

4<sup>o</sup> 208. Act.

*THE*  
**Foure Prentises of London:**

**With the Conquest of Ierusalem.**

As it hath bene diuerse times Acted, at the Red Bull, by the  
Queenes Maiesties Seruants.

*written by* THOMAS HEYWOOD.



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To the honest and hie-spirited Prentises  
The Readers.

**T**O you (as whom this Play most especially concernes) I thought good to dedicate this Labour, which though written many yeares since, in my Infancy of Iudgement in this kinde of Poetry, and my first practise: yet understanding (by what meanes I know not) it was in these more exquisit & refined Times to come to the Presse, in such a forwardnesse ere it came to my knowledge, that it was past preuention, and knowing withall, that it comes short of that accuratenesse both in Plot and Stile, that these more Censorious dayes with greater curiosity acquire, I must  
A 2 thus

THE EPISTLE.

thus excuse. That as Playes were then  
 some fiftene or sixteene yeares agoe it was  
 in the fashion. Nor could it haue found a  
 more seasonable and fit publication then  
 at this Time, when, to the glory of our  
 Nation, the security of the Kingdome,  
 and the honour of the City, they haue be-  
 gonne againe the commendable practise of  
 long forgotten Armes, the continuance of  
 which I wish, the discipline approue, and  
 the encouragement thereof euen with my  
 soule applaude. In which great and hoped  
 good they deserue not the least attribute of  
 approbation: who, in the dull and sleepy  
 time of peace, first waken'd the remem-  
 brance of these armes in the Artillery gar-  
 den, which begun out of their voluntary af-  
 fections, prosecuted by their priuate indu-  
 stries, and continued at their owne proper  
 cost and charge, deserues in my opinion,  
 not onely respect and regard, but recom-  
 pence

THE EPISTLE.

pence and reward. But to returne againe  
 to you, my braue spirited Prentises, upon  
 whom I haue freely bestowed these Foure, I  
 wish you all, that haue their courages and  
 forwardnesse, their noble Fates and For-  
 tunes,

Yours,

Thomas Heywood.



Drammatis Personæ.

|                                   |                         |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| The old Earle of Bulleine.        | The Sophy of Persia.    |
| His foure<br>sonnes.              | Turnus.                 |
|                                   | Moretes.                |
|                                   | A Chorus, or Presentor. |
|                                   | Mutes.                  |
| <i>Bella Franca</i> his daughter. | The French King.        |
| An English Captaine.              | The Bullenois.          |
| <i>Robert</i> of Normandy.        | Bandetti.               |
| The French Kings daughter.        | Irishmen.               |
| <i>Tancred</i> a Prince of Italy. | Ambushes of Pagans.     |
| The Souldan of Babylon.           | The Clowne.             |

The



The Prologue.

Enter three in blacke clokes, at three doores.

**1** *VV*hat meane you, my maisters, to appeare thus before your times? Doe you not know that I am the Prologue? Do you not see this long blacke velvet cloke upon my backe? Haue you not sounded thrice? Do I not looke pale, as fearing to bee out in my speech? Nay, haue I not all the signes of a Prologue about me? Then, to what end come you to interrupt mee?

**2** I haue a Prologue to speake too.  
**3** And I another.  
**1** O superfluous, and more then euer I heard of! three Prologues to one play!

**2** Haue you not seene three ropes to tole one bell, three doores to one house, three wayes to one towne?

**1** I grant you: but I neuer heard of any that had three heads to one body, but Cerberus. But what doth your Prologue meane?

**2** I come to excuse the name of the Play?  
**3** I the errors in the Play.

**1** And I the Author that made the Play. Touching the name, why is it called, True and Strange, or The foure Prentises of London? A Gentleman that heard the subiect discourt, said it was not possible to be true; and none here are bound to beleue it.

**2** Tis true, that Alexander at thirty yeares of age conquered the whole world; but strange he should doe so: If we should not beleue things recorded in former ages, wee were  
not:

The Prologue.

not worthy that succeeding times should beleene things done  
in these our ages.

1 But what authority have you for your History? I am one  
of those that wil beleene nothing that is not in the Chronicle.

2 Our authority is a Manuscript, a booke writ in parch-  
ment; which not being publique, nor generall in the world,  
wee rather thought fit to exemplifie to the publique cen-  
sure, things concealed and obscur'd, such as are not common  
with every one, than such Historicall Tales as every one can  
tell by the fire in winter. Had not yee rather, for nouelties  
sake, see Ierusalem yee neuer saw, then London that yee see  
howery? So much touching the name of our History.

1 You haue satisfied me; and, I hope, all that heare me. Now  
what haue you to speake concerning the errors in the Play?

3 We acknowledge none: For the errors we could finde, we  
would willingly amend; but if these cleere-sighted Gentle-  
men, with the eyes of their iudgements, looking exactly into  
vs, finde any imperfections which are hid from our selues, our  
request is, you would rather looke ouer them, then through  
them, not with a troubled eye, that makes one object to seeme  
two, but with a fauourable eye, which hath power in it selfe  
to make many to seeme none at all.

1 Oh now I vnderstand you. Three Prologues to our Play,  
pardon mee, y' auer need of three hundred, me thinkes, and all  
little enough. But to end our beginning in a word. Thus  
much by the patience of these Gentlemen.

Speitators, should you oppose your iudgements against vs:  
where we are three, which some would thinke too many; were  
we three thousand, we thinke our selues to few. Our Author  
submits his labours to you, as the Authors of all the content  
he hath within this circumference.

But for your sakes, this onely we dare say,  
we promise you, and weel performe a Play.

The



The foure Prentises  
OF LONDON.

Actus primus, Scœna prima.

Enter the old Earle of Boloigne, and his daughter  
BELLA FRANCA.

EARLE.

**D**aughter, thou seest how Fortune turnes her  
wheele.

Wee that but late were mounted vp aloft,  
Lul'd in the skirt of that inconstant Dame,  
Are now throwne head-long by her ruthlesse  
To kisse that earth whereon our secte shou'd stand. (hand,  
What censuring eye, that sees mee thus deiect,  
Would take this shape to bee that famous Duke,  
Which hath made Boloigne through the world renown'd,  
And all our race with fame, and honour crown'd?

BELL. But father how can you endure a slaue  
To triumph in your fortunes; and heere stand  
In soule deiect, and banisht from your land?

EARLE. Ile tell thee Girle. The French King, and my selfe,  
Vpon some termes grew in a strange debate,  
And taking carefull vantage of the time,  
Whilst I with all my powers, in aide of William

B

The

*The foure Prentises of London.*

The Norman Duke, now English Conquerour,  
Was busily employ'd, hee seiz'd my right,  
Planting another, and supplanting mee.  
This is the ground of my extremitie.

BELL. If for King *Williams* sake now Conquerour,  
You lost your birth-right and inheritance:  
How comes it that hee sees you in this state,  
And lifts not vp your fortunes ruinate?

EARLE. A conquered Kingdome is not easily kept,  
Hee hath so much adoe to guard his owne,  
That mine is buried in obliuion;  
And I am forc't to loose the name of Earle,  
And liue in *London* like a Citizen.

My foure sons are bound prentice to foure Trades.  
*Godfrey* my eldest boy I haue made a *Mercer*;  
*Guy* my next sonne, enrol'd in *Gold-smithes* Trade;  
My third sonne *Charles* bound to an *Haberdasher*;  
*Yong Eustace* is a *Grocer*: all high borne,  
Yet of the Citty-trades they haue no scorne.  
Thus bare necessity hath made me seeke  
Some refuge, to sustaine our pouerty.  
And hauing plac't my sonnes in such a sort,  
The little wealth I haue left, I leaue to thee.  
My selfe will trauaile to the holy Land;  
And ere I lie within the earths vaste wombe,  
Pay my deuoute vòwes at my Sauiours Tombe.

BELL. Was that the cause you sent for my foure brothers?

EARLE. Their wished fight will cheere my aged heart:  
And I will blesse them all before I part.

*Enter GODFREY, GUY, CHARLES, and EUSTACE,*  
*like Apprentices.*

GODF. I wonder, brothers, why my father hath sent for vs  
thus carely: that, all businesse set apart, wee must meete toge-  
ther this morning.

GUY. I know not the reason. I had much ado to get leaue of  
my Maister to be spared from my attendance in the Shop, and  
seruing

*The foure Prentises of London.*

seruing of Customers.

CHA. Faith as soone as I heard but the messenger say, my  
father must speake with mee: I left my Tanakrd to guard the  
Conduit; and away came I.

EVST. I beshrew him, I should haue bene at breake-fast  
with two or three good boyes this morning: but that match is  
disappointed by this meeting.

BELL. See where my brothers are already come.

EARLE. *Godfrey, Guy, Charles, yong Eustace* all at once,  
Diuide a fathers blessing in foure parts,  
And share my prayers amongst you equally.  
First *Godfrey*, tell mee how thou lik'st thy Trade?  
And knowing in thy thoughts what thou hast ben,  
How canst thou brooke to be as thou art now?

GODF. Bound must obey: Since I haue vnderooke  
To serue my Maister truely for seuen yeares,  
My duty shall both answere that desire,  
And my old Maisters profite euery way.  
I praise that Citty which made Princes Trades-men:  
Where that man, noble or ignoble borne,  
That would not practise some mechanicke skill,  
Which might support his state in penury,  
Should die the death; not sufferd like a drone,  
To sucke the hony from the publicke Hiue.  
I hold it no disparage to my birth,  
Though I be borne an Earle, to haue the skill  
And the full knowledge of the *Mercers* Trade.  
And were I now to be create a new,  
It should not grieue me to haue spent my time  
The secrets of so rich a Trade to know,  
By which aduantage and much profites grow.

EAR. Well hast thou done to ouercome thy fate,  
Making thy minde conformed to thy state.  
How likes my *Guy*, the *Gold-smithes* faculty.

GUY. As a good refuge in extremity.  
Say I be borne a Prince, and be cast downe  
By some sinister chance, or fortunes frowne:

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Say I be banisht: when I haue a Trade,  
And in my selfe a meanes to purchase wealth,  
Though my state waste, and towring honours fall,  
That still staves with mee in the extreamest of all.

EARLE. What saies my third sonne *Charles*?

CHAR. If I should say I would not brooke those bonds,  
Which God, and fate, and you, haue tied me in;  
You would be preaching disobedience.  
Or should I say the Citty-trades are base  
For such a great mans sonnes to take on them:  
Your fatherly regard would straight aduise mee  
To chastise my rebellious thoughts; and say,  
Sonne, you by this may liue another day.  
Therefore, as my two brothers, I reply,  
You aske mee if I like it; I say I.

EARLE. What saies my youngest boy?

EVST. Father, I say, Hawking is a pretty sport,  
And Hunting is a Princely exercise;  
To ride a great horse, oh 'tis admirable!

EARL. *Eustace* I know it is: but to my question,  
How canst thou brooke to be a Prentise, boy?

EVST. Mee thinkes I could endure it for seuen yeares.  
Did not my Maister keepe me in too much.  
I cannot goe to breake-fast in a morning  
With my kinde mates and fellow-Prentises,  
But he cries *Eustace*, one bid *Eustace* come:  
And my name *Eustace* is in every room.  
If I might once a weeke but see a Tilting,  
Sixe daies I would fall vnto my businesse close,  
And ere the weekes end winne that idle day.  
Hee will not let mee see a mustering,  
Nor in a May-day morning ferch in May.  
I am no sooner got into the Fencing-schools,  
To play a venew with some friend I bring;  
But *Eustace*, *Eustace*, all the streete must ring.  
Hee will allow me not one howre for sport.  
I must not strike a foote-ball in the streete,

But

*The foure Prentises of London.*

But hee will frowne: not view the dancing-schoole,  
But hee will misse me straight: not suffer mee  
So much as take vp cudgels in the streete,  
But hee will chide: I must not go to buffets;  
No, though I bee prouoked; that's the hell,  
Were't not for this, I could endure it well.

EARLE. Sonnes, yee must all forget your birth and honors,  
And looke into the times necessity.  
I know yee are perswaded: Thinke not, sonnes, the names of  
Prentice can disparage you.

For howsoeuer of you esteemd they bee,  
Euen Kings themselues haue of these Trades bene free.  
I made a vow to see the holy Land,  
And in the same my Sauours Sepulchre.  
Hauing so well dispos'd you; I will now  
First blesse you Boyes, and then preferre my vow.

GODF. With much ado, do I containe my spirit.  
Within these bandes, that haue inclos'd me round.  
Though now this case the noble Sunne doth shroud;  
Time shall behold that Sunne breake through this clowd.

GVY. My *Genius* bids my soule haue patience,  
And sayes I shall not be a Prentise long.  
I scorne it not: but yet my spirits aime,  
To haue this hand catch at the Crowne of Fame.

CHAR. An *Haberdasher* is the Trade I vse:  
But the soft wool feesles in my hand like steele:  
And I could wish each hat comes through my hand  
Were turn'd into an Helmet, and each Helmet  
Vpon a Souldiers head, for me to lead.  
Warre is the walke which I desire to tread.

EVST. I am a *Graver*: Yet had rather see  
A faire guilt sword hung in a veluet sheath,  
Then the best Barbary sugar in the world;  
Were it a freight of price inestimable.  
I haue a kinde of prompting in my braine,  
That sayes; Though I be bound to a sweete Trade,  
I must forgoe it, I keepe too much in.

B 3

*The foure Prentises of London.*

I would fast from meate and drinke a Summers day,  
To see swords clash, or view a desperate fray.

EARLE. Bridle these humours sonnes, expell them cleane,  
And your high Spirits within your breasts containe:  
Whilst I my tedious Pilgrimage prepare,  
To spend my age in poverty and prayer.  
My first-borne, first fare-well, my second next:  
*Charles, Eustace, Daughter: Heere my blessings say,*  
Your wishes beare mee on my sacred way. *Exit.*

GODF. Euen to the place you trauaile, there to ascend  
With those deuoute prayers you to heauen commend.  
Brothers, since wee are now as strangers here,  
Yet by our fathers prouident care so plac'd,  
That wee may liue secure from penury:  
So let vs please our Maisters by our care,  
That we our ruin'd fortunes may reparaire.

GVY. Brother, if I knew where to go to warre,  
I would not stay in *London* one houre longer.

CHAR. An houre! By heauen I would not stay a minute.

EVST. A minute! not a moment. Would you put a moment  
Into a thousand parts, that thousandth part  
Would not I linger, might I goe to warre.  
Why, I would presently runne from my Maister,  
Did I but heare where were a drumme to follow.

BELL. Would you so brother?

EVST. I good faith, sweete Sister,  
I would shew him as fine a paire of heeles, as light and nimble,  
as any the neatest corke shoe in all the Towne turnes vp: I  
would i' faith. BELL. And leaue me here alone?

GVY. Alone? why sister,

Can you be left alone amongst multitudes?  
*London* is full of people euery where.

GODF. Well, leaue this iesting: wee forget our selues.  
Sister, wee leaue you to our fathers house,  
T' enjoy the small possessions left you there:  
Returne we to our Maisters and our charge,  
Left seeking this our ioytering to excuse,

Wkh

*The foure Prentises of London.*

With forg'd inuentions wee their eares abuse.

*Sound a Drumme within softly.*

I heare a drumme. I haue as much power to sit,  
Sort out my wares, and scribble on a Shop-board,  
When I but heare the musicke of a drumme,  
As to abstaine from meate when I am hungry.  
I'le know what newes before I stirre a foote.

CHAR. By heauen I am enamoured of this tune,  
'Tis the best Musicke in the world to mee.

EVST. My legs are marching streight when I but heare it.  
*Ran, tan, tan:* Oh I could lead a drumme  
With a good grace, if I but saw behind mee  
An hundred souldiers follow in euen rankes.  
Had I but here a band of men to lead,  
Methinkes I could do wonders: Oh 'tis braue  
To be a Captaine, and command to haue.

*Enter after a Drumme, a Captain with a Proclamation.*

CAP. All Commanders, Captaines, Lieutenants, Gentle-  
tlemen of Compaines, Sergeants, Corporals, or common  
Souldiers whatsoeuer, that will accompany to the holy warres  
at *Hierusalem*, *Robert Duke of Normandy* the Kings sonne; they  
shall haue pay and place, according to their deserts. And so  
God saue King *William* Surnamed the *Conquerour*.

*Exit Drumme and Captaine.*

EVST. *Ran, tan, tan.* Now by *S. George*, he tels gallant newes:  
I'le home no more; I'le runne away to night.

GVY. If I cast Bole, or Spooone, or Salt againe,  
Before I haue beheld *Hierusalem*,

Let mee turne Pagan. CHAR. Hats and Caps adieu:  
For I must leaue you, if the Drumme say true.

GODF. Nay then haue with you brothers; for my spirit  
With as much vigour hath burst forth as thine,  
And can as hardly be restrain'd as yours.  
Giue me your hands I will comfort you too:  
Let's try what *London* Prentises can doe.

EVST. For my Trades sake, if good successe I haue,

Tha



*The foure Prentises of London.*

The *Grocers* Armes shall in mine Ensigne waue.

**G V Y.** And if my valour bring mee to command,  
The *Gold-smithes* Armes shall in my colours stand.

**G O D F.** So of vs all: then let vs in one ship  
Lanch all together: and as wee are brothers,  
So let vs enter zealous amity,  
And still preuaile by our vnited strength.  
I know our hearts are one; sister Fare-well,  
Trust mee in vaine you should perswade our stay:  
For wee are bent, consort vs with your prayers.

**A L L.** Farewell. **B E L L.** Farewell. **G O D F.** God!  
**G V Y.** Heauen. **C H A R.** Fate. **E V S T.** Fortune.  
**G O D F.** Make vs happy men, To win. **G V Y.** Weare.  
**C H A R.** Vanquish. **E V S T.** Ouercome. *Exeunt.*  
**B E L.** Amen.

Haue you all left mee midst a world of strangers,  
Here onely to my selfe: not to protect me,  
Or to defend me from apparant wrong?  
Since it is so, I'll follow after you:  
In some disguise I will pursue their steps,  
And vnto God and fortune yeeld my selfe.  
Toward sea they are gone, and vnto sea must I,  
A Virgines vnexpected fate to try.

*Exit.*

*Enter marching ROBERT of Normandy, the Captaine, the foure brethren, Drumme, and Souldiers.*

*Enter the PRESENTER.*

**P R E.** Thus haue you scene these brothers shipt to Sea,  
Bound on their voiage to the holy Land,  
All bent to try their fortunes in one Barke.  
Now to auoide all dilatory newes,  
Which might with-hold you from the Stories pith,  
And substance of the matter wee entend:  
I must entreat your patience to forbear,  
Whilst we do feast your eye, and starue your care.  
For in dumbe shews, which were they writ at large,  
Would aske a long and tedious circumstance:

Their

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Their infant fortunes I will soone expresse,  
And from the truth in no one point digresse.  
Yee haue scene the father of these foure faire sons,  
Already gone his weary pilgrimage:  
*Godfrey, Guy, Charles, and Eustace*, prest to sea  
To follow *Robert Duke of Normandy*.  
Imagine now yee see the aire made thicke  
With stormy tempests, that disturbe the sea:  
And the foure windes at warre among themselues:  
And the weake barkes wherein the brothers saile,  
Split on strange rockes, and they enforc't to swim:  
To saue their desperate liues: where what befell the  
Disperst to seuerall corners of the world,  
We will make bold to explaine it in dumbe Show:  
For from their fortunes all our Scene must grow,

*Enter with a Drumme on one side certaine Spaniards; on the other side certaine Citizens of Bullen: the Spaniards insult vpon them, and make them do them homage; to the Cittizens enter GODFREY, as newly landed and halfe naked, conferres with the Cittizens, and by his instigation they set vpon the Spaniards, and beate them away; they come to honour him, and he discloseth himselfe vnto them; which done, they Crowne him, and accept him for their Prince: and so Exeunt.*

Those Cittizens you see were *Bullanoyes*,  
Kept vnder bondage of that tyrannous Earle,  
To whom the French King gaue that ancient seate,  
Which to the wronged Pilgrim did belong.  
But in the height of his ambition,  
*Godfrey*, by Shipwracke throwne vpon that Coast,  
Stirres vpth'oppressed City to reuolt:  
And by his valour was th'vsurper slaine,  
The City from base bondage free'd againe.  
The men of *Bulloigne*, wondring what strong hand  
Had beene the meanes of their deliuerance,  
Besought him to make knowne his birth and state:  
Which *Godfrey* did. The people, glad to see

C

Their

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Their naturall Prince procure their liberty,  
Homage to him, create him Earle of *Balloigne*;  
And repossesse him in his fathers seate.  
Where we will leaue him hauing honour wonne;  
And now returne vnto the second sonne.

*Enter the King of France, and his daughter walking: to them GYR  
all wet. The Lady entreateth her father for his entertainment:  
which is granted; and rich clothes are put about him: & sic Exeunt.*

As the French King did with his daughter walke  
By the Sea-side: from farre they might espy  
One on a rafter floate vpon the waues,  
VWho as he drew more neere vnto the shore,  
They might discern a man, though basely clad,  
Yet sparkes of honour kindled in his eyes.  
Him a first sight the beauteous Lady loues;  
And prayes her father to receiue him home:  
To which the King accords; and in his Court  
Makes him a great and speciall Officer.  
There leaue we *Guy* a gallant Courtier prou'd,  
And of the beauteous Lady well belou'd.

*Enter Baudetto's, with the Earle prisoner: Exeunt some of them with  
him to prison: Enter CHARLES all wet with his sword; fights  
with the rest, and kils their Captaine: They yeeld and offer to make  
him their Captaine, to which hee agrees: & sic exeunt omnes.*

*Charles* the third sonne, is by the winds and waues  
Borne on a Planke as farre as *Italy*,  
And lands iust at a lofty Mountaines foote:  
Vpon whose top a many out-law'd Theeues,  
*Bandetti, Brauoos*, such as keepe in Caues,  
Made their aboad. This crue assailes yong *Charles*:  
VWho in the bickering strikes their Captaine dead.  
They wondring at his valour, and being now  
VWithout a Leader, humbly secke to him  
To be their Chiestaine, and command their strength:  
Which at their earnest suite hee vndertakes.

Wce

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Wee leaue him there, thinking his brothers drown'd,  
Nor knowing yet his father there lies bound.

*Enter a Coarse after it Irishmen mourning, in a dead March: to them  
enters EVSTACE, and talks with the chiefe mourner, who makes  
signes of consent, after buriall of the Coarse, and so Exeunt.*

*Eustace*, the yongest of the foure, was cast  
Vpon the coast of *Ireland*; and from thence  
Hee comes to trauaile to *Hierusalem*;  
Supposing his three brethren drown'd by sea.  
Thus haue you seene these foure, that were but now  
All in one Fleete, a many thousand leagues  
Seuer'd from one another: *Guy* in France,  
*Godfrey* in *Bulloigne*, *Charles* in *Italy*,  
*Eustace* in *Ireland* 'mongst the Irish kernes.  
Yet Gentlemen, the selfe same winde and fortune  
That parted them, may bring them altogether.  
Their sister followes them with zealous feete:  
Be patient, yee will wonder when they meeete.  
Foure *London* Prentises will ere they die,  
Aduaunce their towring same about the skie,  
And winne such glorious praise as neuer fades,  
Vnto themselues and honour of their Trades.  
Grant them your wonted patience to proceed,  
And their keene swords shall make the Pagans bleed. *Exit.*

*Enter GUY, and the Lady of France.*

LADIE. Fye stranger, can a skinne so white and soft  
Couer an heart obdurate, hard as flint?  
Since I first saw thee floating on the waues,  
The fire of loue flew from your radiant eye,  
Which like a Sunne-beame pierc'd vnto my heart.

GUY. Sweet Lady, all my powers I owe to you:  
For by your fauour I ascend this heighth,  
Which seates mee in the fauour of a Prince.  
A Prince, that did he know me, in the stead *private to himselfe.*  
Of doing me honour would cut off my head.

C 2

Hee

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Hee did exile my father; cast mee downe;  
And spurd with enuious hate, distrest vs all.  
Since fortune then, and the deuouring Seas,  
Haue rob'd me of my brothers, and none left  
Of all my fathers sonnes aliu but I:  
Take this aduantage, and be secret, *Guy.*  
Meete this occasion; and conglude with fate,  
To raise againe thy fathers ruin'd state.

LADIE. Fic niggard, can you spend such pretious breath,  
Speake to your selfe so many words apart;  
And keepe their sound from my attentiu care,  
Which saue your words no musicke loues to heare?

GUY. What would you haue mee say?

LADIE. Would I might teach thee!  
Oh that I had the guidance of thy tongue! *private.*  
But what would that auaille thee foolish Girle?  
Small hope in those instructions I should finde,  
To rule your tongue, if not to guide your minde.

Gv. My tongue, my thoughts, my heart, my hand, my sword,  
Are all your seruants, Who hath done you wrong?

LADIE. I doubt not of your valour. But resolute mee  
And tell me one thing truely I shall aske you.

Gv. Bee't not my birth, no question I'll denie.  
Doubt not my truth for honour scornes to lie.

LADIE. I do belecue you: Faire Knight do you loue?

Gv. To ride a horse as well as any man;  
To make him mount, curuet, to leape, and spring;  
To chide the bit, to gallop, trot the ring.

LADIE. I did not aske you if you loue to ride.  
Some thing I meane; which though my tongue deny,  
Looke on me, you may reade it in mine eye.  
But do you loue?

Gv. To march, to plant a battell, lead an Hoast,  
To be a Souldier and to goe to warre,  
To talke of Flankes, of Wings, of skonces, Holds,  
To see a fally, or to giue a Charge,  
To leade a Vaward, Rereward, or maine Hoast,

By

*The foure Prentises of London.*

By heauen I loue it as mine owne deere life.

LADIE. I know all this; your words are but delaiies.  
Could you not loue a Ladie that loues you?  
'Tis hard when women are enforc'd to wooe. *Private.*

Gv. Where is my man to bring me certaine newes,  
The Kings Commission sends me to the warres:  
The villaine loyters in my businesse.

LADIE. All this is from the matter gentle Knight:  
The Kings Commission may be sign'd at leasure.  
What say you to my question?

Gv. You would haue me tell you true.

LADIE. Either speake true, or do not speake at all.

Gv. Then as I am true Knight I honour you,  
And to your seruice will espouse my sword.  
I wish you as I wish the glorious Sunne,  
That it may euer shine; without whose lustre  
Perpetuall darkenesse should o'reshade the earth.  
But tell me Lady, what you meane by loue.

LADIE. To loue a Lady, is with heart entire  
To make her Mistresse of his whole desire:  
To sigh for her, and for her loue to weepe;  
As his owne heart her precious fauours keepe:  
Neuer be from her, in her bosome dwell;  
To make her presence heauen, her absence hell.  
Write Sonnets in her praise, admire her beauty:  
Attend her, serue her, count his seruice duty.  
Make her the sole commandresse of his powers,  
And in the search of loue, loose all his howers.

Gv. 'Tis pretty for some foole that could endure it:  
How nere am I vnto this loue, sweete Lady?  
I loue to mount a Steed, whose heauy trot  
Cracks all my sinewes, makes my Armour crash:  
I loue to march vp to the necke in snow.  
To make my pillow of a cake of Ice,  
That in the morning, when I stretch my limbes,  
My haire hangs thicke with dropping Icles,  
And my brigat Armes be frozen to the earth.

C 3

*The foure Prentises of London.*

I loue to see my face besmeard in bloud:  
To haue a gaping wound vpon my flesh,  
Whose very mouth would make a Lady sound.  
I loue no chamber-musicke, but a Drumme,  
To giue mee hunts-vp. Could your Grace endure  
To lie all night within a sheete of Maile,  
By a drawne sword that parts not from my side,  
Embrace a body full of wounds and skarres,  
And heare no language but of bloud and warres?  
Such is my life; such may my honour proue:  
Make warre a Lady, I that Lady loue.

LAD. Py, sy, you run quite from the byas eleaner,  
To loue that decerely; which wee hate so deadly.  
If loue and I be one, your hate vs both.

GVY. Then can I loue no Lady by my troth.  
Madame fare-well; for vnder my command  
The King your father sends ten thousand men,  
To winne the holy Towne *Hierusalem*.  
Thither must I; esteeming your high honour  
Like a bright Comet and vnamatched Starre;  
But loue no woman in the world, saue warre. *Exit.*

LADIE. Go flint, strike fire vpon thy enemies Steele;  
Whilst I descend one step from fortunes wheele.  
Thou goest before, loue bids mee follow after:  
By thee, the King thy Lord must loose his daughter. *Exit.*

*Enter CHARLES like an Out-law, with Bandetto's and Theeues,  
and with his Clowne.*

CHA. Theeues, and good fellowes, speak what should I call you?  
There's not a rogue among you that feares God,  
Nor one that hath a touch of honesty.  
Robbers, and knaues, and rascals all together,  
Sweete consort of vild villaines list to me.  
Am not I well prefer'd to become Captaine  
Vnto a crew of such pernicious slaues?  
I shall haue such a coyle to make you Christians,  
And bring you to some shape of honesty,

That

*The foure Prentises of London.*

That ere I do it, I shall make your bodies  
Nothing but scarre-crowes, to hang round these Trees.

CLOVNE. Braue Captaine couragious whom death cannot daunt; wee haue bene all Gentlemen and House-holders; But I was banisht for nothing but getting of Bastards; but this fellow fled from *Venice*, for killing a man cowardly on the *Rialto*; some for one villany, and some for another. Our Captaine that you killed, and now supply his place, poisoned a worthy Marchant in the Citty with raterf-bane; and flying hither, for his valour we made him our Generall. But now braue *Canallero*, to thee alone wee sing *Hononnero*.

CHAR. Well, I must haue you now turne honest Theeues. Hee that commits a rape, shall sure be hang'd; He that commits a murder, shall be murdered With the same weapon that did act the deed. Hee that robbes pilgrimes, or poore Trauellours, That for deuotions sake do passe these Mountaines, Hee shall bee naked tyed to armes of Trees, And in the daies heate stung with Waspes and Bees. Yee slaues, I'll teach you some ciuility.

CLOVNE. Captaine, what shall he be done withall; that lies with a wench with her will, if hee bee hung that lies with one against her will. CHAR. I'll haue him whipt.

CLOVNE. See, see, I thinke the Captaine hath bene a Cooke in his time, hee can fit sweete meate with sowre sauce. But what a foole is our Captaine, to prescribe Lawes to Out-lawes? If we would haue kept the Lawes before in the Citty, wee needed not to haue bene driuen now to leade our liues in the Country. But Captaine, since you are our Captaine, we will resigne vnto you all our treasures and prisoners, and our spoiles. Take possession of them in Gods name, that came to vs in the deuils name.

CHAR. Your prisoners, spoiles, and treasure all bring forth, That I may seize them as mine owne by right; As heire to him whom I haue slaine in fight.

*Enter the Theeues bringing in the old Earle bound.*

EARLE. Villaines I know you drag me to my death:

And

*The foure Prentises of London.*

And yee shall do me an exceeding grace.

CHAR. I am deceiu'd but I haue seene that face.

VILL. Come, come you old gray-beard, you must before our Captaine: if he say *Vine* then liue; if not, thou diest if thou wert his father.

CHAR. Villaine, thou liest if thou wert my brother: He shall not die. Vpon your low knees fall, And aske him pardon, or I'll hang you all.

EARLE. Twene ioy and feare amaz'd in heart I stand: Doth my sonne *Charles* lead this varuly band.

CHAR. Your onely sonne, and all the sonnes you haue, And borne his fathers desperate life to saue.

EARLE. How camst thou heere? why do'st thou call thy selfe My onely sonne? hauing three brothers more, Which vnto me thy beauteous mother bore.

CHAR. Once we were foure, all fellow-prentices; And after fellow-souldiers, prest to serue The good Duke *Robert* in his holy warres. But in a storme, our ships so brauely man'd, Were wrackt; and saue my selfe noe swamme to land. They perisht there: I by the waues and winds Was driuen vpon this Coast of *Italy*, VVhere landing naked, saue my trusty sword, This crue of bold *Bandetto's* set vpon me: But in the dangerous fight, by chance I slue The lucklesse Captaine of this damned crue: VVho since haue made me Captaine, here to stay, Till fortune grant me a more prosperous way.

EARLE. Mine eies haue vow'd to die the selfe same death My sonnes haue done: sonne let me weepe a while, To bring the like destruction to my eyne; These in salt teares; they in a sea of brine.

CLOVNE. Is this our Captaines father? what villaines were we to vse him so roughly?

VILL. If the old fornicator had but told vs so much, wee should haue had the grace, either to haue set him see, or fortune to haue vs'de him more gently.

CHAR.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

CHAR. Since father we haue met this happy day, Secure with me amongst these Out-lawes stay.

EARLE. Not for the world; since I haue lost my sonnes, All outward ioyes are from my heart remou'd: Vaine pleasures I abhorre, all things desie, That teach not to despaire, or how to die, Yet ere I leaue the world I vow to see, His holy blessed Tombe that died for mee.

CHA. Then take along with you this bag of gold To beare your charge in euery line you come: Deny it not, reliefe is comfortable.

EARLE. Thankes my deere sonne, expence it will defray, And serue to deale to poore men by the way. And now fare-well sweete *Charles*, thou all my sonnes, For now the last sand in my howre-glasse runnes.

CHAR. Yee two conduct him safe beyond the mountaines.

VILL. Shall I be one? CLOV. And I another?

CHAR. Yee know the passages, be it your charge.

VILL. I am glad the silly man is weake and old: By heauen my fingerstickle at his gold.

CLOV. Old man is your purse afloate? I haue vow'd to cut his throate, but to haue it euery groate. *Exeunt.*

CHAR. And now returne we to suruey our Caue, Peruse our treasure got by rape and spoyle, Though wonne by others, yet posselt by vs: Yet henceforth shall be vs'de no violence.

I'll make these villaines worke in seuerall Trades, And in these Forrests make a Common-wealth.

When them to ciuill nurture I can bring, They shall proclaime me of these Mountaines King. *Exeunt.*

*Enter EVSTACE and his Irishman.*

EVST. I thinke these vpright craggy mountaine tops, Are (if the truth were knowne) high way to heauen: For it is streight, and narrow, and some places Are for the steepnesse, inaccessible. Faire fall a raster, and a gale of winde,

D

Or

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Or I had gone to heauen away by water  
Neerer then this by land; that way they found,  
Who in the salt remorselesse seas were drown'd,  
My brothers, whom I dreame on when I sleepe;  
And my eyes waking at their fortunes weepe.  
Forgetting them; the friendly Irish Coast  
Gauc me safe harbor; thence I haue traueil'd hither  
Euen to these lofty hills of Italy,  
After Prince Robert Duke of Normandy.  
'Tis safer fitting in my Maisters Shop,  
Crying what lacke you, then 'tis heere to stay,  
To Wolues and wilde beasts to be made a prey.

IRISH. Maister, so Christ saue me, I shall waite on thee;  
Wake for thee when thou sleepest, runne for thee when thou  
biddest, and flye a thy errands, like a narrow from a bow, when  
thou wantest wine, or meate, to drinke or eate, or any other  
necessary prouision.

Now I haue left my best friend in the graue,  
My friendship and my seruice you shall haue.

EVST. Well, fortune hath prefer'd me to some end.  
It is for some thing, that I did not sroke,  
When the salt waues my mouth and eares did drinke.  
I might haue fed the Haddocks; but some power,  
Is my good Maister, and preserues me still.  
Well, sword in all my troubles stand me by,  
Thou art bound to winne me somewhat ere I die.

*Enter the Clowne and the Villaine, Dragging the old Earle  
violently, and rising him.*

CLO. Giue vs the gold my Captaine you, you old Anatomy.

VILL. Gray-beard deliuer, or you are but dead.

EARLE. Take it my friends; full little needs this strife.  
First take the gold, and after take my life.

CLOVV. Nay you old Iack a lent, fixe weekes and vpwards:  
though you be our Captaines father, you cannot stay there, and  
for surety that you shall not go back, and tell him what we haue  
done to you, wee le kill you, and sling you into some Cole-pit.

VILL.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

VILL. Content, and when wee haue done, wee will re-  
turne him word we haue conducted thee past all danger of the  
Mountaines: And now prepare thee for the fatall stroke.

EARLE. Thou dost mee a great kindnesse, let it come,  
God take my soule, now when thou wilt strike home.

EVST. He strikes his owne soule downe to Erebui,  
That lifts a sword that shall but touch his haire.

IRISH. And by S. Patrick I'le make him Garter his hose  
with his guts, that strikes any stroke here.

CLOVV. Whom haue wee here? a Gentleman and his water-  
spaniell? Let's robs them too, and after kill thee.

VILL. Content, content. Sirra stand.

EVST. Yes I will stand, base wretch, when thou shalt fall;  
And strike thee dead, and trampling on thy bulke  
By stamping with my foote crush out thy soule.  
Take that you slaue, for bidding Euface stand.

*Hee beates them both away.*

Now father go in peace. EAR. Thankes my faire sonne,  
By whose stout valour I haue freedome wonne.  
I can bestow vpon you nought but thankes,  
Vlesse you will diuide this gold with me.

EVST. No, father, keepe it; thou art old and poore:  
But when I want, my sword shall purchase more.

EAR. By vewing him my former griefes abound, *apart to  
himselfe.*  
Euen such a one was Euface that was drawn'd:  
Which had hee liu'd, his stature, yeares, and all,  
Would haue resembled his, so streight, so tall,  
So faire, so strong, of such a worthy spirit.  
But his blest soule, by this, doth heauen inherit.  
Griefe for his death so neere my heart doth dwell,  
That for my life I cannot say fare-well. *Exit.*

EVST. The Captaines father, whom the slaues had kil'd  
Had not our comming intercuerted them,  
Resembles mine in gesture, face, and looke.  
But the old Earle my father is by this  
Within the wals of faire Ierusalem.  
Else had I had surely tooke this aged man

D 2

Thaue

*The foure Prentises of London.*

T'haue askt him blessing. But what next cufues?  
I find these Mountaines will be full of newes.

*Enter CHARLES, Clowne, Villaine, and the Crew.*

CLOW. Captaine, a prize! we two were assailed by two hundred, and of them two hundred. we kil'd all but these two. These are the remainder of them that are left aliue.

CHAR. Go two or three of you, and fetch them in: If they resist you, take their weapons from them.

CLO. I had rather some body else should attempt them then I now: But since their is no other remedy, Giue me three or foure of the stoutest of our crew, and then GOD and S. Anthony.

EVST. More Theeues and villaines haue begirt vs round. Now *Euface*, for the honour of thy name, Returne them to their Captaine backe with shame.

*Hee sets vpon them all, and beates them.*

CHAR. Now by mine honour, the best peece of flesh That euer in these woods held Out-law play. Euen such a spirit had *Euface* when he liu'd: We must not loose this Gallant, if wee can, Wee'le striue to make him our Companion.

EVST. Yee slaues, Ile beate you all into a mouse-hole: And like a baited Lyon at a stake, Kill all the cures that come but neere to barke. Yee Guls, haue yee no better men amongst you. Defie your Captaine from me: here I stand, To dare him to a combat hand to hand.

CHAR. I were a Bastard, not my fathers sonne, Should I refuse it.

EVST. By all the land I haue left me in the world, that's but my graue: Captaine thou honorest me.

CHAR. By all the wealth I brought into these woods, That's but my sword, thou dost the like to me. Thou shalt haue faite play, Gallant, by mine honour.

EVST. False was my mother to my fathers bed, If I should aske more oddes of *Hercules*.

CHAR. Hee dies vpon my sword, disturbes our fray,

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Or in the fight dares disadvantage thee.

EVST. Were I the world-commanding *Alexander*, I would make thee my *Ephesion* for that word. I loue thee for thy valour, Captaine Thiefe.

CHAR. 'Tis that preferes thee from our violence, An honour'd minde lies in this Out-lawes shape. So much I rekon of thy cheualry, That wert thou maister of an Indian Mine, Thou should'st not be diminisht one denier. Securely fight, thy purse is sanctuary'd, And in this place shall beard the proudest Thiefe.

EVST. An honour'd minded villaine, by my sword, A right good fellow, and an honest Thiefe. If I should haue thee prostrate at my meray, I will not kill thee for thy liberall offer. Yet winne it lad; and take it without faile:

I forne to haue my purse go vnder baile. CHA. He goes beyond me in heroicke thoughts: To thine I stake downe this: stand all apart: He that steps in, be subiect to our curses: And now the better man take both the purses.

EVST. It is a match, Ile seize them to thy grieft: Now True mantry, if thou canst rob a Thiefe.

*They fight, as they are fighting, enter BELLA FRANCA, pursued by an Out-law; shee runnes betwixt them and parts them.*

BELL. If yee were borne of women, aid a woman. CHAR. Why what's the matter?

BELL. Oh turne the edges of your swords gainst him, That in the Forrest would haue rauisht mee.

CHAR. Cease thy pursuite, and stranger pause a while: To heare the tenour of this Ladies play.

EVST. Why then Kings truce, But let the purses lie: They'le fall to my aduantage by and by.

CHAR. Now tell me Lady, what's your suite to mee?

BELL. To saue my life from foule inchastry.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

For passing by these Countries on my way,  
To pay my zealous vowes in *Golgotha*,  
Attended onely by a little page:  
This villaine with a crew of ruffian thieues,  
Seiz'd what we had first, haled my page from me:  
And after would haue wrackt my chastity.  
But being swift of foote, feare lent me wings  
Hither (I hope in happy time) to flie,  
Either to saue mine honour, or to die,

CHA. Thy honour and thy life are both secur'd:  
And for a Ladies sake you much resemble,  
Command my sword, my subiects, and my caue,  
Where succour, all offencelesse, you shall haue.  
Sirra go you, and scoure about the hill.

CLOVV. I go.

BELL. How like is he to *Charles* by Shipwracke dead!  
And he to *Enstace* perisht in the waues!  
But they are both immortall Saints in heauen:  
Yet I am glad because these shapes are theirs,  
My happy comming hath tane vp their strife,  
Preseruing mine owne honour and my life.

EV. So blusht my sifter: and this Out-law Thiefe  
Hath a resemblance to my brother *Charles*:  
But she in *London* liues a Virgine pure:  
He in some huge Whales belly too too sure.

CHA. A pretty wench 'i' faith, I'll marry her,  
And make her Queene of all this Out-law crew.

EVST. I am halfe in loue already, at first sight:  
How will this raging flame increase by might?

CHAR. Faire beauteous maide, resigne your loue to me;  
Mistresse of all these Forrests you shall be.

EVST. Loue me, I'll kisse away these teares of griefe;  
Sweete wench embrace a True-man, scorne a Thiefe.

CHAR. How now sir Sauce! you are as bold me thinkes,  
As if you were a Free-man of our Trade.  
None but my selfe plead interest in this Maide.

EVST. My interest is as much, in this 'tis greater,  
Because

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Because that of the two, I loue her better.

CHAR. Proud passenger, I'll make thee eate that word.

EVST. If I eate aire, thou shalt digest my sword.

CHAR. Reuiue this quarrell, let the former die:  
Fight we for her, and let the purses lie.

Out-law, I rather loue to fight, then brall:

I'll winne from thee thy wench, thy purse, and all.

BELL. Stay Gentlemen. *Shee steps betwene them.*

EVST. By heauen, I scorne to stay,  
Till both the purses I haue tane away.

CHAR. My sword for me, my Mistresse, and my gold.  
My resolution shall my claime vphold.

*Enter the Clowne running betwixt them.*

CLOVV. What do you meane Gentlemen to fight among  
your selues, that should be friends, and had more need to take  
one anothers part, to fight against your enemies. Wee shall  
all be slaine, kil'd, murdered, Massacred. For my owne part, if  
I had nine liues like a cat; they were all sure to die one  
dogges death.

CHAR. Why? What's the matter fellow?

CLOVV. Oh noble Captaine, we shall all be slaine, *Tankard*  
a Prince of *Italy*, with an Army hath beset the foote of the  
Mountaines, and hath vow'd to make Venison of all vs  
poore Out-lawes, and kill vs like Deere. God be with you: I'll  
go shift for one.

CHA. Deere we will be too him, before he do it,  
And deere sell our desperate carcasses.

Kind stranger wilt thou take a Truce with me,  
Thou shalt diuide with me my dignity:

Wee two will iointly e're these Mountaines raigne,  
And by our valours, our estates maintaine.

EVST. Because I heare thy life in icopardy,  
And thou hast dealt with me so honourably:

Receiue my hand; now I am wholly thine.  
And yee mad rogues, I am halfe your Captaine now.

Looke when yee see me nodde, yee crouch and kneele,  
Make legges, and curtsies, and keepe bare your Crownes.

CLOVV.



*The foure Prentises of London.*

CLOVV. 'Tis hard to teach them manners that are Clownes.  
But for my owne part, here's a legge, here's a cap, here's a knice,  
All these sweete halfe Captaine, I referue for thee.

EVST. Speake, do you all accept me?

ALL. We do, we do.

EVST. Then brother thiefe, I am turn'd Out-law too.  
But to do no man wrong; I make that Law,  
Onely to passe this tedious Summer here,  
Till wee our downe-cast fortunes may vp-reare.

CHAR. You share with mee in end; in minde, in all.

*Soft March.*

But hearken, I heare our enemies Drummes do brawle.

EVST. Their voyce is welcome: Oh that I had with mee  
As many good lads, honest Prentises, *apart.*

From *Eastcheape, Canwicke-streets, and London-stone,*  
To end this battell, as could wish themselves

Vnder my conduct if they knew me heere;

The doubtfull daies successe we need not feare. *apart.*

CHAR. Oh for some *Cheape-side* boyes for Charles to lead:  
They would stick to it, when these Out-lawes faile.  
Wishes are winde, let's thinke our selues well man'd,  
Wee'le sooner die, then flie, so make a stand.

*Enter TANCRED with Drumme and Soldiers.*

TANC. Are these the Out-lawes that disturbe our peace?  
Thinke they these Mountaine tops can shelter them  
From our reuenge, and iust assembled Armes?

CHAR. Conte, come, let vs prepare to answer them.

TANC. Which be the chiefe of these confounded Troupes?

CHAR. Prince, I am one of them.

EVST. And I another. CHAR. I am his friend.

EVST. And I his out-law-brother.

TANC. How dare you stand contemptuous 'gainst your Leige?  
Captaine yee are our men. CHAR. That wee deny:

I am a stranger *Tancred.* EVST. So am I.

TANC. Such valour is reported to appeare  
In the braue deeds of these rude Forresters,

*apart to his  
owne people.  
That*

*The foure Prentises of London.*

That wee could rather wish they were our friends,  
To dwell in Citties, then keepe out in Caues.  
Considering now what warres we haue in hand,  
Their martiall spirits might much aduantage vs,  
Would they but keep within some honored bounds.  
Wee'le worke them if we can to our alliance,  
And rather motion loue, then proud defiance.

CHAR. Why comes the County Palatine in Armes,  
To fight against vnarmed Forresters?

If thou wilt winne renowne, bend thy braue forces  
Gainst Pagans that besiege *Hiernsalem.*

Small fame and honour canst thou winne thee here,  
Besides our cheape liues thou shalt purchase deere.

EV. We haue reform'd these villaines since we came,  
And taught them manners and civility:

All rape and murder we repay with death:  
Amongst vs doth not liue a rauisher.

TANC. I haue heard no lesse, but that you weed out such  
As passe the bounds of Christian honesty:

Which makes me rather offer peace then warre.  
But what bright virgine stands so discontent?

CHAR. My life. EVST. My loue.

TANC. The word had bene well spent,  
If I had said mine too: for I protest,

Of all this number I affect her best.

CHAR. Beleeue me fellow-partner in my rule,  
You offer wrong to impart in this my loue.

EVs. Halfe of al's mine, I claime it as my due:  
In which bright Virgin, I except not you.

TANC. I do containe my loue with much ado:  
For her (me thinkes) I could turne Out-law too.

EVST. What, do you thinke to haue a double share?  
Halfe of her's mine; I will not bate an haire.

CHAR. By thine owne words thou gau'st me halfe at least.

EVST. But I'le haue all, my Title is encrease.

TANC. Stay Captaine, for our annall Crownes reuencues,  
We would not loose the weakest of you both,

E

So

*The foure Prentises of London.*

So much do we affect your Chiuallries.  
Let me take vp this mutuall enmity:  
Your quarrell is for her, both would enjoy her.  
You claime her as your right. *To Charles.*

CHAR. 'Tis true I do.

TANC. And Captaine, you say she belongs to you.

EVST. True (valiant Prince) my hopes shall his destroy:  
Thou art mine owne, sweete wench, God giue vs ioy.

TANC. Then till this strict contention ended be,

Deliuere this bright virgin vnto me.  
Here shall our former hate and discord cease:  
This Lady shall be Hostage of your peace.

Vnto thy charge we giue ten thousand men. *To Charles.*

As many souldiers we resigne to thee. *To Enface.*

Make me her keeper till these warres be done:

Ye haue the price, I my content haue wonne.

CHAR. Honour hath taught the Palatine to speake.

EVST. Since what we both desire, one can but haue,  
Take charge of her. Let me receiue the charge

Of a great Army, and commanding power:

Before I marry, I must winne my Dower.

CHAR. So say I too, and Out-law life adiew.

TANC. And welcome loue, which I must keepe for you.

Their Drummes shall scold, mine shall haue time to cease,

And whilst they warre, with her I'll make my peace.

Are you content, sweete Lady? BELL. I must do.

That which amongst you all best pleaseth you.

I am a prisoner; prisoners must obey.

You say I shall, and I must not say nay.

CHAR. Do so, sweete loue.

EVST. Till these warres ended be

I prethee sweete loue, keepe thy heart to me.

TANC. Come Captaine, we bequeath you to your charge.

To march with speed towards the holy warres.

This Lady, as our life we will esteeme,

And place her in the honour of a Queene. *Exeunt.*

*The foure Prentises of London.*

*Enter* ROBERT of Normandy, GODFREY of Bulloigne, and  
GVY of Lessingham, with Drumme and Souldiers.

GODF. What art thou with thy brow confrontest mee?

GVY. One that thinkes scorne to giue least place to thee.

GODF. Thou know'st mee not to set my name so light.

GVY. I reck thee not, my frowne thou canst not fright.

Wee are no babe; or if we were, yet know

Thy proud face cannot like a Bug-bear show.

GODF. Thou hast strucke fire vpon a flinty spirit.

Think'st thou, because thou lead'st the French Kings troupes,

And art Commander of a few bold French,

That we will yeeld the vpper hand to thee?

I let thee know thou hast dishonoured mee.

GVY. I let thee know thou hast done as much by me.

Think'st thou, thou canst outface me? proud man, no:

Know I esteeme thee as too weake a foe.

GODF. Now by my Knight-hood I'll reuenge this wrong;

And for that word, thy heart shall curse thy tongue.

ROB. What meant these hasty Princes thus to iarre,

And bend their swords against their mutuall breasts,

Whose edge were sharpened for their enemies crests?

GODF. He shall not march before me. GVY. But I will.

GODF. Zounds but thou shalt not, by this blessed day,

I'll pitch thee like a barre out of my way.

GVY. Thy armes want strength, thou canst not toss me so.

GODF. No, can they not? by heauen I'll try a throw.

ROB. Princes, I charge you by the honoured zeale,

And loue to him for whom ye come to fight,

To cease this enuy and abortiue iarre.

The fields are broad enough for both to march,

And neither haue the vantage of the ground.

GVY. Robert, mine arme shall act a wondrous thing,

I'll hurle him like a stone out of a sling.

Not haue the way? I'll sling thee on the earth,

And then march ouer thee with all my Troupes.

GODF. Robert of Normandy, by all the honour

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Thou hop'st to catch me in these holy warres,  
Stand from betwixt vs, let's but try one fall  
I'll cast his corke-like trunk by wondrous skill,  
As *Hercules* threw *Lycas* from an Hill.

ROB. For Gods sake and our Sauours, in whose booke  
Yee now are entred as his souldiers prest,  
In whose Campe Royall if yee mutiny,  
Yee are found guilty by his martiall Law,  
And worthy death: I charge you Princes both,  
T'abandon this iniurious enmity.  
Stand you betwixt the Souldiers, lest this sting  
Of blinde seditions, raigne in this our Army  
And feed vpon our bodies like a plague.  
Princes I charge you by your Sauours bloud  
Shed for your finnes, yee shed none at this time.

GODF. Well let him march before, I will resigne  
*Robert* preuailes; French-man the right is thine.

GVY. I will not march first; but in courtesie  
I will resigne that honoured place to thee;  
But what a King should say, I should not do  
With violent rage that would I runne into.  
Go on, by heaven you shall, I yeeld it you;  
By heaven you shall, the place I freely grant.  
Friendship can more with me, then rude constraint.

GOD. Thy honoured loue with honour I returne,  
What thou would'st giue me, I resigne thee backe;  
This kinde reply to me stands like a charme,  
Then royally let's march on arme in arme.

ROB. Such iust proportion Princes still should keepe  
Braue Lord of *Bulloigne* ioyne your Troupes with ours,  
That are by birth approued *Englishmen*  
And Lord of *France* that vnder your conduct  
Haue ready armed ten thousand fighting men,  
To fight with vs for faire *Ierusalem*,  
Distrest by mis-beleecuing Infidels,  
Let vs vnite a friendly Christian league.  
We haue entred, valiant Lords, vpon our way.

Euen

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Euen to the midst of fertile *Lumbarly*,  
By writers term'd the Garden of the world.  
Halfe of our way we haue overcome already:  
Then let vs here incampe vpon these Downes.  
But stay, what threatening voyce of warfare sounds.

Enter after a Trumpet EVSTACE.

GODF. Had not yong *Eustace* in the seas bene drown'd,  
I should haue said, he treads vpon this ground.  
And but none escap'd the dangerous seas faue I,  
This *French-man* I should thinke my brother *Guy*.

EVST. Princes, my Maister Countie Palatine,  
Wondring what bold foote durst presume to tread  
Vpon his Confinnes without asking leaue,  
Sends me to know the cause of your arriue:  
Or why the arm'd-hoofes of your fiery steeds  
Dare wound the fore-head of his peacefull Land.

GODF. Dare? sends thy Lord in that ambitious key.

GVY. Or hath the pride of thy refined tongue  
Guiled thy message with these words of feorne?

ROB. Add'st thou vnto thy message, Knight, or no?

EVST. The naked tenour of my Maisters minde  
Thus fifold; rash saucy insolent,

That by audacious boldnesse haue not fear'd  
To breake into my Soueraignes royall pale;  
I charge you to returne the way you came,  
And step by step tell euery tedious stride,  
That you haue measured rashly in his Land:  
Or by the honour of his name he swears,  
To chace you from the margent of his Coast,  
With an vnumbred Army and huge Hoast.

GODF. March backe againe? Oh scandall to our names!  
Haue we deseru'd to be so censur'd on,  
Though not one man vpon my part would stand,  
Alone I'll pierce the bowels of his Land.

GVY. Basely retire, and thirty thousand strong?  
Were the whole worlds power ambusht in our way.

E. 3.

Eca

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Yet would we on. Returne dishonourably?  
Forward Il'e march, though euery step I tread  
Plunge me in bloud, thus high aboue my head.

ROB. Princes, haue patience, let me answere him.  
Knight, I condemne not thee for speaking boldly  
The proud defiance that thy Maister sends:  
But mildly we returne our pleasures thus.  
We do confesse it was some ouer-fight  
To march so farre, without some notice giuen  
Vnto the Lord and Prince that owes the Land:  
And we could wish that we had crau'd his leaue.  
But since 'tis thus, that we haue march'd thus farre,  
And basely to retire is infamous.

(If not with leaue) wee forward meane to go:  
Despight of King or Emp'rour shall say no.

EVST. I will informe the Prince my Soueraigne so. *Exit.*

GVY. That yong Knights face, me thinkes, I well should  
God. I see the swords were sharpt' gainst Infidels, (know.

Must be employ'd to lauish Christian bloud.  
Vpon his soule lye all the heynous guilt,  
Whobeing a Christian Prince, forbids and barres  
Our quiet passage to these Pagan warres.

GVY. This bickering will but keepe our armes in vre,  
The holy battrailes better to endure.

ROB. Well, God for vs, for our intent is good:  
Charg'd be their soules with all this Christian bloud.

*Enter TANCRD, CHARLES, EVSTACE, Drumme,  
Colours and Souldiers, marching.*

TANC. What art thou brau'ft the County Palatine?

ROB. My name is *Robert* Duke of Normandy.

TANC. Speake, will yee all retire the way ye came?

ROB. God keepe Duke *Robert* from so foule a shame.

GOD. Basely retire when we haue march'd thus farre?  
First we'le vnpeople this thy Land by warre.

CHAR. Then will we driue you back by our maiae force,

And

*The foure Prentises of London.*

And seize vpon your Troupes of Foote and Horse.

GV. So say you: but should you attempt to do't,  
We straight should ouerthrow you Horse and Foote.

EVST. So said, so done, braue Lord, were gallant play.  
But you would at the first push shrink away.

ROB. No proud *Italians* all our spirits are fire,  
Which burnes not down-ward, but is made t'aspire.  
Prince we confesse wee did forget our selues,  
Presuming on that ancient priuiledge  
Which euery Christian brother Prince shold claime  
One in the interest of anothers name,  
An errour we confesse, though not a fault.  
But basely with dishonour backe to flye,  
And to be held as cowards we deny.

TANC. And nothing else can satisfie mine ire,  
But whence ye came the same way to retire.

ROB. And that I'le neuer do.

GOD. Nor I. GV. Nor I.

CHA. Then shall yee on these *Lumbard Champaines* die:  
To Armes braue Souldiers. EVS. Strike vp warlike Dumme.  
Prepare you, Christian Princes, now we come.

GOD. Stay braue Prince *Tancred*, stay great *Norman Duke*.  
Out of my zeale to God and Christendome,  
To stanch the bloud which should be broacht this day,  
Vnto the grieffe of all that honour CHRIST,  
And ioy to such as loue Idolatry:

I make this challenge generall through the Hoast  
Of him that interrupts vs on our way.

If any proud *Italian* dare take vp  
The honour'd gage which I haue here throwne downe,

And fight a single combat for our passage;  
These shall be made our strict conditions.

If him I conquer, all our Hoast shall march  
Without all let and contradiction:

If I be vanquisht by thy Champions hand,  
Our Army shall march backe-out of thy land.

CHA. A Princely motion to saue Christian bloud.

Great

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Great Prince of *Italy*, vpon my knee  
I humbly beg I may thy Champion be.

TAN. Thou hast thy suite; thy valour hath bene tride:  
With a rough brow see thou confront his pride.

ROB. Then what ten thousand Christian liues should right,  
These two braue Lords will end in single fight.

TAN. It is agreed. EVS. Stand to't, braue Outlaw-brother  
Would I were one of them. GVV. And I the other.

CHAR. What weapon wilt thou vse?

GODF. That which next comes,

Giue me this Partizan: now strike vp drummes.

CHAR. Giue me this souldiers; Trumpet, sound a charge:  
He stop the passage which he seekes to enlarge.

GODF. Princes stand off, my warlike arme this day  
For all your Troupes shall winne a prosperous way.

CHAR. Thou canst not enter though the way flood open:  
My heart, and this, thy passage vowes to stop.

GODF. Yet will I through.

CHA. Thou shalt not, this saies nay.

GODF. Oh but behold! I haue this to hew my way.

*They fight, and are parted by Robert and Tancred.*

TAN. I would not loose my Champion for the world.

ROB. Nor I this Prince: For were these spirits spent,  
All Christendome their fortunes might lament.

Part them on equall oddes, and equall termes:

Both a like valiant, both haue honour wonne,

More valorous liue not vnderneath the Sunne.

TAN. We will referue their haughty Chiuallies,  
To exercise against Gods enemies.

EVS. They haue wonne honour, I haue idly rood:

By my good starres I'le haue a challenge too,

If any in their Campe dares answere me.

Giue me thy Pike, a Pike a Prince may traile,

And at that weapon will I challenge all.

Great Prince, these fiery Princes that came hither

To braue our forces, had a Champion

To challenge vs: Are we as valiant,

And

*The foure Prentises of London.*

And shall we faile to do the like to them?

Giue me but leaue, my Lord, to send one boast  
T'affright them, like a deuill, through their Hoast.

TAN. It pleaseth vs; then when thou wilt beginne.

ROB. What Champion shall we haue to answere him?

GVV. I should esteeme him my immortal foe,

That should attempt to take away the honour  
Of such a strong encounter from my hand.

Champion appeare betwixt our Royall Hoasts,  
Let's see thy strength make good thy haughty boasts.

EVS. I am here; stand thou forth on the aduerse part

Suruey me well, braue *Heitor* I resemble,  
Whose very brow did make the *Greekes* to tremble.

Gv. But I *Achilles*, proud ambitious boy,  
Will drag thy Coarse about the wals of Troy.

Giue me thy Pike, I'le toss it like a reed,  
And with this bul-rush make mine enemy bleed.

Rapier and Pike, is that thy honoured play?

Looke downe yee Gods, this combat to suruey.

EVS. Rapier and Pike, this combat shall decide:

Gods, Angels, Men, shall see me tame thy pride.

Gv. Thou do'st thy selfe wrong to ore-charge thine arme,

With such a weapon as thou canst not wield.

I'le teach thee; thou shalt like my zanie be.

And feigne to do my cunning after me.

EVS. Thou wouldst instruct thy Maister at this play.

Think'st thou this rye-strew can ore-rule my arme?

Thus do I beare him when I vse to march:

Thus can I sling him vp, and catch him thus:

Then thus, to try the finewes of my arme.

*They toss  
their Pikes.*

Gv. But thou should'st charge him thus, aduance him thus,

Thus should'st thou take him, when thou see'st from farr e

The violent horses runne to breake our ranks.

EVS. All that is nothing, I can teffe him thus.

Gv. It thus: 'tis easier sport then the Balooone.

EVS. We trifle time; this shall thy rage withstand.

Gv. With this, our Hoast shall pierce thy Soueraignes Land.

F

*They*

*The foure Prentises of London.*

*They fight: Robert and the Palatine cast their Warders betweene them, and part them.*

ROB. That Hoast should loose ten thousand Pagans liues  
With the rich honour of their ouerthrow,  
That should but loose his Champion in this combat  
If both should perish, our braue Christian Army  
Should be more weake by thousands then it was.

TANC. Their matchlesse valour haue preuail'd with vs,  
Freely enjoy the pleasures of our Land,  
Our Army here we do conioyne with yours,  
To lead them to the faire *Hierusalem.*

ROB. We pawne our faith to this perpetuall league:  
And now we shew our selues that Christian Hoast,  
In which true peace should flourish and abound:  
Vnto this peace let Drums and Trumppers sound.  
Champions embrace, and all your sterne debate. *Flourish.*  
Poure in abundance on the Pagans heads.  
Princes and Lords, let our vnited bands  
Winne back *Iudea* from the Pagans hands.  
*Exeunt all marching.*

*Manet the French Lady.*

LADIE. Thus haue I maskt my bashfull modesty  
Vnder the habite of a trusty Page,  
And now my seruants seruant am I made.  
Love, that transform'd the Gods to sundry shapes,  
Hath wrought in me this Meramorphosis.  
My loue and Lord, that honoured me a woman,  
Loues me a youth, employes me euery where,  
I serue him, waite vpon him, and he sweares  
He fauours both my truth and dilligence:  
And now I haue learnt to be a perfect Page,  
He will haue none to trusse his points but me,  
At boord to waite vpon his cup but me:  
To beare his Target in the field, but me.  
Nay, many a thing, which makes me blush to speak,  
He will haue none to lie with him but me.

I

*The foure Prentises of London.*

I dreame and dreame, and things come in my mind:  
Onely I hide my eyes; but my poore heart  
Is bar'd and kept from loues satiety.  
Like *Tantalus*, such is my poore repast,  
I see the Apples that I cannot taste.  
I'll stay my time, and hope yet, ere I die,  
My heart shall feast as richly as my eye.

*Exit. Flourish.*

*Enter the old SOLDAN, the yong SOPHIE, Tables and Former, and MORETES, TURNVS, with drumme and Souldiers.*

SOL. Counsell braue Lords, the Christian Army marcheth  
Euen to our gates with paces vndisturb'd:  
The hollow earth resounds with weight of armes,  
And shrinkes to beare so huge a multitude.  
They make a valley as they march along,  
And raising hills encompass eitherside.  
Counsell, braue Lords, these terrours to decide,

SOP. *Ioues* great Vice-gerent ouer all the world:  
Let vs confront their pride, and with our powers  
Disperse the strength of their assembled Troupes.

SOL. *Sion* is ours by conquest: All *Iudea*  
Is the rich honour of our conquering swords.  
Shall we not guard it then, and make our breasts  
The wals that shall defend *Ierusalem?*

SO. They shal march ouer vs, that march this way:  
Before the Christians shall attaine these wals  
With dead mens faces we will pauce the earth.

SOL. I cannot iudge the Christians are so mad  
To come in way of battell, but of peace.

SOP. They rather trauell in deuotion,  
To pay their voves at their *Messias*'s Tombe,  
And so, as Pilgrimes, not as Souldiers come.

SOL. Your own power blinds you and hath skreend your eies,  
My haire do weare experience liuery:  
But yours, the badge of youth and idlenesse,  
Their Army stands vpon a *Mountain* top,

F 2

Like

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Like a huge Forrest: their tall Pikes, like Pines,  
In height do ouer-peere the lower Trees;  
Their Horsemen ride like *Centaur's* in the meads,  
And scout abroad for pillage and for prey:  
Courage is their good Captaine. SOP. Couraget no.  
Pale feare, and blacke destruction, leads the foe.

SOL. I say againe, the Christian Princes leade  
An Army, for their power, inuincible.

Victorious hope fits howering on their plumes:  
Their guilded Armour shines against the Sunne,  
Dazeling our eyes from top of yonder Hill  
Like the bright streakes that flow from Paradise.

SOP. Oh conquest worthy the braue *Persian* swords?  
Let vs descend from forth the Towne and meeete them.

SOL. No. SOP. Yes.

SOL. Should *Ioue* himselte in Thunder answer I  
When we say no; wee'd pull him from the skie.

SOP. Should *Soldan, Sophy, Preist, or Presbyter,*  
Or Gods, or deuils, or men, gaine-say our will:  
Him, them, or thee, would the braue *Persian* Kill.

MOR. Quench your hot spleenes with drops of sweete aduice,  
Temper your rage with counsell mighty Kings.

SOL. I say we will make peace with Christendome.

SOP. I say the *Persian* scornes to be colleague,  
Or to haue part with them of Christendome.

SOL. Yet heare my age. SOP. Yet hearken to my youth.

MOR. My tongue giue place vnto the *Soldan* age.

TVR. But I applaud the *Persians* youthfull rage.

SOL. Stay Lords, our graue experience doth forsee.  
The mischeifes that attend on this debate.

We tread the path of our destruction,  
By our dissentions grow the Christians strong;  
Whom our vnited hearts may easily quell.

Braue *Persian Sophy*, we commend your hate  
To them that haue abhor'd our Pagan gods:  
Yet temper it with wisdom, valiant Prince.  
Tis our security I would increafe,

When

*The foure Prentises of London.*

When with my words I mention gentle peace.

MOR. Experience doth instruct the *Soldans* tongue,  
Hearken to him, hee speakes iudicially.

SOP. My tongue a while giues licence to mine care:  
The depth of your graue wisdomes let vs heare.

SOL. Then thus, let's send vnto the Christians Hoast,  
To know what cause hath brought them thus farre arm'd.  
If peaceably they come to visite here

The ancient Reliques of their Sauours Tombe;  
Peace shall conduct them in, and guard them out.

But if they come to conquer *Syon* Hill,  
And make irruption through our triple wals;  
Death and despaire shall ambush in their way,  
And we will seize the ensignes they display.

SOP. My youth yeelds willingly to your graue yeares,  
Let it be so. But whom shall we elect  
To be created Lords Embassadours?

SOL. *Moretes* shall be one, for I am sure  
He will employ his tongue, peace to procure.

SOP. *Turnus* another, he that all things dares,  
Will with defiance stirre them vp to warre.

SOL. *Moretes* and braue *Turnus*, speed you straight  
Vnto the Christian Hoast: Say, if they come

Like Pilgrimes, to behold the Sepulchre,  
Our gates stand open to receiue them in:  
And be you painefull to perswade a peace.

But if they stand vpon their hostile ground,  
Say that our breasts are arm'd, our swords are keene,

Bold are our hearts, and fiery is our spleene,  
And so be gone. MOR. I to perswade a peace.

TVR. I go the furious rage of warre t'increafe.

SOL. We will meane time conduct, our royall hoast:  
One halfe is mine, the other you shall lead,

To intercept them ere they winne the fight  
Of these inuincible and high-built walles.  
Braue *Persians*, we will both in ambush lie:  
Sure now the Christians are all come to die.

Exit.

Exit.

Exeunt:

Enter

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Enter TANCRED with BELLA FRANCA, richly attired,  
*shee some-what affecting him, though she makes no shew of it, ROBERT of Normandy, the foure brethren, and the French Lady like a Page.*

TANC. Behold, braue Christian Princes, all the glory  
 That *Tancred* can inherite in this world.

EVST. Part of it's mine. CHA. And part belongs to me.

GODF. An heauenly mixture, now bestrew my heart,  
 But *Godfrey* with the rest could cry halfe part.

GV. I am all hers. ROB. That Lady seemes to me  
 The fairest creature euer eye did see.

BEL. *Tancred*, of all, thy face best pleaseth mee. *in private.*

TAN. Faire Lady. EVST. Madame. CHA. Mistresse.

GODF. Beauteous loue. GV. Bright Goddesse.

ROB. Nymph. FREN.LAD. Loue whom ye will say I:  
 So yee affect not my beloued *Guy*.

TAN. Lords, she is mine. EVS. When did my interest cease

CHA. When I am here, you brother Out-law peace.

GODF. Why should not I enjoy her? ROB. Why not I?

GV. She can haue none but me.

EVST. & CHAR. That we deny:

BEL. Princes, what meanes this frenzy in your hearts?

Or hath some Negromanticke Coniurer

Rais'd by his Art some fury in my shape,

To worke sedition in the Christian Campe?

You haue confirm'd by generall Parliament

A Statute, that must stand inuiolate;

Namely, that mutiny in Prince or Pesant

Is death, a Kingdome cannot saue his life.

Then whence proceed these strange contentions?

CHA. I seiz'd her first. EVS. I first her thoughts did proue.

TAN. I plead the composition for my loue.

ROB. If wealth will win the thoughts of that chaste Lady,  
 Me bid as faire as any for her loue.

GODF. If valour may atchieue her, I'mongst many  
 Will bid more warlike blowes for her then any.

GV. Nay, if you go to scrambling, this for me. *Draw.*

FREN.LAD.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

FREN.LAD. Speed they that list, so you repulsd be:

BELL. Yet heare me Princes.

EVST. Hence with friuolous words.

GODF. Stand we to prate, when others draw their swords.

CHAR. Speake thou my cause. *Draw.*

TAN. This shall my pleader be. *Draw.*

GV. Thou art for vs. *Draw.*

ROB. And sword speake thou for mee.

BELL. He that best loues me, pierce me with his sword,

Left I become your generall ouerthrow.

I do coniure you by the loue you beare me,

Either to banish this hostility,

Or all at once to act my Tragedy.

A blow is death proclaim'd by Parliament:

Can ye make Lawes, & be the first that break them?

Knew I that this my beauty bred this strife,

With some black poyson I would staine my cheeks,

Till I lookt fouler then an *Ethiop*.

Still do ye brandish your contentious swords?

This night shall end my beauty, and to morrow

Looke to behold my Christall eyes scratcht out,

My visage martyrd, and my haire torne off:

He that best loues it, ransome it with peace:

I will preferue it, if your fury cease.

But if ye still persist, the heauens I call

As my voves witnesse, I will hate ye all.

TANC. To shew my loue, my sword shall sleepe in rest. <sup>11</sup>

GODF. I'll keepe mine sharpe for the braue *Soldans* crest.

GV. Peace sword. ROB. The *Norman Robert* keeps his keene,

To abate the fury of the *Soldans* spleene. <sup>(art scene,</sup>

CHA. My sword cries truce. EVST. Blade when thou next

Thou mak'st thy Lord a King, his Loue a Queene.

BELL. You haue redeem'd my beauty, your last iarre

Had made perfection with my face at warre.

EVST. Lady, the vertuous motions of your heart

Adde to the aboundant graces of your fame,

It was your beauty that did blinde our soules,

And:



*The foure Prentises of London.*

And in our close breasts plac'd obliuion.  
'Tis true, we haue ordain'd a strict decree,  
That whosoeuer in our Christian Hoast  
Strikes with a sword in hostile enmity,  
Forfeits his life, then breake off this debate,  
And keepe our owne decrees inuiolate.

*Enter with a Tucket before them* TVRNVS, and  
MORATES.

MO. Health to the Christians from the mighty *Soldan*.

TV. Death and destruction from the *Persian Sophy*.

ROB. That tongue brings peace, to thee will I attend.

GODF. That tongue brings war, thy motions we commend.

TANC. Speake peace, thy looks are smoth, we'll list to thee.

CHAR. Speake warre, bring warre, and we to warre agree.

MOR. The *Babylonian Soldan*, mighty Princes,  
Sends me to know the cause of this your March  
Into a land so farre remote from ye.

If ye intend to see your Prophets Tombe,  
As holy Pilgrimes, peace shall guard your way.

EVST. Peace we desie: let's heare what thou canst say.

ROB. Proceed, proceed.

GV. Do; and I'll sound my Drumme  
To drowne his voyce, that doth for parleance come.

EVST. Why, I am borne to nothing in this world

But what my sword can conquer. Should we yeeld

Our fortunes to base composition,

I haue no hopes mine honour to encrease.

Curst be his base eare that attends to peace.

MOR. Let me conclude my message. GODF. Pagan, no:  
Warres friend speake thou, I am to Peace a foe.

TVR. The *Persian Sophy* thus instructs my tongue

That Prince amongst you whose heroicke breast

Dares shew it selfe to his triumphant speare,

(Excepting but the name of Christian)

Like to the *Persian* Gods he honours him.

But should he know a heart in these proud Troupes,

And

*The foure Prentises of London.*

And know that heart to be addict to peace,  
Hee'd hate him like a man that should blaspheme.  
In *Sion* Towres hangs his victorious flagge,  
Blowing defiance this way: and it shoves  
Like a red meteor in the troubled aire;  
Or like a blazing comet, that fore-tels  
The fall of Princes.

CHAR. Thine owne Princes fall.

TVR. Then in one word, destruction to you all.

GODF. I had not thought such spirits had remain'd  
Within the warlike breasts of Infidels.

EVST. Dares the Maiesticke spirit of thy King  
Answer a challenge? dares he pawne his Crowne  
Against the hazard of ten thousand liues?

GVY. And who should fight against him? EVST. I.

GVY. Thou! EVS. I, 'gainst him, and thee, and all the world.

That interdicts my honour. GV. Me! EVST. Thee.

GV. Fire, rage, and fury, all my veines do swell.

Be mute my tongue, bright sword my fury tell.

EVST. Fire mount 'gainst his mad fury, check his rage,  
Burne out then flame, his bloud thy heate shall swage.

*They fight, and are parted.*

GODF. What haue ye done? iniustice staines our crests  
If for this act yee haue not lost their liues.

ROB. I will not beare the badge of Christendome  
In such a Bedlam mad society.

CHA. Cease to determine of their haire-braine rage,  
Till yee haue sent the Pagans from our Tents.

TAN. 'Tis well aduis'd. Souldiers take charge of the  
Till we determine of our Embassie.

MOR. I feare me *Turnus*, had you known before  
The spirits of these haughty Christians,

'T haue bene so full of enuious cheualry,

You would haue temper'd some part of your rage.

You see they strue, and fight amongst themselves,

To practise hate against they meete with vs.

TVR. *Morates*, no, we scorne all abiect feares,

G

And

*The foure Prentises of London.*

And they shall know our hearts as great as theirs.

GODF. It shall be so. Attend me, Pagan Lords;  
We come not with grey gownes, and Pilgrimes staues,  
Beads at our sides, and sandals on our feete,  
Feare in our hearts, entreaty in our tongues,  
To begg a passage to our Prophets graue.  
But our soft Beauer Fell, we haue turn'd to iron,  
Our gownes to armour, and our shels to plumes,  
Our walking staues we haue chang'd to Cemytars,  
And so with pilgrimes hearts, not pilgrims habits,  
We come to hew way through your maine Armies,  
And offer at the Tombe our contrite hearts  
Made purple with as many Pagans blouds,  
As wee haue in our breasts religious thoughts.  
And so be gone, no words in trifling wast,  
Death followes after you with wings of hast.

TYR. That Prince speaks Musick, which doth cheere my heart.

MOR. Princes adew, with terrour I depart. *Exeunt.*

CHA. Now to these other Captaine-musinetts.  
What shall be done with them?

EVSF. Euen what you please.

We haue liu'd with paine, and we can die with ease.

GUY. What God hath made, a Gods name do you maistre,  
Death is the least I feare, now to the barre.

ROB. Lords giue me leaue to temper our decree,  
The Law is death, but such is our regard  
Of Christian bloud, we moderate it thus.

Because we know your worths, your liues are sau'd:

Yet that the world shall see we prise our Lawes,

And are not partiall should we sit on Kings;

Wee doome you euerlasting banishment

From out the Christian Army. *EVS. Banishment?*

This was your doing; well, I'll be reueng'd:

By all the hopes that I haue lost, I will.

Princes, your doomes are vspright, I obey them,

And voluntarily exile my selfe.

(Against my furious spirit) I could weepe

To

*The foure Prentises of London.*

To leaue this royall Army, and to loose  
The honour promist in the Pagans deaths.  
Farewell to all, with teares of grieve I go.  
Yee are all my friends, thou onely art my foe.

GUY. Hold me so still, where ere I next shall meete thee,  
This sword, like thunder, on thy crest shall greet thee.  
Banisht the Campe I go, but not so farre,  
But I will make one in this Christian warre,  
Like an vnknowne Knight I will beare a sheild,  
In it engrauen the Trade I did professe,  
When once I was a Gold-smith in Cheape-side:  
And if I prosper, to these armes I'll adde  
Some honour, and the scutcheon I shall beare,  
Shall to the Pagans bring pale death, and feare.  
Adiew braue Christian Lords; for I must stray,  
A banisht man can neuer misse his way.

GODF. Why do you looke so sad vpon their griefes?

CHA. Ah pardon me. My heart begot a thought  
At their departure, which had bene of force  
T'haue strayn'd a teare or two from my moiste eye.  
How like was he to *Eustace!* he to *Guy!*

GODF. A leaden weight of griefe lies at my heart,  
And I could wish my selfe were banisht too,  
To beare them in their sorrowes company.

ROB. These, for examples sake, must be remou'd,  
And though their absened will much weaken vs,  
Yet we had rather put vs in Gods guard,  
Lessening our owne strength, then to beare with that  
Which might in time lead to our ouerthrow.  
March forward Lords; our loue we will deserre,  
Prince *Tancred*, till our warres cheife heat be spent,  
Keepe still this beauteous Lady in your Tent. *Exeunt. Flourish*

*Manent two Ladies.*

FREN. LAD. My Lord is banisht, what shall poore I do?  
There is no way, but I must after too.  
But ere I go, some cunning I must vse,  
To make this Lady my Lords loue refuse.

G 2

BELL.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

BELL. Faire youth, why haue you singled me along?  
Is it to share ioy, or partake my monee?

FREN. LAD. Whether you please.  
Inuention helpe me now, *(apart)*  
To bring her out of loue with my sweete Lord,  
For should she loue him I were quite vndone.

Madame, in faith, how many suiters haue you?

BELL. More then I wish I had: First, the *French* Generall.

FREN. LAD. Oh God, I feare, I thinke I am accurst.  
Shee loues him best, because she names him first.

BELL. The *English* *Rober*, *County Palatine*,  
Two Gentlemen that tooke me in the woods,  
One is now banisht, but the other still  
Stayes in the Army; then, the *Bulloigne* Duke,

FREN. LAD. And which of all these is the properest man?

BELL. Faith let me heare thy iudgement.

FREN. LAD. Prince *Robert* is a gallant Gentlemen:  
But the *French* Lord vncomely, and vnshap'd,  
*Tancred*'s a proper man, but the *French* Lord,  
He hath no making; no good shape at all.  
I could not loue a man of his complexion:  
I would not haue him if I were a Lady,  
Had he more Crownes then *Cesar* conquered.

BELL. I see no such defects in that *French* Lord.

FREN. LAD. Is'tis so. Vpon my life she loues him:  
I must deuise some plot, or they will vse  
Some meanes to meete, and marry out of hand.  
Lady, he was my Maister, but beleue me,  
He is the most insatiate man for women,  
That euer breath'd; nay, Madame, which is more,  
He loues variety, and delights in change.  
Add I heard him say, should he be married,  
Hee'd make his wife a Cucke-queane.

BELL. Why though he do, 'tis vertue in a woman,  
If she can beare his imperfections.

FREN. LAD. Vpon my life they are made sure already.  
Shee's pleas'd with any imperfections.

What

*The foure Prentises of London.*

What should I do? BELL. Now faire youth, list to me,  
I will acquaint thee with a secrecy.  
These Lords so trouble me with their vaine suites,  
That I am tir'd and wearied, and resolute  
To steale away in secret from the Campe.

FREN. LAD. My *Guy* is gone, and she would follow him:  
I must preuent it, or else loose my loue.

BELL. Wilt thou consort me, beare me company,  
And share with me in ioy and misery?

FREN. LAD. Madame I will. She loues him, and no wonder.  
Ile go, be't but to keep them still assunder.

BELL. Then from their Tents this night wee'le steale away,  
And through the wide woods and the Forrests stray.

*Exeunt. Flouri.*

*Enter* SOLDAN, SOPHIE, TVRNVS, MORETES,  
*Drummes, Ensignes, and Soldiers.*

SOL. Then your reports sound nought but death and war.

MOR. The Christians would not lend an eare to peace.

SOP. Since they demeane themselves so honourably,  
This earth shall giue them honourable graues.

TVR. By pride her selfe are their proud Ensignes borne:  
Warre in their tongues sits, in their faces scorne.

SOL. Our resolutions shall controule base feares.  
Wee are proud as they; our swords shall answer theirs.

SOP. Didst thou deliuer our strict Embassie?

TVR. I did, my Lord. SOL. Did they not quake to heare it?

TVR. No more then Rockes shake with a puffe of breath,  
They come resolu'd, and not in feare of death.

SOP. Lookt they not pale? TVR. With fury, not with feare.  
The were mad, because your forces were not there.

SOL. Did you not dash their spirits? sell not their eies  
Downe to the earth, when thou didst speake of vs?

When thou didst number our vnnumbred power?  
Did not their faint swords tremble in their hands,

At that name *Soldan*? SOP. Or when thou nam'dst mee,

G 3

My

*The foure Prentises of London.*

My power, my strength, my matchlesse chivalry:  
Fell they not flat vpon the earth with feare?

TVR. No, but their proud hearts bounded in their breasts,  
Their plumes flew brauely on their golden crests:  
And they were ready to haue fallen at iarre,  
Which of them first should with the *Persian* warre.

MOR. There was no tongue but breath'd defiance forth:  
I could not see a face but menac'd death:  
No hand, but brandisht a victorious sword.  
They all cry Battaile, Battaile, peace defie,  
And not a heart but promist victory.

SOL. There's not an heart shall scape our tyranny,  
Since they prouoke our indignation,  
Like the vaste Ocean shall our courage rise,  
To drown their pride, and all their powers surptise.

SOP. My Cemytar is like the bolt of *Ioue*,  
That neuer toucheth but it strikes with death.  
Oh how I long, till we with speares in rests,  
Strike out the lightning from their high-plum'd crests.

SOL. I would burne off this beard in such a flame,  
As I could kindle with my puiffant blowes:  
Yet the least haire I valew at more worth  
Then all the Christian Empire. SOL. Speake, braue *Soldan*,  
Shall our bar'd horses clime yond Mountaine tops,  
And bid them battell where they pitch their Tents.

SOL. Courage cries, on; but good aduice saith, stay.  
Experience bids vs fight another way.  
Why should we tire our Troupes in search of them,  
That with audacious boldnesse secke out vs?  
Let vs stand to receiue them when they come,  
And with a groue of Pikes growing on this earth  
Where now no tree appeares, tosse vp their bodies,  
Whose coarfes by your strong armes kept aloofe,  
May hang like bloody pendants on your stauces.

SOP. Oh sight best pleasing to the *Persian* gods!

TVR. In the skies fore-head shall the bright Sunne stand  
Amaz'd to view that glorious spectacle,

And

*The foure Prentises of London.*

And with the pleasing sight forget his way,  
To grace our Tropee with perpetuall day.

MOR. But how shall we receiue their armed Troopes?  
What speciall order will your grace assigne  
To them that shall command your Companies?

SOL. It shall be thus. This way the Christians march,  
The body of our Hoast shall stay behind,  
To be a strength to faire *Hierusalem*.

But we with certaine souldiers secretly,  
Will lie in ambush: The great *Persian Sophy*,  
With *Turnus*, and a chiefe command of men,  
Shall guard that way: my selfe, and thou *Morates*  
Will keepe this passage with a troupe select,  
To seize on their fore-runners, scouts, and spies.  
Assist vs fate, ere-long the world shall know  
Our glories by the Christians ouerthrow.

This is my Quarter: these my men shall be.

SOP. *Morates*, thou and these shall follow me. *Exeunt.*

*Enter ROBERT of Normandy.*

ROB. Oh whether will blind loue conduct my steps?  
Prince *Tancreds* Deere, and English *Roberts* Ioy,  
Is fled in secret, and hath left our Tents.  
Thus like an Errant and Aduenturous Knight,  
I haue left the Hoast to follow her faire search,  
And durst not trust the aire with my intent.  
This way, they say, she went; the Campe's secure.  
This way vnknowne, in secret I pursue her.

*Enter CHARLES.*

CHA. This way my loue went like a shooting starre,  
Whose blazing traine doth guilde the firmament.  
Such glorious beauty addes she to the way,  
Making the dark night-pathes, shine bright as day.  
Ye honoured Armes farewell, and Campe adiew,  
I do forsake my selfe here to pursue.

ROB. Behold a traueiler! I will enquire  
If chance hath cast his eye vpon my loue.

CHA.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

CHA. I was about to aske of yonder man,  
Whether her beauty had enricht his sight:  
But 'tis my riuall Robert; Charles obscure thee.  
For should he see thee, he would quickly iudge  
What Adamant had drawne me to these woods.  
One case I see hath made vs errants both.  
To be found wandring thus I should be loth.

ROB. Loue that drew me, hath drawne that knight along  
Being but a childe, a Gyant's not so strong.

*Enter SOLDAN, MORETES, and Souldiers.*

SOL. Stand Christians, by your Crosses on your breasts  
Yee're markt for death, and base destruction.

ROB. What are ye, that, like cowards, with such oddes  
Assault vs thus vnfurnisht for the warres.

SOL. I am the *Soldan*; these my men at armes,  
That lie to intercept you, and prepare  
For your accursed liues this fatal snare.

CHA. The *Soldan*, the grand enemy to CHRIST,  
The deuils Liutenant, Vice-roy vnder him!  
Braue *English Robert*, since our frowning starres  
Haue brought vs to this narrow exigent,  
And train'd vs hither with a chaine of loue  
To perish by the swords of Infidels:  
Stand foote to foote.

ROB. Tush, I am Pagans swords prooffe, and my starres,  
Haue markt me for a Conquerour in these warres.

SOL. Vpon them, souldiers; pittie they despise,  
Scarce can the world afford a richer prize. *Alarum.*

*They fight, and are both taken.*

CHA. Thou glorious eye of heauen, be euer blinde:  
Maske thy bright face in clouds eternally:  
Darke vapours and thicke myfts thy front embrace  
And neuer shine to looke on my disgrace.

ROB. A prisoner, Robert! this my comfort bee:  
He makes me bound that best can set me free.

SOL. Take them to guard, this entrance to our warres

Is

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Is full of spirit, and begets much hope.  
We will not yet examine what ye are,  
Till tortures wring it from your slauish tongues.  
That done, your blouds these champaines shall embroe  
Meane time wee'le waite for more of your loose cruce.

*Enter GUY with his Shield, and a Page brings his Sword and  
Target: in each of his hands a Pollax.*

GUY. I am turn'd wilde man since I v'de these Forrests:  
And I haue wonne more weapons in these woods,  
From Out-lawes, whom my sword hath vanquished,  
Then I can carry on my backe with ease.  
I haue swords, targets, Pikes, and Partisans,  
Pollaxes, maces, clubs, and horse-mens stauers,  
Darts, halberds, long swords, Pistols, Petronels,  
All which I haue conquered. At this Mountaine ridge  
Two villaines with these weapons set vpon me:  
But with my sword I made them turne their heeles,  
And leaues these Trophees which I thus support,  
And beare vpon my shoulders Conqueror-like,  
What? do I see an ambush? by their armes  
They should be Pagans: Robert prisoner!  
With him a Christian Leader! Oh my God,  
Thou hast either brought me to reuiue my name  
By rescuing these, or here to die with shame.  
Come life, come death; a banisht man will try,  
To liue with honour, or with honour die.  
Robert breake from thy guard, make them dismayd,  
Receiue these weapons, God hath sent thee aid.

ROB. God, and Saint George.

CHA. Now by the *Soldan*'s Crowne,  
If I can weild this weapon, he shall downe.

GUY. The Christians God for vs.

SOL. What, are they free?

*Alarum Drummes, the heathen powers for mee.*

*They fight; the Pagans are beaten off, Guy  
departs suddenly.*

H

ROB.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

ROB. Some Angell in the habite of a Knight,  
Hath reskued vs: such heauy downe-right blowes  
Could neuer come from any mortall arme.  
For euery blow he reacht, was certaine death.

CHAR. What is that power, if heavenly power he be,  
That we may laude and praise his Deity?

ROB. Departed on a suddaine ere we know,  
To whom our freedoms, and our liues we owe!

CHA. By that inscription grauen on his shield,  
We may perhaps descry him in the campe  
Cease admiration then; let these euent,  
Hasten our steps backe to suruey our Tents.

*Enter severally GODFREY, and TANCRED.*

TANC. *Godfrey!* GODF. *Tancred!*

TANC. Well met my Lords in these vnpeopled paths:  
What hath your loue made you to leaue the field.

GODF. *Godfrey* ne're dreamt to haue met with *Tancred* her  
The Lady that hath fled from our chaste loue,  
(Whom *Tancred* I do more affectionate,  
Because she much resembles my faire sister)  
Hath caused me so much to forget my selfe,  
And play the wanderer in these vnknowne woods. *Soft march,*  
But soft, that drumme should speake the Pagans tongue:  
I feare we are betrai'd, I, I, 'tis so:  
*Tancred*, we are round compass't by the foe.

SOLDAN, SOPHIE, and Soldiers, *encompass the Christian Princes: Enter EVSTACE, and set them free.*

EVST. Thanke me for this; for, next th' Almighty Powers,  
I haue bene the meanes to saue your desperate liues.  
Now, Christian Princes, I am quit with you  
For all the grace you haue done me in the Campe,  
And now you owe me for my banishment.  
And though you haue exil'd me from your Tents,  
You haue not power to keepe me from the warres.  
Vpon this shield I beare the *Crocers* Armes,

Vnto

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Vnto which Trade I was enrold and bound;  
And like a strange Knight, I will aid the Christians,  
Thou Trade which didst sustaine my pouerty,  
Didst helpelesse, helpe me; though I left thee then,  
Yet that the world shall see I am not ingrate,  
Or scorning that, which gaue my fortunes breath,  
I will enlarge these Armes, and make their name  
The originall and life of all my fame.  
But I am tir'd with trauaile, Shield lie there,  
Oh that I could but see that lusty spirit,  
My arch-foe, riually in my banishment,  
To be reueng'd, and end my hostile hate!  
I'd dreame I fight with him to ease my spleene,  
And in that thought I lay me on this Greene. *Sleep*

*Enter GUY with a paper and his Shield.*

GV. Armes ye are full of hope and sweete successe,  
The famous Art, whose honoured badge ye are,  
First, when I liu'd 'mongst London-prentises,  
Gaue me an honest and a pleasant life,  
Now in these woods haue won me fame & honour:  
And I haue rescued Princes with this shield:  
And Princes are indebted to these Armes.  
And if I liue, in memory of this  
Within their faire Hall shall this Scutchion hang,  
Till some smoth pen Historisie my name,  
What obiect's that? A Knight a sleepe or dead?  
Oh, 'tis the Basse, and ground of all my hate;  
I'll kill the villaine: Oh dishonoured thought!  
Art thou not sonne vnto the *Bullen Duke*,  
And canst thou hatch dishonour? Arch-foe liue.  
I scorne aduantage, should I fight with *Mars*.  
He beares this shield I will exchange with his,  
And leaue a Motto written in mine owne  
Shall make him quake to reade. Be swift my pen,  
T'affright his sence when he shall wake againe.  
'Tis done. Then go with me and mine stay here,

H 2

Which

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Which in despite of thee, base Knight, I weare. *Exit.*

EVST. The houres haue ouer-runne me with swift pace,  
And time hath fastned to him swallowes wings.  
Come sword, come Shield; but soft, thou art a stranger,  
And pardon me good shield, I know thee not.  
What haue we here?

*Aske not who that Shield doth owe,  
For he is thy mortall foe:  
And where ere he sees that shield,  
Citty, Burrough, Grove, or Field,  
Hee that beares it, beares his bane,  
By his hand he must be slaine.  
Thine, in spight of thee, hee le beare,  
(If thou dar'st) his Scatchion weare.  
Hee writ this, that thy shield will keepe,  
And might haue slaine thee being asleepe.*

'Tis a fine fellow; by this light, hee is  
An honest Rogue, and hath a good conceite.  
Weare it? I'll weare it. If I do not well,  
He needed not to haue put in the word (*Dare*):  
For I dare: dare I? he shall see I dare.  
Belike he feares I dare not challenge mine.  
Were't fastned to the arme of Beelzebub,  
I would fight with him with firebrands for my shield.  
But dares he weare mine? On my life he dares:  
I loue him like my brother for this acte:  
And I will beare this shield with as much pride;  
As fate I in a chariot by Ioues side,  
Shine bright my Stars, to do me some faire grace,  
Bring vs to meet in some auspicious place.

*Enter the Ladies flying, pursued by the Clowne.*

CLOVV. Nay you cowardly Lady, that runne away from  
the Campe, and dare not stand to it, I am glad I haue light on  
you; choose your weapon, choose your weapen; I am a Soul-  
dier, and a martiall man, and I will offer you the right of  
Armes:

*The foure Prentises of London.*

ARAIES: If you vanquish me, I'll be your captiue, if you be cast  
downe I'll carry you backe prisoner.

FREN. LAD. I weare a weapon that I dare not draw:  
Fie on this womanish feare, what shall I do.

BELL. Some of my fathers spirit reuiues in me,  
Giue me thy weapon, boy, and thou shalt see,  
I for vs both will winne sweete liberty.

CLOVV. I was neuer so ouer-reache; and, but for shame,  
and that I am a man at armes, I would runne away, and take me  
to my legs. Haue at thee sweete Lady.

*As they fight, EVSTACE comes in:*

EVST. Base villaine, dar'st thou offer violence  
Vnto a Lady; stay, maintaine thy challenge.

CLOVV. You thinke you haue a foole in hand; no by my  
faith, not I. If you haue any businesse to the Campe, farewell,  
I am running thither as fast as I can.

EVST. Mount vp my soule, vnto the height of ioy!  
Sauing my foe, whose honoured shield I beare,  
None liuing did I more desire to meeete.

BELL. Sauing those Christian Lords that seeke my loue  
None liuing did I more desire to shunne.

EVST. Well met, braue Saint, in these vnpeopled paths,  
Feare no rude force, for I am ciuill borne,  
Descended from a Princely parentage;  
And though an exile from the Christians Campe,  
Yet in my heart I weare the Crosse of CHRIST,  
Euen in as deepe a crimson as the best.  
Loue me, though I am Landleffe, and remote  
From the faire climate where first I breath'd this aire,  
Yet know I beare a Kingdome in this sword,  
And ere I die, looke to behold this Front  
Empal'd and circled with a royall Crowne.

BELL. I neuer markt this Gallant halfe so much:  
He hath my brothers eye, my fathers brow,  
And he is *Enstace* all from top to toe.

EVST. I had a sifter, Lady, with that red,  
That giues a crimson tincture to your cheek,

*The foure Prentises of London.*

With such a hand hid in a gloue of snow,  
That spake all musicke, like your heavenly tongues;  
And for her sake, faire Saint, I honour you.

BELL. I had a brother, had not the rude seas  
Depriu'd me of him, with that manly looke,  
That grace, that courage, I behold in you.  
A Prince, whom had the rude seas neuer seene,  
Euen such another had yong *Eustace* beene.

EVST. *Eustace*! euen such an accent gaue her tongue,  
So did my name sound in my sisters mouth,  
Oh *Bella Franca*, were't thou not obscur'd  
Within a cloud and maske of pouerty,  
Such fame ere this had thy rare vertues wonne,  
Thus had thy beaury checkt th'all-seeing Sunne.

BELL. It is my brother *Eustace*.

EVST. View her well.

Imagine her but thus attir'd, and shee  
Would *Bella Franca*, and my sister bee.

BELL. But strip my brother from his Prentice cote,  
His cap, his common souldiers base disguise:  
Euen such a Gallant as this seemes to me,  
Such would my brother, my sweete *Eustace* be.

EVST. Sister! BELL. Brother!

EVST. Make me immortall then, by heauen I vow,  
I am richer then the *Persian Sophy* now.

BELL. All *Asia* flowes not with more plenteous treasure,  
Then I, to embrace my brother, my hearts pleasure.  
How did you scape the waues? EVST. How haue you past  
The perillous Land, and crost the Seas so vaste?

BELL. Where are my brothers, *Eustace*?

EVST. Oh, those words,  
Pierce to my heart like Darts, and pointed swords,  
Omit these passions, sister, they are dead.  
But to forget these griefes, what youth is this?

FREN. LAD. Page to the Prince of *France*.

EVST. 'Tis he I hate,  
As chiefe occasion of my banishment.

BELL.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

BELL. Yet, my sweete brother, do not blame the youth,  
Full well he hath demerit'd himselfe with me.  
He neuer, since we entred in these woods,  
Left me in my distresse; when we alone  
Sit in these desarts neuer by rude force  
Did do me the least shame, or violence.

FREN. LAD. A good cause why I leade so chaste a life,  
A ieaalous man may trust me with his wife.

EVST. Well, sirra, for your truth and honesty  
I pardon thee, though I detest thy Lord.

FREN. LAD. Then let me change my habite, gentle sir,  
Least in this shape I chance to meete my Maister.  
Then, if you please, I'll cloath me like a Lady,  
And waite vpon your sister in your Tent.

EVST. Nay, if it please thee; I am well content.

FREN. LAD. My plot is good; well, howsoere it proue,  
'Twill either end my life, or winne my loue.

EVST. Come, best part of my selfe, we now will goe  
To wayle our fortunes, and discours our woe.  
I will disguis'd vnto the famous siege,  
And in these Armes make knowne my valours profe:  
You shall in secret in my Tent abide.  
I to atchieue fame will my spirits employ,  
After this griefe my heart diuines much ioy.

*Exit:*

*Enter* ROBERT, and TANCRED, GODFREY, and  
CHARLES, with their Shields and Scutebions, Drumme and  
Souldiers, GODFREYES Shield, hauing a Maidenhead with  
a Crowne in it, CHARLES his Shield the Haberdashers Armes.

ROB. Behold the high wals of *Hierusalem*,  
Which *Titus* and *Vespasian* once brake downe:  
From off these Turrets haue the ancient Jewes  
Seene worlds of people mustering on these Plains:  
Oh Princes, which of all your eyes are dry,  
To looke vpon this Temple, now destroy'd.  
Yonder did stand the great *Iehonahs* House,  
In midst of all his people, there he dwelt:

Vessels



*The foure Prentises of London.*

Vessels of gold did serue his Sacrifice,  
And with him for the people spake the Priests.  
There was the Arke, the Show-bread, *Aarons* Rod,  
*Sanctum, Sanctuarum,* and the *Cherubines*.  
Now in that holy place, where *GOD* himselfe  
Was personally present, Pagans dwell.  
False Gods are reard, each Temple Idols beares.  
Oh who can see this, and abstaine from teares?

*GODF.* This way, this sacred path our Sauour trode,  
When he came riding to *Hierusalem*,  
Whilst the religious people spred his way  
With flowers, and garments, and *Hosanna* cry'd.  
Yonder did stand the great Church, where he taught,  
Confuting all the Scribes and Pharisees.  
This place did witness all his miracles:  
Within this place did stand the iudgement seate,  
Where *Pontius Pilate* with the Elders sate,  
Where they condemn'd him to be whipt and crown'd,  
To be derided, mockt, and crucified,  
His hands bor'd through with nailes, his side with Speares.  
Oh, who can see this place, and keepe his teares?

*CHA.* On yond side of the Towne he died for vs:  
At whose departure all these wals did shake,  
And the destroyed Temples vaile did rend:  
The groues are to be seene, from which Ghosts rose,  
There stood the Crosse, there stands the Sepulchre:  
The place still beares the name of *Dead mens bones*.  
And still the Tombe our Sauours Liurey weares.  
What eye can see it, and not melt in teares?

*TAN.* No souldier but shall looke with reuerence  
Vpon these faire and glorious Monuments.  
To swear, or speake prophanely, shall be death.  
I cast my heart as low as to this earth,  
And wish that I could march vpon my knees,  
In true submission, and right holy zeale.  
Oh since our warres are Gods, abandon feares,  
But in contrition weepe repentant teares.

Rev.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

*ROB.* Sound a Parlee; I see your hearts are fir'd,  
Your soules with victory from heauen inspir'd.

*Sound a Parlee. Enter vpon the walles, SOLDAN, SOPHY,*  
*TURNVS, MORATES, Souldiours. Flourish.*

*SOL.* Why swarme these Christians to our City wals?  
Looke (forreiners) do not not the lofty Spires,  
And these cloud-kissing Turrets that you see,  
Strike deadly terrour in your wounded soules?  
Go Persian, flourish my vermillion flag,  
Aduance my Stander high, the sight whereof  
Will driue these stragglers in disordered rankes,  
And in a hurly burly throng them hence.

*PER.SOP.* See how they quake, to view our martiall looks!  
As when a sturdy *Cyclops* reares aloft  
A boisterous Truncheon amongst a troupe of Dwarfes.

*GODF.* *Soldan* and *Sophy*, ye damn'd hel-hounds both,  
So quakes the Eagle to behold a gnat,  
The Lyon to behold a Marmoset.  
Ile beard and braue you in your owne beliefe,  
As when the heathen God, whom you call *Ioue*,  
Warr'd with the Giant, great *Encelidus*,  
And stung him from Olympus two-top Mount  
The swaynes stood trembling to behold his fall,  
That with his weight did make the earth to groane.  
So, *Soldan*, looke, when I haue skal'd these wals,  
And won the place where now thou stand'st secure,  
To be hurl'd head-long from the proudest Tower,  
In scorne of thee, thy false gods, and their power.

*CHA.* We will assault you like rebounding Rocks,  
Banded against the battlements of heauen:  
Wee'le turne thy City into desert plaines:  
And thy proud Spires that seemes to kisse the Cloudes,  
Shall with their guilt-tops pauce the miry streetes,  
As all too base for vs to march vpon.  
See'st thou this sheild, how euer this deuice  
Seemes not to ranke with Emperours; *Soldan*, know

I

This

*The foure Prentises of London.*

This shield shall giue thy fatall ouerthrow.

SOL. Such peales of Thunder did I neuer heare,  
I thinke that very words these wals will teare.

GODF. This shield you see, includes two mysteries,  
A Virgine crown'd it is the *Mercers* Armes,  
Withall the picture of my leue that's fled.  
Both these I'le grace, and adde to them thy head.

SOP. Me thinke I see pale death flie from their words:  
Their speech so strong; how powerfull are their swords!

CHA. Since first I bore this shield I quartered it  
With this red Lyon, whom I singly once  
Slew in the Forrest; thus much haue I already  
Added vnto the *Haberdashers* Armes.  
But ere I leaue these faire *Judean* Bounds,  
Vnto this Lyon I'le adde all your Crownes.

TVR. Send for some prisoners, martyrs, torture them  
Euen in the face of all the Christian Host.

SOL. It shall be so *Moretos*, bring them forth.

ROB. No drop of blood fals from a Christian heart,  
But thy hearts blood shall ransome.

*Enter some bringing forth old Bullen, and other  
prisoners bound.*

SOL. Bring them forth,

Deuise new tortures:

Oh for some rare Artift,

That could inuent a death more terrible

Then are the cuerlasting pangs of hell.

OLD BVL. Oh brethren, let not me moue you to ruth:  
Happy is he that suffers for the truth.

The ioyes to come exceed the present grieffe;

Secure your selues, for CHRIST is my reliefe.

GODF. Why shrinks the warme blod from my troubled heart?

CHA. Why starts my haire vp at this heauy sight?

GODF. Say father, are not you the Bullen Earle?

OLD B. Faire sonne, I was the happen Bullen Earle:  
But now my sonne

CHA. Call no man sonne but me,

Father,

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Father, my sword shall winne you liberty.

GODF. Peace forged Bastard whatsoere thou be:  
My reuerend father, call none sonne but me,  
For in this sword doth rest thy liberty.

CHA. Such mercy, as my sword affords to Paganes,  
He findes that calls me bastard; I am *Charles*,  
Father you know me since I reskued you,  
I am your onely sonne, the rest are dead.

OLD BVL. I know thee *Charles*.

GODF. But father, I am *Godfrey*;  
That by my valour haue regain'd your right:  
Haue got your Dukedome from th'insulting *French*,  
And am my selfe inuested *Bullens* Duke.

OLD B. I know thee *Godfrey*. . CHA. *Godfrey!*

GODF. Brother *Charles!*

The confident assurance of thy death,  
Made me to giue the lie to my owne thoughts.

CHA. The selfe-same strong opinion blinded mee,  
Else for my brother I had challeng'd thee:  
Brother, you might haue knowne me by the Armes  
Which I haue borne in honour of my Trade.

GODF. Ah, but the resolution of thy death  
Made me to loofe such thought. ROB. Let vs reioyce,  
And to your plausue fortunes giue our voyce.

GODF. Prince *Roberts*, did the time affoord vs leaue,  
We would discourse the summe of our escapes:  
But to our fathers reskue. CHA. Yeeld him slaues.

SOL. Tush, we will keepe him spight of all your braues.

GODF. Be that our quarrell.

CHA. With courage, courage striues,  
We fight for CHRIST, our father, and our liues.

SOP. Here stands my Ensigne, and by it a Crowne,  
That you shall know the *Persian* honourable, *Sets up his Stan-*  
*Hee* that can fetch this Ensigne from the wals, *dard & Crowne.*  
(Which I my selfe will guard) and leaue some token  
Behind him, that his sword hath conquered it,  
He shall enjoy them both.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

SOL. And here stands mine, *Set up his Standard*  
 The Babylonian Emperours royall Standard. *and Crowne.*  
 By it I plant the rich *Cicilian* Crowne,  
 Guarded by me and my all-conquering troupes.  
 He that but leaues a note he hath beene here,  
 And scapes vnslaine, although he winne them not,  
 That *Christian* will I honour. ROB. Drummes, alarum.

SOL. As loud and proud defiance our Drumme sounds.  
 GODF. For CHRIST, my father, conquest, & two Crownes!  
*Exeunt. Alarum.*

*The Christians are repulst. Enter at two severall doores, Gvy and*  
*Evstace climb up the wals, beate the Pagans, take away the*  
*Crownes on their heads, and in the stead hang up the contrary*  
*Shields, and bring away the Ensignes, flourishing them, severall*  
*ways.*

*Enter SOLDAN, SOPHY, MORETES, TURNVS, with*  
*Souldiers.*

SOL. Now the first wall is wonne, the Ensignes seiz'd,  
 The Crownes surpriz'd, the Christians haue the day:  
 What shall we leaue the Towne? ALL. I, leaue the Towne.

SOP. 'Tis best, 'tis best to take vs to the field.

TVR. I thinke 'tis best that we make good the breach,  
 And haue no thought of marching towards the field:  
 We leaue a place of much security.

ALL. Why then make good the breach, SOL. It shall be so.  
 Gather our forces to make good the breach.

SOP. Tush, why should we be pent vp in a Towne?  
 Let's ope the gates and boldly issue out,  
 Leauing some few Pikes to make good the breach.  
 What say you Lords? LORDS Then let vs issue out.

ALL. Set ope the gates, and let vs issue out.

SOL. And so expose vs to the generall spoyle.  
 Keepe the gates shut, defend them manfully.

These Christians fight like deuils; keepe fast the gates,  
 And once againe let vs make good the wall.

ALL. Make good the wals, make good the wals.

*Enter*

*The foure Prentises of London.*

*Enter at one doore ROBERT and CHARLES, they meete EV-*  
*STACE with his Trophée: Enter at another doore GODFREY*  
*TANCRED, they meete Gvy with his Trophée.*

ROB. Triumphant honour bouers ore our Armes  
 What gallant spirit brauely hath borne hence  
 The Emperours Standard, slaughtered his proud Guard,  
 And in the steed thereof hung vp his Shield?

EVST. Witnesse this royall Crowne vpon my head,  
 I seiz'd the Ensigne, I hung vp that Shield. *(dard?)*

GODF. What puissant arme snatcht hence the Sophies Stan-  
 Gvy. This Crowne vpon my head, sayes it was I.

CHA. Forgetfull Charles, braue Roberts see the Knight,  
 Whose valour freed vs from the Soldans hands.

ROB. Renowned Christian, euer honoured be,  
 It was thy sword procur'd vs liberty.

EVST. By heauen not I, I neuer came in place,  
 Where Robert or that Gallant were distress:  
 But there are others thanklesse, whom I freed,  
 And now too proud forget that honoured deed.

GODF. 'Twas he releas't vs; honoured stranger thanks,  
 But they are idle offerings from true hearts.  
 Prince Tancred and my selfe, owe thee our liues.

Gvy. You mock me Princes, neuer did my sword  
 Drinke drop of Pagans bloud to set you free:  
 But Robert and that Prince vnthankfull be.

CHA. Whose shield is that?

EVST. Mine.

CHA. Then to you we owe  
 Thanks for our liues, the Pagans overthrow.

EVST. The shield I challenge, but the act deny,  
 I neuer gaue you life or liberty.

GODF. Whose shield is that? Gvy. Mine.

GODF. Then by thee we liue,  
 Thou didst our desperate liues and freedome giue.

Gvy. What meane you Princes to deride a stranger?  
 These eyes did neuer see you two in danger.

I 3

*EVST.*

*The foure Prentises of London.*

EVST. VVho owes that shield?

GV. I: and who owes that? EVST. I.

GV. Thou know'st me then.

EVST. Thankes fortune, that I do.

GV. Haue at thee slaue.

EVST. Braue foe haue at thee too.

*Fight, and are parted by the Princes.*

GODF. VVhat ere your quarrell be, contend no more  
He drawes his sword gainst me that fights againe:  
For I am foe to all descension.

CHA. So are we all, then end these warres in words,  
The Pagans haue employment for your swords. (you,

EVST. For one blow more, take here my Crowne amongst  
Now that my spleene is vp, it will not downe,  
I'll giue you all I haue for one bout more.

GV. Lords, take mine too: by heauen I'll pawne my life  
Against the Soldans head, to bring it you,  
So you will let vs try this maistry.

ROB. Kingdomes nor Crownes can hire it at our hands,  
It shall not be, we say it shall not be.

VVhat are you Lords? we charge you by his honor  
VVhom in your outward habite you professe,  
To tell vs both what and from whence ye are.

GV. You charge vs deeply. I a banisht man,  
VVhom you for mutiny expulst the Camp,  
Yet was I leader of ten thousand French,  
But thought by you vnworthy of these warres.  
Since my exile (Prince Robert view me well)  
I freed your two from base captiuitie.

'Twas I that brought you weapons in the woods,  
And then you term'd me some Celestiall power,  
But being now in safety, you forget  
Your dangers past, and cancell that great debt.

EVST. Nay I am sure you long to know me too.  
I am your Out-law brother, one of your Leaders,  
Banisht with him: that from the Persians rage  
Freed Tancred, and that valiant man at Armes;

How

*The foure Prentises of London.*

How euer now they can forget my prowesse.  
What need you more, I am he that wonne this Crowne,  
And from these high wals pluckt that Ensigne downe.

ROB. You haue redeem'd all your offences past,  
Deseruing best in this society:

But when you freed me, you did beare that shield.

GV. I did, but since exchang'd it with my foe.

GODF. And you did beare that shield.

EVST. True, I did so.

Ah had I bene awake, thou know'st my minde,  
Thou hadst writ thy ruin in blood.

GV. Thy words are mine.

CHA. Leaue brother Godfrey, & the Bullen Duke.

EVST. How! GV. VVhat!

CHA. Do you not know these faces?

GODF. Brother Charles.

EVST. Brother! GV. Charles!

GODF. I'll question with them, for may it not be  
The might escape the seas as well as we?  
I had a brother, sir, resembled you.

EVST. I had a brother too resembled you.

CHA. The Bullen Duke, if euer you haue heard  
Of such a man, had once a sonne like you.

GV. I, and another sonne as much like you.

GODF. My brothers name was *Eustace*.

EVST. *Godfrey* mine.

GV. That Duke cal'd his sonne *Charles*.

CHAR. Mine cal'd his *Gay*.

GODF. My brother *Eustace*!

EVST. *Godfrey*! CHA. *Guy*!

GV. And *Charles*! ALL. Brothers!

ROB. This accident breeds wonders in my thoughts.

GODF. Oh let me curse that head that enuied thee.

GV. Nay curse my heart that emulated thee.

EVST. My brother Out-law, and my owne true brother!

CHA. For euer thus let vs embrace each other.

GODF. When I was cast vpon the *Bullen Strand*,

*The foure Prentises of London.*

I thought none had escaped the seas but I.

Gv. When I was throwne vpon the *French Kings Coast*,  
I thought none had escaped the Seas but I.

CHAR. I thought the seas had fauour'd none but me,  
VVhen I attain'd the shores of *Italy*.

EVST. *Ireland* tooke me, and there I first toucht ground,  
Presuming that my brothers all were drown'd.

ROB. Were ye the foure yong *London Prentises*,  
That in the ships were wrackt on *Goodwins sands*?

Were said to haue perisht then of no repute?  
Now come the least of you to leade an Hoast,  
And to be found the sonnes to a great Duke?

GODF. Witnesse my shield the Trade I haue profest.

Gv. Witnesse my shield I am one amongst the rest.

CHA. Witnesse thou mine.

EVST. And witnesse thou for me.

ROB. We witnesse all your martiall chiuallry.

EVST. And now my foe-turn'd brother, end our hate,  
And praise that Power Diuine who guides our state.

Gv. Diuide we hands and hearts: what hatred rests,  
Powre out in Thunder on the Pagans crests:

EVST. Our ioyes are not at full, they shall not yet  
Know where my sister and their loue remains,  
Vntill these warros haue end. Oh had our God

Not laid our fortunes open, but a brother  
Bene brought in triumph to a sisters bed,  
Cloudes of despaire had maskt our Sunne of ioy.  
Yet will I keepe her secret, and the rather,  
To crowne our haps when we haue freed our father.

*Enter TVRNVS.*

TVR. Christians once more defiance in my tongue,  
Sounds dismall terrour in your fearefull eares.  
The Princes whom I serue, grieue they haue mur'd  
Such an huge Army in a wall of stone,  
And they are thus resolu'd;  
To leaue all place of scorn'd aduantages,

And

*The foure Prentises of London.*

And in a pitcht field end this glorious warre.  
Say, will ye meete them?

ROB. Though he trust his strength,  
Yet will we meete his forces face to face,  
When the dry earth shall quasse your blouds apace.

Gv. And tell the *Soldan* from a Christian Prince,  
That wonne from him these colours, and this Crowne,  
In that pitcht field my head this Crowne shall beare,  
And skarfe-like these athwart my breast I'll beare.

EVST. This for the *Persian's* sake I'll beare in fight,  
And vnder his owne ensigne this day fight.

CHA. Go tell the *Soldan* that he weares my Crowne.  
Fortune hath giuen it me, it is mine owne.

GODF. If thou hast more to say concerning warre,  
Omit thy braues and trifling circumstance:  
Wee'll meete you sooner then you can desire.  
Be gone, be gone, our hearts are all on fire.

TVR. Braue Lords, our conquests will be honourable,  
Because we haue to deale with honoured foes:  
Our pikes stand to receiue you like a wood,  
Wee'll slake our white steeds in your Christian bloud.

TAN. Prepare to meete them, and appoint our powres,  
This day the Citty and themselues are ours.

ROB. Thou vnder whom we fight, this day defend vs,  
For vnto thy protection we commend vs. *Exeunt.*

*Enter at one dore with Drum and Colours, SOLDAN SOPHIE,  
MORETES, TVRNVS, and Souldiers.*

SOL. Great Monarchs, Kings, and Princes of the East,  
Ye come t' encounter with a valiant foe;  
Such as haue swomme huge Riuers, climb'd the Alpes;  
That can endure sharpe hunger; such as shrinke not  
To haue their blouds sod with the dog-daiies heat,  
Nor to be crudled with cold *Saturnes* rod.  
What honour were it for an Hoast of Giants,  
To combat with a Pigmee Nation?

K

No,

*The foure Prentises of London.*

No. Lords, the foe we must encounter with,  
Is full of spirit and maiesticke spleene,  
Strong, hardy, and their hearts inuincible.  
Destroy these, and you winne your selues a name,  
And all the nations of the earth shall feare you.

SOP. The more renown'd the foe is, the more famous  
Shall be our conquest, the more great their fall.  
Come Lords, diuide we our battalions.

SOL. Be yours the Vaward.

SOP. I will giue the charge.

SOL. *Turnus*, haue you the Rere-ward, I the battell,  
*Morces*, thou this day shalt leade the horse  
Take thou the Cornet, *Turnus* thou the Archers,  
Be thine the Guidon, I the men at Armes  
Be mine this Ensigne.

SOP. Then mount our Canons, let our flanking peeces  
Raile on the Christian Army with widemouthes.  
For I this day will lead the forlorne hope,  
The Camifado shall be giuen by me.

TVR. Already they haue plac't their battery,  
Their Ordinance stand fit to beate the Flankes.

SOL. My Cannoniers need no instruction.  
Come, let vs line our Pikes with Musketers,  
And so attend the Christians fatall charge.

*Enter marching, ROBERT, TANCRED, GODFREY, GUY,  
CHARLES, EVSTACE, Drumme and Souldiers.*

ROB. Princes, this day we are espous'd to death:  
A better place to die in, then this vale, in which our Saviours  
What man in all our Army could desire? (Sepulchre remains,  
Speake, how haue you dispos'd our Officers.

GODF. Your Grace is Captaine Generall of the Army.

GV. And *Godfrey* you high Marshall, and Maister of the  
And as assistants you haue vnder you (Campe,  
The Serieant Maior, Quarter-maister, Prouost,  
And Captaine of the Spions.

GODF.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

GODF. My brother *Guy* chiefe Generall of the Horse  
To serue him his Lifetenant Colonell  
Captaines and Skout-maisters.

EVST. My brother *Charles* Generall of the Artillery,  
Vnder him his Lifetenant commissaries of Munitions,  
Gentlemen of the Artillery, Colonell of Pyoners,  
Trench Maisters, and carriage Maisters.

CHA. My brother *Evstace* Treasurer of the Campe,  
And vnder him the Auditors, Muster-maisters, & Commissaries.

EVST. Prince *Tancred* is our Royall Secretary,  
Without whom nothing is concluded on.  
Thus are the speciall Offices dispos'd.

TAN. Princes, what order take you for the assault.  
ROB. One halfe maintaine the battry beate the wals,  
Whilst the other keepes them play in the open fields.

GODF. We shall not need to blocke the breach with Forts,  
Victuals and forage are at pleasure ours.  
Stockadoes, Palizadoes, stop their waters.  
Bulwarkes and Curtaines all are batterd downe  
And we are safe entrencht by Pyoners.  
Our Case-mates, Caualliers, and Counterscarfes,  
Are well suruei'd by all our Engineers.  
Fortifications, Ramparts, Parapets;  
That we at pleasure may assault the way,  
Which leads vnto the gate *Antiochia*.

GV. Whilst you intend the wals, shall my bard horse  
Giue a braue onset, shiuering all their Pikes,  
Arm'd with their Grecues and Macs, and broad Swords,  
Prooffe Cuiraces, and open Burganets.

CHA. Yet let vs looke our battell be well man'd,  
With shot, Bills, Halberds, and prooffe Targettiers.

EVST. No man but knowes his charge. Brothers and friends,  
See where they stand for vs; this night shall hide  
All their bright glory which now swels with pride.

SOL. Christians? EVST. Pagans?

SOL. Behold our Campe.

ROB. *Soldan*, suruey ours too.

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SOL.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

SOL. From *Ganges* to the Bay of *Calcutt*,  
From *Turkey* and the three-fold *Arabie*:  
From *Saxin* Eastward vnto *Nubia's* bounds,  
From *Lybia* and the Land of *Mauritans*,  
And from the red Sea to the wilderneffe,  
Haue we vnpeopled Kingdomes for these warres,  
To be reueng'd on you base Christians.

ROB. From *England*, the best brood of martiall spirits,  
Whose wals the Ocean washeth white as snow,  
For which you strangers call it *Albion*:  
From *France*, a Nation both renown'd and fear'd,  
From *Scotland*, *Wales*, euen to the *Irish* Coast,  
Beyond the pillars great *Arcides* rear'd,  
At *Gades* in *Spain* vnto the *Pyrene* Hills,  
Haue we assembled men of dauntlesse spirits,  
To scourge you hence ye damned Infidels.

SOP. Within our troupes are sturdy bands of *Moores*,  
Of *Babylonians*, *Persians*, *Bactrians*,  
Of *Grecians*, *Ruffians*, of *Tartarians*, *Turkes*,  
Euen from the fouds that grow from *Paradise*  
Vnto this place where the Brooke *Kedron* runnes.

GV. Within our Troupes are *English*, *French*, *Scotch*, *Dutch*,  
*Italians* of Prince *Tancred's* Regiment.  
Euen from the Seas that wall in *Albion*,  
As farre as any Riuer or Brooke runnes,  
That Christian diinkes on, haue we people here,

TYR. To make our streetes red with your Christian blood.

CHAR. To drowne you slaues in a vermillion foud.

MOR. To burne your bodies o're your Prophets graue.

EVST. To lead your Emperour Captiue like a slaue.

SOL. To make your guide trot by my chariot wheele.

TAN. To lash your armour with these rods of Steele.

SOP. Then to extirpe you all, ye *Persian* powers,  
Assist our courage, make the conquest ours.

ROB. God match thy might with theirs, protect vs to,  
To let this people know what thou canst do.

SOL. A charge, a charge, raile drummes, and Cannons rore,  
Christians,

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Christians, at home your friends abroad deplore.

GODF. Christians at home abroad our conquests fame,  
Thou God of Hosts this day make knowne thy name.

*Alarm.* *Loyne battell: The Christians are beaten off. The Soldan*  
*victoriously leades off his Souldiers marching.*

Enter CHARLES and GODFREY with Pistols.

CHA. Oh God, that multitude should more then manhood,  
That we should thus be borne downe with a presse,  
Be throng'd and shouldered from the place we keepe!

GODF. For euery man we leade, the foe hath ten,  
Their weapons tops appeare about their heads,  
In as thicke number as the spikes of graine  
Vpon a well-til'd land: they haue more liues,  
Then all our tired armes could fend to death,  
If they should yeld their bare breasts to our swords.

CHA. What should we do? we are encompass round,  
Girded with thousand thousands in a ring.  
And like a man left on a dangerous rocke,  
That waites the climbing tide rise to destroy him:  
What way so'er he lookes, sees nought but death:  
So we, the bloody tide growes vp apace,  
Whose waues will swallow vs and all our race.  
Where's *Guy* and *Enflace*?

GODF. Gone to scale a Tower  
In which our sather lies: Oh I did see them  
Cut downe a wood of men vpon the suddaine.  
Their swords cut lances, as a sith cuts grasse:  
Their valour seemes to me miraculous.  
Thou Saviour of the world, whose Crosse we beare,  
Infuse our hearts with courage, theirs with feare. *Exeunt.*

Enter SOLDAN, SOPHIE, and Souldiers. *Alarm.*  
Enter GUY and EVSTACE with their sasher.

EVST. A Syon, a Syon,

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Gv. A *Ierusalem*.

EvsT. A father, and in him a Crowne of ioy.

Gv. A *Syon*, a *Ierusalem*, a father.

EvsT. Through their Decurians, Centurions and Legions,  
Captaines of thousands, and ten thousands guards,  
We haue ventured euen vpon the Cannons mouth,  
And scal'd the bulwarkes where their Ordinance plaide.  
The strength of Armies triumphes in those Armes,  
We haue surpriz'd the Fortresse and the Hold:  
My shield I haue had cut peece-meale from mine arme.  
But now you would haue taken me for an Archer,  
So many arrowes were slucke heere and here,  
The Pagans thought to make a Quiuer of mee.

*Alarum enter Pagans.*

See brother, how the foe freshly forces gather!

A *Syon*, a *Ierusalem*, a father.

*Euery one by turne takes vp their father, and carries him:*

*Enter the two brothers, they aide and second them.*

*And with a shout carry him away,*

*Alarum: Enter SOLDAN, SOPHIE.*

SOL. An Engineer, call forth an Enginer.

SOP. Why, what to do, my Lord?

SOL. Ile make these Turrets dance among the Clouds,  
Before the Christians shall inhabite them.

SOP. Yet there is hope of conquest, fight braue *Soldan*.

SOL. These Christians rage, like spirits coniu'd vp,  
Their thundring Ordinance spit huge clouds of fire,  
They runne against the wals like iron rammes,  
And beare them downe afore them with their breasts.

SOP. Fortune thou art too enuious of our glory,  
Behold the two great'st Emperours of the earth,  
The *Babylonian Soldan*, and great *Sophy*;  
Vnueile thine eyes, and looke vpon our fals.

SOL. Fortune and fate, and death, the diuell and all,

*Enter*

*The foure Prentises of London.*

*Enter Moretes and Turnus,*

Oppose themselves against vs. Now what newes?

MOR. Death. SOP. VVhat newes bring'st thou?

TVR. Confusion.

SOL. That death was once my slaue, but now my Lord.

SOP. Confusion was once page vnto my sword.  
Is the day lost? TVR. Lost.

SOL. Must we needs despaire? MOR. Despaire.

SOL. We will not, we will die resolutely,  
The Palace we will make a slaughter-house,  
The streets a Shambles, Kennels shall runne blood,  
Downe from Mount *Syon*, with such hideous noise,  
As when great showres of water fals from Hills.

SOP. Through which way did they make irruption first?

TVR. Through the gate, call'd *Antiochia*.  
The selfe-same breach that Romane *Tiim* made,  
When he destroy'd this Citty, they burst ope.

SOL. There is some vertue in the Crosse they weare,  
It makes them strong as Lyons, swift as Roes.  
Their resolutions make them Conquerours,  
They haue tane our Royall Standard from the wals,  
In place whereof they haue aduanc'd their Crosse,

SOP. I will not I suruiue so foule a shame,  
Once more vnite our powers, (I meane our selves)  
For all powers else haue fail'd vs; brauely fight,  
That our declining sunne may make there night!

*Enter the foure breshren.*

SOL. Christians, base Christians, heare vs when we call,  
Eternall darkenesse shall confound you all.

*Alarum. The foure breshren each of them kill a Pa-*  
*gan King, take of their Crownes; and exeunt: two one*  
*way, and two another way. Retrait.*

*Enter ROBERT, TANCRED, GODFREY, GUY,*  
*CHARLES, EYSTACE, Old Duke, Drumme, Colours, and*  
*Souldiers.*

ROB. Now smoth againe the wrinkles of your browes,

*And*



*The foure Prentises of London.*

And wash the bloud from off your hands in milke:  
With penitentiall praises laude our God,  
Ascribe all glory to the heavenly Powers,  
Since *Syon* and *Hierusalem* are ours.

TANC. We do abhorre a heart pufft vp, with pride,  
That attributes these conquests to our strength;  
'Twas God that strengthened vs and weakned them,  
And gaue vs *Syon* and *Hierusalem*.

GODF. Thou that dost muster Angels in the sky,  
That in thy selfe hast power of victory:  
Make thy name shine, bright as the noone-tide Sun,  
Since *Syon* and *Ierusalem* are won.

OLD D. My former want hath now sufficient store,  
For hauing seene this, I desire no more.  
How faire and smoth my streame of pleasure runnes,  
To looke at once on *Syon* and my sonnes!

GV. Shoures of abouondance raine into our lips,  
To make repentance grow within our hearts.  
What greater earthly blisse could heauen powre downe,  
Then *Syon*, our deere father, and this Towne?

CHA. Then to confirme these conquests God hath giuen vs,  
Seal'd with the bloud of Kings and Emperours;  
Let vs elect a King, that may maintaine  
Our honours with the deaths of Monarches slaine.

EVST. Call forth the Patriarch of *Ierusalem*,  
His right hand must bequeath that dignity.

GODF. With teares I speake it, lagging in the traine  
Of the distressed *Soldan* he was slaine.

ROB. Prais'd be our God, we haue reueng'd his death,  
Great Potentates consort him to his graue.

CHA. What man, for grauity and sanctity,  
May we thinke worthy of this honoured place?

ROB. Whose yeares, deuotion, and most sacred life,  
Better can fit that holy place, then his  
Whose worthy sonnes haue brought to end these warres?

Princes, ioyne hands, inuest him all at once. *Flourish*.

OLD D. My feruent zeale, bids I should not deny:

It

*The foure Prentises of London.*

It brings my soule to heauen before I die.

EVST. But Princes, whom will yee elect the King,  
To guard this City from succeeding perill.

GODF. *Robert of Normandy*.

ROB. Oh chose Prince *Tancred* rather,

TANC. Too weake is my desert, and I refuse it.

EVST. Then put it too most voices.

ALL. *Robert of Normandy*.

ROB. Princes, we much commend you for your loues:

But letters from *England* tell me *William's* dead,

And by succession left the Crowne to me.

I say Prince *Godfrey* hath deseru'd it best.

TAN. So *Tancred* sayes.

ALL. And so say all the rest.

GODF. Princes, ye presse me downe with too much honours,

And load a soule that cannot beare them vp.

Disswade me not, no counsell I will heare.

Behold a Crowne which *Godfrey* meanes to weare! *A Crowne*

This made the bloud run from our Sauiours Browe *of Thornes*.

No Crowne but this can *Godfreyes* heart allow.

Prayers are my pride, deuotion drawes my sword,

No pompe but this can *Bullens* soule afford.

My vow's irreuocable, state I refuse;

No other Crowne but this will *Godfrey* chuse.

TAN. If he refuse the place, elect Prince *Guy*;

Most voices; shall he haue the Scepter? ALL. I.

ROB. Then Crowne him straight, and henceforth let his name

Be through the world call'd *Guy* of *Leffingham*.

All these desire it, I consent with them;

Long liue Prince *Guy*, King of *Hierusalem*. *Flourish*:

GV. The Crowne is burst, and parted from my head;

I feare the heauens are angry with your choice.

OLD D. Sonne *Guy* they are not. By Diuine instinct

The heauens haue lent me a Propheticke spirit.

This shewes thy troublous raigne, mutines from farre,

Shall fright thy Townes and Prouinces with warre.

GV. If it be nothing else, Crowne me againe,

L

Wce

*The foure Prentises of London.*

We haue a heart our Kingdome to maintaine.  
What honours do my brothers heads awaite?

ROB. Prince *Eustace*, you shall weare this Crowne of State,  
Be King of *Sicil* and command that Isle.  
Lord *Charles*, the crowne of *Cyprus* longs to you,  
That in the fight the King of *Cyprus* sluc.  
One generall voyce at once proclaime them Kings. *Flourish.*

CHA. In memory of this solemnity,  
Here will I leaue this Scutchion borne by mee:  
That in what coast so e're my bones be laid,  
This shield may be an honour to my Trade.

EVST. Mine shall hang there, a trophee of my fame,  
My Trade is famous by King *Eustace* name.

GVY. In memory a king hath borne this shield,  
I adde these Challices to this Argent Field.

GODF. In honour of my first profession  
That shield in all these warres by *Godfrey* borne,  
I crowne this Maids head with a wreath of Thorne.

OLD D. Oh were my daughter here this ioy to see;  
How light her soule! how glad would my heart bee!

TANC. VVould I had now my loue.

GVY. Or I that Dame,  
That addes to beauties sunne a brighter flame.

ROB. VVere the faire virgine here, I would renoune  
Her glorious beauty with the *English* Crowne.

EVST. Princes, Ple fit you all, Lady come forth.

*Enter BELLA FRANCA.*

BELL. The louely Princes.

TAN. Faire Mistresse!

CHA. Lady! GODF. Madame!

GV. Honoured *Saint!*

BELL. Nay pardon me, loue comes not by constraint.  
But Princes, will you grant me patience,  
Before I part, I meane to please you all.  
First holy Patriarch, tell me of all others,  
Whom in the world you most desire to see;

OLD D. My daughter.

BELL.

*The foure Prentises of London.*

BELL. Prince *Godfrey*, *Charles* and *Eustace*, whom say you?

ALL. Next your selfe our sister.

BELL. And whom you?

TAN. My loue. BELL. Who's that?

TANC. Your honoured selfe faire Maid.

BELL. Nay, Ple make good the words that I haue said.  
Father, I giue a daughter to your hand:  
Brothers, behold, here doth your sister stand.  
*Tancred* behold the Lady you once ceas'd,  
Onely I leaue Prince *Robert* here displeas'd.

OLD D. My daughter *Bella Franca!*

BRO. Sister! TANC. Loue!

OLD D. I am to happy, and too full of ioy.  
Heauen powres on me more good then I can beare:  
I that before was steru'd, now surfet here.

ROB. Princes, and Lady, nothing can displease vs,  
For we perrake in all this glad content,  
And with applause reioyce this accident.

*Tancred* reioyce, your loue, and you your friends,  
Where you beginne with marriage, our loue ends.  
Kings, & kings Peeres, to heauen ascribe the glory,  
Whilst we to Chronicles report this story.

GV. Make loue vnto my sister! 'tis most strange,  
Now *Guy* I would thy hadst thy *French* loue here.  
My heart should grant her what I then refus'd.  
Now hauing got this state of dignity,  
I grieue that I haue so obdurate beene,  
But for amends would make her *Syons* Queene.

EVST. And well remembred brother, I must now  
Entreate you for a pretty boy your Page,  
That hath on some occasion stray'd from you.

GV. Oh brother, where's the villaine?

EVST. Pardon him, and I will tell you.

GV. Great were th'offence, I would not cleare for you.

EVST. The poore boy, brother, staves within my Tent,  
But so disguis'd you cannot know him now,  
For hee's turn'd wench: and but I know the wagge,

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To

*The foure Prentises of London.*

To be a boy, to see him thus transform'd,  
I should haue sworne he had bene a wench indeed.

Gv. Pray, let me see him, brother in that habite,  
I would not loose the villaine for more gold,  
Then *Syon* would be sold for; he will blush  
To be tane tardy in his Maids attire.

EVST. You haue pardoned him?

Gv. I haue. EVST. Then *lacke* appears:  
*Enter the French Lady.*

Nay blush not to be in your womans geere.

Gv. Leape heart, dance spirit, be merry iocund soule,  
'Tis she vndoubtedly.

FREN.LAD. You know me then?

Gv. I do, 'twas that disguise,  
That all this while hath blinded my cleere eyes.

EVST. Fie, are you not asham'd to kisse a boy,  
And in your armes to graspe him with such ioy?

Gv. She is no boy, you do mistake her quite.

EVST. A boy, a Page, a wagtaile by this light.  
VVhat say you sifter?

BELL. Sure he told me so,  
For if he be a maide, I made him one.

EVST. Do not mistake the sex man, for he's none,  
It is a rogue, a wag, his name is *lacke*,  
A notable dissembling lad, a Crack.

Gv. Brother, 'tis you that are deceiu'd in her,  
Be shrew her, she hath bene my bedfellow  
A yeare and more, yet I had not the grace.

Brothers receiue a sifter; reuerent father  
Accept a daughter, whilst I take a wife,  
And of a great Kings daughter make a Queene.

This is the beauteous virgin, the *French Lady*,  
To whom my fortune still remains in debt.

EVST. A Lady, then I cry you mercy brother,  
A gallant Bride-would I had such another.

FREN.L. A wondrous change 'tis that your Page hath bene  
Is now at length transform'd to be your Queene.

Pardon

*The foure Prentises of London.*

Pardon me *Guy*, my loue drew me along,  
No shamelesse lust.

Gv. Faire Saint, I did you wrong,  
If fortune had not bene your friend in this,  
You had not laine thus long without a kisse.  
Father, embrace her; brothers; sifter, all.

OLD D. This fortune makes our ioyes meere comicall.  
The fame of our successe all *Europe* rings:  
The father, Patriarch, sees his sonnes all Kings.

ROB. The heauens are full of bounty; then braue Princes,  
First in the Temple hang these Trophies vp,  
As a remembrance of your fortunes past.

You good old father, weare your Patriarchs Roabes,  
Prince *Godfrey*, walke you with your Crowne of *Thornes*;  
*Guy* with his Lady; *Tancred* with his wife:

*Charles* with his Crowne of *Cyprus*, and yong *Eustace*  
Crown'd with the rich *Sicilian* Diadem;

I with the honour of the Pagans deaths.  
So in Proceffion walke we to *CHRISTS* Tombe,  
With humble hearts to pay our Pilgrimes voves.  
Repaire we to our Countries, that once done,  
For *Syon* and *Ierusalem* are wonne.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.