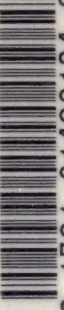


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Play called

The Four P.P.

The Four P.P. VOOD

Date of this Edition, 1545?

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

The Four B.P.

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Play called
The Four P P

By JOHN HEYWOOD

Date of this Edition, 1545?

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 42]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Play called The Four PP

By JOHN HEYWOOD

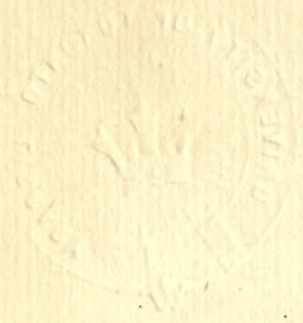
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The Play called the Four PP

BY JOHN HEYWOOD

"The Four PP" is one of the undoubted plays written by John Heywood, "the father of English comedy and tragedy." The original copy from which this facsimile is taken was published in 1545 [?], and is now in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, e. 43). Other editions were printed by W. Copland, n.d.; and by John Alde in 1569.

Of John Heywood himself it must suffice to say that his life-story, hitherto fragmentary and vague, is in course of being re-written (see "The Play of the Weather, Tudor Facsimile Texts"). The most important fact that has in late years come to knowledge, one also that throws a flood of light on much that has hitherto been vague or inexplicable, is the certainty that he was a close connection, by ties of kindred and in his social relations, of Sir Thomas More; and that, therefore, he was far from occupying the status of Court fool assigned to him by Sharman, Ward, and others.

Mr. J. A. Herbert (Manuscript Department, British Museum) reports that, comparing this facsimile with the original, "it is an excellent reproduction." The British Museum Catalogue remarks, against the entry of this work,

that "it is mutilated in binding," viz., in some of the top leaves. Special points of criticism are:—

- (1) A. iii. verso, line 1, is a little more legible in the original.
- (2) C. iii. recto, the mark below printing in left-hand corner is in pencil in the original.
- (3) C. iv. recto, line 1, is a little less blurred.

JOHN S. FARMER.

The playe called the foure PP

A newe and a very mery enterlude of
A palmer.
A pardonier.
A potycary.
A pedler.

Printed by Iohn Weelwood

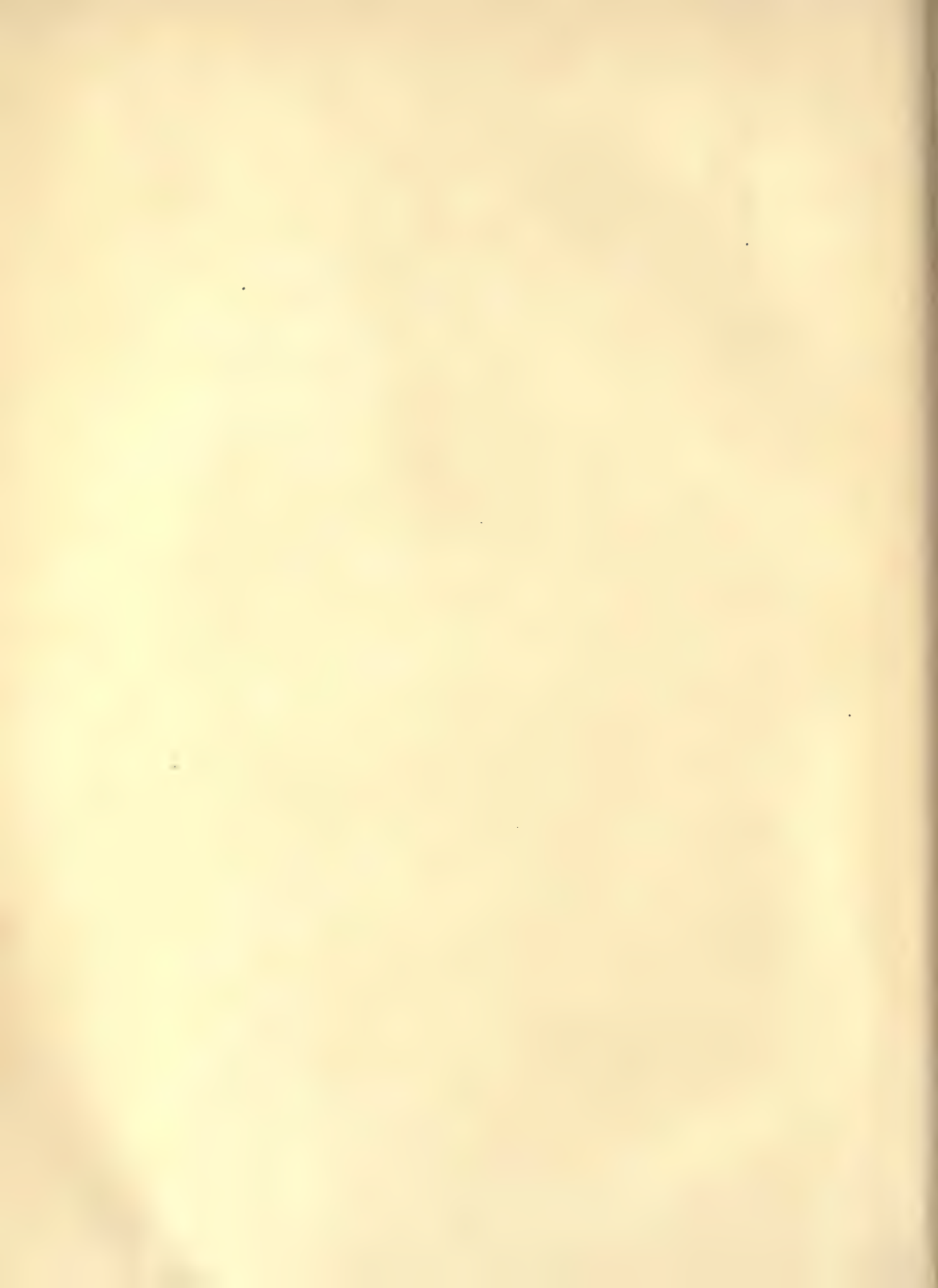


Walmer.



Nowe god be here who kepeth this place
Now by my fayth I crye you mercy
Of reason I must lew for grace
My rewdnes Heweth me no so homely
Wherof your pardon art and wonne
I lew you as curtelý doth me bynde
To tell thys whiche shalbe begonne
In order as may comý beste in mynde
I am a palmer as ye se
Whiche of my lyfe much part hath spent
In many a sayze and facce countre
As pylgrymes do of good intent
At Hierusalem haue I bene
Be foze Chyestes blessed sepulture
The mount of Caluery haue I seue
A holy place ye may be sure
To Iosephat and Olpucte
On fote god wote I wenee ryght bare
Many a salt tere dyde I swee
Befoze thys carkes coulde come there
Yet haue I bene at Rome also
And gone the stacions all arow
Saynt peters Myne and many mo
Then yt I tolde all ye do know
Except that there be any suche
That hath ben there and diligently
Hath taken hede and marked muche
Then can they speke as muche as I
Then at the Bodes also I was
And rounde about to amyas
At saynt Concomber and saynt Cronlon
At saynt Bothulph and saynt Anne of Buckston
On the hylles of Armony where I see Aves arke
Wuh haly Job and saynt George in Suchwarke
At Walraun and at Walsyngam





And at the good rood of Dagnam
At saynt Cornelys at saynt James in Gales
And at saynt Wynestredes well in Walles
At our lady of Boston at saynt Edmundes byp
And streyght to saynt Patrykes purgatoyr
At rydphone and at the blood of Hayles
Whete pylgrymes paynes ryght muche auayles
At saynt Dauys and at saynt Denis
At saynt Mathew and saynt Marke in Uenis
At mayster Johan Hoyme at Canterbury
The graet god of Katewade at kynges Hentp
At saynt Sauours at our lady of Southwell
At Crome at Wyllsdom and at Huswell
At saynt Rycharde and at saynt Roke
And at our lady that standeth in the oke
To these with other many one
Deuoutly haue I prayed and gone
Prayeng to them to pray for me
Unto the blessed trynitye
By whose prayets and my dayly payne
I truste the soner to obtayne
For my saluacyon grace and mercy
For be ye sure I thynke surely
Who seeketh sayntes for Cristes sake
And namely suche as payne do take
On softe to punyche thy frayle body
Shall thereby meryte moze help
Then by any thyng done by man

¶ Pardonet.

¶ And when ye haue gone as farre as ye can
For all your labour and gostely entente
Yet welcome home as wyse as ye wente

¶ Balmet.

¶ Why syz dyspyle ye pylgrymage

¶ Pardonet.

¶ Nay for god syz then oyd I rage

I thynke ye ryght well occupped
To seke these sayntes on euery syde
Also your payne I nat dispryse it
But yet I dilcomende your wte
And oz we go euen so shall ye
If ye in this wyl answeere me
I pray you shew what the cause is
Ye wente al these pylgrymages

¶ Palmer.

¶ Forsoth this lyfe I opd begyn
To rydde the bondage of my syn
For whiche these sayntes rehered oz this
I haue both sought and seue I wys
Besechynge them to be recozde
Of all my payne vnto the lozde
That gyueth all remyssion
Upon eche mans conuiccion
And by theyz good mediacion
Upon myne humble submyssion
I trust to haue in very dede
For my soule helth the better spede.

¶ Pardonar.

¶ Nowe is your owne confessyon lykely
To make your selfe a sole quyckely
For I perceyue ye wolde obtayne
No nother thyng for all your payne
But onely grace your soule to saue
Nowe marke in this what wyl ye haue
To seke so farre and helpe so nye
Euen here at home is remedy.
For at your doze my selfe doth dwell
Who coulde haue saued your soule as well
As all your wyde wandryng shall do
Though ye wente thys to Jericho
Nowe lynes ye myght haue spedde at home
What haue ye wone by ronnyng at Rome.



20 **Palmer.**

Cf this be true that ye haue moued
Then is my wyt in dede reproued
But let vs here fyrste what ye are

20 **Pardonar.**

Cruely I am a pardonar.

S Palmer.

Cruely a pardonar that may be true
But a true pardonar doth nat enleu
Ryght selde is it sene oꝝ neuer.
That treuth and pardoners dwell together
Foz be your pardons neuer so great
Yet them to enlarge ye wyll nat let
With suche lyes that of tymes Cryste wot
Ye seme to haue that ye haue nat
Wherfoze I went my selfe to the selfe thyng
In euery place and without faynyng
Had as muche pardon there assuredly
As ye can promyse me here doutefully
Howe be it I thynke ye do but scofte
But yf ye hadde all the pardon ye kepe of
And no whyt of p[ar]don graunted
In any place where I haue haunted
Yet of my labour I nothyng repent.
God hath respect howe eche tyme is spent
And as in his knowlege all is regarded
So by his goodnes all is rewarded

20 **Pardonar.**

C By the fyrste parte of this laste tale
It semeth you come late from the ale
Foz reason on your syde so farre doth fayle
That ye leue souyng and begyn to rayle
Wherin ye fozget your owne parte clerely
Foz ye be as vntrue as I
And in one popute ye are beyonde me
Foz ye may lye by ancthoꝝpte

And an that hath wanted to fatte
That no man can be theyr controller
And where ye esteeme your labour so muche
I say yet agayne my pardons be suche
That yf there were a thousande soules on a hepe
I wolde bynge them all to heuen as good chepe
As ye haue brought your selfe on pylgrymage
In the leste quarter of your byage
Whiche is farre a thys syde heuen by god
There your labour and pardon is od
With smale cost and without any payne
These pardons byngeth them to heuen playne
Geue me but a peny or two pens
And as sone as the soule departeth hens
In halfe an houre or thre quarters at moste
The soule is in heuen with the holy ghost

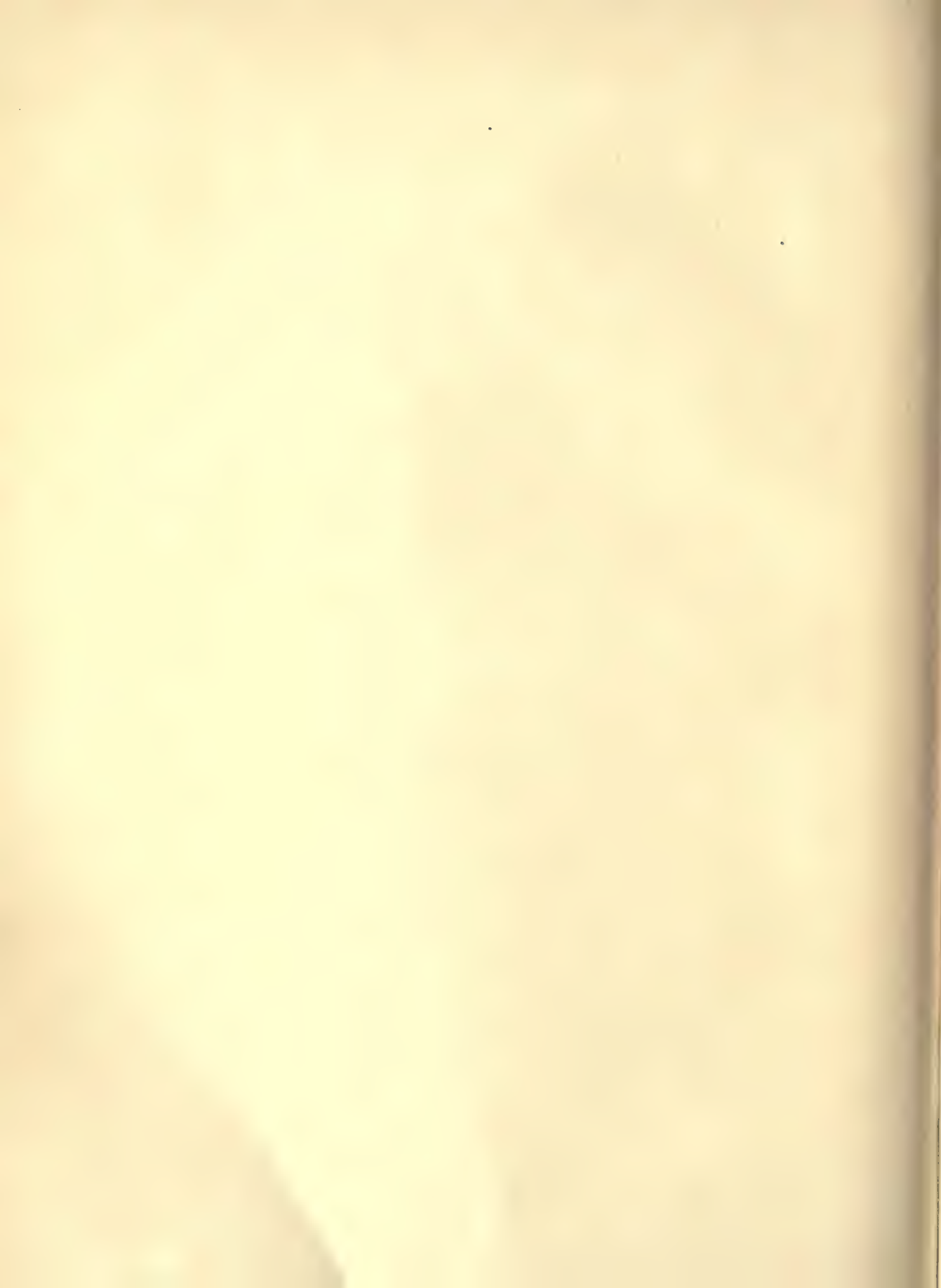
20 Potycary.

Sende ye any soules to heuen by water
A Pardoner.

* If we dyd say what is the mater

20 Potycary.

By god I haue a dyre soule Mulde thyrther
I praye you let our soules go to heuen togyther
So bysly you twayne be in soules helth
May nat a potycary come in by steth
Yes that I wyl by saynt Antony
And by the leue of thys company
Droue ye false knaues bothe or we god
In parte of your sayenges as thys lo
Thou by thy trauayle thynkest heuen to gete
And thou by pardons and relyques countest no lets
To sende thyne owne soule to heuen sure
And all other whome thou lyste to procure
If I toke an accyon then were they blanke
For lyke theues the knaues rob away my thanks
All soules in heuen haunge relese



Shall they thanke your craftes nay thanke myn chere
No soule ye knowe entreteth heuen gate
Tyll from the bodye he be separate
And whome haue ye knowen dye hostlye
Without helpe of the potycary
Nay all that commeth to our handlyng
Except ye hadde to come to hangyng
That way perchauce ye shall nat myster
To go to heuen without a glyster
But be ye sure I wolde be wo
If ye schulde chaunge to beggler me so
As good to lye with me a nyght
As hange abyode in the mone lyght
There is no choyse to fle my hande
But as I sayd into the bande
Syns of our soules the multitude
I sende to heuen when all is bewed
Who schulde but I then all togyther
Haue thanke of all theyr comynge thytter

Pardonet.

C If ye kylde a thousande in an houre space
When come they to heuen dyenge from state of grace

2^d Potycary.

2^d If a thousande pardons about your neckes were tye
When come they to heuen yf they neuer dye

3^d Palmer.

3^d Longe lyfe after good woorkes in dede
Doth hynder mannes receyt of mede
And deth befoze one dewty done
May make vs thynke we dye to sone
Yet better tary a thyng then haue it
Then go to sone and vayne craue it

2^d Pardonet.

C The longer ye dwell in communicacion.
The lesse shall you lyke thys pmagnacoy
For ye may perceyue euen at the fyrst cho

Your tale is trapt in such a stop
That at the leste ye seme woyle then we

¶ Potycary.

¶ By the masse I holde vs nought all thye

¶ Pedler.

¶ By our lady then haue I gone wronge
And yet to be here I thought longe

¶ Potycary.

¶ Brother ye haue gone wronge no wyte
I prayse your fortune and your wyte
That can directe you so discretely
To plante you in this company
Thou palmer and thou a pardonet
I a potycary.

¶ Pedler.

¶ And I a pedler

¶ Potycary.

¶ Nowe on my fayth full well watched
Were the deuyll were we foure hatched

¶ Pedler.

¶ That maketh no mater syns we be matched
I coulde be mery yf that I catchyd
Some money for parte of the ware in my packe

¶ Potycary.

¶ What the deuyll hast thou there at thy backe

¶ Pedler.

¶ Why dost thou nat knowe that euery pedled
In euery tryfull must be a medler
Specyally in womens tryflynges
Those vyle we cheke aboue all thynges
Whiche thynges to se yf ye be disposed
Beholde what ware here is disclosed
Thys gete theweth it selfe in suche betwte
That eche man thynketh it sayth come vye me
Toke were your selfe can lyke to be chooset
Your selfe shall make pryce though I be looser



Is here nothyng for my rather **Palmer**
Hate ye not a woman in a coiver
For your walkyng to holp places
By crosse I have herde of as straunge cases
Who lyueth in loue or loue wold wyne
Euen at this packe he must begynne
Where is ryght many a proper token
Of whiche by name parte shall be spoken
Gloves, pynnes, combes, glasses vnspottyd
Bomanders, hookes, and lasses knotted
Broches, cynges, and all maner bedes
Lace rounde and flat for womens hedes
Redys, threde thymbell, Hers, and all suche knackes
Where louers be no suche thynges lackes
Sypers swathbondes rybandes and sleue laces
Gyrdels, knyues, purses, and pyncales.

¶ Potycary.

C Do women bpe they pyncales of you.

¶ Pedler.

C Ye that they do I make god a vob

¶ Potycary.

C So mot I thye then for my parte

I be shewe thy knaues nakyd herte

For makynge my wyfe ys pyncale so wyde

The pynnes fall out they can nat abyde

Great pynnes must she haue one or other

Yf she lese one she will fynde an other

Wherin I fynde cause to complayne

New pynnes to her pleasure and my payne

¶ Pardoner.

C Sye ye seme well send in womens causes

I praye you tell me what causeth this

That women after theyr wyspunge

Be so longe in theyr appavelyng

¶ Pedler.

C Forsoth women haue many letters

And they be maiked in many nettes
As frontlettes, spillettes, parlettes, and barcelettes
And then they; bonettes and they; poynettes
By these lettes and nettes the lette is suche
That spede is small whan haste is muche.

20 **Poynter.**

CAn other cause why they come nat forwarde
Whiche maketh them dayly to drawe backwarde
And yet is a thyng they can nat forbete
The trynnyng and pynnyng by they; gere
Specially they; trydng with the tayle pyu
And when they wolde haue it prycke in
If it chaunce to double in the clothe
Then be they wode and swereth an othe
Tyll it stande ryght they wyll nat forlake it
Thus though it may nat yet wolde they make it
But be ye sure they do but defarre it
For when they wolde make it ofte tymes marre it
But prycke them and pynne them as nyche, as ye wyll
And yet wyll they loke for pynnyng still
So that I durste holde you a foynt
Ye shall neuer haue them at a fall poynt

¶ **Pedler.**

¶ Let womens maters passe and marke myne
Whar euer they; poyntes be, these poyntes be fyne
Wherfoze yf ye be wyllynge to bye
Ley downe money, come of quykely.

20 **Palmer.**

Cay by my trowth we be lyke sepers
We are but beggers we be no hpers

¶ **Pardonet.**

Chy; ye maye howe your ware for your mynde
But I thynke ye shall no profyte fynde

20 **Pedler.**

CWell though thys your ney acquyte no coste
Yet thynke I nat my labour losse



Foz by the sayth of my body
I lyke full well thys company
Wp shall this packe foz it is playne
I came not hither al foz gayne
Who may nat play one day in a weke
May thynke hys thyrte is farre to seke
Deuyse what pastyme ye thynke beste
And make ye sure to fynde me prest

20 Potycary.

¶ Why be ye so vnyuersall
That you can do what so euer ye shall.

¶ Pedler.

¶ Syr, yf ye lyst to appose me
What I can do then shall ye se.

20 Potycary.

¶ Than tell me thys be ye perfyte in dzynkynge

¶ Pedler.

¶ Perfyte in dzynkynge as may be wysht by thynkynge

20 Potycary.

¶ Then after your dzynkynge how fall ye to wykynge

¶ Pedler.

¶ Syr, after dzynkynge whyle the thot is tynkynge
Some hedes be swymmyng but myne wyl be synkynge
And vpon dzynkynge myne eyse wyl be pynkynge
Foz wykynge to dzynkynge is alway lynkynge.

20 Potycary.

¶ Then dzyнке and slepe ye can well do

But yf ye were desyred therto

I pray you tell me can you synge

¶ Pedler.

¶ Syr, I haue some syght in synngynge.

20 Potycary.

¶ But is your breste any thyng swete.

¶ Pedler.

¶ What euer my breste be, my voyce is mete

20 Potycary.

B. 11.

¶ That answere the weth you a ryght synngnge man
How what is your wyll good father than.

¶ What helpeth wyll where is no skylle

¶ And what helpeth skylle where is no wyll

¶ For wyll or skylle what helpeth it
Where frowarde knaves be lackenge wyll

Leue of thys curposlytie

And who that lyfthe synge after me

¶ Here they synge

¶ Thys lyketh me well so moche I the

¶ So helpe me god so lyketh nat me

Where company is met and well agreed

Good pastyme doth ryght well in dede

But who can syt in dalyvaunce

Whan syt in suche a variaunce

As we were set or ye came in

Whiche steple thys man dyd fyrst begynne

Allegynge that suche men as ble

For loue of god nat and refuse

On fote to goo from place to place

A pylgrymage callynge for grace

Shall in that payne with penitence

Obayne discharge of conyence

Comparynge that lyfthe for the beste

Enduceyon to our endles teste

Upon these woordes our mater grewe

For yf he coude auow them true

As good to be a gardener

As for to be a pardonner

But when I harde hym so farre wyde

I then approched and replyed



Payenge this that this indulgence
 Hauing the forlayd penitence
 Dychargech man of all offence
 With muche more profyt then this pretence
 Take but two pens at the moſte
 I wys this is nat very great coſte
 And from all payne without dyſpayre
 My ſoule for his kepe euen his chayre
 And when he dyeth he may be ſure
 To come to heuen euen at pleaſure
 And moze then heuen he can nat get
 How farre ſo euer he lyſte to ſet
 Then is hys payne moze then hys wit
 To wake to heuen ſyns he may ſyt
 Sy; as we were in this contencion
 In came thys daw with hys inuencion
 Reuelynge vs hym ſelſe anauntyng
 That all the ſoules to heuen aſſendynge
 Are moſt bounde to the potycary
 Becaule he helpeth moſt men to dye
 Befoze whiche deth he layeth in dede
 No ſoule in heuen can haue hys mede

G Deplet.

C Why do potycaries kyl men.

A Potycary.

C By god men ſay ſo now and then.

G Deplet.

C And I thought ye wolde nat haue myſt
 To make men lyue as longe as ye lyſte.

A Potycary.

¶ As longe as we lyſte, nay longe as they can.

G Deplet.

C So myght we lyue without you than.

A Potycary.

C Ye but yet it is neceſſary

For to haue a potycary

Foꝛ when ye tele pouꝛ conſeyens redy
I can ſende you to heuen quykly
Wherfoꝛe concernynge our mater here
Aboue theſe twayne I am beſt clere
And yf he lyſte to take me ſo
I am content you and no mo
Shall be our iudge as in thys caſe
Whiche of vs thye ſhall take the beſt place

¶ Pedler.

¶ I neyther wyl iudge the beſte noꝛ woꝛſte
Foꝛ he ye bleſte oꝛ he ye curſte
Ye know it is no whyt my ſeyghe
To be a iudge in maters of weygh
It behoueth no pedlers noꝛ pꝛoctors
To take on them iudgemente as doctours
But yf pouꝛ myndes be onely ſet
To woꝛke foꝛ ſoule helthe ye be well met
Foꝛ eche of you ſomwhat doth ſhowe
That ſoules towarde heuen by you do growe
Then yf ye can ſo well agree
To contynue togyther all thye
And all you thye obey on wyl
Then all pouꝛ myndes ye may fulfyl
As yf ye came all to one man
Who ſulde goo pylgrymage moꝛe then he can
In that ye palmer as debite
May clerely dyſcharde hym parde
And foꝛ all otheꝛ ſyns ones had contꝛyſſyon
Your pardons geueth hym full rempſſyon
And then ye may ſet potycary
May ſende hym to heuen by and by.

¶ Potycary.

¶ Yf he taſte this boxe nye aboute the pyꝛme
By the maſſe he is in heuen oꝛ euenſonge tyme
Whys craft is ſuche that I can ryghe well
Sende my fryndes to heuen and my ſelfe to hell



But I pray make this man for he is wyle
How coulde deuyse suche a deuyce
For yf we thye may be as one
Then be we lordes euerychone
Betwene vs all coulde nat be myste
To saue the soules of whome we lyst
But for good order at a worde
Ewayne of vs must wayte on the thyrde
And vnto that I do agree
For bothe your wayne shall wayt on me
What chaunce is this that suche an elfe
Commaunded two knaues be, besyde hym selfe

¶ Pardoner.

¶ Nay nay my frende that wyll nat be
I am to good to wayt on the.

¶ Palmer.

¶ By our lady and I wolde be loth
To wayt on the better on you both

¶ Pedler.

¶ Yet be ye seker for all thys dout
Thys waytyng must be brought about
Men can nat prosper wylfully ledde
All thyng decayed where is no hedde
Wherfoze doutlesse marke what I say
To one of you thye wayne must obey
And synnes ye can nat agree in voyce
Who shall be hed, there is no choise
But to deuyse some maner thyng
Wherin ye all be lyke connyng
And in the same who can do beste
The other wayne to make them preste
In euery thyng of hys entente
Holly to be at commaundement
And now have I founde one mastry
That ye can do in dyfferently
And is nother sellynge nor byenge

But eyn only bety lyenge
And all ye thye can lye as well
As can the falsest deupll in hell
And though afoze ye harde me grudge
In greater maters to be your iudge
Yet in lyeng I can some skyll
And yf I shall be iudge I wyll
And be ye sure without flattery
Where my consciens fyndeth the mastepe
Ther shall my iudgement strait be founde
Though I myght wyne a thousande pounde

¶ **S**yz for lyeng though I can do it
Yet am I loth for to goo to it
¶ **P**almer.

¶ **Y**e haue nat cause to feare to be holde
For ye may be here vncntrolled
And ye in this haue good auantage
For lyeng is your comen blage
And you in lyenge be well spedde
For all your craft doth stande in falshed
Ye nede nat care who shall begyn
For eche of you may hope to wyne
Now speke all thye eyn as ye fynde
Be ye agreed to folowe my mynde

¶ **Y**e by my trowth I am contente
¶ **P**almer.

¶ **N**ow in good fayth and I assente
¶ **P**ardoner.

¶ **I**f I denyed I were a noddy
For all is myne by goddes body
¶ **H**ere the porycary hoppeth

¶ **H**ere were a hopper to hop for the tynge
But syz thys gere goth nat by hoppynge
¶ **P**almer.

¶ **Boycary.**

C Sy; in this hoppnge I wyl hop so well
That my tonge shall hop as well as my hele
Upon whiche hoppnge I hope and nat doute it
To hope so that ye shall hope without

¶ **Palmer.**

¶ **Sy;** I wyl neyther booste ne brawll
But take suche fortune as may fall
And if ye wyne this maystry
I wyl obaye you quietly
And sure I thynke that quietnesse
In any man is great rychesse
In any maner company
To rule or be ruled indifferently.

¶ **Parsoner.**

C By that boost thou seemest a begger in dede
What can thy quietnesse helpe vs at nede
If we shulde starue thou hast nat I thynke
One peny to bye vs one potte of drynke
May if rychesse myghe rule the coste
Beholde what cause I haue to booste
Lo here be pardons halfe a dosyn
For gostely ryches they haue no cosyn
And moze ouer to me they bynng
Sufficient succour for my luyng
And here be relykes of suche a kynde
As in this worlde no man can fynde
Knele downe all thye and when ye leue kysynge
Who lyst to offer shall haue my blyssynge
Frendes here shall ye se euyr anone
Of all hallovs the blyssyd law bone
Kys it hardely with good deuocion

¶ **Boycary.**

C Thys kysse shall bynng vs muche promocyon
Fogh, by saynt sayour I neuer kys a wars
Ye were as good kysse all hallovs ars

Foz of all halows me. rynneth
That all halows bzeth synketh

20 Palmer.

¶ Ye fudge all halows bzeth vnknowen
Yf any bzeth synke it is your owne.

¶ Potycary.

✦ I knowe myne owne bzeth from all halows
Oz els it were tyme to kyll the galows.

20 Pardoner.

¶ Aap spys beholde here may ye se
The great toe of the trinite
Who to thys toe any money boweth
And ones may tole it in his moueth
All hys lye after I vnderake
He shall be ryd of the toth ake.

¶ Potycary.

✦ I praye you tozue that relyke aboute
Oher the Trinite had the goute
Oz elles bycause it is. iiii. toes in one
God made it muche as thye toes alone.

20 Potycary.

¶ Well lette that passe and loke vpon thys
Here is a relyke that doth nat mys
To helpe the leste aswell as the moſte
Thys is a buttocke bone of Pentecoste.

20 Potycary.

✦ By chryſte and yet foz all your bolte
Thys relyke hath be wyten the rolle

¶ Pardoner.

¶ Marke well thys relyke here is a whippet
Oy frendes vnfayned here is a ſupper
Of one of the ſeuē ſepers be ſure
Doutleſſe thys kys ſhall do you great pleaſure
Foz all theſe two dayes it ſhall ſo eaſe you
That none other ſauours ſhall diſpleaſe you.

20 Potycary.

All these two dayes, nay all thys two yere
For all the sauours that may come here
Can be no worse for at a worde
One of the seven sleepers trode in a toorde.

¶ Pedler.

Sy; me thynketh your deuotion is but smal
¶ Pardoner.

Small mary me thynketh he hath none at all.
¶ Potycary.

What the deuyll care I what ye thynke
Shall I prayse relykes when they synke.
¶ Pardoner.

Here is an eye toth of the great Turke
Whose eyes be ones sette on thys pece of worke
May happely lese parte of his eye syght
But nat all tyll he be blynde out ryght.

¶ Potycary.

What so euer any other man seeth
I haue no deuotion to Turkes teeth
For all though I neuer sawe a greter
Yet me thynketh I haue sene many better.

¶ Pardoner.

Here is a box full of humble bees
That stonge Cue as she sat on her knees
Castynge the frute to her forbydden
Who kylleth the bees within this hydden
Shall haue as muche pardon of ryght
As for any relyke he kylt thys nyght.

¶ Palmer.

Sy; I wyll kylle them with all my herte.
¶ Potycary.

Kylle them agayne and take my parte
For I am nat worthy, nay lette be
Thoise bees that stonge Cue shall nat spunge me.

¶ Pardoner.

Good frendes I haue yet here in thys glas

¶

Whiche on the dypnke at the weddyng was
Of Adam and Eue vndoubtedly
If ye honoz this relyke deuoutly
All though ye thurste no whyt the lesse
Yet shall ye dypnke the moze doutelesse
After whiche dypnkyng ye shall be as mete
To stande on your hede as on your fete

¶ Potycary.

O Ye mary now I can ye thanke
In presents of thys the reste be blanke
Wolde god this relyke had come rather
Kysse that relyke well good father
Suche is the payne that ye palmers take
To kysse the pardon bowle for the dypnke sake
O holy yeste that loketh full lowe and stale
For goddes body helpe me to a cuppe of ale
The moze I be holde the, the moze I thurste
The oftener I kysse the, moze lyke to burste
But syngs I kysse the so deuoutely
Hyze me and helpe me with dypnke tyll I dye
What so muche prayenge and so lyteli spede

¶ Pardoner.

O Ye for god knoweth whan it is nede
To lende folkes dypnke but by saynt Antony
I wene he hath sent you to muche all redy.

¶ Potycary.

O If I haue neuer the moze for the
Then be the relykes no ryches to me
Nor to thy selfe excepte they be
More benedyctyall then I can se
Whycher is one boxe of his tryacle
Then all thy relykes that do no myrakell
If thou haddest prayed but halfe so muche to me
As I haue prayed to thy relykes and the
Rochyng concernyng myne occupacion
But streyght shalde haue wrought in operacyon

And as in balve I pas you an ace
Here lyceth muche rycheffe in lytell space
I haue a boze of rebarb here
Whiche is as deynly as it is dere
So helpe me god and hollydam
Of this I wolde nat geue a dram
To the beste frende I haue in Englandes grounde
Though he wolde geue me .xx. pounce
Foz though the stomake do it abhoz
It pourget you cleue from the coloz
And maketh yout stomake soze to walter
That ye shall neuer come to the halter

¶ Pedler.

¶ Then is that medycyn a souerayn thyng
To pzeferue a man from hangynge.

¶ Potycary.

¶ If ye wyll taste but thys crome that ye se
It euer ye be hanged neuer truste me
Here haue I diapompholicus
A speciall opntement as doctours discuse
Foz a fistela oz a canker
Thys opntement is euen shot anker
Foz this medecyn helpeth one and other
Oz byngeth them in case that they nede no other
Here is syrapus de Byzantis.

A lytell thyng is I nough of this
Foz euen the weyght of one scryppull
Shall make you stronge as a cryppull

Here be other as diosfalius

Diagalanga and stricados

Blansa manua diospoliticon

Mercury sublyme and mettistatcon

Delitoz and arsefeticita

Cally and colloquintita

These be the thynges that byke all st rpe

Berwene mannes sycknes and his lyfe

¶ Cally.

From all payne thele shall you beleeue
And let you euen at reste for euer
Here is a medecyn no mo lyke the same
Whiche comenly is called thus by name
Alkakabus or Alkakengy
A goodly thyng for dogges that be mange
Suche be these medecyns that I can
Helpe a dogge as well as a man
Nat one thyng here partycularly
But worketh vniuersally
For it doth me as muche good when I sell it
As all the byers that taste it or smell it
How spys my medecyns be so specyall
And in operacion so generall
And tedy to worke when so euer they shall
So that in ryches I am principall
If any rewarde may entreat ye
I besech your mayhpy be good to me
And ye shall haue a boxe of marmelade
So fyne that ye may dyg it with a spade.

20 Pedler.

☞ Sye I thanke you but your rewarde
Is nat the thyng that I regarde
I muste and wyll be indifferent
Wherfoze procede in your intente.

20 Potycary.

☞ Nowe yf I wyll this wyth no synne
I wolde to god I myght begynne.

☞ Pardoner.

☞ I am content that thou lye fyyste

20 Balmer.

☞ Euen so am I and say thy worste
Now let vs here of all thy lyes
The greatest lye thou mayst deuyse
And in the fewest wordes thou can

20 Potycary.

Che, now ye be an honest man.

Walmer.

† There sayde ye muche but yet no lye.

Gardonet.

W Now lye ye bothe by our lady
Thou lyeest in boost of hys honestie
And he hath lyled in assympuge the

Gotpcary.

C If we both lye and ye say true
Then of these lyes your parte adew
And yf ye wynn make none avaunt
For ye are sure of one yll seruaunte
Ye may percepue by the wordes he gan
He taketh your mashyp but for a knave
But who tolde true or lyled in dede
That wyll I knowe or we procede
By after that I fyrste began
To prayse you for an honest man
When ye assymed it for no lye
Now by our fayth speke even truely
Thought ye your assymactou true.

Walmer.

† Ye mary I for I wolde ye knewe
I thynke my selfe an honest man.

Gotpcary.

C What thought ye in the contrary than.

Walmer.

† In that I sayde the contrary
I thynke from trowth I dyd nat vary.

Gotpcary.

C And what of my wordes.

Walmer.

C I thought ye lyled.

Gotpcary.

C And so thought I by god that dyed
Nowe haue you twayne eche for hym selfe layde

That none hath lyed out but both rettelayd
And of vs twayne none hath denyed
But both affyrmed that I haue lyed
Now syns both your trowth confes
And that we both my lye so wtines
That twayne of vs thre in one agree
And that the lyer the wyinner muft be
Who coude prouyde fuche euydens
As I haue done in this pzetens
We thynketh this mater fufficient
To caufe you to gyue iudgement
And to gyue me the maftre
Foz ye perceyue thefe knaues can nat lye

20 **Palmer.**

Though nother of vs as yet had lyed
Yet what we can do is vntreyed
Foz yet we haue deuyled nothyng
But answered you and geuen bypunge

21 **Bedler.**

Therefore I haue deuyled one waye
Wherby all thre your wyndes may laye
Foz eche of you one tale shall tell
And whiche of you telleth moft metuell
And moft vulyke to be true
Shall moft pzeuayle what euer enfele.

22 **Portcary.**

If ye be fet in meruaylunge
Then shall ye here a meruaylouse thyng
And though in dede all be nat true
Yet fuch the moft parte shall be new
I dyd a cure no lenger a go
But Anno domini milleimo
On a woman yonge and fo fayre
That neuer haue I fene a gayre
God faue all women from that lyknes
This wanton had the fallen lyknes

Whiche by dissent came lynnally
For her mother had it naturally
Wherfoze this woman to recure
It was moze harde ye may be sure
But though I bozte my craft is suche
That in suche thynges I can do muche
How ofte she fell were muche to repozte
But her hed so gydy and her helps so hozte
That with the rwynglynge of an eye
Downe wolde she falle eyn by and by
But oz she wolde aryse agayne
I shewed muche practyse muche to my payne
For the tallest man within this towne
Shulde nat with ease haue broken her sowne
All though for lyfe I dyd nat doute her
Yet dyd I take moze payne about her
Then I wolde take with my owne spster
Syz at the last I gaue her a glyster
I thrust a champpon in her tewell
And bad her kepe it for a tewell
But I knewe it so heuy to carpe
That I was sure it wolde nat tary
For where gonpouder is ones fyerd
The tamppon wyll no lenger be hyerd
Whiche was well sene in tyme of thys chaunce
For when I had charged this ozdynaunce
Sodeynly as it had thonderd
Euen at a clap lofed her bumberd
Now marke for here begynneth the reuell
This tampton flew .x. longe myle leuell
To a fayze castell of lyme and stone
For strength I knowe nat suche a one
Whiche stode vpon an hyl full hye
At fote wh. of a ryver ranne bye
So depe tyll chaunce had it kozbyden
Well myght the regent there haue ryden

But when this tampon on thys castell ygh
It put the castels so farre to flyght
That downe they came eche vpon other
No stone lefte standynge by goddes mother
But rolled downe so faste the hyl
In suche a number and so dyd fyll
From borom to byrnie from thore to thore
Thys foysayd ryuer so depe before
That who lyste nowe to walke therto
May wade it ouer and wet no thoo
So was thys castell layd wyde open
That euery man myght se the token
But in a good houre maye these woordes be spoken
After the tampon on the walles was wroken
And pece by pece in peces broken
And she delpuered, with suche violens
Of all her inconueniens
I left her in good helch and luste
And so she doth contynew I truste.

¶ Pedler.

¶ Sy; in your cure I can nothyng tell
But to our purpose ye haue sayd well.

¶ Pardoner.

¶ Well sy; then marke what I can say
I haue ben a pardoner many a day
And done greater cures gostely
Then euer he dyd bodely
Namely thys one whiche ye shall here
Of one departed within thys seuene yere
A frende of wyne and lykewyle I
To her agayne was as frendly
Who fell so lykely so sodenly
That dede she was euen by and by
And neuer spake with pryeste noz clerke
Noz had no whyt of thys holy warke
For I was thens it coude nat be

Yet harde I say he asked for me
But when I bethought me howe thys chaunced
And that I haue to heuen auanced
So many soules to me but straungers
And coude nat kepe my frende from daungers
But he to dy so daungerously
For her soule helth especyally
That was the thyng that greued me soo
That nothyng coude release my woo
Tyll I had tryed euē out of hande
In what estate her soule dyd stande
For whiche tryall thozte tale to make
I toke thys iourney for her sake
Geue eare for here begynneth the story
From hens I went to purgatory
And toke with me thys gere in my fyfte
Wherby I may do there what I lyfte
I knocked and was let in quychly
But lord how lowe the soules made curtesly
And I to euery soule agayne
Dyd geue a beck them to retayne
And axed them thys question than
Yf that the soule of suche a woman
Dyd late amonge them there appere
Wherto they sayd he came nat here
Then serd I muche it was nat well
Alas I thought I he is in hell
For with her lyfe I was so acquynted
That sure I thought he was nat laynted
With thys it chaunced me to see
Chyrite helpe quoth a soule that ley for his fees
Whose wordes quoth I thou shalt nat lees
Then with theie pardons of all degrees
I payed hys tole and set hym so quycht
What strait to heuen he toke his way
And I from thens to hell that nyght

To help this woman of I myght
Nat as who sayth by ourhozte
But by the waye of entreate
And fyrst the deuyl that kept the gate
I came and spake after this rate
All hayle syz deuyl and made lowe curtesy
Welcome quoth he thys smillyngly
He knew me well and I at laste
Remembred hym syns longe tyme paste
Foz as good hadde wolde haue it chaunce
Thys deuyl and I were of olde acquyntaunce
Foz oft in the play of corpus Cristi
He hath played the deuyl at Couentry
By his acquyntaunce and my behaoure
He shewed to me ryght frendly fauoure
And to make my returne the Hoxtet
I sayd to this deuyl good mayster portet
Foz all olde loue yf it lye in your power
Helpe me to speke with my lord and your
Be sure quoth he no tongue can tell
What tyme thou coudest haue come so well
Foz thys daye lucifer fell
Whiche is our festyual in hell
Nothyngc but reasonable craned thys day
That shall in hell haue any nap
But yet be ware thou come nat in
Cyll tyme thou may thy paspozte wyne
Wherfoze stande still and I wyll wyne
Yf I can get thy saue condyrt
He carped nat but Hoxtely gat it
Vnder seale and the deuyls hande at it
In ample wyse as ye shall here
Thus it began Lucifere
By the power of god chpese deuyl of hell
To all the deuyls that there do dwell
And euery of them we sende gretynge

Under freyght charge and commaundyng
That they abydng and assyent be
To luche a parooner and maned me
So that he may at lybertye
Passe saue without hys leopardy
Tyll that he be from vs extyncte
And clerely out of helles pzeincte
And hys pardons to kepe sauegarde
We wyll they lye in the porters warde
Geuy in the fornes of our palys
In our hys courte of maters of malys
Suche a day and yere of our reyne
God saue the deuyll quoth I for playue
I truste thys wytyng to be sure
Then put thy truste quoth he in euer
Syns thou art sure to take no harme
Thys deuyll and I walket arme in arme
So farre tyll he had brought me thither
Where all the deuyls of hell togyther
Stode in a ray in luche apparell
As for that day there metely fell
They; hoznes well gytt they; clowes full clene
They; taylles well kempt and as I wene
With Sothery butter they; bodyes anoynted
I neuer sawe deuyls so well appoynted
The mayster deuyl sat in his iacket
And all the soules were playnge, at racket
None other rackettes they hadde in hande
Saue every soule a good fyre bande
Wherwith they played so pzetely
That Lucyfer laughed metely
And all the reledew of the frendes
Dyd laugh full well togyther lyke frendes
But of my frende I sawe no whyt
For durst nat are for her as yet
None all this rout was brought in silens

And I by an vther brought in pzelens
Then to Lucifec low as I coude
I knelyd whiche he so well alowde
That thus he beckte and by saynt Antony
He smyled on me well fauorably
Bendynge hys browes as brode as barne dures
Shakynge hys eates as ruged as bucces
Rolynge hys yes as rounde as two bushels
Flakynge the spe out of his nose thyls
Gnathynge hys teeth so baynglozonely
That me thought tyme to fall to flaterp
Wherwith I tolde as I shall tell
O plesant pecture O pynce of hell
Feurred in fashpen abominable
And syns that is inestimable
For me to prayse the worthp
I leue of prays vnworthp
To geue the prays belechynge the
To heate my lewe and then to be
So good to graunt the thyng I craue
And to be shorte thys wolde I haue
The soule of one whiche hether is dpyted
Deliuered hens and to me remitted
And in thys doyng though al be nat quyt
Yet some parte I shall beleue it
As thus I am a pardonet
And ouer soules as a controller
Thozough out the erth my power both stonde
Where many a soule lyeth on my hande
That spede in maters as I vse them
As I receyue them oz refuse them
Wherby what tyme thy pleasure is
I shall requyre any part of thys
The leke deuyll here that can come thither
Shall chole a soule and dpyng hym hether
Nowe quoth the deuyll we are well pleased

What is hys name thou woldest haue ealed
Say quoth I be it good or euill
My compnge is for a the deuill
What calste her quoth he thou hoysen
Forsow' quoth I Margery coozon
Now by our honour sayd Lucifere
No deuill in hell shall withholde her
And yf thou woldest haue twenty mo
were nat for iustyce they shulde goo
For all we deuyls within thys den
Haue moze to do with two women
Then with all the charge we haue besyde
Wherfoze yf thou our frende wyl be tryed
Apply thy pardons to women so
That vnto vs there come no mo
To do my beere I prompled by othe
Whiche I haue kepte for as the sayth goth
At thys dayes to heuen I do procure
Ten women to one man be sure
Then of Lucifere my leue I toke
And strepght vnto the mayster coke
I was hadde into the kechyn
For Margaryes offyce was ther in
All thynge handled there discretely
For euery souer beareth offyce metely
Whiche myght be sene to se her spt
So bylely turnynge of the spt
For many a spt here hath she turned
And many a good spt hath she vurned
And many a spt full both hath costed
Befoze the meat coulde be halfe costed
And or the meate were halfe costed in dede
I toke her then fro the spt for spede
But when she sawe thys brought to pas
To tell the toy wherin she was
And of all the deuyls for toy how they

Dyd toze at her despuert
And how the cheynes in hell dyd ryng
And how all the soules therein dyd syng
And how we were brought to the gate
And how we toke our leue therat
Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat
To reherse the .xx. parte of that
Wherfoze thys tale to conclude byruelp
Thys woman thanked me chyckly
That she was tyd of thys endles deth
And so we departed on new market heth
And yf that any man do mynde her
Who lyste to leke her there shall he fynde her
22 Bedlet.

CSyz ye haue sought her wonders well
And where ye founde her as ye tell
To here the chaunce ye founde in hell
I fynde ye were in great payrell.

O Palmer.

His tale is all muche payrellous
But parte is muche moze meruaylous
As where he sayde the deuyls complayne
That women put them to suche payne
By theyr condicions so croked and crabbed
Frowardly fashonde so waywarde and wyabbed
So farre in deuision and curryngge suche stryfe
That all the deuyls be wery of theyr lyfe
This in effect he tolde for trueth
Wherby muche miruell to me ensueth
That women in hell suche shewes can be
And here so gentyll as farre as I se
Yet haue I sene many a myle
And many a woman in the whyle
Nat one good cotype, towne, noz borough
In cristendom but I haue ben through
And this I wolde ye hulde vnderstande

I haue tene women. v. hundred thousande
And oft with them haue longe tyme marped
Yet in all places where I haue ben
Of all the women that I haue sens
I neuer sawe no; knewe to my conspens
Any one woman out of paciens.

20 Potycary.

C By the masse there is a greater

6 Pardoner.

¶ I neuer harde a greater by our lady

20 Pedler.

C A greater nay knowe ye any so great.

6 Palmer.

Sp; whether that I lose or get
For my pacce iudgement shall be prayed.

6 Pardoner.

20 And I desyer as he hath sayd

20 Potycary.

C Proceede and ye shall be obeyed.

20 Pedler.

C Then shall nat iudgement be delayd
Of all these thye yf eche mannes tale
In Poules churche parde were set on sale
In some mannes hande that hath the keygho
He shulde sure sell these tales by weyghe
For as they wey so be they worth
But whiche weyth beste to that now fo;th
Sp; all the tale that ye dyd tell
I bere in mynde and yours as well
And as ye sawe the mater inercly
So lped ye bothe well and discretely
Yet were your lyes with the lest truste mo
For yf ye had sayd ye had made se
Ten rampyons out of ten womens tayles
Ten tymes ten myle to ten castels or tayles
And fyll ten ryuers ten tymes so depe

Be ten of that whiche your talleit bones vpon bepe

O yf ye ten tymes had bodely
Fet ten soules out of purgatoꝝ
And ten tymes so many out of hell
Yet by these ten honnes I coude ryght well
Ten tymes sonner all that haue beleued
Then the tenth parte of that he hath meued.

¶ Doyrcary.

¶ Two knaues befoze. i. lacketh. ii. knaues of syde
Then one and thyn one and bothe knaues a lyue
Then two and then two and thye at a cast
Thou knaue and thou knaue and thou knaue at laste
Say knaue yf ye tyme by number
I wyl as knauyshly you accomber
Your mynde is all on your pryuy tpythe
For all in ten me thynketh your wite lythe
Now ten tymes I besече hym that hys syttes
Thy wyfes. x. comāndementes may serch thy. v. wittes
Then ten of my toydes in ten of thy teeth
And ten of thy nose whiche every man seeth
And twenty tymes ten this wythe I wolde
That thou haddest ven hanged at ten yere olds
For thou goest about to make me a slaue
I wyl thou knowe yf I am a gentylman knaue
And here is an other that take my parte.

¶ Pardoner.

¶ Say fyrste I be shew your knaues herte
O I take parte in your knauery
I wyl speke saye by one lady
Wher I besече your mayhpy to be
As good as ye can be to me.

¶ Pedler.

¶ I wolde be glade to do you good
And hym allo be he neuet so wood
But dout you nat I wyl now do
The thynge my consciens secheth me to

Both your tales I take farre impossible
Yet take I his father incredible
But only the thynge it selfe alloweth it
But also the boldenes therof auoweth it
I knowe nat where your tale to trye
Nor yours but in hell or purgatoys
But tps boldnes hath faced a lye
That may be tryed eyn in thys companys
As yt ye lyte to take thys order
Amonge the women in thys bozder
Take thye of the yongest and thye of the oldest
Thye of the hottest and thye of the coldest
Thye of the wylest and thye of the shywdest
Thye of the lowest and thye of the hieit
Thye of the farthest and thye of the nyest
Thye of the fayrest and thye of the maddest
Thye of the fowlest and thye of the saddest
And when all these threes be had a sonder
Of eche thye two iustly by number
Shall be founde shywes excepte thys fall
That ye hap to fynde them shywes all
Hym selfe for trouth all this doth knowe
And oft hath tryed some of thys rowe
And yet he sweareth by his consciens
He neuer saw woman byrke paciens
Wherfoze consydered with true entente
Hys lye to be so euident
And to appere so euidently
That both you assyrmmed it a lye
And that my consciens so depely
So depe hath sought thys thynge to trye
And tryed it with mynde indyfferent
Thus I awarde by way of iudgement
Of all the lyes ye all haue spent
Hys lye to be most excellent.

By; though ye were bounde of equyte
To do as ye haue done to me
Yet do I thanke you of your payne
And wylI requyte some parte agayne.

¶ Pardonet.

¶ Mary sy; ye can no les do
But thanke hym as muche as it cometh to
And so wylI do for my parte
Now a vengeance on thy knaues harte
I neuer knewe perlet a iudge befoze
Nor neuer wylI truste perdyngge knaue moze
What doest thou there thou ho;son noddy.

¶ Potycary.

¶ By the masse letus to make curtesy
Curtesy befoze and curtesy behynde hym
And then on eche syde the deuyll blynde hym
Nay when I haue it perceptly
Ye shall haue the deuyll and all of curtesy
But it is nat sone lerned by that
One knaue to make curtesy to another
Yet when I am angry that is the worst
I shall call my master knaue at the worst.

¶ Palmer.

¶ Then wolde some master perhappes clowt ye
But as for me ye nede nat doute ye
For I had leuer be without ye
Then haue luche bespyesse aboute ye.

¶ Pardonet.

¶ So helpe me god so were ye bettes
What shulde a begger be a letter
It were no wher your honestie
To haue vs swayne ter after ye.

¶ Potycary.

¶ Sy; be ye sure he telleth you trus
If we shulde wayte thys wolde enleth
It wolde be sayd truste me at a word

Two knaves made curtesy to the thyrde

¶ Bedler.

¶ Now by my trowth to speke my mynde
Syns they be so loth to be assnyed
To let them lose I thynke it beste
And so shall ye lyue beste in rest

¶ Palmer.

¶ Syr I am nat on them lo fonde
To compell them to kepe theyr bonde
And lynn ye spite nat to wayte on me
I cleerly of waytyng dyscharge ye.

¶ Pardoner.

¶ Mary syr I herrely thanke you.

¶ Doctour.

¶ And I lye wyle I make god auowe

¶ Bedler.

¶ Now be ye all eyn as ye begoot
No man hath loite noz no man hath woon
Yer in the deuate wherwith ye began
By waye of aduylse I wyl lyeke as I can
I do perceyue that pylgrymage
Is chyefe the rypunge ye haue in vslage
Wher to in aduylte for loue of Chyrl
Ye haue oz whiloe haue bene entyrl
And who so doth with luche entent
Doth well declare hys tyme well spent
And so do ye in your pzetence
If ye procure thus indulgence
Unto your neyghbours charitably
For loue of them in god onely
All thys may be ryght well applyed
To the well you both well occupyed
For though ye walke nat bothe one waye
Yer walkyng thus thys date I saye
That bothe your walkes come to one ende
And so for all that do pzetende

By ayde of goddes grace to ensewe
Any maner kynde of vertue
As some great almyse for to gyue
Some in wyllfull pouerte to lyue
Some to make hys wayes and suche other warkes
And some to mayntayne prestes and clarkes
To syng and praye for soule departed
These with all other vertues well marked
All though they be of sondy kyndes
Yet be they nat vned with sondy myndes
But as god only doth all those moue
So euery man onely for his loue
With loue and dyed obediently
Worketh in these vertues vnyformely
Thus euery vertue yf we lyke to scan
Is pleasaunt to god and thankfull to man
And who that by grace of the holy goste
To any one vertue is moued moste
That man by that grace that one apply
And therein serue god most plentyfully
Yet nat that one so farre wyde to wryste
So lykynge the same to mystryke the reste
For who so wrysteth hys worke is in vayne
And tven in that case I perceyue you twayne
Lykynge your vertue in suche wyse
That eche others vertue you do dyspyse
Who walketh thys way for god wolde fynde hym
The farther they leke hym the farther behynde hym
One kynde of vertue to dyspyse another
Is lyke as the syster myght hang the byother.

20 Doctrayn.

¶ For fere lest luche parcels to me myght fall
I thanke god I vse no vertue at all

¶ Dedler.

¶ That is of all the very worst waye
For more harde it is as I haue harde saye

To begynne vertue where none is p[re]ceded
Then where it is begonne the abule to be weeded
How be it ye be nat all to begynne
One lyne of vertue ye are entred in
As thys I suppose ye dyd sape true
In that ye sayd ye vse no vertue
In the whiche wordes I dare well reposit
Ye are well be loued of all thys sorte
By your caplynge here openly
At pardons ond reliques so leudly.

20 Porycary.

In that I thynke my faute nat great
For all that ye hath I knowe conterfete.

G Bedler.

For his and all other that ye knowe sayned
Ye be nother counceled noz constrayned
To any suche thynge in any suche case
To gyue any reuerence in any suche place
But where ye dout the trithe nat knowynge
Beleuyng the beste good may be growynge
In iudgyng the beste no harme at the leste
In iudgyng the worste no good at the beste
But beste in thele thynnges it lemedy to me
To make no iudgement vpon ye
But as the churche doth iudge oz take them
So do ye receyue oz forlake them
And so be lute ye can nat erre
But may be a frutfull folower.

20 Porycary.

Go ye befoze and as I am true man
I wpll folow as faste as I can.

G Pardoner.

And so wpll I for he hath sayd so well
Whon woide we shulde folowe hys counsell.

20 Palmer.

Then to our reason god gyue vs his grace

That we may followe with faith to receive
His commaundementes, that we maye purchase
Hys loue, and so consequently
To beleue hys churche faste and faithfully
So that we maye accorde to his promyse
He keepe out of errour in any wyse
And all that hath scaped vs here by negligence
We clerely reuoke and forsake it
To passe the tyme in thys without offence
Was the cause why the maker did make it
And so we humbly beseeche you take it
Beseeching our lord to prosper you all
In the faith of hys churche & in all
Amis.

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The play called the Four PP

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