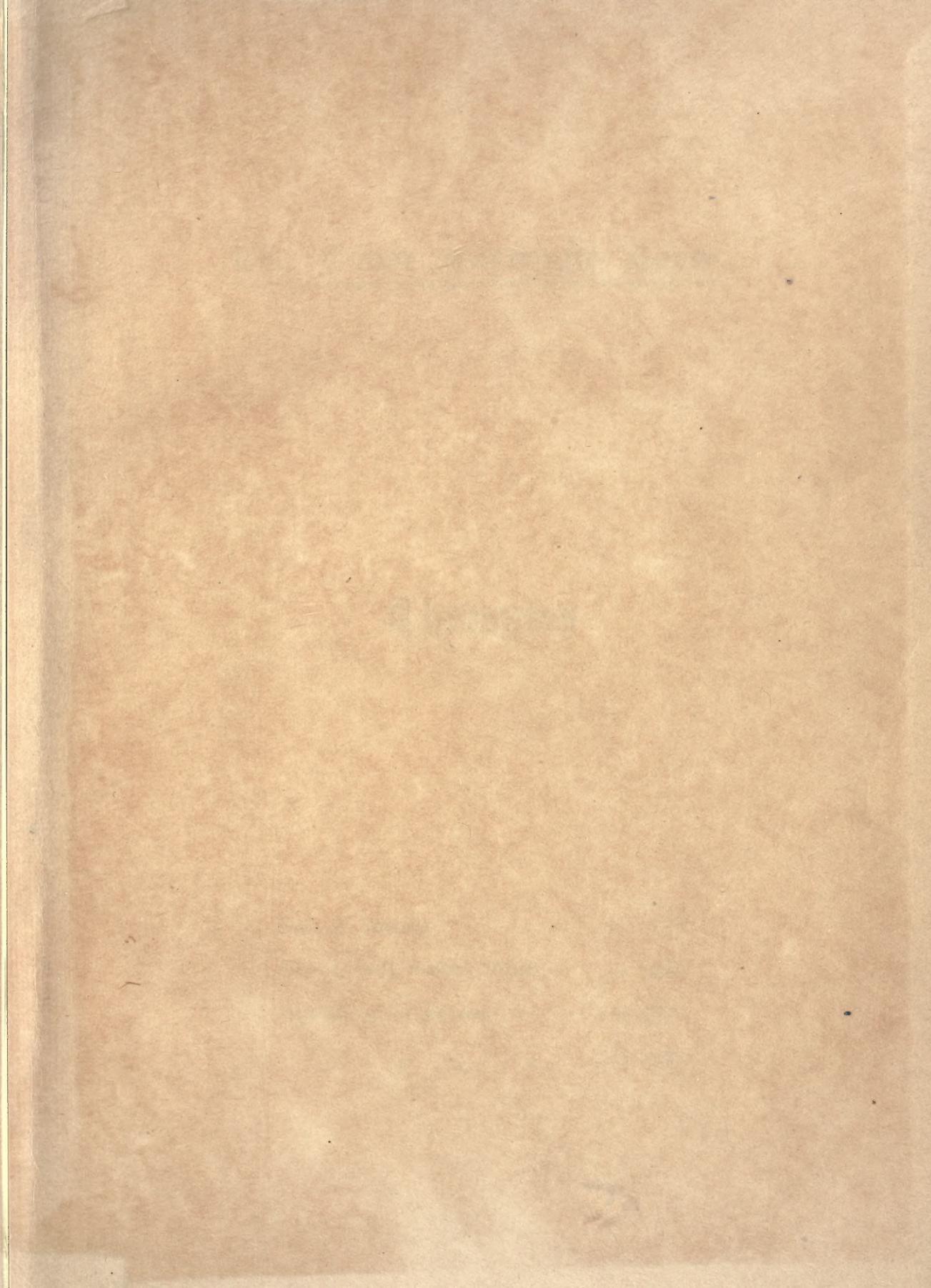
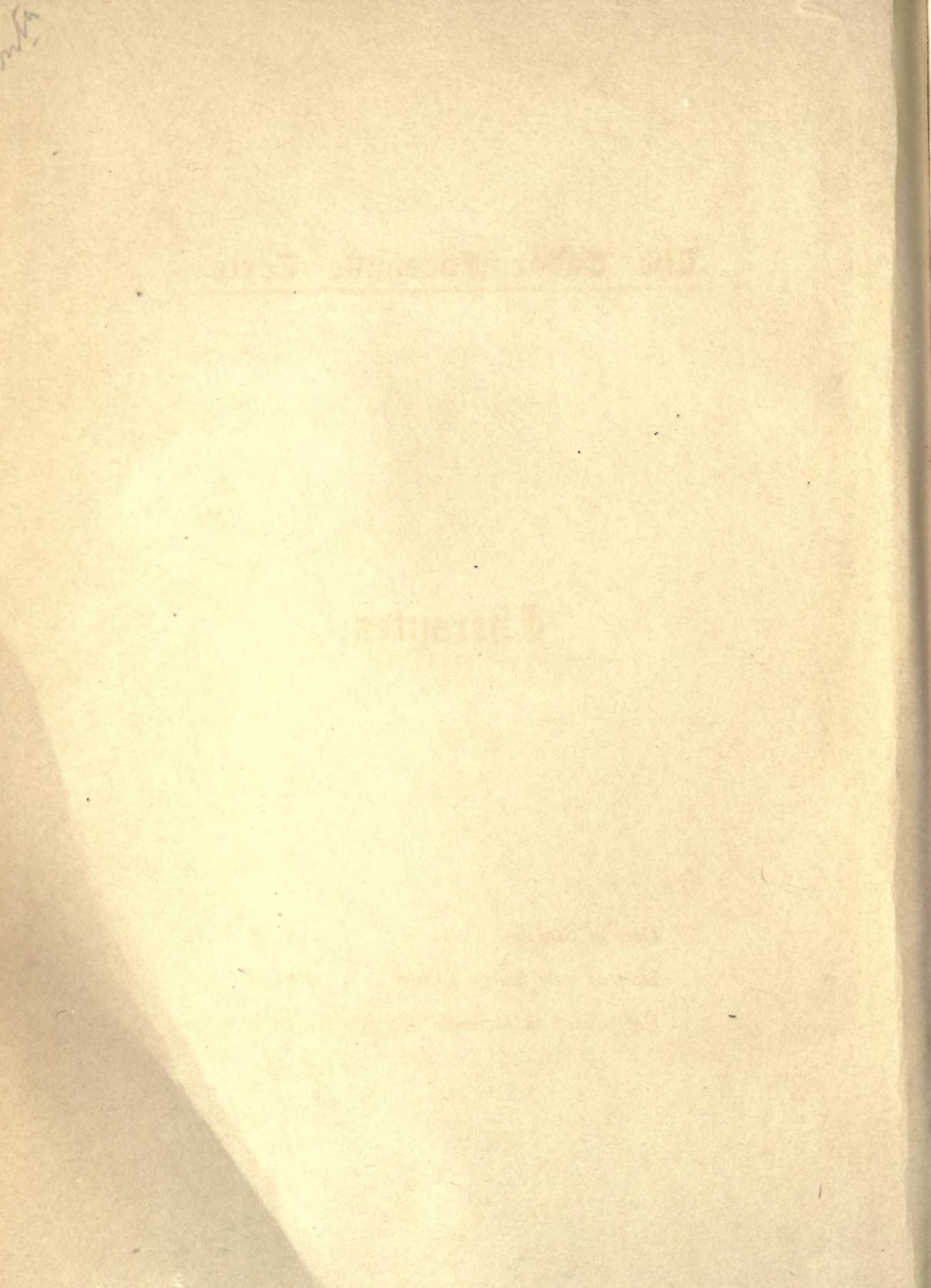




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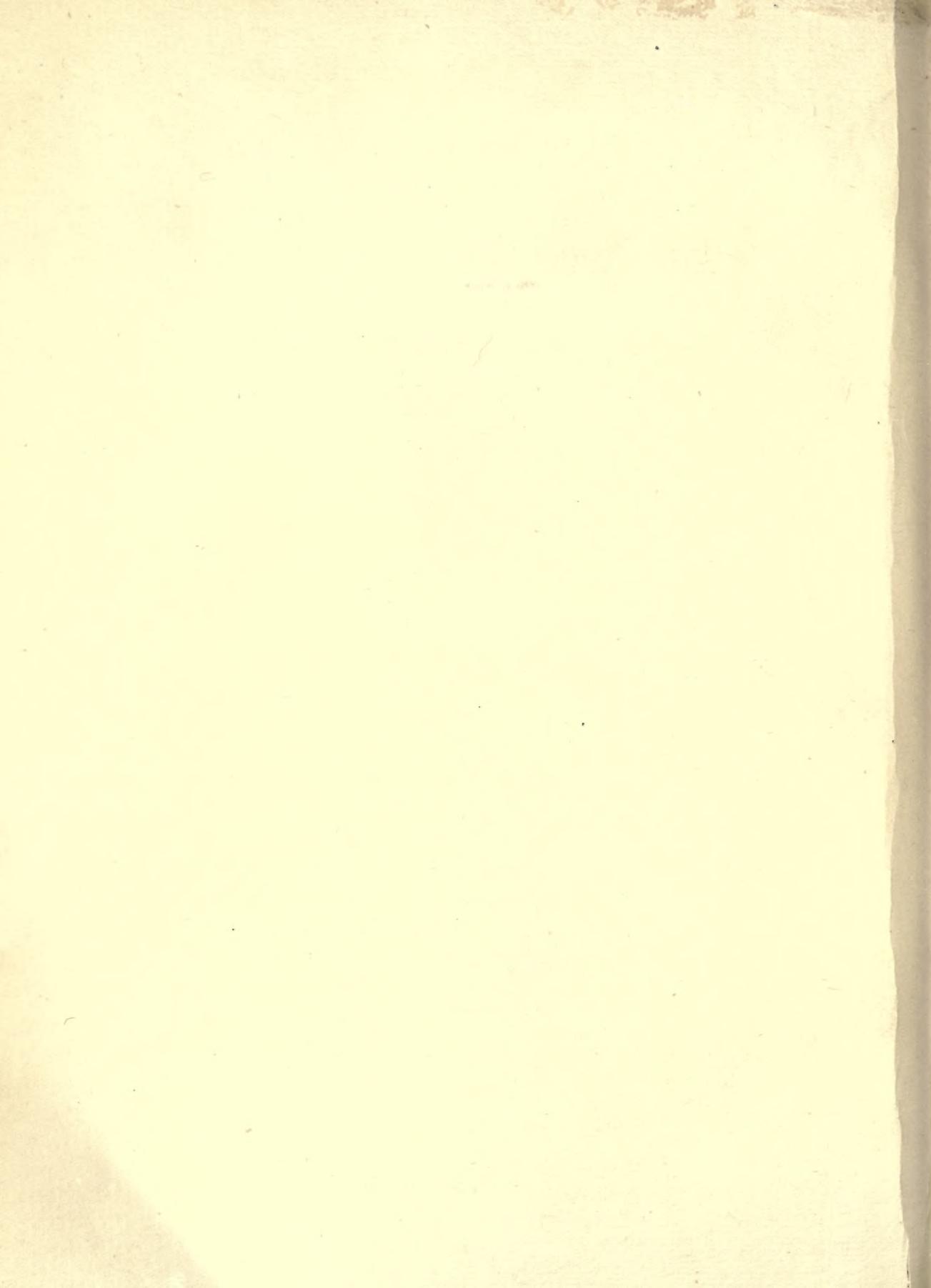




The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Thersytes

<i>Date of Staging</i>	<i>c. 1538</i>
<i>Date of only known edition . . .</i>	<i>c. 1550</i>
<i>Reproduced in facsimile . . . (1)</i>	<i>1876</i>
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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
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2411
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Thersytes

[c. 1550]

This play, as also "Jack Juggler," has been reproduced from a facsimile (B.M. Press-mark 11770, i 7), the only original copy known being in private hands, the present custodian of which refuses permission for reproduction.

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.

THE FRENCH

THE FRENCH



A new Enterlude called Thersytes

C Thys Enterlude folowyng
Dothe declare howe that the
greatest boesters are not
the greatest
doers.

C The names of the players

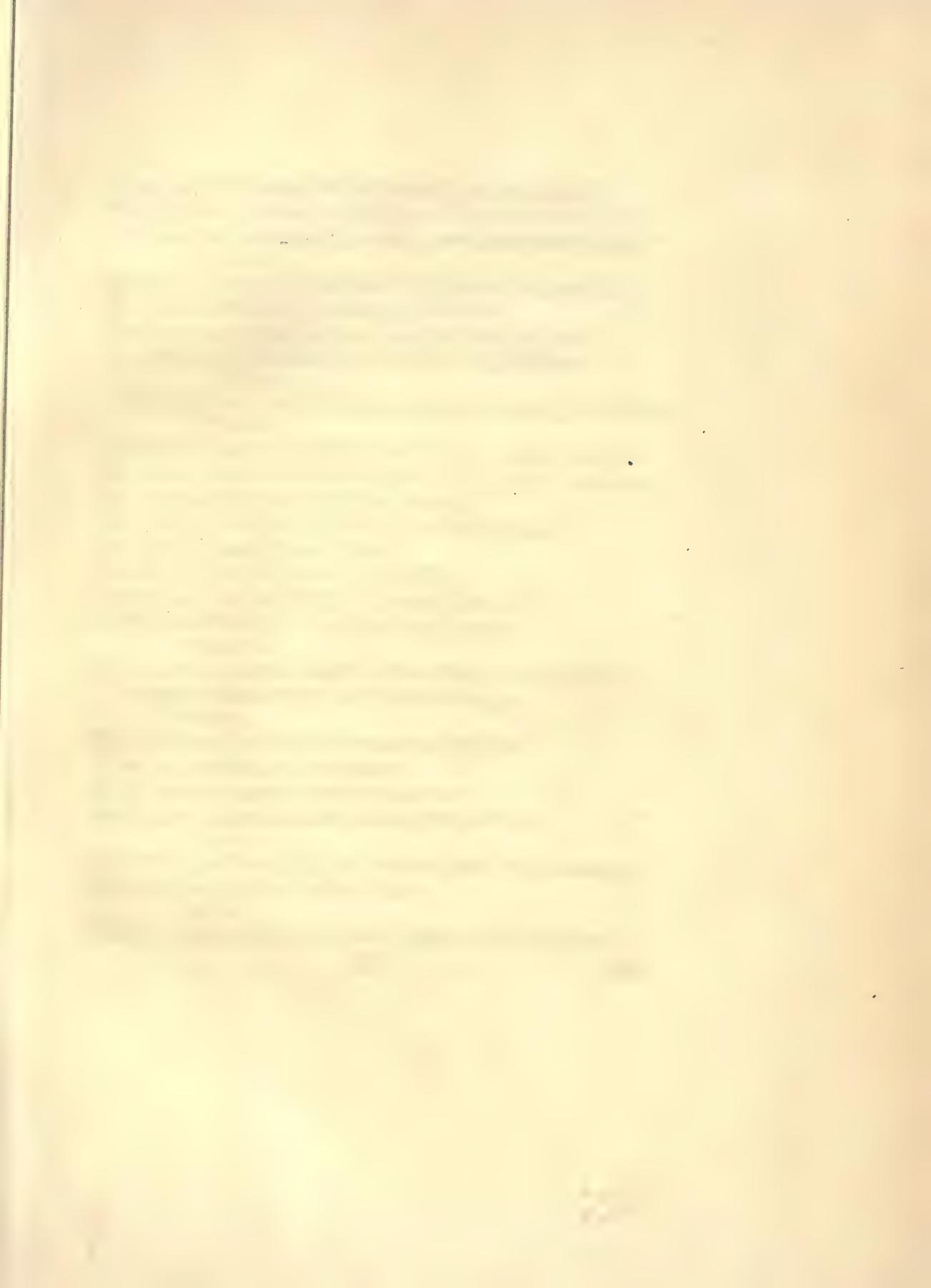
Thersites	A boster.
Mulciber	A smyth.
Mater	A mother.
Miles	A knyght.
Telemachus	A childe.



Thersites commeth in syrte hauinge a clubbe
vpon his necke

Hawe in a ruffler soorth of the greke lande
Called Thersites, if ye wyl me knowe
abacke, geue me rōume, in my way do ye not stand
for if ye do, I wyl loone laye you lowe
In Homerz of my actes ye haue red I trow
Neyther Agamēnon nor Ulysses, I spared to checke
They coulde not bringe me to be at theyz becke
Of late frome the lege 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 bytayles for the hoste
I must nedes get me newe, what so euer it cost
I wyl go seke aduentures, for I can not be ydle
I wyl 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 harnessell well
I shall make the dasters to renne in to a bagge
To hyde them fro me, as from the deuyll of hell
I doubee not but hereafter, of me ye shall heare tell
Howe I haue made the knaues for to play cowch quasle
But nowe to the shop of Mulciber, to go I wyl not faille
Mulciber must haue a shop made in the place and
Thersites comethe before it sayinge a loude
Mulciber, whom the Poetes both call the god of syer
Smith vnto Jupiter kinge ouer all
Come soorth, 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 yre 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 stelle, by thy craste, condatur nubi galea.

Pulciber.

What felowe Thersites, do ye speake latyn nobre?
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.

Thersites.

I say abyde good Pulciber, I praye make me a sallet

Pulciber.

Why Thersites 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 lauer venus
She hath sallettes ynoch for all vs
I eate none suche sallettes for nowe I ware olde
and for my stomacke they are verye coulde

Thersites.

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

Pulciber.

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

Thersites.

Goddes passion Pulciber where is thy wit & memory
I wolde haue a sallet made of stelle

Pulciber.

Whye syz, in youre stomacke longe you shall it fele

N.B.

for

For stelle is harde for to digest

Thersites.

Chang bones and sydes hee is worse then a beest

I wolde haue a sallet to were on my hed

Whiche vnder my chyn is a thonge red.

Buckled shall be

Doest thou yet parceyue me

Pulciber.

Cyour mynde now I se

Why thou peysche ladde

Arte thou almost madde

Or well in thy wytte

Gette the a wallete

Wolde thou haue a sallette

What woldest thou do with it

Thersites.

CI pray the good Pulciber make no mo bones

But let me haue a sallet made at ones,

Pulciber.

CI must do somewhat for this knaue

What maner of sallet syz woulde ye haue.

Thersites.

CI wold haue such a one that nother might noz mayne

Shoulde perse it thozowe, or parte it in twayne

Whiche nother gonstone, nor sharpe speare

Shoulde be able other to hurre or teare

I woulde haue it also for to sauе my heade

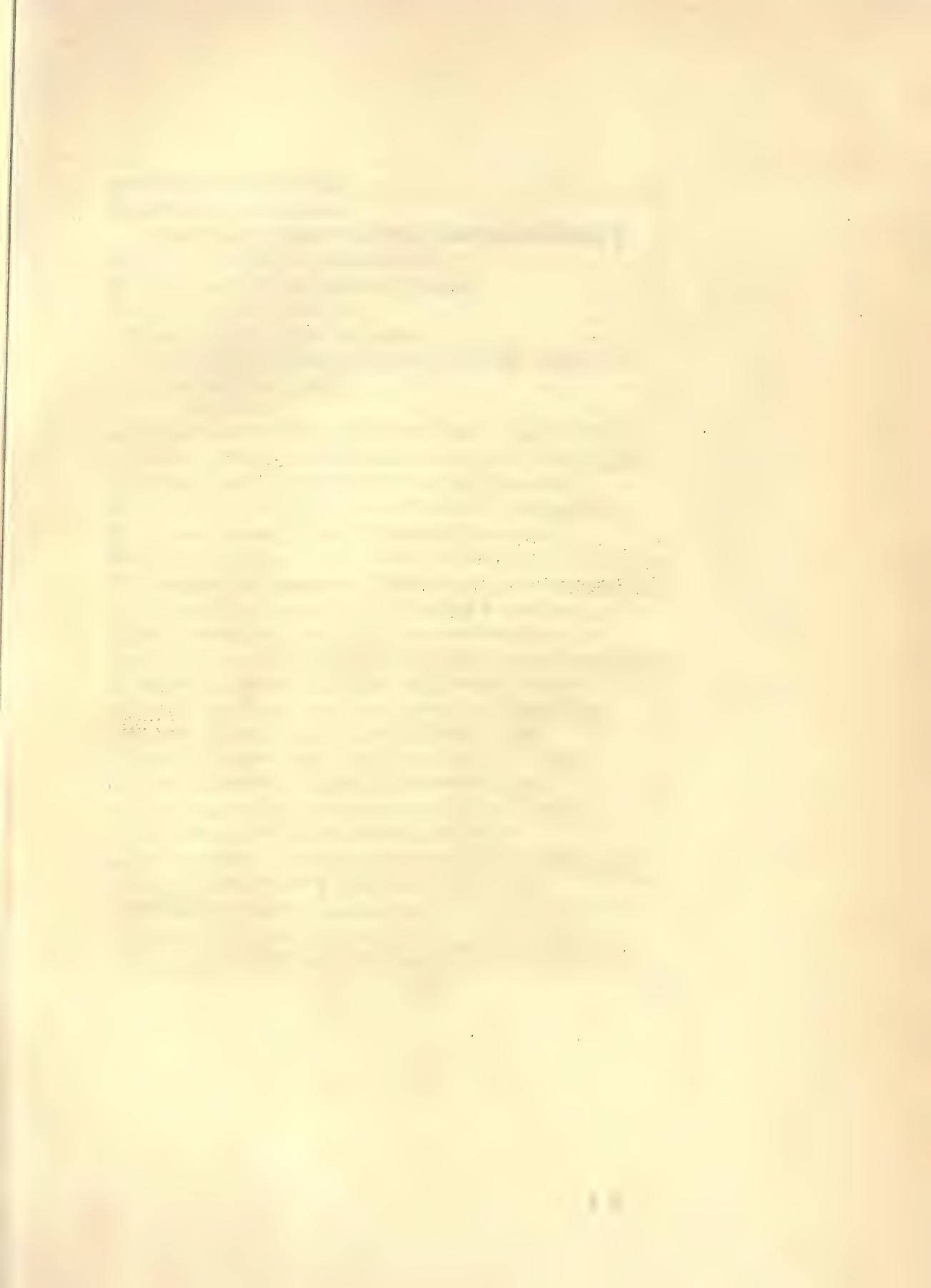
yl Jupiter him selfe woulde haue me dead

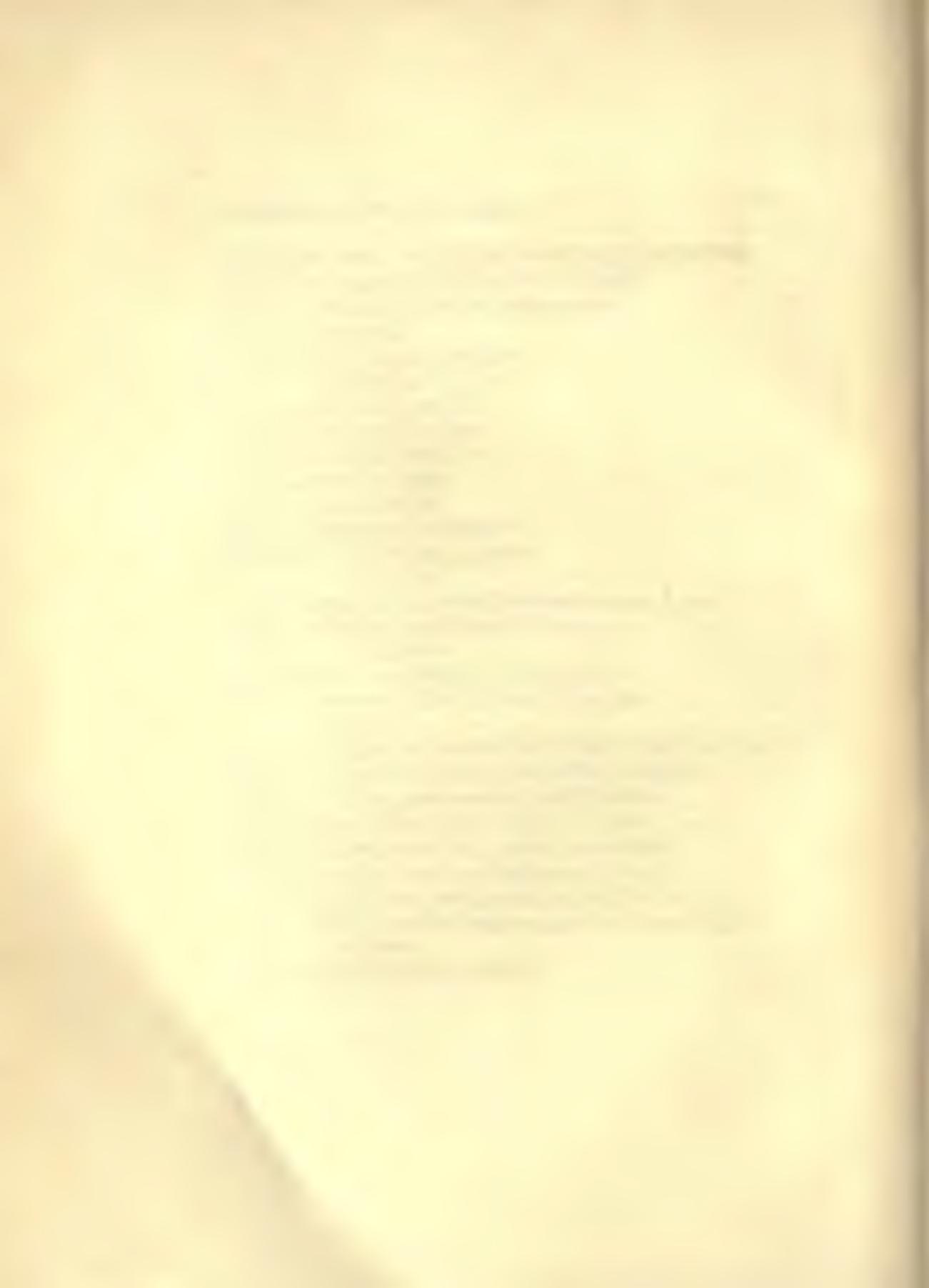
And if he in a fume, woulde cast at me his fire

This sallet I woulde haue to kepe me from his yre.

Pulciber.

CI perceave 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 woxke the care

Then Mulciber goeth into his shop, vntyll he
is called agayne.

Thersites.

Now woulde I not feare with anye bull to syghe
Or with a raumpinge lyon nother by daye nor nyghte
What greate strengthe is in my body so lusty
Whiche for lacke of exercis, 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 here so wylde
Compare him to me and he was but a chylde
Why Sampson I saye, hast thou no moze wytte
woldest þ be as strōg as I, come suck thy mothers tytte
Wene you that David that lyttle eluys he boye
Should with his slinge haue take my life awaye
Nay pwy's Golyath, for all his syue stones
I woulde haue quashed his little boyls he 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 I am determined greate batayle to make
Excepte my furnishes, by some meanes may assake.

Gulciber.

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 thowre 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 hurfe the, nor supprese thy myghte
Yf Bentis of Hampton, Colburne and Guy
Will the assayle, set not by them a syre
To be briefe, this habergyn shall the saue
Bothe by lande and water, nowe playc the lustye knaue
Then he goeth in to his shoppes againe

Thersties.

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 chystante
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, byngyng forth your horseys out of the stable (table
Lo with me to mets they be not ablye
By the masse they had rather were a bable
Where arte thou Gabwyn the curtesse and Cay the crabbed
Here be a couple of knightes cowardishe and scabbed
Appere in thy likenesse lyyz Libus discontynus
Yf thou wylt haue my clubbe lyghte on thy hedibus
Lo ye maye see he beareth not the face

With

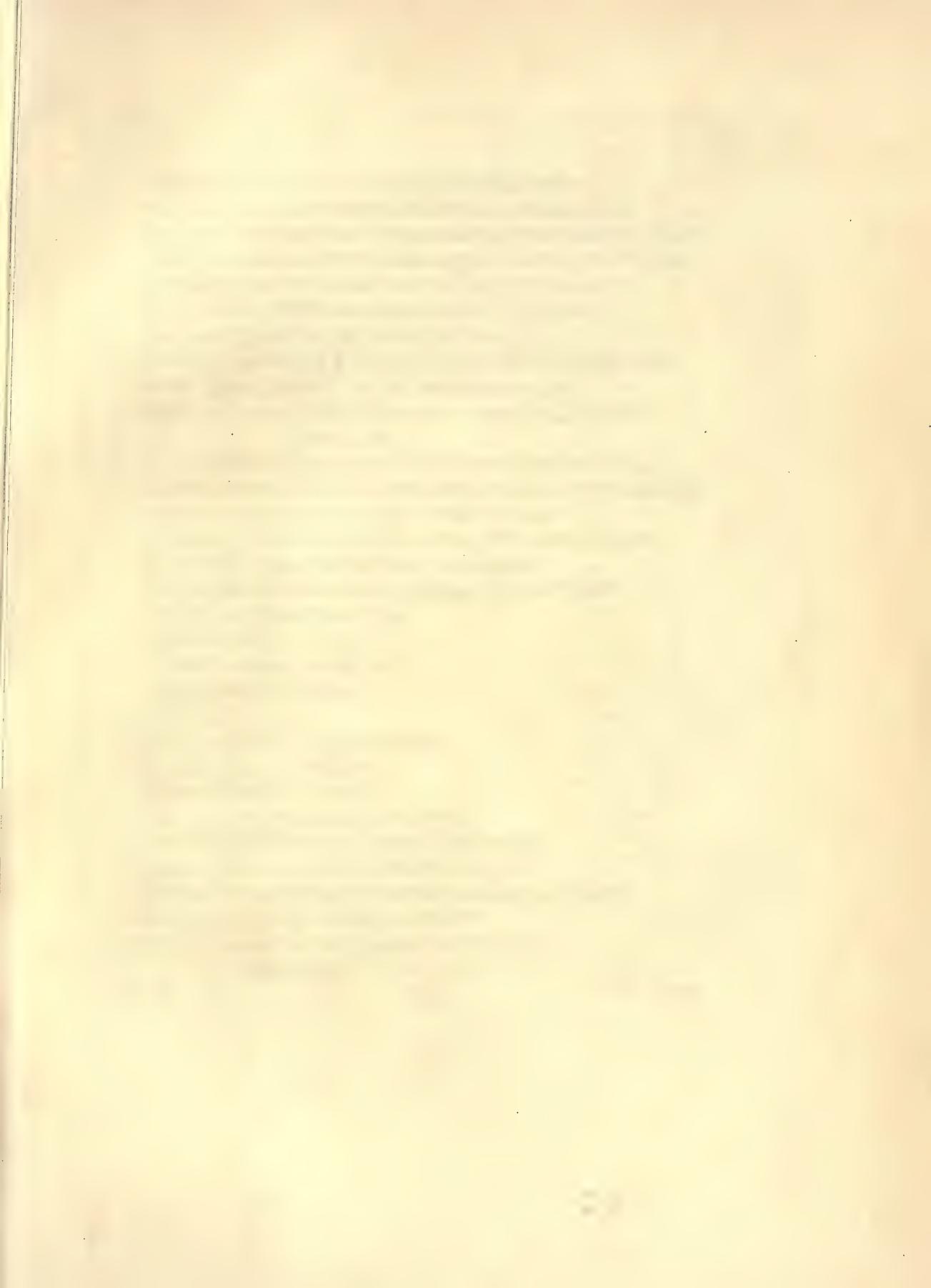


With me to frye a blosme in thy place
Howe syrray, approche syr Launcelot de lake
What renne ye awate and for feare quake
Nowe he that did the a knight make
Thought never that thou any battaile shouldest take
If y wylt not come thy self, some other of thy felowes send
To battaile I prouoke them, them selfe let them defende
I, for all the good that ever they le
They wyll not ones set haunde to fight with me
O good lord howe brode is my brest
And stronge with all for hole is my chest
He that shouldest medle with me shall haue shrewd rest
Beholde you my handes, my legges and my feete
Every 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
Dyelles with my clubbe, I make them to fall
Backe knaves 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 come wente to hide them in broken heys
I tell you at a woode
I set not a forde
By none of them al
Early and late I wyll walke
And London stretes stalke
Sypye 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 ouerthowe
But **H**ulciber, yet I must the desyre
To make me briggen yrons for myne armes
And then I will loue the as mine owne lyre
For withoute them, I can not be safe frome all harmes
Thole once had, I will not sette a strawe
by all the wozlde, for then I wyll by awe
Haue all my mynde, or elles by the holye roode
I wyl make them thinke, the deuyll carryeth them to the
yf no man wyll with me battayle take (wood
Byage to hell quickly I wyll make
And there I wyll bete the deuyll and his dame
And bringe the soules awaie, I fullye entende the same
After that in hell I haue ruffled so
Sreyghte 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 ymough this wayes
I wyll clymbe to heauen and fet awaye Peters kayes
I wyll kepe them my selke, and let in a great route
What shoulde suche a fysher kepe good felowes out
Hulciber.

Chaue 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
Mother Amazon noz verres with thcir hole rable
the to assayle shall fynde it profytale
I warrant the they wyll fle fro thy face
as doth an hare frome 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 gers
He woulde renne awaie and hyde hym for feare
He wold thinke that Typhoeus the graunt were aliue
And his brother Enceladus, agayn with him to striue
If that Mars of battell the god scoute 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 wrold through
And leke aduenturus thou arte man good ynough.

The tretis.

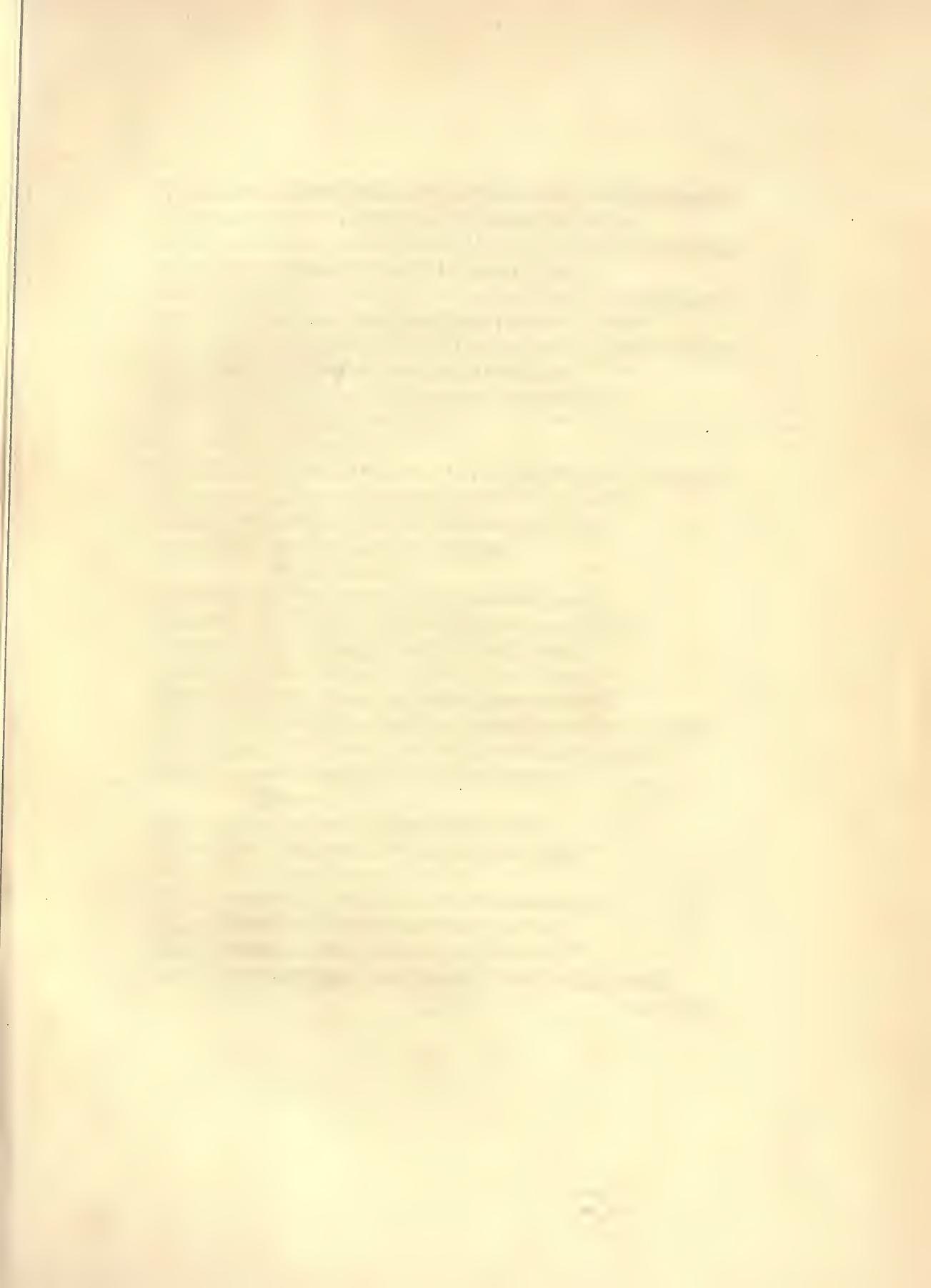
Mulciber, whyle the starres hal hyne in the sky
And Phaetons hores with the sonnes charret shall fly
Whyle the moynynge shall go before none
And cause the darkennesse to vanysche away soone
Whyle that the cat shall loue well mylke
And whyle that women shall loue to go in sylke
Whyle beggers haue lyce
And cockneys are nyce
Whyle pardoners can lye
Marchauntes can by
And chyldren crye
Whyle all these laste 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 wold cut stones
And pare a great oke down at once
That were a sworde lo, euen for the nones.

Mulciber.

W.i.

Trulye

Ctruely I haue suche a one in my shoppe
that wil pare yron as it were a rope
haue here it is, gyde it to thy syde
Now fare thou well, Jupiter be thy guyde
Therlites.
CGramercye Mulciber wth my hole harte
Gve me thy hande and let vs departe
Mulciber goeth in to hys shoppe againe,
and Therlites saith sooth
Nowe I go hence, and put my selfe in pplease
I wyll seeke aduentures, yea and that I wyll not cease
If there be any present here thys nyghte
that wyll take vpon them with me to fighthe
Let them come quickly, and the battayle shall be pyghte
Where is Cacus that knauer, not worthe a grote
that was wont to blowe cloudes oute of his throte
Whiche stale Hercules kine and hyd them in his caue
Come hether Cacus, thou lubber and false knauer
I wyll teache all wretches by the to beware
If thou come hether I trappe the in a snare
thou shalt haue knocked breaide and yll fare
how say you good godfater that loke so stale
ye see me a man to be borne in the vale
Dare ye aduenture wth 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 battalle with me dare appeare
What saie you hart of gold, of countenaunce so demure
Will you fighthe with me, no, I am righte sure
Iye blushe not woman, I wyll do you no harme
Exepte I had you soner to kepe my backe warme
Alas lyttle pump why are ye so soze afraide



I praye you shew how longe it is sence ye were a mayd
Tell me in myne eare, syss, she hathe me tolde
That gone was her mydenhead, at thustene yeaſe 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 counſel of maydens the hoole beuye
Quickly red your maydedhed, for they are vēgeaūce heup
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 you nowe pretende
Wyll ye committe to battayles daungerous
Your lyfe that is to me ſo p̄ecious.

Therſites.

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

Mater.

O my ſweete 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 wyldene beaſt

B.ii,

Truelye

Truely my sonne yf that ye take thyg way
Thys shall be the conclusion, marke what I shall say
Other I wyll drowne my selfe for sorowe
And sede fyshes with my body before to morowe
Or wytch a sharpe swerde, surely I wyll me kyll
Nowe thou mayst saueme, if it be thy wyll
I wyll also cut my pappes awaie
That gaue the sucke so manye a daye
And so in all the wrold it shall be knownen
That by my owne sonne I was ouerthowen
Therefore if my lyfe be to the pleasaunte
That whiche I desyre good sonne do me graunte

Thersites.

Mother thou spendest thy winde but in wast
The goddes of battayle hyz fury on me hath cast
I am fullye fyred battayle for to taste
O how many to deth I shall dyue in hast
I wyll ruffle this clubbe aboute my hedde
Or els I pray god I neuer dye in my bedde
There shall never a stroke be stroken with my hande
But they shall thynke y Jupiter doth thonder in e land

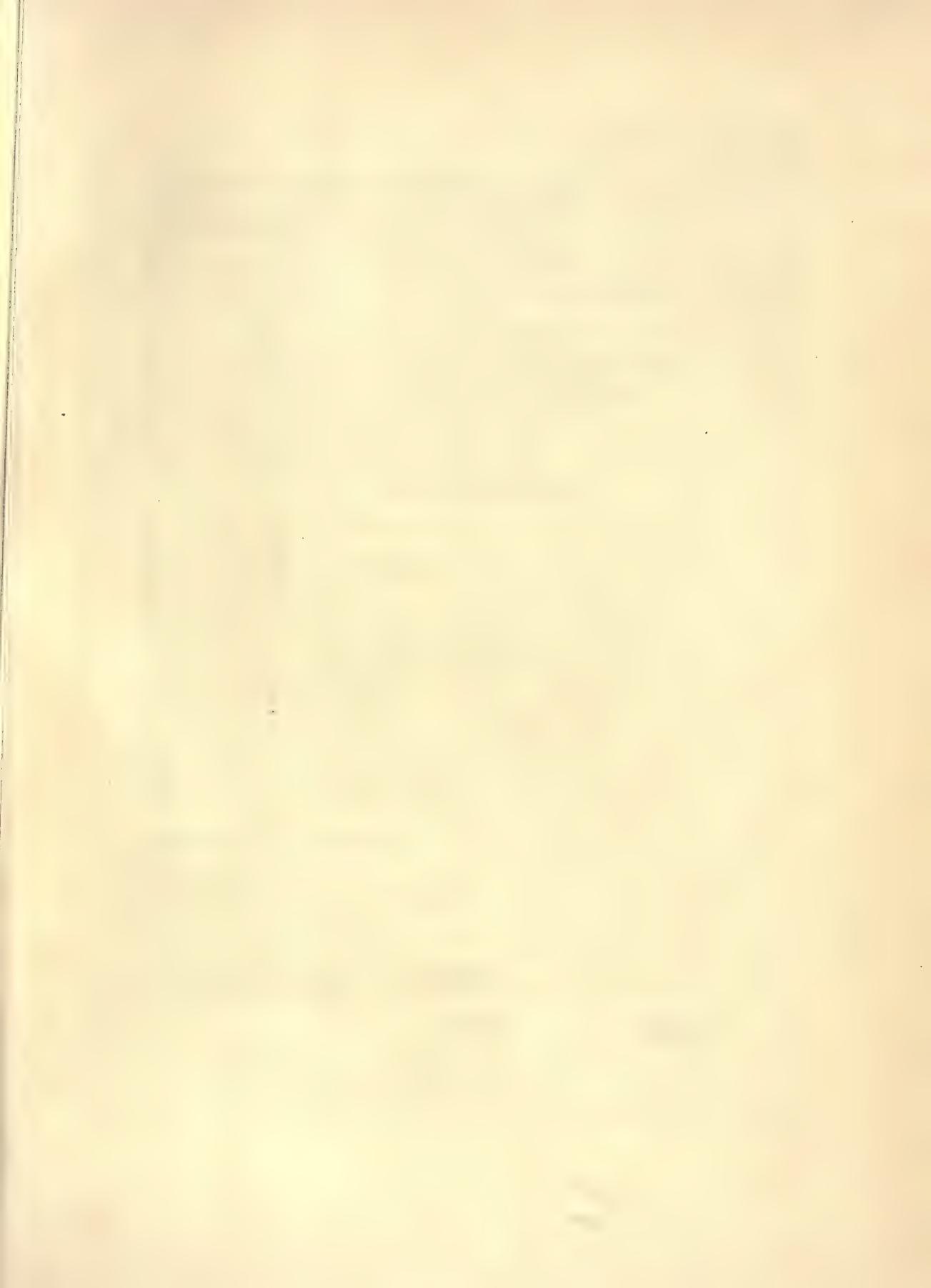
Mater.

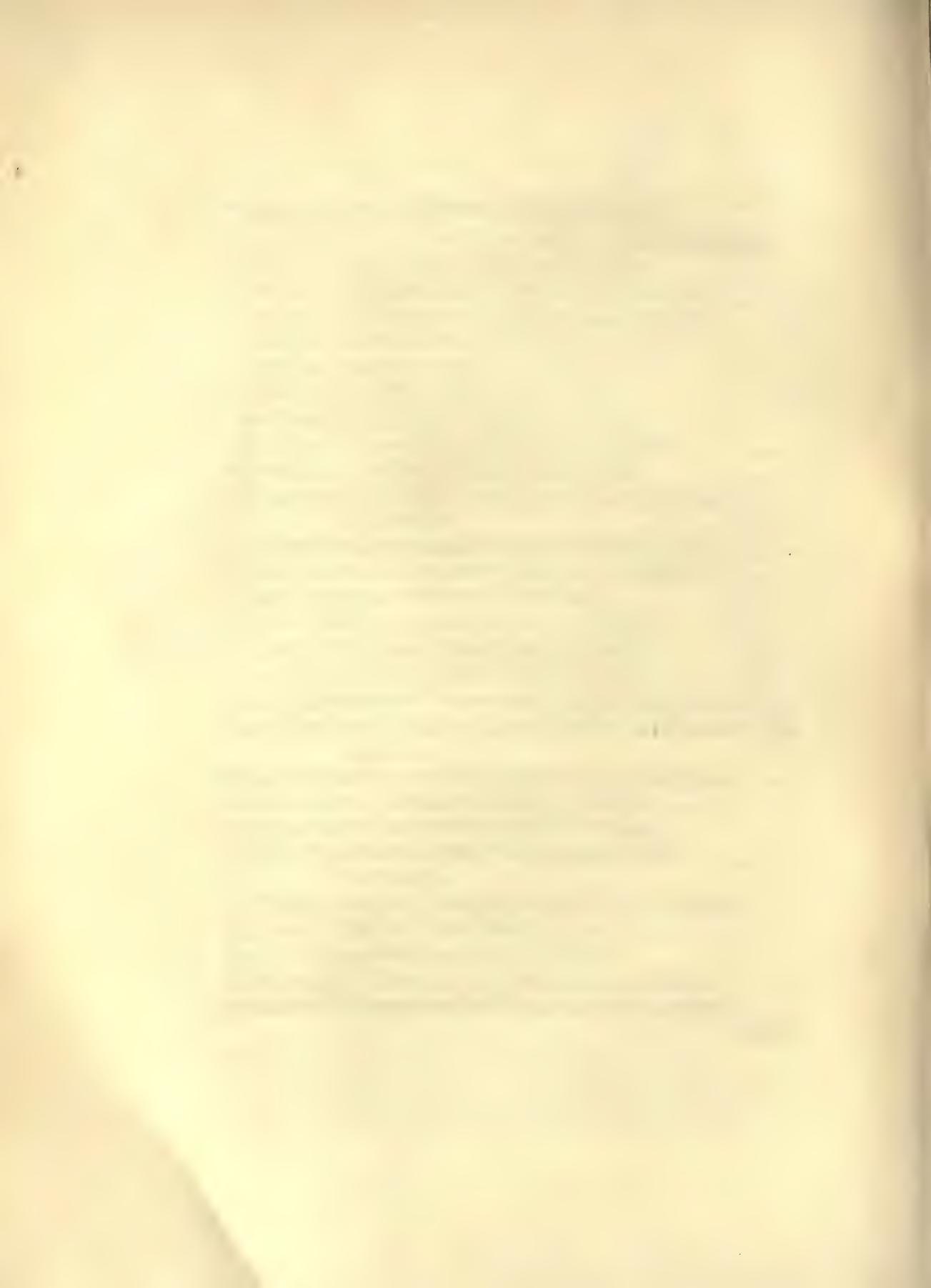
My owne sweete sonne I knelynge on my knee
And bothe my handes holdinge vp to the
Desyre the to ceasse and no battayle make
Call to the pacience and better wayes take

Thersites.

Tulliche 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 haine spente
I wyll haue battayle in wayles or in kente
and some of the kuaues I wyll all to rent
where is the valiaunt knyghte syz Isenbrase?
Appere syz I praye you, dare ye not shewe your face
where is Robin John and little hode
approche hyther quickly if ye thinke it good
I wyll teache suche outlawes wþt Chysses 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 Busyng, that fed bys boyles
full lyke a tyraunte, with dead mens coyses
Come any of you bothe
And I make an othe
That yet I eate anye breaðe
I wyll drȝue a wayne
ye for neede twayne
Betwene your bodye and your heade
Thus passeth my braynes
wyll none take the paynes
To trye wþt me a blowe.
O what a fellowe am I
Whome euer ye man dothe slye
That dothe me but once knowe
Mater.

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

that profereth you a blosme
Man wōman nor chylde
Do not set your mynde
To syghte with the wynde
be not so madde nor wylde

Chersites.

I saye arysle who so euer wyll fighte
I am to battayle here readye dyghte
Come hyther other swayne or knyghre
Let me see who dare presente hym to my syghte
Here with my clubbe readye I stande
Yf anye wyll come to take them in hand

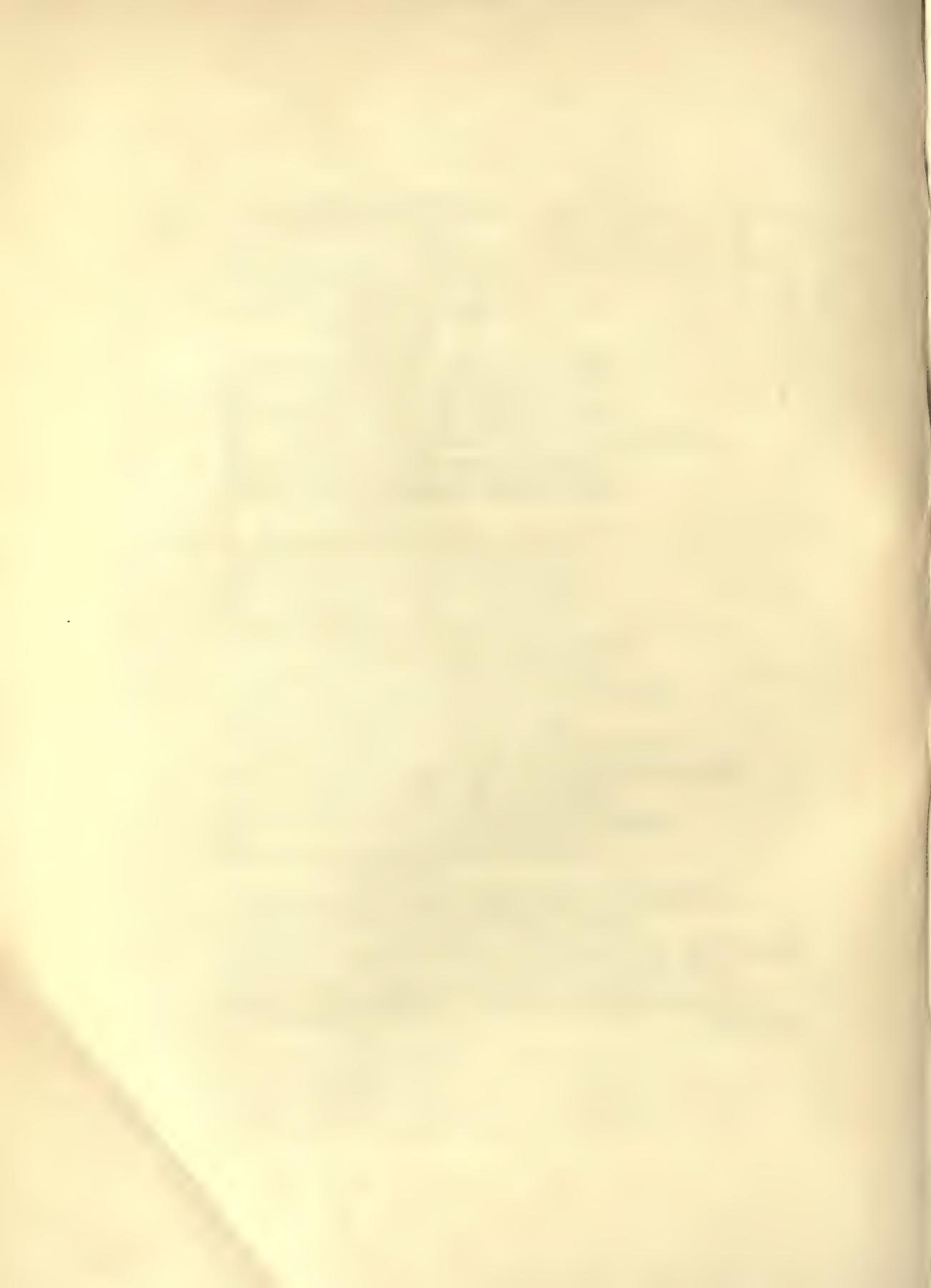
Mater.

There is no hope left in my brest
To bring my sonne unto better rest
He wyll do nothluge at my request
He regardeth me no more thē a best
I see no remedye, but syll I wyll praye
To god, my sonne to gyde in his waye
That he maye haue a prosperous tournyng
And to bee sauē at his returnyng
Sonne, god aboue graunte thys my oration
That when in battaille thou shalt haue concertacion
With your ennemis, other fare or uere
No wounde in them nor in you may appere
So that ye uoher kyll nor be kyllid

Chersites

Moother thy petition I praye god be fulylded
For then no knaues bloude shall be spilled
Felawes 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
thyngke





thincke you that I wyll fight, no no but wyth the can
Excepte I finde my enemye on thy s wyle
that he be a clepe or els can not aryse
Yf his armes and his fete be not fast bounde
I wyll not profer a stripe for a thousandde pound
Fare well mother and tarrye here no longer
For after proues of chivalry I do both thyste & honger
I wyll beate thz kuaues as flatte as a conger

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

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

Here a snaile muse appere vnto him, and hee muste
loke fearefully vpon the snaille laienge
But what a monster do I see nowe
Comminge hetherwarde with an armed bywbe
what is it, ah it is a sowe
No by gods body it is but a gressle
And on the backe it hath never a byngle
It is not a cow, ah there I sayle
For then it shold haue a long tayle.
What the deuyll I was blynde, it is but a snayle
I was never so astayde in east nor in south
My harte at the fyre syght was at my mouth
Mary ly, 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 drynche worse than good ale in y cornes
Haste thou no thyng elles to doo
But come wyth hornges and face me so
Howe, howe 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 worthy knyghte
that wyth a snayle dareth not fight
Excepte 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 oꝝ I go to debate some of his malycs
I wyll carrye my tyme tell I do see
Betwixt hym and the snayle what the ende wyll be
Tchersites.

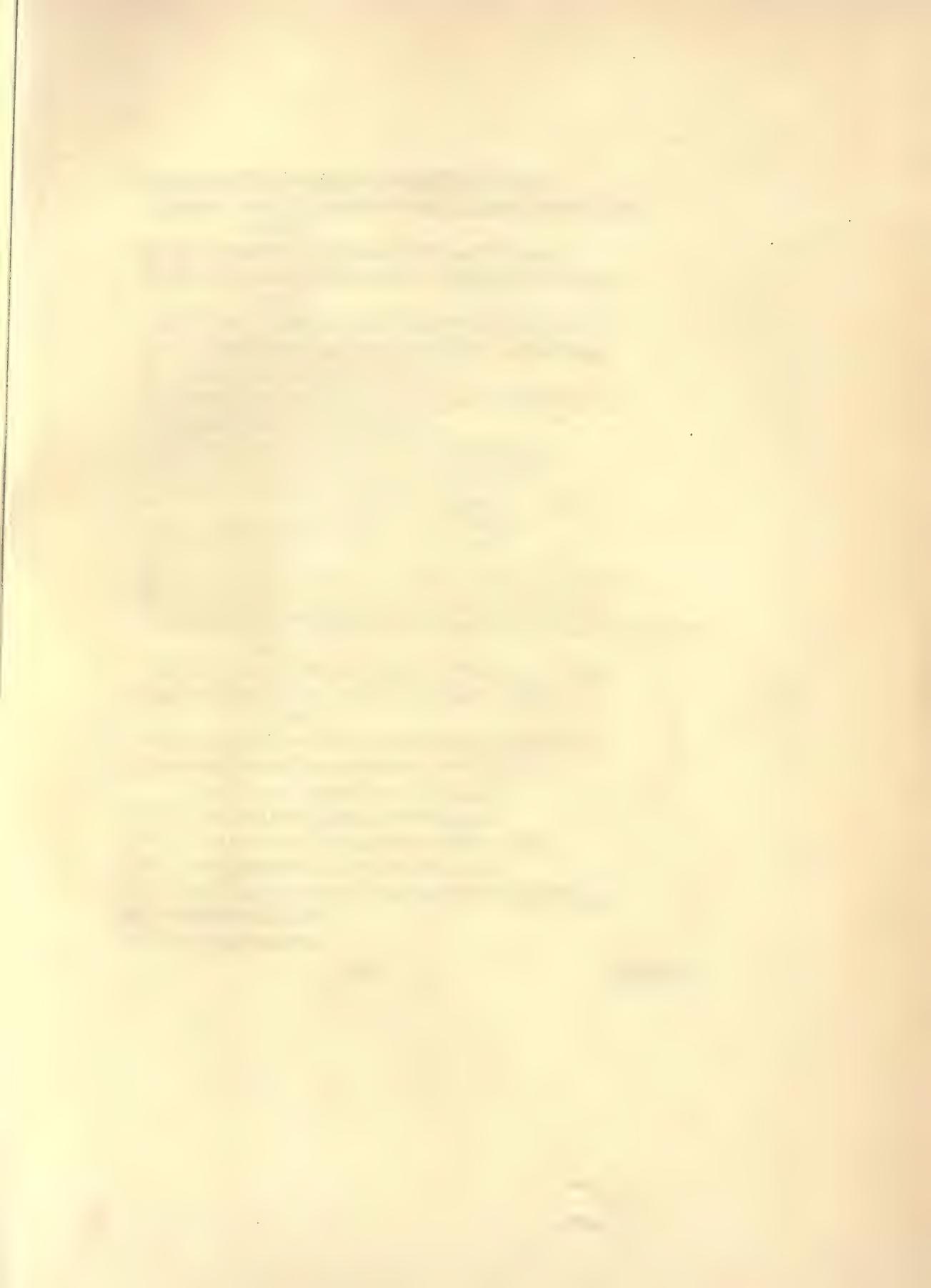
Whye ye horeson knauys, regard ye not my callinge
whye do ye not come and wyth you weapons bryng
why shall this monster so escape kyllinge
No that he shal not and god be wyllinge

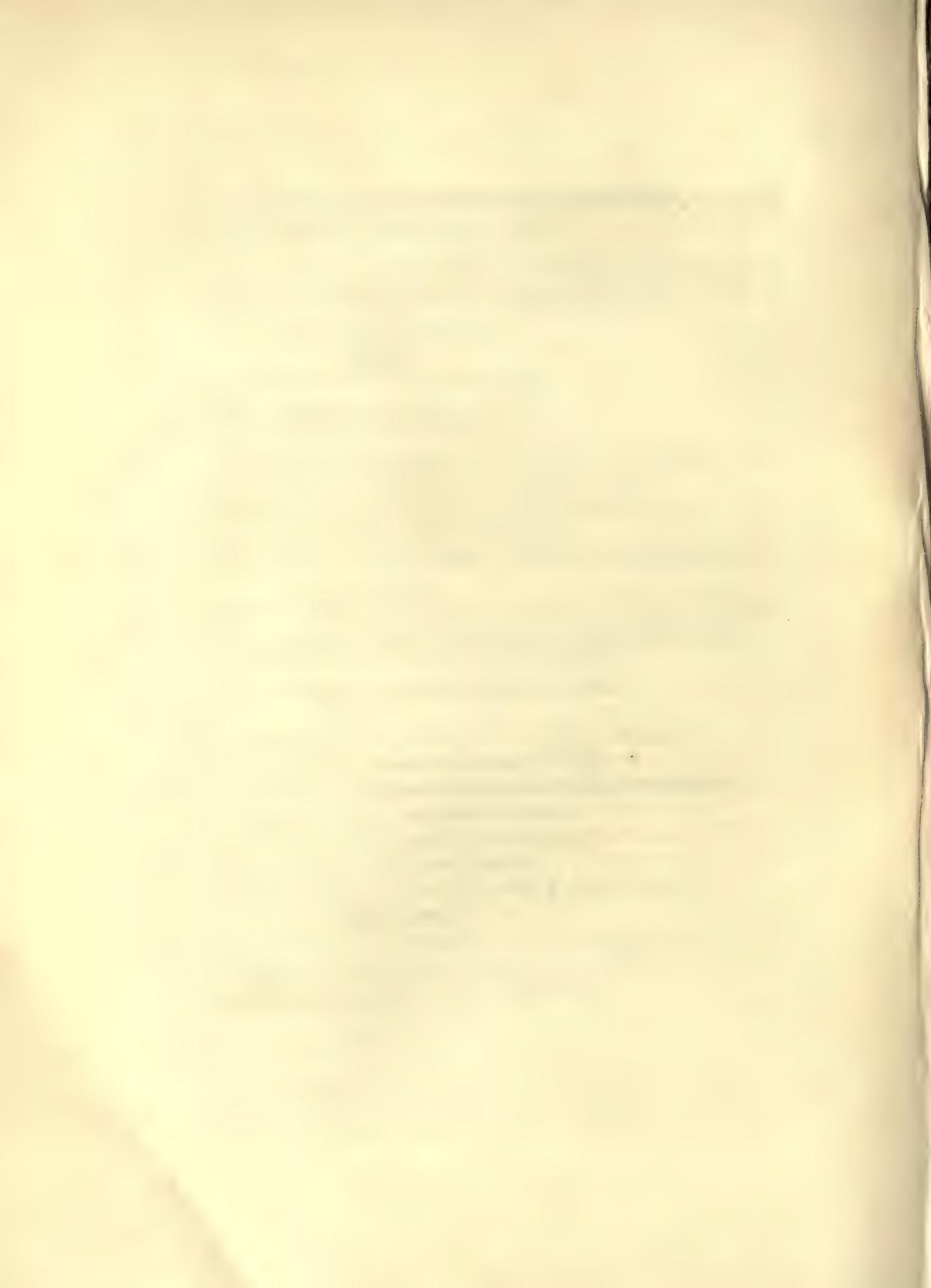
Miles.

I promysc you, thys is as worthy a knyghte
as euer shal brede oute of a bottell byte
I thinke he be Dares of whom Virgill doth write
That woulde not let entellus alone
But euer prouoked and euer called on
But yet at the last he tooke a fall
And so within a whyle, I trowe I make the shal
Tchersites.

By Gods passion knaues, if I come I wyll you fetter
Regarde ye my callinge and crynge no better
why horesons I saye, wyll ye not come

By





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

Hiles.

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

Sherlites.

Well seinge my seruauntes come to me will not
I must take heede that this monster me spyll not
I wyll ioparde with it a ioynte
And other with my clubbe or my swardes 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 teste
Why: wylte not thou thy hornes in holde
Thinkest thou that I am a cocklode
Goddes armes the monster cometh towarde me byll
Exepte I fyght manfully, it wyll me surely kyll
Then he must syghte against the snayle with his club

Hiles.

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

Sherlites.

Well with my clubbe I haue had good lucke
Nowe with my sworde haue at the a plucke
And he must cast his club awaie.
I wyll make the or I go, for to ducke
And thou were as tale a man as friser tucks
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

C.l.

Dared

Pared with my swerde

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

Ah well, nowe no more

Thou mightest haue done so before

I layed at it so loze

That it thoughte it shoulde haue be loze

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 fume is paste

And dorthe no longer laste

That I did to the monster cast

Now in other countreis both farre and neare

Mo 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 bragginge chere

Thersites.

Nowe wher eis any mo that wyll me assayle

I wyll turne him and tosse him bothe toppe and tayle

ys he be stronger then Sampson was

Who with his bare handes kylde lyons apag

Miles.

What nedeth this booke? 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 assayle the a towche tyll some bloude apeare

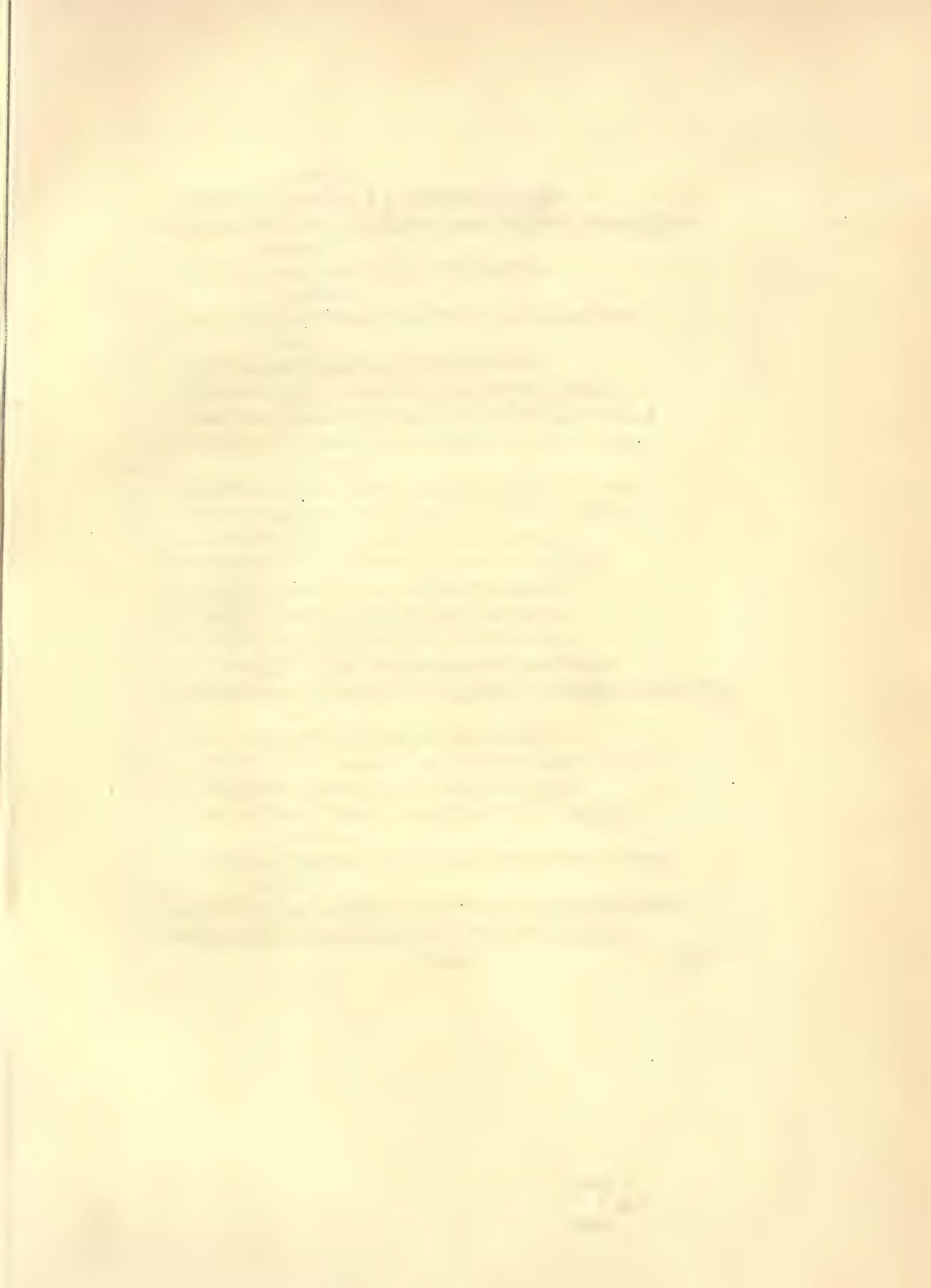
I wyll geue the somewhat for the gifte of a newe yeare

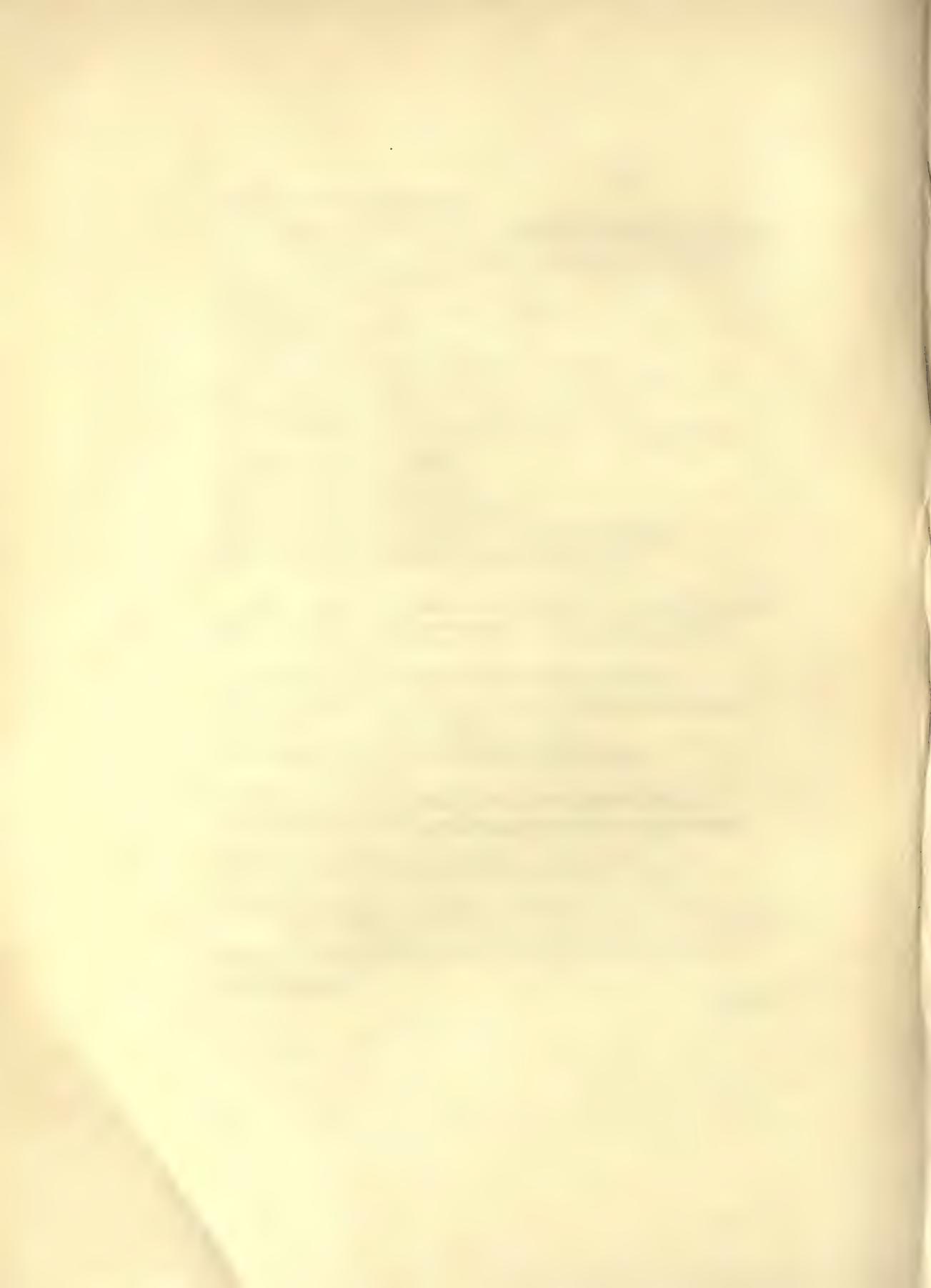
And he begynth to fight with him, but Thersites

must ren awaye, and hyde hym behynde hys mothers

backe sayinge.

Thersi





Therlites.

O mother mother I praye the me hyde
Thowe some thinge ouer me and couer me every syde
Water.

O my sonne what thyngē eldyth thee
Therlites

Mother a thousande horsemen do persecute me
Water.

Marye sonne then it was time to flye
I blaine the not then, thoughe afraide thou be
A deadlye wounde thou myghtest there sone catche
One against so manye, is no indyfferente matche

Therlites.

No mother but if they had bene but ten to one
I woulde not haue auoyded but set them vppon
But leinge 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 never so bolde and stoute
To fyghte againste so manye, I shoulde stande in doubte

Miles.

Thou that doest leke giantes to conquer
Come forth if thou dare, and in this place appere
By for shame doest thou so lone take flichte
Come forth and hewe somewhat of thy myghte

Therlites.

Hyde me mother, hyde me, and never worde saye

Miles.

Thou olde trotte, seyst thou any man come thys waze
Well ar med and weaponed and readye to fighte

Pater.

C^o No foys to the Halster, there came none in my light
Miles.

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

Then he goeth oute, and the mother saith

Pater.

C^o Come foorth my sonne, youre enemy is gone
Be not afayed for hurte thou canst haue none

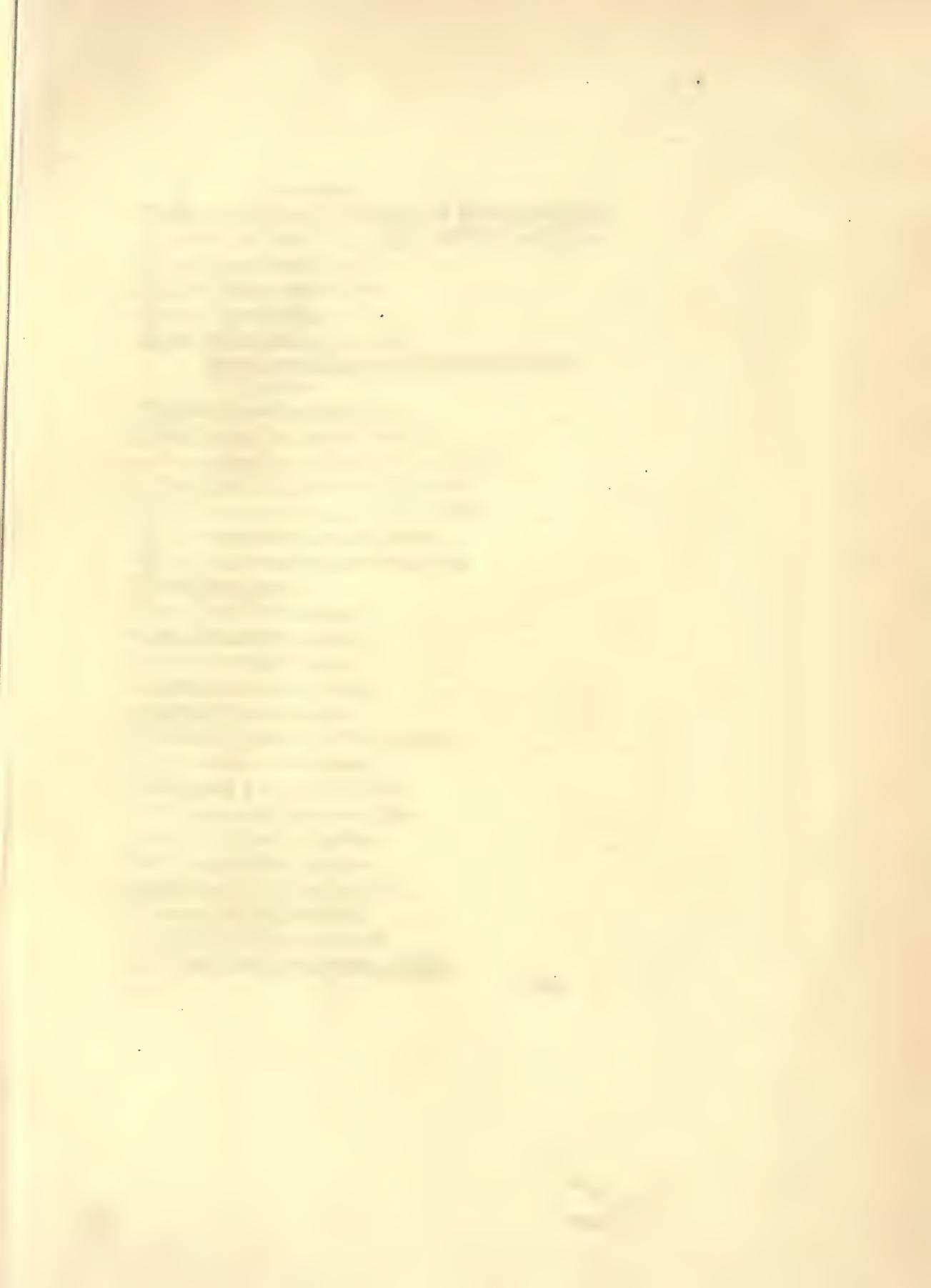
Then he lokeþ aboute if he be gone or not, at the last
he sayth.

Thersites.

C^o Wyys thou diddest 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 maystres with me a plucke
whiche fere nother glauntes 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 fayne
Come againe and I sweare by my mothers wombe
I wyll pull the in peeces no more then my chombe
and thy braines abzode, I wyll so scatter
That all knaues shall feare, against me to clatter

Then cometh in Telemachus bringinge a letter
from his father Ulysse, and Thersites saith.
what. little Telemachus
what makest thou here amonge vs?

Teles



Telemachus.

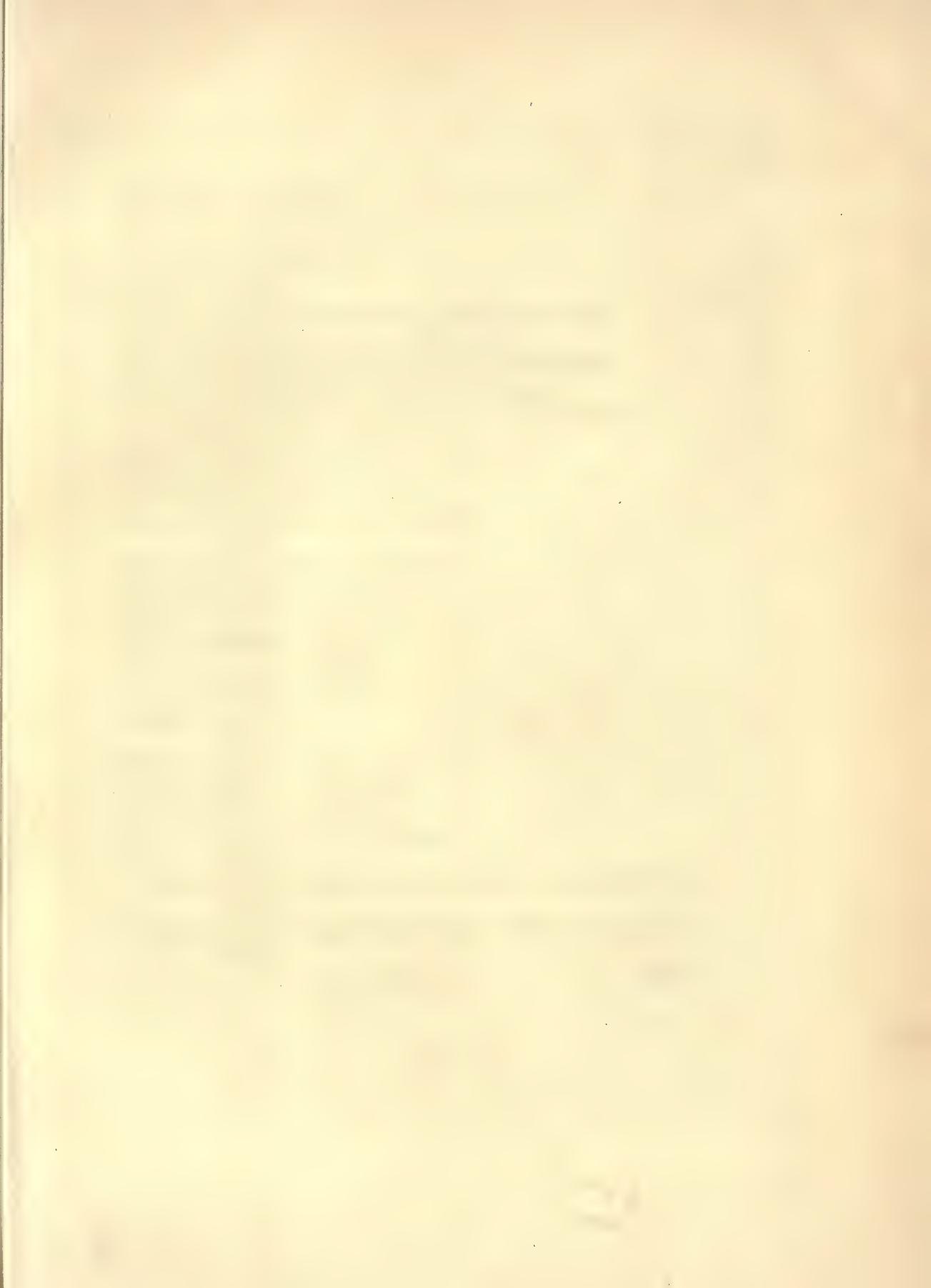
Cry my father Ulysses doth hym commende
To you most hartely, a here he hath you sends
Of hyg mynde a letter
whiche shewe you better
Euer thyng shall
Then I can make rehersall
Here he must delyuer hym the letter
Thersites.

Co frendes ye maye see
what great men wryte to mee
Here he must redde the letter.
As entyrelly as harte can thyncke
Dy scryuer can wryte woth yucke
I lende you louynge gretyng
Therlytes myne owne swetyng
I am very sorwe
when I cast in memory
The great blyndnes
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 mynyshe your fame
In that I was to blame
But well al this is gone
And remedy there is none
But onely repentaunce
Of all my olde greuaunce
With whiche I dyd you moleste

And

And gaue you sorwe reast
The cause was thereof truelye
Nothinge but verye enuye
Wherfore nowe gentylle esquier
Forzeue me I you desyre
And helpe I you beseche
Telemachus to a leche
That hym maye wyllye charme
From the wormes that do hym harme
In that ye maye do me pleasure
For he is my chyfe treasur
I haue hearde menne 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 dynncke wyne and eate a peece of sowle
And we wyl haue minstrelsy
that shall pype hankyn bohy
My wyfe penelobe
Both grete you well by me
Wrytinge at my house on Candelmasse daye
Mydsumer moneth, the calenders of maye
By me willed beyng verye gladde
That the victorye of late of the monster ye hadde
Ah syr raye quod he: how saye you stendes all
Ulisses is glad for my fauoure to call
Well, thoughe we ofte haue swertued
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 cherininge
I doubt not, but by that tyme that she hathe done
Thou shalte be the better seuen yeares agone

Then Thersites goeth to his mother sayinge
Mother Christe thee sauе and see
Ulysses hathe lende his sonne to thee
That thou shouldest hym charme
From the wormes that hym harme
Mater.

Sonne ye be wise kepe ye warine
why shoulde I for Ulysses doo
That never was kynde vs to
He was readye in warre
Euer the sonne to marre
Then had bene all my ioye
Exiled cleane awaye

Tbersites.

Wel mother all that is past
Wroth maye not alwaye laste
And seinge we be mortall all
Let not our wroth be immortall
Mater

Charme that charme wyl, he shal not be charmed of me
Tbersites.
Charme or by the masse with my club I wil charme the
Mater,

C.iii.

wh^r

Cwhy sonne arte thou so wicked to beate thy mother
Thersites.

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

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

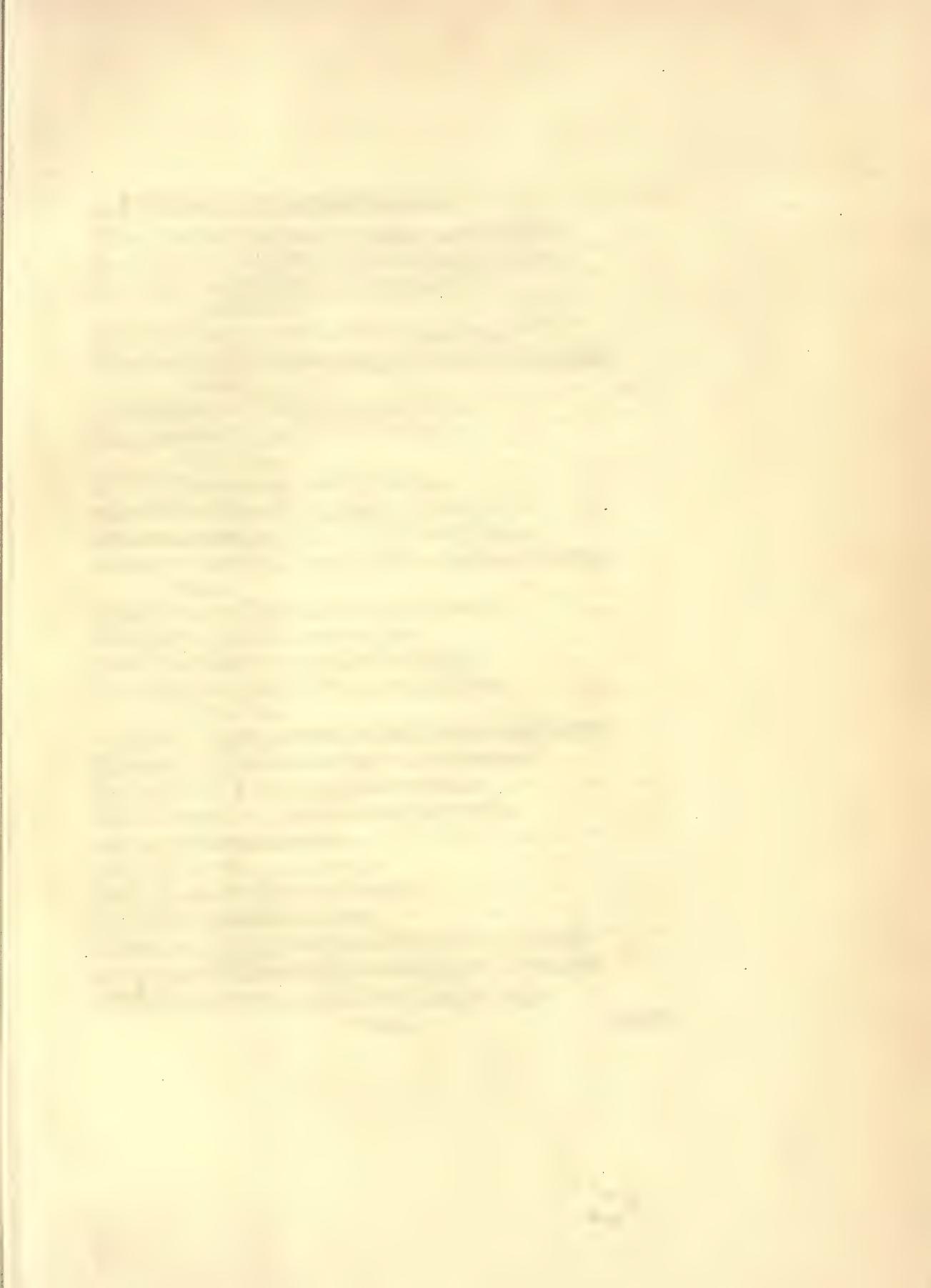
CCurlest thou olde hore, blesse me againe
Or I wyll blesse the, that shall be to thy Payne
Then he must take hyz by the armes, and she crieth
Mater. oute as foloweth.

CHe wyll kyll me
He wyll spyll me
He wyll brose me
He wyll lose me
He wyll pricke me
He wyll lycke me
Thersites.

Che deuyll stycke the olde wytherde wotch
For I wyll sticke nother the, nor none such,
But come of geue me thy blesinge again
I saye let me haue it, or elles certayne
With my clubbe I wyll laye the on the brayne
Mater.

Mell seinge thou threatenest to me affliction
Spite of my harre haue nowe my benediction
Nowe chyldes sweete blesinge and mine
Lighte aboue and beneath the bodye of thyne

End





And I beseche with all my devotion
That thou mayste come to Amang promotion
þe that for geue Mary Mawdalene hyz synne
Make the hyghest of all thy kynne

Tberlites.

C In this woydes is double intellimente
Wouldest thou haue me hanged mother veramente
Mater.

C No sonne no, but too haue you hye
In promocion , is my mynde verelye
Tberlites.

C 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 ynough all readye
Mater.

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

Tberlites.

C Mother by hys sonne he hathe sende me a letter
Promysyng 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 synging tytle on the berye
With Simkyn sydnam somner
that kyld a catte at comner
There the tryfinge tabbozer trowbler of tunys
Wyll pyke Peter pybaker a penyworth of prunes
þy choll neuer good a nette and a nightcappe

D. i.

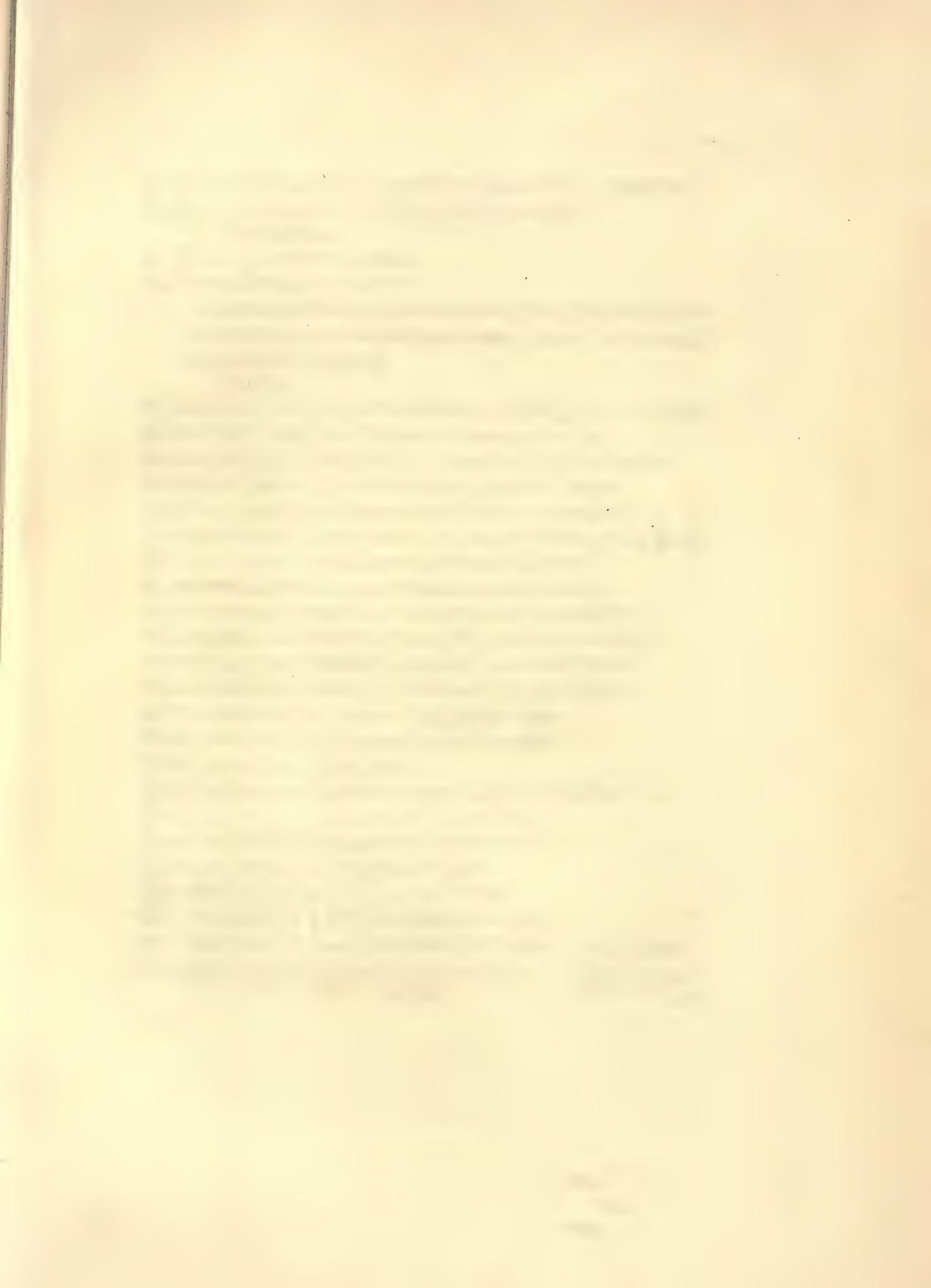
knitte

Enytte wyll soz kyn wholz knee rawghte a knappe
Dauid dwyghte dyghier of dayss
Gren wyl god fey goodale wyll gretely at the gaing
Thon combler of towbury turninge at a tryce
Wyll wype wylam waterman if he be not wylse
Synon sadler of ludeley that secued the sole
Hytte wyll hentyc hartlesse he harde not yet how
Jynkyn Iacon that iobbed solye Jone
Grynde wyll gromellede bntyll he grone
Provode peris pykechancke, that pyk ad pernels purle.
Cut wyll the cakes thoughe Care do crye and curse
Rouge Robyn roure rustlinge in ryghte rate
balde Bernarde braynles wyll bate and Benet bate.
Folythe ftederpyke furburer of a farte
Dyng daniell de inrye to deathe wyll with a darte
Mercolfe mouylgs moreninge for mad Marye
Tyncke wyll the tables thoughe he therre not tary.
Andrew e all knaue alderman of Andwarpe
Hoppe wyll wch holy hockes a harken humfreygs harpe.
It is to to moither the pastyme and good therre
That we shall see and haue, when that we come thers
Wherfore gentyll moither I the hartely praye
That thou wylte charme soz wormes this prestye boye
Pater.

Well sonne, seinge the cas and mater standeth so
I am contente all thy request to do
Come hyther prestye childe
I will the charme frome the wormes wylde
but firsse do thou me thy name tell
Telemachus.

CI am called Telemachus therre as I dwell.
Pater,

Teles



Telemachus lye downe bprighte on the grounde
And sypre not ones for a thousande pounde

Telemachus.

TI am readye here prest
To doo all youre requeste

Then he must lay hym down with his bely byward
and shee muste bise hym frome aboue too beneath
sayinge a soloweth.

Sater.

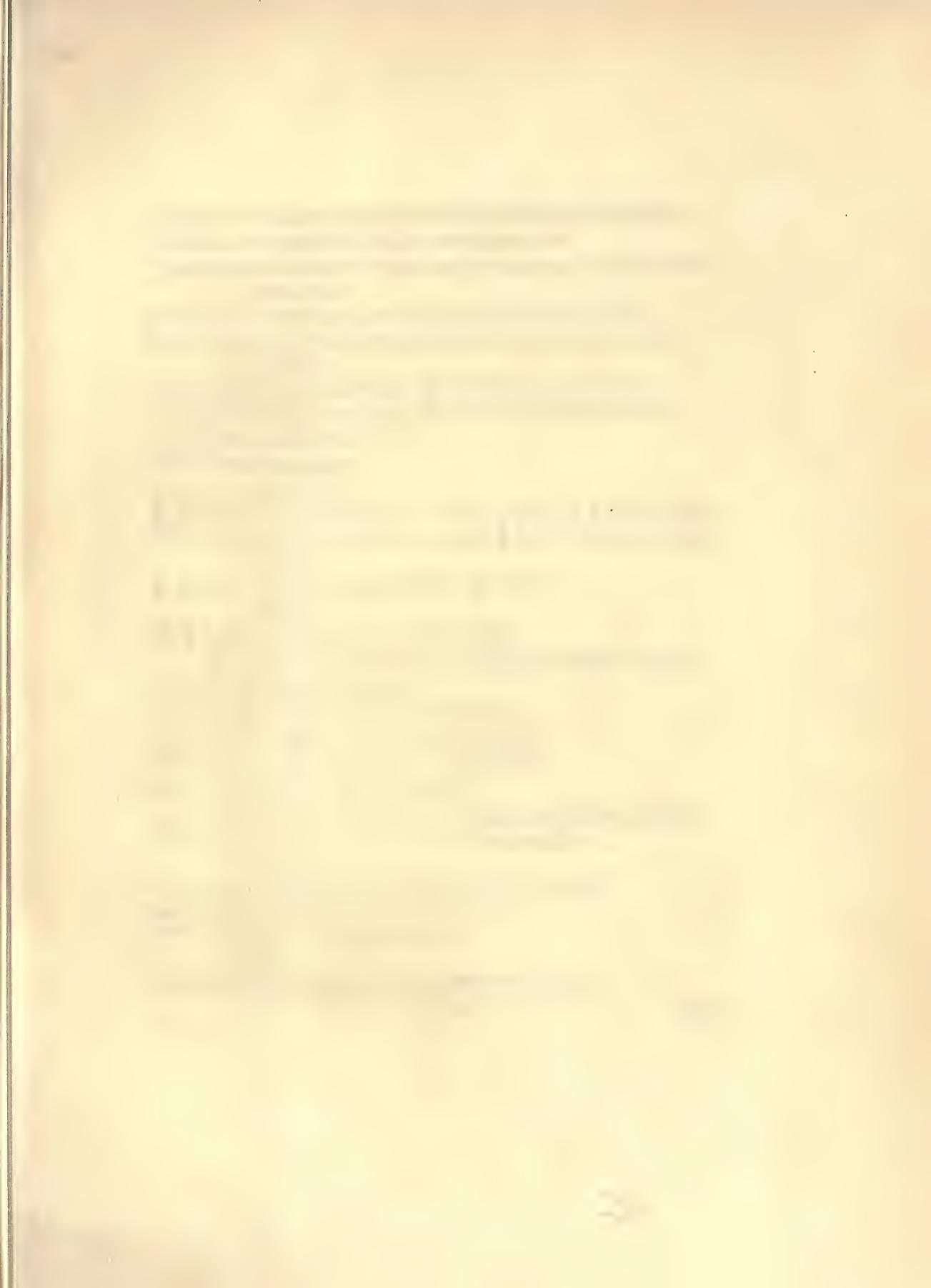
TThe cowherd of Comertowne with his crooked spade
Cause frome the, the wormes soone to bade
And ioly Jacke iumbler that tuggleth with a horne
Graunte that thy wormes soone be all to corne
Good graundsyre Abraham godmother to Eue
Graunte that this wormes no longer this chylde grene
All the course of conscience in cockoldis pces
Tynckers and radberers typplers rauerners
Tyttyfylles, fryfullers, turners and trumpers
Tempters, traytours, trauaylers and thumpers
Thryfille, theyshe, thycke and thereto thynne
the maladye of this wormes cause for too blynne
The vertue of the tayle of Ilaackes cow
That before Adam in paradyse dyd lowe
Also the toyle of Moyses rod
In the mounte of caluarie that spake with God
Faste ad faciem, turninge tayle to tayle
Cause all these wormes quickly to sayle
The bottome of the shyppe of Noe
And also the legge of þ horse of Troe
The peece of the tunge of Walaams ass
the chatobone of the Ore that at Christes byrth was
the eye sorche of the dogge that wente on pylgremage

D.ii.

with

With yonge Thobye, these wormes sone may slage
the butterlye of Bromemicham þ was borne blinde
The blaste of the bottell that blowed Aelous wynde
The buttocke of the bytter boughte at Buckyngame
the bodye of the here that wyrh Beuys came
the backster of Valockburpe with her bakiinge pele
Chylde fro thy wormes I praye, maye sone the hele
The tapper of taupestocke and the tapsters porre
The tothe of the tytmus, the tozde of the gote
In the towre of tenysballis tollyd by the fyre
the table of Tantalus turned trym in myre
þ tombe of Tom thredbare þ thrusle syb through þ smock
Make al thy wormes chylde, to come forth at thy docke
Sem Cam and Japhat and coll the myllars mate
the fyue stonnes of Davyd: that made goliath slare
the wing with whiche seit Mychaell dyd fly to his mouȝt
the counteres wherwith cherubyn, did cheristones count
The hawke with whiche Issuerus kylde the boyde boze
Helpe that these wormes my chylde, hurt the no more
the mawe of the mozecocke that made mawd to mowe
when martymas at moxeton moxened for the snowe
the spere of spanylls he spyberys spenze w̄ spiteful spottes
the lyghtes of the lauerocke layde at London lottes
the Wynbon of saint Samuell shyninge so as the sunne
Graunt child of the wormes that sone thy paines be don
Mother bryce of oxford and greate Gyb of hynkey
Also mawode of thrutton and mable of chartesey
And all other wytches that walke in dymminges dale
Clyttering and clatteringe there youre portes with ale
Incline youre eares, and heare this my petition
and graunte thiȝ childe, of healtbe to haue fruition
the blessinge that Jorden to his God sonne gaue

Lichte



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

CI thanke you mother in my most hartelye wise
wyll ye syz to my father commaunde me anye seruite
Thersites.

CNo 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 hortelye
Telemachus

CYe shall be hertelye welcome to them I dare well say
fare ye well, by youre leauue, now I wyll departe awaie
Thersites.

CSonne, geue me thy hande, fare well
Mater.

CI praye god kepe the from parell
Telemachus goeth oute, and the mother sayeth.

Wys it is a proper chylde
and in behauioure nothinge wylde
Ye maye see what is good education
I woulde every man after this fasshion
Had their childzen vp broughte
then manye of them woulde not haue bene so nonghte
A chylde is better vnborne then vntaughte
Thersites.

CYe saye truthe mother, well let all this go
and make you readye Willies to go to
with me anone, be ye so contente
Mater.

CI am well pleased to youre wyll I assente

D. iii.

Fox

for all thoughe that I lone hym but verye enyll
It is good to set a candell before the deuyll
Of mooste parte of greate men I sweare by thyg syer
Lyghte is the chancke but heauye is the ire
Fare well sonne, I wyll go me to prepare
Thersites.

Mother God be wyrh you and keepe you frome care
The mocher goeth out, and Thersites layeth forth
What someuer I saye syzg. I thyncke yll might she care
I care not if the oide wytche were deade
It were an almoys dede to knocke hyz in the heade
And saye on the wormes that she dyd dye
For there be manye that my landes woulde bye
By goddes blessed brother
Yf I were not seke of the mother
thyg totheles trotte hepe the me harde
And suffereth no money in my warde
But by the blessed trintye
Yf she will no soner ded be
I wyll with a coyshion stoppe hyz breach
Yll she haue forgoode newe marketh herh
Yll my ghet I fare
Yf that I care
Hyz to spare
Aboute the house she hoppeth
and hyz nose ofte droppeth
When the wortes she choppeth
When that she dothe brawe
I maye saye to you
I am redy to spew
the droppes to see downe renne
By all Chyldren menne

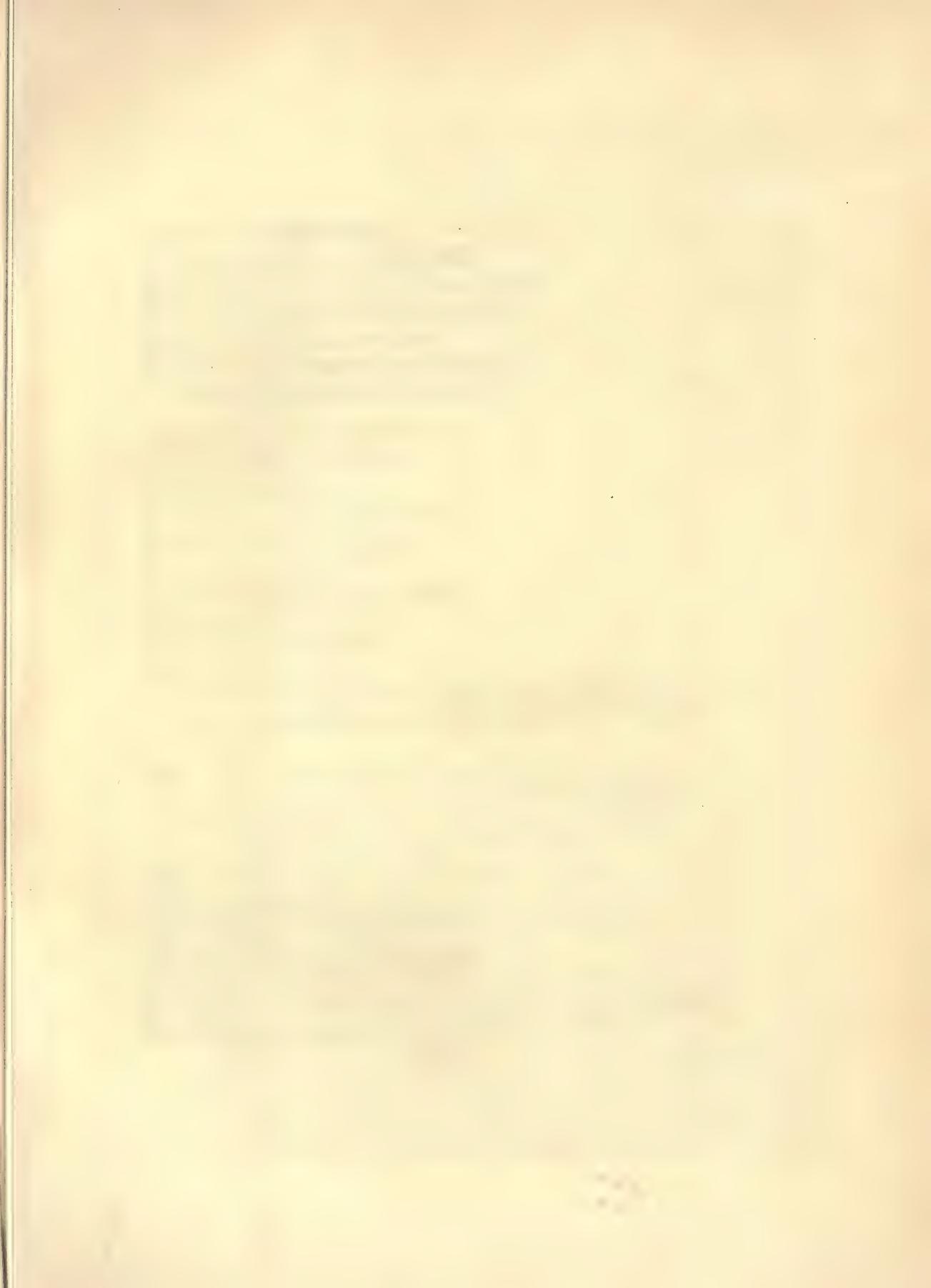


Frome hy^r nose to hy^r knen
Fye Goddes bodye, it maketh me to spitte
to remember howe that she doth sytte
By the fyer b̄allynge
Scratchinge and scallynge
and in cuerye place
Leyenge oysters apale
She dothe but lacke shelles
the deuyll haue they whyte, elles
At nyghte when to bedde she goys
and plucketh of her hole
She knappeth me in the nose
with rypppe, rappe
Flypppe, flappe
that an yll happen
Come to that tappe
that bente so
Where so euer she go
So muche she daylys dyncketh
That hy^r breath at both endes syncketh
That a horlecombe and an halter
Hy^r soone happe falter
tyll I saye Davydes psalter
That shall be at neuermas
Whiche never shall be, nor never was
By this tenne bones
She serued me oneg.
A touche for the nones
I was sickle and laye in my bedde
She broughte me a kerchyle to wrape on my heade
And I praye God that I be deade
If that I ly^e any whyte

D. III.

when

when she was aboue the kerchefe to knytte
Bzeake did one of the formes fete
that she dyd stande on
And downe fell she anone
And foorth withall
As she dyd fall
She gydded oute a farte
That me made to starte
I thyncke hyz buttockes dyd smarte
Exepte it hadde be a mare in a cart
I haue not harde suche a blast
I cryed and byd hyz holde fast
With that she nothinge agast
Said to me v no woman in this lande
Coulde holde faste that whyche was not in hyz hande
Nowe syz, in that hole pitche and fyre brande
Of that bagge so fustye
So stale and so mustye
So cankered and so rustye
So stinckyng and so dustye
God sende hyz as muche ioye
as my nose hathe alwaye
Of hyz unsauerye 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 forgot
The knaue that here yerewhyles dyd set
Before that Telemachus did come in
I wyll go seeche hym, I wyll not blynne
Untyll that I haue hym
Then so god sauue hym



I wyll so beknaue hym
That I wyll make to rauue hym
Wryth this swearde I wyll haue hym
And stypes when I haue gaue hym
Better I wyll depreaue him
That you shall knowe soz a slauue him

Then Mysleg cometh in sayinge

Miles.

Chylte thou so in deede,
Why the make good sped
I am at hande here prest
Put awaie tongue shakynge
and this solylshe crakyng
Let vs trye for the best
Cowardes make speake apale
Strypes prouethe manne
Haue noboe at thy face
Keape of if thou canne

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

Whye thou lubber runnest thou awaie
and leauest thy swarde and thy clubbe thee behynde
Nowe thys is a sure carde, nowe I maye well saye
That a cowarde crakinge here I dyd synde
Masters 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 bse to bragge moste
Bye wyll auoyde the daunger of confusyon
Dyntre my wordes in harte and marke this conclusion
Suche gyttes of god that ye excelle in moste

C.1.

vse

Use them wyth sobernesse and youre selfe never bok
Seke the laude of God in all that yedo
So shall vertue and honoure come you too
But if you geue youre myndes to the sinne of pryde
Vanishe shall your vertue, your honoure away wil side
For pryde is hated of God aboue
And meekenesse lonest obtaineth his loue
To youre rulers and parentes, be you obediente
Neuer transgressinge their lawefull commaundemente
Be ye merye and toyfull 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 victorios as anye is lyuinge
Praye for his grace, with hartes that dothe not fayne
that longe he maye rule vs withoute grefe or paine
beseeche ye also that God maye saue his quene
Louely Ladie Jane, & the prince that be hath send them
to augment their joy and the comons felicite (between
Fare ye wel swete audiēce, god graunt you al prosperite
Amen.

Imprinted at London,

by John Tysdale and are to be sold
at hys shop in the vpper ende of
Lombard strete, in Alhallowes
churche yarde neare
untoo grace
church.

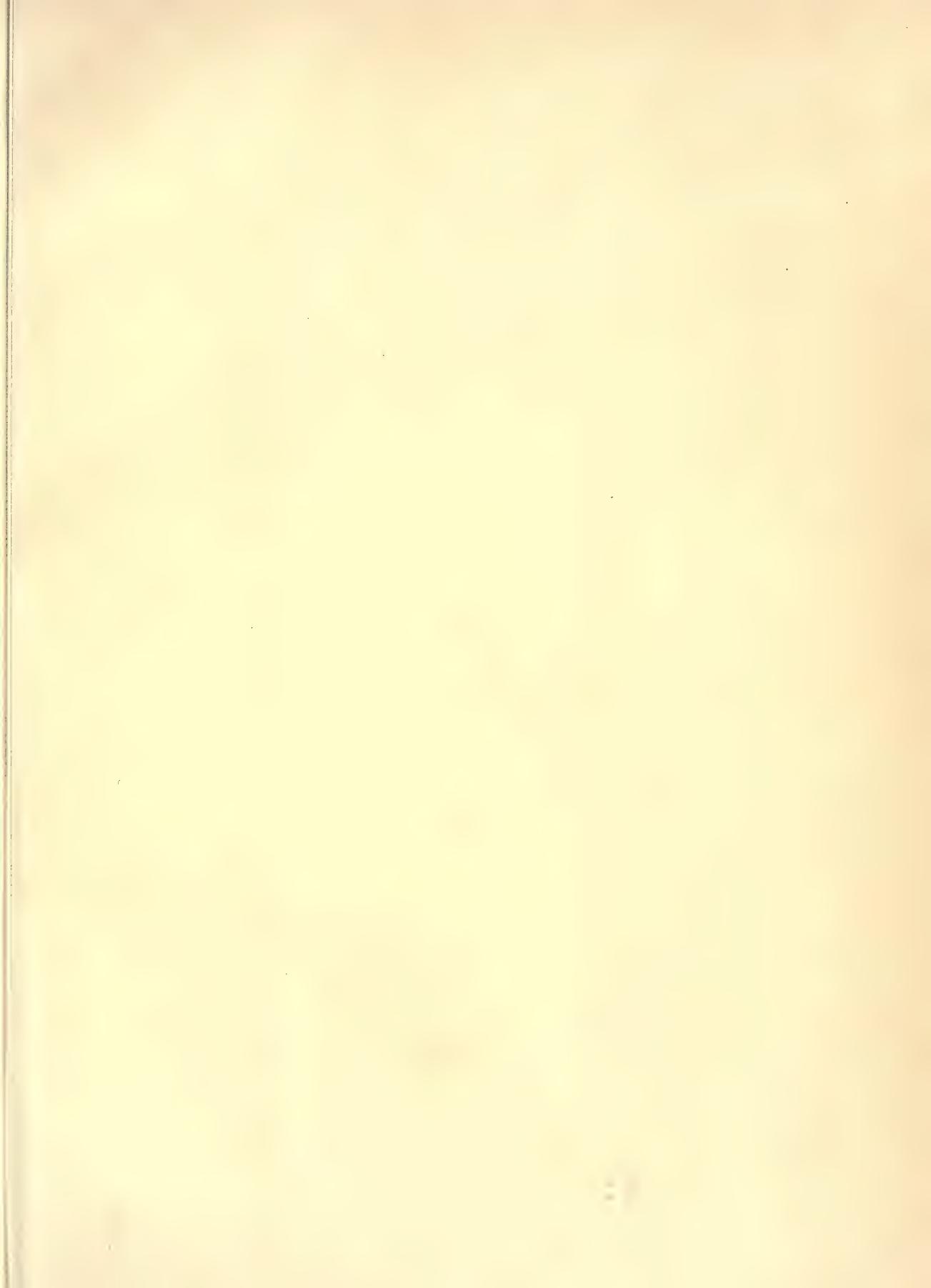
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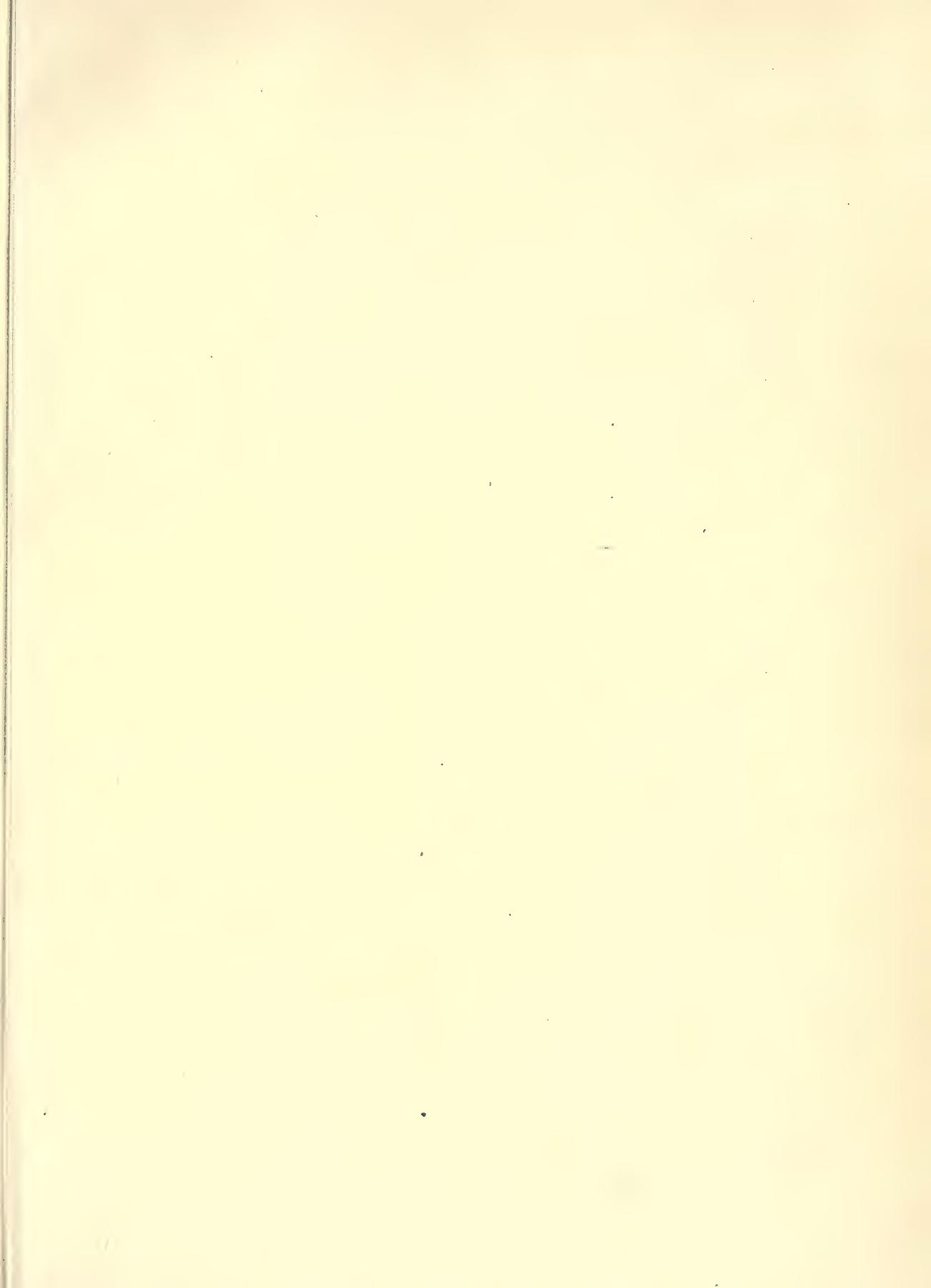


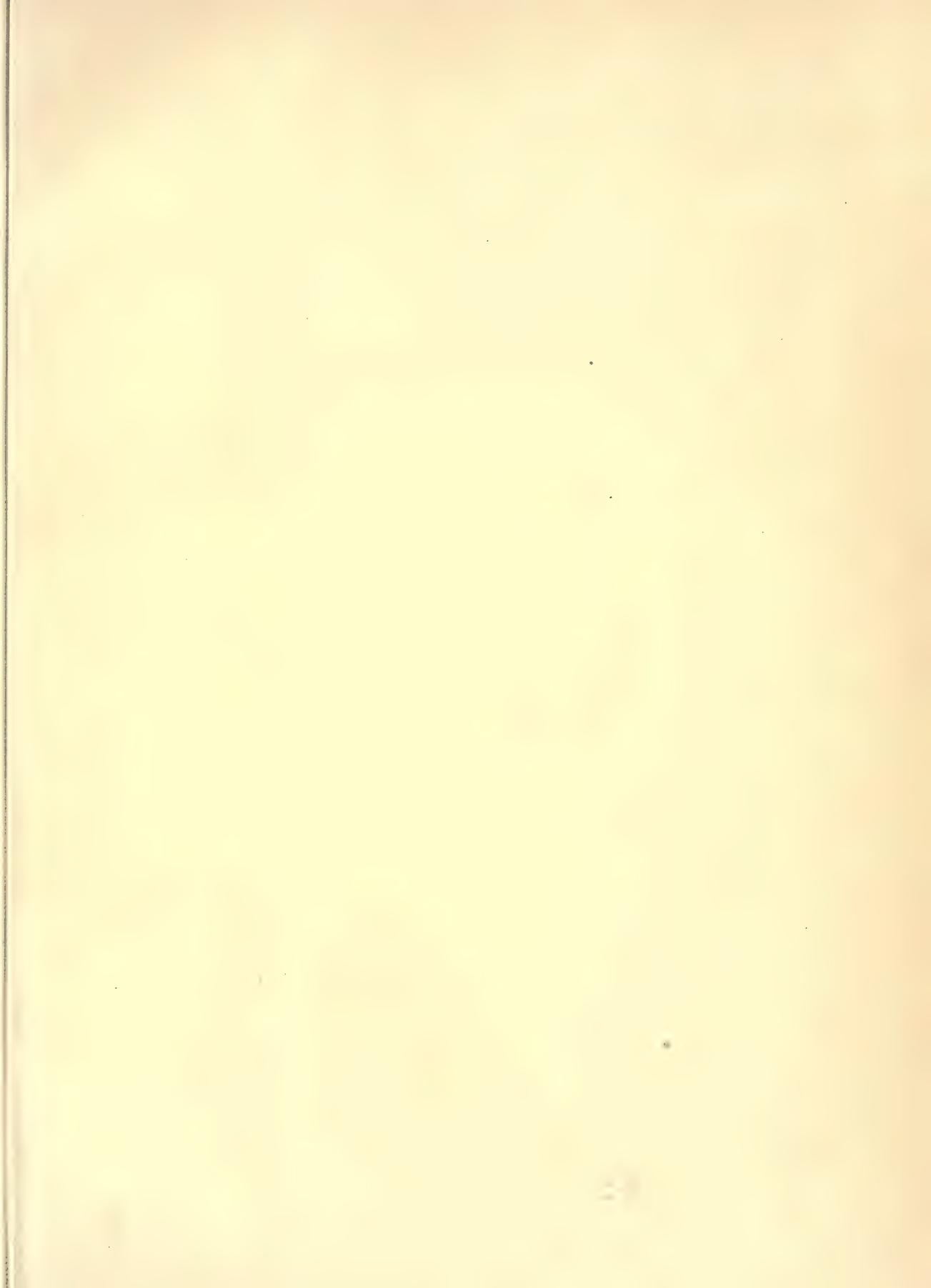


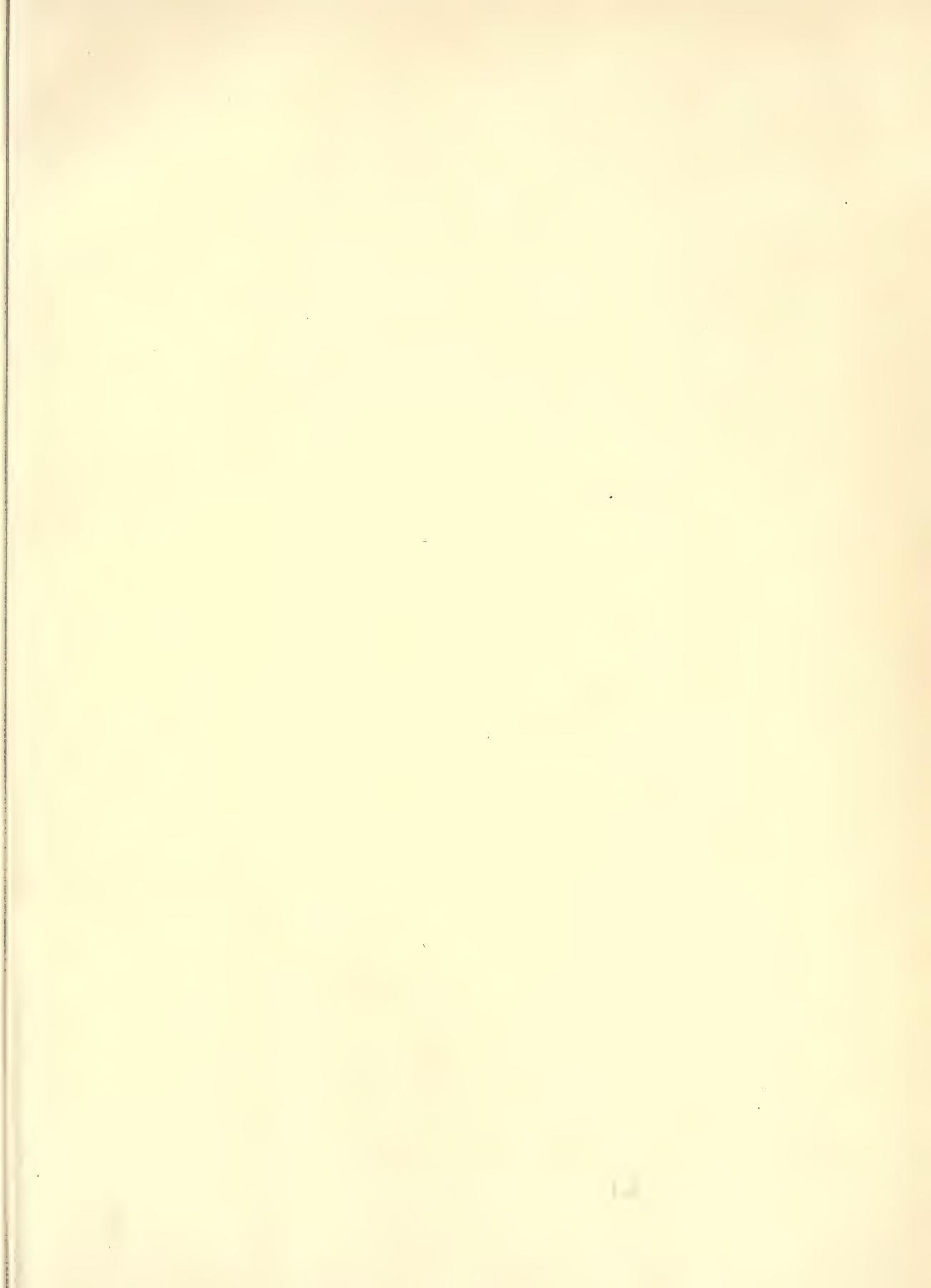


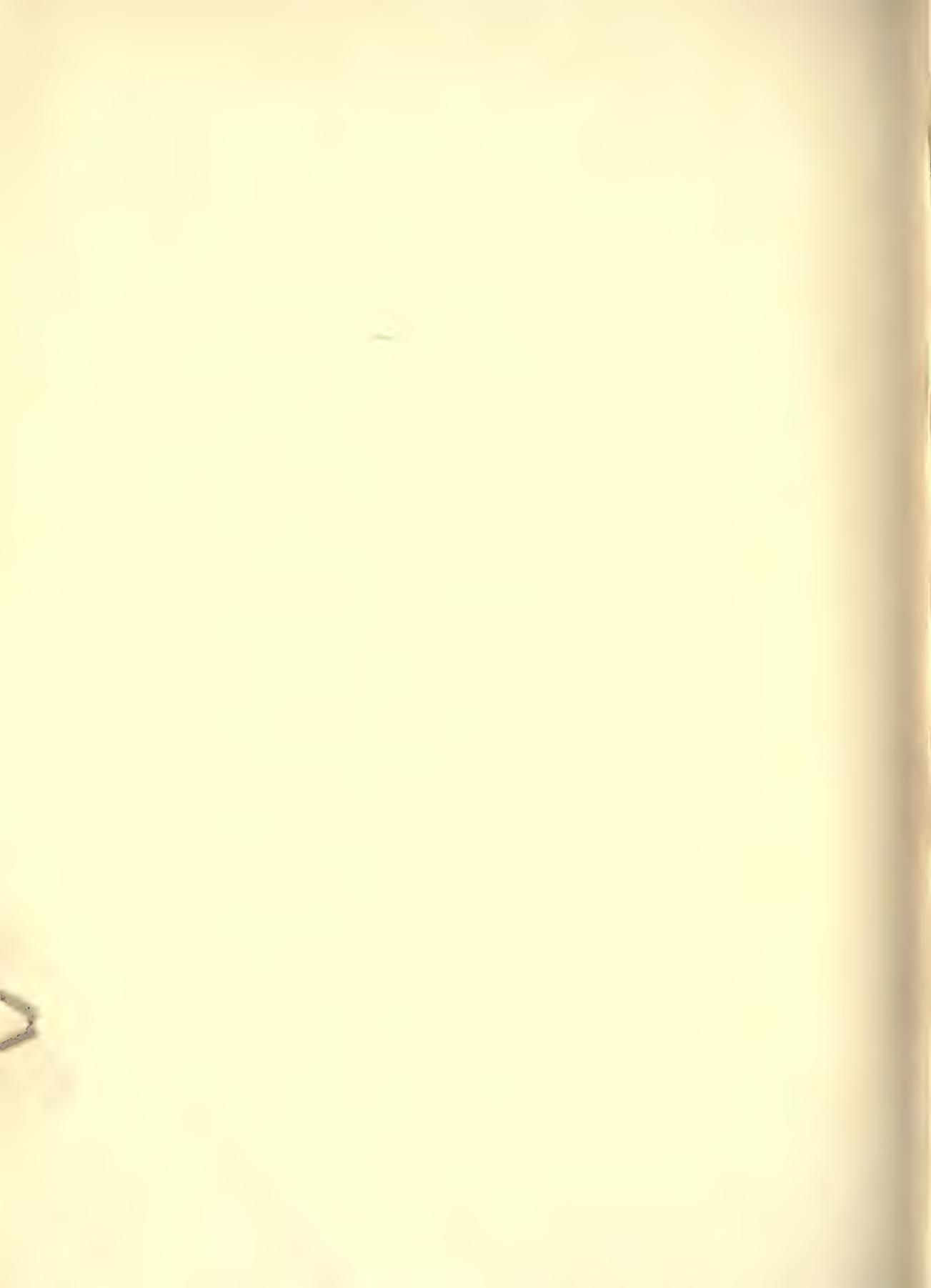


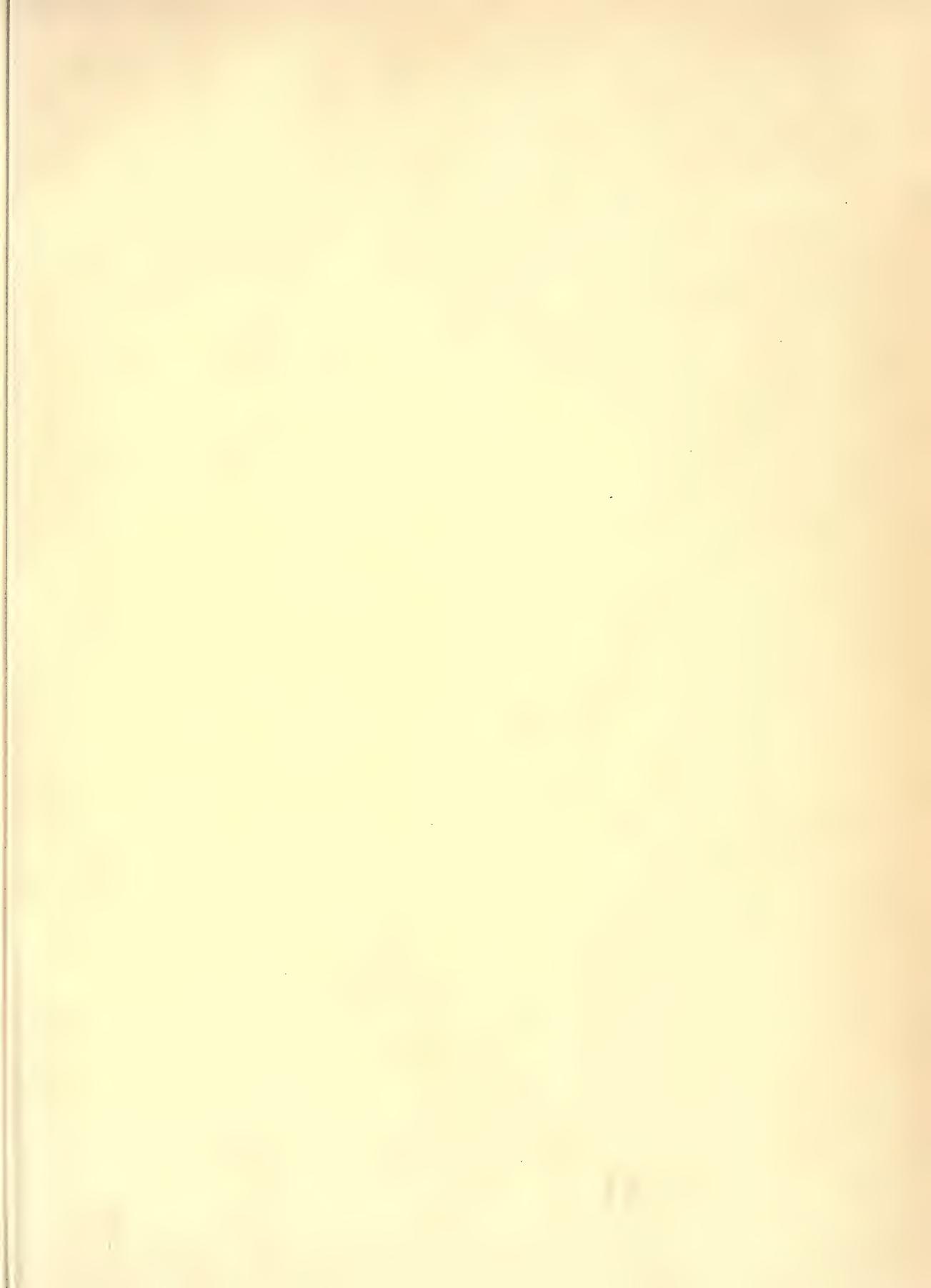


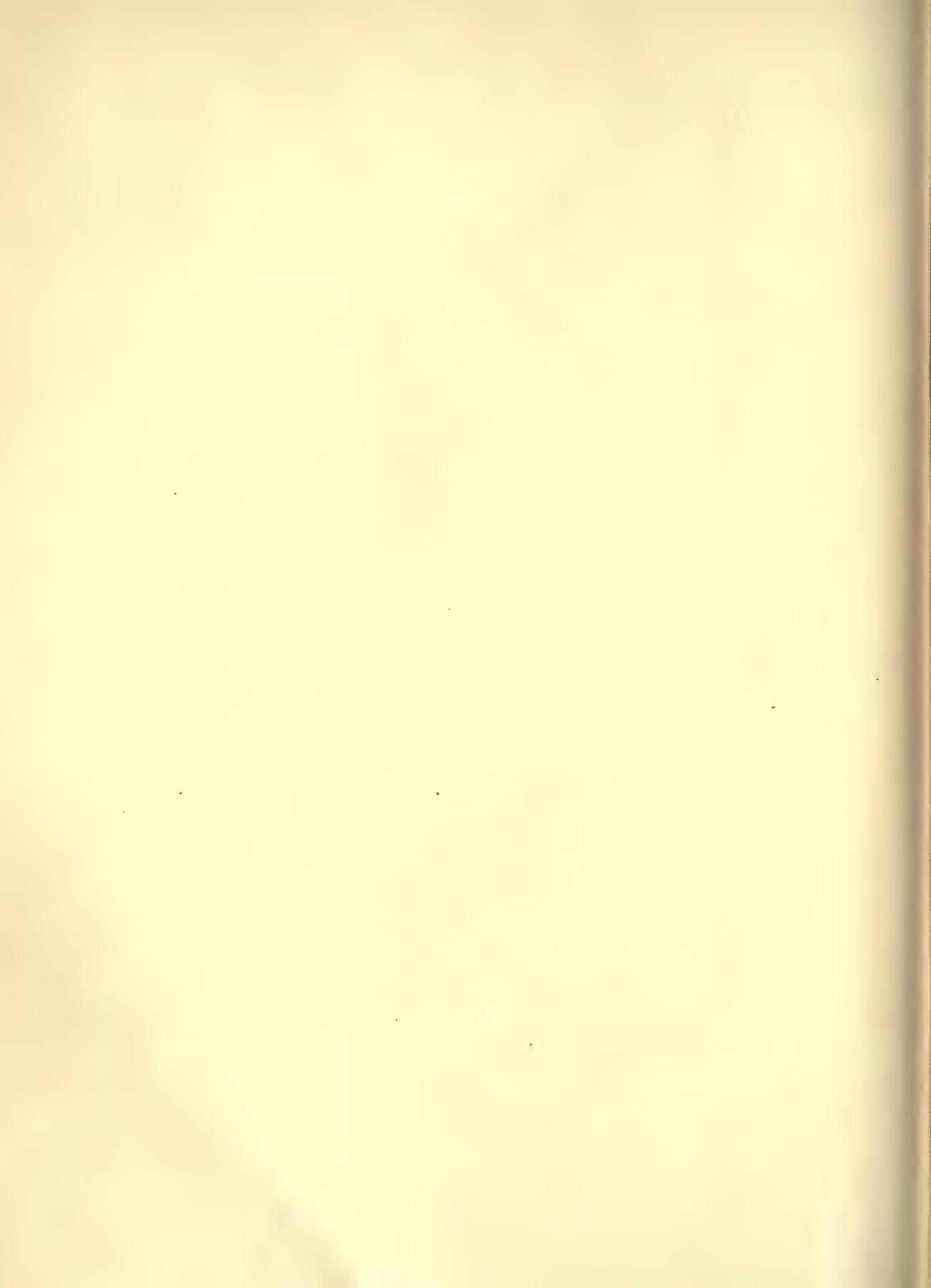


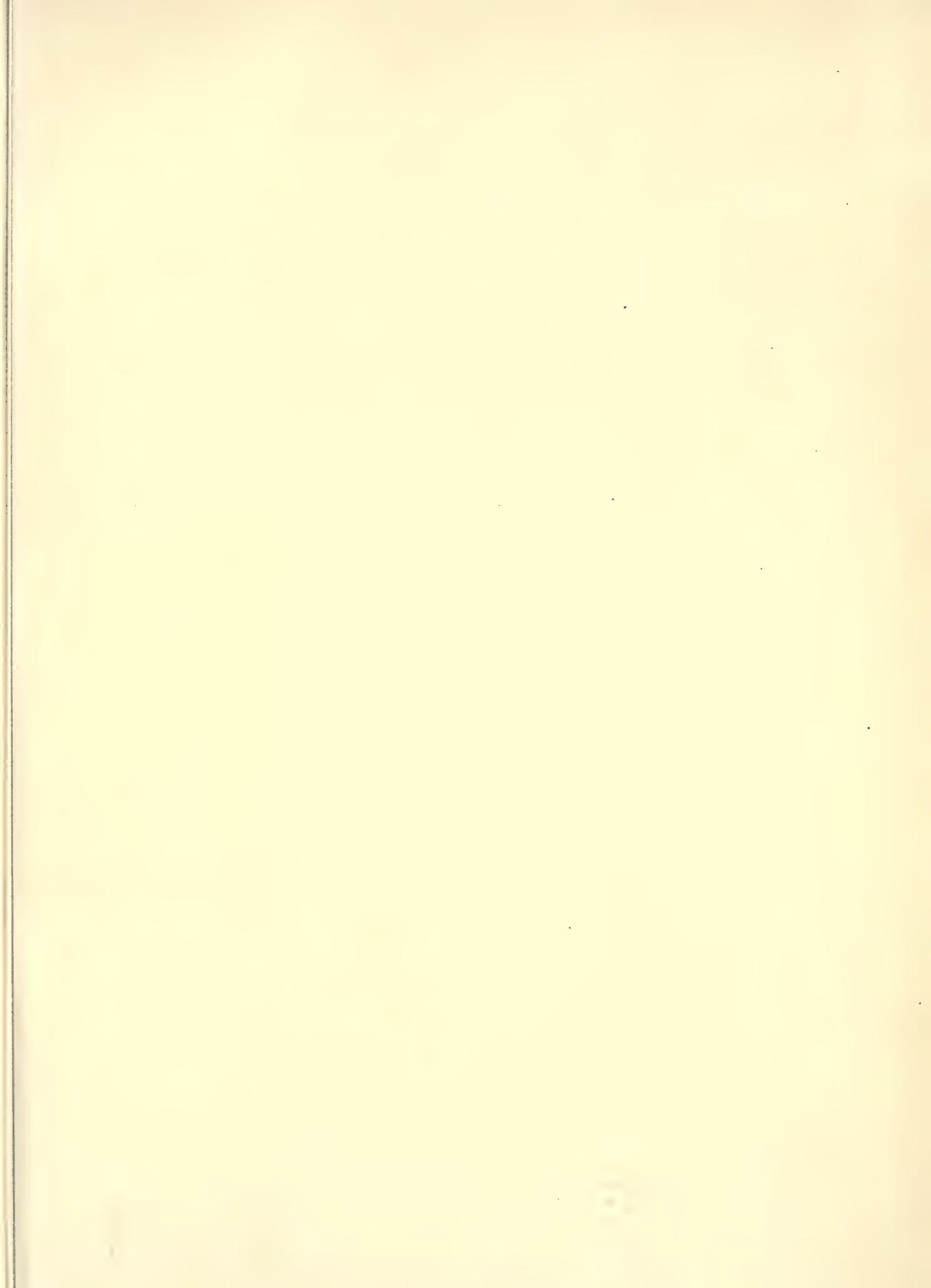






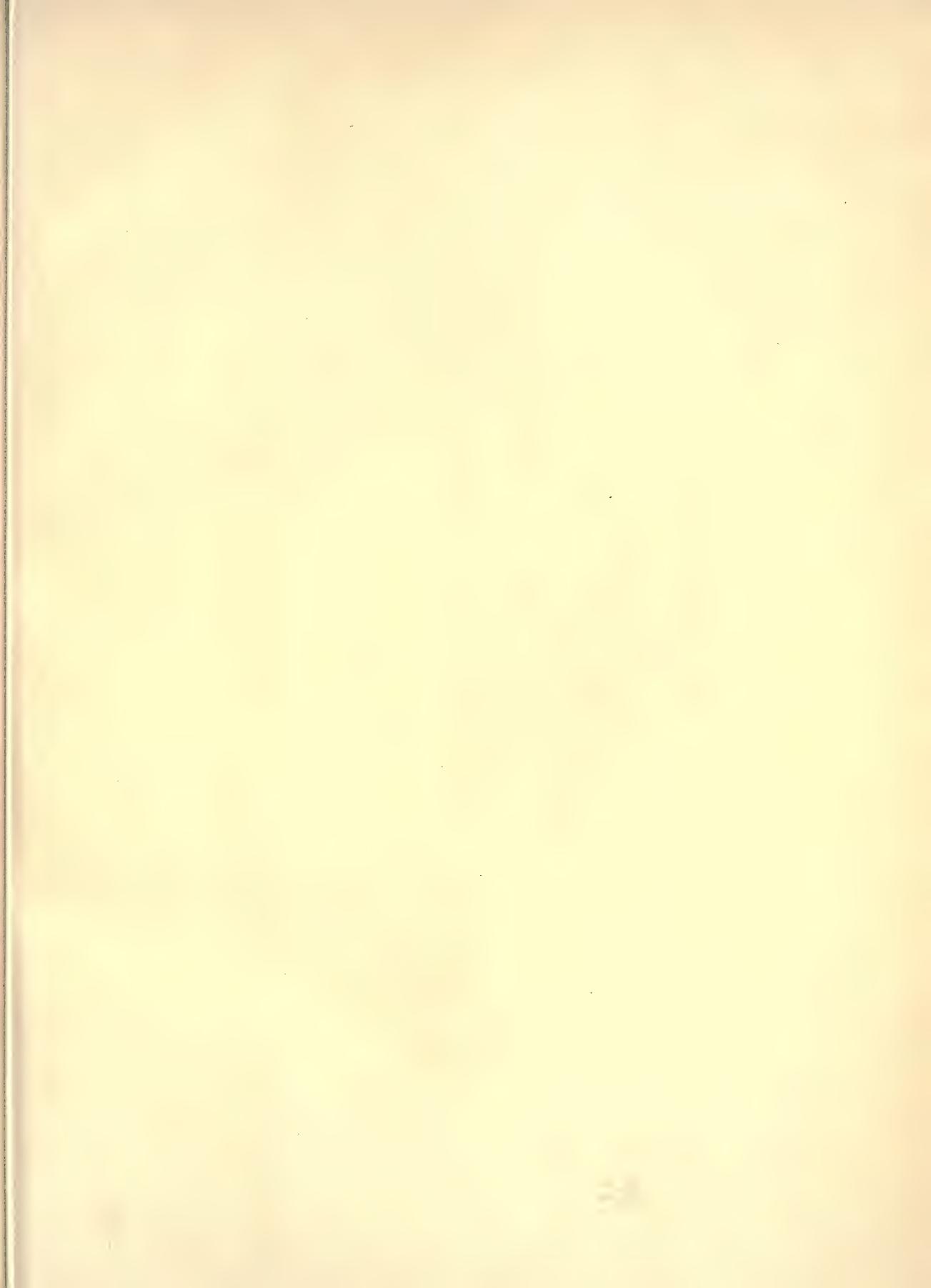




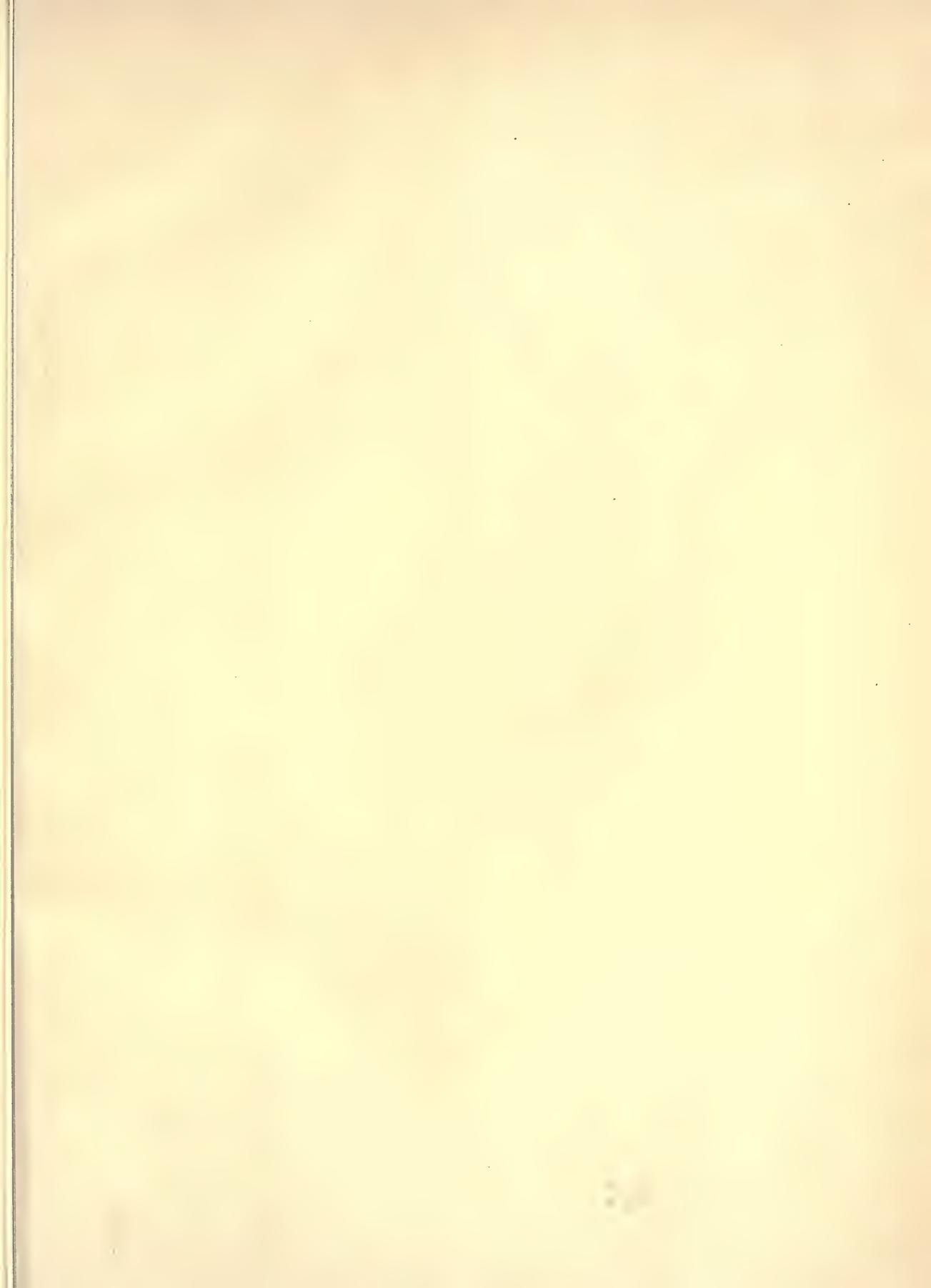


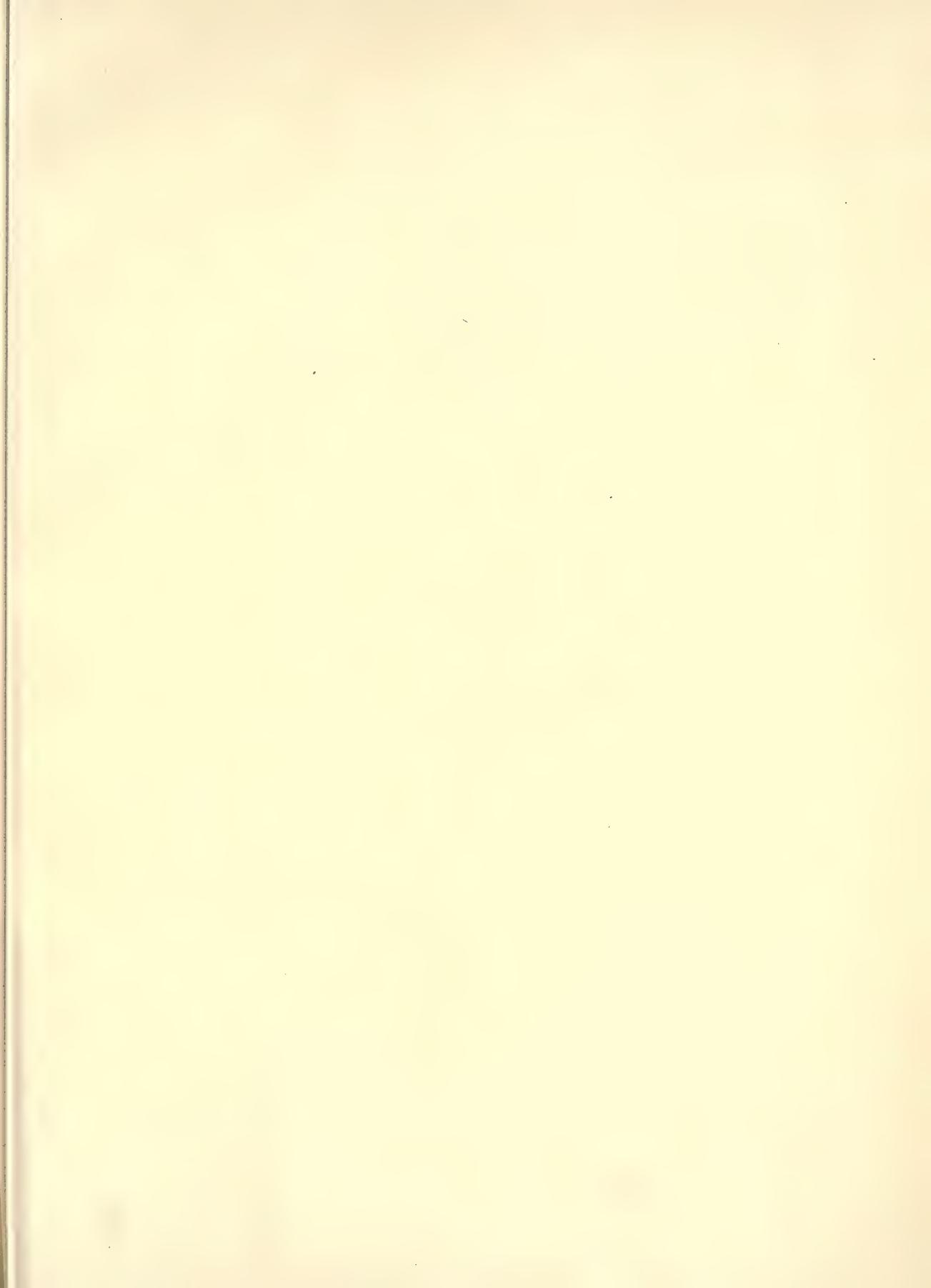




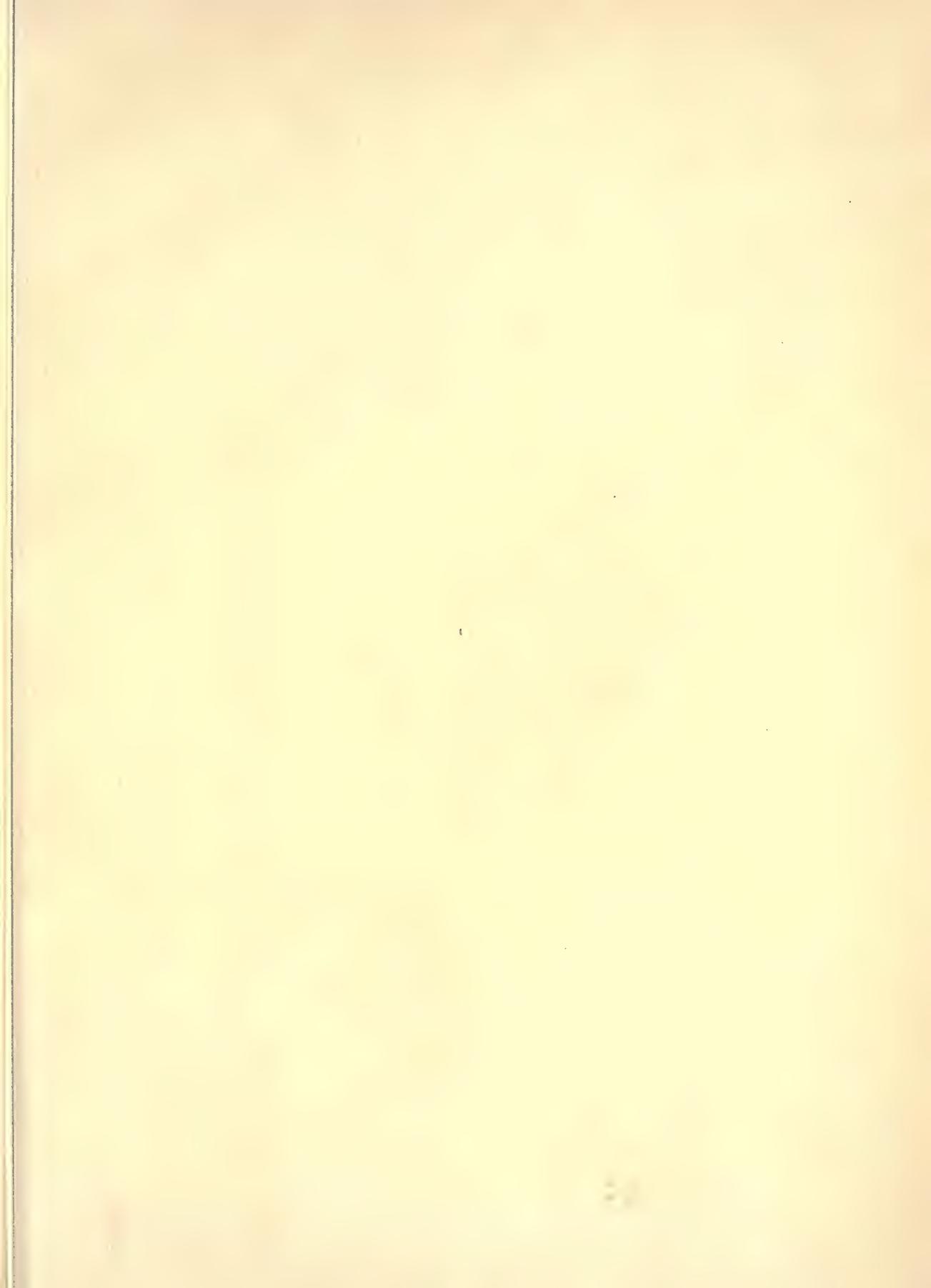






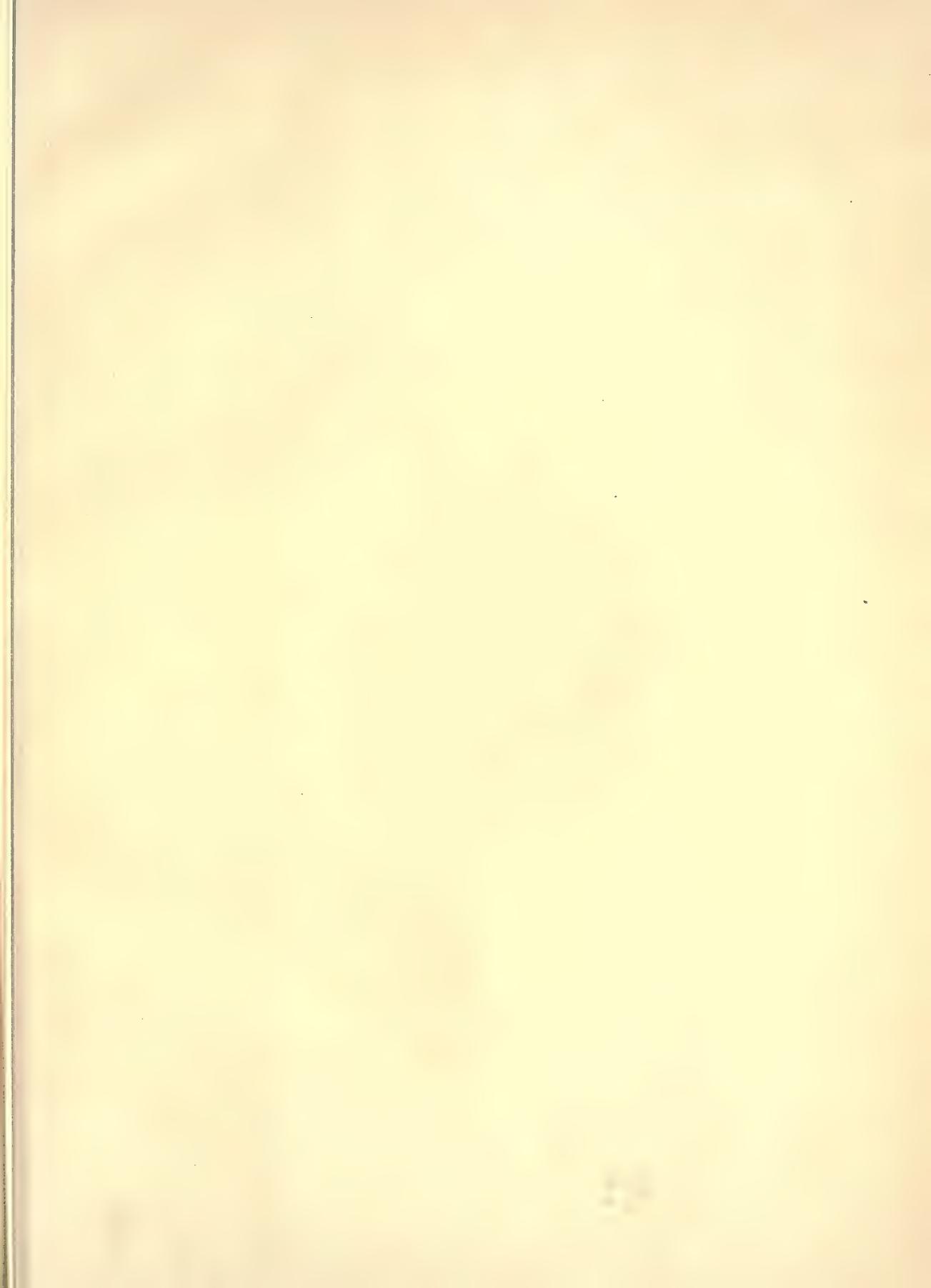




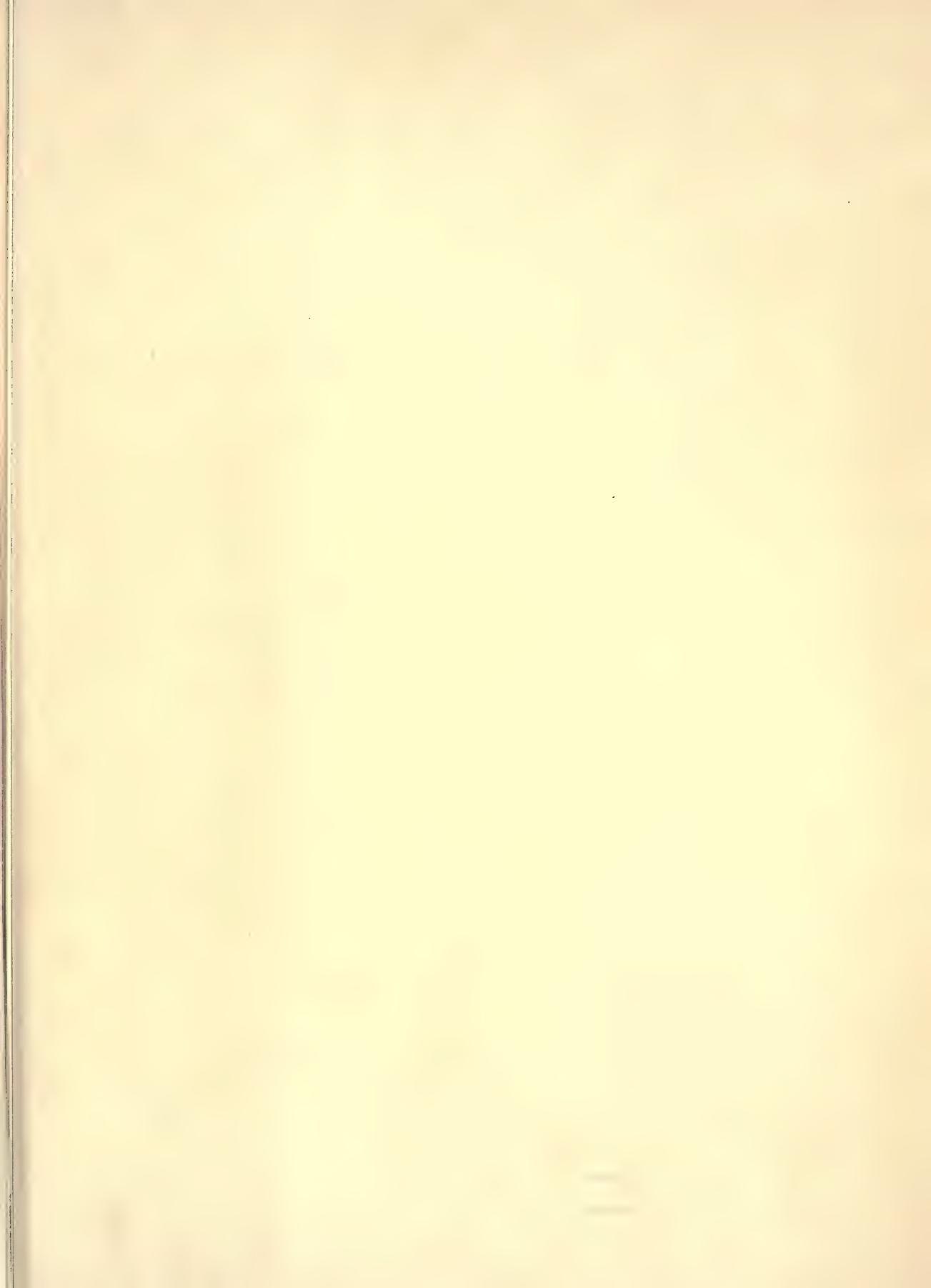




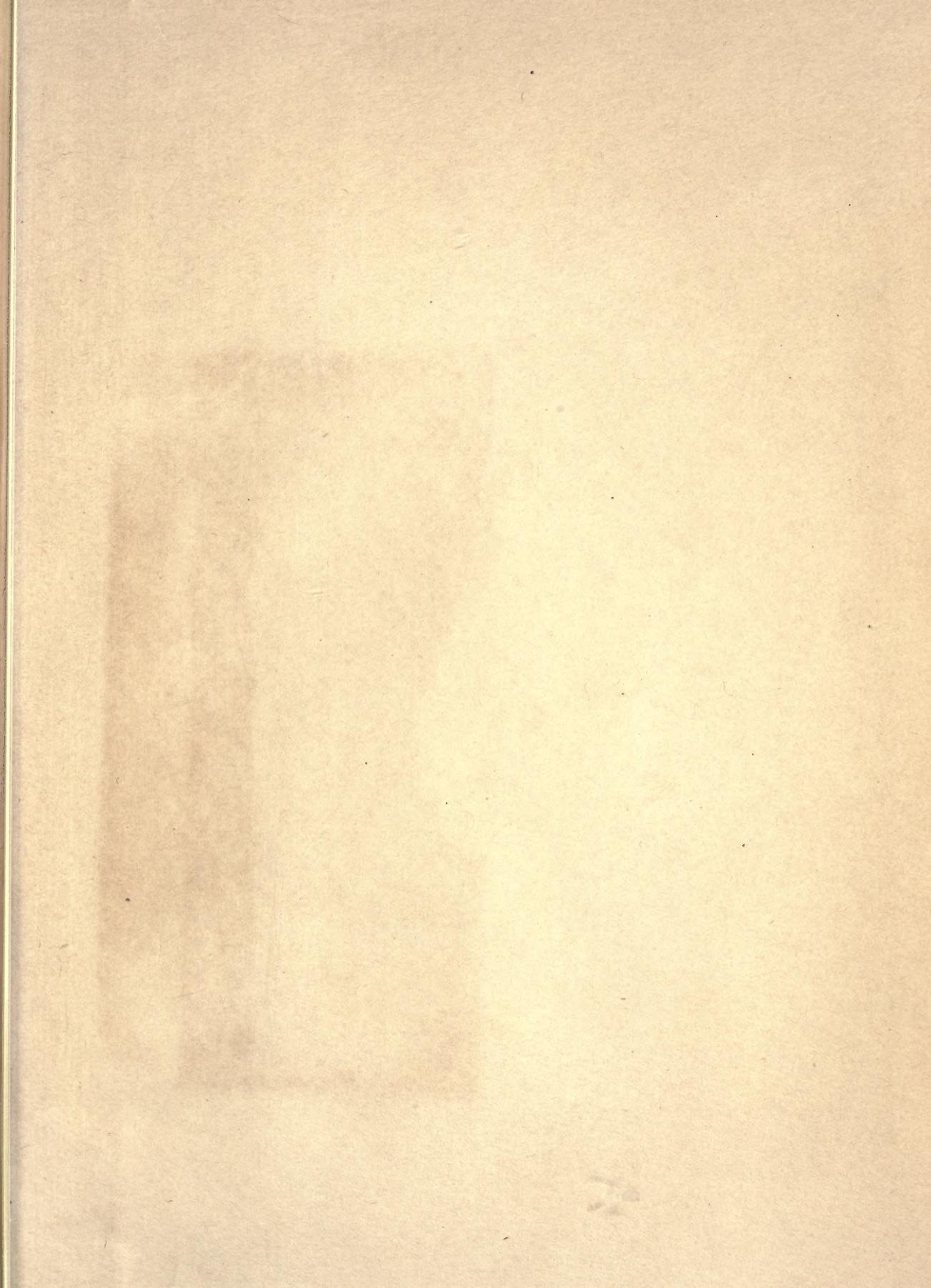














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