

# *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*

## By Robert Greene

### **The Love Test**

**Margret, her father the keeper, and his friend, start the scene and we learn that Margret has decided to leave the vain world of love and join the local convent. We pick up the scene with Margret's vow to dedicate herself to God.**

Margret.  
Now farewell world the engine of all woe,  
Farewell to friends and father, welcome Christ:  
Adieu to dainty robes, this base attire  
Better befits an humble mind to God,  
Than all the show of rich habiliments,  
Love, oh Love, and with fond Love farewell,  
Sweet Lacy whom I loved once so dear,  
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,  
Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love:  
But even to that as to the rest farewell.

*Enter Lacy, Warren, Ermsby, booted and spurred.*

Lacy.  
Come on my wags we're near the keeper's lodge,  
Here have I oft walked in the watery Meades,  
And chatted with my lovely Margret.

Warraine.  
Sirra Ned, is not this the keeper.

Lacy.  
Tis the same.

Ermsby.  
The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton to him a Nun my lord.

Lacy.  
Keeper how fairest thou holla man, what cheer,  
How doth Peggie thy daughter and my love.

Keeper.  
Ah good my lord, oh woe is me for Pegge,  
See where she stands clad in her Nun's attire,

Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham:  
She leaves the world because she left your love,  
Oh good my lord persuade her if you can.

Lacy.  
Why how now Margret, what a malcontent,  
A Nun, what holy father taught you this,  
To task yourself to such a tedious life,  
As die a maid, twere injury to me.  
To smother up such beauty in a cell.

Margret.  
Lord Lacy thinking of thy former miss,  
How fond the prime of wanton years were spent  
In love, Oh fie upon that fond conceit,  
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye,  
I leave both love and love's content at once,  
Betaking me to him that is true love,  
And leaving all the world for love of him.

Lacy.  
Whence Peggy comes this metamorphosis,  
What shorn a Nun, and I have from the court,  
Posted with coursers to convey thee hence,  
To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept,  
Thy wedding robes are in the tailor's hands,  
Come Peggy leave these peremptory vows.

Margret.  
Did not my lord resign his interest,  
And make divorce twixt Margret and him?

Lacy.  
Twas but to try sweet Peggy's constancy,  
But will faire Margret leave her love and Lord?

Margret.  
Is not heaven's joy before earths fading bliss,  
And life above sweeter than life in love,

Lacy.  
Why then Margret will be shorn a Nun,

Marg.  
Margret hath made a vow which may not be revoked.

Warren.

We cannot stay my Lord, and if she be so strict,  
Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh.

Ermsby.

Choose you fair damsel, yet the choice is yours,  
Either a solemn nunnery, or the court,  
God, or Lord Lacy, which contents you best,  
To be a Nun, or else Lord Lacy's wife.

Lacy.

A good motion, Peggy your answer must be short.

Margret.

The flesh is frail, my Lord doth know it well,  
That when he comes with his enchanting face,  
What so ere betide I cannot say him nay,  
Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,  
And seeing Fortune will, faire Framlingham,  
And all the show of holy Nuns farewell,  
Lacy forme, if he will be my lord.

Lacy.

Peggy thy Lord, thy love, thy husband,  
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the King  
Stays for to marry matchless Elinor,  
Until I bring thee richly to the court,  
That one day may both marry her and thee,  
How sayest thou Keeper art thou glad of this?