.

*Beaufort:*

I thanke you all, I thanke thee, Father Fly.

*Beaufort:*

Madam, my Cossen, you looke discompos'd,

*Beaufort:*

I have beene bold with a sallad, after supper,

*Beaufort:*

Of your owne Lettice, here:

*Lady Frampul:*

You have, my Lord.

*Lady Frampul:*

But lawes of hospitality, and faire rites,

*Lady Frampul:*

Would have made me acquainted.

*Beaufort:*

In your owne house,

*Beaufort:*

I do acknowledge: Else, I much had trespass'd.

The New Inne

**Beaufort:**

But in an Inne, and publique, where there is licence

**Beaufort:**

Of all community: a pardon of course

**Beaufort:**

May be su'de out.

**Latimer:**

It will, my Lord, and carry it.

**Latimer:**

I do not see, how any storme, or tempest

**Latimer:**

Can helpe it, now.

**Prudence:**

The thing being done, and past,

**Prudence:**

You beare it wisely, and like a Lady of iudgement.

**Beaufort:**

She is that, secretary Pru.

**Prudence:**

Why secretary?

**Prudence:**

My wise Lord? is your braine lately married?

**Beaufort:**

Your raigne is ended, Pru, no soueraigne now:

**Beaufort:**

Your date is out, and dignity expir'd.

**Prudence:**

I am annul'd, how can I treat with Louel,

**Prudence:**

Without a new commission?

**Lady Frampul:**

Thy gown's commision.

**Host:**

Have patience, Pru, expect, bid the Lord ioy.

**Prudence:**

And this braue Lady too. I wish them ioy.

**Pierce:**

Ioy.

**Jug:**

Ioy.

**Jordan:**

All ioy.

**Host:**

Aye, the house full of ioy.

**Fly:**

Play the bells, Fidlers, crack your strings with ioy.

**Prudence:**

But Lady Letice, you shew'd a neglect

**Prudence:**

Vn-to-be-pardon'd, to'ards my Lady, your kinswoman,

**Prudence:**

Not to advise with her.

**Beaufort:**

Good politique Pru,

**Beaufort:**

Vrge not your state–aduice, your after–wit;

**Beaufort:**

It is neare vpbraiding. Get our bed ready, Chamberlain,

**Beaufort:**

And Host, a Bride–cup, you have rare conceipts,

**Beaufort:**

And good ingredients, euer an old Host

**Beaufort:**

Upon the road, has his prouocatiue drinks.

**Latimer:**

He is either a good Baud, or a Physician.

**Beaufort:**

It was well he heard you not, his back was turn'd.

**Beaufort:**

A bed, the Geniall bed, a brace of boyes

**Beaufort:**

To\*night I play for.

**Prudence:**

Giue us points, my Lord.

**Beaufort:**

Here take them, Pru, my cod–piece point, and all,

**Beaufort:**

## The New Inne

I have claspes, my Letice armes, here take them boyes.

**Beaufort:**

What is the chamber ready? speake, why stare you!

**Beaufort:**

On one another?

**Jug:**

No Sir.

**Beaufort:**

And why no?

**Jug:**

My master has forbid it. He yet doubts

**Jug:**

That you are married.

**Beaufort:**

Aske his vicar generall,

**Beaufort:**

His Fly, here.

**Fly:**

I must make that good, they are married.

**Host:**

But I must make it bad, my hot yong Lord,

**Host:**

Give him his doublet againe, the aier is peircing;

**Host:**

You may take cold, my Lord. See whom you have married,



**Host:**

Your hosts sonne, and a boy.

**Fly:**

You are abus'd.

**Lady Frampul:**

Much ioy, my Lord.

**Prudence:**

If this be your La\*etitia,

**Prudence:**

She will proue a counterfeit mirth, and a clip'd Lady.

**Stuff:**

A boy, a boy; my Lord has married a boy.

**Latimer:**

Raise all the house in shout, and laughter, a boy!

**Host:**

Stay, what is here! peace rascals, stop your throats.

## Scene 5

Nurse. (To them.)

**Nurse:**

That magot, worme, that insect! O my child,

**Nurse:**

My daughter! where is that Fly? I will fly in his face,

**Nurse:**

The vermin, let me come to him.

**Fly:**

Why Nurse Shelee?

*Nurse:*

Hang thee thou Parasite, thou sonne of crums,

*Nurse:*

And ortes, thou hast vndone me, and my child,

*Nurse:*

My daughter, my deare daughter.

*Host:*

What meanes this?

*Nurse:*

O Sir, my daughter, my deare child is ruin'd,

*Nurse:*

By this your Fly, here, married in a stable,

*Nurse:*

And sold vnto a husband.

*Host:*

Stint thy cry,

*Host:*

Harlot, if that be all, did'st thou not sell him

*Host:*

To me for a boy? and brought'st him in boyes rags,

*Host:*

Here to my doore, to beg an almes of me?

*Nurse:*

I did good Mr, and I craue your pardon.

*Nurse:*

But it is my daughter and a girle.

*Host:*

Why sayd'st thou

*Host:*

It was a boy, and sold'st him then, to me

*Host:*

With such entreaty, for ten shillings, Carlin?

*Nurse:*

Because you were a charitable man

*Nurse:*

I heard, good Mr, and would breed him well,

*Nurse:*

I would have giu'n him you, for nothing, gladly.

*Nurse:*

Forgiue the lie of my mouth, it was to saue

*Nurse:*

The fruit of my wombe. A parents needs are vrgent.

*Nurse:*

And few do know that tyrant o're good natures.

*Nurse:*

But you relieu'd her, and me too, the Mother,

*Nurse:*

And tooke me into your house to be the nurse,

*Nurse:*

For which heauen heape all blessings on your head,

The New Inne

*Nurse:*

Whilst there can one be added.

*Host:*

Sure thou speakst

*Host:*

Quite like another creature, then thou hast liu'd,

*Host:*

Here, in the house, a Shelee–neen Thomas,

*Host:*

An Irish beggar.

*Nurse:*

So I am, God helpe me.

*Host:*

What art thou? tell, The match is a good match,

*Host:*

For ought I see: ring the bells once a\*gaine.

*Beaufort:*

Stint, I say, Fidlers.

*Lady Frampul:*

No going off my Lord.

*Beaufort:*

Nor comming on sweet Lady, things thus standing!

*Fly:*

But what is the haynousnesse of my offence?

*Fly:*

Or the degrees of wrong you suffer'd by it?

**Fly:**

In hauing your daughter match't thus happily,

**Fly:**

Into a noble house, a braue yong blood,

**Fly:**

And a prime peere of the Realme?

**Beaufort:**

Was that your plot, Fly?

**Beaufort:**

Give me a cloak, take her againe among you.

**Beaufort:**

I will none of your light-Heart fosterlings, no Inmates,

**Beaufort:**

Supposititious fruits of an Host's braine,

**Beaufort:**

And his Fly's hatching, to be put upon me.

**Beaufort:**

There is a royall Court of the Star-chamber.

**Beaufort:**

Will scatter all these mists, disperse these vapours,

**Beaufort:**

And cleare the truth. Let beggers match with beggers.

**Beaufort:**

That shall decide it, I will try it there.

**Nurse:**

Nay then my Lord; It is not enough, I see

*Nurse:*

You are licentious, but you will be wicked.

*Nurse:*

You are not alone content to take my daughter,

*Nurse:*

Against the law; but hauing taken her,

*Nurse:*

You would repudiate, and cast her off,

*Nurse:*

Now, at your pleasure, like a beast of power,

*Nurse:*

Without all cause, or colour of a cause,

*Nurse:*

That, or a noble, or an honest man,

*Nurse:*

Should dare to except against, her pouerty.

*Nurse:*

Is pouerty a vice?

*Beaufort:*

The age counts it so.

*Nurse:*

God helpe your Lordship, and your peeres that think so,

*Nurse:*

If any be: if not, God blesse them all,

*Nurse:*

The New Inne

And helpe the number of the vertuous,

*Nurse:*

If pouerty be a crime. You may obiect

*Nurse:*

Our beggery to us, as an accident,

*Nurse:*

But neuer deeper, no inherent basenesse.

*Nurse:*

And I must tell you, now, yong Lord of durt,

*Nurse:*

As an incensed mother, she hath more,

*Nurse:*

And better blood, running in those small veines,

*Nurse:*

Then all the race of Beauforts have in masse,

*Nurse:*

Though they distill their drops from the left rib

*Nurse:*

Of Iohn O'Gaunt.

*Host:*

Old mother of records,

*Host:*

Thou know'st her pedegree, then: whose daughter is she?

*Nurse:*

The daughter and coheire of the Lord Frampull,

The New Inne

*Nurse:*

This Ladies sister!

*Lady Frampul:*

Mine? what is her name?

*Nurse:*

La\*etitia.

*Lady Frampul:*

That was lost?

*Nurse:*

The true La\*etitia.

*Lady Frampul:*

Sister, O gladnesse! Then you are our mother?

*Nurse:*

I am, deare daughter.

*Lady Frampul:*

On my knees, I blesse

*Lady Frampul:*

The light I see you by.

*Nurse:*

And to the author

*Nurse:*

Of that blest light, I ope my other eye,

*Nurse:*

Which hath almost, now, seuen years beene shut,

*Nurse:*

Darke, as my vow was, neuer to see light,



*Nurse:*

Till such a light restor'd it, as my children,

*Nurse:*

Or your deare father, who (I heare) is not.

*Beaufort:*

Giue me my wife, I owne her now, and will have her.

*Host:*

But you must aske my leaue first, my yong Lord,

*Host:*

Leaue is but light. Ferret, Go bolt your Master,

*Host:*

Here is geare will startle him. I cannot keepe

*Host:*

The passion in me, I am eene turn'd child,

*Host:*

And I must weepe. Fly, take away mine host,

*Host:*

My beard, and cap here, from me, and fetch my Lord.

*Host:*

I am her father, Sir, and you shall now

*Host:*

Aske my consent, before you have her. Wife!

*Host:*

My deare and louing wife! my honor'd wife!

*Host:*

Who here hath gain'd but I? I am Lord Frampull,

**Host:**

The cause of all this trouble? I am he

**Host:**

Have measur'd all the Shires of England ouer:

**Host:**

Wales, and her mountaines, seene those wilder nations,

**Host:**

Of people in the Peake, and Lancashire;

**Host:**

Their Pipers, Fidlers, Rushers, Puppet-masters,

**Host:**

Iuglers, and Gipseys, all the sorts of Canters,

**Host:**

And Colonies of beggars, Tumblers, Ape-carriers,

**Host:**

For to these sauages I was addicted,

**Host:**

To search their natures, and make odde discoueries!

**Host:**

And here my wife, like the she Mandeuile,

**Host:**

Ventred in disquisition, after me.

**Nurse:**

I may looke up, admire, I cannot speake

**Nurse:**

Yet, to my Lord.

*Host:*

Take heart, and breath, recouer,

*Host:*

Thou hast recouer'd me, who here had cossin'd

*Host:*

My\*selfe aliue, in a poore hostelry,

*Host:*

In pennance of my wrongs done vnto thee

*Host:*

Whom I long since gaue lost.

*Nurse:*

So did I you,

*Nurse:*

Till stealing mine owne daughter from her sister,

*Nurse:*

I lighted on this errour hath cur'd all.

*Beaufort:*

And in that cure, include my trespasse, Mother,

*Beaufort:*

And Father, for my wife ---

*Host:*

No, the Star-chamber.

*Beaufort:*

Away with that, you sowre the sweetest lettice

**Beaufort:**

Was euer tasted.

**Host:**

Give you ioy, my Sonne,

**Host:**

Cast her not off againe. O call me Father,

**Host:**

Louel, and this your Mother, if you like:

**Host:**

But take your Mistris, first, my child; I have power

**Host:**

To giue her now, with her consent, her sister

**Host:**

Is giuen already to your brother Beaufort.

**Lovel:**

Is this a dreame now, after my first sleepe?

**Lovel:**

Or are these phant'sies made in the light Heart?

**Lovel:**

And sold in the new Inne?

**Host:**

Best go to bed,

**Host:**

And dreame it ouer all. Let us all go sleepe,

**Host:**

Each with his Turtle. Fly, prouide us lodgings,

## The New Inne

**Host:**

Get beds prepar'd: you are master now of the Inne,

**Host:**

The Lord of the light Heart, I giue it you.

**Host:**

Fly, was my fellow Gipsey. All my family,

**Host:**

Indeed, were Gipseys, Tapsters, Ostlers, Chamberlaines,

**Host:**

Reduced vessels of ciuility.

**Host:**

But here stands Pru, neglected, best deseruing

**Host:**

Of all that are in the house, or in my Heart,

**Host:**

whom though I cannot helpe to a fit husband,

**Host:**

I will helpe to that will bring one, a iust portion:

**Host:**

I have two thousand pound in banke, for Pru,

**Host:**

Call for it when she will.

**Beaufort:**

And I as much.

**Host:**

There is somewhat yet, Foure thousand pound! that is better.

The New Inne

**Host:**

Then sounds the prouerbe, foure bare legs in a bed.

**Lovel:**

Me, and her mistresse, she hath power to coyne

**Lovel:**

Up, into what she will.

**Lady Frampul:**

Indefinite Pru.

**Latimer:**

But I must do the crowning act of bounty!

**Host:**

What is that, my Lord?

**Latimer:**

Giue her my\*selfe, which here

**Latimer:**

By all the holy vowes of loue I do,

**Latimer:**

Spare all your promis'd portions, she is a dowry

**Latimer:**

So all sufficient in her vertue and manners,

**Latimer:**

That fortune cannot adde to her.

**Prudence:**

My Lord,

**Prudence:**

Scene 5

## The New Inne

Your praises, are instructions to mine eares,

***Prudence:***

Whence, you have made your wife, to liue your seruant.

***Host:***

Lights, get us seuerall lights.

***Lovel:***

Stay let my Mrs

***Lovel:***

But heare my vision sung, my dreame of beauty,

***Lovel:***

Which I have brought, prepar'd, to bid us joy,

***Lovel:***

And light us all to bed, it will be instead

***Lovel:***

Of ayring of the sheets with a sweet odour.

***Host:***

It will be an incense to our sacrifice

***Host:***

Of loue to\*night, where I will woo afresh,

***Host:***

And like Meca\*enas, hauing but one wife,

***Host:***

I will marry her, euery houre of life, hereafter.  
They go out, with a Song.

## Epilogue

Playes in themselues have neither hopes, nor feares,

## The New Inne

Their fate is only in their hearers eares:  
If you expect more then you had to\*night,  
The maker is sick, and sad. But do him right,  
He meant to please you: for he sent things fit,  
In all the numbers, both of sense, and wit,  
If they have not miscarried! if they have,  
All that his faint, and faltring tongue doth craue,  
Is, that you not impute it to his braine.  
That is yet vnhurt, although set round with paine,  
It cannot long hold out. All strength must yeeld.  
Yet iudgement would the last be, in the field,  
With a true Poet. He could have hal'd in  
The drunkards, and the noyses of the Inne,  
In his last Act; if he had thought it fit  
To vent you vapours, in the place of wit:  
But better it was, that they should sleepe, or spew,  
Then in the Scene to offend or him, or you.  
This he did thinke, and this do you forgiue:  
When ere the carcasse dies, this Art will liue.  
And had he liu'd the care of King, and Queene,  
His Art in something more yet had beene seene,  
But Maiors, and Shriffes may yearely fill the stage:  
A Kings, or Poets birth do aske an age.

**Another Epilogue there was, made for the Play in the Poets defence, but the Play liu'd not, in opinion, to have it spoken.**

A Iouiall Host, and Lord of the new Inne,  
Clep't the light Heart, with all that past therein,  
Hath beene the subiect of our Play to\*night,  
To giue the King, and Queene, and Court delight:  
But, then we meane, the Court, about the stayres,  
And past the guard; men that have more of eares,  
Then eyes to iudge us: Such as will not hisse  
Because the Chambermaid was named Cis.  
We thinke, it would have seru'd our Scene as true,  
If, as it is, at first we had call'd her Pru,  
For any mystery we there have found,  
Or magick in the letters, or the sound.  
She only meant was, for a girle of wit,  
To whom her Lady did a Prouince fit:  
Which she would have discharg'd, and done as well,  
Had she beene christned Ioyce, Grace, Doll, or Nell.