

PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY  
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PRESS

THE COMEDY  
OF GEORGE A GREEN  
1599.

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS

1911

This reprint of *George a Green* has been prepared by  
F. W. Clarke with the assistance of the General Editor.

*Oct. 1911.*

W. W. Greg.

In the Stationers' Register appears the following entry:

primo die Aprilis [1595]

Entred for his copie under the wardens handes an Entelude called the <sup>Cut</sup>  
Pynder of Wakefelde . . . . . vj<sup>d</sup> Burt

[Arber's Transcript, II. 295.]

Whether Burby delayed acting upon this entry, or whether the original edition has perished, there is no means of telling, but no edition bearing an earlier date than 1599 is at present known. Of the edition of 1599 various copies are recorded. In the preparation of the present reprint those in the Bodleian and British Museum have been collated throughout, while reference has also been had to others in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. T. J. Wise. No differences have been observed. The play is in quarto and is printed in an ordinary roman fount of which 20 lines measure 112 mm. This size is intermediate between modern English and Great Primer, and in the reprint it has consequently been necessary to replace it by English thin leaded.

The piece is known to have been performed, apparently as an old play, by the Earl of Sussex' men at the Rose playhouse in the winter of 1593-4, the following entries regarding it appearing in the Diary of Philip Henslowe (fol. 8<sup>v</sup>):

- ℞ at gorge a gren the 29 [28] of deseemb; 1593 . . . . . iij<sup>ll</sup> x<sup>s</sup>
- ℞ at gorge a grene the 2 of Ienewarye 1593 . . . . . xvij<sup>s</sup>
- ℞ at the pynr of wiackefelld the 8 of Ienewary 1593 . . . . . xxij<sup>s</sup>
- ℞ at gorge a grene the 15 of Ienewarye 1593 . . . . . xx<sup>s</sup>
- ℞ at gorge a grene the 22 [23] of Ienewarye . . . . . xxv<sup>s</sup>

The text as we have it has almost certainly been cut down for some reason or other, and contains various inconsistencies, though these do not necessarily imply composite authorship.

On the question of authorship there is important but rather perplexing evidence. The copy of the play, namely, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire has the following notes on the title-page. 'Written by . . . . . a minister, who acted the piñers pt in it himself. Teste W Shakespea[re.]' 'Ed Iuby saith that the play was made by Ro. Gree[ne.]' The ends of the lines have been cropped in binding and the 'r' in the last word has apparently been altered, possibly from 'n'. There is no doubt that these two notes are in two different hands of the early seventeenth century, but their bearing is less clear. The writer of the first evidently did not know the name of the author but put a line of dots in its place. The second writer (who may also have inserted some smaller dots) has left it doubtful whether his note is intended as a confirmation or a correction. There is no evidence that Robert Green the author was ever in orders. Edward Juby was a well-known actor of the Lord Admiral's (subsequently Prince Henry's) company, but his history previous to 1595 is not known. It remains doubtful, however, how much importance should be attached to such anonymous memoranda as these in the absence of greater internal support for the attribution than can be claimed in the present case. The provenance of the inscribed copy seems rather doubtful: it apparently did not form part of the Kemble collection.

It has been suggested that both the 'John Taylour' of l. 18 and the 'Will Perkins' of l. 1178 are names of actors which have accidentally crept into the text. This seems likely enough, but no record survives of either.

The main story of the play is also found in a prose

romance preserved in manuscript at Sion College. Whether an early printed edition ever existed is not known. That the romance was the original of the play seems likely, though it is not certain whether or not the actual manuscript that has survived is earlier than the seventeenth century. A different romance, which knows nothing of the chief events of the play, was printed in 1632. To this was appended a ballad on the same subject of which a late broadside is also known.

The thanks of the Society are due to His Grace the Duke of Devonshire for allowing the reproduction of the title-page to his copy of the play, to his librarian, Mr. J. P. Maine, for information as to readings, and to Mr. T. J. Wise for kindly placing his copy at the disposal of the editor.

#### LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

20 <i>Iohn</i> ( <i>Iohn.</i> )	419 Who
tell,	431 hoorsen
21 <i>Iame</i>	454 <i>Iacke</i> (i.e. <i>Ienkin</i> )
81 so euer	549 yonr
105 esteeme	565 confidering
125 c w. <i>George</i> (126 <i>George</i> )	580 reafon (reafon.)
156 Right	587 them them
229 ( <i>belongs after 230</i> )	596 c w. <i>Goe</i> (597 <i>Go</i> )
266 ( <i>belongs after 267</i> )	620 goes alone, (? gods a loue,)
280 lame	626 hard-by
296 Not	647 <i>Exit</i> . ( <i>Exit Willy.</i> )
366 <i>Exeunt omnes.</i> (? <i>Exeunt below.</i> )	699 perfeurance
418 blew, (blew.)	(i.e. perceiverance)

737 But (*s.e.* But it)  
 749 wift, (? wifht,)  
 795 *ground* (? *gowne*)  
 828 Gramercie, (? Gramercie)  
 889 him (? them)  
 893 their (? our)  
 906 Kend.  
 965 plunke,  
 990 Wakefield, (? Bradford,)  
 1043 (*belongs after 1044.*)  
 1128 c.w. There- (1129 Therefore)

1156 shrub  
 1163 me, In  
 1164 vpou  
 1181 fee  
 1184 here: (*colon doubtful*)  
 1213 merit  
 1231 a bodie  
 1270 kneele (? stand)  
 1283 The hold of both :  
 1332 *Iamie.*

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance

HENRY MOMFORD, Earl of  
 Kendal  
 Lord BONFIELD  
 Sir GILBERT ARMSTRONG  
 Sir NICHOLAS MANNERING  
 JOHN TAYLOR, a post.  
 a Justice  
 a Townsman } of Wakefield.  
 GEORGE A GREENE.  
 WILLIAM MUSGROVE.  
 CUDDY, his son.  
 GRIME.  
 BETTRIS, his daughter.  
 JAMES, king of Scotland.

Lord HUMES.  
 NED, son of Jane a Barley.  
 JANE A BARLEY.  
 a Messenger.  
 JENKIN, a clown, servant to George.  
 WILY, boy to George.  
 EDWARD, king of England.  
 The Earl of WARWICK.  
 ROBIN HOOD.  
 Maid MARIAN  
 SCARLET } his followers.  
 MUCH  
 a Shoemaker of Bradford.

Followers of Kendal, Scottish soldiers, English nobles, townsmen, shoemakers, attendants.



A  
PLEASANT  
CONCEYTED CO-

medie of George a Greene, the Pinner  
of Wakefield. &

*Written by ..... a minister, who is  
by printed & in it himself. Tho' W. Shakspeare  
As it was sundry times acted by the seruants of the right  
Honourable the Earle of Suffex.*

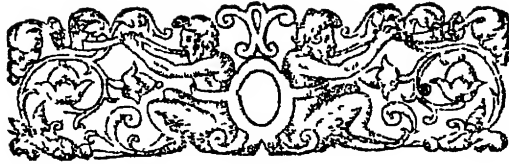
*Ed. July July 1616, play was reced by R. G. G.*



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,  
for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop  
neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.







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• A pleafant conceyted Comedie of  
*George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.*

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the  
Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armftrong,  
and Iohn.*

*Earle of Kendall.*



Elcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen,  
*L. Bonfild, & fir Gilbert Armftrong* both,  
And all my troups, eū to my bafeft 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 *Henric Monford*, *Kendals Earle*  
You honour me with this affent of yours,  
And here vpon my fword I make proteft,

A.2.

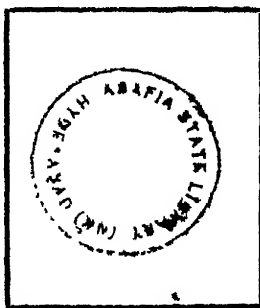
For





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*Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the  
Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armeftromg,  
and Iohn.*

Sc. 1

*Earle of Kendall.*

**W**elcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen,  
L. *Bonfild*, & fir *Gilbert Armeftromg* both,  
And all my troups, euē to my bafeft 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.

10

*Omnes.* We will, my Lord.

*Kendall.* As I am *Henrie Momford*, Kendals Earle,  
You honour me with this affent of yours,  
And here vpon my fword I make proteft,

A.2.

For

The pleafant Comedie of

For to relieue the poore, or dye my felfe :  
And know, my Lords, that *Iames*, the King of Scots,  
Warres hard vpon the borders of this land :  
Here is his Poft : fay, Iohn Taylour,  
What newes with King Iames ?

20 *Iohn* Warre, my Lord : tell, and good newes I trow :  
For king *Iame* vowes to meete you the 26. of this month,  
God willing, marie doth he fir.

*Kendall*. My friends, you fee what we haue to winne.  
Well, Iohn, commend me to king Iames,  
And tell him I will meete him the 26. of this month,  
And all the reft : and fo farewell. *Exit Iohn.*

*Bonfiled*, why standft thou as a man in dumps ?  
Courage : for if I winne, Ile make thee Duke :  
I Henry Momford will be King my felfe,

30 And I will make thee Duke of Lancafter,  
And Gilbert Armeftromg Lord of Doncafter.

*Bonfiled*. Nothing, my Lord, makes me amazde at all,  
But that our fouldiers findes our victuals fcant :  
We muft make hauocke of thofe countrey Swaynes :  
For fo will the reft tremble and be afraid,  
And humbly fend prouifion to your campe.

*Gilb*. My Lord Bonfiled giues good aduice,  
They make a fcorne and ftand vpon the King :  
So what is brought, is fent from them perforce ;

40 Afke Mannering elfe.

*Kend*. What fayeft thou, Mannering ?

*Man*. When as I fhew'd your high commiffion,

They

the Pinner of Wakefield.

They made this anfwere,

Onely to fend prouifion for your horfes.

*Kend.* Well, hye thee to Wakefield, bid the Towne

To fend me all prouifion that I want;

Leaft I, like martiall Tamberlaine, lay wafte

Their bordering Countries,

And leauing none alieue that contradicts my Commiffion.

*Man.* Let me alone, my Lord, Ile make them

50

Vayle their plumes: for whatfoere he be,

The proudeft Knight, Iuftice, or other, that gaynfayeth

Your word, Ile clap him faft, to make the reft to feare.

*Kend.* Doe fo Nick: hye thee thither prefently,

And let vs heare of thee againe to morrowe.

*Man.* Will you not remooue, my Lord?

*Kend.* No: I will lye at Bradford all this night,

And all the next: come, Bonfield, let vs goe,

And liften out fome bonny lasses here. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Iuftice, a Townefman, George a Greene, and  
Sir Nicholas Mannering with his Commiffion.*

St. ii

*Iuftice.* M. Mannering, ftand afide, whileft we conferre

62

What is beft to doe.

Townefmen of Wakefield, the Earle of Kendall

Here hath fent for victuals;

And in ayding him, we fhewe our felues

No leffe than traytours to the King:

Therefore let me heare, Townefmen,

What is your confents.

A. .

*Townef.*



The pleafant Comedie of

70 *Townef.* Euen as you pleafe we are all content.

*Iuftice.* Then M. Mannering we are refolu'd.

*Man.* As howe?

*Iuftice.* Marrie fir, thus.

We will fend the Earle of Kendall no victuals,  
Because he is a traytour to the King;

And in ayding him we fhewe our felues no leffe.

*Man.* Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen madde;  
That prefent danger cannot whet your wits,  
Wifely to make prouifion of your felues?

80 The Earle is thirtie thoufand men ftrong in power,  
And what towne fo euer him refift,

He layes it flat and leuell with the ground:

Ye filly men, you feeke your owne decay:

Therefore fend my Lord fuch prouifion as he wants,  
So he will fpare your towne, and come no neerer  
Wakefield then he is.

*Iuftice.* Mafter Mannering, you haue your anfwere,  
You may be gone.

*Man.* Well, Woodroffe, for fo I geffe is thy name,  
90 Ile make thee curfe thy ouerthwart deniall;

And all that fit vpon the bench this day,  
Shall rue the houre they haue withftood my Lords  
Commiffion.

*Iuftice.* Doe thy worft, we feare thee not.

*Man.* See you thefe feales? before you paffe the towne,  
I will haue all things my Lord doth want,  
In fpite of you.

George

the Pinner of Wakefield

*George a Greene.* Proud dapper Iacke, vayle bonnet to  
The bench,

That represents the person of the King ;  
Or sirra, Ile lay thy head before thy feete.

100

*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 euen in our mothers wombe,

110

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 victuals.

*Iustice.* Well spoken, George a Greene.

*Townes.* Pray let George a Greene speake for vs.

*George.* Sirra you get no victuals here,

Not if a hoofe of beefe would saue your liues.

120

*Man.* Fellowe, I stand amazde at thy presumption :

Why, what art thou that darest gaynsay my Lord,

Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke ?

Why, my friend, I come not barely of my selfe :

For see, I haue a large Commision.

*George*

The pleafant Comedie of

*George.* Let me fee it, firra.

Whofe feales be thefe ?

*Man.* This is the Earle of Kendals feale at armes,  
This Lord Charnel Bonfields,

130 And this fir Gilbert Armeftromgs.

*George.* I tell thee, firra, did good King Edwards fonne  
Seale a commiffion againft the King his father,  
Thus would I teare it in defpite of him,

*He teares the Commiffion.*

Being traytour to my Soueraigne.

*Man.* What ? haft thou torne my Lords Commiffion ?  
Thou fhalt rue it, and fo fhall all Wakefield.

*George.* What, are you in choler ? I will giue you pilles  
To coole your ftomacke.

140 Seeft thou thefe feales ?

Now by my fathers foule, which was a yeoman,  
When he was aliue, eate them,  
Or eate my daggers poynt, proud fquire.

*Man.* But thou doeft but ieft, I hope

*George.* Sure that fhall you fee, before we two part.

*Man.* Well, and there be no remedie, fo *George,*  
One is gone : I pray thee no more nowe.

*George.* O fir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt.  
So fir, nowe you may goe tell the Earle of Kendall,

150 Although I haue rent his large Commiffion,  
Yet of curtefie I haue fent all his feales  
Backe againe by you.

*Man.* Well, fir, I will doe your arrant. *Exit.*

*George.*

the Pinner of Wakefield.

*George.* Nowe let him tell his Lord, that he hath  
Spoke with George a Greene,  
Right pinner of merrie Wakefield towne,  
That hath phisicke for a foole,  
Pilles for a traytour that doeth wrong his Soueraigne.  
Are you content with this that I haue done?

*Iustice.* I, content, George : 160  
For highly hast thou honourd Wakefield towne,  
In cutting of proud Mannering so short.  
Come, thou shalt be my welcome ghest to day ;  
For well thou hast deseru'd reward and fauour.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter olde Musgroue, and yong Cuddie his sonne.* Sc iii

*Cuddie.* Nowe gentle father list vnto thy sonne,  
And for my mothers loue,  
That earst was blythe and bonny in thine eye,  
Graunt one petition that I shall demaund. 170

*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 alieue that strides a launce.

O Father, you are olde, and wayning age vnto the graue :  
Olde William Musgroue, which whilome was thought,  
The brauest horsfeman in all Westmerland,  
Is weake, and forst to stay his arme vpon a staffe,  
That earst could wield a launce :

B I

Then, 180

The pleafant Comedie of

Then, gentle Father, refigne the hold to me ;  
Giue armes to youth, and honour vnto age.

*Muf.* Auaunt, falfe hearted boy, my 1oynts doe quake,  
Euen with anguifh of thy verie words.

Hath William Mufgroue feene an hundred yeres ⁊

Haue I bene feard and dreaded of the Scottes,

That when they heard my name in any roade,

They fled away, and pofted thence amaine ⁊

And fhall I dye with fhame nowe in mine age ⁊

190 No, Cuddie, no, thus refolue I,

Here haue I liu'd, and here will Mufgroue dye.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Sc. 70*

*Enter Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armeftromg,*

*M. Grime, and Bettris his daughter.*

*Bon* Now, gētle Grime, God a mercy for our good chere,

Our fare was royall, and our welcome great ;

And fith fo kindly thou haft entertained vs,

If we returne with happie victorie,

We will deale as friendly with thee in recompence.

200 *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 muft be flattered:

But life is fweete, and I cannot withftand it.

God (I hope) will reuenge the quarrell of my King.

*Gilb.* What faid you, Grime ?

*Grime.* I fay, fir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,

I curfe the houre that ere I got the girle:

For

the Pinner of Wakefield.

For fir, ſhe may haue many wealthy futers,  
And yet ſhe diſdames them all, to haue 210  
Poore George a Greene vnto her husband.

*Bonfiled* On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy  
Daughter;

But ſhe in quirkes and quiddities of loue,  
Sets me to ſchoole, ſhe is ſo ouerwiſe.  
But, gentle girle, if thou wilt forſake  
The pinner, and be my loue, I will aduance thee high:  
To dignifie thoſe haire of amber hiew,  
Ile grace them with a chaplet made of pearle,  
Set with choiſe rubies, ſparkes, and diamonds, 220  
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 loue;  
For why, his colour looketh diſcontent.

*Kendall.* Come, Nick, followe me.

*Enter the Earle of Kendall and Nicholas Mannering.* 230

*Bonfiled.* Howe nowe, my Lord ⁊ what newes?

*Kendall.* Such newes, Bonfiled, as will make thee laugh,  
And fret thy fill, to heare how Nick was vſde :  
Why, the Iuſtices ſtand on their termes;  
Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words;

B. 2.

He

The pleasant Comedie of

He layd the lawe vnto the Iustices,  
With threatning braues, that one lookt on another,  
Ready to stoope: but that a churle came in,  
One George a Greene, the pinner of the towne,  
240 And with his dagger drawne layd hands on Nick,  
And by no beggers swore that we were traytours,  
Rent our Commiſſion, and vpon a braue,  
Made Nick to eate the ſeales, or brooke the ſtabbé:  
Poore Mannering afraid, came poſting hither ſtraight.  
*Bettris.* Oh louely George, fortune be ſtill thy friend,  
And as thy thoughts be high, ſo be thy munde,  
In all accords, euen to thy hearts deſire.  
*Bonfiled.* What ſayes faire *Bettris*?  
*Grimes.* My Lord, ſhe is praying for George a Greene:  
250 He is the man, and ſhe will none but him.  
*Bonfiled.* 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.  
*Bonfiled.* Bootleſſe, my Lord, are many vaine replies.  
260 Let vs hye vs to Wakefield, and ſend her the pinnerſ head.  
*Kend.* It ſhall be ſo. Grime, gramercie,  
Shut vp thy daughter, bridle her affects,  
Let me not miſſe her when I make returne:

Therefore

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Therefore looke to her, as to thy life, good Grime.

*Grime.* I warrant you, my Lord.

*Ex. Grime & Bettris.*

*Ken.* And Bettris, leaue a bafe pinner, for to loue an Earle.

Faine wõuld I fee this pinner George a Greene.

*It shall* be thus :

Nick Mannering shall leade on the battell,

270

And wẽ three will goe to Wakefield in some disguise :

But howfoeuer, Ile haue his head today.

*Ex. omnes.*

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

*Sc v*

*King.* Why, Iohnie : then the Earle of Kendall is blithe,  
And hath braue 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 Scrasblefea, God willing.

*King.* If good S. Andrewe lend King Iame leaue,

280

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.

*Iame.* And whither art thou going, pretie Ned ?

*Ned.* To seeke some birdes, and kill them, if I can :

And now my scholemaster is also gone :

So haue I libertie to ply my bowe :

290

B. 3.

For



The pleafant Comedie of

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

*James.* Lord Humes, but marke the vifage of this child ;

By him I geffe the beautie of his mother :

None but Læda could breede Helena.

Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother.

*Ned.* Not but her felfe and houfhold feruants, fir :

If you would fpeake with her, knocke at this gate.

*James.* Iohnie, knocke at that gate.

*Enter Iane a Barley vpon the walles.*

300 *Iane.* O, I am betraide : what multitudes be thefe ?

*James.* Feare not, faire Iane : for all thefe men are mine,

And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me :

I am thy louer James the King of Scottes,

That oft haue fued and wooed with many letters,

Painting my outward paffions with my pen,

When as my inward foule did bleede for woe :

Little regard was giuen to my fute,

But haply thy husbands prefence wrought it :

Therefore, sweete Iane, I fitted me to time ;

310 And hearing that thy husband was from home,

Am come to craue what long I haue defirde.

*Ned.* Nay, foft you, fir, you get no entrance here,

That feeke to wrong fir Iohn a Barley fo,

And offer fuch difhonour to my mother.

*James.* Why, what difhonour, Ned ?

*Ned.* Though young, yet often haue I heard

My father fay,

No greater wrong than to be made cuckold.

Were

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Were I of age, or were my bodie strong,  
Were he ten Kings, I would shoote him to the heart, 320  
That should attempt to giue fir Iohn the horne.  
Mother, let him not come in,  
I will goe lie at Iockie Millers house.

*James.* Stay him.

*Iane.* I, well said, Ned, thou hast giuen the King  
His anfwere :  
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 Iames is pleasant, as I gesse, 330  
And meanes to trie what humour I am in ;  
Else would he neuer haue brought an hoste of men,  
To haue them witnes of his Scottish lust.

*Iames.* Iane, in faith, Iane.

*Iane.* Neuer reply : for I protest by the highest  
Holy God,

That doometh iust reuenge for things amisse,  
King Iames of all men shall not haue my loue.

*Iames.* Then list to me, Saint Andrewe be my boote,  
But Ile rafe thy castle to the verie ground, 340  
Vnlesse thou open the gate, and let me in.

*Iane.* I feare thee not, King Iamie, doe thy worst :  
This castle is too strong for thee to scale :  
Besides, to morrowe will fir Iohn come home.

*Iames.* Well, Iane, since thou disdainst King Iames loue,  
Ile drawe thee on with sharpe and deepe extremes :

The pleafant Comedie of

For by my fathers foule, this brat of thine  
Shall perifh here before thine eyes,  
Vnleffe thou open the gate, and let me in.

350 *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 fo much, as to difhonour me.

*Iane.* And if thou dyeft, I cannot liue, sweete Ned.

*Ned.* Then dye with honour, mother, dying chafte.

*Iane.* I am armed:

My husbands loue, his honour, and his fame,  
Ioynes victorie by vertue.

Nowe, King Iames, if mothers teares cannot alay thine ire,  
360 Then butcher him; for I will neuer yeeld.

The fonne fhall 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 horfe.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter olde Musgroue with King Iames prifoner.*

*Muf.* Nowe, King Iames, thou art my prifoner.

*Iames.* Not thine, but fortunes prifoner.

370

*Enter Cuddie.*

*Cuddie.* Father, the field is ours: their colours we  
Haue feyzed:

And Humes is flayne: I flewe him hand to hand.

*Muf*

the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Muf.* God and Saint George.

*Cuddie.* O father, I am fore athirst.

*Iane.* Come in, young Cuddie, come and drinke thy fill:

Bring in King Iame with you as a gheft:

For all this broile was caufe he could not enter.

378

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter George a Greene alone.*

Sc vi

*George.* The sweete content of men that liue in loue,

Breedes fretting humours in a restleffe minde,

And fanfie being checkt by fortunes spite,

Growes too impatient in her sweete desires:

Sweete to those men whome loue leades on to blisse,

But sowre to me, whose happe is still amisse.

*Enter the Clowne.*

*Ienkin.* Marie amen, fir.

*George.* Sir, what doe you crye, Amen at ⁊

*Ienkin.* Why, did not you talke of loue ⁊

390

*George.* Howe doe you knowe that ⁊

*Ienkin.* Well, though I say it that should not say it,

There are fewe fellowes in our parish,

So netled 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 had thought you had gone about my honest busines.

*Ienkin.* Trow you haue hit it for master, be it knowne

To you,

There is some good will betwixt Madge the Soufewife, 400

And I,

C. I.

Marie

The pleafant Comedie of

Marie ſhe hath another loue.

*George.* Canſt thou brooke any riuals in thy loue?

*Ien* A rider? no, he is a ſow-gelder, and goes afoote  
But Madge pointed to meete me in your wheate cloſe.

*Georg.* Well, did ſhe meete you there?

*Ien* Neuer make queſtion of that:

And firſt I ſaluted her with a greene gowne,

And after fell as hard a wooing,

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

*Georg* What, did ſhe grant?

*Ien* Did ſhe graunt? Neuer make queſtion of that:

And ſhe gaue me a ſhirt coler,

Wrought ouer with no counterfet ſtuffe.

*Georg.* What, was it gold?

*Ien.* Nay, twas better than gold.

*Georg* What was it?

*Ien* Right Couentrie blew,

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

*Georg.* No, who?

*Ien.* Clim the ſow-gelder.

*Georg.* Came he by?

*Ien.* He ſpide Madge and I fit together,

He leapt from his horſe, laid his hand on his dagger, and  
Began to ſweare.

Now I feeing he had a dagger,

And I nothing but this twig in my hand,

I gaue him faire words and ſaid nothing.

He

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 fir, quoth I,  
He lay my cloake vnderneath him :

430

I tooke my cloake, spread it all along,  
And his horse on the midft of it.

*Georg.* Thou clowne, didst thou fet his horse vpon  
Thy cloake ?

*Ien.* I, but marke how I serued him .

Madge and he was no sooner gone downe into the ditch, 440  
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 fir, 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 haue 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

450

*Enter Iacke blowing of his horne.*

*Ien.* O master where are you ? we haue a prise

*Georg.* A prise, what is it ?

C. 2.

*Ien.*

The pleasant Comedie of

*Ienkin.* Three goodly horses in our wheate close.

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

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

460 *Veluet* horses, and I neuer sawe such horses before. As my dutie was, I put off my cappe, 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  
470 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 driue me those three horses To the pound.

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

*George.* Why so?

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

*George.* Goe doe as I bid you, sir.

*Ienkin.* Well, I may goe.

*The Earle of Kendall, the Lord Bonfld, and  
sir Gilbert Armestrong meete them.*

*Kend.*

the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Kend.* Whither away, fir ?

*Ienkin.* Whither away? I am going to put the hories  
In the pound.

*Kend.* Sirra, those three hories belong to vs, and we put  
Them in, and they must tarrie there, and eate their fill.

*Ienkin.* Stay, I will goe tell my master. 490

Heare you, master ? we haue another prise:  
Those three hories be in your wheate close still,  
And here be three geldings more.

*George.* What be these ?

*Ienkin.* These are the masters of the hories.

*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 hories ?  
I am the pinner, and before you passe,  
You shall make good the trespasse they haue done. 500

*Kend.* Peace, faucie mate, prate not to vs:  
I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen

*George.* Why fir, so may I fir, although I giue no armes.

*Kend.* Thou ? howe art thou a gentleman ?

*Ienkin.* 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 ? 510

*Ienkin.* Marie my master may giue for his armes,  
The picture of Aprill in a greene ierkın,  
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 pleafant Comedie of

And your grandfather, becaufe he would not lofe his  
Armes,

Weares the horne on his owne head.

*Kend.* Well pinner, fith our horfes be in,  
In fpite of thee they now fhall feede their fill,  
And eate vntill our leafures ferue to goe.

*George.* Now by my fathers foule,  
520 Were good king Edwards horfes in the corne,  
They fhall amend the fcath or kiffe the pound,  
Much more yours fir, whatfoere you be.

*Kend.* Why man, thou knoweft not vs,  
We do belong to Henry Momford Earle of Kendal,  
Men that before a month be full expirde,  
Will be king Edwards betters in the land.

*Georg.* King Edwards better, rebell, thou left.

*George strikes him.*

*Bonfild.* Villaine, what haft thou done? thou haft ftroke  
530 An Earle.

*Geor.* Why what care I? A poore man that is true,  
Is better then an Earle, if he be falfe :

Traitors reape no better fauours at my hands.

*Kend.* I, fo me thinks, but thou fhalt deare aby this blow.  
Now or neuer lay hold on the pinner.

*Enter all the ambush.*

*Georg.* Stay, my Lords, let vs parlie on thefe broiles :  
Not Hercules againft two, the prouerbe is,  
Nor I againft fo great a multitude.

540 Had not your troupes come marching as they did,  
I would

the Pinner of Wakefield.

I would haue stopt your passage vnto London :  
But now Ile flie to secreet policie.

*Kend.* What doest thou murmure, 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 doest thou strike me then ?

*Geor.* Why my Lord, measure me but by your selfe :  
Had you a man had seru'd you long, 550  
And heard your foe misuse you behinde your backe,  
And would not draw his sword in your defence,  
You would cashere him.

Much more, king Edward is my king :  
And before Ile heare him so wrong'd,  
Ile die within this place,  
And maintaine good whatfoeuer 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, 560  
For trust me he speaketh like a man of worth.

*Kend.* Well, George, wilt thou leaue Wakefelde and  
Wend 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,

The pleafant Comedie of

And if King Edward will redrefle the fame,

570 I will not offer him difparagement,  
But otherwise; and fo let this fuffife :

Thou hear'ft the reason why I rife in armes.

Nowe wilt thou leaue 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 fay,  
That King Iames and I fhall meete at London,

And make the King vaile bonnet to vs both.

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

*Ken.* Why, it is a miraculous prophecie, and cannot faile.

*George.* Well, my Lord, you haue almoft turned me.  
Ienkin, come hither.

*Ienkin.* Sir.

*George.* Goe your waies home, fir,

And driue me thofe three horfes home vnto my houfe,

And powre them them downe a bufhell of good oates.

*Ienkin.* Well, I will. Muft I giue thefe fcuruie horfes  
Oates? *Exit Ienkin.*

590 *Geor.* Will it please you to commaund your traine afide?

*Kend.* Stand afide. *Exit the trayne.*

*George.* Nowe lift to me :

Here in a wood not farre from hence,

There dwels an old man in a caue alone,

That can foretell what fortunes fhall befall you,

For he is greatly skilfull in magike arte :

the Pinner of Wakefield.

Go you three to him early in the morning,  
And question him if he saies good,  
Why then my Lord, I am the formost man,  
We will march vp with your campe to London. 600

*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 beefe at my poore house,

You shall haue wafer cakes your fill,  
A peece of beefe hung vp since Martilmas,  
If that like you not, take what you bring for me. 610

*Kend.* Gramercies, George. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter George a Greenes boy VVily, disguised  
like a woman to M. Grimes. Sc. vii*

*VVily.* O what is loue? it is some mightie power,  
Else could it neuer conquer G. a Greene:  
Here dwels 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 enough, Venus for me, and all goes alone, 620  
Be aiding to my wily enterprife.

*He knocks at the doore.*

*Enter Grime.*

*Gri.* How now, who knocks there? what would you haue?

D. I.

From

The pleafant Comedie of

From whence came you? where doe you dwell?

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

*Grime.* Nay, are you not fome craftie queane,  
That comes from George a Greene, that rafcall,

630 With fome letters to my daughter?

I will haue you fearcht.

*VVily.* Alas, fir, it is Hebrue vnto me,  
To tell me of George a Greene, or any other:  
Search me good fir,

And if you finde a letter about me,  
Let me haue the punishment that is due.

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

*VVily.* I am not, fir, afham'd to fhew my face,  
640 Yet loth I am my cheekes fhould 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 fmiling countenance,  
Olde men can like, although they cannot loue,  
I, and loue, though not fo briefe as yong men can.  
Well, goe in, my wench, and fpeake with my daughter.

*Exit.*

I wonder much at the Earle of Kendall,  
Being a mightie man, as ftill he is,

650 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

the Pinner of Wakefield

My minde is more heere of the pretie lasse :  
Had she brought some fortie pounds to towne,  
I could be content to make her my wife :  
Yet I haue heard it in a prouerbe said,  
He thāt is olde, and marries with a lasse,  
Lies but at home, and prooues himselfe an asse.

*Enter Bettris in VVilies apparell to Grime.*

How now, my wench, how ist' what not a word' 660  
Alas, poore soule, the tooth-ach plagues her fore.  
Well, my wench, here is an Angel for to buy thee pusses,  
And I pray thee vse mine house,  
The oftner the more welcome: farewell. *Exit.*

*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, 668  
Then I will trip it till I see my George. *Exit.*

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, L. Bonfield, sir  
Gilbert, and Ienkin the clowne.* *Sc vii*

*Kend.* Come away Ienkin.

*Ien.* Come, here is his house. Where be you, ho'?

*Georg.* Who knocks there?

*Kend.* Heere are two or three poore men, father,  
Would speake with you.

*Georg.* Pray giue your man leaue to leade me forth.

*Kend.* Goe, Ienkin, fetch him forth.

*Ien.* Come, olde man.

*Enter George a Greene disguised.* 680

D. 2.

*Kend.*

The pleafant Comedie of

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

*George.* Say on my fonnes.

*Kend.* Father, I am fure you heare the newes,  
How that the Earle of Kendal wars againft the king,  
Now father we three are Gentlemen by birth,  
But yonger brethren that want reuenues,  
And for the hope we haue to be preferd,  
If that we knew that we fhall winne,

690 We will march with him :

If not, we will not march a foote to London more.  
Therefore good father, tell vs what fhall happen,  
Whether the King or the Earle of Kendal fhall win.

*George.* The king, my fonne.

*Kend.* Art thou fure of that ?

*George.* I, as fure as thou art Henry Momford,  
The one L. Bonfild, the other fir Gilbert.

*Kend.* Why this is wondrous, being blinde of fight,  
His deepe perfeuerance fhould be fuch to know vs.

700 *Gilb.* Magike is mightie, and foretelleth great matters :

In deede Father, here is the Earle come to fee thee,  
And therefore good father fable not with him.

*George.* Welcome is the Earle to my poore cell,  
And fo are you my Lords : but let me counfell you,  
To leaue thefe warres againft your king,  
And liue in quiet.

*Kend.* Father, we come not for aduice in warre,  
But to know whether we fhall win or leefe.

*George.*

the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Georg.* Lose gentle Lords, but not by good king Edward :  
A safer man shall giue you all the foile. 710

*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 fore dishonour you.

*Kend.* He, as how ?

*George.* Nay, the end tries 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 seruile pinner George a Greene,  
And butcher him before king Edwards face. 720

*George.* Good my Lord be not offended,  
For I speake no more then arte reueales to me :  
And for greater prooffe,

Giue your man leaue to fetch me my staffe.

*Kend.* Ienkin, fetch him his walking staffe.

*Ien.* Here is your walking staffe.

*George.* Ile proue it good vpon your carcafes :  
A wiser wisard neuer met you yet,  
Nor one that better could foredoome your fall :  
Now I haue singled you here alone, 730  
I care not though you be three to one.

*Kend.* Villaine, hast thou betraid vs ?

*Georg.* Momford, thou liest, neuer was I traitor yet ;  
Onely deuis'd this guile to draw you on,  
For to be combatants.

Now conqwere me, and then march on to London :



The pleafant Comedie of

But fhall goe hard, but I will hold you tafke.

*Gilb.* Come, my Lord, cheerely, Ile kill him hand to hand.

*Kend.* A thoufand pound to him that ftrikes that froke.

740 *Georg.* Then giue it me, for I will haue the firft.

*Here they fight, George kills fir Gilbert, and  
takes the other two prifoners.*

*Bonfild.* Stay, George, we doe appeale.

*George* To whom.

*Bon.* Why, to the king.

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

*Kend.* What wilt thou doe with vs?

*Georg.* Euen as Lord Bonfild wift,

750 You fhall vnto the king,

And for that purpofe fee where the Iuftice is placed.

*Enter Iuftice.*

*Iuft.* Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be al your threats?

Euen as the caufe, fo is the combat fallen,  
Elfe one could neuer haue conquerd three.

*Kend.* I pray thee, Woodroffe, doe not twit me:  
If I haue faulted, I muft make amends.

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

760 I befeech ye fir, difcharge all his fouldiers,

That euery man may goe home vnto his owne houfe

*Iuftice.* It fhall bee fo, what wilt thou doe George?

*Geor.* Mafter Woodroffe, looke to your charge,  
Leaue me to my felfe.

*Iuft.*

the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Iust.* Come, my Lords. *Exit all but George.*

*Geor.* Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath,  
As one despairing of thy beautiful loue :

Fie George no more,

Pine not away for that which cannot be :

I cannot ioy in any earthly blisse,

770

So long as I doe want my Bettris.

*Enter Ienkin.*

*Ien.* Who see a master of mine ?

*George.* How now, firrha, whither away ?

*Ien.* Whither away ? why who doe you take me to bee ?

*Georg.* Why Ienkin my man.

*Ien.* I was so once in deede, but now the case is altered.

*George.* I pray thee, as how ?

*Ien.* Were not you a fortune teller to day ?

*Georg.* Well, what of that ?

780

*Ien.* So sure am I become a iugler.

What will you say if I iuggle your sweete heart ?

*George.* Peace, prating losell, her ielous father

Doth wait ouer her with such suspitious eyes,

That if a man but dally by her feete,

He thinks it straight, a witch to charme his daughter.

*Ien.* Well, what will you giue me, if I bring her hither ?

*George.* A sute of greene, and twentie crownes besides.

*Ien.* Well, by your leaue, giue me roome,

You must giue me something that you haue lately worne. 790

*George.* Here is a gowne, will that serue you ?

*Ienkin.* I, this will serue me : keepe out of my circle,

The pleafant Comedie of

Leaft you be torne in peeces with fhee deuils :  
Miftres 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 ?

*Ienkin.* I this is the ſhadow, but heere is the ſubſtance.

*George.* Tell mee ſweete loue, what good fortune  
800 Brought thee hither :

For one it was that fauoured George a Greene.

*Bettris.* Both loue & fortune brought me to my George,  
In whoſe ſweete fight 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.

810 *Geor.* Ienkin, come hither : Goe to Bradford,  
And liſten out your fellow Wily.

Come, Bettris, let vs in,

And in my cottage we will fit and talke.

*Exeunt omnes.*

8c 1x *Enter King Edward, the king of Scots, Lord  
Warwicke, yong Cuddy, and their traine.*

*Edward.* Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard,  
Seeing a league of truce was late confirme

Twixt you and me, without diſpleaſure offered,

820 You ſhould make ſuch inuaſion in my land,

The

the Pinner of Wakefield.

The vowes of kings should be as oracles,  
Not blemisht with the staine of any breach,  
Chiefly where fealtie and homage willeth it.

*James.* Brother of England, rub not the fore afresh,  
My conscience grieues me for my deepe misdeede,  
I haue the worst, of thirtie thousand men,  
There scapt not full fise thousand from the field.

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

*James.* But had not his olde Father William Musgroue 830  
Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here,  
A stronger man I feldome felt before,  
But one of more resolute valiance,  
Treads not I thinke vpon the English ground.

*Edward.* I wot wel, Musgroue shall not lose his hier.

*Cuddie.* And it please your grace, my father was  
Fise score and three at Midsommer last past,  
Yet had king Iamie bene as good as George a Greene,  
Yet Billy Musgroue would haue fought with him.

*Edward.* As George a Greene, I pray thee, Cuddie, 840  
Let me question thee,

Much haue I heard since I came to my crowne,  
Many in manner of a prouerbe 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 neuer 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,  
850 But for his other qualities, I let alone.

*VVar.* May it please your grace, I know the mā too wel.

*Edward.* Too well, why so, Warwicke?

*VVar.* For once he fwingde me, till my bones did ake.

*Edward.* Why, dares he strike an Earle?

*VVar.* 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.

860 The boldest Earle or Baron of your land,  
That offereth scath vnto the towne of Wakefield,  
George will arrest his pledge vnto the pound,  
And who so resisteth beares away the blowes,  
For he himfelfe is good inough for three.

*Edward.* Why this is wondrous, my L. of Warwicke,  
Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.

But leauing him, what shall we do, my Lord,  
For to subdue the rebels in the North?

They are now marching vp to Doncaster.

870 *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

*Kend.* Good my Lord.      *Edw.* Reply not, traitour.  
Tell me, Cuddy, whose deede of honour  
Wonne the victorie against this rebell.

*Cuddy.* George a Greene the Pinner of Wakefield. 880

*Edward.* George a Greene, now shall I heare newes  
Certaine what this Pinner is :

Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.

*Cud.* Kendall and Bonfild, with sir Gilbert Armstrong,  
Came to Wakefield Towne disguised,  
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 flaine him in his clofe of wheate.

*Edward.* But Cuddy, canst thou not tell 890  
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 lue although they haue offended.

*Edward.* I thinke the man strueth to be glorious. 900  
Well, George hath crau'd it, and it shall be graunted,  
Which none but he in England should haue gotten.  
Lue Kendall, but as prisoner,  
So shalt thou end thy dayes within the tower.

The pleafant Comedie of

*Kend.* Gracious is Edward to offending fubiects.

*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 deede, were it not for George a Greene,  
But gentle king, for fo you would auerre,

910 And Edwards betters, I falute you both,  
And here I vowe by good Saint George,  
You wil gaine but litle when your fummes are counted.  
I fore doe long to fee this George a Greene:  
And for becaufe I neuer faw the North,  
I will forthwith goe fee it:

And for that to none I will be knowen,  
We will difguife our felues and fteale downe fecretly,  
Thou and I king James, Cuddie, and two or three,  
And make a merrie iourney for a moneth.

920 Away then, conduct him to the tower.

Come on king James, my heart must needes be merrie,  
If fortune make fuch hauocke of our foes. *Ex. omnes.*

St. r *Enter Robin Hood, Mayd Marian, Scarlet,  
and Much the Millers fonne.*

*Robin.* Why is not louely Marian blithe of cheere?  
What ayles my Lemman that fhe gins to lowre?

-Say good Marian why art thou fo fad.

*Marian.* Nothing, my Robin, grieues me to the heart,  
But whenfoeuer I doe walke abroad,

930 I heare no fongs but all of George a Greene,  
Bettris his faire Lemman paffeth me.  
And this my Robin gaules my very foule.

*Robin.*

the Pinner of Wakefield

*Robin.* Content, what wreaques it vs though George a  
Greene be ftoute,

So long as he doth proffer vs no scath ⁊  
Enuie doth seldome 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 greene,  
And beate the Pinner for the loue of me. 940

*Robin.* Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy grieffe,  
My merrie men and I will thither stray,  
And heere I vow that for the loue of thee,  
I will beate George a Greene, or he shall beate me.

*Scarlet.* As I am Scarlet, next to little Iohn,  
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, 950  
And nill repēt that I haue done,  
This pleasant life contenteth me,  
In ought I may to doe thee good,  
Ile liue and die with Robin Hood.

*Marian.* And Robin, Marian she will goe with thee,  
To see faire Bettris how bright she is of blee.

*Robin.* Marian, thou shalt goe with thy Robin.  
Bend vp your bowes, and see your strings be tight,  
The arrowes keene, and euery thing be ready,



The pleafant Comedie of

And each of you a good bat on his necke,  
Able to lay a good man on the ground.

*Scarlet.* I will haue Frier Tuckes.

*Much.* I will haue little Iohns.

*Robin.* I will haue one made of an afhen plunke,  
Able to beare a bout or two.

Then come on, Marian, let vs goe,

For before the Sunne doth fhew the morning day,

969 I wil be at Wakefield to fee this Pinner George a Greene.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Sc. xi*

*Enter a Shoemaker fitting vpon the ftage  
at worke, Ienkin to him.*

*Ien.* My mafters, he that hath neither meate nor money,  
And hath loft his credite with the Alewife,  
For any thing I know, may goe fupperleffe to bed.  
But foft who is heere? here is a Shoemaker :

He knowes where is the beft Ale.

Shoomaker, I pray thee tell me,  
Where is the beft Ale in the towne?

980 *Shoomaker.* Afore, afore, follow thy nofe :

At the figne of the eggehell.

*Ienkin.* Come Shoemaker, if thou wilt,

And take thy part of a pot.

*Shoomaker.* Sirra, Downe with your ftaffe,  
Downe with your ftaffe.

*Ienkin.* Why how now, is the fellow mad?

I pray thee tell me, why fhould I hold downe my ftaffe?

*Shooma.* You wil downe with him, will you not fir?

*Ienkin.*

the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Ienkin.* Why tell me wherefore ?

*Shoo.* My friend, this is the towne of merry Wakefield, 990

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 fir.

*Ienkin.* And so will not I fir.

*Shoo.* That wil 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.

1000

*Ienkin.* You whoorfen cowardly scabbe,

It is but the part of a clapperdudgeon,

To strike a man in the streete.

But darest 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 fir, wil you go to the townes end now fir ?

*Ienkin.* I fir, come.

1010

Now we are at the townes end, what say you now ?

*Shoomaker.* Marry come, let vs euen haue a bout.

*Ienkin.* Ha, stay a little, hold thy hands, I pray thee.

*Shoomaker.* Why whats the matter ?

*Ienkin.* Faith I am vnder-pinner of a towne,

And there is an order, which if I doe not keepe,

The pleafant Comedie of

I fhall be turned out of mine office.

*Shoomaker.* What is that, fir?

*Ienkin.* Whenfoeuer I goe to fight with any bodie,  
1020 I vfe to flourifh my ftaffe thrife about my head

Before I ftrike, and then fhew no fauour.

*Shoomaker.* Well fir, and till then I will not ftrike thee.

*Ienkin.* Wel fir, here is once, twice, here is my hand,  
I will neuer doe it the third time.

*Shoomaker.* Why then I fee we fhall not fight.

*Ienkin.* Faith no: come, I will giue thee two pots  
Of the beft Ale, and be friends.

*Shoomak.* Faith I fee it is as hard to get water out of a flint,  
As to get him to haue a bout with me:

1030 Therefore I will enter into him for fome good cheere:

My friend, I fee thou art a faint hearted fellow,

Thou haft no ftomacke to fight,

Therefore let vs go to the Alehoufe and drinke.

*Ienkin.* Well, content, goe thy wayes and fay thy prayers,  
Thou fcapft my hands to day.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Sc. xii* *Enter George a Greene and Bettris.*

*George.* Tell me fweet loue, how is thy minde content,  
What canft thou brooke to liue with George a Greene?

*Bettris.* Oh George, how litle pleafing are thefe words?

1040 Came I from Bradford for the loue of thee?

And left my father for fo fweet a friend?

Here will I liue vntill my life doe end.

*Enter Robin Hood, and Marian, and his traine.*

*George.* Happy am I to haue fo fweet a loue.

But

the Pinner of Wakefield.

But what are these come trafing here along?

*Bettris.* Three men come striking through the corne,  
My loue.

*George.* Backe againe, you foolish trauellers,  
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.

*Robin Hood.* That were great shame.

1050

Now by my foule, proud fir,

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 incounter three?

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

*Geo.* Sirra, the biggest lms haue not the stoutest hearts.

Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three mery men, 1060

Ile driue you backe the same way that ye came.

Be ye men, ye sorne to incounter 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 vessels haue the loudest founds,

And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

*George.* Sirra, darest thou trie me ?

1070

*Scarlet.* I sirra, that I dare.

*They fight, and George a Greene beats him.*

F

*Much.*

The pleafant Comedie of

*Much.* How now ⁊ what art thou downe ⁊  
Come, fir, I am next.

*They fight, and George a Greene beates him.*

*Robin Hood.* Come firra, now to me, spare me not,  
For Ile not spare thee.

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

*They fight, Robin Hood ftayes.*

1080 *Robin Hood.* Stay, George, for here I dōo proteft,  
Thou art the ftouteft champion that euer I layd  
Handes vpon.

*George.* Soft you fir, by your leaue you lye,  
You neuer yet laid hands on me.

*Robin Hood.* George, wilt thou forfake Wakefield,  
And go with me,  
Two lueries will I guee thee euerie yeere,  
And fortie crownes fhall be thy fee.

*George.* Why, who art thou ⁊

1090 *Robin Hood.* Why, Robin Hood:  
I am come hither with my Marian,  
And thefe my yeomen for to vifit thee.

*George.* Robin Hood ⁊ next to king Edward  
Art thou leefte to me:

• Welcome, ſweet Robin, welcome, mayd Marian,  
And welcome, you my friends.

Will you to my poore houfe,  
You fhall haue wafer cakes your fill,  
A peece of beefe hung vp ſince Martlemas,

1100 Mutton and veale, 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 honourest me.

Ile leade the way.

*Exeunt omnes.*

— *Enter King Edward, and King Iames  
disguised, with two staues.*

Sc 21

*Edward.* Come on, king Iames, now wee are

Thus disguised,

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

1110

I thinke we are now in Bradford,

Where all the merrie shoomakers dwell.

*Enter a Shoemaker.*

*Shoemaker.* Downe with your staues, my friends,

Downe with them.

*Edward.* Downe with our staues<sup>d</sup> I pray thee, why fo<sup>d</sup>

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

Else wouldest thou not haue questiond of the thing.

This is the towne of merrie Bradford,

And here hath beene a custome kept of olde,

1120

That none may beare his staffe vpon his necke,

But traile it all along throughout the towne,

Vnlesse they meane to haue a bout with me.

*Edward.* But heare you fir, hath the king

Granted you this custome<sup>d</sup>

*Shoemaker.* King or Kaifar, none shall passe this way,

Except King Edward,

No not the stoutest groome that haunts his court :

The pleafant Comedie of

Therefore downe with your ftuaes.

1130 *Edward.* What were we beft to do?

*James.* Faith, my Lord, they are ftoute fellowes.  
And becaufe we will fee fome fport,  
We will traile our ftuaes.

*Edward.* Heer'ft thou, my friend?  
Becaufe we are men of peace and trauellers,  
We are content to traile our ftuaes.

*Shoomaker.* The way lyes before you, go along.

*Enter Robin Hood and George a Greene difguifed.*

*Robin Hood.* See George, two men are pafing  
1140 Through the towne,  
Two luftie men, and yet they traile their ftuaes.  
*George.* Robin, they are fome pefants  
Trickt in yeomans weedes. Hollo, you two trauellers.  
*Edward.* Call you vs, fir?  
*George.* I, you. Are ye not big inough to beare  
Yofir bats vpon your neckes,  
But you muft traile them along the ftreetes?

*Edwar.* Yes fir, we are big inough, but here is a cufrome  
Kept, that none may paffe his ftaffe vpon his necke,  
1150 Vnleffe he traile it at the weapons point.

•Sir, we are men of peace, and loue to fleepe  
In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes is beft.

*George.* Bafe minded pefants, worthleffe to be men,  
What, haue you bones and limmes to ftrike a blow,  
And be your hearts fo faint, you cannot fight?

Wert not for fhame, I would fhrub your fhoulders well,  
And

the Pinner of Wakefield.

And teach you manhood againſt another time.

*Shoom.* Well preacht fir Lacke, downe with your ſtaffe.

*Edwar.* Do you heare my friends ⁊ and you be wife,  
Keepe downe your ſtaues,

1160

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 town, beare me your ſtaues vpou your necks,

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

You were neuer better baſted in your liues.

*Edward.* We will hold vp our ſtaues.

*George a Greene fights with the Shoormakers,  
and beates them all downe.*

*George.* What, haue you any more ⁊

1170

Call all your towne forth, cut, and longtaile.

*The Shoormakers 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 ſtand of Ale, and ſet in the Market place,

That all may drinke that are athirſt this day,

1180

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 pleafant Comedie of

At the boord this day.

You that are ftrangers, place your felues where you will.

Robin, heer's a caroufe to good King Edwards felfe,

And they that loue him not, I would we had

The bafing of them a litle.

1190 *Enter the Earle of VVarwicke with other noble  
men, bringing out the Kings garments: then  
George a Greene and the reft kneele  
downe to the King.*

*Edward.* Come, mafters, all fellowes.

Nay, Robin, you are the beft man at the boord to day.

Rife vp George.

*George.* Nay, good my Liege, ill nurturd we were then :

Though we Yorkefhire men be blunt of fpeech,

And litle skild in court, or fuch quaint fashions,

1200 Yet nature teacheth vs duetie to our king :

Therefore I humbly befeech 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 frankely grant a pardon to you all.

And, George a Greene, gue me thy hand :

There is none in England that fhall doe thee wrong.

Euen from my court I came to fee thy felfe ;

And now I fee that fame fpeakes nought but trueth.

1210 *Georg.* I humbly thanke your royall Maieftie.

That which I did againft the Earle of Kendal,

It was but a fubiects duetie to his Soueraigne,

And

the Pinner of Wakefield.

And therefore little merit such good words.

*Edward.* But ere I go, Ile grace thee with good deeds.

Say what King Edward may performe,

And thou shalt haue 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,

1220

Although I loue her, and she me dearely.

*Edward.* Where is she?

*George.* At home at my poore house,

And vowes neuer to marrie vnlesse her father

Giue consent, which is my great grieffe, 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 fute.

*Enter Ienkin, and speakes.*

Ho, who saw a master of mine?

1230

Oh he is gotten into company, and a bodie should rake

Hell for companie.

*George.* Peace, ye slaue, see where King Edward is.

*Edward.* George, what is he?

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

*Shoomaker.* Sirra, the king hath bene drinking with vs,

And did pledge vs too.

*Ienkin.* Hath he so? kneele, I dub you gentlemen.

*Shoomaker.* Beg it of the King, Ienkin.

*Ienkin.* I wil. I beseech your worship grant me one thing. 1240

F 4.

*Edward.*

The pleafant Comedie of

*Edward.* What is that?

*Ienkin.* Hearke in your eare.

*He whispers the king in the eare.*

*Edward.* Goe your wayes and do it.

*Ienkin.* Come downe on your knees, I haue got it.

*Shoomaker.* Let vs heare what it is firft.

*Ienkin.* Mary, becaufe you haue drunke with the king,  
And the king hath fo graciously pledgd you,  
You fhall be no more called Shoomakers.

1250 *But you and yours to the worlds ende,  
Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.*

*Shoomaker.* I befeech your maieftie reforme this  
Which he hath fpoken.

*Ienkin.* I befeech your worfhip confume this  
Which he hath fpoken.

*Edward.* Confirme it, you would fay.  
Well, he hath done it for you, it is fufficient.  
Come, George, we will goe to Grime,  
And haue thy loue.

1260 *Ienkin.* I am fure your worfhip will abide :  
For yonder is comming olde Mufgroue,  
And mad Cuddie his fonne.

Mafter, my fellow Wilie comes drest like a woman,  
And mafter Grime will marrie Wilie : Heere they come.

*Enter Mufgroue and Cuddie, and mafter  
Grime, Wilie, Mayd Marian  
and Bettris.*

*Edward.* Which is thy old father, Cuddie?

*Cuddie.*

the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Cuddie.* This, if it please your maiestie.

*Edward.* Ah old Musgroue, kneele vp,  
It fits not fuch gray haire to kneele.

1270

*Musgroue.* Long liue my Soueragine,  
Long and happie be his dayes :  
Vouchsafe, my gracious Lord, a simple gift,  
At Billy Musgroues hand :

King Iames at Meddellom castle gaue me this,  
This wonne the honour, and this giue I thee.

*Edward.* Godamercie, Musgroue, for this friendly gift  
And for thou feldst a king with this same weapon,  
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgroue knight.

1280

*Musgr.* Alas what hath your highnes done? I am poore.

*Edw.* To mend thy liuing take thou Meddellom castle,  
The hold of both : and if thou want liuing, complaine,  
Thou shalt haue more to maintaine thine estate.

George, which is thy loue ?

*George.* This, if please your maiestie.

*Edward.* Art thou her aged father ?

*Grime.* I am, and it like your maiestie.

*Edward.* And wilt not giue thy daughter vnto George ?

*Grime.* Yes, my Lord, if he will let me marrie

1290

With this louely lassè.

*Edward.* What sayst thou, George ?

*George.* With all my heart, my Lord, I giue consent.

*Grime.* Then do I giue my daughter vnto George.

*Willie.* Then shall the marriage soone be at an end.

Witnesse, my Lord, if that I be a woman,

The pleafant Comedie of

For I am Wilie, boy to George a Greene,  
Who for my mafter wrought this fubtill fhift.

*Edwar.* What, is it a boy? what fayft thou to this Grime?

1300 *Grime.* Mary, my Lord, I thinke this boy hath  
More knauerie, than all the world befides.

Yet am I content that George fhall both haue  
My daughter and my lands.

*Edward.* Now George, it refts I gratifie thy worth:

And therefore here I doe bequeath to thee,  
In full poffeffion halfe that Kendal hath,  
And what as Bradford holdes of me in chiefe,  
I giue it frankely vnto thee for euer.

Kneele downe George.

1310 *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 liue and die a yeoman ftill:  
So was my father, fo must liue his fonne.

For tis more credite to men of bafe degree,  
To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.

*Edward.* Well, be it fo George.

1320 *James.* I befeech your grace difpatch with me,  
And fet downe my ranfome.

*Edward.* George a Greene, fet downe the king of Scots  
His ranfome.

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

*Edward.*

the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Edward.* Do it, the honor's thine.

*George.* Then let king Iames make good  
Those townes which he hath burnt vpon the borders,  
Giue a small penfion to the fatherleffe,  
Whose fathers he caus'd murthered in those warres,  
Put in pledge for these things to your grace,  
And so returne. King Iames, are you content.

1330

*Iamie.* I am content: and like your maiestie,  
And will leaue good castles in securitie.

*Edward.* I craue no more. Now George a Greene,  
Ile to thy house: and when I haue supt, Ile go to Aske,  
And see if Iane a Barley be so faire,  
As good King Iames reports her for to be.  
And for the ancient custome of *Vaile staffe*, keepe it still,  
Clayme priuiledge from me:  
If any aske a reason why? or how?  
Say, English Edward vaild his staffe to you.

1340

