

# **A Chaste Maid in Cheapside**

Thomas Middleton

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# A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Thomas Middleton

The Names of the Principal Persons

Mr. YELLOWHAMMER, a goldsmith

MAUDLIN, his wife

TIM, their son

MOLL, their daughter

TUTOR to Tim

SIR WALTER Whorehound, a suitor to Moll

SIR OLIVER Kix, and his wife [LADY KIX], kin to Sir Walter

Mr. [John] ALLWIT, and his wife [MISTRESS ALLWIT], whom Sir Walter keeps

A WELSH GENTLEWOMAN, Sir Walter's whore

WAT and NICK, his bastards [by Mistress Allwit]

DAVY Dahumma, his man

TOUCHWOOD SENIOR, and his wife [MISTRESS TOUCHWOOD], a decayed gentleman

TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR, another suitor to Moll

TWO PROMOTERS

SERVANTS [three of Allwit's, three of Sir Oliver's]

[Three or four] WATERMEN

[Sims, a PORTER]

[A GENTLEMAN]

[A WENCH with Touchwood Senior's bastard]

[Jugg, Lady Kix's MAID]

[A DRY NURSE]

[A WET NURSE]

[A MAN with a basket]

[A SECOND MAN with a basket]

[TWO PURITANS, the first named Mistress Underman]

[FIVE GOSSIPS]

[A MIDWIFE]

[A PARSON]

[A third NURSE]

[SUSAN, Moll's maid]

## I.[i. A street in front of Yellowhammer's shop.]

Enter Maudlin and Moll, a shop being discovered.

**MAUDLIN**

Have you played over all your old lessons o' the virginals?

**MOLL**

Yes.

**MAUDLIN**

Yes, you are a dull maid alate, methinks you had need have somewhat to quicken your green sickness; do you weep? A husband. Had not such a piece of flesh been ordained, what had us wives been good for? To make salads, or else cried up and down for samphire. To see the difference of these seasons! When I was of your youth, I was lightsome, and quick, two years before I was married. You fit for a knight's bed—drowsy—browed, dull—eyed, drossy—spirited! I hold my life you have forgot your dancing: when was the dancer with you?

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**MOLL**

The last week.

**MAUDLIN**

Last week? When I was of your bord, he missed me not a night, I was kept at it; I took delight to learn, and he to teach me, pretty brown gentleman, he took pleasure in my company; but you are dull, nothing comes nimbly from you, you dance like a plumber's daughter, and deserve two thousand pounds in lead to your marriage, and not in goldsmith's ware.

Enter Yellowhammer.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Now what's the din betwixt mother and daughter, ha?

**MAUDLIN**

Faith, small, telling your daughter Mary of her errors.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Errors! Nay, the city cannot hold you, wife, but you must needs fetch words from Westminster; I ha' done, i'faith. Has no attorney's clerk been here alate and changed his half-crown-piece his mother sent him, or rather cozened you with a gilded twopence, to bring the word in fashion for her faults or cracks in duty and obedience, term 'em e'en so, sweet wife? As there is no woman made without a flaw, your purest lawns have frays, and cambrics bracks.

**MAUDLIN**

But 'tis a husband solders up all cracks.

**MOLL**

What is he come, sir?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Sir Walter's come.

He was met at Holborn Bridge, and in his company  
A proper fair young gentlewoman, which I guess  
By her red hair, and other rank descriptions,  
To be his landed niece brought out of Wales,  
Which Tim our son (the Cambridge boy) must marry.  
'Tis a match of Sir Walter's own making  
To bind us to him, and our heirs for ever.

**MAUDLIN**

We are honoured then, if this baggage would be humble,  
And kiss him with devotion when he enters.  
I cannot get her for my life  
To instruct her hand thus, before and after,  
Which a knight will look for, before and after.  
I have told her still, 'tis the waving of a woman  
Does often move a man, and prevails strongly.  
But sweet, ha' you sent to Cambridge,  
Has Tim word on't?

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**YELLOWHAMMIER**

Had word just the day after when you sent him the silver spoon to eat his broth in the hall, amongst the gentlemen commoners.

**MAUDLIN**

O, 'twas timely.

Enter Porter.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

How now?

**PORTER**

A letter from a gentleman in Cambridge.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

O, one of Hobson's porters, thou art welcome. I told thee, Maud, we should hear from Tim. [Reads letter] Amantissimis charissimisque ambobus parentibus patri et matri.

**MAUDLIN**

What's the matter?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Nay, by my troth, I know not, ask not me, he's grown too verbal; this learning is a great witch.

**MAUDLIN**

Pray, let me see it, I was wont to understand him. Amantissimus charissimus, he has sent the carrier's man, he says; ambobus parentibus, for a pair of boots; patri et matri, pay the porter, or it makes no matter.

**PORTER**

Yes, by my faith, mistress, there's no true construction in that, I have took a great deal of pains, and come from the Bell sweating. Let me come to't, for I was a scholar forty years ago; 'tis thus, I warrant you: Matri, it makes no matter: ambobus parentibus, for a pair of boots; patri, pay the porter; amantissimis charissimis, he's the carrier's man, and his name is Sims, and there he says true, forsooth, my name is Sims indeed; I have not forgot all my learning. A money matter, I thought I should hit on't.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Go, thou art an old fox, there's a tester for thee.

**PORTER**

If I see your worship at Goose Fair, I have a dish of birds for you.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Why, dost dwell at Bow?

**PORTER**

All my lifetime, sir; I could ever say "Bo" to a goose. Farewell to your worship.

Exit Porter.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

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A merry porter.

**MAUDLIN**

How can he choose but be so, coming with Cambridge letters from our son Tim?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

What's here? [Reads] Maximus diligo. Faith, I must to my learned counsel with this gear, 'twill ne'er be discerned else.

**MAUDLIN**

Go to my cousin then, at Inns of Court.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Fie, they are all for French, they speak no Latin.

**MAUDLIN**

The parson then will do it.

Enter a Gentleman with a chain.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Nay, he disclaims it, calls Latin Papistry, he will not deal with it. What is't you lack, gentleman?

**GENTLEMAN**

Pray, weigh this chain.

Enter Sir Walter Whorehound, Welsh Gentlewoman and Davy [Dahumma].

**SIR WALTER**

Now, wench, thou art welcome to the heart of the city of London.

**WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

Dugat a whee.

**SIR WALTER**

You can thank me in English if you list.

**WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

I can, sir, simply.

**SIR WALTER**

'Twill serve to pass, wench; 'twas strange that I should lie with thee so often, to leave thee without English: that were unnatural. I bring thee up to turn thee into gold, wench, and make thy fortune shine like your bright trade. A goldsmith's shop sets out a city maid. Davy [Dahumma], not a word.

**DAVY**

Mum, mum, sir.

**SIR WALTER**

Here you must pass for a pure virgin.

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**DAVY**

[Aside] Pure Welsh virgin, she lost her maidenhead in Brecknockshire.

**SIR WALTER**

I hear you mumble, Davy.

**DAVY**

I have teeth, sir, I need not mumble yet this forty years.

**SIR WALTER**

The knave bites plaguily.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

What's your price, sir?

**GENTLEMAN**

A hundred pound, sir.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

A hundred marks the utmost, 'tis not for me else.

[Exit Gentleman.]

What, Sir Walter Whorehound?

**MOLL**

O death!

Exit Moll.

**MAUDLIN**

Why, daughter; faith, the baggage,  
A bashful girl, sir; these young things are shamefast.  
Besides, you have a presence, sweet Sir Walter,  
Able to daunt a maid brought up i' the city;

Enter [Moll].

A brave court spirit makes our virgins quiver,  
And kiss with trembling thighs. Yet see, she comes, sir.

**SIR WALTER**

Why, how now, pretty mistress, now I have caught you. What, can you injure so your time to stray thus from your faithful servant?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Pish, stop your words, good knight, 'twill make her blush else, which would too high for the daughters of the freedom. "Honour," and "faithful servant," they are compliments for the worthies of Whitehall, or Greenwich. E'en plain, sufficient subsidy words serves us, sir. And is this gentlewoman your worthy niece?

**SIR WALTER**

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You may be bold with her on these terms, 'tis she, sir, heir to some nineteen mountains.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Bless us all, you overwhelm me, sir, with love and riches.

**SIR WALTER**

And all as high as Paul's.

**DAVY**

Here's work, i'faith.

**SIR WALTER**

How sayst thou, Davy?

**DAVY**

Higher, sir, by far: you cannot see the top of 'em.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

What, man? Maudlin, salute this gentlewoman, our daughter if things hit right.

Enter Touchwood Junior.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

[Aside] My knight with a brace of footmen  
Is come and brought up his ewe mutton  
To find a ram at London; I must hasten it,  
Or else pick a' famine; her blood's mine,  
And that's the surest. Well, knight, that choice [spoil]  
Is only kept for me.

**MOLL**

[Aside to Touchwood Junior] Sir?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

[To Moll, hands her note] Turn not to me till thou mayst lawfully,  
It but whets my stomach, which is too sharp  
Set already. Read that note carefully,  
Keep me from suspicion still, nor know  
My zeal but in thy heart:  
Read and send but thy liking in three words,  
I'll be at hand to take it.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

O, turn, sir, turn.  
A poor plain boy, an university man,  
Proceeds next Lent to a Bachelor of Art;  
He will be called Sir Yellowhammer then  
Over all Cambridge, and that's half a knight.

**MAUDLIN**

Please you draw near, and taste the welcome of the city, sir?



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**YELLOWHAMMER**

Come, good Sir Walter, and your virtuous niece here.

**SIR WALTER**

'Tis manners to take kindness.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Lead 'em in, wife.

**SIR WALTER**

Your company, sir.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

I'll give't you instantly.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

[Aside] How strangely busy is the devil and riches;  
Poor soul kept in too hard, her mother's eye  
Is cruel toward her, being to him.  
'Twere a good mirth now to set him a-work  
To make her wedding ring. I must about it.  
Rather than the game should fall to a stranger,  
'Twas honesty in me to enrich my father.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

[Aside] The girl is wondrous peevish; I fear nothing  
But that she's taken with some other love,  
Then all's quite dashed; that must be narrowly looked to;  
We cannot be too wary in our children.—  
What is't you lack?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

O, nothing now, all that I wish is present. I would have a wedding ring made for a gentlewoman, with all speed that may be.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Of what weight, sir?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Of some half ounce, stand fair and comely, with the spark of a diamond. Sir, 'twere pity to lose the least grace.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Pray, let's see it; indeed, sir, 'tis a pure one.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

So is the mistress.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Have you the wideness of her finger, sir?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Yes, sure I think I have her measure about me.  
[Searches for a paper] Good faith, 'tis down, I cannot show't you,  
I must pull too many things out to be certain.  
Let me see: long, and slender, and neatly jointed,  
Just such another gentlewoman that's your daughter, sir.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

And therefore, sir, no gentlewoman.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

I protest I never saw two maids handed more alike;  
I'll ne'er seek farther, if you'll give me leave, sir.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

If you dare venture by her finger, sir.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Ay, and I'll bide all loss, sir.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Say you so, sir; let's see hither, girl.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Shall I make bold with your finger, gentlewoman?

**MOLL**

Your pleasure, sir.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

That fits her to a hair, sir.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

What's your posy now, sir?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Mass, that's true, posy, i'faith; e'en thus, sir:  
"Love that's wise, blinds parents' eyes."

**YELLOWHAMMER**

How, how? If I may speak without offence, sir,  
I hold my life—

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

What, sir?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Go to, you'll pardon me?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Pardon you?

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Ay, sir.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Will you, i'faith?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Yes, faith, I will.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

You'll steal away some man's daughter, am I near you?  
Do you turn aside? You gentlemen are mad wags;  
I wonder things can be so warily carried,  
And parents blinded so, but they're served right  
That have two eyes, and were so dull a sight.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

[Aside] Thy doom take hold of thee.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Tomorrow noon shall show your ring well done.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Being so, 'tis soon; thanks, and your leave sweet gentlewoman.

Exit.

**MOLL**

Sir, you are welcome.

[Aside] O, were I made of wishes, I went with thee.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Come, now we'll see how the rules go within.

**MOLL**

That robs my joy, there I lose all I win.

[Exeunt.]

[I.ii. Allwit's house.]

Enter Davy and Allwit severally.

**DAVY**

Honesty wash my eyes, I have spied a wittol.

**ALLWIT**

What, Davy [Dahumma]? Welcome from North Wales,  
I'faith, and is Sir Walter come?

**DAVY**

New come to town, sir.

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### ALLWIT

Into the maids, sweet Davy, and give order his chamber be made ready instantly; my wife's as great as she can wallow, Davy, and longs for nothing but pickled cucumbers, and his coming, and now she shall ha't, boy.

### DAVY

She's sure of them, sir.

### ALLWIT

Thy very [sight] will hold my wife in pleasure, till the knight come himself. Go in, in, in, Davy.

Exit [Davy].

The founder's come to town; I am like a man  
Finding a table furnished to his hand,  
As mine is still to me, prays for the founder;  
Bless the right worshipful, the good founder's life.  
I thank him, h'as maintained my house this ten years,  
Not only keeps my wife, but 'a keeps me,  
And all my family; I am at his table,  
He gets me all my children, and pays the nurse,  
Monthly, or weekly, puts me to nothing,  
Rent, nor church duties, not so much as the scavenger:  
The happiest state that ever man was born to.  
I walk out in a morning, come to breakfast,  
Find excellent cheer, a good fire in winter,  
Look in my coal house about midsummer eve,  
That's full, five or six chaldron, new laid up;  
Look in my back yard, I shall find a steeple  
Made up with Kentish faggots, which o'erlooks  
The waterhouse and the windmills; I say nothing  
But smile, and pin the door. When she lies in,  
As now she's even upon the point of grunting,  
A lady lies not in like her; there's her embossings,  
Embroiderings, spanglings, and I know not what,  
As if she lay with all the gaudy shops  
In Gresham's Burse about her; then her restoratives,  
Able to set up a young 'pothecary,  
And richly stock the foreman of a drug shop;  
Her sugar by whole loaves, her wines by rundlets.  
I see these things, but like a happy man,  
I pay for none at all, yet fools think's mine;  
I have the name, and in his gold I shine.  
And where some merchants would in soul kiss hell,  
To buy a paradise for their wives, and dye  
Their conscience in the bloods of prodigal heirs  
To deck their night-piece, yet all this being done,  
Eaten with jealousy to the inmost bone—  
As what affliction nature more constrains,  
Than feed the wife plump for another's veins?—  
These torments stand I freed of, I am as clear

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

From jealousy of a wife as from the charge.  
O, two miraculous blessings; 'tis the knight  
Hath took that labour all out of my hands;  
I may sit still and play; he's jealous for me—  
Watches her steps, sets spies—I live at ease;  
He has both the cost and torment; when the strings  
Of his heart [fret], I feed, laugh, or sing,  
"La dildo, dildo la dildo, la dildo dildo de dildo."

Enter two Servants.

### FIRST SERVANT

What has he got a-singing in his head now?

### SECOND SERVANT

Now he's out of work he falls to making dildoes.

### ALLWIT

Now, sirs, Sir Walter's come.

### FIRST SERVANT

Is our master come?

### ALLWIT

Your master? What am I?

### FIRST SERVANT

Do not you know, sir?

### ALLWIT

Pray, am not I your master?

### FIRST SERVANT

O, you are but our mistress's husband.

Enter Sir Walter and Davy.

### ALLWIT

Ergo, knave, your master.

### FIRST SERVANT

Negatur argumentum. Here comes Sir Walter.

[Allwit takes off his hat.]

[Aside to Second Servant] Now 'a stands bare as well as we; make the most of him, he's but one peep above a serving-man, and so much his horns make him.

### SIR WALTER

How dost, Jack?

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**ALLWIT**

Proud of your worship's health, sir.

**SIR WALTER**

How does your wife?

**ALLWIT**

E'en after your own making, sir,  
She's a tumbler, i'faith, the nose and belly meets.

**SIR WALTER**

They'll part in time again.

**ALLWIT**

At the good hour, they will, and please your worship.

**SIR WALTER**

Here, sirrah, pull off my boots. Put on, put on, Jack.

**ALLWIT**

I thank your kind worship, sir.

**SIR WALTER**

Slippers! Heart, you are sleepy.

**ALLWIT**

[Aside] The game begins already.

**SIR WALTER**

Pish, put on, Jack.

**ALLWIT**

[Aside] Now I must do it, or he'll be as angry now as if I had put it on at first bidding; 'tis but observing, 'tis but observing a man's humour once, and he may ha' him by the nose all his life. [Puts his hat back on]

**SIR WALTER**

What entertainment has lain open here?  
No strangers in my absence?

**FIRST SERVANT**

Sure, sir, not any.

**ALLWIT**

[Aside] His jealousy begins, am not I happy now  
That can laugh inward whilst his marrow melts?

**SIR WALTER**

How do you satisfy me?

**FIRST SERVANT**

Good sir, be patient.

**SIR WALTER**

For two months' absence I'll be satisfied.

**FIRST SERVANT**

No living creature entered—

**SIR WALTER**

Entered? Come, swear—

**FIRST SERVANT**

You will not hear me out, sir—

**SIR WALTER**

Yes, I'll hear't out, sir.

**FIRST SERVANT**

Sir, he can tell himself.

**SIR WALTER**

Heart, he can tell!

Do you think I'll trust him? As a usurer  
With forfeited lordships. Him? O monstrous injury!  
Believe him? Can the devil speak ill of darkness?  
What can you say, sir?

**ALLWIT**

Of my soul and conscience,  
Sir, she's a wife as honest of her body  
To me as any lord's proud lady can be.

**SIR WALTER**

Yet, by your leave, I heard you were once offering  
To go to bed to her.

**ALLWIT**

No, I protest, sir.

**SIR WALTER**

Heart, if you do, you shall take all—I'll marry.

**ALLWIT**

O, I beseech you, sir—

**SIR WALTER**

That wakes the slave,  
And keeps his flesh in awe.

**ALLWIT**

[Aside] I'll stop that gap  
Where'er I find it open; I have poisoned

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

His hopes in marriage already—  
Some old rich widows, and some landed virgins—

Enter two children[, Wat and Nick].

And I'll fall to work still before I'll lose him,  
He's yet too sweet to part from.

**[WAT]**

God—den, father.

**ALLWIT**

Ha, villain, peace.

**NICK**

God—den, father.

**ALLWIT**

Peace, bastard.

[Aside] Should he hear 'em! These are two foolish children,  
They do not know the gentleman that sits there.

**SIR WALTER**

Oh Wat, how dost, Nick? Go to school,  
Ply your books, boys, ha?

[Exeunt Wat and Nick.]

**ALLWIT**

[Aside] Where's your legs, whoresons?  
They should kneel indeed if they could say their prayers.

**SIR WALTER**

[Aside] Let me see, stay,  
How shall I dispose of these two brats now  
When I am married, for they must not mingle  
Amongst my children that I get in wedlock,  
'Twill make foul work that, and raise many storms.  
I'll bind Wat prentice to a goldsmith, my father Yellowhammer;  
As fit as can be. Nick with some vintner; good, goldsmith  
And vintner; there will be wine in bowls, i'faith.

Enter Allwit's Wife.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

Sweet knight,  
Welcome; I have all my longings now in town,  
Now well—come the good hour.

**SIR WALTER**

How cheers my mistress?



**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

Made lightsome, e'en by him that made me heavy.

**SIR WALTER**

Methinks she shows gallantly, like a moon at full, sir.

**ALLWIT**

True, and if she bear a male child, there's the man in the moon, sir.

**SIR WALTER**

'Tis but the boy in the moon yet, goodman calf.

**ALLWIT**

There was a man; the boy had never been there else.

**SIR WALTER**

It shall be yours, sir.

[Exeunt Mistress Allwit and Sir Walter.]

**ALLWIT**

No, by my troth,  
I'll swear it's none of mine, let him that got it  
Keep it. Thus do I rid myself of fear,  
Lie soft, sleep hard, drink wine, and eat good cheer.

[Exit.]

**II.[i. A street.]**

Enter Touchwood Senior and his Wife.

**[MISTRESS TOUCHWOOD]**

'Twill be so tedious, sir, to live from you,  
But that necessity must be obeyed.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

I would it might not, wife; the tediousness  
Will be the most part mine, that understand  
The blessings I have in thee; so to part,  
That drives the torment to a knowing heart;  
But as thou sayst, we must give way to need  
And live awhile asunder, our desires  
Are both too fruitful for our barren fortunes.  
How adverse runs the destiny of some creatures—  
Some only can get riches and no children,  
We only can get children and no riches;

II.[i. A street.]

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Then 'tis the [prudent'st] part to check our wills,  
And till our state rise, make our bloods lie still.  
Life, every year a child, and some years two,  
Besides drinkings abroad, that's never reckoned;  
This gear will not hold out.

### [MISTRESS TOUCHWOOD]

Sir, for a time, I'll take the courtesy of my uncle's house  
If you be pleased to like on't, till prosperity  
Look with a friendly eye upon our states.

### TOUCHWOOD SENIOR

Honest wife, I thank thee; I ne'er knew  
The perfect treasure thou brought'st with thee more  
Than at this instant minute. A man's happy  
When he's at poorest that has matched his soul  
As rightly as his body. Had I married  
A sensual fool now, as 'tis hard to 'scape it  
'Mongst gentlewomen of our time, she would ha' hanged  
About my neck, and never left her hold  
Till she had kissed me into wanton businesses,  
Which at the waking of my better judgment  
I should have cursed most bitterly,  
And laid a thicker vengeance on my act  
Than misery of the birth, which were enough  
If it were born to greatness, whereas mine  
Is sure of beggary, though it were got in wine.  
Fulness of joy showeth the goodness in thee,  
Thou art a matchless wife; farewell, my joy.

### [MISTRESS TOUCHWOOD]

I shall not want your sight?

### TOUCHWOOD SENIOR

I'll see thee often,  
Talk in mirth, and play at kisses with thee,  
Anything, wench, but what may beget beggars;  
There I give o'er the set, throw down the cards,  
And dare not take them up.

### [MISTRESS TOUCHWOOD]

Your will be mine, sir.

Exit.

### TOUCHWOOD SENIOR

This does not only make her honesty perfect,  
But her discretion, and approves her judgment.  
Had her desire[s] been wanton, they'd been blameless  
In being lawful ever, but of all creatures  
I hold that wife a most unmatched treasure

II.[i. A street.]

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

That can unto her fortunes fix her pleasure,  
And not unto her blood—this is like wedlock;  
The feast of marriage is not lust but love,  
And care of the estate. When I please blood,  
Merely I sing, and suck out others'; then,  
'Tis many a wise man's fault; but of all men  
I am the most unfortunate in that game  
That ever pleased both genders, I ne'er played yet  
Under a bastard; the poor wenches curse me  
To the pit where'er I come; they were ne'er served so,  
But used to have more words than one to a bargain.  
I have such a fatal finger in such business  
I must forth with't, chiefly for country wenches,  
For every harvest I shall hinder hay-making;

Enter a Wench with a child.

I had no less than seven lay in last progress,  
Within three weeks of one another's time.

**WENCH**

O Snaphance, have I found you?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

How Snaphance?

**WENCH**

Do you see your workmanship?  
Nay, turn not from it, nor offer to escape, for if you do,  
I'll cry it through the streets, and follow you.  
Your name may well be called Touchwood, a pox on you,  
You do but touch and take; thou hast undone me;  
I was a maid before, I can bring a certificate for it,  
From both the churchwardens.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

I'll have the parson's hand, too, or I'll not yield to't.

**WENCH**

Thou shalt have more, thou villain; nothing grieves me, but Ellen, my poor cousin in Derbyshire, thou hast cracked her marriage quite; she'll have a bout with thee.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Faith, when she will I'll have a bout with her.

**WENCH**

A law bout, sir, I mean.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

True, lawyers use such bouts as other men do,  
And if that be all thy grief, I'll tender her a husband;

ll.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

I keep of purpose two or three gulls in pickle  
To eat such mutton with, and she shall choose one.  
Do but in courtesy, faith, wench, excuse me  
Of this half yard of flesh, in which I think it wants  
A nail or two.

**WENCH**

No, thou shalt find, villain  
It hath right shape, and all the nails it should have.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Faith, I am poor; do a charitable deed, wench,  
I am a younger brother, and have nothing.

**WENCH**

Nothing! Thou hast too much, thou lying villain  
Unless thou wert more thankful.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

I have no dwelling,  
I brake up house but this morning; pray thee, pity me,  
I am a good fellow, faith, have been too kind  
To people of your gender; if I ha't  
Without my belly, none of your sex shall want it.  
[Aside] That word has been of force to move a woman.--  
There's tricks enough to rid thy hand on't, wench,  
Some rich man's porch, tomorrow before day,  
Or else anon i' the evening, twenty devices;  
Here's all I have, i'faith, take purse and all.  
[Aside] And would I were rid of all the ware i' the shop so.

**WENCH**

Where I find manly dealings I am pitiful,  
This shall not trouble you.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

And I protest, wench,  
The next I'll keep myself.

**WENCH**

Soft, let it be got first.  
This is the fifth; if e'er I venture more  
Where I now go for a maid, may I ride for a whore.

Exit.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

What shift she'll make now with this piece of flesh  
In this strict time of Lent, I cannot imagine;  
Flesh dare not peep abroad now; I have known  
This city now above this seven years,

II.[i. A street.]

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

But I protest in better state of government  
I never knew it yet, nor ever heard of;  
There has been more religious wholesome laws  
In the half circle of a year erected  
For common good, than memory ever knew of,

Enter Sir Oliver Kix and his Lady.

Setting apart corruption of promoters,  
And other poisonous officers that infect  
And with a venomous breath taint every goodness.

[LADY KIX]

O, that e'er I was begot, or bred, or born.

**SIR OLIVER**

Be content, sweet wife.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

What's here to do now?  
I hold my life she's in deep passion  
For the imprisonment of veal and mutton  
Now kept in garrets, weeps for some calf's head now;  
Methinks her husband's head might serve with bacon.

Enter Touchwood Junior.

[LADY KIX]

Hist.

**SIR OLIVER**

Patience, sweet wife.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Brother, I have sought you strangely.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Why, what's the business?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

With all speed thou canst,  
Procure a licence for me.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

How, a licence?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Cud's foot, she's lost else, I shall miss her ever.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Nay, sure thou shalt not miss so fair a mark

Il.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

For thirteen shillings fourpence.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Thanks by hundreds.

Exit [with Touchwood Senior].

**SIR OLIVER**

Nay, pray thee cease, I'll be at more cost yet,  
Thou know'st we are rich enough.

[LADY KIX]

All but in blessings,  
And there the beggar goes beyond us. O, O, O,  
To be seven years a wife and not a child, O, not a child!

**SIR OLIVER**

Sweet wife, have patience.

[LADY KIX]

Can any woman have a greater cut?

**SIR OLIVER**

I know 'tis great, but what of that, wife?  
I cannot do withal; there's things making  
By thine own doctor's advice at 'pothecary's;  
I spare for nothing, wife, no, if the price  
Were forty marks a spoonful,  
I'd give a thousand pound to purchase fruitfulness;  
'Tis but bating so many good works  
In the erecting of Bridewells and spital-houses,  
And so fetch it up again, for having none  
I mean to make good deeds my children.

[LADY KIX]

Give me but those good deeds, and I'll find children.

**SIR OLIVER**

Hang thee, thou hast had too many.

[LADY KIX]

Thou li'st, brevity.

**SIR OLIVER**

O horrible, dar'st thou call me brevity?  
Dar'st thou be so short with me?

[LADY KIX]

Thou deservest worse.  
Think but upon the goodly lands and livings  
That's kept back through want on't.

II.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**SIR OLIVER**

Talk not on't, pray thee,  
Thou'lt make me play the woman and weep too.

[LADY KIX]

'Tis our dry barrenness puffs up Sir Walter—  
None gets by your not-getting, but that knight;  
He's made by th' means, and fats his fortune shortly  
In a great dowry with a goldsmith's daughter.

**SIR OLIVER**

They may all be deceived,  
Be but you patient, wife.

[LADY KIX]

I have suffered a long time.

**SIR OLIVER**

Suffer thy heart out; a pox suffer thee!

[LADY KIX]

Nay, thee, thou desertless slave!

**SIR OLIVER**

Come, come, I ha' done;  
You'll to the gossiping of Mr. Allwit's child?

[LADY KIX]

Yes, to my much joy;  
Everyone gets before me—there's my sister  
Was married but at Bartholomew eve last,  
And she can have two children at a birth;  
O, one of them, one of them would ha' served my turn.

**SIR OLIVER**

Sorrow consume thee, thou art still crossing me,  
And know'st my nature.

Enter a Maid.

**MAID**

[Aside] O mistress, weeping or railing,  
That's our house harmony.

[LADY KIX]

What sayst, Jugg?

**MAID**

The sweetest news.

ll.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

[LADY KIX]  
What is't, wench?

**MAID**  
Throw down your doctor's drugs,  
They're all but heretics; I bring certain remedy  
That has been taught, and proved, and never failed.

**SIR OLIVER**  
O that, that, that or nothing.

**MAID**  
There's a gentleman,  
I haply have his name, too, that has got  
Nine children by one water that he useth;  
It never misses, they come so fast upon him,  
He was fain to give it over.

[LADY KIX]  
His name, sweet Jugg?

**MAID**  
One Mr. Touchwood, a fine gentleman,  
But run behind hand much with getting children.

**SIR OLIVER**  
Is't possible?

**MAID**  
Why, sir, he'll undertake  
Using that water, within fifteen year,  
For all your wealth, to make you a poor man,  
You shall so swarm with children.

**SIR OLIVER**  
I'll venture that, i'faith.

[LADY KIX]  
That shall you, husband.

**MAID**  
But I must tell you first, he's very dear.

**SIR OLIVER**  
No matter, what serves wealth for?

[LADY KIX]  
True, sweet husband,  
There's land to come; put case his water stands me  
In some five hundred pound a pint,  
'Twill fetch a thousand, and a Kersten soul,

II.[i. A street.]



A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

And that's worth all, sweet husband.  
I'll about it.

[Exeunt.]

[II.ii. Another street.]  
Enter Allwit.

**ALLWIT**

I'll go bid gossips presently myself,  
That's all the work I'll do, nor need I stir,  
But that it is my pleasure to walk forth  
And air myself a little; I am tied to nothing  
In this business, what I do is merely recreation,  
Not constraint.  
Here's running to and fro, nurse upon nurse,  
Three charwomen, besides maids and neighbours' children.  
Fie, what a trouble I have rid my hands on;  
It makes me sweat to think on't.

Enter Sir Walter Whorehound.

**SIR WALTER**

How now, Jack?

**ALLWIT**

I am going to bid gossips for your worship's child, sir,  
A goodly girl, i'faith, give you joy on her,  
She looks as if she had two thousand pound  
To her portion, and run away with a tailor;  
A fine, plump, black-eyed slut, under correction, sir,  
I take delight to see her: Nurse!

[Enter a Dry Nurse.]

**[DRY] NURSE**

Do you call, sir?

**ALLWIT**

I call not you, I call the wet nurse hither,  
Give me the wet nurse.

Exit [Dry Nurse]. Enter a Wet Nurse [carrying a baby].

Ay, 'tis thou,  
Come hither, come hither,  
Let's see her once again; I cannot choose  
But buss her thrice an hour.

**[WET] NURSE**

II.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

You may be proud on't, sir,  
'Tis the best piece of work that e'er you did.

**ALLWIT**

Think'st thou so, Nurse? What sayst to Wat and Nick?

**[WET] NURSE**

They're pretty children both, but here's a wench  
Will be a knocker.

**ALLWIT**

Pup—sayst thou me so? Pup, little countess;  
Faith, sir, I thank your worship for this girl,  
Ten thousand times, and upward.

**SIR WALTER**

I am glad  
I have her for you, sir.

**ALLWIT**

Here, take her in, Nurse,  
Wipe her, and give her spoonmeat.

**[WET] NURSE**

[Aside] Wipe your mouth, sir.

Exit.

**ALLWIT**

And now about these gossips.

**SIR WALTER**

Get but two,  
I'll stand for one myself.

**ALLWIT**

To your own child, sir?

**SIR WALTER**

The better policy, it prevents suspicion,  
'Tis good to play with rumour at all weapons.

**ALLWIT**

Troth, I commend your care, sir, 'tis a thing  
That I should ne'er have thought on.

**SIR WALTER**

[Aside] The more slave;  
When man turns base, out goes his soul's pure flame,  
The fat of ease o'erthrows the eyes of shame.

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**ALLWIT**

I am studying who to get for godmother  
Suitable to your worship: now I ha' thought on't.

**SIR WALTER**

I'll ease you of that care, and please myself in't.  
[Aside] My love, the goldsmith's daughter, if I send,  
Her father will command her.—Davy Dahumma!

Enter Davy.

**ALLWIT**

I'll fit your worship then with a male partner.

**SIR WALTER**

What is he?

**ALLWIT**

A kind, proper gentleman,  
Brother to Mr. Touchwood.

**SIR WALTER**

I know Touchwood,  
Has he a brother living?

**ALLWIT**

A neat bachelor.

**SIR WALTER**

Now we know him we'll make shift with him.  
Dispatch, the time draws near. Come hither, Davy.

Exit [with Davy].

**ALLWIT**

In troth, I pity him, he ne'er stands still.  
Poor knight, what pains he takes—sends this way one,  
That way another, has not an hour's leisure—  
I would not have thy toil, for all thy pleasure.

Enter two Promoters.

Ha, how now, what are these that stand so close  
At the street corner, pricking up their ears,  
And snuffing up their noses, like rich men's dogs  
When the first course goes in? By the mass, promoters,  
'Tis so, I hold my life, and planted there  
To arrest the dead corps of poor calves and sheep,  
Like ravenous creditors that will not suffer  
The bodies of their poor departed debtors  
To go to th' grave, but e'en in death to vex

ll.[i. A street.]

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

And stay the corps, with bills of Middlesex.  
This Lent will fat the whoresons up with sweetbreads  
And lard their whores with lamb–stones; what their golls  
Can clutch goes presently to their Molls and Dolls.  
The bawds will be so fat with what they earn  
Their chins will hang like udders by Easter eve,  
And being stroked, will give the milk of witches.  
How did the mongrels hear my wife lies in?  
Well, I may baffle 'em gallantly.—By your favour, gentlemen,  
I am a stranger both unto the city  
And to her carnal strictness.

### FIRST PROMOTER

Good; your will, sir?

### ALLWIT

Pray tell me where one dwells that kills this Lent.

### FIRST PROMOTER

How, kills? [Aside to Second Promoter] Come hither, Dick, a bird, a bird.

### SECOND PROMOTER

What is't that you would have?

### ALLWIT

Faith, any flesh,  
But I long especially for veal and green sauce.

### FIRST PROMOTER

[Aside] Green goose, you shall be sauced.

### ALLWIT

I have half a scornful stomach,  
No fish will be admitted.

### FIRST PROMOTER

Not this Lent, sir?

### ALLWIT

Lent, what cares colon here for Lent?

### FIRST PROMOTER

You say well, sir;  
Good reason that the colon of a gentleman,  
As you were lately pleased to term your worship, sir,  
Should be fulfilled with answerable food,  
To sharpen blood, delight health, and tickle nature.  
Were you directed hither to this street, sir?

### ALLWIT

That I was, ay, marry.

ll.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**SECOND PROMOTER**

And the butcher belike  
Should kill and sell close in some upper room?

**ALLWIT**

Some apple loft as I take it, or a coal house,  
I know not which, i'faith.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Either will serve.  
[Aside] This butcher shall kiss Newgate, 'less he turn up  
The bottom of the pocket of his apron.—  
You go to seek him?

**ALLWIT**

Where you shall not find him;  
I'll buy, walk by your noses with my flesh,  
Sheep-biting mongrels, hand basket freebooters!  
My wife lies in; a foutra for promoters!

Exit.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

That shall not serve your turn! What a rogue's this;  
How cunningly he came over us!

Enter a Man with meat in a basket.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Husht, stand close.

**MAN**

I have 'scaped well thus far; they say the knaves  
Are wondrous hot and busy.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

By your leave sir,  
We must see what you have under your cloak there.

**MAN**

Have? I have nothing.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

No, do you tell us that?  
What makes this lump stick out then; we must see, sir.

**MAN**

What will you see, sir—a pair of sheets, and two  
Of my wife's foul smocks, going to the washers?

Il.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**SECOND PROMOTER**

O, we love that sight well, you cannot please us better.

[He takes the basket and opens it.]

What, do you gull us? Call you these shirts and smocks?

**MAN**

Now a pox choke you!

You have cozened me and five of my wife's kindred

Of a good dinner; we must make it up now

With herrings and milk pottage.

Exit.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

'Tis all veal.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

All veal? Pox, the worse luck; I promised faithfully to send this morning a fat quarter of lamb to a kind gentlewoman in Turnbull Street that longs, and how I'm crossed.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Let's share this, and see what hap comes next then.

Enter another with a basket.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Agreed, stand close again; another booty.

What's he?

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Sir, by your favour.

**[SECOND] MAN**

Meaning me, sir?

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Good Mr. Oliver, cry thee mercy, i'faith.

What has thou there?

**[SECOND] MAN**

A rack of mutton, sir,

And half a lamb; you know my mistress's diet.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Go, go, we see thee not; away, keep close,

Heart, let him pass, thou'lt never have the wit

To know our benefactors.

[Exit Second Man.]

Il.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**SECOND PROMOTER**

I have forgot him.

**FIRST PROMOTE**

'Tis Mr. Beggarland's man, the wealthy merchant  
That is in fee with us.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Now I have a feeling of him.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

You know he purchased the whole Lent together,  
Gave us ten groats apiece on Ash Wednesday.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

True, true.

Enter a Wench with a basket, and a child in it under a loin of mutton.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

A wench.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Why then, stand close indeed.

**WENCH**

[Aside] Women had need of wit, if they'll shift here,  
And she that hath wit may shift anywhere.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Look, look, poor fool,  
She has left the rump uncovered too,  
More to betray her; this is like a murderer  
That will outface the deed with a bloody band.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

[Taking her basket] What time of the year is't, sister?

**WENCH**

O sweet gentlemen, I am a poor servant,  
Let me go.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

You shall, wench, but this must stay with us.

**WENCH**

O, you undo me, sir;  
'Tis for a wealthy gentlewoman that takes physic, sir,  
The doctor does allow my mistress mutton.  
O, as you tender the dear life of a gentlewoman,

ll.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

I'll bring my master to you, he shall show you  
A true authority from the higher powers,  
And I'll run every foot.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Well, leave your basket  
Then, and run and spare not.

**WENCH**

Will you swear then  
To me to keep it till I come?

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Now by  
This light, I will.

**WENCH**

What say you, gentleman?

**SECOND PROMOTER**

What a strange wench 'tis. Would we might perish else.

**WENCH**

Nay then, I run, sir.

Exit.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

And ne'er return I hope.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

A politic baggage, she makes us swear to keep it;  
I prithee, look what market she hath made.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Imprimis, sir, a good fat loin of mutton;  
What comes next under this cloth?  
Now for a quarter of lamb.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Now for a shoulder  
Of mutton.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Done.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Why done, sir?

**FIRST PROMOTER**

By the mass,

ll.[i. A street.]



A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

I feel I have lost, 'tis of more weight, i'faith.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Some loin of veal?

**FIRST PROMOTER**

No, faith, here's a lamb's head,  
I feel that plainly, why yet I'll win my wager.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Ha?

**FIRST PROMOTER**

'Swounds, what's here?

**SECOND PROMOTER**

A child!

**FIRST PROMOTER**

A pox of all dissembling, cunning whores!

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Here's an unlucky breakfast.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

What shall's do?

**SECOND PROMOTER**

The quean made us swear to keep it, too.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

We might leave it else.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Villainous strange;  
Life, had she none to gull but poor promoters  
That watch hard for a living?

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Half our gettings  
Must run in sugar-sops and nurses' wages  
Now, besides many a pound of soap and tallow;  
We have need to get loins of mutton still,  
To save suet to change for candles.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Nothing  
Mads me but this was a lamb's head with you,  
You felt it; she has made calves' heads of us.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Il.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Prithee no more on't, there's time to get it up;  
It is not come to mid-Lent Sunday yet.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

I am so angry, I'll watch no more today.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Faith, nor I neither.

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Why then I'll make a motion.

**FIRST PROMOTER**

Well, what is't?

**SECOND PROMOTER**

Let's e'en go to the Checker  
At Queenhive and roast the loin of mutton  
Till young flood; then send the child to Branford.

[Exeunt.]

[II.iii. A hall in Allwit's house.]

Enter Allwit in one of Sir Walter's suits, and Davy trussing him.

**ALLWIT**

'Tis a busy day at our house, Davy.

**DAVY**

Always the kursning day, sir.

**ALLWIT**

Truss, truss me, Davy.

**DAVY**

[Aside] No matter and you were hanged, sir.

**ALLWIT**

How does this suit fit me, Davy?

**DAVY**

Excellent neatly; my master's things were ever fit for you, sir, e'en to a hair, you know.

**ALLWIT**

Thou has hit it right, Davy,  
We ever jumped in one this ten years, Davy.

Enter a Servant with a box.

So, well said; what art thou?

II.[i. A street.]

**THIRD SERVANT**

Your comfit-maker's man, sir.

**ALLWIT**

O sweet youth, into the nurse quick,  
Quick, 'tis time, i'faith; your mistress will be here?

**THIRD SERVANT**

She was setting forth, sir.

[Exit Third Servant.] Enter two Puritans.

**ALLWIT**

Here comes our gossips now;  
O, I shall have such kissing work today;  
Sweet Mistress Underman, welcome, i'faith.

**FIRST PURITAN**

Give you joy of your fine girl, sir,  
Grant that her education may be pure,  
And become one of the faithful.

**ALLWIT**

Thanks to your sisterly wishes, Mistress Underman.

**SECOND PURITAN**

Are any of the brethren's wives yet come?

**ALLWIT**

There are some wives within, and some at home.

**FIRST PURITAN**

Verily thanks, sir.

[Exeunt Puritans.]

**ALLWIT**

Verily you are an ass, forsooth;  
I must fit all these times, or there's no music.

Enter two Gossips.

Here comes a friendly and familiar pair,  
Now I like these wenches well.

**FIRST GOSSIP**

How dost, sirrah?

**ALLWIT**

Faith, well, I thank you, neighbour, and how dost thou?

**SECOND GOSSIP**

Want nothing, but such getting, sir, as thine.

**ALLWIT**

My gettings, wench, they are poor.

**FIRST GOSSIP**

Fie that thou'lt say so,  
Th'ast as fine children as a man can get.

**DAVY**

[Aside] Ay, as a man can get, and that's my master.

**ALLWIT**

They are pretty foolish things,  
Put to making in minutes;  
I ne'er stand long about 'em,  
Will you walk in wenches?

[Exeunt Gossips.] Enter Touchwood Junior and Moll.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

The happiest meeting that our souls could wish for.  
Here's the ring ready; I am beholding  
Unto your father's haste, h'as kept his hour.

**MOLL**

He never kept it better.

Enter Sir Walter Whorehound.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Back, be silent.

**SIR WALTER**

Mistress and partner, I will put you both  
Into one cup.

**DAVY**

[Aside] Into one cup, most proper,  
A fitting compliment for a goldsmith's daughter.

**ALLWIT**

Yes, sir, that's he must be your worship's partner  
In this day's business, Mr. Touchwood's brother.

**SIR WALTER**

I embrace your acquaintance, sir.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

It vows your service, sir.

ll.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**SIR WALTER**

It's near high time; come, Mr. Allwit.

**ALLWIT**

Ready, sir.

**SIR WALTER**

Will't please you walk?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Sir, I obey your time.

[Exeunt.]

[II.iv. The street outside Allwit's house.]

Enter Midwife with the child, [Maudlin] and the Gossips to the Kursning.

**FIRST GOSSIP**

Good Mrs. Yellowhammer.

**MAUDLIN**

In faith, I will not.

**FIRST GOSSIP**

Indeed, it shall be yours.

**MAUDLIN**

I have sworn, i'faith.

**FIRST GOSSIP**

I'll stand still then.

**MAUDLIN**

So will you let the child go without company and make me forsworn.

**FIRST GOSSIP**

You are such another creature.

**SECOND GOSSIP**

Before me? I pray come down a little.

**THIRD GOSSIP**

Not a whit; I hope I know my place.

**SECOND GOSSIP**

Your place? Great wonder sure! Are you any better than a comfit-maker's wife?

**THIRD GOSSIP**

And that's as good at all times as a 'pothecary's.

II.[i. A street.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**SECOND GOSSIP**

Ye lie, yet I forbear you, too.

**FIRST PURITAN**

Come, sweet sister, we go in unity, and show the fruits of peace like children of the spirit.

**SECOND PURITAN**

I love lowliness.

**FOURTH GOSSIP**

True, so say I, though they strive more,  
There comes as proud behind as goes before.

**FIFTH GOSSIP**

Every inch, i'faith.

[Exeunt.]

**III.[i. A church.]**

Enter Touchwood Junior and a Parson.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

O sir, if ever you felt the force of love, pity it in me.

**PARSON**

Yes, though I ne'er was married, sir,  
I have felt the force of love from good men's daughters,  
And some that will be maids yet three years hence.  
Have you got a licence?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Here, 'tis ready, sir.

**PARSON**

That's well.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

The ring and all things perfect, she'll steal hither.

**PARSON**

She shall be welcome sir; I'll not be long  
A-clapping you together.

Enter Moll and Touchwood Senior.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

O, here she's come, sir.

III.[i. A church.]

**PARSON**

What's he?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

My honest brother.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Quick, make haste, sirs.

**MOLL**

You must dispatch with all the speed you can,  
For I shall be missed straight; I made hard shift  
For this small time I have.

**PARSON**

Then I'll not linger,  
Place that ring upon her finger,  
This the finger plays the part,  
Whose master vein shoots from the heart;  
Now join hands---

Enter Yellowhammer and Sir Walter.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Which I will sever,  
And so ne'er again meet, never.

**MOLL**

O, we are betrayed!

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Hard fate!

**SIR WALTER**

I am struck with wonder.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Was this the politic fetch, thou mystical baggage,  
Thou disobedient strumpet? [To Sir Walter] And were  
So wise to send for her to such an end?

**SIR WALTER**

Now I disclaim the end, you'll make me mad.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

And what are you, sir?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

And you cannot see  
With those two glasses, put on a pair more.

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**YELLOWHAMMER**

I dreamt of anger still, here take your ring, sir;  
Ha, this? Life, 'tis the same: abominable!  
Did not I sell this ring?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

I think you did,  
You received money for it.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Heart, hark you, knight,  
Here's no inconscionable villainy--  
Set me a-work to make the wedding ring,  
And come with an intent to steal my daughter;  
Did ever runaway match it?

**SIR WALTER**

This your brother, sir?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

He can tell that as well as I.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

The very posy mocks me to my face:  
"Love that's wise, blinds parents' eyes."  
I thank your wisdom, sir, for blinding of us;  
We have good hope to recover our sight shortly,  
In the meantime I will lock up this baggage,  
As carefully as my gold; she shall see as little sun  
If a close room or so can keep her from the light on't.

**MOLL**

O sweet father, for love's sake pity me!

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Away!

**MOLL**

Farewell, sir, all content bless thee,  
And take this for comfort,  
Though violence keep me, thou canst lose me never,  
I am ever thine although we part for ever.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Ay, we shall part you, minx.

Exit [Yellowhammer with Moll].

**SIR WALTER**

Your acquaintance, sir,  
Came very lately, yet it came too soon;

III.[i. A church.]



## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

I must hereafter know you for no friend,  
But one that I must shun like pestilence,  
Or the disease of lust.

### **TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Like enough, sir,  
You ha' ta'en me at the worst time for words  
That e'er ye picked out; faith, do not wrong me, sir.

Exit.

### **TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Look after him and spare not; there he walks  
That never yet received baffling; you're blessed  
More than e'er I knew. Go take your rest.

Exit.

### **SIR WALTER**

I pardon you, you are both losers.

[Exeunt.]

[III.ii. Allwit's house.]

A bed thrust out upon the stage, Allwit's Wife in it. Enter all the Gossips [including Maudlin and Lady Kix].

### **FIRST GOSSIP**

How is't, woman? We have brought you home  
A kursen soul.

### **MISTRESS ALLWIT**

Ay, I thank your pains.

### **FIRST PURITAN**

And verily well kursened, i' the right way,  
Without idolatry or superstition,  
After the pure manner of Amsterdam.

### **MISTRESS ALLWIT**

Sit down, good neighbours; Nurse!

[Enter Wet Nurse.]

### **WET NURSE**

At hand, forsooth.

### **MISTRESS ALLWIT**

Look they have all low stools.

III.[i. A church.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**WET NURSE**

They have, forsooth.

**SECOND GOSSIP**

Bring the child hither, Nurse;  
How say you now, Gossip,  
Is't not a chopping girl, so like the father?

**THIRD GOSSIP**

As if it had been spit out of his mouth,  
Eyed, nosed and browed as like a girl can be,  
Only indeed it has the mother's mouth.

**SECOND GOSSIP**

The mother's mouth up and down, up and down.

**THIRD GOSSIP**

'Tis a large child, she's but a little woman.

**SECOND PURITAN**

No, believe me, a very spiny creature, but all heart,  
Well mettled, like the faithful to endure  
Her tribulation here, and raise up seed.

**SECOND GOSSIP**

She had a sore labour on't, I warrant you, you can tell, neighbour.

**THIRD GOSSIP**

O, she had great speed; we were afraid once,  
But she made us all have joyful hearts again;  
'Tis a good soul, i'faith;  
The midwife found her a most cheerful daughter.

**FIRST PURITAN**

'Tis the spirit, the sisters are all like her.

Enter Sir Walter with two spoons and plate and Allwit.

**SECOND GOSSIP**

O, here comes the chief gossip, neighbours.

**SIR WALTER**

The fatness of your wishes to you all, ladies.

**THIRD GOSSIP**

O dear sweet gentleman, what fine words he has—  
The fatness of our wishes.

**SECOND GOSSIP**

Calls us all ladies.

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**FOURTH GOSSIP**

I promise you a fine gentleman, and a courteous.

**SECOND GOSSIP**

Methinks her husband shows like a clown to him.

**THIRD GOSSIP**

I would not care what clown my husband were too, so I had such fine children.

**SECOND GOSSIP**

She's all fine children, gossip.

**THIRD GOSSIP**

Ay, and see how fast they come.

**FIRST PURITAN**

Children are blessings, if they be got with zeal,  
By the brethren, as I have five at home.

**SIR WALTER**

The worst is past, I hope, now, gossip.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

So I hope too, good sir.

**ALLWIT**

Why then so hope I too for company,  
I have nothing to do else.

**SIR WALTER**

[Giving Mrs. Allwit a cup and spoons] A poor remembrance, lady!  
To the love of the babe; I pray accept of it.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

O, you are at too much charge, sir.

**SECOND GOSSIP**

Look, look, what has he given her, what is't, gossip?

**THIRD GOSSIP**

Now by my faith, a fair high standing cup, and two great postle spoons, one of them gilt.

**FIRST PURITAN**

Sure that was Judas then with the red beard.

**SECOND PURITAN**

I would not feed my daughter with that spoon  
For all the world, for fear of colouring her hair;  
Red hair the brethren like not, it consumes them much,  
'Tis not the sisters' colour.

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Enter Nurse with comfits and wine.

### **ALLWIT**

Well said, Nurse;  
About, about with them amongst the gossips:  
Now out comes all the tasseled handkerchers,  
They are spread abroad between their knees already;  
Now in goes the long fingers that are washed  
Some thrice a day in urine—my wife uses it—  
Now we shall have such pocketing;  
See how they lurch at the lower end.

### **FIRST PURITAN**

Come hither, Nurse.

### **ALLWIT**

Again! She has taken twice already.

### **FIRST PURITAN**

I had forgot a sister's child that's sick.

### **ALLWIT**

A pox, it seems your purity loves sweet things well that puts in thrice together. Had this been all my cost now I had been beggared. These women have no consciences at sweetmeats, where'er they come; see and they have not culled out all the long plums, too—they have left nothing here but short riggle-tail comfits, not worth mouthing; no mar'l I heard a citizen complain once that his wife's belly only broke his back: mine had been all in fitters seven years since, but for this worthy knight that with a prop upholds my wife and me, and all my estate buried in Bucklersbury.

### **MISTRESS ALLWIT**

Here, Mistress Yellowhammer, and neighbours,  
To you all that have taken pains with me,  
All the good wives at once.

### **FIRST PURITAN**

I'll answer for them;  
They wish all health and strength,  
And that you may courageously go forward,  
To perform the like and many such,  
Like a true sister with motherly bearing.

### **ALLWIT**

Now the cups troll about to wet the gossips' whistles;  
It pours down, i'faith: they never think of payment.

### **FIRST PURITAN**

Fill again, Nurse.

### **ALLWIT**

Now bless thee, two at once; I'll stay no longer;  
It would kill me and if I paid for't.

III.[i. A church.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Will it please you to walk down and leave the women?

**SIR WALTER**

With all my heart, Jack.

**ALLWIT**

Troth, I cannot blame you.

**SIR WALTER**

Sit you all, merry ladies.

**ALL GOSSIPS**

Thank your worship, sir.

**FIRST PURITAN**

Thank your worship, sir.

**ALLWIT**

A pox twice tippie ye, you are last and lowest.

Exit [Allwit with Sir Walter].

**FIRST PURITAN**

Bring hither that same cup, Nurse, I would fain drive away this (hup!) anti-Christian grief.

**THIRD GOSSIP**

See, gossip, and she lies not in like a countess;  
Would I had such a husband for my daughter.

**FOURTH GOSSIP**

Is not she toward marriage?

**THIRD GOSSIP**

O no, sweet gossip.

**FOURTH GOSSIP**

Why, she's nineteen!

**THIRD GOSSIP**

Ay, that she was last Lammas,  
But she has a fault gossip, a secret fault.

**FOURTH GOSSIP**

A fault, what is't?

**THIRD GOSSIP**

I'll tell you when I have drunk.

**FOURTH GOSSIP**

Wine can do that, I see, that friendship cannot.

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**THIRD GOSSIP**

And now I'll tell you, gossip—she's too free.

**FOURTH GOSSIP**

Too free?

**THIRD GOSSIP**

O ay, she cannot lie dry in her bed.

**FOURTH GOSSIP**

What, and nineteen?

**THIRD GOSSIP**

'Tis as I tell you, gossip.

[Enter Dry Nurse and speaks to Maudlin.]

**MAUDLIN**

Speak with me, Nurse? Who is't?

**[DRY] NURSE**

A gentleman  
From Cambridge, I think it be your son, forsooth.

**MAUDLIN**

'Tis my son Tim, i'faith, prithee call him up  
Among the women, 'twill embolden him well,  
For he wants nothing but audacity;  
Would the Welsh gentlewoman at home were here now.

**[LADY KIX]**

Is your son come, forsooth!

**MAUDLIN**

Yes, from the university, forsooth.

**[LADY KIX]**

'Tis a great joy on ye.

**MAUDLIN**

There's a great marriage  
Towards for him.

**[LADY KIX]**

A marriage?

**MAUDLIN**

Yes, sure,  
A huge heir in Wales, at least to nineteen mountains,  
Besides her goods and cattle.

III.[i. A church.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Enter Tim.

**TIM**

O, I'm betrayed.

Exit.

**MAUDLIN**

What gone again? Run after him, good Nurse;

[Exit Dry Nurse.]

He's so bashful, that's the spoil of youth;  
In the university they're kept still to men,  
And ne'er trained up to women's company.

[LADY KIX]

'Tis a great spoil of youth indeed.

Enter [Dry] Nurse and Tim.

**NURSE**

Your mother will have it so.

**MAUDLIN**

Why son, why Tim,  
What, must I rise and fetch you? For shame, son.

**TIM**

Mother, you do intreat like a freshwoman;  
'Tis against the laws of the university  
For any that has answered under bachelor to thrust  
'Mongst married wives.

**MAUDLIN**

Come, we'll excuse you here.

**TIM**

Call up my tutor, mother, and I care not.

**MAUDLIN**

What, is your tutor come, have you brought him up?

**TIM**

I ha' not brought him up, he stands at door,  
Negatur, there's logic to begin with you, mother.

**MAUDLIN**

Run, call the gentleman, Nurse, he's my son's tutor;  
Here, eat some plums.

III.[i. A church.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

[Exit Dry Nurse.]

**TIM**

Come I from Cambridge,  
And offer me six plums?

**MAUDLIN**

Why, how now, Tim,  
Will not your old tricks yet be left?

**TIM**

Served like a child,  
When I have answered under bachelor?

**MAUDLIN**

You'll never lin till I make your tutor whip you;  
You know how I served you once at the free school  
In Paul's churchyard?

**TIM**

O monstrous absurdity!  
Ne'er was the like in Cambridge since my time;  
Life, whip a bachelor? You'd be laughed at  
Soundly; let not my tutor hear you, 'twould be  
A jest through the whole university;  
No more words, mother.

Enter Tutor.

**MAUDLIN**

Is this your tutor Tim?

**TUTOR**

Yes, surely, lady, I am the man that brought him  
In league with logic, and read the Dunces to him.

**TIM**

That did he, mother, but now I have 'em all  
In my own pate, and can as well read 'em to others.

**TUTOR**

That can he, mistress, for they flow naturally from him.

**MAUDLIN**

I'm the more beholding to your pains, sir.

**TUTOR**

Non ideo sane.

**MAUDLIN**

True, he was an idiot indeed

III.[i. A church.]



## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

When he went out of London, but now he's well mended;  
Did you receive the two goose pies I sent you?

### TUTOR

And eat them heartily, thanks to your worship.

### MAUDLIN

'Tis my son Tim, I pray bid him welcome, gentlewomen.

### TIM

Tim? Hark you, Timotheus, mother, Timotheus.

### MAUDLIN

How, shall I deny your name? "Timotheus" quoth he?  
Faith, there's a name, 'tis my son Tim, forsooth.

### [LADY KIX]

You're welcome, Mr. Tim.

Kiss.

### TIM

O, this is horrible, she wets as she kisses;  
Your handkercher, sweet tutor, to wipe them off,  
As fast as they come on.

### SECOND GOSSIP

Welcome from Cambridge.

Kiss.

### TIM

This is intolerable! This woman has a villainous sweet breath, did she not stink of comfits; help me, sweet tutor,  
or I shall rub my lips off.

### TUTOR

I'll go kiss the lower end the whilst.

### TIM

Perhaps that's the sweeter,  
And we shall dispatch the sooner.

### FIRST PURITAN

Let me come next.  
Welcome from the wellspring of discipline  
That waters all the brethren.

Reels and falls.

III.[i. A church.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**TIM**

Hoist, I beseech thee!

**THIRD GOSSIP**

O, bless the woman—Mistress Underman!

**FIRST PURITAN**

'Tis but the common affliction of the faithful,  
We must embrace our falls.

**TIM**

I'm glad I 'scaped it,  
It was some rotten kiss sure,  
It dropped down before it came at me.

Enter Allwit and Davy.

**ALLWIT**

Here's a noise, not parted yet? [Heyday],  
A looking glass; they have drunk so hard in plate,  
That some of them had need of other vessels.  
Yonder's the bravest show.

**ALL GOSSIPS**

Where? Where, sir?

**ALLWIT**

Come along presently by the Pissing Conduit,  
With two brave drums and a standard bearer.

**ALL GOSSIPS**

O, brave.

**TIM**

Come, tutor.

**ALL GOSSIPS**

Farewell, sweet gossip.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

I thank you all for your pains.

**FIRST PURITAN**

Feed and grow strong.

[Exeunt all but Allwit and Davy.]

**ALLWIT**

You had more need to sleep than eat;

III.[i. A church.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Go, take a nap with some of the brethren, go,  
And rise up a well-edified, boldified sister;  
O, here's a day of toil well passed o'er,  
Able to make a citizen hare-mad;  
How hot they have made the room with their thick bums,  
Dost not feel it, Davy?

**DAVY**

Monstrous strong, sir.

**ALLWIT**

What's here under the stools?

**DAVY**

Nothing but wet, sir,  
Some wine spilt here belike.

**ALLWIT**

Is't no worse thinkst thou?  
Fair needlework stools cost nothing with them, Davy.

**DAVY**

[Aside] Nor you neither, i'faith.

**ALLWIT**

Look how they have laid them,  
E'en as they lie themselves, with their heels up;  
How they have shuffled up the rushes, too, Davy,  
With their short, figging, little, shittle-cork heels;  
These women can let nothing stand as they find it;  
But what's the secret thou'st about to tell me,  
My honest Davy?

**DAVY**

If you should disclose it, sir--

**ALLWIT**

Life, rip my belly up to the throat then, Davy.

**DAVY**

My master's upon marriage.

**ALLWIT**

Marriage, Davy?  
Send me to hanging rather.

**DAVY**

[Aside] I have stung him.

**ALLWIT**

When, where, what is she, Davy?

III.[i. A church.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**DAVY**

E'en the same was gossip, and gave the spoon.

**ALLWIT**

I have no time to stay, nor scarce can speak,  
I'll stop those wheels, or all the work will break.

Exit.

**DAVY**

I knew 'twould prick. Thus do I fashion still  
All mine own ends by him and his rank toil;  
'Tis my desire to keep him still from marriage;  
Being his poor nearest kinsman, I may fare  
The better at his death, there my hopes build  
Since my Lady Kix is dry, and hath no child.

Exit.

[III.iii. Sir Oliver's house.]

Enter both the Touchwoods.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Y'are in the happiest way to enrich yourself,  
And pleasure me, brother, as man's feet can tread in,  
For though she be locked up, her vow is fixed  
Only to me; then time shall never grieve me,  
For by that vow, e'en absent [I] enjoy her,  
Assuredly confirmed that none else shall,  
Which will make tedious years seem gameful to me.  
In the mean space lose you no time, sweet brother;  
You have the means to strike at this knight's fortunes  
And lay him level with his bankrout merit;  
Get but his wife with child, perch at tree top,  
And shake the golden fruit into her lap.  
About it, before she weep herself to a dry ground,  
And whine out all her goodness.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Prithee cease,  
I find a too much aptness in my blood  
For such a business without provocation;  
You might well spared this banquet of eringoes,  
Artichokes, potatoes, and your buttered crab,  
They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Nay, and you'll follow my suit, and save my purse, too,  
Fortune dotes on me; he's in happy case  
Finds such an honest friend i' the common place.

III.[i. A church.]

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Life, what makes thee so merry? Thou hast no cause  
That I could hear of lately since thy crosses,  
Unless there be news come, with new additions.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Why there thou hast it right, I look for her  
This evening, brother.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

How's that, look for her?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

I will deliver you of the wonder straight, brother:  
By the firm secrecy and kind assistance  
Of a good wench i' the house, who, made of pity,  
Weighing the case her own, she's led through gutters,  
Strange hidden ways, which none but love could find,  
Or ha' the heart to venture; I expect her  
Where you would little think.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

I care not where,  
So she be safe, and yours.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Hope tells me so,  
But from your love and time my peace must grow.

Exit.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

You know the worst then, brother; now to my Kix,  
The barren he and she, they're i' the next room,  
But to say which of their two humours hold them  
Now at this instant, I cannot say truly.

Kix to his Lady within.

**SIR OLIVER**

Thou liest, barrenness.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

O, is't that time of day? Give you joy of your tongue,  
There's nothing else good in you; this their life  
The whole day from eyes open to eyes shut,  
Kissing or scolding, and then must be made friends,  
Then rail the second part of the first fit out,  
And then be pleased again, no man knows which way,  
Fall out like giants, and fall in like children—

III.[i. A church.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Their fruit can witness as much.

Enter Sir Oliver Kix and his Lady.

**SIR OLIVER**

'Tis thy fault.

[LADY KIX]

Mine, drouth and coldness?

**SIR OLIVER**

Thine, 'tis thou art barren.

[LADY KIX]

I barren! O life, that I durst but speak now,  
In mine own justice, in mine own right—I barren!  
'Twas otherways with me when I was at court,  
I was ne'er called so till I was married.

**SIR OLIVER**

I'll be divorced.

[LADY KIX]

Be hanged! I need not wish it,  
That will come too soon to thee: I may say,  
Marriage and hanging goes by destiny,  
For all the goodness I can find in't yet.

**SIR OLIVER**

I'll give up house, and keep some fruitful whore,  
Like an old bachelor in a tradesman's chamber;  
She and her children shall have all.

[LADY KIX]

Where be they?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Pray, cease;  
When there are friendlier courses took for you  
To get and multiply within your house,  
At your own proper costs in spite of censure,  
Methinks an honest peace might be established.

**SIR OLIVER**

What with her? Never.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Sweet sir.

**SIR OLIVER**

You work all in vain.

III.[i. A church.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

[LADY KIX]

Then he doth all like thee.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Let me intreat, sir.

**SIR OLIVER**

Singleness confound her,  
I took her with one smock.

[LADY KIX]

But indeed you came not so single,  
When you came from shipboard.

**SIR OLIVER**

Heart, she bit sore there; prithee, make's friends.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Is't come to that? The peal begins to cease.

**SIR OLIVER**

I'll sell all at an outcry.

[LADY KIX]

Do thy worst, slave;  
Good sweet sir, bring us into love again.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Some would think this impossible to compass;  
Pray, let this storm fly over.

**SIR OLIVER**

Good sir, pardon me, I'm master of this house,  
Which I'll sell presently, I'll clap up bills this evening.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Lady, friends? Come.

[LADY KIX]

If e'er ye loved woman, talk not on't, sir;  
What, friends with him? Good faith, do you think I'm mad?  
With one that's scarce the hinder quarter of a man?

**SIR OLIVER**

Thou art nothing of a woman.

[LADY KIX]

Would I were less than nothing.

Weeps.

III.[i. A church.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**SIR OLIVER**

Nay, prithee what dost mean?

[LADY KIX]

I cannot please you.

**SIR OLIVER**

I'faith, thou art a good soul, he lies that says it;  
Buss, buss, pretty rogue.

[LADY KIX]

You care not for me.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Can any man tell now which way they came in?  
By this light, I'll be hanged then.

**SIR OLIVER**

Is the drink come?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Here's a little vial of almond-milk—  
[Aside] That stood me in some three pence.

**SIR OLIVER**

I hope to see thee, wench, within these few years,  
Circl'd with children, pranking up a girl,  
And putting jewels in their little ears;  
Fine sport, i'faith.

[LADY KIX]

Ay, had you been aught, husband,  
It had been done ere this time.

**SIR OLIVER**

Had been aught, hang thee, hadst thou been aught;  
But a cross thing I ever found thee.

[LADY KIX]

Thou art a grub to say so.

**SIR OLIVER**

A pox on thee.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

By this light, they are out again at the same door,  
And no man can tell which way;  
Come here's your drink, sir.

**SIR OLIVER**

III.[i. A church.]



## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

I will not take it now, sir,  
And I were sure to get three boys ere midnight.

[LADY KIX]

Why there thou show'st now of what breed thou com'st;  
To hinder generation! O thou villain,  
That knows how crookedly the world goes with us  
For want of heirs, yet put by all good fortune.

**SIR OLIVER**

Hang, strumpet, I will take it now in spite.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Then you must ride upon't five hours.

**SIR OLIVER**

I mean so.  
Within there?

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT

Sir?

**SIR OLIVER**

Saddle the white mare,  
I'll take a whore along, and ride to Ware.

[LADY KIX]

Ride to the devil.

**SIR OLIVER**

I'll plague you every way;  
Look ye, do you see, 'tis gone.

Drinks.

[LADY KIX]

A pox go with it.

**SIR OLIVER**

I curse and spare not now.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Stir up and down, sir,  
You must not stand.

**SIR OLIVER**

Nay, I'm not given to standing.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

So much the better, sir, for the—

**SIR OLIVER**

I never could stand long in one place yet,  
I learnt it of my father, ever figient;  
How if I crossed this, sir?

Capers.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

O, passing good, sir,  
And would show well a—horseback; when you come  
To your inn, if you leapt over a joint—stool or two  
'Twere not amiss—[Aside] although you brake your neck, sir.

**SIR OLIVER**

What say you to a table thus high, sir?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Nothing better, sir, if it be furnished  
With good victuals. You remember how  
The bargain runs about this business?

**SIR OLIVER**

Or else I had a bad head: you must receive, sir,  
Four hundred pounds of me at four several payments:  
One hundred pound now in hand.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Right, that I have, sir.

**SIR OLIVER**

Another hundred when my wife is quick,  
The third when she's brought to bed, and the last hundred  
When the child cries; for if it should be stillborn,  
It doth no good, sir.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

All this is even still;  
A little faster, sir.

**SIR OLIVER**

Not a whit, sir,  
I'm in an excellent pace for any physic.

III.[i. A church.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT

Your white mare's ready.

**SIR OLIVER**

I shall up presently:

One kiss, and farewell.

[LADY KIX]

Thou shalt have two, love.

[Kiss.]

**SIR OLIVER**

Expect me about three.

Exit.

[LADY KIX]

With all my heart, sweet.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

By this light, they have forgot their anger since,  
And are as far in again as e'er they were;  
Which way the devil came they? Heart, I saw 'em not,  
Their ways are beyond finding out. Come, sweet lady.

[LADY KIX]

How must I take mine, sir?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Clean contrary,  
Yours must be taken lying.

[LADY KIX]

Abed, sir?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Abed, or where you will for your own ease;  
Your coach will serve.

[LADY KIX]

The physic must needs please.

[Exeunt.]

**IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]**

Enter Tim and Tutor.

**TIM**

Negatur argumentum, tutor.

**TUTOR**

Probo tibi, pupil, stultus non est animal rationale.

**TIM**

Falleris sane.

**TUTOR**

Quaeso ut taceas; probo tibi.

**TIM**

Quomodo probas, domine?

**TUTOR**

Stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est animal rationale.

**TIM**

Sic argumentaris, domine: stultus non habet rationem, ergo non est animal rationale. Negatur argumentum again, tutor.

**TUTOR**

Argumentum iterum probo tibi, domine: qui non participat de ratione nullo modo potest vocari rationalibus, but stultus non participat de ratione, ergo stultus nullo modo potest dicere rationali.

**TIM**

Participat.

**TUTOR**

Sic disputus, qui participat quomodo participate.

**TIM**

Ut homo; probabo tibi in syllogismo.

**TUTOR**

Hunc proba.

**TIM**

Sic probo, domine: stultus est homo sicut tu et ego sum; homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale.

Enter Maudlin.

**MAUDLIN**

Here's nothing but disputing all the day long with 'em.

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**TUTOR**

Sic disputus, stultus est homo sicut tu et ego sum; homo est animal rationale, sicut stultus est animal rationale.

**MAUDLIN**

Your reasons are both good, whate'er they be;  
Pray give them o'er, faith, you'll tire yourselves,  
What's the matter between you?

**TIM**

Nothing but reasoning about a fool, mother.

**MAUDLIN**

About a fool, son? Alas, what need you trouble your heads about that, none of us all but knows what a fool is.

**TIM**

Why, what's a fool, mother? I come to you now.

**MAUDLIN**

Why, one that's married before he has wit.

**TIM**

'Tis pretty, i'faith, and well guessed of a woman never brought up at the university: but bring forth what fool you will, mother, I'll prove him to be as reasonable a creature, as myself or my tutor here.

**MAUDLIN**

Fie, 'tis impossible.

**TUTOR**

Nay, he shall do't, forsooth.

**TIM**

'Tis the easiest thing to prove a fool by logic,  
By logic I'll prove anything.

**MAUDLIN**

What thou wilt not?

**TIM**

I'll prove a whore to be an honest woman.

**MAUDLIN**

Nay, by my faith, she must prove that herself,  
Or logic will never do't.

**TIM**

'Twill do't, I tell you.

**MAUDLIN**

Some in this street would give a thousand pounds  
That you could prove their wives so.

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**TIM**

Faith, I can,  
And all their daughters, too, though they had three bastards.  
When comes your tailor hither?

**MAUDLIN**

Why, what of him?

**TIM**

By logic I'll prove him to be a man,  
Let him come when he will.

**MAUDLIN**

How hard at first was learning to him? Truly, sir, I thought he would never a took the Latin tongue. How many accidences do you think he wore out ere he came to his grammar?

**TUTOR**

Some three or four.

**MAUDLIN**

Believe me, sir, some four and thirty.

**TIM**

Pish, I made haberdins of 'em in church porches.

**MAUDLIN**

He was eight years in his grammar, and stuck horribly at a foolish place there called as in presenti.

**TIM**

Pox, I have it here now.

**MAUDLIN**

He so shamed me once before an honest gentleman that knew me when I was a maid.

**TIM**

These women must have all out.

**MAUDLIN**

Quid est grammatica? says the gentleman to him—I shall remember by a sweet, sweet token—but nothing could he answer.

**TUTOR**

How now, pupil, ha, quid est grammatica?

**TIM**

Grammatica? Ha, ha, ha.

**MAUDLIN**

Nay, do not laugh, son, but let me hear you say it now: there was one word went so prettily off the gentleman's tongue, I shall remember it the longest day of my life.

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**TUTOR**

Come, quid est grammatica?

**TIM**

Are you not ashamed, tutor? Grammatica? Why, recte scribendi atque loquendi ars, sir—reverence of my mother.

**MAUDLIN**

That was it, i'faith: why now, son, I see you are a deep scholar; and master tutor, a word, I pray, let us withdraw a little into my husband's chamber. I'll send in the North Wales gentlewoman to him, she looks for wooing: I'll put together both, and lock the door.

**TUTOR**

I give great approbation to your conclusion.

Exit [with Maudlin].

**TIM**

I mar'l what this gentlewoman should be  
That I should have in marriage, she's a stranger to me:  
I wonder what my parents mean, i'faith,  
To match me with a stranger so:  
A maid that's neither kiff nor kin to me:  
Life, do they think I have no more care of my body,  
Than to lie with one that I ne'er knew,  
A mere stranger,  
One that ne'er went to school with me neither,  
Nor ever playfellows together;  
They're mightily o'erseen in't methinks;  
They say she has mountains to her marriage,  
She's full of cattle, some two thousand runts;  
Now what the meaning of these runts should be,  
My tutor cannot tell me;  
I have looked in Rider's dictionary for the letter R,  
And there I can hear no tidings of these runts neither;  
Unless they should be Rumford hogs,  
I know them not,

Enter Welsh Gentlewoman.

And here she comes.

If I know what to say to her now  
In the way of marriage, I'm no graduate;  
Methinks, i'faith, 'tis boldly done of her  
To come into my chamber being but a stranger;  
She shall not say I'm so proud yet, but I'll speak to her:  
Marry, as I will order it,  
She shall take no hold of my words I'll warrant her;  
She looks and makes a curtsy—  
[To her] Salve tu quoque puella pulcherrima,  
Quid vis nescio nec sane curo—  
Tully's own phrase to a heart.

IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

[Aside] I know not what he means; a suitor, quotha?  
I hold my life he understands no English.

**TIM**

Ferter me hercule tu virgo,  
Wallia ut opibus abundis maximis.

**WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

[Aside] What's this ferter and abundundis?  
He mocks me sure, and calls me a bundle of farts.

**TIM**

[Aside] I have no Latin word now for their runts; I'll make some shift or other.—Iterum, dico opibus abundat maximis montibus et fontibus et, ut ita dicam, rontibus; attamen, vero, homanculus ego sum natura, simule arte bachalarius, lecto profecto non parata.

**WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

[Aside] This is most strange; may be he can speak Welsh—  
Avedera whee comrage? Derdue cog foginis?

**TIM**

[Aside] Cog foggin? I scorn to cog with her, I'll tell her so, too, in a word near her own language.—Ego non cogo.

**WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

Rhegosin a whiggin harle ron corid ambre.

**TIM**

[Aside] By my faith, she's a good scholar, I see that already;  
She has the tongues plain, I hold my life she has travelled;  
What will folks say? There goes the learned couple;  
Faith, if the truth were known, she hath proceeded.

Enter Maudlin.

**MAUDLIN**

How now, how speeds your business?

**TIM**

I'm glad my mother's come to part us.

**MAUDLIN**

How do you agree, forsooth?

**WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

As well as e'er we did before we met.

**MAUDLIN**

How's that?

IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]



**WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

You put me to a man I understand not;  
Your son's no English man methinks.

**MAUDLIN**

No English man, bless my boy,  
And born i' the heart of London?

**WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

I ha' been long enough in the chamber with him,  
And I find neither Welsh nor English in him.

**MAUDLIN**

Why, Tim, how have you used the gentlewoman?

**TIM**

As well as a man might do, mother, in modest Latin.

**MAUDLIN**

Latin, fool?

**TIM**

And she recoiled in Hebrew.

**MAUDLIN**

In Hebrew, fool? 'Tis Welsh.

**TIM**

All comes to one, mother.

**MAUDLIN**

She can speak English, too.

**TIM**

Who told me so much?  
Heart, and she can speak English, I'll clap to her,  
I thought you'd marry me to a stranger.

**MAUDLIN**

You must forgive him, he's so inured to Latin,  
He and his tutor, that he hath quite forgot  
To use the Protestant tongue.

**WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

'Tis quickly pardoned, forsooth.

**MAUDLIN**

Tim, make amends and kiss her,  
He makes towards you, forsooth.

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

[He kisses her.]

**TIM**

O, delicious, one may discover her country by her kissing. 'Tis a true saying, there's nothing tastes so sweet as your Welsh mutton: it was reported you could sing.

**MAUDLIN**

O, rarely, Tim, the sweetest British songs.

**TIM**

And 'tis my mind, I swear, before I marry  
I would see all my wife's good parts at once,  
To view how rich I were.

**MAUDLIN**

Thou shalt hear sweet music, Tim. Pray, forsooth.

Music and Welsh song.

[WELSH GENTLEWOMAN]

Cupid is Venus' only joy,  
But he is a wanton boy,  
A very, very wanton boy,  
He shoots at ladies' naked breasts,  
He is the cause of most men's crests,  
I mean upon the forehead,  
Invisible but horrid;  
'Twas he first taught upon the way  
To keep a lady's lips in play.  
Why should not Venus chide her son,  
For the pranks that he hath done,  
The wanton pranks that he hath done?  
He shoots his fiery darts so thick,  
They hurt poor ladies to the quick,  
Ah me, with cruel wounding;  
His darts are so confounding,  
That life and sense would soon decay,  
But that he keeps their lips in play.  
Can there be any part of bliss,  
In a quickly fleeting kiss,  
A quickly fleeting kiss?  
To one's pleasure, leisures are but waste,  
The slowest kiss makes too much haste,  
And lose it ere we find it,  
The pleasing sport they only know,  
That close above and close below.

**TIM**

I would not change my wife for a kingdom;  
I can do somewhat, too, in my own lodging.  
Enter Yellowhammer and Allwit [in disguise].

IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Why, well said, Tim, the bells go merrily,  
I love such peals, a' life; wife, lead them in a while,  
Here's a strange gentleman desires private conference.

[Exeunt Maudlin, Tim and Welsh Gentlewoman.]

You're welcome, sir, the more for your name's sake.  
Good Master Yellowhammer, I love my name well,  
And which o' the Yellowhammers take you descent from,  
If I may be so bold with you, which, I pray?

**ALLWIT**

The Yellowhammers in Oxfordshire, near Abbingdon.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

And those are the best Yellowhammers, and truest bred: I came from thence myself, though now a citizen. I'll be bold with you: you are most welcome.

**ALLWIT**

I hope the zeal I bring with me shall deserve it.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

I hope no less; what is your will, sir?

**ALLWIT**

I understand by rumours, you have a daughter,  
Which my bold love shall henceforth title "cousin."

**YELLOWHAMMER**

I thank you for her, sir.

**ALLWIT**

I heard of her virtues,  
And other confirmed graces.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

A plaguy girl, sir.

**ALLWIT**

Fame sets her out with richer ornaments  
Than you are pleased to boast of; 'tis done modestly;  
I hear she's towards marriage.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

You hear truth, sir.

**ALLWIT**

And with a knight in town, Sir Walter Whorehound.

IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]

**YELLOWHAMMER**

The very same, sir.

**ALLWIT**

I am the sorrier for't.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

The sorrier? Why, cousin?

**ALLWIT**

'Tis not too far past, is't? It may be yet recalled?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Recalled? Why, good sir?

**ALLWIT**

Resolve me in that point, ye shall hear from me.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

There's no contract passed.

**ALLWIT**

I am very joyful, sir.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

But he's the man must bed her.

**ALLWIT**

By no means, coz, she's quite undone then,  
And you'll curse the time that e'er you made the match;  
He's an arrant whoremaster, consumes his time and state—  
Whom in my knowledge he hath kept this seven years,  
Nay, coz, another man's wife, too.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

O, abominable!

**ALLWIT**

Maintains the whole house, apparels the husband,  
Pays servants' wages, not so much, but—

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Worse and worse, and doth the husband know this?

**ALLWIT**

Knows? Ay, and glad he may too, 'tis his living;  
As other trades thrive, butchers by selling flesh,  
Poulterers by venting conies, or the like, coz.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

What an incomparable wittol's this?

IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**ALLWIT**

Tush, what cares he for that, believe me, coz,  
No more than I do.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

What a base slave is that?

**ALLWIT**

All's one to him; he feeds and takes his ease,  
Was ne'er the man that ever broke his sleep  
To get a child yet by his own confession,  
And yet his wife has seven.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

What, by Sir Walter?

**ALLWIT**

Sir Walter's like to keep 'em, and maintain 'em,  
In excellent fashion, he dares do no less, sir.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Life, has he children too?

**ALLWIT**

Children? Boys thus high,  
In their Cato and Cordelius.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

What, you jest, sir!

**ALLWIT**

Why, one can make a verse,  
And is now at Eton College.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

O, this news has cut into my heart, coz.

**ALLWIT**

It had eaten nearer if it had not been prevented.  
One Allwit's wife.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Allwit? Foot, I have heard of him,  
He had a girl kursened lately?

**ALLWIT**

Ay, that work did cost the knight above a hundred mark.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

I'll mark him for a knave and villain for't,

IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

A thousand thanks and blessings, I have done with him.

### ALLWIT

[Aside] Ha, ha, ha, this knight will stick by my ribs still,  
I shall not lose him yet, no wife will come,  
Where'er he woos, I find him still at home, ha, ha!

Exit.

### YELLOWHAMMER

Well, grant all this, say now his deeds are black,  
Pray, what serves marriage, but to call him back;  
I have kept a whore myself, and had a bastard,  
By Mistress Anne, in Anno [ ].  
I care not who knows it; he's now a jolly fellow,  
H'as been twice warden, so may his fruit be,  
They were but base begot, and so was he;  
The knight is rich, he shall be my son-in-law,  
No matter so the whore he keeps be wholesome,  
My daughter takes no hurt then, so let them wed,  
I'll have him sweat well e'er they go to bed.

Enter Maudlin.

### MAUDLIN

O husband, husband.

### YELLOWHAMMER

How now, Maudlin?

### MAUDLIN

We are all undone, she's gone, she's gone.

### YELLOWHAMMER

Again? Death, which way?

### MAUDLIN

Over the houses:  
Lay the waterside, she's gone forever else.

### YELLOWHAMMER

O venturous baggage!

Exit [with Maudlin]. Enter Tim and Tutor.

### TIM

Thieves, thieves, my sister's stolen, some thief hath got her:  
O, how miraculously did my father's plate 'scape,  
'Twas all left out, tutor.

### TUTOR

IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Is't possible?

**TIM**

Besides three chains of pearl and a box of coral.  
My sister's gone, let's look at Trig stairs for her;  
My mother's gone to lay the Common stairs  
At Puddle wharf, and at the dock below  
Stands my poor silly father. Run, sweet tutor, run.

Exit [with Tutor].

[IV.ii. A bank of the Thames.]

Enter both the Touchwoods.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

I had been taken, brother, by eight sergeants,  
But for the honest watermen; I am bound to them,  
They are the most requiteful'st people living,  
For as they get their means by gentlemen,  
They are still the forwardest to help gentlemen.  
You heard how one 'scaped out of the Blackfriars  
But a while since from two or three varlets  
Came into the house with all their rapiers drawn,  
As if they'd dance the sword dance on the stage,  
With candles in their hands like chandlers' ghosts,  
Whilst the poor gentleman so pursued and banded  
Was by an honest pair of oars safely landed.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

I love them with my heart for't.

Enter three or four Watermen.

**FIRST WATERMAN**

Your first man, sir.

**SECOND WATERMAN**

Shall I carry you gentlemen with a pair of oars?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

These be the honest fellows; take one pair,  
And leave the rest for her.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Barn Elms.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

No more, brother.

[Exit.]

IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]

**FIRST WATERMAN**

Your first man.

**SECOND WATERMAN**

Shall I carry your worship?

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Go, and you honest watermen that stay,  
Here's a French crown for you;  
There comes a maid with all speed to take water,  
Row her lustily to Barn Elms after me.

**SECOND WATERMAN**

To Barn Elms, good sir. Make ready the boat, Sam.  
We'll wait below.

Exit [with First Waterman]. Enter Moll.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

What made you stay so long?

**MOLL**

I found the way more dangerous than I looked for.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Away quick, there's a boat waits for you,  
And I'll take water at Paul's wharf, and overtake you.

**MOLL**

Good sir, do, we cannot be too safe.

[Exeunt.] Enter Sir Walter, Yellowhammer, Tim and Tutor.

**SIR WALTER**

Life, call you this close keeping?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

She was kept  
Under a double lock.

**SIR WALTER**

A double devil.

**TIM**

That's a buff sergeant, tutor, he'll ne'er wear out.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

How would you have women locked?

**TIM**

With padlocks, father, the Venetian uses it,

IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]



A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

My tutor reads it.

**SIR WALTER**

Heart, if she were so locked up, how got she out?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

There was a little hole looked into the gutter,  
But who would have dreamt of that?

**SIR WALTER**

A wiser man would.

**TIM**

He says true, father, a wise man for love will seek every hole: my tutor knows it.

**TUTOR**

Verum poeta dicit.

**TIM**

Dicit Virgilius, father.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Prithee, talk of thy gills somewhere else, she's played the gill with me: where's your wise mother now?

**TIM**

Run mad I think, I thought she would have drowned herself; she would not stay for oars, but took a smelt boat:  
sure I think she be gone a-fishing for her.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

She'll catch a goodly dish of gudgeons now,  
Will serve us all to supper.

Enter Maudlin drawing Moll by the hair, and Watermen.

**MAUDLIN**

I'll tug thee home by the hair.

**WATERMEN**

Good mistress, spare her.

**MAUDLIN**

Tend your own business.

**WATERMEN**

You are a cruel mother.

[Exeunt Watermen.]

**MOLL**

O, my heart dies!

IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**MAUDLIN**

I'll make thee an example  
For all the neighbours' daughters.

**MOLL**

Farewell, life.

**MAUDLIN**

You that have tricks can counterfeit.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Hold, hold, Maudlin.

**MAUDLIN**

I have brought your jewel by the hair.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

She's here, knight.

**SIR WALTER**

[To Yellowhammer and Maudlin] Forbear or I'll grow worse.

**TIM**

Look on her, tutor, she hath brought her from the water like a mermaid; she's but half my sister now, as far as the flesh goes, the rest may be sold to fishwives.

**MAUDLIN**

Dissembling, cunning baggage!

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Impudent strumpet!

**SIR WALTER**

Either give over both, or I'll give over:  
Why have you used me thus, unkind mistress?  
Wherein have I deserved?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

You talk too fondly, sir,  
We'll take another course and prevent all;  
We might have done't long since; we'll lose no time now,  
Nor trust to't any longer: tomorrow morn as early  
As sunrise we'll have you joined.

**MOLL**

O, bring me death tonight, love-pitying Fates,  
Let me not see tomorrow up upon the world.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Are you content, sir, till then she shall be watched?

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**MAUDLIN**

Baggage, you shall.

Exit [with Moll and Yellowhammer].

**TIM**

Why, father, my tutor and I will both watch in armour.

**TUTOR**

How shall we do for weapons?

**TIM**

Take you no care for that, if need be I can send for conquering metal, tutor, ne'er lost day yet; 'tis but at Westminster. I am acquainted with him that keeps the monuments; I can borrow Harry the Fifth's sword, 't will serve us both to watch with.

Exit [with Tutor].

**SIR WALTER**

I never was so near my wish, as this chance  
Makes me; ere tomorrow noon,  
I shall receive two thousand pound in gold,  
And a sweet maidenhead  
Worth forty.

Enter Touchwood Junior with a Waterman.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

O, thy news splits me.

[FIRST] WATERMAN

Half drowned, she cruelly tugged her by the hair,  
Forced her disgracefully, not like a mother.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Enough, leave me like my joys.

Exit Waterman.

Sir, saw you not a wretched maid pass this way?  
Heart, villain, is it thou?

**SIR WALTER**

Yes, slave, 'tis I.

Both draw and fight.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

I must break through thee then, there is no stop  
That checks my tongue and all my hopeful fortunes,  
That breast excepted, and I must have way.

IV.[i. Yellowhammer's house.]

**SIR WALTER**

Sir, I believe 'twill hold your life in play.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Sir, you'll gain the heart in my breast at first?

**SIR WALTER**

There is no dealing then, think on the dowry  
For two thousand pounds.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

O, now 'tis quit, sir.

[Wounds Sir Walter.]

**SIR WALTER**

And being of even hand, I'll play no longer.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

No longer, slave?

**SIR WALTER**

I have certain things to think on,  
Before I dare go further.

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

But one bout?  
I'll follow thee to death, but ha't out.

[Exeunt.]

**V.[i. Allwit's house.]**

Enter Allwit, his Wife, and Davy Dahumma.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

A misery of a house.

**ALLWIT**

What shall become of us?

**DAVY**

I think his wound be mortal.

**ALLWIT**

Think'st thou so, Davy?  
Then am I mortal too, but a dead man, Davy;  
This is no world for me, whene'er he goes,

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

I must e'en truss up all, and after him, Davy,  
A sheet with two knots, and away.

Enter Sir Walter led in hurt.

**DAVY**

O see, sir,  
How faint he goes, two of my fellows lead him.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

O me!

**ALLWIT**

Heyday, my wife's laid down, too, here's like to be  
A good house kept, when we are altogether down;  
Take pains with her, good Davy, cheer her up there,  
Let me come to his worship, let me come.

**SIR WALTER**

Touch me not, villain, my wound aches at thee,  
Thou poison to my heart.

**ALLWIT**

He raves already,  
His senses are quite gone, he knows me not;  
Look up, an't like your worship, heave those eyes,  
Call me to mind, is your remembrance lost?  
Look in my face, who am I, an't like your worship?

**SIR WALTER**

If any thing be worse than slave or villain,  
Thou art the man.

**ALLWIT**

Alas his poor worship's weakness,  
He will begin to know me by little and little.

**SIR WALTER**

No devil can be like thee.

**ALLWIT**

Ah, poor gentleman,  
Methinks the pain that thou endurest.

**SIR WALTER**

Thou know'st me to be wicked, for thy baseness  
Kept the eyes open still on all my sins,  
None knew the dear account my soul stood charged with  
So well as thou, yet like Hell's flattering angel  
Would'st thou never tell me on't, let'st me go on,  
And join with death in sleep, that if I had not waked

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Now by chance, even by a stranger's pity,  
I had everlastingly slept out all hope  
Of grace and mercy.

### **ALLWIT**

Now he is worse and worse,  
Wife, to him wife, thou wast wont to do good on him.

### **MISTRESS ALLWIT**

How is't with you, sir?

### **SIR WALTER**

Not as with you,  
Thou loathsome strumpet: some good pitying man  
Remove my sins out of my sight a little;  
I tremble to behold her, she keeps back  
All comfort while she stays; is this a time,  
Unconscionable woman, to see thee?  
Art thou so cruel to the peace of man,  
Not to give liberty now? The devil himself  
Shows a far fairer reverence and respect  
To goodness than thyself; he dares not do this,  
But part in time of penitence, hides his face;  
When man withdraws from him, he leaves the place;  
Hast thou less manners, and more impudence,  
Than thy instructor? Prithee show thy modesty,  
If the least grain be left, and get thee from me.  
Thou should'st be rather locked many rooms hence,  
From the poor miserable sight of me,  
If either love or grace had part in thee.

### **MISTRESS ALLWIT**

He is lost for ever.

### **ALLWIT**

Run, sweet Davy, quickly,  
And fetch the children hither—sight of them  
Will make him cheerful straight.

### **SIR WALTER**

O death! Is this  
A place for you to weep? What tears are those?  
Get you away with them, I shall fare the worse  
As long as they are a-weeping; they work against me;  
There's nothing but thy appetite in that sorrow,  
Thou weep'st for lust, I feel it in the slackness  
Of comforts coming towards me;  
I was well till thou began'st to undo me;  
This shows like the fruitless sorrow of a careless mother  
That brings her son with dalliance to the gallows,  
And then stands by, and weeps to see him suffer.

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Enter Davy with the Children.

**DAVY**

There are the children, sir, an't like your worship,  
Your last fine girl, in troth, she smiles,  
Look, look, in faith, sir.

**SIR WALTER**

O my vengeance,  
Let me forever hide my cursed face  
From sight of those that darken all my hopes,  
And stand between me and the sight of Heaven;  
Who sees me now, [he] too, and those so near me,  
May rightly say, I am o'ergrown with sin;  
O how my offences wrestle with my repentance,  
It hath scarce breath—  
Still my adulterous guilt hovers aloft,  
And with her black wings beats down all my prayers  
Ere they be half way up; what's he knows now  
How long I have to live? O, what comes then?  
My taste grows bitter, the round world all gall now,  
Her pleasing pleasures now hath poisoned me,  
Which I exchanged my soul for;  
Make way a hundred sighs at once for me.

**ALLWIT**

Speak to him, Nick.

**NICK**

I dare not, I am afraid.

**ALLWIT**

Tell him he hurts his wounds, Wat, with making moan.

**SIR WALTER**

Wretched, death of seven!

**ALLWIT**

Come, let's be talking somewhat to keep him alive.  
Ah, sirrah Wat, and did my lord bestow that jewel on thee,  
For an epistle thou mad'st in Latin?  
Thou art a good forward boy, there's great joy on thee.

**SIR WALTER**

O sorrow!

**ALLWIT**

Heart, will nothing comfort him?  
If he be so far gone, 'tis time to moan;  
Here's pen, and ink, and paper, and all things ready,

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Will't please your worship for to make your will?

**SIR WALTER**

My will? Yes, yes, what else? Who writes apace now?

**ALLWIT**

That can your man Davy, an't like your worship,  
A fair, fast, legible hand.

**SIR WALTER**

Set it down then:  
Imprimis, I bequeath to yonder wittol,  
Three times his weight in curses--

**ALLWIT**

How?

**SIR WALTER**

All plagues of body and of mind--

**ALLWIT**

Write them not down, Davy.

**DAVY**

It is his will, I must.

**SIR WALTER**

Together also,  
With such a sickness, ten days ere his death.

**ALLWIT**

There's a sweet legacy,  
I am almost choked with't.

**SIR WALTER**

Next I bequeath to that foul whore, his wife,  
All barrenness of joy, a drouth of virtue,  
And dearth of all repentance: for her end,  
The common misery of an English strumpet,  
In French and Dutch, beholding ere she dies  
Confusion of her brats before her eyes,  
And never shed a tear for it.

Enter a Servant.

**FIRST SERVANT**

Where's the knight?  
O sir, the gentleman you wounded is newly departed.

**SIR WALTER**

Dead? Lift, lift, who helps me?

V.[i. Allwit's house.]



A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**ALLWIT**

Let the law lift you now, that must have all,  
I have done lifting on you, and my wife, too.

**FIRST SERVANT**

You were best lock yourself close.

**ALLWIT**

Not in my house, sir,  
I'll harbour no such persons as men-slayers,  
Lock yourself where you will.

**SIR WALTER**

What's this?

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

Why, husband!

**ALLWIT**

I know what I do, wife.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

You cannot tell yet;  
For having killed the man in his defence,  
Neither his life, nor estate will be touched, husband.

**ALLWIT**

Away, wife, hear a fool, his lands will hang him.

**SIR WALTER**

Am I denied a chamber? What say you, forsooth?

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

Alas, sir, I am one that would have all well,  
But must obey my husband. Prithee, love,  
Let the poor gentleman stay, being so sore wounded,  
There's a close chamber at one end of the garret  
We never use, let him have that, I prithee.

**ALLWIT**

We never use? You forget sickness then,  
And physic times: is't not a place for easement?

Enter a Servant.

**SIR WALTER**

O death! Do I hear this with part  
Of former life in me? What's the news now?

**SECOND SERVANT**

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Troth, worse and worse, you're like to lose your land  
If the law save your life, sir, or the surgeon.

**ALLWIT**

Hark you there, wife.

**SIR WALTER**

Why, how, sir?

**SECOND SERVANT**

Sir Oliver Kix's wife is new quickened;  
That child undoes you, sir.

**SIR WALTER**

All ill at once.

**ALLWIT**

I wonder what he makes here with his consorts?  
Cannot our house be private to ourselves,  
But we must have such guests? I pray depart, sirs,  
And take your murderer along with you—  
Good he were apprehended ere he go,  
He's killed some honest gentleman; send for officers.

**SIR WALTER**

I'll soon save you that labour.

**ALLWIT**

I must tell you, sir,  
You have been somewhat bolder in my house  
Than I could well like of; I suffered you  
Till it stuck here at my heart; I tell you truly  
I thought you had been familiar with my wife once.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

With me? I'll see him hanged first; I defy him,  
And all such gentlemen in the like extremity.

**SIR WALTER**

If ever eyes were open, these are they;  
Gamesters, farewell, I have nothing left to play.

Exit.

**ALLWIT**

And therefore get you gone, sir.

**DAVY**

Of all wittols,  
Be thou the head. Thou, the grand whore of spitals.

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Exit [with Servants].

**ALLWIT**

So, since he's like now to be rid of all,  
I am right glad I am so well rid of him.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

I knew he durst not stay, when you named officers.

**ALLWIT**

That stopped his spirits straight;  
What shall we do now, wife?

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

As we were wont to do.

**ALLWIT**

We are richly furnished wife, with household stuff.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

Let's let out lodgings then,  
And take a house in the Strand.

**ALLWIT**

In troth, a match, wench:  
We are simply stocked with cloth of tissue cushions,  
To furnish out bay windows: push, what not that's quaint  
And costly, from the top to the bottom.  
Life, for furniture, we may lodge a countess:  
There's a closestool of tawny velvet, too,  
Now I think on't, wife.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

There's that should be, sir;  
Your nose must be in everything.

**ALLWIT**

I have done, wench;  
And let this stand in every gallant's chamber:  
There no gamester like a politic sinner,  
For whoe'er games, the box is sure a winner.

Exit [with Mistress Allwit].

[V.ii. Yellowhammer's house.]

Enter Yellowhammer and his Wife.

**MAUDLIN**

O husband, husband, she will die, she will die,  
There is no sign but death.

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**YELLOWHAMMER**

'Twill be our shame then.

**MAUDLIN**

O, how she's changed in compass of an hour.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Ah, my poor girl! Good faith, thou wert too cruel  
To drag her by the hair.

**MAUDLIN**

You would have done  
As much, sir, to curb her of her humour.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

'Tis curbed sweetly, she caught her bane o' th' water.

Enter Tim.

**MAUDLIN**

How now, Tim?

**TIM**

Faith, busy, mother, about an epitaph  
Upon my sister's death.

**MAUDLIN**

Death! She is not dead, I hope?

**TIM**

No: but she means to be, and that's as good,  
And when a thing's done, 'tis done,  
You taught me that, mother.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

What is your tutor doing?

**TIM**

Making one too, in principal pure Latin,  
Culled out of Ovid de Tristibus.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

How does your sister look, is she not changed?

**TIM**

Changed? Gold into white money was never so changed,  
As is my sister's colour into paleness.

Enter Moll.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

O, here she's brought, see how she looks like death.

**TIM**

Looks she like death, and ne'er a word made yet?  
I must go beat my brains against a bed post,  
And get before my tutor.

[Exit.]

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Speak, how dost thou?

**MOLL**

I hope I shall be well, for I am as sick  
At heart as I can be.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

'Las my poor girl,  
The doctor's making a most sovereign drink for thee,  
The worst [ingredients], dissolved pearl and amber;  
We spare no cost, girl.

**MOLL**

Your love comes too late,  
Yet timely thanks reward it. What is comfort,  
When the poor patient's heart is past relief?  
It is no doctor's art can cure my grief.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

All is cast away then;  
Prithee, look upon me cheerfully.

**MAUDLIN**

Sing but a strain or two, thou wilt not think  
How 'twill revive thy spirits: strive with thy fit,  
Prithee, sweet Moll.

**MOLL**

You shall have my good will, Mother.

**MAUDLIN**

Why, well said, wench.

[MOLL]

[Sings] Weep eyes, break heart,  
My love and I must part;  
Cruel fates true love do soonest sever,  
O, I shall see thee, never, never, never.  
O, happy is the maid whose life takes end,  
Ere it knows parent's frown, or loss of friend.  
Weep eyes, break heart,

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

My love and I must part.

Enter Touchwood Senior with a letter.

**MAUDLIN**

O, I could die with music: well sung, girl.

**MOLL**

If you call it so, it was.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

She plays the swan,  
And sings herself to death.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

By your leave, sir.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

What are you, sir? Or what's your business, pray?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

I may be admitted, though the brother  
Of him your hate pursued, it spreads no further;  
Your malice sets in death, does it not, sir?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

In death?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

He's dead: 'twas a dear love to him,  
It cost him but his life, that was all, sir:  
He paid enough, poor gentleman, for his love.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

[Aside] There's all our ill removed, if she were well now.--  
Impute not, sir, his end to any hate  
That sprung from us; he had a fair wound brought that.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

That helped him forward, I must needs confess:  
But the restraint of love, and your unkindness,  
Those were the wounds that from his heart drew blood;  
But being past help, let words forget it, too:  
Scarcely three minutes ere his eyelids closed  
And too eternal leave of this world's light,  
He wrote this letter, which by oath he bound me,  
To give to her own hands; that's all my business.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

You may perform it then, there she sits.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

O, with a following look.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Ay, trust me, sir,  
I think she'll follow him quickly.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Here's some gold  
He willed me to distribute faithfully  
Amongst your servants.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

'Las, what doth he mean, sir?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

How cheer you, mistress?

**MOLL**

I must learn of you, sir.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Here's a letter from a friend of yours,  
And where that fails, in satisfaction  
I have a sad tongue ready to supply.

**MOLL**

How does he, ere I look on't?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Seldom better,  
H'as a contented health now.

**MOLL**

I am most glad on't.

**MAUDLIN**

Dead, sir?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

He is. Now, wife, let's but get the girl  
Upon her legs again, and to church  
Roundly with her.

**MOLL**

O, sick to death he tells me:  
How does he after this?

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Faith, feels no pain  
At all, he's dead, sweet mistress.

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

**MOLL**

Peace close mine eyes. [Swoons.]

**YELLOWHAMMER**

The girl, look to the girl, wife.

**MAUDLIN**

Moll, daughter,  
Sweet girl, speak, look but once up, thou shalt have  
All the wishes of thy heart that wealth can purchase.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

O, she's gone forever, that letter broke her heart.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

As good now, then, as let her lie in torment,  
And then break it.

Enter Susan.

**MAUDLIN**

O Susan, she thou lovedst so dear is gone.

**SUSAN**

O sweet maid!

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

This is she that helped her still,  
I've a reward here for thee.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Take her in,  
Remove her from our sight, our shame, and sorrow.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Stay, let me help thee, 'tis the last cold kindness  
I can perform for my sweet brother's sake.

[Exeunt Touchwood Senior and Susan, carrying Moll].

**YELLOWHAMMER**

All the whole street will hate us, and the world  
Point me out cruel: it is our best course, wife,  
After we have given order for the funeral,  
To absent ourselves, till she be laid in ground.

**MAUDLIN**

Where shall we spend that time?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

V.[i. Allwit's house.]



A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

I'll tell thee where, wench,  
Go to some private church, and marry Tim  
To the rich Brecknock gentlewoman.

**MAUDLIN**

Mass, a match,  
We'll not lose all at once, somewhat we'll catch.

Exit [with Yellowhammer].

[V.iii. Sir Oliver's house.]

Enter Sir Oliver and Servants.

**SIR OLIVER**

Ho, my wife's quickened, I am a man forever,  
I think I have bestirred my stumps, i'faith:  
Run, get your fellows all together instantly,  
Then to the parish church, and ring the bells.

**FIRST SERVANT**

It shall be done, sir.

[Exit.]

**SIR OLIVER**

Upon my love I charge you, villain, that you make a bonfire before the door at night.

**SECOND SERVANT**

A bonfire, sir?

**SIR OLIVER**

A thwacking one, I charge you.

**SECOND SERVANT**

[Aside] This is monstrous.

[Exit.]

**SIR OLIVER**

Run, tell a hundred pound out for the gentleman  
That gave my wife the drink, the first thing you do.

**THIRD SERVANT**

A hundred pounds, sir?

**SIR OLIVER**

A bargain, as our [joy] grows,  
We must remember still from whence it flows,  
Or else we prove ungrateful multipliers:  
The child is coming, and the land comes after;  
The news of this will make a poor Sir Walter.

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

I have struck it home, i'faith.

**THIRD SERVANT**

That you have, marry, sir.  
But will not your worship go to the funeral  
Of both these lovers?

**SIR OLIVER**

Both, go both together?

**THIRD SERVANT**

Ay, sir, the gentleman's brother will have it so,  
'Twill be the pitifullest sight; there's such running,  
Such rumours, and such throngs, a pair of lovers  
Had never more spectators, more men's pities,  
Or women's wet eyes.

**SIR OLIVER**

My wife helps the number then?

**THIRD SERVANT**

There's such a drawing out of handkerchers,  
And those that have no handkerchers, lift up aprons.

**SIR OLIVER**

Her parents may have joyful hearts at this,  
I would not have my cruelty so talked on,  
To any child of mine, for a monopoly.

**THIRD SERVANT**

I believe you, sir.  
'Tis cast so, too, that both their coffins meet,  
Which will be lamentable.

**SIR OLIVER**

Come, we'll see't.

[Exeunt.]

[V.iv. A church.]

Recorders dolefully playing. Enter at one door the coffin of the gentleman [Touchwood Junior], solemnly decked, his sword upon it, attended by many in black [including Sir Oliver, Allwit, and a Parson], his brother [Touchwood Senior] being the chief mourner. At the other door, the coffin of the virgin [Moll], with a garland of flowers, with epitaphs pinned on it, attended by maids and women [including Lady Kix, Mistress Allwit, and Susan]. Then set them down one right over against the other, while all the company seem to weep and mourn; there is a sad song in the music room.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Never could death boast of a richer prize  
From the first parent, let the world bring forth  
A pair of truer hearts; to speak but truth

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Of this departed gentleman, in a brother,  
Might by hard censure be called flattery,  
Which makes me rather silent in his right  
Than so to be delivered to the thoughts  
Of any envious hearer starved in virtue,  
And therefore pining to hear others thrive.  
But for this maid, whom envy cannot hurt  
With all her poisons, having left to ages  
The true, chaste monuments of her living name,  
Which no time can deface, I say of her  
The full truth freely, without fear of censure;  
What nature could there shine, that might redeem  
Perfection home to woman, but in her  
Was fully glorious; beauty set in goodness  
Speaks what she was, that jewel so infixed;  
There was no want of anything of life,  
To make these virtuous precedents man and wife.

### **ALLWIT**

Great pity of their deaths.

ALL

Ne'er more pity.

[LADY KIX]

It makes a hundred weeping eyes, sweet gossip.

### **TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

I cannot think, there's anyone amongst you,  
In this full fair assembly, maid, man, or wife,  
Whose heart would not have sprung with joy and gladness  
To have seen their marriage day?

ALL

It would have made a thousand joyful hearts.

### **TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Up then apace, and take your fortunes,  
Make these joyful hearts, here's none but friends.

[Moll and Touchwood Junior rise from their coffins.]

ALL

Alive, sir? O sweet, dear couple.

### **TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Nay, do not hinder 'em now, stand from about 'em,  
If she be caught again, and have this time,  
I'll ne'er plot further for 'em, nor this honest chambermaid  
That helped all at a push.

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

Good sir, apace.

**PARSON**

Hands join now, but hearts for ever,  
Which no parent's mood shall sever.  
You shall forsake all widows, wives, and maids:  
You, lords, knights, gentlemen, and men of trades:  
And if in haste, any article misses,  
Go interline it with a brace of kisses.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Here's a thing trolled nimbly. Give you joy, brother,  
Were't not better thou should'st have her,  
Than the maid should die?

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

To you, sweet mistress bride.

**ALL**

Joy, joy to you both.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Here be your wedding sheets you brought along with you, you may both go to bed, when you please [to].

**TOUCHWOOD JUNIOR**

My joy wants utterance.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Utter all at night then, brother.

**MOLL**

I am silent with delight.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Sister, delight will silence any woman,  
But you'll find your tongue again among maidservants,  
Now you keep house, sister.

**ALL**

Never was hour so filled with joy and wonder.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

To tell you the full story of this chambermaid,  
And of her kindness in this business to us,  
'Twould ask an hour's discourse. In brief, 'twas she  
That wrought it to this purpose cunningly.

**ALL**

We shall all love her for't.

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Enter Yellowhammer and his Wife.

**ALLWIT**

See who comes here now.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

A storm, a storm, but we are sheltered for it.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

I will prevent you all, and mock you thus,  
You, and your expectations; I stand happy,  
Both in your lives, and your hearts' combination.

**TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Here's a strange day again.

**YELLOWHAMMER**

The knight's proved villain,  
All's come out now, his niece an arrant baggage;  
My poor boy Tim is cast away this morning,  
Even before breakfast: married a whore  
Next to his heart.

**ALL**

A whore?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

His niece, forsooth.

**ALLWIT**

I think we rid our hands in good time of him.

**MISTRESS ALLWIT**

I knew he was past the best, when I gave him over.  
What is become of him, pray, sir?

**YELLOWHAMMER**

Who, the knight?  
He lies i' th' knight's ward now. [To Lady Kix] Your belly, lady,  
Begins to blossom, there's no peace for him,  
His creditors are so greedy.

**SIR OLIVER**

Mr. Touchwood, hear'st thou this news?  
I am so endeared to thee for my wife's fruitfulness,

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

## A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

That I charge you both, your wife and thee,  
To live no more asunder for the world's frowns;  
I have purse, and bed, and board for you:  
Be not afraid to go to your business roundly,  
Get children, and I'll keep them.

### **TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Say you so, sir?

### **SIR OLIVER**

Prove me, with three at a birth, and thou dar'st now.

### **TOUCHWOOD SENIOR**

Take heed how you dare a man, while you live, sir,  
That has good skill at his weapon.

Enter Tim[, Tutor,] and Welsh Gentlewoman.

### **SIR OLIVER**

Foot, I dare you, sir.

### **YELLOWHAMMIER**

Look, gentlemen, if ever you say the picture  
Of the unfortunate marriage, yonder 'tis.

### **WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

Nay, good sweet, Tim.

### **TIM**

Come from the university,  
To marry a whore in London, with my tutor, too?  
O tempora! O mors!

### **TUTOR**

Prithee, Tim, be patient.

### **TIM**

I bought a jade at Cambridge,  
I'll let her out to execution, tutor,  
For eighteen pence a day, or Brainford horse races;  
She'll serve to carry seven miles out of town well.  
Where be these mountains? I was promised mountains,  
But there's such a mist, I can see none of 'em.  
What are become of those two thousand runts?  
Let's have about with them in the meantime.  
A vengeance runt thee.

### **MAUDLIN**

Good sweet Tim, have patience.

### **TIM**

V.[i. Allwit's house.]

A Chaste Maid in Cheapside

Flectere si [nequeo] superos, Acheronta [movebo], mother.

**MAUDLIN**

I think you have married her in logic, Tim.  
You told me once, by logic you would prove  
A whore an honest woman, prove her so, Tim,  
And take her for thy labour.

**TIM**

Troth, I thank you.  
I grant you I may prove another man's wife so,  
But not mine own.

**MAUDLIN**

There's no remedy now, Tim,  
You must prove her so as well as you may.

**TIM**

Why then my tutor and I will about her,  
As well as we can.  
Uxor non est meretrix, ergo falacis.

**WELSH GENTLEWOMAN**

Sir, if your logic cannot prove me honest,  
There's a thing called marriage, and that makes me honest.

**MAUDLIN**

O, there's a trick beyond your logic, Tim.

**TIM**

I perceive then a woman may be honest according to the English print, when she is a whore in the Latin. So much for marriage and logic. I'll love her for her wit, I'll pick out my runts there: and for my mountains, I'll mount upon--

**YELLOWHAMMER**

So fortune seldom deals two marriages  
With one hand, and both lucky: the best is,  
One feast will serve them both: marry, for room  
I'll have the dinner kept in Goldsmiths' Hall,  
To which, kind gallants, I invite you all.

[Exeunt omnes.]