

A Pleasant Comedy, Called
Summer's Last Will and Testament.

Written by Thomas Nash.

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Dramatis Personae

Will Summer.

Summer, Autumn, Winter, Vertumnus, with satyrs and wood-nymphs.

Ver, with his train.

Solstitium, with shepherds.

Sol, with a noise of musicians.

Orion, with huntsmen.

Harvest, with reapers.

Bacchus, with his companions.

Christmas, Back-winter, sons to Winter.

Boy, with an epilogue.

Morris dancers, with the hobby-horse.

Three clowns.

Three maids.

 Summer's Last Will and Testament

[Enter Will Summers in his fool's coat but half on, coming out.]

Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus obiice nubem. There is no such fine time to play the knave in as the night. I am a goose, or a ghost at least, for what with turmoil of getting my fool's apparel, and care of being perfect, I am sure I have not yet supped tonight. Will Summer's ghost I should be, come to present you with Summer's last will and testament. Be it so, if my cousin Ned will lend me his chain and his fiddle. Other stately paced prologues use to attire themselves within; I, that have a toy in my head more than ordinary, and use to go without money, without garters, without girdle, without a hatband, without points to my hose, without a knife to my dinner, and make so much use of this word *without* in everything, will here dress me without. Dick Huntley cries, *Begin, begin,* and all the whole house, *For shame, come away,* when I had my things but now brought me out of the laundry. God forgive me, I did not see my Lord before. I'll set a good face on it, as though what I had talked idly all this while were my part. So it is, *boni viri,* that one fool presents another, and I, a fool by nature and by art, do speak to you in the person of the idiot, our play-maker. He, like a fop & an ass, must be making himself a public laughing-stock, & have no thank for his labour, where other *magisterii,* whose invention is far more exquisite, are content to sit still and do nothing. I'll show you what a scurvy prologue he had made me, in an old vein of similitudes. If you be good-fellows, give it the hearing, that you may judge of him thereafter.

The Prologue.

At a solemn feast of the Triumviri in Rome, it was seen and observed that the birds ceased to sing, & sat solitary on the house-tops, by reason of the sight of a painted serpent set openly to view. So fares it with us novices, that here betray our imperfections; we, afraid to look on the imaginary serpent of envy painted in men's affections, have ceased to tune any music of mirth to your ears this twelvemonth, thinking that, as it is the nature of the serpent to hiss, so childhood and ignorance would play the goslings, contemning and condemning what they understood not. Their censures we weigh not, whose senses are not yet unswaddled. The little minutes will be continually striking, though no man regard them. Whelps will bark before they can see, and strive to bite before they have teeth. Politianus speaketh of a beast who, while he is cut on the table, drinketh, and represents the motions & voices of a living creature. Suchlike foolish beasts are we, who, whilst we are cut, mocked & flouted at in every man's common talk, will notwithstanding proceed to shame ourselves to make sport. No man pleaseth all; we seek to please one. Didymus wrote four thousand books or, as some say, six thousand, of the art of grammar. Our author hopes it may be as lawful for him to write a thousand lines of as light a subject. Socrates (whom the oracle pronounced the wisest man of Greece) sometimes danced. Scipio and Lelius by the sea-side played at pebble-stone. *Semel insanivimus omnes.* Every man cannot, with Archimedes, make a heaven of brass, or dig gold out of the iron mines of the law. Such odd trifles as mathematicians' experiments be, artificial flies to hang in the air by themselves, dancing

balls, an egg-shell that shall climb up to the top of a spear, fiery-breathing gourds(?), *poeta noster* professeth not to make. *Placeat sibi quisq; licebit*. What's a fool but his bauble? Deep-reaching wits, here is no deep stream for you to angle in. Moralizers, you that wrest a never-meant meaning out of everything, applying all things to the present time, keep your attention for the common stage, for here are no quips in characters for you to read. Vain glozers, gather what you will. Spite, spell backwards what thou canst. As the Parthians fight, flying away, so will we prate and talk, but stand to nothing that we say.

How say you, my masters, do you not laugh at him for a coxcomb? Why, he hath made a prologue longer than his play; nay, 'tis no play neither, but a show. I'll be sworn the jig of Rowland's godson is a giant in comparison of it. What can be made of Summer's last will & testament? Such another thing as Gillian of Brainford's will, where she bequeathed a score of farts amongst her friends. Forsooth, because the plague reigns in most places in this latter end of summer, Summer must come in sick; he must call his officers to account, yield his throne to Autumn, make Winter his executor, with tittle-tattle Tom boy, God give you good night in Watling-street. I care not what I say now, for I play no more than you hear, & some of that you heard to (by your leave) was extempore. He were as good have let me had the best part, for I'll be revenged on him to the uttermost in this person of Will Summer which I have put on to play the prologue, and mean not to put off till the play be done. I'll sit as a chorus, and flout the actors and him at the end of every scene; I know they will not interrupt me for fear of marring of all, but look to your cues, my masters, for I intend to play the knave in cue, and put you besides all your parts if you take not the better heed. Actors, you rogues, come away, clear your throats, blow your noses, and wipe your mouths ere you enter, that you may take no occasion to spit or to cough when you are non plus. And this I bar, over and besides, that none of you stroke your beards to make action, play with your cod-piece points, or stand fumbling on your buttons when you know not how to bestow your fingers. Serve God, and act cleanly; a fit of mirth and an old song first, if you will.

[Enter Summer, leaning on Autumn's and Winter's shoulders, and attended on with a train of satyrs and wood-nymphs, singing, Vertumnus also following him.]

*Fair Summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore;
So fair a summer look for nevermore.
All good things vanish, less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure suddenly decay.
Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year;
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.*

*What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?
O trees, consume your sap in sorrow's course,
Streams, turn to tears your tributary course.
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year;
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.*

[The satyrs and wood-nymphs go out singing, and leave Summer and Winter and Autumn, with Vertumnus, on the stage.]

WILL SUMMER. A couple of pretty boys, if they would wash their faces, and were well breached an hour or two. The rest of the green men have reasonable voices, good to sing catches, or the great Jowben(?) by the fire's side in a winter's evening. But let us hear what Summer can say for himself, why he should not be hissed at.

SUMMER. What pleasure always lasts? no joy endures.

Summer I was. I am not what I was;
Harvest and age have whitened my green head;
On Autumn now and Winter must I lean;
Needs must he fall whom none but foes uphold.
Thus must the happiest man have his black day;
Omnibus una manet nox, & calcanda semel via lethi.
This month have I lain languishing abed,
Looking each hour to yield my life and throne,
And died I had indeed unto the earth
But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen,
On whom all seasons prosperously attend,
Forbade the execution of my fate
Until her joyful progress was expired.
For her doth Summer live, and linger here,
And wisheth long to live to her content,
But wishes are not had when they wish well,
I must depart, my death-day is set down,
To these two must I leave my wheaten crown.
So unto unthrifths rich men leave their lands,
Who in an hour consume long labour's gains.
True is it that divinest Sidney sung,
O, he is marred, that is for others made.
Come near, my friends, for I am near my end;
In presence of this honourable train,
Who love me (for I patronize their sports),
Mean I to make my final testament,
But first I'll call my officers to 'count,
And of the wealth I gave them to dispose,
Known what is left, I may know what to give.
Vertumnus then, that turn'st the year about,
Summon them one by one to answer me;
First Ver, the spring, unto whose custody
I have committed more than to the rest:
The choice of all my fragrant meads and flowers,
And what delights soe'er nature affords.

VERTUM. I will, my Lord. Ver, lusty Ver, by the name of lusty Ver come into the court! Lose a mark in issues.

[Enter Ver with his train, overlaid with suits of green moss representing short grass, singing.]

The Song.

*Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, tu-witta woo.*

*The palm and May make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, tu-witta woo.*

*The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, tu-witta woo.
Spring, the sweet spring.*

WILL SUMMER. By my troth, they have voices as clear as crystal; this is a pretty thing, if it be for nothing but to go a-begging with.

SUMMER. Believe me, Ver, but thou art pleasant bent;
This humour should import a harmless mind.
Know'st thou the reason why I sent for thee?

VER. No, faith, nor care not whether I do or no.
If you will dance a galliard, so it is; if not,
Falangtado, falangtado, to wear the black and yellow;
Falangtado, falangtado, my mates are gone, I'll follow.

SUMMER. Nay, stay awhile, we must confer and talk.
Ver, call to mind I am thy sovereign lord,
And what thou hast, of me thou hast and hold'st;
Unto no other end I sent for thee
But to demand a reckoning at thy hands
How well or ill thou hast employed my wealth.

VER. If that be all, we will not disagree;
A clean trencher and a napkin you shall have presently.

WILL SUMMER. The truth is, this fellow hath been a tapster in his days.

[Ver goes in, and fetcheth out the hobby-horse & the morris-dance, who dance about.]

SUMMER. How now? Is this the reckoning we shall have?

WINTER. My Lord, he doth abuse you; brook it not.

AUTUMN. *Summa totalis*, I fear, will prove him but a fool.

VER. About, about, lively, put your horse to it, rein him harder, jerk him with your wand, sit fast, sit fast, man; fool, hold up your bauble(?) there.

WILL SUMMER. O brave Hall! O, well said, butcher. Now for the credit of Worcestershire. The finest set of morris-dancers that is between this and Streatham; marry, methinks there is one of them danceth like a clothier's horse with a wool-pack on his back. You, friend with the hobby-horse, go not too fast, for fear of wearing out my Lord's tilestones with your hobnails.

VER. So, so, so; trot the ring twice over, and away. May it please my Lord, this is the grand capital sum, but there are certain parcels behind, as you shall see.

SUMMER. Nay, nay, no more, for this is all too much.

VER. Content yourself, we'll have variety.

[Here enter 3 clowns & 3 maids, singing this song, dancing.]

*Trip and go, heave and ho,
Up and down, to and fro,
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove,
A-maying, a-playing;
Love hath no gainsaying,
So merrily trip and go.*

WILL SUMMER. Beshrew my heart, of a number of ill legs I never saw worse dancers; how blest are you, that the wenches of the parish do not see you.

SUMMER. Presumptuous Ver, uncivil-nurtured boy,
Think'st I will be derided thus of thee?
Is this th' account and reckoning that thou mak'st?

VER. Troth, my Lord, to tell you plain, I can give you no other account: *nam quae habui, perdidit*; what I had, I have spent on good-fellows; in these sports you have seen, which are proper to the spring, and others of like sort (as giving wenches green gowns,

making garlands for fencers, and tricking up children gay) have I bestowed all my flowery treasure and flower of my youth.

WILL SUMMER. A small matter. I know one spent, in less than a year, eight and fifty pounds in mustard, and another that ran in debt, in the space of four or five year, above fourteen thousand pound in lute-strings and grey paper.

SUMMER. O monstrous unthrift; who e'er heard the like?
The sea's vast throat, in so short tract of time,
Devoureth nor consumeth half so much.
How well mightst thou have lived within thy bounds!

VER. What talk you to me of living within my bounds? I tell you, none but asses live within their bounds; the silly beasts, if they be put in a pasture that is eaten bare to the very earth, & where there is nothing to be had but thistles, will rather fall soberly to those thistles, and be hunger-starved, than they will offer to break their bounds, whereas the lusty courser, if he be in a barren plot, and spy better grass in some pasture near adjoining, breaks over hedge and ditch and to go, ere he will be pent in, and not have his belly-ful. Peradventure the horses lately sworn to be stolen carried that youthful mind, who, if they had been asses, would have been yet extant.

WILL SUMMERS. Thus we may see, the longer we live, the more we shall learn; I ne'er thought honesty an ass till this day.

VER. This world is transitory; it was made of nothing, and it must to nothing; wherefore, if we will do the will of our high Creator (whose will it is that it pass to nothing), we must help to consume it to nothing. Gold is more vile than men; men die in thousands, and ten thousands, yea, many times in hundred thousands, in one battle. If then the best husband be so liberal of his best handiwork, to what end should we make much of a glittering excrement, or doubt to spend at a banquet as many pounds as he spends men at a battle? Methinks I honour Geta, the Roman emperor, for a brave-minded fellow, for he commanded a banquet to be made him of all meats under the sun, which were served in after the order of the alphabet, and the clerk of the kitchen, following the last dish (which was two mile off from the foremost), brought him an index of their several names; neither did he pingle when it was set on the board, but for the space of three days and three nights never rose from the table.

WILL SUMMERS. O, intolerable lying villain, that was never begotten without the consent of a whetstone!

SUMMER. Ungracious man, how fondly he argueth!

VER. Tell me, I pray, wherefore was gold laid under our feet in the veins of the earth, but that we should contemn it, and tread upon it, and so consequently tread thrift under our feet? It was not known till the Iron Age, *donec facinus inuasit mortales*, as the poet says, and the Scythians always detested it. I will prove it, that an unthrift, of any, comes

nearest a happy man, insomuch as he comes nearest to beggary. Cicero saith, *summum bonum* consists in *omnium rerum vacatione*, that it is the chiefest felicity that may be to rest from all labours. Now, who doth so much *vacare a rebus*, who rests so much, who hath so little to do, as the beggar?

*Who can sing so merry a note,
As he that cannot change a groat?*

Cui nil est, nil deest, He that hath nothing, wants nothing. On the other side, it is said of the carl, *Omnia habeo, nec quicquam habeo*: I have all things, yet want everything. *Multi mihi vitio vertunt, quia egeo*, saith Marcus Cato in Aulus Gellius, *at ego illis, quia nequeunt egere*, Many upbraid me, saith he, because I am poor, but I upbraid them, because they cannot live if they were poor. It is a common proverb, *Diuesq; miserq*, A rich man, and a miserable; *Nam natura paucis contenta*, None so contented as the poor man. Admit that the chiefest happiness were not rest or ease, but knowledge, as Herillus, Alcidas & many of Socrates' followers affirm; why, *Paupertas omnes perdocet artes*, Poverty instructs a man in all arts, it makes a man hardy and venturous, and therefore it is called of the poets, *paupertas audax*, valiant poverty. It is not so much subject to inordinate desires as wealth or prosperity. *Non habet unde suum paupertas pascat amorem*, Poverty hath not wherewithal to feed lust. All the poets were beggars; all alchemists and all philosophers are beggars; *Omnia mea mecum porto*, quoth Bias, when he had nothing but bread and cheese in a leathern bag, and two or three books in his bosom. Saint Francis, a holy saint, & never had any money. It is madness to dote upon muck. That young man of Athens (Aelianus makes mention of) may be an example to us, who doted so extremely on the image of Fortune that, when he might not enjoy it, he died for sorrow. The earth yields all her fruits together, and why should not we spend them together? I thank heavens on my knees, that have made me an unthrift.

SUMMER. O, vanity itself! O wit ill spent!
So study thousands not to mend their lives,
But to maintain the sin they most affect,
To be hell's advocates gainst their own souls.
Ver, since thou giv'st such praise to beggary,
And hast defended it so valiantly,
This be thy penance: thou shalt ne'er appear,
Or come abroad, but Lent shall wait on thee;
His scarcity may countervail thy waste;
Riot may flourish, but finds want at last.
Take him away, that knoweth no good way,
And lead him the next way to woe and want. [Exit Ver.]
Thus in the paths of knowledge many stray,
And from the means of life fetch their decay.

WILL SUMMER. Heigh-ho, here is a coil indeed, to bring beggars to stocks. I promise you truly, I was almost asleep; I thought I had been at a sermon. Well, for this one night's exhortation, I vow (by God's grace) never to be good husband while I live. But

what is this to the purpose? Hur come to Powl (as the Welshman says) and hur pay an halfpenny for hur seat, and hur hear the preacher talge, and a talge very well, by gis; but yet a cannot make hur laugh; go ae Theatre, and hear a Queen's Fice, and he make hur laugh, and laugh hur belly-ful. So we come hither to laugh and be merry, and we hear a filthy beggarly oration in the praise of beggary. It is a beggarly poet that writ it, and that makes him so much commend it, because he knows not how to mend himself. Well, rather than he shall have no employment but lick dishes, I will set him a-work myself, to write in praise of the art of stooping, and how there was never any famous thresher, porter, brewer, pioneer or carpenter that had straight back. Repair to my chamber, poor fellow, when the play is done, and thou shalt see what I will say to thee.

SUMMER. Vertumnus, call Solstitium.

VERTUM. Solstitium, come into the court.

[Without]. Peace there below! Make room for Master Solstitium.

[Enter Solstitium like an aged hermit, carrying a pair of balances with an hour-glass in either of them, one hour-glass white, the other black; he is brought in by a number of shepherds, playing upon recorders.]

SOLSTITIUM. All hail to Summer, my dread sovereign Lord.

SUMMER. Welcome, Solstitium; thou art one of them
To whose good husbandry we have referred
Part of those small revenues that we have.
What hast thou gained us? What hast thou brought in?

SOLSTITIUM. Alas, my Lord, what gave you me to keep
But a few daisies in my prime of youth?
And those I have converted to white hairs.
I never loved ambitiously to climb,
Or thrust my hand too far into the fire;
To be in heaven, sure, is a blessed thing,
But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back
Cannot but be more labour than delight.
Such is the state of men in honour placed;
They are gold vessels made for servile uses,
High trees that keep the weather from low houses,
But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales,
Neither to be so great to be envied,
Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.
Inter vtrumq. tene, medio tutissimus ibis.

SUMMER. What dost thou with those balances thou bearest?

SOLSTITIUM. In them I weigh the day and night alike.
This white glass is the hour-glass of the day,
This black one the just measure of the night,
One more than other holdeth not a grain;
Both serve time's just proportion to maintain.

SUMMER. I like thy moderation wondrous well,
And this thy balance, weighing the white glass
And black with equal poise and steadfast hand,
A pattern is to princes and great men
How to weigh all estates indifferently,
The spirituality and temporalty alike;
Neither to be too prodigal of smiles,
Nor too severe in frowning without cause;
If you be wise, you monarchs of the earth,
Have two such glasses still before your eyes;
Think as you have a white glass running on,
Good days, friends, favour, and all things at beck,
So this white glass run out (as out it will),
The black comes next; your downfall is at hand;
Take this of me, for somewhat I have tried:
A mighty ebb follows a mighty tide.
But say, Solstitium, hadst thou naught besides?
Naught but daisies and fair looks gave I thee?

SOLSTITIUM. Nothing, my Lord, nor aught more did I ask.

SUMMER. But hadst thou always kept thee in my sight,
Thy good deserts, though silent, would have asked.

SOLSTITIUM. Deserts, my Lord, of ancient servitors,
Are like old sores, which may not be ripped up;
Such use these times have got that none must beg
But those that have young limbs to lavish fast.

SUMMER. I grieve no more regard was had of thee;
A little sooner hadst thou spoke to me,
Thou hadst been heard, but now the time is past;
Death waiteth at the door for thee and me;
Let us go measure out our beds in clay;
Naught but good deeds hence shall we bear away.
Be, as thou wert, best steward of my hours,
And so return unto thy country bowers.

[Here Solstitium goes out with his music, as he comes in.]

WILL SUMMER. Fie, fie, of honesty, fie; Solstitium is an ass, perdie; this play is a gallimaufry; fetch me some drink, somebody. What cheer, what cheer, my hearts? Are not you thirsty with listening to this dry sport? What have we to do with scales and hour-glasses, except we were bakers or clock-keepers? I cannot tell how other men are addicted, but it is against my profession to use any scales but such as we play at with a bowl, or keep any hours but dinner or supper. It is a pedantical thing to respect times and seasons: if a man be drinking with good-fellows late, he must come home for fear the gates be shut; when I am in my warm bed, I must rise to prayers because the bell rings. I like no such foolish customs. Actors, bring now a Black Jack and a runlet of Rhenish wine disputing of the antiquity of red-noses; let the prodigal child come out in his doublet and hose all greasy, his shirt hanging forth, and ne'er a penny in his purse, and talk what a fine thing it is to walk summerly, or sit whistling under a hedge and keep hogs. Go forward in grace and virtue to proceed, but let us have no more of these grave matters.

SUMMER. Vertumnus, will Sol come before us?

VERTUMNUS. Sol, sol, ut re, me, fa, sol.
Come to church while the bell doth toll.

[Enter Sol, very richly attired, with a noise of musicians before him.]

SUMMER. Aye, marry, here comes majesty in pomp,
Resplendent Sol, chief planet of the heavens;
He is our servant, looks he ne'er so big.

SOL. My liege, what crav'st thou at thy vassal's hands?

SUMMER. Hypocrisy, how it can change his shape!
How base is pride from his own dunghill put!
How I have raised thee, Sol, I list not tell,
Out of the ocean of adversity,
To sit in height of honour's glorious heaven,
To be the eye-sore of aspiring eyes,
To give the day her life from thy bright looks,
And let naught thrive upon the face of earth
From which thou shalt withdraw thy powerful smiles.
What hast thou done deserving such high grace?
What industry, or meritorious toil
Canst thou produce to prove my gift well placed?
Some service or some profit I expect;
None is promoted but for some respect.

SOL. My Lord, what needs these terms betwixt us two?
Upbraiding ill beseems your bounteous mind;
I do you honour for advancing me.

Why, 'tis a credit for your excellence
To have so great a subject as I am;
This is your glory and magnificence
That, without stooping of your mightiness,
Or taking any whit from your high state,
You can make one as mighty as yourself.

AUTUMN. O, arrogance exceeding all belief!
Summer, my Lord, this saucy upstart Jack
That now doth rule the chariot of the sun,
And makes all stars derive their light from him,
Is a most base insinuating slave,
The son of parsimony and disdain,
One that will shine on friends and foes alike,
That under brightest smiles hideth black showers,
Whose envious breath doth dry up springs and lakes,
And burns the grass, that beasts can get no food.

WINTER. No dunghill hath so vild an excrement,
But with his beams he will forthwith exhale;
The fens and quagmires tithes to him their filth,
Forth purest mines he sucks a gainful dross,
Green ivy-bushes at the vintners' doors
He withers, and devoureth all their sap.

AUTUMN. Lascivious and intemperate he is:
The wrong of Daphne is a well known tale;
Each evening he descends to Thetis' lap,
The while men think he bathes him in the sea;
O, but when he returneth whence he came,
Down to the west, then dawns his deity,
Then doubled is the swelling of his looks;
He overloads his car with orient gems,
And reins his fiery horses with rich pearl;
He terms himself the god of poetry,
And setteth wanton songs unto the lute.

WINTER. Let him not talk, for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good.

SUMMER. Bad words, bad wit; oh, where dwells faith or truth?
Ill usury my favours reap from thee,
Usurping Sol, the hate of heaven and earth.

SOL. If envy unconfuted may accuse,
Then innocence must uncondemned die.

The name of martyrdom offence hath gained,
When fury stopped a froward judge's ears.
Much I'll not say (much speech much folly shows);
What I have done, you gave me leave to do.
The excrements you bred, whereon I feed
To rid the earth of their contagious fumes;
With such gross carriage did I load my beams;
I burnt no grass, I dried no springs and lakes,
I sucked no mines, I withered no green boughs
But when, to ripen harvest, I was forced
To make my rays more fervent than I wont.
For Daphne's wrongs, and scapes in Thetis' lap,
All gods are subject to the like mishap;
Stars daily fall ('tis use is all in all),
And men account the fall but nature's course.
Vaunting my jewels, hasting to the west,
Or rising early from the grey-eyed morn,
What do I vaunt but your large bountihood,
And show how liberal a lord I serve?
Music and poetry, my two last crimes,
Are those two exercises of delight
Wherewith long labours I do weary out;
The dying swan is not forbid to sing,
The waves of Heber played on Orpheus' strings
When he (sweet music's trophy) was destroyed.
And as for poetry, woods' (?) eloquence,
(Dead Phaeton's three sisters' funeral tears,
That by the gods were to electrum turned),
Not flint, or rocks of icy cinders framed,
Deny the source of silver-falling streams.
Envy envieth not outcry's unrest,
In vain I plead; well is to me a fault,
And these my words seem the slight web of art,
And not to have the taste of sounder truth.
Let none but fools be cared for of the wise;
Knowledge's own children knowledge most despise.

SUMMER. Thou know'st too much to know to keep the mean;
He that sees all things oft sees not himself;
The Thames is witness of thy tyranny,
Whose waves thou hast exhaust for winter showers;
The naked channel plains her of thy spite,
That laid'st her entrails unto open sight.
Unprofitably born(e) to man and beast,
Which like to Nilus yet doth hide his head,
Some few years since thou let'st o'erflow these walks,

And in the horse-race headlong ran at race.
 While in a cloud thou hid'st thy burning face,
 Where was thy care to rid contagious filth
 When some men wet-shod (with his waters) drooped?
 Others that ate the eels his heat cast up,
 Sickened and died, by them empoisoned.
 Sleep'st thou, or keep'st thou then Admetus' sheep,
 Thou driv'st not back these flowings to the deep?

SOL. The winds, not I, have floods & tides in chase.
 Diana, whom our fables call the moon,
 Only commandeth o'er the raging main;
 She leads his wallowing offspring up and down;
 She waning, all streams ebb; in the year
 She was eclipsed, when that the Thames was bare.

SUMMER. A bare conjecture, builded on *perhaps*;
 In laying thus the blame upon the moon
 Thou imitat'st subtle Pythagoras
 Who, what he would the people should believe,
 The same he wrote with blood upon a glass,
 And turned it opposite gainst the new moon,
 Whose beams, reflecting on it with full force,
 Showed all those lines, to them that stood behind,
 Most plainly writ in circle of the moon,
 And then he said, Not I, but the new moon,
 Fair Cynthia, persuades you this and that.
 With like collusion shalt thou not blind me;
 Long shalt thou be eclipsed by the moon,
 And long in darkness live, and see no light.
 Away with him, his doom hath no reverse.

SOL. What is eclipsed will one day shine again;
 Though winter frowns, the spring will ease my pain;
 Time from the brow doth wipe out every stain. [Exit Sol.]

WILL SUMMER. I think the sun is not so long in passing through the twelve signs as the son of a fool hath been disputing here about had I wist. Out of doubt, the poet is bribed of some that have a mess of cream to eat before my Lord go to bed yet, to hold him half the night with riff-raff of the rumming of Eleanor. If I can tell what it means, pray God I may never get breakfast more when I am hungry. Troth, I am of opinion he is one of those hieroglyphical writers that, by the figures of beasts, planets and of stones, express the mind as we do in A.B.C, or one that writes under hair, as I have heard of a certain notary Histiaeus, who, following Darius in the Persian wars, and desirous to disclose some secrets of import to his friend Aristagoras, that dwelt afar off, found out this means: he had a servant that had been long sick of a pain in his eyes whom, under

Imberbi
Apollo, a
beardless
poet.

pretence of curing his malady, he shaved from one side of his head to the other, and with a soft pencil wrote upon his scalp (as on parchment) the discourse of his business, the fellow all the while imagining his master had done nothing but noint his head with a feather. After this, he kept him secretly in his tent till his hair was somewhat grown, and then willed him to go to Aristagoras into the country, and bid him shave him as he had done, and he should have perfect remedy. He did so; Aristagoras shaved him with his own hands, read his friend's letter, and when he had done, washed it out, that no man should perceive it else, and sent him home to buy him a night-cap. If I wist there were any such knavery, or Peter Bales' brachygraphy, under Sol's bushy hair, I would have a barber, my host of the Morian's Head, to be his interpreter, who would whet his razor on his Richmond cap, and give him the terrible cut, like himself, but he would come as near as a quart-pot to the construction of it. To be sententious, not superfluous, Sol should have been beholding to the barber, and not the beard-master. Is it pride that is shadowed under this two-legged sun, that never came nearer heaven than Duppas Hill? That pride is not my sin, Sloven's Hall, where I was born, be my record. As for covetousness, intemperance and exaction, I meet with nothing in a whole year but a cup of wine for such vices to be conversant in; *Pergite porro*, my good children, and multiply the sins of your absurdities till you come to the full measure of the grand hiss, and you shall hear how we will purge rheum with censuring your imperfections.

SUMMER. Vertumnus, call Orion.

VERTUM. Orion, Urion, Arion,
My lord thou must look upon.

Orion, gentleman dog-keeper, huntsman, come into the court; look you bring all hounds, and no bandogs. Peace there, that we may hear their horns blow.

[Enter Orion like a hunter, with a horn about his neck, all his men after the same sort hallowing and blowing their horns.]

ORION. Sirrah, was't thou that called us from our game?
How durst thou (being but a petty god)
Disturb me in the entrance of my sports?

SUMMER. 'Twas I, Orion, caused thee to be called.

ORION. 'Tis I, dread Lord, that humbly will obey.

SUMMER. How hap'st thou left'st the heavens to hunt below?
As I remember, thou wert Hyrius' son,
Whom of a huntsman Jove chose for a star,
And thou art called the dog-star, art thou not?

AUTUMN. Pleaseth your Honour, heaven's circumference
Is not enough for him to hunt and range,
But with those venom-breathed curs he leads

He comes to chase health from our earthly bounds;
Each one of those foul-mouthed mangy dogs
Governs a day (no dog but hath his day),
And all the days by them so governed,
The dog-days hight; infectious fosterers
Of meteors from carrion that arise,
And putrefied bodies of dead men,
Are they engendered to that ugly shape,
Being naught else but preserved corruption.
'Tis these that, in the entrance of their reign,
The plague and dangerous agues have brought in.
They arr and bark at night against the moon
For fetching in fresh tides to cleanse the streets;
They vomit flames, and blast the ripened fruits;
They are death's messengers unto all those
That sicken while their malice beareth sway.

ORION. A tedious discourse, built on no ground,
A silly fancy, Autumn, hast thou told,
Which no philosophy doth warrantise,
No old received poetry confirms.
I will not grace thee by confuting thee,
Yet in a jest (since thou railest so gainst dogs)
I'll speak a word or two in their defence.
That creature's best that comes most near to men;
That dogs of all come nearest, thus I prove:
First, they excel us in all outward sense,
Which no-one of experience will deny;
They hear, they smell, they see better than we.
To come to speech, they have it questionless,
Although we understand them not so well;
They bark as good old Saxon as may be,
And that in more variety than we,
For they have one voice when they are in chase,
Another when they wrangle for their meat,
Another when we beat them out of doors.
That they have reason, this I will allege:
They choose those things that are most fit for them,
And shun the contrary all that they may;
They know what is for their own diet best,
And seek about for't very carefully;
At sight of any whip they run away,
As runs a thief from noise of hue and cry.
Nor live they on the sweat of others' brows,
But have their trades to get their living with,
Hunting and cony-catching, two fine arts;

Yea, there be of them, as there be of men,
Of every occupation more or less,
Some carriers, and they fetch; some watermen,
And they will dive and swim when you bid them;
Some butchers, and they worry sheep by night;
Some cooks, and they do nothing but turn spits.
Chrysippus holds dogs are logicians,
In that, by study and by canvassing,
They can distinguish twixt three several things,
As when he cometh where three broad ways meet,
And of those three hath stayed at two of them
By which he guesseth that the game went not,
Without more pause he runneth on the third,
Which, as Chrysippus saith, insinuates
As if he reasoned thus within himself:
Either he went this, that, or yonder way,
But neither that, nor yonder, therefore this.
But whether they logicians be or no,
Cynics they are, for they will snarl and bite;
Right courtiers to flatter and to fawn,
Valiant to set upon the enemies,
Most faithful and most constant to their friends.
Nay, they are wise, as Homer witnesseth,
Who, talking of Ulysses coming home,
Saith all his household but Argus, his dog,
Had quite forgot him; aye, and his deep insight,
Nor Pallas' art in altering of his shape,
Nor his base weeds, nor absence twenty years,
Could go beyond, or any way delude.
That dogs physicians are, thus I infer:
They are ne'er sick but they know their disease,
And find out means to ease them of their grief;
Special good surgeons to cure dangerous wounds,
For stricken with a stake into the flesh,
This policy they use to get it out:
They trail one of their feet upon the ground,
And gnaw the flesh about, where the wound is,
Till it be clean drawn out, and then because
Ulcers and sores kept foul are hardly cured,
They lick and purify it with their tongue;
And well observed Hippocrates' old rule,
The only medicine for the foot is rest,
For if they have the least hurt in their feet,
They bear them up, and look they be not stirred;
When humours rise, they eat a sovereign herb
Whereby what cloyes their stomachs they cast up,

And as some writers of experience tell,
 They were the first invented vomiting.
 Sham'st thou not, Autumn, unadvisedly
 To slander such rare creatures as they be?

SUMMER. We called thee not, Orion, to this end,
 To tell a story of dogs' qualities.
 With all thy hunting how are we enriched?
 What tribute payest thou us for thy high place?

ORION. What tribute should I pay you out of naught?
 Hunters do hunt for pleasure, not for gain.
 While dog-days last, the harvest safely thrives;
 The sun burns hot to finish up fruits' growth;
 There is no blood-letting to make men weak,
 Physicians with their *cataposisia*
 r. tittle *elinctoria*
Masticatorum and *cataplastmata*,
 Their gargarisms, clysters, and pitched cloths,
 Their perfumes, syrups, and their treacles,
 Refrain to poison the sick patients,
 And dare not minister till I be out;
 Then none will bathe, and so are fewer drowned;
 All lust is perilsome, therefore less used.
 In brief, the year without me cannot stand;
 Summer, I am thy staff and thy right hand.

SUMMER. A broken staff, a lame right hand I had
 If thou wert all the stay that held me up.
Nihil violentum perpetuum,
 No violence that liveth to old age.
 Ill-governed star, that never bod'st good luck,
 I banish thee a twelve-month and a day
 Forth of my presence; come not in my sight,
 Nor show thy head so much as in the night.

ORION. I am content; though hunting be not out,
 We will go hunt in hell for better hap.
 One parting blow, my hearts, unto our friends,
 To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell;
 Toss up your bugle-horns unto the stars.
 Toil findeth ease, peace follows after wars. [Exit.]

[Here they go out, blowing their horns and hallowing, as they came in.]

WILL SUMMER. Faith, this scene of Orion is right *prandium caninum*, a dog's dinner, which as it is without wine, so here's a coil about dogs without wit. If I had thought the ship of fools would have stayed to take in fresh water at the Isle of Dogs, I would have furnished it with a whole kennel of collections to the purpose. I have had a dog myself that would dream, and talk in his sleep, turn round like Ned fool, and sleep all night in a porridge-pot. Mark but the skirmish between sixpence and the fox, and it is miraculous how they overcome one another in honourable courtesy. The fox, though he wears a chain, runs as though he were free, mocking us (as it is a crafty beast) because we, having a lord and master to attend on, run about at our pleasures, like masterless men. Young sixpence, the best page his master hath, plays a little, and retires. I warrant he will not be far out of the way when his master goes to dinner. Learn of him, you diminutive urchins, how to behave yourself in your vocation; take not up your standings in a nut-tree when you should be waiting on my Lord's trencher. Shoot but a bit at butts; play but a span at points. Whatever you do, *memento mori*: remember to rise betimes in the morning.

SUMMER. Vertumnus, call Harvest.

VERTUMNUS. Harvest, by west, and by north, by south and south-east,
Show thyself like a beast.

Goodman Harvest, yeoman, come in and say what you can; room for the scythe and the sickles there.

[Enter Harvest with a scythe on his neck, & all his reapers with sickles, and a great black bowl with a posset in it borne before him; they come in singing.]

The Song.

*Merry, merry, merry, cheery, cheery, cheery,
Troll the black bowl to me;
Hey derry, derry, with a poop and a lerry,
I'll troll it again to thee.*

*Hooky, hooky, we have shorn,
And we have bound,
And we have brought harvest
Home to town.*

SUMMER. Harvest, the bailie of my husbandry,
What plenty hast thou heaped into our barns?
I hope thou hast sped well, thou art so blithe.

HARVEST. Sped well or ill, sir, I drink to you on the same;
Is your throat clear to help us to sing *hooky, hooky*?

[Here they all sing after him.]

*Hooky, hooky, we have shorn,
And we have bound,
And we have brought harvest-
Home to town.*

AUTUMN. Thou Corydon, why answer'st not direct?

HARVEST. Answer? Why friend, I am no tapster, to say *Anon, anon, sir*; but leave you to molest me, goodman Tawny-leaves, for fear (as the proverb says, *Leave is light*) so I mow off all your leaves with my scythe.

WINTER. Mock not & mow not too long, you were best,
For fear we whet not your scythe upon your pate.

SUMMER. Since thou art so perverse in answering,
Harvest, hear what complaints are brought to me.
Thou art accused by the public voice
For an engrosser of the common store,
A carl that hast no conscience nor remorse,
But dost impoverish the fruitful earth
To make thy garners rise up to the heavens.
To whom givest thou? Who feedeth at thy board?
No alms, but unreasonable gain,
Digests what thy huge iron teeth devour;
Small beer, coarse bread, the hind and beggars cry,
Whilst thou withholdest both the malt and flour,
And giv'st us bran and water (fit for dogs).

HARVEST. Hooky, hooky, if you were not my lord, I would say you lie. First and foremost, you say I am a grocer. A grocer is a citizen; I am no citizen, therefore no grocer. A hoarder up of grain; that's false, for not so much but my elbows eat wheat every time I lean on them. A carl; that is as much to say as a cony-catcher of good-fellowship. For that one word you shall pledge me a carouse; eat a spoonful of the curd to allay your choler. My mates and fellows, sing no more *Merry, merry*, but weep out a lamentable *hooky, hooky*, and let our sickles cry,

*Sick, sick, and very sick,
& sick, and for the time;
For Harvest your master is
Abused without reason or rime.*

I have no conscience, I? I'll come nearer to you, and yet I am no scab, nor no louse. Can you make proof wherever I sold away my conscience, or pawned it? Do you know who would buy it, or lend any money upon it? I think I have given you the pose; blow your nose, master constable. But to say that I impoverish the earth, that I rob the man in the moon, that I take a purse on the top of Paul's steeple, by this straw and thread I swear you

are no gentleman, no proper man, no honest, man, to make me sing, *O man in desperation.*

SUMMER. I must give credit unto what I hear,
For other than I hear, attract I naught.

HARVEST. Naught seek, naught have;
An ill husband is the first step to a knave.

You object I feed none at my board. I am sure, if you were a hog, you would never say so, for surreverence of their worships, they feed at my stable table [sic?] every day. I keep good hospitality for hens & geese; gleaners are oppressed with heavy burdens of my bounty.

*They rake me, and eat me to the very bones,
Till there be nothing left by gravel and stones.*

And yet I give no alms, but devour all? They say, when a man cannot hear well, you hear with your harvest ears; but if you heard with your harvest ears, that is, with the ears of corn which my alms-cart scatters, they would tell you that I am the very poor man's box of pity, that there are more holes of liberality open in Harvest's heart than in a sieve, or a dust-box. Suppose you were a craftsman, or an artificer, and should come to buy corn of me, you should have bushels of me, not like the baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but usury for your money, thousands for one; what would you have more? Eat me out of my apparel if you will, if you suspect me for a miser.

SUMMER. I credit thee, and think thou wert belied.
But tell me, hadst thou a good crop this year?

HARVEST. Hay, God's plenty, which was so sweet and so good that when I jerted my whip, and said to my horses but hey, they would go as they were mad.

SUMMER. But hay alone thou sayest not, but hey-ree.

HARVEST. I sing hey-ree, that is, hay and rye, meaning that they shall have hay and rye their belly-fuls if they will draw hard; so we say, wa(?), hey, when they go out of the way, meaning that they shall want hay if they will not do as they should do.

SUMMER. How thrive thy oats, thy barley, and thy wheat?

HARVEST. My oats grew like a cup of beer that makes the brewer rich; my rye like a cavalier that wears a huge feather in his cap, but hath no courage in his heart, had a long stalk, a goodly husk, but nothing so great a kernel as it was wont; my barley, even as many a novice is crossbitten as soon as ever he peeps out of the shell, so was it frost-bitten in the blade, yet picked up his crumbs gain afterward, and bade, *Fill pot, hostess*, in

spite of a dear year. As for my pease and my fetches, they are famous, and not to be spoken of.

AUTUMN. Aye, aye, such country buttoned-caps as you
Do want no fetches to undo great towns.

HARVEST. Will you make good your words, that we want no fetches?

WINTER. Aye, that he shall.

HARVEST. Then fetch us a cloak-bag, to carry away yourself in.

SUMMER. Plow-swains are blunt, and will taunt bitterly.
Harvest, when all is done, thou art the man,
Thou dost me the best service of them all;
Rest from thy labours till the year renews,
And let the husbandmen sing of thy praise.

HARVEST. Rest from my labours, and let the husbandmen sing of my praise? Nay, we do not mean to rest so; by your leave, we'll have a largess amongst you ere we part.

ALL. A largess, a largess, a largess!

WILL SUMMER. Is there no man that will give them a hiss for a largess?

HARVEST. No, that there is not, goodman Lungis; I see charity waxeth cold, and I think this house be her habitation, for it is not very hot; we were as good even put up our pipes, and sing *Merry, merry*, for we shall get no money.

[Here hey go out all singing.]

*Merry, merry, merry, cheery, cheery, cheery,
Troll the black bowl to me;
Hey derry, derry, with a poop and a lerry,
I'll troll it again to thee.
Hooky, hooky, we have shorn and we have bound,
And we have brought harvest-home to town.*

WILL SUMMER. Well, go thy ways, thou bundle of straw; I'll give thee this gift, thou shalt be a clown while thou liv'st. As lusty as they are, they run on the score with George's wife for their posset, and God knows who shall pay goodman Yeomans for his wheat-sheaf; they may sing well enough, *Troll the black bowl to me, troll the black bowl to me*, for a hundred to one but they will be all drunk ere they go to bed, yet of a slaving fool, that hath no conceit in anything but in carrying a wand in his hand with commendation when he runneth by the highway side, this stripling Harvest hath done reasonable well. O, that somebody had had the wit to set his thatched suit on fire, and so

lighted him out; if I had had but a jet ring on my finger, I might have done with him what I list; I had spoiled him, I had took his apparel prisoner, for it being made of straw, & the nature of jet to draw straw into it, I would have nailed him to the pommel of my chair till the play were done, and then have carried him to my chamber-door, and laid him at the threshold as a wisp or a piece of mat to wipe my shoes on every time I come up dirty.

SUMMER. Vertumnus, call Bacchus.

VERTUM. Bacchus, Baccha, Bacchum, god Bacchus, god fat-back,
Baron of double beer and bottle-ale,
Come in & show thy nose, that is nothing pale.
Back, back there, god barrel-belly may enter.

[Enter Bacchus riding upon an ass trapped in ivy, himself dressed in vine leaves, and a garland of grapes on his head, his companions having all jacks in their hands, and ivy garlands on their heads; they come in singing.]

The Song.

*Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass,
In cup, in can, or glass.
God Bacchus, do me right,
And dub me knight Domingo.*

BACCHUS. Wherefore didst thou call me, Vertumnus? Hast any drink to give me? One of you, hold my ass while I light; walk him up and down the hall till I talk a word or two.

SUMMER. What, Bacchus? Still *animus in patinas*, no mind but on the pot?

BACCUS. Why, Summer, Summer, how would'st do but for rain? What is a fair house without water coming to it? Let me see how a smith can work if he have not his trough standing by him. What sets an edge on a knife? The grindstone alone? No, the moist element poured upon it, which grinds out all gaps, sets a point upon it, & scours it as bright as the firmament. So, I tell thee, give a soldier wine before he goes to battle, it grinds out all gaps, it makes him forget all scars and wounds, and fight in the thickest of his enemies as though he were but at foils amongst his fellows. Give a scholar wine, going to his book, or being about to invent, it sets a new point on his wit, it glazeth it, it scours it, it gives him acumen. Plato saith, *Vinum esse fomitem quendam, et incitabilem ingenij virtutisque*. Aristotle saith, *Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura dementiae*, There is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madness. And what makes a man more mad in the head than wine? *Qui bene vult poyein, debet ante pinyen*, He that will do well must drink well. *Prome, prome, potum prome*, Ho, butler, a fresh pot. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda*, A pox on him that leaves his drink behind him; hey, rendezvous(?).

SUMMER. It is wine's custom to be full of words.

I pray thee, Bacchus, give us *vicissitudinem loquendi*.

BACCHUS. A fiddlestick! Ne'er tell me I am full of words.
Foecundi calices, quem non fecere disertum? Aut epi, aut abi, Either take your drink, or you are an infidel.

SUMMER. I would about thy vintage question thee:
How thrive thy vines? Hadst thou good store of grapes?

BAC. *Vinum quasi venenum*, Wine is poison to a sick body; a sick body is no sound body; ergo, wine is a pure thing, & is poison to all corruption. Trillil the hunter's hoop to you; I'll stand to it, Alexander was a brave man, and yet an arrant drunkard.

WINTER. Fie, drunken sot, forget'st thou where thou art?
My Lord asks thee what vintage thou hast made?

BAC. Our vintage was a vintage, for it did not work upon the advantage, it came in the vantguard of summer,

*& winds and storms met it by the way,
And made it cry alas and welladay.*

SUMMER. That was not well, but all miscarried not?

BAC. Faith, shall I tell you no lie, because you are my countryman & so forth, & a good-fellow is a good-fellow though he have never a penny in his purse? We had but even pot-luck; a little to moisten our lips, and no more. That same Sol is a pagan and a proselyte; he shined so bright all summer that he burned more grapes than his beams were worth, were every beam as big as a weaver's beam. *A fabis abstinendum*, Faith, he should have abstained, for what is flesh & blood without his liquor?

AUTUMN. Thou want'st no liquor, nor no flesh and blood.
I pray thee, may I ask without offence
How many tuns of wine hast in thy paunch?
Methinks that, built like a round church,
Should yet have some of Julius Caesar's wine;
I warrant, 'twas not broached this hundred year.

BACCHUS. Hear'st thou, dough-belly? Because thou talk'st and talk'st, & dar'st not drink to me a Black Jack, wilt thou give me leave to broach this little kilderkin of my corps against thy back? I know thou art but a micher, & dar'st not stand me. A vous, Monsieur Winter, a frolic upsy Friese cross, ho, supernaculum.

WINTER. Gramercy, Bacchus, as much as though I did.
For this time thou must pardon me perforce.

Knocks
the jack
upon his
thumb.

BACCHUS. What, give me the disgrace? Go to, I say, I am no pope, to pardon any man. Ranrantara, cold beer makes good blood. St. George for England; somewhat is better than nothing. Let me see, hast thou done me justice? Why so; thou art a king, though there were no more kings in the cards but the knave. Summer, wilt thou have a demi-culverin that shall cry hustly-tusty [sic?], and make thy cup fly fine meal in the element?

SUMMER. No, keep thy drink, I pray thee, for thyself.

BACCHUS. This pupillion in the fool's coat shall have a cast of martins & a whiff. To the health of Captain Rhinocerotry; look to it, let him have weight and measure.

WILL SUMMER. What an ass is this? I cannot drink so much, though I should burst.

BACCHUS. Fool, do not refuse your moist sustenance; come, come, dog's head in the pot, do what you are born to.

WILL SUMMER. If you will needs make me a drunkard against my will, so it is; I'll try what burden my belly is of.

BACCHUS. Crouch, crouch on your knees, fool, when you pledge god Bacchus.

[Here Will Summer drinks, & they sing about him. Bacchus begins.]

*ALL. Monsieur Mingo for quaffing did surpass
In cup, in can, or glass.*

BACCHUS. Ho, well shot, a toucher, a toucher; for quaffing Toy doth pass, in cup, in can, or glass.

*ALL. God Bacchus do him right,
And dub him knight.*

[Here he dubs Will Summer with the Black Jack.]

BAC. Rise up, Sir Robert Tossopot.

SUM. No more of this; I hate it to the death.
No such deformer of the soul and sense
As is this swinish damned-born drunkenness.
Bacchus, for thou abusest so earth's fruits,
Imprisoned live in cellars and in vaults,
Let none commit their counsels unto thee,
Thy wrath be fatal to thy dearest friends,
Unarmed run upon thy foemen's swords,
Never fear any plague before it fall,
Dropsies and watery tympanies haunt thee,

Thy lungs with surfeiting be putrefied,
To cause thee have an odious stinking breath,
Slaver and drivel like a child at mouth,
Be poor and beggarly in thy old age,
Let thy own kinsmen laugh when thou complain'st,
And many tears gain nothing but blind scoffs.
This is the guerdon due to drunkenness;
Shame, sickness, misery follow excess.

BACCHUS. Now on my honour, Sim Summer, thou art a bad member, a dunce, a mongrel, to discredit so worshipful an art after this order. Thou hast cursed me, and I will bless thee: never cup of nippitate in London come near thy niggardly habitation. I beseech the gods of good-fellowship thou mayest fall into a consumption with drinking small beer. Every day mayest thou eat fish, and let it stick in the midst of thy maw for want of a cup of wine to swim away in. Venison be *venenum* to thee, & may that vintner have the plague in his house that sells thee a drop of claret to kill the poison of it. As many wounds mayest thou have as Caesar had in the senate-house, and get no white wine to wash them with. And to conclude, pine away in melancholy and sorrow before thou hast the fourth part of a dram of my juice to cheer up thy spirits.

SUMMER. Hale him away, he barketh like a wolf;
It is his drink, not he, that rails on us.

BACCHUS. Nay, soft, brother Summer, back with that foot; here is a snuff in the bottom of the jack, enough to light a man to bed withal; we'll leave no flocks behind us, whatsoever we do.

SUMMER. Go drag him hence, I say, when I command.

BACCHUS. Since we must needs go, let's go merrily. Farewell, Sir Robert Tossopot; sing amain Monsieur Mingo whilst I mount up my ass.

[Here thy go out singing Monsieur Mingo, as they came in.]

WILL SUMMER. Of all gods this Bacchus is the ill-favoured'st misshapen god that ever I saw. A pox on him, he hath christened me with a new nickname of Sir Robert Tossopot that will not part from me this twelvemonth. Ned fool's clothes are so perfumed with the beer he poured on me that there shall not be a Dutchman within 20 mile but he'll smell out & claim kindred of him. What a beastly thing is it to bottle up ale in a man's belly when a man must set his guts on a gallon-pot last, only to purchase the ale-house title of a boon companion? Carouse, pledge me and you dare; swounds, I'll drink with thee for all that ever thou art worth. It is even as 2 men should strive who should run furthest into the sea for a wager. Methinks these are good household terms: Will it please you to be here, sir? I commend me to you; shall I be so bold as trouble you? Saving your tale, I drink to you. And if these were put in practice but a year or two in taverns, wine would soon fall from six and twenty pound a tun, and be beggars' money, a penny a quart, and

take up his inn with waste beer in the alms-tub. I am a sinner as others; I must not say much of this argument. Everyone, when he is whole, can give advice to them that are sick. My masters, you that be good-fellows, get you into corners and sup off your provender closely; report hath a blister on her tongue; open taverns are tell-tales. *Non peccat quicumq; potest peccasse negare.*

SUMMER. I'll call my servants to account, said I?
 A bad account; worse servants no man hath;
Quos credis fidos effuge, tutus eris;
 The proverb I have proved to be too true,
Totidem domi hostes habemus, quot seruos,
 And that wise caution of Democritus,
Seruius necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis:
 Nowhere fidelity and labour dwells,
 Hope young heads count to build on had I wist.
 Conscience but few respect, all hunt for gain;
 Except the camel have his provender
 Hung at his mouth, he will not travel on.
 Tiresias to Narcissus promised
 Much prosperous hap and many golden days
 If of his beauty he no knowledge took;
 Knowledge breeds pride, pride breedeth discontent;
 Black discontent, thou urgest to revenge.
 Revenge opes not her ears to poor men's prayers.
 That dolt [sic?] destruction is she without doubt
 That haies her forth and feedeth her with naught.
 Simplicity and plainness, you I love;
 Hence, double diligence, thou mean'st deceit.
 Those that now serpent-like creep on the ground,
 And seem to eat the dust, they crouch so low,
 If they be disappointed of their prey,
 Most traitorously will trace [sic?] their tails and sting.
 Yea, such as, like the lapwing, build their nests
 In a man's dung, come up by drudgery,
 Will be the first that, like that foolish bird,
 Will follow him with yelling and false cries.
 Well sung a shepherd (that now sleeps in skies)
Dumb swans do love, & not vain chattering pies.
 In mountains, poets say, Echo is hid
 For her deformity and monstrous shape;
 Those mountains are the houses of great lords,
 Where Stentor with his hundred voices sounds
 A hundred trumps at once with rumour filled;
 A woman they imagine her to be
 Because that sex keeps nothing close they hear,
 And that's the reason magic writers frame

There are more witches women than of men,
 For women generally, for the most part
 Of secrets more desirous are than men,
 Which having got, they have no power to hold.
 In these times had Echo's first fathers lived,
 No woman, but a man, she had been feigned.
 (Though women yet will want no news to prate),
 For men (mean men), the scum & dross of all,
 Will talk and babble of they know not what,
 Upbraid, deprave, and taunt they care not whom;
 Surmises pass for sound approved truths,
 Familiarity and conference,
 That were the sinews of societies,
 Are now for underminings only used,
 And novel wits, that love none but themselves,
 Think wisdom's height as falsehood slyly couched,
 Seeking each other to o'erthrow his mate.
 O friendship, thy old temple is defaced;
 Embracing every guileful courtesy
 Hath overgrown fraud-wanting honesty.
 Examples live but in the idle schools;
 Sinon bears all the sway in prince's courts.
 Sickness, be thou my soul's physician;
 Bring the apothecary death with thee;
 In earth is hell; true hell, felicity,
 Compared with this world, the den of wolves.

AUTUMN. My Lord, you are too passionate without cause.

WINTER. Grieve not for that which cannot be recalled;
 Is it your servants' carelessness you plain?
 Tully by one of his own slaves was slain;
 The husbandman close in his bosom nursed
 A subtle snake, that after wrought his bane.

AUTUMN. *Seruos fideles liberalitas facit,*
 Where on the contrary, *seruitutem,*
 Those that attend upon illiberal lords,
 Whose covetise yields naught else but fair looks,
 Even of those fair looks make their gainful use.
 For, as in Ireland and in Denmark both,
 Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
 Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapped,
 Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will,
 So make ill servants sale of their lords' wind,
 Which, wrapped up in a piece of parchment,

Blows many a knave forth danger of the law.

SUMMER. Enough of this; let me go make my will.
Ah, it is made, although I hold my peace;
These two will share betwixt them what I have;
The surest way to get my will performed
Is to make my executor my heir,
And he, if all be given him, and none else,
Unfallibly will see it well performed;
Lions will feed, though none bid them go to.
Ill grows the tree affordeth ne'er a graft;
Had I some issue to sit in my throne,
My grief would die; death should not hear me groan,
But when perforce these must enjoy my wealth,
Which thank me not, but enter't as a prey,
Bequeathed it is not, but clean cast away.
Autumn, be thou successor of my seat;
Hold, take my crown – look how he grasps for it;
Thou shalt not have it yet – but hold it, too;
Why should I keep that needs I must forego?

WINTER. Then (duty laid aside) you do me wrong;
I am more worthy of it far than he;
He hath no skill nor courage for to rule;
A weather-beaten bankrupt ass it is,
That scatters and consumeth all he hath;
Each one do pluck from him without control;
He is nor hot nor cold, a silly soul,
That fain would please each party, if so he might;
He and the spring are scholars' favourites.
What scholars are, what thriftless kind of men,
Yourself be judge, and judge of him by them.
When Cerberus was headlong drawn from hell,
He voided a black poison from his mouth
Called *aconitum*, whereof ink was made;
That ink, with reeds first laid on dried barks,
Served man awhile to make rude works withal,
Till Hermes, secretary to the gods,
Or Hermes Trismegistus, as some will,
Weary with graving in blind characters,
And figures of familiar beasts and plants,
Invented letters to write lies withal;
In them he penned the fables of the gods,
The giants' war, and thousand tales besides.
After each nation got these toys in use,
There grew up certain drunken parasites

Termed poets which, for a meal's meat or two,
Would promise monarchs immortality;
They vomited in verse all that they knew,
Found causes and beginnings of the world,
Fetched pedigrees of mountains and of floods
From men and women whom the gods transformed;
If any town or city they passed by
Had in compassion (thinking them mad men),
Forborne to whip them, or imprison them,
That city was not built by human hands,
'Twas raised by music, like Megara walls;
Apollo, poets' patron, founded it,
Because they found one fitting favour there;
Musaeus, Linus, Homer, Orpheus,
Were of this trade, and thereby won their fame.

WILL SUMMER. *Fama malum, quo non velocius ullum.*

WINTER. Next them, a company of ragged knaves,
Sun-bathing beggars, lazy hedge-creeper,
Sleeping face upwards in the fields all night,
Dreamed strange devices of the sun and moon,
And they, like gypsies, wand'ring up and down,
Told fortunes, juggled, nicknamed all the stars,
And were of idiots termed philosophers.
Such was Pythagoras the silencer,
Prometheus, Thales Milesius,
Who would all things of water should be made;
Anaximander, Anaximenes,
That positively said the air was God;
Zenocrates, that said there were eight gods,
And Cratoniates Alcmeon too,
Who thought the sun and moon & stars were gods.
The poorer sort of them, that could get naught,
Professed, like beggarly Franciscan friars,
And the strict order of the Capuchins,
A voluntary wretched poverty,
Contempt of gold, thin fare, and lying hard;
Yet he that was most vehement in these,
Diogenes, the cynic and the dog,
Was taken coining money in his cell.

WILL SUMMER. What an old ass was that! Methinks he should have coined carrot roots rather, for as for money, he had no use for't, except it were to melt, and solder up holes in his tub withal.

WINTER. It were a whole Olympiad's work to tell
How many devilish, ergo, armed arts
Spring all, as vices, of this idleness,
For even as soldiers not employed in wars,
But living loosely in a quiet state,
Not having wherewithal to maintain pride,
Nay, scarce to find their bellies any food,
Naught but walk melancholy, and devise
How they may cozen merchants, fleece young heirs,
Creep into favour by betraying men,
Rob churches, beg waste toys, court city dames
Who shall undo their husbands for their sakes,
The baser rabble, how to cheat and steal,
And yet be free of penalty of death,
So those word-warriors, lazy star-gazers,
Used to no labour but to louse themselves,
Had their heads filled with cozening fantasies.
They plotted how to make their poverty
Better esteemed of than high sovereignty;
They thought how they might plant a heaven on earth,
Whereof they would be principal low gods;
That heaven they called contemplation,
As much to say as a most pleasant sloth,
Which better I cannot compare than this,
That if a fellow licenced to beg
Should all his lifetime go from fair to fair,
And buy gape-seed, having no business else.
That contemplation, like an aged weed,
Engendered thousand sects, and all those sects
Were but as these times', cunning shrouded rogues.
Grammarians some, and wherein differ they
From beggars that profess the pedlar's French?
The poets next, slovenly tattered slaves
That wander, and sell ballads in the streets.
Historiographers others there be,
And they, like lazars by the highway side
That for a penny, or a halfpenny,
Will call each knave a good-faced gentleman,
Give honour unto tinkers for good ale,
Prefer a cobbler fore the Black Prince far,
If he bestow but blacking of their shoes,
And as it is the spittle-houses' guise
Over the gate to write their founders' names,
Or on the outside of their walls at least,
In hope, by their examples, others moved
Will be more bountiful and liberal,

So in the forefront of their chronicles,
 Or *peroratione operis*,
 They learning's benefactors reckon up,
 Who built this college, who gave that free school,
 What king or queen advanced scholars most,
 And in their times what writers flourished;
 Rich men and magistrates, whilst yet they live,
 They flatter palpably in hope of gain.
 Smooth-tongued orators, the fourth in place,
 Lawyers, our commonwealth entitles them,
 Mere swashbucklers and ruffianly mates,
 That will for twelvecence make a doughty fray,
 Set men for straws together by the ears.
 Sky-measuring mathematicians,
 Gold-breathing alchemists also we have,
 Both which are subtle-witted humorists,
 That get their meals by telling miracles
 Which they have seen in travailing the skies;
 Vain boasters, liars, makeshifts they are all,
 Men that, removed from their ink-horn terms,
 Bring forth no action worthy of their bread.
 What should I speak of pale physicians,
 Who, as *Fismenus non nasutus* was
 (Upon a wager that his friends had laid)
 Hired to live in a privy a whole year,
 So are they hired, for lucre and for gain,
 All their whole life to smell on excrements.

WILL SUMMER. Very true, for I have heard it for a proverb many a time and oft, *Hunc os foetidum*, Fah, he stinks like a physician.

WINTER. Innumerable monstrous practices
 Hath loitering contemplation brought forth more,
 Which 'twere too long particular to recite;
 Suffice they all conduce unto this end,
 To banish labour, nourish slothfulness,
 Pamper up lust, devise newfangled sins.
 Nay, I will justify there is no vice
 Which learning and vild knowledge brought not in,
 Or in whose praise some learned have not wrote.
 The art of murder Marchiavel hath penned;
 Whoredom hath Ovid to uphold her throne,
 And Aretine of late in Italy,
 Whose *Cortigiana* toucheth [sic?] bawds their trade;
 Gluttony Epicurus doth defend,
 And books of th' art of cookery confirm,

Of which Platina hath not writ the least;
Drunkenness of his good behaviour
Hath testimonial from where he was born
That pleasant work *De arte bibendi*
A drunken Dutchman spewed out few years since;
Nor wanteth sloth (although sloth's plague be want)
His paper pillars for to lean upon;
The praise of nothing pleads his worthiness;
Folly Erasmus sets a flourish on;
For baldness, a bald ass I have forgot
Patched up a pamphletary periwig;
Slovenry, Grobianus magnifieth;
Sodomitry, a cardinal commends,
And Aristotle necessary deems;
In brief, all books, divinity except,
Are naught but tales [sic?] of the devil's laws,
Poison wrapped up in sugared words,
Man's pride, damnation's props, the world's abuse;
Then censure (good my Lord) what bookmen are,
If they be pestilent members in a state.
He is unfit to sit at stern of state
That favours such as will o'erthrow his state;
Blest is that government where no art thrives,
Vox populi, vox Dei;
The vulgar's voice, it is the voice of God.
Yet Tully saith, *Non est consilium in vulgo,*
Non ratio, non discrimen, non differentia:
The vulgar have no learning, wit, nor sense.
Themistocles, having spent all his time
In study of philosophy and arts,
And noting well the vanity of them,
Wished, with repentance for his folly past,
Some would teach him th' art of oblivion,
How to forget the arts that he had learned;
And Cicero, whom we alleged before,
(As saith Valerius) stepping into old age,
Despised learning, loathed eloquence;
Naso, that could speak nothing but pure verse,
And had more wit than words to utter it,
And words as choice as ever poet had,
Cried and exclaimed in bitter agony
When knowledge had corrupted his chaste mind,
Discite, qui sapitis, non haec quae scimus inertes,
Sed trepidas acies, & fera bella sequi:
You that be wise, and ever mean to thrive,
O, study not these toys we sluggards use,

But follow arms, and wait on barbarous wars.
 Young men, young boys, beware of schoolmasters;
 They will infect you, mar you, blear your eyes;
 They seek to lay the curse of God on you,
 Namely, confusion of languages,
 Wherewith those that the tower of Babel built,
 Accursed were in the world's infancy;
 Latin, it was the speech of infidels;
 Logic hath naught to say in a true cause;
 Philosophy is curiosity,
 And Socrates was therefore put to death
 Only for he was a philosopher;
 Abhor, contemn, despise these damned snares.

WILL SUMMER. Out upon it, who would be a scholar? Not I, I promise you; my mind always gave me this learning was such a filthy thing, which made me hate it so as I did. When I should have been at school, construing *Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi Batte*, I was close under a hedge or under a barn wall, playing at span-counter or Jack-in-a-box; my master beat me, my father beat me, my mother gave me bread and butter, yet all this would not make me a squitter-book. It was my destiny; I thank her, as a most courteous goddess that she hath not cast me away upon gibberish. O, in what a mighty vein am I now against horn-books! Here, before all this company, I profess myself an open enemy to ink and paper. I'll make it good upon the 'accidence' body that *In Speech* is the devil's paternoster; *Nouns and Pronouns*, I pronounce you as traitors to boys' buttocks; *Syntaxis and Prosodia*, you are tormenters of wit, & good for nothing but to get a schoolmaster twopence a week. Hang copies; fly out, phrase books; let pens be turned to picktooths; bowls, cards & dice, you are the true liberal sciences; I'll ne'er be goose-quill, gentlemen, while I live.

SUMMER. Winter, with patience, unto my grief,
 I have attended thy invective tale;
 So much untruth wit never shadowed;
 Gainst her own bowels thou art's weapons turn'st;
 Let none believe thee that will ever thrive;
 Words have their course, the wind blows where it lists;
 He errs alone in error that persists.
 For thou gainst Autumn such exceptions tak'st,
 I grant his overseer thou shalt be,
 His treasurer, protector, and his staff;
 He shall do nothing without thy consent;
 Provide thou for his weal and his content.

WINTER. Thanks, gracious Lord; so I'll dispose of him
 As it shall not repent you of your gift.

AUTUMN. On such conditions no crown will I take.

I challenge Winter for my enemy,
A most insatiate miserable carl,
That, to fill up his garners to the brim,
Cares not how he endamageth the earth,
What poverty he makes it to endure!
He over-bars the streams with ice,
That none but he and his may drink of them;
All for a foul back-winter he lays up;
Hard craggy ways, and uncouth slippery paths
He frames, that passengers may slide and fall;
Who quaketh not, that heareth but his name?
O, but two sons he hath, worse than himself,
Christmas the one, a pinch-back, cutthroat churl,
That keeps no open house, as he should do,
Delighteth in no game or fellowship,
Loves no good deeds, and hateth talk,
But sitteth in a corner turning crabs,
Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale;
Back-winter th' other, that's his nown sweet boy,
Who like his father taketh in all points;
An elf it is, compact of envious pride,
A miscreant born for a plague to men,
A monster that devoureth all he meets;
Were but his father dead, so he would reign,
Yea, he would go goodnear to deal by him
As Nebuchadnezzar's ungracious son
Evilmerodach by his father dealt,
Who, when his sire was turned to an ox,
Full greedily snatched up his sovereignty,
And thought himself a king without control.
So it fell out, seven years expired and gone,
Nebuchadnezzar came to his shape again,
And dispossessed him of the regiment,
Which my young prince no little grieving at,
When that his father shortly after died,
Fearing lest he should come from death again,
As he came from an ox to be a man,
Willed that his body, spoiled of coverture,
Should be cast forth into the open fields
For birds and ravens to devour at will,
Thinking, if they bare every one of them
A billful of his flesh into their nests,
He would not rise to trouble him in haste.

WILL SUMMER. A virtuous son, and I'll lay my life on't, he was a cavalier and a good-fellow.

WINTER. Pleaseth your Honour, all he says is false.
 For my own part, I love good husbandry,
 But hate dishonourable covetise.
 Youth ne'er aspires to virtue's perfect growth
 Till his wild oats be sown, and so the earth,
 Until his weeds be rotted with my frosts,
 Is not for any seed or tillage fit.
 He must be purged that hath surfeited;
 The fields have surfeited with summer fruits;
 They must be purged, made poor, oppressed with snow,
 Ere they recover their decayed pride.
 For overbarring of the streams with ice,
 Who locks not poison from his children's taste?
 When winter reigns, the water is so cold
 That it is poison, present death to those
 That wash or bathe their limbs in his cold streams.
 The slipperier that ways are under us,
 The better it makes us to heed our steps,
 And look ere we presume too rashly on;
 If that my sons have misbehaved themselves,
 A God's name let them answer't fore my Lord.

AUTUMN. Now I beseech your Honour it may be so.

SUMMER. With all my heart; Vertumnus, go for them. [Exit Vertumnus.]

WILL SUMMER. This same Harry Baker is such a necessary fellow to go on errands as you shall not find in a country. It is pity but he should have another silver arrow, if it be but for crossing the stage with his cap on.

SUMMER. To weary out the time until they come,
 Sing me some doleful ditty to the lute
 That may complain my near-approaching death.

The Song.

*Adieu, farewell, earth's bliss,
 This world uncertain is,
 Fond are life's lustful joys,
 Death proves them all but toys,
 None from his darts can fly.
 I am sick, I must die;
 Lord, have mercy on us.*

Rich men, trust not in wealth,

*Gold cannot buy you health,
Physic himself must fade,
All things to end are made,
The plague full swift goes by.
I am sick, I must die;
Lord, have mercy on us.*

*Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour,
Brightness falls from the air,
Queens have died young and fair,
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
I am sick, I must die;
Lord, have mercy on us.*

*Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave,
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth still holds ope her gate,
Come, come, the bells do cry.
I am sick, I must die;
Lord, have mercy on us.*

*Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness,
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear,
What vain art can reply.
I am sick, I must die;
Lord, have mercy on us.*

*Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny,
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage,
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die;
Lord, have mercy on us.*

SUMMER. Beshrew me, but thy song hath moved me.

WILL SUMMER. Lord, have mercy on us, how lamentable 'tis!

[Enter Vertumnus with Christmas and Back-winter.]

VERTUMNUS. I have dispatched, my Lord; I have brought you them you sent me for.

WILL SUMMER. What sayest thou? Hast thou made a good batch? I pray thee, give me a new loaf.

SUMMER. Christmas, how chance thou com'st not as the rest,
Accompanied with some music, or some song?
A merry carol would have graced thee well;
Thy ancestors have used it heretofore.

CHRISTMAS. Aye, antiquity was the mother of ignorance; this latter world, that sees but with her spectacles, hath spied a pad in those sports more than they could.

SUMMER. What, is't against thy conscience for to sing?

CHRISTMAS. No, nor to say, by my troth, if I may get a good bargain.

SUMMER. Why, thou should'st spend, thou should'st not care to get;
Christmas is god of hospitality.

CHRISTMAS. So will he ne'er be of good husbandry. I may say to you, there is many an old god that is now grown out of fashion. So is the god of hospitality.

SUMMER. What reason canst thou give he should be left?

CHRISTMAS. No other reason but that gluttony is a sin, & too many dunghills are infectious. A man's belly was not made for a powdering beef tub; to feed the poor twelve days, & let them starve all the year after, would but stretch out the guts wider than they should be, & so make famine a bigger den in their bellies than he had before. I should kill an ox, & have some such fellow as Milo to come and eat it up at a mouthful, or like the Sybarites, do nothing all one year but bid guests against the next year. The scraping of trenchers you think would put a man to no charges. It is not a hundred pound a year would serve the scullions in dish-clouts. My house stands upon vaults; it will fall if it be overladen with a multitude. Besides, have you never read of a city that was undermined and destroyed by moles? So, say I keep hospitality, and a whole fair of beggars bid me to dinner every day, what with making legs when they thank me at their going away, and settling their wallets handsomely on their backs, they would shake as many lice on the ground as were able to undermine my house, and undo me utterly. It is their prayers would build it again if it were overthrown by this vermin, would it? I pray, who begun feasting and gormandize first, but Sardanapalus, Nero, Heliogabulus, Commodus, tryants, whoremasters, unthrifts? Some call them emperors, but I respect no crowns but crowns in the purse. Any man may wear a silver crown that hath made a fray in Smithfield, & lost but a piece of his brain-pan. And to tell you plain, your golden crowns are little better in substance, and many times got after the same sort.

SUMMER. Gross-headed sot, how light he makes of state!

AUTUMN. Who treadeth not on stars, when they are fallen?
Who talketh not of states, when they are dead?
A fool conceits no further than he sees;
He hath no sense of aught but what he feels.

CHRISTMAS. Aye, aye, such wise men as you come to beg at such fools' doors as we be.

AUTUMN. Thou shut'st thy door; how should we beg of thee?
No alms but thy sink carries from thy house.

WILL SUMMER. And I can tell you, that's as plentiful alms for the plague as the sheriff's tub to them of Newgate.

AUTUMN. For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feed'st;
The worms will curse thy flesh another day
Because it yieldeth them no fatter prey.

CHRISTMAS. What worms do another day I care not, but I'll be sworn upon a whole kilderkin of single beer I will not have a worm-eaten nose like a pursuivant while I live. Feasts are but puffing up of the flesh, the purveyors for diseases; travail, cost, time ill spent. O, it were a trim thing to send, as the Romans did, round about the world for provision for one banquet. I must rig ships to Samos for peacocks, to Paphos for pigeons, to Austria for oysters, to Phasis for pheasants, to Arabia for phoenixes, to Meander for swans, to the Orcades for geese, to Phrygia for woodcocks, to Malta for cranes, to the Isle of Man for puffins, to Ambracia for goats, to Tartole for lampreys, to Egypt for dates, to Spain for chestnuts, and all for one feast!

WILL SUMMER. O sir, you need not; you may buy them at London better cheap.

CHRISTMAS. *Liberalitas liberalitate perit*; love me a little, and love me long; our feet must have wherewithal to feed the stones; our backs walls of wool to keep out the cold that besiegeth our warm blood; our doors must have bars, our doublets must have buttons. Item, for an old sword to scrape the stones before the door with, three-halfpence; for stitching a wooden tankard that was burst – these water-bearers will empty the conduit and a man's coffers at once. Not a porter that brings a man a letter, but will have his penny. I am afraid to keep past one or two servants lest, hungry knaves, they should rob me, and those I keep, I warrant I do not pamper up too lusty; I keep them under with red herring and Poor John all the year long. I have dammed up all my chimneys for fear (though I burn nothing but small coal) my house should be set on fire with the smoke. I will not deny but once in a dozen year, when there is a great rot of sheep, and I know not what to do with them, I keep open house for all the beggars in some of my out-yards; marry, they must bring bread with them; I am no baker.

WILL SUMMER. As good men as you and have thought no scorn to serve their prenticeships on the pillory.

SUMMER. Winter, is this thy son? Hear'st how he talks?

WINTER. I am his father, therefore may not speak,
But otherwise I could excuse his fault.

SUMMER. Christmas, I tell thee plain, thou art a snudge,
And wer't not that we love thy father well,
Thou should'st have felt what longs to avarice.
It is the honour of nobility
To keep high days and solemn festivals,
Then, to set their magnificence to view,
To frolic open with their favourites,
And use their neighbours with all courtesy,
When thou in hugger-mugger spend'st thy wealth.
Amend thy manners, breathe thy rusty gold;
Bounty will win thee love when thou art old.

WILL SUMMER. Aye, that bounty would I fain meet, to borrow money of it; he is fairly blest now-a-days that scapes blows when he begs. *Verba dandi & reddendi* go together in the grammar rule; there is no giving but with conditions of restoring.

*Ah, benedicite,
Well is he hath no necessity
Of gold ne of sustenance;
Slow good hap comes by chance;
Flattery best fares,
Arts are but idle wares,
Fair words want giving hands.
The leto begs that hath no lands;
Fie on thee, thou scurvy knave,
That hast naught, and yet goest brave,
A prison be thy death-bed,
Or be hanged, all save the head.*

SUMMER. Back-winter, stand forth.

VERTUMN. Stand forth, stand forth; hold up your head, speak out.

BACK-WINTER: What should I stand, or whither should I go?

SUMMER. Autumn accuseth thee of sundry crimes,
Which here thou art to clear, or to confess.

BACK-WINTER. With thee or Autumn have I naught to do; I would you were both hanged face to face.

SUMMER. Is this the reverence that thou ow'st to us?

BACK-WINTER. Why not? What art thou? Shalt thou always live?

AUTUMN. It is the veriest dog in Christendom.

WINTER. That's for he barks at such a knave as thou.

BACK-WINTER. Would I could bark the sun out of the sky,
Turn moon and stars to frozen meteors,
And make the ocean a dry land of ice,
With tempest of my breath turn up high trees,
On mountains heap up second mounts of snow,
Which, melted into water, might fall down,
As fell the deluge on the former world.
I hate the air, the fire, the spring, the year,
And whatsoe'er brings mankind any good.
O, that my looks were lightning to blast fruits!
Would I with thunder presently might die,
So I might speak in thunder, to slay men.
Earth, if I cannot injure thee enough,
I'll bite thee with my teeth, I'll scratch thee thus,
I'll beat down the partition with my heels,
Which, as a mud-vault, severs hell and thee.
Spirits, come up; 'tis I that knock for you,
One that envies the world far more than you;
Come up in millions; millions are too few
To execute the malice I intend.

SUMMER. *O scelus inauditum, O vox damnatorum!*
Not raging Hecuba, whose hollow eyes
Gave suck to fifty sorrows at one time,
That midwife to so many murders was,
Used half the execrations that thou dost.

BACK-WINTER. More will I use, if more I may prevail;
Back-winter comes but seldom forth abroad,
But when he comes, he pincheth to the proof;
Winter is mild, his son is rough and stern.
Ovid could well write of my tyranny
When he was banished to the frozen zone.

SUMMER. And banished be thou from my fertile bounds.
Winter, imprison him in thy dark cell,
Or, with the winds, in bellowing caves of brass;

Let stern Hippotades lock him up safe,
Ne'er to peep forth but when thou, faint and weak,
Want'st him to aid thee in thy regiment.

BACK-WINTER. I will peep forth, thy kingdom to supplant;
My father I will quickly freeze to death,
And then sole monarch will I sit, and think
How I may banish thee, as thou dost me.

WINTER. I see my downfall written in his brows;
Convey him hence to his assigned hell;
Fathers are given to love their sons too well. [Exit Back-winter.]

WILL SUMMER. No, by my troth, nor mothers neither; I am sure I could never find it. This Back-winter plays a railing part to no purpose; my small learning finds no reason for it, except as a back-winter or an after-winter is more raging tempestuous and violent than the beginning of winter, so he brings him in stamping and raging as if he were mad, when his father is a jolly mild quiet old man, and stands still and does nothing. The court accepts of your meaning; you might have writ in the margent of your play-book, Let there be a few rushes laid in the place where Back-winter shall tumble, for fear of raying his clothes, or set down, Enter Back-winter, with his boy bringing a brush after him, to take off the dust if need require. But you will ne'er have any wardrobe wit while you live. I pray you, hold the book well, we be not nonplus in the latter end of the play.

SUMMER. This is the last stroke my tongue's clock must strike,
My last will, which I will that you perform;
My crown I have disposed already of.
Item, I give my withered flowers and herbs
Unto dead corses, for to deck them with;
My shady walks to great men's servitors,
Who in their masters' shadows walk secure;
My pleasant open air and fragrant smells
To Croyden and the grounds abutting round;
My heat and warmth to toiling labourers,
My long days to bondmen and prisoners,
My short nights to young married souls,
My drought and thirst to drunkards' quenchless throats,
My fruits to Autumn, my adopted heir,
My murmuring springs, musicians of sweet sleep,
To murmuring malcontents, with their well-tuned cares,
Channelled in a sweet-falling quatorzain,
Do lull their ears asleep, listening themselves.
And finally (O words, now cleanse your course),
Unto Eliza, that most sacred dame,
Whom none but saints and angels ought to name,
All my fair days remaining I bequeath

To wait upon her till she be returned;
 Autumn, I charge thee, when that I am dead,
 Be prest and serviceable at her beck;
 Present her with thy goodliest ripened fruits,
 Unclothe no arbours where she ever sat,
 Touch not a tree thou think'st she may pass by;
 And Winter, with thy writhen frosty face,
 Smooth up thy visage when thou look'st on her,
 Thou never look'st on such bright majesty;
 A charmed circle draw about her court
 Wherein warm days may dance, & no cold come;
 On seas let winds make war, not vex her rest;
 Quiet enclose her bed, thought fly her breast.
 Ah, gracious Queen, though Summer pine away,
 Yet let thy flourishing stand at a stay;
 First droop this universal's aged frame
 Ere any malady thy strength should tame;
 Heaven raise up pillars to uphold thy hand,
 Peace may have still his temple in thy land.
 Lo, I have said; this is the total sum.
 Autumn and Winter, on your faithfulness
 For the performance I do firmly build.
 Farewell, my friends, Summer bids you farewell;
 Archers and bowlers, all my followers,
 Adieu, and dwell with desolation;
 Silence must be your master's mansion;
 Slow marching thus, descend I to the fiends.
 Weep heavens, mourn earth, here Summer ends.

[Here the satyrs and wood-nymphs carry him out, singing as he came in.]

The Song.

*Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful treasure,
 Gone is our sport, fled is poor Croyden's pleasure,
 Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace,
 Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?
 Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
 And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.
 From winter, plague, & pestilence, good Lord, deliver us.*

*London doth mourn, Lambeth is quite forlorn,
 Trades cry woe worth that ever they were born,
 The want of term is town and City's harm,
 Close chambers we do want, to keep us warm,
 Long banished must we live from our friends,*

*This low-built house will bring us to our ends.
From winter, plague, & pestilence, good Lord, deliver us.*

Enter a
little boy
with an
epilogue.

WILL SUMMER. How is't, how is't? You that be of the graver sort, do you think these youths worthy of a plaudite for praying for the Queen, and singing of the Litany? They are poor fellows, I must needs say, and have bestowed great labour in sowing leaves and grass and straw and moss upon cast suits. You may do well to warm your hands with clapping before you go to bed, and send them to the tavern with merry hearts. Here is a pretty boy comes with an epilogue, to get him audacity. I pray you, sit still a little, and hear him say his lesson without book. It is a good boy; be not afraid, turn thy face to my Lord. Thou and I will play at pouch tomorrow morning for a breakfast. Come and sit on my knee, and I'll dance thee, if thou canst not endure to stand.

The Epilogue.

Ulysses, a dwarf, and the prolocutor for the Grecians, gave me leave, that am a pygmy, to do an embassy to you from the cranes. Gentlemen (for kings are no better), certain humble animals called our actors commend them unto you, who, what offence they have committed I know not (except it be in purloining some hours out of time's treasury that might have been better employed), but by me (the agent for their imperfections) they humbly crave pardon if happily some of their terms have trod awry, or their tongues stumbled unwittingly on any man's content. In much corn is some cockle; in a heap of coin, here and there a piece of copper; wit hath his dregs as well as wine; words, their waste; ink, his blots; every speech, his parenthesis; poetical fury, as well crabs as sweetings for his summer fruits, *Nemo sapit omnibus horis*. Their folly is deceased; their fear is yet living. Nothing can kill an ass but cold; cold entertainment, discouraging scoffs, authorized disgraces may kill a whole litter of young asses of them here at once, that have travailed(?) thus far in impudence only in hope to sit a-sunning in your smiles. The Romans dedicated a temple to the fever quartan, thinking it some great god because it shook them so, and another to ill fortune in Exquilliis, a mountain in Rome, that it should not plague them at cards and dice. Your Graces' frowns are to them shaking fevers; your least disfavours the greatest ill fortune that may betide them. They can build no temples, but themselves and their best endeavours, with all prostrate reverence, they here dedicate and offer up wholly to your service, *Sis bonus, O, faelixque tuis*. To make the gods merry, the celestial clown, Vulcan, tuned his polt-foot to the measures of Apollo's lute, and danced a limping galliard in Jove's starry hall. To make you merry, that are the gods of art and guides unto heaven, a number of rude Vulcans, unwieldy speakers, hammer-headed clowns (for so it pleaseth them in modesty to name themselves) have set their deformities to view, as it were in a dance here before you. Bear with their wants, lull melancholy asleep with their absurdities, and expect hereafter better fruits of their industry. Little creatures often terrify great beasts; the elephant flieth from a ram, the lion from a cock and from fire, the crocodile from all sea-fish, the whale from the noise of parched bones; light toys chase great cares. The great fool Toy hath marred the play. Good night, gentlemen, I go.

[Let him be carried away.]

WILL SUMMER. Is't true, jackanapes, do you serve me so? As sure as this coat is too short for me, all the points of your hose for this are condemned to my pocket if you and I ere play at span-counter more. Valete, spectators: pay for this sport with a plaudite, and the next time the wind blows from this corner, we will make you ten times as merry.

Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non intelligor ulli.

FINIS.