

Actus primus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophers Sir.
Begger.
Le phoeze you in faith.

Then take him yp, and manage well the left,
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my vvanton pictures,
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,

S

BAPTISTA: How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Rogues. Look in the Chronicles, we came
Richard Conqueror: therefore Paw-
cas pallabris
Hest. You
Beg. No
cold bed, an
Hest. I kn
borough.
Beg. Thir
him by Law
and kindly

To make a delcct and a heavenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
To say what is your Honor's Command
And stand with all my hand
And stand with all my hand
And stand with all my hand

Winde horse
Lo: Hunt
Brach Merim
And couple
Saw'ft thou
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,
I would not loofe the dogge for twentie pound.

If it be husbanded with modestie.
1. Huntf. My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
he shall thinke by our true diligence
He is no lesse then what we say he is.

What was the place called?
Huntf. V
He cried vpon it at the meekest loue,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulcest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.
Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Ecebo* were as fleetr,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such:
But sup them well, and looke vnto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.
Sound trumpets.

Huntf. I will my Lord.
Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth
he breath?
2. Hun. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd
with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will praclife on this druncken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet clothes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds,
Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling some journey) to repose him heere.
Enter Seruingman.

1. Hun. Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choofe.
2. H. It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd
Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthless fancie.

How now? who is it?
Ser. An't please your Honor, Players
That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter Players.
Lord. Bid them cooke neeres
Now fellowes, you are welcome.
Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?
2. Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our
dutie.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
It was where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
Thau forgot your name: but sure that part