The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Thersytes

Date of Staging	*c.* 1538
Date of only known edition . .	*c.* 1550
Reproduced in facsimile . . .	(1) 1876
" " "	(2) 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 116]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Thersytes

[*c.* 1550]

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

Thersytes

[*c.* 1550]

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In these circumstances I thought it in every respect desirable to adopt the next best alternative, especially as copies of the first facsimile reprint are as scarce, after thirty-six years, as the early printed copy.

There are grounds for supposing that John Heywood was the author.

The reproduction is faithful and is in every respect up to the usual standard of these facsimiles.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A new Enterlude called Therſytes

¶ Thys Enterlude Folowynge Dothe Declare howe that the greateſt boeſters are not the greateſt doers.

¶ The names of the players

Therſites	A boſter.
Vulciber	A ſmyth.
Vater	A mother.
Vlles	A knyght.
Telemachus	A chylde.

Therſites commeth in fyrſte hauinge a clubbe
vppon his necke

HAue in a ruffler foorth of the greke lande
Called Therſites, if ye wyll me knowe
abacke, geue me roume, in my way do ye not ſtand
For if ye do, I wyll ſoone laye you lowe
In Homere of my actes ye haue red I trow
Neyther Agamēnon nor Ulyſſes, I ſpared to checke
They coulde not bringe me to be at theyr becke
Of late frome the ſege of Troye I retourned
Where all my harnes excepte this clubbe I loſt
In an olde houſe there it was quyte burned
Whyle I was preparinge vytayles for the hoſte
I muſt nedes get me newe, what ſo euer it coſt
I Wyll go ſeke aduentures, for I can not be ydle
I wyll hamper ſome of the knaues in a brydle
It greueth me to heare howe the knaues do bragge
But by ſupreme Jupiter, when I am harneſſed well
I ſhall make the daſters to renne in to a bagge
To hyde them fro me, as from the deuyll of hell
I doubte not but hereafter, of me ye ſhall heare tell
Howe I haue made the knaues for to play cowch quaile
But nowe to the ſhop of Vulciber, to go I wyll not faile

Vulciber muſt haue a ſhop made in the place and
Therſites cōmethe before it ſayinge a loude

Vulciber, whom the Poetes doth call the god of fyer
Smith vnto Jupiter kinge ouer all
Come foorth, of thy office I the deſyre
and graunte me my petiction, I aſke a thinge but ſmall
I wyl none of thy lightning that thou art wont to make
for the goddes ſupernall for fyre when they do ſhake
With whiche they thruſte the gyauntes downe to hell

That

That were at a conuention heauen to bye and sell
But I woulde haue some helpe of Lemnos and Ilua
That of theyr stele, by thy crafte, condatur mihi galea.

Vulciber.

¶What kelowe Therlites, do ye speake latyn nowe.
Nay, then farewell, I make god a vowe
I do not you vnderstande, no latyn is in my palet
And then he must do as he wolde go awaye.

Therlites.

I say abyde good Vulciber, I prayē make me a sallet

Vulciber.

¶Why Therlites hast thou anye wytte in thy head.
Woldest thou haue a sallet nowe, all the herbes are dead
Besyde that it is not mete for a smyth
To gether herbes, and sallettes to medle with
Go get the to my louer venus
She hath sallettes ynough for all vs
I eate none suche sallettes for now I waxe olde
and for my stomacke they are verye coulde

Therlites.

¶Nowe I praye to Iupiter that thou dye a cuckolde
I meane a sallet with whiche men do fyght

Vulciber.

¶It is a small tastinge of a mannes mighte
That he shoulde for any matter
Fyght with a fewe herbes in a platter
No greate laude shoulde folowe that victorye

Therlites.

¶Goddes passion Vulciber where is thy wit & memory
I wolde haue a sallet made of stele

Vulciber.

¶Whye syr, in youre stomacke longe you shall it fele

For stele is harde for to digest

Thersites.

Wans bones and sydes hee is worse then a beest
I wolde haue a sallet to were on my hed
Whiche vnder my chyn w̃ a thonge red
Buckeled shall be
Doest thou yet parceyue me

Vulciber.

Your mynde now I se
Why thou peuysche ladde
Arte thou almost madde
Or well in thy wytte
Gette the a wallette
Wolde thou haue a sallette
What woldest thou do with it

Thersites.

I pray the good Vulciber make no mo bones
But let me haue a sallet made at ones.

Vulciber.

I must do somewhat for this knaue
What maner of sallet syr woulde ye haue.

Thersites.

I wold haue such a one that nother might nor mayne
Shoulde perse it thorowe, or parte it in twayne
Whiche nother gonstone, nor sharpe speare
Shoulde be able other to hurte or teare
I woulde haue it also for to saue my heade
Yf Jupiter him selfe woulde haue me dead
And if he in a fume, woulde cast at me his fire
This sallet I woulde haue to kepe me from his yre.

Vulciber.

I perceaue youre mynde.

ye shall fynde me kynde
I wyll for you prepare
And then he goeth in to his shop, and maketh a sallet for hym at the laste he sayth.
Here Therſites do this sallet weare
And on thy head it beare
And none shall worke the care
Then Mulciber goeth into his shop, vntyll he is called agayne.

Therſites.

Now woulde I not feare with anye bull to fyghte
Or with a raumpinge lyon nother by daye nor nyghte
O What greate strength is in my body so lusty
Whiche for lacke of exercise, is nowe almost rustye
Hercules in comparison to me was but a boye
When the bandogge Cerberus from hell he bare awaye
When he kylled the lyons, hydra, and the bere so wylde
Compare him to me and he was but a chylde
Why Sampson I saye, hast thou no more wytte
woldest ÿ be as strōg as I, come suck thy mothers tytte
Wene you that Dauid that lyttle elvysche boye
Should with his slinge haue take my life awaye
Nay ywys Golyath, for all his fyue stones
I woulde haue quashed his little boysche bones
O howe it woulde do my harte muche good
To se some of the giauntes before Noes floud
I woulde make the knaues to crye creke
Or elles with my clubbe their braynes I wyll breake
But Mulciber, yet I haue not with the do
My heade is armed, my necke I woulde haue to
And also my shoulders with some good habergyn
That the deuyll if he shote at me coulde not enter in

 For

For I am determined greate battayle to make
Excepte my furnishenes, by some meanes may asslake.

Vulciber.

¶ Bokell on this habergyn as fast as thou canne
And feare for the metinge of nother beast nor manne
yf it were possible for one too shote an oke
This habergyn wyll defende thee frome the stroke
Let them throwe mylstones at the as thick as haile
yet the to kyll they shall their purpose faile
yf Maluerne hylles shoulde on thy shoulders light
They shall not hurte the, nor suppresse thy mighte
Yf Beuis of Hampton, Colburne and Guy
Will the assaye, set not by them a flye
To be briefe, this habergyn shall the saue
Bothe by lande and water, nowe playe the lustye knaue
Then he goeth in to his shoppe againe

Therstites.

¶ When I consider my shoulders that so brode be
When the other partes of my bodye I do beholde
I verely thynke that none in chrystente
With me to medele dare be so bolde
Now haue at the lyons on cotsolde
I wyll neyther spare for heate nor for colde
Where art thou king Arthur, & the knightes of the rounde
Come, bryngе forth your horses out of the stable (table
Lo with me to mete they be not able
By the masse they had rather were a bable
Where arte thou Gawyn the curtesse and Cay the crabed
Here be a couple of knightes cowardishe and scabbed
Appere in thy likenesse syr Libeus disconius
Yf thou wilt haue my clubbe lyghte onthy hedibus
Lo ye maye see he beareth not the face

With

With me to frye a blowe in thys place
Howe syrray, approche syr Launcelot de lake
What, renne ye awaie and for feare quake
Howe he that did the a knight make
Thought neuer that thou any battaile shouldest take
yf ye wilt not come thy self, some other of thy felowes send
To battaile I prouoke them, them selfe let them defende
lo, for all the good that euer they se
They wyll not ones set haude to fight with me
O good lorde howe brode is my brest
And stronge with all for hole is my chest
He that should medle with me shall haue shrewde rest
Beholde you my handes, my legges and my feete
Euery parte is stronge proportionable and mete
Thinke you that I am not feared in felde and strete
Yes yes god wote, they geue me the wall
Or elles with my clubbe, I make them to fall
Backe knaues I saye to them, then for feare they quake
And take me then to the tauerne and good chere me make
The proctoure and his men I made to renne their waies
And some wente to hide them in broken heys
I tell you at a woorde
I set not a torde
By none of them al
Early and late I wyll walke
And London stretes stalke
Spyte of them greate and small
For I thinke verely
That none in heauen so hye
Nor yet in hell so lowe
Whyle I haue this clubbe in my hande
Can be able me to withstande

Or me to ouerthrowe
But Vulciber, yet I must the desyre
To make me briggen yrons for myne armes
And then I will loue the as mine owne syre
For withoute them, I can not be safe frome all harmes
Those once had, I will not sette a strawe
by all the worlde, for then I wyll by awe
Haue all my mynde, or elles by the holye roode
I wyl make them thinke, the deuyll caryeth them to the
yf no man wyll with me battayle take (wood
A vyage to hell quickely I wyll make
And there I wyll bete the deuyll and his dame
And bringe the soules awaye, I fullye entende the same
After that in hell I haue ruffled so
Streyghte to olde purgatorye wyll I go
I wyll cleane that so purge rounde aboute
That we shall nede no pardons to helpe them oute
yf I haue not fyghte ynoughe this wayes
I wyll clymbe to heauen and fet awaye Peters kayes
I wyll kepe them my selfe, and let in a great route
What shoulde suche a fysher kepe good felowes out

Vulciber.

Haue here Therſites briggen yrons bright
and feare thou no man manly to fyghte
Thoughe he be stronger then Hercules or Sampson
Be thou prest and bolde to set him vpon
Nother Amazon nor perses with their hole rable
the to assayle shall fynde it profytable
I warrante the they wyll fle fro thy face
as doth an Hare from the dogges in a chase
Would not thy blacke and rustye grym berde
Nowe thou art so armed, make anye man aferde

Sure

Surely if Jupiter dyd see the in this gere
He wouldе renne awaye and hyde hym for feare
He wold thinke that Typhoeus the gyaunt were aliue
And his brother Enceladus, agayn with him to strue
If that Mars of battell the god stoute and bold
In this aray shoulde chaunce the to beholde
He would yelde vp his sworde vnto the
And god of battayle (he would say) thou shouldest be
Now fare thou wel go the world through
And seke aduenturus thou arte man good ynough.

Therſites.

¶ Mulciber, whyle the starres shal shyne in the sky
And Phaetons horses with the sonnes charret shall fly
Whyle the mornynge shall go before none
And cause the darkennesse to vanysche away soone
Whyle that the cat shall loue well mylke
And whyle that women shal loue to go in sylke
Whyle beggers haue lyce
And cockneys are nyce
Whyle pardoners can lye
Marchauntes can by
And chyldren crye
Whyle all these lasse and more
Whiche I kepe in store
I do me faythfully bynde
Thy kyndnes to beare in mynde
but yet Mulciber one thinge I aske more
Haste thou euer a sworde now in store?
I would haue suche a one that would cut stones
And pare a great oke down at once
That were a sworde lo, euen for the nones.

Mulciber.

Trulye

¶ Truely I haue suche a one in my shoppe
that wil pare yron as it were a rope
haue, here it is, gyrde it to thy syde
Now fare thou well, Iupiter be thy guyde

Therſites.

¶ Gramercye Vulciber wyth my hole harte
Geue me thy hande and let vs departe

Vulciber goeth in to hys shoppe againe,
and Therſites saith foorth

Nowe I go hence, and put my selfe in preasse
I wyll seeke aduentures, yea and that I wyll not ceasse
If there be any present here thys nyghte
that wyll take vpon them with me to fighte
Let them come quickly, and the battayle shall be pyghte
Where is Cacus that knaue, not worthe a grote
that was wont to blowe cloudes oute of his throte
Which stale Hercules kine and hyd them in his caue
Come hether Cacus, thou lubber and false knaue
I wyll teache all wretches by the to beware
If thou come hether I trappe the in a snare
thou shalt haue knocked breade and yll fare
how say you good godfather that loke so stale
ye seeme a man to be borne in the vale
Dare ye aduenture wyth me a stripe or two
Go coward go hide the as thou wast wonte to do
What a sorte of dasterdes haue we here
None of you to battaile with me dare appeare
What saie you hart of gold, of countenaunce so demure,
Will you fighte with me, no, I am righte sure
Fye blusche not woman, I wyll do you no harme
Excepte I had you soner to kepe my backe warme
Alas lyttle pums why are ye so sore afrayd,

I praye you shew how longe it is sence ye were a mayd
Tell me in myne eare, syrs, she hathe me tolde
That gone was her mydenhead, at thrustene yeare olde
Byr ladye she was lothe to kepe it to longe
And I were a mayde agayne, nowe maye be here longe
Do after my connsel of maydens the hoole beuye
Quickly red your maydēhed, for they are vēgeaūce heuy
Well, let all go, whye, wyll none come in
With me to fyghte that I maye pare his skyn

The mater commeth in.

Mater

What saye you my sonne wyl ye fyght, god it defende
For what cause to warre do younowe pretende
Wyll ye committe to battayles daungerous
youre lyfe that is to me so precious.

Therſites.

I wyll go, I wyll go. stoppe not my waye
Holde me not good mother I hartely you pray
If there be any lyons, or other wylde beest
That wyll not suffer the husband man in rest
I wyll go seeche them, and byd them to a feest
They shall abye bytterlye the comminge of suche a gest
I wyll searche for them bothe in bushe and shrubbe
And laye on a lode with this lustye clubbe

Mater.

O my swete sonne, I am thy mother
Wylt thou kyll me and thou hast none other

Therſites.

No mother no, I am not of suche iniquitye
That I wyll defyle my handes vpon the.
But be contente mother, for I wyll not rest
Tyll I haue foughte with some man or wylde beast

Truely my sonne yf that ye take thys way
Thys shall be the conclusion, marke what I shall say
Other I wyll drowne my selfe for sorowe
And fede fyshes with my body before to morowe
Or wyth a sharpe swerde, surely I wyll me kyll
Nowe thou mayst saue me, if it be thy wyll
I wyll also cut my pappes awaye
That gaue the sucke so manye a daye
And so in all the worlde it shall be knowen
That by my owne sonne I was ouerthrowen
Therefore if my lyfe be to the pleasaunte
That whyche I desyre good sonne do me graunte

Thersites

¶ Mother thou spendest thy winde but in wast
The goddes of battayle hyr fury on me hath cast
I am fullye fyred battayle for to taste
O how many to deth I shall dryue in haste
I wyll ruffle this clubbe aboute my hedde
Or els I pray god I neuer dye in my bedde
There shall neuer a stroke be stroken with my hande
But they shall thynke ý Jupiter doth thonder in ý land

Mater.

¶ My owne swete sonne I knelynge on my knee
And bothe my handes holdinge vp to the
Desyre the to cease and no battayle make
Call to the pacience and Better wayes take

Thersites.

¶ Tusche mother, I am deafe I wyll the not heare
No no, yf Jupiter here him selfe nowe were
And all the goddes, and Juno his wife
And louinge Minerua that abhorreth all stryfe
yf all these I saye, would desyre me to be content

They

They dyd theyr wynde but in vaine spente
I wyll haue battayle in wayles or in kente
and some of the kuaues I wyll all to rent
where is the valiaunt knighte syr Isenbrale.
Appere syr I praye you, dare ye not shewe your face
where is Robin John and little hode
approche hyther quickely if ye thinke it good
I wyll teache suche outlawes wyth Chrystes curses
How they take hereafter awaye abbottes purses
whye wyll no aduenture appeare in thys place
where is Hercules with his greate male
where is Bulyris, that ted hys horses
Full lyke a tyraunte, with dead mens corses
Come any of you bothe
And I make an othe
That yet I eate anye breade
I wyll dryue a wayne
ye for neede twayne
Betwene your bodye and your heade
Thus passeth my braynes
wyll none take the paynes
To trye wyth me a blowe.
O what a fellowe am I
whome euerye man dothe flye
That dothe me but once knowe

Mater.

Sonne all do you feare
That be presente here
They wyll not wyth you fyghte
you, as you be worthye
Haue nowe the victorye
wythoute tastynge of youre myghte
Here is none I trowe

That

that prokereth you a blowe
Man woman nor chylde
Do not set your mynde
To fyghte with the wynde
be not so modde nor wylde

Therſites.

¶ I ſaye aryſe who ſo euer wyll fighte
I am to battayle here readye dyghte
Come hyther other ſwayne or knyghte
Let me ſee who dare preſente him to my ſyghte
Here with my clubbe readye I ſtande
yf anye wyll come to take them in hand

Mater.

¶ There is no hope left in my breſt
To bring my ſonne vnto better reſt
He wyll do nothinge at my requeſt
He regardeth me no more thē a beſt
I ſee no remedye, but ſtyll I wyll praye
To god, my ſonne to gyde in his waye
That he maye haue a praſperous iournynge
And to bee ſaue at his returnynge
Sonne, god aboue graunte thys my oration
That when in battaile thou ſhalt haue concertacion
with your ennemies, other fare or nere
No wounde in them nor in you may appere
So that ye nother kyll nor be kylled

Therſites

¶ Mother thy peticion I praye god be fulfylled
For then no knaues bloude ſhall be ſpilled
Felowes kepe my counſell, by the maſſe I doo but crake
I wyll be gentyll enoughe and no buſeneſſe make
But yet I wyll make her beleue that I am a man

thyncke

thincke you that I wyll fight, no no but wyth the can
Excepte I finde my enemye on thys wyse
that he be a slepe or els can not aryse
Yf his armes and his fete be not fast bounde
I wyll not proser a stripe for a thousande pound
Fare well mother and tarrye here no longer
For after proues of chiualry I do both thyrste & honger
I wyll beate the knaues as flatte as a conger

Then the mother goeth in the place which is prepareth for her.

What how long shal I tary, be your hartes in your hose
Will there none of you in batrayl me appose
Come proue me whye stande you so in doubte
haue you any wylde bloude, that ye would haue let oute
I lacke that a mans strengthe can not be knwen
Because that he lacketh ennemies to be ouerthowen

Here a snaile muste appere vnto him, and hee muste loke fearefully vppon the snaile saienge

But what a monster do I see nowe
Comminge hetherwarde with an armed browe
what is it, ah it is a sowe
No by gods body it is but a grestle
And on the backe it hath neuer a brystle
It is not a cow, ah there I sayle
For then it should haue a long tayle.
What the deuyll I was blynde, it is but a snayle
I was neuer so afrayde in east nor in south
My harte at the fyrste syght was at my mouth
Mary syr fy, fy, fy, I do sweate for feare
I thoughte I had craked but to tymely here
Hens thou beest and plucke in thy hornes
Or I swear e by him that crowned was with thornes

I will make the drincke worse than good ale in ȳ cornes
Haste thou nothynge elles to doo
But come wyth hornes and face me so
Howe, how my seruauntes, get you shelde and spere
And let vs werye and kyll thys monster here
here Miles cometh in.
Miles.
¶ Is not thys a worthye knyghte
that wyth a snayle dareth not fight
Crepte he haue hys seruauntes ayde
Is this the chaumpyon that maketh al mē afraid
I am a pore souldiour come of late frō Calice
I trust or I go to debate some of hys malyce
I wyll tarrye my tyme tell I do see
Betwixt hym and the snayle what the ende wyll be
Thersites.
¶ Whye ye horeson knauys, regard ye not my callinge
whye do ye not come and wyth you weapons bryngе
why shall this monster so escape kyllinge
No that he shal not and god be wyllinge
Miles.
¶ I promyse you, thys is as worthye a knyghte
as euer shall brede oute of a bottell byte
I thinke he be Dares of whom Virgyll doth write
That woulde not let entellus alone
But euer prouoked and euer called on
But yet at the last he tookea fall
And so within a whyle, I trowe I make the shall
Thersites.
¶ By Gods passion knaues, if I come I wyll you fetter
Regarde ye my callinge and cryinge no better
why horesons I saye. wyll ye not come

By

By the masse the knaues be all from home
They had better haue fette me an errande at Rome

Miles.

By my trothe, I thynke that very skante
This lubber dare aduenture to lighte with an ant

Thersites.

Well seinge my seruauntes come to me will not
I must take hede that this monster me spyll not
I wyll iopardie with it a ioynte
And other with my clubbe or my sweardes poynte
I wyll reche it suche woundes
As I woulde not haue for .xl. M. poundes
Plucke in thy hornes thou vnhappy beast
what facest thou me? wilte not thou be in reste
Why? wylte not thou thy hornes in holde
Thinkest thou that I am a cocklode
Goddes armes the monster cometh towarde me styll
Excepte I fyght manfully, it wyll me surely kyll

Then he must fyghte against the snayle with his club

Miles.

O Jupiter Lorde doest thou not see and heare
How he feareth the snayle as it were a bere

Thersites.

Well with my clubbe I haue had good lucke
Nowe with my sworde haue at the a plucke

And he must cast his club awaye.

I wyll make the or I go, for to ducke
And thou were as tale a man as frier tucke
I saye yet agayne thy hornes in drawe
Or elles I wyll make the to haue woundes rawe
Arte not thou a ferde
To haue thy bearde

Pared with my swearde

Here he must fighte then with his sworde against the snayle, and the snayle drawetb her hornes in.

Ah well, nowe no more
Thou mightest haue done so before
I layed at it so lore
That it thoughte it shoulde haue be lore
And it had not drawen in his hornes againe
Surelye I woulde the monster haue slaine
But now farewell, I wyll worke the no more payne
Nowe my fame is paste
And dothe no longer laste
That I did to the monster cast
Now in other countreis both farre and neare
No dedes of chyualrye I wyll go inquere

Miles.

Thou nedes not seke any further for redy I am here
I wyll debate anone I trowe thy braggynge chere

Therstites.

Nowe where is any mo that wyll me assayle
I wyll turne him and tosse him bothe toppe and tayle
yf he be stronger then Sampson was
Who with his bare handes kylde lyons apas

Miles.

What nedeth this boaste? I am here at hande
That with the will fighte kepe the heade and stande
Surelye for al thy hye wordes I wyll not feare
To assaye the a towche tyll some bloude apeare
I wyll geue the somewhat for the gifte of a newe yeare

And he begynth to fight with him, but Therstites must ren awaye, and hyde hym behynde hys mothers backe sayinge.

Therst

Therſites.

O mother mother I praye the me hyde
Throwe ſome thinge ouer me and couer me euery ſyde

Mater.

O my ſonne what thynge eldyth thee

Therſites

Mother a thouſande horſemen do perſecute me

Mater.

Marye ſonne then it was time to flye
I blame the not then, thoughe afrayde thou be
A deadlye wounde thou mightest there ſone catche
One againſt ſo manye, is no indyſferente matche

Therſites.

No mother but if they had bene but ten to one
I woulde not haue auoyded but ſet them vppon
But ſeinge they be ſo many I ran awaye
Hyde me mother hyde me, I hartely the pray
For if they come hyther and here me fynde
To their horſes tayles they wyll me bynde
And after that faſhyon hall me and kyll me
And thoughe I were neuer ſo bolde and ſtoute
To fyghte againſte ſo manye, I ſhoulde ſtande in doubte

Miles.

Thou that doeſt ſeke giauntes to conquere
Come forth if thou dare, and in this place appere
Fy for ſhame doeſt thou ſo ſone take flighte
Come forth and ſhewe ſomewhat of thy myghte

Therſites.

Hyde me mother, hydeme, and neuer worde ſaye

Miles.

Thou olde trotte, ſeyſt thou any man come thys waye
well armed and weaponed and readye to fighte

Pater.

No forsothe Maister, there came none in my sight

Piles.

He dyd auoyde in tyme, for withoute doubtes
I woulde haue set on his backe some clowtes
Yt I may take him I wyll make all slowches
To beware by him, that they come not in my clowches

Then he goeth oute, and the mother saith

Pater.

Come foorth my sonne, youre enemy is gone
Be not afrayed for hurte thou canst haue none

Then he loketh aboute if he be gone or not, at the last he sayth.

Therstites.

Cywys thou didest wisely who so euer thou be
To tarrye no longer to fighte with me
For with my clubbe I woulde haue broken thy skull
yf thou were as bigge as Hercules bull
why thou cowardely knaue, no stronger then a ducke
Darest thou trye maystries with me a plucke
whiche fere nother giauntes nor Jupiters fire bolte
Nor Beelzebub the mayster deuyll as ragged as a colte
I woulde thou wouldest come hyther ones againe
I thincke thou haddest rather alyue to be slayne
Come againe and I sweare by my mothers wombe
I wyll pull the in peeces no more then my thombe
and thy braines abrode, I wyll so scatter
That all knaues shall feare, against me to clatter

Then cometh in Telemachus bringinge a letter from his father Vlisses, and Therstites saieth.

what? little Telemachus
what makest thou here amonge vs?

Tele

Telemachus.

¶ Syr my father Ulysses doth hym commende
To you most hartely, & here he hath you sende
Of hys mynde a letter
whiche shewe you better
Euery thynge shall
Then I can make rehersall
Here he must delyuer hym the letter

Thersites.

¶ Lo frendes ye maye see
what great men wryte to mee
Here he must redde the letter.
As entyrely as harte can thyncke
Or scryuener can wryte with yncke
I sende you louynge gretynge
Thersytes myne owne swetynge
I am very sorye
when I cast in memory
The great vnkyndnes
And also the blyndnes
That hath be in my brest
Agaynst you euer prest
I haue be prompt and dylygent
Euer to make you shent
To appale your good name
And To mynysche your fame
In that I was to blame
But well al this is gone
And remedy there is none
But onely repentannce
Of all my olde greuaunce
with whiche I dyd you molesse

And

And gaue you sorye reast
The cause was thereof truelye
Nothinge but verye enuye
wherefore nowe gentyll esquier
Forgeue me I you desyre
And helpe I you beseche
Telemachus to a leche
That hym maye wyselye charme
From the wormes that do hym harme
In that ye maye do me pleasure
For he is my chyefe treasure
I haue heardemenne say
That come by the way
That better charmer is no other
then is youre owne deare mother
I praye you of her obtayne
To charme away his paine
Fare ye well, and come to my house
To dryncke wyne and eate a peece of sowle
And we wyll haue minstrelsy
that shall pype hankyn boby
My wyfe penelobe
Doth grete you well by me
wrytinge at my house on Candelmasse daye
Mydsomer moneth, the calenders of maye
By me Ulisses beynge verye gladde
That the victorye of late of the monster ye hadde
Ah syrraye quod he: how saye you frendes all
Ulisses is glad for my fauoure to call
well, thoughe we ofte haue swerued
And he small loue deserued
Yet I am well contente

Seinge

Seinge he dothe repente
To let olde matters go
And to take him no more so
As I haue do hyther to
For my mortall fo
Come go with me Telemachus, I wyll the bringe
Unto my mother to haue her cherminge
I doubte not, but by that tyme that she hathe done
Thou shalte be the better seuen yeares agone
Then Therfytes goeth to his mother sayinge
Mother Christe thee saue and see
Ulysses hathe sende his sonne to thee
That thou shouldest hym charme
From the wormes that hym harme
Pater.
Sonne ye be wise kepe ye warme
Whye shoulde I for Ulysses doo
That neuer was kynde vs to
He was readye in warre
Euer the, sonne, to marre
Then had bene all my ioye
Exiled cleane awaye
Therfites.
Wel mother all that is past
Wroth maye not alwaye laste
And seinge we be mortall all
Let not our wroth be immortall
Pater
Charme that charme wyll, he shal not be charmed of me
Therfites.
Charme or by the masse with my club I wil charme the
Pater.

Cwhy sonne arte thou so wicked to beate thy mother

Thersites.

Cye that I wyll, by goddes deare brother
Charme olde witche in the deuils name
Or I wyll sende the to him, to be his dame

Mater.

CAlas what a sonne haue I
That thus dothe order me spitefullye
Cursed be the time that euer I hym fedde
I woulde in my bely he had be deade

Thersites.

CCurlest thou olde hore, blesse me againe
Or I wyll blesse the, that shall be to thy payne

Then he must take hyr by the armes, and she crieth oute as folowetb.

Mater.

CHe will kyll me
He wyll spyll me
He wyll brose me
He wyll lose me
He wyll pricke me
He wyll stycke me

Thersites.

The deuyll stycke the olde wytherde witch
For I wyll sticke nother the, nor none suche,
But come of geue me thy blessinge againe
I saye let me haue it, or elles certayne
With myclubbe I wyll laye the on the brayne

Mater.

Well seinge thou threatenest to me affliction
Spite of my harte haue nowe my benediction
Nowe christes swete blessinge and mine
Lighte aboue and beneath the bodye of thyne

And

And I beseche with all my deuotion
That thou mayste come to Amans promotion
He that forgeue Mary Mawdalene hyr synne
Make the hyghest of all thy kynne

Therſites.

¶ In this wordes is double intellimente
Wouldest thou haue me hanged mother veramente

Mater.

¶ No sonne no, but too haue you hye
In promocion, is my mynde verelye

Therſites.

¶ Well then mother let all this goo
and charme this chylde that you is sende to
and loke hereafter to curse ye be not gredye
Curse me no more, I am curſed ynoughe all readye

Mater.

¶ Well sonne I wyll curse you no more
Excepte ye prouoke me to to sore
But I meruaile whye ye do me moue
To do for Ulisses that dothe not vs loue

Therſites.

¶ Mother by hys sonne he hathe sende me a letter
Promyſynge heareafter to be to vs better
And you and I with my greate clubbe
Muste walke to him and eate a solybubbe
and we shall make merye
and synge tyrle on the berye
With Simkyn sydnam somner
that kylde a catte at comner
There the tryflinge tabborer trowbler of tunys
Wyll pyke Peter pybaker a penyworth of prunes
Nycholl neuergood a nette and a nightcappe

 knitte

Knytte wyll for kyt whose knee rawghte a knappe
Dauid dowghtye dyghter of datys
Gren with godfrey goodale wyll gretely at the gates
Thom tombler of tewxbury turninge at a tryce
wyll wyppe wyllyam waterman if he be not wyse
Symon sadler of sudeley that serued the sowe
Hytte wyll Henrye hartlesse he harde not yet how
Jynkyn Jaxon that tobbed folye Jone
Grynde wyll gromellede vntyll he grone
Prowde peris pykethancke, that pyked pernels purse
Cut wyll the cakes thoughe Cate do crye and curse
Roughe Robyn rouer ruffinge in ryghte rate
balde Bernarde braynles wyll bete and Benet bate
Folyshe frederycke furburer of a farte
Dynge daniell de intye to deathe wyll with a darte
Mercolfe mouyles morenynge for mad Marye
Tyncke wyll the tables thoughe he there not tary
Andrewe all knaue alderman of Andwarpe
Hoppe wyll with holy hockes a harken humfreys harpe
It is to to mother the pastyme and good chere
That we shall see and haue, when that we come there
Wherefore gentyll mother I the hartely prayye
That thou wylte charme for wormes this pretye boye

Pater.

Well sonne, seinge the case and mater standeth so
I am contente all thy request to do
Come hyther pretye childe
I will the charme frome the wormes wylde
but firste do thou me thy name tell

Telemachus.

I am called Telemachus there as I dwell.

Pater.

Tele-

¶ Telemachus lye downe vpright on the grounde
And styre not ones for a thousande pounde

Telemachus.

¶ I am readye here preste
To doo all youre requeste

Then he must lay hym down with his bely vpward and shee muste blesse hym frome aboue too beneath sayinge a foloweth.

Water.

¶ The cowherd of Comertowne with his croked spade
Cause frome the, the wormes soone to vade
And foye Jacke iumbler that tuggleth with a horne
Graunte that thy wormes soone be all to torne
Good graundsyre Abraham godmother to Ene
Graunte that this wormes no longer this chylde grene
All the courte of conscience in cockoldsl pres
Tynckers and tabberers typlers tauerners
Tyttyfylles, fryfullers, turners and trumpers
Tempters, traytoures, trauaylers and thumpers
Thryftlesse, theuyshe, thycke and thereto thynne
the maladye of this wormes cause for too blynne
The vertue of the tayle of Isaackes cow
That before Adam in paradyse dyd lowe
Also the foyste of Moses rod
In the mounte of caluarye that spake with God
Facie ad faciem, turninge tayle to tayle
Cause all these wormes quickly to fayle
The bottome of the shyppe of Noe
And also the legge of ỳ horse of Troe
The peece of the tounge of Balaams asse
the chawbone of the Oxe that at Christes byrth was
the eye tothe of the dogge that wente on pylgremage

with yonge Thobye, these wormes sone may swage
the butterflye of Bromemycham ye was borne blinde
The blaste of the bottell that blowed Aelous wynde
The buttocke of the bytter boughte at Buckyngame
the bodye of the bere that wyth Beuis came
the backster of Balockburye with her bakinge pele
Chylde fro thy wormes I praye, maye sone the hele
The tapper of taupestocke and the tapsters potte
The tothe of the tytmus, the torde of the gote
In the towre of tenysballes tostyd by the fyer
the table of Tantalus turned trym in myre
ye tombe of Tom thredbare ye thrusle tyb throughe ye smock
Make al thy wormes chylde, to come forth at thy docke
Sem Cam and Japhat and coll the myllars mare
the fyue stones of Dauyd: that made goliath stare
the wing with whiche seit Mychaell dyd fly to his mout
the counters wherwith cherubyn, did cheristones count
The hawke with whiche Assuerus kylde the wylde bore
Helpe that these wormes my chylde, hurt the no more
the mawe of the morecocke that made mawd to mowe
when martylmas at moreton morened for the snowe
the spere of spanysshe spylbery sprente wd spiteful spottes
the lyghtes of the lauerocke layde at London lottes
the shynbon of saint Samuell shyninge so as the sunne
Graunt child of the wormes that sone thy paines be don
Mother bryce of oxforde and greate Gyb of hynxey
Also mawde of thrutton and mable of chartesey
And all other wytches that walke in dymminges dale
Clytteringe and clatteringe there poure pottes with ale
Inclyne poure eares, and heare this my peticion
and graunte this childe, of healthe to haue fruition
the blessinge that Jorden to his Godsonne gaue

Lighte

Lyght on my chylde and from the wormes him saue
Now stand vppe little Telemachus anone
I warrante the by to morow, thy wormes wyll be gone

Telemachus.

¶ I thanke you mother in my most hartelye wise
wyll ye syr to my father commaunde me anye seruice

Thersites.

¶ No pretye boye, but do thou vs two commende
to thy father and mother, tell them that we entende
Bothe my mother and I
to see them shortelye

Telemachus

¶ Ye shall be hartelye welcome to them I dare well say
Fare ye well, by youre leaue, now I wyll departe awaye

Thersites.

¶ Sonne, geue me thy hande, fare well

Mater.

¶ I praye god kepe the from parell

Telemachus goeth oute, and the mother sayeth.

Ywys it is a proper chylde
and in behauioure nothinge wylde
Ye maye see what is good education
I woulde euery man after this fashion
Had their children vp broughte
then manye of them woulde not haue bene so nonghte
A chylde is better vnborne then vntaughte

Thersites.

¶ Ye saye truthe mother, well let all this go
and make you readye Ulisses to go to
with me anone, be ye so contente

Mater.

¶ I am well pleased to youre wyll I assente

For all thoughe that I loue hym but verye euyll
It is good to set a candell before the deuyll
Of moste parte of greate men I sweare by thys fyer
Lyghte is the thancke but heauye is the ire
Fare well sonne, I wyll go me to prepare

Thersites.

Mother God be wyth you and keepe you frome care

The mother goeth out, and Thersites sayeth forth

What soeuer I saye syrs, I thyncke yll might the care
I care not if the olde wytche were deade
It were an almoys dede to knocke hyr in the heade
And saye on the wormes that she dyd dye
For there be manye that my landes wouldе bye
By goddes blessed brother
Yf I were not seke of the mother
thys totheles trotte kepethe me harde
And suffereth no money in my warde
But by the blessed trinitye
Yf she will no soner ded be
I wyll with a coyshion stoppe hyr breath
tyll she haue forgotte newe marketh beth
Yll myghte I fare
Yf that I care
Hyr to spare
Aboute the house she hoppeth
and hyr nose ofte droppeth
When the wortes she choppeth
When that she dothe brewe
I maye saye to you
I am redy to spew
the droppes to see downe renne
By all Cyrysten menne

Freme

Frome hyr nose to hyr knen
Fye Goddes bodye, it maketh me to spitte
to remember howe that she doth sytte
By the fyer brallynge
Scratchinge and scrallynge
and in euerye place
Leyenge oysters apale
She dothe but lacke shelles
the deuyll haue they whytte, elles
At nyghte when to bedde she goys
and pluicketh of her hose
She knappeth me in the nose
with ryppe, rappe
Flypppe, flappe
that an yll happe
Come to that tappe
that benteth so
Where so euer she go
So muche she daylye dryncketh
That hyr breath at both endes styncketh
That a horsecombe and an halter
Hyr soone bppe talter
tyll I saye Dauydes psalter
That shall be at neuermas
Whyche neuer shall be, nor neuer was
By this tenne bones
She serued me ones.
A touche for the nones
I was sicke and laye in my bedde
She broughte me a kerchyfe to wrappe on my heade
And I praye God that I be deade
If that I lye any whytte

when she was aboute the kerchefe to knytte
Breake did one of the formes fete
that she dyd stande on
And downe fell she anone
And foorth withall
As she dyd fall
She gyrded oute a farte
That me made to starte
I thyncke hyr buttockes dyd smarte
Excepte it hadde be a mare in a carte
I haue not harde suche a blast
I cryed and byd hyr holde fast
with that she nothinge agast
said to me ý no woman in this lande
Coulde holde faste that whyche was not in hyr hande
Nawe syrs, in that hole pitche and fyre brande
Of that bagge so fustye
So stale and so mustye
So cankered and so rustye
So stinckynge and so dustye
God sende hyr as muche ioye
as my nose hathe alwaye
Of hyr vnsauerye spice
Yf that I be not wyse
and stoppe my nose quickelye
When she letteth goo merelye
But let all this go, I had almoste forget
The knaue that here perewhyles dyd iet
Before that Telemachus did come in
I wyll go seeche hym, I wyll not blynne
Untyll that I haue hym
Then so god saue hym

I wyll so beknaue hym
That I wyll make to raue hym
Wyth this swearde I wyll shaue hym
And strypes when I haue gaue hym
Better I wyll deprauе him
That you shall knowe for a slaue him
Then Miles cometh in sayinge

Miles.

Cwylte thou so in deede.
Hye the make good spede
I am at hande here prest
Put awaye tongue shakynge
and this folysche crakynge
Let vs trye for the best
Cowardes make speake apase
Strypes prouethe manne
Haue nowe at thy face
Keepe of if thou canne

And then he muste stryke at hym, and Therlytes muste runne awaye and leaue his clubbe & sworde behynde.

Whye thou lubber runnest thou awaye
and leauest thy swearde and thy clubbe thee behynde
Nowe thys is a sure carde, nowe I maye well saye
That a cowarde crakinge here I dyd fynde
Maysters ye maye see by this playe in sighte
That great barking dogges, do not most byte
And oft it is sene that the best men in the hoost
Be not suche, that vse to bragge moste
If ye wyll auoyde the daunger of confusion
Printe my wordes in harte and marke this conclusion
Suche gyftes of god that ye excelle in moste

Use them wyth sobernesse and youre selfe neuer bost
Seke the laude of God in all that ye doo
So shall vertue and honoure come you too
But if you geue youre myndes, to the sinne of pryde
Vanisshe shall your vertue, your honoure away wil slide
For pryde is hated of God aboue
And meekenesse sonest obtaineth his loue
To youre rulers and parentes, be you obediente
Neuer transgressinge their lawefull commaundemente
Be ye merye and ioyfull at bordes and at bedde
Imagin no traitourye againste youre prince and heade
Loue God and feare him and after him youre kinge
Whiche is as victorious as anye is lyuinge
Praye for his grace, with hartes that dothe not fayne
that longe he maye rule vs withoute greefe or paine
beseche ye also that God maye saue his quene
Louely Ladie Jane, & the prince that he hath send them
to augment their ioy and the comons felicitie (betwen
Fare ye wel swete audiēce, god graunt you al prosperite
Amen.

¶ Imprinted at London,
by John Tysdale and are to be solde
at hys shop in the vpper ende of
Lombard strete, in Alhallowes
churche yarde neare
vntoo grace
church.