The Tudor Facsimile Texts

George a Greene
the Pinner of Wakefield

1599

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Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
MCMXIII

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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This facsimile of “George a Greene” is from the Museum copy. Other copies were in the Huth (since disposed) the Dyce (imperfect) and Chatsworth collections. The title-page of the last mentioned—it is herein given in facsimile—has MS. notes upon it, apparently in a contemporary hand, but which have been clipped by the binder:—

“Written by . . . . . . . . . a minifter, who ac[ted]
th piners pt in it himself. Tefte W. Shakefpea[re].
“Ed. Iuby faith that y’s play was made by Ro. Gree[ne].”

The Devonshire copy apparently passed into the Chatsworth library at the Rhodes sale.

Robert Green is generally credited with the authorship of this play: the pros and cons are discussed in most of the “Complete Works” of this poet and dramatist.

The reproduction from the original is reported as “very satisfactorily done.”

JOHN S. FARMER.
A PLEASANT CONCEYTED CO.
medic of George a Greene, the Pinner
of D Wakefield.

Written in a minister's hand by
printed at London. The W. Shakespeare
As it was sundry times acted by the servants of the right
Honourable the Earle of Sussex.

Ed. July 1599. This play was never of R. Greene.

Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford
for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop
over the Royal Exchange. 1599.
A PLEASANT
CONCEYTED COMEDIE of George a Greene, the Pinner of WAKEFIELD.

As it was sundry times acted by the servants of the right Honourable the Earle of Sussex.

Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.
A pleasant conceyted Comedie of George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefeld.

Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the Lord Bonſfeld, Sir Gilbert Armstrong, and John.

Earle of Kendall.

Welcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen, L. Bonſfeld, & Sir Gilbert Armstrong both, And all my troupes, euen to my baseſt groome, Courage and welcome, for the day is ours: Our caufe is good, it is for the lands auayle: Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good. Omnes. We will, my Lord.

Kendall. As I am Henrie Momſford, Kendals Earle, You honour me with this assent of yours, And here vpon my sword I make protest,
The pleasaunt Comedie of

For to relieue the poore, or dye my selfe:
And know, my Lords, that James, the King of Scots,
Warres hard vpou the borders of this land:
Here is his Post: say, John Taylour,
What newes with King James?

John Warre, my Lord: tell, and good newes I trow:
For king James vowes to meete you the 26. of this month,
God willing, marie doth he sir.
Kendall. My friends, you see what we have to winne,
Well, John, commend me to king James,
And tell him I will meete him the 26. of this month,
And all the rest: and so farewel. Exit John.

Bonfild, why stand'st thou as a man in dumps?
Courage: for if I winne, I'll make thee Duke:
I Henry Momford will be King my selfe,
And I will make thee Duke of Lancaster,
And Gilbert Armstrong Lord of Doncaster.

Bonfild. Nothing, my Lord, makes me amazde at all,
But that our soldiiers findes our victuals scant:
We must make hauocke of those countrey Swaynes:
For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,
And humbly send prouision to your campe.

Gilb. My Lord Bonfild giues good advice,
They make a scorne and stand vpou the King:
So what is brought, is sent from them perforce;
Aske Mannering else.

Kend. What sayest thou, Mannering?

Man. When as I shew'd your high commission,
They made this answer,  
Oney to send provision for your horses.  
Kend. Well, say thee to Wakefield, bid the Towne  
To send me all provision that I want.  
Least I, like martiall Tamberlaine, lay waste  
Their bordering Countries,  
And leaving none alie that contradicts my Commission.  
Man. Let me alone, my Lord, Ile make them  
Vayle their plumes: for whatloere he be;  
The proudest Knigh, Iustice, or other, that gaynslayerth  
Your word, Ile clap him fast, to make the rest to feare.  
Kend. Doe so Nick: hye thee thither presently,  
And let vs heare of thee againe to morrowe.  
Man. Will you not remoue, my Lord?  
Kend. No: I will lye at Bradford all this night,  
And all the next: come, Bonfield, let vs goe,  
And listen out some bonny lasses here.  

Enter the Iustice, a Townesman, George a Greene, and  
Sir Nicholas Mannering with his Commission.  

Iustice. M. Mannering, stand aside, whilst we conferre  
What is best to doe.  
Townesmen of Wakefield, the Earle of Kendall  
Here hath sent for victuals;  
And in ayding him, we shewe our selues  
No lesse than traytours to the King:  
Therefore let me heare, Townesmen,  
What is your contents.
The pleasant Comedie of

Townes. Even as you please we are all content.

Justice. Then M. Mannering we are resolu'd.

Man. As howe?

Justice. Marry sir, thus.

We will send the Earle of Kendall no victuals,

Because he is a traytoure to the King,

And in ayding him we shewe our leues no lesse.

Man. Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen madde;

That present danger cannot whet your wits,

Wiseely to make prouision of your selues?

The Earle is thirtie thousand men strong in power,

And what towne so euer him resist,

He layes it flat, and leuell with the ground:

Ye silly men, you seeke your owne decay:

Therefore send my Lord such prouision as he wants,

So he will spare your towne, and come no nceerer

Wakefield then he is.

Justice. Master Mannering, you haue your answer,

You may be gone.

Man. Well, Woodroffe, for so I gesse is thy name,

Ile make thee curse thy ouerthwart deniall,

And all that sit upon the bench this day,

Shall rue the houre they haue withstood my Lords

Commission.

Justice. Doe thy worst, we feare thee not.

Man. See you these seales? before you passe the towne,

I will haue all things my Lord doth want,

Inspite of you.
George a Greene. Proud dapper Lacke, wayle bonnet to
The bench,
That represents the person of the King,
Or sirra, Ite lay thy head before thy feete.

Man. Why, who art thou?

George. Why, I am George a Greene,
True liegeman to my King,
Who scornes that men of such esteeme as these,
Should brooke the braues of any trayterous squire:
You of the bench, and you my fellowe friends,
Neighbours, we subiects all vnto the King,
We are English borne, and therefore Edwards friends,
Voude vnto him eu'n in our mothers wombe,
Our mindes to God, our hearts vnto our King,
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcases,
Be all King Edwards: then sirra, we haue
Nothing left for traytours, but our swordes,
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods,
And dye against you, before we send you any viueral.
Justice. Well spoken, George a Greene.
Towns. Pray let George a Greene speake for vs.
George. Sirra you get no viuerals here,
Not if a hoose of beepe would saue your liues.

Man. Fellowe, I stand amazde at thy presumption:
Why, what art thou that dares to saynay my Lord,
Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke?
Why, my friend, I come not barely of my selfe:
For see, I have a large Commission.

George
The pleasant Comedie of

George. Let me see it, sirra.
Whole seales be these?
Man. This is the Earle of Kendals seale at armes,
This Lord Charnel Bonfields,
And this Sir Gilbert Armestrongs.
George. I tell thee, sirra, did good King Edwards sonne
Seale a commissi on against the King his father,
Thus would I teare it in despite of him,

Heteares the Commission.

Being traytour to my Soueraigne.
Man. What? haft thou torned my Lords Commission?
Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.
George. What, are you in choler? I will giue you pilles
To coole your stomacke.
Seest thou these seales?
Now by my fathers soule, which was a yeoman,
When he was alioe, cate them,
Or eate my daggers poynt, proud squire.
Man. But thou dost but iest, I hope.
George. Sure that shall you see, before we two part.
Man. Well, and there be no remedie, so George,
One is gone: I pray thee no more nowe.
George. O sir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt.
So sir, nowe you may goe tell the Earle of Kendall,
Although I haue rent his large Commission,
Yet of curtse sie I haue sent all his seales
Backe againe by you.
Man. Well, sir, I will doe your arrant. Exit.

George.
George. Nowe let him tell his Lord, that he hath
Spoke with George a Greene,
Right pinne of merrie Wakefield towne,
That hath phisicke for a foole,
Pilles for a traytours that doeth wrong his Soueraigne.
Are you content with this that I haue done?
Justice. I, content, George:
For highly haue thou honourd Wakefield towne,
In cutting of proud Mannerin to shor.
Come, thou shalt be my welcome guest to day;
For well thou haue deseru'd reward and fauour.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter olde Musgroue, and yong Cuddie his sonne.
Cuddie. Now gentle father lift vnto thy sonne,
And for my mothers loue,
That earst was blythe and bonny in thine eye,
Grant one petition that I shall demaund.
Olde Musgroue. What is that, my Cuddie?
Cuddie. Father, you knowe the ancient enmitie of late;
Betweene the Musgroues and the wily Scottes,
Whereof they haue othe,
Not to leaue one aliue that strides a lansce.
O Father, you are olde, and wayning age vnto the grauæ:
Olde William Musgroue, which whilome was thought,
The brauest horseman in all Westmerland,
Is weake, and forst to stay his arme vpon a staffe,
That earst could wield a lansce:

B 1.

Then,
The pleasant Comedie of

Then, gentle Father, resigne the hold to me;
Give arms to youth, and honour unto age.
Mus. Aunt, false hearted boy, my joyns doe quake,
Even with anguishe of thy verie words.
Hath William Musgroue seene an hundred yeres?
Have I bene feard and dreaded of the Scottes,
That when they heard my name in any roade,
They fled away, and posted thence amaine?
And shall I dye with shame nowe in mine age?
No, Cuddie, no, thus resolue I,
Here haue I liu’d, and here will Musgroue dye.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Lord Bonsfeld, Sir Gilbert Armestrong,
M. Grime, and Bettiris his daughter.

Bon. Now, gentle Grime, God a mercy for our good chere,
Our fare was royall, and our welcome great,
And sith so kindly thou haft entertained vs,
If we returne with happie victorie,
We will deale as friendly with thee in recompence.
Grime. Your welcome was but dutie, gentle Lord:
For wherefore haue we giuen vs our wealth,
But to make our betters welcome when they come?
O, this goes hard when traytours must be flattered:
But life is sweete, and I cannot withstand it:
God (I hope) will revenge the quarrell of my King.
Gilb. What said you, Grime?
Grime. I say, sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,
I curse the houre that ere I got the girle.
For sir, she may have many wealthy suitors,
And yet she disdaines them all, to have
Poore George a Greene vnto her husband.

Bonfild. On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy Daughter;
But she in quirkes and quiddities of love,
Sets me to schoole, she is so ouerwise.
But, gentle girle, if thou wilt forfake
The pinner, and be my loue, I will aduaunce thee high:
To dignifie those haires of amber hiew,
Ile grace them with a chaplet made of pearle,
Set with choice rubies, sparkes, and diamonds,
Planted vpon a veluet hood to hide that head,
Wherein two saphires burne like sparkling fire:
This will I doe, faire Bettris, and farre more,
If thou wilt loue the Lord of Doncaster.

Bettris. Heigh ho, my heart is in a higher place,
Perhaps on the Earle, if that be he,
See where he comes, or angrie or in love;
For why, his colour looketh discontent.

Kendall. Come, Nick, followe me.

Enter the Earle of Kendall and Nicholas Mannering.

Bonfild. Howe nowe, my Lord? what newes?
Kendall. Such newes, Bonfild, as will make thee laugh,
And fret thy fill, to heare how Nick was vconde:
Why, the Iustices stand on their termes,
Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words.
The pleasant Comedie of

He layd the lawe unto the Justices,
With threatening braues, that one lookt on another,
Ready to stoope: but that a churle came in,
One George a Greene, the pinner of the towne,
And with his dagger drewne layd hands on Nick,
And by no beggers swore that we were traytours,
Rent our Commission, and upon a braue,
Made Nick to err the seales, or brooke the stabbe:
Poore Mannering afraid, came postling hither straight.
Bettris. Oh louely George, fortune be still thy friend,
And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy minde,
In all accords, euent to thy hearts desire.
Bonfild. What sayes faire Bettris?
Grimes. My Lord, she is praying for George a Greene:
He is the man, and she will none but him.
Bonfild. But him? why, looke on me, my girle:
Thou knowest, that yesternight I courted thee,
And swore at my returne to wedde with thee:
Then tell me, loue, shall I haue all thy faire?
Bettris. I care not for Earle, nor yet for Knight,
Nor Baron that is so bold:
For George a Greene the merrie pinner,
He hath my heart in hold.
Bonfild. Bootlesse, my Lord, are many vaine replies.
Let vs hye vs to Wakefield, and send her the pinners head.
Kend. It shallbe so. Grime, gramercie,
Shut vp thy daughter, bridle her affects,
Let me not misse her when I make returne:

Therefore
Therefore looke to her, as to thy life, good Grime.
Grime. I warrant you, my Lord.

Ex. Grime & Bettris.

Ken. And Bettris, leave a base pinner, for to loue an Earle.
Faine would I see this pinner George a Greene.

It shall be thus:
Nick Mannering shall lead on the battell,
And we three will goe to Wakefield in some disguise:
But howsoever, Ile haue his head to day. Ex. omnes.

Enter the King of Scots, Lord Humes, with soildiers and Iohnie.

King. Why, Iohnie: then the Earle of Kendall is blithe,
And hath brave men that troupe along with him.
Iohnie. I marie, my liege, and hath good men
That come along with him,
And vowes to meete you at Scrasblesea, God willing.

King. If good S. Andrewe lend King Iame leaue,
I will be with him at the pointed day.
But soft: whose pretie boy art thou?

Enter Iane a Barleys sonne.

Ned. Sir, I am sonne vnto Sir Iohn a Barley,
Eldest and all that ere my mother had,
Edward my name.

Iane. And whither art thou going, pretie Ned?

Ned. To seke some birdes, and kil Ichem, if I can:
And now my scholemaster is also gone:
So haue I libertie to ply my bowe:

B. 3.

For
The pleasant Comedie of

For when he comes, I stirre not from my booke.

Iames. Lord Humes, but marke the vilage of this child,
By him I gesse the beautie of his mother:
None but Leda could breede Helena.
Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother.
Ned. Not but her selfe and household servants, sir:
If you would speake with her, knocke at this gate.
Iames. Iohnie, knocke at that gate.

*Enter Iane a Barley upon the wallaes.*

Iane. O, I am betraide: what multitudes be these?
Iames. Fear not, faire Iane: for all these men are mine,
And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me:
I am thy lover Iames the King of Scottes,
That oft haue sued and wooed with many letters,
Painting my outward passions with my pen,
When as my inward soule did bleede for woe:
Little regard was giuen to my soule,
But haply thy husbands presence wrought it:
Therefore, sweete Iane, I fittet me to time,
And hearing that thy husband was from home,
Am come to craue what long I haue desirde.
Ned. Nay, soft you, sir, you get no entrance here,
That seeke to wrong sir Iohn a Barley so,
And offer such dishonour to my mother.
Iames. Why, what dishonour, Ned?
Ned. Though young, yet often haue I heard
My father lay,
No greateor wrong than to be made cuckold.
Were I of age, or were my bodie strong,
Were he ten Kings, I would shooe him to the heart,
That should attempt to giue sir John the horne.

Mother, let him not come in,
I will goe lie at Lockie Millers house.

James. Stay him.

Lan. I, well said, Ned, thou hast giuen the King
His answere:
For were the ghost of Cesar on the earth,
Wrapped in the wonted glorie of his honour,
He should not make me wrong my husband so:
But good King James is pleasant, as I gesse,
And means to trie what humour I am in,
Elfe would he neuer have brought an hofte of men,
To haue them witnes of his Scottish lust.

James. Ian, in faith, Ian.

Lan. Neuer reply: for I protest by the highest
Holy God,
That doometh just reuenge for things amisse,
King James of all men shall not hate my loue.

James. Then lift to me, Saint Andrewe be my boote,
But He rase thy castel to the verie ground,
Unlesse thou open the gate, and let me in.

Lan. I feare thee not, King Iamie, doe thy worst:
This castel is too strong for thee to scale:
Besides, to morrowe will sir John come home.

James. Well, Ian, since thou disdainst King James loue,
Ic drawe thee on with sharpe and deepe extremes:
The pleasant Comedie of

For by my fathers soule, this brat of thine,
Shall perish here before thine eyes,
Vnlesse thou open the gate, and let me in.

Iane. O deepe extremes: my heart begins to breake:
My little Ned lookes pale for feare.
Cheare thee, my boy, I will doe much for thee.

Ned. But not so much, as to dishonour me.

Iane. And if thou dyest, I cannot live, sweete Ned.

Ned. Then dye with honour, mother, dying chaste.

Iane. I am armed:
My husbands loue, his honour, and his fame,
Joynes victorie by vertue.

Nowe, King Iames, if mothers teares cannot alay thine ire,
Then butcher him, for I will neuer yeeld:
The sonne shall dye, before I wrong the father.

Iames. Why then he dyes.

Allarum within: Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My Lord, Musgroue is at hand.
Iames. Who, Musgroue? The deuill he is. Come,
My horse.

Enter olde Musgroue with King Iames prisoner.

Mus. Nowe, King Iames, thou art my prisoner.
Iames. Not thine, but fortunes prisoner.

Enter Cuddie.

Cuddie. Father, the field is ours: their colours we
Haue semyzed:
And Humes is slayne: I flewe him hand to hand.
the Pinner of Wakefield.

_Mus._ God and Saint George.
_Cuddie._ O father, I am sore athirst.
_Jane._ Come in, young Cuddie, come and drinke thy fill: Bring in King Jane with you as a ghost: For all this broile was cause he could not enter.

_Exit omnes._

_Enter George a Greene alone._

_George._ The sweete content of men that liue in loue, Breedes fretting humours in a restlesse minde, And fancies being checkt by fortunes spite, Crowes too impatient in her sweete desires: Sweete to those men whom loue leads on to blisse, But sower to me, whose happe is still amisse.

_Enter the Clowne._

_Jenkin._ Marie amen, sir.
_George._ Sir, what doe you crye, Amen at? _Jenkin._ Why, did not you talke of loue? _George._ Howe doe you knowe that? _Jenkin._ Well, though I say it that should not say it, There are fewe fellows in our parish, So enetled with loue, as I haue bene of late; _Geor._ Sirra, I thought no lesse, when the other morning, You rose so earely to goe to your wenches. _Sir._ I haue thought you had gone about my honest busines. _Jenkin._ Trow you haue hit it: for master, be it knowne To you, There is some good will betwixt Madge the Soulewise, And I,
Marie she hath another lover.

George. Canst thou brooke any rivals in thy love?

Ien. A rider? no, he is a low-gelder, and goes afoot.

But Madge pointed to meet me in your wheate close.

George. Well, did she meet you there?

Ien. Neuer make question of that:

And first I saluted her with a greene gowne,

And after fell as hard a wooing,

As if the Priest had bin at our backs, to have married vs.

George. What, did she grant?

Ien. Did she grant? Neuer make question of that:

And she gav me a shire color,

Wrought over with no counterfeit stuffe.

George. What was it gold?

Ien. Nay, twas better than gold.

George. What was it?

Ien. Right Countrie blew,

Who had no sooner come there, but wot you who came by.

George. No, who?

Ien. Clime the low-gelder.

George. Came he by?

Ien. He spide Madge and I sit together,

He leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and,

Began to sweare.

Now I seeing he had a dagger,

And I nothing but this twig in my hand,

I gav him faire words and said nothing.
the Pinner of Wakefield.

He comes to me and takes me by the bosome,
You hoorsen slaue, said he, hold my horse,
And looke he take no colde in his feete.
No marie shall he sir, quoth I,
I le lay my cloake vnderneath him;
I tooke my cloake, spread it all along,
And his horse on the midst of it.
Georg. Thou clowne, didst thou set his horse vpon
Thy cloake?
Ien. I, but marke how I serued him:
Madge and he was no sooner gone downe into the ditch,
But I plucked out my knife,
Cut foure hoales in my cloake, and made his horse stand
On the bare ground.
Geor. Twas well done: now sir, go and suruay my fields:
If you finde any cattell in the corne, to pound with them.
Ien. And if I finde any in the pound,
I shall turne them out. Exit Ienkin.

Enter the Earle of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, sir Gilbert,
all disguised, with a traine of men.

Kend. Now we have put the horses in the corne,
Let vs stand in some corner for to heare,
What brauing tearmes the pinner will breathe,
When he spies our horses in the corne.

Enter Lacke blowing of his horne.

Ien. O master where are you? we have a prize.
Georg. A prize, what is it?
The pleasant Comedie of

Tunkin. Three goodly horses in our wheate close.

George. Three horses in our wheat close? whose be they?

Tunkin. Marie thats a riddle to me: but they are there:

Velvet horses, and I never sawe such horses before. As my
dutie was, I put off my cape, and said as followeth:

My masters, what doe you make in our close?

One of them hearing me aske what he made there, held vp
his head and neighed, and after his maner laught as heartily
as if a mare had bene tyed to his girdle. My masters, said I,
it is no laughing matter; for if my master take you here, you
goe, as round as a top, to the pound. Another vntoward
iade hearing me threaten him to the pound, and to tell you
of them, cast vp both his heeles, and let such a monstrous
great fart, that was as much as in his language to say, A fart
for the pound, and a fart for George a Greene. Nowe I
hearing this, put on my cap, blewe my horne, called them
all iades, and came to tell you.

George. Nowe sir, goe and drive me those three horses
To the pound.

Tunkin. Doe you heare? I were best take a constable
With me.

George. Why so?

Why, they being gentlemens horses, may stand on their
Reputation, and will not obey me.

George. Goe doe as I bid you, sir.

Tunkin. Well, I may goe.

The Earle of Kendal, the Lord Borsfeld, and
sir Gilbert Armstron meete them.
Kend. Whither away, sir?

Jenkin. Whither away? I am going to put the horses in the pound.

Kend. Sirra, those three horses belong to us, and we put them in, and they must tarry there, and eate their fill.

Jenkin. Stay, I will goe tell my master.

Heare you, master? we haue another prise:

Those three horses be in your wheate close still,
And here be three geldings more.

George. What be these?

Jenkin. These are the masters of the horses.

George. Nowe, gentlemen, I knowe not your degrees,
But more you cannot be, vnlesse you be Kings,
Why wrong you vs of Wakefield with your horses?

I am the pinner, and before you passe,
You shall make good the trespass they haue done.

Kend. Peace, saucie mate, prate not to us:
I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen.

George. Why sir, so may I sir, although I giue no armes.

Kend. Thou? howe art thou a gentleman?

Jenkin. And such is my master, and he may giue as good armes, as euer your great grandfather could giue.

Kend. Pray thee let me heare howe?

Jenkin. Marie my master may giue for his armes,
The picture of Aprill in a greene jerkin,
With a rooke on one fist, and an horne on the other:
But my master giues his armes the wrong way,
For he giues the horne on his fist:
The pleasant Comedie of

And your grandfather, because he would not lose his Armes,
Weares the horne on his owne head.
Kend. Well pinner, sith our horses be in,
In spite of thee they now shall feede their fill,
And eate untill our leasurees scufe to goe.
George. Now by my fathers soule,
Were good king Edwards horses in the corne,
They shall amend the scath or kisse the pound,
Much more yours sir, whatsocere you be.
Kend. Why man, thou knowest not vs,
We do belong to Henry Momford Earle of Kendal,
Men that before a month be full expire,
Will be king Edwards betters in the land.
Georg. King Edwards better, rebell, thou liest.
    George strikes him.
Bonisfild. Villaine, what haist thou done? thou haft stroke
An Earle.
Geor. Why what care I? A poore man that is true,
Is better then an Earle, if he be falle:
Traitors seape no better fauours at my hands.
    Kend. I, so me thinks, but thou shalt deare aby this blow.
Now or never lay hold on the pinner.
    Enter all the ambush.
Georg. Stay, my Lords, let vs parlie on these broiles:
Not Hercules against two, the prouerbe is,
Nor I against so great a multitude.
Had not your troupes come marching as they did,
    I would
I would have stopp'd your passage into London:
But now I'll fly to secret policy.

*Kend.* What dost thou murmur, George?

*George.* Marie this, my Lord, I muse,
If thou be Henrie Momford Kendals Earle,
That thou wilt doe poore G. a Greene this wrong,
Euer to match me with a troupe of men.

*Kend.* Why dost thou strike me then?

*Geor.* Why my Lord, measure me but by your selfe:
Had you a man had seru'd you long,
And heard your foe misuse you behinde your backe,
And would not draw his sword in your defence,
You would caathcere him.

Much more, king Edward is my king:
And before Ie heare him so wrong'd,
Ile die within this place,
And maintaine good whatsoever I haue said.

And if I speake not reason in this case,
What I haue said Ile maintaine in this place.

*Bon.* A pardon my Lord for this pinner,
For trust me he speaketh like a man of worth.

*Kend.* Well, George, wilt thou leaue Wakefield and
Wendi with me,
Ile freely put vp all and pardon thee.

*Georg.* I my Lord, considering me one thing,
You will leaue these armes and follow your good king.

*Ken.* Why George, I rise not against king Edward,
But for the poore that is opprest by wrong.

C. 4.
And if King Edward will redresse the same,
I will not offer him disparagement,
But otherwise, and so let this suffice:
Thou hear'st the reason why I rise in arms.
Nowe wilt thou leave Wakefield, and wend with me,
Ile make thee captaine of a hardie band,
And when I haue my will, dubbe thee a knight.

George. Why, my Lord, haue you any hope to winne?

Kend. Why, there is a prophecie doeth say,
That King James and I shal meeete at London,
And make the King vaille bonnet to vs both.

Geo. If this were true, my Lord, this were a mighty reason

Kend. Why, it is a miraculous prophecie, and cannot faile.

George. Well, my Lord, you haue almost turned me.

Ienkin, come hither.

Ienkin. Sir.

George. Goe your waies home, sir,
And drieve me those three horses home vnto my house,
And poure them them downe a bushell of good oates.

Ienkin. Well, I will. Must I giue these three horses
Oates?

Exit Ienkin.

George. Will it please you to command your traine aside?

Kend. Stand aside.

Exit the trayne.

George. Nowe lift to me:
Here in a wood not farre from hence,
There dwells an old man in a caue alone,
That can fortell what fortunes shall befall you,
For he is greatly skilfull in magike arte.
Go you thre to him early in the morning,
And question him if he faies good,
Why then my Lord, I am the formost man,
We will march vp with your campe to London.

Kend. George, thou honourest me in this:
But where shall we finde him out?

George. My man shall conduct you to the place:
But good my Lords tell me true what the wise man saith.

Kend. That will I, as I am Earle of Kendal.

George. Why then, to honour G. a Greene the more,
Vouchsafe a peece of beepe at my poore house,
You shall haue wafer cakes your fill,
A peece of beepe hung vp since Martilmas,
If that like you not, take what you bring for me.


Enter George a Greenes boy Wily, disguised like a woman to M. Grimes.

Wily. O what is loue? it is some mightie power,
Else could it neuer conquer G. a Greene:
Here dwells a churle that keepes away his loue,
I know the worst and if I be espied,
Tis but a beating, and if I by this meanes
Can get faire Bettris forth her fathers dore,
It is inough, Venus for me, and all goes alone,
Be aiding to my wily enterprise.

He knocks at the doore.

Enter Grime.

Grime. How now, who knocks there? what would you haue?
From whence came you? where doe you dwell?

**VVily.** I am, forlooth, a semsters maide hard-by,
That hath brought worke home to your daughter.

**Grime.** Nay, are you not some crafte queane,
That comes from George a Greene, that rascal,
With some letters to my daughter?

I will have you searcht.

**VVily.** Alas, sir, it is Hebrue vnto me,
To tell me of George a Greene, or any other:
Search me good sir,
And if you finde a letter about me,
Let me have the punishment that is due.

**Grime.** Why are you mused? I like you the worfe
For that.

**VVily.** I am not, sir, afham'd to shew my face,
Yet both I am my cheekes should take the aire,
Not that I am charie of my beauties hue,
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach fore.

**Grime.** A pretie wench of smiling countenance,
Olde men can like, although they cannot loue,
I, and loue, though not so briefe as yong men can.
Well, goe in, my wench, and speake with my daughter.

_Exit._

I wonder much at the Earle of Kendall,
Being a mightie man, as stille he is,
Yet for to be a traitor to his king,
Is more then God or man will well allow:
But what a foole am I to talke of him?
My minde is more here of the pretie laste: 
Had she brought some fortie pounds to towne.
I could be content to make her my wife:
Yet I have heard it in a proverbe laid,
He that is olde, and marries with a laste,
Lies but at home, and prooves himselfe an asse.

Enter Bettris in Vilies apparell to Grime.
How now, my wench, how ist? what not a word?
Alas, poore soule, the tooth-ach plagues her sore.
Well, my wench, here is an Angel for to buy thee pinnes,
And I pray thee vse mine house,
The oftner the more welcome: farewell.

Bettris. O blessed loue, and blessed fortune both.
But Bettris, stand not here to talke of loue,
But hye thee straight vnto thy George a Greene:
Neuer went Roe-bucke swifter on the downes,
Then I will trip it till I see my George.

Enter the Earle of Kendall, L.Bonfield, sir
Gilbert, and Lenkin the clowne.

Kend. Come away Lenkin.
Ien. Come, here is his house. Where be you, ho?
Georg. Who knocks there?
Kend. Here are two or three poore men, father,
Would speake with you.
Georg. Pray giue your man leaue to leade me forth.
Kend. Goe, Lenkin, fetch him forth.

Enter George a Greene disguised.
The pleasant Comedie of

Kend. Father, heere is three poore men come to question
Thee a word in secrete that concernes their liues.

George. Say on my sonnes.

Kend. Father, I am sure you heare the newes, How that the Earle of Kendal wars against the king,
Now father we three are Gentlemen by birth, But yonger brethren that want revenues, And for the hope we haue to be preferd, If that we knew that we shall winne, We will march with him; If not, we will not march a foote to London more. Therefore good father, tell vs what shall happen. Whether the King or the Earle of Kendal shall win.

George. The king, my sonne.

Kend. Art thou sure of that?

George. I, as sure as thou art Henry Momford, The one L. Bonfild, the other sir Gilbert.

Kend. Why this is wondrous, being blinde of sight, His deepe perfeuerance should be such to know vs.

Gilb. Magike is mightie, and foretelleth great matters: In deede Father, here is the Earle come to see thee, And therefore good father fable not with him.

George. Welcome is the Earle to my poore cell, And so are you my Lords: but let me counsell you, To leaue these warres against your king, And liue in quiet.

Kend. Father, we come not for advice in warre, But to know whether we shall win or leefe.

George.
the Pinner of Wakefield.

George. Lose gentle Lords, but not by good king Edward:
A baler man shall giue you all the foile.
Kend. I marie father, what man is that?
George. Poore George a Greene the pinner.
Kend. What shall he?
George. Pull all your plumes, and sore dishonour you.
Kend. He, as how?
George. Nay, the end tires all, but so it will fall out.
Kend. But so it shall not by my honor Christ.
Ile raise my campe, and fire Wakefield towne,
And take that servile pinner George a Greene,
And butcher him before king Edwards face.
George. Good my Lord be not offended,
For I speake no more then arte reveales to me:
And for greater profe,
Gius your man leaue to fetch me my staffe.
Kend. Lenkin, fetch him his walking staffe.
Ten. Here is your walking staffe.
George. Ile proue it good vpon your carcales:
A wiler wisard neuer met you yet,
Nor one that better could foredoome your fall;
Now I haue singled you here alone,
I care not though you be three to one.
Kend. Villaine, haist thou betrayed vs?
George. Monsford, thou liest, neuer was I traitor yet;
Onely deuis'd this guile to draw you on,
For to be combatants.
Now conquer me, and then march on to London.
But shall go hard, but I will hold you task.

Gilb. Come, my Lord, cheerely, I'll kill him hand to hand.

Kend. A thousand pound to him that strikes that stroke.

Georg. Then give it me, for I will have the first.

*Here they fight, George kills Sir Gilbert, and takes the other two prisoners.*

Bonfild. Stay, George, we do appeal.

George. To whom.

Bon. Why, to the king:

For rather we bid what he appoynts,
Then here be murdered by a feruile groome.

Kend. What wilt thou doe with us?

Georg. Even as Lord Bonfild wilt,

You shall unto the king,
And for that purpose see where the Justice is placed.

*Enter Justice.*

Justice. Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be all your threats?

Euen as the cause, so is the combat fallen,

Elle one could never have conquered three.

Kend. I pray thee, Woodroffe, doe not twit me:

If I have faulted, I must make amends.

Geor. Master Woodroffe, here is not a place for many Words,

I beseech ye sir, discharge all his soildiers,

That every man may goe home into his owne house.

*Justice.* It shall bee so, what wilt thou doe George?

Geor. Master Woodroffe, looke to your charge,

Leave me to myselfe.
the dinner of Wakefield.

Lust. Come, my Lords. Exit all but George.
Geo. Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath, As one despairing of thy beautious loue: Fie George no more, Pine not away for that which cannot be: I cannot joy in any earthly blisse, So long as I doe want my Bettris.

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. I was so once in deede, but now the case is altered. George. I pray thee, as how? Jen. Were not you a fortune teller to day? George. Well, what of that? Jen. So sure am I become a juggle. What will you say if I juggle your sweete heart? George. Peace, prating losell, her ielous father Doth wait ouer her with such suspititious eyes, That if a man but dally by her feete, He thinks it straight, a witch to charme his daughter. Jen. Well, what will you give me, if I bring her hither? George. A sute of greene, and twentie crownes besides. Jen. Well, by your leave, give me roome, You must give me something that you haue lately worn. George. Here is a gowne, will that serve you? Jenkin. I, this will serve me; keepe out of my circle,
The pleasant Comedie of

Least you be borne in pieces with thee devils:
Mistres Bettris, once, twice, thrice.

He throwes the ground in, and she comes out.

Oh is this no cunning?
George. Is this my loue, or is it but her shadow?
Jenkin. I this is the shadow, but heere is the substanse.
George. Tell mee sweete loue, what good fortune
Brought thee hither:
For one it was that sauoured George a Greene.
Bettris. Both loue & fortune brought me to my George,
In whose sweete sight is all my hearts content.
Geor. Tell mee sweete loue, how camst thou from thy
Fathers?
Bettris. A willing minde hath many slips in loue:
It was not I, but Wily thy sweete boy.
Geor. And where is Wily now?
Bettris. In my apparell in my chamber still.
Geor. Jenkin, come hither: Goe to Bradford,
And listen out your fellow Wily.
Come, Bettris, let vs in,
And in my cottage we will sit and talke.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter King Edward, the king of Scots, Lord
VVarwicke, yong Cuddy, and their traine.
Edward. Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard,
Seeing a league of truce was late confirmde
Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered,
You should make such invasion in my land.
The vowes of kings shoulde be as oracles,
Not blemisht with the staine of any breach,
Chiefly where fealtie and homage willett it.

James. Brother of England, rub not the sore afresh,
My conscience grieueth me for my deepe misdeede,
I haue the worste of thirtie thousand men,
There scapt not full fiftie thousand from the field.

Edward. Gramercie, Musgrove, else it had gone hard.
Cuddie, Ile quite thee well ere we two part.

James. But had not his olde Father William Musgrove
Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here,
A stronger man I fellone felt before,
But one of more resolute valiance,
Treads not I thinke vpon the English ground.

Edward. I wot wel, Musgrove shal not lose his hier.

Cuddie. And it please your grace, my father was
Fiftie score and three at Midsummer last past,
Yet had king James bene as good as George a Greene,
Yet Billy Musgrove would haue fought with him.

Edward. As George a Greene, I pray thee, Cuddie,
Let me question thee,
Much haue I heard since I came to my crowne,
Many in manner of a proverbe say,
Were he as good as G. a Green, I would strike him sure.
I pray thee tell me, Cuddie, canst thou informe me,
What is that George a Greene.

Cuddie. Know, my Lord, I never saw the man,
But mickle talke is of him in the Country.
The pleasant Comedie of
They say he is the Pinner of Wakefield towne,
But for his other qualities, I let alone.

War. May it please your grace, I know the ma too wel.
Edward. Too well, why so, Warwicke?
War. For once he swingde me, till my bones did ake.
Edward. Why, dares he strike an Earle?
War. An Earle my Lord, nay he wil strike a king,
Be it not king Edward.
For stature he is framde,
Like to the picture of stoute Hercules,
And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.
The boldest Earle or Baron of your land,
That offereth sheath vnto the towne of Wakefield,
George will arrest his pledge vnto the pound,
And who so resifteth beares away the blowes,
For he himselfe is good enouh for three.
Edward. Why this is wondrous, my L. of Warwicke,
Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.
But leaving him, what shal we do, my Lord,
For to subdue the rebels in the North?
They are now marching vp to Doncafter.

Enter one with the Earle of Kendal prisoner.
Soft, who haue we there?
Cuddie. Here is a traitour, the Earle of Kendal.
Edward. Aspiring traitour, how darst thou once
Cast thine eyes vpon thy Soueraigne,
That honour'd thee with kindenes and with fauour?
But I will make thee buy this treason deare.

Kend.
the Pinner of Wakefield.

Tell me, Cuddy, whose deede of honour
Wonne the victorie against this rebell.
Cuddy. George a Greene the Pinner of Wakefield.
Edward. George a Greene, now shall I heare newes
Certaine what this Pinner is:
Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.
Cud. Kendall and Bonfield, with sir Gilbert Armstrong,
Came to Wakefield Towne disguis'd,
And there spoke ill of your grace,
Which George but hearing, feld them at his feete,
And had not rescue come into the place,
George had slaine him in his close of wheate.
Edward. But Cuddy, canst thou not tell
Where I might giue and grant some thing,
That might please, & highly gratifie the pinners thoughts?
Cuddie. This at their parting George did say to me,
If the king vouchsafe of this my seruice,
Then gentle Cuddie kneele vpon thy knee;
And humbly craue a boone of him for me.
Edward. Cuddie, what is it?
Cuddie. It is his will your grace would pardon them,
And let them liue although they haue offended.
Edward. I thinke the man striueth to be glorious.
Well, George hath crau'd it, and it shall be graunted,
Which none but he in England should haue gotten.
Liue Kendall, but as prisoner,
So shalt thou end thy dayes within the tower.

E 2.      Kend.
The pleasant Comedie of

Kend. Gracious is Edward to offending subjects.
James. My Lord of Kend, you are welcome to the court.
Edward. Nay, but ill come as it fals out now,
I, ill come in deedee, were it not for George a Greene,
But gentle king, for so you would aurree,
And Edwards better, I salute you both,
And here I vowe by good Saint George,
You wil gaine but litle when your summes are counted.
I fore doe long to see this George a Greene :
And for because I neuer saw the North,
I will forthwith goe see it:
And for that to none I will be knownen,
We will disguise our selues and steale downe secretly,
Thou and I king James, Cuddie, and two or three,
And make a merrie journey for a moneth.
Away then, conduct him to the tower.
Come on king James, my heart must needes be merrie,
If fortune make such hauocke of our foes. Ex. omnes.

Enter Robin Hood, Mayd Marian, Scarlet,
and Much the Muller's sonne.

Robin. Why is not louely Marian blithe of cheere?
What aylas my Lemman that she gins to lowre?
Say good Marian why art thou so sad.
Marian. Nothing, my Robin, grieues me to the heart,
But whensoever I doe walke abroad,
I heare no songs but all of George a Greene,
Better his faire Lemman passeth me.
And this my Robin gauls my very soule.

Robin.
Robin. Content, what wrecakes it vs though George a Greene be stoute,
So long as he doth proff er vs no scath?
Enemie doth seldom hurt but to it selfe,
And therefore, Marian, smile vpon thy Robin.
Marian. Neuer will Marian smile vpon her Robin,
Nor lie with him vnder the green wood shade,
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a green,
And beate the Pinner for the love of me.
Robin. Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy griefe,
My merrie men and I will thither stray,
And here I vow that for the love of thee,
I will beate George a Greene, or he shall beate me.
Scarlet. As I am Scarlet, next to little John,
One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,
So will I wend with Robin all along,
And try this Pinner what he dares do.
Much. As I am Much the Millers sonne,
That left my Mill to go with thee,
And will repent that I haue done,
This pleasant life contenteth me,
In ought I may to doe thee good,
Ile live and die with Robin Hood.
Marian. And Robin, Marian she will goe with thee,
To see faire Betris how bright she is of blee.
Robin. Marian, thou shalt goe with thy Robin.
Bend vp your bowes, and see your strings be right,
The arrowes keene, and evry thing be ready.
The pleasant Comedie of
And each of you a good bat on his nekke,
Able to lay a good man on the ground.
Scarlet. I will haue Frier Tuckes.
Much. I will haue little Johns.
Robin. I will haue one made of an ashen plunke,
Able to beare about or two.
Then come on, Marian, let vs goe,
For before the Sunne doth shew the morning day,
I wil be at Wakefield to see this Pinner George a Greene.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter a Shoomaker sitting uppon the stage
at worke, Jenkin to him.

Jen. My masters, he that hath neither meate nor money,
And hath lost his credite with the Alewife,
For any thing I know, may goe supperlesse to bed.
But soft who is heere? here is a Shoomaker;
He knowes where is the best Ale.
Shoomaker, I pray thee tell me,
Where is the best Ale in the towne?
Shoomaker. Afore, afore, follow thy nose:
At the signe of the eggeshell.
Jenkin. Come Shoomaker, if thou wilt,
And take thy part of a pot.
Shoomaker. Sirra, Downe with your staffe,
Downe with your staffe.
Jenkin. Why how now, is the fellow mad?
I pray thee tell me, why should I hold downe my staffe?
Shooma. You wil downe with him, will you not sir?

Jenkin.
the Pinner of Wakefield.

Ienkin. Why tell me wherefore?
Shoo. My friend, this is the towne of merry Wakefield, And here is a custome held, That none shall passe with his staffe on his shoulders, But he must haue a bout with me, And so shall you sir.
Ienkin. And so will not I sir.
Shoo. That wilt I try. Barking dogs bite not the forest.
Ienkin. I would to God, I were once well rid of him.
Shooma. Now, what, will you downe with your staffe?
Ienkin. Why you are not in earnest, are you?
Shoomaker. If I am not, take that.
Ienkin. You whoorlen cowardly scabbe, It is but the part of a clapper dudgeon, To strike a man in the streete. But dairest thou walke to the townes end with me?
Shoomaker. I that I dare do, but stay till I lay in my Tooles, and I will goe with thee to the townes end Presently.
Ienkin. I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.
Shoom. Come sir, wil you go to the townes end now sir?
Ienkin. I sir, come.
Now we are at the townes end, what say you now?
Shoomaker. Marry come, let vs even haue a bout.
Ienkin. Ha, stay a little, hold thy hands, I pray thee.
Shoomaker. Why what the matter?
Ienkin. Faith I am ynder-pinner of a towne, And there is an order, which if I doe not kepe,
The pleasant Comedie of
I shall be turned out of mine office.
Shoomaker. What is that, sir?
Jenkin. Whensoeuer I goe to fight with any bodie,
I vse to flourish my staffe thrice about my head
Before I strike, and then shew no fauour,
Shoomaker. Well sir, and till then I will not strike thee.
Jenkin. Well sir, here is once, twice, here is my hand,
I will neuer doe it the third time.
Shoomaker. Why then I see we shall not fight.
Jenkin. Faith no: come, I will give thee two pots
Of the best Ale, and be friends.
Shoomak. Faith I see it is as hard to get water out of a flint,
As to get him to haue about with me:
Therefore I will enter into him for some good cheere:
My friend, I see thou art a faint hearted fellow,
Thou hast no stomacke to fight,
Therefore let vs go to the Alehouse and drinke.
Jenkin. Well, content, goe thy wayes and say thy prayers,
Thou scapst my hands to day. 
Exeunt omnes.

Enter George a Greene and Bettris.
George. Tell me sweet love, how is thy minde content,
What canst thou brooke to liue with George a Greene?
Bettris. Oh George, how little pleasing are these words?
Came I from Bradford for the love of thee?
And left my father for so sweet a friend?
Here will I liue vntill my life doe end.

Enter Robin Hood, and Marian, and his traine.
George. Happy am I to have so sweet a love.
But what are these come trasing here along?

_Betriss._ Three men come striking through the corn,

My loue.

_George._ Backe agaime, you foolish trauellers,
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.

_Robin Hood._ That were great shame.

Now by my soule, proud sir,

We be three tall yeomen, and thou art but one:

Come, we will forward in despite of him.

_George._ Leape the ditch, or I will make you skip.
What, cannot the hie way serue your turne,

But you must make a path ouer the corne?

_Robin._ Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou encounter three?

We are no babes, man, looke vpon our limmes.

_Geo._ Sirra, the biggest lims have not the stoutest hearts.
Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his thrée mery men,
Ile drive you backe the same way that ye came.

Be ye men, ye scorne to encounter me all at once,

But be ye cowards, set vpon me all three,

And try the Pinner what he dares performe.

_Scarlet._ Were thou as high in deedes,

As thou art haughtie in wordes,

Thou well mightest be a champion for a king.

But emptie vessells haue the loudest sounds,

And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

_George._ Sirra, darest thou trie me?

_Scarlet._ Ifirra, that I dare.

_They fight, and George a Greene beats him._

_Much._
The pleasant Comedie of

Much. How now? what art thou downe?
Come, sir, I am next.

They fight, and George a Greene beats him.

Robin Hood. Come sirra, now to me, spare me not,
For I will not spare thee.

George. Make no doubt, I will be as liberall to thee.

They fight, Robin Hood stays.

Robin Hood. Stay, George, for here I doo protest,
Thou art the stoutest champion that euer I layd

Handes vpon.

George. Soft you sir, by your leave you lye,
You never yet laid hands on me.

Robin Hood. George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield,
And go with me,
Two liueries will I giue thee euerie yeere,
And fortie crownes shall be thy fee.

George. Why, who art thou?

Robin Hood. Why, Robin Hood:
I am come hither with my Marian,
And these my yeomen for to visit thee.

George. Robin Hood: next to king Edward
Art thou lease to me:

Welcome, sweet Robin, welcome, mayd Marian,
And welcome, you my friends.
Will you to my poore house,
You shall have wafer cakes your fill,
A peece of beeze hung vp since Martlemas,
Mutton and yeate, if this like you not,

Take
the Pinner of Wakefield.

Take that you finde, or that you bring for me.

Robin Hood. Godamercies,good George,

Ile be thy gheft to day.

George. Robin, therein thou honoureft me.

Ile leade the way. 

Enter King Edward, and King James
disguised, with two faues.

Edward. Come on, king Iames,now wee are

Thus disguised,

There is none (I know) will take vs to be kings :

I thinke we are now in Bradford,

Where all the merrie shoemakers dwell.

Enter a Shoemaker.

Shoemaker. Downe with your faues, my friends,

Downe with them.

Edward. Downe with our faues? I pray thee, why so?

Shoemaker. My friend, I see thou art a stranger heere,

Else wouldest thou not haue question of the thing.

This is the town of merrie Bradford,

And here hath been a custome kept of olde,

That none may beare his staffe vp on his necke,

But traile it all along throughout the towne,

Vnlesse they meane to haue a bout with me.

Edward. But heare you sir, hath the king

Granted you this custome ?

Shoemaker. King or Kaisar, none shall passe this way,

Except King Edward,

No not the stoutest gooome that haunts his court.

F 2.
Therefore downe with your staues.

Edward. What were we best to do?

James. Faith, my Lord, they are stoute fellowes.

And because we will see some sport,

We will traile our staues.

Edward. Heer'st thou, my friend?

Because we are men of peace and travellers,

We are content to traile our staues.

Shoomaker. The way lyes before you, go along.

Enter Robin Hood and George a Greene disguised.

Robin Hood. See George, two men are passing

Through the town,

Two lustie men, and yet they traile their staues.

George. Robin, they are some pesants

Trickt in yeomans weedes, Hollo, you two travellers.

Edward. Call you vs, sir?

George. I, you. Are ye not big enough to beare

Your bats vpon your neckes,

But you must traile them along the streetes?

Edward. Yes sir, we are big enouh, but here is a custome

Kept, that none may passe his staffe vpon his necke,

Vnlesse he traile it at the weapons point.

Sir, we are men of peace, and loute to sleepe

In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes is best.

George. Base minded pesants, worthwhile to be men,

What, haue you bones and limes to strike a blow,

And be your hearts so faint, you cannot fight?

Wert not for shame, I would shrub your shoulders well;

And
And teach you manhood against another time.

Shoom. Well preach sir Iacke, downe with your staffe.

Edward. Do you heare my friends? and you be wise,

Keepe downe your staues,

For all the towne will rise vpon you.

George. Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow.

But heare you me, In spite of all the swaines

Of Bradford towne, beare me your staues vpon your necks,

Or to begin withall, Ile baste you both so well,

You were neuer better baste in your liues.

Edward. We will hold vp our staues.

George a Greene fights with the Shoomakers,

and beates them all downe.

George. What, haue you any more?

Call all your towne forth, cut, and longtaile.

The Shoomakers spy George a Greene.

Shoomaker. What, George a Greene, is it you?

A plague found you,

I thinke you long’d to swinge me well.

Come George, we wil crush a pot before we part.

George. A pot you slaue, we will haue an hundred.

Heere, Will Perkins, take my purse,

Fetch me a stande of Ale, and set in the Market place,

That all may drinke that are athirst this day,

For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood

To Bradford towne.

They bring out the stande of ale, and fall a drinking.

Here Robin, sit thou here; for thou art the best man
The pleasant Comedie of
At the boord this day,
You that are strangers, place your selues where you will.
Robin, hear's a carouse to good King Edwards Selfe,
And they that loute him not, I would we had
The basting of them a little.

Enter the Earle of Warwick with other noble men, bringing out the Kings garments: then
George a Greene and the rest kneele
downe to the King.

Edward. Come, masters, all fellowes.
Nay, Robin, you are the best man at the boord to day.
Rile vp George.
George. Nay, good my Liege, ill nurturd we were them.
Though we Yorkshire men be blunt of spech,
And little skild in court, or such quaint fashions,
Yet nature teacheth vs dutie to our king:
Therefore I humbly beseech you pardon George a Green.
Robin. And good my Lord, a pardon for poore Robin,
And for vs all a pardon, good King Edward.
Shoomaker. I pray you, a pardon for the Shoomakers.
Edward. I frankly grant a pardon to you all.
And, George a Greene, give me thy hand:
There is none in England that shall doe thee wrong.
Euen from my court I came to see thy selfe;
And now I see that fame speaks nought but truth.
Georg. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie.
That which I did against the Earle of Kendal,
It was but a subjects dutie to his Soueraigne,
the Pinner of Wakefield.

And therefore little merit such good words.

Edward. But ere I go, Ie grace thee with good deeds.
Say what King Edward may performe,
And thou shalt have it, being in Englands bounds.

George. I haue a louely Lemman,
As bright of blee as is the siluer moone,
And olde Grimes her father will not let her match
With me, because I am a Pinner,
Although I loue her, and she me dearly.

Edward. Where is the?

George. At home at my poore house,
And vowes neuer to marrie vnlesse her father
Give consent, which is my great griefe, my Lord.

Edward. If this be all, I will dispatch it straight,
Ile send for Grime, and force him giue his grant,
He will not denie king Edward such a sute.

Enter Jenkin, and speakes.

Ho, who saw a master of mine?
Oh he is gotten into company, and abodie should rake
Hell for companie.

George. Peace, ye slauess, see where King Edward is.

Edward. George, what is he?

George. I befeeus your grace pardon him, he is my man.

Shoomaker. Sirra, the king hath bene drinking with vs,
And did pledge vs too.


Shoomaker. Beg it of the King, Jenkin.

Jenkin. I wil. I befeeus your worship grant mee one thing.

Edward.
The pleasant Comedie of

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Line</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Edward</td>
<td>What is that?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jenkin</td>
<td>Hearke in your eare.</td>
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<td></td>
<td><em>He whispers the king in the eare,</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>Edward</td>
<td>Goe your wayes and do it.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jenkin</td>
<td>Come downe on your knees, I haue got it.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shoemaker</td>
<td>Let vs heare what it is first.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jenkin</td>
<td>Mary, because you haue drunke with the king, And the king hath so graciously pledgd you, You shall be no more called Shoomakers. But you and yours to the worlds ende, Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shoemaker</td>
<td>I beseech your maiestie reforme this Which he hath spoken.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jenkin</td>
<td>I beseech your worship consume this Which he hath spoken.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward</td>
<td>Confirme it, you would say. Well, he hath done it for you, it is sufficient. Come, George, we will goe to Grime, And haue thy loue.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jenkin</td>
<td>I am sure your worship will abide: For yonder is comming olde Musgrove, And mad Cuddie his sonne. Masters, my fellow Wilie comes dreft like a woman, And master Grime will marrie Wilie: Heere they come.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Enter Musgrove and Cuddie, and master Grime, Wilie, Mayd Marian and Bettres.

Edward. Which is thy old father, Cuddie?

Cuddie.
Cuddie. This, if it please your maieftie.
Edward. Ahold, Musgrove, kneele vp,
It fits not such gray haires to kneele.
Musgrove. Long live my Soueragine,
Long and happie be his dayes:
Vouchsafe, my gracious Lord, a simple gift,
At Billy Musgroues hand:
King Iames at Meddelom castle gaue me this,
This wonne the honour, and this giue I thee.
Edward. Godamercie, Musgrove, for this friendly gift,
And for thou feldst a king with this fame weapon,
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgroue knight.
Musgr. Alas what hath your highnes done? I am poore.
Edward. To mend thy liuing take thou Meddelom castle,
The hold of both; and if thou want liuing, compaine,
Thou shalt haue more to mainetaine thine estate.
George, which is thy loue?
George. This, if it please your maieftie.
Edward. Art thou her aged father?
Grime. I am, and it like your maieftie.
Edward. And wilt not giue thy daughter vnto George?
Grime. Yes, my Lord, if he will let me marrie
With this louely lasse.
Edward. What sayft thou, George?
George. With all my heart; my Lord, I giue content.
Grime. Then do I giue my daughter vnto George.
Wilie. Then shall the mariage so one be at end.
Witness, my Lord, if that I be a woman.
The pleasant Comedie of
For I am Wilie, boy to George a Greene,
Who for my master wrought this subtil shift.

Edwar. What, is it a boy? what sayst thou to this Grime?
Grime. Mary, my Lord, I thinke this boy hath
More knauerie, than all the world besides.
Yet am I content that George shall both have
My daughter and my lands.

Edward. Now George, it restes I gratifie thy worth:
And therefore here I doe bequeath to thee,
In full possesstion halfe that Kendal hath,
And what as Bradford holdes of me in chiefe,
I giue it frankly vnto thee for euer.

Kneele downe George.

George. What will your maieftie do?

Edward. Dub thee a knight, George.

George. I befeech your grace, grant me one thing.

Edward. What is that?

George. Then let me live and die a yeoman still:
So was my father, so must live his sonne.
For tis more credite to men of base degree,
To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.

Edward. Well, be it so George.

James. I befeech your grace dispatch with me,
And set downe my ransome.

Edward. George a Greene, set downe the king of Scots
His ransome.

George. I befeech your grace pardon me,
It passeth my skill.

Edward.
Edward. Do it, the honor's thine.
George. Then let king James make good
Those townes which he hath burnt upon the borders,
Give a small pension to the father lest,
Whose fathers he caus'd murthered in those warres,
Put in pledge for these things to your grace,
And so returne. King James, are you content.
James. I am content: and like your maiestie,
And will leave good castles in securitie.
Edward. I crave no more. Now George a Greene,
Ile to thy house: and when I haue suppt, Ile go to Aske,
And see if lane a Barley be so faire,
As good King James reports her for to be.
And for the ancient custome of Vaille staffe, kepe it still,
Clame me priviledge from me:
If any aske a reason why? or how?
Say, English Edward vaild his staffe to you.

FINIS.
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