

AWFUL, DESPERATE AND BLOODY BATTLE;

FOR THE

B R E E C H E S.

That was fought last Saturday night, between a lovely couple, who have been married a whole fortnight, which ended not without blood shedding; together with the articles of agreement and pacification between them after the battle was all over.

Peter **H**OW now Dorothy, where have you been to day?

Dorothy. What's that to thee thou bold fac'd cuckold Rogue.

Peter. How now Dorothy, what's the matter with you what, are you drunk?

Dor. How drunk S rrah, give me such another word, and I'll make thy face ring against the wall, thou brazen fac'd rascal and as thou likes that slap on the chops, so prates to me the next time.

Pet. How now, Dorothy, what's the matter with you now: what, do you begin your old tricks again? truy Dame, I scorn to take it at your hands as I have done, come take you that, you drunken Quean.

Dor. But you coward'y Rogue, is this the manhood thou hast gotten, to strike a woman that has nothing in her hand?

Pet. Come, come, Dorothy, that matter shall be amended; here take thy rock, I am sure thou has not used it this many a day, except it was to break my head.

Dor. Come you prating knave, are you preaching now. give me but hold of that stick, and I'll be thy clerk to say *Amen* to your Cuckold's cap by and by, take you that: Sirrah, ay, and that too, Goodman rascal, for eating my piece of custard last night: I have not forgot it, yet, I warrant thee.

Pet. No thou brazen fac'd slut, nor have I forgotten since you came home drunk and broke my head with the tongs, for nothing but asking where you had been; therefore take you that you drunken whore, ay, and that too.

Dor. O thou rogue, wilt thou murder me, thou bloody minded villain, but take my word, I will be even with thee by and by, if thou wilt let me take my wind a little.

Pet. Nay, thou brazen fac'd quean, I'll keep you warm, for you shall not get cold under my hands, no, my medicines will not work if you get cold.

Dor. Well, well, Sirrah I will make you dearly pay for this anon for I tell thee truly, I scorn to be beholden to such a lousy rogue as thou art, no sirrah; if I die in thy debt, the Devil take thy bones. No, no: you brazen fac'd rascal I'll pay thee while I have one penny in my purse, or one spark of mettle in my limbs, and that thou shalt find before I have done with thee, and so change me that groat thou rogue: why, how now you rascal hold up your head; what, are you drunk:

Pet. No you whore, I am not drunk though you have knockt me down: no, I will assure thee that I am able to take the other bout yet, thou shalt find Peter has some strength left in him

yet; though you told the Taylor he was no man nor had any mettle in him. when he was kissing thee at Islington town end, thou whore.

Dor. Out then base cowardly rogue thou shewest thy breeding like a knave as thou art, knowing thy wife to have but one fault, and thou like an impudent rogue to discover it: Have at you once again for that trick, I think I have met with thee now.

Pet. Met with me now, Dorothy. I hope you will find before we part, that you have met with me and with your match too: for I remember not long since you came home drunk, with your clothes all dirt and mire as if it had been a sow, that had been wallowing in the mire, in June and I but wallowing in the mire, in a fall: and you presently took the ladle out of the pot as it was boiling over the fire and broke my head with it, and that you shall pay for now, take my word.

Dor. Spare me not, Sirrah for take my word, I will not spare thee, I warrant thee: am able to give thee bang for bang yet and that you shall soon find: take you that you cuckoldy slave that is for eating my pig's head I am sure your sauce is good.

Pet. Dorothy must we have the other bout for it take my word, if thou got but little of the pig's head, you shall have enough of sauce, for indeed I do not care so much for you sauce as I do for the meat therefore, pray you stay and take some of your sauce again, nay, but Dorothy, turn come about, what would you gain be gone now, I have another accompt to cast up with you yet before you go.

Dor. Have you Sirrah : No, no, I would have you to think that I scorn to be counted a coward yet, no, Sirrah, crack me that nut.

Pet. Pox take thee and thy nuts too, if they be all such as these, for they be devilish hard.

Dor. No, no Sirrah, you are deceived, these be but easy ones. I have an almond nut for thee yet. O but it will melt in thy mouth like a honey pear, faith.

Pet. Ay but the devil take thee and thy almond nuts, if these be they : But it is no matter I will give thee a dish of choak pears, which which will do thee a great deal of good, and as you like these, you shall have more, for I have anew for thee.

Dor. Ay, but Peter, hold thy hand a little and let me speak to thee, I pray thee, tell me what is the reason that thou dost abuse thy wife in this manner.

Pet. O Dorothy, to thy slander I can very well answer. for this is but a slander, to say I abuse you, for I scorn to abuse my wife. O Dorothy, I do but pay my debts.

Dor. Your debts with a vengeance, may the devil take such paymasters, that pay their debts with blows.

Pet. Amen. Dorothy, but I think the devil will not be troubled with such a one as thou art, I wish he would, he would do me a good turn.

Dor. Why thou brazen faced Rotterdam cuckoldy rogue, dost thou think I am too ill for the devil, no rogue, before I go to the devil, I will have another bout with thee and that soon too, I will teach you Sirrah to assign your wife to the devil, fly trials; hold, hold, thou

cuckoldly coward, is that thy manhood to strike now, when thou see'st my cudgel in pieces.

Pet. No, no Dorothy, you shall have another if you please.

Dor. Another rogue, ay and another too; for before I will yield to thee, all the cudgels in the town shall fail me: Sirrah, I would have you to think, I am not done with you yet, I will warrant ye.

Pet. Take this if we must have the other bout.

Dor. The other bout? rogue ay, and the other bout too: dost thou think to have thy will of me with thy great words; no, Sirrah, it shall never be said, that I will yield to thee while there is life in my body, or at least whilst I'm able to hold up my cudgel, and so take thee that.

Pet. Lay on as hard as thou can'st, thou bold brazen fac'd slut, I scorn to ask thee any favour, and if thou look for any at my hands, thou mayest be deceived except thou mend thy manners; what, have you forgot since I found you and the pear monger in the cellar, a kissing for a peck of pears: and when I but asked you what you were a doing; you up with the three footed stool, and broke my nose, and I am sure it was but the trick of a whore.

Dor. Sirrah, it is not a broken nose nor a broken head that shall serve your turn, for take my word I do not intend to leave thee one whole bone in thy skin, therefore have at all, hit or miss for a cow heel, back, legs, sides, arms, or any place. I care not.

Pet. Dorothy! O daintily done; play thy work thou mayest come to get thy wages anon, so I may hold till I have not a whole bone indeed;

nay faith, mistress, have with you, if you go but a mile a day, I'll follow, I cannot endure this.

Dor. Sirrah, if you cannot endure this thou hadst better lay down thy cudgel, and yield thy breeches to me. and stand at my mercy and it shall be never the worse for thee.

Pet. How, yield the breeches to thee: then the devil take Peter for a fool; I can have no worse a life than I have, if thou can't win the breeches, then thou shall wear them; therefore provide thyself for another single bout or else own me to be thy master.

Dor. My master Sirrah, no I scorn to yield while I have one drop of blood in me, I would have thee to know I care as little for a broken head as thou, therefore have at that fiery nose of thine, I'll make it as flat to thy face as the picture upon a sixpence.

Pet. Hold, Dorothy, I see that I must leave off my own trade and fall to the Yanners trade a while, and help thee to tan that whore's hide of your's a little better, you see I but rally with you and you care not; but now have at you with a new supply, take my word this bout shall pay for all, for now I will either win the horse, or lose the saddle; therefore make thee ready, and do not say that I come upon thee cowardly.

Dor. I am as ready as thou, I warrant thee, and that thou shalt find— O manfully done.

Pet. Stand off you whore, don't come so nigh.

Dor. For what you cuckoldy rogue, what be you afraid of your horns, they be not so little, but they may be able to bide a bang.

Pet. I'll bang thy whore's hide to be doing.

Dorothy. Murder, murder, good husband,

Hold thy hand, I am kill'd, I am kill'd good husband forgive me and I will be the best wife that ever lay by man's side.

Pet. Yes, yes you tell me so but trust you, and I had as good hang you, for when you come home drunk, then you will be in your majesty again: then comes out you rogue at every word then the tongs, the ladle, the brass candlestick, they must fly about my ears, and some times the three footed stool must comb my head; faith I thought a pay day would come at last.

Dor. No good husband take my word this time and upon my life I will be as good as my word whatever you would have me to do I will do it.

Pet. Well, Dorothy, seeing you give me so many good words, I will try you once more on this condition, that is to stand to the articles which shall be here laid before you.

Dor. Truly husband, whatsoever you would have me to say or do, I will do it.

Pet. Well then, Dorothy, I will forgive thee, then, first, down on thy knees, and ask me forgiveness. Dor. I will good husband, forgive me, and I will never do so any more.

Pet. Well, Dorothy, upon the conditions which I will here relate, I shall forgive you.

Dor. Indeed, Peter, let it be what you will, I am content to do it.

The Articles.

Pet. Come, hold up your hand. Dor. I will Peter,

Pet. First of all will you never be drunk again.

Dor. No indeed never while I live,

Pet. Nor let the taylor ever kiss you,

Dor. No indeed husband, never while I live

If I do hang me, the rogue cozen'd me with brass
half crown.

Pet. Nor will you never break my head with
the ladle again. Dor. No indeed I'll burn it first.

Pet. Nor will you never break my head with
the brass candlestick, as you did on Saturday.

Dor. No indeed I will not.

Pet. Nor never let the pear monger kiss you.

Dor. No indeed never while I live, for the
rogue cozen'd me with rotten pears.

Pet. Nor will you never break my nose with
the three footed stool, as you did that day.

Dor. No truly husband I will not and if you
will be pleased to forgive me what is past, I will
prove the best wife that ever man married.

Pet. Come wife, on these conditions I will
forgive you so come and give me a kiss, and
we will be friends. Dor. with all my heart.

Pet. Come wife, fetch us two pots of beer
and let us drink for joy of our agreement.

Dor. With all my heart. So the beer being
come, says Peter drink to me, love, on this bar
gain, and I'll sing you a song to drive care away.

PETER.

Come my dear Dorothy give me your hand,
From henceforth in love we'll for ever agree,
And if that you true to your promise do stand,
There's none upon earth that more happy will be.

DOROTHY.

My dear loving husband I give you my hand,
With my hearty thanks for your kindness to me,
And while I have life to my promise I'll stand,
With truest affection, dear husband, to thee.