

# **Bartholomew Fair**

Ben Jonson

# Table of Contents

<b><u>Bartholomew Fair</u></b> .....	<b>1</b>
<u>Ben Jonson</u> .....	1
<u>Act P</u> .....	1
<u>Scene P.1</u> .....	1
<u>Scene P.2</u> .....	1
<u>Act 1</u> .....	3
<u>Scene 1.1</u> .....	4
<u>Scene 1.2</u> .....	4
<u>Scene 1.3</u> .....	9
<u>Scene 1.4</u> .....	14
<u>Scene 1.5</u> .....	20
<u>Scene 1.6</u> .....	28
<u>Act 2</u> .....	32
<u>Scene 2.1</u> .....	32
<u>Scene 2.2</u> .....	33
<u>Scene 2.3</u> .....	39
<u>Scene 2.4</u> .....	42
<u>Scene 2.5</u> .....	45
<u>Scene 2.6</u> .....	55
<u>Act 3</u> .....	63
<u>Scene 3.1</u> .....	63
<u>Scene 3.2</u> .....	64
<u>Scene 3.3</u> .....	71
<u>Scene 3.4</u> .....	72
<u>Scene 3.5</u> .....	80
<u>Scene 3.6</u> .....	96
<u>Act 4</u> .....	103
<u>Scene 4.1</u> .....	103
<u>Scene 4.2</u> .....	109
<u>Scene 4.3</u> .....	114
<u>Scene 4.4</u> .....	120
<u>Scene 4.5</u> .....	134
<u>Scene 4.6</u> .....	140
<u>Act 5</u> .....	149
<u>Scene 5.1</u> .....	149
<u>Scene 5.2</u> .....	150
<u>Scene 5.3</u> .....	156
<u>Scene 5.4</u> .....	163
<u>Scene 5.5</u> .....	185
<u>Scene 5.6</u> .....	193
<u>Act E</u> .....	199

# Bartholomew Fair

**Ben Jonson**

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## Bartholomew Fair

by Ben Jonson

*Prepared from 1631 Folio (STC 14753.5) by Hugh Craig, D of English, U of Newcastle. OTA A-1434-A*

### Act P

#### Scene P.1

*U*

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

#### Scene P.2

*W*

Gentlemen, have a little patience, they are e'en upon comming, instantly. He that should beginne the Play, Master Littlewit, the Proctor, has a stitch new falne, in his black silk stocking; it will be drawn up ere you can tell twenty. He plays one of the Arches, that dwels about the Hospitall, and he has a very pretty part. But for the whole Play, will you have the truth of it? (I am looking, lest the Poet heare me, or his man, Master Broome, behind the Arras) it is like to be a very conceited scuruy one, in plaine English. When it comes to the Fayre, once: you Were e'en as good go to Virginia, for any thing there is of Smith-field. He has not hit the humors, he does not know them; he

## Bartholomew Fair

has not conuers'd with the Bartholomew-birds, as they say; he has ne'er a Sword, and Buckler man in his Fayre, nor a little Dauy, to take toll of the Bawds there, as in my time, nor a Kind-heart, if any bodies teeth should chance to ake in his Play. Nor a Iugler with a wel-educated Ape to come ouer the chaine, for the King of England, and backe againe for the Prince, and sit still on his arse for the Pope; and the King of Spaine! None of these fine sights! Nor has he the Canuas-cut in the night, for a Hobby-horseman to creepe into his she-neighbour, and take his leap, there! Nothing! No, if some writer (that I know) had had but the penning of this matter, he would have made you such a Iig-ajogge in the boothes, you should have thought an earthquake had been in the Fayre! But these Master-Poets, they will have their owne absurd courses; they will be inform'd of nothing! He has (sirreuerence) kick'd me three, or foure times about the Tying-house, I thanke him, for but offering to putt in, with my experience. I will be iudg'd by you, Gentlemen, now, but for one conceit of mine! would not a fine Pumpe upon the Stage have done well, for a property now? and a Punque set vnder upon her head, with her Sterne upward, and have beene sous'd by my wity young masters of the Innes of Court? what thinke you of this for a shew, now? he will not heare of this! I am an Asse! I! and yet I kept the Stage in Master Tarletons time, I thanke my starres. Ho! if that man had liu'd to have play'd in Bartholomew Fayre, you should have seene him have come in, and have been coozened in the Cloath-quarter, so finely! And Adams, the Rogue, ha leap'd and caper'd upon him, and have dealt his vermine about, as though they had cost him nothing. And then a substantiall watch to have stolne in upon them, and taken them away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is, in the Stage-practice.

Booke-holder: Scriuener. To him.

### W

How now? what rare discourse are you falne upon? ha? have you found any familiars here, that you are so free? what is the businesse? Nothing, but the vnderstanding Gentlemen of the ground here, ask'd my iudgement. Your iudgement, Rascall? for what? sweeping the Stage? or gathering up the broken Apples for the beares within? Away Rogue, it is come to a fine degree in these spectacles when such a youth as you pretend to a iudgement. And yet he may, in the most of this matter i'faith: For the Author hath writ it iust to his Meridian, and the Scale of the grounded Iudgements here, his Play-fellowes in wit. Gentlemen; not for want of a Prologue, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a Scriuener, and certaine Articles drawne out in hast betweene our Author, and you; which if you please to heare, and as they appeare reasonable, to approue of; the Play will follow presently. Read, Scribe, give me the Counterpaine. ARTICLES of Agreement, intended, between the Spectators or Hearers, at the Hope on the Bankeside, in the County of Surrey on the one party; And the Author of Bartholomew Fayre in the said place, and County on the other party: the one and thirtieth day of Octob 1614 and in the twelfth yeere of the Raigne of our Soueragine Lord, IAMES by the grace of God King of England, France, and Ireland; Defender of the faith. And of Scotland the seauen and fortieth.

INPRIMIS, It is couenanted and agreed, by and betweene the parties abouesaid, and the said Spectators, and Hearers, as well the curious and enuious, as the sauouring and iudicious, as also the grounded Iudgements and vnderstandings, do for themselues seuerally Couenant, and agree to remaine in the places, their money or friends have put them in, with patience, for the space of two houres and a halfe, and somewhat more. In which time the Author promiseth to present them by us, with a new sufficient Play called BARTHOLOMEW FAYRE, merry, and as full of noise, as sport: made to delight all, and to offend none. Prouided they have either, the wit or the honesty to thinke well of themselues.

It is further agreed that euery person here, have his or their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their owne charge, the Author hauing now departed with his right: It shall be lawfull for any man to iudge his six pen'orth his twelue pen'orth, so to his eighteene pence, 2. shillings, halfe a crowne, to the value of his place: Prouided alwaies his place get not aboue his wit. And if he pay for halfe a dozen, he may censure for all them too, so that he will vndertake that they shall be silent. He shall put in for Censures here, as they do for lots at the lottery: mary if he

## Bartholomew Fair

drop but sixe pence at the doore, and will censure a crownes worth, it is thought there is no conscience, or iustice in that.

It is also agreed, that euery man here, exercise his owne Iudgement, and not censure by Contagion, or upon trust, from anothers voice, or face, that sits by him, be he neuer so first, in the Commission of Wit: As also, that he be fixt and settled in his censure, that what he approues, or not approues to day, he will do the same to morrow, and if to morrow, the next day, and so the next weeke (if neede be:) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the Bench with him, though they indite, and arraign Playes daily. He that will sweare, Ieronimo, or Andronicus are the best playes, yet, shall passe vnexcepted at, here, as a man whose Iudgement shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these fiue and twentie, or thirtie yeeres. Though it be an Ignorance, it is a vertuous and stay'd ignorance; and next to truth, a confirm'd error does well; such a one the Author knowes where to finde him.

It is further couenanted, concluded and agreed, that how great soeuer the expectation be, no person here, is to expect more then he knowes, or better ware then a Fayre will affoord: neyther to looke backe to the sword and buckler-age of Smithfield, but content himselfe with the present. In stead of a little Dauy; to take toll of the Bawds, the Author doth promise a strutting Horse-courser, with a leere-Drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good Equipage as you would wish. And then for Kinde-heart, the Tooth-drawer, a fine oyly Pig-woman with her Tapster, to bid you welcome, and a consort of Roarers for musique. A wise Iustice of Peace meditant, in stead of a Iugler, with an Ape. A ciuill Cutpurse searchant. A sweete Singer of new Ballads allurant: and as fresh as Hypocrite, as euer was broach'd rampant. If there be neuer a Seruant-monster in the Fayre, who can helpe it? he sayes; nor a nest of Antiques? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his Playes, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries, to mixe his head with other mens heeles; let the concupisence of Iigges and Dances, raigne as strong as it will amongst you: yet if the Puppets will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in.

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the foresaid hearers, and spectators, that they neyther in themselues conceale, nor suffer by them to be concealed any State-decipherer, or politique Picklocke of the Scene, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the Ginger-bread-woman, who by the Hobby-horse-man, who by the Costard-monger, nay, who by their Wares. Or that will pretend to affirme (on his owne inspired ignorance) what Mirror of Magistrates is meant by the Iustice, what great Lady by the Pigge-woman, what conceal'd States-man, by the Seller of Mouse-trappes, and so of the rest. But that such person, or persons so found, be left discouered to the mercy of the Author, as a forfeiture to the Stage, and your laughter, aforesaid. As also, such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously, play the foole by his place aforesaid, to challenge the Author of scurrilitie, because the language some where fauours of Smithfield, the Booth, and the Pig-broath, or of prophanesne, because a Mad-man cryes, God quit you, or blesse you. In witness whereof, as you have preposterously put to your Seales already (which is your money) you will now adde the other part of suffrage, your hands, The Play shall presently begin. And though the Fayre be not kept in the same Region, that some here, perhaps, would have it, yet thinke; that therein the Author hath obseru'd a speciall Decorum, the place being as durty as Smithfield, and as stinking euery whit.

Howsoeuer, he prayes you to beleeeue, this Ware is still the same, else you will make him iustly suspect that he that is so loth to looke on a Baby, or an Hobby-horse, here, would be glad to take up a Commodity of them, at any laughter, or losse, in another place.

## Act 1

## Scene 1.1

LITTLEWIT. (To him) WIN.

*A*

A pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I have such lucke to spinne out these fine things still, and like a Silke-worme, out of my selfe. Here is Master Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o'th hill, in the County of Middlesex, Esquire, takes forth his Licence, to marry Mistress Grace Wel-borne of the said place and County: and when does he take it foorth? to day! the foure and twentieth of August! Bartholmew day! Bartholmew upon Bartholmew! there is the deuce! who would have mark'd such a leap-frogge chance now? A very lesse then Ames-ace, on two Dice! well, go thy wayes Iohn Little-wit, Proctor Iohn Little-wit: One of the pretty wits of Pauls, the Little wit of London (so thou art call'd) and some thing beside. When a quirk, or a quiblin does scape thee, and thou dost not watch, and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Constable of conceit: (there now, I speake quib too) let them carry thee out of the Arch-deacons Court, into his Kitchin, and make a Iack of thee, in stead of a Iohn. (There I am againe la!) Win, Good morrow, Win. I marry Win! Now you looke finely indeed, Win! this Cap does conuince! you would not have worne it, Win, not have had it veluet, but a rough cuntry Beauer, with a copper-band, like the Conney-skinne woman of Budge-row? Sweete Win, let me kisse it! And. her fine high shoes, like the Spanish Lady! Good Win, go a litle I would faine see thee pace, pretty Win! By this fine Cap, I could neuer leaue kissing of it.

*B*

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

*A*

No, but halfe a one, Win you are the tother halfe: man and wife make one foole, Win. (Good!) Is there the Proctor, or Doctor indeed, in the Diocesse, that euer had the fortune to win him such a Win! (There I am againe!) I do feelee conceits comming upon me, more then I am able to turne tongue to. A poxe on these pretenders, to wit! your Three Cranes, Miter, and Mermaid men! Not a corne of true salt, nor a graine of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places or so, againe the next Wit fall, and pay two pence in a quart more for their Canary, then other men. But give me the man, can start up a Iustice of Wit out of six-shillings beare, and give the law to all the Poets, and Poet-suckers in the Towne, because they are the Players Gossips? 'Slid, other men have wiues as fine as the Players, and as well drest. Come hither, Win.

## Scene 1.2

*E*

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

## Bartholomew Fair

*A*

Troth I am a little taken with my Wins dressing here! Dost not fine Master Win–wife? How do you apprehend, Sir? She would not have worne this habit. I challenge all Cheapside, to shew such another: Morefields, Pimlico path, or the Exchange, in a sommer euening, with a Lace to boot as this has. Deare Win, let Master Win–wife kisse you. He comes a wooing to our mother Win, and may be our father perhaps, Win. There is no harme in him, Win.

*E*

None in the earth, Master Little–wit.

*A*

I enuy no man, my delicates, Sir.

*E*

Alas, you have the garden where they grow still! A wife here with a Strawberry–breath, Chery–lips, Apricot–cheekes, and a soft veluet head, like a Melicotton.

*A*

Good y'faith! now dulnesse upon me, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on it, as well as he! Veluet head!

*E*

But my taste, Master Little–wit, tends to fruit of a later kinde: the sober Matron, your wiues mother.

*A*

Aye! we know you are a Suitor, Sir. Win, and I both, wish you well: by this Licence here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it, as here are a couple. Win would faine have a fine young father i' law, with a fether: that her mother might hood it, and chaine it, with Mistris Ouer–doo. But, you do not take the right course, Master Win–wife.

Bartholomew Fair

*E*

No? Master Little-wit, why?

*A*

You are not madde enough.

*E*

How? Is madnesse a right course?

*A*

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

*E*

Why? he makes no loue to her, does he?

*A*

Not a tokenworth that euer I saw, I assure you, But ---

*E*

What?

*A*

He is the more Mad-cap of the two. You do not apprehend me.

*B*

Scene 1.1



Bartholomew Fair

You have a hot coale in your mouth, now, you cannot hold.

*A*

Let me out with it, deare Win.

*B*

I will tell him my selfe.

*A*

Do, and take all the thanks, and much do good thy pretty heart, Win.

*B*

Sir, my mother has had her natiuity–water cast lately by the Cunning men in Cow lane, and they have told her her fortune, and do ensure her, she shall neuer have happy houre; vnlesse she marry within this sen'night, and when it is, it must be a Madde–man, they say.

*A*

Aye, but it must be a Gentle–man Mad–man.

*B*

Yes, so the tother man of More–fields sayes.

*E*

But does she beleeeue them?

*A*

## Bartholomew Fair

Yes, and has beene at Bedlem twice since, euery day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there, mad!

*E*

Why, this is a confederacy, a meere piece of practice upon her, by these Impostors?

*A*

I tell her so; or else say I, that they meane some young, Madcap–Gentleman (for the diuell can equiuocate, as well as a Shop–keeper) and therefore would I aduise you, to be a little madder, then Master Quarlous, hereafter.

*B*

Where is she? stirring yet?

*A*

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

*B*

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

*A*

He cannot abide my Vocation, he sayes.

*B*

No, he told my mother, a Proctor was a claw of the Beast, and that she had little lesse then committed abomination in marrying me so as she has done.

## Bartholomew Fair

*A*

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

*E*

When came this Proselyte?

*A*

Some three dayes since.

### Scene 1.3

*F*

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

*E*

I cannot tell: It seemes you had neither in your feet; that tooke this paine to finde me.

*F*

No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds of the City should have drawne after you, by the sent rather, Mr Iohn Little-wit! God saue you, Sir. It was a hot night with some of us, last night, Iohn: shall we pluck a hayre of the same Wolfe, to day, Proctor Iohn?

*A*

Do you remember Master Quarlous, what we discourst on, last night?

## Bartholomew Fair

**F**

Not I, Iohn: nothing that I eyther discourse or do, at those times I forfeit all to forgetfulnesse.

**A**

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

**F**

By this head, I will beware how I keepe you company, Iohn, when I drunke, and you have this dangerous memory! that is certaine.

**A**

Why Sir?

**F**

Why? we were all a little stain'd last night, sprinckled with a cup or two, and I agreed with Proctor Iohn here, to come and do somewhat with Win (I know not what it was) to day; and he puts me in minde of it, now; he sayes he was coming to fetch me: before Truth, if you have that fearefull quality, Iohn, to remember, when you are sober, Iohn, what you promise drunke, Iohn; I shall take heed of you, Iohn. For this once, I am content to winke at you, where is your wife? come hither Win.

He kisseth her.

**B**

Why, Iohn! do you see this, Iohn? looke you! helpe me, Iohn.

**A**

O Win, fie, what do you meane, Win! Be womanly, Win; make an outcry to your mother, Win? Master Quarlous is an honest Gentleman, and our worshipfull good friend, Win: and he is Master Winwifes friends, too: And Master Win-wife comes a Suitor to your mother Win; as I told you before, Win, and may perhaps, be our Father, Win, they will do you no harme, Win, they are both our worshipfull good friends. Master Quarlous! you must

## Bartholomew Fair

know Mr Quarlous, Win; you must not quarrell with Master Quarlous, Win.

*F*

No, we will kisse againe and fall in.

*A*

Yes, do good Win.

*B*

Y'faith you are a foole, Iohn.

*A*

A Foole-Iohn she calls me, do you marke that, Gentlemen? pretty littlewit of veluet! a foole-Iohn!

*F*

She may call you an Apple-Iohn, if you vse this.

*E*

Pray thee forbear, for my respect somewhat.

*F*

Hoy-day! how respectiue you are become of the sudden! I feare this family will turne you reformed too, pray you come about againe. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter in Law, and may aske you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to Totnam to eat creame. Well, I will forbear, Sir, but i'faith, would thou wouldst leaue thy exercise of widdow-hunting once! this drawing after an old reuerend Smocke by the splay-foote: There cannot be an ancient Tripe or Trillibub in the Towne, but thou art straight nosing it, and it is a fine occupation thou wilt confine thy selfe to when thou hast got one; scrubbing a piece of Buffe, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of Pannyer-alley to stinke in; or perhaps, worse, currying a carkasse, that thou hast bound thy selfe to aliue. I will be sworne, some of them, (that thou art, or hast beene a Suitor to) are so old, as no chast or married pleasure can euer become them: the honest Instrument or procreation, has (forty yeeres since) left to belong to them, thou must

## Bartholomew Fair

visit them, as thou wouldst do a Tombe, with a Torch, or three hand–fulls of Lincke, flaming hot, and so thou maist hap to make them feele thee, and after, come to inherit according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life for, to be still raking himselfe a fortune in an old womans embers; we shall have thee after thou hast beene but a moneth marryed to one of them, looke like the quartane ague, and the black Iaundise met in a face, and walke as if thou hadst borrow'd legges of a Spinner, and voyce of a Cricket. I would endure to heare fifteene Sermons a weeke for her, and such course, and lowd one's, as some of them must be; I would een desire of Fate, I might dwell in a drumme, and take in my sustenance, with an old broken Tobacco–pipe and a Straw. Dost thou euer thinke to bring thine eares or stomack, to the patience of a drie grace, as long as thy Tablecloth? and droan'd out by thy sonne, here, (that might be thy father;) till all the meat of thy board has forgot, it was that day in the Kitchin? Or to brooke the noise made, in a question of Predestination, by the good labourers and painefull eaters, assembled together, put to them by the Matron, your Spouse; who moderates with a cup of wine, euer and anone, and a Sentence out of Knoxe between? or the perpetuall spitting, before, and after a sober drawne exhortation of six houres, whose better part was the hum–ha–hum? Or to heare prayers groan'd out, ouer thy iron–chests, as if they were charmes to breake them? And all this for the hope of two Apostle–spoons, to suffer! and a cup to eate a cawdle in! For that will be thy legacy. She will have conuey'd her state, safe enough from thee, if she be a right widdow.

**B**

Alasse, I am quite off that sent now.

**F**

How so?

**E**

Put off by a Brother of Banbury, one, that, they say, is come here, and gouernes all, already.

**F**

What do you call him? I knew diuers of those Banbarians when I was in Oxford.

**E**

Master Little–wit can tell us.

**A**

## Bartholomew Fair

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

*E*

What call you the Reuerent Elder? you told me of? your Banbury–man.

*A*

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

*F*

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

*A*

He was a Baker, Sir, but he does dreame now, and see visions, he has giuen ouer his Trade.

*F*

I remember that too: out of a scruple he tooke, that (in spic'd conscience) those Cakes he made, were seru'd to Bridales, May–poles, Morrisses, and such prophane feasts and meetings; his Christen–name is Zeale–of–the–land Busye.

*A*

How, what a name is there!

*E*

O, they have all such names, Sir; he was Witnessse, for

*A*

## Bartholomew Fair

Win, here, (they will not be call'd God-fathers) and nam'd her Winne-the-fight, you thought her name has beene Winnifred, did you not?

*E*

I did indeed.

*A*

He would have thought himselfe a starke Reprobate, if it had.

*F*

Aye, for there was a Blew-starch-woman of the name, at the same time. A notable hypocriticall vermine it is; I know him. One that stands upon his face, more then his faith, at all times; Euer in seditious motion, and reprouing for vaine-glory: of a most lunatique conscience, and splene, and affects the violence of Singularity in all he does: (He has vndone a Grocer here, in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeale as he, that is by the way: by his profession, he will euer be in the state of Innocence, though; and child-hood; derides all Antiquity; defies any other Learning, then Inspiration; and what discretion soeuer, yeeres should afford him, it is all preuented in his Originall ignorance; have not to do with him: for he is a fellow of a most arrogant, and inuincible dulnesse, I assure you; who is this?

### Scene 1.4

*H*

By your leaue, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you: and god you good morrow; Mr Little-wit, my businesse is to you. Is this Licence ready?

*A*

Here, I have it for you, in my hand, Master Humphrey.

*H*

That is well, nay, neuer open, or read it to me, it is labour in vaine, you know. I am no Clarke, I scorne to be sau'd by my booke, i'faith I will hang first; fold it up of your word and give it me; what must you have for it?



## Bartholomew Fair

*A*

We will talke of that anon, Master Humphrey.

*H*

Now, or not at all, good Mr Proctor, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

*A*

Sweet Win, bid Salomon send me the little blacke boxe within, in my study.

*H*

Aye, quickly, good Mistresse, I pray you: for I have both egges of the Spit, and yron in the fire, say, what you must have, good Mr Little-wit.

*A*

Why, you know the price, Mr Numps.

*H*

I know? I know nothing. I, what tell you me of knowing? (now I am in hast) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorne to know, and yet (now I think of it) I will, and do know, as well as another; you must have a Marke for your thing here, and eight pence for the boxe; I could have sau'd two pence in that, if I had bought it my selfe, but here is foureteene shillings for you. Good Lord! how long your little wife staies! pray God, Salomon, your Clerke, be not looking in the wrong boxe, Mr Proctor.

*A*

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

*H*

## Bartholomew Fair

Fie, fie, fie, by your leaue Master Little-wit, this is scuruy, idle, foolish, and abominable, with all my heart; I do not like it.

*E*

Do you heare? Iacke Little-wit, what businesse does thy pretty head thinke, this fellow may have, that he keepes such a coyle with?

*F*

More then buying of ginger-bread in the Cloyster, here, (for that we allow him) or a guilt pouch in the Fayre?

*A*

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

*F*

What? to pull on his boots, a mornings, or his stockings, does he?

*A*

Sir, if you have a minde to mocke him, mocke him softly, and looke the other way: for if he apprehend you flout him, once, he will flie at you presently. A terrible testie old fellow, and his name is Waspe too.

*F*

Pretty Insect! make much of him.

*H*

A plague on this boxe, and the poxe too, and on him that made it, and her that went for it, and all that should have sought it, sent it, or brought it! do you see, Sir?

*A*

Bartholomew Fair

Nay, good Mr Waspe.

*H*

Good Master Hornet, turd in your teeth, hold you your tongue; do not I know you? your father was a Pothechary, and sold glisters, more then he gaue, I wusse: and turd in your little wiues teeth too (here she come,) it will make her spit as fine as she is, for all her veluet-custerd on her head, Sir.

*A*

O! be ciuill Master Numpes.

*H*

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

*A*

Here is the boxe, now.

*H*

Why a pox on your boxe, once againe: let your little wife stale in it, if she will. Sir, I would have you to vnderstand, and these Gentlemen too, if they please --

*E*

With all our hearts. Sir.

*H*

That I have a charge. Gentlemen.

*A*

## Bartholomew Fair

They do apprehend, Sir.

*H*

Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you, can apprehend me, yet. (you are an Ass) I have a young Master, he is now upon his making and marring; the whole care of his well doing, is now mine. His foolish scholemasters have done nothing, but runne up and downe the Countrey with him, to beg puddings, and cake–bread, of his tennants, and almost spoyled him, he has learn'd nothing, but to sing Catches, and repeat rattle bladder rattle, and O, Madge. I dare not let him walke alone, for feare of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon–times! if he meete but a Carman in the streete, and I finde him not talke to keepe him off of him, he will whistle him, and all his tunes ouer, at night in his sleepe! he has a head ful of Bees! I am faine now (for this little time I am absent) to leaue him in charge with a Gentlewoman; It is true, she is a Iustice of Peace his wife, and a Gentlewoman of the hood, and his naturall sister; But what may happen, vnder a womans gouernment, there is the doubt. Gentlemen, you do not know him: he is another manner of peece then you think for! but nineteen yeere old, and yet he is taller then either of you, by the head, God blesse him.

*F*

Well, mee thinkes, this is a fine fellow!

*E*

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

*F*

Faith, much about one, it is crosse and pile, whether for a new farthing.

*H*

I will tell you Gentlemen —

*A*

Will it please you drinke, Master Waspe?

*H*

## Bartholomew Fair

Why, I have not talk't so long to be drie, Sir, you see no dust or cobwebs come out of my mouth: do you? you would have me gone, would you?

*A*

No, but you were in hast e'en now, Mr Numpes.

*H*

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

*A*

She is my match indeede, and as little wit as I, Good!

*H*

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

*A*

You say true, Master Numpes: there is such a one indeed.

*H*

It is no matter, whether there be, or no, what is that to you?

*F*

He will not allow of Iohn's reading at any hand,

**Scene 1.5**

*G*

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

*H*

What, the mischiefe, do you come with her? or she with you?

*G*

We came all to seeke you, Numpes.

*H*

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

*J*

Nay, good Mr Numpes, do you shew discretion, though he be exorbitant, (as Mr Ouer doo saies,) if it be but for conseruation of the peace.

*H*

Mary gip, good she-Justice, Mistris French-hood! turd in your teeth; and turd in your French-hoods teeth, too, to do you seruice, do you see? must you quote your Adam to me! you thinke, you are Madam Regent still, Mistris Ouer-doo; when I am in place? no such matter, I assure you, your raigne is out, when I am in, Dame.

*J*

I am content to be in abeyance, Sir, and be gouern'd by you; so should he too, if he did well; but it will be expected, you should also gouerne your passions.

Bartholomew Fair

*H*

Will it so forsooth? good Lord! how sharpe you are! with being at Bet'lem yesterday? Whetston has set an edge upon you, has he?

*J*

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

*H*

Very well, then.

*G*

Is this the Licence, Numpes? for Loues sake, let me see it. I neuer saw a Licence.

*H*

Did you not so? why, you shall not see it, then.

*G*

If you loue me, good Numpes.

*H*

Sir, I loue you, and yet I do not loue you, in these fooleries, set your heart at rest; there is nothing in it, but hard words: and what would you see it for?

*G*

I would see the length and the breadth of it, that is all; and I will see it now, so I will.

## Bartholomew Fair

*H*

You shall not see it, here.

*G*

Then I will see it at home, and I will looke upon the case here.

*H*

Why, do so, a man must give way him a little in trifles: Gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth: which he will mend, when he comes to iudgement, and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceiue so, and I thanke you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thanke you againe.

*F*

Well, this dry–nurse, I say still, is a delicate man.

*E*

And I, am, for the Cosset, his charge! Did you euer see a fellowes face more accuse him for an Asse?

*F*

Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pittie it is yonder wench should marry such a Cokes?

*E*

It is true.

*F*

She seemes to be discreete, and as sober as she is handsome.



## Bartholomew Fair

**E**

Aye, and if you marke her, what a restrain'd scorne she casts upon all his behaiour, and speches?

**G**

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

**H**

Blesse me! deliuer me, helpe, hold me! the Fayre!

**G**

Nay, neuer fidge up and downe, Numpes, and vexe it selfe. I am resolute Bartholmew, in this; I will make no suite of it to you; it was all the end of my journey, indeed, to shew Mistris Grace my Fayre: I call it my Fayre, because of Bartholmew: you know my name is Bartholmew, and Bartholmew Fayre.

**A**

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

**F**

Come, Iohn, this ambitious wit of yours, (I am afraid) will do you no good in the end.

**A**

No? why Sir?

**F**

You grow so insolent with it, and ouerdoing, Iohn: that if you looke not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there it will leaue you.

## Bartholomew Fair

**E**

Do not trust it too much, Iohn, be more sparing, and vse it, but now and then; a wit is a dangerous thing, in this age; do not ouer buy it.

**A**

Thinke you so, Gentlemen? I will take heed of it, hereafter.

**B**

Yes, do Iohn.

**G**

A prety little soule, this same Mistris Little-wit! would I might marry her.

**K**

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

**G**

Numps, I will see it, Numpes, it is decreed: neuer be melancholy for the matter.

**H**

Why, see it, Sir, see it, do see it! who hinders you? why do you not go see it? 'Slid see it.

**G**

The Fayre, Numps, the Fayre.

## Bartholomew Fair

*H*

Would the Fayre and all the drums, and Rattles in it, were in your belly for me: they are already in your braine: he that had the meanes to traueell you head, now, should meet finer sights then any are in the Fayre; and make a finer voyage of it; to see it all hung with cockle-shels, pebbles, fine wheat-strawes, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cob-web.

*F*

Goodfaith, he lookes, me thinkes if you marke him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his Sir Cranion legs.

*E*

And his Numpes, to flap them away.

*H*

God, be with you, Sir, there is your Bee in a box, and much good do it, you.

*G*

Why, your friend, and Bartholmew; if you be so contumacious.

*F*

What meane you, Numpes?

*H*

I will not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

*J*

You will not let him go, Brother, and loose him?

## Bartholomew Fair

**G**

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

**H**

You do not know the inconuenience, Gentlemen, you perswade to: nor what trouble I have with him in these humours. If he go to the Fayre, he will buy of euery thing, to a Baby there; and houshold–stuffe for that too. If a legge or an arme on him did not grown on, he would lose it in the presse. Pray heauen I bring him off with one stone! And then he is such a Rauener after fruite! you will not beleue what a coyle I had, the other day, to compound a businesse betweene a Katerne–peare–woman, and him, about snatching! it is intolerable, Gentlemen.

**E**

O! but you must not leaue him, now, to these hazards, Numpes.

**H**

Nay, he knowes too well, I will not leaue him, and that makes him presume: well, Sir, will you go now? if you have such an itch in your feete, to foote it to the Fayre, why do you stop, am I your Tarriars? go, will you go? Sir, why do you not go?

**G**

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

**K**

Truely, I have no such fancy to the Fayre; nor ambition to see it; there is none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

**G**

O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, Mistris Grace, we are inow of our selues to make it a fashion: and for qualities, let Numps alone, he will find qualities.

Bartholomew Fair

*F*

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

*E*

Aye, and offer to marry to her? well, I will leaue the chase of my widdow, for to day, and directly to the Fayre. These flies cannot this hot season, but engender us excellent creeping sport.

*F*

A man that has but a spoone full of braine, would think so. Farewell, Iohn.

*A*

Win, you see, it is in fashion, to go to the Fayre, Win: we must to the Fayre too, you, and I, Win. I have an affaire in the Fayre, Win, a Puppet-play of mine owne making, say nothing, that I writ for the motion man, which you must see, Win.

*B*

I would I might Iohn, but my mother will neuer consent to such a prophane motion: she will call it.

*A*

Tut, we will have a deuice, a dainty one; (Now, Wit, helpe at a pinch, good Wit come, come, good Wit, if it be thy will.) I have it, Win, I have it 'i faith, and it is a fine one. Win, long to eate of a Pigge, sweet Win, in the Fayre; do you see? in the heart of the Fayre; not at Pye-Corner. Your mother will do any thing, Win, to satisfie your longing, you know, pray thee long, presently, and be sicke on the sudden, good Win. I will go in and tell her, cut thy lace in the meane time, and play the Hypocrite, sweet Win.

*B*

No, I will not make me vnready for it. I can be Hypocrite enough, though I were neuer so straight lac'd.

## Bartholomew Fair

*A*

You say true, you have bin bred in the family, and brought up to it. our mother is a most elect Hypocrite, and has maintain'd us all this seuen yeere with it, like Gentle-folkes.

*B*

Aye, Let her alone, Iohn, she is not a wise wilfull widdow for nothing, not a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I have somewhat of the mother in me, you shall see, fetch her, fetch her, ah, ah.

### Scene 1.6

*C*

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

*B*

Yes, forsooth.

*C*

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

*B*

(Vh, vh.)

*A*

Not I, on my sincerity, mother: she long'd about three houres, ere she should let me know it; who was it Win?

*B*

## Bartholomew Fair

A prophane blacke thing with a beard, Iohn.

*C*

O! resist it, Win–the–fight, it is the Tempter, the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of Pig, be strong against it, and its foule temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were, on the weaker side, and pray against its carnall prouocations, good child, sweet child, pray.

*A*

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

*B*

Yes, a great deale, Iohn, (vh,vh.)

*C*

What shall we do? call our zealous brother Busy hither, for his faithfull fortification in this charge of the aduersary; child, my deare childe, you shall eate Pigge, be comforted, my sweet child.

*B*

Aye, but in the Fayre, mother.

*C*

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

*A*

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

Bartholomew Fair

*C*

Slander not the Brethren, wicked one.

*A*

Here he is, now, purified, Mother.

*C*

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

*A*

Aye Sir, a Bartholmew pigge: and in the Fayre.

*C*

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

*D*

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

*A*

Aye, but in state of necessity: Place should give place, Mr Busy, (I have a conceit left, yet.)



## Bartholomew Fair

*C*

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

*A*

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

*C*

Truely, I do loue my child dearely, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her first fruites, if it might be otherwise.

*D*

Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subiect, to construction, subiect, and hath a face of offence, with the weake, a great face, a foule face, but that face may have a vaile put ouer it, and be shaddowed, as it were, it may be eaten, and in the Fayre, I take it, in a Booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midst of the prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety, and humblenesse; not gorg'd in with gluttony, or greedinesse; there is the feare: for, should she go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the vncleane dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or the lust of the palat, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

*A*

Nay, I knew that afore, and told her of it, but courage, Win, we will be humble enough; we will seeke out the homeliest Booth in the Fayre, that is certaine, rather then faile, we will eate it on the ground.

*C*

Aye, and I will go with you my selfe, Win-the-fight, and my brother, Zeale-of-the-Land, shall go with us too, for our better consolation.

*B*

Vh, vh.

## Bartholomew Fair

*A*

Aye, and Salomon too, Win, (the more the merrier) Win, we will leave Rabby Busy in a Booth. Salomon, my cloake.

*W*

Here, Sir.

*D*

In the way of comfort to the weake, I will go, and eat. I will eate exceedingly, and prophesie; there may be a good vse made of it, too, now I thinke of it: by the publike eating of Swines flesh, to professe our hate, and loathing of Iudaisme, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eate, yet, I will eate exceedingly.

*A*

Good, i'faith, I will eate heartily too, because I will be no Iew, I could neuer away with that stiffenecked generation: and truely, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pigge so, in the mothers belly.

*D*

Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

## Act 2

### Scene 2.1

*I*

Well, in Iustice name, and the Kings; and for the common–wealth! defie all the world, Adam Ouerdoo, for a disguise, and all story; for thou hast fitted thy selfe, I sweare; faine would I meet the Linceus now, that Eagles eye, that peircing Epidaurian serpent (as my Quint Horace cal's him) that could discouer a Iustice of Peace, (and lately of the Quorum) vnder this couering. They may have seene many a foole in the habite of a Iustice; but neuer till now, a Iustice in the habit of a foole. Thus must we do, though, that wake for the publike good: and thus hath the wise Magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Neuer shall I enough commend a worthy worshipfull man, sometime a capitall member of this City, for his high wisdome, in this point, who would take you, now the habit of a Porter; now of a Carman; now of the Dog–killer, in this moneth of August; and in the winter, of a Seller of tinder–boxes; and what would he do in all these shapes? mary

## Bartholomew Fair

go you into euery Alehouse, and down into euery Celler; measure the length of puddings, take the gage of blacke pots, and cannes, Aye, and custards with a sticke; and their circumference, with a third; weigh the loaves of bread on his middle-finger; then would he send for them, home; give the puddings to the poore, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his children; breake the pots, and burne the cannes, himselfe; he Would not trust his corrupt officers; he would do it himselfe. would all men in authority would follow this worthy president! For (alas) as we are publike persons, what do we know? nay, what can we know? we heare with other mens eares; we see with other mens eyes? a foolish Constable, of a sleepy Watchman, is all our information, he slanders a Gentleman, by the vertue of his place, (as he calls it) and we by the vice of ours, must beleeeue him. As a while agone, they made me, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursiuant, for a Seminary: and a proper yong Batcheler of Musicke, for a Bawd. This we are subiect to, that liue in high place, all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers, knaues: and by your leaue, our selues, thought little better, if not errant fooles, for beleeeuing them. I Adam Ouerdoo, am resolu'd therefore, to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine owne discoueries. Many are the yeerely enormities of this Fayre, in whose courts of Pye-pouldres I have had the honour during the three dayes sometimes to sit as Iudge. But this is the speciall day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my blacke booke, for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me: vnder this couert I shall see, and not be seene. On Iunius Brutus. And as I began, so I will end: in Iustice name, and the Kings; and for the Common-wealth.

### Scene 2.2

*L*

The Fayre is pestilence dead, me thinkes; people come not abroad, to day, what euer the matter is. Do you heare, Sister Trash, Lady of the Basket? sit farther with your ginger-bread-progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I will have it proclaim'd in the Fayre, what stufte they are made on.

*M*

Why, what stufte are they made on, Brother Leatherhead? nothing but what is wholesome, I assure you.

*L*

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

*I*

Aye! have I met with enormity, so soone?

*L*

I shall marre your market, Old Ione.

## Bartholomew Fair

*M*

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

*L*

Go to, old Ione, I will talke with you anone; and take you downe too, afore Iustice Ouerdoo, he is the man must charme you, I will have you in the Piepouldres.

*M*

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

*I*

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

*L*

What do you lacke? what is it you buy? what do you lacke? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babies of the best? Fiddles of the finest?

Enter C ost

*W*

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

*M*

Buy any ginger-bread, guilt ginger-bread!

## Bartholomew Fair

*O*

Hey, now the Fayre is a filling!  
The Birds of the Booths here billing:  
Yeerely with old Saint Barthle!  
The Drunkards they are wading,  
The Punques, and Chapmen trading;  
Who would see the Fayre without his lading? Buy any ballads;  
new ballads?

*P*

Fye upon it: who would weare out their youth, and prime thus, in roasting of pigges, that had any cooler vocation?  
Hell is a kind of cold cellar to it, a very fine vault, on my conscience! what Moone-calfe.

*Q*

Here, Mistresse.

*O*

How now Vrsla? in a heate, in a heat?

*P*

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

*O*

Alas, good Vr's; was Zekiel here this morning?

*P*

Zekiel? what Zekiel?

*O*

## Bartholomew Fair

Zekiel Edgeworth, the ciuill cut–purse, you know him well enough; he that talkes bawdy to you still: I call him my Secretary.

*P*

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

*O*

When he comes, bid him stay: I will be backe againe presently.

*P*

Best take your mornings dew in your belly, Nightingale,

Moon–calfe brings in the Chaire.

*P*

come, Sir, set it here, did not I bid you should get this chayre let out on the sides, for me, that my hips might play? you will neuer thinke of any thing, till your dame be rumpgall'd; it is well, Changeling: because it can take in your Grasse–hoppers thighes, you care for no more. Now, you looke as you had been in the corner of the Booth, fleaing your breech, with a candles end, and set fire on the Fayre. Fill, Stote: fill.

*I*

This Pig–woman do I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity, she hath beene before me, Punke, Pinnacle and Bawd, any time these two and twenty yeeres, upon record in the Pie–poudres.

*P*

Fill againe, you vn lucky vermine.

*Q*

Pray you be not angry, Mistresse, I will have it widen'd anone.

## Bartholomew Fair

*P*

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

*O*

Nay, Vrsla, thou wilt gall betweene the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now.

*P*

How can I hope, that euer he will discharge his place to trust, Tapster, a man of reckoning vnder me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but looke to it, sirrah, you were best, three pence a pipe full, I will have made, of all my whole halfe pound of tabacco, and a quarter of a pound of Colesfoot, mixt with it too, to itch it out. I that have dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoak, now. Then 6. and 20. shillings a barrell I will aduance on my Beere; and fifty shillings a hundred on my bottle-ale, I have told you the waies how to raise it. Froth your cannes well in the filling, at length Rogue, and iogge your bottles on the buttocke, Sirrah, then skinke out the first glasse, euer, and drinke with all companies, though you be sure to be drunke; you will mis-reckon the better, and be lesse asham'd of it. But your true tricke, Rascall, must be, to be euer busie, and mis-take away the bottles and cannes, in hast, before they be halfe drunke off, and neuer heare any body call, (if they should chance to marke you) till you have brought fresh, and be able to forswear them. Give me a drinke of Ale.

*I*

This is the very wombe, and bedde of enormitie! grosse, as her selfe! this must all downe for enormity, all, euery whit of it.

One knocks.

*P*

Looke, who is there, Sirrah? fiue shillings a Pigge is my price, at least; if it be a sow-pig, six pence more, if she be a great bellied wife, and long for it, six pence more for that.

*I*

O Tempora! O mores! I would not have lost my discouery of this one grieuance, for my place, and worship of the Bench, how is the poore subiect abus'd, here! well, I will fall in with her, and with her Moon-calfe, and winne out

## Bartholomew Fair

wonders of enormity. By thy leaue, goodly women, and the fatnesse of the Fayre: oonly as the Kings constables Lampe, and shining as his Shooing-horne! hath thy Ale vertue, or thy Beere strength? that the tongue of man may be tickled? and his palate pleas'd in the morning? let thy pretty Nephew here, go search and see.

*P*

What new Roarer is this?

*Q*

O Lord! do you not know him, Mistris, it is mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the Orations. Braue Master, old Arthur of Bradley, how do you? welcome to the Fayre, when shall we heare you againe, to handle your matters? with your backe againe a Booth, ha? I have bin one of your little disciples, in my dayes!

*I*

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

*P*

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

*Q*

Is it Ale, or Beere? Master Arthur?

*I*

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

*P*

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



## Bartholomew Fair

*I*

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

### Scene 2.3

KNOCKHVM. to them.

*R*

What! my little leane Vrs!a! my shee–Beare! art thou aliue yet? with thy litter of pigges, to grunt out another Bartholmew Fayre? ha!

*P*

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

*R*

Of Holbourne, Vrs!a, meanst thou so? for what? for what, pretty Vrs?

*P*

For cutting halfe–penny purses: or stealing little penny dogges, out of the Fayre.

*R*

O! good words, good words Vrs.

*I*

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

*P*

## Bartholomew Fair

You are one of those horsleaches, that gaue out I was dead, in Turne–bull streete, of a surfet of botle ale, and tripes?

*R*

No, it was better meat Vrs: coves vdders, coves vdders!

*P*

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

*R*

What? thou wilt poyson me with a neust in a bottle of Ale, wilt thou? or a spider in a tobacco–pipe, Vrs? Come, there is no malice in these fat folkes, I neuer feare thee, and I can scape thy leane Moonecalfe here. Let us drinke it out, good Vrs, and no vapours!

*I*

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

*Q*

What meane you by that, Master Arthur?

*I*

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

*Q*

O Lord, Sir! far from it. This is Master Dan Knockhum: Iordane the Ranger of Turnebull. He is a horse–courser, Sir.

## Bartholomew Fair

*I*

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

*Q*

Like enough, Sir, she will do a forty such things in an houre (if you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her in the greasie kerchiefe: it makes her fat you see. She battens with it.

*I*

Here might I have beene deceiu'd, now: and have put a fooles blot upon my selfe, if I had not play'd an after game of discretion.

Vrsla comes in againe dropping.

*R*

Alas poor Vrs, this is an ill season for thee.

*P*

Hang your selfe, Hacney-man.

*R*

How? how? Vrs, vapours! motion breede vapours?

*P*

Vapours? Neuer tuske, nor twirle your dibble, good Iordane, I know what you will take to a very drop. Though you be Captaine of the Roarers, and fight well at the case of pis-pots, you shall not fright me with your Lyon-chap, Sir, not your tuskes, you angry? you are hungry: come, a pigs head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomacke, at all times.

*R*

## Bartholomew Fair

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

### Scene 2.4

To them EDGWORTH. NIGHTINGALE. Come–cutter. Tinder–box–man. Passengers.

*N*

That I will, indeede, willingly, Master Knockhum, fetch some Ale, and Tabacco.

*L*

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

*W*

Have you any cornes in your feete, and toes? Buy a Mouse–trap, a Mouse–trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

*M*

Buy some Ginger–bread.

*O*

Ballads, Ballads! fine new ballads: Heare for your loue, and buy for your money. A delicate ballad of the Ferret and the Coney. A preservative again' the Punques euill. Another of Goose–greene–starch, and the Godly garters. The Fairing of good councell, of an ell and three quarters. What is it you buy? The Wind–mill blowne downe by the witches fart! Or Saint George, that O! did breake the Dragons heart!

*N*

Master Nightingale, come hither, leaue your mart a little.

Bartholomew Fair

*O*

O my Secretary! what sayes my Secretarie?

*I*

Childe of the bottles, what is he? what he?

*Q*

A ciuill young Gentleman, Master Arthur, that keepes company with the Roarers, and disburses all, still. He has euer money in his purse; He payes for them; and they roare for him: one does good offices for another. They call him the Secretary, but he serues no body. A great friend of the Ballad-mans they are neuer asunder.

*I*

What pittie it is, so ciuill a young man should haunt this debauched company? here is the bane of the youth of our time apparant. A proper penman, I see it in his countenance, he has a good Clerks looke with him, and I warrant him a quicke hand.

*Q*

A very quicke hand, Sir.

*N*

All the purses, and purchase, I give you to day by conueyance, bring hither to Vrsla's presently. Here we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Looke you choose good places, for your standing in the Fayre, when you sing, Nightingale.

This they whisper, that Ouerdoo heares it not.

*P*

Aye, neere the fullest passages; and shift them often.

## Bartholomew Fair

*N*

And in your singing, you must vse your hawks eye nimbly, and flye the purse to a marke, still, where it is worne, and of which side; that you may give me the signe with your beake, or hand your head that way in the tune.

*P*

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

*R*

Well said! fill the cups, and light the tabacco: let us give fire in the works, and noble vapours.

*N*

And shall we have smockes Vrsla, and good whimsies, ha?

*P*

Come, you are in your bawdy vaine! the best the Fayre will afford, Zekiel, if Bawd Whit keepe his word; how do the Pigges, Moone-calfe?

*Q*

Very passionate, Mistresse, one of them has wept out an eye. Master Arthur O'Bradley is melancholy, here, no body talkes to him. Will you any tabacco Master Arthur?

*I*

No, boy, let my meditation alone.

*Q*

He is studying for an Oration, now.

## Bartholomew Fair

*I*

If I can, with this daies trauell, and all my policy, but rescue this youth, here, out of the hands of the lewd man, and the strange woman. I will sit downe at night, and say with my friend Ouid, Iamq; opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis, Etc

*R*

Here Zekiel; here is a health of Vrsla, and a kind vapour, thou hast money in thy purse still; and store! how dost thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

*N*

Halfe I have, Master D an Knockhum, is alwaies at your seruice,

*I*

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

*R*

Let us see, what it is, Zekiel! count it, come, fill him to pledge me.

### **Scene 2.5**

to them.

*E*

We are here before them, me thinkes.

*F*

All the better, we shall see them come in now.

## Bartholomew Fair

*L*

What do you lacke, Gentlemen, what is it you lacke? a fine Horse? a Lyon? a Bull? a Beare? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine Bartholmew–bird? or an Instrument? what is it you lacke?

*F*

S'lid! here is Orpheus among the beasts, with his Fiddle, and all!

*M*

Will you buy any comfortable bread, Gentlemen?

*F*

And Ceres selling her daughters picture, in Ginger–worke!

*E*

That these people should be so ignorant to thinke us chapmen for them! do we looke as if we would buy Ginger–bread? or Hobby–horses?

*F*

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

*R*

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

*E*

Do not see him! he is the roaring horse–courser, pray thee let us auoyd him: turne downe this way.



## Bartholomew Fair

***F***

S'lud, I will see him, and roare with him, too, if he roar'd as loud as Neptune, pray thee go with me.

***E***

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

***F***

Go to then, come along, we have nothing to do, man, but to see sights, now.

***R***

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

***F***

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

***R***

As what, Sir?

***F***

To be so lightly inuited to smoake, and froth.

***R***

A good vapour! will you sit downe, Sir? this is old Vrsla's mansion, how like you her bower? here you may have your Punque, and your Pigge in state, Sir, both piping hot.

Bartholomew Fair

*F*

I had rather have my Punque, cold, Sir.

*I*

There is for me, Punque! and Pigge!

*P*

What Moonecalfe? you Rogue.

She calls within.

*Q*

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

*P*

I will part you, and your play-fellow there, in the garded coat, if you sunder not the sooner.

*R*

Master Winwife, you are proud (me thinkes) you do not talke, nor drinke, are you proud?

*E*

Not of the company I am in, Sir, nor the place, I assure you.

*R*

You do not except at the company! do you? are you in vapours, Sir?

*Q*

## Bartholomew Fair

Nay, good Master D an Knockhum, respect my Mistris Bower, as you call it; for the honour of our Booth, none of your vapours, here.

She comes out with a fire-brand.

*P*

Why, you thinne leane Polcat you, if they have a minde to be in their vapours, must you hinder them? what did you know Vermine, if they would have lost a cloake, or such a trifle? must you be drawing the ayre of pacification here? while I am tormented, within, in the fire, you Weasell?

*Q*

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

*P*

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

*F*

Body of the Fayre! what is this? mother of the Bawds?

*R*

No, she is mother of the Pigs, Sir, mother of the Pigs!

*E*

Mother of the Furies, I thinke, by her firebrand.

*F*

Nay, she is too fat to be a Fury, sure, some walking Sow of tallow?

Bartholomew Fair

*E*

An inspir'd vessel of Kitchin stuffe!

She drinkes this while.

*F*

She will make excellent geere for the Coach-makers, here in Smithfield, to anoynt wheeles and axell trees with.

*P*

Aye, Aye, Gamesters, mocke a plaine plumpe soft wench of the Suburbs, do, because she is iuicy and wholesome: you must have your thinne pinch'd ware, pent up in the compasse of a dogge-collar, (or it will not do) that lookes like a long lac'd Conger, set up-right, and a greene feather, like fennell in the loll of it.

*R*

Well said Vrs, my good Vrs; to them Vrs.

*F*

Is she your quagmire, D an Knockhum? is this your Bogge?

*O*

We shall have a quarrell presently.

*R*

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

*F*

Yes, he that would venture for it, I assure him, might sinke into her, and be drown'd a weeke, ere any friend he had, could find where he were.

## Bartholomew Fair

*E*

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

*F*

It were like falling into a whole Shire of butter: they had need to be a teeme of Dutchmen, should draw him out.

*R*

Answer them, Vrs, where is thy Bartholmew-wit, now? Vrs, thy Bartholmew-wit?

*P*

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

*F*

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

*P*

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

*F*

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

*P*

Bartholomew Fair

For your mother, you Rascall, out you Rogue, you hedge bird, you Pimpe, you pannier–mans bastard, you.

*F*

Ha, ha, ha.

*P*

Do you sneere, you dogs–head, you Trendle tayle! you looke as you were begotten a'top of a Cart in haruest–time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuffe after your brothers bitch, Mrs Commodity, that is the Liuory you weare, it will be out at the elbows, shortly. It is time you went to it, for the to'ther remnant.

*R*

Peace, Vrs, peace, Vrs, they will kill the poore Whale, and make oyle of her. Pray thee go in.

*P*

I will see them pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

*E*

Let us away, her language growes greasier then her Pigs.

*P*

Does it so, snotty nose? good Lord! are you sniueling? you were engendred on a she–begger, in a barne, when the bald Thrasher, your Sire, was scarce warme.

*E*

Pray thee, let us go.

*F*

Bartholomew Fair

No, faith: I will stay the end of her, now: I know she cannot last long; I finde by her similes, she wanes a pace.

*P*

Does she so? I will set you gone. Give me my Pig-pan hither a little. I will scald you hence, if you will not go.

*R*

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

*F*

You are a very serious asse, we assure you.

*R*

Humh! Asse? and serious? nay, then pardon me my vapour. I have a foolish vapour, Gentlemen: any man that does vapour me, the Asse, Master Quarlous —

*F*

What then, Master Iordan?

*R*

I do vapour him the lye.

*F*

Faith, and to any man that vapours me the lie, I do vapour that.

*R*

Nay, then, vapours upon vapours.

## Bartholomew Fair

*X*

'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan, she comes with the pan, Gentlemen. God blesse the woman.

Vrsla comes in, with the scalding-pan. They fight. She falls with it.

*P*

O.

*V*

What is the matter?

*I*

Goodly woman!

*Q*

Mistresse!

*P*

Curse of hell, that euer I saw these Feinds, o! I have scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg. I have lost a limb in the seruice! run for some creame and sallad oyle, quickly. Are you vnder-peering, you Baboun? rip off my hose, if you be men, men, men.

*Q*

Runne you for some creame, good mother Ione. I will looke to your basket.

*L*

Best sit up in your chaire, Vrsla. Helpe, Gentlemen.



## Bartholomew Fair

*R*

Be of good cheere, Vrs, thou hast hindred me the currying of a couple of Stallions, here, that abus'd the good race—Bawd of Smithfield; it was time for them to go.

*O*

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

*N*

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

*R*

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

*P*

O! the poxe, why do you put me in minde of my leg, thus, to make it prick, and shoot? would you have me in the Hospitall, afore my time?

*R*

Patience, Vrs, take a good heart, it is but a blister, as big as a Windgall; I will take it away with the white of an egge, a little honey, and hogs grease, have thy pasternes well rol'd, and thou shalt pase againe by to morrow. I will tend thy Booth, and looke to thy affaires, the while: thou shalt sit in thy chaire, and give directions, and shine Vrsa maior.

### Scene 2.6

*I*

These are the fruites of bottle ale, and tabacco! the fome of the one, and the fumes of the other! Stay young man,

## Bartholomew Fair

and despise not the wisdom of these few hayres, that are growne gray in care of thee.

*N*

Nightingale, stay a while. Indeede I will heare some of this!

*G*

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

*N*

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

*I*

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

*G*

This is a braue fellow, Numps, let us heare him.

*H*

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

*G*

O, good Numps!

*I*

Neither do thou lust after that tawney weede, tabacco.

## Bartholomew Fair

**G**

Braue words!

**I**

Whose complexion is like the Indians that vents it!

**G**

Are they not braue words, Sister?

**I**

And who can tell, if, before the gathering, and making up thereof, the Alliganta hath not piss'd thereon?

**H**

'Heart let them be braue words, as braue as they will! if they were all the braue words in a Countrey, how then? will you away yet? have you inough of him? Mistris Grace, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessary. If you do lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with listning to his fables: say, Numps, is a witch, with all my heart, do, say so.

**G**

Avoyd in your sattin doublet, Numps.

**I**

The creeping venome of which subtill serpent, as some late writers affirme; neither the cutting of the perrillous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting, or burning, can any way perssway or, asswage.

**G**

Good, i'faith! is it not Sister?

## Bartholomew Fair

*I*

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

*G*

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

*N*

Yes, Sir.

*I*

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

*G*

Who would have mist this, Sister?

*J*

Not any body, but Numps.

*G*

He does not vnderstand.

*N*

Nor you feele.

## Bartholomew Fair

He picketh his purse.

*G*

What would you have, Sister, of a fellow that knowes nothing but a basket–hilt, and an old Fox in it? the best musique in the Fayre, will not moue a logge.

*N*

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

*I*

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

*G*

That is to us, Sister. Braue i'faith!

*I*

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

*J*

He hath something of Master Ouerdoo, mee thinkes, brother.

*G*

So mee thought, Sister, very much of my brother Ouerdoo: And it is, when he speakes.

*I*

## Bartholomew Fair

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

**H**

Heart of a mad-man! are you rooted here? well you neuer away? what can any man finde out in this bawling fellow, to grow here for? he is a full handfull higher, sin' he heard him, will you fix here? and set up a Booth? Sir?

**I**

I will conclude briefly --

**H**

Hold your peace, you roaring Rascall, I will runne my head in your chaps else. You were best build a Booth, and entertaine him, make your Will, and you say the word, and him your heyre! heart, I neuer knew one taken with a mouth of a pecke, afore. By this light, I will carry you away on my backe, if you will not come.

He gets him up on pick-packe.

**G**

Stay Numpes, stay, set me downe: I have lost my purse, Numps, O my purse! one of my fine purses is gone.

**J**

Is it indeed, brother?

**G**

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

**H**

## Bartholomew Fair

Bless them with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! Now, as I am no Infidell, that I know of, I am glad of it. I I am, (here is my witnesse!) do you see, Sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I? no, no, I am a dull malt-horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not iustly seru'd in your conscience now? speake in your conscience. Much good do you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart againe.

*N*

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

*G*

Nay, Numps, it is not my best purse.

*H*

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

*G*

Nor my gold, Numps; I have that yet, looke here else, Sister.

*H*

Why so, there is all the feeling he has!

*J*

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

*G*

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

*H*

## Bartholomew Fair

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

**G**

I would have him come againe, now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good iest? I will put it iust where the other was, and if we have good lucke, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cutpurse, nibbling.

**N**

Faith, and he will trye ere you be out of the Fayre.

**G**

Come, Mistresse Grace, pre'thee be not melancholy for my mis-chance; sorrow will not keepe it, Sweetheart.

**K**

I do not thinke of it, Sir.

**G**

It was but a little scuruy white money, hang it: it may hang the cutpurse, one day. I have gold left to give thee a fayring, yet, as hard as the world goes: nothing angers me, but that no body here, look'd like a cutpurse, vnlesse it were Numps.

**H**

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

They speake all together: and Waspe beats the Iustice.

**I**

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



## Bartholomew Fair

**G**

Numps, Numps.

**J**

Good Mr Humphrey.

**H**

You are the Patrico! are you? the Patriarch of the cutpurses? you share, Sir, they say, let them share this with you. Are you in your hot fit of preaching againe? I will coole you.

**I**

Murther, murther, murther.

### Act 3

#### Scene 3.1

**W**

Nay it is all gone, now! this it is, when thou wilt not be phitin call, Master Offisher, what is a man the better to lishen out noyshes for thee, if thou art in an oder 'orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too, one of their brabblesh would have fed us all this fortnight, but thou art so bushy about beggersh stil, thou hast no leshure to intend thentlemen, if it be. Why, I told you, Dauy Bristle. Come, come, you told me a pudding, Toby Haggise; A matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! you said, let us go to Vrsla's, indeede; but then you met the man with the monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old foole, not leaue seeing yet? Why, who would have thought any body would have quarrell'd so earely? or that the ale of the Fayre would have beene up so soone. Why? what a clocke toest thou tinke it is, man? I cannot tell. Thou art a vishe vatchman, in the meane teeme. Why? should the watch go by the clocke, or the clock by the watch, I pray? One should go by another, if they did well. Thou art right now! when didst thou euer know, or heare of a shuffishient vatchman, but he did tell the clocke, what bushinesse soeuer he had? Nay, that is most true, a sufficient watchman knowes what a clocke it is. Shleeping, or vaking! as well as the clocke himshelfe, or the lack that shtrikes him! Let us enquire of Master Leatherhead, or Ione Trash here. Master Leatherhead, do you heare, Master Leatherhead?

## Bartholomew Fair

*W*

If it be a Ledgerhead, it is a very tick Ledgerhead, that so mush noish will not peirsh him.

*L*

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

*W*

What? because of thy wrought neet cap, and thy pheluct sherkin, Man? why? I have sheene thee in thy Ledger sherkin, ere now, Mashter of the hobby—Horses, as bushy and as stately as Thou shem'st to be.

*M*

Why, what if you have, Captaine Whit? he has his choyce of Ierkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sicke, or imploy'd.

*L*

God a mercy Ione, answer for true.

*W*

Away, be not sheen in my company, here be shentlemen, and men of vorship.

### **Scene 3.2**

*F*

We had a wonderfull ill lucke, to misse this prologue of the purse, but the best is, we shall have five Acts of him ere night: he will be spectacle enough! I will answer for it.

*W*

O Creesh! Duke Quarlous, how dosht thou? thou dosht not know me, I feare? I am the vishesht man, but Iustish

## Bartholomew Fair

Ouerdoo, in all Bartholmew Fayre, now. Give me tweluepence from thee, I will help thee to a vife vorth forty marks for it, if it be.

*F*

Away, Rogue, Pimpe away.

*W*

And thee shall shew thee as fine cut o'rke for it in her shmock too, as thou cansht vishe i'faith; wilt thou have her, vorshipfull Vin wife? I will helpe thee to her, here, be if it be, in the pig-quarter, give me thy twelpence from thee.

*E*

Why, there is twelpence, pray thee wilt thou be gone.

*W*

Thou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipfull man still.

*F*

Get you gone, Rascall.

*W*

I do meane it, man, Prinsh Quarlous if thou hasht need of me, thou shalt find me here, at Vrsla's, I will see what ale, and punque is in the pigshty, for thee, blesse thy good vorship.

*F*

Looke! who comes here! Iohn Little-wit!

*E*

Bartholomew Fair

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

*F*

'Slight, you must give them all fairings, now!

*E*

Not I, I will not see them,

*F*

They are going a feasting. What Schole–master is that is with them?

*E*

That is my Riual, I beleue, the Baker!

*D*

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

*F*

O, I know him by that start!

*L*

What do you lack? what do you buy, pretty Mistris! a fine Hobby–Horse, to make your sonne a Tilter? a Drum to make him a Souldier? a Fiddle, to make him a Reueller? What is it you lack? Little Dogs for your Daughters! or Babies, male, or female?

*D*

## Bartholomew Fair

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

*E*

What flashes comes from him!

*F*

O, he has those of his ouen! a notable hot Baker it was, when he ply'd the peepe: he is leading his flock into the Fayre, now.

*E*

Rather driuing them to the Pens: for he will let them looke upon nothing.

*R*

Gentlewomen, the weather is hot! whither walke you?

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

*R*

Have a care of your fine veluet caps, the Fayre is dusty. Take a sweet delicate booth, with boughs, here, in the way, and coole your selues in the shade: you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale in the Fayre, Sir. Old Vrsula is Cooke, there you may read: the pigges head speakes it. Poore soule, she has had a Sringhalt the Maryhinchco: but she is prettily amended.

*W*

A delicate show-pig, little Mistris, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like the bay-leafe in the fire, la! Thou shalt have the cleane side of the table-clot and the glass vash'd with phatersh of Dame Anneshsh Cleare.

*A*

## Bartholomew Fair

This is fine, verily, here be the best pigs: and she does roast them as well as euer she did; the Pigs head sayes.

*R*

Excellent, excellent, Mistris, with fire of Iuniper and Rosemary branches! The Oracle of the Pigs head, that, Sir.

*C*

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

*A*

Good mother, how shall we finde a pigge, if we do not looke about for it? will it run off of the spit, into our mouths thinke you? as in Lubberland? and cry, wee, wee?

*D*

No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiueth it may offer it selfe, by other meanes, to the sense, as by way of steeme, which I thinke it doth, here in this place,

Busy sents after it like a Hound.

*D*

(Huh, huh) yes, it doth. and it were a sinne of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline, or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the sent. Enter the Tents of the vncleane, for once, and satisfie your wiues frailty. Let your fraile wife be satisfied: your zealous mother, and my suffering selfe, will also be satisfied.

*A*

Come, Win, as good winny here, as go farther, and see nothing.

*D*

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

## Bartholomew Fair

*C*

It is an ædifying consideration.

*B*

This is scuruy, that we must come into the Fayre, and not looke on it.

*A*

Win, have patience, Win, I will tell you more anon.

*R*

Moone–calfe, entertaine within there, the best pig in the Booth; a Porklike pig. These are Banbury–bloods, of the sincere stud, come a pigge–hunting. Whit, wait Whit, looke to your charge.

*D*

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

*Q*

S'light, who be these?

*P*

Is this the good seruice, Iordan, you would do me?

*R*

Why, Vrs? why Vrs? thou wilt have vapours in thy legge againe presently, pray thee go in, it may turne to the scatches else.

## Bartholomew Fair

*P*

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

*R*

Aye, what aile they Vrs?

*P*

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

*Q*

A body may read that in their small printed ruffes.

*R*

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

*P*

Are you sure they are such?

*R*

Of the right breed, thou shalt try them by the teeth, Vrs, where is this Whit?

*W*



## Bartholomew Fair

Behold, man and see, what a worthy man am I! With the fury of my sword, and the shaking of my beard, I will make ten thousand men afeard.

*R*

Well said, braue Whit, in, and feare the ale out of the bottles, into the bellies of the brethren, and the sisters drinke to the cause, and pure vapours.

*F*

My Roarer is turn'd Tapster, mee thinks. Now were a fine time for thee, Win-wife, to lay aboard the widdow, thou wilt neuer be Master of a better season, or place; she that will venture her selfe into the Fayre, and a pig-boxe, will admit any assault, be assur'd of that.

*B*

I loue not enterprises of that suddenesse, though.

*F*

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

### Scene 3.3

*I*

I will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragicall conclusions. And I begin now to thinke, that by a spice of collaterall Iustice, Adam Ouerdoo, deseru'd this beating; for I the said Adam, was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost: and my wiues brothers purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it, at supper, (that will be the sport) and put my little friend, Mr Humphrey Wasp's choler quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the upper end of my Table, as I vse, and drinking to my brother Cokes, and M rs Alice Ouerdoo, as I will, my wife, for their good affection to old Bradley, I deliuer to them, it was I, that was cudgell'd, and shew them the marks. To see what bad euent may peepe out of the taile of good purposes! the care I had of that ciuil yong man, I tooke fancy to this morning, (and have not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company, indeede, which drew the cut-purse; which drew the money; which drew my brother Cokes his losse; which drew on Wasp's anger; which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! And they shall have

## Bartholomew Fair

it in their dish, i'faith, at night for fruit: I loue to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one speciall blow he ga' me, to have reuealed my selfe? but then (I thank thee fortitude) I remembered that a wise man (and who is euer so great a part, of the Common-wealth in himselfe) for no particular disaster ought to abandon a publike good designe. The husbandman ought not for one vnthankful yeer, to forsake the plough; The Shepheard ought not, for one scabb'd sheep, to throw by his tar-boxe; The Pilot ought not for one leake in the poope, to quit the Helme; Nor the Alderman ought not for one custerd more, at a meale, to give up his cloake; The Constable ought not to breake his staffe, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night; Nor the Piper of the Parish (Vt paruis componere magna solebam) to put up his pipes, for one rainy Sunday. These are certaine knocking conclusions; out of which, I am resolu'd, come banishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discouer who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said euer, in Iustice name, and the King's, and for the Common-wealth.

*E*

What does he talke to himselfe, and act so seriously? poore foole!

*F*

No matter what. Here is fresher argument, intend that.

### Scene 3.4

*G*

Come, Mistresse Grace, come Sister, here is more fine sights, yet i'faith. Gods 'lid where is Numps?

*L*

What do you lacke, Gentlemen? what is it you buy? fine Rattles? Drummes? Babies? little Dogges? and Birds for Ladies? What do you lacke?

*G*

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

*H*

## Bartholomew Fair

You were best buy a whip in your hand to driue me.

**G**

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

**H**

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

**L**

What do you lacke, Gentlemen? fine purses, pouches, pincases, pipes? What is it you lacke? a paire of smithes to wake you in the morning? or a fine whistling bird?

**G**

Numps, here be finer things then any we have bought by oddes! and more delicate horses, a great deal! good Numpes, stay, and come hither.

**H**

will you scourse with him? you are in Smithfield, you may sit your selfe with a fine easy-going street-nag, for your saddle againe Michaelmasse-terme, do has he ne'er a little odde cart for you, to make a Carroch on, in the countrey, with foure pyed hobbyhorses? why the meazills, should you stand here, with your traine, cheaping of Dogges, Birds, and Babies? you have no children to bestow them on? have you?

**G**

No, but again' I have children Numpes, that is all one.

**H**

Do, do, do, do; how many shall you have, think you? if I were as you, I would buy for all my Tenants, too, they are a kind of ciuill Sauages, that will part with their children for rattles, pipes, and kniues. You were best buy a

## Bartholomew Fair

hatchet, or two, and truck with them.

**G**

Good Numps, hold that little tongue of thine, and saue it a labour. I am resolute Bat, thou know'st.

**H**

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

**B**

Was there euer such a selfe-affliction? and so impertinent?

**F**

Alas! his care will go neere to cracke him, let us in, and comfort him.

**H**

Would I had beene set in the gronnd, all but the head on me, and was my braines, bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I vnderwent this plague of a charge!

**F**

How now, Numps! almost tir'd in your Protectorship? ouerparted? ouerparted?

**H**

Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am, does it grieue you?

**F**

No, I sweare does it not, Numps: to satisfie you.

Bartholomew Fair

*H*

Numps? S'blood, you are fine and familiar! how long have we bin acquainted, I pray you?

*F*

I thinke it may be remembered, Numps, that? it was since morning sure.

*H*

Why, I hope I know it well enough, Sir, I did not aske to be told.

*F*

No? why then?

*H*

It is no matter why, you see with your eyes, now, what I said to you to day? you will beleeeue me another time?

*F*

Are you remouing the Fayre, Numps?

*H*

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

*B*

How melancholi' Mistresse Grace is yonder! pray thee let us go enter our selues in Grace, with her.

Bartholomew Fair

**G**

Those six horses, friend I will have —

**H**

How!

**G**

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

**H**

No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

**L**

If his worship please.

**H**

Yes, and keepe it during the Fayre, Bobchin.

**G**

Peace, Numps, friend, do not meddle with him, if you be wise, and would shew your head aboue board: he will sting thorow your wrought night-cap, beleeue me. A set of these Violines, I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I have in the countrey, that are euery one a size lesse then another, iust like your fiddles. I would faine have a fine young Masque at my marriage, now I thinke of it: but I do want such a number of things. And Numps will not helpe me now, and I dare not speake to him.

**M**

## Bartholomew Fair

Will your worship buy any ginger–bread, very good bread, comfortable bread?

He runnes to her shop.

**G**

Ginger–bread! yes, let us see.

**H**

There is the tother sprindge?

**L**

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

**M**

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

**G**

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

**H**

Will you i'faith?

**L**

Why should you put him from it, friend?

**H**

## Bartholomew Fair

Cry you mercy! you would be sold too, would you? what is the price on you? Ierkin, and all as you stand? have you any qualities?

*M*

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

*H*

Gods so, you have the selling of him! what are they? will they be bought for loue, or money?

*M*

No indeed, Sir.

*H*

For what then? victualls?

*M*

He scornes victualls, Sir, he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good meale, if the toy take him in the belly, mary then they must not set him at lower end; if they do, he will go away, though he fast. But put him a top of the Table, where his place is, and he will do you forty fine things. He has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great citty–suppers, to put downe Coriat, and Cokeley, and bin laught at for his labour; he will play you all the Puppets in the towne ouer, and the Players, euery company, and his owne company too; he spares no body!

*G*

I'faith?

*M*

He was the first, Sir, that euer baited the fellow in the beare's skin, if it like your worship: no dog euer came neer him, since. And for fine motions!



## Bartholomew Fair

**G**

Is he good at those too? can he set out a Masque trow?

**M**

O Lord, Master! sought to farre, and neere, for his inuentions: and he engrosses all, he makes all the Puppets in the Fayre.

**G**

Dost thou (in troth) old veluet Ierkin? give me thy hand.

**M**

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

**G**

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

**L**

Sir, it stands me in sixe and twenty shillings seuen pence, halfe-peny, besides three shillings for my ground.

**G**

Well, thirty shillings will do all, then! And what comes yours to?

**M**

Four shillings, and eleauen pence, Sir, ground, and all, if it like your worship.

## Bartholomew Fair

**G**

Yes, it does like my worship very well, poore woman, that is fiue shillings more, what a Masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings? (twenty pound scotsh) and a Banquet of Ginger–bread? there is a stately thing! Numps? Sister? and my wedding gloues too? (that I neuer thought of afore.) All my wedding gloues, Ginger–bread? O me! what a deuce will there be? to make them eate their fingers ends! and delicate Brooches for the Bride–men! and all! and then I will have this poesie put to them: For the best grace, meaning Mistresse Grace, my wedding poesie.

**K**

I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your Bartholmew–wit.

**H**

You do not meane this, do you? is this your first purchase?

**G**

Yes faith, and I do not thinke, Numpes, but thou wilt say, it was the wisest Act, that euer I did in my wardship.

**H**

Like inough! I shall say any thing. I!

### **Scene 3.5**

**I**

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

**N**

## Bartholomew Fair

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

*O*

My masters and friends, and good people, draw neere, Etc

He runn's to the Ballad man.

*G*

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

*H*

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

*F*

Yes faith, shalt thou, Numps, and thou art worthy of it, for thou sweatest for it. I neuer saw a young Pimpe errant, and his Squire better match'd.

*E*

Faith, the sister comes after them, well, too.

*K*

Nay, if you saw the Iustice her husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Messe, he is such a wise one his way --

*E*

I wonder, we see him not here.

## Bartholomew Fair

**K**

O! he is too serious for this place, and yet better sport then then the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen: where ere he is, though it be of the Bench.

**G**

How dost thou call it! A caueat against cutpurses! a good iest, i'faith, I would faine see that Dæmon, your Cutpurse, you talke of, that delicate handed Diuell; they say he walkes hereabout; I would see him walke, now.

He show's his purse boastingly.

**G**

Looke you sister, here, here, let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad–man, does any cutpurses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two: beginne and shew me one.

**O**

Sir, this is a spell against them, spicke and span new; and it is made as it were in mine owne person, and I sing it in mine owne defence. But it will cost a penny alone, if you buy it.

**G**

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

**J**

Hast a fine picture, Brother?

**G**

O Sister, do you remember the ballads ouer the Nursery–chimney at home of my owne passing up, there be braue pictures. Other manner of pictures, than these, friend.

**H**

Yet these will serue to picke the pictures out of your pockets, you shall see.

## Bartholomew Fair

**G**

So, I heard them say. Pray thee mind him not, fellow: he will have an oare in euery thing.

**O**

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

**G**

We shall find that in the matter. Pray thee begin.

**O**

To the tune of Paggingtons Pound, Sir.

**G**

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

**O**

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

**G**

Not a word more, out on the tune, if thou lou'st me: Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la. Come, when?

**O**

My masters and friends, and good people draw neere, And looke to your purses, for that I do say;

Bartholomew Fair

**G**

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

**O**

And though little money, in them you do beare, It cost more to get, then to lose in a day.

**G**

Good!

**O**

You oft have beene told,  
Both the young and the old;  
And bidden beware of the cutpurse so bold:

**G**

Well said! he were to blame that would not i'faith.

**O**

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

**G**

Good i'faith, how say you, Numps? Is there any harme in this?

**O**

It hath bin upbrayded to men of my trade,  
That often times we are the cause of this crime.

**G**

The more coxcombes they that did it, I wusse.

## Bartholomew Fair

*O*

Alacke and for pittie, why should it be said? As if they regarded or places, or time. Examples have been Of some that were seen, In Westminster Hall, yea the pleaders between, Then why should the iudges be free from this curse, More then my poore selfe, for cutting the purse? Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin staru'd by thy Nurse, Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.

*G*

God a mercy for that! why should they be more free indeede? That againe, good Ballad-man, that againe.

He sings the burden with him.

*G*

O rare! I would faine rubbe mine elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand. On, I pray thee, he that made this ballad, shall be Poet to my Masque.

*O*

At Worc'ter it is knowne well, and euen in the Iayle, A Knight of good worship did there shew his face, Against the foule sinners, in zeale for to rayle, And lost (ipso facto) his purse in the place.

*G*

Is it possible?

*O*

Nay, once from the Seat Of Iudgement so great, A Iudge there did lose a faire pouch of veluete.

*G*

I'faith?

*O*

## Bartholomew Fair

O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse, Are those that so venture their necks for a purse! Youth, youth, Etc

**G**

Youth, youth, Etc? pray thee stay a little, friend, yet on thy conscience, Numps, speake, is there any harme in this?

**H**

To tell you true, it is too good for you, lesse you had grace to follow it.

**I**

It doth discouer enormitie, I will marke it more: I have not lik'd a paltry piece of poetry, so well a good while.

**G**

Youth, youth, Etc! where is this youth, now? A man must call upon him, for his owne good; and yet he will not appeare:

,

He shewes his purse.

**G**

looke here, here is for him, handy-dandy, which hand will he have? On, I pray thee, with the rest, I do heare of him, but I cannot see him, this Master Youth, the cutpurse.

**O**

At Playes and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,  
It is daily their practice such booty to make:  
Yea, vnder the Gallowes, at Executions,  
They sticke not the Stare-about's purses to take.  
Nay one without grace,  
at a better place,



## Bartholomew Fair

**G**

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

**O**

At Court, and in Christmas, before the Kings face,  
Alacke then for pittie must I beare the curse,  
That onely belongs to the cunning cutpurse?

**G**

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

**F**

'Fore God, I would give halfe the Fayre, if it were mine, for a cutpurse for him, to saue his longing.

**G**

Looke you Sister, here, here, where is it now? which pocket is it in? for a wager?

He shewes his purse againe.

**H**

I beseech you leaue your wagers, and let him end his matter, if it may be.

**G**

O, are you ædified Numps?

**I**

Indeed he does interrupt him, too much: There Numps spoke to purpose.

Bartholomew Fair

**G**

Sister, I am an Asse, I cannot keepe my purse:

again

**G**

on, on; I pray thee, friend.

**E**

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

Edgeworth gets up to him, and tickles him in the eare with a straw twice to draw his hand out of his pocket.

**F**

Good, i'faith! o he has lighted on the wrong pocket.

**E**

He has it, 'fore God he is a braue fellow; pittie he should be detected.

**O**

But O, you vile nation of cutpurses all,  
Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,  
And know that you ought not, by honest mens fall,  
Aduance your owne fortunes, to die aboue ground,  
And though you go gay,  
In silkes as you may,  
It is not the high way to heauen, (as they say)  
Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse:  
And kisse not the Gallowes for cutting a purse.  
Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin steru'd by thy Nurse,  
Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.

**X**

An excellent ballad! an excellent ballad!

Bartholomew Fair

*N*

Friend, let me have the first, let me have the first, I pray you.

*G*

Pardon me, Sir. First come, first seru'd; and I will buy the whole bundle too.

*B*

That conueyance was better then all, did you see it? he has giuen the purse to the ballad-singer.

*F*

Has he?

*N*

Sir, I cry you mercy; I will not hinder the poor mans profit: pray you mistake me not.

*G*

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

*H*

Come, do not make a stirre, and cry your selfe an Asse, thorow the Fayre afore your time.

*G*

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

Bartholomew Fair

*H*

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

*G*

By this good hand, gloue and all, I have lost it already, if thou hast it not: feele else, and Mistris Grace's handkercher, too, out of the tother pocket.

*H*

Why, it is well; very well, exceeding pretty, and well.

*N*

Are you sure you have lost it, Sir?

*G*

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

*O*

I hope you suspect not me, Sir.

*N*

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

*I*

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

*N*

## Bartholomew Fair

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

*J*

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

*G*

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

*I*

What do you meane? sweet buds of gentility.

*G*

To have my peneworths out on you: Bud. No lesse then two purses a day, serue you? I thought you a simple fellow, when my man Numpes beate you, in the morning, and pittied you —

*J*

So did I, I will be sworne, brother; but now I see he is a lewd, and pernicious Enormity: (As Master Ouerdoo calls him.)

*I*

Mine owne words turn'd upon me, like swords.

*G*

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

*H*

## Bartholomew Fair

Sir, Sir, keepe your debauch, and your fine Bartholmew—termes to your selfe; and make as much on them as you please. But give me this from you, in the meane time: I beseech you, see if I can looke to this.

Wasp takes the Licence from him.

**G**

Why Numps?

**H**

Why? because you are an Asse, Sir, there is a reason the shortest way, and you will need have it; now you have got the trick of losing, you would lose your breech, if it it were loose. I know you, Sir, come, deliuer, you will go and cracke the vermine, you breed now, will you? it is very fine, will you have the truth of it? they are such retchlesse flies as your are, that blow cutpurses abroad in euery corner; your foolish hauing of money, makes them. If there were no wiser then I, Sir, the trade should lye open for you, Sir, it should i'faith, Sir. I would teach your wit to come to your head, Sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, Sir.

**B**

Alacke, good Numps.

**H**

Nay, Gentlemen, neuer pittie me, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once, to Harrow o' the Hill againe, if I trauell any more, call me Coriat; with all my heart.

**F**

Stay, Sir, I must have a word with you in priuate. Do you heare?

**N**

With me, Sir? what is your pleasure? good Sir.

**F**

## Bartholomew Fair

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

*N*

Good Gentlemen, do not vndoe me; I am a ciuill young man, and but a beginner, indeed.

*F*

Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending, for us. We are no Catchpoles nor Constables. That you are to vndertake, is this; you saw the old fellow, with the blacke boxe, here?

*N*

The little old Gouvernour, Sir?

*F*

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

*N*

Would you have the boxe and all, Sir? or onely that, that is in it? I will get you that, and leaue him the boxe, to play with still: (which will be the harder of the two) because I would gaine your worships good opinion of me.

*E*

He sayes well, it is the greater Mastry, and it will make the more sport when it is mist.

*N*

Aye, and it will be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

## Bartholomew Fair

*F*

But looke you do it now, sirrah, and keepe your word: or —

*N*

Sir, if euer I breake my word, with a Gentleman, may I neuer read word at my need. Where shall I find you?

*F*

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

*K*

Then you would not chose, Sir, but loue my Guardian, Iustice Ouerdoo, who is answerable to that description, in euery haire of him.

*F*

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

*K*

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

*F*

S'lid, is there no deuice of disparagement? or so? talke with some crafty fellow, some picklocke of the Law! Would I had studied a yeere longer in the Innes of Court, if it had beene but in your case.

*E*

Aye Master Quarlous, are you proffering?



## Bartholomew Fair

**K**

You would bring but little ayde, Sir.

**E**

(I will looke to you 'ifaith, Gamster.) An vnfortunate foolish Tribe you are falne into, Lady, I wonder you can endure them.

**K**

Sir, they that cannot worke their fetters off; must weare them.

**E**

You see what care they have of you, to leaue you thus.

**K**

Faith the same they have of themselues, Sir. I cannot greatly complaine, if this were all the plea I had against them.

**B**

It is true! but will you please to withdraw with us, a little, and make them thinke they have lost you. I hope our manners have beene such hitherto, and our language, as will give no cause, to doubt your selfe, in our company.

**K**

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

**F**

Looke where Iohn Little-wit comes.

*E*

Away, I will not be seene, by him.

*F*

No, you were not best, he would tell his mother, the widdow.

*E*

Heart, what do you meane?

*F*

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

### **Scene 3.6**

*A*

Do you heare Win, Win?

*B*

What say you, Iohn?

*A*

While they are paying the reckoning, Win, I will tell you a thing Win, we shall neuer see any sights in the Fayre, Win, except you long still, Win, good Win, sweet Win, long to see some Hobby-horses, and some Drummes, and Rattles, and Dogs, and fine deuices, Win. The Bull with the fiue legs, Win; and the great Hog: now you have begun with Pigge, you may long for any thing, Win, and so for my Motion, Win.

*B*

## Bartholomew Fair

But we shall not eat of the Bull, and the Hogge, Iohn, how shall I long then?

*A*

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

*M*

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

They plot to be gone.

*L*

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

*M*

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

*G*

Sir, I will take your counsell, and cut my haire, and leaue vapours: I see, that Tabacco, and Bottle–Ale, and Pig, and Whit, and very Vrsla, her selfe, is all vanity.

*D*

Onely Pigge was not comprehended in my admonition, the rest were. For long haire, it is an Ensigne of pride, a banner, and the world is full of those banners, very full of Banners. And, bottle–ale is a drinke of Sathan's, a diet–drinke of Sathans, deuised to puffe us up, and make us swell in this latter age of vanity, as the smoake of tabacco, to keepe us in mist and error: But the fleshly woman, (which you call Vrsla) is aboue all to be auoyded, hauing the marks upon her, of the three enemies of Man, the World, as being in the Faire; the Deuill, as being in the fire; and and the Flesh, as being her selfe.

*C*

## Bartholomew Fair

Brother Zeale-of-the-Land! what shall we do? my daughter Win-the-fight is falne into her fit of longing againe.

*D*

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

*C*

To see some sights, in the Faire.

*D*

Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place, swiftly, lest she partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seate of the Beast, O Smithfield, and I will leaue thee. Idolatry peepeth out on euery side of thee.

*G*

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

*L*

What do you lack, Gentlemen? What is it you buy? Rattles, Drumms, Babies: --

*D*

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

*L*

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

## Bartholomew Fair

*A*

Looke Win. do, looke in Gods name, and saue your longing. Here be fine sights.

*C*

Aye child, so you hate them, as our Brother Zeale does, you may looke on them.

*L*

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

*D*

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

*M*

And what is my ginger-bread? I pray you.

*D*

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

*L*

Sir if you be not quiet, the quicker, I will have you clapp'd fairely by the heeles, for disturbing the Faire.

*D*

The sinne of the Faire prouokes me, I cannot be silent.

*C*

## Bartholomew Fair

Good brother Zeale!

*L*

Sir, I will make you silent, beleue it.

*A*

I would give a shilling, you could i'faith, friend.

*L*

Sir, give me your shilling, I will give you my shop, if I do not, and I will leaue it in pawne with you, in the meantime.

*A*

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

He speakes to the widdow.

*D*

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

*A*

Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with them.

*D*

And this Idolatrous Groue of Images, this flasket of Idols! which I will pull downe —

Bartholomew Fair

Ouerthrows the ginger-bread.

*M*

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

*D*

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

*L*

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

Leatherhead enters with officers.

*D*

Thou canst not: it is a sanctified noise. I will make a loud and most strong noise, til I have daunted the prophane enemy. And for this cause. —

*L*

Sir, here is no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall sweare it, in the stocks, Sir.

*D*

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

*L*

Carry him away.

*C*

What do you meane, wicked men?

## Bartholomew Fair

**D**

Let them alone; I feare them not.

**A**

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

**B**

Yes Iohn, but I know not what to do.

**A**

For what, Win?

**B**

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

**A**

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

**B**

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

**A**

o! Is that all, Win? we will go back to Captaine Iordan; to the pig-womans, Win. he will helpe us, or she with a dripping pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poore greasie soule loues you, Win, and after we will visit the Fayre all ouer, Win, and, see my Puppet play, Win, you know it is a fine matter, Win.



## Bartholomew Fair

*L*

Let us away, I counsell'd you to packe up afore, Ione.

*M*

A poxe on his Bedlem purity. He has spoyl'd halfe my ware: but the best is, we lose nothing, if we misse our first Merchant.

*L*

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

### Act 4

#### Scene 4.1

*S*

My Masters, I do make no doubt, but you are officers.

*W*

What then, Sir?

*S*

And the Kings louing, and obedient subiects.

*W*

Obedient, friend? take heede what you speake, I aduise you. Oliuer Bristle aduises you. His louing subiects, we grant you: but not his obedient, at this time, by your leaue, we know our selues, a little better then so, we are to command, Sir and such as you are to be obedient. Here is one of his obedient subiects, going to the stocks, and we will make you such another, if you talke.

## Bartholomew Fair

*S*

You are all wise enough in your places, I know.

*W*

If you know it, Sir, why do you bring it in question?

*S*

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

He goes away againe.

*W*

What is he? bring him up to the stockes here. Why bring you him not up?

*S*

If you have Iustice Ouerdoo's warrant, it is well: you are safe; that is the warrant of warrants. I will not give his button, for any mans warrant else.

comes again.

*W*

Like enough, Sir, but let me tell you, if you play away your buttons, thus, you will want them ere night, for any store I see about you: you might keepe them, and saue pinnes, I wusse.

goes away.

*I*

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

Bartholomew Fair

*W*

Come, Sir, here is a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your legge?

They put him in the stocks.

*I*

That I will, cheerefully.

*W*

On my conscience a Seminary! he kisses the stockes.

*G*

Well my Masters, I will leaue him with you; now I see him bestow'd, I will go looke for my goods, and Numps.

*W*

You may, Sir, I warrant you; where is the tother Bawler? fetch him too, you shall find them both fast enough.

*I*

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

comes again,

*S*

Do you assure me upon your words? may I vndertake for you, if I be ask'd the question; that you have this warrant?

*W*

What is this fellow, for Gods sake?

Bartholomew Fair

*S*

Do but shew me Adam Ouerdoo, and I am satisfied.

goes out.

*W*

He is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one Trouble—all he was an officer in the Court of Pie-poulders, here last yeere, and put out of his place by Iustice Ouerdoo.

*I*

Ha!

*W*

upon which, he tooke an idle conceipt, and is runne mad upon it. So that euer since, he will do nothing, but by Iustice Ouerdoo's warrant, he will not eate a crust, nor drinke a little, nor make him in his apparell, ready. His wife, Sirreuerence, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant.

*I*

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

comes in,

*S*

If you cannot shew me Adam Ouerdoo, I am in doubt of you: I am afraid you cannot answere it.

goes again.

*W*

Before me, Neighbour Bristle (and now I thinke of it better) Iustice Ouerdoo, is a very parantory person. O! are you aduis'd of that? and a seuerer Iusticer, by your leaue.

Bartholomew Fair

*I*

Do I heare ill on that side, too?

*W*

He will sit as upright on the bench, if you marke him, as a candle in the socket, and give light to the whole Court in euery businesse. But he will burne blew, and swell like a bile (God blesse us) if he be angry. Aye, and he will be angry too, when his list, that is more: and when he is angry, be it right or wrong; he has the Law on his side, euer. I marke that too.

*I*

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

*W*

Well, take him out of the stocks againe, we will go a sure way to worke, we will have the Ace of hearts of our side, if we can.

They take the Iustice out.

*W*

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

*D*

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

*W*

Let him alone, we have deuis'd better upon it.

## Bartholomew Fair

*C*

And shall he not into the stocks then?

*W*

No, Mistresse, we will have them both to Iustice Ouerdoo, and let him do ouer them as is fitting. Then I, and my gossip Haggis, and my beadle Pocher are discharg'd.

*C*

O, I thanke you, blessed, honest men!

*W*

Nay, neuer thank us, but thank this mad-man that comes here, he put it in our heads.

Comes againe.

*C*

Is he mad? Now heauen increase his madnesse, and blesse it, and thanke it, Sir, your poore hand-maide thanks you.

*S*

Have you a warrant? if you have a warrant, shew it.

*C*

Yes, I have a warrant out of the word, to give thankes for remouing any scorne intended to the brethren.

*S*

It is Iustice Ouerdoo's warrant, that I looke for, if you have not that, keepe your word, I will keepe mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

**Scene 4.2**

*N*

Come away Nightingale, I pray thee.

*S*

Whither go you? where is your warrant?

*N*

Warrant, for what, Sir?

*S*

For what you go about, you know how fit it is, if you have no warrant, blesse you, I will pray for you, that is all I can do.

Goes out.

*N*

What meanes he?

*O*

A mad-man, that haunts the Fayre, do you not know him? it is maruell he has not more followers, after his ragged heeles.

*N*

Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had knowne of our plot. Guilt is a terrible thing! have you prepar'd the Costard-monger?

## Bartholomew Fair

*O*

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

*N*

Aye, I know; I should have follow'd his Protector–ship for a feat I am to do upon him: But this offer'd it selfe, so in the way, I could not let it scape: here he comes, whistle, be this sport call'd Dorryng the Dottrell.

Nightingale whistles

*O*

Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c.

*G*

By this light, I cannot finde my ginger–bread–Wife, nor my Hobby–horse–man in all the Fayre, now; to have my money againe. And I do not know the way out of it, to go home for more, do you heare, friend, you that whistle; what tune is that, you whistle?

*O*

A new tune, I am practising, Sir.

*G*

Dost thou know where i dwell, I pray thee? nay, on with thy tune, I have no such hast, for an answer: I will practise with thee.

*W*

Buy any peares, very fine peares, peares fine.

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

*G*



Bartholomew Fair

God's so! a musse, a musse, a musse, a musse, a musse.

*W*

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

*O*

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

*G*

Do, and my cloake, if thou wilt; and my hat, too.

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

*N*

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

*O*

Would he had another purse to cut, Zekiel.

*N*

Purse? a man might cut out his kidneys, I thinke; and he neuer feele them, he is so earnest at the sport.

*O*

His soule is halfe way out of his body, at the game.

*N*

Away, Nightingale: that way.

## Bartholomew Fair

**G**

I thinke I am furnish'd for Catherne peares, for one vnder-meale: give me my cloake.

**W**

Good Gentleman, give me my ware.

**G**

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

He runs out.

**N**

Away, Costermonger, come to us to Vrsla's. Talke of him to have a soule? 'heart, if he have any more then a thing giuen him in stead of salt, onely to keepe him from stinking, I will be hang'd afore my time, presently, where should it be trow? in his blood; he has not so much to'ard it in his whole body, as will maintaine a good Flea; And if he take this course, he will not have so much land left, as to reare a Calfe within this twelue month. Was there euer greene Plouer so pull'd! That his little Ouerseer had beene here now, and beene but tall enough, to see him steale peares, in exchange, for his beauer-hat, and his cloake thus? I must go finde him out, next, for his blacke boxe, and his Patent (it seemes) he has of his place; which I thinke the Gentleman would have a reuersion of; that spoke to me for it so earnestly.

He comes againe.

**G**

Would I might lose my doublet, and hose, too; as I am an honest man, and neuer stirre, if I thinke there be any thing, but thieuing, and cooz'ning, in this whole Fayre. Bartholmew-fayre, quoth he; if euer any Bartholmew had that lucke in it, that I have had, I will be martyr'd for him, and in Smithfield, too.

throws away his peares.

**G**

I have paid for my peares, a rot on them, I will keepe them no longer; you were choake peares to me; I had bin better have gone to mum chance for you, I wusse. Me thinks the Fayre should not have vs'd me thus, if it were but for my names sake, I would not have vs'd a dog of the name, so. O, Numps will triumph, now! Friend, do you know who I am? or where I lye? I do not my selfe, I will be sworne. Do but carry me home, and I will please thee,

## Bartholomew Fair

I have money enough there, I have lost my selfe, and my cloake and my hat; and my fine sword, and my sister, and Numps, and Mistris Grace, (a Gentlewoman that I should have marryed) and a cut-worke handkercher, she ga' me, and two purses to day. And my bargaine of Hobby-horses and Ginger-bread, which grieues me worst of all.

Trouble—all comes again.

**S**

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

**G**

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

**S**

Yes, Iustice Ouerdoo's warrant, a man may get, and lose with, I will stand to it.

**G**

Iustice Ouerdoo? Dost thou know him? I lye there, he is my brother in Law, he marryed my sister: pray thee shew me the way, dost thou know the house?

**S**

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

**G**

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

**S**

Sir, I will tell you; go you thither your selfe, first, alone; tell your worshipfull brother your minde: and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his Clerkes, with Adam Ouerdoo, vnderneath; here I will stay you, I will obey you, and I will guide you presently.

**G**

S'lid, this is an Asse, I have found him, poxe upon me, what do I talking to such a dull foole; farewell, you are a very Coxcomb, do you heare?

**S**

I thinke, I am, if Iustice Ouerdoo signe to it, I am, and so we are all, he will quit us all, multiply us all.

### **Scene 4.3**

They enter with their swords drawne.

**K**

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

**F**

S'llood, we loue you.

**K**

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

**E**

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

**F**

## Bartholomew Fair

Content, I accord to that willingly.

*K*

Sure you thinke me a woman of an extreme leuity, Gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a place, as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deseruing afore the other, of me) I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

*F*

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

*K*

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

*F*

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

*K*

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

*E*

What euer it be, we will presume reasonableness, comming from you.

*F*

And fitnessse, too.

Bartholomew Fair

*K*

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

*E*

Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, vnwritten in.

*K*

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

*F*

Agreed, my word is conceiued already.

*E*

And mine shall not be long creating after.

*K*

But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know, which of you it is, taken; but give me leaue to conceale that till you have brought me, either home, or where I may safely tender my selfe.

*E*

Why that is but equall.

*F*

We are pleas'd.

Bartholomew Fair

*K*

Because I will bind both your indeauours to work together, friendly, and ioyntly, each to the others fortune, and have my selfe fitted with some meanes, to make him that is forsaken, a part of amends.

*F*

These conditions are very curteous. Well my word is out of the Arcadia, then: Argalus.

*E*

And mine out of the play, Palemon.

Trouble—all comes again.

*S*

Have you any warrant for this, Gentlemen?

*X*

Ha!

*S*

There must be a warrant had, beleeeue it.

*E*

For what?

*S*

For whatsoever it is, any thing indeede, no matter what.

Bartholomew Fair

*F*

S'ligh, here is a fine ragged Prophet, dropt downe in the nicke!

*S*

Heauen quit you, Gentlemen.

*F*

Nay, stay a little, good Lady, put him to the question.

*K*

You are content, then?

*X*

Yes yes.

*K*

Sir, here are two names written --

*S*

Is Iudice Ouerdoo, one?

*K*

How, Sir? I pray you read them to your selfe, it is for a wager betweene these Gentlemen, and with a stroake or any difference, marke which you approue best.



Bartholomew Fair

*S*

They may be both worshipfull names for ought I know, Mistresse, but Adam Ouerdoo had beene worth three of them, I assure you, in this place, that is in plaine english.

*K*

This man amazes me! I pray you, like one of them, Sir.

*S*

I do like him there, that has the best warrant, Mistresse, to saue your longing, and (multiply him) It may be this. But I am I still for Iustice Ouerdoo, that is my conscience. And quit you.

*E*

Is it done, Lady?

*K*

Aye, and strangely, as euer I saw! What fellow is this trow?

*F*

No matter what, a Fortune-teller we have made him. Which is it, which is it.

*K*

Nay, did you not promise, not to enquire?

*F*

S'lid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me. Looke, here is our Mercury come: The Licence arriues in the finest time, too! it is but scraping out Cokes his name, and it is done.

## Bartholomew Fair

*E*

How now lime–twig? hast thou touch'd.

*N*

Not yet, Sir, except you would go with me, and see it, it is not worth speaking on. The act is nothing, without a witness. Yonder he is, your man with the boxe falne into the finest company, and so transported with vapours, they have got in a Northren Clothier, and one Puppy, a Westerne man, that is come to wrastle before my Lord Maior, anone, and Captaine Whit, and one Val Cutting, that helps Captaine Iordan to roare, a circling boy: with whom your Numps, is so taken, that you may strip him of his cloathes, if you will. I will vndertake to geld him for you; if you had but a Surgeon, ready, to seare him. And Mistresse Iustice, there, is the goodest woman! she does so loue them all ouer, in termes of Iustice, and the Stile of authority, with her hood upright — that I beseech you come away Gentlemen, and see it.

*F*

S'light, I would not lose it for the Fayre, what will you do, Ned?

*E*

Why, stay heere about for you, Mistresse Welborne must not be seene.

*F*

Do so, and find out a Priest in the meane time, I will bring the License. Lead, which way is it?

*N*

Here, Sir, you are on the backside of the Booth already, you may heare the noise.

### **Scene 4.4**

*R*

Whit, bid Vall Cutting continue the vapours for a lift, Whit, for a lift.

## Bartholomew Fair

**W**

I will no mare, I will no mare, the eale is too meeghty.

**R**

How now! my Galloway Nag, the staggers? ha! Whit, give him a slit in the fore-head. Cheare up, man, a needle, and threed to stitch his eares. I would cure him now if I had it, with a little butter, and garlike, long-pepper, and graines. Where is my horne? I will give him a mash, presently, shall take away this dizzinesse.

**W**

Why, where are you zurs? do you vlinch, and leaue us in the zuds, now? I will no mare, I is e'en as vull as a Paipers bag, by my troth, I. Do my Northerne cloth zhrinke in the wetting? ha?

**R**

Why, well said, old Flea-bitten, thou wilt neuer tyre, I see.

They fall to their vapours, againe.

**W**

No, Sir, but he may tire, if it please him. Who told thee so? that he would neuer teer, man? No matter who told him so, so long as he knowes.

**R**

Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

**N**

They are at it stil, Sir, this they call vapours.

**W**

## Bartholomew Fair

He shall not pardon thee, Captaine, thou shalt not be pardon'd. Pre'de shweeteheart do not pardon him. S'light, I will pardon him, if I list, whosoeuer saies nay to it.

Here they continue their game of Vapours, which is nonsense. Euery man to oppose the last man that spake: whethe it concern'd him, or no.

*F*

Where is Numps? I misse him.

*H*

Why, I say nay to it.

*F*

O there he is!

*R*

To what do you say nay, Sir?

*H*

To any thing, whatsoeuer it is, so long as I do not like it.

*W*

Pardon me, little man, thou musht like it a little. No, he must not like it at all, Sir, there you are in the wrong. I thinke I be, he musht not like it, indeede. Nay, then he both must, and will like it, Sir, for all you.

*R*

If he have reason, he may like it, Sir.

*W*

Bartholomew Fair

By no meansh Captaine, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.

*H*

I have no reason, nor I will heare of no reason, nor I will looke for no reason, and he is an Asse, that either knowes any, or lookes for it from me.

*W*

Yes, in some sense you may have reason, Sir.

*H*

Aye, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

*W*

Pardon me, thou ousht to grant him nothing, in no shensh, if thou do loue dy shelve, angry man.

*H*

Why then, I do grant him nothing; and I have no sense.

*W*

It is true, thou hast no sense indeed.

*H*

S'lid, but I have sense, now I thinke of it better, and I will grant him any thing, do you see?

*R*

He is in the right, and does vtter a sufficient vapour.

## Bartholomew Fair

**W**

Nay, it is no sufficient vapour, neither, I deny that.

**R**

Then it is a sweet vapour.

**W**

It may be a sweet vapour.

**H**

Nay, it is no sweet vapour, neither, Sir, it stinkes, and I will stand to it.

**W**

Yes, I tinke it dosh shtinke, Captaine. All vapour dosh shtinke.

**H**

Nay, then it does not stinke, Sir, and it shall not stinke.

**W**

By your leaue, it may, Sir.

**H**

Aye, by my leaue, it may stinke, I know that.

**W**

## Bartholomew Fair

Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leaue, angry man.

*H*

How can it not?

*R*

Nay, neuer question him, for he is in the right.

*W*

Yes, I am in the right, I confesh it, so is the little man too.

*H*

I will have nothing confest, that concernes me. I am not in the right, nor neuer was in the right, nor neuer will be in the right, while I am in my right minde.

*W*

Minde? why, here is no man mindes you, Sir, nor any thing else.

They drinke againe.

*W*

Vreind, will you mind this that we do?

*F*

Call you this vapours? this is such beltching of quarrell, as I neuer heard. Will you minde your businesse, Sir?

*N*

You shall see, Sir.

## Bartholomew Fair

*W*

I will no maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

*N*

Will you take that, Master Waspe, that no body should minde you?

*H*

Why? what have you to do? is it any matter to you?

*N*

No, but me thinks you should not be vnminde, though,

*H*

Nor, I would not be, now I thinke of it, do you heare, new acquaintance, does no man mind me, say you?

*W*

Yes, Sir, euery man here mindes you, but how?

*H*

Nay, I care as little how, as you do, that was not my question.

*W*

No, noting was thy question, thou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i'faith la, thou shalt speake for me, and I will fight for thee.



Bartholomew Fair

*R*

Fight for him, Whit? A grosse vapour, he can fight for himselfe.

*H*

It may be I can, but it may be, I would not, how then?

*W*

Why, then you may chuse.

*H*

Why, and I will chuse whether I will chuse or no.

*R*

I thinke you may, and it is true; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

*H*

Nay, then, I do thinke you do not thinke, and it is no resolute vapour.

*W*

Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

*R*

In no sort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

*H*

He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no sort.

Bartholomew Fair

*W*

Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.

*H*

A turd in your teeth, neuer pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistaken.

They fall by the eares.

*R*

Turd, ha turd? a noysome vapour, strike Whit.

*J*

Why, Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you upon my authority, conserue the peace. In the Kings name, and my Husbands, put up your weapons, I shall be driuen to commit you my selfe, else.

*F*

Ha, ha, ha.

*H*

Why do you laugh, Sir?

*F*

Sir, you will allow me my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

*W*

In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, Sir.

## Bartholomew Fair

**R**

Nay in some sort, Sir, he may neither laugh, nor hope, in this company.

**H**

Yes, then he may both laugh, and hope in any sort, if it please him.

**F**

Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly.

**H**

No exceeding neither, Sir.

**R**

No, that vapour is too lofty.

**F**

Gentlemen, I do not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but —

**W**

Do you heare, Sir? I would speake with you in circle?

He drawes a circle on the ground.

**F**

In circle, Sir? what would you with me in circle?

Bartholomew Fair

*W*

Can you lend me a Piece, a Iacobus? in circle?

*F*

S'lid, your circle will proue more costly then your vapours, then, Sir, no, I lend you none.

*W*

Your beard is not well turn'd up, Sir.

*F*

How Rascall? are you playing with my beard? I will breake circle with you.

They draw all, and fight.

*X*

Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

*R*

Gather up, Whit, gather up, Whit, good vapours.

*J*

What meane you? are you Rebels? Gentlemen? shall I send out a Sericant at Armes, or a Writ of Rebellion, against you? I will commit you upon my woman-hood, for a Riot, upon my Iustice-hood, if you persist.

*H*

upon your Iustice-hood? Mary shite on your hood, you will commit? Spoke like a true Iustice of peace's wife, indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! turd in your teeth for a fee, now.

Bartholomew Fair

*J*

Why, Numps, in Master Ouerdoo's name, I charge you.

*H*

Good Mistresse Vnderdoo hold your tongue.

*J*

Alas! poore Numps.

*H*

Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poore Numps, goody Rich? and I come to be pittied by your tuft taffata now? why Mistresse, I knew Adam, the Clerke, your husband, when he was Adam Scriuener, and writ for two pence a sheet, as high as he beares his head now, or you your hood, Dame. what are you, Sir?

The watch comes in.

*W*

We be men, and no Infidells; what is the matter, here, and the noyses? can you tell?

*H*

Heart, what have you to do? cannot a man quarrell in quietnesse? but he must be put out of it by you? what are you?

*W*

Why, we be his Maiesties Watch, Sir.

*H*

Watch? S'blood, you are a sweet watch, indeede. A body would thinke, if you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleepe at this time of day. Get you to your fleas, and your flocke-beds, you Rogues, your kennells, and lye downe close.

## Bartholomew Fair

**W**

Downe? yes, we will downe, I warrant you, downe with him in his Maiesties name, downe, downe with him, and carry him away, to the pigeon-holes.

**J**

I thanke you you honest friends, in the behalfe of the Crowne, and the peace, and in Master Ouerdoo's name, for suppressing enormities.

**W**

Stay, Bristle, here is a noder brash of drunkards, but very quiet, speciall drunkards, will pay thee, fiue shillings very well. Take them to thee, in the graish of God: one of them does change cloth, for Ale in the Fayre, here, the toder is a strong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayors man, and a wrastler. He has wrashed so long with the bottle, here, that the man with the beard, has almosht streeke up his heelsh. S'lid, the Clerke of the Market, has beene to cry him all the Fayre ouer, here, for my Lords seruice. There he is, pre de taik him hensh, and make thy best of him. How now woman of what ailsh thy shweet faith? art thou melancholy?

**J**

A little distemper'd with these enormities; shall I intreat a curtesie of you, Captaine?

**W**

Intreat a hundred, veluet woman, I will do it, shpeake out.

**J**

I cannot with modesty speake it out, but —

**W**

I will do it, and more, and more, for thee. What Vrsla, if it be bitch, if it the baud if it be!

Bartholomew Fair

*P*

How now Rascall? what roare you for? old Pimpe.

*W*

Here, put up the cloakes Vrsh; the purchase, pre dee now, shweet Vrsh, help this good braue voman, to a Iordan, if it be.

*P*

S'lid call your Captaine Iordan to her, can you not?

*W*

Nay, pre dee leaue thy consheits, and bring the veluet woman to the —

*P*

Aye bring her, hang her: heart must I find a common pot for euery punque in your purlews?

*W*

O good voordsh, Vrsh, it is a guest of veluet, i'fait la.

*P*

Let her fell her hood, and buy a sponge, with a poxe to her, my vessell, employed Sir. I have but one, and it is the bottome of an old bottle. An honest Proctor, and his wife, are at it, within, if she will stay her time, so.

*W*

As soone as thou cansht shwet Vrsh. Of a valiant man I tinke I am the patientsh man in the world, or in all Smithfield.

## Bartholomew Fair

*R*

How now Whit? close vapours, stealing your leaps? couering in corners, ha?

*W*

No fait, Captaine, dough thou beesht a vishe man, thy vit is a mile hence, now. I was procuring a shmall courtesie, for a woman of fashion here.

*J*

Yes, Captaine, though I am Iustice of peace's wife, I do loue Men of warre, and the Sonnes of the sword, when they come before my husband.

*R*

Say'st thou so Filly? thou shalt have a leape presently, I will horse thee my selfe, else.

*P*

Come, will you bring her in now? and let her talke her turne?

*W*

Gramercy good Vrsh, I tanke thee.

*J*

Master Ouerdoo shall thanke her.

### **Scene 4.5**

*A*

Good Ga'mere Vrs; Win, and I, are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captaine Iordan, and Captaine Whit. Win, I will be bold to leaue you, in this good company, Win: for halfe an houre, or so Win, while I go, and see



## Bartholomew Fair

how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect: and then I will come and fetch you, Win.

**B**

Will you leaue me alone with two men, Iohn?

**A**

Aye, they are honest Gentlemen Win, Captaine Iordan, and Captaine Whit, they will vse you very ciuilly, Win, God be with you, Win.

**P**

What is her husband gone?

**R**

On his false, gallop, Vrs, away.

**P**

If you be right Bartholmew-birds, now shew your selues so: we are vndone for want of fowle in the Fayre, here. Here will be Zekiell Edgworth, and three or foure gallants, with him at night, and I have neither Plouer nor Quaile for them: perswade this betweene you two, to become a Bird of the game, while I worke the veluet woman, within, (as you call her.)

**R**

I conceiue thee, Vrs! go thy waies, doest thou heare, Whit? is it not pittie, my delicate darke chestnut here, with the fine leane head, large fore-head, round eyes, euen mouth, sharpe eares, long necke, thinne crest, close withers, plaine backe, deepe sides, short fillets, and full flankes: with a round belly, a plumpe buttocke, large thighes, knit knees, streight legges, short pasternes, smooth hoofes, and short heeles; should lead a dull honest womans life, that might liue the life of a Lady?

**W**

Yes, by my fait, and trot, it is, Captaine: the honesht womans life is a scuruy dull life, indeed, la.

Bartholomew Fair

**B**

How, Sir? is an honest-womans life a scuruy life?

**W**

Yes fait, shweetheart, beleue him, the leef of a Bond-woman! but if thou wilt harken to me, I will make thee a free-woman, and a Lady: thou shalt liue like a Lady, as the Captaine saish.

**R**

Aye, and be honest too sometimes: have her wiers, and her tires, her greene gownes, and veluet petticoates.

**W**

Aye, and ride to Ware and Rumford in thy Coash, she the Players, be in loue with them; sup with gallantsh, be drunke, and cost the noting.

**R**

Braue vapours!

**W**

And lye by twenty of them, if thou pleash shweetheart.

**B**

What, and be honest still, that were fine sport.

**W**

It is common, shweetheart, thou may'st do it by my hand: it shall be iustified to thy husbands faish, now: thou shalt be as honesht as the skinne betweene his hornsh, la!

## Bartholomew Fair

**R**

Yes, and weare a dressing, top, and top-gallant, to compare with ere a husband of them all, for a fore-top: it is the vapour of spirit in the wise, to cuckold, now adaies; as it is the vapour of fashion, in the husband, not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed-citizen, is an abominable vapour.

**B**

Lord, what a foole have I beene!

**W**

Mend then, and do euery ting like a Lady, heereafter, neuer know thy husband, from another man.

**R**

Nor any one man from another, but in the darke.

**W**

Aye, and then it is no dishgrash to know any man.

**P**

Helpe, helpe here.

**R**

How now? what vapour is there?

**P**

O, you are a sweet Ranger! and looke well to your walks. Yonder is your Punque of Turnbull, Ramping Ales, has falne upon the poore Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood ouer her eares, and her hayre through it.

Bartholomew Fair

Alice enters, beating the Iustice's wife.

*J*

Helpe, helpe, in the Kings name.

*V*

A mischiefe on you, they are such as you are, that vndoe us, and take our trade from us, with your tuft-taffata hanches.

*R*

How now Alice!

*V*

The poore common whores can have no traffique, for the priuy rich ones; your caps and hoods of veluet, call away our customers, and lick the fat from us.

*P*

Peace you foule ramping Iade, you —

*V*

Od's foote, you Bawd in greace, are you talking?

*R*

Why, Alice, I say.

*V*

Thou Sow of Smithfield, thou.

Bartholomew Fair

*P*

Thou tripe of Turnebull.

*R*

Cat-a-mountaine-vapours! la!

*P*

You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd, and slash'd you were in Bridewell.

*V*

Aye, by the same token, you rid that weeke, and broake out the bottome of the Cart, Night-tub.

*R*

Why, Lyon face! ha! do you know who I am? shall I teare ruffe, slit wastcoat, make ragges of petticoat? ha! go to, vanish, for feare of vapours. Whit, a kick, Whit, in the parting vapour. Come braue woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a Lady, too.

*W*

Yes fait, they shalt all both be Ladies, and write Madame. I will do it my selfe for them. Do, is the vord, and D is the middle letter of Madame, D D , put them together, and make deeds, without which, all words are alike, la.

*R*

It is true, vrsla, take them in, open thy wardrope, and fit them to their calling. Greene-gownes, Crimson-petticoats, green women! my Lord Maiors green women! guests of the Game, true bred. I will prouide you a Coach, to take the ayre, in.

*B*

## Bartholomew Fair

But do you thinke you can get one?

*R*

O, they are as common as wheelebarrowes, where there are great dunghills. Euery Pettifoggers wife, has them, for first he buyes a Coach, that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made Cuckold in it: For if their wiues ride not to their Cuckolding, they do them no credit. Hide, and be hidden; ride, and be ridden, sayes the vapours of experience.

### Scene 4.6

*S*

By what warrant does it say so?

*R*

Ha! mad child of the Pye-pouldres, art thou there? fill us a fresh kan, Vrs, we may drinke together.

*S*

I may not drinke without a warrant, Captaine.

*R*

S'llood, thou will not stale without a warrant, shortly. Whit, Give me pen, inke and paper. I will draw him a warrant presently.

*S*

It must be Iustice Ouerdoo's?

*R*

I know, man, Fetch the drinke, Whit.

## Bartholomew Fair

*W*

I pre dee now, be very briefe, Captaine; for the new Ladies stay for thee.

*R*

O, as briefe as can be, here it is already Adam Ouerdoo.

*S*

Why, now, I will pledge you, Captaine.

*R*

Drinke it off, I will come to thee, anone, againe.

Quarlous to the Cut–purse.

*F*

Well, Sir. You are now discharg'd: beware of being spi'd, hereafter.

*N*

Sir, will it please you, enter in here, at Vrsla's; and take part of a silken gowne, a veluet petticoate, or a wrought smocke; I am promis'd such: and I can spare any Gentleman a moiety.

*F*

Keep it for your companions in beastlinesse, I am none of them, Sir. If I had not already forgien you a greater trespasse, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your offers. But go your wayes, talke not to me, the hangman is onely fit to discourse with you; the hand of Beadle is too mercifull a punishment for your Trade of life. I am sorry I employ'd this fellow; for he thinks me such: Facinus quos inquinat, æquat. But, it was for sport. And would I make it serious, the getting of this Licence is nothing to me, without other circumstances concurre. I do thinke how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine, that the ragged fellow mark'd: And what aduantage I have giuen Ned Win–wife in this time now, of working her, though it be mine. He will go neare to forme to her what a debauch'd Rascall I am, and fright her out of all good concept of me: I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper, yet; and

## Bartholomew Fair

it must needs be next to despaire, that is grounded on any part of a woman's discretion. I would give by my troth, now, all I could spare (to my cloathes, and my sword) to meete my tatter'd sooth-sayer againe, who was my iudge in the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or sau'd. For, till then, I liue but vnder a Repreiue. I must seeke him. Who be these?

Enter Waspe with the officers.

*H*

Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt, and no Constable.

*W*

You say very well. Come put in his legge in the middle roundell, and let him hole there.

*H*

You stinke of leeks, Metheglyn, and cheese. You Rogue.

*W*

Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the meane time? if you have a minde to stinke too, your breeches fit close enough to your bumm. Sit you merry, Sir.

*F*

How now, Numps?

*H*

It is no matter, how; pray you looke off.

*F*

Nay I will not offend you, Numps. I thought you had sate there to be seen.



## Bartholomew Fair

*H*

And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your businesse, if you have any.

*F*

Cry your mercy, Numps. Does your leg lie high enough?

*W*

How now, neighbour Haggise, what sayes Iustice Ouerdo's worship, to the other offenders? Why, he sayes iust nothing, what should he say? Or where should he say? He is not to be found, Man. He have not been seen in the Fayre, here, all this liue-long day, neuer since seuen a clocke in the morning. His Clearks know not what to thinke of it. There is no Court of Pie-poulders yet. Here they be return'd. What shall be done with them, then? in your discretion? I thinke we were best put them in the stocks, in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an houre, or such a thing, till his worship come. It is but a hole matter, if we do, Neighbour Haggise, come, Sir, here is company for you, heaue up the stocks.

*H*

I shall put a tricke upon your welsh diligence, perhaps.

As they open the stockes, Waspe puts his shooe on his hand, and slips it in for his legge.

*W*

Put in your legge, Sir.

*F*

What, Rabby Busy! is he come?

They bring Busy, and put him in.

*D*

I do obey thee, the Lyon on may roare, but he cannot bite, I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put a part in the stocks, for the holy cause.

## Bartholomew Fair

*H*

What are you, Sir?

*D*

One that reioyceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesie, the destruction of Fayres and May–games, Wakes, and Whitson–ales, and doth sigh and groane for the reformation, of these abuses.

*H*

And do you sigh, and groane too, or reioyce in your affliction?

*I*

I do not feele it, I do not thinke of it, it is a thing without me. Adam, thou art about these Battries, these contumelies. In te manca ruit fortuna, as thy friend Horace saies; thou art one, Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent. And therefore as another friend of thine saies, (I thinke it be thy friend Persius) Non te quæsiueris extra.

*F*

What is here! a Stoick in the stocks? the Foole is turn'd Philosopher.

*D*

Friend, I will leaue to communicate my spirit with you, if I heare any more of those superstitious reliques, those lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome, and patches of Poperie.

*H*

Nay, if you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I will leaue you. I have paid for quarrelling too lately: looke you, a deuce, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God be with you.

He gets out.

*D*

Bartholomew Fair

Wilt thou then leaue thy brethren in tribulation?

*H*

For this once, Sir.

*D*

Thou art a halting Neutrall stay him there, stop him: that will not endure the heat of persecution.

*W*

How now, what is the matter?

*D*

He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

*W*

What, has he made an escape, which way? follow, neighbour Haggise.

*C*

O me! in the stocks! have the wicked preuail'd?

*D*

Peace religious sister, it is my calling, comfort your selfe, an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

The mad-man enters.

*S*

By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this?

## Bartholomew Fair

*F*

O, here is my man! dropt in, I look'd for.

*I*

Ha!

*C*

O good Sir, they have set the faithfull, here to be wonder'd at; and prouided holes, for the holy of the land.

*S*

Had they warrant for it? shew'd they Iustice Ouerdoo's hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

*W*

Sure you did not locke the stocks sufficiently, neighbour Toby! No! see if you can lock them better. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truely, yet some thing is in the mater.

*S*

True, your warrant is the matter that is in question, by what warrant?

*W*

Mad man, hold your peace, I will put you in his roome else, in the very same hole, do you see?

*F*

How! is he a mad-man!

Bartholomew Fair

*S*

Shew me Iustice Ouerdoo's warrant, I obey you.

*W*

You are a mad foole, hold your tongue.

*S*

In Iustice Ouerdoo's name, I drinke to you, and here is my warrant.

Shewes his Kanne.

*I*

Alas poor wretch! how it earnes my heart for him!

*F*

If he be mad, it is in vaine to question him. I will try though, friend: there was a Gentlewoman, shew'd you two names, some houre since, Argalus and Palemon, to marke in a booke, which of them was it you mark'd?

*S*

I marke no name, but Adam Ouerdoo, that is the name of names, he onely is the sufficient Magistrate; and that name I reuerence, shew it me.

*F*

This fellowe is madde indeede: I am further off, now, then afore.

*I*

I shall not breath in peace, till I have made him some amends.

Bartholomew Fair

*F*

Well, I will make another vse of him, is come in my head: I have a nest of beards in my Truncke, one some thing like his.

The Watchmen come back againe.

*W*

This mad foole has made me that I know not whether I I have lock'd the stocks or no, I thinke I lock'd them.

*S*

Take Adam Ouerdoo in your minde, and feare nothing.

*W*

S'lid, madnesse it selfe, hold thy peace, and take that.

*S*

Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

The mad-man fights with them, and they leaue open the stocks.

*D*

We are deliuered by miracle; fellow in fetters, let us not refuse the meanes, this madnesse was of the spirit: The malice of the enemy hath mock'd it selfe.

*C*

Mad do they call him! the world is mad in error, but he is mad in truth: I loue him on the sudden, (the cunning man sayd all true) and shall loue him more, and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoake-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to madnesse in truth, with us!

The watch missing them are affrighted.

*W*

## Bartholomew Fair

How now! all scap'd? where is the woman? it is witchcraft! Her veluet hat is a witch, on my conscience, or my key! the one. The mad-man was a Diuell, and I am an Asse; so blesse me, my place, and mine office.

### Act 5

#### Scene 5.1

*L*

Well, Lucke and Saint Bartholmew; out with the signe of our inuention, in the name of Wit, and do you beat the Drum, the while; All the fowle in the Fayre, I meane, all the dirt in Smithfield, (that is one of Master Littlewit's Carwhitchets now) will be throwne at our Banner to day, if the matter does not please the people. O the Motions, that I Lanthorne Leatherhead have giuen light to, in my time, since my Master Pod dyed!

,

Pod was a Master of Motions before him.

*L*

Jerusalem was a stately thing; and so was Niniue, and the city of Norwich, and Sodom and Gomorrah; with the rising of the prentises; and pulling downe the bawdy houses there, upon Shroue-Tuesday; but the Gunpowder-plot, there was a get-penny! I have presented that to an eighteene, or twenty pence audience, nine times in an afternoone. Your home-borne proiects proue euer the best, they are so easie, and familiar, they put too much learning in their things now o' dayes: and that I feare will be spoile of this. Little-wit? I say, Mickle-wit! if not too mickle! looke to your gathering there, good man Filcher.

*W*

I warrant you, Sir.

*L*

And there come my Gentlefolks, take two pence a piece, Sharkwell.

*W*

I warrant you, Sir, three pence, if we can.

## Scene 5.2

The Iustice comes in like a Porter.

*I*

This later disguise, I have borrow'd of a Porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which how euer interrupted, were neuer destroyed in me: neither is the houre of my seuerity yet come, to reueale my selfe, wherein cloud-like, I will breake out in raine, and haile, lightning, and thunder, upon the head of enormity. Two maine works I have to prosecute: first, one is to inuent some satisfaction for the poore, kinde wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him comming, I will walke aside, and proiect for it.

*E*

I wonder where Tom Quarlous is, that he returnes not, it may be he is strucke in here to seeke us.

*K*

See, here is our mad-man againe.

Quarlous in the habit of the mad-man is mistaken by Mrs Pure-craft.

*F*

I have made my selfe as like him, as his gowne, and cap will give me leaue.

*C*

Sir, I loue you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

*E*

How! my widdow in loue with a mad-man?

*C*



Bartholomew Fair

Verily, I can be as mad in spirit, as you.

*F*

By whose warrant? leaue your canting Gentlewoman, have I found you? (saue ye, quit ye, and multiply ye) where is your booke? it was a sufficient name I mark'd, let me see it, be not afraid to shew it me.

He desires to see the booke of Mistresse Grace.

*K*

What would you with it, Sir?

*F*

Marke it againe, and againe, at your seruice.

*K*

Here it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

*F*

Palemon? fare you well, fare you well.

*E*

How, Palemon!

*F*

Yes faith, he has discover'd it to you, now, and therefore it were vaine to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

*E*

## Bartholomew Fair

If you have him Mistresse, beleue it, that shall neuer give you cause to repent her benefit, but make you rather to thinke that in this choyce, she had both her eyes.

**K**

I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

**F**

Palemon, the word, and Win–wife the man?

**C**

Good Sir, vouchsafe a yoakefellow in your madnesse, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you, in truth.

**F**

Away, you are a heard of hypocriticall proud Ignorants, rather wilde, then mad. Fitter for woods, and the society of beasts then houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of Canters, Outlawes to order and Discipline, and the onely priuiledg'd Church–robbers of Christendome. Let me alone, Palemon, the word, and Winwife the man?

**C**

I must vncover my selfe vnto him, or I shall neuer enioy him, for all the cunning mens promises. Good Sir, heare me, I am worth sixe thousand pound, my loue to you, is become my racke, I will tell you all, and the truth: since you hate the hyperisie of the party–coloured brother–hood. These seuen yeeres, I have beene a wilfull holy widdow, onely to draw feasts, and gifts from my intangled suitors: I am also by office, an assisting sister of the Deacons, and a deuourer, in stead of a distributer of the alms. I am a speciall maker of marriages for our decayed Brethren, with our rich widdowes; for a third part of their wealth, when they are married, for the reliefe of the poore elect: as also our poore handsome yong Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or Widdowers; to make them steale from their husbands, when I have confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I have not my bargaine, they may sooner turne a scolding drab, in to a silent Minister, then make me leaue pronouncing reprobation, and damnation vnto them. our elder, Zeale–of–the–land, would have had me, but I know him to be the capitall Knaue of the land, making himselfe riche, by being made Feoffee in trust to deceased Brethren, and coozning their heyres, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus hauing eas'd my conscience, and vtter'd my heart, with the tongue of my loue: enioy all my deceits together. I beseech you. I should not have reuealed this to you, but that in time I thinke you are mad, and I hope you will thinke me so too, Sir?

Bartholomew Fair

*F*

Stand aside, I will answer you, presently.

He consider with himselfe of it.

*F*

Why should not I marry this sixe thousand pound, now I thinke of it? and a good trade too, that she has beside, ha? The tother wench, Winwife, is sure of; there is no expectation for me there! here I may make my selfe some sauer, yet, if she continue mad, there is the question. It is money that I want, why should I not marry the money, when it is offer'd me? I have a License and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There is no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolu'd! I were truly mad, if I would not! well, come your wayes, follow me, if you will be mad, I will shew you a warrant!

He takes her along with him.

*C*

Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

The Iustice calls him.

*I*

Sir, let me speake with you.

*F*

By whose warrant?

*I*

The warrant that you tender, and respect so; Iustice Ouerdoo's! I am the man, friend Trouble-all, though thus disguis'd (as the carefull Magistrate ought) for the good of the Republique, in the Fayre, and the weeding out of enormity. Do you want a house or meat, or drinke, or cloathes? speake whatsoeuer it is, it shall be supplied you, what want you?

*F*

Bartholomew Fair

Nothing but your warrant.

*I*

My warrant? for what?

*F*

To be gone, Sir.

*I*

Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and have not many words, nor such time to exchange with thee; thinke what may do thee good.

*F*

Your hand and seale, will do me a great deale of good; nothing else in the whole Fayre, that I know.

*I*

If it were to any end, thou should'st have it willingly.

*F*

Why, it will satisfie me, that is end enough, to looke on; if you will not give it me, let me go.

*I*

Alas! thou shalt have it presently: I will but step into the Scriueners, hereby, and bring it. Do not go away.

The Iustice goes out.

*F*

## Bartholomew Fair

Why, this mad mans shape, will proue a very fortunate one, I thinke! can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise Iustice, and he bring me his hand, I shall go neere to make some vse of it. He is come already!

and returns.

*I*

Looke thee! here is my hand and seale, Adam Ouerdoo, if there be any thing to be written, aboue in the paper, that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter; thinke of it; it is my deed, I deliuer it so, can your friend write?

*F*

Her hand for a witnesse, and all is well.

*I*

With all my heart.

He vrgeth Mistresse Purecraft.

*F*

Why should not I have the conscience, to make this a bond of a thousand pound? now, or what I would else?

*I*

Looke you, there it is; and I deliuer it as my deede againe.

*F*

Let us now proceed in madnesse.

He takes her in with him.

*I*

Well, my conscience is much eas'd; I have done my part, though it doth him no good, yet Adam hath offer'd satisfaction! The sting is remoued from hence: poore man, he is much alter'd with his affliction, it has brought him low! Now, for my other worke, reducing the young man (I have follow'd so long in loue) from the brinke of his bane, to the center of safety. Here, or in some such like vaine place, I shall be sure to finde him. I will waite the

good time.

### Scene 5.3

*G*

How now? what is here to do? friend, art thou the Master of the Monuments?

*W*

It is a Motion, if it please your worship.

*I*

My phantasticall brother-in-Law, Master Bartholmew Cokes!

*G*

A Motion, what is that?

He reads the Bill.

*G*

The ancient moderne history of Hero, and Leander, otherwise called The Touchstone of true loue, with as true a tryall of friendship, betweene Damon, and Pithias, two faithfull friends of the Bankside? pretty i'faith, what is the meaning of it? is it an Enterlude? or what is it?

*W*

Yes Sir, please you come neere, we will take your money within.

*G*

Backe with these children; they do so follow me up and downe.

The boyes of the Fayre follow him.

Bartholomew Fair

**A**

By your leaue friend.

**W**

You must pay, Sir, if you go in.

**A**

Who, I? I perceiue thou know'st not me: call the Master of the Motion.

**W**

What, do you not know the Author, fellow Filcher? you must take no money of him; he must come in gratis: M r Little-wit is a voluntary; he is the Author.

**A**

Peace, speake not too lowd, I would not have any notice taken, that I am the Author, till we see how it passes.

**G**

Master Littlewit, how dost thou?

**A**

Master Cokes! you are exceeding well met: what, in your doublet, and hose, without a cloake, or a hat?

**G**

I would I might neuer stirre, as I am an honest man, and by that fire; I have lost all in the Fayre, and all my acquaintance too; did'st thou meet any body that I know, Master Littlewit? my man Numps, or my sister Ouerdoo, or Mistresse Grace? pray thee Master Littlewit, lend me some money to see the Interlude, here. I will pay thee againe, as I am a Gentleman. If thou wilt but carry me home, I have money enough there.

## Bartholomew Fair

**A**

O, Sir, you shall command it, what, will a crowne serue you?

**G**

I think it well, what do we pay for comming in, fellowes?

**W**

Two pence, Sir.

**G**

Two pence? there is twelue pence, friend; Nay, I am a Gallant, as simple as I looke now; if you see me with my man about me, and my Artillery, againe.

**A**

Your man was in the Stocks, ee'n now, Sir.

**G**

Who, Numps?

**A**

Yes faith.

**G**

For what i'faith, I am glad of that; remember to tell me of it anone; I have enough, now! What manner of matter is this, M r Littlewit? What kind of Actors have you? Are they good Actors?



## Bartholomew Fair

**A**

Aye Pretty youthes, Sir, all children both old and yong, here is the Master of them ---

Leatherhead whispers to Littl-wit.

**L**

(Call me not Leatherhead, but Lanterne.)

**A**

Master Lanterne, that giues light to the busnesse.

**G**

In good time, Sir, I would faine see them, I would be glad drinke with the young company; which is the Tiring-house?

**L**

Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little, we are but beginners, yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in it.

**G**

No? not now my hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me, feather, and all, as I was once to day? Have you none of your pretty impudent boyes, now; to bring stooles, fill Tabacco, fetch Ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses? let me see some of your Actors.

**A**

Shew him them, shew him them. Master Lanterne, this is a Gentleman, that is a fauorer of the quality.

**I**

## Bartholomew Fair

Aye, the fauouring of this licencious quality, is the consumption of many a young Gentleman; a pernicious enormity.

**G**

What, do they liue in baskets?

He brings them out in a basket.

**L**

They do lye in a basket, Sir, they are of the small Players.

**G**

These be Players minors, indeed. Do you call these Players?

**L**

They are Actors, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb showes: indeed, I am the mouth of them all!

**G**

Thy mouth will hold them all. I thinke, one Taylor, would go neere to beat all this company, with a hand bound behind him.

**A**

Aye, and eate them all, too, if they were in cake-bread.

**G**

I thanke you for that, Master Littlewit, a good iest! which is your Burbage now?

**L**

## Bartholomew Fair

What meane you by that, Sir?

*G*

Your best Actor. Your Field?

*A*

Good ifaith! you are euen with me, Sir.

*L*

This is he, that acts young Leander, Sir. He is extreemly belou'd of the womenkind, they do so affect his action, the green gamesters, that come here, and this is louely Hero; this with the beard, Damon; and this pretty Pythias: this is the ghost of King Dionysius in the habit of a scriuener: as you shall see anone, at large.

*G*

Well they are a ciuill company, I like them for that; they offer not to fleere, nor geere, nor breake iests, as the great Players do: And then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of them, or making them drunke, as to the other, by reason of their littlenesse. Do they vse to play perfect? Are they neuer fluster'd?

*L*

No, Sir. I thanke my industry, and policy for it; they are as well gouern'd a company, though I say it -- And here is young Leander, is as proper an Actor of his inches; and shakes his head like an hostler.

*G*

But do you play it according to the printed booke? I have read that.

*L*

By no meanes, Sir.

## Bartholomew Fair

**G**

No? How then?

**L**

A better way, Sir, that is too learned, and poetical for our audience; what do they know what Hellespont is? Guilty of true lous blood? or what Abidos is? or the other Sestos hight?

**G**

Thou art in the right, I do not know my selfe.

**L**

No, I have entreated Master Littewit, to take a little paines to reduce it to a more familiar straine for our people.

**G**

How, I pray thee, good M r Littlewit?

**A**

It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But there is no such matter I assure you: I have onely made it a little easie, and moderne for the times, Sir, that is all; As, for the Hellespont I imagine our Thames here; and then Leander, I make a Diers sonne, about Puddle-wharfe: and Hero a wench of the Banke-side, who going ouer one morning, to old fish-street; Leander spies her land at Trigsstayers, and falls in loue with her: Now do I introduce Cupid, hauing Metamorphos'd himselfe into a Drawer, and he strikes Hero in loue with a pint of Sherry, and other pretty passages there are, of the friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of iudgement.

**G**

I will be sworne they shall; I am in loue with the Actors already, and I will be allyed to them presently. (They respect gentlemen, these fellowes) Hero shall be my fayring: But, which of my fayrings? (le' me see) i'faith, my fiddle! and Leander my fiddle-sticke: Then Damon, my drum; and Pythias, my Pipe and the ghost of Dionysius, my hobby-horse. All fitted.

**Scene 5.4**

To them WIN–WIFE. GRACE. KNOCKHUM. WHTT. EDGWORTH. WIN. Mistris OVERDOO. And to them WASPE.

*E*

Looke yonder is your Cokes gotten in among his play–fellows; I thought we could not misse him, at such a Spectacle.

*K*

Let him alone, he is so busie, he will neuer spie us.

*L*

Nay, good Sir.

Cokes is handling the Puppets.

*G*

I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, fellow; what dost think me vnciuill? I pray thee be not iealous: I am toward a wife.

*A*

Well good Master Lanterne, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my wife, and looke you be perfect, you vndoe me else, in my reputation.

*L*

I warrant you Sir, do not you breed too great an expectation of it, among your friends: that is the onely hurter of these things.

*A*

No, no, no.

Bartholomew Fair

**G**

I will stay here, and see; pray thee let me see.

**E**

How diligent and troublesome he is!

**K**

The place becomes him, me thinkes.

**I**

My ward, Mistresse Grace in the company of a stranger? I doubt I shall be compell'd to discouer my selfe, before my time!

The doore-keepers speake.

**W**

Two pence a piece Gentlemen, an excellent Motion.

**G**

Shall we have fine fire-works, and good vapours!

**W**

Yes Captaine, and water-works, too. I pree dee, take a care of thy shmall Lady, there, Edgworth; I will looke to this tall Lady my selfe.

**L**

Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

## Bartholomew Fair

*W*

Predee, Mashter of the Monshtersh, helpe a very sicke Lady, here, to a chayre, to shit in.

*L*

Presently, Sir.

They bring Mistres Ouerdoo a chayre.

*W*

Good fait now, Vrsla's Ale, and Aqua-vitæ is to blame for it; shit downe shweetheart, shit downe, and shleep a little.

*N*

Madame, you are very welcom hither.

*G*

Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

*I*

Here is my care come! I like to see him in so good company; and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion, should resort hither!

By Edgeworth.

*N*

This is a very priuate house, Madame.

*L*

Will it please your Ladiship sit, Madame?

Bartholomew Fair

The Cut–purse courts Mistresse Little–wit.

**B**

Yes good–man. They do so all to be Madame me, I thinke they thinke me a very Lady!

**N**

What else Madame?

**B**

Must I put off my masque to him?

**N**

O, by no meanes.

**B**

How would my husband know me, then?

**G**

Husband? an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him; there is the true vapour.

**I**

Yea, I will obserue more of this: is this a Lady, friend?

**W**

Aye, and that is anoder Lady, shweet heart; if thou hasht a minde to them give me twelue pence from thee, and thou shalt have eder–oder of them!



## Bartholomew Fair

*I*

Aye? This will prooue my chiefest enormity: I will follow this.

*N*

Is not this a finer life, Lady, then to be clogg'd with a husband?

*B*

Yes, a great deale. When will they beginne, trow? in the name of the Motion?

*N*

By and by Madame, they stay but for company.

*G*

Do you heare, Puppet-Master, these are tedious vapours; when begin you?

*L*

We stay but for Master Littlewit, the Author, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

*B*

That is I, that is I.

*N*

That was you, Lady; but now you are no such poore thing.

*G*

## Bartholomew Fair

Hang the Authors wife, a running vapour! here be Ladies, will stay for nere a Delia of them all.

*W*

But heare me now, here is one of the Ladish, a shleep, stay till she but vake man.

The doore-keepers againe.

*H*

How now friends? what is here to do?

*W*

Two pence a piece, Sir, the best Motion, in the Fayre.

*H*

I beleeeue you lye; if you do, I will have my money againe, and beat you.

*B*

Numps is come!

*H*

Did you see a Master of mine, come in here, a tall yong Squire of Harrow o' the Hill; Master Bartholmew Cokes?

*W*

I thinke there be such a one, within.

*H*

Looke he be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I have beene at the Eagle, and the blacke Wolfe, and the Bull with the fiue legges, and two pizzles; (he was a Calfe at Vxbridge

## Bartholomew Fair

Fayre, two yeeres agone) And at the dogges that daunce the Morrice, and the Hare of the Taber; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight, that holds him so, if it have him.

**G**

Come, come, are you ready now?

**L**

Presently, Sir.

**H**

Hoyday, he is at worke in his Dublet, and hose; do you heare, Sir? are you imploy'd? that you are bare headed, and so busie?

**G**

Hold your peace, Numpes; you have beene in the Stocks, I heare.

**H**

Does he know that? nay, then the date of my Authority is out; I must thinke no longer to raigne, my gouernment is at an end. He that will correct another, must want fault in himselfe.

**E**

Sententious Numps! I neuer heard so much from him, before.

**L**

Sure, Master Littlewit will not come; please you take your place, Sir, we will beginne.

**G**

## Bartholomew Fair

I pray thee do, mine eares long to be at it; and my eyes too. O Numps, in the Stocks, Numps? where is your sword, Numps?

*H*

I pray you intend your game, Sir, let me alone.

*G*

Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit downe, Numps; I will interpret to thee: did you see Mistresse Grace? it is no matter, neither, now I thinke of it, tell me anon.

*E*

A great deale of loue, and care, he expresses.

*K*

Alas! would you have him to expresse more then he has? that were tyranny.

*G*

Peace, ho; now, now.

*L*

Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,  
Behold our chief Actor, amorous Leander.  
With a great deale of cloth, lap'd about him like a Scarfe,  
For he yet serues his father, a Dyer at Puddle wharfe,  
Which place we will make bold with, to call it our Abidus,  
As the Banke-side is our Sestos, and let it not be deny'd us.  
Now, as he is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,  
Who chances to come by, but faire Hero, in a Sculler;  
And seeing Leanders naked legge, and goodly calfe,  
Cast at him, from the boat, a Sheepes eye, and a halfe.  
Now she is landed, and the Sculler come backe;  
By and by, you shall see what Leander doth lacke.

Bartholomew Fair

*W*

Cole, Cole, old Cole.

*L*

That is the Scullers name without controle.

*W*

Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.

*L*

We do heare you.

*W*

Olde Cole.

*L*

Old cole? Is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how do you sell?

*W*

A pox on your maners, kisse my hole here, and smell.

*L*

Kisse your hole, and smell? there is manners indeed.

*W*

Why, Cole, I say, Cole.

Bartholomew Fair

*L*

It is the Sculler you need!

*W*

Aye, and be hang'd.

*L*

Be hang'd; looke you yonder, Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.

*W*

Where is he? Here, Cole, what fayerest of Fayers, was that fare, that thou landest but now a Trigstayres?

*G*

What was that, fellow? Pray thee tell me, I scarce vnderstand them.

*L*

Leander does aske, Sir, what fayrest of Fayers, Was the fare that landed, but now, at Trigstayres?

*W*

It is louely Hero. Nero? No, Hero.

*L*

It is Hero. Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth with out erring, Is come ouer into fish–street to eat some fresh herring. Leander sayes no more, but as fast as he can, Gets on all his best cloathes; and will after to the Swan.

Bartholomew Fair

**G**

Most admirable good, is it not?

**L**

Stay Sculler.

**W**

What say you?

**L**

You must stay for Leander, and carry him to the wench.

**W**

You Rogue, I am no Pandar.

**G**

He sayes he is no Pandar. It is a fine language; I vnderstand it, now.

**L**

Are you no Pandar, Goodman Cole? here is no man sayes you are, You will grow a hot Cole, it seemes, pray you stay for your fare.

**W**

Will he come away?

Bartholomew Fair

*L*

What do you say?

*W*

I would have him come away.

*L*

Would you have Leander come away? why pray Sir, stay. You are angry, Goodman Cole; I beleeeue the faire Mayd Came ouer with you a'trust: tell us Sculler, are you paid.

*W*

Yes Goodman Hogrubber, of Pickt-hatch.

*L*

How, Hogrubber, of Pickt-hatch?

*W*

Aye Hogrubber of Pickt-hatch. Take you that.

The Puppet strikes him ouer the pate

*L*

O, my head!

*W*

Harme watch, harme catch.

*G*



## Bartholomew Fair

Harme watch, harme catch, he sayes: very good i'faith, the Sculler had like to have knock'd you, sirrah.

*L*

Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.

*W*

Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.

*L*

You are knauishly loaden, Sculler, take heed where you go.

*W*

Knaue in your face, Goodman Rogue. Row, row, row, row, row, row.

*G*

He said knaue in your face, friend.

*L*

Aye Sir, I heard him. but there is no talking to these water-men, they will have the last word.

*G*

God is my life! I am not allied to the Sculler, yet; he shall be Dauphin my boy. But my Fiddle-sticke does fiddle in and out too much; I pray thee speake to him, of it: tell him, I would have him tarry in my sight, more.

*L*

I pray you be content; you will have enough of him, Sir.  
Now gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid,  
but that you have heard of a little god of loue, call'd Cupid.

## Bartholomew Fair

Who out of kindnes to Leander, hearing he but saw her,  
this present day and houre, doth turne himselfe to a Drawer.  
And because, he would have their first meeting to be merry,  
he strikes Hero in loue to him, with a pint of Sherry.  
Which he tells her, from amorous Leander is sent her,  
who after him, into the roome of Hero, doth venter.

**W**

A pint of sacke, score a pint of sacke, in the Conney.

P vp Leander goes into Mistris Hero's room

**G**

Sack? you said but ee'n now it should be Sherry.

**W**

Why so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry.

**G**

Sherry, sherry, sherry. By my troth he makes me merry. I must have a name for Cupid, too. Let me see, thou mightst helpe me now, if thou wouldest, Numps, at a dead list, but thou art dreaming of the stocks, still! Do not thinke of it, I have forgot it: it is but a nine dayes wonder, man; let it not trouble thee.

**H**

I would the stocks were about your necke, Sir; condition I hung by the heeles in them, till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

**G**

Well said resolute Numps: but hearke you friend, where is the friendship, all this while, betweene my Drum, Damon; and my Pipe, Pythias?

**L**

## Bartholomew Fair

You shall see by and by, Sir?

**G**

You thinke my Hobby–horse is forgotten, too; no, I will see them all enact before I go; I shall not know which to loue best, else

**R**

This Gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours, Whit, puffe with him.

**W**

No, I pre dee, Captaine, let him alone. He is a Child i'faith, la'.

**L**

Now gentles, to the freinds, who in number, are two, and lodg'd in that Ale–house, in which faire Hero does do. Damon (for some kindnesse done him the last weeke) is come faire Hero, in Fish–streete, this morning to seeke: Pythias does smell the knauery of the meeting, and now you shall see their true friendly greeting.

**W**

You whore–masterly Slaue, you.

**G**

Whore–masterly slaue, you? very friendly, and familiar, that.

**W**

Whore–master in thy face. Thou hast lien with her thy selfe, I will proue it in this place.

**G**

Bartholomew Fair

Damon sayes Pythias has lien with her, himselfe, he will prooue it in this place.

*L*

They are Whore–masters both, Sir, that is a plaine case.

*W*

You lye, like a Rogue.

*L*

Do I ly, like a Rogue?

*W*

A Pimpe, and a Scabbe.

*L*

A Pimpe, and a Scabbe? I say between you, you have both but one Drabbe.

*W*

You lye againe.

*L*

Do I lye againe?

*W*

Like a Rogue againe.

Bartholomew Fair

*L*

Like a Rogue againe?

*W*

And you are a Pimpe, againe.

*G*

And you are a Pimpe againe, he sayes.

*W*

And a Scabbe, againe.

*G*

And a Scabbe againe, he sayes.

*L*

And I say againe, you are both whore–masters againe, and you have both but one Drabbe againe.

They fight.

*X*

Dost thou, dost thou, dost thou?

*L*

What, both at once?

Bartholomew Fair

*W*

Downe with him, Damon Pinke his guts, Pythias.

*L*

What, so malicious? will ye murder me, Masters both, in mine owne house?

*G*

Ho! well acted my Drum, well acted my Pipe, well acted still.

*H*

Well acted, with all my heart.

*L*

Hold, hold your hands

*G*

Aye, both your hands, for my sake! for you have both done well.

*W*

Gramercy pure Pythias. Gramercy, Deare Damon.

*G*

Gramercy to you both, my Pipe, and my drum.

*W*

Come now we will together to breakfast to Hero.

## Bartholomew Fair

**L**

It is well, you can now go to breakfast to Hero, you have giuen many breakfast, with a hone and honero.

**G**

How is it friend, have they hurt thee?

**L**

O no!  
Betweene you and I Sir, we do but make show.  
Thus Gentles you perceiue, without any deniall,  
'twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendships true tryall.  
Though houely they quarrell thus, and roare each with other,  
they fight you no more, then does brother with brother.  
But friendly together, at the next man they meet,  
they let fly their anger as here you might see it.

**G**

Well, we have seen it, thou hast felt it, whatsoever thou sayest, what is next? what is next?

**L**

This while young Leander, with faire Hero is drinking, and Hero growne drunke, to any mans thinking! Yet was it not, three pints of Sherry could flaw her. till Cupid distinguish'd like Ionas the Drawer, >From vnder her apron, where his lechery lurkes, put loue in her Sacke. Now marke how it workes.

**W**

O Leander Leander, my deare my deare Leander,  
I will for euer be thy goose, so thou wilt be my gander.

**G**

Excellently well said, Fiddle, she will euer be his goose, so he will be her gander: was it not so?

**L**

Bartholomew Fair

Yes, Sir, but marke his answer, now.

*W*

And sweetest of geese, before I go to bed,  
I will swimme o'er the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.

*G*

Braue! he will swimme o're the Thames, and tread his goose, too night, he sayes.

*L*

Aye, peace, Sir, they will be angry, if they heare you eaves-dropping, now they are setting their match.

*W*

But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my deare friend,  
let thy window be prouided of a candles end.  
Feare not my gander, I protest, I should handle  
my matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.  
Well then, looke to it, and kisse me to boote.

*L*

Now, here come the friends againe, Pythias, and Damon,  
and vnder their clokes, they have a Bacon, a gammon.  
Damon and Pythias enter.

*W*

Drawer, fill some wine here.

*L*

How, some wine there? there is company already, Sir, pray forebeare!

*W*

It is Hero.



## Bartholomew Fair

*L*

Yes, but she will not be taken, after sacke, and fresh herring, with your Dunmow–bacon

*W*

You lye, it is Westfabian.

*L*

Westphalian you should say.

*W*

If you hold not your peace, you are a Coxcombe, I would say.

Leander and Hero are kissing.

*W*

What is here, what is here? kisse, kisse, upon kisse.

*L*

Wherefore should they not? what harme is in this? it is Mistresse Hero.

*W*

Mistresse Hero is a whore.

*L*

Is she a whore? keepe you quiet, or Sir Knaue out of dore.

Bartholomew Fair

*W*

Knaue out of doore?

Yes, Knaue, out of doore.

Whore out of doore.

Here the Puppets quarrell and fall together by the eares.

*W*

I say, Knaue, out of doore.

I say, whore, out of doore.

Yea, so say I too.

Kisse the whore on the arse.

*L*

Now you have something to do: you must kisse her on the arse she sayes.

*X*

So we will, so we will.

*W*

O my hanches, O my hanches, hold, hold.

*L*

Stand'st thou still?

Leander, where art thou? stand'st thou still like a sot,

and not offer'st to breake both their heads with a pot?

See who is at thine elbow, there! Puppet Ionas and Cupid.

*W*

Upon them Leander, be not so stupid.

They fight.

*W*

You Goat-bearded slaue!

You whore-master Knaue.

Thou art a whore-master.

Aye, Whore-masters all.

*L*

See, Cupid with a word has tane up the brawle.

*R*

These be fine vapours!

*G*

By this good day they fight brauely! do they not, Numps?

*H*

Yes, they lack'd but you to be their second, all this while.

*L*

This tragicall encounter, falling out thus to busie us,  
It raises up the ghost of their friend Dionysius:  
Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a Schoole,  
in a Scriueners furr'd gowne, which shewes he is no foole  
for therein he hath wit enough to keepe himselfe warme.  
O Damon he cries, and Pythias; what harme,  
Hath poore Dionysius done you in his graue,  
That after his death, you should fall out thus, and raue,  
And call amorous Leander whore–master Knaue?

*W*

I cannot, I will not, I promise you endure it.

## **Scene 5.5**

To them BVSY.

*D*

Downe with Dagon, downe with Dagon; it is I, will no longer endure your prophanations.

## Bartholomew Fair

*L*

What meane you, Sir?

*D*

I will remoue Dagon there, I say, that Idoll, that heathenish Idoll, that remains (as I may say) a beame, a very beame, not a beame of the Sunne, nor a beame of the Moone, not a beame of a ballance, neither a house-beame, nor a Weauers beame, but a beame in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beame, an exceeding great beame; such as are your Stage-players, Rimers, and Morrise-dancers, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the Brethren, and the Cause; and beene borne out by instruments, of no meane countenance.

*L*

Sir I present nothing, but what is licens'd by authority.

*D*

Thou art all license, euen licentiousnesse it selfe, Shimei!

*L*

I have the Master of the Reuell's hand for it, Sir.

*D*

The Master of Rebels hand, thou hast; Satan's! hold thy peace, thy scurrility shut up thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it, thou dost plead for Baal. I have long opened my mouth wide, and gaped, I have gaped as the oyster for the tide after thy destruction: but cannot compasse it by sute, or dispute; so that I looke for a bickering, ere long, and then a battell.

*R*

Good Banbury-vapours.

*G*

## Bartholomew Fair

Friend, you would have an ill match of it, if you bicker with him here, though he be no man of the fist, he has friends that will go to cuffes for him, Numps, will not you take our side?

*N*

Sir, it shall not need, in my minde; he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation! hast thou nothing to say for thy selfe, in defence of thy quality?

*L*

Faith, Sir, I am not well studied in these controuersies, betweene the hypocrites and us. But here is one of my Motion, Puppet Donisius shall vndertake him, and I will venture the cause of it.

*G*

Who? my Hobby-horse? will he dispute with him?

*L*

Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-Asse of him, I hope.

*G*

That is excellent! indeed he lookes like the best scholler of them all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your word, now.

*D*

I will not feare to make my spirit, and gifts knowne! assist me zeale, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

*E*

What a desperate, prophane wretch is this! is there any Ignorance, or impudence like his? to call his zeale to fill him against a Puppet?

Bartholomew Fair

*F*

I know no fitter match, then a Puppet to commit with an Hyprocrite!

*D*

First, I say vnto thee, Idoll, thou hast no Calling.

*W*

You lie, I am call'd Dionisius.

*L*

The Motion sayes you lie, he is call'd Dionisius in the matter, and to that calling he answers.

*D*

I meane no vocation, Idoll, no present lawfull Calling.

*W*

Is yours a lawfull Calling?

*L*

The Motion asketh, if yours be a lawfull Calling?

*D*

Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

*W*

Then Idoll is a lawfull Calling.

Bartholomew Fair

*L*

He saies, then Idoll is a lawfull Calling. For you call'd him Idoll and your Calling is of the spirit.

*G*

Well disputed, Hobby-horse!

*D*

Take not part with the wicked young Gallant. He neygheth and hinneyeth, all is but hinnying Sophistry. I call him Idoll againe. Yet, I say, his Calling, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, Idoll.

*W*

It is not prophane!

*L*

It is not prophane, he sayes.

*D*

It is prophane.

*W*

It is not prophane.

*D*

It is prophane.

Bartholomew Fair

*W*

It is not prophane.

*L*

Well said, confute him with not, still. You cannot beare him downe with your base noyse, Sir.

*D*

Nor he me, with his treble creeking, though he creeke like the chariot wheeles of Satan; I am zealous for the Cause —

*L*

As a dog for a bone.

*D*

And I say, it is prophane, as being the Page of Pride, and the waiting woman of vanity.

*W*

Yea? what say you to your Tire–women, then?

*L*

Good.

*W*

Or feather–maker in the Fryers, that are of your faction of faith? Are not they with their perrukes, and their puffes, their fannes, and their huffes, as much Pages of Pride, and waiters upon vanity? what say you? what say you? what say you?



Bartholomew Fair

*D*

I will not answer for them.

*W*

Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a Bugle-maker a lawfull Calling? or the Confect-makers? such you have there: or your French Fashioner? you would have all the sinne within your selues, would you not? would you not?

*D*

No, Dagon.

*W*

What then, Dagonet? is a Puppet worse then these?

*D*

Yes, and my maine argument against you, is, that you are an abomination: for the Male, among you, putteth on the apparell of the Female, and the Female of the Male.

*W*

You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.

*G*

Good, by my troth, he has giuen him the lye thrice.

*W*

It is your old stale argument against the Players, but it will not hold against the Puppets; for we have neyther Male nor Female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeale as thou art!

Bartholomew Fair

The Puppet takes up his garment.

*N*

By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend; by playne demonstration.

*W*

Nay, I will proue, against ere a Rabbin of them all, that my standing is as lawfull as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I have as little to do with learning as he; and do scorne her helps as much as he.

*D*

I am confuted, the Cause hath failed me.

*W*

Then be conuerted, be conuerted.

*L*

Be conuerted, I pray you, and let the Play go on!

*D*

Let it go on. For I am changed, and will become a beholder with you!

*G*

That is braue i'faith, thou hast carryed it away, Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

The Iustice discouers himselfe.

*I*

Stay, now do I forbid, I Adam Ouerdoo! sit still, I charge you.

*G*

What, my Brother i' law!

*K*

My wise Guardian!

*N*

Iustice Ouerdoo!

*I*

It is time, to take Enormity by the fore head, and brand it; for, I have discover'd enough.

### **Scene 5.6**

To them, QUARLOVS. (like the Mad-man) PVRECRAFT. (a while after) IOHN. to them TROVBLE-ALL. VRSLA. NIGHTIGALE.

*F*

Nay, come Mistresse Bride. You must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, in truth. I have here Iustice Ouerdoo for it.

*I*

Peace good Trouble-all; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too, you also, young man shall be my care, stand there.

To the Cut-purse and Mistresse Litwit.

*N*

Now, mercy upon me.

The rest are stealing away.

Bartholomew Fair

*R*

Would we were away, Whit, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds, for feare of the Cage.

*I*

Stay, is not my name your terror?

*W*

Yes faith man, and it is for that, we would begone man.

*A*

O Gentlemen! did you not see a wife of mine? I have lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty Win, I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the Pig-womans, with Captaine Iordan, and Captaine Whit, very good men, and I cannot heare of her. Poore foole, I feare she is stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see Win?

*I*

If this graue Matron be your mother, Sir, stand by her, Et digito compesco labellum, I may perhaps spring a wife for you, anone. Brother Bartholmew, I am sadly sorry, to see you so lightly giuen, and such a Disciple of enormity: with your graue Gouvernour Humphrey: but stand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your course. Mistresse Grace, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

*E*

Pardon me, Sir, I am a kinsman of hers.

*I*

Are you so? of what name, Sir?

*E*

Bartholomew Fair

Winwife, Sir:

*I*

Master Winwife? I hope you have won no wife of her, Sir. If you have, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leasure. Now, to my enormities: looke upon me, O London! and see me, O Smithfield; the example of Iustice, and Mirror of Magistrates: the true top of formality, and scourge of enormity. Harken vnto my labours, and but obserue my discoueries; and compare Hercules with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or Columbus; Magellan; or our countrey man Drake of later times: stand forth you weedes of enormity, and spread.

To Busy,

*I*

First, Rabbi Busy, thou superlunaticall Hypocrite,

To Lantern,

*I*

next, thou other extremity, thou prophane professor of Puppetry, little better then Poetry:

To the horse-courser, and Cutpurse.

*I*

then thou strong Debaucher, and Seducer of youth; witnesse this easie and honest young man:

Then C ap Whit, and Mistresse Littlewit.

*I*

now thou Esquire of Dames, Madams, and twelue-penny Ladies: now my greene Madame her selfe, of the price. Let me vnmasque your Ladiship.

*A*

O my wife, my wife, my wife!

*I*

Bartholomew Fair

Is she your wife? Redde te Harpocratem!

Enter Trouble—all.

*S*

By your leaue, stand by my Masters, be vncover'd.

*P*

O stay him, stay him, helpe to cry, Nightingale; my pan, my panne.

*I*

What is the matter?

*O*

He has stolne gammar Vrsla's panne.

*S*

Yes, and I feare no man but Iustice Ouerdoo.

*I*

Vrsla? where is she? O the Sow of enormity, this!

To Vrsla, and Nightingale.

*I*

welcome, stand you there, you Songster, there.

*P*

Bartholomew Fair

If please your worship, I am in no fault: A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his gown, and his hat; and he ranne away with my goods, here, for it.

To Quarlous.

*I*

Then this is the true mad-man, and you are the enormity!

*F*

You are in the right, I am mad, but from the gowne outward.

*I*

Stand you there.

*F*

Where you please, Sir.

Mistresse Ouerdoo is sicke: and her husband is silenc'd.

*J*

O lend me a bason, I am sicke, I am sicke; where is M r Ouerdoo? Bridget, call hither my Adam.

*I*

How?

*W*

Thy very owne wife, i'fait, worshipfull Adam.

*J*

## Bartholomew Fair

Will not my Adam come at me? shall I see him no more then?

*F*

Sir, why do you not go on with the enormity? are you opprest with it? I will helpe you: harke you Sir, in your eare, your Innocent young man, you have tane such care of, all this day, is a Cutpurse; that hath got all your brother Cokes his things, and help'd you to your beating, and the stocks; if you have a minde to hang him now, and shew him your Magistrates wit, you may but I should think it were better, recouering the goods, and to saue your estimation in him. I thank you Sir for the gift of your Ward, M rs Grace: look you, here is your hand and seale, by the way. M r Win-wife give you ioy, you are Palemon, you are possest of the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here is warrant for it. And honest mad-man, there is thy gowne, and cap againe; I thanke thee for my wife.

To the widdow.

*F*

Nay, I can be mad, sweet heart, when I speake, still; neuer feare me: And carefull Numps, where is he? I thanke him for my licence.

*H*

How!

Waspe misseth the Licence.

*F*

It is true, Numps.

*H*

I will be hang'd then.

*F*

Loke in your boxe, Numps, nay, Sir, stand not you fixt here, like a stake in Finsbury to be shot at, or the whipping post in the Fayre, but get your wife out of the ayre, it will make her worse else; and remember you are but Adam, Flesh, and blood! you have your frailty, forget your other name of Ouerdoo, and inuite us all to supper. There you and I will compare our discoueries; and drowne the memory of all enormity in your bigg'st bowle at home.



## Bartholomew Fair

**G**

How now, Numps, have you lost it? I warrant, it was when thou wert in the stocks: why dost not speake?

**H**

I will neuer speak while I liue, againe, for ought I know.

**I**

Nay, Humphrey, if I be patient, you must be so too; this pleasant conceited Gentleman hath wrought upon my iudgement, and preuail'd: I pray you take care of your sicke friend, Mistresse Alice, and my good friends all --

**F**

And no enormities.

**I**

I inuite you home, with me to my house, to supper: I will have none feare to go along, for my intents are Ad correctionem non ad destructionem; Ad ædificandum, non ad diruendum: so lead on.

**G**

Yes, and bring the Actors along, we will have the rest of the Play at home.

## Act E

*Ben Jonson*

*U*

*Your Maiesty hath seene the Play, and you  
can best allow it from your eare, and view.  
You know the scope of Writers, and what store,  
of leaue is giuen them, if they take not more,  
And turne it into licence: you can tell  
if we have vs'd that leaue you gaue us, well:*

Bartholomew Fair

*Or whether we to rage, or licence breake,  
or be prophane, or make prophane men speake?  
This is your power to iudge (great Sir) and not  
the enuy of a few. Which if we have got,  
We value lesse what their dislike can bring,  
If it so happy be, to have pleas'd the King.*

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