

The Historie

Who wayes me not, him will I sayne to loue,
 Who loues me once, is lymed to my heart:
 My callers some, and some shall weare my gloue,
 And be my parte, whose payment tykes me best.
 And here at hande are customers I trowe,
 These are the friendes, of *Phallax*, my swaite friendes:
 Solue will I go, and set my wares to thowe.
 But let them laugh, that wyppeth in the ende. *Exit.*

Actus. 2. Scena. 2.

Apio and Bruno, Two Gentlemen strangers, with Roske.

Apio. Come on god friende: to here dwels Lady *Lamias*
Ros. Euen by thy.
Apio. Well then, go thy waye,
 Whome who sent vs, and what our meaning is:
 Least she not knowing vs, do take amys.
 That thus boldly we come to visite hir.
Ros. No boldly then welcome, I warrant you Sir.
Bruno. Well, thy speeche do:
Ros. I go. Exit.

Foure Women brauelie apparelled, sitting sioeing in Lamias windowe, with wrought Smockes, and Cawkes, in their hands, as if they were a vworking.

The
 Quyre.

If pleasure, be treasure,
Apio. Marke,
The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here.
Refuse you, or chuse you:
But welcome who drawes neare, but welcome who drawes neare.
Bruno. E they be the *Muses* sure,
Apio. Haze, *Syrens* lure.

Her:

of *Promos* and *Cassandra.*

First sings. Here lyues delyght,
Second sin. Here dyes despight:
Thes both. Delyre here, hath his wyll.
Third sin. Here Loues reliefe,
fourth sin. Destroyeth grieffe:
Last two. Which carefull hartes doth kyll.

Bruno. Attende them styll.
Apio. That, as you wyll.

First sings. Here wysh in wyll, doth care destroye,
Second sin. Playe here your fyll, we are not coye:
Third sin. Which breedes much yll, we purge annoy,
fourth sin. Our lyues here styll, we leade in ioye.

The
 Quyre. *If pleasure, be treasure,*
The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here:
Refuse you, or chuse you,
But welcome, who coms neare, but welcome, who coms neare.

First. VVantons drawe neare.
Second. Taste of our cheare:
Both. Our Cares are fine and sweete.
Thirde. Come be not coye,
Fourth. To worke your ioye:
The last two. We fall wyll at your feete.

Bruno. A, god kinde woymes:
Apio. Marke.

First. Loc, here we be, good wyll which moue,
Second. We lyue you see, for your behoue:
Thirde. Come we agree, to let you proue.
Fourth. VVithout a fee, the fruites of Loue.

The quyre all. *If pleasure, be treasure, the golden worlde is here, &c.*

Bruno. Upon