THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON
FACSIMILE REPRINTS

I

FULGENS AND LUCRES
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No. 65
THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON FACSIMILE REPRINTS

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FULGENS AND LUCRES

BY

HENRY MEDWALL

FROM THE UNIQUE COPY IN THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY

SEYMOUR DE RICCI

NEW YORK: GEORGE D. SMITH
8 EAST 45TH STREET
1920
The early English books in the Henry E. Huntington Library will all be fully described in the elaborate catalogue prepared under the direction of Mr. George Watson Cole.

Meanwhile it has been thought advisable to place in the hands of scholars trustworthy photographic facsimiles of a few of the rarer items, especially those which have not yet been reprinted and of which no correct text is easily available.

Each reprint will be accompanied by a short introductory note giving the necessary bibliographical and literary information.
INTRODUCTORY NOTE

ABOUT the year 1700, the English bibliophile John Bagford pasted into his famous scrap-books two leaves (now in the British Museum, Harleian MS. 5919, fol. 20, n. 98) from an unknown early English play.

In December 1896, in part ii of the Hand-Lists of English Printers, 1501-1556, published by the Bibliographical Society, the late Robert Proctor (doubtless assisted in his work by E. Gordon Duff) listed these two leaves among the impressions of John Rastell (1516-1533) whose types he had recognized; his entry runs: "Play concerning Lucretia 4o".

A few years later, these leaves were reproduced in facsimile by W. Bang and R. B. McKerrow in Bang's Materialien zur Kunde des älteren englischen Dramas, vol. xii (Louvain, 1905), pp. 100-104, and shortly afterwards edited by W. W. Greg in the Collections of the Malone Society, vol. i, part 2 (1908), pp. 137-142.

Meanwhile, E. K. Chambers, in his valuable work on The mediaeval stage (Oxford, 1903, 2 vols. 8vo), vol. ii, p. 458 (see The Cambridge History of English Literature, vol. v, part 1, 1910, p. 454) had observed that the two leaves in the Bagford scrap-books were doubtless part of the play only known to scholars by the following cryptic statement in J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps' Outlines of the life of Shakespeare (5th and subsequent editions, vol. ii, pp. 340-341): "The most ancient English secular drama which is known to exist was written about the year 1490 by the Rev. Henry Medwall, chaplain to Morton, Arch-
bishop of Canterbury, and afterwards printed by Rastell under the title of: a godely interlude of Fulgeus, Cenatoure of Rome, Lucre his daughter, Gayus Flaminius and Publius Cornelius, of the Disputacyon of Noblenes.”

In spite of the tantalizing precision of this statement, it conveyed but little to the student as long as no one knew where Halliwell had obtained such a remarkable piece of information. Did the book still exist? Had Halliwell ever seen a copy? In what dark corner was this unknown interlude lurking?

The answer to the riddle was given to the book-world in the spring of 1919. A copy of the missing play was among the books from Mostyn Hall sold at Sotheby’s on 20 March 1919 (pp. 23-24, n. 226 of the Catalogue, with a facsimile of two pages). It was purchased at a high price by Mr. George D. Smith and is now in the library of Mr. Henry E. Huntington.¹

There is not the shadow of a doubt that Halliwell’s information was derived from the Mostyn copy. We have even direct evidence that he had actually seen the Mostyn plays, in the following hitherto unobserved passage of the late W. C. Hazlitt’s Shakespear, himself and his work, a biographical study, third edition (London, B. Quaritch, 1908, 8vo), pp. 309-310: “A second extremely important assemblage of Shakespear and Elizabethan quartos, that formerly the property of the Bishop of Ossory,² was also bound up (like Oxinden’s) at the time in a series of volumes, of which two were abstracted under unknown circumstances, and sold at Manchester and in London respectively in 1881 and 1905. The others were dispersed in London in 1907, and were, as they had long been, in the possession of Lord Mostyn.

They are identical with the series mentioned to me many years since by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps as being at Mostyn or Gloddaeth."

Further details are given by Hazlitt in *A roll of honour, a calendar of the names of over 17,000 men and women who throughout the British Isles and in our early colonies have collected MSS. and printed books*, (London, B. Quaritch, 1908, 4°), pp. 262-263; referring to the Mostyn books sold in 1881 and 1907, he states that "One of the plays, *The Devil's Charter* by Barnabe Barnes, 1607, has on the title the signature of Williams prior to his accession to the see, and others, if not the majority, may also have been more or less early acquisitions. The covers of one of the collective volumes bears the initials H. W., probably a relative, and the *Thersites* carries on the fly-leaves marks of having belonged to other Welsh owners, who were not scholars."

The existence of valuable early quartos at Mostyn Hall had long been rumoured among book-lovers. Dr. Aldis Wright had vainly endeavoured to gain access to them some forty years ago according to an amusing tradition echoed (by Mr. Edmund Gosse?) in *The Sunday Times*, 6 April 1919.

I can find no details about the Mostyn plays sold (according to Hazlitt) at Manchester in 1881 and at London in 1905; but it was an open secret that the remarkable series of sixty-eight early plays sold by Messrs. Sotheby on 31 May and 1 June 1907 were the property of Lord Mostyn. The 1919 sale, with its 364 lots, apparently completed the dispersal of this unique collection which must at one time have included some five hundred plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, bound in old calf in some forty or fifty volumes, now all taken to pieces and dispersed.

Can we trace back any farther than to Mostyn Hall the origin of this valuable collection of early plays and to ascertain the original founder (or founders—for the
bindings of these quarto volumes were of two or three distinct styles) of this dramatic library?

A first clue is given by the study of the portion sold in 1919. Hardly any books printed after 1670 occur in it, so that we thus obtain some kind of a terminus ante.

The name of the collector actually occurs on the title of at least one book, the Duke of Buckingham’s play “The Rehearsal” (1672) which bears the signature: Thomas Mostyn of Gloaddath (Mostyn sale, n. 31; now belongs to Mr. Dobell).

More valuable information still is to be derived from a careful study of the various lists of printed plays published in the seventeenth century and so ably tabulated by W. W. Greg in A list of masques, pageants, etc., supplementary to a list of English plays (London, Bibliographical Society, 1902, 4°), pp. i-cx.

The four lists edited by Mr. Greg are:

1. “An exact and perfect catalogue of all Playes that are printed” added by the booksellers Richard Rogers and William Ley to their edition of Thomas Goffe’s play “The Careless Shepherdess,” 1656.

2. A similar and somewhat fuller list, derived from the above, in Edward Archer’s edition of the “Old Law” by Massinger, Middleton and Rowley, also printed in 1656.

3. Francis Kirkman’s first list, added to “Tom Tyler and his Wife,” 1661.

4. Kirkman’s second list, added to “Nicomede,” 1671.

In all these four lists Fulgens and Lucre occurs in the following shape:

1. (Rogers and Ley, 1656). Fulgius and Lucrell.


3. (Kirkman, 1661). Fulgius and Lucrel.

4. (Kirkman, 1671). Fulgius and Lucrel.

The misprint Fulgius and Lucrell for Fulgens and Lucre is easily explained; but as it occurs in all four lists, it seems certain that 2, 3, and 4 copy here list 1.
Further and more striking evidence is given by the entries concerning *Fedele and Fortunio*, another play of which the only known copy was in the Mostyn collection. The lists give it as:

1. (Rogers and Ley, 1656). Fidele and Fortunio.
2. (Archer, 1656). Fidele and Fortunata.
3. (Kirkman, 1661). Fidele and Fortunata.
4. (Kirkman, 1671). Fidele and Fortunatus.

Here list 1 alone has preserved the true reading: 2, 3, and 4 obviously copy 1 and add misprints.

It seems therefore possible that the actual copies subsequently at Mostyn Hall were those seen by Rogers and Ley in 1656 and used by them when they were compiling their catalogue.

This receives further corroboration from the presence in the Mostyn library of Rogers and Ley’s catalogue (Mostyn sale, n. 134) and from the fact that other unique or practically unique books such as *Enough is as good as a feast* and *Common conditions*, or very scarce items such as *Impatient Poverty*, *Jack Juggler*, and *Thersytes*, all occur both in Rogers and Ley’s list and in the Mostyn sales.

This confers on the Mostyn plays an additional interest as being in all probability the remains of the earliest English dramatic library catalogued in print.

Whether, as Hazlitt believed, this library ever belonged to Bishop Griffith Williams, is a point yet open to discussion and on which supplementary research is much to be desired.

* * *

The author of *Fulgens and Lucre*, Henry Medwall, had long been known to us by the following dramatic production:

*C Nature. || C A goodly interlude of Nature copyld*
by mayster || Henry Medwall chapleyn to the ryght re-||
erent father in god Johan Morton || somtyme Cardynall
and arche||byshop of Can-||terbury :.

and 1534], small fol., Goth. 36 ff. (a-i4).

One of the two extant copies is much cropped (British
Museum, C.34 e.54); it contains at the end leaves c1
and c4 in duplicate (these come from the W. B. Scott
collection).

The second copy is in the University Library, Cam-
bridge (Sayle, n. 351). A single leaf is in the Bodleian
(Rawl. 4º, 598. 12) and a small fragment, the bottom of
leaf g4, is in Sir John Fenn’s typographical album, last
in the Van Antwerp collection.

The types of Nature are quite different from those
used in Fulgens and Lucre.

The most recent biographers of Medwall¹ ascribe
to this author another interlude “Of the Finding of
Truth who was carried away by Ignorance and Hypo-
crisy.” The only ground to this ascription is the follow-

xxxvii, pp. 207-208.

|514-15, which thus commences:

“For to do pleser the Kyngs grace, and for to pas the
tyme of Chrestemas, by Sir Harry Gyllfurth [Guildford]
Master of the Revells, was devysed an Interluit, in the
wheche conteyneyd a moresks [moresco] of vj persons and ii
ladys: wherfor by hys commandement, of our soveraine lord
the Kyng, and at apoyntment of Sir Harry Gylforth, was
prepayrd, had and wrought dyvers and sundry garments.”

This is followed by a detail of the materials purchased
for the making of the dresses, etc; but before I mention
a few of the particulars, it will render them more in-

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telligible, if I quote a singular paper folded up in the roll, and in a different handwriting, giving an account of the nature of the exhibitions before the King on this occasion. Two interludes were performed, one by Cornyshe and the Children of the Chapel, and the other by English and the rest of the King's players, and the account of them is as follows: "The Interlud was callyd the tryumpe of Love and Bewte, and yt was wryten and presentyd by Mayster Cornyshe and oothers of the Chappell of our soverayne lorde the Kyng, and the chyldern of the sayd Chapell. In the same Venus and Bewte dyd tryumpe over al ther enemys, and tamyd a salvadge man and a lyon, that was made very rare and naturall, so as the Kyng was grety plesyd therwyth, and graciously gaf Mayster Cornysshe a ryche reward owt of his owne hand, to be dyvydyd with the rest of his felows. Venus dyd synge a songe with Beawte, which was lykyd of al that barde yt, every staffe endyng after this sortte:

Bowe you downe, and doo your dutye
To Venus and the goddes Bewty:
We tryumpe bye over all,
Kyngs attend when we doo call.

Inglyshe, and the oothers of the Kynges players, after pleyed an Interluyt, whiche was wryten by Mayster Midwel, but yt was so long yt was not lykyd: yt was of the fyndyng of Troth, who was caryed away by ygnoraunce & ypcresy. The foolys part was the best, but the Kyng departyd befor the end to hys chambre."

This portion of the document appears to be in the handwriting of Cornyshe himself, who appended his signature in the following form: WILLIAME CORNYSSHE.

The document relating to the Revels at Richmond 1514-1515, is in the Record Office (Misc. Bks. Exch. T.R. 217); but, as observed by Mr. Arthur W. Reed, the "singular paper" printed by Collier is nowhere to be found and doubtless never existed except in the vivid imagination of that thoroughly unreliable author.
Mr. Reed has gathered together the few scanty documents relating to Medwall; the latest bears the date of June 1501.

It is again to Mr. Reed that we turn for information on the subject of *Fulgens and Lucret*. As already discovered by Prof. Creizenach from the two leaves in the British Museum (Shakespeare Jahrbuch, vol. xlvii, 1911) the play is a dialogued adaptation of the *Controversia de nobilitate* written by Bonus Accursius or Buonaccorsi of Pistoia, translated into French by Jehan Mielot and of which an English version by the Earl of Worcester was printed in 1481 by Caxton at the end of Cicero's *De senectute* and *De amicitia*. We may easily believe that Medwall used Caxton's volume.

Far more interesting than the actual disputation on true nobility is the curious dialogued preamble with remarkable statements as to the social condition of English actors about A.D. 1500. They are, to say the least, unexpected, and no future historian of the stage would be wise to neglect this new evidence on the question.

* * *

The following is a bibliographical description of *Fulgens and Lucret*.

C Here is côteyned a godely interlude of Fulgens || Cenatoure of Rome. Lucret his daughter. Gayus flaminius. & Publi⁹. Corneli⁹. of the disputacyon of || noblenes. & is deuyded in two ptyes, to be played at || ii. tymes. Cöpyled by mayster Henry medwall. late || chapelayne to Ṣ ryght reuerent fader in god Johan || Morton cardynall & Archebysshop of Canterbury. || (woodcut: a gentleman and lady talking).—F. 39v., l. 9: C Empyrnted at london by Johan Rastell || dwellynge on the south syde of paulys || chyrche by syde paulys cheyne.
F. 40: blank.

4° Goth. 40 ffin., the last a blank (a-f⁶, g⁴) 33 lines to a page. Woodcut on title.

Printed between 1516 and 1533.

Copy known.

1. Early owners: Miles Blomefylde, Mr. Ashborne, and P. D. Belonged as early as the seventeenth century to the Mostyn family, and last to the Lord Mostyn of Mostyn Hall, Mostyn, Chester; his sale (London, 20 March 1919, pp. 23-24, n. 226, and 2 pl.) to G. D. Smith. Now in the library of HENRY E. HUNTINGTON.

Perfect with the final blank (which is partly torn away). Formerly bound in old calf with other plays, now separately in morocco, by Rivière.

Fragment.

2. Two leaves (e 3 and 4) both cropped, are in the Bagford scrap-books (British Museum, Harleian MS. 5919, fol. 20, n. 98).
There is composed a godly interlude of Fulgens Tenoure of Rome. Lucres his daughter. Gayus flaminius, Publish, Cosnelli, of the disputacion of noblenes. It is deuyded in two ptyses/to be played at ii. tymes. Coppied by master Henry medwall, late chapelayne to y rght reverent fader in god Johan Yongton cardynall & ArchebyChop of Canterbur.
Intrat A dicens.

For goddis wil
what meane ye lyke to stond to still
have not ye etyn & your full
And payd no thinge therefor
I wys lyke thus dare I say
he that shall for the short pay
Touch saueth that ye largely assay
Suche mete as he hath in stode
I trowe your dishes be not bare
No ye do the wyne spare
Therefor be mery as ye fare
pe at welcom echone
Unto this house with oute faynynge
But I meruayle moche of one thinge,
That after this mery drynynge
And good recreacyon
There is no wordes amonge this presse
Non sunt loquele neqes sermons
But as it were men in saddes
Here ye stonde mynynge
where aboute I can not tell
Oye some els pzyty damesteyl
For to daunce and spyngge
Tell me what calt is it not so
I am sure here shalbe some what a do
And I wis I will know it o2 I go
with oute I be dryynge hens

Intrat B.

Pay nay hardely man I undertake
No man wyll suche maistryes make
And it were but for the maner sake
Thou maist tary by licence

a.ii
And it were but for the maner sake
Thou maist tary by licence
Among other men and see the pley
I warand no man wyll lay the nap.

A If I thinke it well eupy as ye lay
That no man wyll me greue
But I pray you tell me that agayn
Shall here be a play.

By my throught therof am I glad and sayn.
And ye will me beleue
Of all the wozlde I loue suche spoett
It dothe me so myche picture and comfoett
And that caulith me euer to relosett
wher suche thing is to do
I trowe your owyn selfe be oon
Of them that shall play.

B Nay I am none.
I trowe thou spekyst in deresyon
To lyke me ther to.

A Nay I mok not wot ye well
For I thought berely by your apparell
That ye ha had bene a player.

B Nay never a dell.

A Than I cry you mercy.
I was to blame/to theres I say
The is lynche nyce aray
Amonges these galantis now aday
That a man shall not lightely
Know a player from another man
But now to the purpose wher I began
I see well here shalbe a play than.

B Cye that ther shall douteles
And I trow ye shall like it well
If semeth than that ye can tell
Sumwhat of the mater
Cye I am of counsell
One tolde me all the processe
CXand I pray you what shall it be.
CBy my sayth as it was tolde me
More than ones or twysle
As saue as I can brec it awayne
All the substanose of thee pr play
Shall procede this wyse.
CXwhen theempire of rome was in such floure
That all the woclede was subget to the same
Than was there an nobill senator
And as I remeber fulgens was his name
which had a doughter of nobill same
And yet as theauctor sayth in veray decc.
Her nobill vertu deide her same excede

CXAll be it there was not one all most
Thorough oute all the cpte pong ne olde
That of her beaute did not booke!
And ouer that her becruise manyfode
In suche maner wyse were pryvlyd and tolde
That it was thought she lakke de no thing
To a nobill woman that was accozyng.

Grete labour was made her favoure to attayne
In the waie of mariage and among all
That made suche labour were specially twan
whiche more than other dyd besily on her call
On the whiche twan she seth her mynde especial
So that she vterly determyned in her hert
a.tit.
The one of them to haue all other sett a parte.

One of them was called publicus Coznelius. Bozne of noble blode it is no nap. That other was one gapus flampyneas. Bozne of a poze stocke as men doth say. But soz all that many a sayre dap. Thorough his grete wis domes & utuebe haupour. He rulyd the comein wele to his grete honoure.

And how to be it that the bulgare oppnion. Haue both these men in lyke sauour & reverence. Supposling they had bene of lyke condycion. Yet this seyd woman of inestimable prudence. Sawe that there was some maner of difference. Fo2 the which her answere the differed & spared. Tyll both theyre condycions were openly declared.

And yet to them both this comfort she gaue. He that coude be founde moze noble of them etwayne. In all godely maner her harte chole he haue. Of the which answere they both were glade & sayne. Fo2 ether of them trustede therby to attayne. The affecte of his desyre/pet when they had do. One of them must nedis his appetit fo2 goo.

There bpp on was areplyd a grete doute & question. Every man all after as he was afeeccionate. Unto the parties seyd his oppnion. But at the laste in elchetwynge of debate. This matter was brought before the cenate. They to gyue therin an utte sentence. Whiche of these ii.mcn chole haue f seminence.
And finally they gave sentence and awarde
That gymus flamyneus was to be cōmende
For the more nobill man hauynge no regarde
To his lowe byzthe of the whiche he dyde dyscende
But onely to his vertue thay dyde therin attende
Whiche was to grete that of couenience
All the cyre of come dyd hym honoure & reverence.

And shall this be the pres of the play
Eve so I understonde be credible information
By my sayth but yt be cupn as ye lay,
I wyll advise them to change that conclusion
What wyll they afferme that a choyles son
Sholde be more noble than a gentilman born
May be ware for men wyll haue therof grete scoryn
It may not be spoken in no maner of case
Eyes suche consideracions may be layde
That every resolable man in this place
Wyll holde hym therin right well apayde
The matter may be so well conuayde
Let them conuay and cary cleane than
Or els he wyll repent that this play began
How be it the matter touchith me never a dell
For I am nether of vertue excellent
Nor yet of gentyl blode this I know well
But I speke it onely for this cursent
I wolde not that any man sholde be shent
And yet there can no man blame vs two
For why in this matter we have nought to do
Cwe no god wott no thing at all
Save that we come to see this play
As farre as we may by the leue of the marshall.
I love to beholde suche myrthes alway
For y haue sene by forse this day
Of suche maner thingis in many a gode place
Both gode examples and right honest solace
This play in like wyse I am sure
Is made for the same entent ad purpose
To do every man both myrth and pleasure
Wherefore I can not think or suppose
That they wyll ony woode therin disclose
But suche as shall stond with treuth and reason
In godely maner according to the season

A Cye but trouth may not be layde alway
For comtyme it causeth gruge & despite
B Cye goth the woode so now a day
That a man must saye the crow is white
A Cye that he must be god all myght
Pe must both lye and slater now and than
That causeth hym to dwell amonge worldly men
In some courtis such men shal most wyn
B Cye but as for the parisheth where I abide
Suche slateripe is abhorrise as dedly syn
And specially lyars be sette a syde
As sone as they may with the saute be spied
For every man that sauzeth and loutheory vertue
Wyll suche maner of folke overtly escheue
Wherefore I can think these folke wyll not spare
After playne trouth this mater to proceede
As the stowy seyth why shulde they care
I trow here is no man of the kyn oz sede
Of either partie for why they were boze
In the cysie of Rome as I sayd before
Therefor leue all this doubtfull question
And prayse at the parting eypn as ye synde
- Cys be pe lute when thei haue all done
  I wyll not sparc to she wyll my mynd
Praise who wyll oz ditpmaize I will not be behynd
I wyll gest theron what to euere shalbe fall
If I can synd any man to gest withall.
Cpees no moo woordes for now they come
The plears bene eyn here at hand.
CSo thei be to celp me god 8 halypdome
I pray you tell me where I shal stand.
CMary stand eyn here by me I warand
Geue come theyres for god a bowe
Thei wold cum in if thei myght for you.
Cye but I pray the what call tell me this
who is he that now comyth yn.
CMary it is fulgence the senatour.
Cye is: what the father of the fo2leide berygyn.
Cye fo2sethe he shal this matere begyn.
CAnd wher is feyr daughter luerce.
CShe comyth Anon I lay hold thy pece.
CInrat fulgens dicses.
CEuerlastynge toy with honoure and praise.
Be on to our most drad lord 8 laupour
whiche doth, vs help 8 c0f0r many ways
Not lefynge vs desitute of his ayde 8 laeour
But letthith his son chyne ou the riche 8 pooze
And of his grace is euere indifferen
All be yt he diversely comyttheth his talent.

To some he lendith the spyete of pphey.
To some the plenty of tonges elo quence
To some grete wil done 8 worldly policy
To some litterature and specuatyf scinciple
To some he geveth the grace of pemyrnce
In honour and degre and to some abundance
Of trezure riches and grete inheritaunce.

Every man oweth to take gode hede
Of this distribution soz who so doth take
The larger benefite he hath the more nede
The larger recompence and thank therfo to make
I spede these wordes onely soz myne owne taker
And soz non other ysone soz I know well
That I am therin chargid as I shall you tell

when I consider and call to my remembrance
The plesperous lyfe that I haue all wep
Hyperto endured with oute any greuaunce
Of wordly aduersitie well may I lep
And thinke that I am bound to yeld and pay
Grete prapse and thankes to the hye kynge
Of whom predith and growth every gode thing

And certes if I wold not praise of boste
The benefite that he hath done unto me
yet is it well know of lest and most
Though oute allrome hemperialy cpte
What place in the cenate & honozable deger
I occupye and how I demean me in the same
All this can they tell that knowith but my nam

To speke of plenty and grete abundaunce
Of wordly riches ther binto belonging
Houses of pleasure and grete inheritaunce
With riche apparell and every other thing
That to a worthy man shold be accouding
I am xeuer haue be in metely gode case
For the whiche I thank all mightie god of his grace

Than haue I a wyse of gode consideyon
And right coosomeable to myn entent
In every thing that is to be done
And how be it that god hath me not sent
An harpe made whiche were conuenienc
My name to côteinew and it to repepe
yet am I not utterly destitute of an heyre

For I haue a daughter in whom I delight
As for the chese comfort of myn olde age
And surely my sypd daughter lucrez doth hight
When seyth she is as lyke me in vilage
As though she were euyn myn owne purage
For the whiche cauеe naturе doth me fozego a bynde

The moze to savour and love here in my mynde
But yet to the principall and grettist occasion
That makythe me to love her as I do
Is this whiche I spke not of affection
But euyn as the treueth mouth me ther to
Nature hath brought in my lucrez so
That to speke of beaute and cler adders of undestanding
I can not thinke in here what shold be laking

And besides all that yet a gretter thing
whiche is not of fene in so yong a damesell
She is so discrete and sad in all demeanyng
And therto full of honest and verteous counsel
Of here owne mynde that wonder is to tell
The giftes of nature and of especiall grace
Am not I greatly bound in this case
To god as I rehearsed you before
I were to voy'd of all redou and grace
If I wold not serve and praple hym thersore
With due love he asketh no more
As far as he will me grace ther to send
The rest of my life ther in will I spend
Albe yt that I must partly nitend
To repomopyon of my daughter luces
To some metely mariage ells god defend
She is my chief iuwell and riches
My comfort again all care 7 heypnes

And also she is now of gode a ripe age
To be amanes sere by wep of Mariage
wherfore if I might see 02 I dye
That she were bestowed sumwhat accorynyng
Then were my mynd discharged utterly
Of ever grete cure to me belongynge
It was the chief cause of my hider cumpnyng
To have a comyynation in this same matere
with on Cornelius can ther non suche here

Intrat publius Cornelius dicens.

co2. Cxes now am I come here at the last
I have torted long I cry you mercy.

ful. Cnap no offence ther is no waste
Noz losse of tyme pe hardely
For this is the oure that ye and I
Appointid here to mete this other day
Now chew me your mynd let me here what ye lay.

co2. CThan wyll I leue sulfluite awep
For why ye know al reddy my mide in substace.

ful. CT what not whether I do ye o2 nay

co2. Cwhy is it now oute of your remembaunce
That my desire is to honour & aduance your daughter lucrez if she will agree
That I so poze a man her husbonde shuld be.
Cye nede not sry to vse these wordis to me
Fo2 non in this cpte knowith better than I
Of what grete birth & substaunce ye be
My daughter lucrez is full unworthly
Of birth & goodis to loke to hpe
Saying that happily her gode cadiçon
May her enable to suche a promociyon

But if this be youre mynde and suche intent
why do ye not laboure to her therfore
Fo2 me femyth it were ryght expedient
That we know therin her mynde before
O2 erer we shold commune therof any no2e
Fo2 if she wold to your mynde apply
No man shalbe so glad therof as I

[Suppose ye that I dyde not so begyn
To ge product the sauoure yses truste me well.

And what comfozt wolde she gvye you therin
By my femyth no grete comfozt to tell
Sawe that she abideth to have youre counsell
Fo2 as the femyth she will no thing.

In suche mater to do with oute your counsell

Fo2 other wyse than ye shalbe contente
And sherpupon it was my mynde & desire
To speke with you of her fo2 the same intent
your gode will in this behalfe to reuypce
Fo2 I am so bzent in loues fy2e
That no thing may my payne aslak
withoute that ye wyll my cure undertaken
Sp: I shal do you the comfort that I can
As far as she wil be aduised by me
How be it certeynly I am not the man
That wyl take from her the libertie
Of her owne choice that may not be
But when I speke with her I shal her adwyse
To love you before other in all godely wyse
CI thank you for with all myn harte
And I pray you do it with oure delay
As sone as I shal fro you departe
I wyll her mynde therin assay
For I shal think that euerp howre is twayne
Till I may speke with you agayne
Now a wise selow that had lym what a byayne
And of suche things had experience
Such one wolde I with me retayne
To gyue me counseile and assistence
For I will spare no cost or expence
Noe yet refusse ony labore or payne
The loue of payre lucre therby to attayne
So many gode felowes as byn in this hall
And is ther non bys among you all
That wyll enterpize this gery
Some of you can do it if ye lust
But if ye wyl not thant I must
Go seche a man ells where

Et exeat. CDeinde loquif B

Now have I spied a mete office for me
For I wyl be of counsell and I may
With ponder man

Pece let be
Be god thou wyl distroy all the play
**T.** Distroy the play quod a nay nay
The play began neuer till now
I wyll be doyng I make god auow
For there is not in this hundred myle
A feter bawde than I am one
And what shal I do in the meane while

ey thou shalt com in anone
with a nother pageant
Who I
Eye by laynt Johan
What I neuer bide suche thing before
But folow my counsell and do no more
Looke that thou abide here still
And I shal undertake for to fullfiull
All his mynde with outen delay
And whether I do so ye 02 nay
At the lest well dare I undertake
The mariage ytterly to mare 02 to make
If he and I make any bargyn
So that I must gyue hym attendaunce
when thou seest me com in ageyn
Stond euyyn still and kepe thy contenaunce
For when Geyus slampneus comyth in
Than must thou thy pageaunt begyn:

Shall ony proffyt grow therby
Hold thy pece speke not so hype
Leke any man of this copany
Know oure purpose openly
And bkeke all oure daunce
For I assure the feithfully
If thou quyte the as well as I
This gere shall vs both auance

b.ii.
Exeat.

C Nay then let me alone hardly
pf ony advauntage honge therby
I can my selfe there to apply
By helpe of gode counsell
This selowe and I be mysterles
And lyue moste parte in ydeines
There soze some maner of heleines
wolde become vs both well
At the lest wyse it is nery byynge
with men in tyme of woynge
For all that whyle they do no thynge
But baunce and make reuell
Synge and laughe with greate shouyngge
Fyl in wyne with reuell rotyngge
I trowe it be a topfull thinge
Amoye suche folke to dwell

Inteat fulgeus lucrese & ancilla & dicat.
Doughter Lucres ye kowwe well ynough
what study and care I haue soz yourçe pnoçyon
And what fatherly love I bere to you
So that I thynke in myne oppynyon
It were tyme loste and wastfull occupacyon
This matter to reherse 02 tell you ony moze
Synth ye it best kowwe as I sayde befoze

But the lecyall cause that I speke soze
Is touchyngge yourçe mariaghe as ye kowwe well
Mony folke there be that desyze th loze
And laubouret thet behalue with you to mell
ye kowwe what is soz you ye nede no counsell
Howe so be it pf ye lyske my counseyle to reuycze
I cayll be glad to latylye there in youre desyze
TTought it is father that I am bounde
As moche unto you as any chyld I may be
Unto the father lyuelyng on the grounde
And where it please the you to gyue unto me
Myne owne se chyple and my lyberete
It is the thyng that please the me well
Sith I shall haue there in your counsell

C And nowe accor'dynge to this same purpose
What thynke ye best for me to do
Ye knowe ryghte well as I suppose
That many solke doth me greatly woo
Among the whichere the be (pecally t'wo
In whom as I trowe and so do ye
The choyce of this matter must synally be

C In that pouynt your mynde & myne dothe agree
But ryghte now er I came here
For publius coznelius ye adusted me
As touching ye wolde have me only reste there
If that be youre mynde I shall gladly sozhere
All other and only to hym assente
To haue me in wedlocke at his commaundemente

Naye daughter lucrers not so I mente
For though I dyde somwhat to hym enclyue
Yet for all that it is not myne entente
That ye shulde so therre upon bitterly diffyne
But loke whom ye wyll on godys blessing & myne
For truske ye me verely it is all one to me
Whether gayus slamyneus wedde you or els he

C Than syth I haue so greate lyberete
And so gode choyce I were unfortunale
And also to bywpe ye if I wilde not see

b.iii.
That I had hym whiche is mosse honorable
wherfore may it lyke you to be agreeable
That I may haue resppte to make inquisicyon
whiche of this two men is better of condicyon
ful.  CJ holde me cotent that shall be well done
It may be resppted for a day or twayne
But in the meane tyme vse this prowyslyon
Se that ye indifferently them both entertainye
Tyll that youre mynde be sett at a certayne
where ye shall rest now can ye do so
lu.  CA the leste my gode wyll shall I put there to
ful.  CT than lyth I haue bylynes at whome for to do
I wyll go thetherwarde as fast as I may
lu.  CI s it your pleasure that I shall with you go
ful.  CT May I had leuer that ye went your way
Aboute this matter.
CET creat.
lu.  C well god be with you than
I shall do there in the best that I can
CET fecta aliqua paulatim e dicta lucres
lu.  CI wyll not dysclaunuer noz blame no man
But never theleste by that I herse lave
Dose maydens be dissayued now and than
So greate dyssemblyng e now a dape
There is conveyed under wordes gaze
That if
Cancilla.
an.  CPeace lady ye must forbere
Se ye not who cometh here
lu.  CI who is it wot ye ere
an.  CI It is gapus lamypiris parde
pe that wolde your hulbode be
CEp gode lorde how wyske he
lu.  Foz to synde me here
Intrat gapeus slan.

Cyses gobe lady where so euer ye go
Be that lysteth to do his dlygence
In suche manere wyse as I haue do
At the laste he may come to youre presence
For who so euer oweth obedyence
Unto loure he hath greate nede
To attendaunce if he wyll spede

CSyze be welcome what is your mynde
Why sayre lucres is that your gyse
To be so straunge and so brakynde
To hym that owith you louyng servyce
I trow I haue tolofe you twyple or thylfe
That mynde stye is to mary with you
Haue ye not herde this matter or now
Cyses in veray trouth I haue herde you say
At dyuerse tymes that ye bare me asscyyon
To luche an intent I say not nay
Cwhat nede ye than to aske the question
What I wolde with you at this seaton
Me sendeth ye sholde therin doubt no more
Sith ye nowell myyn erande before
I wys your strangynes greueth me soze
But not withstanding now wyll I see
And at this tymc I wyll chide no more
Let I geue you cause of heynes
I cam hyder onely for youre sake doubtes
To glade you plese you in all that I can
And not fo2 to chyde with you as I began
For thynke it in your mynde I am the man
That wolde you please in all that I may
And to that purpose I wyll do what I can
Though ye fo2 byde it and say therin nay
In that poynpt onely I wyll you disobay
My hart shall ye have in all godely wise
whether ye me take or utterly dispise
And to say that I will solowe the gise
Of wanton louveres now aday
whiche doth many flattering wordis devise
with gyftis of ringis and bzoches gap
Their lemans harts is for to betray
ye must haue me therin excusid
For it is the thing that I neuer blid
Therefore I will be short and playne
And I pray you hartely sypze lucres
That ye wyll be so to me agayne
ye know well I have made labour and besynes
And also despriid you by wordis expresse
That ye wold bouche saue in your harte
To be nyp wise till deth vs departe
To this is the matter that I come foze
To know therin your mynde and plesoure
Whether ye sert by me ony stroze
To theeffect of nyp leyd desire
And nothing ellis I wyll require
But that I may haue a playne ye o2 nap
Where to I may trust with oute dely
lu. CMe thinketh that by that ye say
ye force not what myne answere be.
Ga. CAll wyll ye take it that way
My lady I ment not so yde
That affirmatyfe were most lese to me
For as ye your self know with best
That was and is my principall request
But ye may say I am a homely geft
On a gentilman so hastely to call
lu. CNap nap lye that gyple is best
ye can not displease me with all
And accoroying to your desire I shall
Eypyn as can as I godely may
Answere you therin with oute delay
How be it/it can not be done strait way
If I nyght gett a realine therby
Fyrst wyll I my faders mynde allay
whether he wyll ther unto applye
For if he like you aswell as I
Cyou mynde in this behalf shalbe done easilid
If my leyd fader can be content expleysid
Gramercy myne owne sweete lucres
Of you desire can I no more at all
Save onely that ye do your belynnes
Wpon youre fader besily to call
So that what so ever shal be fall
with in few days I may verily know
To what effect this mater shal grow
Cye shal know by to moyow nyght
What ny fader wyll sey thereto
CThan shal ye make myne harte full light
If it pleysfe you so to do
Cyes doubt ye not it shal be so
And fo2 that cause I wyll euyn now deyte
CNow fare well than myne owne sweete harte
Cet great Lucres.deinde A.accedès
ad Gapum fla. & dicat ci lic.
C弱点 ye leme a man of grete honoure
And that moueth me to be so bolde
I rede you aduerture not ouer moche laboure
Wpon this woman lefte ye take colde
I tell you the mater is bought and solde
withoute ye take the better helye
For all th' se seyde wordes ye shall not spede

Thynkest thou so in very dede
Ye se helpe me god and I shall tell you why
Syr ryght now this way as I seyde
This gentylwoman cam euyn by
And a freche galant in her company
As god wolde nere them I stalked
And herde every word that they talked

But spake they ony wordes of me

Nay no were no thinges in her thoughte
They were as besy as they myghte be
Aboute suche a matter as ye haue wroughte
And by god that me dere boughte
Looke what answer that ye now haue
Euen the same wordes to hym she gaue
I wys why I am but a poze knawe
But yet I wolde take on me a greate payne
Your selfe honeste in this matter to saue
Though it be unto me no proffete noz gayne
But there fore I speke I haue dyldayne
To se in a woman of suche dyssemblaunce
Towardes a gentylman of your substanuce

Why hast thou of me ony acquentaunce

Eve syze and some tyme ye knewe me
Though it be now oute of your recemblaunce

By my sayth it may well be
But neuer the leste I thanke the
We lewth thou woldest that all were well
Betwyxte me and yonder seyze dameasel

Eve by god I wolde seyghte in the quarel
Rather than ye sholde lese your entete

I praye the felowe where doste thou dwell

By my sayth I am now at my owne conneaidement
I lacke a mayster and that I me repente
To serue you and please I wolde be sayne
pf it myght lyke you me to retayne
And of one thynge I wyll a certayne
I doubte nor I shal do you better stede
Towarde this marymage than some other twayne
And pf I do not let me be dede
Cwylle than wyll I do by thy rede
And in my seruyce thou shalt be
pf thou canst synnde me any lurete
Cyes I can haue sureties plente
For my trouthe with in this place
Here is a gentilman that wolde truste me
For almoche gode as he hase
Cpe and that is but little peale
CBy my fayth go where he shal
It is as honest a man as ony in the reall
I haue no more acqueyntaunce with in this hall
If I wolde ony frendis asay
By god here is one best of all
I trow he wyll not say me nap
Foz he hath knowen me many aday
Sy2 wyll not ye forz my trouthe undertake
CByes forz god els I wolde I were bake
Sy2 my maister wyll ye beleue me
I dare truyst hym forz all that I can make
pf ye synnde me sufficent surete
As forz his trouthe doubt not ye
I neuer coude by hym any thing espte
But that he was as true a man as I
He and I dwelled many a seynte day
In one scyle and yet I wot well
From thens he bare neuer away
The worth of an halfe peny that I can tell
Therefore he is able with you to dwell
As for his trouhte that dare I well saye
Hardely truste hym there in ye maye
Upon your woode I shall allaye

A. And syz after thi gode deseruynge
So schall I thy wagys pay
But now to remembere one thinge
We thought thou saydist at the begynnynge
That lucres sauoret better than me!
A nother louver what man is he

A. Coznelsius I wene his name cholde be
A. I then I knowe him well by the cote
There is not with in all this cyte
A man borne of a better blode
But yet lucres hath a wytt so gode
That as I thinke she wyll before see
whether his codicpons therto agree
And if they do not face well he
But therin I have nought a do
He schall not be dispaysid soz me
with outhe that I be copeild therto
I can not let hym soz to woo
A woman being at her owne libertie
For why it is as fre for hym as for me
I wyll forber neuer the moze
Tyll I knowe what shall be the ende
So thy waye unto lucres therfoze
And hertly me unto her recomende
Prayng her that she wyll me lende
A redy answere of that thing
That she praised me at her departing

A. Mary I shal without any taryng
I know myne erand well. Now ye shall se me apoynte a metynge where the agayne shall speke wyth you. C\Th\nshall I thy wyt alowe ye thou can byynge that aboute C\p\nthat I shall do have ye no doubte C\Et\ncreat gapus flani. et dicat B. C\h\now by my wrought I wolde not have thoughte that thou haddest bene halfe so wyse For thou hast this matter sealy wroght And conuayed it poynst deyple To byynge thy selfe to suche a seruyece I ce well thou hast some wytt in thy hede Cye a lytell but hast thou spede C\e\ne\n\nlyke wyse haue thou no dazede I haue gotten a maister for my prowe I neuer thyuede as I shall do now C\p\nwhiche way C\I\nshall tell the how It is no maister to thypue at all Under a man that is so liberall Ther is now late vnto hym fall So grete goodis by inheritaunce That he wote neuer what to do with all But lascheth it forth daily escauce That he had no dayly remezaunce Of tymne to come noz makyth no floze For he carith not whiche ende goth before And by our lady I conende hym the moze why solde he thole goodis spare Sith he labozede neuer therfoze Pay and euery man solde care For goodis & specially suche as are c.t.
Of gentil blode it were grete lyn
For all liberalite in them holde begun
Many a poze man therby both wyn
The ches substauns of his lyning
By maister were worthy to be a kyng
For liberal expensis in all his deling
I crow thou shalt se hym com yn
Lyke a rutter somwhat accordyng
In all apparell to hym belonging
How moche pay eth he as ye suppose
For the makyng of a pe pre of his hole
Mary xii. d. were a sepre thing
Cye by the rode x.r.tymes tolde
That is euyn x.r. thelyng for the makyng
CIt can not be so with oure a man wolde
Make them all with lyke and golde
CPay by yes non erthly thing
But euyn the bare cloth and the lynyng
Saue onely that ther is in cuttynge
A new maner of salcyon now a day
Be cause they holde be som what straunge
They moste be strypide all this way
With small stipes of colours gay
A cod pece be foze all most thus large
And therin restith the gretist charge
To speke of gownns and that gode chaunge
Of them he hath foze and plenty
And that the salcyons be new and straunge
For non of them paflith the mydde thy
And yet he puttyth in a gown commonly
How many h gode yardis as ye gelse
Mary xii. ii. iii.
Pay. xii. and no lesse
But it is as true as ye stond there
And I shall tell you a reason why
All that doth that falesyon were
They haue whingis behynd redy to flye
And a sleue that wolde couer all the body
Than els playts as I think in my mynde
They haue before and as many behynde

Well as for gentlemen it is full kynde
To haue theire pleysrs that may well paye

Cye but than this grugeth my mynde
A gentyl man shall not wear it a daye
But every man wyll hym self a raye
Of the same falesyon even by and by
On the mowde after

May that I defy
But then I maruell gretly why
You are not garnyslyd after that glye

There is never a knaue in the house caue I
But his goyne is made in the same wyse
And so hy cause I am now come to seruycy
I must so a whyle be content
To wear styllle myn olde garment

Cye but a byde to what intent
Both thy mayster take in honde
To make hym so moche costely rayment

Mary that is ely to understande
All is done soz lucares sake
To bedde her he both his rekenynge make

I put case that she do hym soz sake
So that she be my maysters wyf

By my sayth then I say it wyll make
Many a man to lose his lyk

c.ii.
Foz the of wyll ryfe a grete stryf

A  CWaye I pray god send vs yes
B  CBet my frayth it wyll be no leste
   of my master haue not lucre
A  CI can no moze god sped the ryght
   Lo thes folk wyll stryue & ryght
Foz this womenes sake
And whan thay haue done thes btyre mest
I wene veryly he shall sped best
That must her foz sake
He is well at ease that hath a wyf
yet he is better that hath none be my lyf
But he hath a good wyf & wyll fo2 sake her
I pray god the deuyl take her:

B  CPow in gode fayth thou art a made knaue
A  CIl well thou haft wedye a ch2ew

A  CThe deuyl I haue
   Pay I haue marryed ii. od iii.
   Syth the tyme that I her lost
B  CAnd kepist thou them all styll with the
A  CPay that wolde not quyte the coss
   To say the trouthe thay fond me most
B  CThan thay haue some maner gettynge
   By some occupacione haue thay

A  CSp2 thay haue a prety waye
   The chefe meane of ther leuynge
   Is lechery &ch craiste I wolde say
   wher in thay labore ryght & day
   And eacle many a man in some case
B  CAnd where do thay dwell

A  Col the cemen place
   There thou mayst them all synde
   Goddis mercy where is my mynde
By god I shall be shent
I shold haue gone to lucre
A bowte my malerters besynes
The ther warde I was bent
CB By my sayth my malerter is there
All the whyle that thou arte here
As I veryly suppose
CI Shrow thy face by keynt mary
With thy chaterynge thou dost me tary
Buyne for the same purpose
CI Say whan thou haft with lucre spoken
I pray the wyll thou delyuer me a token
In myne name to her mawe de
CPay pe muste be ware of that gere
For I haue bene aseze you there
Cwhy haft thou hpe assayed
pe pe that malertreys sped full
I may haue her and the wull
That comfoert the me gave
CAnd haft thou no oder comfoert att all
I truste to god than yet I shall
All this malertre saue
Haw be it I wyll not the matter begyn
Withoute I were sure she were a birgyn
CB By my trowght this comfoert shall I putte the in
I can never on her backe in the way of synne
CA bope de the place A.
CThan all is well a synne
Pf the matter be in that case
I trust that with in a lytyll space
That wenche shall be myne
I tell you it is a trull of truht
All to quench a mannes thrust

c.iii.
Better then ony wyne
It is a lythyll praty mouct
And her booyce is as doucett
And as sweete as resty pozke
Her face is some what browne and yelow
But soz all that she hath no celow
In syngynge hens to pozke
But the woizt that greeupth me
She hath no layser noz lybarte
Foz an howre o2 twayne
To be owte of her maystres lyght
I wachyde fo2 her this odpr nyght
But all was in bayne
How be it I thinke that at the laste

Come in the mapdyn
I shall come with in two stony s caste
Of her Jacke no more
And pf I do so then my mate
Shall haue no lust ther in to p3ate
As he dyde be foze
Cockis body here she is
Now well come by heupn blys
The last that was in my thought

Custhe I pray you let me go
I haue some what els to do
Foz this howre I haue foughte
A man that I solde speke with all
Fro my maystres

Cwhat do you hym call

Myster gapus o2 his man
CAm not I the that pe wolde haue
No no I wolde haue an other knaue
Cwhy shp an I a knaue than
Chap I sayd not so perde
But where trow pe these folkis be
Ch can not verry ly say
His man went eupn now frome me
And I maruell gretly that pe
Mett hym not by the way
For he is gone to speke with lucres
For his mayster
Ch what with my maysters nay
Ch ye so I harde hym say
Ch Godsis mercy and I was sent
Eupn hedyr for the same intent
To brynge an answere
Of the erande that he is gone soze
Where soze now ther is no more
But I must go seche hym there
Ch nay tary here a whyle gentylly Ione
For he will come hedyr a none
Ch Tary why shold I so
Ch Mary to laugh aud talke with me
Ch nay loke where suche gy glottis be
For I am none of them I warne the
That bise lo to do
Ch I mene no thinge but good and honest
And for your wele and you lust
To assent ther into
Ch for my wele or a how may that be
That is a thinge that I can not se
Ch Mary this lo is myne entent
I mene ye pe wolve be content
Or ony wyse agree
For to be my sacrament of penaunce
By god gyue it a very very vengeaunce
Of wedlocke I wolde haue sayde

\( \text{T} \)ush by seyne Iame ye do but mocke
To speke to me of any wedlocke
And I so yonge a mayde

\( \text{B} \)why are ye a mayde

\( \text{an.} \) Cry ellis I were to blame

\( \text{B} \) Where by wote ye

\( \text{an.} \) \( \text{C} \) Harp for I ame

\( \text{B} \) \( \text{C} \) that is a thinge
Here pe not fp2s what she sayth
So resonable a cause there to she layth

\( \text{an.} \) \( \text{C} \) straw for your mockynge
Have ye none to mocke but me

\( \text{B} \) \( \text{C} \)Hocke nap so mote I the
I mene eupne gode ernet
Give me your honde and you shalle se
what I wyll pmes you

\( \text{an.} \) \( \text{C} \) That way were not best for my prow
Wold ye hondefast me forth with all
Nay be the roode \( \text{sp}2\text{st} \) ye shalle
Chepe 02 euer you by
We must \( \text{sp}2\text{st} \) of the price a gre
For2 who come euer shalle haue me
I pmes you savyfully
He shalle me \( \text{sp}2\text{st} \) assure
Of ..x..l. londe in ioynture

\( \text{B} \) \( \text{C} \)why are ye so costely
Nay nap then ye be not so2 me
As prety a woman as ye be
I can some tyne by
For2 moche les wagsis and hyre
As for2 the seacon that I desyre
To haue hyr in company
Therefore ye can hynde in your heart
To leue all suche Joynter aparte
And take me as I am
I shal do you as great a pleasure
And thereto I wyll shewe you out of misluse
Els I were to blame
Cye but our household shall be full small
But if we have some what els with all
Dure charges for to bere
Cye god sende us mery wether
I may not wed and thryve all to gether
I loke not for that gete
I shal tell you a maruelous case
I knewe twayne married in a place
Dwellyng to gether in one house
And I am sure they were not worth a louse
At the begynnyng
And oer the vere were do
They were worth an houndred o2 two
That was a maruelous thyng
But yet I can tell the a greater maruayle
And I knewe the plons ryght well
Syr I knewe two certayne
That when they were wedded they had in store
Scarce halfe a bed and no more
That was worth an hawe
And within a yere o2 twayne
They had so great encrease and gayne
That at the last they were sayne
To shewe they se hedes in the strawe
C'Tulbye ye do but moke and rynge
And I promesse you wthouten sayle
Pf ye lyfe to haue me
I woot where is an e.e.in store
And I ow neuer a grot ther foze

an. Call that may be
I beleue hpt eyn as ye say
But ye tary me here all day
I pray you let me goo
And for my mariage that is a thing
In the whyche I purpose to geue a sparyng
For a yere o2 two

B Callere 02 ii. a nay god fo2bede
I wis hpt had be tyme foze you to wedde
Vii. o2. viii. yere a godo
And ye wys how mery a lyse
Hpt is to be a wedded wps
Ye wold chaunge that mynde

an. Cyse hpt is as I understande
If a woman haue a gode husbonde
But that ys herd to synde
Many a man blamyn tho wps parde
And the is moze to blame than he

B Ca as true as the gospell now say ye
But now tell me one thing
Shall I haue none other answere but this
Of my delzyre

an. Ca no h2 I wps
Not at this metyng

B Cwyll ye now nede be a godo than
an. Take your leue honestly
Et conabitur eam occultar

an. Se the man
Let me a lune with Somowe

B CMary to be hpt but one wo2de
I wyll kys the o2 thou godo

an. C The deuyllis tozo
The man is madde I trowe
— So madde I am that nedis I must
As in this point have my lust
How so ever I doo
Darde ye may do me that request
For why it is but good and honest

Et osculabif. Intrat A.

Now a felyship I the be folche
Set even suche a patche on my breche

C A wyld sepre theone
C Goddis mercy this is he
That I have sought so
Chair ye sought me
Cye that have I do
This gentylman can wytnes here
That all this owre I have stonde here
Scyng even for you
Chair pe two be to geder so longe
Cye why not
C Mary then all is wrong
I sere me so now
C May nap here be to many wytnes
For to make any lyche besynes
As thou wenesst hardely
C Why what is the mannes thought
Suppose ye that I wolde be nowght
Pf no man were by
C May xor god pment not so
But I wolde no man sholde haue to do
With you but onely I
Chair to do or a what call ye that.
Hyt swonadyth to a thing I wote ner what
Cygodes mercy
I se well a man must be warre
How he speketh ther as ye ar
ye take it so straungeley
 Nay I mene nothyng but well
Foz by my wyll no man shal dele
with you in way of maryage
But onely I this wyse I ment
an.  Cyg but though it were your entent
yet ye do but rage
To bse suche wordes hyn to me
Foz I am yet at my lyberte
A  Cyg that I know well
But neuer the lesse lyten I be gake
To love you longe be soze this man
I haue beray greate meruell
That euer pe wolde his mynde fulsyll
To stonde and talke with hym styll
So long as ye haue do
B  C Be soze me q a nay I make a bowe
I meuyde this matter long by soze you
How sey ye ther to
an.  CI wyll no thinge in the matter say
Lest I cause you to make a fray
Foz there of I wolde be lothe
A  CB by cokke body butt who so euer it be
That weddythe her by sozyes me
I shall make hym mothe
B  Cyg but he that is so hasty at every wordes
Foz amedlyn must eke his wyues torde
an.  Choide your tongis there I say
Foz and ye make this warke foz me
ye shall bothe by spoyntyd be
3f

As fare as I may

By my trouthe but marke me well
pf euer thou with this man dwell
As a woman with here make
Thou shalt synde hym the most froward man
That euer thou sawistle by the the woorde be gan
Fo? I dare undertake
That,pl. tymes on a day
with oute ony cause he wyll the asray
And bete the bake and fyde
The shall not nede so to do
Fo? he shall haue.pl. causes & pl. too
pf I with hym a byde
Mary that ys a remedy accordynge
But I can tell the an other thyngye
And it is no lyce
The w maist well he hys wyddyd wyf
But he wyll neuer loue the in his lyf
Cyst I know a remedy

Chowsf.

Mary I wyll loue hym as lytlyll a gayne
Fo? euer flrebed turne he shall haue twayne
And he were my b'other

CI wys Ione he speky the but of males
There ys no man hens to tales
who so euer be the tother
That can hym self better applye
To please a woman better then I

Cye so I haede you say
But yet be ye neuer so brothe
There ys neuer one of you bothe
Fo? all youre wordes gay
That chalbe assured of nie
Tyll I may syr st here and se
what ye bothe can do
And he that can do most maystry
Be it in cobery oz in pastry
In settis of warre oz dedys of cheualry
with hym wyll I go

A  CBry my trwth the that lykythe me well
    Ther is no maystry that a man can tell
    But I am mete there to
where soz that wagere I dare well be undertake
Lett me se wyll thou go cpyt soz thy ladis sake
    Dz what thing shal we do

B  CTay pf thou wyll her with maystrywynne
    with boyes game thou mayst not be gyn
    That is not her intent

A  Cwhat is best that we do than

B  CMary canst thou syng

A  Cpe that I can
    As well as any man in kent

B  Cwhat maner of songe shal it be

A  Cwhat so euer thou wyll chose the
    I holde me well content
    And pf I mete the not at the cloke
    Hardely let me the wager lose
    By her owne augement
    Go to now wyll ye set in

B  CRap be the rode ye shall begyn

A  CByste Iame I assent
    I hyde Ione ye can gode skyll
    And if ye wolde the long fullyll
    with a thyzd partie
    It wolde do ryght well in my mynde

an.  CSynge on hardely and I wyll not be behynde
I pray the with all my hert.

Et tune cantabunt.

C I am so whorsel tvyll not be

A Chorsel a nay so smot I the

That was not the thynges

And a man cholde the crowth caye

ye lost a crochet oz.ii by the waye

To myne understandyng

B Why was I a mynyme before

A Ype be the rode that ye were s moore

B Then were ye a mynyme behynde

Let me se yet syng a gayne

And marke whyche of vs twayne

Plesyth bet your mynde

W. Nay nay ye shal this matter cry

By some other maner of mastry

Than by your syngynge

B Let hym assay what mastry he wull

A Mary and my hely were not so smull

I wolde wresstel with hym a fayze pull

That were a game accordynge

For suche valpaut men as we be

B If I shew thyn hert and thou sparpe me

Et deinde luctabuntur.

AN. Nay by my sayth that was no fall

B Ca than I se well ye be parcy all,

whan ye tuge to

well I shall do moze for your loue

Eyn here I cast to hym my glowe

Oz euer I hens goo

On the condycion that in the playne sydce

I shall mete hym with spere and chelde

My lyf ttheron to Jeoparde

d.n.
Let me le and he dare take hpe
CTuc puciet cirothecam.

A  Cyes hardly I wyll not forlake hpe
I am not suche a coward
But I dare mete the at all assays
whan shall hpe be do

B  ENyn streygth ways
withoute furthere delay
And I shewe his hert that seris
Eyther with cronall or sharpe speris
This bargyn to assay

A  And I beshowe hym for me
But a bye now let me se
where shall I haue a hors

B  CRay we shall neve no horsle ne mule
But let bs Jast at farte pzyke in cule

A  CB seyn iam no foyle
Eynp so be it but where is oure gere

B  CB by my layth all thing is redy
That belongethe ther to
Comfo the ye flower of the sryng pane
Helpe ye to a ray vs as well as ye can
And how to ever ye do
Se that ye iuge indifferentely
whiche of vs twayne hathe the master

an.  Cyes hardly that I shall
I shall iuge after my impude
But see ye hold fast behynd
Lest ye troble vs in all

B  CTus the that is the lest care of.p.b.
And ye I do not on my game be ye lene
So to/byn me speris hardly
So lo now geue me my speres
And put me attafe thozow here
Then am I all redy
C A byde who shall helpe to harnys me
an. C That shall I do to mott I the
with a ryght gode wyll
3 CSoft and sayre myne arme is soze
ye may not bynd me strapt ther soze
an. CHay no more I wyll
I wyll not hurt the soz.ry.pounde
Come of now lyt downe on the grounde
Eynp upon thy tayle
3 CEy gode lozde whan wyll ye haue do
an. CNow all is redy hardely go to
Bydde hym byple byple
3 CFall to pryser lyrs it is nede
As many of you as wolde me gode spede
Foz this gere stongyth me bpon
3 Cye and that shall thou fynde o2 we departe
And yt thou spare me I throw thy harte
Let me se com on
CEt piecutus dicat A.
3 COut out a las fo2 payne
Let me haue a pypst o2 I be spayne
By syn to dysclose
3 CAnd by cause he sayth lo/it is nede
Foz he is not in clene lyse in dede
I sele it at my nose.foz fo.4.
Now ye ar myne lady
an. CHay neuer the moze
B CDo why fo
an. CFoz I am taken by before
B CWary I be shrow your hart there soze
It shold better content me
That ye had be taken by be hynde

D.ill.
an. Nay nay ye understand not my mynde
In that poynpt
B It may well be
But tell me how meant ye then
an. Chryst I am sure to an other man
whose wyse I intende to be
B Nay I trow by cockis passyon
ye wyll not mocke vs of that falcyon
ye may not soz very shame
an. Shame 02 not so shall it be
And by cause that soze the loue of me
ye ii. haue made this game
It shall not be done all in dayne
Fo2 I wyll rewarde you bothe twayne
And elles I were to blame
Some what there by ye must nedis wyn
And therfore to euer yche of you wyll I hpyn
A new peze of breches
Take the that soze thy dole
And by cause he is blacke in the hole
He shall haue as moche

Et vtroq flagellato recedit ancilla.

A Oute a las what woman was this
B It is lucre mayde
A The deupill it is
I pray god a vengeance take her
How laist thou shall the be thy wyse
B Nay I had leuer she had etyn my knyfe
I utterly sozlake her

C Intrat Satus.

Ga. Chow lyrs who hath a rayde you thys
A Fals theups maister I wys
And all soz pour quarell
What and this other man too
Cye and ye wolde oure hondes undo
The matter the shal tell

Cyes mary wyll I now tell on
who hath the you these wroongis done

Mary that I shal
Cyznelius seruants whiche is your enmy
Elpyed me goinge to ward Lucres place
That I coude brynge the mater to passe
Of that gentylman as your desyre was
They leyd a wyte for me in the way
And so they leste me in this araye

Cye but hafe thou any dedely wounded
That is the thinge that serpyth my mynde

CI saythe I was lefte for dede on the grounde
And I have a grete garce here by mynde
Out of the whiche ther cometh the suche awynde
That ye hold a candylle therto
Hyt wyll blowe it oute that wyll hyt do

Se to hyt be tympe by myne adygle
Lest the wounde fewster with in

Then haue I neede of a gode surgyne
For hyt is so depe within the skyn
That ye may put yourc noose therin
Euyn up to the harde eyes
Here is a man that quyt hym as well
For my defens as ever I see
He toke suche parte that in the quarell
His arme was streyntce of by the harde kne
And yet he sawe of them ii. oz. iii.

Be they slayne nay god fo2byde
Cyes to helpe me god I warande them dede
Now be it I stonde in grete dyede
That yeuer I come in thryr way
They wyll kyt of his arme oz his hede
For lo I herde them all.iti.say

Ga. Cwhiche thay that were clayne
A Cye by this day
what nedyth me thcrfoze to lye
He herd it hym selfe as well as I

Ga. Cwell then pe lye both two
But now tell me what hast thou do
As touchynge my cömaundement
That I badde the do to lucre

Spakyst thou with her

A Cye ly2 dowltes
And this is her intent
Scyr cömaundyth hyr to you by the same tokyn
That with hyr father she hath spokyn
According to your requeste
And so the wyly the you to be of gode cyere
Desyrynge you this nyght to appere
D2 to mозow at the furthest
And she wyll nute you here in this place
To gyue you A synall answare in this case
where to pe shall trust

Ga. CThat is the thing that I desythe
But sayd she so

A Cye be thys fyse
I tell you bevery luste
In so moche that she bad me say
And warne you that pe shulde puruap
Foz your owne belenes
Foz than it shall determynde be
whether publypus cozelyus oz ye
Shall haue the pemyrence
Call that purpose lyky the me well
But who shall be here moze canst thou tell
Mary here shall be fulgens
And publius cornelius hym selfe also
With dyuerse other many moo
Besyde this honorable audyence
Where soye ys ye wyll youre honour saue
And your intent in this matter haue
It is best that ye go bens
For to study and call to mynde
Suche argumentis as ye can best lynde
And make your selfe all prest
Thy counsell is gode be it so
And euyn there after wyll I do
For I holde it best
CEt creat gatus A. Intrat B.
Goddes body lyz this was affytt
I be shew the horps hart yet
When I thinke ther on
And yet the strokys be not so soze
But the shame greweth me moze
Sith that it was done
Be soze so many as here be present
But and I myght take her
By my trouth I shall make her
This dede to repent
Yet thou were as gode holde thy pease
For ther is no remedy doubtles
The soze lett itt go
It is to vs bothe grete soly and shame
This matter ony moze to relese o2 name
Cweli than be it so
And yet be cause the hathe made me smart
I trust on's to ryde in her carte
Be it shame or no
I can not suffre it paciently
To be rebuked openly
And to be mockyd also
An other thing greup the me werk of all
I shal be chent that I shall
Of my maister too
Be cause I have ben so long a way
Dute of his presence

A Nay, nay.
I have harde so muche lyth I went hens
That he had lityll mynd to thy n offens

B CI pray you tell me why
A For as I brought my maister on hye way
I harde one of lucre men lay
That thy maister hathe ben
All this houre at her place
And that he his answere hale
This wyse as I mene
She hathe appoynted hym to be here
Sone in the eynynug a boute Suppere
An than he shall have a synall answere
What she entendith to do
And so than we shal know here intent
For as I understond she wyll be content
To have one of them too
But furt she wyll nedis know the certayn
Whether is the most noble of them twayne
This she sapeth alway

B Why that is easy to understand
Ye the be so wyse as men here in honde
A Cpe so I hard you lay
Let me se now what is your oppynion
whether of them is most noble of condycion
That can I tell hardly
He that hathe moste nobles in stote
Yrm call I the most noble cuer moze
Fo he is most sett by
And I am sure coynelypus is able
with his owne goodis to bye a rable
Of suche as gapus is
And ouer that pf noblenes of kynn
May this womans favoure wynn
I am sure he can not mps
Eye but come bether tone to the ynde of this playe
And thou shalt se wherto all that wylly wey
It shal be foz thy lernynge
Eye cum agayue who wyll foz me
Fo I wyll not be here so mot I the
It is a gentylmaly thinge
That I shulde a wayt and com a gayne
Fo other mennys causes and take suche payne
I wyll not do it I make god a bowe
why myght not this matter be endyd nowe
Mary I shal tell the why
Lucres and her father may not attende
At this selon to make an ende
So I hard them say
And also it is a curtesye gyle
Fo to resypte the matter this wyle
That the partyes may
In the meane tyme advyse them well
Fo hyther of them bothe must tell
And thow the best he can
To foze the goodnes of his owne condycion
Bothe by exemple and gode reason
I wold not fo2 a swan
That thou sholdest be hens at that season
Fo2 thou shalt here a reyal disputacyon
Bi twest them 02 thay haue do
An other thing must be considred with all
These folke that sitt here in the halle
May not attende there too
Whe may not with oure long play
Lett them fro thepre dyner all day
Thay haue not fully dyned
Fo2 and this play where ones ouere past
Some of them wolde falle to sedyng as fast
As thay had bene almost pyned
But no fo2le hardely and thay do
Wther gete them goode wyne therto
Fyll them of the best
Lett it be do 02 ye wyll be chent
Fo2 it is the wyll and commaundement
Of the master of the fest
Bnd thersfoze we shal the matter fo2 here
And make apoynt eurn here
Lest we excede a mcure
And we shal do oure labour & trewe entent
Fo2 to play the remenant
At my lozdis pleasure

Chinis prime partis
CInrat A dicens.

Ouch gode do it you everyche one
ye wyll not beleue how fast I haue gone
For fere that I holde come to late
No soyle I haue lost but a lytyll swete
That I haue taken upon this hete
My colde cozage to a bate
But now to the matter that I cam soye
Ye know the cause therof be soye
Your wittis be not so short
Perde my felowys and I were here
To day whan ye where at dyner
And shewed you a lytyll dispozt
Of one fulgens and his daughter lucres
And of ii. men that made grett belynnes
Her husbonde soze to be
Sche answered to them bothe than
Loke whiche was the moze noble man
To hym the wolde agré
This was the substance of the play
This was shewed here to day
All be it that there was
Dyers toyes mengled yn the same
To stre folke to myrche and game
And to do them solace
The whiche tryphllis be imptinent
To the matter principall
But noer the leste they be expedient
For to satisfye and content
May a man with all
For some there be that lokis & gappys
Only for suche tryphles and lapys

e.t.
And some there be a monge
That fyceth lytyll of suche madnes
But delytyeth them in matter of ladnes
Be it neuer so longe.
And every man must haue hys mynde,
Ellis they will many faultys synde
And say the play was nought
But no force I car not
Let them say and spare not
For god knoweth my thought
It is the mynde and intent
Of me and my company to content
The lette that ftyndyth here
And so I trust ye wyll it a lowe
By godis mercy where am I now
If were almys to wynde me by the care
By cause I make suche degeccion
From the matter that I began
When I entred the halle
For had I made a gode cötpynaunce
I holde haue put you in remeßnaunce
And to your myndis cal
How lucreys wyll come hyder a gayne
And hit sayde louers bothe twayne
To dophyne thys question
Whether of them ys the moze noble man
For theron all this matter began
It is the chese foundacyon
Of all thys proces both all and some
And pry thes players where ons come
Of this matter will they speke
I merruell gretelye in my mynde
That thay tary so long behynde
Theyre howre fo2 to breke
But what ly2s I pray you euerychone
Hawe pacysens fo2 they come a none
I am sure they wyll not sayle
But they wyll mete in this place
As theyre yzomys and apoyntment wase
And ellis I haue mercuyle
Let me se what is now a cloke
A there comyth one A here hym knoke
He knokythe'as he were wood
One of you go loke who it is
CHay nay all the meyny of them I wis.
Can not to moche gode
A man may cappe tyll his naylis ake
O2 ony of them wyll the labour take
To gyue hym an answere
CI haue grete maruell on the
That ever thou wyll take upon the
To chyde ony man here
No man is so moche to blame as thow
Fo2 longe taryinge
Cye god auow
Wyll ye play me that
Mary that shal be amended anone
I am late comen and I wyll done be gone
Ellis I shew my catt
Lockis body ly2 it is a sayre reclo
I am com hedpr att this season
Ony at thy byddynge
And now thou makyst to me a quarell
As though all the matter were in parel
By my longe taryynge
Now god be with you to note I the e.ii.
ye shall play the knaue a lone for me

A
  What I am a frayde
  I wis pe are but leywyde
  Turne agayne all be threwyde
  Now are you sappe prayde

B
  Why than is your angyr all do
  The marie is it lo
  So is myne too
  I have done clene
  But now how goyth this matter forth
  Of this mariage

A
  By saynt iame ryght nought worth
  I wot nere what thay meane
  For I can none other wise thinke
  But that some of them begyn to shynke
  By cause of ther longe tariage

B
  Shynke now y a marie that were meruele
  But one thinge of surete I can the tell
  Asouchynge this mariage
  Cornelius my mayster apoyntyth hym ther bponge
  And douteles he wyll be here a none
  In payne of foroy pens
  In so muche that he hath deeplyde
  Cerpyne straugers fresship diligent
  Att his owne expens
  For to be here this nyght also

A
  Straungeth y a what to do
  Marie for to glade with all
  This gentyl woman at her hed a comynge
  CA then I se well we shall haue A munynge
  Cpe surely that we shall
  And therfor never thinke it in thy mynde
  That my mayster wyll be behynde
Noz slacke at this bargyn
Warpy here he comyth I haue hym aspyde
No more wordis stonde thou a lyde
For it is he playne

Why crynde where abowt goyst thou all day
Why ly2 I came hedere to a lye
whedyr these folke had ben here
And yet thay be not come
So helpe me god and holy dome
Of that I haue moche maruaile that thay tary so

Why go thi way x wit where thay wyll o2 no

Why god a bow shall I so
Why mary so I say
Yet in that poynt as lemyth me
ye do not accordynge to your degré

If I pray the tell me why

Why it wolde be com them well I now
To be here a foze and to wayte upon you
And not you to tary
For theye lapyr and ahyde them here
As it were one that were ledde by the eare
For that I defy
By this mene you cholde be theyr djuge
I tell youthought I
And yet the wozist that greūeth me
Is that your aduerlary cholde in you se
So notable A soly

Therefoze widxaw you fo2 a sealone
By leynt Johan thou layst but realone

Cye do so hardely
And whan the tyme dza with upon
That thay be com everychone
And all thinge redp

e.iii.
C Than shall I come streyght a way
Fo2 to seche you withoute delay
C Be it so hardely
But one thinge whyle I thiuke ther one
Remeber this when I am gone
Yet hit happen so
That lucres come in byrst alone
So in hand with her anone
Now so ever thou do
Fo2 to sele her mynde toward me
And by all meanis possyble to be
In duce her ther vnto
C Than some token you must gyue me
Fo2 ellis the wyll not beleue me
That I came from you
C Mary that is eynp wysely spoken
Comaunde me to her by the same token
She knowyth it well I know
That ass she and I walke donys to gedyr
In her gardeh hedyr and thedyr
There happennde a straunge cace
Fo2 at the last we dyd se
Aby2d sitynge on a holow tre
An ale I croy it was
Anone the pryde me fo2 to aslay
Yf I coude start the by2de a way
C And dyd ye so alas alas
C Why the devyll sayst thou so
C By cokkis bonis fo2 it was a kocko
And men say amonge
He that thzowyth stonye or steycke
At suche aby2de he is styecke
To synge that by2des songe
what the deuill recke I therefoze
Here what I say to the euer moze
And marke thine erand well
Syr I had no stone to throw with all
And therefoze she toke me her must ball
And thus it befell
I kyft it as straught as ony pole
So that it lyghtyde euyn in the hole
Of the holow ashe
Now canst thou remeber all this
CB by god I wolde be loth to do amys
For some tyme I am full rashe
ye say that ye kyft it euyn in the hole
Of the holow ashe as straype as apole
Sayde ye not so
Cyes.
CB well then let me a lone
As soz this erande it shall be done
As lone as ye be go
CB Fare well then I leue the here
And remebery well all this gere
How so euer thou do CB et exeat coznell
CB Cyes hardely this erande shall be spoken
But how say you syrz by this tokene
Is it not a quaynt thinge
I went he hade bene a lad man
But I se well he is amade man
In this mesage doynge
But what chose he soz me
I am but as a messanger perde
The blame shal not be myne but his
Fo2 I wyll his token reporte
whether she take it in euern 02 spozte
It is time for me to be holy
As I have taught you
The which I taught you myfelf
I have taught you truth of the self
The whole of my and of the payne
I have taught you truth of the self
To what intent
The which I taught you myfelf
I have taught you truth of the self
I will not the love of the self
Be the mouth of well a payne
I will not the love of the self
Be the mouth of well a payne
I have taught you truth of the self
Let me se now I had nee to be wyse
For one of his tokyns is very nyle
As euer I harde tell
He prayd you for to beleue me
By the same tokyn that ye and he
walkyd to geter by a hollow tre

Call that I know well
Call than I am yet in the ryght way
But I haue som other thyng to say
Towchyng my credence
whiche as I thynke were best to be spared
For happily ye wold not haue it declared
Bysoye all this audience

C Nay nay hardly spare not
As for my dedis I care not
pf all the worlde it harde

C Nay than shall I procede
He shewed me also in very dede
How ther satt a by2de
And than ye delyueryd hym your muskball
For to throw at the by2d with all
And than as he sayd ye dyd no wors
But euyn sayr kyft hym on the noke of the ars

C Nay ther thow lyest falsely by my say

C Trouth it was on the hole of thars I shulde say
I wyst well it was one of the too
The noke o2 the hole

C Nay noz yet so

C By my sayth ye kyft hym o2 he kyft you
On the hole of thars chose you now
This he tolde me sure
How be it I spake it not in reproue
For it was done but for gode loute
And soz no synfull pleasure

Luc. May nap man thow art farre & mys
I know what thyne erande is
Though thow be neclygent
Of thy sely thou mayst well a balle the
For thou shuldis have sayde the hollow all she
That hole thy mayster ment

By god a bow I trow it was
I crye you mercy I haue done you trespas
But I pray you take it in pacynce
For I mystoke it by negligence
A mypecheef com theron
He myght haue sent you this gere in a letter
But I shall go lerne myne erande better
And cum aven a non CEt creat.

Luc. Cynelo do hardely
Now soz soth this was a lewed message
As euer I haude sith I was boze
And wy this mayster haue therof knowlege
He wyll be angry with hym therfoze
How be it I will speke therof no more
For hyt hath ben my condiscyon alway
No man to hender but to helpe where I may
CIntrat A.

A. Cfepr mypesters lyketh it you to know
That my mayster commaunde me to you

Luc. Ccomaundeth you to me

A. Chap comaundeth you to hym

Luc. Cwele amendyd by saynte sym

A. Ccomaundeth he to you I wolde say
O ellis you to he now chole ye may
Whether lyketh you better
And here he sendyth you a letter
Godis mercys I had it ryght now
Sy2s is there none there among you
That toke up suche a wytyng

I pray you sy2s let me haue it agayne

Luc.  Cye ar a gode messanger foz certeyne
But I pray you syz of one thyng
who is your mapster tell me that.

A  CBaister what call pe hym pde pe wott
whome I mene well and syne

Luc.  Cyet I know not so mot I go
A  Cwhat yez pde he that wolde haue you so
Luc.  CIf I suppose there be many of tho
pf I wolde encyne
But yet know I not who ye mene
I holde best that ye go a gypene
To lerne your mapsters name

A  CBBy my fayth and I holde it best
ye may say I am a homely geyk
In ernest x in game

Luc.  CBByde I shall go to you nere bonde
what ys your owne name I wolde understonde
Tell me that oz I go
I trow thou caunt not well tell
A  CBBy my fayth not herely well
By cause ye say so

Cet scalps caput post modicu interuallii dicat
CBBy this lyght I haue forotten
How be it by that tyme I haue spoken
with som of my company
I shall be acerteyned of this gery
But shall I ynde you agayne here

Luc.  Cye that thow shalt happely
Cetercat A.

C07.  CNow sayz lucres accordyng to thappoyntement
That ye made with me here this day
By cause ye shall not synde me theare necligent
Here I am come your wyll to obey
And redy am I for my selfe to sey
That as towechyng the degre of noble condycion
Betwyxt me and you is there may be no comparsion
And that shall I shew you by apparent reason
Ye it shall lyke you that I now begynne

Luc. Nay. ye shall spaire it for a lytyll season
Tre I suche tyme y gapus your aduersary come in
For I wyll gyue you therin none audience
Ye I be both to geer in presense
And in ony wyse kepe well your patience
Lyke as I haue bound you both to the peace
I fozyde you biterly. all maner of violence
Durynge this matter. and also that ye seace
Of all suche wordis as may gyue occasion
Of brallynge o2 other ongodely condycion

Co2. There shall be in me no suche abusyon
In worder no2 dede. I you pymple
But now let me se. what occupation
O2 what maner of pase tyme wyll ye deuyle
Whyse that these folke do the tary this wyse
Wyll ye see a bace daunce after the gyse
Of lepayne. whyse ye haueno thyngye to do
All thyngye haue I puruaid that belongyth therefo

Luc. Syr I shall gyue you the lokynge on
Co2. Wyll ye do so I aske no more
So sone and bidde them come thens a none
And cause the mynystrel to come in befoze

Mary. as sox one of them his lippe is loze
I trow he may not pype he is so lyke
Spele by tambozynke sk bide o we strelke
ET: deinde cozlabunt.
To the this was a godely recreacyon
But I pray you of what maner nation
Be these godely creatours
were they of Englonde or of wales
I pray they be wylde Irish postyngeales
That dyde all these pleasures
How be it it was for my maisters sake
And he wyll deserue it I undertake
On the largest wyse
Go thy selfe whystons thou so
And make them chere let it be do
The best thou canst deyse
Cyes they shall haue chere heuyn hye
But one thing I promise you faithfull[y]
They get no drype theerto
Dicat lucre.
Lo here this man ys come now
Now may ye in your matter pcede
ye remembre both what I sayde to you
Touchynge myne answere I trow it is no nede
Any more to rehearse it
No in veray deye
For monke rehersall wolde let the syde
Of all this matter it nedyth no more
Let bs roundely to the matter we come for
Cye that I pray you as hartly as I can
But shyl me seynth it were expedient
That ye both name some indifferent man
For to gyue betwyxt you the soxleyde iugement
Pay as for that by myne aitent
No man shall haue that office but ye
And I holde me well content that it so be
Cye but not by this sondying that ye theerto agre
That I holde this question of nobles dounte
It is a grete matter whiche as sempth me
Pertayneith to a philosopher or ellis a deuyne
How be it fith the chyple of this matter is myne
I can be content under certayne presepctyon
Whan that I haue harde you to lye myne opinion.
Clo this wyte I mene and thus I do intende
That what so ever sentece I gyue betwyxt you two
After myne owne fantasie it shal not extende
To ony other plon I wyll that it be so
Foy why no man ellis hath theyn a do
It may not be notyde fo a generall precedent
All be it that fo your partys ye do therto assent

Ga.  As touching that point we holde vs wel conteynt
Your sentence shall touche no man but vs twayne
And lych ye shall gyue it by our owne agreemt
None other man ought to haue there at diidayne
Wherefo all thyys dout ye may well restayne
And in suche matter principal this tyme wolde be spent

Coy.  Then wyll I begynne
coy.  C I holde me well content
coy.  C Syth ye have promysed sayze lucre here to soze
That to the more noble man ye wyll enclyne
Bavy not fro that wo2de and I aske no more
Fo2 than shal the victroy of this cause be myne
As it shalbe easie to jugge and disyne
Fo2 every creature that ony reason hase
We sempth I durst make hym self jugge in this case
Saue that I see me the beaute of your face
Sholde therin blynde hym so that he ne myght
Eqally disterne the wonge fro the right
And if he were halfe to wyte a man in deye
As he reputeth hym self fo2 to be
Upon your saide answer he sholde not rede
To gayn say in this matter or traurers with me
By noblenes is knownen thow at all the cyte
He knoweth hym selfe the noblenes of my kyn
And at that one poynte my proces I wyll beginne

Amonge all this toyes of Romaynes that ye rede
Where synge ye ony blode of so gret noblenes
As hath ben the cornelys whereof I am hrede
And if so be that I wolde therin holde my peace
Yet all your cornecles beryth gode witnes
That my puyenstours and auncetours haue be
The chefe ayde and dillecanse of this noble cyte

How ofte haue myne auncetours i tynes of necessitie
Delyuerd this cyte from dedely parell
As wel by theyr manhode as by theyr polishe
What teopard i s paine they haue suffred in s quarell
Theempire to encrese and fo the comune wele
It nedith not the specialties to rehearse o2 name
Sith every trew romaine knoweth the same

In every manys howse that histories be rise
And wyitten in books as in some placis be
The gestis of arthur. o2 of alexandres life
In the whiche stories ye may euidently se
And rede how Cartage that to all cyte
By cionion of affrick my grete graunte sire
Subduede was and also ascribede to his empire

And many other cyties that dyde conspire
Apenst the noble senatour ne makynge resitance
As oftern as necessitie did it require
They were reducyd into due obedience

f.li.
By blode hath euer takyn suche payne
To salue garde the comune wele fro ryn & decay
That by one aduyse the Lynet dyde ordeyne
Them to be namyd the faders of the contrary
And so were myne auctours reputed alway
Fow in every nede they dyde upon them call
Fow helpe as the chylde doth on the father naturall

How be it to praye them it was no nede at all
Fow of their owne myndis they were redy alway
In tokyn of the same fow a memoziall
Of theyr desertis the cytie dyde edisifye
Triumphall arches wherupon ye may
To my grete honour le at this day
Thymages of myn auncetours euyn by and by
By cause that theyr noblenes cholde neuer dyde

In token also that they were worthy
Grete honour and prayse of all the contray
It is commaundéd and blest generally
That euery cytyzen that passeth that way
By the layde Images he must obey
And to that cygures make a due reverence
And elles to the lawes he doth the grete ofence

Sith it is so then that of conuenienc
Suche honoure and homage must nedis be do
To these dede ymagis than muche more reverence
To me cholde be euyn I trow ye thinke so
For I am theyr very ymage and relyque to
Of theyr fletch and blode and veray Inhertpoure
As well of theyr godes as of theyr layde honoure

To me they haue left many a castell and toure
whiche in theyr triuphes they rightfully wan
To me they haue also left all theyr tresoure
In suche abundaunce that I crow no man
with in all come lich it syrste began
had half the floze as I understonde
That I haue cuyn now at ons in my honde

Lo in these thyng my noblenes doth stonde
whiche in myne oppynyon suffiseth fo2 this intent
And I crow there is no man through all this londe
Of Italy but if he were here present
He wolde to my sayng in this matter assent
And gyue unto me the honoure and peminence
Rather than make a gayne me resistence

A maruayle grely what shulde thy mynde insence
To think that thy tyle therin solde be gode
Parde thow canst not lay fo2 thy defence
That euer there was gentilman of thy kynde o2 blode
And if there were oone it wolde be understonde
without it be thy selfe whiche now of late
Among noble gentylmen playest check mate

No moze therof I praye you suche wordis I hate
And I dyde fo2 bid you them at the begynnyng
To eschue thoccasyon of stryfe and debate

Kay let hym a lone he spekyth after his lernyng
For I shall answer hym to every thyng
when he hath all said if ye woll here me
As I thinke ye will of your equyte

C abide I must make an ende y2st yde
To you sweate lucres I wolde have laid before
That ye ye will to my desyze in this matter agre
Doubtles ye shall blesse the tyme ye ever were boze
For riches shall ye haue at your will ever more
Without care or study of labours use besynes
And spend all your dayes in ease & plesaut idleness

About your owne apparell ye can do non excelle
In my company that holde desplese my mynd
With me shall ye do non other maner of besynes
But hunt for your solace at the hart and hynde
And some tyme where we convenient game synde
Dure hawkes shall be redy to shew you a flight
Whiche shall be right plesaut & chereful to your sight

And ye so be that in hunting ye haue no delighe
Than may ye daunce a whyte for your dispot
Ye shall haue at your pleasure both day and night
All maner of mynstraly to do you comfort
Do what thynge ye will I haue to suppot
Our charges, and ouer that I may susteyne
At myne owne lyndyng an.L.02 twayne

And as for hym I am certayn
Hys aunctours were of full pouze degre
All be it that now withyn a perc 02 twayne
By cause that he wold a gentilman be
He hath hym gotten both office and see
Which after the rate of hym wyryld lyryng
Suffiseth scarely for hym bare lyrynge
Wherefore swee lures it were not accoodyng
For your grete beautie with hym to dwell
For there sholde ye haue a thred bare lyvyng
With wrecched scarcenes and I haue herd ye tell
That maydens of your age loue net ryght well
Suche maner of husbondis without it be thay
That forseth lyvyll to cast them selue a way

I mene specially for suche of them as may
Speke better if they wyll as ye be in the case
And thereforse lures what so euer he wyll say
Ys title agaynst you to forset and embrace
Ye shall do your owen selle to grete a trempas
Yf ye folow yps part and enlyne therto
Now say what ye wyll lyzy for I have all doo

With ryght gode will I shal go to
So that ye will here me with as grete pacience
As I haue herde you/reason wolde soo
And what so euer I shall speke in this audience
Byther of myn owne merit 02 of yps insolence
Yet I wyll unto you all I make this request
That it wolde lyke you to construe it to the best

For the wolde I be as any creature
To bothe of myn owne deds it was never my gyle
On that other lybe sooth I am to make any reportur
Of this mans soly 02 hym to dispice
But never shalle this matter with ye I suche wise
That what so euer ye thinke in me I must proceed
Unto the veray truth therof. as the matter is in deds

To make a grete reherasall of that ye haue saide
The tyne will not sustre but never the lelle
Two things for your self in substance ye haue layd
whiche as ye suppose makest for your nobles
Upon the whiche thingis dependith all your pceste
First of your auncetours ye allege the noble gestis
Secondly ye substance ye haue of their bequest.

In the whiche thing is onely by your owne cession
Standeth all your noblenes this layd ye befoze
where unto this I say under the correction
Of lucres our Jugege here that ye ar never ye more
wozthy in myne oppynio to be callyd noble therefoze
And withoute ye haue bett causes to shew thà these
Of reson ye must the victoyp of this matter lese

To ye fyrrst parte as touching your auncetours dedes
Some of them were noble lyke as ye declare
The storie bereth witnes I must graut them nec
But yet for all that some of them ware
Of contrary dipolycion like as ye are
Fo they dyde no proufite no more do ye
To the comon wele of this noble cytie

Ye wyll the title of noblenes wyonne
Shew what haue ye done your self therefoze
Some of your owne meritis let se byng in
Yeuer ye dyde ony lyth ye were boze
But surely ye haue no suche thyng in stoe
Of your owne meritis wherby of right
Ye shulde appere noble to ony mänys light

But neuer thelese I wyll you not blame
Though ye speke not of your owne dedes at all
And to say the trowght ye may not for shame
Your lyfe is so voluptuous and so bestial
In folowyng of every lust sensual
That I maruaile no thynge in my mynde
Ye pve leue your owne dedis be mynde

He wryth that by his proude contenaunc
Of w.zzde and dede wth lyfe aray
His grete othys and open mayntenaunc
Of thestis and murdres euery day
Also his rpytous dispoytis and play
His cloth his cowardy and other excelsse
His mynde disposed to all unclemess
By these thyngis oonly he shall haue nobleness

May the title of noblenes wyll not ensue
A man that is all geypn to suche insolence
But it growth of longe continued vertu
As I trust ladie that your indifferenc
Can well dyshyne by your sentence
His aunctourcs were not of suche condicion
But all contrary to his dispoacyon

And therfoze they were noble withouten faile
And dyde grete honoure to all the contryp
But what can theyr sayde noblenes aduayle
To hym that takyth a contrary wyay
Of whome men speketh euery day
So grete dishonoure that it is maruel
The contryp suffereth hym therin to dwelle

And where he to wyteth me of pozekyn
He doth me therin a wrowsfull offenc
For no man shall thankis o2 prayslyng wyth
By the gystis that he hath of nature's influence
Lyke wyle I thinke by a contrary sense
That if a man be bozne blynde or lame
Not he hym selfe but nature therin is to blame

Therfore he doth not me therin repzeue
And as for that poune this I wott welle
That both he and I cam of adam and eue
There is no difference that I can tell
Whiche maketh on man an othre to excelle
So moche as both vertue and godely maner
And therin I may well with hym compare

How be it I speke it not for myne one pryacle
But certeynly this hath euer be my condicion
I haue bozne in to god all my daces
His laude and pryacle with me due devotion
And next that I here all wapes
To all my neyghbours charitable affeecyon
Incotynency oncelenes I haue had in abbonisacto
Louyng to my frenede and saythfull with all
And euer I haue withsonde my lustis lentuall

Onetyme with study my tyume I spende
To esclewe I delnes the cauler of syn
An other tyume my contrey manly I defsend
And for the victoypes that I haue done therin
Ye haue sene your selfe lyz that I haue come in
To this noble cytere twyle or thysle
Crownyd with lawrpel as it is the gycle

By these wapes lo I do aryle
Unto grete honoure so low dege
And of myne heires will do like wyse
Thay shal be brought to nobles by me
But Coznyly it lumpy by the
That the nobles of thy auncetours everycheon
Shall utterly starce and die in the alone

And where he towsteth me on that other syde
Of small possession and grete tracenes
For all ly lady if ye will with me a bidde
I shall assyure you of moderate richesse
And that sufficient so2 vs both doutes
Ye shal haue also a man accorclong
To youre owne condicions in every thing

Now lucres I haue chwyd unto you a parte
Of my title that I clayne me by
Beschyng me you therefoze with all my hart
To considze vs both twayne indifferently
Whiche of vs twayne ye will rather alow
Moze worthy so2 nobles to marry with you

[c] Spyys I haue hard you both at large
c07. [Nay abide lucres I pray you hertly
Sithe he leyeth many thynges to my charge
Suffre that I may therunto repply

[luc. CI wis replications shall not be necessary
withoute that ye haue some other thing in stoe
To chew so2 your self than ye dyde be before

c02. [Why lady what thing will ye desyze moze ]
Than I haue chwyd to make so2 noblenes

[luc. Cpes som thyng ther ys that makyth therefoze
Better than ye haue chodyd in your presse
But now let me se what man of witnesses
Dz what other proues will ye fowth bynyng
By the whiche eyther of you may justifie hys sayng
Ga. CAs foz ny parte I wyll stonde gladly
To the cõmune voyce of all the contrey
luc. CAnd ye lyke wyse lyz
coz. Cye certaynly
I shall in no wyse your wo:de disobey
luc. CThan wyll I betwyrt you both take this waj
I shall go enquire as faste as I may
what the cõmune same wyll theryn reporte
And whan I haue therof a due euidence
Than shall I a gayne to you relozte
To shew you thoppynyn of my sentence
whome I wyll juge to haue the pemyence
coz. CNay sayz lu:res I you requyre
Let me not now depart in bayne
Not knowyng theeffect of my delzye
luc. Czvz all though it be to you a payne
yet must ye do to euyn both twayne
Eche of you depart hens to hys owne place
And take no moze labour od payne in this case
For as to畏chyng theeffect of my sentence
I shall go write it by gode adyument
Sone after that I am departed fro hens
And than to eympher of you both shalbe sent
A copy of the same to this intent
That of none other plson it shal be sayn
Sith it concerneth but oney bynto you twayne
Ga. CThis is a gode wyae as in my mynde
And not ye lyz content in lyke wyse
coz. CI wot nere yet I wyll payse as I zynde
And as I haue cause that is euyp my gyse
Ga. Cwell lu:res will ye cõmaunde me ony seruyce
luc. CNo seruyce at all syz why say ye so
Our lo:de spede you both where so euery pe goo
Et exeat pub. coznelus et
gaius flam.

Now som mayde happily & she were in my case
wolde not take that way that I do intend
For I am fully determyned with godis grace
So that to gaius I wyll condylscend
For in this case I do hym comend
As the more noble man lyth the thyss wyse
By meanes of hys vertue to honoure doth aryse

And for all that I wyll not dispise
The blode of coznelius I prap you thinke not so
God forbeede that ye sholde note me that wyse
For truely I shal honoure them where to ever I go
And all other that be of lyke blode also
But unto the blode I wyll have lytly respect
Where tho condicyons be synfull and abiect

I prap you all syss as meny as be here
Take not my wo2dis by a sinistre way
Cyes by my trouthe I shall wintes here
Where so ever I be com a nother day
How suche a gentylwoman did oppynly say
That by a chozles son the wolde set more
Than the wolde do by a gentylman boze

I prap sy2 than ye reporget me amys
I prap you tell me how lapd ye than
For god sy2 the substaunce of my wo2dis was this
I lay eupn as I saide when I began
That for vertue excellent I will honoure a man
Rather than for hys blode if it so fall
That gentil condicyons a gre nor with all

Than I put case that a gentilman boze
Haue godely maners to his birth accordyng
I lay of hym is to be set gret f02e

g.f.
Suche one is worthy more laudde and prydeynge
Than many of them that hath their begynnyng
Of low kyndred ellis god forbede
I wyll not afferme the contrary for my hede
For in that case ther may be no comparyson
But neuer the leste I sate this before
That a man of excellent vertuose conditions
Althought he be of a poze stoke boze
yet I wyll honour and cōmende hym more
Than one that is descendide of ryght noble kyng
whose lyffe is all dissolute and rovyde in syn
And therfore I haue determyned vterly
That gaius flaminius shall haue his intent
To hym onely I shal my self apply
To bse me in wedioke at his cōmandement
So that to cozvelypus I wyll neuer asent
All thought he had as grete posstession
As ony one man in cristien region
I shal in no wyse sauour or loue hys condicyon
How be it that his blode requyreth due reverence
And that shal I gypue hym with all submyssion
But yet shal he never haue the semynence
To speke of very nobles by my sentence
ye be hys seuaunt ly2 go your way
And report to your mayster euyn as I say
CShall I do that erand may let be
By the rode ye shal do it your selfe for me
I prayse you saftfully
I wolde my mayster had be in scotlond
When he dyd put this matter in her hand
To stond to her iugement
But for asmoche as it is so
That this wyong to hym is doo
By a woman he must let it goo
And holde hym content
But he is of suche disposition
That whan he hereth of this conclusion
He wolde starke mad
Ye by my trowth as made as an hare
It shall make hym so full of care
That he wyll with hym self fare
Eyn as it were a lade
And so wold not I to mote I thee
For this matter and I were as he
It shulde neuer anger me
But this wold I do
I wolde let her go in the mare name
What now lyseth how goth the game
What is this woman go
Eye ye man.
And what way hathe she takyn
By my sayth my maister is so slakyn
And nedis she wyll a gre
Unto thy maister thus she laiceth
And many causes therefore she leyth
Whyt it shulde so be
I maruayyle gretely wherof that grue
By my sayth she laide I tell the true
That she wolde nedis haue hym soz for his vertue
And for none other thyng
Vertue what the devyll is that
And I can tell I shewd my cart
To myne understondynge
By my sayth no moze can I
But this she laied here oppynly
All these folke can tell g.ii.
How say ye gode woman is it your gyse
To chose all your husbandis that wyle
By my trought than I maruaile

Pay this is the sece to mot I goo
That men chile not thepr wyll to.
In places where I haue be
For wifch may well complaine and grone
Albe it that cause haue they none
That I can here or se
But of wyddyd men there be right fewe
That welle not say the best is a chrew
Then in they all a gree
I warne you wyddyd men euerichone
That other remedie haue ye none
So moche for your ease
And ye wold studie tyll to morgow
But let them euyne alone with morgow
When they do you displease

Tull the here is no man that settyth a blank
By thy conselle or koneth the thank
Speke thereof no more
They know that remedy better than thow
But what shall we twayne do now
I care most therfore
We thinketh that matter wolde be witt
Mary we may goo hens when we lyft
No man saith vs nay

Why than is the play all do
Cye by my seyth and we were ons go
It were do streght wey

And I wolde have thought in here dede
That this matter sholde have preide
To som other conclusion
Cye thou'art a maister mery man
Thou shall be wyse I wot nere whan
Is not the queston
Of noblenes now fully defynde
As it may be so. by a womanes mynde
What woldyst thou haue moze
Thow todest me that other day
That all the substanse of this play
was done specially thesf0z
Not onely to make folke myth and game
But that suche as be gentlesmen of name
May be somwhat mouyd
By this example foz to eschew
The wy of byce and fauour bertue
Fo2 lyn is to be rep3ouy'd
Moze in them. fo2 the degre
Than in other parchons such as be
Of pour kyn and birth
This was the cause principall
And also fo2 to do with all
This company some myrth
And though the matter that we haue playde
Be not percafe so wele conuepde
And with so gret reasone
As thisfozy it self requyreth
yet the auctour therof deylrith
That foz this seazon
At the lef ye will take it in pacience
And ys therbe any offence
Show vs where in 0z we go hence
Done in the same
It is onely far lacke of conynge
And not he/but his wit rynnge
Is there of to blame
And glade wolde he be/and ryght payne
That some man of stabill brayne
wolde take on hym the labour and payne
This mater to a meide
And so he wppy'd me for to say
And that done of all this play
Shortly here we make and end

[Signature]

[Emptyned at london by Johan castell
dwellynge on the south syde of paulps
cyrche by syde paulps cyrne.]

[Original manuscript date]