

THE
L O N D O N
P R O D I G A L.
A
C O M E D Y.

By SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N:

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M DCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

MR. Flowerdale, *a Merchant, trading at Venice.*

Matthew Flowerdale, *his prodigal Son.*

Mr. Flowerdale, Brother to the Merchant.

Sir Lancelot Spurcock, of Lewsome in Kent,

Sir Arthur Greenhood, a Commander, } *In Love*
Oliver, a Cornish Clothier, } *with Luce.*

Weathercock, A Parasite to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.

Tom Civet, in Love with Frances.

Daffidil, } *Servants to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*
Artichoak, }

Dick and Ralph, two cheating Gamesters.

Ruffin, a Pander to Mistress Apricock a Bawd.

Frances, } *Daughters to Sir Lancelot Spurcock,*
Luce, }
Delia, }

Sheriff and Officers.

A Citizen and his Wife.

Drawers.

S C E N E London, *and the Parts*
adjacent.

T H E



THE
London Prodigal.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Flowerdale the Merchant, and his Brother.

FATHER.

BROTHER, from *Venice*, being thus
disguis'd,
I come to prove the Humours of my Son :
How hath he borne himself since my De-
parture,

I leaving you his Patron and his Guide ?

Unc. I'faith, Brother, so, as you will grieve to hear,
And I almost ashamed to report it.

Fath. Why how is't Brother ? What, doth he spend
Beyond the Allowance I left him ?

Unc. How ! beyond that ? and far more ; why, your
Exhibition is nothing ; he hath spent that, and since hath
borrow'd, protested with Oaths, alledged Kindred to
wring Money from me, by the Love I bore his Father,
by the Fortunes might fall upon himself, to furnish his
Wants : That done, I have had since his Bond, his Friend
and Friends Bond ; although I know that he spends is
yours, yet it grieves me to see the unbridled Wildness
that reigns over him.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner his Life ? how is
the Name of his Offences ? if they do not relish altogether
of Damnation, his Youth may privilege his Wantonness :
I myself ran an unbridled Course 'till thirty, nay, almost
'till forty ; well, you see how I am : For Vice once look-
ed into with the Eyes of Discretion, and well ballanced
with the Weights of Reason, the Course past, seems so
abominable, that the Landlord of himself, which is the

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Heart of his Body, will rather intomb himself in the Earth, or seek a new Tenant to remain in him, which once settled, how much better are they that in their Youth have known all these Vices, and left 'em, than those that knew little, and in their Age run into 'em? Believe me, Brother, they that die most Virtuous, hath in their Youth liv'd most Vicious; and none knows the Danger of the Fire more than he that falls into it: But say, how is the Course of his Life? let's hear his Particulars.

Unc. Why I'll tell you, Brother, he is a continual Swearer, and a Breaker of his Oaths, which is bad.

Fath. I grant indeed to Swear is bad, but not in keeping those Oaths is better; for who will set by a bad thing? Nay, by my Faith, I hold this rather a Virtue than a Vice. Well, I pray, proceed.

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

Fath. By my Faith this is none of the worst neither, for if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him shun it: For what brings a Man or Child more to Virtue than Correction? What reigns over him else?

Unc. He is a great Drinker, and one that will forget himself.

Fath. O best of all, Vice should be forgotten, let him drink on, so he drink not Churches. Nay, and this be the worst, I hold it rather Happiness in him, than any Iniquity. Hath he any more Attendants?

Unc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any Man.

Fath. Why you see so doth the Sea, it borrows of all the small Currents in the World to encrease himself.

Unc. Ay, but the Sea pays it again, and so will never your Son.

Fath. No more would the Sea, neither, if it were as dry as my Son.

Unc. Then, Brother, I see you rather like these Vices in your Son, than any way condemn them.

Fath. Nay mistake me not, Brother, for though I flur them over now, as Things slight and nothing, his Crimes being in the Bud, it would gail my Heart, they should ever reign in him.

Flow. Ho? who's within ho?

[*Flowerdale knocks within.*]

Unc. That's your Son, he is come to borrow more Mony.

Fath. For God's Sake give it out I am dead,

See how he'll take it.

Say, I have brought you News from his Father.

I have here drawn a formal Will, as it were from myself.
Which I'll deliver him.

Unc. Go to, Brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, Uncle? [Within.

Unc. Let my Cousin in there.

Fath. I am a Sailor come from Venice, and my Name
is Christopher.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in Truth, Uncle.

Unc. In Truth would a serv'd, Cousin, without the
Lord.

Flow. By your Leave, Uncle, the Lord is the Lord of
Truth. A Couple of Rascals at the Gate, set upon me
for my Purse.

Unc. You never come, but you bring a Brawl in your
Mouth.

Flow. By my Truth, Uncle, you must needs lend me
ten Pound.

Unc. Give my Cousin some small Beer here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a Jest now, by this
Light, I should ride to *Croyden* Fair, to meet Sir *Lancelot*
Sparcock, I should have his Daughter *Luce*, and for scurvy
ten Pound, a Man shall lose nine hundred threescore and
odd Pounds, and a daily Friend beside, by this Hand, Un-
cle, 'tis true.

Unc. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To see now; why you shall have my Bond,
Uncle, *Tom. White's*, *James Brock's*, or *Nick Hall's*;
as good Rapier and Dagger Men, as any be in *Eng-*
land; let's be damn'd if we do not pay you, the worst
of us all will not damn ourselves for ten Pound. A Pox
of ten Pound.

Unc. Cousin, this is not the first time I have believ'd
you.

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what may
fall; if one Thing were but true, I would not greatly
care, I should not need ten Pound, but when a Man can-
not be believ'd, there's it.

Unc. Why what is it, Cousin?

Flow. Marry this, Uncle, can you tell me if the *Katers*
Hue be come home or no?

Unc. Ay marry is't.

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Flow. By Gad I thank you for that News.
What, is't in the Pool can you tell?

Unc. It is; what of that?

Flow. What? why then I have six Pieces of Velvet sent me, I'll give you a Piece, Uncle: For thus said the Letter, a Piece of Ash-colour, a three-pil'd black, a colour'd Derooy, a Crimfon, a sad Green, and a Purple: Ye, i' faith.

Unc. From whom should you receive this?

Flow. From who? why from my Father; with Com-mendations to you, Uncle, and thus he writes; I know, faith he, thou hast much troubled thy kind Uncle, whom God willing at my Return I will see amply satisfied, amply I remember was the very Word; so God help me.

Unc. Have you the Letter here?

Flow. Yes, I have the Letter here, here is the Letter: No, yes, no, let me see, what Breeches wore I on *Satur-day*: Let me see, a *Tuesday*, my Calamanka, a *Wednesday*, my Peach-colour Sattin, a *Thursday*, my Vellure, a *Friday*, my Calamanka again, a *Saturday*, let me see, a *Saturday*. for in those Breeches I wore a *Saturday* is the Letter: O my riding Breeches, Uncle, those that you thought had been Velvet, in those very Breeches is the Letter.

Unc. When should it be dated?

Flow. Marry *Didiffimo tertios Septembris*, no, no, *trilif-simo tertio Octobris*, Ay *Octobris*, so it is.

Unc. *Dieditimo tertios Octobris*: And here receive I a Letter that your Father died in *June*: How say you, *Kester*?

Fath. Yes truly, Sir, your Father is dead, these Hands of mine help to wind him.

Flow. Dead?

Fath. Ay, Sir, dead.

Flow. 'Sblood, how should my Father come dead?

Fath. I' faith Sir, according to the old Proverb,
The Child was Born, and cried, became Man,
After fell Sick, and Died.

Unc. Nay, Cousin, do not take it so heavily.

Flow. Nay, I cannot weep you Extempory; marry some two or three Days hence I shall weep without any Stintance. But I hope he died in good Memory.

Fath. Very well, Sir, and set down every Thing in good Order, and the *Katherine* and *Hue* you talkt of, I came over in; and I saw all the Bills of Lading, and the Velvet that you talk of, there is no such aboard.

Flow.

Flow. By Gad, I assure you, then there's Knavery a-broad.

Fath. I'll be sworn of that; there's Knavery abroad, altho' there was never a Piece of Velvet in *Venice*.

Flow. I hope he died in good Estate.

Fath. To the Report of the World he did, and made his Will, of which I am an unworthy Bearer.

Flow. His Will, have you his Will?

Fath. Yes, Sir, and in the Presence of your Uncle I was willed to deliver it.

Unc. I hope, Cousin, now God hath blessed you with Wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

Flow. I'll do Reason, Uncle; yet i'faith I take the Denial of this ten Pound very hardly.

Unc. Nay, I denied you not.

Flow. By Gad you deny'd me directly.

Unc. I'll be judg'd by this good Fellow.

Fath. Not directly, Sir.

Flow. Why, he said, he would lend me none, and that had wont to be a direct Denial, if the old Phrase hold: Well Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legacies. In the Name of God, *Amen*.

Item, I bequeath to my Brother *Flowerdale*, three hundred Pounds, to pay such trivial Debts as I owe in *London*.

Item, To my Son *Mat. Flowerdale*, I bequeath two Bail of false Dice, *videlicet*, high Men and low Men, Fullomes, stop Cater Traies, and other Bones of Function.

Flow. 'Sblood, what doth he mean by this?

Unc. Proceed, Cousin.

Flow. These Precepts I leave him, Let him borrow of his Oath, for of his Word no body will trust him. Let him by no means marry an honest Woman, for the other will keep herself. Let him steal as much as he can, that a guilty Conscience may bring him to his destinate Repentance: I think he means Hanging. And this were his last Will and Testament, the Devil stood laughing at his Bed's Feet while he made it. 'Sblood, what doth he think to lop off his Posterity with Paradoxes?

Fath. This he made, Sir, with his own Hands.

Flow. Ay, well, nay come, good Uncle, let me have this ten Pound, imagine you have lost it, or robb'd of it, or misreckon'd yourself so much; any way to make it come easily off, good Uncle.

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Unc. Not a Penny.

Fath. I'faith lend it him, Sir, I myself have an Estate in the City worth twenty Pound, all that I'll engage for him, he'faith it concerns him in a Marriage.

Flow. Ay marry doth it, this is a Fellow of some Sense, this: Come good Uncle.

Unc. Will you give your Word for it, *Kester*?

Fath. I will, Sir, willingly.

Unc. Well, Cousin, come to me an Hour hence, you shall have it ready.

Flow. Shall I not fail?

Unc. You shall not, come or send.

Flow. Nay, I'll come myself.

Fath. By my Troth, would I were your Worship's Man,

Flow. What? would'st thou serve?

Fath. Very willingly, Sir.

Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, thou say'st thou hast twenty Pound, go into *Birchin-Lane*, put thyself into Cloaths, thou shalt ride with me to *Croydon Fair*:

Fath. I thank you, Sir, I will attend you.

Flow. Well, Uncle, you will not fail me an Hour hence.

Unc. I will not, Cousin.

Flow. What's thy Name, *Kester*?

Fath. Ay, Sir.

Flow. Well, provide thyself: Uncle farewell 'till anon.
[Exit Flowerdale.]

Unc. Brother, how do you like your Son?

Fath. I'faith Brother, like a mad unbridled Colt,
Or as a Hawk, that never stoop'd to lure;

The one must be tamed with an Iron Bit,

The other must be watch'd, or still she is wild;

Such is my Son, a while let him be so;

For Counsel still is Folly's deadly Foe.

I'll serve his Youth, for Youth must have his Course,

For being restrain'd, it makes him ten times worse;

His Pride, his Riot, all that may be nam'd,

Time may recal, and all his Madnes tam'd, [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock, Daffidil,
Artichoak, Luce and Frank.

Lanc. Sirrah, *Artichoak*, get you home before;

And as you prov'd yourself a Calf in buying,

Drive home your Fellow-Calves that you have bought.

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Art. Yes, forsooth, shall not my Fellow *Daffidil* go a-
long with me?

Lanc. No, Sir, no; I must have one to wait on me.

Art. *Daffidil*, farewell, good Fellow *Daffidil*.

You may see, Mistress, I am set up by the Halves,
Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home Calves.

Lanc. I'faith *Frank*, I must turn away this *Daffidil*;
He's grown a very foolish sawcy Fellow.

Fran. Indeed-law, Father, he was so since I had him :
Before he was wise enough for a foolish Serving-Man.

Weath. But what say you to me, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lanc. O, about my Daughters, well, I will go forward:
Here's two of them, God save them; but the third,
O she's a Stranger in her Course of Life,
She hath refused you, Master *Weathercock*.

Weath. A, by the Rood, Sir *Lancelot*, that she hath,
but had she try'd me, she should have found a Man-of-me:
indeed.

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, at her Denial, she hath
refus'd seven of the worshipfull, and worthiest House-
keepers this Day in *Kent*: Indeed she will not marry, I
suppose.

Weath. The more Fool she.

Lanc. What, is it Folly to love Chastity?

Weath. No, mistake me not, Sir *Lancelot*,
But 'tis an old Proverb, and you know it well,
That Women dying Maids, lead Apes in Hell.

Lanc. That's a foolish Proverb and a false.

Weath. By the Mass, I think it be, and therefore let
it go: But who shall marry with Mistress *Frances*;

Fran. By my Troth they are talking of Marrying me,
Sister.

Luce. Peace, let them talk:

Fools may have Leave to Prattle as they Walk:

Daff. Sentences still, sweet Mistress,
You have a Wit, and it were your Alabaster.

Luce. I'faith and thy Tongue trips trench more?

Lanc. No of my Knighthood, not a Suiter yet;
Alas, God help her, silly Girl, a Fool, a very Fool:
But there's the other black Brows a shrewd Girl,
She hath Wit at Will, and Suiters two or three;
Sir *Arthur Greenfield* one; a gallant Knight,
A valiant Soldier, but his Power but poor.

Then there's young *Oliver*, the *Devonshire Lad*,

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A wary Fellow, marry full of Wit,
And rich by the Rood ; but there's a third all Air,
Light as a Feather, changing as the Wind :
Young *Flowerdale*.

Weath. O he, Sir, he's a desperate *Dick* indeed :
Bar him your House.

Lanc. Fie, not so, he's of good Parentage.

Weath. By my fay and so he is, and a proper Man.

Lanc. Ay, proper enough, had he good Qualities.

Weath. Ay, marry, there's the Point, Sir *Lancelot* :
For there's an old saying.

Be he rich, or be he poor,

Be he high, or be he low :

'Tis Manners makes the Man and all.

Lanc. You are in the right, Master *Weathercock*.

Enter Monsieur Civet.

Civ. Soul, I think I am crossed sure, or witcht with
an Owl, I have haunted them, Inn after Inn, Booth
after Booth, yet cannot find them ; ha, yonder they are,
that's she, I hope to God 'tis she, nay, I know 'tis she now,
for she treads her Shoe a little awry.

Lanc. Where is this Inn ? We art past it, *Daffidel*.

Daf. The good Sign is here, Sir, but the black Gate
is before.

Civ. Save you, Sir, I pray may I borrow a Piece of
a Word with you ?

Daf. No Pieces, Sir.

Civ. Why then the whole.

I pray, Sir, what may yonder Gentlewomen be ?

Daf. They may be Ladies, Sir, if the Destinies and
Mortality work.

Civ. What's her Name, Sir ?

Daf. Mistres *Frances Spurcock*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock's*
Daughter.

Civ. Is she a Maid, Sir.

Daf. You must ask *Pluto*, and Dame *Proserpine* that :
I would be loth to be riddled, Sir.

Civ. Is she married I mean, Sir ?

Daf. The Fates know not yet what Shoe-maker shall
make her Wedding Shoes.

Civ. I pray where Inn you, Sir ? I would be very
glad to bestow the Wine of that Gentlewoman.

Daf. At the *George*, Sir.

Civ. God save you, Sir.

Daf.

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Daf. I pray your Name, Sir?

Civ. My Name is Master *Civet*, Sir.

Daf. A sweet Name, God be with you, good Master

Civet. [Exit *Civet*.]

Lanc. Ay, have we spy'd your stout *St. George*?
For all your *Dragon*, you had best sell's good *Wine*.
That needs no *Ivy Bush*: Well, we'll not sit by it,
As you do on your *Horse*, this *Room* shall serve:
Drawer, let me have *Sack* for us *Old Men*;
For these *Girls* and *Knaves* small *Wines* are best.
A *Pint* of *Sack*, no more.

Draw. A *Quart* of *Sack* in the three *Tuns*.

Lanc. A *Pint*, draw but a *Pint*. *Daffidil*,
Call for *Wine* to make yourselves drink.

Fran. And a *Cup* of *Small Beer*, and a *Cake*, good
Daffidil.

Enter *Young Flowerdale*.

Flow. How now, fie, sit in the open *Room*, now
good *Sir Lancelot*, and my kind *Friend*, worshipful
Master Weathercock. What at your *Pint*? A *Quart* for
Shame.

Lanc. Nay *Royster*, by your *Leave* we will away.

Flow. Come, give's some *Musick*, we'll go *Dance*,
Be gone, *Sir Lancelot*, what and fair *Day* too?

Lanc. 'Twere foully done, to dance within the *Fair*.

Flow. Nay if you say so, fairest of all *Fairs*, then I'll
not dance; a *Pox* upon my *Taylor*, he hath up'd me a
Peach-colour Sattin Suit, cut upon *Cloth of Silver*, but if
ever the *Rascal* serve me such another *Trick*, I'll give
him *Leave*, i'faith, to put me in the *Calender of Fools*,
and you, and you, *Sir Lancelot*; and *Master Weathercock*,
my *Goldsmith* too on t'other side, I bespoke thee, *Luce*,
a *Carkenet of Gold*, and thought thou should'st a had it
for a *Fairing*, and the *Rogue* puts me in *Rerages* for
Orient Pearl; but thou shalt have it by *Sunday Night*,
Wench.

Enter the *Drawer*.

Draw. Sir, here is one that hath sent you a *Bottle* of
Rhenish Wine, brewed with *Rose-Water*.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No, Sir, to the *Knight*; and desires his more
Acquaintance.

Lanc. To me? What's he that proves so kind?

Daf. I have a *Trick* to know his *Name*, Sir, he hath

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Month's Mind here to Mistress *Frances*, his Name is *Master Civet*.

Lanc. Call him in, *Daffidil*.

Flow. O, I know him, Sir, he is a Fool, but reasonable Rich, his Father was one of these Lease-mongers, these Corn-mongers, these Money-mongers, but he never had the Wit to be a Whore-monger.

Enter Master Civet.

Lanc. I promise you, Sir, you are at too much Charge.

Civ. The Charge is small Charge, Sir, I thank God my Father left me wherewithal; if it please you, Sir, I have a great Mind to this Gentlewoman here, in the way of Marriage: ••

Lanc. I thank you, Sir; please you to come to *Lewsome*, to my poor House, you shall be kindly welcome: I knew your Father, he was a wary Husband. To pay here, Drawer?

Draw. All is paid, Sir; this Gentleman hath paid all.

Lanc. Faith you do us wrong,

But we shall live to make amends ere long:

Master Flowerdale, is that your Man?

Flow. Yes Faith, a good old Knave.

Lanc. Nay then I think you will turn wife,

Now you take such a Servant:

Come, you'll ride with us to *Lewsome*, let's away,

'Tis scarce two Hours to the End of Day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Greenhood, Oliver, Lieutenant and Soldiers.

Arth. Lieutenant, lead your Soldiers to the Ships, There let them have their Coats, at their Arrival They shall have Pay; farewell, look to your Charge.

Sol. Ay, we are now sent away, and cannot so much as speak with our Friends.

Oli. No Man what ere you used a zutch a Fashion, think you cannot take your Leave of your Vreens.

Arth. Fellow, no more. Lieutenant lead them off.

Sol. Well, if I have not my Pay and my Cloaths, I'll venture a running-away, though I hang for't.

Arth. Away, Sirrah, charm your Tongue:

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Oli. Bin you a Presser, Sir?

Arth. I am a Commander, Sir, under the King.

Oli. 'Sfoot, Man, and you be ne'er zutch a Commander. Shud a spoke with my Vreens before I cu'd a gon.

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Arth. Content yourself, Man, my Authority will stretch to press so good a Man as you.

Oli. Press me? I devy, press Scoundrels, and thy Messels; Press me, chee scorns thee i'faith: For seest thee, here's a worshipful Knight knows, cham not to be pressed by thee.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Weathercock, young Flowerdale, old Flowerdale, Luce and Frank.

Lanc. Sir *Arthur*, welcome to *Levesome*, welcome by my Troth: What's the Matter Man, why are you vext?

Oli. Why Man he would press me.

Lanc. O fie, Sir *Arthur*, press him? He is a Man of reckoning.

Weath. Ay, that he is, Sir *Arthur*, he hath the Nobles; The golden Ruddocks he.

Arth. The fitter for the Wars:
And were he not in favour
With your Worships, he should see,
That I have Power to press so good as he.

Oli. Chill stand to the Trial, so chill.

Flow. Ay marry shall he, press Cloth and Karsy, White-Pot and drowfen Broth; tut; tut; he cannot.

Oli. Well, Sir, though you see vlouten Cloth and Karsy; chee a zeen zutch a Karsy-Coat wear out the Town sick a zilken Jacket, as thick a one you wear.

Flow. Well fed vlitan vlattan.

Oli. A, and well fed Cocknell, and Boc-Bell too: What doest think cham aveard of thy Zilken-Coat, no fer vere thee.

Lanc. Nay, come no more, be all Lovers and Friends.

Weath. Ay, 'tis best so, good Master *Oliver*:

Flow. Is your Name Master *Oliver*, I pray you.

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

Flow. No, but I'd gladly know if a Man might not have a foolish Plot out of Master *Oliver* to work upon.

Oli. Work thy Plots upon me, stand aside, work thy foolish Plots upon me, chill so use thee, thou wert never so used since thy Dam bound thy Head, work upon me?

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

Oli. Zyrtha, Zyrtha, if it were not for shame, chee would a given thee zutch a whiter poop under the Ear, chee would have made thee a vanged another at my Feet: Stand aside, let me loose, cham all of a vlaming Firebrand; stand aside.

Flow. Well, I forbear you for your Friend's Sake.

Oli. A vig for all my Vreens, do'st thou tell me of my Vreens?

Lanc. No more, good Master *Oliver*, no more, Sir *Arthur*. And Maiden, here in the fight of all your Suitors, every Man of worth, I'll tell you whom I faintest would prefer to the hard Bargain of your Marriage Bed; shall I be plain among you, Gentlemen?

Arth. Ay, Sir, 'tis best.

Lanc. Then, Sir, first to you, I do confess you a most gallant Knight, a worthy Soldier, and honest Man: But Honesty maintains a *French*-hood, goes very seldom in a Chain of Gold, keeps a small Train of Servants; hath few Friends: And for this wild Oats here, young *Flowerdale*, I will not judge, God can work Miracles, but he were better make a hundred new, than thee a thrifty and an honest one.

Weath. Believe me he hath hit you there, he hath touch'd you to the quick, that he hath.

Flow. Woodcock a my side, why Master *Weathercock*, you know I am honest, howsoever trifles.

Weath. Now by my Troth I know no otherwise. O, your old Mother was a Dame indeed: Heav'n hath her Soul, and my Wife's too, I trust: And your good Father, honest Gentleman, He is gone a Journey, as I hear, far hence.

Flow. Ay, God be praised, he is far enough, He is gone a Pilgrimage to Paradise, And left me to cut a Caper against Care.

Luce, look on me that am as light as Air.

Luce. I'faith I like not Shadows, Bubbles, Broth, I hate a light Love, as I hate Death.

Lanc. Girl, hold thee there: Look on this *Devonshire* Lad:

Fat, fair, and lovely, both in Purse and Person.

Oli. Well, Sir, cham as the Lord hath made me, you know me well ivin, cha have threescore pack of Karfy, and Blacken Hall, and chief Credit beside, and my Fortunes may be so good as another's, zo it may.

Lanc. 'Tis you I love, whatsoever others say.

Arth. Thanks, Fairest.

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

Fath. Do but say he shall hear from you.

Lanc. Yet, Gentlemen, howsoever I prefer this *Devon-*

shire Suitor, I'll enforce no Love, my Daughter shall have her Liberty to chuse whom she likes best.

In your Love-suit proceed :

Not all of you, but only one must speed.

Weath. You have said well: Indeed right well.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Mistrefs, here's one would speak with you, my Fellow *Daffidil* hath him in the Cellar already, he knows him, he met him at *Croydon* Fair.

Lanc. O, I remember, a little Man.

Art. Ay, a very little Man.

Lanc. And yet a proper Man.

Art. A very proper, very little Man.

Lanc. His Name is *Monfieur Civet*.

Art. The fame, Sir.

Lanc. Come, Gentlemen, if other Suitors come, My foolish Daughter will be fitted too :
But *Delia* my Saint, no Man dare move.

[*Exeunt all but young Flowerdale, Oliver, and old Flowerdale.*

Flow. Hark you, Sir, a Word.

Oli. What ha an you to say to me now ?

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

Oli. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vere thee not a
vig. [Exit Oliver.

Flow. What if he should come now ? I am fairly drest.

Fath. I do not mean that you shall meet with him.

But presently we'll go, and draw a Will ;
Where we'll set down Land, that we never saw,
And we will have it of so large a Sum,
Sir *Lancelot* shall intreat you to take his Daughter :
This being formed, give it Master *Weathercock*.
And make Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter Heir of all :
And make him swear never to shew the Will
To any one, until that you be dead,
This done, the foolish Changeling *Weathercock*
Will straight Discourse unto Sir *Lancelot*,
The Form and Tenor of your Testament.
Nor stand to pause of it, be rul'd by me :
What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

Flow. Come let's about it ; if that a Will, sweet *Kit*,
Can get the Wench, I shall renown thy Wit. [Exit

Enter Daffidil and Luce.

Daf. Mistrefs, still froward ?

No kind Looks unto your *Daffidil*, now by the Gods.

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Luce. Away my foolish Knave, let my Hand go.

Daf. There's your Hand, but this shall go with me :
My Heart is thine, this is my true Love's Fee,

Luce. I'll have your Coat stript o'er your Ears for this,
You sawcy Rascal.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lanc. How now, Maid, what is the News with you ?

Luce. Your Man is something sawcy. [*Exit Luce.*]

Lanc. Go to, Sirrah, I'll talk with you anon.

Daf. Sir, I am a Man to be talked withal,
I am no Horse, I trow ;
I know my Strength, then no more than so.

Weath. Ay, by the Matkins, good Sir *Lancelot*, I saw
him the other Day hold up the Bucklers, like an *Hercules*.
I'faith God-a-mercy, Lad, I like thee well.

Lanc. Ay, ay, like him well, go Sirrah, fetch me a Cup
of Wine,

That ere I part with Master *Weathercock*,
We may drink down our Farewel in *French Wine*.

Weath. I thank you, Sir, I thank you, friendly Knight,
I'll come and visit you, by the Mouse-foot I will ;
In the meantime, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,
He is a desperate *Dick*, I warrant you.

Lanc. He is, he is: Fill, *Daffidil*, fill me some Wine :
Ha; what wears he on his Arm ?
My Daughter *Luce's* Bracelet, ay, 'tis the same,
Ha to you, Master *Weathercock*.

Weath. I thank you, Sir: Here, *Daffidil*, an honest
Fellow, and a tall, thou art. Well ; I'll take my Leave,
good Night; and I hope to have you and all your
Daughters at my poor House, in good sooth I must.

Lanc. Thanks, Master *Weathercock*, I shall be bold to
trouble you, be sure.

Weath. And welcome, heartily farewel. [*Exit Weath.*]

Lanc. Sirrah, I saw my Daughter's Wrong, and withal
her Bracelet on your Arm ; off with it ; and with it my
Livery too. Have I care to see my Daughter match'd with
Men of Worship, and are you grown so bold ? Go, Sir-
rah, from my House, or I'll whip you hence.

Daf. I'll not be whipt, Sir, there's your Livery,
This is a Servingman's Reward, what care I,
I have Means to trust to, I scorn Service, I. [*Exit Daffidil.*]

Lanc. Ay a lusty Knave, but I must let him go.
Our Servants must be taught what they should know.

Enter Sir Arthur and Luce.

Luce. Sir, as I am a Maid, I do affect you above any Suitor that I have, although that Soldiers scarce know how to love.

Arth. I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman, Know what belongs to War, what to a Lady: What Man offends me, that my Sword shall right: What Woman loves me, I am her faithful Knight.

Luce. I neither doubt your Valour nor your Love, But there be some that bear a Soldier's Form, That swear by him they never think upon, Go swaggering up and down from House to House, Crying, God pays: And ———

Arth. I'faith, Lady, I'll descry you such a Man. Of them there be many which you have spoke of, That bear the Name and Shape of Soldiers, Yet, God knows, very seldom saw the War: That haunt your Taverns and your Ordinaries, Your Ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like, To uphold the brutish Humour of their Minds, Being mark'd down for the Bondmen of Despair: Their Mirth begins in Wine, but ends in Blood, Their Drink is clear, but their Conceits are mud.

Luce. Yet these are great Gentlemen Soldiers.

Arth. No they are wretched Slaves, Whose desperate Lives doth bring them timeless Graves.

Luce. Both for yourself, and for your Form of Life, If I may chuse, I'll be a Soldier's Wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot and Oliver.

Oli. And tut trust to it, so then.

Lanc. Assure yourself, You shall be married with all Speed we may: One Day shall serve for Frances and for Luce.

Oli. Why che wood vain know the time, for providing Wedding Raiments.

Lanc. Why no more but this; first get your Assurance made touching my Daughter's Jointure, that dispatch, we will in two Days make Provision.

Oli. Why Man, chill have the Writings made by To-morrow.

Lanc. To-morrow be it then, let's meet at the King's Head in Fish-street.

Oli. No, fie Man, no let's meet at the Rose at Temple-Bar, that will be near your Counsellor and mine.

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Lanc. At the *Rose* be it then, the Hour nine,
He that comes last forfeits a Pint of Wine.

Oli. A Pint is no Payment,
Let it be a whole Quart, or nothing.

Enter Artichoak.

Art. Master, here is a Man would speak with Master
Oliver; he comes from young Master *Flowerdale*.

Oli. Why chill speak with him, chill speak with him.

Lanc. Nay, Son *Oliver*, I'll surely see
What young *Flowerdale* hath sent to you.
I pray God it be no Quarrel.

Oli. Why Man, if he quarrel with me, chill give him
his Hands full.

Enter old Flowerdale.

Fath. God save you, good Sir *Lancelot*.

Lanc. Welcome, honest Friend.

Fath. To you and yours my Master wisheth Health,
But unto you, Sir, this, and this he sends :
There is the Length, Sir, of his Rapier,
And in that Paper shall you know his Mind.

Oli. Here, chil meet him my Friend, chil meet him.

Lanc. Meet him, you shall not meet the Ruffian, fie.

Oli. And I do not meet him, chil give you Leave to call
me Cut. Where is't, Sarrah : where is't ? where is't ?

Fath. The Letter shows both Time and Place,
And if you be a Man, then keep your Word.

Lanc. Sir, he shall not keep his word, he shall not meet.

Fath. Why let him chuse, he'll be the better known
For a base Rascal, and reputed so.

Oli. Zirrah, Zirrah; and 'twere not an old Fellow, and
sent after an Errant, chid give thee something, but chud
be no Mony : But hold thee, for I see thou art some-
what testorn, hold thee, there's vorty Shillings, bring
thy Master a veeld, chil give thee vorty more, look
thou bring him, chil mall him tell him, chil mar his
dancing Tressels, chil use him, he was ne'er so used since
his Dam bound his Head, chil make him for capering
any more chy vor thee.

Fath. You seem a Man, stout and resolute,
And I will so report, whate'er befall.

Lanc. And fall out ill, assure thy Master this,
I'll make him fly the Land, or use him worse.

Fath. My Master, Sir, deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find.

Lanc. Thy Master is an Unthrif, you a Knave,
And I'll attach you first, next clap him up :
Or have him bound unto his good Behaviour.

Oli. I woud you were a Sprite if you do him any harm
for this : And you do, chil nere see you, nor any of yours,
while chil have Eyes open : What do you think, chil
be abaffelled up and down the Town for a Messel, and a
Scoundrel, no chy bor you : Zirrah, chil come, zay no
more, chil come, tell him.

Fath. Well, Sir, my Master deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find. [Exit.

Oli. No matter, he's an Unthrif, I defie him.

Lanc. No, gentle Son, let me know the Place.

Oli. Now chye vor you.

Lanc. Let me see the Note.

Oli. Nay, chil watch you for zuch a Trick.
But if chee meet him, zo, if not, zo : chil make him
know me, or chil know why I shall not, chil vare the worse.

Lanc. What will you then neglect my Daughter's Love?
Venture your State and her's for a loose Brawl ?

Oli. Why Man, chil not kill him, marry chil veze him
too, and again ; and zo God be with you vather.
What, Man, we shall meet To-morrow. [Exit.

Lanc. Who would have thought he had been so def-
perate. Come forth my honest Servant *Artichoak*.

Enter Artichoak.

Arti. Now, what's the Matter ; some Brawl toward, I
warrant you.

Lanc. Go get me thy Sword bright scower'd, thy Buck-
ler mended. O for that Knave, that Villain *Daffidil* would
have done good Service. But to thee.

Arti. Ay, this is the Tricks of all you Gentlemen, when
you stand in need of a good Fellow. O for that *Daffidil*,
O where is he ? but if you be angry, and it be but for the
wagging of a Straw, then out a Doors with the Knave,
turn the Coat over his Ears. This is the Humour of you all.

Lanc. O for that Knave, that lusty *Daffidil*.

Arti. Why there 'tis now ; our Year's Wages and our
Vails will scarce pay for broken Swords and Bucklers that
we use in our Quarrels. But I'll not fight if *Daffidil* be a
t'other side, that's flat.

Lanc. 'Tis no such matter, Man, get Weapons ready,
and be at *London* ere the Break of Day ; watch near the
Lodging of the *Devonshire* Youth, but be unseen ; and as

he goes out, as he will go out, and that very early without doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him. And he goes in the Street?

Lanc. Not for a World, Man, into the Fields. For to the Field he goes, there to meet the desperate *Flowerdale*: Take thou the Part of *Oliver* my Son, for he shall be my Son, and marry *Luce*: Do'st understand me, Knave?

Arti. Ay, Sir, I do understand you, but my young Mistress might be better provided in matching with my Fellow *Daffidil*.

Lanc. No more; *Daffidil* is a Knave. That *Daffidil* is a most notorious Knave. [Exit *Arti.*

Enter Weathercock

Master *Weathercock*, you come in a happy time; the desperate *Flowerdale* hath writ a Challenge; and who think you must answer it, but the *Devonshire* Man, my Son *Oliver*.

Weath. Marry I am sorry for it, good Sir *Lancelot*, But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll stay the Fury.

Lanc. As how, I pray?

Weath. Marry I'll tell you, by promising young *Flowerdale* the Red-lip'd *Luce*.

Lanc. I'll rather follow her unto her Grave.

Weath. Ay, Sir *Lancelot*, I would have thought so too; but you and I have been deceiv'd in him; come read this Will, or Deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come, come, your Spectacles I pray.

Lanc. Nay, I thank God, I see very well.

Weath. Marry, God bless your Eyes, mine have been dim almost this thirty Years.

Lanc. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Weath. Nay there is true Love indeed, he gave it to me but this very Morn, and bad me keep it unseen from any one; good Youth, to see how Men may be deceiv'd.

Lanc. Passion of me, what a Wretch am I to hate this loving Youth? he hath made me, together with my *Luce* he loves so dear, Executors of all his Wealth.

Weath. All, all, good Man, he hath given you all.

Lanc. Three Ships now in the Straits, and nome-ward-bound;

Two Lordships of two hundred Pounds a Year;

The one in *Wales*, the other in *Gloucestershire*;

Debts and Accounts are thirty thousand Pound;

Plate, Money, Jewels, sixteen thousand more :
Two Houses furnish'd well in *Coleman-street* ;
Beside whatsoever his Uncle leaves to him,
Being of great Demerits and Wealth at *Peckham*.

Weath. How like you this, good Knight ? How like you this ?

Lanc. I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends,
The *Devonshire* Man shall whistle for a Wife.
He marry *Luce* ! *Luce* shall be *Fib-werdale's*.

Weath. Why that is friendly said, let's ride to *London*
and prevent their Match, by promising your Daughter to
the lovely Lad.

Lanc. We'll ride to *London*, or it shall not need,
We'll cross to *Dedford-strand*, and take a Boat.
Where be these Knaves ? what *Artichok* ? what *Fop* ?

Enter Artichok.

Art. Here be the very Knaves, but not the merry
Knaves.

Lanc. Here take my Cloak, I'll have a walk to *Dedford*.

Art. Sir, we have been scouring of our Swords and
Bucklers for your Defence.

Lanc. Defence me no Defence, let your Swords rust,
I'll have no fighting : Ay, let Blows alone, *Delia* see all
Things be in Readiness against the Wedding, we'll have two
at once, and that will save Charges, Master *Weathercock*.

Art. Well we will do it, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Civet, Frank, and Delia.

Civ. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for this.
In good sooth I have even my Heart's desire : Sister *Delia*,
now I may boldly call you so, for your Father hath frank
and freely given me his Daughter *Frank*.

Frank. Ay, by my troth, *Tom*, thou hast my good will
too, for I thank God I long'd for a Husband, and would I
might never stir, for one his name was *Tom*.

Del. Why, Sister, now you have your Wish.

Civ. You say very true, Sister *Delia*, and I prithee call
me nothing but *Tom* ; and I'll call the sweet Heart, and

Frank. Will it not do well, Sister *Delia* ?

Del. It will do very well with both of you.

Frank. But *Tom*, must I go as I do now when I am
married ?

Civ. No, *Frank*, I'll have thee go like a Citizen
In a garded Gown, and a *French* Hood.

Frank. By my Troth that will be excellent indeed.

Del. Brother, maintain your Wife to your Estate.
Apparel you yourself like to your Father :
And let her go like to your antient Mother ;
He sparing got his Wealth, left it to you,
Brother take heed of Pride, some bids Thrift adieu.

Civ. So as my Father and my Mother went, that's a Jest indeed ; why she went in a fring'd Gown, a single Ruff, and a white Cap ; and my Father in a *Mocado* Coat, a pair of red Sattin Sleeves, and a Canvas Back.

Del. And yet his Wealth was all as much as your's.

Civ. My Estate, my Estate, I thank God, is forty Pound a Year in good Leases and Tenements ; besides twenty Marks a Year at Cuckolds-Haven, and that comes to us all by Inheritance.

Del. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied,
I know not how it comes, but so it falls out
That those whose Fathers have died wond'rous rich,
And took no Pleasure but to gather Wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind ;
For them they hope, will be of their like mind.
But falls out contrary, forty Years sparing
Is scarce three seven Years spending, never caring
What will ensue, when all their Coin is gone,
And all too late, then Thrift is thought upon ;
Oft have I heard, that Pride and Riot kist,
And then Repentance cries, for had I wist ?

Civ. You say well, Sister *Delia*, you say well ; but I mean to live within my Bounds ; for look you, I have set down my rest thus far, but to maintain my Wife in her *French Hood*, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings, and a Brace of Greyhounds, and this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty Pounds a Year ?

Civ. Ay, and a better Penny, Sister.

Frank. Sister, you forget that at Cuckolds-Haven.

Civ. By my Troth well remembered, *Frank*,
I'll give thee that to buy thee Pins.

Del. Keep you the rest for Points ; alas the Day,
Fools shall have Wealth, though all the World say nay.
Come, Brother, will you in, Dinner stays for us.

Civ. Ay, good Sister, with all my Heart.

Frank. Ay, by my Troth *Tom*, for I have a good Stomach.

Civ. And I the like, sweet *Frank* ; no Sister,
Do not think I'll go beyond my Bounds.

Del. God grant you may not. [Exeunt.

Enter young Flowerdale, and his Father, with foils.
in their Hands.

Flow. Sirrah, Kit, tarry you there, I have spied Sir Lancelot and old Weathercock coming this Way, they are hard at Hand, I will by no means be spoken withal.

Fath. I'll warrant you; go get you in.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lanc. Now, my honest Friend, thou dost belong to Master Flowerdale?

Fath. I do, Sir.

Lanc. Is he within my good Fellow?

Fath. No, Sir, he is not within,

Lanc. I prethee, if he be within, let me speak with him.

Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Master is within, but indeed would not be spoke withal; there be some Terms that stands upon his Reputation, therefore he will not admit any Conference 'till he hath shook them off.

Lanc. I prethee tell him his very good Friend Sir Lancelot Spurcock intreats to speak with him.

Fath. By my Troth, Sir, if you come to take up the matter between my Master and the Devonshire Man, you do but beguile your Hopes, and lose your Labour.

Lanc. Honest Friend, I have not any such things to him, I come to speak with him about other Matters.

Fath. For my Master, Sir, hath set down his Resolution, either to redeem his Honour, or leave his Life behind him.

Lanc. My Friend, I do not know any Quarrel touching thy Master, or any other Person, my Business is of a different Nature to him, and I prethee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoever the Devonshire Man is, My Master's Mind is bloody; that's a round O, And therefore, Sir, Intreaties are but vain.

Lanc. I have no such thing to him, I tell thee once agin.

Fath. I will then so signify to him. [Exit Father.

Lanc. Ay, Sirrah, I see this matter is hotly carried. But I'll labour to dissuade him from it.

Enter young Flowerdale and his Father.

Good morrow, Master Flowerdale.

Flow. Good morrow, good Sir Lancelot,

Good morrow, Master Weathercock;

By my Troth, Gentlemen, I have been reading over

Nick Machiavel ; I find him
 Good to be known, not to be followed :
 A pestilent human Fellow, I have made
 Certain Annotations of him such as they be :
 And how is't, Sir *Lancelot* ? ha ? how is't ?
 A mad World, Men cannot live quiet in it.

Lanc. Master *Flowerdale*, I do understand there is some
 Jar between the *Devonshire* Man and you.

Fath. They, Sir ; they are good Friends as can be.

Flow. Who Master *Oliver* and I ? as good Friends as
 can be.

Lanc. It is a kind of Safety in you to deny it, and a ge-
 nerous Silence, which too few are indued withal : But, Sir,
 such a thing I hear, and I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such thing, Sir *Lancelot*, at my Reputation, as
 I am an honest Man.

Lanc. Now I do believe you then, if you do
 Ingage your Reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not ingage my Reputation there is not,
 You shall not bind me to any condition of hardness :
 But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
 If there be not, then there is not. Be, or be not, all is
 one.

Lanc. I do perceive by this, that there is something be-
 tween you, and I am very sorry for it.

Flow. You may be deceiv'd, Sir *Lancelot*, the *Italian*
 Hath a pretty saying, *Questo* ? I have forgot it too,
 'Tis out of my Head, but in my Translation (him.
 If't hold thus, Thou hast a Friend keep him ; if a Foe trip

Lanc. Come, I do see by this there is somewhat be-
 tween you,
 And before God I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. Well, what is between us, can hardly be alter'd :
 Sir *Lancelot*, I am to ride forth To-morrow,
 That way which I must ride, no Man must deny
 Me the Sun, I would not by any particular Man
 Be denied common and general Passage. If any one
 Saith, *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way ;
 My Answer is, I must either on or return :
 But return is not my Word, I must on :
 If I cannot then make my way, Nature
 Hath done the last for me, and there's the Fine.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, every Man hath one Tongue,
 And two Ears ; Nature in her Building,

Is a most curious Work-master.

Flow. That is as much as to say, a Man should hear more Than he should speak.

Flow. You say true, and indeed I have heard more, Than at this time I will speak.

Lanc. You say well.

Lanc. Slanders are more common than Troths, Master *Flowerdale*, but Proof is the Rule for both.

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

Lanc. I have heard you have been wild: I have believ'd it.

Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.

Lanc. But I have seen somewhat of late in you, That hath confirm'd in me an Opinion of Goodness toward you.

Flow. I'Faith, Sir, I am sure I never did you Harm: Some Good I have done, either to you or yours, I am sure you know not, neither is it my Will you should.

Lanc. Ay, your Will, Sir.

Flow. Ay, my Will, Sir; 'sfoot do you know ought of Begod and you do, Sir, I am abus'd. (my Will?)

Lanc. Go, Mr. *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know; And know you thus much out of my Knowledge, That I truly love you. For my Daughter, She's yours. And if you like a Marriage better Than a Brawl, all Quirks of Reputation set aside, go with me presently: And where you should fight a bloody Battle, you shall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lanc. If you will not embrace my offer, yet assure yourself thus much, I will have order to hinder your Encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, Sir *Lancelot*.

Lanc. Nay, stand not you upon imputative Honour, 'Tis meerly unsound, unprofitable, and idle Inferences; your Business is to wed my Daughter, therefore give me your present Word to do it; I'll go and provide the Maid, therefore give me your present Resolution, either now or never.

Flow. Will you so put me to it? (never.)

Lanc. Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our parting: So fare you well for ever.

Flow. Stay? fall out, what my Fall, my Love

Is above all: I will come.

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

[*Exit Sir Lancelot.*

Fath. Now, Sir, how shall we do for wedding Apparel?

Flow. By the Mass that's true; now help *Kit*,
The Marriage ended, we'll make Amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride,
We will not want for Cloaths, whatsoe'er betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I have my Dower
In Mirth we'll spend full many a merry Hour:
As for this Wench, I not regard a Pin,
It is her Gold must bring my Pleasures in. [Exit.

Fath. Is't possible, he hath his second living,
Forfaking God, himself to the Devil giving;
But that I knew his Mother firm and chaste,
My Heart would say, my Head she had disgrac'd:
Else would I swear, he never was my Son,
But her fair Mind so foul a Deed did shun.

Enter young Flowerdale's Uncle.

Unc. How now, Brother, how do you find your Son?

Fath. O Brother, heedless as a Libertine,
Ev'n grown a Master in the School of Vice,
One that doth nothing, but invent Deceit;
For all the Day he humours up and down,
How he the next Day might deceive his Friend:
He thinks of nothing but the present time:
For one Groat ready down, he'll pay a Shilling;
But then the Lender must needs stay for it.
When I was young, I had the scope of Youth,
Both wild and wanton, careless and desperate:
But such mad Strains as he's possess'd withal,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Unc. I told you so, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well I have found it, but one thing comforts me,
Brother, To-morrow he's to be married
To beautiful *Luce*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock's* Daughter.

Unc. Is't possible?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him;
This Day, Brother, I will you shall arrest him;
If any thing will tame him, it must be that,
For he is rank in Mischief, chain'd to a Life,
That will encrease his Shame, and kill his Wife.

Unc. What, arrest him on his Wedding Day?
That were unchristian, and an unhuman Part:

How

How many Couple ev'n for that very Day,
Have purchast seven Years Sorrow afterward?
Forbear it then to Day, do it to Morrow,
And this Day mingle not his Joy with Sorrow.

Fath. Brother, I'll have it done this very Day,
And in the view of all, as he comes from Church.
Do but observe the Course that he will take,
Upon my Life he will forswear the Debt:
And for we'll have the Sum shall not be slight.
Say that he owes you near three thousand Pound:
Good Brother, let it be done immediately.

Unc. Well, seeing you will have it so,
Brother I'll do't, and straight provide the Sheriff.

Fath. So Brother, by this means shall we perceive
What Sir *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
Add how his Wife doth stand affected to him,
Her Love will then be tried to the uttermost:
And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Cham assured thick be the Place, that the scoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, so: If a come not, so.
And che war avise, he would make a Coytrel an' us,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyt him, and give it him too and again, so chud:
Who ha been there, Sir *Arthur*? Chil stay aside.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Art. I have dog'd the *Devonshire* Man into the Field,
For fear of any harm that should befall him:
I had an incling of that Yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this Morning.
Tho' of my Soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet for I'd see fair Play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their Valours try'd —
Good Morrow to Master *Oliver*.

Oli. God and good Morrow.

Art. What, Master *Oliver*, are you angry?

Oli. What an it be, tyt an griven you?

Art. Not me at all, Sir, but I imagine,
By your being here thus Arm'd,
You stay for some that you should fight withal.

Oli. Why and he do, che would not dezire you to
take his part.

Art. No, by my Troth, I think you need it not. For he you look for, I think means not to come.

Oli. No, and she were ashure of that, ched avefe him in another Place.

Enter Daffidil.

Daff. O, Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, ay me, Your Love, and yours, and mine, sweet Mistress *Luce*, This Morning is married to young *Flowerdale*.

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

Oli. Married, Man? Che hope thou dost but jest: To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daff. O 'tis too true, here comes his Uncle
Enter young Flowerdale's Uncle, with Sheriff and Officers.

Unc. Good morrow, Sir *Arthur*, good morrow, Master *Oliver*.

Oli. God and good Morn, Mr. *Flowerdale*, I pray tellen us, is your scoundrel Kinsman married?

Art. Mr. *Oliver*, call him what you will, but he is married to Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter here.

Unc. Sir *Arthur*, unto her?

Oli. Ay, ha the old vellow zerved me thick a trick? Why Man, he was a promise, chil chud a had her: Is a zitch a vox, chil look to his Water che vor him.

Unc. The Musick plays, they are coming from the Church, Sheriff, do your Office: Fellows, stand stoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oli. God give you Joy, as the old zaid Proverb is, and some Zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, the fault is in me, I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the Field to you, as I might, Sir, for I am a Justice, and sworn to keep the Peace.

Weath. Ay marry is he, Sir, a very Justice, and sworn to keep the Peace, you must not disturb the Weddings.

Lanc. Nay, never frown nor storm, Sir, if you do, I'll have an Order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chil be quiet

Weath. Mr. *Flowerdale*, Sir *Lancelot*, look you, who here is? Mr. *Flowerdale*.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my Heart.

Flow. Uncle, this is she i'faith, Master Under-Sheriff, Arrest me? At whose Suit? Draw, *Kit*.

Unc. At my Suit, Sir.

Lanc. Why, what's the matter, Mr. *Flowerdale*?

Unc.

Unc. This is the matter, Sir, this Unthrifl here
Hath cozen'd you, and hath had of me
In feveral Sums three thoufand Pound.

Flozo. Why, Uncle, Uncle.

Unc. Coufin, Coufin, you have Uncled me,
And if you be not flaid, you'll prove
A Cozener unto all that know you.

Lanc. Why, Sir, fuppoſe he be to you in debt
Ten Thoufand Pound, his State to me appears,
To be at leafl three thoufand by the Year.

Unc. O, Sir, I was too late inform'd of that Plot,
How that ſhe went about to cozen you :
And form'd a Will and ſent it to your good
Friend there, Mailer *Weathercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lyes.

Lanc. Ha, hath he not ſuch Lordſhips,
Lands, and Ships ?

Unc. Not worth a Groat, not worth a Halfpenny he.

Lanc. I pray tell us true, be plain, young *Flowerdule*.

Flozo. My Uncle here's mad,
And dispos'd to do me wrong.

But here's my Man an honefl Fellow
By the Lord, and of good Credit, knows all i true,

Fath. Not I, Sir, I am too old to lye ; I rather know
You forg'd a Will, where every Line you writ,
You fludied where to quote your Lands might lie.

Weath. And I prithee where be thy honefl Friends ?

Fath. I'faith no where, Sir, for he hath none at all.

Weath. Benedicity, we are o'er reach'd, I believe.

Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull'fl Child undone.

Flozo. You are not cozen'd, nor is ſhe undone,
They flander me, by this Light, they flander me :
Look you my Uncle here's an U'urer, and would undo me,
But I'll fland in Law, do you but bail me, you ſhall do no
more :

You Brother *Civit*, and Mailer *Weathercock*, do but
Eail me, and let me have my Marriage Money
Paid me, and we'd ride down,

And there your own Eyes ſhall ſee
How my poor Tenants there will welcome me.

You ſhall but Bail me, you ſha'l do no more,
And you, greedy Gnat, there Bail will ſerve.

Unc. Ay, Sir, I'd aſk no better Bail.

Lanc. No, Sir, you ſhall not take my Bail, nor his,

Nor my Son *Civet's*, I'll not be cheated, I.
 Sheriff, take your Prisoner, I'll not deal with him:
 Let's Uncle make false Dice with his false Bones,
 I will not have to do with him: Mock'd, gull'd, and
 wrong'd!

Come, Girl, tho' it be late, it falls out well,
 'Thou shalt not live with him in Beggar's Hell.

Luce. He is my Husband, and high Heav'n doth
 know.

With what unwillingness I went to Church,
 But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it:
 The holy Churchman pronounc'd these Words but now,
 I must not leave my Husband in Distress:
 Now I must comfort him, not go with you.

Lanc. Comfort a Cozener? On my Curse forsake him.

Luce. This Day you caus'd me on your Curse to take
 him:

Do not, I pray, my griev'd Soul oppress?
 God knows my Heart doth bleed at his Distress.

Lanc. O Master *Weathercock*,

I must confess I forc'd her to this Match,
 Led with Opinion his false Will was true.

Weath. Ah, he hath over-reach'd me too.

Lanc. She might have lov'd like *Delia*, in a happy
 Virgin's state.

Del. Father be patient, Sorrow comes too late,

Lanc. And on her Knees she beg'd and did intreat,
 If she must needs taste a sad Marriage Life,
 She crav'd to be Sir *Arthur Greenshield's* Wife.

Art. You have done her and me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet.

Art. Not I.

Lanc. Or, Master *Oliver*, accept my Child, and half
 my Wealth is yours.

Oli. No, Sir, chil break no Law:

Luce. Never fear, she will not trouble you

Del. Yet, Sister in this Passion do not run headlong to
 Confusion. You may affect him, tho' not follow him.

Frank. Do, Sister, hang him, let him go.

Weath. Do faith, Mistress *Luce*, leave him.

Luce. You are three gross Fools, let me alone,
 I swear, I'll live with him in all his moan.

Oli. But an he have his Legs at Liberty,
 Cham avar'd he will never live with you.

Art. Ay, but he is now in Hucksters handling for running away.

Lanc. Huswife, you hear how you and I are wrong'd, And if you will redress it yet you may: But if you stand on terms to follow him, Never come near my sight, nor look on me, Call me not Father, look not for a Groat, For all the Portion I will this Day give Unto thy Sister *Frances*.

Fran. How say you to that, *Tom*? I shall have a good deal. Besides, I'll be a good Wife: and a good Wife Is a good thing I can tell.

Civ. Peace, *Frank*, I would be sorry to see thy Sister cast away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lanc. What, are you yet resolv'd?

Luce. Yes, I am resolv'd.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or never come.

Luce. This way I turn, go you unto your Feast, And I to weep, that am with Grief oppress.

Lanc. For ever fly my sight: Come Gentlemen, Let's in, I'll help you to far better Wives than her.

Delia, upon my Blessing talk not to her, Base Baggage, in such hate to Beggary?

Unc. Sheriff, take your Prisoner to your Charge.

Flow. Uncle, be gad you have us'd me very hardly, By my 'Troth, upon my Wedding Day.

[*Exeunt all but Luce, young Flowerdale, his Father, Uncle, Sheriff and Officers.*]

Luce. O Master *Flowerdale*, but hear me speak, Stay but a little while, good Master Sheriff, If not for him, for my sake pity him: Good Sir, stop not your Ears at my Complaint, My Voice grows weak, for Womens words are faint.

Flow. Look you, she kneels to you.

Unc. Fair Maid, for you, I love you with my Heart, And grieve sweet Soul, thy Fortune is so bad, That thou should'st match with such a graceless Youth. Go to thy Father, think not upon him, Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the Son of Shame.

Luce. Impute his wildness, Sir, unto his Youth, And think that now's the time he doth repent: Alas, what good or gain can you receive, To imprison him that nothing hath to Pay?

And where nought is, the King doth lose his due ;
O pity him as God shall pity you.

Unc. Lady, I know his Humours all too well,
And nothing in the World can do him good,
But Misery itself to chain him with.

Luce. Say that your Debts were paid, then is he free !

Unc. Ay, Virgin, that being answered, I have done.
But to him that is all as impossible,
As I to scale the high Pyramids.

Sheriff take your Prisoner ; Maiden fare thee well.

Luce. O go not yet, good Master *Flowerdale* :
Take my Word for the Debt, my Word, my Bond.

Flow. Ay, by Gad Uncle, and my Bond too.

Luce. Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it ;
And I can Work, alas, he can do nothing :
I have some Friends perhaps will pity me,
His chiefest Friends do seek his Misery.

All that I can, or beg, get or receive,
Shall be for you : O do not turn away :
Methinks within a Face so reverend,
So well experienced in this tottering World,
Should have some feeling of a Maiden's Grief :
For my sake, his Father's and your Brothers sake,
Ay, for your Soul's sake that doth hope for Joy,
Pity my state, do not two Souls destroy.

Unc. Fair Maid, stand up ; not in regard of him,
Put in pity of thy hapless Choice,
I do release him : Master Sheriff, I thank you :
And Officers, there is for you to drink.
Here, Maid, take this Money, there is a hundred Angels
And, for I will be sure he shall not have it,
Here, *Kester*, take it you, and use it sparingly,
But let not her have any want at all.

Dry your Eyes. Neice, do not too much lament
For him, whose Life hath been in Riot spent :
If well he useth thee, he gets him Friends,
If ill, a shameful end on him depends. [Exit *Un.*

Flow. A plague go with you for an old Fornicator.
Come, *Kit*, the Money, come honest *Kit*.

Fath. Nay by my Faith, Sir, you shall pardon me.

Flow. And why, Sir, pardon you ? Give me the Money
you old Rascal, or I will make you.

Luce. Pray hold your Hands, give it him honest Friend.

Fath. If you be so content, with all my Heart.

Flow.

The London Prodigal.

Flow. Content, Sir, 'sblood she shall be content
Whether she will or no. A rattle Baby come to follow me:
Go, get you gone to the greasy Chuff your Father,
Bring me your Dowry, or never look on me.

Fath. Sir, she hath forsokk her Father, and all her
Friends, for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her Friends and Father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with something to provide her Lodging.

Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you; but if I part
with one Angel, hang me at a Post. I'll rather throw
them at a cait of Dice, as I have done a thousand of
their Fellows.

Fath. Nay then I will be plain, degenerate Boy,
Thou hadst a Father would have been ashamed.

Flow. My Father was an Ass, an old Ass.

Fath. Thy Father? Proud licentious Villain:
What, are you at your Foils? I'll foil with you.

Luce. Good Sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining Woman hang on me,
I'd teach thee what it was to abuse thy Father:
Go hang, beg, starve, dice, game, that when all's gone,
Thou may'st after despair and hang thyself.

Luce. O do not Curse him.

Fath. I do not curse him, and to pray for him were vain,
It grieves me that he bears his Father's Name.

Flow. Well, you old Rascal, I shall meet with you.
Sirrah, get you gone, I will not strip the Livery
Over your Ears, because you paid for it:
But do not use my Name, Sirrah,
Do you hear? Look you do not
Use my Name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twenty Pound then that I lent you,
Or give me Security when I may have it.

Flow. I'll pay thee not a Penny,
And for Security I'll give thee none.
Minckins, look you do not follow me, look you do not:
If you do, Beggar, I shall slit your Nose.

Luce. Alas, what shall I do?

Flow. Why turn Whore, that's a good Trade,
And so perhaps I'll see thee now and then.

[Exit Flowerdale.

Luce. Alas the day that ever I was born.

Fath. Sweet Mistress, do not weep, I'll stick to you.

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

My Father and my Friends, they have despis'd me :
 And I a wretched Maid, thus cast away,
 Knows neither where to go, nor what to say.

Fath. It grieves me at the Soul, to see her Tears
 Thus stain the Crimson Roses of her Cheeks :
 Lady, take comfort, do not mourn in vain,
 I have a little Living in this Town,
 The which I think, comes to a hundred Pound,
 All that and more shall be at your dispose ;
 I'll strait go help you to some itrange Disguise,
 And place you in a Service in this Town ;
 Where you shall know all, yet yourself unknown :
 Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had,
 Weep not for him, that is more worse than bad.

Luce, I thank you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lancelot, Master Weathercock and the rest.

Oli. Well, cha a bin zerved many a fluttish Trick,
 But such a Lerripoop as thick ych was ne'er a sarved.

Lanc. Son *Civet*, Daughter *Frances*, bear with me,
 You see how I am press'd down with inward Grief,
 About that luckless Girl, your Sister *Luce*.
 But 'tis fall'n out with me, as with many Families beside,
 They are most unhappy that are most belov'd.

Civ. Father, 'tis so, 'tis even falln out so, [*pass*]
 But what Remedy ? Set Hand to your Heart, and let it
 Here is your Daughter *Frances* and I, and we'll not say,
 We'll bring forth such witty Children, but as pretty
 Children as ever she was : tho' she had the prick
 And praise for a pretty Wench : But Father, done is
 The Mouse, you'll come ?

Lanc. Ay, Son *Civet*, I'll come.

Civ. And you Master *Oliver*.

Oli. Ay, for che a vext out this veast, chill see if a gan
 Make a better Veast there.

Civ. And you Sir *Arthur* ?

Art Ay, Sir, altho' my Heart be full,
 I'll be a Partner at your Wedding Feast.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome ; come
Frank, are you ready ?

Frank. Jeshue, how hasty these Husbands are ; I pray
 Father, pray to God to bless me.

Lanc. God bless thee, and I do ; God make thee wise,
 Send you both Joy, I wish it with wet Eyes.

Frank. But Father, shall not my Sister *Delia* go along
 with.

with us? She is excellent good at Cookery, and such things.

Lanc. Yes marry shall she : *Delia*, make you ready.

Del. I am ready, Sir, I will first go to *Greenwich*.
From thence to my Cousin *Chesterfield*, and so to *London*.

Civ. It shall suffice, good Sister *Delia*, it shall suffice, but fail us not, good Sister; give order to Cooks and others, for I would not have my sweet *Frank* to soil her Fingers.

Frank. No by my troth not I, a Gentlewoman, and a married Gentlewoman too, to be Companion to Cooks, and Kitchin-boys, not I i'faith, I scorn that.

Civ. Why, I do not mean thou shalt, sweet Heart, thou seest I do not go about it ; well, farewell too : You Gods pity Mr. *Weathercock*, we shall have your Company too ?

Weath. With all my Heart, for I love good Cheer.

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

Frank. God be with you, Father, God be with you, Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, and Master *Weathercock*, Sister, God be with you all : God be with you, Father, God be with you every one.

Weath. Why, how now, Sir *Arthur*, all a mort, Master *Oliver*, how now, Man ?

Cheerly, Sir *Lancelot*, and merrily say,
Who can hold that will away.

Lanc. Ay, she is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone,
But when these be self-will'd, Children must smart.

Art. But, Sir, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest Cause, therefore 'tis reason you redress her wrong.

Weath. Indeed you must, Sir *Lancelot*, you must. ¶

Lanc. Must ? who can compel me, Mr. *Weathercock* ?
I hope I may do what I list.

Weath. I grant you may, you may do what you list.

Oli. Nay, but and you be well evisen, it were not good,
By this vrampolness, and vrowardness, to cast away
As pretty a dowssabel, as am i'chould chance to see
In a Summer's Day ; chill tell you what chall do,
Chill go spy up and down the 'Town, and see if I
Can hear any Tale or Tydings of her,
And take her away from thick a Messel, vor cham
Ashured, heel but bring her to the spoil,
And so var you well, we shall meet at your Son *Civet's*.

Lanc. I thank you, Sir, I take it very kindly.

Art.

Art. To find her out, I'll spend my dearest Blood,
So well I lov'd her, to effect her Good. [*Exeunt Ambo-*
Lanc. O Master *Weathercock*,

What hap had I, to force my Daughter
From Master *Oliver*, and this good Knight,
To one that hath no Goodness in his Thought?

Weath. Ill luck, but what remedy?

Lanc. Yes, I have almost devised a Remedy.
Young *Flowerdale* is sure a Prisoner.

Weath. Sure? nothing more sure,

Lanc. And yet perhaps his Uncle hath releas'd him.

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

Lanc. Well if he be in Prison, I'll have Warrants
To Tache my Daughter 'till the Law be tired,
For I will sue him upon Couzenage.

Weath. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.

Lanc. Nay that's not so; I may chance be scott,
And sentence past with him.

Weath. Believe me, so he may, therefore take heed.

Lanc. Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants,
In Prison, or at Liberty, all's one:

You will help to serve them, Master *Weathercock*?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the Devil, the Devil take the Dice;
The Dice, and the Devil, and his Dam go together.

Of all my hundred golden Angels,
I have not left me one Denier:

A Pox of come a Five, what shall I do?

I can borrow no more of my Credit:

'There's not any of my acquaintance, Man nor Boy,

But I have borrowed more or less of:

I would I knew where to take a good Purse,

And go clear away, by this Light I'll venture for it.

Gods lid my Sister *Delia*,

I'll rob her, by this Hand.

Enter Delia and Artichoak.

Del. I prithee, *Artichok*, go not so fast,
The Weather is hot, and I am something weary. [you

Art. Nay I warrant you, Mistress *Delia*, I'll not tire
With leading, we'll go on extream moderate pace.

Flow. Stand deliver your Purse.

Art. O Lord, Thieves, Thieves. [*Exit. Artichoak.*

Flow. Come, come, your Purse, Lady your Purse.

Del.

Del. That Voice I have heard often before this time.
What, Brother *Flowerdale* become a Thief?

Flow. Ay, plague on't, I thank your Father;
But Sister, come, your Money, come:
What the World must find me, I am born to live,
'Tis not a Sin to steal, when none will give.

Del. O God, is all Grace banisht from thy Heart,
Think of the Shame that doth attend this Fact.

Flow. Shame me no Shames, come give me your Purse;
I'll bind you, Sister, lest I fare the worse.

Del. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have,
And would that Money would redeem thy Shame.

Enter Oliver, Sir Arthur, and Artichoak.

Art. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves. [*Delia.*

Oli. Thieves, where Man? why how now, Mistress
Ha you a liked to been a robbed?

Del. No, Matter *Oliver*, 'tis Matter *Flowerdale*, he did
but jest with me.

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that Scoundrel? Sirrah, you
meten us well, vang thee that.

Fls. Well, Sir, I'll not meddle with you, because I
have a Charge.

Del. Here Brother *Flowerdale*, I'll lend you this same
Money.

Flow. I thank you, Sister.

Oli. I wad you were ysplit, and you let the Mezel
have a Penny; but since you cannot keep it, chil keep it
my self.

Art. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,
Who makes a triumphant Life his daily sport.

Del. Brother, you see how all Men censure you,
Farewel, and I pray God amend your Life.

Oli. Come, chil bring you along, and you safe enough.
From twenty such Scoundrels as hick an one is.
Farewell and be hanged, zyrrah, as I think so thou
Wilt be shortly: come, Sir *Arthur*.

[*Exeunt all but Flowerdale.*

Flow. A plague go with you for a Karlie Rascal;
This *Devo jhire* Man I think is made all of Pork,
His Hands made only for to heave up Packs,
His Heart as fat and big as his Face.
As differing far from all brave gallant Minds,
As I to serve the Hogs, and drink with Hinds,
As I am very near now; well what remedy,

When.

When Money, Means, and Friends, do grow so small,
Then farewell Life, and there's an end of all. [Exit.
Enter young Flowerdale's Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow,
Civit and his Wife Frances.

Civ. By my troth God a Mercy for this, good *Christopher* I thank thee for my Maid, like her very well, how dost thou like her, *Frances*?

Fran. In good Sadness, *Tom*, very well, excellent well, She speaks so prettily, I pray what's your Name?

Luce. My name, forsooth, be called *Tanikin*.

Fran. By my troth a fine Name: O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing ones Head a new Fashion.

Luce. Me fall do every ting about da Head.

Civ. What Countrywoman is she, *Kester*?

Fath. A *Dutch* Woman, Sir.

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

Fath. Ay, Sir, she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to help me to Cheeks and Ears?

Luce. Yes, Mistress, very well.

Fath. Cheeks and Ears why, Mistress *Frances*, want you Cheeks and Ears? methinks you have very fair ones.

Fran. Thou are a Fool indeed: *Tom*, thou knowest what I mean.

Civ. Ay, ay, *Kester*, 'tis such they wear a their Heads. I prithee, *Kit*, have her in, and shew her my House.

Fath. I will, Sir? come *Tanikin*.

Fran. O *Tom*, you have not buffed me to Day, *Tom*.

Civ. No *Frances*, we must not kiss afore Folks. God save my *Franck*.

Enter Delia and Artichoak.

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

Fran. Welcome, good Sister, how do you like the Tire of my Head?

Del. Very well Sister.

Civ. I am glad you're come, Sister *Delia*, to give order for Supper, they will be here soon.

Art. Ay, but if good luck had not serv'd, she had Noi been here now filching *Flowerdale* had like To perper'd us, but for Master *Oliver* we had been robb'd.

Del. Peace, Sirrah, no more.

Fath. Robb'd! by whom?

Art. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turn'd Thief.

Civ. By my Faith, but that is not well, but God be prais'd for your Escape, will you draw near, Sister?

Fath. Sirrah, come hither; would *Flowerdale* he that was my Master, a robbed you, I prithee tell me true?

Art. Yes, i' Faith, even that *Flowerdale* that was thy Master.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a *French Crown*, and speak no more of this.

Art. Not I, not a Word, now do I smell Knavery: In every Purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is half: And gives me this to keep Counsel, not a Word I.

Fath. Why God a Mercy.

Fran. Sister, look here. I have a new *Dutch Maid*, And she speaks so fine, it would do your Heart good:

Civ. How do you like her, Sister?

Del. I like your Maid well.

Civ. Well, dear Sister, will you draw near, and give Directions for Supper, Guests will be here presently.

Del. Yes, Brother, lead the Way, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Delia and Luce.*]

Hark you, *Dutch Frow*, a Word.

Luce. Vat is your Vill wit me?

Del. Sister *Luce*, 'tis not your broken Language, Nor this same Habit can disguise your Face From I that know you; pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret; This borrow'd Shape that I have ta'n upon me, Is but to keep my self a Space unknown Both from my Father and my nearest Friends; Untill I see how Time will bring to pass, The desperate Course of Master *Flowerdale*.

Del. O he is worse than bad, I prithee leave him, And let not once thy Heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not persuade me once to such a Thought, Imagine yet, that he is worse than nought; Yet one good Time may all that I'll undo, That all his former Life did run into. Therefore, kind Sister, do not disclose my Estate, If e'er his Heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er to late.

Del. Well, seeing no Counsel can remove your Mind, I'll not disclose you, that are wilful blind.

Luce. *Delia*, I thank you. I now must please her Eyes, My Sister *Frances*, neither fair nor wise,

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter Flowerdale Solus.

Flow. On goes he that knows no end of his Journey,
I have pass'd the very utmost bounds of Shifting,
I have no Course now but to hang my self;
I have liv'd since yesterday two a Clock, of a
Spice cake I had at a Burial: And for Drink,
I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
Will bear out a Man, if he have no Money indeed;
I mean out of their Companies, for they are Men
Of good Carriage. Who comes here?
The two Cony catchers, that won all my Mony of me.
I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick and Ralph.

What Mr. *Richard*, how do you?
How dost thou *Ralph*? By Gad, Gentlemen, the World
Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel between you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other Day.

Ralph How, an Angel? Gad damn us if we lost not
every Penny within an Hour after thou wert gone.

Flow. I prithee lend me so much as will pay for my Supper
I'll pay you again, as I am a Gentleman. [per;

Ralph. I'Faith, we have not a farthing, not a mite;
I wonder at it, Mr. *Flowerdale*,
You will so carelessly undo your self;
Why you will lose more Money in an Hour,
Than any Honest Man spends in a Year;
For Shame betake you to some honest Trade,
And live not thus so like a Vagabond. [Exit.

Flow. A Vagabond indeed, more Villains you:
They gave me Counsel that first cozen'd me;
Those Devils first brought me to this I am,
And being thus, the first that do me wrong.
Well, yet I have one Friend left in store.
Not far from hence there dwells a Cockatrice,
One that I first put in a Sattin Gown,
And not a Tooth that dwells within her Head,
But stands me at the least in twenty Pound:
Her will I visit now my Coyn is gone,
And as I take it here dwells the Gentlewoman.
What ho, is Mistress *Apricock* within?

Enter Russian.

Ruf. What saucy Rascal is that which knocks so bold?
O, is it you, old Spend-thrift? are you here?

One that is turned Cozener about the Town.

My Mistres saw you, and sends this Word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the Door,

Or you shall have such a Greeting sent your straight,
As you will little like on, you had best be gone. [*Exit.*

Floro. Why so, this is as it should be, being poor,
Thus art thou serv'd by a vile painted Whore.
Well, since thy damned Crew do so abuse thee,
I'll try of honest Men, how they will use me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beseech you to take Compassion of a Man;
One whose Fortunes have been better than at this Instant
they seem to be: but if I might crave of you some little
Portion, as would bring me to my Friends, I would rest
thankful, until I had requited so great a Courtesy.

Cit. Fy, fy, young Man, this Course is very bad,
Too many such have we about this City;
Yet for I have not seen you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common Beggar,
Hold, there's an Angel to bear your Charges
Down, go to your Friends, do not on this depend,
Such Bad Beginnings oft have worser Ends. [*Exit Cit.*

Floro. Worser ends: Nay, if it fall out
No worse than in old Angels I care not,
Nay, now I have had such a fortunate Beginning,
I'll not let a sixpenny Purse escape me:
By the Mass here comes another.

Enter a Citizen's Wife with a Torch before her.

God bless you, fair Mistres.
Now would it please you, Gentlewoman, to look into
the Wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger Brother, I
doubt not but God will treble restore it back again, one
that never before this time demanded Penny, Half-penny,
nor Farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay, *Alexander* now by my Troth a very
proper Man, and 'tis great Pity; hold my Friend, there's
all the Money I have about me, a couple a Shillings, and
God bless thee.

Floro. Now God thank you, sweet Lady; if you have
any Friend, or Garden-house, where you may imploy a
poor Gentleman as your Friend, I am yours to command
in all secret Service.

Cit. Wife. I thank you good Friend, I prithee let me
see that again I gave thee, there is one of them a brass
Shilling,

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Shilling, give me them, and here is half a Crown in Gold.

[*He gives it her.*

Now out upon thee, Rascal: Secert Service! What dost thou make of me? It were a good Deed to have thee whipt: Now I have my Money again, I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee a Penny. Secret Service? On, good *Alexander*. [Exit Ambo.]

Flow. This is villainous Luck, I perceive Dishonesty Will not thrive; here comes more, God forgive me, Sir *Arthur*, and Mr. *Oliver*, aforesgod I'll speak to them. God save you Sir *Arthur*: God save you, Mr *Oliver*.

Oli. Been you there, *Zirrah*, come will you taken yourselves to your Tools, Coystrel?

Flow. Nay, Mr. *Oliver*, I'll not fight with you, Alas, Sir, you know it was not my doing, It was only a Plot to get Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter; By Gad I never meant you harm.

Oli. And whore is the Gentlewoman thy Wife, *Mezel*? Whore is she, *Zirrah*, ha?

Flow. By my troth Mr. *Oliver*, sick, very sick: And Gad is my Judge, I know not what means to make for her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is she sick; tell me true itch'vise thee.

Flow. Yes faith, I tell you true: Mr *Oliver*, if you would do me the small kindnets, but to lend me forty Shillings; So Gad help me, I will pay you so soon as my Ability shall make me able, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well thou zait thy Wife is zick; hold, there's vorty Shillings, give it to thy Wife, look thou give it her, or I shall zo veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this zeven year, look to it.

Art. I'faith, Mr. *Oliver*, it is in vain To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

Flow. I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well, farewell *Zirrah*; come, Sir *Arthur*.

[Exit Ambo.]

Flow. By the Lords this is excellent. Five golden Angels compass'd in an Hour. If this Trade hold, I'll never seek a new. Welcome sweet Gold, and Beggary adieu.

Enter Uncle and Father.

Unc. See, *Kester*, if you can find the House.

Flow.

Flow. Who's here, my Uncle, and my Man *Kester*?
By the Mass 'tis they.

How do you Uncle, how dost thou, *Kester*?

By my Troth, Uncle, you must needs lend

Me some Money, the poor Gentle-woman

My Wife, so Gad help me, is very sick.

I was robb'd of the hundred Angels

You gave me, they are gone.

Unc. Ay, they are gone indeed, come, *Kester*, away.

Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you hear. good Uncle?

Unc. Out Hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak,
Come, leave him, *Kester*.

Flow. *Kester*, honest *Kester*.

Fath. Sir, I have nought to say to you,
Open the Door to my Kin, thou had'st best
Lock't fast, for there's a false Knave without.

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

[*Excunt Ambo*]

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is the Matter, Vat be you, Yonker?

Flow. By this Light a *Dutch Frow*, they say they are
called kind, by this Light I'll try her.

Luce. Vat be you, Yonker, why do you not speak?

Flow. By my Troth, sweet Heart, a poor Gentleman
that would desire of you, if it stand with your Liking,
the Bounty of your Purse,

Enter young Flowerdale's Father.

Luce. O here God, so young an Armine.

Flow. Armine, sweet Heart, I know not what you
mean by that, but I am almost a Beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married Man, vere been your Wife?
Here is all I have, take dis.

Flow. What Gold, young Frow? this is brave

Fath. If he have any Grace, he'll now repent,

Luce. Why speak you not, vere be your Wife?

Flow. Dead, dead, she's dead, 'tis she hath undone me:
Spent me all I had, and kept Rascals under my Nose to
brave me.

Luce. Did you use her vell?

Flow. Use her, there's never a Gentlewoman in *Eng-*
land could be better used than I did her; I could but
Coach her; her Diet stood me in forty Pound a Month,
but she is dead, and in her Grave my Cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not scone.

Fath.

Fath. He is turn'd more Devil than he was before.

Flow. Thou dost belong to Master *Civet* here, dost thou not?

Luce. Yes, me do.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handful of Plate But belongs to me, Gad's my Judge:

If I had such a Wench as thou art,
There's never a Man in *England* would make more
Of her, than I would do, so she had any Stock.

[*They call within.*

O why *Tanikin*.

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

Flow. By this Hand this *Dutch* Wench is in Love with me,

Were it not admirable to make her steal
All *Civet's* Plate, and run away.

Fath. 'Twere beastly. O Master *Flowerdale*,
Have you no Fear of God, nor Conscience?
What do you mean, by this vile Course you take?

Flow. What do I mean? Why, to live, that I mean.

Fath. To live in this Sort, fie upon the Course,
Your Life doth show, you are a very Coward.

Flow. A Coward! I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow Six-pence of a Boy.

Flow. 'Snails, is there such a Cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a Man, ay, and of the tallest Man in *England*, if he will lend it me: Let me borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is well known, I might ride out a hundred times if I would, so I might.

Fath. It was not want of Will, but Cowardice,
There is none that lends'to you, but know they gain:
And what is that but only stealth in you?

Delia might hang ye now, did not her Heart
Take Pity of you for her Sister's Sake.

Go get you hence, lest ling'ring here you slay,
You fall into their Hand you look not for.

Flow. I'll tarry here, 'till the *Dutch* Frow comes,
If all the Devils in Hell were here. [Exit Father.

Enter Sir Lancelot, Mr. Weathercock, and Artichoak.

Lanc. Where is the Door? Are we not past it, *Artichoak*?

Art. By the Mass here's one.
I'll ask him: Do you hear, Sir?

What

What, are you so proud? Do you hear, which is the Way
To Mr. *Civet's* House? What, will you not speak?
O me, this is filching *Flowerdale*.

Lanc. O wonderful! Is this lewd Villain here?
O you cheating Rogue, you Cut-purse, Cony-catcher,
What Ditch, you Villain, is my Daughter's Grave?
A cozening Rascal, that must make a Will,
Take on him that strict Habit, very that:
When he should turn to Angel, a dying Grace,
I'll Father in Law you, Sir, I'll make a Will:
Speak, Villain, where's my Daughter?
Poison'd, I warrant you, or knock'd a the Head:
And to abuse good Master *Weathercock*, with
His forg'd Will, and Master *Weathercock*,
To make my grounded Resolution;
Then to abuse the *Devonshire* Gentleman:
Go, away with him to Prison.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison? Sir, I will not go.
*Enter Master Civet, his Wife, Oliver, Sir Arthur, young
Flowerdale's Father, Uncle, and Delia.*

Lanc. O here's his Uncle:
Welcome Gentleman, welcome all:
Such a Cozener, Gentlemen, a Murderer too
For any Thing I know, my Daughter is missing,
Hath been look'd for, cannot be found, a Vild upon thee,

Unc. He is my Kinsman, although his Life be vile,
Therefore, in God's Name, do with him what you will.

Lanc. Marry to Prison.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison, Snick-up? I owe you
nothing.

Lanc. Bring forth my Daughter then, away with
him.

Flow. Go seek your Daughter, what do lay to my
Charge?

Lanc. Suspicion of Murder, go, away with him,

Flow. Murder your Dogs, I murder your Daughter!
Come Uncle, I know you'll bail me.

Unc. Not I, were there no more,
Than I the Jaylor, thou the Prisoner.

Lanc. Go, away with him.

Enter Luce like a Flow.

Luce. O my Life, where will you ha de Man?
Vat ha de Yonker done!

W'ath. Woman, he hath kill'd his Wife,

Luce.

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

Lanc. Hang not upon him, Huswife, if you do I'll lay you by him.

Luce. Have me no, and or way do you leave him, He tell me dat he love me heartily.

Fran. Lead away my Maid to Prison! Why *Tom*, will you suffer that?

Civ. No, by your Leave, Father, she is no Vagrant: She is my Wife's Chamber-maid, and as true as the Skin between any Man's Brows here.

Lanc. Go to, you're both Fools:
Son *Civet*, of my Life this is a Plot,
Some stragling Counterfeit proffer'd to you:
No doubt to rob you of our Plate and Jewels:
I'll have you led away to Prison, Trull.

Luce. I am no Trull, neither Outlandish Frow,
Nor he, nor I shall to the Prison go:
Know you me now? nay, never stand amaz'd.
Father, I know I have offended you.
And though that Duty wills me bend my Knees
To you in Duty and Obedience;
Yet this ways do I turn, and to him yield
My Love, my Duty, and my Humbleness.

Lanc. Bastard in Nature, kneel to such a Slave?

Luce. O Master *Flowerdale*, if too much Grief
Have not stopt up the Organs of your Voice,
Then speak to her that is thy faithful Wife,
Or doth Contempt of me thus tie thy Tongue?
Turn not away, I am no *Æthiops*,
No wanton *Cresid*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy Loss.
What turn'st thou still from me? O then
I guess thee wofull't among hapless Men.

Flow. I am indeed, Wife, Wonder among Wives!
Thy Chastity and Virtue hath infus'd
Another Soul in me, red with Defame,
For in my blushing Cheeks is seen my Shame.

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

Luce. Not trust him? ——— By the Hopes of after
Bliss,

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

Lanc.

Lanc. Well, since thou wert ordain'd to Beggary,
Follow thy Fortune, I defie thee.

Oliv. Ywood che were so well ydouffed as was ever
white Cloth in tocking Mill, an che ha not made me
Grace.

Weath. If he hath any Grace he'll now repent.

Arth. It moves my Heart.

Weath. By my Troth I must weep, I cannot chuse.

Unc. None but a Beast would such a Maid misuse.

Flow. Content thy self, I hope to win his Favour,
And to redeem my Reputation lost:
And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beseech you,
I hope your Eyes shall behold such Change,
As shall deceive your Expectation.

Oli. I would che were split now, but che believe him.

Lanc. How, believe him!

Weath. By the Matkins, I do.

Lanc. What do you think that e'er he will have Grace?

Weath. By my Faith it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vor ye he is chang'd; and. Mr. *Flowerdale*,
in Hope you been so, hold there's vorty Pound to-
ward your Zetting up; what be not ashamed, vang it
Man, vang it, be a good Husband, loven to your Wife:
And you shall not want for vorty more, I che vor thee.

Arth. My Means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will instruct you in my ablest Power:
But to your Wife I give this Diamond,
And prove true Diamond fair in all your Life.

Flow. Thanks, good Sir *Arthur*: Mr. *Oliver*,
You being my Enemy, and grown so kind,
Binds me in all Endeavour to restore.

Oli. What, restore me? No Restorings, Man,
I have vorty Pound more here, vang it:
Zouth chil devie *London* else: What, do not think me
A Mezel or a Scoundrel, to throw away my Money? che
have an hundred Pound more to pace of any good Spo-
tation: I hope your Under and your Uncle will vollow
my Zamplas.

Unc. You have Guest-right of me, if he leave off this
Course of Life, he shall be mine Heir.

Lanc. But he shall never get a Groat of me;
A Cozener, a Deceiver, one that kill'd his painful
Father, honest Gentleman,
That pass'd the fearful Danger of the Sea,
To get him Living, and maintain him brave.

Weath. What, hath he kill'd his Father?

Lanc. Ay, Sir, with Conceit of his vile Courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinform'd.

Lanc. Why, thou old Knave, thou told'st me so thy self.

Fath. I wrong'd him then :

And toward my Master's Stock,
There's twenty Nobles for to make Amends.

Flow. No, *Kister*, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd
thee more,

What thou in Love gives, I in Love restore.

Fran. Ha, ha Sister, there you plaid Bo-peep with us :

Tom. What shall I give her toward Household!

Sister *Delia*, shall I give her my Fan?

Del. You were best ask your Husband.

Fran. Shall I, *Tom*?

Civ. Ay, do, *Frank*, I'll buy thee a new one, with a
longer Handle.

Fran. A russet one, *Tom*.

Civ. Ay with russet Feathers.

Fran. Here, Sister, there's my Fan toward Household,
to keep you warm.

Luce. I thank you Sister.

Weath. Why this is well, and toward fair *Luce's* Stock,
here's forty Shillings : And forty good Shillings more,
I'll give her Marry. Come Sir *Lancelot*, I must have
you Friends.

Lanc. Not I, all this is Counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your Daughter's Dower worth?

Lanc. Had she been married to an honest Man,
It had been better than a thousand Pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and I'll give you my Bond.
To make her Joynture better worth than three.

Lanc. Your Bond, Sir! Why, what are you?

Fath. One whose Word in *London*, tho' I lay it,
Will pass there for as much as yours.

Lanc. Wert not thou late that Unthrif's Serving man?

Fath. Look on me better, now my Scar is off :
Ne'er muse Man, at this Metamorphosy.

Lanc.

Lanc. Master *Flowerdale*!

Flow. My Father! O I shame to look on him.

Pardon, dear Father, the Follies that are past.

Fath. Son, Son, I do, and joy at this thy Change,
And applaud thy Fortune in this virtuous Maid,
Whom Heav'n hath sent to thee to save thy Soul.

Luce. This addeth Joy to Joy, high Heav'n be prais'd.

Wicth. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome from Death, good
Mr. *Flowerdale*.

'Twas said so here, 'twas said so here good Faith.

Fath. I caus'd that Rumour to be spread my self,
Because I'd see the Humours of my Son,
Which to relate the Circumstance is needless:
And Sirrah, see you run no more into that same Disease:
For he that's once cur'd of that Malady,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Bred,
And falls again into the like Distress,
That Fever is deadly, doth 'till Death endure.
Such Men die mad, as of a Calenture.

Flow. Heav'n helping me, I'll hate the Course as
Hell.

Unc. Say it, and do it, Cousin, a'l is well.

Lanc. Well being in Hope you'll prove an honest
Man,

I take you to my Favour. Brother *Flowerdale*,
Welcome with all my Heart: I see your Care
Hath brought these Acts to this Conclusion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feast.

Oliv. Nay soft you a While, you promis'd to make
Sir *Arthur* and me Amends; here is your wisest
Daughter, see which An's she'll have.

Lanc. A God's Name, you have my good Will, get
hers.

Oliv. How say you then, Damsel.

Del. I. Sir, am yours.

Oliv. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil have it
Dispatched in a Trice, so chil.

Del. Pardon me Sir, I mean I am yours,
In Love, in Duty, and Affection.

But not to love as Wife, shall ne'er be said,
Delta was buried, married, but a Maid.

Arth. Do not condemn your self for ever,
Virtuous Fair, you were born to love.

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Oliv. Why you say true, Sir *Arthur*, she was ybore
to it,

So well as her Mother; but I pray you shew us
Some Zamples or Reasons why you will not marry?

Del. Not that I do condemn a married Life,
For 'tis no Doubt a sanctimonious Thing:
But for the Care and Crosses of a Wife,
The Trouble in this World that Children bring,
My Vow's in Heav'n in Earth to live alone,
Husbands, howsoever good, I will have none.

Oliv. Why then, chil live a Batchelor too,
Che zet not a Vig by a Wife, if a Wife zet not a Vig
By me: Come, shall's go to Dinner?

Fath. To-morrow I crave your Companies in *Maré-*
Lane:

To-night we'll frolick in Mr. *Civet's* House,
And to each Health drink down a full Carouse.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.



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