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THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY



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TORONTO

The
Shoemaker's Holiday

A Comedy

By
Thomas Dekker

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, BY

Wilfrid J. Halliday, M.A.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
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PREFACE

THE text of this edition is based on that of Drs. Warnke and Proescholdt. (Halle, 1886). Their work represents a collation of all the early quartos, and may be said to be definitive. I am greatly indebted to the publisher, Herr Max Niemayer, for ready and cordial permission to use their excellent text. A few deviations, made in the light of more recent research, are explained in the Notes.

W. J. H.

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INTRODUCTION

THOMAS DEKKER

THE materials for a biography of Thomas Dekker are as scanty as the known facts about Shakespeare's life. He was born in London, for which he always retained a deep affection, about the year 1570. There is a tradition that he was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, but as far as we know he received no University training, though his works show more than average acquaintance with French, Latin, Greek mythology, Dutch and Welsh. Perhaps he followed some trade in the city, for his works reveal close and intimate knowledge of the shoemaker's craft and the life of the small trader generally. The first definite mention of him is to be found in Henslowe's *Diary*, where, under the date Jan. 8, 1598, he is represented as being paid for a book called *Phaeton*. But he must have been writing earlier than this, because Francis Meres mentions him in his *Wits Treasury*, 1598, as among the best in tragedy. Without doubt he was a typical Bohemian, like so many of the Elizabethan men of letters, and he probably knew the taverns and haunts of the metropolis as intimately as his fellow dramatist, Greene.

He was, however, a hard worker. Between Jan. 1598 and Dec. 1602 he produced eight plays, and assisted in the composition of some thirty others. His status, too, was very high, for he was well paid for his work, and Henslowe's *Diary* shows that he was at times receiving twice as much for his plays as dramatists like Chettle and Middleton. He was married some time before 1594. We are without any knowledge of his home life, but we may conjecture from a few external facts and a study of his writings that he was never in a flourishing state for long. Probably he often wrote to keep the wolf from the door.

In 1612, in a dedication to *If it be not Good*, he laments bitterly on his poverty, and in the following year he was thrown into the King's Bench prison. We do not know the reason, but in all probability it was the result of debt. In a song in *The Sun's Darling* (acted 1624), he sings :

Money is trash, and he that will spend it
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.

If he acted up to this sentiment, as many artists before and since his day have done, it occasions little surprise that creditors often harassed him with too close attention. His friend Henslowe more than once came to his assistance, but, of course, there is a limit to even a friend's generosity. He remained in prison for seven years, and he has left behind a record of his misery in two works, the first a prose preface entitled *Of a Prison*, attached to a pamphlet called *Villanies*

discovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight, and the second a poem entitled *Dekker His Dream*, published in 1620. Within the framework of a dream, Dekker records his misery and unhappiness, but even through the intense agony of mind there shines a spirit that refuses to be crushed by the misfortunes of life. There are also extant two letters which he wrote to Edward Alleyn, the famous actor and son-in-law of Henslowe. These letters are characteristic of Dekker's large-heartedness; the second indeed was written on behalf of a fellow prisoner whom Dekker commends to the great actor's notice, and whose cause, even within prison walls, he is generous enough to champion. Seven years are a large slice out of a man's life, and their loss is all the more keenly felt when they occur during the productive summer of a mortal season. As Dr. Hunt remarks, 'when we think of what might have filled that interval, pity for the poet is almost lost in pity for ourselves.'

After his release from prison, Dekker continued to write plays and pamphlets, and though we have no evidence that he made a fortune in the process like his friend Shakespeare, we have grounds for hoping that he spent the rest of his days in comparative freedom from want. Nothing is known of his life after 1632, and it is generally assumed that he died some time between that year and 1640.

If the known facts of Dekker's life are disappointingly few, his works are a treasure house of the life and character of the man. In them the soul of the author

is laid bare, and we are enabled by their simple, unaffected charm to build up a trustworthy portrait. We read of ambitions realised, fears anticipated, victories won and defeats suffered with patience and fortitude. With Dekker, as with so many Elizabethans, life seems to have been a perpetual struggle both with material forces and with those inward promptings of noble souls that are often compelled in the stress of circumstances to compromise with the ignoble and the base. No one who was bad at heart could have written as Dekker wrote, and the Spring-like gaiety of his lyrics must reflect many periods of supreme happiness and joy.

His literary work consists of plays, in some of which are to be found his most charming songs, and of prose pieces that would nowadays be classed as pamphlets. They were produced with a fecundity remarkable even in a feverishly active age. This is not the place to speak in detail of his prose works, but their importance for a student of Elizabethan life and manners is probably greater than that of his dramas. His accounts of the two great plagues that ravaged the metropolis in 1603 and 1625 (*The Wonderful Year* and *A Rod for Runaways*), are wonderfully vivid and sympathetic historical records. We can see in them the expression of a sorrow that lies too deep for tears, and a sympathy for the poor and oppressed that shines through everything that Dekker wrote. They are superior to Defoe's account of the visitation of 1665 because of their more obvious sincerity and deeper

personal feeling. In the realm of prose, however, Dekker is best known by his two intimate pictures of London life, *The Seven Deadly Sins of London*, 1606, and *The Gull's Horn-Book*, 1609. The former, a kind of pageant of the seven vices, has for us its main interest in its absorbing account of London life. No detail is too small for his canvas. The beating of hammers, the hooping of tubs, the clinking of pots, the running of water-tankards ; porters, merchantmen, chapmen, tradesmen ; London at night time, London at mid-day ; here they all are, described with fascinating vivacity and fellow-feeling. *The Gull's Horn-Book* is a summary of the whole contemporary life of London. In it we follow the gallant of the period through his day's programme : how he rises and dresses and performs his toilet ; how he exhibits all his finery in the Mediterranean aisle of St. Paul's during the morning ; how he behaves in the Ordinary, the Playhouse and the Tavern ; and finally, how he passes through the city on his way home at night. The book gives us a panorama of the teeming activities of Elizabethan London unsurpassed in prose literature. There are, indeed, glimpses of this life in the majority of Dekker's prose works. Rogues and villains and thieves are vividly portrayed in *The Bellman of London*, 1608, where we have Theophrastan thumb sketches of cheats, card-sharpers, thimble-riggers and all 'the caterpillars of a commonwealth and the Egyptian lice of a kingdom.'

Dekker knew and loved his London, and his *Dead*

Term of Westminster's Complaint, 1608, is a storehouse of local history and tradition. The only other book we may mention is *The Four Birds of Noah's Ark*, 1609, a unique book of prayers, each one of which is a gem of English prose.

It has hardly been possible in this short summary to indicate the prominent place which must be assigned to Dekker in the realm of Elizabethan prose literature. His style was singularly lucid for an age when English prose was in an experimental stage, when Euphuism and Arcadianism, 'playing with words and idle similes,' ran side by side with the epigram of Bacon and the Ciceronian period of Hooker. It is something of an achievement on Dekker's part to have produced a masculine prose style free from the mannerisms of his day. When he confined himself to the simple and unaffected, as in *The Four Birds* and *The Bachelor's Banquet*, when he uttered the note of poignant sorrow nobly borne, or raised the fiery cross on behalf of simplicity of life and public morality, he produced a nervous, artistic, forceful prose which has its closest parallels in the pages of Bunyan and the Authorised Version. He was only trapped into a false and ornate diction when the preacher and moralist temporarily subdued the artist. He is seldom, it is true, the impassioned poet in his prose. He never rises to the sublimity of Hamlet's 'What a piece of work is man,' or Shylock's 'Hath not a Jew eyes, ears, organs, dimensions?' but he often soars above a common pitch. Charles Lamb's remark that he had

poetry enough for anything would be equally true of his prose. It would not be true to say that he was untouched by the conceits and extravagant fancies of his contemporaries, but he never elevated these mannerisms to the plane of a self-conscious affectation. He is inferior to Nash at his best in robust virility of phrase, but he preserves on the whole a higher average level than Nash. The sensitiveness of his nature is reflected in his prose ; so too are his largeness of heart and his cosmopolitan benevolence. Like Bunyan, he probably owed a great deal to his earnest study of the Bible, and, like every great man who believes in his message, he created a prose medium that was serviceable, dignified, and, above all, intensely human.

When we come to discuss Dekker as dramatist it is not easy to classify him, if indeed anything is to be gained by classification. We have seen in his prose works the main characteristics of his personality ; his love for the common folk, his hatred of pretence, whether in the rich or the poor, his large-heartedness, his charity, his love of simplicity and his innocent gaiety. All these qualities are to be found in his plays, and critics are so certain of them, that in many plays of which Dekker was only part author, his share of the work can be gauged fairly accurately on the score of these qualities. London life is delineated with faithfulness and charm in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, which exhibits, too, his natural geniality and goodwill. In *Old Fortunatus*, where he dramatised the story of the beggar who was given choice of ' wisdom,

strength, health, beauty, long life or riches,' and chose the last, we have a glimpse of Dekker the poet and romanticist, one whose outlook was optimistic and serene. The two dramas just mentioned, the first fruits of Dekker's dramatic genius that have escaped destruction, are both characterised by a lofty moral tone, and the song to Virtue at the end of *Old Fortunatus* is strongly reminiscent of the end of *Comus*. Indeed, Milton seems to have received definite suggestions from Dekker's play.

Dekker's next dramatic production was *Satiromastix*, 1602. It was a reply to Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, in which Dekker was caricatured as Demetrius, 'a dresser of plays about the town here.' Both plays were episodes in the War of the Theatres that was being waged at this period. With its details we are happily not concerned here. Its origins are obscure, though all the leading dramatists of the day, perhaps including Shakespeare, were involved. Jonson is generally represented as the aggressor. He introduced himself into his plays and satirised rivals like Marston. Perhaps Dekker's chief offence in Jonson's eyes was his friendliness with Marston. At any rate he was drawn into the struggle—the Poetomachia—as he called it, and however little relish he had for the contest, he wrote *Satiromastix* in reply to Jonson's *Poetaster*. Jonson seems to have had wind of Dekker's intention to enter the lists, and to have been anxious to get in the first blow. Dekker must have waited until Jonson's play appeared because he definitely

retorts to many of his witticisms. On the whole he was the victor in the contest. His touch was lighter than his ponderous rival's, and his humour is more obvious and less saturnine than Jonson's. It was, however, only a storm in a tea-cup, and the doughty warriors in this bloodless feud were soon reconciled and on the very best of terms.

For his next play, *Patient Grissil*, 1603, Dekker turned to the story of Griselda, familiarised for us by Petrarch, Boccaccio and Chaucer. The theme suited the whimsical and humorous Dekker, and although we know that Chettle and Haughton assisted in the composition, it is pretty certain that Dekker is responsible for Babulo, the finest-drawn character in the play, and strongly reminiscent of the loyal and whimsical Firk. This play contains two of Dekker's best known lyrics,

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
O sweet content !

and

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise ;
Sleep pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby :
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

No representative collection of Elizabethan lyric poetry can omit Dekker. He was one of the most charming songsters in that nest of singing birds.

Of most of his other dramatic works little need be said here. He is credited with the whole authorship

of *The Honest Whore*, Part 2, published 1630, a play full of kindly humour and poetry, and containing perhaps the most exquisitely wrought character he ever conceived, Orlando Friscobaldo; of *If it be not Good*, published 1612, *Match Me in London*, published 1631, and *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1636. There are difficulties in the last-named play both of authorship and allusion. Some critics see in it the hand of Day, who had produced in 1623 a play entitled, *Come, see a Wonder*, and who wrote a masque-like play called *The Parliament of Bees*, 1641, incorporating portions of Dekker's play in the work. It seems clear that the character of Gentili in Dekker's play is a portrait of Alleyn, and that the 'Wonder' is Dulwich College, which was founded by the great actor-manager. Dekker's great affection for Alleyn, and the general poetic character of *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, have led his latest biographer to accept the play solely as his.

Dekker more often than not collaborated with other dramatists of the period, and although on occasions he seems harnessed to a strange team, nearly all the plays associated with his name reveal somewhere his skill in the delineation of character and his sympathy with the world around him. Middleton, Ford, Massinger, Chettle, Webster, and perhaps Rowley and Day, are all at various times found collaborating with Dekker. With Ben Jonson he wrote a pageant for presentation to King James and his family on their entry into London, concerning which there is a tra-

dition that Shakespeare walked in the procession clothed in scarlet cloth. In some of these joint productions it is almost impossible to assign the parts to their respective authors. Many, too, of Dekker's plays have been lost and others underwent revision, sometimes by other hands. His dedications, contrary to the usual practice, are generally addressed to friends and fellow craftsmen. He cared nought for the patronage of the great, and everything he wrote testifies to his nobility of nature. He blended humour and affection for the simpler aspects of nature like the later romantics, and he was as full of the gratitude of men as Wordsworth.

Mention may be made of only one other of Dekker's plays, *The Witch of Edmonton*, published 1658. It was written in collaboration with Ford, and there are traces too of the hand of William Rowley. It is based on the story of Elizabeth Sawyer, who was executed for witchcraft in 1621, and its comedy, its realism and its moralising element are entirely characteristic of Dekker. No writer of the age with the exception of Heywood, could have produced a domestic tragedy of more impressiveness.

(It will be seen that our knowledge of Dekker as dramatist has many gaps to be filled. It is not easy to pronounce finally on his genius, but there are certain undeniable conclusions we may safely draw. He was not a supreme artist, but he had, we may be sure, felt the impulse of the universal mind. He is often slipshod and perfunctory in his writing, often

careless and inconsequential, but his eyes are always fixed on the east. And the poet in him was irrepressible. Out of the dull monotony, the inspissated gloom of uninspired composition, there will burst forth, like the blackbird's song or the golden ray that cleaves the storm-black cloud, the note of lyric charm and the flash of sweet humanity and divine pity. We know too little of the story of his life to say how far his frailties were the cause of his sufferings. He had without doubt the common failings of mankind—improvidence, immoderate optimism and excessive pessimism, weakness of will and perhaps a touch of egotism—but that he was without a trace of vice or malice is as certain as the 'gentleness' of Shakespeare. His best work fascinates and charms in the same way as the scent of heather on the moors: its exuberant vitality, its rhythmic sweetness, its glow of quiet idealism, its fervour and its tenderness make us love and honour its author this side idolatry, and enable us to form a true picture of the expansive geniality of the man. There is no sunnier writer than Dekker; none who understood the middle-class life with its ups and downs, its aspirations and its compromises better than he; and no one ranks higher among the artists of every-day things. *The Shoemaker's Holiday* is his supreme contribution to this class of literature, and of its type it remains a unique example.

LITERARY HISTORY

The earliest known edition of *The Shoemaker's Holiday* was published in quarto in 1600. It was issued anonymously under the title 'The Shoemakers Holiday. Or the Gentle Craft. With the humorous life of Simon Eyre, shoemaker, and Lord Maior of London. As it was acted before the Queenes most excellent Maiestie on New-yeares day at night last, by the right honourable the Earle of Notingham, Lord high Admirall of England, his seruants. Printed by Valentine Sims, dwelling at the foote of Adling hill, neere Bainards Castle, at the signe of the White Swanne, and are there to be sold. 1600.' There is, however, a reference to the play in the previous year in Henslowe's *Diary*, where we find under date July 15, 1599, the following entry: 'Lent unto Samewell Rowley and Thomas Downton the 15th of Julye, 1599, to bye a Boocke of Thomas Dickers, called the gentle Craft, the some of 111s.' We cannot say for certain whether the play was published in that year, but in all probability Sims' quarto is the *editio princeps*. In this edition (A) which is, as Elizabethan editions go, a careful print, there is evidence not only of printing from a good copy, probably the author's manuscript, but also of careful proof-reading. The most curious feature is that Dekker's name does not appear on the title page but in his early plays at least he seems to have paid little attention to this detail. There are two copies of the 1600 quarto in the British Museum.

The second edition of the play was published in 1610, and bears the same title as A, but with a different imprint. 'At London. Printed by G. Eld for J. Wright, and are to be sold at his shop in Newgate-market, neere Christ-Church-gate. 1610.' This edition, of which there is a copy in the British Museum, appears to have been derived directly from Sims' edition. It corrects many of the misprints and wrong spellings of the earlier edition, and indeed, suggests a fairly thorough revision of the earlier text.

A third edition was published in 1618 with the imprint, 'At London. Printed for John Wright, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Bible without Newgate. 1618.' B appears to have been the basis of this reprint, which, however, corrects both A and B in one or two readings. Of C there is a copy in the Bodleian Library.

Greg notices (*Bibliographical Society*) an edition of 1624 in the Dyce collection. The next edition is dated 1631, and was printed for the same publisher as C. It is identical with C, except that it corrects two errors which are found in all the earlier quartos. There is a copy of this quarto in the British Museum. The last of the old quartos was published in 1657 with the imprint 'London. Printed for W. Gilbertson at the sign of the Bible in Giltspur-street without New-gate.' It is a careless reprint of the edition of 1631.

AUTHORSHIP AND DATE

An article signed 'Dramaticus,' published in 1849 in the Shakespeare *Society Papers*, attempts to prove, on the evidence of an old copy 'owned by a friend,' that *The Shoemaker's Holiday* was the joint production of Thomas Dekker and Robert Wilson. The complete absence of corroborative evidence as to the edition, the silence of Henslowe on the point, and the anonymity of the author probably justify us in regarding, with Fleay and Greg, the whole document as a forgery, though one modern eminent scholar, Sir Edmund Chambers, is sceptical in the matter. The most we can say is that nowhere is there any definite evidence of Wilson's part in the work. At the best, Wilson is a shadowy figure. *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, indeed, is the quintessence of Dekker. In lyric charm, in sunny outlook, in the exquisite blend of realism and romance, in genial humour and in democratic sympathies, it reflects the essential character of its author as we know and love him.

We have seen from the title of the 1600 edition of *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, that it was played before the Queen on Jan. 1 of that year. There seems to be no doubt about the date because we know that the Admiral's men were performing at Court on Jan. 1, 1600. The reference to the buying of the book in Henslowe's *Diary* is dated 15th July, 1599. Deloney's *Gentle Craft*, Part 1, which is the source of Dekker's play, is first mentioned in the *Stationers' Register* on

Oct. 19, 1597, and the book is specifically mentioned in the transfer to Thomas Pavyer on the 14th August, 1600. It may, therefore, be assumed that Dekker wrote his comedy in 1598 or 1599, and Henslowe's reference suggests 1599.

SOURCES

The story of Simon Eyre is told in Thomas Deloney's *The Gentle Craft*, Part 1. Deloney was the premier ballad writer of the age. He was as popular as Elderton 'of the ale-crammed nose,' and his obituary notice as Kemp reported it in his quaint *Nine Days' Wonder* testifies to his wide popularity. But Deloney was also a novelist, and to some extent a pioneer in this field. He was a stern realist in an age of romance, and drew his inspiration, not from the *novelle* of the Italian school like Greene and Lodge, but from the homely atmosphere of the loom and the cobbler's shop. He himself appears to have hailed from Norwich, and to have been a silk weaver by trade. But he must have travelled extensively over England and have come into contact with travelling craftsmen of all types, for he writes with familiarity of shoemakers, drapers, silk-weavers and clothiers. Besides *The Gentle Craft*, Deloney wrote *Jack of Newbery* and *Thomas of Reading*, two novels remarkable alike for narrative skill, character delineation and clarity of style. The story of the murder of Thomas of Reading at Colebrooke has all the poignant fatalism of Greek

tragedy, and Sir Walter Raleigh has suggested that it may have furnished Shakespeare with hints for the similar scenes in *Macbeth*.

The Gentle Craft, Part 1, consists of three main stories : (1) St. Hugh and St. Winifred, (2) Crispin and Crispianus, (3) Sir Simon Eyre. The first two stories are the source of William Rowley's *A shoemaker a Gentleman*, 1608 (?), a play that owes much to *The Shoemaker's Holiday*. The last story was the one used by Dekker as the groundwork of his play. Deloney probably owed his knowledge of the subject to London tradition and to Stow's *Survey of London*. The following quotations will indicate the sources of the outline of Deloney's narrative. They furnish little more than the framework round which Deloney wove a story full of charm and graceful naïveté. 'Simon Eyre, Draper, Mayor, 1436, built the Leadenhall for a common garner of corn to the use of this city and left five thousand marks to charitable uses.' 'Certain evidences do specify the said granary to be built by the said honourable and famous merchant, Simon Eyre, sometime an upholsterer, and then a Draper in the year 1419. He built it of squared stone in the form as now it showeth, with a fair and large chapel in the east side of the Quadrant, over the porch he caused to be written *Dextra Domini exaltavit me*, The Lord's right hand exalted me.

'Within the said church on the North Wall was written *Honorandus famosus Mercator Simon Eyre, huius operis*, etc. In English thus : The honourable

and famous merchant, Simon Eyre, founder of this work, once Mayor of this city, Citizen and Draper of the same, departed out of this life, the 18. day of September, the year from the incarnation of Christ, 1459, and the 38th. year of the reign of King Henry the sixt. He was buried in the parish Church of Saint Mary Wolnoth in Lumbard streete : he gave by his testament, which I have read, to be distributed to all prisons in London, or within a mile of that City, somewhat to relieve them.' (Stow's *Survey*, ed. Kingford. Vol. i. p. 110 and p. 153-4.)

The story of Simon Eyre as told by Deloney is faithfully reproduced by Dekker in all its main features. Simon Eyre in the play obtains his fortune in the same way as in the novel, but the details are slightly varied. In Deloney, Eyre's impersonation of the alderman suggested by his wife is the essence of the situation. In the play, however, the actual meeting of the merchant and Hans is not shown, and Eyre himself, although interviewing the skipper in the disguise of an alderman, has had the whole transaction arranged by Hans, who also had lent him the first deposit of twenty Portuguese (Act 3, Sc. 4 and Act 5, Sc. 1). Dekker, in his desire to cut the preliminaries in order to subordinate everything to the grand climax, may have deliberately omitted this incident, but one cannot help thinking that he missed a grand opportunity for the display of his comic powers. From Deloney Dekker also borrowed the election of Eyre to the office of Sheriff and the dinner at Old Ford, but

on the latter occasion the dramatist makes no play with the rustic bashfulness of Mistress Eyre which is elaborated so whimsically in the novel.

The romantic sub-plot of *The Gentle Craft*, the story of Florence and Hans, gave Dekker many hints for his story of Rose and Lacy, but with the exception of the incident at St. Faith's church where Ralph and his lusty crew stop the marriage of Jane and Hammon as that of Hans and Florence was interrupted at the Abbey of Grace, the details of the runaway match and the complications that follow are quite original. There is, of course, a certain similarity in the methods by which the two weddings were prevented. In one case the husband of the bride-to-be appeared on the scene; in the other, the wife of the would-be bridegroom.

There are many details in the play that are slight variations of details found in the novel. Such are, for example, the founding of Leadenhall by Simon Eyre, the hiring of Lacy in the guise of the Dutchman Hans, Simon Eyre's promise to the prentices when 'he was unable to pay his shot,' his oft-repeated boast of his royal lineage, Mistress Eyre's concern for her husband when the dignity of Sheriff was offered to him, the ringing of the Pancake Bell and the transference of Eyre's business to Hodge. The marriage of Lacy and Rose has features in common with that of Nicholas and Florence. The latter took place from Simon Eyre's house under the aegis of the Alderman himself: the former took place at the Savoy in the presence of the Lady Mayoress alone, and Sir Simon acted as inter-

cessor before Lincoln and Sir Roger Oateley. There are also scattered throughout the plot many purely verbal reminiscences.

It will be seen from this analysis that Dekker's indebtedness to Deloney is very great. But it is easy to lay too much stress on mere parallelisms of incident and language. If Dekker did not transmute the baser metal of prose romance into the purer gold of dramatic similitude as Shakespeare invariably did, he at least achieved a dramatic portraiture that is original and lively and unaffected. It is not true to say that he breathed upon the dry bones and made them live, for Deloney's narrative is a well-told story, full of zest, quaint humour and human understanding. But Dekker was working in another medium: his approach, his method, his aim were all different. And he was successful, not because the material in Deloney was adequate and malleable, but because he brought to the moulding of it a rhythmic sense, a comic eye and broad fundamental sympathies with the common folk. In our enthusiasm for the discovery of parallelisms, 'the spirit of geometry,' to use the words of George Eliot, 'can be carried too far.' We are in danger of achieving the stupidities of Fluellen. 'There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth . . . and there is salmons in both.' What Dekker did not steal from Deloney were the *joie de vivre*, the abounding happiness, the lusty comic spirit, the kindly, jovial overflowing good humour, the brilliant characterisation—in short, all

those qualities which make *The Shoemaker's Holiday* the greatest drama of its type in English.

CITIZEN DRAMA AND THE SHOEMAKER'S
HOLIDAY.

One conspicuous feature of the Elizabethan Drama, and more especially of comedy, is the homely character of its people and scenes, its subjects and its atmosphere. This strain of simple realism is as old as Plautus and Terence, but whereas these writers busied themselves in the main with stock comedy types such as the parasite, the spendthrift son, the irate father, the loyal but lean-witted servant, the braggart captain and similar conventional and puppet-like types, the beginnings of the simple portraiture of living and recognisable people are discernible even in the halting and fugitive attempts of the earliest English dramatists. This feature is in some respects a legacy from the Interludes, the Grobianism and the Fool literature of the previous age. It is found with rustic crudity in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, where we meet with common village characters in the persons of the dim-witted husband and the shrewish, masterful wife. Comedy scenes of common life are strewn throughout the bulk of the pre-Shakespearean dramas, and are incorporated with complete success in such diverse types as *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay* and the *Old Wives' Tale*. The citizen element may be found in two forms, that of English rural life, and the life of the

town. *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, *The Tale of a Tub* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, provide examples of the former, though it was from the alleys and common ways of the metropolis that citizen drama drew its chief inspiration. Jonson, for example, in spite of the Italian convention of the stage, was dealing deliberately with London types, and in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* we rub shoulders with the denizens of Eastcheap and The Boar's Head.

In Shakespeare, however, this type of dramatic portraiture never took deep root. It is incidental and slight, and never provides the groundwork of a whole drama. There is not in Shakespeare that wealth of reference to contemporary customs, habits, dress and characters, that vivid reconstruction of workaday types that we find in Dekker and Fletcher. Shakespeare has no intimate citizen drama to compare with *The Shoemaker's Holiday* or *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, or, in a slightly different mode, Heywood's *Woman killed with Kindness*. It is not necessary here to follow the line of development marked by the murder play, and plays that deal with definitely domestic situations like the last-named. In a sense, these, like the purely citizen drama, are expressions of the same realistic intensity that invaded the realm of drama, but they are easily distinguishable from the comedy of citizen types which depends more on characterisation and humour than on situation and plot. The citizen drama was a true mirror of contemporary life, and no other writer has displayed it

with as much winsome faithfulness as Dekker. When Shakespeare gave to aery nothing a local habitation and a name, so superior was the poet in him that, in localising his phantasy, he brought from the world of shadows a gossamer veil of half-lights and elfin hues ; and if it was this supreme universality of treatment that makes his characters immortal and enables their infinite variety to withstand the ravages of custom's staleness, it was precisely the same characteristic that prevents their being true images of life. Dekker, in whom the imaginative artist was less marked, never let the romancist overweigh the realist. He blended them, it is true, with inexpressible charm, or, if occasion served, indulged himself in the luxury of pure, unmixed romance, but his realism is naked and unashamed. *The Shoemaker's Holiday* is a dramatic version of *The Gull's Horn-Book*, and indeed of the whole of his prose writings : it is a chronicle and brief abstract of the time.

Dekker, like Dickens, with whom he has so much in common, was at his best when writing of homely joys and destinies obscure. Unlike Dickens, he did not present extravagant caricatures. And this was a pitfall that Shakespeare did not wholly escape. Bottom, Snug, Shallow, Launcelot Gobbo, Holofernes and Falstaff may have had their counterparts in the Warwickshire dales, the country Grammar school and the Boar's Head, but they do not carry the indisputable mark of their trade, the sign of their profession in the same way as Hodge and Firk and Ralph and

Simon Eyre. They are idealised portraits, not photographs from life. They are the creation of drama on its literary side, whereas Simon Eyre and his merry men belong to the stage and the theatre.

Dekker reproduces all the glamour and romance of the gentle craft without exaggeration and without sacrifice of prosaic fact. His characters speak an intelligible language of the Tower Street workshop: they live and move in its atmosphere, are wholly of it, and interpret the life around them in terms of its canons and codes. Hodge is the foreman and Firk the journeyman, and you are never for a moment allowed to forget the subtle distinction. Hodge the melancholy is the cutter-out, whilst the fine, frisky Firk sings and hums and keeps up an incessant banter as he grips the shoe between his knees, and plies the awl and thread. Simon Eyre, 'a man of the best presence,' is the incarnate spirit of the shoemaker's craft. His drollery, his self-sufficiency, his pomposity, his garrulity, these are what the gentle craft stood for in the eyes of its admirers. Simon Eyre was their hero, their king, and his worshippers had the clearest possible conception of the divinity that hedged him in.

Dame Margery with her shrill and shrewish tongue presides over the establishment with due regard to her exalted position. She is not particularly fastidious in her sentiments and conversation, but her heart is sound, and we readily forgive her occasional lapses. There is a wealth of sly humour in the exaggerated

dignity of the conversation between her and her husband when Eyre has become Lord Mayor and made her a lady. 'Midriff,' 'clapper-dungeon,' 'sous'd conger' give place to 'Lady Madgy,' though the affable old shoemaker, aged fifty-six, and yet 'a very boy, a stripling,' has one really eloquent apostrophe at the end. But Margery, like every good wife, knows exactly how far she can go, and we are perfectly sure that the two of them are quite devoted to each other.

What a picture it all is! No wonder that even the sophisticated Sybil exclaims, 'What a delicious shop you have got!' From early morning when the journeyman breaks his fast with three pots of double ale, to dewy eve when the boy is ordered 'to look to the tools,' there is cutting and stitching, waxing and paring, high jinks and song. Was not Sir Roger Oateley a gentleman grocer as well as the father of the 'fair-checked Rose'? And was it not consonant with the dignity of these trades that their representatives should sup with kings and earls?

The Elizabethan apprentice who watched Simon Eyre from the yard of the Fortune Theatre would dream dreams and see visions of the day when he too might be the companion of kings, and the host of the Guildhall. And even if an occasional 'flat-cap' was too sophisticated to put much faith in these Dick Whittington stories, he was not altogether proof, any more than the best of us are, against the alluring voice of tradition and fable, and the sentimental attachment to old wives' tales.

But if *The Shoemaker's Holiday* were merely an accurate pen-picture of the time and nothing more, it would have little claim on our attention as a play. The fact is, it is a finely-wrought drama. Simon Eyre and his craft, conceived on broad, universal lines, are really part of the external symbolism that unifies the action. Dramatic effect is nowhere sacrificed to historical detail, and Dekker's greatness lies in his having preserved the pure spirit of comedy in a homely atmosphere of every-day realism. For, take it as you will, *The Shoemaker's Holiday* is pure comedy. It presents no problem, it inspires no pity, and it is free from satiric intention. It is all sparkle and fun and joyousness and gaiety. It is full of that lofty humour which betokens quiet sympathy and a pensive fellow-feeling. Dekker was writing about men and women whom he loved, and his humorous portraiture of these people is the unaffected expression of his loyalty to that love. That is why they are never witty in a self-conscious, cynical way : they are just exuberant after the fashion of a jolly child. This exquisite blending of the particular and the universal gives *The Shoemaker's Holiday* a unique position in English comedy.

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY

TO ALL GOOD FELLOWS, PROFESSORS OF THE
GENTLE CRAFT, OF WHAT DEGREE SOEVER

Kind Gentlemen and honest boon Companions, I present you here with a merry-conceited Comedy, called *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, acted by My Lord Admiral's Players this present Christmas before the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, for the mirth and pleasant matter by Her Highness graciously accepted, being indeed no way offensive. The Argument of the play I will set down in this epistle. Sir Hugh Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, had a young gentleman of his own name, his near kinsman, that loved the Lord Mayor's daughter of London; to prevent and cross which love, the Earl caused his kinsman to be sent Colonel of a Company into France: who resigned his place to another gentleman his friend, and came disguised like a Dutch shoemaker to the house of Simon Eyre in Tower Street, who served the Mayor and his household with shoes: the merriments that passed in Eyre's house, his coming to be Mayor of London, Lacy's getting his love, and other accidents, with two merry Three-mens-songs. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purposed but mirth; mirth lengtheneth long life, which, with all other blessings, I heartily wish you. Farewell!

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE KING.

THE EARL OF CORNWALL.

SIR HUGH LACY, Earl of Lincoln.

ROWLAND LACY, otherwise HANS, }
ASKEW, } His Nephews.

SIR ROGER OATELEY, Lord Mayor of London.

Master HAMMON, }
Master WARNER, } Citizens of London.
Master SCOTT, }

SIMON EYRE, the Shoemaker.

ROGER, commonly called }
HODGE, } EYRE'S Journeymen.
FIRK, }
RALPH, }

LOVELL, a Courtier.

DODGER, Servant to the EARL OF LINCOLN.

A DUTCH SKIPPER.

A BOY.

ROSE, Daughter of SIR ROGER.

SYBIL, her Maid.

MARGERIE, Wife of SIMON EYRE.

JANE, Wife of RALPH.

Courtiers, Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Hunters, Shoemakers,
Apprentices, Servants.

SCENE.—London and Old Ford.

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY

ACT I.

SCENE I. A STREET IN LONDON.

Enter the LORD MAYOR and the EARL OF LINCOLN.

Lincoln. My lord mayor, you have sundry times
Feasted myself and many courtiers more :
Seldom or never can we be so kind
To make requital of your courtesy.
But leaving this, I hear my cousin Lacy
Is much affected to your daughter Rose.

Lord Mayor. True, my good lord, and she loves him
so well
That I mislike her boldness in the chase.

Lincoln. Why, my lord mayor, think you it then a
shame,
To join a Lacy with an Oateley's name ? 10

Lord Mayor. Too mean is my poor girl for his high
birth ;
Poor citizens must not with courtiers wed,
Who will in silks and gay apparel spend
More in one year than I am worth, by far :
Therefore your honour need not doubt my girl.

Lincoln. Take heed, my lord, advise you what you do !
A verier unthrifft lives not in the world,

Than is my cousin ; for I'll tell you what :
 'Tis now almost a year since he requested
 To travel countries for experience ; 20
 I furnished him with coin, bills of exchange,
 Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
 Solicited my friends in Italy
 Well to respect him. But to see the end :
 Scant had he journeyed through half Germany,
 But all his coin was spent, his men cast off,
 His bills embezzled, and my jolly coz,
 Ashamed to show his bankrupt presence here,
 Became a shoemaker in Wittenberg,
 A goodly science for a gentleman 30
 Of such descent ! Now judge the rest by this :
 Suppose your daughter have a thousand pound,
 He did consume me more in one half year ;
 And make him heir to all the wealth you have,
 One twelvemonth's rioting will waste it all.
 Then seek, my lord, some honest citizen
 To wed your daughter to.

Lord Mayor. I thank your lordship.

[*Aside*] Well, fox, I understand your subtilty.—
 As for your nephew, let your lordship's eye
 But watch his actions, and you need not fear, 40
 For I have sent my daughter far enough.
 And yet your cousin Rowland might do well,
 Now he hath learned an occupation ;
 And yet I scorn to call him son-in-law.

Lincoln. Ay, but I have a better trade for him :
 I thank his grace, he hath appointed him
 Chief colonel of all those companies
 Mustered in London and the shires about,

To serve his highness in those wars of France.
See where he comes!—

Enter LOVELL, LACY, and ASKEW.

Lovell, what news with you ? 50

Lovell. My Lord of Lincoln, 'tis his highness' will,
That presently your cousin ship for France
With all his powers ; he would not for a million,
But they should land at Dieppe within four days.

Lincoln. Go certify his grace, it shall be done.

[*Exit Lovell.*]

Now, cousin Lacy, in what forwardness
Are all your companies ?

Lacy. All well prepared.

The men of Hertfordshire lie at Mile-end,
Suffolk and Essex train in Tothill-fields,
The Londoners and those of Middlesex, 60
All gallantly prepared in Finsbury,
With frolic spirits long for their parting hour.

Lord Mayor. They have their imprest, coats, and
furniture ;

And, if it please your cousin Lacy come
To the Guildhall, he shall receive his pay ;
And twenty pounds besides my brethren
Will freely give him, to approve our loves
We bear unto my lord, your uncle here.

Lacy. I thank your honour.

Lincoln. Thanks, my good lord mayor.

Lord Mayor. At the Guildhall we will expect your
coming. [*Exit.*]

Lincoln. To approve your loves to me ? No subtilty !
Nephew, that twenty pound he doth bestow 72

For joy to rid you from his daughter Rose.
 But, cousins both, now here are none but friends,
 I would not have you cast an amorous eye
 Upon so mean a project as the love
 Of a gay, wanton, painted citizen.
 I know, this churl even in the height of scorn
 Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine.
 I pray thee, do thou so! Remember, coz, 80
 What honourable fortunes wait on thee :
 Increase the king's love, which so brightly shines,
 And gilds thy hopes. I have no heir but thee,—
 And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit
 Thou start from the true bias of my love.

Lacy. My lord, I will for honour, not desire
 Of land or livings, or to be your heir,
 So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
 As shall add glory to the Lacys' name.

Lincoln. Coz, for those words here's thirty Portuguese,
 And, nephew Askew, there's a few for you. 91
 Fair Honour, in her loftiest eminence,
 Stays in France for you, till you fetch her thence.
 Then, nephews, clap swift wings on your designs :
 Begone, begone, make haste to the Guildhall ;
 There presently I'll meet you. Do not stay :
 Where honour beckons, shame attends delay. *W* [Exit.

Askew. How gladly would your uncle have you
 gone !

Lacy. True, coz, but I'll o'erreach his policies.
 I have some serious business for three days, 100
 Which nothing but my presence can dispatch.
 You, therefore, cousin, with the companies,
 Shall haste to Dover ; there I'll meet with you :

Or, if I stay past my prefixèd time,
 Away for France ; we'll meet in Normandy.
 The twenty pounds my lord mayor gives to me
 You shall receive, and these ten Portuguese,
 Part of mine uncle's thirty. Gentle coz,
 Have care to our great charge ; I know, your wisdom
 Hath tried itself in higher consequence. 110

Askeu. Coz, all myself am yours : yet have this care,
 To lodge in London with all secrecy ;
 Our uncle Lincoln hath, besides his own,
 Many a jealous eye, that in your face
 Stares only to watch means for your disgrace.

Lacy. Stay, cousin, who be these ?

*Enter SIMON EYRE, MARGERY his wife, HODGE, FIRK,
 JANE, and RALPH with a piece.*

Eyre. Leave whining, leave whining ! Away with this
 whimpering, this puling, these blubbering tears, and these
 wet eyes ! I'll get thy husband discharged, I warrant
 thee, sweet Jane ; go to ! 120

Hodge. Master, here be the captains.

Eyre. Peace, Hodge ; husht, ye knave, husht !

Firk. Here be the cavaliers and the colonels, master.

Eyre. Peace, Firk ; peace, my fine Firk ! Stand by
 with your pishery-pashery, away ! I am a man of the
 best presence ; I'll speak to them, an they were Popes.—
 Gentlemen, captains, colonels, commanders ! Brave
 men, brave leaders, may it please you to give me audi-
 ence. I am Simon Eyre, the mad shoemaker of Tower
Street ; this wench with the mealy mouth that will
never tire is my wife, I can tell you ; here's Hodge, my
man and my foreman ; here's Firk, my fine firking

journeyman, and this is blubbered Jane. All we come to be suitors for this honest Ralph. Keep him at home, and as I am a true shoemaker and a gentleman of the Gentle Craft, buy spurs yourselves, and I'll find y^e boots these seven years.

Margery. Seven years, husband ?

Eyre. Peace, midriff, peace ! I know what I do,
Peace ! 140

Firk. Truly, master cormorant, you shall do God good service to let Ralph and his wife stay together. She's a young new-married woman ; if you take her husband away from her a night, you undo her ; she may beg in the daytime ; for he's as good a workman at a prick and an awl, as any is in our trade.

Jane. O let him stay, else I shall be undone.

Firk. Ay, truly, she shall be laid at one side like a pair of old shoes else, and be occupied for no use.

Lacy. Truly, my friends, it lies not in my power : 150
The Londoners are pressed, paid, and set forth
By the lord mayor ; I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why, then you were as good be a corporal as a colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow ; and I tell you true, I think you do more than you can answer, to press a man within a year and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Well said, melancholy Hodge ; gramercy, my fine foreman. 158

Margery. Truly, gentlemen, it were ill done for such as you, to stand so stiffly against a poor young wife ; considering her case, she is new-married, but let that pass : I pray, deal not roughly with her ; her husband is a young man, and but newly entered, but let that pass.

Eyre. Away with your pishery-pashery, your pols and

your edipols! Peace, midriff; silence, Cicely Bum-trinket! Let your head speak.

Firk. Yea, and the horns too, master. 167

Eyre. Too soon, my fine Firk, too soon! Peace, scoundrels! See you this man? Captains, you will not release him? Well, let him go; he's a proper shot; let him vanish! Peace, Jane, dry up thy tears, they'll make his powder dankish. Take him, brave men; Hector of Troy was an hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant scoundrels, Prince Arthur's Round-table—by the Lord of Ludgate—ne'er fed such a tall, such a dapper swordsman; by the life of Pharaoh, a brave, resolute swordsman! Peace, Jane! I say no more, mad knaves.

Firk. See, see, Hodge, how my master raves in commendation of Ralph! 180

Hodge. Ralph, th'art a gull, by this hand, an thou goest not.

Askew. I am glad, good Master Eyre, it is my hap
To meet so resolute a soldier.

Trust me, for your report and love to him,
A common slight regard shall not respect him.

Lacy. Is thy name Ralph?

Ralph. Yes, sir.

Lacy. Give me thy hand;
Thou shalt not want, as I am a gentleman.
Woman, be patient; God, no doubt, will send
Thy husband safe again; but he must go, 190
His country's quarrel says it shall be so.

Hodge. Th'art a gull, by my stirrup, if thou dost not go. I will not have thee strike thy gimlet into these weak vessels; prick thine enemies, Ralph.

Enter DODGER.

Dodger. My lord, your uncle on the Tower-hill
Stays with the lord mayor and the aldermen,
And doth request you with all speed you may,
To hasten thither.

Askew. Cousin, let us go.

Lacy. Dodger, run you before, tell them we come.—

[*Exit Dodger.*]

This Dodger is mine uncle's parasite. 200
The arrant'st varlet that e'er breathed on earth ;
He sets more discord in a noble house
By one day's broaching of his pickthank tales,
Than can be salved again in twenty years,
And he, I fear, shall go with us to France, 205
To pry into our actions.

Askew. Therefore, coz,

It shall behove you to be circumspect.

Lacy. Fearnot, good cousin.—Ralph, hie to your colours.

Ralph. I must, because there is no remedy ;

But, gentle master and my loving dame, 210
As you have always been a friend to me,
So in my absence think upon my wife.

Jane. Alas, my Ralph.

Margery. She cannot speak for weeping.

Eyre. Peace, you cracked groats, you mustard tokens,
disquiet not the brave soldier. Go thy ways, Ralph !

Jane. Ay, ay, you bid him go ; what shall I do when
he is gone ?

Firk. Why, be doing with me or my fellow Hodge ;
be not idle. 219

Eyre. Let me see thy hand, Jane. This fine hand,
this white hand, these pretty fingers must spin, must

card, must work ; work, you bombast-cotton-candle-quean ; work for your living, with a pox to you.—Hold thee, Ralph, here's five sixpences for thee ; fight for the honour of the Gentle Craft, for the gentlemen shoemakers, the courageous cordwainers, the flower of St. Martin's, the mad knaves of Bedlam, Fleet Street, Tower Street and Whitechapel ; crack me the crowns of the French knaves ; a pox on them, crack them ; fight, by the Lord of Ludgate ; fight, my fine boy ! 230

Firk. Here, Ralph, here's three twopences : two carry into France, the third shall wash our souls at parting, for sorrow is dry. For my sake, firk the *Basa mon cues*.

Hodge. Ralph, I am heavy at parting ; but here's a shilling for thee. God send thee to cram thy slops with French crowns, and thy enemies' bellies with bullets.

Ralph. I thank you, master, and I thank you all.
Now, gentle wife, my loving lovely Jane,
Rich men, at parting, give their wives rich gifts,
Jewels and rings, to grace their lily hands. 240
Thou know'st our trade makes rings for women's heels :
Here take this pair of shoes, cut out by Hodge,
Stitched by my fellow Firk, seamed by myself,
Made up and pinked with letters for thy name.
Wear them, my dear Jane, for thy husband's sake,
And every morning, when thou pull'st them on,
Remember me, and pray for my return.
Make much of them ; for I have made them so,
That I can know them from a thousand mo.

Drum sounds. Enter the LORD MAYOR, the EARL OF LINCOLN, LACY, ASKEW, DODGER, and Soldiers. They pass over the stage ; RALPH falls in amongst them ; FIRK and the rest cry ' Farewell,' etc., and so exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A GARDEN AT OLD FORD.

Enter ROSE, alone, making a garland.

Rose. Here sit thou down upon this flow'ry bank,
 And make a garland for thy Lacy's head.
 These pinks, these roses, and these violets,
 These blushing gilliflowers, these marigolds,
 The fair embroidery of his coronet,
 Carry not half such beauty in their cheeks,
 As the sweet countenance of my Lacy doth.
 O my most unkind father ! O my stars,
 Why lowered you so at my nativity,
 To make me love, yet live robbed of my love ? 10
 Here as a thief am I imprisonèd
 For my dear Lacy's sake within those walls,
 Which by my father's cost were builded up
 For better purposes ; here must I languish
 For him that doth as much lament, I know,
 Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Enter SYBIL.

Sybil. Good morrow, young mistress. I am sure you
 make that garland for me ; against I shall be Lady of
 the Harvest.

Rose. Sybil, what news at London ? 20

Sybil. None but good ; my lord mayor, your father,
 and master Philpot, your uncle, and Master Scot, your
 cousin, and Mistress Frigbottom by Doctors' Commons,
 do all, by my troth, send you most hearty commenda-
 tions.

Rose. Did Lacy send kind greetings to his love ?

Sybil. O yes, out of cry, by my troth. I scant knew him ; here 'a wore a scarf ; and here a scarf, here a bunch of feathers, and here precious stones and jewels, and a pair of garters,—O, monstrous ! like one of our yellow silk curtains at home here in Old Ford house, here in master Bellymount's chamber. I stood at our door in Cornhill, looked at him, he at me indeed, spake to him, but he not to me, not a word ; marry go-up, thought I, with a wanion ! He passed by me as proud—Marry foh ! are you grown humorous, thought I ; and so shut the door, and in I came. *fickle,*

Rose. O Sybil, how dost thou my Lacy wrong !
My Rowland is as gentle as a lamb,
No dove was ever half so mild as he. 40

Sybil. Mild ? Yea, as a bushel of stamped crabs. He looked upon me as sour as verjuice. Go thy ways thought I ; thou may'st be much in my gaskins, but nothing in my nether-stocks. This is your fault, mistress, to love him that loves not you ; he thinks scorn to do as he's done to ; but if I were as you, I'd cry : *Go by, Jeronimó, go by !*

I'd set mine old debts against my new driblets,
And the hare's foot against the goose giblets,
For if ever I sigh, when sleep I should take, 50
Pray God I may lose my maidenhead when I wake.

Rose. Will my love leave me then, and go to France ?

Sybil. I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalk before the soldiers. By my troth, he is a proper man ; but he is proper that proper doth. Let him go snick up, young mistress.

Rose. Get thee to London, and learn perfectly,

Whether my Lacy go to France, or no.
 Do this, and I will give thee for thy pains
 My cambric apron and my Romish gloves, 60
 My purple stockings and a stomacher.
 Say, wilt thou do this, Sybil, for my sake ?

Sybil. Will I, quoth a ? At whose suit ? By my
 troth, yes, I'll go. A cambric apron, gloves, a pair of
 purple stockings, and a stomacher ! I'll sweat in purple,
 mistress, for you ; I'll take anything that comes a God's
 name. O rich ! a cambric apron ! Faith, then have at
 ' up tails all.' I'll go jiggy-joggy to London, and be
 here in a trice, young mistress. [*Exit.*]

Rose. Do so, good Sybil. Meantime wretched I 70
 Will sit and sigh for his lost company. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. A STREET IN LONDON.

Enter ROWLAND LACY, like a Dutch Shoemaker.

Lacy. How many shapes have gods and kings devised,
 Thereby to compass their desired loves !
 It is no shame for Rowland Lacy, then,
 To clothe his cunning with the Gentle Craft,
 That, thus disguised, I may unknown possess
 The only happy presence of my Rose.
 For her have I forsook my charge in France,
 Incurred the king's displeasure, and stirred up
 Rough hatred in mine uncle Lincoln's breast.
 O love, how powerful art thou, that canst change 10
 High birth to baseness, and a noble mind
 To the mean semblance of a shoemaker !
 But thus it must be. For her cruel father,
 Hating the single union of our souls,

Hath secretly conveyed my Rose from London,
To bar me of her presence ; but I trust,
Fortune and this disguise will further me
Once more to view her beauty, gain her sight.
Here in Tower Street with Eyre the shoemaker
Mean I a while to work ; I know the trade, 20
I learnt it when I was in Wittenberg.
Then cheer thy hoping spirits, be not dismayed,
Thou canst not want : do Fortune what she can,
The Gentle Craft is living for a man. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. AN OPEN YARD BEFORE EYRE'S
HOUSE.

Enter EYRE, making himself ready.

Eyre. Where be these boys, these girls, these drabs,
these scoundrels ? They wallow in the fat brewis of my
bounty, and lick up the crumbs of my table, yet will not
rise to see my walks cleansed. Come out, you powder-
beef queans ! What, Nan ! what, Madge Mumble-
crust ! Come out, you fat midriff-sweg-belly-whores,
and sweep me these kennels that the noisome stench
offend not the noses of my neighbours. What, Firk, I
say ; what, Hodge ! Open my shop-windows ! What,
Firk, I say ! 10

Enter FIRK.

Firk. O master, is't you that speak bandog and Bed-
lam this morning ? I was in a dream, and mused what
madman was got into the street so early ; have you
drunk this morning that your throat is so clear ?

Eyre. Ah, well said, Firk ; well said, Firk. To work,

my fine knave, to work! Wash thy face, and thou'lt be more blest.

Firk. Let them wash my face that will eat it. Good master, send for a souse-wife, if you will have my face cleaner. 20

Enter HODGE.

Eyre. Away, sloven! avaunt, scoundrel! Good-morrow, Hodge; good-morrow, my fine foreman.

Hodge. O master, good-morrow; y'are an early stirrer. Here's a fair morning.—Good-morrow, Firk, I could have slept this hour. Here's a brave day towards.

Eyre. Oh, haste to work, my fine foreman, haste to work.

Firk. Master, I am dry as dust to hear my fellow Roger talk of fair weather; let us pray for good leather, and let clowns and ploughboys and those that work in the fields pray for brave days. We work in a dry shop; what care I if it rain? 32

Enter MARGERY.

Eyre. How now, Dame Margery, can you see to rise? Trip and go, call up the drabs, your maids.

Margery. See to rise? I hope 'tis time enough, 'tis early enough for any woman to be seen abroad. I marvel how many wives in Tower Street are up so soon. Gods me, 'tis not noon,—here's a yawling!

Eyre. Peace, Margery, peace! Where's Cicely Bum-trinket, your maid? She has a privy fault, she farts in her sleep. Call the quean up; if my men want shoe-thread, I'll swinge her in a stirrup. 42

Firk. Yet, that's but a dry beating; here's still a sign of drought.

Enter LACY, as HANS, singing.

Hans. Der was een bore van Gelderland
 Frolick sie byen ;
 He was als dronck he cold nyet stand,
 Upsolce sie byen.
 Tap eens de canneken,
 Drincke, schone mannekin. 50

Firk. Master, for my life, yonder's a brother of the Gentle Craft ; if he bear not Saint Hugh's bones, I'll forfeit my bones ; he's some uplandish workman : hire him, good master, that I may learn some gibble-gabble ; 'twill make us work the faster.

Eyre. Peace, Firk ! A hard world ! Let him pass, let him vanish ; we have journeymen enow. Peace, my fine Firk !

Margery. Nay, nay, y'are best follow your man's counsel ; you shall see what will come on't : we have not men enow, but we must entertain every butter-box ; but let that pass. 62

Hodge. Dame, 'fore God, if my master follow your counsel, he'll consume little beef. He shall be glad of men, an he can catch them.

Firk. Ay, that he shall.

Hodge. 'Fore God, a proper man, and I warrant, a fine workman. Master, farewell ; dame, adieu ; if such a man as he cannot find work, Hodge is not for you.

[Offers to go.

Eyre. Stay, my fine Hodge. 70

Firk. Faith, an your foreman go, dame, you must take a journey to seek a new journeyman ; if Roger remove, Firk follows. If Saint Hugh's bones shall not be set

a-work, I may prick mine awl in the walls, and go play. Fare ye well, master ; good-bye, dame.

Eyre. Tarry, my fine Hodge, my brisk foreman ! Stay, Firk !—Peace, pudding-broth ! By the Lord of Ludgate, I love my men as my life. Peace, you gallimaufry !—Hodge, if he want work, I'll hire him. One of you to him ; stay,—he comes to us. 80

Hans. Goeden dach, meester, ende u vro oak.

Firk. Nails, if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choke. And you, friend Oake, are you of the Gentle Craft ?

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ik bin den skomawker.

Firk. Den skomaker, quoth a ! And hark you, skomaker, have you all your tools, a good rubbing-pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your four sorts of awls, and your two balls of wax, your paring knife, your hand- and thumb-leathers, and good St. Hugh's bones to smooth up your work ? 91

Hans. Yaw, yaw ; be niet vorveard. Ik hab all de dingen voour mack skooes groot and cleane.

Firk. Ha, ha ! Good master, hire him ; he'll make me laugh so that I shall work more in mirth than I can in earnest.

Eyre. Hear ye, friend, have ye any skill in the mystery of cordwainers ?

Hans. Ik weet niet wat yow seg ; ich verstaw you niet. 100

Firk. Why, thus, man : [*Imitating by gesture a shoemaker at work.*] Ich verste u niet, quoth a.

Hans. Yaw, yaw, yaw ; ick can dat wel doen.

Firk. Yaw, yaw ! He speaks yawing like a jackdaw that gapes to be fed with cheese-curds. Oh, he'll give a

villanous pull at a can of double-beer ; but Hodge and I have the vantage, we must drink first, because we are the eldest journeymen.

Eyre. What is thy name ?

Hans. Hans—Hans Meulter. 109

Eyre. Give me thy hand ; th'art welcome.—Hodge, entertain him ; Firk, bid him welcome ; come, Hans. Run, wife, bid your maids, your trullibubs, make ready my fine men's breakfasts. To him, Hodge !

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome ; use thyself friendly, for we are good fellows ; if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a giant.

Firk. Yea, and drunk with, wert thou Gargantua. My master keeps no cowards, I tell thee.—Ho, boy, bring him an heel-block, here's a new journeyman. 119

Enter Boy.

Hans. O, ich wersto you ; ich moet een halve dossen cans betaelen ; here, boy, nempt dis skilling, tap eens freeelicke. [*Exit Boy.*]

Eyre. Quick, snipper-snapper, away ! Firk, scour thy throat, thou shalt wash it with Castilian liquor.

Enter Boy.

Come, my last of the fives, give me a can. Have to thee, Hans ; here, Hodge ; here, Firk ; drink, you mad Greeks, and work like true Trojans, and pray for Simon Eyre, the shoemaker.—Here, Hans, and th'art welcome. 129

Firk. Lo, dame, you would have lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh. This beer came hopping in well.

Margery. Simon, it is almost seven.

Eyre. Is't so, Dame Clapper-dudgcon? Is't seven a clock, and my men's breakfast not ready? Trip and go, you soused conger, away! Come, you mad hyperboreans; follow me, Hodge; follow me, Hans; come after, my fine Firk; to work, to work a while, and then to breakfast! [Exit.]

Firk. Soft! Yaw, yaw, good Hans, though my master have no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish to go behind you, I being the elder journeyman. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A FIELD NEAR OLD FORD.

Holloaing within. Enter Master WARNER and Master HAMMON, attired as Hunters.

Hammon. Cousin, beat every brake, the game's not far,

This way with wingèd feet he fled from death,
 Whilst the pursuing hounds, scenting his steps,
 Find out his highway to destruction.
 Besides, the miller's boy told me even now,
 He saw him take soil, and he holloaed him,
 Affirming him to have been so embost
 That long he could not hold.

Warner. If it be so,

'Tis best we trace these meadows by Old Ford. 9

A noise of Hunters within. Enter a Boy.

Hammon. How now, boy? Where's the deer?
 Speak, saw'st thou him?

Boy. O yea; I saw him leap through a hedge, and then over a ditch, then at my lord mayor's pale. Over he skipped me, and in he went me, and 'holla' the

hunters cried, and ' there, boy ; there, boy ! ' But there he is, ' a mine honesty. 16

Hammon. Boy, God amercy. Cousin, let's away ;
I hope we shall find better sport to-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. ANOTHER PART OT THE FIELD.

Hunting within. Enter ROSE and SYBIL.

Rose. Why, Sybil, wilt thou prove a forester ?

Sybil. Upon some, no ; forester, go by ; no, faith, mistress. The deer came running into the barn through the orchard and over the pale ; I wot well, I looked as pale as a new cheese to see him. But whip, says good-man Pin-close, up with his flail, and our Nick with a prong, and down he fell, and they upon him, and I upon them. By my troth, we had such sport ; and in the end we ended him ; his throat we cut, flayed him, unhorned him, and my lord mayor shall eat of him anon, when he comes. [*Horns sound within.*

Rose. Hark, hark, the hunters come ; y'are best take heed,
They'll have a saying to you for this deed. 13

Enter MASTER HAMMON, MASTER WARNER, Huntsmen, and Boy.

Hammon. God save you, fair ladies.

Sybil. Ladies ! O gross !

Warner. Came not a buck this way ?

Rose. No, but two does.

Hammon. And which way went they ? Faith, we'll hunt at those.

Sybil. At those ? upon some, no : when, can you tell ?

Warner. Upon some, ay.

Sybil. Good Lord!

Warner. Wounds! Then farewell!

Hammon. Boy, which way went he?

Boy. This way, sir, he ran.

Hammon. This way he ran indeed, fair Mistress Rose;
Our game was lately in your orchard seen. 21

Warner. Can you advise, which way he took his flight?

Sybil. Follow your nose; his horns will guide you right.

Warner. Th'art a mad wench.

Sybil. O, rich!

Rose. Trust me, not I.

It is not like that the wild forest-deer
Would come so near to places of resort;
You are deceived, he fled some other way.

Warner. Which way, my sugar-candy, can you shew?

Sybil. Come up, good honeysops, upon some, no. 29

Rose. Why do you stay, and not pursue your game?

Sybil. I'll hold my life, their hunting-nags be lame.

Hammon. A deer more dear is found within this place.

Rose. But not the deer, sir, which you had in chase.

Hammon. I chased the deer, but this dear chaseth me.

Rose. The strangest hunting that ever I see.

But where's your park? [*She offers to go away.*]

Hammon. 'Tis here: O stay!

Rose. Impale me, and then I will not stray.

Warner. They wrangle, wench; we are more kind than they.

Sybil. What kind of hart is that dear heart, you seek?

Warner. A hart, dear heart.

Sybil. Who ever saw the like ?

Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you can ? 41

Hammon. My heart is lost.

Rose. Alack, good gentleman !

Hammon. This poor lost heart would I wish you might find.

Rose. You, by such luck, might prove your hart a hind.

Hammon. Why, Luck had horns, so have I heard some say.

Rose. Now, God, an't be his will, send Luck into your way.

Enter the LORD MAYOR and Servants.

Lord Mayor. What, Master Hammon ? Welcome to Old Ford !

Sybil. Gods pittikins, hands off, sir ! Here's my lord.

Lord Mayor. I hear you had ill luck, and lost your game.

Hammon. 'Tis true, my lord.

Lord Mayor. I am sorry for the same.

What gentleman is this ?

Hammon. My brother-in-law. 51

Lord Mayor. Y'are welcome both ; sith Fortune offers you

Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,

Until you have refreshed your weary limbs.—

Go, Sybil, cover the board !—You shall be guest

To no good cheer, but even a hunter's feast.

Hammon. I thank your lordship.—Cousin, on my life,

For our lost venison I shall find a wife. [*Exeunt.*]

Lord Mayor. In, gentlemen ; I'll not be absent long.—

This Hammon is a proper gentleman, 60

A citizen by birth, fairly allied ;
 How fit an husband were he for my girl !
 Well, I will in, and do the best I can,
 To match my daughter to this gentleman. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I. A ROOM IN EYRE'S HOUSE.

Enter HANS, Skipper, HODGE, and FIRK.

Skipper. Ick sal yow wat seggen, Hans ; dis skip, dat comen from Candy, is al vol, by Got's sacrament, van sugar, civet, almonds, cambrick, end alle dingen, tow-sand tow-sand ding. Nempt it, Hans, nempt it vor u meester. Daer be de bils van laden. Your meester Simon Eyre sal hae good copen. Wat seggen yow, Hans ?

Firk. Wat seggen de reggen, de copen slopen—laugh, Hodge, laugh ! 9

Hans. Mine liever broder Firk, bringt Meester Eyre tot det signe un Swannekin ; daer sal yow finde dis skipper end me. Wat seggen yow, broder Firk ? Doot it, Hodge. Come, skipper.

[Exeunt Hans and Skipper.]

Firk. Bring him, quoth you ? Here's no knavery, to bring my master to buy a ship worth the lading of two or three hundred thousand pounds. Alas, that's nothing ; a trifle, a bauble, Hodge. 17

Hodge. The truth is, Firk, that the merchant owner of the ship dares not shew his head, and therefore this skipper that deals for him, for the love he bears to

Hans, offers my master Eyre a bargain in the commodities. He shall have a reasonable day of payment; he may sell the wares by that time, and be an huge gainer himself.

Firk. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty porpentines as an earnest penny?

Hodge. Portegues, thou wouldst say; here they be, Firk; hark, they jingle in my pocket like St. Mary Overy's bells. 29

Enter EYRE and MARGERY.

Firk. Mum, here comes my dame and my master. She'll scold, on my life, for loitering this Monday; but all's one, let them all say what they can, Monday's our holiday.

Margery. You sing, Sir Sauce, but I beshrew your heart,

I fear, for this your singing we shall smart. 35

Firk. Smart for me, dame; why, dame, why?

Hodge. Master, I hope you'll not suffer my dame to take down your journeymen.

Firk. If she take me down, I'll take her up; yea, and take her down too, a button-hole lower. 40

Eyre. Peace, Firk; not I, Hodge; by the life of Pharaoh, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every hair whereof I value at a king's ransom, she shall not meddle with you.—Peace, you bombast-cotton-candle-quean; away, queen of clubs; quarrel not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firk; I'll firk you, if you do.

Margery. Yea, yea, man, you may use me as you please; but let that pass. 49

Eyre. Let it pass, let it vanish away ; peace ! Am I not Simon Eyre ? Are not these my brave men, brave shoemakers, all gentlemen of the Gentle Craft ? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly born, as being the sole son of a shoemaker. Away, rubbish ! vanish, melt ; melt like kitchen-stuff.

Margery. Yea, yea, 'tis well ; I must be called rubbish, kitchen-stuff, for a sort of knaves.

Firk. Nay, dame, you shall not weep and wail in woe for me. Master, I'll stay no longer ; here's an inventory of my shop-tools. Adieu, master ; Hodge, farewell. 60

Hodge. Nay, stay, Firk ; thou shalt not go alone.

Margery. I pray, let them go ; there be more maids than Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fools than Firk.

Firk. Fools ? Nails ! if I tarry now, I would my guts might be turned to shoe-thread.

Hodge. And if I stay, I pray God I may be turned to a Turk, and set in Finsbury for boys to shoot at.—Come, Firk. 69

Eyre. Stay, my fine knaves, you arms of my trade, you pillars of my profession. What, shall a tittle-tattle's words make you forsake Simon Eyre ?—Avaunt, kitchen-stuff ! Rip, you brown-bread Tannikin ; out of my sight ! Move me not ! Have not I ta'en you from your selling tripes in Eastcheap, and set you in my shop, and made you hail-fellow with Simon Eyre, the shoemaker ? And now do you deal thus with my journeymen ? Look, you powder-beef-quean, on the face of Hodge, here's a face for a lord. 79

Firk. And here's a face for any lady in Christendom.

Eyre. Rip, you chitterling, avaunt ! Boy, bid the

tapster of the Boar's Head fill me a dozen cans of beer for my journeymen.

Firk. A dozen cans? O brave! Hodge, now I'll stay.

Eyre. [*Aside to the Boy.*] An the knave fills any more than two, he pays for them. [*Exit Boy. Aloud.*] A dozen cans of beer for my journeymen. [*Re-enter Boy.*] Here, you mad Mesopotamians, wash your livers with this liquor. Where be the odd ten? [*Aside.*] No more, Madge, no more.—Well said. Drink and to work! —What work dost thou, Hodge? what work? 92

Hodge. I am a-making a pair of shoes for my lord mayor's daughter, Mistress Rose.

Firk. And I a pair of shoes for Sybil, my lord's maid. I deal with her.

Eyre. Sybil? Fie, defile not thy fine workmanly fingers with the feet of kitchen-stuff and basting-ladles. Ladies of the court, fine ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparelling; put gross work to Hans. Yark and seam, yark and seam! 101

Firk. For yarking and seaming let me alone, an I come to't.

Hodge. Well, master, all this is from the bias. Do you remember the ship my fellow Hans told you of? The skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan. Here be the Portugues to give earnest. If you go through with it, you cannot choose but be a lord at least.

Firk. Nay, dame, if my master prove not a lord, and you a lady, hang me. 110

Margery. Yea, like enough, if you may loiter and tipple thus.

Firk. Tipple, dame? No, we have been bargaining

with Skellum Skanderbag : can you Dutch spreaken for a ship of silk Cyprus, laden with sugar-candy ?

Enter the Boy with a velvet coat and an Alderman's gown.

EYRE *puts them on.*

Eyre. Peace, Firk ; silence, Tittle-tattle ! Hodge, I'll go through with it. Here's a scal-ring, and I have sent for a guarded gown and a damask cassock. See where it comes ; look here, Maggy ; help me, Firk ; apparel me, Hodge ; silk and satin, you mad Philistines, silk and satin. 121

Firk. Ha, ha, my master will be as proud as a dog in a doublet, all in beaten damask and velvet.

Eyre. Softly, Firk, for rearing of the nap, and wearing threadbare my garments. How dost thou like me, Firk ? How do I look, my fine Hodge ?

Hodge. Why, now you look like yourself, master. I warrant you, there's few in the city, but will give you the wall, and come upon you with the right worshipful.

Firk. Nails, my master looks like a threadbare cloak new turned and dressed. Lord, Lord, to see what good raiment doth ! Dame, dame, are you not enamoured ?

Eyre. How say'st thou, Maggy, am I not brisk ? Am I not fine ? 134

Margery. Fine ? By my troth, sweetheart, very fine ! By my troth, I never liked thee so well in my life, sweetheart ; but let that pass. I warrant, there be many women in the city have not such handsome husbands, but only for their apparel ; but let that pass too.

Re-enter HANS and Skipper.

Hans. Godden day, mester. Dis be de skipper dat

heb de skip van marchandice ; de commodity ben good ; nempt it, master, nempt it.

Eyre. Godamercy, Hans ; welcome, skipper. Where lies this ship of merchandise ? 144

Skipper. De skip ben in revere ; dor be van Sugar, cyvet, almonds, cambrick, and a towsand towsand tings, gotz sacrament ; nempt it, mester : ye sal heb good copen.

Firk. To him, master ! O sweet master ! O sweet wares ! Prunes, almonds, sugar-candy, carrot-roots, turnips, O brave fattening meat ! Let not a man buy a nutmeg but yourself. 152

Eyre. Peace, Firk ! Come, skipper, I'll go aboard with you.—Hans, have you made him drink ?

Skipper. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale gedrunck.

Eyre. Come, Hans, follow me. Skipper, thou shalt have my countenance in the city. [*Exeunt.*]

Firk. Yaw, heb veale gedrunck, quoth a. They may well be called butter-boxes, when they drink fat veal and thick beer too. But come, dame, I hope you'll chide us no more.

Margery. No, faith, Firk ; no, perdy, Hodge. I do feel honour creep upon me, and which is more, a certain rising in my flesh ; but let that pass. 163

Firk. Rising in your flesh do you feel, say you ? Ay, you may be with child, but why should not my master feel a rising in his flesh, having a gown and a gold ring on ? But you are such a shrew you'll soon pull him down.

Margery. Ha, ha ! prithee, peace ! Thou mak'st my worship laugh ; but let that pass. Come, I'll go in ; Hodge, prithee, go before me ; Firk, follow me.

Firk. Firk doth follow : Hodge, pass out in state.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. LONDON : A ROOM IN LINCOLN'S
HOUSE.*Enter the* EARL OF LINCOLN *and* DODGER.*Lincoln.* How now, good Dodger, what's the news in France ?

Dodger. My lord, upon the eighteenth day of May
The French and English were prepared to fight ;
Each side with eager fury gave the sign
Of a most hot encounter. Five long hours
Both armies fought together ; at the length
The lot of victory fell on our sides.
Twelve thousand of the Frenchmen that day died,
Four thousand English, and no man of name
But Captain Hyam and young Ardington, 10
Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

Lincoln. But Dodger, prithee, tell me, in this fight
How did my cousin Lacy bear himself ?*Dodger.* My lord, your cousin Lacy was not there.*Lincoln.* Not there ?*Dodger.* No, my good lord.*Lincoln.* Sure, thou mistakest.

I saw him shipped, and a thousand eyes beside
Were witnesses of the farewells which he gave,
When I, with weeping eyes, bid him adieu.
Dodger, take heed.

Dodger. My lord, I am advised,
That what I spake is true : to prove it so, 20
His cousin Askew, that supplied his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might convey himself thither.

Lincoln. Is't even so ?

Dares he so carelessly venture his life
 Upon the indignation of a king ?
 Has he despised my love, and spurned those favours
 Which I with prodigal hand poured on his head ?
 He shall repent his rashness with his soul ;
 Since of my love he makes no estimate,
 I'll make him wish he had not known my hate. 30
 Thou hast no other news ?

Dodger. None else, my lord.

Lincoln. None worse I know thou hast.—Procure the
 king

To crown his giddy brows with ample honours,
 Send him chief colonel, and all my hope
 Thus to be dashed ! But 'tis in vain to grieve,
 One evil cannot a more worse relieve.
 Upon my life, I have found out his plot ;
 That old dog, Love, that fawned upon him so,
 Love to that puling girl, his fair-cheeked Rose,
 The lord mayor's daughter, hath distracted him, 40
 And in the fire of that love's lunacy
 Hath he burnt up himself, consumed his credit.
 Lost the king's love, yea, and I fear, his life,
 Only to get a wanton to his wife,
 Dodger, it is so.

Dodger. I fear so, my good lord.

Lincoln. It is so—nay, sure it cannot be !
 I am at my wits' end. Dodger !

Dodger. Yea, my lord.

Lincoln. Thou art acquainted with my nephew's
 haunts ;
 Spend this gold for thy pains ; go seek him out ;
 Watch at my lord mayor's—there if he live, 50

Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him.
 Prithee, be diligent.—Lacy, thy name
 Lived once in honour, now 'tis dead in shame.—
 Be circumspect.

[Exit.

Dodger. I warrant you, my lord.

[Exit.

SCENE III. LONDON: A ROOM IN THE LORD
 MAYOR'S HOUSE.

Enter the LORD MAYOR and Master SCOTT.

Lord Mayor. Good Master Scott, I have been bold with
 you,

To be a witness to a wedding-knot
 Betwixt young Master Hammon and my daughter.
 O, stand aside ; see where the lovers come.

Enter Master HAMMON and ROSE.

Rose. Can it be possible you love me so ?
 No, no, within those eyeballs I espy
 Apparent likelihoods of flattery.
 Pray now, let go my hand.

Hammon. Sweet Mistress Rose,
 Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceive
 Of my affection, whose devoted soul 10
 Swears that I love thee dearer than my heart.

Rose. As dear as your own heart ? I judge it right ;
~~Men love their hearts best when th'are out of sight.~~

Hammon. I love you, by this hand.

Rose. Yet hands off now !
~~If flesh be frail, how weak and frail's your vow !~~

Hammon. Then by my life I swear.

Rose. Then do not brawl ;

One quarrel loseth wife and life and all.

Is not your meaning thus ?

Hammon.

In faith, you jest.

Rose. Love loves to sport ; therefore leave love, y'are
best. 19

Lord Mayor. What ? square they, Master Scott ?

Scott.

Sir, never doubt,

Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Hammon. Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancying
me.

Nay, never turn aside, shun not my sight :

I am not grown so fond, to fond my love

On any that shall quit it with disdain ;

If you will love me, so—if not, farewell.

Lord Mayor. Why, how now, lovers, are you both
agreed ?

Hammon. Yes, faith, my lord.

Lord Mayor. 'Tis well, give me your hand. 29

Give me yours, daughter.—How now, both pull back ?

What means this, girl ?

Rose.

I mean to live a maid.

Hammon. [*Aside.*] But not to die one ; pause, ere
that be said.

Lord Mayor. Will you still cross me, still be obstinate ?

Hammon. Nay, chide her not, my lord, for doing well ;

If she can live an happy virgin's life,

'Tis far more blessed than to be a wife.

Rose. Say, sir, I cannot : I have made a vow,
Whoever be my husband, 'tis not you.

Lord Mayor. Your tongue is quick ; but Master
Hammon, know,

I bade you welcome to another end. 40

Hammon. What, would you have me pule and pine
and pray

With 'lovely lady,' 'mistress of my heart,'
'Pardon your servant,' and the rhymer play,
Railing on Cupid and his tyrant's-dart ;

Or shall I undertake some martial spoil,
Wearing your glove at tourney and at tilt,
And tell how many gallants I unhorsed—
Sweet, will this pleasure you ?

Rose. Yea, when wilt begin ?

What, love rhymes, man ? Fie on that deadly sin !

Lord Mayor. If you will have her, I'll make her
agree.

Hammon. Enforced love is worse than hate to me.

[*Aside.*] There is a wench keeps shop in the Old Change,
To her will I ; it is not wealth I seek, 53
I have enough, and will prefer her love
Before the world. [*Aloud.*] My good lord mayor,
adieu.

Old love for me, I have no luck with new. [*Exit.*]

Lord Mayor. Now, mammet, you have well behaved
yourself,

But you shall curse your coyness if I live.—

Who's within there ? See you convey your mistress
Straight to th' Old Ford ! I'll keep you straight enough.
Fore God, I would have sworn the puling girl 61
Would willingly accepted Hammon's love ;
But banish him, my thoughts !—Go, minion, in !

[*Exit Rose.*]

Now tell me, Master Scott, would you have thought
That Master Simon Eyre, the shoemaker,
Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise ?

Scott. 'Twas well, my lord, your honour and myself
Grew partners with him ; for your bills of lading
Shew that Eyre's gains in one commodity
Rise at the least to full three thousand pound 70
Besides like gain in other merchandise.

Lord Mayor. Well, he shall spend some of his thou-
sands now,
For I have sent for him to the Guildhall.

Enter EYRE.

See, where he comes. Good morrow, Master Eyre.

Eyre. Poor Simon Eyre, my lord, your shoemaker.

Lord Mayor. Well, well, it likes yourself to term
you so.

Enter DODGER.

Now, Master Dodger, what's the news with you ?

Dodger. I'd gladly speak in private to your honour.

Lord Mayor. You shall, you shall.—Master Eyre and
Master Scott,

I have some business with this gentleman ; 80

I pray, let me entreat you to walk before

To the Guildhall ; I'll follow presently.

Master Eyre, I hope ere noon to call you sheriff.

Eyre. I would not care, my lord, if you might call me
King of Spain.—Come, Master Scott.

[Exeunt Eyre and Scott.]

Lord Mayor. Now, Master Dodger, what's the news
you bring ?

Dodger. The Earl of Lincoln by me greets your lord-
ship,

And earnestly requests you, if you can,

Inform him, where his nephew Lacy keeps. *etc.*

Lord Mayor. Is not his nephew Lacy now in France ?

Dodger. No, I assure your lordship, but disguised
Lurks here in London. 91

Lord Mayor. London ? Is't even so ?

It may be ; but upon my faith and soul,

I know not where he lives, or whether he lives :

So tell my Lord of Lincoln.—Lurks in London ?

Well, Master Dodger, you perhaps may start him ;

Be but the means to rid him into France,

I'll give you a dozen angels for your pains :

So much I love his honour, hate his nephew.

And, prithee, so inform thy lord from me. 100

Dodger. I take my leave. [*Exit Dodger.*]

Lord Mayor. Farewell, good Master Dodger.

Lacy in London ? I dare pawn my life,

My daughter knows thereof, and for that cause

Denied young Master Hammon in his love.

Well, I am glad I sent her to Old Ford.

Gods Lord, 'tis late ; to Guildhall I must hie ;

I know my brethren stay my company. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. LONDON : A ROOM IN EYRE'S
HOUSE.

Enter FIRK, MARGERY, HANS, and HODGE.

Margery. Thou goest too fast for me, Roger. O, Firk !

Firk. Ay, forsooth.

Margery. I pray thee, run—do you hear ?—run to Guildhall, and learn if my husband, Master Eyre, will take that worshipful vocation of Master Sheriff upon him. Hie thee, good Firk.

Firk. Take it ? Well, I go ; an he should not take

it, Firk swears to forswear him. Yes, forsooth, I go to Guildhall.

Margery. Nay, when ? thou art too compendious and tedious. 11

Firk. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence. [*Aside.*] How like a new cart-wheel my dame speaks, and she looks like an old musty ale-bottle going to scalding.

Margery. Nay, when ? thou wilt make me melancholy.

Firk. God forbid your worship should fall into that humour ;—I run. [*Exit.*]

Margery. Let me see now, Roger and Hans.

Hodge. Ay, forsooth, dame—mistress I should say, but the old term so sticks to the roof of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off. 22

Margery. Even what thou wilt, good Roger ; dame is a fair name for any honest Christian ; but let that pass. How dost thou, Hans ?

Hans. Mee tanck you, vro.

Margery. Well, Hans and Roger, you see, God hath blest your master, and, perdy, if ever he comes to be Master Sheriff of London—as we are all mortal—you shall see, I will have some odd thing or other in a corner for you : I will not be your back-friend ; but let that pass. Hans, pray thee, tie my shoe. 32

Hans. Yaw, ic sal, vro.

Margery. Roger, thou know'st the length of my foot ; as it is none of the biggest, so I thank God, it is handsome enough ; prithee, let me have a pair of shoes made, cork, good Roger, wooden heel too.

Hodge. You shall.

Margery. Art thou acquainted with never a far-

thingale-maker, nor a French hood-maker? I must enlarge my bum, ha, ha! How shall I look in a hood, I wonder! Perdy, oddly, I think. 42

Hodge. [*Aside.*] As a cat out of a pillory.—Very well, I warrant you, mistress.

Margery. Indeed, all flesh is grass; and, Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair?

Hodge. Yes, forsooth, at the poulterer's in Gracious Street.

Margery. Thou art an ungracious wag; perdy, I mean a false hair for my periwig. 50

Hodge. Why, mistress, the next time I cut my beard, you shall have the shavings of it; but they are all true hairs.

Margery. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a mask.

Hodge. [*Aside.*] So you had need, to hide your wicked face.

Margery. Fie, upon it, how costly this world's calling is; perdy, but that it is one of the wonderful works of God, I would not deal with it. Is not Firk come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it pass and vanish, as my husband's worship says. 62

Hans. Ick bin vrolicke, lot see yow soo.

Hodge. Mistress, will you drink a pipe of tobacco?

Margery. Oh, fie upon it, Roger, perdy! These filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slaving baubles that ever I felt. Out upon it! God bless us, men look not like men that use them.

Enter RALPH, being lame.

Hodge. What, fellow Ralph? Mistress, look here, Jane's husband! Why, how now, lame? Hans, make

much of him, he's a brother of our trade, a good workman, and a tall soldier. 72

Hans. You be welcome, broder.

Margery. Perdy, I knew him not. How dost thou, good Ralph? I am glad to see thee well.

Ralph. I would to God you saw me, dame, as well
As when I went from London into France.

Margery. Trust me, I am sorry, Ralph, to see thee impotent. Lord, how the wars have made him sunburnt! The left leg is not well; 'twas a fair gift of God the infirmity took not hold a little higher, considering thou camest from France; but let that pass. 82

Ralph. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice
To hear that God hath blest my master so
Since my departure.

Margery. Yea, truly, Ralph, I thank my Maker; but let that pass.

Hodge. And, sirrah Ralph, what news, what news in France?

Ralph. Tell me, good Roger, first, what news in England?

How does my Jane? When didst thou see my wife?
Where lives my poor heart? She'll be poor indeed,
Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed. 92

Hodge. Limbs? Hast thou not hands, man? Thou shalt never see a shoemaker want bread, though he have but three fingers on a hand.

Ralph. Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane.

Margery. O Ralph, your wife,—perdy, we know not what's become of her. She was here a while, and because she was married, grew more stately than became her; I checked her, and so forth; away she flung, never

returned, nor said bye nor bah ; and, Ralph, you know, ' ka me, ka thee.' And so, as I tell ye — Roger, is not Firk come yet ? 103

Hodge. No, forsooth.

Margery. And so, indeed, we heard not of her, but I hear she lives in London ; but let that pass. If she had wanted, she might have opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of my men ; I am sure, there's not any of them, perdy, but would have done her good to his power. Hans, look if Firk be come. 110

Hans. Yaw, ik sal, vro. [*Exit Hans.*]

Margery. And so, as I said—but, Ralph, why dost thou weep ? Thou knowest that naked we came out of our mother's womb, and naked we must return ; and, therefore, thank God for all things. 115

Hodge. No, faith, Jane is a stranger here ; but, Ralph, pull up a good heart, I know thou hast one. Thy wife, man, is in London ; one told me, he saw her awhile ago very brave and neat ; we'll ferret her out, an London hold her.

Margery. Alas, poor soul, he's overcome with sorrow ; he does but as I do, weep for the loss of any good thing. But, Ralph, get thee in, call for some meat and drink, thou shalt find me worshipful towards thee.

Ralph. I thank you, dame ; since I want limbs and lands, 125
I'll trust to God, my good friends, and my hands. [*Exit.*]

Enter HANS and FIRK running.

Firk. Run, good Hans ! O Hodge, O mistress ! Hodge, heave up thine ears ; mistress, smug up your looks ; on with your best apparel ; my master is chosen,

my master is called, nay, condemned by the cry of the country to be sheriff of the city for this famous year now to come. And time now being, a great many men in black gowns were asked for their voices and their hands, and my master had all their fists about his ears presently, and they cried 'Ay, ay, ay, ay,'—and so I came away—

Wherefore without all other grieve

I do salute you, Mistress Shrieve. 137

Hans. Yaw, my mester is de groot man, de shrieve.

Hodge. Did not I tell you, mistress? Now I may boldly say: Good-morrow to your worship.

Margery. Good-morrow, good Roger. I thank you, my good people all.—Firk, hold up thy hand: here's a threepenny piece for thy tidings.

Firk. 'Tis but three-half-pence, I think. Yes, 'tis three-pence, I smell the rose.

Hodge. But, mistress, be ruled by me, and do not speak so pulingly. 147

Firk. 'Tis her worship speaks so, and not she. No, faith, mistress, speak me in the old key: 'To it, Firk,' 'there, good Firk,' 'ply your business, Hodge,' 'Hodge, with a full mouth,' 'I'll fill your bellies with good cheer, till they cry twang.'

Enter EYRE wearing a gold chain.

Hans. See, myn liever broder, heer compt my meester.

Margery. Welcome home, Master Shrieve; I pray God continue you in health and wealth. 155

Eyre. See here, my Maggy, a chain, a gold chain for Simon Eyre. I shall make thee a lady; here's a French hood for thee; on with it, on with it! dress thy brows with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee look

lovely. Where be my fine men? Roger, I'll make over my shop and tools to thee; Firk, thou shalt be the foreman; Hans, thou shalt have an hundred for twenty. Be as mad knaves as your master Sim Eyre hath been, and you shall live to be Sheriffs of London.—How dost thou like me, Margery? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. Firk, Hodge, and Hans!

All Three. Ay, forsooth, what says your worship, Master Sheriff? 168

Eyre. Worship and honour, you Babylonian knaves, for the Gentle Craft. But I forgot myself; I am bidden by my lord mayor to dinner to Old Ford; he's gone before, I must after. Come, Madge, on with your trinkets! Now, my true Trojans, my fine Firk, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some device, some odd crotchets, some morris, or such like, for the honour of the gentlemen shoemakers. Meet me at Old Ford, you know my mind. Come, Madge, away. Shut up the shop, knaves, and make holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

Firk. O rare! O brave! Come, Hodge; follow me, Hans;
We'll be with them for a morris-dance. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. A ROOM AT OLD FORD.

Enter the LORD MAYOR, ROSE, EYRE, MARGERY in a French hood, SYBIL, and other Servants.

Lord Mayor. Trust me, you are as welcome to Old Ford
As I myself.

Margery. Truly, I thank your lordship.

Lord Mayor. Would our bad cheer were worth the thanks you give.

Eyre. Good cheer, my lord mayor, fine cheer ! A fine house, fine walls, all fine and neat.

Lord Mayor. Now, by my troth, I'll tell thee, Master Eyre,

It does me good and all my brethren,
That such a madcap fellow as thyself
Is entered into our society.

Margery. Ay, but, my lord, he must learn now to put on gravity. 11

Eyre. Peace, Maggy, a fig for gravity ! When I go to Guildhall in my scarlet gown, I'll look as demurely as a saint, and speak as gravely as a justice of peace ; but now I am here at Old Ford, at my good lord mayor's house, let it go by, vanish, Maggy, I'll be merry ; away with flip-flap, these fooleries, these gulleries. What, honey ? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. What says my lord mayor ?

Lord Mayor. Ha, ha, ha ! I had rather than a thousand pound, 20

I had an heart but half so light as yours.

Eyre. Why, what should I do, my lord ? A pound of care pays not a dram of debt. Hum, let's be merry, whiles we are young ; old age, sack and sugar will steal upon us, ere we be aware.

Lord Mayor. It's well done ; Mistress Eyre, pray, give good counsel
To my daughter.

Margery. I hope, Mistress Rose will have the grace to take nothing that's bad.

Lord Mayor. Pray God she do ; for i' faith, Mistress Eyre, 30

I would bestow upon that peevish girl

A thousand marks more than I mean to give her

Upon condition she'd be ruled by me.

The ape still crosseth me. There came of late

A proper gentleman of fair revenues,

Whom gladly I would call [a] son-in-law :

But my fine cockney would have none of him.

You'll prove a coxcomb for it, ere you die :

A courtier, or no man must please your eye. 39

Eyre. Be ruled, sweet Rose : th'art ripe for a man. Marry not with a boy that has no more hair on his face than thou hast on thy cheeks. A courtier ? wash, go by ! stand not upon pishery-pashery : those silken fellows are but painted images, outsides, outsides, Rose ; their inner linings are torn. No, my fine mouse, marry me with a gentleman grocer like my lord mayor, your father ; a grocer is a sweet trade : plums, plums. Had I a son or daughter should marry out of the generation and blood of the shoemakers, he should pack ; what, the Gentle Trade is a living for a man through Europe, through the world. [*A noise within of a tabor and a pipe.*

Lord Mayor. What noise is this ? 52

Eyre. O my lord mayor, a crew of good fellows that for love to your honour are come hither with a morris-dance. Come in, my Mesopotamians, cheerily.

Enter HODGE, HANS, RALPH, FIRK, and other Shoemakers, in a morris ; after a little dancing the LORD MAYOR speaks.

Lord Mayor. Master Eyre, are all these shoemakers ?

Eyre. All cordwainers, my good lord mayor.

Rose. [*Aside.*] How like my Lacy looks yond' shoemaker !

Hans. [*Aside.*] O that I durst but speak unto my love!

Lord Mayor. Sybil, go fetch some wine to make these
drink. 60

You are all welcome.

All. We thank your lordship.

[*Rose takes a cup of wine and goes to Hans.*]

Rose. For his sake whose fair shape thou represent'st,
Good friend, I drink to thee.

Hans. Ic bedancke, good frister.

Margery. I see, Mistress Rose, you do not want judgment; you have drunk to the properest man I keep.

Firk. Here be some have done their parts to be as proper as he.

Lord Mayor. Well, urgent business calls me back to
London :

Good fellows, first go in and taste our cheer; 70

And to make merry as you homeward go,

Spend these two angels in beer at Stratford-Bow.

Eyre. To these two, my mad lads, Sim Eyre adds another; then cheerily, Firk; tickle it, Hans, and all for the honour of shoemakers.

THE FIRST THREE-MAN'S SONG.

O the month of May, the merry month of May,

So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green, so green!

O, and then did I unto my true love say :

' Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen !

' Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale, 80

The sweetest singer in all the forest's choir,

Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale ;

Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

' But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo ;
 See where she sitteth : come away, my joy ;
 Come away, I prithee : I do not like the cuckoo
 Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy.'

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
 So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green, so green !
 And then did I unto my true love say : 90
 ' Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen !'
 [*All go dancing out.*]

Lord Mayor. Come, Master Eyre, let's have your company. [*Exeunt.*]

Rose. Sybil, what shall I do ?

Sybil. Why, what's the matter ?

Rose. That Hans the shoemaker is my love Lacy,
 Disguised in that attire to find me out.
 How should I find the means to speak with him ? 96

Sybil. What, mistress, never fear ; I dare venture my maidenhead to nothing, and that's great odds, that Hans the Dutchman, when we come to London, shall not only see and speak with you, but in spite of all your father's policies steal you away and marry you. Will not this please you ?

Rose. Do this, and ever be assured of my love.

Sybil. Away, then, and follow your father to London, lest your absence cause him to suspect something :

To-morrow, if my counsel be obeyed,
 I'll bind you prentice to the Gentle Trade.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A STREET IN LONDON.

JANE *in a Seamster's Shop, working. Enter Master HAMMON, muffled; he stands aloof.*

Hammon. Yonder's the shop, and there my fair love sits.

She's fair and lovely, but she is not mine.

O, would she were ! Thrice have I courted her,
Thrice hath my hand been moistened with her hand,
Whilst my poor famished eyes do feed on that
Which made them famish. I am infortunate :
I still love one, yet nobody loves me.

I muse, in other men what women see,

That I so want ! Fine Mistress Rose was coy,

And this too curious ! Oh, no, she is chaste, 10

And for she thinks me wanton, she denies

To cheer my cold heart with her sunny eyes.

How prettily she works, oh, pretty hand !

Oh, happy work ! It doth me good to stand

Unseen to see her. Thus I oft have stood

In frosty evenings, a light burning by her,

Enduring biting cold, only to eye her.

One only look hath seemed as rich to me

As a king's crown ; such is love's lunacy.

Muffled I'll pass along, and by that try 20

Whether she know me.

Jane. Sir, what is't you buy ?

What is't you lack, sir, calico, or lawn,

Fine cambric shirts, or bands, what will you buy ?

Hammon. [*Aside.*] That which thou wilt not sell.

Faith, yet I'll try :

How do you sell this handkercher ?

Jane. Good cheap. 25

Hammon. And how these ruffs ?

Jane. Cheap too.

Hammon. And how this band ?

Jane. Cheap too.

Hammon. All cheap ; how sell you then this hand ?

Jane. My hands are not to be sold.

Hammon. To be given then !

Nay, faith, I come to buy.

Jane. But none knows when.

Hammon. Good sweet, leave work a little while ; let's
play. 30

Jane. I cannot live by keeping holiday.

Hammon. I'll pay you for the time which shall be lost.

Jane. With me you shall not be at so much cost.

Hammon. Look, how you wound this cloth, so you
wound me.

Jane. It may be so.

Hammon. 'Tis so.

Jane. What remedy ?

Hammon. Nay, faith, you are too coy.

Jane. Let go my hand.

Hammon. I will do any task at your command ;

I would let go this beauty, were I not

In mind to disobey you by a power

That controls kings : I love you !

Jane. So, now part.

Hammon. With hands I may, but never with my
heart. 41

In faith, I love you.

Jane. I believe you do.

Hammon. Shall a true love in me breed hate in you ?

Jane. I hate you not.

Hammon. Then you must love ?

Jane. I do.

What are you better now ? I love not you.

Hammon. All this, I hope, is but a woman's fray,
That means : come to me, when she cries : away !

In earnest, mistress, I do not jest,

A true chaste love hath entered in my breast.

I love you dearly, as I love my life, 50

I love you as a husband loves a wife ;

That, and no other love, my love requires.

Thy wealth, I know, is little ; my desires

Thirst not for gold. Sweet, beautiful Jane, what's
mine

Shall, if thou make myself thine, all be thine.

Say, judge, what is thy sentence, life or death ?

Mercy or cruelty lies in thy breath.

Jane. Good sir, I do believe you love me well ;

For 'tis a silly conquest, silly pride

For one like you—I mean a gentleman— 60

To boast that by his love-tricks he hath brought

Such and such women to his amorous lure ;

I think you do not so, yet many do,

And make it even a very trade to woo.

I could be coy, as many women be,

Feed you with sunshine smiles and wanton looks,

But I detest witchcraft ; say that I

Do constantly believe you, constant have——

Hammon. Why dost thou not believe me ?

Jane.

I believe you ;

But yet, good sir, because I will not grieve you

With hopes to taste fruit which will never fall,

In simple truth this is the sum of all :

72

My husband lives, at least, I hope he lives.

Pressed was he to these bitter wars in France ;

Bitter they are to me by wanting him.

I have but one heart, and that heart's his due.

How can I then bestow the same on you ?

Whilst he lives, his I live, be it ne'er so poor,

~~And rather be his wife than a king's whore.~~

Hammon. Chaste and dear woman, I will not abuse
thee, 80

Although it cost my life, if thou refuse me.

Thy husband, pressed for France, what was his name ?

Jane. Ralph Dampport.

Hammon. Dampport ?—Here's a letter sent

From France to me, from a dear friend of mine,

A gentleman of place ; here he doth write

Their names that have been slain in every fight.

Jane. I hope death's scroll contains not my love's
name.

Hammon. Cannot you read ?

Jane.

I can.

Hammon.

Peruse the same.

To my remembrance such a name I read

Amongst the rest. See here.

Jane.

Ay me, he's dead !

90

He's dead ! if this be true, my dear heart's slain !

Hammon. Have patience, dear love.

Jane.

Hence, hence !

Hammon.

Nay, sweet Jane.

Make not poor sorrow proud with these rich tears.
I mourn thy husband's death, because thou mourn'st.

Jane. That bill is forged ; 'tis signed by forgery.

Hammon. I'll bring thee letters sent besides to many,
 Carrying the like report : Jane, 'tis too true.
 Come, weep not : mourning, though it rise from love,
 Helps not the mournèd, yet hurts them that mourn.

Jane. For God's sake, leave me.

Hammon. Whither dost thou turn ?
 Forget the dead, love them that are alive ; 101
 His love is faded, try how mine will thrive.

Jane. 'Tis now no time for me to think on love.

Hammon. 'Tis now best time for you to think on love,
 Because your love lives not.

Jane. Though he be dead,
 My love to him shall not be buried ;
 For God's sake, leave me to myself alone.

Hammon. 'Twould kill my soul, to leave thee drowned
 in moan.

Answer me to my suit, and I am gone ;
 Say to me yea or no.

Jane. No.

Hammon. Then farewell ! 110
 One farewell will not serve, I come again ;
 Come, dry these wet cheeks ; tell me, faith, sweet Jane,
 Yea or no, once more.

Jane. Once more I say, no ;
 Once more be gone, I pray ; else will I go.

Hammon. Nay, then I will grow rude, by this white
 hand,
 Until you change that cold ' no ' ; here I'll stand
 Till by your hard heart——

Jane. Nay, for God's love, peace !
 My sorrows by your presence more increase.
 Not that you thus are present, but all grief
 Desires to be alone ; therefore in brief 120
 Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu :
 If ever I wed man, it shall be you.

Hammon. O blessed voice ! Dear Jane, I'll urge no
 more,
 Thy breath hath made me rich.

Jane. Death makes me poor.
Exeunt.

SCENE II. LONDON : A STREET BEFORE HODGE'S
 SHOP.

HODGE, at his shop-board, RALPH, FIRK, HANS, and a Boy
 at work.

All. Hey, down a down, derry.

Hodge. Well said, my hearts ; ply your work to-day,
 we loitered yesterday ; to it pell-mell, that we may live
 to be lord mayors, or aldermen at least.

Firk. Hey, down a down, derry.

Hodge. Well said, i' faith ! How say'st thou, Hans,
 doth not Firk tickle it ?

Hans. Yaw, mester.

Firk. Not so neither, my organ-pipe squeaks this morn-
 ing for want of liquoring. Hey, down a down, derry ! 10

Hans. Forward, Firk, tow best un jolly yongster.
 Hort, ay, mester, ic bid yo, cut me un pair vampres vor
 Mester Jeffre's boots.

Hodge. Thou shalt, Hans.

Firk. Master !

Hodge. How now, boy ?

Firk. Pray, now you are in the cutting vein, cut me out a pair of counterfeit, or else my work will not pass current ; hey, down a down ! 19

Hodge. Tell me, sirs, are my cousin Mistress Priscilla's shoes done ?

Firk. Your cousin ? No, master ; one of your aunts, hang her ; let them alone.

Ralph. I am in hand with them ; she gave charge that none but I should do them for her.

Firk. Thou do for her ? then 'twill be a lame doing, and that she loves not. Ralph, thou might'st have sent her to me, in faith, I would have yearked and firked your Priscilla. Hey, down a down, derry. This gear will not hold. 30

Hodge. How say'st thou, Firk, were we not merry at Old Ford ?

Firk. How, merry ? why, our buttocks went jiggy-joggy like a quagmire. Well, Sir Roger Oatmeal, if I thought all meal of that nature, I would eat nothing but bagpuddings.

Ralph. Of all good fortunes my fellow Hans had the best.

Firk. 'Tis true, because Mistress Rose drank to him.

Hodge. Well, well, work apace. They say, seven of the aldermen be dead, or very sick.

Firk. I care not, I'll be none. 42

Ralph. No, nor I ; but then my Master Eyre will come quickly to be lord mayor.

Enter SYBIL.

Firk. Whoop, yonder comes Sybil.

Hodge. Sybil, welcome, i' faith; and how dost thou, mad wench?

Firk. Syb-whore, welcome to London.

Sybil. Godamercy, sweet Firk; good lord, Hodge, what a delicious shop you have got! You tickle it, i' faith. 51

Ralph. Godamercy, Sybil, for our good cheer at Old Ford.

Sybil. That you shall have, Ralph.

Firk. Nay, by the mass, we had tickling cheer, Sybil; and how the plague dost thou and Mistress Rose and my lord mayor? I put the women in first.

Sybil. Well, Godamercy; but God's me, I forget myself, where's Hans the Fleming?

Firk. Hark, butter-box, now you must yelp out some spreken. 61

Hans. Wat begaie you? Vat vod you, Frister?

Sybil. Marry, you must come to my young mistress, to pull on her shoes you made last.

Hans. Vare ben your egle fro, vare ben your mistris?

Sybil. Marry, here at our London house in Cornhill.

Firk. Will nobody serve her turn but Hans?

Sybil. No, sir. Come, Hans, I stand upon needles.

Hodge. Why then, Sybil, take heed of pricking.

Sybil. For that let me alone. I have a trick in my budget. Come, Hans. 71

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ic sall meete yo gane.

[*Exeunt Hans and Sybil.*]

Hodge. Go, Hans, make haste again. Come, who lacks work?

Firk. I, master, for I lack my breakfast; 'tis munching-time and past.

Hodge. Is't so? why, then leave work, Ralph. To breakfast! Boy, look to the tools. Come, Ralph; come, Firk. [Exeunt.

Enter a Serving-man.

Serving-man. Let me see now, the sign of the Last in Tower Street. Mass, yonder's the house. What, haw! Who's within? 82

Enter RALPH.

Ralph. Who calls there? What want you, sir?

Serving-man. Marry, I would have a pair of shoes made for a gentlewoman against to-morrow morning. What, can you do them?

Ralph. Yes, sir, you shall have them. But what length's her foot?

Serving-man. Why, you must make them in all parts like this shoe; but, at any hand, fail not to do them, for the gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning. 92

Ralph. How? by this shoe must it be made? by this? Are you sure, sir, by this?

Serving-man. How, by this? Am I sure, by this? Art thou in thy wits? I tell thee, I must have a pair of shoes, dost thou mark me? a pair of shoes, two shoes, made by this very shoe, this same shoe, against to-morrow morning by four o'clock. Dost understand me? Canst thou do't? 100

Ralph. Yes, sir, yes—ay, ay!—I can do't. By this shoe, you say? I should know this shoe. Yes, sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do't. Four a clock, well. Whither shall I bring them?

Serving-man. To the sign of the Golden Ball in Watling Street ; enquire for one Master Hammon, a gentleman, my master.

Ralph. Yea, sir ; by this shoe, you say ?

Serving-man. I say, Master Hammon at the Golden Ball ; he's the bridegroom, and those shoes are for his bride. 111

Ralph. They shall be done by this shoe ; well, well, Master Hammon at the Golden Shoe—I would say, the Golden Ball ; very well, very well. But I pray you, sir, where must Master Hammon be married ?

Serving-man. At Saint Faith's Church, under Paul's. But what's that to thee ? Prithee, dispatch those shoes, and so farewell. [Exit.]

Ralph. By this shoe, said he. How am I amazed
At this strange accident ! Upon my life, 120
This was the very shoe I gave my wife,
When I was pressed for France ; since when, alas !
I never could hear of her : 'tis the same,
And Hammon's bride ~~no other but~~ my Jane.

Enter FIRK.

Firk. 'Snails, Ralph, thou hast lost thy part of three pots, a countryman of mine gave me to breakfast.

Ralph. I care not ; I have found a better thing.

Firk. A thing ? away ! Is it a man's thing, or a woman's thing ?

Ralph. Firk, dost thou know this shoe ? 130

Firk. No, by my troth ; neither doth that know me ! I have no acquaintance with it, 'tis a mere stranger to me.

Ralph. Why, then I do ; this shoe, I durst be sworn,

Once covered the instep of my Jane.
 This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my love ;
 These true-love knots I pricked ; I hold my life,
 By this old shoe I shall find out my wife.

Firk. Ha, ha ! Old shoe, that wert new ! How
 a murrain came this ague-fit of foolishness upon
 thee ?

Ralph. Thus, Firk ; even now here came a serving-
 man ;

By this shoe would he have a new pair made
 Against to-morrow morning for his mistress.
 That's to be married to a gentleman.

And why may not this be my sweet Jane ? 146

Firk. And why may'st not thou be my sweet ass ?
 Ha, ha !

Ralph. Well, laugh and spare not ! But the truth is
 this :

Against to-morrow morning I'll provide
 A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,
 To watch the going of the bride to church.
 If she prove Jane, I'll take her in despite
 From Hammon and the devil, were he by.
 If it be not my Jane, what remedy ?

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Hereof I am sure, I shall live till I die,
 Although I never with a woman lie. [*Exit.*]

Firk. Thou lie with a woman, to build nothing but
 Cripple-gates ! Well, God sends fools fortune, and it
 may be, he may light upon his matrimony by such a
 device ; for ~~wedding and hanging goes by destiny.~~

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. LONDON : A ROOM IN THE LORD
MAYOR'S HOUSE IN CORNHILL.

Enter HANS and ROSE, arm in arm.

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee !
Oh, I did fear such cross mishaps did reign,
That I should never see my Rose again.

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since fair opportunity
Offers herself to further our escape,
Let not too over-fond esteem of me
Hinder that happy hour. Invent the means,
And Rose will follow thee through all the world.

Hans. Oh, how I surfeit with excess of joy,
Made happy by thy rich perfection ! 10
But since thou pay'st sweet interest to my hopes,
Redoubling love on love, let me once more
Like to a bold-faced debtor crave of thee,
This night to steal abroad, and at Eyre's house,
Who now by death of certain aldermen
Is mayor of London, and my master once,
Meet thou thy Lacy, where in spite of change,
Your father's anger, and mine uncle's hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate. 19

Enter SYBIL.

Sybil. Oh God, what will you do, mistress ? Shift for yourself, your father is at hand ! He's coming, he's coming ! Master Lacy, hide yourself in my mistress ! For God's sake, shift for yourselves !

Hans. Your father come, sweet Rose—what shall I do ?
Where shall I hide me ? How shall I escape ?

Rose. A man, and want wit in extremity ?
Come, come, be Hans still, play the shoemaker,
Pull on my shoe.

Enter the LORD MAYOR.

Hans. Mass, and that's well remembered.

Sybil. Here comes your father. 29

Hans. Forware, metresse, 'tis un good skow, it sal vel dute, or ye sal neit betallen.

Rose. Oh God, it pincheth me ; what will you do ?

Hans. [*Aside.*] Your father's presence pincheth, not the shoe.

Lord Mayor. Well done ; fit my daughter well, and she shall please thee well.

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ick weit dat well ; forware, 'tis un good skoo, 'tis gimait van neits leither ; se euer, mine here.

Enter a Prentice.

Lord Mayor. I do believe it.—What's the news with you ? 40

Prentice. Please you, the Earl of Lincoln at the gate Is newly 'lighted, and would speak with you.

Lord Mayor. The Earl of Lincoln come to speak with me ?

Well, well, I know his errand. Daughter Rose,
Send hence your shoemaker, dispatch, have done !
Syb, make things handsome ! Sir boy, follow me. [*Exit.*]

Hans. Mine uncle come ! Oh, what may this portend ?
Sweet Rose, this of our love threatens an end.

Rose. Be not dismayed at this ; whate'er befall,
Rose is thine own. To witness I speak truth, 50
Where thou appoint'st the place, I'll meet with thee.

I will not fix a day to follow thee,
 But presently steal hence. Do not reply :
 Love which gave strength to bear my father's hate,
 Shall now add wings to further our escape. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME HOUSE.

Enter the LORD MAYOR and the EARL OF LINCOLN.

Lord Mayor. Believe me, on my credit, I speak truth :
 Since first your nephew Lacy went to France,
 I have not seen him. It seemed strange to me,
 When Dodger told me that he stayed behind,
 Neglecting the high charge the king imposed.

Lincoln. Trust me, Sir Roger Oateley, I did think
 Your counsel had given head to this attempt,
 Drawn to it by the love he bears your child.
 Here I did hope to find him in your house ;
 But now I see mine error, and confess, 10
 My judgment wronged you by conceiving so.

Lord Mayor. Lodge in my house, say you ? Trust
 me, my lord,
 I love your nephew Lacy too too dearly,
 So much to wrong his honour ; and he hath done so,
 That first gave him advice to stay from France.
 To witness I speak truth, I let you know,
 How careful I have been to keep my daughter
 Free from all conference or speech of him ;
 Not that I scorn your nephew, but in love
 I bear your honour, lest your noble blood 20
 Should by my mean worth be dishonoured.

Lincoln. [Aside.] How far the churl's tongue
 wanders from his heart !

—Well, well, Sir Roger Oateley, I believe you,
 With more than many thanks for the kind love
 So much you seem to bear me. / But, my lord,
 Let me request your help to seek my nephew,
 Whom if I find, I'll straight embark for France.
 So shall your Rose be free, my thoughts at rest,
 And much ~~care~~ die which now lies in my breast.

Enter SYBIL.

Sybil. Oh Lord! Help, for God's sake! my mistress;
 oh, my young mistress! 31

Lord Mayor. Where is thy mistress? What's become
 of her?

Sybil. She's gone, she's fled!

Lord Mayor. Gone! Whither is she fled?

Sybil. I know not, forsooth; she's fled out of doors
 with Hans the shoemaker; I saw them scud, scud, scud,
 apace, apace!

Lord Mayor. Which way? What, John! Where be
 my men? Which way?

Sybil. I know not, an it please your worship.

Lord Mayor. Fled with a shoemaker? Can this be
 true?

Sybil. Oh Lord, sir, as true as God's in heaven. 40

Lincoln. [*Aside.*] Her love turned shoemaker? I
 am glad of this.

Lord Mayor. A Fleming butter-box, a shoemaker!
 Will she forget her birth, requite my care
 With such ingratitude? Scorned she young Hammon
 To love a honnikin, a needy knave?
 Well, let her fly, I'll not fly after her,
 Let her starve, if she will; she's none of mine.

Lincoln. Be not so cruel, sir.

Enter FIRK with shoes.

Sybil. [*Aside.*] I am glad, she's 'scaped.

Lord Mayor. I'll not account of her as of my child.

Was there no better object for her eyes 50

But a foul drunken lubber, swill-belly,

A shoemaker? That's brave!

Firk. Yea, forsooth; 'tis a very brave shoe, and as fit as a pudding.

Lord Mayor. How now, what knave is this? From whence comest thou?

Firk. No knave, sir. I am Firk the shoemaker, lusty Roger's chief lusty journeyman, and I come hither to take up the pretty leg of sweet Mistress Rose, and thus hoping your worship is in as good health, as I was at the making hereof, I bid you farewell, yours, Firk. 60

Lord Mayor. Stay, stay, Sir Knave!

Lincoln. Come hither, shoemaker!

Firk. 'Tis happy the knave is put before the shoemaker, or else I would not have vouchsafed to come back to you. I am moved, for I stir.

Lord Mayor. My lord, this villain calls us knaves by craft.

Firk. Then 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call one knave gently, is no harm. Sit your worship merry! [*Aside to Sybil.*] Syb, your young mistress—I'll so bob them, now my Master Eyre is lord mayor of London. 70

Lord Mayor. Tell me, sirrah, whose man are you?

Firk. I am glad to see your worship so merry. I have no maw to this gear, no stomach as yet to a red petticoat.

{*Pointing to Sybil.*}

Lincoln. He means not, sir, to woo you to his maid,
But only doth demand whose man you are.

Firk. I sing now to the tune of Rogero. Roger, my
fellow, is now my master.

Lincoln. Sirrah, know'st thou one Hans, a shoemaker ?

Firk. Hans, shoemaker ? Oh yes, stay, yes, I have
him. I tell you what, I speak it in secret : Mistress
Rose and he are by this time—no, not so, but shortly are
to come over one another with ' Can you dance the shak-
ing of the sheets ? ' It is that Hans—[*Aside.*] I'll so
gull these diggers !

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Lord Mayor. Know'st thou, then, where he is ?

Firk. Yes, forsooth ; yea, marry !

Lincoln. Canst thou, in sadness—

Firk. No, forsooth ; no marry !

Lord Mayor. Tell me, good honest fellow, where he is,
And thou shalt see what I'll bestow of thee.

Firk. Honest fellow ? No, sir ; not so, sir ; my pro-
fession is the Gentle Craft ; I care not for seeing, I love
feeling ; let me feel it here ; *aurium tenus*, ten pieces of
gold ; *genuum tenus*, ten pieces of silver ; and then Firk
is your man—[*Aside*] in a new pair of stretchers.

Lord Mayor. Here is an angel, part of thy reward, 96
Which I will give thee ; tell me where he is.

Firk. No point ! Shall I betray my brother ? no !
Shall I prove Judas to Hans ? no ! Shall I cry treason
to my corporation ? no, I shall be firked and yerked then.
But give me your angel ; your angel shall tell you.

Lincoln. Do so, good fellow ; 'tis no hurt to thee. 102

Firk. Send simpering Syb away.

Lord Mayor. Huswife, get you in. [*Exit Sybl.*]

Firk. Pitchers have ears, and maids have wide

mouths; but for Hans-prans, upon my word, to-morrow morning he and young Mistress Rose go to this gear, they shall be married together, by this rush, or else turn Firk to a firkin of butter, to tan leather withal. 109

Lord Mayor. But art thou sure of this ?

Firk. Am I sure that Paul's steeple is a handful higher than London Stone, or that the Pissing-Conduit leaks nothing but pure Mother Bunch ? Am I sure I am lusty Firk ? God's nails, do you think I am so base to gull you ?

Lincoln. Where are they married ? Dost thou know the church ?

Firk. I never go to church, but I know the name of it ; it is a swearing church—stay a while, 'tis—Ay, by the mass, no, no,—'tis—Ay, by my troth, no, nor that ; 'tis, Ay, by my faith, that, that, 'tis, Ay, by my Faith's Church under Paul's Cross. There they shall be knit like a pair of stockings in matrimony ; there they'll be inconic. 123

Lincoln. Upon my life, my nephew Lacy walks In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker.

Firk. Yes, forsooth.

Lincoln. Doth he not, honest fellow ?

Firk. No, forsooth ; I think Hans is nobody but Hans, no spirit.

Lord Mayor. My mind misgives me now, 'tis so, indeed.

Lincoln. My cousin speaks the language, knows the trade.

Lord Mayor. Let me request your company, my lord ; Your honourable presence may, no doubt, 133
Refrain their headstrong rashness, when myself
Going alone perchance may be o'erborne.
Shall I request this favour ?

Lincoln. This, or what else.

Firk. Then you must rise betimes, for they mean to fall to their ' hey-pass and repass,' ' pindy-pandy, which hand will you have,' very early.

Lord Mayor. My care shall every way equal their haste.
This night accept your lodging in my house,
The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faith's
Prevent this giddy hare-brained nuptial. 143

This traffic of hot love shall yield cold gains :
They ban our loves, and we'll forbid their banns. [*Exit.*

Lincoln. At Saint Faith's Church thou say'st ? 146

Firk. Yes, by their troth.

Lincoln. Be secret, on thy life. [*Exit.*

Firk. Yes, when I kiss your wife ! Ha, ha, here's no craft in the Gentle Craft. I came hither of purpose with shoes to Sir Roger's worship, whilst Rose, his daughter, be cony-catched by Hans. Soft now ; these two gulls will be at Saint Faith's Church to-morrow morning, to take Master Bridegroom and Mistress Bride napping, and they, in the meantime, shall chop up the matter at the Savoy. But the best sport is, Sir Roger Oateley will find my fellow lame Ralph's wife going to marry a gentleman, and then he'll stop her instead of his daughter. Oh, brave ! there will be fine tickling sport. Soft now, what have I to do ? Oh, I know ; now a mess of shoemakers meet at the Woolsack in Ivy Lane, to cozen my gentleman of lame Ralph's wife, that's true. 162

Alack, alack !

Girls, hold out tack !

For now smocks for this jumbling

Shall go to wrack.

[*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. A ROOM IN EYRE'S HOUSE.

Enter EYRE, MARGERY, HANS, *and* ROSE.

Eyre. This is the morning, then ; stay, my bully, my honest Hans, is it not ?

Hans. This is the morning that must make us two happy or miserable ; therefore, if you——

Eyre. Away with these ifs and ans, Hans, and these et caeteras ! By mine honour, Rowland Lacy, none but the king shall wrong thee. Come, fear nothing, am not I Sim Eyre ? Is not Sim Eyre lord mayor of London ? Fear nothing, Rose : let them all say what they can ; dainty, come thou to me—laughest thou ? 10

Margery. Good my lord, stand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why, my sweet Lady Madgy, think you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch journeyman ? No, vah ! Fie, I scorn it, it shall never be cast in my teeth, that I was unthankful. Lady Madgy, thou had'st never covered thy Saracen's head with this French flap, nor loaden thy bum with this farthingale ('tis trash, trumpery, vanity) ; Simon Eyre had never walked in a red petticoat, nor wore a chain of gold, but for my fine journeyman's Portugues. — And shall I leave him ? No ! Prince am I none, yet bear a princely mind. 23

Hans. My lord, 'tis time for us to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Madgy, Lady Madgy, take two or three of my pie-crust-eaters, my buff-jerkin varlets, that do

walk in black gowns at Simon Eyre's heels ; take them, good Lady Madgy ; trip and go, my brown queen of periwigs, with my delicate Rose and my jolly Rowland to the Savoy ; see them linked, countenance the marriage ; and when it is done, cling, cling together, you Hamborow turtle-doves. I'll bear you out, come to Simon Eyre ; come, dwell with me, Hans, thou shalt eat minced-pies and marchpane. Rose, away, cricket ; trip and go, my Lady Madgy, to the Savoy ; Hans, wed, and to bed ; kiss, and away ! Go, vanish ! 36

Margery. Farewell, my lord.

Rose. Make haste, sweet love.

Margery. She'd fain the deed were done.

Hans. Come, my sweet Rose ; faster than deer we'll run. [*Exeunt all but Eyre.*]

Eyre. Go, vanish, vanish ! Avaunt, I say ! By the Lord of Ludgate, it's a mad life to be a lord mayor ; it's a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a careful life. Well, Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Saint Hugh. Soft, the king this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings ; his majesty is welcome, he shall have good cheer, delicate cheer, princely cheer. This day, my fellow prentices of London come to dine with me too ; they shall have fine cheer, gentlemanlike cheer. I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all served at the Conduit together, that if ever I came to be mayor of London, I would feast them all, and I'll do't, I'll do't, by the life of Pharaoh ; by this beard, Sim Eyre will be no flincher. Besides, I have procured that upon every Shrove Tuesday, at the sound of the pancake bell, my fine dapper Assyrian lads shall clap up their shop windows, and

away. This is the day, and this day they shall do't,
they shall do't. 58

Boys, that day are you free, let masters care,
And prentices shall pray for Simon Eyre. [Exit.]

SCENE II. A STREET NEAR ST. FAITH'S CHURCH.

*Enter HODGE, FIRK, RALPH, and five or six Shoemakers,
all with cudgels or such weapons.*

Hodge. Come, Ralph ; stand to it, Firk. My masters, as we are the brave bloods of the shoemakers, heirs apparent to Saint Hugh, and perpetual benefactors to all good fellows, thou shalt have no wrong ; were Hammon a king of spades, he should not delve in thy close without thy sufferance. But tell me, Ralph, art thou sure 'tis thy wife ?

Ralph. Am I sure this is Firk ? This morning, when I stroked on her shoes, I looked upon her, and she upon me, and sighed, asked me if ever I knew one Ralph. Yes, said I. For his sake, said she—tears standing in her eyes—and for thou art somewhat like him, spend this piece of gold. I took it ; my lame leg and my travel beyond sea made me unknown. All is one for that : I know she's mine. 15

Firk. Did she give thee this gold ? O glorious glittering gold ! She's thine own, 'tis thy wife, and she loves thee ; for I'll stand to't, there's no woman will give gold to any man, but she thinks better of him, than she thinks of them she gives silver to. And for Hammon, neither Hammon nor hangman shall wrong thee in London. Is not our old master Eyre, lord mayor ? Speak, my hearts.

All. Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

Enter HAMMON, his Serving-man, JANE, and others.

Hodge. Peace, my bullies; yonder they come. 25

Ralph. Stand to't, my hearts. Firk, let me speak first.

Hodge. No, Ralph, let me.—Hammon, whither away so early?

Hammon. Unmannerly, rude slave, what's that to thee?

Firk. To him, sir? Yes, sir, and to me, and others. Good-morrow, Jane, how dost thou? Good Lord, how the world is changed with you! God be thanked!

Hammon. Villains, hands off! How dare you touch my love?

All the Shoemakers. Villains? Down with them! Cry clubs for prentices! 35

Hodge. Hold, my hearts! Touch her, Hammon? Yea, and more than that: we'll carry her away with us. My masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird-spits; shoemakers are steel to the back, men every inch of them, all spirit.

Those of Hammon's Side. Well, and what of all this?

Hodge. I'll show you.—Jane, dost thou know this man? 'Tis Ralph, I can tell thee; nay, 'tis he in faith, though he be lamed by the wars. Yet look not strange, but run to him, fold him about the neck and kiss him. 46

Jane. Lives then my husband? Oh God, let me go, Let me embrace my Ralph.

Hammon. What means my Jane?

Jane. Nay, what meant you, to tell me, he was slain?

Hammon. O pardon me, dear love, for being misled.
 [To *Ralph.*] 'Twas rumoured here in London, thou wert
 dead.

Firk. Thou seest he lives. Lass, go, pack home with
 him. Now, Master Hammon, where's your mistress,
 your wife ?

Serving-man. 'Swounds, master, fight for her ! Will
 you thus lose her ? 56

Shoemakers. Down with that creature ! Clubs ! Down
 with him !

Hodge. Hold, hold !

Hammon. Hold, fool ! Sirs, he shall do no wrong.
 Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her faith ?

Firk. Yea, sir ! She must, sir ! She shall, sir !
 What then ? Mend it !

Hodge. Hark, fellow Ralph, follow my counsel : set
 the wench in the midst, and let her choose her man, and
 let her be his woman. 66

Jane. Whom should I choose ? Whom should my
 thoughts affect

But him whom Heaven hath made to be my love ?
 Thou art my husband, and these humble weeds
 Make thee more beautiful than all his wealth. 70

Therefore, I will but put off his attire,
 Returning it into the owner's hand,
 And after ever be thy constant wife.

Hodge. Not a rag, Jane ! The law's on our side ; he
 that sows in another man's ground, forfeits his harvest.
 Get thee home, Ralph ; follow him, Jane ; he shall not
 have so much as a busk-point from thee.

Firk. Stand to that, Ralph ; the appurtenances are
 thine own. Hammon, look not at her !

Serving-man. O, 'swounds, no ! 80

Firk. Blue coat, be quiet, we'll give you a new livery else ; we'll make Shrove Tuesday Saint George's Day for you. Look not, Hammon, leer not ! I'll firk you ! For thy head now, one glance, one sheep's eye, anything, at her ! Touch not a rag, lest I and my brethren ~~beat you to clouts.~~

Serving-man. Come, Master Hammon, there's no striving here. 87

Hammon. Good fellows, hear me speak ; and, honest Ralph,

Whom I have injured most by loving Jane,
Mark what I offer thee : here in fair gold
Is twenty pound, I'll give it for thy Jane ;
If this content thee not, thou shalt have more.

Hodge. Sell not thy wife, Ralph ; make her not a whore.

Hammon. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claim in her ?
And let her be my wife ?

All the Shoemakers. No, do not, Ralph.

Ralph. Sirrah Hammon, Hammon, dost thou think a shoemaker is so base to be a bawd to his own wife for commodity ? Take thy gold, choke with it ! Were I not lame, I would make thee eat thy words.

Firk. A shoemaker sell his flesh and blood ? Oh, indignity ! 101

Hodge. Sirrah, take up your pelf, and be packing.

Hammon. I will not touch one penny, but in lieu
Of that great wrong I offerèd thy Jane,
To Jane and thee I give that twenty pound.
Since I have failed of her, during my life,
I vow, no woman else shall be my wife.

Farewell, good fellows of the Gentle Trade :
 Your morning mirth my mourning day hath made.

[Exit.

Firk. [To the *Serving-man.*] Touch the gold, creature, if you dare ! Y'are best be trudging. Here, Jane, take thou it. Now let's home, my hearts. 112

Hodge. Stay ! Who comes here ? Jane, on again with thy mask !

Enter the EARL OF LINCOLN, the LORD MAYOR, and Servants.

Lincoln. Yonder's the lying varlet mocked us so.

Lord Mayor. Come hither, sirrah !

Firk. I, sir ? I am sirrah ? You mean me, do you not ?

Lincoln. Where is my nephew married ? 119

Firk. Is he married ? God give him joy, I am glad of it. They have a fair day, and the sign is in a good planet, Mars in Venus.

Lord Mayor. Villain, thou toldst me that my daughter
 Rose

This morning should be married at Saint Faith's ;
 We have watched there these three hours at the least,
 Yet see we no such thing.

Firk. Truly, I am sorry for't ; a bride's a pretty thing.

Hodge. Come to the purpose. Yonder's the bride and bridegroom you look for, I hope. Though you be lords, you are not to bar by your authority men from women, are you ? 131

Lord Mayor. See, see, my daughter's masked.

Lincoln. True, and my nephew,
 To hide his guilt, [now] counterfeits him lame.

Firk. Yea, truly ; God help the poor couple, they are lame and blind.

Lord Mayor. I'll ease her blindness.

Lincoln. I'll his lameness cure.

Firk. [*Aside to the Shoemakers.*] Lie down, sirs, and laugh ! My fellow Ralph is taken for Rowland Lacy, and Jane for Mistress Damask Rose. This is all my knavery.

Lord Mayor. What, have I found you, minion ?

Lincoln. O base wretch !

Nay, hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt 142

Can hardly be washed off. Where are thy powers ?

What battles have you made ? O yes, I see,

Thou fought'st with Shame, and Shame hath conquered thee.

This lameness will not serve.

Lord Mayor. Unmask yourself.

Lincoln. Lead home your daughter.

Lord Mayor. Take your nephew hence.

Ralph. Hence ! 'Swounds, what mean you ? Are you mad ? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me. Where's Hammon ? 150

Lord Mayor. Your wife ?

Lincoln. What Hammon ?

Ralph. Yea, my wife ; and, therefore, the proudest of you that lays hands on her first, I'll lay my crutch 'cross his pate.

Firk. To him, lame Ralph ! Here's brave sport !

Ralph. Rose call you her ? Why, her name is Jane. Look here else ; do you know her now ?

[*Unmasking Jane.*]

Lincoln. Is this your daughter ?

Lord Mayor. No, nor this your nephew.
 My Lord of Lincoln, we are both abused
 By this base, crafty varlet. 161

Firk. Yea, forsooth, no varlet; forsooth, no base;
 forsooth, I am but mean; no crafty neither, but of the
 Gentle Craft.

Lord Mayor. Where is my daughter Rose? Where
 is my child?

Lincoln. Where is my nephew Lacy married?

Firk. Why, here is good laced mutton, as I promised
 you.

Lincoln. Villain, I'll have thee punished for this
 wrong.

Firk. Punish the journeyman villain, but not the
 journeyman shoemaker. 171

Enter DODGER.

Dodger. My lord, I come to bring unwelcome news.
 Your nephew Lacy and your daughter Rose
 Early this morning wedded at the Savoy,
 None being present but the lady mayoress.
 Besides, I learnt among the officers,
 The lord mayor vows to stand in their defence
 'Gainst any that shall seek to cross the match. 178

Lincoln. Dares Eyre the shoemaker uphold the deed?

Firk. Yes, sir, shoemakers dare stand in a woman's
 quarrel, I warrant you, as deep as another, and deeper
 too. 182

Dodger. Besides, his grace to-day dines with the
 mayor;
 Who on his knees humbly intends to fall
 And beg a pardon for your nephew's fault.

Lincoln. But I'll prevent him! Come, Sir Roger Oateley;

The king will do us justice in this cause. 187

How'er their hands have made them man and wife,
I will disjoin the match, or lose my life. [*Exeunt.*]

Firk. Adieu, Monsieur Dodger! Farewell, fools! Ha, ha! Oh, if they had stayed, I would have so lambded them with flouts! O heart, my codpiece-point is ready to fly in pieces every time I think upon Mistress Rose; but let that pass, as my lady mayoress says. 194

Hodge. This matter is answered. Come, Ralph; home with thy wife. Come, my fine shoemakers, let's to our master's, the new lord mayor, and there swagger this Shrove Tuesday. I'll promise you wine enough, for Madge keeps the cellar.

All. O rare! Madge is a good wench. 200

Firk. And I'll promise you meat enough, for simp'ring Susan keeps the larder. I'll lead you to victuals, my brave soldiers; follow your captain. O brave! Hark, hark!

[*Bell rings.*]

All. The pancake-bell rings, the pancake-bell! Trilill, my hearts!

Firk. O brave! O sweet bell! O delicate pancakes! Open the doors, my hearts, and shut up the windows! keep in the house, let out the pancakes! Oh, rare, my hearts! Let's march together for the honour of Saint Hugh to the great new hall in Gracious Street-corner, which our master, the new lord mayor, hath built.

Ralph. O the crew of good fellows that will dine at my lord mayor's cost to-day! 214

Hodge. By the Lord, my lord mayor is a most brave man. How shall prentices be bound to pray for him

and the honour of the gentlemen shoemakers! Let's feed and be fat with my lord's bounty.

Firk. O musical bell, still! O Hodge, O my brethren! There's cheer for the heavens: venison-pasties walk up and down piping hot, like sergeants; beef and brewis comes marching in dry-fats, fritters and pancakes come trowling in in wheel-barrows; hens and oranges hopping in porters'-baskets, collops and eggs in scuttles, and tarts and custards come quavering in in malt-shovels. 225

Enter more Prentices.

All. Whoop, look here, look here!

Hodge. How now, mad lads, whither away so fast?

First Prentice. Whither? Why, to the great new hall, know you not why? The lord mayor hath bidden all the prentices in London to breakfast this morning.

All. Oh, brave shoemaker, oh, brave lord of incomprehensible good fellowship! Whoop! Hark you! The pancake bell rings. [Cast up caps.]

Firk. Nay, more, my hearts! Every Shrove Tuesday is our year of jubilee; and when the pancake-bell rings, we are as free as my lord mayor; we may shut up our shops, and make holiday. I'll have it called Saint Hugh's Holiday. 238

All. Agreed, agreed! Saint Hugh's Holiday.

Hodge. And this shall continue for ever.

All. Oh, brave! Come, come, my hearts! Away, away!

Firk. O eternal credit to us of the Gentle Craft! March fair, my hearts! Oh, rare! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. A STREET IN LONDON.

Enter the KING and his Train over the stage.

King. Is our lord mayor of London such a gallant ?

Nobleman. One of the merriest madcaps in your land.
Your grace will think, when you behold the man,
He's rather a wild ruffian than a mayor.
Yet thus much I'll ensure your majesty.
In all his actions that concern his state,
He is as serious, provident, and wise,
As full of gravity amongst the grave,
As any mayor hath been these many years.

King. I am with child, till I behold this huffcap. 10
But all my doubt is, when we come in presence,
His madness will be dashed clean out of countenance.

Nobleman. It may be so, my liege.

King. Which to prevent,
Let some one give him notice, 'tis our pleasure
That he put on his wonted merriment.
Set forward.

All. On afore ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. A GREAT HALL.

*Enter EYRE, HODGE, FIRK, RALPH, and other Shoemakers,
all with napkins on their shoulders.*

Eyre. Come, my fine Hodge, my jolly gentlemen shoemakers ; soft, where be these cannibals, these varlets, my officers ? Let them all walk and wait upon my brethren ; for my meaning is, that none but shoemakers, none but the livery of my company shall in their satin hoods wait upon the trencher of my sovereign.

Firk. O my lord, it will be rare !

Eyre. No more, Firk ; come, lively ! Let your fellow prentices want no cheer ; let wine be plentiful as beer, and beer as water. Hang these penny-pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent lambskins. Rip, knaves, avaunt ! Look to my guests !

12

Hodge. My lord, we are at our wits' end for room ; those hundred tables will not feast the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then cover me those hundred tables again, and again, till all my jolly prentices be feasted. Avoid, Hodge ! Run, Ralph ! Frisk about, my nimble Firk ! Carouse me fathom-healths to the honour of the shoemakers. Do they drink lively, Hodge ? Do they tickle it, Firk ?

Firk. Tickle it ? Some of them have taken their liquor standing so long that they can stand no longer ; but for meat, they would eat it, an they had it.

24

Eyre. Want they meat ? Where's this swag-belly, this greasy kitchenstuff cook ? Call the varlet to me ! Want meat ? Firk, Hodge, lame Ralph, run, my tall men, beleaguer the shambles, beggar al Eastcheap, serve me whole oxen in chargers, and let sheep whine upon the tables like pigs for want of good fellows to eat them. Want meat ? Vanish, Firk ! Avaunt, Hodge !

Hodge. Your lordship mistakes my man Firk ; he means their bellies want meat, not the boards ; for they have drunk so much, they can eat nothing.

34

THE SECOND THREE-MAN'S SONG.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
 Saint Hugh be our good speed :
 Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
 Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
 And here, kind mate, to thee :
 Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
 And down it merrily.

Down a down heydown a down, 43

[Close with the tenor boy.

Hey derry derry, down a down !
 Ho, well done ; to me let come !
 Ring compass, gentle joy.

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
 And here, kind mate, to thee : etc.

*[Repeat as often as there be men to drink ; and
 at last when all have drunk, this verse :*

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
 Saint Hugh be our good speed :
 Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
 Nor helps good hearts in need. 52

Enter HANS, ROSE, and MARGERY.

Margery. Where is my lord ?

Eyre. How now, Lady Madgy ?

Margery. The king's most excellent majesty is new
 come ; he sends me for thy honour ; one of his most

worshipful peers bade me tell thou must be merry, and so forth ; but let that pass.

Eyre. Is my sovereign come ? Vanish, my tall shoemakers, my nimble brethren ; look to my guests, the prentices. Yet stay a little ! How now, Hans ? How looks my little Rose ?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me.
I know, your honour easily may obtain 64
Free pardon of the king for me and Rose,
And reconcile me to my uncle's grace.

Eyre. Have done, my good Hans, my honest journeyman ; look cheerily ! I'll fall upon both my knees, till they be as hard as horn, but I'll get thy pardon.

Margery. Good my lord, have a care what you speak to his grace.

Eyre. Away, you Islington whitepot ! hence, you hopperarse ! you barley-pudding, full of maggots ! you broiled carbonado ! avaunt, avaunt, avoid, Mephistophilus ! Shall Sim Eyre learn to speak of you, Lady Madgy ? Vanish, Mother Miniver-cap ; vanish, go, trip and go ; meddle with your partlets and your pishery-pashery, your flewes and your whirligigs ; go, rub, out of mine alley ! Sim Eyre knows how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Soliman, to Tamburlaine, an he were here, and shall I melt, shall I droop before my sovereign ? No, come, my Lady Madgy ! Follow me, Hans ! About your business, my frolic free-booters ! Firk, frisk about, and about, and about, for the honour of mad Simon Eyre, lord mayor of London. 85

Firk. Hey, for the honour of the shoemakers. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. AN OPEN YARD BEFORE THE HALL.

A long flourish, or two. Enter the KING, NOBLES, EYRE, MARGERY, LACY, ROSE. LACY and ROSE kneel.

King. Well, Lacy, though the fact was very foul
Of your revolting from our kingly love
And your own duty, yet we pardon you.
Rise both, and, Mistress Lacy, thank my lord mayor
For your young bridegroom here.

Eyre. So, my dear liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren,
the gentlemen shoemakers, shall set your sweet majesty's
image cheek by jowl by Saint Hugh for this honour you
have done poor Simon Eyre. I beseech your grace,
pardon my rude behaviour; I am a handicraftsman,
yet my heart is without craft; I would be sorry at my
soul, that my boldness should offend my king.

King. Nay, I pray thee, good lord mayor, be even as
merry
As if thou wert among thy shoemakers; 14
It does me good to see thee in this humour.

Eyre. Say'st thou me so, my sweet Dioclesian? Then,
humph! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. By
the Lord of Ludgate, my liege, I'll be as merry as a pie.

King. Tell me, in faith, mad Eyre, how old thou art.

Eyre. My liege, a very boy, a stripling, a younker;
you see not a white hair on my head, not a grey in this
beard. Every hair, I assure thy majesty, that sticks in
this beard, Sim Eyre values at the King of Babylon's
ransom, Tamar Cham's beard was a rubbing brush to't:
yet I'll shave it off, and stuff tennis-balls with it, to
please my bully king. 26

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre. My liege, I am six and fifty year old, yet I can cry humph ! with a sound heart for the honour of Saint Hugh. Mark this old wench, my king : I danced the shaking of the sheets with her six and thirty years ago, and yet I hope to get two or three young lord mayors, ere I die. I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still. Care and cold lodging bring white hairs. My sweet Majesty, let care vanish, cast it upon thy nobles, it will make thee look always young like Apollo, and cry humph ! Prince am I none, yet am I princely born. 37

King. Ha, ha !

Say, Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like ?

Cornwall. Not I, my lord.

Enter the EARL OF LINCOLN and the LORD MAYOR.

King. Lincoln, what news with you ?

Lincoln. My gracious lord, have care unto yourself, For there are traitors here.

All. Traitors ? Where ? Who ?

Eyre. Traitors in my house ? God forbid ! Where be my officers ? I'll spend my soul, ere my king feel harm.

King. Where is the traitor, Lincoln ?

Lincoln. Here he stands.

King. Cornwall, lay hold on Lacy !—Lincoln, speak, What canst thou lay unto thy nephew's charge ?

Lincoln. This, my dear liege : your Grace, to do me honour,

Heaped on the head of this degenerous boy 50
Desertless favours ; you made choice of him,
To be commander over powers in France.
But he——

King. Good Lincoln, prithee, pause a while !
 Even in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speak.
 I know how Lacy did neglect our love,
 Ran himself deeply, in the highest degree,
 Into vile treason——

Lincoln. Is he not a traitor ?

King. Lincoln, he was ; now have we pardoned him.
 'Twas not a base want of true valour's fire, 60
 That held him out of France, but love's desire.

Lincoln. I will not bear his shame upon my back.

King. Nor shalt thou, Lincoln ; I forgive you both.

Lincoln. Then, good my liege, forbid the boy to
 wed

One whose mean birth will much disgrace his bed.

King. Are they not married ?

Lincoln. No, my liege.

Both. We are.

King. Shall I divorce them then ? O be it far,
 That any hand on earth should dare untie
 The sacred knot, knit by God's majesty ;
 I would not for my crown disjoin their hands, 70
 That are conjoined in holy nuptial bands.

How say'st thou, Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy Rose ?

Lacy. Not for all India's wealth, my sovereign.

King. But Rose, I am sure, her Lacy would forgo ?

Rose. If Rose were asked that question, she'd say no.

King. You hear them, Lincoln ?

Lincoln. Yea, my liege, I do.

King. Yet canst thou find i' th' heart to part these
 two ?

Who seeks, besides you, to divorce these lovers ?

Lord Mayor. I do, my gracious lord, I am her father.

King. Sir Roger Oateley, our last mayor, I think ? 80

Nobleman. The same, my liege.

King. Would you offend Love's laws ?

Well, you shall have your wills. You sue to me,

To prohibit the match. Soft, let me see—

You both are married, Lacy, art thou not ?

Lacy. I am, dread sovereign.

King. Then, upon thy life,

I charge thee not to call this woman wife.

Lord Mayor. I thank your grace.

Rose. O my most gracious lord !

[*Kneels.*

King. Nay, Rose, never woo me ; I tell you true,

Although as yet I am a bachelor,

Yet I believe, I shall not marry you.

90

Rose. Can you divide the body from the soul,

Yet make the body live ?

King. Yea, so profound ?

I cannot, Rose, but you I must divide.

Fair maid, this bridegroom cannot be your bride.

Are you pleased, Lincoln ? Oateley, are you pleased ?

Both. Yes, my lord.

King. Then must my heart be eased ;

For, credit me, my conscience lives in pain,

Till these whom I divorced, be joined again.

Lacy, give me thy hand ; Rose, lend me thine !

Be what you would be ! Kiss now ! So, that's fine. 100

At night, lovers, to bed !—Now, let me see,

Which of you all mislikes this harmony.

Lord Mayor. Will you then take from me my child
perforce ?

King. Why, tell me, Oateley : shines not Lacy's name

As bright in the world's eye as the gay beams
Of any citizen ?

Lincoln. Yea, but, my gracious lord,
I do mislike the match far more than he ;
Her blood is too too base.

King. Lincoln, no more.
Dost thou not know that love respects no blood, *f*
Cares not for difference of birth or state ? 110
The maid is young, well born, fair, virtuous,
A worthy bride for any gentleman.
Besides, your nephew for her sake did stoop
To bare necessity, and, as I hear,
Forgetting honours and all courtly pleasures,
To gain her love, became a shoemaker.
As for the honour which he lost in France,
Thus I redeem it : Lacy, kneel thee down !—
Arise, Sir Rowland Lacy ! Tell me now,
Tell me in earnest, Oateley, canst thou chide, 120
Seeing thy Rose a lady and a bride ?

Lord Mayor. I am content with what your grace hath
done.

Lincoln. And I, my liege, since there's no remedy.

King. Come on, then, all shake hands : I'll have you
friends ;

Whereas there is much love, all discord ends. *g*

What says my mad lord mayor to all this love ?

Eyre. O my liege, this honour you have done to my
fine journeyman here, Rowland Lacy, and all these
favours which you have shown to me this day in my poor
house, will make Simon Eyre live longer by one dozen
of warm summers more than he should. 131

King. Nay, my mad lord mayor, that shall be thy name,

If any grace of mine can length thy life,
 One honour more I'll do thee : that new building,
 Which at thy cost in Cornhill is erected,
 Shall take a name from us ; we'll have it called
 The Leadenhall, because in digging it
 You found the lead that covereth the same.

Eyre. I thank your majesty.

Margery.

God bless your grace !

King. Lincoln, a word with you ! 140

*Enter HODGE, FIRK, RALPH, and more
 Shoemakers.*

Eyre. How now, my mad knaves ? Peace, speak softly, yonder is the king.

King. With the old troop which there we keep in pay,
 We will incorporate a new supply.

Before one summer more pass o'er my head,
 France shall repent England was injured.

What are all those ?

Lacy. All shoemakers, my liege,
 Sometimes my fellows ; in their companies
 I lived as merry as an emperor.

King. My mad lord mayor, are all these shoemakers ?

Eyre. All shoemakers, my liege ; all gentlemen of the
 Gentle Craft, true Trojans, courageous cordwainers ;
 they all kneel to the shrine of holy Saint Hugh. 153

All the Shoemakers. God save your majesty !

King. Mad Simon, would they anything with us ?

Eyre. Mum, mad knaves ! Not a word ! I'll do't ;
 I warrant you.—They are all beggars, my liege ; all for
 themselves, and I for them all, on both my knees do
 entreat, that for the honour of poor Simon Eyre and the

good of his brethren, these mad knaves, your grace would vouchsafe some privilege to my new Leadenhall, that it may be lawful for us to buy and sell leather there two days a week. 163

King. Mad Sim, I grant your suit, you shall have patent

To hold two market-days in Leadenhall,
Mondays and Fridays, those shall be the times.
Will this content you ?

All. Jesus bless your grace !

Eyre. In the name of these my poor brethren shoemakers, I most humbly thank your grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giving vein and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one boon more.

King. What is it, my lord mayor ?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to taste of a poor banquet that stands sweetly waiting for your sweet presence.

King. I shall undo thee, Eyre, only with feasts ; 175
Already have I been too troublesome ;
Say, have I not ?

Eyre. O my dear king, Sim Eyre

Was taken unawares upon a day
Of shroving, which I promised long ago
To the prentices of London.
For, an't please your highness, in time past,
I bare the water-tankard, and my coat
Sits not a whit the worse upon my back ;
And then, upon a morning, some mad boys,
It was Shrove Tuesday, even as 'tis now, 185

Gave me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple
of my tankard, if ever I came to be lord mayor of London,
I would feast all the prentices. This day, my liege, I

did it, and the slaves had an hundred tables five times covered ; they are gone home and vanished ;

Yet add more honour to the Gentle Trade,
Taste of Eyre's banquet, Simon's happy made.

King. Eyre, I will taste of thy banquet, and will say,
I have not met more pleasure on a day.

Friends of the Gentle Craft, thanks to you all, 195

Thanks, my kind lady mayoress, for our cheer.—

Come, lords, a while let's revel it at home !

When all our sports and banquetings are done,

Wars must right wrongs which Frenchmen have begun.

[*Exeunt.*]

53. **for a million**, for the whole world as we might say, million signifying a huge amount: cf. *Tit. Andr.* 2. 1. 49, 'I would not for a million of gold, The cause were known.'

58. **Mile-end**: a famous drill ground since the days of Henry VIII. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* 3. 2. 298, and *All's Well*, 4. 3. 303. Mile-end was on the great eastern road from Aldgate, through Whitechapel, and on to Bow.

61. **Finsbury**: Finsbury Fields was a large recreation ground famous in Elizabethan days for its archery ground. Archery pageants were common.

63. **imprest**, pay in advance.

furniture, equipment. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* 3. 3. 226, 'And there receive money and order for their furniture.'

Page 8.

85. **bias**, inclination. The figure is taken from the game of bowls, one of the most popular pastimes of Shakespeare's day.

90. **Portuguese**: a gold coin worth about £3 12s.

97. Qq. 'Where honour *become* shame attends delay.' Malone suggested *beckons* for *become*.

Page 9.

piece: presumably a piece of leather.

Simon Eyre is painted in whimsical colours. His confidence in himself is enormous, but, like Falstaff, he knows how to retire gracefully when cornered. 'I'll get thy husband discharged, I warrant thee, sweet Jane,' says he with pardonable pride. But when authority speaks in the person of the colonel he reproves the sentimental ninnies round him with comical gravity. 'See you this man? Captains, you will not release him? Well, let him go; he's a proper shot, let him vanish!'

Hodge. This, of course, is Roger, and is the diminutive form of the name. It is perhaps significant that Margery first uses the more dignified Roger when her husband is about to be made sheriff (3. 4. 1).

125. **pishery-pashery**, gibble-gabble. Eyre's vocabulary is rich in this type of expression.

127. **Gentlemen, captains, colonels, commanders**. Eyre runs through the list of the ranks of commanding officers. Captains

were usually the officers commanding companies while colonels were usually in command of regiments. The official title of the drill instructor was corporal. He was a non-commissioned officer and his jurisdiction was probably confined to the parade ground. Hence Hodge's contemptuous remark (I. 153), 'Why then you were as good be a corporal as a colonel, if you cannot discharge one good fellow.'

130. **This wench with the mealy mouth that will never tire, is my wife, I can tell you.** Eyre speaks feelingly. A *mealy mouth* is a voluble tongue.

132. **firking**, frisky. To *firk* is to move about briskly, to gallop. (*T. & S.G.*)

Page 10.

136. **the Gentle Craft.** This name was probably given to the shoemaker's art because its patron saints, Crispin and Crispinianus, and Hugh were all of royal blood. Crispin and Crispinianus were the sons of the King of Logria, and Hugh the son of the King of Powis.

'You that the Gentle Craft profess, list to my words both more and less ;
And I shall tell you many things, of worthy and renowned kings,
And divers Lords and Knights also, that were Shoemakers long ago.'
(Deloney, *To all the good Yeomen of the Gentle Craft.*)

Greene writes in *George-a-Greene* (1592), 'You shall no more be called Shoemakers, but you and yours to the world's end shall be called the trade of the Gentle Craft.'

138. The worthy shoemaker is impulsively generous, his wife is shrewd and prudent.

139. **midriff** : perhaps an innuendo that Margery was not as slim as she used to be. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* 3. 3. 175.

141. **cormorant** : a quibble on colonel. (Warnke and Proescholdt.)

149. **occupied** : cf. *2 Hen. IV.* 2. 4. 161.

151. **press'd**, impressed into service. Often used in this sense in Shakespeare. Cf. *Richard II.* 3. 2. 58, and *Coriolanus*, 3. 1. 122.

Page 11.

165. **your pols and your edipols.** Pols may have been suggested by the common phrase 'poll parrot,' merely to suggest Margery's loquacity. *Edipol*, miswritten for *edepol* (Latin), 'any common asseveration.' Dekker seems merely to have remembered that both *pol* and *edepol* are vocative forms of Pollux used indiscriminately as interjections. Having thought of *pol* with its wealth of suggestion applicable to the thoughtless garrulity of his wife, he follows it, as he might have done in his early Latin lessons, with *edepol*.

Cicely Bumtrinket. Perhaps merely a characteristic term of contempt, although the word 'trinket' signifies a shoemaker's knife, and would readily trip from the tongue of the ebullient Eyre.

167. Presumably the usual Elizabethan connotation, whereupon Eyre taking up the suggestion implied in Firk's words, hastens to repudiate it. 'Sometime, maybe,' he says in effect, 'but you are too soon now.'

172. **dankish**, damp.

174. **Termagant**, supposed to be a Saracen god. He was a familiar knock-about figure in the old mystery plays. The word was used adjectivally by Shakespeare in *1 Hen. IV.* 5. 4. 114, 'that hot termagant Scot.' Skcat derives the word from *Trivigante* (Ital.), the moon who wanders through the heavens in a threefold aspect as Hecate, Selene, Artemis.

175. **tall**, valiant, brave. Cf. *Ant. and Cleo.* 2. 6. 7.

186. The common contempt and illtreatment which soldiers meet with shall not affect him. (Warnke and Proescholdt.)

194. **weak vessels**, women, as often in Shakespeare.

Page 12.

Enter Dodger. Dodger is really out of place among these life-like fellows. He seems to suggest Jonson and the comedy of Humours. He is a mere puppet, a stock comedy parasite whose pabulum is 'pickthank tales.' He serves in the plot to provide information (1) about Lacy's absence from the colours in France, (2) about his 'lurking' in London, (3) that Lacy and Rose were married at the Savoy. Dekker had probably too much contempt for this type to individualise

him. There is no place in this world of high spirits and unaffected gaiety for the 'arrant'st varlet that e'er breath'd on earth.'

203. **pickthank tales**, tales told to curry favour. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* 3. 2. 25, and Beaumont and Fletcher, *Maid's Tragedy*, 3. 1.

204. **salved**, healed.

215. **you cracked groats**. A groat was a fourpenny piece, about the size of a modern shilling. For the phrase cf. *Coriolanus*, 1. 5. 5.

'See here these movers that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachma !'

Dekker emphasises the homely character of his drama by specifying the native coin : Shakespeare follows his authority Plutarch in using Greek money.

215. **mustard tokens**, yellow spots on the body denoting the infection of the plague. 'I have known some who having had a child or servant dead, and full of the tokens, it has been no such matter, a little bribe to the searchers or the connivance of officers, or the private departure or close burial of such a party, hath hushed all' (*A Rod for Runaways*, p. 290). Eyre is probably also alluding to one of the halfpenny or farthing tokens of brass, tin, lead or leather which were issued by the shopkeepers of London and were accepted in payment for goods. His nimbleness of wit would at once attach the word 'mustard' to the word 'tokens' in the light of the significance attached to the phrase.

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222. **You bombast cotton-candle quean** : one of Eyre's characteristic cumulative epithets. Candles of wax or white tallow with cotton wicks were the superior type, and of a much higher grade than dipped candles which were made from fat accumulated in the kitchen. These cotton wick candles were made by journeymen who travelled from house to house working at the rate of 4½d. a day (*Shak. Eng.* vol. 2, p. 124). *Bombast* is cotton wadding. Eyre is presumably suggesting that Jane can support herself in Ralph's absence by candle making. He frequently uses this type of epithet that suggests a trade or calling. Cf. powder-beef-quean, 2. 3. 4. *Quean*, a disreputable woman. 'He cares no more for his wife than for

a dog that keeps queans under his nose' (*The Bachelor's Banquet*, p. 175).

226 **cordwainers.** Cordwain was Spanish leather originally made at Cordova. Span. *cordovan*.

227. **St. Martin's**, *i.e.* Martins le Grand, one of the centres of the shoemakers' trade. 'The Shoemakers and curriers of Cordwainer Street removed, the one to St. Martins le Grand, the other to London Wall near unto Moorgate.' (Stow).

the mad knaves of Bedlam, the patients of Bedlam, or Bethlehem Hospital, originally the hospital of St. Mary of Bethlehem, a priory which was converted into a hospital for lunatics. These patients roamed the country in search of alms. Dekker himself describes one of them in *The Bellman of London*. 'He swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talk frantically of purpose: you see pins stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his arms, which pain he gladly puts himself to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himself by the name of Poor Tom, and coming near anybody cries out, "Poor Tom is a-cold."' Cf. *King Lear*, 2. 3. 15.

Fleet Street. In this street were exhibited all types of shows, puppets, naked Indians, strange fishes, and other miraculous phenomena. Cf. *The Tempest*, 2. 2. 28-35. 'A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man: any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian.'

228. **Tower Street.** Stow refers to the Tower as 'a prison of estate for the dangerous offenders.'

Whitechapel. In Dekker's day this locality was being rapidly filled with aliens bringing new trades. It was an overcrowded area, and the bulk of the people lived in poor tenements.

233. **Firk the Basa mon cues.** Evidently the same as Basimecu (*baisez mon cul*) in Shakespeare, where Jack Cade refers to the Dauphin of France as Mounsieur Basimecu (*2 Hen. VI.* 4. 7). Firk uses it as a term of contempt to signify Frenchmen in general. The expression used to be quite common, not only in Sheffield (quoted by Professor

Henry Jackson, *Shak. Eng.* vol. 2, p. 372), but over the whole West Riding of Yorkshire. It was shouted by small boys at anyone of foreign appearance, and so became a kind of generic appellation.

235. **send**, grant, as in 'Send him victorious, happy and glorious.'

slops : a generic term for wide, loose breeches.

244. **pink'd**. The leather or velvet shoes of the period were often slashed or pinked, and decorated with buckles of silver or copper gilt. Pinking was perforation as a preparation for embroidery. Cf. *Tam. of the Shrew*, 4. 1. 136, and *Hen. VIII.* 5. 4. 51.

ACT II.

The plot now develops more rapidly. Rose with a sweet bashfulness contrives with the help of her garrulous and inconsequential maid to get into touch with Lacy, for whom she expresses her love with winsome modesty. Lacy, aware that her father has sent her away to Old Ford, disguises himself as a Dutch shoemaker, and enters Simon Eyre's establishment as a journeyman. Rose is encountered by a party of huntsmen, one of whom instantly falls in love with her, and is accepted by her father, the Lord Mayor, as 'a proper gentleman' and an eligible suitor.

In these introductory scenes Rose appears as a retiring maid of a nature susceptible but not particularly strong. Her first soliloquy half represents Dekker on the romantic side, and there is more than a hint in his treatment of her that he intended to develop the character more fully. But she becomes more shadowy as the play proceeds, and we are obviously intended to focus our attention, not on the love element in the story, but on Simon Eyre and the jolly life of the shoemakers. Dekker pays Rose the compliment of letting her speak always in verse, but on the whole she is merely sweetly passive and passively sweet. The picture of life in a shoemaker's establishment in Scene 3, with its early morning bustle, its preparations for the activities of the day, its gossipy familiarity, its uncertain temper and its volatile atmosphere, its sincerity and its sentiment, is unsurpassed in English literature.

SCENE I. A GARDEN AT OLD FORD.

Page 14.

18. **against**, before, in preparation for. 'I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.' *M.N.D.* 3. 2. 99.

Page 15.

27. **out of cry**, beyond all description. Cf. Dekker's *Patient Grissil*, 3. 1. 'By cod, Sir Emulo, Sir Owen is clad out o' cry.'

scant, scarcely.

35. **with a wanion**, with a vengeance, with ill-luck. Cf. *Pericles*, 3. 1. 17. Wanion = to lessen, to wane. (*S. & T.G.*)

36. **humorous**, fickle, capricious.

41. **stamped crabs**, crushed crab apples. Their sourness was proverbial. Cf. *Tam. of the Shrew*, 2. 1. 230.

42. **verjuice**, juice of green fruits.

43. **gaskins**, a kind of hose or breeches: **netherstocks**, stockings. 'Thou mayest be an acquaintance of mine, but thou art not an intimate friend.' Wheeler suggests that a more intelligible reading would be the substitution of 'thy' for 'my' in both places so that the sentence would mean 'you may have a fair exterior, but you are nothing when stripped.' This seems too violent a change, especially as the Qq. are unanimous in the reading. The sentence has the air of a proverbial expression.

47. **Go by, Jeronimo, go by**. A phrase from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* which became a by-word and was much used by Elizabethan dramatists.

48. A proverbial phrase signifying to balance things. Cf. *Westward Ho!* 5. 7.: 'they came to Brainford to be merry, you were caught in bird-lime, and therefore set the hare's head against the goose-giblets'; and Middleton (ed. Dyce, vol. 2, p. 78): 'Some foolish words she has passed to you in the country, and some peevish debts you owe here in the city; set the hare's head to the goose-giblets, release you her of her words, and I'll release you of her debts, Sir.'

54. **proper**, handsome, fine.

55. **Snick up**: the common expression is 'Sneck up and be hanged!' sneck signifying the tying in the noose.

Page 16.

67. **Faith, then have at 'up tails all.'** Start straight away; don't waste any time.

SCENE II. A STREET IN LONDON.

Dekker everywhere insists on the royal nature of the gentle craft. Lacy was not ashamed of the fact that he had learnt the trade in Wittenberg (1. 1. 29), and this apprenticeship was to serve the romantic lover in good stead. When he remarked that the gentle craft 'is living for a man,' he laid his emphasis on the word 'man.'

SCENE III. IN FRONT OF EYRE'S HOUSE.

This scene is a wonderful picture drawn straight from life. It is early morning, before seven o'clock, and the household is rising. Tempers are not too sweet, and the master of the house has no sympathy for slug-a-beds. The bustle and the confusion are not mollified by the objurgations of Simon and the back-chat of his wife. Firk, the stitcher, comes in first, followed by the foreman, Hodge, and shortly afterwards Margery enters. Into this rather electric atmosphere Lacy, disguised as a shoemaker, steps with a song on his lips. Firk, with his usual sense of humour, suggests to Eyre that he hires him that he might learn 'some gibble-gabble.' Simon is compelled to do so by threats of leaving from both Hodge and Firk, and then follows a quaint examination of Lacy as to his fitness for the work. They seal the bargain with a can of double beer, and trudge off to a short spell of work before breakfast. It is a fascinating piece of realistic drama, full of fun, high spirits, gaiety and innocence. Dekker never wrote to better purpose.

Page 17.

Enter Eyre making himself ready : *i.e.* dressing himself.

2. **brewis :** either broth, liquor in which beef and vegetables have been boiled, or bread soaked in boiling fat pottage made of salted meat.

4. **powder-beef quean :** a woman who sells powdered or salted beef.

7. **kennel :** the surface drain of a street, the gutter. (*N.E.D.*)

11. **bandog** : a fierce kind of mastiff kept to bait bears. Cf. *The Witch of Edmonton*, 4. 1. 'This is no Paris-garden bandog neither, that keeps a bow-wow-wowing to have butchers bring their curs thither'; and Dekker, *The Raven's Almanack*, 'And none could be admitted into the office of a Beadle unless he brought a certificate from Paris Garden that he had been a Bearward and could play the bandog bravely in baiting Christians at a stake.' Thus 'to speak bandog and bedlam' was to bark and rave like a lunatic.

Page 18.

19. **souse-wife** : a woman who washed and pickled the ears and feet of a pig. Hodge's remark seems to suggest that Eyre was specially early this morning, or perhaps it was a time-honoured sentiment.

25. 'Here's a fine day coming.' For once the characters of Hodge and Firk seem reversed. It is the latter who is the melancholy one.

38. **yawling**, bawling.

Page 19.

45. 'There was a boor from Gelderland,
Merry they be.
He was so drunk he could not stand,
Drunken they be.
Clink then the cannikin,
Drink, pretty mannikin.'

'The puzzling "upsolce" is perhaps the same as *upsee Dutch*, i.e. intoxicated' (W. and P.). This is a possible interpretation as the form *upsey* is found in Dekker in *The Bellman of London* and *The Seven Deadly Sins*. 'According to all the learned rules of drunkenness as Upsey-Freeze, Crambo, Parmizant . . .' where the first signifies drinking in the Frisian fashion. *Upsee* or *upsey* appears to be the Dutch *op zyn*, 'after the fashion,' from *zin* (G. *Sinn*), 'sense, meaning.' In the following passage from Rowley's *A Shoemaker a Gentleman* (4. 1) it appears to carry this original meaning if we may read it in close connection with *bonus socius*, though the punctuation does not make this decisive. 'Nay, stay sweete Master, 'twas never seene that a Shoemaker and his men were base Bassilomions, but true bonus socius, up se freeze, though we

cannot get him from prison, Ile sell my coate from my backe, ere a Shoemaker shall want : Let us shew our selves Cavaleeres or Coblers : come every man his twelpepence a peece to drinke with him in prison.' Dr. Stork makes no comment on the passage.

52. **St. Hugh's bones** : the bones of this patron saint were supposed to have been made into shoemaker's tools. Rowley gives a rhymed list of these in his play (*op. cit.* 4. 2).

'The Drawer first, and then the Dresser,
Wedges and Heele-blocks, greater and lesser ;
Yet 'tis not worth two Ganders feathers,
Unlessse you have the hand and thumb-leathers :
Then comes your short-heeles, Needle and Thimble,
With Pincers and pricking Aule, so neate and nimble :
Rubbing-stone next, with Aule, Steele, and Tacks,
Which often will hold when the shooe-leather cracks :
Then Stirrup, stopping-stick, with good Sow-haires,
Whet-stone, and cutting-knife which sharply pares :
And lastly, to clap Saint Hugh's bones in
An Apron that's made of a jolly sheepes skin.'

61. **butter-box** : a Dutchman. Cf. 3, 1. 180. 'They may well be called butter-boxes when they drink fat veal and thick beer too.'

71. **You must make a journey to seek a new journeyman** : you must visit St. Paul's where men could be hired for almost any trade. St. Paul's was the hub of the business and social life of London. Dekker alludes to this desecration in *The Dead Term*, and holds it up to ridicule in *The Gull's Horn-book*. For the various secular uses to which the Cathedral was put, see *Shakespeare's England*, vol. 2, p. 166.

72. An early example of Trade Unionism !

Page 20.

78. **gallimaufry**, medley: lit. 'a dish made by hashing up remnants of food.' Its sound, more than its sense, was what appealed to Eyre.

81. 'Good day, master, and your wife also.'

friend Oake. Firk takes up the last word of his sentence after the manner of Pistol with his captive French knight.

85. 'Yes, yes, I am a shoemaker.'

Dodger to shadow him in London. Simon Eyre dines with the Lord Mayor, and his merry men take holiday and come to the Old Ford to take part in the entertainment.

SCENE I. A ROOM IN EYRE'S HOUSE.

Page 26.

1. 'I'll tell you what, Hans ; this ship that is come from Candia is quite full, by God's sacrament, of sugar, civet, almonds, cambric and all things ; a thousand, thousand things. Take it, Hans, take it for your master. These are the bills of lading. Your master, Simon Eyre, shall have a good bargain. What say you, Hans ?'

10. 'My dear brother Firk, bring Master Eyre to the sign of the Swan ; there shall you find the skipper and me. What say you, brother Firk ? Do it, Hodge.'

Page 27.

28. **like St. Mary Overy's bells.** The Church of St. Mary Overy, *i.e.* over the water, is in Southwark, and is now called the Cathedral of St. Saviour. Close by was Winchester House, the residence of the Bishops of Winchester.

31. Cobblers' Monday has still its old significance.

Page 28.

52. The royal nature of the shoemakers' craft is everywhere insisted on.

57. **sort**, company, set. Cf. *Mid. Night's Dr.* 3. 2. 13.

68. **Finsbury** : a famous practising ground for archery.

73. **tannikin** : a diminutive pet form of the name Anna, used especially for a German or Dutch girl. (*T. & S.G.*)

75. **Eastcheap.** Stow alludes to this locality as famous for its butchers.

Page 29.

91. **No more, Madge, no more** : spoken, *sotto voce*, by Simon Eyre, afraid of a further outburst from Margery.

Well said, well done.

100. **yark** : to pull forcibly as shoemakers do in securing the stitches of their work. (*T. & S.G.*)

103. **from the bias**, beside the mark.

Page 30.

114. **Skellum Skanderbag**. Germ. *Schelm*, a scoundrel. Skanderbag (properly Iskander-beg, Prince Alexander) was the Turkish name of George Castriot (1414-1467), the patriot chief who won the freedom of Albania in twenty-two battles. Two books dealing with this character were published in 1562 and 1596 respectively. See Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*, ed. Simpson, p. 126.

115. Firk twists his words and means 'a ship from Cyprus and Candy, laden with silk and sugar.'

118. **a guarded gown** : a gown with an ornamental border or trimming. Cf. *Much Ado*, 1. 1. 289. The original meaning may have been that of a binding to keep the edge of the cloth from fraying. (*T. & S.G.*)

123. **beaten**, embroidered.

124. As Firk is helping his master on with the gown, Simon Eyre begs him be careful. 'Steady, Firk, you'll raise the nap and make it look threadbare.'

128. **give you the wall**, give you precedence, a common Elizabethan expression.

129. **come upon you with**, address you as.

140. 'Good day, master. This is the skipper that has the ship of merchandise; the commodity is good, take it, master, take it.'

Page 31.

145. 'The ship is in the river; there are sugar, civet, almonds, cambric, and a thousand, thousand things by God's sacrament; take it, master, take it.'

155. 'Yes, yes, I have drunk well.'

SCENE II. LONDON: A ROOM IN LINCOLN'S HOUSE.

Page 33.

36. **more worse**. The quartos read *One evil cannot a worse relieve*. *More* is the conjecture of W. and P., who cite *Lear*, 11. 2. 155.

SCENE III. LONDON : A ROOM IN THE
LORD MAYOR'S HOUSE.

Page 35.

20. **square**, quarrel. Cf. *Mid. Night's Dr.* 2. 1. 30.
24. **to fond** : a misspelling of *found* for the sake of a quibble upon the word.

fond, foolish.

Page 36.

57. **mammet** : a puppet (from Mahomet), often used as a term of abuse. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.* 3. 5. 186.

62. **accepted** is the reading of A, B and C. For its grammatical use, cf. *Cor.* 4. 3. 35, and *Ed. III.* 4. 5. 101.

Page 38.

98. **angel** : a gold coin worth 10s.

• SCENE IV. A ROOM IN EYRE'S HOUSE.

Page 39.

14. **ale-bottle** : ale-kegs made of wood (Neilson).
26. 'I thank you, mistress.'
31. **back-friend**, faithless friend.
33. 'Yes, I shall, mistress.'
37. **corked shoes** were the footwear of ladies of fashion. Stubbes refers to shoes of various coloured leather, slashed and embroidered with gold or silver, raised from the ground on cork and ornamented with buckles or rosettes. See *Sh. Eng.* vol. 1, p. 21.

Page 40.

40. 'The farthingale was a round petticoat made of canvas distended with whalebone, cane hoops, or steel strips ; it was covered with taffeta or other material, the brocade, cloth or velvet skirts being worn over this. During the latter half of the century (sixteenth) it was enormously enlarged at the hips and called a cartwheel farthingale, the circumference of the

skirt being as wide at the hips as at the hem' (*Sh. Eng.* vol. 2, p. 94). The hood was usually heart-shaped and often had enormous flaps. Probably Hodge is thinking of these when he compares her, *sotto voce*, to 'a cat out of a pillory.' Eyre refers to them (l. 159) as 'this flap of a shoulder of mutton.'

50. Periwigs (or false hair) were introduced from Italy by way of France. 'Masks were of various colours, and were much worn by ladies of quality when riding. The eyeholes at times were filled with glass.'

54. 'The fan first made its appearance in England at Elizabeth's court, being introduced from Italy. It was worn hanging from the point of the stomacher: it often contained a small mirror' (*Sh. Eng.* vol. 2, p. 97). Margery was not disposed to neglect the foreign aid of ornament, though her native thriftiness wells to the surface in 'how costly this world's calling is.'

63. 'I am merry, let me see you so.'

64. **To drink tobacco** was the usual Elizabethan phrase. Tobacco was introduced, not by Sir Walter Raleigh as commonly supposed, but by Sir John Hawkins in 1565. Stow categorically makes this assertion. Probably Raleigh was responsible for making it fashionable at court. It is a curious fact that Shakespeare never mentions tobacco.

66. **slavering**, a dialectal corruption of saliva. See Wright. (E.D.D.)

69. Ralph's return from the wars, wounded, is a further complication. The dignity of his return is expressed in the fact that he speaks verse in this scene where all the other characters speak prose.

Page 41.

72. **tall**, valiant.

Page 42.

102. **ka me, ka thee**. Do me a good turn and I will do thee the same. The phrase survives in Scotland and Northumberland.

111. 'Yes, I shall, mistress.'

119. **brave**, fine.

126. I'll to God, my good friends, and to these my hands (A, B). I'll trust to God, my good friends, and to my hands (C, D, E).

128. **Smug up**, smarten up, make trim.

Page 43.

138. 'Yes, my master is the great man, the sheriff.'

145. On the sixpenny, three-halfpenny and three-farthing pieces was the profile of Elizabeth wearing a rose behind her ear, to distinguish them from the groat, the twopenny piece, the penny and the halfpenny. Cf. *King John*, 1. 1. 143:

'my face so thin

That in my ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look where three farthings goes."'

153. 'See, my dear brother, here comes my master.'

Page 44.

160. Simon Eyre is already scattering bounties. He makes over his shop to Roger, promotes Firk to the position of foreman, and promises Hans a hundred for the twenty Portuguese he has previously lent. He invites his men to come and dance at Old Ford, and shuts up his shop and proclaims a holiday.

168. The four calls of the men to the dance are:

Page 47.

65. 'I thank you, good maid.'

76. The two songs are printed in the quartos apart from the play. The place for their insertion is not indicated except that in the case of the second song it is stated 'This to be sung at the latter end.' Mr. Rhys inserts the first song at 3. 5. 26, but it is difficult to see who would sing it there as Eyre's party has not yet arrived. I have therefore put it in here under the assumption that it is sung by Hans, Ralph and Firk. Firk is obviously the vocalist of the party, and in 4. 2. he is singing snatches all the time. For the second song I have retained the position suggested by Mr. Rhys. The word 'three-man' is generally accepted to be a corruption of 'freeman,' and a three-man's song is a song in which everybody is expected to join. Very often it was in the repetitional style of 'Three Blind Mice.' It owes its name to the fact that catches were commonly in the form of a trio. (See Cowling, *Music on the Shakespearean Stage*.) Elizabethan cobblers were notable singers. In the *Cobbler of Canterbury* the cobbler sits 'in the shop where he sung like a nightingale.' Dekker (*Raven's Almanac*, vol. 4, p. 197) remarks 'A merry cobbler there was who, for joy that he mended men's broken and corrupted soles, did continually sing, so his shop seemed a very bird cage.'

SCENE I. A STREET IN LONDON.

Page 49.

10. **curious**, fastidious.

22. **What is't you lack** ? This was the common cry of shopkeepers and street vendors. " " Hot peas," " Hot fine oat-cake," " Whiting, maids, whiting " was heard on all sides ; costermongers with their apples, shopmen with their constant repetition of their cry of " What do you lack " joined in the din.' (*Sh. Eng.* vol. 2, p. 168.)

Page 50.

28. **To be given then ! Nay, faith, I come to buy.** Printed as one line in the quartos and divided by Fritsche. Similarly with lines 44 and 104, 105.

Page 51.

48. **mistress** : trisyllabic.

SCENE II. LONDON : A STREET BEFORE HODGE'S SHOP.

Page 54.

11. ' Forward, Firk, thou art a jolly youngster. Hark, ay, master, I pray you cut me a pair of vamps for Master Jeffrey's boots.' Vamps are the upper leather of a shoe.

Page 55.

18. **counterfeits** : (a) vamps, (b) false coin—hence the play on the word.

22. **aunt** : a cant term for a bad woman.

... where is your mistress ?'
72. ' Yes, yes, I shall go with you.'

Page 57.

Enter a Serving man. I have followed Fritsche in making this one continuous scene. Warnke and Proescholdt begin Scene 3 with this stage direction. It seems an unnecessary break.

Page 58.

116. **At Saint Faith's Church, under Paul's.** ' At the west end of this Jesus chapel, under the choir of Paul's, also was a parish church of St. Faith, commonly called St. Faith under Paul's, which served for the stationers and others dwelling in Paul's churchyard, Paternoster road and the places near adjoining.' (Stow).

125. **'Snails :** a profane oath for ' God's nails,' *i.e.* Christ's nails on the Cross. (*T. & S.G.*)

Page 59.

146. **sweet :** a dissyllable as in *Hamlet*, 1. 3. 8.

160. **Cripplegates.** ' Cripplegate, a place, saith mine author (John Lydgate) so called of cripples begging there : at which gate it was said, the body (of King Edmond the Martyr) entering, miracles were wrought, as some of the lame to go upright, praising God ' (Stow, p. 13). In Cripplegate stood the Fortune theatre, built for Henslowe and Alleyn in 1600, and ' contrived and fashioned ' like the Globe. Dekker and Middleton's *The Roaring Girl* was originally produced there, and it is probable that *The Shoemaker's Holiday* too may have been staged in this theatre. The ' Fortune ' was destroyed by fire in 1621.

162. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, 2. 9. 83: 'Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.'

SCENE III. LONDON: A ROOM IN THE LORD MAYOR'S HOUSE IN CORNHILL.

Page 61.

30. 'Indeed, Mistress, 'tis a good shoe; it shall fit well or you shall not pay.'

37. 'Yes, yes, I know that well: indeed 'tis a good shoe, 'tis made of neat's leather, see here, good sir!'

Page 62.

53. **presently**, at once.

SCENE IV. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME HOUSE.

Page 63.

45. **honnikin**: a term of contempt, a despised fellow. Evidently connected with the M.H.G. 'hone,' a despised person, one who lives in shame and contempt; cf. G. *hohn*, scorn, derision. (*T. & S.G.*)

Page 64.

69. **bob**, to deceive, to cheat. Cf. *Tr. and Cr.* 3. 1. 75.

72. **I have no maw to this gear**, I have no taste for this dress, in allusion to Sybil, in relation to whom Firk mischievously suggests the Lord Mayor's question is asked.

Page 65.

76. **The tune of Rogero**. A quibble, of course, on Roger, though the tune of Rogero was a popular Elizabethan tune. See William Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1855-7, 93 and 96, and *Old English Ditties: Oxenfoord-Macfarren*, 2. 26. 'Rogero' is given as a dance tune in Heywood's *A Woman killed with Kindness*.

84. **diggers**, diggers for information.

87. **in sadness**, in all seriousness.

93. **aurium tenus, genuum tenus**. The phrase means 'as far as the ears, as far as the knees,' and it indicates the lengths to which Firk will go in imparting information. For the full amount (as far as the ears) he will require ten pieces of gold: for the half (to the knees) he will ask ten pieces of silver. The figure ten was probably suggested by the first syllable of *tenus*, and gold may be a play on *aur*. But Firk was out for the honour of the gentle craft, and he slyly adds, 'Give me the money and I'm your man—for a fresh set of lies.'

Page 66.

106. **Hans-prans**: merely rhyming slang.

112. **London Stone**, now cased and preserved in the wall on St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, to which it was removed from the opposite side of the way, was the centre from which radiated the old Roman great roads.

Pissing-conduit: a small conduit erected about 1500 near the Stocks Market where the Mansion House now stands. (Stow.)

113. **Mother Bunch**: 'a well known ale-wife' (Neilson). The line is reminiscent of 2 *Hen. VI.* 4. 6. 3. 'And here sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command that, of the city's cost, the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine this first of our reign.' In our passage the allusion appears to signify water, probably because the proverbial Mother Bunch's ale was of a watery quality. It was a common thing to prefix the term Mother to popular tavern hostesses. Cf. 1 *Ed. IV.* 3: 'Come, fill me a cup of Mother Whetstone's ale.'

123. **inconie**, delicious, rare, fine, pretty. Cf. *L.L.L.* 3. 1. 134, and *Jew of Malta*, 4. 5. Skeat describes it as a cant word of uncertain origin, prevalent about 1600. N.E.D. suggests possible derivation from F. *inconnu* or Ital. *incognito*; or again that it is a variation of uncanny.

Page 67.

139. **hey-pass and repass**: a juggling or conjuring term. Cf. *Piers Penniless*, 'There are a thousand juggling tricks

ticularly the London apprentices) with clubs.' (Nares). There are many references in Elizabethan literature to this rallying cry of the apprentices.

38. **bird-spits**, knives.

Page 72.

77. **busk-point** : the lace with its tag or point which secured the end of the busk or strip of wood in the front of the stays. (*T. & S. G.*)

78. **appurtenances** : that which belongs to something else, in this case to Jane.

Page 73.

81. Blue was a popular colour for liveries. St. George's Day was a day when new leases and contracts used to be made. Firk in his subtle way tells the serving man that he is like to find a new master and be furnished with a new livery, as he might be on St. George's Day : that is, we may suppose, red for blue.

Page 75.

158. Jane presumably had a mask when she entered with Hammon. This facial covering and protection was quite common, and was almost universally worn by women when hunting (cf. Heywood, *1 Edward IV.* 3. 1.), and also at the playhouse.

Page 76.

166. **lac'd mutton** : a slang term for a woman. There is no need to suggest that anything but an ordinary woman is referred to. When Lincoln asked where his nephew Lacy was married, Firk blandly replied, 'Why here's a comely wench as I promised.'

Page 77.

191. **lamb'd** : 'to lam' is to beat soundly, to thrash. The word literally means to lame, and is a very common Yorkshire dialect word.

211. **great new hall**, *i.e.* the Leadenhall. The association of the Leadenhall with Simon Eyre as it appears in Deloney's *Gentle Craft* seemed to have been derived from local tradition

and from the accounts of it given in Stow's *Survey*. 'Simon Eyre, Draper, Mayor, 1436, built the Leadenhall for a common garner of corn to the use of this city, and left five thousand marks to charitable uses.' Stow, ed. Kingsford, vol. 1, p. 110. See also Intro. p. xxvii. There is a reference to the Leadenhall in another play of the same year (1600), Heywood's *1 Edward IV.* 1. 2., where Falconbridge says:

'At Leadenhall, we'll sell pearls by the peck
As now the mealmen use to sell their meal.'

There are one or two striking similarities of incident between this play of Heywood's and *The Shoemaker's Holiday*. The conversation which the Queen and the Duchess have with Hobs, the tanner, as they meet him during the hunt after having lost the deer is reminiscent of the contest in similar circumstances between Hammon and Sybil (2. 5.). There is, throughout, the same type of complimentary concession to the apprentices, and Crosby, the Lord Mayor, urges them to defend the city to their utmost on the ground that they themselves may rise to such a position as his. This is a curious echo of Simon Eyre.

'And prentices, stick to your offices,
For you may come to be as we are now.' (1.4.)

Heywood's play is, too, a good example of the citizen drama, and the scenes in which Hobs, the tanner of Tamworth, holds banter with the king might have been written by Dekker himself, so similar are they in style and spirit to (a) the treatment of Firk in his wit combats with Lincoln and the Lord Mayor, and (b) the meeting of Babulo and Saluzzo in *Patient Grissil*.

Page 78.

222. **dry-fats** : a cask, case or box for holding dry things. (*T. & S.G.*)

223. **trowling**, rolling.

224. **collops** : the Monday preceding Shrove Tuesday was called collop-Monday, a name still used in many provincial areas.

scuttles, hods.

SCENE III. A STREET IN LONDON.

Page 79.

10. **I am with child** : I am anxious, I am in suspense.

huff-cap : a heady ale. 'Such heady ale and beer as for the mightiness thereof . . . is commonly called huff-cap.' Harrison, *Description of England*, Book 2, ch. 18. 'This huff-cap (as they call it) and nectar of life.' Stubbes, *Anatomy of Abuses*. (*T. & S.G.*) The phrase here thus means an exuberant, jovial fellow.

SCENE IV. A GREAT HALL.

Page 80.

19. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.* 1. 4. 85, 'of healths five fathom deep.'

28. **Eastcheap** : famous for its butchers' shops.

Page 81.

39. **trowl** : lit. to roll. Here we should say 'pass' or 'circulate.'

Page 82.

72. **whitepot** : a dish made of eggs, milk, and sugar boiled in a pot. Whitpot is the name of a favourite dish in Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall (*T. & S.G.*) shaped like the hopper of a mill.

74. **carbonado** : a piece of flesh scored across, and grilled upon coals.

76. **Miniver** : ermine, the fur of the ermine. It was white and used as a lining and trimming in ceremonial costume.

77. **partlet** : a neckerchief of linen headed by a small ruff. (*Sh. Eng.* vol. 2, 110.)

78. **flewes** : the hanging chaps of a hound : here the flaps of a hood or a skirt.

rub : an obstruction or impediment. A rub was any obstacle which diverted the wood (in the game of bowls) from its course.

Simon Eyre enumerates the most autocratic of rulers, and is obviously thinking of Kyd's *Soliman and Perseda* (1599) and Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* (1590).

SCENE V. AN OPEN YARD BEFORE THE HALL.

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18. **pie**, magpie.

24. **Tamar Cham** : Tamburlaine the Khan of Tartary.

25. Tennis balls were stuffed chiefly with dogs' hair. Cf. *Much Ado*, 3. 2. 45. These white leather balls were struck, not with the palm of the hand (cf. *jeu de paume*), but with a net (i.e. a racquet) woven from strings such as are found on the six-stringed lyre. (*Sh. Eng.* vol. 2, p. 460.)

26. **bully** : a familiar term of endearment.

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36. **Prince am I none yet am I princely born**. Eyre's repetition of this saying suggests it may have been a line from a popular song or drama.

50. **degenerous** : there seems no reason to alter this to 'degenerate' as Neilson does. It means 'ungrateful.'

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73. **Not for all India's wealth**. The quartos have 'Indians wealth.'

Page 86.

94. **Fair maid, this bridegroom cannot be your bride**. This is the reading of all the quartos, and I have retained it although Fritsche and all later editors change it to 'This fair maid, bridegroom, cannot be your bride.' Is not this banter, obviously addressed to Rose, in keeping with his previous speech to her? The king throughout this scene is speaking in mock seriousness and with comic gravity, and this may surely be regarded as a royal joke.

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125. Fritsche inserts 'so' before 'much' to make up the ten syllables. Warnke and Proescholdt suggest 'where' is dissyllabic. I print 'whereas' for 'where,' a common Elizabethan form. Cf. the instances given in Abbott, *Shakespearean Grammar*, p. 135. The omission of 'as' is a likely printer's error.

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137. For the historical origin of Leadenhall see note on 5. 2. 211. 'It may well be that long after Eyre's death the builder of Leadenhall was supposed to have been a shoemaker himself, merely because Leadenhall was used as a leather market. (See Appendix B.) That tradition was rejected by the chronicler but it was taken up by the poet.' (*W. & P.*) It is however specifically alluded to in Deloney, where in the concluding paragraph of *The Gentle Craft*, Part 1, he says: 'Then after this, Sir Simon Eyre built Leadenhall, appointing that in the midst thereof, there should be a Marketplace kept every Monday for leather, where the shoemakers of London, for their more ease, might buy of the tenners without seeking any further.' In the play the king grants the use of the hall for two days, Mondays and Fridays.

148. **sometimes** is the reading of the quartos and need not be altered to sometime. Cf. *Richard II.* 5. 5. 75:

' have gotten leave

To look upon my sometimes royal master's face ;'

and *Pericles*, 1. 1. 34 :

' You sometimes famous princes, like thyself
Drawn by report.'

See also Abbott, *Sh. Gr.* 68a.

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177. Probably the whole of this speech was originally written in verse. I have retained the verse to line 185, though most editors print only 180 to 184 in verse form. There are many different readings in the quartos.

APPENDIX A.

A PRAYER FOR A PRENTICE GOING TO HIS LABOUR.¹

O THE builder of this world ! (whose workmanship is to be seen excellent even in the frames of the least and basest creatures which thou hast set together) Cast a gracious eye upon me, and lend me thy directing hand that the labours which this day I am to undertake may prosper. Let me not, O God, go about my business with eye service ; but since thou hast ordained that (like poor Joseph) I must enter into the state of a servant, so humble my mind that I may perform with a cheerful willingness whatsoever my master commands me, and that all his commandments may be agreeable to the serving of thee. Bestow upon me thy grace that I may deal uprightly with all men, and that I may show myself to him who is set over me (a Ruler) as I another day would desire to have others behave themselves to me. Take away from him (that is my master) all thoughts of cruelty, that like the Children of Israel under the subjection of Pharaoh's servants, I may not be set to a task above my strength : or if I be, stretch thou out my sinews O God that I may with unwearied limbs accom-

¹Modernised from *Four Birds of Noah's Ark*. Ed. F. P. Wilson. (Blackwell, 1924.)

plish it. Fill my veins with blood, that I may go through the hardest labours : since it is a law set down by thyself that I must earn my bread with the sweat of my brows. Give me courage to begin, patience to go forward, and ability to finish them. Cleanse my heart (O thou that art the fountain of purity) from all falsehood, from all swearing, from all abuse of thy sacred Name, from all foul, loose and unreverend languages. Let my thoughts when I am alone be of thee : let my mirth in company be to sing Psalms, and the argument of my talk only touching the works of thy hand. Take sloth from my fingers, and drowsiness from the lids of my eye ; whether I rise early or lie down late, so gladly let me do it as if my prenticeship were to be consumed in thy service. The glass of my years shall thereby run out in pleasure, and I in the end shall be made free of that city of thine, The Heavenly Jerusalem ; into which fellowship I beseech thee, to enfranchise and enrol me, and that after I have faithfully laboured six days of my life here upon earth, I may upon the seventh rest in thy everlasting Sabbath. AMEN.

APPENDIX B.

A DISCOURSE ON LEATHER. 1629.

THERE is a curious tract belonging to the year 1629, which throws some light on the profession of shoemaker and leather merchant, and the abuses which appear to have crept into the gentle craft. The full title of the pamphlet is ‘Leather: A Discourse tendered to the High Court of Parliament, of The General Use of Leather, The General Abuse thereof, The Good which may arise to Great Britain from the reformation, The Several Statutes made in that behalf by our ancient Kings.’ The tract finishes with a petition to the High Court of Parliament that ‘out of their pious care to their country they would be pleased to take into consideration the redress of old abuses; and by adding some remedies of their own to cut off the new.’¹

The tract shows the importance of the leather industry in England at this time. ‘How many millions within the bounds of this little island, of men, women, and children eat their bread by the sweat of their labours who deal only in this leathern commodity?’ There are several references to Leadenhall, and a bitter comment on the trickery of Cordwainers and Shoemakers who come

¹ Reprinted in Arber: “An English Garner.” *Social England Illustrated*, p. 317.

to that market, and by bribery and sharp practices snap up the best leather. The high price of leather is attributed to the fact that rich people wear boots which are pure extravagance as 'one pair of boots eats up the leather of six pairs of reasonable men's shoes.' It is pointed out that if Parliament would redress grievances 'by restraining the prodigal wasting of leather,' the price of boots and shoes would decline, 'the knitting of woollen and worsted stockings, now much decayed throughout the whole kingdom, would be greatly put in practice,' 'tradesmen and shopkeepers in all our cities would have quicker doings,' and 'an infinite number of poor children which now go begging up and down, would be set to work.' There is then given a summary of the principal statutes relating to leather, among which we may quote the following from 4 Jacob, cap. 5: No Cordwainer or Shoemaker shall make, or cause to be made any boots, shoes, buskins, startups, slippers, or pantoffles; or any part of them, of English leather wet curried (other than Deer skins, Calf skins, or Goat skins dressed like Spanish leather); but of leather well and truly tanned, and curried substantially, sewed with good thread (well twisted and made and sufficiently waxed with wax, and well rosined), and the stitches hard drawn with hand-leathers, without mingling of the Over Leathers; that is to say, part of the Over Leather being of Neat's Leather, and part of Calf's Leather.

Finally there is a curious reminiscence of *The Shoemaker's Holiday* in the petition addressed to Parliament. 'And moreover it is for certain known that divers Dutchmen come daily over, and employ poor shoemakers curriers and cobblers to be their bargain drivers in all

chief fairs for great parcels of ware and sums of money, whilst they themselves sit private in taverns or tippling-houses, to pay the money when others have driven the bargain.' It almost seems as if Simon Eyre's example had led to a settled practice, and it is doubly interesting as a commentary on the accuracy of Dekker's picture of London life.

APPENDIX C.

THE PRICE OF SHOES.

IN a list of expenses of Anne Newdigate¹ (1607) occur the following items of interest :

Item : a pair of shoes for myself.	2 . 6
a pair of shoes for Jacke.	1 . 0
the shoemaker's man.	4

¹ *Gossip from a Muniment Room*, Lady Newdegate, p. 175.

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