

# **Your Five Gallants**

Thomas Middleton

# Table of Contents

<b><u>Your Five Gallants</u></b> .....	<b>1</b>
<u>Thomas Middleton</u> .....	1
<u>I.[i. A room in Frippery's house.]</u> .....	1
<u>II.[i. A room in Primero's house]</u> .....	16
<u>III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]</u> .....	48
<u>IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]</u> .....	64
<u>V.[i. A chamber]</u> .....	92

# Your Five Gallants

Thomas Middleton

## Dramatis Personae

FRIPPERY, the broker–gallant  
PRIMERO, the bawd–gallant  
[Justinian] GOLDSTONE, the cheating–gallant  
PURSENET, the pocket–gallant  
TAILBY, the whore–gallant  
FITSGRAVE, a gentleman  
BUNGLER, cousin to Mistress Newcut  
PYAMONT  
ARTHUR, servant to Frippery  
FULK, servant to Goldstone  
BOY, servant to Pursenet  
JACK, servant to Tailby  
MARMADUKE, servant to Mistress Newcut  
[Two FELLOWS]  
[Jeronimo Bedlam, a SERVANT friendly to Fitsgrave]  
[A SERVANT of the Mitre]  
[VINTNER, named Jack]  
[Two DRAWERS]  
[Two GENTLEMEN]  
[TAILOR]  
[SERVANTS to Mistresses Cleveland, Newbold, and Tiffany]  
[Two CONSTABLES]  
[PAINTER]  
KATHERINE, a wealthy orphan  
MISTRESS NEWCUT, a merchant's wife  
NOVICE  
[Three] COURTESANS

## INDUCTION

Presenter, or Prologue, passing over the stage; the bawd–gallant [Primero], with three wenches gallantly attired, meets him; the whore–gallant [Tailby], the pocket–gallant [Pursenet], the cheating–gallant [Goldstone], kiss these three wenches, and depart in a little whisper and wanton action. Now, for the other, the broker–gallant [Frippery], he sits at home yet, I warrant you, at this time of day, summing up his pawns. Hactenus quasi inductio, a little glimpse giving.

## I.[i. A room in Frippery's house.]

[Frippery discovered summing up his pawns, one Fellow standing by him.] Enter a Second Fellow [led in by Arthur].

### ARTHUR

Is your pawn good and sound, sir?

### SECOND FELLOW

I'll pawn my life for that, sir.

## Your Five Gallants

### **ARTHUR**

Place yourself there then; I will seek to prefer it presently. My master is very jealous of the pestilence; marry, the pox sits at meat and meal with him.

[Second Fellow retires.]

### **FRIPPERY**

[Reads] "Lent the fifth day of September to Mistress Onset upon her gown [and] taffeta petticoat with three broad silver laces, three pound fifteen shillings. Lent to Justice Cropshin upon both his velvet jackets, five pound ten shillings. Lent privately to my Lady Newcut upon her gilt casting-bottle and her silver lie-pot, fifty-five shillings."

### **ARTHUR**

Sir--

### **FRIPPERY**

[Reads] "Lent to Sir Oliver Needy upon his taffeta cloak, beaver hat, and perfumed leather-gerkin, six pound five shillings."

### **ARTHUR**

May it please your worship--

### **FRIPPERY**

[Reads] "Lent to Master Andrew Lucifer upon his flame-coloured doublet and blue taffeta hose"--Top the candle, sirrah; methinks the light burns blue: when came that suit in?

### **ARTHUR**

'Tas lain above the year now.

### **FRIPPERY**

Fire and brimstone! Cut it out into matches; the white linings will serve for tinder.

### **ARTHUR**

And with little help, sir; they are almost black enough already. Sir, here's another come with a pawn.

### **FRIPPERY**

Keep him aside awhile, and reach me hither the bill of the last week.

### **ARTHUR**

'Tis here at hand, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

Now, sir, what's your pawn?

### **FIRST FELLOW**

The second part of a gentlewoman's gown, sir; the lower half, I mean.

### **FRIPPERY**

I apprehend you easily, the breeches of the gown.

### **FIRST FELLOW**

## Your Five Gallants

Very proper, for she wears the doublet at home; a guest that lies in my house, sir; she looks every hour for her cousin out a' th' country.

### **FRIPPERY**

O, her cousin lies here; 'a may mistake in that. My friend, of what parish is your pawn?

### **FIRST FELLOW**

Parish? Why, Saint Clement's, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

[To Second Fellow] I'll come to you presently. [To First Fellow] What parish is your pawn, my friend? [Reads] "Saint Bride's, five; Saint Dunstan's, none; Saint Clement's, three." Three at Clement's? Away with your pawn, sir, your parish is infected! I will neither purchase the plague for sixpence in the pound and a goat bill—money, nor venture my small stock into contagious parishes: you have your answer; fare you well, as fast as you can, sir.

### **FIRST FELLOW**

The pox arrest you, sir, at the suit of the suburbs!

### **FRIPPERY**

Ay, welcome, welcome.

### **FIRST FELLOW**

For, I think, plague scorns your company.

Exit.

### **FRIPPERY**

I rank with chief gallants; I love to smell safely. [Reads] "Lent in the vacation to Master Proctor upon his spiritual gown five angels, and upon his corporal doublet fifteen shillings; sum, three pound five shillings."

### **ARTHUR**

Sir—

### **FRIPPERY**

Now, sir?

### **ARTHUR**

[Bringing forward a trunk] Here's one come in with a trunk of apparel.

### **FRIPPERY**

Whence comes it?

### **ARTHUR**

From Saint Martin's—in—the—Field.

### **FRIPPERY**

Saint Martin's—in—the—Field? [Reads] "Saint Mary Maudlin, two; Saint Martin's, none." Here's an honest fellow; let him appear, sir.

### **ARTHUR**

You may come near, sir.

## Your Five Gallants

### **FRIPPERY**

O welcome, welcome; what's your pawn, sir?

### **SECOND FELLOW**

Faith, a gentlewoman's whole suit, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

Whole suit? 'Tis well.

### **SECOND FELLOW**

A poor, kind soul, troubled with a bad husband; one that puts her to her shifts here.

### **FRIPPERY**

He puts here from her shifts, methinks, when she is fain to pawn her clothes.

### **SECOND FELLOW**

Look you, sir; a fair satin gown, new taffeta petticoat—

### **FRIPPERY**

Stay, this petticoat has been turned.

### **SECOND FELLOW**

Often turned up and down, and you will, but never turned, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

Cry you mercy, indeed.

### **SECOND FELLOW**

A fine white beaver, pearl band, three falls; I ha' known her have more in her days.

### **FRIPPERY**

Alas, and she be but a gentlewoman of any count or charge, three falls are nothing in these days! Know that: tut, the world's changed; [gentlewomen's] falls stand upright now; no sin but has a bolster, that it may lie at ease. Well, what do you borrow of these, sir?

### **SECOND FELLOW**

Twelve pounds, and you will, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

How?

### **SECOND FELLOW**

They were not her's for twenty.

### **FRIPPERY**

Why, so; our pawn is ever thrice the value of our money, unless in plate and jewels; how should the months be restored and the use else? We must cast it for the twelvemonth, so many pounds, so many months, so many eighteenpences; then the use of these eighteenpences; then the want of the return of those pounds: all these must be laid together; which well considered, the valuation of the pawn had need to sound treble. Can six pound pleasure the gentlewoman?

## Your Five Gallants

### **SECOND FELLOW**

It may please her, but, like a man of three–score, in the limberest degree.

### **FRIPPERY**

I have but one word more to say in't; twenty nobles is all and the utmost that I will hazard upon't.

### **SECOND FELLOW**

She must be content with't: the less borrowed, the better paid; come.

### **FRIPPERY**

Arthur.

### **ARTHUR**

At hand, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

Tell out twenty nobles, and take her name in a bill.

### **SECOND FELLOW**

I'm satisfied, sir.

[Exit with Arthur.]

### **FRIPPERY**

Welcome, good Saint Martin's–in–the–Field, welcome, welcome! I know no other name.

Enter Primero.

### **PRIMERO**

What, so hard at your prayers?

### **FRIPPERY**

A little, sir; summing up my pawns here—what, Master Primero, is it you, sir gallant? And how does all the pretty, sweet ladies, those plump, kind, delicate blisses, ha? whom I kiss in my very thoughts? How do they, gallant?

### **PRIMERO**

Why, gallant, if they should not do well in my house, where should it be done, boy? Have I not a glorious situation?

### **FRIPPERY**

O, a gallant receipt: violet air, curious garden, quaint walks, fantastical arbours, three back doors, and a coach–gate! Nay, thou'rt admirably seated: little furniture will serve thee; thou'rt never without moveables.

### **PRIMERO**

Ay, praise my stars! Ah, the goodly virginities that have been cut up in my house, and the goodly patrimonies that have lain like sops in the gravy! And when those sops were eaten, yet the meat was kept whole for another, and another, and another; for as in one pie twenty may dip their sippits, so upon one woman forty may consume their patrimonies.

## Your Five Gallants

### **FRIPPERY**

Excellent, Master Primero!

### **PRIMERO**

Well, I'll pray for women while I live;  
They're the profitablest fools, I'll say that for 'em,  
A man can keep about his house; the prettiest kind fowl,  
So tame, so gentle, e'en to strangers' hands  
So soon familiar, suffer to be touch'd  
Of those they ne'er saw twice: the dove's not like 'em.

### **FRIPPERY**

Most certain, for that's honest: but I have  
A suit to you.

### **PRIMERO**

And so have I to you.

### **FRIPPERY**

That happens well: grant mine, and I'll grant yours.

### **PRIMERO**

A match.

### **FRIPPERY**

Make me perfect in that trick that got you so much at primero.

### **PRIMERO**

O, for the thread tied at your partner's leg,  
The twitch?

### **FRIPPERY**

Ay, that twitch and you call't so.

### **PRIMERO**

That secret twitch got me five hundred pound  
Ere 'twas first known, and since I ha' sold it well:  
Five hundred pound laid down shall not yet buy  
The fee—simple of my twitch: I would be here with't.  
'Twas a best invention;  
I'd been a beggar many a lousy year  
But for my twitch: it was the prettiest twitch!  
Many over—cheated gulls have fatted  
Me with the bottom of their patrimonies,  
E'en to the last sop, gaped while I fed 'em,  
Who now live by that art that first undid 'em,  
But I must swear you to be secret, close.

### **FRIPPERY**

As a maid at ten.



## Your Five Gallants

### **PRIMERO**

Had you sworn but two years higher  
I would ne'er ha' believ'd you.

### **FRIPPERY**

Nay, I let twelve alone,  
For after twelve has struck, maids look for one.

### **PRIMERO**

I look for one too, and a maid, I think.

### **FRIPPERY**

What, to come hither?

### **PRIMERO**

Sure, she follows me:  
A pretty, fat-eyed wench, with a Venus in her cheek; did but raiment smile upon her, she were nectar for great  
dons, boy: and that's my suit to thee.

### **FRIPPERY**

And that's granted already. Of what volume is this book, that I may fit a cover to't?

### **PRIMERO**

Faith, neither in folio nor in decimo sexto, but in octavo, between both; a pretty, middle-sized trug.

### **FRIPPERY**

Then I have fitted her already, in my eye, i'faith. Here came a pawn in e'en now will make shift to serve her as fit!  
Look you, sir [gallant]: satin, taffeta, beaver, fall, and all.

### **PRIMERO**

Is it new?

### **FRIPPERY**

New? You see it bears her youth as freshly.

### **PRIMERO**

A pretty suit of clothes, i'faith: but put case the party should come to redeem 'em of a sudden?

### **FRIPPERY**

Pooh, then your wit's sickly: have not I the policy, think you, to seem extreme busy, and defer 'em till the  
morrow? Against which time that pawn shall be secretly fetched home, and another carried out to supply the  
place.

### **PRIMERO**

I like thy craft well there.

### **FRIPPERY**

A general course. O, frippery is an unknown benefit, sir gallant!

## Your Five Gallants

### **PRIMERO**

And what must I give you for the hire now, i'faith?

### **FRIPPERY**

Of the whole suit, for the month?

### **PRIMERO**

Ay, for the month.

### **FRIPPERY**

Go to, you shall give me but twelvecence a-day; Master Primero, you're a friend, and I'll use you so: 'tis got up at your house in an afternoon, i'faith, the hire of the whole month. Ye must think I can distinguish spirits, and put a difference between you and others; you pay no more, i'faith.

### **PRIMERO**

I could have offered you no less myself.

### **FRIPPERY**

Tut, a man must use a friend as a friend may use him: your house has been a sweet house to me, both for pleasure and profit; I'll give you your due: omne tulit punctum, you have always kept fine punks in your house, that's for pleasure, qui miscuit utile dulci, and I have had sweet pawns from 'em, that's for profit now.

### **PRIMERO**

You flatter, you flatter, sir gallant. But whist! Here she enters: I prithee, question her.

Enter Novice.

O, you're welcome!

### **FRIPPERY**

Is this your new scholar, Master Primero?

### **PRIMERO**

Marry, is she, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

I'll commend your judgment in a wench while I live: that face will get money, i'faith; 'twill be a get-penny, I warrant you. [To Novice] Go to, your fortune was choice, pretty bliss, to fall into the regard of so kind a gentleman.

### **NOVICE**

I hope so, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

See what his care has provided already for you; you'll be simply set out to the world! If you'll have that care now to deserve his pains, O, that will be acceptable! And these be the rudiments you must chiefly point at: to counterfeit cunningly, to wind in gentlemen with powerful attraction to keep his house in name and custom, to dissemble with your own brother, never to betray your fellows' imperfections nor lay open the state of their bodies

## Your Five Gallants

to strangers, to believe those that give you, to gull those that believe you, to laugh at all under taffeta; and these be your rudiments.

### **PRIMERO**

There's e'en all, i'faith; we'll trouble you with no more. Nay, you shall live at ease enough: for nimming away jewels and favours from gentlemen, which are your chief vails, [I] hope that will come naturally enough to you, I need not instruct you; you'll have that wit, I trust, to make the most of your pleasure.

### **NOVICE**

I hope one's mother-wit will serve for that, sir.

### **PRIMERO**

O, properest of all, wench! It must be a she-wit that does those things, and thy mother was quick enough at it in her days.

### **FRIPPERY**

Give me leave, sister, to examine you upon two or three particulars: and make you ready, be not ashamed; here's none but friends. Are you a maid?

### **NOVICE**

Yes, in the last quarter, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

Very proper, that's e'en going out: a maid in the last quarter, that's a whore in the first. Let me see, new moon on Thursday; she'll be chan[g]ed by that time, too. Are you willing to pleasure gentlemen?

### **NOVICE**

We are all born to pleasure our country, forsooth.

### **FRIPPERY**

Excellent! Can you carry yourself cunningly, and seem often holy?

### **NOVICE**

O, fear not that, sir! My friends were all Puritans.

### **FRIPPERY**

I'll ne'er try her further.

### **PRIMERO**

She's done well, i'faith: I fear not now to turn her loose to any gentleman in Europe.

### **FRIPPERY**

You need not, sir: of her own accord, I think she'll be loose enough without turning. Arthur!

Enter Arthur.

### **ARTHUR**

Here, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

Go, make haste, shift her into that suit presently.

Your Five Gallants

**ARTHUR**

It shall be done.

**PRIMERO**

Arthur, do't neatly, Arthur.

**ARTHUR**

Fear't not, sir.

**PRIMERO**

Follow him, wench.

**NOVICE**

With all my heart, sir.

[Exeunt Arthur and Novice.]

**PRIMERO**

[But, mass, sir],  
In what are we forgetful all this while!

**FRIPPERY**

In what?

**PRIMERO**

The wooing business, man.

**FRIPPERY**

Heart, that's true!

**PRIMERO**

The gallants will prevent us.

**FRIPPERY**

Are you certain?

**PRIMERO**

I can avouch it: there's a general meeting  
At the deceas'd knight's house this afternoon;  
There's rivalryship enough.

**FRIPPERY**

No doubt in that:  
Would either thou or I might bear her from 'em!

**PRIMERO**

My hopes are not yet faint.

**FRIPPERY**

Nor mine.

## Your Five Gallants

### **PRIMERO**

Tut, man.

Nothing in women's hearts sooner win[s] place  
Than a grave outside and an impudent face.

### **FRIPPERY**

And for both those we'll fit it.

### **PRIMERO**

Ay, if the devil  
Be not in't: make haste.

### **FRIPPERY**

I follow straight.

Exit Primero.

Vanish, thou fog, and sink beneath our brightness,  
Abashed at the splendour of such beams!  
We scorn thee, base eclipser of our glories,  
That wouldst have hid our shine from mortal's eyes.  
Now, gallants, I'm for you, ay, and perhaps before you:  
You can appear but glorious from yourselves,  
And have your beams but drawn from your own light,  
But mine from many: many make me bright.  
Here's a diamond that sometimes graced the finger of a countess; here sits a ruby that ne'er lins blushing for the party that pawned it; here a sapphire. O providence and fortune! My beginning was so poor, I would fain forget it; and I take the only course, for I scorn to think on't; slave to a trencher, observer of a salt-cellar, privy to nothing but a closestool, or such unsavoury secret[s]: but as I strive to forget the days of my serving, so I shall once remember the first step of my rising; for, having hardly raked five mark together, I rejoiced so in that small stock, which most providentially I ventured by water to Blackwall among fishwives; and in small time, what by weekly return and gainful restitution, it rize to a great body, beside a dish of fish for a present, that stately preserved me a seven-night.  
Nor ceas'd it there, but drew on greater profit;  
For I was held religious by those  
That do profess like abstinence,  
And was full often secretly supplied  
By charitable Catholics,  
Who censur'd me sincerely abstinate,  
When merely I for hunger, [not] for zeal,  
Eat up the fish, and put their alms to use!  
Ha, ha, ha!  
But those times are run out; and, for my sake,  
Zealous dissemblance has since far'd the worse.  
Let me see now, whose cloak shall I wear today to continue change? O Arthur!

Enter Arthur.

### **ARTHUR**

Here, sir.

## Your Five Gallants

### **FRIPPERY**

Bring down Sir Oliver Needy's taffeta cloak and beaver hat—I am sure he is fast enough [in the knight's ward]—and Andrew Lucifer's rapier and dagger with the embossed girdle and hangers,

[Exit Arthur.]

for he's in his third sweat by this time, sipping of the doctor's bottle, or picking the ninth part of a rack of mutton, dry-roasted, with a leash of nightcaps on his head like the pope's triple crown, and as many pillows crushed to his back, with, "O the needles!" For he got the pox of a sempster, and it pricked so much more naturally. Quick, Arthur, quick!

[Enter Arthur with the pawned items, which Frippery puts on.]

Now to the deceas'd knight's daughter,  
Whom many gallants sue to, I 'mongst many;  
For since impudence gains more respect than virtue,  
And coin [than] blood, which few can now deny,  
Who're your chief gallants then but such as I?

[Exeunt.]

[I.ii. A room in Katherine's house]

Enter Katherine and Fitsgrave.

### **FITSGRAVE**

You do your beauties injury, sweet virgin,  
To lose the time they must rejoice in youth:  
There's no perfection in a woman plac'd  
But wastes itself though it be never wasted;  
Then judge your wrongs yourself.

### **KATHERINE**

Good Master Fitsgrave,  
Through sorrow for the knight my father's death,  
Whose being was the [perfection] of my joy  
And crown of my desires, I cannot yet  
But forcedly on marriage fix my heart:  
Yet heaven forbid I should deject your hopes!  
Conceive not of me so uncharitably;  
I should belie my soul if I should say  
You are the man I never should affect.  
I understand you thus far, you're a gentleman,  
Whom your estate and virtues may command  
To a far worthier breast than this of mine.

### **FITSGRAVE**

O cease! I dare not hear such blasphemy.  
What is without you worthy I neglect;  
In you is plac'd the worth that I respect.

## Your Five Gallants

Vouchsafe, unequall'd virgin, [to] accept  
This worthless favour from your servant's arm,  
The hallow'd beads, whereon I justly kept  
The true and perfect number of my sighs.  
Gives a chain of pearl.

### **KATHERINE**

Mine cannot equal yours, yet in exchange  
Accept and wear it for my sake.

Gives a jewel.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Even as my [life] I'll rate it.

Enter Goldstone, Pursenet, Tailby, Frippery, Primero, and Boy, at the farther door.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Heart! Fitsgrave in such bosom single-loves?

### **PURSENET**

So close and private with her!

### **TAILBY**

Observe 'em; he grows proud and bold.

### **FRIPPERY**

Why, was not this a general meeting?

### **PRIMERO**

By her own consent. Death, how I could taste his blood!

### **KATHERINE**

See, the gentlemen,  
At my request, do all present themselves.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Manifold blisses wait on her desire,  
Whose beauty and whose mind so many honour!

### **KATHERINE**

I take your wishes thankfully, kind gentlemen,  
All here assembled, over whose long suits  
I ne'er insulted;  
Nor, like that common sickness of our sex,  
Grew proud in the abundance of my suitors,  
Or number of the days they sued unto me.  
Dutiful sorrow for my father's death,  
Not wilful coyness, hath my hours detain'd  
So long in silence.  
I'm left to mine own choice: so much the more

## Your Five Gallants

My care calls on me. If I err through love,  
'Tis I must chide myself; I cannot shift  
The fault unto my parents, they're at rest,  
And I shall sooner err through love than wealth.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Good!

### **PURSENET**

Excellent!

### **TAILBY**

That likes me well.

### **PRIMERO**

Hope still.

### **KATHERINE**

And my affections do pronounce you all  
Worthy their pure and most entire deserts:  
Yet they can choose but one;  
Nor do I dissuade any of his hopes,  
Because my heart is not yet thoroughly fix'd  
On marriage or the man,  
But crave the quiet respite of one month,  
The month unto this night; against which time  
I do invite you all to that election,  
Which, on my unstain'd faith and virgin promise,  
Shall light amongst no strangers, but yourselves.  
May this content you?

While she is speaking, the Boy steals from her the chain of pearl.

ALL

Glad and content.

### **KATHERINE**

'Tis a good time to leave;  
Till then commend us to your gentlest thoughts.

Exit.

ALL

Enough.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Ough!

The gallants look scurvily upon Fitsgrave, and he upon them. Exeunt Goldstone, Tailby, Frippery, and Primero.  
As Pursenet is going out, the Boy takes him into a corner.



Your Five Gallants

**BOY**

Hist, master, hist!

**PURSENET**

Boy, how now?

**BOY**

Look you, sir.

**PURSENET**

Her chain of pearl?

**BOY**

I sneck'd it away finely.

**PURSENET**

Active boy,  
Thy master's best revenue, his life and soul!  
Thou keep'st 'em both together: whip away.

[Exit Boy.]

[Aside] Fall back, fall belly, I must be maintained:  
Hope is no purchase;  
Nor care I if I miss her. Why I rank  
In this design with gallants, there's full cause;  
Policy invites me to it :  
'Tis not for love, or for her sake alone;  
It keeps my state suspectless and unknown.

Exit.

**FITSGRAVE**

Their looks run through and through me, and the stings  
Of their snake-hissing whispers pierc'd my hearing.  
They're mad she grac'd me with one private minute  
Above their fortunes: I've observed 'em often  
Most spitefully aspected toward my happiness,  
Beyond all others; but the cause I know not.  
A quiet month the virgin has enclos'd  
Unto herself; suitors stand without till then:  
In which space cunningly I'll wind myself  
Into their bosoms. I've bethought the shape;  
Some credulous scholar, easily infected  
With fashion, time, and humour: unto such  
Their deepest thoughts will, like to wanton fishes,  
Play above water, and be all parts seen:  
For since at me their envy pines, I'll see  
Whether their lives from touch of blame sit free.

Exit.

## II.[i. A room in Primero's house]

Enter Primero, meeting Mistress Newcut.

### **PRIMERO**

Mistress Newcut, welcome: here will be choice of gallants for you anon.

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Is all clear? May I venture? Am I not seen of the wicked?

### **PRIMERO**

Strange absurdity, that you should come into my house, and ask if you be not seen of the wicked! Push! I take't unkindly, i'faith: what think you of my house? 'Tis no such common receptacle.

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Forgive me, sweet Master Primero: I can be content to have my pleasure as much as another, but I must have a care of my credit; I would not be seen anything else. My husband's at sea, and a woman shall have an ill report in this world, let her carry herself never so secretly; you know't, Master Primero. And what choice of gallants be they? Will they be proper gentlemen, think you?

### **PRIMERO**

Nay, sure they are as proper as they will be already.

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

And I must have choice, you know; I come for no gain, but for sheer pleasure and affection.

### **PRIMERO**

You see your old spy-hole yonder; take your stand, please your own eye. I'll work it so, the gallants shall present themselves before you, and in the most conspicuous fashion.

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

That's all I can desire [aside] till better come.—Look you.

### **PRIMERO**

What mean you, lady?

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

A trifle, sir, to buy you silver spurs. Good sir, accept it.

[Gives money and retires.]

### **PRIMERO**

Silver spurs? A pretty emblem! Mark it; all her gifts are about riding still: the other day she sent me boot-hose wrought in silk and gold; now silver spurs. Well, go thy ways, thou'rt as profitable a spirit as e'er lighted into my house.

Come, ladies, come, 'tis late; to music. When?

## Your Five Gallants

Enter Courtesans and Novice.

### FIRST COURTESAN

You're best command us, sir! Our pimp's grown proud.

### PRIMERO

To fools and strangers these are gentlewomen  
Of sort and worship, knight's heirs, great in portions,  
Boarded here for their music;  
And oftentimes 't 'as been so cunningly carried,  
That I have had two stolen away at once,  
And married at Savoy, and prov'd honest shopkeepers:  
And I may safely swear they practis'd music;  
They're natural at prick-song. A small mist  
Will dazzle a fool's eye, and that's the world:  
So I can thump my hand upon the table  
With an austere grace, and cry, "One, two, and three,"  
Fret, stamp, and curse, foh, 'twill pass well for me.

Enter Boy.

How now, sirrah?

### BOY

They're coming in, sir, and strangers in their company.

### PRIMERO

Tune apace, ladies. [To Boy] Be ready for the song, sirrah.

Enter Goldstone, Pursenet, Frippery, Tailby, Fitsgrave disguised, and Bungler.

### GOLDSTONE

Nay, I beseech you, gallants, be more inward with this gentleman; [his parts deserve it].

### PURSENET

Whence comes he, sir?

### GOLDSTONE

Piping hot from the university; he smells of buttered loaves yet; an excellent scholar, [aside] but the arrantest ass!  
[Presenting Bungler] For this our solicitor, he's a rare fellow five-and-forty mile hence, believe that: his friends  
are of the old fashion, all in their graves; and now has he the leisure to follow all new fashions, ply the brothels,  
practise salutes and cringes.

### PURSENET

O!

### GOLDSTONE

Now dear acquaintance,  
I'll bring you to see fashions.

## Your Five Gallants

### **FITSGRAVE**

What house is this, sir?

### **GOLDSTONE**

O, of great name: here music is profess'd;  
Here sometimes ladies practise, and the meanest,  
Daughters to men of worship,  
Whom gentlemen, such as ourselves, may visit,  
Court, clip, and exercise our wits upon;  
It is a profess'd courtesy.

### **FITSGRAVE**

A pretty recreation, i'faith!

### **GOLDSTONE**

I seldom saw so few here: you shall have 'em sometimes in every corner of the house, with their viols betwixt their legs, and play the sweetest strokes; 'twould e'en filch your soul almost out of your bosom.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Pax on't, we spoil ourselves for want of these things at university.

### **GOLDSTONE**

You have no such natural happiness: let's draw near.

### **PRIMERO**

Gentlemen, you are all most respectfully welcome.

### **GOLDSTONE**

We are bold and insatiate suitors, sir, to the breath of your music, and the dear sight of those ladies.

### **PRIMERO**

And what our poor skill can invite you to,  
You're kindly welcome: you must pardon 'em, gentlemen,  
Virgins and bashful, besides new beginners:  
'Tis not a whole month since they were first enter'd.

### **GOLDSTONE**

[Aside] Seven year in my knowledge.

### **PRIMERO**

They blush at their very lessons; they'll not endure  
To hear of a stop, a prick, or a semiquaver.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

O, out upon you !

### **PRIMERO**

La, I tell you. You'll bear me witness, gentlemen,  
If their complaints come to their parents' ears,  
They're words of art I teach 'em, nought but art.

Your Five Gallants

**GOLDSTONE**

Why, 'tis most certain.

**BUNGLER**

For all scholars know that musica est ars.

**ALL THE COURTESANS**

O, beastly word!

**PRIMERO**

Look to the ladies, gentlemen.

**GOLDSTONE**

Kiss again.

**PURSENET**

Come, another.

**TAILBY**

This a good interim.

[Exit.]

**PRIMERO**

What have you done, sir?

**BUNGLER**

Why, what have I done?

**PRIMERO**

Saw you their stomachs queasy, and come with such gross meat?

**BUNGLER**

Why, is't not Latin, sir?

**PRIMERO**

Latin? Why, then, let the next to't be Latin too.

**PURSENET**

So, enough.

**GOLDSTONE**

Nay, I can assure you thus far, I that never knew the language have heard so much that ars is Latin for art; and it may well be, too, for there's more art in't nowadays than ever was.

**PRIMERO**

Is't possible?

I'm sorry then I've followed it so far.

**FIRST COURTESAN**

A scholar call you him?

Il.[i. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

### **PRIMERO**

Music must not jar:  
The offence is satisfied. Come, to the song;  
Begin, sir.

The song; and he keeps time, shows several humours and moods: the boy in his pocket nims away Fitsgrave's jewel here, and exit.

### **BUNGLER**

Not a whole month since you were entered, ladies?

### **FITSGRAVE**

[Aside] None that shall see their cunning will believe it.

### **PRIMERO**

It is no affliction, gentlemen.

### **BUNGLER**

I care not much, i'faith, if I write down to my father presently to send up my sister in all haste that I may place her here at this music-school.

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

[Looking in] 'Slid, 'tis the fool my cousin! I would not for the value of three recreations he had seen me here.

### **PRIMERO**

How like you your new prize?

### **BUNGLER**

Pray, give me leave;  
I have not yet sufficiently admir'd her.

### **PRIMERO**

My wits must not stand idle. 'Slife, he's in a sick trance!

### **GOLDSTONE**

[Aside] A cheat or two among these mistresses  
Would not be ill bestow'd; I affect none,  
But for my prey: such are their affections,  
I know it; how could drabs and cheaters live else?  
Then since the world rolls on dissimulation,  
I'll be the first dissembler.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

Prithee, love, comfort, choice,  
My only wish, in thee I am confin'd!  
Deny me anything, a slight chain of pearl?

### **PURSENET**

Nay, an't be but slight—

**FIRST COURTESAN**

Being denied,  
I prize it slight; but given me by my love,  
Light shall not be so dear unto my eye,  
Mine eye unto the body, as the gift.

**PURSENET**

How have I power to deny this to you,  
That command all? My fortunes are thy servants,  
And thou the mistress both of them and me.

Gives her the chain.

**FIRST COURTESAN**

The truest that e'er breathed!

**GOLDSTONE**

To a gentleman  
That thus so long has so sincerely lov'd you  
As I myself, ne'er was less pity shown.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

Why, I never was held cruel.

**GOLDSTONE**

But to me.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

Nor to you.

**GOLDSTONE**

Go to, 't 'as scar'd you much.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

I'm sorry your conceit is so unkind  
To think me so.

**GOLDSTONE**

When had I other argument?  
I've often tender'd you my love and service,  
And that in no mean fashion;  
Yet were you ne'er that requiteful mistress  
That grac'd me with one favour;  
'Slight, not so much as such a pretty ring;  
Pax on't, 't'as almost broke my heart.

Takes off her ring.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

Has took it off! 'Sfoot, Master [Goldstone]!

Your Five Gallants

**GOLDSTONE**

Nay, where a man loves most, there to be scanted!

**SECOND COURTESAN**

My ring, come, come—

**GOLDSTONE**

What reckon I a satin gown or two,  
If she were wise?

**SECOND COURTESAN**

Life! My ring, sir, come—

**GOLDSTONE**

Have you the face, i'faith?

**SECOND COURTESAN**

Give me my ring.

**GOLDSTONE**

Prithee, hence; by this light you get none on't.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

How?

**GOLDSTONE**

I hold your favours of more pure esteem,  
Than to part from 'em; faith, I do, howe'er  
You think of me.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

Push, pray, sir—

**GOLDSTONE**

Hark you, go to;  
You've lost much by unkindness; go your ways.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

'Sfoot!

**GOLDSTONE**

But yet there's no time past; you may redeem it.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

Come, I cannot miss it, i' faith; beside,  
The gentleman that bestowed it on me  
Swore to me it cost him twenty nobles.

**GOLDSTONE**

Twenty nobles? Pox of twenty nobles!  
But you must cost me more, you pretty villain:



Your Five Gallants

Ah, you little rogue!

SECOND COURTESAN

Come, come, I know you're but in jest.

**GOLDSTONE**

In jest? No, you shall see.

SECOND COURTESAN

No way will get it:

[Aside] As good give it him now, and hope for somewhat.

**GOLDSTONE**

True love made jest!

SECOND COURTESAN

I did but try thy faith,

How fast thou'dst hold it. Now I see a woman

May venture worthy favours to thy trust,

And have 'em truly kept; and I protest,

Had I drawn't from thee, I should ne'er ha' lov'd thee;

I know that.

**GOLDSTONE**

'Sfoot, I was ne'er so wronged in my life!

Think you I'm in jest with you? What, with my love?

I could find lighter subjects, you shall see;

And time will show how much you injure me.

SECOND COURTESAN

The ring, were it thrice worth, I freely give,

For I know you'll requite it.

**GOLDSTONE**

Will I live?

SECOND COURTESAN

Enough.

**GOLDSTONE**

[Aside] Why, this was well come off now:

Where's my old serving-man? Not yet return'd?

O, here he peeps.

Enter Fulk.

Now, sirrah?

**FULK**

May it please your worship: they're done artificially, i'faith, boy.

Your Five Gallants

**GOLDSTONE**

Both the great beakers?

**FULK**

Both, lad.

**GOLDSTONE**

Just the same size?

**FULK**

Ay, and the marks as just.

**GOLDSTONE**

So, fall off respectively now.

**FULK**

My lord desires your worship of all love---

**GOLDSTONE**

His lordship must hold me excused till morning; I'll not break company tonight. Where sup we, gallants?

**PURSENET**

At Mermaid.

**GOLDSTONE**

Sup there who list, I have forsworn the house.

**FULK**

[Aside] For the truth is, this plot must take effect at Mitre.

Exit.

[PURSENET]

Faith, I'm indifferent.

**BUNGLER**

So are we, gentlemen.

**PURSENET**

Name the place, Master Goldstone.

**GOLDSTONE**

Why, the Mitre, in my mind, for neat attendance, diligent boys, and, push, excels it far!

ALL

Agreed, the Mitre then.

[PURSENET]

Boy! [Aside] Some goodness toward: the boy's whipped away.

**FITSGRAVE**

II.[i. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

The jewel, heart, the jewel!

### **GOLDSTONE**

How now, sir? What mov'd you?

### **FITSGRAVE**

Nothing, sir;  
A spice of poetry, a kind a' fury,  
A disease runs among scholars.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Mass, it made you stamp.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Whew,  
'Twill make some stamp and stare, make a strange noise,  
Curse, swear, beat tire-men, and kick players' boys;  
The effects are very fearful.

### **PURSENET**

Bless me from't!

### **FITSGRAVE**

O, you need not fear it, sir. [Aside] Hell of this luck!

### **GOLDSTONE**

Hark, he's at it again!

### **PURSENET**

Some pageant-plot,  
Or some device for the tilt-yard: disturb him not.

### **FITSGRAVE**

[Aside] How can I gain her love, when I have lost her favour?

### **[GOLDSTONE]**

What money hast about thee? [Look you, sir, I must be fain to pawn a fair stone here for ordinary expenses: a pox of my tenants! I give 'em twenty days after the quarter, and they cut out forty.]

### **FRIPPERY**

Why, you might take the forfeiture of their leases then.

### **GOLDSTONE**

I know I might; but what's their course? The rogues come me up all together, with geese and capons, and petitions in pigs' snouts, which would move any man, i'faith, were his stomach ne'er so great; and to see how pitifully the pullen will look, it makes me after relent, and turn my anger into a quick fire to roast 'em—nay, touch't and spare it not.

### **FRIPPERY**

'Tis right: well, what does your worship borrow of this, sir?

## Your Five Gallants

### **GOLDSTONE**

The stone's twenty nobles.

### **FRIPPERY**

Nay, hardly.

### **GOLDSTONE**

As I am a right gentleman.

### **FRIPPERY**

It comes near it indeed: well, here's five pound in gold upon't.

### **GOLDSTONE**

'Twill serve; and the ring safe and secret?

### **FRIPPERY**

As a virgin's.

### **GOLDSTONE**

I wish no higher. What, gallants, are you constant? Does the place hold?

### **ALL**

The Mitre.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Sir, in regard of our continued boldness and trouble, which love to your music hath made us guilty of, shall we entreat your worship's company, with these sweet ladies, your professed scholars, to take part of a poor supper with myself and these gentlemen at the Mitre?

### **FRIPPERY**

Pray, Master Primero.

### **PURSENET**

I beseech you, sir, let it be so.

### **PRIMERO**

O, pardon me, sweet gentlemen; the world's apt to censure. I have the charge of them, they're left in trust, they're virgins: and I dare not hazard their fames; the least touch mars 'em: and what would their right worshipful parents think, if the report should fly to them, that they were seen with gentlemen in a tavern?

### **GOLDSTONE**

All this may be prevented: what serves your coach for?

They may come coach'd and mask'd.

### **PRIMERO**

You put me to't, sir;

Yet I must say again, I fear the drawers

And vintner's boys will be familiar with them,

And think 'em mistresses.

### **PURSENET**

II.[i. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

There are those places where respect seems slighter;  
More censure is belonging to the Mitre?  
You know that, sir.

### **PRIMERO**

Gentlemen, you prevail.

### **GOLDSTONE**

We'll all expect you there.

### **PRIMERO**

And we'll not fail.

### **FITSGRAVE**

The devil will ne'er dissemble with them so,  
As you for them.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Come, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

What else? Let's go.

Exeunt [all except Primero, Courtesans and Novice]. Enter Tailby.

### **PRIMERO**

How cheer you, sir?

### **TAILBY**

Faith, like the moon, more bright,  
Decreas'd in body, but re-made in light;  
Here thou shalt share some of my brightness with me.

[Gives Primero gold.]

### **PRIMERO**

By my faith, they're comfortable beams, sir.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

Come,  
Where have you spent the time now from my sight?  
I'm jealous of thy action.

### **TAILBY**

Push! I did but walk  
A turn or two in the garden.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

What made you there?

### **TAILBY**

II.[i. A room in Primero's house]

Your Five Gallants

Nothing but cropp'd a flower.

**FIRST COURTESAN**

Some woman's honour, I believe.

**TAILBY**

[Showing her a flower] Foh! Is this a woman's honour?

**FIRST COURTESAN**

Much about one,  
When both are pluck'd, their sweetness is soon gone.

**TAILBY**

Prithee, be true to me.

**FIRST COURTESAN**

When did I fail?

**TAILBY**

Yet I am ever doubtful that [you] sin.

**FIRST COURTESAN**

I do account the world but as my spoil,  
To adorn thee:  
My love is artificial to all others,  
But purity to thee. Dost thou want gold?  
Here, take this chain of pearl, supply thyself:  
Be thou but constant, firm, and just to me,  
Rich heirs shall want ere want come near to thee.

**TAILBY**

Upon thy lip I seal sincerity.

Exit First Courtesan.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

Was this your vow to me?

**TAILBY**

Pox, what's a kiss to be quite rid of her?  
She's su'd so long, I was asham'd of her:  
'Twas but her cheek I kiss'd neither, to save her longing.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

'Tis not a kiss I weigh.

**TAILBY**

Had you weigh'd this,  
'T 'ad lack'd above five ounces of a true one;  
No kiss that e'er weigh'd lighter.

Your Five Gallants

SECOND COURTESAN

'Tis thy love that I suspect.

**TAILBY**

My love? Why, by this— What shall I swear by?

SECOND COURTESAN

Swear by this jewel; keep thy oath, keep that.

**TAILBY**

By this jewel, then, no creature can be perfect  
In my love but thy dear self.

SECOND COURTESAN

I rest [content].

Exit.

**TAILBY**

Ha, ha, ha! Let's laugh at 'em, sweet soul.

**NOVICE**

Ay, they may laugh at me;  
I was a novice, and believ'd your oaths.

**TAILBY**

Why, what do you think of me? Make I no difference  
['Tween] seven years' prostitution and seven days?  
Why, you're but in the wane of a maid yet.  
You wrong my health in thinking I love them:  
Do not I know their populous imperfections?  
Why, they cannot live till Easter,  
Let 'em show the fairest side to th' world,  
Like hundreds more, whose clothes e'en stand upright  
In silver, when their bodie[s] are ready  
To drop through 'em; such there be; they may deceive  
The world, they ne'er shall me.

**NOVICE**

Forgive my doubts;  
And for some satisfaction wear this ring,  
From which I vow'd ne'er but to thee to part.

**TAILBY**

With which thou ever bind'st me to thy heart.

Exeunt.

[II.ii. A street]  
Enter Fitsgrave.

II.[j]. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

### **FITSGRAVE**

My pocket pick'd? This was no brothel-house!  
A music school? Damnation has fine shapes:  
I paid enough for the song, I've lost a jewel  
To me more precious than their souls to them  
That gave consent to filch it. I'll hunt hard,  
Waste time and money, trace and wheel about,  
But I will find these secret mischiefs out.

Enter Servant.

[Aside] How now? What's he?

O, a servant to my love: being thus disguis'd,  
I'll learn some news.—Now, sir? You belong to me.

### **SERVANT**

I do, sir; but I cannot stay to say so. Nay, good sir, detain me not; I am going in all haste to inquire or lay wait for a chain of pearl, nimmed out of her pocket the fifth of November, a dismal day.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Ha! A chain of pearl, sayst thou?

### **SERVANT**

A chain of pearl, sir, which one Master Fitsgrave, a gentleman and a suitor, fastened upon her as a pledge of his love.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Ha!

### **SERVANT**

Urge me no more, I have no more to say  
Your friend, Jeronimo Bedlam.

Exit.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Thou'rt a mad fellow indeed.  
Some comfort yet, that hers is missing too;  
I feel my soul at much more ease: both stol'n!  
When griefs have partners they are better borne.

Exit.

[II.iii. A room in Primero's house]

Enter Tailby.

### **TAILBY**

[Singing] O, the parting of us twain  
Hath caus'd me mickle pain!

II.[j]. A room in Primero's house]



## Your Five Gallants

And I shall ne'er be married  
Until I see my muggle again.

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

[Looking in] Hist!

### **PRIMERO**

Ha?

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

The nimble gentleman, in the celestial stockings---

### **PRIMERO**

Has the best smock-fortune to be beloved of women. [Singing] Valle loo lo, lille lo lillo, valle loo lee lo lillo!

### **TAILBY**

[Singing] Valle loo lo, lille [lo] lillo, valle loo lee lo lillo!

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Ah, sweet gentleman, he keeps it up stately!

### **PRIMERO**

Well held, i'faith, sir: mass, and now I remember too, I think you ne'er saw my little banqueting box above since I altered it.

### **TAILBY**

Why, have you altered that?

### **PRIMERO**

O, divinely, sir! The pictures are all new run over again.

### **TAILBY**

Fie!

### **PRIMERO**

For what had the painter done, think you? Drew me Venus naked, which is the grace of a man's room, you know; and, when he had done, drew a number of oaken leaves before her: had not lawn been a hundred times softer, made a better show, and been more gentlewoman-like?

### **TAILBY**

More lady-like a great deal.

### **PRIMERO**

Come, you shall see how 'tis altered now; I do not think but you'll like her.

Exeunt.

[II.iv. A room in the Mitre]

Enter all at once[: Primero, Courtesans, Novice, Goldstone, Pursenet, Frippery, Tailby, Bungler, Fulk, Arthur, Boy, and Servant.]

II.[j. A room in Primero's house]

Your Five Gallants

**PRIMERO**

Where be your liveries?

**FIRST COURTESAN**

They attend without.

**PRIMERO**

Go, call the coach.

[Exit Servant.]

Gentlemen, you have excelled in kindness as we in boldness.

**TAILBY**

So you think amiss, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

Kind ladies, we commit you to sweet dreams,  
Ourselves unto the fortune of the dice.  
Dice, ho!

Exit Primero.

**FIRST COURTESAN**

You rest firm mine?

**TAILBY**

E'en all my soul to thee.

Exit First Courtesan.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

You keep your vows?

**TAILBY**

Why, do I breathe or see?

Exit Second Courtesan.

**NOVICE**

Is your love constant?

**TAILBY**

Ay, to none but thee.

Exit Novice.

Now gone, ay, now I love nor them nor thee;  
'Slife, I should be cloy'd, should I love one in three.

## Your Five Gallants

Enter Fitsgrave.

**PURSENET**

O, here's Master Bouser now.

**FITSGRAVE**

Save you, sweet gentlemen.

**TAILBY**

Sweet Master Bouser, welcome.

**PURSENET**

When come these dice?

**VINTNER**

[Within] Anon, anon, sir.

**PURSENET**

Yet anon, anon, sir!

**GOLDSTONE**

[Taking Fulk aside] Hast thou shown art in 'em?

**FULK**

You shall be judge, sir; here be the tavernbeakers, and here peep out the fine alchemy knaves, looking like, well, sir, most of our gallants, that seem what they are not.

**GOLDSTONE**

Peace, villain, am not I in presence?

**FULK**

Why, that puts me in mind of the jest, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

Again, you [chatterer]?

**FULK**

Nay, compare 'em, and spare 'em not.

**GOLDSTONE**

The bigness of the bore, just the same size; the marks, no difference. Away, put money in thy pocket, and offer to draw in upon the least occasion.

**FULK**

I am no babe, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

Hist!

**FULK**

What's the matter now?

Il.[i. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

### **GOLDSTONE**

Give me a pair of false dice ere you go.

### **FULK**

Pax on't, you're so troublesome too, you cannot remember a thing before! If I stay a little longer, I shall be staid anon.

Enter Vintner.

### **VINTNER**

Here be dice for your worships.

### **PURSENET**

Oh, come, come!

### **GOLDSTONE**

[Aside] The vintner himself?  
I'll shift away these beakers by a slight.

### **VINTNER**

Master Goldstone—

### **GOLDSTONE**

How now, you conjuring rascal?

### **VINTNER**

Bless your good worship; you're in humours, methinks.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Humours? Say that again.

### **VINTNER**

I said no such word, sir.  
[Aside] Would I had my beakers out on's fingers!

### **GOLDSTONE**

What's thy name, vintner?

### **VINTNER**

Jack, and please your worship.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Turn knight, like thy companions, scoundrel, live upon usury, wear thy gilt spurs at thy girdle for fear of slubbering.

### **VINTNER**

Oh no, I hope I shall have more grace than so, sir! Pray, let me help your worship.

II.[i. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

### **GOLDSTONE**

Cannot I push 'em together without your help?

### **VINTNER**

O, I beseech your worship! They're the two standards of my house.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Standards? There lie your standards.

### **VINTNER**

Good your worship. [Aside] I am glad they are out of his fingers: my wife shall lock 'em up presently; they shall see no sun this twelvemonth's day for this trick.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Let me come to the sight of your standards again.

### **VINTNER**

Your worship shall pardon me. [Aside] Now you shall not see 'em in haste, I warrant ye.

### **GOLDSTONE**

I do not desire't. Ha, ha!

Exit Vintner with beakers.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Why, Master Goldstone!

### **GOLDSTONE**

I am for you, gallants. Master Bouser, cry you mercy, sir: why supped you from us?

### **FITSGRAVE**

Faith, sir, I met with a couple of my fellow pupils at university, and so we renewed our acquaintance and supped together.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Fie, that's none of the newest fashion, I must tell you that, Master Bouser: you must never take acquaintance of any 'a th' university when you are at London; nor any of London when you're at university. You must be more forgetful, i'faith; every place ministers his acquaintance abundantly.

### **BUNGLER**

He tells you true, sir.

### **GOLDSTONE**

I warrant you here's a gentleman will ne'er commit such an absurdity.

### **BUNGLER**

Who, I? No: 'tis well known, if I be disposed, I'll forget any man in a seven-night, and yet look him in the face: nay, let him ride but ten mile from me, and come home again, it shall be at my choice whether I'll remember him or no: I have tried that.

Your Five Gallants

**GOLDSTONE**

This is strange, sir.

**BUNGLER**

'Tis as a man gives his mind to't, sir: and now you bring me in, I remember 'twas once my fortune to be cozened of all my clothes, and with my clothes my money; a poor shepherd, pitying, me, took me in and relieved me.

**GOLDSTONE**

'Twas kindly done of him, i'faith.

**BUNGLER**

Nay, you shall see now: 'twas his fortune likewise, not long after, to come to me in much distress, i'faith, and with weeping eyes; and do you think I remembered him?

**GOLDSTONE**

You could not choose.

**BUNGLER**

By my troth, not I; I forgot him quite, and never remembered him to this hour.

**GOLDSTONE**

And yet knew who he was?

**BUNGLER**

As well as I know you, i'faith: 'tis a gift given to some above others.

[FITSGRAVE]

[Aside] To fools and knaves; they never miss on't.

**BUNGLER**

Does any make such a wonder at this? Why, alas! 'Tis nothing to forget others! What say you to those that forget themselves?

**GOLDSTONE**

Nay, then, to dice.

Come, set me, gallants, set.

**FRIPPERY**

Ay, fall to't, gentlemen.

[Aside] I shall hear some news from some of you anon:

I've th' art to know which lose, and ne'er look on.

I'll be ready with all the worst money I can find about me.—

Arthur!

**ARTHUR**

Here, sir.

**FRIPPERY**

Stand ready.

**ARTHUR**

II.[j. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

Fear not me, sir.

### **GOLDSTONE**

These are mine, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

[Aside] Here's a washed angel;  
It shall away : here's Mistress Rose—noble  
Has lost her maidenhead, crack'd in the ring;  
She's good enough for gamesters, and to pass  
From man to man: for gold presents at dice  
Your harlot, in one hour won and lost thrice;  
Every man has a fling at her.

### **TAILBY**

Again? Pax of these dice!

### **BUNGLER**

'Tis ill to curse the dead, sir.

[TAILBY]

Mew, where should I wish  
The pox but among bones?

### **FITSGRAVE**

He tells you right, sir.

### **TAILBY**

I ne'er have any luck at these odd hands;  
None here to make us six? Why, Master Fripp!

### **FRIPPERY**

I am very well here, I thank you, sir: I had rather be telling my money myself than have others count it for me; 'tis the scurviest music in the world, methinks, to hear my money gingle in other men's pockets; I never had any mind to't, i'faith.

### **TAILBY**

'Slud, play six or play four, I'll play no more.

### **GOLDSTONE**

'Sfoot, you see there's none here to draw in.

### **FULK**

Rather than you should be destitute, gentlemen, I'll play my ten pound, if my master's worship will give me leave.

### **PURSENET**

Come.

### **TAILBY**

He shall, he shall.

## Your Five Gallants

### **GOLDSTONE**

Pray, excuse me, gentlemen. [To Fulk] 'Sfoot, how now, goodman rascal? What, because you served my grandfather when he went ambassador, and got some ten pound by th' hand, has that put such spirit in you to offer to draw in among gentlemen of worship, knave?

### **TAILBY**

Pray, sir, let's entreat so much for once.

### **PURSENET**

'Tis a usual grace, i'faith, sir; you've many gentlemen will play with their men.

### **BUNGLER**

Ay, and with their maids too, i'faith.

### **PURSENET**

Good sir, give him leave.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Yes, come, and you be weary on't; I pray draw near, sir.

### **FULK**

Not so, sir.

### **TAILBY**

Come, fool, fear nothing; I warrant 't ye has given thee leave: stand here by me. Come now, set round, gentlemen, set.

### **PURSENET**

How the poor fellow shakes! Throw lustily, man.

### **FULK**

At all, gentlemen!

### **TAILBY**

Well said, i'faith.

[Fulk throws the dice.]

### **PURSENET**

They're all [thine].

### **TAILBY**

By my troth, I am glad the fellow has such luck, 'twill encourage him well.

### **FULK**

At my master's worship alone!

### **GOLDSTONE**

Now, sir slave?

### **FULK**

II.[i. A room in Primero's house]



Your Five Gallants

At my master's worship alone!

**GOLDSTONE**

So, saucy rascal!

**FULK**

At my master's worship alone!

**GOLDSTONE**

You're a rogue, and will be ever one.

**FULK**

By my troth, gentlemen, at all again for once.

[Fulk throws the dice.]

**TAILBY**

Take 'em to thee, boy, take 'em to thee; thou'rt worthy of 'em, i'faith.

**GOLDSTONE**

Gentlemen, faith, I am angry with you: go and suborn my knave again me here, to make him proud and peremptory!

**TAILBY**

Troth, that's but your conceit, sir; the fellow's an honest fellow, and knows his duty, I dare swear for him.

**PURSENET**

Heart, I am sick already!

**GOLDSTONE**

Whither goes Master [Pursenet]?

**PURSENET**

Play on; I'll take my turn, sir. Boy!

**BOY**

Master?

**PURSENET**

Pist! [Taking him aside] A supply; carry't closely, my little fooker. How much?

**BOY**

Three pound, sir.

**PURSENET**

Good boy! Take out another lesson.—How now, gentlemen?

**TAILBY**

Devil's in't, did you e'er see such a hand?

**PURSENET**

II.[i. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

I set you these three angels.

**BOY**

[Aside] My master may set high, for all his stakes are drawn out of other men's pockets.

[Exit.]

**FULK**

As I said, gentlemen.

**PURSENET**

Deuce ace!

**FULK**

At all your right worshipful worships!

**ALL**

Death and vengeance!

**GOLDSTONE**

Hell, darkness!

**TAILBY**

Hold, sir.

**PURSENET**

Master Goldstone—

**GOLDSTONE**

Hinder me not, sweet gentlemen. [To Fulk] You rascal, I banish thee the board.

**TAILBY**

I'faith, but you shall not, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

Touch a die, and thou darest! Come you in with your lousy ten pound, you slave, among gentlemen of worship, and win thirty at a hand?

**TAILBY**

Why, will you kick again luck, sir?

**BUNGLER**

As long as the poor fellow ventures the loss of his own money, who can be offended at his fortunes?

**FULK**

I have a master here! Many a gentleman would be glad to see his man come forward, aha.

**PURSENET**

Pray, be persuaded, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

II.[i. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

'Slife, here's none cuts my throat in play but he; I have observ'd it, an unlucky slave 'tis.

### **BUNGLER**

Methinks his luck's good enough, sir.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Upon condition, gentlemen, that I may ever bar him from the board hereafter, I am content to wink at him.

### **PURSENET**

Faith, use your own pleasure hereafter; h'as won our money now. [To Fulk] Come to th' table, sir; your master's friends with you.

### **FULK**

Pray, gentlemen—

### **TAILBY**

The fiend's in't, I think: I left a fair chain of pearl at my lodging, too, like an ass, and ne'er remembered it; that would ha' been a good pawn now. [To Frippery] Speak, what do you lend upon these, Master Frip? [Offering his weapons, with girdle and hangers] I care not much if you take my beaver hat too, for I perceive 'tis dark enough already, and it does but trouble me here.

### **FRIPPERY**

Very well, sir; why, now I can lend you three pound, sir.

### **TAILBY**

Prithee, do't quickly then.

### **FRIPPERY**

There 'tis in six angels.

### **TAILBY**

Very compendiously.

### **FRIPPERY**

Here, Arthur, run away with these presently; I'll enter 'em into th' shopbook tomorrow.

[Exit Arthur with pawned items.]

[Writing] "Item, one gilt hatch'd rapier and dagger, with a fair embroidered girdle and hangers, with which came also a beaver hat with a correspondent band."

### **TAILBY**

Push! I'faith, sir, you're to blame; you have snibbed the poor fellow too much; he can scarce speak, he cleaves his words with sobbing.

### **FULK**

Haff, haff, haff, haff at all, gentlemen.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Ah, rogue, I'll make you know yourself!

Your Five Gallants

**FULK**

At the fairest!

**PURSENET**

Out, i'faith! Two aces.

**GOLDSTONE**

I am glad of that; come, pay me all these, goodman cloak-bag.

**PURSENET**

Why, are you the fairest, sir?

**GOLDSTONE**

You need not doubt of that, sir.—Five angels, you scoundrel!

[TAILBY]

Fie a' these dice! Not one hand tonight! There they go, gentlemen, at all, i'faith!

**PURSENET**

Pay all with two treys and a quater.

**TAILBY**

All curses follow 'em! Pay yourselves withal. I'll pawn myself to't, but I'll see a hand tonight: not once hold in! Here, Master Fripp, lend me you hand, quick, quick; so.

[Takes off his doublet.]

**FRIPPERY**

What do you borrow of this doublet now?

**TAILBY**

Ne'er saw the world three days.

**FRIPPERY**

Go to; in regard you're a continual customer I'll use you well, and pleasure you with five angels upon't.

**TAILBY**

Let me not stand too long i' th' cold for them.

**BUNGLER**

Had ever country gentleman such fortune? All swoopt away! I'd need repair to th' broker's.

**TAILBY**

If you be in that mind, sir, there sits a gentleman will furnish you upon any pawn as well as the publickst broker of 'em all.

**BUNGLER**

Say you so, sir? There's comfort in that, i'faith.

**FRIPPERY**

[Writing] "Item, upon his orange-tawny satin doublet, five angels."

II.[j. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

**BUNGLER**

But, by your leave, sir, next comes the breeches.

**FRIPPERY**

O, I have tongue fit for anything.

**BUNGLER**

Saving your tale, sir; 'tis given me to understand that you are a gentleman i' th' hundred, and deal in the premises aforesaid.

**FRIPPERY**

Master Bungler, Master Bungler, you're mightily mistook: I am content to do a gentleman a pleasure for once, so his pawn be neat and sufficient.

**BUNGLER**

Why, what say you to my grandfather's seal—ring here?

**FRIPPERY**

Ay, marry, sir, this is somewhat like.

**BUNGLER**

Nay, view it well; an ancient arms, I can tell you.

**FRIPPERY**

What's this, sir?

**BUNGLER**

The great cod—piece, with nothing in't.

**FRIPPERY**

How!

**BUNGLER**

The word about it, Parturiunt montes.

**FRIPPERY**

What's that, I pray, sir?

**BUNGLER**

"You promise to mount us."

**FRIPPERY**

And belike he was not so good as his word?

**BUNGLER**

So it should seem by the story, for so our names came to be Bunglers.

**FRIPPERY**

A lamentable hearing, that so great a house should shrink and fall to ruin!

## Your Five Gallants

### **PURSENET**

Two quaters, and yet lose it? Heart! Boy!

[Enter Boy.]

[Aside to him] I'faith, what is't?

### **BOY**

[Aside to him] Five pound, sir.

### **PURSENET**

[Aside] By my troth, this boy goes forward well; ye shall see him come to his preferment i' th' end!

### **GOLDSTONE**

Why, how now? Who's that, gentlemen? A bargeman?

### **TAILBY**

I never have any luck, gallants, till my doublet's off; I'm not half nimble enough at this, old cinque-quarter drivel-beard.

[FULK]

Your worship must pay me all these, sir.

### **TAILBY**

There, and feast the devil with 'em!

### **PURSENET**

Hell gnaw these dice!

### **GOLDSTONE**

What, do you give over, gallants?

### **FULK**

[Aside to Goldstone] Is't not time?

### **TAILBY**

I protest I have but one angel left to guide me home to my lodging.

### **GOLDSTONE**

[Aside to Fulk] How much, thinkest?

### **FULK**

[Aside to Goldstone] Some fourscore angels, sir.

### **GOLDSTONE**

[Aside to Fulk] Peace, we'll join powers anon, and see how strong we are in the whole number. Mass, yon gilt goblet stands so full in mine eye, the whoreson tempts me; it comes like cheese after a great feast, to disgest the rest: he will hardly 'scape me, i'faith, I see that by him already: back for a parting blow now.—Boy!

Enter Vintner.

## Your Five Gallants

**VINTNER**

Anon, anon, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

Fetch a pennyworth of soft wax to seal letters.

**VINTNER**

I will, sir.

Exit.

**TAILBY**

Nay, had not I strange casting? Thrice together two quaters and a deuce!

**PURSENET**

Why, was not I as often haunted with two treys and a quater?

Enter Vintner.

**VINTNER**

There's wax for your worship. [To offstage] Anon, anon, sir.

Exit.

**GOLDSTONE**

[Aside to Fulk] Screen me a little, you whoreson old cross-biter.

**FULK**

[Aside to Goldstone] Why, what's the business? Filch it on hob goblet?

**PURSENET**

And what has Master Bouser lost?

**FITSGRAVE**

Faith, not very deeply, sir; enough for a scholar, some half a score royals.

**PURSENET**

'Sfoot, I have lost as many with spurs at their heels.

Enter Vintner with two Drawers.

**GOLDSTONE**

Come, gallants, shall we stumble?

**TAILBY**

What's a' clock?

**FIRST DRAWER**

Here's none on't, Dick; the goblet's carried down.

**GOLDSTONE**

Il.[i. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

Nay, 'tis upon the point of three, boy.

### **SECOND DRAWER**

What's to be done, sirs?]

### **VINTNER**

All's paid, and your worships are welcome; only there's a goblet missing, gentlemen, and cannot be found about house.

### **GOLDSTONE**

How, a goblet?

### **PURSENET**

What manner a' one?

### **VINTNER**

A gilt goblet, sir, of an indifferent size.

### **GOLDSTONE**

'Sfoot, I saw such a one lately.

### **VINTNER**

It cannot be found now, sir.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Came there no strangers here?

### **VINTNER**

No, sir.

### **GOLDSTONE**

['Tis] a marvellous matter, that a goblet should be gone, and none but we in the room; the loss is [near] all, here as we are; keep the door, vintner.

### **VINTNER**

No, I beseech your worship.

### **GOLDSTONE**

By my troth, vintner, we'll have a privy search for this. What, we are not all one woman's children.

### **VINTNER**

I beseech ye, gentlemen, have not that conceit of me, that I suspect your worships.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Tut, you are an ass; do you know every man's nature? There's a broker i' th' company.

### **PURSENET**

[Aside to Boy] 'Slife, you have not stole the goblet, boy, have you?

### **BOY**

[Aside to Pursenet] Not I, sir.

Il.[j. A room in Primero's house]



## Your Five Gallants

### PURSENET

[Aside to Boy] I was afraid.—'Tis a good cause, i'faith, let each man search his fellow: we'll begin with you.

### TAILBY

I shall save somebody a labour, gentlemen, for I'm half searched already.

### PURSENET

I thought the goblet had hung here, i'faith; none here, nor here.

### GOLDSTONE

Seek about floor. What was the goblet worth, vintner?

### VINTNER

Three pound ten shillings, sir; no more.

### GOLDSTONE

Pox on't, gentlemen, 'tis but angels apiece: it shall be a brace of mine, rather than I would have our reputations breathed upon by all comers; for you must think they'll talk on't in all companies—such a night, in such a company, such a goblet: 'sfoot, it may grow to a gangrene in our credits, and be incurable.

### TAILBY

Faith, I am content.

### FRIPPERY

So am I.

### PURSENET

There's my angel too.

### GOLDSTONE

So, and mine. [To Vintner] I'll tell thee what, the missing of this goblet has dismayed the gentlemen much.

### VINTNER

I am sorry for that, sir.

### GOLDSTONE

Yet they send thee this comfort by me; if they see thee but rest satisfied, and depart away contented, which will appear in thy countenance, not three times thrice the worth of the goblet shall hang between them and thee, both in their continual custom and all their acquaintances.

### VINTNER

I thank their worships all; I am satisfied.

### GOLDSTONE

Say it again.—Do you hear, gentlemen?

### VINTNER

I thank your worships all; I am satisfied.

Exeunt Vintner and Drawers.

Il.[i. A room in Primero's house]

## Your Five Gallants

### **GOLDSTONE**

Why, la, was not this better than hazarding our reputations upon trifles, and in such public as a tavern, such a questionable place?

### **TAILBY**

True.

### **PURSENET**

Faith, it was well thought on.

[GOLDSTONE]

Nay, keep your way, gentlemen: I have sworn, Master Bouser, I will be last, i'faith.

[Exeunt all except Goldstone and Fulk.]

Rascal, the goblet!

### **FULK**

Where, sir?

### **GOLDSTONE**

Peep yon, sir, under.

### **FULK**

Here, sir.

He draws out the goblet. Exeunt.

## **[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]**

Enter Tailby reading a letter.

### **TAILBY**

[Reading] "My husband is rode from home: make no delay; I know, if your will be as free as your horse, you will see me yet ere dinner. From Kingston, this eleventh of November." Hah! These women are such creatures, such importunate, sweet souls, they'll scarce give a man leave to be ready; that's their only fault, i'faith: if they be once set upon a thing, why, there's no removing of 'em, till their pretty wills be fulfilled. O, pity thy poor oppressed client here, sweet Cupid, that has scarce six hours' vacation in a month, his causes hang in so many courts, yet never suffer my French adversary, nor his big swoll'n confederates, to overthrow me, Who without mercy would my blood carouse, And lay me in prison in a doctor's house. Thy clemency, great Cupid! Peace, who comes here?

Enter Pursenet.

### **PURSENET**

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]

Your Five Gallants

Sir gallant, well encountered.

**TAILBY**

I both salute and take my leave together.

**PURSENET**

Why, whither so fast, sir?

**TAILBY**

Excuse me, pray;  
I'm in a little haste; my horse waits for me.

**PURSENET**

What, some journey toward?

**TAILBY**

A light one, i'faith, sir.

**PURSENET**

I'm sorry that my business so commands me,  
I cannot ride with you; but I make no question  
You have company enough.

**TAILBY**

Alas, not any!  
[Aside] Nor do I desire it.—Why, 'tis but a Kingston yonder.

**PURSENET**

O, cry you mercy, sir.

**TAILBY**

'Scape but one reach,  
There's a little danger thither.

**PURSENET**

True, a little of Combe Park.

**TAILBY**

You've nam'd the place, sir; that's all I fear, i'faith.

**PURSENET**

Farewell, sweet Master Tailby.

Exit Tailby.

This fell out happily;  
I'll call this purchase mine before I greet him;  
E'en where his fear lies most, there will I meet him.

Exit.

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

[III.ii. Combe Park]

Enter Pursenet with a scarf over his face, and Boy.

**PURSENET**

Boy.

**BOY**

Sir?

**PURSENET**

Walk my horse behind yon thicket; give a word if you descry.

**BOY**

I have all perfect, sir.

Exit.

**PURSENET**

So; he cannot now be long. What with my boy's dexterity at ordinaries, and my gelding's celerity over hedge and ditch, but we make pretty shift to rub out a gallant; for I have learnt these principles:

Stoop thou to th' world, 'twill on thy bosom tread;

It stoops to thee, if thou advance thy head.

The mind being far more excellent than fate,

'Tis fit our mind then be above our state.

Why should I write my extremities in my brow,

To make them loathe me that respect me now?

If every man were in his courses known,

Legs that now honour him might spurn him down.

To conclude, nothing seems as it is but honesty, and that makes it so little regarded amongst us.

**BOY**

[Within] Ela, ha, ho!

**PURSENET**

The boy? He's hard at hand;

I'll cross him suddenly: and here he comes.

Enter Tailby.

Stand!

**TAILBY**

Ha!

**PURSENET**

Deliver your purse, sir.

**TAILBY**

I feared none but this place, i'faith; nay, when my mind gives me a thing once—

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

### **PURSENET**

Quick, quick, sir, quick; I must despatch three robberies yet ere night.

### **TAILBY**

I'm glad you have such good doings, by my troth, sir.

### **PURSENET**

You'll fare ne'er a whit the better for your flattery, I warrant you, sir.

### **TAILBY**

I speak sincerely; 'tis pity such a proper-parted gentleman should want; nor shall you, as long as I have't about me.

[Pursenet rifles his pockets.]

Nay, search and spare not: there's a purse in my left pocket, as I take it, with fifteen pound in gold in't, and there's a fair chain of pearl in the other: nay, I'll deal truly you; it grieves me, i'faith, when I see such goodly men in distress; I'll rather want it myself than they should go without it.

### **PURSENET**

And that shows a good nature, sir.

### **TAILBY**

Nay, though I say it, I have been always counted a man of a good nature; I might have hanged myself ere this time else.  
Pray, use me like a gentleman; take all,  
But injury not my body.

### **PURSENET**

You must pardon me, sir;  
I must a little play the usurer,  
And bind you, for mine own security.

### **TAILBY**

Alas! There's no conscience in that, sir! Shall  
I enter into bond and pay money too?

### **PURSENET**

Tut, I must not be betrayed.

### **TAILBY**

Hear me but what  
I say, sir; I do protest I would not be he  
That should betray a man, to be prince of the world.

### **PURSENET**

Mass, that's the devil—I thank you heartily—  
For he's call'd prince a' th' world.

### **TAILBY**

You take me still at worst.

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

### **PURSENET**

Swear on this sword then,  
To set spurs to your horse, not to look back,  
To give no marks to any passenger.

### **TAILBY**

Marks? Why, I think you have left me ne'er a penny, sir.

### **PURSENET**

I mean, no marks of me.

### **TAILBY**

I understand you, sir.

### **PURSENET**

Swear then.

### **TAILBY**

I'faith, I do, sir.

### **PURSENET**

Away!

### **TAILBY**

I'm gone, sir. [Aside] By my troth, of a fierce thief he seems to be a very honest gentleman.

Exit.

### **PURSENET**

Why, this was well adventur'd, trim a gallant!  
Now, with a courteous and long-thirsting eye,  
Let me behold my purchase,  
And try the soundness of my bones with laughter.  
How? Is not this the chain of pearl I gave  
To that perjured harlot? 'Tis, 'sfoot, 'tis,  
The very chain! O damned mistress! Ha!  
And this the purse which, not five days before,  
I sent her filled with fair spur-royals? Heart,  
The very gold! 'Slife, is this no robbery?  
How many oaths flew toward heaven,  
Which ne'er came half-way thither, but, like firedrakes,  
Mounted a little, gave a crack, and fell:  
Feign'd oaths bound up to sink more deep to hell.  
What folded paper's this? Death, 'tis her hand!  
[Reading] "Master Tailby, you know with what affection I love you." You do? "I count the world but as my prey to maintain you." The more dissembling quean you, I must tell you. "I have sent you an embroidered purse here with fifty fair spur-royals in't." A pox on you for your labour, wench! "And I desire you of all loves to keep that chain of pearl from Master Pursenet's sight." He cannot, strumpet; I behold it now, unto thy secret torture. "So fare thee well, but be constant and want nothing"—as long as I ha't, i'faith, methinks it should have gone so. Well, what a horrible age do we live in, that a man cannot have a quean to himself! Let him but turn his back, the best of

## Your Five Gallants

her is chipp'd away like a court loaf, that when a man comes himself, has nothing but bumbast; and these are two simple chippings here. Does my boy pick and I steal to enrich myself, to keep her, to maintain him? Why, this is right the sequence of the world. A lord maintains her, she maintains a knight, he maintains a whore, she maintains a captain. So in like manner the pocket keeps my boy, he keeps me, I keep her, she keeps him; it runs like quicksilver from one to another. 'Sfoot, I perceive I have been the chief upholder of this gallant all this while: it appears true, we that pay dearest for our pasture are ever likely worse used. 'Sfoot, he has a nag can run for nothing, has his choice, nay, and gets by the running of [her]. O fine world, strange devils, and pretty damnable affections!

**BOY**

[Within] Lela, ha, ho!

**PURSENET**

There, boy, again: what news there?

Enter Boy.

**BOY**

Master, pist, master!

**PURSENET**

How now, boy?

**BOY**

I have descried a prize.

**PURSENET**

Another, lad?

**BOY**

The gull, the scholar.

**PURSENET**

Master Bouser?

**BOY**

Ay;  
Comes along this way.

**PURSENET**

Without company?

**BOY**

As sure as he is your own.

**PURSENET**

Back to thy place, boy.

Exit Boy.

I have the luck today to rob in safety;

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]

Your Five Gallants

Two precious cowards! Whist; I hear him.

Enter Fitsgrave.

Stand!

**FITSGRAVE**

You lie; I came forth to go.

**PURSENET**

Deliver your purse.

**FITSGRAVE**

'Tis better in my pocket.

**PURSENET**

How now? At disputations, signior fool?

**FITSGRAVE**

I've so much logic to confute a knave,  
A thief, a rogue!

[Attacks and strikes Pursenet down.]

**PURSENET**

Hold, hold, sir, and you be  
A gentleman, hold! Let me rise.

**FITSGRAVE**

[Aside] Heart!

'Tis the courtesy of his scarf unmask'd him to me  
Above the lip by chance: I'll counterfeit.—  
Light,  
Because I am a scholar, you think belike  
That scholars have no metal in 'em, but you  
Shall find I have not done with you, cousin.

[Beats Pursenet.]

**PURSENET**

As you're a gentleman!

**FITSGRAVE**

As you're a rogue!

**PURSENET**

Keep on upon your way, sir.

**FITSGRAVE**

You bade me stand—



## Your Five Gallants

### **PURSENET**

I have been once down for that.

### **FITSGRAVE**

And then deliver.

### **PURSENET**

Deliver me from you, sir!

O, pax on't, has wounded me!

Ela, ha, ho: my horse, my horse, boy!

Exit.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Have you your boy so ready? O thou world,

How art thou muffled in deceitful forms!

There's such a mist of these, and still hath been,

The brightness of true gentry is scarce seen.

This journey was most happily assign'd;

I've found him dross both in his means and mind.

What paper's this he dropp'd? I'll look on't as I go.

Exit.

[III.iii. Near Combe Park]

Enter Pursenet and Boy.

### **PURSENET**

A gull call you him? Let me always set upon wise men; they'll be afraid of their lives; they have a feeling of their iniquities, and [know] what 'tis to die with fighting: 'sfoot, this gull lays on without fear or wit. How deep's it, sayst thou, boy?

### **BOY**

By my faith, three inches, sir.

### **PURSENET**

La, this was long of you, you rogue!

### **BOY**

Of me, sir?

### **PURSENET**

Forgive me, dear boy; my wound ached, and I grew angry: there's hope of life, boy, is there not?

### **BOY**

Pooh, my life for yours!

[Exit Boy.]

### **PURSENET**

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

A comfortable boy in man's extremes! I was ne'er so afraid in my life but the fool would have seen my face: he had me at such advantage, he might have commanded my scarf. I 'scaped well there; 't 'ad choked me; my reputation had been past recovery: yet live I unsuspected, and still fit for gallant's choice societies. But here I vow, if e'er I see this Bouser when he cannot see me, either in by-lane, privilege[d] place, court, alley or come behind him when he's standing,  
Or take him when he reels from a tavern late,  
Pissing again a conduit, wall, or gate;  
When he's in such a plight, and clear from me[n],  
I'll do that I'm ashamed to speak till then.

Exit.

[III.iv. A street]

Enter two Gentlemen[, Fitsgrave and the First Gentleman].

### **FITSGRAVE**

Nay, read forward. I have found three of your gallants, like your bewitching shame, merely sophisticated: there's your bawd-gallant, your pocket-gallant, and your whore-gallant.

### **FIRST GENTLEMAN**

[Reading] "Master Tailby—"

### **FITSGRAVE**

That's he.

### **FIRST GENTLEMAN**

[Reading] "I count the world but as my prey to maintain you."

### **FITSGRAVE**

That's just the phrase and style of 'em all to him; they meet altogether in one effect, and it may well hold, too, for they all jump upon one cause, subaudi lechery.

### **FIRST GENTLEMAN**

What shapes can flattery take! Let me entreat you,  
Both in the virgin's right and our good hopes,  
Since your hours are so fortunate, to proceed.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Why, he's base that fares until he crown his deed.

Exit [with First Gentleman].

[III.v. A room in Primero's house]

Enter Pursenet (his arm in a scarf) and Boy, meeting First Courtesan.

### **PURSENET**

[Aside] See that dissembling devil, that perjurd strumpet!

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

Welcome, my soul's best wish. O, out, alas!  
Thy arm bound in a scarf? I shall swoon instantly.

### **PURSENET**

Heart, and I'll fetch you again in the same tune.  
O my unmatch'd love, if any spark of life remain,  
Look up, my comfort, my delight, my—

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

O good, O good!

### **PURSENET**

The organ of her voice is tun'd again;  
There's hope in women when their speech returns;  
See, like the moon after a black eclipse,  
She by degrees recovers her pure light.  
How cheers my love?

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

As one new-wak'd out of a deadly trance,  
The fit scarce quiet.

### **PURSENET**

'Twas terrible for the time;  
I'd much ado to fetch you.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

[Aside] 'Shrew your fingers!—  
How came my comfort wounded? Speak.

### **PURSENET**

Faith, in a fray last night.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

In a fray? Will you lose your blood so vainly?  
Many a poor creature lacks it. Tell me, how?  
What was the quarrel?

### **PURSENET**

Loath to tell you that.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

Loath to tell me?

### **PURSENET**

Yet 'twas my cause of coming.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

Why, then, must not I know it?

### **PURSENET**

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

Since you urge it,  
You shall: you're a strumpet!

**FIRST COURTESAN**

O, news abroad, sir!

**PURSENET**

Say you so?

**FIRST COURTESAN**

Why, you knew that the first night you lay with me.

**PURSENET**

Nay, not to me only, but to the world.

**FIRST COURTESAN**

Speak within compass, man.

**PURSENET**

Faith, you know none,  
You sail without.

**FIRST COURTESAN**

I have the better skill then.

**PURSENET**

At my first step into a tavern-room, to spy  
That chain of pearl wound on a stranger's arm  
You begg'd of me!

**FIRST COURTESAN**

How? You mistook it sure.

**PURSENET**

By heaven, the very self-same chain!

**FIRST COURTESAN**

O, cry you mercy, 'tis true, I'd forgot it: 'tis Saint George's day tomorrow: I lent it to my cousin only to grace his arm before his mistress.

**PURSENET**

Notable cunning!

**FIRST COURTESAN**

And is this all now, i'faith?

**PURSENET**

Not; I durst go further.

**FIRST COURTESAN**

Why, let me never possess your love if you see not that again a' Thursday morning: I take't unkindly, i'faith, you

Your Five Gallants

should fall out with me for such a trifle.

**PURSENET**

Better and better!

**FIRST COURTESAN**

Come, a kiss, and friends!

**PURSENET**

Away!

**FIRST COURTESAN**

By this hand, I'll spoil your arm and you will not.

**PURSENET**

More for this than the devil—

Enter Goldstone, Tailby, Fitsgrave, Bungler, and Courtesans.

**GOLDSTONE**

Yea, at your book so hard?

**PURSENET**

Against my will. [Aside] Are you there, Signior Logic? A pox of you, sir!

**GOLDSTONE**

Why, how now? What has fate sent us here, in the name of Venus, goddess of Cyprus?

**PURSENET**

A freebooter's pink, sir, three or four inches deep.

**GOLDSTONE**

No more? That's conscionable, i'faith.

**TAILBY**

Troth, I'm sorry for't: pray, how came it, sir?

**PURSENET**

Faith, by a paltry fray, in Coleman Street.

**FITSGRAVE**

[Aside] Combe Park, he would say.

**PURSENET**

No less than three at once, sir,  
Made a triangle with their swords and daggers,  
And all opposing me.

**FITSGRAVE**

And amongst those three only one hurt you, sir?

Your Five Gallants

**PURSENET**

Ex for ex.

**TAILBY**

Troth, and I'll tell you what luck I had too, since I parted from you last.

**PURSENET**

What, I pray?

**TAILBY**

The day you offered to ride with me, I wish now I'd had your company: 'sfoot, I was set upon in Combe Park by three too.

**PURSENET**

Bah!

**TAILBY**

Robbed, by this light, of as much gold and jewels as I value at forty pound.

**PURSENET**

Sure Saturn is in the fifth house.

**TAILBY**

I know not that; he may be in the sixth and he will for me: I am sure they were in my pocket wheresoever they [are]; but I'll ne'er refuse a gentleman's company again when 'tis offered me, I warrant you.

**GOLDSTONE**

I must remember you 'tis Mitre–night, ladies.

**SECOND COURTESAN**

Mass, 'tis indeed Friday today, I'd quite forgot: when a woman's busy, how the time runs away!

**FIRST COURTESAN**

[Taking Tailby aside] O, you've betrayed us both!

**TAILBY**

I understand you not.

**FIRST COURTESAN**

You've let him see the chain of pearl I gave you.

**TAILBY**

Who? Him? Will you believe me, by this hand,  
He never saw it.

**FIRST COURTESAN**

Upon a stranger's arm he swore to me.

**TAILBY**

Mass, that may be; for the truth is, i'faith,  
I was robb'd on't at Combe Park.

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

### FIRST COURTESAN

'Twas that betrayed it.

### TAILBY

I would [I] had stay'd him;  
He was no stranger, he was a thief, i'faith,  
For thieves will be no strangers.

### FIRST COURTESAN

How shall I excuse it?

[Bungler seizes the Boy, who had attempted to pick his pocket.]

### BUNGLER

Nay, I have you fast enough, boy; you rogue!

### BOY

Good sir, I beseech you, sir, let me go!

### BUNGLER

A pickpocket! Nay, you shall to Newgate, look you. [To Pursenet] Is this your boy, sir?

### PURSENET

How now, boy? A monster? Thy arm lined fast in another's pocket? Where learnt you that manners? What company have you kept a' late, that you are so transformed into a rogue? That shape I know not. Believe me, sir, I much wonder at the alteration of this boy, where he should get this nature: as good a child to see to, and as virtuous; he has his creed by heart, reads me his chapter duly every night; he will not miss you one tittle in the nine commandments.

### BUNGLER

There's ten of 'em.

### PURSENET

I fear he skips o'er one, "Thou shalt not steal."

### BUNGLER

Mass, like enough.

### PURSENET

Else grace and memory would quite abash the boy.  
[To Boy] Thou graceless imp! Ah, thou prodigious child,  
Begot at some eclipse, degenerate rogue,  
Shame to thy friends, and to thy master eke!  
How far digressing from the noble mind  
Of thy brave ancestors, that lie in marble  
With their coat-armours o'er 'em!

### BUNGLER

Had he such friends?

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

### **PURSENET**

The boy is well descended, though he be a rogue, and has no feeling on't; yet for my sake, and for my reputation's, seek not the blood of the boy; he's near allied to many men of worship now yet living; a fine old man to his father; it would kill his heart, i'faith; he'd away like a chrisom.

### **BUNGLER**

Alas, good gentleman!

### **PURSENET**

Ah, shameless villain,  
Complain'st thou? Dost thou want?

### **BOY**

No, no, no, no!

### **PURSENET**

Art not well clad? Thy hunger well resisted?

### **BOY**

Yes, yes, yes, yes!

### **PURSENET**

But thou shall straight to Bridewell.

### **BOY**

Sweet master!

### **PURSENET**

Live upon bread and water and chap-choke.

### **BOY**

I beseech your worship!

### **BUNGLER**

[Taking Pursetnet aside] Come, I'll be his surety for once.

### **PURSENET**

You shall excuse me indeed, sir.

### **BUNGLER**

He will mend: 'a may prove an honest man for all this. I know gallant gentlemen now that have done as much as this comes to in their youth.

### **PURSENET**

Say you so, sir?

### **BUNGLER**

And as for Bridewell, that will but make him worse; 'a will learn more knavery there in one week than will furnish him and his heirs for a hundred year.

### **PURSENET**

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]



## Your Five Gallants

Deliver the boy!

### **BUNGLER**

Nay, I tell you true, sir; there's none goes in there a quean, but she comes out an arrant whore, I warrant you.

### **PURSENET**

The boy comes not there for a million!

### **BUNGLER**

No, you had better forgive him by ten parts.

### **PURSENET**

True; but 'a must not know it comes from me.  
[To Boy] Down a' your knees, you rogue,  
And thank this gentleman has got your pardon.

### **BOY**

O, I thank your worship!

### **PURSENET**

[Aside to Boy] A pox on you for a rogue;  
You put me to my set speech once a quarter.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Nay, gentlemen, you quite forget your hour; lead, Master Bouser.

[Exeunt all but Goldstone and Second Courtesan.]

### **SECOND COURTESAN**

Let me go: you're a dissembler.

### **GOLDSTONE**

How?

### **SECOND COURTESAN**

Did not you promise me a new gown?

### **GOLDSTONE**

Did I not? Yes, faith, did I, and thou shalt have it. [To one offstage] Go, sirrah, run for a tailor presently.

Enter Tailor.

Let me see for the colour now: orange–tawny, peach colour. What sayst to a watchet satin?

### **SECOND COURTESAN**

O, 'tis the only colour I affect!

### **TAILOR**

A very orient colour, an't please your worships. I made a gown on't for a gentlewoman t'other day, and it does passing well upon her.

[III.i. A room in Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

**GOLDSTONE**

A watchet satin gown—

**TAILOR**

There your worship left, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

Laid about, tailor.

**TAILOR**

Very good, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

With four fair laces.

**TAILOR**

That will be costly, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

How, you rogue, costly? Out a' th' house, you slipshod, sham-legged, brown-thread-penny-skeined rascal!

**SECOND COURTESAN**

Nay, my sweet love—

Exit Tailor.

**GOLDSTONE**

Hang him, rogue! He's but a botcher neither: come, I'll send thee a fellow worth a hundred of this, if the slave were clean enough.

Exeunt.

### IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

Enter a Servant bringing in a suit of satin, who knocks at Tailby's door, from which enter Jack.

**JACK**

Who knocks?

**SERVANT**

A Christian: pray, is not this Master Tailby's lodging? I was directed hither.

**JACK**

Yes, this is my master's lodging.

**SERVANT**

Cry you mercy, sir: is he yet stirring?

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

**JACK**

He's awake, but not yet stirring, for he played away half his clothes last night.

**SERVANT**

My mistress commends her secrets unto him, and presents him by me with a new satin suit here.

**JACK**

Mass, that comes happily.

**SERVANT**

And she hopes the fashion will content him.

**JACK**

There's no doubt to be had of that, sir: your mistress's name, pray?

[Servant shows Jack his mistress's name.]

You're much preciously welcome.

**SERVANT**

I thank you uncommonly, sir.

**JACK**

The suit shall be accepted, I warrant you, sir.

**SERVANT**

That's all my mistress desires, sir.

**JACK**

Fare you well, sir.

**SERVANT**

Fare you well, sir.

Exit.

**JACK**

This will make my master leap out of the bed for joy, and dance Wigmore's galliard in his shirt about the chamber!

Exit into the house.

[IV.ii. A hall in Tailby's lodging]

The music plays on awhile, then enter Tailby, his man [Jack] after, trussing him.

**TAILBY**

Came this suit from Mistress Cleveland?

**JACK**

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

She sent it secretly, sir.

**TAILBY**

A pretty requiteful squall! I like that woman that can remember a good turn three months after the date; it shows both a good memory and a very feeling spirit.

**JACK**

This came fortunately, sir, after all your ill luck last night.

**TAILBY**

I'd beastly casting, Jack.

**JACK**

O abominable, sir! You had the scurviest hand; the old serving-man swooped up all.

**TAILBY**

I am glad the fortune lighted upon the poor fellow, by my troth; it made his master mad.

**JACK**

Did you mark that, sir? I warrant he has the doggedest master of any poor fellow under the dog-sign: I'd rather serve your worship, I'll say that behind your back, sir, for nothing, as indeed I have no standing wages at all, your worship knows.

**TAILBY**

O, but your vails, Jack, your vails considered, when you run to and fro between me and mistresses—

**JACK**

I must confess my vails are able to keep an honest man, go I where I list.

**TAILBY**

Go to then, Jack.

**JACK**

But those vails stand with the state of your body, sir, as long as you hold up your head: if that droop once, farewell you, farewell I, farewell all; and droop it will, though all the caudles in Europe should put to their helping hands to't: 'tis e'en as uncertain as playing, now up and now [down]; for if the bill down rise to above thirty, here's no place for players; so if your years rise to above forty, there's no room for old lechers.

**TAILBY**

And [that's] the reason all rooms are taken up for young templars.

**JACK**

You're in the right, sir.

**TAILBY**

Pize on't, I pawned a good beaver hat to Master Fripp last night, Jack: I feel the want of it now.

Knocking within.

Hark, who's that knocks?

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

Enter a Servant, bringing in a letter and a beaver hat.

**SERVANT**

Is Master Tailby stirring?

**JACK**

What's your pleasure with him? He walks here i' th' hall.

**SERVANT**

Give your worship good morrow.

**TAILBY**

Welcome, honest lad.

**SERVANT**

A letter from my mistress.

**TAILBY**

Who's thy mistress?

**SERVANT**

Mistress Newblock.

**TAILBY**

Mistress Newblock, my sincere love; how does she?

**SERVANT**

Faith, only ill in the want of your sight.

**TAILBY**

Alas, dear sweet! I've had such business, I protest I ne'er stood still since I saw her.

**SERVANT**

She has sent your worship a beaver hat here, with a band best in fashion.

**TAILBY**

How shall I requite this dear soul?

**SERVANT**

'Tis not a thing fit for me to tell you, sir, for I have three years to serve yet: your worship knows how, I warrant you.

**TAILBY**

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

I know the drift of her letter; and for the beaver, say I accept it highly.

**SERVANT**

O, she will be a proud woman of that, sir!

**TAILBY**

And hark thee; tell thy mistress, as I'm a gentleman, I'll despatch her out of hand the first thing I do, a' my credit: canst thou remember these words now?

**SERVANT**

Yes, sir; as you are a gentleman, you'll despatch her out of hand the first thing you do.

**TAILBY**

Ay, a' my credit.

**SERVANT**

O, of your credit; I thought not of that, sir.

**TAILBY**

Remember that, good boy.

**SERVANT**

Fear it not now, sir.

Exit.

**TAILBY**

I dreamt tonight, Jack, I should have a secret supply out a' th' city.

**JACK**

Your dream crawls out partly well, sir.

Enter a Servant, bringing in a purse.

What news there now?

**SERVANT**

I have an errand to Master Tailby.

**JACK**

Yonder walks my master.

**SERVANT**

Mistress Tiffany commends her to your worship, and has sent you your ten pound in gold back again, and says she cannot furnish you of the same lawn you desire till after Allhollandtide.

**TAILBY**

Thank her she would let me understand so much.

[Exit Servant.]

## Your Five Gallants

Ha, ha!  
This wench will live: why, this was sent like a  
Workwoman now; the rest are botchers to her.  
Faith, I commend her cunning: she's a fool  
That makes her servant fellow to her heart;  
It robs her of respect, dams up all duty,  
Keeps her in awe e'en of the slave she keeps:  
This takes a wise course—I commend her more—  
Sends back the gold I never saw before.  
Well, women are my best friends [still], i'faith.  
[Take] lands: give me  
Good legs, firm back, white hand, black eye, brown hair,  
And add but to these five a comely stature;  
Let others live by art, and I by nature.

Exeunt.

[IV.iii. A room with a door opening into Fitsgrave's chamber]  
Enter Goldstone.

**GOLDSTONE**

Master Bouser, Master Bouser! Ha, ha, ho! Master Bouser!

**FITSGRAVE**

[Within] Holla!

**GOLDSTONE**

What, not out of thy kennel, Master Bouser?

**FITSGRAVE**

[Within] Master Goldstone? You're an early gallant, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

[Aside] A fair cloak yonder, i'faith.—By my troth, a—bed, Master Bouser? You remember your promise well o'ernight!

**FITSGRAVE**

[Within] Why, what's a' clock, sir?

**GOLDSTONE**

Do you ask that now? Why, the chimes are spent at Saint Bride's.

**FITSGRAVE**

[Within] 'Tis a gentleman's hour: faith, Master Goldstone, I'll be ready in a trice.

**GOLDSTONE**

Away, there's no trust to you.

**FITSGRAVE**

[Within] Faith, I'll come instantly.

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

### **GOLDSTONE**

[Aside] Nay, choose whether you will or no, by my troth, your cloak shall go before you.

[Takes Fitsgrave's cloak.]

### **FITSGRAVE**

[Within] Nay, Master Goldstone, I ha' sworn: do you hear, sir?

### **GOLDSTONE**

Away, away! Faith, I'm angry with you: pox, a-bed now! I'm ashamed of it.

Exit. [As Goldstone goes out, Fitsgrave enters in his shirt.]

### **FITSGRAVE**

Foot, my cloak, my cloak, Master Goldstone! 'Slife, what mean you by this, sir? You'll bring it back again, I hope. No? Not yet? By my troth, I care very little for such kind of jesting: methinks this familiarity now extends a little too far, unless it be a new fashion come forth this morning secretly; yesterday 'twould have shown unmannerly and saucily. I scarce know yet what to think on't. Well, there's no great profit in standing in my shirt, I'll on with my clothes: h'as bound me to follow the suit: my cloak's a stranger; he was made but yesterday, and I do not love to trust him alone in company.

Exit.

[IV.iv. A street]

Enter Frippery, wearing Fitsgrave's cloak.

### **FRIPPERY**

What may I conjecture of this Goldstone? He has not only pawned to me this cloak, but the very diamond and sapphire which I bestowed upon my new love at Master Primero's house: the cloak's new, and comes fitly to do me great grace at a wedding this morning, to which I was solemnly invited. I can continue change more than the proudest gallant of 'em all, yet never bestow penny of myself, my pawns do so kindly furnish me: but the sight of these jewels is able to cloy me, did I not preserve my stomach the better for the wedding-dinner. A gift could never have come in a more patient hour, nor to be better digested. Is she proved false? But I'll not fret today nor chafe my blood.

Enter Pursenet.

### **PURSENET**

Ha! Yonder goes Bouser: the place is fit. [Calling out to Boy within] Boy, stand with my horse at corner. [Attacking Frippery] I owe you for a pink three inches deep, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

O-O-O!

### **PURSENET**

Take that in part of payment for Combe Park.

Exit.

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]



## Your Five Gallants

### **FRIPPERY**

O–O–O!

Enter Fitsgrave.

### **FITSGRAVE**

How now, who's this? 'Sfoot, one of our gallants knocked down like a calf! Is there such a plague of 'em here at London, they begin to knock 'em a' th' head already?

### **FRIPPERY**

O Master Bouser! Pray, lend me your hand, sir; I am slain!

### **FITSGRAVE**

Slain and alive? O cruel execution!  
What man so savage–spirited durst presume  
To strike down satin on two taffetas cut,  
Or lift his hand against a beaver hat?

### **FRIPPERY**

Some rogue that owes me money, and had no other means. To a wedding–dinner! I must be dressed myself, methinks.

### **FITSGRAVE**

How? Why, this [is] my cloak: life, how came my cloak hither?

### **FRIPPERY**

Is it yours, sir? Master Goldstone pawned it to me this morning fresh and fasting, and borrowed five pound upon't.

### **FITSGRAVE**

How, pawned it? Pray, let me hear out this story: come, and I'll [lead] you to the next barber–surgeon's. Pawned my cloak?

Exit leading out Frippery.

[IV.v. Another street]

Enter Bungler, Goldstone, and Marmaduke.

### **BUNGLER**

How now, Marmaduke? What's the wager?

### **MARMADUKE**

Nay, my care is at end, sir, now I am come to the sight of you. My mistress, your cousin, entreats you to take part of a dinner with her at home at her house, and bring what gentleman you please to accompany you.

### **BUNGLER**

Thank my sweet coz: I'll munch with her, say.

### **MARMADUKE**

I'll tell her so.

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

Your Five Gallants

**BUNGLER**

Marmaduke—

**MARMADUKE**

Sir?

**BUNGLER**

Will there be any stockfish, thinkest thou?

**MARMADUKE**

How, sir?

**BUNGLER**

Tell my coz I've a great appetite to stockfish, i'faith.

[Exit Marmaduke.]

Master Goldstone, I'll entreat you to be the gentleman that shall accompany me.

**GOLDSTONE**

Not me, sir?

**BUNGLER**

You, sir.

[GOLDSTONE]

By my troth, concluded. What state bears thy coz, sirrah?

**BUNGLER**

O, a fine merchant's wife.

**GOLDSTONE**

Or rather, a merchant's fine wife.

**BUNGLER**

Trust me, and that's the properer phrase here at London; and 'tis as absurd too to call him fine merchant, for, being at sea, a man knows not what pickle he is in.

**GOLDSTONE**

Why, true.

**BUNGLER**

Yet my coz will be served in plate, I can tell you; she has her silver jugs and her gilt tankards.

**GOLDSTONE**

Fie!

**BUNGLER**

Nay, you shall see a house dressed up, i'faith; you must not think to tread a' th' ground when you come there.

**GOLDSTONE**

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

No? How then?

**BUNGLER**

Why, upon paths made of fig–frails and white blankets cut out in steaks.

**GOLDSTONE**

Away! [Aside] I have thought of a device.—Where shall we meet an hour hence?

**BUNGLER**

In Paul's.

**GOLDSTONE**

Agreed.

Exit Bungler. Enter Fitsgrave.

**FITSGRAVE**

The broker–gallant and the cheating–gallant:  
Now I have found 'em all, I so rejoice,  
That the redeeming of my cloak I weigh not.  
I have spied him.

**GOLDSTONE**

Pax, here's Bouser.

**FITSGRAVE**

Master Goldstone, my cloak! Come, where's my cloak, sir?

**GOLDSTONE**

O, you're a sure gentleman, especially if a man stand in need of you! He may be slain in a morning to breakfast ere you vouchsafe to peep out of your lodging.

**FITSGRAVE**

How?

**GOLDSTONE**

No less than four gallants, as I'm a gentleman, drew all upon me at once, and opposed me so spitefully, that I not only lost your cloak i' th' fray—

**FITSGRAVE**

Comes it in there?

**GOLDSTONE**

But my rich hangers, sirrah; I think thou hast seen 'em.

**FITSGRAVE**

Never, i'faith, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

Those with the two unicorns, all wrought in pearl and gold: pox on't, it frets me ten times more than the loss of the paltry cloak: prithee, and thou lovest me, speak no more on't; it brings the unicorns into my mind, and thou

## Your Five Gallants

wouldst not think how the conceit grieves me. I will not do thee that disgrace, i'faith, to offer thee any satisfaction, for in my soul I think thou scornest it; thou bearest that mind, in my conscience; I have always said so of thee. Fare thee well: when shall I see thee at my chamber, when?

### **FITSGRAVE**

Every day, shortly.

### **GOLDSTONE**

I have fine toys to show thee.

### **FITSGRAVE**

You win my heart then.

Exit Goldstone.

The devil scarce knew what a portion he gave his children when he allowed 'em large impudence to live upon, and so turned 'em into th' world: surely he gave away the third part of the riches of his kingdom; revenues are but fools to't.

The filed tongue and the undaunted forehead  
Are mighty patrimonies, wealthier than those  
The city–sire or the court–father leaves:  
In these behold it: riches oft, like slaves,  
Revolt; they bear their foreheads to their graves.  
What soonest grasps advancement, men[d]s great suits,  
Trips down rich widows, gains repute and name,  
Makes way where'er it comes, bewitches all?  
Thou, Impudence, the minion of our days,  
On whose pale cheeks favour and fortune plays.  
Call you these your five gallants?  
Trust me, they're rare fellows:  
They live on nothing; many cannot live on something:  
Here they may take example. Suspectless virgin,  
How easy had thy goodness been beguil'd!  
Now only rests, that as to me they're known  
So to the world their base arts may be shown.

Exit.

[IV.vi. The middle aisle of St. Paul's]  
Enter Pursenet and Boy.

### **PURSENET**

Art sure thou sawest him receive't, boy?

### **BOY**

Forty pound in gold, as I'm a gentleman born.

### **PURSENET**

Thy father gave the ram's head, boy?

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

### BOY

No, you're deceiv'd; my mother gave that, sir.

### PURSENET

What's thy mother's is thy father's.

Enter Pyamont.

### BOY

I'm sorry it holds in the ram's head. See, here he walks; I was sure he came into Paul's: the gold had been yours, master, long ere this, but that he wears both his hands in his pockets.

### PURSENET

How unfortunately is my purpose seated! What the devil should come in his mind to keep in his hands so long? The biting but of a paltry louse would do me great kindness now; [I'd know] not how to requite it: will no rascal creature assist me? Stay, what if I did impudently salute 'em out? Good. Boy, be ready, boy.

### BOY

Upon the least advantage, sir.

### PURSENET

[To Pyamont] You're most devoutly met in Paul's, sir.

### PYAMONT

So are you, but I scarce remember you, sir.

### PURSENET

O, I cry you mercy, sir; I pray, pardon me; I fear I have tendered an offence, sir: troth, I took you at the first for one Master Dumpling, a Norfolk gentleman.

[While Pursenet speaks, the Boy watches in vain for an opportunity to pick Pyamont's pocket.]

### PYAMONT

There's no harm done yet, sir.

### PURSENET

[Aside] I hope he is there by this time.—How now, boy, hast it?

### BOY

No, by troth, have I not; this labour's lost: 'tis in the right pocket, and he kept that hand in sure enough.

### PURSENET

[Aside] Unpractised gallant! Salute me but with one hand,  
Like a counterfeit soldier? O times and manners!  
Are we grown beasts? Do we salute by halves?  
Are not our limbs at leisure? Where's comely nurture?  
The Italian kiss, or the French cringe,  
With the Polonian waist? Are all forgot?  
Then misery follows. Surely fate forbade it:  
Had he employ'd but his right hand, I'd had it.

## Your Five Gallants

Enter Bungler.

It must be an everlasting device, I think, that procures both his hands out at once.

[Exit with Boy.]

**PYAMONT**

Do you walk, sir?

**BUNGLER**

No, I stay a little for a gentleman's coming, too.

**PYAMONT**

Farewell then, sir: I have forty pound in gold about me, which I must presently send down into the country.

**BUNGLER**

Fare you well, sir.

Exit Pyamont.

I wonder Master Goldstone spares my company so long; 'tis now about the navel of the day, upon the belly of noon.

Enter Goldstone and Fulk, both disguised.

**GOLDSTONE**

[Aside to Fulk] See where he walks: be sure you let off at a twinkling, now.

**FULK**

[Aside to Goldstone] When did I miss you?—Your worship has forgot you promised Mistress Newcut, your cousin, to dine with her this day.

**GOLDSTONE**

Mass, that was well remembered.

**BUNGLER**

I am bold to salute you, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

Sir?

**BUNGLER**

Is Mistress Newcut your cousin, sir?

**GOLDSTONE**

Yes, she's a cousin of mine, sir.

**BUNGLER**

Then I am a cousin of yours, by the sister's side.

**GOLDSTONE**

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

Let me salute you then; I shall be glad of your farther acquaintance.

### **BUNGLER**

I am a bidden guest there too.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Indeed, sir!

### **BUNGLER**

Faith, invited this morning.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Your good company shall be kindly embraced, sir.

### **BUNGLER**

I walk a turn or two here for a gentleman, but I think he'll either overtake me, or be before me.

### **GOLDSTONE**

'Tis very likely, sir. [To Fulk] There, sirrah, go to dinner and about two wait for me.

### **BUNGLER**

Nay, let him come between two and three, cousin, for we love to sit long at dinner i' th' city.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Come, sweet cousin.

### **BUNGLER**

Nay, cousin; keep your way, cousin; good cousin, I will not, i'faith, cousin.

Exeunt.

[IV.vii. A room in Mistress Newcut's house]

[Marmaduke is discovered laying the tablecloth.] Enter Mistress Newcut.

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Why, how now, sirrah? Upon twelve of the clock, and not the cloth laid yet? Must we needs keep Exchange time still?

### **MARMADUKE**

I am about it, forsooth.

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

You're about it, forsooth? You're still about many things, but you ne'er do one well. I am an ass to keep thee in th' house, now my husband's at sea; thou hast no audacity with thee; a foolish, dreaming lad, fitter to be in the garret than in any place else; no grace nor manly behaviour: when didst thou ever come to me but with thy head hanging down? O decheerful 'prentice, uncomfortable servant!

[Exit Marmaduke.]

Pray heaven the gull, my cousin, has so much wit left as to bring Master Tailby along with him—my comfort, my

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

delight!—for that was the chiefest cause I did invite him. I bade him bring what gentleman he pleased to accompany him; as far as I durst go: why may he not then make choice of Master Tailby? Had he my wit or feeling he would do't.

Enter Bungler, and Goldstone disguised.

**BUNGLER**

Where's my sweet cousin here? Does she lack any guests?

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Ever such guess as you: you're welcome, cousin.

**GOLDSTONE**

I am rude, lady.

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

You're most welcome, sir.

**BUNGLER**

There will be a gallant here anon, coz; he promised faithfully.

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Who is't? Master Tailby?

**BUNGLER**

Master Tailby? No, Master Goldstone.

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Master Goldstone? I could think well of that Goldstone were't not for one vild trick he has.

**GOLDSTONE**

What's that, lady?

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

In jest he will pawn his punks for supper.

**GOLDSTONE**

That's a vild part in him, i'faith, and he my were brother.

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Pray, gentlemen, sit awhile; your dinner shall come presently.

Exit.

**GOLDSTONE**

[Aside] Yes, Mistress Newcut? At first give me a trip?  
A close bite always asks a secret nip.

**BUNGLER**

My cousin here is a very kind-natured soul, i'faith, in her humour.



Your Five Gallants

**GOLDSTONE**

Pooh, you know her not so well as I, coz; I have observed her in all her humours; you ne'er saw her a little waspish, I think.

**BUNGLER**

I have [not], i'faith.

**GOLDSTONE**

Pooh, then ye ne'er saw pretty humour in your life; I can bring her into't when I list.

**BUNGLER**

Would you could, i'faith!

**GOLDSTONE**

Would I could? By my troth, and I were sure thou couldst keep thy countenance, coz, what a pretty jest have I thought upon already to entertain time dinner!

**BUNGLER**

Prithee, coz, what is't? I love a jest a' life, i'faith.

**GOLDSTONE**

Ah, but I am jealous you will not keep your countenance, i'faith! Why, ye shall see a pretty story of a humour. Faith, I'll try you for once: you know my cousin will wonder when she comes in to see the cloth laid, and ne'er a salt upon the board.

**BUNGLER**

That's true, i'faith.

**GOLDSTONE**

Now will I stand a while out of sight with it, and give her humour play a little.

**BUNGLER**

Coz, dost thou love me? And thou wilt ever do anything for me, do't.

**GOLDSTONE**

Marry, I build upon you[r] countenance.

**BUNGLER**

Why, dost thou think I'm an ass, coz?

**GOLDSTONE**

I would be loath to undertake it else; for if you should burst out presently, coz, the jest would be spoiled.

**BUNGLER**

Why, do not I know that? Away, stand close!

Exit Goldstone with the salt–cellar.

So, so; mum, cousin. A merry companion, i'faith: here will be good sport anon. Whist, she comes.

Enter Mistress Newcut.

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

Your Five Gallants

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

I make you [stay] long for a bad dinner here, cousin; if Master Goldstone were come, the meat's e'en ready.

**BUNGLER**

Some great business detains him, cousin, but he'll not be long now.

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Why, how now? Cuds my life!

**BUNGLER**

Why---

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Was ever mistress so plagued with a shuttle-headed servant! Why, Marmaduke!

Enter Marmaduke.

**MARMADUKE**

I come, forsooth.

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Able to shame me from generation to generation!

**MARMADUKE**

Did you call, forsooth?

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Come hither, forsooth: did you lay this cloth?

**MARMADUKE**

Yes, forsooth.

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Do you use to lay a cloth without a salt, a salt, a salt, a salt, a salt, a salt!

**MARMADUKE**

How many salts would you have? I'm sure I set the best I' the house upon the board.

**BUNGLER**

How, cousin? [Singing] "Cousin, cousin, did call, coz?"

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Did you see a salt upon the board when you came in?

**BUNGLER**

Pooh!

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Come, come, I thought as much; beshrew your fingers, where is't now?

Your Five Gallants

**BUNGLER**

Your cousin yonder--

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Why, the man's mad!

**BUNGLER**

Cousin, hist, cousin!

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

What say you?

**BUNGLER**

Pooh, I call not you, I call my cousin. Come forth with the salt, cousin! Ha! How? Nobody? Why, was not he that came in e'en now your cousin?

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

My cousin? O my bell--salt, O my great bell--salt!

Enter Goldstone in his own dress.

**BUNGLER**

The tenor bell--salt. O, here comes Master Goldstone now, cousin; he may tell us some news on him. [To Goldstone] Did you not meet a fellow about door with a great silver salt under his arm?

**GOLDSTONE**

No, sure; I met none such.

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Pardon me, sir, I forgot all this while to bid you welcome. I shall loath this room for ever. Take hence the cloth, you unlucky, maple--faced rascal! Come, you shall dine in my chamber, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

No better place, lady.

Exeunt.

[IV.viii. A street]

Enter Pyamont.

**PYAMONT**

No less than forty pound in fair gold at one lift! The next shall swoon and swoon again till the devil fetch him, ere I set hand to him. Heart, nothing vexes me so much, but that I paid the goldsmith for the change too not an hour before: had I let it alone in the chain of silver as it was at first, it might have given me some notice at his departure: 'sfoot, I could fight with a windmill now. Sure 'twas some unlucky villain: why should he come and salute me wrongfully too, mistake me at noonday? Now I think on't in cold blood, it could not be but an induction to some villainous purpose: well, I shall meet him--

Enter Pursenet.

## Your Five Gallants

### **PURSENET**

This forty pound came fortunately to redeem my chain of pearl from mortgage: I would not care how often I swooned to have such a good caudle to comfort me; gold and pearl is very restorative.

### **PYAMONT**

See, yonder's the rogue I suspect for foul play! I'll walk muffled by him, offer some offence or cause of a quarrel, only to try his temper; if he be a coward, he's the likelier to be a rogue, an infallible note.

Jostles Pursenet.

### **PURSENET**

What a pox ail you, sir? Would I had been aware of you!

### **PYAMONT**

Sir, speak you to me?

### **PURSENET**

Not I, sir: pray, keep on your way; I have nothing to say to you.

### **PYAMONT**

You're a rascal!

### **PURSENET**

You may say your pleasure, sir; but I hope I go not like a rascal.

### **PYAMONT**

Are you fain to fly to your clothes because you're gallant? Why, there's no rascal like your gallant rascal, believe that.

### **PURSENET**

You have took me at such an hour, faith, you may call me e'en what you please; nothing will move me.

### **PYAMONT**

No? I'll make somewhat move you. Draw! I suspected you were a rogue, and you have purs'd it up well with a coward!

### **PURSENET**

Who, my patron?

### **PYAMONT**

Keep out, you rascal!

### **PURSENET**

The guest that did me the kindness in Paul's? Hold, as you are a gentleman; you'll give me breath, sir?

Exit running; as he goes out, he drops the chain of pearl.

### **PYAMONT**

Are you there with me? A vengeance stop you! You have found breath enough to run away from me. I will never meet this slave hereafter in a morning, but I will breathe myself upon him; since I can have no other satisfaction, he shall save me that forty pound in fence-school.

## Your Five Gallants

Exit. Enter Goldstone.

### **GOLDSTONE**

When things are cleanly carried, sign of judgment:  
I was the welcom'st gallant to her alive  
After the salt was stolen; then a good dinner,  
A fine provoking meal, which drew on apace  
The pleasure of a day-bed, and I had it;  
This here one ring can witness: when I parted,  
Who but "sweet Master Goldstone?"  
I left her in that trance. What cannot wit,  
So it be impudent, devise and compass?  
I'd fain know that fellow now  
That would suspect me but for what I am;  
He lives not: 'tis all in the conveyance.  
What, thou look'st not like a beggar:  
What mask'st thou on the ground?  
I've a hand to help thee up: a fair chain of pearl!

[Takes up the chain of pearl which Pursenet had dropped.]

Surely a merchant's wife gives lucky handsel:  
They that find pearl may wear't at a cheap rate;  
Marry, my lady dropp'd it from her arm  
For a device to tole me to her bed:  
I've seen as great a matter. Who be these?  
I'll be too crafty for you.

Enter Primero and Frippery.

O Monsieur Primero, Signior Fripp; is it you, gallants?

### **FRIPPERY**

Sweet Master Goldstone!

[They talk apart.] Enter Tailby and two Constables.

### **TAILBY**

Every bawd exceeds me in fortune: Master Primero was robbed of a carkanet upon Monday last; laid the goldsmiths, and found it. I ha' laid [goldsmith], jeweller, burnisher, broker, and the devil and all, I think, yet could never so much as hear of that chain of pearl: he was a notable thief; he works close. Peace, who be these? Ha, let me see. By this light, there it is! Back, lest they see thee: a happy minute! Goldstone? What an age do we breathe in! Who that saw him now would think he were maintained by purses? So, who that meets me would think I were maintained by wenches? As far as I can see, 'tis all one case, and holds both in one court; we are both maintained by the common roadway! Keep thou thine own heart, thou livest unsuspected. I leese you again now.

### **GOLDSTONE**

But, I pray you, tell me, met you no gentlewomen by the way you came?

### **FRIPPERY**

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

Not any: what should they be?

### **GOLDSTONE**

Nay, I do but ask, because a gentlewoman's glove was found near to the place I met you.

### **PRIMERO**

Faith, we saw none, sir.

### **TAILBY**

Good officers, upon suspicion of felony.

### **SECOND CONSTABLE**

Very good, sir.

### **FIRST CONSTABLE**

What call you the thief's name you do suspect?

### **TAILBY**

Master Justinian Goldstone.

### **FIRST CONSTABLE**

Remember, Master Justinian Goldstone; a terrible world the whilst, my masters!

### **TAILBY**

Look you, that's he: upon him, officers!

### **FIRST CONSTABLE**

I see him not yet; which is he, sir?

### **TAILBY**

Why, that.

### **FIRST CONSTABLE**

He a thief, sir? Who, that gentleman i' th' satin?

### **TAILBY**

E'en he.

### **FIRST CONSTABLE**

Farewell, sir; you're a merry gentleman.

### **TAILBY**

As you will answer it, officers! I'll bear you out, I'll be your warrant.

### **FIRST CONSTABLE**

Nay, and you say so. What's his name then?

### **TAILBY**

Justinian Goldstone.

[The Constables approach and seize Goldstone.]

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

Your Five Gallants

**FIRST CONSTABLE**

Master Justinian Goldstone, we apprehend you, sir, upon suspicion of felony.

**GOLDSTONE**

Me?

**TAILBY**

You, sir.

[Goldstone struggles.]

**SECOND CONSTABLE**

I charge you, in the king's name, gentlemen, to assist us.

**GOLDSTONE**

Master Tailby!

**TAILBY**

The same man, sir.

**GOLDSTONE**

Life, what's the news?

**TAILBY**

Ha' you forgot Combe Park?

**GOLDSTONE**

Combe Park? No, 'tis in Kingston way.

**TAILBY**

I believe you'll find it so.

**GOLDSTONE**

I not deny it.

**FIRST CONSTABLE**

Bear witness, has confessed.

**GOLDSTONE**

What have I confessed? Pair of coxcombs indubitable!

**TAILBY**

I was robb'd finely of this chain of pearl there, and forty fair spur-royals.

**GOLDSTONE**

Did I rob you?

**TAILBY**

There where I find my goods I may suspect, sir.

Your Five Gallants

**FRIPPERY**

I dreamt this would be his end.

**GOLDSTONE**

See how I am wrong'd, gentlemen: as I've a soul, I found this chain of pearl not three yards from this place, just when I met you.

**TAILBY**

Ha, ha!

**FRIPPERY**

Yet the law's such, if he but swear 'tis you, you're gone.

**GOLDSTONE**

Pox on't, that e'er I saw't!

**FRIPPERY**

Can you but swear 'tis he? Do but that, and you tickle him, i'faith.

**TAILBY**

Nay, and it come once to swearing, let me alone.

**FRIPPERY**

Say, and hold; he called my jewels counterfeit, and so cheated the poor wench of 'em.

**FIRST CONSTABLE**

Come, bring him away, come.

**GOLDSTONE**

'Twill call my state in question.

Enter Pursenet.

**PURSENET**

[Aside] I think what's got by theft doth never prosper;  
Now lost my chain of pearl.—Come, Master Goldstone,  
Let go this; 'tis mine, i'faith.

**GOLDSTONE**

The chain of pearl?

**PURSENET**

By my troth, it's mine.

**GOLDSTONE**

By my troth, much good do't you, sir.

**FRIPPERY**

I'm glad in my soul, sir.

**FIRST CONSTABLE**

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]



## Your Five Gallants

Deliver your weapons.

### **PURSENET**

How!

### **FIRST CONSTABLE**

You're apprehended upon suspicion of felony.

### **PURSENET**

Felony! What's that?

### **TAILBY**

Was it you, i'faith, sir, all this while, that did me that kindness to ease both my pockets at Combe Park?

### **PURSENET**

I, sir?

Pray, gentlemen, draw near; let's talk among ourselves.

[To First Constable] Stand apart, scoundrel. [To the gallants]

Must every gentleman

Be upbraided in public that flies out

Now and then upon necessity,

To be themes for pedlars and weavers? This should

Not be: 'twas never seen among the Romans,

Nor read we of it in the time of Brute:

Are we more brutish now?

Did I list to blab, do not I know your course

Of life, Master Tailby to be as base

As the basest, maintained by me, by him, by all

Of us, and 'a second-hand from mistresses?

I've their letters here to show.

Why should you be so violent to strip naked

Another's reputation to the world,

Knowing your own so leprous?

Beside, this chain of pearl and those spur-royals

Came to you falsely; for she broke her faith,

And made her soul a strumpet with her body,

When she sent those; they were ever justly mine.

[To Primero] Pray, what moves you, sir? Why should you shake your head?

You're clear; sure I should know you, sir: pray, are you not sometimes a pander, and oftener a bawd, sir? Have I never sinned in your banqueting boxes, your bowers and towers? You slave, that keeps fornication upon the tops of trees, the very birds cannot engender in quiet for you! Why, rogue, that goes in good clothes made out of wenches' cast gowns—

### **PRIMERO**

Nothing goes so near my heart as that.

### **PURSENET**

Do you shake your slave's noddle?

### **TAILBY**

And here's a rascal [look'st] away too—saving the presence of Master Goldstone—a filthy-slimy-lousy-nittical

## Your Five Gallants

broker, pricked up in pawns from the hat—band to the shoe—string; a necessary hook to hang gentlemen's suits out i' th' air, lest they should grow musty with long lying, which his pawns seldom are guilty of; a fellow of several scents and steams, French, Dutch, Italian, English, and therefore his lice must needs be mongrels: why, bill—money—

### **GOLDSTONE**

I am sorry to hear this among you: you've all deceived me; truly I took you for other spirits. You must pardon me henceforward; I have a reputation to look to; I must be no more seen in your companies.

### **FRIPPERY**

Nay, nay, nay, nay, Master Goldstone, you must not 'scape so, i'faith, one word before you go, sir.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Pray, despatch then; I would not for half my revenues, i'faith, now, that any gallants should pass by in the meantime, and find me in your companies; nay, as quick as you can, sir.

### **FRIPPERY**

You did not take away Master Bouser's cloak t'other morning, pawned it to me, and borrowed five pound upon't?

### **GOLDSTONE**

Ha!

### **FRIPPERY**

'Twas not you neither that finely cheated my little novice at Master Primero's house of a diamond and sapphire, and swore they were counterfeit, both glass, mere glass, as you were a right gentleman?

### **GOLDSTONE**

'Slife, why were we strangers all this while? 'Sfoot, I perceive we are all natural brothers! A pox on's all, are we found, i'faith?

### **FRIPPERY**

A cheater!

### **GOLDSTONE**

A thief, a lecher, a bawd, and a broker!

### **FIRST CONSTABLE**

What mean they to be so merry? I'm afraid they laugh at us, and make fools on's.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Push, leave it to me. [To First Constable] How now, who would you speak withal?

### **FIRST CONSTABLE**

Speak withal! Have we waited all this while for a suspected thief?

### **GOLDSTONE**

How? You're scarce awake yet, I think: look well, does any appear like a thief in this company? Away, you slaves! You stand loitering when you should look to the commonwealth: you catch knaves apace now, do you not? They may walk by your nose, you rascals!

Exeunt Constables.

## Your Five Gallants

ALL

Sweet Master Goldstone!

**GOLDSTONE**

You lacked spirit in your company till I came among you: here be five on's; let's but glue together, why now the world shall not come between us.

**PURSENET**

If we be true among ourselves.

**GOLDSTONE**

Why, true; we cannot lack to be rich, for we cannot lack riches, nor can our wenches want, nor we want wenches.

**PRIMERO**

Let me alone to furnish you with them.

**TAILBY**

And me.

**GOLDSTONE**

There's one care past: and as for the knight's daughter,  
Our chiefest business, and least thought upon—

**PURSENET**

That's true, i'faith.

**TAILBY**

How shall we agree for her?

**GOLDSTONE**

With as much ease as for the rest. Tomorrow  
Brings the night: let's all appear in the best shape  
We may; troth is, we have need on't: and when  
Amongst us five she makes election,  
As one she shall choose—

**PURSENET**

True, she cannot [but] choose.

**GOLDSTONE**

That one so fortunate amongst us five  
Shall bear himself more portly, live regarded,  
Keep house, and be a countenance to the rest.

ALL

[Admirable]!

**GOLDSTONE**

For instance;  
[To PurseNET] Put case yourself, after some robbery done,

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

Were pursu'd hardly, why, there were your shelter,  
You know your sanctuary; nay, say you were taken,  
His letter to the justice will strike't dead:  
'Tis policy to receive one for the head.

ALL  
Let's hug thee, Goldstone.

**GOLDSTONE**  
What have I begot?

**PURSENET**  
What, sir?

**GOLDSTONE**  
I must plot for you all; it likes me rarely.

**TAILBY**  
Prithee, what is't, sir?

**GOLDSTONE**  
'Twould strike Fitsgrave pale,  
And make the other suitors appear blanks.

**FRIPPERY**  
For our united mysteries.

**GOLDSTONE**  
What if we five presented our full shapes  
In a strange, gallant and conceited masque?

**PURSENET**  
In a masque? Your thoughts and mine were twins.

**TAILBY**  
So the device were subtle, nothing like it.

**FRIPPERY**  
Some poet must assist us.

**GOLDSTONE**  
Poet?  
You'll take the direct line to have us stag'd?  
Why, what lacks Bouser? Are you too well, too safe?  
An absolute scholar; easy to be wrought,  
No danger in the operation.

**PURSENET**  
But have you so much interest?

**GOLDSTONE**

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

What, in Bouser?  
Why, my least word commands him.

### **TAILBY**

Then no man fitter.

### **PURSENET**

And there's Master Frip, too,  
Can furnish us of masquing suits enow.

### **FRIPPERY**

Upon sufficient pawn, I think I can, sir.

### **PURSENET**

Pawn? Jew, here, take my chain: pawns among brothers?  
We shall thrive! But we must still expect  
One rogue in five, and think us happy, too.

Enter Fitsgrave.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Last man we spoke on, Master Bouser.

### **ALL**

Little Master Bouser, sweet Master Bouser, welcome, i'faith.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Are your fathers dead, gentlemen, you're so merry?

### **GOLDSTONE**

By my troth, a good jest! Did not I commend his wit to you, gentlemen? Hark, sirrah Ralph Bouser, cousin Bouser, i'faith, there's a kind of portion in town, a girl of fifteen hundred, whom we all powerfully affect, and determine to present our parts to her in a masque.

### **FITSGRAVE**

In a masque.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Right, sir: now, a little of thy brain for a device to present us firm, which we shall never be able to do ourselves, thou knowest that; and with a kind of speech wherein thou mayst express what gallants are, bravely.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Pooh, how can I express 'em otherwise but bravely? Now for a Mercury, and all were fitted.

### **PURSENET**

Could not a boy supply it?

### **FITSGRAVE**

Why, none better.

### **PURSENET**

IV.[i. Before Tailby's lodging]

## Your Five Gallants

I have a boy shall put down all the Mercuries i' th' town; 'a will play a Mercury naturally, at his fingers' end[s], i'faith.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Why, then we are suited: for torch-bearers and shield-boys, those are always the writer's properties; you're not troubled with them.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Come, my little Bouser, do't finely now, to the life.

### **FITSGRAVE**

I warrant you, gentlemen.

### **FRIPPERY**

[Aside to Fitsgrave] Hist; give me a little touch above the rest, and you can possible, for I mean to present this chain of pearl to her.

### **FITSGRAVE**

[Aside to Frippery] Now I know that, let me alone to fit you.

Exeunt.

## **V.[i. A chamber]**

Enter Courtesans and Mistress Newcut.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

Come forth, you wary, private whispering strumpet!  
Have we found your close haunts,  
Your private watch-towers, and your subtle means?

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

How then?

### **SECOND COURTESAN**

You can steal secretly hither,  
You mystical quean you, at twilight, twitter-lights!  
You have a privilege from your hat, forsooth,  
To walk without a man, and no suspicion;  
But we poor gentlewomen that go in tires  
Have no such liberty, we cannot do thus:  
Custom grants that to you that's shame in us.

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Have you done yet?

### **SECOND COURTESAN**

V.[i. A chamber]

## Your Five Gallants

You broke the back of one husband already;  
And now th' other's dead with grief at sea,  
With your secret expenses, close stealths, cunning  
Filches, and continued banquets in corners.  
Then, forsooth, you must have your milk-baths to white you,  
Your roseleaves to sweeten you,  
Your bean-flour bags to sleek you, and make you soft,  
Smooth, and delicate, for lascivious entertainment

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

So, and you think all this while you dance like a thief in a mist, you're safe, nobody can find you! Pray, were not you a feltmonger's daughter at first, that run away with a new courtier for the love of gentlewomen's clothes, and bought the fashion at a dear rate, with the loss of your name and credit? Why, what are all of you but rustical insides and city flesh, the blood of yeomen, and the bum of gentlewomen?

### **SECOND COURTESAN**

What, shall we suffer a changeable forepart out-tongue us? Take that!

[They attack her.]

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Murder, murder!

Enter Fitsgrave.

### **FITSGRAVE**

How now! Why, ladies, a retreat! Come,  
You have shown your spirits sufficiently:  
You're all land-captains; and so they shall find  
That come in your quarters; but have you the law  
Free now to fight and scratch among yourselves,  
And let your gallants run away with [others]?

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

How!

### **SECOND COURTESAN**

Good—

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

Sweet Master Bouser!

### **MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Another?

### **FITSGRAVE**

Why then, I perceive you know nothing: why, they are in the way of marriage; a knight's daughter here in town makes her election among 'em this night.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

This night?

V.[i. A chamber]

Your Five Gallants

**FITSGRAVE**

This very night; and they all present themselves in a masque before her: know you not this?

**SECOND COURTESAN**

O traitor Master Goldstone!

**THIRD COURTESAN**

Perjured Master Tailby!

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Without soul?

**FIRST COURTESAN**

She will chase him!

**FITSGRAVE**

You have more cause to join,  
And play the grounds of friendship 'mongst yourselves,  
Than rashly run division: I could tell you  
A means to pleasure you—

**FIRST COURTESAN**

Good Master Bouser!

**FITSGRAVE**

But that you're women, and are hardly secret—

**SECOND COURTESAN**

We vow it seriously.

**FITSGRAVE**

You should be all there in presence,  
See all, hear all, and yet not they perceive you.

**THIRD COURTESAN**

So that—

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

Sweet Master Bouser, I—

**FITSGRAVE**

I can  
Stand you in stead; for I frame the device.

**ALL**

If ever—

**FITSGRAVE**

Will you do't? Hark you— [Whispers.]



## Your Five Gallants

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

Content.

### **SECOND COURTESAN**

And I'll make one.

### **THIRD COURTESAN**

And I another:

We'll mar the match.

### **[MISTRESS NEWCUT]**

When that good news came of my husband's death,  
Goldstone promis'd me marriage, and sware to me—

### **SECOND COURTESAN**

I'll bring his oaths in question.

### **THIRD COURTESAN**

So will I.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Agree among yourselves, for shame!

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

Are we  
Resolv'd?

### **SECOND COURTESAN**

In this who would not feign?

### **THIRD COURTESAN**

Friends all,  
For my part.

### **[MISTRESS NEWCUT]**

Here's my lip for mine.

### **THIRD COURTESAN**

Round let it go.

### **SECOND COURTESAN**

All wrath thus quench'd.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

And I conclude it so.

Exeunt [all except Fitsgrave].

### **FITSGRAVE**

How all events strike even with my wishes!  
Their own invention damns them.

V.[i. A chamber]

## Your Five Gallants

[Enter two Gentlemen, Pyamont, and Bungler.]

Now, gentlemen,  
Stands your assistance firm?

**FIRST GENTLEMAN**

Why, 'tis our own case;  
I'm sorry you should doubt.

**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

We'll furnish you.

Enter Painter with shields.

[BUNGLER]

Are these our gallants?

**FITSGRAVE**

Are our gallants these?

**PAINTER**

Here be five shields, sir.

**FITSGRAVE**

Finished already? That's well: I'll see thy master shortly.

**PAINTER**

I'm satisfied.

Exit.

**PYAMONT**

Prithee, let's see, Master Fitsgrave.

**FITSGRAVE**

I have blazed them.

**FIRST GENTLEMAN**

What's this?

[SECOND GENTLEMAN]

Fooh, you should be a gallant too, for you're no university scholar.

**FITSGRAVE**

Look, this is Pursenet; the device, a purse wide open, and the mouth downward: the word, Alienis ecce crumensis!

**FIRST GENTLEMAN**

What's that?

V.[i. A chamber]

Your Five Gallants

**FITSGRAVE**

"One that lives out of other men's pockets."

**PYAMONT**

That's right!

**FITSGRAVE**

Here's Goldstone's, three silver dice.

**FIRST GENTLEMAN**

They run high, two cinques and a quater!

**FITSGRAVE**

They're high-men, fit for his purpose; the word, Fratremque patremque.

**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

Nay, he will cheat his own brother; nay, his own father, i'faith!

**FITSGRAVE**

So much the word imports. Master Primero.

[BUNGLER]

Pox, what says he now?

**FITSGRAVE**

The device, an unvalued pearl hid in a cave; the word, Occul[t]os vendit honores.

**FIRST GENTLEMAN**

What's that?

**FITSGRAVE**

"One that sells maidenheads by wholesale."

**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

Excellently proper!

**FITSGRAVE**

Master Fripp.

**SECOND GENTLEMAN**

That Pythagorical rascal! In a gentleman's suit today, in a knight's tomorrow.

**FITSGRAVE**

The device for him, a cuckoo sitting on a tree the word, En avis ex avibus, "one bird made of many!" For you know as the sparrow hatches the cuckoo, so the gentleman feathers the broker.

**FIRST GENTLEMAN**

Let me admire thee, Master Fitsgrave!

**FITSGRAVE**

They will scorn, gentlemen; and to assist them the better, Pursenet's boy, that little precious pickpocket, has a

V.[i. A chamber]

## Your Five Gallants

compendious speech in Latin, and, like a Mercury, presents their dispositions more liberally.

### FIRST GENTLEMAN

Never were poor gallants so abused.

### FITSGRAVE

Hang 'em! They're counterfeits;  
No honest spirit will pity 'em. This is my crown;  
So good men smile, I dread no rascal's frown.  
Away, bestow yourselves secretly o'erhead;  
This is the place appointed for the rehearsal,  
To practise their behaviours.

### FIRST GENTLEMAN

We are vanish'd.

[Exeunt the two Gentlemen, Pymont, and Bungler, who hide themselves above.] Enter Goldstone, Pursenet, Tailby, Frippery, Primero, and Boy.

### GOLDSTONE

Master Bouser.

### PURSENET

Well said, i'faith; off with your cloaks, gallants; let's fall roundly to our business.

### TAILBY

Is the boy perfect?

### FITSGRAVE

That's my credit, sir, I warrant you.

### FRIPPERY

If our little Mercury should be out, we should scarce be known what we are.

### FITSGRAVE

I have took a course for that, fear it not, sir. Look you, first, here be your shields.

### GOLDSTONE

Ay, where be our shields?

### PURSENET

Which is mine?

### TAILBY

Which is mine, Master Bouser? This?

### FITSGRAVE

I pray, be contained a little, gentlemen; they'll come all time enough to you, I warrant.

### PURSENET

This Frippery is grown so violent!

V.[i. A chamber]

Your Five Gallants

**FITSGRAVE**

Yours to begin withal, sir.

**PURSENET**

Well said, Master Bouser!

[FITSGRAVE]

First the device, a fair purse wide open, the mouth downward; the word, Alienis ecce crumenis!

**PURSENET**

What's that, prithee?

**FITSGRAVE**

"Your bounty pours itself forth to all men."

**PURSENET**

And so it does, i'faith; that's all my fault, bountiful.

**FITSGRAVE**

Master Goldstone, here's yours, sir; three silver dice; the word, Fratremque patremque.

**GOLDSTONE**

And what's that?

**FITSGRAVE**

"Fortune of my side."

**GOLDSTONE**

Well said, little Bouser, i'faith!

**TAILBY**

What say you to me, sir?

**FITSGRAVE**

For the device, a candle in a corner; the word, Consumptio victis.

**TAILBY**

The meaning of that, sir?

**FITSGRAVE**

"My light is yet in darkness till I enjoy her."

[TAILBY]

Right, sir.

**PRIMERO**

Now mine, sir?

**FITSGRAVE**

The device, an unvalued pearl hid in a cave.

V.[i. A chamber]

Your Five Gallants

**PRIMERO**

Aha, sirs!

**FITSGRAVE**

The word, Occultos vendit honores.

**PRIMERO**

Very good, I warrant.

**FITSGRAVE**

"A black man's a pearl in a fair lady's eye."

**PRIMERO**

I said 'twas some such thing.

**FRIPPERY**

My turn must need come now: am I fitted, Master Bouser?

**FITSGRAVE**

Trust to me: your device here is a cuckoo sitting on a tree.

**FRIPPERY**

The Welsh leiger; good.

**FITSGRAVE**

The word, En avis ex avibus!

**FRIPPERY**

Ay, marry, sir.

**FITSGRAVE**

Why, do you know what 'tis, sir?

**FRIPPERY**

No, by my troth, not yet, sir.

**FITSGRAVE**

O! "I keep one tune, I recant not."

**FRIPPERY**

I'm like the cuckoo in that indeed: where I love, I hold.

**FITSGRAVE**

Did I not promise you I would fit you?

**GOLDSTONE**

They're all very well done, i'faith, and very scholarlike, though I say't before thy face, little Bouser; but I would not have thee proud on't now: come, if this be performed well--

**PURSENET**

V.[i. A chamber]

## Your Five Gallants

Who, the boy? He has performed deeper matters than this.

### **PYAMONT**

[Aside] Ay, a pox on him! I think was in my pocket now, and truth were known.

### **BUNGLER**

[Aside] I caught him once in mine.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Suppose the shields are presented, then you begin, boy.

### **BOY**

I representing Mercury, am a pickpocket, and have his part at my fingers' ends: "Page I am to that great and secret thief, magno illo et secreto latroni—"

[FITSGRAVE]

There you make your honour, sir.

### **BOY**

At latroni?

[FITSGRAVE]

You have it, sir.

[PURSENET]

Latroni, that's mine.

### **FITSGRAVE**

[Aside] He confesses the thief's his.

### **PURSENET**

Remember, boy, you point latroni to me.

### **BOY**

To you, master.

[FITSGRAVE]

Proceed.

[BOY]

"These four are his companions; the one a notable cheater, that will cozen his own father—"

### **FITSGRAVE**

Master Goldstone.

### **GOLDSTONE**

Let me alone, Master Bouser; I can take mine own turn.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Why—

Your Five Gallants

**GOLDSTONE**

Peace.

[BOY]

"The second a notorious lecher, maintained by harlots, *cujus virtus consumptio corpus.*"

**TAILBY**

That's I, Master Bouser.

**FITSGRAVE**

There you remember your honour, sir.

**BOY**

"*Ille leno pretiosissimus, virgineos ob lucrum vendens honores.*"

**PURSENET**

It sounds very well, i'faith.

**BOY**

"*Postremus ille, quamvis apparatu splendidus, is no other than a broker; these feathers are not his own, sed avis ex avibus: all which to be nothing but truth will appear by the event.*"

**FITSGRAVE**

I'faith, here's all now, gentlemen.

**GOLDSTONE**

Short and pithy.

**TAILBY**

A good boy, i'faith, and a pregnant!

**PURSENET**

I dare put trust in the boy, sir. [To Boy] Forget not, sirrah, at any hand, to point that same latroni to me.

**BOY**

I warrant you, master.

**GOLDSTONE**

Come, gentlemen, the time beckons us away.

**FITSGRAVE**

Ay, furnish, gentlemen, furnish.

**PURSENET**

Hark, one word, Master Bouser: what's the same latroni? I have a good mind to that word, i'faith.

**FITSGRAVE**

Latroni? Why, "[shrieve] of the shire."

**PURSENET**

I'faith, and I have shriven some shires in my days.

V.[i. A chamber]



## Your Five Gallants

Exeunt Goldstone, Pursenet, Tailby, Frippery, Primero, and Boy.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Now, gentlemen, are you satisfied and pleas'd?

### **FIRST GENTLEMAN**

Never more amply.

### **FITSGRAVE**

Amongst us now falls that desired lot,  
For we shall blast five rivals with one plot.

[Exeunt.]

[V.ii. A hall in Katherine's house]

Enter Katherine between two ancient Gentlemen.

### **KATHERINE**

Grave gentlemen, in whose approved bosoms  
My deceas'd father did repose much faith,  
You're dearly welcome: pray, sit, command music;  
See nothing want to beautify this night,  
That holds my election in her peaceful arms;  
Feasts, music, hymns, those sweet celestial [charms].

### **FIRST GENTLEMAN**

May you be blest in this election.

### **SECOND GENTLEMAN**

That content may meet perfection.

### **HYMN**

Sound lute, bandora gittern,  
Viol, virginals, and cittern;  
Voices spring, and lift aloud  
Her name that makes the music proud!  
This night perfection  
Makes her election.  
Follow, follow, follow, follow round,  
Look you to that, nay, you to that, nay, you to that:  
Anon you will be found, anon you will be found, anon you will be found.  
Cornets sound: enter the Masque, thus ordered: a torch-bearer, a shield-boy, then a masquer, so throughout; then the shield-boys fall at one end, the torch-bearers at the other; the masquers i' th' middle: the torch-bearers are the five gentlemen, the shield-boys the whores in boys' apparel; the masquers the five gallants: they bow to her; she rises and shows the like: they dance, but first deliver the shields up; she reads. The speech: their action.

### **KATHERINE**

[Reads] "Alienis ecce crumenis!"

V.[i. A chamber]

## Your Five Gallants

[Pursenet bows to her.]

[Reads] "Fratremque patremque."

[Goldstone bows to her.]

[Reads] "Consumptio victus."

[Tailby bows to her.]

[Reads] "Occultos vendit honores."

[Primerio bows to her.]

A cuckoo: [reads] "En avis ex avibus!"

[Frippery bows to her.]

Are you all as the speech and shields display you?

**GOLDSTONE**

We shall prove so.

They go to dance, each unhasps his weapon from his side, and gives it to the torch-bearers. Katherine seems distrustful, but then Fitsgrave whispers to her and falls back. At then end of which, all making an honour, Frippery presents her with the chain of pearl.

**KATHERINE**

The very chain of pearl was filch'd from me!

[The Boy begins to sneak away.]

**FITSGRAVE**

Hold! Stop the boy there!

Boy seized. Pursenet stamps.

**KATHERINE**

Will none lay hands on him?

Frippery seized.

**GOLDSTONE**

How now?

**FRIPPERY**

Alas, I'm but a broker! 'Twas pawned to me in my shop.

Fitsgrave, Pyamont, and the others discover themselves.

V.[i. A chamber]

## Your Five Gallants

### **TAILBY**

Ha, Fitsgrave!

### **PURSENET**

Pyamont, and the rest!

### **GOLDSTONE**

Where's Bouser?

### **FITSGRAVE**

Here.

### **GOLDSTONE**

We are all betrayed!

### **FITSGRAVE**

Betrayed? You're [not worthy to be] to betrayed, you have not so much worth: nay, struggle not with the net, you are caught for this world.

### **FIRST COURTESAN**

Would we were out!

### **FITSGRAVE**

'Twas I fram'd your device, do you see? 'Twas I!  
The whole assembly has took notice of it.  
[To Goldstone] That you are a gallant cheater,  
So much the pawning of my cloak contains;  
[to Pursenet] You a base thief, think of Combe Park; [to Tailby] and tell me  
That you're a hired smockster; here's her letter,  
[to Primero] In which we are certified that you're a bawd.

### **FIRST GENTLEMAN**

The broker has confessed it.

### **SECOND GENTLEMAN**

So has the boy.

### **TAILBY**

That boy will be hanged; he stole the chain at first,  
And has thus long maintained his master's gallantry

### **FITSGRAVE**

All which we here present, like captive slaves,  
Waiting that doom which their presumption craves.

### **KATHERINE**

How easily may our suspectless sex  
With fair appearing shadows be deluded!  
Dear sir, you have the work so well begun,  
That took from you, small glory would be won.

Your Five Gallants

**FITSGRAVE**

Since 'tis your pleasure to refer to me  
The doom of these, I have provided so,  
They shall not altogether lose their cost:  
See, I have brought wives for 'em.

[The women of the masque discover themselves.]

**GOLDSTONE**

Heart, the strumpets! Out, out!

**TAILBY**

Having assum'd, out of their impudence,  
The shape of shield-boys!

**FRIPPERY**

To heap full confusion!

**FIRST COURTESAN**

Rather confine us to strict chastity,  
A mere impossible task, than to wed these,  
Whom we [do] loathe worse than the foul'st disease.

**GOLDSTONE**

O grant 'em their requests!

**FITSGRAVE**

The doom is past; so, since your aim was marriage,  
Either embrace it in these courtesans,  
Or have your base acts and felonious lives  
Proclaim'd to the indignation of the law,  
Which will provide a public punishment.  
As for the boy, and that infectious bawd,  
We put forth those to whipping.

**PRIMERO**

Whipping? You find not that in the statute to whip satin.

**FITSGRAVE**

Away with him!

[Primero and Boy led off.]

**GOLDSTONE**

Since all our shifts are discovered, as far as I can see, 'tis our best course to marry 'em; we'll make them get our livings.

**PURSENET**

He says true.

**MISTRESS NEWCUT**

V.[i. A chamber]

## Your Five Gallants

You see how we are threatened: by my troth, wenches, be ruled by me; let's marry 'em, and it be but to plague 'em; for when we have husbands we are under covert—baron, and may lie with whom we list! I have tried that in my t'other husband's days.

**ALL THE COURTESANS**

A match.

**FITSGRAVE**

I'll be no more deferr'd: come, when do you join?

**GOLDSTONE**

These forc'd marriages do never come to good.

**FITSGRAVE**

How can they when the[y] come to such as you?

**PURSENET**

The[y] often prove the ruin of great houses.

[FITSGRAVE]

Nor, virgin, do I in this seek to entice  
All glory to myself; these gentlemen,  
[Whom] I am bound to love for kind assistance,  
Had great affinity in the plot with me.

**KATHERINE**

To them I give my thanks; myself to thee,  
Thrice—worthy Fitsgrave!

**FITSGRAVE**

I have all my wishes.

**KATHERINE**

And I presume there's none but those can frown,  
Whose envies, like the rushes, we tread down.

[Exeunt omnes.]