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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The

Return from Parnassus

Date of the early Editions (two in same year) . 1606
(From the Dyce Collection at S. Kensington)
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The

Return from Parnassus

1606

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMLXII
The Return from Parnassus
1606

Two editions of this play were issued in the same year, each varying from the other, and both from a MS. copy which formerly belonged to Mr. Halliwell-Phillips. A previous part of the "Return," and an earlier play entitled "A Pilgrimage to Parnassus," were supposed lost until the Rev. W. D. Macray unearthed them from the Hearne MSS. in the Bodleian. Both these MS. plays are in preparation for this series of facsimiles.

Meanwhile, Mr. Macray's reprint of the Parnassus triad (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1886) is so thorough in its treatment that he has left little if anything for others to do. The variations in the two printed editions, and the alternative readings given by the Halliwell manuscript, are fully set out; not the least useful is the critical preface to the reprinted plays.

The chief interest, of course, centres in the early allusions to Shakespeare, showing the popularity of a kind already won by the poet.

The reproduction is judged to be "distinctly satisfactory."

JOHN S. FARMER.
THE RETVRNE FROM PERNASSVS:
Or
The Scourge of Simony.

Publiquely acted by the Students
in Saint Johns Colledge in
Cambridge,

AT LONDON
Printed by G. Eld, for John Wright, and
are to bee sold at his shop at
Christ church Gate.
1606.
The Prologue.

Boy, Stagekeeper, Manus, Defensor.

Boy.

Spectators we will act a Comedy (non plus.

Stage. A pox on't this booke hath it not in it, you would be
whipt, thou rascall: thou must be fitting vp all night at
cardes, when thou should be conning thy part.

Boy. It's all long on you, I could not get my part a night or
two before that I might sleepe on it.

Stagekeeper carrieth the boy away under his armes.

Mr. It's even well done, here is such a shire about a scurvy
English show.

Defen. Scurvy in thy face, thou scurvy iack, if this company
were not, you pauly Critick Gentleman, you that knowe
what it is to play at primero, or passage. You that have bee
en student at post and paire, saint and Loadam. You that have
spent all your quarters revenue in riding post one night in
Christmas, bear with the weake memory of a ganister.

Mr. Gentlemen you that can play at noddie, or rather play
upon noodies: you that can set vp a left, at primero instead of a
reit, laugh at the prologue that was taken away in a voy-
der.

Defen. What we present I must needs confeffe is but flub-
bered invention; if your wisedome obscure the circumstance,
your kindneffe will pardon the substance.

Mr. What is presented here, is an old musty shew, that hath
laine his twelue moneth in the bottome of a coale-house a-
mongst broomes and old shoes, an invention that we are a-
shamed of, and therefore we have promised the Copies to the
Chandlers to wrappe his candles in.

Defen. It's but a Christmas toy, and may it please your cur-
tilities to let it passe,

A a

Mem.
The Prologue.

"Tis a Christmas toy indeed, as good a conceit as flanging hotcocks or blind-man buffe.

"Defen. Some humors you shall decay'd at, if not well reflect.

Mom. Humors indeed: is it not a pretty humor to stand hammering upon two Gendarmes, Some scholars some whole year? These same Phil. and Studio have bin followed with a whip, and a verse like a Couple of Vagabonds through England and Italy. The Pilgrimage to Pernassus, and the returne from Pernassus have stood the honest Stagekeepers in many a Crownes expense: for linckes and vizards purchased a Sophister a knock: which a clubbe hindred the butlers box, and emptied the Colledge barrells, and now unlesse you know the subject well you may returne home as wise as you came, for this last is the least part of the returne from Pernassus, that is both the first and the last time that the authors wit will turne upon the toe in this vain, and at this time the scene is not at Pernassus, that is looks not good invention in the face.

Defen. If the Catastrophe please you not, impute it to the unpleasing fortunes of discontented schollers.

Mom. For Catastrophe there's never a tale in Sir John Mandeville, or Benet of Southampton, but hath a better turning.

Stagekeeper. What you seeing else, be gone with a pox.

Mom. You may do better to busie your selfe in provinding beere, for the shew will be pittifull dry, pittifull dry.

Exit.

No more of this, I heard the spectators ask for a blanke verse.

What we shew, is but a Christmas jest,
Conceive of this and guesse of all the rest:
Full like a schollers haplesse fortunes pend,
Whose former griefes feldome have happy end,
Frame as well, we might with easie straine,
With far more praire, and with as little paine.
Stories of love, where some the wondering bench,
The lipping gallant might injoy his wenche.
The Prologue.

Or make some Sir acknowledge his left sonne,
Found when the weary act is almost done.
Nor unto this, nor unto that our scene is bent,
We only shew a schollers discontent.
In Schollers fortunes twice forlorn and dead
Twice hath our weary pen earnest labour'd.
Making them Pilgrims in Pernassus hill,
Then penning their returne with ruder quill,
Now we present unto each pittyng eye,
The schollers progress in their misery.
Refined wits your patience is our blisse,
Too weake our scene: too great our judgement.
To you wee seke to shew a schollers fate,
His scorned fortunes, his unpitied fate.
To you: for if you did not schollers blisse,
Their case (poore case) were too too pittyesse.
You shade the muses under fostering,
And made them leaue to sigh, and learn to sing.
The names of the Actors.

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Actus i. Scena i.

Ingenio with Iumenall in his hand.

Difficile est, Satyram non scribere, nam quis iniqua.
Tam patiens urbis, tam surens ut teneat se? i, Iumenall: thy ierking hand is good,
Not gently laying on, but fetching bloud,
So surjean-like thou dost with cutting heale,
Where nought but lanching can the wound ausile.
O suffer me, among so many men,
To tread aright the traces of thy pen.
And light my linke at thy eternall flame,
Till with it I brand euerlafting name.
On the worlds forhead, and with thine owne spirit,
Pay home the world according to his merit.
Thy pure soule could not endure to see,
Even smalllest spots of base impurity:
Nor could small faults escape thy cleaner hands,
Then soule faced Vice was in his twadling bands.
Now like Anteus growne a monfter is,
A match for none but mighty Hercules.
Now can the world practise in plainer guise,
Both sinnes of old and new borne villanies.
Stale sinnes aré stole: now doth the world begin,
To take sole pleasure in a witty sinne.
Vnpleasant is the lawlesse sinne has bin,
Atmidnight rest, when darkness covers sinne.
It's Clownish vnbeceming a young Knight,
Vnlesse it dare out-face the gloring light.
Nor can it nought our gallants praises reape.
Vnlesse it be done in dashing Cheape.
In a sinne-guilty Coach not closely pent,
Loging along the harder pavement.
Did not feare check my repining sprit,
Soone shoulde my angry ghost a glory write.
In which I would new foster sinner combine,
Not knowne earlie by truth telling Arctine.

Scen. 2. Enter Ind. Ingenio, Judicio.

Ind. What Ingenio, carrying a Vinegar bottle about thee,
like a great school-boy giving the world a bloodie nofe?

Ing. Faith Judicio, if I carry the vinegar bottle, it's great rea-
on I should conferre it upon the bald pated world; & againe,
if my kitchen want the vienslifer of viands, it's great reason o-
ther men should have the sauce of vinegar, and for the bloodly
note, Judicio, I may chance indeed give the world a bloodly
nofe, but it shall hardly give me a crakt crowne, though it
gives other Poets French crownes.

Ind. I would with thee Ingenio, to sheath thy pen, for thou
canst not be successfull in the fray, considering thy enemies
have the advantage of the ground.

Ing. Or rather Judicio they have the grounds with advantage;
and the French crownes with a pox, and I would they had
them with a plague too: but hang them swadds, the basest
corner in my thoughts is too gallant a roome to lodge them
in, but say Judicio, what news in your preffe, did you kepe
any late corrections upon any tardy pamphlets?

Ind. Vere remubes removere dolorem. Ing. what ere befalls thee,
keep thee from the trade of the corrector of the preffe.

Ing. Mary so I will, I warrant thee, if poverty preffe not to
much, Ie correct no preffe but the preffe of the people.

Ind. Would it not grieue any good spirits to fit a whole
mouth nitting out a loufie beggarly Pamphlet, and like a
needy Phisitian to stand whole ycares, toffing and tumbling,
the filth that falleth from so many draughtly inventions as da-
ily swarme in our Printing house?

Ing. Come: (I thinke) we shall have you put finger in the eye
and cry, Of friends, no friends, say man, what new paper hob-
by horses, what rattle babies are come out in your late May
morrice daunce?

Ind. Flye my times, as thick as flies in the sunne, I thinke
there
there be never an Ale-house in England, nor any to have a May-pole on a country greene, but set to in those poets petternis or demiliances to the paper warres in Paules Church-yard.

Ing. And well too may the iller of a strong hop learn to hop all over England, when as better wittes fit like some coblers in their studies. Such barmy heads wil always be working, when as sad vineyer wittes sit fouring at the bottome of a barrell: plaine Meteors, bred of the exhalation of Tobacco, and the vapors of a moyft pot, that foure vp into the open ayre, when as founder witt keepes belowe.

Ind. Considering the turies of the times, I could better endure to see those young Can quaffing bucklers shoot of their pellets so they would kepe them from these English flores-poetarum, but now the world is come to that paffe, that there starts vp every day an old goose that fits hatching vp those eggs which have ben filght from the neft of Crowes and Kestrells: here is a booke, Ing. why to condemne it to cleare the vsual Tiburne of all milliuing papers, were too faire a death for so foule an of-

Ing. What's the name of it, I pray thee, Ind? (tender.

Ind. Looke, its here Belvedere.

Ing. What a Bel-wether in Paules Church-yeard, so cald because it keeps a bleating, or because it hath the tinkling bel of so many Poets about the neck of it, what is the rest of the title.

Ind. The garden of the Muses.

Ing. What haue we here: the Poet garish gayly bedeked like for e norhes of the parish? what followes.

Ind. Quem referent muse, vinet dum robora tellus,

Dum celum tellas, dum vebit amnis aquas.

Who butteres faire paper, with foule bastard times,
Shall live full many an age in latter times:
Who makes a ballet for an ale-house doore,
Shall live in future times for ever more.

Then ( ) thy muse shall live fo long,
As drafty ballats to thy praise are song.

But what's his deuise, Permaulis with the sunne and the lawrell?
I wonder this Owle dares looke on the sunne, and I maruaile this gos flies not the laurell: his deuise might haue bene bet-

B
The returne from Pernissus.

ter a soole going into the marketplace to be seené, with this motto, Scribimus indolenti, or a poore beggar gleaning of ears in the end of harvest, with this word, suam quiq; gloria.

Ind. Turne over the leafe Ing.: and thou shalt see the paines of this worthy gentleman. Sentences gathered out of all kinde of Poets, referred to certaine methodical heads, profitable for the use of these times, to rime upon any occasion at a little warning: Read the names.

Ing. So I will, if thou wilt helpe me to cenfure them.

Edwvnd Spencer.  Michael Drayton.
Henry Constable.  John Davis.
Thomas Lodge.    John Marston.
Thomas Watson.

Good men and true; stand together: heare your cenfure, what's thy judgment of Spencer?

Ing. A swifter Swan then euer song in Poe,
    A thriller Nightingale then ever blest,
The prouder groves of self admirin' Rome.
Blith was each valley, and each thepeheard proud,
While he did chant his rural minstrelse;
Attentive was full many a dainty ear.
Nay hearers hong upon his melting tong,
While sweetly of his Faery Queene he song,\nWhile to the waters fall he tun'd for fame,
And in each barke engrau'd Elizaes name.
And yet for all this, vnregarding soile,
Vnla't the line of his deare life,
Denying maintenance for his deare reliefe.
Carelesse care to prevent his exequy,
Scarce deigning to shut up his dying eye.

Ing. Pitty it is that gentler wits should breed,
Where thick-skin chusses laughe at a schollers need.
But softly may our honours ashes rest,
That lie by mery Censors noble chest.

But I pray thee proceed briefly in thy cenfure, that I may be proud of my selfe, as in the first, so in the last, my cenfure may
The returne from Pernassus.

may jumpe with thine. Henry Constable, S. D. Thomas Lodge,
Thomas Watson.

Ind. Sweete Constable deth take the wondring care,
And layes it vp in willing prisonment:
Sweete hony dropping D: deth wage
Warre with the proudest big Italian,
That melts his heart in sugred Sonnetting:
Onely let him more sparingly make vse,
Of others wit and vse his owne the more:
That we'll may forme base imitation.
For Lodge and Watson, men of some descent,
Yet subject to a Criticks marginall.
Lodge for his care in every paper boate,
He that turns ouer Gilder every day,
To fit and temper Euphues legacie.

Ing. Michael Drayton.
Drayton's sweete muse is like a fanguine dye,
Able to rauish the rash gazers eye.

Ing. However, he wants one true note of a Poet of our times,
and that is this, hee cannot swagger it well in a Tauerne, nor
dominate in a hot-house.

Ind. John Davis.
Acute John Davis, I affect thy rymes,
That ierck in hidden charmes these looser times:
Thy plainer verse, thy unaffected vaine,
Is grace'd with a faire and a fooping traine.

Ing. Locke and Hudson.
Ind. Locke and Hudson, sleepe you quiet Shuures, among the
shaftings of the preffe, and let your booke's lye in some old
nookes amongt old bootes and shoocs, so you may avoide
my cenfure.

Ing. Why then clap a lock on their feete, and turne them
to commons.

John Marston.

Ind. What Monster Kinfayder, lifting vp your legge and
pilling against the world, put vp man, put vp for shame.
Met thinks he is a Ruffin in his stile,
Withouten bands or garters ornament,
The returne from Pernassus.

He quaffes a cup of Frenchmans Helicon.
Then rosther doyler in his oylic tearmes,
Cuts thrist, and toyhes at whomsoeuer he meets,
And stolws about Ramally meditations.
Tut what cares he for modest close coucrt termes,
Cleanly to gird our loosef libertines.
Ginhe planned naked words frit from their skirts
That might befcome plaine dealing Areteines:
I there is one that backes a paper fneed
And manageth a penknife gallantly.
Stikes his poindado at a buttons breahd,
Buts the great battering ram of tearmes to townes
And at first volly of his Caunon fhot,
Batters the waflles of the old tufty world,
Ing. Christopher Marlowe.
Ind. Marlowe was happy in his buskine mufe,
As vnhaypy in his life end,
Put it in, that wit for ill should dwell
Wit lent from heauen, but vices fent from hell.
Ing. Our Theater hath loft, Pluto hath got,
A Tragick penman for a driery plot.
B 1.

Ing. Christopher Marlowe.
Ind. Who knows Alonis lone, or Lucre's rape,
His sweeter verse contains hat robbing life,
Could but a grauer subject him content,
Without loves foolish languiement.
Ing. Churchyard.
Hath not Shor's wife although a light skirts she,
Givn him a chaft long lasting memory?
Ind. No, all light pamphlets once linden shall.
The returne from Perneflas.

A Churchyard and a grave to bury all.

Inge. Thomas Nafeo.

I, here is a fellow Ludicio that carrieth the deadly flocke in his pen, whose mule was armed with a gag tooth, and his pen poftleff with Hercules furies.

Ludg. Let all his fauls sleepe with his mounefull chest,
And then for ever with his ashes rest,
His title was witty, though he had some gall,
Something he might haue mended, so may all,
Yet this I say, that for a mother wit,
Few men haue euer scene the like of it.

Ing. Reade the rest.

Lud. As for these, they have some of them bin the old hedg-flakes of the prelle, and some of them are at this instant the bots and glanders of the printing house. Fellowes that flande only upon teares to sereue the turnie, with their blotted papers, write as men go to stoole for needes, & when they write, they write as a Beare pille, now and then drop a pamphlet.

Ing. Durum telum necessitas, Good sayth they do as I do, exchange words for money, I haue some traffike this day with Danter, about a little booke which I haue made, the name of it is a Catalogue of Cambridge Cuckolds, but this Belvedere, this method call aife, hath made me almost forget my tyme: Ie now to Pauls Churchyard, meete me an houre hence, at the signe of the Pegasius in cheap-side, and ile moyst thy temples with a cup of Clare, as hail as the world goes. Exit, Ludicio.

Act. I. Scen. 3.

Enter Danter the Printer.

Ing. Danter thou art deceived, wit is dearer then thou takest it to bee, I tell thee this libell of Cambridge has much fat and fparry in the noue: it will sell shereely vnderhand, when all these booke of Exhortations and Catechimes, lie moulding on thy shopboard.

Dan. It's true, but good faith M. Ingeniofo, I lost by your last booke; and you knowe there is many one that paites mee largely for the printing of their inventions, but for all this you shall
The returne from Pernissus.

shall have 40. Shillings and an odde pottle of wine.

Inge. 40. Shillings? a fit reward for one of youe remumacle
Poets, that bellauers all the paper he comes by, and furnishes
the Chandlers with waft papers to wrap candelas in; but as
for me, I be paid deare enough for the dregges of my wit: little
knowes the world what belong to the keeping of a good wit
in waters, diets, drinkes, Tobacco, &c. it is a dainty & cost-
ly creature, and therefore I must be paide sweetly: furnish me
with money, that I may put my felfe in a new fute of clothes,
and ile fute thy fhop with a new fute of tearmes: it's the gal-
lanteft child my intention was ever delivered of. The title is,
"A Chronicle of Cambinge cuckolds": here a man may fee, what
day of the moneth such a mans commons were inclosed, and
when throwne open, and when any entailed some odde
crownes, vpon the heires of their bodies unlawfully begotten:
speake quickly elf I am gone.

Dan. Oh this will felle gallandy: i'e have it whatfoever it
cost, will you walk on M. Inge's, weele fit ouer a cup of wine
and agree on it.

Inge. A cup of wine is as good a Constable as can be, to take
up the quarrell betwixt vs.

Exeunt.

Act. 1: Scen. 4.

Philomusus in a Physicke habite: Studis so that is
Jaques man, And patient.

Phil. Tis tis tis, non posse, non debet scripbebetomotio in co-
stituere: here is a Recipe.

Pat. A Recipe.

Phil. Nos Gallia non curamus quantitatem syllabarum: Let
me heare how many Rooles you doe make. Adieu Mounfeir
adieu good Mounfeir, what Jaques the a persone agress icy.

Spr. Non.

Phil. Then let vs steal time for this borrowed shape,
Recounting our vsqueall haps of late,
Late did the Ocean graspe vs in his armes,
Late did we live within a stranger ayre:
The returne from Pernassus.

Late did we see the cinders of great Rome.
We thought that English fugitives thereate
Gold, for restoratiue, if gold were meete,
Yet now we find by bought experience,
That where so ere we wander vp and downe,
On the round shoulders of this masly world,
Or our ill fortunes, or the worlds ill eye,
For speake our good, procures our misery.

Stud. So oft the Northen winde with frozen wings,
Hath beat the flowers that in our garden grewe:
Thrown downe the flalkes of our aspiring youth,
So oft hath winter nipt our trees faire rind,
That now we seeme sought but two bared boughes,
Scorned by the baseft bird that chirps in groaue.
Nor Rome, nor Rhemes that wonted are to give,
A Cardinall cap, to discontented clarkes,
That have forfooke the home-bred thanked roofes,
Yielded vs any equall maintenance:
And it's as good to flarue mongst English swine,
As in a foraine land to beg and pine:

Phil. Ile scorn the world that scorneth me againe.
Stud. Ile vex the world that workes me so much paine.
Phil. Flye, fame retouncings power, the world well weenes.
Stud. Flyes haue their spleene, each silly ant his teene.
Phil. We have the words they the pollicion haue.
Stud. We all are equall in our lateft graue.
Phil. Soone then: O soone may we both grated be.
Stud. Who wishes death, doth wrong with destiny.
Phil. It's wrong to force life, loathing men to breath.
Stud. It's sinne for doomed day to with thy death.
Phil. Too late our soules flit to their resting place.
Stud. Why mans whole life is but a breathing space.
Phil. A painefull minute seemes a tedious yeare.
Stud. A constant minde eternall woes will beare.
Phil. When shall our soules their wearyd lodge foregoe.
Stud. When we have tyred misery and woe.
Phil. Soone may then fates this gale deliver fende vs.

Small
The returne from Pernassus.

Small woe; vex long, great woe; quickly end vs.

But lets leave this capping of times Studies, and follow our late descent, that we may maintaine our heads in cappes, our bellies in provender, and our backs in sadle and bridles: hethero wee have fought all the honest meanes we could to live. Sc now let vs dares aliquid brevibus gracies, and caraere dignum: let vs run through all the lewd forms of lime-twig purloyning villanies: let vs prove Cony-catchers, Baudes, or any thing, so we may rub out, and fit my plot for playing the French Doctor that shall hold; our lodging stands here filthy in shooe lane, for if our comming in be not the better, London may shortly throw an old shoole after vs, and with those threds of French, that we gathered vp in our hostes house in Paris, wee gull the world, that hath in estimation foraine Physitians, & if any of the hidebound bretheren of Cambridge and Oxforde, or any of those Stigmatic maisters of arte, that abused vs in times past, leaue their owne Physitians, and become our patients, wee alter quite the stile of them, for they shal never hereafter write, your Lordships moft bounden: but your Lordships moft laxative.

Stud. It shall be so; see what a little vermine povertie altereth a whole milkie disposition.

Phil. So then my selfe freight with revenge Ile Seate.

Stud. Prouoked patience growes intemperate.

Actus I. Scena 5.

Enter Richard, Iaques, Scholler learning French.

Iaques. How now my little knaue, quelle monelle monsieur.

Richard. There's a fellow with a night cap on his head, an vrina

Iaques. Parle Francois mon petit garison.

Richard. Hy a un homme aus le bonnet de

et un vrinaI in lamen, que veint partir.

Iaques. Forbi.

Theodore. Exeunt.
The returne from Pernassus.


Furor poetieus: and presently after entereth Phantasma.

Furor poetieus seipt within contemplation.


Phantasma: Furor, I am your holy swaine, that night and day, by the sit for your fakes rubbing my wrinkled browe, scene.

Studying a moneth for one Epithete.

Nay filuer Cimthia, do not trouble me:

Straight will I thy Endimions storie write,

To which thou hast left me on day and night.

You light skirt flarres, this is your wonted guise,

By glorius light perke out your doubfull heads:

But when Daon Phoebus showes his flashing snout.

You are skie puppikes, straight your light is out.

Phan. Nay prethce good Furor in sober sadnesse.

Furor. Odis profanan in vulgus & arcece.

Phan. Nay sweet Furor, ipsa te Tytire pinus,

Furor. Ipsa te fontes, ipsa hac arbus a vocant.

Who's that runs headlong on my quills sharpe point.

That wearied of his life and beller breath.

Offers himselfe to an Iambicke verse.

Phant. Si quoties peccant homines, sua fulmina mittas

Iupiter, enique tempore inermis erit.

Furor. What flimie bold presumptious groome is he,

Dares with his rude audacious hardy chat,

Thus feuer me from skibbered contemplation?

Phant. Carmina vel celo possunt deducere lunam,

Furor. Oh Phantasma, what my individuall mate?

O misi post nullos Furor memorande sodales.

Furor. Say whence commest thou? sent from what deytie?

From great Apollo, or the Mercurius?

Phan.
The returne from Pernaffus.

Phan. I come from the little Mercury, Ingenioso. For, ingenio pollet cui vtm natura negavit.

Furor. Ingenioso?

He is a pretty Inuentor of flite profes:
But there's no spirit in his groawling speach,
Hang him whole verse cannot out-belch the wind;
That cannot hread and braue Don Estos.
That when the cloud of his intention breaks,
Cannot out-cracke the scar-crow thunderbolt.

Phan. Hang him, I say, Pendo pependi, tendo retendi, pedo pepedi. Will it please you maister Furor, to walke with me, I promised to bring you to a drinking Inne in Cheapside, at the signe of the Nagges head, For,

Tempore lenta pati frater docentur equi.

Furor. Pass thee before, Ile come incontinent.

Phan. Nay faith maister Furor, let's go togethre, Quoniam

Consensimus ambo.

Furor. Let's march on into the house of fame;

There quaffing bowles of Bacchus bloud full nimby,
Endite a Tiptoe, strouting poety.

They offer the way one to the other.

Phan. Quo me Bacche rapit tibi plenum,

Tu maior tibi me est equum parere Menalea.

Actus 2. Scena 3.

Enter Philom. Theed, his patience the Burgesse, and his man with his staff.

Theed, pats on his spectacles.

Manser here are atoms Natantes, which doe make thyw worship to be as leacherous as a Bull.

Burg. Truely maister Doctore we are all men.

Theed. This witer is intention of heathe, are you not perturbed with an ake in your race, or in your occipit. I mean your head piece, let me feele the pulse of your little finger.

Burg. Ile, assure you M. Theedon, the pulse of my head beates exceedingly, and I thinke I haue disturbed my selfe by studying the penall statutes.

Theed. Tit, tit, your worship takes cares of your speecch...
The returne from Permiffus.

O, coure lenes lognumtur ingenues stomptit, it is an Aphorisme in Galen.

Burg. And what is the exposition of that?

Theod. That your worship must take a gland, ut emittatur sanguis: the signe is for excellent, for excellent.

Burg. Good master Doctor, vse mee gently, for marke you Sir, there is a double consideration to be had of me: first as I am a publike magistrate: secondly as I am a private butcher: and but for the worshipfull credit of the place, and office wherein I now stand & line, I would not hazard my worshipfull apparel, with a suppositor or a glister; but for the countenance of the place, I must go oftener to floole, for as a great gentleman told me of good experience, that it was the chiefe note of a magistrate, not to go to the floole without a phisitian.


Iaq. Vos tres humble fourniture a nostre commandement.

Theod. Donnez vous un gentell purger a Monfier Burgesse. I haue considered of the craftes, and symptome of your disease, and here is unfor gentel purgation per evacuationem excrementorum, as we Phisitions vse to parle.

Burg. I hope master Doctor you haue a care of the countys officer, I tell you I durst not haue trusted my selfe with every phisitian, and yet I am not afrade for my selfe, but I would not deprive the town of so carfull a magistrate.

Theod. O monfier, I haue a singuler care of your valetudo, it is requisite that the French Phisitions be learned and carfully, your English velvet cap is malignant and emious.

Burg. Here is master Doctor four pence your due, and eight pence my bounty, you shall heare from me good master Doctor, farewell farewell, good master Doctor.

Theod. A diue good Monnsier, adieu good Sir monsier.

Then burst with teares vnhappy graduate:

Thy fortunes still wayward and backward bin:

Nor canst thou thrive by vertue, nor by sinne.

Stud. O how it grieues my vexed soule to see,

Each painted as in chayre of dignitie:
The returne from Pernassus.

And yet we grouell on the ground alone,
Running through every trade, yet thrive by none.
More we must act in this lines Tragedy,

\[ \text{Phi.} \text{ Sad is the plot, sad the Catastrophe.} \]

\[ \text{Stud.} \text{ Sighs are the Chorus in our Tragedie.} \]

\[ \text{Phi.} \text{ And tendered thoughts continual actors be.} \]

\[ \text{Stud.} \text{ Woe is the subject. Philearth the loathed stage.} \]

Whereon we act this faind perconage.
Mostly barbarians the spectators be,
That sit and laugh at our calamity.

\[ \text{Phi.} \text{ Band be those hours when mongst the learned} \]

By Gantaes muddy bancke we whilome song,

\[ \text{Stud.} \text{ Band be that hill which learned wits adore,} \]

Where eart we spent our stocck and little store:

\[ \text{Phi.} \text{ Band be those misty meues, where we have spent,} \]

Our youthfull dayes in paled languishment.

\[ \text{Stud.} \text{ Band be those coeting arts that wrought our woe,} \]

Making vs wandring Pilgrimes too and fro.

\[ \text{Phi.} \text{ And Pilgrims must wee bee without relieve,} \]

And where euer we run there meetes vs griefe.

\[ \text{Stud.} \text{ Where euer we tosse vpon this crabbed stage} \]

Griete's our companion, patience be our page.

\[ \text{Phi.} \text{ Ah but this patience is a page of ruth,} \]

A tyred lackie to our wandring youth.

\[ \text{Act.} \text{ Scena.} \]

\[ \text{Academicus folius.} \]

\[ \text{Acad.} \text{ Faine would I have a living, if I could tell how to} \]

\[ \text{come by it. Eecho Buy it.} \]

\[ \text{Acad.} \text{ By if fond Eecho: why thou dost greatly mistake it.} \]

\[ \text{Eecho.} \text{ Stake it.} \]

\[ \text{Acad.} \text{ Stake it; what shall I stake at this game of Simony?} \]

\[ \text{Eecho.} \text{ Money.} \]

\[ \text{Ac.} \text{ What is the world a game, are livings gotten by playing?} \]

\[ \text{Eecho.} \text{ Paying.} \]

\[ \text{Paying? but say what's the nearest way to come by a living?} \]

\[ \text{Eecho. Giuing.} \]

\[ \text{Must his worships lift bee then oyled with Angels?} \]

\[ \text{Eecho.} \]
The returne from Pernasis.

Ecclesiast. Angels.
Ought this gravry fishe then first with gold to be greased?

Ecc. Eased.
And is it then such an ease for his alles backe to carry money?

Ecc. I. Will then this golden alse beflowe a viccarye guided?

Ecc. Gelded.
What shall I say to good sir Roderick that have no gold here?

Ecc. Cold cheare.
Hee make it my lone request, that he wold be good to a scholler;

Ecc. Choller.
Yea will he be cholericke, to heare of an art or a science?

Ecc. Hence.
Hence with liberal arts, what then wil he do with his chancell?

Ecc. Selled.
Sell it and must a simple clarke be faine to compound then?

Ecc. Pounds then.
What if I have no pounds, must then my fute be protoagued?

Ecc. Roagued.
Yea given to a Roague? shall an alse this vicaridge compasse

Ecc. Alle.
What is the reason that I should not be as forunate as he?

Ecc. Alle he.
Yet for all this, with a peniles purse will I trudg to his worship

Ecc. Words cheape.
Well, if he give me good words, its more then I haue from an

Ecc. Go.

Act. 2. Scen. 3.
Amorett to with an Ouid in his hand. Immortis.

Amor. Take, it on the word of a Gentleman thou cannot
have it a penny vnder, thinke on it, thinke on it, while I meditate
on my faire mistres.

Nam sequor imperium magne Cupido tum.
What er becomme of this dull throbbar clarke,
It must be costly in my mistres eye:

C 3. Ladies
Ladies regard not ragged companie.
I will with the revenues of my charred church.
First buy an ambling hobby for my faire:
Whose measured pace may teach the world to dance,
Proud of his burden when he gins to prauce:
Then must I buy a jewell for her care,
A kirtle of some hundred crownes or more:
With these faire gifts when I accompanied goe,
Sheele give Leues breakfast; Sidney tearmes it so,
I am her needle; she is my Adamant,
She is my faire rofe, I her vnworthy pricke.

Acad. Is there no body here will take the paines to gelde his mouth?

Amor. She's Cleopatra, I Marke Anthony,
Acad. No she art a mere marke for good wits to shooe at: and in that sute thou wilt make a fine man to dafe the poore crowes out of countenance.

Amor. She is my moone, I her Endimion,
Acad. No she is thy shouder of mutton thou her onyons or she may be thy Luna, and thou her Lunaticke.

Amor. She is my Eneas, she my Dido is.
Acad. She is thy le and thou her brafen affe,
Or the Dame Phoebus and thou her gull:
She thy Paphisca, and thou her loving bull.

Acr. 2. Scen. 4.

Enter Immerito, and Stercutor his father.

Ster. Sonne, is this the Gentleman that selles vs the living?

Im. By father thou must not call it selling, thou must say is this the gentleman that must have the gratujo?

Acad. What haue we here, old true-penny come to towne, to fetch away the living in his old greasie sloppy, then ile none: the time hath beene when such a fellow medled with nothing but his plow shure, his spade, and his hobnails, and so to a piece of bread and cheefe, and went his way: but now these fellows are growne the onely factors for preferment.
The returne from Pernassus.

Ster. O is this the grating Gentleman, and how many pounds must I pay?

Im. O thou must not call them pounds, but thanks, and hanke thou father, thou must tell of nothing that is done: for I must seeme to come cleere to it.

Acad. Not poundes but thankes: see whether this simple fellow that hath nothing of a scholler, but that the draper hath blackt him over, hath not gotten the title of the time.

Ster. By my faith sonne looke for no more portion.

Im. Well father, I will not, upon this condition, that when thou haue gotten me the gratuito of the living, thou wilt likewise disburse a little money to the bishops poifer, for there are certaine questions I make scruple to be posed in.

Acad. He meanes any question in Latin, which he counts a scruple, oh this honest man could never abide this popish tongue of Latine, oh he is as true an English man as liues.

Ster. He take the Gentleman now, he is in a good vaine for he smiles.

Amor. Sweete Ovid, I do honour euerie page.

Acad. Good Ovid that in his life time, liued with the Getes, and now after his death converseth with a Barbarian.

Ster. God bear your worke Sir: my sonne told me you were the grating gentleman, I am Stercutio his father Sir, simple as I stand here.

Acad. Fellow, I had rather giuen thee an hundred pounds then thou should haue put me out of my excellent meditation by the faith of a Gentleman I was wrapt in contemplation.

Im. Sir you must parden my father he wants bringing vp.

Acad. Marry it seemes he hath good bringing vp, when he brings vp so much money.

Ster. Indeed Sir, you must parden me, I did not knowe you were a Gentleman of the Temple before.

Amor. Well I am content in a generous disposition to beare with country education, but fellowe what is thy name?

Ster. My name Sir, Stercutio Sir.

Am. Why the Stercutio, I wold be very willing to be the instrument to my father, that this living might be conferred upon your
The returne from Pernassus:

your sonne: mary I would have you know, that I have bene
importuned by two or three seueral Lords, my Kinde cousins,
in the behalfe of some Cambridge men: and have almost engag-
ed my word. Mary if I shall see your disposition to be more
thankfull then other men, I shall be very ready to respect kind
natur'd men: for as the Italian proverbe speakest wel, 'Chi
ba hauva.'

Ast. why here is a gallant young drouer of liuings.

Ster. I beseech you sir speake English, for that is natu-rall to
me & to my sonne, and all our kindred, to vnderstand but one
language.

Amor. Why thus in plaine English: I must be respetted with
thanks.

Ast. This is a subtle truistiue, when thanks may be felt
and scene.

Ster. And I pray you Sir, what is the lowest thanks that you
will take?

Ast. The verye same Method that he weth at the buying
of an ox.

Amor. I must haue some odd sprinckling of an hundred
pounds, if so, so, I shal thinke you thankfull, and commend
your sonne as a man of good gifts to my father.

Ast. A sweete word, give an hundred pounds, and this
is but counted thankfullnesse.

Ster. Harke Sir, you shall haue so: thanks.

Amor. I tell thee fellow, I never opened my mouth in this
kind to cheape before in my life. I tel thee, few young Gent-
lemen are found: that would deale so kindly with thee as I doe.

Ster. Well Sir, because I know my sonne to be a toward
thing, and one that hath taken all his learning on his owne
head, without sending to the vnierfitye, I am content to
give you as many thankes as you aske, so you will promise me
to bring it to passe.

Amor. I warrant you for that: if I say it once, repayre you to
the place, and stay there, for my father, he is walked abroad to
take the benefit of the ayre. Ile meete him as he returnes, and
make way for your suite.

Exeunt. Ster. Im.

Act 5.
The returne from Pernassus.

Actus 2. Scene 5.

Enter Academico, Amoretto.

Amor. Gallant, I faith.

Acad. I see we schollers fish for a living in these shallow foards without a silver hooke. Why, would it not gal a man to see a prufe gartered youth, of our Colledge a while ago, be a broker for a living, & an old Baude for a benefice? This sweet Sir proffered me much kindnesse when hee was of our Colledge, and now Ile try what wind remains in his bladder, God saue you Sir.

Amor. By the maffe I feare me I saw this Genus and Species in Cambridge before now: Ile take no notice of him now; by the faith of a gentleman this is pretty Elegy. Of what age is the day fellow? Syrrha boy, hath the groome saddled my hunting hobby? can Robin Hunter tell where a Hare fits.

Acad. See a poore old friend of yours, of S. Colledge in Cambridge.

Amor. Good faith Sir you must pardon me, I haue forgotten you.

Acad. My name is Academico Sir, one that made an oration for you once on the Queens day, and a show that you got some credit by.

Amor. It may be so, it may bee so, but I have forgotten it: mary yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very beneficall vnlo me in my time. But howsoever Sir, I haue the curtesie of the towne for you. I am sorry you did not take me at my fathers house: but now I am in exceeding great haste, for I haue vowed the death of a Hare that we found this morning muling on her meaze.

Acad. Sir I am imboldned, by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore.

Amor. Looke syrrha, if you see my Hobby, come hetherward as yet.

D Acad.
The returne from Pernassus.

Acad. To make me some promises, I am to request your good meditation to the Worshipfull your father, in my behalf; and I will dedicate to your felle in the way of thankes, those daies I have to live.

Amor. O good sir, if I had knowne your minde before, for my father hath already given the induction to a Chaplaine of his owne, so a proper man, I know not of what Vnnerfitie he is.

Acad. Signior imperito, they say, hath binne fairest for it.

Amor. I know not his name, but he is a graine discreet man; I warrant him, indeed he wants utterance in some measure.

Acad. Nay, me thinkes he hath very good utterance, for his grauite, for hee came hither very grave, but I thinke he will returne light enough, when he is ridde of the heavy element he carrieth about him.

Amor. Faith Sir, you must pardon me, it is my ordinary custome to be too studious, my Mistresse hath told me oft, and I find it to hurt my ordinary discourse: but say sweete Sir, do yee affect the most gentle-man-like game of hunting?

Acad. How say you to the crafty gull, hee would faigne mee abroad to make sport with mee in their Hunters tearmes, which we schollers are not acquainted with: Sir I haue loued this kinde of sporte, but now I begin to hate it, for it hath bene my luck alwayes to beat the huch, while another kild the Hare.

Amor. Hunters luck, Hunters luck Sir, but there was a fault in your Hounds that did spend well.

Acad. Sir, I haue had worse luck alwayes at hunting the Fox.

Am. What sir, do you mean at the vnkennelling, vntapezing, or earthing of the Fox?

Acad. I mean earthing, if you terme it so, for I never found yellow earth enough to cover the old Fox your father.

Amor. Good faith sir, there is an excellent skill in blowing for the terriers, it is a word that we hunters use when the Fox is earthed, you must blow one long, two short, the second wind, one long, two short: now sir in blowing, every long containeth
The returne from Pernaffus.

neth 7. quaters, one short, containeth 3. quaters.

Acad. Sir might I finde any favour in my suite, I would winde the horne wherein your bone defects should bee founded with so many minim, so many quaters.

Amor. Sweet sir, I would I could conferre this or any kindnesse vpon you: I wonder the boy comes not away with my Hobby. Now sir, as I was proceeding, when you blow thy death of your Fox in the field or court, then must you found 3. notes, with 3. winde, and reheate: marke you sir, vpon the same with 3. windes.

Acad. I pray you sir.

Amor. Now sir, when you come to your stately gate, as you founded the reheate before, so now you must found the reheate three times.

Acad. Reheate, call you it? it were good euery patron would finde the horne.

Amor. Sir, but your reheate is your sweetest note, that is sir, when your hounds hunt after a game vnknowne, and then you must found one long and six short, the second wind, two short and one long, the third wind, one long and two short.

Acad. True sir, it is a very good trade now adayes to be a villaine, I am the hound that hunts after a game vnknowne, & blows the villaine.

Amor. Sir, I will bleffe your cares with a very pretty story, my father out of his owne cost and charges keepes an open table for all kinde of dogges.

Acad. And he keepes one more by thee.

Amor. He hath your Grey-hound, your Mungrell, your Maltie; your Leurier, your Spaniel, your Kennets, Terriers, Butchers dogs, Bold-hounds, Dunhill dogges, triddle tailes, prickle-card curre, small Ladies puppies, Caches and Baffards.

Acad. What a bawdy knaue hath he to his father, that keepes his Rachell, hath his balfards, and lets his sonnes be plaine Ladies puppets, to beray a Ladies Chamber.

Amor. It was my pleasure two dayes ago, to take a gallant leath of Grey-hounds, and into my father's Parke I went, accompanied with two or three Noble men of my neere acquittance.
The returne from Pernassus.

quaintance, desiring to shew them some of the sport: I caused the Keeper to seuer the rascall Deere, from the Buckes of the first head: now sir, a Bucke the first yeare is a Fawne, the second yeare a Pricket, the third yeare a Sorell, the fourth yeare a Soare, the fifth Bucke of the first head, the fixt yeare a compleat Buck: as likewise your Hart is the first yeare a Calfe, the second yeare a Brochet, the third yeare a Spade, the fourth yeare a Stag, the fift yeare a great Stag, the fixt yeare a Hart as likewise the Raw bucke is the first yeare a Kid, the second yeare a Girle, the third yeare a Hemufe: and these are your special beasts for chasse, or as we huntsmen call it, for venery.

As I faw the chaffe be taken for venery, thou art a more special beast then any in thy fathers forreft. Sir I am sorry I have bin so troublesome to you.

As I know this was the readieft way to chafe away the fcholler, by getting him into a subiect he cannot talke of, or for his life. Sir I will borrowe fo much time of you as to finish this my begunne story. Now sir, after much traualle we finged a Buck, I roade that fame time vpon a Roane gelding, and followed to intercept from the thicket: the buck broke gallantly: my great swift being disaduantaged in his flip was at the first behind, marry presently coted and out stript them, when as the Hart presently descended to the ruer, and being in the water, prosed, and reprosed, and prosed againe: & at laft hee vput harted at the other side of the water which we call foyle of the Hart, and there other Huntsmen met him with an adaintrely: we followed in hard chafe for the space of eight hours, thrife our hounds were at default, and then we cryed a flaine, / eight fo ho: through good reclayming, my faulty hounds found their game againe, and so went through the wood with gallant notice of musicke, resembling so many Violls Degambo: at laft the Hart laid him downe, and the Hounds feized vpon him, he groned and wept, and dyed. In good faith it made me weeppe too, to thinke of Achilles fortune, which my Ovid speaks of.

Vivut omnis amans, & habes suae astra cupidio.

Acad. Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtaining my suite.
The returne from Pernassus.

Ado. In good faith Sir, if I did not loye you as my soule, I would not make you acquainted with the mysteries of my art.

Acad. Nay, I will not die of a discourse yet, if I can choose.

Amor. So Sir, when we had rewarded our Dogges with the small goates and the lights, and the blood: the Huntmen hallowed, so ho, Venee a coupler, and so coupled the dogges, and then returned homeward: another company of houndes that lay at advantage, had their couples cast off and we might heare the Huntmen cry, Horfe, decouple, Avant, but at eight, we heard him cry, le Amou, and by that I knew that they had the hare and on foote, and by and by I might see fore and refore prick, and reprise: what is he gone? ha ha ha ha. these schollers are the limplest creatures.

Actus. a. scen. 6.

Enter Amoretta and his Page.

Page. I wonder whats become of that Ovid, de arte amandi, my maister he that for the prattise of his discourse is wonte to court his hobby abroad, and at home in his chamber makes a set speech to his grey hound, desiring that most faire and amiable dog to grace his company in a flately galliard, and if the dog, seeing him prattise his lusty pointes, as his cuppoynt backeaper, chance to beray the same, he presently doffes his Cap most solemny, makes a low leg to his ladiship, taking it for the greatest fauour in the world, that she would vouchsafe to leave her Ciuet box, or her sweet gloue behind her.

Amor. He opens Ovid and reads it.

Page. Not a word more Sir, I must please you, your Hobby will meete you at the lanes end.

Amor. What lack, faith, I cannot but vent unto thee a most witty leaf of mine.

Page. I hope my maister will not breake wind: wilt please you Sir to bleste mine ears with the discourse of it.

Amor. Good faith, the boy begins to have an elegant smack.
The returne from Pernassus.

of my little: why then thus it was lack: a securui meere Cambridge scholler, I know not how to define him.

Page Nay Maitler, let me define a meere scholler. I heard a courtier once define a meere scholler, to be animus squalor, that is, a lying creature that is troubled with the itch: or a meere scholler is a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his tinder-box, put on a pair of lined slippers, tire veniring till dinner, and then goe to his meat when the Bell rings, one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a licence to spit: or if you will have him defined by negatives. He is one that cannot make a good legge, one that cannot eat a piece of broth cleanly, one that cannot ride a horse without spurgalling: one that cannot salute a woman, & looke on her directly, one that cannot

Am. Inough lacke, I can stay no longer, I am so great in child-birth with this leste Sirrha, this prectacle, this false groome, because when I was in Cambridge, and lay in a Trundlebed vnder my tutor, I was content in discer humilitie to give him some place at the Table, and because I inuited the hungry flauce sometimes to my Chamber, to the canuafing of a Turkey pie, or a piece of Venison, which my Lady Grandmother sent me, she thought him selffe therefore eternally possesse of my loue, and came hither to take acquaintance of me, and thought his olde familiarity did continue, and would beare him out in a matter of weight. I could not tell howe to ridde my selfe of the troublesome Burre, then by getting him into the discourse of hunting, and then tormenting him awhile with our words of Arte, the poore Scorpion became speechlesse, and suddenly ranished. These Clearkes are simple fellows, simple fellowes. He renders Ovid.

Page Simple indeede they are, for they want your courtly compoision of a foole and of a knaue. Good faith sir a most absolute jest, but me thinkes it might haue beene followed a little farther.

Am. As how my little knaue?

Page Why thus sir, had you inuited him to dinner at your Table, and haue put the caruing of a capon vpon him, you should
The returne from Permaus.

should have scene him handle the knife so foolishly, then run through a jury of faces, then wagging his head, and shewing his teeth in familiarity, venter upon it with the same method that he was wont to vntrulle an apple pye, or tyrannise an Egg & butter; then would I had applied him all dinner time with clean trenchers, clean trenchers, and still when he had a good bit of meat, I would have taken it from him, by giving him a clean trencher, and so have serued him in kindnesse.

Amo. Well said subtle Kate, put me in minde when I returne againe, that I may make my lady mother laugh at the Schooller, ile to my game: for you Lasse, I would have you imploy your time till my comming: in watching what houre of the day my hawke mutes.

Page. is not this an excellent office to bee Apothecary to his worshipes hawke, to fit freunting on the wall, how the Physicke workes, and is not my Master an absolute villaine that loves his Hawke, his Hobby, and his Greyhound, more then any mortall creature? do but dispraise a feather of his hawes traine, and he writhes his mouth, and sweares, for hee can doe that onely with a good grace, that you are the most shallow Brad fellow that lives: do but say his horse stales with a good presence, and hee's your bondflaue: when he returnes I'll tell twenty admirable lies of his hawke, and then I shall bee his little rogue, and his white villaine for a whole weeke after. Well let others complaine, but I thinke there is no felicite to the seruing of a fool.


Sir Rad. Record. Page. Sig. Immerito

Sir Rad. Signior Immerito, you remember my caution, for the tithes, & my promise for farming my tithes at such a rate.

Im. I, and pleafe your worship Sir.

Sir Rad. You must put in security for the performance of it in such sort as I and Master Recorder shall like of.

Im. I will an't pleafe your worship.

Sir Rad. And because I will be sure that I have conferred this kindnesse upon a sufficient man, I have desired Master Recorder to take examination of you.
The returne from Pernassus.

Pag. My master (it seems) tak's him for a thief, but he hath small reason for it, as for learning it's plain he never stole any, and for the living he knows himselfe how he comes by it, for let him but eate a melle of furmenty this seaven yeare, and yet he shall never be able to recover himselfe: alas poor Sheepe that hath fallen into the hands of such a Fox.

S. Rad. Good master Recorder take your place by me, and make tryall of his gifts, is the clerk there to recorde his examination, oh the Page shall serue the turne.

Pag. Tryall of his gifts, never had any gifts a better trial, why Immerto his gifts have appeared in as many colours, as the Rain-bowe, first to master Amoretto in colour of the Satine suite he weares: to my Lady in the similitude of a loose gowne: to my master, in the likeness of a silver balen, and ewer: to vs Pages in the semblance of new suites and points. So maister Amoretto plaies the gull in a piece of a parsonage: my master adorns his cupboard with a piece of a parsonage, my mistres upon good dayes, puts on a piece of a parsonage, and we Pages playe at blow point for a piece of a parsonage, I thinke heer's tryall inough for one mans gifts.

Recor. For as much as nature hath done her part in making you a hanfome likely man.

Pag. He is a hanfome young man indeed, and hath a proper gelded parsonage.

Recor. In the next place, some art is requisite for the perfection of nature: for the tryall whereof, at the request of my worshipfull friend, I will in some sort propound questions fit to be resolved by one of your profession, lay what is a person that was neuer at the university?

Im. A person that was never in the Universitie, is a living creature that can eate a tith pigge.

Rec. Very well answer'd, but you should have added, and must be officious to his patron: write downe that answer to shew his learning in Logick.

Sir Rad: Yea boy write that downe. Very learnedly in good faith, I pray now let me ask you one question that I remembre, whether is the Masculine gender or the feminine more worthie.

Im. The
The returne from Permessus.

Im. The Feminine Sir.

Sir Rad. The right answer, the right answer: in good faith I have beene of that mind alwayes; write boy that, to shew hee is a Grammariain.

Pag. No maruell my master bee against the Grammer, for he hath alwayes made false Latin in the Genders.

Rec. What University are you off?

Im. Of none.

Sir Rad. He tells trueth, to tell trueth is an excellent vertue.

Boy make two heads, one for his learning, another for his vertues, and referre this to the head of his vertues, not of his learning.

Pag. What, halfe a messie of good qualities referred to an Ass head?

Sir Rad. Now master Recorder, if it please you I will examine him in an author, that will found him to the depth, a booke of Astronomy, otherwise called an Almanacke.

Rec. Very good, Sir Raderike it were to be wished that there were no other booke of humanity, then there would not bee such busie late-prying fellows as are now a dayes, proceed good sir.

Sir Rad. What is the Dominical letter?

Im. C. sir, and please your worship.

Sir Rad. A very good answer, a very good answer, the very answer of the booke, write downe that, and referre it to his skill in Philosophy.

Pag. C. the Dominical letter: it is true, craft and cunning do to dominere: yet rather C and D, are dominical letters, that is crafty Dunferry.

S. Rad. How many dayes hath September?

Im. Aprill, June and November; February hath 28, alone and all the rest hath 30, and one.

S. Rad. Very learnedly, in good faith, he hath also a smack in poetry, write downe that boy, to shew his learning in poetry.

How many miles from Waltham to London?

Im. Twelve Sir.

S. Rad. How many from Newmarket to Grantham?

Im.
The returne from Pernassis.

Im. Ten Sir.
Pag. Without doubt he hath beeone some Carriers horse.
S.Rad. How call you him that is cunning in 1.2.3.4.5. and the Cipher?
Im. A good Arithmatician.
S.Rad. Write downe that answere of his, to shew his learning in Arithmetic.
Pag. He must needs be a good Arithmatician that counted money so lately.
S.Rad. When is the new Moone?
Im. The last quarter the 5. day, at 2. of the clock and 38. minutes in the morning.
S.Rad. Write him downe, how call you him, that is weather-wise?
Recor. A good Astronomer.
S.Rad. Sirrha boy, write him downe for a good Astronomer.
Pag. As Colis asira.
S.Rad. What day of the month lights the Queens day on?
Im. The 17. of November.
S.Rad. Boy, referre this to his vertues, and write him downe a good subject.
Pag. Faith he were an excellent subject for 2.or 3. good wits; he would make a fine Asle for an Ape to ride upon.
S.Rad. And these shall suffice for the parts of his learning, now it remains to try whether you bee a man of good vertue, that is, whether you can ask for the strayed Heyfer with the white face, as also chide the boys in the belfrie, and bid the Sexton whippe out the dogges: let mee heare your voyce.
Im. If any man or woman.
S.Rad. Thats too high.
Im. If any man or woman.
S.Rad. Thats too lowe.
Im. If any man or woman, can tell any tidings of a Horse with fourfe feete, two cares, that did straye about the seventhe hour, three minutes in the forenoone the fift day.
The returne from Permussion.

Page. I tooke of a horse just as it were the Eclipse of the Moon.

S. Rad. Boy write him downe for a good utterance: Maister Recorder, I thinke he hath beene examined sufficiently.

Rec. I. Sir Radericke tis so, wee haue trie him very throughly.

Pag. I. we haue taken an inuentory of his good parts and prized them accordingly.

S. Rad. Signior Immerito, forasmuch as wee haue made a double tryall of the: the one of your learning, the other of your erudition: it is expedient also in the next place to give you a fewe exhortations, considering this, greatest Clearks are not the wisest men: this is therefore first to exhort you to abstaine from Controversies. Secondly not to gird at men of worship, such as my selfe, but to vse your selfe discreetly. Thirdly not to speake when any man or woman coughs: doe so, and in so doing I will perpeuer to bee your worshipfull friend and loving patron.

Let. I thanke your worship, you haue bee the deficient cause of my preferment.

Sir Rad. Lead Immerito in to my sonne, and let him dispatch him, and remember my tithes to bee refuced, paying twelve pence a yeare. I am going to Moore-fields, to speake with an vnthrift I should meete at the middle Temple about a purchase, when you haue done follow vs. Execute Immerito and the Page.

Sir Raderick, and Recorder.

Sir Rad. Harke you Maister Recorder, I have fleSh my prodigall boy notably, notably in letting him deale for this living, that hath done him much, much good I assure you.

Recor. You doe well Sir Radericke, to bestowe your living vpon such an one as will be content to share, and on Sunday to say nothing, whereas your proud Vniversitie princeo thinks he is a man of such merit, the world cannot sufficiently endow
The returne from Pernassus.

endow him with preferment, an vnthankefull Viper, an vnthankefull viper that will sting the man that requited him. Why ist not strange to see a ragged clarke, Some flamell weater or some butchers sonne: That scrubd a late within a fleeneleffe gowne, When the commencemence, like a morice dance, Hath put a bell or two about his legges, Created him a sweet cleane gentleman: How then he gins to follow fashions. He whose thin fire dwell in a smokye rouse, Must take Tobacco and must weare a Locke, His thirsty Dad drinkes in a wooden bowlie, But his sweete selfe is scrud in siluer plate. His hungry fire will scrape you twenty legges, For one good Christmas meale on New-yeares day. But his mawe must be capon crambd each day, He must ere long be triple beneficed, Else with his tongue hee le thunderbolt the world, And shake each peasant by his deafe-mans care. But had the world no wiser men then I, Weed the pen the prating parats in a cage, A chaffe a candle and a Tender box, A thacked chamber and a ragged gowne, Should be their lands and whole posseffions, Knights, Lords, & lawyers should be log'd & dwell Within those over flately heapes of stone. Which doting fires in old age did ereft.

Well it were to be wished that never a Scholler in England might have above forty pound a yeare,

S. Rad. Faith maister Recorder, if it went by wishing there should never a one of them all have above twenty a yeare: a good stipend, a good stipend, maister Recorder. In the meane time, howsoever I hate them all deadly, yet I am faine to give them good words: Oh they are pestilent fellows, they speake nothing but bodkins, and pilie vineger. Well, do what I can in ourward kindnesse to them, yet they do nothing but beray my house: as there was one that made a couple of knauish verses
The returne from Pernassus.

on my country chimney now in the time of my sojournning here at London: and it was thus.

Sir Raderick keepes no chimney Camere,
That takes Tobacco aboue once a yeare.
And another made a couple of verses on my daughter that
learnes to play on the viol de gambo.
Her vyoll de gambo is her best content.
For twixt her legges she holds her instrument.

Very knauish, very knauish, if you looke vnto it maister
Recorder. Nay they have plaide many a knauish tricke beside
with me. Well, if a shame indeede there should bee any such
privilege for proud beggars as Cambridge, and Oxford are.
But let them go, and if euer they light in my hands, if I do not
plague them, let me neuer returne home againe to see my wifes
waiting mayde.

Recor. This scorne of Knights is two egregious.
But how should these young colts prove amblers,
When the old heavy galed iades do trot.
There shall you see a puny boy start up,
And make a theame against common lawyeres:
Then the old vnweldy Camels gin to dance,
This fiddling boy paying a fit of mirth:
The gray beard scrub, and laugh and cry good, good
To them againe, boy scourge the barbarians:
But we may giue the looers leave to talke,
We haue the coyne, then tell them laugh for mee.
Yet knights and lawyeres hope to see the day,
When we may share here their pooffessions,
And make indentures of their chaffred skins:
Dice of their bones to throw in meriment.

Sir Rad. O good faith maister Recorder, if I could see that
day once.

Rec. Well, remember another day what I say: Schollers are
pried into of late, and are found to bee busie fellowes; distur-
bbers of the peace; he say no more, gesse at my meaning, I smell
a Rat.

Sir Rad. I hope at length England will be wise enough, I

hope
The returne from Pernassus.

hope so, I faith, then an old knight may haue his wench in a corner without any Satyres or Epigrams. But the day is farre spent. M. Recorder, and I feare by this time the vnthyme is arrived at the place appointed in Moore fields, let vs haste to him. He lackes on his watch.

Rece. Indeed this dayes subiect transported vs too late, I thinke we shall not come much too late. Exeunt.

Act. 3. Scen. 7.

Enter Amoretto, his page, Immerito booted.

Amor. Maister Immerito deliver this letter to the Dofer in my fathers name; mary withall some sprinkling, some sprinkling, verbum sapienti sat est, farewell maister Immerito.

Im. I thanke your worship most heartily.

Page. Is it not a shame to see this old dunce learning his induction at these yeares; but let him go, I loose nothing by him for ile be sworne but for the boote of telling the personage I should have gone in mine old cloathes this Christmas. A dunce I see is a neighbourlike brute beast, a man may lye by him. Amor, seems to make verse.

Amor. A pox on it, my mufe is not so witty as shee was wonte to be, her nose is like, not yet, plague on these mathematikes, they have spoyled my braine in making a verse.

Page. Hang me if he hath any more mathematikes then will serue to count the clocke, or tell the meridian houre by rumbling of his pance.

Am. Her nose is like.

Page. A coblers shoing home.

Am. Her nose is like a beauteous maribone.

Page. Mary a sweete smotty mistres.

Amor. Faith I do not like it yet: as I was to reade a piece of Aristotle in greeke yesternight, it hath put me out of my English vaine quite.

Page. O monstrous lye, let me be a point-trusser while I live if he understandes any tongue but English.

Amor. Sirrtha boy remember me when I come in Pauls Church.
The return from Pernassus.

Churchyard to buy a Ronzard, & Dubarrias in French & Aristotle in Italian, & our hardest writers in Spanish, they will sharpen my wits gallantly. I do relish these tongues in some sort. Oh now I do remember I hear a report of a Poet newly come out in Hebrew, it is a pretty harsh tongue, & relish a Gentleman traveller, but come let us haste after my father, the fields are fitter to heavenly meditations. Exeunt.

Pag. My masters, I could with your presence at an admirable feast, why presently this great linguist my Master, will march through Paulus Churchyard. Come to a bookes binders shop; and with a big Italian looke and Spanish face ask for these bookes in Spanish and Italian: then turning through his ignorance, the wrong end of the bookes upward vis a vis, on this vnknowne tongue after this: first looke on the title and wrinkle his brow, next make as though he read the first page and bites a lip, then with his nails score the margine as though there were some notable conceit, and lastly when he thinks he has guild the flanders by sufficiently, throws the booke away in a rage, swearing that he could never finde bookes of a true print since he was last in London, enquire after the next marte: and so departs. And so must I, for by this time his contemplation is arraigned at his mistres nose end, he is as glad as if he had taken Oftend: by this he beginnes to spit, and crieth boy, carry my cloake: and now I goe to attend on his worship.

Act. 2. Scen. 4.

Enter Ingenioso, Furor, Phantasma.

Ing. Come laddes, this wine whets your resolution in our designe: it's a needy world with subtill spirits, and there's a gentle manlike kind of begging, that may becomme Poets in this age.

Far. Now by the wing of nimble Mercury, By my Thalias filuer sounding harpe: By that celestiall fire within my braine, That
The returns from Pernassus.

That's givin a living genius to my lines:
How ever my dulled intellectual.
Capres fell over then it did afore,
Yet will I play a hunt's vp to my mufe.
And make her mount from out her sluggish nest,
As high as is the highest sphere in heaven:
Awake you paltry trullus of Helicon,
Or by this light, lie Swagger with you at undue:
You grand-fire Phoebus with your louey eye,
The firmaments eternal vagabond,
The heaven's promotor that doth peep and pry,
Into the acts of mortal tennis balls.
Inspire me fright with some rare delicacy,
Or lie dismount thee from thy radiant coach:
And make thee poor Cutchy here on earth.

Phan. Currits curris auro igni paterni.

Ing. Nay prethee good Furor, do not roae in times before thy time: thou hast a very terrible roaring mufe, nothing but squibs & fine ierkes, quiet thy selfe a while, & heare thy charge.

Phan. Huc ades hoc, animo concipe dictato.

Ingeni. Let vs on to our devise, our plot, our project. That old Sir Raderick, that new printed compendium of all iniquity, that hath not aired his countrey Chimney once in 3 winters: he that loues to live in an od corner here at London, & effect an odde wench in a nooke, one that loues to live in a narrow roome, that he may with more facilitie in the darke light upon his wives waiting made, one that loues aife a short sermon & a long play, one that goes to a play, to a whore, to his bed in Cirecle, good for nothing in the world but to sweat night caps, and foule faire lawne shifts, feed a few fogie feruine men, and preferre dunces to luyings. This old Sir Raderick (Furor) it shall be thy taske to cudgell with thy thick thwart termes, and then if he will not vny his pure Strings, of his liberality, stinge him with termes laid in Aquas fortis and Gunpowder.

Furor. In nos sunt animae mutatas dicere formae.

The Scruile current of my sliding verse,
Gentle shall runne into his thick skinde ears:

Where
The returne from Pernassus.

Where it shall dwell like a magnifico,
Command his flaminke fpright to honour me,
For my high tiptoe strutting poeie.
But if his farres hath favour'd him so ill,
As to debare him by his dunghill thoughts,
Iustly to estee me my verses lowring pitch:
If his earth wroting (not shall) fail to scorn,
My verse that giueth immortality:
Then, Bella per Emathiet.

Phan. Furor arma manifrat.
Furor. Ile shake his heart vpon my verses point,
Rip out his guts with ruishing poinard:
Quarter his credit with a bloody quill.
Phan. Calami, Abrantumus/charta,libelli,
Sunt semper studis arma parata tuis.

Ing. Inough Furor, wee know thou art a nimble swaggerer with a goose quill; now for you Phanasma, leave trulling your points and listen.

Phan. Omne subsit punctum.
Ing. Marke you Amoretto Sir Rodericks sonne, to him shall thy piping poetry and sugaring edges of verses be directed: he is one, that will draw out his pocket glass thrice in a walk, one that dreams in a night of nothing, but muske and ciuet, and talk of nothing all day long but his hawke, his hound, and his mistrefle, one that more admires the good wrinkle of a boot, the curious crinkling of a silke ftoek, then all the wit in the world: one that loves no scholler but him whose tyred cares can endure halfe a day together his filblow sonnettes of his mistrefle, and her loving pretty creatures, her munckey and her puppet: it shall be thy taskes (Phanasma) to cut this galles throate with faire tearmes, and if he hold fast for all thy juggling rhetoricke, fall at defiance with him, and the poking sticke he weares.

Phan. Simule extulit ensenm.
Ing. Come braue nymphs, gather vp your spirits, and let vs march on like adventurous knights, and discharge a hundrith poeticall spirits uvpon them.

The returne from Permessus.


Enter Philomusus, Stud. &c.

Stud. Well Philomusus, we never escap'd to faire a scouring; why wonder are pursuants out for the French Doctor, and a lodging bespoken for him and his man in Newgate. It was a terrible scare that made vs cast our haires.

Phil. And canst thou sport at our calamities?
And countest vs happy to scape prisonment?
Why the wide world that blesteth some with waife,
Is to our chained thoughts a darkesome gaile:

Stud. Nay prethce friend, these wondred termes forgoe,
He doubles grieu that comments on a wo.

Phil. Why do foul men terme it impiety?
To send a wearisome sad grudging Ghost,
Vnto his home, his long, long, lattug home?
Or let them make our life lefte greevous be,
Or suffer vs to end our misery.

Stud. Oh no, the Sentinell his watch must keape.
Vntill his Lord do licence him to sleepe;

Phil. It's time to sleepe within our hollow graves,
And rest vs in the darkefome wombe of earth:
Dead things are graued, and bodies are no lese,
Pined and forlorne, like Ghostly carcaues.

Stud. Not long this tappe of loathed life can runne,
Soone commeth death, and then our woe is done.
Meane time, good Philomusus be content,
Lett spend our dayes in hopefull merriment.

Phil. Curse be our thoughts where they dreamt of hope:
Band be those hapts that henceforth flatter vs,
When mischeive doggs vs still and still for eyes,
From our first birth, vntill our burying day,
In our first gamesome age, our doting hires,
Carked and cared to haue vs lettered;
Sent vs to Cambridge, where our oyle is spent?
Vs our kinde Colledge from the teate did teare;
And for it vs walke before we weaned were,
From thattie since wandred haue we still:
The returns from Pernassus.

In the wide world, urg'd by out forced will,
Nor ever have we happy fortune tried:
Then why should hope with our tent stay abide?
Nay let us run unto the basefull cause,
Pight in the hollow ribbes of craggy cliffe,
Where dreary Owles do flrike the lie-long night;
Chasing away the byrdes of chearefull light:
Where yawning Ghosts do howle in ghastily wife,
Where that dull hollow ey'd, that flaring tyre,
Byclept Dismay hath his sad mansion,
Him let vs finde, and by his counsell we,
Will end our too much yrked misery.

Snd. To wailethy haps, argues a daullard minde.
Phl. To beare too long, argues an affes minde.
Snd. Long since the workes chance of the die was cast,
Phl. But why should that word rest so long time last?
Snd. Why dost thou now these sleepie plains commence?
Phl. Why should i erecte dulle with patience?
Snd. Wifefolke do beare with, strugling cannot mend,
Phl. Good spirits must with thwarting fates contend,
Snd. Some hope is left our fortunes to redresse,
Phl. No hope but this, ere to be comfortlesse,
Snd. Our lyes remainder gentler hearts may finde,
Phl. The gentler hearts to vs will proue vnkind.

Act. 4. Scen. 1.

Sir Roderick and Prodigo at one corner of the Stage. Recorder at the other. Two Pages, scouring of Tobacco pipes.

Sir Rad. M. Prodigo, M. Recorder hath told you lawe, your land is forfeited: and for me not to take the forfeiture, were to break the Queens law; for maketh you, it is law to take the forfeiture; therefore not to break, it is to break the Queen's law; and to break the Queens law is not to be a good subject; and I mean to bee a good subject. Besides, I am a Justice of the peace, and being Justice of the peace I must do justice, that is
The returne from Perriassus.

law, that is to take the forfeiture, especially having taken notice of it. Marry Master Prodigo, here are a fewe shillings, over and besides the bargain.

Prod. Pox on your shillings, sblood a while ago, before he had me in the lurch, who but my coozen Prodigo, you are welcome my coozen Prodigo, take my coozen Prodigoes horse, a cup of Wine for my coozen Prodigo, good faith you shall sit here good coozen Prodigo, a cleane trencher for my coozen Prodigo, have a special care of my coozen Prodigoes lodging; now master Prodigo with a pox, and a fewe shillings, for a vantage, a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings, if it were not for the Sergeant which dogges me at my heeles, a plague on your shillings, pox on your shillings, pox on your felie & your shillings, pox on your worship, if I catch thee at Offend: I dare not slaye for the Sergeant. Exit.

S. Rad. pag. Good faith Master Prodigo is an excellent fellow, he takes the Gulam bulbilto so excellently.

Amer. Page. He is a good liberall Gentleman, he hath bestowed an ounce of Tobacco upon us, and as long as it lasts, come cut and long-taile, weele spend it as liberally for his sake.

S. Rad. Page. Come fill the Pipe quickly, while my master is in his melancholie humour, it is the melancholy of a Colliers horse.

Amer. page If you cough Zach after your Tobacco, for a punishment, ye shall kisse the Pantoffle.

S. Rad. It's a foule over-sight, that a man of worship cannot keepe a wench in his house, but there must be muttering and surmising; it was the wiseft saying, that my father ever uttered, that a wife was the name of necessitie, not of pleasure: for what do men marry for, but to stocke their ground, and to have one to looke to the linen, sit at the upper end of the table, and carve vp a Capon: one that can wear a hood like a Hawke, and cover her foule face with a Fanne: but there's no pleasure always to be tyed to a piece of Mutton, sometimes a mofle of stewd broth will do well, and an unlad'd Rabbet is best of all: well for mine owne part, I have no great cause to complaine, for I am well provided of three bounting wenches.
The returne from Pernassus.

ches, that are mine owne fee-siple: one of them I am pre-
sently to visit, if I can rid my selue cleanly of this company. Let
me see how the day goes: (bee put his watch out.) precious
coales, the time is at hand, I must meditate on an excuse to
be gone.

Record. That which I say, is grounded on the Statute I spake
of before, enacted in the raigne of Henry the 6.

Amer. It is a plaine case, whereon I mooted in our Tem-
ple, and that was this: put case there be three brethren, John a
Nokes, John a Naff, and John a Stile: John a Nokes the elder,
John a Naff the younger, John a Stile the youngest of all, John
a Naff the youngers dyeth without issue of his body lawfully
begotten: whether shall his lands ascend to John a Nokes the
elder, or descend to John a Stile the youngest of all? The answer
is: The lands do collaterally descende, not ascend.

Recor. Very true, and for a proofe hereof will I shew you a
place in Littleton, which is very pregnant in this point.

Actus.4. Scena.2.

Enter Ingenioun, Furor, Phantasma.

Ing. He pawne my wits, that is, my revenues, my land, my
money, and whatsoever I have, for I have nothing but my wit,
that they are at hand: why any sensiblie smout my winds M.
Amoretto and his Domander, M. Recorder & his two neates
fete that weare no focke, Sir Roderick by his rammish com-
pletion. Oles Gorennis lyrcum, S. Lupus in fabula. Furor fire
the Touch-box of your wits: Phantasma, let your inventio
play tricks like an Ape: begin thou Furor, and open like a
phlaphmouthed Hound: follow thou Phantasma like a Ladys
Puppy: and as for me, let me alone, Ie come after like a Wa-
ter-dogge that will shake them off, when I have no vse of them.
My maistres, the watch-word is gien. Furor discharge.

Furor to | The great prosector of the thunder-bolts, F

S.Ed. | He that is wont to pisse whole clouds of raine,

Into the earth vast gaping widerall.

Which that one ey'd subhider of the skie,
The returne from Pernassus.

Don Phoebus empties by calidity:
He and his Townesmen Planets brings to thee,
Most fatty lumpes of earths facility.

S. Rad. Why wilt this fellowes English breake the Queenes peace, I will not seeme to regard him.
Phan. Mt coniutatis edita regibus,
to Amo. O et praefidium, et dulci decus menum.
Dj faciant votis vea secundatuis.

Ing. God saue you good master Recorder, and good fortunes follow your defects: I thynke I haue cured him sufficently in few words.
S. Rad. What haue we here, three begging Souldiers, come you from Osterlax or from Ireland.
Pag. Cum non pecus, an Melbri? I haue vented all the Latin one man had.
Phan. Quid dicam amplius domini similis or?
Amor. pag. Let hym alone I pray thee, to him againe, tickle him there.
Phan. Qua dispari domino dominaris?
Rec. Nay thats plaine in Littleton, for if that fee-simple, and the fee taile be put together, it is called hotch potch: now this word hotch potch in English is a pudding, for in such a pudding is not commonly one thing only, but one thing with another.
Amor. I thynke I do remember this also at a mooting in our Temple: so then this hotch potch seemes a terme of similitude.

Faur. to Great Capricornus, of the head take keepe.
S. Rad. Good Virgo watch, while that thy worship sleepe,
And when thy swelling vents amaine,
Then Piscis be thy sporting Chamberlaine.
S. Rad. I thynke the duell hath sent some of his family to torment me.
Amor. There is taile generall and taile speciall, and Littleton is very copious in that theame: for taile generall is, when land are given to a man, and his heires of his body begotten: Taile speciall, is when lands are given to a man, and to his wife, & to the heires of their two bodies lawfully begotten, and that is called Taile speciall.

S. Rad.
The returne from Pernaffus.

S. Rad. Very well, and for his oath I will give a distinction: there is a materials oath, and a formal oath: the formal oath may be broken, the materials may not be broken: for whereas the law is to take place before the conscience, and therefore you may, vowing me your counsellor, call him in the fute: there wants nothing to the full meaning of this place,

Phan. Nibit hic ruis carmina desunt.

Ing. An excellent observation in good faith, see how the old Fox teacheth the young Cub to wary a sleepe, or rather fits himselfe like an old Goose, hatching the adle braine of maister Amoretto: there is no foole to the Sattin foole, the Velvet foole, the perfumide foole, and therefore the witty Tailors of this age, put them under colour of kindnesse into a pair of cloath-bagges, where a voyder will not serue the turne: & there is no knaue to the barbarous knaue, the moulding knaue, the pleading knaue; what ho M. Recorder, Maister Noucraft unnerly per presentes, not a word he, whilst he feeleth it in his fist.

Phan. Mitto tibi metulas, caneros imitare legendo.

S. Rad. to Furor. Fellow what art thou that art so bold?

Fur. I am the ballard of great Mercury,

Got on Thalia when she was a sleepe:

My Gowy Grandfire great Apollo high,

Borne was I heare, but that my luck was ill,

To all the land upon the forked hill.

Phant. O crudelis uexilla nil mea carmina curas?

Nil nos mi fide re mori me design, coget

S. Rad. Pag. If you see them thus, my maister is a Juific of peace, and will lend you all to the Gallowes,

Phant. Hic mihi good dominum non licet ire tuo.

Ing. Good maister Recorder, let mee retaine you this terme for my cause, for my cause good maister Recorder.

Recor. I am retained already on the contrary part, I have taken my fee, be gone, be gone.

Ing. It's his meaning I should come off: why here is the true face of a villain, the true face of a Lawyer: it is usual with them to be bribed on the one side, and then to take a fee of
of the other: to plead weakly, and to be bribed and rebribed on the one side, then to be fed and refed of the other, till at length, per varios causos, by putting the case so often, they make their client so lanke, that they may cale them vp in a combé case, and pack them home from the teame, as though he had travelled to London to fell his horie onely, and hauing lost their fleeces, liue afterward like poore shorne shepe.

_Furor_. The Gods aboue that know great Furors fame,
And do adore grand poet Furors name:
Granted long fincc at heauens high parliament,
That who so Furor thal immortalize,
No yawning goblins shall frequent his graue,
Nor any bold presumptuous curr shall dare
To lift his legge against his sacred dust.
Where ere I haue my rymes, thence vermin fly
All, sauing that foule fac'd vermin poverty.
This sucks the eggs of my invention:
Euacuates my witts full pigeon house,
Now may it please thy generous dignity;
To take this vermin napping as he lyes,
In the true trappe of liberality:
He caule the Pleiades to giue thee thanks,
He write thy name within the sixteenth sphare;
He make the Antarticke pole to kisse thy toa,
And Cinthia to do homage to thy tayle.

_Sir Rad._ Precious coles, thou a man of worship and Iustie too! It's even so, he is ether a madde man or a conjurer: it were, well if his words were examined, to see if they be the Queenes

Phan. _Nunc finis audis ut qui es diminus Apollo_ (or no)
_Dic mihi qui nummos non habet unde petat?

_Amor._ I am fill haunted with these needy Latunift fellows: the best counsell I can giue, is to be gone.

Phan. _Quod peto da Caie, non peto consilium._
Am. Fellow looke to your braines: you are mad, you are mad.
Phan. _Sempel insaninimus omnes._

Am. Master Recorder, is it not a shame that a gallant cannot walke the streete quietly for needy fellows, and that, after there
The returne from Pernassus.

Here is a statute come out against begging:

He strikes his breast.

Phant. Pectora pertussis, pectus gong, rebora sunt.

Recor. I warrant you, they are some needy graduates: the University breaks windy twice a year, and lets the such as these are.

Ing. So ho master Recorder, you that are one of the Devil's fellow commoners, one that sizeth the Devil's butteries, finnes and perjuries very lambsly: one that are so deare to Lucifer, that he never puts you out of commons for non payment: you that live like a fummer upon the finnes of the people: you whose vocation serves to enlarge the territories of Hell, that (but for you) had beene no bigger than a pair of Stocks or a Pillorie: you that hate a scholler, because he defcries your Affairs cares: you that are a plague stuffed Cloake-bagge of all iniquitie, which the grand Serming-man of Hell will one day truie vp behind him, and carry to his smokie Warde-robe.

Recor. What a nantick fellow art thou, that art puffed with the spirit of malediction?

Furor. Vile muddy cloud of base unhallowed clay,
Thou slumie sprighted vnkinde Saracen,
When thou wast borne, dame Nature caft her Calfe,
For rage and rime had made thee a great Oxe,
And now thy grinding lawes devoure quite,
The fodder due to vs of heavenly spright.

Phant. Nefasto te peñit die qui cunctus ut sacrilega
Producit arbus in nepatam permiciem ob proprimumque
Pugi.

Ingeni. I pray you Monsieur Ploidan, of what University was the first Lawyer of, none forsooth, for your Lawe is ruled by reason, and not by Artes great reason indeed that a Ploydenist should bee mounted on a trapt Palfrey, with a round Velvet dith on his head, to kepe warme the broth of his witte, and a long Gowne, that makes him looke like a Cedari arma tette, whilst the poore Aristotelean walke in a shorte cloake and a close Venetian hoafe, hard by the Oyster.
The returns from Pernissus.

Oystre-wifes and the silly Poet goes muffled in his Cloake to escape the Counter. And you Master Amoretto, that art the chiefe Carpenter of Sonets, a privileged Vicar for the lawlese marriage of Inke and Paper, you that are good for nothing but to commend in a sette sprach, to colour the quantite of your Mistresses noose, and swear it is most sweete Cuer: it's fine when that Puppet-player Fortunus, must put such a Birchen-lane poet in so good a suite, such an Aife in so good fortune.

Amor. Father shall I draw?

Sir Rad. No sonne, keepeth thy peace, and hold the peace.

Juge. Nay do not draw, least you chance to benishe your Fatur. Eleetere sineque superos, Charone meabo. (credit, Fearfull! Magars with her snakie twine, Was cursed damyno thy damned selfe:
And Hircans tigers in the desert Rockes, Did tosser vp thy loathed hatefull life, Base Ignorance the wicked cradle rockt,
Vile Barbarifme was wont to dandle thee. Some wicked hell-hound tutored thy youth, And all the grisy sprights of griping hell, With muming looke hath dogd thee since thy birth;
See how the spirits do huer ore thy head,
As thick as gnettes in summer evening tide, Balefull eleetu. preche stay a while,
Till with my vertes I haue rackt his soule:
And when thy soule departs a Cock may be,
No blanke at allin hells great Lotterie.
Shame firs and howles vpon thy loathed graue,
And howling vomit vp in filthy guile,
The hidden stories of thy villainies.

Sir Rad. The Deuill my masters, the diuell in the likenesse of a poet, away my Maisters away. Exit.

Phan. Arma virumq, cano, Quem fugis ab demens?

Amor. Base dog, it is not the custome in Italy to draw upon every idle cur that barking, and did it stand with my reputation: oh, well go too, thanke my father for your lines.
The returne from Perseus.

Ing. Fond gull whom I would undertake to bastinado quickly, though there were a musket planted in thy mouth, are not you the yong drouer of Iuings Academico told me of, that hants steeple faires. Base worme must thou needs discharge thy craboune to batter downe the walls of learning.

Amor. I thinke I have committed some great sinne against my Ministra, that I am thus tormented with notable villaines.

Furor to Recor. Nay pray thee good sweet suell doe not thou part.

Recor. If I like an honest devill that will shew Himsel. In a true hellish smokey how:

How like thy shout is to great Lucifer?

Such tainting had he, such a gleering eye,

And such a cunning flight in villany.

Recor. Oh the impudency of this age, and if I take you in my quarters.

Furor. Base flauce ile hang thee on a crossed sime,

And quarter.

Ing. He is gone, Furor, fly thy sithy.


Amor. Pag. What will you giue me for a good old suet of apparell?

Phan. Hebet et musica solum, et formica sua bilis inest.

Ing. Gramercy good lads: this is our share in happiness, to torment the happy: let us walke a long and laugh at the lef, us no staying here long, lest Sir Radericks army of Baylies and clowns be sent to apprehend vs.

Phan. Procul hinc, procul ste prophani.

He lath Apollon selfe with ierking hand,

Vntelē he pawne his wit to buy me lands.

Act. 4. Scen. 5.

Burbage. Kempe.

Bur. Now Will Kempe, if we can intertaine these schollers at a low rate, it wil be well, they haue oftentimes a good conceite in a part.
The return from Pernassus.

Kempe. Its true indeed, honest Dick, but the slaves are somewhat proud, and besides, it is a good sport in a part; to see them neuer speake in their walke, but at the end of the stage, as though in walking with a fellow we should never speake but at a little gate, or a ditch, where a man can go no further. I was once at a Comedie in Cambridge, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion.

Bur. A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may bee besides they will be able to pen a part.

Kempe. Few of the university pen plaies well, they smeld too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talke too much of Proserpina & Jupiter. Why heres our fellow Shakespeare puts them all downe, I and Ben Jonson too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp Horace giving the Poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him berey his credit:

Bur. Its a shrewd fellow indeed: I wonder these schollers stay so long, they appointed to be here presently that we might try them: oh here they come.

Stud. Take heart, these lets our clouded thoughts refine,
The sun shines brightest when it begins decline.

Kempe. M. Phil. and M. Otiose, well met,
Phil. The same to you good M. Burbage. What M. Kempe how doth the Emperor of Germany?
Stud. God save you M. Kempe: welcome M. Kempe from dancing the morrice over the Alpes,
Kempe. Well you merry knaves you may come to the honor of it one day, is it not better to make a fool of the world as I have done, then to be fooled of the world, as you schollers are? But be merry my lads, you have happened upon the most excellent vocation in the world for money: they come North and South to bring it to our playhouse, and for honours, who of more report, then Dick Burbage & Will Kempe, he is not couied a Gentleman, that knowes not Dick Burbage & Will Kempe, there's not a country wench that can dance Sellengets Round but can talke of Dick Burbage and Will Kempe.
The return from Pernessia.

Phil. Indeed M. Kempe, you are very famous, but that is as well for works in print as for your part in kné.

Kempe. You are at Cambridge still with see kne, and be lusty humorous poets, you must vntruste, I read this my last circuit purposely because I would be judge of your actions.

Bur. M. Stud. I pray you take some part in this booke and act it, that I may see what will fit you best, I thinke your voice would serve for Hieronimo, obserue how I act it and then imitate mee.

Stud. Who call Hieronimo from his naked bed?

And &c.

Bur. You will do well after a while.

Kempe. Now for you, me thinke you should belong to my tuition, and your face me thinke would be good for a foolish Mayre or a foolish insuite of peace: mark me.

Forasmuch as there be two states of a common wealth, the one of peace, the other of tranquility: two states of warre, the one of discord, the other of dissension: two states of an incorporation, the one of the Aldermen, the other of the Brethren: two states of magistrates, the one of governing, the other of bearing rule, now, as I said even now for a good thing, thing cannot be said too often: Virtue is the shooinghorne of justice, that is, virtue is the shooinghorne of doing well that is, virtue is the shooinghorne of doing lusty, it behooveth mee and is my part to commend this shooinghorne you. I hope this word shooinghorne doth not of any of you my worshipfull brethren, for you being the shipfull headmen of the towne, know well what the horne meaneth. Now therefore I am determined not onely to teach but also to instruct, not onely the ignorant, but also the simple, not onely what is their duty towards their betters, but also what is their duty towards their superiours: come let mee see how you can doe, fit downe in the chaire.

Phil. Forasmuch as there be, &c.

Kempe. thou wilt do well in time, if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is by my selfe, and such grave Aldermen of the playhouse, as I am.
The returne from Perussia.

Bur. I like your face, and the proportion of your body for
Richard the 3. I pray M. Phil. let me see you act a little at
Phil. Now is the winter of our discontent,

Bur. Very well I assure you, well M. Phil. and M. Stud. we see what ability you are of. I pray walke with vs to our fellows, and weele agree presently.

Phil. We will follow you straight M. Burbage.

Kempe. Its good muniness to follow vs, Master Phil. and Master Oriofo.

Phil. And must the basest made yeild vs relieve? Must we be prastled to these leadeen spouts,
That nought downe vent but what they do receive?
Some fatall fire hath searcked our fortunes wing,
And still we fall, as we do vpward spring:
As we Strive vpward to the vaulted skie,
We fall and feel our hatefull destiny.

Stud. Wonder as well thou maist why mongst the waues,
Mongst the tempestuous waues on raging sea,
The wayling Marchant can no pitty crave.
What cares the wind and weather for their paines?
One strikes the sayle, another turnes the same,
He shaks the maine, another takes the Oce,
An other laboureth and taketh paine,
To pume the sea into the sea again.
Still they take paines, till the loud windes do blowe
Till the ships prouder must be layd belowe:

Stud. Fond world that neere thinkes on that aged man,
That Ariosoe old swift paced man,
Whose name is Tyme, who never lis to run,
Loaden with bundles of decayed names,
The which in Lethes lake he doth intombe,
Save onely those which swanlike scholiers take;

And
The return from Pernessus.

And doe deliver from that greedy lake,
Inglorious may they live, inglorious die,
That suffer learning line in misery.

Phil. What care then they, what fame their athes have,
When once their coopt vp in silent grave?

Stud. If faire fame they hope not when they dye,
Yet let them leave graves slaying Infamy.

Phil. Their spendthrift heires will those firebrands quench
Swagging full mostly on a tavernes bench.

Stud. No learned fire for all his glosing heire,
Must long be talkt of in the empty ayre.

Stud. Believe me thou that art my second selfe,
My vex'd soule is not disquieted,
For that I smile, is gaudy painted state,
Whereat my fortunes fairely almo of late.
For what am I, the meanest of many mo,
That earning profit are repaid with woe?
But this it is that doth my soule torment,
To thinke so many sutable wits,
That might contend with proudest birds of To,
Sits now immured within their private cells,
Drinking a long lank watching candles smoke,
Spending the marrow of their blooming age,
In fruitless belly on some wombe eate leafe:
When their delects shall cease, of due to claim,
A cherishill crop of fruitful swelling theale,
Cockled their harretts, and weed their graine,
Contempt their portion their possess ion paine.

Stud. Scholars must frame to live at a low stile,
Phil. Ill sayling where there blowes so happy stile.

Stud. Our ship is ruind, all her toile is spent,
Phil. And all her gaudy furniture is spent.

Stud. Teares be the waves whereon her ruines bide.
Phil. And sighes the windes that waftes her broken side.

Stud. Mischiefe the Pilot is the ship to stire.
Phil. And Wo the passenger this ship shoulde care.

Stud. Come, Philosopher, let us break this chat.
The returnes from Perseaus.

Phil. And brake my heart; oh would I could brake that,
Stud. Let us learne to set that Tragicke part we have,
Phil. Would I were silent actor in my grave.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Phil. & Stud. become Fidders with their consorts.

Phil. And tune fellow Fiddlers, Studes & I are ready. (they Stud: going aside sayeth,

Payre fell good Orpame, that would rather be
King of a mole hill, then a Keyfars slae;  
Better it is amongst fidders to be chief,
Then at plaiers trencher beg relief.
But ill not strange this mimick apes should prize
Unhappy Schollers at a hirling rate.
Vile world, that lifts them vp to hie degree,
And treads vs downe in groveling misery.
England affordes those glorious vagabonds,
That caried earl their fardels on their backes,
Couriers to ride on through the gazing streets,
Sooping it in their glaring Sutten futes,
And Pages to atten their maistershipps:
With mouthing words that better were have framed,
They purchase lands, and now Esquires are made.

Phil. What are they seemes being even at the belt,
They are but spoyling fortunes, cornfull leaves.

Stud. So merry fortune is want from ragges to take,
Some ragged grome, and thus some gallant make.

Phil. The world and fortune hath playd on vs too long;
Stud. Now to the world we fiddle unto a long.

Phil. Our life is a playne song with cunning sound,
Whose highest pitch in lowest base doth end,
But see our fellows vnto play are bent:
If not our minde, let us tune our instrument.

Stud. Let vs in a private song our cunning try,
Before we sing to stranger company.
The return from Pernassus.

Phil. sing. They tune.

How can he sing whose voyce is hoarse with care?
How can he play whose heart strings broken are?
How can he keepe his rest that here found rest?
How can he keepe his time whose time here blest?

Only he can in sorrow beare a parte,
With untaught hand, and with untuned hart.
Fond arts farewell, that swallowed mine youth.
Adiew vaine muses, that have wrought my ruth.
Repent fond lyre that straynest thy happless sonne,
In learnings loare, since bounteous almes are done.
Cease, cease harsh tongue, untuned musicke rest.
Intombe thy sorrowes in thy hollow breast.

Sind. Thanks Phil. for thy pleasant song,
Oh had this world a tutch of utter griefe,
Hard rockes would weep for want of our releife.

Phil. The cold of we hath quite untun'd my voyce,
And made it too too harsh for lisitning ear:
Time was in time of my young fortunes spring,
I was a gamesome boy and learned to sing.

But say fellow musitians, you know best whether we go,
at what dore must we imperiously beg.

Jack, sid. Here dwells Sir Raderick, and his sonne: it may be
now at this good time of Newyeare he will be liberall, let vs
stand neere and drawe.

Phil. Draw callet thou it, indeed it is the most desperate
kinde of service that ever I aduentured on.

Act. 3. Scena.2.

Enter the two Pages.

Sir Rapa. My maister bidds me tell you that he is but new-
ly fallen a sleepe, and you base slaves must come and disquiet
him: what never a basket of Capons? masle, and if he comes,
heele commit you all.

Amor. Pag. Sirra Jack, shall you and I play Sir Raderick
and Amoretto, and reward these fiddlers. Ile, my maister Amo-
retto, and give them as much as he vseth.

Sir
The Returne from Pernassus.

S. Rad. pag. And I my old master Sir Redick: fiddlers play: 
I'll reward you, saith I will. 

Amor. pag. Good saith this pleaseth my sweete mistresse admirably: cannot you play twetty twarty fool, or to be at her, 
to be at her.

Rad. pag. Haue you neuer a song of master Dowlands making? 
Am. pag. Or hos ego versiculus feci &c. A pox on it, my master. 
Am. I veth it very often. I haue forgotten the verse.

Rad. pag. Sir Theon: here are a couple of fellows brought before me, and I know not how to decide the caufe, looke in my Christmas booke who brought me a present.

Am. pag. On New-yeares day goodman Foole brought you a present; but goodman Clowne brought you none.

Rad. pag. Then the right is on goodman fools side.

Am. pag. My mistresse is fo sweete, that all the Philistines in the towne cannot make her flinck, she never goes to the coole, oh she is a moft sweete little mutkey. Please your worship good father yonder are some would speake with you.

Rad. pag. What haue they brought me any thing, if they haue not, saie I take Phisick.

Forasmuch fiddlers, as I am of the peace, I must needs love all weapons and instruments, that are for the peace, among which I account your fiddles, because they can neither bite nor scratch, marry now finding your fiddles to iarre, and knowing that iarring is a caufe of breaking the peace, I am by the virtue of my office and place to commit your quarrelling fiddles to close prisonment in their cases. They call within.

Tha ho, Richard, Jack.

Am. Page. The fool within mairets our play without. Fiddlers set it on my head, I vse to size my musick, or go on the score for it, Ile pay it at the quarters end.

Rad. Page. Farewell good Pan, sweete Irenias adieu, Don Orpheus a thousand times farewell.

Jack. Fid. You swore you would pay vs for our musick.

Rad. Page. For that Ile giue Maister Recorders law, and that is this, there is a double oath, a formall oath, and a materiall oath; a materiall oath cannot be broken, the formall oath may be broken, I swore formally: farewell Fidlers.

Phil.
The returne from Perwassius.

Phil. Farewell good wags, whose wits praise worth I deeme,
    Though somewhat waggish, so we all haue beene.

Stud. Faith fellow Fidlers, heres no siluer found in this place,
    no not so much as the vtill Christmas entertainment of Musi-
    tians, a black Jack of Beere, and a Christmas Pye.

    They walke aside from their fellows.

Phil. Where ere we in the wide world playing be,
    Misfortune beares a part, and marres our melody,
    Impossible to please with Musickes straine,
    Our hearts strings broke, are nere to be tun'd againe.

Stud. Then let vs leave this bafier fiding trade,
    For though our purse should mend, our credit fades.

Phil. Full glad I am to fee thy mindes free course,
    Declining from this trencher waiting trade,
    Well may I now disclose in plainer guife,
    What eas I meant to worke in secret wise?

    My bulse conscience checkt my guilty soule,
    For seeking maintenance by bale vasallage,
    And then lugged to my searching thought,
    A shepeards poore secure contended life,
    On which since then I doted euerie houre,
    And meant this fame houre in fadder plight,
    To haue flome from thee in fecrecie of night.

Stud. Deare friend thou seemst to wrong my soule too,
    Thinking that Studi ofo would account, (much,
    That fortune fowre, which thou accompteft sweete:
    Nor any life to mee can sweeter be,
    Then happy (waines in plaine of Arcady.

Phil. Why then letts both go spend our little store,
    In the provision of due furniture:
    A shepards hooke, a tarbox and a scrippa,
    And halfe vnto thote sheepe adorned hills,
    Where if not bless our fortunes we may bless our

Stud. True mirth we may enioy in thacked fall, (wills.)
    Nor hoping higher rife, nor fearing lower fall.

Phil. Weele therefore discharge these filders. Fellow mu-
    sitions, we are fory that it hath bene your ill happes to haue
    Ha
The returne from Pernassus.

had vs in your company, that are nothing but scritch-owles, and night Rauens, able to marre the purest melody: & besides, our company is so ominous, that where we are, thence liberality is packing, our resolution is therefore to wish you well, and to bidde you farewell.

Come Stud: let vs hast away,

Returning neare to this accurfed place.

Act 5. Scena 3.

Enter Ingenioso, Academico.

Inge, Faith. Academico, it’s the feare of that fellow, I meane the signe of the seargeants head, that makes me to be so hasty to be gone: to be briefe Academico, witts are out for me, to apprehend mee for my playes, and now I am bound for the Ile of doggs. Furor & Phantasma comes after, remouing the campe, as fast as they can: farewell, Mea quid vos valeamus.

Acad. Eryth Ingenioso: I thinke the Viuversity is a melancholike life, for there a good fellow cannot sit two howres in his chamber, but he shall bee troubled with the bill of a Drawer, or a Vintner: but the point is, I know not how to better my selfe, and so I am fayne to take it.


Phil, Stud, Furor, Phant.

Phil. Who haue we there, Ingenioso, and Academico?

Stud. The very same, who are those, Furor and Phantasma?

Furor takes a loose off his sleue.

Furor. And art thou there sixfooted Mercury?

Phant. Are rymes become such creepers now a dayes?

Furor. Prefumptuous louse, that doth good manners lack, in his bo-

Phant. Daring to crepvepon Poet Furors back:

some. Multum refer quibuscum visseris.

Phil. What Furor and Phant. too, our old colledge fellowes, let vs incounter them all. Ing: Acad, Furor, Phantasma. God saue you all.

Stud.
The returne from Pernaffus.


Ing. What our deere friends Phil. and Stud?

Act. What our old friends Phil. and Stud?

Fur. What my supernaturall friends?

Ing. What newes with you in this quarter of the Citty?

Phil. We have run through many trades, yet thrive by none

Poore in content, and onely rich in moane,

A shepheards life thou knowst I wont t'admire,

Turning a Cambridge apple by the fire.

To live in humble dale we now are bent,

Spending our dayes in fearelesse merriment.

Stud. Weel teach each tree eu'n of the hardeft kind,

To kepe our wofull name within their rinde.

Weel watch our flock, and yet weele sleepe withall,

Weele tune our sorrowes to the waters fall, (bleffe.

The woods and rockes with our thrill songs weele.

Let them proue kind, since men proue pittileffe.

But say, whether are you and your company jogging: it seems

by your apparell you are about to wander.

Ing. Faith we are fully bent to be Lords of misrule in the

worlds wide heath: our voyage is to the Ile of Dogges, there

where the blattant beast doth rule and raigne Renting the

credite of whom it please.

Where serpents tongues the pen men are to write,

Where cats do waule by day, dogges by night:

There shall engoared venom be my inke,

My pen a sharper quill of porcupine,

My styined paper, this sin laded earth:

There will I write in lines shall never die,

Our feared Lordings crying villany.

Phil. A gentle wit thou hast, nor is it blame,

To turne so tarr, for time hath wronged the fame,

Stu. And well thou dost from this fond earth to flit,

Where most mens pens are hired Parasites.

Act. Go happily, I wish thee store of gall,

Sharply to wound the guilty world withall.

Phil.
The return from Pernassus.

Phil. But say, what shall become of Furor and Phantasma?

Ing. These my companions still with me must wend,

Aca. Fury and Fannsie on good witsattend.

Fur. When I arrive within the island of Doggs,
Don Phoebus I will make thee kiss the pumpe,
Thy one eye press in every Drapers fall,
Yet never thinkes on poet Furor's need:
Furor is lowe, great Furor lowe is,
I'll make thee run this lowe race I wis.
And thou my cloutish landesflie Cinthia,
Nere thinkes on Furors shirt,
Thou and thy squinting boy Endimion,
Lies flattering still upon a lawlesslfe couch.
Furor will have thee carted through the dirt,
That makest great poet Furor want his shirt.

Ing. Is not here a true dogge that dare barke so boldly at
the Moonne.

Phil. Exclaiming want and needy care and careke,
Would make the mildest spright to bite and barke.

Phan. Canes timidis vehementius latrani. There are certaine
burrs in the Isle of doggs called in our English tongue, men of
worship, certaine briars as the Indians call them, as we say cer-
tayne lawyers, certaine great lumps of earth, as the Arians
call them, certaine grofers as we tearme them, quos ego sed
mosis prestis componere sustisis.

Ing. We three vnto the snarling Haft haft,
And there our vexed breath in snarling waft.

Phil. We will be gone vnto the downes of Kent,
Sure footing we shall find in humble dale:
Our fleecy flocke weel learme to watch and waite,
In Julyes heate and cold of January:
Weel chant our woes vpon an oaten reede,
Whiles bleating flock vpon their supper reede:

Snd. So shall we shun the company of men,
That growes more hatefull as the world growes old,
Weel reach the murmuring brookes in tears to flow:
And sleepey rocke to wayle our palled wo.
The returne from Periassus.

Acad. Adew you gentle spirits, long adew:
Your witts I loue and your ill fortunes rue:
Ile haue me to my Cambridge cell againe,
My fortunes cannot wax but they may waine.

Inge. Adew good sheppards, happy may you live,
And in heresie in some secret shade,
You shall recount poore schollers miseries,
Vouchsafe to mention with teares swelling eyes,
Ingeniose thwarting defluyes,
And thou still happy Academico,
That still maist reft vpon the mutes bed,
Injoying there a quiet slumbering,
When thou repayre vnto thy Grantaes streame,
Wonder at thine owne blisse, pitty our case,
That still doth tread ill fortunes endless maze,
With them that are preferments Almoners,
To cherish gentle wits in their greene bud:
For had not Cambridge bin to me vnkinde,
I had not turn'd to call a milkye minde.

Phil. I wish thee of good hap a plentious store,
Thy wit deserues no lesse, my loue can wish no more.
Farewell, farewell good Academico,
Neuer maist thou tast of our forspasst woe.
Wee with thy fortunes may attaine their due:
Furor and you Phantasme both adue.

Acad. Farewell, farewell, farewell, o long farewell,
The rest my tongue conceales, let sorow tell.

Phan. Et longum vale, inquit Iota,

Furor. Farewel my masters, Furor's a madly dogge,
Nor can with a smooth glozing farewell cog,
Nought can great Furor do, but barke and howle,
And snarl, and grin, and carle, and towze the world,
Like a great swine by his long leane card lugges,
Farewell muty, dusty, rufly, rufly London,
Thou art not worthy of great Furors wit,
That cheatest vertue of her due defert,
And sufferest great Apollos sonne to want.

Inge.
The returne from Pernassus.

Inga. Nay stay a while and helpe me to content:  
So many gentle witts attention,  
Who kenes the lawes of every comick stage;  
And wonders that our scene ends discontent.  
Ye ayrie witts subrill,  
Since that few schollers fortunes are content.  
Wonder not if our scene end discontent.  
When that our fortunes reach their due content,  
Then shall our scene end here in merriment.

Phil. Perhaps some happy wit with feeling hand,  
Hereafter may record the pastoral  
Of the two schollers of Pernassus hill,  
And then our scene may end and have content,

Inge. Meane time if there be any spightfull Ghost,  
That smiles to see poore schollers miseries.  
Cold is his charity, his wit too dull,  
We scorne his censure, he is a seering gull;  
But whatsoere refined sprights there be,  
That deeplie groane at our calamity;  
Whose breath is turned to sighes, whose eyes are wet,  
To see bright arts bent to their latest set:  
Whence never they againe their heads shall recce,  
To bleste our art disgracing hemisphere.

Inge. Let them.

Favor. Let them.

Phan. Let them.

Acad. And none but them.

Phil. And none but them.

Stud. And none but them.

FINIS.