

THE TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH

Edited by David M. Bergeron

wizards

75
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85

WHY do so many critics, even at the beginning of the twenty-first century, typically cross to the other side of the street when they see a civic pageant approaching? Possibly because they share the assumptions implied or stated by a number of writers spanning several centuries who seem to have taken seriously Prospero's reference to 'insubstantial pageants'. For example, George Chapman in the Epistle Dedicatory, addressed to Robert Carr, of the translation of Homer's *Odyssey* (1614) refers specifically and unkindly to Middleton's first Lord Mayor's show, *The Triumphs of Truth*, when he writes: 'Why then is Fiction, to this end, so hateful to our true Ignorants? Or why should a poor Chronicler of a Lord Mayor's naked *Truth*, (that peradventure will last his year) include more worth with our modern wizards, than *Homer* for his naked *Ulysses*, clad in eternal Fiction?' Chapman continues by sneering at those writers who 'ride the ambling Muse' and 'Whose Raptures are in every Pageant seen'.

Chapman, the poet who has translated Homer, disdains those who dabble in pageants, for those with 'popular' taste. He refers disparagingly to Middleton as a 'poor chronicler'—as opposed to a true poet, one assumes. He contrasts the 'eternal fiction' of Homer with the ephemeral nature of a Lord Mayor's show—that peradventure will last a year. Ironically, Chapman helps confer permanence on Middleton's effort by this very reference, which appears unaltered again in the 1616 edition of Chapman's *Homer*. Chapman voices his contempt for the 'true Ignorants' and 'modern wizards' who do not share his superior judgement. More than two centuries after Chapman, J. B. Heath in a history of the Grocers' guild, who sponsored the 1613 pageant, writes that the pageants 'seem to have afforded great delight to the rude and uncultivated understandings of those for whose entertainment they were intended'. Even as Chapman and Heath register their uncomprehending annoyance that pageants have captured the public imagination, they inadvertently testify to the impact of such street entertainments.

In a generally sympathetic article on Middleton's pageants R. C. Bald nevertheless writes in the 1930s that any 'serious achievement in these shows was prevented not merely by the prescribed themes but by the fact that it was impossible to regard the show as a whole'. This bleak assessment depends upon unduly confident assumptions. Bald presumes—what cannot be proven—that someone 'prescribed' the themes for pageant writers, and that 'serious' artistic achievement is incompatible with 'prescribed themes'. This position embraces a romantic ideology about the relationship of patron and artist. When

Bald complains about the difficulty of being able to regard 'the show as a whole', he raises the familiar argument of *unity*. Ideas about unity, derived in part from the totalizing concepts of New Criticism, do not fit pageants. In any case, we can 'regard the show as a whole' through the texts that survive. The event may be scattered, but the text is bound.

With any dramatic text of this early period we ponder its possible relationship to actual performance. Speeches and stage directions provide clues but not the whole event. Middleton's pageant texts do not pretend to give us only the dramatic event itself; instead, we encounter a textual performance that extends in several directions beyond mere representation of theatrical performance. Looking at the three extant texts of Elizabethan Lord Mayor's shows by George Peele (1585, 1591) and Thomas Nelson (1590), we perceive them as models of simplicity. They contain only the speeches and a few stage directions, but no prefatory material, no elaboration, no description, no marginalia—nothing else. By contrast, the Jacobean texts pursue copiousness, starting with Anthony Munday's *The Triumphs of Reunited Britannia* (1605) and certainly including Thomas Dekker's *Troia-Nova Triumphans* (1612). Middleton builds on the expanding pageant text. Clearly he intends his texts for *readers*; they become commemorative books that both capture the event and add to it. They assume an expository and narrative function that sets them apart from the typical dramatic text. Middleton's 1613 text also includes the musical score for the song sung early in the inaugural morning, the first time that a pageant text has contained such musical notation. The music appears at the end of the text, clearly intended for a reader and not trying to duplicate its place in the performance. As readers, we must abandon an overly narrow concern for unity and instead succumb to the pleasures of digressions, descriptions, and discourses on sometimes arcane topics. We experience the pageant text as an event itself, resembling but differing from the show.

Middleton begins the text of *The Triumphs of Truth* with a formal dedication to the new mayor, as he does all of his pageant texts. (Before Middleton only Dekker's 1612 text has such prefatory matter.) Not yet commonplace in dramatic texts, these dedications add to the sense of this document as a book. The 1613 dedication to the new mayor, also named Thomas Middleton (Myddelton), is Middleton's longest; he refers to the mayor's earlier life and notes their common name. A decidedly religious tone permeates this dedication; this tone may reflect Sir Thomas Myddelton's avowed Puritanism. In the text

modern
Taylors

Grocers



Sir Thomas Myddelton

proper Middleton begins by discussing the quality of the mayor's reception into London and then moves to comment on his own experience with the Grocers, 'the wardens and committees, men of much understanding, industry, and carefulness, little weighing the greatness of expense, so the cost might purchase perfection' (72-5). Middleton adds: 'If any shall imagine that I set fairer colours upon their deserts than they upon themselves, let them but read and conceive' (78-80).

The personal pronouns 'I' and 'you' that recur in *Truth* and in Middleton's other pageant texts imply a dialogue with a reader, not an attempt to reproduce only the event. Describing the procession to St Paul's Churchyard, Middleton points to the appearance of five islands, 'those dumb glories that I spake of before upon the water' (391-2). Earlier he instructs the reader: 'If you hearken to Zeal... after his holy anger is passed against Error and his crew, he will give it you in better terms' (338-40). In the text of *Triumphs of Truth*, Middleton assumes the persona of a writer who speaks the truth. If we think that he exaggerates the virtue of the guild, then we need only 'read and conceive'—a wonderfully disingenuous position for Middleton, who in fact provides the principal means by which to judge his accuracy.

Middleton pauses at the end to recognize the contributions of Humphrey Nichols, John Grinkin, and Anthony Munday—the first such acknowledgements in a pageant text. Again, this information takes us beyond a report of

the dramatic show. He adds: 'I now conclude, holding it a more learned discretion to cease of myself than to have Time cut me off rudely: and now let him strike at his pleasure' (790-4). No longer a conversation with a reader, this statement suggests Middleton's having a conversation with himself. In and through the text he now participates in the allegorical fiction that he had created for the pageant. Regularly Middleton reminds us that pageant texts exist as a special breed: dramatic texts that fulfil a wide array of functions, including but not restricted to providing the speeches and other apparatus of dramatic performance.

More than his Jacobean counterparts, Middleton uses his texts also to defend his 'art'. In the Epistle Dedicatory, Middleton suggests that he has overcome 'all oppositions of malice, ignorance, and envy' (37) and can now 'do service' to the mayor's fame: 'and my pen only to be employed in these bounteous and honourable triumphs, being but shadows to those eternal glories that stand ready for deservers' (40-3). In the opening lines of the text proper, Middleton hopes that 'the streams of art... equal those of bounty' (60-1). He laments the failure of 'the impudent common writer' to achieve such artistic desires: 'it would heartily grieve any understanding spirit to behold many times so glorious a fire in bounty and goodness offering to match itself with freezing art' (63-7). Whatever specific writers or events Middleton may allude to (and the criticism is deliberately, functionally, ambiguous), he has staked his own claim on the fire of art. This art must match the 'state and magnificence' of the Lord Mayor's inauguration. At the end of the text, he returns to the subject, referring to the 'art' of Nichols and the 'proper beauties' of workmanship, 'most artfully and faithfully performed by John Grinkin' (783-6). The artisans match the high artistic standards that Middleton has set for himself even as they construct the 'body' of the pageant. 'Art' as a word can be applied, comfortably, both to literary works of a poet and to the work of the city's trades and craftsmen.

Before the text, came the event it describes; and before that event, came the institution of mayoralty in London and the development of pageant entertainments to honour the new mayor. King John allowed the establishment of the elective office of mayor in London; Henry fitz Ailwin, who had been appointed mayor in 1189, became the first elected mayor in 1208. As part of the arrangements for this new office the King insisted that the new mayor annually take his oath of office, administered by one of the king's officials, at the Exchequer in the royal government offices in Westminster. The mayor came from the ranks of the aldermen; and they typically derived from one of the twelve principal, or livery, companies of London, which by 1538 had settled into a fixed order of prestige: Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, and Clothworkers.

The section on 'Temporal Government' in John Stow's *The Survey of London* (1598) provides a contemporary

account of the procedures for electing the mayor and a guide to the ritual of his inauguration. Formally elected on Michaelmas Day (29 September), the new mayor took the oath of office on 29 October, the day after St Simon and St Jude's Day. Stow notes that the aldermen greet the new mayor at eight o'clock in the morning and escort him to the Guildhall, the seat of city government. From there the entourage goes to the river and takes barges upriver to Westminster where the mayor takes the oath. Entertainment may occur on this river journey. The party then returns downstream to the City of London. In the 1613 text, Middleton shows the procession beginning from the Guildhall, going by river to Westminster, then returning to London at Baynard's Castle, moving by land to St Paul's Cathedral, on to Cheapside, through St Lawrence Lane to the Guildhall, back to St Paul's for religious services, and finally to the mayor's home. Abbreviated versions of this traditional route govern all of Middleton's pageants. Unlike the great London royal entry pageants for Elizabeth I and James I which moved from the Tower westward through the City toward Westminster, the mayoral procession moved west to east. The mayor encountered tableaux and speeches along the way; indeed, as in the 1613 pageant, some of the devices followed the mayor in procession. The report from the Russian ambassador Aleksei Ziuzin, who was present for this pageant, underscores the importance of this ceremony, saying at one point: 'except for the King's coronation there is no other such great ceremony in England'. (Ziuzin's complete account is printed in this edition following the text of the pageant.) Not only did the mayor's representatives urge the ambassador's attendance, so did James I, according to the account. The ambassadorial dispatch (printed in this edition following the pageant's text) captures much of the spectacle, including the river procession, and emphasizes the participation by many different groups in the entertainment, including children who carried various constructed animals. The whole city, according to the ambassador, watched the festivities. *Wide City watched*

A mayor, a day, and a festive occasion do not inevitably lead to drama. By the beginning of the fifteenth century the London guilds became responsible for setting the Midsummer Watch on 24 and 29 June. By 1504, the pageant entertainment included a procession and dramatic representations mainly of biblical and religious subjects. But these shows decline because the guilds' attention shifts to the inaugural day of the new mayor. Henry Machyn provides in 1553 the first report of a Lord Mayor's show, although guild records indicate a pageant as early as 1535. Guild records in 1561 provide the first speeches for a Lord Mayor's Show; the first surviving printed text preserves George Peele's pageant of 1585 and also underscores the growing involvement of well-known writers and dramatists with these pageants. Peele's *Descensus Astraeae* (1591), although the last extant text of an Elizabethan mayoral show, is the first to have a distinct, specific title. In the hands of Munday, Dekker, and Middleton the Jaco-

bean Lord Mayor's show gains a complexity unknown in the previous reign.

How do these dramatists fit into the guilds' plans and negotiations? As with medieval drama, the guilds assessed their membership in order to finance street pageants; therefore, an unbroken line of guild support of drama runs from the fourteenth century to the end of the seventeenth. Fortunately, guild records provide sufficient documentation for the planning and expenditures. The Grocers' Court Books reveal unusually early deliberations on 5 February 1613 about preparations for a mayoral pageant, surveying the need for banners, streamers, and other ornaments 'set in readiness in convenient time in honour of the next worthy Magistrate that shall be chosen out of this Company'. (The Grocers had not sponsored a pageant for a mayor from their ranks since 1598.) Also in February the Master, Wardens, and others gave consideration to a 'Device or project in writing set down' by Anthony Munday. Not unlike dramatists submitting plots to Henslowe for plays in public theatres, Munday, Middleton, and others offered a proposal to be considered by the appropriate authorities in the guild. If chosen, the dramatist would then negotiate the specific services that he would perform. Records in 1613 indicate that Munday received the gross sum of £149 for his 'device', providing apparel, securing players, and arranging transportation. Middleton got £40 'for the ordering overseeing and writing of the whole Device'.

Other records from March, June, and July 1613 reveal the workings of various committees planning the pageant. The records of April 1614 tally the various expenditures, including £4 to the printer Nicholas Okes for printing the text, probably the usual run of 500 copies for pageants as shown in other guild records. John Grinkin, the artificer, received £310 for the construction of all the pageant devices—the ship, chariots, five islands, and all the carpentry work, painting, and fireworks. The total cost of nearly £1,300 makes this show the most expensive such pageant; the average cost, based on available records, of a Lord Mayor's show in the early Stuart period comes to slightly over £700. The exceptionally early planning and generous expenditure suggest that the Grocers intended to outstrip recent pageants; this zeal may lay behind Middleton's criticism of the 'freezing art' of his predecessors.

Thus *The Triumphs of Truth* came into existence. Defying Chapman's assessment, it has lasted beyond its year. Whenever critics discuss mayoral pageants, they inevitably focus on *Truth*, as evident in the work of Gail Kern Paster, Muriel Bradbrook, Sheila Williams, Glynne Wickham, Theodore Levinwand, and David Bergeron. A. A. Bromham indeed explores the topical, political context of 1613 and its relevance to the pageant. Unlike other mayoral pageants, it even has a performance history. The Lord Mayor's celebration of 1913 purported to be a reproduction of Middleton's show; but in fact it did not resemble the earlier pageant, although it included representations of Thomas Myddelton (the new mayor) and Hugh Myddelton

(his brother). A giant also represented the New River. On 2 May 1988, the Corporation of London presented 'The Lord Mayor of London's Jacobean Thames Pageant', consisting of several barges that moved along the Thames, all inspired by Middleton's *Triumphs of Truth*. Reflecting late twentieth-century reality, this 1988 show occurred 'in association with Thames Television' and served as a charity event for the 1988 ITV Telethon. A media and charity occasion, it had no real connection to the office of mayor or other traditional civic events; it became an excuse for spectacle. Nevertheless, the planners of this pageant did pay attention to Middleton's text and presented many of the figures from the 1613 show, such as London, Truth, Time, Truth's Angel, and Zeal. (Of course, they also added Roman soldiers and Roman handmaidens, possibly because they look good from barges.)

The artistic achievement of this pageant derives from Middleton's successful solution to the problem of how to represent the struggle between truth and error. Middleton approaches this conflict from several directions, relying on an implicit system of correspondences that enables the poet to connect moral ideas and historical persons to his fiction. The created characters make manifest the ideas that Middleton seeks to convey: Middleton also through the construction of his text underscores the battle between truth and error. For example, in the opening thirty-six lines of the text proper he twice makes rhetorical moves that hinge on this conflict. He first establishes the idea that no place receives a new mayor in such state and magnificence as London does: 'This being then infallible' (54). Error opposes this certainty by providing inadequate art for such an occasion, offering instead 'miserable want' and 'freezing art, sitting in darkness'—the place of error (62-7). Middleton begins line 69: 'But to speak truth'. If any imagine that the dramatist exaggerates the spectacle, 'their own understandings will light them to the acknowledgement of their errors' (80-2). Such rhetorical conflict makes sense, of course, only to a reader.

The representation of London in the performance heightens the tension between truth and error. Middleton presents the figure as a woman, 'a reverend mother', with long white hair and wearing 'on her head a model of steeples and turrets' (119-21). Middleton deliberately emphasizes the feminine gender so that he may pursue the metaphor of the city as caring mother. A female London links immediately to Truth, which always appears as feminine. Had he wanted, the dramatist might have named the pageant 'The Triumphs of London', reflecting the prominence of this character who speaks significantly more lines than any other. London exists in at least two ways in the pageant: as present reality and as representation. Middleton exploits this fiction-reality axis, common in most civic pageants. That is, London appears as a fictionalized, female character and as an obvious reality in the very streets where the performance takes place. Spectators looking at London also see London around them. The representation functions as a synecdoche of

the city itself, resembling but obviously differing from the actual city.

In the opening speech London emphasizes her maternal connection to the mayor: 'I am thy mother' (131). Since she addresses the real mayor Thomas Myddelton, she thereby underscores the blurred boundary between fiction and reality. This speech (ll. 126-94) strikes us immediately because much of it forgoes the familiar rhymed couplets used by most pageant dramatists. In moral terms London sketches the difference between truth and error, as the speech moves from past actions to present and future imperatives. London asserts that the mayor's soul contains 'The sacred lights of divine fear and knowledge' (134), gained from this caring mother who has 'Set wholesome and religious laws' (142) before him and who has cheered his youth with 'the faith, the love, the zealous fires' (154). London boldly says: 'thou'st all from me' (159). These virtues derive from and embody truth. But error also exists in 'sons' who have been disobedient, who refrain 'from doing grace and service' (168) to London, a city that may also contain 'pollution, | Sin, and uncleanness' (188-9), the result of error. London closes with this benediction: 'My blessing be upon thee, son and lord, | And on my sons all that obey my word' (193-4). To obey London's 'word' means in effect to obey the Word of Truth. The words of London reinforce a moral struggle between truth and error; London joins this war as the pageant allegorizes a battle for the mayor's soul. This battle gains specific visual representation at London's Triumphant Mount, the last major device, located near the Little Conduit in Cheapside. London, surrounded by allegorical virtues, drives away the shroud that covers the mount, a darkness caused by Error.

Middleton dramatizes the Truth-Error conflict by choosing to personify such figures and to provide a 'naive allegory' of their struggle. A psychomachian battle takes place simultaneously in the streets and in the mind of the mayor, who participates both in the fiction and in the real world of his inauguration. The representation of Truth and Error as characters depends on an allegorical frame of mind and on emblematic and iconographical techniques. Such techniques can be found in emblem books, which emerged on the European continent in the sixteenth century. Andrea Alciati's *Emblematum* (1531) and Cesare Ripa's *Iconologia* (1593) became particularly influential, existing in several editions and translations. Two important English emblem books depend on the Italian models: Geoffrey Whitney's *A Choice of Emblemes* (1586), the first English emblem book, and Henry Peacham's *Minerva Britannia* (1612). Whether the dramatist knew these books directly matters less than his appropriation of their methods. Emblems typically contain three parts: motto, picture, and verses that pull the parts together. The tableaux that constitute *The Triumphs of Truth* resemble movable emblems, ones the audience could recognize.

Emblems participate in iconographical traditions, received ways in which certain mythological and allegorical

figures should be represented. Middleton adapts and rehearses that which he inherited. Therefore he describes Truth who sits in a chariot 'in a close garment of white satin, which makes her appear thin and naked' (324-5), a dove over her head and serpents under her feet 'in that she treads down all subtlety and fraud' (331-2), a 'sun in her right hand' (335), 'on her breast a pure round crystal, showing the brightness of her thoughts and actions' (333-5). Zeal, the speaker, says: 'Nor by the naked plainness of her weeds | Judge thou her worth, no burnished gloss Truth needs' (348-9). But Zeal continues to offer a 'burnished gloss' for the benefit of the spectators, just as Middleton's text assists the reader in comprehending the symbolic value of Truth's properties. With slight variation Middleton's Truth could have walked off the pages of Peacham's *Minerva Britannia* and into the pageant. On page 134 of the emblem book Truth appears, naked, holding a sunburst in her right hand and a palm branch in her left and also a book, while her right foot rests on a globe—details that Peacham probably took from Ripa. Serpents form the decorative border for the emblem. Clearly Peacham's picture represents the 'triumphs of truth'. The verses interpret the symbolism of the emblem, much as Zeal's speech does in the pageant.

Middleton represents the quality Error in vivid terms as he sits in a chariot near St Paul's, 'his garment of ash-colour silk, his head rolled in a cloud, over which stands an owl, a mole on one shoulder, a bat on the other, all symbols of blind ignorance and darkness, mists hanging at his eyes' (245-9). This emblematic representation heightens the contrast with Truth. Envy accompanies Error, 'eating of a human heart, . . . attired in red silk, . . . her left pap bare, where a snake fastens' (250-2). This gruesome image could derive from a similar portrait in Whitney's and other emblem books or from Dekker's representation in the 1612 pageant. Interestingly, in Middleton's allegory the mayor and his retinue encounter Error before Truth, which may reflect Middleton's view of the post-lapsarian world. Such a sequence also underscores the importance of the figure London as the initial embodiment of truth.

For sheer seductive power nothing surpasses Error's first speech (255-318). If Error cannot look very attractive, he can certainly sound enticing. In effect, Error turns upside down the world articulated by London earlier in the pageant, at first by a kind of poetic imitation of London's speech. Like London, Error first avoids the typical pattern of rhymed couplets. If representation depends in part on resemblance, then Error first resembles London, but with a profound difference. If we heard only the opening few lines of Error's speech, we would hear a seemingly benign voice, like London's. Error says: 'Art come? O welcome, my triumphant lord, | My glory's sweetheart! how many millions | Of happy wishes hath my love told out | For this desired minute' (255-8). Error does not sound so bad.

But this disingenuous quality gives way to Error's true intent: to be false. The son of darkness adopts the imagery of light. With the mayor's arrival, Error claims now to be

'all of light, | Of fire, of joy, pleasure runs nimbly through me' (261-2). 'Power' becomes the operative word for Error as he adumbrates a programme for exercising power and gaining wealth, the seductive charms of high office. By line 270, 'And let thy will and appetite sway the sword', there can be no doubt about Error's purpose. The final movement of Error's speech concentrates on the 'evils' of Truth, her narrow, single, austere way of life, while Error offers pleasure and delight. Error notes that 'e'en in this throng' (302) of spectators he could find many 'children'. With some irony Error makes his final assertion: 'This of thy life I'll make the golden year' (317). But 'golden' for Error can only refer to material accumulation, whereas London has earlier urged, 'd disdain all titles | Purchased with coin' (177-8). Middleton has succeeded in giving Error considerable dramatic interest.

The representation of truth and error takes another twist in the appearance of a King of Moors, his queen, and attendants. Moors had appeared in early sixteenth-century Midsummer Shows and in the 1585 Lord Mayor's show. The pageant's sponsoring guild, the Grocers, had joined with the East India Company to expand their trade—hence another reason to include the Moor. The Moorish king confronts directly the issue of his colour: 'does my complexion draw | So many Christian eyes that never saw | A king so black before?' (413-14). He connects his appearance with assumptions made about him: 'I being a Moor, then, in opinion's lightness, | As far from sanctity as my face from whiteness' (423-4). Beneath that dark exterior resides a transformed soul: 'Truth in my soul sets up the light of grace' (430). Having once pursued error in false religion ('And though in days of error I did run', 431), the king through the work of English merchants has been 'brought to the true Christian faith' (440). The power of truth, embodied in the English traders, had 'power to convert infidels' (442). Even the ship on which he has allegedly travelled and which has no pilot has safely brought him to the streets of London, 'Only by Truth steered, as our souls must be' (454). Dismayed at this show of piety, Error cries out: 'What, have my sweet-faced devils forsook me too?' (464). Error forsaken and Truth embraced: the pageant's essential programme for salvation.

Symbolic landscape functions also to represent the pageant's essential battle. The power of Error shrouds London's Triumphant Mount only to have it transformed again by Truth. This alteration occurs several times, suggesting, as Truth herself points out, the necessity of vigilance. Finally, Zeal, 'his head circled with strange fires' (769), seeks permission from Truth to destroy Error's chariot. He cries out: 'Then here's to the destruction of that seat; | There's nothing seen of thee but fire shall eat' (777-8). The text describes what then happens: 'At which a flame shoots from the head of Zeal, which, fastening upon that chariot of Error, sets it on fire, and all the beasts that are joined to it' (779-81). What a spectacular finish to the conflict between Truth and Error. But it is more

than spectacle: Error's burned chariot 'being a figure or type of his lordship's justice on all wicked offenders in the time of his government' (789-90).

Sir Thomas Myddelton the mayor must have been justly pleased by the art of Mr Thomas Middleton the poet. From the playwright's pen has come this entertainment that pales only if compared to 'those eternal glories that stand ready for deservers'. The bounty of the Grocers has met its match in Middleton's art, which has produced not 'idle relish' but rather 'bounteous and honourable triumphs'. The glowing ashes of Error's chariot testify to the complete

victory of Truth and to the imaginative zeal by which the poet has approached his task: no freezing art here. In 1613 Thomas Middleton helped set the standard by which to judge Lord Mayor's shows.

SEE ALSO

Ziuzin's account: 977

Music: *Companion*, 147

Textual introduction and apparatus: *Companion*, 627

Authorship and date: *Companion*, 375

The Triumphs of Truth

A solemnity unparalleled for cost, art, and magnificence at the confirmation and establishment of that worthy and true nobly-minded gentleman, Sir Thomas Myddelton, Knight, in the honourable office of His Majesty's lieutenant, the Lord Mayor of the thrice-famous City of London.

Taking beginning at his lordship's going and proceeding after his return from receiving the oath of mayoralty at Westminster, on the morrow next after Simon and Jude's day, October 29, 1613.

All the shows, pageants, chariots, morning, noon, and night triumphs.

Directed, written, and redeemed into form, from the ignorance of some former times, and their common writer, by Thomas Middleton.

The Epistle Dedicatory

To the great expectation of virtue and goodness, and most worthy of all those costs and honours which the noble Fellowship and Society of Grocers and general love of the whole City in full-heaped bounties bestow upon him, the truly generous and judicious Sir Thomas Myddelton, Knight, Lord Mayor of the honourable City of London

As often as we shall fix our thoughts upon the Almighty Providence, so often they return to our capacities laden with admiration, either from the divine works of his mercy or those incomprehensible of his justice. But here to instance only his omnipotent mercy, it being the health and preservation of all his works, and first, not only in raising, but also in preserving your lordship from

many great and incident dangers, especially in foreign countries in the time of your youth and travels; and now, with safety, love, and triumph, to establish you in this year's honour, crowning the perfection of your days, and the gravity of your life, with power, respect, and reverence. Next, in that myself, though unworthy, being of one name with your lordship, notwithstanding all oppositions of malice, ignorance, and envy, should thus happily live, protected by part of that mercy—as if one fate did prosperously cleave to one name—now to do service to your fame and worthiness, and my pen only to be employed in these bounteous and honourable triumphs, being but shadows to those eternal glories that stand ready for deservers; to which I commend the deserts of your justice, remaining ever,

To your lordship, in the best of my observance,
Thomas Middleton

The Triumphs of Truth

Search all chronicles, histories, records, in what language or letter soever; let the inquisitive man waste the dear treasures of his time and eyesight, he shall conclude his life only in this certainty, that there is no subject upon earth received into the place of his government with the like state and magnificence as is the Lord Mayor of the City of London. This being then infallible, like the mistress of our triumphs, and not to be denied of any, how careful ought those gentlemen to be, to whose discretion and judgement the weight and charge of such a business is entirely referred and committed by the whole society, to have all things correspondent to that generous and noble freeness of cost and liberality; the streams of art to equal those

1 unparalleled for cost At a cost of £1300 this is the most expensive Lord Mayor's Show.

4 Thomas Myddelton became Mayor of London in October 1613, served until October 1614; had been Sheriff in 1603-

4; served as Member of Parliament several different times; admitted to the Grocers company in 1583; died in 1631
10 Simon and Jude's day 28 October, the feast day of St Simon and St Jude

30-1 in foreign countries a possible reference to the mayor's youth spent in Antwerp
56 gentlemen members of the Grocers company

of bounty; a knowledge that may take the true height of such an honourable solemnity; the miserable want of both which, in the impudent common writer, hath often forced from me much pity and sorrow; and it would heartily grieve any understanding spirit to behold many times so glorious a fire in bounty and goodness offering to match itself with freezing art, sitting in darkness, with the candle out, looking like the picture of Black Monday.

But to speak truth, which many beside myself can affirm upon knowledge, a care that hath been seldom equalled and not easily imitated hath been faithfully shown in the whole course of this business, both by the wardens and committees, men of much understanding, industry, and carefulness, little weighing the greatness of expense, so the cost might purchase perfection, so fervent hath been their desire to excel in that, which is a learned and virtuous ambition, and so unfeignedly pure the loves and affections of the whole company to his lordship. If any shall imagine that I set fairer colours upon their deserts than they upon themselves, let them but read and conceive, and their own understandings will light them to the acknowledgement of their errors. First, they may here behold love and bounty opening with the morning, earlier than some of former years, ready at the first appearing of his lordship to give his ear a taste of the day's succeeding glory; and thus the form of it presents itself.

At Soper-Lane end a senate-house erected, upon which musicians sit playing, and more to quicken time, a sweet voice married to these words:

THE SONG

*Mother of many honourable sons, London
Think not the glass too slowly runs
That in Time's hand is set,
Because thy worthy son appears not yet:
Lady, be pleased, the hour grows on,
Thy joy will be complete anon;
Thou shalt behold
The man enrolled
In honour's books, whom virtue raises;
Love-circled round,
His triumphs crowned
With all good wishes, prayers, and praises.
What greater comfort to a mother's heart,
Than to behold her son's desert
Go hand in hand with love,
Respect, and honour, blessings from above?
It is of power all griefs to kill,
And with a flood of joy to fill
Thy aged eyes,
To see him rise*

*With glory decked, where expectation,
Grace, truth, and fame,
Met in his name,
Attends his honour's confirmation.* 110

After this sweet air hath liberally spent itself, at the first appearing of the Lord Mayor from Guildhall in the morning, a trumpet placed upon that scaffold sounds forth his welcome; then, after a strain or two of music, a grave feminine shape presents itself from behind a silk curtain, representing London, attired like a reverend mother, a long white hair naturally flowing on either side of her; on her head a model of steeples and turrets; her habit crimson silk, near to the honourable garment of the city; her left hand holding a key of gold: who, after a comely grace, equally mixed with comfort and reverence, sends from her lips this motherly salutation. 115 120 125

THE SPEECH OF LONDON

*Honour and joy salute thee; I am raised
In comfort and in love to see thee, glad
And happy in thy blessings; nor esteem
My words the less 'cause I a woman speak,
A woman's counsel is not always weak. 130
I am thy mother; at that name I know
Thy heart does reverence to me, as becomes
A son of honour, in whose soul burns clear
The sacred tights of divine fear and knowledge;
I know that at this instant all the works 135
Of motherly love in me, shown to thy youth,
When it was soft and helpless, are summed up
In thy most grateful mind: thou well rememb'rest
All my dear pains and care; with what affection
I cherish thee in my bosom, watchful still 140
Over thy ways;
Set wholesome and religious laws before
The footsteps of thy youth; showed thee the way
That led thee to the glory of this day.
To which, with tears of the most fruitful joy 145
That ever mother shed, I welcome thee.
O, I could be content to take my part
Out of felicity only in weeping,
Thy presence and this day is so dear to me.
Look on my age, my honourable son, 150
And then begin to think upon thy office;
See how on each side of me hang the cares
Which I bestowed on thee, in silver hairs;
And now the faith, the love, the zealous fires
With which I cheered thy youth, my age requires. 155
The duty of a mother I have shown,
Through all the rites of pure affection,
In care, in government, in wealth, in honour,*

68 Black Monday Easter Monday. Nineteenth-century editors assumed that Middleton was referring disparagingly to Anthony Munday, but this assumption seems unfounded.

72-3 wardens and committees organiza-

tional structure of the Grocers company
87 Soper-Lane street in London now called Queen Street, running south from Cheapside to Southwark Bridge, so called for the soapmakers who lived there
senate-house a structure resembling a

meeting place for a senate
90 THE SONG For the music to this song, see Companion, 147.
Mother...sons i.e., London
115 Guildhall civic hall for the governing bodies of the City of London

160 *brought thee to what thou art, thou'st all from me;*
 Then what thou shouldst be I expect from thee.
 Now to thy charge, thy government, thy cares,
 Thy mother in her age submits her years:
 And though—to my abundant grief I speak it,
 Which now o'erflows my joy—some sons I have
 165 *Thankless, unkind, and disobedient,*
 Rewarding all my bounties with neglect,
 And will of purpose wilfully retire
 Themselves from doing grace and service to me,
 When they've got all they can, or hope for, from me,
 170 The thankfulness in which thy life doth move
 Did ever promise fairer fruits of love,
 And now they show themselves; yet they have all
 My blessing with them, so the world shall see
 'Tis their unkindness, no defect in me.
 175 But go thou forward, my thrice-honoured son,
 In ways of goodness; glory is best won
 When merit brings it home; disdain all titles
 Purchased with coin, of honour take thou hold
 By thy desert; let others buy't with gold.
 180 Fix thy most serious thought upon the weight
 Thou go'st to undergo, 'tis the just government
 Of this famed city, me, whom nations call
 Their brightest eye; then with what care and fear
 Ought I to be o'erseen, to be kept clear?
 185 Spots in deformed faces are scarce noted,
 Fair cheeks are stained if ne'er so little blotted.
 Seest thou this key of gold? It shows thy charge.
 This place is the king's chamber; all pollution,
 Sin, and uncleanness must be locked out here,
 190 And be kept sweet with sanctity, faith, and fear:
 I see grace takes effect: heaven's joy upon her.
 'Tis rare when virtue opens the gate to honour.
 My blessing be upon thee, son and lord,
 And on my sons all that obey my word.

195 Then making her honour, as before, the waits of the city
 there in service, his lordship and the worthy company are
 led forward toward the waterside, where you shall find
 the river decked in the richest glory to receive him; upon
 whose crystal bosom stand five islands, artfully garnished
 200 with all manner of Indian fruit trees, drugs, spiceries, and
 the like; the middle island with a fair castle especially
 beautified.

But making haste to return to the city again, where
 triumph waits in more splendour and magnificence, the
 205 first then that attends to receive his lordship off the water
 at Baynard's Castle is Truth's Angel on horseback, his
 raiment of white silk powdered with stars of gold, on
 horseback, and Zeal, the champion of Truth, in a garment

of flame-coloured silk, with a bright hair on his head
 from which shoot fire-beams, following close after him
 mounted alike, his right hand holding a flaming scourge
 intimating thereby that as he is the manifester of Truth
 he is likewise the chastiser of Ignorance and Error.

THE SALUTATION OF THE ANGEL
 I have within mine eye my blessed charge:
 Hail, friend of Truth; safety and joy attends thee.
 I am Truth's Angel, by my mistress sent
 To guard and guide thee. When thou took'st thy oath,
 I stood on thy right hand, though to thy eye
 In visible form I did not then appear;
 Ask but thy soul, 'twill tell thee I stood near;
 And 'twas a time to take care of thee then,
 At such a marriage before heaven and men,
 Thy faith being wed to honour; close behind thee
 Stood Error's minister that still sought to blind thee,
 And wrap his subtle mists about thy oath,
 To hide it from the nakedness of troth,
 Which is Truth's purest glory; but my light,
 Still as it shone, expelled her blackest spite;
 His mists fled by, yet all I could devise
 Could hardly keep them from some people's eyes,
 But thine they flew from: thy care's but begun,
 Wake on, the victory is not half yet won;
 Thou wilt be still assaulted, thou shalt meet
 With many dangers that in voice seem sweet,
 And ways most pleasant to a worldling's eye;
 My mistress has but one, but that leads high.
 To yon triumphant city follow me,
 Keep thou to Truth, eternity keeps to thee.

ZEAL
 On boldly, man of honour; thou shalt win.
 I am Truth's champion, Zeal, the scourge of sin.

The trumpet then sounding, the Angel and Zeal rank
 themselves just before his lordship and conduct him to
 Paul's-Chain, where in the south yard Error in a chariot
 with his infernal ministers attends to assault him, his
 garment of ash-colour silk, his head rolled in a cloud,
 over which stands an owl, a mole on one shoulder, a bat
 on the other, all symbols of blind ignorance and darkness,
 mists hanging at his eyes. Close before him rides Envy,
 his champion, eating of a human heart, mounted on a
 rhinoceros, attired in red silk, suitable to the bloodiness
 of her manners; her left pap bare, where a snake fastens;
 her arms half naked, holding in her right hand a dart
 tinted in blood.

THE GREETING OF ERROR
 Art come? O welcome, my triumphant lord,
 My glory's sweetheart! how many millions
 Of happy wishes hath my love told out

male
 Envy

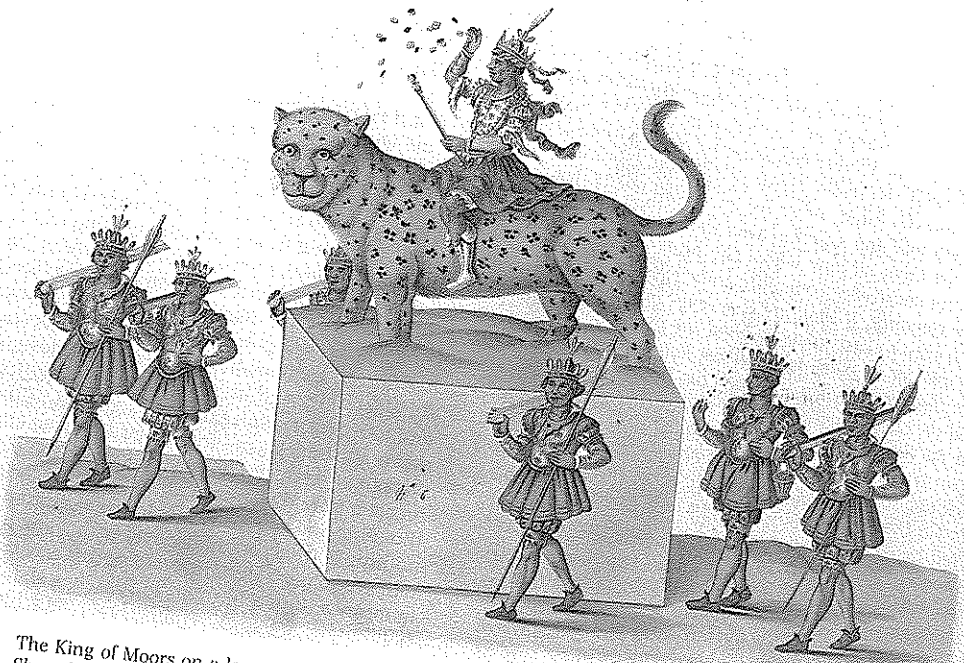
188 king's chamber the familiar idea that
 London is the king's special chamber
 195 waits wind instrumentalists, musicians
 200 Indian from East India
 206 Baynard's Castle site of an ancient

castle close to where Blackfriars bridge
 crosses the Thames; stairs led up from
 the river into the city
 227 troth promise, covenant
 244 Paul's-Chain a lane running south

from the southside of St Paul's Cathedral
 precinct
 254 tinted coloured
 257 told counted

970 Error - male
 Envy female

The Tryumphs of Truth.



The King of Moors on a leopard; from a manuscript drawing for Anthony Munday's Lord Mayor's Show for 1616, as reproduced in a nineteenth-century edition of the pageant for the Fishmongers.

With which she chaseth away Error's mists:
 And now she makes to thee her so even grace,
 For to her rich and poor look with one face.

THE WORDS OF TRUTH

365 Man, raised by faith and love, upon whose head
 Honour sits fresh, let not thy heart be led,
 In ignorant ways of insolence and pride,
 From her that to this day hath been thy guide;
 I never showed thee yet more paths than one,
 370 And thou hast found sufficient that alone
 To bring thee hither; then go forward still,
 And having most power, first subject thy will;
 Give the first fruits of justice to thyself.
 Then dost thou wisely govern, though that elf
 375 Of sin and darkness, still opposing me,
 Counsels thy appetite to master thee.
 But call to mind what brought thee to this day.
 Was falsehood, cruelty, or revenge the way?
 Thy lust or pleasures? people's curse or hate?
 These were no ways could raise thee to this state,

386-7 Graces and Virtues familiar Renaissance idea of the Three Graces and the

four Cardinal Virtues
 390 Paul's Churchyard churchyard at the

The ignorant must acknowledge; if then from me,
 Which no ill dare deny or sin control,
 Forsake me not, that can advance thy soul:
 I see a blessed yielding in thy eye;
 Thou'rt mine; lead on, thy name shall never die.

These words ended, they all set forward, this chariot
 of Truth and her celestial handmaids, the Graces and
 Virtues, taking place next before his lordship; Zeal and
 the Angel before that, the chariot of Error following as
 near as it can get; all passing on till they come into
 Paul's Churchyard, where stand ready the five islands,
 395 those dumb glories that I spake of before upon the
 water: upon the height of these five islands sit five
 persons, representing the Five Senses: *Visus*, *Auditus*,
Tactus, *Gustus*, *Olfactus*, or Seeing, Hearing, Touching,
 Tasting, Smelling; at their feet their proper emblems:
 395 *aquila*, *cervus*, *araneus*, *simia*, *canis*; an eagle, a hart, a
 spider, an ape, a dog.
 No sooner can your eyes take leave of these, but they
 may suddenly espy a strange ship making toward, and

east end of St Paul's Cathedral precinct

30 that which may raise greater astonishment, it having
neither sailor nor pilot, only upon a white silk streamer
these two words set in letters of gold, *Veritate gubernator*:
I am steered by *Truth*. The persons that are contained
05 within this little vessel are only four: a king of the Moors,
his queen, and two attendants of their own colour; the
rest of their followers people the castle that stands in the
middle island, of which company two or three on the top
appears to sight. This king seeming much astonished at
the many eyes of such a multitude, utters his thoughts in
these words.

THE SPEECH OF THAT KING

Moors S

I see amazement set upon the faces
Of these white people, wond'ring and strange gazes;
Is it at me? does my complexion draw
So many Christian eyes that never saw
A king so black before? no, now I see
415 Their entire object, they're all meant to thee,
Grave city-governor, my queen and I
Well honoured with the glances that pass by.
I must confess many wild thoughts may rise,
Opinions, common murmurs, and fixed eyes,
420 At my so strange arrival in a land
Where true religion and her temples stand.
I being a Moor, then, in opinion's lightness,
As far from sanctity as my face from whiteness;
425 But I forgive the judgings of th'unwise,
Whose censures ever quicken in their eyes,
Only begot of outward form and show.
And I think meet to let such censurers know,
However darkness dwells upon my face,
430 Truth in my soul sets up the light of grace;
And though in days of error I did run
To give all adoration to the sun,
The moon, and stars, nay, creatures base and poor,
Now only their Creator I adore.
435 My queen and people all, at one time won
By the religious conversation
Of English merchants, factors, travellers,
Whose truth did with our spirits hold commerce,
As their affairs with us; following their path,
440 We all were brought to the true Christian faith.
Such benefit in good example dwells,
It oft hath power to convert infidels;
Nor could our desires rest till we were led
Unto this place, where those good spirits were bred;
445 And see how we arrived in blessed time
To do that mistress service, in the prime
Of these her spotless triumphs, and t'attend
That honourable man, her late-sworn friend.
If any wonder at the safe arrive

converted from
pagan
paganism

Of this small vessel, which all weathers drive
According to their rages, where appears
Nor mariner nor pilot, armed 'gainst fears,
Know this came hither from man's guidance free,
Only by Truth steered, as our souls must be.
And see where one of her fair temples stands;
Do reverence, Moors, bow low, and kiss your hands:
Behold, our queen.

QUEEN

Her goodnesses are such,
We cannot honour her and her house too much.

All in the ship and those in the castle bowing their bodies
to the temple of St Paul; but Error smiling, betwixt scorn
and anger to see such a devout humility take hold of that
complexion, breaks into these.

ERROR

What, have my sweet-faced devils forsook me too?
Nay, then, my charms will have enough to do.

But Time, sitting by the frame of Truth his daughter's
chariot, attired agreeable to his condition, with his hour-
glass, wings, and scythe, knowing best himself when it is
fittest to speak, goes forward in this manner.

TIME

This Time hath brought t'effect, for on thy day
Nothing but Truth and Virtue shall display
Their virgin ensigns; Infidelity,
Barbarism, and Guile, shall in deep darkness lie.
O, I could ever stand still thus and gaze;
Never turn glass again, wish no more days,
So this might ever last; pity the light
Of this rich glory must be cased in night.
But Time must on; I go; 'tis so decreed,
To bless my daughter Truth and all her seed
With joys immortal, triumphs never-ending.
And as her hand lifts me, to thy ascending
May it be always ready, worthy son,
To hasten which my hours shall quickly run.
Seest thou yon place? thither I'll weekly bring thee,
Where Truth's celestial harmony thou shalt hear;
To which I charge thee bend a serious ear.
Lead on, Time's swift attendants.

Then the five islands pass along into Cheapside, the
ship next after them; the chariot of Truth still before
his lordship, and that of Error still chased before it,
where their eyes meet with another more subtle object,
planting itself close by the Little Conduit, which may bear
this character: the true form and fashion of a mount
triumphant, but the beauty and glory thereof overspread
with a thick, sulphurous darkness, it being a fog or
mist raised from Error, enviously to blemish that place



Lord Mayor's Fishmongers.

if then from me,
control,
nce thy soul:
eye;
ne shall never die.

set forward, this chariot
admaids, the Graces and
e his lordship; Zeal and
ot of Error following as
on till they come into
ready the five islands,
e of before upon the
se five islands sit five
enses: Visus, Auditus,
3, Hearing, Touching,
their proper emblems:
; an eagle, a hart, a

ve of these, but they
making toward, and

l's Cathedral precinct

404 Moors Presumably Middleton refers to residents of the East Indies, especially given the Grocers' connection to the East India company.

437 factors one who buys or sells on behalf of another; also, one of the third class of

East India Company's servants (OED)

461 St Paul St Paul's Cathedral

484.n St Paul's Cross located on north side of St Paul's, a platform from which sermons were delivered

488 Cheapside chief commercial street in the City of London running east from St Paul's

492 Little Conduit water source located in the middle of the roadway of Cheapside

The Triumphes of Truth.

which bears the title of London's Triumphant Mount, the chief grace and lustre of the whole triumph. At the four corners sit four monsters, Error's disciples, on whom hangs part of the mist for their clothing, holding in their hands little thick clubs, coloured like their garments; the names of these four monsters, Barbarism, Ignorance, Impudence, Falsehood; who, at the near approaching of Truth's chariot, are seen a little to tremble, whilst her deity gives life to these words.

TRUTH

*What's here? the mist of Error? dare his spite
Stain this Triumphant Mount, where our delight
Hath been divinely fixed so many ages?
Dare darkness now breathe forth her insolent rages,
And hang in pois'nous vapours o'er the place
From whence we received love, and returned grace?
I see if Truth a while but turn her eyes,
Thick are the mists that o'er fair cities rise:
We did expect to receive welcome here
From no deformed shapes, but divine and clear;
Instead of monsters that this place attends,
To meet with goodness and her glorious friends;
Nor can they so forget me to be far.
I know there stands no other envious bar
But that foul cloud to darken this bright day,
Which with this fan of stars I'll chase away.
Vanish, infectious fog, that I may see
This city's grace, that takes her light from me.
Vanish, give way.*

Love

At this her powerful command, the cloud suddenly rises and changes into a bright-spreading canopy, stuck thick with stars and beams of gold shooting forth round about it, the mount appearing then most rich in beauty and glory, the four monsters falling flat at the foot of the hill, that grave, feminine shape, figuring London, sitting in greatest honour. Next above her, in the most eminent place, sits Religion, the model of a fair temple on her head and a burning lamp in her hand, the proper emblems of her sanctity, watchfulness, and zeal; on her right hand sits Liberality, her head circled with a wreath of gold, in her hand a cornucopia, or horn of abundance, out of which rusheth a seeming flood of gold, but no way flowing to prodigality; for, as the sea is governed by the moon, so is that wealthy river by her eye, for bounty must be led by judgement; and hence is artfully derived the only difference between prodigality and bounty: the one deals her gifts with open eyes, the other blindfold: on her left side sits Perfect Love, his proper seat being nearest the heart, wearing upon his head a wreath of white and red roses mingled together, the ancient witness of this land, his right hand holding a sphere, where in a circle of gold is contained all the twelve companies' arms,

and therefore called the Sphere of True Brotherhood, or Annulus Amoris, the Ring of Love. Upon his left hand stand two billing turtles, expressing thereby the happy condition of mutual love and society: on either side of this mount are displayed the charitable and religious works of London—especially the worthy company of Grocers—in giving maintenance to scholars, soldiers, widows, orphans, and the like, where are placed one of each number: and on the two heights sit Knowledge and Modesty, Knowledge wearing a crown of stars, in her hand a perspective glass, betokening both her high judgement and deep insight; the brow of Modesty circled with a wreath all of red roses, expressing her bashfulness and blushings, in her hand a crimson banner filled with silver stars, figuring the white purity of her shamefastness; her cheeks not red with shame or guilt but with virgin fear and honour. At the back of this Triumphant Mount, Chastity, Fame, Simplicity, Meekness, have their seats; Chastity wearing on her head a garland of white roses, in her hand a white silk banner filled with stars of gold, expressing the eternity of her unspotted pureness: Fame next under her, on her head a crown of silver, and a silver trumpet in her hand, showing both her brightness and shrillness: Simplicity with a milk-white dove upon her head; and Meekness with a garland of mingled flowers, in her hand a white silk banner with a red cross, a lamb at her feet, by which both their conditions are sufficiently expressed. The mount thus made glorious by the power of Truth, and the mist expelled, London thus speaks.

LONDON

*Thick scales of darkness in a moment's space
Are fell from both mine eyes; I see the face
Of all my friends about me now most clearly,
Religion's sisters, whom I honour dearly.
O, I behold the work; it comes from thee,
Illustrious patroness, thou that mad'st me see
In days of blindest ignorance; when this light
Was e'en extinguished, thou redeem'st my sight.
Then to thy charge, with reverence, I commend
That worthy son of mine, thy virtuous friend,
Whom on my love and blessing I require
To observe thee faithfully, and his desire
To imitate thy will, and there lie bounded;
For power's a dangerous sea, which must be sounded
With truth and justice, or man soon runs on
'Gainst rocks and shelves to dissolution.
Then, that thou mayst the difference ever know
'Twixt Truth and Error, a few words shall show:
The many ways that to blind Error slide
Are in the entrance broad, hell-mouth is wide;
But when man enters far, he finds it then
Close, dark, and straight, for hell returns no men:
But the one sacred way which Truth directs,
Only at entrance man's affection checks,*

Power

545 white and red roses refers to the houses of York and Lancaster

548 twelve companies' the twelve principal guilds of London

551 turtles turtle doves
558 perspective glass optical instrument

True Brotherhood, or
on his left hand stand
y the happy condition
side of this mount are
s works of London—
Grocers—in giving
widows, orphans, and
each number: and on
Modesty, Knowledge
d a perspective glass,
nt and deep insight;
a wreath all of red
ad blushings, in her
silver stars, figuring
ness; her cheeks not
gin fear and honour.
umt, Chastity, Fame,
ts; Chastity wearing
in her hand a white
expressing the eternity
kt under her, on her
rumpet in her hand,
shrillness: Simplicity
head; and Meekness
n her hand a white
at her feet, by which
expressed. The mount
Truth, and the mist

605 And is there strict alone; to which place throngs
All world's afflictions, calumnies, and wrongs.
But having passed those, then thou find'st a way
In breadth whole heaven, in length eternal day;
Then, following Truth, she brings thee to that way:
But first observe what works she here requires,
Religion, knowledge, sanctity, chaste desires;
Then charity, which bounty must express
610 To scholars, soldiers, widows, fatherless:
These have been still my works, they must be thine;
Honour and action must together shine,
Or the best part's eclipsed: behold but this,
Thy very crest shows bounty, here 'tis put;
615 Thou giv'st the open hand, keep it not shut,
But to the needy or deserving spirit
Let it spread wide, and heaven enrols that merit.
Do these and prove my hopeful, worthy son;
Yet nothing's spoke but needfully must be done:
620 And so lead forward.

At which words the whole triumph moves, in his richest
glory, toward the Cross in Cheap; at which place Error,
full of wrath and malice to see his mist so chased away,
falls into this fury.

ERROR

625 Heart of all the fiends in hell!
Could her beggarly power expel
Such a thick and poisonous mist
Which I set Envy's snakes to twist.
Up, monsters; was her feeble frown
630 Of force to strike my officers down?
Barbarism, Impudence, Lies, Ignorance,
All your hell-bred heads advance,
And once again with rotten darkness shroud
This Mount Triumphant: drop down, sulphurous cloud.

635 At which the mist falls again and hangs over all the
beauty of the mount, not a person of glory seen, only
the four monsters gather courage again and take their
seats, advancing their clubs above their heads; which no
sooner perceived, but Truth in her chariot, making near
640 to the place, willing still to rescue her friends and servants
from the powers of Ignorance and Darkness, makes use of
these words.

TRUTH

Dare yet the works of ugliness appear
'Gainst this day's brightness, and see us so near?
645 How bold is sin and hell, that yet it dare
Rise against us; but know, perdition's heir,
'Tis idle to contend against our power.
Vanish again, foul mist, from honour's bower.

650 Then the cloud dispersing itself again, and all the mount
appearing glorious, it passeth so on to the Standard, about

622 Cross in Cheap opposite Wood Street in
Cheapside
650 Standard square pillar in Cheapside,
also a water conduit
652 St Lawrence Lane narrow street

running north from Cheapside, named
for the church of St Lawrence Jewry at
its north end
667 epicurism philosophy of pleasure
derived from Epicurus

which place, by elaborate action from Error, it falls again,
and goes so darkened till it comes to St Lawrence Lane
end, where, by the former words by Truth uttered being
again chased away, London thus gratefully requites her
goodness.

655

LONDON

Eternity's bright sister, by whose light
Error's infectious works still fly my sight,
Receive thy servant's thanks. Now, Perfect Love,
Whose right hand holds a sphere wherein do move
Twelve blest societies, whose beloved increase
660 Styles it the ring of brotherhood, faith, and peace,
From thy harmonious lips let them all taste
The golden counsel that makes health long last.

660

Perfect Love then standing up, holding in his right hand a
sphere, on the other, two billing turtles, gives these words.

665

PERFECT LOVE

First, then, I banish from this feast of joy
All excess, epicurism, both which destroy
The healths of soul and body; no such guest
Ought to be welcome to this reverend feast,
Where Truth is mistress; who's admitted here
670 Must come for virtue's love more than for cheer.
These two white turtles may example give
How perfect joy and brotherhood should live;
And they from whom grave order is expected,
Of rude excess must never be detected.
675 This is the counsel which that lady calls
Golden advice, for by it no man falls:
He that desires days healthful, sound, and blest,
Let moderate judgement serve him at his feast.
And so lead on; may perfect brotherhood shine
680 Still in this sphere, and honour still in thine.

banish
excess

This speech so ended, his lordship and the companies
pass on to Guildhall; and at their returning back, these
triumphs attend to bring his lordship toward St Paul's
church, there to perform those yearly ceremonial rites
685 which ancient and grave order hath determined; Error by
the way still busy and in action to draw darkness often
upon that Mount of Triumph, which by Truth is as often
dispersed. Then all returning homewards full of beauty
and brightness, this mount and the chariot of Truth both
690 placed near to the entrance of his lordship's gate near
Leadenhall, London, the lady of that mount, first gives
utterance to these words.

685

690

LONDON

Before the day sprang from the morning's womb
I rose, my care was earlier than the light,
Nor would it rest till I now brought thee home,
695 Marrying to one joy both thy day and night;

695

692 Leadenhall originally built in the 15th
century; by Middleton's time had become
a market, located at the intersection of
Gracechurch street and Cornhill

Nor can we call this night, if our eyes count
 The glorious beams that dance about this mount;
 700 Sure, did not custom guide 'em, men would say
 Two noons were seen together in one day.
 The splendour is so piercing: Triumph seems
 As if it sparkled, and to men's esteems
 Threw forth his thanks, wrapped up in golden flames,
 705 As if he would give light to read their names,
 That were at cost this day to make him shine,
 And be as free in thanks as they in coin.
 But see, Time checks me, and his scythe stands ready
 To cut all off; no state on earth is steady;
 710 Therefore, grave son, the time that is to come
 Bestow on Truth; and so thou'rt welcome home.
 Time, standing up in Truth's chariot, seeming to make
 an offer with his scythe to cut off the glories of the day,
 growing near now to the season of rest and sleep, his
 daughter Truth thus meekly stays his hand.

TRUTH

Father, desist a while, till I send forth
 A few words to our friend, that man of worth.
 The power that heaven, love, and the city's choice,
 720 Have all conferred on thee with mutual voice,
 As it is great, reverend, and honourable,
 Meet it with equal goodness, strive t'excel
 Thy former self; as thy command exceeds
 Thy last year's state, so let new acts, old deeds;
 And as great men in riches and in birth,
 725 Heightening their bloods and joining earth to earth,
 Bestow their best hours and most serious cares
 In choosing out fit matches for their heirs,
 So never give thou over day or hour,
 Till with a virtue thou hast matched this power;
 730 For what is greatness if not joined with grace?
 Like one of high blood that hath married base.
 Who seeks authority with an ignorant eye,
 Is like a man seeks out his enemy;
 For where before his follies were not spread,
 735 Or his corruptions, then they're clearly read
 E'en by the eyes of all men; 'tis so pure
 A crystal of itself, it will endure
 No poison of oppression, bribes, hired law,
 But 'twill appear soon in some crack or flaw:
 740 Howe'er men soothe their hopes with popular breath,
 If not in life, they'll find that crack in death.
 I was not made to fawn or stroke sin smooth;
 Be wise and hear me, then, that cannot soothe:
 I have set thee high now; be so in example,
 745 Made thee a pinnacle in honour's temple,
 Fixing ten thousand eyes upon thy brow.
 There is no hiding of thy actions now,

706-7 shine... coin a perfect rhyme
 761 requitals recompense or reward
 782 Humphrey Nichols No other reference
 to him can be found.
 786 John Grinkin artificer first involved
 in a Lord Mayor's Show in 1604; also

assisted with pageants in 1609, 1610,
 1611, 1618, and 1620
 787 Anthony Munday (1560-1633)
 prolific playwright, translator, poet,
 pamphlet writer, pageant writer, and
 historian. Wrote the first extant Jacobean

They must abide the light and imitate me,
 Or be thrown down to fire where errors be.
 Nor only with these words thy ear I feed,
 But give those part that shall in time succeed,
 To thee in present, and to them to come,
 That Truth may bring you all with honour home
 To these your gates, and to those, after these,
 Of which your own good actions keep the keys.
 Then, as the loves of thy society
 Hath flowed in bounties on this day and thee,
 Counting all cost too little for true art,
 Doubling rewards there where they found desert,
 In thankfulness, justice, and virtuous care,
 Perfect their hopes; those thy requitals are.
 With fatherly respect embrace 'em all,
 Faith in thy heart and plenty in thy hall,
 Love in thy walks, but justice in thy state,
 Zeal in thy chamber, bounty at thy gate:
 And so to thee and these a blessed night;
 To thee, fair City, peace, my grace and light.

Trumpets sounding triumphantly, Zeal, the champion of
 Truth, on horseback, his head circled with strange fires,
 appears to his mistress, and thus speaks.

ZEAL

See yonder, lady, Error's chariot stands,
 Braving the power of your incensed commands,
 Emboldened by the privilege of night
 And her black faction; yet to crown his spite,
 Which I'll confound, I burn in divine wrath.

TRUTH

Strike, then; I give thee leave to shoot it forth.

ZEAL

Then here's to the destruction of that seat;
 There's nothing seen of thee but fire shall eat.

At which a flame shoots from the head of Zeal, which,
 fastening upon that chariot of Error, sets it on fire, and all
 the beasts that are joined to it.

The firework being made by master Humphrey Nichols,
 a man excellent in his art; and the whole work and
 body of the triumph, with all the proper beauties of
 the workmanship, most artfully and faithfully performed
 by John Grinkin; and those furnished with apparel and
 porters by Anthony Munday, gentleman.

This proud seat of Error lying now only glowing in
 embers—being a figure or type of his lordship's justice on
 all wicked offenders in the time of his government—I now
 conclude, holding it a more learned discretion to cease of
 myself than to have Time cut me off rudely: and now let
 him strike at his pleasure.

FINIS.

Lord Mayor's Show, *The Triumphes of
 Reunited Britannia* (1605). His frequent
 association with Middleton gives the lie
 to the nineteenth-century idea that he
 and Middleton were angry rivals.