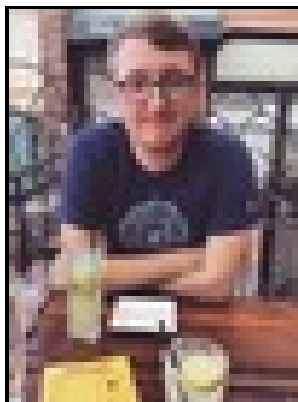


Two angry women of Abington, 1599.

AMS Press - The two angry women of Abington, 1599. (1985 edition)



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The two angry women of Abington. 1599

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Indigo

Well, I can bear enough, but not too much. Help me, but carry my fellow Hodge in, and we'll carouse it, I faith.

The pleasant history of the two angry women of Abington With the humorous mirth of Dicke Coomes and Nicholas Prouerbes, tvvo seruimgmen. As it was lately playde by the right Honorable the Earle of Nottinghamn, Lord high Admirall his seruants. By Henry Porter Gent.

This is the cause there is so many scapes, For women that are wise will not lead apes In hell: I tell ye, mother, I say true; Therefore come husband: maidenhead adieu! I have nor light, nor link, nor torch! One of those that draw the queen of love? Lead thou the way, and let me hold by thee. Rough wrathful words Are bastards got by rashness in the thoughts: Fair demeanours are virtue's nuptial babes, The offspring of the well-instructed soul; O, let them call thee mother, then, my wife! Two or three jades, or so.

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Ay, Master Goursey, I have in my time Seen many shipwrecks of true honesty; But incident such dangers ever are To them that without compass sail so far: Why, what need men to swim, when they may wade? In your father's cellar, the merriest place in th' house. Give me thy hand, Nicholas: thou art a better man than I took thee for, and yet thou art not so good a man as I.

The pleasant history of the two angry women of Abington. With the humorous mirth of Dicke Coomes and Nicholas Prouerbes, tvvo seruimgmen. As it was lately playde by the right Honorable the Earle of Nottinghamn, Lord high Admirall his seruants. By Henry Porter Gent

Why, sir, the horse that I do mean Hath a leg both straight and clean, That hath nor spaven, splint, nor flaw, But is the best that ever ye saw; A pretty rising knee—O knee! A plague on the boy! The place is void; will you provide me one? Set me a colour on your jest, or I will— Boy.

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