



3 1761 06838778 6

PR
2564
J7
1533a



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

John John the husband, Tyb his wife,
and Sir John the priest

[By JOHN HEYWOOD]

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1533

[Pepys Collection, Magdalene College, Cambridge]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

John John the Husband

97766
24/8/09.

9127

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Vol. 33
Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

John John the husband,
Tyb his wife,
and Sir John the priest

[BY JOHN HEYWOOD]

1533

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET
LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH
MCMIX

Johan Johan the husband, Tyb his wife, and Sir Jhān the priest

[By JOHN HEYWOOD]


This is another of the plays attributed, with some show of reason, to John Heywood, though there is no absolute certainty in the matter.

The copy from which this facsimile is taken is in the Pepys Collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and has been reproduced through the courtesy of the College authorities. Only one other example is known to be extant: this is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

The year of printing appears in the colophon under the signature of William Rastell, the judge, a nephew on his mother's side of Sir Thomas More, and a brother-in-law of John Heywood himself.


Mr. R. B. Fleming reports that, in comparison with the original, the printing and general appearance of this facsimile is of the usual satisfactory character. The only specific "faults" occur through the "rustiness" of the original; as, for example, the blots on A. i. recto and verso, these being rather too dark in tint. The corner "mendings" on A. ii. verso are likewise slightly too heavy; while on B. i. and B. iii., in each case recto and verso, the type shows through very strongly in the original.

JOHN S. FARMER.



A mery play

betwene Johan Johan the
husbande / & his
wyfe / & Syr Ihan
the prest.



Johan Johan the husbande.

God spede you maysters euerychone
Wote ye not whyther my wyfe is gone
I pray god the dyuell take her
for all that I do I can not make her
But she wyll go a gaddynge verry myse
Lyke an Authour pyg with an olde wyche
Whiche sedeth her about hyther and thither
But by our lady I wote not whyther
But by goggl blod / wce she come home
Vnto this my house / by our lady of croone
I wolde bete her or that I dyynke
Bete her qd a : yea that she shall stynte
And at euery stroke lay her on the grounde
And trayne her by the here about the house rounde
I am euyn mad that I bete her not nowe
But I shall rewarde her hardly well pnowe
There is neuer a wyfe betwene heuen and hell
Whiche was euer beten halfe so well
Weten qd a : yea but what and she therof dye
Than I may chaunce to be hanged shortly
And whan I haue beten her tyll she smoke
And gyuen her many a .C. stroke
Thynke ye that she wyll amende yet
Nay by our lady the deuyll spede whyt
Therefore I wyll not bete her at all
And shall I not bete her / no shall

Whan she offendeth and doth a mys
And kepeth not her house / as her duetic is
Shall I not bete her if she do so
Yes by cokke blood that shall I do
I shall bete her and th'wak her I trow
That she shall bespyte the house for very wo
¶ But yet I thynk what my nerybour wyll say than
He wyll say thus / whom chyddest y' Johan Johan
Mary wyll I say / I chydde my curst wyfe
The verpest drab that euer bare lyfe
Whiche doth nothyng but go and come
And I can not make her kepe her at home
Than I thynke he wyll say by and by
Wathe her cote Johan Johan / and bete her hardely
But than vnto hym myn answer shall be
The more I bete her the worse is she
And wors and wors make her I shall
¶ He wyll say than / bete her not at all
And why shall I say / this wolde be wyse
Is she not myne to chastice as I lyst
¶ But this is another poynt / worst of all
The folke wyll mocke me / whan they here me brag
But for all that shall I set therfore
To chastyce my wyfe euer the more
And to make her at home for to tary
Is not that well done / yes by saynt mary
That is a poynt of an honest man
for to bete his wyfe well no we and than
¶ Therfore I shall bete her / haue ye no drede
And I ought to bete her tyll she be starte dede
And why : by god bicause it is my pleasure
And if I shulde suffre her / I make you sure
Nought shulde puarise me / nother staffe nor waster
Within a whyle she wolde be my master
¶ Therfore I shall bete her by cokkes mother
Both on the tone syde and on the tother
Before and behynde / nought shall be her bote
from the top of the heed / to the sole of the fore
¶ But masters for godde sake do not enterte
for her / whan that she shall be bete
But for godde passion let me alone
And I shall th'wak her that she shall gone
Wherfore I beseeche you and hartely you pray
And I beseeche you say me not nay

But that I may beate her for this ones
 And I shall beate her by colikes bones
 That she shall styrke lyke a pole kat
 But yet by gogge body that nede nat
 for she wyll styrke without any betyng
 for euer nyght ones she giveth me an hetyng
 from her issucth suche a styrkyng smoke
 That the savour therof almost doth me choke
 But I shall bete her now without faple
 I shall bete her toppe and faple
 Deed/shoulders/arms/legges/and all
 I shall bete her I trowe that I shall
 And by gogge boddy I tell you trewe
 I shall bete her tyll she be blacke and blewe
 But where the dyuell trowe ye she is gon
 I holde a noble she is with syr Johan
 I fere I am begyled alway
 But yet in fapth I hope well may
 Yet I almost entage that I ne can
 Se the behavoure of our gentyl woman
 And yet I thynke thither as she doth go
 Many an honest wyfe goth thither also
 for to make some pastyme and sporte
 But than my wyfe so ofte doth thither resorte
 That I fere she wyll make me deare a fetter
 But yet I nede not for to fere nether
 for he is her gossyp that is he
 But abyde a whyle yet let me se
 Where the dyuell hath our gossyp begon
 My wyfe had never chyldre doughter nor son
 Nowe if I forbode her that she go no more
 Yet wyll she go as she dyd before
 Or els wyll she chuse some other place
 And then the matter is in as pll case
 But in fapth all these wordes be in wast
 for I thynke the matter is done and past
 And whan she cometh home she wyll begyn to chydre
 But she shall haue her payment styk by her syde
 for I shall order her for all her bradlyng
 That she shall repent to go a catter wadlyng
 I han Why whom wyll thou beate I say thou knaue
 Why I say none so god me saue
 I han I fere I harde the say thou woldest one bete
 Many wyfe it was stobyshe in tennes streets
 A.ii.

Whiche wylle be good meate agaynst lent
 Why tye what haddest y thought y I had ment
Tyb. **C** Mary me thought I harde the bad wyng
 Wylt thou neure leue this bad wyng
 Howe the dyuell dost thou thy selfe behaue
 Shall we euer haue this worke thou knaue
Jhan. **C** What wyse / howe sayst y / was it well gest of me
 That thou woldest be come home in safete
 Assone as I had kendled a fyre
 Come darre the swete tye I the requyre
Tyb. **C** O Johan Johan / I am as rayd by this lycht
 That I shalbe fore syle this nyght
Jhan. **C** By cokke soule / nowe I dare lay a sway
 That she comes nowe streyght fro syle Johan
 For euer whan she hath satched of hym a tye
 Than she comes home / and sayth she is syle
Tyb. **C** What sayst thou. J. Mary I say
 It is mete for a woman to go play
 Abrode in the towne for an houre or two
Tyb. **C** Well gentynnan / go to go to
Jhan. **C** Well let vs haue no more debate
Tyb. **C** If he do not fyght / chydre / and rate
 Braule and face / as one that were frantpke
 There is nothyng that may hym syle
Jhan. **C** If that the paryshe preest syle Johan
 Dyd not se her nowe and than
 And gyue her absolution vpon a bed
 For wo and payne / she wolde sone be deed
Tyb. **C** For godde sake Jhan Johan / do the not displease
 Many a tyme I am yll at ease
 What thynkhest nowe / say not I som what syle
Jhan. **C** Nowe wolde to god and swete saynt Dyrph
 That thou warie in the water vp to the throte
 Or in a burnyng ouen red hote
 To se and I wolde pull the out
Tyb. **C** Nowe Johan Johan / to put the out of dout
 Imagyn thou where that I was
 Before I came home. J. My pcase
 Thou wast prayenge in the churche of poules
 Vpon thy knees for all chrysten soules
Tyb. **C** Nay. J. **C** Than if thou wast not so holy
 She we me where thou wast / and make no lye
Tyb. **C** Cruely Johan Johan we made a pry
 I and my gossyp Margery

And our gossyp the picest s^r Johan
 And my neybours pongest daughter An
 The picest payde for the stuffe and the making
 And Margery she payde for the bakynge
Jhāy. O By kokke l^rly wounde that same is she
 That is the most badde hens to Couentre
Ep̄b. What say you. J. Mary answere me to this
 Is not s^r Johan a good man/yes that he is
Jhāy. O Da Ep̄b/if I shulde not greue the
 I haue somwhat wherof I wolde meue the
Ep̄b. O Well husbände/no we I do coniect
 That thou hast me somwhat in suspect
 But by my soule/I neuer go to s^r Johan
 But I fynde hym lyke an holy man
 For epyther he is sapenge his deuotion
 Or els he is gornge in p^rcessyon
Jhāy. O Yea rounde about the bed doth he go
 you t^rwo to gether and no mo
 And for to spynyshe the p^rcessyon
 He lepeth vp and thou l^rest do wne
Ep̄b. O What sayst thou. J. Mary I say he doth well
 for so ought a shepherde to do/as I harde tell
 for the saluation of all his folde
Ep̄b. O Johan Johan. What is it that thou wolde
ep̄b. O By my soule I loue the too too
 And I shall tell the or I further go
 The p^re that was made/I haue it no we here
 And ther with I trust we shall make good chere
Jhāy. O By kokke body that is very happy
ep̄b. O But wotest who gaue it. J. What s^r dpuel telk J
ep̄b. O By my fayth and I shall say t^re we than
 The dpuel take me and it were not s^r Johan
Jhāy. O holde the peas wyfe/and sw^re no more
 But I bes^rre we both pour hartes therfore
Ep̄b. O Yet yadventure thou hast suspencion
 Of that that was neuer thought nor done
Jhāy. Ousse wyfe/let all suche matters be
 I loue the well though thou loue not me
 But this p^re doth no we catche harme
 Let vs set it vpon the harth to warme
ep̄b. O Than let vs eate it as fast as we can
 But bycause s^r Johan is so honest a man
 I wolde that he shulde therof eate his part
Ep̄b. O That were reason I the ensure
Jhāy. O Than spyns that it is thy pleasure

- I pray the than go to hym ryght
 And pray hym come sup With vs to nyght
Jhān. **C** Shall he cū hither by kocke soule I was a curst
 Whan that I graunted to that worde first
 But syns I haue sayd it / I dare not say nay
 For than my wyfe and I shulde make a fray
 But whan he is come / I were by godde mother
 I wold grue the dpuell þ tone to cary a way þ tother.
- Tryb.** **C** What sayst. **Jd.** **C** Mary he is my curate I say
 My confessour and my frende alway
 Therefore go thou and seke hym by and by
 And tyll thou come agayne I wyll kepe the pry
- Tryb.** **C** Shall I go for hym : nay I shre we me than
 So thou and seke as fast as thou can
 And tell hym it. **J.** **C** Shall I do so
 In fapth it is not mete for me to go
- Tryb.** **C** But thou shalt go tell hym for all that
Jhān. **C** Than shalt I tell hym wotest what
 That thou desprest hym to come make some chere
- Tryb.** **C** Nay that thou desprest hym to come sup here
Jhān. **C** Nay by the rode wyfe / þ shalt haue the wofshyp
 And the thankes of thy gest that is thy gossyp
- Tryb.** **C** Full ofte I se my husbände wyll me rate
 For this hether commyng of our gentyll curate
- Jhān.** **C** What sayst **Tryb.** / let me here that agayne
Tryb. **C** Mary I percepue very playne
 That thou hast spr Johan som what insuspect
 But by my soule as far as I comiect
 He is vertuouse and full of charyte
- Jhān.** **C** In fapth all the to wne knoweth better that he
 Is a hore monger / a haunter of the stedes
 An ypocrite / a knaue / that all men refuse
 A lycer / a wretche / a maker of strepe
 Better than they knowe that thou art my good wyfe
- Tryb.** **C** What is that that thou hast sarde
Jhān. **C** Mary I wolde haue the table set and layde
 In this place or that I care not whether
- Tryb.** **C** Than go to byrnye the trestels hither
Jhān. **C** Abde a wyfe / let me put of my good wy
 But yet I am asfayde to say it do wy
 For I feere it shalbe sone stolen
 And yet it may lye safe ynough ynstolen
 It may lye well here and I lyste
 But by cokke soule here hath a dogge pryte

And if I shulde lay it on the hartsh bare
 It myght hap to be burned or I were ware
 Therefore I pray you take ye the payne
 To kepe my goDne tpsll I come agayne
Jhān. **C** But yet he shall not haue it by myr say
 He is so nere the doze he myght ron a way
 But bycause that ye be trusty and sure
 Ye shall kepe it and it be your pleasure
 And bycause it is arapde at the slyrt
 Whyle ye do nothyng strape of the dpyt
Tpb. **C** Lo nowe am I redy to go to spr Johan
 And byd hym come as fast as he can
Jhān. **C** Ye do so without ony tarpeng
 But I say harte/ thou hast forgot one thyng
 Set vp the table/ and that by and by
 Nowe go thy ways J. **C** I go shortly
 But se your candellstykke be not out of the way
Tpb. **C** Come agayne and lay the table I say
 What me thynke ye haue sore don
Jhān. **C** Nowe I pray god that his malediction
 Lyght on my wyfe/ and on the bawde preest
Tpb. **C** Nowe go thy ways and hys the seest
Jhān. **C** I pray to Christ / if my wyf be no synne
 That y preest may breke his necke whan he comes in
Tpb. **C** Dow eu agayn. J. What a myschefe wylt y sole
tpb. **C** Mary I say bynge better yender stole
Jhān. **C** Nowe go to/ a lptell wolde make me
 for to say thus/ a vengauce take the
tpb. **C** Nowe go to hym and tell hym playn
 That tpsll thou bynge hym / y wylt not come agayn
Jhān. **C** This pye doth borne here as it doth stande
tpb. **C** So waske me these two cuppes in my bande
Jhān. **C** I go with a myschefe lyght on thy face
tpb. **C** So and byd hym hys hym a pace
 And the whyse I shall all thynges amende
Jhān. **C** This pye burneth here at this ende
 vnderstandest thou. **C.** **C** So thy ways I say
Jhān. **C** I wyl go nowe as fast as I may
tpb. **C** Dow come ones agayne/ I had forgot
 Loke and there be ony ale in the pot
Jhān. **C** Nowe a vengauce and a veyr myschefe
 Lyght on the pplde preest/ and on my wyfe
 On the pot/ the ale/ and on the table
 The candell/ the pye/ and all the table

On the tryfels and on the stole

It is moche ado to please a curst fole

Tryb. **C** So thy waye no we and tary no more
for I am a hungred very sore

Jhan. **C** Mary I go. **C** T. but come ones agayne yet
Drynge hither that breade lest I forget it

Jhan. **C** I wps it were tyme for to tome
The pye/for p wps it doth boine

Tryb. **C** Lorde howe my husbnde no we doth patter
And of the pye stpl doth clatter
So no we and byd hym come away

Jhan. **C** I wpll not gvue a strawe I tell you playne
If that the pye wape colde agayne

Tryb. **C** What art thou not gone yet out of this place
I had went thou haddest ben come agayne in y space
But by cokke soule and I shulde do the ryght
I shulde breke thy knaues hee'd to nyght

Jhan. **C** Nay than if my wyfe be set a chydng
It is tyme for me to go at her bydng
There is a prouerbe/whiche trewe no we preueth
He must nedes go that the dryuell dryueth

C How mayster curate may I come in
At your chamber dore without ony spy

C Syr Johan the prest.

C Who is there no we that wolde haue me
What Johan Johan/what nedes with the

Jhan. **C** Mary syr to tell you shortly
My wyfe and I pray you hartely
And eke desyre you with all our nyght
That ye wolde come and sup with vs to nyght

syr. J. **C** Ye must pardon me/in fapth I ne can

Jhan. **C** Yes I desyre you good syr Johan
Take payne this ones/and yet at the lest
If ye wpll do nought at my request
Yet do somwhat for the loue of my wyfe

syr. J. **C** I wpll not go for makng of styffe
But I shall tell the what thou shalte do
Thou shalt tary and sup with me or thou go

Jhan. **C** Wpll ye not go than/why so
I pray you tell me/is there any dysdayne
Or ony ennyte betwene you twayne

syr. J. **C** In fapth to tell the betwene the and me
The is as wyfe a woman as any may be



I know it well/for I haue had the charge
 Of her soule/and serchyd her conserns at large
 I neuer knew her/ but honest and wyse
 Without any pypst/ or any vpyce
 Saue one fault/ I know in her no more
 And because I rebuke her/ now and then therfore
 She is angre with me/ and hath me in hate
 And yet that that I do/ I do it for your welth

Jhan. Now god yeld it god/ god master curate
 And as ye do/ so send you your helth
 Wds I am bound to you a plesure

Sp. J. Yet thou thynkyst anys peradventure
 That of her body she shuld not be a good woman
 But I shall tell the what I haue done Johan
 For that matter/ she and I be somtyme aloft
 And I do lye vpon her/ many a tyme and oft
 To proue her/ yet could I neuer espy
 That euer any/ dyd wors with her than I

Jhan. Hyr that is the best care I haue of nyne
 Thankyd be god/ and your good doctryne
 But yf it please you/ tell me the matter
 And the debate betwene you and here

Sp. J. I shall tell the/ but thou must kepe secret

Jhan. As for that sp. I shall not let

Sp. J. I shall tell the now/ the matter playn
 She is angre with me/ and hath me in dysdaryn
 Because that I/ do her oft intyce
 To do some penaunce/ after myne aduysse
 Because she/ wyll neuer leue her wrauldynge
 But alway with the / she is chydynge and wrauldynge
 And therfore I knowe/ she hatyth me presens

Jhan. Nay in good feyth/ saung your reuerens

Sp. J. I know very well she hath me in hate

Jhan. Nay/ I dare swere for her master curate
 But was I not a depp knaue
 I thought surely/ so god me saue
 That he had iouyd my wyse/ for to dysseyue me
 And now he quyttyth hym self/ and here I se
 He doth as much/ as he may for his lyfe
 To stynt the debate/ betwene me and my wyse

Sp. J. If euer she dyd or though me any pll
 Now I forgyue her with me fre wyll
 Therfore Johan Johan/ now get the home
 And thank thy wyse/ and say I wyll not come

Jhan. Yet let me knowe how good s^r Johan
Whose ye wyll go to supper than
s^r. J. I care nat greatly, and I tell the
On saterday last, I and .ii. or thre
Of my frendes made an appoyntement
And agaynst this nyght we dyd assent
That in a place we wolde sup together
And one of them sayd he wold beynge thether
Ale and bread, and for my parte I
Sayd that I wolde gyue them a ppe
And there I gaue them money for the makeynge
And an other sayd she wold pay for the bakynge
And so we purpose to make good chere
For to dispue away care and thought

Jhan. Than I pray you s^r tell me here
Whether shulde all this geare be brought

s^r. J. By my sayth and I shulde not lye
It shulde be deliuered to thy wyfe the ppe

Jhan. By god it is at my house standyng by the fyre

s^r. J. Who bespake that ppe, I the requyre

Jhan. By my feyth and I shall not lye
It was my wyfe and her gossyp Margerye
And your good masshyr/called s^r Johan
And my neybour's yongest doughter An
Your masshyr payde for the stuffe and makynge
And Margerye she payde for the bakynge

s^r. J. If thou wyllste haue me no we, in faithe I wyll go

Jhan. Ye mary I beseeche your masshyr do so
My wyfe tarreth for none but vs & wyne
She thynketh longe or I come agayne

s^r. J. Well no we, if she chyde me in thy presens
I wyll be content and take in payens

Jhan. By cokles soule and she ones chyde
Or fro wine/or soure/or lorde asyde
I shall beynge you a staffe as wyche as I may beue
Than bete her and spare not / I gyue you good leue
To chastree her for her shreude varyeng

Ep. The deuyl take the for thy longe tarreng
Here is not a drop of water by my god
To washe our hande, that we myght s^r do wng
Go and hve the as fast as a snayle
And with fayre water fyll me this payle

Jhan. I thanke our lorde of his good grace
That I can not rest longe in a place



Ep. **C**Go fetche water I say at a worde
 for it is tyme the ppe were on the borde
 And go with a vengeance / & say thou art prayde
sr. J. **C**A good gossyp / is that well sayde
Ep. **C**Welcome myn owne swete harte
 We shall make some chere or we departe
Jhā. **C**Colke soule / toke howe he approacheth nere
 Vnto my wyse / this abateth my chere
sr. J. **C**By god I wolde ye had harde the tryfles
 The toys / the molles / the fables / and the nyfles
 That I made thy husbāde to beleue and thynke
 Thou myghtest as well in to the erthe synke
 As thou couldest forbear laughyng any wyse
Ep. **C**I pray the let me here parte of that wyse
sr. J. **C**Mary I shall tell the as fast as I can
 But peas no more / ponder cometh thy good mān
Jhā. **C**Colke soule / what haue we here
 As far as I sawe / he drewe very nere
 Vnto my wyse. **T.** What art come so sone
 Spue vs water to wasshe now / haue done
Chan he dryngeth the payle empty
Jhā. **C**By hockes soule it was euen now full to þe brim
 But it was out agayne or I coude thynke
 Wherof I maruelled by god almyghte
 And than I toked betwene me and the lychte
 And I spyed a clyfte / bothe large and wyde
 So wyse / here it is on the tone syde
ep. **C**Why dost not stop it. **J.** **C**Why howe shall I do it
ep. **C**Take a lytle wax. **J.** **C**Howe shall I come to it
sr. J. **C**Mary here be. ii. waxe candyles I say
 Whiche my gossyp margery gaue me yester day
Ep. **C**Tusse let hym alone / for by the rode
 It is ppte to helpe hym do hym good
sr. J. **C**What Jhā Jhā / canst thou make no shifte
 Take this waxe and stop therewith the clyfte
Jhā. **C**This waxe is as harde as any wyre
Ep. **C**Thou must chafe it a lytle at the fyre
Jhā. **C**She þe broughte the these waxe candelles wayne
 She is a good companon certayn
Ep. **C**What was it not my gossyp margery
sr. J. **C**Yes she is a blessed woman surely
ep. **C**Nowe wolde god I were as good as she
 for she is vertuous and full of charite
Jhā. **C**Nowe so god helpe me / and by my holp dome
 W.ii.

She is the errantst hand betwene this and Rome
Trb. **W**hat sayst. **J.** **M**ary I chafe the wax
 And I chafe it so hard, that my fringers kralke
 But take vp this pye that I here torne
 And it stand long / ydys it wyll borne
Trb. **Y**e but thou must chafe the wax I say
Jhān. **W**yd hym spt do wñ I the pray
 Hyt do wñ good spt Johān / I you requyre
Trb. **S**o I say and chafe the wax by the fyre
 Whyle that we sup / spt Jhān and I
Jhān. **A**nd how now / what wyll ye do with the pye
 Shall I not ete therof / a morsell
Trb. **S**o and chafe the wax / whyle thou art well
 And let vs haue no more pratyng thus
spt. J. **B**enedicite. **J.** **D**ominus.
Trb. **N**ow go chafe the wax with a myschpye
Jhān. **W**hat I come to bysse the bord swete wyse
 It is my custome now and than
 Wych good do it you / master spt Jhān.
Trb. **S**o chafe the wax / and here no lenger tarp
Jhān. **A**nd is not this a very purgatory
 To se folk ete / and may not ete a byt
 By kohlke soule / I am a very wodcock
 This payle here / now a vengauce take it
 Now my wyse gyueth me a proud mol
Trb. **W**hat dost. **J.** **M**ary I chafe the wax here
 And I pmagyn / to make you good chere
 That a vengauce take you / both as ye spt
 For I know well / I shall not ete a byt
 But yet in seyth / yf I myght ete one morsell
 I wold thynk the matter went very well
spt. J. **S**o spt Jhān Jhān / now myght good do it you
 What chere make you / thertw the fyre
Jhān. **A**fter yson / I thank you now
 I fare well now / after myne own desyre
spt. J. **W**hat dost Jhān Jhān / I the requyre
Jhān. **I** chafe the wax here by the fyre
Trb. **H**ere is good depnk / and here is a good pye
spt. J. **W**e fare very well / thankyd be our lady
Trb. **L**oke how the kohlke chafyth the wax that is hard
 And for his lyfe / daryth not loke hether ward
spt. J. **W**hat doth my gossyp. **J.** **I** chafe the wax
 And I chafe it so hard / that my fringers kralke
 And the the smoke / putteth out my eyes two



I burne my face / and ray my clothys also
 And yet I dare nat say one word
 And they spt laughyng / pender at the bord
Ep. Now by my trowth / it is a pretty Jape
 for a wyfe / to make her husband her ape
 Loke of Jhān Jhān / which maketh hard shyft
 To chafe the wax / to stop therewith the clyft
Jhān. O ye that a vengeaunce / take ye both two
 Both hym and she / and she and hym also
 And that ye may choke / with the same mete
 At the first murfell / that ye do ete
Ep. Of what thyng now dost thou clavier
 Jhān Jhān / or wherof dost thou patter
Jhān. I chafe the wax / and make hard shyft
 To stop her with / of the payll the ryft
sr. J. Who must he do Jhān Jhān / by my father byn
 That is bound of wedlok in the poke
Jhān. Loke how the pylt preest crammyth in
 That word to god / he myght therewith choke
Ep. Now master yson / pleasyth your goodnes
 To tell vs some tale / of myrth or sadnes
 for our pastyme / in way of communicacyon
sr. J. I am content to do it / for our recreacyon
 And of .iii. myracles I shall to you say
Jhān. What / must I chafe the wax all day
 And stond here / rostynge by the fyre
sr. J. Thou must do somwhat at thy wyues desyre
 I know a man which weddys had a wyfe
 As fayre a woman / as ever bare lyfe
 And within a sennyght after / ryght sone
 He went beyond se / and left her alone
 And tarped there / about a .vii. yere
 And as he cam home ward / he had a heuy chere
 for it was told hym / that she was in heuen
 But when that he comen home agayn was
 He found his wyfe / and with her chyldren seuen
 Whiche she had had / in the mene space
 Yet had she not had / so many by thre
 Yf she had not had the help of me
 Is not this a myracle / yf euer were any
 That this good wyfe / shuld haue chyldren so many
 Were in this to day / whyle her husband shuld be
 Beyond the se / in a farre contree
Jhān. Now in good soth / this is a wonderous myracle

But for your labour / I wolde that your tacle
 Were in a skaldyng Water Well soþ

Tryb. Peace I say / thou lettest the worde of god
Try. J. An other myracle eke I shall you say
 Of a woman / whiche that many a day
 Had ben wedded / and in all that season
 She had no chyld / nother doughter nor son
 Wherfore to saynt Modwyn she went on pilgrimage
 And offered there a spue ppg / as is the vsage
 Of the wyues that in London dwelle
 And through the vertue thereof / truly to tell
 Within a moneth after eyght shortly
 She was delpuered of a chyld as moche as I
 Dowd say you / is not this myracle monderous

Jhan. Yes in good soth / it is maruelous
 But surely after myn oppnyon
 That chyld was nother doughter nor son
 For certaynly / and I be not begyde
 She was delpuered of a lmaue chyld

Tryb. Was I say for godde passyon
 Thou lettest / try Johans communication
Try. J. The thyrde myracle also is this
 I lne de a nother woman eke / wyf
 Whiche was wedded / & within .v. monthis after
 She was delpuered of a sayre doughter
 As well founed in euery membre & ioynt
 And as pyfte in euery poynt
 As though she had gone .v. monthis full to thende
 So here is .v. monthis of aduantage

Jhan. A wonderous myracle so god me mende
 I wolde eche wyfe that is bounde in maryage
 And that is wedded here within this place
 Wpght haue as quicke speede in euery suche case

Tryb. Forsoth / try Johan / yet for all that
 I haue sene the day that pus my cat
 Hath had in a pere bytlyns eyghtene

Jhan. Ye tryb my wyfe / and that haue I sene
 But howe say you / try Jhan / Was it good your ppe
 The dyuell the moresell / that thereof eate I
 By the good lord this is a pryteous darke
 But nowe I se well the olde prouerbe is treu
 The party she preest forgetteth / & euer he was clacke
 But try Jhan doth not remembre you
 Dowd I was your clerke / & holpe you masse to syng

And bylde the basyn at Day at the offering
 Ye neur had halfe so good a clarke as I
 But not withstandyng all this no we our pye
 Is eaten vp/there is not lefte a bryt
 And you tdo together there do syt
 Eatynge and drynkyng at your owne desire
 And I am Johān Jhān/ which must stāde by p fyre
 Chafyng the wax/ and dare none other wyse do
 Spr. J. And shall we at day syt here styll we tdo
 y were to mych. C. Then tpe we out of this place
 Spr. J. And tpe me than in the stede of grace
 And face well leman and my loue so dece
 Jhān. Colke bodp this waxe it waxe colde agayn here
 But what shall I anone go to bed
 And eate nothyng nother meate nor biede
 I haue not be wont to haue suche fare
 Tpb. Why were ye not secued there as ye are
 Chafyng the waxe/standyng by the fyre
 Jhān. Why what mete gaue ye me/ I pou requyre
 Spr. J. Wast thou not secued/ I pray the herrey
 Both with the burde/ the ale/ and the pye
 Jhān. No spr J had none of that fare
 Tpb. Why were ye not secued there as ye are
 Standyng by the fyre chafyng the waxe
 Jhān. Lo here be many tryffls and knakke
 By hokke soule they wene I am other diche or ma
 Tpb. And had ye no meate Johān Johān no had
 Jhān. No tpb my wyse/ I had not a whyt
 Tpb. What not a morsell. J. No not one bryt
 for hunger I trowe I shall fall in a so wne
 Spr. J. O that were pyte/ I were by my cred wne
 Tpb. But is it trewe. J. Ye for a surte
 Tpb. Dost thou ly. J. No so mote I tle
 Tpb. Wast thou had nothyng. J. No not a bryt
 Tpb. Wast thou not dronke. J. No not a whyt
 Tpb. Where wast thou. J. By the fyre I dyd stāde
 Tpb. What dydyst. J. I chafed this waxe in my hande
 where as I kne we of wedded men the payne
 That they haue/ and pet dare not complayne
 for the smoke/ put out my eyes/ do
 I burned my face/ and carde my clothes also
 Wenyng the payle/ whiche is so rotten and vnde
 That it wyll not stant together holde
 And sth it is so/ and spns that ye tday

Wold geue me no meate/for my suff' saunce
By kokk' soule I wyll take no lenger payn
Ye shall do all your self/with a very venaunce,
for me/and take thou there thy payle no wy
And yf thou canst mend it let me se how

Trb. **C**A horson lmaue hast thou brok my papll
Thou shalt repent/by kokk' lpyll narll
Dech me my dystaf/or my clppyrng sherys
I shall make the blood runne about his erys

Jhan. **C**May stand styll drab/I say and come no nere
for by kokk' blood/yf thou come here
Or yf thou onys sty: to ward this place
I shall throw this shouyll full of colys in thy face

Trb. **C**Ye horson diruyll/get the out of my dore

Jhan. **C**May get thy out of my house/thou preest' hore

Trb. **C**Thou speest horson kokold/euyn to thy face

Jhan. **C**And thou speest ppsd preest/with an euyl grace

Trb. **C**And y' speest. **J.** **C** y' speest sy. **C** y' h' est agary

Jhan. **C**By kokk' soule horson preest/thou shalt be slayn
Thou hast eate our pye/and geue me nonght
By kokkes blod it shalbe full detrepy bought

Trb. **C**At h'ym sy Johan/or els god geue the sorow

Jhan. **C**Ye haue at your hore a thefe/saynt george to howe
CHere they fyght by the erys a whylle a than
the preest and the wyfe go out of the place.

Jhan. **C**A syrs I haue payd some of them euyn as I syrs
They haue borne many a blod with my syrs
I thank god/I haue walkeyd them well
And diruch them hens/but yet can ye tell
Whether they be go/for by god I free me
That they be gou together he and she
Vnto his chamber/and perchappys she wyll
Sppte of my hart/tary there styll
And peraduenture/there he and she
Wyll make me kokold/euyn to anger me
And then had I a pyg/in the dorys panyer
Therefore by god/I wyll h'yr me thyder
To se yf they do me any vylany
And thus fare well this noble company.

Cfinis.

CImprynted by Wyllyam Rastell/the .xii. day of
february the yere of our lord. M. cccc. and. xxxiiij.

CWyn priuilegio.



PR
2564
J7
1533a

Heywood, John
John John the husband

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

