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PR
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1533a

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.

John the Baptist

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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

PR
2564
J7
1533a

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 / Tyb his
wyfe / a syr Jhan
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 very myche
Lyke an Anthony pyg with an olde wyche
Whiche ledeth her about hyther and thither
But by our lady I wote not whyther
But by goggl blod / were she come home
Onto this my house / by our lady of crome
I wolde bete her or that I drynke
Wete her qd a : yea that she shall stynte
And at euer stroke lay her on the grounde
And trayne her by the here about the house rounde
I am eyn mad that I bete her not now
But I shall rewarde her hardly well ynowe
There is neuer a wyfe betwene heuen and hell
Whiche was euer beten halfe so well
Beten 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 gyven 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 ductie is
Shall I not bete her if she do so
Yes by cokke blood that shall I do
I shall bete her and thwale her I trow
That she shall bespyte the house for very wo
But yet I thynk what my neighbour wyll say than
He wyll say thus / whom chydest y Johan Johan
Mary wyll I say / I chyde 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 answere 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 a nother popnt / worst of all
The folke wyll mocke me / whan they here me brall
But for all that shall I let therefore
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 popnt of an honest man
For to bete his wyfe well nowe and than
Therefore I shall bete her / haue ye no drede
And I ought to bete her tyll she be starke dede
And why : by god bicause it is my pleasure
And if I shulde suffre her / I make you sure
Nought shulde puayle me / nother stasse nor waster
Within a whyle she wolde be my master
Therefore 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 fote
But masters for godd sake do not entrecte
For her / whan that she shall be bete
But for godd passion let me alone
And I shall thwale her that she shall grone
Wherfore I beseeche you and hartely you pray
And I beseeche you say me not nay

But that I may beate her for this one
 And I shall beate her by colkes bones
 That she shall stynke lyke a pole kat
 But yet by gogge body that nede nat
 for she wyll stynke without any betyng
 for euer nyght ones she gyueth me an hetyng
 from her issueth suche a stynkyng smoke
 That the sauour therof almost doth me choke
 But I shall bete her now without fayle
 I shall bete her toppe and tayle
 Heed/shoulders/arme/legges/and all
 I shall bete her I trove 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 trove ye she is gone
 I holde a noble she is with syr Johan
 I fere I am begyled at way
 But yet in fayth I hope well nay
 Yet I almost enrage that I ne can
 Se the behauour 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 spote
 But than my wyfe so ofte doth thither resorte
 That I fere she wyll make me weare a fetter
 But yet I nede not for to fere nether
 for he is her gossyp that is he
 But abyde a while yet let me se
 Where the dyuell hath our gossyp begon
 My wyfe had neuer 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 yll case
 But in fayth all these wordes be in wast
 for I thynke the matter is done and past
 And whan she cometh home she wyll begyn to chyd
 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
 Ihan Why whom wyllt thou beate I say thou knaue
 Tyb. Who I Tyb/none so god me saue
 Ihan. Yes I harde the say thou woldest one bete
 Mary wyfe it was stokysse in temmes strete

Whiche wyl be good meate agaynst lent
 Why tye what haddest y thought y I had ment
Tyb. **C** Mary me thought I harde the badwylng
 Wylt thou neuer leue this badwylng
 Howe the dyuell dost thou thy selfe behaue
 Shall we ever 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 kendred a fyre
 Come warne the swete tyb I the requyre
Tyb. **C** O Johan Johan/I am afrayd by this lycht
 That I shalbe fore slyk this nyght
Jhan. **C** By cokke soule/no we I dare lay a swan
 That she comes no we streyght fro sry Johan
 For ever whan she hath satched of hym a slyk
 Than she comes home/and sayth she is slyk
Tyb. **C** What sayst thou. J. Mary I say
 It is mete for a woman to go play
 Abrode in the to done for an houre out do
Tyb. **C** Well gentylman/go to go to
Jhan. **C** Well let vs haue no more debate
Tyb. **C** If he do not spght/chyde/and rate
 Draule and face/as one that were frantylke
 There is nothpnyng that may hym slyke
Jhan. **C** If that the parryshe preest sry Johan
 Dyd not se her no we and than
 And gyue her absolution vpon a bed
 For do and payne/she wolde sone be deed
Tyb. **C** For godds sake Jhan Johan/do the not displease
 Many a tyme I am yll at ease
 What thynkest no we/ryn not I som what slyk
Jhan. **C** No we wolde to god and swete saynt Dpyt
 That thou warte in the water vp to the throte
 Or in a burnyng ouen red hote
 To se and I wolde pull the out
Tyb. **C** No we Johan Johan/to put the out of dout
 Imagyn thou where that I was
 Before I came home. J. My pease
 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 preeft syr Johan
 And my neybours pongest doughter An
 The preeft payde for the stufte and the makynge
 And Margery she payde for the bakynge
Jhan. **C** By kokke kylly wounde that same is she
 That is the most badde hens to Couentre
Tryb. **C** What say you. **J.** **C** Mary answere me to this
 Is not syr Johan a good man/yes that he is
Jhan. **C** Oa **Tryb.** if I shulde not greue the
 I haue somwhat wherof I wolde meue the
Tryb. **C** Well husbände/no we I do coniect
 That thou hast me somwhat in suspect
 But by my soule/ I neuer go to syr Johan
 But I spynde hym lyke an holy man
 For eyther he is sayenge his deuotion
 Or els he is goynge in pcessyon
Jhan. **C** Yea rounde about the bed doth he go
 you two to gether and no mo
 And for to spynsshe the pcessyon
 He lepeth vp and thou lpeest do wne
Tryb. **C** What sayst thou. **J.** **C** Mary I say he doth well
 for so ought a shepherde to do/as I harde tell
 for the saluation of all his folde
Tryb. **C** Johan Johan. What is it that thou wolde
tryb. **C** By my soule I loue the too too
 And I shall tell the or I further go
 The pye that was made/ I haue it no we here
 And ther with I trust we shall make good chere
Jhan. **C** By kokke body that is very happy
tryb. **C** But watest who gaue it. **J.** **C** What dyuel tek I
tryb. **C** By my sayth and I shall say tre we than
 The dyuell take me and it were not syr Johan
Jhan. **C** O holde the peas wyfe/and swere no more
 But I besshre we both your hartes therfore
Tryb. **C** Yet p aduenture thou hast suspicion
 Of that that was neuer thought nor done
Jhan. **C**usse wyfe/let all suche matters be
 I loue the well though thou loue not me
 But this pye doth no we catche hatme
 Let vs set it vpon the hartsh to warme
tryb. **C** Than let vs eate it as fast as we can
 But by cause syr Johan is so honest a man
 I wolde that he shulde therof eate his part
Tryb. **C** That were reason I the ensure
Jhan. **C** Than spns that it is thy pleasure

I pray the than go to hym eyght
 And pray hym come sup with vs to nyght
Jhān. Shall he cū hither/by cokk^r soule I was a curst
 Whan that I graunted to that worde furst
 But syns I haue sayd it/I dare not say nay
 for than my wyfe and I shulde make a scap
 But whan he is come/I were by godd^r mother
 I wold grue the dyuell þ tone to cary away þ tother.

Tryb. What sayst. **Jd.** 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. 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.** Shall I do so
 In sayth it is not mete for me to go

Tryb. But thou shalte go tell hym for all that
Jhān. Than shall I tell hym wotest what
 That thou desyrest hym to come make some chere

Tryb. Nay that thou desyrest hym to come sup here
Jhān. Nay by the code wyfe/ þ shalt haue the worshyp
 And the thankes of thy gest that is thy gossyp

Tryb. Full ofte I se my husbände wyll me rate
 for this hether commyng of our gentyll curate

Jhān. What sayst **Tryb**/let me here that agayne
Tryb. Mary I perceyue very playne
 That thou hast syr Johan somewhat insuspect
 But by my soule as far as I comect
 He is vertuose and full of charyte

Jhān. In sayth all the to wne knoweth better that he
 Is a hore monger/a haunter of the stredes
 An yppocrite/a knaue/that all men refuse
 A lyer/a wretche/a maker of stryfe
 Better than they knowe that thou art my good wyfe

Tryb. What is that that thou hast sayde
Jhān. Mary I wolde haue the table set and sayde
 In this place or that I care not whether

Tryb. Than go to brynge the trestels hither
Jhān. Abyde a whyle/let me put of my go wy
 But yet I am afrayde to lay it do wy
 for I fere it shalbe sone stolen
 And yet it may lye safe ynough ynstolen
 It may lye well here and I lyst
 But by cokk^r soule here hath a dogge pryft

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 tyll I come agayne
Jhān. **C** But yet he shall not haue it by my say
 He is so nere the dore he myght ron away
 But bycause that ye be trusty and sure
 Ye shall kepe it and it be your pleasure
 And bycause it is arayne at the skyrte
 Whyle ye do nothyng strape of the dyrt
Typ. **C** Lo nowe am I redy to go to syr Johan
 And byd hym come as fast as he can
Jhān. **C** Ye do so without ony tarpeng
 But I say harken/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 candelstykke be not out of the way
Typ. **C** Come agayne and lay the table I say
 What me thynke ye haue sone don
Jhān. **C** Nowe I pray god that his malediction
 Lyght on my wyfe/and on the hauide preest
Typ. **C** Nowe go thy ways and hve the/seest
Jhān. **C** I pray to Christ/if my wyfe be no synne
 That y preest may breke his necke when he comes in
Typ. **C** How cu agayn. J. What a myschefe wyll y fore
typ. **C** Mary I say brynge hether yender stole
Jhān. **C** Nowe go to/a tyttell wolde make me
 for to say thus/a vengauce take the
typ. **C** Nowe go to hym and tell hym playn
 That tyll thou brynge hym / y wyll not come agayn
Jhān. **C** This ppe doth borne here as it doth stande
typ. **C** So waske me these two cuppes in my hande
Jhān. **C** I go with a myschrefe lyght on thy face
typ. **C** So and byd hym hve hym a pace
 And the whyle I shall all thynges amende
Jhān. **C** This ppe burneth here at this ende
 Vnderstandest thou. **C.** **C** So thy ways I say
Jhān. **C** I wyll go nowe as fast as I may
typ. **C** How come ones agayne/I had forgot
 Loke and there be ony ale in the pot
Jhān. **C** Nowe a vengauce and a very myschrefe
 Lyght on the pplde preest/and on my wyfe
 On the pot/the ale/and on the table
 The candyll/the ppe/and all the table

On the trystels and on the stole
 It is moche ado to please a curst fole
Tryb. **C**o thy ways now and tary no more
 for I am a hungred very sore
Jhan. **M**ary I go. **C**T. but come ones agayne yet
 Dyrnge hpyther that breade lest I forget it
Jhan. **I** wys it were tyme for to torne
 The pye / for y wys it doth boine
Tryb. **L**orde howe my husbände now doth patter
 And of the pye styf doth clatter
 So now and byd hym come away
 I haue byd the an hundred tymes to day
Jhan. **I** wyll not gyue a strawe I tell you playne
 If that the pye waxe colde agayne
Tryb. **W**hat art thou not gone yet out of this place
 I had went thou haddest ben come agayne in y space
 But by cokk^r soule and I shulde do the ryght
 I shulde breke thy knaues heed to nyght
Jhan. **N**ay than if my wyse be set a chrydng
 It is tyme for me to go at her bydng
 There is a prouerbe / whiche trewe nowe proueth
 He must nedes go that the dyuell dyrueth
Chod mayster curate may I come in
 At your chamber dore without ony spy
CSyr Johan the prest.
Who is there nowe that wolde haue me
 What Johan Johan / what nedes with the
Jhan. **M**ary syr to tell you shortly
 My wyse and I pray you hartely
 And eke desyre you with all our myght
 That ye wolde come and sup with vs to nyght
Syr. J. **Y**e must pardon me / in fapth I ne can
Jhan. **Y**es I desyre you good syr Johan
 Take payne this ones / and yet at the lest
 If ye wyll do nought at my request
 Yet do somwhat for the loue of my wyse
Syr. J. **I** wyll not go for makng of styse
 But I shall tell the what thou shalt do
 Thou shalt tary and sup with me or thou go
Jhan. **W**yll ye not go than / why so
 I pray you tell me / is there any dysdayne
 Or ony emnyte betwene you twayne
Syr. J. **I**n fapth to tell the betwene the and me
 She is as wyse 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 kne w her/ but honest and wyse
Without any pynll/ or any wyce
Haue one fault/ I know in her no more
And because I rebuke her/ now and then therfore
She is angrye with me/ and hath me in hate

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

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

Jhan. That euer any/ dyd wors with her than I
I spy 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 her

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 plain
She is angrye with me/ and hath me in dysdaye
Because that I/ do her oft intyce
To do some penance/ after myne aduyse
Because she/ wyll neuer leue her bradlyng
But at way with the/ she is chydng and bradlyng
And therfore I knowe/ she hatyth me presens

Jhan. Nay in good feyth/ sayng 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 very knaue
I thought surely/ so god me saue
That he had souyd my wyse/ for to dyspyue me
And now he quyttyth hym self/ and here I se
He doth as much/ as he may for his lyfe
To stynk the debate/ betwene me and my wyse

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

Jhan. Yet let me know now good s^r Johan
Where ye wyl 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 wolde beynge thether
Ale and bread/ and for my parte I
Sayd that I wolde g^{ve} them a p^{pe}
And there I gave them money for the makynge
And an other sayd she wolde pay for the bakynge
And so we purpose to make good chere
For to dispue away care and thoughte

Jhan. Than I pray you s^r tell me here
Whither shulde all this grace be broughte

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

Jhan. By god it is at my house standynge by the s^rre

s^r. J. Who bespake that p^{pe}/ I the requyre

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

s^r. J. If thou wylte haue me now/ in faith I wyl go

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

s^r. J. Well now/ if she chyde me in thy presens
I wyl be content and take in pacyens

Jhan. By cokk^e soue and she ones chyde
Or fro wne/ or soue/ or soke asyde

I shall beynge you a staffe as myche as I may heare
Than bete her and spare not/ I g^{ve} you good leue
To chastyse her for her shreude v^{er}penge

Tyb. The deuyl take the for thy longe tarpeng
Here is not a whyt of water by my god wne
To washe our hande/ that we myght s^r do wne
Go and h^{ve} 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

Tryb. **C**Go fetch water I say at a worde
 for it is tyme the pye were on the borde
 And go with a vengeance / a say thou art prayde
spy. J. **C**A good gossyp / is that well sayde
Tryb. **C**Welcome myn owne swete harte
 We shall make some chere or we departe
Jhan. **C**Cokk soule / loke howe he approcheth nere
 Vnto my wyse / this abateth my chere
spy. J. **C**By god I wolde ye had harde the tryfles
 The tops / the molkes / the fables / and the nyfles
 That I made thy hushade to beleue and thynke
 Thou myghtest as well in to the erthe synke
 As thou coudest forbear laughyng any whyle
Tryb. **C**I pray the let me here parte of that wyse
spy. J. **C**Mary I shall tell the as fast as I can
 But peas no more / ponder cometh thy good man
Jhan. **C**Cokk 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 nowe / haue done
Chan he byngeth the payle empty
Jhan. **C**By hockes soule it was euen nowe full to þe bynk
 But it was out agayne or I coude thynke
 Wherof I marueled by god almyght
 And than I toked betwene me and the lyght
 And I spyed a clyfte / bothe large and wyde
 So wyse / here it is on the tone syde
tryb. **C**Why dost not stop it. **J.** **C**Why howe shall I do it
tryb. **C**Take a lytle wax. **J.** **C**Howe shall I come to it
spy. J. **C**Mary here be. ii. wax candyles I say
 whiche my gossyp margery gaue me yester day
Tryb. **C**Tusse let hym alone / for by the rode
 It is pyte to helpe hym or do hym good
spy. J. **C**What Jhan Jhan / canst thou make no shifte
 Take this waxe and stop ther with the clyfte
Jhan. **C**This waxe is as harde as any wyre
Tryb. **C**Thou must chase it a lytle at the fyre
Jhan. **C**She þe broughte the these waxe candelles wayne
 She is a good companon certayn
Tryb. **C**What was it not my gossyp margery
spy. J. **C**Yes she is a blessed woman surely
tryb. **C**Howe wolde god I were as good as she
 for she is vertuous and full of charyte
Jhan. **C**Howe so god helpe me / and by my holydome
D.ii.

She is the ercrist haud betwene this and Rome
Tryb. **W**hat sayst. **J.** **M**ary I chase the Wax
 And I chase it so hard/that my fyngeers brakke
 But take vp this pye/that I here torne
 And it stand long/yf it wyll borne
Tryb. **Y**e but thou must chase the Wax I say
Jhān. **W**yd hym spt do wñ I the pray
 Spt do wñ good spt Johan/I you requyre
Tryb. **S**o I say and chase the Wax by the spre
 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/amor sell
Tryb. **S**o and chase the Wax/whyle thou art well
 And let vs haue no more pratyng thus
spt. J. **B**enedicite. **J.** **D**ominus.
Tryb. **N**ow go chase the Wax with a myschpyse
Jhān. **W**hat I come to blysse the bord swete wyse
 It is my custome now and than
 Wych good do it you/master spt Jhān
Tryb. **S**o chase the Wax/and here no senger tary
Jhān. **A**nd is not this a very purgatory
 To se folk ete/and may not ete a byt
 By kokke soule/I am a very wodcock
 This payle here/now a vengauce take it
 Now my wyse gyueth me a proud moh
Tryb. **W**hat dost. **J.** **M**ary I chase the Wax here
 And I ymagyn, 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 feyth/yf I myght ete one morsell
 I wold thynk the matter went very well
spt. J. **G**ossp Jhān Jhān/now nys good do it you
 What chere make you/therby the spre
Jhān. **M**aster pson/I thank you now
 I fare well now/after myne own desyre
spt. J. **W**hat dost Jhān Jhān/I the requyre
Jhān. **I** chase the Wax here by the spre
Tryb. **H**ere is good drynk/and here is a good pye
spt. J. **W**e fare very well/thankyd be our lady
Tryb. **L**oke how the kokold chaspyth the Wax that is hard
 And for his lyfe/daryth not loke hether ward
spt. J. **W**hat doth my gossp. **J.** **I** chase the Wax
 And I chase it so hard/that my fyngeers brakke
 And like the smoke/puttyth 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 word
Typb. **C**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 shypst
 To chafe the wax/to stop therewith the clyft
Jhān. **C**Ye that a vengeaunce/take ye both two
 Both hym and the/and the and hym also
 And that ye may choke/with the same mete
 At the furst murcell/that ye do ete
Typb. **C**Of what thyng now dost thou clatier
 Jhān Jhān/or wherof dost thou patter
Jhān. **C**I chafe the wax/and make hard shypst
 To stop her with/of the payll the ryft
sr. J. **C**How must he do Jhān Jhān/by my sather byn
 That is bound of wedlok in the yoke
Jhān. **C**Loke how the pyls prest crammyth in
 That wold to god/he myght therewith choke
Typb. **C**Now master yson/pleaseth your goodnes
 To tell vs some tale/of myrth or sadnes
 for our pastyme/in day of communycacyn
sr. J. **C**I am content to do it/for our recreacyn
 And of.iii.myrcles I shall to you say
Jhān. **C**What/must I chafe the wax all day
 And stond here/costyng by the spre
sr. J. **C**Thou must do somewhat at thy wyues desyre
CI know a man which weddyd had a wyfe
 As fayre a woman/as euer bare lyfe
 And within a senyght 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 heup 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
 Dere in this towne/whyle her husband shuld be
 Beyond the se/in a farre contre
Jhān. **C**Now in good soth/this is a wonderous myracle

But for your labour / I wolde that your tacle
Were in a shaldyng Water Well sod

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 Godwyn she went on pilgrimage
And offered there a lye ppg / as is the vsage
Of the wyues that in London dwell
And through the vertue therof / truly to tell
Within a moneth after eyght shortly
She was deliuered of a chyld as moche as I
Dow say you / is not this myracle monderous

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

Tryb. As I say for godd^e passyon
Thou lettest try Johans communication

Try. J. The thyrde myracle also is this
I knewe a nother woman eke wyues
Whiche was wedded / & within .v. monthis after
She was deliuered of a fayre doughter
As well formed in euery membre & ioynt
And as ppyte 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
Myght haue as quicke spede in euery suche case

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

Jhan. Ye tryb my wyfe / and that haue I sene
But howe say you try Jhan / was it good your ppe
The dryuell the moysell / that therof eate I
By the good lorde this is a pyteous wacke
But nowe I se well the olde prouerbe is treu
The parryshe preeft forgetteth & euer he was clarke
But try Jhan doth not remembre you
Dow I was your clerke / & holpe you masse to syng

And bylde the basyn al way at the offering
 Ye neuer had halfe so good a clarke as I
 But not withstankyng all this nowe our pye
 Is eaten vp/there is not leste a bryt
 And you t wo together there do syt
 Eatynge and drynkyng at your owne desire
 And I am Johan Jhan/ which must stude by þe fyre
 Chasyng the waxe/and dare none other wyse do
 Spr. J. And shall we al way syt here styll we t wo
 þe were to mych. T. Then ryse we out of this place
 Spr. J. And lye me than in the syde of grace
 And face well ieman and my loue so deere
 Jhan. What bodp this waxe it warte colde agayn here
 But what shall I anone go to bed
 And eate nothynge nother meate nor brede
 I haue not be wont to haue suche fare
 Tpb. Why were ye not serued there as ye are
 Chasyng the waxe/standyng by the fyre
 Jhan. Why what mete gaue ye me/ I your requyre
 Spr. J. Wast thou not serued/ I pray the hartely
 Both with the brede/the ale/and the pye
 Jhan. No spr. I had none of that fare
 Tpb. Why were ye not serued there as ye are
 Standyng by the fyre chasyng the waxe
 Jhan. Lo here be many tryfys and knakke
 By kokke soule they wene I am other driche or mad
 Tpb. And had ye no meate Johan Johan no had
 Jhan. No tpb my wyse/ I had not a wbyr
 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 crosse
 Tpb. But is it trewe. J. Ye for a surete
 Tpb. Dost thou ly. J. No so mote I the
 Tpb. Wast thou had nothynge. J. No not a bryt
 Tpb. Wast thou not dronke. J. No not a wbyr
 Tpb. Where wast thou. J. By the fyre I byd stande
 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 yet dare not complayne
 for the smoke/put out my eyes t wo
 I burned my face/and rayde my clothes also
 Wending the pappe/whiche is so rotten and vnde
 That it wyll not skant together holde
 And syth it is so/and syns that ye t wayn

Wold geue me no meate / for my suff' saunce
By kok's 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 now
And if thou canst mend it let me se how

Trb. **C**A horson knaue hast thou brok my payll
Thou shalt repent / by kok's spilly napll
Reche me my dystaf / or my clppping shere
I shall make the blood runne about his eyes

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

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

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

Sr. J. **C**Thou speest horson kokold / eyn to thy face

Jhan. **C**And thou speest pplyd prest / with an euyl grace

Trb. **C**And y speest. **J.** **C**And y speest. **Sr.** **C**And y speest again

Jhan. **C**By kok's soule horson prest / thou shalt be slayn
Thou hast eate our pye / and geue me nought
By kok's blood it shall be full decey bought

Trb. **C**At hym sr. Johan / or els god geue the sorow

Jhan. **C**I haue at your hore a thefe / saynt george to borow
CWere they fyght by the eyes a whyle a than
the prest and the wyfe go out of the place.

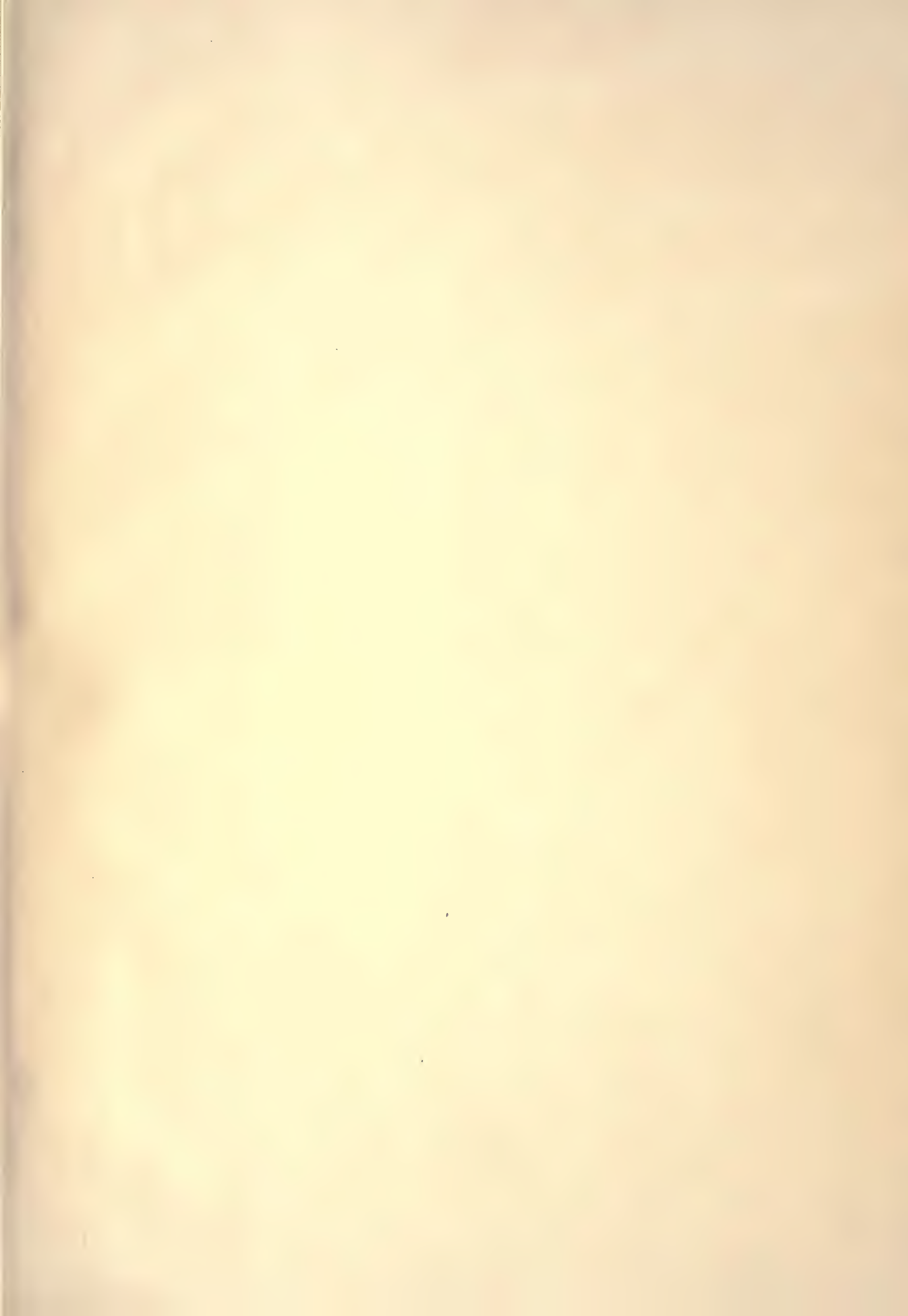
Jhan. **C**A spys I haue payd some of them euen as I lyst
They haue borne many a blow with my spyt
I thank god / I haue walkyd them well
And diruen them hens / but yet can ye tell
Whether they be go / for by god I feere me
That they be gon togethir he and she
Wnto his chamber / and perchappys she wyll
Spyte of my hart / tarp there styll
And peradventure / there he and she
Wyll make me cokold / eyn to anger me
And then had I a pyg / in the wyris panyer
Therefore by god / I wyll hys me thyder
To se if they do me any vylany
And thus face well this noble company.

CThus.

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

CCum privilegio.







PR
2564
J7
1533a

Heywood, John
John John the husband

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