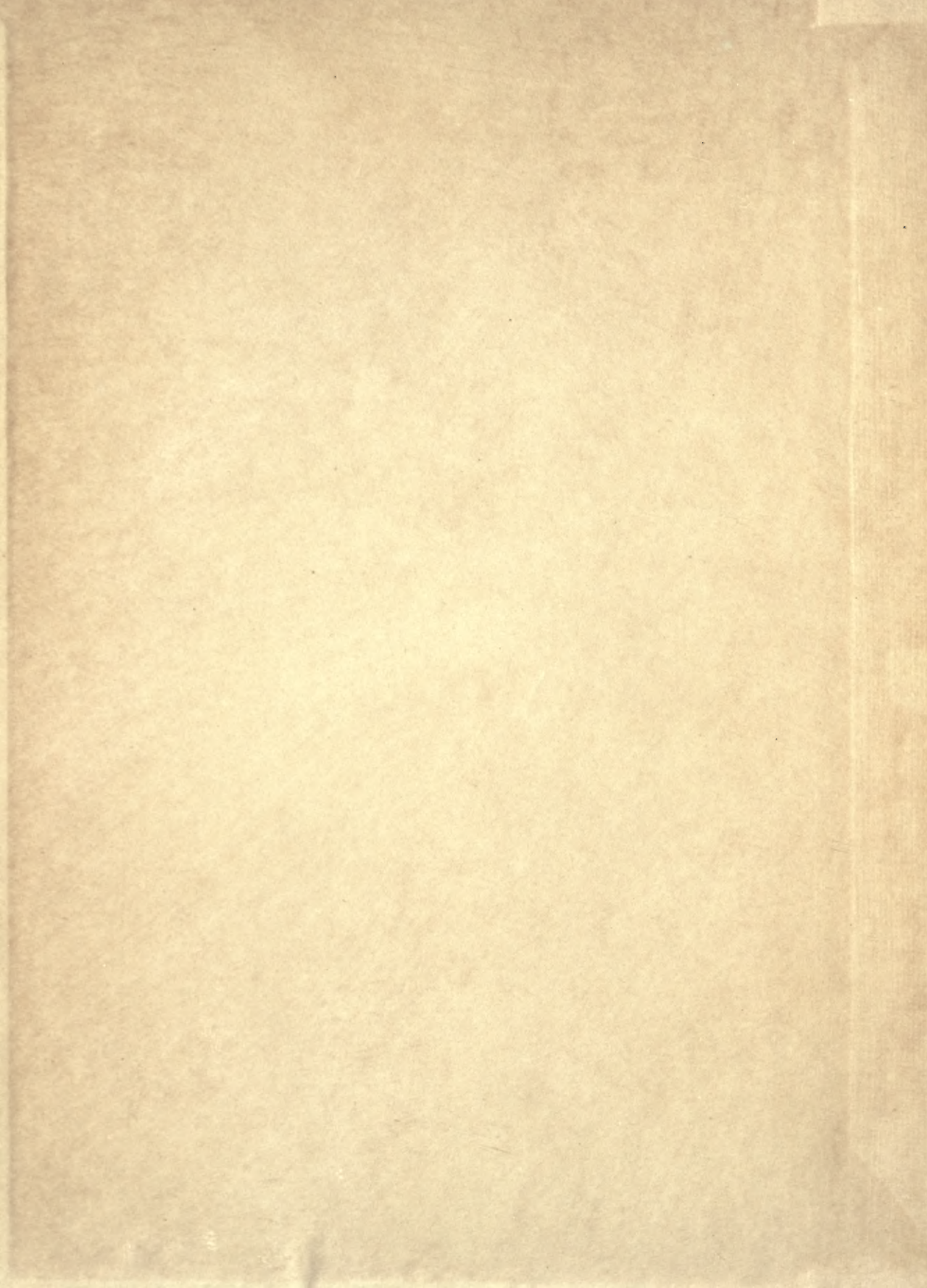


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Jack Juggler

Date of only known Copy . . . c. 1553-61

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 55]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Jack Juggler

[c. 1553-61]

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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1553a.

Jack Juggler

[c. 1553-61]

For bibliographical details students may refer to the introduction to the facsimile reprint of "Thersytes" in this Series.

The author is unknown and the date given cannot be said to be more than conjectural.

The reproduction is good and, being what it is, very satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A new Enterlued for

Chyldren to playe, named Jacke Jugler, both
wytte, and very playfent. Newly
Imprinted.

The Players names.

Maister Boungrace

A galant

Dame coye

A Gentelwoman

Jacke Jugler

The byce

Jenkin careaway

A Lackey.

Ales troye and go

A mayd.



Jacke Jugler.



✿ The Prologue.



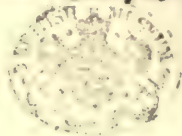
Nemo tuis interdum gaudia curis
 Ut possis animo quemues sufferre laborem
 Doo any of you knowe what latine is this
 Or ells wold you haue, an expositozen
 To declare it in Englyshe, per sensum planiozem
 It is best I speake Englyshe, or ells wth in a whylle
 I may percaze myne owne selfe, with my latin begyle.

The two verses, which I rehersid befoze
 I finde wozitten, in the boke of Cato the wyse
 Amongst good pzecepts, of luyng a thousand moze
 Which to folowe there, he doth all men auisse
 And they may be Englyshed, bzedie in this wyse
 Amongst thy carful busines, vse sune time mirth & ioye
 That no bodilpe wozke, thy wyttes bzeke or noye.

For the mynd (saith he) in serious matters occupied
 Yf it haue not sune quiet mirth, and recreation
 Interchaungeable admixed, must niddes be sone wozied
 And (as wtho should saye) tried, through continual opera
 Of labour and busines, without relaxation (cion)
 Therfoze intermix honest mirth, in suche wise
 That your strenght may be refreshed, & to labours suffice

For as meat and drinke, naturall rest and slepe
 For the conseruacion, and helth of the bodye
 Must niddes be had, soo the mynd and wyttes to kepe
 Pregnant, fr the industrius, quiete and iustie
 Honest mirth, and pastime, is requisite and necessarie
 For, Quod caret alterna requie durabile non est
 Nothing may endure (saith Doyd) with out sune rest.

Example



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

Thus than (as I haue sayed) it is a thynge naturall
And naturallse belonging to all luyng creatures
And vnto man especiallie, aboue others all
To haue at times cōueniēt pastauce, inirthe, & pleasurs
So thei be ioyned w̄ honestie, & kept w̄ in due measurs
And the same well allowed not onlye the said Cato
But also ȳ Philosophers, Plutarke, Socrates & Plato

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

He rekeneth that namelie, as a berse honest dispozt
And aboue al other thinges, commendeth ȳ old cōmedie
The hearing of which, may doo the mynd cumfozt
For they be replenished with precepts of Philosophie
The conteine mutch wisdomē & teache prudēt pollecte
and though thei be al writē of mattiers of non ioytauce
Yet thei shew great wist, and mutch pretie conueiaunce.

And in this maner of making, Plautus did excell

As recozdeh the same Tullius cōmending him bi name
Wherfoze this maker deliſeth paſſinglye well
Too folowe his argumentes, and drawe out the same
Foz to make at ſeaſuns cōueniēt paſſings mirth & game
Is now he hath dō this matter not woꝛth an oyster ſhel
Except percaſe it ſhall furtune too make you laugh well

And foz that purpose onlye this maker did it wzite
Taking the ground therof out of Plautus firſt cōmedie
And the firſt ſentence of ſame foz higher things endite
In no wiſe he wold, foz yet the time is ſo queſtie
That he that ſpeaketh beſt, is leſt thanke woꝛthie
Therfoze, ſith noting but trifles maye be had
you ſhal here a thing ſe onlie ſhal make you merie & glad.

And ſuche a trifling matter as when it ſhalbe done
Ye may repoꝛt and ſaye ye haue hearde nothing at all
Therfoze I tell you all, befoze it be begone
That noman looke to heare of matters ſubſtancyall
Noꝛ mattiers of any grauitee either great oz ſmall
Foz this maker ſhewd vs that ſuche maner thinges
Doo neuer well beſime litle boyes handelings.

wherfoze yf ye wyl not ſowzelle your bzoues bende
At ſuche a fantaſticall conceite as this
But can be content to heare and ſee the ende
I woll go ſhew the players what your pleaſure is
which to wait vpon you I know bee redie oz this
I woll goo ſende them hither in too your preſence
Deſtryng that they may haue quiet audience.

Take

✱ Jake Jugler.

O Our lord of Heuen and swete sainte Thome
Rest you merpe my maisters euerychone
And I praye to Chzist and swete saint Steuen
Send you all many a good euine
And you to syz, and you, and you also
Good euine to you an hundered times & a thousand mo
Now by all thes crosses of flethe bone and blod
I reckine my chaunce right maruaylus good
Here now to find all this cumpante
Which in my mynde I toyshed for hartylle
Foz I haue labored all daye tyll I am werie
And now am disposed too passe the time, and be merite
And I thinke noon of you, but he wolde do the same
Foz who wol be sad, and nedithe not, is foule to blame
And as for mee, of my mother I haue byn taught
To bee merie when I may, and take no thought
Which leasone, I bare so well awaye
That I vse to make merpe oons a daye
And now if all thinges happyn right
You shall see as mad a pastime this night
As you saw this seuen yers, and as propze a toye
As euer yon saw played of a boye
I am called Jake Jugler, of many an oon
And in faith I woll playe a iugling cast a non
I woll cunger the moull, and god befoze
Oz elles leat me lese my name for euer moze
I haue it deuised, and compasced hou
And what wayes, I woll tell and shew to you
You all knowe we ll Maister Boungrace
The gentilman that dwellith here in this place
And Jenkin Carrea waie, his page as cursed a lad

And

And as vngracious as euer man had
 An unhappy wage, & as foliſhe a knaue toſth al
 As any is now, within London wall
 This Jenkine and I been fallen at great debate
 For a matter, that fell betwixe vs a late
 And hitherto of him I could neuer reuenged be
 For his maister mantaineth hi, & loueth not me
 Albe it the very truth to tell
 Nother of the both, knoweth me not verie well
 But againſt al other boies, the ſayd gentle man
 Whaynteyneth him, all that he can
 But I ſhall ſet litle by my wyte
 If I do not Jenkine this night requite
 Ere I ſeepe Jenkine ſhall bee mete
 And I truſt to come partlye out of his dete
 And whan we mete againe, if this do not ſuffiſe
 I ſhall paye Jenkine the reſidue, in my beſt wyſe
 It chauced me right now in the other end of þ next ſtreet
 With Jenkine and his mayſter, in the face to met
 I a boed ther a whylle, playng for to ſee
 At the Buklers, as welbecommed mee
 It was not longe tyme, but at the laſt
 Bake cumithe my colune Careawate, homward ſul faſt
 Whicking, Braunſing, and ſpringynge in his hozt cote
 And pleaſauntlie ſynginge, with a mery note
 Whyther a waye ſo faſt, tary a whyle ſaped oon
 I cannot now ſayd Jenkine, I muſt nides bee goon
 My maister ſuppeth herbpe, at a gentylmans place
 And I muſt thither feache my dame, maiſtres bougrace
 But yet er I go, I care not motche
 At the buklers to playe, with thee oon faire foche
 To it they went, and played ſo long

Tyll Jenkine thought he had wzong
 By cokes pꝛecious potstike, I wyll not home this night
 Quod he, but as good a stripe oon thie hed lyght
 Within halfe an houre, or sune what lese
 Jenkine leste playng, and went to featche hys maisteris
 But by the waye he met with a frcuteres wyfe
 There Jenkine and she fell at luche strife
 For snatchng of an Apple, that doune he cast
 Her basket, and gatherid by the apples fast
 And put them in hys sleue, thē came he hys waye.
 By an other lane, as fast as he maye
 tyll he came at a corner, by a shoops stall
 Where boyes were at Dice, faryng at all
 When Careawaie with that good cumpany met
 He fell to faryng, withouten let
 Forgettng hys meilage, and so well did he fare
 that whan I came bye, he gan swere and Care
 And full bitterlye, began to curse
 As oone that had lost, almost all in his purse
 For I knowe his olde gise, and condicion
 Neuer to leaue, tyll all his mony bee goon
 For he hath noo mony, but what he doth stell
 And that woll he playe, a waye euery dell
 I passed by, and then called vnto my mynd
 Sartayde old rekeaninges, that were behynd
 Bicwen Jenkine & me, whō partlie to recōpence
 I trust by gods grace, ere I goo hence
 This garments, cape, and all other geare
 That now you see, apon me here
 I haue doon oon, all lyke vnto his
 For the nong, and my purpose is
 To make Jenkine, byliue yf I can

that

That he is not him selfe, but an other man
 For except he hath better loke, than he had
 He wold cum hyther, starke starpng mad
 Whan he shall cum, I wold handle my captiue so
 That he shall not well wot, whether too goo
 His Maisteris I knowe, she wold him blame
 And his Mayster also, wold doo the same
 Because that we, of her supper deceiued is
 For I am sure they haue all supped by this
 But and if Jenkine, wold hither resort
 I trust he and I, wold make sum sport
 Yf I had sooner spokine, he wold haue sooner been here
 For my limithe, I do his voyce heare.

¶ Careawate.

Alas I may saye, I haue been at a fest
 I haue lost .ii. s. and six pence at the lest
 Marye saye, of this gaynes I nyde make no host
 But the dyuell goes wold all, more haue I lost
 My name is Careawate, let all forow passe
 I wold ere too morow night be as rich as euer I
 Or at þe fortheft wold within a day or twaine (was
 The Maysters purse, wold paye me agayne
 Therfor hogh careawate, now wold I sig. hee hee
 But bi þe lorde now I remembze a nother thing
 By my faith Jenkine my Maisteris and thou
 It lyke to gree, god knoweth thou
 That thou comest not, for her incontinent
 To byng hir to supper, when thou were sent
 And now they haue all supped, thou wold hurle a bye
 Except thou imagine, sumpzetie and craftye lye
 For she is as all other wemen bee
 A verie cursed shrew, by the blessed Trinitie

And



And a berpe Dyuell, for yf she doos begyne
 To fyght, or chyde, in a weke she wol not lyne
 And a great pleasure she hath, specyally now of late
 To gette pooze me, now and then by the pate
 For she is an angrye pece of flethe, and sone displeasyd
 Quikely moued, but not lyghtlye appeled
 We hse to call her at home, dame Coye
 A pzetie g'ngerte pice, god saue her and saint Loye
 As denty and nice, as an halpeny wozt of silver spoons
 But bengable melancolie, in the after noons
 She vseth for htr bodylie helth, and safegard
 To chyde daylie doone fite, too supperward
 And my Bapster him selfe, is woze then she
 If he ons thzoughlye angeryd bee
 And a mayd we haue at home, Aulsoon trise and goo
 Not all London can he we, suche oth'r twoo
 She simperith, she prankith and getteth with out saylle
 As a pecocke that hath spzed, and she weth hir gaye talle
 She minceth, she bzideleth, she swimmeth to and fro
 She tredith not one here a wozpe, she tryppeth like a do
 A bzode in the strete, going or cumming homward
 She quauerith, and wardelith, like one in a galiard
 Euerie toynt in her bodye and euerie part
 Oh it is a toylie wenche to myns and deuyd a fart
 She talketh, she chatteth like a Poye all daye
 And speaketh like a parat Poppagaye
 And that as fine, as a small silken thzeede
 Ye and as high as an Eagle can fle for a neade
 But it is a spitfull lying g'rl, and neuer well
 But whan she may sum yll tael by me tel
 She woll I warrant you, a non at the first
 Of me imagine, and saye the wozt.

B. i.

And

And what soeuer he to my maisteris doth saye
It is woziten in the godpell of the same daye
Therfore I woll here with my selke deuise
What I may best say, and in what wise.
I may excuse this my long tarpeng
That he of my negligence may suspect nothyng
Foz if the faulte of this be found in mee
I may giue my life foz halpenis thzee

Hic cogitabundo similis se deat.

Let me stodie this moneth, and I shall not fiend
A better deuise then now is cume to my mynd
Maistries woll I saye, I am bound by my dutie
To see that your womanhod haue no iniurie
Foz I heare and see, moze then you now and then
And your selke partlie know the wantin wyles of men
When wee came vnder, there dyd I see
My mayster kisse gentilwomen tow or thzee
And to come emongs others my thought bysye
He had a myzwayllus great phantasye
I non he commaundyd me to run thens foz you
To cume supe there if you wold but I wot not how
My hart grudgd mistrusting lest that I being awaye
My maister wold sum light cast playe
Wher vpon maistries, to se the ende
I tarried halfe supper time so god me mende
And besydes that there was such other compainye
As I know your maistriship setteth nothing by
Gorges dames of the cozte and galaunts also
With doctours, and other rufflers mo
At last whan I thought it tyme and seasune
I cam too certifie you as it was teasune
And by the way whome should I mete

Wnt

But that most honest Gentilman in the street
Which the last wike was with you here
And made you a banket, and bouncing cheare
Ah Jenkin w he good spid how farest thou
Hary wel god yld it you maister w I how do you
How dot he thy maister is he at home
Ye syz w I and supbeth all a lone
And but she hath noo maner good chere
I am sure she wold gladlye haue you there
I cannot cum now sayd he I haue busines
But thou shalt carie a tokine from me to thy maistreis
Goo with me too my chaumbze at youe lane end
And I woll a dishe of colterds vnto byz send
I solotwid him, and was bolde by your leaue
To receiue and bzing them here in my sleue
But I wold not for all Englonde by Ihesu Chryst
That my maister Boungrace herof wylt
Dz knew that I wold any such geare to you bzing
Lest he misdime vs both in sum woze thyng
For thew him nothyng of that I befoze sayed
For then in dyd syz I am arayed
Yf you doo I may nothing herafter vnto you tell
Whether I se mi master doo ill or well
That if you now this counsaile kepe
I wol ease you parchaunce twise in a wike
you may saye you wer si ke and your hed did ake
that you lusted not this night any supper make
Speciallye with out the dozes but thought it best
too abyde at home and take your rest
And I wylt to my maister too byng hym home
For you know he wol be angrif if he come alone
this woll I saye and face it so well

B. ff.

that

That we shall beleue it euerye dell
 Thou saye you frinds, by the armes of Robyn hood
 Wol not this excuse be resonable good
 To muse for any beeter, great soly it is
 For I may make sure reherning of this
 That and if I wold sit seying this. bit. yere
 I shall not ellis find how to saue me all clere
 And as you see for the most part our wilts be best
 When wee be takyne most vnredrest
 But I wol not giue for that boye a flye
 That hath not al tymes in stoz one good lye
 And cannot set a good face vpon the same
 Therfore saint George þ bozoue, as it wol let him frame
 I woll seopard a toynt, bee as bee maye
 I haue had many lyke chaunces, befoze this daye
 But I promise you I do curstle feare
 For I feel a vengeable burning in my left ere
 And it hath byn a sayng, of tyme long
 That swete mete woll haue soure sauce among
 And surelye I shall haue sum ill hape
 For my here standith by vnder my cape
 I would knocke but I dare not by our ladye
 I feare hanging where vnto no man is halffe
 But seing there is no nother remedie
 Thus to stand any longer it is but folpe.

Hic pulset ostium.

They bee soo farre with in, the cannot heare

Jacke Jugler.

Soft thy knocking saucie knaue, what makest thou there

Jenkene Careateate.

What knaue is that he speaketh not too me I trowe

And we mete the one of vs is lyke to haue a blowe

for

For nowe that I am well chafed, and sum what hote
twentye suche could I heve as small as Acche to rote
And surelie if I had a knyfe
This knaue would escape hardelye with his lyfe
To teache him to aske of me any moze
What I make at my owne maistris dooze

¶ Jacke Jugler

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

✽ Jenkine Carewaie

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

¶ Jacke Jugler

His arse makith buttens now, and who lustith to scale
Shall find his hart creping out at his heele
Or ells lyng hiden in sum corner of his hose
Yf it be not alredit dzopped out of his nose
For as I doubt not but you haue hard besozne
A moze dastard couerd knaue was neuer bozne

✽ Jenkin Carewaie

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

D.iii.

Jake

CTake iugler

Knocke at the gate hardelye agayne if thou dare
And seing thou wolt not bye false wordes beware
Now fistes, me thinketh yesterdape. bli. yers past
That four men a sleepe at my fete you cast
And thys same day you dyd no maner good
Noz were not washen in warme blod

✽ Jenkin Careawaye

What whozson is this that washeth in warme blod
Sum diuell broken loose, out of hell for wood
Four hath he slayne, and now well I see
That it must be my chaunce the first to bee
But rather then thus shamfullpe too be slayne
wold Christ my frends had hanged me being but yers. ii
And yet if I take good hart and be bolde
Perceace he wolbe moze sobze and coulde

CTake iugler

Now handes bestur you about his lyppez and face
And streaque out all his teth without any grace
Gentelman are you disposed to eare any fist mete

✽ Jenkin Careawaye

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

CTake iugler

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

✽ Jenkin Careawaye

I shall neuer escape see howe he waghth his handes

CTake iugler

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

✽ Jenkine Careawaye

Ere þ allaye thē on mee, I praise thee lame thē on þ wal
But speake you all this in earnest, oz in game
Yf you be angrie with me trulpe you are to blame
Foz haue you any iust quarell to mee

CTake iugler

Ere thou and I parte that wol I shew thee

✱ Jenkin Careawaye

Oz haue I doone you any maner displeasure

CTake iugler

Ere thou and I parte thou shalt know, þ maist besure

✱ Jenkin Careawaye

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

CTake iugler

My maisters seruant I am foz veritie

✱ Jenkin Careawaye

What busynes haue you at this place now

CTake iugler

Ray mary tell me what busynes hast thou
Foz I am commaunded foz to watche & giue diligence
That in my good maister Boungraces absence
Noo misfortune may happen to his house serfayne

✱ Jenkin Careawaye

Well now I am come, you may go hens agayne
And thanke them þ somuch foz my maister hath doone
Sewing them þ the seruants of þ house be come home
Foz I am of the house, and now in woll I goo

CTake iugler

I cannot tell whether thou be of the house oz noo

But

But goo no nere, lest I handle thee like a stranger
Chanke no man but thy selfe, if thou be in any daunger

¶ Jenkin Careawaye

Whye I desye thee, and plainly vnto thee tell
That I am a seruaunt of this house, and here I dwell

Jacke Iugler

How soo god me smache, but thou goo thee waies
Whille thou mayest, for this foztie dayes
I shall make thee not able to goo noz ryde
But in a dungcart oz a whilberow lyng on on syde

¶ Jenken Careawaye

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

✽ Jacke Iugler

How moze prating but geat thee heng at towng

Jenkin Careawaye

Why my mayster hath sent me home in his message

✽ Jacke Iugler

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

¶ Jenkin Careawaye

What wilt thou let me from my no wne maisters house

✽ Jacke Iugler

We tredging, oz in faith you here me a soufe

Here my mayster and I haue our habitacion

And hath continually dwelled in this mansyon

At the least this doosen yers and od

And here wol we end our lynes by the grace of god

¶ Jenkin Careawaye

Why then where shall my maister and I dwell

✽ Jacke Iugler

At the Dyuell if you lust, I can not tell

¶ Jenken Careawaye

In nomine patris, now this geare doth passe



of a litle befoze supper here our hōuse was
And this day in þe mozning I wol on a boke stwee
That my maister and I both dwelleyd here

Take iugler

Who is thy maister tell me with out lye
And thine o tōne name also let me knowe thoztise
Foz my maisters all, let me haue the blame
If this knaue kno his master oz his o tōne name

* Careawaye

My maisters name is maister Boungrace
I haue dwelled wth him a longe space
And I am ten kin Careawaye his page

Take iugler.

What ye dzunkin knaue begin you to rage
Take that, art thou maister Boungraces page

* Careawaye

If I be not, I haue made a berpe good blage

Take iugler.

Darest thou too my face saye thou art I

* Careawaye

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

Take iugler

And is maister Boungrace thy maister doest þe then saye

* Careawaye

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

Take iugler

And foz that thou shalt sumwhat haue
Because thou pzesumest, like a saucpe lying knaue
To saye my maister is thine: who is thy maister now?

* Careawaye.

C. i.

By my

By my trouthe syz who so euer please you
 I am your owne, for you bete me soo
 As no man but my mayster holde doo
 Iacke iugler
 I woll handle thee better if faut be not in fytt
 Careawaye
 Helpe saue my life maisters for y passion of chyzist
 Iacke iugler
 Why thou lowly these doest thou crye and roze
 Careawaye
 No sayth I woll not crye one wylt moze
 Saue my lyfe helpe, oz I am slaine
 Iacke iugler
 Ye doest thou make a romeringe yet a gayne
 Wd not I byde the holde thy peace
 ❖ Careawaye
 In faith now I leaue crieng, now I cease helpe, helpe,
 Iacke iugler
 Who is thy maister Careawaye
 Mayster Boungrace
 Iacke iugler
 I woll make the chaung y song, ere wee pas this place
 For he is my maister, and a gaine to see I saye
 That I am his ienkin Careawaye
 Who art thou now tell me plaine
 ❖ Careawaye
 Noo bodye, but whome please you sertayne
 Iacke iugler
 Thou saydest euen now thy name was Careawaye
 ❖ Careawaye
 I crye you marcy syz, and forgluenez praye
 I said a mylle because it was soo too daye
 And thought it should haue continued alwaye

Like a foale as I am and a dzonken knaue
But in faith syz yee se all the wyttte I haue
Therfoze I beseeche you do me no moze blame
But giue me a new maister, and an other name
Foz it wold greue my hart soo helpe me god
To runne a bout the stretes like a maisterlys nod

Take iugler

I am he that thou saydest thou were
And maister boungrace is my maister & dweleth heare
thou art no popnt Careawaye thi witts do thee faylle

✽ Careawaye

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

Take iugler

Truce foz a whyle say one what thy lust

Careawaye

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

Tacke iugler

By my faith I promise pardone thee I wold

Careawaye

What and you kepe no promise. Ja iugler, then byō ca
I praye god light as much oz moze as hath on y to daye

Careawaye

Now dare I speake so mote I thee

Maister boungrace is my maister, and the name of mee
is ienken careaway, iacke iugler. What saiest thou soo

careawaye

And yf thou wilt strike me, and bzeake thy promise, doo

And beate on mee, tyll I sinke, and tyll I dye

And yet wold I still saye that I am I

Tacke iugler

This bedlem knaue without doubt is mad

C Careawaye

No by god for all that I am a wyse lad
And can cale to remembraunce euery thyng
That I dyd this daye, sicke my vprisynge
For went not I wyth my mayster to daye
Erlie in the morning to the Tennis playe
At noone whyle my maister at his dynner sate
Played not I at Dice at the gentylmans gate
Did not I wayte on my maister to supper ward
And I thinke I was not chaldged þ way hōward
Or ells if thou thinke I lye
Alke in the stret of them that I came bye
And sicke that I cam hether into your pzesens
what man lpyng could carpe me hens
I remember I was sent to fetch my maisteris
And what I deuiled to saue me harmeles
Doo not I speake now is not this my hande
Be not these my feet þ on this ground stande
Did not this other knaue her knoke me about þ
And beat me tyll I was almost dede: (hede
How may it then bee, that he should bee Ie
Or I not my selfe it is a Wamsfull lye
I woll home to our house, whosoener say naye
For surelye my name is Ienkin Careawaye

C Iacke Jugler.

I woll make thee say other wise ere we depart if we can

C Ienkin Careawaye

Ray that woll I not in faith for no man
Except thou tell me what I thou hast doone
Euer syth siue of the cloke this after noone
Reherle me all that wyth out anye lye

And then I woll confesse that thou art I

* Iacke iugler

When my maister came to the gentylnās place
He comaunded me too rume home a great pace
Too fet thyther my maisteris and by the waye
I dyd a good whyle at the bukeleris playe
Then came I by a wife that did costerds sell
And cast downe hie basket fayre and well
And gathered as many as I could gete
And put theim in my sleue here they bee yet

C Careawase

Hobow the diuell should they come there
For I dyd them all in my obone sleue here
He lyeth not a woerde in all this
Nor dothe in any one popnt myse
For ought I se yet betwene erneste and game
I must go like me a nother name
But thou mightest see al this, tel the rest that is behind
And there I knowe I shal thee a lyer fynd

* Iacke iugler

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

Jenkin Careawase

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

* Iacke iugler

I thou lost all thy mony at dice christ geue it his curse
wel and truelye pycked befoze out of an other mā's porsle

C Jenken Careawase

Godes bodye hozeson these who tolde thee that same

Sum

Sum cunning diuell is with in thee payne of shame
In nomine patris, god and our blessed ladye
Now and euermore saue me from thy cumpagne

CJacke iugler

How now art thou Careawaye or not

✽ Careawaye

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

Jacke iugler.

Ye mary I tell thee care awaye is my name

CCareawaye

And by these tene bones myne is the same

Dzells tell me yf I be not hee

What my name frome henceforth shall bee

✽ Jacke iugler

By my sayth the same that it was befoze

Whan I lust too be Careawaye no moze

Looke well vpon me, and thou shalt see as now

That I am ienkynne Careawaye and not thou

Looke well a pon me, and by euerye thyng

Thou shalt well know that I make no leasing.

Careawaye

I se it is soo without any doubt

But howe the dyuell came it a boue

Who soo in England loke the on him stedelye

Shall perceiue plainlye that he is I

I haue sene my selfe a thousand times in a glasse

But soo lyke my selfe as he is neuer was

He hath in euerye poynt my clothing & mi geare

My hed, my cape, my shirt and notted heare

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

My chekes chine, neake, feete, leges, and hippes

Of the same stature, and hyght and age

And

And is in euery poynt maister Boungrace page
That if he haue a hole in his taylor
He is euen I myne owne selfe without any faile
And yet when I remembre I wot not how
The same mā I haue euer bine me thinkst I am now
I know mi maister, & his house, & my fiue witts I haue
Why then should I giue credence to this folishe knaue
That nothing entendith but me delude and mooke
Foz whom should I feare at my masters gate to knocke
Jacke iugler

Thinkest thou I haue sayde all this in game
Goo oz I shall send the hens in the dyuills name
I boyde thou lousye lurden & pzeious sinking slaue
that nether thi name knowest noz canst ani maister haue
waine shakin, pilozye perpours, of lice not about a pecke
Hens oz by gods pzeious I shall bzeake thy necke
Careawaye

Then mayster I besiche you hartlye take the payne
Yf I be found in any place too bzinge me to me againe
Now is not this a wonderfull case
That no man should leafe him selfe soo in ony place
Haue any of you harde of suche a thyng here to soze
So noz neuer shall I dare saie from hensfozth any moze
Jacke iugler

Whyle he museth an iudgeth him selfe apon
I woll stele a waye foz a whyle and let him a loon
Careawaye

Good lozde of heuine, where dyd I my selfe leaue
Oz who did me of my name by the waye bereue
Foz I am sure of this in my mynde
That I dyd in no place leue my selfe byhinde
Yf I had my name played a waye at dyce

O had sold my selfe to any man at a pryce
 O had made a fray and had lost it in fyghtyng
 O it had byne stolne from me sleapng
 It had byne a matter and I wold haue kept patience
 But it spitteth my hart to haue lost it by suche open neg-
 Ah thou hozelone dzoulsie dzunken sote (ligence
 Yt were an almes dyde to wal ke thy cote
 And I shew him that wold for thee be sozpe
 Too see thee well curryed by and by
 And by Chzpst if any man wold it doo
 I my selfe wold helpe there too
 For a man may see thou hozelone goose
 Thou woldest lpe thyne arse if it were loose
 Albeit I wolde neuer the dyde beleue
 But that the thing it selfe doth shewe and pryue
 There was neuer Ape so lyke vnto an Ape
 As he is to me in feature, and shape
 But what woll my maister say troto ye
 When he shall this geare here and see
 Wyl he knowe me thinke you, when he shall se me
 Yf he do not a nother woll as good as he
 But where is that other I whether is he gon
 To my mayster by cockes pzeious passion
 Eytter to put me out of my place
 O too accule me to my maister Voungtrace
 But I woll after as fast as I can flee
 I trust to be there as soone as hee
 That yf my mayster be not redye home to come
 I woll be here agayne as fast as I can runc
 In any wyse to speake woth my maysteris
 O ellis I shall neuer escape hanging dubtles
 Dame Cope

I shall not suppe this night full wel I see
For as yet noo bodie cumithe for to fet mee
But good ynough let me alone
I woll bee euen woth theim every chone
I saye nothing, but I thinke sum what I wis
Sum ther bee that shall here of this
Of al unkind & churlishe husbands this is þ' cast
To let ther wyues set at home and fast
While they bee forth and make good cheare
Pastime, and spozte, as now he doth there
But yf I were a wyse woman, as I am a mome
I shold make my selfe as good chere at home
But if he haue thus unkindlye serued mee
I woll not forget it this monethis thre
And if I wost þ' fault were in him, I pray god I be ded
But he shoulde haue suche a kyzie, ere he went too bed
As he neuer had befoze in all his lyfe
For any man ells haue had of his wyfe
I wolde rate him and wake hym after such a sozte
As shoulde be to him a cozraiture, full lytle to his cumfozte
His trippe and goo

Yf I may be so bolde by your maisterithys lycens
As too speake and shew my mynde and sentence
I thinke of this you may the boye thanke
For I know that he playeth you many a lyke pranke
And that wolde you saye, yf you knew as mutch as wee
That his daylye conuersacion and byhautoze see
For yf you commaund him to goo speake with sum one
Yt is an houre ere he wolbe gone
Then woll he rune forth, and playe in the strete
And cume a gaine and say that he cannot with hym mete

Dame Cope

D. i.

Ray

Have, naye, it is his maisters playe
He seruite me soo almost euerie thirde daye
But I wolbe even with him as god geue me toy
And yet the fault may bee in the boye
Is vngractous a graft so mot I thirue
As any goeth on goddes ground a lyue

Careawaye

My witte is bzeched in suche a bzaie
That I cannot deuise what way is best to take
I was almost as fare as my maister is
But then I begane to remember this
And to cast the woꝝt as on in tere
yf he chaunce to see mee and kepe me there
Till he cum him selfe, & speake with mi masteris
Then am I lyke to bee in shewd dystres
yet were I better thought I to turne hom again
And fyrst speake with her certayne
Cockes bodie yonder she standeth at the doze
Now is it wourle then it was befoze
Wold christ I could get againe out of hir sight
For I see be her looke she is disposid to fyght
With lord she hath ther an angrie shewes loke

Dame coye

Loe yender cumithe that vnhappye hooke

✽ Careawaye

God saue you maysteris doo you know me well

Dame coye

Cume nere hither vnto mee, and I shall thee tell
Why thou noughtie byllan is that thy gyse
To gest with thy maisteris in suche wise
take that to begyne with, and god befoze
When thy maister cumith home thou shalt haue moze
For

Foz he told me when he forth wente
That thou shouldest come hake a gaine incontinent
To bynge me to supper where he now is
And thou hast plaid by the waie, & thei haue don bi this
But no force I shall thou mayst trust mee
Teache all naughtie knaues to beware by thee

* Careawaye

Foz sothe maisteris yf you knew as much as I
ye woulde not be with me halfe so angrie
Foz the faulte is neither in mi maister noz in me noz you
But in an other knaue that was here euen now
And his name was ienkin Careawaye

Dame coye

What I see my man is disposid to playe
I wine he be dzouken oz mad I make god a bou

C Careawaye

Ray I haue byn made sobze and tame I now
I was neuer so handelid befoze in all my lyfe
I would every man in England had so beat me his wiffe
I haue fozgotten with tousing by the here
What I deuised to say a lytle ere

Dame coye

Haue I lost my supper this night thzough thi negligēce

C Careawaye

Ray then woe I a knaue misteris, sauing your reuerēce

Dame coye

Why I am sure that by this time it is doone

* Careawaye

Ye that it is moze then an our agone

Dame coye

And was not thou sent to feache mee theyther

Careawaye

D.ii.

yes

Yes and had come right quicklie hither
But that by the waye I had a gret fall
And my name, body shap legges and all
And meat with one, that from me did it selle
But be god he and I sum blowes dyd deale
I wolde he were now befoze your gate
For you wold poumle him ioplile a bout the pate

Dame Coye

Cruelye this wagenastie is either dzunken oz mad

✽ Careawaye

Neuer man soffred so mutche wozong as I had
But maisteris I should save a thinge to you
Cary it wol cum to my remembzence euen now
I must niddes vse a substanciall pzedetracion
For the matter lyeth gretylle me a pon
I besiche your maisterishipe of pardon and forgiuenes
Desyering you to impute it to my simple & rude dulines
I haue forgotten what I haue thought to haue sayed
And am therof full ill a paled
But whan I lost my selfe I knewe berie well
I lost also that I should you tell

Dame Coye

Why thou wzechid bilen doest thou me scozne and make
To make me to these folke a laufyng stocke
Ere thou go out of my handes I walt haue sum thyng
And I woll rekyne better in the moznyng

✽ Careawaye.

And yf you bere mee maysteris a wise you
For I am none of your seruaunts now
That other I is now your page
And I am no longer in your bondage

Dame Coye

Yes and had come right quicklie hither
But that by the waye I had a gret fall
And my name, body shap legges and all
And meat with one, that from me did it selle
But be god he and I sum blowes dyd deale
I wolde he were now befoze your gate
For you wold poumle him ioylile a bout the pate

Dame Coye

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Neuer man soffred so mutche wozong as I had
But maisteris I should saye a thinge to you
Cary it wol cum to my remembzence euen now
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For the matter lyeth gretylle me a pon
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Desyering you to impute it to my simple & rude dulines
I haue forgotten what I haue thought to haue sayed
And am therof full ill a paled
But whan I lost my selfe I knewe berie well
I lost also that I should you tell

Dame Coye

Why thou wzechid bilen doest thou me scozne and make
To make me to these folke a lausyng stocke
Ere thou go out of my handes I walt haue sum thyng
And I woll rekyne better in the moznyng

✽ Careawaye.

And yf you bere mee maysteris a wise you
For I am none of your seruaunts now
That other I is now your page
And I am no longer in your bondage

Dame Coye

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

C Careawafe

Mary syz this is handeling for the noons
I wold I had byn hanged befoze þ I was lost
I was neuer this canualed and tolt
That if my maister on his part also
Handle me as my maister is and the other I do
I shall surelye be killed bitwine theim thze
And all the diuels in hell shall not saue me
But yet if the other I might haue w me parte
All this wold neuer greue my harte

Jacke fugler

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

Boungrace

Why then darist thou to presume too tell mee

Care

That I know is no wyse possible for to bee

✽ Careawaye

Now by my truth master I haue told you no lie
And all these folkes knowith as well as I
I had no sooner knocked at the gate
But straight wayes he had me by the pate
Wherefore yf you bet me tyll I fart & wyt againe
you shall not cause me for any payne
But I woll affirme as I said befoze
That when I came nere a nother stode at y doze

• Boungrace

Why y naughtye villaine darest y affirme to me
that which was neuer sene noz hereafter shalbe
That one man may haue too bodyes & two faces
And y one man at on tyme may be in too placis
Tell me dzankest thou any where by the waye

✽ Careawaye

I chzeue me if I drake any moze the twice to day
Tyll I met euen now with that other I
And with him I supped and dzanke truelye
But as for you yf you gaue me dzinke and meat
As oftentimes as you do me beat
I were the best fed page in all this Cytie
But as touchyng that, you haue on me no pitye
And not onlye I but all that do you sarue
For meat and dzynke may rather starue

Boungrace

What you saucye malypert knane
Bzine you with your maister to prat andraue
your tonge is lyberall and all out of frame
I must niddes coungeit and make it tame
wher is y other Careawaye y thou said was here

Care

Careawaye

Now by my chryſtendome I wot nere

Boungrace

Why canſt thou fynde no man to moke but mee

C Careawaye

I moke you not maiſter ſoo mot I thee

Euerie word was trew that I you tolde

Boungrace

May I know toyes and pranke of olde

And now thou art not ſatiffyed noꝝ content

Without regarde of my biddinges and commaũdiment

To haue plaid by the waie as a leude knaue & negligēt

When I thee on my meſſage home ſent

But alſo woldeſt willingly me delude & moke

And make me to all wyſe men a laughyng ſtoke

Thewyng me ſuche thynges as in no wiſe be maie

Coꝝ intent thy leudnes mai turne to ieſt & play

Therfoꝝe if I ſpeake any ſuch thyng to me agaie

I promyſe it ſhal be vnto thy payne

Careawaye

Loo is not he in myſerable caſe

That ſaruethe ſuche a maiſter in any place

that with foꝝce wol compel him ſ thyng to denie

That he knoweth true, and hath ſine w his ye

Boungrace

Was it not troieſt thou thine owne ſhadoo

C Careawaye

My ſhadoo could neuer haue beten me ſoo

Boungrace

Why by what reaſon poſſible may ſuche a thyng bee

C Careawaye

May I maruael and wonder at it moꝝe than ye

And

And at the fyrst it dyd me curstelye meane
Noz I wold myne owne yes in no wyse helyue
Untyll that other I beate me soo
That he made me belue it whither i wold oz no
And if he had your selfe now within his reache
He wold make you say so too oz ellis beshite your

Master Boungrace (bzeach

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

Careawate

Have there you lye master if I might be so bold
But we ryle so erlye that yf I hadde
I hadde doone well and a wyse ladde
yet mayster I wolde you vnder stood
That I haue all wayes byn trusty and good
And lye as fast as a here in a cage
When so ever you sende me in your message
In saythe as foz this that I haue tolde you
I sawe and felte it as wa king as I am nowe
Foz I had noo soner knocked at the gate
But the other I knaue had mee by the pate
And I durst to you one a boke swere
That he had byn watching foz mee there
Longe ere I came hyden in sum pryue place
Euen foz the nons too haue me by the face

Master boungrace

why then thou speakest not with my wyse

Careawate

So that I dyd not maister by my lye
Untyll that other I was gone
And then my maisteris sent me after a vone



To waight on you home in the dyuelles name
I wene the dyuell neuer so beate his dame

Maister boungrace

And where became that other Careawaye

* Careawaye

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

Maister boungrace

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

* Careawaye.

Trulpe good syz by your maisterShipps sauoure
I cannot well fynd a knaue by the sauoure
Many here smell strong but none so ranke as he
A stronger sented knaue then he was cannot bee
But syz yf he be happelye founde anone
What a mēds hal I haue for þ you haue me don

Maister boungrace

If he may befound I shall walke his cote

* Careawaye

Ye for our lady sake syz I wische you spare hi not
For it is sum false knaue withouten doubt
I had rather the .xl. pens we could find him out
For yf a man maye belieue a glase
Euin my berie oune selfe it was.

And here he was but eyn right now
And staped a waye sodenlie I wat not how
Of such a other thig I haue nether hard ne sene
By our blyssyd lady heauen quene

E. i.

maister

Maister boungrace

Plaine I ye it was thy shadow that thoudidest se
For in faith the other thyng is not possible to be

✽ Careawaye

Yes in good faith for by your leaue
I know it was I by my apples in my leue
And speakith as like me as euer you harde
Suche here, such a Cape, such Hose and cote
And in euery thing as iust as. iiii. pens to a grot
That if he were here you should well see
That you could not discern noz knowe hi fro me
For thinke you that I do not my selfe knowe
I am not so folshye a knaue I trotwe
Let who woll looke him by and by
And he woll depose vpon a boke that he is I
And I dare well say you woll saye the same
For he called hym selfe by my owne name
And tolde me all that I haue done
With syue of the cloke this after none
He could tell when you were to supper sete
you send me home my maisteris to sete
And shewed me al thinges that I dyd by y waie

Boungrace

What was that

✽ Careawaye

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

Boungrace

Thou shalt haue by therfoze so mote I go
As that the guile of a trustie page

To playe when he is sent on his maisters message

Dame coye

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

Careawaye

Now marcy that I aske of you both twayne
Sawe my lyfe and let me not be slayne
I haue had beting ynough for one daye
That a mischiffe take the other me Careawayne
That if euer he come to my handes agayne
I wis it shalbe to his payne
But I maruayll greatlye by our lozde Ihesus
Howe he I escapid, I me beat me thus
And is not he I an vnkind knaue
That woll no more pytie on my selfe haue
Here may you see, euidentlye ytwis
That in him me no drope of houestie is
Now a bengauce light on suche a churles knaue
That no more loue toward my selfe haue

Dame coye

I knewe berpe wel swete hart & saied right now
That no fault therof should be in you

Boungrace

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

Dame Coye

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

Boungrace

I am sozry that your chaunce hath now byne so yll

C.ii.

I wolde gladly bene vnslupped, soo you had your fyll
But goo we in pigesnie that you may suppe
you hane cause now to thanke this same hange vppe
Foz had not he byne you had satyd very well

Dame Coye

I bequeth him to a hot vengauce to the diuell of hell
And hartelye I besiche him that hanged on the rode
That he neuer eate noz dzyne, that may do him good
And that he dye a shamefull dethe sauing my cheryte

C Care a waite

I pray god send him suche prosperitie
That hath caused me to haue all this busines
But yett syz you see the charitye of my maistris
She liueth after a wonderfull charitable faction
Foz I assure you she is alwayes in this passion
And scarcely on daye thzoughout the hole yere
She woll wythe any man better chere
And sum tyme yf she well angred bee
I pray god (woll she saye) y house may sinke vnder mee
But maysters yf you happen to see that other I
As that you shall it is not verye likelye
Noz I woll not desyre you foz him purposelye to looke
Foz it is an vncomperable vnhappye hooke
And if it be I, you might happin to seeke
And not fynd me out in an hole weeke
Foz whan I was wonte to rune a waye
I bled not to cum a gayne in lesse thā a moneth oz tway
Houbeit foz all this I thinke it be not I
Foz to shew the matter in dyde trulye
I neuer ble to rune a waye in wynter noz in here
But all wayes in suche tyme and season of the yere
When honye lyeth in the hiues of Bees

And

And all maner frute falleth from the trees
 As Apples, Nuttes, Beres, and plummes also
 Wherby a boye maye lue a yod a moneth or two
 This cast do I vse I woll nor with you fayne
 Therfoze I wonder if he be I sertaine
 But and if he be, and you mete me a yod by chaunce
 Send me home to my waister with a bengaunce
 And shew him if he come not ere to morowe night
 I woll neuer receyue him agayne if I myght
 And in the meane time I woll giue him a grote
 That woll well and thryftely walke his cote
 For a moze vngracious knaue is not euen now
 Bytwene this place and Calycow
 For a moze frantke mad knaue in bedelem
 For a moze folle hence to Iherusalem
 That if to come agayne, parace he shall refuse
 I woll continew as I am and let hym choose
 And but he cum the soner by our lady bright
 He shall lye without the dozes all nyght
 For I woll hit by the gate, and get me to bede
 For I promise you I haue a very gydie hede
 I nede no supper for this nyght
 For wolde eate no meat though I myght
 And for you also maister I thinke I best
 you go to bede, and take your rest
 For who of you had byn handelid as I haue ben
 wold not be long out of his bede I woen
 No moze woll I but stele out offyght
 I praye god geue you all good nyght
 And send you better hape, and fortune
 The to lesse your selfe home ward as I haue don

Sumwhat

Sumwhat it was sayeth the pꝛouerbe olde
That the Catte winked when here eye was out
That is to saye no tale can be tolde
But that sum Englyshe maye be piked therof out
yflo to serche the laten & ground of it men will go aboute
As this trifling enterlud þ̄ befoze you hath bine reherfed
May signifie sum further meaning if it be well serched

Such is the fashyon of the woꝛlde now a dayes
That the symple innosaintes ar deluded
And an hundzed thousand diuers wayes
By suttle and craftye meanes shamefullie abused
And by strength foꝛce, and violence oft tymes compelled
To belue and saye the mounē is made of a grene chese
Dzells haue great harme, and parcase their life lese

And an olde saying it is, that most tymes myght
Foꝛce, strength, power, & colozable subtilete
Dothe oppꝛesse, debare, ouercum and defeate ryght
Though þ̄ cause stand neuer so greatlye a gainst equite
and þ̄ truth therof be knowē foꝛ neuer so pꝛfit certantye
ye & the poꝛe semple innocent þ̄ hath had woꝛong & inturi
Must cal þ̄ other his good maister foꝛ We wing hym such
(marcye)

And as it is daylie syne foꝛ here of ferther disꝛofite
He must that man his best frende and maister call
Of tohome he neuer receited any maner benefite
And at tohole hand he neuer han any good at all
And must graunt, affirme, oz denie, what soeuer he shall
He must saye the Croue is wright, yf he be so cōmaūded
ye and that he hym selfe is into a nother body chaunged
He

He must saue he dyd a myffe, though he neuer dyd offend
He must aske for geuenes, where he did no trespass
Or els be in trouble, care and meserye with out ende
And be cast in sum arrerage, without any grace
And that thing he sawe done befoze his owne face
He must by compulsion, stifely denye
And for feare whether he woll or not saue tongue you lye

And in euery faculte, this thing is put in bze
And is so vniuersall that I neede no one to name
And as I fere is like euermore to endure
For it is in all faculties a commyn spozte and game
The weaker to saie as þe stronger biddeth, or to haue blam
As a cunning sophist woll by argument bring to passe
That the rude shal confesse, and graunt him selfe an asse

And this is þe daylie exercyse and practyse of their scoles
And not amongs them onlie, but also among all others
The stronger to compell and make pooze symple foles
To say as they commaund them in all maner matiers
I woll name none particular, but set them all togethers
With out any exception, for I praye you shewe me one
Amonges al in the worlde that blet he not suche faston

He that is stronger and more of power and might
If he be disposed to reuenge his cause
Woll sone pke a quarell be it for longe or right
To the inferior and weaker for a cople of straues
And woll agaynst him so extremelie lay the lawes
That he wol put him to the worse, other by false inturfe
Or by some craft and subtelete, or els by plaine terantie

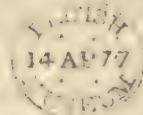
As you sawe right now, by example playne
Aa other felowe being a counterfe at page
Brought the gentylmans seruaunt out of his bzaune
And made him graunt þ̄ him selfe was fallen in dotage
Baryng him selfe in hand that he dyd rage
And when he could not bzyng that to passe by reason
He made him graunt it, and saye by compullyon

Wherfoze happy are they that can beware
Into whose handes they fall by any suche chaunce
which if they do, they hardlye escape care
Trible, Miserye, and toofull greuaunce
And thus I make an end, comitting you to his' gidas
That made, & redemed vs al, and to you þ̄ be now here
I praye god graunt, and send many a good newe yere.

✽ Finis.

Printed at London in Lothbury by me
Wylliam Copland.

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