

**BEAUMONT FRANCIS, FLETCHER
JOHN**

**BEGGARS BUSH:
A COMEDY**

Francis Beaumont

Beggars Bush: A Comedy

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Francis Beaumont

Beggars Bush: A Comedy / From the Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher (Volume 2 of 10)

Persons Represented in the Play

Wolfort, *an usurper of the Earldom of Flanders.*

Gerrard, *falsely called Clause, King of the Beggars, Father in Law to Florez.*

Hubert, *an honest Lord, a friend to Gerrard.*

Florez, *falsely called Goswin, a rich Merchant of Bruges.*

Hempskirke, *a Captain under Wolfort.*

Herman *a Courtier,* } *inhabitants of A Merchant,* } *Flanders.*

Vandunke, *a drunken Merchant friend to Gerrard, falsely called Father to Bertha.*

Vanlock, *and 4 Merchants, of Bruges.*

Higgen, }

Prigg, } *Three Knavish Beggars.*

Snapp, }

Ferret, } *Two Gentlemen disguised under those*

Ginkes, } *names of Gerrard's party.*

Clown.

Boores.

Servants.

Guard.

A Sailor.

WOMEN.

Jaculin, *Daughter to Gerrard, beloved of Hubert.*

Bertha *called Gertrude, Daughter to the Duke of Brabant, Mistress to Florez.*

Margaret, *Wife to Vandunke.*

Mrs Frances, *a frow Daughter to Vanlock.*

The Scene Flanders.

ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA PRIMA

Enter a Merchant and Herman.

Mer. Is he then taken?

Her. And brought back even now, Sir.

Mer. He was not in disgrace?

Her. No man more lov'd,
Nor more deserv'd it, being the only man
That durst be honest in this Court.

Mer. Indeed
We have heard abroad, Sir, that the State hath suffered
A great change, since the Countesses death.

Her. It hath, Sir.

Mer. My five years absence hath kept me a stranger
So much to all the occurents of my Country,
As you shall bind me for some short relation
To make me understand the present times.

Her. I must begin then with a War was made
And seven years with all cruelty continued
Upon our *Flanders* by the Duke of *Brabant*,
The cause grew thus: during our Earls minority,

Wolfort, (who now usurps) was employed thither
To treat about a match between our Earl
And the Daughter and Heir of *Brabant*: during which treaty
The *Brabander* pretends, this Daughter was
Stoln from his Court, by practice of our State,
Though we are all confirm'd, 'twas a sought quarrel
To lay an unjust gripe upon this Earldom,
It being here believ'd the Duke of *Brabant*
Had no such loss. This War upon't proclaimed,
Our Earl, being then a Child, although his Father
Good *Gerrard* liv'd, yet in respect he was
Chosen by the Countesses favour, for her Husband,
And but a Gentleman, and *Florez* holding
His right unto this Country from his Mother,
The State thought fit in this defensive War,
Wolfort being then the only man of mark,
To make him General.

Mer. Which place we have heard
He did discharge with ho[n]our.

Her. I, so long,
And with so blest successes, that the *Brabander*
Was forc't (his treasures wasted, and the choice
Of his best men of Armes tyr'd, or cut off)
To leave the field, and sound a base retreat
Back to his Country: but so broken both
In mind and means, er'e to make head again,
That hitherto he sits down by his loss,
Not daring, or for honour, or revenge
Again to tempt his fortune. But this Victory
More broke our State, and made a deeper hurt
In *Flanders*, than the greatest overthrow
She ever receiv'd: For *Wolfort*, now beholding
Himself, and actions, in the flattering glass
Of self-deservings, and that cherish't by
The strong assurance of his power, for then
All Captains of the Army were his creatures,
The common Souldier too at his devotion,
Made so by full indulgence to their rapines
And secret bounties, this strength too well known
And what it could effect, soon put in practice,
As further'd by the Child-hood of the Earl:
And their improvidence, that might have pierc't
The heart of his designs, gave him occasion
To seize the whole, and in that plight you find it.

Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,
As a choice favour from you.

Her. Only I must add, *Bruges* holds out.

Mer. Whither, Sir, I am going,
For there last night I had a ship put in,
And my Horse waits me. [*Exit.*]

Her. I wish you a good journey.

Enter Wolfort, Hubert.

Wol. What? *Hubert* stealing from me? who disarm'd him?
It was more than I commanded; take your sword,
I am best guarded with it in your hand,
I have seen you use it nobly.

Hub. And will turn it
On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn

Unworthily or rudely.

Wol. Would you leave me
Without a farewell, *Hubert?* flie a friend
Unwearied in his study to advance you?
What have I e're possess'd which was not yours?
Or either did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
Reward or trust from me, but his approaches
Were by your fair reports of him prefer'd?
And what is more I made my self your Servant,
In making you the Master of those secrets
Which not the rack of Conscience could draw from me,
Nor I, when I askt mercy, trust my prayers with;
Yet after these assurances of love,
These tyes and bonds of friendship, to forsake me?
Forsake me as an enemy? come you must
Give me a reason.

Hub. Sir, and so I will, If I may do't in private: and you hear it.

Wol. All leave the room: you have your will, sit down
And use the liberty of our first friendship.

Hub. Friendship? when you prov'd Traitor first, that vanish'd,
Nor do I owe you any thought, but hate,
I know my flight hath forfeited my head;
And so I may make you first understand
What a strange monster you have made your self,
I welcome it.

Wol. To me this is strange language.

Hub. To you? why what are you?

Wol. Your Prince and Master, The Earl of *Flanders*.

Hub. By a proper title!
Rais'd to it by cunning, circumvention, force,
Blood, and proscriptions.

Wol. And in all this wisdom,
Had I not reason? when by *Gerrards* plots
I should have first been call'd to a strict accompt
How, and which way I had consum'd that mass
Of money, as they term it, in the War,
Who underhand had by his Ministers
Detracted my great action, made my faith
And loyalty suspected, in which failing
He sought my life by practice.

Hub. With what fore-head
Do you speak this to me? who (as I know't)
Must, and will say 'tis false.

Wol. My Guard there.

Hub. Sir, you bad me sit, and promis'd you would hear,
Which I now say you shall; not a sound more,
For I that am contemner of mine own,
Am Master of your life; then here's a Sword
Between you, and all aids, Sir, though you blind
The credulous beast, the multitude, you pass not
These gross untruths on me.

Wol. How? gross untruths?

Hub. I, and it is favourable language,
They had been in a mean man lyes, and foul ones.

Wol. You take strange Licence.

Hub. Yes, were not those rumours
Of being called unto your answer, spread
By your own followers? and weak *Gerrard* wrought
(But by your cunning practice) to believe
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Punish'd by any formal course of Law,
But first to be made sure, and have your crimes
Laid open after, which your quaint train taking
You fled unto the Camp, and [there] crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent life, and that,
Since you had scap'd the fury of the War,
You might not fall by treason: and for proof,
You did not for your own ends make this danger;
Some that had been before by you suborn'd,
Came forth and took their Oaths they had been hir'd
By *Gerrard* to your Murther. This once heard,
And easily believ'd, th'inraged Souldier
Seeing no further than the outward-man,
Snatch'd hastily his Arms, ran to the Court,
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces
Such as were Servants, or thought friends to *Gerrard*,
Vowing the like to him.

Wol. Will you yet end?

Hub. Which he foreseeing, with his Son, the Earl,
Forsook the City; and by secret wayes

As you give out, and we would gladly have it,
Escap'd their fury: though 'tis more than fear'd
They fell amongst the rest; Nor stand you there
To let us only mourn the impious means
By which you got it, but your cruelties since
So far transcend your former bloody ills,
As if compar'd, they only would appear
Essays of mischief; do not stop your ears,
More are behind yet.

Wol. O repeat them not,
'Tis Hell to hear them nam'd.

Hub. You should have thought,
That Hell would be your punishment when you did them,
A Prince in nothing but your princely lusts,
And boundless rapines.

Wol. No more I beseech you.

Hub. Who was the Lord of house or land, that stood
Within the prospect of your covetous eye?

Wol. You are in this to me a greater Tyrant,
Than e're I was to any.

Hub. I end thus
The general grief: now to my private wrong;
The loss of *Gerrards* Daughter *Jaqueline*:
The hop'd for partner of my lawful Bed,
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms;
And her I now was wandring to recover.
Think you that I had reason now to leave you,
When you are grown so justly odious,
That ev'n my stay here with your grace and favour,
Makes my life irksome? here, surely take it,
And do me but this fruit of all your friendship,
That I may dye by you, and not your Hang-man.

Wol. Oh *Hubert*, these your words and reasons have
As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd heart,
As these tears from mine eyes;
Despise them not.
By all that's sacred, I am serious, *Hubert*,
You now have made me sensible, what furies,
Whips, Hangmen, and Tormentors a bad man
Do's ever bear about him: let the good
That you this day have done, be ever number'd
The first of your best actions;

Can you think,
Where *Goswin* is or *Gerrard*, or your love,
Or any else, or all that are proscib'd?
I will resign, what I usurp, or have
Unjustly forc'd; the dayes I have to live
Are too too few to make them satisfaction
With any penitence: yet I vow to practise
All of a man.

Hub. O that your heart and tongue
Did not now differ!

Wol. By my griefs they do not.
Take the good pains to search them out: 'tis worth it,
You have made clean a Leper: trust me you have,
And made me once more fit for the society,
I hope of good men.

Hub. Sir, do not abuse My aptness to believe.

Wol. Suspect not you
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow,
Make your own safety: ask them all the ties
Humanity can give, *Hemskirk* too shall
Along with you to this so wish'd discovery,
And in my name profess all that you promise;
And I will give you this help to't: I have
Of late receiv'd certain intelligence,
That some of them are in or about *Bruges*
To be found out: which I did then interpret,
The cause of that Towns standing out against me;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpose
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.

Hub. Be constant to your goodness, and you have it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II

Enter 3. Merchants.

1 Mer. 'Tis much that you deliver of this *Goswin*.

2 Mer. But short of what I could, yet have the Country
Confirm'd it true, and by a general oath,
And not a man hazard his credit in it:
He bears himself with such a confidence
As if he were the Master of the Sea,
And not a wind upon the Sailers compass,
But from one part or other was his factor,
To bring him in the best commodities,
Merchant e're ventur'd for.

1. 'Tis strange.

2. And yet
This do's in him deserve the least of wonder,
Compared with other his peculiar fashions,
Which all admire: he's young, and rich, at least
Thus far reputed so, that since he liv'd
In *Bruges*, there was never brought to harbour
So rich a Bottom, but his bill would pass
Unquestion'd for her lading.

3 Mer. Yet he still Continues a good man.

2 Mer. So good, that but
To doubt him, would be held an injury
Or rather malice, with the best that traffique;
But this is nothing, a great stock, and fortune,
Crowning his judgement in his undertakings
May keep him upright that way: But that wealth
Should want the power to make him dote on it,
Or youth teach him to wrong it, best commends
His constant temper; for his outward habit
'Tis suitable to his present course of life:
His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties
That please the appetite only for their rareness,
Or their dear price: nor given to wine or women,
Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,
I mean a good one: and so loves his state
He will not hazard it at play; nor lend
Upon the assurance of a well-pen'd Letter,
Although a challenge second the denial
From such as make th' opinion of their valour

Their means of feeding.

1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,
And the means not curs'd.

2 *Mer.* What follows, this
Makes many venturers with him, in their wishes,
For his prosperity: for when desert
Or reason leads him to be liberal,
His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can add most to his free courtesies,
Or in their worth, or speed to make them so.
Is there a Virgin of good fame wants dower?
He is a Father to her; or a Souldier
That in his Countreys service, from the war
Hath brought home only scars, and want? his house
Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
As if what he possess'd had been laid up
For such good uses, and he steward of it.
But I should lose my self to speak him further
And stale in my relation, the much good
You may be witness of, if your remove
From *Bruges* be not speedy.

1 *Mer.* This report
I do assure you will not hasten it,
Nor would I wish a better man to deal with
For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your man and ours, only I wish
His too much forwardness to embrace all bargains
Sink him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes,
For my part I am confident; here he comes.

Enter Goswin, and the fourth Merchant.

Gos. I take it at your own rates, your wine of *Cyprus*,
But for your *Candy* sugars, they have met
With such foul weather, and are priz'd so high
I cannot save in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling
To seek another Chapman: make me offer
Of something near price, that may assure me
You can deal for them.

Gos. I both can, and will,
But not with too much loss; your bill of lading
Speaks of two hundred chests, valued by you
At thirty thousand gilders, I will have them
At twenty eight; so, in the payment of
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap.—

Gos. Why look you; I'll deal fa[ir]ly, there's in prison,
And at your suit, a Pirat, but unable
To make you satisfaction, and past hope
To live a week, if you should prosecute
What you can prove against him: set him free,
And you shall have your mony to a Stiver,
And present payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,
A Merchant of your rank, that have at Sea
So many Bottoms in the danger of
These water-Thieves, should be a means to save 'em,
It more importing you for your own safety
To be at charge to scour the Sea of them
Than stay the sword of justice, that is ready
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.

Gos. You mistake me,
If you think I would cherish in this Captain
The wrong he did to you, or any man;
I was lately with him, (having first, from others
True testimony been assured a man
Of more desert never put from the shore)
I read his letters of Mart from this State granted
For the recovery of such losses, as
He had receiv'd in *Spain*, 'twas that he aim'd at,
Not at three tuns of wine, bisket, or beef,
Which his necessity made him take from you.
If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,
Or thrown your men o'r-board, then he deserv'd
The Laws extreamest rigour. But since want
Of what he could not live without, compel'd him
To that he did (which yet our State calls death)
I pity his misfortune; and to work you
To some compassion of them, I come up
To your own price: save him, the goods are mine;
If not, seek else-where, I'll not deal for them.

4 Mer. Well Sir, for your love, I will once be led
To change my purpose.

Gos. For your profit rather.

4 Mer. I'll presently make means for his discharge,
Till when, I leave you.

2 Mer. What do you think of this?

1 Mer. As of a deed of noble pity: guided
By a strong judgement.

2 Mer. Save you Master *Goswin*.

Goswin. Good day to all.

2 Mer. We bring you the refusal
Of more Commodities.

Gos. Are you the owners
Of the ship that last night put into the Harbour?

1 Mer. Both of the ship, and lading.

Gos. What's the fraught?

1 Mer. *Indico, Cochineel*, choise *Chyna* stuffs.

3 Mer. And cloath of Gold brought from *Cambal*.

Gos. Rich lading,
For which I were your Chapman, but I am
Already out of cash.

1 Mer. I'll give you day
For the moiety of all.

Gos. How long?

3 Mer. Six months.

Gos. 'Tis a fair offer: which (if we agree
About the prices) I, with thanks accept of,
And will make present payment of the rest;
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 Mer. The Gunner shall speak you welcom.

Gos. I'll not fail.

3 Mer. Good morrow. [*Ex. Merch.*]

Gos. Heaven grant my Ships a safe return, before
The day of this great payment: as they are
Expected three months sooner: and my credit
Stands good with all the world.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bless my good Master,
The prayers of your poor Beads-man ever shall
Be sent up for you.

Gos. God o' mercy *Clause*,
There's something to put thee in mind hereafter
To think of me.

Ger. May he that gave it you
Reward you for it, with encrease, good Master.

Gos. I thrive the better for thy prayers.

Ger. I hope so.
This three years have I fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your blest charity warm'd me,
And yet, good Master, pardon me, that must,
Though I have now receiv'd your alms, presume
To make one sute more to you.

Gos. What is't *Clause*?

Ger. Yet do not think me impudent I beseech you,
Since hitherto your charity hath prevented
My begging your relief, 'tis not for mony
Nor cloaths (good Master) but your good word for me.

Gos. That thou shalt have, *Clause*, for I think thee honest.

Ger. To morrow then (dear M'r.) take the trouble
Of walking early unto *Beggars Bush*,
And as you see me, among others (Brethren
In my affliction) when you are demanded
Which you like best among us, point out me,
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

Gos. But what will that advantage thee?

Ger. O much Sir,
'Twill give me the preheminance of the rest,
Make me a King among 'em, and protect me
From all abuse, such as are stronger, might
Offer my age; Sir, at your better leisure
I will inform you further of the good
It may do to me.

Gos. 'Troth thou mak'st me wonder;
Have you a King and common-wealth among you?

Ger. We have, and there are States are govern'd worse.

Gos. Ambition among Beggars?

Ger. Many great ones
Would part with half their states, to have the place,
And credit to beg in the first file, Master:
But shall I be so much bound to your furtherance
In my Petition?

Gos. That thou shalt not miss of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it, I will be early there.

Ger. Heaven bless my Master. [*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA PRIMA

Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prig, Clause, Jaculine, Snap, Ginks, and other beggars.

Hig. Come Princes of the ragged regiment,
You o' the blood, *Prig* my most upright Lord,
And these (what name or title, e're they bear)
Jarkman, or *Patrico*, *Cranke*, or *Clapperdudgeon*, *Frater*, or *Abram-*
man;
I speak to all
That stand in fair Election for the title
Of King of *Beggars*, with the command adjoining, *Higgen*, your
Orator, in this Inter-regnum,
That whilom was your Dommerer, doth beseech you
All to stand fair, and put your selves in rank,
That the first Comer, may at his first view
Make a free choice, to say up the question.

Fer. Pr. 'Tis done Lord *Higgen*.

Hig. Thanks to Prince *Prig*, Prince *Ferret*.

Fer. Well, pray my Masters all, *Ferret* be chosen,
Y'are like to have a mercifull mild Prince of me.

Prig. A very tyrant, I, an arrant tyrant,
If e're I come to reign; therefore look to't,
Except you do provide me hum enough
And Lour to bouze with: I must have my Capons
And Turkeys brought me in, with my green Geese,
And Ducklings i'th' season: fine fat chickens,
Or if you chance where an eye of tame Phesants
Or Partridges are kept, see they be mine,
Or straight I seize on all your priviledge,
Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit,
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, false bellyes,
Forc'd eyes and teeth, with your dead arms; not leave you
A durty clout to beg with o' your heads,
Or an old rag with Butter, Frankincense,
Brimston and Rozen, birdlime, blood, and cream,
To make you an old sore; not so much soap
As you may fome with i'th' Falling-sickness;
The very bag you bear, and the brown dish
Shall be escheated. All your daintiest Dells too
I will deflower, and take your dearest Doxyes
From your warm sides; and then some one cold night
I'le watch you what old barn you go to roost in,
And there I'le smother you all i'th' musty hay.

Hig. This is tyrant-like indeed:
But what would *Ginks* Or *Clause* be here, if either of them should reign?

Clau. Best ask an Ass, if he were made a Camel,
What he would be; or a dog, and he were a Lyon.

Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I shall be
A Beggar still I am sure, I find my self there.

Enter Goswin.

Snap. O here a Judge comes.

Hig. Cry, a Judge, a Judge.

Gos. What ail you Sirs? what means this outcry?

Hig. Master,
A sort of poor souls met: Gods fools, good Master,
Have had some little variance amongst our selves
Who should be honestest of us, and which lives
Uprightest in his calling: Now, 'cause we thought
We ne're should 'gree on't our selves, because
Indeed 'tis hard to say: we all dissolv'd, to put it
To him that should come next, and that's your Master-ship,
Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind serves you,
Right, and no otherwise we ask it: which?
Which does your worship think is he? sweet Master
Look over us all, and tell us; we are seven of us,
Like to the seven wise Masters, or the Planets.

Gos. I should judge this the man with the grave beard,
And if he be not—

Clau. Bless you, good Master, bless you.

Gos. I would he were: there's something too amongst you
To keep you all honest. [*Exit.*

Snap. King of Heaven go with you.

Omn. Now good reward him,
May he never want it, to comfort still the poor, in a good hour.

Fer. What is't? see: *Snap* has got it.

Snap. A good crown, marry.

Prig. A crown of gold.

Fer. For our new King: good luck.

Ginks. To the common treasury with it; if't be gold,
Thither it must.

Prig. Spoke like a Patriot, *Ferret*—
King *Clause*, I bid God save thee first, first, *Clause*,
After this golden token of a crown;
Where's oratour *Higgen* with his gratuling speech now
In all our names?

Fer. Here he is pumping for it.

Gin. H'has cough'd the second time, 'tis but once more
And then it comes.

Fer. So, out with all: expect now—

Hig. That thou art chosen, venerable *Clause*,
Our King and Sovereign; Monarch o'th'Maunders,
Thus we throw up our Nab-cheats, first for joy,
And then our filches; last, we clap our fambles,
Three subject signs, we do it without envy:
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,
Now thou art chosen? ask 'em: all will say so,
Nay swear't: 'tis for the King, but let that pass.
When last in conference at the bouzing ken
This other day we sat about our dead Prince
Of famous memory: (rest go with his rags:)
And that I saw thee at the tables end,
Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one Crutch,
Lift the other like a Scepter at my head,
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldst be King,
And now thou art so: but what need presage
To us, that might have read it in thy beard
As well, as he that chose thee? by that beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for Sovereignty.
O happy beard! but happier Prince, whose beard
Was so remark'd, as marked out our Prince,
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it,
May live as safe, as under *Beggars Bush*,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

Om. Excellent, excellent orator, forward good *Higgen*,
Give him leave to spit: the fine, well-spoken *Higgen*.

Hig. This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-beard,
Under whose gold and silver raign 'twas said
So many ages since, we all should smile
On impositions, taxes, grievances,
Knots in a State, and whips unto a Subject,
Lye lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd out:
If now, the Beard be such, what is the Prince
That owes the Beard? a Father; no, a Grand-father;
Nay the great Grand-father of you his people.
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,
When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you
The fattest of your puddings: under him
Each man shall eat his own stolen eggs, and butter,
In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy
His own dear Dell, Doxy, or Mort, at night
In his own straw, with his own shirt, or sheet,
That he hath filch'd that day, I, and possess
What he can purchase, back, or belly-cheats
To his own prop: he will have no purveyers
For Pigs, and poultry.

Clau. That we must have, my learned oratour,
It is our will, and every man to keep In his own path and circuit.

Hig. Do you hear? You must hereafter maund on your own pads he saies.

Clau. And what they get there, is their own, besides
To give good words.

Hig. Do you mark? to cut been whids,
That is the second Law.

Clau. And keep a-foot
The humble, and the common phrase of begging,
Lest men discover us.

Hig. Yes; and cry sometimes,
To move compassion: Sir, there is a table,
That doth command all these things, and enjoyns 'em,
Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd plaisters,
And their torn pass-ports, with the ways to stammer,
And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and lame,
There, all the halting paces are set down,
I'th' learned language.

Clau. Thither I refer them,
Those, you at leisure shall interpret to them.
We love no heaps of laws, where few will serve.

Om. O gracious Prince, 'save, 'save the good King *Clause*.

Hig. A Song to crown him.

Fer. Set a Centinel out first.

Snap. The word?

Hig. A Cove comes, and fumbumbis to it.– *Strike*.

The SONG

Cast our Caps and cares away: this is Beggars Holy-day,
At the Crowning of our King, thus we ever dance and sing.
In the world look out and see: where's so happy a Prince as he?
Where the Nation live so free, and so merry as do we?
Be it peace, or be it war, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our ease and rest; To the field we are not prest;
Nor are call'd into the Town, to be troubled with the Gown.
Hang all Officers we cry, and the Magistrate too, by;
When the Subsidie's encreast, we are not a penny Sest.
Nor will any go to Law, with the Beggar for a straw.
All which happiness he brags, he doth owe unto his rags._

Enter Snap, Hubert, and Hemskirke.

Snap. A Cove comes: Fumbumbis.

Prig. To your postures; arm.

Hub. Yonder's the Town: I see it.

Hemsk. There's our danger
Indeed afore us, if our shadows save not.

Hig. Bless your good Worships.

Fer. One small piece of mony.

Prig. Amongst us all poor wretches.

Clau. Blind, and lame.

Ginks. For his sake that gives all.

Hig. Pitifull Worships.

Snap. One little doyt.

Enter Jaculin.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you?

Fer. To buy a little bread.

Hig. To feed so many Mouths, as will ever pray for you.

Prig. Here be seven of us.

Hig. Seven, good Master,
O remember seven, Seven blessings.

Fer. Remember, gentle Worship.

Hig. 'Gainst seven deadly sins.

Prig. And seven sleepers.

Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing—
Alas, we had not a charity this three dayes.

Hub. There's amongst you all.

Fer. Heaven reward you.

Prig. Lord reward you.

Hig. The Prince of pity bless thee.

Hub. Do I see? or is't my fancy that would have it so?
Ha? 'tis her face: come hither maid.

Jac. What ha' you,
Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n bun meat,
You do not love me, do you? catch me a butterfly,
And I'll love you again; when? can you tell?
Peace, we go a birding: I shall have a fine thing. [*Exit.*]

Hub. Her voyce too sayes the same; but for my head
I would not that her manners were so chang'd.
Hear me thou honest fellow; what's this maiden,
That lives amongst you here?

Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. How? nothing but signs?

Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.

Hub. This is strange, I would fain have it her, but not her thus.

Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-du-dude-dumb Sir.

Hub. Slid they did all speak plain ev'n now me thought.
Do'st thou know this same maid?

Snap. Why, why, why, why, which, gu, gu, gu, gu, Gods fool
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the barn yonder,
By-be-be-be-be-Beggars Bush-bo-bo-Bush
Her name is, My-my-my-my-my-match: so was her Mo-mo-mo-
Mothers too-too.

Hub. I understand no word he says; how long
Has she been here?

Snap. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled, and she ha' go-go-go-good
luck.

Hub. I must be better inform'd, than by this way.
Here was another face too, that I mark'd
Of the old mans: but they are vanish'd all
Most suddenly: I will come here again,
O, that I were so happy, as to find it,
What I yet hope: it is put on.

Hem. What mean you Sir,
To stay there with that stammerer?

Hub. Farewell friend,—
It will be worth return, to search: Come,
Protect us our disguise now, pre'thee *Hemskirk*
If we be taken, how do'st thou imagine
This town will use us, that hath stood so long
Out against *Wolfort*?

Hem. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their walls a sunning, to make Crows meat,
If I were not assur'd o' the *Burgomaster*,
And had a pretty excuse to see a niece there,
I should scarce venture.

Hub. Come 'tis now too late
To look back at the ports: good luck, and enter. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENA II

Enter Goswin.

Gos. Still blow'st thou there? and from all other parts,
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?
There's a conspiracy of windes, and servants,
If not of Elements, to ha' me break;
What should I think unless the Seas, and Sands
Had swallow'd up my ships? or fire had spoil'd
My ware-houses? or death devour'd my Factors?
I must ha' had some returns.

Enter Merchants.

1 Mer. 'Save you Sir.

Gos. 'Save you.

1 Mer. No news yet o' your Ships?

Gos. Not any yet Sir.

1 Mer. 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*

Gos. 'Tis true Sir: what a voyce was here now?
This was one passing bell, a thousand ravens
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruins.

2 Mer. *Goswin*, good day, these winds are very constant.

Gos. They are so Sir; to hurt—

2 Mer. Ha' you had no letters Lately from *England*, nor from *Denmark*?

Gos. Neither.

2 Mer. This wind brings them; nor no news over land,
Through *Spain*, from the *Straights*?

Gos. Not any.

2 Mer. I am sorry Sir. [*Exit.*

Gos. They talk me down: and as 'tis said of Vulturs
They scent a field fought, and do smell the carkasses
By many hundred miles: So do these, my wracks
At greater distances. Why, thy will Heaven

Come on, and be: yet if thou please, preserve me;
But in my own adventure, here at home,
Of my chaste love, to keep me worthy of her,
It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill fortunes:
I am not broken yet: nor should I fall,
Me thinks with less than that, that ruins all. [*Exit.*]

SCENA III

Enter Van-dunck, Hubert, Hemskirk, and Margaret, Boors.

Van. Captain, you are welcom; so is this your friend
Most safely welcom, though our Town stand out
Against your Master, you shall find good quarter:
The troth is, we not love him: *Margaret* some wine,
Let's talk a little treason, if we can
Talk treason, 'gainst the traitors; by your leave, Gentlemen,
We, here in *Bruges*, think he do's usurp,
And therefore I am bold with him.

Hub. Sir, your boldness
Happily becomes your mouth, but not our ears,
While we are his servants; And as we come here,
Not to ask questions, walk forth on your walls,
Visit your courts of guard, view your munition,
Ask of your corn-provisions, nor enquire
Into the least, as spies upon your strengths,
So let's entreat, we may receive from you
Nothing in passage or discourse, but what
We may with gladness, and our honesties here,
And that shall seal our welcom.

Van. Good: let's drink then,
Fill out, I keep mine old pearl still Captain.

Marg. I hang fast man.

Hen. Old Jewels commend their keeper, Sir.

Van. Here's to you with a heart, my Captains friend,
With a good heart, and if this make us speak
Bold words, anon, 'tis all under the Rose

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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