The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Looking Glasse for London and England

Made by Thomas Lodge . . . and Robert Greene

1594

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIV
A Looking Glasse for London and England

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This play, staged by Lord Strange's company in March, 1591-2 (Greene died Sept., 1592) was licensed for press in 1593-4. Hazlitt schedules copies of this edition as in the Devonshire, British Museum, and Bridgewater Libraries, &c.: only the Devonshire copy is indexed by Greg, and that was not available for reproduction. I had therefore to fall back on the B. M. copy of the 1598 edition, of which there are also two copies in Bodley. Other impressions appeared in 1602 and 1617.

To Lodge has been assigned, in collaboration, several other plays, "with little or no reason" (says Dr. Sidney Lee in D.N.B. [q.v.])

This reproduction from the original is satisfactory and faithfully done.

JOHN S. FARMER.
A LOOKING
Glasse, for London
and Englande.
Made by Thomas Lodge
Gentleman, and Robert Greene.
In Artibus Magister.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be solde
by William Barley, at his shop in
Grattius Streete.
1598.
A Looking Glass, For
London and England.

Enters Raph, king of Ninioe, with three kings of Cecilia, Crete, and Papilagonia, from the overthrow of Jeroboam, King of Jerusalem.

O pace ye on triumphant warriors,
Make Venus Lennisarmd in al his pom,
Bath at the brightness of your haue; thinkes,
For you the Viceroyes and the Canaries,
That wait on Raphis royall mightinesse:
Boast petty kings, and glory in your fates,
That stars have made your fortes chime to
To give attend on Raphis excellency.

Am I not he that rules great Ninioe,
Rounded with Lycas silent smiling dreams,
Whose Citie large Diametrie containes,
Even those daies journeyes length from wall to wall,
Two hundreth gates caried out of burnishing haste,
As ghions as the postoyle of the Sunne,
And so to decke heauens battlements with pride,
Sir hundreth Towers that topest touch the cloudes:
This Citie is the faterdale of your King,
At undreth Lo;ds do honour at my fate,
My scepter brainedeth both the po;akels,
And now to enlarge the hightest of my powl,
I have made ludes Monarch for the field,
And beat proud Jeroboam from his holds,
Winning from Cades to Samaria,
A looking Glass, for

Great Lewies God that solde stout Benhadab,
Could not relate the strength that Rafni brought,
For be he God in heaven, yet Uiceropyes know,
Rafni is God on earth, and none but he.

Cicilia. If lonely shape, feature by natures skill,
Passing in beautie faire Endymions,
That Luna waapt within her snowy breeks,
Dy that sweet boy that wrought bright Venus bane
Transforme into a purple Hiacynth,
If beautie Nuparsile in excellence,
Pay make a king match with the Gods in gree,
Rafni is God on earth, and none but he.

Crest. If martiall looks waapt in a cloud of wars
Poze fierce then Mars, lightnes fro his eyes
Sparkling revenge and dye disparagement:
I thought the beedes moze haughtie then any done,
Seald with the line of fortune and of sale,
Patchless to manage Lance and Curtler.
If such high actions grace'd with victorious,
Pay make a king match with the Gods in gree,
Rafni is God on earth, and none but he.

Paphlag. If Pallas wealth,
Rafni. Uiceropyes ingough, Paphlagon no more,
See where my sister faire Remilia,
Fairer she was the virgin Dana,
That waits on Venus with a golden show,
She that hath stolen the wealth of Rafnes lothes,
And tide his thoughts within her lonely locks,
She that is lou'd, and loue unto your king,
See where the comes to gratulate my fame.

Enter: Radagon with Remilia, sister to Rafni,
Aluia wife to Paphlagon, and other Ladies,
bring a Globe seated in a ship.
Remilia. Vicious Monarch, second unto love,
Mars upon earth, and Neptune on the seas,
London and England.

Whose frowse tryses all the Ocean with a raine,
Whose smile, dothes Flora to display her pride,
Whose eye holos wanton Venus at a gate,
Rafni, the Regent of great Ninivie,
For thou half told proud lerooboam's force,
And like the musing breath of Ahas,
That overturns the pines of Libanon,
Has scattered Lucy and her uplifted groans,
Winning from Cades to Samaria,
Remilia greets thee with a kind salutie,
And for a present to thy mightiness,
Gives thee a Globe folded within a ship,
As king on earth, and Lord of all the seas,
With such a welcome unto Ninivie
As may thy sisters humble love afford.

Rafni. Sir, the title sits not thy degree,
A higher state of honour shall be thine,
The lovely Thral that Mercury inrope,
Within the curious pleasure of his tongue,
And the thout beth the sun-god with her eyes,
Faire Semelie the choice of Venus maides,
Were not so beatifull as Remilia.
Then sweeting sister shall not serve the turne,
But Rafnies wife, his Lernan and his loue.
Thou shalt like Iuno wed thy self to loue,
And fold me in the riches of thy faire,
Remilia shall be Rafnies Paramour.
For why if I be Mars so warlike gods,
And though bright Venus so thy clear aspect,
Why should not from our logues issue a sonne,
That might be Lord of royall soueraigne?
Otwentieth words, if twentie worlds might be,
What saith Remilia, art thou Rafnies wife?
Remilia. My heart doth swell with favour of thy
The loue of Rafni makest me as proud (thoughts,
As Iuno when the worke heavens Diademe.
A looking Glasse, for

Whysisterbome,wasfo;thywifebylove,
Hadlytherichesnaturelockethby,
To deckherdarling,beautie when the smiles,
Rasni should prance him in the pride of all.

Rasni, Remelias love, is farre most either pride,
Then Jeroboam of the two doth subdue,
Loydings, he have my weddings sumptuous,
Have glorious with the treasures of the world,
As fetch from Abia the precious pearls,
And strip the Indes of their Diamonds,
And Tyre shall yield me tribute of her gold,
To make Remelias wedding glorious,
As send for all the Damosell Queens that live
Within the reach of Rasnis government.
To wait as hand maides to Remelia,
That her attendent maides may paste the troupe
That gloied Venus at her wedding day.

Creet. By my Lord, not sister to thy love,
His inect and to soule a fact for kings,
Nature allotes no limits to such lust.

(Loyp. Rasni, Presumptuous Vicery, dare thou check thy
Dwrit him with the lawes that nature louses,
Is not great Rasni above natures reach,
God upon earth, and all his will is law.

Creet. By statter not, for hatefulis his choise,
And sisters love will blench his nooth.

Rasni, Dost not the brightnesthe of his majestie,
Shadow his deeds from being counted faults.

Rasni. Well hast thou answered within Radon,
I like thee, for thy learning Sophistry,
But thou of Creet, that countercheckst thy king,
Packe hence in exile, give Radagon thy Crowne,
Be this Cegere of his royalties?
And faile me not in what my thoughts may please,
For from a beggar base I brought this vp,
And grace this with the honour of a Crowne,
A looking Glafe, for

Loe I have brought thee unto Ninivie,
The rich and royall Citty of the world,
Bume;e in wealth, and overgrown with pride,
As Sodome and Gomorrah full of sin,
The Lord laken downe and cannot see one god,
Not one that canes to obey his will,
But wicked all, from Trade to the Church.
Note then Oceas all their grievous smores,
And see the wrath of God that pales revenge.
And when the ripeness of their sin is full,
And thou hast written all their wicked through,
He carrie thee to Jevry, backe againe,
And see the in the great Jerusalem,
Where that thou publish in her open streets,
That God sends downe his hatefull wrath for sin,
On such as never heard his Prophets speake,
Much more will he inuite a world of plagues,
On such as heare the sweetness of his voice,
And yet obey not what his Prophets speake,
Sit the Oceas ponde:ing in the spirit,
The mightinesse of these fond peoples smores,
Oceas, the will of the Lord be done.

Exit Angell.

Enters the Clowne and his crew of Ruffians,
to go to drinke.

Ruffian Come on Smith, thou shalt be one one of the crew, because thou knowest where the best ale in the Towne is.

Smith Come on, in faith my colts, I have left my gp, striking of a heat, and stole away, because I would keep you company.

Clowne Whys what shall we have this paltrie Smith with us?

Smith
London and England.

Smith. Paltry Smith, why you incarnature knave, what are you, that you speak petty treason against the Smiths trade?

Clowne. Why, thou art a gentleman of Ninnire.

Smith. A Gentleman good sir, I remember you well and at your progenitors, your father bare office in our town, an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two scribes living on him, the one was on workingdages, and then he kept the townes wages, and on holidays they made him the seriens man, so he whipt dogs out of the Church. Alas sir, your father, why sir mis-thinks I see the Gentleman still, a proper youth he was, faith, aged some four and ten, his beard rags colour, half black, half white, his nose was in the highest degree of nose, it was nose Aurem gloriam, so set with Rubies, that after his death it should have been nailed by in Copper-Smiths hall for a monument. Well sir, I was beholding to your god father, so he was the best man that ever instructed me in the mystic of a pot of Ale.

2. Well said Smith, that cross him over the thumbs.

Clowne. Nothing were it not that we goe to be merrie, my rapier should presently quit thy oppugnious terms.

Peter, Peter, put by this sword, I prithee heartily into thy chest, bare, hold in your rapier, so though I have not a long reacher, I have a short bitter. Nay then gentlemen lay me, so my choler begins to rise against him, for mark the words of a paltry Smith, My horrible sentence, thou hast in these words I will stand to it, libelled against all the sound horses, whole horses, loose horses, Couriers, Turtles, Judges, Judges, Hackneys, and Dares; whereupon my friend, in their defence, I give thee this curse, thou shalt be worth a house off thine own this seven yeare.

1. Clowne, I prithee Smith is your occupation so excellent a paltry Smith, why he stand to it, a Smith is Lord of the sore elements, so our iron is made of the earth, our bellows blowe out aire, our forge holues are and our forge water. Nay sir, we read in the Chronicles, that there was a God of our occupation.
A looking Glasse, for

Clowne: I, but he was a Cuckold.

That was the reason sir, he said your father, cousin, palty smith, 
why in this one word they half defaced their worshipful occu-
pation.

Clowne. As how:

Harrie sir I will stand to it, that a Smith in his kind is a Phi-
sition, a Surgeon and a Barber. For let a Hoyle take a colo, or
be troubled with the bottle, and we straight give him a pot of a
purgation, in such phisical manner that he intakes straight, if
he have outward diseases, as the spitting, splent, ring-bone,
wind-gall or fashion; or sir a galled back, we let him blood & clap
a plaster to him with a pellicence, that mends him with a be-
rie vengeance, now is his main grow out of order; and he has
any rebellious hairs, we straight to our theatres and trim him
with what cut it please us, pick his eares and make him neat,
marry indeed sir, we are doneis for one thing, we never use
any mush-balls to wash him with, the reason is sir, because
he can live without killing.

Clowne. Well surba, leave off these praises of a Smyth,
and bring us to the best Ale in the town.

Now sir I have a feate above all the Smyths in Ninnies, so sir,
I am a Philosopher that can dispute of the nature of Ale, so
marks you sir, a pot of ale consists of four parts. Imprimis the
Ale, the Toast, the Ginger and the Putmeg.

Clowne. Excellent.

The Ale is a reltoration, bread is a binder, marks you are two ex-
cellent points in Philiscke, the Ginger, do ware of that; the phi-
losophers have written of the nature of ginger, tis expellium
in two degrees; you tell here the sentence of Galen, it will make
a man belch, cough, and fart, and is a great comfort to the heart,
a proper poise for one; but now to the noble vertue of the
Putmeg, it is faith one Ballad, I think an English Roman
was the authour, an underlayer to the batters, for when the
Ale giues a buffet to the head, oh the Putmeg that keepes him
for a while in temper.

Thus you see the description of the vertue of a pot of Ale, now sir to
London and England.

to put my physical precepts in practice follow me, but as I step any further.

Clowne. What's the matter now?

Why rising I have provid'd the Ale, who is the pursu'ce; for the wench's, so matters take this of me, a cup of Ale without a wench's, why alack this like an egg without salt, or a red hering without mustard.

Lead by to the Ale, lovel, have wench's enough I warrant the.

Of mo, Iniquity seeks our companions: still,

And mortall men are armed to do ill:

London looke on, this matter nips thee near,

Leave off thy riot, pride and sumptuous cheere,

Spend less at boord, and spare not at the doore,

But aid the infant, and relieve the poore,

Else seeking mercy, being merciless,

Thou be adjudged to endless heauinesse.

Enters the Visurer, young Gentleman and a poore man.

Visurer. Come on, I am every day troubled with those noxie companions, what newes with you, what wind brings you hither?

Gent. Sir I hope how far latter you make it, as you remember so well to me, that this is the day wherein I should pay you money that I take up of you alate in a commoditie.

Poore man. And sir, reverence of your manhood and gentility, I have brought home such mony as you lent me.

Visurer. You young Gentleman, is my mony ready?

Gent. Sir, this time was so short, the commoditie so bad, and the promise of friends so broken, that I could not provide it against the day, whereas I am come to interreat you to stand my friend, and to favour me with a longer time, and I will make you sufficient consideration.

Visurer. Is the wind in that baze, if thou hast my mony so it is, I will not defer a day, an hour, a minute, but take the receipt of
A looking Glass, for
of the bond.

Gent. I pray you Sir consider that my losse was great by the commoditie I took up, you knowe Sir I borrowed of you by
pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds
in Late stringes, which when I came to sell againe, I could get
but five pounds to; them, so had I Sir but fifteen pounds for my
fozie: In consideration of this ill bargaine, I pray you Sir give
me a month longer.

Visitor. I answered this afore not a minute, what have I to
do how thy bargain proceed, I have thy hand set to my book, that
thou receivest fozie pounds of me in money.

Gent. I see it was your devise that, to colour the Statute, but
your conscience knowes what I had.

Poore. Friend, thou speakest hebbely to him, when thou tal-
tkest to him of conscience, so he hath as much confidence about
the precept of an Obligation, as my blind $are God blest her,
hath once a manger of Dates.

Gent. Then there is no favour Sir?

Visitor. Come to morrow to mee, and see how I will use
this.

Gent. No courtesous Caterpillar, know, that I have made ev-
treame shift rather then I would fall into the hands of such a re-
suming Panther; and therefore here is thy mony and deliver me
the recognisance of my lands.

Visitor. What a spite is this, hath sped of his Crownes, if
he had mit but one halfe hour, what a goodly Farme had I got-
ten for fozie pounds, well is my cursed fortune, Oh here I no
shift to make him soiseft his recognisance.

Gent. Come Sir will you dispatch and tell your men.

Strikes 4, a clocke.

Visitor. Stay, what is this a clocke soure, let me see, to be paid
between the hours of these and soure in the afternone, this goes
right for me; you Sir, heare you not the clocke, and hauye you not a
counterpaie of your Obligation, the hour is past, it was to be
paid between these and soure, and now the clocke hath broken
soure,
London and England.

Sure, I will receive none, I declare to the Levy of the recognizance.

Gent. Why sir, I hope you do but jest, why is but sure, and will you for a minute take the Levy of my bond? If it were so sir, I was here before sure.

Vizuer. Why didst thou not tender thy money then? If I offer this injury, heath the law of me, complain to the judge, I will receive no money.

Poore. Well sir, I hope you will stand my good master for my Cow, I borrowed thirty shillings on her, and for that I have paid you 18. pence a week; and for her meat you have had her milk, and I tell you sir, the gives a poetic soap: now sir here is your money.

Vizuer. Hang beggerly knave, committ to me for a Cow, did I not blind her bought and sold for a peny, and was not thy bag to have paid yesterday? thou getst no Cow at my hand.

Poore. No cow sir, alas that woe no cow, goes as cold to my heart, as a draught of small drink in a frosty morning. No cow sir, alas, alas, P. Vizuer, what shall become of me, my wife, and my poor childe?

Vizuer. Thou getst no cow of me knave, I cannot stand prating with you, I must be gone.

Poore. Nay but hear you P. Vizuer, no cow, why sir here's your thirty shillings, I have paid you 18. pence a week, therefore there is reason I should have my cow.

Vizuer. What practis thou, have I not answered thee? thy bag is broken!

Poore. Why sir alas, my Cow is a common wealth to me, so, sir, sir, she allows me, my wife and sonne, so, to banquet our selves with all, butter, cheese, whey, curds, cream, fed milk, raw milk, sour milk, sweet milk, and butter milk, besides sir, she gave me every year a pen in almanakes, for her was as good to me as a Proclamation, if she had but let slip her tail and she gallant about the meade, my little boy was able to say, oh father there will be a horse: her very tail was a halter to me, now to lose my cow, alas P. Vizuer, take pitie upon me.

Vizuer.
A looking Glass for

Vuser. I have other matters to talk on, farewell fellowes.

Gent. Why but thou conceits charle, wilt thou not receiue the monie, and deliver me my recognizance?

Vuser. I can deliver them none, if I have borrowed thee, let the mends at the law.

Gent. And so I will infatiable pelant.

Poore. And sir, rather then I will put by this word no Cow, I will take my wines best goine to palome. I tell you sir, when the flame bisterd this word no Cow, it strike to my heart, for my wife that now have one to give for her turns againe, for indeed sir, she is a woman that hath her twibling strings broke.

Gent. What meanest thou by that fellow?

Poore. Harre sir, fromerence of your manhood, she breakes twyne behind, and indeed sir, when she sat inking of her Cow and let a fart, my other Coves would start at the noise, and kick downe the milke and away; but this Cow, sir the gentlest Cow, my wife might blow whilst the burt, and having such good conditions, shall the Wacry come upon me with no cow? Nay sir, before I pocket by this word no Cow, my wines foregone goes to the Lawye, why alasse sir, it is as ill a word to me, as no Cowe to a King.

Gent. Well fellow, go within, and he shall see to a Lawyer.

Poore. Harre and I will sir: so Cow, well the world goes hard.

Vuser. Where hatefull vulture
Is counted husbandrie,
Where mercilessly men rob the poore,
And the needle are thrust out of doore,
Where gaine is held for conscience,
And mans pleasures is all on pence,
Where yeoing Gentleman seft eat their lands
Through riots, into the Visitors hands:
Where poverie, & pittie banished
And mercy in deere vanished.
London and England.

Where men esteeme more of mony then of God,
Let that land looke to feele his wrathfull rod.
For there is no sin more odious in his sight,
Then where vfurie defraudes the poore of his right.
London take heede, these sins abound in thee:
The poore complaine, the widowes wronged bee.
The Gentlemen by subtiltie are spoilde,
The plough-men loole the crop for which they toild.
Six raignes in thee of London every houre,
Repent and tempe not thus the heavenly power.

Enters Remilia, with a traine of Ladies
in all royaltie.

Remilia, Faire Danae, yet handmaids unto Raine's love,
Tell me, is not my state so glorious.
As Junes pomp, when tyed with heavens displease,
Clad in her vestments, spott'd all with starrs?
She crost the bluer path into her love,
Is not Remilia far more beautious,
Rich with the pride of natures excellence?
Then Venus in the brightest of her shine,

ehares surpasseth they not Apollo's locks?
Are not my Tresses curled with such art,
As love delights to hide him in their faire?
With nine eye shin like the morning lamp,
That tells Aurora when her love will come?
Have I not storne the beautie of the heavens,
And plante it on the feature of my face?
Can any Gods: the make compare with me?

By, match her with the faire Remilia?

Alilda, The beauties that proud Paris saw from Troy,
Suffering in Ida for the golden ball,
Were not so gorgious as Remilia.
Remilia, I have trick my trimmels up with riches balm,
And made my perfections of the purest hyre:
The precious drugs that Egypt's wealtie affords,
A looking Gla\m, for

The costly painting fetch'd for curious Tyre,
Have mended in my face what nature left.
And is not the earth's wonder in my locks?
Alui. The wonder of the earth and pride of heaven.
Remilia. Look! Aluida's hair stands not amiss,
For women's locks are cradles of conceit,
Which do entangle lour for all his wiles.
Alui. 
And plaice the civil wanton ere you yield,
Smiting disdain of pleasures with your tongue,
Patting your princely Raffini on the cheek,
When he presumes to kiss without consent:
You marre the market, beauty nothwithstanding.
You must be proud, for pleasures hardly got,
Are sweet, if once attain'd.
Remilia. Faire Aluida,
Thy counsel makes Remilia passing wise.
Suppose that thou wert Raffini mightiest,
And I Remilia Prince of excellence.
Aluida. I would be master then of love and thee.
Remilia. S'love and me! Proud and disdainful king,
Dar'st thou presume to touch a Deity,
Before the grace with a yielding smile?
Aluida. Let my Remilia be not thou so coy.
Say nay, and take it.
Remilia. Careless and unkind,
Talk to Raffini to Remilia in such sort
As he did enjoy a humane forme:
Look on thy Love, behold mine eyes divine,
And dar'st thou twist me with a woman's fault?
Ah Raffini thou art rash to judge of me,
I tell thee Flora oft hath vowed my lips,
To lend a rose to beautify her spring,
The sea-Nymphs fetch their flowers from my cheekes.
Then thou unkind, and hereon would I wepe.
Alui. And here would Aluida resign her charge,
London and England.

For were I but in thought Th'Assyrian King,
I fain'd ush'd quite thy tears, with floods sweeter,
And crown'd a paragon with a friendly touch,
You know it Madam though I teach it not,
The touch I mean, you smile when as you think it.

Remi. How am I pleas'd to hear thy pitty plaint,
According to the hums of my minde?

Ah Nymphs, who fairer then Remilia?
The gentle winds have wove me with their sikes,
The crowning arc hath elcer'd when I did smile,
And when I trak upon the gralle,
Lone that makes warne the center of the earth,
Lift up his crest to hisse Remilas sote,
Ino still entertaines her amorous lone;
With new delights, for fear he looke on me,
The Phnnix feathers are become my Fame,
For I am beauties Phoenix in this world.

Shut close these Curtaines straight and shadow me,
For feare Apollo spie me in his walkes,
And come all eyes, to see Remilias eyes.

Nymphs, kneels, sing for Moses chariety high,
Hide me in Closur, let him long to looke,
For were a Goddes faire then am I,
To scale the heavens to pull her from the place.

They draw the Curtaines, and Musick plaies.

Aluida. Balsus me, tho' the say that she is fairest,
I think my pensive sinne by her leane.

Enter Rashi with his Lords in pomp, who make a
word about him, with him the Magi
in great pomp.

Rashi, Magi for love of Rashi by our Art,
By Magicke frame an Armour out of hand,
For faire Remilia to dispot her in.

Scene while, I will bethinke me on such a pomp.
Exit.
A looking Glasse, for

The Magi with their rods beate the ground, and from under the same riseth a braue Arbour; the King returneth in an other face while the Trumpets sounde.

Rafni. Blest be ye man of Art that grace me thus, And blessed be this day where Hymen sies, To joyn in union pride of heaven and earth. Lightning and thunder wherewith Remelia is strooken. What wondrous threatening noise is this I hear? What lashing lightnings trouble our delights? When I saw neare Remilia as royall Tent, I waking, dreamt of sorrow or mishap. Rada. Dread not the King, at ordinary chance, These are but common evolutions, Diatone from the earth, in substance hot and dry; Dry moist and thick, or Pateros combust, Patters and causes incident to time, In kindling in the fire region sick. Lat, be not now a Romane Angerer, Approach the Tent, look on Remelia. Rafni. Then hail confirm my doubts butke Radagon. Now ope ye fards where Duxens of favour sit. Carrying a Petit within her curled locks, Wherein the Graces are intangled oft: One like th' imperial gates where Phoebus sit. When as he means to love his Claria, Paternal care, ye blemishers of bliss, Cloud not mine eyes whilst I behold her face, Remilia my delight, she answereth not. He draws the Curtaines and findes her strooken with Thunder, blacke. How pale as it beate in fatal moves, The balmy breath hath left her bosome quite.
London and England.

By Hesperus: by cloudie death is bent,
Villaines away, fetch Sirrops of the Inde,
Fetch Balsamo the kind preferue of life,
Fetch wine of Greece, fetch siues, fetch herbes, fetch all
To fetch her life, or I will faint and die.

They bring in all these and offer, nought prevails.
Herbes, Driles of Inde, alasse there nought prevails.
What are the bay bright eyes, that made me weep,
Loch are the Jems of joy in dute of death,
Yet triumph I on fate, and he on her.

Pallacious mistress of inconstanee,
Dumb be thy name, that hath obscured my eye,
Kings, the cup, Princes, reare a royall tombe:
For my Remilia, bear she from my sight,
Whiles I in tears, wepe for Remilia.

They bear she out.

Rad. What makest Rahab move? Loss of one?
As if no more were left to faire as she?
Behold a saucie minion for the nonce,
Kisse Alida the Paphlagonian Queene,
Take her, and leave this weeping for the dead,

Rad. What was my subjects wife that honoureth me?
Rad. But, Kings this mean rum should not know.
Is she not faire? Is not her husband hence?
Take her at the hands of Radagon.
A pretie preste to drue your mourning away.

Rad. She smiles on me; A she is mine owne.
Will thou be Rahab, royall Paramour?

Rad. She blushing yelds content, make no dispute.
The King is sad, and must be gladded straight.
Let Paphlagonian King no mourne means, while:
With the King out, and so they Exeunt.

Of Sea. Pride hath his judgement, London look about,
Thou not enough in shew to be detected
A furie now from heauen to lands yknowne,
Hath made the Prophet speake, not to his owne.

C 3
A looking Glass, for

Elie wanted fle, this pride and vain attire,
The seven to set your tender hearts on fire.
Be faithfull in the promise you have past,
Elie God will plague and punish at the last.
When lust is hid in throude of wretched life,
When craft doth dwell in bed of married like.
Make but the Prophets, we that hardly shewes,
After death expect for many woes.

Enter the poore man and the Gentleman,
with their Lawier.

Gent. I see not this discourse unto you, the duty of Lawies in tendering the right cause of their Clients, nor the conserenies you are tied unto by higher command. Therefore talke the Lawyer hath done me wrong, you know the case, and good sir, I have strained my felse to give you your saw.

Lawier. Sir if I should any way neglect to manifest a truth, I were to be accused of open perjury, for the case is evident.

Poore. And true sir, for my case, if you help me not for my matter, why sir, I and my wife are quite undone, I want my mace of milke when I go to any woike, and my boy his bread and butter when he goes to schoole. Sir, Lawyer pitt me, for lately sir, I was faire to lay my wives best gowne to pay the your fees when I look upon it, sir, and saw how handsome it was: dalbed with flame lace, and what a faire mottoado Cape it had, and then thought how honestly it became my wife, truly the my heart is made of butter, it melts at the least perillation, fall in weeping, but when I thought on the two the lovers gave me, no Toto: then sir, I would have stript her unto her smocke, but I would make him deliure my Toto ere I had done, there was good Sir, Lawyer stand my friend.

Lawier. Trust me father, I will do so as much as for my felse.

Poore. Are you married Sir?

Lawier. I marry am I father.

Poore. Then gods Brinson light on you a poor good wife, and
London and England.

Lawier. Why what's thy wines disease?

Poore. Truly sir, she hath two open faults, and one private fault, for the first is, she is too eloquent for a poor man, and hath the words of Act, for she will call me Kinsman, Rogue, Runagate, Harlot, vagabond, Slave, and Bane. Why else sir, there be but holy day terms, but if you heard her working-day words, in such sir, she be rather like thunder sir, so, after the deluge follows a storm, so then am I sure either to be well buffeted, my face scratch'd, or my head broken, and therefore good sir, lawyer, on my knees I ask it, let me not go home again to my wife, with this word, no cow: so then thee will exercise her two faults upon me with all extremity.

Lawier. Fear not man, but what is thy wines private fault?

Poore. Truly sir, that's a thing of nothing, alas! the indue hereof shall be a reason of our mastership, both to break wind in her face, Oh sir, there comes the judge, and the old Catife the Clurier.

Enter the Judge, the Plaintiff, and his attendant.

Viler. Sir, here is sixe Angells for you, and if at any time you want a hundred pounds or two, is ready at your command, of the feedings of these sixe fat bullocks: whereas these sixe noble names can reward with nothing but a cap and a knoll, therefore I pray you sir, favour my case.

Judge. Fear not sir, He do what I can for you.

Viler. What matter Lawier, what make you here, mine adversary for these Clients?

Lawier. So it cannon, now sir.

Viler. I know you know the old Poore, he is not wise, that is not wise for himself, I would not be disgrace in this action, therefore here is sixe noble angels say nothing in the matter, and what you pay, say to no purpose, so the Judge is my friend.

Lawier. Let me alone, He fit your purpose.

Judge. Come, where are those fellows that are the plaintifiers, what can they say against this honest Citizen our neighbour, a man of godly respect amongst all men?

Poore,
A looking Glass, for

Poore. Sir, Judge, he is a man much spoken of, many every man's cries are against him, and especially we, and there-fore I think we have brought our Lawier to touch him with as much law as will fetch his lands and my Cowe, with a per-

ience.

Gent. Sir, I am the other plaintiff, and this is my counsell-
our, I beseech your honour be favourable to me in equity.

Judge. Of Signor Mizaldo, what can you say in this Gent-
man's behalf?

Lawier. Faith sir as yet little good, sir tell you your owne case to the judge, so I have so many matters in my head, that I have almost forgotten it.

Gent. As the winde in that doze why then my Lord thus: I take by of this cursed Ulter, so I may well tearne him, a commoditie of sixtie pounds, whereof I received ten pound in mony, and thirtie pound in late strings, whereof I could by great friendship make but due pounds: for the assurance of this bads commoditie, I bound him my land in recognizance, I came at my day and tendered him his mony and he would not take it, for the Kelley of my open wrong, I crave but justice.

Judge. What lay you to this sir?

Vuluer. That first, he had no late strings of me, for take you Sir, I have his owne hand to my books for recit of sixtie pound.

Gent. That was sir, but a deceit of him to colour the Stat-
ute.

Judge. Well he hath signe owne hand, and we can crave no more in law: but now Sir, he faires his mony was tendered at the day and houre.

Vuluer. This is manifest contrary sir, and on that I will de-
pole, so here is the obligation, to be paid between these and foure in the after houre, and the Clocke strowke foure before he offered it, and the two be betwene these and foure, therefore to be ten-
dered before seoure.

Gent. Sir, I was there before seoure, he held me with bab-
bling till the Clocke strike, and then for the seach of a minute he refused my mony, and kept the recognizance of my land for so small
London and England.

Small a trifle: God Signor Mizald speaks what is law, you have your se, you have heard what the case is, and therefore do me justice and right: I am a young Gentleman, and speak for my patrony.

Lawyer. Faith sir, the Case is altered, you told me it before in another manner, the law goes quite against you, and therefore you must plead to the judge for favour.

Gent. Unanswerable bivory.

Poore. Faith sir Judge, I pray you let me be the Gentleman Counsellour, so I can lay thus much in his defence, that the Usurer's Clocke is the Swiftest Clocke in all the Towne, just like a woman's tongue, it goes ever halfe an hour before the time; so when we were gone from him, other Clocks in the Towne struck four.

Judge, Haste thy prating fellow, and you young gentleman, this is my lord, take better another time both to your bargains and to your payments, so I must give that sentence against you: that for default of tendering the mony betweene the hours, you have forfeited your recognisance, and he to have the land.

Gent. Unanswerable injustice.

Poore. O monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten Judge.

Judge. Now you fellow, what have you to say for your matter?

Poore. Wilt thou Lawyer, I laye my wifes golde to payne for your fees, I pray you to this gire.

Lawyer. A male pore man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore I pray thee tell it thy selfe.

Poore. I hold my Taps to a noble, that the Usurer hath given him some gold, and he chewing it in his mouth, hath got a toothache that he cannot speake.

Judge. Well sircha, I must be short, and therefore say on.

Poore. Wilt thou Judge, I borrowed of this man thirty shillings for which I left them in pawn my good Cow, the bargain was, he should have eighteen pence a booke, and the Cowes milk for barley; now sir, alwone as I had gotten the mony, I bought it him, and broke but a day, and so that he refused his mony, and

D keipes
A looking Glass, for

keeps my Cowe Sir,

Judge. Why thou hast given sentence against thy selfe, so; in breaking thy selfe, thou hast left thy Cowe.

Poore. Waister Lavier, now for my ten shillings,

Lavier. Faith poore man, thy Case is so bad, I shall but speake against thea.

Poore. Where god then I should have my ten shillings again.

Lavier. This my se fellow for comming, wouldst thou have me come for nothing?

Poore. Why then am I like to goe home, not onely with no Cowe, but no goome; this geard goeth hard.

Judge. Well you have heard what favour I can shew you, I must do justice, come P. Mizaiddo, and you Sir, goe home with me to dinner.

Poore. Why but P. Judge, no cowe, P. Lavier no goome.

Then must I cleare run out of the Towne.

How where you gentleman, you crie no lands to, the Judge hath made you almight for a gentleman, that who you Sir John Lackland.

Gent. Drizable time wherein gold is above God.

Poore. Fear not man, I have yet a fetch to get thy lands and my cowe againe, so I have a some in the Court, that is either a King's a Kings fellow, and to him will I goe and complain on the Judge and the Waister both.

Gent. And I will go with thee and intreat him for my Case.

Poore. But how shall I goe home to my wife, when I shall have nothing to lay unto her, but no Cow, make Sir, my wives faults will fall upon me.

Gent. Fear not, lets go, I request her shall see.

Poore. The Judges hee, corruption in your Court.

The Judge of truth, hath made you judgement short.

Looke to judge, that at the latter day,

Ye be not judg'd with those that went astray.

Who pull'd judgement for his private gaine,

He well may judge, he is as judg'd to paine.
London and England.

Enters the Clowne and all his crew drunke.

Clowne. Farewell gentle Lapster, masters, as good ale as ever was tap, take to your fate, so; the ale is strong, well farewell gentle Lapster.

1. Ruffian. Why such a game, by heaven's maker, think I thou the wench louses thee hell, because the laugh on thee, give me but such an other word, and I will throw the pot at thy head.

Clowne. Spill no drink, spill no drink, the Ale is good, He tell you what, ale is ale, and so He commend me to you with hasty commendations, farewell gentle Lapster.

2. Why whereby peasant found then that the wench should bone me, Luke but on her, and let thrust my dagger in thy bosome.

1. Ruffian. Well farewell, that as that, and so tie take.

2. Why what am I <hi>.

1. Why what thou wilt, a slave.

2. When take that villain, and learn how to be me another tune.

1. Oh I am slave.

2. That's one to me, I care not, now will I in to my wench and call for a fresh pot.

Clowne. Nay but hear ye, take me with ye, for the ale is ale, cut a fresh toast Lapster, fill me a pot here is money, I am no beggar, He follow thee as long as the ale ... block for me, so I might have had a talk: well if we that have no Ale yet set me down, and so farewell gentle Lapster.

Here he falls over the dead man.

Enters the King, Almida, the King of Cilicia, and of Paphlagonia, with other attendant.

Rafni. What draughts to yetch lies bliving here his last.

So nare the royall pallass of the King, Search out if any one be bliving me.

That can discourse the manner of his death, State the faire Almida, the faire of faires,

Let not the strict one offend thine eyes,

1. Here are his here a sleep my Lord.

Rafni. Wake him, and make enquire of this thing.

Lord.
A looking Glasse. for

Lord. Sir, ha you hearest thou fellow?

Clowne. If you will fill a fresh pot, heres a penny, or else fare well gentle Tapster.

Lord. He is your Lord.

Rafni. Tis he spred with him, that Aluida may laugh.

L. Sir, ha you fellow, thor must come to the king.

Clowne. I will not do a straule of Whyke to day, for the ale is good ale, and you can ale but a peny for a pot, no more by the statute.

L. Villaine, heres the King, thor must come to him.

Clowne. The King come to an Ale-house, Tapster, fill me these pots, heres the King, is this he? Give me your hand sir, as good ale as ever was tap, you shall drink while your skin cracks.

Rafni. But hearest thou fellow, who kild this man?

Clowne. He tell you sir, if you did take the Ale, all Ninio had not such a cup of Ale, it floures in the cup sir, by my troth I sent eleven pence beside those rates of ginger.

Rafni. Answer me kauks to my question, how came this man downe?

Clowne. Dain, why ale is strong ale, this hup, I warrant you shall make a man well, Tapster ho, for the King a cup of ale and a fresh Toast, heres two rates more.

Aluida. Why good fellow the king taketh not of hynke, he would have the tell him how this man came deed.

Clowne. Dead nay, I think I am alive yet, and will drink a full pot ere night, but here pe, if ye be the wenche that did be drink, why so do your office, and give by a fresh pot, or if ye be the tapster's wife, why so, leach the glasse cleane.

Aluida. Yes, so drinke my Lord, there is no talking with him.

Clowne. Drink, nay then wenche I am not drink, that a fitten queane, so call me drinke, I tell thee I am not drink, I am a smith.

Enters the Smith, the Clownes master.

Lord. Sir, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

Smith. God save you master.

Rafni.
London and England.

Rafni. Smith canst thou tell me how this man came dead?
Smith. Nay it please your highness, my man here and a true
of them went to the ale-house, and came out to drink, that one
of them told another: and now sir, I am faine to leave my shop,
and come to fetch him home.
Rafni. Some of you carriage away the dead body, drunken men
must have their fits, and sirra Smith, hence with thy man.
Smith. Sirra you, rise come go with me.
Clowne. If I see shall have a pot of Ale, lets have it, heres mo-
ny; hold Lapser take my purse.
Smith. Come then with me, the pot stands full in the house.
Clowne. I am so; you, lets go, short an honest Lapser, while
drinke he pots ere we part.

Exeunt.

Rafni. Beautious, more bright then beautie in mine eyes,
Tell me faire twining, wants thou anything:
Contino within the these sole circle of the world,
That may make Aluida line full content.
Aluida. Nothing my Lord, for all my thoughts are please,
When as mine eyeeturlets with Rasnes light.
Entersthe King of Paphlagonia, male-content.
Rafni. Love how thy husband haunts our royal Courts,
How still his sight by days melancholy Copies,
Of Aluada, I am pasting passionate,
And wet with wrath and anger to the death;
Mars when he held faire Venus on his tire,
And saw the limping Smith come from his foaze,
Had not more deeper sooves in his brow,
Then Rafni batch to see this Paphlagon.
Alua. Content this sweet, he vale thy tozews straigt,
Red but the ease of all thy thoughts on me,
And if I make not Rafni blithe again,
Then say that women's fancies have no shits.
Paphla. Shamst thou not Rafni though thou beest a King,
Do thowde abillty in thy royal seate,
Art thou arch-ruler of great Ninuie.
A looking Glasse, for

Who shouldst recall in vertue as in state,
And wrong thy friend by keeping backe his wife,
Him that buttressed in the troops fell oft,
Chink Egypt, lusty, and proud Babylon,
Spending all blood to purchase thy renowne,
And is the guardian of my chaste,
Cried in this abusing of my wife?
Hark; her me, o I will from thy Courts,
And make discomfit of thy adulterous beds.
Raf, Why take her Paphlagon, reclaine not man,
So I do pride mine honoure more than love;
Hear Aluida go with thy husband home.
Alui, How dare I go, shamed with so deepe inuol,\nVengeance will settle within my husbands hart,
And when he hath me in the Court at home,
Then Aluida shall see revenge for all.
Rafni, What saith thine King of Paphlagon to this?\nThe heart of the doubt thy wife doth stand upon,
If she have done amiss it is my fault,
I pray the pardon and forget all.
Paphla, If that I meant not Rafni to forgive,
And quite forget the follies that are past,
I would not douchesse her presence in my Courts,
But the shall be my vaine, my love, my life,
And Aluida into her Paphlagon
And love, and more beloved then before.
Rafni, What sayst thou Aluida to this?\nAlui, That will be wine, it to my Lord the king,
And in a full carouse of Greeke and wine,
Drink the master of his deep revenge,
I will go home and love him againe.
Rafni, What answers Paphlagon?
Paphla, That what he hath requested I will do.
Alui, Go Damosell fetch me that sweete wine,
That stands within the Closet on the shelfe,
Poboze it into a standing bowl of gold,

But
London and England.

But on thy life take not before the king,  
Space hast, why is great Raffi melancholy thus?  
If promise be not kept, hate all for me.  
Here is the wine my Lord, first make him swear.  
Paphl. By Ninus's great gods, and Ninus's great king,  
My thoughts shall never be to wrong my wife,  
And thron here's a full carouse to her;  
Alui. And thron here's a kisse for thee;  
Now mail thy father doo thy Alvida.  
Paphl. Oh I am dead, obsurions of my breath,  
The poison is of two rivers sharp, effect,  
Curst be all adulterous queenes say I,  
And cursing so, poor Paphlagon both die.  
Alui. How have I not found the sorrows of my lord?  
Hase I not rid almost of the lores,  
What saith thou Raffi to thy Paramour?  
Raffi. That for this deep he beck my Alvida,  
In Senwall and in costly Sundaping;  
Bosom with Pearle and India Diamond,  
He cause great Eol pertime all his wondres,  
With richest myre and curious Amber grece,  
Come lovely minion, paragon of fairest,  
Come follow me sweet goddess of mine eye,  
And taste the pleasures Raffi will provide.  

Exeunt.

Oft a where scowdome raines, there another follows fast,  
As falling leaves before the winter blast,  
A wicked life, cursed up in endless crime,  
Hath no reward vnto the latter time.  
When Letchers shall be punyshite for their lust,  
When Princes plagued, because they are unwise  
Foresee in time, he warning bell doth towe,  
Subdue the flesh, by prayer to save the soule.  
London behold the cause of others wretch,  
And set the sword of justice at thy backe,  
Deferre not off, to morrow is too late,  
By night he comes perhaps to judge thy fate.
A looking Glasse, for

Enter Ionas Solus.

Ionas, From forth the depth of my imprisoned soul,
Steale you my sighes, tellise my paine,
Complie on wings of mine immortal tone,
By zealous prayers, unto the harrie thone:
By mercifull and just, thou dreadful God,
Where is thine arm to lay vengeancefull strokes
Upon the heads of our rebellious race?
Look Israel once that flourished like the vine,
Is barren laide, the beautifull increas
Is wholly spent, and irreigious scale
Incapable there where vertue was inthrone'd,
Ah lafe the while, the widow wants relief,
The fatherless is wronged by naked need,
Devotion fluxes in kinders of contempt,
Hypocrisie infects the holy Priest.

Ange cleave unto this, and come to those miscreeds,
Alone I walk to thinke upon the world,
And sigh to see the Prophet's to contemp'm,
Ah lafe contemp'm by cursed Israel.
Yet Ionas rest content, as Israels sinne
What causeth this, then mcle no more thereon,
But pray amends, and mend thy owne amisse.

An Angell appeared to Ionas.

Angel, Amithais sonne, I charge thee mcle no mase,
(If am) hath powere to pardon and correct,
Do that pertains to do the Lord's command,
Go girt thy loines, and haste thee quickly hence,
To Nininie, that mightie City wend,
And say this message from the Lord of heastes,
Preach unto them these tidings from the God,
Behold thy wicketstone hath tempted me,
And pierced through the ninefolds eyes of heamat.
Repent, or else thy judgement is at hand. The
London and England.

This said, the Angell vanisheth.

Jonas. Prostrate I lye before the Lord of Hostes,
With humble cares intending his bequest,
My honoured be I chous his great command,
Then Jonas must to Ninive repair,
Commanded as the Prophet of the Lord,
Great dangers on this journey to alwayt,
But dangers none where heaven's direct the course,
What should I done, I see, yea witness se,
How Israell shine, yet knows the way of truth,
And thereby grows the the by-word of the world,
How then should God in judgement be so strict?
Against those who never heard or knew his power,
To threaten bitter ruine of them all:
Should I report this judgement of my God,
I should incite them more to follow sune,
And publish to the world my countries blame,
It may not be, my conscience tells me no,
Ah Jonas wilt thou prone rebellious then?
Consider ere thou fall, what errours is,
By minde misgivings, to God will I see,
And by a while to Tharsus shape my course,
Until the Lord uncast his angry bowes.

Enter certaine merchants of Tharsus, a Master, and some Sailers

M. Come on byane merchants, now the wind both strewe,
And suettly blowes a gale at West, Southwest,
Our yards a crose, our anchoes on the pike,
What shall we hence and take this merry gale?
Mer. Sailers conve my bugetts strait abowd,
And we will recompense your paines at lust,
If once in safest we may Tharsus see,
Plowe feast these merry mates and thee.
M. Peace while content your selues with moly eates,
Our beds are bydes, our feasts are full of mirth.
A looking Glass for

When no pomp, we are the Lords of our
When princes live in care, we winke of glee.

Oh, proud scholars and the painters true,
To be our Lord, King in the lingering night,
The beauties of Arcanum we behold,
And though the Sailer is no booke-man here,
He knows more Art then ever booke-men read.

Sailor. In heavens well said, in honor of our trade,
Let's see the proude scholler sit his course
Or shift his times as Silly sailors do.
Then will we pay them praise, else never none.

M. Well spoken fellow in thine owne behalfe,
But let us hence, wind tarries none you loo,
And thee and time let slip is hardly got.

Sailor. March to the Haue men Marchants, I follow you.
Jonas. What doth occasion, further my desires,
I have companions fit to aid my flight,
Sailor Sir I pray, and heare a word or two.

M. Say on good friend, but briefly if you please,
By passengers by this time are aboard.
Jonas. Whither pretend you to imbarke your felues?
M. To Tharsus, sir, and here in Ioppa Haue
Our ship is spent and ready to depart.
Jonas. Say I have passage for my many there.
M. What not for many? pay ten silverings,
You are a welcome guest if so you please.
Jonas. Bold take chine hie, I follow thee my friend.
M. Where is your budget let me bare it sir.
Jonas. To one in peace, who saile as I do new,
Put trust in him, who succourth every want.

Exeunt.

Off. When Prophets new inspired, presume to force
And in the power of heaven to their conceits,
When feare, promotion, pride, or simony,
Ambition, subtil craft, their thoughts disguise,
Woe to the flocke whereas the shepheard's fold.
London and England.

For lo the Lord at vnavvares shall plague
The carelesse guide,because his flocks do stray:
The axe already to the tree is set,
Beware to tempt the Lord ye men of art.

Enters Alcon,Thrasibulus,Samia,
Cleiphon a lad.

Clefi. Potter,some meat els I die for want.
Samia. Ah little boy how glad thy mother would
Supply thy wants,but naked need denies:
The fathers lucrest portion in this world,
By blasphe and false decree is lost,
No charity within this City bides:
All for themselves, and none to helpe the poore.

Clefi. Father, shall Cleiphon have no reflete?
Aicon. Faith my boy, I must be flat with thee, we must see
upon porders now, As necessitie hath no law, A churls feest is
better then none at all,(b) other remedies have we none, except
the brother Radagoo helpe us.
Samia. Is this thy tender care to helpe our childe?
Hath nature arnide thy to no more remoule?
A cruel man breakte and pittilese:
Cone Cleiphon my boy, Ile beg for this.

Clefi. Oh how my mothers mourning mourns me.
Aicon. Say you shall say me interest for; getting the boy wife
before you carry him hence. Ah laste woman what can Aicon
do more? Ile pluck the belly out of my heart for; thy sweet Samia,
be not so waipith.

Samia. Ay silly man, I know thy want is great,
And foolishly I do craie where nothing is.
Vasce Alcon haste,make haste into our sonne,
Who since he is in favour of the king,
Say helpe this haplesse Gentleman and us.
For to regaine our goodes from tyrants hands.
This have patience Samia, straight your weale from heaven,
The Gods have raisd your sonne I hope for; this,
A looking Glasse, for

To succour innocents in their distress.

Enters Radagon, Solus.

Lo where he comes from the imperially Court,
Go, let's prostrate us before his fate.

Alcon. Nay by my troth, I see my some blessing, the crow, cha taught him his lesson to know his father, what sorts

Radagon, plait his how does he?

Rada. Will you disturb me not, I cannot slay.

Alcon. But some he helps you of that disease quickly, so I can hold thee, ask thy mother knowledge, what cunning I have to ease a woman, when a quaince of kindnesse come to save her ru-

Rada. Let me but claspe mine arms about her body and take my prayers in her bosome, and she shall be healed presently.

Rada. Traito, unto my Princely Paertie,
How dar'ft thou lay thy hands upon a king?

Samia. No Traito, Radagon, but true is he,
What hath promotion cleared thus thine eye,
To seone thy father when he visiteth thee?
Ah, lase my some beholde with rustfull eyes,
Thy parents wond of all their lusty beale,
By subtle meanes of Sillianie and guile,
The Judges cares are beasse and shut by close,
All mercie lasse, then he show in these plumes.
A patron to the mother to her paines,
Behold thy mother almost dead for love,
Succour us, that first did succour thee.

Rada. What succour me, fall callet hence anante.
Oo dotard pack, mow not my patience,
I know you not, things never like to low.

Samia, You know vs not, Oh Rada, you know,
What knowing by, you know your parents then,
Thou knowest this woman first brought the faith to light,
I know tree paps did foster thee my some.

Alcon. And I know he hath had many a piece of bread and cheese at my hands, as proud as he is, that know I.

Thracib. I wight no hope of succours in this place.
London and England.

Where children hold their fathers in disgrace.

Rada. Dare you enforce the surruces of revenge?
Within the braues of royall Radagon?
Wilt thou anent, hence begges with your batte,
What shall, why shipp ye you not these rogues away?
That thus disturb our royall peace.

Cleiphon. Mother I see it is a boundrous thing,
From base estate so to become a King:
For why mee thinke my brother in these sits,
Paucht got a kindeome, and hath lost his wits.

Rada. Yet more contempt before my roialtie;
Slaves fetch out tortures worse then Titius plagues,
And tearre their tongues from their blasphemenous heads.

Thrafi. He get me gone, the twoe began with griefe,
So hope remauns, come Alcon let vs wend.

Rada. Luer best you did, soe fearre you catch your bane.
Samia. Say Leart, I will haunt the to the death,
Ingratious sonne, unioed and peruerse,
He fill the heauens with echoes of thy pride,
And ring in every eare thy small regard,
That doest despite thy parents in their wants,
And breathing froth my soule before thy feet,
My curses still shall haunt thy hateful head,
And being dead, my ghost shall thy purtie.

Enter Ralsi King of Alpria attended on by his
sooth-fayers and Kings.

Ralsi. How now, what meane these outries in our Court?
Where ought should sound, but harmonies of heaven,
What maketh Radagon so passionate?
Samia. Justice, no King, justice against my soone.
Ralsi. Thy soone! what soone?
Samia. This cursed Radagon.
Rada. Dead Monarch, this is but a lunacie,
Which grieve and want hath brought the woman to,
What both his passion hold you every done?

Samia.
A looking Glass, for

Samia. Do politicke in time and wickednesse,
To impudent so to debase thy Prince.
Of Rafni, this same wondrous brought him forth,
This is his father, won with care and age,
This is his brother, poor unhappie lad,
And I his mother, though content'd by him,
With tedious toyle we got our little good,
And brought him up to school with mickle charge:
Lord how we joy'd to see his wardnisse,
And to our sakes we oft in silence said,
This youth when we are old may succour us,
But now preferd and liftet up by thee,
The quite destroy'd by cursed durtie,
By sometime me, his father, and this childe.
Cles. He placet the Serpent right, describ'd in Alope's tale,
That sought the father's death, that lately gave him life.
Alcon. Nay and please your maistri-ship, for prove he was my childe, search th' parish booke: the Clarke will swear it, his godfather's and godmothers can witnesse it, it cost me fortie pense in one and taken on the times at his christning. Hence proud king, thou shalt never more have my blessing.

He takes him apart.

Rafni. Say sooth in secret Radagon,
Is this thy father?
Rada. Dignificate he is,
I blushing, tell it to your Dames.
Raf. Why dost thou then continue him and his friends?
Rada. Because he is a base and abject waine,
My mother and her both beggarly,
Amate to be aided unto a King,
Shoul I that live on Rafnis countenance,
And march amidst his royall equipage,
Embrace my selfe to speake to such as they?
Were impious to impair the love
That mighty Rafni beares to Radagon,
I would your grace would quit them from your sight,
London and England.

That dare presume to looke on love compare,
Rafni. I like thy pride, I praise thy pollicie,
Such should they be that sit upon my Court.
Let me alone to answer (Radagon.)
Villaine odious traitors as you be,
That scandalize the honour of a King,
Depart my Court, you stales of impudence,
Unless you would be parted from your limmes,
So base for to intitle father-hood,
To Rafnis friend, to Rafnis favourite:
Rada. Hence begging scold, hence eature clogd with
On paine of death resign not the Court,
Was I concei'd by such a lenitive trull,
Dr brought to light by such a lump of dirt:
Go ye all here to the cart and spade,
Thou art untrue to looke upon a King,
Such false to be the father of a King.

Alcon. You may see, what a godly piece of wozke you
have made: have I taught you As mercy as additione multiplicare,
the rule of this, and all for the begetting of a boy, and to be
banished for my labour, Dittiful hearing, Come Cleophon follow me.

Cleoph. Brother beware, I oft have heard it told,
That sons and who do their fathers some, shall beg when they be

Exit: Alcon, Cleophon.

Radagon. Hence ballard boy, for seare you taste the whip.
Samia. Oh all you heaven, and you eternal powers,
That sway the sword of justice in your hands,
(If another cures of her sons contempt,
May fill the balance of your fire is full)
Pour down the tempest of your dire full plagues,
Upon the head of cursed Radagon.
Upon this prayer she departeth, and a flame of fire appeareth
from beneath, and Radagon is swallowed.
Do you are ill, now triumph Samia.  Exit: Samia.
Rafni.
A looking Glasje, for

Rai. What expulsing charme, or hateful bag,
Hath vanish'd the pride of my delight;
What to picture planets, or malevolent Conspring power, repining destitute,
Hath made the concave of the earth unclos'd,
And shut in ruptures, lonely Radagon;
If I be Lord commander of the clouds,
King of the earth, and Soueraigne of the seas;
What daring Saturne from his fierce devise,
Doth bathe these furious flames amidst my Court?
I am not chaste, there is more great then I,
What greater then Th'assian Satrapo's:
It may not be, and yet I feare there is,
What hath bereft me of my Radagon,
Soothsaier. Monarch and Potentate of all our Poes.
Muse not so much upon this accident,
Which is indeed nothing miraculous,
The hill of Sicily, yread Soueraigne,
Sometime in sodain, both concurate,
Whole flakes of fire, and spues out from below,
The smoakey bands that Vulcanus bellowers drave,
Whether by luwdes inclosed in the earth,
By fracture of the earth by riuers foace,
Such chances as was this, are often seen,
Whole cities sunke, whole countries dissolved quite,
They much not at the losse of Radagon,
But scolick with the dalliance of your lone.
Let clothes of purple set with studs of gold,
Embellished with all the pride of earth,
Be spred to A'huda to sit upon,
When thou like Mars courting the Dauncie of lone,
Shall trye away this melancholy fit.
Rai. The prose is good, and philosophicall,
And more, thy cunsmate plantable and sweete,
Come Lords, though Rai. intreats his Radagon,
Earth will regre't him many Radagos.
London and England.

And a tick to pate the Commune cruel.
The heart that mashes for want of Radagon.

When disobedience reigneth in the church,
And Princes cares by flattery be beguile.

When laws do pass by flattery, not by truth,
When falsehood warmeth both in old and youth.

When gold is made a god to wrong the poor,
And charity exiles from rich mens doore.

When men by wit, do labour to disproue,
The plagues of smal, sent downe by God above.

When great mens cares are stopp to good advice,
And apt to heare those tales that feed their vice.

Woe to the land, for from the East shall rise
A lamb of peace, the course of vanities.

The judge of truth, the paragon of the dull,
Who soone will lay presumption in the dust.

And give the humble poore their hearts desire,
And doom the worldlings to eternal fire.

Repent all you that have, for feare of plagues,
O London, this and more doth swarm the tree.

Repent, repent, for holy is the Lord de thy fee.

With trembling pray, and mend what is amisse.

The sword of justice drawn at hand.

O faire the Clowne and the Smiths witt.

Clowne. Why but heare ye mistress, you know a woman's eyes are like a pair of pattens set to take the leather in summer, and to drive away the cold in winter; so you may like your husband with the one eye, because you are married, and the with the other, because I am your man. Man, alack, think mistress to what is young love, like a fist to his to an old tagger, that once it doth fire, is as hardly quenched, as the bird Crocodil when out of her feast.

Note. Why Adam cannot a woman think but the man sleep, and can he not love, but the must crie about at the Crocodile.
A looking Glass, for

Adam, I love this as my wife, as that woman together in se-

rect.

Clowne. These words of yours, are like a for tale, placed in a gentlewoman's presence, which as it is light, so is gross and life.

By these words are no sooner spoken, than you offering a be-
rather of hEdge to your beloved persons; I desire you to avoid

on further acquaintance, to that distempered mind of

Wife. Alas, my husband comes; I was just going.

Clowne. Strike up the drum, and sing no more, but mind.

Smith. Sirrah you, and you husband, I shall take together. I have long suspected you, and now I am glad to misuse you to-

gather.

Clowne. True sir, and I am glad that I may do you any great pleasure, either in helping you or my mistress. And therefore W

Smith. Stay here, and now you shall know it. That I shall have you both before the great court, and there have you surely

punished.

Clowne. Why then master you are jealous!

Smith. Jealous husband, how can I be but jealous, in those two -
er so familiar together; you are not only content to think you-

my gods but to abuse my wife, who is in her bed, and nobody.

Clowne. Two great qualities, jealousness and love here, but master are you jealous? I think I have enough in my wife.

Smith. I know, and now shall know: here I go, so I shall

be wendye this while this rope will hold.

Wife. O good husband, what harm is he never proffered

you any wrong, nor did you never offer to her? W

Smith. Nay, whose, thy part shall not be looking well.

Clowne. Why suppose master; I have offended you, if do you

tell for the master to beate the servant for all offenses, and the

Smith. I may to be known.

Clowne. Therefore let me wendye.

Smith. When master but I prove by judick word seeing all

sins are to receive correction, the master is to be corrected of

the man, and let I pay you, what greater sin is, then jealously; it

is like a mad dog that by anger bites himself. Therefore that

I may do my duty to you good master, and to make a shite.
London and England.

Some of you, shall see these jealousy out of you; as you shall love me the better while you live.

Smith. What beast thy master knowe'st.
Clowne. What beast thy master knowe, and I master, and double beast thou knowest, because you are a man of credit, and therefore have at you, the fairest of some pence.

Smith. Make wife, help, help, thy man kills me.
Wife. Nay, yet as you have bade, so hue, jealousy must be dyien out by extremities.

Clowne, and that will I do, mistress.
Smith. Hold thy hand Adam, and not only I forgive and forget all, but I will give thee a good farre to live on.

Clowne. Be gone Peasants, out of the company of my further bawl, for I am a creature of vice, and at night I will bring home my mistress,

Smith. Even when you please, good Adam.
Clowne. When I please, martheth words, is a leave, pardon, to have and to hold, thou shalt be mine for ever, and so let us go to the ale-house.

Enter the Merchant of Thames, the M. of the ships, London, with them the Governor, and

Gouer. Iop. What strange encounters meet you on the sea? What thus your Bark is battered by the floods, and you return thus wet-worket as I see.
A Looking Glass for

Mr. Pop Wright's Governor: the Champion Strange,
The Tidings full of wonder and amaze,
Which better than we can, or can report.
Governor, all our curse to all the accident.

Mr. The faire Triones with their glittering light
Shall at the rate of clear Rosesshine, pained
And in the wanty distinguishing the hours,
The Lady. Fare of our course did part his clear,
When to the seas with blithfull western blauts,
We sail again, and let the bowling flee,
The steers did with ten leagues from night of snaith,
But to an hoard of blacke and table cloudes,

Can to eclips Lucius fluer face,
And with a running note how to the South,
A gust of twiue did raise the billowes up,
Then counter to the rates with specie sound.
And took our dollars from our bonnets straight,
They setted our bonnets from our coques,
Our topcoate did our spirits, in
But surely strive they that resist the heavens.
For loe the shem in side their hope and hope,
Mounting with hauing searing from the depth
Our Barke is over by intoxicating element,
And lively tende by breaking of the shone,
The steers man pale and carefully borne,
Yielding the trump of life and satie tide,
Will all at once: a must fail to tell
Our fates went lovely by a bitter hail,
Our ruber broke and we bereft of hope.

There might you fed with pain and paine laked
The dead in thought, and sole in heaven
Their eyes and hands into their Countries Gods,
The gods we call in bowells of the sea,

A talice to sing an happy song,

Only alone gamma stank,
A passenger, did under his head,
London and England.

And kept secure, when we set course to praise;
How I awake, and say, why numberless thou?
Rise and pray, and call upon thy God,
He will perhaps in little make an end.
Then call to him to know by what name.
Our iniquity come, according to the guilt.
And loe the lot did into Jonas fell,
The Israelite of whom God you last,
Then question do his Country and his name.
Who answered do, I am and Petrus bome.
Who fear the Lord of Heavens, who made the seas,
And fled from him do, which we all are plagued.
So to allwage the fury of my God,
Take me and cast my carcasse in the seas.
Then shall this dumb brute and fellow cease.
The heauens they know, the Hobbes God can tell.
Now loth we were to secure his will,
But when no Dares no labour might continue.
We heare the hallowed Jonas once, bound.
So cast the Trojan, and entered all the sea.
And we by strength of oares recovered hire.

Gover. A wondrous chance of mighty consequence.

Mer. Ah honoured be the God that wrought the same.
For we have bode that God his wrong he took.
To cast away prophesied Japhania.
And count the Hebrews God the angle God.
To him this offering of the purest gold.
This miracle and Calixt first I do yield.

M. And on his alters pursue their Etrus clothes.
This gatemyself and med the sacrifice.
Sailer. To him my heart and thoughts I will offer,
Then suffer to most mightis Governor,
Within your Temples to do sacrifice.

Gover. You men of Tharcs following,
Who sacrifice unto your God of heaven,
And welcome fl. and to Joppas Governor.

Exeunt Sacrifice.

[Signature]
Osea. If warned once, they brimble, thou repent, And at the first their error dost repent. What stolent bees dote dull in their hive, Are they whom long perillations cannot winne. Beware ye western Cities, where the word Is daily preached both at church and boord. Where printeth the Gospell both maine. Where Preachers for your good themselves do praine, To daily long, and still protest the tide, The Lord is still, and you but dull and lime. Pretend not tardy, say not to amend; Who suffereth long, will punish in the end. Call thy account to London in this case. Then judge what cause thou hast to call for grace.

Ioas the Prophet cast out of the Whales belly upon the stage.

Ioas, Lord of the great, thou maker of the sea, Behold thy hands of mercy receas me up, Loe from the prophets bowels of this sea, Thou hast returnd me to the mov'd sea, Loe here appearant vincible of the powers, The proud German that hurst the seas, And from his nothils homer out to my bowels, Whose backe recalls the tempest of the waves, Whose presence makes the leale tempest to change, With humble knees of his hand opened chappars, Hath lent the harbour in the rugged bowels, Thus though my fin hath borne me down to brack, Whys mercy hath crouzled me to life. Bowd ye my knees, and ye my balefull eyes, Weep to for grief, as you to water would. In trouble Lord, I called unto thee, Out of the belly of the whale I spake. I arose, and thou didst hear my voice.
London and England.

This thou hast cast me aspere into the deep,
The seas and floods that compass me about,
I thought: I was yet cast from out the sight,
The waves were about my streched head,
I went unto the bottom of the hills.
But thou O Lord have brought me up.
On this I thought when as oneoute had joined
My prayers and press before the increas seas.
Then will I pay my bowes unto the Lord.
For why, salvation commeth from his throns.
The Angel appeared.

Angel, I say, unto Nineue,
And preach to them the preachings that I had.
Haste this to set the will of heaven performd.

Depart Angel.

Jonas, I know I am not to do the will.
What coast is this, and where am I set in.
Whoso sent thee, do as thine is command to.
Wearing the walls of houseto Nineue.
Whereas these bundo atimes to tempt the heauen.
Faire are the walls which of holy.
But to the fumes, have placed through the fountains.
Here will I enter boldly, since I know
My God command, whose power no power resists.

Seven. You Prophets learn by Jonas how to live.
Repent your sinnes, whilst he doth warning give.
Who knowes his matters, and standeth in grace.
Shall suffer many stripes till well I wot.

Enter Aluida in rich attire, with the King of
Cilicia her Ladies.

Aluida, Ladies go fit you downe untill this bowess,
And let the Sunics plate you all a sleepe.
But garland make of smuts on your heads.
A Looking Glass for
And plain the wanton, whom I name a lovely
Lady, who beautifieth all the world she is in.

Auid. King of Galicia! haste and contents.
Like to thy self, became a lovely king.
Come lay the duvet upon thy shoulders
And I will sing and wake thee to rest.

King Gil, that gention Paragon of excellence,
It fits not such an abode Prince as I,
To wake with Rakes Paramount and lone.
A. To wake sweet friend, who would not wake holy
Oh be not coy, art thou not lovely
Come twine thine arms about this noble white neck,
A lover-neck for the great Almian King,
Blushing I'll be thy true Galician Prince,
None but thy self can merit such a grace.
K. Ci. I say, I hope you mean not less to much me!
A. No king, fair king, my meaning is to wake thee.
Hear me but sing of love, and by thy tresses,
My tears, my heaving bosom, my changes thence,
Thou shalt perceive how I do hold thee dear.

K. Ci. Sing as thou delightest, feel my heart thereby.

Auid. Say, I will love, and sing as I may tell.

Beautie alone, where wilt thou borne?
Thus to hold my self in check?
When as beautie and to wood thee,
Thou by Beautie dost undo me.

Higho, despite me not.

I and thou in tooth are one,
Fairer thou, fairer none.
Wanton thou, and wilt thou wanton
Yeeld a cruel heart to plant on?

Do me right and do me reason.
Cruelie is cursed treach'rous.

Higho, and yet he cies me nor. King.
London and England.

King.  Would your song is palling passionate.
Alui.  And will you not then pitie my estate?
King.  Ask love of them, who pitie may impart.
Alui.  I ask of the sweet, thou hast stole my heart.
King.  Your love is fixed on a greater King.
Alui.  But women's love is to a feeble thing.
I love my Rafni for my dignifie,
I love Cilician King for his sweete eye.
I love my Rafni since he rules the world,
But soon I love this hingy little world.  
Thus would I kiss my love at enrie becke.
Embrace him.
Thus would I wish to see the sweetly face,
And if thou wakst not love, thus would I wepe,
And thus, and thus, and thus: thus much I love thee.

King.  For all these voixes, beshow me if I prove you:
My faith unto my king shall not be fal'd.
Alui.  God Loyd how men are cag when they are crau'd.
King.  Pardon, behold our king approacheth me.
Alui.  Thou art Endimion, then no more, heigho for him I die.

Faints.  Point at the king of Cilicia.

Enter Rafni, with his Kings and Lords.

What ailes the Center of my happinesse,
Whereon depends the heauen of my delight?
Thine eyes the motors to command my world,
Thy hands the atier to maintaine my world.
Thy smiles, the prints, and spand-side of my world,
Thy frownes, the winter to afflige the world.
Thou Queene of me, I king of all the world.

Alui.  My feeble eyes lift up and look on him. She riseth as our
Is Rafni here?  Then suppose no more paine heart, (of a trance.

Kiss.
A looking Glass, for

Oh how I sighed when I wanted thee

(Embrace him)

How fair am I, now I may look on thee?

How glorious is my Raffi! how divine?

Cunninge play summers to praise his deities:

He is my love, and I his true am.

Raffi. Sun-bright, as in the eye of summers day.

When as he futes Spenser all in gold,

To love his Leda in a swan-like shape.

Semply as Galbocia for the white:

Rose-coloured, jolly, lovely, bonbon kind.

Be from the laboratory to tangle love,

Whilst I command the crowsne from Venus bitt.

And pull Oonis girdle from his loines,

Enchaff with Caribickles and Diamonds:

To beautifie faire Aluida my love.

Play Cunnice, sing in honour of her name:

Yet look not slant upon her loveling eyne.

For she is faire Lucina to your King,

But fierce Medusa to your safer eye.

Alui. What if I slept, where should my pillow be?

Raffi. Within my bosome, Simph, not on my knee,

Sleep like the smiling purtie of heaven,

When midst love is load to blend the peace,

Peace, while the blame shall from thy breach arise.

And while these closures of thy lamp be shut,

He soule may have his peace from fancies warre.

This is my Morane, and I her Cephalus,

Take not to lose swete Simph, my love is tooone:

Carries, why slate your stains, why tempt you me?

Enter the Priest of the sun, with the mitres upon

their heads, carrying fire in their hands.

Priest. All hail, brave Theslian helme.

Raffi. Priestes who presume you to disturb my peace?

Priest. Raffi, the deities disturb thy peace.
London and England.

Behold amidst the abodes of our Gods,
Our mightie Gods the patrons of our chase.
The ghost of dead men sounding walks about,
Crying Ve, Ve, woe to this City woe.
The statues of our Gods are工作组 down,
And screams of blood our ears do affright.
Alinda. Ah-laste my Lord, what tidings do I hear?
Shall I be slaine?

She starteth.

Rafni, who tempted Alinda?
Go break me up the baying vallies of dreams,
And bind me curing Morpheus in a chaine,
And fetter all the fancies of the night,
Because they do disturb me Alinda.

A hand from out a cloud, threateneth a burning word.
K. Cili. Behold a-peat Prince, a burning sword from heaven,
Which by a threatening arrow is quenched.

Rafni. What am I threatened then amidst my champaign?
Sages, ye Sages speake: what meaneth this?

Sages. There are but clammy exhalations,
Directly, combinations of the airs,
D: oppositions of the greater lights,
D: radiantious finding matter fit,
That in the starrie sphere be kindled be,
Matters betokening dangers to the sikk,
But peace and honour to my Lord the King.

Rafni. Then frolickke Nyeross, kings potentates,
Write all vaine fancies from your noble minde,
Praygo and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,
Where Alinda and I, for peace and gold,
Still quaffe unto our Nobles, richest wine,
In sight of fortune, fate, of delitue;

Exeunt.

Ofear. Woe to the graine of womens foolish lust,
In wedlocke sights that yeeld but little fruit.
A looking glass for

That vow to one, yet common be to all,
Take warning wantons, pride will have a fall.
Woe to the land, where warnings profit nought,
Who say that nature, God's decrees hath wrought.
Who build on fate, and leave the corner stone,
The God of Gods, sweete Christ the only one.
If such escapes & London reigns in thee,
Repent, for why each sin shall punisht be.
Repent, amend, repent, the hour is nay,
Defer not time, who knowes when he shall die?

Enters one clad in diceuls attire alone.
Longer lines a merry man then a sad, and becase I meant to make my selfe pleasant this night, I have put my selfe into this attire, to make a Clostone afraid, that comes this way. So of late there have appeared many strange apparitions, to the great fear and terror of the Citizens. Oh here my young master comes.

Enters Adam and his mistresse.

Adam. Fear not mistresse, the seeing you safe home, is my mistresse crowne, then will I stipe and care, and if all be not well then, why then to morrow more, put out mine eyes clean with festive pound.

Wife. Oh but Adam, I am afraid to walke to late because of the spirits that appear in the Citi.

Adam. What are you afraid of spirits, armes as I am, with Ale and Putnaggs, turne me loose to all the diceuls in hell.

Wife. Mistresse Adam, Adam, the diceule, the diceule.

Adam. The diceule mistresse desire you for your safeguard, let mee alone, the diceule and I will deale well enough, if bee have any honestie at all in him, Ie either win him with a smooth tale, or else with a toasf and a cup of Ale.

The Diceule sings hект.

Diceule. Oh, oh, oh, faine would I bee,
If that my kingdom fulfilled I might bee.
Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Clowne. Surely this is a merry diceule, and I believe he is
London and England.

one of Lucifer's Pindrels, hath a sweet voice, now surely, surely, he may sing to a pair of Congs and a Bag-pipe.

Duell. Oh thou art he that I seek for.

Clowne. Spiritus sanctus, away from me, Satan, I have nothing to do with thee.

Duell. Oh blaine thou art mine.

Clown. Nominus patris, I bless thee from this, and I conjure thee to tell me who thou art.

Duell. I am the spirit of the dead man that was slain in thy company when we were drunken together at the Ale.

Clown. By my faith sir, I cry you mercy, your face is so changed, that I have quite forgotten you; well matter diuell we have told over many a pot of ale together.

Duell. And therefore must thou go with me to hell.

Clowne. I have a politic to shift him, for I know he comes out of a hole place, and I know myself; the Smith and the diuell hath a die tody in his head, therefore will I leave him asleep, and run my way.

Duell. Come art thou ready.

Clowne. Faith sir, my old friend, and now good man diuell, you know, you and I have beena' that many a pot of ale, your nose is grovne very rich, what say you, will you take a pot of ale now at my hands, hell is like a Smiths forge full of water, and yet euer a thrust.

Duell. No Ale villain, spirits cannot drinke, come get up on my backe, that I may carrie thee.

Clowne. You know I am a Smith sir, let me take whither you be well told; no, so if you want a shoe, a remone, or the clinching of a nail, I am at your command.

Duell. Thou hast never a shoe fit for me.

Clowne. Why sir, we have honest beasts as well as you, Oh God Lord, let me sit downe and laugh, hath never a clowen so, a diuell quoth he, let us spiritus sanctus, nor nominus patres no more to him, I warrant you, he do more good upon him with my cudgel, now will I sit me downe and become Justice of peace to the diuell.
A looking Glasse for

Dinell, Come art thou readie?  
Clowne, I am readie. And with this cudgel I will comfine this.  
Dinell: By hevp the hand, thou kill me, thou kill me.  
Clowne, Then may I count my selfe I think a tall man, that am able to kill a dinell. Now who dare deale with me in the pa-

rish, or what toth in Ninuie will not love me, when they see, there goes he that beat the dinell.

Enters Thrafibulus.

Thrafi. Loathes is the life that now intoz'd I lead,  
But since necessitie will hau me to,  
(Necessitie it doth commanede the Gods)  
Through every cost and souer now I plie.  
To pilfer what I can to buie me meate.  
Here have I got a cloake not over old,  
Which will afforde some little sustenance,  
Now will I to the brouking Esurrer,  
To make exchange of ware for ready coin.

Alcon. Wilt bid the trumpets sound a priz, a price, mark the pote, I cut this from a new married towfe, by the help of a houre stonbke and a knife, fire thillings soure pine.

Suia. The better lucke ours, but what have we here, call appa-

raile! Come away man, the Esurrer is neare, this is dead ware, let it not bive on our hands.

Thrafi. Here are my partners in my poverzie,  
Induz'd to seake their fortunes as I do.  
Ah-layse that fewe men shoude possesse the wealth,  
And many soules be forz'd to beg or steale.

Alcon well met.

Alcon. Fellowe beggar whither now?  
Thrafi. To the Esurrer to get gold on commoditie.

Alcon. And I to the same place to get a bent for my billan,  
be where the old crust comes, let vs salute him, God spie sir, may a man abuse your patience upon a patrone?

Viurer.
London and England.

Vturer. Friends let me see it.
Alcon. Ecce signum, a faire doublet and hose, now bought out of the pilferers shop, a handsome cloak.
Vturer. How were they gotten?
Thrase. How catch the pilot-men as thou take them as you think them worth, we leave all to your conscience.
Vturer. Honest men, toward men, good men, my friends, like to prove good members, be me, command me; I will maintain your credits, there's money, now spend not your time in idleness, bring me commodite, I have crowns for you, there is two shillings for thee, and six shillings for those.
Alcon. A bargain, now Samia have it for a new smocke, come let us to the spring of the best liquor, whilst this lasts, thrice.
Vturer. God fellowes, true fellowes, my companions, farewell, I have a pot for you.
Samia. She could spare it.

Enters to them Jonas.
Repet ye men of Ninivie, repent,
The day of judgement comes.
When greedy hearts shall glut be with fire,
When as corruptions Baizd, shall be unmaskit.
When pilferies shall be repaid with bane.
When who; edoms shall be repomped in hell.
When riot shall with rigor be rewarded.
When as neglect of truth, contempt of God,
Disdaire of wise men, fatherless and sick
Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.
Repet ye men of Ninivie, repent.
The Lord hath spoke, and I do crie it out.
There are as yet, but tostie baiies remaining,
And then shall Ninivie be overthowe.
Repet ye men of Ninivie, repent.
There are as yet but tostie baiies remaining,
And then shall Ninivie be overthowe.
A looking Glasse for

Vir. Contemned in thought, oh whither shall I go? (Exit.)
Thres. My conscience cries that I have done amiss. (Exit.)
Alcon. O God of heaven, grant they have I offended. (Exit.)
Samia. Alas! my master, where shall I hide me? (Exit.)
Cles. Father me thinks this sword repent is good,
He that punish disobedience,
With hold a course for every princely fault. (Exit.)

Ofeas. Look London looke, with inward eyes behold,
What lessons the events do here unfold. (hold,
Sinne growne to pride, to misery is thrall,
The warning bell is rung, beware to fall,
Ye worldly men whom wealth doth lift on hie,
Beware and fear, for worldly men must die,
The time shall come, where least respect remains,
The sword shall light upon the wisest brains,
The head that decrees to over-top thekie,
Shall perish in his humane politic.
Lo I have said, when I have said the truth,
When will is law, when folly guideth youth,
When shew of zeale is prankt in robes of zeale,
When Ministers powle the pride of common weale?
When Law is made a labyrinth of strife,
When honour yelds him friend to wicked life,
When Princes heare by others cares their follic,
When V fury is most accounted holy.
If these should happen wold to God they might not,
The plague is neere, I speake although I write not,

Enters the Angell.

Angell. Ofeas.
Ofeas. Lord.
Angell. How hath these eyes perceived these hairous fins,
Dastfull unto the mightie Lord of Hostes,
The time is come, their times are wornen ripe,
And though this Lord freewarnings yet they repent not.

Curtain
London and England.

Custom of sinne hath hardened all their hearts,
Now comes revenge armed with mightie plagues,
To punish all that live in Ninivie,
For God is just, as he is mercifull,
And double plagues all such as come repent,
Then shall not see the desolation.
That falleth unto these cursed Ninivites,
But shall returne to great Hierusalem,
And preach unto the people of thy God,
What mightie plagues are incident to sinne,
Unlesse repentance mitigate his ire:
Which in the spirit as thou wert bitterly brought,
He seate thee in Judeas provinces,
Fear not Oseas then to preach the word,
Oseas, The will of the Lord be done,
Oseas taken away.

Enters Rafni with his Viceroyes, Aluida and
Ladies, to a banquet.

Rafni. So Viceroyes you have pleasure mee passing
These curious cates are gratious in mine eye, (well,
But these Vapichous of the richest wine,
Make me to think how blysthome we will be.
Seate the faire Juno in the roylall throne,
And I will serve thee to see thy face,
That feeding on the beautie of thy looks,
My homakke and mine eyes may both be fill.
Some Lodings seate you, fellow mates at feast,
And frolische wags, this is a day of gle,
This banquet is so blysthome Aluida.
He have them thinkt my standing bottle of wine,
And no man drinke, but quaffe a full carouse,
Unto the health of beautifull Aluida.
For who so richly from this feast not drinke,
As I am Rafni, Ninivies great King,
Shall die the death as traitors to my selfe,
A looking Glass, for

For that he claims the health of Aluida.

K. Cili. That will I never do my Lord.

Therefore with favour, fortune to your grace,
Carouse unto the health of Aluida.

Rafni. Orameric Lord, here I take thy pledge.

And Creete to this a bottle of Crewhith towe,
Here to the health of Aluida.

Creete. Let come my Lord, Iack clinkker till it fall.

I pledge unto the health of heavenly Aluida.

Rafni. Master attendant on our royal feast,

Drink you I tap unto my lurers health,

Let none that is in Rafnes royal Court,

Do this night safe and sober to his bed.

Enters the Clowne.

Clowne. This way he is, and here will I speake with him.

Lord. Fellow, whither proceedst thou?

Clowne. I presume no bodie sir, I am going to speake with a
friend of mine.

Lord. Why slaine, here is none but the king and his Vic-
crpes.

Clowne. The King, marry sir he is the man I would speake
withall.

Lord. Why call him a friend of thine?

Clowne. I marry so sir, for if he be not my friend, he make
him my friend, ere he and I passe.

Lord. Away vassale be gone, thou speake unto the king.

Clowne. I marry will I sir, and if he were a king of velue, I
will talke to him.

Rafni. What is the matter there, what noise is that?

Clowne. A bone my Liege, a bone my Liege.

Rafni. What is it that great Rafni will not grant

This day, unto the meanest of his land?

In honour of his beautious Aluida?

Come hither Traine, what is it that thou canst?

Clowne. Faith sir nothing, but to speake a few sentences to
your worship.
London and England.

Rafni. Say, what is it?

Clown. I am sure sir you have heard of the spirits that walk in the City here.

Rafni. I, what of that?

Clown. Truly sir, I have an occasion to set you one of them, and this it is.

Alui. Why do not you forward with thy tale?

Clowne. Faith mistress, I feel an imperfection in my voice, a dissonance that often troubles me, but alas! easily mended, a cup of ale, or a cup of wine, will serve the turne.

Alui. Fill him a bowle, and let him want no drinke.

Clowne. D what a precious word was that, and let him want no drinke. Well sir, now I tell you for thy tale, sir as I was coming amongst the post-ruale of Ninioe, there appeared to me a great diuell, and as hard savoured a diuell as ever I saw: say sir, he was a cackold diuell, so he had horses on his head. This diuell, mark you now, preseth upon me, and sir indeed, I charged him with my pile staffe: but when that would not serve, I came upon him with fyrts fants, why it had bin able to have put Lucifer out of his lists, when I sawe my charne would not serve, I was in such a perplectrie, that the penny-worth of Juniper would not have made the place twice against.

Alui. Why fellow wert thou so afraid?

Clowne. Dh mistress, had you beene there and seen, his very sight had made you sit a clean slime, I promise you that when I were a man, and counted a tall fellow, yet my Lande-esse caude me stoulently baine the next day.

Rafni. A pleasant tale, so forward sirra, or with thy tale.

Clown. Faith sir, but I remember a word that my mistresse your bed-fellow spake.

Rafni. What was that fellow?

Clowne. Dh sir, a word of comfort, a precious word: and let him want no drinke.

Rafni. Her word is lawe: and thou shalt want no drinke.

Clowne
A looking Glass, for Cloane. Then Sir this diuell came upon mee, and would not be persuaded, but he would needs carrye me to hell, I proffered him a cup of Ale, thinking because he came from so hotte a place, that he was thirsty, but the diuell was not desit, and therefore the more Acry was I, well, there was no remeide, but I must with him to hell, and at last I cast mine eye aside, if you knew what I spied, you would laugh, for I looked from top to toe, and he had no clouen feete. Then I ruffled up my hair, and set my cap on the one side, Sir grew to be a justice of peace to the diuell. At last in a great fume, as I am very cholericke, and sometime so hotte in my lustin fumes, that no man can abide within twenty yards of me, I start vp, and so bombald the diuell, that Sir he cried out, and ranne away.

Alui. This pleasant knave hath made me laugh my Rani, now Alaida begins her quaff, (full.) And dinkes a full carouse unto her king.

Rani. I pledge my love, as heartie as great love Dunke, when his Iuno heare d a bowle to him.

Frolick my Lord, let all the standers walke.

Why it till every man hath taken his load. (you?)

How now sirsha, what there? we have no words of Clown. Truly Sir, I was in a byrane study about my mistresse.

Alui. About mee, for what?

Clowne. Trule mistresse, to thinke what a golden sentence you did speake; all the philosophers in the world could not have said more, what come let him want no dinkes. Oh wise speech.

Alui. Villaines, why thinke you not bene this fellow?

He makes me blyth and merry in my thoughts.

Yeard you not that the king hath given command, what all be dunke this day within his Court,

In quaffing to the health of Alaida?

Entert Ionas.

Ionas. Repent, repent, ye men of Ninuiie repent.

The Lord hath spoken, an I do crie it out,

There are as yet but sotie vales remaining,

And then shall Ninuiie be ouerthrone.
London and England.

Repent ye men of Ninive, repent.
Rafni. What fellow is this, that thus disturbs our sheets, With outcries and alarums to repent?

Clowne. Oh sir, is one godman Ionas that is come from Le-richo, and surely I think her hath some some spirit by the way, and is fallen out of his wits, so he never leaves crying night nor day, my master heard him, and he shut by his shop, gave me my Indenture, and he and his wife do nothing but talk and pray.

Ionas. Repent ye men of Ninive, repent.
Rafni. Come hither fellow, what art, from whence commest

Ionas. Rafni, I am a Prophet of the Lord, (thou?)

Sent hither by the mightie God of hostes,
To cry destruction to the Ninivites,
O Ninive, thou harlot of the world,
I raise thy neighbours round about thy bounds,
To come and see thy destruction and sinne.
Thus saith the Lord, the mightie God of hostes,
Pour King loves chambering and wantonesse,
Who sedome and murder do distaine his Court,
He favourly courteous and jushen men.
Behold therefore all like a trumpet soul,
Thou shalt be indig'd and punished for thy crime:
The soe shall pierce the gates with iron rampes,
The fire shall quite consume thy from above,
The houses shall be burnt, the Infants blame.
And women shall behold their husbands die.
Thine eldest Sister is Lamana.
And Sodome on thy right hand seated is.
Repent ye men of Ninive, repent.
The Lord hath spake, and I do eie it out.
There are as yet but soxie daies remaining,
And then shall Ninive be ouerchzowe.

Exit. Offered.

Rafni. Sake Prophet, sake.
Ionas. Disturbe not him that sent me,
Let me perfume the message of the Lord.

Exit. Rafni.
A looking Glass, for

Rafni, My soule is buried in the hell of thoughts.
Ah Aluid, I looke on thee with shame.
My Lords on sodaine fire their eyes on ground,
As if dismayd to looke upon the heauens.
Hence Magi, who haue flattered me in sinne.

Exit. His Sages.

Hagro, of minde, disturbance of my soule,
Paketh me agast, for Niniuies mishap.
Loops he proclaim'd, yea let it straight proclaim'd,
That man and beast, the woman and her child,
For loth the vices in sacke and ashes fall,
Perhaps the Lord will vold and pittie vs.
Bear hence these wretched blandishments of sinne,
And bring me sackcloth to attire your King.
Away with pompes, my soule is full of woe:
In pittie looke on Ninuie, D God.

Exit. A man.

Ahui. Afraid with shame, with hagro overborne,
To sorrowes sido, all guiltie of our sinne.
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray,
Ah-raise, how dare we looke on heavenly light,
That have despise the maker of the same?
How may we hope for mercie from above,
That still despise the warnings from above?
Toes me, my conscience is a heauen foe.
D patron of the paxe opposst with sinne,
Hagle, hagle on me, that now for pittie crave,
Afraid with shame, with hagro overborne,
To sorrowes sido, all guiltie of our sinne.
Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray.

Exit.

Enter the Visurer, folus, with a halter in one
hand, a dagger in the other.

Visurer. Griuing in conscience, burdened with my
The hell of sorrow haunts me by and bynone.

Dread
London and England.

Bread where I live, mè thinkes the bleeding ghosts
Of those whom my corruption brought to noughts,
Do serve for tumbling blocks before my steepe.
The fatherless and widow wrongd by me.
The pace oppressed by my blarie,
Do thinkes I see their hands reard up to heaven;
To cry to: vengeence of my countousselle.
Where so I walke, He sigh and shun my way.
Thus am I made a monyster of the world,
Hell gapes for me, heaven will not hold my soule.
You mountaines spoylde me from the God of truth.
Do thinkes I see him sit to judge the earth,
So how he blots me out of the boke of life.
Oh burneth more then Aina that I heare.
Cover me hils, and shoude me from the Lord.
Swallow me Licas,shield me from the Lord.
In life no peace: each murmuring that I heare,
Do thinkes the sentence of damnation soundes,
Die repobate, and hie thes hence to hell.

The euill angell tempteth him,offering the knife and rope.
What send is this that tempes me to the death?
What is my death the harbour of my rest?
When let me die: what second charge is this?
Do thinkes, I heare a boise amidst mine cares,
What bids me staie; and tells me that the Lord
Is mercifull to those that do repent.
May I repent: oh thou my doubtfull soule?
Shall maile repent, the judge is mercifull,
Hence takest of wrath, sakes of temptation,
For I will pray and sigh unto the Lord.
In sackcloth will I sigh, and falling pray:
O Lord in rigor, take not on my sinnes.

He fits him down in sack cloathes, his hands
and eyes reared to heaven.

En ters
A looking Glasse, for

Enter Aluida with her Ladies, with dispierced looks.

Alui. Come mournfull dames lay off your hodyred locks,
And on your shoulders spread dispierced haires.
Let voice of musick cease, where forrow dwells,
Cloathed in sackcloaths, light your fumes with me.
Remove your pride, beloule your laboise lutes,
With faling mortifie your pampered loines:
Oh thinke upon the honour of your sines.
Think, thinke, with me, the burthen of your blames,
Woe to thy pompe, fall, beautie, fading browze,
Blased by age, by sickness, and by death,
Woe to our painted shakes, our curious oyles,
Our rich array, that fostered vs in time.
Woe to our idle thoughts that wound our soules.
Oh would to God, all nations might receive,
A good example by our gracious fall.

Ladies, You that are planted there where pleasure
And thinkes your pompe as great as Ninuius,
Pay sall for time as Ninuius both now.

Alui. Pour, mourn, let meane be all your melodie,
And pray with me, and I will pray for all.
Lord. O Lord of heauen forgiue vs our misdeeds.
Ladies. O Lord of heauen forgiue vs our misdeeds.
Viler. O Lord of light forgiue me my misdeeds.
Enters Rafni, the kings of Afliria, with his nobles
in sackcloath.

K. Cilicia. Be not to overcome with greese O king,
Leas you in danger life by forrowing to.

Rafni. King of Cilicia, should I cease my grease,
Where as my swarming times affit my soule:
Maine man know, this my burthen greater is,
Then every private subiect in my land:
My life hath bee a loadsterre unto them,
To guide them in the labynth of blame,
Thus I have taught them so, to do amise:

Then
London and England.

Then must I wepe my fronde for their misfie.
The fall of Ninivie is wought by me;
I have maintainted this Citie in her fame,
I have contemned the warings from above,
I have upheld incry, rape, and ydde.
Dis I that wought the ynde; I must wepe thy fame.

O God, had I tears like to the silver streames,
That from the Alpine Pellitees twixt the yrane,
O God, had I sithes the treasures of remoue,
As plentiful as Nolus hath blaffes.

I then would tempt the heauen with my lamentes,
And pierce the throat of mercy by my sighes.
K.Cii. Heauens are prepisituous into faithful prayers.
Rafni. But after our repent, we must lament:
Least that a wooser mishiefe both befall.
O God, if I may the Lord will pitie us,
O God of truth, both mercifull and just,
Behold repentant men with piteous eues,
We waile the life that we have led before,
O Lord, pardon us, O pitie Ninivie.

Omens. O pardon Lord, O pitie Ninivie.

Rafni. Let not the Infantes yalting on the tent,
For fathers sinnes in judgement be opprest.
K.Cii. Let not the painfull mothers big with child,
The innocents be punisht for our sinne.
Rafni. O pardon Lord, O pitie Ninivie.
Omens. O pardon Lord, O pitie Ninivie.

Rafni. O Lord of heauen, the virgins werpe to theire,
The courteous man solde for his sinne,
The Prince and poze, all pray before thy throne.
And wilt thou then be wroth with Ninivie?

K.Cii. Give truce to praiere, O King, and rest a space.
Rafni. Give truce to praiere, when times require no truce.
No Princes no. Let all our suftects fie
Unto our temples, where on humbled knees,
I will expect some mercy from above. Enter the temple Omnes.
Enter Ioses, solus.

Iong. This is the day wherein the Lord hath said.
A looking Glass, for

That Ninioie shall quite be overthrown.
This is the day of joy, ro; and mishap,
Fatal unto the cursed Ninioiues.
Their stately Towers shall in the watery bounds,
Swift sloving Licas find their burials,
These palaces the pride of Alur; kings,
Shall be the bowyers of desolation,
Where as the solitary bird shall sing,
And Tygers traine their young ones to their nest.
All ye nations bounded by the Wett,
Be happy Isles, where Prophets do abound,
Be Cities famous in the westerns world,
Make Ninioie a president for you.
Leave loud delights, leave courteous delights,
Fit to die, let whom be erilde,
Least you with Ninioie be overthrown.
Loo how the sunnes inflamed torch prevalence,
Scorching the parched furrowes of the earth.
Here will I sit me downe and set mine eye
Upon the ruins of yon wretched Towne,
And to a pleasant shade, a spreading bine.
To shelter Jonas in this saine heate,
What meanes my God, the day is done and spent.
Lord shall my Prophectie be brought to nought?
When fallest the fire when will the judge be worthy?
I pray the Lord remember what I said,
When I was yet within my countrey land,
Ichouah is to mercifull I scare.
O let me flee before a Prophet fault,
For thou art mercifull the Lord my God,
Full of compassion, and sufferance,
And doest repent in taking punishment,
Why takst thy hand? O Lord first take my life,
Before my Prophectie be brought to noughts,
Ab he is worth, behold the gladsome bine
That did defend me from the sunny heate,
As withered quite, and swallowed by a Serpent.
A Serpent devoureth the bine.
London and England.

How furious Phlegon triumphs on my brows,  
And heat prevails, and I am faint in heart.

Enters the Angell.

Angell. Art thou so angry Jonas? tell me why?  
Jonas. Though, I with burning heat am plunged,  
And shadowed onely by a filthy vine,  
Behold a Serpent hath devoured it,  
And so the same incest by Colterne winde,  
Attends me with Cariculer aspect;  
Would God that I might die, for well I wot,  
I were better I were dead, then rest alone.

Angell. Jonas art thou so angry for the vine;  
Jonas. Pea I am angry to the death my God.  
Angell. Thou hast compassion Jonas on a vine,  
On which thou never labour didst believe,  
Thou never gainedst it life, or power to grow,  
But kiddingly it spung and sudtainly bode,  
And should not I have great compassion  
On Ninuie the City of the Lord,  
Wherein there are a hundred thousand tonies,  
And twenty thousand infants that are wet  
The right hand from the left, besides much cattle.  
Oh Jonas, looke into their Temples now,  
And see the true condition of their King:  
The subject's tears, the sinners true remorse,  
Then from the Lord proclaim a mercie day,  
For he is pitiful as he is just.

Exit, Angelus.

Jonas. I go my God to finish thy command,  
Oh who can tell the wonders of my God:  
Oh take his praises with a fervent tongue,  
He bringeth downe to hell, and lifteth to heaven,  
He removeth the yoke of bondage from the yoke,  
And lookes upon the heathen with pitifull eyes,  
To him all praise and honour be ascribed,  
Oh who can tell the wonders of my God,  
He makes the infant to proclaim his truth,
A looking Glass, for

The age to speake, to save the Prophets life.
The earth and sea to yield increase to man.
Who can describe the compass of his power?
O, testifie in terme his endless might.
My rauishd spight, oh whether doest thou bend
Go and proclaime the mercy of my God.
Relieve the carefull hearted Ninivites.
And as thou weart the messenger of death,
Go byng glad byings of recovered grace.

Enters Adam folus, with a bottle of beer in one
shop, and a great piece of beefe in an other.

Wil god-man Jonas, I would you had never come from Iury
to this Country, you have made me look like a leane rib of roaste
beef, o; like the picture of lent, painted upon a read-herings cob.
Slake matters, we are commanded by the proclamation to fast
and pray, by my trouth I could as readily do, so, away with praying,
but so; fasting, why tis so contrary to my nature, that I had
rather suffer a shot hanging, then a long fasting. Praye me, the
words be these. Thou shalt take no maner of foods so; so many
dies. I had as losse he should have said, thou shalt hang thy selfe
so; so many daies. And yet in faith I ned not finde fault, with the
proclamation, so; I have a butter, and a pantry, and a kitchin, a
bout me, so; prof, & bee signes, this right hop is my pantry, be
hold a mantle, this place is my kitchin, so; loc a piece of beeste.
Oh let me repeat that sweete word againe. So loe a piece of bee.
This is my butter, so; loe, let my friends, to my great joy, a bot-
tle of beer. Thus glasse, I make shift to weare out this fasting,
I abide away the time, but there go Searchers about to take if
any man breaks the Kings command. Oh here they be, in with
your victuals Adam.

Enter two Searchers.

1. Searcher. How duly the men of Ninivite keps the proclamation,
how are they moved to repentance? we have search through
the whole Citie & have not as yet found one that breaks the fast.

2. Seair. The signe of the more grace, but here sits one
which thinks at his prayers, let vs see who it is.

1. Seair. Is this Adam the Smithes man, how now Adam,
Adam. Trouble me not, thou shalt take no maner of food, but
London and England.

fast and pray.

1. Sear. How devoutly he sits at his orisons, but say, me-thinkes I take a smell of some meate or bread about him,
2. Sear. So thinkes me too, you straia, what vidtuals have you about you?

Adam. Vidtuals! By horrible blasphemous! Hinder me not of my prayer, nor drive me not into a choller, vidtuals! Why haste thou not the sentence, thou shalt take no sode but fast and pray?
2. Sear. Truth so it should be, but me-thinkes I smell meate about thee.

Adam. About me my friends, these words are actions in the Case, about me, no, no: hang those gluttons that cannot fast and pray.

1. Sear. Well, for all your words, we must search you.

Adam. Search me, take heed what you do, my hose are my castles, as burglary if you break ope a sloop, no officer must lift by an iron hatchet, take have my hose are iron.

2. Sear. Do villain, for how he hath gotten vidtuals, bread, beeke, and breer, where the King commanded upon paine of death none should eate for so many daies, no not the sicking infant.

Adam. Alas sir, this is nothing but a modicum non necessit vi medicum daret, why sir, a bit to comfort my stomack.

1. Sear. Villaine thou shalt be hangs for it.

Adam. These are your words, I shall be hangs for it, but first answer me to this question, how many daies have we to fast till?

2. Sear. Five daies.

Adam. Fine daies, a long time, then I must be hangs?

1. Sear. I marry must thou.

Adam. I am your man, I am for you sir, so I had rather be hangs, the abode so long a fast, what fine daies? where be not trust, is your halter and the gallows, the ladder, and all such furniture in readiness?

1. Sear. I warrant thee, shalt want none of these.

Adam. But hear ye must I be hangs?

1. Sear. I marry.

Adam. And for eating of meats, thee friends, knew ye by these presents, I will eate by all my meate, and drink by all my distile, for it shall never be said, I was hangs with an empty stomack.
A looking Glaffe, for

1. Scar. Come away knowe, wilt thou stand heeding now?
   Adam. If you be hastie, hang your selfs an houre while I
   come to you, for surely I will eate by my mane.

2. Scar. Come letts haste to him away perforce.
   Adam. You say there is five dyes yet to talle, these are your
   2. Scar. I sir.
   Adam. I am for you, come letts away, and yet let me be put in
   the Chronicles.

Enter Jonas, Raphi, Aluida, kings of Cilicia, others royally atti-

Ionas. Come carcell full king, cast off thy mortfull lodes,

Exchange thy cloudie looks to smotherd smiles,

Why teares have pierc'd the pithous throane of grace,

Why sighes like I mencie pleaseing to the Lord:

If we bere peace-offerings for thy soule pride,

Rejoice and praise his name that gaine the peace,

And you faire nymphs, ye lovely Ninuutes,

Since you have wept and fallid for the Lord,

He graciously have temperd his revenge,

Beware henceforth to tempt him any more,

Let not the niceness of your beautous looks,

Ingraft in you a high presuming mind s,

For those that clime, he casteth to the ground,

And they that humble be, he lifts aloft.

Raphi. Lowly I bend with a full bent of eye,

Before the dread leough, God of hose,

Dispersing all prophane dwice of man,

Those lustfull lures that whilome led away,

We wanten eyes shall wound my heart no mo.

And the whose youth in dalliance I abus'd,

Shall now at last become my wedlocke mate.

Haire A'vaila looke not so lose begone:

If for thy fame thy forrow do exceed,

Blessed be thou, come with thy holy hand,

Letts knit a knot to tame our former shame.

Jona. With blushing looks be tokening my remorse,

Lowly yield my King to thy behenn,

So as this man of God shall thinke it god,

Jona. Woman, amends in ap never come tai late,
London and England.

I will thou practice godliness; vertuousness,
The God of heaven when sinners do repent,
Dost more rejoice then in ten thousand men
Rafni, Then witness holy Prophet our accord.
A lui. Plight in the presence of the Lord the God.
Jonas. Best may you be, like to the flourishing sheaves
That plie with gentle winds in summer tide,
Like olive branches let your children spread;
And as the Pines in lostie Libanon,
Dias the kites that fled on Lepher plains,
So be the seede and offscings of your loines,
Enters the Vluer, Gentleman, and Alcon.
Vluer. Come forth my friends, whom willingly I
Before this man of God, receive your due; (up;ongo,
Before our king I meane to make my peace.
Jonas. Behold in signe of my remorse,
I heart restore into these page mens hands;
Their gods which I unrightfully have retained,
And may the heavens to pardon my wilderds,
As I am penitent for my offence.
Thra! And what though want from others I purp;
Behold O King, I proffer southe thy throne. (loyn;)
To be restore to such as owe the same.
Jonas. A vertuous deed pleasing to God and man,
Would God all Cities drowned in like shame,
Would take example of these Ninivites.
Rafni. Such be the smites of Ninivites repent,
And such for ever may our dealings be,
That he that calls us home in height of sinne,
May smite to fix our heartie penitence.
Viceroys proclaing a fast unto the Lord,
Let Israel: God be honoured in our land.
Let all occasion of corruption be,
For who shall faint therein shall suffer death.
Vicar witness: God, of my unfailed zeale.
Come holy man, as thou shalt counte me,
By Court and Citty Hall reformed be,
A looking Glaſſe, for

Iohn, Wende on in peace, and prosecute this course,
You flanders on whom the milder aire
Both Sweety breath the balme of kindc increas:
Whose lands are larded with the dewpe of heaven,
And made more fruitfull then Afean plains.
You whom delicious pleasures dandle soft;
Whole eyes are blinded with securitie,
Washfe your feitures, cast error cleane aside.
O London, mayoſen of the mistresse Ke,
Weapt in the foldes and swathing clotes of shame.
In the moire fumes then Nimue contenue.
Contempt of God, diſpight of fteerend age.
Neglect of law, deire to wrong the poxe:
Corruption, whoſone, bunksenfe, and pride.
Swolefe are thy bowes with impudence and shame.
O proud adulterous glotte of the Weft,
Thy neighbors burnes,yet doct thou feare no fire.
Thy fpeakers crye,yet doct thou ftop thine eares.
Thy larem rings,yet doct theyr feuer.
London awate, feare the Lord do crown;
Let a looking Glaſſe before thine eyes.
O turne,O turne, with weeping to the Lord,
And thinke the praieres and vertues of thy Duce,
Defers the plague,which otherwise would fall.
Repent O London,leaf for thine offence,
Thy shepherd fail,whom mightie God prefere,
That the may hide the pillar of his Church,
Againſt the strokes of Roman Antichill:
The hand of mercey overthead her head,
And let all faithfull subiects say, Amen.

FINIS

MUSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM
Lodge, Thomas
2659      A looking glasse for London
L6L5      and England
1598a

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