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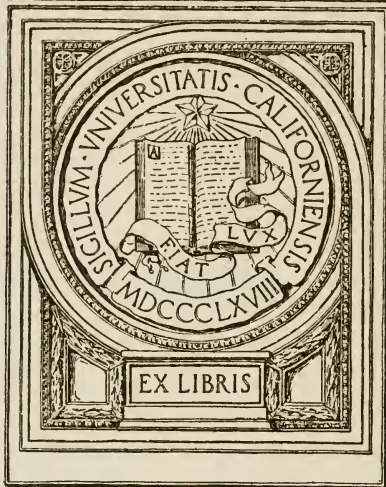
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I

FULGENS AND LUCRES

By HENRY MEDWALL

EXCHANGE



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I

FULGENS AND LUCRES



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I

FULGENS AND LUCRES

BY

HENRY MEDWALL

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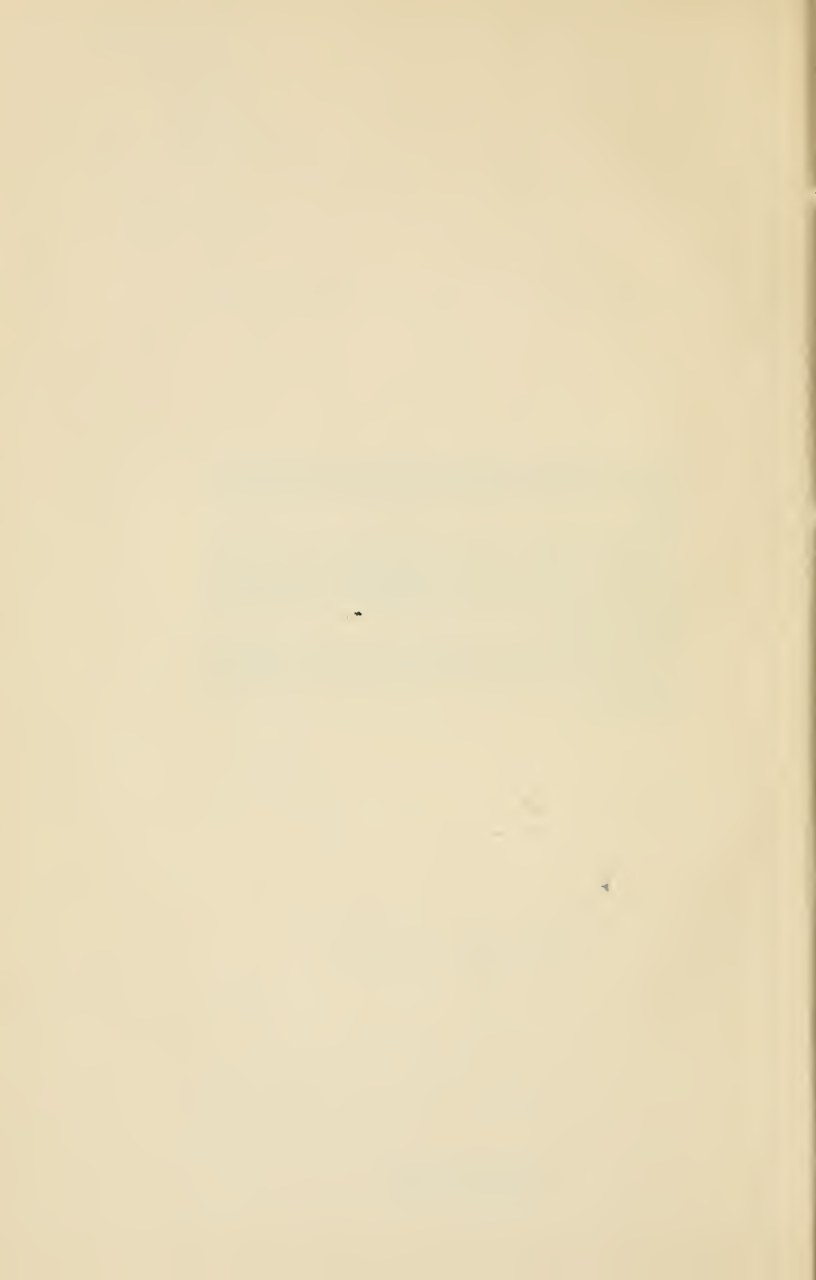
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*The early English books in the Henry E. Huntington Library will all be fully described in the elaborate catalogue prepared under the direction of Mr. George Watson Cole.*

*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.*

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## 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-

bishop of Canterbury, and afterwards printed by Rastell under the title of: a godely interlude of Fulgeus, Cenatoure of Rome, Lucrez 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.<sup>1</sup>

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,<sup>2</sup> 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.

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

<sup>2</sup> *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 *Tbersites* 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<sup>o</sup>), 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 Lucrez* 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 Lucrez* 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.

\*

\*      \*

The author of *Fulgens and Luces*, 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-1<sup>4</sup>).

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<sup>o</sup>, 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 Luces*.

The most recent biographers of Medwall<sup>1</sup> 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<sup>o</sup>) 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-*

<sup>1</sup> E.g., Th. Seacombe 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 chyldern of the sayd Chapell. In the same Venus and Bewte dyd tryumpe over al ther enemys, and tamed 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 Cornyshe a ryche reward owte of his owne hand, to be dyvydyd with the rest of his felows. Venus dyd synge a songe with Bewte, 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,  
Kynge attend when we doo call.

Inglyshe, and the oothers of the Kynge's pleyers, after pleyed an Interluyt, whiche was wryten by Mayster Midwell, but yt was so long yt was not lykyd: yt was of the syndyng 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 Luces*. 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 Luces*.

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

F. 40: *blank*.

4° Goth. 40 ffnc., the last a blank (a-f<sup>6</sup>, g<sup>4</sup>) 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.

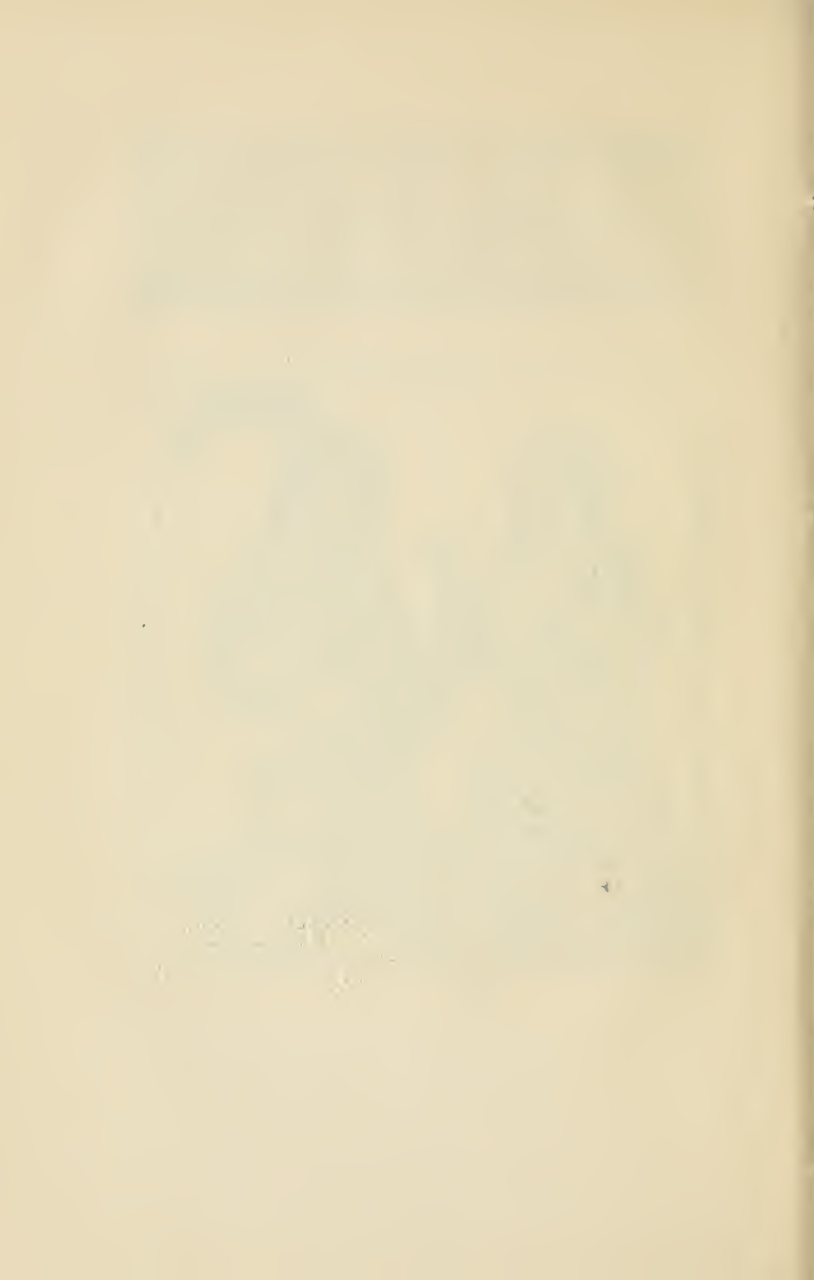
*Fragment.*

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  
Senatoure of Rome. Lucrece his daughter. Gayus  
flaminius. & Publi<sup>9</sup>. Corneli<sup>9</sup>. 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<sup>e</sup> ryght reuerent fader in god Johan  
Dorton cardynall & Archebysshop of Caüterbury.





Intrat A dicens.

**A**ffoz goddis will  
What meane ye syz to stond so still  
Haue not ye etyn & your full  
And payd no thinge therfoze  
I wys syz thus dare I say  
He that shall for the thott pay  
Vouch saueth. that ye largely assay  
Suche mete as he hath in stoze  
I trowe your dishes be not bare  
For yet ye do the wyne spare  
Therfoze 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 woordes amonge this pzeffe  
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 pzyty damesell  
For to daunce and spzyng  
Tell me what calt is it not fo  
I am sure here shalbe some what a do  
And I wis I will know it or I go  
with oute I be dzyuyngens

Intrat B.

Ray nay hardely man I vnder take  
No man wyll suche mastreyes make  
And it were but for the maner sake  
Thou maist tary by licence





And I trow ye shall like it well

**A** It semeth than that ye can tell  
Sumwhat of the mater

**B** Ove I am of counsell  
One tolde me all the processe

**A** And I pray you what shall it be.

**B** By my fayth as it was tolde me  
More than ones or twyse

As fare as I can bere it awaye  
All the substaunce of theyr play  
Shall procede this wyse.

When thempire of rome was in such flour  
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 thauctoꝝ sayth in veray dede.  
Her nobill vertu dide her fame excede

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

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 espec'iall  
So that she vtterly deternyued in her hert  
a. lii.

The one of them to haue all other sett a parte

**C**One of them was called publing *Coznelius*  
Borne of noble blode it is no nay  
That other was one *gavus flamyneus*  
Borne of a poze stocke as men doth say  
But for all that many a fayre day  
Thorough his grete wisdomē & vertues<sup>9</sup> be haupour  
He rulyd the comen wele to his grete honoure.

**A**nd how so be it that the vulgare oppinion  
Hade both these men in lyke fauour & reuerence  
Supposing they had bene of lyke condycion  
yct 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 condycions were openly declared

**A**nd yet to them both this comfozt she gaue  
He that coude be founde moze noble of them twayne  
In all godely maner her harte sholde he haue  
Of the whiche 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.

**T**here byp on was areplyd a grete doute & questiō  
Euery man all after as he was affeccionate  
Vnto the parties seyde his oppinion  
But at the laste in elchewyng of debate  
This matter was brought befoze the cenate  
They to gyue therin an better sentence  
Whiche of these.ii. men sholde haue.ꝑ. peminence

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

- A And shall this be the pces of the play  
B Eue so I vnderstonde be credible informacyon  
A By my fayth but yf it be cun as ye say  
I wyll aduise them to change that cōclusion  
What wyll they afferme that a chorles son  
Sholde be moze noble than a gentilman bozn  
May be ware for men wyll haue therof grete scozn  
It may not be spoken in no maner of case  
B Eues suche cōsyderacions may be layde  
That euery resonable man in this place  
Wyll holde hym therein right well apayde  
The matter may be so well conuayde  
A Let 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  
For I am nether of vertue excellent  
Nor yet of gentyl blode this I know well  
But I speke it onely for this entent  
I wolde not that any man sholde be shent  
And yet there can no man blame vs two  
For why in this matter we haue nought to do  
B 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 foze 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  
 wherfoz I can not think oz suppose  
 That they wyll ony woꝛde therin disclose  
 But suche as shall stond with treuth and reason  
 In godely maner accoꝛding to the season  
 A I lye but trowth may not be sayde alway  
 For somtyme it causith gruge & despice  
 B I lye goth the woꝛlde so now a day  
 That aman must say the crow is white  
 A I lye 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 I lye but as for the parisith 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 vtterly escheue  
 wherfoz I can think these folke wyll not spare  
 After playne trowth this matier to pꝛocede  
 As the stoꝛy seyth why shulde they care  
 I trow here is no man of the kyn oz sede  
 Of either partie/foz why they were boze  
 In the cytie of Rome as I sayd befoze  
 Therfoz leue all this doutfull question  
 And prayse at the parting euyn as ye synde

**A** — 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** CHees no moo wordes for now they come  
The plears bene euy n here at hand.

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

**B** CMary stand euy n here by me I warand  
Geue come 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 daughter lucrece.

**B** CShe comyth Anon I say hold thy pece.

¶ Intrat fulgens dicens.

¶ Euerlastyng ioy with honoure and praise.  
Se vn to our most drad lord & sauyour  
whiche doth. vs help & cōfort many ways  
Not lesyng vs destitute of his ayde & socour  
But lettith his son chyne ou the riche & pooze  
And of his grace is euer indifferent  
All be yt he diuersely cōmytteth his talent.

To some he lendith the spzete of pphery.

To some the plenty of tonges elo quence

To some grete wilsdome & woꝛldly policy

To some litterature and speculatyf science

To some he geueth the grace o f pemyence

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 speke 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 have all wey  
Hyderto endured with oute any greuaunce  
Of wordly aduersitie well may I see  
And thynke that I am bound to yeld and pay  
Grete prayse and thankes to the hye kynge  
Of whom pcedith and growith euery gode thing

And certes if I wold not praise of bofte  
The benefyte that he hath done vnto me  
yet is it well know of lest and most  
Through oute all rome hemperiall cyte  
What place in the cenate & honozable degre  
I occupye 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

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

For I haue a doughter in whom I delight  
As for the chefe comfort of myn olde age  
And surely my seyde doughter luces doth hight  
Whē seyth she is as lyke me in vilage  
As though she were euyr myn owne yuage  
For the whiche cause nature doth me forcc a bynde

¶ The more to fauour and loue here in my mynde  
But yet to the princypall and grettist occasion  
That makyth me to loue her as I do  
As this whiche I speke not of affection  
But euyr as the treuth mouith me ther to  
Nature hath wrought in my luces so  
That to speke of beaute and cleere 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 damessell  
She is so discrete and sad in all demeanyng  
And therto full of honest and verteous counsell  
Of here owne mynd that wonder is to tell  
The gistes of nature and of especiall grace

Am not I gretly bound in this case  
 To god as I reherfid you bifoze  
 I were to boyd of all refou and grace  
 If I wold not ferue and praple hym therfoze  
 With due loue & dze de he askyth no moze  
 As far as he will me grace ther to fend  
 The rest of my lif ther in will I spend  
 Albe yt that I must partely nitend  
 To:repmocyon of my doughter luces  
 To some metely marriage ellis god defend  
 She is my chief tewell and riches  
 My comfort agayn all care & heupnes

And also she is now of gode & ripe age  
 To be amānes fere by wey of marriage  
 wherfoz if I might see oz I dye  
 That she were bestowid sumwhat accozdyng  
 Then were my mynd dischargid vtterly  
 Of euey grete cure to me belongyng  
 It was the chief cause of my hider cūmyng  
 To haue a cōmunication in this same matere  
 with on Cozneli<sup>9</sup> cani ther non suche here

Intrat publius Coznelius dicens.

- coz. **C**yes now am I come here at the last  
 I haue taried long I cry you mercy.  
 ful. **P**ray no offence ther is no waste  
 Noz losse of tyme yet hardely  
 For this is the oure that ye and I  
 Apoyntid here to mete this other day  
 Now shew me your mynd lete me here what ye say.  
 coz. **C**han wyl I leue supfluite awey  
 For why ye know al redy my mide in sublance.  
 ful. **C**I what not whether I do ye oz nay  
 coz. **C**why is it now oute of your remēbzauce



That my desire is to honour & aduaunce  
your Doughter 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  
foz non in this cyte knowith better than I  
Of what grete birth oꝝ substaunce ye be  
My Doughter lucrez is full vnwoꝝthy  
Of birth & goodis to loke so hye  
Saying that happily her gode cōdicyon  
May her enable to suche a pꝛomocyon

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

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

ful. I And what comfozt wolde she gyue you therein

coꝝ. I By my seyth no grete comfozt to tell  
Sawe that she abideth to haue youre counsell  
foz as she seyth she will no thing.

I In suche mater to do with oute your counsell *guy*

Noꝝ other wyse than ye shalbe contente  
And theruppon it was my mynde & desire  
To speke with you of her foꝝ the same intent  
your gode will in this behalfe to requyre  
foꝝ I am so bzent in loues fyze  
That no thing may my payne aslake  
without that ye wyll my cure vnder take

b. f.

tul. Sye I thail do you the comfort that I can  
 As far as she wil be aduised by me  
 f<sup>vr</sup> How be it certeynly I am not the man  
 That wyl take from her the libette  
 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  
 co2. 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 therein assay  
 ful. For I shall think that euey howre is twayne  
 Till I may speke with you agayne  
 co2. Now a wise felow that had sumwhat a bzayne  
 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  
 For 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 sye 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 loquit B

B Now haue I spied a mete office for me  
 For I wyl be of counsell and I may  
 with yonder man  
 A Pece let be  
 Be god thou wyl distroy all the play

**B** Destroy the play quod a nay nay  
 The play began neuer till now  
 I wyll be doying I make god auow  
 For there is not in this hondred myle  
 A feter bakwde 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 oz nay  
 At the lest well dare I vndertake  
 The mariage vtterly to mare oz to make  
 If he and I make any bargeyn  
 So that I must gyue hym attendaunce  
 when thou seest me com in ageyn  
 Stond euyne still and kepe thy contenaunce  
 For when Gayus flamyneus comyth in  
 Than must thou thy pagcaunt 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 auauunce

**Creat.**

2

**M**ay then let me alone hardely  
yf any aduantage 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 fore some maner of besenes  
wolde become vs both well  
At the leste wyse. it is mery beyng  
with men in tyme of woynge  
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

**I**ntrat fulgeus lucrez & ancilla & dicat.  
Doughter Lucrez 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 opynyon  
It were tyme loste and wastfull occupacyon  
This matter to reherse or tell you any moze  
Syth ye it best knowe/as I sayde befoze

**B**ut the specyall cause that I speke fore  
Is touchynge youre mariage as ye knowe well  
Many folke there be that desyze soze  
And laboureth in that behalue with you to mell  
ye knowe what is for you ye uede no counsell  
Howe so be it. yf ye lyste my counseyle to requyre  
I shall be glad to satysfye there in youre desyre

lii. **T**ought it is fader that I am bounde  
As moche vnto you as ony chyld may be  
Vnto the fader lyuyng on the grounde  
And where it pleaseth you to gyue vnto me  
Myne owne fre choyle and my lyberte  
It is the thynge that pleaseth me well  
Sith I shall haue there in youre counsell

**A**nd nowe accordynge 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 specially two  
In whome as I trowe and so do ye  
The choyce of this matter must fynally be

**I**n 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 comaūdemente

lii. **M**aye doughter lucrez not so I mente  
For though I dyde somewhat to hym enclpne  
yet for all that it is not myne entente  
That ye shulde so there vpon vtterly diffyne  
But loke whom ye wyll on godys blessing & myne  
For truste ye me verely it is all one to me  
whether gayus flamyneus wedde you or els he

lii. **T**han syth I haue so greate lyberte  
And so gode choyce I were vnfortunable  
And also to vnwyle yf I wolde not see

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 condycyon  
 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. **A**t the leſte my gode wyll ſhall I put there to  
 ful. **C**han ſyth I haue byſynes at whome for to do  
 I wyll go thetherwarde as faſt as I may  
 lu. **I**s it youre pleaſure that I ſhall with you go  
 ful. **N**ay I had leuer that ye went your way  
 Aboute this matter.

**E**t creat.

lu. **W**ell god be with you than  
 I ſhall do there in the beſt that I can  
 lu. **E**t facta aliqua pauſatiōe dicat lucreſ  
**I** wyll not dysclaunder nor blame no man  
 But neuer theleſſe by that I here ſaye  
 Hoze maydens be diſſayued now and than  
 So greate dyſſemblynge now a daye  
 There is conuayed vnder wordes gaye  
 That if

**A**ncilla.

an. **P**eaſe lady ye muſt forbere  
 Se ye not who cometh here  
 lu. **W**ho is it wot ye ere  
 an. **I**t is gayus flamynus parde  
**H**e that wolde your huſbonde be  
 lu. **O**y gode lozde how wyſte he  
 for to fynde me here

**I**ntrat gayus flam.

**C**yes gode lady where so euer ye go  
He that lysteth to do his dyligence  
In suche manere wyse 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

**Iu.** **C**hyz ye be welcome what is your mynde

**Ca.** **W**hy fayre luces is that your gyse  
To be so straunge and so bnynde  
To hym that owith you louyng seruyce  
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

**Iu.** **C**yes in veray trowth I haue herde you say  
Att dyuerse tymes that ye bare me affeccyon  
To suche an intent I say not nay

**Ca.** **W**hat nede ye than to aske the question  
What I wolde with you at this season  
Me sciryth ye sholde therin doubt no more  
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 more  
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 wo'de you please in all that I may  
And to that purpose I wyl do what I can  
Though ye fozbyde 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  
**C**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 soz to betray  
 ye must haue me therin excusid  
 For it is the thing that I neuer vsid  
**C**Herfoze I will be shozt and playne  
 And I pray you hartely feyze luces  
 That ye wyll be so to me agayne  
 ye know well I haue made labour and besynes  
 And also despyd you by wordis expresse  
 That ye wold bouche saue in your harte  
 To be my wife till deth vs departe  
**C**Lo this is the mater that I come foze  
 To know therein your mynde and plesoure  
 & hether ye sett by me ony stoze  
 To the effect of my leyd desire  
 And nothing ellis I wyll require  
 But that I may haue a playne ye or nay  
 whereto I may trust with oute delay  
 lu. **C**Me thinketh that by that y<sup>e</sup> ye say  
 ye foze not what myne answere be.  
 ga. **C**A wyll ye take it that way  
 My lady I ment not so yde  
 Chaffirmatyfe were most lese to me  
 For as ye your self knowith 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. **C**Ray nay syr that guyse is best



ye can not displeyſe me with all  
And accoꝝdyng to your deſire I ſhall  
Eyn as ſone as I godely may  
Anſwere you therein with oute delay  
How be it / it can not be done ſtraight way  
If I myght gett a realme therby  
Fyrſt wyll I my faders mynde aſſay  
whether he wyll ther vnto applye  
foꝝ if he like you aſwell as I

ga. **C**your mynde in this behalf ſhalbe ſone eaſid

If my ſeyd fader can be content & pleyſid

Gramercy myne owne ſwete lucreſ

Of you deſire can I no moꝝe at all

Saue onely that ye do your beſynes

wpon youre fader beſily to call

So that what ſo euer ſhal be fall

with in few days I may verily know

To what effect this mater ſhal grow

lu. **C**ye ſhall know by to moꝝow nyght

what my fader wyll ſey therto

ga. **C**han ſhall ye make myne harte full light

If it pleyſe you ſo to do

lu. **C**yes doubt ye not it ſhal be ſo

And foꝝ that cauſe I wyll euen now depte

ga. **C**Now fare well than myne owne ſwete harte

**C**Et creat Lucreſ. deinde A. accedēs

ad Gayum fla. & dicat ei ſic.

A **C**ſyꝝ ye ſeme a man of grete honoure

And that moueth me to be ſo bolde

I rede you aduētūre not ouer moche labourē

wpon this woman leſte ye take colde

I tell you the mater is bought and ſolde

withoute ye take the better hede

- For all th<sup>e</sup> se fyre woꝛdes ye shall not spede
- Ga. **C**hynkest thou so in very dede  
 A **C**ye so helpe me god and I shall tell you why  
 Syr ryght now this way as I yede  
 This gentylwoman cam euen by  
 And a freshe galant in her company  
 As god wolde nere them I stalked  
 And herde euey woꝛde that they talked
- Ga. **B**ut spake they ony woꝛde of me  
 A **P**ay nay ye were no thinge in her thoughte  
 They were as vely as they myghte be  
 Aboute suche a matter as ye haue wꝛoughte  
 And by god that me dere boughte  
 Loke what answer that ye now haue  
 Euen the same woꝛdes to hym she gaue  
 I wys syr I am but a poze knaue  
 But yet I wolde take on me a greate payne  
 youre honeste in this matter to saue  
 Though it be vnto me no pꝛofyte noꝛ gayne  
 But there fore I speke & haue dysdayne  
 To se in a woman of suche dyssemblaunce  
 Towarde a gentylman of youre substanuce
- Ga. **W**hy hast thou of me ony acquentaunce  
 A **C**ye spy and some tyme ye knewe me  
 Though it be now oute of youre remembraunce
- Ga. **B**y my fayth it may well be  
 But neuer the lesse I thanke the  
 He semeth thou woldest that all were well  
 Betwyxte me and yonder fayze damasell
- A **C**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 **B**y my fayth I am now at myn owne cōmaūdemēt

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 doubt not I shall do you better stede  
Towarde this maryage than soue other twayne  
And yf I do not let me be dede

Ga. Well than wyll I do by thy rede  
And in my seruyce thou shalt be  
yf thou canst fynde me any surete

A. Yes I can haue sureties plente  
Foz my trowth with in this place  
Here is a gentelman that wolde truste me  
Foz asinoche gode as he hale

Ga. Ye and that is but litle pcase

A. By my fayth go where he shall  
It is as honest a man as ony in the reall  
I haue no moze acquyntaunce 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  
Foz he hath knowen me many aday

B. Sy? wyll not ye foz my trowth wnder take  
C. Yes foz god els I wolde I were bake  
Sy? my maister wyll ye beleue me

I dare trust hym foz all that I can make  
yf ye fynde me sufficient surete  
As foz his trowth 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  
Therfoze he is able with you to dwell  
As for his trought that dare I well saye  
Hardely truste hym there in ye maye

9<sup>a</sup>

Ga. Upon youre worde I shall assaye  
C And syz 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 louer what man is he

A

Ga. C Cornelius I wene his name sholde be  
C A 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 codicyons therto agree  
And if they do not fare well he  
But therin I haue nought a do  
He shall not be dyspraysid for me  
With oute that I be copellid 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  
So thy waye vnto lucrez therfoze  
And hertly me vnto her recomende  
Prayng her that she wyll me sende  
A redy answere of that thing

A

Ga. C Mary I shall without any taryng

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

Ga. **C**han shall I thy wyt allowe  
yf thou can brynge that aboute

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

**E**t exeat garys flam. et dicat B.

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

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

To brynge thy selfe to suche a seruyce  
I se well thou hast some wytt in thy hede

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

B **E**uen lyke wyle haue thou no dzed

I haue gotten a maister for my pꝛowe

I neuer thꝛyuede as I shall do now

A **N**o whiche way

B **I** shall tell the how

It is no maystry to thꝛyue 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 lasketh it forth daily escaunce

That he had no dayly remēbrance

Of tyme to come nor makyth no stoz

For he carith not whiche ende goth befoze

And by oure lady I cōmende hym the moze

Why sholde he those goodis spare

Sith he labozede neuer therfoze

Ray and euery man sholde care

For goodis & speciallye suche as are

For

Of gentil blode it were grete syn  
For all liberalite in them sholde begyn  
Many a poze man therby doth wyn  
The chef substauns of his lyuing  
My maister were woerthy 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 makyng of a peyre of his hose

A C Mary .xii. d. were a feyre thing  
B C ye by the rode .xx. tymes tolde  
That is eyn .xx. shelyngs for the makyng

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

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

A C Mary .ii. oz. .iii.

B C Mary .vii. and no lesse

**B** **B** **C** By my trowth that is lyke a lye  
**B** **C** 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  
 Chan. xl. playttis as I think in my mynde  
 They haue befoze and as many behynde  
**A** **C** Well as for gentilmen it is full kynde  
 To haue theyr pleysrs that may well paye  
**B** **C** Oye but than this grugeth my mynde  
 A gentyl man shall not were it a daye  
 But euery man wyll hym self a raye  
 Of the same falcyon euen by and by  
 On the morow after  
**A** **C** Nay that I desy  
 But then I maruell gretly why  
 you are not garnysshyd after that gyse  
**B** **C** 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** **C** Oye but a byde to what intent  
 Doth thy mayster take in honde  
 To make hym so moche costely rayment  
**B** **C** Mary that is esy to vnderstonde  
 All is done for lucre sake  
 To wedde her he doth his rekenynge make  
**A** **C** I put case that she do hym for sake  
 So that she be my maysters wyf  
**B** **C** By my sayth then I say it wyll make  
 Many a man to lose his lyf

For therof wyll ryse a gret stryf  
**A** **M**ary I pray god send vs pes  
**B** **B**e my sayth it wyll be no lesse  
 yf my master haue not lucre  
**A** **I** can no moze god sped the ryght  
 Lo thes folke wyll 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 wyf  
 yet he is better that hath none be my lpf  
 But he y hath a good wyf & wyll for sake her  
 I pray god the deuyll take her :  
**B** **N**ow in gode sayth thou art a made knaue  
 I se well thou hast wedyd a shzew  
**A** **T**he deuyll I haue  
 Pay I haue marryed it. or iiii.  
 Syth the tyme that I her lost  
**B** **A**nd kepist thou them all styll with the  
**A** **P**ay that wolde not quyte the cost  
 To say the trouth thay fond me most  
**B** **C**han thay haue some maner gettynge  
 By some occupacione haue thay  
**A** **S**y2 thay haue a pety waye  
 The ches meane of ther leuyng  
 Is lechery / lech crasfte I wolde say  
 where in thay laboze nyght & day  
 And ease many a man in some case  
**B** **A**nd where do thay dwell  
**A** **A**t the comen place  
 There thou mayst them all fynde  
 Goddis mercy where is my mynde



By god I shall be shent  
I shold haue gone to lucrez  
I bowte my maysters besynes  
Whether warde I was bent

B By my fayth my mayster is there  
All the whyle that thou arte here  
As I verely suppose

A I show 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 afoze you there

B Why hast thou hyr assayed  
K — 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  
without e I were sure she were a virgyn

A By my trougth 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

Settyr then ony wyne  
It is a lytyll 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 bayne  
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 moze  
And yf I do so then my mate  
Shall haue no lust ther in to prate  
As he dyde be foze

Cockis body here she is

Now well come 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

B

¶ What do you hym call

an.

¶ Mayster gayus or his man

B

¶ Am not I he that ye wolde haue

an.

¶ No no I wolde haue an other knaue

B

¶ Why am I a knaue than

- an. **C**May I sayd not so perde  
 But where trow ye these folkis be
- B** **C**I can not verply 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 luces  
 fro his maystyr
- an. **C**What with my maystres nay  
**B** **C**ye so I harde hym say  
 an. **C**Goddis mercy and I was sent  
 Eyn hedyr for the same intent  
 To bynge an answere  
 Of the erande that he is gone foze  
 where foze now ther is no moze  
 But I must go seche hym there
- B** **C**May tary here a whyle gentyll Jone  
 For he wyll come hedyr a none
- an. **C**Tary why shold I lo  
**B** **C**May to laugh aud talke with me  
 an. **C**May loke where suche gyglottis be  
 For I am none of them I warne the  
 That vse so to do
- B** **C**I mene no thinge but good & honest  
 And for your wele and you lyst  
 To assent ther vnto
- an. **C**For my wele q a/how may that be  
 That is a thinge that I can not se
- B** **C**May this lo is myne entent  
 I mene pf ye wolde be content  
 Or ony wyle agree  
 For to be my sacrament of penaunce  
 By god gyue it a very very vengeaunce

- an.** Of wedlocke I wolde haue sayde  
**C**ush by sepnt Flame ye do but mocke  
 To speke to me of ony wedlocke  
 And I so yonge a mayde  
**B**  
**an.** Why are ye a mayde  
**C**re ellis I were to blame  
**B**  
**an.** Where by wote ye  
**C**Harpy for I ame  
**B**  
**C**A that is a thinge  
 Here ye not sy2s what she sayth  
 So resonable a cause there to she layth  
**an.** A straw for your mockynge  
 Haue ye none to mocke but me  
**B**  
**C**Hocke 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 price a gre  
 For who some euer shall haue me  
 I pmes you faytfully  
 He shall me sy2st assure  
**Of. xx. li. londe in ioyncture**  
**B**  
**C**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 foze yf ye can fynde in poure 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

an. Oye but oure housholde shall be full small  
But yf we haue some what els with all  
Dure charges for to bere

B Oye god sende vs mery wether  
I may not wed and thryue 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

an. 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 sayne  
To shoue theyze hedes in the strawe  
B 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 store  
 And I ow neuer a grot ther fore  
 an. **C**All 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 oz two  
 B **C**A yere oz. ii. q. a. nay god forbede  
 I wis hyt had be tyme fore you to wedde  
 vii. oz. viii. yere a goo  
 And ye wylt how mery a lyfe  
 Hyt is to be a wedded wylf  
 ye wold chaunge that mynde  
 an. **C**ye so hyt is as I vnderstonde  
 If a woman haue a gode hulbonde  
 But that ys herd to synde  
 Many a man blamyth his wylf parde  
 And she is moze to blame than he  
 B **C**As 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. **C**No syr I wys  
 Not at this metyng  
 B **C**wyll ye now nede be a goo than  
 an. **C**ake your leue honestly  
**C**Et conabitur eam osculari  
 an. **S**e the man  
 Let me a lone with Sozowe  
 B **C**Mary so be hyt but one woꝛde  
 I wyll kys the oz thou goo  
 an. **C**The deupllis toꝛde

6 — 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  
 Harde ye may do me that request  
 For why it is but good and honest

*D. Enaydo P. 106*

Et osculabit. Intrat A.

A Now a felychyp I the be seche  
 Set euen suche a patche one my bzeche  
 B A wyld feyre thet one  
 an. Goddis mercy this is he  
 That I haue sought so  
 A Haue ye sought me  
 an. Ye that haue I do  
 This gentylman can wytnes bere  
 That all this owre I haue stonde here  
 Sechyng euen for you  
 A Haue ye two be to geder so longe  
 an. Ye why not  
 A Mary then all is wzong  
 I fere me so now  
 B Nay nay here be to many wytnes  
 for to make ony syche besynes  
 As thou wenest hardely  
 an. Why what is the mannes thought  
 Suppose ye that I wolde be nowght  
 yf no man were by  
 B Nay for god y ment not so  
 But I wolde no man sholde haue to do  
 with you but onely I  
 an. Haue to do w a. what call ye that.  
 Hyt solowndyth to a thing I wote ner what

a | p o n e y z

P  
A

**C**Ye 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  
Foz by my wyll no man shall dele  
with you in way of maryage  
But onely I this wyse I ment  
an. **C**ye but though it were youre entent  
yet ye do but rage

Staz

To ble suche wordes bn to me  
Foz 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 foze 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

W

o

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

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

I **C**By cokkf 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  
Foz amedsyn must ete his wyues torde

an. **C**holde your tongis there I say  
Foz and ye make this warke foze 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  
foz I dare vndertake  
That .xl. tymes on a day  
with oute ony cause he wyll the afray  
And bete the bake and syde

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

**A** Mary that ys a remedy accoꝝdyng  
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 lyf

**an.** Cyet I know a remedy

**A** Howso.

**an.** Mary I wyll loue hym as lytyll a gayne  
foz eucry shrewed turne he shall haue twayne  
And he were my bzother

**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

**an.** Ye so I harde you say  
But yet be ye neuer so wzothe  
There ys neuer one of you bothe  
foz all youre woꝝdes gay

<sup>19</sup> That shalbe assured of me

Wyll 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 fettis of warre or dedys of cheualry  
with hym wyll I go

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

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

A C What is best that we do than

B C Mary canst thou syng

A C Ye that I can

As well as ony man in kent

B C What maner of song shall it be

A C 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 C May be the rode ye shall begyn

A C By seynt Jame I assent

A byde I one ye can gode skyll

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.

**C**Et tunc cantabunt.

**B** I am so whozse it wyll not be

**A** Hoze of a nay so mot I the  
That was not the thyng  
And a man sholde the trowth saye  
ye lost a crochet or .ii. by the waye  
To myne vnderstondynge

**B** Why was I a mynyne befoze

**A** Ye be the rode that ye were & moze

**B** Then were ye a mynyne behynde

Let me se yet syng a gayne  
And marke whyche of vs twayne  
Dlesyth best your mynde

an. **A** Nay nay ye shall this matter try

By some other maner of mastry

Than by your syngynge

**B** Let hym assay what mastry he will

**A** Mary and my bely were not so full

I wolde wrestell with hym a fayze pull

That were a game accorдынge

For suche valyaunt men as we be

**B** I syzew thyn hert and thou spare me

**C**Et deinde luctabuntur.

an. **A** 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

Euy n here I cast to hym my gloue

Or euer I hens goo

On the condycion that in the playne fylde

I shall mete hym with spere and shelde

By lyk theron to Jeoparde

Let me se and he dare take hyt

**C**ūc pūciet cūrothecam.

- A** Eyes 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** **C**Enyn streyght ways  
withoute further delay  
And I shewe his hert that feris  
Eythre with cronall oz sharpe speris  
This bargyn to assay
- A** **C**And I beshewe hym for me  
But a byde now let me se  
where shall I haue a hors
- B** **C**Ray we shall nede no horse ne mule  
But let vs Just at farte pryke in cule
- A** **C**Be seynt iame no forse  
Eyn so be it / but where is oure gere
- B** **C**By 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. **C**yes hardely that I shall  
I shall iuge after my mynde  
But see ye hold fast behynd  
Lest ye troble vs in all
- B** **C**ulhe that is the lest care of .xv.  
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 astatte thow here

Chan am I all redy

A  
an. **C**A byde who shall helpe to harnys me  
**C**hat shall I do so mott I the  
with a ryght gode wyll

A  
an. **C**Soft and fayre myne arme is soze  
ye may not bynd me strayt ther foze

**C**Ray no moze I wyll  
I wyll not hurte the foz. xx. pounde  
Come of now syt Downe on the grounde  
Euy n vpon thy tayle

A  
an. **C**Ey gode lorde whan wyll ye haue do  
**C**Now all is redy hardely go to  
Bydde hym bayle bayle

A  
an. **C**Fall to pzayer syz it is nede  
As many of you as wolde me gode spede  
foz this gere stonpyth me vpyon

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

**C**Et pietus dicat A.

R  
an. **C**Out out a las foz payne  
Let me haue a pzyft oz I be slayne  
By syn to dysclose

B  
an. **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 fo. xc.  
Now ye ar myne lady

an. **C**Ray neuet the moze

B  
an. **C**No why so

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

B  
an. **C**Mary I be shzew your hart there soze  
It hold better content me  
That ye had be taken by be hynde

an. Nay nay ye vnderstond not my mynde  
In that poynt

B. It may well be  
But tell me how ment ye then

an. O Mary I am sure to an other man  
whole wyfe I intende to be

B. Nay I trow by cockis passyon!  
ye wyll not mocke vs of that falcyon  
ye may not for very shame

an. O 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 bayne  
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 spy  
A new ppyze of breeches  
Take the that fore thy dole  
And by cause he is blacke in the hole  
He shall haue as moche

Et utroq; flagellato recedit ancilla.

A. Oute a las what woman was this

B. It is lucrez mayde

A. O 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 forlake her

Intrat Gatus.

Ga. O how syrs who hath a rayde you thys

A. O Fals theups maister I wys

And all for pour quarell

Ga. What and this other man too  
 A Eye and ye wolde oure hondes vndo  
 The matter whe shall tell  
 Ga. Eyes mary wyl I now tell on  
 who hathe you these wzongis Done  
 A Mary that I shall  
 Cornelyus seruantis whiche is your enemy  
 Espyed me goyng to ward lucre's place  
 That I coude byyng 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 serpyth my mynde  
 A I saythe I was leste for dede on the grounde  
 And I haue a grete garce here by hynde  
 Out of the whiche ther comythe suche awynde  
 That yf ye holde a candyll therto  
 Hyt wyl blowe it oute that wyl hyt do  
 Ga. Se to hyt be tyme by myne aduylse  
 Lest the wounde sculster with in  
 A Then haue I nede of a gode surgyn  
 For hyt is so depe within the skyn  
 That ye may put youre nose therin  
 Eyn 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. We they slayne nay god forbyde  
 A Eyes so helpe me god I warande them dede  
 How be it I stonde in grete dzedde

201

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

Ga. **W**hiche thay that were slayne

A **L**ye by this day  
what nedyth me thcrfoze to lye  
He herd it hym selfe as well as I

Ga. **W**ell then ye lye both two  
But now tell me what hast thou do  
As touchynge my comaundement  
That I badde the do to lucrez  
Spakyst thou with her

A **L**ye syz dowltes  
And this is her intent  
Sche comaundyth hyr to you by the same tokyn  
That with hyr father she hath spokyn  
Accordynge to your requeste  
And so she wylythe you to be of gode cyere  
Desyrynge you this nyght to appere  
Or to morow at the furthest  
And she wyll mete you here in this place  
To gyue you A fynall answare in this case  
where to ye shall trust

Ga. **W**hat is the thing that I desyre  
But sayd she so

A **L**ye be thys fyze  
I tell you betey iuste  
In so moche that she bad me say  
And warne you that ye schulde putuap  
foz your owne besenes  
foz than it shall determyde be  
whether publyus coznelyus oz ye  
shall haue the penyence



Ga. **A**ll that purpose lykethe me well  
But who shall be here moze canst thou tell

A **M**ary here shall be fulgens  
And publius coznelius hym selfe also  
with dyuerse other many moo  
Besyde this honozable audyence  
wher foze yf ye wyll poure honour saue  
And your intent in this matter haue  
It is best that ye go hens  
Foz to study and call to mynde  
Suche argumētis as ye can best fynde  
And make your selfe all prest

Ga. **T**hy counsell is gode be it so  
And euyne there after wyll I do  
foz I holde it best

**E**t exeat gatus & A. **I**ntrat B.

B **G**oddes body syz this was affytt  
I be shrew the hoyses hart yett  
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 foze so many as here be present  
But and I myght take her  
By my trowth I shall make her  
This dede to repent

A **Y**et thou were as gode holde thy pease  
foz ther is no remedy doutles  
Ther foze lett itt go  
It is to vs bothe grete foly and shame  
This matter ony moze to reherse oz name  
Well than be it so

B **A**nd 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 patiently  
To be rebuked openly  
And to be mockyd also  
An other thing greuythe me worst of all  
I shal be shent that I shall  
Of my mayster too  
Be cause I haue ben so long a way  
Oute 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 mayster on hys way

I harde one of lucrez men say

That thy mayster hathe ben

All this houre at her place

And that he his answer hale

This wyle as I mene

She hathe appoynted hym to be here

Sone in the euyning a boute Suppere

An than he shall haue a fynall answer

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

yf she be so wyle as men bere in honde

A Oye so I hard you say

Let me se now what is your oppynion  
 whether of them is most noble of condycion  
**B** **C**hat can I tell hardely  
 He that hathe moste nobles in stoze  
 hym call I the most noble euer moze  
 for he is most sett by  
 And I am sure cornelyus is able  
 with his owne goodis to bye a rable  
 Of suche as gayus is  
 And ouer that yf noblencs of kynne  
 May this womans fauour wyne  
 I am sure he can not mys  
**A** **C**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** **C**ye cum agayue who wyll for me  
 for I wyll not be here so mot I the  
 It is a gentylmāly thinge  
 That I schulde a wayt and com a gayne  
 for other mennys causes and take suche payne  
 I wyll not do it I make god a vowe  
 why myght not this matter be endyd nowe  
**A** **M**ary I shall tell the why  
 Lucrece and her father may not attende  
 At this seson to make an ende  
 So I hard them say  
 And also it is a curteyse gyle  
 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 hens at that season  
 For thou shalt here a reyal Disputacyon  
 Si twert them or thay haue do  
 An other thing must be considzed with all  
 These folke that sitt here in the halle  
 Hay not attende there too  
 whe may not with oure long play  
 Lett them fro theyre dyner all day  
 Thay haue not fully dnyed  
 For and this play where ones ouere past  
 Some of them wolde falle to fedyng as fast  
 As thay had bene almost pyned  
 But no forse hardely and they do  
 Wlther 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  
 Bnd therfore we shall the matter for bere  
 And make apoynt eurn here  
 Lest we excede a mesure  
 And we shall do oure labour & trewe entent  
 For to play the remenant  
 At my lordis pleasure

¶ Finis prime partis

**E**nterat Adicens.

**M**ache gode do it pou eueryche one  
ye wyll not beleue how fast I haue gone  
For fere that I sholde come to late  
No forse 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 fore  
ye know the cause therof be fore  
pout wittis be not so short  
Berde my felowys and I were here  
To day whan ye where at Dyncer  
And shewed you a lytyll disport  
Of one fulgens and his doughter lucrez  
And of .ii. men that made grett besynes  
Her husbonde for 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 pyncipall  
But neuer the lesse they be expedient  
For to satisfye and content  
Many a man with all  
For some there be that lokis & gapys  
Only for suche tryfles and Japys

And some there be a monge  
That forcéth 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 lesse that stondyth here  
And so I trust ye wyl it a lowe  
By godis mercy where am I now  
It were almys to wyngme 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 lucrez wyl come hyder a gayne  
And her sayde louers bothe twayne  
To dysfyne 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 syrs I pray you euetrychone  
 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 merueyle  
 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  
**B** **C** Nay 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  
**A** **C** 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  
**B** **C** Ye god auow  
 Wyl ye play me that  
 Mary that shall be amended anone  
 I am late comen and I wyll sone be gone  
 Ellis I shrew my catt  
 Kockis body syt it is a fayre resone  
 I am com hedyr att this season  
 Only at thy byddyng  
 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 knaue a lone for me  
**A** What I am a frayde  
 I wis ye are but lewyde  
 Turne agayne all be shrewde  
**B** Now are you fayre prayde  
**A** Why than is your angry all do  
**B** Oye mary is it lo  
**A** 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 shynke  
**B** By cause of ther longe tariage  
**A** Shynke now q a / mary that were meruele  
 But one thinge of surete I can the tell  
 As touchynge this mariage  
 Cornelius my mayster apoyntyth hym ther bpone  
 And dowtles he wyll be here a none  
 In payne of forty pens  
 In so muche that he hath deupsyde  
 Certayne straungers kresshly disgisyd  
 Att his owne expens  
 For to be here this nyght also  
**A** Straungers q a / what to do  
**B** O Mary for to glade with all  
 This gentyl womā at her hedyr compnge  
**A** A then I se well we shall haue A mūmpnge  
**B** Oye surely that we shall  
 And therfor neuer thinke it in thy mynde  
 That my mayster wyll be behynde



For slacke at this bargyn  
Mary here he comyth I haue hym aspyde  
No more woꝝdis stonde thou a syde  
For it is he playne

coz. **W** **C**Hy frynde where abowt goist thou all day

**W** **C**Hy 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

coz. **W** **C**Hy go thi way / & wit where thay wyl oꝝ no

**W** **C**ye god a bow shall I so

coz. **W** **C**ye mary so I say

**W** **C**yet in that poynt as semyth me  
ye do not accoꝝdunge to your degre

coz. **W** **C**I pray the tell me why

**W** **C**Hy it wolde be com them well I now  
To be here a foze and to wayte vpon you  
And not you to tary

For theyr laysyr 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 dꝝuge  
I tell you tought I

And yet the woꝝst that greueth me  
Is that your aduerclary sholde in you se  
So notable A foly

Therfoze withdꝝaw you foꝝ a seaslone

coz. **W** **C**By seynt Iohan thou sayst but reaslone

**W** **C**ye do so hardely  
And whan the tyme dꝝawith vpon  
That thay be com euerychone  
And all thinge redy

B **T**han shall I come streyght a way  
foz 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 lucrez come in fyzt alone  
Go in hand with her anone  
How so euer thou do  
foz to fele her mynde toward me  
And by all meanis possyble to be  
In duce her ther vnto

B **T**han some token you must gyue me  
foz ellis she wyll not beleue me  
coz. **C**hat I cam from you

**M**ary that is euy n wysely spoken  
Cōmaunde 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  
foz at the last we dyd se  
Abyzd sittynge on a holow tre  
An alhe I trow it was  
Anone she prayde me foz to assay  
yf I coude start the byzde a way

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

coz. **W**hy the deuyll sayst thou so

B **B**y cokkis bonis foz it was a kocko  
And men say amonge  
He that thzowyth stone oꝝ stycke  
At suche abyzde he is lycke  
To synge that byzdes souge

607. **W**hat the deuyll recke I therfoze  
Here what I say to the euer moze  
And marke thine erand well  
Syz I had no stone to thzow with all  
And therfoze she toke me her musc ball  
And thus it befell  
I kyst it as strayght as ony pole  
So that it lyghtyde euy n in the hole  
Of the holow ashe

**B**ow canst thou remēber all this  
**W**By god I wolde be loth to do amys  
Foz some tyme I am full rashe  
ye say that ye kyst it euy n in the hole  
Of the holow ashe as strayte as apole  
Sayde ye not so

607. **C**yes.

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

607. **C**fare well then I leue the here  
And remēbyr well all this gere  
How so euer thou do **C**Et exeat corneli⁹

**B****C**yes hardely this erande shall be spoken  
But how say you syz by this tokene  
Is it not a quaynt thinge  
I went he hade bene a sad man  
But I se well he is amade man  
In this message doynge  
But what chole he foz me  
I am but as a messanger perde  
The blame shall not be myne but his  
Foz I wyll his token reporte  
Whether she take it in ernest oz spozte



**B** Let 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.** Call that I know well  
**B** Al than I am yet in the ryght way  
 But I haue som other thyng to say  
 To wchying my credence  
 whiche as I thynke were best to be spared  
 For happely ye wold not haue it declared  
 Byfoze all this audience  
**luc.** Pay nay hardely spare not  
 As for my dedis I care not  
 yf all the world it harde  
**B** Mary 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 throw at the byrd with all  
 And than as he sayd ye dyd no woys  
 But euyne fayr kyst hym on the noke of the ars  
**luc.** Pay ther thow yest falsely by my fay  
**B** Trowth it was on the hole of thars I schulde say  
 I wyll well it was one of the too  
 The noke or the hole  
**luc.** Pay noz yet so  
**B** By my fayth ye kyst hym or he kyst you  
 On the hole of thars chose you now  
 This he tolde me sure  
 How be it I speke it not in reyzoue  
 For it was done but for gode loue

Inste  
 for to  
 take

And for no synfull pleasure  
luc. **C** Pay nay man thow art farr a mys  
I know what thyn erande is  
Though thow be neddygent  
Of thy soly thou mayst well a ball he  
For thou shuld is haue sayde the holow all the  
That hole thy mapster ment

B **C** 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 mylscheef com theron  
He myght haue sent you this gere in a letter  
But I shall go lerne myn erande better  
And cum ayen a non **C** Et exeat.

luc. **C** Ye so do hardcly  
Now for soth this was a lewed message  
As euer I harde sith I was boze  
And yf his mapster haue therof knowlege  
He wyl be angry with hym therfore  
How be it I will speke therof no moze  
For hyt hath ben my condiscypon alwey  
No man to hender but to helpe where I may

**C** Intrat A.

A **C** Feyr mapsters lyketh it you to know  
That my mapster comaunde me to you

luc. **C** Comaundeth you to me

A **C** Pay comaundeth you to hym

luc. **C** Wele aniendyd by saynt syn

A **C** Comaundeth he to you I wolde say

Or ellis you to he now chose ye may

Whether lyketh you better

And here he sendyth you a letter

Godis mercy I had it ryght now

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

I pray you syz let me haue it agayne

Cye 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

Cyet 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 encline

But yet know I not who ye mene

I holde best that ye go a geue

To lerne your maysters name

By my sayth and I holde it best

ye may say I am a homely gest

In ernest & in game

A 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 sayth 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

Cye that thou shalt happely

Et exeat A.

Now sayz lucrez accoꝝdyng to thappoyntement

That ye made with me here this day

luc.

A

luc.

A

luc.

A

luc.

A

luc.

coz.

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By cause ye shall not fynde me there ueclygent  
 Here I am come your wyll to obey  
 And redy am I for my selfe to sey  
 That as towchyng 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. ¶ Nay. ye shall spare it for a lytyll season  
 Tyl I suche tyme ȳ gayus your aduerfary come in  
 For I wyll gyue you therein none audience  
 Tyl ye be both to geer in p̄fence  
 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  
 Durynge this matter. and also that ye seace  
 Of all suche wordis as may gyue occasion  
 Of brallynge oz other ongodely condycion  
 coz. ¶ There shal be in me no suche abusyon  
 In worde nor. dede. I you p̄myse  
 But now let me se. what occupation  
 Oz what maner of passe tyme wyll ye deuysse  
 whyle that these folke dothe tary this wyse  
 wyll ye see a bace daunce after the gyle  
 Of spayne. whyle ye haucno thyng to do  
 All thyng haue I puruaide that belongyth therto  
 luc. ¶ Syr I shall gyue you the lokynge'on  
 coz. ¶ wyll ye do so I aske no moze  
 Go sone and bidde them come thens a none  
 And cause the mynystrell̄ to come in beffoze  
 B ¶ Mary. as for. one of them his lippe is soze  
 I trow he may not p̄p̄e he is so lyke  
 Spele by tamboz̄ne ik bide owe frelike  
 ¶ Et. deinde cozisabunt.



- luc.** ¶ For sothe this was a godely recreacyon  
 But I pray you of what maner nation  
 Be these godely creatours  
 Were they of Englonde or of wales  
**B** ¶ May they be wylde Irish portyngales  
 That dyde all these pleasures  
 How be it/it was for my maysters sake  
 And he wyll deserue it I vndertake  
 On the largest wyse  
**coz.** ¶ Go thy selfe why stondis thou so  
 And make them chere let it be do  
 The best thou canst deuylse  
**B** ¶ Yes they shall haue chere heuyn hpe  
 But one thing I promyse you faithfully  
 They get no dzyrke therto ¶ Creat.  
 ¶ Dicat luces.  
 ¶ Lo here thys man ys come now  
 Now may ye in your matter pcede  
 ye remembze both what I sayde to you  
 Touchynge myne answere I trow it is no nede  
 Ony moze to reherse it  
**coz.** ¶ No in veray dede  
 For moche reherfall wolde let the spede  
 Of all this matter it nedyrth no moze  
 Let vs roundely to the matter we come for  
**luc.** ¶ Ye that I pray you as hartly as I can  
 But fyrst me semyrth it were expedient  
 That ye both name some indifferent man  
 For to gyue betwyrxt you the forseyde iugement  
**coz.** ¶ Pay as for that by myne assent  
 No man shall haue that office but ye  
**Ga.** ¶ And I holde me well content that it so be  
**luc.** ¶ Ye but notwyrthstondyng that ye therto agre

That I holde this question of nobles diffine  
 It is a grete matter whiche as semyth me  
 Pertayneth to a philosopher oz ellis a deuyné  
 How be it sith the choyle of this matter is myne  
 I can be content vnder certayne ptestacyon  
 whan that I haue harde you to say myne opinion.  
 Lo this wyle I mene and thus I do intende  
 That what so euer sentéce I gyue betwxt 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 precedent  
 All be it that for your partis ye do therto assent  
**Ga.** 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 y matter principall this tyme wolde be spent  
**coz.** Than wyll I begynne  
**Ga.** I holde me well content  
**coz.** Syth ye haue promysed sayre lucre here to fore  
 That to the moze noble man ye wyll enclyne  
 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 wyle a man in dede  
 As he reputeth hym self for to be

Upon your saide answere he sholde not nede  
To gayne say in this matter oz trauers with me  
My noblenes is knowen thozow 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 Romaynes that ye rede  
Where fynde ye ony blode of so gret noblenes  
As hath ben the cornelys wherof I am bzede  
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 chese 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 seopardi & paine they haue suffred in y quarell  
Chempire to encrece and for the comune wele  
It nedith not the specialties to reherse oz name  
Sith euery trew romaine knoweth the same

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

And many other cyties that dyde conspire  
Aynst the noble senatoure makynge resistance  
As often as necessite d: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 þæt I speke not these wordis in vayne

My blode hath euer takyn suche payne  
To saue garde the comune wele fro ruyn & decay  
That by one aduylse the Senat dyde ordeyne  
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 chyld 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 memoziall  
Of theyr desertis the cytie dyde edifye  
Triumphall arches wheruppon ye may  
To my grete honour se at this day  
Thymages of myn auncetours euyñ 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 fygyures make a due reuerence  
And ellis to the lawes he dothe grete offence

Sith it is so than that of conuenience  
Suche honour and homage must nedis be do  
To these dede ymagis than muche moze reuerence  
To me sholde be geuyñ 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 honoure

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 stoze as I vnderstonde  
That I haue cūyn now at ons in my honde

Lo in these thynges my noblenes doth stonde  
whiche in myne oppynyon sufficeth for this intent  
And I trow there is no man thzowgh all this londe  
Of Italy but if he were here present  
He wolde to my sayng in this matter assent  
And gyue vnto me the honoure and peminence  
Rather than make a gayne me resistence

I maruayle gretly what shulde thy mynde insence  
To thinke that thy tytle therin sholde be gode  
Harde thou canst not say for thy deffence  
That euer there was gentelman of thy kyn or blode  
And if there were done it wolde be vnderstonde  
without it be thy self whiche now of late  
Among noble gentylnen playest check mate

Luc. **C**No more therof I pray you. suche woꝝdis I hate  
And I dyde for bid you them at the begynnyng  
To eschue thoccalyon of stryfe and debate

Ca. **C**Ray 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 yde  
 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 belynes  
 And spend all your dayes in ease & pleasaüt idelnesse

About your owne apparell ye can do non excessse  
 In my cöpany that sholde displese my mynd  
 with me shall ye do non other maner of belynes  
 But hunt for your solace at the hart and hynde  
 And some tyme where we cöuenient game fynde  
 Dure hawkis shall be redy to shew you a flight  
 whiche shall be right pleasaüt & 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 mynstralsy to do you comfort  
 Do what thynge ye wyll I haue to suppozt  
 Our chargis. and ouer that I may susseyne  
 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 accordyng  
Foz your grete beaute with hym to dwell  
Foz there sholde ye haue a threde bare luyng  
with wrechyd scarcenes and I haue herde tell  
That maydens of your age loue not ryght well  
Suche maner of husbondis without it be thay  
That forceth 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 force and embrace  
ye shall do your owen selfe to grete a trespas  
yf ye folow hys part and enclyne therto  
Now say what/ye wyll sy? foz I haue all doo

23 With ryght gode will I shall go to  
So that ye will here me with as grete patience  
As I haue harde you/reason wolde soo  
And what so euer I shall speke in this audience  
Eythet of myn owne merit? oz of hys insolence  
yet sy?st vnto you all sy?s 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 gyle  
On that other syde loth I am to make ony reportur  
Of this mans foly oz hym to dispice  
But neuer y lesse this matt towchith me i suche wise  
That what so euer ye thinke in me I must pcede  
vnto the veray trowth 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 for your self in substaunce ye haue layd  
whiche as ye suppose maketh for 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 corzeccion  
Of luces oure Iugge here that ye ar neuer þ moze  
wozthy in myne oppyniō to be callyd noble therfoze  
And withoute ye haue bett causes to shew thā these  
Of reison ye must the victoꝝ of this matter lese

To þ fyrst parte as touching your auncetours dede  
Some of them were noble lyke as ye declare  
Thesozis bereth witnes I must graūt them nedde  
But yet for all that some of them ware  
Of contrary diposycion like as ye are  
For they dyde no pꝛoffite no moze do ye  
To the comon wele of this noble cytie

þ ye wyll the title of noblenes wyne  
Shew what haue ye done your self therfoze  
Some of your owne meritis let se/þyng in  
þ 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 for shame



your lyfe is so voluptuouse and so bestiall  
In folowynge of euery lust sensuall  
That I maruaille 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 excelle  
Hys mynde disposed to all vncleynesse  
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 youre indifferenece  
Can well diffyne by your sentence  
Hys auncetours were not of suche condicion  
But all contrary to hys disposicion

And therfoze they were noble withouten faile  
And dyde grete honoure to all the contrey  
But what can theyr layde 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 porrekyn  
He doth me therein a wrongfull offence  
For no man shall thankis oz prayfynge wyre

*2 m*

*Jas*

By the gyftis that he hath of nature's influence  
Lyke wyle I thinke by a contrary sense  
That if a man be bozne blynde oz 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 abhomiactio  
Loupng 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 I delnes the causer of syn  
An other tyme my contrey manly I deffend  
And foz the victozyes that I haue done therin  
ye haue sene your selfe syz that I haue come in  
To this noble cytee twyle oz thyzle  
Crownyd with lawryel as it is the gyse

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

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

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

Now luces I haue shewyd vnto you a parte  
Of my title that I clayme you by  
Besechyngge you therfoze with all my hart  
To confidze vs both twayne indifferently  
whiche of vs twayne ye will rather alow  
More worthy foz nobles to marry with you

luc. **C**Syzs I haue hard you both at large  
coz. **P**ray abide luces I pray you hertly  
Sithe he leyeth many thynges to my charge  
Suffre that I may therunto reppy

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

coz. **W**hy lady what thing will ye desyze more  
Than I haue shewyd to make foz noblenes

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

- Ga. **C**As foꝛ my parte I wyll stonde gladly  
 To the cōmune voyce of all the contrey  
 luc. **A**nd ye lyke wyse syꝛ  
 coꝛ. **E**ye certaynly  
 I shall in no wyse your woꝛde disobey  
 luc. **T**han wyll I betwyrxt you both take this way  
 I shall go enquirye as faste as I may  
 what the cōmune fame wyll thereyn 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 p̄emynence  
 coꝛ. **P**ray sayꝛe luces I you requyre  
 Let me not now depart in bayne  
 Not knowyng theeffect of my desyre  
 luc. **S**yꝛ all though it be to you a payne  
 yet must ye do so euyn both twayne  
 Eche of you depart hens to hys owne place  
 And take no moꝛe labour oꝛ payne in this case  
 foꝛ as to whyng theeffect of my sentence  
 I shall go wꝛite it by gode aduysment  
 Some after that I am departed fro hens  
 And than to eyther of you both shall be sent  
 A copy of the same to this intent  
 That of none other p̄son it shall be sayn  
 Sith it concerneth but onely vnto you twayne  
 Ga. **T**his is a gode waye as in my mynde  
 At not ye syꝛ content in lyke wyse  
 coꝛ. **I** wot nere yet I wyll pꝛayse as I fynde  
 And as I haue cause that is euyr my gyse  
 Ga. **W**ell luces will ye cōmaunde me ony seruyce  
 luc. **N**o seruyce at all syꝛ why say ye so  
 Our loꝛde spede pou both where so euer ye goo

Et exeat pub. cornelius et  
gaius flam.

**N**ow 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 aryle  
**A**nd 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 them where so euer I go  
And all other that be of lyke blode also  
But vnto the blode I wyll haue lytyl respect  
where tho condicyons be synfull and abiect  
**I** pray you all syz as meny. as be here  
Take not my woꝝdis by a sinistre way  
**B**yes by my trowth I shall witnes bere  
where so euer I be com a nother day  
How suche a gentylwoman did oppnly say  
That by a chozles son she wolde set moze  
Than she wolde do by a gentylman boze  
**luc.** **P**ray syz than ye repoꝝt me amys  
**B** **I** pray you tell me how sayd ye than  
**luc.** **F**or god syz the substaunce of my woꝝdis was this  
I say euyne 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 condicyons a gre not with all  
**B** **C**han I put case that a gentylman boze  
**luc.** **H**auē godely maners to his birth accoꝝdyng  
**I** say of hym is to be set gret stoꝝe

Suche one is worthy more lawde and prayfynge  
 Than many of them that hath their begynnynge  
 Of low kynred ellis god forbode  
 I wyll not afferme the contrary for my hede  
 For in that case ther may be no comparyson  
 But neuer the lesse I said this befoze  
 That a man of excellent vertuouse condicions  
 All though he be of a poze stoke boze  
 yet I wyll honour and comende hym more  
 Than one that is descendide of ryght noble kyn  
 whose lyffe is all dissolute and rotyde in syn  
 And therfoze I haue determyned vtterly  
 That gaius flaminius shall haue his intent  
 To hym onely I shall my self apply  
 To vse me in wedloke at his comaundement  
 So that to cornelyus I wyll neuer assent  
 All though he had as grete possession  
 As ony one man in cristen region  
 I shall in no wyse fauour oz loue hys condicpon  
 How be it that his blode requyret due reuerence  
 And that shall I gyue hym with all submyssion  
 But yet shall he neuer haue the penyence  
 To speke of very nobles by my sentence  
 ye be hys seruaunt sy? go your way  
 And report to your mayster euyne as I say  
 I shall I do that erand nay let be  
 By the rode ye shall do it your selfe for me  
 I pmyse 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 disposycon  
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 face  
Eyn as it were a lade  
And so wold not I so mote I thee  
Foz this matter and I were as he  
It schulde neuer anger me  
But this wold I do

A I wolde let her go in the mare name  
C What now syz how goth the game  
what is this woman go

B I ye ye man.

A And what way hathe she takyn

B By my fayth my mayster is fozlakyn

And nedis she wyl a gre

Unto thy mayster thus she saieth

And many causes therfoze she lcyeth

why it schulde so be

A I maruayle gretely wherof that gtrue

B By my fayth she saide I tell the true

That she wolde nedis haue hym foz his vertue

And foz none other thyng

A Vertue what the deuyll is that

And I can tell I shzew my catt

To myne vnderstondyng

B By my fayth no moze can I

But this she said here oppnly

• All these folke can tell

**A** Do w say ye gode woman is it your gyse  
To chose all your hufbondis that wyse  
By my trought than I maruaile  
**B** Nay this is the fere so mot I goo  
That men chise not theyr wyffe so.

In placis where I haue be  
Foz wyffe may well complayne and grone  
Albe it that cause haue they none

That I can here o2 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 foz your ease

And ye wold study tyll to morow  
But let them euy n alone with sorow  
Whan they do you displease

**A** Tull he here is no man that settyth a blank  
By thy consell o2 kōneth the thank  
Speke therof no moze

They know that remedy better than thow  
But what shall we twayne do now  
I care most therfoze

He thinketh that matter wolde be wist

**B** Mary we may goo hens whan we lyst  
No man saith vs nay

**A** Why than is the play all do

**B** Ye by my feyth and we were ons go  
It were do streight wey

**A** And I wolde haue thought in vere 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  
 Its not the question  
 Of noblenes now fully defynde  
 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 therfoz  
 Not onely to make folke myrth and game  
 But that suche as be gentilmen of name  
 May be somwhat mouyd  
 By this example foz to eschew  
 The wey of vyce and fauour vertue  
 For syn is to be reprouyd  
 Moze in them. foz the degre  
 Than in other parsons such as be  
 Of pour kyn and birth  
 This was the cause principall  
 And also foz 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 desyryth  
 That foz 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 conyngge  
 And not he / but his wit runyngge





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