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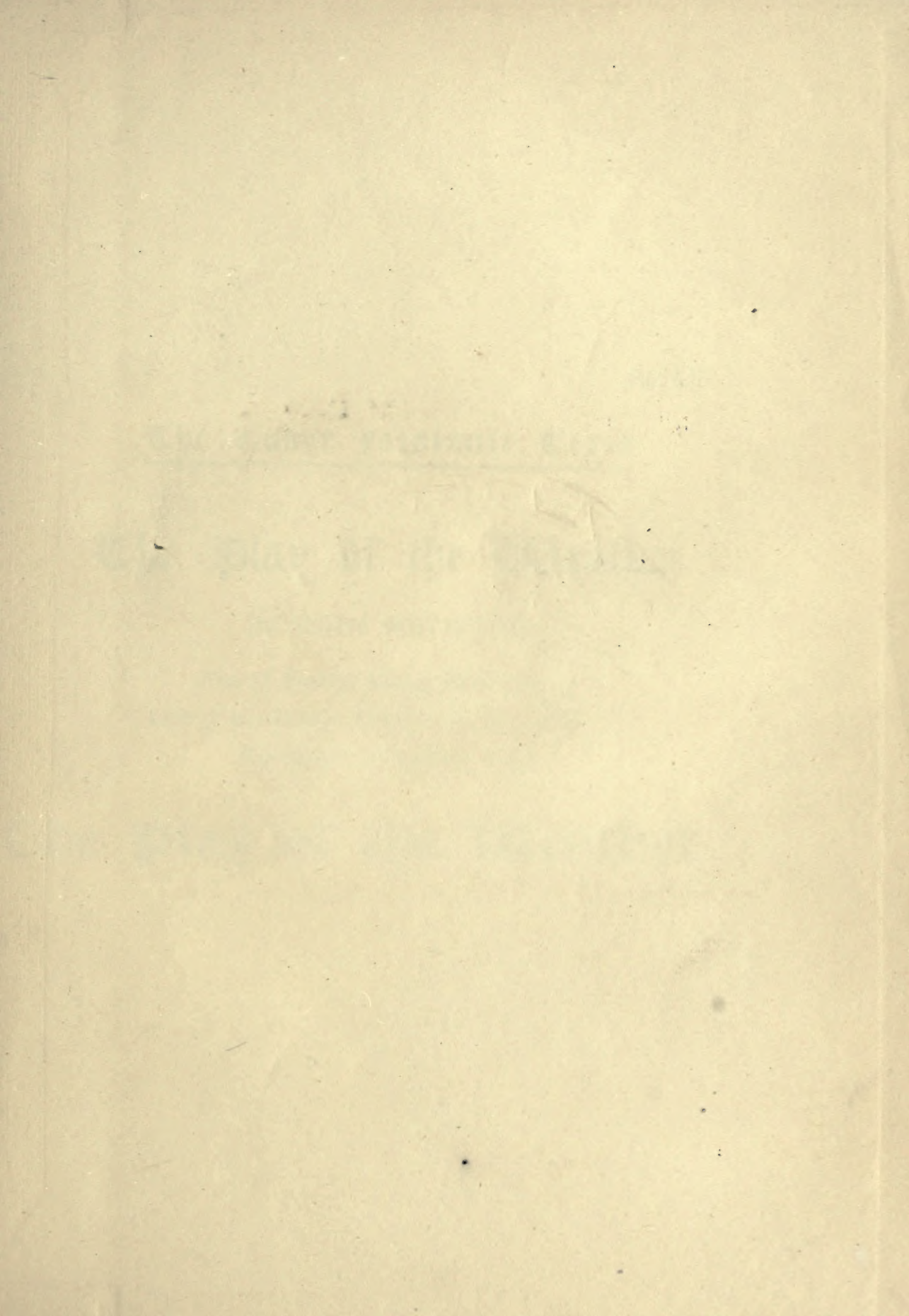
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GENERAL

The Play of the Weather

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Play of the Weather

By JOHN HEYWOOD

Date of Earliest Known Edition, 1533

Date of this hitherto Unknown Edition, 1565 [?]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

GENERAL

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Play of the Weather

By JOHN HEYWOOD

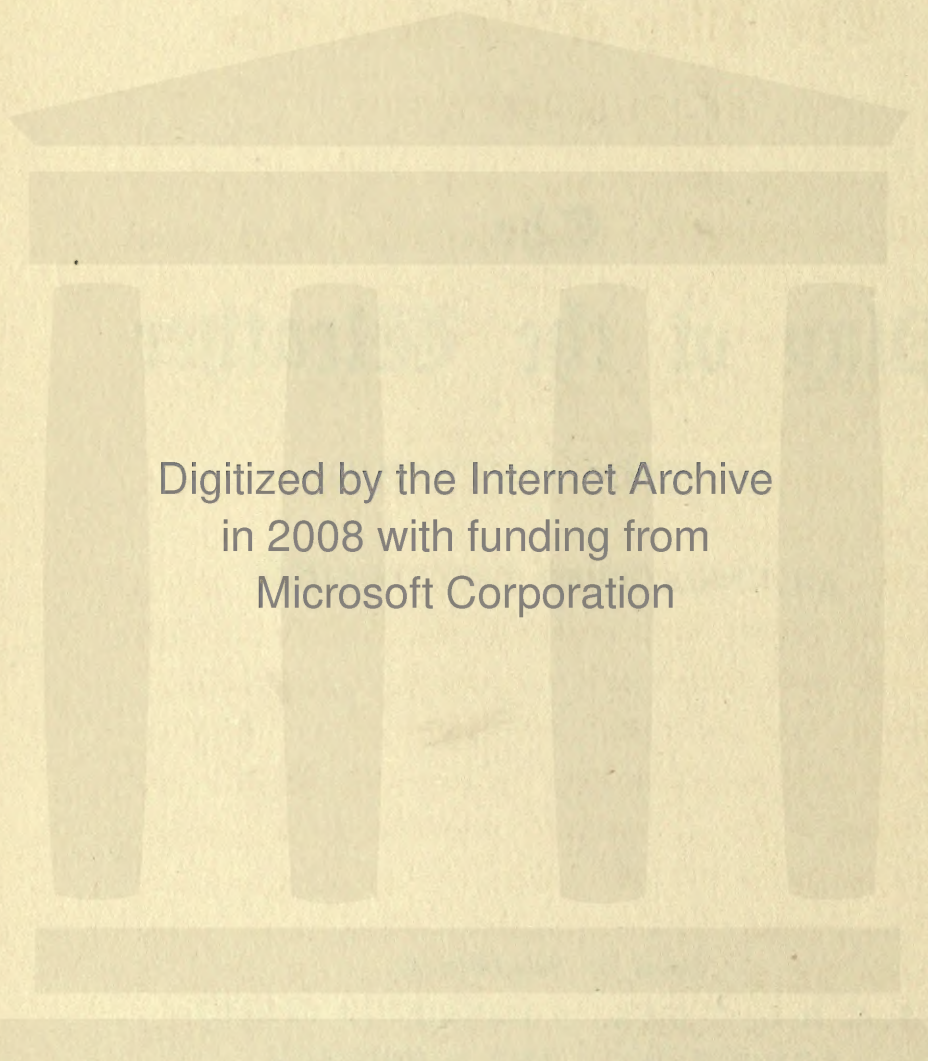
AN UNRECORDED EDITION (1906)

Issued for Subscribers by

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

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The Play of the Weather

BY JOHN HEYWOOD

This unrecorded edition formed part of "the Irish find" of 1906; when brought to auction it was secured for the nation at a cost of £190 (see Tudor Facsimile Texts—"King Darius," "Lusty Juventus," "Nice Wanton," "Wealth and Health," "John Evangelist," "Impatient Poverty," &c.). The British Museum press-mark is C. 34, i. 23.

The edition printed by Rastell in 1533 will be issued in facsimile at a later date.

Mr. J. A. Herbert (Manuscript Department, British Museum) reports that, comparing this facsimile with the original, some portions are "slightly too heavily printed," otherwise "the photos are quite excellent. . . . It is not easy to strike the golden mean between being too faint and too heavy, so I . . . only call attention to the fault where it has gone so far as to blur letters . . . otherwise, as I have said, the reproduction is admirable." These blurred letters occur on Sigg. B. ii., C. i., ii., D. iv., verso, and E. iii., but in no case are they unreadable. The hole-marks on C. iv., recto and verso, top of pages, show the state of the original perfectly.

It may not be out of place to record here the fact that,

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at length, the materials for an intelligent biography of John Heywood are gradually being collected. Much has already been accomplished—new facts brought to light, fresh dates fixed, and others verified, with new sources of research opened up and suggested. I hope in the course of the present year to publish a volume dealing, to some purpose, with the life, times, and writings of “the father of English comedy and tragedy.”

JOHN S. FARMER.

The playe of the weather.

A newe and a very merve entere
lude of all maner wethers
made by Ihon Hey-
woods.
(. .)

The players names

Jupiter a God.
Mery report the byce.
The Gentleman.
The Marchante.
The Ronger.
The Water Miller.
The asinde Miller.
The Gentlewoman.
The Laynder.
A boye the lesse that can playe.

Jupiter.

Right farre to long as nowe were to recyto
That auncient estate wherin our selfe haue rayned
:: :: :: what honour, what laude geuen vs of very ryght
what glozy we haue had duely vnfayned
Of eche creatour which dewty hath constrayned
For aboue all goddes synce our fathers fall
we Jupiter were euer princypall.

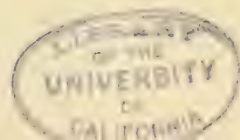
If we so haue bene as truth it is in dede
Beyond the compasse of all comparyson
whoe could presume to thewe for any mede
So that it myght appeare to humayne reason
The hye renoume we stand in at this season
For synce that heauen and earth were first create
Stode we neuer in such tryumphant estate.

As we nowe do wherof we wyll report
Such part as we see mete for tyme present
Chiefly concerning your perpetuall comfote
As the thing it selfe shall proue in experyment
which highly shall binde you on knees lowly bent
Soly to honour our hyghnes Day by Day
And nowe to the matter, geue eare and we shall saye.

Before our presence in our hye parlyament
Both godds and goddesses of all degrees
Hath late assembled by comen assent
for the redress of certayne enormyties
Bred among them thoroowe extremyties
Abused in eche to other of them all
Namely to purpose in these moste speciall.

A.ii.

Out



Our forsayde father Saturne and Phebus
Colus and Phebe these foure by name
Whose natures not onely are so farre contrarious
But also of malyce eche other to defame
Haue long tyme abused ryght far out of frame
The dewe course of all their constellations
To the great damage of all earthly nations.

Which was debated in place sayde before
And first as became our father most auncient
With berde whyte as snowe his locks both cold and hote
Hath entred such matters as serued his intent
Laudyng his frosty mansyon in the firmament
To ayze and earth as thyngs most precious
Poungyng all humours that are contagious.

Howe be it he alledgeth that of long tyme paste
Litle hath preuayled his great dyligence
Full oft vpon earth his fayre frost he hath cast
All things hurtfull to banyshe out of presence
But Phebus entendinge to kepe him in silence
When he hath laboured all nyght in his powres
His glaryng beames marreth all in two hotores.

Phebus to this made no maner aunswere
Wherupon they both then Phebe defyed
Eche in his parte leyd in her repprouyng
That by her thotores superfluous they haue tryed
In all that she may their poures be denyed
Wherunto Phebe made aunswere no more
Then Phebus to Saturne had made before.

In none vpon Colus all these dyd aye

Complayn

Complaynyng their causes eche one a rowe
And sayde to compare none was so cruel as he
for when he is disposed his blastes to blowe
He suffreth neither sunne hyne rayne nor snowe
Then eche agaynst other and he agaynst all thye
Thus can these foure in no maner agre.

Whiche sene in them selues and farther consideryng
The same to redresse was cause of theire assemble
And also that we euermore bringe
Besyde our puyssant power of diet
Of wisdom and nature so noble and free
from all extremities the meane deuidyng
To peace and plenty eche thing attemperyng.

They haue in conclusion wholly sundred
Into our hands as muche concerning
All maner weathers by them engendred
The full of thete powers from terme euerlasting
To set such order as standeth with our pleasynge
whiche thing as of our parte no parte required
But of all theire partes ryght humbly desyred

To take vpon vs whereto we dyd assente
And so in all things with one voyce agreable
we haue clerely finished our forsayde parliament
To your great wealth which shall be fyne and stable
And to our honour farre inestimable
for synce their powers as ours addyd to our owne
who can we saye knowe vs as we should be knowene

But nowe for fyne the rest of our entent
Wherfore as nowe we hyther are descended

A.iii.

Is. one



Is only to satisfie and content
all in aner people which haue ben offended
By any weaether mete to be a mended
Upon whose complaynts declaring their grieffe
We shall haue remedy for their reliefe.

As to geue knowledg for their hither resoꝛte
We would this afoze proclayned to be
To all our people by some one of thys soꝛte
Whome we lyst to chuse here amongst all ye
Wherfoze eche man auauance and we shall se
Which of you is most mete to be our cryer.

¶ Here entreteth Mery repute.

¶ Mery repute.

Brother hold by your toꝛche a litle hyer
Howe I beseeche you my lord looke on me first
I trust your lordshipp shall not fynde me the wurst

¶ Jupiter.

why what art thou that approchest to me:

¶ Mery repute.

Forsoth and please your lordshipp it is I.

¶ Jupiter.

All that we knowe very well, but what I.

¶ Mery repute.

What I: some saye I am I perse I.

But what maner I shouer be I.

I assure your good lordshipp I am I.

¶ Jupiter.

What maner man art thou shewe quickelye.

¶ Mery repute.

By god a pooze gentleman dwelleth hereby.

¶ Jupiter.

I gentleman thy selfe by yngeth witness naue.

Both

Both in thy lyght behauiour and aray
But what art thou called to here thou doste resorte

C Mery reporte.

Forsooth my lord mayster Mery reporte.

C Jupiter.

Thou art no mete man in our busynes
For thyne apparance is of much lyghtnes

C Mery reporte.

Why cannot your lordshipp lyke my order,
My apparell no: my name nother.

C Jupiter.

To none of all we haue deuocion:

C Mery reporte.

A proper lykelyhode of ppozicion
Well than as wise as ye seme to be
Yet can ye se no wil dome in me
But synce ye dispraysle me for so lyght an else
I praye you geue me leaue to prayse my selfe
And for the fyist part I wyll begynne
In my behauiour at my cominyng in
Wherin I thinke I haue litle offended
For sure my curtesy could not be amended
And as for my lute your seruaunt to bee
Wycht yll haue ben myste for your honestye
For as I be saued if I shall not lye
I sawe no man serue for the office but I
Wherfore if ye take me not o: I go
Ye must anone whether ye wyll o: no
And since your intents is but for the weathers
Whaht skyles our apparell to be fryse o: fetheys.
I thinke it wil dome synce no man forbad it
With this to spare a better if I had it
And for my name reportyng alwaye trewly

what



What hurt so repozte a sad matter merely
As by occasion for the same entent
To a certayne wydowe thys daye was I sent
Whose hulbande departed without witting
I speciall good louer and she his owne sweett yng
To whome at my comyng I cast such a figure
Mynzlyng the matter accordyng to my nature
That when we departed aboue all other thynges
She thanketh me hartely for my mery rydynges
And if I had not handled it merely
Perchance she myght haue taken it heauely
But in such facion I countured and bounde her
That I left her meryer then I founde her
What man may compare to shewe the lyke comfote
That dayly is shewed by me Mery repozte
And for your purpose at thys tyme ment
For all weathers I am so indifferent
Sunne lyght, mone light, ster light, trow light, soch, light,
Cold, hete, moyst dry haile raine frost snow lightnig thuder
Cloudy, misty, wyndy, fryze, fowle aboue head or vnder
Temperate or distemperate what euer it be
I promise your lordshipp all is one to me

Jupiter.

Well sonne consideryng thine indifferency
And partel, the rest of thy declaracion
We make thee our seruant, and immediatly
We wyll thou departe and cause proclamacion
Publishing our pleasure to euery natiou
Whiche thing once done with all dyligence
Make thy returne agayne to thys presence.

Here to receyue al letters of eche degree

And

And such as maye seeme to thee most metely
we wyll thou byng them befoze our maiesstye.
And for the rest that be not so worthy
Make thou reporte to vs effectually
So that we maye here eche maner sute at large
Thus se thou departe and looke vpon thy charge

¶ Wery reporte.

Nowe good my lord god, our lady be wltth ye
frendes a feloshypp let me go by ye
Thynke ye I may stand thrusting among you there
Say by god I must thrust about other gere.

¶ Wery reporte goeth out.

¶ At the end of the stafe the god hath a longe played
in his trone oꝝ Wery reporte come in.

¶ Jupiter.

Nowe synce we haue thus farre set foorth our purpose
I whyle we wyll with drawe our godly preluce
To enbold all such moze playnly to dysclose
As here wyll attend in our forsayde pretence
And nowe according to your obedience
Reioyce ye in vs with toy most ioyfully
And we our selve shall toy in our owne gloꝝy

¶ Wery reporte commeth in.

¶ Wery reporte.

Nowe syrs take hede for here commeth gods seruauante
Auaunt carterly keytyfes auaunte
why ye dronken hoꝝelons wyll it not be
By your fayth haue ye nother cap noꝝ knee
Not one of you that wyll make curtesy
To me that am squyre for gods precious body
Regarde ye nothyng myne authoritye
Nowe welcome home, noꝝ where haue ye be.
How be it if ye ased I could not well tell,

B.i.

But sure



But sure I thincke a thousand myle from hell.
And on my faith I thiabe on my conscience,
I haue bene from heauen, as farre as heauen is hence.
At Louin, at London, and at Lumbardy,
at Baldoche, at Barfold, and at Barbary.
At Canterbury, at Couentrye, and at Colchester
at Mansworth, at Welbecke, and at Westchester.
At fulham, at falebozne, and at fenlowe,
at Wallingfozth, at Wakefelde, and at W altamstow.
At Tamcon, at Tpyre, and at Cotnam,
at Glouceter, at Gylford, and at Gotham.
At Harford, at Hartoyche, at Harrow on the hyl,
at Sutbery, at Southhampton, and at Shooters hyl.
At Wallingham, at Witham, and at Warwicke,
at Boston, at Bystow, and at Barwicke.
At Graueling, at Grauesend, and at Glastenbery
Ynge Gingiag Fabierd the parish of Butsbery.
The deuil himselte without more leasure,
Could not haue gone halfe so much I am sure.
But now I haue warned them let them euen choole,
Foz in fayth I care not who toyn oz loose.

¶ Here the Gentleman befoze he commeth in
bloweth his hoze.

¶ Wery reporte.

Now by my trowth this was a good hearing,
I went it had bene the Gentlewomans blowyng.
But it is not so as I now suppose,
Foz womens hoznes found moze in a mans nose.

¶ Gentleman.

Stand ye mery my sciendes every chone.

¶ Wery report.

Say that to me, and let the rest alone.
Syz ye be welcome and all your meiny.

Gentle

C Gentleman.

Now in good sooth my friend Godamercy.
And sythe that I meete thee here thus by chaunce,
I hal require thee of further 'acquayntaunce.
And briefely to shew thee this is the matter:
I come to sue to the great God Jupiter,
For helpe of thinges concerning my recreation,
According to his late proclamation.

C Mery reporte.

Mary and I am he that this must speede.
But first tel me what ye be in deede.

C Gentleman.

Forsooth good friend I am a Gentleman.

C Mery report.

A goodly occupation by saynt Anne.
On my sayth your maytyp hath a mery lyfe.
But who maketh al these hornes, your self or your wyfe?
Say euen in earnest I aske you this question.

C Gentleman.

Now by my trouth thou art a mery one.

C Mery report.

In sayth of vs both I thinke neuer a one sad,
For I am not so mery, but you seme as mad.
But stand ye still and take a litle payne.
I wyl come to you by and by agayne.
Now gracious God, if your wyl so be,
I pray ye let me speake a woord with ye.

C Jupiter.

My sonne say on, let vs heare thy mynde.

C Mery report.

My Lord there standeth a suter euen here behinde,
A gentleman in yonder corner,
And as I thinks his name is maister bozner.

B.ii.

I hum



I hunter he is, and cometh to make you sporte,
He would hunt a sow or twayne out of this sort.

Here he poynth to the woman.

Jupiter.

What so euer hys mynde be let him appeare.

Very report.

Now good maister hornet I pray you come neare,

Gentleman.

I am no honer knaue, I wyll thou knowe it.

Very report.

I thought ye had, for when ye dyd blowe it,
Heard I neuer boozon make horne so go,
As leefe ye kylt myne ars, as blowe my hole so.
Come on your way before the God Jupiter,
And there for your selfe ye shall be suter.

Gentleman.

Hott mighty Prince, and God of every nation,
Pleaseth your highnes to vouchsafe the hearing,
Of me, which according to your proclamacion,
Doth make appearaunce in way of beseching.
Not sole for my selfe, but generally,
For al that come of noble and auncient stocke,
Which sorte aboute al doth most thankfully,
Dayly take payne for wealth of the common stocke,
Wyth diligent study alway deuoting,
To keepe them in order and buntye,
In peace to labour the increase of their luyng,
Whereby eche may prosper in plentie.
Wherefore good God this is our whole desyng,
That for ease of our paynes at times vacaunt,
In our recreation chieflye is hunting,
It may please you to send vs weather pleasaunt,
Dry and not misty, the wynde calme and still,

That

That after our houndes touring to merely,
Chasyng the Deare ouer dale and hyl,
In hearing we may follow and comfort the cry.

Jupiter.

Ryght well we do perceiue your tohole request,
Whych shall not fayle to rest in memozye,
Wherfore we wyll ye set your selfe at rest,
Tyl we haue heard eche man indifferentlye,
And we shal take such order vniuersally,
As best may stand to our honour infinite,
For wealth in comon, & ech mans singular profyt.

Gentleman.

In heauen and earth honoured be the name
Of Iuppyter, whom of his godly goodnes,
Hath set this matter in so goodly frame,
That euery wight shal haue his desire doubtles.
And first for vs nobles and gentlemen,
I doubt not in his wysdome to provide,
Such weather, as in our hunting now and then,
We may both teyle and receaue on euery syde.
Which thing once had for our sayd recreation,
Shal greatly preuaile you in preferring our helth
For what thing more needeful then our preservation
Being the weale and heades of al common welth

¶ Wery reporte.

Now I besech your maytyp whose head be you:
Gentleman

Whose head am I thy hed, what saiest thou now
¶ Wery reporte.

Ray, I thincke it very true so God me helpe,
For I haue euer bene of a litle whelpe,
So ful of fanlyes, and in so many fyts,
So many small reasons, and so many wyts,

B.iii.

That



That euen as I stand I pray God I be dead,
If euer I thought them al meete for my head.
But sythe I haue one head more then I knewe,
Blame not my reioysng, I loue althinges newe.
And sure it is a treasure of heads to haue more.
One teate can I now, that I neuer could before.

Gentleman.

What is that?

My reioysng:

By God synce ys came hyther,
I can fet my head and my tayle together.
This head shal saue mony by saynt Mary.
From hence forth I wyl haue no Potecary
for at al times when such thinges shal misser,
My newe head shal geue myne old head a glister.
And after al this then shal my head wayte,
Upon my tayle, and there stand at receypte.
Sy; for the rest I wyl not now moue you,
But if we liue, ye shal smel how I loue you.
And sit touching your sute here depart when it please
For be ye sure as sone as I can I wyl ease you.

Gentleman.

Then geue me thy hande that promise I take.
And if for my sake any sute thou doest make,
I promise thy paine to be requited,
More largely then now shal be recited.

My reioysng.

Alas my necke, Gods pity where is my head,
By saynt Iue I feare me I shall be dead.
And if it were, me thinke it were no wonder,
Sythe my head and my body is so farre a sunder.
Wailer parson welcome by my lyfe.
I pray you how doth my maystres your wyfe?

Marchaunt.

Here entresth the Marchaunt.

Marchaunt.

Sir for the presthod and wyse that ye alledge
I se ye speake moze of dotage then knowlodge
But let passe sy? I woulde to you be a suter
To byng me if ye can before Jupiter

Mery reporte.

Yes mary can I, and wyll do it in dede
Cary and I shall make waye for your spede
In fayth good lozde if it please your gracious godshyp
I must haue a word or twayne with your lozdslype
Sy? yonder is another man in place.
Whoe maketh greate sute to speake with your grace
Your pleasure once knowen he commeth by and by.

Jupiter.

Byng hym before our presence soone hardly

Mery reporte.

Why where be you shall I not fynde ye,
Come away I pray God the deuill blinde ye.

Marchaunt

Most mighty pynce and Lord of Lordes all,
Right humbly besecheth your maiestye,
Your marchaunt men thowto the world all,
That it may please you of your benignitie
In the dayly daunger of our goods and lyfe
first to consider the deserte of our request,
what wealth we bring, the rest to our great care & strife
And then to rewarde vs as you shal thinke best.
What were the surplusage of eche commoditie
which groweth and increaseth in euery land:
Except exchaunge by such men as we be,
By way of entercours that lyeth in our hande
We fraught from home thinges wherof there is plenty,
And home we byng such thynges as there be scant

Who



Who should afore vs marchauntes accounted be
For were not we, the world should wish and want;
In many thinges, which now shall lacke rehearsal.
And briefly to conclude we beseeche your highnes,
That of the benefyt proclaimed in general,
We may be partakers for common increase,
Stabilizing weather thus pleasynge your grace,
Soymy nor misty, the windes measurable,
That safely we may passe from place to place,
Bearing our sayles for sprede most valeable.
And also the wynde to chaunge and to turne,
East, west, North and South, as best may be set;
In any one place not to long to sojourne,
For the length of our viage may leese our market.

Jupiter.

Right wel haue ye sayd, and we accept it so,
And so shall we rewarde you when we go hence,
But ye must take patience tyl we haue heard mo,
That we may indifferently geue sentence,
There may passe by vs no spot of negligence,
But iustly to iudge eche thing so vpright,
That eche mans part may shine in the selte right.

Mery reporte.

Now sy; by your sayth if it should be sworne,
Heard ye euer God speake so synce ye were borne?
So wisely, so gently bys wordes be shewed.

Marchaunt.

I thanke his grace, my lute is wel bestowed.

Mery reporte,

Sy; what viage entende ye next to go for

Marchaunt.

I trust ere mydient to be at Sio.

Mery reporte,

Ha ha is if your mynd to sayle at Syo
Say then when ye wyll byz lady ye may go
And let me alone with this be of good chere
Ye must trust me at Syo as well as here
For though ye were fro me a thousand myle space
I would do as muche as ye were here in place
For since that from hence it is so farre thither
I care not though ye neuer came agayne hether
¶ **Harchaunt.**

Sy: if ye remember me when tyme shall come
Though I rebuyte not all I shall deserue some
¶ **Creut Harchaunt.**

¶ **Very report.**
Now fare ye well and god thanke you by saint Anne
I pray von marke the facion of thys honest man
He putteth me in more trust at his metyng here
Then he shall fynde cause why thys twentye yers
¶ **Here entreth the ranger,**

¶ **Ranger.**
God be here, now Christ kepe thys company
¶ **Very report.**

In fayth ye be welcome euen very scantly
Sy: for your commyng what is the matter.
¶ **Ranger.**

I would fayne speake with the god Iupiter
¶ **Very report.**

That wyll not be but ye may do thys
Tell me your mynde I am an efficer of hys
¶ **Ranger.**

Be ye so, mary I cepe you mercy
Your maister hys may say I am homely
But lyncs your mynd is to haue reported
The cause wherfoze I am now reported

C.i.

pleaseth



Pleaseth your maysterthylpe so to do
I come for my selfe and such other mo
Rangers and keepers of certayne places
As forestes, parkes, parlemes, and chaces,
Where we be charged with all maner game
Smale is our prophete and great is our blame
Alas for our wages what be we the nere
What is forty Wyllyngs or fyue marke a yere
Many tymes and oft when we be sittynge
We spend forty pence a pece at a sittynge
Now for our vauntage which chesely is windfall
That is ryght naught there bloweth no wind at all
Which is the thing wherein we finde most grieve
And cause of my comynge to sue for reliefe
That the god of pitie all this thing knowynge
May send vs good rage of blustrynge and blowynge
And if we cannot get god to do some good
I would bye the diuyl to runne thozowe the woods
The rootes to turne by, the toppes to byng vnder
I mischiefe vpon them and a wild thunder

¶ Wery reporte.

Wery well sayde I set by your charite
As much in a maner as by your honestye
I shall set you somewhat in ease a none
We shall put on your cap when I am gone
For I le will ye care not who win or lese
So ye may find meanes to winne your fees

¶ Ranger.

Sy: as in that ye speake as it please ye
But let me speake with the god if it maye be
I praye you let me passe ye.

¶ Wery reporte.

why may sy: by the waye ye

CRanger.
Then wyll I leaue you euen as I found you
CWery report.
So when ye wyll no man here hath bound you

Here entreteth the Water myller, and the
Ranger goeth
out.

CWater myller.
What the diuyl shoulde kyl though all the world were
Sins in all our speakyng we neuer be hard (Dum
We crye out for rayne the deuil speede drop wyll come
We water myllers be nothyng in regarde
No water haue we to grind at any styn
Which kepeth our myldams as Dye as a styn
We are vndone we grynd nothyng at all
The greater is the pitye as thinketh me
For what awayleth to eche man his cozne
Till it be ground by such men as we be
Theres is the losse if we be forborne
For touchyng our selues we are but drudges
And very beggers saue onely our tole
Which is ryght small, at it many grudges
For grisse of a bushel to geue a quart bowle
Yet were not reperacions we myght do wele
Our myllstone our whele with her cogges & our tryndel
Our fludgate our mylpole our water whele
Our hopper our extre our yron spyndel
In this and much moze so greate is our charge
That we would not recke though no water were
Saue onely it toucheth eche man so large
And eche for our neighbour Chyiste byddeth vs care

C.ii. wherfore



Wherfore my conscience hath pricked me hether
In thys to shew accordyng to the cry
For plenty of rayne to the god Jupiter
To whose presence I wyll go even bodely
¶ **Wery reporte.**

Syr, I doubt nothyng your audacitie
But I feare me you lacke capacitie
For if ye were wyse ye myght well espye
How rudlye erre from rules of curtesye
What ye come in reuelynge and reheyryng
Euen as a knaue myght go to a beare baiting
¶ **Water myller.**

All you beare recorde what fauour I haue
Harke how famylyarly he calleth me knaue
Doubtles the gentleman is vniuersal
But marke this lesson you should neuer call
Your felow knaue nor your brother horsou
For nought can ye get by it when ye haue done
¶ **Wery report.**

Thou art nother brother nor felowe to me
For I am gods seruaunt mayst thou not se
would ye presume to speake with the greake god
Ray discrecion and you be to far od
By lady these knaues shall be tyde wyter
Syr, who let you in, spake you with the poster
¶ **Water myller.**

Ray by my trowth nor with none other man
Net I sawe you well when I first began
How be it so helps me god and holydau
I tooke you for a knaue as I am
But mary now synce I know what ye be
I mist and wyll obey your authorite
And if I may not speake with Jupiter

I beseeche

I beseeche you be my soliciter

¶ **Whery report.**

As in that I will be your well willer
I perceiue you be a water miller
And your whole desire as I take the matter
Is plenty of raine for increase of water
The let wherof ye affirme determinately
Is onely the winde your mortall enemye

¶ **Water miller.**

Croth it is for it bloweth so a loft
we neuer haue raine or at the most not oft
wherof I praye you put the god in minde
Clerely for euer to banishe the winds

¶ **Here entreth the Wind miller**

No, is all the weather gone or I come
for the passion of god helpe me to soone
I am a wind miller as many mo be
No wretch in wretchednes so wretched as we
The whole sort of my craft be all marid at once
The wind is so weake it stirreth not our stones
No scantly can shatter the witten saile
That hangeth shattering at a womans taile
The raine neuer resteth so long be the showres
from tyme to beginnyng til foure and twenty howres
And end when it shall at nyght or at none
An other beginneth as soone as that is done
Such reuil of raine ye knowe well inough
Destoyeth winde be it neuer so rough
wher by since our milles be come to still standyng
Now may we wind millers go euen to hangyng
I miller with a mozen and a mischysse
who would be a myller, as good be a thefe

C.iii.

yet is



Yet in tyme past when gryndyng was plente
Who were so lyke good felowes as we
As fast as god made corne soe myllers made meale
Which might not be forborne for common weale
But let this gere passe I feare our pryde
Is cause of the care which god doth vs prouyde,
Wherfore I submitte me entending to see
What conuoyt may come by humilltye
And now at this tyme they sayde in the crye
The god is come downe to shape remedye.

¶Very report.

As doubt he is here euen in ponder trone
But in your matter he trusteth me alone
Wherin I do perceiue by your complaynt
Oppression of rayne doth make the wynde so saynte
That the windmyllers be cleane cast a waye

¶Wind miller.

If Iupiter helpe not it is as you saye
But in fewe wordes to tell you my mynd rounde
Upon thys condition I would be bounde
Day by day to say our labyes faulte
That in this worlde were no drop of water
Nor neuer rayne but wynde continuall
Then shoulde we windmyllers be lord ouer all

¶Very report.

Come on and assaye howe you thwayne can agree
I brother of yours a myller as ye be

¶Water miller.

By meane of our crafte we may be brothers
But whyles we lyue we shall neuer be louers
We be of one crafte but not of one kynde
I lyue by water and he by the wynde

¶Thers Very report goeth out

And crye

And for as ye desire winde continuall
So would I haue rayne euermore to fall
Which thoo in experience ryght w^{is}
Right selde or neuer together can be
For as long as the winde ruleth it is playne
Twenty to one ye get no drop of rayne
And when the element is to farre opprest
Dobone commeth the rayne and setteth the wind at rest
By thys ye se we cannot both obtayne
For ye must lacke winde or I must lacke rayne
Wherfore I thinke good befoze thys audience
Eche for our selfe to saye or we go hence
And tohome is thought weakest when we haue finishte
Leaue of his sute and content to be banishte

¶ Wind myller.

In sayth agreeede and then by your lycence
Our mylles for a tyme shall stand in suspence
Sins water and wynde is chiefte ye our sute
Which best may be spared we wyl first dispute
Wherfore to the sea my reason shall resorte
Where shippes by meane of wynde try from port to port
From land to land in distaunce many a myle
Great is the passage and smale is the whyle
So great is the propfyt as to me doth seme
That no mans wil dome the wealth can exteme
And sing the wynd is conuener of all
Who but the winde shoulde haue thanke aboute all

¶ Water myller.

Anytte in thys place a tree here to grobe
And therat the wynde in greate rage to blowe
When it hath all blowen thys is a cleare case
The tree remoueth no here byedth from hys place
No more woulde the shippes blowe the best it coulde
Although

Al though it would blowe downe both man and Wood
Except the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{the} upon the water
The winde can ~~the~~ ^{the} ought do a plaine matter
Yet maye ye on water without any winde
Rowe soorth your vessel where men will haue her kinde
Nothyng moze reioyleth the martiner
Then meane coules of winde and plentye of water
For commonly the cause of euery wracke
Is excesse of winde where water doth lacke
In rage of these stormes the perill is such
That better were no winde then so far to much
¶ Wind miller.

Well if my reason in this may not stande
I will forsake the sea and leape to lande
In euery church where gods seruice is
The organs beare brunt of halfe the quite ~~the~~
Which causeth the sound of water or winde
Howeuer for wind this thyng I fynde
For the most part all maner mynstrelly
By wynd they deliuer their sound chieflly
Fyll me a bagpipe of your water full
As sweetely shall it sound as it wer sussen with trowl
¶ Water miller.

On my faith I thinke the moone be at the full,
For franticke fancies be most plentiful,
Which are at the pride of their spring in your hed,
So farre from our matter he is now fled,
As for the wynde in any instrument,
It is no percel of our argument.
We speake of wynde that cometh naturally,
And that is wynde forced artificially,
Which is not to purpose, but if it were,
And water in the right tought could do there.

Yet I thinke organs no such comoditie
Wherby the water should banished be
And for your bagpipes I take them as nyllig
Your matter is al in fancies and trifles

¶ Wynd myller.

By god but ye shall not trifle me of so
If these things serue not I wyll reherse mo
And now to mind there is one olde prouerbe come
One bu shell of marche dust is woorth a kynngs raunsome
What is a hundred thousand bushels woorth than

¶ Water miller.

Not one myte for the thyng it se:ke to no man

¶ Wind miller.

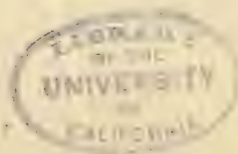
Why shall wynd euery where thus be obiecte
As y in the hye wayes it shall take effect
Where as the rayne doth neuer good but hurt
For wynd maketh but dust and water maketh durst
How woder or syrop syrs which lycke ye best
Who licketh not the to:ne may licke by the rest
But sure who soeuer hath assayed such sippes
Had leuer haue dusty eyes then durty lypes
And it is sayne sins afoze we were borne
That drought doth neuer make derth of cozne
And wel it is knowen to the most foole here
How rayne hath prynced cozne within this seuen year.

¶ Water miller.

Syr: I pray thee spare me a litle season
And I shall breuelly conclude thee with reason
But case one sommers day without winde to be
And ragious wind in winter dayes two or thre
Such more shall dye that one calme daye in somner
Then shall those thre windy dayes in winter
Whome shall we thanke for this when all is done?

D.i.

The



The thanke to wynde, may thanke chieflly the sunne,
And so for drought if corne therby encrease,
The sunne doth comfort and ripe al doubtles:
And oft the wynde so layeth the corne God wot,
That neuer after can it rype but rot.
If drought tooke place as ye say, yet may ye see,
Litle helpeth the wynde in thys commoditie.
But now sy? I denye your pynctiple,
If drought euer toere, it were impossible
To haue any grayne, for it cannot grow,
Ye must plow your land, harrow and sow.
Whiche toyl not be, except ye may haue rayne,
To temper the ground. And after agayne,
For springing and plunming al maner of corne,
Yet must ye haue water, or al is forlozne.
If ye take water for no commodity,
Yet must ye take it for thinges of necessity,
For washing, for scouting, and al fyth clesing,
Wher water lacketh, ther is brastly being.
In bryng, in baking in dressing of meate
If ye lacke water what could ye drink or eate
Without water could lyue neyther man nor beast
For water pserueth both most and leaste
For water could I save a thousand thinges mo
Sauing as now the tyme wyll not serue so
And as for that winde that you do sue for
Is good for your windmyll and for no more
Sy? the all thys in experience is tryde
I say the matter standeth clere on my syde

Windmiller.

Well since this wyll not serue I wyll alledge the rest
Sy? for your myll I say myne is the beste
My wyndmill shall grynde more corne in an houre

Then

[Faint, illegible text block]

[The text in this block is extremely faint and illegible, appearing as a large rectangular area of light gray with some ghosting of lines.]

Handwritten signature or scribble at the bottom center of the page.

Then thy water myll shall in thre or foure
Be moze then thyne should in a whole yeare
If thou mightest haue as thou hast wyshed here
For thou desirest to haue excesse of rayne
Which to thee were the worst thou couldest obtayne
For if thou diddest it were a playne induccion
To make thine owne desyre thine owne destruction
For in excesse of rayne at any floode
Your mylles must stand styll they can do no good
And when the wynd doth blowe the vttermost
Our windmylles walke a mayne in euery coast
For as we se the wind in his estate
We moder our sayles after the same rate
Since our mylles grind so farre faster then yours
And also they may grind at all tymes and houres
I say we nede no water mylles at all
For wind mylles be sufficient to serue all

¶ Water myller.

Thou speakest of all and considerest not halfe
In boast of thy gryst thou art as wise as a calfe
For though aboue vs your mylles grynde farre faster
What helpe to those from whome ye be much farther
And of two sortes if the tone should be conserued
I thinke it mete the most number be serued
In bales and weldes where most comoditye is
There is most people ye must graunt me thys
On hylles and downes which partrs are moste barayne
There must be fetwe it can no mo sustayne
I dare well saye if it were tried euen now
That there is ten of vs to one of you
And where should chiefly and necessarye be
But there as people are most in plentye
More reason that you come seuen myle to myll

D.ii.

Then



Then all toe of the bale Would clyme the hyl
If rayne came reasonable as I require it
We Would of your windmilles haue mede no wbyte,
¶ Here entreth Mery report.

¶ Mery report.

Stop folthe knaues for your reasoning is such
That ye haue reasoned euen inough and to much
I hard all the wordes that ye both haue had
So helpe me god the knaues be moze then mad
Nother of them both that hath wyt noz grace
To perceiue that both milles may serue in place
Betwene water and winde there is no such let
But eche mill may haue tyme to ble his feate
Which thing I can tel by experieuce
For I haue of mine owne not farre from hence
In a corner together a couple of milles
Standyng in a marres betwene two hilles
Not of inheritaunce but by my wyfe
She is feofed in the taylor for terme of her lyfe
The one of wind the other of water
And of them both I thanke god there standeth nother
For in a good houre be it spoken
The water gates is not sooner open
But clap sayth the windmill euen streyght behynde
There is good speede the diuyl and all they grynde
But whether the hopper be dusty
Or that the millstones be somewhat rusty
By the masse the meale is myscheyous musty
And if ye thinke my tale be not trusty
I make ye trowe promise come when ye lyst
We shall fynde meane ye shall taste of the grypt

¶ Water myller.

The corne at receite happely is not good

Mery

¶ Very reporte.

There can be no sweter by the swete rood
Another thing yet which shall not be cloked
My water myll many tymes is choked.

¶ Water myller.

So wyll she be though ye should burst your bones,
Except ye be perfect in setting of stones
feare not the lydger beware your rinner
Yet this for the lydger or ye haue wonne her
Perchaunce your lydger doth lacke good peckyng

¶ Very reporte.

So sayth my wyfe and that maketh all our chekyng
She would haue the myll peck euery day
But by god myllers must pecke when they maye
So oft haue we peck that our stones waxe right thynne
And all our other gere not worth a pinne
for with peckyng and peckyng I haue so brought
That I haue peckt a good peckyng yron to noughte
How be it if I sticke not better tyl her
My wyfe sayth she wyll haue a newe myller
But let it passe and now to our matter
I saye my mylles lacke nother winde nor water
No more doth yours as farre as nede doth requyre
But since ye cannot agte I wyll desyre
Jupiter to set you both in such rest
As to your wealth and his honour may stande best

¶ Water miller.

I pray you hartely remember me

¶ Wynd myller.

Let not me be for gotten I beseeche ye.

¶ Both myllers goeth forth.

¶ Very reporte.

If I remember you not both a lyke

D.iii.

I woud



I would ye were ouer the eates in the dyke
Nowe be we ryd of two knaues at one chaunce
By saint Thomas it is a knauish ryddance.

CThe gentlwoman entreteth.

CGentlewoman.

Now good god what a folly is this?
What shoulde I do where so much people is
I knowe not howe to passe in to the god nowe.

CVery report.

So but he knowes how to passe into you

CGentlewoman.

I praye you let me in at the backside

CVery report.

Yea shall I for and your foxyde to wyde
Nay not yet but since ye loue to be alone
We twayne will into a corner anone
But first I praye you come your waye hither
And let vs twayne chat a whyle together

CGentlewoman.

Why as to you I haue litle matter
My comynge is to speake with Jupiter.

CVery report.

Stand ye styll a whyle and I wyll go proue
Whether that the god wyll be brought in loue
My lord how now looke vp lustely
Here is a darlyng come by saynt Antouy
And if it be your pleasure to marry
Speake quickly for she maye not tarry
In fayth I thinke ye maye winne her anone
For she would speake with your lordshyppe alone

CJupiter.

Sonne that is not the thing at this tyme ment
If her sute concerne no cause of our hither resorte

Sende

Send her out of place, but if she be bent
To that purpose, heare her and make vs reporte.

¶ My report.

I count women lost if we loue them not well
For ye se god loueth them neuer a deale
Mistres ye cannot speake with the god.

¶ Gentlewoman.

No, why.

¶ My report

By my fayth for his lordshipp is right busy,
With a peece of worke that nedes must be Done,
Euen now is he making of a new moone.
He sayth your old moones be so farre tasted,
That al the goodnes of them is wasted.
Which of the great weate hath bene most matter,
For old moones be leake they can hold no water.
But for this new moone I durst lay my gowne,
Except a few droppes at her going downe,
We get no rayne tyl her arisyng,
Without it nede, and then no mans deuising
Could with the fashion of rayne to be so good,
Not gushing out like gutters of Roes flood,
But final droppes sprynging softly on the ground,
Though they fal on a sponge they would geue no sound.
This new moone shal make a thing spryng more in thys
The a old moon shal while a mā may go a myle. (while
By that time the God hath al made an ende,
We shal see how the weather wyl amende.
By saint Anne he goeth to worke euen boldly,
I thinke him wyse inough, for he looketh oldly.
Wherfore maystres be ye now of good cheare,
For though in his presence ye cannot appeare,
Tell me your matter, and let me alone,

May



May happe I wyll thynke on you when you be gone
Gentlewoman.

Forsooth the cause of my cummyng is thys
I am a woman ryght fayre as ye se
In no creature moze beuty then in me is
And since I am fayre, fayre would I kepe me
But the sunne in summer so soze doth burn me
In winter the wind on euery syde me
No part of the yeare wote I where to turn me
But euen in my house am I fayne to hyle me
And so do all other that beutyre haue
In whose name at this tyme this lufe I make
Beseching Jupiter to graunt that I craue
Whiche is that it may please him for our sake
To send vs weather close and temperate
No sunne shyne no frost no; no wynd to blowe
Then would we iet streetes trym as a Barrat
We should se howe we would set our selfe to shewe

Merie report.

Yet where ye wyll I shewe by saint Quintine
Ye passe them all both in your owne conceyte and wyne

Gentlewoman.

If we had weather to walke at our pleasure
Our luyes would be inery out of measure
One parte of the day of our apparelyng
Another parte for eatyng and drynkynge
And all the rest in streetes to be walkyng
Or in the house to passe tyme with talkyng

Merie report.

When serue ye god:

Gentlewoman.

Whys bo leth in vertue are but dawes

Merie report.

Ye do

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We do the better namely since there is no cause
How spend ye the nyght.

Gentlewoman.

In daunsing and singing
Till mydnyght and then fall to sleeping

Mery reposte.

Why swete hart by your false fayth can ye syng!

Gentlewoman.

Nay nay, but I loue it aboue al thing.

Mery repost.

Now by my trowth for the loue that I owe you
You shall heare what pleasure I can getwe you
One song haue I for you such as it is
And if it were better ye should haue it by gys

Gentlewoman.

Mary sy? I thanke you hartely.

Mery repost.

Come on sy? but let vs sing lustely.

Here they syng.

Gentlewoman.

Sy? it is well done I hartely thanke you
Ye haue don me pleasure I make god a bowe
Once in a nyght I long for such a site
For long tyme haue I ben brought vp in it

Mery reposte.

Oft tymes is seene both in court and towne
Long be women a bringing vp and sone brought down
So fete it is, so nete it is, so nyse it is,
So trycke it is, so quicke it is, so wyse it is,
I feare my selfe except I may entreate her
I am so farte in loue I shall forget her
Nowe good mistres I pray you let me kis ye.

C.l.

Kys me



Gentlewoman.
Kys me quoth a why nay sy? I wys ye

Very report.

What yes hardly kys me once and no more
I neuer desired to kys you before

Here the Launder commeth in.

Why haue you alway kyst her behynde
In fayth good inough if it be your mynde
And if your apeteite serue you so to do
By lady I would ye had kyst myns ars to

Very report.

To whom dost thou speake foule hoze canst thou tel

Launder.

Now by my trowth sy? I wot not very well
But by coniecture this ges I haue
That I do speake to an olde bandy knaue
I sawe you dayly with your stimper the cocked
I rede you beware the picke not your pocket
Such ydle hulwyses do now and than
Thinke all well wone that they picke from a man
Yet such of some men shall haue moze fauour
Than we that for them dayly toyle and labour
But I trust the god wyll be so indifferent
That he shall faile some part of her intent

Very report.

No doubt he wyll deale so graciously
That all folke shall be serued indifferently
How be it I tell the truth my office is such
That I must report eche sute either litle or much
Wherfore with the god since thou canst not speake
Trust me with thy sute I wyll not fayle it to break

Launder.

Then leane not to much to yonder gyllet

for her

For her desyre contrary to myne is set
I herde by her tale she would banishe the sunne
And then were we pooze launders al vndone
Except the Sunne shine that our clothes maye dye
We can do ryght naught in our laundry
In nother maner losse if we shoulde mis
Then of such nicebiceters as she is

C Gentlewoman.

I thinke it better that thou enuy me
Then I should stand at rewarde of thy pitye
It is the guyese of such grosse quenes as thou art
With such as I am euermoze to thwart
Bycause that no beuty ye can obtayne
Therfoze ye haue vs that be fayre in disdayne

C Launder.

When I was yong as thou art nowe
I was within litle as fayre as thou
And so myght haue kept me if I had woulde
And as derely my youth I myght haue solde
As the trickest and fayrest of you all
But I feared parrels that after might fall
Wherfoze some busines I did me prouide
Lest vice myght enter on euery syde
Which hath fre entry where ydel nesse doth rayne
It is not the beauty that I disdayne
But thine ydle lyfe that thou hast rehearsed
Whiche any good womans hart would haue perced
For I perceiue in daunsing and singyng
In eatyng and drynkyng and thyne apparaling
Is all thy ioye wherein thy hart is set
But nought of all thys doth thine own labour get
For haddest thou nothyng but of thyne owne trauayle
Thou mightest go as naked as my nayle.

C.ii.

We thinke



We thinke thou shouldest abhorre such idelnes
And passe the tyme in some other busines
Better to lese some parte of thy beuty
Then off to be teoberd all thine honestye
But I thinke rather then thou wouldest do so
Thou haddest leuer haue by lyue idelly to
And so no doubt we should if thou mightest haue
The clere Sunne banyd as thou dost craue
Then were we launders mard and vnto thee
Thine owne request were smale commoditie
For of these twayne I thinke it farre better
Thy face were some burned and thy clothes the cloeter
Then that the sunne from shyning should be smitten
To kepe thy face saye and thy smocke bespitten
Syz how lyke ye my reason in her case.

CVery report.

Such a rayleng hoze by the holy masse
I neuer hard in all my lyfe tyl nowe
In dede I loue ryght well the tone of you
But oz I would kepe you both by gods mothe
The deuil shall haue the one to fetch the other

CLauder.

Promise me to speake that the sunne may wyne byghte
And I will be gon quickly for all nyght

CVery report.

Get you both hence I praye hartely
Your safes I perceiue and wyll report them truely
Vnto Jupiter at the next lexture
And in the same desyre to knowe his pleasure
which knowledge had euen as he doth knowe it
fate ye not time inough ye shall knowe it,

CGentlewoman.

Syz if ye yedle remember me first

Lauder

Lauder.

Then in this medlyng my part shall be the worste

Mery report.

Now I beseeche our Lord the dyuill thee brust
Who medleth with many I holde him a curst

Thou here can I meddle with you both at once

Here the Gentlewoman goeth forth.

Lauder.

By the masse knaue I would I had both thy stones

In my purse, if thou meddle not indifferentlye

That both our matters in issue maye be lickely

Mery report.

Many words little matter and to no purpose

Such is the effect that thou dost disclose

The more ye byb the more ye bable

The more ye bable the more ye fable

The more ye fable the more vnstable

The more vnstable the more vnable

In any manner thing to do any good

No hurt though he were hanged by the holy roode.

Lauder.

The lesse your silence the lesse your credence

The lesse your credence the lesse your honestye

The lesse your honestye the lesse your assistance

The lesse your assistance the lesse your habilitie

In you to do ought toherfore so god me saue

No hurt in hangyng such a raplyng knaue.

Mery report.

What monster is this I neuer harde none such

For looke how much more I haue made her to much

And so farre at least she hath made me to little.

Whete be ye Launder. I thinke in some spytte

Ye shall waſhe me no gere for feare of frettyngs

C.iii.

Johns



I lone no Launderers that thynke my gere in wessyng
I pray thee go hence and let me be in rest
I wyll do thine errand as I thinke it best

CLauder.

Now would I take my leaue if I wist howe
The lenger thou lyuest the moze knaue thou.

CVery report.

The lenger thou lyuest the pitye the greater
The soner thou be ryd the tydynges the better
Is not this a swete office that I haue
When euery dyab shall call me knaue
Euery man knoweth not what gods seruice is
No: I my selfe knewe it not befoze thys
I thinke gods seruants may lyue holyly
But the diuels seruants lyue moze merely
I know not what god geueth in standyng fees
But the diuels seruants haue calwaltees
A hundred ty mes mo then gods seruants haue
For though ye be neut so sturke a knaue
I ye take mony the diuyl wyll do worke
But byyng you streyght to a nother mans purse
Then wyll the diuell promote you here in thys worlde
As unto such rych it doth most accord
first pater noster quiles in celis
And then ye shall sence the strete with your helms
The greatest stende you haue in selde oz towne
Standyng a typto shall not reache your crowne

CThe boy commeth in the least that can playe

CThe same is euen he by all lykely hode

Syr: I praye you be not you mayster god:

CVery reporte.

So in good fayth sonne, but I may say to thee
I am such a man that god maye not mylle me

wherfoze

Wherfore with the god if thou wouldest haue ought don
Tell me thy mynde and I shall thewe it soone
Boye.

Forsoth sy: my mynde is thys at fewe words
All my pleasure is in catching of byrdes
And makyng of snowbales and throwyng the same
For the which purpose to haue set in frame
With my godfather god I would fayne haue spoken
Desyryng him to haue sent me by some token
Where I myght haue had great frost for my pitfallis
And plenty of snowe to make my snowe ballis
This once had, boyes lyues be such as no man leddis
O to se my snow ballis lyght on my felowes heddis
And to heare the byrdes how they flicker their wynges
In the pitfale, I say it passeth all thynges
Sy: if ye be gods seruaunt or his kinsman
I praye you helpe me in this if ye can

¶ Very reporte
Alas poore boy who sent the hether.

¶ Boye.
A hundreth boyes that stode together
Where they hard one saye in a crye
That my godfather god almighty
Was come from heauen by his one accoꝝd
This night to suppe here with my lord
And farther he sayde come whoso woull
They shall sure haue their bellies full
Of ail weathers who list to craue
Eche sorte such weather as they list to haue
And when my felowes thought this would be had
And sawe me so prety a prateling lad
Upon a greiment with a greate noyse
Send lyttle Dycke cryed all the boyes

By whose



By whose assent I am purueied
To sue for the weather aforesayde
Wherin I praye you to be good as thus
To helpe that god may geue it vs.

¶ **Very reporte.**

Geue boyes wether quoth a nonny nonny
Boye.

If God of his weather will geue nonny
I praye you wyll he sell anye
Or send vs a bussell of snowe or twayne
And paynt vs a day to pay him agayne.

¶ **Very reporte**

I cannot tell for by this lighte
I chept nor borrowed none of him this nighte
But by such mylke as I wyll make
Thou shalt see soone what way he wyll take.

Boye.

Syr I thanke you then may I departe.

¶ **The boye goeth forth.**

¶ **Very reporte.**

We fare well good soone with all my harte
Nowe such another sort as here hath ben
In all the dayes of my lyfe I haue not seene
No lutes nowe but women, knaues, and boyes,
And all their lutes are in fanstis and toyes
If that there come no wyler after thys crye
I wyll to the God and make an end quickelye
Oyes: If that any knaue here
Be wplyng to appeare
For weather soule or cleare
Come in befoze thys flocke
And be he whole or sickely
Come shewe bys minde quickely

And

And if this tale be not lykely
He shall lycke my tayle in the nocke
All this tyme I perceiue ye spent in waste
To wayte for mo suters I see none make hast
Wherfore I wyll sweare the god all this protes
And be deliuered of my simple offyce
Now lord accordyng to your commaundement
Attendyng suters I haue ben diligent
And at begynnyng as your will was I should
I come nowe to end to sweare what eche man woulde
The first suter before your self dyd appeare
A gentleman desiryng weather cleare
Cloudy noz mistye noz no winde to blowe
For hurt in his huntynge, and then as ye knowe
The marchaunt sued for all of that kynde
For weather clere and mesurable winde
As they may best beare their sayles to make spede
And straight after thys there came to me in dede
Another who named himselfe a ranger
And sayde all his craft be farre brought in daunger
For lacke of liuing whiche chiefly is windfall
But he playnely sayth there bloweth no winde at all
Wherfore he desyret for encrease of there fleesys
Extreme rage of wind, trees to teare in peces
Then came a water myller and he cryed out
For water and sayde the winde was so stoute
The rayne could not fall, wherfore he made request
For plenty of rayne to set the wind at rest.
And then sye there came a wind miller in
Who sayd for the rayne he coulde no winde win
The water he wyght to be banyshd all
Besechyng your grace of windet continuall
Then came there a nother tha woulde banishe all this
f.i. I goodly



A goodly dame an ydle thyng is
 Wind rayne noz frost noz sunshyne would she haue
 But saye close weather her beuty to saue
 Then came there a nother that lyueth by laundry
 Who must haue weather hote & clere her clothes to dry
 Then came there a boye for frost and snow continual
 Snowe to make snobales, and frost for his pitfall
 For which god wot he sueth full gredely
 Your first man would haue weather clere & not windy
 The second the same saue cooles to blowe meanly
 The thyrd desyred stormes and winde most extremly
 The fourth all water, and would haue no winde
 The fyft no water, but wind to grinde
 The sixt would haue none of all these noz no bright son
 The seuenth extremly the hot son would haue woone
 The eyght and the last for frost and snowe he prayed
 By lady we shall take shame I am a frayde
 Who marketh in what maner this sorte is led
 May thinke it impossible all to be sped
 This number is smale there lacketh twayne of ten
 And yet by the masse among ten thousand men
 No one thing could stand more wide from the othes
 Not one of their lites agreeth with an other
 I promise you here is a threwoide pece of worke
 This gere wyll trye whether ye be a clarke
 If ye trust to me it is a greate foly
 For it passeth my braynes by gods bodye.

CJupiter.

Son thou hast ben diligent and done so well
 That thy labour is ryghte much thanke worthy
 But be thou sure we nede no whyte thy counsell
 For in our selfe we haue foresene remedy
 Which thou shalt se, but first depart quickely

To the

To the gentleman and all other suters here
And commaund them all before vs to appeare:

CVery report.
That shalbe no lenger in doying
Then I am in comining and goying
CVery report goeth out.

CJupiter.
Such debate as from aboue ye haue herd
Such debate beneath among your selues ye se
As long as heades from temperaunce be deserd
So long the bodyes in distemperance be
This perceiue ye all but none can helpe saue we
But as we there haue made peace concordantly
So wyl we here nowe geue you remedy.

CVery report and all the suters entretch
CVery report.

If I had cought them
Or euer I rought them
I would haue taught them
To be nere me
Full dere haue I bought them
Lord so I lought them
Yet haue I brought them
Such as they be

CGentleman.
Pleaseth it your maiestye lord so it is
We as your subiects an d humble suters all
Accordyng as we here your pleasure is
Are pyled to your presence being principall
Heade and gouernour of all in euery place
Who is yeth not in your syght no loy can haue
Wherfore we all commit vs to your grace
As lord of lords vs to perysh or saue

f.ii.

Jupiter



Jupiter.

As long as discretion so well doth you gyde
Obediently to bse your dutye
Doubt ye not we shall your safetie prouyde
Your greues we haue hard wherfoze we sent for ye
To receiue aunswere eche man in his degree
And first to content most reason it is
The first man that lude wherfoze marke ye thys
Oft shall ye haue the weather clere and styll
To hunt in for recompence of your payne
Also your marchauntes shall haue much your wyll
For oftynes when no winde on land doth remayne
Bet on the sea pleasaunt cooles you shall obtayne
And since your huntynge may rest in the night
Oft shall the wynde then ryse and before daylyght

It shall raffe doone the wood in such case
That all ye rangers the better lyue may
And ye water myllers shall obtayne thys grace
Many tymes the rayne to fall in the valey
When at the selfe tymes on hylles we shall puruey
Fayr weather for your windmilles with such cooles of
As in one instaunt both kinds of milles may grind (wid

And for ye fayre women that close weather would haue
We shall prouyde that ye may sufficiently
Haue tyme to walke in and your bent ye saue
And yet shall ye haue that lyueth by laundrye
The hote sunne oft inough your clothes to drye
Also ye preaty child shall haue both frost and snowe
Nowe marke thys conclusion we charge you a rowe

Much bette & haue we nothe de uised for ye all

Then

Then ye all can perceiue or could desyre
Eche of your sute to haue continual
Such weather as his craft onely doth require
All weathers in all places if men al times myght hyre
who could lyue by other what is this negligence
Us to attempt in such incommenience

Nowe on the other syde if we had graunted
The full of the some one sute and no mo
And from all the rest the weather had forbyd
Yet who so had obtayned, had wonne his owne too
There is no one craft can preserve man so
But by other craftes of necessitie
He must haue much parte of his commoditie

All to serue at once and one destroye another
Or elles to serue one and destroye all the rest
Nother wyll we do the one nor the other
But serue as many or as fewe as we thinke best
And where or what tyme to serue most or lest
The dyrection of that doubtles shall stande
Perpetually in the power of our hand

Wherfore we wyll the whole world attend
Eche sorte on such weather as for them doth fall
Nowe one nowe other as lyketh vs to send
Who that hath it ply it and serue we shall
So guide the weather in course to you all
That eche with other ye shall whole remayne
In pleasure and plentifull wealth certayne

CGentlewoman.

Blessed was the tyme wherin we were borne
First for the blissfull chaunce of your godly presence

f.iii.

Next



Next for our lute was there neuer man before
That euer hard so excellent a sentence
As your grace hath geuen to vs all arowe
Wherin your highnes hath so bounte fully
Distributed my part that your grace shall knowe
Your selfe sole possessed of hartes of al chyualtry

CMarchaunt.

Lyke wyse we marchaunts shall yelde vs wholy
Onely to laude the name of Jupiter
As god of all gods you to serue soly
For of euery thing I se you are noysher

CRanger.

No doubt it is so for so we nowe fynde
Wherin your grace vs rangers so doth binde
That we shall geue you our hartes with one accord
For knowledge to knowe you as our onely lord.

CWater myller.

Well I can no more but for our water
Wee shall geue your lordshyp our ladyes saulter

CWynd myller.

Much haue ye bound vs for as I be saued
We haue all obtayned better then we craned

CGentlewoman.

That is true wherfore your grace shall truly
The hartes of such as I am haue surely

CLauder.

And such as I am who be as good as you
His highnes halbe suer on I make god a bowe

CBoye.

Godfather god I wyll do somewhat for you a gayne
By Christ ye may hadde to haue a byrd or twayne
And I promise you if any snowe come
When I make snoballys ye shall haue some.

Mery

CVery report.

God that your lordship lo howe this is brought to pas
Srys now shall ye haue the weather euen as it was

CJupiter.

We nede no whyt our selfe any further to boaste
For our dedes declare vs apparauntly
Not onely here on earth in euery coast
But also aboue in the heauenly company
Our prudence hath made peace vniuersally
Which thing we say recozdeth vs as princippall
God and governour of heauen earth, and all

Nowe vnto that heauen we wyll most retourne
Where we be glorified most triumphantly
Also we wyll all ye that on earth colourne
Since cause geueth cause to knowe vs your lord onely
And nowe here to singe most ioyfully
Reloying in vs and in meane tyme we shall
Ascend into our trone celestiaill.

I I A I S.

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