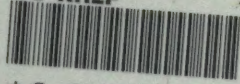


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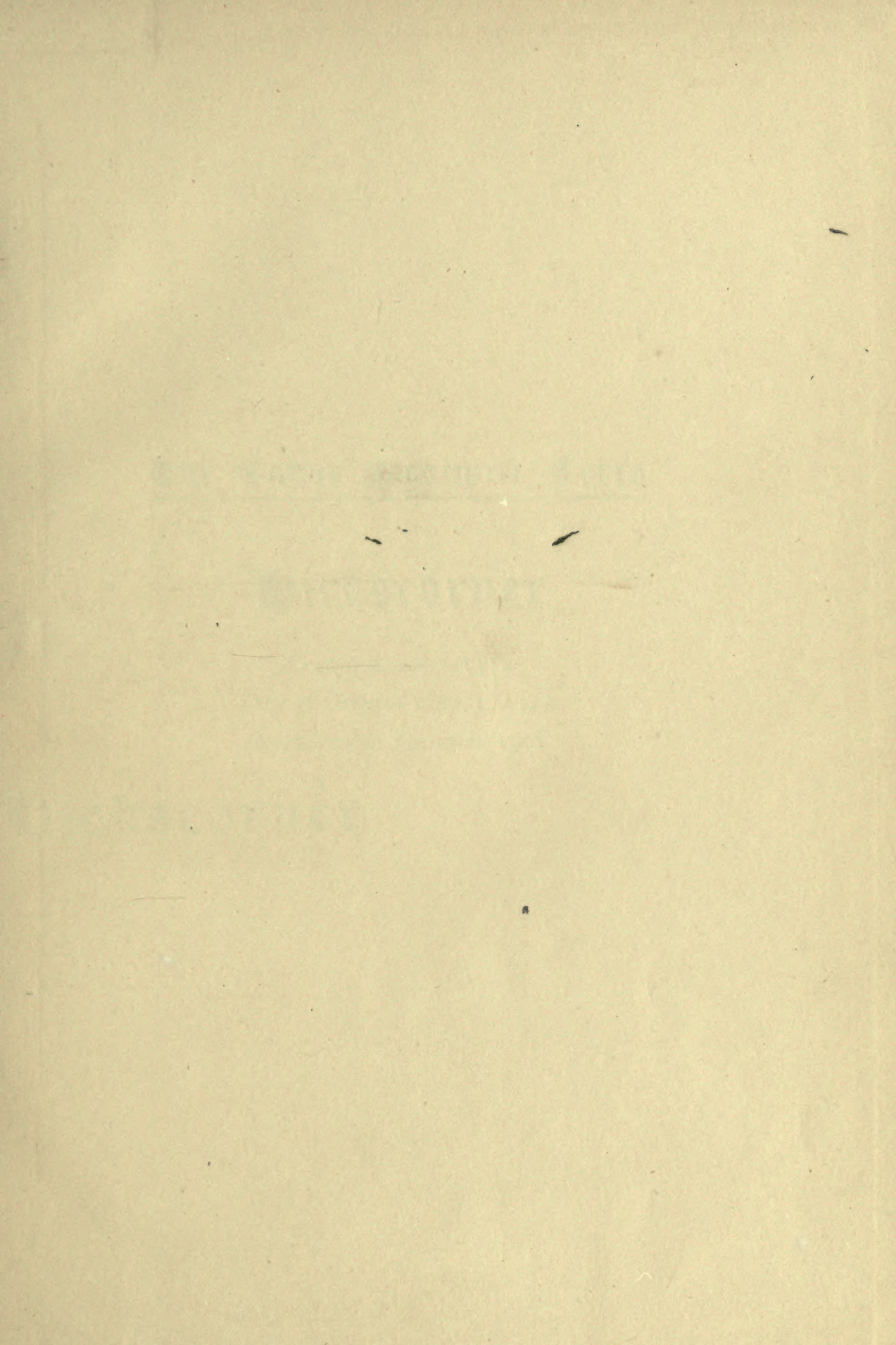
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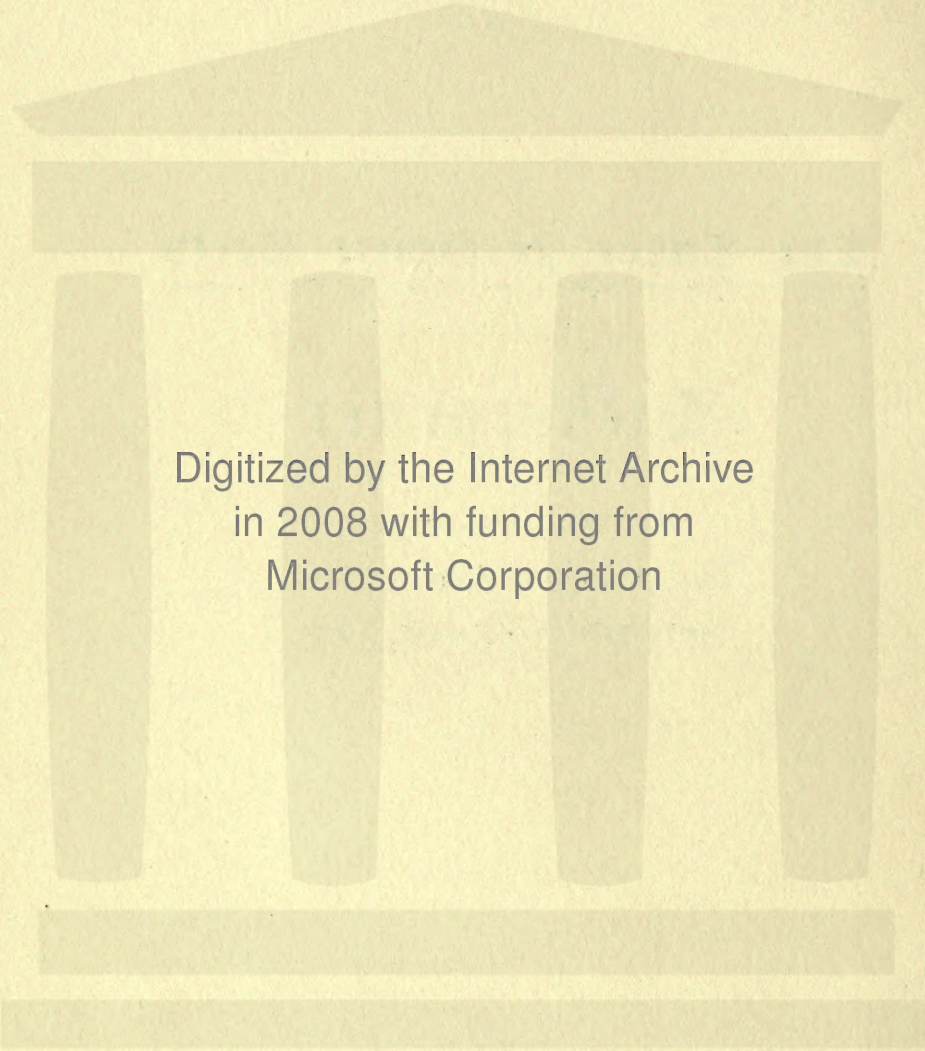
Hickscorner

Written, c. 1497-1512

Date of Original Copy, c. 1512

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

Hickscorner



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Hickscorner

[c. 1497-1512]

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMVIII



GENERAL



Hickscorner

The original of this edition is in the British Museum (C 21, c. 24). It was printed, probably about 1512, by Wynkyn de Worde, who was following his craft as a printer from 1491 to 1535. Another impression also thought to have come from the same press about 1520 is known by a fragment of two leaves also in the British Museum (C 18, e. 2 [4]), with 34 lines to a page, as against 31 lines to a page in the original of the present reprint. Yet another edition by John Waley (or Walley), in business from 1546 to 1586, is in the Bodleian, also with 34 lines to a full page. Other fragments are also known.

The piece was apparently written between 1497 and 1512, these limits being fixed, the first by the allusion to Newfoundland (discovered by Cabot, 24th June 1497), and the last by the mention of the ship "Regent," destroyed by the French in 1512.

Mr. J. A. Herbert (Manuscript Department, British Museum) says this reproduction of "Hyckescorner" is "very

well done," and also that he has "very little indeed to criticise":—

- (1) *In the unsigned sheet (between "A" and "B"), on iii recto, the spot above the e of "fynde" in line 15 is not in original.*
- (2) *B ii verso, "this page is too faint and 'muzzy' in places, especially where marked" [the first words of each line from line 4 from top to line 11 from the foot of the page]; the original is here "perfectly sharp and clear."*
- (3) *B iii verso, the spot above y in the name "Pyty" (line 8 from foot) is not in original.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

Hick Scornes.

*Imp. by Winton
1840*

Hicke Scornes!

DAVID GARRICK.



Cōtempla.



Dyde.



Fre dyll.



Imagy id.



Spekkozner



Pettue.



Pyte.

NOW Thū þ generyll þ bought Adam fro hell.
Saue you all soueraynce & solas you sende
And of this mater that I begynne to tell
I praye you of audyence tyll I haue made an ende
For I laye to you my name is pyte
That euer yet hath ben mannes frende
In the bosome of the seconde persone in trynpte
I sprange as a plante mannes mysse to amende
You toz to helpe I put to my honde
Recorde I take of mary that wepte teres of blode
I pyte within her herte byde stonde
Whan she sawe her sone on the rode
The swerde of sorowe gaue that lady wounde
Whan a spere claue her lones herte a sondre
She cryed out and fell to the grounde
Thoughe she was woo hrt was lptell wonder
This delycate colour that goodly lady
Full pale and wann she sawe her sone all deed
Splayed on a crosse with the fyue welles of pyte
Of purple veluet poudered with roses reed
Lo I pyte thus made your erande to be spede
Oz elles man for euer sholde haue ben forlorne
A mayden so layde his lyfe to wedde
Crowned as a kyng the thornes pycked hym sore
Charyte and I of true loue ledes the double rayne
Who so me loueth dampned neuer shall be
Of some vertuouus company I wolde be fayne
For all that wyll to heuen nedes must come by me
These portet I am in that heuenly cyte
And now here wyll I rest me a lptell space

Pyck.

3.ii.

Contem-
placyon.

2

*Thomas
T. 10m 9
T. 10m 9*

Tyll hyt please Jhesu of his grace
 Some vertuous felyshyp for to sende
Cryste that was crystened crucifyed & crowned
 In his bosum true loue was gaged with a spere
 His baynes braste & brosed and to a pyllet bounde
 With scourges he was lashed & knottes & skyn tare
 On his necke to caluary the grete crosse he bare
 His blode ran to the grounde as scrypture doth tel
 His burden was so heuy that downe vnder it he fel
 Lo I am kynne to the lord which is goddes sone
 My name is wyrtten forrest in the boke of lyfe
 For I am perfyte contemplacyon
 And brother to holy chyrche & is our lordes wyfe
 Johan baptyst Anthony & Jherome w many mo
 Followed me here in holte herthe and in wyldernes
 I euer with them went where they dyde go
 Nyght & daye towarde the waye of ryghtwylenes
 I am the chese lanterne of all holynes
 Of prelates and prestes I am theyr patrou
 No armure so stronge in no dystresse
 Haberkyon helme ne yet no Feltron
 To fyght with sathan I am the champyon
 That dare abyde and manfully stonde
 Fendes fle awaye wher they se me come
 But I wyl shewe you why I came to this londe
 For to preche and teche of goddes soth saydes
 Apenst vyce & dothe rebell apenst hym & his iawes.
God spede good broder fro whes came you now
Syr I came frome perseuerance to seke you
Why syr knowe you me
Ye syr and haue done longe your name is pyte

Pyte.

Contem.

Pyte.

Contem.

Cyour name fayne wolde I knowe
In dede I am called contemplanon
That bleseth to lyue solytarly
In wodes and in wyldernesse I walke alone
Bycause I wolde saye my prayers deuoutly
I loue not with me to haue moche company
But perseueraunce ofte with me doth mete
Whan I thynke on thoughtes that is full heuenly
Thus he and I togyder full swetely doth slepe
I thanke god that we be mette togyder
Syr I truit þ̄ p̄seuerance shortly wyll come hyder
Than I thynke to here some good tydynge
I watant you brother that he is comynge
The eternall god that named was was messyas
He gyue you grace to come to his glozpe
Whet euer is Joye in the celestyal place
Whan you of sathan wynneth the vyctozpe
Euery man ought to be gladde to haue in company
Foz I am named good perseueraunce
That euer is gupded by vertuous gouernaunce
I am neuer varyable but doth contynue
Styll goynge vpwarde the ladder of grace
And lode in me planted is so true
And fro þ̄ pooze man I wyll neuer tourne my face
Whan I go by my selte ofte I do remembre
The grete knydnys that god shewed vnto man
Foz to be bozne in the moneth of decembze
Whan the daye waxeth shozte and the nyght longe
Of his goodnesse that champion strouge
Descended downe fro the fader of ryght wysnes
And rested in mary the floure of mekenys

Pyte.
Contem:

Pyte.
Contem.
Pyte.
Contem.
Perseue.

Now to this place hyder come I am
To seke contemplacyon my knyngnesman
Contem. What brother perseueraunce ye be welcome
Perseue. And so be you also contemplacyon
Contem. Loo here is our mayster pyte
Perseue. Now truly ye be welcome in to this countre
Pyte. I thanke you hertely syz perseueraunce
Perseue. Mayst pyte one thyng is com to my remembraunce
what tythynges here you now
Pyte. Syz suche as I can I shall shewe you
I haue herde many men complayne pyteously
They saye they be smyten w the swerde of pouerty
In euery place where I do go
Fewe frendes pouerte deoth fynde
And these ryche men ben unkynde
For theyz neyghbours they wyll nought do
Wydowes doo: h curle lordes and gentyll men
For they constrayne them to mary with theyz men
ye wheder they wyll or no
When mary for good and that is dampnable
ye witholde women that is syftry and beyonde
The peryll now no man drede wyll
All is not goddes lawe that is bled in londe
Beware wyll they not tyll deth in his honde
Taketh his swerde & smyteth asonder y lylfe hayne
And w his mortall stroke cleueth y herte atwayne
They trust so in mercy the lanterne of byghtnesse
That no thyng do they drede goddes ryghtwylnesse
Perseue. O Ihesu syz here is a heuy tydyng
Pyte. Syz this is trewe that I do byng
Contem. How am I beloued mayster pyte where ye come



In good faythe people haue now small deuocyon Pyte.
And as for with you brother contemplacyon

There medleth fewe or none

Yes I trust that prestes loue me wele

Contem.

But a fewe I wys and some neuer adele

Pyte.

Why syr without me they maye not lyue clene

Contem.

Nay y is y leest thoughe y they haue of sytene

Pyte.

And that maketh me full heuy

How trowe you that there be no remedy

Contem.

Full harde for synne is now so greuous and yll

Pyte.

That I thynke that it be growen co an impossyble

And yet one thyng maketh me euer mournyng

That prestes lack vtterance to shewe theyr cūnyng

And al the whyle that clerkes do vse so grete synne

Amonge the lay people loke neuer for no mendyng

Alas that is a heuy case

Perseue.

That so grete synne is vled in euey place

I praye god byt amende

Now god that euer hath ben mannes frende

Contem.

Some better tydynges soone vs sende

For now I must be gone

Fare well good mycherne here

I grete erande I haue elles where

That must nedes be done

I trust I wyll not longe tary

Wheder wyll I hye me shortely

And come agayne whan I haue done

Wheder agayne I trust you wyll come

Perseue.

Therefore god be with you

Syr nedes I must departe now

Contem.

Iesu me spede this dape

Hyck.

A. l. iii.

Perseue. **Frewyll** **C** Now brother contemplacyon let vs go our waye
C Awaite felowes and stande a roume
How saye you am not I a goodly personue
I trowe you knowe not suche ageste
What syres I tell you my name is frewyll
I maye chose wheder I do good or yll
But for all that I wyll do as me lyst
By condycyons ye knowe not perde
I can fyght chyde and be mery
Full soone of my company ye wolde be wery
And you knewe all
What fyll the cup and make good chere
I trowe I haue a noble here
Who lente hys me by cressle a frere
And I gaue hym a fall
Where be ye syr be ye at home
Koches passyon my noble is tourned to a stone
Where laye I last beshrewe your herte Ione
Now by these bones she hath begyled me
Let se a peny my souper a pece of fleshe .x. pence
My bedde ryght wought let all this expence
Now by these bones I haue lost a halfpenny
Who laye there my felowe Imagynacyon
He and I had good communycacyon
Of syr Johan and syrbell
How they were spped in bedde togyder
And he prayed her ofte to come thyder
For to synge lo le lo lowe
They twayne togyder had good spoite
But at the stewes syde I lost a grote
I trowe I shall nener ythe.

Handwritten note: I think this made in the year 1540

My felowe promysed me here to mete
But I trowe the hozelone be a slepe
With a wenche some where
How I magynacyon come hysder
And you thryue I lose a feder
Behowme your herte appere
What how how who called after me
Come nere ye shall neuer I the
where haue ye be so longe
By god with me hys is all wronge
I haue apayre of soze buttockes
All in Irons was my songe
Euen now I satte gyued in a payre of stockes
Cockes passyon and how so
Syz I wyll tell you what I haue do
I mette with a wenche and she was sayre
And of loue hertely I dyde praye her
And so promysed her monaye
Syz she wynt on me and sayd nought
But by her loke I knewe her thought
Than in to loues daunce we were broughe
That we played the pyrdetoy
I wote not what we dyde togyder
But a knaue catchpoll nyghed vs nere
And so dyde vs aspye
A strophe he gaue me I fledde my touche
And frome my gyrdle he plucked my pouche
By your leue he leftre me neuer a peny
Loo nought haue I but a buckyll
Ane yet I san I magen thynge sotpill
For to get monaye plenty

Imagy:
Ire wyll

Imagy:

Ire wyll
Imagy:

*My felowe promysed me here to mete
And I trowe the hozelone be a slepe
With a wenche some where
How I magynacyon come hysder
And you thryue I lose a feder
Behowme your herte appere
What how how who called after me
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For to get monaye plenty*

In Westmyrster hall euery terme I am
To me is kynne many a grete gentyll man
I am knowen in euery countre
And I were deed the lawyers thyrste were lost
For this wyll I do yf men wolde do cost
Prooue ryght wronge and all by reason
And make men lese bothe hous and londe
For all that they can do in a lytell season
Deche men of treason preyly I can
And whan me lyst to hange a trewe man
If they wyll me monaye tell
Cheues I can helpe out of pryson
And in to lordes fauours I can get me soone
And be of theyr prey counseyll
But frewyll my dere broder
Sawe you not of hyckscorner
He promysed me to come hyder

Frewyll.
Imagy.

Why syr knowest thou hym
O ye man he is full nye of my kynne
And in newgate we dwelled togyder
For he and I were bothe shakled in a fetter

Frewyll
Imagy.

Syr laye you beneth or on hye on the seller
Say wys amōge y thyrkest of yemē of the coler

Frewyll
Imagy.

By god than ye were in grete fere
Syr had not I be. cc. had be thyrast in an haltre

Frewyll
Imagy.

And what lyfe haue they there al that grete soyte
By god syr ones a yere som taw halts of burport
ye at tyburne there stondeth the grerte frame
And some take a fall that maketh theyr neck lame

Frewyll.
Imagy.

O ye but can they than go nomore
O no man the worst is wyste so soze

Foz as soone as they haue sayd in man^r tuas ones

By god they^r b^rethe is stopped at ones

Why do they praye in that place there

frewoyll

Tye syz they stonde in grete fere

Imagy.

And so fast tangled in that snare

Hyt falleth to they^r lotte to haue the same share

That is a knauillhe syght to se the tott on a beme

frewoyll

Syz the hozesones coude not conuaye clene

Imagy.

Foz and they coude haue carped by crafte as I can

In pcesse of yeres eche of the^r holde be a geryll mā

yet as foz me I was neuer these

Yf my hādes were smytē of I can stele wth my tethe

Foz ye knowe well there is crafte in daubyngē

I can loke in a mannes face and pycke his purse

And tell newe tydnynges h^o was neuer trewe ywys

Foz my hood is all lyned with lesyngē

Tye but wente ye neuer to t^ryburne a pylgrymage

frewoyll

No ywys noz none of my l^ygnages

Imagy.

Foz we be clerkes all and can our necke berie

And wth an opntment the Juges hāde I can grece

That wyll hele sozcs that be vncurable

Why were ye neuer founde repprouable

frewoyll

Tyes ones I shall a hozs in the felde

Imagy.

And lepte on hym foz to haue ryden my waye

At the last a bayly me mette and beheide

And badde me stonde than was I in a fraye

He asked wheder with that hozse I wolde gon

And than I tolde hym hyt was myne owne

He sayd I hadde stollen hym and I sayde naye

This is sayd he my brothers hacknays

foz and I had not scused me without fayle

By our lady he wolde haue lad me strayte to Haple
And than I tolde hym þe horse was lyke myne
A browne baye a longe mane & dyde halte behynde
Thus I tolde hym þe such an other hors I dyde lacke
And yet I neuer sawe hym noz came on his backe
So I deliuered hym the hors agayne
And whan he was gone than was I fayne
For and I had not sculed me the better
I knowe well I sholde haue daunced in a fetter
And sayd he nomoze to the but so

Frewyll
Imagy.

Yes he pretended me moche harme to do
But I tolde hym that moznynge wns a grete myste
That what horse hys was I ne wyste
Also I sayd that in my heed I had the megrynne
That made me dafell so in myne eyen
That I myght not well se
And thus he departed shortlye frome me,

Frewyll
Imagy.

Ye but where is hys corner now
Some of these yonge men hathe hydde hym in
theyr bolomes I warraunt you

Imagy.
Frewyll.

Let vs make a crye that he maye vs here
How how hys corner appere
I trowe thou be hyde in some cornere

Hys corner.

All the helme ale were shot of were sayle beca

Frewyll

Cockes body herke he is in a shyppe on the see

Hys corner.

God spede god spede who called after me

Imagy.

What brother welcome by this precyous body
I am gladde that I you se
Hys was tolde me that ye were hanged
But out of what countre come ye

Hys corner.

Syr I haue ben in many a countre

As in fraunce Irlonde and in spayne
Portingale seuyll also in almayne
Freslonde flaunders and in burgoyne
Calabze poyle and crragoyne
Byrtayne byske and also in gascoyne
Naples grece and in myddes of scotlonde
At cape saynt byncent & in the newe soude Irlonde
I haue ben in gene and in cowe
Also in the londe of rumbelowe
Thre myle out of hell
At rodes constantyne and in babylonde
In cornewale and in no northumberlonde
Where men sethe ruffhes in gruell
Ye syz in caldey tartare and Jude
And in þe londe of women þe fewe men dothe fynde
In all these countres haue I be
I syz what tydynges here ye now on the see
I We mette of shyppes a grete naue
Full of people that wolde in to Irlonde
And they came out of this countre
They wyll neuer more come to englonde
I Whens were þe shyppes of them knowest þe none
I Herke & I wyll shewe you theyz names eshe one
Fyrst was the regent with the myghell of byrkyse
The george with the gabryell and the anne of foye
The starre of salte asshe with the Ihesus of plioth
Also the hermytage with the barbara of darmouth
The nycolas and the mary bellouse of byrystowe
With the glyn of london and James also
Grete was the people that was in them
All tructlygyous and holy women

Frebyll.
Hyckscor.

Imagy.
Hyckscor.

There was trouthe and his kynnelman
 With pacyence mekenes and humylyte
 And all true maydens with theyr byrgnyte
 By all prechers sadnes and charyte
 Byght conſcience and fayth with deuocyon
 And all true monkes that kepte theyr relyon
 True byers and ſellers and almes dede doers
 Bytous peop'le that be of ſynne deſtroyers
 With Juſt abſtynence and good counſeyllers
 Mourners for ſynne with lamentacyon
 And good ryche men þ' helpeth folke out of pryſon
 True wedlocke was there alſo
 With yonge men that euer in prayer dyde go
 The ſhyppes were ladē w' ſuche vnhappy company
 But at the laſte god ſhope a remedy
 For they all in the ſee were drownde
 And on a quycke ſonde they ſtrake to grounde
 The ſee ſwalowd them eueyrychone
 I wote wote well alȝue there ſcaped none
Imagy. O now my herte is gladdē and mery
 For Joye now let vs lynge dery dery
Hyckſcoz. O felowes they ſhall neuer moze vs withſtonde
 For Ale them all drownded in the caſe of Felonde
Frewyll. O ye but yet herke hyckſcoznet
 What company was in your ſhyppē that came ouer
Hyckſcoz. O ſyr I wyll ſayd you to vnderſtande
 There were good felawes aboue fyue thouſande
 And all they ben kyne to vs thre
 There was falſhode fauell and ſolp'te
 ye theues and hoies with other good company
 A yers bachytters and flaterers the whyle



Braulers lvers getters and chyders
Walkers by nyght with gret e murderers
Querthwarte gyle and Joly carders
Oppressers of people with many swerers
There was false lawe with ozyble vengeaunce
Frowarde obstynacyō w̄ myseheuous gouernaūce
Wanton wenches and also mychers
With many other of the deuylles offycers
And hatede that is so myghty and stronge
Hath made auowe for euet to dwell in englonde

But is that true that thou doste shewe now

Syr euery worde as I do tell you

Of whens is your shyppe of london

Ye p̄wys frome thens dyde she come

And she is named the enuy

I tell you a grette vessel and a myghty

The owner of her is called yll wyll

Brother to Jacke poller of shoters hyl

Syr what offyce in the shyppe bare ye

Mary I kepte a fayre shoppe of baudyge

I had thye wenches that were full praty

Jane true and thyztyles and wanton sybble

If ye ryde her a Journay she wyll make you wery

For she is trusty at nede

If ye wyll hyre her for your pleasure

I warraunt tere her shall ye neuer

She is so sure in dede

Ryde and you wyll ten tymes adaye

I warraunt you she wyll neuer saye naye

My lyfe I dare laye to wedde

Now plucke by your hertes & make good chere **Imagy.**

Imagy.

Hys scoz.

Freyll.

Hys scoz.

Imagy.

Hys scoz.

These tydynges lyketh me wonder wele
Now vertu shall drawe arere arere
Herke felous a good spozte I can you tell
At the stues we wyll lye to nyght
And by my trowth yf all go aryght
I wyll begyle some prary wenche
To gette me monaye at a pynche
How saye you shall we go thyder
Let vs kepe company all togyder
And I wolde that we had goddes curse
If we some where do not get a purse
Euery man bere his dagger naked in his honde
And yf we mete a treue man make hym stonde
Or elles that he bere a strype
If that he struggle ond make ony werke
Lyghtly stryke hym to the herte
And throwe hym into temmes quyte

Free wyll. I have thye knyues in a lease is good at nale
But thou lubber I magynacyon
That cukcolde thy fader where is he become
At newgate dothe he ly stryl at gayle

Imagy. I want horse lone thou shalte bere me a strype
Sayst thou that my moder was a hore

Free wyll. I have syz but the last nyght
I sawe syz Johne and she combled on the floze

Imagy. Now by cockes herte thou shalte lose an arme
Hychicoz. I have syz I charge you do hym no harme

Imagy. And yf make to moche I wyll breke thy heed to

Hychicoz. By saynt mary and I wyll that I wolde be ago

Imagy. Awaite aware the hore one shall aby
His preest wyll I be by cockes body

K epe pease lest knaues blode be shedde	Hyckscor.
B y god yf his was nought my was as badde	Frewyll.
B y kockes herte he shall dye on this dager	Imagy.
B y our lady than wyll ye be straungled in a halter	Hyckscor.
T he hozelone shall etc hy as fer as he shall wade	Imagy.
B eshrewe your herte and put vp your blade	Hyckscor.
S hethe your whytell oz by hyz y was neuer bozne	
I wyll rappe you on the costarde with my hozne	
W hat wyll ye playe all the knaue	
B y kockes herte and thou a buffet shalte haue	Imagy.
L o syres here is asayze company god vs saue	Frewyll.
F oz yf ony of vs thre be mayre of london	
I wys y wys I wyll ryde to come on my thom	
A las a se is not this a grete scres	
I wolde they were in a myll polc aboute the eres	
A nd thã I dutst warraut they wold departe anone	
H elpe helpe for the passyon of my soule	Hyckscor.
H e hath made a grete hole in my poule	
T hat all my wytte is set to the grounde	
A las a leche for to helpe my wounde	
H ape ywys hozelone I wyll bete the oz I go	Imagy.
A las good syr what haue I do	Frewyll.
W are make roime he shall haue a strype I trowe	Imagy.
P eas peas syres I commaunde you	Pyte.
A uaunt olde churle whens comest thou	Imagy.
A nd thou make to moche I shall brycke thy browe	
A nd sende the home agz ne	
A good syr the peas I wolde haue kepte sayne	Pyte.
M yne offyce is to se no man slayne	
A nd where they do amyle to gyue the good counseyl	
S ynne to forlake and goddes lawe them tell	
Hyck.	B.i.

Imagy. **C** Alsz I wende thou haddest ben drowned & gone
 But I haue spyed that there scaped one
Hyckscor. **C** Imagynacron do by the counseyll of me
 Be a greed with frewyll & lette vs good felowes be
 And than as for this choyle pyte
 Shall curse the tyme that euer he came to londe
Imagy. **C** Brother frewyll gyue me your honde
 And all myne yll wyll I forgyue the
Frewyll. **C** Sz I thanke you hertely
 But what shall we do with this choyle pyte
Imagy. **C** I wyll go to hym and pyke a quarell
 And make hym a thefe and sape he dyde stele
Frewyll. **C** Of myne forty pounde in a bagge
C By god that tydynges wyll make hym sadde
 And I wyll go fetche apayre of gyues
 For in good saythe he shall belette fast by the heles
Hyckscor. **C** Haue ado lyghtly and be gone
 And let vs twayne with hym alone
Frewyll. **C** Now farewell I beshewe you euey chone
Hyckscor. **C** Ho ho frewyll you threwe and no mo
Imagy. **C** Thou lewde felowe sayst þ that thy name is pite
 Who lente the hyder to controll me
Pyte. **C** Good sz hyt is my properte
 For to dyspyle synfull luyngge
 And unto vertu men to byngge
 If that they wyll do after me
Imagy. **C** What sz arte thou so ryse holy
 If se this captyse wolde be praysed I trolbe
 And you threwe this yere I wyll lose a peny
 So szres outwarde he bereth a fayre face
 But and he mette with a wenche in a prey place

I trowe he wolde shewe her but lytell grace
By god ye maye trust me

Loo wyll ye not se this caytyues menyng
He wolde destroye vs all and all our kynne
yet had I leuer se hym hanged by the chynne
rather than that sholde be brought aboute
And with this dager thou shalt haue a cloute
without thou wyre be lpghtly be gone

Hychscor.

Haye brother laye honde on hym soone
for he Japed my wyfe and made me cuckolde
And yet the traytoure was so bolde

Imagy.

That he stole forty pounde of myne in monaye

By la ynt mary than he shall not scape
we wyll led hym streyght to newgate
for euer there shall he lye

Hychscor.

Ale a le syrres what I haue brought
A medycyne for a payre of soze spynnes
At the kynges benche syrres I haue you sought
But I praye you who shall were these

frewyll.

By god this felowe that maye not go hence

Hychscor.

I wyll go gyue hym these hole rynges
Now ysaythe they be worth forty pence
But to his hendes I lacke two bondes

Hoide hozelone here is an halter
Bynde hym fast and make hym sure

Imagy.

Omen let trouth that is the trewe man

Pyte.

Be your guyder or elles ye be forlorne

Laye no fals wytnes as nye as ye can

On none for afterwarde ye wyll repent hys full soze

Haye naye I care not therfore

frewyll.

Eye whan my soule haget on y hedge cast stones.

Hychscor.

Hych.

B.ii.

For I tell the playnly by kockes bones
Thou shalt be guyded and layd in Irons
They fared euen so

Pyte.

¶ Awaye syr what haue I do

Imagy.

¶ Well well that thou shalt knowe or thou go

Pyte.

¶ O syres I se hyt can not be amended

you do me wronge for I haue not offended

Remembze god that is our heuen kynge

for he wyll rewarde you afier your deseruyng

Whan deth with his mace dooth you areest

We all to hym owe fetote and scrupce

Fro the ladder of lyfe downe he wyll the threste

Chan maysterchyp may not helpe noz grete offyce

Frewyll.

¶ What deche and he were here he wolde syt by þ

Crowest thou that he be able to stryue w vs thze

Ray nay nay

Imagy.

¶ Well felawes now let vs go our waye

for at shoters byll we haue agame to playe

Hyckscor.

¶ In good fayth I wyll tary no lender space

Frewyll.

¶ Byshewe hym for me þ is last out of this place

Pyte.

¶ O lordes they may curs þ tyme they were bozne

for the wedes that ouer groweth the corne

They troubled me gyltlesse and wote not why

for goddes loue yet wyll I suffre pacyently

we all may say weleaway for synne þ is now adaye

Loo bertue is banysshed for euer and aye

Worse was hyt neuer

We haue plente of grete othes

And clothe ynoughe in our clothes

But charyte many men lothes

Worse was hyt neuer

Alas now is lechery called loue in dede
And murdure named manhobe in euery nede
Exorlyon is called lawe so god me spede
Worse was hpt nener
Youth walketh by nyght with swerdes & knyues
And euet amonge true men leseth theyr lyues
Lyke heretykes we occupy other mennes wyues
Now a dayes in englonde
Baudes be þ dysstryers of many yonge women
And full lewde counseyll they gyue vnto them
How you do mary beware you yonge men
The wyfe neuer tarpeth to longe
There be many grete scozners
But for synne there be fewe mourners
We haue but fewe true louers
In no place now a dayes
There be many goodly gyfte knyues
And I trowe as well apparaylled wyues
Yet many of them be vnthyfty of theyr lyues
And all set in pryde to go gaye.
Wayers on synne dooth no correccyon
With gentyll men bereth trouthe adowne
Auoutry is suffred in euery towne
Amendymnt is there none
And goddes comaundementes we breke them all,
Deuocyon is gone many dayes syn
Let vs amende vs we trewe crysten men
Or deth make you gone
Courtiers go gaye and take lytell wages
And many with harlottes at the cauerne hauntes
They be yemen of the wretche þ be shakled in gyues
Hyckscor. B.iii.

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On them selfe they haue no pyte.
God punyssheth full soze with grete lekenesse
As pockes pestylence purple and ares
Some dyeth sodenly that deeth full peryllous
Yet was there neuer so grete pouerte
There be some sermones made by noble doctoures
But truly the fende dothe stoppe mennes eres
For god nor good man some people not fetes
woyle was hpt neuer
All trowth is not best sayd
And our prechers now adayes be halfe afrayde
Whan we do amende god wolde be well apayde.
woyle was hpt neuer

Contem.
Perseue.
Pyte.

What mayster pyte how is hpt with you
Why we be sozy to se you in this tale now
Bretherne here were thre peryllous men
Frewyll hpt scooner and Imagynacyon
They sayd I was a thefe and layd felony hpon me
And bounde we in Irons as ye maye se

Contem.
Pyte.
Perseue.
Contem.
Pyte.

Whete be the traytours become nowe
In good faythe I can not shewe you
Brother let vs vnbrynde hym of his bondes
Unloose the fete and the bondes
I thanke you for your grete kyndnes
That you shewe in this dystresse
For they were men without any mercy
That delyteth all in myschefe and tyzanny

Perseue.

I thynke they wyll come hyder agayne
Frewyll and Imagynacyon bothe twayne
Them wyll I exorte to vertuouse lpyunge
And vnto vertu them so byunge



By the helpe of you contemplacyon
Do my counseyll brother pyte
Go you and seke them throughe the countre
In byllage towne bourghe and cyte
Throughe out all the realme of englonde
Whan you them mete lyghtly them arrest
And in pylson put them faste
Bynde them sure in Irons stronge
For they be so faste and sottyle
That they wyll you begyle
And do true men wronge

Contem.

Brother pyte do as he hath sayd
In euery quarter loke you aspye
And let good watche for them be layde
In all the haast that thou can and that pryuely
For and they come hyder they shall not scape
For all the crafte that they can make

Perseue.

Well than wyll I hye me as fast as I maye
And trauayle throughe euery countre
Good watche shall be layde in euery waye
That they stele not in to sentwary
Now fare wele bytherne and praye for me
For I must go hens in dede

Pyte.

Now god be your good spende
And euer you defende whan you haue nede

Perseue.

Now bytherne bothe I thanke you

Contem.

Make you come for a gentylman syz and please

Pyte.

Freewyll.

Duegarde seynours tout le pccasse
And of your Jangelynge yf ye wyll scase

I wyll tell you where I haue bene

Syres I was at the tauerne and dronke wyne

He thought I sawe a pece that was lyke myne
And sye all my fyngers were arayed with lyne
So I conuayued a cuppe manerly
And yet pwpys I played all the sole
For there was a scoler of myne owne scole
And sye the horelone aspyed me
Than was I rested and brought in pryson
For woo than I wylte not what to haue done
And all Bycause I lacked monaye
But a frende in courte is worthe a peny in purs
For Imagynacyon myne owne felowe I wys
He dyde helpe me out full craftely
Syrres he walked thrughe holborne
Thre houres after the sonne was downe
And walked bp towarde saynte gyles in the felde
He houed styll and there behe!de
But there he coude not spede of his praye
And strayght to ludgate he toke the waye
ye wote well that potycaryes walke very late
He came to a doze and pryuely spake
To a pientes for a peny worth of vforbyum
And also for a halfpenny worth of alom plomme
This good seruaunte serued hym thortely
And layd is there ought elles that you wolde bye
Tha he asked for a mouthfull of quycke byrmstone
And downe in to s seller wha the seruât was gone
Alyde as he kest his eye
A grete bagge of monaye dyde he spye
Therin was an hondzed pounde
He trussed hym to his fete ar'd yede his waye rōude
He was lodged at newgate at the swanne

Handwritten marginal note:
The first
of the
story

Handwritten marginal note:
The first
of the
story

And euery man toke hym for a gentyll man
So on the moꝛowe he delyuered me
Out of newgate by this polyce
And now wyll I daunce an make ryall chere
But I wolde I magynacyon were here
For he is percles at nede
Labour to hym sytes yf ye wyl your maters spede
Now wyll I synge and lustely spyngge
But whan my fetters on my leges dyde ryngge
I was not gladd perde but now hey trolly lolly
Let vs se who can descaunt on this same
To laughe and gete manape hyt were a goode game
What whome haue we here
A prest a douctoure or elles a frere
What mayster doctour doctypoll
Can not you preche well in a blacke boll
Or dyspute ony dyspynte
If ye be cunnynge I wyll put hyt in a prefe
Good syr why do men ete mustarde with befe
My questyon can you asloyle me
O Peas man thou talkest lewdly
And of thy luyngge I reed amende the
O Auant catyfe doost thou thou me
I am come of good kynne I tell the
My moder was a lady of the stewes blode boꝛne
And knyght of the halter my fader ware an hoꝛne
Therefore I take hyt in full grete scoꝛne
That thou sholdest thus cheke me
O Abyde felowe thou cast yt tell curtesye
Thou shalt be charmed or thou hens passe
For thou troubled pyte and layd on hym felonye
Hylcoꝛ. C. i.

Perleue.

Frewyll.

Contem.

Where is Imagynacyon thy felawe that was
Frewyll. **I** defy you bothe wyll you arrest me
Perseue. **H**aye nare thy grete wordes maye not helpe the
 fro vs thou shalte not escape
Frewyll. **M**ake come syres that I maye breke his pate
 I wyll not be taken for them bothe
Contem. **T**hou shalt abyde whether thou be leue or lothe
 Therfore good sone lysten vnto me
 And marke these wordes that I do tell the
 Thou hast folowed thynne one wyll many a daye
 And lyued in synne without amendement
 Therfore in thy conceyte assaye
 To aye god mercy and kepe his romaundement
 Than on the he wyll haue pyte
Frewyll. **A**nd bynge the to heuen that Forfull cyte
What hozefone wyll ye haue me now a sole
 Haye yet had I leuer be captayne of calays
 For and I sholde do after your scole
 To lerne to pater to make me peuyfse
 Yet had I leuer loke with a face full cheyfshe
 And therfore prate no lenger here
 Leest my knaues fyfte bytte you vnder the yere
 What ye dawes wolde ye recd me
 For to lesele my pleasure in youth and Jolyte
 To balle and kyssle my swete trully mully
 As Jane cate belle and sybble
 I wolde that hell were full of suche pymines
 Than wolde I renne thy det on my pymines
 As fast as I myght go
Perseue. **W**hy syr wylte thou not loue bettu
 And forlake thy synne for the loue of god almyghty

What god almyghty by goddes fast at salysbury **Frethyll**
And I trowe eester day fell on whytsonday þyere
There were .v. scoze saue an hondred in my cōpany
And at pety Judas we made ryall chere
There had we good ale of myghelmas buyng
There heuen þy lepyng and spyngyng
And thus orde I

Lepe out of burdeaus into caunterbury
Almost ten myle bytwene

Frethyll forsake all this worlde wyllfully here
And chaunge by tyme þoughtest to stonde in fere **Content,**
foz fortune wyll tourne her whele to swyfte
That clene fro thy welthe she wyll the lyfte

What list me who & Imaginacō were here now **Frethyll**
I wys with his syst he wolde all tocloute you

Hens hozelone tary no lenger here
foz by saynt pentell the apostell I swere
That I wyll dyspue you bothe home
And yet I was neuert wonte to fyght alone
Alas that I had not one to bolde me
Than you sholde se me playe the man shamfully

Alas hyt wolde do me good to fyght
How saye you lordes shall I smyte
Haue amonge you by this lyght
Hens hozelones and home at ones
Or with my wepen I shall breke your bones
Quaunt you knaue walke by my counseyll

Some remembze the grete paynes of hell **Perseue.**
They are so horryble that no tonge can tell
Beware lest thou thyder do go

L. Raye by saynt mary I hope not so

Hyck. 02.

C.ii.

Frethyll.

I wyll not go to þe deuyll whyle I haue my lyberte
He shall take þe labour to fet me & he wyl haue me
For he that wyll go to hell by his wyll voluntary
The deuyll and the woyle wynde go with hym
I wyll you neuer fro thens tydynges brynge
Go you before and shewe me the waye
And as to folowe you I wyll not saye naye
For by goddes body and you be in oncs
By the masse I wyll shytt the doze at oncs
And than ye be take in a pytfall

Contem. **C** Now Ihesus soone defende vs frome that hole
For (qui est in inferno nulla est redemptio)
Holy Job spake these wordes full longe ago

Frewyll. **C** Nay I haue done & you lade out latyn w scopes
But therwith can you cloute me a payre of botes
By our lady ye sholde haue some werke of me
I wolde haue them well vnderlayd and casely
For I vse alwaye to go oue the one syde
And trowe ye how by god in the stockes I late tyde
I trowe a thre wekes and more a lytell stounde
And there I laboured soze daye by daye
And so I tted my shone inwarde in good faye
Lo therfore me thynke you must soule them rosie
If you haue ony newe botes apayre I wolde by
But I thynke your pryce be to hie
Syz ones at newgate I bought a payre of sterlups
I myghty payre and a stronge
Ahole yete I ware them so longe
But they came not fully to my knee
And to cloute them hyt cost not me a peny
Euen now & ye go thydre ye shall synde a grete hepe

And you speke in my name ye shall haue good chepe

CSyr we came neuer there ne neuer shall do **Perseue.**

Mary I was taken in a trap there & tyde by þ to **Frewyll**

That I halted a grete whyle and myght not go

I wolde ye bothe late as fast there

Than sholde ye daunce as a bere

And all all by gangelynge of your chaynes

Cwhy syr were ye there

Contem.

Cye and that is sene by my byaynes

Frewyll.

Foz oz I came there I was as wyle as a woodcock

And I thanke god as wytte as a haddocke

yet I trust to recouer as other dole

Foz and I had ones as moche wytte as a gosse

I sholde be marchaunt of the banke

Of golde than I sholde haue many a franke

Foz yf I myzt make, iiii. good byages to shoters hyl

And haue wynde and wedet at my wyll

Chan wolde I neuer trauell the see moze

But hyt is harde to kepe the shyppe fro the shoze

And yf hyt happe to ryle a stozme

Chan thowen in a rase and so aboute bozne

On rockes oz brachis foz to ronne

Elles to stryke a grounde at tybozne

That were a myscheuous case

Foz that rocke of tybozne is so peryllous a place

Ponge galauntes dare not venture in to kente

But whan theyr monaye is gone and spente

With theyr longe botes they rowe on the baye

And ony man of warte lye by the waye

They must take a bote and thowe the helme a le

And full harde hyt is to scape that grete Jeopardye

Hych:coz.

C.iii.

foz at last thomas of watrþge ⁊ they stryke a sayle
Thā muste they ryde in þ haue of hepe wout fayle
And were not these two Jeopetdo⁹ places in dede
Ther is many a marchant that thyder wolde spede
But yet we haue a sure cancell at westmynster
A thousande shippes of theues therein may ryde sure
foz yf they may haue ankerholde ⁊ grete spedyngge
They maye lyue as mery as ony kyngge

Perseue. **C** Good woote syz there is a pyteous lypynge
Than ye dyede not the grete mayster aboue
Sone forlake thy mylke by his loue
And than mayst thou come to the blysse also

Frewyll. **C** Why what wolde you that I sholde do

Contem. **C** For to go towarde heuen

Frewyll. **C** Mary and you wyll me thyder byynge
I wolde do after you

Perseue. **C** I praye you remembre my wordes now
Frewyll bethynke the that thou shalt dye
And of the houre thou arte vncertayne
Yet by thy lyfe thou mayst fynde a remedy
foz and thou dye in synne all labour is in bayne
Than shall thy soule be styll in payne
Loste and dampned for euermore
Helpe is past thoughe thou wolde sayne
Than'thou wylte curse þ tyme that thou were bore

Frewyll. **C** Syz yf ye wyll vndertake that I saued shall be
I wyll do all the penaunce that you wyll sette me

Contem. **C** If that thou for thy synnes be soz

Our lozde wyll forgyue the them

Frewyll. **C** Now of all my synnes I axe god mercy
Here I forlake synne and trust to amende

I beseeche Ihesu that is moost myghty
To forgyue all that I haue offende
Our lozde now wyll shewe the his mercy
I newe name thou nede none haue
For all that wyll to heuen hye
By his owne fre wyll he must for sake folye
Chan is he sure and saue

Perseue.

Holde here a newe garment
And here after lyue deuoutly
And for thy synnes do euer repente
Sorrowe for thy synnes is very remedy
And fre wyll euer to vertue applye
Also to sadnes gyue ye attendaunce
Let hym neuer out of remembraunce

Contem.

I wyll neuer frome you syz perseueraunce
With you wyll I abyde bothe daye and nyght
Of mynde neuer to be varyable
And goddes comandementes to kepe them tyght
In deed and worde and euer full stable

Fre wyll

Chan heuen thou shalt haue without fable
But loke that thou be stedfaste
And let thy mynde with good wyll laste

Perseue.

Huffe huffe huffe who sent after me
I am Imagynacyon full of folyte
Lozde that my herte is lyght
Whan shall I peryll the I trowe neuer
By cryst I recke not a feber
Euen now I was dubbed a knyght
Where at tyborne of the colles
And of the stewes I am made controller
Of all the houses of lechery

Imagy.

There shall no man playe doocp there
At the bell hertes hoꝛne ne elles wher
Without they haue leue of me
But syꝛes wote ye why I am come hyder
By our lady togydet good company togydet
Saue ye not of my felaue frewyll
I am aferde lest he be serchyng on a hyl
By god than one of vs is begyled
What felaue is this that in this cote is syled
Kockes deth whome haue we here
What frewyll myn owne fere
Arte thou out of thy mynde

frewyll O God graunte the way to heuen that I may synde
foꝛ I foꝛ sake thy company

Imagy. O Goddes armes my company and why
frewyll O foꝛ thou lyuest to synfully

Imagy. O Alas tell me how hyt is with the

frewyll. O foꝛ sake thy synne foꝛ the loue of me

Imagy. O Kockes herte arte thou waxed made

frewyll O whā I thynke on my synne it makes me ful sadde

Imagy. O Goddes woundes who gaue the that counsell

frewyll. O Perseueraunce and contemplacyon I the tell

Imagy. O A vengeaunce on them I wolde they were in hell

frewyll O Amende Imagynacyon and mercy crye

Imagy. O By goddes sydes I hadde leuer be hāged on hye

Raye that wolde I not do I hadde leuer dye

By goddes passyon and I hadde alonge knyfe

I wolde bereue these two horesones of theyꝛ lyfe

How how twenty pounce foꝛ a dagger

Contem. O Was peas good lone and speke softer
And amende oꝛ deth drawe his draught

For on the he wyl stele full softe
He gyueth neuer no man warnynge
And euer to the he is comynge
Therfoze remembre the well

If a horsone yf I were Japler of hell

Imagy.

I wys some sorowe holde thou fele

For to the deuyll I wolde the sell

Chan holde ye haue many a soyr mele

I wyl neuer gyue you mete ne drynke

Ye holde fast horsones tyll ye dyde syncke

Euen as a rotten dogge ye by saynt tpyburne of kent

Imagynacyon thynke what god dyd for the

Perleue.

On good frydaye he hanged on a tre

And spent all his precyous blode

A spere dyde ryue his herte a sonder

The gates he brake by with a clappe of thunder

And Adam and eue there delyuered he

What deuyll what is that to me

Imagy.

By goodes fast I was ten yere in newgate

And many moze sclawes with me late

Yet he neuer came there to helpe me ne my cōpany

Yes he holpe the or thou haddest not ben here now

Contem.

By the masse I can not shewe you

Imagy.

For he and I neuer dranke togyder

yet I knowe many an ale stake

Neither at y stuyes I wylste hy neuer come thyder

Sooth he arayed in whyte or in blacke

For and he out of pryson hadde holpe me

I knowe well ones I holde hym le

What gowne wtereth he I praye you

Syr he halpe you out by his myght

Perleue.

Imagy. ¶ I can not tell you by this lycht
But me thought that I laye there to longe
And the horesone fetters were so stronge
That hadde almost brought my necke out of Joynt

Perseue. ¶ Amende sone and thou shalt knowe hym
That delyuered the out of pryson
And yf thou wylt forsake thy mysse
Surcly thou shalt come to the blysse
And be inherytoure of heuen

Imagy. ¶ What syz aboute the mone
Naye by the masse than sholde I fall soone
Yet I hepe not to clymme so hie
But to clymme toz a byrdes neste
There is none bytwene east and weste
That dare therto ventre better than I
But to ventre to heuen what and my fete slyppe
I knowe well than I sholde breke my necke
And by god than hadde I the worse syde
yet had I leuer be by the nose tyde
In a wenchys ars souewhere
Bather than I wolde stande in that grete fere
Foz to go vp to heuen naye I praye you lette be

freewyll. ¶ Imagynacyon wylte þ do by the couÛseyll of me

Imagy. ¶ Ye syz by my trowth what someruer it be

freewyll. ¶ Amende yet foz my sake
Hyt is better be tyme than to late
How saye you wyl you goddes hestes fulfyll

Imagy. ¶ I wyl do syz euen as you wyl
But I praye you let me haue a newe cote
Whan I haue nede and in my purse a grote
Than wyl I dwell with you styll

Be ware for whan þy arte buryed in the grounde
Fewe frendes for the wyll be founde
Remembre this sylf

Fre wyll

No thyng drede I so sore as deith
Therfore to amende I thynke hvt be tyme
Synne haue I bled all the dayes of my breth
With pleasure lechery and mysusyng
And spent amys my .v. wyttes therfore I am soz
Here of all my synnes I axe god mercy

Imagy.

Holde here is a better clothyng for the
And loke that thou foriake thy foly
Be stedfast loke that thou fall neuer

Perseue.

Now here I forlake my synne for euer

Syz wayte thou now on perseuer aunce
for thy name shall be called good remembraunce
And I wyll dwell with contemplacyon
And folowe hym where euer he become

Imagy.
Fre wyll.

Well arc ye so bothe agrede

Ye syz so god me spede

Syz ye shall wete on me soone
And be goddes seruaunt dape and nyght
And in euery place where ye become
Gyue good counseyle to euery wyght
And men axe your name tell you remembraunce
That goddes lawe kepeth truly euery dape
And loke that ye forget not repentaunce
Than to heuen ye shall go the nexte waye
Where ye shall se in the heuenly quere
The blessyd company of sayntes so holp
That lyued deuouly whyle they were here
Unto the whiche blysse I besече god almyghty

Contem.
Imagy.
Perseue.

J

To bynge there your soules that here be present
 And vnto vertuous luyunge that ye maye applye
 Truly for to kepe his commaundemente
 Of all our myrthes here we make an ende
 Vnto the bysse of heuen Ihesu your soules bynge

I H E R.

Enpynnted
 by me Wynkyn de
 Worde.

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