

complaint and lamentation of Mistrisse Arden of
 ofham in Kent, who for the loue of one *Mobie*, hired certaine *Ruffians*
 Villaines most cruelly to murder her Husband; with the fatal end of her and her
 Associates.
 To the tune of, *Fortune my Fox.*



Ame, vile wretch, that ease I was borne,
 speaking my selfe unto the world a foene:
 And to my friends and kindred all a shame,
 Wallowing their blood by my wretched name.
 And a Gentleman of wealth and fame,
 (One *Walter Arden*, he was call'd by name)
 Whose bed was with my love and great content,
 A King at *Feucham* in famous Kent.
 In love the kin'd, and great familiarity,
 Whill I came in *Moby*'s company,
 Whose flegred tongue, good shape, and lovely looks,
 Some from my heart, and *Arden* lene forsooke.
 And living thus in foule adultery,
 To do in my husband cause of treachery,
 And lett the world our actions should be voy,
 Wee did consent to take his life away.
 To London faire my husband was to ride,
 Not ere he went I popen did promise,
 Got of a painter which I pponned,
 What *Mobies* sister *Susan* he should wed.
 Into his *Booth*: then did put the same,
 We lik't it not when to the booth it came,
 Hoping, There's something in it is not so,
 At which *Walter*'s, I hung it on the roome.
 Yet ere he went, his man I did conuice,
 Ere they came home, to make his spatter sure,
 And murder him, and for his rity and paine,
 Sulphur, and steepe of gold that he should gaine.
 Yet I undoubting *Michells* constancy,
 In knowing a neighbour that was dwelling by,
 Which, to my husband boze no great good will,
 Thought to inuice him his care bleed to fill.
 His name was *Greene*: *Walter Green* (quoth I)
 My husband to you hath bene intyre,
 For which I feare am with all my heart,
 And how hee woz onerthurs I will impart.
 He keeps abroad most for his company,
 With whoozes and quozes, and bad society,
 When he comes home, he beats me like a mad dog,
 That I see with that one of his wozes deay.

And now to London he is rid to come,
 I would that I might neuer be his home,
 Greene then incens'd, did both to be my friend,
 And of his life he some would make an end.
Walter Greene, said I, the dangers great,
 You must be circumspect to doe this feat;
 So at the dead your selfe there is no need,
 But hire some villaines, they will be the deed.
 Ten pounds hee gize them to attempt this thing,
 And twenty more when certaine news they bring,
 That he is dead, before hee be your friend,
 In yonnest corner hee fill life both end.
 Greene both'd to doe it: then away hee went,
 And met two Villaines, that did live in Kent
 To rob and murder upon Shooters hill,
 The one call'd *Shakebag*, rather nam'd *Black Will*.
 Two such like Villaines hee did meet both,
 For twenty shillings they made by the watch,
 And so to mee: when they had done the deed,
 Which made them stouare, they'd do it both at need.
 Ther up to London presently they by,
 Where *Walter Arden* in *Pauls Church* they spy,
 And waiting for his coming forth that night,
 By a strange chance of him they then lost sight.
 For where these Villaines stood I made their stop
 A *Parce* hee was cheating by his stop,
 The winds to falling, fight an *Black-Will* head,
 And broke it roundly, that space it bleed.
 Where straight hee made a vnable and a caple,
 And my time! *Arden* hee pass by the while;
 Ther misting him, another plot hee lay,
 And meeting *Michael*, thus to him they say:
 How knowest thou that we must packe the *Walter* hence
 Therefore consent and further our pretence,
 At night when as yon *Walter* goes to bed,
 Leave ape the doozes, hee shall be murdered.
 And so hee did, yet *Arden* could not sleepe,
 So strange doozes and visions in his senses creape,
 Hee dyawnt the doozes here ape, a Villaines came,
 Hee murder him, my *Wives* the very same.

The second part.

He rote and that the doozes, his man he blames,
 Which concealing hee drat this another frame,
 I was to sleepe, that I did forget
 To take the doozes, I pray you pardon it.

Get by these Villaines met the man againe,
 Who the labels they to them did explaine,
 By matter will in talons no longer stay,
 To morrow you may meete him on the way.

Get by his business being finished,
 We did take boys, and home more then hee rid,
 And as hee rid, it was his hap as then,
 To carter take *Loze Cheiney* and his men.

With salutations they each other greet,
 I am full glad your Honour say to meet,
Arden did say: then did the *Loze* reply,
 Sir, I am glad of your good company.

And being that we home more are to ride,
 I have a fatic that most not be hidde,
 That at my house you say, and longer also,
 To *Feucham* in this night you must not goe.

Then *Arden* answered with this courteous speech,
 Your Honour person now I was bested,
 I was a loze, if *God* did give me life,
 To see you and longe with *Alice* my loving wife.

Well, said my *Loze*, your oath both got the way,
 To morrow come and dine with me, I pray,
 He was dyen your Honour then (said he)
 And safe be went amongst this company.

De Raymon-Downe, as they did passe this way,
Black-will, and *Shakebag* they in ambush lay,
 But durst not touch him, cause of the great traine
 That my *Loze* had: thus were they cross againe.

With heerd catches these Villaines gan to sweare,
 Theye stampe and curs, and tope their locks of haire,
 Saying, *Susan Angell* for aye him shee keeps,
 Yet both'd to murder him ere they did sleepe.

Both all this while my husband was a way,
Moby and I did reuel night and day,
 And *Susan*, which my matter; methen was,
 My bones some other, howe to have all his paye.

But when I saw my *Arden* was not dead,
 I wold com' him, but with a heavy head,
 To see hee went, and slept secure from harmes,
 But I did with my *Moby* to my armes.

Yet ere hee slept, hee told me hee must goe
 To blam to my *Loze*, hee's done it so,
 And that same night *Black-will* did send me word,
 That *Loze* had fastome did to them offord.

I sent him word, that hee next day should dine
 At the *Loze* Cheines, and to send rite betime,
 And on the way their purpose might fulfill,
 Well, hee returne you, upon that you him kill.

But some betimes, before the break of day,
 Hee takes his waying then they take their way;
 Not sent a word and say there hee arde,
 Hee could not see although they had overtopped.

To the same tune.

Then *Arden* say'd the doozes hee blames
 And yet they beare his boye goe by that way,
 I thinke (said *Will*) some spirit is his friend,
 Come life or death, I wote to see his end.

Then to my house they drat did take their way,
 Telling me both they miste of the way;
 When presently, wee did together goe,
 At night at home that hee should be receiue.

Moby and I, and all, our plot thus lay,
 That by at *Wales* should with *Arden* play,
Black-will, and *Sakebag* they themselves should by
 Whill that *Moby* hee a watch should be.

The word was this when hee hee did agree,
Black-will (said *Arden*) I have taken ye;
 To see to that word, and mee into the cell,
 Which had contention and our suborn tell.

When hee came home, well to see me was I made,
 And *Judas* like I hid whom I betraide,
Moby and hee together went to play,
 For I on purpose did the tables lay.

And as they playd, the word was straight to say,
Black-will and *Sakebag* out the corner theye,
 And with a *Wobell* backt a pul'd him downe,
 Which made me thinke they wote my layes his creane.

With swooze and helnes they drat him to the heert
Moby and I did like the at our port,
 And then his boye straight to his came
 Behind the *Abbey* in the field hee lay.

And then by *Justice* hee were straight condemn'd;
 Each of us came with a *Shamfull* end,
 For *God* our secret dealinge some did spy,
 And brought to light our *Shamfull* lying.

Thus have you heard of *Arden* tragedy,
 It tells to you how both the rest did die;
 His wife at *Canterbury* the was borne,
 And all her stith and bones to others turn'd.

Moby and his faire sister, they were brought
 To London for the treaspasse theye had wrought,
 In *Smithfield* one gibbet theye did die,
 A good reward for all their villainie.

Michael and *Bradshaw*, which a *Goldsmith* was,
 What know of letters which from them did passe,
 At *Feucham* were hang'd both in chains,
 And well rewarded for their faithfull paines.

The painter did none knowes how to be did spred,
Sakebag in *Southwark* hee to death did bleed,
 For as hee thought to scape and run away,
 Hee suddenly was murdered in a way.

In Kent at *Osbidge*, *Greene* did suffer death,
 Hang'd on a gibbet hee did let his beauty;
Black-will at *Finching* on a stage did burne,
 Thus each one came into his end by turne.

And thus my story I conclude and end,
 Praiseing the *Loze* that hee his grace will send
 Upon us all, and keepe us all from ill,
 Amen say all, it's be the blessed will.