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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SATIRO-MASTIX; OR, THE VNTRUSSING OF THE HUMOROUS POET ***

Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

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LOUVAIN

A. UYSTPRUYST

LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

LONDON
DAVID NUTT

1907

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SATIRO-MASTIX

OR

THE VNTRUSSING OF THE HUMOROUS POET.

By *Thomas Dekker.*

HERAUSGEGEBEN NACH DEN DRUCKEN VON 1602

VON

Dr. Hans Scherer.

LOUVAIN
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LEIPZIG
O. HARRASSOWITZ

1907

LONDON
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INHALT.

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EINLEITENDE BEMERKUNGEN.

1. DEKKER UND DER SOG. STAGE-QUARREL.

Über den Bühnen-Streit ist schon so vieles und ausführliches, zuletzt von Penniman^[1] und Small^[2], geschrieben worden, dass ich mich über die allgemeinen Punkte kurz fassen kann.

Nach Small's eingehender Prüfung des ganzen Materials und meiner eigenen Überzeugung ist das einzig Positive, was bis jetzt hier gesagt werden kann, dass die Fehde zwischen Jonson einerseits und Marston mit Dekker als Bundesgenossen andererseits geführt wurde. Monday, und gar Drayton und Nash, scheinen mir nach Small's gründlichen Untersuchungen sehr an zweiter Stelle zu stehen, und von Shakespeare's Beteiligung konnte ich mich trotz der weitausgreifenden Darlegungen der Wissenschaft leider zu früh entrissenen amerikanischen Forschers nicht völlig überzeugen; nicht zu reden von den hypothetischen Teilnehmern Penniman's (wie Daniel, Lodge und den vielen von ihm selbst als «doubtful» bezeichneten Persönlichkeiten), die schon von Small grossenteils als unhaltbar abgetan wurden.

Welches sind denn die literarischen Dokumente, auf welchen sich der Streit aufbauen lässt? Small hat sie bereits (p. 3 ff.) zusammengestellt:

1. Äusserungen Jonson's über Marston in seinen *Conversations* mit Drummond,
2. der *Apologetical Dialogue* am Ende des *Poetasters*,
3. *To the World*, Worte, welche dem *Satiromastix* vorangeschickt sind,
4. die oft zitierte Stelle aus *II. Return from Parnassus*, IV, 5: ... *our fellow Shakespeare hath given him* (Ben Jonson) *a purge that made him beray his credit*.

Dazu kommen nun noch die zahlreichen Anspielungen, welche in den von den beteiligten Autoren zwischen 1598-1601 oder 1602 geschriebenen Stücken enthalten sind oder wenigstens enthalten sein sollen. Es ging hier, wie so oft in der früheren literarhistorischen Forschung: die Phantasie des Forschers suchte in das Dunkel des betreffenden Gegenstandes dadurch Klarheit zu bringen, dass sie alles mögliche in den jeweiligen Text hineingeheimniste und dadurch die Materie nur noch komplizierter gestaltete. Small hat (p. 8 ff.) alle Arbeiten über den «Stage-Quarrel» von Gilchrist bis auf Penniman einer kurzen Kritik unterzogen und fast durchgängig die geringe Haltbarkeit ihrer Ansichten nachgewiesen^[3].

Hier soll nur das Verhältnis Dekker's zu Ben Jonson des Näheren behandelt werden; und auch dieses mehr im zusammenfassenden Sinn, da bei den Anmerkungen zum Texte des *Satiromastix* hinreichend Gelegenheit sein wird, auf Einzelheiten weiter einzugehen.

Dekker und Jonson arbeiteten bekanntlich eine Reihe von Jahren zusammen; so noch Aug.-Sept. 1599 *Page of Plymouth* und *Robert II*. Wofern Jonson's Angabe im Apol. Dialogue richtig ist, dass seine Gegner ihn bereits drei Jahre auf den Bühnen herumziehen, so trifft sie für Dekker wohl nicht zu. Die Entzweigung unserer beiden Dichter kann erst Ende 1599 eingetreten sein. Folglich kommen von Jonson's Stücken hier in Betracht: *Every Man out of his Humour*, dessen Aufführung nach Small's sorgfältiger Untersuchung (p. 20 ff.) in die Zeit von 15. Februar-24. März 1599/1600 anzusetzen ist, *Cynthia's Revels*^[4] und der *Poetaster*; diese können Anspielungen auf Dekker enthalten. Dass die beiden letzteren solche in grosser Zahl aufweisen, steht wohl ausser jedem Zweifel fest, ob aber *Every Man out* für die Dekker-Jonson Kontroverse bereits zu verwenden ist, scheint mir mit Small sehr fraglich; denn die Charakterisierung des Carlo Buffone, wie sie in den *Characters of the Persons* und im Verlauf des Stückes selbst gegeben wird, scheint nicht auf Dekker zu passen, der selbst wohl den Demetrius des *Poetasters* und den Anaiides der *Cynthia's Revels*, niemals aber den Carlo Buffone auf sich bezog^[5]. Und Dekker muss es doch selbst am besten gefühlt haben, was ihn anging und was nicht. Es ist auch kaum glaublich, dass Jonson so kurz nach seinem Zusammenarbeiten mit unserem Dichter, diesen schon in einem Stücke sollte kräftig persifliert haben; und sollte er es ja getan haben, so geschah es in einer Weise, dass der, dem es galt, es gar nicht als auf sich gemünzt erkannte; um wie viel weniger können wir, die den Verhältnissen zeitlich so weit entrückt sind, die Satire in *Ev. Man out* auf Dekker noch herausfühlen.

Ja, mir will sogar dünken, dass Dekker die Anspielungen auf sich, wie sie in *Cynthia's Revels* und selbst im *Poetaster* gefunden werden, ursprünglich gar nicht so bösaufnahm, sondern erst durch seinen Freund Marston, dem diese Stücke offenbar zunächst auf den Leib geschrieben waren^[6], dazu aufgehetzt wurde. Damit stünde im Einklang, dass sich einerseits weder im *Shoemakers' Holiday*, noch in der *Patient Grissell* und im *Fortunatus* mit Sicherheit satirische Bemerkungen des etwa verstimmtten Dichters nachweisen lassen, und dass andererseits der Histrio im *Poetaster*^[7] ausdrücklich erwähnt, sie hätten einen gewissen Demetrius gedungen, um dem Horaz (Ben Jonson) in einem Theaterstück eins zu versetzen.

Ferner ist zu beachten, dass die Stellen, in denen sich Dekker selbst (als Demetrius) über Horace (Jonson) äussert, alles eher als die Worte eines erbitterten Feindes enthalten, der seinen Gegner mit Spott und Hohn überschütten will; und mit den oft groben Ausfällen seines Tucca scheint der zu derben Streichen gern geneigte «Journeyman-poet» seinem Freunde Marston, der sich zu solchem Tun zu vornehm war, wirklich Handlangerdienste geleistet zu haben.—So ein Stück war überdies rasch geschrieben, fand ein dankbares Publikum und brachte den Schauspielern «a huge deal of money»^[8] ein, das sie brauchen konnten.

Mit *Satiromastix* beginnt für Dekker der Stage-Quarrel mit Jonson, mit *Satiromastix* endet er auch für ihn. Mit der Veröffentlichung des *Apologetical Dialogue*, der Erwiderung auf den *Satiromastix*, war auch für Jonson der Streit in der Hauptsache beendet.

Allzu tief sass also, glaube ich, bei Dekker der Groll nicht; Jonson allerdings, der von den Poetastern in seiner Eitelkeit gekränkt worden war, hat von ihm offenbar keine gute Meinung bewahrt, denn noch in seinen *Conversations*^[9] bezeichnet er ihn nebst andern als einen «rogue».

2. DIE ABFASSUNGSZEIT.

Die Quartos des *Satiromastix* tragen als Jahreszahl ihres Erscheinens 1602.

In den *Stationers' Register*^[10] wurde das Stück auf den 11. November 1601 wie folgt eingetragen:

11 Novembris

John Barnes Entred for his Copeye vnder the handes of the wardens and vppon condicon that yt be lysensed to be printed / A booke called *the vntrussing of the humorous poetes* by Thomas Dekker, vj^d

Fleay und andere geben als Zeitpunkt der Veröffentlichung des *Satiromastix* September 1601 an. Small (p. 119) fixiert ihn auf August oder September 1601. Mallory, der als Erscheinungszeit des *Poetaster* Ende Juli 1601 festsetzt, schliesst sich (p. xxx) Fleay an. Small und Mallory legen besonderes Gewicht darauf, dass Dekker, *Satiromastix* Z. 641, Jonson die Arbeitszeit von 15 Wochen, welche er auf die Abfassung des *Poetasters* verwandte, vorhält; Dekker selbst müsste also seine Erwiderung in beträchtlich kürzerer Zeit geschrieben haben. Dazu würde also September 1601 für unser Stück recht gut passen, doch sind zur Fixierung des Datums ein paar Stellen aus dem Texte selbst mit in Betracht zu ziehen.

Es ist nicht ausgeschlossen, dass Dekker, als der *Poetaster* über die Bühne ging, bereits an dem «Untrussing of the Humorous Poet» arbeitete.—Ist dem nicht so, so wusste man zum mindestens, dass Dekker an einem Stücke (King Rufus) arbeitete, und sein mit Marston in den allgemeinen Zügen entworfener Plan—wenn Jonson uns wieder in einem Stücke auf die Bühne bringt, so zahlen wir es ihm mit einem ebensolchen heim,—musste auch schon in eine gewisse Öffentlichkeit gedrungen sein; anders hätte Tuca im *Poetaster*^[11] nicht sagen können: *I hear you'll bring me o' the stage there*; noch der Histrio: *we have hired him* (Demetrius-Dekker) *to abuse Horace, and bring him in, in a play* etc.^[12]

Wie lange Dekker am *Satiromastix* arbeitete lässt sich nicht sagen, aber es ist anzunehmen, dass er trachtete, seine Wiedervergeltung nach ihrer Vollendung so rasch als möglich zur Aufführung zu bringen. Und zur Feststellung des ungefähren Datums der letzteren bietet das Stück selbst, wie oben erwähnt, Anhaltspunkte.

Professor Bang hat gelegentlich seiner Besprechung der *Poetaster*-Ausgabe durch Mallory^[13] auf die mehrfachen Anspielungen auf Weihnachten, wie sie sich im *Satiromastix* finden, hingewiesen und gemeint das Stück «wird für Weihnachten^[14] geschrieben sein», und er hat zugleich nicht Anstand genommen den *Poetaster* auf 5 bis 8 Wochen später anzusetzen. Ausserdem lenkte Professor Bang meine Aufmerksamkeit auf die Lady Furnivall, Z. 2659. Dieselbe wird in dem 1606 gedruckten, aber bereits 1601 zur Aufführung gelangten Stücke *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* Z. 1204 erwähnt^[15]. Da dieser also im *Satiromastix* erwähnt wird, so muss letzterer nach *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* anzusetzen sein. Dieser kann aber nicht vor dem 14. September 1601 geschrieben sein^[16]. Datiert also *Goosecappe* aus der Zeit: zweite Hälfte des September bis November, so wäre für *Satiromastix* die Zeit von frühestens erste Hälfte Oktober bis in den November oder gar Dezember hinein anzusetzen; also etwa gegen Mitte des letzten Viertels des Jahres 1601 (N. St.), wozu auch das «this colde weather» in Z. 2705 passen würde.

3. QUELLENUNTERSUCHUNG.

Zu diesem Behuf sei unser Drama in seine zwei Bestandteile zerlegt: in das *König Rufus-Spiel* und in den eigentlichen *Satiromastix*.

Es steht wohl fest, dass Dekker, als er an *The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet* ging, gerade ein historisches Schauspiel mit König Rufus im Mittelpunkt in der Arbeit hatte, und dass nur sein Bestreben, Jonson so bald wie möglich heimzuzahlen, die starken Anachronismen und den losen Zusammenhang der Rufus- und der Untrussing-Szenen einigermaßen entschuldigen lässt.

Über das Rufus-Spiel hat Small p. 119 ff. eingehend gehandelt, so dass darauf verwiesen werden kann. Als Skizze des wahrscheinlichen Verlaufes der Haupthandlung gibt er an: Act I, the rejoicings at the approaching nuptials^[17] of Terrill and Celestine. Act II, the King's lustful desires, and Terrill's rash promise. Act III, the death of Celestine. Act IV, the presentation of the veiled corpse of Celestine to the King, and Terrill's denunciation of him. Act V, the death of the King at the hands of Terrill. Daneben steht als komische Nebenhandlung die Werbung der beiden Rivalen Prickshaft und Sir Vaughan um die Witwe Miniver.

Eine Quelle für die Haupthandlung selbst zu finden, ist mir nicht gelungen. Als historische Persönlichkeiten des Stückes können zunächst nur angesprochen werden: König Rufus und Sir Walter Terrill (Tirell)^[17], a French Knight, wie er in Holinshed's Chronik bezeichnet wird, der den König auf einer Hirschjagd zufällig durch einen Pfeilschuss tötete.

Aus der Haupthandlung selbst sei im besondern noch auf das Mittel des Schlaftrunkes hingewiesen, das dazu dient, dem Mädchen einen unliebsamen Freier fernzuhalten. Dies war offenbar bei Dichter und Publikum ein beliebter Trick. Es ist wohl kaum nötig an *Romeo and Juliet* zu erinnern^[18]; Dekker hat das Motiv selbst noch einmal in der *Honest Whore* verwendet, wo des Herzogs Tochter Infelice durch einen Schlaftrunk einem lästigen Freier entzogen wird; und ähnlich in *Match me in London*: Valasco soll vergiftet werden, aber der Arzt reicht nur einen Schlaftrunk. Bei Besprechung der Quellen zu *The Triumph of Love* und *The Faithful Friends* verweist Koeppe^[19] beide Mal auf den Schlaftrunk im *Satiromastix*. Im ersteren Stück soll Benvoglio's Tochter Violante den von der Dienerin gemischten Giftbecher leeren; er enthält aber kein Gift, sondern nur einen starken Schlaftrunk. Im zweiten wird die jungfräuliche Gattin des Marcus Tullius von dem König Titus Marcius an den Hof gelockt, — doch sollte nur die Treue der Gattin geprüft werden. Der König entpuppt sich als Biedermann.

Ein weiteres beliebtes Bühnenmittel, das auch im *Satiromastix* Verwendung fand, war die Figur des Welshman, der durch seine schlechte Aussprache des Englischen das komische Element vertritt. Sir Vaughan's Landsleute^[20] finden wir in Peele's *Edward I*, in der *Patient Grissill*, in *Northward Ho!*, in den *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in *Henry V*, in Ben Jonson's *For the Honour of Wales* und im *Valiant Welshman*; auch auf die beiden Irländer im *Fortunatus* sei verwiesen.

Was das Untrussing-Spiel betrifft, so lassen sich hier die Fäden der Handlung und der zahlreichen Anspielungen leichter auf ihre Ausgangspunkte zurückverfolgen. — Die Personen, welche diesem Stücke angehören sind: Horace, Crispinus, Demetrius, Tucca und Asinius Bubo, wovon die vier ersten in Namen und Person aus dem *Poetaster* herübergenommen sind. Small^[21] hat für den *Satiromastix* und Mallory^[22] für den *Poetaster* das diesbezügliche Material ausführlich behandelt, so dass ich mich mit folgender Tabelle begnügen kann:

Satiromastix	Poetaster	Historische Persönlichkeit	
		klassisch ^[23]	elisabethanisch.
Horace =	Horace =	Quintus Horatius Flaccus	= Ben Jonson.
Crispinus =	Crispinus =	Rufus Laberius Crispinus od. Laberius Decimus	= Marston.
Demetrius Fannius =	Demetrius Fannius =	ein Demetrius oder Fannius(?)	= Dekker.
Tucca =	Tucca =	Plotius Tucca? od. Pantilius?	Captain Hannam(?)

Dekker selbst gibt als Urbild des Tucca (im *Poetaster*) den Cpt. Hannam an, der offenbar eine stadtbekanntere Persönlichkeit war. Small weist auf eine andere mögliche Quelle hin (p. 26), nämlich auf den Cpt. Tucca, welcher uns also bereits dem Namen und Stand nach in E. Guilpin's *Skialetheia* (1598) begegnet. Aus diesen beiden Hinweisen geht ziemlich sicher hervor, dass Tucca höchstens den Namen aus dem Altertum geborgt hat, sonst aber die Copie einer bei St. Paul's häufig getroffenen zeitgenössischen Persönlichkeit ist; und ich kann mich nicht W. H. Browne anschliessen, der glaubt^[24], dass aus den Worten *his belly is like Barathrum*^[25] für die Person des Tucca auch auf eine antike literarische Quelle geschlossen werden könnte, nämlich auf den Maenius des Horaz^[26]. Die Erwähnung des Wortes Barathrum beweist zu wenig, das Wort war damals wohl geläufig, wie z. B. aus Dekker, vol. III. *London Triumphant* p. 249 und *If this be not a good Play*, p. 351 zu ersehen ist. Vgl. auch das von Mallory, p. 198 cit. Beispiel: *you lean barathrum, that kitchen-stuff devourer* (Shirley, *The Wedding*, II, 3).

Der Tucca des *Satiromastix* hat auch eine kleine Änderung an seiner Person erfahren. Er ist nicht mehr der ruhmredige, prahlende Tucca des *Poetasters*, der die Reihe Shift (i. *Ev. Man out*) und Bobadil (i. *Ev. Man in*) schliesst; seine Stärke ist der Gebrauch derber Redensarten geworden, und er steht ganz im Dienste der *Poetaster*, deren wahres Sprachrohr er ist.

Nicht unerwähnt soll schliesslich die grosse Ähnlichkeit bleiben, welche in den Charakteren des *Asinius Bubo* und des *Simplicius Faber* aus *What you will* herrscht. Hinsichtlich seiner, des Bubo, Persönlichkeit müssen wir wohl mit Small^[27] vermuten, dass er ein dienender Jünger des Horace-Jonson war; und vielleicht wird seine Identität mit dem ziemlich unbekanntem Theaterdichter Wentworth Smith noch einmal festgestellt.

Soviel über die einzelnen Figuren des Untrussing-Spieles. Was den Inhalt dieses Teiles selbst betrifft, so kann man kurz sagen: seine Quellen liegen in erster Linie im *Poetaster* und dem Leben Ben Jonson's, in zweiter Linie in anderen Dramen dieses Dichters. Die zahlreichen Anspielungen darauf und auf die zeitgenössische Literatur, die diesen Teil nahezu ausmachen, sind in den Erläuterungen zum Texte näher behandelt.

Es erübrigt vielleicht noch ein paar Worte über die beiden Stellen^[28] hinzuzufügen, welche ein Lob auf den Haarwuchs und ein solches auf die Kahlköpfigkeit enthalten. Small hat auch hier auf die beiden Schriften von Rich. Harvey und von Nash hingewiesen^[29], welche diese kleine Kontroverse veranlasst haben mögen, und fügt ganz richtig hinzu «the dispute *dates back to*» Dio Chrysostomos' Lob des Haarwuchses^[30] und Synesius Cyrenensis' Calvitii Encomium^[31], denn als Quellen im engeren Sinne können diese beiden letzteren nicht aufgefasst werden. Die Generalidee ein Lob auf die Kahlköpfigkeit einem Lob auf den Haarwuchs entgegensustellen lässt sich ja auf die beiden alten Philosophen zurückführen; aber die Behandlung des Themas in Horace's Lob auf das Haar ist ganz frei, und Crispinus' Lob auf die Kahlköpfigkeit zeigt eigentlich auch nichts von der eigenartigen Behandlungsweise des Synesius, der sehr viel mit historischen Beispielen arbeitet. Es müsste denn sein, dass der Exkurs ins Weltall und besonders der Vergleich mit dem Monde nicht mehr als zufällig bezeichnet werden könnte, dann müsste als vermittelndes Glied die von Small angegebene englische Übersetzung durch Abr. Fleming aus dem Jahre 1579 eintreten.

Wiewohl beide Lobreden Horace und Crispinus in den Mund gelegt sind, also scheinbar dem Untrussing angehören, so müssen sie doch ursprünglich schon für das Rufusspiel niedergeschrieben worden sein, denn einmal enthalten sie keine Ausfälle der *Poetaster* auf ihren Gegner, und dann scheinen sie mir sorgfältig ausgearbeitet zu sein und zeigen nichts von der Hast der Untrussing-Teile.

Die eigentliche Untrussing-Szene (Z. 2464 ff.) ist das Analogon zur Schlusszene im *Poetaster* und wie diese verwandt mit der bekannten Szene in den *Fröschen* des Aristophanes, in welcher zwischen zwei Dichterschulen, aber mit Vermeidung des persönlichen Elementes, abgerechnet wird.

4. DIE QUARTOS UND DIE BISHERIGEN AUSGABEN.

Vom *Satiromastix* sind, so viel mir bekannt wurde, vier Quartos vorhanden; und zwar befinden sich zwei in der Bibliothek des Britischen Museums, eine in der Dyce-Library und eine in der Bodleiana zu Oxford.

Zahlreiche und wesentliche Abweichungen zeigen diese Drucke untereinander nicht, doch können dieselben auf Grund der von mir beobachteten Abweichungen in zwei Gruppen gebracht werden, die aber einander zeitlich sehr nahe liegen, ja von denen die zweite vielleicht nur die teilweise Korrektur von vermeintlichen Druckfehlern der ersten Gruppe darstellt. Es kommen hier neben verschiedenen Interpunktions-Abweichungen besonders die Stellen Zeile 2348, 2480, 2490 in Betracht. Auf Grund dieser und einiger weniger belangreichen Varianten, welche aus den Text-Noten zu ersehen sind, lassen sich die vier Quart-Exemplare in folgende Gruppen zusammenstellen:

Q1:	1.) C. 34. c. 27 im Brit. Museum
	2.) C. 12. f. 3 (2) im » »
	3.) Exemplar der Dyce Library

Von diesen dürfte Q₁ die ältere sein und zwar hauptsächlich mit Rücksicht auf die Korrekturen in Z. 2480, wo das ungewöhnliche Mon du durch das leichter verständliche Mon Dieu ersetzt wurde, und in Z. 2490, wo das ursprünglich richtige, aber in den ersten Exemplaren schlecht geratene Tamor vollends in Tam or getrennt wurde.

Was das Aussehen der einzelnen Exemplare betrifft, so wäre zu erwähnen, dass № 1 und 3 ziemlich gut erhalten, letzteres aber stark beschmutzt ist. № 2, das mit anderen Stücken Dekker's zusammen gebunden ist, ist gleichfalls gut erhalten und zeigt nur in der Paginierung, die in der bekannten Weise A A₂ A₃. B B₂... M₃ durchgeführt ist, eine kleine Abweichung, insofern C₃ beim Drucke offenbar ausgesprungen ist und irrtümlich durch C₂ ersetzt wurde. № 4 ist hinsichtlich der Deutlichkeit des Druckes vielleicht das beste. Es enthält Notizen von der Hand Malones (?). Auf dem Titelblatt ist der Namenszug Dekker's oben auf einem Stückchen Papier aufgeklebt. Wer mag der Schreiber desselben sein?

Was die Vignetten des alten Druckes betrifft, so wäre zu sagen: pag. 1 weist einen Kreis mit ornamentalen Verzierungen auf; p. 5 und 9 in der Mitte die über Wolken schwebende Sonne, rechts und links davon je einen Amor; p. 6 eine Maske mit ornamentalem Schmuck, und p. 76 Maske mit Arabesken.

Von den späteren Ausgaben des *Satiromastix* wurde die erste veranstaltet von Hawkins in *The Origin of the English Drama*, Oxford 1773, vol. III. Der in der Orthographie modernisierte und mit einigen Anmerkungen versehene Text ist nicht ganz so sorgfältig wiedergegeben worden, wie man es bei dem sonst gewissenhaften Herausgeber erwartet. Es fehlen nämlich die Zeilen 119 und 1998-2006, was im ersteren Falle auch eine Verschiebung der Reden zur Folge hatte.

Die zweite finden wir in den *Dramatic Works of Thomas Dekker* [ed. R. H. Shepherd], London 1873 (Pearson) vol. I. Dass in dieser Ausgabe der Dekker'schen Werke die Orthographie oft unbewusst modernisiert und mancher neue Druckfehler dazu gekommen ist, ist bekannt, und auch der *Satiromastix* ist hievon nicht verschont geblieben.

Ferner finden sich Bruchstücke, die nahezu die Hälfte des Spieles ausmachen, und welche durch Inhaltsangaben der übersprungenen Stellen verbunden sind, bei Henry Morley, i. s. *English Plays*, London, s. a., p. 198-209. Abgedruckt wurden die ZZ. 262-574, 580-623, 628-682, 1392-1570, 1625-1725, 1796-2080, 2397-2656. Der Text ist modernisiert, und kräftige Verwünschungen oder andere Ausdrücke, an denen man Anstoss nehmen könnte, sind entweder ganz ausgelassen oder durch unschuldigere Redewendungen ersetzt.

Auch W. H. Williams hat in seinen *Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama*, Oxford 1905, aus *Satiromastix* Act. I. Sc. II in modernisiertem Text abgedruckt und zwar ZZ. 261-547 unter Auslassung der anstössigen Stellen.

Bei der Herstellung der vorliegenden Ausgabe wurde der Text der Q₁ zu Grunde gelegt und die tatsächlichen Verbesserungen von Q₂ berücksichtigt. Die Lesart und die Orthographie der Quarto wurde überall, wo nicht offenkundige Druckfehler vorlagen, aufs Sorgfältigste beibehalten. Auch die Interpunktion, selbst wenn sie mangelhaft war, wurde getreu wiedergegeben und nur in den notwendigsten Fällen geändert. Nicht notiert wurden die Stellen, in welchen statt der Kursiv-Lettern Antiqua in die Personenbezeichnungen eingedrungen sind. Wegen der übrigen Änderungen bez. Verbesserungsvorschläge des Textes muss ich auf die Abschnitte «Text-Noten» und «Anmerkungen» verweisen.

[1] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, i. d. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania, Boston, 1897.

[2] Small, *The Stage-Quarrel*, Heft 1 der Forschgn. z. engl. Sprache und Litteratur, Breslau, 1899.

[3] Es ist vielleicht nicht uninteressant, noch einmal an Swinburne's Artikel im *XIX th Century*, XXI, 1887, p. 81-103, zu erinnern und zu zeigen, was alles in den *Satiromastix* hineingeheimnist wurde: Rufus sollte Shakespeare sein, Vaughan-Lyly, Tucca-Sir Phil. Sidney, Bubo-Bacon, Flash-Sir W. Raleigh, Cælestine-Queen Elizabeth!

[4] von Small, p. 24 ff. auf ca Februar-März 1600/01 angesetzt.

[5] Small's Beweisführung dazu (p. 31 ff.) scheint mir so gelungen, dass sie einer Erneuerung nicht bedarf; cf. [Anm. z. Z. 2642](#).

[6] Es darf hier die schon öfter zit. Stelle aus den *Conversations with Drummond*, ed. Ph. Sidney, London 1906, p. 33, nicht aus dem Auge gelassen werden: *he (Jonson) had many quarrels with Marston, beat him, and wrote his Poetaster on him.*

[7] III, 1. Merm. Ser. p. 315.

[8] ebenda.

[9] ed. Sidney, L. 1906, p. 13.

[10] Arber's Reprint, III, 195.

[11] *Poet.* III, 1, Merm. Ser. p. 311.

[12] *l. c.* p. 315.

[13] *Lit. Zentralblatt*, 1905, N^o 36. Sp. 1195.

[14] cf. Z. 1587 u. 2510.

[15] Vergl. die Anmerkung zu *Satirom.* Z. 2659.

[16] (Über das Datum von *Goosecappe* werde ich ausführlicher in meiner Ausgabe handeln. W. B.).

[17] cf. auch: Freeman, *The Reign of William Rufus*, II, p. 672.

[18] cf. Koepfel, *Studien über Shakespeare's Wirkung*, Mater. IX, p. 4: *Dead, she's death's Bride*, klingt wie eine Wiederholung der Klage des alten Capulet, IV, 5, 35 ff.

- [19] *Quellenstudien z. d. Dramen Ben Jonson's etc.* Erlangen 1895, p. 50 u. 63.
- [20] Sie wurden von Bang in d. *Dekker-Studien*, Engl. Stud. 28, 225 ff. zusammengestellt. — Vgl. auch die Bemerkungen zur Sprache Morgan's, bei K reb, i. s. Ausgabe d. *Valiant Welshman*, p. XX ff.
- [21] Quarrel, p. 122 ff.
- [22] *Poetaster*, p. XXXXI ff.
- [23] sämtlich aus Horaz bekannt.
- [24] *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XX, 216.
- [25] *Poet.* III, 1. p. 314.
- [26] *Epist.* I, 15, 31.
- [27] *Quarrel*, p. 126 u. d. Anm.
- [28] Z. 1454 ff. und 1844 ff.
- [29] l. c. 124.
- [30] i. d. *Orationes*, 1798. p. 429 ff. Vergl. auch den 26. Brief des älteren Philostratos.
- [31] Migne, *Patrol. Graeca*, 66, 1167-1206.

Satiro-mastix.

OR

The vntrussing of the Humorous Poet.

As it hath bin presented publikely,
by the Right Honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine
his Seruants; and priuately, by the
Children of Paules.

By *Thomas Dekker.*

Non recito cuiquam nisi Amicis idq; coactus.

LONDON,

Printed for *Edward White*, and are to bee
solde at his shop, neere the little North doore of Paules
Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1602.

3

Dramatis personæ.

1. William Rufus.
2. Sir Walter Terill.
3. Sir Rees ap Vaughan.
4. S. Quintilian Shorthose.
5. Sir Adam Prickshaft.
6. Blunt.
7. Crispinus.
8. Demetrius Fannius.
9. Tucca.
10. Horace.
11. Asinius Bubo.
12. Peter Flash.
13. Cælestine.
14. Mistris Miniuer.
15. Ladies.

Ad Detractorem.

*Non potes in Nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi.—Qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habe: Nos hæc nouimus esse nihil.*

5

To the World.

World, I was once resolu'd to bee round with thee, because I know tis thy fashion to bee round with euery bodie: but the winde shifting his point, the Veine turn'd: yet because thou wilt sit as Judge of all matters (though for thy labour thou wear'st Midasses eares, and art Monstrum horrendum, informe: Ingens cui lumen ademptum; whose great Poliphemian eye is put out) I care not much if I make description (before thy Vniuersality) of that terrible Poetomachia, lately commenc'd betweene Horace the second, and a band of leane-witted Poetasters. They haue bin at high wordes, and so high, that the ground could not serue them, but (for want of Chopins) haue stalk't vpon Stages.

Horace hal'd his Poetasters to the Barre, the Poetasters vntruss'd Horace: how worthily eyther, or how wrongfully, (World) leaue it to the Jurie: Horace (questionles) made himselfe beleeeue, that his Burgonian wit might desperately challenge all commers, and that none durst take vp the foyles against him: It's likely. if he had not so beleiu'd, he had not bin so deceiu'd, for hee was answer'd at his owne weapon: And if before Apollo himselfe (who is Coronator Poetarum) an Inquisition should be taken touching this lamentable merry murdering of Innocent Poetry: all mount Helicon to Bun-hill, it would be found on the Poetasters side Se defendendo. Notwithstanding the Doctors thinke otherwise. I meete one, and he runnes full Butt at me with his Satires hornes, for that in vntrussing Horace, I did onely whip his fortunes, and condition of life, where the more noble Reprehension had bin of his mindes Deformitie, whose greatnes if his Criticall Lynx had with as narrow eyes, obseru'd in himselfe, as it did little spots vpon others, without all disputation: Horace would not haue left Horace out of Euery man in's Hvmour. His fortunes? why does not he taxe that onely in others? Read his Arraignement and see. A second Cat-a-mountaine mewes, and calles me Barren, because my braines could bring foorth no other Stigmaticke than Tucca, whome Horace had put to making, and begot to my hand: but I wonder what language Tucca would haue spoke, if honest Capten Hannam had bin borne without a tongue? Ist not as lawfull then for mee to imitate Horace, as Horace Hannam?

³Besides, If I had made an opposition of any other new-minted fellow, (of what Test so euer) hee had bin out-fac'd, and out-weyed by a settled former approbation: neyther was it much improper to set the same dog vpon Horace, whom Horace had set to worrie others.

6

⁴Could heere (eeuen with the feather of my pen) wipe off other ridiculous imputations: but my best way to answer

them, is to laugh at them: onely thus much I protest (and sweare by the diuineſt part of true Poesie) that (howſoeuer the limmes of my naked lines may bee and I know haue bin, tortur'd on the racke) they are free from conspiring the leaſt diſgrace to any man, but onely to our new Horace; neyther ſhould this ghos of Tucca, haue walkt vp and downe Poules Church-yard, but that hee was raiz'd vp (in print) by newe Exorcismes. World, if thy Hugenes will beleue this: doe, if not, I care not: for I dedicate my booke not to thy Greatnes, but to the Greatnes of thy ſcorne: Defying which, let that mad Dog Detraction bite till his teeth bee worne to the ſtumps: Enuy feede thy Snakes ſo fat with poyſon till they burſt: World, let all thy Adders ſhoote out their Hidra-headed-forked Stinges, Ha, Ha, Nauci; if none will take my part, (as I deſire none) yet I thanke thee (thou true Venusian Horace) for theſe good wordes thou giu'ſt me: Populus me ſibylat at mihi plaudo. World farewell.

Malim Conuiuis quam placuisse Cocis.

7

Ad Lectorem

IN ſteed of the Trumpets ſounding thrice, before the Play begin: it ſhall not be amiſſe (for him that will read) firſt to beholde this ſhort Comedy of Errors, and where the greateſt enter, to giue them in ſtead of a hiſſe, a gentle correction.

In letter C. Page. I. for, Whom I adorn'd as Subiects: Read, Whom I ador'd as, &c.

In Letter C Pa. 3. for, Ile ſtarte thence poore: Read, Ile ſtarue their poore, &c.

In Letter C Pa. 6. for, her white cheekes with her dregs and bottome: Read, her white cheekes with the dregs and, &c.

In the ſame Page, for, Strike off the head of Sin: Read, Strike off the ſwolne head, &c.

In the ſame Page, for, that of fiue hundred, foure hundred fiue Read, that of fiue hundred: foure.

In Letter G. pa. 1. for, this enterchanging of languages: Read, this interchange of language.

In Letter L. pa. 5 for, And ſtinging inſolence ſhould: Read, And ſtinking inſolence, &c.

9

The Vntrussing of the Humorous Poet.

Enter two Gentlewomen ſtrewing of flowers.

1. Come bedfellow come, ſtrew apace, ſtrew, ſtrew: in good troth tis pittie that theſe flowers muſt be trodden vnder feete as they are like to bee anon.

2. Pittie, alacke pretty heart, thou art ſorry to ſee any good thing fall to the ground: pittie? no more pittie, then to ſee an Innocent Maydenhead deliuered vp to the ruffling of her new-wedded husband. Beauty is made for vſe, and hee that will not vſe a ſweete ſoule well, when ſhe is vnder his fingers, I pray *Venus* he may neuer kiſſe a faire and a delicate, ſoft, red, plump-lip.

1. Amen, and that's torment enough.

2. Pittie? come foole, fling them about luſtily; flowers neuer dye a ſweeter death, than when they are ſmoother'd to death in a Louers boſome, or elſe pauce the high wayes, ouer which theſe pretty, ſimpring, ſetting things, call'd brides, muſt trippe.

1. I pray thee tell mee, why doe they vſe at weddings to furniſh all places thus, with ſweet hearbes and flowers?

2. One reaſon is, becauſe tis—ô a moſt ſweet thing to lye with a man.

1. I thinke tis a O more more more more ſweet to lye with a woman.

2. I warrant all men are of thy minde: another reaſon is, becauſe they ſticke like the ſcutchions of madame chaſtity, on the ſable ground, weeping in their ſtalke, and wincking with theyr yellow-ſunke eyes, as loath to beholde the lamentable fall of a Maydenhead: what ſenceleſe thing in all the houſe, that is not nowe as melancholy, as a new ſet-up Schoolemaſter?

1. Troth I am.

2. Troth I thinke thou mournſt, becauſe th'art miſt thy turne, I doe by the quier of *Cupid*: you ſee the torches melt themſelues away in teares: the inſtruments weare their heart ſtringes out for ſorrow: and the Siluer Ewers weepe moſt pittifully Rosewater: fiue or ſixe payre of the white innocent wedding gloues, did in my ſight chooſe rather to be torne in peeces than to be drawne on; and looke this Roſemary, (a fatall hearbe) this dead-mans noſe-gay, has crept in amongſt theſe flowers to decke th' inuiſible coarſe of the Brides Maydenhead, when (oh how much do we poore wenches ſuffer) about eleuen or twelue, or one a clock at midnight at furtheſt, it deſcends to purgatory, to giue notice that *Cæleſtine* (hey ho) will neuer come to lead Apes in hell.

1. I ſee by thy ſighing thou wilt not.

2. If I had as many Mayden-heads, as I haue hayres on my head, I de venture them all rather than to come into ſo hot a place; prethy ſtrew thou, for my little armes are weary.

1. I am ſure thy little tongue is not.

2. No faith that's like a woman bitten w fleas, it neuer lyes ſtil: fye vpont, what a miſerable thing tis to be a noble Bride, there's ſuch delays in riſing, in fitting gownes, in tyeing, in pinning Rebatoes, in poaking, in dinner, in ſupper, in Reuels, & laſt of all in curſing the poore nodding fidlers, for keeping Miſtris Bride ſo long vp from ſweeter Reuels; that I could neuer endure to put it vp without much bickering.

1. Come th'art an odde wench, hark, harke, muſicke? nay then the Bride's vp.

2. Is ſhe vp? nay then I ſee ſhe has been downe: Lord ha mercy on vs, we women fall and fall ſtill, and when we haue husbands we play upon them like Virginall Jackes, they muſt ryſe and fall to our humours, or elſe they'l neuer get any good ſtraines of muſicke out of vs; but come now, haue at it for a mayden-head.

ſtrew.

Sir quin. Come knaues, night begins to be like my selfe, an olde man; day playes the theefe and steales vpon vs; O well done wenches, well done, well done, you haue couered all the stony way to church with flowers, tis well, tis well, there's an Embleame too, to be made out of these flowers and stones, but you are honest wenches, in, in, in.

2. When we come to your yeares, we shal learne what honesty is, come pew-fellow.

11
Exeunt.

Sir quin. Is the musicke come yet? so much to do! Ist come?

Omnes. Come sir.

Sir quin. Haue the merry knaues pul'd their fiddle cases ouer their instruments eares?

Flash. As soone as ere they entred our gates, the noyse went, before they came nere the great Hall, the faint hearts and villiacoes sounded at least thrice.

Sir quin. Thou shouldst haue reuiu'd them with a Cup of burnt wine and sugar; sirra, you, horse-keeper, goe, bid them curry theyr strings: Is my daughter vp yet?

Exit.

Flash. Vp sir? she was seene vp an houre agoe.

Sir quin. Shee's an early sturrer, ah sirra.

Flash. Shee'l be a late sturrer soone at night sir.

Sir Quint. Goe too *Peeter Flash*, you haue a good sodaine flash of braine, your wittes husky, and no maruaile, for tis like one of our Comedians bearded, still ith stubble: about your busines, and looke you be nymble to flye from the wine, or the nymble wine will catch you by the nose.

Flash. If your wine play with my nose Sir, Ile knocke's coxcombe.

Sir quin. Doe *Peeter*, and weare it for thy labour; Is my Sonne in Law Sir *Walter Terell* ready yet?

Omnes. Ready sir.

Exit another.

Sir Quin. One of you attend him: Stay *Flash*, where's the note of the gwestes you haue inuited?

Flash. Here Sir, Ile pull all your gwestes out of my bosome; the men that will come, I haue crost, but all the Gentlewomen haue at the taylor of the last letter a pricke, because you may read them the better.

Sir quint. My spectacles, lyght, lyght, knaues: Sir *Adam Prickshaft*, thou hast crost him, heele come.

Flash. I had much a doe sir, to draw Sir *Adam Prickshaft* home, because I tolde him twas early, but heele come.

Sir quint. Justice *Crop*, what will he come?

Flash. He took phisicke yesterday sir.

Sir quint. Oh then *Crop* cannot come.

Flash. O Lord yes, sir yes, twas but to make more roome in his *Crop* for your good cheare, *Crop* will come.

Sir quint. Widdow *Mineuer*.

Flash. Shee's prickt you see sir, and will come.

12

Sir quint. Sir *Vaughan ap Rees*, oh hee's crost twise, so, so, so, then all these Ladyes, that fall downewardes heere, will come I see, and all these Gentlemen that stand right before them.

Flash. All wil come.

Sir quint. Well sayd, heere, wryte them out agen, and put the men from the women, and *Peeter*, when we are at Church bring wine and cakes, be light & nimble good *Flash*, for your burden will be but light.

Enter sir Adam a light before him.

Sir Adam Prickshaft. God morrow, god morrow: goe, in, in, in, to the Bridegroom, taste a cup of burnt wine this morning, twill make you flye the better all the day after.

Sir Adam. You are an early styrrer Sir *Quintilian Shorthose*.

Sir qui. I am so, it behoues me at my daughters wedding, in, in, in; fellow put out thy torch, and put thy selfe into my mistery, the torch burnes ill in thy hand, the wine will burne better in thy belly, in, in.

Flash. Ware there, roome for Sir *Adam Prickshaft*: your Worship—

Exit.

Enter Sir Vaughan and Mistris Mineuer.

Sir quin. Sir *Vaughan* and Widdow *Mineuer*, welcome, welcome, a thousand times: my lips Mistris Widdow shall bid you God morrow, in, in, one to the Bridegroom, the other to the Bride.

Sir Vaughan. Why then Sir *quintilian Shorthose*, I will step into mistris Bride, and Widdow *Mineuer*, shall goe vpon M. Bridegroom.

Mineu. No pardon, for by my truely Sir *Vaughan*, Ile ha no dealings with any M. Bridegroomes.

Sir quin. In widdow in, in honest knight in.

Sir Vaug. I will vsher you mistris widdow.

Flash. Light there for Sir *Vaughan*; your good Worship—

Sir Vaug. Drinke that shilling Ma. *Peeter Flash*, in your guttes and belly.

Fla. Ile not drinke it downe sir, but Ile turne it into that which shall run downe, oh merrily!

Exit Sir Vaughan.

225 *Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, and others with Ladies, lights before them.*

13

Sir quin. God morrow to these beauties, and Gentlemen, that haue Vshered this troope of Ladyes to my daughters wedding, welcome, welcome all; musick? nay then the bridegroom's comming, where are these knaues heere?

Flash. All here sir.

Enter Terill, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Celestine, Mineuer and other Ladies and attendants with lights.

Teri. God morrow Ladies and fayre troopes of gallants, that haue depos'd the drowzy King of sleep, to Crowne our traine with your rich presences, *I salute you all;*

Each one share thanks from thanks in generall.

Cris. God morrow M. Bride-groome, mistris Bride.

Omnes. God morrow M. Bride-groome.

2^d Ter. Gallants I shal intreate you to prepare,

For Maskes and Reuels to defeate the night,

Our Soueraigne will in person grace our marriage.

Sir quin. What will the king be heer?

Ter. Father he will.

2^d Sir quin. Where be these knaues? More Rose-mary and gloues, gloues, gloues: choose Gentlemen; Ladyes put on soft skins vpon the skin of softer hands; so, so: come mistris Bride take you your place, the olde men first, and then the Batchelors; Maydes with the Bride, Widdows and wiues together, the priest's at Church, tis time that we march thether.

Ter. Deare *Blunt* at our returne from Church, take paines to step to *Horace*, for our nuptiall songs; now Father when you please.

2^d Sir quin. Agreed, set on, come good *Sir Vaughan*, must we lead the way?

Sir Vau. *Peeter* you goe too fast for Mistris pride: so, gingerly, gingerly; I muse why *Sir Adam Prickeshaft* sticks so short behinde?

Sir quin. He follows close, not too fast, holde vp knaues,

Thus we lead youth to church, they vs to graues.

Exeunt.

Horace sitting in a study behinde a Curtaine, a candle by him burning, bookes lying confusedly: to himselfe. 14

Hor. To thee whose fore-head swels with Roses,

Whose most haunted bower

Giues life & sent to euery flower,

Whose most adored name incloses,

Things abstruse, deep and diuine,

Whose yellow tresses shine,

Bright as *Eoan* fire.

O me thy Priest inspire.

For I to thee and thine immortall name,

In—in—in golden tunes,

For I to thee and thine immortall name—

In—~~in~~ sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swimming:

In sacred raptures swimming,

Immortal name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame,

Pux, hath, shame, proclaime, oh—

In Sacred raptures flowing, will proclaime, not—

O me thy Priest inspyre!

For I to thee and thine immortall name,

In flowing numbers fild with spright and flame,

Good, good, in flowing numbers fild with spright & flame.

Enter Asinius Bubo.

2^d Asini. *Horace*, *Horace*, my sweet ningle, is alwayes in labour when I come, the nine Muses be his midwiues I pray *Jupiter*. Ningle.

Ho. In flowing numbers fild with sprite and flame,
To thee.

2^d Asini. To me? I pledge thee sweet Ningle, by *Bacchus* quaffing boule, I thought th'adst drunke to me.

Hor. It must haue been in the deuine lycour of *Pernassus*, then in which, I know you would scarce haue pledg'd me, but come sweet roague, sit, sit, sit.

2^d Asini. Ouer head and eares yfaith? I haue a sacke-full of newes for thee, thou shalt plague some of them, if God send vs life and health together.

Hor. Its no matter, empty thy sacke anon, but come here first honest roague, come.

3^d Asini. Ist good, Ist good, pure *Helicon* ha?

Hor. Dam me ift be not the best that euer came from me, if I haue any iudgement, looke sir, tis an *Epithalamium* for *Sir Walter Terrels* wedding, my braines haue giuen assault to it but this morning. 15

3^d Asin. Then I hope to see them flye out like gun-powder ere night.

Hor. Nay good roague marke, for they are the best lynes that euer I drew.

3^d Asin. Heer's the best leafe in England, but on, on, Ile but tune this Pipe.

Hor. Marke, to thee whose fore-head swels with Roses.

Asin. O sweet, but will there be no exceptions taken, because fore-head and swelling comes together?

3^d Hor. Push away, away, its proper, besides tis an elegancy to say the fore head swels.

Asin. Nay an't be proper, let it stand for Gods loue.

Hor. Whose most haunted bower,

Giues life and sent to euery flower,

Whose most adored name incloses,

Things abstruse, deep and diuine.

Whose yellow tresses shine,

Bright as *Eoan* fire.

Asini. O pure, rich, ther's heate in this, on, on.

Hor. Bright as *Eoan* fire,

O me thy Priest inspire!

For I to thee and thine immortall name — *marke this.*

In flowing numbers fill with spryte and flame.

Asini. I mary, ther's spryte and flame in this.

Hor. A pox, a this Tobacco.

~~34~~*Asin.* Wod this case were my last, if I did not marke, nay all's one, I haue alwayes a consort of Pypes about me, myne Ingle is all fire and water; I markt, by this Candle (which is none of Gods Angels) I remember, you started back at sprite and flame.

Hor. For I to thee and thine immortall name,

In flowing numbers fill with sprite and flame, To thee Loues mightiest King,
Himen ô Himen, does our chaste Muse sing.

Asin. Ther's musicke in this.

Hor. Marke now deare *Asinius.*

Let these virgins quickly see thee,
Leading out the Bride,
Though theyr blushing cheekes they hide,
Yet with kisses will they fee thee,
To vntye theyr Virgin zone,
They grieue to lye alone.

Asini. So doe I by *Venus.*

Hor. Yet with kisses wil they fee thee, my Muse has marcht (deare roague) no farder yet: but how ist? how ist? nay prethee good *Asinius* deale plainly, doe not flatter me, come, how?—

~~34~~*Asin.* If I haue any iudgement:

Hor. Nay look you Sir, and then follow a troope of other rich and labour'd conceipts, oh the end shall be admirable! but how ist sweet *Bubo*, how, how?

~~34~~*Asini.* If I have any Iudgement, tis the best stuffe that euer dropt from thee.

Hor. You ha seene my Acrosticks?

Asi. Ile put vp my pypes and then Ile see any thing.

Hor. Th'ast a Coppy of mine Odes to, hast not *Bubo*?

~~34~~*Asi.* Your odes? O that which you spake by word a mouth at th' ordinary, when Musco the gull cryed Mew at it.

Hor. A pox on him poore braineles Rooke: and you remember, I tolde him his wit lay at pawne with his new Sattin sute, and both would be lost, for not fetching home by a day.

~~34~~*Asi.* At which he would faine ha blusht but that his painted cheekes would not let him.

Hor. Nay sirra the Palinode, which I meane to stitch to my Reuels, shall be the best and ingenious peece that euer I swet for; stay roague, Ile fat thy spleane and make it plumpe with laughter.

~~34~~*Asi.* Shall I? fayth Ningle, shall I see thy secrets?

Hor. Puh my friends.

Asi. But what fardle's that? what fardle's that?

Hor. Fardle, away, tis my packet; heere lyes intoomb'd the loues of Knights and Earles, heere tis, heere tis, heere tis, Sir Walter Terils letter to me, and my answere to him: I no sooner opened his letter, but there appeared to me three glorious Angels, whome I ador'd as subiectes doe their Soueraignes: the honest knight Angles for my acquaintance, with such golden baites— but why doost laugh my good roague? how is my answere, prethee, how, how?

Asi. Answere, as God iudge me Ningle, for thy wit thou mayst answer any Iustice of peace in England I warrant; thou writ'st in a most goodly big hand too, I like that, & readst as leageably as some that haue bin sau'd by their neck-verse.

~~34~~*Hor.* But how dost like the Knights inditing?

Asi. If I haue any iudgement; a pox ont, heer's worshipfull lynes indeed, heer's stuffe: but sirra Ningle, of what fashion is this knights wit, of what blocke?

~~34~~*Hor.* Why you see; wel, wel, an ordinary Ingenuity, a good wit for a knight, you know how, before God I am haunted with some the most pittypull dry gallants.

Asini. Troth so I think; good peeces of lantskip, shew best a far off.

~~34~~*Hor.* I, I, I, excellent sumpter horses, carry good cloaths; but honest roague, come, what news, what newes abroad? I haue heard a the horses walking a' th top of Paules.

Asi. Ha ye? why the Captain Tucca rayles vpon you most preposterously behinde your backe, did you not heare him?

~~40~~*Hor.* A pox vpon him: by the white & soft hand of *Minerua*, Ile make him the most ridiculous: dam me if I bring not's humor ath stage: &—scuruy lymping tongu'd captaine, poor greasie buffe Ierkin, hang him: tis out of his Element to traduce me: I am too well ranckt *Asinius* to bee stab'd with his dudgion wit: sirra, Ile compose an Epigram vpon him, shall goe thus—

~~40~~*Asi.* Nay I ha more news, ther's Crispinus & his Iorneyman Poet Demetrius Faninus too, they sweare they'll bring your life & death vpon'th stage like a Bricklayer in a play.

Hor. *Bubo* they must presse more valiant wits than theyr own to do it: me ath stage? ha, ha. Ile starue their poore copper-lace workmasters, that dare play me: I can bring (& that they quake at) a prepar'd troope of gallants, who for my sake shal distaste euery vnsalted line, in their fly-blowne Comedies.

Asi. Nay that's certaine, ile bring 100. gallants of my ranke.

~~40~~*Hor.* That same Crispinus is the silliest Dor, and Faninus the slightest cob-web-lawne peece of a Poet, oh God! Why should I care what euery Dor doth buz

In credulous eares, it is a crowne to me,
That the best iudgements can report me wrong'd.

Asi. I am one of them that can report it.

~~40~~*Hor.* I thinke but what they are, and am not moou'd.

The one a light voluptuous Reueler,
The other, a strange arrogating puffe,
Both impudent, and arrogant enough.

Asin. S'lid do not Criticus Reuel in these lynes, ha Ningle ha?

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Knocking.

Hor. Yes, they're mine owne.

Cris. Horrace.

Dem. Flaccus.

Cris. Horrace, not vp yet.

Hor. Peace, tread softly, hyde my Papers; who's this so early? Some of my rookes, some of my guls?

Cris. Horrace, Flaccus.

Hor. Who's there? stray, treade softly: *Wat Terill* on my life: who's there? my gowne sweete roague, so, come vp, come in.

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Enter Crispinus and Demetrius.

Cris. God morrow Horrace.

Hor. O, God saue you gallants.

Cris. *Asinius Bubo* well met.

Asin. Nay, I hope so Crispinus, yet I was sicke a quarter of a yeare a goe of a vehement great tooth-atch: a pox ont, it bit me vilye, as God sa me la I knew twas you by your knocking so soone as I saw you; Demetrius Fannius, wil you take a whiffe this morning? I haue tickling geare now, heer's that will play with your nose, and a pype of mine owne scowring too.

Dem. I, and a Hodgshhead too of your owne, but that will neuer be scowred cleane I feare.

Asin. I burnt my pype yesternight, and twas neuer vsde since, if you will tis at your seruice gallants, and Tobacco too, tis right pudding I can tell you; a Lady or two, tooke a pype full or two at my hands, and prazde it for the Heauens, shall I fill Flannius?

Dem. I thanke you good Asinius for your loue, I sildome take that Phisicke, tis enough Haying so much foole to take him in snuffe.

Hor. Good Bubo read some booke, and giue vs leaue....

As. Leaue haue you deare Ningle, marry for reading any book Ile take my death vpont (as my Ningle sayes) tis out of my Elemēt: no faith, euer since I felt one hit me ith teeth that the greatest Clarkes are not the wisest men, could I abide to goe to Schoole, I was at *As in presenti* and left there: yet because Ile not be counted a worse foole then I am, Ile turne ouer a new leafe.

Asinius reads and takes Tabacco.

Hor. To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
In distilde Roses, and doe striue to dreine,
Out of myne Inke all gall; that when I wey
Each sillable I write or speake, because
Mine enemies with sharpe and searching eyes
Looke through & through me, caruing my poore labours
Like an Anotomy: Oh heauens to see,
That when my lines are measur'd out as straight
As euen Paralels, tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawne awry.
The error is not mine, but in theyr eye,
That cannot take proportions.

Cris. Horrace, Horrace,

To stand within the shot of galling tongues,
Proues not your gilt, for could we write on paper,
Made of these turning leaues of heauen, the cloudes,
Or speake with Angels tongues: yet wise men know,
That some would shake the head, tho Saints should sing,
Some snakes must hisse, because they're borne with stings.

Hor. Tis true.

Cris. Doe we not see fooles laugh at heauen? and mocke
The Makers workmanship; be not you grieu'd
If tis which you molde faire, vpright and smooth,
Be skrwed awry, made crooked, lame and vile,
By racking coments, and calumnious tongues,
So to be bit it rankcles not: for innocence
May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs.
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles folde the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,
If they take off all gilding from their pilles,
And onely offer you the bitter Coare.

Hor. Crispinus.

Cri. Say that you haue not sworne vnto your Paper,
To blot her white cheekes with the dregs and bottome
Of your friends priuate vices: say you sweare
Your loue and your aleageance to bright vertue
Make you descend so low, as to put on
The Office of an Executioner,
Onely to strike off the swolne head of sinne,
Where ere you finde it standing,

Say you sweare;
And make damnation parcell of your oath,
That when your lashing iestes make all men bleed;
Yet you whip none. Court, Citty, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike; yet Court, nor Citty,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you; great pittie.

Dem. If you sweare, dam me Faninus, or Crispinus,
Or to the law (*Our kingdomes golden chaine*)
To Poets dam me, or to Players dam me,
If I brand you, or you, tax you, scourge you:
I wonder then, that of fiue hundred: foure
Should all point with their fingers in one instant
At one and the same man?

Hor. Deare Faninus.

Dem. Come, you cannot excuse it.

Hor. Heare me, I can—

Dem. You must daube on thicke collours then to hide it.

Cris. We come like your Phisitions, to purge
Your sicke and daungerous minde of her disease.

Dem. In troth we doe, out of our loues we come,
And not reuenge, but if you strike vs still,
We must defend our reputations:

Our pens shall like our swords be alwayes sheath'd,
Vnlesse too much prouockt, Horace if then
They draw bloud of you, blame vs not, we are men:
Come, let thy Muse beare vp a smoother sayle,
Tis the easiest and the basest Arte to raile.

Hor. Deliuier me your hands, I loue you both,
As deare as my owne soule, prooue me, and when
I shall traduce you, make me the scorne of men.

Both. Enough, we are friends.

Asi. What reads Asinius?

Asi. By my troth heer's an excellent comfortable booke, it's most sweet reading in it.

Dem. Why, what does it smell of Bubo?

Asi. Mas it smels of Rose-leaues a little too.

Hor. Then it must needs be a sweet booke, he would faine perfume his ignorance.

Asi. I warrant he had wit in him that pen'd it.

Cris. Tis good yet a foole will confesse truth.

Asi. The whoorson made me meete with a hard stile in two or three places as I went ouer him.

Dem. I beleeeue thee, for they had need to be very lowe & easie Stiles of wit that thy braines goe ouer.

Enter Blunt and Tucca.

Blun. Wher's this gallant? Morrow Gentlemen: what's this deuise done yet Horace?

Hor. Gods so, what meane you to let this fellow dog you into my Chamber?

Blun. Oh, our honest Captayne, come, prethee let vs see.

Bluc. Why you bastards of nine whoores, the Muses, why doe you walk heere in this gorgeous gailery of gallant
inuentions, with that whooreson poore lyme & hayre-rascall? why—

Cris. O peace good Tucca, we are all sworne friends.

Tuc. Sworne, that Iudas yonder that walkes in Rug, will dub you Knights ath Poste, if you serue vnder his band of
oathes the copper-fact rascal wil for a good supper out sweare twelue dozen of graund Iuries.

Blun. A pox ont, not done yet, and bin about it three dayes?

Horr. By Iesu within this houre, saue you Captayne Tucca.

Bluc. Dam thee, thou thin bearded Hermaphrodite, dam thee, Ile saue my selfe for one I warrant thee, is this thy Tub
Diogines?

Hor. Yes Captaine this is my poore lodging.

Asin. Morrow Captaine Tucca, will you whiffe this morning?

Tuc. Art thou there goates pizzel; no godamercy Caine I am for no whiffs I, come hether sheep-skin-weauer, s'foote
thou lookst as though th'adst beg'd out of a Iayle: drawe, I meane not thy face (for tis not worth drawing) but drawe
neere: this way, martch, follow your commaunder you scoundrell: So, thou must run of an errand for mee
Mephostophiles.

Hor. To doe you pleasure Captayne I will, but whether.

Tuc. To hell, thou knowst the way, to hell my fire and brimstone, to hell; dost stare my Sarsens-head at Newgate?
dost gloate? Ile march through thy dunkirkes guts for shooting iestes at me.

Hor. Deare Captaine but one word.

Tuc. Out bench-whistler out, ile not take thy word for a dagger Pye: you browne-bread-mouth stinker, ile teach thee
to turne me into Bankes his horse, and to tell gentlemen I am a Iugler, and can shew trickes.

Bluc. Captaine Tucca, but halfe a word in your eare.

Tuc. No you staru'd rascal, thou't bite off mine eares then, you must haue three or foure suites of names, when like
a lowsie Pediculous vermin th'ast but one suite to thy backe: you must be call'd Asper, and Criticus, and Horace, thy
tytle no longer a reading then the Stile a the big Turkes: Asper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus.

Hor. Captaine I know vpon what euen bases I stand, and therefore—

Tuc. Bases? wud the roague were but ready for me.

Blun. Nay prethee deare Tucca, come you shall shake—

Tuc. Not hands with great Hunkes there, not hands, but Ile shake the gull-groper out of his tan'd skinne.

Crisp. & Deme. For our sake Captaine, nay prethee holde.

660c. Thou wrongst heere a good honest rascall Crispinus, and a poore varlet Demetrius Fanninus (bretheren in thine owne trade of Poetry) thou sayst Crispinus Sattin dublet is Reauel'd out heere, and that this penurious sneaker is out at elboes, goe two my good full-mouth'd ban-dog, Ile ha thee friends with both.

660d. With all my heart captaine Tucca, and with you too, Ile laye my handes vnder your feete, to keepe them from aking.

Omnnes. Can you haue any more?

Tuc. Saist thou me so, olde Coale? come doo't then; yet tis no matter neither, Ile haue thee in league first with these two rowly powlies: they shal be thy Damons and thou their Pithyasse; Crispinus shall giue thee an olde cast Sattin suite, and Demetrius shall write thee a Scene or two, in one of thy strong garlicke Comedies; and thou shalt take the guilt of conscience for't, and sweare tis thine owne olde lad, tis thine owne: thou neuer yet fels't into the hands of sattin, didst?

660e. Neuer Captaine I thanke God.

Tuc. Goe too, thou shalt now King Gorboduck, thou shalt, because Ile ha thee damn'd, Ile ha thee all in Sattin: Asper, Criticus, Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus, Crispinus shal doo't, thou shalt doo't, heyre apparant of Helicon, thou shalt doo't. 23

660f. Mine Ingle weare an olde cast Sattin suite?

Tuc. I wafer-face your Ningle.

Asi. If he carry the minde of a Gentleman, he'll scorne it at's heeles.

660g. Mary muffe, my man a ginger-bread, wilt eate any small coale?

Asi. No Captaine, wod you should well know it, great coale shall not fill my bellie.

Tuc. Scorne it, dost scorne to be arrested at one of his olde Suites?

660h. No Captaine, Ile weare any thing.

Tuc. I know thou wilt, I know th'art an honest low minded Pigmey, for I ha seene thy shoulders lapt in a Plaiers old cast Cloake, like a Slie knaue as thou art: and when thou ranst mad for the death of Horatio: thou borrowedst a gowne of Roscius the Stager, (that honest Nicodemus) and sentst it home lowsie, didst not? *Responde*, didst not?

Blun. So, so, no more of this, within this houre—

Hor. If I can sound retreat to my wits, with whome this leader is in skirmish, Ile end within this houre.

660i. What wut end? wut hang thy selfe now? has he not writ Finis yet Iacke? what will he bee fifteene weekes about this Cockatrices egge too? has hee not cackeld yet? not laide yet?

Blunt. Not yet, hee sweares hee will within this houre.

660j. His wittes are somewhat hard bound: the Puncke his Muse has sore labour ere the whoore bee deliuered: the poore saffron-cheeke Sun-burnt Gipsie wantes Phisicke; giue the hungrie-face pudding-pye-eater ten Pilles: ten shillings my faire Angelica, they'l make his Muse as yare as a tumbler.

Blu. He shall not want for money if heele write.

660k. Goe by Ieronimo, goe by; and heere, drop the ten shillings into this Bason; doe, drop, when Iacke? hee shall call me his Mæcenas: besides, Ile dam vp's Ouen-mouth for rayling at's: So, ist right Iacke? ist sterling? fall off now to the vnderward of yonder foure Stinkers, and aske alowde if wee shall goe? the Knight shall defray Iacke, the Knight when it comes to *Summa totalis*, the Knyght, the Knight.—

Blu. Well Gentlemen, we'll leaue you, shall we goe Captaine? good Horrace make some hast.

Hor. Ile put on wings. 24

660l. I neuer sawe mine Ingle so dasht in my life before.

Cris. Yes once Asinius.

Asi. Mas you say true, hee was dasht worse once going (in a rainy day) with a speech to'th Tilt-yard, by Gods lyd has call'd him names, a dog would not put vp, that had any discretion.

660m. Holde, holde vp thy hand, I ha seene the day thou didst not scorne to holde vp thy golles: ther's a Souldiers Spur-royall, twelue pence: Stay, because I know thou canst not write without quick-siluer; vp agen, this goll agen, I giue thee double presse-money: Stay, because I know thou hast a noble head, ile deuide my Crowne, ô royall Porrex, ther's a teston more; goe, thou and thy Muse munch, doe, munch; come my deare Mandrake, if Skeldring fall not to decay, thou shalt flourish: farewell my sweet *Amadis de Gaule*, farewell.

Hor. Deare Captaine.

660n. Come Iacke.

Dem. Nay Captaine stay, we are of your band.

Tuc. March faire then.

Cri. Horace farewell, adue Asinius.

Exeunt.

660o. Ningle lets goe to some Tauerne, and dine together, for my stomache rises at this scuruy leather Captaine.

Hor. No, they haue choakt me with mine owne disgrace, Which (fooles) ile spit againe euen in your face.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Quintilian Shorthose, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Mineuer with seruuingmen.

660p. *quinti.* Knaues, Varlets, what Lungis, giue me a dozen of stooles there.

Sir Vau. Sesu plesse vs all in our fiue sences a peece, what meane yee sir Kintilian Sorthose to stand so much on a dozen stooles, heere be not preeches inuffe to hyde a dozen stooles, vnlesse you wisse some of vs preake his sinnes.

Sir quin. I say sir Vaughan no shinne shal be broken heer; what lungis, a chayre with a stronge backe, and a soft bellie, great with childe, with a cushion for this reuerend Lady.

660q. *mineu.* God neuer gaue me the grace to be a Lady, yet I ha beene worshipt in my conscience to my face a thousand times, I cannot denye sir Vaughan, but that I haue all implements, belonging to the vocation of a Lady.

Sir Vaughan. I trust mistris Mineuer you haue all a honest oman shud haue?

660r. *Min.* Yes perdie, as my Coach, and my fan, and a man or two that serue my turne, and other things which Ide bee 25

loath euery one should see, because they shal not be common, I am in manner of a Lady in one point.

~~7~~**Sir Vaug.** I pray mistris Mineuers, let vs all see that point for our better vnderstanding.

Min. For I ha some thinges that were fetcht (I am sure) as farre as some of the Low Countries, and I payde sweetly for them too, and they tolde me they were good for Ladies.

~~7~~**Sir qui.** And much good do't thy good heart faire widdow with them.

Min. I am fayre enough to bee a Widdow, Sir Quintilian.

Sir Vaug. In my soule and conscience, and well faouered enough to be a Lady: heere is sir Kintilian Sorthose, and heeresis sir Adam Prickshaft, a sentleman of a very good braine, and well headed: you see he shootes his bolt sildome, but when Adam lets goe, he hits: and heere is sir Vaughan ap Rees, and I beleuee if God sud take vs all from his mercy, as I hope hee will not yet; we all three loue you, at the bottome of our bellies, and our hearts: and therefore mistris Minner, if you please, you shall be knighted by one of vs, whom you sall desire to put into your deuice and minde.

Min. One I must haue sir Vaughan.

Sir quin. And one of vs thou shalt haue widdow.

~~7~~**Min.** One I must haue, for now euery one seekes to crow ouer me.

Sir Vaug. By Sesu and if I finde any crowing ouer you, & he were a cocke (come out as farre as in Turkeys country) tis possible to cut his combe off.

Min. I muse why sir Adam Prickshaft flyes so farre from vs.

~~7~~**Sir Adam.** I am in a browne study, my deare, if loue should bee turned into a beast, what beast hee were fit to bee turned into.

Sir quinti. I thinke Sir Adam an Asse, because of his bearing.

~~7~~**Min.** I thinke (sauing your reuerence) Sir Adam a puppy, for a dog is the most louing creature to a christian that is, vnles it be a childe.

Sir Ad. No, I thinke if loue should bee turn'd away, and goe to serue any beast, it must bee an Ape, and my reason

—
~~7~~**Sir Vaugh.** Sir Adam, an Ape? ther's no more reason in an Ape, than in a very plaine Monkey; for an Ape has no taylor, but we all know, or tis our duty to know, loue has two tailles; In my sudsment, if loue be a beast, that beast is a bunce of Reddis; for a bunce of Reddis is wise meate without Mutton, and so is loue.

~~7~~**Min.** Ther's the yawning Captaine (sauing your reuerence that has such a sore mouth) would one day needes perswade me, that loue was a Rebato; and his reason was (sauing your reuerence) that a Rebato was worne out with pinning too often; and so he said loue was.

~~7~~**Sir Vaugh.** And Master Captaine Tucca sayd wisely too, loue is a Rebato indeede: a Rebato must be poaked; now many women weare Rebatoes, and many that weare Rebatoes—

Sir Adam. Must be poakt.

Sir Vau. Sir Adam Prickshaft has hit the cloute.

Musicke.

~~7~~**Sir qui.** The Musicke speakes to vs, we'll haue a daunce before dinner.

Enter Sir Walter Terrill, Cælestine, Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius, euery one with a Lady.

All. The King's at hand.

~~7~~**Ter.** Father the King's at hand.

Musicke talke lowder, that thy siluer voice,
May reach my Soueraignes eares.

Sir Vaug. I pray doe so, Musitions bestir your fingers, that you may haue vs all by the eares.

~~7~~**Sir quin.** His Grace comes, a Hall varlets, where be my men? blow, blow your colde Trumpets till they sweate; tickle them till they sound agen.

Blun. Best goe meete his Grace.

All. Agreed.

~~7~~**Sir Vaug.** Pray all stand bare, as well men as women: Sir Adam is best you hide your head for feare your wise braines take key-colde: on afore Sir Kintilian; Sentlemen fall in before the Ladyes, in seemely order and fashion; so this is comelye.

~~Enter~~ *Trumpets sounding, they goe to the doore, and meete the King and his Traine, and whilst the Trumpets sound the King is welcom'd, kisses the Bride, and honors the Bridegroome in dumbe shew.*

King. Nay if your pleasures shrinke at sight of vs,
We shall repent this labour, Mistris Bride
You that for speaking but one word to day,
Must loose your head at night; you that doe stand
Taking your last leaue of virginity;
You that being well begun, must not be Maide:
Winne you the Ladies, I the men will wooe,
Our selfe will leade my blushing Bride with you.

~~7~~**Sir Vaughan.** God blesse your Maiesty, and send you to be a long King William Rufus ouer vs, when he sees his times & pleasures.

King. Wee thanke you good Sir Vaughan, wee will take your meaning not your words.

~~7~~**Sir quint.** Lowde Musicke there.

Sir Vau. I am glad your Maiesty will take any thing at my hands; my words I trust in Sesu, are spoken betweene my soule and body together, and haue neither Felonies nor treasons about them, I hope.

~~7~~**King.** Good words Sir Vaughan, I prethee giue vs leaue.

Vaug. Good words sir Vaughan? thats by interpretation in english, you'r best giue good words sir Vaughan: god and his Ansell blesse me, what ayles his maiesty to be so tedious and difficult in his right mindes now, I holde my life that file as scall-rymer Horace hath puzd and puzd aboue a hundred merie tales and lyce, into his great and princely eares: by god and he vse it, his being Phœbus priest cannot saue him, if hee were his Sapline too ide prease vpon his coxcomb:

good Lord blesse me out of his maiesties celler: King Williams, I hope tis none offences to make a supplication to god a mightie for your long life: for by shesu I haue no meaning in't in all the world, vnles rascalls be here that will haue your grace take shalke for shees, and vnlesse Horace has sent lyce to your maiesty.

King. Horace, what's he sir Vaughan?

Vaugh. As hard-fauourd a fellow as your maiestie has seene in a sommers day: he does pen, an't please your grace, toys that will not please your grace; tis a Poet, we call them Bardes in our Countrie, singes ballads and rymes, and I was mightie sealous, that his Inke which is blacke and full of gall, had brought my name to your maiestie, and so lifted vp your hye and princely coller.

King. I neither know that Horace, nor mine anger,
If as thou saist our high and princely choller
Be vp, wee'l tread it downe with daunces; Ladies
Loose not your men; faire measures must be tread,
When by so faire a dauncer you are lead.

Vaugh. Mistris Miniuer:

Min. Perdie sir Vaughan I cannot dance.

Vaugh. Perdie by this Miniuer cappe, and acording to his masesties leaue too, you sall be put in among these Ladies, & daunce ere long I trest in god, the saking of the seetes.

They daunce a straine, and whilst the others keepe on, the King and Celestine stay.

Kin. That turne faire Bride shews you must turne at night,
In that sweet daunce which steales away delight.

Cæl. Then pleasure is a theife, a fit, a feauer.

Kin. True, he's the thiefe, but women the receiuer.

Another change; they fall in, the rest goe on.

Kin. This change sweet Maide, saies you must change your life,
As Virgins doe.

Cæl. Virgins nere change their life,
She that is wiu'd a maide, is Maide and wife.

Kin. But she that dyes a Maide;—

Cæl. Thrice happy then.

Kin. Leades Apes in hell.

Cæl. Better leade Apes then men.

At this third change they end, and she meetes the King.

Kin. Well met.

Cæl. Tis ouertaken.

Kin. Why faire sweet?

Cæl. Women are ouertaken when they meete.

Kin. Your bloud speakes like a coward.

Cæl. It were good,

If euery Maiden blush, had such a bloud.

Kin. A coward bloud, why whom should maidens feare?

Cæ. Men, were Maides cowards, they'd not come so nere,
My Lord the Measure's done, I pleade my duetie.

Kin. Onelie my heart takes measure of thy beautie.

Sir quin. Now by my hose I sweare, that's no deepe oath,
This was a fine sweet earth-quake gentle moou'd,
By the soft winde of whispring Silkes: come Ladies,
Whose ioynts are made out of the dauncing Orbes,
Come, follow me, walke a colde measure now;
In the Brides Chamber; your hot beautie's melt,
Take euerie one her fan, giue them their places,
And waue the Northerne winde vpon your faces.

Cælestine and all the Ladyes doing obeysance to the King, who onely kisses her, Exeunt, Shorthose manning them, the Gallants stand aloofe.

Kin. Sir Walter Terrill.

Ter. My confirmed Leige.

Ki. Beautie out of her bountie, thee hath lent,
More then her owne with liberall extent.

Ter. What meanes my Lord?

Kin. Thy Bride, thy choice, thy wife,
She that is now thy fadom, thy new world,
That brings thee people, and makes little subjects;
Kneele at thy feete, obay in euerie thing,
So euerie Father is a priuate King.

Ter. My Lord, her beauty is the poorest part,
Chiefly her vertues did endowe my heart.

Kin. Doe not back-bite her beauties, they all shine,
Brighter on thee, because the beames are thine,
To thee more faire, to others her two lips
Shew like a parted Moone in thine Eclipse;

That I launce, which louers mongst themselues deuise,
Walkes as inuisible to others eies:
Giue me thine eare.

Cri. What meanes the King?

Dem. Tis a quaint straine.

Ter. My Lord.

King. Thou darst not Wat.

Ter. She is too course an obiect for the Court.

Kin. Thou darst not Wat: let to night be to morrow.

Ter. For shee's not yet mine owne.

King. Thou darst not Wat?

Ter. My Lord I dare, but—

King. But I see thou darst not.

Ter. This night.

King. Yea, this night, tush thy minde repaires not,

Therefore thou talk'st of night, the more thou darst not;

Thus farre I tend, I wod but turne this speare,

Of Ladies eyes, and place it in the Court,

Where thy faire Bride should for the Zodiacke shine,

And euery Lady else sit for a signe.

But all thy thoughts are yellow, thy sweet bloud

Rebels, th'art iealous Wat; thus with proude reuels

To emmulate the masking firmament,

Where Starres dance in the siluer Hall of heauen,

Thy pleasure should be seasoned, and thy bed

Reliue thy Bride, But, but thou darst not Wat.

Ter. My Loord I dare.

Kin. Speake that agen.

Ter. I dare.

King. Agen kinde Wat, and then I know thou darst.

Ter. I dare and will by that ioynt holy oath,

Which she and I swore to the booke of heauen.

This very day when the surueying Sunne,

Riz like a witnes to her faith and mine,

By all the loyalty that subiects owe

To Majesty, by that, by this, by both,

I sweare to make a double guarded oath,

This night vntainted by the touch of man,

She shall a Virgin come.

Kin. To Court? *Ter.* To Court.

I know I tooke a woman to my wife,

And I know women to be earthly Moones,

That neuer shine till night, I know they change

Their Orbes (their husbands) and in sickish hearts,

Steale to their sweete Endimions, to be cur'd

With better Phisicke, sweeter dyet drinks,

Then home can minister: all this I know

Yet know not all, but giue me leaue O King,

To boast of mine, and saie that I know none;

I haue a woman but not such a one.

King. Why, she's confirmed in thee; I now approoue her,

If constant in thy thoughts who then can mooue her?

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir qui. Wilt please your Highnes take your place within,

The Ladies attend the Table.

King. I goe good Knight; Wat thy oath.

Ter. My Lord,

My oath's my honour, my honour is my life,

My oath is constant, so I hope my wife.

Exeunt.

Enter Horace in his true attyre, Asinius bearing his Cloake.

Asi. If you flye out Ningle, heer's your Cloake; I thinke it raines too.

Ho. Hide my shoulders in't.

Asi. Troth so th'adst neede, for now thou art in thy Pee and Kue; thou hast such a villanous broad backe, that I warrant th'art able to beare away any mans iestes in England.

Hor. It's well Sir, I ha strength to beare yours mee thinkes; fore God you are growne a piece of a Critist, since you fell into my hands: ah little roague, your wit has pickt vp her crums prettie and well.

Asi. Yes faith, I finde my wit a the mending hand Ningle; troth I doe not thinke but to proceede Poetaster next Commencement, if I haue my grace perfectlie: euerie one that confer with me now, stop their nose in merriment, and sweare I smell somewhat of Horace; one calles me Horaces Ape, another Horaces Beagle, and such Poeticall names it passes. I was but at Barbers last day, and when he was rencing my face, did but crie out, fellow thou makst me *Connieue*

too long, & sayes he, Master *Asinius Bubo*, you haue eene Horaces wordes as right as if he had spit them into your mouth.

Hor. Well, away deare Asinius, deliuer this letter to the young Gallant *Druso*, he that fell so strongly in loue with mee yesternight. 32

Asin. It's a sweete Muske-cod, a pure spic'd-gull; by this feather I pittie his *Ingenuities*; but hast writ all this since Ningle? I know thou hast a good running head and thou listest.

Hor. Foh come, your great belly'd wit must long for euery thing too; why you *Rooke*, I haue a set of letters readie starchit to my hands, which to any fresh suited gallant, that but newlie enters his name into my rowle, I send the next morning, ere his ten a clocke dreame has rize from him, onelie with claping my hand to't, that my Nouice shall start, ho and his haire stand an end, when hee sees the sodaine flash of my writing; what you prettie Diminitiuie roague, we must haue false fiers to amaze these spangle babies, these true heires of Ma. Justice Shallow.

Asi. I wod alwaies haue thee sawce a foole thus.

Hor. Away, and, stay: heere be Epigrams vpon *Tucca*, divulge these among the gallants; as for *Crispinus*, that *Crispin-asse* and *Fannius* his Play-dresser; who (to make the Muses beleeeue, their subiects eares were staru'd, and that there was a dearth of Poesie) cut an Innocent Moore i'th middle, to serue him in twice; & when he had done, made Poules-worke of it, as for these Twynnes these *Poet-apes*:

Their Mimicke trickes shall serue

With mirth to feast our Muse, whilst their owne starue.

Asin. Well Ningle Ile trudge, but where's the Randeuow?

Hor. Well thought off, marie at Sir Vaughans lodging the Welsh knight, I haue compos'd a loue-letter for the gallants worship, to his Rosamond: the second, Mistris Miniuer, because she does not thinke so soundly of his lame English as he could wish; I ha gull'd his Knight-ship heere to his face, yet haue giuen charge to his wincking vnderstanding not to perceiue it: nay Gods so, away deare Bubo.

Asi. I am gone.

Exit.

Hor. The Muses birdes the Bees were hui'd and fled,
Vs ~~in~~ our cradle, thereby prophecying;

That we to learned eares should sweetly sing,

But to the vulger and adulterate braine,

Should loath to prostitute our Virgin straine.

No, our sharpe pen shall keep the world in awe,

Hor ~~no~~ thy Poesie, wormwood wreathes shall weare,

We hunt not for mens loues but for their feare.

33

Exit.

Enter Sir Adam and Miniuer.

Min. O Sir Adam Prickshaft, you are a the bow hand wide, a long yard I assure you: and as for Suitors, truelie they all goe downe with me, they haue all one flat answeere.

Sir Adam. All Widdow? not all, let Sir Adam bee your first man still.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quin. Widdow, art stolne from Table? I Sir Adam,
Are you my riual? well, flye faire y'are best; The King's exceeding merrie at the banquet,
He makes the Bride blush with his merrie words,
That run into her eares; ah he's a wanton,
Yet I dare trust her, had he twentie tongues,
And ~~ou~~erie tongue a Stile of Maiestie.
Now Widdow, let me tell thee in thine eare,
I loue thee Widdow, by this ring; nay weare it.

Mineu. Ile come in no rings pardie, Ile take no golde.

Sir Ada. Harke in thine eare, take me, I am no golde.

1020

Enter Sir Vaughan and Peter Flash.

Sir Vau. Master Peter Flash, I will grope about Sir Quintilian, for his terminations touching and considering you.

Flash. I thanke your Worship, for I haue as good a stomacke to your Worship as a man could wish.

Sir Vau. I hope in God a mightie, I shall fill your stomack Master Peter: What two vpon one Sentlemen; Mistris Miniuer, much good doo't you Sir Adam.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan, haue you din'd well Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. As good seere as would make any hungrie man (and a were in the vilest prison in the world) eate and hee had anie stomacke: One word Sir Quintilian in hugger mugger; heere is a Sentleman of yours, Master Peter Flash, is tesirous to haue his blew coate pul'd ouer his eares; and...

Flash. No, Sir, my petition runs thus, that your whorshippe would thrust mee out of doores, and that I may follow Sir Vaughan. 34

Sir Vau. I can tell you Master Flash, and you follow mee I goe verie fast, I thinke in my conscience, I am one of the lightest knights in England.

Flash. It's no matter Sir, the Flashes haue euer bin knowne to be quicke and light enough.

Sir quin. Sir Vaughan, he shal follow you, he shall dog you good Sir Vaughan.

Enter Horace walking.

Sir Vau. Why then Peter Flash I will set my foure markes a yeare, and a blew coate vpon you.

Fla. Godamercy to your worship, I hope you shall neuer repent for me.

Sir Vau. You beare the face of an honest man, for you blush passing well Peter, I will quench the flame out of your name and you shall be christned Peter Salamander.

Peter Flash. The name's too good for me, I thanke your worship.

Sir Vau. Are you come Master Horace, you sent mee the Coppie of your letters countenance, and I did write and read it; your wittes truelie haue done verie valliantlie: tis a good inditelements, you ha put in enough for her ha you not?

Hor. According to my instructions.

Sir Vau. Tis passing well, I pray Master Horace walke a little beside your selfe, I will turne vpon you incontinent.

1560 *Sir quin.* What Gentleman is this in the Mandilian, a soldyer?

Sir Vau. No, tho he has a very bad face for a souldier, yet he has as desperate a wit as euer any Scholler went to cufes for; tis a Senteleman Poet, he has made rimes called Thalamimums, for M. Pride-groome, on vrd widdow.

1565 *Sir qui.* Is this he? welcome Sir, your name? pray you walke not so statelie, but be acquainted with me boldlie; your name Sir?

Hor. Quintus, Horacius, Flaccus.

Sir Quint. Good Master Flappus welcome.

1070

He walkes vp and downe.

Sir Vau. Mistris Miniuer, one vrde in your corner heere; I desire you to breake my armes heere, and read this Paper, you shall feele my mindes and affections in it, at full and at large.

Mini. Ile receiue no Loue libels perdy, but by word a mouth.

1575 *Sir Vaughan.* By Sesu tis no libell, for heere is my hand to it.

35

Mini. Ile ha no hand in it Sir Vaughan, Ile not deale with you.

Sir Vau. Why then widdow, Ile tell you by word a mouth my deuices.

1580 *Mini.* Your deuices come not neere my mouth Sir Vaughan perdy, I was vpon a time in the way to marriage, but now I am turn'd a tother side, I ha sworne to leade a single and simple life.

Sir Adam. She has answer'd you Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. Tis true, but at wrong weapons Sir Adam; will you be an Asse Mistris Miniuers?

1585 *Mini.* If I be you shall not ride me.

Sir Vaug. A simple life! by Sesu tis the life of a foole, a simple life!

Sir qui. How now Sir Vaughan?

1590 *Sir Vaug.* My braines has a little fine quawme come vnder it, and therefore Sir Adam, and Sir Quintilian, and mistris Miniuer caps God bo'y.

All. Good Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaug. Master Horace, your inuentions doe her no good in the Vniuersalities; yet heere is two shillings for your wittes; nay by Sesu you shall take it if't were more: yonder bald Adams, is put my nose from his ioynt; but Adam I will be euen to you: this is my cogitations, I will indite the Ladies & Miniuer caps to a dinner of Plumbes, and I shall desire you Master Horace, to speake or raile; you can raile I hope in God a mighty.

Hor. You meane to speake bitterlie.

Sir Vaughan. Right, to spitte bitterly vpon baldnes, or the thinnes of haire; you sall eate downe Plumbes to sweeten your mouth, and heere is a good Ansell to defend you: Peter Salamander follow me.

Flash. With hue and crie and you will Sir.

Sir Vau. Come M. Horace, I will goe pull out the Ladies.

Ho. And Ile set out my wits, Baldnes the Theame?

My words shall flow hye in a siluer stream.

Exeunt.

1110

Enter Tucca brushing off the crumbes.

Tuc. Wher's my most costly and sumptuous Shorthose?

Sir Quint. Is the King risen from table Captaine Tucca?

Tuc. How? risen? no my noble Quintilian, kings are greater men then we Knights and Caualliers, and therefore must eate more then lesser persons; Godamercy good Diues for these crummes: how now? has not Frier Tucke din'd yet? he falles so hard to that Oyster-pye yonder.

Sir quin. Oyster-pye Captaine? ha, ha, he loues her, and I loue her and feare both shall goe without her.

1120 *Tuc.* Dost loue her, my finest and first part of the Mirroure of Knighthood? hange her she lookes like a bottle of ale, when the corke flyes out and the Ale fomes at mouth, shee lookes my good button-breech like the signe of Capricorne, or like Tiborne when it is couer'd with snow.

1125 *Sir quin.* All's one for that, she has a vizard in a bagge, will make her looke like an Angell; I wod I had her, vpon condition, I gaue thee this chaine manlie Tucca.

Tuc. I? saist thou so Friskin? I haue her ath hip for some causes, I can sound her, she'll come at my becke.

1130 *Sir quin.* Wod I could sound her too Noble commaunder.

Tuc. Thou shalt doo't; that Lady ath Lake is thine Sir Tristram, lend mee thy chaine, doe, lend it, Ile make her take it as a token, Ile lincke her vnto thee; and thou shalt weare her gloue in thy Worshipfull hatte like to a leather brooch; Nay and thou mistrusts thy coller, be tyed in't still.

Sir quin. Mistrust Captaine? no, heere tis, giue it her if she'll take it, or weare it thy selfe, if shee'll take mee, Ile watch him well enough too.

1135 *Tuc.* No more, Ile shoote away yonder Prickshaft, and then belabour her, and flye you after yonder Cucko: dost heere me my noble Gold-finch?—

Sir qui. No more.

Tuc. How dost thou my smug Belimperia? how dost thou? hands off my little bald Derricke, hands off: harke hether Susan, beware a these two wicked Elders, shall I speake well or ill of thee?

Min. Nay, eene as you please Captaine, it shal be at your choise.

Tuc. Why well said, my nimble Short-hose.

1140 *Sir quin.* I heare her, I heare her.

Tuc. Art angry father time? art angrie because I tooke mother-Winter aside? Ile holde my life thou art strucke with Cupids Birde-bolt, my little prickshaft, art? dost loue that mother Mumble-crust, dost thou? dost long for that whim-

wham?

~~1575~~ *Ada*. Wod I were as sure to lye with her, as to loue her.

Tuc. Hauē I found thee my learned Duncce, hauē I found thee? If I might ha my wil, thou shouldst not put thy spoone into that bumble-broth (for indeede Ide taste her my selfe) no thou shouldst not; yet if her beautie blinde thee, she's thing, ³⁷ can doo't, thou heardst her say eene now, it should bee at my choice.

Sir Ada. She did so, worke the match and Ile bestow—

Tuc. Not a silke point vpon mee, little Adam shee shall bee thy Eeue, for lesse then an Apple; but send, bee wise, send her some token, shee's greedie, shee shall take it, doe, send, thou shalt sticke in her (Prickshaft) but send.

Sir Adam. Heer's a purse of golde, thinke you that wil be accepted?

Tuc. Goe to, it shall bee accepted, and twere but siluer, when that Flea-bitten Short-hose steppes hence: vanish too, and Ile mee alone with my Grannam in Gutter-Lane there, and this purse of golde doe, let me alone.

Sir quint. The King, gods Lord, I doe forget the King;

Widdow, thinke on my wordes, I must be gone

To waite his rising, Ile returne anone.

~~1575~~ *Ad*. Stay Sir Quintilian, Ile be a waiter too.

Sir quinti. Widdow wee'll trust that Captaine there with you.

Exeunt.

Tuc. Now, now, mother Bunch how dost thou? what dost frowne Queene Gwyniuer? dost wrinkle? what made these paine of Shittle-cockes heere? what doe they fumble for? Ile ha none of these Kites fluttering about thy carkas, for thou shalt bee my West Indyēs, and none but trim Tucca shall discouer thee.

Min. Discouer me? discouer what thou canst of me.

~~1708~~ *Tuc*. What I can? thou knowst what I can discouer, but I will not lay thee open to the world.

Min. Lay me open to the world?

Tuc. No I will not my moldie decay'd Charing-crosse, I will not.

Mi. Hang thee patch-pannell, I am none a thy Charing-crosse: I scorne to be Crosse to such a scab as thou makst thy selfe.

~~1700~~ *Tuc*. No, tis thou makst me so, my Long Meg a Westminster, thou breedst a scab, thou—

Min. I? dam thee filthie Captaine, dam thy selfe.

Tuc. My little deuill a Dow-gate, Ile dam thee, (thou knowst my meaning) Ile dam thee vp; my wide mouth at Bishops-gate.

~~1700~~ *Min*. Wod I might once come to that damming.

Tuc. Why thou shalt, my sweet dame Annis a cleere thou shalt, for Ile drowne my selfe in thee; I, for thy loue, ³⁸ Ile sinke, I, for thee.

~~1700~~ *Min*. So thou wilt I warrant, in thy abhominable sinnes; Lord, Lord, howe many filthy wordes hast thou to answere for.

Tuc. Name one Madge-owlet, name one, Ile answer for none; my words shall be foorth comming at all times, & shall answer for them selues; my nimble Cat-a-mountaine: they shall Sislie Bum-trincket, for Ile giue thee none but Suger-cantle swordes, I will not Pusse: goody Tripe-wife, I will not.

Min. Why dost call mee such horrible vngodlie names then?

Tuc. Ile name thee no more Mother Red-cap vpon paine of death, if thou wilt Grimalkin, Maggot-a-pye I will not.

~~1700~~ *Min*. Wod thou shouldst wel know, I am no Maggot, but a meere Gentlewoman borne.

Tu. I know thou art a Gentle, and Ile nibble at thee, thou shalt be my Cap-a-maintenance, & Ile carrie my naked sword before thee, my reuerend Ladie Lettice-cap.

~~1705~~ *Min*. Thou shalt carry no naked swords before me to fright me, thou—

Tuc. Go too, let not thy tongue play so hard at hot-cockles; for, Gammer Gurton, I meane to bee thy needle, I loue thee, I loue thee, because thy teeth stand like the Arches vnder London Bridge, for thou't not turne Satyre & bite thy husband; No, come my little Cub, doe not scorne mee because I goe in Stag, in Buffe, heer's veluet too; thou seest I am worth thus much in bare veluet.

Min. I scorne thee not, not I.

Tuc. I know thou dost not, thou shat see that I could march with two or three hundred linkes before me, looke here, what ~~1721~~ I could shew golde too, if that would tempt thee, but I will not make my selfe a Gold-smithes stall I; I scorne to goe chain'd my Ladie ath Hospitall, I doe; yet I will and must bee chain'd to thee.

~~1700~~ *Min*. To mee? why Master Captaine, you know that I hauē my choise of three or foure payre of Knights, and therefore hauē small reason to flye out I know not how in a man of war.

Tuc. A man a warre? come thou knowst not what a worshipfull focation tis to be a Captaines wife: three or four payre of Knights? why dost heare Ioane-a-bedlam, Ile enter into bond to be dub'd by what day thou wilt, when the next action is layde vpon me, thou shalt be Ladified. ³⁹

Min. You know I am offered that by halfe a dozen.

Tuc. Thou shalt little Miniuer, thou shalt, Ile ha this frock turn'd into a foote-cloth; and thou shalt be carted, drawne I meane, Coacht, Coacht, thou shalt ryde Iigga-Iogge; a Hood shall flap vp and downe heere, and this shipskin-cap shall be put off.

Mini. Nay perdie, Ile put off my cap for no mans pleasure.

~~1708~~ *Tuc*. Wut thou be proude little Lucifer? well, thou shalt goe how thou wilt Maide-marian; come, busse thy little Anthony now, now, my cleane Cleopatria; so, so, goe thy waies Alexis secrets, th'ast a breath as sweet as the Rose, that growes by the Beare-garden, as sweete as the proud'st heade a Garlicke in England: come, wut march in, to the Gentle folkes?

~~1700~~ *Mini*. Nay trulie Captaine you shall be my leader.

Tuc. I say Mary Ambree, thou shalt march formost, Because Ile marke how broad th'art in the heeles.

Mini. Perdie, I will be set ath last for this time.

Tuc. Why then come, we'll walke arme in arme,

As this we were leading one another to Newgate.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius, with papers, laughing.

Cri. Mine's of a fashion, cut out quite from yours.

Dem. Mine has the sharpest tooth, yonder he is.

Blu. Captaine Tucca.

All hold vp papers.

~~170~~ *Tuc.* How now? I cannot stand to read supplications now.

Cris. They're bitter Epigrams compos'd on you

By Horace.

Dem. And disperst amongst the gallants

In seuerall coppies, by Asinius Bubo.

~~175~~ *Tuc.* By that liue Eele? read, *Lege Legito*, read thou lacke.

Blu. *Tucca's growne monstrous, how? rich? that I feare,*

He's to be seene for money euery where.

Tuc. Why true, shall not I get in my debts, nay and the roague write no better I care not, farewell blacke Iacke farewell.

~~180~~ *Cri.* But Captaine heer's a nettle.

Tuc. Sting me, doe.

Cri. *Tucca's exceeding tall and yet not hye,*

He fights with skill, but does most vilye lye.

~~185~~ *Tuc.* Right, for heere I lye now, open, open, to make my aduersarie come on; and then Sir, heere am I in's bosome: nay and this be the worst, I shal hug the poore honest face-maker, Ile loue the little Atheist, when he writes after my commendation, another whip? come yerke me.

Dem. *Tucca will bite, how? growne Satiricall,*

No, he bites tables, for he feedes on all.

Tuc. The whoreson clouen-foote deuill in mans apparell lyes,

There stood aboue forty dishes before me to day,

That I nere toucht, because they were empty.

Min. I am witnes young Gentlemen to that.

~~190~~ *Tuc.* Farewell stinckers, I smel thy meaning Screech-owle, I doe tho I stop my nose: and Sirra Poet, we'll haue thee vntrust for this; come, mother Mum-pudding, come.

Exeunt.

Trumpets sound a florish, and then a sennate: Enter King with Cælestine, Sir Walter Terrill, Sir Quintilian, Sir Adam, Blunt and other Ladies and attendants: whilst the Trumpets sound the King takes his leaue of the Bride-groome, and Sir Quintilian, and last of the Bride.

Kin. My song of parting doth this burden beare;

A kisse the Ditty, and I set it heere.

Your lips are well in tune, strung with delight,

By this faire Bride remember soone at night:

Sir Walter.

Ter. My Leige Lord, we all attend,

The time and place.

~~195~~ *Tuc.* Till then my leaue commend.

They bring him to the doore: Enter at another doore Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. Ladies, I am to put a verie easie suite vpon you all, and to desire you to fill your little pelliess at a dinner of plummes behinde noone; there be Suckets, and Marmilads, and Marchants, and other long white plummes that faine would kisse your delicate and sweet lippes; I indite you all together, and you especially my Ladie Pride; what doe you saie for your selles? for I indite you all.

Cæl. I thanke you good Sir Vaughan, I will come.

~~200~~ *Sir Vau.* Say Sentlewomen will you stand to me too?

All. Wee'll sit with you sweet Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vau. God a mightie plesse your faces, and make your peauties last, when wee are all dead and rotten:—⁴⁰you all will come.

1 Lady. All will come.

~~205~~ *Sir Vau.* Pray God that Horace bee in his right wittes to raile now.

Exit.

Cris. Come Ladie, you shall be my dauncing guest
To treade the maze of musicke with the rest.

Dem. Ile lead you in.

~~210~~ *Diocach.* A maze is like a doubt:

Tis easie to goe in, hard to get out.

Blun. We follow close behinde.

Philoca. That measure's best.

Now none markes vs, but we marke all the rest.

Exeunt.

Ter. Father, and you my Bride; that name to day,
Wife, comes not till to morrow: but omitting

This enterchange of language; let vs thinke
Vpon the King and night, and call our spirits
To a true reckoning; first to Arme our wittes
With compleat steele of Iudgement, and our tongs,
With sound attillery of Phrases: then
Our Bodies must bee motions; moouing first
What we speake: afterwards, our very knees
Must humbly seeme to talke, and sute our speech;
For a true furnisht Cortyer hath such force,
Though his tonge faints, his very legs discourse.

Sir quin. Sonne Terrill, thou hast drawne his picture right,
For hee's noe full-made Courtier, nor well strung,
That hath not euery ioynt stucke with a tongue.
Daughter, if Ladies say, that is the Bride, that's she,
Gaze thou at none, for all will gaze at thee.

Cæl. Then, ô my father must I goe? O my husband
Shall I then goe? O my selfe, will I goe?

Sir quin. You must.

Ter. You shall.

Cæl. I will, but giue me leaue,

To say I may not, nor I ought not, say not
Still, I must goe, let me intreate I may not.

Ter. You must and shall, I made a deede of gift,
And gaue my oath vnto the King, I swore
By thy true constancy.

Cæl. Then keep that word
To sweare by, O let me be constant still.

Ter. What shall I cancell faith, and breake my oath?

Cæl. If breaking constancie, thou breakst them both.

Ter. Thy constancie no euill can pursue.

Cæl. I may be constant still, and yet not true.

Ter. As how?

Cæl. As thus, by violence detain'd,
They may be constant still, that are constrain'd.

Ter. Constrain'd? that word weighs heauy, yet my oath
Weighes downe that word; the kinges thoughts are at oddes,
They are not euen ballanst in his brest;
The King may play the man with me; nay more,
Kings may vsurpe; my wife's a woman; yet
Tis more then I know yet, that know not her,
If she should prooue mankinde, twere rare, fye, fye,
See how I loose my selfe, amongst my thoughts,
Thinking to finde my selfe; my oath, my oath.

Sir quin. I sweare another, let me see, by what,
By my long stocking, and my narrow skirtes,
Not made to sit vpon, she shall to Court.
I haue a tricke, a charme, that shall lay downe
The spirit of lust, and keep thee vndeflowred;
Thy husbands honor sau'd, and the hot King,
Shall haue enough too. Come, a tricke, a charme.

Cæl. God keep thy honour safe, my bloud from harme.

Ter. Come, my sicke-minded Bride, Ile teach thee how,
To relish health a little: Taste this thought,
That when mine eyes seru'd loues commission,
Vpon thy beauties I did seise on them,
To a Kings vse; cure all thy griefe with this,
That this great seale was grauen vpon this ring,
And that I was but Steward to a King.

Exit.

Exeunt.

A banquet set out: Enter Sir Vaughan, Horace, Asinius Bubo, Lady Petula, Dicache, Philocalia, Mistris Miniuer and Peter Flash.

Sir Vaugh. Ladies and Sentlemen, you are almost all welcome, to this sweet nuncions of Plums.

Dicach. Almost all Sir Vaughan? why to which of vs are you so niggardly, that you cut her out but a peice of welcome.

Sir Vaugh. My interpretations is that almost all are welcome, because I indited a brace or two more that is not come, I am sorrie my Ladie Pride is not among you.

Asi. Slid, he makes hounds of vs Ningle, a brace quoth a?

Sir Vaug. Peter Salamanders draw out the pictures of all the ioynt stooles, & Ladies sit downe vpon their wodden faces.

Flash. I warrant Sir, Ile giue euerie one of them a good stoole.

Sir Vau. Master Horace, Master Horace, when I pray to God, and desire in hipocritnes that bald Sir Adams were

heer, then, then, then begin to make your railes at the pouertie and beggerly want of haire.

~~Hor.~~ Leauē it to my iudgement.

Sir Vau. M. Bubo sit there, you and I wil thinke vpon our ends at the Tables: M. Horace, put your learned bodie into the midst of these Ladies; so tis no matter to speake graces at nuncions, because we are all past grace since dinner.

~~Asini.~~ Mas I thanke my destinie I am not past grace, for by this hand full of Carrawaies, I could neuer abide to say grace.

Dica. Mistris Miniuer, is not that innocent Gentleman a kinde of foole?

Min. Why doe you aske Madam?

~~Dicach.~~ Nay for no harme, I aske because I thought you two had been of acquaintaine.

Min. I thinke he's within an Inch of a foole.

Dicach. Madam Philocalia, you sit next that spare Gentleman, wod you heard what Mistris Miniuer saies of you.

~~Philo.~~ Why what saies she Madam Dicache.

Dica. Nay nothing, but wishes you were married to that small timber'd gallant.

Philo. Your wish and mine are twinnes, I wish so too, for Then I should be sure to lead a merrie life.

~~Asini.~~ Yes faith Ladie, Ide make you laugh, my bolts now and then should be soone shot; by these comfits, weed let all slide.

Petu. He takes the sweetest oathes that euer I heard a gallant of his pitch sweare; by these Comfits, & these Carrawaies, I warrant it does him good to sweare.

~~Asini.~~ Yes faith tis meate and drinke to me.

I am glad Ladie Petula (by this Apple) that they please you.

Sir Vau. Peter Salamanders wine, I beseech you Master Asinius Bubo, not to sweare so deeplie, for there comes ⁴⁴of your oathes; heere Ladies, I put you all into one corners together, you shall all drinke of one cup.

Asi. Peter I prethee fill me out too.

Flash. Ide fling you out too and I might ha my will, a pox of all fooles.

~~Sir Vau.~~ Mistris Miniuers, pray bee lustie, wod Sir Adams Prickshaft stucke by you.

Hor. Who, the balde Knight Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. The same M. Horace, he that has but a remnant or parcell of haire, his crowne is clipt and par'd away; me thinkes tis an excellent quallitie to bee balde; for and there stucke a nose and two nyes in his pate, he might weare two faces vnder one hood.

Asi. As God saue me la, if I might ha my will, Ide rather be a balde Gentleman then a hairy; for I am sure the best and tallest Yeomen in England haue balde heads: me thinkes haire is a scurvie lowsie commodity.

Hor. Bubo, heerein you blaze your ignorance.

Sir Vau. Pray stop and fill your mouthes, and giue M. Horace all your eares.

Hor. For, if of all the bodies parts, the head

~~Be the~~ most royall: if discourse, wit, Iudgement,

And all our vnderstanding faculties,

Sit there in their high Court of Parliament,

Enacting lawes to sway this humorous world:

This little Ile of Man: needes must that crowne,

Which stands vpon this supreamē head, be faire,

And helde inualuable, and that crowne's the Haire:

The head that wants this honour stands awry,

Is bare in name and in authority.

Sir Vau. He meanes balde-pates Mistris Miniuers.

~~Hor.~~ Haire, tis the roabe which curious nature weaues,

To hang vpon the head: and does adorne,

Our bodies in the first houre we are borne:

God does bestow that garment: when we dye,

That (like a soft and silken Canopie)

Is still spread ouer vs; In spight of death

Our hayre growes in our graue, and that alone

Lookes fresh, when all our other beauty's gone.

The excellence of Haire, in this shines cleere,

That the foure Elements take pride to weare

The fashion of it: when Fire most bright does burne,

The flames to golden lockes doe striue to turne;

When her lasciuious armes the Water hurles,

About the shoares wast, her sleeke head she curls:

And rorid cloudes being suckt into the Ayre,

When downe they melt, hangs like fine siluer hayre.

You see the Earth (whose head so oft is shorne)

Frighted to feele her lockes so rudely torne,

Stands with her haire an end, and (thus afraide)

Turnes euery haire to a greene naked blade.

Besides, when (strucke with grieffe) we long to dye,

We spoile that most, which most does beautifie,

We rend this Head-tyre off. I thus conclude,

Cullors set cullors out; our eyes iudge right,

Of vice or vertue by their opposite:

So, if you haire to beauty ad such grace,

Baldnes must needes be vgly, vile and base.

Sir Vau. True M. Horace, for a bald reason, is a reason that has no haire vpon't, a scury scalded reason.

~~145~~ By my truly I neuer thought you could ha pickt such strange things out of haire before.
Asini. Nay my Ningle can tickle it, when hee comes too't.
Min. Troth I shall neuer bee enameld of a bare-headed man for this, what shift so euer I make.
~~150~~ *Vaug.* Then Mistris Miniuer S. Adams Prickshaft must not hit you; Peter take vp all the cloathes at the table and the Plums.

Enter Tucca and his boy.

Tuc. Saue thee my little worshipfull Harper; how doe yee my little cracknels? how doe ye?
~~155~~ *Vau.* Welcome M. Tucca, sit and shoote into your belly some Suger pellets.
Tuc. No, Godamercy Cadwallader, how doe you Horace?
Ho. Thankes good Captaine.
~~160~~ *Ho.* Wher's the Sering thou carriest about thee? O haue I found thee my scowring-sticke; what's my name Bubo?
Asini. Wod I were hang'd if I can call you any names but Captaine and Tucca.
Tuc. No Fye'st; my name's Hamlet reuenge: thou hast been at Parris garden hast not?
~~165~~ *Hor.* Yes Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there.
Sir Vau. Then M. Horace you plaide the part of an honest man.
Tuc. Death of Hercules, he could neuer play that part well in's life, no Fulkes you could not: thou call'st Demetrius Iorneyman Poet, but thou putst vp a Supplication to be a poore Iorneyman Player, and hadst beene still so, but that thou couldst not set a good face vpon't: thou hast forgot how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad Ieronimoes part, to get seruice among the Mimickes: and when the Stagerites banisht thee into the 150 of Dogs, thou turn'dst Bandog (villanous Guy) & euer since bitest therefore I aske if th'ast been at Parris-garden, because thou hast such a good mouth; thou baitst well, read, *lege*, saue thy selfe and read.

Hor. Why Captaine these are *Epigrams* compos'd on you.
~~170~~ *Tuc.* Goe not out Farding Candle, goe not out, for trusty *Damboys* now the deed is done, Ile pledge this Epigram in wine, Ile swallow it, I, yes.
Sir Vau. God blesse vs, will he be drunke with nittigrams now.
Tuc. So, now arise sprite ath Buttry; no Herring-bone Ile not pull thee out, but arise deere Eccho rise, rise deuell or Ile can assure thee vp.

Min. Good Master Tucca lets ha no coniuring heere.
Sir Vau. Vddes bloud you scald gouty Captaine, why come you to set encombrances heere betweene the Ladies.
~~175~~ *Tuc.* Be not so tart my precious Metheglin, be not (my old whore a Babilon, sit fast.)
Min. O Iesu if I know where abouts in London Babilon stands.
Tuc. Feede and be fat my faire Calipolis, stir not my beauteous wriggle-tailes, Ile disease none of you, Ile take none of you vp, but onely this table-man, I must enter him into some filthy sincke point, I must.
Hor. Captaine, you doe me wrong thus to disgrace me.
Tuc. Thou thinkst thou maist be as sawcy with me as my Buffe Ierkin, to sit vpon me, dost?

Ho. Dam me, if euer I traduc'd your name,
What imputation can you charge me with?
Sir Vau. Sblud, I, what cōputations can you lay to his sarge? answer, or by Sesu Ile canuas your coxcombe Tucky.
Min. If they draw sweet hearts, let vs shift for our selues.
~~180~~ *Tuc.* My noble swaggerer, I wil not fall out with thee, I cannot my mad Cumrade, finde in my heart to shed thy bloud.

Sir Vau. Cumrade? by Sesu call me Cumrade againe, and Ile Cumrade ye about the sinnes and shoulders; ownds, what come you to smell out heere? did you not dine and feede horribly well to day at dinner, but you come to munch heere and giue vs winter-plummes? I pray depart, goe marse, marse, marse out a doores.

Tuc. Adew Sir Eglamour, adew Lute-stringe, Curtin-rod, Goose-quill; heere, giue that full-nos'd Skinker, these rimes & harke, Ile tagge my Codpeece point with thy legs, spout-pot Ile empty thee.

Asin. Dost threaten mee? Gods lid Ile binde thee to the good forbearing.

Sir Vau. Will you amble Hobby-horse, will you trot and amble?

~~185~~ *Tuc.* Raw Artichocke I shall sauce thee.

Exit.

Min. I pray you Master Tucca, will you send me the fiue pound you borrowed on me; O you cannot heare now, but Ile make you heare me and feele me too in another place, to your shame I warrant you, thou shalt not conny-catch mee for fiue pounds; he tooke it vp Sir Vaughan in your name, hee swore you sent for it to Mum withall, twas fiue pound in gold, as white as my kercher.

Sir Vaughan. Ownds, fiue pound in my name to Mum about withall.

~~190~~ *Min.* I, to Mum withall, but hee playes mum-budget with me.

Sir Vau. Peter Salamander, tye vp your great and your little sword, by Sesu Ile goe sing him while tis hot. Ile beate fiue pound out of his leather pilch: Master Horace, let your wittes inhabite in your right places; if I fall hansomely vpon the 150 of the Widow, I haue some cossens Garman at Court, shall beget you the reuersion of the Master of the Kings Reuels, or else be his Lord of Mis-rule nowe at Christmas: Come Ladyes, whoreson Stragling Captaine, Ile pound him.

Exeunt.

Manet Horace and Asinius.

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~~195~~ *Hor.* How now? what ail'st thou, that thou look'st so pale.
Asin. Nay nothing, but I am afraide the Welsh Knight has giuen me nothing but purging Comfits: this Captaine stickes pockily in my stomack; read this scroule, he saies they'r rimes, and bid me giue them you.
~~200~~ *Hor.* Rimes? tis a challenge sent to you.
Asin. To me?
Hor. He saies heere you divulg'd my Epigrams.
Asin. And for that dares he challenge me?

Hor. You see he dares, but dare you answer him?

Asin. I dare answer his challenge, by word of mouth, or by writing, but I scorne to meete him, I hope he and I are not Paralels.

Hor. Deere Bubo, thou shalt answere him; our credites

Lye pawn'd vpon thy resolution,

Thy valour must redeeme them; charge thy spirits,

To waite more close, and neere thee: if he kill thee,

Ile not suruiue; into one Lottery

We'll cast our fates; together liue and dye.

Asin. Content, I owe God a death, and if he will make mee pay't against my will, Ile say tis hard dealing.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Adam, Tucca, with two pistols by his sides, his boy laden with swords and bucklers.

Tuc. Did Apolloes Freeze gowne watchman (boy, dost heare Turkie-cockes tayle, haue an eye behinde, least the enemies assault our Rere-ward) on proceede Father Adam; did that same tiranicall-tongu'd rag-a-muffin Horace, turne bald-pates out so naked?

Sir Ad. He did, and whipt them so with nettles, that

The Widdow swore that a bare-headed man,

Should not man her: the Ladie Petula

Was there, heard all, and tolde me this.

Tuc. Goe too. Thy golde was accepted, it was, and she shall bring thee into her Paradice, she shall small Adam, she shall.

Sir Ada. But how? but how Capten?

Tuc. Thus, goe, couer a table with sweet meates, let all the Gentlewomen, and that same Pasquils-mad-cap (mother Bee there) nibble, bid them bite: they will come to gobble downe Plummes; then take vp that paire of Basket hiltes, with my commission, I meane Crispinus and Fannius; charge one of them to take vp the Bucklers, against that hayre-monger Horace, and haue a bout or two, in defence of balde-pates: let them cracke euerie crowne that has haire on't: goe, let them lift vp baldenes to the skie, and thou shalt see, twill turne Miniuers heart quite against the haire.

Sir Ada. Excellent, why then M. Tucca—

Tuc. Nay, whir, nymble Prickshaft; whir, away, I goe vpon life and death, away, flie Scanderbag flie.

Exit.

Enter Asinius Bubo, and Horace aloofe.

Boy. Arme Captaine, arme, arme, arme, the foe is come downe.

1640

Tucca offers to shoote.

Asi. Hold Capten Tucca holde, I am Bubo, & come to answer any thing you can lay to my charge.

Tuc. What, dost summon a parlie my little Drumsticke? tis too late; thou seest my red flag is hung out, Ile fill thy guts with thine owne carrion carcas, and then eate them vp in steed of Sawsages.

Asin. Vse me how you will; I am resolute, for I ha made my Will.

Tuc. Wilt fight Turke-a-ten-pence? wilt fight then?

Asin. Thou shalt finde Ile fight in a Godly quarrell, if I be once fir'd.

Tuc. Thou shalt not want fire, Ile ha thee burnt when thou wilt, my colde Cornelius: but come: *Respice funem*; looke, thou seest; open thy selfe my little Cutlers Shoppe, I challenge thee thou slender Gentleman, at foure sundrie weapons.

Asi. Thy challenge was but at one, and Ile answere but one.

Boy. Thou shalt answer two, for thou shalt answer me and my Capten.

Tuc. Well said Cockrell out-crowe him: art hardy noble Huon? art Magnanimious? licke-trencher; looke, search least some lye in ambush; for this man at Armes has paper in's bellie, or some friend in a corner, or else hee durst not bee so cranke.

Boy. Capten, Capten, Horace stands sneaking heere.

Tuc. I smelt the foule-fisted Morter-treader, come my most damnable fastidious rascal, I haue a suite to both of you.

Asi. O holde, most pittifull Captaine holde.

Hor. Holde Capten, tis knowne that Horace is valliant, & a man of the sword.

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Tuc. A Gentleman or an honest Cittizen, shall not Sit in your pennie-bench Theaters, with his Squirrell by his side cracking nuttes; nor sneake into a Tauerne with his Mermaid; but he shall be Satyr'd, and Epigram'd vpon, and his humour must run vpo'th Stage: you'll ha *Euery Gentleman in's humour*, and *Euery Gentleman out on's humour*: wee that are heades of Legions and Bandes, and feare none but these same shoulder-clappers, shall feare you, you Serpentine rascal.

Hor. Honour'd Capten.

Tuc. Art not famous enough yet, my mad *Horastratus*, for killing a Player, but thou must eate men alieue? thy friends? Sirra wilde-man, thy Patrons? thou Anthropophagite, thy Mecænasses?

Hor. Captaine, I'm sorry that you lay this wrong

So close vnto your heart: deare Captaine thinke

I writ out of hot bloud, which (now) being colde,

I could be pleas'd (to please you) to quaffe downe,

The poison'd Inke, in which I dipt your name.

Tuc. Saist thou so, my *Palinodicall* rimester?

Hor. Hence forth Ile rather breath out *Solæcismes*

(To doe which Ide as soone speake blasphemie)

Than with my tongue or pen to wound your worth,

Believe it noble Capten; it to me

Shall be a Crowne, to crowne your actes with praize,

Out of your hate, your loue Ile stronglie raize.

Tuc. I know now th'ast a number of these *Quiddits* to binde men to'th peace: tis thy fashion to flirt Inke in euerie mans face; and then to craule into his bosome, and damne thy selfe to wip't off agen: yet to giue out abroad, that hee was glad to come to composition with thee: I know *Monsieur Machiauell* tis one a thy rules; My long-heel'd *Troglodite*, I could make thine eares burne now, by dropping into them, all those hot oathes, to which, thy selfe gau'st voluntarie fire, (whē thou wast the man in the Moone) that thou wouldst neuer squib out any new Salt-peter Iestes against honest *Tucca*, nor those Maligo-tasters, his *Poetasters*; I could Cinocephalus, but I will not, yet thou knowst thou hast broke those oathes in print, my excellent infernall.

~~1705~~ *Capten.*

Tuc. Nay I smell what breath is to come from thee, thy answer is, that there's no faith to be helde with Heritickes & Infidels, and therefore thou swear'st anie thing: but come, lend mee thy hand, thou and I hence forth will bee *Alexander* and *Lodwicke*, the Gemini: sworne brothers, thou shalt be *Perithous* and *Tucca Theseus*; but Ile leaue thee i'th lurch, when thou mak'st thy voiage into hell: till then, *Thine-assuredly*.

Hor. With all my soule deare *Capten*.

~~1706~~ Thou'lt shoote thy quilles at mee, when my terrible backe's turn'd for all this, wilt not Porcupine? and bring me & my Heliconistes into thy Dialogues to make vs talke madlie wut not *Lucian*?

Hor. *Capten*, if I doe—

~~1707~~ *Tuc.* Nay and thou dost, hornes of *Lucifer*, the *Parcell-Poets* shall Sue thy wrangling Muse, in the Court of *Pernassus*, and neuer leaue hunting her, till she pleade in *Forma Pauperis*: but I hope th'ast more grace: come: friendes, clap handes, tis a bargaine; amiable *Bubo*, thy fist must walke too: so, I loue thee, now I see th'art a little *Hercules*, and wilt fight; Ile Sticke thee now in my companie like a sprig of *Rosemary*.

Enter Sir Rees ap Vaughan and Peter Flash.

Fla. Draw *Sir Rees* he's yonder, shall I vpon him?

Sir Vau. Vpon him? goe too, goe too *Peter Salamander*; holde, in Gods name holde; I will kill him to his face, because I meane he shall answer for it; being an eye-witnes; one vrde *Capten Tucky*.

Tuc. Ile giue thee ten thousand words and thou wilt, my little *Thomas Thomasius*.

Sir Vau. By *Sesu*, tis best you giue good vrdes too, least I beate out your tongue, and make your vrde nere to be taken more; doe you heare, fiue pounds, fiue pounds *Tucky*.

Tuc. Thou shalt ha fiue, and fiue, and fiue, and thou wantst money my *Iob*.

Sir Vau. Leaue your fetches and your fegaries, you tough leather-Ierkins; leaue your quandaries, and trickes, and draw vpon me y' are best: you conny-catch *Widdow Miniuer-caps* for fiue pounds, and say tis for me to cry *Mum*, and make mee run vp and downe in dishonors, and discredites; is 't not true, you winke-a-pipes rascall? is not true?

~~1708~~ Right, true, guilty, I remember't now; for when I spake a good word to the *Widdow* for thee my young *Sampson*

Sir Vau. For fiue pounds you cheating scab, for 5. pounds, not for me.

Tuc. For thee ô *Cæsar*, for thee I tooke vp fiue pounds in golde, that lay in her lap, & said Ide giue it thee as a token from her: I did it but to smell out how she stood affected to thee, to feele her; I, and I know what she said, I know how I carried away the golde.

Sir Vau. By *Sesu*, I ha not the mercy to fall vpon him now: *M. Tucky*, did *widdow Miniuers* part quietly from her golde because you lyed, and said it was for me?

Tuc. Quietly, in peace, without grumbling; made no noise, I know how I tempted her in thy behalfe; my little *Trangdo*.

Sir Vau. *Capten Tucky*, I will pay back her 5. £. (vnles you be damn'd in lyes) & hold you, I pray you pocket vp this; by the crosse a this sword & dagger, *Capten* you shall take it.

Tuc. Dost sweare by daggers? nay then Ile put vp more at thy hands then this.

Flash. Is the fray done sir?

Sir Vau. Done *Peter*, put vp your smeeter.

~~1709~~ Come hether, my soure-fac'd *Poet*; fling away that beard-brush *Bubo*, casheere him and harke: *Knight attend*: So, that raw-head and bloody-bones *Sir Adam*, has fee'd another brat (of those nine common wenches) to defend baldnes and to raile against haire: he'll haue a fling at thee, my noble *Cock-Sparrow*.

~~1710~~ *Vau.* At mee? will hee fling the cudgels of his witte at mee?

Tuc. And at thy button-cap too; but come, Ile be your leader, you shall stand, heare all, & not be seene; cast off that blew coate, away with that flawne, and follow, come.

Exit.

Hor. *Bubo*, we follow *Captaine*.

~~1711~~ *Va.* *Peter*, leaue comming behinde me, I pray any longer, for you and I must part *Peter*.

Flash. Sounds *Sir*, I hope you will not serue me so, to turne me away in this case.

~~1712~~ *Vau.* Turne you into a fooles coate; I meane I will go *solus*, or in solitarie alone; ounds y-are best giue better words, or Ile turne you away indeed; where is *Capten Tucky*? come *Horace*; get you home *Peter*.

Flash. Ile home to your cost, and I can get into the *Wine-Seller*.

Exit.

~~1713~~ Remember where to meete mee.

Asin. Yes Ile meete; *Tucca* should ha found I dare meete.

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Exit.

Ho. Dare defend baldnes, which our conquering Muse
Has beaten downe so flat? Well, we will goe,
And see what weapons theyr weake wittes doe bring;
If sharpe, we'll spred a large and nobler wing;
Tucca, heere lyes thy Peace: warre roares agen;
My Swoord shall neuer cutte thee, but my pen.

Exit.

Ladies. Thankes good Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Welcome red-cheekt Ladies,

And welcome comely Widdow; Gentlemen,

Now that our sorry banquet is put by,

From stealing more sweet kisses from your lips

Walke in my garden: Ladyes let your eyes

Shed life into these flowers by their bright beames,

Sit, Sit, heere's a large bower, heere all may heare,

Now good Crispinus let your praize begin

There where it left off Baldnes.

Cris. I shall winne

No praise, by praising that, which to depraue,

All tongues are readie, and which none would haue.

Blu. To prooue that best, by strong and armed reason,

Whose part reason feares to take, cannot but prooue,

Your wit's fine temper, and from these win loue.

Min. I promise you has almost conuerted me, I pray bring forward your bald reasons M. Poet.

Cri. Mistris you giue my Reasons proper names,

For Arguments (like Children) should be like,

The subiect that begets them; I must striue

To crowne *Bald heades*, therefore must baldlie thriue;

But be it as it can: To what before,

Went arm'd at table, this force bring I more,

If a *Bare head* (being like a dead-mans scull)

Should beare vp no praise els but this, it sets

Our end before our eyes; should I dispaire,

From giuing *Baldnes* higher place then haire?

Mini. Nay perdie, haire has the higher place.

~~1021~~ The goodliest & most glorious strange-built wonder,

Which that great Architect hath made, is heauen;

For there he keepes his Court, It is his Kingdome,

That's his best Master-piece; yet tis the rooffe,

And Seeling of the world: that may be cal'd

The *head* or crowne of Earth, and yet that's balde,

All creatures in it balde; the louely *Sunne*,

Has a face sleeke as golde; the full-cheekt *Moone*,

As bright and smooth as siluer: nothing there

Weares dangling lockes, but sometime blazing Starres,

Whose flaming curles, set realmes on fire with warres.

Descend more low; looke through mans fiue-folde sence,

Of all, the *Eye*, beares greatest eminence;

And yet that's balde, the haire that like a lace,

Are sticht vnto the liddes, borrow those formes,

Like *Ant-houses* to saue the eyes from stormes.

Sir Adam. Right, well said.

Cris. A head and face ore-growne with Shaggie drosse,

O, tis an Orient pearle hid all in Mosse,

But when the head's all naked and vncrown'd,

It is the worlds *Globe*, euen, smooth and round; *Baldnes* is natures But, at which our life,

Shootes her last Arrow: what man euer lead

His age out with a staffe, but had a head

Bare and vncouer'd? hee whose yeares doe rise,

To *the* full height, yet not balde, is not wise.

The *Head* is Wisedomes house, *Haire* but the thatch,

Haire? It's the basest stubble; in scorne of it,

This Prouerbe sprung, *he has more haire then wit*:

Marke you not in derision how we call,

A *head* growne thicke with haire, *Bush-natural*?

Min. By your leaue (Master Poet) but that Bush-naturall, is one a the trimmest, and most intanglingst beautie in a woman.

Cris. Right, but beleue this (*pardon me most faire*)

You would haue much more wit, had you lesse haire:

I could more wearie you to tell the proofes,

(As they passe by) which fight on *Baldnes* side,

Then were you taskt to number on a head,

The haire: I know not how your thoughts are lead,

On this strong Tower shall my opinion rest,

Heades thicke of haire are goode, but balde the best.

Whilst this Paradox is in speaking, Tucca Enters with Sir Vaughan at one doore, and secretly placeth him: then Exit and brings in Horace muffled, placing him: Tucca sits among them.

1700. Th'art within a haire of it, my sweete *Wit whether wilt thou?* my delicate Poeticall Furie, th' ast hit it to a haire.

Sir Vaughan *steps out.*

Sir Vau. By your fauour Master Tucky, his balde reasons are wide about two hayres, I besees you pardon mee Ladies; that I thrust in so malepartly among you, for I did but mych heere, and see how this cruell Poet did handle bald heades.

Sir Ad. He gaue them but their due Sir Vaughan; Widdow did he not?

Mini. By my faith he made more of a balde head, than euer I shall be able: he gaue them their due truely.

1800 *Vaugh.* Nay vds bloud, their due is to bee a the right haire as I am, and that was not in his fingers to giue, but in God a Mighties: Well, I will hyre that humorous and fantastickall Poet Master Horace, to breake your balde pate Sir Adam.

Sir Ada. Breake my balde pate?

1800 *Vau.* Dost heare my worshipfull block-head?

Sir Vaug. Patience Captaine Tucky, let me absolue him; I meane he shal pricke, pricke your head or sponce a little with his goose-quils, for he shal make another Thalimum, or crosse-stickes, or some Polinoddyes, with a fewe Nappy-grains on them, that shall lift vp haire, and set it an end, with his learned and harty commendations.

Hor. This is excellent, all will come out now.

Dica. That same Horace me thinkes has the most vngodly face, by my Fan; it lookes for all the world, like a rotten russet Apple, when tis bruiz'd: Its better then a spoonefull of Sinamon water next my heart, for me to heare him speake; hee soundes it so i' th nose, and talkes and randes for all the world, like the poore fellow vnder Ludgate: oh fye vpon him.

1900 *Mini.* By my troth sweet Ladies, it's Cake and pudding to me, to see his face make faces, when hee reades his Songs and Sonnets.

Hor. Ile face some of you for this, when you shall not budge.

Tuc. Its the stinckingst dung-farmer—foh vpon him.

Sir Vau. Foh? oundes you make him vrse than olde herring: foh? by Sesu I thinke he's as tidy, and as tall a Poet as euer ⁵⁶ drew out a long verse.

Tuc. The best verse that euer I knew him hacke out, was his white necke-verse: noble Ap Rees thou wouldst scorne to laye thy lippes to his commendations, and thou smeldst him out as I doe, hee calles thee the burning Knight of the Salamander.

1910 *Vaugh.* Right, Peter is my Salamander; what of him? but Peter is neuer burnt: howe now? so, goe too now.

Tucca. And sayes because thou Clipst the Kinges English.

Sir Vaughan. Oundes mee? that's treason: clip? horrible treasons, Sesu holde my handes; clip? he baites mouse-trappes for my life.

Tucca. Right little *Twinckler*, right: hee sayes because thou speak'st no better, thou canst not keepe a good tongue in thy head.

1920 *Vaug.* By God tis the best tongue, I can buy for loue or money.

Tuc. He shootes at thee too Adam Bell, and his arrowes stickes heere; he calles thee bald-pate.

Sir Vaug. Oundes make him prooue these intollerabilities.

1930 *Vau.* And askes who shall carry the vineger-bottle? & then he rimes too't, and sayes Prickshaft: nay Miniuer hee cromptles thy Cap too; and—

Cri. Come Tucca, come, no more; the man's wel knowne, thou needst not paint him, whom does he not wrong?

1940 *Vau.* Mary himselfe, the vglie Pope Boniface, pardons himselfe, and therefore my iudgement is, that presently he bee had from hence to his place of execution, and there bee Stab'd, Stab'd, Stab'd.

He stabs at him.

Hor. Oh gentlemen, I am slaine, oh slaue art hyr'd to murder me, to murder me, to murder me?

1950 *Ladies.* Oh God!

Sir Vaug. Ounds Capten, you haue put all Poetrie to the dint of sword, blow winde about him: Ladies for our Lordes sake you that haue smocks, teare off peeces, to shoote through his oundes: Is he dead and buried? is he? pull his nose ⁵⁷ pinch, rub, rub, rub, rub.

Tu. If he be not dead, looke heere; I ha the Stab and pippin for him: if I had kil'd him, I could ha pleas'd the great foole with an Apple.

Cris. How now? be well good Horace, heer's no wound;

Y'are slaine by your owne feares; how dost thou man?

Come, put thy heart into his place againe;

Thy out-side's neither peir'st, nor In-side slaine.

Sir Vau. I am glad M. Horace, to see you walking.

Ho. Gentlemen, I am blacke and blewe the breadth of a groate.

1960 *Vau.* Breadth of a groate? there's a teston, hide thy infirmities, my scuruy Lazarus; doe, hide it, least it prooue a scab in time: hang thee desperation, hang thee, thou knowst I cannot be sharpe set against thee: looke, feele (my light-ptailles all) feele my weapon.

1970 *Mini.* O most pittifull as blunt as my great thumbe.

Sir Vau. By Sesu, as blunt as a Welsh bag-pudding.

Tuc. As blunt as the top of Poules; tis not like thy Aloe, Cicatrine tongue, bitter: no, tis no stabber, but like thy goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt: dost roare bulchin? dost roare? th' ast a good rounciull voice to cry Lanthorne & Candlelight.

Sir Va. Two vrds Horace about your eares: how chance it passes, that you bid God boygh to an honest trade of building Symneys, and laying downe Bricks, for a worse handicraftnes, to make nothing but railles; your Muse leanes vpon nothing but filthy rotten railles, such as stand on Poules head, how chance?

Hor. Sir Vaughan.

Sir Va. You lye sir varlet sir villaine, I am sir Salamanders, ounds, is my man Master Peter Salamanders face as vrse as mine? Sentlemen, all and Ladies, and you say once or twice Amen, I will lap this little Silde, this Booby in his

blankets agen.

Omnes. Agree'd, agree'd.

Tuc. A blanket, these crackt Venice glasses shall fill him out, they shall tosse him, holde fast wag-tailes: so, come, in, ~~take~~ this bandy with the racket of patience, why when? dost stampe mad Tamberlaine, dost stampe? thou thinkst th'ast Morter vnder thy feete, dost?

Ladies. Come, a bandy ho.

Hor. O holde most sacred beauties.

~~190~~ *Vau.* Hold, silence, the puppet-teacher speakes.

Ho. Sir Vaughan, noble Capten, Gentlemen, Crispinus, deare Demetrius ô redeeme me, Out of this infamous— by God by Iesu—

58

Cri. Nay, swear not so good Horace, now these Ladies, Are made your executioners: prepare, To suffer like a gallant, not a coward; Ile trie t' vnloose, their hands, impossible. Nay, womens vengeance are implacable.

Hor. Why, would you make me thus the ball of scorne?

~~190~~ *Tuc.* Ile tell thee why, because th' ast entred Actions of assault and battery, against a companie of honourable and worshipfull Fathers of the law: you wrangling rascall, law is one of the pillars ath land, and if thou beest bound too't (as I hope thou shalt bee) thou't prooue a skip-Jacke, thou't be whipt. Ile tell thee why, because thy sputtering chappes yelpes, that Arrogance, and Impudence, and Ignoraunce, are the essentiall parts of a Courtier.

Sir Vau. You remember Horace, they will puncke, and pincke, and pompe you, and they catch you by the coxcombe: on ~~200~~ *poa*, one lash, a little more.

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, because thou cryest p'trooh at worshipfull Cittizens, and cal'st them Flat-caps, Cuckolds, and bankrupts, and modest and vertuous wiues punckes & cockatrices. Ile tell thee why, because th'ast arraigned two Poets against all lawe and conscience; and not content with that, hast turn'd them amongst a company of horrible blacke Fryers.

Sir Vau. The same hand still, it is your owne another day, M. Horace, admonitions is good meate.

~~200~~ *Tuc.* Thou art the true arraign'd Poet, and shouldst haue been hang'd, but for one of these part-takers, these charitable Copperlac'd Christians, that fetcht thee out of Purgatory, (Players I meane) Theaterians pouch-mouth, Stage-walkers; for this Poet, for this, thou must lye with these foure wenches, in that blancket, for this—

~~210~~ *Hor.* What could I doe, out of a iust reuenge, But bring them to the Stage? they enuy me because I holde more worthy company.

Deme. Good Horace, no; my cheekes doe blush for thine, As often as thou speakst so, where one true And ~~220~~ *nobly*-vertuous spirit, for thy best part Loues thee, I wish one ten, euen from my heart. I make account I put vp as deepe share In any good mans loue, which thy worth earnes, As thou thy selfe; we enuy not to see, Thy ~~230~~ *friends* with Bayes to crowne thy Poesie. No, heere the gall lyes, we that know what stuffe Thy verie heart is made of; know the stalke On which thy learning growes, and can giue life To thy (once dying) basenes; yet must we ~~240~~ *Dance* Antickes on your Paper.

59

Hor. Fannius.

Cri. This makes vs angry, but not enuious, No, were thy warpt soule, put in a new molde, Ide weare thee as a Iewell set in golde.

~~250~~ *Vau.* And Iewels Master Horace, must be hang'd you know.

Tuc. Good Pagans, well said, they haue sowed vp that broken seame-rent lye of thine, that Demetrius is out at Elbowes, and Crispinus is falne out with Sattin heere, they haue; but bloate-herring dost heare?

~~260~~ *Hor.* Yes honour'd Captaine, I haue eares at will.

Tuc. Ist not better be out at Elbowes, then to bee a bond-slaue, and to goe all in Parchment as thou dost?

Horace. Parchment Captaine? tis Perpetuana I assure you.

~~270~~ *Tuc.* My Perpetuall pantaloone true, but tis waxt ouer; th'art made out of Wax; thou must answer for this one day; thy Muse is a hagler, and weares cloathes vpon best-be-trust: th'art great in some bodies books for this, thou knowst where; thou wouldst bee out at Elbowes, and out at heeles too, but that thou layest about thee with a Bill for this, a Bill

~~280~~ *Ho* I confesse Capten, I followed this suite hard.

Tuc. I know thou didst, and therefore whilst we haue Hiren heere, speake my little dish-washers, a verdict Pisse-kitchins.

Omnes. Blancket.

~~290~~ *Vau.* Holde I pray, holde, by Sesu I haue put vpon my heade, a fine deuice, to make you laugh, tis not your fooles Cap Master Horace, which you couer'd your Poetasters in, but a fine tricke, ha, ha, is iumbling in my braine.

Tuc. Ile beate out thy braines, my whorson handsome dwarfe, but ile haue it out of thee.

~~300~~ *Omnes.* What is it good Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. To conclude, tis after this manners, because Ma. Horace is ambition, and does conspire to bee more hye and tall, as God a mightie made him, wee'll carry his terrible person to Court, and there before his Masestie Dub, or ~~310~~ *what* you call it, dip his Muse in some licour, and christen him, or dye him, into collours of a Poet.

60

Omnes. Excellent.

Tuc. Super Super-excellent Reuellers goe, proceede you Masters of Arte in kissing these wenches, and in daunces, bring you the quiuering Bride to Court, in a Maske, come Crumboll, thou shalt Mum with vs; come, dogge mee skneakes-bill.

Hor. O thou my Muse!

Sir Vau. Call vpon God a mighty, and no Muses, your Muse I warrant is otherwise occupied, there is no dealing with you, your Muse now, therefore I pray marse, marse, marse, oundes your Moose?

Exeunt.

Cri. We shal haue sport to see them; come bright beauties,
The Sunne stoops low, and whispers in our eares,
To hasten on our Maske, let's crowne this night,
With choise composed wreathes of sweet delight.

Exeunt.

Enter Terrill and Cælestine sadly, Sir Quintilian stirring and mingling a cup of wine.

Ter. O Night, that Dyes the Firmament in blacke,
And like a cloth of cloudes doth stretch thy limbes;
Vpon the windy Tenters of the Ayre:
O thou that hang'st vpon the backe of Day,
Like a long mourning gowne: thou that art made
Without an eye, because thou shouldst not see
A Looser Reuels: nor participate
The Bride-groomes heauen; ô heauen, to me a hell:
I haue a hell in heauen, a blessed curse;
All other Brides-groomes long for Night, and taxe
The Day of lazie slouth; call Time a Cripple,
And say the houres limpe after him: but I
Wish Night for euer banisht from the skie,
Or that the Day would neuer sleepe: or Time,
Were in a swound; and all his little Houres,
Could neuer lift him vp with their poore powers.

2100

Enter Cælestine.

61

But backward runnes the course of my delight;
The day hath turn'd his backe, and it is night;
This night will make vs odde; day made vs eeuen,
All else are damb'd in hel, but I in heauen.

Cæ. Let loose thy oath, so shall we still be eeuen.

Ter. Then am I damb'd in hell, and not in heauen.

Cæ. Must I then goe? tis easie to say no,

Must is the King himselfe, and I must goe;
Shall I then goe? that word is thine; I shall,
Is thy commaund: I goe because I shall;
Will I then goe? I aske my selfe; ô ill,
King, saies I must; you, I shall; I, I will.

Ter. Had I not sworne. *Cæ.* Why didst thou sweare?

Ter. The King

Sat heauy on my resolution,
Till (out of breath) it panted out an oath.

Cæ. An oath? why, what's an oath? tis but the smoake,
Of flame & bloud; the blister of the spirit,
Which rizeth from the Steame of rage, the bubble
That ishoots vp to the tongue, and scaldes the voice,
(For oathes are burning words) thou swor'st but one,
Tis frozen long agoe: if one be numbred,
What Countrimen are they? where doe they dwell,
That speake naught else but oathes?

Ter. They're men of hell.

An oath? why tis the trafficke of the soule,
Tis law within a man; the seale of faith,
The bond of euery conscience; vnto whom,
We set our thoughts like hands: yea, such a one
I swore, and to the King: A King contains
A thousand thousand; when I swore to him,
I swore to them; the very haies that guard
His head, will rise vp like sharpe witnesses
Against my faith and loyalty: his eye
Would straight condemne me: argue oathes no more,
My oath is high, for to the King I swore.

Enter Sir Quintilian with the cup.

62

Cæ. Must I betray my Chastity? So long
Cleane from the treason of rebelling lust;
O husband! O my Father! if poore I,

Must not liue chaste, then let me chastly dye.

S. qui. I, heer's a charme shall keep thee chaste, come, come,
Olde Time hath left vs but an houre to play
Our parts; begin the Sceane, who shall speake first?
Oh, play the King, and Kings speake first;
Daughter stand thou heere, thou Sonne Terrill there,
O thou standst well, thou lean'st against a poast,
(For thou't be posted off I warrant thee:)
The King will hang a horne about thy necke,
And make a poast of thee; you stand well both,
We neede no Prologue, the King entring first,
He's a most gracious Prologue: mary then
For the Catastrophe, or Epilogue,
Ther's one in cloth of Siluer, which no doubt,
Will please the hearers well, when he steps out;
His mouth is fil'd with words: see where he stands;
He'll make them clap their eyes besides their hands.
But to my part; suppose who enters now,
A King, whose eyes are set in Siluer; one
That blussheth golde, speakes Musicke, dancing walkes,
Now gathers neerer takes thee by the hand,
When straight thou thinkst, the very Orbe of heauen,
Mooues round about thy fingers, then he speakes,
Thus—thus—I know not how.

Cæl. Nor I to answer him.

Sir Quint. No girle? knowst thou not how to answer him?
Why then the field is lost, and he rides home,
Like a great conquerour; not answer him?
Out of thy part already? foylde the Sceane?
Disarm'd the lynes? disarm'd the action?

Ter. Yes yes, true chastity is tongu'd so weake,
Tis ouer-come ere it know how to speake.

Sir qui. Come, come, thou happy close of euery wrong,
Tis thou that canst dissolue the hardest doubt;
Tis time for thee to speake, we are all out.
Daughter, and you the man whom I call Sonne,
I must confesse I made a deede of gift;
To heauen and you, and gaue my childe to both:
When on my blessing I did charme her soule,
In the white circle of true Chastity,
Still to run true, till death: now Sir if not,
She forfeys my rich blessing, and is Fin'd
With an eternall cursse; then I tell you,
She shall dye now, now whilst her soule is true.

Ter. Dye?

Cæl. I, I am deaths eccho.

Sir quin. O my Sonne,
I am her Father; euery teare I shed,
Is threescore ten yeere olde; I weepe and smile
Two kinde of teares: I weepe that she must dye,
I smile that she must dye a Virgin: thus
We ioyfull men mocke teares, and teares mocke vs.

Ter. What speakes that cup?

Sir quin. White wine and poison.

Ter. Oh:

That very name of poison, poisons me;
Thou Winter of a man, thou walking graue,
Whose life is like a dying Taper: how
Canst thou define a Louers labouring thoughts?
What's sent hast thou but death? what taste but earth?
The breame that purles from thee, is like the Steame
Of a new-open'd vault: I know thy drift,
Because thou art traueiling to the land of Graues,
Thou couetst company, and hether bringst,
A heath of poison to pledge death: a poison
For this sweete spring; this Element is mine,
This is the Ayre I breath; corrupt it not;
This heauen is mine, I bought it with my soule,
Of him that selles a heauen, to buy a soule.

Sir quin. Well, let her goe; she's thine thou cal'st her thine,
Thy Element, the Ayre thou breath'st; thou knowst
The Ayre thou breath'st is common, make her so:
Perhaps thou't say; none but the King shall weare
Thy night-gowne, she that laps thee warme with loue;

And that Kings are not common: Then to shew,
 By consequence he cannot make her so,
 Indeede she may promote her shame and thine,
 And with your shames, speake a good word for mine:
 The King shining so cleare, and we so dim,
 Our dark disgraces will be seene through him.
 Imagine her the cup of thy moist life,
 What man would pledge a King in his owne wife?

Ter. She dyes: that sentence poisons her: O life!
 What slaue would pledge a King in his owne wife?

2251. Welcome, ô poyson, phisicke against lust,
 Thou holesome medicine to a constant bloud;
 Thou rare Apothecary that canst keepe,
 My chastity preseru'd, within this boxe;
 Of tempting dust, this painted earthen pot,
 That stands vpon the stall of the white soule,
 To set the shop out like a flatterer,
 To draw the customers of Sinne: come, come,
 Thou art no poison, but a dyet-drinke,
 To moderate my bloud: White-innocent Wine,
 Art thou made guilty of my death? oh no,
 For thou thy selfe art poison'd, take me hence,
 For Innocence, shall murder Innocence.

Drinkes.

Ter. Holde, holde, thou shalt not dye, my Bride, my wife,
 O stop that speedy messenger of death;
 O let him not run downe that narrow path,
 Which leades vnto thy heart; nor carry newes
 To thy remoouing soule, that thou must dye.

Cæl. Tis done already, the Spirituall Court,
 Is breaking vp; all Offices discharg'd,
 My soule remooues from this weake standing house,
 Of fraile mortallity; Deare Father, blesse
 Me now and euer: Dearer Man, farewell,
 I ioyntly take my leaue of thee and life,
 Goe, tell the King thou hast a constant wife.

2260. I had a constant wife, Ile tell the King;
 Vntill the King—what dost thou smile? art thou
 A Father?

Sir quin. Yea, smiles on my cheekes arise,
 To see how sweetly a true virgin dyes.

2255 *Enter* Blunt, Crispinus, Fannius, Philocalia, Dicache, Petula, *lights before them.*

Cris. Sir Walter Terrill, gallants are all ready?

Ter. All ready.

Dem. Well said, come, come, wher's the Bride?

2260. She's going to forbid the Banes agen.
 She'll dye a maide: and see, she keeps her oath.

All the men. Faire Cælestine!

Ladies. The Bride!

Ter. She that was faire,
 Whom I cal'd faire and Cælestine.

Omnes. Dead!

Sir quin. Dead, sh's deathes Bride, he hath her maidenhead.

Cri. Sir Walter Terrill.

Omnes. Tell vs how.

2260. All cease,
 The subiect that we treat of now is *Peace*,
 If you demaund how: I can tell: if why,
 Aske the King that; he was the cause, not I.
 Let it suffice, she's dead, she kept her vow,
 Aske the King why, and then Ile tell you how:
 Nay giue your Reuels life, tho she be gone,
 To Court with all your preparation;
 Leade on, and leade her on; if any aske
 The mistery, say death presents a maske,
 Ring peales of Musicke, you are Louers belles,
 The losse of one heauen, brings a thousand hels.

Exeunt.

Enter an arm'd Sewer, after him the seruice of a Banquet: the King at another doore meetes them, they Exeunt.

Kin. Why so, euen thus the Mercury of Heauen,
 Vshewst' ambrosiate banquet of the Gods,

When a long traine of Angels in a ranke,
Serue the first course, and bow their Christall knees,
Before the Siluer table; where Ioues page
Sweet Ganimed filles Nectar: when the Gods
Drinke healthes to Kings, they pledge them; none but Kings
Dare pledge the Gods; none but Gods drinke to Kings.
Men of our house are we prepar'd?

Enter Seruants.

66

Ser. My Leige,

All ~~wat~~ the presence of the Bride.

Kin. The Bride?

Yea, euery senceles thing, which she beholdes,
Will looke on her agen, her eyes reflection,
Will make the walles all eyes, with her perfection:
Obserue me now, because of Maskes and Reuels,
And many nuptiall ceremonies: Marke,
This I create the Presence, heere the State,
Our Kingdomes seate, shall sit in honours Pride,
Like pleasures Queene, there will I place the Bride:
Be ~~gone~~, be speedy, let me see it done.

Exeunt.

A King in Loue, is Steward to himselfe,
And neuer scornes the office, my selfe buy,
All glances from the Market of her eye.

Soft Musicke, chaire is set vnder a Canopie.

~~Kin.~~ Sound Musicke, thou sweet suiter to the ayre,
Now wooe the ayre agen, this is the houre,
Writ in the Calender of time, this houre,
Musicke shall spend, the next and next the Bride;
Her tongue will read the Musicke-Lecture: Wat
I loue thee Wat, because thou art not wise;
Not deep-read in the volume of a man,
Thou neuer sawst a thought, poore soule thou thinkst,
The heart and tongue is cut out of one peece,
But th'art deceau'd, the world hath a false light,
Fooler thinke tis day, when wise men know tis night.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir quint. My Leige, they're come, a maske of gallants.

King. Now—the spirit of Loue vshers my bloud.

Sir quin. They come.

The watch-word in a Maske is the bolde Drum.

*Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, Philocalia, Petula, Dicache, all maskt, two and two with lights like maskers:
Cælestine in a chaire.*

Ter. All pleasures guard my King, I heere present,
My ~~mouth~~ vpon the knee of duety: knees
Are made for Kings, they are the subiects Fees.

67

King. Wat Terrill, th'art ill suited, ill made vp,
In Sable collours, like a night peece dyed,
Com'st thou the Prologue of a Maske in blacke;
Thy ~~body~~ is ill shapt; a Bride-groome too
Looke how the day is drest in Siluer cloth,
Laide round about with golden Sunne-beames: so
(As white as heauen) should a fresh Bride-groome goe.
What? Cælestine the Bride, in the same taske?
Nay, ~~then~~ I see ther's mistery in this maske,
Prethee resolute me Wat?

Ter. My gracious Lord,
That part is hers, she actes it; onely I
Present the Prologue, she the misterie.

~~Kin.~~ Come Bride, the Sceane of blushing entred first,
Your cheekes are setled now, and past the worst;

Vnmaskes her.

A mistery? oh none plaies heere but death,
This is deaths motion, motionles? speake you,
Flatter no longer; thou her Bride-groome; thou
Her ~~Father~~ speake.

Sir quint. Dead.

Ter. Dead.

Kin. How?

Sir quin. Poyson'd.

~~King~~. And poyson'd?

What villaine durst blaspheme her beauties, or
Prophane the cleare religion of her eyes?

Ter. Now King I enter, now the Sceane is mine,
My tongue is tipt with poison; know who speakes,
And booke into my thoughts; I blush not King,
To call thee Tyrant: death hath set my face,
And made my bloud holde; heare me spirits of men,
And place your eares vpon your hearts; the day
(The fellow to this night) saw her and me,
Shake hands together: for the booke of heauen,
Made vs eternall friends: thus, *Man and Wife*,
This man of men (the King) what are not kings?
Was my chiefe guest, my royall guest, his Grace
Grac'd all the Table, and did well become
The supper end, where sate my Bride: in briefe,
He tainted her chaste eares; she yet vnknowne,
His breath was treason, tho his words were none.
Treason to her and me, he dar'd me then,
(Vnder the couert of a flattering smile,)
To ~~blow~~ her where she is, not as she is,
Aliue for lust, not dead for (Chastity:
The resolution of my soule, out-dar'd,)
I swore and taxt my faith with a sad oath;
Which I maintaine; heere take her, she was mine,
When she was liuing, but now dead, she's thine.

Kin. Doe not confound me quite; for mine owne guilt,
Speakes more within me then thy tongue contains;
Thy sorrow is my shame: yet heerein springs,
Ioy out of sorrow, boldnes out of shame;
For ~~by~~ this haue found, once in my life,
A faithfull subiect, thou a constant wife.

Cæl. A constant wife.

Kin. Am I confounded twice?
Blasted with wonder.

~~Ter.~~ O delude we not,
Thou art too true to liue agen, too faire
To be my Cælestine, too constant farre
To be a woman.

Cæl. Not to be thy wife,
But ~~first~~ I pleade my duetie, and salute
The world agen.

Sir quin. My King, my Sonne, know all,
I am an Actor in this misterie,
And beare the chiefest part. The Father I,
Twice that ministred to her chaste bloud,
A true somniferous potion, which did steale
Her thoughts to sleepe, and flattered her with death:
I cal'd it a quick poison'd drug, to trie
The Bride-groomes loue, and the Brides constancie.
He ~~with~~ the passion of his loue did fight,
A combat with affection; so did both,
She for the poison stroue, he for his oath:
Thus like a happie Father, I haue won,
A constant Daughter, and a louing Sonne.

~~King~~. Mirrour of Maidens, wonder of thy name,
I giue thee that art giuen, pure, chaste, the same
Heere Wat: I would not part (for the worlds pride)
So true a Bride-groome, and so chaste a Bride.

Cri. My Leige, to wed a Comicall euent,
To ~~pres~~ supposed tragicke Argument:
Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous dreadfull Poet take degree.

Kin. Dreadfull in his proportion or his pen?

Cris. In both, he calles himsele the whip of men.

~~King~~. If a cleare merrit stand vpon his praise,
Reach him a Poets Crowne (the honour'd Bayes)
But if he claime it, wanting right thereto,
(As many bastard Sonnes of Poesie doe)
Race downe his vsurpation to the ground.
True Poets are with Arte and Nature Crown'd.
But in what molde so ere this man bee cast;
We make him thine Crispinus, wit and iudgement,
Shine in thy numbers, and thy soule I know,

Will not goe arm'd in passion gainst thy foe:
Therefore be thou our selfe; whilst our selfe sit,
But as spectator of this Sceane of wit.

Cri. Thankes royall Lord, for these high honors done,
To me vnworthie, my mindes brightest fires
Shall all consume them selues, in purest flame,
On ~~the~~ Alter of your deare eternall name.

Kin. Not vnder vs, but next vs take thy Seate,
»*Artes nourished by Kings make Kings more great,*
Vse thy Authority.

Cris. Demetrius.
Call ~~in~~ that *selfe-creating Horace*, bring
Him and his *shaddow* foorth.

Dem. Both shall appeare,
»*No black-eyed star must sticke in vertues Spheare.*

Enter Sir Vaughan.

~~245~~ *Va.* Ounds did you see him, I pray let all his Masesties most excellent dogs, be set at liberties, and haue their freedoms to smell him out.

Dem. Smell whom?

~~250~~ *Vaugh.* Whom? The *Composer*, the *Prince of Poets*, *Horace*, *Horace*, he's departed: in Gods name and the Kinges I sarge you to ring it out from all our eares, for Horaces bodie is departed: Master hue and crie shall—God blesse King Williams, I crie you mercy and aske forgiuenes, for mine eyes did not finde in their hearts to looke vppon your Masestie.

~~255~~ *Va.* What news with thee Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vau. Newes? God tis as vrse newes as I can desire to bring about mee: our vnhandsome-fac'd Poet does play at bo-peepes with your Grace, and cryes all-hidde as boyes doe.

Officers. Stand by, roome there, backe, roome for the Poet.

~~260~~ *Va.* He's reprehended and taken, by Sesu I reioyce very neere as much as if I had discouer'd a New-found Land, or the North and East Indies.

Enter Tucca, his boy after him with two pictures vnder his cloake, and a wreath of nettles: Horace and Bubo pul'd in by 246 *th' hornes bound both like Satyres, Sir Adam following, Mistris Miniuer with him, wearing Tuccaes chaine.*

Tuc. So, tug, tug, pull the mad Bull in by'th hornes: So, baite one at that stake my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that stake Gurnets-head.

~~270~~ *Krog.* What busie fellow's this?

Tuc. Saue thee, my most gracious King a Harts saue thee, all hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vaile: for but to thee great *Sultane Soliman*, I scorne to be thus put off or to deliuer vp this sponce I wud.

~~275~~ *Sir Vau.* Sir Vaughan, what's this iolly Captaines name?

Sir Va. Has a very sufficient name, and is a man has done God and his Country as good and as hot Seruice (in conquering this vile Monster-Poet) as euer did S. George his horse-backe about the Dragon.

~~280~~ *Tuc.* I sweate for't, but Tawsoone, holde thy tongue, Mon Dieu, if thou't praise mee, doo't behinde my backe: I am my weighty Soueraigne one of thy graines, thy valliant vassaile; aske not what I am, but read, turne ouer, vnclaspe thy ~~Chronicles~~ *Chronicles*: there thou shalt finde *Buffe-Ierkin*; there read my points of war; I am one a thy *Mandilian-Leaders*; one that enters into thy royall bands for thee; *Pantilius Tucca*; one of thy Kingdomes chiefest quarrellers; one a thy most faithfull —fy—fy—fy—

Sir Vau. Drunkerds I holde my life.

~~285~~ *Tuc.* No *whirligig*, one of his faithfull fighters; thy drawer ô royall *Tamor Cham*.

Sir Vau. Goe too, I pray Captaine Tucca, giue vs all leaue to doe our busines before the King.

Tuc. With all my heart, shi, shi, shi shake that *Beare-whelp* when thou wut.

~~290~~ *Vau.* Horace and Bubo, pray send an answere into his Masesties eares, why you goe thus in Ouids Morter-Morphesis and strange fashions of apparrell.

Tuc. Cur why?

~~295~~ *Asini.* My Lords, I was drawne into this beastly suite by head and shoulders onely for loue I bare to my Ningle.

Tuc. Speake Ningle, thy mouth's next, belch out, belch, why—

Hor. I did it to retyre me from the world;

And turne my *Muse* into a *Timonist*,
Loathing the general Leprozie of Sinne,
Which ~~is~~ like a plague runs through the soules of men:
I did it but to—

Tu. But to bite euery Motley-head vice by'th nose, you did it Ningle to play the Bug-beare Satyre, & make a Campe royall of fashion-mongers quake at your paper Bullets; you Nastie Tortois, you and your Itchy Poetry breake out like Christmas, but once a yeare, and then you keepe a Reuelling, & Araigning, & a Scratching of mens faces, as tho you were Tyber the long-tail'd Prince of Rattes, doe you?

Cri. Horace.

~~300~~ *Vaughan.* Silence, pray let all vrdes be strangled, or held fast betweene your teeth.

Cri. Vnder controule of my dreade Soueraigne,
We are thy Iudges; thou that didst *Arraigne*,
Art now prepar'd for condemnation;
Sho ~~uld~~ I but bid thy Muse stand to the Barre,
Thy selfe against her wouldst giue euidence:
For flat rebellion gainst the Sacred lawes
Of diuine Poesie: heerein most she mist,

*Thy pride and scorne made her turne Saterist,
And ~~not~~ her loue to vertue (as thou Preachest)*
Or should we minister strong pilles to thee:
What lumpes of hard and indigested stuffe,
Of bitter *Satirisme*, of *Arrogance*,
Of *Selſe-loue*, of *Detraction*, of a blacke
And ~~stinking~~ *Insolence* should we fetch vp?
But none of these, we giue thee what's more fit,
With stinging nettles Crowne his stinging wit.

Tuc. Wel said my Poeticall huckster, now he's in thy handling rate him, doe rate him well.

Hor. O I beseech your Maiesty, rather then thus to be netled, Ile ha my Satyres coate pull'd ouer mine eares, and bee turn'd out a the nine Muses Seruice.

Asin. And I too, let mee be put to my shiftes with myne Ningle.

Sir Vau. By Sesu so you shall M. Bubo; flea off this hairie skin M. Horace, so, so, so, vntrusse, vntrusse.

Tuc. His Poeticall wreath my dapper puncke-fetcher.

Hor. Ooh—

Sir Vau. Nay your oohs, nor your *Callin-oes* cannot serue your turne; your tongue you know is full of blisters with rayling your face full of pockey-holes and pimples, with your fierie inuentions: and therefore to preserue your head from aking, this Biggin is yours,—nay by Sesu you shall bee a Poet, though not Lawrefyed, yet Nettlefyed, so:

Tuc. Sirra stincker, thou'rt but vntruss'd now, I owe thee a whipping still, and Ile pay it: I haue layde rodde in Pisse and Vineger for thee: It shall not bee the *Whipping a' th Satyre*, nor the Whipping of the blinde-Bear, but of a counterfeit Iugler, that steales the name of Horace.

Kin. How? counterfeit? does hee vsurpe that name?

Sir Vau. Yes indeede ant please your Grace, he does sup vp that abhominable name.

Tuc. Hee does O King *Cambises*, hee does: thou hast no part of Horace in thee but's name, and his damnable vices: thou hast such a terrible mouth, that thy beard's afraide to peepe out: but, looke heere you staring Leuiathan, heere's the sweete visage of Horace; looke perboyld-face, looke; Horace had a trim long-beard, and a reasonable good face for a Poet, (as faces goe now-a-dayes) Horace did not skruie and wriggle himselfe into great Mens famyliarity, (impudentlie) as thou doost: nor weare the Badge of Gentlemens company, as thou doost thy Taffetie sleeues tackt too onely with some pointes of profit: No, Horace had not his face puncht full of Oylet-holes, like the couer of a warming-pan: Horace lou'd Poets well, and gaue Coxcombes to none but fooles; but thou lou'st none, neither Wisemen nor fooles, but thy selfe: Horace was a goodly Corpulent Gentleman, and not so leane a hollow-cheekt Scrag as thou art: No, heere's thee Cobby of thy countenance, by this will I learne to make a number of villanous faces more, and to looke scruily vpon'th world, as thou dost.

Sir Vaughan will you minister their oath?

Sir Vau. Master Asinius Bubo, you shall sweare as little as you can, one oath shall damme vp your Innocent mouth.

Asin. Any oath Sir, Ile sweare any thing.

Sir Vau. You shall sweare, by *Phœbus* (who is your Poets good Lord and Master,) that heere-after you will not hyre Horace, to giue you poesies for rings, or hand-kerchers, or kniues which you vnderstand not, nor to write your Loue-letters; which you (in turning of a hand) set your markes vpon, as your owne: nor you shall not carry Lattin Poets about you: which you can write and read English at most; and lastlye that you shall not call Horace your Ningle.

Asin. By *Phœbus* I sweare all this, and as many oathes as you will, so I may trudge.

Sir Vau. Trudge then, pay your legs for Fees, and bee dissarg'd.

Tuc. Tprooth—runne Red-cap, ware hornes there.

Exit Asi.

Sir Va. Now Master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer, for 'your oath must be (like your wittes) of many collours; and like a Brokers booke of many parcels.

Tuc. Read, read; th'inuentry of his oath.

Hor. Ile sweare till my haire stands vp an end, to bee rid of this sting, oh this sting!

Sir Vau. Tis not your sting of conscience, is it?

Tuc. Vpon him: *Inprimis*.

Sir Vau. *Inprimis*, you shall sweare by *Phœbus* and the halfe a score Muses lacking one: not to sweare to hang your selfe, if you thought any Man, Ooman or Silde, could write Playes and Rimes, as well-fauour'd ones as your selfe.

Tuc. Well sayd, hast brought him toth gallowes already?

Sir Vau. You shall sweare not to bumbast out a new Play, with the olde lynings of Iestes, stolne from the Temples Reuels.

Tuc. To him olde Tango.

Sir Va. Moreouer, you shall not sit in a Gallery, when your Comedies and Enterludes haue entred their Actions, and there make vile and bad faces at euerie lyne, to make Sentlemen haue an eye to you, and to make Players afraide to take your part.

Tuc. Thou shalt be my Ningle for this.

Sir Vau. Besides, you must forswear to venter on the stage, when your Play is ended, and to exchange curtezies, and complements with Gallants in the Lordes roomes, to make all the house rise vp in Armes, and to cry that's Horace, that's he, that's he, that's he, that pennes and purges Humours and diseases.

Tuc. There boy, agen.

Sir Vau. Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poore couple, that is to say: your *Wits and necessities*, alias *dictus*, to the rifling of your Muse: alias, your Muses vp-sitting: alias a Poets *Whitson-Ale*; you shall sweare that within three dayes after, you shall not abroad, in Booke-binders shops, brag that your *Vize-royes* or *Tributorie-Kings*, haue done homage to you, or paide quarterage.

Tuc. Ile busse thy head Holofernes.

Sir Vaugh. Moreouer and *Inprimis*, when a Knight or Sentlemen of vrship, does giue you his passe-port, to trauaile in and out to his Company, and giues you money for Gods sake; I trust in Sesu, you will sweare (tooth and nayle) not to

make a calde and wry-mouth Iestes vpon his Knight-hood, will you not?

Hor. I neuer did it by Parnassus.

Tuc. Wut sweare by Parnassus and lye too, Doctor Doddipol?

Sir Va. Thirdly, and last of all sauing one, when your Playes are misse-lykt at Court, you shall not crye Mew like a Pusscat, and say you are glad you write out of the Courtiers Element.

Tuc. Let the Element alone, tis out a thy reach.

Sir Vau. In brieflynes, when you Sup in Tauernes, amongst your betters, you shall sweare not to dippe your Manners in too much sawce, nor at Table to fling Epigrams, Embleames, or Play-speeches about you (lyke Hayle-stones) to keepe you out of the terrible daunger of the Shot, vpon payne to sit at the vpper ende of the Table, a'th left hand of Carlo Buffon: sweare all this, by Apollo and the eight or nine Muses.

Hor. By Apollo, Helicon, the Muses (who march three and three in a rancke) and by all that belongs to Pernassus, I sweare all this.

Tuc. Beare witnes.

Cris. That fearefull wreath, this honour is your due,

75

All Poets shall be Poet-Apes but you;

Thanks (Learnings true Mecænas, Poesies king)

Thanks for that gracious eare, which you haue lent,

To this most tedious, most rude argument.

Kin. Our spirits haue well beene feasted; he whose pen

Drawes both corrupt, and cleare bloud from all men:

(Careles what veine he prickes) let him not raue,

When his owne sides are strucke, blowes, blowes, doe craue.

Tuc. Kings-truce, my noble Hearbe-a-grace; my Princely sweet-William, a boone—Stay first, Ist a match or no match, Lady Furniuall Ist?

Ad. & Sir quint. A match?

Mini. I, a match, since he hath hit the Mistris so often 1'th fore-game, we'll eene play out a rubbers.

Sir Ada. Take her for me.

Sir quin. Take her for thy selfe, not for me.

Vau. Play out your rubbers in Gods name, by Sesu Ile neuer boule more in your Alley, Iddow.

Sir Quin. My Chaine.

Sir Adam. My Purse.

Rufus. Ile Chaine thee presently, and giue thee ten pound and a purse: a boone my Leige: ... daunce ô my delicate Rufus, at my wedding with this reuerend Antiquary; ist done? wut thou?

Kin. Ile giue thee Kingly honour: *Night and Sleepe,*

With silken Ribands would tye vp our eyes,

But Mistris Bride, one measure shall be led,

In scorne of Mid-nights hast, and then to bed.

Exeunt.

76

Epilogus:

Tucca. Gentlemen, Gallants, and you my little Swaggerers that fight lowe: my tough hearts of Oake that stand too't so valiantly, and are still within a yard of your Capten: Now the Trumpets (that set men together by the eares) haue left their Tantara-rag-boy, let's part friends. I recant, beare witnes all you Gentle-folkes (that walke i'th Galleries) I recant the opinions which I helde of Courtiers, Ladies, & Citizens, when once (in an assembly of Friers) I railde vpon them: that hereticall Libertine Horace, taught me so to mouth it. Besides, twas when stiffe Tucca was a boy: twas not Tucca that railde and roar'd then, but the Deuill & his Angels: But now, Kings-truce, the Capten Summons a parlee, and deliueres himselve and his prating company into your hands, vpon what composition you wil. Are you pleas'd? and Ile dance Friskin for ioy, but if you be not, by'th Lord Ile see you all—heere for your two pence a peice agen, before Ile loose your company. I know now some be come hyther with cheekes swolne as big with hisses, as if they had the tooth-ach: foote, if I stood by them, Ide bee so bold as—intreate them to hisse in another place. Are you aduiz'd what you doe when you hisse? you blowe away Horaces reunge: but if you set your hands and Seales to this, Horace will write against it, and you may haue more sport: he shall not loose his labour, he shall not turne his blanke verses into wastepaper: No, my Poetasters will not laugh at him, but will vntrusse him agen, and agen, and agen. Ile tell you what you shall doe, cast your little Tucca into a Bell: doe, make a Bell of me, and be al you my clappers, vpon condition, wee may haue a lustie peale,

2705

this colde weather: I haue but two legs left me,
and they are both yours: Good night
my two penny Tenants
God night.

FINIS.

77

TEXT-NOTEN.

A = { A₁ = beide Exemplare im Brit. Museum
 A₂ = Exemplare d. Dyce-Libr. und d. Bodleiana.

42. A: haue haue bin,
73. A: pa
113/4. A: to deckei th' nuisible
338. A: this;
360. A: it:
377. A: I adorn'd [cf. Ad Lectorem, Z. 61.]
389. A: *Asi*. Why
409. A: Ile starte thence poore [cf. Ad Lectorem, Z. 63.]
412. A: Comedies
413. A: ranke
419. A: it:
429. A: yet;
464. A: doe struie
497. A: with her dregs [cf. Ad Lectorem, Z. 65.]
502. A: off the head [cf. Ad Lectorem, Z. 67.]
514. A: fiue hundred, foure hundred fiue, [cf. Ad Lectorem, Z. 69.]
557. A: friends,
575. A: whether
591. A: Flacucs.
607. A: Coale come?
633. A: vauward
677. A: then:
682. A: *Exeunt*:
696. A: Vanghan,
704. A: *Sir. Vaug.*
765. A: *Sir quin*
773. A₁: he Ladyes.... come-*tye.
810. A: *Vaugh*;
831. A: feauer:
846. A: meete;
863. A₁: Short-hose
888. A: morrow,
957. A: & sayes he sayes hyee, Master
995. A₂: prophceing;
1003. A₂: wide a
1006. A: *Sir. Adam*.
1012. A₁: words
1025. A₂: mightie I
1029/30. A₂: man, and ... world,
1050. A: shall he
1064. A₂: Pridegroome,
1101. A: bitterlie:
1107. A: M, Horace,
1234. A: Custos p. F₃: bond,
1260. A: supplications now
1265. A: *Tuc*,
1274. A₂: Right for
1310. A: *Sir. Vau*.
1312. A: *Sir. Vau*.
1317. A: guest.
1328. A: This enterchanging of Languages; [cf. Ad Lectorem, Z. 71.]
1335. A: out speech;
1403. A₂: then, then then
1406. A: *Sir. Vau*.
1408. A₁: so, tis
1409. A: ali past
1424. A: Custos G₂: then
1531. A: i↓,

1578. A: *Sir*.
1584. A: sansomely
1587. A: Custos: whoreson,
1615. A₂: on,
1648. A: Will,
1661. A₁: Armes,
1681. A: wrong.
1758. A: f'. der scheinbare Apostroph ist vielleicht ein in die Höhe geratenes Komma.
1771. A: leader Custos: leader,
1773. A: come:
1796. A: *Ladies*,
1804. A: begin.
1806. A: winne.
1809. A: *Bin*. To prooue
1865. A: *best*,
1930. A: indgement
1998. A₂: Horace they (nur copy d. Bodl.)
2002. A: Fl in Flat sehr schlecht gedruckt.
2018. A₁: cheekcs
2063. A: terrible,
2083. A: *migling*
2115. A: resoluion,
2169. A: alread? yfoylde
2237. A: *Drinkes*
2257. A: ready,
2271. A₁: *Peace*. Interpunktion undeutlich.
2289. A: Gods.
2309. A: *it set*
2322. A₁: Liege they're A: gallants,
2348. A₂: motion; motionles? A₁: motionles;
2357. A₁: eyes.
2384. A: boldnes ont
2476. A₂: don das e kann auch abgesprungen sein.
2480. A₁: tongue Mon du,
2481. A₂: me
2490. A₂: Tam or Cham
2522. A: lawes,
2530. A: And stinging [cf. Ad Lectorem, Z. 73.]
2543. A: *Tu*. Nay your
2552. A: bnt of
2578. A: *Cris*. Any
2587. A: *Cris*. By
2596. A₁: oh this sting.
2612. A: *Sir Vau*
2618. A: *Sir Vvu*.
2630. A₁: wlll you
2685. A: tanght

ANMERKUNGEN.

SEITE 1. Das lateinische Citat stammt aus: Horaz, *Sat.* I. 4, 73.

SEITE 3. Ad Detractorem; *Martial, Epgr.* lib. XIII. 2.

5/6. Virgil, *Aeneis*, III. 658: *monstrum horrendum informe ingens, cui lumen ademptum.*

8. Poetomachia = der sog. Stage-Quarrel.

Horace the second = Ben Jonson.

9. *a band of...* Poetasters: sc. Marston, Dekker, Monday und vielleicht auch Shakespeare, für den besonders Small, *Stage-Quarrel* p. 7 u. 133 ff eintritt.

12. Horace *hal'd his Poetasters to the Barre*: namentlich mit dem *Poetaster*.

the Poetasters vntruss'd Horace mit dem *Satiromastix*. Der Plural Poetasters lässt vermuten, dass Dekker noch mindestens einen Mitarbeiter, Marston, hatte; cf. Einleitung, VIII. *vntruss* findet sich bereits *Ev. Man out*, Merm. Ser. p. 154: "*Second Untruss of the time*", womit Jonson auf Marstons *Scourge of Villanie* anspielt; ferner im *Poetaster* (M. Ser. 372): *the Untrusser or Whippers of the age*.

15. Burgonian wit: Hawkins, *Origin of the Engl. Drama*, Oxford 1773, vol. III., Nares, *Glossary*, s. v. und Bullen, *Marston's Works*, III, 373 beziehen diese oder ähnliche Andeutungen fälschlich auf den «bastard of Burgundy, who was overthrown in Smithfield by Anthony Woodville 1467». Small, p. 6³ hat bereits auf Grund von Stow's *Annales*, 787-b den Irrtum berichtigt: es handelt sich um einen *John Barrose*, der Burgunder von Geburt und «fencer» von Beruf war, 1598 alle Fechter Englands herausforderte und am 10. Juli desselben Jahres gehängt wurde. Vgl. Edw. Guilpin, *Skialetheia*, 1598, Sat. V., Marston, *Scourge of Villanie*, Sat. XI., *Jack Drum* II, 180. Jonson, *Ev. Man in* (M. Ser. 76) lässt *Cob* von *Bobadill* sagen: «*that foist, that fencing Burgullion*».

16. lies: *likely*, ein Druckfehler, der leider übersehen wurde.

20. Bun-hill: in der Nähe von Finsbury-Square. 1665-1867 wurden die Bunhill-Fields als Friedhof, hauptsächlich für Nonconfirmisten benützt.

21. Se defendendo: Vgl. dazu den *Apol. Dial.* (M. Ser. 377), wo

ungefähr das gerade Gegenteil gesagt wird: ... *three years*

They did provoke me with their petulant styles

On every stage: etc.

22/28. Penniman, *War* 19, hat schon darauf hingewiesen, dass diese Stelle als Zeugnis dafür dienen kann, dass Jonson hinter keiner der Personen in *Ev. Man in* zu suchen ist.

29. *his Arraignement* = the *Poetaster*.

Cat-a-mountaine: (Wildkatze) damals öfters erwähnt, so Sh. *Tp.* IV. 1. 262 u. *M.W.W.* II. 2. 27.

mewes: to mew oder *to cry mew* (Z. 360) als Zeichen der Missbilligung.

Vgl. *Gulls Hornbook*, Temple Classics, p. 48: ... on the very Rushes ... must our fethered *Estridge* ... be planted ... beating downe the mewes and hisses of the opposed rascality; ferner p. 53, wo dem Gull der Rat gegeben wird: *mewe at passionate speeches*.

30ff. vgl. dazu die Einleitung p. XII f.

Stigmaticke: der Gebrandmarkte, [der Missgestaltete].

45. *Poules Church-yard* bekannt als der Tummelplatz der Bummler und Geschäftsleute.

49. Detraction: Anspielung auf *Cynthia's Revels* III. 2 (M. Ser. 213):

Crites. *Do, good Detraction* (Hedon), *do, and I the while*

Shall shake thy spite off with a careless smile.

Envy: mit Bezug auf den Envy-Prolog im *Poetaster*.

51. *Nauci* von *naucum* = die Nusschale; bildl. = taube Nuss = etwas ganz Geringes, Wertloses. Vgl. dazu auch folgende Beispiele, welche ich Herrn Prof. Bang verdanke: Rich. Huloeti, *A B Cedarium Anglicolatinum*, Lond. 1552, sub *Nothyng* worth, wo als Übersetzung gegeben wird: *Nauci esse*.—Cooper, *Thesaur. Ling. Rom. & Brit.*, Lond. 1573, s. v. *nauci*: *All trifling things that are of no values: as the pyll of an apple: the paring of ones nayle, etc.* — *Bibliotheca Eliotae* ed. 1559, sub *Nauci*: ... *euery lyttell thyng of no value, a thyng of naught. Nauci esse, to be worth nothyng.*

53. *Populus me* etc: Horaz, *Sat.* lib. I. 1.66.

59. *Comedy of Errors*: Anspielung auf Shakespeares gleichnamiges Stück; sie findet sich nochmal bei Dekker, *Honest Whore*, Works, II, p. 62.

Die in diesem Druckfehlerverzeichnis gebrachten Korrekturen wurden natürlich bei Herstellung des Textes berücksichtigt.

87. *plump-lip*: volle, üppige Lippe; dies erinnert an den *plump lipt god* in *2. Ant. and Mel.* V. 4. ed. Halliwell, I, 137.

101. *sable ground* erinnert an: *My sable ground of sin I will not paint, Lucrece* 1074.

114. *coarse* = *corse*

117 f. *to lead Apes in hell*: Eine Strafe für alte Jungfern, vgl. Sh. *Ado.* II. 1. 43. 49., *Shr.* II. 34., *Patient Grissill*, ed. Hübsch, 704 u. 2603. W. Haughton, *Englishmen for my Money*, ed. Dodsley X. 518. — Nares gibt p. 440 folgende Erläuterung: As *ape* occasionally meant a fool, it probably meant that those coquettes who made fools of men, and led them about without real intention of marriage, would have them still to lead against their will hereafter.

127. *Rebatoes*: *rebato* = a falling collar (Nares); richtiger *rabato* cf. *Ado*, III. 4. 6. Dekker tut ihrer wiederholt Erwähnung: *Gulls Hornbook*, Temple Classics, 15. cf. *Anm. z. Z. 748*.

135. *Virginal Jackes*: An instrument of the spinnet kind, but made quite rectangular. Nares. Dekker erwähnt es auch in seinem *Gulls Hornbook*, Temple Cl. 25, [cf. dazu die Anm. p. 280.]; in I. *Honest Whore*, V. 2. M. S. p. 182; II. *Honest Whore*, IV. 3. p. 261. Shakespeare wendet das Verb *virginal* an in *Wint.* I. 2. 125.

148. *pew-fellow*: der denselben Kirchenstuhl mit jemanden teilt, = companion, cf. *Rich.* III. IV, 4, 58.

154. *villiacoes* = ital. *vigliacco*. Cf. Florio, *Queen Anna's New World of Words*, 1611, s. v.: *a rascall, a base varlet, a knauish scoundrell, a scury fellow*. Dekker, *Belman*, Temple Cl. 84: *my poore Villiac*. Jonson, *Ev. Man out* M. Ser. 235: *Now out, base viliaco!* auch Sh. *Henry VI B*, IV. 8. 48.

158. *Exit*: sc. ein Diener.

167. *knocke's* = *knocke his*.

182. Justice *Crop*: Es ist wohl mit Fleay, *A Biograph. Chronicle* I. 368 anzunehmen, dass dieser *Crop* sich auf den *venerable cropshin* (Lupus) in *Poet.* I. 1. M. Ser. p. 272 bezieht; *cropshin* ist bei Tuca ein Schimpfwort geworden = nobbler; cf. *Poet.* V. 1. p. 354.

188. besser: prickt,

198. richtiger: *Prickeshaft*, da es Anrede ist.

213. *quiontilian*: Mag sein, dass das *o* unbeabsichtigt hereingeriet; es könnte aber auch eine scherzhafte Entstellung des Namens sein, wie sich solche noch andere finden. — Beachte auch, dass Vaughan in diesem Auftritt noch nicht an seinem Sprachfehler leidet!

216. M. = Master = späterem Ma.

234/36. Drei Verszeilen endend mit — gallants, — sleep, — presences,

245. gloues, etc.: einfache oder doppelte Wiederholung desselben Wortes findet sich oft im *Satiromastix*, wohl mit der Absicht, die gleiche Erscheinung im *Poetaster* lächerlich zu machen.

247/56. Neun Verszeilen: so — place, — Batchelors; — together, — thether. — paines — songs; — on, — way? — pride:

249. besser: together;

256. Vaughan spricht erst p für b.

262ff. Diese Szene erinnert an die Eröffnungsszene des III. Aktes im *Poetaster*, wo sich Horace eine seiner Oden vorliest. Zugleich wird hier Jonsons schwerfälliges Arbeiten durch das mühsame Suchen nach Reimen verspottet. Vgl. M. Ser. 295.

267. richtiger: incloses ebenso Z. 319.

271. O me thy Priest inspire: vgl. dazu *Poet.* V. 1. (M. Ser. 361) *Horatius Flaccus, ... poet, and priest to the Muses.* u. hiezu wieder *Satirom.* Z. 802.

278. Pux? vielleicht eine affectierte Form für pox. Vgl. *North-ward Hoe*, Dekker III, 40: *Phil. The puncks in her humer —pax.*

282. cf. *Poet.* M. Ser. 295:

I drink, as I would write,

In flowing measure, filled with flame and sprite.

285. ningle: Asinius' gewöhnliche Anrede Horace gegenüber, statt des sonst gebräuchlicheren ingle. ningle = mine ingle.

286. the nine Muses be his midwiues: Vgl. dazu *Poet.* p. 295: *Cris. Sweet Horace, Minerva, and the Muses stand auspicious to thy designs!*

291. boule: Wiederum eine Anspielung auf die schon mehrfach erwähnte Ode: *Swell me a bowl with lusty wine, ...*

292. Pernassus gewöhnliche Orthographie für Parnassus. Sollte es eine Anspielung auf die Parnassus Plays enthalten?? Oder erinnerte sich der Verfasser an *Poet.* III. 1. (p. 315), wo Tuca von Crispinus als *my Parnassus* spricht?

300. *Helicon*: eine Anspielung auf *England's Helicon*?

309. leafe: doppelsinnig! Es gab drei Tabaksorten: *leaf, pudding* und *cane*. Vgl. die entspr. Artikel bei Nares.

310. Pipe: ebenfalls doppelsinnig.

314. tis an elegancy: Jonsons Selbstgefälligkeit dient noch öfters als Zielscheibe für die *Poetaster*.

328. in this: zugleich mit Bezug auf seine Pfeife.

331. consort: häufig = concert. Beachte dazu das Wortspiel mit pipe i. Z. 310.

332. by this Candle: Horace arbeitet bei Kerzenlicht. Vgl. dazu *Cyn. Rev.* III. 2. p. 211: Anaides spricht von Crites: ... *he smells all lamp-oil with studying by candle-light.*

which is none of Gods Angels: Prof. Bang meint, dass Dekker hier wohl eine Stelle aus Chapman's *Blind Beggar of Alexandria* 1598 parodieren wird. In diesem Stück kommt eine Figur (Count) vor, deren «*most dangerous humour*» of *pistolting* des öftern erwähnt wird, und schliesslich versteigt sie sich zu dem Schwur: ... *by this pistol which is God's angell* (Pearson, vol. I, 33; Shepherd, vol. I, 14). [Percy Simpson versucht in Williams, *Specimens of the Elisab. Drama*, Ox. 1905, p. 507 eine andere Erklärung: Mild expressions such as 'by this light' were invented to avoid profanity; the practice gave scope to much ingenuity on the part of the wits, and Asinius tries to ape the fashion.] Der ob. Ausdruck findet sich auch sonst bei Dekker: *North-ward Hoe* (Pearson, vol. III. 26) *Capt... by this Iron* (which is none a gods Angell).

348. farder; um 1600 gewöhnliche Schreibung für farther.

350. Asinius wird in seinen Worten unterbrochen.

353. besser: ist,

358. Vgl. dazu den Beginn des III. Aktes i. *Poet.* (M. S. p. 296). Crispinus stellt Horace als scholar, new turned poet, u. satirist vor und fährt fort: *I write just in thy vein, I. I am for your «Odes», or your «Sermones», or any thing indeed.* Vielleicht will Dekker hierauf anspielen.

360. Musco the gull cried Mew at it: Zu Musco vgl. *Gull's Hornbook*, Temple Cl. p. 8: You Courtiers ... I defie your perfumd scorne: and vow to poyson your Muske cats, if their civet excrement doe but once play with my nose. You *ordinary Gull*, that ... will spend your shallow censure upon the most elaborate Poem ...; ferner Marston, der in *What you will*, ed. Halliwell I. 293, Muscovite zu Musk bildet: *Now may thy breath nere smell sweete ... thou Muscovite! thou stinking perfumer!* (ed. Bullen, II, 415) und *Bussy d'Ambois*, Shepherd, I. 146 b: *Bussy I: should thank you for this kindness, if I thought these perfumed musk-cats (being out of this privilege) durts but once mew at us.* Vgl. auch das Muske-cod Z. 963. In *Ev. Man out*, Induct, p. 121: *Mitis, note me, if ... you can espy a gallant ... who ... cries mew, and nods.* Williams gibt in seinen *Specimens* p. 508 noch folg. Beispiel: Day, *Parliament of Bees*: 'The Author's Commission to his Bees' (ed. Bullen, p. 7.), 'If then they mew, reply not you but bring their names to me'. Siehe auch *Anm. z. Z. 29*.

361. Das Rooke, welches sich auch Z. 431 u. 967 findet scheint ein Wiederhall des rook aus *Poet.* I. 1. [p. 271: *shall I have my son a stager now? ... a gull, a rook*] zu sein; cf. auch *Ev. Man in*, I. 4, (p. 25) *Hang him, rook!* und *Ev. Man out*, Ind. (p. 120): *But that a rook ... should affect a «humour»!* I. 1. p. 129: *A tame rook*, II. 2. p. 167: *I would know ... why yond fool Should wear a suit of satin? he? that rook?*

366. Palinode — Reuels: Diese Worte sind auf die *Palinode* am Ende von *Cynthia's Revels* gemünzt.

368. Ile fat thy spleane erinnert an *Feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis*, cf. *Anm. z. Z. 1542*.


376. three glorious Angels: Beim Öffnen des Briefes entfallen demselben 3 angels als Honorar für Horace; angel = Münze im Werte von ungefähr 10 sh.

384. neck-verse: Wer zum Tode durch den Strang verurteilt war, konnte das «benefit of clergy» beanspruchen und, wenn er seine Bildung durch Lesen eines Psalmenverses (neck-verse) nachgewiesen, begnadigt werden. Ebenso war es Ben Jonson ergangen. Er hatte nämlich am 22. März 1598 auf den Shordiche Fields mit dem Schauspieler Gabriel Spencer ein nicht «commentmässiges» Duell ausgefochten (he made an attack), und denselben getötet. Dafür wurde er vom Gericht zum Tode am Galgen verurteilt. *He confesses the indictment, asks for the book, reads like a clerk, is marked with the letter T, and is delivered according to the statute, etc.* (Aus d. Memorandum d. Clerk of the Peace in Middlesex, *Athenaeum* 1886 p. 337.) Das T (= Tyburn) scheint Jonson doch nicht eingebracht bekommen zu haben, denn sonst hätten sich seine Gegner Anspielungen darauf nicht entgehen lassen. — 1596 hatte Gabr. Spencer an derselben Stelle unter fast gleichen Umständen einen «quarrel» ausgekämpft, der für ihn als den Überlebenden dieselben Folgen hatte, wie anderthalb Jahre später für Jonson. Vgl. *Athenaeum* 1886 p. 432 f. u. *Ordish, Early London Theatres*, p. 193 ff.

388. of what fashion is this knights wit, of what blocke? Vgl. hiezu: *Poet.* IV. 3 (M. Ser. p. 336) Tuc.... *you whoreson blockhead, 'tis your only block of wit in fashion... to applaud...* cf. auch *Much Ado*, I. 1. 77.

390. besser: knight;

391. gallants: sc. Dekker, Marston.

396. horses walking a'th top  Paules: gemeint ist das bekannte Kunststück, welches das tanzende Pferd des Bankes, Morocco, im J. 1600 ausführte. Bankes soll «vintner in Cheapside» gewesen sein; er ging mit seinem Wunderpferd auf Reisen und wurde, wenn wir Jonson glauben dürfen, mit seinem Pferd in Rom als «verhext» verbrannt:

But 'mongst these Tiberts, who do you think there was?

Old Banks the jugler, our Pythagoras,

Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which,

Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,

Their spirits transmigrated to a cat.

Epigr. 133, ed. 1816.

Das Vorkommnis wurde in der zeitgenössischen Literatur oft erwähnt; s. die Artikel: Banks's Horse und Morocco bei Nares. Dekker erwähnt es selbst wiederholt: *Satirm.* 583, in *Gull's Hornbook*, Temple Cl. p. 37, in *Dead Term*, ed. Grosart, IV. 49. Jonson erwähnt es ausserdem in *Ev. Man out*, IV. 2. p. 215. — Nach Williams, *Specimens*, p. 508, befindet sich in Chambers' *Book of Days*, I, 225: die Wiedergabe eines zeitgenössischen Holzschnittes, welcher das Pferd mit seinem Herrn zeigt.

401. lympling tongu'd wird der Kapitän genannt, da er nach *Poet.* IV. 3 (p. 334) stottert; vgl. [Anm. z. Z. 2486](#).

402. buffe Jerkin: vgl. *Devil's Answer* (ed. Grosart p. 119): Captaines in buffe Jerkin. Jonson lässt Tucca, *Poet.* III. 1. p. 305 zwei Polizeidiener «you inhuman pilchers» schimpfen. *Buff jerkins* und *pilchers* waren also die übliche Kleidung von captains und bailiffs.

tis out of his Element: dieser Ausdruck findet sich bereits in *Cynth. Rev.* I. 1. M. Ser. p. 185: Amorphus: Step into some *ragioni del stato*, and so make my induction! that were above him too; and out of his element, I fear. Hier spielt Dekker vielleicht auf ein Wort Tucca's im *Poet.* I. 1. p. 271 an: ...*talk to tapsters and ostlers, you slave; they are i'your element, go.* Vgl. auch dazu Sh. *Twelf Night*, III. 1. 65 und III. 4. 137. *I am not of your element.*

403. to bee stab'd with his dudgion wit: eine Nachbildung des *dudgeon-dagger*, worauf *N. E. D.* s. v. N^o 4 hinweist. *d.-d.* = ein Dolch, der billig ist, da sein Griff aus wohlfeilem box-wood gemacht ist; also für unseren Fall *dudgeon*, in attributiver Stellung, = armselig.

405/07. Diese Zeilen lehnen sich an an *Poet.* III. 1. p. 315: Hist.: *we have hired him* (Demetrius) *to abuse Horace, and bring him in, in a play,* und IV. 4. p. 341. Tuc. ... *come, we'll go see how forward our journeyman is toward the untrussing of him.*

Faninus, cf. Z. 414, kann sowohl Druckfehler als beabsichtigte Entstellung sein.

Bricklayer: Jonson war in seiner Jugend im Gewerbe seines Stiefvaters, der Maurermeister war, tätig.

409. copper-lace: Vgl. *Poet.* III. 1. p. 311: Tuc. ...*I shall be presented by a sort of copper-laced scoundrels of you.* Schauspieler trugen «copper-lace»; vgl. dazu Henslowe, *Diary*. p. 201 u. 274ff.

414. Dor: Vgl. die versch. «dor» in *Cynth. Rev.* III. 2. p. 213. u. V. 2. p. 255f.

415. cob-web-lawne peece of a Poet: Die vier von Crites (Jonson) in *Cynth. Rev.* III. 2. p. 215ff. durchgehechelten «men» werden *Arachnean workers* und *knot of spiders* genannt und ihre Unterhaltung mit *cobweb stuff* bezeichnet.

416/18. Diese drei Zeilen sind mit Ausnahme des ersten Wortes (Why statt What) wörtliches Zitat aus *Cynth. Rev.* III. 2. p. 213; ebenso die folgenden Zeilen

421/23, nur hat Dekker in der letzten *arrogant* statt *ignorant* gesetzt. Diese Zeilen bilden den bedeutsamsten Teil im Drama, denn hiemit dokumentiert Dekker, dass er sich in *Cynthia's Revels* betroffen fühlt. The one = Hedon = Crispinus = Marston; The other = Anaides = Demetrius = Dekker.

424. Criticus ist Jonson's Name in der Quarto 1601 der *Fontaine of Selfe-Loue*, während die Folio Crites hat. Dort ist, wie mir Herr Prof. Bang mitteilt, Criticus z. B. auch auf p. 196 Z. 695 stehen geblieben.

Reuel = scherzen, spassen, natürlich wieder mit Bez. auf *Cynthia's Revels*.

433. stray: vielleicht Druckfehler für stay; könnte es aber nicht auch = (tritt) auf die Seite! sein?

441. besser: vilye; und la,
sa = save.

449. Vgl. *Cyn. Rev.* II. 1. p. 196. Merc. spricht von Anaides: ...*he never ...prays but for a pipe of pudding-tobacco.*

Simpson teilt i. Williams, *Spec.* p. 500 aus John Swan, *Speculum Mundi*, 1635, p. 266 mit, dass sich die Amerikanerinnen des Tabakgenusses enthalten, da er für ihre Leibesbeschaffenheit nachteilig wäre, *and yet some women of England use it often, as well as men.*

450. Flanius: scherzhaft entstellt wie Z. 600.

454. to take him in snuffe: Vgl. dazu *Poet.* II. 1. p. 284. Chloe. ...*I take it highly in snuff, to learn how to entertain gentlefolks of you.* ferner *Ev. M. in* IV. 1. p. 73: *Nay, you lamp of virginity, that take it in snuff so, come, and cherish this tame poetical fury in your servant.* und *Ev. M. out.* Ind. p. 122: *How monstrous... is't to see a fellow... Sit like an Aristarchus... Taking men's lines, with a tobacco face, In snuff...*

457. s. [Anm. z. Z. 402](#) — to take one's death = to die auch bei Sh. H. 6. B. II. 3. 90 u. H. 6. C. I. 3. 35.

460. *As in presenti*: quasi: ass in present I, sagt Small p. 125. Der Ausdruck erinnert u. a. an die köstliche Grammatikstunde in Marston's, *What you will* II. 1. p. 247 (Halliwell), wo Holifernes Pippo auch nicht recht über

das *As in presenti* wegkommt. Die alte Regel lautet vollständig: *As in praesenti perfectum format in aui*.

461. leafe wieder doppelsinnig.

463/4. Mit Rosenwasser will er die Galle, die aus seiner Feder fließen könnte, mildern. Vgl. dazu *Poet. Apol. Dial.* p. 377.

*I can profess, I never writ that piece
More innocent, or empty of offence.
Some salt it had, but neither tooth nor gall...*

und dazu wieder *Satiram.* ZZ: 814, 1258, 1261, 1527, 1957/58.

richtiger: dreine ohne Komma; oder setze Komma auch nach Inke.

465. wey = weigh

481. snakes: Anspielung auf den Envy-Prologue i. *Poet.* p. 265:

Here will be subject for my snakes and me.

486. richtiger: skrewd

488. richtiger: ranckles

90

493. Anspielung auf die Pillenszene im *Poet.* V. 1 (3).

499. aleageance = allegiance

506. Diese Zeile dürfte eine Anspielung auf *Ev. Man out*, Ind p. 117f. enthalten:

*I'll strip the ragged follies of the time,
Naked as at their birth —
and with a whip of steel,
Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.*

511. *Our kingdoms golden chaine*: Simpson verweist hierzu (p. 509) auf Day, *Law-Tricks*, 1608, Sig. Bv. —

Lur. Wrong not the Law. *Pol.* I cannot, 'tis divine:
And I'll compare it to a golden chain
That links the body of a commonwealth
Into a firm and formal union.

514/16. Der Sinn dieser Zeilen ist, wie schon Small p. 30 festgestellt hat: unter 500 werden 400 sofort den Mann herausfinden, auf den sich die Satire bezieht; und nicht wie Pennyman, p. 76 meint, die «vier» sind Marston, Daniel, Lodge und Monday, welche schon in *Ev. Man out* angegriffen wurden.

521/2. cf. *Anm. z. Z. 493.* und besonders *Poet.* V. 1. p. 366:

Hor. Ay, please it, great Caesar, I have pills about me,
Mixt with the whitest kind of hellebore,
Would give a light vomit; that should pure
His brain and stomach of those tumorous heats:

523ff. Diese Zeilen sind charakteristisch für Dekker's Verhältnis zu Jonson. Demetrius spricht bestimmt, aber nicht gehässig. Vgl. dazu die Worte des Horace i. *Poet.* III. 1. p. 319.

But this my style no living man shall touch,
If first I be not forced by base reproach;
But, like a sheathed sword, it shall defend
My innocent life; for why should I contend
To draw it out, when no malicious thief
Robs my good name, the treasure of my life?

u. das «ensis vagina tectus» des Horaz, *Sat.* II. 1. 40/41.

538. besser: of,

539. Vgl. dazu Z. 463/64.

554. bastards sind die «Dichterlinge». In der Vorrede zum *Wonderful Year* werden die Neun Musen als wenches bezeichnet.

555. Sollte gallery einen Anklang an gay enthalten? *Gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions* = Buchtitel (Notiz⁹¹ d. Quarto d. Bodleiana.)

556. lyme & hayre-rascal = Mörtelbuben. Wieder eine Anspielung auf den bricklayer Jonson. — Vgl. *Pat. Grissil*, ed. Hübsch, Z. 587: *where's the lime & hair Emulo?* — Bang verweist *Archiv* 107, p. 110 noch auf Lilly's *Gallathea* II. 2. (Fairh. S. 234), wo des Alcumists boy von *unsleked lyme, chalke, ashes, hayre, and what not* spricht.

558. Rug: rauher Wollstoff; rug-gown oft von Gelehrten getragen. vgl. dazu *Ev. Man out* III. 2. p. 189 Sordido: ...*You sky-staring coxcombs... you are good for nothing but to ...make rug-gowns dear!* — Dekker zahlt hier heim, was Horace über Crispinus' Kleidung sagt: *your satin sleeve begins to fret at the rug that is underneath it.* *Poet.* III, 1. p. 297.

559. Knights ath Poste: ein falscher Zeuge. Der Ausdruck findet sich öfter bei Dekker, vgl. *Old Fortunatus*, ed. Scherer, Z. 358 u. die Anmerkung dazu. Dekker gibt in seinem *Dead Tearme* eine Erklärung, die hierher sehr gut passt: *some are called Knights only for their swearing.*

560. copper-fact = copper-faced.

562. Die Zeile enthält einen Hieb auf Jonsons langsames Arbeiten.

563. Es dürfte richtiger sein zu lesen: *houre. Saue*

564. Jonson hatte offenbar einen sehr dürrtigen Bartwuchs; eine Bestätigung dafür haben wir wohl in dem Epitaph, welches sich in den *Conversations with Drummond*, XVII. ed. Ph. Sidney, p. 57 findet:

*Here lies honest Ben,
That had not a beard on his chen.*

Auch Lampatho (Jonson) in *What you will* II. 1. p. 240 wird «tabour faced» genannt.

565. richtiger: *thee*. Is this thy Tub [,] Diogenes? sc. das Fass des Diogenes, aber vielleicht spielt Tucca auf *A Tale of a Tub* an.

574. Mephistophiles: Anspielung auf den Mephistopheles des Faust-Dramas.

576. fire and brimstone: auch bei Shakespeare, *Tw.* II. 5. 56, u. *Oth.* IV. 1. 245.

577. Sarsens (= Saracen's) Head at Newgate war ein Wirtshaus (?). Vgl. *The Gentle Craft*, Palästra 18, II. p. 60: Harry beschmierte Tom Drum's Gesicht so mit Blut, dass es aussah wie «*the image of Bred Streete Corner, or rather like*

the Sarazine's Head without Newgate». — Cf. auch *Shoemaker's Holiday*, V. 1. (M. Ser. p. 68): *Lady Madgy, ⁹⁴thou had'st never covered thy Saracen's head with this French flap.*

578. dunkirkes guts: narrow passage, von der gleichnamigen Stadt abgeleitet.

582. a dagger Pye: The Dagger war ein berühmtes aber auch berüchtigtes Speisehaus in Holborn. Sein gutes Bier und seine vorzüglichen Pasteten werden öfters erwähnt, s. Nares. Vgl. auch *Fortunatus*, Z. 961ff., und *Gull's Hornbook* p. 16.

588. but one suite to thy backe: wieder eine Anspielung auf Jonsons schlechte und wenig auswahlreiche Garderobe.

589. *Asper* ist der Deckname Jonsons in *Ev. Man out, Criticus* (Qu.) = *Crites* (Fol.), wie schon erwähnt, in *Cynth. Rev.* und *Horace* im *Poetaster*.

589/90. «thy tytle's longer a reading then the Stile a the big Turkes» erinnert nach Koeppel, Studien üb. *Shakespeare's Wirkung*, Mat. IX 4 an H. 6. A. IV. 7. 72ff.

Pucelle: *Here is a silly stately style indeed!*

The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,

Writes not so tedious a style as this.

596. Hunkes: einer der volkstümlich gewordenen Bären aus dem Bärengarten. Malone, sagt Nares, glaubt, dass die Tiere dortselbst nach ihrem Herren benannt wurden: also hier nach Harry Hunkes. Vgl. John Davies' *Epigram*, Works ed. Grosart, Chertsay Worthies Libr. 18, p. 41:

Publius, a student of the common law,

To Paris Garden does himself with-draw:

.....

To see old Harry Hunkes, and Sacarson. (auch ein Bär.)

600ff. Vgl. mit Bez. auf Crispinus die schon zu Z. 558 herangezogene Stelle aus d. *Poet.*; mit Bez. auf Demetrius vgl. *Poet.* III. 1 p. 315. Hist: *...his doublet's a little decayed; he is otherways a very simple honest fellow, sir, one Demetrius, a dresser of plays etc.*

601. Reauel'd = ravel'd

603. two = to

ban-dog: sehr scharfe Kettenhunde, wie sie nach Nares auch zur Bärenhatz gehalten wurden. Tucca heisst *Poet.* III. 1, (p. 305) die beiden Pyrgi ban-dogs. s. auch. *Satirom.* Z. 1525. Vgl. *Shoemaker's Holiday* II. 3. (M. Ser. p. ⁹³19): Firk: *O master, is't you that speak bandog... this morning* (= laut sprechen, schreien).

607. olde Coale: Ob Tucca hiemit auf eine bestimmte Sache oder Person anspielt, die er auf Horace beziehen möchte, ist schwer zu sagen. In *Malcontent*, Akt II. Sc. 2 wird «old Cole» gleichfalls als Anrede verwendet. Mal. begrüsst Maquerelle mit den Worten: *Blesse yee, cast a ladies! Ha, Dipsas, how doost thou, old Cole?*

Maqu. *Olde Cole?*

Mal. *I, olde Cole! Mee thinks thou liest like a brand under billets of greene wood. Hee that will inflame a yong wenches hart, let him lay close to her! An old cole that hath first bin fired, a pandresse, my half-burnt lint, who though thou canst not flame thy selfe, yet arte able to set a thousand virgins tapers afire;...*

Herr Prof. Bang verwies mich auf folgende Stelle in *Look About You* in Hazl.-Dodds. VII, p. 476:

Rob. *Ah, old Cole, now look about: you are catcht.*

Fleay will dieses old Cold (I, p. 273) auf den Friar Cole der *Lascivious Queen* beziehen, doch spielt der Bruder Cole eine viel zu untergeordnete Rolle, als dass er Veranlassung zur Schöpfung des Ausdruckes hätte geben können.

—Der Hinweis auf *Popular Antiquities of Great-Britain*, 1870, III, 322 den Hazl.-Dodds. zu der Stelle aus *Look About You* bietet, ist aus chronologischen Gründen für die Erklärung von *Old Cole*, *Coale* wertlos.

609. thy Damons—their Pithyasse: Da Tucca hauptsächlich das Theaterrepertoire um 1600 im Munde führt, so ist hier zunächst an Chettle's *Damon and Pythias* 1600 zu denken (Fleay, *Biogr. Chron.* I. 69), denn die Tragikomödie *Damon and Pithias* von Rich. Edwardes, welche Weihnachten 1564/5 vor der Königin aufgeführt wurde (Ward I. 211), liegt zu weit ab. Bemerket sei noch, dass durch Entstellung des zweiten Namens zu pithy-asse für Horace ein besonderes Epitheton gemünzt wurde; vielleicht ist Damons auch gleich Dæmons.

611f. Dekker gibt hier zurück, was ihm *Poet.* V. 1 p. 361. vorgeworfen wird: *Demetrius Fannius, play-dresser, and plagiary*, und spielt andererseits auf sein Zusammenarbeiten mit Jonson an.

613. besser: owne, olde

618. besser: Flaccus;

619. heyre apparent of Helicon: Im *Wonderfull yeare 1603*, ed. Grosart, I. 79 spricht Dekker (i. To the Reader) von einer Gesellschaft von Leuten, welche tun als ob sie die einzigen Befehlshaber der «maine Army of Poesie» wären, und welche sich als die *heires-apparent to Helicon* ausgeben. Er empfiehlt ausserdem den Buchhändlern gegen sie die Griechen und Lateiner als Geschütz auffahren zu lassen, weil sie sich gegen diese allein nicht herantrauten.

621. kann wohl nicht anders gelesen werden als: I, wafer-face, your Ningle. Wafer-face = Blassgesicht (Bang).

622. at's = at his.

624. wilte eate any small coale: Prof. Bang meint das *small coale* könnte sich auf den Mund eines man in gingerbread beziehen, der durch ein Stückchen Kohle markiert wurde. *Buy any small Coale* (der Ruf der colliers) in *West-ward Hoe*, Dekker, Works II. 319. Dieser Ruf soll in einem alten Stück: *A Knacke to know an honest Man*, 1596 vorkommen, nämlich: Will you buy any coles, fine small coles? (cit. n. Dekker, Works II. p. 388).

629. Suites doppelsinnig!

631. th'art an honest low minded Pigmey: Dekker quittiert hiemit die Worte i. *Poet.* III. 1. p. 315: *he is otherways a very simple honest fellow, sir, one Demetrius.*

632ff. Jonson war also auch als Schauspieler tätig. Er spielte den Jeronimo in der *Spanish Tragedy* und borgte sich dazu von Roscius the Stager, i.e. Rich. Burbage, ein Kostüm, das er verlaust zurücksandte [bez. Roscius-Burbage, s. *DNB* VII. 286 u. 288]. — Nicodemus wird wohl der angebliche Verfasser des apokryphen Evangeliums Nicodemi sein.

641/2. fiteene weekes: cf. *Poet.* Envy-Prol. p. 265.

—these fifteen weeks—

So long as since the plot was but an embrion—

Have I, with burning lights mixed vigilant thoughts,

In expectation of this hated play.

cockatrice = basilisk. Jonson erwähnt es *Ev. Man out*, I. 1. p. 136. Das Ganze ist wieder ein Hieb auf Jonson's

langsames Arbeiten. Seine Gegner warfen ihm vor, dass er alle Jahre nur *ein* Stück fertig bringe, was er im *Apol. Dial.* p. 381 auch bestätigt:

Pol. —*they say you're slow,
And scarce bring forth a play a year.*

Aut. 'Tis true

I would they could not say, that I did that!

Vgl. auch *Satirom.* Z. 2510/11. Jonson merkte sich das und in dem Prol. zu *Volpone* erwidert er:

95

*And when his plays come forth, think they can flout them,
With saying, he was a year about them.*

To this there needs no lie, but this his creature,

Which was two months since no feature: etc.

'Tis known, five weeks fully penned it,

From his own hand, without a coadjutor,

Novice, journeyman, or tutor. (M. Ser. III. 6.)

644. Puncke = bawd.

645. poore: Jonson erwähnt seine Armut selbst im *Poet.* V. 1. p. 349.

Caes. ...Horace, what say'st thou, that art the poorest,

And likeliest to envy, or to detract?

Hor. Caesar speaks after common men in this,

To make a difference of me, for my poorness; etc.

und in *Cynth. Rev.* V. 2. p. 254, wo Crites von sich sagt: *That am a creature so despised and poor.*

647. Pilles: cf. [Anm. z. Z. 493](#). — Die folgenden Worte sind jedenfalls in Erinnerung an Tucca's Worte i. *Poet.* III. 1. p. 310 geschrieben: *Rascal, to him (Crispinus), cherish his muse, go; thou hast forty — forty shillings, I mean, stinkard; ...he shall write for thee...*

648. Angelica bringt Koepfel in s. *Ben Jonson's Wirkung* etc. p. 44 in möglichen Zusammenhang mit Greene's *Orlando*; Angelica wird auch sonst noch erwähnt, vgl. [Anm.](#) p. 44 f. Für Tucca klingt natürlich der Eigenname an angel = 10 sh. an.

650. Goe by Jeronimo: ein häufig angewandtes Zitat aus der *Spanish Tragedy*. Dekker bringt es auch in *Shoem. Holiday* p. 17; und in *Lanthorne and Candle-Light* (Temple Cl. p. 270) wird auch der olde Jeronimo erwähnt.

651. Bason (auch bei Sh.) = basin; when = vorwärts! los!

652. Mæcenas auch Figur im *Poetaster*.

vp's = up his; at's = at us.

655. *Summa totalis* findet sich zweimal in Dekker's *Hornbook*, p. 36. u. 58.

662ff. Worauf diese Zeilen anspielen, ist uns unbekannt. Die Stelle sieht überhaupt verderbt aus. Prof. Bang meint es könnte eine Zeile oder mehr ausgefallen sein.

has wäre jetzt auf alle Fälle = he has zu lesen; he mit Bez. auf Jonson's Gegner, der ihm die schönen Namen an den Kopf warf; so wie der Text jetzt da steht, würde he sich auf Tucca beziehen können.

96

666. I ha seene... thy golles: es ist der Tag an dem Jonson vor dem Richter stand, cf. [Anm. z. Z. 384](#); ferner bezieht sich diese Stelle auf die Worte Tucca's in der Anklage-Szene des *Poet.* V. 1 (p. 360): *...bring the ...slaves to the bar, do. Make them hold up their spread golls.* Zu *goll*, das ein verächtlicher Ausdruck für *hand* ist, s. Nares, sub. v.

Spur-royall, od. spur-ryal: eine Goldmünze im Werte von 15 sh. It had a star on the reverse, resembling the rowel of a spur. Nares. A soldier's spur-royal (Werbegeld) scheinen 12 d gewesen zu sein.

670. Porrex: Ferrex and Porrex.

teston oder testril od. tester = 6 d.

671. Mandrake: der Alraun; öfters i. Bez. auf Personen angewandt, so auch bei Sh. (s. Alex. Schmidt), wohl wegen der menschenähnlichen Wurzel. Cf. Nares sub *Mandragora* u. *Mandrake* mit vielen Belegen.

672. Skeldring: to skelder = betteln, namentlich unter der falschen Angabe ein invalider Soldat zu sein, also auch = schwindeln. Da das Wort für Tucca's Wesen eine gewisse Bedeutung hat, sind vielleicht folgende Hinweise angezeigt.

Poet. I. 1. p. 269. *...the mad skeldring captain* (Tucca).

III. 1. p. 310. Tucca. *A man may skelder ye... of half a dozen shillings, or so.*

V. 1. p. 360. Tucca. *Would I were abroad skeldering for a drachme.*

Als Ergänzung: *Ev. Man out.* Characters, Shift: *His profession is skeldering.*

673. *Amadis de Gaule*: Anspielung auf den bekannten Romanhelden.

680. leather Captaine: mit Bez. auf das Lederwams.

687. Sir Vaughan ist nun im Vollbesitz seines Sprachfehlers: *b* wird bei ihm zu *p*, *sh* zu *s*, *j* zu *s*, *qu* zu *h*, etc.; er spricht nur schwer *lf* und bringt kein *w* heraus. Allerdings beachtet der Dichter diesen Sprachfehler nicht immer ganz consequent.

699. oman = woman.

700. fan: Mit Fächern wurde damals ein grosser Luxus getrieben, und je nach ihrer Ausstattung stiegen sie im Werte bis zu £. 40. Manche hatten einen so langen Stiel, dass sie als Spazierstöcke verwendet wurden u. Damen als Züchtigungsmittel für ihre Kinder dienten. Dass sie in der zeitgenössischen Literatur oft erwähnt wurden, ist nur selbstverständlich; vgl. die betr. Art. bei Nares, Schmidt, *Sh.-Lex.* u. auch Mallory, *Poetaster*, p. 207.

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724. Beachte das Wortspiel in *crow*, dazu *cocke* i. Z. 727 und dazu wieder das *combe* in Z. 728: *cockscorb*.

741. loue has two tailes: Sprichwort? tailes = tales?

742/4. Was Vaughan hier sagt ist so ziemlich Unsinn. Mutton hat hier die Bedeutung von «Hure». Also loue without Mutton is wise meate, folglich = a bunch of Reddis!

748. pinning ist das Ausstopfen von Löchern im Mauerwerk, mit kleineren Steinen; die Zweideutigkeit des Ausdrucks ist leicht zu erkennen; vgl. dazu das folgende poak.

761. Erinnert an *Musicke with her siluer sound*, in *Fortunatus* 343 u. *Sh. Rom.* IV. 5, 142.

765. a Hall! = Platz da! Ein Ausruf der häufig auch auf der Bühne gebraucht wurde, um Platz zu schaffen für neu eintretende Personen, für pageants, etc.

773. Sentlemen fall in before the Ladyes ist zweideutig; vgl. dazu *go in before*, *pass in before* = geschlechtlichen Umgang haben.

- 779.** one word = das «Ja» Wort.
- 780.** head = maidenhead.
- 800.** puzd = buzzed
a hundred merie tales: eines der *Shakespeare Jest-Books*, erwähnt in *Ado.* II. 1. 135. Gedruckt 1526 von Rastell, ins *Stat. Reg.* eingetragen 1557/8 u. 1582 (Anders, H., *Shakespeare's Books*, 1904. p. 191.).
lyce wird wieder doppelsinnig sein.
- 803.** Sapline = chaplain
- 807.** shalke for sheese = chalk for cheese; cf. *Mat.* I. 74, z. Z. 867, wo Bang ausführlich darüber handelt, to take ch. for ch. = an inferior article for a good one (*Cent. Dict.*).
- 809.** Horace, der im V. Akt des *Poetasters* als eine bei Hof wohl bekannte und gerngesehene Persönlichkeit auftritt, muss es hier und Z. 817 über sich ergehen lassen, dass er als dem König gänzlich unbekannt hingestellt wird.
- 813.** singes ballads: Jonson dichtete also auch Balladen. Vgl. Bang, *Engl. Stud.* 28, 207.
- 824.** Miniuer cappe: doppelsinnig: Miniuer = Namen der Trägerin, und = Grauwerk; vgl. *Shoem. Holiday*, V. 4. (p. 80): *Mother Miniver cap.*
- 826.** daunce the saking of the seetes: shaking of the sheetes ein ländlicher Tanz; vgl. Nares sub. v. *Shoem. Holiday*, p. 64, 82. Nares Bemerkung: «often alluded to, but seldom without an indecent intimation», findet in den folgenden Zeilen ihre Bestätigung.
- 851.** besser: nere.
- 870.** fadom Nebenform zu fathom.
- 871.** besser: subiects
- 883/4.** *Cri.* u. *Dem.* sprechen seitwärts unter sich.
- 898.** Zodiacke ist ein sog. Marstonian word und in *Ev. Man out.* III. 1, p. 178 gebrandmarkt. Vgl. dazu die Listen bei Penniman, *War* 51¹, Small, p. 41 u. 45.
- 924.** Endimions: Endimion der Geliebte der Selene (Luna). Hier wahrscheinlich Anspielung auf Lyly's *Endimion, the Man in the Moon.*
- 945.** th'art able ...in England: Im Anschluss an Z. 610 hat Bang i.d. *Engl. Stud.* 28. 213 bereits darauf hingewiesen, dass diese Worte als Erwiderung auf *Poet.* IV. 1. p. 328. anzusehen sind: *Dem. Horace! he is a mere sponge; nothing but Humours, and observation; he goes up and down sucking from every society, and when he comes home, squeezes himself dry again.*
- 955.** lies: names, it passes. Zu it passes (= es spottet aller Beschreibung) s. Schmidt, *Sh. Lex.* sub. pass, 4.
- 957.** thou makst me *Connive* too long: Dies connive geht zurück auf *Cynth. Rev.* IV. 1. p. 231. Moria: ...*there is more respect requirable, howsoe'er you seem to connive.* Gifford, II. 300, weist bereits darauf hin, dass sich hier Dekker über das connive, welches gewöhnlich ohne die Präposition gebraucht wird, lustig macht.
- 963.** by this feather: Federn wurden damals viel von Herrn auf den Hüten, von Damen an den Fächern getragen; cf. die oft zitierte Stelle aus d. *Gull's Hornbook* (T. Cl. p. 52 f.): *if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigrammed you, or hath had a flirt at your mistris, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, ... on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse then by tossing him in a blancket;* vgl. auch Nares, s. v. und die Anm. bei Mallory, p. 177f.
- 974.** Ma. Justice Shallow: Shallow, a country justice, i.d. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, der i. H.IV.B. wiederkehrt.
- 976.** heere be Epigrams vpon Tucca: vgl. dazu die längere Replik Jonson's i. *Apol. Dial.* p. 378f., welche mit den Worten beginnt:
Then, for the captain, I will only speak
An epigram I here have made: it is
«Unto true soldiers.»
- 977.** Crispin-asse: Nachahmung von *Poet.* II. 1. p. 285: *Cris. ... my name is Crispinus, or Cri-spinas indeed.* u. V. 1. p. 361. Tib. ... *Crispinus, alias Crispinas, poetaster ...*, was wieder an den *Aristarchus, or — stark-ass* in *Ev. Man out*, Ind. p. 122 erinnert.
- 978.** besser: Play-dresser, Cf. *Poet.* III. 1. p. 315: *one Demetrius, a dresser of plays about the town, here* und später die schon z. Z. 611. cit. Stelle V. 3 p. 361. Marston ist Poetaster, Dekker nur Playdresser, ein Vorwurf, der um diese Zeit auch Jonson gemacht werden konnte, denn er hat damals die *Spanish Tragedy* überarbeitet und dafür von Henslowe (*Diary* 201 u. 223) im Sept. 1601 und Juni 1602 Honorar erhalten. Allerdings hat Gifford Recht, wenn er zur ersteren *Poet.*-Stelle sagt, dass kein Dichter bei Henslowe so oft als «altering or amending old plays» erwähnt wird wie gerade Dekker.
- 980/81.** Ob Dekker durch die zweimalige Einführung des «Moor» im *Poet.* III. 1. gereizt wurde, wie Gifford annimmt, mag dahingestellt bleiben (cf. Mallory, Anm. p. 202), immerhin aber sei auf die Stelle (M. Ser. 316): «*Where art thou, boy? Where is Calipolis?*» etc., ein Zitat aus Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, hingewiesen, mit der die ZZ. 980f. im *Satirom.* im engen Zusammenhang stehen. — Hinsichtlich dieser Zeilen meint Fleay, *Chron.* I. 127f., dass sie Bezug haben auf *The Famous History of The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley* (1596), ein Stück das offenbar drei Autoren hat. Einer davon ist Peele, der den Alcazar-Teil dazu lieferte. Das Stück wurde verschiedentlich geändert und schliesslich 1600 wahrscheinlich für die Paul's Boys hergerichtet. «Dekker had patched up the play with half of one by Peele on the Moor Mahomet, and then published it». — Fleay drückt sich hier etwas unklar aus. Tatsache ist nur, dass Tom Stukely in der *Battle of Alcazar* und in der *Famous History*, etc. vorkommt, vgl. dazu Ward, I. p. 370f. u. Note 3. Da aber das Verhältnis des letzteren Stückes zum *Alcazar* noch nicht feststeht, so kann man schwerlich behaupten, *Stukeley* sei das zweite Moor-Stück. — Der Sinn von Z. 980f. ist doch der: Dekker hat aus einem älteren Moor-Stück zwei neue gemacht. Wie diese Stücke aussahen wissen wir nicht. Prof. Bang glaubt, dass das Citat aus *Alcazar* bei Jonson, *Poet.* III, direkt beweist, dass es sich um eine Umarbeitung des Peele'schen Stückes handelte, von dem wir jedoch nur die Originalrezension kennen. Eine andere Frage wäre es, ob eines von Dekker's Moor-Stücken nicht in *Lust's Dominion or the Lascivious Queen* vorliegt, das Fleay, I, 272, mit der *Spanish Moor's Tragedy* von Haughton, Day und Dekker identifizieren möchte, eine Annahme, welcher Ward, II, 467, nicht ganz beistimmt. Sollte Fleay doch Recht behalten, so wäre immer noch das zweite Moor-Stück Dekker's unbekannt.
- 982.** these Poet-apes, womit eigentlich der folgende Vers beginnen sollte, sind Marston und Dekker. Der Ausdruck selbst weist zurück auf den Envy-Prol. p. 266: *Are there no players here? no poet-apes?* vgl. dazu Jonson's Epigr. 56 *On Poet-ape*, das wahrscheinlich auf Marston gemünzt war.

988. Rosamond: Rosamond Clifford, Geliebte Heinrichs II. Ihr Schicksal wurde in altenglischen Balladen und in neuerer Zeit von Addison und M. Edgeworth behandelt.

994. lies: fled

996/98. Drei nahezu wörtlich zitierte Zeilen aus den sieben Versen beginnend mit: *And therefore opens he bis to learned eares* des Prologs zu *Cynthia's Revels*.

1006. lies: All, Widdow?

[your first man

In meiner Ausgabe der *Queene* habe ich in Anmerkung 3216 auf diesen Ausdruck aufmerksam gemacht und u. a. auf *The Witch of Edmonton* III, 1 (I am thy first man, sculler) hingewiesen. Inzwischen finde ich ein zweites Beispiel, in dem *the first man* eine ganz bestimmte, der eben citierten Stelle scheinbar diametral entgegenlaufende Bedeutung haben muss, in *Sir Thomas Ouerbury His Wife* etc., London, 1627, fol. N 3, wo es heisst: *A Water-man. Is one that hath learnt to speake well of himselfe; for alwaies hee names himselfe, The first Man.*

Soll das heissen: Ich bin der erste, der ins Boot steigt und bin als Ruderer überhaupt die Hauptperson?

Vom Passagier gesagt hiesse es etwa soviel als «ich bin die Hauptperson, der erste der Dich engagiert und also auch bezahlt» u.s.w. Die anderen l. c. aufgeführten Beispiele wären dann im fig. Sinne zu nehmen. W. B.]

1026. Die Zeile ist etwas unklar. Sentlemen wird kaum Druckfehler für Sentleomen (= gentlewoman) sein; also möchte ich lesen: What, two vpon one, Sentlemen! Mistris Miniuer, much good doo't you. — Sir Adam ...

much good doo't you erinnert übrigens an Chapman's *Bussy d' Ambois*, ed. Shepherd, p. 167. Als Pero von Montsurry gestochen ist, sagt Monsieur zu ihr: *Then much good do't thee, Pero!* vgl. *Satirom*. Z. 709.

1029. seere = cheer

1031. in hugger mugger: im Geheimen, bekannt aus *Hml*. IV. 5. 84. Dekker wendet es öfters an: *Deuils Answer* (ed. Grosart) p. 108: *they [cole carriers] discharged their great bellies there, like whores in hugger mugger. The Deuels Last Will*, p. 353: *what I giue to them [the brokers] shall be in Hugger-Mugger.*

1033. blew coate: Die blaue Jacke des Dieners.

1037. lightest: doppelsinnig!

1044. mark = 1³/₄.

1060. Mandilian: kurzer Rock ohne Ärmel meistens von Soldaten getragen. Dekker spielt hier auf Jonsons Kriegsdienste in den Niederlanden (1591/92) an.

1063. Thalamimums: gemeint sind Jonsons Epithalamien.

1064. besser: Pride-groome. On vrd, widdow. s. Z. 1071.

on vrd = one word; one und on lauteten gleich; cf. das Wortspiel in *Sh. Gent.* 1, 2 u. 4 (Hawkins, *Origin of the Engl. Drama*, III, p. 135).

1074ff. Vgl. dazu *Poet.* V. I. p. 356.

Cæs. *Shew it to Horace: ask him, if he know it.*

Lup. *Know it? his hand is at it, Cæsar.*

Cæs. *Then 'tis no libel.*

1085. you shall not ride me: wahrscheinlich zweideutig; vgl. dazu *Sh.-Lex.* ride 1. g. u. bes. 2b = to treat at will, to make a fool of: *She rides me (like an ass) Err.* II. 2. 202. und *I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you Tw.* III. 4. 319. Dekker: *Lanthorne and Candle-Light*, Temple Cl. p. 224: *report they had ridden him like an Asse.*

1091. God bo'y und God boygh (1963) = God buy ye. Prof. Franz hat in d. *Engl. Stud.* 24, 344-46, über Good-bye gehandelt. Es wird gewöhnlich mit God be with you erklärt, beide Formen haben aber keinen ursächlichen Zusammenhang. *God buy you = God redeem you;* und dieses *God bye ye — God by ye — God bye* gab das heutige *Good-bye*, eine Schreibweise, in der man das ursprüngliche Verb nicht mehr erkannte.

1097. indite irrtümlich für invite. s. auch *Sh.-Lex.*

1104. Ansell = Angel. Wortspiele damit finden sich häufig; s. *Fortunatus*, Z. 400 u. 1564. *The Valiant Welshman*, ed. Kreh, I. 3. 69 u. die Anmerkungen dazu.

1106. With hue and crie: der bekannte Ruf, um Entlaufene aufzuhalten. Da er im *Satirom.* wiederholt vorkommt, so darf man an eine Anspielung auf die verschiedenen «hue and crie» in *A Tale of a Tub* denken. and hier wie schon oft = an.

1108. Baldnes the Theame: cf. ZZ. 1454ff. u. 1814ff.

1115. Sollte Diues doppelsinnig sein, so würde es vielleicht eine Anspielung auf *Dives, a dialogue moral* enthalten. Erwähnt wird derselbe in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit* und Nashe's Address in Greene's *Menaphon*. (Fleay II. 292.)

1116. Frier Tucke = Sir Adam; Oyster-pye = Miniuer.

1120. Mirrour of Knighthood: Ein spanischer Roman, von Margaret Tyler ins Englische übersetzt und 1598-1602 in neun Teilen veröffentlicht (Nares). Cf. *Don Quichote*, Buch I. c. 6. vgl. auch, Butler, *Hudibras* I. 1. 15., wo M. of K. als Titel für den Helden verwendet wird. Für Tucca bedeuten die Worte vielleicht eine Reminiszens an Lindabrides, die Heldin des Romans, welche in *Cynth. Rev.* III. 2. p. 218f. erwähnt wird.

1123. Tiborne: Sollte dahinter etwa eine Anspielung darauf verborgen sein, dass Jonson doch mit T gebrandmarkt wurde?

1125. lies: one, for that she...

she has a vizard in a bagge: Vielleicht erinnert sich Dekker hier an *Poet.* V. 1., wo Caesar zweimal kurz nacheinander nach einer Maske verlangt: *Tibellus, let there be a case of vizards privately provided.* (p. 366) u. ...put a case of vizards o'er his head,

That he may look bi-fronted, as he speaks. (p. 367.)

1128. Friskin: [1. a brisk lively action, also to dance Friskin]

2. a gay frisky person. Murray.

1131. Lady ath Lake, die Beschützerin von Lancelot du Lac, und Tristram sind wohlbekannte Namen aus der Arthur-Sage. Die Lady of the Lake finden wir auch im *Belman of London* (Temple Cl. p. 98), wo der Wirtin der Cottage in the grove dieser Beiname gegeben wird.

1133. thou shalt weare her gloue in thy ... hatte: Den Handschuh einer Dame am Helm oder auf dem Hut tragen zu dürfen, galt von jeher als besondere Gunstbezeugung. Vgl. den ausführlichen Art. bei Nares.

1134. brooch: auch Broschen wurden auf dem Hut getragen. Vgl. dazu *Poet.* I. 1. p. 275: *Honour's a good brooch to*

wear in a man's hat at all times, od. *Malcontent*, III. 2. 269 u. d. *Sh.-Lex.* s. v.

and = an.

1137. besser: mee, da das folgende zur Seite gesprochen wird.

1141. Gold-finch: in *Cynth. Rev.* IV. 1 (p. 244.) nennt Phantaste den Asotus, der so reiche Geschenke geben will, goldfinch. Vgl. Small, p. 51, wo noch weitere Beispiele herangezogen sind.

1143. Belimperia: die Herzogstochter aus der *Spanish Tragedy* von Kyd.

1144. Derricke: Name des bekannten Henkers der damaligen Zeit. Er wird von Dekker öfter erwähnt: *Gulls Hornbook* p. 19., *Belman* p. 133, u. 158. Bald Derricke ist Sir Adam Prickshaft, der kahl ist, und auf den das von Sir Vaughan 1102 angeregte Gedicht über die «baldness» gemünzt ist; s. Z. 1442ff.

1145. Susanna: Tucca denkt an die Hebräerin aus Babylon, an die sich auch zwei «Elders» herangemacht haben, um sie zu verführen und die ihm noch besonders bekannt war aus: *The Comedy of the most virtuous and godly Susanna*, «Eight persons may easily play it» von Thomas Garter, 1578. Cf. Fleay, *Chron.* I. 237. u. Collier, *Ext. Reg. Stat. Comp.* I. p. 188. — Anders, *Shakespeare's Books* p. 166. erwähnt auch noch eine 1562/3 in Stag. Reg. eingetragene Ballade: *The godly and constante wyse (= wife) Susanna*, die nicht mehr vorhanden ist, wohl aber eine spätere Bearbeitung derselben aus der Zeit James I. *There dwelt a man in Babylon* ist die erste Zeile davon; cf. *Tw.* II. 3, 84.

1151. father time: Er nennt Sir Adam «father time», weil er kahlköpfig wie die Zeit ist. Vgl. zu dieser Personification der Zeit auch das *Sh.-Lex.* sub. time 1, Pers. Dekker selbst spricht von *the bald-pate her father, Time, has no hair* etc. *Hornbook* p. 24.

1153. Mumble-crust: bekannte Figur aus *Ralph Roister Doister* auch in der *Pat. Grissill*, Z. 1909, und in *Shoem. Holiday*, p. 19 erwähnt.

1156. learned Dunce: Dunce od. Duns Scotus, berühmter Scholastiker, 1265-1308. Vgl. *Dunciade*.

1170. Grannam in Gutter-Lane: wohl irgend eine stadtbekanntes Alte, die in Gutter Lane wohnte, mit der Mineuer verglichen wird.

1171. lies: golde,

1178. mother Bunch: sie war eine bekannte Wirtin in London. Dekker tut ihrer bereits in *Shoem. Holiday* p. 65 Erwähnung. Die folgenden Hinweise verdanke ich Herrn Prof. Bang: In der zeitgenössischen Literatur wird besonders auf das Bier der M. B. angespielt; so in *Pierce pen.*, Nashe, *Works*, ed. M^cKerrow, I p. 173. Genauerer Bescheid erhalten wir in *The Weakest Goeth to the Wall*, Webster, *Works* in Libr. of Old Authors, IV. p. 229. *O, for one pot of mother Bunch's ale, my own mother's ale, to wash my throat ...*, so spricht Barnaby Bunch, der p. 228 erzählt, dass er jetzt Schneider ist, früher aber ein besseres Gewerbe trieb: *for I was an ale-drapeer, as Thames and Tower-wharf can witness*. Was es sonst noch von dieser lustigen, lautlachenden, im Essen und Trinken unersättlichen Wirtin von der Thames- und Tower-Gegend zu sagen gibt, finden wir in *Shakespeare Jest-Books*, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, III. p. 7., und die lustigen Geschichten, die sie gerne ihren Gästen erzählte, sind gesammelt in *Pasquils Jests mixed with Mother Bunch's Merriments*, *ibid.*, p. 13-84. — Ein Chapbook: *Mother Bunch's Closet*, wurde von G. L. Gomme für die Villon Society (London 1885) herausgegeben, enthält aber nichts auf unsere Mother Bunch bezüglichen.

1179. Queene Gwyniuer: Gemahlin König Arthurs. Cf. Z. 1131. Vgl. dazu viele Beispiele bei Koepfel, *Ben Jonson's Wirkung* p. 197ff. i. d. Anm.

1180. Shittle-cockes = shuttle-cockes.

1182. West Indyces: Erwähnungen der beiden Indien finden sich sehr häufig in der zeitgenössischen Literatur. s. *Sh.-Lex.*

1187. moldie decay'd Charing-crosse: Old Charing crosse scheint um 1600 schon stark verwittert gewesen zu sein, bis es dann 1647 niedergelegt wurde. In *The Gentle Craft* (Palästra 18) II. 75 findet sich folgende Anspielung: *Beside, Mistris Farmer is too old for me. — Too old? quoth Harry. Why, man, she is not so old as Charing Crosse, for her gate is not crooked nor her face withered.*

1190. Long Meg a Westminster: Margaret of the Spread Eagle, but more commonly knowne by the name of Long Meg of Westminster ... borne in Lancashire, in height and proportion of body passing the ordinary stature of woman (*Gentle Craft*, II. 6), war gleichfalls eine Dame, welche die zeitgenössischen Literaten oft erwähnen. 1582 handelt ein kleines Buch von *The Life and Pranks of L. M. of W.* 1595, 14. Febr. erwähnt Henslowe ein «New Play», das von den *Admiral's men* aufgeführt wurde: *Long Meg of Westminster*. Es wurde bis Ende Januar 1597 sechzehnmal aufgeführt. Ein Monat nach Henslowe's Eintrag findet sich ein solcher in den Stat. Reg.: *a ballad on Meg's 'pranks'*. Exemplare von den beiden letzteren Erzeugnissen sind nicht mehr vorhanden. Vgl. *Palästra* 18, XXXVIIf. — Dekker tut ihrer wiederholt Erwähnung: *West-ward Hoe, Works* II. 349 und *The Roaring Girl, Works*, III. p. 211.

1193. deuil a Dow-gate: Das alte Londoner Stadttor stand da, wo jetzt Cannon-Str. Station ist. *Devil of Dowgate and his Son*, Titel einer alten Ballade. Cf. Fleay, *Chron.* I. 218. Vielleicht auch der Titel eines verlorenen Dramas auf das Fletcher zurückgriff.

1194. Bishops-gate: Altes Stadttor im N. W.; heute steht dort Bishopsgate-Station.

1196. Annis a cleere: Name eines Brunnens in London. Vgl. Stowe, *Survey*, ed. Morley p. 47: Somewhat north from Holly Well is one other well curved square with stone, and is called Dame the Clear [M^c Kerrow].

1203. Sislie Bum-trincket: von Dekker bereits in *Shoem.-Hol.* p. 12 u. 20 erwähnt. Vgl. Richard Brome, in *The Beggars' Song*, in der *Comedy of The Jovial Crew*. Was die Bedeutung anlangt, so ist Bum der Körperteil, auf welchem man sitzt; trinckets, das in *Shoem. Hol.* wiederholt vorkommt, = Anhängsel, Zierat, also bum-trincket — ein Angehenke, das hinten befestigt wird; etwa «cul de Paris» schlägt Prof. Bang vor.

1207. Mother Red-cap: Eine stadtbekanntes Persönlichkeit (Hebamme?), die in Tottenham Court Road wohnte. Nares. Der Theaterkenner Tucca wird aber an das unterm 22. Dez. 1597 in *Henslowe's Diary* zu findende Stück *Mother Red Cap* von Drayton und Monday, gedacht haben. S. auch Fleay, I. 157.

1208. Maggot-a-pye — mag pie. Maggot applied as a proper name to a magpie (*NED*).

1212. Cap-a-maintenance: A cap of dignity carried before the sovereigns of England at the coronation. (*Cent. Dict.*)

naked sword hier von Tucca im obscönen Sinn gebraucht. Cf. Chapman, ed. Shepherd, p. 299: *she ran upon his naked weapon, the most finely that ever lived* (Prof. Bang).

1213. Lettice-cap = a cap of Lettice (ein weisslich grauer Pelz), apparently worn as a means of inducing sleep (*NED*).

1216. hot-cockles: ein ländliches Spiel, bei dem ein Spieler mit verdeckten Augen niederknien musste, während die anderen ihn der Reihe nach auf den Rücken klopfen. Es war zu erraten, wer dies eben tat.

1217. Gammer Gurton — needle = *Gammer Gurton's Needle*.

1218. like the Arches vnder London Bridge: Vgl. Jonson's *Staple of News*, ed. Gifford-Cunningham, II. p. 296^b:

He minds

A courtesy no more than London bridge

What arch was mended last. u. Anm. dazu.

1223. shat wohl Druckfehler = shalt?

1227. Ladie ath Hospitall (of Bedlam) = Närrin = dem Joane-a-bedlam i. Z. 1234.

1239. thou shalt be carted, drawne: zweideutig: a bawd was carted; to hang, draw, and quarter a criminal (Webster). Vgl. *Belman*, Temple Cl. p. 241: Hee saw the dores of notorious *Carted Bawdes*, (like Hell-gates) stand night and day wide open, with a paire of Harlots in Taffata gownes (like two painted posts) garnishing out those dores, beeing better to the house then a *Double signe*; s. auch: *II. Honest Whore*, V. 2.

1240. Iigga-Iogge = jiggy-joggy (*Shoem. Holiday*) = jig-a-jog.

1245. Maide-marian: Das Z. 1240 vorausgehende Hood bringt Tuca auf Robin Hood's Geliebte. — Maid Marian ist ja ursprünglich der Name der in den May-games und dem Morris-dance auftretenden May-Queen; sie erscheint erst in den späteren Fassungen der Robin-Hood-Geschichte als Genossin dieses berühmten «Geächteten». *Henslowe's Diary* erwähnt p. 118 unterm 15. Febr. 1598 *The I. Part of Robin Hood* von Monday, u. 20. Febr. 1598 *II. Part of the Downefall of earlle Huntynghon, surnamed Roben Hoode*.

1245/7. Anthony u. Cleopatria = Antony and Cleopatra. Alexis secrets = ? — Da diese zwei Anspielungen dicht hinter einander stehen, besteht wahrscheinlich ein gewisser Zusammenhang, und ich möchte auf *Ant. and Cleop.* I. 2. 1ff. hinweisen, wo Alexas und der Wahrsager auftreten; also könnte auf Alexas' secrets angespielt sein. Da ferner Alexas weder in Daniel's *Cleopatra* noch in Garnier-Pembroke's *Antonie*, wie mir Prof. Bang mitteilt, vorkommt und er auch in Shakespeare's Plutarch nur in ganz untergeordneter Stellung erscheint, so müssen wir annehmen, dass Dekker einen Ur-Antonius gekannt hat, in dem Alexas schon ungefähr diejenige Rolle spielte, welche ihm später in Sh.'s *Antony & Cleopatra* zugefallen ist. Dieser Ur-Antonius mag von einem unbekanntem Dichter stammen, oder auch eine erste Bearbeitung von der Hand Shakespeare's sein und die natürliche Fortsetzung zu dessen *Julius Caesar* darstellen (ca 1600).

1247. Rose = das Rose-Theatre; offenbar roch es dort wegen der Nähe des beare-garden mitunter nicht sehr gut; vgl. dazu auch *Ordisch*, p. 212.

1251. Mary Ambree: Eine englische Heldin, die sich durch ihren Mut bei der Belagerung von Gent 1584 auszeichnete. Sie wird häufig als das Muster eines tapferen Weibes im Elisabeth. Drama erwähnt und auch die Volksdichtung hat den Stoff in einer Ballade verherrlicht. S. *Percy's Reliques* II. 240.

1255. Die Gefangenen wurden zwei u. zwei in das Newgate-Gefängnis geführt. Newgate fashion. s. H. 4. A. III. 3. 104.

1284. Sollte dem «young Gentleman» = Demetrius-Dekker Bedeutung beizumessen sein, dann wäre Dekker um 1602 noch jung gewesen; sein Geburtsjahr könnten wir also gegen die Mitte der siebziger Jahre ansetzen. Fleay setzt es bekanntlich auf 1567 fest, was zweifellos verkehrt ist.

1287. Mum-pudding: mum ein starkes Bier, nach seinem ersten Brauer, Christian Mum, so benannt. (*Cent. Dict.*); also mum-pudding vielleicht ein pudding der mit warmem Bier übergossen wurde. — Hier haben wir es aber offenbar mit einem Druckfehler u. folgl. mit Mother Mam-pudding zu tun, die eine Kneipe in Towerstreet ward innehatte, und zwar in einem Gebäude, das ehemals dem Prinzen von Wales als Wohnung diente, zu Stowe's Zeiten aber schon in sehr ruinösem Zustand war (Nares).

1298. besser: attend

1305. Marchants scheint mir dasselbe wie marchpanes zu sein. Vgl. zu letzterem *Shoem. Hol.* V. 1. p. 69. cf. Nares s. marchpane. Das *NED* deutet allerdings marchants = a kind of plum, obs. sub Merchant, A. 5. p. 347. Vielleicht nur Druckfehler??

long white plummes: wenn das nicht an Stäbchen aneinandergereihte, candierte Früchte waren, dann müssten wir das *white* etwa als «hochfein» auffassen, ähnlich dem white in «white boys» etc. cf. Nares s. v.

1308. selles = selves.

1327. besser: Bride, ... day;

1382/3. besser: commission ... beauties,

1459. Ile of Man: Anspielung auf die gleichnamige Insel und ihre selbständige Regierung.

1479. wast = waist

1497. enameld = enamoured.

1507. Cadwallader = Name des letzten britischen Königs; hier vielleicht = Welshman; cf. H. 5. V. 1. 29, wo Cadwallader = Wales.

1513. Fye'st: Fyst, sagt Nares, a corruption of foist, which was a jocular term for a windy discharge of the most offensive kind; vgl. *Ev. Man* in IV. 5, p. 85: *you whoreson foist you! foist* hatte auch die Bedeutung = Taschendieb; cf. *The Roaring Girl*, Dekker, vol. III. p. 220, u. *Ev. Man* in, IV. 2, p. 76.

Hamlet reuenge: Das ist der Titel der alten Hamlet-Tragödie, *The Reuenge of Hamlett*, deren Verfasser wahrscheinlich Kyd war. Vgl. dazu *West-ward Hoe*, Works, II. 353: *...let these husbands play mad Hamlet; and crie reuenge*.

1514/15. I ha plaide Zulziman — at Paris garden: Es scheint, dass Jonson ausser in der *Spanish Trag.* (vgl. Z. 633) auch in einem zweiten Stücke auftrat; doch lässt sich nichts bestimmtes darüber nachweisen. Ward, I. 311³ deutet das Zulziman als = Solyman [and Perseda]. Paris Garden war der berühmte Bäckergarten auf der Bankside in Southwark, neben dem Globe-Theater. Vgl. *Ordisch*, *Early London Theatres* pp. 245; 128, 242.

1518. Fulkes? vielleicht der Name eines Bären? — Zu Demetrius Journeyman vgl. Z. 405.

1520. Diese und die folgenden Zeilen spielen auf Jonson als Schauspieler an.

1521. Gifford, *Ben Jonson*, I. XXXI, meint, was Dekker mit dem «thou couldst not set a good face vpon't» sagen wollte, sei nicht schwer zu deuten, Jonson habe skorbutischen Habitus gehabt, und sein Gesicht mag um diese Zeit darunter gelitten haben.

leather pilch: Dies war offenbar der gewöhnliche Rock der Fuhrmannsleute. Cf. *A carman in a lether pilche, that had whipt out a thousand pound out of his horse taile*. Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse*, in Cens. Lit. VII. 13 (Nares.) [ed. M^cKerrow, I. 158. 22-4].

1522. the play wagon in the high way. Dieses müsste demnach auf einer Gastspielreise in die Provinz gewesen sein.

1523. mad Jeronimos part: bezieht sich auf das schon z. Z. 632 erwähnte Auftreten Jonson's i. II. Teil des Jeronimo.

- 1524.** Stagerites: = Stager-ites, die von der Bühne: Bühnenvolk.
 the Ile of Dogs: Anspielung auf Nashe's *Isle of Dogs* (1597), ein Theaterstück, von dessen Inhalt wir nur wissen, dass er den Verfasser auf einige Zeit nach Fleet prison brachte. Vgl. dazu Ward, I. 425; und ferner *Return from Parnassus* V. 3... Writs are out for me to apprehend me for my plays, and now I am bound for the Isle of Dogs, u. die 4. Sc. (Hazl. - Dodl. IX. p. 209ff).
- 1525.** Guy: Guy of Warwick, bekannter Romanzen- und Romanheld; eine Ballade über denselben Stoff aus ca 1592. [Dass das Drama *Guy of Warwick* Dekker's Erstlingswerk ist, wird Dr. Bolen in seiner Ausgabe nachzuweisen versuchen. W. B.]
- 1527.** saue thy seife and read: erinnert wieder an den *neckverse*.
- 1529.** Farding = farthing.
 Damboys: Bussy d'Ambois von Chapman. Gegen Fleay's Annahme (*Chron.* I. 59), dass das Stück erst 1604 aufgeführt worden sei, muss mit Rücksicht auf unsere Stelle Chapman's Drama früher angesetzt werden, vielleicht mit E. E. Stoll, *Mod. Lang. Notes* 20. 206, auf 1600. Vgl. auch *Materialien* I, Anm. 1640.
- 1532.** nittigrams: boshafte Umformung des Wortes Epigrams; nitty = lausig u. s. w.
- 1533.** ath = of the.
- 1534.** arise deere Eccho rise: wahrscheinlich Anspielung auf die Zitierung des Eccho in *Cynth. Rev.* I. 1. (M. Ser. II 177f.): *Arise, and speak thy sorrows, Echo, rise, ...*
- 1539.** Metheglin: Welsches Nationalgetränk, offenbar Meth-artig, *Welsh medd* = mead. (Cent. Diet.)—meddyg = healing, medicinal-: A spiced or medicated variety of mead, originally peculiar to Wales. Elyot, *Cast. Helthe* 1541: Metheglyn, welche is most used in Wales, by reason of hotte herbes boyled with hony, is hotter then meade (*NED*). Vgl. dazu *Cynth. Rev.* I. 1. 182f., wo Amorphus verschiedenes von M. faselt. Cf. auch *Material.* VI, p. 118 z. Z. 1521.
- 1540.** whore a Babilon: an «elegant comedy», die von Edward VI. verfasst sein soll und gegen die römische Kirche gerichtet war (Ward, I. 136), dürfte aber Dekker kaum bekannt gewesen sein.
- 1542.** Feede and be fat my faire Calipolis: Koeppel hat sich in *Ben Jonson's Wirkung* etc. p. 56 über dieses Zitat bereits zusammenfassend geäußert. Es ist ein von Pistol aus *Feed, then, and faint not, fair Calipolis* und *Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe* in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* II. 3, zusammengemachtes Zitat, das sich auch in *What you will* (ed. Halliwell) V. 1 p. 284 findet; ferner *To feed, and to be fat, my fine Cullapolis* aus *The Royal King and the Loyal Subject* II. 3., ferner Fletcher, *Loyal Subject: Let'em feed so, and be fat.* III. 2. Ein weiterer Anklang an das Zitat findet sich bei Dekker bereits im *Shoem. Hol.* V. 2. (p. 76) *Let's feed and be fat with my lord's bounty*.
- 1544.** tableman: Nares sagt: tablemen: The men used in playing at tables, or back-gammon. Dasselbe Wort findet sich in der Bedeutung etwas modifiziert im *Hornbook* und im *Bel-Man*, Temple-Cl. p. 8 u. 90.
- 1545.** sincke point = cinque point (Back gammon), the fifth point from the end on either side of the board. *NED*.
- 1548.** Buffe Ierkin: vgl. dazu *Anm. z. Z. 402*. Ursprünglich nur eine lederne Weste, die also dem Körper ziemlich nahe sass.
- 1557.** ile Cumrade ye: Murray gibt nur dieses Beispiel an, mit der Bemerkung «nonce use». Ich meine es will sagen: ich geb' dir gleich einen Kameraden, wobei Vaughan wie zum Schlage ausholt. Dieser eigentümliche Gebrauch des «cumrade» veranlasste mich Herrn Prof. Zimmer um seine Ansicht über eine ev. welsche Herkunft des Wortes zu bitten. Letztere wurde verneint und der Ausdruck in der obigen Weise gedeutet. Das gleichzeitig in Frage gestellte «chymrade» in *Val. Welshman*, IV. 3. 34, fasst Prof. Zimmer als eine «abweichende Aussprache des englischen comrade in welschem Munde» auf und deutet das *diggon of Chymrade* als «genügend Kameraden», «genügend Landsleute».
- 1560.** winter-plummes: vgl. Chapman, ed. Shepherd, I. p. 159: Farewell, winter plum.
- 1562.** Sir Eglamour: Held einer romantischen Dichtung; gedruckt 1508 in Edinburgh, eingetragen i. Stat. Reg. Jan. 15, 1582 (Anders.). Shakespeare lässt einen Eglamour in den *Two Gentlem. of Ver.* auftreten; und der Held von Ben Jonson's Hirtendrama *The Sad Shepherd* trägt gleichfalls den Namen Aeglamour.
- 1563.** Skinker = drawer, tapster cf. *Mat.* III. *Jupiter and Juno* p. 103 Z. 3749, u. *Gull's Hornb.* (T. Cl.) p. 12.
- 1564.** Codpeece point: (Hosenlatz) cf. *Shoem. Hol.* V. 3. p. 76: *my codpiece-point is ready to fly in pieces every time I think upon Mistress Rose*.
- 1568.** Hobby-horse: die bekannte und oft zitierte Gestalt aus dem Morris dance; vgl. Nares, Klöpffer, *Cent. Dict.* die sämtlich grössere Artikel über *H. H.* bringen.
- 1574.** conny-catch = prellen.
- 1576.** Mum = Pst!
- 1577.** kercher = kerchief. *Hornbook* p. 34: a wrought handkercher.
- 1580.** hee playes mum-budget with me: cf. ... *hither three dayes hence and you shall heare more, but in the meane space looke you play mumbudget and speake not a word of this matter to any creature*, in *Gentle Craft*, II. 29, Palästra 18; dann *I come to her in white, and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget'; and by that we know one another*. *Wiv.* V. 2. 6 f. u. ö. b. Shakespeare.
- 1581.** tye vp your great and your little sword: Man trug damals häufig zwei Schwerter, od. Schwert und Dolch.
- 1585.** cossens Garman = cousins german.
- 1586.** Master of the Kings Reuels: Offenbar hatte sich Jonson schon damals (1601) um die Stelle eines M. of R. oder Lord of Misrule (auch Christmas prince genannt) bemüht, die er aber erst unter Jakob I. 1621 erhielt.
- 1592.** Asinius ist etwas passiert, was sonst nur bei kleinen Kindern vorkommt!
- 1593.** scroule = scroll.
- 1602.** he and I are not Paralels: cf. *Poet.* I. 1. p. 271. Tuc. *Are we parallels, rascal? are we parallels?*
- 1613.** Hawkins liest diese Stelle: ... watch man, ... rereward. — On proceede.... Auf den ersten Blick mag die Stelle etwas unklar sein, was aber behoben wird, wenn wir folgende Unterscheidungszeichen einführen: Did Apolloes Freeze gowne watchman.... (Boy, dost heare, Turkie-cockes tayle, haue an eye behinde, least the enemie assault our Rereward.) On proceede, Father Adam! Did that, etc. — Mit diesem zweiten «did» wird die Z. 1613 abgebrochene Frage wieder aufgenommen.
 least = lest; on proceede! = fahr' doch weiter! (in Deiner Erzählung).
- 1616.** rag-a-muffin = Lumpenkerl, schlechter Kerl. cf. *H.* IV. A. V. 3. 36., auch sonst bei Dekker, *Hornbook* p. 52, *Belman* p. 83.

- 1626.** mother Bee: das dürfte wohl auch der Name einer bekannten Wirtin sein.
- 1637.** Scanderbag: cf. *Shoem. Hol.* III. 1. p. 31. ... *we have been bargaining with Skellum* (Schelm) *Skanderbag*.—*The true history of George Scanderbague* entered i. Stat. Reg. for E. Allde 3rd July 1601, as lately played. (Fleay, II. 318.) —Georg Kastrioto 1403-1468, unter dem Namen Skanderbeg als Befreier Albaniens vom türkischen Joch bekannt.
- 1644.** my red flag is hung out: Reminiszenz an Tamberlaines rote Fahne, die den Belagerten ankündigte, dass der erzürnte Eroberer Blut fordere. Vgl. Sh. *Cor.* II. 1. 84: *set up the bloody flag against all patience*, u. H. V. I. 2. 101. *unwind your bloody flag*. Marlowe'sche Einflüsse, auf welche schon Koepfel, *B. Jonson's Wirkung*, p. 14 hinwies.
- 1649.** Turke-a-ten-pence: Vgl. Dekker, *Works* II. p. 339: *if all the great Turks Concubins were but like thee, the ten-penny-infidell should neuer neede keep so many geldings to ney ouer em (West-ward Hoe)*.—Über Herkunft und Bedeutung dieses Ausdrucks verdanke ich folgendes Herrn Prof. Bang: Der später oft gebrauchte Ausdruck stammt wohl aus Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, ed. Dyce in *Old Dram.* p. 169: *What gentry can be in a poor Turk of tenpence*; vgl. die dort angeführten Stellen. Durch ten pence soll der geringe Wert angegeben werden; vgl. Beaum. & Fletcher, ed. London, 1811, vol. III, p. 156: *to be so ridden by a tit of ten-pence*, und Massinger, ed. Gifford-Cunningham, p. 262^b: *scorn'd by a tit of ten-pence*.
- 1653.** my colde Cornelius:?
Respice funem: natürlich = respice finem! absichtlich von *Tucca* entstellt.
- 1654.** my little Cutlers Shoppe: Asinius ist so mager, dass man an ihm die Rippen sieht.
- 1659.** Huon: Reminiszenz an den Helden aus dem Karls-Sagenkreis.
- 1661.** paper = Epigramme.
- 1664.** foule-fisted Morter-treader: wiederum Anspielung auf Asinius' Herrn, den ehemaligen bricklayer.
- 1667/8.** Horace is valliant, & a man of the sword: Jonson tötete in den Niederlanden angesichts der beiden Heere einen Feind und im Duell einen Kollegen (cf. zu ersterem *Conversations with Drummond* p. 29f.: *In his service in the Low Countries he had, in the face of both the camps, killed an enemy*). Dekker wiederholt hier, was *Poet.* IV. *A.* (p. 341) steht:
Pyrgus: ... *take heed how you give this out; Horace is a man of the sword*.
Crisp. *'Tis true, ... they say he's valiant*.
- 1669ff.** Anspielung auf Jonson's *Ev. Man in His Humour* und *Ev. Man out of His Humour*. Mermaid enthält offenbar zugleich eine Anspielung auf die bekannte Kneipe in Cornhill, wo Ben Jonson mit Shakespeare u. a. verkehrte. Vgl. auch *Poet.* III. 1. p. 311. *Tuc. loqu. I would fain come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play; ... but they say you ha' nothing but 'Humours', 'Revels', and 'Satires'*.
In *Cynth Rev.* II. 1. p. 201. sagt Jonson in seiner eigenen Charakteristik: *For his valour, 'tis such that he dares as little to offer an injury as receive one*. Vgl. ferner den tapferen Horace, wie er in *Satirom.* ZZ. 1933/34 w. 1944-47 dargestellt wird.
- 1675.** shoulder-clappers: hier wohl = falsche Freunde, die einem schön ins Gesicht tun, aber einen hinterher in Satiren und Epigrammen verspotten. Vgl. übrigens auch die Stelle im *Hornbook*, p. 51, wo dem Gull empfohlen wird eine Wohnung an der Water-side zu nehmen, die neben verschiedenen Vorteilen auch den bietet «to shun Shoulder-clapping» (Verhaftung).
- 1678.** Horastratus: *Tucca* ist boshaft genug Horace einen Mord vorzuwerfen, durch den er sich, gleich Herostratos, ein Denkmal für alle Zeiten setzen wollte.
- 1680.** Mecænasses: Vgl. *Anm. z. Z. 977*. Vielleicht ist es nicht ganz bedeutungslos auf eine Stelle in Chapman's *Blind Beggar*, ed. Shepherd, vol. I. 16 hinzuweisen, wo die von ihrem Gatten Count Hermes hintergangene Elimine sagt: *... you make a Count ass of me*.
- 1686.** *Palinodical* rimester: mit Anspielung auf die schon *Z. 366* erwähnte Palinode.
- 1687.** *Solœcismes*: Vgl. dazu *Poet.* III. 1, wo Horace Verse des Crispinus anhören muss und beiseite spricht: *This tyranny is strange, to take mine ears up by commission, ... and make them stalls To his lewd solecisms, and worded trash* (p. 298).
- 1693ff.** Es ist wohl möglich, dass sich diese Zeilen, wie Penniman, *War*, p. 132 meint, auf sein Verhör vor dem Richter beziehen, wohin ihn seine Ausfälle gegen das Recht und die Richter im *Poetaster*, Akt I., gebracht haben. Vgl. auch «To Mr. Rich. Martin» i. d. Fol. des *Poetaster*.
Quiddits: a contraction of quiddity ... Generally applied to the subtilities of lawyers. Nares. Cf. *Haml.* V. 1. 107.
- 1695.** to wip't = to wipe it.
- 1697.** Machiauell: hier im Sinne von «ein schlauer Kopf», wie auch ö. bei Shakespeare. Machiavelli war dem elisabethanischen Drama durchaus nicht fremd. Er scheint selbst dramatisch behandelt worden zu sein. Henslow (p. 22) trägt auf den 2. März 1591 ein anon. Play *Machiauel* ein, das von L. Strange's Men gespielt wurde. Fleay, II. 298.
- 1700.** the man in the Moone: vgl. *Anm. z. Z. 924*.
- 1701.** Salt-peter Jestes: scheint sich auf die Saltpeter-Scherze in *A Tale of a Tub* zu beziehen; vgl. *Works* ed. L. 1816. vol. VI.
p. 134. Sir Peter Tub was his father, a saltpetre-man ...
p. 148. She's such a vessel of fæces: all dried earth,
. not a drop of salt,
Or petre in her! all her nitre is gone.
p. 149. . . . a man condemn'd
To the salt-petre works.
- 1702.** Maligo-tasters: maligo = Malaga, (Wein und Ort).
- 1703.** Cinocephalus: Vgl. *Pat. Grissill*, Z. 2221: *I haue seene vnder John Prestre and Tamer Cams people, with heds like Dogs*. Die Kenntniss dieser sog. Kynokephalen hatten die Zeitgenossen aus John Maundeville's und anderer Reisebeschreibungen.
- 1707.** there's no faith to be helde with Heritickes & Infidels: Drummond berichtet, dass Ben Jonson während seiner Gefangenschaft (1598) von einem Priester zum römischen Glauben bekehrt wurde und zwölf Jahre Katholik blieb (*Convers.* p. 30 u. 63.). Hierauf spielen obige Worte an.
- 1709.** *Alexander and Lodwicke*, the Gemini: Titel eines von Martin Slaughter (Slater) 1597 geschriebenen (?) Stückes. Cf. Ward, II. 608². — Henslow notiert unter d. 14. Jan. 1597 einen Alexander and Ludovick; s. auch Fleay

- 1710.** sworn brothers: = fratres jurati, Busenfreund; vgl. die Beispiele bei Schmidt, *Sh.-Lex.*, s. swear, sowie Nares. *Sworn brothers* wurden auch Personen genannt, die sich durch Eid verpflichteten, ihr Vermögen mit einander zu teilen.
- 1710/12.** *Theseus* und *Peirithous* stiegen in die Unterwelt (hell), um Persephone zu entführen, wurden aber beide in Fesseln zurückgehalten, und Herkules konnte nur Theseus befreien. Vielleicht bildete diese Episode den Inhalt einiger Szenen der *Two Parts of Hercules* des obengenannten Martin Slater.
- 1712.** Thine-assuredly: bekannte Briefschlussformel.
- 1716.** Vgl. die schon [z. Z. 409](#) cit. Stelle aus *Poet.* III. 1. (p. 311.) 115
- 1717.** Lucian: Tucca spielt auf die Pillenszene im *Poetaster* an, die aus dem *Lexiphanes* des Lukian entlehnt ist. Dort (§ 20 u. 21.) verordnet ein Arzt einen Trank zu ähnlichem Zweck, wie im *Poetaster* die Pillen ihn erfüllen.
- 1719.** the *Parcell-Poets*: cf. *Poet.* III. 1. p. 310. Tuc ... *he* (Marston) *is a gent'man, parcel-poet...*
parcel gewöhnlich = *part* findet sich häufig (auch bei Shakespeare), allein und in Verbindungen wie *parcel-bawd*, *parcel-gilt*, *parcel-poet*, *parcel-physician* (Massinger, *City Mad.* II. 2), *parcel-statesman*, *parcel-priest* (*Wit's Recreat.* Epig. 659), *parcel of man* (*Cynth. Rev.* II. 1. p. 192) etc. Vgl. dazu Schmidt, *Sh.-Lex.* s. v: [words] not hyphenated i. O. Edd. and probably intended to have another sense (nearly = species); und hier, im *Satirom.* und im *Poet.* ed. Mallory erscheint bei *parcell-poet* (III, 4, 174) und *Parcell-guiltie* (V, 3, 433) der hyphen!—*parcel* scheint mir in der Mehrzahl der obigen Fälle nicht so sehr = *part* oder = *half* zu sein, sondern vielmehr einer verächtlichen Verkleinerung zu entsprechen, etwa = so ein Dichterling, Pfüfflein etc. Vgl. allerdings andererseits *Hornbook* p. 21. u. 40: *beate not your braines to understand their parcell-Greeke, parcell-Latine gibrish* und *get some fragments of French, or smal parcels of Italian.* Vgl. unser: ein paar Brocken Latein.
- 1720.** the Court of Parnassus: vgl. [A. z. Z. 292](#).
- 1721.** in *Forma Pauperis*: = als armer Mann.
- 1725.** like a sprig of Rosemary: Nares sagt, dass Rosemary auch zum Garnieren von Fleischspeisen verwendet wurde, und verweist auf B. & Fl., *Kn. of B. Pestl.* V. 1. und Parson's *Wedding*, O. Pl. XI. 503. Tucca will also Bubo als schmückende Beigabe seines Gefolges mitführen.
- 1730.** vrde = word
- 1731.** and = an
- 1732.** Thomas Thomasius: Drucker und Lexikograph, geb. zu London 25. Dez. 1553, erzogen in Eton. Universitätsdrucker in Cambridge, wo er 1588 starb; cf. *DNB* LVI. p. 192, auch Watt, *Biblioth. Britannica*, vol. II. s. v.
- 1734.** nere = never
- 1738.** your fetches and your fegaries: *fetches* = List, Kniff; *fegaries* = *vagaries* = Streiche, Schnaken. vgl. *Old Fortunatus*, Z. 980 und die dazu angegebenen Stellen.
- 1739.** leather-Jerkins: vgl. dazu [Anm. 1548](#).
- 1743.** winke-a-pipe: *wincopipe*, volkstümliche Form für *wink-a-peepe*, Bacon, *Nat. Hist.* § 827. *Cent. Dict.* 116
- 1745.** Sampson: Dekker wird wohl an Sampson und Delila aus dem Buch der Richter gedacht haben.
- 1753.** Diese Zeile wird «zur Seite» gesprochen.
- 1757.** [Trangdo; ich glaube, dass dieses mir nur aus dieser Stelle bekannte Wort sich verhält zu dem unten belegten Wort *trangdido* wie etwa *dildo* zu *dildido* (*Materialien* VI, 1580).
 Die Bedeutung von *trangdido* geht ziemlich deutlich hervor aus Forde, *Lover's Melancholy*, IV, 2: I will firk his *trangdido*; *The Fancies, Chaste and Noble*, IV, 1: nay, I will tickle their *trangdidos*. Wenn man sich an Falstaff's I'll tickle your catastrophe und den Ausdruck to tickle one's collefodium erinnert, den ich in den *Bausteinen*, I, p. 70 besprochen habe, so wird es sehr wahrscheinlich, dass *trangdido* = arse, buttocks, Hintern steht, eine Bedeutung die des Contexts wegen auch in *Englishmen for my Money*, Hazl.-Dods. X, 537: With *trandido*, *dildido*, and I know not what vorzüglich passen würde. Was die Etymologie betrifft, so ist *trangdo*, wie *dildo* (cf. *NED* s. v.), ein Refrain und hat wohl daher die Bedeutung «Endstück» etc. angenommen. W. B.]
- 1760.** by the crosse a this sword & dagger: beim Kreuze des Schwertes zu schwören, galt als besonders heiliger Schwur.
- 1764.** *smeeter* = *cimiter* = *simitar*; cf. *Tale of a Tub*, IV. 3 p. 208: *Basket, put thy smiter up, and hear.*
- 1768.** those nine common wenches = neun Musen.
- 1771.** button-cap: button = Knopf auf einer Mütze; cf. *Hml.* II, 2, 233.
- 1775.** besser: I pray,
- 1803.** besser: heare.
- 1810.** richtiger: prooue
- 1812.** has wie schon ö. = he has (h'has)
- 1815.** lies: like
- 1817.** baldlie = kahl, schmucklos u. = schlechtweg.
- 1818.** lies: before
- 1834.** blazing Starres: Kometen, als Boten von Kriegsjahren.
- 1842.** ore = o'er.
- 1851.** besser: thatch.
- 1853.** *he has more haire then wit*: ein Sprichwort, das sich häufig findet, so auch bei Sh. *Gent.* III. 1. 361. u. 367. *Err.* II. 2. 84.
- 1855.** *Bush-naturall*: Nares bemerkt: From some vague notion, that abundance of hair denoted a lack of brains, arose an odd proverb, noticed by Ray, p. 180; thus: «*Bush-natural, more hair than wit*»; vgl. *Hornbook*, p. 28: But let thine receive his full growth, that thou maiest safely and wisely brag 'tis thine owne *Bush-Naturall*. Vgl. zu diesen Zeilen überhaupt das III. Cap. des *Hornbooks*.
- 1869.** whether = whither.
- 1870.** Poeticall Furie: Ob Tucca hier an den Furor poeticus denkt, der im *Return from Parnassus* I. Sc. 6 ff. auftritt (vgl. dazu Small, p. 133 Anm.), weiss ich nicht; wohl aber war er ihm aus Jonson's *Ev. Man in* IV, 1. p. 73 *Ev. Man out*, Ind. p. 121 und *Poet.* IV. 1. p. 328 bekannt. Im letzteren Fall spricht Tucca den Demetrius mit poetical Fury an.
- 1874.** mych = miche, to shrug or sneake in some corner; cf. *Sh.-Lex.* s. miching mallecho.

- 1880.** vds bloud = 'sblood, God's blood.
- 1885.** block-head: vgl. dazu das schon erwähnte 'you whoreson blockhead' aus *Poet.* IV. 3. p. 336.
- 1888/9.** Thalimum: cf. *A. z.* 1063. — crosse-sticks: Verballhornung von acrostics, mit Nebenbedeutung. Cf. Z. 356. Polinoddyes: erneute Anspielung auf die Palinode, mit Nebenbedeutung: poll = Kopf u. noddy = Narr. Nappy-grams: cf. *A. z.* 1532, u. nappy = berauschend, einschläfernd.
- 1891.** his harty commendations: der alte Briefanfang: After my hearty commendation, etc., worüber mehr in *Goosecappe*.
- 1892.** Hawkins weist diese Worte Tucca zu, Morley dem Horace. Ich muss gestehen, dass diese Worte, wenn sie zu Vaughan und den übrigen gesprochen werden, besser dem Tucca, der damit seine hämische Freude ausdrückt, zustehen. Wäre es aber nicht auch möglich, dass Horace sie «zur Seite» spricht, etwa: Es ist grossartig, jetzt kommt alles an den Tag? Horace kann die Worte nur zu sich sprechen, sonst könnte Dicache nicht mit, «That same Horace» weiter fahren.
- 1894.** [his face] lookes for all the world, like a rotten russet Apple, when tis bruiz'd: Auch Jonson's Gesicht diene wiederholt als Zielscheibe des Spottes; cf. ZZ. 1899/1900, 2545 f. Das schon erwähnte «dark, pale face» [*Apol. Dial.* p.382] steht im Widerspruch mit dem im *Satirom.* geschilderten, meint Cunningham (II. 582), und auch Aubrey sagt: «he was of a clear and fair skin.» — Andererseits stimmt zu dem «pale face» eine Stelle aus einem Pamphlet Kempe's auf Ben Jonson nicht, auf die Bang, *Engl. Stud.* 28. 224, hinweist: ... *let any man look on his face! if there be not so red a colour that all the soap in the town will not wash white* ... Vergleicht man dazu das Bild von G. Honthorst (i. d. Mer. Ser.), so kann man auch die «pimple» entdecken, und dass er vielleicht die eine und andere Blatternarbe im Gesicht hatte, auch ohne dass er die schwarzen Blattern durchmachte, wäre nicht unmöglich; es dürfte also seine Gesichtshaut nicht ganz so rein gewesen sein. Dass im *Satirom.* eine Übertreibung vorliegt, darf als sicher angenommen werden.
- 1896.** Sinamon water next my heart: Zimtwasser wurde von Frauen zu gewissen Zeiten gern genommen.
- 1898.** Ludgate war eines der östl. Tore der Stadt und diene zugleich als Gefängnis für City-Schuldner (vgl. Stow, *A Survey of London*, ed. Morley, p. 68). — Unser poore fellow vnder Ludgate muss ein stadtbekannter Bettler gewesen sein, der den Passanten mit nieselnder Stimme sein «Bestow a penny, dear Sir» zurief.
- 1907.** white = famos.
- 1912.** thou Clipst the Kinges English: als ob er es gleich Goldmünzen kippen oder beschneiden würde; gewöhnliche Redensart für schlechtes Englisch sprechen.
- 1921.** Adam Bell bezieht sich auf Sir Adam Prickshaft. *Adam Bell* berühmter outlaw und Bogenschütze, der der Held einer Ballade wurde: *Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and William of Claundesly*, Child III. 14. Sein Name, sagt Nares, ist nahezu sprichwörtlich geworden.
- 1929.** Pope Boniface = bonne face, natürlich ironisch.
- 1931.** bee Stab'd: Tucca realisiert (scheinbar) einen Gedanken den Ovid jun. im *Poet.* I. 1. (p. 278) ausspricht:
They would not then, with such distorted faces,
And desperate censures, stab at Poësy.
 Beachte ferner die Wiederholungen mit bee Stab'd, to murder me, rub etc!
- 1951.** Lazarus: wohl die bekannte Bibelgestalt. Mit Hinblick auf das Dives i. Z. 1115 wäre vielleicht auch zu erwähnen, dass Fleay, II. 292 von einem *Dives and Lazarus*, mentioned in Sir T. More, spricht.
- 1956.** bag-pudding: pudding boiled in a bag. *Cent. Dict.*
- 1957.** Cicatrine: veraltete Form f. Socotrine; also Aloë Socotrina. 119
- 1960.** rounciuall voice: = eine Stimme, wie sie im Tale von Roncesvalles ertönte; rounceval auch einer, der eine solche mächtige Stimme besitzt: ... *that great rounsefull should come in his company.* *Gentle Craft*, II. 32.
 to cry Lanthorne & Candle-light: der bekannte Ruf des Belman zu London.
Lanthorn and candle light here,
Maids ha light there,
Thus go the cries, ... Heyw. *Rape of Lucrece.*
 No more calling of lanthorn and candle light.
 Heyw. *Edward IV.* cit. n. Nares.
 Der 2. Teil von Dekker's *Belman* führt auch den Titel *Lanthorne and Candle-light*.
- 1963.** God boygh: cf. *Anm. z. Z.* 1091. — Die folgenden Worte enthalten wiederum Anspielungen auf den Bricklayer Jonson.
- 1965/6.** railles in beiden Zeilen, ist doppelsinnig zu nehmen. Vgl. hiezu Z. 2544. Zu rotten railles on Poules head vgl. Dekker, *Hornbook*, p. 37: *And when you are mounted there, take heede how you looke downe into the yard; for the railles are as rotten as your great-Grandfather.*
- 1971ff.** Bereits in *Cynth. Rev.* III. 2. p. 211 wollen Anaides und Hedon den Crites «einwickeln». Vgl. Ana.: ... *I'll send for him to my lodging, and have him blanketed when thou wilt, man.* — Hed. *Ods so, I would thou couldst. Look, here he comes.* Enter Crites. — Dekker kommt selbst noch einmal in seinem *Hornbook* p. 53 darauf zurück: s. *Anm. z. Z.* 963.
- 1973.** Venice glasses: Venetianer Gläser wurden in der zeitgenössischen Literatur oft erwähnt; vgl. Nares s. v.
- 1975.** when = vorwärts.
- 1976.** mad Tamberlaine: Tamburlaine the Great von Marlowe. Morter vnder thy feet: wiederum der bricklayer.
- 1980.** puppet-teacher: Dekker quittiert hier vielleicht die Worte Tucca's im *Poet.* III. 1. (p. 315): *What's he, with the arms there, that salutes us out of his cloak, like a motion, ha?* — Die Beilegung des Namens p.-t. lässt den Schluss zu, dass Ben Jonson vielleicht im Anfang seiner literarischen Tätigkeit motions = puppet-shows verfasste; vgl. d. Puppet-show in *Bartholmew Fair*, V. 3. Vielleicht ist hier auch auf den Schluss des I. Aktes in *Cynth. Rev.* hinzuweisen. Small hält das p.-t. für «merely a general term of abuse, somewhat similar in use to poet-ape» (p. 124). 120
- 1990ff.** Diese Zeilen enthalten neuerdings Anspielungen auf die schon erwähnten Ausfälle Jonson's gegen den Richterstand und die Rechtspflege, wie sie sich besonders im ersten Akt des *Poetasters* und, falls *A Tale of a Tub* Jonson's ersten Stücken unbedingt zuzuzählen ist, vor allem in diesem Stücke finden. Vgl. aus *Poetaster* p. 274:
 ... *he that will now hit the mark, must shoot through the law; ... Why, the law makes a man happy, without respecting any other merit: a simple scholar, or none at all, may be a lawyer;* und ferner als Erwiderung auf den *Satirom.* vgl. *Apol. Dial.* (p. 377): ... *why they say you taxed*

*The law, and lawyers; captains, and the players,
By their particular names.*

Author. *It is not so.*

I used no name.

1995/7. Diese Zeilen gehen zurück auf *Cynth. Rev. II. 1.*, wo Mercury von Anaides (= Dekker) sagt (p. 196): ... *he has two essential parts of the courtier, pride and ignorance; ... 'Tis Impudence itself, Anaides.* — Arrogance and impudence werden Horace-Jonson übrigens schon im *Poetaster* vorgeworfen: IV. 1. p. 329. Dem. ... *tickle him i'faith, for his arrogancy, and his impudence, in commending his own things;* ... u. V. 1. p. 365. Virg.: ... *our Horace now stands taxed Of impudence, self-love, and arrogance,* etc. Vgl. auch das *Both impudent, and ignorant enough* aus *Cynth. Rev. III. 2. p. 214*; cf. [Anm. z. Z. 423](#).

1998. puncke = punch, wohl unter Anspielung auf punck.

2001ff. enthalten wiederum Anspielungen auf *Ev. Man in.* u. *Poetaster*.

thou cryest p'trooh: Vgl. Chapman, ed. Pearson, II. p. 394: *and cry p'trooh, ho, p'trough* u. die Anm. 2170 in *Pedantius (Mat. VIII)*.

2002. Flat-caps: Unter Heinrich VIII. waren flache, runde Mützen sehr modern; als sie aus der Mode kamen, wurden sie noch lange nachher von Bürgern getragen, die darob verspottet wurden. In *Ev. Man out* sagt Kitely, der Kaufmann, [they] *mock me all over, from my flat cap, unto my shining shoes.* (II. 1. p. 31.) [vgl. aus Dekker's *Wonderful Year* (Grosart, I, 116) *the sight of a flat-cap was more dreadful to a Lob then the discharging of a Caliver.*]

Cuckolds, and bankrupts.... punckes & cockatrices beziehen sich auf *Albius* und *Chloe* im *Poetaster*.

IV. 1, 327. Tuc.... *Come hither, cockatrice: here's one, will set thee up, my sweet punk.* 121

p. 328. Alb: ... *they are my wife's verses;* ...

Tuc: *Show'hem, bankrupt,* ...

IV. 3 p. 333 Ovid: *Take his wife, Mars, and make him cuckold quickly.*

Tuc: *Come, cockatrice.*

p. 334 Tuc: ... *Punk, kiss me, punk.*

2003. Zu cockatrice vgl. noch besonders: *Ev. Man out*, I. 1. p. 136. Sogliardo: ... *an he be a scholar, you know I cannot abide him; I had as lief see a cockatrice, specially as Cockatrices go now.* — *Ev. Man out*, IV. 4. p. 223: Shift: ... *I am to go before the cockatrice you saw this morning.* — *Cynth. Rev. IV. 1. p. 246.* Gelaia: ... *and withal calls me at his pleasure I know not how many cockatrices, and things.* und folgende gelungene Interpretation des Wortes bei Marston, *The Dutch Courtezan*, I. 2. p. 18. *Whore? fie, whore! you may call her a courtezan, a cockatrice, or (as that worthy spirit of an eternal happiness said) a suppository.*

2004. two Poets: natürlich Marston und Dekker.

2006. a company of horrible blacke Friars: Der *Poetaster*, worin das Arraignment stattfand, wurde ja von den Children of Her Majesty's Chapel im Black Friar Theater aufgeführt.

2007. besser: day.

2010. thou shouldst haue been hang'd, but for one etc.: Ben Jonson scheint durch Vermittlung eines einflussreichen Schauspielers der Todesstrafe entgangen zu sein. Dass dieser eine nun gerade Shakespeare sein musste, hat schon Penniman (p. 122⁴) als sehr fraglich hingestellt. Auch Small (p. 123) meint, es könne sich hier um eine Anspielung auf einen Vorfall handeln, der aber keinesfalls einwandfrei verbürgt ist. — Dekker wirft Jonson mit diesen Worten auch Undankbarkeit gegen die Schauspieler vor.

2012. besser: for this, Poet,

2017. lies: Because

I holde more worthy company: Dekker spielt hier auf eine Stelle des Schwures an, den er mit Marston Ende des V. Aktes im *Poetaster* leisten musste (p. 371 f.):

Tib. loqu. ... *Crispinus and Demetrius ... you shall swear, that never ... you shall dare ... to detract.... Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or any other eminent man ... for keeping himself in better acquaintance, or enjoying better friends.* Schon früher (p. 367 f.) findet sich eine zum selben Thema gemachte Äusserung: 122

Virg. *Demand what cause they had to malign Horace.* Dem. ... *no great cause, ... but that he kept better company, for the most part, than I; and that better men loved him, than love me.*

2018ff. Diese Zeilen lassen uns einen Blick in eine andere Seite von Dekker's Verhältnis zu Jonson tun.

2033. besser: soule put

2035. Wieder eine Anspielung auf das leidige «Gehängt werden».

2036ff. Dekker quitiert hier die verschiedenen Bemerkungen über Demetrius' und Crispinus' heruntergekommene Garderobe, wie sie im *Poet.* zu finden sind. Cf. [Anm. z. 558](#), und ... *his [Demetrius'] doublet's a little decayed* (III. 1. p. 315); *'Tis a gentleman of quality, this [Crispinus]; though he be somewhat out of clothes* (V. 1. p. 358) etc.

2037. seame-rent: scheinen auf die *seam-rent fellows* (*Ev. Man out* II. 2. p. 169) und das *seam-rent suit* (*Poet.* I. 1. p. 277) zurückzugehen.

2043. Perpetuana: wie sie Jonson offenbar gewöhnlich trug. cf. *Cynth. Rev. III. 2. p. 212*; vielleicht auch: *What you will*, II. 1. (ed. Halliwell p. 235) *hee's in his old perpetuana sute*, sc. Quadratus [= Jonson?] — perpetuana = glossy kind of stuff now called everlasting, worn by serjeants, and other city officers (Gifford, II, 261.).

2046. vpon best-be-trust: also auf Pump! — Das Folgende ist die Vergeltung für Horace's Worte Crispinus gegenüber, *Poet.* III. 1, p. 297.

Cris. ... *how many yards of velvet dost thou think they contain?* 123

Hor. ... *faith, sir, your mercer's book*

Will tell you with more patience than I can: (Aside.)

For I man crost, and so's not that, I think.

Zu *to be great in some bodies books*, vgl. *Hornbook*, pag. 34: *to bee great in no mans bookes.*

2051. Hiren: kann hier mit Rücksicht auf das folgende Pisse-kitchens nichts anderes als = Irene sein, die durch Pistol's Worte damals allbekannt gewordene Hiren aus *Peele's* nicht erhaltenem Stück *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek* (1594?) Vgl. dazu auch Koepfel, der in *Ben Jonson's Wirkung*, etc. p. 60 ausserdem hinweist auf: *Eastward Hoe*, II. 1. *'Sfoot, lend me some money; hast thou not Hiren here?* und Middleton, *Old Law*, IV. 1. *We have Siren here.* Vgl. auch ein Beispiel aus dem *NED*. T. Adams, *Spir. Navigator*, Wks. 1630. 420: *There be Sirens* 123

in the sea of this world. Sirens? Hirens, as they are now called. What a number of these Sirens, Hirens, Cockatrices in plaine English, Harlots, swimme amongst us. — Vgl. auch Nares: hyren = hiren: Sylvester uses it to signify a seducing woman. — Der von Prof. Bang in seiner Ausgabe: *The Queen* etc. *Mat.* 13. in der Anm. z. Z. 1780 gegebenen Auslegung unserer Stelle kann ich nicht unbedingt beipflichten. Wenn *hiren* auch im Wortspiel mit *iron* = Schwert, Eisen, «Blech», stehen mag und dadurch seine Bedeutung scheinbar geändert hat, so glaube ich doch, dass *hiren* für sich genommen nur = Irene, etc. aufzufassen ist und ohne Zweifel auch an unserer Stelle (Hawkins lässt hier nur *hiren* = «cant name for a sword» gelten.).

2055. tis not your fooles Cap, which you couer'd your Poetasters in: Vaughan zahlt heim, was Virgil im Urteil über die Poetaster sagt; V. 1. p. 371:

Demetrius Fannius, thou shalt here put on

That coat and cap [of a fool]; etc. ...

2061ff. enthalten eine Anspielung auf Ben Jonson's Bemühen, Poet laureate zu werden. — Beachte auch, dass Hedon (Crispinus) in *Cynthias Revels* II. 1. (p. 194 u. ö.) von Philautia «her Ambition» genannt wird.

2068. lies: -excellent!

2070. Crumboll: ?, Theaterfigur? vgl. *If this be not a good Play*, Dekker, Works III. 270: Doe: Grumball.

2071. skneakes-bill: wohl Druckfehler (?) für sneak(s) bill = a sharp-nosed, lean, sneaking fellow (*Cent. Dict.*).

2098. swound = swoon.

2104. I in heauen: Terril als glücklicher Bräutigam ist im (siebenten) Himmel.

2106. damb'd in hell: als Eidbrüchiger.

2147ff. Beachte das Wortspiel mit poast (post). Vgl. *Val. Welshman*, ed. Krieb, II. 3. 25/26.

2177. besser: gift, od. gift.

2197. Thou Winter of a man: = Terril's Schwiegervater.

2205. Du bringst die Gesundheit mit Gift aus.

2206. this sweet spring = Cælestine.

2228. lies: box

2298. lies: reflection

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2307. besser: buy

2348. motionles?: (?) hier wie sonst auch für (!).

2367. what are not kings? ein eingeschobener Satz.

2376f. Die Klammern sind am besten zu streichen.

2411. lies: same.

2414ff. Small, p. 121., hat bereits auf die gewalttätige Wendung der Handlung hier hingewiesen. Das Satiromastix-Spiel ist damit wieder eingeleitet.

2419. he calles himselfe the whip of men: nämlich in *Ev. Man out*, Ind. p. 118. Asper (= Jonson): *I'll strip the ragged follies of the time, Naked, as at their birth — and with a whip of steel, Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs.* Vgl. auch *Satirom.* Z. 506/7.

2425. Bei dieser Zeile hatte Dekker vielleicht die beiden ersten Verse des Prologes zu *Ev. Man in* im Auge:

Though need make many poets, and some such

As art, and nature have not bettered much; Yet ...

2426/31. Vgl. zu diesen Zeilen *Poet.* V. 1. p. 350:

Cæs. You have your will of Caesar: use it, Romans.

Virgil shall be your prætor; and ourself

Will here sit by, spectator of your sports.

2436. Vgl. hiezu *Poet.* V. 1. p. 352, wo Caesar Virgil den Sitz anweist mit den Worten:

Virtue, without presumption, place may take

Above best kings, whom only she should make.

2437. Zitat?

2439. Besser: Demetrius.

2440. that selfe-creating Horace: = Horace im *Poetaster* = Jonson.

2443. Zitat?

2446. his Masesties most excellent dogs: = bellmen; vgl. das Titelbild in Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, reprod. in *Morley's Engl. Plays*, 207; oder das Titelbild zu *Gull's Hornbook* i. d. Temple Classics.

2452. hue and crie: vgl. *Anm. z. Z. 1106.*

2461. New-found Land: Gegen Ende des 16. Jahrh. wurden englische Kolonisationsversuche auf Newfound Land gemacht, nachdem die Insel 1583 von Sir Humphrey Gilbert im Namen der Königin in Besitz genommen war.

2462. North and East Indies: vgl. *A. z. Z. 1182.*

2465. Satyres: Satyr mit der Nebenbedeutung Satire.

2473. great *Sultane Soliman*: vgl. *A. z. Z. 2051.* Koepfel glaubt (p. 41) damit könnte auch der grosse Türkenheid des 16. Jahrh. Soliman II gemeint sein. — Sultan Soliman wird öfters von Dekker erwähnt, so wiederholt im *Fortunatus* bes. Z. 742, u. *Shoem. Hol.* V. 4. p. 81.

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2475. Vgl. zu dieser und den folgenden Zeilen die Stelle aus *Poet.* V. 1. p. 360:

Cæs. What's he, Horace?

Hor. I only know him for a motion, Cæsar.

Iuc. I am one of thy commanders, Cæsar; a man of service, and action: my name is Pantilius Tucça: I have served i' thy wars against Mark Antony, I.

Cæs. Do you know him, Cornelius?

Gal. He's one that hath had the mustering, or convoy of a company now and then: I never noted him by any other employment.

Cæs. We will observe him better.

2476. Has = He has

2480. Tawsoone: dieses Wort findet sich wiederholt in *Pat. Grissill*, Z. 1356, 2046, 2397, u. 2423, und wird erklärt: Tawsoon (keltisch) = Schweig einen Ton (son), d. h. still! was hier seine Bestätigung in dem folgenden 'holde thy

tongue' findet (also = engl. Mum.)

Mon Dieu: das in den älteren QQ stehende 'Mon du' findet sich gleichfalls in der *Pat. Griss.* (609, 660, 1358, mon due 2056) und wird mit «bei Gott» erklärt. — Das 'Mon Dieu' der zweiten Gruppe von *Satirom.* QQ sollte jedenfalls eine Verbesserung der vielleicht nicht allgemein verständlichen Form 'mon du' sein; die Aussprache der beiden Formen wird ja nahezu die gleiche gewesen sein.

2485. Mandilian — Leaders: Mandilian, der gewöhnlich ärmellose Soldaten-Überrock.

2486. Pantilius Tucca ist der volle Name des Capitäns, wie er im *Poet.* erwähnt wird.

2487. -fy-fy-fy-: der Tucca des *Poet.* stottert, sobald er in Aufregung kommt, was mit der Wiederholung des fy angedeutet werden soll. vgl. *Poet.* IV. 3. p. 334: Tib: *Mars* (i. e. Tucca) *is enraged. ... and begins to stut for anger,* u. Nicholson's Bemerkung¹ p. 276.

2489. *whirligig:* vgl. your whirligigs i. *Shoem. Hol.* V. 5. p. 80. Vielleicht denkt der theaterkundige Tucca auch an *Cupid's Whirligig* von Sharpam, das allerdings erst 1606 od. 1607 von den Children of His Majesty's Revels aufgeführt wurde, da es aber auch eine Anspielung auf den *Valiant Welshman* enthalten soll (Fleay II. 232), so könnte es z. Z. der Abfassung des *Satirom.* schon bekannt gewesen sein. — Auch Chapman spricht in seinem *All Fools*, p. 51 f. von *a wanton whirligig.*

2490. *Tamor Cham*, der Tartarenfürst, wird bei Dekker öfter erwähnt: *Shoem. Hol.* V. 5. p. 82., [hier und in *Sh. Ado.* II. 1. 277. wird besonders sein Bart erwähnt], *Old Fortunatus* Z. 582 und *Pat. Grissill* 2222 (Tamer Cams); vgl. auch Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*, p. 748, und zum Ganzen W. Bang, *Dekker-Stud.* i. d. Engl. Stud. 28. p. 214. — Fleay, II. 298 u. 305, erwähnt einen *Tamar Cham*, der am 28. Apr. 1592, als II. Teil, von L. Strange's Men gespielt wurde. Ein I. Teil vom 6. Mai 1598 «was revived» 1602, und Henslowe kaufte ihn von Alleyn am 2. Okt. 1602.

2496. Morder-Morphosis: natürlich wieder eine Entstellung, um an den Maurer Jonson zu erinnern.

2500. bare = bear

2503. a Timonist: wie Timon von Athen will sich seine Muse von der Welt zurückziehen.

2504. the general Leprozie: erinnert an Sh. *Timon* IV. 1. 30: *and their crop be general leprosy!*

2508. Bug-beare Satyre: satyre wieder doppelsinnig.

2510. Jonson schrieb langsam, jedes Jahr ein Stück; vgl. dazu die Einleitung und d. *Apol. Dial.* p. 381, bereits i. [Anm. z. Z. 641/2](#) zitiert. [*The Case is altered* 1597; *Ev. Man in* Ende 1598, *Ev. Man out* 1600, *Cynth. Rev.* 1601.]

2511. Reuelling = *Cynth. Rev.* u. *Araigning* = *Poetaster* or His Arraignment.

2512. Tyber the long-tail'd Prince of Rattes: Tyber = Tybert, Tybalt: Name der Katze in der *History of Reynard the Fox*; bekannt aus *Rom.* II. 4, 18. III. 1. 78, 80. Da dieser Kater durchwegs als *prince of cats, king of cats*, [auch bei Nashe (Huth Libr. III. 74.) Tibault als «Prince of Cattes»] bezeichnet wird, so könnte Rattes vielleicht Druckfehler für Cattes sein, wiewohl sich ersteres auch noch als beabsichtigte Änderung des gewöhnlichen Epitheton vertreten liesse; vgl. *Tybalt, you ratcatcher* in *Rom.* III. 1. 78.

2520. cf. *Satirom.* Z. 12.

2524. Vgl. hiezu *Poet.* V. 1. p. 365. Virgil loqu.:
His sharpness,—that is most excusable;
As being forced out of a suffring virtue,
Oppressed with the license of the time.

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2526ff. bilden die Antwort auf die Pillenszene im *Poetaster*, wobei Jonson alle jene Charaktereigenschaften vorgeworfen werden, die er in der *Fountain of Self-Love* Dekker und Marston vorhielt.

2529. *Selge-loue:* vgl. dazu *Satirom.* Z. 2569/70.

2536. vgl. dazu *Poet.* III. 2. p. 320. Hor. *What? when the man that first did satirize Durst pull the skin over the ears of vice, ... shall I forbear?*

2539. flea = flay = to strip of the skin und = to undress (*Sh.-Lex.*); cf. *the gentleman is half flayed already.* Sh. *Wint.* IV. 4. 655.

2542. Ooh —: erinnert an die verschiedenen oohs! des Crispinus im *Poetaster.*

2543. Callin-oes: vgl. Anders, *Shakesp. Books*, p. 169: Calino is the tune of 'A pleasant Song made by a Souldier' date 1588, repr. *Ballad Soc. Roxb. Ballads* VI. 284., und p. 268: calino costurance = a girl young and fair am I. Vgl. ferner H. 5. IV. 4.4: calmie custure me! und *New Shaksp. Soc. Trans.* 1887/92, I. 142.

2545. vgl. dazu *Satirom.* Z. 1971. ff. u. 2567. Es ist übrigens keineswegs erwiesen, dass Jonson ein blatternarbiges Gesicht hatte.

2548. not Lawrefyed: Anspielung auf den Poeta laureatus; vgl. [A. z. Z. 2063ff.](#)

so: sc. er setzt ihm die Nesselkrone auf.

Die QQ weisen die Zeilen 2543-2548 Tucca zu. Aus dem «by Sesu» und den folgenden Tucca-Worten, in denen das «I» so stark betont ist, als gleichsam «Jetzt komme *ich* an die Reihe», scheint es mir richtiger obige Zeilen Vaughan zuzuteilen.

2550. rodde in Pisse and Vineger: um sie geschmeidiger zu machen. Herr Prof. Bang verwies mich auf folgende Parallelstellen: Heywood, *The Engl. Traveller*, ed. Merm. Ed. p. 229:

I have laid rods in piss for somebody.

Ferner: *The Trimming of Thomas Nashe*, 1597, ed. Hindley, in *The Old Book Collector's Miscellany*, 1871, 1 p. 28: Thy wit; thy wit, Tom, hath rods in piss for thee: 'twill wip thee etc.

2551/2. *the Whipping a'th Satyre* und the Whipping of the Blinde-Beare, meint Prof. Bang, beziehen sich wohl auf die Namen zweier Balladen. Collier, *Extr. Reg. Stat. Comp.* II, 25, 30 erwähnt eine Ballade «*The Whipping of the Cat*».

Jugler: Jonson, der sich im *Poetaster* den Namen des römischen Dichters Horaz beilegte.

2557. Beachte die folgende Characterzeichnung!

King Cambizes: The Life of Cambises, King of Persia, Tragödie von Thomas Preston, i. Stat. Reg. 1569/70 eingetragen (Ward, I. 205). Von Dekker auch i. *Hornbook* p. 48 erwähnt.

2559. enthält eine erneute Anspielung auf Jonson's spärlichen Bartwuchs; cf. [A. z. Z. 564.](#)

2560. Leuiathan: ein im Buch Hiob, c. 41, erwähntes Tier, (Krokodil?)

2561. perboylde = parboiled.

2563. skrue = screw.

2563f. Tucca erinnert sich offenbar an folgende Stelle aus *Poet.* III. 1. p. 303:
Cris. ... man hath nothing given him in this life without much labour.

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- 2565.** Wie das silver badge (cognizance), welches die Diener auf ihren Livreen trugen, an den Wappen erkennen liess, welchem Herren sie dienten, so sollten die Taffet-Ärmel J o n s o n schon äusserlich als «Gentleman» erscheinen lassen.
- 2567.** Oylet-holes = eyelet-holes.
- 2571.** Zu dem hohlwangigen Gerippe passt das Titelbild in den vor kurzem erschienen *Conversations of B. J. with W. Drumond*, ed. Ph. Sidney, Lo. 1906 besser als das Bild der Mer.-Ser. heere's the Copy: damit zeigt er die mitgebrachten Bilder.
- 2578.** Diese Zeile sowie 2587 werden in den QQ *Crispinus* zugeteilt, was aber ein offener Druckfehler ist.
- 2581.** poesies for rings, hand-kerchers, knives: Ringe, Edelsteine, Taschentücher, Messer mit kleinen Gedichten waren damals modern; vgl. *Cynth. Rev.* II. 1. p. 195: Hedon: *I have poesies for rings*, u. Palinode p. 305; Dekker, *Honest Whore*: V. 1. [Works, vol. II. 73; Merm. Ser. p. 170.] ist ein Gedicht angegeben das sich auf einem «cheese-trencher» befindet; *North-ward-Hoe*, Works III. p. 38: *Ile haue you make 12. poesies for a dozen of cheese trenchers*; Chapman, *Day's Mirth*, p. 22. Eröffnungsmonolog: Achat(gehänge) mit Gedichten; in Middleton, *No Whit*, ist von 12 trenchers die Rede, von denen jedes einen Monatsnamen trägt etc.
- 2589.** dissarg'd = discharged.
- 2590.** Tprooth: cf. [A. z. Z. 2001](#).
- 2591ff.** Die folgenden Vorgänge sind die Antwort auf die Schlusszene im *Poet.* und die Palinode in *Cynth. Rev.*
- 2600.** to hang yourselfe und das 2603 folgende gallowes spielen wiederum auf die Duellaffaire an.
- 2605.** J o n s o n scheint manchen Scherz, den er bei den Festvorstellungen der Herren von Temple's Inn aufgegriffen, für sich verwendet zu haben.
- 2606.** [Tango; ich kann dieses Wort, ohne es ganz erklären zu können, nur mit tango-mongoes in einer fast zweifellos auf Dekker zurückzuführenden Stelle in *Englishmen for my Money*, Hazl.-Dodds. X, p. 521 in Verbindung bringen: These whoreson cannibals, these Philistines, These tango-mongoes shall not rule o're me = all diese verdammten Ausländer, Fremden u. s. w. (vergl. kurz vorher: strangers). Der Ausdruck kann also im letzten Grunde nur ein Völkernamen oder dergl. sein. Wenn man bedenkt, wie sehr Dekker es liebt, mit geographisch-historischen Begriffen um sich zu werfen, so wird diese Annahme fast zur Gewissheit. Seine Quelle wäre, wie für das epimoi der *Patient Grissil* (vgl. meine Bem. im *Archiv*, 107, III.) wohl H a k l u y t, den ich hier nicht einsehen kann. W. B.]
- 2612.** venter = venture
- 2613.** to exchange complements: Dieses «Komplimentenschneiden», welches neben dem vielen anderen Erwähnten eine wesentliche Gewohnheit J o n s o n 's gewesen zu sein scheint, benützt Small mit als Hauptargument, um Brabant senior = J o n s o n und Lampatho Doria = J o n s o n nachzuweisen (p. 99. u. 112.)
- 2614.** Lordes roomes: Der Preis eines Platzes betrug gewöhnlich 12 d. Vgl. *Hornbook*, p. 48, wo dem Gull nähere Aufschlüsse über Theaterplätze erteilt werden.
- 2616.** ist wörtlich und in Bez. auf J o n s o n 's *Humours* und die *Poetaster* (Pillenszene) zu nehmen.
- 2621.** *Whitson-Ale*: Pfingstbier, dessen Ausschank mit besonderer Festlichkeit vor sich ging. S. d. Art. bei N a r e s u. i. Klöpfer sub Ale.
- 2625.** Holofernes: der aus dem Buch Judith bekannte Feldherr Nebukadnezars; vielleicht auch eine Anspielung auf ein altes Spiel *Holophernes*, das Mitte der 50er Jahre vor Elisabeth gespielt wurde (Ward, I. 153). — *The Overthrow of Proud Holofernes* ist auch der Titel einer alten Ballade; cf. *Palästra* 18. II. 29.
- 2632.** Doctor Doddipol: *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodipoll*, ein 1600 veröffentlichtes Theaterstück, auf das Stokes schon 1596 anspielt (Ward, II. 89). Dekker erwähnt ihn auch im *Fortunatus* Z. 2245 (cf. Anm. dazu) und in *Lanthorne and Candle-Light* p. 218. doddipol i. allg. eine einfältige, dumme Person.
- 2633.** Penniman p. 127 hat bereits darauf hingewiesen, dass die folgenden Zeilen wahrscheinlich eine Anspielung auf das Motto zu *Cynth. Rev.* enthalten, welches Stück offenbar bei Hofe nicht gefiel.
Quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio —
Haud tamen invidias vati, quem pulpita pascunt.
- 2634.** crye Mew: vgl. dazu: *Ev. Man out*, Ind. Asper: *a gallant ... Cries mew, and nods*, etc. (p. 121.).
- 2638.** amongst your betters: vgl. dazu [Z. 2017](#).
- 2642.** Carlo Buffon: Penniman identifiziert (p. 126) diesen C. B. mit dem C. B. in *Ev. Man out* = Marston. Small scheint das Richtige getroffen zu haben, wenn er sagt, C. B. = Marston ist keineswegs erwiesen, bisher wurde keine Figur aus *Ev. Man out* in den *Satirom.* gezogen, und C. B. wird neben Crispinus und Demetrius besonders erwähnt. C. B. ist vielleicht = Charles Chester, und J. Aubrey, *Lives* 1813, II. 154, hat wahrscheinlich recht, wenn er sagt, dass dieser J o n s o n 's Modell für seinen Carlo Buffone war (*Stage-Quarrel*, 36.). Mallory, *Poetaster*, p. LII. schliesst sich dieser Beweisführung an.
- 2649.** Vgl. hiezu [Anm. z. Z. 982](#).
- 2650.** *Learnings true* = Learning is true, Mæcenas,...
- 2657.** Hearbe-a-grace: herb-grace = [1. Old name for the herb Rue] 2. in general sense: a herb of virtue, or valuable properties. *NED*. Vgl. auch die im *Sh.-Lex.* angegebenen Stellen und N a r e s sub Rue.
- 2658.** Ist a match or no match: erinnert stark an Sam. Rowley's *A Match or no Match*. Ich wage keine weiteren Schlüsse daran zu knüpfen. Erwähnt sei aber doch, dass Dekker mit Rowley vielleicht zusammenarbeitete.
- 2659.** Lady Furniual: Sie wird in *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, ed. Bang, Z. 1204 erwähnt und als eine dem Trunke ergebene Dame hingestellt.
- 2662.** play out a rubbers: das entscheidende Spiel oder den entscheidenden Wurf tun.
- 2666.** boule = bowl in your Alley, vielleicht mit obsc. Nebenbedeutung. — Iddow = widow.
- 2684.** an assembly of Friers = die Black Friars, wo *Poet.* aufgeführt wurde.
Hereticall wird Horace-J o n s o n genannt wegen seines Konfessionswechsels.
- 2687.** the Deuill & his Angels: Die mit Satan gefallenen Engel. Folg. Hinweis verdanke ich Herrn Prof. Bang: Vgl. Dekker's *A Knight's Conjuring*, ed. Percy Soc. p. 48: *hee can put himselfe vpon none but the Diuel and his angels, and they (to make quick worke) giue him his pasport*.
- 2690.** Ile dance Friskin: cf. [Anm. z. Z. 1128](#).
- 2691.** for your two pence: two pence war der gewöhnliche Preis für einen Gallerieplatz: *Pay thy two-pence to a Player, in his gallerie maist thou sitte by a Harlot. Lanthorne and Candle-Light*, p. 198.
Diesen niedrigen Preis benützt der Tucca des *Poetaster*, um den Schauspielern das Liebäugeln mit dem penny-

Publikum vorzuhalten, zu Grobheiten wie: *you two penny tear-mouth, my good twopenny rascal, my honest pennybiter* (III. 1. p. 309, 311, 316).

2695. Are you aduiz'd etc.: Diese Worte, bemerkt Ward, II. 460, spielen auf Johnsons Neigung an, sich widerspenstig der öffentlichen Stimme entgegenzustellen.

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