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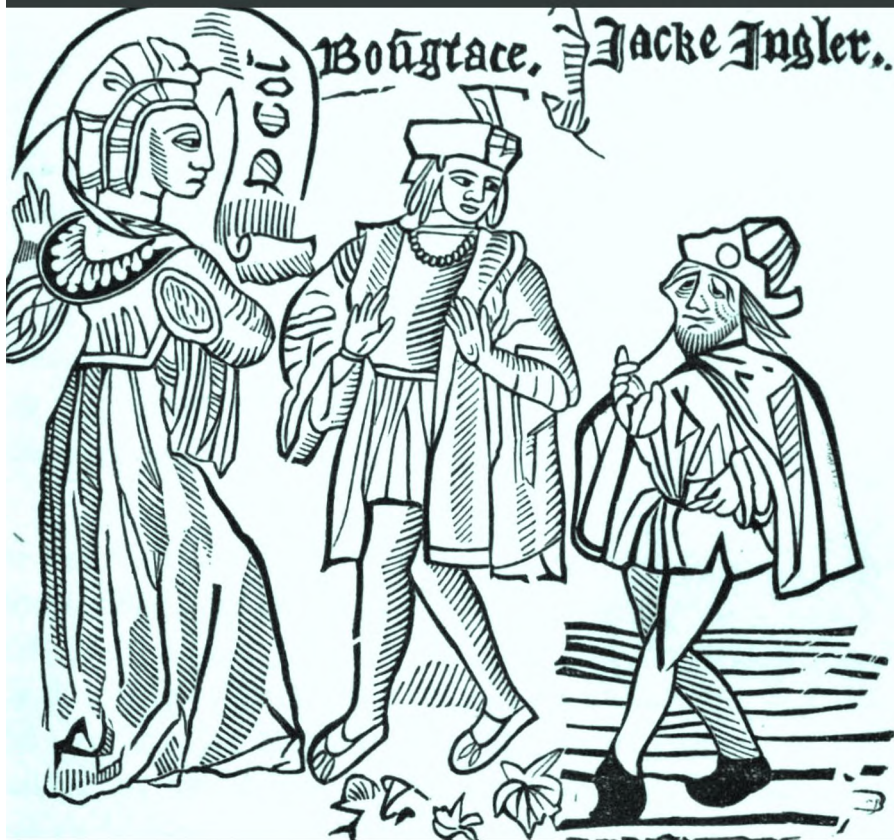
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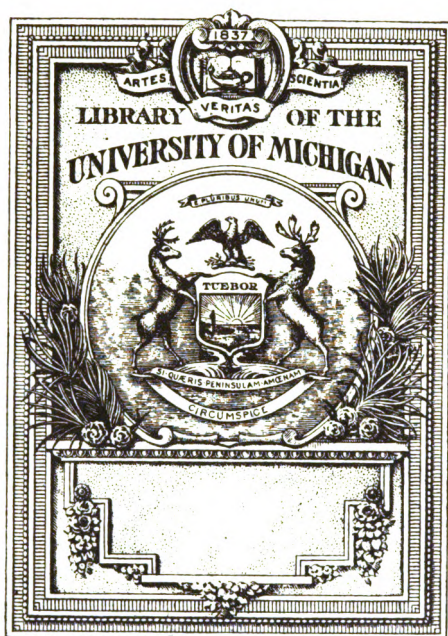
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Four old plays

Francis James Child, John Heywood, George Gascoigne, Francis Kinwelmersh



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Four Old Plays.

FOUR OLD PLAYS

THREE INTERLUDES: THERSYTES JACK JUGLER
 AND HEYWOODS PARDONER AND FRERE:
 AND JOCASTA A TRAGEDY
 BY GASCOIGNE AND
 KINWELMARSH

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

Francis James Child, ed.

CAMBRIDGE
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TO
J. INGERSOLL BOWDITCH,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED,
WITH SINCERE GRATITUDE
AND RESPECT.

INTRODUCTION.

JACK JUGLER.

THE term Interlude, once applied to dramatic compositions generally, because these amusements were employed to fill up the intervals of grand entertainments, was afterwards used in a restricted sense and appropriated to short pieces, having simple plots, free from the abstractions of the Moralities, and possessing the attractions of some incident, lively dialogue, and individuality of character. Several such pieces were written by John Heywood, for performance at court, and he may well enough be called their inventor. Between the Moralities and the Interludes, there is a class partaking of the nature of both, and mingling allegorical with individual imperson-

ation. To this class Mr. Collier refers JACK JUGLER, under the title of "Moral-Plays resembling tragedy and comedy."* *Thersytes*, like the *Pardoner and Frere*, comes under the head of Interludes. It will be observed, however, that the Vice in *Jack Jugler* possesses few traits of resemblance to that notorious character in the genuine Moral.

"*Jack Jugler* is one of the very oldest pieces in our language founded upon a classic original. From passages, both in the prologue and epilogue,† it is to be collected that the piece was written before the Reformation was completed.

"We may infer, therefore, that this interlude was written either in the reign of Edward VI. or Mary, though not published until Eliza-

* Hist. Dram. Poet., II. 271, 363. The excellent authority of Mr. Collier is always confidently followed, and his words are frequently used.

† "And the first scentence of y^e same for higher things endite
In no wise he wold, for yet the time is so quesie
That he that speaketh best, is lest thanke worthie." — p. 7.

"Such is the fashyon of the worlde now a dayes
That the symple innosaintes ar deluded
And an hundred thousand diuers wayes
By suttle and craftye meanes shamefullie abused
And by strength force, and violence oft tymes compelled
To beline and saye the moone is made of a grene chese
Or ells haue great harme, and parcace their life lese." — p. 46

beth had been a few years on the throne. The printer has added no date, but it was entered on the Stationers' books in 1562; and as none of William Copland's dated books came from his press after 1561, we may conclude, with tolerable certainty, that its appearance was not delayed beyond 1563." *

Plautus's tragi-comedy of *Amphitryon* has been perhaps more popular on the modern stage than any other ancient play. It is the groundwork of one of the best comedies of the great Molière, and of a once favorite English drama, which Sir Walter Scott, in an introduction not everywhere distinguished by his usual judgment, styles "one of the happiest effusions of Dryden's comic muse." It has been several times translated into our tongue, and by Bonnell Thornton with an elegance, spirit, and correctness that leave nothing to be desired.

This is not the place to expatiate on the merits of the Latin play; but the assertion may be hazarded without much risk, that both the original and Thornton's version are, taken as

* Hist. Dram. Poet., II. 366.

wholes, considerably superior to any of the imitations. Indeed, the character of Alcmena, as drawn by Plautus, so truly innocent, simple, and loving, her distress on being suspected by her husband, and his agony at finding her, as he believes, dishonest, immediately suggest, as the accomplished translator has observed, a not discreditable comparison with our *Othello*. We may add, too, that the conclusion of the fourth act, where Amphitryon, "perplexed in the extreme," and defying the gods in the intensity of his despair, rushes to the house to wreak his vengeance on his family and is struck down by lightning, rises to grandeur, almost to sublimity, and must produce immense dramatic effect in the representation. Very little of this sort of thing appears in the modern play. What Dryden has made of Alcmena will be understood, when we observe that he adapted her to the standard of contemporary taste. Yet Scott has strangely said, that, "in the scenes of a higher cast, Dryden far outstrips both the French and Roman poet" !

The reader will not find any such important characters as gods and generals in the drama

before him. *Jack Jugler* can hardly be called an imitation of the comedy of Plautus. It is the play of *Amphitryon* without the part of *Amphitryon*, and resembles more than any thing else one of those pieces made up of the comic portions of plays, which used to be called "drolls." In fact, *Jack Jugler* is a caricature even of the comic parts. All dignity is stripped from the characters, every ridiculous feature is much exaggerated, and the language and incidents are ingeniously vulgarized to reduce every thing to the grotesque, the quaintness of the expressions greatly heightening the effect to a modern reader. The amiable Alcmena becomes a "verie cursed shrew." General *Amphitryon* sinks into Master Boungrace, a commonplace "gentilman," somewhat subject, we suspect, to being imposed upon by his wife and servants. Bromia, the insignificant and well-conducted attendant, is changed into the smart and malicious Aulsoon tripe and goo.

There is no proper plot to the piece; the whole action consisting in getting Jenkin Careawaie into as much trouble as possible, when he is left to go to bed with aching bones, and

wishing bad luck to his second self. He does not get off with a beating from Jack and his master. The servant-maid lends her tongue, and her mistress both tongue and hand, for the amusement of the spectators and the revenge of Jack Jugler. Those who are acquainted with the tedious performances of those times will recognize with pleasure an uncommon raciness and spirit in this little interlude. The lines are rude, but sharp and bold, and Dame Coye may even be called a well-drawn and original character.

In Mr. Wright's *Early Mysteries, and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*, will be found a rather clever and once very popular poem, founded on *Amphitryon*, the *Geta* of Vital of Blois. *Amphitryon* in this is a student of Greek learning, and the awkwardness of Alcmena's situation after Jupiter's visit is got over by her assuring her confiding husband that she thinks the whole affair must have been a dream.

The indelicacies of language, which are somewhat frequent in these interludes, never amounting to immoralities, though sufficiently gross,

have not been considered of such a nature as to justify a mutilation of the text. Everybody knows how far from offensive these coarsenesses were to an English audience of the sixteenth century. The annexed letter of Lady Montague (quoted by Thornton), while it affords an amusing comparison with our play, will give an idea of Austrian refinement in the eighteenth.

“ Vienna, Sept. 14.

“ Their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one play-house, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was glad it happened to be the story of *Amphitryon*. As that subject has been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author could make of it. I understand enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it ; and, besides, I took with me a lady that had the goodness to explain to me every word. I thought the house very low and dark ; but I confess the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It begun with Jupiter’s falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of *Hercules*. But what was most pleasant was the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis ; for you no sooner saw him under the figure of *Amphitryon*, but, instead of flying to *Alcmena* with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts in his mouth, he sends for

Amphitryon's taylor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name ; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitryon's being tormented by these people for their debts. Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. The boxes were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece."

THERSYTES.

THERSYTES, as well as *Jack Jugler*, is anonymous, and "deserves especial remark as the oldest dramatic performance extant in which a historical character (independent of Scripture personages) is introduced ; although the events in which he is engaged are mere ridiculous burlesque, and have no connection whatever with history." * The author, by the Epilogue, has noted the precise time at which the play

* Hist. Dram. Poet., II. 399.

must have been written, "in mentioning the birth of Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward VI.), which happened the 12th of August, 1537, and invoking the Almighty to save the 'Queen, lovely Lady Jane,' who is supposed to have died the second day after that event. If then acted, it was probably revived on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, and printed by Tysdale, whose typographical labors did not commence in Alhallow's Church-yard until 1561."* (He printed between 1550 and 1563.)

The play does not require particular notice. Its lively absurdity could not have failed to be entertaining to an easy audience, and is not tiresome now. Thersytes indulges plentifully in one of the privileges of the old Vice,—that of talking incoherent nonsense. There is a vigor in some parts quite unusual in these things, and many of the lines in Skelton's metre have some of his power, together with all his coarseness. The passage, pp. 84–86, may remind the reader of that remarkable poem, *Elynour Rummyng*.

"So rare were both Interludes [i. e. *Jack*

* Haslewood's Preface.

Jugler and *Thersytes*], that their existence had long been doubted, when, in 1810, they were discovered in a private collection of ancient plays. That collection was so large, and contained specimens of the early drama so little known, as to induce a spirited bibliopolist to purchase the whole, projecting a republication of old English Mysteries, Moralities, Interludes, Pageants, and Plays. It was to have extended to twenty octavo volumes. Unfortunately, an announcement of a similar nature, although upon a smaller scale, (and afterwards meagrely executed,) deterred the intended proprietors from the venture of the large capital necessary to complete so extensive an undertaking. Hence the whole collection was promiscuously dispersed." *

Thirty-five copies of these plays were printed by Mr. Haslewood in 1820, for the Roxburghe Club, from one of which this impression has been made.

* Haslewood's Preface.

THE PARDONER AND THE FRERE.

THE following account of John Heywood is extracted from Mr. Fairholt's Preface to the *Dialogue on Wit and Folly*, printed by the Percy Society.

“The materials for a biography of Heywood are very slender, and but little space, accordingly, has been devoted to his name and acts in our biographical dictionaries. He was born at North Mims, near St. Albans, in Hertfordshire, and received the first rudiments of his education at Oxford; ‘but the sprightliness of his disposition,’ says Chalmers (*Biographical Dictionary*, Vol. XVII.), ‘not being well adapted to the sedentary life of an academician, he went back to his native place, where, being in the neighbourhood of the great Sir Thomas More, he presently contracted an intimacy with that Mæcenas of wit and genius, who introduced him to the knowledge and patronage of the Princess Mary. Heywood’s ready aptness for jest and repartee, together with the possession of great skill both in vocal and instrumental music, rendered him a favorite with Henry VIII., who frequently rewarded him very highly.’ Sir Frederic Madden, in the notes to his *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary* (p. 239), notices ‘that in the Book of Payments of Henry VIII., 1538–44, is a quarterly allowance of fifty shillings to “John Haywood,

b *

player on the virginals"; and in *The Household Book of the Princess Elizabeth*, in 1533, a gratuity of thirty shillings to him.' And among the items of the Princess Mary's expenditure we find his name twice mentioned; thus, in January, 1536-37, we have, 'item geven to Heywood's servante for bringing of my Lady's Grace's Regalles from London to Grenewiche, xxd.'; and in March, 1537-38, a more direct mention of his connection with courtly amusements: 'item; geven to Heywood playeng an enterlude wth his children before my lady's Grace, xls.' This latter entry is of peculiar interest, as it would appear that these children were his scholars; and, as Sir Frederic Madden observes, as 'most of the interludes written by him had appeared in print in 1533, we may conjecture that the one played by himself and children was selected from them.' Heywood was at this time a great favorite at court, particularly with the Princess Mary, and he continued to be so until her dying day, and is said to have been admitted to her bedside, in her last illness, to amuse her with his happy talent of telling diverting stories. Heywood seems to have had a great respect or even attachment to Mary; and when she was eighteen years of age, composed a poem in her praise. It is preserved in the Harleian MS., No. 1703, and is published entire in Park's edition of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors* (Vol. I. p. 81), where it is deduced as 'an instance of his poetic policy'; but it is surely not too much to allow that gratitude for her favors

to him may have had some influence upon his mind and his poetic fancy, for, as Sir Frederic Madden justly observes, — ‘These lines could scarcely be mere courtly flattery, if written at the period they profess to be, since Mary was then under the cloud of disgrace, and had scarcely a friend in the world.’

“Chalmers says, ‘on the accession of Edward VI., he still continued in favor, though, as Puttenham says, in his *Art of English Poesie*, 1599, it was for the mirth and quickness of conceit, more than any good learning that was in him.’ The same author relates an anecdote of his dining at the Duke of Northumberland’s table, which serves now principally to show how little real wit went to the making of jests in those days, and how excessively dull their merry stories were. The duke, it appears, had sold his plate to pay his debts, and Heywood, who was sitting at the table’s end, ‘being loth to call for his drink so oft as he was dry, turned his eye towards the cupboard and said, “I find great misse of your grace’s standing cups.” The duke, thinking he had spoken it of some knowledge that his plate was lately sold, said, somewhat sharply, “Why, sir, will not those cuppes serve as good a man as yourselfe?” Heywood readily replied, “Yes, if it please your grace; but I would have one of them stand still at my elbow, full of drinke, that I might not be driven to trouble your grace’s man so often to call for it.” This pleasant and speedy reverse of the former wordes holpe all the matter again, whereupon the duke

became very pleasant, and drank a bolle of wine to Heywood, and bid a cuppe should always be standing by him.' Some more of his witty sayings, Chalmers tells us, are preserved 'among the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum'; and Oldys says, 'his pleasant wit saved him from the gallows in the reign of Edward VI. See Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*. He was so entangled with some of the Popish party that he narrowly escaped being noosed; but the Muses were his advocates.'* His own opinion of his facetiousness is given, in his words, as a motto to our title-page.

"When Mary came to the throne, Heywood again shared court favor, and was appointed to address her when the procession passed through London to Westminster, the day before her coronation, 27th Sept. 1553. He was placed in St. Paul's Church-yard, and 'sate in a pageant, under a vine, and made to her an oration in Latin and English' (*Stowe's Annals*, ed. 1617, p. 617). He also composed 'A balade specifieng the maner, partly the matter, in the most excellent meetyng and lyke Mariage betwene our Sovereigne Lord, and our Sovereigne Lady, the Kynge's and Queene's highness,' highly laudatory of

* "What thinke you by Heywood, that scaped hanging with his mirth; the King being graciously, and (as I thinke) truly perswaded, that a man that wrote so pleasant and harmelesse verses, could not have any harmfull conceit against his proceedings; and so, by the honest motion of a gentleman of his chamber, saved him from the jerke of the six-stringed whip.' — *Met. of Ajax* (ed. 1596, p. 25).

Mary's marriage with Philip of Spain. It is reprinted entire in the Harleian Miscellany (*Park's edition*, Vol. X. p. 255), to which a note is appended, where, as usual, Heywood's honest motives are doubted, although the writer can scarcely help acknowledging the equal probability of their existence. He says: — 'Vargas, a Spanish poet, is said, by Puttenham, to have been rewarded with a pension of two hundred crowns, during life, for an *epithalamie*, or nuptial song, on the marriage of Queen Mary with King Philip, at Winchester, July 25, 1554. Heywood might have furbished up his courtly pen in the anticipation of a similar recompense for these preposterously flattering verses on the same event, though his religious attachments, and the patronage he obtained from Mary while princess, through the introduction of Sir Thomas More, were, perhaps, of themselves, sufficient stimulants.'

"The close of Heywood's career may be told in Chalmers's words: — 'After the death of Mary, he,' says our author, 'being a bigoted Roman Catholic, perceiving that the Protestant interest was likely to prevail under the patronage of her successor, Queen Elizabeth; and perhaps apprehensive that some of the severities which had been practised on the Protestants in the preceding reign might be retaliated on those of a contrary persuasion in the ensuing one, and especially on the peculiar favorites of Queen Mary, he thought it best, for the security of his person, and the preservation of his religion, to

quit the kingdom. Thus, throwing himself into voluntary exile, he settled at Mechlin, in Brabant, where he died in 1565, leaving several children behind him, to all of whom he had given liberal educations. His character in private life seems to have been that of a sprightly, humorous, and entertaining companion. As a poet, he was held in no inconsiderable esteem by his contemporaries, though none of his writings extended to any great length, but seem, like his conversation, to have been the result of little sudden sallies of mirth and humor.’”

The earliest of Heywood’s interludes, according to Mr. Collier, is probably the merry play included in this volume. It was printed in 1533, but must have been written before 1521, because Leo X. is spoken of in it as living. This impression is from a *fac-simile* reprint made about 1820.

“*The Play of the Wether.* A new and a very merry enterlude of all maner of Wethers: made by John Heywood,” contains the greatest number of characters in any of the author’s pieces, the players’ names being, — “Jupiter, a god; Mery Reporte, the vyce; the gentylman, the marchaunt, the ranger, the water myller, the wynde myller, the gentylwoman, the launder,

a boy, the least that can play." It exhibits the inconveniences and misfortunes which arise from the contrary dispositions of Saturn, Phœbus, Eolus, and Phœbe, and from the conflicting desires of mankind. The trouble is remedied by Jupiter's being appointed autocrat of the weather, and by his promising to fulfil every request at the proper seasons, so that all occupations may prosper, without one retarding another.

The Play of Love has for its characters, — "the Lover not beloved; the Woman beloved, not loving; the Lover beloved; and one Neither lover nor loved, who comes in also as the Vice." The matter in dispute is double, — which of the first two is more miserable, and which is the happier of the other pair. The conclusion is, that the advantage and disadvantage are about equal in both cases, and all parties are exhorted to be content with their condition.

"*A Mery Play between Johan Johan, the Husbände; Tyb, his Wyfe; and Sir Jhan, the Preest,*" is an interlude of great rarity, but was privately reprinted a few years ago. It is much

the best of Heywood's pieces, after the *Four Ps*, and absolutely very amusing. Tyb makes a feast for her paramour, Sir John, and sets her henpecked husband to various menial labors while they are enjoying themselves. John gets out of patience, at last, and into a passion, at which Tyb and Sir John fall upon him, and make the blood run about his ears, then decamp. John considers their departure as the consequence of his spirited conduct, until it occurs to him that they might take disagreeable revenge upon him, when he pursues them, and ends the piece. Nearly the whole play is given by Mr. Fairholt.

“The Play called the *Foure Ps*, a newe and a very mery interlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Potycary, and a Pedlar,” is well known to all readers of our old drama. The characters dispute with each other which shall tell the greatest lie. After each has delivered an enormous story, the Palmer accidentally drops the assertion, that he never saw a woman out of patience in his life, which the others, taken by surprise, declare to be a lie unsurpassable, and unconsciously award to him the victory.

“The *Dialogue of Wit and Folly* contains but three characters, John, James, and Jerome. John argues the superiority of the life of a wise man, and James the great extra ease and comfort of the witless one, and the speech of the latter is remarkable for feeling and spirit, when comparing the husbandman’s and student’s life : —

‘Less is the peril and less is the pain,
The knocking of knuckles which fingers doth strain,
Than digging in the heart, or drying of the brain.’

“James triumphs over his adversary by the assertion, that fools, not being answerable for their sins, have sure chance of heaven, a position which is overthrown by Jerome, who enters and contradicts him, proving the untenableness of such an argument, and showing the triumph in every way of wit over folly.”*

The appreciating and genial historian of our poetry has been so unjust to Heywood as to declare that his comedies “are destitute of plot, humor, or character.” Most readers will find some degree of all of these even in the *Pardoner and Frere*, by no means his best

* Fairholt.

play. The Pardoner's descent into hell, in the *Four Ps*, is one of the most capital passages in our comic poetry; and there are many bits of good philosophy scattered through all these rude performances.

JOCASTA.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, under whose name this play commonly goes, was born of an ancient family in Essex, and was son and heir of Sir John Gascoigne. He was at first privately educated, and afterwards sent to Cambridge, the nursery of most of our greatest poets. Leaving the University, he removed to Gray's Inn for the purpose of studying law. Like many of his fraternity, from Ovid to Cowper, he found poetry more to his taste. Having incurred great expenses from fashionable living, he was obliged to sell his patrimony, and it is conjectured with probability that his extravagance was the cause of his being disinherited. Success at court required sacrifices not agreeable to his spirit, and a more honor-

able career being open to him in Holland, he embarked for that country in 1572, obtained a captain's commission under the Prince of Orange, and acquired considerable reputation in the war against the Spanish tyrant. Hence he took for his motto, "*Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*" After his return to England, he resided partly at Gray's Inn, and partly at Walthamstowe, and seems to have devoted himself to composition and to the publication of his works. He died, according to Whetstone, October 7, 1577, and left a wife and son behind him. His age is not mentioned by any of his biographers, but probably did not exceed forty, perhaps fell several years short of that.

"Although he enjoyed the esteem of many of his poetical contemporaries, and the patronage of Lord Grey of Wilton, the Earl of Bedford, Sir Walter Rawleigh, and other persons of distinction, yet he complains bitterly of what poets in all ages have felt, the envy of rivals and the malevolence of critics, and seems to intimate, that, although he apparently bore this treatment with patience, yet it insensibly wore him out, and brought on a bodily distemper

which his physicians could not cure. In all his publications, he takes every opportunity to introduce and bewail the errors of his youth, and to atone for any injury, real or supposed, which might have accrued to the public from a perusal of his early poems, in which, however, the proportion of indelicate thoughts is surely not very great." *

The rarity of all the editions of Gascoigne's works has prevented him from being as well known as his merits deserve. Many of his poems are too long for the time and patience of readers of our days, yet the *Steel Glass* and some of the shorter pieces would be highly valued, if presented in a readable shape. A brief account of his dramatic productions is all that is here necessary.

Supposes, as well as *Jocasta*, was represented at Gray's Inn in 1566. It is a tolerably faithful translation of *Gli Suppositi* of Ariosto, containing nothing original except a

* Chalmers, whose life of Gascoigne is abridged above from Vol. II. of the *English Poets*, where will be found all that is known about our author, together with a full account of the various editions of his works.

wretched prologue, and is chiefly remarkable as the first existing specimen of a play in English prose. It is printed in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama*.

The Glasse of Government, a tragicall comedie, according to Mr. Collier, is "a most tedious puritanical treatise upon education, illustrated by the different talents and propensities of four young men placed under the same master. The two cleverest are reduced to vice, while the two dullest persevere in a course of virtue, and one of them becomes secretary to the Landgrave, and the other 'a famous preacher.' Nothing can be more uninteresting than the whole performance, although the author has labored to enliven it by the introduction of a Parasite, a Bawd, a Prostitute, a Roister, and a knavish servant. The schoolmaster preaches a regular sermon, quoting chapter and verse, and reads a long lecture on the duties of honor, obedience, and love." * Gascoigne had little dramatic power or skill, and this piece is a play only in form.

JOCASTA is an alteration of the *Phœnissæ* of

* Hist. Dram. Poet., III. 7.

Euripides. The first and fourth acts were "done" by Francis Kinwelmarsh, the rest by Gascoigne,* with the exception of the epilogue, which was written by Christopher Yelverton. *Ferrex and Porrex*, noted as our first English tragedy and our first play in blank verse, furnished the model, which was closely followed, and without improvement. *Jocasta* came only four or five years later; it is the second blank-verse play, and, as far as is known, the first Greek play introduced on the English stage.

Warton has said, that this play is partly a paraphrase and partly an abridgment of the Greek tragedy, and that there are many omissions, retrenchments, and transpositions. The original is, to be sure, retrenched of most of its beauties and abridged of its fair proportions, but the English play is nearly a thousand lines longer. Where a fine passage is left out, a very indifferent one of greater length is generally inserted. The characters and the substance of the story are retained. The second

* It will be observed that only the second act is, in this edition, set down as Gascoigne's.

act follows Euripides with little variation, but follows, of course, "*haud passibus æquis*." The authors had, no doubt, good reasons for not drawing largely on the public's knowledge of ancient history and mythology. The change of the Chorus from Phœnician to Theban women relieved them from the necessity of some recondite allusions, and the entire omission of the Theban dragon was a still greater saving. For the same reason, the description of the leaders against Thebes and of their battle is nearly all left out, and even the mention of proper names is sedulously avoided. By way of amends, in the third act, a little instruction is given in sacrificial antiquities, and the exhibition must have been highly edifying to an audience fond even of dumb show. Long speeches are frequently broken up, and several other alterations made, consequent upon those already spoken of.

It would be unreasonable to criticize severely the skilfulness either of the translation or of the versification; the authors were pioneers in both. There is a tedious want of variety in the metre, and nothing resembling conden-

sation, from beginning to end. Euripides certainly does not require expansion: our authors have diluted his lines to the last degree of weakness and insipidity, when literal fidelity would have secured pathos and effect. As a strong instance, the single line,

“ O mother, O wife most wretched,”

is thus drawn out by Gascoigne: —

“ O wife, O mother, O both wofull names,
O wofull mother, and O wofull wyfe,
O woulde to God, alas, O woulde to God
Thou nere had bene my mother, nor my wyfe.” *

It ought to be remarked, that one or two passages are rendered with considerable spirit, and that the choruses at the end of the acts, which are wholly due to the translators, are written with skill and elegance. The reader will find the best passage in the play compared with a literal version, in the fifty-seventh section of Warton's History.

* Hear Pyramus, in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*: —

“ O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art, when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!”

Act V. Sc. 1.

The progress of the language, and the strangeness of many of the words in the poetical vocabulary, rendered it necessary to affix marginal explanations in editions of Gascoigne's poems printed a very few years after the first. Some of these words are now in familiar use; many which were appropriately used then in a dignified sense have lost rank, and are now vulgar; and many, again, have acquired secondary meanings. The language of this play is full of alliterations, conceits, miserable antitheses, and tame circumlocutions. "Hears with ears" is not unpardonable "affectation," but who can endure

" With bouncing blowes be all be battered,"

or what can be worse than the style of the whole of the first speech in the third scene of the fifth act?

Jocasta is reprinted from George Steevens's copy of the first edition of Gascoigne's Posies, not dated, but published in 1572. According to Chalmers, only two perfect copies of this edition are known, one of which was in Steevens's collection, the other in Emanuel College library.

THESE plays have been printed with scrupulous accuracy. It was designed at first to make no alterations; but the editor was afterwards convinced that a good reason cannot be given for such a course. A few corrections have accordingly been made, in cases of absolute certainty, and the editor now regrets that he did not also reform the punctuation. The scanty notes which are added are such as a limited reading has at short notice supplied. Even had leisure allowed of extensive research, no American library could have furnished many of the books necessary for such illustration.

F. J. C.

August 22, 1848.

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Jack Jugler.

**A new Enterlued for
Chyldren to playe, named Jacke Jugeler, both
wytte, and very playsent. Newly
Imprinted.**

The Players names.

Mayster Boungrace	A galant
Dame coye	A Gentelwoman
Jacke Jugler	The vyce
Jenkin careaway	A Lackey
Ales trype and go	A mayd.



JACK JUGLER.

THE PROLOGUE.

I NTERPONE tuis interdum gaudia curis
Vt possis animo quemues sufferre laborem
Doo any of you knowe what latine is this
Or ells wold you haue, an expositorem
To declare it in Englyshe, per sensum planiorem
It is best I speake Englyshe, or ells with in a whylle
I may percace myne owne selfe, with my latin begile.

The two verses, which I rehersed before
I finde written, in the boke of Cato the wyse
Emongs good precepts, of lyuing a thousand more
Which to folowe there, he doth all men auise
And they may be Englyshed, breffie in this wyse
Emongs thy carful busines, vse sume time mirth & ioye
That no bodilye worke, thy wyttes breke or noye.

For the mynd (saith he) in serious matters occupied
 Yf it haue not sum quiet mirthe, and recreacion
 Interchaungeable admixed, must niddes be sone wried
 And (as who should saye) tried, through continual operacion
 Of labour and busines, without relaxacion
 Therfore intermix honest mirthe, in suche wise
 That your strēght may be refreshid, & to labours suffice.

For as meat and drinke, naturall rest and slepe
 For the conseruacion, and helth of the bodye
 Must niddes be had, soo the mynd and wittes to kepe
 Pregnant, freshe industrius, quike and lustie
 Honest mirthe, and pastime, is requisite and necessarie
 For, Quod caret alterna requie durabile non est
 Nothing may endure (saith Ouid) with out sum rest.

Example, proufe her of in erth is well founde
 Manifest open and verie euident
 For except the husbandman suffer his grounde
 Sum tymes to rest, it wol bere no frute verament
 Therfore they lett the filde lye, euerie second yeare
 To the end that after rest, it may the better corne beare.

Thus than (as I haue sayed) it is a thyng naturall
 And naturallie belonging to all lyuing creatures
 And vnto man especially, aboue others all
 To haue at times cōueniēt pastaūce, mirthe, & pleasurs
 So thei be ioyned w^t honestie, and kept w^t in due measurs
 And the same well allowed not onlye the said Cato
 But also y^e Philosophers, Plutarke, Socrates & Plato.

And Cicero Tullius, a man sapient and wyse
 Willeth the same, in that his fyrst boke
 Which he wrot, and entytulid, of an honest mans office
 Who so is disposid thereupon to looke
 Wher to define, and offirme, he boldlie on him tooke
 That to here Enterluds, is pastime conuenient
 For all maner men, and a thing congruent.

He rekeneth that namelie, as a verie honest disport
 And above al other thinges, commendeth y^e old comēdie
 The hearing of which, may doo the mynd cumfort
 For they be replenished with precepts of Philosophie
 The containe mutch wisdom & teache prudēt pollecie
 And though thei be al writē of mattiers of non importaūce
 Yet the shew great wit, and mutch pretie conueiaunce.

And in this maner of making, Plautus did excell
 As recordeth the same Tullius comēding him bi name
 Wherefore this maker deliteth passinglye well
 Too folowe his argumentes, and drawe out the same
 For to make at seasuns cōueniēt pastims mirth & game
 As now he hath dō this matter not worth an oyster shel
 Except percace it shall furtune too make you laugh well.

And for that purpose onlye this maker did it write
 Taking the ground therof out of Plautus first comēdie
 And the first scentence of y^e same for higher things endite
 In no wise he wold, for yet the time is so quesiē
 That he that speaketh best, is lest thanke worthie
 Therefore, sith nothing but trifles maye be had
 You shal here a thing y^t onlie shal make you merie & glad.

And suche a trifling matter as when it shalbe done
 Ye may report and saye ye haue hearde nothing at all
 Therefore I tell you all, before it be begone
 That noman looke to heare of matters substancyall
 Nor mattiers of any grauitee either great or small
 For this maker shewed vs that suche maner thinges
 Doo neur well besime litle boyes handelinges.

Wherefore yf ye wyl not sowrelie your broues bende
 At suche a fantastical conceite as this
 But can be content to heare and see the ende
 I woll go shew the Players what your pleasure is
 Which to wait vpon you I know bee redie or this
 I woll goo sende them hither in too your presence
 Desiryng that they may haue quiet audience.

JAKE JUGLER

Our lord of Heuen and swete sainte Ihone
 Rest you mery my maisters euerychone
 And I praye to Christ and swete saint Steuen
 Send you all many a good euine
 And you to syr, and you, and you also
 Good euine to you an hundered times & a thousand mo
 Now by all thes crosses of fleshe bone and blod
 I reckine my chaunce right maruaylus good
 Here now to find all this cumpanie
 Which in my mynde I wysshed for hartylie
 For I haue labored all daye tyll I am werie

And now am disposed too passe the time, and be merie
 And I thinke noon of you, but he wolde do the same
 For who wol be sad, and nedithe not, is foule to blame
 And as for mee, of my mother I haue byn tought
 To bee merie when I may, and take no thought
 Which leasone, I bare so well awaye
 That I vse to make mery oons a daye
 And now if all thinges happyn right
 You shall see as mad a pastime this night
 As you saw this seuen yers and as propre a toye
 As euer you saw played of a boye
 I am called Jake Jugler, of many an oon
 And in faith I woll playe a iugling cast a non
 I woll cunger the moull, and god before
 Or elles leat me lese my name for euer more
 I have it deuised, and compasced hou
 And what wayes, I woll tell and shew to you
 You all know well Maister Boungrace
 The gentilman that dwellith here in this place
 And Jenkin Careawaie, his page as cursed a lad
 And as vngracious as euer man had
 And vnhappy wage, & as folishe a knaue with al
 As any is now, within London wall
 This Jenkin and I been fallen at great debate
 For a mattier, that fell betwine vs a late
 And hitherto of him I could neuer reuenged be
 For his maister mantaineth hi, & loueth not me
 Albe it the very truth to tell
 Nother of thē both, knoweth me not verie well
 But against al other boies, the sayd gentle man
 Maynteyneth him, all that he can
 But I shall set lytle by my wyte

If I do not Jenkine this night requite
Ere I slepe Jenkine shall bee mete
And I trust to cume partlye out of his dete
And whan we mete againe, if this do not suffice
I shall paye Jenkine the residue, in my best wyse
It chaüced me right now in the other end of y^e next stret
With Jenkine and his mayster, in the face to met
I aboed ther a whylle, playing for to see
At the Buklers, as welbecommed mee
It was not longe tyme, but at the last
Bake cumithe my cosune Careawaie, homward ful fast
Pricking, Praunsing, and springynge in his short cote
And pleasauntlie synginge, with a mery note
Whyther a waye so fast, tary a whyle sayed oon
I cannot now sayd Jenkine, I must nides bee goon
My Maister suppeth herbye, at a gentylmans place
And I must thither feache my dame, maistres bougrace
But yet er I go, I care not motche
At the bukelers to playe, with thee oon faire toche
To it they went, and played so long
Till Jenkine thought he had wrong
By cokes precious potstike, I wyll not home this night
Quod he, but as good a stripe oon thie hed lyght
Within halfe an houre, or sume what lese
Jenkine left playing, and went to featche his maisteris
But by the waye he met with a freuterer wyfe
There Jenkine and she fell at suche strife
For snatching of an apple, that doune he cast
Her basket, and gatherid vp the apples fast
And put them in his sleue, thē came he his waye
By an other lane, as fast as he maye
tyll he came at a corner, by a shoops stall

Where boyes were at Dice, faryng at all
When Careawaie with that good cumpany met
He fell to faryng, withouten let
Forgettyng his message, and so did he fare
that whan I came bye, he gan swere and stare
And full bitterlye, began to curse
As oone that had lost, almost all in his purse
For I knowe his olde gise, and condicion
Neuer to leaue, tyll all his mony bee goon
For he hath noo mony, but what he doth stell
And that woll he playe, awaye euery dell
I passed by, and then called vnto my mynd
Sartayne old rekeaninges, that were behynd
Bitwen Jenkine & me, whō partlie to recōpence
I trust by gods grace, ere I goo hence
This garments, cape, and all other geare
That now you see, apon me here
I haue doon oon, all lyke vnto his
For the nons, and my purpose is
To make Jenkine byliue yf I can
That he is not him selfe, but an other man
For except he hath better loke, than he had
He woll cum hyther, starke staryng mad
Whan he shall cum, I wol handle my captiue so
That he shal not well wot, whether too goo
His Maisteris I know, she woll him blame
And his Mayster also, wyll doo the same
Because that she, of her supper deceiued is
For I am sure they haue all supped by this
But and if Jenkine, wold hither resort
I trust he and I, should make sum sport
Yf I had sooner spokine, he wold haue sooner been here
For my simithe, I do his voyce hear.

CAREAWAYE

A syr I may saye, I haue been at a fest
I haue lost. ii. s. and syx pence at the lest
Mary syr, of this gaynes I nyde make no bost
But the dyuell goo with all, more haue I lost
My name is Careawaie, let all sorow passe
I woll ere too morow night be as rich as euer I was
Or at y^e forthest within a day or twaine
Me Maysters purse, shall paye me agayne
Therfor hogh careawaie, now wol I sig hei hei
But bi y^e lorde now I remembre a nother thing
By my faith Jenkine my Maisteris and thou
Ar lyke to gree, god knoweth hou
That thou comest not, for her incontinent
To bryng hir to supper, when thou were sent
And now they haue all supped, thou wolt shurlie abyge
Except thou imagine, sumpretie and craftye lye
For she is as all other weomen bee
A verie cursed shrew, by the blessid Trinitie
And a verye Dyuell, for yf she oons begyne
To fyght, or chyde, in a weke she wol not lyne
And a great pleasure she hath, specyally now of late
To gette poore me, now and then by the pate
For she is an angrye pece of fleshe, and sone displeasyd
Quikely moued, but not lyghtlye appesed
We vse to call her at home, dame Coye
A pretie gingerlie pice, god saue her and saint Loye
As denty and nice, as an halpeny worth of siluer spoons
But vengable melancolie, in the after noons
She vseth for hir bodylie helth, and safegard
To chyd daylie oone fite, too supperward
And my Mayster himself, is worse then she

If he ons throughlye angeryd bee
 And a mayd we haue at home, Aulsoon tripe and goo
 Not all London can shewe, suche other twoo
 She simperith, she prankith and getteth without faylle
 As a pecocke that hath spred, and sheweth hir gaye taile
 Se minceth, she brideleth, she swimmeth to and fro
 She tredith not one here a wrye, she tryppeth like a do
 A brode in the strete, going or cumming homward
 She quauerith, and wardelith, like one in a galiard
 Euerye ioynt in her bodye and euerie part
 Oh it is a ioylie wenche to myns and deuyd a fart
 She talketh, she chatteth like a Pye all daye
 And speaketh like a parat Poppagaye
 And that as fine, as a small silken threede
 Ye and as high as an Eagle can fle for a neade
 But it is a spitfull lying girle, and neuer well
 But whan she may sum yll tael by me tel
 She wol I warrant you, a non at the first
 Of me imagine, and saye the worst,
 And what soeuer she to my maisteris doth saye
 It is writen in the gossPELL of the same daye
 Therefore I woll here with my selfe deuise
 What I may best say, and in what wise
 I may excuse this my long taryeng
 That she of my negligence may suspect nothyng
 For if the faulte of this be found in mee
 I may giue my life for halpenis three.

[*Hic cogitabundo similis sedeat.*]

Let me stodie this moneth, and I shall not fiend
 A better deuise then now is cume to my mynd
 Maistries woll I saye, I am bound by my dutie
 To see that your womanhod haue no iniurie

For I heare and see, more then you now and then
And your selfe partlie know the wantin wyles of men
When wee came yender, there dyd I see
My mayster kisse gentilwomen tow or three
And to come emongs others my thought bysye
He had a myruayllus great phantasye
A non he commaundyd me to run thens for you
To cume supe there if you wold but I wot not how
My hart grudgid mistrusting lest that I being awaye
My maister wold sum light cast playe
Wher vpon maistries, to se the ende
I tarried halfe supper time so god me mende
And besydes that there was' such other compainye
As I know your maistrisship setteth nothing by
Gorges dames of the corte and galaunts also
With doctours, and other rufflers mo
At last when I thought it tyme and seasune
I cam too certifie you as it was reasune
And by the way whome should I mete
But that most honest Gentilman in the stret
Which the last wike was with you here
And made you a banket, and bouncing cheare
Ah Jenkin q^d he good spid how farest thou
Mary wel god yld it you maister q^d I how do you
How dothe thy maisteris is she at home
Ye syr q^d I and suppeth all a lone
And but she hath noo maner good chere
I am sure she wold gladly haue you there
I cannot cum now sayd he I haue busines
But thou shalt carie a tokine from me to thy maistreis
Goo with mee too my chambre at yone lane end
And I woll a dishe of costerds vnto hyr send

I folowid him, and was bold by your leaue
To receiue and bring them here in my sleue
But I wold not for all Englund by Jhesu Chryst
That my maister Boungrace herof wyst
Or knew that I should any such geare to you bring
Lest he misdime vs both in sum worse thyng
Nor shew him nothyng of that I before sayed
For then in dyd syr I am arayed
Yf you doo I may nothing herafter vnto you tell
whether I se mi master doo ill or well
That if you now this counsaile kepe
I wol ease you parchaunce twise in a wike
you may saye you wer sike and your hed did ake
that you lusted not this night any supper make
Specialye without the dores but thought it best
too abyde at home and take your rest
And I wyll to my maister too bryng hym home
For you know he wolbe angrie if he come alone
this woll I saye and face it so well
That she shall beleue it euerye dell
How saye you frinds, by the armes of Robyn hood
Wol not this excuse be resonable good
To muse for any beeter, great foly it is
For I may make sure rekenning of this
That and if I wold sit stooing this. vii. yere
I shall not ells find how to saue me all clere
And as you see for the most part our witts be best
When we be takyne most vnrediest
But I wol not giue for that boye a flye
That hath not al tymes in store one good lye
And cannot set a good face vpon the same
Therefore saint George y^e boroue, as it wol let him frame

I woll ieopard a ioynt, bee as bee maye
 I haue had many lyke chaunces, before this daye
 But I promise you I do curstlie feare
 For I feel a vengeable burning in my left ere
 And it hath byn a saying, of tyme long
 That swete mete woll haue soure sauce among
 And surely I shall haue sum ill hape
 For my here standith vp vnder my cape
 I would knocke but I dare not by our ladye
 I feare hanging where vnto no man is hastie
 But seing there is no nother remedie
 Thus to stand any longer it is but folye.

[*Hic pulset ostium.*]

They bee soo farre with in, the cannot heare

JACKE JUGLER

Soft thy knocking saucie knaue, what makest thou there

JENKEN CAREAWAIE

What knaue is that ? he speaketh not too me I trowe
 And we mete the one of vs is lyke to haue a blowe
 For nowe that I am well chafed, and sumwhat hote
 twentye suche could I hewe as small as fleshe to pote
 And surelie if I had a knyfe
 This knaue should escape hardelye with his lyfe
 To teache him to aske of me any more
 What I make at my owne maistirs doore

JACK JUGLER

But if thou come from that gate thou knaue
 I woll fet thee by the swet lookes so god me saue

JENKINE CAREAWAIE

Woll the horesoon fyght in dede by myn honestie
 I know no quarell he hath too me
 But I wold I were with in the house
 And then I wold not set by hym a louse
 For I feare and mistrust such quareling thiues
 See how he beginnith to strike vp his sleues

JACKE IUGLER

His arse makith buttens now, and who lustith to feale
 Shall find his hart creping out at his heele
 Or ells lying hiden in sum corner of his hose
 Yf it be not alredie dropped out of his nose
 For as I doubt not but you haue hard beforene
 A more dastard couerd knaue was neuer borne

JENKIN CAREAWAIE

The diuell set the house a fier, I trowe it is a curste
 When a man hath most hast he spedith worst
 Yf I bee robed, or slayne, or any harme geate
 The fault is in them that dothe not me in lete
 And I durst ieoperd, an hunderid pounce
 That sum bauderie might now within be founde
 But except sum of them come the soner
 I shall knocke suche a peale, that al england shal wöder

JAKE IUGLER

Knoke at the gate hardelye agayne if thou dare
 And seing thou wolt not bye faire words beware
 Now fistes, me thinketh yesterdaye. vii. yers past
 That four men a sleepe at my fete you cast
 And this same day you dyd no maner good
 Nor were not washen in warme blod

JENKIN CAREAWAIE

What whorson is this that washith in warme blod
 Sum diuell broken loose, out of hell for wood
 Four hath he slayne, and now well I see
 That it must be my chaunce the fift to bee
 But rather then thus shamfullye too be slayne
 Wold Christ my frends had hanged me being but yers. ii.
 And yet if I take good hart and be bolde
 Percace he wolbe more sobre and coulede

JAKE IUGLER

Now handes bestur you about his lyppes and face
 And streake out all his teth without any grace
 Gentleman are you disposed to eate any fist mete

JENKIN CAREAWAYE

I haue supped I thanke you syr and lyste not to eate
 Geue it to them that are haungrie if you be wyse

JACKE IUGLER

Yet shall do a man of your dyet no harme to suppe twise
 This shalbe your Chise, to make your met digest
 For I tell you thes handes weighith of the best

JENKIN CAREAWAYE

I shall neuer escape see how he waghith his handes

JACKE IUGLER

with a stroke they wyll lay a knaue in our ladye boons
 And this day yet they haue done no good at all

JENKINE CAREAWAYE

Ere y^u assaye thē on mee, I prairie thee lame thē on y^e wal

But speake you all this in earnest, or in game
Yf you be angrie with me trulye you are to blame
For haue you any iust quarrell to mee

JAKE IUGLER

Eer thou and I parte that wol I shew thee

JENKIN CAREAWAYE

Or haue I doone you any maner displeasure

JAKE IUGLER

Ere thou and I parte thou shalt know, y^u maist besure

JENKIN CAREAWAYE

By my faith yf thou be angrie without a cause
You shall haue a mendes made with a cople of straus
By thee I sette what soeuer thou arte
But for thy displeasure I care not a farte
May a man demaund whose seruaut you bee

JACKE IUGLER

My maisters seruaunt I am for veritie

JENKIN CAREAWAYE

What busynes haue you at thys place now

JACKE IUGLER

Nay mary tell me what busynes hast thou
For I am commaunded for to watche & giue diligence
That in my good maister Boungraces absence
Noo misfortune may happen to his house sertayne

JENKIN CAREAWAYE

well now I am cume, you may go hens agayne
 And thanke them y^t somuch for my maister hath doone
 Shewing them y^t the seruants of y^e house be cume home
 For I am of the house, and now in woll I goo

JACKE IUGLER

I cannot tell whether thou be of the house or noo
 But goo no nere, lest I handle thee like a strainger
 Thanke no man but thyselfe, if thou be in any daunger

JENKINE CAREAWAYE

Marye I defye thee, and planly vnto thee tell
 That I am a seruaunt of this house, and here I dwell

JACKE IUGLER

Now soo god me snache, but thou goo thee waies
 Whille thou mayest, for this fortie dayes
 I shall make thee not able to goo nor ryde
 But in a dungcart or a whilberow lyng on on syde

JENKEN CAREAWAIE

I am a seruaunt of this house by thes. x. bons

JACKE IUGLER

Noo more prating but geat thee hens at towns

JENKIN CAREAWAYE

Why my master hath sent me home in his message

JACKE IUGLER

Pike and walke a knaue, here a waye is no passage

JENKIN CAREAWAIE

What wilt thou let me from my nowne maistirs house

JACKE IUGLER

Be tredging, or in faith you bere me a souse
Here my mayster and I haue our habitacion
And hath continually dwelled in this mansyon
At the least this doosen yers and od
And here wol we end our lyues by the grace of god

JENKIN CAREAWAYE

Why then where shall my maister and I dwell

JACKE IUGLER

At the Dyuell yf you lust, I can not tell

JENKEN CAREAWAYE

In nomine patris, now this geare doth passe
For a litel before supper here our house was
And this day in y^e morning I wol on a boke swer
That my maister and I both dwelleyd here

JAKE IUGLER

Who is thy mayster tell me with out lye
And thine owne name also let me knowe shortlie
For my maysters all, let me haue the blame
Yf this knaue kno his master or his owne name

CAREAWAYE

My maisters name is maister Boungrace
I haue dwelled with him a longe space
And I am ienkin Careawaye his page

JAKEIUGLER

What ye drunken knaue begin you to rage
Take that, art thou maister Boungracis page

CAREAWAIE

Yf I be not, I haue made a verye good viage

JACKE IUGLER

Darest thou too my face say thou art I

CAREAWAYE

I wolde it were true and no lye
For then thou sholdest smart, and I should bet
Where as now I do all the blowes get

JACKE IUGLER

And is maister Boungrace thy maister doest y^u then saye

CAREAWAYE

I woll swere on a booke, he was ons this daye

JACKE IUGLER

And for that thou shalt sum what haue
Because thou presumest, like a saucye lying knaue
To saye my maister is thyne who is thy maister now ?

CAREAWAIE

By my trouthe syr who so euer please you
I am your owne, for you bete me soo
As no man but my mayster sholde doo

JAKE IUGLER

I woll handle thee better if faut be not in fyst

CAREAWAIE

Helpe saue my life maisters for y^e passion of christ

JACKE IUGLER

Why thou lowsy thefe doest thou crye and rore

CAREAWAYE

No fayth I woll not crye one whit more
Saue my lyfe helpe, or I am slaine

JACKE IUGLER

Ye doest thou make a romeringe yet a gayne
Dyd not I byde the holde thy peace

CAREAWAIE

In faith now I leave crieng, now I sease helpe, helpe

JACKE IUGLER

Who is thy maister

CAREAWAYE

Mayster Boungrace

JACKE IUGLER

I woll make the chaung y^t song, ere wee pas this place
For he is my maister, and a gaine to thee I saye
That I am his ienkin Careawaye
Who art thou now tell me plaine

CAREAWAYE

Noo bodye, but whome please you sertayne

JACKE IUGLER

Thou saydest euen now thy name was Careawaie

CAREAWAYE

I crye you marcy syr, and forgiuenes praye
I said a mysse because it was soo too daye
And thought it should haue continued alwaies
Like a fole as I am and a dronken knaue
But in faith syr yee se alle the wytte I haue
Therefore I beseche you do me no more blame
But giue me a new maister, and an other name
For it wold greue my hart soo helpe me god
To runne a bout the stretes like a maisterlis nod

JAKE IUGLER

I am he that thou saydest thou were
And maister boungrace is my maister y^t dweleth heare
thou art no poynt Careawaye thi witts do thee faylle

CAREAWAYE

Ye mary syr you haue bette them doune into my taylle
But syr myght I be bolde to say on thyng
Without any bloues, and without any beatynge

JAKE IUGLER

Truce for a whyle say one what thy lust

CAREAWAYE

May a man too your honeste by your woord trust
I pray you swere by the masse you woll do me no yll

JACKE IUGLER

By my faith I promise pardone thee I woll

CAREAWAYE

What and you kepe no promise

JA IUGLER

then vpō cai .

I prairie god light as much or more as hath on y^e to daye

CAREAWAYE

Now dare I speake so mote I thee

Maister boungrace is my maister, and the name of mee
is ienken careaway

IACKE IUGLER

What saiest thou soo .

CAREAWAYE

And yf thou wilt strike me, and breake thy promise, doo
And beate on mee, tyll I stinke, and tyll I dye
And yet woll I still saye that I am I

IACKE IUGLER

This bedlem knaue without dought is mad

CAREAWAYE

No by god for all that I am a wyse lad
And can call to remembraunce euery thyng
That I dyd this daye, sithe my vprisynge
For went not I wyth my mayster to daye
Erly in the morning to the Tenis playe ?
At noone whyle my maister at the dynner sate
Played not I at Dice at the gentylmans gate
Did not I wayte on my maister to supper ward
And I thiike I was not chaūged y^e way hōward

Or ells if thou thinke I lye
 Aske in the stret of them that I came bye
 And sith that I cam hether into your presens
 what man lyuing could carye me hens
 I remember I was sent to fetche my maisteris
 And what I deuised to saue me harmeles
 Doo not I speake now [is] not this my hande
 Be not these my feet y^e on this ground stand ?
 Did not this other knaue her knoke me about y^e hede ?
 And beat me tyll I was almost dede ?
 How may it then bee, that he should bee I ?
 Or I not my selfe it is a shamfull lye ?
 I woll home to our house, whosoeuer say naye
 For surelye my name is ienken Careawaye

JACKE JUGLER

I wol make thee say otherwise ere we depart if we can

JENKIN CAREAWAYE

Nay that woll I not in faith for no man
 Except thou tell me what I thou hast doone
 Euer syth fiue of the cloke this afternoone
 Reherse me all that without anye lye
 And then I woll confesse that thou art I

JACKE IUGLER

When my maister came to the gentylmās place
 He cōmaunded me too rune home a great pace
 To fet thyther my maisteris and by the waye
 I dyd a good whyle at the bukelers playe
 Then came I by a wife that did costerds sell
 And caste downe her basket fayre and well

And gathered as many as I could gete
And put them in my sleue here they bee yet

CAREAWAIE

How the diuell should they cume there
For I dyd them all in my owne sleue bere
He lyeth not a worde in all this
Nor dothe in any one poynt myse
For ought I se yet betwene erneste and game
I must go sike me a nother name
But thou mightest see al this, tel the rest that is behind
And there I know I shal thee a lyer fynd

JACKE IUGLER

I ran thence homeward a contrarye waye
And whether I stoped there or naye
I could tell if me lusteth a good token
But it may not very well be spoken

JENKIN CAREAWAIE

Noo may I praye thee let no man that here
But tell it me priuelye in mine ere

JACKE IUGLER

I thou lost all thy mony at dice christ giue it his curse
wel and truelye pycked before out of an other mās porse

JENKEN CAREAWAIE

Godes bodye horeson thefe who tolde thee that same
Sum cunning diuell is with in thee payne of shame
In nomine patris, god and our blessed ladye
Now and euermore saue me from thy cumpanye

JACK JUGLER.

JACKE IUGLER

How now art thou Careawaye or not

CAREAWAYE

By the lorde I doubt, but sayest thou nay to that

JACKE IUGLER

Ye mary I tell thee care awaye is my name

CAREAWAYE

And by these tene bones myne is the same

Or ells tell me yf I be not hee

What my name from hensforth shall bee

JACKE IUGLER

By my fayth the same that it was before

Whan I lust too be Careawaye no more

Looke well vpon me, and thou shalt see as now

That I am ienkyne Careawaye and not thou

Looke well a pon me, and by euerye thyng

Thou shalt well know that I make no leasing

CAREAWAYE

I se it is soo without any doubt

But how the dyuell came it aboute

Who soo in England lokethe on him stedelye

Sall perceiue plainlye that he is I

I haue sene my selfe a thousand times in a glasse

But soo lyke myselfe as he is neuer was

He hath in euerye poynt my clothing & mi geare

My hed, my cape, my shirt and notted heare

And of the same coloure, my yes, nose and lyppes

My chekes chine, neake, feete, leges, and hippes
 Of the same stature, and hyght and age
 And is in euery poynt maister Boungrace page
 That if he haue a hole in his tayle
 He is euen I myne owne selfe without any faile
 And yet when I remembre I wot not how
 The same mā y^t I haue euer bine me thinkith I am now
 I know mi maister, & his house, & my fiue witts I haue
 Why then should I giue credence to this folishe knaue
 That nothing entendith but me delude and mooke
 For whom should I feare at my masters gate to knoke

JACKE IUGLER

Thinkest thou I haue sayde all this in game
 Goo or I shall send the hens in the dyuills name
 A voyde thou lousye lurden & precious stinking slaue
 that nether thi name knowest nor canst ani maister haue
 wine shakin, pilorye peepours, of lice not w^tout a pecke
 Hens or by gods precious I shall breake thy necke

CAREAWAYE

Then mayster I besiche you hartylye take the payne
 Yf I be found in any place too bringe me to me againe
 Now is not this a wonderfull case
 That no man should lease him selfe soo in ony place
 Haue any of you harde of suche a thyng here to fore
 No nor neuer shall I dare saie from hensforth any more

JACKE IUGLER

Whyle he museth an iudgeth him selfe apon
 I woll stele a weye for a whyle and let him a loon

CAREAWAIE

Good lorde of heuine, where dyd I my selfe leaue
Or who did me of my name by the waye bereue
For I am sure of this in my mynde
That I dyd in no place leue my selfe byhinde
Yf I had my name played a waye at dyce
Or had sold my selfe to any man at a pryce
Or had made a fray and had lost it in fyghtyng
Or it had byne stolne from me sleaping
It had byne a matter and I wold haue kept pacience
But it spiteth my hart to haue lost it by such open negligence
Ah thou horesone drousie drunken sote
Yt were an almes dyde to walke thy cote
And I shrew him that wold for thee be sorye
Too see thee well curried by and by
And by Chryst if any man wold it doo
I my selfe wold helpe there too
For a man may see thou horesone goose
Thou woldest lyse thyne arse if it were loose
Albeit I wold neuer the dyde beleue
But that the thing it selfe doth shewe and pryue
There was neuer Ape so lyke vnto an Ape
As he is to me in feature, and shape
But what woll my maister say trowe ye
When he shall this geare here and see
Wyl he know me thinke you, when he shal se me
Yf he do not another woll as good as he
But where is that other I? whether is he gon
To my mayster by cockes precius passion
Eyther to put me out of my place
Or too accuse me to my maister Boungrace
But I woll after as fast as I can flee

I trust to be there as soone as hee
 That yf my mayster be not redye home to come
 I woll be here agayne as fast as I can rune
 In any wyse to speake with my mayteris
 Or ells I shall neuer escape hanging dubtles

DAME COYE

I shall not suppe this night full wel I see
 For as yet noo bodie cumithe for to fet mee
 But good ynough let me alone
 I woll bee euen with them euery chone
 I saye nothing, but I thinke sum what I wis
 Sum ther bee that shall here of this
 Of al vnkind & churlishe husbands this is y^e cast
 To let ther wyues set at home and fast
 While they bee forth and make good cheare
 Pastime, and sporte, as now he doth there
 But yf I were a wyse woman, as I am a mome
 I shold make my selfe as good chere at home
 But if he haue thus vnkindlye serued mee
 I woll not forget it this monethis three
 And if I west y^e fault were in him, I pray god I be ded
 But he shoulde haue suche a kyrie, ere he went too bed
 As he neuer had before in all his lyfe
 Nor any man ells haue had of his wyfe
 I wolde rate him and shake him after such a sorte
 As sholde be to him a corasiue, full lytle to his cumforte

ALLS TRIPPE AND GOO

Yf I may be so bolde by your maisteriships lycens
 As too speake and shew my mynde and sentence
 I thinke of this you may the boye thanke

For I know that he playeth you many a lyke pranke
 And that wolde you saye, yf you knew as mutch as wee
 That his dayly conuersation and byhauiore see
 For yf you commaund him to goo speake with sum one
 Yt is an houre ere he wolbe gone
 Then woll he rune forth, and playe in the strete
 And cume a gaine and say that he cannot with him mete

DAME COYE

Naye, naye, it is his maisters playe
 He seruith me soo almost euerye third daye
 But I wolbe euen with him as god geue me ioy
 And yet the fault may bee in the boye
 As vngracious a graft so mot I thríue
 As any goeth on goddes ground a lyue

CAREAWAYE

My witte is breched in suche a brake
 That I cannot deuise what way is best to take
 I was almost as fare as my maister is
 But then I begane to remember this
 And to cast the worst as on in fere
 Yf he chaunce to see mee and kepe me there
 Till he cum him selfe, & speake with mi masteris
 Then am I lyke to bee in shrewd dystres
 Yet were I better thought I to turne hom again
 And fyrst speake wyth her certayne
 Cockes bodie yonder she standeth at the dore
 Now is it wourse then it was before
 Wold christ I could get againe out of hir sight
 For I see be her looke she is diposid to fyght
 Bi y^e lord she hath ther an angrie shrewes loke

DAME COYE

Loo yender cumithe that vnhappye hooke

CAREAWAYE

God saue me maysteris doo you know me well

DAME COYE

Cume nere hither vnto mee, and I shall thee tell
 Why thou noughtie vyllan is that thy gyse
 To gest with thy maisteris in suche wise
 take that to begyne with, and god before
 When thy maister cumith home thou shalt haue more
 For he told me when he forth wente
 That thou shouldest cume bake a gaine incontinente
 To brynge me to supper where he now is
 And thou hast plaid by the waie, & thei haue don bi this
 But no force I shall thou mayst trust mee
 Teache all naughtie knaues to beware by thee

CAREAWAYE

For sothe maisteris yf you knew as much as I
 Ye woulde not bee with me half so angrie
 For the faulte is neither in mi maister nor in me nor you
 But in an other knaue that was here euen now
 And his name was ienkin Careawaie

DAME COYE

What I see my man is diposid to playe
 I wine he be dronken or mad I make god a vou

CAREAWAIE

Nay I haue byn made sobre and tame I now

I was neuer so handelid before in all my lyfe
I would euery man in England had so beat me his wife
I haue forgotten with tousing by the here
What I deuised to say a lytle ere

DAME COYE

Haue I lost my supper this night through thi negligēce

CAREAWAYE

Nay then wer I a knaue misteris, sauing your reuerēce

DAME COYE

Why I am sure that by this time it is doone

CAREAWAYE

Ye that it is more then an our agone

DAME COYE

And was not thou sent to feache mee theyther

CAREAWAYE

Yes and had cume right quiklie hither
But that by the waye I had a gret fall
And my name, body shape legges and all
And meat with one, that from me did it stelle
But be god he and I sum bloues dyd deale
I wolde he were now before your gate
For you wold poumle him ioylile a bout the pate

DAME COYE

Truelye this wage pastie is either drunken or mad

CAREAWAYE

Neuer man soffred so mutche wrong as I had
 But maisteris I should saye a thinge to you
 Tary it wol cum to my remembrece euen now
 I must niddes vse a substanciall premeditacion
 For the matter lyeth gretylie me a pon
 I besiche your maisterishipe of pardon and forgiuenes
 Desyering you to impute it to my simple & rude dulines
 I haue forgotten what I haue thought to haue sayed
 And am therof full ill a paied
 But whan I lost myselfe I knew verie well
 I lost also that I should you tell

DAME COYE

Why thou wrechid villen doest thou me scorne and moke
 To make me to these folke a laufying stocke
 Ere thou go out of my handes y^e shalt haue sum thyng
 And I woll rekine better in the mornynge

CAREAWAIE

And yf you bete mee maysteris a vise you
 For I am none of your seruantes now
 That other I is now your page
 And I am no longer in your bondage

DAME COYE

Now walke precious thife get thee out of my syght
 And I charge thee cum in my presens no more this night
 Get thee hens and wayte on thy maister at ons

CAREAWAIE

Mary syr this is handeling for the noons

I wold I had byn hanged before y^t I was lost
 I was neuer this canuased and tost
 That if my maister on his part also
 Handle me as my maisteris and the other I do
 I shall surelye be killed bitwine theim thre
 And all the diuels in hell shal not saue me
 But yet if the other I might haue w^t me parte
 All this wold neuer greue my harte

JACKE IUGLER

How saye you maisters I pray you tell
 Haue not I requited my marchent well
 Haue not I handelyd hym after a good sort
 Had it not byne pytie to haue lost this sporte
 A none his maister on his behalphe
 You shall see how he woll handle the calphe
 yf he throughlye angered bee
 He woll make him smart so mot I thee
 I wolde not for the price of a new payre of shone
 That any parte of this had bynne vndune
 But now I haue reuenged my quarell
 I woll go do of this myne apparell
 And now let Careawaye be Careawaye againe
 I haue done with that name now certayne
 Except perauenture I shall take the selfe same wede
 Sum other tyme agayne for a like cause and nede

BOUNGRACE

Why then darist thou to presume too tell me
 That I know is no wyse possible for to bee

CAREAWAYE

Now by my truth master I haue told you no lie

And all these folkes knowith as well as I
 I had no sooner knocked at the gate
 But straight wayes he had me by the pate
 Therefore yf you bet me tyll I fart & shyte againe
 You shall not cause me for any payne
 But I woll affirme as I said before
 That when I came nere a nother stode at y^t dore

BOUNGRACE

Why y^u naughtye villaine darest y^u affirme to me
 that which was neuer sene nor hereafter shalbe
 That one man may haue too bodies & two faces
 And y^t one man at on time may be in too placis
 Tell me drankest thou any where by the waye

CAREAWAIE

I shreue me if I drāke any more thē twise to day
 Tyll I met euen now with that other I
 And with him I supped and dranke truelye
 But as for you yf you gaue me drinke and meat
 As oftentymes as you do me beat
 I were the best fed page in all this Cytie
 But as touchyng that, you haue on me no pitye
 And not onlye I but all that do you sarue
 For meat and drynke may rather starue

BOUNGRACE

What you saucye malypert knaue
 Begine you with your maister to prat and raue
 Your tonge is lyberall and all out of frame
 I must niddes counger it and make it tame
 wher is y^t other Careawai y^t thou said was here

CAREAWAYE

Now by my chrystendome syr I wot nere

BOUNGRACE

Why canst thou fynde no man to moke but mee

CAREAWAYE

I moke you not maister soo mot I thee
Euerye word was trew that I you tolde

BOUNGRACE

Nay I know toyes and pranke of old
And now thou art not satisfyed nor content
without regarde of my biddinges and commaūdiment
To haue plaied by the waie as a leude knaue & negligēt
When I thee on my message home sent
But also woldest willinglye me delude & moke
And make me to all wyse men a laughyng stoke
shewing me suche thinges as in no wise be maie
To y^e intent thy leudnes mai turne to iest & play
Therefore if y^u speake any such thing to me agaīe
I promyse it shalbe vnto thy payne

CAREAWAYE

Loo is not he in myserable case
That sarueth suche a maister in any place
that with force wol compel him y^t thing to denie
That he knoweth true, and hath sine w^t his ye

BOUNGRACE

Was it not troiest thou thine owne shadoo

CAREAWAYE

My shadoo could neuer haue beten mee soo

BOUNGRACE

Why by what reason possible may suche a thyng bee

CAREAWAYE

Nay I maruael and wonder at it more than ye
And at the fyrst it dyd me curstelye meaue
Nor I wold myne owne yes in no wyse belyue
Vntyll that other I beate me soo
That he made me belue it whither i wold or no
And if he had your selfe now within his reache
He wold make you say so too or ells beshite your breach

MAISTER BOUNGRACE

I durst a good mede, and a wager laye
That thou laiest doune and sleepest by the waie
And dremid all this that thou haste me tolde

CAREAWAIE

Naye there you lye master if I might be so bold
But we ryse so erlye that yf I hadde
I hadde doone well and a wyse ladde
Yet mayster I wolde you vnder stood
That I haue all wayes byn trusty and good
And flye as fast as a bere in a cage
When so euer you sende me in your message
in faythe as for this that I haue tolde you
I sawe and felte it as waking as I am now
For I had noo soner knocked at the gate
But the other I knaue had mee by the pate

And I durst to you one a boke swere
 That he had byn watching for mee there
 Longe ere I came hyden in sum pryuye place
 Euen for the nons to haue me by the face

MAISTER BOUNGRACE

Why then thou speakest not with my wyfe

CAREAWAYE

No that I dyd not maister by my lyfe
 Vntyll that other I was gone
 And then my maisteris sent me after a none
 To waight on you home in the dyuelles name
 I wene the dyuell neuer so beate his dame

MAISTER BOUNGRACE

And where became that other Careawaye

CAREAWAYE

By myne honestie syr I cannot saye
 But I warrant he is now not far hens
 He is here amonge this company for xl. pens

MAISTER BOUNGRACE

Hence at tonce sike and smell him out
 I shall rape thee on the lying knaues snought
 I woll not bee deludyd with such a glosing lye
 Nor giue credens tyll I see it with my oune iye

CAREAWAIE

Trulye good syr by your maistershipps fauoure
 I cannot well fynd a knaue by the sauoure

Many here smell strong but none so rank as he
 A stronger sented knaue then he was cannot bee
 But syr yf he be happelye founde anone
 what a mēds shal I haue for y^t you haue me don

MAISTER BOUNGRACE

If he may be found I shall walke his cote

CAREAWAIE

Ye for our ladi sake syr I bisiche you spare hī not
 For it is sum false knaue withouten doubt
 I had rather thē. xl. pens we could find him out
 For yf a man maye beline a glase
 Euin my verie oune selfe it was.
 And here he was but euyñ right now
 And staped a waye sodenlie I wat not how
 of such a other thīg I haue nether nard ne sene
 By our blyssyd lady heauen quene

MAISTER BOUNGRACE

Plainelye it was thy shadow that thou didest se
 For in faith the other thyng is not possible to be

CAREAWAYE

Yes in good faith syr by your leaue
 I know it was I by my apples in my sleue
 And speakith as like me as euer you harde
 Suche here, such a Cape, such Hose and cote
 And in eueri thing as iust as. iiii. pens to a grot
 That if he were here you should well see
 That you could not discern nor know hī frō me
 For thinke you that I do not my selfe knowe

I am not so folishe a knaue I trowe
 Let who woll looke him by and by
 And he woll depose vpon a boke that he is I
 And I dare well say you woll saye the same
 For he called hym selfe by my owne name
 And he tolde me all that I haue done
 Sith fyue of the cloke this after none
 He could tell when you were to supper sete
 you send me home my maisteris to fete
 And shewed me al thinges that I dyd by y^e waie

BOUNGRACE

What was that

CAREAWAIE

How I dyd at the Bukelers playe
 And whā I scaterid a basket of apples frō a stal
 And gethered them into my sleue all
 And how I played after that also

BOUNGRACE

Thou shalt haue by therfore so mote I go
 Is that the guise of a trustie page
 To playe when he is sent on his maisters message

DAME COYE

Laye on and spare not for the loue of chryst
 Joll his hed to a post, and fauoure your fyste
 Now for my sake swete hart spare & fauoure your hand
 And lay him about the rybbes with this wande

CAREAWAYE

Now marcy that I aske of you both twaine

Saue my lyfe and let me not be slayne
 I haue had beting ynough for one daye
 That a mischife take the other me Careawaye
 That if euer he cume to my handes agayne
 I wis it shalbe to his payne
 But I maruayll greatlye by our lorde Jhesus
 How he I escapid, I me beat me thus
 And is not he I an vnkind knaue
 That woll no more pytie on my selfe haue
 Here may you see, euidentlye ywis
 That in him me no drope of honestie is
 Now a vengauce light on suche a churles knaue
 That no more loue toward my selfe haue

DAME COYE

I knewe verye swite hart & saied right now
 That no fault therof should be in you

BOUNGRACE

No truelye good bedfelow, I were then mutch vnkinde
 yf you at any tyme should be out of my mynde

DAME COY

Surelye I haue of you a great treasure
 For you do all thinges which may be to my pleasure

BOUNGRACE

I am sory that your chaunce hath now byne so yll
 I wolde gladly byne vnsupped, soo you had your fyll
 But goo we in pigesnie that you may suppe
 you haue cause now to thanke this same hange vppe
 For had not he byne you had faryd very well

DAME COYE

I bequeth him w^t a hot vengauce to the diuell of hell
 And hartelye I besiche him that hanged on the rode
 That he neuer eate nor drynke, that may do him good
 And that he dye a shamefull dethe sauing my cheryte

CAREAWAIE

I pray god send him suche prosperitie
 That hath caused me to haue all this busines
 But yet syrs you see the charitye of my maistris
 She liueth after a wonderfull charitable facion
 For I assure you she is alwayes in this passion
 And scacelye on daye throughout the hole yere
 She woll wyshe any man better chere
 And sum tyme yf she well angred bee
 I pray god (woll she saye) y^e house may sinke vnder mee
 But maysters yf you happen to see that other I
 As that you shall it is not verye likelye
 Nor I woll not desyre you for him purposelye to looke
 For it is an vncomperable unhappye hooke
 And if it be I, you might happin to seeke
 And not fynd me out in an hole weeke
 For whan I was wonte to rune a waye
 I vsed not to cum a gayne in lesse thā a moneth or tway
 Houbeit for all this I thinke it be not I
 For to shew the matter in dyde trulye
 I neuer vse to rune awaye in wynter nor in vere
 But all wayes in suche tyme and season of the yere
 When honye lyeth in the hiues of Bees
 And all maner frute falleth from the trees
 As apples, Nuttes, Peres, and plummes also
 Wherby a boye maye liue a brod a moneth or two

This cast do I vse I woll not with you fayne
Therefore I wonder if he be I sertaine
But and if he be, and you mete me a brod by chaunce
Send me home to my maister with a vengauce
And shew him if he cume not ere to morowe night
I woll neuer receyue him agayne if I myght
And in the meane time I woll giue him a grote
That woll well and thryftelye walke his cote
For a more vngracious knaue is not euen now
Bytwene this place and Calycow
Nor a more frantike mad knaue in bedelem
Nor a more folle hence to Jherusalem
That if to cume agayne, parcase he shall refuse
I woll continew as I am and let hym choose
And but he cum the soner by our lady bright
He shall lye without the dores all nyght
For I woll shit vp the gate, and get me to bede
For I promisse you I haue a very gydie hede
I nede no supper for this nyght
Nor wolde eate no meat though I myght
And for you also maister I thinke I best
you go to bede, and take your rest
For who of you had byn handelid as I haue ben
wold not be long out of his bede I ween
No more woll I but stele out of syght
I praye god geue you all good nyght
And send you better hape and fortune
Thē to lesse your selfe homeward as I haue don

Sumwhat it was sayeth the prouerbe olde
 That the Catte winked when here iye was out
 That is to saye no tale can be tolde
 But that sum Englyshe maye be piked therof out
 yf so to serche the laten & ground of it men wil go aboute
 As this trifling enterlud y^t before you hath bine rehersed
 May signifie sum further meaning if it be well serched

Such is the fashyon of the worlde now a dayes
 That the symple innosaintes ar deluded
 And an hundred thousand diuers wayes
 By suttle and craftye meanes shamefullie abused
 And by strength force, and violence oft tymes compelled
 To beliuie and saye the moone is made of a grene chese
 Or ells haue great harme, and parcase their life lese

And an olde saying it is, that most tymes myght
 Force, strength, power, & colorable subtilete
 Dothe oppresse, debare, ouercum and defeate ryght
 Though y^e cause stand neuer so greatlye a gainst equite
 and y^e truth therof be knowē for neuer so pfit certantye
 ye & the pore semple innocent y^t hath had wrong & iniuri
 Must cal y^e other his good maister for shewing hym such mar-
 [cye

And as it is daylie syne for fere of fether disprofite
 He must that man his best frende and maister call
 Of whome he neuer receiued any maner benefite
 And at whose hand he neuer han any good at all
 And must graunt, affirme, or denie, what so euer he shall
 He must saye the Croue is whight, yf he be so cōmaūded
 ye and that he him selfe is into a nother body chaunged

He must saye he dyd a mysse, though he neuer dyd offend
He must aske forgeuenes, where he did no trespace
Or ells be in troble, care and meserye with out ende
And be cast in sum arrieraage, without any grace
And that thing he sawe done before his owne face
He must by compulsion, stifelie denye
And for feare whether he woll or not saye tonge you lye

And in euerye faculte, this thing is put in vre
And is so vniuersall that I nede no one to name
And as I fere is like euermore to endure
For it is in all faculties a commyn sporte and game
The weker to saie as y^e ströger biddeth, or to haue blam
As a cunning sophist woll by argument bring to passe
That the rude shal confesse, and graunt him selfe an asse

And this is y^e daylie exercise, and practise of their scoles
And not emongs them onlie, but also emongs all others
The stronger to compel and make poore symple foles
To say as they commaund them in all maner matiers
I woll name none particular, but set them all togethers
with out any exception, for I praye you shewe me one
Emonges al in the worlde that vsethe not suche fasion

He that is stronger and more of power and might
Yf he be disposed to reuenge his cause
woll sone pike a quarell be it wronge or right
To the inferior and weker for a cople of straues
And woll agaynst him so extremelie lay the lawes
That he wol put him to the worse, other by false iniurie
Or by some crafte and subtelete, or ells by plaine teranie

As you sawe right now, by example playne
An other felowe being a counterfeat page
Brought the gentylmans seruaunt out of his brayne
And made him graunt y^t him selfe was fallen in dotage
Baryng him selfe in hand that he dyd rage
And when he could not bryng that to passe by reason
He made him graunt it, and saye by compulsyon

Therefore happy are they that can beware
Into whose handes they fall by any suche chaunce
which if they do, they hardlye escape care
Trobble, Miserye, and wofull greuaunce
And thus I make an end, comitting you to his gidaūce
That made and redemed vs al, and to you y^t be now here
I praye god graunt, and send many a good newe yere.

Finis.

Imprinted at London in Lothbury by me
Wyllyam Copland.

Thersytes.

A new Enterlude called
Thersytes

Thys Enterlude Folowyng
Dothe Declare howe that the
greatest boesters are not
the greatest
doers.

The names of the players

Thersites	A boster
Mulciber	A smyth
Mater	A mother
Miles	A knyght
Telemachus	A childe

THE RSYTES.

*Thersites commeth in fyrste hauinge a clubbe vppon his
necke*

HAUE in a ruffler foorth of the greke lande
Called Thersites, if ye wyll me knowe
abacke, geue me rounge, in my way do ye not stand
For if ye do, I wyll soone laye you lowe
In Homere of my actes ye haue red I trow
Neyther Agamēnon nor Ulysses, I spared to checke
They coulde not bringe me to be at theyr becke
Of late frome the sege of Troye I retourned
Where all my harnes excepte this clubbe I lost
In an olde house there it was quyte burned
Whyle I was preparinge vytayles for the hoste
I must nedes get me newe, what so euer it cost
I wyll go seke aduentures, for I can not be ydle
I wyll hamper some of the knaues in a brydle
It greueth me to heare howe the knaues do bragge
But by supreme Jupiter, when I am harnesssed well

I shall make the dasters to renne in to a bagge
 To hyde them fro me, as from the deuyll of hell
 I doubt not but hereafter, of me ye shall heare tell
 Howe I haue made the knaues for to play cowch quaille
 But now to the shop of Mulciber, to go I wyll not faile
[Mulciber must haue a shop made in the place and

Thersites comethe before it sayinge a loude

Mulciber, whom the Poetes doth call the god of fyer
 Smith vnto Jupiter kinge ouer all
 Come forth, of thy office I the desyre
 and graunte me my petition, I aske a thinge but small
 I wyll none of thy lightning, that thou art wont to make
 for the goddes supernall for yre when they do shake
 With which they thruste the gyantes downe to hell
 That were at a conuention heauen to bye and sell
 But I woulde haue some helpe of Lemnos and Iliua
 That of theyr stele, by thy crafte, condatur mihi galea.

MULCIBER.

What felowe Thersites, do ye speake latyn nowe ?
 Nay, then farewell, I make god a vowe
 I do not you vnderstande, no latyn is in my palet
[And then he must do as he wolde go awaye.]

THERSITES.

I say abyde good Mulciber, I pray y^e make me a sallet

MULCIBER.

Why Thersites hast thou anye wytte in thy head ?
 Woldest thou haue a sallet nowe, all the herbes are dead
 Besyde that it is not mete for a smyth
 To gether herbes, and sallettes to medle with

Go get the to my loue venus
She hath sallettes ynough for all vs
I eate none suche sallettes for now I waxe olde
and for my stomacke they are verye coulede

THERSITES.

Now I praye to Jupiter that thou dye a cuckolde
I meane a sallet with whiche men do fyght

MULCIBER.

It is a small tastinge of a mannes mighte
That he shoulde for any matter
Fyght with a fewe herbes in a platter
No greate laude shoulde folowe that victorie

THERSITES.

Goddess passion Mulciber where is thy wit & memory
I wolde haue a sallet made of stele

MULCIBER.

Whye syr, in your stomacke longe you shall it fele
For stele is harde for to digest

THERSITES.

Mans bones and sydes hee is worse then a beest
I wolde haue a sallet to were on my hed
Which vnder my chyn w^t a thonge red
Buckeled shall be
Doest thou yet perceyue me

MULCIBER.

Your mynde now I se

Why thou peuysshe ladde
 Arte thou almost madde
 Or well in thy wytte
 Gette the a wallette
 Wolde thou haue a sallette
 What woldest thou do with it

THERSITES.

I pray the good Mulciber make no mo bones
 But let me haue a sallet made at ones.

MULCIBER.

I must do somewhat for this knaue
 What maner of sallet syr woulde ye haue.

THERSITES.

I wold haue such a one that nother might nor mayne
 Shoulde perse it thorowe, or parte it in twayne
 Whiche nother gonstone, nor sharpe speare
 Shoulde be able other to hurte or teare
 I woulde haue it also, for to saue my heade
 yf Jupiter him selfe woulde haue me dead
 And yf he in a fume woulde cast at me his fire
 This sallet I woulde haue to kepe me from his yre.

MULCIBER.

I perceauē youre mynde.
 ye shall fynde me kynde
 I wyll for you prepare

*[And then he goeth into his shop, and maketh a Sallet
 for hym at the laste he sayth.]*

Here Thersytes do this sallet weare

And on thy head it beare

And none shall worke the care

*[Then Mulciber goeth into his shop, vntyll he is
called agayne*

THERSITES.

Now woulde I not feare with anye bull to fyghte
 Or with a raumpinge lyon nother by daye nor nyghte
 O what greate strength is in my body so lusty
 Whiche for lacke of exercise, is nowe almost rustye
 Hercules in comparison to me was but a boye
 When the bandogge Cerberus from hell he bare awaye
 When he kylled the lyons, hydra, and the bere so wylde
 Compare him to me and he was but a chylde
 Why Sampson I saye, hast thou no more wytte
 woldest yⁿ be as strōg as I? come suck thy mothers tytte
 Wene you that Dauid that lyttle eluyshe boye
 Should with his slinge haue take my life awaye
 Nay ywys Golyath, for all his fyue stones
 I woulde haue quashed his little boysshe bones
 O howe it woulde do my harte muche good
 To se some of the giauntes before Noes floud
 I woulde make the knaues to crye creke
 Or elles with my clubbe their braynes I wyll breake
 But Mulciber, yet I haue not with the do
 My heade is armed, my necke I woulde haue to
 And also my shoulders with some good habergyn
 That the deuyll if he shote at me coulde not enter in
 For I am determind greate battayle to make
 Excepte my fumishenes, by some meanes may aslake.

MULCIBER.

Bokell on this habergyn as fast as thou canne
 And feare for the metinge of nother beast nor manne
 yf it were possible for one too shote an oke
 This habergyn wyll defende thee frome the stroke
 Let them throw mylstones at the as thick as haile
 yet the to kyll they shall their purpose faile
 yf Maluerne hylles shoulde on thy shoulders light
 They shall not hurte the, nor suppress thy mighte
 Yf Beuis of Hampton, Colburne and Guy
 Will the assaye, set not by them a flye
 To be brieve, this habergyn shall the saue
 Bothe by lande and water, now playe the lustye knaue
 [*Then he goeth into his shoppe againe.*]

THERSITES.

When I consider my shoulders that so brode be
 When the other partes of my bodye I do beholde
 I verely think that none in chrystente
 With me to medele dare be so bolde
 Now haue at the lyons on cotsolde
 I wyll neyther spare for heate nor for colde
 Where art thou king Arthur, and the knightes of the rounde
 Come, brynge forth your horses out of the stable [table
 Lo with me to mete they be not able
 By the masse they had rather were a bable
 Where arte thou Gawyn the curtesse and Cay the crabed
 Here be a couple of knightes cowardishe and scabbed
 Appere in thy likenesse syr Libeus disconius
 Yf thou wilt haue my clubbe lyghte on thy hedibus
 Lo ye maye see he beareth not the face
 With me to trye a blowe in thys place

Howe Syrray, approche Syr Launcelot de lake
What ? renne ye awaie and for feare quake
Nowe he that did the a knight make
Thought neuer that thou any battaile shouldest take
yf y^u wilt not come thy self, some other of thy felowes send
To battaile I prouoke them, them selfe let them defende
lo, for all the good that euer they se
They wyll not ones set hande to fight with me
O good lorde howe brode is my brest
And strong with all for hole is my chest
He that should medle with me shall haue shrewde rest
Beholde you my handes, my legges and my feete
Euery part is stronge proportionable and mete
Thinke you that I am not feared in felde and strete
Yes yes god wote, they geue me the wall
Or elles with my clubbe, I make them to fall
Backe knaues I saye to them, then for feare they quake
And take me then to the tauerne and good chere me make
The proctoure and his men I made to renne their waies
And some wente to hide them in broken heys
I tell you at a woorde
I set not a torde
By none of them al
Early and late I wyll walke
And London stretes stalke
Spyte of them greate and small
For I thinke verely
That none in heauen so hye
Nor yet in hell so lowe
Whyle I haue this clubbe in my hande
Can be able me to withstande
Or me to ouerthrowe

But Mulciber yet I must the desyre
 To make me briggen yrons for myne armes
 And then I will loue the as mine owne syre
 For withoute them, I can not be safe from all harmes
 Those once had, I will not sette a strawe
 by all the worlde, for then I wyll by awe
 Haue all my mynde, or elles by the holye roode
 I wyl make them thinke, the deuyle caryeth them to the wood
 yf no man wyll with me battayle take
 A vyage to hell quickly I wyll make
 And there I wyll bete the deuyl and his dame
 And bringe the soules awaye, I fullye entende the same
 After that in hell I haue ruffled so
 Streighte to olde purgatorye wyll I go
 I wyll cleane that so purge rounde aboute
 That we shall nede no pardons to helpe them oute
 yf I haue not fyghte ynoughe this wayes
 I wyll clymbe to heauen and fet awaye Peters kayes
 I wyll kepe them myselfe, and let in a great route
 What shoulde suche a fysher kepe good felowes out

MULCIBER.

Haue here Thersites briggen yrons bright
 And feare thou no man manly to fyghte
 Though he be stronger then Hercules or Sampson
 Be thou prest and bolde to set him vpon
 Nother Amazon nor xerxes with their hole rable
 the to assayle shall fynde it profytable
 I warrante the they wyll fle fro thy face
 as doth an Hare from the dogges in a chase
 Woulde not thy blacke and rustye grym berde
 Nowe thou art so armed, make anye man aferde

Surely if Jupiter dyd see the in this gere
 He woulde renne awaye and hyde hym for feare
 He wold think that Typhoeus the gyant were aliue
 And his brother Enceladus, agayn with him to striue
 If that Mars of battell the god stoute and bold
 In this aray shoulde chaunce the to beholde
 He would yelde vp his sworde vnto the
 And god of battayle (he would say) thou shouldest be
 Now fare thou wel go the world through
 And seke aduentures thou arte man good ynough.

THERSITES.

Mulciber, whyle the starres shal shyne in the sky
 And Phaetons horses with the sonnes charret shall fly
 Whyle the mornynge shall go before none
 And cause the darkennesse to vanysshe away soone
 Whyle that the cat shall loue well mylke
 And whyle that women shall loue to go in sylke
 Whyle beggars haue lyce
 And cockneys are nyce
 Whyle pardoners can lye
 Marchauntes can by
 And chyldren crye
 Whyle all these laste and more
 Whiche I kepe in store
 I do me faythfully bynde
 Thy kyndnes to beare in mynde
 but yet Mulciber one thinge I aske more
 Haste thou euer a sworde now in store ?
 I would haue suche a one that would cut stones
 And pare a great oke down at once
 That were a sworde lo, euen for the nones.

MULCIBER.

Truely I haue suche a one in my shoppe
 that will pare yron as it were a rope
 haue, here it is, gyrde it to thy syde
 Now fare thou well, Jupiter be thy guyde

THERSITES.

Gramercye Mulciber wyth my hole harte
 Geue me thy hande and let vs departe

[Mulciber goeth in to hys shoppe againe, and Thersites saith foorth]

Nowe I go hence, and put my selfe in prease
 I wyll seeke aduentures, yea and that I wyll not cease
 If there be any present here thys nyghte
 that wyll take vpon them with me to fighte
 Let them come quickly, and the battayle shall be pyghte
 Where is Cacus that knaue ? not worthe a grote
 that was wont to blowe cloudes oute of his throte
 Which stale Hercules kine and hyd them in his caue
 Come hether Cacus, thou lubber and false knaue
 I wyll teache all wretches by the to beware
 If thou come hether I trappe the in a snare
 thou shalt haue knocked breade and yll fare
 how say you good godfather that loke so stale
 ye seeme a man to be borne in the vale
 Dare ye aduenture wyth me a stripe or two
 Go coward go hide the as thou wast wonte to do
 What a sorte of dasterdes haue we here
 None of you to battaile with me dare appeare
 What saie you hart of gold, of countenaunce so demure ?
 Will you fighte with me ? no, I am right sure
 Fye blusshe not woman, I wyll do you no harme

Excepte I had you soner to kepe my backe warme
 Alas lyttle pums why are ye so sore afrayd ?
 I praye you shew how longe it is ? sence ye were a mayd
 Tell me in myne ere, syrs, she hath me tolde
 That gone was her mydenhead, at thrustene yeare olde
 Byr ladye she was lothe to kepe it to longe
 And I were a mayde agayne, nowe maye be here songe
 Do after my counsel of maydens the hoole beuye
 Quickly red your maydēhed, for they are vēgeaūce heuy
 Well, let all go, whye ? wyll none come in
 With me to fyghte that I may pare his skyn
[*The Mater commeth in.*]

MATER.

What saye you my sonne wyl ye fight ? god it defende
 For what cause to warre do you nowe pretende
 Wyll ye committe to battayles daungerous
 Youre lyfe that is to me so precious.

THESEYTES.

I wyll go, I wyll go, stoppe not my waye
 Holde me not good mother I hartely you praye
 If there be any lyons, or other wylde beest
 That wyll not suffer the husband man in rest
 I wyll go seeche them : and byd them to a feest
 They shall abyte bytterlye the comminge of suche a gest
 I wyll searche for them bothe in busshe and shrubbe
 And laye on a lode with this lustye clubbe

MATER.

O my swete sonne, I am thy mother
 Wylt thou kyll me and thou hast none other

THERSITES.

No mother no, I am not of suche iniquitye
 That I wyll defyle my handes vpon the.
 But be contente mother, for I wyll not rest
 Tyll I haue foughte with some man or wylde beast

[MATER.]

Truely my sonne yf that ye take thys way
 Thys shall be the conclusion, marke what I shall say
 Other I wyll drowne my selfe for sorowe
 And fede fyshes with my body before to morowe
 Or wyth a sharpe swerde, surely I wyll me kyll
 Nowe thou mayst saue me, if it be thy wyll
 I wyll also cut my pappes awaye
 That gaue the sucke so manye a daye
 And so in all the worlde it shall be knownen
 That by my owne sonne I was ouerthrowen
 Therefore if my lyfe be to the pleasaunte
 That whiche I desyre good sonne do me graunte

THERSITES.

Mother thou spendest thy winde but in wast
 The goddes of battayle hyr fury on me hath cast
 I am fullye fyxed battayle for to taste
 O how many to deth I shall dryue in haste
 I wyll ruffle this clubbe aboute my hedde
 Or els I pray god I neuer dye in my bedde
 There shall neuer a stroke be stroken with my hande
 But they shall thynke y^t Jupiter doth thonder in y^e land

MATER.

My owne swete sonne I knelynge on my knee

and bothe my handes holdinge vp to the
Desyre the to ceasse and no battayle make
Call to the pacience and Better wayes take

THERSITES.

Tusshe mother, I am deafe I wyll the not heare
No no, yf Jupiter here him selfe nowe were
And all the goddes, and Juno his wife
And louinge Minerua that abhorreth all stryfe
yf all these I saye, would desyre me to be content
They dyd theyr wynde but in vaine spent
I wyll haue battayle in wayles or in kente
and some of the knaues I wyll all to rent
where is the valiaunt knighte syr Isenbrase ?
Appere syr I praye you, dare ye not shewe your face
where is Robin John and little hode
approche hyther quickly if ye thinke it good
I wyll teache suche outlawes wyth Chrystes curses
How they take hereafter awaye abbottes purses
whye wyll no aduenture appeare in thys place
where is Hercules with his greate mase
where is Busyris, that fed hys horses
Full lyke a tyraunte, with dead mens corses
Come any of you bothe
And I make an othe
That yer I eate anye breade
I wyll dryue a wayne
ye for neede twayne
Betwene your bodye and your heade
Thus passeth my braynes
wyll none take the paynes
To trye wyth me a blowe ?

O what a fellowe am I
whom euerye man dothe flye
That dothe me but once knowe

MATER.

Sonne all do you feare
That be presente here
They wyll not wyth you fyghte
You, as you be worthye
Haue nowe the victorie
wythoute tastynge of youre myghte
Here is none I trowe
That profereth you a blowe
Man woman nor chylde
Do not set your mynde
To fyghte with the wynde
be not so madde nor wylde

THERSITES.

I say aryse who so euer wyll fighte
I am to battayle here readye dyghte
Come hyther other swayne or knyghte
Let me see who dare presente him to my syghte
Here with my clubbe readye I stande
Yf anye wyll come to take them in hand

MATER.

There is no hope left in my brest
To bring my sonne vnto better rest
He wyll do nothings at my request
He regardeth me no more thē a best
I see no remedye, but styll I wyll praye

To god, my sonne to gyde in his waye
 That he maye haue a prasperous iournynge
 And to bee saue at his returnynge
 Sonne, god aboue graunte thys my oration
 That when in battaile thou shalt haue concertacion
 with your ennemies, other fare or nere
 No wounde in them nor in you may appere
 So that ye nother kyll nor be kylled

THESESITES.

Mother thy petition I praye god be fulfilled
 For then no knaues bloude shall be spilled
 Fellowes kepe my counsell by the masse, I doo but crake
 I wyll be gentyll enoughe and no busenesse make
 But yet I wyll make her beleue that I am a man
 thincke you that I wyll fight? no no but wyth the can
 Excepte I finde my enemye on thys wyse
 that he be a slepe or els can not aryse
 Yf his armes and his fete be not fast bounde
 I wyll not profer a stripe for a thousande pound
 ffare well mother and tarrye here no longer
 ffor after proues of chialry I do both thyrste & honger
 I wyll beate the knaues as flatte as a conger
 [*Then the mother goeth in the place which is prepared
 for her.*]

What how long shal I tary? be your hartes in your hose
 will there none of you in battayl me appose
 Come proue me whye stande you so in doubt
 haue you anye wylde bloude, that ye would haue let oute
 Alacke that a mans strengthe can not be knowen
 Because that he lacketh ennemies to be ouerthrowen
 [*Here snaille muste appere vnto him, and hee muste
 loke fearefully vppon the snaille saienge*]

But what a monster do I see nowe
 Comminge hetherwarde with an armed browe
 what is it? ah it is a sowe
 No by gods body it is but a grestle
 And on the backe it hath neuer a brystle
 It is not a cow, ah there I fayle
 For then it should haue a long tayle.
 What the deuyll I was blinde, it is but a snayle
 I was neuer so afrayde in east nor in south
 My harte at the fyrste syght was at my mouth
 Mary syr fy, fy, fy, I do sweate for feare
 I thoughte I had craked but to tymely here
 Hens thou beest and plucke in thy hornes
 Or I sweare by him that crowned was with thornes
 I will make the drincke worse than good ale in y^e cornes
 Haste thou nothyng else to doo
 But come wyth hornes and face me so
 Howe, how my seruauntes, get you shelde and spere
 And let vs werye and kyll thys monster here
[here Miles cometh in

MILES.

Is not thys a worthy knyghte
 that wyth a snayle dareth not fight
 Excepte he haue hys seruauntes ayde
 Is this the chaumpyon that maketh al mē afraid
 I am a pore souldiour come of late frō Calice
 I trust or I go to debate some of his malyce
 I wyll tarrye my tyme tell I do see
 Betwixt hym and the snayle what the ende wyll be

THERSITES.

Whye ye horeson knauns, regarde ye not my callinge

whye do ye not come and wyth you weapons brynge
why shall this monster so escape kyllyng
No that he shal not and god be wyllinge

MILES.

I promyse you, thys is as worthye a knyghte
as euer shall brede oute of a bottell byte
I thinke he be Dares of whom Uirgyll doth write
That woulde not let entellus alone
But euer prouoked and euer called on
But yet at the last he tooke a fall
And so within a whyle, I trowe I make the shall

THESEYTES.

By Gods passion knaues, if I come I wyll you fetter
Regarde ye my callinge and cryinge no better
why horsens I saye, wyll ye not come
By the masse the knaues be all from home
They had better haue fet me an errande at Rome

MILES.

By my trothe, I thynke that very skante
This lubber dare aduenture to fighte with an ant

THESEYTES.

Well seinge my seruauntes come to me will not
I must take hede that this monster me spyll not
I wyll ioparde with it a ioynte
And other with my clubbe or my sweardes poynte
I wyll reche it suche woundes
As I woulde not haue for. xl. m. poundes
Plucke in thy hornes thou vnhappy beast

what facest thou me ? wylte not thou be in reste
 Why ? wyl not thou thy hornes in holde
 Thinkest thou that I am a cockolde
 Goddes armes the monster cometh towarde me styll
 Excepte I fyght manfully, it wyll me surely kyll
[Then he must fyght against the snayle with his club

MILES.

O Jupiter Lorde doest thou not see and heare
 How he feareth the snayle as it were a bere

THERSITES.

Well with my clubbe I haue had good lucke
 Now with my sworde haue at the a plucke
[And he must cast his club awaye.
 I wyll make the or I go, for to ducke
 And thou were as tale a man as frier Tucke
 I saye yet agayne thy hornes in drawe
 Or elles I wyll make the to haue woundes rawe
 Arte thou not a ferde
 To haue thy bearde
 Pared with my swearde
*[Here he must fighte then with his sworde against the
 snayle, and the snayle draweth her hornes in.*

Ah well, nowe no more
 Thou mightest haue done so before
 I layed at it so sore
 That it thoughte it shoulde haue be lore
 And it had not drawn in his hornes againe
 Surelye I woulde the monster haue slaine
 But now farewell, I wyll work the no more payne
 Nowe my fume is paste

And dothe no longer laste
 That I did to the monster cast
 Now in other countries both farre and neare
 Mo dedes of chyualrye I wyll go inquire

MILES.

Thou nedes not seke any further for redy I am here
 I wyll debate a none I trowe thy bragginge chere

THERSITES.

Nowe where is any mo that wyll me assayle
 I wyll turne him and tosse him bothe toppe and tayle
 yf he be stronger then Sampson was
 who with his bare handes kylde lyons apas

MILES.

What nedeth this booste ? I am here at hande
 That with the will fighte kepe the heade and stande
 Surelye for al thy hye wordes I wyll not feare
 To assaye the a towche tyll some bloude apeare
 I wyll geue the somewhat for the gifte of a newe yeare
 *[And he begynth to fight with him, but Thersites
 must ren awaye, and hyde hym behynde hys
 mothers backe sayinge.]*

THERSITES.

O mother mother I pray the me hyde
 Throwe some thinge ouer me and couer me euery syde

MATER.

O my sonne what thyng eldyth the ?

THERSITES.

Mother a thousande horsemen do persecute me

MATER.

Marye sonne then it was time to flye
I blame the not then, thoughe afrayde thou be
A deadlye wounde thou mightest there sone catche
One against so manye, is no indyfferente matche

THERSITES.

No mother but if they had bene but ten to one
I woulde not haue auoyded but set them vppon
But seinge they be so many I ran awaye
Hyde me mother hyde me, I hartely the pray
For if they come hyther and here me fynde
To their horses tayles they wyll me bynde
And after that fasshyon hall me and kyll me
And thoughe I were neuer so bolde and stoute
To fyght againste so many, I should stande in doubte

MILES.

Thou that doest seke giauntes to conquere
Come foorth if thou dare, and in this place appere
Fy for shame doest thou so sone take flighte
Come forthe and shewe somewhat of thy myghte

THERSITES.

Hyde me mother, hyde me, and neuer worde saye

MILES.

Thou olde trotte, seyst thou any man come thys waye
well armed and weaponed and readye to fighte

MATER.

No forsothe Maister, there came none in my sight

MILES.

He dyd auoyd in tyme for withoute doubt
 I woulde haue set on his backe some clowtes
 Yf I may take him I wyll make all slowches
 To beware by him, that they come not in my clowches
[Then he goeth oute, and the mother saith

MATER.

Come foorth my sonne, your enemy is gone
 Be not a frayde for hurte thou canst haue none
*[Then he loketh aboute if he be gone or not, at the last
 he sayth.*

THESEYTES.

ywys thou didest wisely who so euer thou be
 To tarrye no longer to fighte with me
 For with my clubbe I woulde haue broken thy skull
 Yf thou were as bigge as Hercules bull
 why thou cowardely knaue, no stronger then a ducke
 Darest thou trye maystries with me a plucke
 whiche fere nother giauntes nor Jupiters fire bolte
 Nor Beelzebub the mayster deuyl as ragged as a colte
 I woulde thou wouldest come hyther ones againe
 I thincke thou haddest rather alyue to be flayne
 Come againe and I sweare by my mothers wombe
 I wyll pull the in peeces no more then my thombe
 and thy braines abrode, I wyll so scatter
 That all knaues shall feare, against me to clatter
*[Then cometh in Telemachus bringinge a letter from
 his father Ulysses, and Theseites saith.*

what ? little Telemachus
 what makest thou here amonge vs ?

TELEMACHUS.

Syr my father Ulysses doth hym commende
 To you most hartely, & here he hath you sende
 Of hys mynde a letter
 whiche shewe you better
 Euery thyng shall
 Then I can make rehersall

[Here he must delyuer hym the letter

THERSITES.

Lo frendes ye maye see
 what great men wryte to me

[Here he must redde the letter.

As entyrelly as harte can thyncke
 Or scryuener can wryte with yncke
 I sende you louyngre gretynge
 Thersytes myne owne swetyngre
 I am very sorye
 when I cast in memory
 The great vnkyndnes
 And also the blyndnes
 That hath be in my brest
 Agaynst you euer prest
 I haue be prompt and dylygent
 Euer to make you shent
 To appall your good name
 And To mynysshe your fame
 In that I was to blame
 But well al this is gone

And remedy there is none
 But onely repentaunce
 Of all my olde greuaunce
 with whiche I dyd you moleste
 And gaue you sorye reast
 The cause was thereof truelye
 Nothinge but verye enuye
 wherefore nowe gentyll esquier
 Forgeue me I you desyre
 And helpe I you beseche
 Telemachus to a leche
 That hym may wyselye charme
 From the wormes that do hym harme
 In that ye maye do me pleasure
 For he is my chyefe treasure
 I haue hearde menne say
 That comē by the way
 That better charmer is no other
 then is youre owne deare mother
 I praye you of her obtayne
 To charme away his paine
 Fare ye well, and come to my house
 To dryncke wyne and eate a peece of sowse
 And we wyll haue minstrelsy
 that shall pype hankyn boby
 My wyfe penelobe
 Doth grete you well by me
 wrytinge at my house on Candelmasse daye
 Mydsomer moneth, the calenders of maye
 By me Ulisses beyng verye gladde
 That the victorie of late of the monster ye hadde
 Ah syrraye quod he ? how saye you frendes all

Ulisses is glad for my fauoure to call
 well, thoughe we ofte haue swerued
 And he small loue deserued
 Yet I am well contente
 Seinge he dothe repente
 To let olde matters go
 And to take him no more so
 As I haue do hyther to
 For my mortall fo
 Come go with me Telemachus, I wyll the bringe
 Vnto my mother to haue her cherminge
 I doubte not, but by that tyme that she hath done
 Thou shalte be the better seuen yeares agone
 [*Then Thersytes goeth to his mother sayinge*
 Mother Christe thee saue and see
 Ulysses hathe sende his sonne to thee
 That thou shouldest hym charme
 From the wormes that hym harme

MATER.

Sonne ye be wise kepe ye warme
 Whye shoulde I for Ulysses doo
 That neuer was kynde vs to
 He was readye in warre
 Euer the, sonne, to marre
 Then had bene all my ioye
 Exiled cleane awaye

THERSITES.

Wel mother all that is past
 Wrothe maye not alwaye laste
 And seinge we be mortall all
 Let not our wroth be immortall

MATER.

Charme that charme wyll, he shal not be charmed of me

THESEYTES.

Charme or by the masse with my club I wil charme the

MATER.

Why sonne arte thou so wicked to beate thy mother

THESEYTES.

ye that I wyll, by goddes deare brother
Charme olde witche in the deuils name
Or I wyll sende the to him to be his dame

MATER.

Alas what a sonne haue I
That thus dothe order me spitefullye
Cursed be the time that euer I hym fedde
I would in my bely he had be deade

THESEYTES.

Cursest thou olde hore ? blesse me againe
Or I wyll blesse the, that shall be to thy payne
[*Then he must take hyr by the armes, and she crieth
oute as followeth.*

MATER.

He wyll kyll me
He wyll spyll me
He wyll brose me
He wyll lose me

He wyll pricke me
He wyll stycke me

THERSITES.

The deuyll stycke the olde wytherde witch
For I wyll sticke nother the, nor none suche.
But come of geue me thy blessinge againe
I saye let me haue it, or elles certayne
With my clubbe I wyll laye the on the brayne

MATER.

Well seinge thou threatenest to me affliction
Spite of my harte haue nowe my benediction
Nowe christes swete blessinge and mine
Lighte aboue and beneath the bodye of thyne
And I beseche with all my deuotion
That thou mayste come to A mans promotion
He that forgeue Mary Mawdalene hyr synne
Make the hyghest of all thy kynne

THERSITES.

In this wordes is double intellimente
Wouldest thou haue me hanged mother veramente

MATER.

No sonne no, but too haue you hye
In promocion, is my mynde verelye

THERSITES.

Well then mother let all this goo
and charme this chylde that you is sende to

and loke hereafter to curse ye be not gredye
Curse me no more, I am cursed ynoughe all readye

MATER.

Well sonne I wyll curse you no more
Excepte ye prouoke me to to sore
But I meruaile why ye do me moue
To do for Uliesses that dothe not vs loue

THERSITES.

Mother by hys sonne he hathe sende me a letter
Promysynge hereafter to be to vs better
and you and I with my greate clubbe
Muste walke to him and eate a solybubbe
and we shall make merye
and synge tyrle on the berye
With Simkyn sydnam somner
that kylde a catte at comner
There the tryflinge tabborer trowbler of tunys
Wyll pyke Peter pybaker a penyworth of prunes
Nycholl neuergood a nette and a nightcappe
Knytte wyll for kyt whose knee cawghte a knappe
Dauid dowghtye dyghter of datys
Gren with godfrey goodale wyll gretely at the gates
Thom tombler of tewxbury turninge at a tryce
Wyll wype Wylliam waterman if he be not wyse
Symon sadler of sudeley that serued the sowe
Hytt wyll Henrye hartlesse he harde not yet how
Jynkyn Jaco that iobbed iolye Jone
Grynde wyll gromellede vntyll he grone
Prowdeperis pykethancke, that pyked pernels purse
Cut wyll the cakes thoughe Cate do crye and curse

Roughe Robyn rouer rufflinge in ryghte rate
 balde Bernarde braynles wyll bete and Benet bate
 Folysh fredericke furburer of a farte
 Dynge daniell deintye to deathe wyll with a darte
 Mercolfe mouyles moreninge for mad Marye
 Tyncke wyll the tables thoughe he there not tary
 Andrewe all knaue alderman of Andwarpe
 Hoppe wyll with holy hockes & harken humfreys harpe
 It is to to mother the pastyme and good chere
 That we shall see and haue, when that we come there
 Wherefore gentyle mother I the hartely praye
 That thou wylte charme for wormes this pretye boye

MATER.

Well sonne, seinge the case and mater standeth so
 I am contente all thy request to do
 Come hyther pretye childe
 I will the charme from the wormes wylde
 but firste do thou me thy name tell

TELEMACHUS.

I am called Telemachus there as I dwell

MATER.

Telemachus lye downe vprighte on the grounde
 And styrr not ones for a thousande pounce

TELEMACHUS.

I am readye here preste
 To doo all youre requeste

*[Then he must lay hym down with his bely vperward
 and shee muste blesse hym frome aboue too be-
 neath sayinge as foloweth.]*

MATER.

The cowherd of Comertowne with his croked spade
 Cause frome the, the wormes soone to vade
 And iolye Jacke iumbler that iuggleth with a horne
 Graunte that thy wormes soone be all to torne
 Good graundsyre Abraham godmother to Eue
 Graunte that this wormes no longer this chylde greue
 All the courte of conscience in cockoldshyres
 Tynckers and tabberers typlers tauerners
 Tyttyfylls, tryfullers, turners and trumplers
 Tempters, traytours, trauaylers and thumpers
 Thryfflesse, theuyshe, thycke and thereto thynne
 the maladye of this wormes cause for too blynne
 The vertue of the tayle of Isaackes cow
 That before Adam in paradyse dyd lowe
 Also the ioyste of Moses rod
 In the mounte of caluarye that spake with God
 Facie ad faciem, turninge tayle to tayle
 Cause all these wormes quickly to fayle
 The bottome of the shyppe of Noe
 And also the legge of y^e horse of Troe
 The peece of the tounge of Balaams asse
 the chawbone of the Oxe that at Christes byrth was
 the eye tothe of the dogge that wente on pylgremage
 with yonge Thoby, these wormes sone may swage
 the butterflye of Bromemycham y^t was borne blinde
 The blaste of the bottell that blowed Aelous wynde
 The buttocke of the bytter boughte at Buckyngame
 the bodye of the bere that wyth Beuis came
 the backster of Balockburye with her bakinge pele
 Chylde fro thy wormes I praye, maye sone the hele
 The tapper of tauycstocke and the tapsters potte

The tothe of the tytmus, the torde of the gotē
 In the towre of tenysballes tostyde by the fyre
 the table of Tantalus turned trym in myre
 y^e tombe of Tom thredbare y^t thruste tyb through y^e smock
 Make al thy wormes chylde, to come forth at thy docke
 Sem Cam and Japhat and coll the myllars mare
 the fyue stones of Dauid : that made goliath stare
 the wing with which seīt Mychaell dyd fly to his moūt
 the counters wherwith cherubyn, did cheristones count
 The hawke with which Assuerus kylde the wylde bore
 Helpe that these wormes my chylde, hurt the no more
 the mawe of the morecocke that made mawd to mowe
 when martylnas at moreton morened for the snowe
 the spere of spanyshe spybery sprete w^t spiteful spottes
 the lyghtes of the lauerocke layde at London lottes
 the shynbon of saint Samuell shyninge so as the sunne
 Graunt child of the wormes that sone thy paines be don
 Mother bryce of oxforde and greate Gyb of hynxey
 Also mawde of thrutton and mable of chartesey
 And all other wythes that walke in dymminges dale
 Clyttering and clatteringe there youre pottes with ale
 Inclyne your eares, and heare this my petition
 and graunte this childe, of healthe to haue fruition
 the blessinge that Jorden to his Godsonne gaue
 Lyght on my chylde and from the wormes him saue
 Now stande vppe little Telemachus anone
 I warrante the by to morowe, thy wormes wyll be gone

TELEMACHUS.

I thanke you mother in my most hartelye wise
 wyll ye syr to my father commaunde me anye service

THERSITES.

No pretye boye, but do thou vs two commende
to thy father and mother, tell them that we entende
Bothe my mother and I
to see them shortelye

TELEMACHUS.

Ye shall be hartelye welcome to them I dare well say
Fare ye well, by youre leaue, now I wyll departe awaye

THERSITES.

Sonne, geue me thy hande, fare well

MATER.

I praye god kepe the from parell
[*Telemachus goeth oute, and the mother sayeth.*
Ywys it is a proper chylde
and in behauioure nothinge wylde
Ye maye see what is good education
I woulde euerye man after this fasshion
had their children vp broughte
then manye of them woulde not haue bene so noughte
A chylde is better vnborne then vntaughte

THERSITES.

Ye saye truthe mother, well let all this go
and make you readye Uliesses to go to
with me anone, be ye so contente

MATER.

I am well pleased to youre wyll I assente
For allthoughe that I loue hym but verye euyl

It is good to set a candell before the deuyll
 Of most parte of greate men I sweare by thys fyer
 Lyghte is the thancke but heaue is the ire
 Fare well sonne, I wyll go me to prepare

THERSITES.

Mother God be wyth you and keepe you frome care
 [*The mother goeth out, and Thersites sayeth forth*
 What someuer I saye syrs, I thyncke yll might she care
 I care not if the olde wytche were deade
 It were an almoys dede to knocke hyr in the heade
 And saye on the wormes that she dyd dye
 For there be manye that my landes woulde bye
 By goddes blessed brother
 Yf I were not seke of the mother
 thys totheless trotte kepethe me harde
 And suffereth no money in my warde
 But by the blessed trinitye
 Yf she will no soner ded be
 I wyll with a coyshion stoppe hyr breath
 tyll she haue forgotte newe marketh heth
 Yll myghte I fare
 Yf that I care
 Hyr to spare
 Aboute the house she hoppeth
 and hyr nose ofte droppeth
 When the wortes she choppeth
 When that she doth brewe
 I may saye to you
 I am redy to spew
 the droppes to see downe renne
 By all Chrysten menne

Frome hyr nose to hyr knen
Fye Goddes bodye, it maketh me to spitte
to remember howe that she doth sytte
By the fyer brallynge
Scratchinge and scrallynge
and in euery place
Leyenge oysters apase
She dothe but lacke shelles
the deuyll haue they whytte, elles
At nyght when to bedde she goys
and plucketh of her hose
She knappeth me in the nose
with ryppe, rappe
Flyppe, flappe
that an yll happe
Come to that tappe
that venteth so
Where so euer she go
So muche she daylye dryncketh
That her breath at both endes styncketh
That an horsecombe and an halter
Hyr soone vppe talter
tyll I saye Dauyds psalter
That shall be at neuermas
Whyche neuer shall be, nor neuer was
By this tenne bones
She serued me ones
A touche for the nones
I was sicke and laye in my bedde
She broughte me a kerchyfe to wrappe on my heade
And I praye God that I be deade
Yf that I lye any whytte

when she was aboute the kercheffe to knytte
Breake did one of the formes fete
that she dyd stande on
And downe fell she anone
And foorth withall
As she dyd fall
She gyrdeth oute a farte
That me made to starte
I thyncke hyr buttockes dyd smarte
Excepte it hadde be a mare in a carte
I haue not harde suche a blast
I cryed and byd hyr holde fast
with that she nothinge agast
said to me that no woman in this lande
Coude holde faste that whyche was not in hyr hande
Nowe syrs, in that hole pitche and fyre brande
Of that bagge so fustye
So stale and so mustye
So cankered and so rustye
So stinckynge and so dustye
God sende hyr as muche ioye
as my nose hathe alwaye
Of hyr vnsauerye spice
Yf that I be not wyse
and stoppe my nose quickelye
When she letteth goo merelye
But let all this go, I had almoste forgot
The knaue that here yerewhyles dyd iet
Before that Telemachus did come in
I wyll go seeche hym, I wyll not blynne
Untyll that I haue hym
Then so god saue hym

I wyll so beknaue hym
 That I wyll make to raue hym
 With this swearde I wyll shaue hym
 And strypes when I haue gaue hym
 Better I wyll deprauē him
 That you shall knowe for a slaue him

[Then Miles cometh in sayinge]

MILES.

Wylte thou so indeede ?
 Hye the make good spede
 I am at hande here prest
 Put awaye tongue shakynge
 and this folysshe crakynge
 Let vs trye for the best
 Cowardes make speake apase
 Strypes proue the manne
 Haue nowe at thy face
 Keepe of if thou canne

*[And then he muste stryke at hym, and Thersytes
 must runne awaye and leaue his clubbe & sworde
 behynde]*

Whye thou lubber runnest thou awaye
 and leauest thy swearde and clubbe thee behynde
 Nowe thys is a sure carde, now I maye well saye
 That a cowarde crakinge here I dyd fynde
 Maysters ye maye see by this playe in sighte
 That great barking dogges, do not most byte
 And oft it is sene that the best men in the hoost
 Be not suche, that vse to bragge moste
 Yf ye wyll auoyde the daunger of confusion
 Printe my wordes in harte and marke this conclusion

Suche gyftes of god that ye excelle in moste
 Use them wyth sobernesse, and youre selfe neuer bost
 Seke the laude of God in all that ye doo
 So shall vertue and honoure come you too
 But if you geue youre myndes, to the sinne of pryde
 Uanisshe shall your vertue, your honoure away wil slide
 For pryde is hated of God aboue
 And meekenesse sonest obtaineth his loue
 to youre rulers and parentes, be you obediente
 Neuer transgressinge their lawefull commaundement
 Be ye merye and ioyfull at borde and at bedde
 Imagin no tratourye againste your prince and heade
 Loue God and feare him and after him youre kinge
 Which is as victorious as anye is lyuinge
 Praye for his grace with hartes that dothe not fayne
 that longe he maye rule vs withoute greffe or paine
 beseche ye also that God maye saue his quene
 Louely Ladie Jane, & the prince that he hath send them be-
 to augment their ioye and the comons felicitie [tween
 Fare ye wel swete audiēce, god graunt you al prosperite
 Amen.

Imprinted at London,
 by John Tysdale and are to be solde
 at hys shop in the vpper ende of
 Lombard strete; in Alhallowes
 Church yearde neare
 vntoo grace
 church.

The Pardoner and the Frere.

A MERY PLAYE

BETWENE THE PARDONER AND THE FRERE
THE CURATE AND NEYBOUR PRATTE.

THE FRERE.

DEUS hic the holy trynte
Preserue all that nowe here be
Dere bretherne yf ye wyll consyder
The cause why I am come hyder
Ye wolde be glad to knowe my intent
For I com not hyther for monye nor for rent
I com not hyther for meate nor for meale
But I com hyther for your soules heale
I com not hyther to poll nor to shaue
I com not hyther to begge nor to craue
I com not hyther to glose nor to flatter
I com not hyther to bable nor to clatter
I com not hyther to fable nor to lye
But I com hyther your soules to edyfye

For we freres are bounde the people to teche
The gospell of Chryst openly to preche
As dyd the appostels by Chryst theyr mayster sent
To turne the people and make them to repent
But syth the appostels fro heuen wolde not come
We freres now must occupy theyr rome
We freres are bounde to serche mennes conscyens
We may not care for grotes nor for pens
We freres haue professed wylfull pouerte
No peny in our purse have may we
Knyfe nor staffe may we none cary
Excepte we shulde from the gospell vary
For worldly aduersyte may we be in no sorowe
We may not care to day for our meate to morowe
Bare fote and bare legged must we go also
We may not care for frost nor snowe
We may haue no maner care ne thynke
Nother for our meate nor for our drynke
But let our thoughtes fro suche thynges be as free
As be the byrdes that in the ayre flee
For why our lorde clyped swete Iesus
In the gospell speketh to vs thus
Through all the worlde go ye sayth he
And to every creature speke ye of me
And shew of my doctryne and connyng
And that they may be glad of your comyng
Yf that you enter in any hous any where
Loke that ye salute them and byd my peas be there
And yf that house be worthy and electe
Thylke peace there than shall take effecte
And yf that hous be cursyd or paruert
Thylke peace than shall to your selfe reuert

And furthermore yf any suche there be
 Which do deny for to receyue ye
 And do dyspyse your doctryne and your lore
 At suche a house tary ye no more
 And from your shoes scrape away the dust
 To theyr reprefe and I bothe trew and iust
 Shall vengeance take of theyr synfull dede

Wherefore my frendes to this text take ye hede
 Beware how ye despyse the pore freres
 Which ar in this worlde crystes mynysters
 But do them with an harty chere receyue
 Leste they happen your houses for to leue
 And than god wyll take vengeance in his yre
 Wherefore I now that am a pore frere
 Dyd enquire were any people were
 Which were dysposyd the worde of god to here
 And as I cam hether one dyd me tell
 That in this towne ryght good folke dyd dwell
 Which to here the word of god wolde be glad
 And as sone as I therof knolege had
 I hyder hyed me as fast as I myght
 Entendyd by the grace of god almyght
 And by your pacyens and supportacyon
 Here to make a symple colacyon
 Wherefore I requyre all ye in this prese[nce]
 For to abyde and gyue dew audyence

But fyrst of all
 Now here I shall
 To god my prayer make
 To gyue ye grace
 All in thys place
 His doctryne for to take.

[And than kneleth downe the frere sayenge his prayers and in the meane whyle entreth the pardonor with all his relyques to declare what eche of them ben and the hole power and vertu thereof.]

THE PARDONER.

God and saynt Leonarde sende ye all his grace
As many as ben assembled in this place

Good deuoute people that here do assemble
I pray god that ye may all well resemble
The ymage after whiche you are wrought
And that ye saue that Chryst in you bought

Deuoute Chrysten people ye shall all wytte
That I am comen hyther ye to vysytte
Wherefore let vs pray thus or I begynne
Our sauoure preserue ye all from synne
And enable ye to receyue this blessed pardon
Whiche is the greatest vnder the son
Graunted by the pope in his bulles under lede
Whiche pardon ye shall fynde whan ye are dede
That offereth outhur grotes or els pens
To these holy relyques whiche or I go hens
I shall here shewe in open audyence
Exortynge ye all to do to them reuerence

But first ye shall knowe well y^t I com fro Rome
Lo here my bulles all and some
Our lyege lorde seale here on my patent
I bere with me my body to warant
That no man be so bolde be he preest or clarke
Me to dysturbe of Chrystes holy warke
Nor haue no dysdayne nor yet scorne
Of these holy relyques whiche sayntes haue worne

Fyrst here I shewe ye of a holy Iewes shepe
A bone I pray you take good kepe
To my wordes and marke them well
Yf any of your bestes belyes do swell
Dyppes this bone in the water that he dothe take
Into his body and the swellynge shall slake
And yf any worme haue your beestes stonge
Take of this water and wasshe his tonge
And it wyll be hole anon and furthermore
Of pockes and scabbes and euery sore
He shall be quyte hole that drynketh of the well
That this bone is dipped in it is treuth that I tell
And yf any man that any beste oweth
Ones in the weke or that the cocke croweth
Fastynge wyll drynke of this well a draughte
As that holy Iew hath vs taught
His beestes and his store shall multely
And maysters all it helpeth well
Thoughe a man be foule in ielous rage
Let a man with this water make his potage
And neuermore shall he his wyfe mystryst
Thoughe he in sothe the faut by her wyl
Or had she be take with freres two or thre

Here is a mytten eke as ye may se
He that his hande wyll put in this myttayn
He shall haue encrease of his grayn
That he hath sowne be it wete or otys
So that he offer pens or els grottes
And another holy relyke eke here se ye may
The blessed arme of swete saynt sondaye
And who so euer is blessyd with this ryght hande
Can not spede amysse by se nor by lande

And if he offereth eke with good deuocyon
He shall not fayle to come to hyghe promocyon

And another holy relyke here may ye see
The great too of the holy trynyte
And who so euer ones doth it in his mouthe take
He shall neuer be dysseasyd with the tothe ake
Canker nor pockys shall there none brede
This that I shewe ye is matter indede

And here is of our lady a relyke full good
Her bongrace which she ware with her french hode
Whan she wente oute al wayes for sonne bornynge
Women with chylde which be in mournynge
By vertue thereof shal be sone easyd
And of theyr trauayll full sone also releasyd
And if this bongrace they do deuoutly kys
And offer therto as theyr deuocyon is

Here is another relyke eke a precyous one
Of all helowes the blessyd Iaw bone
Which relyke without any fayle
Agaynst poyson chefely dothe preuayle
For whom so euer it toucheth without dout
All maner venym from hym shall issue out
So that it shall hurt no maner wyghte
Lo of this relyke the great power and myghte
Which preseruyth from poyson euery man
Lo of saynt Myghell eke the brayn pan
Which for the hed ake is a preseruatyfe
To euery man or beste that beryth lyfe
And further it shall stande hym in better stede
For his hede shall neuer ake whan that he is dede
Nor he shall fele no maner grefe nor payn
Though with a sworde one cleue it than a twayn

But be as one that lay in a dede slepe
 Wherefore to these relykes now com crouche and crepe
 But loke that ye offerynge to them make
 Or els can ye no maner profyte take
 But one thyng ye women all I warant you
 Yf any wyght be in this place now
 That hath done syn so horryble that she
 Dare nat for shame thereof shryuen be
 Or any woman be she younge or olde
 That hath made her husbände cockolde
 Suche folke shall haue no power nor no grace
 To offer to my relykes in this place
 And who so fyndeth her selfe out of suche blame
 Com hyther to me on crystes holy name
 And bycause ye

Shall vnto me
 Gyue credence at the full
 Myn auctoryte
 Now shall ye se
 Lo here the popes bull

*[Now shall the frere begyn his sermon and euyn at
 the same tyme the pardoner begynneth also to
 shew and speke of his bullys and auctorytes
 com from Rome.]*

THE FRERE.

Date et dabitur vobis
 Good deuout people this place of scripture

PARDONER.

"Worshypfull maysters ye shall understand
 Senio'r Warden.

FRERE.

Is to you that have no litterature

PARDONER.

That pope Leo the. x. hath graunted with his hand

FRERE.

Is to say in our englysshe tonge

PARDONER.

And by his bulles confyrmed vnder lede

FRERE.

As departe your goodes the poore folke amonge

PARDONER.

To all maner people bothe quycke and dede

FRERE.

And god shall than gyue vnto you agayne

PARDONER.

Ten thousande yeres & as many lentes of pardon

FRERE.

This is the gospell so is wryten playne

PARDONER.

Whan they are dede theyr soules for to guardon

FRERE.

Therefore gyue your almes in the largest wyse

PARDONER.

That wyll with theyr peny or almes dede

FRERE.

Kepe not your goodes fye fye on couetyse

PARDONER.

Put to theyr handes to the good spede

FRERE.

That synne with god is most abhomynable

PARDONER.

Of the holy chapell of swete saynt Leonarde

FRERE.

And is eke the synne that is most dampnable

PARDONER.

Whiche late by fyre was destroyed and marde

FRERE.

In scrypture eke but I say syrs how

PARDONER.

Ay by the mas one can not here

FRERE.

What a bablynge maketh yonder felow

PARDONER.

For the bablynge of yonder folysshe frere

FRERE.

In scrypture eke is there many a place

PARDONER.

And also maysters as I was aboute to tell

FRERE.

Whiche sheweth that many a mā so far forth lacketh grace

PARDONER.

Pope Iuly y. vi. hath graūted fayre & well

FRERE.

That whan to them god hathe abundaunce sent

PARDONER.

And doth. xii. thousande yeres of pardon to thē sende

FRERE.

They wolde dystribute none to the indygent

PARDONER.

That ought to this holy chapell lende

FRERE.

Wherat god hauynge great indygnacyon

PARDONER.

Pope Bonyface the. ix. also

FRERE.

Punysshed these men after a dyuers facyon

PARDONER.

Pope Iuly pope Innocent with dyuers popes mo

FRERE.

As the gospell full nobly dothe declare

PARDONER.

Hathe graunted to the susteynyng of the same

FRERE.

How diues Epulus reygnyng in welfare

PARDONER.

v. thousand yeres of pardō to euery of you by name

FRERE.

And on his borde dysshes delycate

PARDONER.

And clene remyssyon also of theyr syn

FRERE.

Pore Lazarus cam beggyng at his gate

PARDONER.

As often tymes as you put in

FRERE.

Desyryng som fode his hunger to releue

PARDONER.

Any monye into the pardoners cofer

FRERE.

But the rycheman nothyng wolde hym gyue

PARDONER.

Or any money vp vnto it offer

FRERE.

Not so moche as a fewe crommys of breade

PARDONER.

Or he that offeryth peny or grote

FRERE.

Wherfore pore lazarus of famyn strayth was dede

PARDONER.

Or he that gyueth the pardonere a new cote

FRERE.

And angels hys soule to heuen dyd cary

PARDONER.

Or take of me outhere ymage or letter

FRERE.

But now the ryche man of the contrary

PARDONER.

Wherby thys pore chapell may fayre the better

FRERE.

Whan he was dede went to mysery and payne

PARDONER.

And god wote it ys a full gracyous dede

FRERE.

Where for euermore he shall remayne

PARDONER.

For whych god shall quyte you well your mede

FRERE.

In brennyng fyre whych shall neuer cease

PARDONER.

Now helpe our pore chapell yf it be your wyll

FRERE.

But I say thou pardoner I byd the holde thy peace

PARDONER.

And I say thou frere holde thy tonge styll

FRERE.

What standest thou there all the day smatteryng

PARDONER.

Mary what standyst thou there all day clatterrynge

FRERE.

Mary felow I com hyder to prech the word of god
Whych of no man may be forbode
But harde wyth scylence and good entent
For why it techeth them euydent

The very way and path that shall them lede
 Euen to heuen gatys as strayght as any threde
 And he that lettyth the worde of god of audyence
 Standeth accurst in the greate sentence
 And so art thou for enterruptynge me

PARDONER.

Nay thou art a curst knaue and that shalt thou se
 And all suche that to me make interrupcyon
 The pope sendes them excommunycacyon
 By hys bullys here redy to be redde
 By bysshoppes and hys cardynalles conformed
 And eke yf thou dysturbe me any thyng
 Thou arte also a traytour to the kynge
 For here hath he graunted me vnder hys brode seale
 That no man yf he loue hys hele
 Sholde me dysturbe or let in any wyse
 And yf thou dost the kynges commaundement dispise
 I shall make the be set fast by the fete
 And where thou saydyst that thou arte more mete
 Amonge the people here for to preche
 Bycause thou dost them the very way teche
 How to com to heuen aboue
 Therin thou lyst and that shall I proue
 And by good reason I shall make the bow
 And knowe that I am meter than arte thou

For thou whan thou hast taught them ones the way
 Thou carest not whether they com there ye or nay
 But whan that thou hast done all togyder
 And taught them the way for to com thyther
 Yet all that thou canst ymagyn
 Is but to vse vertue and abstayne fro syn

And yf they fall ones than thou canst no more
 Thou canst not gyue them a salue for theyr sore
 But these my letters be clene purgacyon
 All thouge neuer so many synnes they haue don
 But whan thou hast taught them the way and all
 Yet or they com there they may haue many a fall
 In the way or that they com thyther
 For why the way to heuen is very slydder
 But I wyll teche them after another rate
 For I shall brynge them to heuen gate
 And be theyr gydes and conducte all thynges
 And lede them thyther by the purse strynges
 So that they shall not fall though that they wolde

FRERE.

Holde thy peace knaue thou art very bolde
 Thou pratest in fayth euen lyke a pardonere

PARDONER.

Why despysest thou the popes mynyster
 Maysters here I curse hym openly
 And therwith warne all this hole company
 By the popes great auctoryte
 That ye leue hym and herken vnto me
 For tyll he be assoyled his wordes take none effecte
 For out of holy chyrche he is now clene reiecte

FRERE.

My maysters he dothe but gest and raue
 It forseth not for the wordes of a knaue
 But to the worde of god do reuerence

And here me forthe with dewe audyence
Maysters I shewed you ere whyle of almes dede

PARDONER.

Maysters this pardon whiche I shewed you before

FRERE.

And how ye shulde gyue poor folke at theyr nede

PARDONER.

Is the greatest that euer was syth god was bore

FRERE.

And yf of your partes that thynges ones were don

PARDONER.

For why without confessyon or contrycyon

FRERE.

Dout not but god sholde gyue you retribucyon

PARDONER.

By this shall ye haue clene remyssyon

FRERE.

But now further it ought to be declared

PARDONER.

And forgyuen of the synnes seuen

FRERE.

Who be thes pore folke that shold haue your reward

PARDONER.

Come to this pardon yf ye wyll come to heuen

FRERE.

Who be those pore folk of whome I speke & name

PARDONER.

Come to this pardon yf ye wyll be in blys

FRERE.

Certes we pore freres are the same

PARDONER.

This is the pardon which ye can not mysse

FRERE.

We freres dayly take payn I say

PARDONER.

This is the pardon which shall mens soules wyn

FRERE.

We frears dayly do both fast and pray

PARDONER.

This is the pardon the rydder of your synne

FRERE.

We freres trauayle and labour euery houre

PARDONER.

This is the pardon that purchaseth all grace

FRERE.

We freres take payn for the loue of our sauour

PARDONER.

This is a pardon for all maner of trespas

FRERE.

We freres also go on lymytacyon

PARDONER.

This is y^e pardō of whiche all mercy dothe sprynge

FRERE.

For to preche to euery crysten nacyon

PARDONER.

This is the pardon that to heuen shall ye brynge

FRERE.

But I say thou pardoner thou wylt kepe sylens sone

PARDONER.

Ye it is lyke to be whan I haue done

FRERE.

Mary therfore the more knaue art thou I say
That parturbest the worde of god I say
For neyther thy selfe wylt here goddys doctryne
Ne suffre other theyr earys to enclyne
Wherfore our sauour in his holy scrypture
Gyueth the thy iugement thou cursyd creature
Spekyng to the after this maner

Maledictus qui audit verbum dei negligenter
Wo be that man sayth our lord that gyueth no audiens
Or heryth the worde of god with negligens

PARDONER.

Now thou haste spoken all syr daw
I care nat for the an olde straw
I had leuer thou were hanged up with a rope
Than I that am comen from the pope
And therby goddes minister whyle thou stādest & prate
Sholde be fayn to knocke without the gate
Therefore preche hardely thy bely full
But I neuer the les wyll declare the popes bull

FRERE.

Now my frendes I haue afore shewed ye

PARDONER.

Now my maysters as I haue afore declared

FRERE.

That good it is to gyue your charyte

PARDONER.

That pardoners from you may not be spared

FRERE.

And further I haue at lenghte to you tolde

PARDONER.

Now here after shall folow and ensew

FRERE.

Who be these people that ye receyue sholde

PARDONER.

That foloweth of pardons the great vertew

FRERE.

That is to say vs freres pore

PARDONER.

We pardoners for your soules be as necessary

FRERE.

That for our lyuyng must begge fro dore to dore

PARDONER.

As is the meate for our bodys hungry

FRERE.

For of our own propre we haue no propre thyng

PARDONER.

For pardons is the thyng that bryngeth men to heuen

. FRERE.

But that we get of deuout peoples gettyng

PARDONER.

Pardons delyuereth them fro the synnes seuen

FRERE.

And in our place be fryers thre score and thre

PARDONER.

Pardons for euery cryme may dyspens

FRERE.

Which onely lyue on mens charyte

PARDONER.

Pardon purchasyth grace for all offence

FRERE.

For we fryars wylfull charyte professe

PARDONER.

Ye though ye had slayne bothe father and mother

FRERE.

We may haue no money nother more nor lesse

PARDONER.

And this pardon is chefe aboue all other

FRERE.

For worldly treasure we may nought care

PARDONER.

For who to it offeryth grote or peny

FRERE.

Our soules must be ryche and our bodyes bare

PARDONER.

Though synnes he had done neuer so many



FRERE.

And one thyng I had almoste left behynde

PARDONER.

And though that he had all his kyndred slayn

FRERE.

Which before cam not to my mynde

PARDONER.

This pardon shall ryd thē fro euer lastyngge payne

FRERE.

And doubtles it is none other thyng

PARDONER.

There is no syn so abhomynable

FRERE.

But whan ye wyll gyue your almes & offerynge

PARDONER.

Which to remyt this pardon is not able

FRERE.

Loke that ye dystribute it wysely

PARDONER.

As well declareth the sentence of this letter

FRERE.

Not to euery man that for it wyll crye

PARDONER.

Ye can not therefore bestow your money better

FRERE.

For yf ye gyue your almes in that wyse

PARDONER.

Let vs not here stande ydle all the daye

FRERE.

It shall not bothe to them and vs suffyse

PARDONER.

Gyue vs some money or that we go our way

FRERE.

But I say thou lewde felowe thou
Haddest none other tyme to shewe thy bulles but now
Canst not tary and abyde tyll sone
And rede them than whan prechyng is done

PARDONER.

I wyll rede them now what sayest thou therto
Hast thou any thyng therewith to do
Thynkest that I wyll stande and tary for thy leasure
Am I bounde to do so moche for thy pleasure

FRERE.

For my pleasure ? nay I wolde thou knewyst it well
It becometh the knaue neuer a dell
To prate thus boldely in my presence
And let the worde of god of audience

PARDONER.

Let the word of god qd a ? nay let a horsō dreuyll
Prate here all day with a foule euyll
And all thy sermon goth on couetyce
And byddeest men beware of auaryce
And yet in thy sermon dost thou none other thyng
But for almes stande all the day beggynge

FRERE.

Leue thy realynge I wolde the aduyse

PARDONER.

Nay leue thou thy bablynge yf thou be wyse

FRERE.

I wolde thou knewest it knaue I wyll not leue a whyt

PARDONER.

No more wyll I I do the well to wyt

FRERE.

It is not thou shall make me holde my peas

PARDONER.

Thā speke on hardly yf thou thynkyst it for thy eas

FRERE.

For I wyll speke whyther thou wylt or no

PARDONER.

In faythe I care nat for I wyll speke also

FRERE.

Wherfore hardely let vs bothe go to

PARDONER.

Se whiche shall be better harde of vs two

FRERE.

What sholde ye gyue ought to pratyng pardoners

PARDONER.

What sholde ye spende on these flaterynge lyers

FRERE.

What sholde ye gyue oughte to these bold beggars

PARDONER.

As be these bablynge monkes and these freres

FRERE.

Let them hardely labour for theyr lyuyng

PARDONER.

Which do nought dayly but bable and lye

FRERE.

It moche hurtyth them good mennys gyuyng

PARDONER.

And tell you fables dere inoughe a flye

FRERE.

For that maketh them ydle and slouthfull to warke

PARDONER.

As dothe this bablynge frere here to day

FRERE.

That for none other thyng they wyll carke

PARDONER.

Dryue hym hence therefore in the. xx. devyll waye

FRERE.

Hardely they wolde go bothe to plow & carte

PARDONER.

On vs pardoners hardely do your cost

FRERE.

And if of necessitie ones they felte the smarte

PARDONER.

For why your money neuer can be lost

FRERE.

But we freres be nat in lyke estate

PARDONER.

For why there is in our fraternitie

FRERE.

For our handes with such thinges we may nat maculate

PARDONER.

For all bretheren & sisteren that thereof be

FRERE.

We freres be nat in lyke condicion

PARDONER.

Deuoutly songe euery yere

FRERE.

we may haue no prebendes ne exhibition

PARDONER.

As he shall know well that cometh there

FRERE.

Of all temporall seruice are we forbode

PARDONER.

At euery of the fyue solempne festes

FRERE.

And onely bounde to the seruice of god

PARDONER.

A masse & dirige to pray for the good rest

FRERE.

And therewith to pray for euery christen nation

PARDONER.

Of the soules of the bretheren & sisteren all

FRERE.

That god witsafe to saue them fro dampnation

PARDONER.

Of our fraternitie in generall

FRERE.

But some of you so harde be of harte

PARDONER.

with a herse there standynge well arayed & dyght

FRERE.

Ye can nat wepe though ye full sore smarte

PARDONER.

And torches & tapers aboute it brennyng bright

FRERE.

wherfore some man must ye hyre nedes

PARDONER.

And with the belles eke solempnely ryngynge

FRERE.

whiche must intrete god for your misdedes

PARDONER.

And prestes & clerkes deuoutly syngynge

FRERE.

Ye can hyre no better in myne oppinion

PARDONER.

And furthermore euery nyght in the yere

X Chaucer

FRERE.

Than vs goddes seruantes men of religion

PARDONER.

Twelue pore people are receiued there

FRERE.

And specially god hereth vs pore freres

PARDONER.

And there haue bothe harborow and food

FRERE.

And is attentife vnto our desyres.

PARDONER.

That for them is conuenient and good

FRERE.

For the more of religion the more herde of our lorde

PARDONER.

And furthermore if there be any other

FRERE.

And that it so shulde good reason doeth accorde

PARDONER.

That of our fraternitie be sister or brother

FRERE.

Therefore doute nat maisters I am euen he

PARDONER.

Whiche here after happe to fall in decay

FRERE.

To whom ye shulde parte with your charitie

PARDONER.

And yf he than chaunce to come that way

FRERE.

we freres be they that shulde your almes take

PARDONER.

Nygh vnto our forsayd holy place

FRERE.

whiche for your soules helth do both watche & wake

PARDONER.

Ye shall there tary for a monthes space

FRERE.

we freres pray god wote whan ye do slepe

PARDONER.

And be there founde of the places cost

FRERE.

we for your synnes do bothe sobbe and wepe

PARDONER.

wherfore now in the name of the holy goost

FRERE.

To pray to god for mercy and for grace

PARDONER.

I aduise you all that now here be

FRERE.

And thus do we dayly with all our hole place

PARDONER.

For to be of our fraternitie

FRERE.

wherfore distribute of your temporall welthe

PARDONER.

Fye on couetise sticke nat for a peny

FRERE.

By whiche ye may preserue your soules helthe

PARDONER.

For whiche ye may haue benefites so many

FRERE.

I say wylt thou nat yet stynt thy clappe
Pull me downe the pardonere with an euyl happe

PARDONER.

Maister frere I holde it best
To kepe your tonge while ye be in rest

FRERE.

I say one pull the knaue of his stole

PARDONER.

Nay one pull the frere downe lyke a fole

FRERE.

Leue thy railynge and babbelynge of freres
Or by Iys Ish lug the by the swete eares

PARDONER.

By god I wolde thou durst presume to it

FRERE.

By god a lytell thyng might make me to do it

PARDONER.

And I shrew thy herte and thou spare

FRERE.

By god I wyll nat mysse the moche thou slouche
And if thou playe me suche another touche
Ish knocke the on the costarde I wolde thou it knewe

PARDONER.

Mary that wolde I se quod blynde hew

FRERE.

Well I wyll begyn and than let me se
whether thou darest agayne interrupte me
And what thou wolde ones to it say

PARDONER.

Begyn & proue whether I wyll ye or nay

FRERE.

And to go forthe where as I lefte right now

PARDONER.

Because som percase wyll thynke amysse of me

FRERE.

Our lorde in the gospell sheweth the way how

PARDONER.

Ye shall now here the popys auctoryte

FRERE.

By gogges soule knaue I suffre the no lenger

PARDONER.

I say some good body lende me his hengar
And I shall hym teche by god almyght
How he shall a nother tyme lerne for to fyght
I shall make that balde crown of his to loke rede
I shall leue him but one ere on his hede

FRERE.

But I shall leue the neuer an ere or I go

PARDONER.

Ye horeson frere wylt thou so

[*Than the fyght.*]

FRERE.

Lose thy hands away from myn earys

PARDONER.

Than take thou thy handes away from my heres
Nay abyde thou horeson I am not downe yet
I trust fyrst to lye the at my fete

FRERE.

Ye horeson wylt thou scrat and byte

PARDONER.

Ye mary wyll I as longe as thou doste smyte
(*The curate.*)

PARSÖ.

Holde your handes a vengeaunce on ye bothe two
That euer ye came hyther to make this a do
To polute my chyrche a myschyefe on you lyght
I swere to you by god all myght
Ye shall bothe repente euery vayne of your harte
As sore as ye dyd euer thyng or ye departe

FRERE.

Mayster parson I maruayll ye wyll gyue lycence
To this false knaue in this audience
To publysh his ragman rolles with lyes
I desyred hym y wys more than ones or twyse
To holde his peas tyll that I had done
But he wolde here no more than the man in the mone

PARDONER.

Why sholde I suffre the more than thou me

Mayster parson gaue me lycence before the
 And I wolde thou knewyst it I haue relykes here
 Other maner stuffe than thou dost bere
 I wyll edefy more with the syght of it
 Than wyll all the pratyng of holy wryt
 For that except that the precher hym selfe lyue well
 His predycacyon wyll helpe neuer a dell
 And I know well that thy lyuyng is nought
 An homycyde thou art I know well inoughe
 For my selfe knew where thou sloughe
 A wenche with thy dagger in a couche
 And yet as thou saist in thy sermō y^t no mā shall touch

PARSŌ.

No more of this wranglyng in my chyrch
 I shrewe your hartys bothe for this lurch
 Is there any blood shed here between these knaues
 Thanked be god they had no stauys
 Nor egoteles for than it had ben wronge
 Well ye shall synge another songe
 Neybour prat com hether I you pray

PRAT.

Why what is this nyse fraye

PARSŌ.

I can not tell you one knaue dysdaynes another
 Wherefore take ye the tone and I shall take the other
 We shall bestow them there as is most conuenient
 For suche a couple I trow they shall repente
 That euer they met in this chyrche here
 Neyboure ye be constable stande ye nere

Take ye that laye knaue and let me alone
With this gentylman by god and by saynt Iohn
I shall borowe vpon prestholde somewhat
For I may say to the neybour prat
It is a good dede to punysh such to the ensample
Of suche other how that they shall mell
In lyke facyon as these catyfes do

PRAT.

In good fayth mayster parson yf ye do so
Ye do but well to teche them to be ware

PARDONER.

Mayster prat I pray ye me to spare
For I am sory for that that is done
Wherfore I pray ye forgyue me sone
For that I haue offendyd within your lybertye
And by my trouthe syr ye may trust me
I wyll neuer come hether more
Whyle I lyue and god before

PRAT.

Nay I am ones charged with the
Wherfore by saynt Iohn thou shalt not escape me
Tyll thou hast scouryd a pare of stokys

PARSÖ.

Tut he weneth all is but mockes
Lay hande on hym and com ye on syr frere
Ye shall of me hardely haue your hyre
Ye had none suche this. vii. yere
I swere by god and by our lady dere

PARDONER.

Nay mayster parson for goddys passyon
 Intreate not me after that facyon
 For yf ye do it wyll not be for your honesty

PARSÖ.

Honesty or not but thou shall se
 What I shall do by and by
 Make no stroglynge com forthe soberly
 For it shall not auayle the I say

FRERE.

Mary that shall we trye euen strayt way
 I defy the churle preeste & there be no mo than thou
 I wyll not go with the I make god a vow
 We shall se fyrst which is the stronger
 God hath sent me bonys I do the not fere

PARSÖ.

Ye by thy fayth wylt thou be there
 Neybour prat brynge forthe that knaue
 And thou syr frere yf thou wylt alगतys raue

FRERE.

Nay chorle I the defy
 I shall trouble the fyrst
 Thou shalt go to pryson by and by
 Let me se now do thy worste

[Prat with the pardoner & the parson with the frere]

PARSÖ.

Helpe helpe neybour prat neybour prat
 In the worship of god helpe me som what

PRAT.

Nay deale as thou canst with that elfe
 For why I haue inoughe to do my selfe
 Alas for payn I am almoste dede
 The reede blood so ronnethe downe aboute my hede
 Nay and thou canst I pray the helpe me

PARSÖ.

Nay by the mas felowe it wyll not be
 I haue more tow on my dystaffe thā I can well spyn
 The cursed frere dothe the vpper hande wyn

FRERE.

Wyll ye leue than and let vs in peace departe

PS. & PR.

Ye by our lady euen with all our harte

FRE. PD.

Than adew to the deuyll tyll we come agayn

PSÖ. PR.

And a myschefe go with you bothe twayne.

Imprynted by Wyllyam Rastell the. v. day
 of Apryll the yere of our lorde. M.
 CCCCC.xxxIII.

Cum priuilegio.

Jocasta.

IOCASTA:
A Tragedie vvritten in
Greke by *Euripides*, translated
and digested into Acte by George Gas-
coygne, and Francis Kinvvvelmershe
of Grayes Inne,
and there by them presented.
1566.

The argument of the Tragedie.

To scourge the cryme of vvicked Laius,
And vvrecke the foule Incest of Oedipus,
The angry Gods styrrred vp theyr sonnes, by strife
VVith blades embrevved to reauue eche others life :
The vvyfe, the mother, and the concubyne,
VVhose fearefull hart foredrad theyr fatall fine,
Hir sonnes thus dead, disdayneth longer lyfe,
And slayes herself vvith selfsame bloudy knyfe :
The daughter she, surprisde vvyth childish dreade
(That durst not dye) a lothsome lyfe doth leade,
Yet rather chose to guyde hir banyshyt sire,
Than cruell Creon should haue his desire.
Creon is King, the type of Tyranny,
And Oedipus, myrrour of misery.

Fortunatus Infelix.

THE NAMES OF THE INTERLOQUUTORS.

- IOCASTA, the Queene.
SERUUS, a noble man of the Queenes traine.
BAILO, gouvernour to the Queenes sonnes.
ANTYGONE, daughter to the Queene.
CHORUS, foure Thebane dames.
POLLYNICES & } sonnes to Oedipus & the Queene.
ETEOCLES }
CREON, the Queenes brother.
MENECEUS, sonne to Creon.
TYRESIAS, the diuine priest.
MANTO, the daughter of Tyresias.
SACERDOS, the sacrificing priest.
NUNTII, three messangers from the campe.
OEDIPUS, the olde King father to Eteocles, and Pollynices, sonne and
husbande to Iocasta the Queene.

The Tragedie represented in Thebes.

I O C A S T A .

THE ORDER OF THE DUMME SHEWES AND MUSICKES BEFORE EUERY ACTE.

First, before the beginning of the firste Acte, did sounde a dolefull and straunge noyse of violles, Cythren, Bandurion, and suche like, during the which, there came in vpon the Stage a king with an Imperiall Crowne vpon his head, very richely apparelled, a Scepter in his right hande, a Mounde with a Crosse in his left hande, sitting in a Chariote very richely furnished, drawne in by foure kinges in their Dublettes and Hosen, with Crownes also vpon their heades : Representing vnto vs Ambition, by the hystorie of Sesostres king of Egypt, who beeing in his time and reigne a mightie Conquerour, yet not content to haue subdued many Princes, and taken from them their kingdomes and dominions, did in lyke maner cause those Kinges whome he had so ouercome, to drawe in his Chariote like Beastes and Oxen, thereby to content his vnbrideled ambitious desire.

After he had beene drawne twyce about the Stage, and retyred, the Musicke ceased, and IOCASTA the Queene issued out of hir house, beginning the first Acte, as followeth.

IOCASTA the Queene issueth out of hir Pallace, before hir twelue Gentlemen very brauely apparelled, following after hir eight Gentlewomen, whereof foure be the CHORUS that remayne on the Stage after hir departure. At hir entrance the Trumpettes sounded, and after she had gone once aboute the Stage, she turneth to one of hir moste trustie and esteemed seruaunts, and vnto him she discloseth hir grieffe, as foloweth.

THE FIRST ACTE. THE FIRST SCENE.

IOCASTA. SERVVS.

O FAITHFULL seruaunt of mine auncient sire,
 Though vnto thee, sufficiently be knowen
 The whole discourse of my recurelesse grieffe
 By seing me from Princes royall state
 Thus basely brought into so great cōtempt,
 As mine owne sonnes repine to heare my plaint,
 Now of a Queene but barely bearing name,
 Seyng this towne, seying my fleshe and bloude,
 Against it selfe to leuie threatning armes,
 (Wherof to talke my heart it rendes in twaine)
 Yet once againe, I must to thee recompte
 The wailefull thing that is alredy spred,

Bycause I know, that pitie will compell
 Thy tender hart, more than my naturall childe,
 With ruthfull teares to mone my mourning case.

SERVVS.

My gracious Queene, as no man might surmount
 The constant faith I beare my souraine lorde,
 So doe I thinke, for loue and trustie zeale,
 No sonne you haue, doth owe you more than I :
 For hereunto I am by dutie bounde,
 With service meete no lesse to honor you,
 Than that renoumed prince your deere father.
 And as my duties be most infinite,
 So infinite, must also be my loue :
 Then if my life or spending of my bloude
 May be employed to doe your highnesse good,
 Commaunde (O queene) commaund this carcasse here.
 In spite of death to satisfie thy will,
 So, though I die, yet shall my willing ghost
 Contentedly forsake this withered corps,
 For ioy to thinke I neuer shewde my selfe
 Ingratefull once to suche a worthy Queene.

IOCASTA.

Thou knowst what care my carefull father tooke,
 In wedlockes sacred state to settle me
 With Laius, king of this vnhappie Thebs,
 That most vnhappie nowe our Citie is :
 Thou knowst, how he, desirous still to searche
 The hidden secrets of supernall powers,
 Unto Diuines did make his ofte recourse,
 Of them to learne when he should haue a sonne,

That in his Realme might after him succede :
 Of whom receiuing answere sharpe and sowre,
 That his owne sonne should worke his wailful ende,
 The wretched king (though all in vayne) did seeke
For to eschew that could not be eschewed :

And so, forgetting lawes of natures loue,
 No sooner had this paynfull wombe brought forth
 His eldest sonne to this desired light,
 But straight he chargde a trustie man of his
 To beare the childe into a desert wood,
 And leaue it there, for Tigers to deuoure.

SERVVS.

O lucklesse babe, begot in wofull houre.

IOCASTA.

His seruant thus obedient to his hest,
 Up by the heeles did hang this faultlesse Impe,
 And percing with a knife his tender feete,
 Through both the wounds did drawe the slender twigs,
 Which beeing bound about his feeble limmes,
 Were strong inough to holde the little soule.
 Thus did he leaue this infant scarcely borne,
 That in short time must needes haue lost his life,
 If destenie (that for our greater greefes
 Decreed before to keepe it still alyue)
 Had not vnto this childe sent present helpe :
 For so it chaunst, a shepheard passing by,
 With pitie moude, did stay his giltlesse death :
 He toke him home, and gaue him to his wife,
 With homelie fare to fede and foster vp :
 Now harken how the heauens haue wroughte the way
 To Laius death, and to mine owne decay.

SERVVS.

„ Experience proues, and daily is it seene,
 „ In vaine, too vaine man strues against the heauens.

IOCASTA.

Not farre fro thence, the mightie Polibus,
 Of Corinth King, did kepe his princely court,
 Unto whose wofull wife (lamenting muche
 She had no ofspring by hir noble pheere)
 The curteous shepherd gaue my little sonne :
 Which gratefull gift, the Queene did so accept,
 As nothing seemde more precious in hir sight :
 Partly, for that, his faitures were so fine,
 Partly, for that, he was so beautifull,
 And partly, for bycause his comely grace
 Gaue great suspicion of his royall bloude.
 The infant grewe, and many yeares was demde
 Polibus sonne, till tyme, that Oedipus
 (For so he named was) did vnderstande
 That Polibus was not his sire in deede,
 Wherby forsaking frendes and countrie there,
 He did returne to seke his natie stocke :
 And being come into Phocides lande,
 Toke notice of the cursed oracle,
 How first he shoulde his father doe to death,
 And then become his mothers wedded mate.

SERVVS.

O fierce aspecte of cruell planets all,
 That can decree such seas of heynous faultes.

IOCASTA.

Then Oedipus, fraight ful of chilling feare,

By all meanes sought t'auoyde this furious fate,
 But whiles he weende to shunne the shamefull dede,
 Unluckly guyd by his owne mishappe,
 He fell into the snare that most he feared :
 For loe, in Phocides did Laius lye,
 To ende the broyles that ciuill discorde then
 Had raysed vp in that vnquiet lande,
 By meanes wherof my wofull Oedipus,
 Affording ayde vnto the other side,
 With murdring blade vnwares his father slewe.
 Thus heauenly doome, thus fate, thus powers diuine,
 Thus wicked reade of Prophets tooke effect :
 Nowe onely restes to ende the bitter happe
 Of me, of me his miserable mother.
 Alas, howe colde I feele the quaking bloud
 Passe too and fro within my trembling brest ?
 Oedipus, when this bloody deede was doone,
 Forst forth by fatall doome, to Thebes came,
 Where as ful soone with glory he atchieude
 The crowne and scepter of this noble lande,
 By conquering Sphinx that cruell monster loe,
 That earst destroyde this goodly flourishing soyle :
 And thus did I (O hatefull thing to heare)
 To my owne sonne become a wretched wife.

SERVVS.

No meruayle, though the golden Sunne withdrew
 His glittering beames from suche a sinfull facte.

IOCASTA.

And so by him that from this belly sprang,
 I brought to light (O cursed that I am)

As well two sonnes, as daughters also twayne :
 But when this monstrous mariage was disclosde,
 So sore began the rage of boyling wrath
 To swell within the furious brest of him,
 As he him selfe by stresse of his owne nayles
 Out of his head did teare his griefull eyne,
 Unworthy more to see the shining light.

SERVVS.

Howe coulde it be, that knowing he had done
So foule a blot, he would remayne aliuē ?

IOCASTA.

„ So deeply faulteth none, the which vnwares
 „ Dothe fall into the crime he can not shunne :
 And he (alas) vnto his greater greefe,
 Prolongs the date of his accursed dayes,
 Knowing that life dothe more and more increase
 The cruell plagues of his detested gilte,
 „ Where stroke of griesly death dothe set an ende
 „ Unto the pangs of mans increasing payne.

SERVVS.

Of others all, moste cause haue we to mone
 Thy wofull smarte (O miserable Queene)
 Suche and so many are thy greeuous harmes.

IOCASTA.

Now to the ende this blinde outrageous sire
 Should reape no ioy of his vnnaturall fruite,
 His wretched sonnes, prickt foorth by furious spight,
 Adiudge their father to perpetuall prison :

There buried in the depthe of dungeon darke,
 (Alas) he leades his discontented lyfe,
Accursing still his stony harted sonnes,
And wishing all th'infernall sprites of hell,
To breathe suche poysned hate into their brestes,
As eche with other fall to bloody warres,
 And so with pricking poynt of piercing blade,
 To rippe their bowels out, that eche of them
 With others blood might stayne his giltie hands,
 And bothe at once by stroke of speedie death
 Be foorthwith throwne into the Stigian lake.

SERVVS.

✓ The mightie Gods preuent so fowle a deede.

IOCASTA.

They to auoyde the wicked blasphemies,
 And sinfull prayer of their angrie sire,
 Agreed thus, that of this noble realme,
 Untill the course of one full yere was runne,
 Eteocles should sway the kingly mace,
 And Polynice as exul should departe,
 Till time expyrde : and then to Polynice
 Eteocles should yeelde the scepter vp :
 Thus yere by yere the one succeeding other,
 This royall crowne should vnto bothe remayne.

SERVVS.

✓ Oh thunbridled mindes of ambitious men.

IOCASTA.

Eteocles, thus plast in princely seate,

Drunke with the sugred taste of kingly raigne,
 Not onely shut his brother from the crowne,
 But also from his natie country soyle.
 Alas poore Polynice, what might he doe,
 Uniustly by his brother thus betrayed?
 To Argos he, with sad and heauie cheere
 Forthwith conuayde him selfe, on whom at length
 With fauning face good fortune smyled so,
 As with Adrastus king of Argiues there,
 He founde suche fauour and affinitie,
 As to restore my sonne vnto his raigne,
 He hath besedge this noble citie Thebes.
 And hence proceedes, my most extreme annoye:
 For, of my sonnes, who euer doe preuaile,
 The victorie will turne vnto my grieve:
 Alas, I feare (such is the chaunce of warre)
 That one, or both shall purchase death therby.
 Wherefore, to shunne the worst that may befall,
 Though comfortlesse, yet as a pitifull mother
 Whom nature bindes to loue hir louing sonnes,
 And to prouide the best for their auaile,
 I haue thought good by prayers to intreate
 The two brethren (nay rather cruell foes)
 A while to staie their fierce and furious fight,
 Till I haue tried by meanes for to appease,
 The swelling wrath of their outraging willes.
 And so with much to doe, at my request
 They haue forborne vnto this onely houre.

SERVVS.

Small space god wot, to stint so great a strife.

IOCASTA.

And euen right now, a trustie man of mine,
 Returned from the campe, enforming me
 That Polynice will straight to Thebes cōme,
 Thus of my woe, this is the wailefull sōme.
 And for bycause, in vaine and bootelesse plainte
 I haue small neede to spend this litle time,
 Here will I cease, in wordes more to bewray
 The restlesse state of my afflicted minde,
 Desiring thee, thou goe to Eteocles,
 Hartly on my behalfe beseching him,
 That out of hand according to his promise,
 He will vouchsafe to come vnto my courte,
 I know he loues thee well, and to thy wordes
 I thinke thou knowst he will giue willing eare.

SERVVS.

(O noble Queene) sith vnto such affayres
 My spedie diligence is requisite,
 I will applie effectually to doe
 What so your highnesse hath commaunded me.

IOCASTA.

I wil goe in, and pray the Gods therwhile,
 With tender pitie to appease my griefe.

*[Iocasta goeth off the stage into hir pallace, hir foure
 handmaides follow hir, the foure Chorus also fol-
 lowe hir to the gates of hir pallace, after comming
 on the stage, take their place, where they continue
 to the end of the Tragedie.]*

SERVVS SOLVS.

„ THE simple man, whose meruaile is so great
 „ At stately courts, and princes regall seates,
 „ With gasing eye but onely doth regarde
 „ The golden glosse that outwardly appeares,
 „ The crownes bedeckt with pearle and precious stones,
 „ The riche attire imbost with beaten golde,
 „ The glittering mace, the pompe of swarming traine,
 „ The mightie halles heapt full of flattering frendes,
 „ The huge chambers, the goodly gorgeous beddes,
 „ The gilted roofes, embowde with curious worke,
 „ The sweete faces of fine disdayning dames,
 „ The vaine suppose of wanton raigne at luste :
 „ But neuer viewes with eye of inward thought,
 „ The painefull toile, the great and greuous cares,
 „ The troubles still, the newe increasing feares,
 „ That princes nourish in their iealous brestes :
 „ He wayeth not the charge that Ioue hath laid
 „ On princes, how for themselues they raigne not :
 „ He weenes, the law must stoope to princely will,
 „ But princes frame there noble wills to lawe :
 „ He knoweth not, that as the boystrous winde
 „ Doth shake the toppes of highest reared towres,
 „ So doth the force of frowarde fortune strike
 „ The wighte that highest sits in haughtie state.
 Lo Oedipus, that sometime raigned king
 Of Thebane soyle, that wonted to suppress
 The mightiest Prince, and kepe him vnder checke,
 That fearfull was vnto his forraine foes,
 Now like a poore afflicted prisoner,

In dungeon darke, shut vp from cheerefull light,
 In euery part so plagued with annoy,
 As he abhorres to leade a longer life,
 By meanes wherof, the one against the other
 His wrathfull sonnes haue planted all their force,
 And Thebes here, this auncient worthy towne,
 With threatning siege girt in on euerie side,
 In daunger lyes to be subuerted quite,
 If helpe of heauenly Ioue vpholde it not,
 But as darke night succedes the shining day,
 So lowring grieffe comes after pleasant ioy.
 Well now the charge hir highnesse did commaund
 I must fulfill, though haplie all in vaine.

[Seruus goeth off the stage by the gates called Electrae. Antygone attended with. iij. gentlewomen and hir gouernour commeth out of the Queene hir mothers Pallace.]

BAILLO. ANTIGONE.

O GENTLE daughter of King Oedipus,
 O sister deare to that vnhappie wight
 Whom brothers rage hath reaued of his right,
 To whom, thou knowst, in yong and tender yeares
 I was a friend and faithfull gouernour,
 Come forth, sith that hir grace hath graunted leaue,
 And let me knowe what cause hath moued nowe
 So chaste a maide to set hir daintie foote
 Ouer the threshold of hir secrete lodge?
 Since that the towne is furnishte euery where
 With men of armes and warlike instrumentes,

Unto our eares there cōmes no other noyse,
But sounde of trumpe, and neigh of trampling stedes,
Which running vp and downe from place to place,
With hideous cries betoken bloude and death :
The blasing sunne ne shineth halfe so brighte,
As it was wont to doe at dawne of daye :
The wretched dames throughout the wofull towne,
Together clustring to the temples goe,
Beseching Ioue by way of humble plainte,
With tender ruthe to pitie their distresse.

ANTIGONE.

The loue I beare to my sweete Polynice,
My deare brother, is onely cause hereof.

BAILLO.

Why daughter, knowst thou any remedie
How to defend thy fathers citie here
From that outrage and fierce repynning wrathe,
Which he against it, iustly hath conceiued ?

ANTIGONE.

Oh gouernour might this my faultlesse bloude
Suffise to stay my brethrens dyre debate,
With glad consent I coulde afford my life
Betwixt them both to plant a perfect peace :
But since (alas) I cannot as I woulde,
A hote desire inflames my feruent mind
To haue a sight of my sweete Polynice.
Wherefore (good guide) vouchsafe to guide me vp
Into some tower aboute this hugie court,
From whence I may behold our enemies campe,

Therby at least to feede my hungry eyes
 But with the sight of my beloued brother :
 Then if I die, contented shall I die.

BAILLO.

O princely dame, the tender care thou takste
 Of thy deare brother, deserveth double praise :
 Yet crau'st thou that, which cannot be obtainde,
 By reason of the distance from the towne
 Unto the plaine, where tharmie lies incamp't :
 And furthermore, besemeth not a maide
 To shew hir selfe in such vnseemely place,
 Wheras among such yong and lustie troupes
 Of harebrainde souldiers marching to and fro,
 Both honest name and honour is empairde :
 But yet reioyce, sith this thy great desire,
 Without long let, or yet without thy paine,
 At wishe and will shall shortly be fulfillde.
 For Polynice forthwith will hither come,
 Euen I my selfe was lately at the campe,
 Commaunded by the Queene to bid him come,
 Who laboureth still to linke in frendly league,
 Hir iarring sonnes (which happe so hoped for,
 Eftsones I pray the gracious gods to graunt)
 And sure I am, that ere this houre passe,
 Thou shalt him here in person safely see.

ANTIGONE.

O louing frend, doest thou then warrant me,
 That Polynice will come vnto this court ?

BAILLO.

Ere thou be ware thou shalt him here beholde.

ANTIGONE.

And who (alas) doth warrant his aduenture,
That of Eteocles he take no harme ?

BAILLO.

For constant pledge, he hath his brothers faith,
He hath also the truce that yet endures.

ANTIGONE.

I feare alas, alas I greatly feare,
Some trustlesse snare his cruell brother layes
To trappe him in.

BAILLO.

Daughter, god knowes how willing I would be
With sweete reliefe to comfort thy distresse,
But I cannot impart to thee, the good
Which I my selfe doe not as yet enioye.
The wailefull cause that moues Eteocles
With Pollinyce to enter ciuill warres
Is ouergreat, and for this onely cause
Full many men haue broke the lawes of truth,
And topsieturue turned many townes.
„ To gredie (daughter) tootoo gredie is
„ Desire to rule and raigne in kingly state.
Ne can he bide, that swaise a realme alone
To haue another ioynde with him therin :
Yet must we hope for helpe of heauenly powers,
Sith they be iuste, their mercy is at hand,
To helpe the weake when worldly force doth faile.

ANTIGONE.

As both my brethren be, so both I beare

As much goodwill as any sister may,
But yet the wrong that vnto Pollinyce
This trothlesse tyrant hath vniustlie shewd,
Doth leade me more, to wishe the prosperous life,
Of Pollinyce, than of that cruell wretch.
Besides that, Pollinyce whiles he remainde
In Thebes here, did euer loue me more,
Than did Eteocles, whose swelling hate
Is towardes me increased more and more :
Wherof I partly may assure my selfe,
Considering he disdaynes to visite me,
Yea, happily he intends to reauue my life,
And hauing power he will not sticke to doe it.
This therefore makes me earnestly desire
Oftymes to see him : yet euer as I thinke
For to discharge the ductie of a sister,
The feare I haue of hurt, doth chaunge as fast
My doubtfull loue into disdaynefull sight.

BAILO.

Yet daughter, must ye trust in mightie Ioue,
His will is not, that for thoffence of one
So many suffer vnderuersed smarte :
I meane of thee, I meane of Polinyce,
Of Iocasta thy wofull aged mother,
And of Ismena thy beloued sister.
Who though for this she dothe not outwardly
From drearie eyen distill lamenting teares,
Yet do I thinke, no lesse afflicting grieve
Dothe inwardly torment hir tender brest.

ANTIGONE.

Besides all this, a certayne ielousie,

Lately conceyde (I knowe not whence it springs)
Of Creon, my mothers brother, appaules me muche,
Him doubt I more than any danger else.

BAILLO.

Deare daughter, leaue this foolishhe ielousie,
And seeing that thou shalt heere shortly finde
Thy brother Polynyce, go in agayne.

ANTIGONE.

O ioyfull would it be to me therwhile,
To vnderstande the order of the hoste,
If it be suche as haue sufficient power
To ouerthrowe this mightie towne of Thebs.
What place supplies my brother Polynice ?
Where founde ye hym ? what answered did he giue ?
And though so great a care pertaineth not
Unto a mayde of my vnskilfull yeres,
Yet, for bicause my selfe partaker am
Of good and euill with this my countrey soyle,
I long to heare thee tell those fearfull newes,
Which otherwise I can not vnderstande.

BAILLO.

So noble a desire (O worthy dame)
I muche commende : and briefly as I can,
Will satisfie thy hungry minde herein.
The power of men that Polynyce hath brought,
(Wherof he, (being Adrastus sonne in lawe)
Takes chieffest charge) is euen the floure of Grece,
Whose hugie traine so mightie seemes to be,
As I see not, how this our drouping towne

Is able to withstand so strong a siege.
Entring the field their armie did I finde
So orderly in forme of battaile set,
As though they would forthwith haue giuen the charge :
In battailes seauen the host deuided is,
To eche of which, by order of the king,
A valiant knight for captaine is assignde :
And as you know this citie hath seuen gates,
So euerie captaine hath his gate prescribde,
With fierce assault to make his entrie at.
And further, passing through our frowning foes
(That gaue me countenance of a messanger)
Harde by the King I spied Pollinyce,
In golden glistring armes most richely cladde,
Whose person many a stately prince enpalde,
And many a comely crowned head enclosde :
At sight of me his colour straight he chaungde
And like a louing childe in clasped armes
He caught me vp, and frendly kist my cheke,
Then hearing what his mother did demaunde
With glad consent according to hir hest
Gaue me his hand, to come vnto the court,
Of mutuall truce desirous so he seemde,
He askt me of Antygone, and Ismena.
But chiefelie vnto thee aboue the rest
He gaue me charge most hartely to commend him.

ANTIGONE.

The gods giue grace he may at length possesse
His kingly right and I his wished sight.

BAILLO.

Daughter no more, t'is time ye nowe returne

It standeth not with the honor of your state
 Thus to be seene suspiciouslie abroad :
 „ For vulgar tongues are armed euermore
 „ With slaunderous brute to bleamishe the renoume
 „ Of vertues dames, which though at first it spring
 „ Of slender cause, yet doth it swell so fast,
 „ As in short space it filleth euerie eare
 „ With swifte report of vnderued blame :
 „ You cannot be too curious of your name,
 „ Fond shewe of euill (though still the minde be chast)
 „ Decayes the credite oft, that Ladies had,
 „ Sometimes the place presumes a wanton mynde :
 „ Repayre sometymes of some, doth hurt their honor :
 „ Sometimes the light and garishe proude attire
 „ Persuades a yelding bent of pleasing youthes.
 The voyce that goeth of your vnspotted fame,
 Is like a tender floure, that with the blast
 Of euerie litle winde doth fade away.
 Goe in deere childe, this way will I goe see
 If I can meete thy brother Pollinyce.

*[Antigone with hir maides returneth into hir mothers
 pallace, hir gouernour goeth oute by the gates
 Homoloydes.]*

 CHORVS.

If greedie lust of mans ambitious eye
 (That thristeth so for swaye of earthly things)
 Would eke foresee, what mischiefes growe therby,
 What carefull toyle to quiet state it brings,
 What endlesse grieve from such a fountaine springs :

Then should he swimme in seas of sweete delight,
That nowe complaines of fortunes cruell sight.

For then he would so safely shielde himselfe
With sacred rules of wisdomes sage aduise,
As no alluring trayne of trustles pelfe,
To fonde affectes his fancie should entise,
Then warie heede would quickly make him wise :
Where contrary (such is our skillesse kind)
We most doe seeke, that most may hurt the minde.

Amid the troupe of these vnstable toyes,
Some fancies loe to beautie most be bent,
Some hunt for wealth, and some set all their ioyes,
In regall power of princely gouernement,
Yet none of these from care are cleane exempt :
For either they be got with grievous toyle,
Or in the ende forgone with shamefull foyle.

This flitting world doth firmly nought retaine,
Wherin a man may boldly rest his trust,
Such fickle chaunce in fortune doth remaine,
As when she lust, she threatneth whom she lust,
From high renoume to throwe him in the dust :
Thus may we see that eche triumphing ioye
By fortunes froune is turned to annoy.

Those elder heads may well be thought to erre,
The which for easie life and quiet dayes,
The vulgar sort would seeme for to preferre.
If glorious Phoebe, with-holde his glistring rayes,
From such a peere as crowne and scepter swayes,
No meruaile though he hide his heauenly face,
From vs that come of lesse renoumed race.

Selde shall you see the ruine of a Prince,
But that the people eke like brunt doe beare,

And olde recordes of auncient time long since,
 From age to age, yea almost euerie where,
 With prooffe hereof hath glutted euery eare :
 Thus by the follies of the princes harte,
 The bounden subiect stil receiueth smart.

Loe, how vnbrideled lust of priuate raigne,
 Hath pricked both the brethren vnto warre :
 Yet Pollinyce, with signe of lesse disdaine,
 Against this lande hath brought from countries farre,
 A forraine power, to end this cruell iarre,
 Forgetting quite the dutie, loue, and zeale,
 He ought to beare vnto this common weale.

But whosoeuer gets the victorie,
 We wretched dames, and thou O noble towne,
 Shall feele therof the wofull miserie,
 Thy gorgeous pompe, thy glorious high renoume,
 Thy stately towers, and all shall fall a downe,
 Sith raging Mars will eache of them assist
 In others brest to bathe his bloudie fist.

But thou O sonne of Semel, and of Ioue,
 (That tamde the proude attempt of giaunts strong)
 Doe thou defende, euen of thy tender loue,
 Thy humble thralls from this afflicting wrong,
 Whom wast of warre hath now tormented long :
 So shall we neuer faile ne day ne night
 With reuerence due thy prayes to resight.

Finis Actus primi.

Done by F. Kinvvelmarshe.

THORDER OF THE SECONDE DUMBE SHEVVE.

Before the beginning of this seconde Acte dyd sound a very doleful noise of flutes, during the which there came in vpon the stage two coffines couered with hearceclothes, & brought in by. viij. in mourning weed, & accōpanied with viij. other mourners, & after they had caried the coffins about the stage, there opened & appeared a Graue, wherin they buried the coffins & put fire to them, but the flames did seuer & parte in twaine, signifying discord by the history of two brethrē, whose discord in their life was not onely to be wondred at, but being buried both in one Tombe (as some writers affirme) the flames of their funeralls did yet part the one frō the other in like manner, and would in no wise ioyne into one flame. After the Funerals were ended and the fire consumed, the graue was closed vp again, the mourners withdrew thē off the stage, & immediately by y^e gates Homoloydes entred POLLINYCES accompanied with. vj. gentlemen and a page that carried his helmet and Target, he & his men vnarmed sauing their gorgets, for that they were permitted to come into the towne in time of truce, to the end IOCASTA might bring the two brethrē to a parle, and POLLINYCES after good regard taken round about him, spake as followeth.

ACTUS. 2. SCENA. 1.

POLLINYCES. CHORVS. IOCASTA. ETEOCLES.

LOE here mine owne citie and natiue soyle,
 Loe here the nest I ought to nestle in,
 Yet being thus entrencht with mine owne towres,
 And that, from him the safeconduct is giuen
 Which doth enioye as much as mine should be,
 My feete can treade no step without suspect :
 For where my brother bides, euen there behoues
 More warie scout than in an enemyes campe.
 Yet while I may within this right hand holde
 This brond, this blade, (vnyelden euer yet)
 My life shall not be lefte without reuenge.
 But here beholde the holy sancturie,
 Of Bacchus eke the worthy Image loe,
 The aultars where the sacred flames haue shone,
 And where of yore these giltlesse handes of mine
 Full oft haue offered to our mightie gods.
 I see also a worthie companie
 Of Thebane dames, resembling vnto me
 The traine of Iocasta my deare mother :
 Beholde them clad in clothes of griesly blacke,
 That hellishe hewe that nay for other harmes
 So well besemed wretched wightes to weare :
 For why, ere long their selues themselues shall see
 (Gramercy to there princes tyrannie)
 Some spoyled of their sweete and sucking babes,
 Some lese their husband, other some their sire,

And some their friends that were to them full dere.
But now tis time to lay this sworde aside,
And eke of them to knowe where is the Queene :
O woorthie dames, heaueie, vnhappie ye,
Where resteth now the restlesse queene of Thebes ?

CHORVS.

O woorthie impe sprong out of worthie race,
Renoumed Prince, whome wee haue lookt for long,
And nowe in happie houre arte come to vs,
Some quiet bring to this vnquiet realme.
O queene, O queene, come foorth and see thy sonne,
The gentle frute of all thy ioyfull seede.

IOCASTA.

My faithfull frendes, my deare beloued maydes,
I come at call, and at your wordes I moue
My feebled feete with age and agonie :
Where is my sonne ? O tell me where is he,
For whome I sighed haue so often syth,
For whom I spende bothe nightes and dayes in teares ?

POLINYCES.

Here noble mother, here, not as the king,
Nor as a Citizen of stately Thebes,
But as a straunger nowe, I thanke my brother.

IOCASTA.

O sonne, O sweete and my desyred sonne,
These eyes they see, these handes of myne thee touche,
Yet scarsly can this mynde beleue the same,
And scarsly can this brused breast susteyne

The sodeyne ioye that is inclosed therein :
O gladsome glasse, wherein I see my selfe.

CHORVS.

So graunt the Gods, that for our common good,
You freendly may your sonnes bothe frendes beholde.

IOCASTA.

At thy departe, O louely chylde, thou left
My house in teares, and mee thy wretched dame,
Myrrour of martirdome, waymenting still
Th'vnworthie exile thy brother to thee gaue :
Ne was there euer sonne or friende farre off,
Of his deare frendes or mother so desyred,
As thy returne, in all the towne of Thebes.
And of my selfe more than the rest to speake,
I haue as thou mayste see, cleane cast asyde
My princely roabes, and thus in wofull weede,
Bewrapped haue these lustlesse limmes of myne :
Naught else but teares haue trickled from myne eyes,
And eke thy wretched blynde and aged syre,
Since first he hearde what warre tweene you there was,
As one that did his bitter cursse repent,
Or that he prayed to Ioue for your decaye,
With stretching string, or else with blouddie knyfe
Hath sought full ofte to ende his loathed lyfe.
Thou this meanewhyle my sonne, hast lingred long
In farre and forreyn coastes, and wedded eke,
By whome thou mayste, (when heauens appoyntes it so)
Straunge issue haue by one a stranger borne,
Whiche greeues me sore, and much the more deare chylde,
Bicause I was not present at the same,

There to performe thy louing mothers due.
 But for I fynde thy noble matche so meete,
 And woorthie bothe for thy degree and byrthe,
 I seeke to comforte thee by myne aduise,
 That thou returne this citie to inhabite,
 Whiche best of all may seeme to be the bowre,
 Bothe for thy selfe and for thy noble spouse.
 Forget thou then thy brothers iniuries,
 And knowe deare chylde, the harme of all missehap,
 That happes twixt you, must happe likewyse to mee :
 Ne can the cruell swoorde so slightly touche
 Your tender fleshe, but that the selfe same wounde
 Shall deepely bruse this aged breast of myne.

CHORVS.

„ There is no loue may be comparde to that
 „ The tender mother beares vnto hir chylde :
 „ For euen so muche the more it dothe encrease,
 „ As their grieve growes, or contentations cease.

POLINYCES.

I knowe not mother, if I prayse deserue,
 That (you to please, whome I ought not displease)
 Haue traynde my selfe among my trustlesse foes :
 But Nature drawes (whether he will or nill)
 Eche man to loue his natiue countrey soyle :
 And who shoulde say, that otherwise it were,
 His tounge should neuer with his heart agree.
 This hath me drawne besyde my bounden due,
 To set full light this lucklesse lyfe of myne :
 For of my brother, what may I else hope,
 But traynes of treason, force and falshood bothe ?

Yet neyther perill present, nor to come,
 Can holde me from my due obedience :
 I graunte I can not grieffesse, well beholde
 My fathers pallace, the holie aultars,
 Ne louely lodge wherein I fostred was :
 From whence driuen out, and chaste vnworthily,
 I haue too long aboade in forreyn coastes :
 And as the growing greene and pleasant plante,
 Dothe beare freshe braunches one aboue an other,
 Euen so amidde the huge heape of my woes,
 Dothe growe one grudge more greeuous than the rest,
 To see my deare and dolefull mother, cladde
 In mourning tyre, to tyre hir mourning mynde,
 Wretched alonely for my wretchednesse,
 So lykes that enimie my brother best :
 Soone shall you see that in this wandering worlde,
 No enmitie is equall vnto that
 That darke disdayne (the cause of euery euill)
 Dooth breede full ofte in consanguinitie.
 But Ioue, he knowes what dole I doe endure,
 For you and for my fathers wretched woe,
 And eke howe deeply I desyre to knowe
 What wearie lyfe my louing sisters leade,
 And what anoye myne absence them hath giuen.

IOCASTA.

Alas, alas, howe wrekefull wrath of Gods
 Dothe still afflicte Oedipus progenie :
 The fyrste cause was thy fathers wicked bedde,
 And then (Oh why doe I my plagues recompte ?)
 My burdein borne, and your vnhappie birth :
 „ But needes wee must with pacient heartes abyde,
 „ What so from high the heauens doe prouide.

With thee my chylde, fayne woulde I question yet
Of certaine things : ne woulde I that my woordes
Might thee anoye, ne yet renewe thy grieve,

POLINYCES.

Saye on, deare mother, say what so you please,
What pleaseth you, shall neuer mee disease.

IOCASTA.

And seemes it not a heauie happe my sonne,
To be depriued of thy countrey coastes ?

POLINYCES.

So heauie happe as tounge can not expresse.

IOCASTA.

And what may moste molest the mynde of man
That is exiled from his natie soyle ?

POLINYCES.

The libertie hee with his countrey loste,
,, And that he lacketh freedome for to speake,
,, What seemeth best, without controll or checke.

IOCASTA.

Why so ? eche seruaunt lacketh libertie
To speake his mynde, without his masters leaue.

POLINYCES.

,, In exile, euery man, or bonde or free,
,, Of noble race, or meaner parentage,
,, Is not in this vnlyke vnto the slaue,

„ That muste of force obey to eche mans will,
 „ And prayse the peeuishnesse of eche mans pryde.

IOCASTA.

And seemed this so grieuous vnto thee ?

POLINYCES.

What grieve can greater be, than so constraynde,
 Slauelyke to serue gaynst right and reason bothe,
 Yea muche the more, to him that noble is,
 By stately lyne, or yet by vertuous lyfe,
 And hath a heart lyke to his noble mynde.

IOCASTA.

What helpeth moste in suche aduersitie ?

POLINYCES.

Hope helpeth moste to comfort miserie.

IOCASTA.

Hope to returne from whence he fyrst was driuen ?

POLINYCES.

Yea, hope that happeneth oftentimes to late,
 And many die before suche hap may fall.

IOCASTA.

And howe didst thou before thy mariage sonne,
 Mainteyne thy lyfe, a straunger so bestad ?

POLINYCES.

Sometyme I founde (though seldome so it were)

Some gentle heart, that coude for curtesye,
Contente himselfe to succour myne estate.

IOCASTA.

Thy fathers friends and thyne, did they not helpe
For to releuee that naked neede of thyne ?

POLINYCES.

Mother, he hath a foolishe fantasie,
„ That thinkes to fynde a frende in miserie.

IOCASTA.

Thou myghtst haue helpe by thy nobilitie.

POLINYCES.

„ Couerd alas, in cloake of pouertie ?

IOCASTA.

„ Wel ought we then that are but mortall heere,
„ Aboue all treasure counte our countrey deare :
Yet let me knowe my sonne, what cause thee moued
To goe to Grece ?

POLINYCES.

The flying fame that thundred in myne eares,
Howe king Adrastus, gouernour of Grece,
Was answered by Oracle, that he
Shoulde knitte in linkes of lawfull mariage,
His two faire daughters, and his onely heires,
One to a Lyon, th'other to a Boare :
An answere suche as eche man wondred at.

IOCASTA.

And how belongs this answere now to thee.

POLINYCES.

I toke my gesse euen by this ensigne heere,
A Lyon loe, which I dyd alwayes beare :
Yet thynke I not, but Ioue alonely broughte
These handes of myne to suche an high exploite.

IOCASTA.

And howe yet came it to this straunge effect ?

POLINYCES.

The shining day had runne his hasted course,
And deawie night bespread hir mantell darke,
When I that wandred after wearie toyle,
To seke some harbrough for myne irked limmes,
Gan fynde at last a little cabbin, close
Adioyned faste vnto the stately walles,
Where king Adrastus helde his royall towres.
Scarce was I there in quiet well ycought,
But thither came an other exile eke,
Named Tydeus, who straue perforce to driue
Mee from this sorie seate, and so at laste,
Wee settled vs to fell and blouddie fight,
Whereof the rumour grewe so greate foorthwith,
That straight the king enformed was thereof,
Who seeing then the ensignes that wee bare,
To be euen suche as were to him foresayde,
Chose eche of vs to be his sonne by lawe,
And sithens did solemnize eke the same.

IOCASTA.

Yet woulde I know, if that thy wyfe be suche
As thou canst ioy in hir ? or what she is ?

POLINYCES.

O mother deare, fayrer ne wyser dame
Is none in Greece, Argia is hir name.

IOCASTA.

Howe couldst thou to this doubtfull enterprise,
So many bring, thus armed all at once ?

POLINYCES.

Adrastus sware, that he woulde soone restore
Unto our right both Tydeus, and me :
And fyrst for mee, that had the greater neede,
Whereby the best and boldest blouds in Greece,
Haue followed me vnto this enterpryse.
A thing both iuste and grieuous vnto mee,
Greeuous I saye, for that I doe lamente
To be constrayned by suche open wrong,
To warre agaynst myne owne deare countrey feeres.
But vnto you (O mother) dothe pertaine
To stinte this stryfe, and bothe deliuer mee
From exile now, and eke the towne from siege :
For otherwise, I sweare you here by heauens,
Eteocles, who now doth me disdayne
For brother, shortly shall see me his lorde.
I aske the seate, wherof I ought of right
Possesse the halfe, I am Oedipus sonne,
And yours, so am I true sonne to you both.
Wherefore I hope that as in my defence
The worlde will weygh, so Ioue will me assiste.

[Eteocles commeth in here by the gates Electræ, himself armed, and before him. xx. gentlemen in armour, his two pages, wherof the one beareth his Target, the other his helme.]

CHORVS.

Beholde O queene, beholde O woorthie queene,
 Unwoorthie he, Eteocles here cōmes,
 So, woulde the Gods, that in this noble realme
 Shoulde neuer long vnnoble tyrant reigne,
 Or that with wrong the right and doubtlesse heire,
 Shoulde banisht be out of his princely seate.
 Yet thou O queene, so fyle thy sugred tounge,
 And with suche counsell decke thy mothers tale,
 That peace may bothe the brothers heartes inflame,
 And rancour yelde, that erst possesst the same.

ETEOCLES.

Mother, beholde, youre hestes for to obey,
 In person nowe am I resorted hither :
 In haste therefore, fayne woulde I knowe what cause
 With hastie speede, so moued hath your mynde
 To call me nowe so causelesse out of tyme,
 When common wealth moste craues my onely ayde :
 Fayne woulde I knowe, what queynt commoditie
 Persuades you thus to take a truce for tyme,
 And yelde the gates wide open to my foe,
 The gates that myght our stately state defende,
 And nowe are made the path of our decay.

IOCASTA.

„ Represse deare son, those raging stormes of wrath,

„ That so bedimme the eyes of thine intente,
 „ ~~Be~~ But when disdayne is shrunke, or sette asyde,
 „ And mynde of man with leysure can discourse
 „ What seemely woordes his tale may best beseeme,
 „ And that the tounge vnfoldes without affectes
 „ Then may proceede an answer sage and graue,
 „ And euery sentence sawst with sobernesse :
 Wherefore vnbende thyne angrie browes deare chylde,
 And caste thy rolling eyes none other waye,
 That here doost not Medusaes face beholde,
 But him, euen him, thy blood and brother deare.
 And thou beholde, my Polinices eke,
 Thy brothers face, wherin when thou mayst see
 Thine owne image, remember therwithall,
 That what offence thou woldst to him were done,
 The blowes therof rebounde vnto thy selfe.
 And hereof eke, I would you both forewarne,
 When frendes or brethren, kinsfolke or allies,
 (Whose hastie heartes some angrie moode had moued)
 Be face to face by some of pitie brought,
 Who seekes to ende their discorde and debate :
 They onely ought consider well the cause
 For which they come, and cast out of their mynde
 For euermore the olde offences past :
 So shall swete peace driue pleading out of place.
 Wherefore the first shall Polinices be,
 To tell what reason firste his mynde did rule,
 That thus our walles with forrein foes enclosde
 In sharpe reuenge of causelesse wrongs receiu'd,
 As he alledgeth by his brothers doome :
 And of this wicked woe and dire debate,
 Some god of pitie be the equall iudge,

Whome I beseeche, to breath in both your breasts
A yelding hearte to deepe desire of peace.

POLINYCES.

„ My woorthie dame, I fynde that tryed truthe
 „ Doth beste beseeme a simple naked tale,
 „ Ne needes to be with painted proces prickt,
 „ That in hir selfe hath no diuersitie,
 „ But alwayes shewes one vndisguysed face,
 „ Where deepe deceit and lyes muste seeke the shade,
 „ And wrap their wordes in guilefull eloquence,
 „ As euer fraught with contrarietie :
 So haue I often sayde, and say agayne,
 That to auoide our fathers foule reproche
 And bitter curse, I parted from this lande
 With right good will, yet thus with him agreed,
 That while the whirling wyngs of flying time
 Might roll one yeare aboute the heauenly spheare,
 So long alone he might with peace possesse
 Our fathers seate in princely diademe,
 And when the yeare should eke his course renue,
 Might I succeepe to rule againe as long.
 And that this lawe might stil be kept for aye,
 He bound him selfe by vowe of solemne oth
 By Gods, by men, by heauen, and eke by earth :
 Yet that forgot, without all reuerence
 Unto the Gods, without respect to right,
 Without respectes that reason ought to rule,
 His faith and troth both troden vnder foote,
 He still vsurps most tyrantlike with wrong
 The right that doth of right to me belong.
 But if he can with equall doome consent,

That I retourne into my natie soile
 To sway with him alyke the kingly seate
 And euenly beare the bridle both in hand,
 Deare mother mine I sweare by all the Gods
 To raise with speede the siege from these our walles,
 And send the souldiers home from whence they came :
 Which if he graunt me not, then must I do
 (Though loth) as much as right and reason would,
 To venge my cause that is both good and iust.
 Yet this in heauen the Gods my records be,
 And here in earth each mortall man may know,
 That neuer yet my giltlesse heart did faile
 Brotherly dutie to Eteocles,
 And that causlesse he holdes me from mine own,
 Thus haue I said O mother, euen as much
 As needefull is, wherein I me assure,
 That in the iudgement both of good and badde,
 My words may seeme of reason to proceede,
 Constrained thus in my defence to speake.

CHORVS.

None may denie, O pere of princely race,
 But that thy words are honest, good and iust,
 And such as well beseeme that tong of thine.

ETEOCLES.

„ If what to some seemes honest, good and iust,
 „ Could seeme euen so in euery doubtfull mind,
 „ No darke debate nor quarell could arise :
 „ But looke, how many men so many minds,
 „ And that, that one man iudgeth good and iust,
 „ Some other deemes as deeply to be wrong.

To say the truth (mother) this minde of mine
Doth fleete full farre from that farfetch of his,
Ne will I longer couer my conceit :
If I could rule or reigne in heauen aboue,
And eke commaund in depth of darksome hell,
No toile ne trauell should my sprites abashe,
To make the way vnto my restlesse will,
To climbe aloft, nor downe for to descend.
Then thinke you not, that I can yeld consent
To yeld a parte of my possession,
Wherein I liue and lead the monarchie.
,, A witlesse foole may euery man him gesse,
,, That leaues the more and takes him to the lesse.
With this, reproch might to my name redound,
If he, that hath with forren power spoilde
Our pleasaunt fields, might reauue from me perforce,
What so he list by force of armes demand.
No lesse reproofe the citizens ensewes,
If I, for dread of Greekish hosts, should graunt
That he might climbe to height of his desire.
In fine, he ought not thus of me to craue
Accord or peace, with bloudy sword in hand,
But with humilitie and prayer both.
For often is it seene, and prooffe doth teach,
,, Swete words preuaile, where sword and fire faile.
Yet this, if here within these stately walles
He list to liue, the sonne of Oedipus,
And not as king of Thebes, I stand content.
But let him thinke, since now I can commaunde,
This necke of mine shall neuer yeld to yoke
Of seruitude : let bring his banners splaide,
Let speare and shielde, sharpe sworde, and cyndring flames

Procure the parte that he so vainely claimes :
 As long as life within this brest doth last,
 I nill consent that he should reigne with me.
 If lawe of right may any way be broke,
 „ Desire of rule within a climbing brest
 „ To breake a vow may beare the buckler best.

CHORVS.

„ Who once hath past the bounds of honestie
 „ In earnest deedes, may passe it well in words.

IOCASTA.

O sonne, amongst so many miseries
 This benefite hath croked age, I find,
 That as the tracke of trustlesse time hath taught,
 „ It seeth muche, and many things discernes,
 „ Which recklesse youth can neuer rightly iudge.
 Oh, cast aside that vaine ambition,
 That corosiue, that cruell pestilence,
 That most infects the minds of mortall men : ✓
 „ In princely palace and in stately townes
 „ It crepeth ofte, and close with it conuayes,
 „ To leaue behind it damage and decayes :
 „ By it be loue and amitie destroyde,
 „ It breaks the lawes and common concord beates,
 „ Kingdomes and realmes it topsie turuie turnes,
 And now, euen thee, hir gall so poisoned hath,
 That the weake eies of thine affection
 Are blinded quite, and see not to them selfe.
 But worthy childe, driue from thy doubtfull brest
 This monstrous mate, in steade whereof embrace
 „ Equalitie, which stately states defends

„ And binds the mind with true and trustie knots
„ Of friendly faith which neuer can be broke,
„ This, man of right should properly possesse,
And who that other doth the more embrace,
Shall purchase paine to be his iust reward
By wrathfull wo or else by cruell death.
„ This, first deuided all by equall bonds
„ What so the earth did yeld for our auaile :
„ This, did deuide the nights and dayes alike,
„ And that the vaile of darke and dreadfull night,
„ Which shrowds in misty clouds the pleasaunt light,
„ Ne yet the golden beames of Phebus rayes
„ Which cleares the dimmed ayre with gladsome gleames
„ Can yet heape hate in either of them both.
If then the dayes and nights to serue our tourne
Content them selues to yeld each other place,
Well oughtest thou with waightie doome to graunt
Thy brothers right to rule the reigne with thee
Which heauens ordeyned common to you both :
If so thou nill O sonne O cruell sonne,
„ In whose high brest may iustice builde hir boure
„ When princes harts wide open lye to wrong ?
Why likes thee so the tipe of tyrannie
With others losse to gather greedy gaine ?
„ Alas howe farre he wanders from the truth
„ That compts a pompe, all other to command,
„ Yet can not rule his owne vnbridled wil,
„ A vaine desire much riches to possesse
„ Whereby the brest is brusde and battered still,
„ With dread, with daunger, care and cold suspecte.
„ Who seekes to haue the thing we call inough,
„ Acquainte him first with contentation,

„ For plenteousnesse is but a naked name.
 „ And what suffiseth vse of mortall men,
 „ Shall best apaye the meane and modest hearts.
 „ These hoorded heapes of golde and worldly wealth
 „ Are not the proper goods of any one,
 „ But pawnes which Ioue powres out abundantly
 „ That we likewise might vse them equally,
 „ And as he seemes to lende them for a time,
 „ Euen so in time he takes them home agayne,
 „ And would that we acknowledge euery houre,
 „ That from his handes we did the same receiue :
 „ Ther nothing is so firme and stayde to man,
 „ But whyrles about with wheeles of restlesse time.

Now if I should this one thing thee demaunde,
 Which of these two thou wouldest chuse to keepe,
 The towne quiet or vnquiet tyrannie ?
 And wouldest thou saye I chuse my kingly cheare ?
 O witlesse answer sent from wicked heart,
 For if so fall (which mightie Gods defende)
 Thine enimies hand should ouercome thy might,
 And thou shouldst see them sacke the towne of Thebes,
 The chastest virgins rauished for wrecke,
 The worthy children in captiuitie,
 „ Then shouldest thou feele that scepter, crowne, & wealth
 „ Yeelede deeper care to see them tane away,
 „ Than to possesse them yeldeth deepe content.
 Now to conclude, my sonne, Ambition
 Is it that most offendes thy thought,
 Blame not thy brother, blame ambition
 From whome if so thou not redeeme thy selfe,
 I feare to see thee buy repentance deare.

CHORVS.

Yea deare, too deare when it shal come too late.

IOCASTA.

And nowe to thee my Polinices deare,
I say that sillie was Adrastus reade,
And thou God knowes a simple sillie soule,
He to be ruled by thy heady will,
And thou, to warre against the Thebane walls,
These walls I say whose gates thy selfe should garde :
Tell me I praye thee, if the Citie yeelde,
Or thou it take by force in bloudie fight,
(Which neuer graunt the Gods I them beseeke)
What spoyles ? what Palmes ? what signe of victorie
Canst thou set vp to haue thy countrie woonne ?
What title worthy of immortall fame,
Shall blased be in honor of thy name ?
O sonne, deare sonne, beleue thy trustie dame,
The name of glorie shall thy name refuse,
And flie full farre from all thy fonde attemptes.
But if so fall thou shouldst be ouercome,
Then with what face canst thou returne to Greece,
That here hast lefte so many Greekes on grounde ?
Eache one shall curse and blame thee to thy face,
As him that onely caused their decaye,
And eke condemne Adrastus simple heade,
That such a pheere had chosen for his childe.
So may it fall, in one accursed houre,
That thou mayst loose thy wife and countrie both,
Both which thou mayst with little toyle attaine,
If thou canst leaue high minde and darke disdaine.

CHORVS.

O mightie Gods of goodnesse, neuer graunt
Unto these euills, but set desired peace
Betweene the hearts of these two friendly foes.

ETEOCLES.

The question that betwixt vs two is growen,
Beleeue me mother, can not ende with wordes :
You waste your breath, and I but loose my time,
And all your trauell lost and spent in vaine :
For this I sweare, that peace you neuer get
Betweene vs two, but with condition,
That whilst I liue, I wil be Lord of Thebes.
Then set aside these vaine forewasted wordes,
And yeelde me leaue to go where neede doth presse :
And now good sir, get you out of these walles,
Unlesse you meane to buy abode with bloude.

POLINYCES.

And who is he that seekes to haue my bloude,
And shall not shed his owne as fast as myne ?

ETEOCLES.

By thee he standes, and thou standst him before,
Loe here the sworde that shall perforce his worde.

POLINYCES.

And this shall eke mainteine my rightfull cause.

IOCASTA.

O sonnes, dear sonnes, away with glittering armes,
And first, before you touch each others flesh,
With doubled blowes come pierce this brest of mine.

POLINYCES.

Ah wretch, thou art both vile and cowardlike,
Thy high estate esteemes thy life too deare.

ETEOCLES.

If with a wretch or cowarde shouldest thou fighte,
Oh dastarde villaine, what first moued thee
With swarmes of Greekes to take this enterprise ?

POLINYCES.

For well I wist, that cancred heart of thine
Coulede safely kepe thy heade within these walles,
And flee the fieldes when combate should be calde.

ETEOCLES.

This truce assured thee Polinices,
And makes thee bolde to gyue suche bosting wordes :
So be thou sure, that had this truce not bene,
Then long ere this, these handes had bene embrude,
And eke this soyle besprinkled with thy bloude.

POLINYCES.

Not one small drop of my bloude shalt thou spill,
But buy it deare against thy cancred will.

IOCASTA.

O sonnes, my sonnes, for pittie yet refrayne.

CHORVS.

Good Gods, who euer sawe so strange a sight ?
True loue and friendship both be put to flight.

POLINYCES.

Yelde villein, yelde my right which thou with-holds.

ETEOCLES.

Cut of thy hope to reigne in Thebane walles,
Nought hast thou here, nor nought shal euer haue,
Away.

POLINYCES.

O aultars of my countrie soyle.

ETEOCLES.

Whome thou art come to spoyle and to deface.

POLINYCES.

O Gods, giue eare vnto my honest cause.

ETEOCLES.

With forreine power his countrie to inuade.

POLINYCES.

O holy temples of the heauenly Gods.

ETEOCLES.

That for thy wicked deedes do hate thy name.

POLINYCES.

Out of my kingdome am I driuen by force.

ETEOCLES.

Out of the which thou camest me to driue.

POLINYCES.

Punish O Gods this wicked tyrant here.

ETEOCLES.

Praye to the Gods in Greece and not in Thebes.

POLINYCES.

No sauage beast so cruell nor vniust.

ETEOCLES.

Not cruell to my countrie like to thee.

POLINYCES.

Since from my right I am with wrong depriued.

ETEOCLES.

Eke from thy life if long thou tary here.

POLINYCES.

O father heare what iniuries I take.

ETEOCLES.

As though thy diuelishe deedes were hid from him.

POLINYCES.

And you mother.

ETEOCLES.

Haue done thou not deseruest
With that false tong thy mother once to name.

POLINYCES.

O deare Citie.

IOCASTA.

ETEOCLES.

When thou ariuest in Greece,
Chuse out thy dwelling in some mustie Moores.

POLINYCES.

I must depart, and parting must I prayse
Oh deare mother the depth of your good will.

IOCASTA.

O Sonne.

ETEOCLES.

Away I say out of these walls.

POLINYCES.

I can not chuse but must thy will obey,
Yet graunt me once my father for to see.

ETEOCLES.

I heare no prayers of my enimie.

POLINYCES.

Where be my sweete sisters.

ETEOCLES.

And canst thou yet
With shamelesse tong once name thy noble race
That art become a common foe to Thebes ?
Be sure thou shalt them neuer see againe,
Nor other friend that in these walls remaine.

POLINYCES.

Rest you in peace, O worthy mother myne.

IOCASTA.

Howe can that be and thou my ioye in warre ?

POLINYCES.

Hence forth n'am I your ioy ne yet your sonne.

IOCASTA.

Alas the Heauens me whelme with all mishap.

POLINYCES.

Lo here the cause that stirreth me by wrong.

ETEOCLES.

Much more is that he profereth vnto me.

POLINYCES.

Well, speake, darest thou come armed to the field ?

ETEOCLES.

So dare I come, wherefore dost thou demaunde ?

POLINYCES.

For needes or thou must ende this life of mine
Or quenche my thirst with pouring out thy bloud.

ETEOCLES.

Ah wretch, my thirst is all as drie as thine.

IOCASTA.

Alas and welaway, what heare I sonnes ?
How can it be ? deare children can it be
That brethrens hearts suche rancour should enrage ?

ETEOCLES.

And that right soone the prooffe shall playnely shewe.

IOCASTA.

Oh say not so, yet say not so deare sonnes.

POLINYCES.

O royall race of Thebes now take thine ende.

CHORVS.

God shield.

ETEOCLES.

O slow & sluggish heart of mine,
Why do I stay t'embrew these slouthfull hands ?
But for his greater griefe I will departe,
And at returne if here I finde my foe,
This hastie hande shall ende our hote debate.

[*Eteocles here goeth out by the gates Electræ.*]

POLINYCES.

Deare Citizens, and you eternall Gods,
Beare witnesse with me here before the worlde,
How this my fierce and cruell enimie,
Whom causelesse now my brother I do call,
With threats of death my lingring steps doth driue
Both from my right and from my countrey soyle,
Not as beseemes the sonne of Oedipus,
But as a slaue, an abiect, or a wretche :
And since you be both pitifull and iuste,
Vouchsafe O Gods, that as I parte with griefe,
So may I yet returne with ioyfull spoyle

Of this accursed tyraunt, and he slayne
I may recouer quietly mine owne.

[*Polinyces goeth out by the gates Homoloides.*

IOCASTA.

O wretched wretche Iocasta, where is founde
The miserie that may compare to thine ?
O would I had nor gasing eyes to see,
Nor listning eares to heare that now I dread :
But what remaynes, saue onely to entreate
That cruell dole would yet so curteous be
To reauē the breath out of this wofull brest,
Before I hearken to some wofull newes.
Rest you here dames, and pray vnto the Gods
For our redresse, and I in that meane while
Will shut my selfe from sight of lothsome light.

[*Iocasta goeth into hir Pallace.*

CHORVS.

O mightie God, the gouernour of Thebes,
Pitie with speede the payne Iocasta bydes,
And eke our needes, O mightie Bacchus helpe,
Bende willing eare vnto our iust complaynt :
Leaue them not comfortlesse that trust in thee,
We haue nor golde nor siluer thee to giue,
Ne sacrifice to those thine aulters due,
In steede wherof we consecrate our hearts
To serue thy will, and hestes for to obey.

[*Whyles the Chorus is thus praying to Bacchus,
Eteocles returneth by the gates called Electræ.*

SCENA. IJ. ACTUS. IJ.

ETEOCLES. CREON.

SINCE I haue ridde mine enmie out of sight,
The best shall be, for Creon now to sende,
My mothers brother, that with him I may
Reason, consulte, conferre, and counsell bothe,
What shall be best to vse in our defence,
Before we venter forth into the fiede.
But of this trauayle, loe, he me acquites
That comes in haste towards these royall towres.

*[Here Creon attended by foure gentlemen, cōmeth in
by the gates Homoloydes.]*

CREON.

O mightie king, not causelesse nowe I come,
To finde, that long haue sought your maiestie,
So to discharge the duetie that I owe
To you, by comfort and by counsell bothe.

ETEOCLES.

No lesse desire this harte of mine did presse,
To sende for thee Creon, since that in vayne
My mother hath hir words and trauayle spent,
To reconcile Pollinices and me :
For he (so dull was his capacitie)
Did thinke, he could by dread of daunger, winne
My princely heart to yeelde to him this realme.

CREON.

I vnderstande, the armie that he brings

Agaynst these walles, is suche, that I me doubte
Our cities force may scarce the same resist.
Yet true it is, that right and reason bothe
Are on our side, which bring the victorie
Oftentimes : for we our countrey to defende,
They to subdue the same in armes are come.
But what I would vnto your highnesse shewe,
Is of more weight, and more behoues to knowe.

ETEOCLES.

And what is that ? oh quickly tell it me.

CREON.

A Greeke prisner is come vnto my hands.

ETEOCLES.

And what sayth he that doth so muche importe ?

CREON.

That euen already be their rankes in raye,
And streight will giue assault to these our walles.

ETEOCLES.

Then must I streight prepare our Citizens
In glittring armes to marche into the field.

CREON.

O Prince (and pardon me) thy youthfull yeres
Nor see them selfe, ne let thee once discern,
What best behoueth in this doubtfull case.
„ For Prudence, she that is the mightie queene
„ Of all good workes, growes by experience,
„ Which is not founde with fewe dayes seeking for.

ETEOCLES.

And were not this both sounde and wise aduise,
Boldly to looke our foemen in the face,
Before they spred our fields with hugie hoste,
And all the towne beset bysiege at once ?

CREON.

We be but few, and they in number great.

ETEOCLES.

Our men haue yet more courage farre than they.

CREON.

That know I not, nor am I sure to say.

ETEOCLES.

Those eyes of thine in little space shall see
How many I my selfe can bring to ground.

CREON.

That would I like, but harde it is to doe.

ETEOCLES.

I nill penne vp our men within the walles.

CREON.

In counsell yet the victorie consistes.

ETEOCLES.

And wilt thou then I vse some other reade ?

CREON.

What else ? be still awhile, for haste makes wast.

ETEOCLES.

By night I will the Camuassado giue.

CREON.

So may you do and take the ouerthrowe.

ETEOCLES.

The vauntage is to him that dothe assaulte.

CREON.

Yet skirmishe giuen by night is perillous.

ETEOCLES.

Let set vpon them as they sit at meate.

CREON.

Sodayne assaults affray the minde no doubt,
But we had neede to ouercome.

ETEOCLES.

So shall we do.

CREON.

No sure, vnlesse some other counsell helpe.

ETEOCLES.

Amid their trenches shall we them inuade ?

CREON.

As who should say, were none to make defence.

ETEOCLES.

Should I then yeelde the Citie to my foes ?

CREON.

No, but advise you well if you be wise.

ETEOCLES.

That were thy parte, that knowest more than I.

CREON.

Then shall I say that best doth seeme to me ?

ETEOCLES.

Yea Creon yea, thy counsell holde I deare.

CREON.

Seuen men of courage haue they chosen out.

ETEOCLES.

A slender number for so great emprise.

CREON.

But they them chose for guides and capitaynes.

ETEOCLES.

To suche an hoste ? why they may not suffice.

CREON.

Nay, to assault the seuen gates of the citie.

ETEOCLES.

What then behoueth so bestad to done ?

CREON.

With equall number see you do them matche.

ETEOCLES.

And then commit our men in charge to them ?

CREON.

Chusing the best and boldest blouds in Thebes.

ETEOCLES.

And how shall I the Citie then defende ?

CREON.

Well with the rest, for one man sees not all.

ETEOCLES.

And shall I chuse the boldest or the wisest ?

CREON.

Nay both, for one without that other fayles.

ETEOCLES.

„ Force without wisdom then is litle worthe.

CREON.

That one must be fast to that other ioynde.

ETEOCLES.

Creon I will thy counsell follow still,
For why, I hold it wise and trusty both,
And out of hand for now I will departe
That I in time the better may provide
Before occasion slip out of my handes,
And that I may this Pollinices quell :
For well may I with bloudy knife him slea

That commes in armes my countrie for to spoyle,
But if so please to fortune and to fate
That other ende than I doe thinke may fall,
To thee my frend it resteth to procure
The mariage twixt my sister Antygone
And thy deare sonne Hæmone, to whom for dowre
At parting thus I promise to performe
As much as late I did behest to thee :
My mothers bloude and brother deare thou arte,
Ne neede I craue of thee to garde hir well,
As for my father care I not, for if
So chaunce I dye, it may full well be sayd
His bitter curses brought me to my bane.

CREON.

The Lord defend, for that vnworthy were.

ETEOCLES.

Of Thebes towne the rule and scepter loe
I neede nor ought it other wise dispose
Than vnto thee, if I dye without heyre.
Yet longs my lingring mynde to vnderstande
The doubtfull ende of this vnhappie warre :
Wherefore I will thou send thy sonne to seke
Tyresias the deuine, and learne of him,
For at my call I knowe he will not come
That often haue his artes and him reproude.

CREON.

As you commaund, so ought I to performe.

ETEOCLES.

And last, I thee and citie both commaund,

If fortune frendly fauour our attemptes,
 And make our men triumphant victors al,
 That none there be so hardie ne so bolde
 For Pollinices bones to giue a graue :
 And who presumes to breake my heste herein,
 Shall dye the death in penaunce of his paine,
 For thoughe I were by bloud to him conioynde
 I part it now, and iustice goeth with me
 To guide my steppes victoriously before.
 Pray you to Ioue he deigne for to defende,
 Our Citie safe both nowe and euermore.

CREON.

Gramercie worthie prince, for all thy loue
 And faithfull trust thou doest in me repose,
 And if should hap, that I hope neuer shall,
 I promise yet to doe what best behoues,
 But chieffie this I sweare and make a vowe,
 For Pollinices nowe our cruell foe,
 To holde the hest that thou doest me commaunde.

[*Creon attendeth Eteocles to the gates Electræ, he
 returneth and goeth out by the gates called Hom-
 oloydes.*

CHORVS.

O FIERCE and furious God, whose harmefull harte,
 Reioceth most to shed the giltlesse blood,
 Whose headie wil doth all the world subuert,
 And doth enuie the pleasant mery moode,
 Of our estate that erst in quiet stode,

Why doest thou thus our harmelesse towne annoy,
Which mightie Bacchus gouerned in ioye ?

Father of warre and death, that dost remoue
With wrathfull wrecke from wofull mothers breast,
The trustie pledges of their tender loue,
So graunt the Gods, that for our finall rest,
Dame Venus pleasant lookes may please thee best,
Wherby when thou shalt all amazed stand,
The sword may fall out of thy trembling hand.

And thou maist proue some other way full well
The bloudie prowesse of thy mightie speare,
Wherwith thou raisest from the depth of hell,
The wrathfull sprites of all the furies there,
Who when they wake, doe wander euery where,
And neuer rest to range aboute the coastes,
T'enriche that pit with spoile of damned ghostes.

And when thou hast our fieldes forsaken thus,
Let cruell discorde beare thee companie,
Engirt with snakes and serpents venemous,
Euen she that can with red vermilion dye
The gladsome greene that florished pleasantly,
And make the greedie grounde a drinking cup,
To sup the blood of murdered bodyes vp.

Yet thou returne O ioye and pleasant peace,
From whence thou didst against our will departe,
Ne let thy worthie minde from trauell cease,
To chase disdaine out of the poysoned harte,
That raised warre to all our paynes and smarte,
Euen from the brest of Oedipus his sonne,
Whose swelling pride hath all this iarre begonne.

And thou great God, that doth all things decree,
And sitst on highe aboue the starrie skies,

Thou chiefest cause of causes all that bee,
 Regard not his offence but heare our cries,
 And spedily redresse our miseries,
 For what can we poore wofull wretches doe
 But craue thy aide, and onely cleaue therto ?

Finis Actus secundi.

Done by G. Gascoygne.

THE ORDER OF THE THIRDE DUMBE SHEVVE.

Before the beginning of this. iij. Act did sound a very dolefull noise of cornettes, during the which there opened and appeared in the stage a great Gulfe, immediately came in. vj. gentlemen in their dublets and hose bringing vpō their shulders baskets full of earth and threwe them into the Gulfe to fill it vp, but it would not so close vp nor be filled. Then came the ladyes and dames that stode by, throwing in their cheynes & Iewels, so to cause it stoppe vp and close it self, but when it would not so be filled, came in a knichte with his sword drawen, armed at all poyntes, who walking twise or thrise about it, & perusing it, seing that it would neither be filled with earth nor with their Iewells and ornamentes, after solempne reuerence done to the gods, and curteous leaue taken of the

Ladyes and standers by, sodeinly lepte into the Gulfe the which did close vp immediatly, betokening vnto vs the loue that euery worthy person oweth vnto his natieue coutrie, by the historye of Curtius, who for the lyke cause aduentured the like in Rome. This done, blinde TYRESIAS the deuine prophete led in by hys daughter, and conducted by MENECEUS the sonne of CREON, entreth by the gates Electræ, and sayth as followeth.

ACTUS. IIJ. SCENA. I.

TYRESIAS. CREON. MANTO. MENECEVS. SACERDOS.

THOU trustie guide of my so trustlesse steppes
 Deer daughter mine go we, lead thou y^e way,
 That since the day I first did leese this light
 Thou only art the light of these mine eyes:
 And for thou knowst I am both old & weake
 And euer longing after louely rest,
 Derect my steppes amynd the playnest pathes,
 That so my febled feete may feeblest paine.
 Meneceus thou gentle childe, tell me,
 Is it farre hence, the place where we must goe,
 Where as thy father for my comming stayer?
 For like vnto the slouthfull snayle I drawe,
 Deare sonne, with paine these aged legges of mine,
 [*Creon returneth be the gates Homoloydes.*]
 And though my minde be quicke, scarce can I moue.

CREON.

Comfort thy selfe deuine, Creon thy frend
Loe standeth here, and came to meete with thee
To ease the payne that thou mightest else sustaine.
„ For vnto elde eche trauell yeldes annoy :
And thou his daughter and his faithfull guide,
Loe rest him here, and rest thou there withall
Thy virgins hands, that in sustayning him
Doest well acquite the duetie of a childe.
„ For crooked age and hory siluer heares
„ Still craueth helpe of lustie youthfull yeares.

TYRESIAS.

Gramercie Lord, what is your noble will ?

CREON.

What I would haue of thee Tyresias
Is not a thing so soone for to be sayde,
But rest a whyle thy weake and weary limmes
And take some breath now after wearie walke,
And tell I pray thee, what this crowne doth meane,
That sits so kingly on thy skilfull heade ?

TYRESIAS.

Know this, that for I did with graue aduise,
Foretell the Citizens of Athens towne,
How they might best with losse of litle bloude,
Haue victories against their enimies,
Hath bene the cause why I doe weare this Crowne,
As right rewarde and not vnmeete for me.

CREON.

So take I then this thy victorious crowne,

For our auaille in token of good lucke,
That knowest, how the discord and debate
Which late is fallen betwene these brethren twaine,
Hath brought all Thebes in daunger and in dreade.
Eteocles our king, with threatning armes,
Is gone against his greekish enemies,
Commaunding me to learne of thee (who arte
A true deuine of things that be to come)
What were for vs the safest to be done,
From perill now our country to preserue.

TYRESIAS.

Long haue I bene within the towne of Thebes,
Since that I tyed this trustie tounge of mine
From telling truth, fearing Eteocles :
Yet, since thou doest in so great neede desire
I should reueale things hidden vnto thee,
For common cause of this our common weale,
I stand content to pleasure thee herein.
But first, that to this mightie God of yours
There might some worthy sacrifice be made,
Let kill the fairest goate that is in Thebes,
Within whose bowells when the Preest shall loke,
And tell to me what he hath there espyed,
I trust t'aduyse thee what is best to doen.

CREON.

Lo here the temple, and ere long I looke
To see the holy preest that hither cōmes,
Bringing with him the pure and faire offrings,
Which thou requirest, for not long since, I sent
For him, as one that am not ignorant

Of all your rytes and sacred ceremonies :
 He went to choose amid our herd of goates,
 The fattest there : and loke where now he commes.

*[Sacerdos accompanied with. xvj. bacchanales and
 all his rytes and ceremonies entreth by the gates
 Homoloydes.]*

SACERDOS.

O famous Citizens, that holde full deare
 Your quiet country : Loe where I doe come
 Most ioyfully, with wonted sacrifice,
 So to beseeche the supreme Citizens,
 To stay our state that staggringly do stand,
 And plant vs peace where warre and discord growes :
 Wherefore, with harte deuoute and humble cheere,
 Whiles I breake vp the bowels of this beast,
 That oft thy vyneyarde Bacchus hath destroyed,
 Let euery wight craue pardon for his faultes,
 With bending knee about his aultars here.

TYRESIAS.

Take here the salte, and sprinckle therwithall
 About the necke, that done, cast all the rest
 Into the sacred fire, and then annoynte
 The knife prepared for the sacrifice.
 O mightie Ioue, preserue the precious gifte
 That thou me gaue, when first thine angrie Queene,
 For deepe disdayne did both mine eyes do out,
 Graunt me, I may foretell the truth in this,
 For, but by thee, I know that I ne may,
 Ne will ne can, one trustie sentence say.

SACERDOS.

This due is done.

TYRESIAS.

With knife then stick y^e kid.

SACERDOS.

Thou daughter of deuine Tyresias,
With those vnspotted virgins hands of thine
Receiue the bloude within this vessell here,
And then deuoutly it to Bacchus yelde.

MANTO.

O holy God of Thebes, that doest both praise
Swete peace, and doest in hart also disdayne
The noysome noyse, the furies and the fight
Of bloudie Mars and of Bellona both :
O thou the giuer both of ioy and health,
Receyue in gree and with well willing hand
These holy whole brunt offerings vnto thee,
And as this towne doth wholly thee adore,
So by thy helpe do graunt that it may stand
Safe from the ennyes outrage euermore.

SACERDOS.

Now in thy sacred name I bowell here
This sacrifice.

TYRESIAS.

And what entralls hath it ?

SACERDOS.

Faire and welformed all in euery poynt,

The liuer cleane, the hart is not infect,
 Saue loe, I finde but onely one hart string
 By which I finde somewhat I wote nere what,
 That seemes corrupt, and were not onely that,
 In all the rest, they are both sounde and hole.

TYRESIAS.

Now cast at once into the holy flame
 The swete incense, and then aduertise mee
 What hew it beares, and euery other ryte
 That ought may helpe the truth for to coniecte.

SACERDOS.

I see the flames doe sundrie colours cast,
 Now bloudy sanguine, straightway purple, blew,
 Some partes seeme blacke, some gray, and some be greene.

TYRESIAS.

Stay there, suffyseth this for to haue seene,
 Know Creon that these outward seemely signes
 By that the Gods haue let me vnderstand
 Who vnderstandeth al and seeth secrete things,
 Betokeneth that the Citie great of Thebes
 Shall Victor be against the Greekish host,
 If so consent be giuen, but more than this
 I lyst not say :

CREON.

Alas for curtesie
 Say on Tyresias, neuer haue respect
 To any liuing man, but tell the truth..

[Sacerdos returneth with the Bacchan[ales] by the gates Homoloides.]

SACERDOS.

In this meane while I will returne with speede
From whence I came, for lawfull is it not,
That suche as I should heare your secretnesse.

TYRESIAS.

Contrary then to that which I haue sayde,
The incest foule, and childbirth monstrous
Of Iocasta, so stirres the wrath of Ioue,
This citie shall with bloudy channels swimme,
And angry Mars shall ouercome it all
With famine, flame, rape, murther, dole and death :
These lustie towres shall haue a headlong fall,
These houses burnde, and all the rest be rasde,
And soone be sayde, here whilome Thebes stooode.
One onely way I finde for to escape,
Which bothe would thee displease to heare it tolde,
And me to tell percase were perillous.
Thee therefore with my trauell I commende
To Ioue, and with the rest I will endure,
What so shall chaunce for our aduersitie.

CREON.

Yet stay a whyle.

TYRESIAS.

Creon make me not stay

By force.

CREON.

Why fleest thou ?

TYRESIAS.

Syr 'tis not frō thee
I flee, but from this fortune foule and fell.

CREON.

Yet tell me what behoues the citie doe ?

TYRESIAS.

Thou Creon seemest now desirous still
It to preserue : but if as well as I
Thou knewest that which is to thee vnknowne,
Then wouldste thou not so soone consent therto.

CREON.

And would not I with eagre minde desire
The thing that may for Thebes ought auayle ?

TYRESIAS:

And dost thou then so instantly request
To know which way thou mayest the same preserue ?

CREON.

For nothing else I sent my sonne of late
To seeke for thee.

TYRESIAS.

Then will I satisfie
Thy greedie minde in this : but first tell me,
Menetius where is he ?

IOCASTA.

CREON.

Not farre from me.

TYRESIAS.

I pray thee sende him out some other where.

CREON.

Why wouldest thou that he should not be here ?

TYRESIAS.

I would not haue him heare what I should say.

CREON.

He is my sonne, ne will he it reueale.

TYRESIAS.

And shall I then while he is present speake ?

CREON.

Yea, be thou sure that he no lesse than I,
Doth wishe full well vnto this common weale.

TYRESIAS.

Then Creon shalt thou knowe : the meane to saue
This Citie, is, that thou shalt slea thy sonne,
And of his bodie make a sacrifice
For his Countrey : lo heere is all you seeke
So muche to knowe, and since you haue me forst
To tell the thing that I would not haue tolde,
If I haue you offended with my words,
Blame then your selfe, and eke your frowarde fate.

CREON.

[Oh] cruell words, oh, oh, what hast thou sayde,
Thou cruell southsayer ?

TYRESIAS.

Euen that, that heauen
Hath ordeined once, and needes it must ensue.

CREON.

Howe many euils hast thou knit vp in one ?

TYRESIAS.

Though euill for thee, yet for thy countrey good.

CREON.

And let my countrey perishe, what care I ?

TYRESIAS.

„ Aboue all things we ought to holde it deare.

CREON.

Cruell were he, that would not loue his childe.

TYRESIAS.

„ For cōmō weale, were well, that one man waile.

CREON.

To loose mine owne, I liste none other saue.

TYRESIAS.

„ Best Citizens care least for priuate gayne.

CREON.

Depart, for now, with all thy prophecies.

TYRESIAS.

„Lo, thus the truth doth always hatred get.

CREON.

Yet pray I thee by these thy silver heares,

TYRESIAS.

„The harme that comes from heauen can not be scapt.

CREON.

And by thy holy spirite of prophecie,

TYRESIAS.

„What heauen hath done, that can not I vndoe.

CREON.

That to no more this secrete thou reueale.

TYRESIAS.

And wouldst thou haue me learne to make a lye?

CREON.

I pray thee holde thy peace.

TYRESIAS.

That will I not:

But in thy woe to yeelde thee some reliefe,
I tell thee once, thou shalt be Lorde of Thebes,
Which happe of thine this string did well declare,

Which from the heart doth out alonely growe.
So did the peece corrupted playnly shewe,
An argument most euident to proue
Thy sonne his death.

CREON.

Well, yet be thou content
To keepe full close this secrete hidden grieve.

TYRESIAS.

I neither ought, ne will keepe it so close.

CREON.

Shall I be then the murtherer of mine owne ?

TYRESIAS.

Ne blame not me, but blame the starres for this.

CREON.

Can heauens condemne but him alone to dye ?

TYRESIAS.

We ought beleue the cause is good and iust.

CREON.

„Uniust is he condemnes the innocent.

TYRESIAS.

„A foole is he accuseth heauens of wrongs.

CREON.

„There can no ill thing come from heauē above.

TYRESIAS.

Then this that heauen commaunds can not be ill.

CREON.

I not beleeeue that thou hast talkt with God.

TYRESIAS.

Bicause I tell thee that doth thee displease.

CREON.

Out of my sight accursed lying wretche.

TYRESIAS.

Go daughter go, oh what a foole is he
That puts in vre to publishe prophecies ?
„ For if he do foretell a frowarde fate,
„ Though it be true, yet shall he purchase hate :
„ And if he silence keepe, or hide the truth,
„ The heauy wrath of mightie Gods ensuth.
Apollo he might well tell things to come,
That had no dread the angry to offende :
But hye we daughter hence some other way.

[*Tyresias with Manto his daughter, returneth by the
gates called Electræ.*

SCENA. II.

CREON. MENECEVS.

OH my deare childe, well hast thou heard with ears
These weery newes, or rather wicked tales
That this deuine of thee deuined hath :

Yet will thy father neuer be thy foe,
With cruell doome thy death for to consent.

MENECEVS.

You rather ought, O father, to consent
Unto my death, since that my death may bring
Unto this towne bothe peace and victorie.
„ Ne can I purchase more prayseworthy deathe
„ Than for my countreys wealth to lose my breath.

CREON.

I can not prayse this witlesse will of thine.

MENECEVS.

„ You know deare father, that this life of ours
„ Is brittle, short, and nothing else in deede
„ But tedious toyle and pangs of endlesse payne :
„ And death, whose darte to some men seemes so fell,
„ Brings quiet ende to this vnquiet life.
„ Unto which ende who soonest doth arriue,
„ Findes soonest rest of all his restlesse grieve.
„ And were it so, that here on earth we felte
„ No pricke of payne, nor that our flattering dayes
„ Were neuer dasht by frowarde fortunes frowne,
„ Yet beeing borne (as all men are) to dye,
„ Were not this worthy glory and renowne,
„ To yeelede the countrey soyle where I was borne,
„ For so long time, so shorte a time as mine ?
I can not thinke that this can be denied.
Then if to shunne this haughtie highe behest,
Mine onely cause, O father, doth you moue,
Be sure, you seeke to take from me your sonne,

The greatest honor that I can attayne :
But if your owne commoditie you moue,
So much the lesse you ought the same allowe :
For looke, how much the more you haue in Thebes,
So much the more you ought to loue the same :
Here haue you Hemone, he that in my steade
(O my deare father) may with you remaine,
So that, although you be depriued of me,
Yet shall you not be quite depriued of heires.

CREON.

I can not chuse, deare sonne, but disallowe
This thy too hastie, hote desire of death :
For if thy life thou settest all so lighte,
Yet oughtest thou thy father me respect,
Who as I drawe the more to lumpishe age,
So much more neede haue I to craue thine ayde :
Ne will I yet, with stubborne tong denye,
„ That for his common weale to spende his life,
„ Doth win the subiect high renoumed name.
„ But howe ? in armoure to defende the state,
„ Not like a beast to bleede in sacrifice :
And therewithall, if any should consent
To such a death, then should the same be I,
That haue prolonged life euen long enough,
Ne many dayes haue I nowe to drawe on.
And more auaile might to the countrie come,
Deare sonne, to holde that lustie life of thine
That arte both yong and eke of courage stout,
Than may by me that feeble am and olde.
Then liue deare sonne in high prosperitie,
And giue me leaue that worthy am to dye.

MENECEVS.

Yet worthy were not that vnworthy chaunge.

CREON.

If such a death bring glorie, giue it me.

MENECEVS.

Not you, but me, the heauens cal to die.

CREON.

We be but one in flesh and body both.

MENECEVS.

I father ought, so ought not you, to die.

CREON.

If thou sonne die, thinke not that I can liue :
Then let me die, and so shall he first die,
That ought to die, and yet but one shal die.

MENECEVS.

Although I, father, ought t'obey your hestes,
Yet euil were not to this yelde your wil.

CREON.

Thy wit is wylie for to worke this wo.

MENECEVS.

Oh, tender pittie moueth me thereto.

CREON.

„ A beast is he, that kils himselfe with knife,
„ Of pittie to preserue an others life.

MENECEVS.

„ Yet wise is he, that doth obey the Gods.

CREON.

The Gods will not the death of any wight.

MENECEVS.

„ Whose life they take, they giue him life also.

CREON.

But thou dost striue to take thy life thy selfe.

MENECEVS.

Nay them to obey, that will I shall not liue.

CREON.

What fault, O sonne, condemneth thee to death ?

MENECEVS.

„ Who liueth (father) here without a fault ?

CREON.

I see no gylte in thee that death deserues.

MENECEVS.

But God it seeth that euery secrete seeth.

CREON.

Howe shoulde we knowe what is the will of God ?

MENECEVS.

We knowe it then, when he reueales the same.

CREON.

As though he woulde come doune to tell it vs.

MENECEVS.

By diuers meanes his secrets he discloseth.

CREON.

Oh, fonde is he, who thinkes to vnderstand
The mysteries of Ioue his secreete mynde :
And for to ende this controuersie here,
Loe thus I say, I will we both liue yet :
Prepare thee then, my hestes to holde and keepe,
And pull a downe that stubborne heart of thyne.

MENECEVS.

You may of me, as of your selfe dispose,
And since my life doth seeme so deare to you,
I will preserue the same to your auaille,
That I may spende it alwayes to your will.

CREON.

Then, thee behoues out of this towne to flie :
Before the bolde and blinde Tyresias
Doe publish this that is as yet vnknowne.

MENECEVS.

And where, or in what place shall I become ?

CREON.

Where thou mayste be hence furthest out of sight.

MENECEVS.

You may commaunde, and I ought to obey.

CREON.

Go to the lande of Thesbrotia.

MENECEVS.

Where Dodona doth sit in sacred chaire ?

CREON.

Euen there my childe.

MENECEVS.

And who shal guide my wandring steps ?

CREON.

High Ioue.

MENECEVS.

Who shall giue sustenance for my reliefe ?

CREON.

There will I sende thee heapes of glistring golde.

MENECEVS.

But when shall I eftesoones my father see ?

CREON.

Ere long I hope : but nowe, for nowe depart,
For euery lingring let or little stay,
May purchase payne and torment both to me.

MENECEVS.

First woulde I take my conge of the Queene,
That since the day my mother lost hir life,

Hath nourisht me as if I were hir owne.

[*Creon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.*

CREON.

Oh, tarry not my deare sonne, tarry not.

MENECEVS.

Beholde father, I goe. You dames of Thebes,
Praye to almightie Ioue for my retourne,
You see howe mine vnhappie starres me driue
To go my countrie fro, and if so chaunce,
I ende in woe my pryme and lustie yeares
Before the course of Nature do them call,
Honor my death yet with your drery plaints,
And I shal eke, where so this carkas come,
Praye to the Gods that they preserue this towne.

[*Meneceus departeth by the gates Electræ.*

CHORVS.

WHEN she that rules the rolling wheele of chaunce
Doth turne aside hir angrie frowning face,
On him, whom erst she deigned to aduaunce,
She neuer leaues to galde him with disgrace,
To tosse and turne his state in euery place,
Till at the last she hurle him from on high
And yeld him subiect vnto miserie :

And as the braunche that from the roote is reft,
He neuer winnes like leafe to that he lefte :

Yea though he do, yet can no tast of ioy
Compare with pangs that past in his annoy.

Well did the heauens ordeine for our behoofe
Necessitie, and fates by them allowde,
That when we see our high mishappes aloofe
(As though our eyes were mufled with a cloude)
Our froward will doth shrinke it selfe and shrowde
From our auaile, wherewith we runne so farre
As none amends can make that we do marre :

Then drawes euill happe & striues to shew his strēgth,
And such as yeld vnto his might, at length

He leades them by necessitie the way
That destinie preparde for our decay.

The Mariner amidde the swelling seas
Who seeth his barke with many a billowe beaten,
Now here, now there, as wind and waues best please,
When thundring Ioue with tempest list to threaten,
And dreads in depest gulfe for to be eaten,
Yet learnes a meane by mere necessitie
To saue him selfe in such extremitie :

For when he seeth no man hath witte nor powre
To flie from fate when fortune list to lowre,

His only hope on mightie Ioue doth caste,
Whereby he winnes the wished hauen at last.

How fond is that man in his fantasie,
Who thinks that Ioue the maker of vs al,
And he that tempers all in heauen on high,
The sunne, the mone, the starres celestially,
So that no leafe without his leaue can fall,
Hath not in him omnipotence also
To guide and gouerne all things here below ?

O blinded eies, O wretched mortall wights,
 O subiect slaues to euery euill that lights,
 To scape such woe, such paine, such shame and scorne,
 Happie were he that neuer had bin borne.

Well might duke Creon driuen by destinie,
 If true it be that olde Tyresias saith,
 Redeme our citie from this miserie,
 By his consent vnto Meneceus death,
 Who of him selfe wold faine haue lost his breth,
 „ But euery man is loth for to fulfill
 „ The heauenly hest that pleaseth not his will :
 „ That publique weale must needes to ruine go
 „ Where priuate profite is preferred so.
 Yet mightie God, thy only aide we craue,
 This towne from siege, and vs from sorrowe saue.

Finis Actus tertij.

THE ORDER OF THE FOURTH DUMBE SHEVVE.

Before the beginning of this fourth Acte, the Trumpets sounded, the drummes and fifes, and a greate peale of ordinaunce was shot of, in the which ther entred vpon the stage. vj. knights armed at al points, whereof three

came in by the Gates *Electræ*, and the other foure by the Gates *Homoloides*, either parte beeing accompanied with viij. other armed men: and after they had marched twice or thrice about the Stage, the one partie menacing the other by their furious lookes and gestures, the. vj. knights caused their other attendants to stand by, and drawing their Swords, fell to cruell and couragious combat, continuing therein, till two on the one side were slayne: the third perceiuing, that he only remayned to withstand the force of. iiij. enemies, did politiquely runne aside, wherewith immediatly one of the. iiij. followed after him, and when he hadde drawen his enimie thus from his companie, hee turned againe and slewe him: Then the seconde also ranne after him, whome he slewe in like māner, and consequently the thirde, and then triumphantly marched aboute the Stage with hys sword in his hand. Hereby was noted the incomparable force of concord betweene brethren, who as long as they holde together may not easily by any meanes be ouercome, and being once disseuered by any meanes, are easily ouerthrowen. The history of the brethren *Horatij* & *Curiatij*, who agreed to like combate and came to like ende. After that the dead carkasses were caried from the Stage by the armed men on both parties, and that the victor was triumphantly accompanied out, also came in a messenger armed from the campe, seeking the Queene, and to hir spake as followeth.

ACTUS. IIIJ. SCENA. J.

NUNCIVS. IOCASTA.

[Nuncius commeth in by the gates Homoloides.]

O SAGE and sober dames, O shamefast maides,
 O faithfull seruants of our aged Queene,
 Come leade hir forth, sith vnto hir I bring
 Such secrete newes as are of great importe.
 Come forthe, O Queene, surceasse thy wofull plainte,
 And to my words vouchsafe a willing eare.

*[The Queene with hir traine commeth out of hir
 Pallace.]*

IOCASTA.

My seruant deare, doest thou yet bring me newes
 Of more mishappe ? ah werie wretch, alas,
 How doth Eteocles ? whome heretofore
 In his encreasing yeares, I wonted ay
 From daungerous happe with fauoure to defend,
 Doth he yet liue ? or hath vntimely death
 In cruell fight berefte his flowring life ?

NUNCIUS.

He liues (O Queene) hereof haue ye no doubte,
 From such suspecte my selfe will quite you soone.

IOCASTA.

The vētrous Greekes haue haply tane the tounne ?

• NUNCIUS.

The Gods forbid.

IOCASTA.

Our souldiers then, perchance,
Dispersed bene and yelden to the sword.

NUNCIUS.

Not so, they were at first in daunger sure,
But in the end obtained victorie.

IOCASTA.

Alas, what then becōmes of Polinice ?
Oh canst thou tell ? is he dead or aliue ?

NUNCIUS.

You haue (O Queene) yet both your sonnes aliue.

IOCASTA.

Oh, how my harte is eased of this paine.
Well, then proceede, and briefly let me heare,
How ye repulst your proud presuming foes,
That thereby yet at least I may assuage
The swelling sorrowes in my dolefull brest,
In that the towne is hitherto preserude :
And for the rest, I trust that mightie Ioue
Will yelde vs ayde.

NUNCIUS.

No soner had your worthy valiant sonne,
Seuerde the Dukes into seauen seuerall partes,
And set them to defence of seuerall gates,

And brought in braue arraye his horssemen out,
First to encounter with their mightie foen,
And likewise pitcht, the footemen face to face
Against the footemen of their enimies,
But fiercely straight, the armies did approche,
Swarming so thicke, as couerde cleane the felde,
When dreadfull blast of braying trumpets sounde,
Of dolefull drummes, and thundring cannon shot,
Gaue hideous signe of horroure of the fight,
Then gan the Greekes to giue their sharpe assaulte,
Then from the walls our stout couragious men,
With rolling stones, with paise of hugie beames,
With flying dartes, with flakes of burning fire,
And deadly blowes, did beate them backe againe :
Thus struiing long, with stout and bloudie fighte,
Whereby full many thousande slaughtered were,
The hardie Greekes came vnderneath the walls,
Of whome, first Capaney (a lustie Knight)
Did scale the walls, and on the top thereof
Did vaunt himselfe, when many hundred moe,
With fierce assaultes did followe him as fast.
Then loe, the Captaines seauen bestirre themselves,
(Whose names ye haue alreadie vnderstoode)
Some here, some there, nought dreading losse of life,
With newe reliefe to feede the fainting breach :
And Polinice, he bended all the force
Of his whole charge, against the greatest gate,
When sodenly a flashe of lightning flame
From angrie skies strake captaine Capaney,
That there downe dead he fell, at sight whereof
The gazers one were fraught with soden feare.
The rest, that stroue to mount the walles so fast,

From ladders toppe did headlong tumble downe.
Herewith our men encouragde by good happe,
Toke hardy harts, and so repulst the Grekes.
There was Eteocles and I with him,
Who setting first those souldiers to their charge,
Ranne streight to thother gates, vnto the weake
He manly comforte gaue, vnto the bold
His lusty words encreased courage still,
In so much as th'amased Grecian king
When he did heare of Capaney his death,
Fearing thereby the Gods became his foen
Out from the trench withdrewe his wearie host.
But rashe Eteocles (presuming tootoo much
Uppon their flight) did issue out of Thebes,
And forwarde straighte with strength of chiuallrie,
His flying foes couragiously pursude.
To long it were to make recompt of all
That wounded bene, or slaine, or captiue now,
The cloudy ayre was filled round aboute
With houlung cries and wofull wayling plaints :
So great a slaughter (O renowned Queene)
Before this day I thinke was neuer seene.
Thus haue we now cut of the fruitlesse hope
The Grecians had, to sacke this noble towne.
What ioyfall end will happen herevnto
Yet know I not : the gods tourne all to good.
„ To conquere, lo, is doubtlesse worthy praise,
„ But wisely for to vse the conquest gotte,
„ Hath euer wonne immortall sound of fame.
Well, yet therewhile in this we may reioice,
Sith heauen and heauenly powers are pleased therewith.

IOCASTA.

This good successe was luckie sure, and such,
As for my parte I little loked for :
To saue the towne and eke to haue my sonnes
(As you report) preserued yet aliue.
But yet proceede, and further let me know
The finall ende that they agreed vpon.

NUNCIUS.

No more (O queene) let this for now suffice,
Sith hitherto your state is safe inough.

IOCASTA.

These words of thine, do whelme my iealous mind
With great suspecte of other mischiefes hidde.

NUNCIUS.

What would ye more, alredy being sure
That both your sonnes in safetie do remaine ?

IOCASTA.

I long to know the rest, or good or bad.

NUNCIUS.

O let me now retourne to Eteocles,
That of my seruice greatly stands in neede.

IOCASTA.

Right well I see, thou doest conceale the woorst.

NUNCIUS.

Oh force me not, the good now beeing past,
To tell the yll.

IOCASTA.

Tell it I say, on paine of our displeasure.

NUNCIUS.

Since thus ye seeke to heare a dolefull tale,
I will no longer stay : witte ye therefore,
Your desperate sonnes togither be agreed
For to attempt a wicked enterprise,
To priuate fight they haue betroutht themselues,
Of which conflicte, the end must needes be this,
That one do liue, that other die the death.

IOCASTA.

Alas, alas, this did I euer feare.

NUNCIUS.

Now, sith in summe I haue reuealed that,
Which you haue heard with great remorse of mind,
I will proceede, at large to tell the whole.
When your victorious sonne, with valiaunt force
Had chast his foes into their ioyning tents,
Euen there he staide, and straight at sound of trumpe
With stretched voice the herault thus proclaimde :
You princely Greekes, that hither be arriued
To spoile the fruite of these our fertile fields,
And vs to driue from this our Natiue soile,
O suffer not so many giltlesse soules
By this debate descend in Stigian lake,
For priuate cause of wicked Pollinice,
But rather let the brethren, hand to hand,
By mutuall blowes appease their furious rage,
And so to cease from sheding further blood :

And, to the end you all might vnderstand
The profite that to euery side may fall,
Thus much my Lord thought good to profer you,
This is his will, if he be ouercome,
Then Polinice to rule this kingly realme :
If so it happe (as reason would it should)
Our rightfull prince to conquere Polinice,
That then no one of you make more adoo,
But straight to Argos Ile hast home againe.
This, thus pronounst vnto the noble Greeks,
No soner did the sound of trumpet cease,
But Polinice stept forth before the host,
And to these words this answere did he make :
O thou, (not brother) but my mortall foe,
Thy profer here hath pleased me so well,
As presently, without more long delay,
I yeld my selfe prepared to the field.
Our noble King no soner heard this vaunt,
But forth as fast he prest his princely steppes,
With eger mind, as hoouering falcon wonts
To make hir stoope, when pray appeares in sight :
At all assayes they both were brauely armed,
To eithers side his sword fast being girt,
In eithers hand was put a sturdy launce :
About Eteocles our souldiers cloong,
To comforte him, and put him then in mind,
He fought for safetie of his country soile,
And that in him consisted all their hope.
To Polinice the king Adrastus swore,
If he escaped victor from the field,
At his retourn he would in Greece erecte
A golden Image vnto mightie Ioue

In signe of his triumphing victorie :
 But all this while seeke you (O noble queene)
 To hinder this your furious sonnes attempte.
 Intreat the Gods it may not take effecte,
 Els must you needes ere long depriued be
 Of both your sonnes, or of the one at least.

[*Nuntius returneth to the camp by the gates Homoloides.*

IOCASTA. ANTIGONE.

ANTIGONE my swete daughter, come forth
 Out of this house, that nought but woe retaines,
 Come forth I say, not for to sing or daunce,
 But to preuent (if in our powers it lie)
 That thy malicious brethren (swolne with ire)
 And I alas, their miserable mother,
 Be not destroide by stroke of dreadfull death.

[*Antigone commeth out of hir mothers Pallace.*

ANTIGONE.

Ah swete mother, ah my beloued mother,
 Alas alas what cause doth moue ye now
 From trembling voice to send such carefull cries ?
 What painefull pang ? what grieve doth gripe you nowe ?

IOCASTA.

O deare daughter, thy most vnhappie brethren
 That sometimes lodgde within these wretched loynes
 Shall die this daye, if Ioue preuent it not.

ANTIGONE.

Alas what say you ? alas what do you say ?
Can I (alas) endure to see him dead,
Whom I thus long haue sought to see aliue ?

IOCASTA.

They both haue vowde (I quake alas to tell)
With trenchant blade to spill ech others blood.

[ANTIGONE.]

O cruell Eteocles, ah ruthlesse wretch,
Of this outrage thou only art the cause,
Not Pollinice, whom thou with hatefull spight
Hast reaued first of crowne and countrie soyle,
And now doest seeke to reauue him of his life.

IOCASTA.

Daughter no more delay, lets go, lets go.

ANTIGONE.

Ah my sweete mother, whither shall I go ?

IOCASTA.

With me, deere daughter, to the greekish host.

ANTIGONE.

Alas how can I go ? vnles I go
In daunger of my life, or of good name ?

IOCASTA.

Time serues not now (my welbeloued childe)
To way the losse of life or honest name,

But rather to preuent (if so we may)
That wicked deede, which only but to thinke,
Doth hale my hart out of my heauie brest.

ANTIGONE.

Come then, lets go, good mother let vs go,
But what shall we be able for to doe,
You a weake old woman forworne with yeares,
And I God knowes a silly simple mayde ?

IOCASTA.

Our wofull wordes, our prayers & our plaintes,
Pourde out with streames of ouerflowing teares,
(Where Nature rules) may happen to preuayle,
When reason, power, and force of armes do fayle.
But if the glowing heate of boyling wrath
So furious be, as it may not relent,
Then I atwixt them both will throw my selfe,
And this my brest shall beare the deadly blowes
That otherwise should light vpon my sonnes :
So shall they shead my bloud and not their owne.
Well now deere daughter, let vs hasten hence,
For if in time we stay this raging strife,
Then haply may my life prolonged be :
If ere we come the bloody deede be done,
Then must my ghost forsake this feeble corps :
And thou, deare childe, with dolour shalt bewaile,
Thy brothers death and mothers all at once.

*[Iocasta with Antigone, and all hir traine (excepte
the Chorus) goeth towards the campe, by the
gates Homoloydes.]*

CHORVS.

WHO so hath felt, what feruent loue
 A mother beares vnto hir tender sonnes,
 She and none other sure, can comprehend
 The dolefull grieffe, the pangs and secret paine,
 That presently doth pierce the princely brest
 Of our afflicted Queene : alas, I thinke
 No martyrdome might well compare with hers.
 So ofte as I recorde hir restlesse state,
 Alas me thinkes I feelee a shiuering feare
 Flit to and fro along my flushing vaines.
 Alas for ruth, that thus two brethren shoulde,
 Enforce themselues to shed each others bloude.
 Where is the lawes of nature nowe become ?
 Can fleshe of fleshe, alas, can bloude of bloude,
 So far forget it selfe, as slaye it selfe ?
 O lowring starres, O dimme and angrie skies,
 O giltie fate, such mischief set aside.
 But if supernall powers decreed haue,
 That death must be the ende of this debate,
 Alas what floudes of teares shall then suffice,
 To weepe and waile the neare approaching death :
 I meane the death of sonnes and mother both,
 And with their death the ruine and decay,
 Of Oedipus and all his princely race ?
 But loe, here Creon cōmes with carefull cheare.
 'Tis time that nowe I ende my iust complaint.
 [*Creon commeth in by the gates Homoloydes.*]

CREON. NVNCIVS.

ALTHOUGH I straightly chargde my tender childe
 To flie from Thebes for safegarde of hymselfe,
 And that long since he parted from my sight,
 Yet doe I greatly hang in lingring doubt,
 Least passing through the gates, the priuie watch
 Hath stayed him by some suspect of treason.
 And so therewhile, the prophetes hauing skride
 His hidden fate, he purchast haue the death
 Which I by all meanes sought he might eschewe :
 And this mischaunce so much I feare the more,
 Howe much the wished conquest at the first,
 Fell happily vnto the towne of Thebes.
 „ But wise men ought with patience to sustaine
 „ The sundrie haps that slipperie fortune frames.
 [*Nuncius commeth in by the gates Electræ.*]

NUNCIVS.

Alas, who can direct my hastie steppes
 Unto the brother of our wofull Queene ?
 But loe where carefully he standeth here.

CREON.

If so the minde maye dreade his owne mishap,
 Then dread, I much, this man that seekes me thus,
 Hath brought the death of my beloued sonne.

NUNCIVS.

My Lorde, the thing you feare is very true,
 Your sonne Meneceus no longer liues.

CREON.

Alas who can with stande the heauenly powers ?
 Well, it beseems not me, ne yet my yeares,
 In bootelesse plaint to wast my wailefull teares :
 Do thou recount to me his lucklesse deathe,
 The order, fourme, and manner of the same.

NUNCIUS.

Your sonne (my Lorde) came to Eteocles
 And tolde him this in presence of the rest :
 Renoumed King, neither your victorie,
 Ne yet the safetie of this princely Realme
 In armour doth consist, but in the death
 Of me, of me, (O most victorious King)
 So heauenly dome of mightie Ioue commaunds.
 I (knowing what auayle my death should yeeld
 Unto your grace, and vnto natie land)
 Might well be deemde a most vngratefull sonne
 Unto this worthy towne, if I would shunne
 The sharpest death to do my countrie good,
 In mourning weede nowe let the vestall Nimphe,
 With fauning tunes commende my faultlesse ghost
 To highest heauens, while I despoyle my selfe,
 That afterwarde (sith Ioue will haue it so)
 To saue your liues, I may receyue my death.
 Of you I craue, O curteous Citizens,
 To shrine my corps in tombe of marble stone,
 Whereon graue this : *Menecus here doth lie,*
For countries cause that was content to die.
 This saide, alas, he made no more a doe,
 But drewe his sworde and sheathde it in his brest.

CREON.

No more, I haue inough, retorne ye now
From whence ye came.

[*Nuncius retourneth by the gates Electræ.*

Well, since the bloude of my beloued sonne,
Must serue to slake the wrathe of angrie Ioue,
And since his onely death must bring to Thebes
A quiet ende of hir vnquiet state,
Me thinkes good reason would, that I henceforth
Of Thebane soyle shoulde beare the kingly swaye,
Yea sure, and so I will ere it be long,
Either by right, or else by force of armes.
Of al mishap loe here the wicked broode,
My sister first espoused hath hir sonne
That slewe his sire, of whose accursed seede
Two brethren sprang, whose raging hatefull hearts,
By force of boyling yre are bolne so sore
As each do thyrst to sucke the others bloude :
But why do I sustaine the smart hereof ?
Why should my bloud be spilte for others gilte ?
Oh welcome were that messanger to me
That brought me word of both my nephewes deathes,
Then should it soone be sene in euery eye,
Twixt prince and prince what difference would appeare,
Then should experience shewe what grieve it is
To serue the humours of vnbridled youth.
Now will I goe for to prepare with speede
The funeralls of my yong giltlesse sonne,
The which perhaps may be accompanied
With thobsequies of proude Eteocles.

[*Creon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.*

Finis Actus. 4.

CHORVS.

O BLISFULL concord, bredde in sacred brest
 Of him that guides the restlesse rolling sky,
 That to the earth for mans assured rest
 From heighth of heauens vouchsafest downe to flie,
 In thee alone the mightie power doth lie,
 With swete accorde to kepe the frowning starres
 And euery planet else from hurtfull warres.

In thee, in thee suche noble vertue bydes,
 As may commaund the mightiest Gods to bend,
 From thee alone such sugred frendship slydes
 As mortall wightes can scarcely comprehend,
 To greatest strife thou setst delightfull ende.
 O holy peace, by thee are onely founde
 The passing ioyes that euery where abound.

Thou onely thou, through thy celestiall might,
 Didst first of all the heauenly pole deuide,
 From th'olde confused heape that Chaos hight :
 Thou madest the Sunne, the Moone, and starres to glide,
 With ordred course about this world so wide :
 Thou hast ordainde Dan Tytans shining light,
 By dawne of day to chase the darkesome night.

When tract of time returnes the lustie Ver,
 By thee alone, the buddes and blossomes spring,
 The fieldes with floures be garnisht euery where;
 The blooming trees, abundant fruite do bring,
 The cherefull birdes melodiously do sing,
 Thou dost appoint, the crop of sommers seede
 For mans reliefe, to serue the winters neede.

Thou dost inspire the hearts of princely peeres
By providence, proceeding from aboue,
In flowring youth to choose their worthie feeres,
With whom they liue in league of lasting loue,
Till fearefull death doth fitting life remoue :
And loke how fast, to death man payes his due,
So fast againe, dost thou his stocke renue.

By thee, the basest thing aduanced is,
Thou euerie where, dost graffe suche golden peace,
As filleth man, with more than earthly blisse,
The earth by thee, doth yelde hir swete increase
At becke of thee, all bloudy discords cease,
And mightiest Realmes in quiet do remaine,
Wheras thy hand, doth holde the royall raigne.

But if thou faile, then all things gone to wracke,
The mother then, doth dread hir naturall childe,
Then euery towne is subiect to the sacke,
Then spotlesse maids, then virgins be defilde,
Then rigor rules, then reason is exile :
And this, thou wofull Thebes, to our great paine,
With present spoile, art likely to sustaine.

Me thinke I heare the wailfull weeping cries
Of wretched dames, in euerie coast resound,
Me thinkes I see, how vp to heauenly skies
From battered walls, the thundring clappes rebound
Me thinke I heare, how all things go to ground,
Me thinke I see, how souldiers wounded lye
With gasping breath, and yet they can not dye.

By meanes wherof, oh swete Meneceus he,
 That giues for countries cause his guiltlesse life,
 Of others all, most happy shall he be :
 His ghost shall flit, from broiles of bloody strife,
 To heauenly blisse, where pleasing ioyes be rife :
 And would to God, that this his fatall ende
 From further plagues, our citie might defend.

O sacred God, giue eare vnto thy thrall,
 That humbly here vpon thy name doth call,
 O let not now, our faultlesse bloud be spilt,
 For hote reuenge of any others gilt.

Finis Actus quarti.

Done by F. Kinvvelmarshe.

THE ORDER OF THE LASTE DUMBE SHEVVE.

First the Stillpipes sounded a very mournfull melodye, in which time came vpon the Stage a womā clothed in a white garment, on hir head a piller, double faced, the formost face fayre & smiling, the other behinde blacke & louring, muffled with a white laune about hir eyes, hir lap full of Iewelles, sitting in a charyot, hir legges naked, hir fete set vpō a great round ball, & beyng drawē

in by. iij. noble personages, she ledde in a string on hir right hande. ij. kings crowned, and in hir lefte hand. ij. poore slaues very meanelly attyred. After she was drawn about the stage, she stayed a lyttle, changing the kings vnto the left hande & the slaues vnto the right hande, taking the crownes from the kings heads she crowned therwith the. ij. slaues, & casting the vyle clothes of the slaues vppon the kings, she despoyled the kings of their robes, and therwith aparelled the slaues. This done, she was drawn eftsones about the stage in this order, and then departed, leauing vnto vs a plaine Type or figure of vnstable fortune, who dothe oftentimes raise to heigthe of dignitie the vile and vnnoble, and in like manner throweth downe frō the place of promotiō, euen those whō before she hir selfe had thither aduaunced: after hir departure came in Duke CREON with foure gentlemen wayting vpon him, and lamented the death of MENECEUS his sonne in this maner.

ACTUS. V. SCENA. J.

CREON. CHORVS.

ALAS what shall I do ? bemone my selfe ?
 Or rue the ruine of my Natiue lande,
 About the which such cloudes I see enclosde
 As darker cannot couer dreadfull hell.
 With mine own eyes I saw my own deare sonne

All gorde with bloud of his too bloudy brest,
 Which he hath shed full like a friend, too deare
 To his countrey, and yet a cruell foe
 To me that was his friend and father both.
 Thus to him selfe he gaynde a famous name,
 And glory great, to me redoubled payne,
 Whose haplesse death in my afflicted house,
 Hath put suche playnt, as I ne can espie
 What comfort might acquiet their distresse.
 I hither come my sister for to seeke,
 Iocasta, she that might in wofull wise
 Amid hir high and ouerpining cares
 Prepare the baynes for his so wretched corps,
 And eke for him that nowe is not in life,
 May pay the due that to the dead pertaynes,
 And for the honor he did well deserue,
 To giue some giftes vnto infernall Gods.

CHORVS.

My Lorde, your sister is gone forth long since,
 Into the campe, and with hir Antigone
 Hir daughter deare.

CREON.

Into the campe ? alas and what to do ?

CHORVS.

She vnderstoode, that for this realme foorthwith
 Hir sonnes were greed in combate for to ioyne.

CREON.

Alas, the funerals of my deare sonne

Dismayed me so, that I ne did receiue,
 Ne seeke to knowe these newe vnwelcome newes.
 But loe, beholde a playne apparant signe
 Of further feares, the furious troubled lookes
 Of him that commeth heere so hastilie.

 SCENA. II.

NVNTIVS. CREON. CHORVS.

ALAS, alas, what shall I doe ? alas,
 What shriching voyce may serue my wofull wordes ?
 O wretched I, ten thousande times a wretche,
 The messenger of dread and cruell death.

CREON.

Yet more mishappe ? and what unhappie newes ?

NUNTIUS.

My Lord, your nephues both haue lost their liues.

CREON.

Out and alas, to me and to this towne
 Thou doest accompt great ruine and decay :
 You royall familie of Oedipus,
 And heare you this ? your liege and soueraigne Lordes
 The brethren bothe are slayne and done to death.

CHORVS.

O cruell newes, most cruell that can come,
 O newes that might these stony walles prouoke
 For tender ruthe to burst in bitter teares,
 And so they would, had they the sense of man.

CREON.

O worthy yong Lordes, that vnworthy were
Of suche vnworthy death, O me moste wretche.

NUNTIUS.

More wretched shall ye deeme your selfe, my lord,
When you shall heare of further miserie.

CREON.

And can there be more miserie than this ?

NUNTIUS.

With hir deare sonnes the queene hir self is slaine.

CHORVS.

Bewayle ladies, alas good ladies waile
This harde mischaunce, this cruell common euill,
Ne hencefoorth hope for euer to reioyce.

CREON.

O Iocasta, miserable mother,
What haplesse ende thy life alas hath hent ?
Percase the heauens purueyed had the same,
Moued therto by the wicked wedlocke
Of Oedipus thy sonne, yet might thy seuse
Be iustly made, that knewe not of the crime.
But tell me messenger, oh tell me yet
The death of these two brethren, driuen therto,
Not thus all onely by their drearie fate,
But by the banning and the bitter curse
Of their cruell sire, borne for our annoy,
And here on earth the onely soursse of euil.

NUNTIUS.

Then know my Lorde, the battell that begonne
Under the walles, was brought to luckie ende,
Eteocles had made his foemen flee
Within their trenches, to their foule reproche :
But herewithall the bretheren streightway
Eche other chalenge foorth into the felde,
By combate so to stinte their cruell strife,
Who armed thus amid the field appeard.
First Pollinices turning towarde Greece
His louely lookes, gan Iuno thus beseeche :
O heauenly queene, thou seest, that since the day
I first did wedde Adrastus daughter deare,
And stayde in Greece, thy seruaunt haue I bene :
Then (be it not for mine vnworthinesse)
Graunt me this grace, the victorie to winne,
Graunt me, that I with high triumphant hande,
May bathe this blade within my brothers brest :
I know I craue vnworthy victorie,
Unworthy triumphes, and vnworthy spoyles,
Lo he the cause, my cruell enimie.
The people wept to heare the wofull wordes
Of Pollinice, foreseeing eke the ende
Of this outrage and cruell combate tane,
Eche man gan looke vpon his drouping mate,
With mindes amazde, and trembling hearts for dread,
Whom pitie perced for these youthfull knights.
Eteocles with eyes vp cast to heauen,
Thus sayde :
O mightie Ioue his daughter graunt to me,
That this right hande with this sharpe armed launce
Passing amid my brothers' cankred brest,

It may eke pierce that cowardè harte of his,
And so him slea that thus vnworthily
Disturbs the quiet of our common weale.
So sayde Eteocles, and trumpets blowne,
To sende the summons of their bloody fighte,
That one the other fiercely did encounter,
Like Lions two yfraught with boyling wrath,
Bothe coucht their launces full agaynst the face,
But heauen it nolde that there they should them teinte :
Upon the battred shields the mightie speares
Are bothe ybroke, and in a thousande shiuers
Amid the ayre flowne vp into the heauens :
Beholde agayne, with naked sworde in hande,
Eche one the other furiously assaultes.
Here they of Thebes, there stode the Greekes in doubt,
Of whom doth eche man feele more chilling dread,
Least any of the twayne should lose his life,
Than any of the twayne did feele in fight.
Their angry lookes, their deadly daunting blowes,
Might witnesse well, that in their heartes remaynde
As cankred hate, disdayne, and furious moode,
As euer bred in beare or tygers brest.
The first that hapt to hurt was Polinice,
Who smote the righte thighe of Eteocles :
But as we deeme, the blow was nothing deepe,
Then cryed the Greekes, and lepte with lightned harts,
But streight agayne they helde their peace, for he
Eteocles gan thrust his wicked sworde
In the lefte arme of vnarmed Pollinice,
And let the bloud from thinne vnfenced fleshe
With falling drops distill vpon the ground,
Ne long he stayes, but with an other thrust

His brothers belly boweld with his blade,
 Then wretched he, with bridle left at large,
 From of his horsse fell pale vpon the ground,
 Ne long it was, but downe our duke dismountes
 From of his startling steede, and runnes in hast,
 His brothers haplesse helme for to vnlace,
 And with such hungry minde desired spoyle,
 As one that thought the felde already woonne :
 That at vnwares, his brothers dagger drawne,
 And griped fast within the dying hand,
 Under his side he recklesse doth receiue,
 That made the way to his wyde open hart :
 Thus falles Eteocles his brother by,
 From both whose breasts the bloud fast bubbling, gaue
 A sory shewe to Greekes and Thebanes both.

CHORVS.

Oh wretched ende of our vnhappy Lordes.

CREON.

Oh Oedipus, I must bewaile the death
 Of thy deare sonnes, that were my nephewes both,
 But of these blowes thou oughtest feele the smarte,
 That with thy wonted prayers, thus hast brought
 Such noble blouds to this vnnoble end.
 But now tell on, what followed of the Queene ?

NUNTIUS.

Whē thus with pierced harts, by there owne hands
 The brothers fell had wallowed in their bloud,
 Th'one tumbling on the others gore,
 Came their afflicted mother, then to late,

And eke with hir, hir chast childe Antygone,
Who saw no sooner how their fates had falne,
But with the doubled echo of alas,
Sore dymnde the ayre with loude complaints and cryes :
Oh sonnes (quod she) too late came all my helpe,
And all to late haue I my succour sent :
And with these wordes, vpon their carcass colde
She shrighed so, as might haue stayed the Sunne
To mourne with hir, the wofull sister eke,
That both hir chekes did bathe in flowing teares,
Out from the depth of hir tormented brest,
With scalding sighes gan draw these weary words :
O my deare brethren, why abandon ye
Our mother deare, when these hir aged yeares,
That of themselues are weake and growne with grieve,
Stoode most in neede of your sustaining helpe ?
Why doe you leaue hir thus disconsolate ?
At sounde of such hir weeping long lament,
Eteocles our king helde vp his hand,
And sent from bottome of his wofull brest
A doubled sighe, deuided with his grieve,
In faithfull token of his feeble will
To recomfort his mother and sister both :
And in the steade of sweete contenting words,
The trickling teares raynde downe his paled chekes :
Then claspt his handes, and shut his dying eyes.
But Pollinice, that turned his rolling eyen
Unto his mother and his sister deare,
With hollow voyce and fumbling tounge, thus spake :
Mother, you see how I am now arryued
Unto the hauen of myne vnhappie ende,
Now nothing doth remaine to me, but this,

That I lament my sisters life and yours
Left thus in euerlasting woe and grieve :
So am I sory for Eteocles,
Who though he were my cruell enemy,
He was your sonne, and brother yet to me :
But since these ghosts of ours must needes go downe
With staggering steppes into the Stigian reigne,
I you beseche, mother and sister bothe,
Of pitie yet, that you will me procure
A royall tombe within my natie realme,
And now shut vp with those your tender handes,
These grieffull eyes of mine, whose daseled light
Shadowes of dreadfull death be come to close,
Now rest in peace, this sayde, he yeelded vp
His fainting ghost, that ready was to part.
The mother thus beholding both hir sonnes
Ydone to death, and ouercome with dole,
Drewe out the dagger of hir Pollinices,
From brothers brest, and gorde hir mothers throte
Falling betweene hir sonnes,
Then with hir feebled armes, she doth enfolde
Their bodies both, as if for company
Hir vncontented corps were yet content
To passe with them in Charons ferrie boate.
When cruell fate had thus with force bereft
The wofull mother and hir two deare sonnes,
All sodenly allarme allarme they crye,
And hote conflict began for to aryse
Betwene our armie and our enemyes :
For either part would haue the victorye.
A while they did with equall force maintaine
The bloudy fight, at last the Greekes do flie,

Of whom could hardly any one escape,
 For in such hugie heapes our men them slew,
 The ground was couerde all with carcasses :
 And of our souldiers, some gan spoyle the dead,
 Some other were that parted out the pray,
 And some pursuing Antigone toke vp
 The Queene Iocasta and the brethren both,
 Whom in a chariot hither they will bring
 Ere long : and thus, although we gotten haue
 The victory ouer our enemies,
 Yet haue we lost much more than we haue wonne.

[*Creon exit.*

CHORVS.

O hard mishap, we doe not onely heare
 The wearie newes of their vntimely death,
 But eke we must with wayling eyes beholde
 Their bodies deade, for loke where they be brought.

SCENA. 3.

ANTIGONE. CHORVS.

Most bitter plaint, O ladyes, vs behoues,
 Behoueth eke not onely bitter plainte,
 But that our heares dysheuyld from our heades
 About our shoulders hang, and that our breasts
 With bouncing blowes be all be battered,
 Our gastly faces with our nayles defaced :
 Behold, your Queene twixt both hir sonnes lyes slayne,
 The Queene whom you did loue and honour both,
 The Queene that did so tenderly bring vp
 And nourishe you, eche one like to hir owne,

Now hath she left you all (O cruell hap)
With hir too cruell death in dying dreade,
Pyning with pensifenesse without all helpe.
O weary life, why bydst thou in my breast,
And I contented be that these mine eyes
Should see hir dye that gaue to me this life,
And I not venge hir death by losse of life ?
Who can me giue a fountaine made of mone,
That I may weepe as muche as is my will,
To sowsse this sorow vp in swelling teares ?

CHORVS.

What stony hart could leaue for to lament ?

ANTIGONE.

O Polinice, now hast thou with thy bloud
Bought all too deare the title to this realme,
That cruell he Eteocles thee refte,
And now also hath reft thee of thy life,
Alas, what wicked dede can wrath not doe ?
And out alas for mee.
Whyle thou yet liuedst I had a liuely hope
To haue some noble wight to be my pheere,
By whome I might be crownde a royall Queene :
But now, thy hastie death hath done to dye
This dying hope of mine, that hope hencefoorth
None other wedlocke, but tormenting woe,
If so these trembling hands for cowarde dread
Dare not presume to ende this wretched life.

CHORVS.

Alas deare dame, let not thy raging grieve
Heape one mishap vpon anothers head.

ANTIGONE.

O dolefull day, wherein my sory sire
 Was borne, and yet O more vnhappie houre
 When he was crowned king of stately Thebes,
 The Hymenei in vnhappie bed,
 And wicked wedlocke, wittingly did ioyne
 The giltlesse mother with hir giltie sonne,
 Out of which roote we be the braunches borne,
 To beare the scourge of their so foule offence :
 And thou, O father, thou that for this facte,
 Haste torne thine eyes from thy tormented head,
 Giue eare to this, come foorth, and bende thine eare
 To bloudie newes, that canst not them beholde :
 Happie in this, for if thine eyes could see
 Thy sonnes bothe slayne, and euen betweene them bothe
 Thy wife and mother dead, bathed and imbrude
 All in one bloud, then wouldst thou dye for dole,
 And so might ende all our vnluckie stocke.
 But most vnhappie now, that lacke of sighte
 Shall linger life within thy lucklesse brest,
 And still tormented in suche miserie,
 Shall alwayes dye, bicause thou canst not dye.

[*Oedipus entreth.*

SCENA. IIIJ.

OEDIPVS. ANTIGONE. CHORVS.

WHY dost thou call out of this darkesome denne,
 The lustlesse lodge of my lamenting yeres,
 O daughter deare, thy fathers blinded eyes,
 Into the light I was not worthy of ?

Or what suche sight (O cruell destenie)
Without tormenting cares might I beholde,
That image am of deathe and not of man ?

ANTIGONE.

O father mine, I bring vnluckie newes
Unto your eares, your sonnes are nowe both slayne,
Ne doth your wife, that wonted was to guyde
So piteously your staylesse stumbling steppes,
Now see this light, alas and welaway.

OEDIPVS.

O heape of infinite calamities,
And canst thou yet encrease when I thought least
That any grieve more great could grow in thee ?
But tell me yet, what kinde of cruell death
Had these three sory soules ?

ANTIGONE.

Without offence to speake, deare father mine,
The lucklesse lotte, the frowarde frowning fate
That gaue you life to ende your fathers life,
Haue ledde your sonnes to reauue eche others life.

OEDIPVS.

Of them I thought no lesse, but tell me yet
What causelesse death hath caught from me my deare,
(What shall I call hir) mother or my wife ?

ANTIGONE.

When as my mother sawe hir deare sonnes dead,
As pensiuie pangs had prest hir tender heart,

With bloudlesse cheekes and gastly lookes she fell,
 Drawing the dagger from Eteocles side,
 She gorde hirselfe with wide recurelesse wounde :
 And thus, without mo words, gaue vp the ghost,
 Embracing both hir sonnes with both hir armes.
 In these affrightes this frozen heart of mine,
 By feare of death maynteines my dying life.

CHORVS.

This drearie day is cause of many euils,
 Poore Oedipus, vnto thy progenie.
 The Gods yet graunt it may become the cause
 Of better happe to this afflicted realme.

SCENA. V.

CREON. OEDIPVS. ANTIGONE.

GOOD Ladies leaue your bootelesse vayne complaynt,
 Leaue to lament, cut of your wofull cryes,
 High time it is as now for to provide
 The funerals for the renowned king :
 And thou Oedipus hearken to my wordes,
 And know thus muche, that for thy daughters dower,
 Antigone with Hemone shall wedde.
 Thy sonne our king not long before his death
 Assigned hath the kingdome should descende
 To me, that am his mothers brother borne,
 And so the same might to my sonne succede.
 Now I that am the lorde and king of Thebes,
 Will not permit that thou abide therein :
 Ne maruell yet of this my heady will,

Ne blame thou me, for why, the heauens aboue,
 Which onely rule the rolling life of man,
 Haue so ordeynde, and that my words be true,
 Tyresias he that knoweth things to come,
 By trustie tokens hath foretolde the towne,
 That while thou didst within the walles remayne,
 It should be plagued still with penurie :
 Wherefore departe, and thinke not that I speake
 These wofull wordes for hate I beare to thee,
 But for the weale of this afflicted realme.

[OEDIPVS.]

O foule accursed fate, that hast me bredde
 To beare the burthen of the miserie
 Of this colde death, which we accompt for life :
 Before my birth my father vnderstoode
 I should him slea, and scarcely was I borne,
 When he me made a pray for sauage beastes.
 But what ? I slew him yet, then caught the crowne,
 And last of all defilde my mothers bedde,
 By whom I haue this wicked ofspring got :
 And to this heinous crime and filthy facte
 The heauens haue from highe enforced me,
 Agaynst whose doome no counsell can preuayle.
 Thus hate I now my life, and last of all,
 Lo by the newes of this so cruell death
 Of bothe my sonnes and deare beloued wife,
 Mine angrie constellation me commaundes
 Withouten eyes to wander in mine age,
 When these my weery, weake, and crooked limmes
 Haue greatest neede to craue their quiet rest.
 O cruell Creon, wilt thou slea me so,

For cruelly thou doste but murther me,
 Out of my kingdome now to chase me thus :
 Yet can I not with humble minde beseeche
 Thy curtesie, ne fall before thy feete.

(Let fortune take from me these worldly giftes,
 She can not conquere this couragious heart, /
 That neuer yet could well be ouercome,
 To force me yeelde for feare to villanie :
 Do what thou canst I will be Oedipus.

CREON.

So hast thou reason Oedipus, to say,
 And for my parte I would thee counsell eke,
 Still to maynteine the high and hawtie minde,
 That hath bene euen in thy noble heart :
 For this be sure, if thou wouldst kisse these knees,
 And practise eke by prayer to preuayle,
 No pitie coulde persuaide me to consent
 That thou remayne one onely houre in Thebes.
 And nowe, prepare you worthie Citizens,
 The funeralls that duely doe pertayne
 Unto the Queene, and to Eteocles,
 And eke for them prouide their stately tombes.
 But Pollynice, as common enimie
 Unto his countrey, carrie foorth his corps
 Out of the walles, ne none so hardie be
 On paine of death his bodie to engraue,
 But in the fieldes let him vnburied lye,
 Without his honour, and without complaynte,
 An open praie for sauage beastes to spoyle.
 And thou Antigone, drie vp thy teares,
 Plucke vp thy sprites, and cheere thy harmelesse hearte

To mariage : for ere these two dayes passe,
Thou shalt espouse Hemone myne onely heire.

ANTIGONE.

Father, I see vs wrapt in endlesse woe,
And nowe muche more doe I your state lamente,
Than these that nowe be dead, not that I thinke
Theyr greate missehappes too little to bewayle,
But this, that you, you onely doe surpasse
All wretched wightes that in this worlde remayne.
But you my Lorde, why banishe you with wrong
My father thus out of his owne perforce ?
And why will you denye these guiltlesse bones
Of Polinice, theyr graue in countrey soyle ?

CREON.

So would not I, so woulde Eteocles.

ANTIGONE.

He cruel was, you fonde to hold his hestes.

CREON.

Is then a fault to doe a kings cōmaund ?

ANTIGONE.

When his cōmaunde is cruel and vniust.

CREON.

Is it vniust that he vnburied be ?

ANTIGONE.

He not deseru'd so cruell punishment.

CREON.

He was his countreys cruell enimie.

ANTIGONE.

Or else was he that helde him from his right.

CREON.

Bare he not armes against his natieue land ?

ANTIGONE.

Offendeth he that seketh to winne his owne ?

CREON.

Perforce to thee he shall vnburied be.

ANTIGONE.

Perforce to thee these hands shall burie him.

CREON.

And with him eke then will I burie thee.

ANTIGONE.

So graunt the gods, I get none other graue,
Then with my Polinices deare to rest.

CREON.

Go sirs, lay holde on hir, and take hir in.

ANTIGONE.

I will not leaue this corps vnburied.

CREON.

Canst thou vndoe the thing that is decreed ?

IOCASTA.

ANTIGONE.

A wicked foule decree to wrong the dead.

CREON.

The ground ne shall ne ought to couer him.

ANTIGONE.

Creon, yet I beseche thee for the loue

CREON.

Away I say, thy prayers not preuaile.

ANTIGONE.

That thou didst beare Iocasta in hir life,

CREON.

Thou dost but waste thy words amid the wind.

ANTIGONE.

Yet graunt me leaue to washe his wounded corps.

CREON.

It can not be that I should graunt thee so.

ANTIGONE.

O my deare Polinice, this tirant yet
With all his wrongfull force can not fordoe,
But I will kisse these colde pale lippes of thine,
And washe thy wounds with my waymenting teares.

CREON.

O simple wench, O fonde and foolishe girle,

Beware, beware, thy teares do not foretell
Some signe of hard mishap vnto thy mariage.

ANTIGONE.

No, no for Hemone will I neuer wed.

CREON.

Dost thou refuse the mariage of my sonne ?

ANTIGONE.

I will nor him, nor any other wed.

CREON.

Against thy will then must I thee constraine.

ANTIGONE.

If thou me force, I sweare thou shalt repent.

CREON.

What canst thou cause that I should once repent ?

ANTIGONE.

With bloudy knife I can this knot vnknit.

CREON.

And what a foole were thou to kill thy selfe ?

ANTIGONE.

I will ensue some worthie womans steppes.

CREON.

Speake out Antigone, that I may heare.

ANTIGONE.

This hardie hand shall soone dispatche his life.

CREON.

O simple foole, and darst thou be so bolde ?

ANTIGONE.

Why should I dread to doe so doughtie deede ?

CREON.

And wherfore dost thou wedlocke so despise ?

ANTIGONE.

In cruell exile for to folow him. [*pointing to Oedipus.*]

CREON.

What others might beseme, besemes not thee.

ANTIGONE.

If neede require, with him eke will I dye.

CREON.

Depart, depart, and with thy father dye,
Rather than kill my childe with bloudie knife :
Go hellishe monster, go out of the towne.

[*Creon exit.*]

OEDIPVS.

Daughter, I must commend thy noble heart.

ANTIGONE.

Father, I will neuer come in company
And you alone wander in wildernesse.

OEDIPVS.

O yes deare daughter, leaue thou me alone
Amid my plagues : be mery while thou maist.

ANTIGONE.

And who shall guide these aged feete of yours,
That banisht bene, in blind necessitie ?

OEDIPVS.

I will endure, as fatall lot me driues,
Resting these crooked sory sides of mine
Where so the heauens shall lend me harborough.
And in exchange of riche and stately toures,
The woodes, the wildernesses, the darkesome dennes
Shalbe the bowre of mine vnhappy bones.

ANTIGONE.

O father, now where is your glory gone ?

OEDIPVS.

„ One happy day did raise me to renoune,
„ One haplesse day hath throwne mine honor downe.

ANTIGONE.

Yet will I beare a part of your mishappes.

OEDIPVS.

That sitteth not amid thy pleasant yeares.

ANTIGONE.

„ Deare father yes, let youth giue place to age.

OEDIPVS.

Where is thy mother ? let me touche hir face,
That with these hands I may yet feele the harme
That these blind eyes forbid me to beholde.

ANTIGONE.

Here father, here hir corps, here put your hand.

OEDIPVS.

O wife, O mother, O both wofull names,
O wofull mother, and O wofull wyfe,
O woulde to God, alas, O woulde to God
Thou nere had bene my mother, nor my wyfe.
But where lye nowe the paled bodies two,
Of myne vnluckie sonnes, Oh where be they ?

ANTIGONE.

Lo here they lye one by an other deade.

OEDIPVS.

Stretch out this hand, dere daughter, stretch this hande
Upon their faces.

ANTIGONE.

Loe father, here, lo, nowe you touche them both.

OEDIPVS.

O bodies deare, O bodies dearely boughte
Unto your father, bought with high missehap.

ANTIGONE.

O louely name of my deare Pollinice,

Why can I not of cruell Creon craue,
Ne with my death nowe purchase thee a graue ?

OEDIPVS.

Nowe commes Apollos oracle to passe,
That I in Athens towne should end my dayes :
And since thou doest, O daughter myne, desire
In this exile to be my wofull mate,
Lende mee thy hande, and let vs goe together.

ANTIGONE.

Loe, here all prest my deare beloued father,
A feeble guyde, and eke a simple skowte,
To passe the perills in a doubtfull waye.

OEDIPVS.

Unto the wretched, be a wretched guyde.

ANTIGONE.

In this all onely equall to my father.

OEDIPVS.

And where shall I sette forth my trembling feete ?
O reache mee yet some surer staffe, to staye
My staggrying pace amidde these wayes vnknowne.

ANTIGONE.

Here father here, and here set forth your feete.

OEDIPVS.

Nowe can I blame none other for my harmes
But secrete spight of foredecreed fate,

Thou arte the cause, that crooked, olde and blynde,
 I am exile farre from my countrey soyle,
 And suffer dole that I myghte not endure.

ANTIGONE.

„ O father, father, Iustice lyes on sleepe,
 „ Ne doth regarde the wrongs of wretchednesse,
 „ Ne princes swelling pryde it doth redresse.

OEDIPVS.

O carefull caytife, howe am I nowe chang'd
 From that I was ? I am that Oedipus,
 That whylome had triumphant victorie,
 And was bothe dread and honored eke in Thebes :
 But nowe (so pleaseth you my frowarde starres)
 Downe headlong hurld in depth of myserie,
 So that remaynes of Oedipus no more
 As nowe in mee, but euen the naked name,
 And lo, this image, that resembles more
 Shadowes of death, than shape of Oedipus.

ANTIGONE.

O father, nowe forgette the pleasaunt dayes
 And happie lyfe that you did whylom leade,
 The muse whereof redoubleth but your grieve :
 Susteyne the smarte of these your present paynes
 With pacience, that best may you preserue.
 Lo where I come, to liue and die with you,
 Not (as sometymes) the daughter of a king,
 But as an abiect nowe in pouertie,
 That you, by presence of suche faithfull guide,
 May better beare the wracke of miserie.

OEDIPVS.

O onely comforte of my cruell happe.

ANTIGONE.

Your daughters pitie is but due to you :
Woulde God I might as well ingraue the corps
Of my deare Pollinice, but I ne maye,
And that I can not, doubleth all my dole.

OEDIPVS.

This thy desire, that is both good and iuste,
Imparte to some that be thy trustie frendes,
Who moude with pitie, maye procure the same.

ANTIGONE.

„ Beleeue me father, when dame fortune frownes,
„ Be fewe that fynde trustie companions.

OEDIPVS.

And of those fewe, yet one of those am I :
Wherefore, goe we nowe daughter, leade the waye
Into the stonie rockes and highest hilles,
Where fewest trackes our steppings may be spyde.
„ Who once hath sit in chaire of dignitie,
„ May shame to shewe him selfe in miserie.

ANTIGONE.

From thee, O countrey, am I forst to parte,
Despoyled thus in floure of my youth,
And yet I leaue within mine enimies rule
Ismene my infortunate sister.

OEDIPVS.

Deare Citizens, beholde your lorde and king
 That Thebes set in quiet gouernement,
 Nowe as you see, neglected of you all,
 And in these ragged ruthfull weedes bewrapt,
 Ychased from his natue countrey soyle,
 Betakes him selfe (for so this Tyraunt will)
 To euerlasting banishment : but why
 Do I lament my lucklesse lotte in vayne ?
 „ Since euery man must beare with quiet minde,
 „ The fate that heauens haue earst to him assignde.

CHORVS.

EXAMPLE here, lo take by Oedipus,
 You kings and princes in prosperitie,
 And euery one that is desirous
 To sway the seate of worldly dignitie,
 How fickle is to trust in fortunes wheele :
 For him, whom now she hoyseth vp on hye,
 If so he chaunce on any side to reele,
 She hurles him downe in twinkling of an eye :
 And him agayne, that grouleth now on grounde,
 And lyeth lowe in dungeon of dispaire,
 Hir whirling wheele can heaue vp at a bounde,
 And place aloft in stay of stately chaire.
 As from the Sunne the Moone withdrawes hir face,
 So might of man dothe yeelde dame fortune place.

Finis Actus quinti.

EPILOGUS.

Lo here the fruite of high aspiring minde,
 Who weenes to mount aboue the mouing skies :
 Lo here the trappe that titles proud do finde,
 See, ruine growes when most we reache to ryse :
 Sweete is the name, and stately is the raigne
 Of kingly rule, and sway of royall seate,
 But bitter is the taste of Princes gayne,
 When climbing heads do hunte for to be great.
 Who would forecast the banke of restlesse toyle,
 Ambitious wightes do fraight their brestes withall,
 The growing cares, the feares of dreadfull foyle,
 The euill successe that on suche flightes do fall,
 He would not streyne his practise to atchiue
 The largest limites of the mightiest states.
 But oh, what fansies sweete do still relieue
 The hungry humor of these swelling hates ?
 What poyson sweete inflameth highe desire ?
 How soone the hawty heart is puft with pride ?
 How soone is thirst of scepter set on fire ?
 How soone in rising mindes doth mischief slyde ?
 What bloudy sturres doth glut of honour breede ?
 Thambitious sonne doth ofte surpresse his syre :
 Where natures power vnfayned loue should spread,
 There malice raynes and reacheth to be higher.
 O blinde vnbridled searche of Soueraintie,
 O tickle trayne of euill attayned state,
 O fonde desire of princely dignitie,
 Who climbs too soone, he ofte repents too late.

The golden meane the happie dothe suffice,
They leade the posting day in rare delight,
They fill (not feede) their vncontented eyes,
They reape suche rest as dothe begile the night,
They not enuie the pompe of haughtie reigne,
Ne dreade the dinte of proude vsurping swoorde,
But plaste alowe, more sugred ioyes attaine,
Than swaye of loftie Scepter can afoorde.
Cease to aspire then, cease to soare so high,
And shunne the plague that pierceth noble breastes :
To glittring courtes what fondnesse is to flee,
When better state in baser Towers rests ?

Finis Epilogi, Done by Chr. Yeluerton.

Printed by Henrie Bynneman
for Richarde Smith.

+Notes.+

NOTES.

Page 3. *Dame coye. Jacke Jugler.*] The *British Bibliographer*, Vol. I. p. 479, notices one of Copland's books, a "hystorie of Valentyne & Orson," plenteously adorned with wood-cuts, among which are two of the three which appear with this play. It seems that a certain number of figures, male and female, differing in dress and attitude, were engraved with a blank scroll over the head of each. These were variously combined, with the addition of a tree, town, or castle, and the names over the heads altered to suit the case. Jack Jugler stands for a Scotchman in Borde's *Introduction to Knowledge* (*Brit. Bib.*, IV. 21), and, no doubt, in his time played many parts.

Page 5, v. 1. *Interpone tuis*] L. iii., D. vii., of the *Disticha de Moribus*, a metrical system of ethics attributed to Dionysius Cato, a work very popular in the Middle Ages and used as a manual of instruction.

Page 6, v. 13. *Quod caret*] Ovid, *Her.*, Ep. iv. v. 89.

Page 7, v. 1. *And Cicero Tullius*] *De Off.*, L. I. c. xxix. §§ 103, 104.

Page 9, v. 14. *and god before*] i. e. God being my helper. So p. 33, v. 6; p. 126, v. 16.

Page 10, v. 9. *At the Buklers*] "Within these few years you should often see a sort of Gladiators marching thro' the Streets, in their Shirts to the Waste, their Sleeves tuck'd up, sword in hand, and preceded by a Drum, to gather Spectators. They gave so much a head to see the Fight, which was with cutting Swords, and a kind of *Bukler* for defence. . . . Apprentices, and all Boys of that degree, are never without their Cudgels, with which they fight something like the Fellows before mention'd, only that the Cudgel is nothing but a Stick." Brand, *Pop. Antiq.*, 4to., Vol. II. p. 283.

v. 22. *By cokes precious potstike,*] A corruption of "God's precious body," to avoid the impiety. It occurs also in *Roister Doister* (Shake. Soc.), p. 50. We have *gods precious*, p. 29, v. 17, and *cockes precius passion*, p. 30, v. 28.

Page 11, v. 1. *faryng at all*] "I fare, I playe at a game so named at the dyse." — Palsgrave, ap. *Promptorium Parvulorum* (Cam. Soc.). *Faryng* means perhaps only — hazarding.

Page 12, v. 9. *now wol I sig hei hei*] should obviously stand — *now hei hei wol I sig*.

v. 26. *saint Loye*] is the saint by whom the Prioress made her greatest oath, and is the proper reading in Chaucer, according to Mr. Wright (*Cant. Tales*, v. 120). The same form occurs frequently, and is said to be a corruption of St. Eloy or St. Eligius.

Page 15, v. 32. *saint George y^e boroue*] i. e. St. George to protect, as in *Roister Doister*, p. 73. The common meaning of *to borrow* is — for surety.

Page 16, v. 4. *burning in my left ere*] The burning of the right ear is an omen that we are well spoken of, that of the left an omen of the contrary.

v. 24. *by the sweet lookes*] i. e. by his side locks. Compare p. 122, v. 4: "Ish lug the by the *sweete eares*." *Sweet* seems to be equivalent to φίλος in φίλα γούνατα, &c., *dear knees*.

Page 17, v. 7. The proverb is explained by Ray, p. 179, edit. 1768. At p. 196 of the same, we have, "His heart fell down to his hose or heels. *Animus in pedes decedit*."

Page 18, v. 6. *yers. ii.*] is to be read — yers twayne.

v. 18. *in our ladye boons*] boons should be — bonds. "Our lady's bonds" is — the churchyard.

Page 20, v. 14. *thes. x. bons*] i. e. his fingers. So p. 28, v. 4.

Page 25, v. 1. *vpō cai*] i. e. upon careawaye.

Page 27, v. 20. *with in thee payne of shame*] is transposed for — *with thee in payne of shame*.

Page 30, v. 12. *walke thy cote*] i. e. trim thy jacket. To *walk* is to full, as a *walker* is a fuller, which observation Camden has made concerning the proper name *Walker*. We have "*walkt with a waster*" in Heywood's epigram, *Of the foole and the gentleman's nose*, and "*walkyd with a whyp*," Collier's *Hist. Dram. Po.*, Vol. II. p. 398. So, "I have *walkyd* them well," *Wit and Folly*, (Per. Soc.) p. 1.

Page 34, v. 17. *wage pastie*] is perhaps, like *snatch-pasty* (Halliwell's *Dictionary*), — greedy fellow, though there is certainly no propriety in the epithet here. We have in *Roister Doister*, p. 35,

"Not with you, Sir, but with a little *wag-pastie*;
A deceiver of folkes, by subtill craft and guile."

Page 41, v. 13. *nether nard ne sene*] *Nather ne . . . ne* is the Saxon for — neither . . . nor. When the *ne* is compounded with a word be-

ginning with *h* or *w*, the *h* or *w* is left out. Thus, *nard* for — ne hard, *nill* for — ne will, *nolde* for — ne wolde.

Page 43, v. 22. *pigesnie*] A term of endearment, according to some from A. S. *piga*, a maid. "The Romans," says Tyrwhitt (note on *Cant. Tales*, v. 3268), "used *oculus* as a term of endearment, and perhaps *pigesnie*, in vulgar language, only means *ocellus*; the eyes of that animal being remarkably small." Todd (*Johnson's Dict.*) gives the expression *pigsie*, and Mr. Dyce indorses Tyrwhitt. Is it not more natural, after all, to consider the word a mere diminutive, as Mr. Dyce did in his edition of Middleton's *Works*?

v. 24. Some simple word has been omitted after *byne*.

Page 46, v. 5. *the laten & ground of it*] i. e. if they will study the Latin original.

Page 54, v. 4. *play couch quaille*]

"To lowre, to droupe, to knele, to stowpe, and to *play cowche quale*."

Skelton, *Speke, Parrot*, v. 420.

"And thou shalt make him *couche as doth a quaille*."

Cant. Tales, v. 9082.

v. 19. *make me a sallet*] "A colloquy of equivoque, the oldest on our stage, takes place between them on the word *sallet*." Collier's *Hist. Dram. Po.*, Vol. II. p. 400.

Page 56, v. 7. *make no mo bones*] i. e. to invent no difficulties, is explained by Richardson, — to do a thing as readily as a dog eats meat that has *no bones*.

v. 13. *gonstone*] "After the introduction of iron shot (instead of balls of stone) for heavy artillery, the term *gunstone* was retained in the sense of — bullet." Dyce.

Page 57, v. 19. *crye creke*] A very common expression, meaning to acknowledge one's self a coward or to give in.

"Gyue it up, and *cry creke*." — Skelton, Vol. II. p. 77, v. 300.

"If thou darest, doo it; els, man, *cry creke*."

King Cambises, p. 296, Vol. I., Hawkins's *Origin*.

Page 58, v. 9. *Yf Bewis of Hampton*,] etc. These characters, well known to the readers of romance, were old friends to the audience of Ther-sytes. Skelton professes familiarity with some of them, and their names are continually occurring in the lists of romances or of heroes which the fluent bards of old times were so fond of introducing. *Gawyn and Cay*

are as regularly "curtesse" and "crabed," throughout the romance cycle, as Ulysses is crafty, and Æneas pious, in their respective poems. By *Colburne* is meant Guy's antagonist, the giant Colbrand. Those who wish to know more about these worthies will consult Warton's *Hist.*, Vol. I. sect. 3, Ritson's *Metrical Romances*, and Sir F. Madden's *Syr Gawayne*.

v. 17. *lyons on cotsolde*] Cotswold is said to be an old word for sheepcote, and hence the name of the hills in Gloucestershire. (*Roister Doister*, p. 69.) A *cotsold lion* is proverbially a sheep, as an Essex lion is a calf. We have, "A shepe of *Cottyswolde*," Skelton, Vol. II. p. 76, v. 275.

Page 60, vv. 2, 21. *briggen yrons*] "Brigandines, *Brigandirons*, *Brigantinae*, took their name from the troops called brigands, by whom they were first worn. The brigandine jacket was composed of square or triangular iron plates, quilted within linen, and continued to be used by the archers, from the latter part of the reign of Henry VI., to that of Queen Elizabeth inclusively, with some intermissions." — Meyrick's *Critical Inquiry*, edit. 1842, II. 142, and III., under *Brigandines*.

Page 61, v. 11. *Mulciber, whyle the starres*] Perhaps a parody on Virgil:

"Dum juga montis aper, fluuios dum piscis amabit," etc. — *Ec.* 5, v. 76.

Page 62, v. 18. *knocked breade*] Perhaps a pun on *cocket bread*, a fine quality.

Page 68, v. 1. *But what a monster*] etc. In the *Kalender of Sheperdes* there is a passage (Cap. xlvii.), "*Of an assaute agaynst a Snayle*." (See *Censura Lit.*, Vol. I. p. 134.) The snail does the boasting. In *King Cambises* (Hawkins's *Origin*, Vol. I. p. 261), the Vice Ambidexter "is appointed to fight against a snail." According to Mother Goose, the same redoubtable creature was more than a match for four-and-twenty tailors.

v. 15. *good ale in y^e cornes*] So Skelton, *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 378. "*New ale in cornes. Ceruisia cum recrementis*." — Baret's *Alvearie*, in v. *Ale*. Mr. Dyce's note.

Page 69, v. 5. *brede oute of a bottell byte*] As nursing children.

v. 15. *haue fet me an errande at Rome*] i. e. have gone on an errand to Rome.

Page 73, v. 15. *the mayster deuyll as ragged as a colte*] *Ragged* is — rough, fierce. We have a proverb that "*a ragged colt makes a good horse*." It is a common epithet of the devil.

"Help, the *raggyd dwylle*, we drowne!" — *Towneley Mysteries*, p. 65.

"What, *raggyd the dwylle* of helle, alys you so to cry?" — *T. M.* p. 62.

Ragman has perhaps some connection with this word.

Page 75, v. 25. *hankyn boby*] An old English dance. *Halfe Hannikin*

is given as "a favorite old Tune," No. VI. Chappell's *National English Airs*. Compare Skelton's *Ware the Hauke*, v. 117, and note.

v. 28. *Candelmasse daye*] etc. Candlemas day is February 2. The same odd connection of dates occurs in Skelton, Vol. I. p. 17, v. 69.

"Wryten at Croydon by Crowland in the Clay,
On Candelmas ewyn, the Kalendas of May."

Page 76, v. 13. *the better seven yeares agone*] means, of course, better than for seven years past. Perhaps we should read *better the*, — the for — than.

v. 18. *kepe ye warme*] i. e. continue to be angry.

Page 79, v. 12. *tyrle on the berye*] An old English song.

"Heigh derie derie,
Trill on the berie." — *Roister Doister*, p. 31.

"With huffa galand, synge tyrll on the bery."
Four Elements (Per. Soc.), p. 17.

v. 13. It would be useless to attempt any particular explanation of the next three pages. Mr. Collier thinks that the humor may have been in local and personal applications, and it undoubtedly was so, as far as the passage ever had any meaning. An audience of those days had a great fondness for fluent nonsense, especially when their ears were tickled with alliteration. Yngnoraunce in the *Four Elements* amuses his hearers with a medley of old songs, and Haphazard in *Apilus and Virginia* with a string of proverbs. Indeed, the Vice was much more addicted to boasting of his accomplishments, and displaying his excessive animal spirits, than to expressing his sentiments in a connected and intelligible way. The alliterative names so common in old poetry are still retained in the lower drama, and a "rhapsody of words" continues to afford hearty entertainment under the form of what is called an Ethiopian melody.

The charm contains, with some obvious Scriptural and classical allusions and a liberal sprinkling of absurdity, many references now utterly inexplicable.

Page 80, v. 9. *It is to to mother the pastyme and good chere*] So p. 147, v. 17, "To gredie (daughter) tootoo gredie is," and p. 218, v. 13, "But rashe Eteocles (presuming tootoo much upon their flight)". In 1844, Mr. Halliwell printed, in Vol. I. *Shake. Soc. Papers*, some observations on the correct punctuation of the line in *Hamlet*, —

"O that this too too solid flesh would melt."

A reply was made in the second volume of the same, and Mr. Halliwell followed with a long note in the *Shake. Soc.* reprint of *Wit and Wisdom*.

There is no doubt that *too-too* was used (as above) by our older writers, and sometimes by Shakespeare himself, as one word; but it seems to the writer of this note that Mr. Halliwell is quite in the wrong to conclude such a use in the line of *Hamlet*. The quarto has *too much*, and each of the first four folios that have been consulted for this note has *too too* without any hyphen. *Too-too* is weak, and not at all expressive of the intensity of Hamlet's feelings. Because there is such a word as *too-too*, it by no means follows that Shakespeare could not write *too, too*. At any rate, in *Hamlet*, to quote a proverb from one of Mr. Halliwell's authorities, "*Too-too* will in two."

Page 81, v. 9. *Tyttyfylls*] *Tutivillus* is the name of a fiend in one of the *Towneley Mysteries*, and the word frequently occurs with the meaning of low and depraved fellow,—a *πρωτόπυρος*. Mr. Douce derives it from *titivillitium*. Mr. Collier prefers *totus vilis*, concerning which Mr. Dyce remarks (Skelton, II. 285),—"When he objected to the derivation of the word from *titivillitium*, he was probably not aware that some critics (wrongly) '*totivillitium* volunt, quasi *totum vile*:' see Gronovius's note on the *Casina* of Plautus, ii. 5, 39. ed. Var." *Tryfullers* (triflers) has been altered from *fryfullers*, which the alliteration shows to be a misprint.

Page 82, v. 20. *dymminges dale*] Compare Skelton's *Why come ye nat to Courte?* v. 798:—

"To a straunge iurisdiction,
Called *Dymingis Dale*,
Farre byonde Portyngale."

Page 84, v. 1. *It is good to set a candell before the deuyll*] "*Holding a candle to the Devil* is assisting in a bad cause, an evil matter."—Ray, p. 55.

v. 6. *yll might she care*] should evidently be — *yll might she fare*.

Page 91, v. 1. *Deus hic*] God be here! the form of benediction on entering a house. Cf. *Cant. Tales* (Per. Soc.), v. 7352.

Page 94, v. 13. *bulles under lede*] i. e. with a leaden seal.

"Non auro, non argento sacra *Bulla* refulget,

Insignit chartas *Plumbea* forma sacras." — Ducange in v. *Bulla*, where a full account of all the varieties of bulls will be found.

v. 19. The passage as far as v. 29, p. 95, is taken, with a few verbal alterations, from the beginning of the *Pardoner's Tale* (*Cant. Tales*, ed. Tyrwhitt), vv. 12269–12311. The ingenious device, p. 97, vv. 5–14, is from the same, vv. 12312–12321.

Page 96, v. 4. *The great too of the holy trynnye*] Compare the following passage in Bale's *Kynge Johan* (Cam. Soc.), p. 47 : —

"Sytt downe on yowr kneys, and ye shall have absolucion
 A pena et culpa, with a thowsand dayes of pardon.
 Here ys fyrst a bone of the blyssyd trynnye,
 A dram of the tord of swete seynt Barnabe.
 Here ys a fedder of good seynt Myhelles wyng,
 A toth of seynt Twyde, a pece of Davyds harpe stryng,
 The good blood of Haylys, and owr blyssyd ladys mylke;
 A lowse of seynt Frauncis in this same crymsen sylke.
 A scabbe of seynt Job, a nayle of Adams too,
 A maggot of Moyses, with a fart of saynt Fandigo.
 Here is a fygge leafe and a grape of Noes vyneyearde,
 A bede of saynt Blythe, with the bracelet of a berewarde.
 The devyll that was hatcht in maistre Johan Shornes bote,
 That the tree of Jesse did plucke up by the roote.
 Here ys the lachett of swett seynt Thomas shewe,
 A rybbe of seynt Rabart, with the huckyll bone of a Jewe.
 Here ys a joynt of Darvell Gathyron,
 Besydes other bonys and relyckes many one."

The great toe and the jaw-bone were thought good enough hits to be used a second time, in the *Four Ps*.

v. 10. *Her bongrace which she ware with her french hode*] "The French hood was the close coif, fashionable among ladies at this period; the *bongrace* was a frontlet attached to the hood, and standing up round the forehead; as may be particularly seen in the portraits of Queen Anne Bullen." — Fairholt's note in v. Chaucer's Pardoner has "oure ladies veil."

v. 11. *for sonne bornynge*] i. e. against sun-burning.

v. 12. *Women with chylde*] The monks had many relics to preserve and assist women in child-birth, such as "Mare Magdalens girdell," "the lace of oure Lady smok," &c. See *Creed of Piers Ploughman* (ed. Wright), v. 155 and note.

v. 18. *Of all helowes the blessyd Iaw bone*] *All helowes* is — all saints. Bones were naturally the most common relics, except, perhaps, fragments of the true cross. In one of the inventories in Mr. Wright's *Letters relating to the Suppression of Monasteries*, we have bones of seventeen saints, beginning with Mary Magdalene, and at another place, "divers skulles for the hed ache." The "coles that Saint Laurence was tosted withall," and "Malkows ere that Peter stroke of," may be added.

Page 113, v. 8. *tyll sone*] Mr. Fairholt has altered *sone* to — none, which seems hardly necessary.

Page 116, v. 3. *in the. xx. devyll waye*] A very common expression. "In the *twenty devyll way*, *Au nom du grant diable*." — Palsgrave, ap. Dyce. Compare, —

"Synagot seyde *Be godys wayes*
He wyll holde that he says."

Ritson's *Met. Rom. Le Bone Florence of Rome*, v. 1206.

Page 117, v. 8. *A masse & dirige*] *Dirige* is the old form of dirge.

"*DYRIGE*, offyce for dedemēn' (dyrge, p.)" Note. "The office for the dead received the name of *Dyryge*, or dirge from the Antiphon with which the first nocturne in the mattens commenced, taken from Psalm 5, v. 8, '*Dirige, Domine Deus meus, in conspectu tuo viam meam*.' The name is retained in the Primer set forth in English by injunction from Henry VIII. in 1546." See the interesting note in v. *Dyryge*, in Mr. Way's excellent edition of *Prompt. Parvul.* (Cam. Soc.). There are strange statements in the dictionaries concerning the derivation of this word.

Page 122, v. 4. *swete eares*] See note in v. 24, p. 16.

v. 11. *Mary that wolde I se quod blynde hew*] A similar proverb is still current. Ray gives, "*That would I fain see, said blind George of Holwee*." — p. 209, ed. 1768.

Page 124, v. 15. *ragman rolles*] The collection of deeds in which the Scottish nobility and gentry were compelled to subscribe allegiance to Edward I. of England, in 1296, was known by the name of *Ragman's Roll*. Hence the word came to be applied to lists or rolls generally. *Rigmarole* is probably derived from this expression. There was an ancient game called *ragman*, and the word is once applied to the Devil. The best account of the word is in Halliwell's *Dict*.

Page 128, v. 7. *I have more tow on my dystaffe*] This proverb occurs in a mutilated form in *Towneley Myst.*, p. 108 : —

"*I hav tow on my rok*, more than ever I had."

Page 137, v. 1. The lines marked with initial commas are so distinguished to call the attention to some notable sentiment or reflection.

v. 20. *Phocides lande*,] *Phocis*. The early poets are in the habit of using the genitive of classical proper names, or the genitive slightly altered, for the nominative. Thus Skelton writes *Zenophontes* for *Xenophon*, *Eneidos* for *Eneis*, &c.

Page 151, v. 1. *It standeth not with the honor of your state*] etc. Compare Laertes's speech to Ophelia : —

"Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain," &c.

Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 3.

Page 170, v. 5. „*Desire of rule*] etc. The famous sentiment which, Cicero says, was continually in Cæsar's mouth:—

εἵπερ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρὴ, τυραννίδος πέρι
κάλλιστον ἀδικεῖν. — Eurip. *Phœn.* v. 534.

Page 185, v. 1. *Camuassado*] Camisado. "It is a sudden assault, wherein the Souldiers doe were shirts ouer their armours, to know their owne company from the enemy, least they should in the darke kill of their owne company in stead of the enemy; or when they take their enemies in their beds and their shirts, for it commeth of the Spanish *Camíça*, i. e. a shirt." — Minsheu, *Dict. Etym.*

Page 192, v. 1. *Thou trustie guide*] The reader will remember Milton's imitation of this passage at the beginning of *Samson Agonistes*, and Wordsworth's beautiful reminiscence of both poets.

Page 214, l. 1. *foure*] should evidently be three.

Page 257, v. 11. *And of those fewe, yet one of those am I:]* It will be pardoned, if the reader's attention is called to the beauty of this reply, equally just to the devotion of Antigone and pathetic from the mouth of the miserable but grateful Œdipus. This line is Gascoigne's, and is the only improvement upon Euripides in the play.

The remaining illustrations have been thrown into the form of a Glossary. Familiar archaisms and corrupted orthography are often left without explanation.

Glossary.

GLOSSARY.

The numerals refer to the pages where the words occur.

A.

abode, 174, *stay, delay*
 abyē, 12, *pay for, take the consequences*
 accompt, 234, *recount*
 a downe, 153, *down*
 affectes, 152, *affections*. 166, *passions*
 ale in y^e cornes, n. in v. 15, p. 68
 alगतys, 127, *at all events*
 all and some, 94, *every one*. "Tout entierement." — Palsgrave, ap. Dyce
 allarme, 240, *to arms, alarm*. "Showtyng as he could, crying *al'arme*, help help citizens." — Holland, ap. Richardson
 all helowes, 96, *all saints*
 almoys dede, 84, *alms deed*. Eleemosyna, almosine, almosie, almose, almes, alms. — Tooke
 alonely, 159, 163, all onely, 235, *only, alone*
 apaye, 172, *satisfy*
 appall, 74, *make pale, cause to decay*. "And his honor *appall*." — Skelton, *Why come ye nat to Courte?* v. 22
 appose, 67, *make trial of*
 arayed, 15, *unpleasantly circumstanced*
 as, for that, 141, vv. 9, 11. 144, v. 3, &c.
 aslake, 57, *abate*
 assayes, at all, 221. "At all assayes, *En tous poynts*, or a tous poynts." — Palsgrave, ap. Dyce
 assoyled, 105, *absolved*
 at townes, at tonce, 20, 40, *at once*
 auaile, 209, 212, *advantage*

a vise you, 35, *consider well*
 a voyde, 29, 73, *begone, decamp*

B.

bable, 58, *a bauble*, a short stick having a head ornamented with an ass's ears. To "were a *bable*" is — to be a professional fool
 backster, 81, *baker*
 bandurion, 133, *bandores*. The bandore, as well as the cittern, was an instrument similar to the guitar
 baryng him selfe in hand, 48. To bear in hand is *to persuade, make believe, or to accuse*. See Dyce's Skelton, n. in v. 357, p. 241, Vol. II.
 bate, 80, *abate*, "take down"
 batailles, 150, v. 5, here *battalions*
 baynes, 233, *baths*
 be, 70, 95, *been*
 beare the buckler, 170, *assume arms*
 beates, 170, *abates*
 become, 209, 225, *go, gone*. became, 40, *went*
 bere me a souse, 21, *get a blow from me*
 bestad, 161, 186, *circumstanced*
 betokeneth, 197, *betoken*. The plural in *eth* is common; so *understandeth* in the line above
 bewray, 142, *discover or betray*
 blased, 173, *blazoned*
 blynnē, 81, 86, *cease*
 bolne, 228, *swelled*
 bongrace, n. in v. 10, p. 96
 boure, 158, bowre, 171, *habitation*

brallynge, 85, *brawling*, shortened from brabble, as *scrallynge* from scrabble. "With no brodels bralle."
— *Towne. Mys.*, p. 184.

branely, 134, *elegantly*

breake up, 195, *cut up*

breched in a brake, 32, *broken with a breach*

brennyng, 103, 118, *burning*

briggen yrons, n. in v. 2, p. 60

Bromemycham, 81, Bromidgham, *Birmingham*

brose, 77, *bruise*

brunt, 196, *burnt*

brute, 151, *bruit, report*

busenesse, 67, *business*, 44, *trouble*

bydes, 181, *endures*

bytter, 81, *bitter*

C.

Calice, 68, *Calais*

Calycow, 45, *Calicut, Calcutta*

camuassado, n. in v. 1, p. 185

carefully, 226, *distressfully*, as *careful, distressful, passim*

carke, 116, *care*

cast, 9, 14, 31, *trick*. 71, *addressed*. 74, *to consider*

chrystente, 58, for *Christendom*, as *Chrystendome*, 38, for *Christianity*

churles, 43, *churlish*

clowtes, 73, *blows*

clyped, 92, *called*

clyttering, 82. "I clytter, I make noyse as harnesse or penter dysshes or any suche lyke thynges." — *Palsgrave*, ap. *Halliwell*

cockes, 30, a corruption of the genitive of the sacred name

cockneys, 61, *spoiled children*, or *effeminate persons*. Interesting remarks on this curious word will be found in *Way's Prompt. Parv.*, and *Halliwell's Dict.*

colacyon, 93, *discourse*

come of, 78, *come on*

commoditie, 165, 206, *advantage*

concertacion, 67, *combat*

condicion, 11, *nature, temper*, or *disposition*

confusion, 87, *being put to shame*

conge, 210, *leave*

congruent, 7, *suitable*

connynge, 92, *knowledge*

conueiaunce, 7, *device*. conuays, 170, *devises*

corasiue, 31, corosiue, 170, *corrosive*: a word spelt seven different ways

costerds, 14, *apples*. costarde, 122, *head*

cotsolde, lyons on, n. in v. 17, p. 58

cowch quaile, n. in v. 4, p. 54

crake, 67, 68, 87, *boast*

crye creke, n. in v. 19, p. 57

cunger, 9, *counger*, 37, *conjure*, in the sense of *compel, master, subdue* (?)

cursed, 9, 12, *ill-tempered*. curst, 104, *accursed*. There is a play on the two meanings, p. 79, v. 2.

cyndring, 169, *incinerating*

cythren, 133, *citizens*

D.

dame, 60, 167, *dam, mother*

dan, 229, a corrupted abbreviation of *Dominus, Sir*

daw, 109, *fool*

debate, 9, *quarrel*. 68, 71, *abate*

decayes, 151, *destroys*. decaye, 157, 173, *destruction*

deceined of, 11, *cheated of*

defende, 63, 188, *forbid*

dell, *part*. enery dell, 11, 15, *every bit*. neuer a dell, 113, 125, *not a bit*

depraue, 87, often, *vilify*; here, perhaps, *degrade*

deuine, 188, *diviner*

Deus hic, n. in v. 1, p. 91

devyll, in the xx. devyll waye, n. in v. 3. p. 116

dirige, n. in v. 8, p. 117

disdaynyng, 143, *scornful*

disease, 160, *displace, annoy*

diuine, 132, *divining*

do, 57, 76, *done*. dothe, 88, *do*. to done, 186, to doen, 194, *to do*. do, 195, *does*.

Doon oon, 11, *donned*. do of, 36, *doff*. do out, 195, *put out*. do the

to wyt, 114, *make thee to know*

docke, 82, *fundament*

dole, 159, 181, *grief*

doome, 166, 167, *judgment, decree*

drawes, 212, *draws on, advances*
 dread, 256, *dreaded*
 drery, 211, *sorrowful*
 dreuyll, 114, *a low fellow*. "a dryuyll
 or a drudge: he is a very dryuell,
sterquilinum," n. in v. dryuylle,
Prompt. Parvul.
 dyde, 30, *deed, fact*
 dyghte, 66, 118, *prepared*
 dyghter of datys, 79, either an *inditer*
of writings, or a *dresser of dates*
 dymminges dale, n. in v. 20, p. 82
 dyngge, 80, *beat*

E.

eftsones, 146, *immediately*. eftesoones,
 210, *again*
 egoteles, 125, apparently a misprint
 for *egoteles*, edge-tools
 eke, 151, *also*
 eldyth, 71, *aileth*
 elfe, 128, *mischievous fellow*. eluyshe,
 57, *mischievous*
 embowde, 143, *arched*
 enpalde, 150, *encircled*
 ensewes, 169, *results to*. ensue, 251,
follow in
 euerychone, 8, 31, *every one*
 euyll, 83, *ill*. with a foule euyll, 114,
 with an euyll happe, 121, *with a*
curse to you
 exhibition, 117, *allowance of money*
 eyne, 139, eyen, 148, *eyes*

F.

face, 15, *face out or braze out*. See
 Dyce's Skelton, Vol. II. p. 216
 facte, 138, 243, *deed*
 faculties, 47, *sciences*, or *learned pro-*
fessions
 feeres, 164, 230, *fellows, mates*
 fet, 16, 31, fete, 42, *fetch*. fet, 69,
fetchd
 fine, 131, *end*
 fite, 12, *division of a song, canto*
 flouring, flowring, 138, 215, 230,
flourishing
 fond, 151, 152, *foolish*. fondnesse, 260,
foolishness

force, 33, *matter*. it forseth, 105, *it*
matters
 fordoe, 250, *undo, prevent*
 foredrad, 131, *feared before hand*
 forewasted, 174, *utterly wasted*
 forworne, 224, *worn out*
 freight, 137, *fraught*
 fume, 70, fumishenes, 57, *swelling*,
vaporing passion
 furburer, 80, *furbisher*
 fustye, 86, *mouldy*
 fyle, 165, *smooth*. "file the tongue" is
 a common expression

G.

galde, to, 211, *to gall*
 galiard, 13, *a lively dance*
 gan, 163, 236, *began*
 geare, gere, 11, 61, *dress*. 15, 21, *thing*
 or *matter*
 gest, 105, *to "romance" in the sense*
of tell a good story
 gingerlie, 12, *delicate*. "Gyngerly: A
pas menus." — Palsgrave, ap. Dyce
 gise, gyse, guise, 11, 33, 42, *way*
 glosing, 40, *specious*. to glose is to
talk speciously, flatter
 god before, 9, 33, 126, *God being my*
helper
 gone, 230, *go*
 graft, 32, (in the sense of imp, which
 is properly — graft,) *rogue*
 gramercye, 62, 155, *great thanks*
 gree, 196, *gré*. receyue in groe, *take*
kindly
 Greekish, 197, *Grecian*
 gren, 79, *grin or sport*
 grestle, 68, *a little pig*. "Ah Sir, be
 good to hir; she is but a gristle."
Roister Doister, p. 20
 griesly, 139, 155, *terrible, fearful*
 guardon, 98, *reward*
 gyrdeth, 86, *squeezes*

H.

habergyn, 57, *habergeon*, a breastplate
 han is used for the infinitive and
 present tense plural of *have*. At
 p. 46, it is, perhaps, a misprint for
had

handeling, 35, *treatment*
 hange vppe, 43, *gallows-bird*
 harborow, harbrough, 119, 163, *shelter, lodging*
 hardely, hardly, 109, 114, *resolutely*.
 116, v. 4, *with difficulty*. 116, v. 5,
confidently. 126, *rigidly*
 harnes, 53, *armor*
 hartelye, 82, should probably be *harte*
teye
 hath, 153, *have*
 haue by, 42, *be rewarded for*. haue in,
 53, *bring in*, i. e. *here comes*.
 hent, 235, *received*
 herault, 220, *herald*
 here a waye, 20, *this way or hereabout*
 hest, 136, 150, *command*
 heys, 59, *hedges*
 hight, 229, *called*: used without the
 verb to be
 hole, hoole, 59, 63, *whole*. for hole, in
all parts, altogether
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 hooke, 33, 44, *rogue, a common term*
of reproach. "*Hokes vnhappy*."
 Skelton's *Magnyfycence*, v. 1390
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I.

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 made sobre and tame I now
 ieopard, 16, *risk*. ieopard a ioynt, 16,
 69, *risk a limb*
 iet, 86, *strut*
 impe, 156, *offspring*
 intellimente, 78, *meaning*
 joll, 42, *jolt, bump*
 ioyste, 81, *joint*
 irked, 163, *wearied*
 Ish, 122, *I shall*
 Iys, 122, Gis, a corruption of *Jesus*

K.

kepe the heade, 71, *to front*
 kind, 152, *nature*
 knappe, 79, *a knock* (knap-knees are
 knock-knees). knappeth, 85, *hits*
 knen, 85, *knees*
 knocked breade, n. in v. 18, p. 62
 kyrie, 31, a word from the church

service. She would perform an
 evening service for him, — give
 him a lecture

L.

lauerocke, 82, *lark*
 leasing, 28, *lying*
 lese, 9, lesse, 45, *lose*
 let, 11, *ceasing*. 21, 113, *hinder*. fre-
 quently like Ger. *lassen*. 194, let
 kill, *cause to be killed*
 leude, lewde, (originally misled,) 38,
 113, *ignorant*, or, 38, *bad*, generally
 lener, 109, *rather*
 list, liste, lyst, lyste, lust, 169, 201,
 197, 18, 152, *desire, desires*. 143, at
 luste, *at pleasure*
 looke, 42, *look at*
 lose, 77, *destroy*. lore, 70, *lost*
 lurch, 125, *trick, cheat*
 lurden, 29, *clown or sluggard*
 lustlesse, 157, *pleasureless*
 lyberall, 37, *too free*
 lybertye, 126, *precincts of authority*
 lyeth gretylie me a pon, 35, *much con-*
cerns me
 lymytacyon, 108, properly the district
 within which a friar is allowed to
 beg; here, on l. is *a begging*
 lyne, 12, *cease*

M.

maistries, maisteris, maysteris, miste-
 ris, maistris, 13, 26, 33, 34, 44, *mis-*
tress
 maker, 7, *poet*. The analogy of Gr.
 ποιητης and Ang. Sax. scóp is fa-
 miliar to scholars. making, 7, *po-*
etical composition
 marchent, 36, used like our *chap*
 martylnas, 82, *Martinmas*
 maystries, 73, *skill or superiority*
 mede, 39, 103, *reward*
 mell, 126, *to meddle, make a disturb-*
ance
 mome, 31, *fool*
 moull, 9, (?) the moull, possibly a
 misprint for *them all*
 mouyles, 80, probably a misprint for
monyles

mowe, 82, *make faces*
 muse, 256, *musings*
 my simithe, 11, *me seemeth*

N.

nard, 41, *ne hard, neither heard*
 nay, 155, *never*
 ne, 171, 179, *nor, not. nill, will not.*
 n'am, am not, &c. ne . . . ne,
 neither . . . nor
 nedes, 118, *of necessity*
 nere, 20, *nearer*
 nod, 24, *noddy, fool*
 nons, 11, 61, *for the nons, for the*
 occasion. Sir F. Madden (Glos. to
 Syr Gawayne) concludes in favor
 of the derivation from the Sax.
 for than anes
 nowne, 21, *my nowne, mine own; so,*
 at towns, &c.
 nyse, 125, *foolish*

O.

on, 84, v. 9, *of. on sleepe, 256, asleep*
 one, 217, *on*
 oone, 12, *one*
 or, 113, *before*
 oration, 67, *prayer*
 other, 66, 69, *either*
 ouerpining, 233, *grieving too much*
 out and alas, 234, *an exclamation of*
 sorrow and disappointment
 out of hand, 142, 187, *immediately*
 outraging, 141, *being outrageous*

P.

pace, 26, *a great pace, with great speed*
 paine, 189, *pains*
 paise, 217, *push or blow*
 paled, 254, *pallid*
 palet, 54, *pate, crown*
 parell, 83, *peril*
 parturbest, 108, *disturbest*
 paruert, 92, *perverse*
 passe, 21, *surpass*
 pastaunce, 6, *pastime*
 peere, 152, 168, *an exalted person*
 pele, 81, *"peal, a batch of bread.*
 Devon." — Halliwell

percace, parcase, 5, 7, 18, 45, *per-*
 chance
 perforce to, 249, *in spite of*
 peuysshe, 56, *foolish*
 pfit, 46, *parfit, perfect*
 pheere, 137, 173, *companion, mate*
 Phocides, n. in v. 20, p. 137
 pigesnie, n. in v. 22, p. 43
 pike and walke, 20, *cut and run*
 poll, 91, *cheat*
 poppagaye, 13, *appears to be only*
 parrot, although used sometimes
 as if distinct. See Malone's Shake.,
 XVI. 211
 posting, 260, *speeding*
 poynt, 24, 28, *particular. no poynt,*
 not at all
 practise, 259, *artifice, trickery*
 prankith, 13, *adorns. to prank is to*
 trick or dress up. pranke, 38, trick
 prease, 62, *press or crowd*
 presently, 225, *at present*
 prest, 60, 74, 80, *ready, prepared*
 prestholde, 126, *priesthood*
 pricking, 10, *bounding, like a spurred*
 horse
 prickt, 167, *decorated*
 proces, 167, *story*
 propre, 110, *belonging exclusively to,*
 appropriate
 prouoke, 59, *challenge*
 pryue, 30, *preeve, prove*
 pums, 63 (?) *Qu. a misprint for puss?*
 purge, 60, *clean*
 pyghte, 62, *arranged*

Q.

qd, 14, *quod, quoth. qd a, 114, quoth he*
 queynt, 165, *artful, subtle, prudent*
 quite, 215, *release*

R.

rage, 22, 48, *be mad*
 ragged, as a colte, n. in v. 15, p. 73
 ragman, rolles, n. in v. 15, p. 124
 rate, 80, 105, *way, fashion*
 raye, 183, *array*
 reade, 138, *presage*
 reaue, 131, 144, *take away*
 recorder, 225, *recollect*

regard, 154, *survey*
 reigne, 171, *kingdom*
 remorse, 220, usually *pity* in the old writers
 renowned, 135, *renowned*. *renoume*, 151, *renown*
 repayre, 151, commonly place of resort, here *the resorting* of some, or being visited by some
 rest, in, 63, 70, 121, *at peace*, *quiet*
 retrybucyon, 106, *reward*
 rode, 44, *cross*
 romeringe, 23, *roaring*. "he ranne apone hir romyand, as he hadd bene wodd." — Halliwell
 route, 60, *company*
 rufflers, 14, 53, *swaggerers*, *bullies*. *ruffled*, 60, *swaggered*. *ruffle*, 64, *swing*

S.

sallet, 54, *helmet*
 scabbed, 58, *vile*, *shabby*
 scrallynge, 85, *scraping with the nails*
 scuse, 235, *excuse*
 see, 76, *tueri*, *protect*. "save and see" is a common phrase
 seke, 84, *sick*: there is a pun
 selde, 152, *seldom*
 sentence, 31, *opinion*
 shamefast, 215, *modest*
 shent, 74, *disgraced*
 shone, 36, *shoes*
 shrew, 30, 37, 122, *curse*. A shrew is an ill-tempered or "*cursed*" person, cf. p. 9, v. 20. shrewd, 32, is *sharp* or *severe*. shrewde, 59, is *bad*
 shriching, 234, *shrieking*. shriched, 239, *shrieked*
 silly, 224, *artless*
 sith, syth, 7, 42, 92, 106, *since*, both of connection of thought and of time
 sithens, 163, *afterwards*
 sitteth, 253, *fitteth*, as perhaps it should be read
 skride, 226, *descried*
 slowches, 73, 122, *lazy lubbers*, *good-for-nothings*
 slydder, 105, *slippery*
 solybubbe, 79, *sillabub*
 sorry, 244, *sorrowful*, *afflicted*

souse, 21, *a blow*. bere me a souse is *get a blow from me*
 splaide, 169, *displayed*
 sprete, 82, *sprinkled*
 sprites, 169, 190, *spirits*
 spyll, 69, 77, *destroy*
 stale, 62, *frightened*. to look stale is — to show the mouldy paleness of a frightened coward
 standeth with, 151, *is consistent with*
 stare, 11, *swagger*. "swear and stare" is a phrase much used
 stillpipes, 231 (?)
 strayth, 102, *straightway*
 substancyall, 8, 35, *serious*
 surceasse, 215, *cease*
 swerued, 76, *turned aside*, *differed*
 swete cares, n. in v. 4, p. 122
 swetyng, 74, a very common term of endearment
 syr, 15, v. 8, *anciently addressed*, as well as *sirrah*, to both women and men
 syrray, 59, 75, *sirrah*
 syth, 156, *times*

T.

talter, 85 (?)
 tapper, 81, *inn-keeper*
 tauerners, 81, *inn-keepers*
 teinte, 237, *taint* or *touch*. "they tainted eche other on y^e helmes," &c. — Berner's Froissart, ap. Richardson in v.
 than, 92, *then*. then, 83, *than*
 the, often united with the succeeding word, as *thunbridled*, *tharmie*, &c., 140, 146, 228
 the, 16, v. 13, *they*. 124, v. 19, 113, v. 15, *thee*
 thee, 20, v. 10, *thy*, an existing provincialism
 thee, 25, 36, 38, *so mote I thee*, so may I thrive
 this, 36, *thus*
 this, 81, *these*
 thralls, 153, *slaves*, *servants*
 thristeth, 151, *thirsteth*
 thrustene, 63, *thirteen*
 thus, 65, *this*
 thylike, 92, *that same*

tickle, 259, *unsteady, inconstant*
 toppe and tayle, 71, *head and tail*
 to rent, 65, *rend in pieces*; to is aug-
 mentative
 to to, 79, 80, 147, 218, n. in v. 9, p. 80
 to torne, 81, *torn to pieces*
 touche, 85, 122, *trick*
 tousing, 34, *pulling*
 tratourye, 88, *treason*
 trayne, 152, 259, *snare, deceit*. traynde,
 158, *ensnared*
 trotte, 72, 84, *old woman*
 trowbler, 79 (?)
 trumppers, 81, *liars, cheats*
 trym, 82, *neatly*
 tyncke, 80, *tinkle*
 tyttyfyles, n. in v. 9, p. 81

V.

vade, 81, *depart*
 venteth, 85, *emits an odor*
 ver, vere, 229, 44, *spring*
 verament, 6, 78, *truly*
 vnhappy, 9, 69, *mischievous, malicious*.
 "Vnhappy of maners *maluays*." —
 Palsgrave, ap. Dyce
 vprighte, 80, *straight*
 vre, 47, 204, *use*

W.

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 wage pastie, n. in v. 17, p. 34
 walke thy cote, n. in v. 12, p. 30
 warde, 84, *keeping*
 wardelith, 13, evidently a misprint
 for — warbelith. "Warble, to *wrig-*
gle." — Jamieson, *Et. Dict.*
 waymenting, 157, *lamenting*

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 sorrow. An. Sax. *wa-la-wa, wo-*
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 werye, 68, *worry*: the same word as
warray or *werrey*, to attack hostilely.
 — Richardson
 what, 60, *why*
 where, 139, 167, *whereas*. where as,
 138, 230, *where*. whereby, 164,
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 witsafe, 117, *vouchsafe*
 wood, 18, *mad*
 wortes, 84, *herbs or vegetables*
 wot, 11, *know*
 wrekefull, 159, *revengeful*
 wretche, 235, for *wretched*, as perhaps
 it should stand
 wrothe, 76, *anger*
 wylfull, 92, 111, *voluntary*
 wype, 79, *hit*
 wyst, 15, west, 31, *knew*. wot, 38,
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IN THE INTRODUCTION

p. xxxi. l. 2, for *haud* read *non*

xxxiii. l. 14, for "*affectation*" read "*affectations*"

DO NOT CIRCULATE

