

An humorous

King. Hearke you mine host, what goodly person is that is it Fortune her selfe?

Host. He tell your Maiestie in secrete who it is: it is my maide *Laquena*.

King. I promise you she becomes her state rarely.

Lem. Well my liege, you were all content that I should make your poses: well here they be euery one: give Master Verone his fiue crownes.

King. Theres mine and the Queene.

Labesh. Theirs ours.

Dow. And there is mine and *Martias*.

Lem. Come *Labesha* thy money.

Lab. You must lend me some, for my boy is runne away with my purse.

Le. Thy boy? I neuer knew any that thou hadst.

Lab. Had not I a boy three or foure yeares ago, and he ran away.

Lem. And neuer since he went thou hadst not a peny, but stand by, she excuse you. But sirrah *Ceraban*, thou shalt stand on one side and reade the poses, and I will stand on the other and read the Poses.

Cat. Content Lemot.

Lem. Come on Queene Fortune, tell every man his posie, this is orderly, the King and Queene are first.

King. Come let vs see what goodly poses you haue giuen vs.

Lem. This is your Maiesties, At the fairest, so it bee not *Martia*.

King. A plague vpon you, you are still playing the vnlaines with me.

Le. This is the Queenes, Obey the Queene: and she speakes it to her husband, or to Fortune, which she will.

Cat. A prise: your Maiesties is the summe of foure shillings in gold.

King. Why how can that be, there is no such coyne.

Host. Here is the worth of it, if it please your grace.

Quee.

dayes myrth

Quce. Well, whats for me?

Ca. A heart of gold.

Quce. A goodly iewell.

Le. Count *Laberkele* and *Florida*.

Ca. Whats my posie sir I pray?

Le. Mary this my Lord,

Of all fortunes friends, that hath ioy in this life,
He is most happy that puts a sure trust in his wife.

Ca. A very good one sir, I thanke you for it.

Ho. Whats mine I pray?

Le. Mary this Madam,

Good fortune be thou my good fortune bringer,
And make me amends for my poore bitten finger.

Ca. Who bit your finger wife?

Ho. No body; tis vaine posie.

Ca. Blanke for my lord *Laberkele*, for his wife a posie,
a paire of holy beades with a crucifix.

Ho. O bommination Idole, Hee none of them.

Ki. Keepe them thy self Veron, she will not haue them.

Le. *Doyseer* and *Martia* I haue fitted your lordship
for a posie.

Dow. Why what is it?

Le. *Ante omnia una*

Ma. And what is mine sir?

Le. A serious one I warrant you change: for the better.

Ma. Thats not amisse.

Ca. A price: *Doyseer* hath a cats eyes or *Mercurias* rod
of gold set with Iacincths and Emeralds.

Dow. What is for *Martia*?

Ca. *Martia* hath the two serpents heades set with
Diamonds.

Le. What my host *Verone*?

Ki. What? is he in for his owne iewells.

Le. O what els my liege, tis our bountie, and his posie is
To tel you the truth in words plaine and mild,

Verone loues his maide, and she is great with child

H

Ki. What

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An humerous dayes myrth.

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