

# **Every Man in His Humour**

Ben Jonson

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# Every Man in His Humour

**Ben Jonson**

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*Every Man in His Humour*

*by*

*Ben Jonson*

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## Act 1

### Scene 1.1

*D*

Now trust me, here is a goodly day toward. Musco, call up my son Lorenzo: bid him rise: tell him, I have some businesse to employ him in.

*B*

I will, sir, presently.

*D*

But heare you, sirrah; If he be at study, disturbe him not.

*B*

Very good, sir.

## Every Man in His Humour

Exit Musco.

*D*

How happy would I estimate my selfe,  
Could I (by any meane) retyre my son,  
From one vayne course of study he affects?  
He is a scholler (if a man may trust  
The lib'rall voyce of double-toung'd report)  
Of deare account, in all our Academies.  
Yet this position must not breede in me  
A fast opinion, that he cannot erre.  
My selfe was once a student, and indeede  
Fed with the selfe-same humor he is now,  
Dreaming on nought but idle Poetrie:  
But since, Experience hath awakt my spirit's,  
Enter Stephano.

*D*

And reason taught them, how to comprehend  
The soueraigne vse of study. What, cousin Stephano?  
What newes with you, that you are here so earely?

*I*

Nothing: but eene come to see how you do, vncl.

*D*

That is kindly done, you are welcome, cousin.

*I*

Aye, I know that sir, I would not have come else: how doeth my cousin, vncl?

*D*

O well, well, goe in and see; I doubt he is scarce stirring yet.

*I*

## Every Man in His Humour

Vncle, afore I goe in, can you tell me, if he have ever booke of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fayne borrow it.

*D*

Why I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

*I*

No wusse; but I will practise against next yeare: I have bought me a hawke, and bels and all; I lacke nothing but a booke to keepe it by.

*D*

O most ridiculous.

*I*

Nay looke you now, you are angrie vncle, why you know, if a man have not skill in hawking and hunting now adaaies, I will not give a rush for him; he is for no gentlemans company, and (by Gods will) I scorne it aye, so I do, to be a consort for euerie hum–drum; hang them scroiles, there is nothing in them in the world, what do you talke of it? a gentleman must shew himselfe like a gentleman, vncle I pray you be not angrie, I know what I have to do I trow, I am no nouice.

*D*

Go to, you are a prodigal, and selfe–wild foole,  
Nay never looke at me, it is I that speake,  
Take it as you will, I will not flatter you.  
What? have you not meanes inow to wast  
That which your friends have left you, but you must  
Go cast away your money on a Buzzard,  
And know not how to keepe it when you have done?  
O it is braue, this will make you a gentleman,  
Well Cosen well, I see you are e'ene past hope  
Of all reclaime; aye so, now you are told of it,  
you looke another way.

*I*

What would you have me do trow?

## Every Man in His Humour

*D*

What would I have you do? mary  
Learne to be wise, and practise how to thriue,  
That I would have you do, and not to spend  
Your crownes on euerie one that humors you:  
I would not have you to intrude your selfe  
In euerie gentlemans societie,  
Till their affections or your owne desert,  
Do worthily inuite you to the place.  
For he that is so respectlesse in his course,  
Oft sels his reputation vile and cheape.  
Let not your cariage, and behaiour taste  
Of affectation, lest while you pretend  
To make a blaze of gentry to the world  
A little puffe of scorne extinguish it,  
And you be left like an vnsauorie snuffe,  
Whose propertie is onely to offend.  
Cosen, lay by such superficiall formes,  
And entertaine a perfect reall substance,  
Stand not so much on your gentility,  
Enter a seruingman.

*D*

But moderate your expences (now at first)  
As you may keepe the same proportion still.  
Beare a low saile: soft who is this comes here?

*V*

Gentlemen, God saue you.

*I*

Welcome good friend, we do not stand much upon our gentilitie; yet I can assure you mine vncler is a man of a thousand pounde land a yeare; he hath but one son in the world; I am his next heire, as simple as I stand here, if my cosen die: I have a faire liuing of mine owne too beside.

*V*

In good time sir.

*I*

Every Man in His Humour

Every Man in His Humour

In good time sir? you do not flout, do you?

*V*

Not I sir.

*I*

If you should, here be them can perceiue it, and that quickly too: Go to, and they can give it againe soundly, if need be.

*V*

Why sir let this satisfie you. Good faith I had no such intent.

*I*

By God, if I thought you had sir, I would talke with you.

*V*

So you may sir, and at your pleasure.

*I*

And so I would sir, if you were out of mine vncles ground, I can tell you.

*D*

Why how now cosen, will this nere be left?

*I*

Horson base fellow, by Gods lid, if it were not for shame, I would.

## Every Man in His Humour

**D**

What would you do? you peremptorie Asse,  
If you will not be quiet, get you hence.  
You see, the gentleman contaynes himselfe  
In modest limits, giving no reply  
To your vnseason'd rude comparatiues;  
Yet you will demeane your selfe, without respect  
Eyther of duty, or humanity.  
Goe get you in: fore God I am asham'd  
Exit Steph.

**D**

Thou hast a kinsmans interest in me.

**V**

I pray you, sir, is this Pazzi house?

**D**

Yes mary is it, sir.

**V**

I should enquire for a gentleman here, one Signior Lorenzo di pazzi; do you know any such, sir, I pray you?

**D**

Yes, sir: or else I should forget my selfe,

**V**

I crye you mercy, sir, I was requested by a gentleman of Florence (hauing some occasion to ride this way) to deliuer you this letter.

**D**

To me, sir? What do you meane? I pray you remember your curt'sy.



## Every Man in His Humour

*E*

To his deare and most elected friend, Signior Lorenzo di Pazzi.

*D*

What might the gentlemans name be, sir, that sent it: Nay, pray you be couer'd.

*V*

Signior Prospero.

*D*

Signior Prospero? A young gentleman of the family of Strozzi, is he not?

*V*

Aye, sir, the same: Signior Thorello, the rich Florentine merchant married his sister.

Enter Musco.

*D*

You say very true. Musco.

*B*

Sir.

*D*

Make this Gentleman drinke, here. I pray you goe in, sir, if it please you.

Exeunt.

## Every Man in His Humour

### *D*

Now (without doubt) this letter is to my son.  
Well: all is one: I will be so bold as reade it,  
Be it but for the styles sake, and the phrase;  
Both which (I do presume) are excellent,  
And greatly varied from the vulgar forme,  
If Prospero's inuention gaue them life.  
How now? what stuff is here?

### *E*

Sirrah Lorenzo, I muse we cannot see thee at Florence: S'blood, I doubt, Apollo hath got thee to be his Ingle, that thou commest not abroad, to visit thine old friends: well, take heede of him; he may do some what for his houshold seruants, or so; But for his Retayners, I am sure, I have knowne some of them, that have followed him, three, foure, fiue yeere together, scorning the world with their bare heeles, and at length bene glad for a shift, (though no cleane shift) to lye a whole winter, in halfe a sheete, cursing Charles wayne, and the rest of the starres intolerably. But (quis contra diuos?) well; Sirrah, sweete villayne, come and see me; but spend one minute in my company, and it is inough: I think I have a world of good Iests for thee: o sirrah, I can shew thee two of the most perfect, rare, and absolute true Gulls, that euer thou saw'st, if thou wilt come. S'blood, inuent some famous memorable lye, or other, to flap thy father in the mouth withall: thou hast bene father of a thousand, in thy dayes, thou could'st be no Poet else: any sciruy roguish excuse will serue; say thou com'st but to fetch wooll for thine Inke-horne. And then too, thy Father will say thy wits are a wooll-gathering. But it is no matter; the worse, the better. Anything is good inough for the old man. Sirrah, how if thy Father should see this now? what would he think of me? Well, (howeuer I write to thee) I reuerence him in my soule, for the generall good all Florence deliuers of him. Lorenzo, I coniure thee (by what, let me see) by the depth of our love, by all the strange sights we have seene in our dayes, (aye or nights eyther) to come to me to Florence this day. Go to, you shall come, and let your Muses goe spinne for once. If thou wilt not, s'hart, what is your gods name? Apollo? Aye; Apollo. If this melancholy rogue (Lorenzo here) do not come, graunt, that he do turne Foole presently, and never hereafter, be able to make a good Iest, or a blanke verse, but liue in more penurie of wit and Inuention, then eyther the Hall-Beadle, or Poet Nuntius.

### *D*

Well, it is the strangest letter that euer I read.  
Is this the man, my son (so oft) hath prays'd  
To be the happiest, and most pretious wit  
That euer was familiar with Art?  
Now (by our Ladies blessed son) I sweare,  
I rather think him most infortunate,  
In the possession of such holy giftes,  
Being the master of so loose a spirit.  
Why what vnhalloved ruffian would have writ,  
With so prophane a pen, vnto his friend?  
The modest paper eene lookes pale for griefe  
To feele her virgin-cheeke defilde and staind  
With such a blacke and criminall inscription.  
Well, I had thought my son could not have straided,  
So farre from iudgement, as to mart himselfe

## Every Man in His Humour

Thus cheapely, (in the open trade of scorne)  
To geering follie, and fantastique humour.  
But now I see opinion is a foole,  
And hath abusde my sences. Musco.  
Enter Musco.

**B**

Sir.

**D**

What is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

**B**

Yes sir, a prettie while since.

**D**

And where is Lorenzo?

**B**

In his chamber sir.

**D**

He spake not with the fellow, did he?

**B**

No sir, he saw him not.

**D**

## Every Man in His Humour

Then Musco take this letter, and deliuer it vnto Lorenzo: but sirrah, (on your life) take you no knowledge I have open'd it.

**B**

O Lord sir, that were a iest in deed.

Exit Mus.

**D**

I am resolu'd I will not crosse his iourney,  
Nor will I practise any violent meane,  
To stay the hot and lustie course of youth.  
For youth restrain'd straight growes impatient,  
And (in condition) like an eager dogge,  
Who (never so little from his game withheld)  
Turnes head and leapes up at his masters throat.  
Therefore I will studie (by some milder drift)  
To call my son vnto a happier shrift.  
Exit.

### Scene 1.2

**B**

Yes sir, (on my word) he opend it, and read the contents.

**F**

It scarce contents me that he did so. But Musco didst thou obserue his countenance in the reading of it, whether he were angrie or pleasde?

**B**

Why sir I saw him not reade it.

**F**

No? how knowest thou then that he opend it?

## Every Man in His Humour

**B**

Marry sir because he charg'd me (on my life) to tell no body that he opend it, which (vnlesse he had done) he wold never feare to have it reueald.

**F**

That is true: well Musco hie thee in againe,  
Least thy protracted absence do lend light,  
Enter Stephan.

**F**

To darke suspition: Musco be assurde  
I will not forget this thy respectiue love.

**I**

O Musco, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what-sha-callum doublet; he brought mine vncler a letter euen now?

**B**

Yes sir, what of him?

**I**

Where is he, canst thou tell?

**B**

Why he is gone.

**I**

Gone? which way? when went he? how long since?

Every Man in His Humour

**B**

It is almost halfe an houre ago since he rid hence.

**I**

Horson Scanderbag rogue, o that I had a horse; by Gods lidde I would fetch him backe againe, with heaue and ho.

**B**

Why you may have my masters bay gelding, and you will.

**I**

But I have no boots, that is the spite of it.

**B**

Then it is no boot to follow him. Let him go and hang sir.

**I**

Aye by my troth; Musco, I pray thee help to trusse me a little; nothing angers me, but I have waited such a while for him all vnlac'd and vntrust yonder, and now to see he is gone the other way.

**B**

Nay I pray you stand still sir.

**I**

I will, I will: o how it vexes me.

**B**

Every Man in His Humour

Tut, never vexe your selfe with the thought of such a base fellow as he.

*I*

Nay to see, he stood upon poynts with me too.

*B*

Like inough so; that was, because he saw you had so fewe at your hose.

*I*

What? Hast thou done? Godamercy, good Musco.

*B*

I marle, sir, you weare such ill-fauourd course stockings, hauing so good a legge as you have.

*I*

Fo, the stockings be good inough for this time of the yeere; but I will have a payre of silke, ere it be long: I think, my legge would shewe well in a silke hose.

*B*

Aye afore God would it rarely well.

*I*

In sadnesse I think it would: I have a reasonable good legge.

*B*

You have an excellent good legge, sir: I pray you pardon me, I have a little haste in, sir.

## Every Man in His Humour

*I*

A thousand thanks, good Musco.

Exit.

*I*

What, I hope he laughs not at me; if he do —

*F*

Here is a style indeed, for a mans fences to leape ouer, ere they come at it: why, it is able to breake the shinnes of any old mans patience in the world. My father reade this with patience? Then will I be made an Eunuch, and learne to sing Ballads. I do not deny, but my father may have as much patience as any other man; for he vses to take phisicke, and oft taking phisicke, makes a man a very patient creature. But, Signior Prospero, had your swaggering Epistle here, arriued in my fathers hands, at such an houre of his patience, (I meane, when he had tane phisicke) it is to be doubted, whether I should have read sweete villayne here. But, what? My wise cousin; Nay then, I will furnish our feast with one Gull more toward a messe; he writes to me of two, and here is one, that is three, in fayth. O for a fourth: now, Fortune, or never Fortune.

*I*

O, now I see who he laught at: he laught at some body in that letter. By this good light, if he had laught at me, I would have told mine vncl.

*F*

Cousin Stephano: good morrow, good cousin, how fare you?

*I*

The better for your asking, I will assure you, I have beene all about to seeke you; since I came I saw mine vncl; and in faith how have you done this great while? Good Lord, by my troth I am glad you are well cousin.

*F*



## Every Man in His Humour

And I am as glad of your comming, I protest to you, for I am sent for by a priuate gentleman, my most speciall deare friend, to come to him to Florence this morning, and you shall go with me cousin, if it please you, not els, I will enioyne you no further then stands with your owne consent, and the condition of a friend.

*I*

Why cousin you shall command me if it were wise so farre as Florence to do you good; what do you think I will not go with you? I protest.

*F*

Nay, nay, you shall not protest.

*I*

By God, but I will sir, by your leaue I will protest more to my friend then I will speake of at this time.

*F*

You speake very well sir.

*I*

Nay not so neither, but I speake to serue my turne.

*F*

Your turne? why cousin, a gentleman of so faire sort as you are, of so true cariage, so speciall good parts: of so deare and choice estimation; one whose lowest condition beares the stampe of a great spirit; nay more, a man so grac'd, guilded, or rather (to vse a more fit Metaphor) tinfoyld by nature, (not that you have a leaden constitution, couze, although perhaps a little inclining to that temper, and so the more apt to melt with pittie, when you fall into the fire of rage) but for your lustre onely, which reflects as bright to the world as an old Ale-wiues pewter againe a good time; and will you now (with nice modestie) hide such reall ornaments as these, and shadow their glorie as a Millaners wife doth her wrought stomacher, with a smoakie lawne or a blacke cipresse? Come, come, for a shame do not wrong the qualitie of your desert in so poore a kind: but let the Idea of what you are, be portraied in your aspect, that men may reade in your lookes; Here within this place is to be seene, the most admirable rare and accomplit worke of nature; Cousin what think you of this?

## Every Man in His Humour

*I*

Marry I do think of it, and I will be more melancholie, and gentlemanlike then I have beene, I do ensure you.

*F*

Why this is well: now if I can but hold up this humor in him, as it is begun, Catso for Florence, match him if she can; Come cousin.

*I*

I will follow you.

*F*

Follow me? you must go before.

*I*

Must I? nay then I pray you shew me good cousin.

Exeunt.

### **Scene 1.3**

*J*

I think this be the house: what howgh?

*G*

Who is there? o Signior Matheo. God give you good morrow sir.

*J*

## Every Man in His Humour

What? Cob? how doest thou good Cob? doest thou inhabite here Cob?

**G**

Aye sir, I and my lineage have kept a poore house in our daies.

**J**

Thy lineage monsieur Cob? what lineage, what lineage?

**G**

Why sir, an ancient lineage, and a princely: mine ancetrie came from a kings loynes, no worse man; and yet no man neither, but Herring the king of fish, one of the monarches of the world I assure you. I do fetch my pedegree and name from the first redde herring that was eaten in Adam, and Eves kitchin: his Cob was my great, great, mighty great grandfather.

**J**

Why mightie? why mightie?

**G**

O it is a mightie while agoe sir, and it was a mightie great Cob.

**J**

How knowest thou that?

**G**

How know I? why his ghost comes to me euery night.

**J**

## Every Man in His Humour

O vnsauorie iest: the ghost of a herring Cob.

**G**

Aye, why not the ghost of a herring Cob, as well as the ghost of Rasherio Baccono, they were both broild on the coales: you are a scholler, vpsolue me that now.

**J**

O rude ignorance. Cob canst thou shew of me, of a gentleman, one Signior Bobadilla, where his lodging is?

**G**

O my guest sir, you meane?

**J**

Thy guest, alas? ha, ha.

**G**

Why do you laugh sir? do you not meane signior Bobadilla?

**J**

Cob I pray thee aduise thy selfe well: do not wrong the gentleman, and thy selfe too. I dare be sworne he scornes thy house he. He lodge in such a base obscure place as thy house? Tut, I know his disposition so well, he would not lie in thy bed if thou would'st give it him.

**G**

I will not give it him. Masse I thought (somewhat was in it) we could not get him to bed all night. Well sir, though he lie not on my bed, he lies on my bench, if it please you to go up sir, you shall find him with two cushions vnder his head, and his cloake wrapt about him, as though he had neither won nor lost, and yet I warrant he never cast better in his life then he hath done to night.

## Every Man in His Humour

**J**

Why was he drunke?

**G**

Drunk sir? you heare not me say so; perhaps he swallow'd a tauerne token, or some such deuse sir; I have nothing to do withal: I deale with water and not with wine. Give me my tankard there, ho. God be with you sir, it is sixe a clocke: I should have caried two turnes by this, what ho? my stopple come.

**J**

Lie in a waterbearers house, a gentleman of his note? well I will tell him my mind.

Exit.

**G**

What Tib, shew this gentleman up to Signior Bobadilla: o if my house were the Brazen head now, faith it would eene crie more fooles yet: you should have some now, would take him to be a gentleman at the least; alas God helpe the simple, his father is an honest man, a good fishmonger, and so forth: and now doth he creep and wriggle into acquaintance with all the braue gallants about the towne, such as my guest is, (o my guest is a fine man) and they flout him inuincible. He vseth euery day to a Marchants house (where I serue water) one M. Thorellos; and here is the iest, he is in love with my masters sister, and cals her mistres: and there he sits a whole afternoone sometimes, reading of these same abhominable, vile, (a poxe on them, I cannot abide them) rascally verses, Poetrie, poetrie, and speaking of Enterludes, it will make a man burst to heare him: and the wenches, they do so geere and tihe at him; well, should they do as much to me, I would forswear them all, by the life of Pharoah, there is an oath: how many waterbearers shall you heare swear such an oath? o I have a guest (he teacheth me) he doth swear the best of any man christned: By Pho ebus, By the life of Pharaoh, By the body of me, As I am gentleman, and a soldier: such daintie oathes; and withall he doth take this same filthie roaguish Tabacco the finest, and cleanliest; it wold do a man good to see the fume come forth at his nostrils: well, he owes me fortie shillings (my wife lent him out of her purse; by sixpence a time) besides his lodging; I would I had it: I shall have it he saith next Action. Helter skelter, hang sorrow, care will kill a cat, vptailles all, and a poxe on the hangman.

Exit.

Bobadilla discouers himselfe: on a bench; to him Tib.

**C**

Hostesse, hostesse.

Every Man in His Humour

*O*

What say you sir?

*C*

A cup of your small beere sweet hostesse.

*O*

Sir, there is a gentleman below would speake with you.

*C*

A gentleman, (Gods #so) I am not within.

*O*

My husband told him you were sir.

*C*

What ha plague? what meant he?

*J*

Signior Bobadilla.

Matheo within.

*C*

Who is there? (take away the bason good hostesse) come up sir.

*O*

Every Man in His Humour

He would desire you to come up sir; you come into a cleanly house here.

*J*

God saue you sir, God saue you.

Enter Matheo

*C*

Signior Matheo, is it you sir? please you sit downe.

*J*

I thanke you good Signior, you may see, I am somewhat audacious.

*C*

Not so Signior, I was requested to supper yesternight by a sort of gallants where you were wisht for, and drunke to I assure you.

*J*

Vouchsafe me by whom good Signior.

*C*

Marrie by Signior Prospero, and others, why hostesse, a stoole here for this gentleman.

*J*

No haste sir, it is very well.

*C*

## Every Man in His Humour

Bodie of me, it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open mine eyes yet; I was but new risen as you came: how passes the day abroad sir? you can tell.

*J*

Faith some halfe houre to seuen: now trust me you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat, and priuate.

*C*

Aye sir, sit downe I pray you: Signior Matheo (in any case) possesse no gentlemen of your acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

*J*

Who I sir? no.

*C*

Not that I neede to care who know it, but in regard I would not be so popular and generall, as some be.

*J*

True Signior, I conceiue you.

*C*

For do you see sir, by the hart of my selfe (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily ingag'd, as yourselfe, or so) I would not extend thus farre.

*J*

O Lord sir I resolue so.

*C*



## Every Man in His Humour

What new booke have you there? what? Go by Hieronimo.

*J*

Aye, did you euer see it acted? is it not well pend?

*C*

Well pend: I would faine see all the Poets of our time pen such another play as that was; they will prate and swagger, and keepe a stirre of arte and deuises, when (by Gods #so) they are the most shallow pittifull fellowes that liue upon the face of the earth againe.

*J*

Indeede, here are a number of fine speeches in this booke: O eyes, no eyes but fountaines fraught with teares; there is a conceit: Fountaines fraught with teares. O life, no life, but liuely forme of death: is it not excellent? O world, no world, but masse of publique wrongs; O Gods me: confusde and fild with murther and misdeeds. Is it not simply the best that euer you heard? Ha, how do you like it?

*C*

It is good.

*J*

To thee the purest obiect of my sence,  
The most refined essence heauen couers,  
Send I these lines, whereon I do commence  
The happie state of true deseruing lovers.  
If they proue rough, vnpolish't, harsh and rude,  
Haste made that waste; thus mildly I conclude.

*C*

Nay proceed, proceed, where is this? where is this?

*J*

## Every Man in His Humour

This sir, a toy of mine owne in my nonage: but when will you come and see my studie? good faith I can shew you some verie good thinges I have done of late: that boote becomes your legge passing well sir, me thinks.

*C*

So, so, it is a fashion gentlemen vse.

*J*

Masse sir, and now you speake of the fashion, Signior Prosperos elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly: this other day I hapned to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship was most beautifull and gentlemanlike; yet he condemned it for the most pide and ridiculous that euer he saw.

*C*

Signior Guiliano, was it not? the elder brother?

*J*

Aye sir, he.

*C*

Hang him Rooke he? why he has no more iudgement then a malt horse. By S. George, I hold him the most peremptorie absurd clowne (one of them) in Christendome: I protest to you (as I am a gentleman and a soldier) I never talk't with the like of him: he has not so much as a good word in his bellie, all iron, iron, a good commoditie for a smith to make hobnailes on.

*J*

Aye, and he thinkes to carrie it away with his manhood still where he comes: he brags he will give me the bastinado, as I heare.

*C*

How, the bastinado? how came he by that word trow?

## Every Man in His Humour

*J*

Nay indeed he said cudgill me; I tearmd it so for the more grace.

*C*

That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word: but when, when said he so?

*J*

Faith yesterday they say, a young gallant a friend of mine told me so.

*C*

By the life of Pharaoh, if it were my case now, I should send him a challenge presently: the bastinado: come hither, you shall challenge him; I will shew you a tricke or two, you shall kill him at pleasure, the first stockado if you will, by this ayre.

*J*

Indeed you have absolute knowledge in the mistery, I have heard sir.

*C*

Of whom? of whom I pray?

*J*

Faith I have heard it spoken of diuers, that you have verie rare skill sir.

*C*

By heauen, no, not I, no skill in the earth: some small science, know my time, distance, or so, I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemens vse, then mine owne practise I assure you. Hostesse, lend us another bedstaffe here quickly: looke you sir, exalt not your point about this state at any hand, and let your poyneard maintaine

## Every Man in His Humour

your defence thus: give it the gentleman. So sir, come on, o twine your bodie more about, that you may come to a more sweet comely gentlemanlike guard; so indifferent. Hollow your bodie more sir, thus: now stand fast on your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time: o you disorder your point most vilely.

*J*

How is the bearing of it now sir?

*C*

O out of measure ill, a well experienced man would passe upon you at pleasure.

*J*

How meane you passe upon me?

*C*

Why thus sir? make a thrust at me; come in upon my time; controll your point, and make a full carriere at the bodie: the best practis'd gentlemen of the time terme it the passado, a most desperate thrust, beleuee it.

*J*

Well, come sir,

*C*

Why you do not manage your weapons with that facilitie and grace that you should do, I have no spirit to play with you, your dearth of iudgement makes you seeme tedious.

*J*

But one veny sir.

*C*

## Every Man in His Humour

Fie veney, most grosse denomination, as euer I heard: o the stockado while you liue Signior, note that. Come put on your cloake, and we will go to some priuate place where you are acquainted, some tauerne or so, and we will send for one of these fencers, where he shall breath you at my direction, and then I will teach you that tricke, you shall kill him with it at the first if you please: why I will learne you by the true iudgement of the eye, hand and foot, to controll any mans point in the world; Should your aduersary confront you with a pistoll, it were nothing, you should (by the same rule) controll the bullet, most certaine by Pho ebus: vnles it were haile-shot: what mony have you about you sir?

*J*

Faith I have not past two shilling, or so.

*C*

It is somewhat with the least, but come, when we have done, we will call up Signior Prospero; perhaps we shall meet with Coridon his brother there.

Exeunt.

### **Scene 1.4**

Enter Thorello, Guiliano, Piso.

*A*

Piso, come hither: there lies a note within upon my deske; here take my key: it is no matter neither, where is the boy?

*L*

Within sir, in the warehouse.

*A*

Let him tell ouer that Spanish gold, and weigh it, and do you see the deliuerie of those wares to Signior Bentiuole: I will be there my selfe at the receipt of the money anon.

*L*

Every Man in His Humour

Verie good sir.

Exit Piso.

**A**

Brother, did you see that same fellow there?

**K**

Aye, what of him?

**A**

He is e'ene the honestest faithfull seruant, that is this day in Florence; (I speake a proud word now) and one that I durst trust my life into his hands, I have so strong opinion of his love, if need were.

**K**

God send me never such need: but you said you had somewhat to tell me, what is it?

**A**

Faith brother, I am loath to vtter it,  
As fearing to abuse your patience,  
But that I know your iudgement more direct,  
Able to sway the nearest of affection.

**K**

Come, come, what needs this circumstance?

**A**

I will not say what honor I ascribe  
Vnto your friendship, nor in what deare state  
I hold your love; let my continued zeale,  
The constant and religious regard,  
That I have euer caried to your name,  
My cariage with your sister, all contest,  
How much I stand affected to your house.

Every Man in His Humour

**K**

You are too tedious, come to the matter, come to the matter.

**A**

Then (without further ceremony) thus.  
My brother Prospero (I know not how)  
Of late is much declin'd from what he was,  
And greatly alterd in his disposition.  
When he came first to lodge here in my house.  
Never trust me, if I was not proud of him:  
Me thought he bare himselfe with such obseruance,  
So true election and so faire a forme:  
And (what was chiefe) it shewd not borrowed in him,  
But all he did became him as his owne,  
And seemd as perfect, proper, and innate,  
Vnto the mind, as collor to the blood,  
But now, his course is so irregular,  
So loose affected, and depriu'd of grace.  
And he himselfe withall so farre falne off  
From his first place, that scarce no note remaines,  
To tell mens iudgements where he lately stood;  
He is growne a stranger to all due respect,  
Forgetfull of his friends, and not content  
To stale himselfe in all societies,  
He makes my house as common as a Mart,  
A Theater, a publike receptacle  
For giddie humor, and diseased riot,  
And there, (as in a Tauerne, or a stewes,)  
He, and his wilde associates, spend their houres,  
In repetition of lasciuious iests,  
Sweare, leape, and dance, and reuell night by night,  
Controll my seruants: and indeed what not?

**K**

Faith I know not what I should say to him: so God saue me, I am eene at my wits end, I have tolde him inough,  
one would think, if that would serue: well, he knowes what to trust to for me: let him spend, and spend, and  
domineere till his hart ake: if he get a peny more of me, I will give him this eare.

**A**

Nay good Brother have patience.

## Every Man in His Humour

**K**

S'blood, he mads me, I could eate my very flesh for anger: I marle you will not tell him of it, how he disquiets your house,

**A**

O there are diuers reasons to disswade me,  
But would your selfe vouchsafe to trauaile in it,  
(Though but with plaine, and easie circumstance,)  
It would, both come much better to his sence,  
And fauor lesse of griefe and discontent.  
You are his elder brother, and that title  
Confirmes and warrants your authoritie:  
Which (seconded by your aspect) will breed  
A kinde of duty in him, and regard.  
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,  
It would but adde contempt, to his neglect,  
Heape worse on ill, reare a huge pile of hate,  
That in the building, would come tottring downe,  
And in her ruines, bury all our love.  
Nay more then this brother; (if I should speake)  
He would be ready in the heate of passion,  
To fill the eares of his familiars,  
With oft reporting to them, what disgrace  
And grosse disparagement, I had propos'd him.  
And then would they straight back him, in opinion,  
Make some loose comment upon euery word,  
And out of their distracted phantasies;  
Contriue some slander, that should dwell with me.  
And what would that be think you? mary this,  
They would give out, (because my wife is fayre,  
My selfe but lately married, and my sister  
Here sojourning a virgin in my house)  
That I were iealous: nay, as sure as death,  
Thus they would say: and how that I had wrongd  
My brother purposely, thereby to finde  
An apt pretext to banish them my house.

**K**

Masse perhaps so.

**A**

Brother they would beleue it: so should I.  
(Like one of these penurious quack-slaluers,)  
But trie experiments upon my selfe,



## Every Man in His Humour

Open the gates vnto mine owne disgrace,  
Lend bare-ribd enuie, oportunitie.  
To stab my reputation, and good name.  
Enter Boba. and Matheo.

*J*

I will speake to him.

*C*

Speake to him? away, by the life of Pharoah you shall not, you shall not do him that grace: the time of daye to you  
Gentleman: is Signior Prospero stirring?

*K*

How then? what should he do?

*C*

Signior Thorello, is he within sir?

*A*

He came not to his lodging to night sir, I assure you.

*K*

Why do you here? you.

*C*

This gentleman hath satisfied me, I will talke to no Scauenger.

*K*

## Every Man in His Humour

How Scauenger? stay sir stay.

Exeunt.

**A**

Nay Brother Giuliano.

**K**

S'blood stand you away, if you love me.

**A**

You shall not follow him now I pray you,  
Good faith you shall not.

**K**

Ha? Scauenger? well goe to, I say little, but, by this good day (God forgiue me I should sweare) if I put it up so, say I am the rankest — that euer pist. S'blood if I swallowe this, I will neere drawe my sworde in the sight of man againe while I liue; I will sit in a Barne with Madge-owlet first, Scauenger? 'Hart and I will goe neere to fill that huge timbrell slop of yours with somewhat if I have good lucke, your Garagantua breech cannot carry it away so.

**A**

O do not fret your selfe thus, never think of it.

**K**

These are my brothers consorts these, these are his Cumrades, his walking mates, he is a gallant, a Caeliero too, right hangman cut, God let me not liue, if I could not finde in my hart to swinge the whole nest of them, one after another, and begin with him first, I am grieu'd it should be said he is my brother, and take these courses, well he shall heare of it, and that tightly too, if I liue in faith.

**A**

But brother, let your apprehension (then)  
Runne in an easie current, not transported  
With heady rashnes, or deuouring choller,  
And rather carry a perswading spirit,  
Whose powers will pearce more gently; and allure,  
The imperfect thoughts you labour to reclaime,

## Every Man in His Humour

To a more sodaine and resolu'd assent.

**K**

Aye, aye, let me alone for that I warrant you.

Bell rings.

**A**

How now? o the bell rings to breakefast. Brother Guiliano, I pray you go in and beare my wife company: I will but give order to my seruants for the dispatche of some busines and come to you presently.

Exit Guil.  
Enter Cob.

**A**

What Cob? our maides will have you by the back (in faith) For comming so late this morning.

**G**

Perhaps so sir, take heede some body have not them by the belly for walking so late in the euening.

Exit.

**A**

Now (in good faith) my minde is somewhat easd,  
Though not reposd in that securitie,  
As I could wish; well, I must be content,  
How ever I set a face of it to the world,  
Would I had lost this finger at a vente,  
So Prospero had never lodg'd in my house,  
Why it cannot be, where there is such resort  
Of wanton gallants, and young reuellers,  
That any woman should be honest long.  
Is it like, that factious beauty will preserue  
The soueraigne state of chastitie vnscard,  
When such strong motiues muster, and make head  
Against her single peace? no, no: beware  
When mutuall pleasure swayes the appetite,  
And spirits of one kinde and qualitie,  
Do meete to parlee in the pride of blood.  
Well (to be plaine) if I but thought the time  
Had answer'd their affections: all the world

## Every Man in His Humour

Should not perswade me, but I were a cuckold:  
Mary I hope they have not got that start.  
For opportunity hath balkt them yet,  
And shall do still, while I have eyes and eares  
To attend the imposition of my hart,  
My presence shall be as an Iron Barre,  
Twixt the conspiring motions of desire,  
Yea euery looke or glance mine eye obiects,  
Shall checke occasion, as one doth his slaue,  
When he forgets the limits of prescription.  
Enter Biancha, with Hesperida.

*M*

Sister Hesperida, I pray you fetch downe the Rose water aboue in the closet: Sweete hart will you come in to breakfast.

Exit Hesperida.

*A*

If she have ouer-heard me now?

*M*

I pray thee (good Musse) we stay for you.

*A*

By Christ I would not for a thousand crownes.

*M*

What ayle you sweete hart, are you not well, speake good Musse.

*A*

Troth my head akes extremely on a suddaine.

*M*

Every Man in His Humour

O Iesu!

*A*

How now? what?

*M*

Good Lord how it burnes? Musse keepe you warme, good truth it is this new disease, there is a number are troubled withall: for Gods sake sweete heart, come in out of the ayre.

*A*

How simple, and how subtill are her answeres?  
A new disease, and many troubled with it.  
Why true, she heard me all the world to nothing.

*M*

I pray thee good sweet heart come in: the ayre will do you harme in troth.

*A*

I will come to you presently, it will away I hope.

*M*

Pray God it do.

Exit.

*A*

A new disease? I know not, new or old,  
But it may well be call'd poore mortals Plague;  
For like a pestilence it doth infect  
The houses of the braine: first it begins  
Solely to worke upon the fantasie,  
Filling her seat with such pestiferous aire,  
As soone corrupts the iudgement, and from thence,  
Sends like contagion to the memorie,

## Every Man in His Humour

Still each of other catching the infection,  
Which as a searching vapor spreads it selfe  
Confusedly through euery sensiuie part,  
Till not a thought or motion in the mind  
Be free from the blacke poison of suspect.  
Ah, but what error is it to know this,  
And want the free election of the soule  
In such extreames? well, I will once more striue,  
(Euen in despight of hell) my selfe to be,  
And shake this feauer off that thus shakes me.  
Exit.

### Act 2

#### Scene 2.1

Enter Musco disguised like a soldier.

**B**

S'blood, I cannot chuse but laugh to see my selfe translated thus, from a poore creature to a creator; for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or else my profession looses his grace, and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous as the Fico. o sir, it holds for good policie to have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly is most deare to us: So much for my borrowed shape. Well, the troth is, my maister intends to follow his son drie-foot to Florence, this morning: now I knowing of this conspiracie, and the rather to insinuate with my young master, (for so must we that are blew waiters, or men of seruice do, or else perhaps we may weare motley at the yeares end, and who weares motley you know:) I have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado, and intercept him in the midway: if I can but get his cloake, his purse, his hat, nay any thing so I can stay his iourney, Rex Regum, I am made for euer in faith: well, now must I practise to get the true garbe of one of these Launce-knights: my arme here, and my: Gods #so, young master and his cousin.

Enter Lo.iu. and Step.

**F**

So sir, and how then?

**I**

Gods foot, I have lost my purse, I think.

**F**

Every Man in His Humour

How? lost your purse? where? when had you it?

*I*

I cannot tell, stay.

*B*

S'lid I am afeard they will know me, would I could get by them.

*F*

What? have you it?

*I*

No, I think I was bewicht, I.

*F*

Nay do not weep, a poxe on it, hang it let it go.

*I*

O it is here; nay if it had beene lost, I had not car'd but for a iet ring Marina sent me.

*F*

A iet ring? o the poesie, the poesie?

*I*

Fine in faith: Though fancie sleepe, my love is deep: meaning that though I did not fancie her, yet she loved me dearely.

## Every Man in His Humour

**F**

Most excellent.

**I**

And then I sent her another, and my poesie was; The deeper the sweeter, I will be iudg'd by Saint Peter.

**F**

How, by S. Peter: I do not conceiue that.

**I**

Marrie, S. Peter to make up the meeter.

**F**

Well, you are beholding to that Saint, he help't you at your need; thanke him, thanke him.

**B**

I will venture, come what will: Gentlemen, please you chaunge a few crownes for a verie excellent good blade here; I am a poore gentleman, a soldier, one that (in the better state of my fortunes) scornd so meane a refuge, but now it is the humour of necessitie to have it so: you seeme to be gentlemen well affected to martiall men, els I should rather die with silence, then liue with shame: how ever, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speakes, not my selfe: this condition agrees not with my spirit.

**F**

Where hast thou seru'd?

**B**



## Every Man in His Humour

May it please you Signior, in all the prouinces of Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not? I have beene a poore seruator by sea and land, any time this xiiij. yeares, and follow'd the fortunes of the best Commaunders in Christendome. I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the reliefe of Vienna; I have beene at America in the galleyes thrise, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighes, and yet being thus maim'd I am voide of maintenance, nothing left me but my scarres, the noted markes of my resolution.

*I*

How will you sell this Rapier friend?

*B*

Faith Signior, I referre it to your owne iudgement; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

*I*

True, I am a gentleman, I know that; but what though, I pray you say, what would you aske?

*B*

I assure you the blade may become the side of the best prince in Europe.

*F*

Aye, with a veluet scabberd.

*I*

Nay if it be mine it shall have a veluet scabberd, that is flat, I would not weare it as it is if you would give me an angell.

*B*

At your pleasure Signior, nay it is a most pure Toledo.

Every Man in His Humour

*I*

I had rather it were a Spaniard: but tell me, what shall I give you for it? if it had a silver hilt --

*F*

Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold there is a shilling friend, take thy Rapier.

*I*

Why but I will buy it now, because you say so: what shall I go without a rapier?

*F*

You may buy one in the citie.

*I*

Tut, I will buy this, so I will; tell me your lowest price.

*F*

You shall not I say.

*I*

By Gods lid, but I will, though I give more then it is worth.

*F*

Come away, you are a foole.

*I*

Friend, I will have it for that word: follow me.

**B**

At your seruice Signior.

Exeunt.

## **Scene 2.2**

Enter Lorenzo senior.

**D**

My labouring spirit being late opprest  
With my sons follie, can embrace no rest,  
Till it hath plotted by aduise and skill,  
How to reduce him from affected will  
To reasons manage; which while I intend,  
My troubled soule beginnes to apprehend  
A farther secret, and to meditate  
Upon the difference of mans estate:  
Where is deciphered to true iudgements eye  
A deep, conceald, and precious misterie.  
Yet can I not but worthily admire  
At natures art: who (when she did inspire  
This heat of life) plac'd Reason (as a king)  
Here in the head, to have the marshalling  
Of our affections: and with soueraigntie  
To sway the state of our weake emperie.  
But as in diuers commonwealthes we see,  
The forme of gouernment to disagree:  
Euen so in man who searcheth soone shall find  
As much or more varietie of mind.  
Some mens affections like a sullen wife,  
Is with her husband reason still at strife.  
Others (like proud Arch–traitors that rebell  
Against their soueraigne) practise to expell  
Their liege Lord Reason, and not shame to tread  
Upon his holy and annointed head.  
But as that land or nation best doth thriue,  
Which to smooth–fronted peace is most procliue,  
So doth that mind, whose faire affections rang'd  
By reasons rules, stand constant and vnchang'd,  
Els, if the power of reason be not such,  
Why do we attribute to him so much?  
Or why are we obsequious to his law,  
If he want spirit our affects to awe?  
O no, I argue weakly, he is strong,  
Enter Musco.

## Every Man in His Humour

**D**

Albeit my son have done him too much wrong.

**B**

My master: nay faith have at you: I am flesh: now I have sped so well: Gentleman, I beseech you respect the estate of a poor soldier; I am asham'd of this base course of life (God is my comfort) but extremitie prouokes me to it, what remedie?

**D**

I have not for you now.

**B**

By the faith I beare vnto God, gentleman, it is no ordinarie custome, but onely to preserue manhood. I protest to you, a man I have bin, a man I may be, by your sweet bountie.

**D**

I pray thee good friend be satisfied.

**B**

Good Signior: by Iesu you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poore soldier the price of two cans of beere, a matter of small value, the King of heauen shall pay you, and I shall rest thankfull: sweet Signior.

**D**

Nay if you be so importunate —

**B**

O Lord sir, need will have his course: I was not made to this vile vse; well, the edge of the enimie could not have abated me so much: it is hard when a man hath serued in his Princes cause and be thus. Signior, let me deriue a small peece of siluer from you, it shall not be given in the course of time, by this good ground, I was faine to

## Every Man in His Humour

pawne my rapier last night for a poore supper, I am a Pagan els: sweet Signior.

**D**

Beleeue me I am rapte with admiration,  
To think a man of thy exterior presence,  
Should (in the constitution of the mind)  
Be so degenerate, infirme, and base.  
Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?  
To practise such a seruile kinde of life?  
Why were thy education never so meane,  
Hauing thy limbes: a thousand fairer courses  
Offer themselues to thy election.  
Nay there the warres might still supply thy wants,  
Or seruice of some vertuous Gentleman,  
Or honest labour; nay what can I name,  
But would become thee better then to beg?  
But men of your condition feede on sloth,  
As doth the Scarabe on the dung she breeds in,  
Not caring how the temper of your spirits  
Is eaten with the rust of idlenesse.  
Now afore God, what ever he be, that should  
Releuee a person of thy qualitie,  
While you insist in this loose desperate course,  
I would esteeme the sinne not thine but his.

**B**

Faith signior, I would gladly finde some other course if so.

**D**

Aye, you would gladly finde it, but you will not seeke it.

**B**

Alasse sir, where should a man seeke? in the warres, there is no assent by desart in these dayes, but: and for seruice would it were as soone purchast as wisht for (Gods my comfort) I know what I would say.

**D**

What is thy name.

Every Man in His Humour

**B**

Please you: Portensio.

**D**

Portensio?  
Say that a man should entertaine thee now,  
Would thou be honest, humble, iust and true.

**B**

Signior: by the place and honor of a souldier.

**D**

Nay, nay, I like not these affected othes;  
Speake plainly man: what thinkst thou of my words?

**B**

Nothing signior, but wish my fortunes were as happy as my seruice should be honest.

**D**

Well follow me, I will prooue thee, if thy deedes Will cary a proportion to thy words.

Exit Lor.

**B**

Yes sir straight, I will but garter my hose; o that my bellie were hoopt now, for I am readie to burst with laughing. S'lid, was there euer seene a foxe in yeares to betray himselfe thus? now shall I be possest of all his determinations, and consequently and my young master well he is resolu'd to proue my honestie: faith and I am resolved to proue his patience: o I shall abuse him intollerable: this small peece of seruice will bring him cleane out of love with the soldier for euer. It is no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip at an instant: why this is better then to have staid his iourney by halfe, well I will follow him: o how I long to be employed.

Exit.

**Scene 2.3**

Enter Prospero, Bobadilla, and Matheo.

*J*

Yes faith sir, we were at your lodging to seeke you too.

*E*

O I came not there to night.

*C*

Your brother deliuered us as much.

*E*

Who Guiliano?

*C*

Guiliano? Signior Prospero, I know not in what kinde you value me, but let me tell you this: as sure as God I do hold it so much out of mine honor and reputation, if I should but cast the least regard upon such a dunghill of flesh; I protest to you (as I have a soule to be sau'd) I never saw any gentlemanlike part in him: if there were no more men liuing upon the face of the earth, I should not fancie him by Pho ebus.

*J*

Troth nor, he is of a rusticall cut, I know not how: he doth not carrie himselfe like a gentleman.

*E*

O signior Matheo, that is a grace peculiar but to a few; quos æquus amauit Iupiter.

## Every Man in His Humour

*J*

I vnderstand you sir.

Enter Lorenzo iunior, and Step.

*E*

No question you do sir: Lorenzo; now on my soule welcome; how doest thou sweet raskall? my Genius? S'blood I shall love Apollo, and the mad Thespian girles the better while I liue for this; my deare villaine, now see there is some spirit in thee: Sirrah these be they two I writ to thee of, nay what a drowsie humor is this now? why doest thou not speake?

*F*

O you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter.

*E*

Why was it not rare?

*F*

Yes I will be sworne I was never guiltie of reading the like, match it in all Plinies familiar Epistles, and I will have my iudgement burnd in the eare for a rogue, make much of thy vaine, for it is inimitable. But I marle what Camell it was, that had the cariage of it? for doubtlesse he was no ordinarie beast that brought it.

*E*

Why?

*F*

Why sayest thou? why doest thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning, (the sober time of the day too) would have taine my father for me?

*E*



## Every Man in His Humour

S'blood you iest I hope?

*F*

Indeed the best vse we can turne it to, is to make a iest of it now: but I will assure you, my father had the prouing of your copy, some howre before I saw it.

*E*

What a dull slaue was this? But sirrah what sayd he to it in faith?

*F*

Nay I know not what he said. But I have a shrewd gesse what he thought.

*E*

What? what?

*F*

Mary that thou art a damn'd dissolute villaine, And I some graine or two better, in keeping thee company.

*E*

Tut that thought is like the Moone in the last quarter, it will change shortly: but sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two Zanies here, thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in them if thou hearst them once, but what strange peece of silence is this? the signe of the dumbe man?

*F*

O sir a kinsman of mine, one that may make our Musique the fuller if he please, he hath his humor sir.

*E*

## Every Man in His Humour

O what is it? what is it?

*F*

Nay: I will neyther do thy iudgement, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare thy apprehension: I will leaue him to the mercy of the time, if you can take him: so.

*E*

Well signior Bobadilla: signior Matheo: I pray you know this Gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will well deserue your affection, I know not your name signior, but I shall be glad of any good occasion, to be more familiar with you.

*I*

My name is signior Stephano, sir, I am this Gentlemans cousin, sir his father is mine vnckle; sir, I am somewhat melancholie, but you shall commaund me sir, in whatsoever is incident to a Gentleman.

*C*

Signior, I must tell you this, I am no generall man, embrace it as a most high fauour, for (by the host of Egypt) but that I conceiue you, to be a Gentleman of some parts, I love few words: you have wit: imagine.

*I*

Aye truely sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

*J*

O Lord sir, it is your only best humor sir, your true melancholy, breedes your perfect fine wit sir: I am melancholie my selfe diuers times sir, and then do I no more but take your pen and paper presently, and write you your halfe score or your dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

*F*

Masse then he vtters them by the grosse.

## Every Man in His Humour

*I*

Truely sir and I love such things out of measure.

*F*

In faith, as well as in measure.

*J*

Why I pray you signior, make vse of my studie, it is at your seruice.

*I*

I thanke you sir, I shall be bolde I warrant you, have you a close stoole there?

*J*

Faith sir, I have some papers there, toyes of mine owne doing at idle houres, that you will say there is some sparkes of wit in them, when you shall see them.

*E*

Would they were kindled once, and a good fire made, I might see selfe love burnd for her heresie.

*I*

Cousin, is it well? am I melancholie inough?

*F*

O I, excellent.

## Every Man in His Humour

*E*

Signior Bobadilla? why muse you so?

*F*

He is melancholy too.

*C*

Faith sir, I was thinking of a most honorable piece of seruice was perform'd to morrow; being S Marks day: shall be some ten years.

*F*

In what place was that seruice, I pray you sir?

*C*

Why at the beleaguering of Ghibelletto, where, in lesse then two houres, seuen hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in Europe, lost their liues upon the breach: I will tell you gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leaguer that euer I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of Tortosa last yeer by the Genowayes, but that (of all other) was the most fatall and dangerous exploit, that euer I was rang'd in, since I first bore armes before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a souldier.

*I*

So, I had as lief as an angell I could sweare as well as that gentleman.

*F*

Then you were a seruitor at both it seemes.

*C*

O Lord sir: by Phaeton I was the first man that entred the breach, and had I not effected it with resolution, I had bene slaine if I had had a million of liues.

## Every Man in His Humour

*F*

Indeed sir?

*I*

Nay if you heard him discourse you would say so: how like you him?

*C*

I assure you (upon my saluation) it is true, and your selfe shall confesse.

*E*

You must bring him to the racke first.

*C*

Obserue me iudicially sweet signior: they had planted me a demy culuering, iust in the mouth of the breach; now sir (as we were to ascend) their master gunner (a man of no meane skill and courage, you must think) confronts me with his Linstock ready to give fire; I spying his intendement, discharg'd my Petrinell in his bosome, and with this instrument my poore Rapier, ran violently upon the Moores that guarded the ordinance, and put them pell-mell to the sword.

*E*

To the sword? to the Rapier signior.

*F*

O it was a good figure obseru'd sir: but did you all this signior without hurting your blade.

*C*

## Every Man in His Humour

Without any impeach on the earth: you shall perceiue sir, it is the most fortunate weapon, that euer rid on a poore gentlemans thigh: shall I tell you sir, you talke of Moroglay, Excaliber, Durindana, or so: tut, I lend no credit to that is reported of them, I know the vertue of mine owne, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintaine it.

*I*

I marle whether it be a toledo or no?

*C*

A most perfect toledo, I assure you signior.

*I*

I have a countriman of his here.

*J*

Pray you let us see sir: yes faith it is.

*C*

This a Toledo? pissa

*I*

Why do you pish signior?

*C*

A Fleming by Pho ebus, I will buy them for a guilder a peece and I will have a thousand of them.

*F*

How say you cousin, I told you thus much.

Every Man in His Humour

*E*

Where bought you it signior?

*I*

Of a scurvy rogue Souldier, a pox of God on him, he swore it was a Toledo.

*C*

A prouant Rapier, no better.

*J*

Masse I think it be indeed.

*F*

Tut now it is too late to looke on it, put it up, put it up.

*I*

Well I will not put it up, but by Gods foote, and ere I meete him --

*E*

O it is past remedie now sir, you must have patience.

*I*

Horson conny-catching Raskall; o I could eate the very hilts for anger.

*F*

Every Man in His Humour

A signe you have a good Ostrich stomack Cousin.

*I*

A stomack? would I had him here, you should see and I had a stomacke.

*E*

It is better as it is: come gentlemen shall we goe?

Enter Musco.

*F*

A miracle cousin, looke here, looke here.

*I*

O, Gods lid, by your leaue, do you know me sir.

*B*

Aye sir, I know you by sight.

*I*

You sold me a Rapier, did you not?

*B*

Yes marry did I sir.

*I*

You said it was a Toledo ha?



Every Man in His Humour

*B*

True I did so.

*I*

But it is none.

*B*

No sir, I confesse it, it is none.

*I*

Gentlemen beare witnesse, he has confest it. By Gods lid, if you had not confest it --

*F*

O cousin, forbear, forbear.

*I*

Nay I have done cousin.

*E*

Why you have done like a Gentleman, he has confest it, what would you more?

*F*

Sirrah how doost thou like him.

*E*

## Every Man in His Humour

O it is a pretious good foole, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happely, then a Barbers virginals; for euery one may play upon him.

**B**

Gentleman, shall I intreat a word with you?

**F**

With all my heart sir, you have not another Toledo to sell, have ye?

**B**

You are pleasant, your name is signior Lorenzo as I take it.

**F**

You are in the right: S'bloud he meanes to catechize me I think.

**B**

No sir, I leaue that to the Curate, I am none of that coate.

**F**

And yet of as bare a coate; well, say sir.

**B**

Faith signior, I am but seruant to God Mars extraordinarie, and indeed (this brasse varnish being washt off, and three or foure other tricks sublated) I appeare yours in reuersion, after the decease of your good father, Musco.

**F**

Musco, s'bloud what winde hath blowne thee hither in this shape.

Every Man in His Humour

**B**

Your Easterly winde sir, the same that blew your father hither.

**F**

My father?

**B**

Nay never start, it is true, he is come to towne of purpose to seeke you.

**F**

Sirrah Prospero: what shall we do sirrah, my father is come to the city.

**E**

Thy father: where is he?

**B**

At a Gentlemans house yonder by Saint Anthonies, where he but stayes my returne; and then ---

**E**

Who is this? Musco?

**B**

The same sir.

**E**

Scene 2.3

## Every Man in His Humour

Why how comst thou trans–muted thus?

**B**

Faith a deuse, a deuse, nay for the love of God, stand not here Gentlemen, house your selues and I will tell you all.

**F**

But art thou sure he will stay thy returne?

**B**

Do I liue sir? what a question is that?

**E**

Well we will prorogue his expectation a little: Musco thou shalt go with us: Come on Gentlemen: nay I pray thee (good raskall) droope not, s'hart if our wits be so gowty, that one old plodding braine can out–strip us all, Lord I beseech thee, may they lie and starue in some miserable spittle, where they may never see the face of any true spirit againe, but be perpetually haunted with some church–yard Hobgoblin in seculo seculorum.

**B**

Amen, Amen.

Exeunt.

## Act 3

### Scene 3.1

Enter Thorello, and Piso.

**L**

He will expect you sir within this halfe houre.

## Every Man in His Humour

*A*

Why what is a clocke?

*L*

New striken ten.

*A*

Hath he the money ready, can you tell?

*L*

Yes sir, Baptista brought it yesternight.

*A*

O that is well: fetch me my cloake.

Exit Piso

*A*

Stay, let me see; an hower to goe and come,  
Aye that will be the least: and then it will be  
An houre, before I can dispatch with him;  
Or very neare: well, I will say two houres;  
Two houres? ha? things never drempt of yet  
May be contriu'd, aye and effected too,  
In two houres absence: well I will not go.  
Two houres; no fleeing opportunity  
I will not give your trecherie that scope.  
Who will not iudge him worthy to be robd,  
That sets his doores wide open to a theefe,  
And shewes the felon, where his treasure lyes?  
Againe, what earthy spirit but will attempt  
To taste the fruite of beauties golden tree,  
When leaden sleepe seales up the dragons eyes?  
O beauty is a Proiect of some power,  
Chiefly when oportunitie attends her:

Act 3

Every Man in His Humour

She will infuse true motion in a stone,  
Put glowing fire in an Icie soule,  
Stuffe peasants bosoms with proud Cæsars spleene,  
Powre rich deuce into an empty braine:  
Bring youth to follies gate: there traine him in,  
And after all, extenuate his sinne.  
Well, I will not go, I am resolu'd for that.  
Goe cary it againe, yet stay: yet do too,  
I will deferre it till some other time.  
Enter Piso.

*L*

Sir, signior Platano will meet you there with the bond.

*A*

That is true: by Iesu I had cleane forgot it. I must goe, what is a clocke?

*L*

Past ten sir.

*A*

'Hart, then will Prospero presently be here too,  
With one or other of his loose consorts.  
I am a Jew, if I know what to say,  
What course to take, or which way to resolute.  
My braine (me thinkes) is like an hower-glasse,  
And my imaginations like the sands,  
Runne dribling foorth to fill the mouth of time,  
Still chaung'd with turning in the ventricle.  
What were I best to do? it shall be so.  
Nay I dare build upon his secrecie? Piso.

*L*

Sir.

*A*

Every Man in His Humour

Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not. Is Cob within?

*L*

I think he be sir.

*A*

But he will prate too, there is no talke of him.  
No, there were no course upon the earth to this,  
If I durst trust him; tut I were secure,  
But there is the question now, if he should prooue,  
Rimarum plenus, then, s'blood I were Rookt.  
The state that he hath stood in till this present,  
Doth promise no such change: what should I feare then?  
Well, come what will, I will tempt my fortune once.  
Piso, thou mayest deceiue me, but I think thou lovest me Piso.

*L*

Sir, if a seruants zeale and humble duetie may be term'd love, you are possest of it.

*A*

I have a matter to impart to thee, but thou must be secret, Piso.

*L*

Sir for that --

*A*

Nay heare me man; think I esteeme thee well,  
To let thee in thus to my priuate thoughts;  
Piso, it is a thing, sits neerer to my crest,  
Then thou art ware of: if thou shouldst reueale it --

*L*

Reueale it sir?

Every Man in His Humour

*A*

Nay, I do not think thou wouldst, but if thou shouldst:

*L*

Sir, then I were a villaine: Disclaime in me for euer if I do.

*A*

He will not sweare: he has some meaning sure,  
Else (being vrg'd so much) how should he choose,  
But lend an oath to all this protestation?  
He is no puritane, that I am certaine of.  
What should I think of it? vrge him againe,  
And in some other forme: I will do so.  
Well Piso, thou hast sworne not to disclose; aye you did sweare?

*L*

Not yet sir, but I will, so please you.

*A*

Nay I dare take thy word.  
But if thou wilt sweare; do as you think good,  
I am resolu'd without such circumstance.

*L*

By my soules safetie sir I here protest,  
My tongue shall never take knowledge of a word  
Deliu'er'd me in compasse of your trust.

*A*

Enough, enough, these ceremonies need not,  
I know thy faith to be as firme as brasse.  
Piso come hither: nay we must be close  
In managing these actions: So it is,  
(Now he has sworne I dare the safelier speake;)  
I have of late by diuers obseruations --  
But, whether his oath be lawfull yea, or no, ha?  
I will aske counsel ere I do proceed:



Every Man in His Humour

Piso, it will be now too long to stay,  
We will spie some fitter time soone, or to morrow.

*L*

At your pleasure sir.

*A*

I pray you search the bookes gainst I returne  
For the receipts twixt me and Platano

*L*

I will sir.

*A*

And heare you: if my brother Prospero  
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen  
Ere I come backe: let one straight bring me word.

*L*

Very well sir.

*A*

Forget it not, nor be not you out of the way.

*L*

I will not sir.

*A*

Or whether he come or no, if any other,  
Stranger or els? faile not to send me word.

*L*

Every Man in His Humour

Yes sir.

*A*

Have care I pray you and remember it.

*L*

I warrant you sir.

*A*

But Piso, this is not the secret I told thee of.

*L*

No sir, I suppose so.

*A*

Nay beleeue me it is not.

*L*

I do beleeue you sir.

*A*

By heauen it is not, that is enough.  
Marrie, I would not thou shouldst vtter it  
To any creature liuing, yet I care not.  
Well, I must hence: Piso conceiue thus much,  
No ordinarie person could have drawne  
So deepe a secret from me; I meane not this,  
But that I have to tell thee: this is nothing, this.  
Piso, remember, silence, buried here:  
No greater hell then to be slaue to feare.  
Exit Tho.

## Every Man in His Humour

**L**

Piso, remember, silence, buried here:  
Whence should this slow of passion (trow) take head? ha?  
Faith I will dreame no longer of this running humor.  
For feare I sinke, the violence of the streame  
Alreadie hath transported me so farre,  
That I can feele no ground at all: but soft,  
Enter Cob.

**L**

O it is our waterbearer: somewhat has crost him now.

**G**

Fasting dayes: what tell you me of your fasting dayes? would they were all on a light fire for me: they say the world shall be consum'd with fire and brimstone in the latter day: but I would we had these ember weekes, and these villanous fridaies burnt in the meane time, and then —

**L**

Why how now Cob, what moues thee to this choller? ha?

**G**

Coller sir? swounds I scorne your coller, I sir am no colliers horse sir, never ride me with your coller, if you do, I will shew you a iades tricke.

**L**

O you will slip your head out of the coller: why Cob you mistake me.

**G**

Nay I have my rewme, and I be angrie as well as another, sir.

**L**

## Every Man in His Humour

Thy rewme; thy humor man, thou mistakest.

**G**

Humor? macke, I think it be so indeed: what is this humor? it is some rare thing I warrant.

**L**

Marrie I will tell thee what it is (as it is generally receiued in these daies) it is a monster bred in a man by selfe love, and affectation, and fed by folly.

**G**

How? must it be fed?

**L**

O aye, humor is nothing if it be not fed, why, didst thou never heare of that? it is a common phrase, Feed my humor.

**G**

I will none of it: humor, auaunt, I know you not, be gon. Let who will make hungry meales for you, it shall not be I: Feed you quoth he s'blood I have much adoe to feed my self, especially on these leane rasscall daies too, if it had beene any other day but a fasting day: a plague on them all for me: by this light one might have done God good seruice and have drown'd them all in the floud two or three hundred thousand yeares ago, o I do stomacke them hugely: I have a mawe now, if it were for sir Beuisses horse.

**L**

Nay, but I pray thee Cob, what makes thee so out of love with fasting daies?

**G**

Marrie that, that will make any man out of love with them, I think: their bad conditions if you will needs know: First, they are of a Flemmish breed I am sure of it, for they rauen up more butter then all the daies of the weeke beside: next, they stinke of fish miserably: Thirdly, they will keep a man deuoutly hungry all day, and at night

## Every Man in His Humour

send him supperlesse to bed.

*L*

Indeed these are faults Cob.

*G*

Nay if this were all, it were something, but they are the onely knowne enemies to my generation. A fasting day no sooner comes, but my lineage goes to racke, poore Cobbes they smoake for it, they melt in passion, and your maides too know this, and yet would have me turne Hannibal, and eat my owne fish and blood: my princely couze, feare nothing; I have

,

Pul's out a red Herring.

*G*

not the heart to deuoure you, if I might be made as rich as Golias: o that I had roome for my teares, I could weep salt water enough now to preserue the liues of ten thousand of my kin: but I may curse none but these filthy Almanacks, for if it were not for them, these daies of persecution would never be knowne. I will be hang'd if some Fishmongers son do not make on them, and puts in more fasting daies then he should do, because he would vtter his fathers dried stockfish.

*L*

S'oule peace, thou wilt be beaten

Enter Matheo, Prospero, Lo.iunior, Bobadilla, Stephano, Musco.

*L*

like a stockfish else: here is Signior Matheo. Now must I looke out for a messenger to my Master.

Exeunt Cob and Piso.

**Scene 3.2**

*E*

Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good iest, and exceedingly well caried.

*F*

Aye and our ignorance maintained it as well, did it not?

*E*

Yes faith, but was it possible thou should'st not know him?

*F*

Fore God not I, and I might have beene ioind patten with one of the nine worthies for knowing him. S'blood man, he had so writhen himselfe into the habit of one of your poore Disparuiew's here, your decaied, ruinous, worme-eaten gentlemen of the round: such as have vowed to sit on the skirts of the city, let your Prouost and his half dozen of halberders do what they can; and have translated begging out of the olde hackney pace, to a fine easy amble, and made it runne as smooth of the toung, as a shoue-groat shilling, into the likenes of one of these leane Pirgo's, had he moulded himselfe so perfectly, obseruing euerie tricke of their action, as varying the accent: swearing with an Emphasis. Indeed all with so speciall and exquisite a grace, that (hadst thou seene him) thou wouldst have sworne he might have beene the Tamberlaine, or the Agamemnon on the rout.

*E*

Why Musco: who would have thought thou hadst beene such a gallant?

*F*

I cannot tell, but (vnles a man had iuggled begging all his life time, and beene a weauer of phrases from his infancie, for the appartelling of it) I think the world cannot produce his Riual.

*E*

Every Man in His Humour

Where got'st thou this coat I marl'e.

*B*

Faith sir, I had it of one of the deuils neere kinsmen, a Broker.

*E*

That cannot be, if the prouerbe hold, a craftie knaue needs no broker.

*B*

True sir, but I need a broker, Ergo no crafty knaue.

*E*

Well put off, well put off.

*F*

Tut, he has more of these shifts.

*B*

And yet where I have one, the broker has ten sir.

Enter Piso.

*L*

Francisco: Martino: never a one to be found now, what a spite is this?

*E*

How now Piso? is my brother within?

## Every Man in His Humour

*L*

No sir, my master went forth e'ene now: but Signior Giuliano is within. Cob, what Cob: is he gone too?

*E*

Whither went thy master? Piso canst thou tell?

*L*

I know not, to Doctor Clements, I think sir. Cob.

Exit Piso.

*F*

Doctor Clement, what is he? I have heard much speech of him.

*E*

Why, doest thou not know him? he is the Gonfalionere of the state here, an excellent rare ciuilian, and a great scholler, but the onely mad merry olde fellow in Europe: I shewed him you the other day.

*F*

O I remember him now; Good faith, and he hath a very strange presence me thinkes, it shewes as if he stode out of the ranke from other men. I have heard many of his iests in Padua: they say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

*E*

Aye or wearing his cloake of one shoulder, or any thing indeede, if it come in the way of his humor.

*L*

Gaspar, Martino, Cob: S'hart, where should they be trow?



## Every Man in His Humour

Enter Piso.

*C*

Signior Thorello's man, I pray thee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

*L*

A pox on your match, no time but now to vouchsafe?

Francisco, Cob. Exit.

*C*

Body of me: here is the remainder of seuen pound, since yesterday was seuenight. It is your right Trinidado: did you never take any, signior?

*I*

No truly sir? but I will learne to take it now, since you commend it so.

*C*

Signior beleeeue me, (upon my relation) for what I tell you, the world shall not improue. I have been in the Indies (where this herbe growes) where neither my selfe, nor a dozen Gentlemen more (of my knowledge) have receiued the taste of any other nutriment, in the world, for the space of one and twentie weekes, but Tabacco onely. Therefore it cannot be but it is most diuine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kinde so, it makes an Antidote, that (had you taken the most deadly poysonous simple in all Florence, it should expell it, and clarifie you, with as much ease, as I speak. And for your greene wound, your Balsamum, and your — are all meere gulleries, and trash to it, especially your Trinidado: your Newcotian is good too: I could say what I know of the vertue of it, for the exposing of rewmes, raw humors, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I professe my selfe no quacke—saluer: only thus much: by Hercules I do holde it, and will affirme it (before any Prince in Europe) to be the most soueraigne, and pretious herbe, that euer the earth tendred to the vse of man.

*F*

O this speech would have done rare in a pothecaries mouth.

*L*

Every Man in His Humour

Aye; close by Saint Anthonies: Doctor Clements.

Enter Piso and Cob.

*G*

O, O.

*C*

Where is the match I gaue thee?

*L*

S'blood would his match, and he, and pipe, and all were at Sancto Domingo.

Exit.

*G*

By gods deynes: I marle what pleasure or felicitie they have in taking this rogish Tabacco: it is good for nothing but to choake a man, and fill him full of smoake, and imbers: there were foure died out of one house last weeke with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yester-night, one of them (they say) will never scape it, he voyded a bushell of foote yester-day, vpward and downward. By the stockes; if there were no wiser men then I, I would have it present death, man or woman, that should but deale with a Tabacco pipe; why, it will stifle them all in the end as many as vse it; it is little better then rats bane.

Enter Piso.

*X*

O good signior; hold, hold.

*C*

You base cullion, you.

*L*

Sir, here is your match; come, thou must needes be talking too.

## Every Man in His Humour

**G**

Nay he will not meddle with his match I warrant you: well it shall be a deere beating, if I liue.

**C**

Do you prate?

**F**

Nay good signior, will you regard the humor of a foole? away knaue.

**E**

Piso get him away.

Exit Piso, and Cob.

**G**

A horson filthy slaue, a turd, an excrement. Body of Cesar, but that I scorne to let forth so meane a spirit, I would have stab'd him to the earth.

**E**

Mary God forbid sir.

**C**

By this faire heauen I would have done it.

**I**

O he swears admirably: (by this faire heauen:) Body of Cesar: I shall never do it, sure (upon my saluation) no I have not the right grace.

## Every Man in His Humour

*J*

Signior will you any? By this ayre the most diuine Tabacco as euer I drunke.

*F*

I thanke you sir.

*I*

O this Gentleman doth it rarely too, but nothing like the other. By this ayre, as I am a Gentleman: by Pho ebus.

Exit Bob. and Mat.

*B*

Master glaunce, glaunce: Signior Prospero.

*I*

As I have a soule to be saued, I do protest;

*E*

That you are a foole.

*F*

Cousin will you any Tabacco?

*I*

Aye sir: upon my saluation.

Every Man in His Humour

*F*

How now cousin?

*I*

I protest, as I am a Gentleman, but no souldier indeede.

*E*

No signior, as I remember you seru'd on a great horse, last generall muster.

*I*

Aye sir that is true: cousin may I sweare as I am a souldier, by that?

*F*

O yes, that you may.

*I*

Then as I am a Gentleman, and a souldier, it is diuine Tabacco.

*E*

But soft, where is signior Matheo? gone?

*B*

No sir, they went in here.

*E*

## Every Man in His Humour

O let us follow them: signior Matheo is gone to salute his mistresse, sirrah now thou shalt heare some of his verses, for he never comes hither without some shreds of poetrie: Come signior Stephano, Musco.

*I*

Musco? where? is this Musco?

*F*

Aye, but peace cousin, no words of it at any hand.

*I*

Not I by this faire heauen, as I have a soule to be saued, by Pho ebus.

*E*

O rare! your cousins discourse is simply suted, all in oathes.

*F*

Aye, he lacks nothing but a little light stuffe, to draw them out withall, and he were rarely fitted to the time.

Exeunt.

### **Scene 3.3**

Enter Thorello with cob.

*A*

Ha, how many are there, sayeth thou?

*G*

Marry sir, your brother, Signior Prospero.

## Every Man in His Humour

**A**

Tut, beside him: what strangers are there man?

**G**

Strangers? let me see, one, two; masse I know not well there is so many.

**A**

How? so many?

**G**

Aye, there is some fiue or sixe of them at the most.

**A**

A swarme, a swarme, Spight of the Deuill, how they sting my heart! How long hast thou beene comming hither Cob?

**G**

But a little while sir.

**A**

Didst thou come running?

**G**

No sir.

Every Man in His Humour

**A**

Tut, then I am familiar with thy haste.  
Bane to my fortunes: what meant I to marrie?  
I that before was rankt in such content,  
My mind attir'd in smoothe silken peace,  
Being free master of mine owne free thoughts,  
And now become a slaue? what never sigh,  
Be of good cheare man: for thou art a cuckold,  
It is done, it is done: nay when such flowing store,  
Plentie it selfe fals in my wiues lappe,  
The Cornu-copia will be mine I know. But Cob,  
What entertainment had they? I am sure  
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome, ha?

**G**

Like ynough: yet I heard not a word of welcome.

**A**

No, their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the voice  
Drown'd in a flood of ioy at their arriuall,  
Had lost her motion, state and facultie.  
Cob, which of them was it that first kist my wife?  
(My sister I should say) my wife, alas,  
I feare not her: ha? who was it sayst thou?

**G**

By my troth sir, will you have the truth of it?

**A**

O aye good Cob: I pray thee.

**G**

God is my iudge, I saw no body to be kist, vnlesse they would have kist the post, in the middle of the warehouse;  
for there I left them all, at their Tabacco with a poxe.

**A**



## Every Man in His Humour

How? were they not gone in then ere thou cam'st?

**G**

O no sir.

**A**

Spite of the Deuill, what do I stay here then? Cob, follow me.

Exit. Tho.

**G**

Nay, soft and faire, I have egges on the spit; I cannot go yet sir: now am I for some diuers reasons hammering, hammering revenge: o for three or four gallons of vineger, to sharpen my wits: Revenge, vineger revenge, russet revenge; nay, if he had not lyne in my house, it would never have greeu'd me; but being my guest, one that I will be sworne, my wife has lent him her smocke off her backe, while his owne shirt has beene at washing: pawnd her neckerchers for cleane bands for him: sold almost all my platters to buy him Tabacco; and yet to see an ingratitude wretch: strike his host; well I hope to raise up an host of furies for it: here comes M. Doctor.

Enter Doctor Clement, Lorenzo sen. Peto.

**H**

What is Signior Thorello gone?

**P**

Aye sir.

**H**

Hart of me, what made him leaue us so abruptly How now sirrah; what make you here? what wold you have, ha?

**G**

If it please your worship, I am a poore neighbour of your worships.

## Every Man in His Humour

**H**

A neighbour of mine, knaue?

**G**

Aye sir, at the signe of the water-tankerd, hard by the greene lattice: I have paide scot and lotto there anytime this eighteene yeares.

**H**

What at the green lattice?

**G**

No sir: to the parish: mary I have seldome scapt scot free at the lattice.

**H**

So: but what busines hath my neighbour?

**G**

If it like your worship, I am come to craue the peace of your worship.

**H**

Of me, knaue? peace of me, knaue? did I ever hurt thee? did I euer threaten thee? or wrong thee? ha?

**G**

No god is my comfort, I meane your worships warrant, for one that hath wrong'd me sir: his armes are at too much libertie, I would faine have them bound to a treatie of peace, and I could by any meanes compasse it.

Every Man in His Humour

*D*

Why, doest thou goe in danger of thy life for him?

*G*

No sir; but I goe in danger of my death euery houre by his meanes; if I die within a twelue–moneth and a day, I may sweare, by the lawes of the land, that he kil'd me.

*H*

How? how knaue? sweare he kil'd thee? what pretext? what colour hast thou for that?

*G*

Mary sir: both blacke and blew, colour ynough, I warrant you I have it here to shew your worship.

*H*

What is he, that gaue you this sirrah?

*G*

A Gentleman in the citie sir.

*H*

A Gentleman? what call you him?

*G*

Signior Bobadilla.

## Every Man in His Humour

**H**

Good: But wherefore did he beate you sirrah? how began the quarrel twixt you? ha: speake truly knaue, I aduise you.

**G**

Marry sir, because I spake against their vagrant Tabacco, as I came by them: for nothing else.

**H**

Ha, you speake against Tabacco? Peto, his name.

**P**

What is your name sirrah?

**G**

Oliuer Cob, sir set Oliuer Cob, sir.

**H**

Tell Oliuer Cob he shall goe to the iayle.

**P**

Oliver Cob, master Doctor sayes you shall go to the iayle.

**G**

O I beseech your worship for gods love, deare master Doctor.

**H**

## Every Man in His Humour

Nay gods pretious: and such drunken knaues as you are come to dispute of Tabacco once; I have done: away with him.

**G**

O good master Doctor, sweete Gentleman.

**D**

Sweete Oliver, would I could do thee any good; master Doctor let me intreat sir.

**H**

What? a tankard-bearer, a thread-bare rascall, a begger, a slaue that never drunke out of better the pispot mettle in his life, and he to depraue, and abuse the vertue of an herbe, so generally receyu'd in the courts of princes, the chambers of nobles, the bowers of sweete Ladies, the cabbins of souldiers: Peto away with him, by gods passion, I say, goe too.

**G**

Deare master Doctor.

**D**

Alasse poore Oliuer.

**H**

Peto: Aye: and make him a warrant, he shall not goe, I but feare the knaue.

**G**

O diuine Doctor, thanks noble Doctor, most dainty Doctor, delicious Doctor.

Exeunt Peto with Cob.

## Every Man in His Humour

*H*

Signior Lorenzo: Gods pittie man, Be merry, be merry, leaue these dumpes.

*D*

Troth would I could sir: but enforced mirth  
(In my weake iudgement) has no happy birth.  
The minde, being once a prisoner vnto cares,  
The more it dreames on ioy, the worse it fares.  
A smyling looke is to a heauie soule,  
As a guilt bias, to a leaden bowle,  
Which (in it selfe) appeares most vile, being spent  
To no true vse; but onely for ostent.

*H*

Nay but good signior: heare me a word, heare me a word, your cares are nothing; they are like my cap, soone put on, and as soone put off. What? your son is old inough, to gouerne himselfe; let him runne his course, it is the onely way to make him a stay'd man: if he were an vnthrift, a ruffian, a drunkard or a licentious liuer, then you had reason: you had reason to take care: but being none of these, Gods passion, if I had twise so many cares, as you have, I would drowne them all in a cup of sacke: come, come, I muse your parcell of a souldier returnes not all this while.

Exeunt.

### Scene 3.4

Enter Guiliano, with Biancha.

*K*

Well sister, I tell you true; and you will finde it so in the ende.

*M*

Alasse brother, what would you haue me to do? I cannot helpe it; you see, my brother Prospero he brings them in here, they are his friends.

*K*

His friends? his friends? s'blood they do nothing but haunt him up and downe like a sorte of vnlucky Spirites, and tempt him to all maner of villany, that can be thought of; well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the

## Every Man in His Humour

deuill weith some of them; if it were not more for your husbands sake, then any thing else, I would make the house too hot for them; they should say and sweare, Hell were broken loose, ere they went: But by gods bread, it is no bodies fault but yours: for if you had done as you might have done, they should have beene damn'd ere they should have come in, ever a one of them.

### *M*

God is my life; did you euer heare the like? what a strange man is this? could I keepe out all them think you? I should put my selfe against halfe a dozen men? should I? Good faith you would mad the patient'st body in the world, to heare you talke so, without any sense or reason.

Enter Matheo with Hesperida, Bobadilla, Stephano, Lorenzo iu. Prosper, Musco.

### *N*

Seruant (in troth) you are too prodigall of your wits treasure; thus to powre it forth upon so meane a subiect, as my worth?

### *J*

You say well, you say well.

### *K*

Hoyday, here is stuffe.

### *F*

O now stand close: pray God she can get him to reade it.

### *E*

Tut, feare not: I warrant thee, he will do it of himselfe with much impudencie.

### *N*

Seruant, what is that same I pray you?

Every Man in His Humour

*J*

Mary an Elegie, an Elegie, an odde toy.

*K*

Aye to mocke an Ape with all, O Iesu.

*M*

Sister, I pray you let us heare it.

*J*

Mistresse I will reade it if you please.

*N*

I pray you do seruant.

*K*

O here is no foppery. Sblood it freates me to the galle to think of it.

Exit.

*E*

O aye, it is his condition, peace: we are farely ridde of him.

*J*

Fayth I did it in an humor: I know not how it is, but please you come neare signior: this gentleman hath iudgement, he knowes how to censure of a. -- I pray you sir, you can iudge.



## Every Man in His Humour

*I*

Not I sir: as I have a soule to be saued, as I am a gentleman.

*F*

Nay it is well; so long as he doth not forswear himselfe.

*C*

Signior you abuse the excellencie of your mistresse, and her fayre sister, Fye while you liue auoyd this prolixity.

*J*

I shall sir: well, Incipere dulce.

*F*

How, Incipere dulce? a sweete thing to be a Foole indeede.

*E*

What, do you take Incipere in that sence?

*F*

You do not you? Sblood this was your villanie to gull him with a motto.

*E*

O the Benchers phrase: Pauca verba, pauca verba.

*J*

Scene 3.4

## Every Man in His Humour

Rare creature let me speake without offence,  
Would God my rude woords had the influence:  
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fayre lookes do mine,  
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.

**F**

S'hart, this is in Hero and Leander?  
O aye: peace, we shall have more of this.  
Be not vnkinde and fayre mishapen stuffe,  
Is of behaiour boysterous and rough:  
How like you that signior, sbloud he shakes his head like a  
bottle, to feele if there be any brayne in it.

**J**

But obserue the Catastrophe now,  
And I in dutie will excede all other.  
As you in bewtie do excell loves mother.

**F**

Well I will have him fret of the brokers, for he vtters no thing but stolne remnants.

**E**

Nay good Critique forbear.

**F**

A pox on him, hang him filching rogue, steale from the deade? it is worse then sacriledge.

**E**

Sister what have you here? verses? I pray you let us see.

**M**

Do you let them go so lightly sister.

Every Man in His Humour

*N*

Yes fayth when they come lightly.

*M*

Aye but if your seruant should heare you, he would take it heauely.

*N*

No matter he is able to beare.

*M*

So are Asses.

*N*

so is he.

*E*

Signior Matheo, who made these verses? they are excellent good.

*J*

O God sir, it is your pleasure to say so sir.  
Fayth I made them extempore this morning.

*E*

How extempore?

*J*

I would I might be damnd else: aske signior Bobadilla. He sawe me write them, at the: (poxe on it) the Miter yonder.

## Every Man in His Humour

**B**

Well, if the Pope knew he curst the Miter it were enough to have him excommunicated all the Tauerns in the towne.

**I**

Cosen how do you like this gentlemans verses.

**F**

O admirable, the best that euer I heard.

**I**

By this fayre heauens, they are admirable, The best that euer I heard.

Enter Guiliano.

**K**

I am vext I can hold never a bone of me still, Sblood I think they meane to build a Tabernacle here, well?

**E**

Sister you have a simple seruant here, that crownes your bewtie with such Encomions and Deuises, you may see what it is to be the mistresse of a wit, that can make your perfections so transparent, that euery bleare eye may looke thorough them, and see him drowned ouer head and eares, in the deepe well of desire. Sister Biancha I meruaile you get you not a seruant that can rime and do trickes too.

**K**

O monster? impudence it selfe; trickes?

**M**

## Every Man in His Humour

Trickes, brother? what trickes?

*N*

Nay, speake I pray you, what trickes?

*M*

Aye, never spare any body here: but say, what trickes?

*N*

Passion of my heart? do trickes?

*E*

Sblood here is a tricke vied, and reuied: why you monkees you? what a catterwaling do you keepe? has he not given you rymes, and verses, and trickes.

*K*

O see the Diuell?

*E*

Nay, you lampe of virginitie, that take it in snuffe so: come and cherish this tame poetical fury in your seruant, you will be begd else shortly for a concealement: go to, rewarde his muse, you cannot give him lesse then a shilling in conscience, for the booke he had it out of cost him a teston at the least, how now gallants, Lorenzo, signior Bobadilla? what all sons of scilence? no spirite.

*K*

Come you might practise your Ruffian trickes somewhere else, and not here I wisse: this is no Tauerne, nor no place for such exploites.

## Every Man in His Humour

*E*

Shart how now.

*K*

Nay boy, never looke askaunce at me for the matter; I will tell you of it by Gods bread? Aye, if you and your companions mend your selues when I have done.

*E*

My companions.

*K*

Aye your companions sir, so I say? sblood I am not affrayed of you nor them neyther, you must have your Poets, and your caueleeres, and your fooles follow you up and downe the citie, and here they must come to domineere and swagger? sirrah, you Ballad singer, and Slops your fellow there, get you out; get you out: or (by the will of God) I will cut off your eares, goe to

*E*

Sblood stay, let us see what he dare do: cut off his eares you are an asse, touch any man here, and by the Lord I will run my rapier to the hilts in thee.

*K*

Yea, that would I fayne see, boy.

They all draw, enter Piso and some more of the house to part them, the women make a great crie.

*M*

O Iesu Piso, Matheo murder.

*N*

Helpe, helpe, Piso.

Scene 3.4

## Every Man in His Humour

*F*

Gentlemen, Prospero, forbear I pray you.

*C*

Well sirrah, you Hollofernus: by my hand I will pinck thy flesh full of holes with my rapier for this. I will by this good heauen: nay let him come, let him come, gentlemen by the body of S. George I will not kill him.

They offer to fight againe and are parted. Enter Thorello.

*L*

Hold, hold forbear:

*K*

You whorson bragging coystrylle.

*A*

Why, how now? what is the matter? what stirre is here,  
Whence springs this quarrell, Pizo where is he?  
Put up your weapons, and put off this rage.  
My wife and sister they are cause of this,  
What Pizo? where is this knaue.

*L*

Here sir.

*E*

Come, let us goe: this is one of my brothers auncient humors this?

*I*

I am glad no body was hurt by this auncient humor.

## Every Man in His Humour

Exit Prospero, Lorenzo iu. Musco, Stephano, Bobadillo, Matheo,

*A*

Why how now brother, who enforst this braule.

*K*

A sorte of lewd rakehelles, that care neither for God nor the Diuell, And they must come here to read Ballads and Rogery, and Trash, I will marre the knot of them ere I sleepe perhaps: especially signior Pithagorus, he that is all manner of shapes: and Songs and sonnets, his fellow there.

*N*

Brother indeede you are too violent,  
Too sudden in your courses, and you know  
My brother Prosperus temper will not beare  
Any reproofe, chiefly in such a presence,  
Where euery slight disgrace he should receiue,  
Would wound him in opinion and respect.

*K*

Respect? what talke you of respect mongst such  
As had neyther sparke of manhood nor good manners,  
By God I am ashamed to heare you: respect?  
Exit.

*N*

Yes there was one a ciuill gentleman,  
And very worthely demeand himselfe.

*A*

O that was some love of yours, sister.

*N*

A love of mine? in fayth would he were  
No others love but mine.

*M*



Every Man in His Humour

Indeede he seemd to be a gentleman of an exceeding fayre disposition, and of very excellent good partes.

Exit Hesperida, Biancha.

*A*

Her love, by Iesu: my wifes minion,  
Fayre disposition? excellent good partes?  
S'hart, these phrases are intollerable,  
Good partes? how should she know his partes? well: well,  
It is too playne, too cleare: Pizo, come hether.  
What are they gone?

*L*

Aye sir they went in.

*A*

Are any of the gallants within?

*L*

No sir they are all gone.

*A*

Art thou sure of it?

*L*

Aye sir I can assure you.

*A*

Pizo what gentleman was that they prays'd so?

*L*

## Every Man in His Humour

One they call him signior Lorenzo, a fayre young gentleman sir.

**A**

Aye, I thought so: my minde gaue me as much:  
Sblood I will be hangd if they have not hid him in the house,  
Some where, I will goe search, Piso go with me,  
Be true to me and thou shalt finde me bountifull.  
Exeunt.

### Scene 3.5

Enter Cob, to him Tib.

**G**

What Tib, Tib, I say.

**O**

How now, what cuckold is that knockes so hard?  
O husband is it you, what is the newes?

**G**

Nay you have stonnd me in fayth? you have given me a knocke on the forehead, will sticke by me: cuckold? S woundes cuckold?e?

**O**

Away you foole did I know it was you that knockt.  
Come, come, you may call me as bad when you list.

**G**

May I? swoundes Tib you are a whore:

**O**

S'hart you lie in your throte.

## Every Man in His Humour

**G**

How the lye? and in my throte too? do you long to be stabd, ha?

**O**

Why you are no souldier?

**G**

Masse that is true, when was Bobadilla here? that Rogue, that Slaue, that fencing Burgullian? I will tickle him in faith.

**O**

Why what is the matter?

**G**

O he hath basted me rarely, sumptuously: but I have it here will sause him, o the doctor, the honestest old Troian in all Italy, I do honour the very flea of his dog: a plague on him he put me once in a villanous filthy feare: marry it vanisht away like the smoake of Tobacco: but I was smookt soundly first, I thanke the Diuell, and his good Angell my guest: well wife: or Tib (which you will) get you in, and locke the doore I charge you, let no body into you: not Bobadilla himselfe; nor the diuell in his likeness; you are a woman; you have flesh and blood enough in you; therefore be not tempted; keepe the doore shut upon all cummers.

**O**

I warrant you there shall no body enter here without my consent.

**G**

Nor with your consent sweete Tib and so I leaue you.

**O**

## Every Man in His Humour

It is more then you know, whether you leaue me so.

**G**

How?

**O**

Why sweete.

**G**

Tut sweete, or soure, thou art a flower,  
Keepe close thy doore, I aske no more  
Exeunt.

### Scene 3.6

Enter Lorenzo iu. Prospero, Stephano, Musco.

**F**

Well Musco performe this businesse happily,  
And thou makest a conquest of my love foreuer,

**E**

In fayth now let thy spirites put on their best habit,  
But at any hand remember thy message to my brother.  
For there is no other meanes to start him?

**B**

I warrant you sir, feare nothing I have a nimble soule that hath wakt all my imaginatiue forces by this time, and put them in true motion: what you have possest me withall? I will discharge it amply sir. Make no question.

Exit Musco.

**E**

That is well sayd Musco: sayth sirrah how dost thou aproue my wit in this deuise?

## Every Man in His Humour

*F*

Troth well, howsoeuer? but excellent if it take

*E*

Take man: why it cannot chuse but take, if the circumstances miscarry not, but tell me zealously: dost thou affect my sister Hesperida as thou pretendest?

*F*

Prospero by Iesu.

*E*

Come do not protest I beleue thee: In fayth she is a virgine of good ornament, and much modestie, vnlesse I conceiud very worthely of her, thou shouldest not have her.

*F*

Nay I think it a question whether I shall have her for all that.

*E*

Sblood thou shall have her, by this light thou shalt?

*F*

Nay do not sweare.

*E*

By S. Marke thou shalt have her: I will go fetch her presently, poynt but where to meete, and by this hand I will bring her?

## Every Man in His Humour

*F*

Hold, hold, what all pollicie dead? no preuention of mischiefes stirring.

*E*

Why, by what shalt I sweare by? thou shalt have her by my soule.

*F*

I pray the have patience I am satisfied: Prospero omit no offered occasion, that may make my desires compleate I beseech thee.

*E*

I warrant thee.

Exeunt.

## Act 4

### Scene 4.1

Enter Lorenzo senior, Peto, meeting Musco.

*P*

Was your man a souldier sir.

*D*

Aye a knaue I tooke him up begging upon the way, This morning as I was cumming to the citie, O? here he is; come on, you make fayre speede: Why? whereon Gods name have you beene so long?

*B*

Every Man in His Humour

Mary (Gods my comfort) where I thought I should have had little comfort of your worships service:

*D*

How so?

*B*

O God sir? your cumming to the citie, and your entertaynement of men, and your sending me to watch; indeede, all the circumstances are as open to your son as to your selfe.

*D*

How should that be? vnlesse that villaine Musco Have told him of the letter, and discovered All that I strictly chargd him to conceale? it is so.

*B*

In fayth you have hit it: it is so indeede.

*D*

But how should he know thee to be my man.

*B*

Nay sir, I cannot tell; vnlesse it were by the blacke arte? is not your son a scholler sir?

*D*

Yes; but I hope his soule is not allied  
To such a diuelish practise: if it were,  
I had iust cause to weepe my part in him.  
And curse the time of his creation.  
But where didst thou finde them Portensio?

*B*

## Every Man in His Humour

Nay sir, rather you should aske where they found me? for I will be sworne I was going along in the streete, thinking nothing, when (of a suddayne) one calles, Signior Lorenzos man: another, he cries souldier: and thus halfe a dosen of them, till they had got me within doores, where I no sooner came, but out flies their rapiers and all bent agaynst my brest, they swore some two or three hundreth oathes, and all to tell me I was but a dead man, if I did not confesse where you were, and how I was imployed, and about what, which when they could not get out of me: (as Gods my iudge, they should have kild me first) they lockt me up into a roome in the toppe of a house, where by great miracle (hauing a light hart) I slidde downe by a bottome of packthread into the streete, and so scapt: but master, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lockt up: there were a great many merchants and rich citzens wiues with them at a banquet, and your son Signior Lorenzo, has pyneted one of them to meete anone at one Cobs house, a waterbearers? that dwelles by the wall: now there you shall be sure to take him: for fayle he will not.

**D**

Nor will I fayle to breake this match, I doubt not;  
Well: go thou along with maister doctors man,  
And stay there for me? at one Cobs house sayst thou.  
Exit.

**B**

Aye sir, there you shall have him: when can you tell? much wench, or much son: sblood when he has stayd there three or foure houres, traueiling with the expectation of somewhat; and at the length be deliuered of nothing: o the sport that I should then take to look on him if I durst but now I meane to appeare no more afore him in this shape: I have another tricke to act yet? o that I were so happy, as to light upon an ounce now of this doctors clarke: God saue you sir.

**P**

I thanke you good sir.

**B**

I have made you stay somewhat long sir.

**P**

Not a whit sir, I pray you what sir do you meane: you have beene lately in the warres sir it seemes.

**B**



## Every Man in His Humour

Aye Marry have I sir.

*P*

Troth sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine of you if it please you to accept it.

*B*

O Lord sir.

*P*

But to heare the manner of you seruises, and your deuises in the warres, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reades in the Romane histories.

*B*

O God no sir, why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to descourse to you what I know: and more too somewhat.

*P*

No better time then now sir, we will goe to the Meeremaide there we shall have a cuppe of neate wine, I pray you sir let me request you.

*B*

I will follow you sir, he is mine owne in fayth.

Exeunt.

Enter Babadillo, Lorenzo iu. Matheo, Stephano.

*J*

Signior did you euer see the like cloune of him, where we were to day: signior Prosperos brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his like by Iesu.

Every Man in His Humour

*F*

We were now speaking of him, signior Bobadillo telles me he is fallen foule of you two.

*J*

O aye sir, he threatned me with the bastinado.

*C*

Aye but I think I taught you a trick this morning for that. You shall kill him without all question: if you be so minded.

*J*

Indeede it is a most excellent tricke.

*C*

O you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too dull, too tardie: o it must be done like lightning, hay?

*J*

O rare.

*C*

Tut it is nothing if it be not done in a --

*F*

Signior did you never play with any of our maisters here.

## Every Man in His Humour

*J*

O good sir.

*C*

Nay for a more instance of their preposterous humor, there came three or foure of them to me, at a gentlemans house, where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to intreate my presence at their scholes, and withall so much importund me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I was ashamd of their rude demeanor out of all measure: well, I tolde them that to come to a publique schoole they should pardon me, it was opposite to my humor but if so they would attend me at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or fauour I could as I was a gentleman &c.

*F*

So sir, then you tried their skill

*C*

Alasse soone tried: you shall heare sir, within two or three dayes after, they came, and by Iesu good signior beleeeue me, I grac't them exceedingly, shewd them some two or three trickes of preuention, hath got them since admirable credit, they cannot denie this; and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other reason on the earth.

*F*

This is strange and vile as euer I heard.

*C*

I will tell you sir upon my first comming to the citie, they assaulted me some three, foure, fiue, six, of them together as I have walkt alone, in diuers places of the citie; as upon the exchange, at my lodgings and at my ordinarie: where I have driuen them afore me the whole length of a streete, in the open view of all our gallants, pittying to hurt them beleeeue me; yet all this lenety will not depresse their spleane: they will be doing with the Pismier, raysing a hill, a man may spurne abroad with his foote at pleasure: by my soule I could have slayne them all, but I delight not in murder: I am loth to beare any other but a bastinado for them, and yet I hould it good pollicie not to goe disarmd, for though I be skilfull, I may be suppressd with multitudes.

*F*

## Every Man in His Humour

Aye by Iesu may you sir and (in my conceite) our whole nation should sustayne the losse by it, if it were so.

*C*

Alasse no: what is a peculier man, to a nation? not seene.

*F*

Aye but your skill sir.

*C*

Indeede that might be some losse, but who respects it? I will tell you Signior (in priuate) I am a gentleman, and liue here obscure, and to my selfe: but were I known to the Duke (obserue me) I would vndertake (upon my heade and life) for the publique benefit of the state, not onely to spare the intire liues of his subiects in generall, but to saue the one halfe: nay three partes of his yeerely charges, in houlding warres generally agaynst all his enemies? and how will I do it think you?

*F*

Nay I know not, nor can I conceiue.

*C*

Marry thus, I would select 19 more to my selfe, throughout the land, gentlemen they should be of good spirit; strong and able constitution, I would chuse them by the instinct, a trick that I have: and I would teach these 19. the special tricks, as your Punto, your Reuerso, your Stoccatto, your Imbroccato, your Passado, your Montaunto, till they could all play very neare or altogether as well as my selfe, this done; say theemie were forty thousand strong: we twenty wold come into the field the tenth of March, or there abouts; and would challenge twenty of theemie? they could not in their honor refuse the combat: well, we would kil them: challenge twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them; twentie more, kill them too; and thus would we kill euery man, his twentie a day, that is twentie score; twentie score, that is two hundreth; two hundreth a day, fiue dayes a thousand: fortie thousand; fortie times fiue, fiue times fortie, two hundreth dayes killes them all by computation, and this will I venture my life to performe: prouided there be no treason practised upon us.

*F*

Why are you so sure of your hand at all times?

## Every Man in His Humour

*C*

Tut, never mistrust upon my soule.

*F*

Masse I would not stand in signior Giuliano state, then; If you meete him, for the wealth of Florence.

*C*

Why signior, by Iesu if he were here now: I would not draw my weapon on him, let this gentleman do his mind but I will bastinado him (by heauen) if euer I meete him.

*J*

Fayth and I will have a fling at him.

Enter Guiliano and goes out agayne.

*F*

Looke yonder he goes I think.

*K*

Sblood what lucke have I, I cannot meete with these bragging rascalls,

*C*

It is not he: is it?

*F*

Yes fayth it is he?

Every Man in His Humour

*J*

I will be hangd then if that were he.

*F*

Before God it was he: you make me sweare.

*I*

Upon my saluation it was he.

*C*

Well had I thought it had beene he: he could not have gone so, but I cannot be induc'd to beleeeue it was he yet.

Enter Guiliano.

*K*

O gallant have I found you? draw to your tooles, draw, or by Gods will I will thresh you.

*C*

Signior heare me?

*K*

Draw your weapons then:

*C*

Signior, I never thought it till now: body of S. George, I have a warrant of the peace serued on me euen now, as I came along by a waterbearer, this gentleman saw it, signior Matheo.

## Every Man in His Humour

**K**

The peace? Sblood, you will not draw?

Matheo runnes away.

**F**

Hold signior hold, vnder

He beates him and disarmes him.

**F**

thy fauour forbear.

**K**

Prate agayne as you like this you whoreson cowardly rascall, you will controule the poynt you? your consort he is gone? had he stayd he had shard with you in fayth.

Exit Giulliano.

**C**

Well gentlemen beare witnessse I was bound to the peace, by Iesu.

**F**

Why if though you were sir, the lawe alowes you to defend your selfe; that is but a poore excuse.

**C**

I cannot tell; I never sustayned the like disgrace (by heauen) sure I was strooke with a Plannet then, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

Exit.

**F**

Act 4

## Every Man in His Humour

Aye like inough I have heard of many that have beene beaten vnder a plannet; goe get you to the Surgions, sblood and these be your tricks your passados, and your Mountauntos I will none of them: o God that this age should bring foorth such creatures? come cosen.

*I*

Masse I will have this cloke.

*F*

Gods will: it is Giullianos.

*I*

Nay but it is mine now, another might have tane it up as well as I, I will weare it so I will.

*F*

How if he see it, he will challenge it assure your selfe.

*I*

Aye but he shall not have it: I will say I bought it.

*F*

Aduise you cosen, take heede he give not you as much.

Exeunt.

Enter Thorello, Prospero, Biancha, Hesperida.

*A*

Now trust me Prospero you were much to blame,  
To incense your brother and disturbe the peace,  
Of my poore house, for there be sentinelles,  
That euery minute watch to give alarames,  
Of ciuill warre, without adiection,  
Of your assistance and occasion.



## Every Man in His Humour

**E**

No harme done brother I warrant you: since there is no harme done, anger costs a man nothing: and a tall man is never his owne man til he be angry, to keep his valure in obscuritie: is to keepe himselfe as it were in a cloke-bag: what is a musition vnlesse he play? what is a tall man vnlesse he fight? for indeede all this my brother stands upon absolutely, and that made me fall in with him so resolutely.

**M**

Aye but what harme might have come of it?

**E**

Might? so might the good warme cloathes your husband weares be poysond for any thing he knowes, or the wholesome wine he drunke euen now at the table.

**A**

Now God forbid: O me? now I remember,  
My wife drunke to me last; and changd the cuppe,  
And bad me ware this cursed sute to day,  
See, if God suffer murder vndiscoverd?  
I feele me ill; give me some Mithredate,  
Some Mithredate and oyle; good sister fetch me,  
O, I am sicke at hart: I burne, I burne;  
If you will saue my life goe fetch it me.

**E**

O strange humor my very breath hath poysond him.

**N**

Good brother be content, what do you meane,  
The strength of these extreame conceites will kill you?

**M**

Beshrew your hart blood, brother Prospero,  
For putting such a toy into his head.

## Every Man in His Humour

*E*

Is a fit similie, a toy? will he be poysond with a similie? Brother Thorello, what a strange and vaine imagination is this? For shame be wiser, of my soule there is no such matter.

*A*

Am I not sicke? how am I then not poysond?  
Am I not poysond? how am I then so sicke?

*M*

If you be sicke, your owne thoughts make you sicke.

*E*

His iealoucie is the poyson he hath taken.  
Enter Musco like the doctors man.

*B*

Signior Thorello my master doctor Clement salutes you, and desires to speake with you, with all speede possible.

*A*

No time but now? well, I will waite upon his worship, Pizo, Cob, I will seeke them out, and set them sentinelles till I returne. Pizo, Cob, Pizo.

Exit.

*E*

Musco, this is rare, but how gotst thou this apparrel of the doctors man.

*B*

Marry sir. My youth would needes bestow the wine of me to heare some martiall discourse; where I so marshald him, that I made him monstrous drunke, and because too much heate was the cause of his distemper, I stript him starke naked as he lay along a sleepe, and borrowed his sewt to deliuer this counterfeit message in, leauing a rustie armoure, and an olde browne bill to watch him; till my returne: which shall be when I have paund his apparrell, and spent the monie perhappes.

## Every Man in His Humour

**E**

Well thou art a madde knaue Musco, his absence will be a good subiect for more mirth: I pray the returne to thy young maister Lorenzo, and will him to meete me and Hesperida at the Friery presently: for here tell him the house is so sturde with iealousie, that there is no roome for love to stand vpright in: but I will vse such meanes she shall come thether, and that I think will meete best with his desires: Hye thee good Musco.

**B**

I goe sir.

Exit.

Enter Thorello to him Pizo.

**A**

Ho Pizo, Cob, where are these villaines troe?  
O, art thou there? Pizo harke thee here:  
Marke what I say to thee, I must goe foorth;  
Be carefull of thy promise, keepe good watch,  
Note euery gallant and obserue him well,  
That enters in my absence to thy mistrisse;  
If she would shew him roomes, the ieast is stale,  
Follow them Pizo or els hang on him,  
And let him not go after, marke their lookes?  
Note if she offer but to see his band,  
Or any other amorous toy about him,  
But prayse his legge, or foote, or is she say,  
The day is hotte, and bid him feele her hand,  
How hot it is, o that is a monstrous thing:  
Note me all this, sweete Pizo; marke their sighes,  
And if they do but wisper breake them off,  
I will beare thee out in it: wilt thou do this?  
Wilt thou be true sweete Pizo?

**L**

Most true sir.

**A**

Thankes gentle Pizo: where is Cob? now: Cob?

Exit Thorello.

Every Man in His Humour

*M*

He is euer calling for Cob, I wonder how he imployes Cob so.

*E*

Indeede sister to aske how he imployes Cob, is a necessary question for you that are his wife, and a thing not very easie for you to be satisfied in: but this I will assure you Cobs wife is an excellent baud indeede: and oftentimes your husband hauntes her house, marry to what end I cannot altogether accuse him, imagine you what you think conuenient: but I have knowne fayre hides have foule hartes eare now, I can tell you.

*M*

Never sayd you truer then that brother? Pizo fetch your cloke, and goe with me, I will after him presently: I would to Christ I could take him there in fayth.

Exeunt Pizo and Biancha.

*E*

So let them goe: this may make sport anone, now my fayre sister Hesperida: ah that you knew how happy a thing it were to be fayre and bewtifull?

*N*

That toucheth not me brother.

*E*

That is true: that is euen the fault of it, for indeede bewtie stands a woman in no stead, vnles it procure her touching: but sister whether it touch you or no, it touches your bewties, and I am sure they will abide the touch, if they do not a plague of all ceruse say I, and it touches me to inpart, though not in thee. Well, there is a deare and respected friend of mine sister, stands very strongly affected towards you, and hath vowed to inflame whole bonefires of zeale in his hart, in honor of your perfections, I have already engaged my promise to bring you where you shall heare him conferme much more then I am able to lay downe for him: Signior Lorenzo is the man: what say you sister shall I intreate so much fauour of you for my friend, is to direct and attend you to his meeting? upon my soule he loves you extreamely, approue it sweete Hesperida will you?

*N*

Every Man in His Humour

Fayth I had very little confidence in mine owne constancie if I durst not meete a man: but brother Prospero this motion of yours fauours of an olde knight aduenturers seruant, me thinkes.

*E*

What is that sister.

*N*

Marry of the squire.

*E*

No matter Hesperida if it did, I would be such an one for my friend, but say, will you goe?

*N*

Brother I will, and blesse my happy starres.

Enter Clement and Thorello.

*H*

Why what villanie is this? my man gone on a false message, and runne away when he has done, why what trick is there in it trow? 1.2.3.4. and 5.

*A*

How: is my wife gone foorth, where is she sister?

*N*

She is gone abrode with Pizo.

*A*

Abrode with Pizo? o that villaine dors me,

Every Man in His Humour

he hath discovered all vnto my wife,  
Beast that I was to trust him: whither went she?

*N*

I know not sir.

*E*

I will tell you brother whither I suspect she is gone.

*A*

Whither for Gods sake?

*E*

To Cobs house I beleue: but keepe my counsaile.

*A*

I will, I will, to Cobs house? doth she haunt Cobs,  
She is gone a purpose now to cuckold me,  
With that lewd rascall, who to winne her fauour,  
Hath told her all.  
Exit.

*H*

But did you mistresse see my man bring him a message.

*E*

That we did maister doctor.

*H*

And whither went the knaue?

## Every Man in His Humour

*E*

To the Tauerne I think sir.

*H*

What did Thorello give him any thing to spend for the message he brought him? if he did I should commend my mans wit exceedingly if he would make himselfe drunke, with the ioy of it, farewell Lady, keepe good rule you two: I beseech you now: by Gods marry my man makes me laugh.

Exit.

*E*

What a madde Doctor is this? come sister let us away.

Exeunt.

Enter Matheo and Bobadillo.

*J*

I wonder signior what they will say of my going away: ha?

*C*

Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman. Quick, wary, respectfull of natures, Fayre liniamentes, and that is all.

*J*

Why so, but what can they say of your beating?

*C*

A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kinde of grosse batterie vsed, layd on strongly: borne most paciently, and that is all.

Every Man in His Humour

*J*

Aye but would any man have offered it in Venice?

*C*

Tut I assure you no: you shall have there your Nobilis, your Gentelezza, come in brauely upon your reuerse, stand you close, stand you ferme, stand you fayre, saue your retrico with his left legge, come to the assaulto with the right, thrust with braue steele, defie your base wood. But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was bewicht by Iesu: but I will be reuengd.

*J*

Do you heare is it not best to get a warrant and have him arested, and brought before doctor Clement.

*C*

It were not amisse would we had it.

Enter Musco.

*J*

Why here comes his man, let us speake to him.

*C*

Agreed, do you speake.

*J*

God saue you sir.

*B*

With all my hart sir?



## Every Man in His Humour

**J**

Sir there is one Giulliano hath abusd this gentleman and me, and we determine to make our amendes by law, now if you would do us the fauour to procure us a warrant for his arest of your maister, you shall be well considered I assure, in fayth sir.

**B**

Sir you know my seruice is my liuing, such fauours as these gotten of my maister is his onely preferment, and therefore you must consider me, as I may make benefit of my place.

**J**

How is that?

**B**

Fayth sir, the thing is extraordinarie, and the gentleman may be of great accompt: yet be what he will, if you will lay me downe fiue crownes in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.

**J**

How shall we do signior? you have no monie.

**C**

Not a crosse by Iesu.

**J**

Nor I before God but two pence: left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and cakes, let us give him some pawne.

**C**

## Every Man in His Humour

Pawne? we have none to the value of his demaunde.

*J*

O Lord man, I will pawne this iewell in my eare, and you may pawne your silke stockins, and pull up your bootes, they will neare be mist.

*C*

Well if there be no remedie: I will step aside and put them of.

*J*

Do you heare sir, we have no store of monie at this time, but you shall have good pawnes, looke you sir, this Iewell, and this gentlemans silke stockins, because we would have it dispatcht ere we went to our chambers.

*B*

I am content sir, I will get you the warrant presently what is his name say you (Giulliano.)

*J*

Aye, aye, Giulliano.

*B*

What manner of man is he?

*J*

A tall bigge man sir, he goes in a cloake most commonly of silke russet: layd about with russet lace.

*B*

It is very good sir.

## Every Man in His Humour

*J*

Here sir, here is my Iewell?

*C*

And here are stockins.

*B*

Well gentlemen I will procure this warrant presently, and appoynt you a varlet of the citie to serue it, if you will be upon the Realto anone, the varlet shall meete you there.

*J*

Very good sir I wish no better.

Exeunt Bobadilla and Matheo.

*B*

This is rare, now will I goe pawne this cloake of the doctors mans at the brokers for a varlets sute, and be the varlet my selfe, and get eyther more pawnes, or more money of Giulliano for my arrest.

Exit.

## Act 5

### Scene 5.1

Enter Lorenzo senior.

*D*

O here it is, I am glad I have found it now, Ho? who is within here?

Enter Tib.

Every Man in His Humour

*O*

I am within sir, what is your pleasure?

*D*

To know who is within besides your selfe.

*O*

Why sir, you are no constable I hope?

*D*

O feare you the constable? then I doubt not,  
You have some guests within deserue that feare,  
I will fetch him straight.

*O*

In Gods name sir.

*D*

Go to tell me is not the young Lorenzo here?

*O*

Young Lorenzo, I saw none such sir, of mine honestie.

*D*

Go to, your honestie flies too lightly from you:  
There is no way but fetch the constable.

*O*

The constable, the man is mad I think.

Every Man in His Humour

Claps to the doore.  
Enter Pizo, and Biancha.

*L*

Ho, who keepes house here?

*D*

O, this is the female copes–mate of my son.  
Now shall I meete him straight.

*M*

Knocke Pizo pray thee.

*L*

Ho good wife.

*O*

Why what is the matter with you.

Enter Tib.

*M*

Why woman, grieues it you to ope your doore?  
Belike you get something to keepe it shut.

*O*

What meane these questions pray ye?

*M*

So strange you make it? is not Thorello my tryed husband here.

Every Man in His Humour

*D*

Her husband?

*O*

I hope he needes not to be tryed here.

*M*

No dame: he doth it not for neede but pleasure.

*O*

Neyther for neede nor pleasure is he here.

*D*

This is but a deuise to balke me with al; Soft, who is this?

Enter Thorello.

*M*

O sir, have I fore–stald your honest market?  
Found your close walkes? you stand amazd now, do you?  
In fayth (I am glad) I have smokt you yet at last;  
What is your iewell trow? In: come let us see her;  
Fetch fourth your huswife, dame; if she be fayrer  
In any honest iudgement then my selfe,  
I will be content with it: but she is chaunge,  
She feedes you fat; she soothes your appetite,  
If you are well: your wife an honest woman,  
Is meate twise sod to you sir; A you trecher.

*D*

She cannot counterfeit this palpably.

*A*

## Every Man in His Humour

Out on thee more then strumpets impudencie, Stealst thou thus to thy hautes? and have I taken, Thy baud, and thee, and thy companion? This hoary headed lecher, this olde goate Close at your villanie, and wouldst thou scuse it, With this stale harlots iest, accusing me? O ould incontinent, dost thou not shame, When all thy powers in chastitie is spent, To have a minde so hot? and to entise And feede the intisements of a lustfull woman?

**M**

Out I defie thee I, desembling wretch:

**A**

Defie me strumpet? aske thy paunder here,  
Can he denie it? or that wicked elder.

**D**

Why heare you signior?

**A**

Tut, tut, never speake, Thy guiltie conscience will discover thee:

**D**

What lunacie is this that haunts this man?

Enter Giulliano.

**K**

O sister did you see my cloake?

**M**

Not I, I see none.

**K**

Gods life I have lost it then, saw you Hesperida?

Every Man in His Humour

*A*

Hesperida? is she not at home

*K*

No she is gone abroade, and no body can tell me of it at home.

Exit.

*A*

O heauen,? abroade? what light? a harlot too?  
Why? why? harke you, hath she? hath she not a brother?  
A brothers house to keepe? to looke vnto?  
But she must fling abroade, my wife hath spoyle her,  
She takes right after her, she does, she does,  
Well you goody baud and ---  
Enter Cob.

*A*

That make your husband such a hoddy dody;  
And you young apple squire, and olde cuckold maker,  
I will have you euery one before the Doctor,  
Nay you shall answere it I chardge you goe.

*D*

Marry with all my hart, I will goe willingly: how have I wrongd my selfe in comming here.

*M*

Go with thee? I will go with thee to thy shame, I warrant thee.

*G*

Why what is the matter? what is here to do?

*A*



## Every Man in His Humour

What Cob art thou here? o I am abusd,  
And in thy house, was never man so wrongd.

**G**

Slid in my house? who wrongd you in my house?

**A**

Marry young lust in olde, and olde in young here,  
Thy wife is their baud, here have I taken them.

**G**

Do you here? did I not charge you

Cob beates his wife.

**G**

keepe your dores shut here, and do you let them lie open for all commers, do you scratch.

**D**

Friend have patience if she have done wrong in this let her answee it afore the Magistrate.

**G**

Aye, come, you shall goe afore the Doctor.

**O**

Nay, I will go, I will see if you may be aloud to beate your poore wife thus at euery cukoldly knaues pleasure, the Diuell and the Pox take you all for me: why do you not goe now.

**A**

A bitter queane, come we will have you tamd.

## Every Man in His Humour

Exeunt  
Enter Musco alone.

**B**

Well of all my disguises yet now am I most like my selfe, beeing in this varlets suit, a man of my present profession never counterfeites till he lay holde upon a debtor, and sayes he rests him, for then he bringes him to all manner of vnrest; A kinde of little kings we are, bearing the diminitue of a mace made like a young Hartechocke that alwayes carries Pepper and salte in it selfe, well I know not what danger I vnder go by this exploite, pray God I come well of.

Enter Bobadilla and Matheo.

**J**

See I think yonder is the varlet.

**C**

Let us go in quest of him.

**J**

God saue you friend, are not you here by the appoyntment of doctor Clemants man.

**B**

Yes if please you sir, she told me two gentlemen had wild him to procure an arest upon one signior Giulliano by a warrant from his maister, which I have about me.

**J**

It is honestly done of you both, and see where he coms you must arest, upon him for Gods sake before he beware.

Enter Stephano.

**C**

Beare backe Matheo?

Every Man in His Humour

**B**

Signior Giulliano I arest you sir in the Dukes name.

**I**

Signior Giulliano? am I signior Giulliano? I am one signior Stephano I tell you, and you do not well by Gods slid to arest me, I tell you truely; I am not in your maisters bookes, I would you should well know aye: and a plague of God on you for making me afrayd thus.

**B**

Why, how are you deceiued gentlemen?

**C**

He weares such a cloake, and that deceiued us, But see here he coms, officer, this is he.

Enter Giulliano.

**K**

Why how now signior gull: are you a turnd flincher of late, come deliuer my cloake.

**I**

Your cloake sir? I bought it euen now in the market.

**B**

Signoir Giulliano I must arest you sir.

**K**

Arrest me sir, at whose suite?

## Every Man in His Humour

**B**

At these two gentlemens.

**K**

I obey thee varlet; but for these villianes —

**B**

Keepe the peace I charge you sir, in the Dukes name Sir.

**K**

What is the matter varlet?

**B**

You must goe before maister doctor Clement sir, to answere what these gentlemen will object agaynst you, harke you sir, I will vse you kindly.

**J**

We will be euen with you sir, come signior Bobadilla, we will goe before and prepare the doctor: varlet looke to him:

Exeunt Bobadilla and Matheo.

**C**

The varlet is a tall man by Iesu.

**K**

Away you rascalles, Signior I shall have my cloake.

Every Man in His Humour

*I*

Your cloake: I say once agayne I bought it, and I will keepe it.

*K*

You will keepe it?

*I*

Aye, that I will.

*K*

Varlet stay, here is thy fee arrest him.

*B*

Signior Stephano I arrest you.

*I*

Arrest me? there take your cloake: I will none of it.

*K*

Nay that shall not serue your turne, varlet, bring him away, I will goe with thee now to the doctors, and carry him along.

*I*

Why is not here your cloake? what would you have?

Every Man in His Humour

**K**

I care not for that.

**B**

I pray you sir.

**K**

Never talke of it; I will have him answere it.

**B**

Well sir then I will leaue you, I will take this gentlemans woorde for his appearance, as I have done yours.

**K**

Tut I will have no woordes taken; bring him along to answere it.

**B**

Good sir I pitie the gentlemans case, here is your monie agayne.

**K**

Gods bread, tell not me of my monie, bring him away I say.

**B**

I warrant you, he will goe with you of himselfe.

**K**

Yet more adoe?

Every Man in His Humour

**B**

I have made a fayre mashe of it.

**I**

Must I goe?

Exeunt.

Enter doctor Clement, Thorello, Lorenzo se. Biancha, Pizo, Tib, a seruant or two of the Doctors.

**H**

Nay but stay, stay give me leaue; my chayre sirrah? you signior Lorenzo say you went thether to meete your son.

**D**

Aye sir.

**H**

But who directed you thether?

**D**

That did my man sir?

**H**

Where is he?

**D**

Nay I know not now, I left him with your clarke, And appoynted him to stay here for me.

Every Man in His Humour

*H*

About what time was this?

*D*

Marry betweene one and two as I take it.

*H*

So, what time came my man with the message to you Signior Thorello?

*A*

After two sir.

*H*

Very good, but Lady how that you were at Cobs: ha?

*M*

If please you sir, I will tell you: my brother Prospero tolde me that Cobs house was a suspected place.

*H*

So it appeares me thinkes; but on,

*M*

And that my husband vsed thether dayly;

*H*

Act 5



Every Man in His Humour

No matter, so he vse himselfe well.

*M*

True sir, but you know what growes by such haunts oftentimes.

*H*

Aye, ranke fruites of a iealous brayne Lady: but did you finde your husband there in that case, as you suspected.

*A*

I found her there sir.

*H*

Did you so? that alters the case; who gaue you knoweledge of your wiues beeing there?

*A*

Marry that did my brother Prospero.

*H*

How Prospero, first tell her, then tell you after? where is Prospero.

*A*

Gone with my sister sir, I know not whither.

*H*

Why this is a meare tricke, a deuise; you are gulled in this most grosly: alasse poore wench wert thou beaten for this, how now sirrah what is the matter?

## Every Man in His Humour

Enter one of the Do. men.

*V*

Sir there is a gentleman in the court without desires to speake with your worship.

*H*

A gentleman? what is he?

*V*

A Souldier, sir, he sayeth.

*H*

A Souldier? fetch me my armour, my sworde, quickly a souldier speake with me, why when knaues, — come on, come on, hold my cap there, so; give me my gorget, my sword stand by I will end your matters anone; let the souldier enter, now sir what have you to say to me?

Enter Bobadillo and Matheo.

*C*

By your worships fauour.

*H*

Nay keepe out sir, I know not your pretence, you send me word sir you are a souldier, why sir you shall be answered here, here be them have beene amongst souldiers. Sir your pleasure.

*C*

Fayth sir so it is: this gentleman and my selfe have beene most violently wronged by one signior Giulliano: a gallant of the citie here and for my owne part I protest, beeing a man in no sort given to this filthy humor of quarreling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace: dispoyle me of mine honor, disarmd me of my weapons, and beaten me in the open streetes: when I not so much as once offered to resist him.

## Every Man in His Humour

**H**

O Gods precious is this the souldier? here take my armour quickly, it will make him swoone I feare: he is not fit to looke on it, that will put up a blow.

Enter Seruant,

**J**

If it please your worship he was bound to the peace.

**H**

Why, if he were sir, his hands were not bound, were they?

**V**

There is one of the varlets of the citie, has brought two gentlemen here upon arest sir.

**H**

Bid him come in, set by the picture: now

Enter Mus. with Giu. and Stephano.

**H**

sir, what? signior Giulliano? is it you that are arested at signior freshwaters suit here.

**K**

In fayth maister Doctor, and here is another brought at my suite.

**H**

What are you sir.

Every Man in His Humour

*I*

A gentleman sir? o vnclē?

*H*

Vnclē? who, Lorenzo?

*D*

Aye Sir.

*I*

Gods my witnesse my vnclē, I am wrongd here monstrously, he chargeth me with stealing of his cloake, and would I might never stir, if I did not finde it in the street by chance.

*K*

O did you finde it now? you saide you bought it ere while?

*I*

And you sayd I stole it, nay now my vnckle is here I care not.

*H*

Well let this breath a while; you that have cause to complaine there, stand foorth; had you a warrant for this arrest.

*C*

Aye if it plese your worship.

Every Man in His Humour

*H*

Nay do not speake in passion so, where had you it?

*C*

Of your clarke sir.

*H*

That is well if my clarke can make warrants, and my hand not at them; where is the warrant? varlet have you it?

*B*

No sir your worshippes man bid me do it; for these gentlemen and he would be my discharge.

*H*

Why signior Giulliano, are you such a nouice to be arrested and never see the warrant?

*K*

Why sir, he did not arrest me.

*H*

No? how then?

*K*

Marry sir, he came to me and sayd he must arrest me, and he would vse me kindly, and so foorth.

*H*

## Every Man in His Humour

O Gods pittie, was it so sir, he must arrest you: give me my long sworde there: helpe me off; so, come on sir varlet, I must cut off your legges sirrah; nay stand up I will vse you kindly; I must cut off your legges I say.

**B**

O good sir I beseech you, nay good maister doctor, O good sir.

**H**

I must do it; there is no remedie; I must cut off your legges sirrah. I must cut off your eares, you rascall I must do it; I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head.

**B**

O for God sake good Maister Doctor.

**H**

Well rise how doest thou now? doest thou feele thy selfe well? hast thou no harme?

**B**

No I thanke God sir and your good worshippe.

**H**

Why so I sayd I must cut off thy legges, and I must cut off thy armes, and I must cut off thy head: but I did not do it: so you sayd you must arrest this gentleman, but you did not arrest him you knaue, you slaue, you rogue, do you say you must arrest sirrah: away with him to the iayle, I will teach you a tricke for your must.

**B**

Good M. Doctor I beseech you be good to me.

**H**

## Every Man in His Humour

Marry a God: away with him I say.

**B**

Nay sblood before I goe to prison, I will put on my olde brasen face, and disclaime in my vocation: I will discouer that is flat, if I be committed, it shall be for the committing of more villainies then this, hang me, if I loose the least graine of my fame.

**H**

Why? when knaue? by Gods marry, I will clappe thee by the heeles too.

**B**

Hold, hold I pray you.

**H**

What is the matter? stay there.

**B**

Fayth sir afore I goe to this house of bondage, I have a case to vnfolde to your worshippe: which (that it may appeare more playne vnto your worshippes view) I do thus first of all vncase, and appeare in mine owne proper nature, seruant to this gentleman: and knowne by the name of Musco.

**D**

Ha? Musco.

**I**

O vncke, Musco has beene with my cosen and I all this day.

**H**

## Every Man in His Humour

Did not I tell you there was some deuse.

**B**

Nay good M. Doctor since I have layd my selfe thus open to your worship: now stand strong for me, till the progresse of my tale be ended, and then if my wit do not deserue your countenance: Slight throw it on a dogge, and let me goe hang my selfe.

**H**

Body of me a merry knaue, give me a boule of Sack, signior Lorenzo, I bespeak your patience in perticuler, marry your eares in generall, here knaue, Doctor Clement drinckes to thee.

**B**

I pledge M. Doctor if it were a sea to the bottome.

**H**

Fill his boule for that, fil his boule: so, now speak freely.

**B**

Indeede this is it will make a man speake freely. But to the poynt, know then that I Musco (beeing somewhat more trusted of thy maister then reason required, and knowing his intent to Florence) did assume the habit of a poore souldier in warts, and minding by some meanes to intercept his iorney in the mid way, twixt the grandg and the city I encountred him, where begging of him in the most accomlisht and true garbe (as they tearme it) contrarie to all expectation, he reclaimd me from that bad course of life; entertayned me into his seruice, employed me in his busines possest me with his secrets, which I no sooner had receiued, but (seeking my young maister, and finding him at this gentlemans house) I reuealed all, most amply: this done, by the deuse of signior Prospero, and him together, I returnd (as the Rauen did to the Arke) to mine olde maister againe, told him he should finde his son in what maner he knows, at one Cobs house, where indeede he never ment to come, now my maister he to maintayne the iest, went thether, and left me with your worships clarke: who being of a most fine supple disposition (as most of your clarkes are) proffers me the wine, which I had the grace to accept very easily, and to the tauerne we went: there after much ceremonie, I made him drunke in kindenesse, stript him to his shurt, and leauing him in that coole vayne, departed, frolicke, courtier like, hauing obtayned a suit: which suit fitting me exceedingly well, I put on, and vsurping your mans phrase and action, caried a message to Signior Thorello in your name: which message was meerely deuised but to procure his absence, while signior Prospero might make a conueiance of Hesperida to my maister.



## Every Man in His Humour

**H**

Stay, fill me the boule agayne, here; twere pittie of his life would not cherish such a spirite: I drinke to thee, fill him wine, why now do you perceiue the tricke of it.

**A**

Aye, I, perceiue well we were all abusd.

**D**

Well what remedie?

**H**

Where is Lorenzo, and Prospero canst thou tell?

**B**

Aye sir, they are at supper at the Meeremaide, where I left your man.

**H**

Sirrah goe warne them hether presently before me: and if the hower of your fellowes resurrection be come bring him too. But forwarde, forwarde, when thou hadst beene at Thorrellos.

Exit seruant.

**B**

Marry sir (comming along the streete) these two gentlemen meet me, and very strongly supposing me to be your worships scribe, entreated me to procure them a warrant, for the arrest of signior Giulliano. I promist them upon some paire of silke stockins or a ieuell, or so, to do it, and to get a varlet of the citie to serue it, which varlet I appoynted should meete them upon the Realto at such an houre, they no sooner gone, but I in a meere hope of more gaine by signior Giulliano, went to one of Satans old Ingles a broker, and there paund your mans liuerie, for a varlets suite, which here with my selfe, I offer vnto your worships consideration.

## Every Man in His Humour

*H*

Well give me thy hand: Prob. superi ingenium magnum quis noscis Homerum Ilias aeternum si latuisset opus? I admire thee I honor thee, and if thy maister, or any man here be angry with thee, I shall suspect his wit while I know him for it, do you heare Signior Thorello, Signior Lorenzo, and the rest of my good friends, I pray you let me have peace when they come, I have sent for the two gallants and Hesperida, Gods marry I must have you friendes, how now? what noyse is there?

Enter seruant, then Peto.

*V*

Sir it is Peto is come home.

*H*

Peto bring him hether, bring him hether, what how now signior drunckard, in armes against me, ha? your reason your reason for this.

*P*

I beseech your worship to pardon me.

*H*

Well, sirrah tell him I do pardon him.

*P*

Truly sir I did happen into bad companie by chance and they cast me in a sleepe and stript me of all my cloathes.

*H*

Tut this is not to the purpose touching your armour, what might your armour signifie.

*P*

## Every Man in His Humour

Marry sir it hung in the roome where they stript me, and I borrowed it of one of the drawers, now in the euening to come home in, because I was loth to come through the street in my shurt.

Enter Lorenzo iunior, Prospero, Hesperida.

**H**

Well disarme him, but it is no matter let him stand by, who be these? o young gallants; welcome, welcome, and you Lady, nay never scatter such amazed lookes amongst us, Qui nil potest sperare desperet nihil.

**E**

Faith M. Doctor that is euen I, my hopes are smal, and my dispaire shall be as little. Brother, sister, brother what cloudy, cloudy? and will no sunshine on these lookes appeare, well since there is such a tempest towarde, I will be the porpois, I will daunce: wench be of good cheare, thou hast a cloake for the rayne yet, where is he? S'hart how now, the picture of the prodigal, go to I will have the calfe drest for you at my charges.

**D**

Well son Lorenzo, this dayes worke of yours hath much deceiued my hopes troubled my peace, and stretcht my patience further then became the spirite of dutie.

**H**

Nay Gods pitie signior Lorenzo you shall vrge it no more come since you are here, I will have the disposing of all, but first signior Giulliano at my request take your cloake agayne.

**K**

Well sir I am content.

**H**

Stay now let me see, o signior Snow-liuer I had almost forgotten him, and your Genius there, what doth he suffer for a good conscience too? doth he beare his crosse with patience.

**B**

## Every Man in His Humour

Nay they have scarce one cros between them both to beare.

*H*

Why doest thou know him, what is he? what is he?

*B*

Marry search his pocket sir, and they will shew you he is an Author sir.

*H*

Dic mihi musa virum: are you an Author sir, give me leaue a little, come on sir, I will make verses with you now in honor of the Gods, and the Goddesses for what you dare extempore; and now I beginne. Mount thee my Phlegon muse, and testifie, How Saturne sitting in an Ebon cloud, Disrobd his podex, white as iuorie, And through the welkin thundred all aloud, there is for you sir.

*E*

O he writes not in that height of stile.

*H*

No: we will come a steppe or two lower then.  
From Catadupa and the bankes of Nile,  
Where onely breedes your monstrous Crocodile:  
Now are we purposd for to fetch our stile.

*E*

O too farre fetcht for him still maister Doctor:

*H*

Aye, say you so, let us intreat a sight of his vaine then?

*E*

Signior, maister Doctor desires to see a sight of your vaine, nay you must not denie him.

## Every Man in His Humour

*H*

What; all this verse, body of me he carries a whole realme; a common wealth of paper in hose, let us see some of his subjects. Vnto the boundlesse ocean of thy bewtie, Runnes this poore riuer, chargd with streames of zeale, Returning thee the tribute of my dutie: Which here my youth, my plaints, my love reueale. Good? is this your owne inuention?

*J*

No sir; I translated that out of a booke, called Delia.

*H*

O but I wold see some of your owne, some of your owne.

*J*

Sir; here is the beginning of a sonnet I made to my mistresse.

*H*

That that: who? to Maddona Hesperida is she your mistresse.

*E*

It pleaseth him to call her so, sir.

*H*

In Sommer time when Phæbus golden rayes. you translated this too? did you not?

*E*

No this is inuention; he found it in a ballad.

**J**

Fayth sir, I had most of the conceite of it out of a ballad indeede.

**H**

Conceite, fetch me a couple of torches, sirrah, I may see the conceite: quickly? it is very darke?

**K**

Call you this poetry?

**F**

Poetry? nay then call blasphemie, religion;  
Call Diuels, Angels; and Sinne, pietie:  
Let all things be preposterously transchangd.

**D**

Why how now son? what? are you startled now?  
Hath the brize prickt you? ha? go to; you see,  
How abiectly your Poetry is ranckt, in generall opinion.

**F**

Opinion, O God let grosse opinion sinck and be damnd  
As deepe as Barathrum,  
If it may stand with your most wisht content,  
I can refell opinion and approue,  
The state of poesie, such as it is,  
Blessed, æternall, and most true deuine:  
Indeede if you will looke on Poesie,  
As she appeares in many, poore and lame,  
Patcht up in remnants and olde worne ragges,  
Halfe starud for want of her peculiar foode:  
Sacred inuention, then I must conferme,  
Both your conceite and censure of her merrite,  
But view her in her glorious ornaments,  
Attired in the maiestie of arte,  
Set high in spirite with the precious taste,  
Of sweete philosophie, and which is most,  
Crownd with the rich traditions of a soule,  
That hates to have her dignitie prophannd,

## Every Man in His Humour

With any relish of an earthly thought:  
O then how proud a presence doth she beare.  
Then is she like her selfe fit to be seene,  
Of none but graue and consecrated eyes:  
Nor is it any blemish to her fame,  
That such leane, ignorant, and blasted wits,  
Such brainlesse guls, should vtter their stolne wares  
With such aplauses in our vulgar eares:  
Or that their slubberd lines have currant passe,  
From the fat iudgements of the multitude,  
But that this barren and infected age,  
Should set no difference twixt these empty spirits,  
And a true Poet: then which reuerend name,  
Nothing can more adorne humanitie.  
Enter with torches.

### *H*

Aye Lorenzo, but election is now gouerned altogether by the influence of humor, which instead of those holy flames that should direct and light the soule to eternitie, hurles foorth nothing but smooke and congested vapours, that stifle her up, and bereaue her of all sight and motion. But she must have store of Ellebore, given her to purge these grosse obstructions: o that is well sayd, give me thy torch, come lay this stuffe together. So, give fire? there, see, see, how our Poets glory shines brighter, and brighter, still, still it increaseth, o now it is at the highest, and now it declines as fast: you may see gallants, Sic transit gloria mundi. Well now my two Signior out sides, stand foorth, and lend me your large eares, to a sentence, to a sentence: first you signior shall this night to the cage, and so shall you sir, from thence to morrow morning, you signior shall be carried to the market crosse, and be there bound: and so shall you sir, in a large motlie coate, with a roode at your girdle; and you in an olde suite of sackcloth, and the ashes of your papers (saue the ashes sirrah) shall mourne all day, and at night both together sing some ballad of repentance very pitteously, which you shall make to the tune of Who list to leade and a souldiers life. Sirrah bil man, imbrace you this torch, and light the gentlemen to their lodgings, and because we tender their safetie, you shall watch them to night, you are prouided for the purpose, away and looke to your charge with an open eye sirrah.

### *C*

Well I am armd in soule agaynst the worst of fortune.

### *J*

Fayth so should I be, if I had slept on it.

### *P*

I am armd too, but I am not like to sleepe on it.

## Every Man in His Humour

**B**

O how this pleaseth me.

Exeunt.

**H**

Now Signior Thorello, Giulliano, Prospero, Biancha.

**I**

And not me sir.

**H**

Yes and you sir: I had lost a sheepe if he had not bleated, I must have you all friends: but first a worde with you young gallant, and you Lady.

**K**

Well brother Prospero by this good light that shines here I am loth to kindle fresh coles, but if you had come in my walke within these two houres I had given you that you should not have clawne off agayne in hast, by Iesus I had done it, I am the arrenst rogue that euer breathd else, but now beshrew my hart if I beare you any malice in the earth.

**E**

Fayth I did it but to hould up a iest: and helpe my sister to a husband, but brother Thorello, and sister, you have a spice of the yealous yet both of you, (in your hose I meane,) come do not dwell upon your anger so much, let us all be smoth fore headed once agayne.

**A**

He playes upon my fore head, brother Giulliano, I pray you tell me one thing I shall aske you: is my foreheade any thing rougher then it was wont to be.



Every Man in His Humour

*K*

Rougher? your forehead is smoth enough man.

*A*

Why should he then say? be smoth foreheaded, Vnlesse he iested at the smothnesse of it? And that may be; for horne is very smoth; So are my browes? by Iesu, smoth as horne?

*M*

Brother had he no haunt thether in good fayth?

*E*

No upon my soule.

*M*

Nay then sweet hart: nay I pray the be not angry, good faith I will never suspect thee any more, nay kisse me sweet musse.

*A*

Tell me Biancha, do not you play the woman with me.

*M*

What is that sweete hart.

*A*

Dissemble?

## Every Man in His Humour

*M*

Dissemble?

*A*

Nay do not turne away: but say in fayth was it not a match appoynted twixt this old gentleman and you?

*M*

A match.

*A*

Nay if it were not, I do not care: do not weepe I pray  
thee sweete Biancha, nay so now? by Iesus I am not iealous, but  
resolved I have the faythfulst wife in Italie.  
For this I finde where iealousie is fed,  
Hornes in the minde, are worse then on the head.  
See what a droue of hornes flie in the ayre,  
Wingd with my cleansed, and my credulous breath:  
Watch them suspicious eyes, watch where they fall,  
See see, on heades that think they have none at all.  
O what a plentuous world of this will come,  
When ayre raynes hornes, all men be sure of some.

*H*

Why that is well, come then: what say you are all agreed? doth none stand out.

*E*

None but this gentleman: to whom in my owne person I owe all dutie and affection: but most seriously intreate  
pardon, for whatsoeuer hath past in these occurrants, that might be contrarie to his most desired content.

*D*

Fayth sir it is a vertue that persues,  
Any saue rude and vncomposed spirites,  
To make a fayre construction and indeede

## Every Man in His Humour

Not to stand off, when such respectiue meanes,  
Inuite a generall content in all.

*H*

Well then I coniure you all here to put of all discontentment, first you Signior Lorenzo your cares; you, and you, your iealositie: you your anger, and you your wit sir: and for a peace offering, here is one willing to be sacrificed upon this altier: say do you approue my motion?

*E*

We do I will mouth for all.

*H*

Why then I wish them all ioy, and now to make our euening happinesse more full: this night you shall be all my gueses: where we will inioy the very spirite of mirth, and carouse to the health of this Heroick spirite, whom to honor the more I do inuest in my owne robes, desiring you two Giulliano, and Prospero, to be his supporters, the trayne to follow, my selfe will leade, vsherd by my page here with this honorable  
verse. Claudite iam riuos pueri, sat prata biberunt.

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