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THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON
FACSIMILE REPRINTS

I

FULGENS AND LUCRES



Of this book 200 copies have been printed

No. 65

THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON
FACSIMILE REPRINTS

I
FULGENS AND LUCRES

BY
HENRY MEDWALL

FROM THE UNIQUE COPY IN THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON
LIBRARY

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY
SEYMOUR DE RICCI



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The early English books in the Henry E. Huntington Library will all be fully described in the elaborate catalogue prepared under the direction of Mr. George Watson Cole.

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

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

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

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

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

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

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

he did
not

1885,
5th edn is
one vol.

bishop of Canterbury, and afterwards printed by Rastell under the title of: a godely interlude of Fulgeus, Cenatoure of Rome, Lucre his daughter, Gayus Flaminius and Publius Cornelius, of the Disputacyon of Noblenes."

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

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

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

¹ See Frederick S. Boas, The Mostyn Plays, in *The [London] Times Literary Supplement*, 20 February 1919, p. 94; Arthur W. Reed, *Fulgens and Lucre*, *ibid.*, 3 April 1919, p. 178.

² I.e., Griffith Williams, Bishop of Ossory (1589-1672), on whom see *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. lxi, pp. 401-403.

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

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

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

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

Can we trace back any farther than to Mostyn Hall the origin of this valuable collection of early plays and to ascertain the original founder (or founders—for the

bindings of these quarto volumes were of two or three distinct styles) of this dramatic library?

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

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

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

The four lists edited by Mr. Greg are:

1. "An exact and perfect catalogue of all Playes that are printed" added by the booksellers Richard Rogers and William Ley to their edition of Thomas Goffe's play "The Careless Shepherdess," 1656.
2. A similar and somewhat fuller list, derived from the above, in Edward Archer's edition of the "Old Law" by Massinger, Middleton and Rowley, also printed in 1656.
3. Francis Kirkman's first list, added to "Tom Tyler and his Wife," 1661.
4. Kirkman's second list, added to "Nicomede," 1671.

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

1. (Rogers and Ley, 1656). Fulgius and Lucrell.
2. (Archer, 1656). Fulgius and Lucrell.
3. (Kirkman, 1661). Fulgius and Lucrel.
4. (Kirkman, 1671). Fulgius and Lucrel.

The misprint *Fulgius and Lucrell* for *Fulgens and Lucret* is easily explained; but as it occurs in all four lists, it seems certain that 2, 3, and 4 copy here list 1.

Further and more striking evidence is given by the entries concerning *Fedele and Fortunio*, another play of which the only known copy was in the Mostyn collection. The lists give it as:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¶ Nature. ¶ ¶ A goodly interlude of Nature cōpyld

by mayster || Henry Medwall chapleyn to the ryght re-||
uerent father in god Johan Morton || somtyme Cardynall
and arche||byshop of Can-||terbury .:

N. p. n. d. [London, William Rastell, between 1530
and 1534], small fol., Goth. 36 ff. (a-i⁴).

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

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

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

The most recent biographers of Medwall¹ ascribe
to this author another interlude "Of the Finding of
Truth who was carried away by Ignorance and Hypo-
crisy." The only ground to this ascription is the following
passage of J. Payne Collier, *The history of English Drama-
tic poetry* (London, 1831. 3 vols. 12^o) L, pp. 64-65:
... *The most curious part of this document relates to the
Revels at Richmond during the festivities of Christmas
1514-15, which thus commences:*

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

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

¹ E.g., Th. Seccombe in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol.
xxxvii, pp. 207-208.

telligible, if I quote a singular paper folded up in the roll, and in a different handwriting, giving an account of the nature of the exhibitions before the King on this occasion. Two interludes were performed, one by Cornyshe and the Children of the Chapel, and the other by English and the rest of the King's players, and the account of them is as follows:

"The Interlud was callyd the tryumpe of Love and Bewte, and yt was wryten and presentyd by Mayster Cornyshe and oothers of the Chappell of our soverayne lorde the Kyng, and the chyltern of the sayd Chapell. In the same Venus and Bewte dyd tryumpe over al ther enemys, and tamyd a salvadge man and a lyon, that was made very rare and naturall, so as the Kyng was gretly plesyd therwyth, and graciously gaf Mayster Cornysse a ryche reward owt of his owne hand, to be dyvydyd with the rest of his felows. Venus dyd synge a songe with Beawte, which was lykyd of al that harde yt, every staffe endyng after this sortte:

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

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

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

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

Mr. Reed has gathered together the few scanty documents relating to Medwall; the latest bears the date of June 1501.

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

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

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

¶ Here is cōteyned a godely interlude of Fulgens || Cenatoure of Rome. Lucres his doughter. Gayus || flaminus. & Publi^o. Corneli^o. of the disputacyon of || noblenes. & is deuyded in two ptyes, to be played at || ii. tymes. Cōpyled by mayster Henry medwall. late || chapelayne to f̄ ryght reuerent fader in god Johan || Morton cardynall & Archebysshop of Cañterbury. || (*woodcut: a gentleman and lady talking*).—F. 39v., l. 9: ¶ Emprynted at london by Johan Rastell || dwellynge on the south syde of paulys || chyrche by syde paulys cheyne.

F. 40: blank.

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

Printed between 1516 and 1533.

Copy known.

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

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

Fragment.

2. Two leaves (e 3 and 4) both cropped, are in the Bagford scrap-books (British Museum, Harleian MS. 5919, fol. 20, n. 98).

There is cōteyned a godely interlude of Fulgens
 Cenatoure of Rome. Lucres his doughter. Gayus
 flaminus. & Publi⁹. Corneli⁹. of the disputacyon of
 noblenes. & is deuyded in two ptyes/to be played at
 ii. tymes. Cōpyled by mayster Henry med wall. late
 chapelayne to y^e ryght reuerent fader in god Johan
 Morton cardynall & Archebysshop of Caüterbury.



Intrat A dicens.

Af for goddis will
What meane ye syys to stond so still
Haue not ye etyn & your full
And payd no thinge therfore
I wys syys thus dare I say
He that shall for the shott pay
Touch saueyth. that ye largely assay
Suche mete as he hath in store
I trowe your dishes be not bare
For yet ye do the wyne spare
Therfore be mery as ye fare
ye at welcom eche oon
Unto this house with oute faynyng
But I meruayle moche of one thinge.
That after this mery dzyntyng
And good recreacyon
There is no wordes amonge this presse
Non sunt loquele neq sermones
But as it were men in sadnes
Here ye stonde musyng
where aboute I can not tell
Or some els praty damysell
For to daunce and spzyng
Tell me what calt is it not so
I am sure here shalbe some what a do
And I wis I will know it or I go
with oute I be dzyuyt hens

Intrat B.

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

And I trow ye shall like it well
It semeth than that ye can tell
Sumwhat of the mater
Eve I am of counsell
One tolde me all the processe
And I pray you what shall it be.
By my fayth as it was tolde me
More than ones or twyse
As fere as I can bere it awaye
All the substaunce of theyr play
Shall procede this wyse.

When thempire of rome was in such floure
That all the worlde was subgett to the same
Than was there an nobill senatour
And as I remeber fulgens was his name
Whiche had a doughter of nobill fame
And yet as thauctor saith in veray dede.
Her nobill vertu dide her fame excede

p = i . ? = p broke

All be it there was not one all most
Thorough oute all the cyte pong ne olde
That of her beaute did not boiste
And ouer that her verteuise manyfolde
In suche maner wyse were prayd and tolde
That it was thought she lakkede no thing
To a nobill woman that was accor dyng.

Grete labour was made her fauour to attayne
In the way of mariage and among all
That made suche labour were specially twayn
Whiche more than other dyd besily on her call
On the whiche twayn she sett her mynde especiall
So that she vtterly detemyned in her hert
a. iij.

The one of them to haue all other sett a parte

One of them was called publius Coznelius ✓
Borne of noble blode it is no nay
That other was one gayus flamyneus ✓
Borne of a poze stocke as men doth say
But for all that many a fayre day
Thorough his grete wisdom & vertue he haupour
He rulyd the comen wele to his grete honour. ✓

And how so be it that the vulgare oppinion
Hade both these men in lyke fauour & reuerence
Supposing they had bene of lyke condycion
yet this seyde woman of inestimable prudence
Sawe that there was some maner of difference
For the whiche her answer she differred & spared
Tyll both theyre condicions were openly declared

And yet to them both this comfort she gaue
He that coude be founde moze noble of them twayne
In all godely maner her harte sholde he haue
Of the which answer they both were glade & fayne
For ether of them trustede therby to attayne
Theffecte of his desyre/ yet when they had do
One of them must nedis his appetit for goo.

There byp on was areysyd a grete doute & questio
Euery man all after as he was affectionate
Unto the parties seyde his oppinion
But at the laste in eschewyng of debate
This matter was brought befoze the cenate
They to gyue therin an vtter sentence
whiche of these.ii.men sholde haue.þ preminence

A And finally they gaue sentence and awarde
That gayus flampneus was to be cōmende
fōz the more nobill man hauynge no regarde
To his lowe byrthe of the whiche he dyde dyscende
But onely to his vertue thay dyde therin attende
whiche was so grete that of coueniencie
All the cyte of rome dyd hym honour & reuerence

5 **A** And shall this be the pces of the play
6 **E**ve so I vnderstonde be credible informacyon
1 **E** By my faryth but yf it be cūpn as ye say
I wyll aduylse them to change that cōclusion
what wyll they afferme that a chozles son
Sholde be more noble than a gentilman bozn
May be ware fōz men wyll haue therof grete scozn
It may not be spoken in no maner of case
3 **E**ves suche cōsyderacions may be layde
That euery resonable man in this place
wyll holde hym therin right well apayde
The matter may be so well conuayde
4 **L**et them conuay and cary clene than
Or els he wyll repent that this play began
How be it the matter touchith me neuer a dell
fōz I am nether of vertue excellent
fōz yet of gentyl blode this I know well
But I speke it onely fōz this enrent
I wolde not that any man sholde be shent
And yet there can no man blame vs two
fōz why in this matter we haue nought to do
5 **E**we no god wott no thing at all
Saue that we come to see this play
As farre as we may by the leue of the marshall

I loue to beholde suche myzthes alway
 For y haue sene by fore this day
 Of suche maner thingis in many a gode place
 Both gode examples and right honest solace
 This play in like wyse I am sure
 Is made for the same entent ad purpose
 To do euery man both myzth and pleasure
 wherfor I can not think or suppose
 That they wyll ony woꝛde therin disclose
 But suche as shall stond with treuth and reason
 In godely maner accordyng to the season
 A Eue but trouth may not be sayde alway
 For somtyme it causith gruge & despyte
 B Eue goth the woꝛlde so now a day
 That aman must say the crow is white
 A Eue that he must be god all myght
 He must both lye and flater now and than
 That castith hym to dwell amonge woꝛldly men
 In some courtis such men shall most wyn
 B Eue but as for the parish where I abide
 Suche flaterye is abhorride as dedly syn
 And specially lyars be sett a syde
 As sone as they may with the faute be spied
 For euery man that fauozeth and loueth vertue
 wyll suche maner of folke btterly escheue
 wherfor I can think these folke wyll not spare
 After playne trouth this matier to pꝛocede
 As the stoꝛy seyth why shulde they care
 I trow here is no man of the kyn or sede
 Of either partie/for why they were boze
 In the cytie of Rome as I sayd befoze
 Therfor leue all this doutfull question
 And prayse at the parting euyn as ye synde

E — Cyes be ye sure whan thei haue all done
I wyll not spare to shew you my mynd
Praise who wyll or dispraise I will not be behynd
I wyll gest theron what so euer shalbe fall
If I can fynd any man to gest withall.

B CDees no moo wordes for now they come
The plears bene euy n here at hand.

A CSo thei be so selp me god a halp dome
I pray you tell me where I shall stand.

B CMary stand euy n here by me I warand
Geue rone there syrs for god a bowe
Thei wold cum in if thei myght for you.

A Cye but I pray the what calt tell me this
who is he that now comyth yn.

B CMary it is fulgence the senatour.

A Cye is: what the father of the forseide birgyn.

B Cye forseth he shall this matere begyn.

A CAnd wher is feyr doughter lucrece.

B CShe comyth Anon I say hold thy pece.

CI ntrat fulgens dicens.

CEuerlastyng ioy with honoure and praise.

Be vn to our most drad lord a saupour

whiche doth. vs help a cōfort many ways

Not lesyng vs destitute of his ayde a socour

But lettith his son shyne ou the riche a pooze

And of his grace is euer indifferent

All be yt he diuersely cōmytteth his talent.

Co some he lendith the spzete of pphecy.

Co some the plenty of tonges elo quence

Co some grete wisdome a worldly policy

Co some litterature and speculatyf science

Co some he geueth the grace of pemynece

In honour and degre and to some abundance

Of tresoure riches and grete inheritaunce.

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

When I consider and call to my remembraunce
The psporous lyfe that I haue all wey
Hyderto endured with oute any greuaunce
Of wordly aduersitie well may I se
And thynke that I am bound to yeld and pay
Grete prayse and thanks to the hye kynge
Of whom pcedith and growith euery gode thing

And certes if I wold not praise of bolte
The benefyte that he hath done vnto me
yet is it well know of lest and most
Through oute all rone hemperiall cyte
What place in the cenate & honozable degre
I occuppe and how I demean me in the same
All this can they tell that knowith but my name

To speke of plenty and grete abundaunce
Of wordly riches ther vnto belongyng
Houses of pleasure and grete inheritaunce
With riche apparell and euery other thing
That to a worthy man shold be accordyng
I am & euer haue be in metely gode case

For the whiche I thank all mighty god of his grace

I Than haue I a wyfe of gode condicpon
And right cōfōrmable to myn entent
In euery thing that is to be done
And how be it that god hath me not sent
An hayr mase whiche were conuenient
My name to cōtinew and it to repeyre
yet am I not vtterly destitute of an heyre

For I haue a doughter in whom I delight
As for the chese comfort of myn olde age
And surely my seyde doughter lucrez doth hight
When seyth she is as lyke me in visage
As though she were euyn myn owne ymage
For the whiche cause nature doth me forcc & bynde

The more to fauour and loue here in my mynde
But yet to the principall and grettest occasion
That makyth me to loue her as I do
Is this whiche I speke not of affection
But euyn as the treuth mouith me ther to
Nature hath wrought in my lucrez so
That to speke of beaute and clere vnderstanding
I can not thinke in here what shold be lacking

And besides all that yet a gretter thing
whiche is not oft sene in so yong a damesell
She is so discrete and sad in all demeanyng
And therto full of honest and vertuous counsell
Of here owne mynd that wonder is to tell
The giftes of nature and of especiall grace

Am not I gretly bound in this case
 To god as I reherſid you biſore
 I were to boyd of all reſou and grace
 If I wold not ſerue and prayſe hym therfore
 With due loue & drede he aſketh no more
 As far as he will me grace ther to ſend
 The reſt of my liſ ther in will I ſpend
 Albe yt that I muſt partely nitend
 To:repromocy on of my doughter lucreſ
 To ſoine metely mariage ellis god defend
 She is my chief iſwell and riches
 My comſort agayn all care & heupnes

And alſo ſhe is now of gode & ripe age
 To be amānes fere by wey of mariage
 wherfor if I might ſee or I dye
 That ſhe were beſtowid ſumwhat accorɔdyng
 Then were my mynd diſchargid btterly
 Of euery grete cure to me belongyng
 It was the chief cauſe of my hider cūmyng
 To haue a cōmunication in this ſame matere
 With on Corneſ⁹ cani ther non ſuche here

Intrat publius Corneliuſ dicens.

cor. Yes now am I come here at the laſt
 I haue taried long I cry you mercy.

ful. Nay no offence ther is no waſte
 Nor loſſe of tyme yet hardely
 For this is the our that ye and I
 Apoyntid here to mete this other day
 Now ſhe w me your mynd lete me here what ye ſay.

cor. Chan wyll I leue ſupfluite away
 For why ye know al redy my mide in ſubſtace.

ful. I what not whether I do ye or nay

cor. Why is it now oute of your remēbzaunce

That my desire is to honour & aduaunce
your daughter lucrez if she will agree
That I so poze a man her husbonde shuld be.
ful. I ye nede not syr to vse these wordis to me
for non in this cyte knowith better than I
Of what grete birth or substaunce ye be
My daughter lucrez is full vnwoorthy
Of birth & goodis to loke so hye
Saying that happily her gode cōdicyon
May her enable to suche a promocyon

But if this be youre mynde and suche intent
why do ye not labour to her therfore
for me semyth it were ryght expedient
That we know therein her mynde before
Or euer we shold cōmune therof any moze
for if she wold to your mynde apply
No man shalbe so glad therof as I

coz. I Suppose ye that I dyde not so begyn
To gete fyrste her fauoure yes truste me well.

ful. And what comfort wolde she gyue you therein

coz. By my seyth no grete comfort to tell
Saue that she abideth to haue youre counsell
for as she seyth she will no thing.

In suche mater to do with oute your counsell

Noz other wyse than ye shalbe contente
And theruppon it was my mynde & desire
To speke with you of her for the same intent
your gode will in this behalfe to requyre
for I am so bzent in loues fyre
That no thing may my payne asslake
withoute that ye wyll my cure vndertake

b.f.

tul. Syr I thail do you the comfort that I can
 f^{ur} As far as she wil be aduised by me
 How be it certepnly I am not the man
 That wyl take from her the liberte
 Of her owne choice that may not be
 But when I speke with her I shall her aduise
 az To loue you befoze other in all godely wyse
 cor. I thanke you syr with all myn harte
 And I pray you do it with oute delay
 ful. As sone as I shall fro you departe
 I wyl her mynde therin assay
 ful. For I shall think that euery howre is twayne
 Till I may speke with you agayne
 cor. Now a wise felow that had sumwhat a bwayne
 And of suche thingis had experience
 Such one wolde I with me retayne
 To gyue me counseile and assistance
 For I will spare no cost or expence
 Nor yet refuse ony labour or payne
 The loue of fayre lucre therby to attayne
 So many gode felowes as byn in this hall
 And is ther non syrs among you all
 That wyl enterpryse this gere
 Some of you can do it if ye lust
 But if ye wyl not than I must
 Go seche a man ellis where

Et exeat.

Deinde loquitur B

B Now haue I spied a mete office for me
 For I wyl be of counsell and I may
 with yonder man

A Wece let be
 Be god thou wyl destroy all the play

B Destroy the play quod a nay nay
 The play began neuer till now
 I wyll be doyng I make god auow
 For there is not in this hondred myle
 A feter bawde than I am one
A And what shall I do in the meane while
B Mary thou shalt com in anone
 with a nother pageant'
A Who I
B Epe by saynt Iohan
A What I neuer vside suche thing befoze
B But folow my counsell and do no moze
 Loke that thou abide here still
 And I shall vndertake for to fulfyll
 All his mynde with outen delay
 And whether I do so ye or nay
 At the lest well dare I vndertake
 The mariage vtterly to mare or to make
 If he and I make any bargeyn
 So that I must gyue hym attendaunce
 When thou seest me com in ageyn
 Stond eyn still and kepe thy contenaunce
 For when Cayus flamyneus comyth in
 Than must thou thy pageaunt begyn
A Shall ony profyt grow therby
B Hold thy pece speke not so hye
 Leste any man of this cōpany
 Know oure purpose openly
 And breke all oure daunce
 For I assure the feithfully
 If thou quyte the as well as I
 This gere shall vs both auaunce

b.ii.

5

Creat.

May then let me alone hardely
 yf ony aduauntage honge therby
 I can my selfe there to apply
 By helpe of gode counsell
 This felowe and I be maysterles
 And lyue moſte parte in ydelnes
 There foze ſome maner of beſenes
 wolde become vs both well
 At the leſte wyſe. it is niery beyng
 with men in tyme of woyng
 For all that whyle they do no thyng
 But daunce and make reuell
 Synge and laugh with greate ſhoutynge
 Fyll in wyne with reuell routynge
 I trowe it be a ioyfull thinge
 Amonge ſuche folke to dwell

CIntrat fulgeus lucreſ & ancilla & dicat.
 Doughter Lucreſ ye knowe well ynough
 what ſtudy and care I haue for youre pmocyon
 And what fatherly loue I bere to you
 So that I thynke in myne oppynyon
 It were tyme loſte and waſtfull occupacyon
 This matter to reherſe or tell you ony moze
 Syth ye it beſt knowe/as I ſayde before

But the ſpecyall cauſe that I ſpeke foze
 Is touchynge youre mariage as ye knowe well
 Many folke there be that deſyrez foze
 And labourerth in that behalue with you to mell
 ye knowe what is for you ye nede no counsell
 Howe ſo be it. yf ye lyſte my counſeyle to requyre
 I ſhall be glad to ſatysfye there in youre deſyre

Trought it is fader that I am bounde
As moche vnto you as ony chylde may be
Vnto the fader lyuyng on the grounde
And where it pleaseth you to gyue vnto me
Myne owne fre choyse and my lyberte
It is the thyng that pleaseth me well
Sith I shall haue there in your counsell

And now accoꝝdyng to this same purpose
What thynke ye best for me to do
ye knowe ryghte well as I suppose
That many folke doth me greatly woo
Amonge the whiche there be specyally twoo
In whome as I trowe and so do ye
The choyce of this matter must fynally be

In that poynt your mynde & myne dothe agre
But yet ryght now er I came here
For publius cornelius ye aduysed me
As touchinge ye wolde haue me only reste there
yf that be youre mynde I shall gladly forbere
All other and only to hym assente
To haue me in wedlocke at his comaũdement

Maye daughter lucrez not so I mente
For though I dyde somwhat to hym enclync
yet for all that it is not myne entente
That ye shulde so there vpon vtterly dyspyne
But loke whom ye wyl on godys blessing & myne
For truste ye me verely it is all one to me
whether gayus flampeus wedde you or els he

Than syth I haue so greate lyberte
And so gode choyce I were vnfortunable
And also to vnwyle yf I wolde not see

b. iiii.

c

That I had hym whiche is moſte honozable
wherfore may it lyke you to be agreable
That I may haue reſpyte to make inquiſycyon
whiche of this two men is better of condicyon

ful. I holde me cōtent that ſhall be well done
It may be reſpyted for a day or twayne
But in the meane tyme vſe this prouyſyon
Se that ye indyfferently them both entertayne
Tyll that youre mynde be ſett at a certayne
where ye ſhall reſt now / can ye do ſo

lu. At the leſte my gode wyll ſhall I put there to
ful. Chan ſyth I haue byſynes at whome for to do
I wyll go thetherwarde as faſt as I may

lu. Is it youre pleaſure that I ſhall with you go
ful. Nay I had leuer that ye went your way
Aboute this matter.

Et exeat.

lu. Well god be with you than
I ſhall do there in the beſt that I can

la. Et ſcđ aliqua pauſatiōe dicat lucreſ
I wyll not dysclaunders nor blame no man
But neuer theleſſe by that I here ſaye
Doze maydens be diſſayued now and than
So greate dysſemblynge now a daye
There is conuayed vnder wordes gaye
That if

Encilla.

an. Peace lady ye muſt forbere
Se ye not who cometh here

lu. Who is it wot ye ere
an. It is garys flamyreus parde
He that wolde your huſbonde be

la. Ev gode lord how wyſte he
for to ſynde me here

Intrat gayus flam.

Eyres gode lady where so euer ye go
He that lysteth to do his dyligence
In suche manere wyle as I haue do
At the laste he may come to youre p[re]sence
For who so euer oweth obedyence
Unto loue / he hath greate nede
To attendaunce if he wyl spede
Syze be welcome what is your mynde
Why fayre lucre is that your gyse
To be so straunge and so vnkynde
To hym that owith you loupng serunce
I trow I haue tolde you twyle or thryse
That myn desyre is to mary with you
Haue ye not herde this matter or now
Eyes in veray trowth I haue herde you say
Att dyuerse tymes that ye bare me affeccyon
To suche an intent I say not nay
What nede ye than to aske the question
What I wolde with you at this season
Me semyth ye sholde therin doubt no moze
Sith ye know well myn erande befoze
I wys your strangnes greueth me foze
But not withstonding now wyl I seece
And at this tyme I wyl chide no moze
Lest I geue you cause of heurnes
I cam hyder onely for youre sake doubtles
To glade you & please you in all that I can
And not for to chyde with you as I began
For thynke it in your mynde I am the man
That wolde you please in all that I may
And to that purpose I wyl do what I can
Though ye forbyde it and say therin nay
In that poynt onely I wyl you disobay

My hart shall ye haue in all godely wise
 whether ye me take or vtterly dispise
 And to say that I will folow the gise
 Of wanton louers now aday
 whiche doth many flatering wordis deuise
 with gyftis of ringis and bzoches gay
 Theyr lēmans hartis for to betray
 ye must haue me therin excusid
 For it is the thing that I neuer vsid
 Therfore I will be short and playne
 And I pray you hartely feyre luces
 That ye wpll be so to me agayne
 ye know well I haue made labour and besynes
 And also desyrid you by wordis expresse
 That ye wold bouche saue in your harte
 To be my wife till deth vs departe
 Lo this is the mater that I come fore
 To know therein your mynde and plesoure
 whether ye sett by me ony stoze
 To the effect of my leyd desire
 And nothing ellis I wpll require
 But that I may haue a playne ye or nay
 whereto I may trust with oute delay
 lu. Me thinketh that by that y^e ye say
 ye force not what myne answer be.
 ga. I wpll ye take it that way
 My lady I ment not so yde
 Chaffirmatye were most lese to me
 For as ye your self know with best
 That was and is my principall request
 But ye may say I am a homely gest
 On a gentilman so hastely to call
 lu. Nay nay syr that guyse is best

ye can not displeyſe me with all
 And accorDyng to your deſire I ſhall
 Eyn as ſone as I godely may
 Anſwere your therein with oute delay
 How be it / it can not be done ſtraight way
 If I myght gett a realine therby
 fyrſt wyl I my faders mynde aſſay
 whether he wyl ther vnto applye
 for if he like you as well as I
 Your mynde in this behalf ſhal be ſone eaſid
 If my ſeyd fader can be content & pleyſid
 Gramercy myne owne ſwete lucres ——— *Ja*
 Of you deſire can I no more at all
 Saue onely that ye do your beſynes
 wpon youre fader beſily to call
 So that what ſo ever ſhal be fall
 with in few days I may verily know
 To what effect this matter ſhal grow
 I ſhall know by to morow nyght
 what my fader wyl ſey therto
 Then ſhall ye make myne harte full light
 If it pleyſe you ſo to do
 I yes doubt ye not it ſhal be ſo
 And for that cauſe I wyl euen now depte
 Now fare well than myne owne ſwete harte
 Et creat Lucres. deinde A. accedēs
 ad Gayum fla. & dicat ei ſic.
 Sye ye ſeme a man of grete honoure
 And that moueth me to be ſo bolde
 I rede you aduētūre not ouer moche labour
 wpon this woman leſte ye take colde
 I tell you the matter is bought and ſolde
 withoute ye take the better hede

- Ga. For all th^e se fyre wordes ye shall not spede
 A I Thynkest thou so in very dede
 I Ye so helpe me god and I shall tell you why
 Syr ryght now this way as I pede
 This gentylwoman cam euen by
 And a freshe galant in her company
 As god wolde nere them I stalked
 And herde euery worde that they talked
 Ga. Bnt spake they ony worde of me
 A Nay nay ye were no thinge in her thoughte
 They were as bely as they myghte be
 Aboute suche a matter as ye haue wroughte
 And by god that me dere boughte
 Loke what answer that ye now haue
 Euen the same wordes to hym she gaue
 I wys syr I am but a pore knaue
 But yet I wolde take on me a greate payne
 youre honeste in this matter to saue
 Though it be vnto me no profyte nor gayne
 But there fore I speke & haue dysdayne
 To se in a woman of suche dyssemblaunce
 Towarde a gentylman of youre substanuce
 Ga. Why hast thou of me ony acquentaunce
 A I Ye syr and some tyme ye knewe me
 Though it be now oute of youre remembraunce
 Ga. By my fayth it may well be
 But neuer the lesse I thanke the
 Me semeth thou woldest that all were well
 Betwyxte me and yonder fyre daniel
 A I Ye by god I wolde fyghte in the quarell
 Rather than ye sholde lese youre entete
 Ga. I praye the felowe where doste thou dwell
 A By my fayth I am now at myn owne comaundemēt

I lacke a mayster and that I me repente
To serue you and please I wolde be fayne
yf it myght lyke you me to retayne
And of one thyng I wyll a certayne
I doubte not I shall do you better stede
Toward this maryage than some other twayne
And yf I do not let me be dede
Well than wyll I do by thy rede
And in my seruyce thou shalt be
yf thou canst fynde me any surete
¶ Yes I can haue sureties plente
For my trouthe with in this place
Here is a gentylman that wolde truste me
For asmoche gode as he hase
¶ Yes and that is but litle pcase
¶ By my fayth go where he shall
It is as honest a man as ony in the reall
I haue no moze acqueyntaunce with in this hall
¶ If I wolde ony frendis assay
By god here is one best of all
I trow he wyll not say me nay
For he hath knowen me many aday
¶ Sye wyll not ye for my trouthe undertake
¶ ¶ Yes for god els I wolde I were bake
¶ Sye my maister wyll ye beleue me
I dare trust hym for all that I can make
yf ye fynde me sufficient surete
As for his trouthe doubt not ye
I neuer coude by hym any thing espie
But that he was as true a man as I
¶ He and I dwelled many a feyre day
¶ In one scole and yet I wot well
From thens he bare neuer away

The worth of an halfe peny that I can tell
Therfore he is able with you to dwell
As for his thought that dare I well saye
Hardely truste hym there in ye maye
Upon youre worde I shall assaye

9a
Ga.

And sy2 after thi gode deseruyng
So shall I thy wagys pay
But now to remembze one thinge
He thought thou saydyst at the begynnynge
That lucrez fauozeth better than me!
A nother loue what man is he

A
Ga. Cornelius I wene his name sholde be
Then I knowe him well by the rode

There is not with in all this cyte
A man bozne of a better blode
But yet lucrez hath a wytt so gode
That as I thynke she wyll befoze see
Whether his cōdicyns therto agree
And if they do not fare well he
But therin I haue nought a do
He shall not be dyspaynid for me
With oute that I be cōpellid therto
I can not let hym for to woo
A woman beyng at her owne liberte
For why it is as fre for hym as for me
I wyll forbere neuer the moze
Tyll I knowe what shall be the ende
Go thy waye vnto lucrez therfoze
And hertly me vnto her recōmende
Prayng her that she wyll me sende
A redy answeze of that thing
That she promised me at her departing

; A

Mary I shall without any taryng

I knowe myne erand well I know
ye shall se me apoynte a metynge
where she agayne shall speke wyth you

a. **T**han shall I thy wyt alowe
yf thou can byynge that aboute

A **C**yes that I shall do haue ye no doubtte

Et exeat gayus flami. et dicat B.

B **N**ow by my trought I wolde not haue thoughte

That thou haddest bene halfe so wyse
for thou hast this matter featly wrought
And conuayed it poynt deuyse

To byynge thy selfe to suche a scrupce
I se well thou hast some wytt in thy hede

A **C**ye a lytell but hast thou spede

B **E**uen lyke wyse haue thou no dzedde

I haue goten a maister for my prowe

I neuer thypuede as I shall do now

A **N**o whiche way

B **I** shall tell the how

It is no mapstry to thypue at all

Under a man that is so liberall

Ther is now late vnto hym fall

So grete goodis by inheritaunce

That he wote neuer what to do with all

But lastheth it forth daily escaunce

That he had no dayly remembraunce

Of tyme to come nor makyth no store

For he carith not whiche ende goth before

And by oure lady I comiende hym the moze

why sholde he those goodis spare

Sith he laboredde neuer therfoze

May and euery man sholde care

For goodis & speciallyliche suche as are

f^o2

Of gentil blode it were grete syn
For all liberalite in them sholde begyn
Many a poze man therby doth wynn
The cheif substauns of his lyuing
My maister were worthy to be a kyng
For liberall expensis in all his deling
I trow thou shalt se hym com yn
Lyke a rutter somwhat accordyng
In all apparell to hym belongyng
How moche payeth he as ye suppose
For the makynge of a peyre of his hose

A Mary. xii. d. were a feyre thing
B Cye by the rode. xx. tymes tolde
That is eyn. xx. shelyng for the makynge

A CIt can not be so with oute a man wolde
Make them all with sylke and golde

B CPay by yes non erthly thing
But eyn the bare cloth and the lynyng
Saue onely that ther is in cuttynge
A new maner of facyon now a day
Be cause they sholde be som what straunge
They moste be strypide all this way
With small slypes of coloures gay
A cod pece be fore all most thus large
And therin restith the gretist charge
To speke of gowns and that gode chaunge
Of them he hath stoz and plenty
And that the facyons be new and straunge
For non of them passith the mydde thy
And yet he puttyth in a gown comunely
How many brode yardis as ye gesse

A Mary. ii. oz. iii.

B CPay. vii. and no lesse

B By my trouth that is lyke a lye
B But it is as true as ye stond there
 And I shall tell you a reson why
 All that doth that falcyon were
 They haue whingis behynd redy to flye
 And a sleue that wolde couer all the body
 Than. xl. playtis as I think in my mynde
 They haue befoze and as many behynde
A Well as for gentilmen it is full kynde
 To haue theyr plesyr that may well paye
B I ye but than this grugeth my mynde
 A gentyl man shall not were it a daye
 But euery man wyl hym self a raye
 Of the same falcyon euen by and by
 On the morow after
A Nay that I desy
 But then I maruell gretly why
 you are not garnysht after that gyse
B There is neuer a knaue in the house saue I
 But his gowne is made in the same wyse
 And for by cause I am new come to seruyce
 I must for a whyle be content
 To were styll myn olde garment
R I ye but a byde to what intent
 Doth thy mayster take in honde
 To make hym so moche costely rayment
B Mary that is esy to vnderstonde
 All is done for lucre sake
 To wedde her he doth his rekenynge make
A I put case that she do hym for sake
 So that she be my maysters wyf
B By my fayth then I say it wyl make
 Many a man to lose his lyf

For therof wyl rylse a gret stryf
A Mary I pray god send vs pes
B Be my fayth it wyl be no lesse
 yf my master haue not lucres
A I can no more god sped the ryght
 Lo thes folke wyl stryue & fyght
 For this womans sake
 And whan thay haue done ther bttyr'mest
 I wene verply he shall sped best
 That must her for sake
 He is well at ease that hath a wylf
 yet he is better that hath none be my lylf
 But he y hath a good wylf & wyl for sake her
 I pray god the deuyl take her :
B Now in gode fayth thou art a made knaue
 I se well thou hast wedyd a shzew
A The deuyl I haue
 Nay I haue marryed it. oz iiii.
 Syth the tyme that I her lost
B And kepist thou them all styll with the
A Nay that wolde not quyte the cost
 To say the trouth thay fond me most
B Than thay haue some maner gettynge
 By some occupacione haue thay
A Syz thay haue a pzetp waye
 The ches meane of ther leuyng
 Is lechery / lech crafte I wolde say
 where in thay laboze nyght & day
 And ease many a man in some case
B And where do thay dwell
A Att the comen place
 There thou mayst them all fynde
 Goddis mercy where is my mynde

By god I shall be hent

I shold haue gone to lucrez

I bowte my maysters besynes

Whether warde I was bent

B By my sayth my mayster is there

All the whyle that thou arte here

As I verily suppose

A I shrow thy face by saynt mary

with thy chaterynge thou doyst me tary

Eyn for the same purpose

B I say whan thou hast with lucrez spoken

I pray the wyl thou delyuer me a token

In myne name to her mayde

A Nay ye muste be ware of that gere

for I haue bene afore you there

B Why hast thou hyr assayed

A — ye ye that matyr ys sped full

I may haue her and she wull

That comfort she me gaue

B And hast thou no noder comfort att all

I truste to god than yet I shall

All this matyr saue

How be it I wpll not the matter begyn

withoute I were sure she were a birgyn

A By my trought this comfort shall I putt the in

I can neuer on her backe in the way of synne

CA boyde the place A.

B Than all is well & fyne

yf the matter be in that case

I trust that with in a lytyll space

That wenche shall be myne

I tell you it is a trull of trust

All to quenche a mannes thurst

Better then any wyne
It is a lypyll praty moucet
And her voyce is as doucett
And as swete as resty porke
Her face is some what browne and yelow
But for all that she hath no felow
In syngynge hens to porke
But the worst that greuyth me
She hath no layser nor lybarte
For an howre or twayne
To be owte of her maystres syght
I wachyde for her this odyr nyght
But all was in vayne
How be it I thinke that at the laste

Come in the maydyn
I shall come with in two stonys caste
Of her I aske no more
And yf I do so then my mate
Shall haue no lust ther in to prate
As he dyde be fore
Lockis body here she is
Now wellcome by heuyn blys
an. The last that was in my thought
Cullthe I pray you let me go
I haue some what els to do
For this howre I haue soughte
A man that I sholde speke with all
fro my maystres

What do you hym call

an. **M**ayster gapus or his man

WAm not I he that ye wolde haue

an. **N**o no I wolde haue an other knaue

Why am I a knaue than.

n. **N**ay I sayd not so perde
 But where trow ye these folkis be
 B **I** can not verily say
 His man went eyn now frome me
 And I maruell gretly that ye
 met hym not by the way
 For he is gone to speke with lucrez
 fro his maystyr
 n. **W**hat with my maystres nay
 3 **E**ve so I harde hym say
 n. **G**oddys mercy and I was sent
 Eyn hedyr for the same intent
 To bynge an answer
 Of the erande that he is gone fore
 where fore now ther is no more
 But I must go seche hym there
 3 **N**ay tary here a whyle gentyll Jone
 For he wyll come hedyr a none
 n. **T**ary why shold I so
 3 **M**ary to laugh and talke with me
 n. **N**ay loke where suche gyglottis be
 For I am none of them I warne the
 That bse so to do
 3 **I** mene no thinge but good & honest
 And for your wele and you lylt
 To assent ther unto
 n. **F**or my wele q a/how may that be
 That is a thinge that I can not se
 3 **M**ary this lo is myne entent
 I mene yf ye wolde be content
 Or onr wyse agree
 For to be my sacrament of penaunce
 By god gyue it a very very vengeaunce

an. Of wedlocke I wolde haue sayde
 Tush by seynt Jame ye do but mocke
 To speke to me of ony wedlocke
 And I so yonge a mayde
 B Why are ye a mayde
 an. Cre ellis I were to blame
 B Where by wote ye
 an. Mary for I ame
 B That is a thinge
 Here ye not sy2s what she sayth
 So resonable a cause there to she layth
 an. That straw for your mockynge
 Haue ye none to mocke but me
 B Mocke nay so mote I the
 I mene euyne gode earnest
 Geue me your honde and you shall se
 what I wyll pmes you
 an. That way were not best for my p2ow
 wold ye hondfast me forth with all
 Nay be the roode sy2st ye shall
 Chepe oz euer you by
 we must sy2st of the p2ice a gre
 For who some euer shall haue me
 I pmes you fartyfully
 He shall me sy2st assure
 Of .xx. li. londe in ioynture
 B Why are ye so costely
 Nay nay then ye be not for me
 As p2ety a woman as ye be
 I can some tyme by
 For moche les wagis and hyre
 As for the season that I desyre
 To haue hyr in company

There fore yf ye can fynde in youre harte
To leue all sucche Joynter aparte
And take me as I am
I shall do you as greate a pleasuze
And therto I wyll loue you oute of mesuze
Els I were to blame
Oye but oure housholde shall be full small
But yf we haue some what els with all
Oure charges for to bere
Oye god sende vs mery wether
I may not wed and thzyue all to gether
I loke not for that gere
I shall tell yo ua maruelous case
I knewe twayne marryed in a place
Dwellyng to gether in one house
And I am sure they were not worth a louse
At the begynnynge
And oz euer the yere were do
They were worth an hondzed oz two
That was a maruelous thyng
But yet I can tell the a gretter maruayle
And I knewe the psons ryght well
Syr I knewe two certayne
That when they were wedded they had in stoz
Scarce halfe a bed and no moze
That was worth an hawe
And within a yere oz twayne
They had so greate encrease and gayne
That at the last they were fayne
To shoue theyze hedes in the strawe
3 Cusse ye do but mocke and rayle
And I promesse you withouten fayle
yf ye lyst to haue me

- I woot where is an. c. l. in stoze
 And I ow neuer a grot ther foze
 an. **A**ll that may be
 I beleue hyt euyn as ye say
 But ye tary me here all day
 I pray you let me goo
 And for my mariage that is a thing
 In the whyche I purpose to geue a sparyng
 For a yere or two
 B **A** yere or. ii. q a. nay god forbede
 I wis hyt had be tyme foze you to wedde
 vii. or. viii. yere a goo
 And ye wylt how mery a lyfe
 Hyt is to be a wedded wylf
 ye wold chaunge that mynde
 an. **E**ye so hyt is as I vnderstonde
 If a wonian haue a gode husbonde
 But that ys herd to synde
 Many a man blamyth his wylf parde
 And she is moze to blame than he
 B **A**s true as the gospell now say ye
 But now tell me one thing
 Shall I haue none other answere but this
 Of my desyre
 an. **N**o sy? I wyls
 Not at this metyng
 B **W**yll ye now nede be a goo than
 an. **T**ake your leue honestly
Et conabitur eam osculari
 an. **S**e the man
 Let me a lone with sorowe
 B **M**ary so be hyt but one worde
 I wyl kys the or thou goo
 an. **T**he deuyllis tozde

The man is madde I trowe
— So madde I am that nedis I must
As in this poynt haue my lust
How so euer I doo
Harder ye may do me that request
For why it is but good and honest

D & may do p. 84

Et osculabit.

Intrat A.

Now a felychipe I the be seche
Set euen such a patche one my breeche
I wylde feyre therone
Goddiss merrey this is he
That I haue sought so
Haue ye sought me
Ye that haue I do
This gentylman can wytnes here
That all this owre I haue stonde here
Sechynge euen for you
Haue ye two be togeder so longe
Ye why not
Hary then all is wrong
I fere me so now
Nay nay here be to many wytnes
For to make ony syche besynes
As thou wenest hardely
Why what is the mannes thought
Suppose ye that I wolde be nowght
yf no man were by
Nay for god y ment not so
But I wolde no man sholde haue to do
with you but onely I
Haue to do wth a. what call ye that.
Hyt so wндыth to a thing I wote ner what

By godes mercy

I se well a man must be warre
How he spekyth ther as ye ar
ye take it so straungely

Nay I mene nothyng but well
For by my wyl no man shall dele
with you in way of marpage
But onely I this wyse I ment

an. **C**ye but though it were youre entent
yet ye do but rage

To vse suche wordes vn to me
For I am yet at my lyberte

I **C**ye that I know well

But neuer the lesse sythen I be gaffe
To loue you longe be fore this man
I haue veray greate meruell
That euer ye wolde his mynde fulfyll
To stonde and talke with hym styll
So long as ye haue do

B - **C**Se fore me q a nay I make a vowe
I meuyde this matter long by fore you
How sey ye ther to

an. **C**I wyl no thinge in the matter say
Lest I cause you to make a fray
For there of I wolde be lothe

I **C**By cokk's body butt who so euer it be
That weddythe her by sydes me
I shall make hym wrothe

B **C**ye but he that is so hasty at euery worde
For amedsyn must ete his wyues torde

an. **C**holde your tongis there I say
For and ye make this warke for me
ye shall bothe dyspoyntyd be

As fare as I may

A By my trouthe but marke me well
yf euer thou with this man dwell
As a woman with here make
Thou shalt fynde hym the most froward man
That euer thou sawiste sythe the worlde by gan
For I dare vndertake

That .xl. tymes on a day
with oute ony cause he wyll the ascray
And bete the bake and syde

n. He shall not nede so to do
For he shall haue .xl. causes & .xl. too
yf I with hym a byde

A Mary that ys a remedy accordynge
But I can tell the an other thyng
And it is no lye

Tho w maist well be hys weddyd wyf
But he wyll neuer loue the in his lye

l. Cyet I know a remedy

Howso.

l. Mary I wyll loue hym as lytyll a gayne
For euery shrewed turne he shall haue twayne
And he were my brother

B I wys I one he spekythe but of males
There ys no man hens to cales
who so euer be the tother

That can hym selfe better applye
To please a woman better then I

n. Eye so I harde you say
But yet be ye neuer so wrothe
There ys neuer one of you bothe
For all poure wordes gay

19. That shalbe assured of me

Tyll I may fyrst here and se
what ye bothe can do
And he that can do most maystry
Be it in cokery or in pastry
In settis of warre or dedys of cheualtry
with hym wyll I go

A By my trowthe that lykythe me well
Ther is no maystry that a man can tell
But I am mete there to
where for that wagere I dare well vndertake
Lett me se wylt thou go coyt for thy ladis sake
Or what thyng shall we do

B Nay yf thou wylt her with maystry wyne
with boyes game thou mayst not be gyn
That is not her intent

A What is best that we do than

B Mary canst thou syng

A Ye that I can

As well as ony man in kent

B What maner of song shall it be

A What so euer thou wylt chose the
I holde me well content

And yf I mete the not at the close

Hardely let me the wager lose

By her owne iugement

Go to now wyll ye set in

B Nay be the rode ye shall begyn

A By seynt Jame I assent

A byde I one ye can gode skyl

And if ye wolde the song fulfyll

with a thyrd parte

It wolde do ryght well in my mynde

an. C Synge on hardely. and I wyll not be behynde

I pray the with all my hert.

Et tunc cantabunt.

B I am so whorse it wyl not be

A Horse q a. nay so mot I the

That was not the thyng

And a man sholde the trowth saye

ye lost a crochet o. ii. by the waye

To myne vnderstondynge

B Why was I a mynyme befoze

A Ye be the rode that ye were a moze

B Then were ye a mynyme behynde

Let me se yet syng a gayne

And marke whyche of vs twayne

Plesyth best your mynde

an. Nay nay ye shall this matter try

By some other maner of mastry

Than by your syngynge

B Let hym assay what mastry he wull

A Mary and my bely were not so full

I wolde wrestell with hym a fayze pull

That were a game accordynge

For suche valpaunt men as we be

B I shew thyn hert and thou spare me

Et deinde luctabuntur.

an. Nay by my fayth that was no fall

B A than I se well ye be parcyall.

Whan ye iuge so

well I shall do moze for your loue

Eyn here I cast to hym my gloue

Oz euer I hens goo

On the condycion that in the playne fyld

I shall mete hym with spere and shelde

By lyf theron to Jeoparde

*chamber
parcy*
D.ii.

Let me se and he dare take hyt

Cūc piiciet cirothecam.

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

B CEnyn streyght ways
without furthere delay
And I shewe his hert that feris
Eyther with cronall oz sharpe speris
This bargyn to assay

A CAnd I belshewe hym for me
But a byde now let me se
where shall I haue a hors

B CPay we shall nede no horse ne mule
But let vs Just at farte pryke in cule

A CBe seynt iame no forle
Eyn so be it / but where is oure gere

B CBy my fayth all thing is redy
That belongethe ther to
Comforthe ye flowre of the fryng pane
Helpe ye to a ray vs as well as ye can
And how so euer ye do
Se that ye iuge indifferently
whiche of vs twayne hathe the mastery

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

B CThushe that is the lest care of. xlv.
And yf I do not on my game be yt sene
Go to / bynd me fyrst hardely
So lo now geue me my spere
And put me astasse thozow here

Than am I all redy

A **A** byde who shall helpe to harnys me

an. **C**hat shall I do so mott I the
with a ryght gode wpll

A **S**oft and fayre myne arme is soze
ye may not bynd me strayt ther foze

an. **C**Ray no moze I wpll
I wpll not hurte the foze. xx. pounde
Come of now syt Downe on the grounde
Euy n bpon thy tayle

A **E**y gode lozde whan wpll ye haue do

an. **C**Now all is redy hardely go to
Bydde hym bayle bayle

A **C**fall to pzayer syzs it is nede
As many of you as wolde me gode spede
foz this gere stondyth me bypon

B **C**ye and that shall thou fynde oz we departe
And yf thou spare me I shzow thy harte
Let me se com on

CEt plectus dicat A.

A **C**Out out a las foz payne
Let me haue a pzyst oz I be slayne
My syn to dysclose

B **C**And by cause he sayth so / it is nede
foz he is not in clene lyfe in dede
I fele it at my nose. foz so. ac.
Now ye ar myne lady

an. **C**Ray neuer the moze

B **C**No why so

an. **C**Foz I am taken by before

B **C**Mary I be shzew your hart there foze
It shold better content me
That ye had be taken by be hynde

- an. Nay nay ye vnderstand not my mynde
In that poynt
- B. It may well be
But tell me how ment ye then
- an. Mary I am sure to an other man
whose wyfe I intende to be
- B. Nay I trow by cockis passyon
ye wyll not mocke vs of that fasyon
ye may not for very shame
- an. Shame or not so shall it be
And by cause that fore the loue of me
ye.ii. haue made this game
It shall not be done all in vayne
for I wyll rewarde you bothe twayne
And ellis I were to blame
Some what there by ye must nedis wyn
And therfore to euer yche of you wyll I spyre
A new pepre of breeches
Take the that fore thy dole
And by cause he is blacke in the hole
he shall haue as moche
- Et vtroq; flagellato recedit ancilla.
- A. Oute a las what woman was this
- B. It is lucrez mayde
- A. The deuyll it is
I pray god a vengeance take her
How saist thou shall she be thy wyfe
- B. Nay I had leuer she had etyn my knyfe
I vtterly forsake her
- Intrat Caius.
- Ga. How syrs who hath a rayde you thys
- A. Fals theups maister I wys
And all for your quarell

Ga. What and this other man too
 I Eye and ye wolde oure hondes bndō
 The matter whe shall tell
 Ga. Eyes mary wpll I now tell on
 who hathe you these wzongis Done
 I Mary that I shall
 Cornelyus seruantis whiche is your enmy
 Espyed me goyng to ward lucrez place
 That I coude byzngē the matter to passe
 Of that gentylman as your desyre was
 They leyd a wayte for me in the way
 And so they leste me in this araye
 Ga. Eye but haste thou ony dedely wounde
 That is the thinge that feryth my mynde
 I I saythe I was leste for dede on the grounde
 And I haue a grete garce here by hynde
 Out of the whiche ther cōmythe suche awpynde
 That yf ye holde a candyll therto
 Hyt wpll blowe it oute that wpll hyt do
 Ga. ESe to hyt be tyme by myne aduylse
 Lest the wounde sewster with in
 I Then haue I nede of a gode surgyn
 For hyt is so depe within the skyn
 That ye may put yourc nose therin
 Euyñ bp to the harde eyes
 Here is a man that quyt hym aswell
 For my defence as euer I see
 He toke suche parte that in the quarell
 His arme was strykyne of by the harde kne
 And yet he slew of them. ii. oz. iii.
 Ga. Be they slayne nay god forbyde
 I Eyes so helpe me god I warande them dede
 How be it I stonde in grete dzedē

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1

That yf euer I come in theyr way
They wyll kyt of his arme oz his hede
foz so I herde them all. iiii. say

Ga. Whichē thay that were slayne

A Eye by this day
what nedyrh me thcrfoze to lye
He herd it hym selfe as well as I

Ga. Well then ye lye both two
But now tell me what hast thou do
As touchynge my cōmaundement
That I badde the do to lucres
Spakyst thou with her

A Eye syz dowlles
And this is her intent
Sche cōmaundyth hyr to you by the same tokyn
That with hyr father she hath spokyn
Accordynge to your requeste
And so she wyllythe you to be of gode cyere
Desyrynge you this nyght to appere
Oz to morow at the furthest
And she wyll mete you here in this place
To grue you A fynall answare in this case
where to ye shall trust

Ga. That is the thing that I desyre
But sayd she so

A Eye be thys fyre
I tell you berey iuste
In so moche that she bad me say
And warne you that ye shulde putuay
foz your owne besenes
foz than it shall determyde be
whether publyus coznelyus oz ye
Shall haue the pemyence

5a. **C**All that purpose lykethe me well
But who shall be here moze canst thou tell
A **M**ary here shall be fulgens
And publius cornelius hym selfe also
With dyuerse other many moo
Besyde this honozable audyence
Wherfore yf ye wyll poure honour saue
And your intent in this matter haue
It is best that ye go hens
For to study and call to mynde
Suche argumētis as ye can best fynde
And make your selfe all pzeft
5a. **T**hy counsell is gode be it so
And euyne there after wyll I do
For I holde it best

Et exeat gatus & A. **I**ntrat B.

B **G**oddes body sye this was affytt
I be shrew the hoyses hart pett
When I thinke ther on
And yet the strokys be not so soze
But the shame greuyth me moze
Sith that it was done
Be fore so many as here be pzeent
But and I myght take her
By my trowth I shall make her
This dede to repent
A **E**yet thou were as gode holde thy pease
For ther is no remedy doutles
Therfore lett itt go
It is to vs bothe grete foly and shame
This matter ony moze to reherse or name
Cwell than be it so
B And yet be cause she hathe made me smart

I trust onys to ryde in her carte
Be it shame or no
I can not suffre it paciently
To be rebuked openly
And to be mockyd also
An other thing greuythe me werst of all
I shal be shent that I shall
Of my mapster too
Be cause I haue ben so long a way
Dute of his pzelesence

A Nay. nay.

I haue harde so muche syth I went hens
That he had lityll mynd to thyn offens

B I pray you tell me why

A For as I brought my mapster on hys way

I harde one of lucres men say

That thy mapster hathe ben

All this houre at her place

And that he his answere hase

This wyse as I mene

She hathe appoynted hym to be here

Sone in the euyning a bouthe Suppere

An than he shall haue a fynall answere

what she entendith to do

And so than we shal know here intent

For as I vnderstond she wyll be content

To haue one of them too

But furst she wyll nedis know the certayn

whether is the most noble of them twayne

This she sayeth alway

B Why that is easy to vnderstonde

ys she be so wyse as nien bere in honde

A Eys so I hard you say

Let me se now what is your oppynion
whether of them is most noble of condycion

B **T**hat can I tell hardely
He that hath the moste nobles in store
Hym call I the most noble euer more
for he is most sett by

And I am sure cornelius is able
with his owne goodis to bye a rable

Of suche as gayus is

And ouer that yf noblenes of kyn

May this womans fauour wyn

I am sure he can not mys

A **E**ye but come hether sone to the ynde of this playe
And thou shalt se wherto all that wyll wey

It shall be for thy lernynge

B **E**ye cum agayne who wyll for me
for I wyll not be here so mot I the

It is a gentylmāly thinge

That I shulde a wayt and com a gayne

for other mennys causes and take suche payne

I wyll not do it I make god a bove

why myght not this matter be endyd now

A **M**ary I shall tell the why

Lucrece and her father may not attende

At this selson to make an ende

So I hard them say

And also it is a curteyse gyse

for to respyte the matter this wyse

That the partyes may

In the meane tyme aduyse them well

for erther of them bothe must tell

And shew the best he can

To force the goodnes of his owne condycion

Bothe by example and gode reason
I wold not for a swan
That thou sholdest be heng at that season
For thou shalt here a reyal disputacyon
Si twext them or thay haue do
An other thing must be considred with all
These folke that sitt here in the halle
May not attende there too
Whe may not with oure long play
Lett them fro theyre dyner all day
Thay haue not fully dyned
For and this play where ones ouere past
Some of them wolde falle to fedpyng as fast
As thay had bene almost pyned
But no forle hardely and they do
Wther gete them goode wyne therto
Fyll them of the best
Let it be do or ye wyll be shent
For it is the wyll and comaundement
Of the master of the fest
And therfore we shall the matter for bere
And make apoynt eyn here
Lest we excede a mesure
And we shall do oure labour & trewe entent
For to play the remenant
At my lordis pleasure

Efinis prime partis

Entrat A dicens.

Miche gode do it pou eueryche one
ye wyl not beleue how fast I haue gone
foz fere that I holde come to late
No forle I haue lost but a lytyll swete
That I haue taken vpon this hete
My colde corage to a bate
But now to the matter that I cam foze
ye know the cause therof be foze
your wittis be not so short
Herde my felowys and I were here
To day whan ye where at dyner
And shewed you a lytyll disport
Of one fulgens and his doughter lucres
And of .ii. men that made grett besynes
Her husbonde foz to be
She answered to them bothe than
Loke whiche was the moze noble man
To hym she wolde agre
This was the substance of the play
This was shewed here to day
All be it that there was
Dyuers toyes mengled yn the same
To styre folke to myrthe and game
And to do them solace
The whiche tryfyllis be imptinent
To the matter principall
But neuer the lesse they be expedient
foz to satysfe and content
Many a man with all
foz some there be that lokis & gappys
Only foz suche tryfles and Jappys

And some there be a monge
That forceth lytyll of suche madnes
But delytyth them in matter of sadnes
Be it neuer so longe
And euery man must haue hys mynde.
Ellis thay will many faultys fynde
And say the play was nought
But no force I car not
Let them say and spare not
For god knoweth my thought
It is the mynde and intent
Of me and my company to content
The leste that stondyth here
And so I trust ye wyl it a lowe
By godis mercy where am I now
It were almys to wyngie me by the eare
By cause I make suche degression
From the matter that I began
whan I entred the halle
For had I made a gode cōtynuaunce
I sholde haue put you in remēbraunce
And to your myndis call
How lucres wyl come hyder a gayne
And her sayde louers bothe twayne
To dyffyne thys question
Whether of them ys the moze noble man
For theron all this matter began
It is the chefe foundacyon
Of all thys proces both all and some
And yf thes players where ons come
Of this matter will they speke
I meruell gretely in my mynde
That thay tary so long behynde

Theyre howre for to breke
But what syzs I pray you eudrychone
Haue pacyens for thay come a none
I am sure they wyll not fayle
But thay wyll mete in this place
As theyre promys and apoyntment wase
And ellis I haue merucyle
Let me se what is now a cloke
A there comyth one I here hym knoke
He knokythe as he were wood
One of you go loke who it is
I pray nay all the meyny of them I wis,
Can not so moche gode
A man may rappe tyll his naylis ake
Or ony of them wyll the labour take
To gyue hym an answere
I haue grete maruell on the
That euer thou wylt take vpon the
To chyde ony man here
No man is so moche to blame as thou
For longe tarynge
O ye god auow
Wyll ye play me that
Hary that shall be amended anone
I am late comen and I wyll sone be gone
Ellis I shrew my catt
Kockis body syz it is a fayre relone
I am com hedyr att this season
Only at thy byddynge
And now thou makyst to me a quarell
As though all the matter were in parell
By my longe tarynge
Now god be with you so mote I the

ye shall play the knave a lone for me

A

What I am a frayde

I wis ye are but lewyde

Turne agayne all be shrewde

Now are you fayne prayde

B

Why than is your angyr all do

A

Oye mary is it lo

B

So is myne too

I haue done clene

But now how goyth this matter forth

Of this mariage

A

By saynt iame ryght nought worth

I wot nere what thay meane

For I can none other wise thinke

But that some of them begyn to shrinke

By cause of ther longe tariage

B

Shrynke now q a / mary that were meruele

But one thinge of surete I can the tell

As touchynge this mariage

Cornelius myr mayster apoyntyth hym ther vpon

And dowtles he wyll be here a none

In payne of forty pens

In so muche that he hath deuplyde

Certayne straungers fresshly disgysd

Att his owne expens

For to be here this nyght also

A

Straungers q a / what to do

B

Mary for to glade with all

This gentyl womā at her hedyr comynge

A

Then I se well we shall haue A mūmynge

B

Oye surely that we shall

And therfor neuer thinke it in thy mynde

That myr mayster wyll be behynde

Noz slacke at this bargyn

Mary here he comyth I haue hym aspyde

No more wordis stonde thou a syde

For it is he playne

02. 0 My frynde where abowt goist thou all day

5 Mary syz I came heder to a say

Whedyr these folke had ben here

And yet thay be not come

So helpe me god and holydome

Of that I haue moche maruaile/that thay tary so

02. Mary go thi way / & wit where thay wyll oz no

5 Iye god abow shall I so

02. Iye mary so I say

5 Iyet in that poynt as semyth me
ye do not accor dyng to your degre

02. I pray the tell me why

5 Mary it wolde be com them well I now

To be here a fore and to wayte vpon you

And not you to tary

For theyr lapyr and abyde them here

As it were one that were ledde by the eare

For that I desy

By this mene you sholde be theyr dzuge

I tell you trought I

And yet the worst that greueth me

Is that your aduersary sholde in you se

So notable A folp

Therfore witdrazw you for a seafone

02. By seynt Iohan thou sayst but reasone

Iye do so hardely

And whan the tyme drazwith vpon

That thay be com euerychone

And all thinge redy

B **C** Than shall I come streyght a way
For to seche you withoute delay
coz. **B** e it so hardely
But one thinge whyle I thiuke ther one
Remēber this when I am gone
yef hit happon so

That lucre come in fyrst alone
Go in hand with her anone
How so euer thou do
For to fele her mynde toward me
And by all meanis possyble to be
In duce her ther vnto

B **C** Than some token you must gyue me
For ellis she wyll not beleue me
That I cam from you

coz. **C** Mary that is eyn wysely spoken
Comaunde me to her by the same token
She knowyth it well I now
That as she and I walkydc onis to gedyr
In her garden hedyr and thedyr
There happonde a straunge case
For at the last we dyd se
Abyrd sittynge on a holow tre
An ashe I trow it was
Anone she prayde me for to assay
yf I coude start the byrde a way

B **A** nd dyde ye so / alas alas

coz. **C** why the deuyll sayst thou so

B **C** By cokkis bonis for it was a kocko
And men say amonge
He that throwyth stone oz stycke
At suche abyrd he is lycke
To synge that byrdes souge

coz. What the deupll recke I therfore
Here what I say to the euer moze
And marke thine erand well
Sy? I had no stone to thzow with all
And therfore she toke me her musc ball
And thus it befell
I kyst it as strayght as ony pole
So that it lyghtyde euyne in the hole
Of the holow ashe

B Now canst thou remeber all this
By god I wolde be loth to do amys
For some tyme I am full rashe
ye say that ye kyst it euyne in the hole
Of the holow ashe as strayte as apole
Sayde ye not so

coz. Yes.

B Well then let me a lone
As for this erande it shall be done
As sone as ye be go

eo2. Fare well then I leue the here
And remebyr well all this gere
How so euer thou do Et exeat corneli?

B Yes hardely this erande shall be spoken
But how say you sy? by this tokene
Is it not a quapnt thinge
I went he hade bene a sad man
But I se well he is amade man
In this messlage doyng
But what chose he for me
I am but as a messenger perde
The blame shall not be myne but his
For I wyll his token reporte
Whether she take it in ernest or spozte

I wyll not therof mys
Be she wroth or well a payde
I wyll tell her euyn as he sayde **Entrat lucre.**

God a bow here she is
It is tyme for me to be wyse
Now welcome lady. floure of pryncesse
I haue sought you twyse or thryse
wythin this houre I wys

luc. **M**e syr haue ye sought me
B **E**ye that I haue by god that bowght me
luc. **T**o what intent

B **M**ary for I haue thingis a few
The which I must to you shew
By my maysters comaundement
Publius Cornelius is hys name
your veray loue in payne of shame
And yf ye loue hym not ye be to blame
for this dare I say

And on a booke make it gode
He louyd you better than his one hart blode

luc. **H**ys harde bloode nay nay
B **H**alf that loue wolde serue for me

Eyet sithe he dyde you fyrst se
In the place where he dwellis
He had louyd you so in hys hart
That he settyth not by hym self a fart
Nor by noo man ellis
And by cause ye schulde gyue credence
Unto my sayng in hys absence
And trust to that I say

He tolde me tokyns. ii. or. iiii.
whiche I know well as he tolde me

luc. **T**okyns what be thay

B **L**et me se. now I had nede to be wyse
 For one of his tokyns is very nyse
 As euer I harde tell
 He prayd you for to beleue me
 By the same tokyn that ye and he
 walkyd to geder by a holow tre
luc. **A**ll that I know well
B **A** than I am yet in the ryght way
 But I haue som other thyng to say
 Towchyng my credence
 whiche as I thynke were best to be spared
 For happely ye wold not haue it declared
 Byfoze all this audience
luc. **N**ay nay hardely spare not
 As for my dedis I care not
 yf all the worlde it harde
B **M**ary than shall I procede
 He shewde me also in very dede
 How ther satt a byrde
 And than ye delyueryd hym your muskball
 For to thzow at the byrd with all
 And than as he sayd ye dyd no woys
 But euyñ fayr kyst hym on the noke of the ars
luc. **N**ay ther thow lvest fallself by my say
B **T**routh it was on the hole of thars I schulde say
 I wyft well it was one of the too
 The noke oz the hole
luc. **N**ay noz yet so
B **B**y my fayth ye kyst hym oz he kyst you
 On the hole of thars chose you now
 This he tolde me sure
 How be it I speke it not in repzoue
 For it was done but for gode loue

Inste
 For
 the

And for no synfull pleasure
luc. Nay nay man thou art farr a mys
I know what thyn erande is
Though thou be nedlygent
Of thy foly thou mayst well a basshe
For thou shuldis haue sayde the holow allhe
That hole thy mayster ment

26 By god a vow I trow it was
I crye you mercy I haue done you trespas
But I pray you take it in pacyence
For I mystoke it by negligence
A myscheef com theron
He myght haue sent you this gere in a letter
But I shall go lerne myn erande better
And cum apen a non Et exeat.

luc. Cye so do hardely
Now for soth this was a lewed message
As euer I harde sith I was boze
And yf his mayster haue therof knowlege
He wyll be angry with hym therfore
How be it I will speke therof no moze
For hyt hath ben my condiscyon alwey
No man to hender but to helpe where I may
Entrat A.

A I feyr maysters lyketh it you to know
That my mayster comaunde me to you

luc. Comaundeth you to me

A Nay comaundeth you to hym

luc. Cwele amendyd by saynt syn

A Comaundeth he to you I wolde say
Or ellis you to he now chole ye may
Whether lyketh you better
And here he sendyth you a letter
Godis mercy I had it ryght now

Syzs is there none there a mong you
That toke by suche a wytyng

I pray you syzs let me haue it agayne

I ye ar a gode messanger for certeyne

But I pray you syz of one thyng
who is your mayster tell me that.

Maister what call ye hym pde ye wott
whome I mene well and fyne

Yet I know not so mot I go

What yes pde he that wolde haue you so

I suppose there be many of tho
yf I wolde enclyne

But yet know I not who ye mene

I holde best that ye go a gepene

To lerne your maysters name

By my fayth and I holde it best

ye may say I am a homely gest

In earnest & in game

Al byde I shall go to you nere honde

what ys your owne name I wolde vnderstonde

Tell me that oz I go

I trow thou canst not well tell

By my fayth not verely well

By cause ye say so

Et scalpēs caput post modicū interuallū dicat

By this lyght I haue forgotten

How be it by that tyme I haue spoken

with som of my company

I shall be acerteyned of this gere

But shall I fynde you agayne here

I ye that thou shalt happely

Et creat A.

Now sayz Iucres accordyng to thappoyntement

That ye made with me here this day

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By cause ye shall not fynde me there neclygent
Here I am come your wyll to obey
And redy am I for my selfe to sey
That as to whyng the degre of noble condycion
Betwixt me and gayus there may be no cōparison
And that shall I shew you by apparent reason
yf it shall lyke you that I now begynne

luc. **C** Nay. ye shall spare it for a lytyll season
Tyl I suche tyme þ gayus your aduersary come in
For I wyll gyue you therin none audience
Tyll ye be both to geer in p̄sence
And in ony wyse kepe well your patience
Lyke as I haue bound you both to the peace
I forbyde you vtterly. all maner of violence
Duryng this matter. and also that ye seace
Of all suche wordis as may gyue occasion
Of brallynge or other ongodely condycion

coz. **C** There shal be in me no suche abusyon
In worde nor dede. I you p̄myse
But now let me se. what occupation
Or what maner of passe tyme wyll ye deuysse
whyle that these folke dothe tary this wyse
wyll ye see a bace daunce after the gylse
Of spayne. whyle ye haueno thyng to do
All thyng haue I puruaide that belongyth therto

luc. **C** Syr I shall gyue you the lokynge on

coz. **C** wyll ye do so I aske no more
Go sone and bidde them come thens a none
And cause the mynystrells to come in beffoze

B **C** Mary. as for one of them his lippe is soze
I trow he may not pype he is so lyke
Spele by tambozyne ik bide owe frelike

C Et. deinde corisabunt.

14c. **C**fōr sothe this was a godely recreacyon
But I pray you of what maner nation
Be these godely creatours
were they of Englonde oꝛ of wales
B **C**hay they be wylde Irish portyngales
That dyde all these pleasures
How be it/it was fōr my maysters sake
And he wyll deserue it I vndertake
On the largest wyse
02. **C**Go thy selfe why stondis thou so
And make them chere let it be do
The best thou canst deuyle
B **C**yes they shall haue chere heuyn hye
But one thing I promyse you faithfully
They get no dꝛynke therto **C**reat.

Cdicat lucrez.

CLo here thys man ys come now
Now may ye in your matter pcede
ye remembꝛe both what I sayde to you
Touchynge myne answere I trow it is no nede
Ony more to reherse it

02. **C**No in veray dede
fōr moche rehersall wolde let the spede
Of all this matter it nedyrh no more
Let vs roundely to the matter we come fōr

14c. **C**ye that I pray you as hartly as I can
But fyrst me semyth it were expedient
That ye both name some indifferent man
fōr to gyue betwyxt you the fōrseyde iugement

02. **C**hay as fōr that by myne assent
No man shall haue that office but ye

3a. **C**And I holde me well content that it so be

14c. **C**ye but notwythstondyng that ye therto agre

That I sholde this question of nobles diffine
 It is a grete matter whiche as semyth me
 Pertayneth to a philosopher or ellis a deuyn
 How be it sith the choyse of this matter is myne
 I can be content vnder certayne ptestacyon
 whan that I haue harde you to say myne opinion.
 To this wyse I mene and thus I do intende
 That what so euer sentēce I gyue betwixt you two
 After myne owne fantasie it shall not extende
 To ony other pson I wyll that it be so
 For why no man ellis hath theryn a do
 It may not be notyde for a generall pcedent
 All be it that for your partis ye do therto assent
 As touchyng that poynt we holde vs well cōtent
 your sentence shall touche no man but vs twayne
 And sith ye shall gyue it by our owne agrement
 None other man ought to haue there at disdayne
 wherfor all thys dout ye may well refrayne
 And in þ matter principall this tyme wolde be spent
 Than wyll I begynne
 I holde me well content
 Syth ye haue promysed fayze lucre here to fore
 That to the moze noble man ye wyll encline
 vary not fro that woꝛde and I aske no moze
 For than shall the victoꝛy of this cause be myne
 As it shalbe easy to Iugge and diffyne
 For euery creature that ony reason hase
 Me semyth I durst make hym self iugge in this case
 Saue that I fere me the beaute of your face
 Sholde therin blynde hym so that he ne myght
 Egally disserne the wꝛonge fro the right
 And if he were half so wyse a man in dede
 As he reputeth hym self for to be

Ga.

coz.

Ga.

coz.

Upon your saide answere he sholde not nede
To gayne say in this matter or trauers with me
My noblenes is knowen thorow all the cyte
He knoweth hym selfe the noblenes of my kyn
And at that one poynt my proces I wyll begyne

Amonge all thistozyes of Romaines that ye rede
Where fynde ye ony blode of so gret noblenes
As hath ben the cornelys wherof I am bredde
And if so be that I wolde therin holde my pease
yet all your cornecles beryth gode witnes
That my pgenytours and auncetours haue be
The chiefe ayde and diffence of this noble cyte

How ofte haue myne auncetours i tymes of necessite
Delyuerd this cyte from dedely parell
As well by theyr manhode as by theyr police
What leopardi & paine they haue suffred in þ quarell
The myre to encrece and for the comune wele
It nedith not the specialties to reherse or name
Sith euery trew romaine knoweth the same

In euery manys howse that histories be rise
And wrytten in booke as in some placis be
The gestis of arthur. or of alexandrys life
In the whiche stozies ye may euidently se
And rede how Cartage that royall cyte
By cicion of affrick my grete graunte sire
Subduede was and also ascribede to his empire

And many other cyties that dyde conspire
Apynst the noble senatoure makynge resistance
As often as necessite d'it require
They were reducyd vnto due obedience

Either by the policy or by the violence
Of my sayde aunceters thistories be playne
And witnesse y I speke not these wordis in bayne

My blode hath euer takyn suche payne
To salue garde the comune wele fro ruyn & decay
That by one aduylse the Senat dyde orderne
Them to be namyd the faders of the contrary
And so were myne auctours reputed alway
For in euery nede they dyde vpon them call
For helpe as the chylde doth on the fader naturall

How be it to praye them it was no nede at all
For of their owne myndis they were redy alway
In tokyn of the same for a niemoriall
Of theyr desertis the cytie dyde edifye
Triumphall arches wheruppon ye may
To my grete honour se at this day
Thymages of myn auncetours eyn by and by
By cause that theyr noblenes sholde neuer dye

In token also that they were worthy
Grete honour and prayse of all the contray
It is comaunded and bled generally
That euery cytezen that passith that way
By the sayde Images he must obey
And to that fygyres make a due reuerence
And ellis to the lawes he dothe grete offence

Sith it is so than that of conuenience
Suche honoure and homage must nedis be do
To these dede ymagis than muche more reuerence
To me sholde be geuyn I trow ye thinke so

For I am theyr very ymage and relyque to
Of theyr flesh and blode. and veray Inherytoure
As well of theyr godes. as of theyr sayde honour

To me they haue left many a castell and toure
Whiche in theyr triūphes thay rightfully wan
To me they haue also left all theyr tresoure
In suche abundaunce that I trow no man
With in all rome sith it fyrst began
Had half the stoz as I vnderstonde
That I haue eyn now at ons in my honde

Lo in these thyngs my noblenes doth stonde
Whiche in myne oppynyon suffiseth for this intent
And I trow there is no man thzowgh all this londe
Of Italy but if he were here pzent
He wolde to my sayng in this matter assent
And gyue vnto me the honour and peminence
Rather than make a gayne me resistance

I maruayle gretly what shulde thy mynde insence
To thinke that thy tyle therin sholde be gode
Barde thow canst not say for thy deffence
That euer there was gentilman of thy kyn or blode
And if there were oone it wolde be vnderstonde
Without it be thy self whiche now of late
Among noble gentylmen playest check mate

c. No more therof I pray you. suche wordis I hate
And I dyde for bid you them at the begynnyng
To eschue thoccasyn of stryfe and debate

a. Nay let hym a lone he spekyth after his lernyng
For I shall answer hym to euery thyng
Whan he hath all said if ye woll here me

As I thinke ye wyll of your equyte
Abide I must make an ende fyrst pde
 To you swete lucrez I wolde haue said befoze
 That yf ye wyll to my desyre in this matter agre
 Doubtles ye shall blesse the tyme y euer yewere boze
 For riches shall ye haue at your will euer moze
 without care oz study of laboziouse besynes
 And spend all your dayes in ease & plesaūt idelnesse

About your owne apparell ye can do non excelle
 In my cōpany that sholde displese my mynd
 with me shall ye do non other maner of besynes
 But hunt for your solace at the hart and hynde
 And some tyme where we cōuenient game fynde
 Dure hawkis shal be redy to shew you a flight
 whiche shal be right plesaūt & chereful to your sight

And yf so be that in huntynge ye haue no delyght
 Than may ye daunce a whyle for your disport
 ye shall haue at your pleasure both day and night
 All maner of mynstrally to do you comfort
 Do what thynge ye wyll I haue to support
 Our chargis. and ouer that I may susteyne
 At myne owne fyndyng an. L. oz twayne

And as for hym I am certayn
 Hys auncetours were of full pooze degre
 All be it that now withyn a yere oz twayne
 By cause that he wold a gentilman be
 He hath hym gotten both office and fee
 whiche after the rate of hys wrechyd sparyng
 Suffiseth scarsely for hys bare lyuyng

Wherfoze swete lucrez it were not accoꝝdyng
Foz your grete beaute with hym to dwell
Foz there sholde ye haue a threde bare lyuynge
With wꝛechyd scarcenes and I haue herde tell
That maydens of your age loue not ryght well
Suche maner of husbondis without it be thay
That foꝛceth lytyll to cast them self a way

I mene specyally foz suche of them as may
Spede better if they wyll as ye be yn the case
And therfoze lucrez what so euer he wyll say
Hys title agaynst you to foꝛce and embrace
ye shall do your owen selfe to grete a trespass
yf ye folow hys part and enclyne therto
Now say what/ye wyll syꝛ foz I haue all doo

With ryght gode will I shall go to
So that ye will here me with as grete pacience
As I haue harde you/reason wolde soo
And what so euer I shall speke in this audience
Eythꝛ of myn owne meritꝛ oꝛ of hys insolence
yet fyrst vnto you all syꝛs I make this request
That it wolde lyke you to construe it to the best

Foz lothe wolde I be as ony creature
To boste of myne owne dedis it was neuer my gylt
On that other syde loth I am to make ony reportur
Of this mans foly oꝛ hym to dispice
But neuer y lesse this matt to wchith me i suche wise
That what so euer ye thinke in me I must pꝛede
vnto the veray tꝛouth therof. as the matt is in dede

To make a grete reherfall of that ye haue saide
The tyme will not suffre but neuer the lesse

Two thinge foz your self in substaunce ye haue layd
whiche as ye suppose maketh foz your nobles
Upon the whiche thingis dependith all your pcesse
Fyrst of your auncetours ye allege the noble gestis
Secondly þ substaunce þ ye haue of theyr bequeste.

In the whiche thingis onely by your owne cōfession
Standeth all your noblenes this sayd ye beffoze
where vnto this I say vnder the corzection
Of lucre oure Iugge here that ye ar neuer þ more
worthy in myne oppyniō to be calld noble therfoze
And withoute ye haue bett causes to shew thā these
Of resōn ye must the victoꝝ of this matter lese

To þ fyꝛst parte as touching your auncetours dede
Some of them were noble lyke as ye declare
Thestozis bereth witnes I must graūt them ned
But yet foz all that some of them ware
Of contrary dipolycion like as ye are
Foz they dyde no pꝛoffite no more do ye
To the comon wele of this noble cytie

yf ye wyll the title of noblenes wyne
Shew what haue ye done your self therfoze
Some of your owne merit is let se/ byꝛng in
yf euer ye dyde ony syth ye were boze
But surely ye haue no suche thyng in stoze
Of your owne merit wherby of right
ye shulde appere noble to ony mānys sight

But neuer thelesse I wyll you not blame
Thowgh ye speke not of your owne dede at all
And to say the trowght ye may not foz shame

your lyfe is so boluptuouse and so bestiall
In folowynge of euery lust sensuall
That I maruaillc no thyng in my mynde
yf ye leue your owne dedis be hynde

He wenyth that by hys proude contenaunce
Of worde and dede with nyse aray
Hys grete othys and open mayntenaunce
Of theftis and murdres euery day
Also hys ryotouse disportis and play
Hys sloth his cowardy and other excesse
Hys mynde disposed to all vnclennesse
By these thyngis oonly he shall haue noblenesse

Nay the title of noblenes wyll not ensue
A man that is all geuyn to suche insolence
But it groweth of longe continued vertu
As I trust lady that poure indifferencc
Can well diffyne by your sentence
Hys auncetours were not of suche condicion
But all contrary to hys disposicion

And therfoze they were noble withouthen faile
And dyde grete honoure to all the contrey
But what can theyr sayde noblenes aduayle
To hym that takyth a contrary way
Of whome men spekith euery day
So grete dishonoure that it is maruel
The contrey suffereth hym therein to dwelle

And where he to wyteth me of pozekyn
He doth me therein a wrongfull offence
For no man shall thankis or praysynge wyne

2 m *Jas*

By the gyftis that he hath of naturès influence
Lyke wyse I thinke by a contrary sense
That if a man be bozne blynde or lame
Not he hym selfe but nature therin is to blame

Therfoz he doth not me therin repzeue
And as foz that poynt/this I wott welle
That both he and I cam of adam and eue
There is no difference that I can tell
Whiche makith oon man an other to excell
So moche as doth vertue and godely maner
And therin I may well with hym compare

How be it, I speke it not foz myne one prayse
But certeynly this hath euer be my condicion
I hane bozne vnto god all my daies
His laude and prayse with me due deuocion
And next that I bere all wayes
To all my neyghbours charitable affeccyon
Incōtynency & onclēnes I haue had in abhomiatio
Louyng to my frende and faythfull with all
And euer I haue withstonde my lustis sensuall

One tyme with study my tyme I spende
To eschew Idelnes the causer of syn
An other tyme my contrey manly I deffend
And foz the victoꝛyes that I haue done therin
ye haue sene pour selfe syz that I haue come in
To this noble cytee twyse or thyzle
Crownyd with lawꝛpel as it is the gyle

By these wayes lo I do aryse
Vnto grete honoure fro low degre
And yf myn heires will do like wyse

Thay shal be brought to nobles by me
But Cornely it semyth by the
That the nobles of thyn auncetours euerycheon
Shall vtterly starce and die in the alone

And where he to witteth me on that other syde
Of small possession and grete scaecenes
For all þ lady if ye will with me a bidde
I shall assure you of moderate richesse
And that sufficient for vs both doutles
ye shall haue also a man accorpyng
To poure owne condicions in euery thing

Now lucres I haue shewyd vnto you a parte
Of my title that I clayme you by
Besechynge you therfore with all my hart
To confidre vs both twayne indifferently
Whiche of vs twayne ye will rather alow
More worthy for nobles to marry with you

luc. **C**Syr I haue hard you both at large
coz. **C**Ray abide lucres I pray you hertly
Sithe he leyeth many thynges to my charge
Suffre that I may therunto repply

luc. **C**I wis replication shall not be necessary
without that ye haue some other thing in stoze
To shew for your self than ye dyde beffore

coz. **C**Why lady what thing will ye desyre more
Than I haue shewyd to make for noblenes

luc. **C**yes som thyng ther ys that makyth therfore
Better than ye haue shewid in your pcesse
But now let me se what man of witnes
Or what other proues will ye forth byng
By the whiche eyther of you may iustifie his sayng

- Ga. As for my parte I wyll stonde gladly
To the comune voyce of all the contrey
- luc. And ye lyke wyse syz
- coz. Ye certaynly
I shall in no wyse your woꝛde disobey
- luc. Than wyll I betwyrte you both take this way
I shall go enquire as faste as I may
what the comune fame wyll theryn repoꝛte
And whan I haue therof a due euidence
Than shall I a gayne to you resoꝛte
To shew you thoppnyon of my sentence
whome I wyll iugge to haue the pemyence
- coz. Nay sayze lucrez I you requyre
Let me not now depart in bayne
Not knowyng the effect of my desyre
- luc. Syz all though it be to you a payne
yet must ye do so euyne both twayne
Eche of you depart hens to hys owne place
And take no moze labour oꝛ payne in this case
For as to whyng the effect of my sentence
I shall go wryte it by gode aduysment
Sone after that I am departed fro hens
And than to eyther of you both shalbe sent
A copy of the same to this intent
That of none other pson it shall be sayn
Sith it concerneth but onely vnto you twayne
- Ga. This is a gode waye as in my mynde
Ar not ye syz content in lyke wyse
- coz. I wot nere yet I wyll prayse as I fynde
And as I haue cause that is euyn my gyse
- Ga. Well lucrez will ye comaunde me ony seruyce
- luc. No seruyce at all syz why say ye so
Our loꝛde spede you both where so euer ye goo

Et exeat pub. cornelius et
gaius flam.

Now som mayde happely. & she were in my case
wolde not take that way that I do intend
For I am fully determyned with godis grace
So that to gaius I wyll condyscend
For in this case I do hym comend
As the moze noble man sith he thys wyse
By meane of hys vertue to honoure doth aryse
And for all that I wyll not dispise
The blode of cornelius I pray you thinke not so
God forbede that ye sholde note me that wyse
For truely I shall honoure themwhere so euer I go
And all other that be of lyke blode also
But vnto the blode I wyll haue lytyl respect
where tho condicions be synfull and abiect
I pray you all syz as meny. as be here
Take not my wordis by a sinistre way
Cyes by my trouth I shall witnes bere
where so euer I be com a nother day
How suche a gentylwoman did oppynly say
That by a chozles son she wolde set moze
Than she wolde do by a gentylman boze
May syz than ye report me amys
I pray you tell me how sayd ye than
For god syz the substaunce of my wordis was this
I say eyn as I saide whan I began
That for vertue excellent I will honoure a man
Rather than for hys blode if it so fall
That gentil condicions a gre not with all
Than I put case that a gentilman boze
Haue godely maners to his birth accordyng
I say of hym is to be set gret stoz

g.i.

Suche one is worthy more laude and prayſyng
 Than many of them that hath their begynnynge
 Of low kynred ellis god forbede
 I wyl not afferme the contrary for my hede
 For in that caſe ther may be no compariſon
 But neuer the leſſe I ſaid this before
 That a man of excellent vertuouſe condicions
 All though he be of a poze ſtoke boze
 yet I wyl honour and comende hym more
 Than one that is deſcendide of ryght noble kyn
 whoſe lyffe is all diſſolute and rotyde in ſyn
 And therfore I haue determyned vtterly
 That gaius flaminius ſhall haue his intent
 To hym onely I ſhall my ſelf apply
 To bleſe me in wedloke at his comaundement
 So that to cornelyus I wyl neuer aſſent
 All though he had as grete poſſeſſion
 As ony one man in criſten region
 I ſhall in no wyſe fauour or loue hys condicyon
 How be it that his blode requyreth due reuerence
 And that ſhall I grue hym with all ſubmyſſion
 But yet ſhall he neuer haue the pemyſſion
 To ſpeke of very nobles by my ſentence
 ye be hys ſeruaunt ſyz go your way
 And report to your mayſter eyn as I ſay
B I ſhall I do that erand nay let be
 By the rode ye ſhall do it your ſelfe for me
 I promyſe you faythfully
 I wolde my mayſter had be in ſcotland
 whan he dyd put this matter in her hand
 To ſtond to her iugement
 But for aſmoche as it is ſo
 That this wrong to hym is doo

By a woman. he must let it goo
 And holde hym content
 But he is of suche disposycion
 That whan he hereth of this conclusion
 He wylbe starke madd
 ye by my trowth as made as an hare
 It shall make hym so full of care
 That he wyl with hym self fare
 Eyn as it were a lade
 And so wold not I so mote I thee
 For this matter and I were as he
 It shulde neuer anger me
 But this wold I do
 I wolde let her go in the mare name
 What now syrs how goth the game
 What is this woman go
 O ye ye man.
 And what way hath she takyn
 O By my fayth my mayster is forsakyn
 And nedis she wyl a gre
 Unto thy mayster thus she saieth
 And many causes therfoze she leyeth
 why it shulde so be
 O maruayle gretely wherof that grue
 O By my fayth she saide I tell the true
 That she wolde nedis haue hym for his vertue
 And for none other thyng
 O Vertue what the deuyl is that
 And I can tell I shrew my catt
 To myne vnderstondynge
 O By my fayth no moze can I
 But this she said here oppnly
 All these folke can tell

A Ho w say ye gode woman is it your gyse
 To choleall your husbondis that wyse
 By my trougt than I maruaile
B **C**hay this is the fere so mot I goo
 That men chise not theyr wyffe so.
 In placis where I haue be
 For wisse may well complayne and grone
 Albe it that cause haue they none
 That I can here or se
 But of weddyd men there be ryght fewe
 That welle not say the best is a shrew
 Therin they all a gree
 I warne you weddyd men euerichone
 That other remede haue ye none
 So moche for your ease
 And ye wold study tyll to morow
 But let them eyn alone with sorow
 whan they do you displease
A **T**ushe here is no man that settyth a blank
 By thy consell or koneth the thank
 Speke therof no more
 They know that remedy better than thou
 But what shall we twayne do now
 I care most therfore
 Me thinketh that matter wolde be wist
B **M**ary we may goo hens whan we lyst
 No man saith vs nay
A **W**hy than is the play all do
B **O**pe by my feyth and we were ons go
 It were do streight wey
A **A**nd I wolde haue thought in bere dede
 That this matter sholde haue prede
 To som other conclusion

Oye thou'art a maister mery man
Thou shall be wyse I wot nere whan
Is not the question
Of noblenes now fully desynde
As it may be so. by a womans mynde
What woldyst thou haue moze
Thow toldest me that other day
That all the substaunce of this play
was done specially therfor
Not onely to make folke myrth and game
But that suche as be gentilmen of name
May be somewhat mouyd
By this example for to eschew
The wey of vyce and fauour vertue
For syn is to be reprouyd
Moze in them. for the degre
Than in other parsons such as be
Of pour kyn and birth
This was the cause principall
And also for to do with all
This company some myrth
And though the matter that we haue playde
Be not percase so wele conueyde
And with so gret reason
As thistozy it self requyreth
yet the auctour therof desyrith
That for this season
At the lest ye will take it in pacience
And yf therbe ony offence
Show vs where in oz we go hence
Done in the same
It is onely far lacke of cōnyng
And not he / but his wit rūnyng

Is there of to blame
And glade wolde he be/and ryght fayne
That some man of stabyll bzaïne
wolde take on hym the labour and payne
This mater to a mende
And so he wyllyd me for to say
And that done of all this play
Shoztely here we make and end

I am W. Rob. Blomefilds bo.

Imprynted at london by Johan castell
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Mr. J. h. B. o. r. n.

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