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A DIALOGUE
ON
WIT AND FOLLY,

BY
JOHN HEYWOOD,

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
AN ACCOUNT OF THAT AUTHOR, AND
HIS DRAMATIC WORKS,

BY
F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

" Art thou Heywood, with thy mad merry wit ?
Yea, forsooth, master, that name is even hit.
Art thou Heywood, that appliest mirth more than thrift ?
Yea, sir, I take merry mirth a golden gift.
Art thou Heywood that hast made many mad plays ?
Yea, many plays, few good works in my days.
Art thou Heywood that hath made men merry long ?
Yea, and will, if I be made merry among.
Art thou Heywood, that wouldst be made merry now ?
Yea, sir, help me to it now, I beseech you."

HEYWOOD'S EPIGRAMS.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

JULY 1846.

No. LXV.

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SOME ACCOUNT OF
JOHN HEYWOOD, AND HIS
INTERLUDES.

THE materials for a biography of Heywood are very slender, and but little space, accordingly, has been devoted to his name and acts in our biographical dictionaries. He was born at North Mims, near St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire, and received the first rudiments of his education at Oxford; "but the sprightliness of his disposition," says Chalmers (*Biographical Dictionary*, vol. 17), "not being well adapted to the sedentary life of an academician, he went back to his native place, where, being in the neighbourhood of the great Sir Thomas More, he presently contracted an intimacy with that Mæcenas of wit and genius, who introduced him to the knowledge and patronage of the princess Mary. Heywood's ready aptness for jest, and repartee, together with the possession

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of great skill both in vocal and instrumental music, rendered him a favourite with Henry VIII, who frequently rewarded him very highly." Sir Frederic Madden, in the notes to his *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary* (p. 239), notices, "that in the Book of Payments of Henry VIII, 1538-44, is a quarterly allowance of fifty shillings to 'John Haywood, player on the virginals'; and, in *The Household Book of the Princess Elizabeth*, in 1533, a gratuity of thirty shillings to him." And among the items of the Princess Mary's expenditure, we find his name twice mentioned; thus, in January 1536-37, we have, "item geven to Heywood's servante for bringing of my Lady's Grace's Regalles from London to Grenewiche, *xxd.*"; and in March 1537-38, a more direct mention of his connexion with courtly amusements: "item; geven to Heywood playeng an enterlude wt. his children before my ladie's Grace, *xls.*."* This latter entry is of peculiar interest, as it would appear that these children were his scholars; and, as Sir Frederic Madden observes, as "most of the interludes written by him had ap-

* In the early days of the English drama, performances by children at Court were usual; and, during the reign of Henry VIII. the children of St. Paul's School appeared there, and acted an interlude, under the direction of their master, John Rightwise, before the King, Wolsey, and

peared in print in 1533, we may conjecture that the one played by himself and children was selected from them." Heywood was at this time a great favorite at Court, particularly with the princess Mary, and he continued to be so until

the French Ambassadors, on the 10th November, 1528, and of which a curious account is given in Collier's *Annals of the Stage* (vol. i. p. 107). It was a Latin moral, in which Luther and his wife were brought upon the stage, and in which ridicule was attempted to be thrown upon them and the Reformers. The children of this school long retained celebrity for their theatrical performances, and are often alluded to by writers of the Shaksperian era. They acted before Queen Elizabeth, at Eltham, in August 1559, and during the Christmas festivities of 1564, (as well as the boys of the Grammar School at Westminster), they continued to perform in the Singing-school at St. Paul's, until their suppression, (prior to 1591), owing to the "liberal invectives" on passing events put into their mouths. They began to act again before 1600, when Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphosis* was performed by them, and afterwards, Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, Dekker's *Satiromastix*, &c. The "Children of the Revels," who were still more intimately connected with the Court, were at this time also playing as an independent and rival body, at the Blackfriars theatre, under a warrant dated 30th January, 1603-4, by which, Edward Kirkham, Alexander Hawkins, Thomas Kendall, and Robert Payne, were appointed "to provide, keepe, and bring up, a convenient number of children," for the purpose of exhibiting "plays and shews" before the queen of James I. They were not looked upon with much favor by the grown-up actors, and Shakspeare complains of the superior popularity of this "eyry of children." They acted in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster, Epicæne*, &c.; and the great ability of one of them (Sala-

her dying day, and is said to have been admitted to her bed-side, in her last illness, to amuse her with his happy talent of telling diverting stories. Heywood seems to have had a great respect, or even attachment to Mary; and when she was eighteen years of age composed a poem in her praise. It is preserved in the Harleian MS., No. 1703, and is published entire in Park's edition of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors* (vol. i. p. 81),* where it is deduced as "an instance of his poetic policy;" but it is surely not too much to allow, that gratitude for her favours to him may have had some influence upon his mind and his poetic fancy, for, as Sir Frederic Madden justly observes,—“ These lines could scarcely be mere courtly flattery, if written at the period they profess to be, since Mary was then under the cloud of disgrace, and had scarcely a friend in the

thiel Pavey) has been noticed in the poem on his early death, by that dramatist, in which he declares—

——“ He did play old men so duly,
That, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one,
He played so truly.”

When children ceased to rival full-grown actors, they were employed to act and recite in the public shews; and in my *History of Lord Mayors' Pageants* will be found notices of their appearance in this way until the reign of James II.

* A modernized version is given in *Evans's Old Ballads*, (vol. iii. p. 120).

world." / Who can say but that the very adulations of Heywood may have been occasioned by his sense of her wrongs, which resulted in a bold panegyric when it was most needed,—the offspring of honest feeling? It begins thus:—

“ Geve place, ye ladyes all; bee gone,
 Shewe not your selves att all;
 For why?—Behoulde, there cometh one
 Whose face yours all blanke shall.”

The fourth and fifth stanzas are the most poetic:—

“ If all the worlde were sought full farre,
 Who coulde finde such a wyght?
 Her beutye twinkleth like a starre,
 Within the frostye night.

Her couler comes and goes,
 With such a goodly grace,
 More ruddye than the rose,
 Within her lively face.”

After much praise, but not of a more remarkable kind than that commonly used at this period, he concludes,—

“ This worthye ladye too bewraye—
 A king's doughter was shee,
 Of whom John Heywoode lyste to saye
 In such worthye degree

And Marye was her name, weete yee,
 With these graces indude;
 At eightene yeares so flourisht shee,
 So doth his meane conclude." /

Chalmers says, "on the accession of Edward VI, he still continued in favour, though, as Puttenham says, in his *Art of English Poesie*, 1599, it was for the mirth and quickness of conceit, more than any good learning that was in him." The same author relates an anecdote of his dining at the duke of Northumberland's table, which serves now principally to shew how little real wit went to the making of jests in those days, and how excessively dull their merry stories were. The duke, it appears, had sold his plate to pay his debts, and Heywood, who was sitting at the table's end, "being loth to call for his drink so oft as he was dry, turned his eye towards the cupboard, and said, 'I find great misse of your grace's standing cups.' The duke, thinking he had spoken it of some knowledge that his plate was lately sold, said, somewhat sharply, 'Why, sir, will not those cuppes serve as good a man as yourselfe?' Heywood readily replied, 'Yes, if it please your grace; but I would have one of them stand still at my elbow, full of drinke, that I might not be driven to trouble your grace's man so often to call for it.' This pleasant and speedy

reverse of the former wordes holpe all the matter again, whereupon the duke became very pleasant, and drank a bolle of wine to Heywood, and bid a cuppe should always be standing by him." Some more of his witty sayings, Chalmers tells us, are preserved "among the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum"; and Oldys says, "his pleasant wit saved him from the gallows in the reign of Edward VI. See Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*. He was so entangled with some of the Popish party that he narrowly escaped being noosed; but the Muses were his advocates."* His own opinion of his facetiousness is given, in his words, as a motto to our title-page.

When Mary came to the throne, Heywood again shared court favour, and was appointed to address her when the procession passed through London to Westminster, the day before her Coronation, 27th Sept. 1553. He was placed in St. Paul's Churchyard, and "sate in a pageant, under a vine, and made to her an oration in Latin and English" (*Stowe's Annals*, ed. 1617, p. 617.) He also com-

* "What thinke you by Heywood, that scaped hanging with his mirth; the King being graciously, and (as I thinke) truly perswaded, that a man that wrote so pleasant and harmelesse verses, could not have any harmfull conceit against his proceedings; and so, by the honest motion of a gentleman of his chamber, saved him from the jerke of the six-stringed whip."—*Met. of Ajax* (ed. 1596, p. 25).

posed "A balade specifieng the maner, partly the matter, in the most excellent meetyng and lyke Mariage betwene our Sovereigne Lord, and our Sovereigne Lady, the Kynge's and Queene's highness," highly laudatory of Mary's marriage with Philip of Spain. It is reprinted entire in the Harleian Miscellany (*Park's edition*, vol. x. p. 255), to which a note is appended, where, as usual, Heywood's honest motives are doubted, although the writer can scarcely help acknowledging the equal probability of their existence. He says :—"Vargas, a Spanish poet, is said, by Puttenham, to have been rewarded with a pension of two hundred crowns, during life, for an *epithalamis*, or nuptial song, on the marriage of Queen Mary with King Philip, at Winchester, July 25, 1554. Heywood might have furbished up his courtly pen in the anticipation of a similar recompense for these preposterously flattering verses on the same event, though his religious attachments, and the patronage he obtained from Mary, while princess, through the introduction of Sir Thomas More, were, perhaps, of themselves, sufficient stimulants." The first four stanzas will be an ample specimen of this ballad :—

"The Egles byrde hath spred his wings,
And from far off hathe taken flyght;
In whiche meane waye by no levryngs,

On bough or braunch this bird wold light,
 'Till on the rose, both red and whight,
 He lighteth now moste lovinglie,
 And thereto moste behovinglie.

The month ensuing next to June
 This bird this flowre for perche doth take;
 Rejoysinglie himselfe to prune,
 He rouseth rypelie to awake
 Upon his perche to those his make :
 Concluding strayght, for rype right rest,
 In the lion's bowre to build his nest.

A bird, a beast to make* to choose,
 Namelie, the beaste most furious,
 It may seeme strange, and so it doose,
 And to this bird injurious:
 It seemethe a case right curious,
 To make construction in such sens
 As may stand for this bird's defens.

But mark this lion, so by name,
 Is, properlie, a lambe t'assyne.†
 No lion wilde, a lion tame,
 No rampant lion masculyne,—
 The lambe-like lion, feminyne,
 Whose milde, meek propertie aleurth
 This bird to light, and him asseurth.”

* Mate. † “Qu.—To *assign*, to shew, or set forth?”

The same volume also contains "a brefe Balet, touching the traytorous takynge of Scarborow castell,"* by the same author, the burden of each line alluding to *Scarborough warning*, which, according to Fuller, "was no warning at all, but a sudden surprise, when a mischief is felt before it be suspected." The first verse runs thus:—

"Oh, valiant invaders, gallantly gaie,
 Who, with your compeeres, conquering the route,
 Castels, or towr's, all standynge in your waie,
 Ye take, controlling all estates most stoute,
 Yet had it now been good to look aboute;
 Scarborow castel to have let alone,
 And take Scarborow warnynge everichone."

This ballad is neither poetic nor imaginative, and is one of the dullest compositions of its class. Other ballads, by Heywood, are noticed by Mr. Collier in his *History of the Stage*, (vol. ii. p. 384), as existing in a MS. then belonging to B. H. Bright, one of which is printed in the *Shakspeare Society's Papers*, vol. i.

The close of Heywood's career may be told in Chalmers' words:—"After the death of Mary, he," says our author, "being a bigoted Roman

* "By Thomas Stafford, 24 Aprilis, an. 3 et 4, P. et M."—MS. note in the black letter copy from which it is reprinted.

Catholic, perceiving that the Protestant interest was likely to prevail under the patronage of her successor, Queen Elizabeth; and, perhaps, apprehensive that some of the severities which had been practised on the Protestants in the preceding reign, might be retaliated on those of a contrary persuasion in the ensuing one, and especially on the peculiar favorites of Queen Mary, he thought it best, for the security of his person, and the preservation of his religion, to quit the kingdom. Thus, throwing himself into voluntary exile, he settled at Mechlin, in Brabant, where he died in 1565, leaving several children behind him, to all of whom he had given liberal educations. His character in private life seems to have been that of a sprightly, humorous, and entertaining companion. As a poet, he was held in no inconsiderable esteem by his contemporaries, though none of his writings extended to any great length, but seem, like his conversation, to have been the result of little sudden sallies of mirth and humour."

It is not intended to notice here any other of Heywood's works than his *Interludes*, and these, as Mr. Collier remarks, "almost form a class by themselves; they are neither miracle-plays, nor moral plays, but what may be properly, and strictly, called 'Interludes'; a species of writing of which he has a claim to be considered the in-

ventor, although the term 'interlude' was applied generally to theatrical productions in the reign of Edward IV." This author considers that it was about A.D. 1530, that Heywood began to compose them. Considering how very few in number they are, there is a great variety in them, and much humour, as well as some philosophy, in all. Warton's remark, that they are destitute of plot, humour, or character, is singularly unjust. The plot is, certainly, always of the simplest kind, but the humour and character of each part is exceedingly well sustained, and, certainly, much better than by any dramatist previous to Shakspeare. They were all printed in 1533, ("The Four P's" is undated), and consist of:—"The Play of Love"; "The Play of the Weather"; "A Play between John the husband, Tyb the wife, and Sir John the Priest"; "A Mery Play between the Pardoner, the Friar, the Curate, and Neighbour Pratt"; and "The Four P's."

Of the existence of the first two, as separate plays, there, until lately, appeared to be some doubt, according to the description given of each by our dramatic and literary antiquaries; thus, "The Play of Love" is catalogued in Lowndes' *Bibliographical Manual* as it is in the *Biographia Dramatica* and elsewhere, simply thus:—"The Play of Love. London: by W. Rastell, 1533.

Quarto." But Dr. Dibdin, in his *Typographical Antiquities*, (vol. iii. p. 376), corrects this, and tells us, that "it is a *small folio*, and not a quarto, as designated by Herbert"; and, giving the full title of "The Play of the Weather," as if from the copy in St. John's College, Oxford, it might thence be inferred, that the two plays were one and the same:—"The Play of Love; or, a new and very mery Enterlude of all manner of weathers"; and he describes this rare volume as "The Play of Love" in his index, and refers to the account of it as given in the *Censura Literaria*, (vol. iii. p. 299), by Dr. Bliss. This mistake and confusion has been ended by the discovery of a copy of "The Play of Love" in the Bodleian Library, "printed at London, in Farster Laen, by John Waley," and a specimen of a Skeltonical song in it communicated to the first volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers. The whole thing is curious, as it shews how easily any person, from the account of these rare plays given in bibliographical and dramatic works, might, from their evidence, have reasonably concluded the non-existence of this drama. "The Play of the Weather" contains the greatest number of characters in any by Heywood, the "players' names" being:—"Jupiter, a god; Mery Reporte, the vyce; the gentylman, the marchaunt, the ranger, the water myller, the

wynde myller, the gentylwoman, the launder, a boy, the least that can play."

Dr. Bliss's account of this play is as follows:—
 "In 'The Play of the Wether,' the first person who makes his appearance on the stage, is Jupiter; he, after the manner of a chorus, explains to the audience the plan and occasion of the drama. This originates in the various misfortunes and inconveniences which arise from the contrary dispositions of Saturn, Phœbus, Eolus, and Phœbe, who, being cited before the cloud-compelling deity, each makes complaint against the other; and all agree in declaring that, notwithstanding their several endeavours to promote the benefit of mankind, they are constantly thwarted by the actions of their companions in power. Saturn first accuses Phœbus, who, by the heat of his morning rays, melts the frost, and thus renders the labour of the night useless. To this charge the god makes no reply, but, joined by his late opponent, Saturn, exclaims against Phœbe, whose showers they find alike prejudicial to frost and heat. She, in return, is silent, and all three then fall upon poor Eolus, who, say they,

'When he is dysposed his blastes to blow,
 Suffereth neyther sone shyne, rayne, nor snow.'

"To remedy these evils, they propose investing

Jupiter with their command, who determines to call together such mortals as may have suffered; and, hearing their petitions, act accordingly.

“Thus far Jupiter himself leads us, when we are introduced to Mery Reporte, who, after some facetious discourse, is appointed messenger, to declare the intention of the deity to every nation. He departs. And here, I conceive, ends the first act.*

“Mery Reporte, having executed his commission, returns, and informs us of the numerous places he has visited. Then appears the first petitioner, who proves to be the ‘gentylman.’ After some conversation with ‘the vyce,’ not of the most delicate nature, he entreats for—

‘Wether pleasaunt,
Drye, and not mysty, the wynde calme and styll,
That after our houndes yournyng so meryly;
Chasyng the dere ouer dale and hyll,
In heryng we may folow, and to comfort the cry.’

“After this personage we have the remaining characters, who all differ in their requests, which are thus, afterwards, related to Jupiter by Mery Reporte :—

* Jupiter speaks seven lines after “Mery Reporte goeth out.” The stage direction in the margin says, “At thende of this staf the god hath a song played in his trone, or Mery Reporte come in.”

' The fyrst sewter before your selfe dyd appere,
 A gentylman desyrynge wether clere;
 Clowdy, nor mysty, nor no wynde to blow,
 For hurt in hys huntynge; and then, as ye know,*
 The marchaunt sewde for all that kynde,
 For wether clere, and mesurable wynde,
 As they maye best bere theyr saylys to make spede;
 And streyght after thys, there came to me, in dede,
 An other man, who namyd himself a ranger,
 And sayd, all of hys crafte be farre brought in
 daunger

For lacke of lyvyng, whych chefely ys wyndefall,
 But he playnely sayth there bloweth no wynd at al;
 Wherefore he desyreth, for encrease of theyr fleesys,
 Extreme rage of wynde, trees to tere in pieces;
 Then came a water-miller, and he cryed out
 For water, and sayde the wynde was so stout,
 The rayne could not fall, wherfore he made request
 For plenty of rayne to set the wynde at rest;
 And then, syr, there came a wynde-myller in,
 Who sayde, for the rayne, he could no wynde wyn;
 The water he wysht to be banyshd all,
 Besechyng your grace of wynde continuall;
 Then came there an other, that wolde banysh all this,

* Jupiter himself was present during the conversation with the gentleman and merchant. He then leaves Mery Reporte to interrogate the remaining suppliants, who are not all on the stage together, one entering as the other withdraws.

A goodly dame, an ydyll thyng, i wys,
 Wynde, rayne, nor froste, nor sonshyne wold she
 haue,
 But fayre, close wether, her beauty to saue;
 Then came there another, that lyveth by laundry,
 Who must haue wether hote and clere, here clothys
 to dry;
 Then came there a boy, for froste and snow con-
 tynuall,
 Snow, to make snowballys, and froste for his pyt-
 falle,*
 For whyche god wote he seweth full gredely.'

"Having thus enumerated the desires of the mortals, Jupiter sends for, and addresses them. He promises to fulfil every request at due seasons, by which means all occupations may prosper, without one retarding the other. He continues,—

'Now, on the tother syde, yf we had graunted
 The full of some one sewt, and no mo,
 And from all the rest the wether had forbyd,
 Yet who so hadde obtayned, had wonne his owne wo,
 There is no one craft that can preserue man so,
 But by other craftes of necessitye
 He must haue myche parte of his commodyte.
 'All to serve at ones, and one destroy another,

* This "pytfale," by the former part of the play, I conceive to be a decoy to entrap birds,—

"And to here the byrdes how they flycker theyr wynges
 In the pytfale, I say, yt passeth all thynges."

Or ellys to serue one, and destroy all the rest,
 Nother wyll we do the t'one, nor the tother;
 But serue as many, or as few as we thynke best,
 And where, or what tyme to serve moste or lest,
 The dyreccon of that doubtles shall stande
 Perpetually in the power of our hande.

‘Wherefore we wyll the hole worlde to attende
 Eche sorte on suche wether as for them doth fall,
 Now one, now other, as lyketh vs to sende;
 Who that hath yt, ply yt, and suer we shall
 So gyde the wether in course to you all,
 That eche wyth other ye shall hole remayne
 In pleasure and plentyful welth certayne.’

“At this determination each petitioner is satisfied, and returns thanks for the mildness and clemency with which he has been treated. And here, as I suppose, the play ends. The copy from which I have written the above, wants about the last page. Seven, out of the eight, have expressed their gratitude, and the boy is the only one remaining, whose speech, if it accords with those of his companions, takes up two lines. We may then suppose either Jupiter, or Mery Reporte, addresses the audience by way of epilogue, and that it concludes with—‘Imprinted by W. Bastell, 1533. *Cum privilegio*.’ There is a copy in the Bodleian Library, “Imprinted at London, in Paule’s Church-yard, at the sygne of the Sunne, by

Antonie Kytson;" the title being "*The Play of the Wether*: a new and a very mery interlude of al maner wethers, made by John Heywood," and bound up with the curious volume of his works containing his *Play of Love*. The Bodleian copy is complete, and the speech of the boy occupies more than the two lines, as Dr. Bliss conjectures. The play thus ends:—

"*Boye*. Godfather god, I wyll do somewhat for
you agayne.

By Christe! ye may happe to have a byrd or twayne,
And I promyse yf any snowe come

When I make my snow ballys, ye shall have some.

Mery Report. God thanke your lordshypp! lo how
this is brought to pas,

Syn now shall ye have the wether even as it was.

Jupiter. We nede no whyt our selves any further
to bost,

For our dedes declare us apparauntly,

Not onely here on earth in every cost,

But also above, in heavenly company.

Our prudence hath made peace universally,

Whiche thing, we say, recordeth us as principall,

God and governour of heaven, yearth, and all.

Now unto that heaven we woll most retorne,

Where we be glorified most triumphantly,

Also we woll all ye that on yearth sojourne

Since cause geveth cause, to knowe us your lord
onely ;

Reioysing in us, and in meane time we shall
Ascende into our trone celestiall.”

By the courtesy of Dr. Bandinel, I have been enabled to give an analysis of the other rare play, which has hitherto escaped all notice, and with which this has been confounded. *The Play of Love* is in small quarto. The characters are,—the Lover not beloved—the Woman beloved, not loving—the Lover beloved—and one Neither lover nor loved, who comes in also as the Vice. The first-named of these fanciful characters begins the drama thus:—

“Lo, Syr! whoso that loketh here for curtesy,
And seth me seme as one pretending none,
But as unthought uppon, thus sodenly
Approcheth the middes among you everichone,
And of you all scyth nought to any one,—
May think me rewd, p’ceiving of what sorte
Ye seme to be, and of what stately port;
But I beseche you, in most humble wyse,
To omitte displeasure, and pardon me:
My maner is to muse, and devyse,
So that sometime my selfe may cary me
My selfe knoweth not where; and I assure ye
So hath myselfe done now, for our lord wot
Where I am, or what ye be, I know not.

* The copy in the Bodleian Library is complete, except the title-page: it begins at sign A 2, ending at G 4.

Or whence I cam, or whyther I shall (be)
 As this in maner is unknowen to me,
 But evyn as fortune guydeth my fote to fall,
 So wander I, yet where so ever I be,
 And whom, or how many, so ever I se,
 As one person to me is every chone,
 So every place to me but as one.
 And for that one persone every place seke I,
 Whiche one ones founde I fynde of all the rest,
 Not one myssying ; and in the contrary
 That one absent, though that these even here prest
 All the creatures lyvyng most and lest,
 Yet lacking her, I shulde, and ever shall,
 Be as alone, syns she to me is all."

He continues in this strain of praise for his mistress, and lamentation of her coldness, for some time, ending with,—

"——— I say, and wyll verefy,
 Of all paynes, the most incomparable payne
 Is to be a lover not lovyd agayne."

The Woman *Beloved, not loving*, now enters; who declares the untenableness of the position he takes up, and enters into an argument, with these words:—

"Ye be a lovyr no whyt loved agayne,
 And I am loved of whome I love nothyng ;
 Then standeth our question betwene these twayne,

Of loving not lovyd, or lovyd not loving,
Which is the case most paynfull in sufferiſng?
Wherto I ſaye, that the moſt payne doth move
To thoſe belovyd of whome they cannot love."

And thereupon enſues ſome pages of rather
dry reaſoning, in which each party do their beſt
to maintain their poſition, the lover endeavour-
ing to illuſtrate that of each by ſaying:—

"—— I put caſe that ye
Stoode in cold water all day to the knee,
And I halfe the ſame day to myd leg in the feyer,
Wolde ye chaunge places with me for the dryer?"

Which is answered in the negative, yet cannot
they agree; and after ſome further diſpute, they
retire for the verdict of an impartial judge. The
Lover beloved now enters, and rapturouſly dilates
on the happineſſ of his poſition, when the per-
fectly careleſſ free-man, "*Nother lover nor loved*,"
enters with,—

"Nowe god you good evyn, mayſter Woodcock!

Lover loved. Cometh of rudneſſe, or lewdeneſſe,
that mock?

No lover nor loved. Come wherof it ſhall, ye
come of ſuch ſtock

That god ye good evyn, mayſter Woodcock!

Lover loved. This loſell, by lyke, hath loſt his
wit.

No lover nor loved. Nay, my mayster Woodcock,
not a whyt!

I have knowen you for a woodcock or this,
Or els, lyke a woodcock, I take you a mys,
But though for a woodcock ye deny the same,
Yet shall your wit witenesse you mete for that name.

Lover loved. Howe so?

No lover nor loved. Thus : lo!

I do perceive by your formare proces
That ye be a lover, wherto ye confes
Yourself beloved, in as loving wyse
As by wit and wyll ye can wyshe to devyse ;
Concluding therein determinately,
That of all pleasures pleasaunt to the body,
The hiest pleasure that man may obtayne,
Is to be a lover beloved agayne.
In which conclusion before all this flock,
I shall prove you plain to be a woodcock."

He then urges his own total absence from all
care :—

" My parte for most pleasaunt may soon be gest
By my contynuall quyeted rest.

Lover loved. Beyng no lover who may quiet be ?

No lover nor loved. Nay, being a lover, what
man is he

That is quiet ?

Lover loved.

Mary, I !

No lover nor loved.

Mary, ye lye !"

A bluff rejoinder, which urges the lover to go out at the other's challenge, and bring him a sufficient proof, leaving the loveless one to amuse himself with the fancied actions of a lover, and singing the Skeltonical song in the praise of his mistress (printed in the Shakspeare Society Papers, vol. i.), he relates a long story of tricking her by pretended love, but finds himself more thoroughly tricked by his inamorato, who, in his absence, which he thinks will be fatal to her peace, consoles herself with another lover, whom he discovers by peeping in at her chamber-window, after she has reported his unkindness had killed her. He taunts her with her perfidy, and consoles himself with being no serious lover. The *Beloved lover* now enters, bringing in with him two witnesses, the *Lover not loved*, and the *Loved not loving*; and they determine now to argue each question, and judge of each other among themselves. The two, who are last brought on the stage, now detail their superior misery, in long and rather tediously logical speeches, ending with rendering each other uncertain which is the most unfortunate, and referring their case for judgment to the other two. They then stand aside to listen to the argument of the *Lover loved*, or the loveless "*No lover nor loved*," to prove whose happiness is in this instance superior, the lover urging his point with great spirit:—

“ Love is the feeding that doth this body good,
 And this hed dyspyseth all these eyes wynkyng,
 Longer then love doth kepe this harte thynkyng,
 To dreame on my swete harte ; love is my feader,
 Love is my lorde, and love is my leader !
 Of all myne affayres in thought, word, or dede,
 Love is the Christ crosse that must be my spede ! ”

This the other denies, and declares that the
 torment of a lover counterbalances all joy.

“ Wherby, as I sayd, I say of love styll,
 Of the devyll and love, love is the more yll,
 And at beginning I may say to you,
 If God had sene as much as I say now,
 Love had been Lucyfer, and doubt ye no whyt,
 But experiens now hath taught God such wit,
 That yf aught come at Lucyfer other then good,
 To whyp soules on the brech, love shall be the blood.
 And sewer he is one that can not lyve long,
 For aged folk, ye wot well, can not be strong,
 And another thyng his phisicyon doth ges,
 That he is infect with the black iawndes ! ”

The lover, however, sticks to his point, and the
 loveless man is reduced to refer to a book in the
 purse at his girdle for arguments ; when he ex-
 claims, most irreverently,—

“ Now, I pray God the devyll in hell bynd me !
 By the mass, I have lefte my booke behynde me !

I besече our Lorde I never go hens,
 If I wolde not rather have spent forty pens,
 But syns it is thus I must goo fetch it,
 I wyll not tarry—A, Syr, the devyll stretch it !”

And out he runs, the two uncivilly retorting the terms dawcock and woodcock on each other, when the *Lover loved* congratulates himself on having reduced him to fly, and is about to retire to visit his lady, when “the Vyse cometh in ronnyng sodenly aboute the place among the audiens, with a hye coppyr tank on his head, full of squybs, fyred, crying, ‘Watere, water ; fyre, fyre, fyre ; water, water ; fyre ;’ tyll the fyre in the squybs be spent.” This Vice is the loveless man, and this dialogue ensues :—

“*Lover loved.* Water and fyre !

No lover nor loved. Nay, water for fyre, I meane!

Lover loved. Well, thanked be God, it is now
 out cleane ;

How cam it ther ?

No lover nor loved. Syr, as I was goyng
 To fet my boke for which was my departyng,
 There chaunced in my way a house thereby,
 To fyre, which is burned pyteously ;
 But mervelously the people do mone
 For a woman, they say a goodly one,
 A sojoner, whome in this house burned is ;
 And shoutyng for the people for helpe in this,

Made me runne thyther, to have done some good ;
 And at a wyndowe thereof, as I stood,
 I thrust in my heed, and evyn at a flush
 Fyre flasht in my face, and so toke my bush.

Lover loved. What house ?

No lover nor loved. A house paynted with red oker,
 The owner whereof they say is a broker.

Lover loved. Then brek hart, alas ! why lyve I
 this day !

My dere hart is distroyd, lyfe and welth away !

No lover nor loved. What man ! syt downe, and
 be of good chere !

God's body ! mayster Woodcock is goone clere !
 O mayster Woodcock, fayr mot be fall ye,
 Of ryght, mayster Woodcock, I must nowe call ye !
 Maystres stand you here afore and rubbe hym,
 And I wyll stande here behynde and dubbe hym,
 Nay, the chylde is aslepe, ye nede not rock.
 Mayster Woodcocke ! mayster Wood-wood-wood-
 cocke !

Where folke be farre within a man must knock.
 Is not this a pang trow ye beyonde the nock ?
 Speke, mayster Woodcock, speke parot, I pray ye !
 My leman your lady ey well ye see,
 My lady your leman one undertakes
 To be safe from fyre, by slyppying through a jakes.

Lover loved. That worde I harde, but yet I see
 her not.

No lover nor loved. No more do I, mayster Wood-
 cock, our lorde wot.

Lover loved. Unto that house where I dyd see her
 I wyll seke to see her, and yf she be past
 So that to apere there I can not make her,
 Then wyll I burne after and overtake her."

He then hurries out, much to the amusement of the other, who declares he has invented the whole story in order to convince him of the misery of being in love, by the lamentable consequences to his own happiness, just shown. He soon returns, finding no accident had happened, and on being taxed with the doleful effect of his loving, he retorts,—

"My loving! nay, all the cause was your lying!"
 this leads to fresh argument, the lover insisting,—

"——— Th' actuall pleasures that I possess
 Are as far above the case that ye profes,
 As is my payne in your imaginacyon,
 Under the pleasures of contentacyon."

And he asks him which of the two he would rather be,—a tree or a horse? the loveless one answers,—

When the hors went to labour, by our lady,
 I had lever be a tre then a hors I !

Lover loved. But how when he restyth and fylleth
 his gorge ?

No lover nor loved. Then wold I be a hors, and no
 tree, by Saynt George.

Lover loved. But what yf ye must nedes styke to the one ?

No lover nor loved. Which were the best, by the masse I can name none.

Lover loved. The fyrst case is yours, and the next is for me.

In case lyke a tree I may lyken ye,
 For as a tree hath lyfe without felyng,
 Wherby it felyth pleasyng nor displeasing,
 And can not be but contented quyety,—
 Even the lyke case is yours now presently.
 And as the hors feleth payne, and not the tre,
 Lykewyse I have payne, and no payne have ye ;—
 And as a hors above a tre felythe pleasure,
 So fele I pleasure above you in rate sure ;
 And as the tre felyth nother, and the hors both,—
 Evyn so pleasure and payne betwene us twaynegoeth.
 Syns these two cases so indifferently fall
 That your selfe can iudge nother for percyall,
 For indifferent ende I thynke this way best
 Of all our reasoning to debarre the rest,
 And in these two cases this one question
 To be the issue that we shall ioyn on.”

This is agreed on; but now the *Lover not loved* and the *Loved not loving* beg to have their cases first adjudged as they were the first speakers, and it is ultimately settled that the female lover, loved by an ugly man, is in as much misery by his disgustful importunity as the lover unloved. This

being settled, the adjudged parties give their verdict on the state of the other two. The lady now declares that the pleasures of the loving and loveless are equal, all things considered; the *Lover not loved* agreeing to her verdict in these words:—

“Who hereth this tale with indifferent mynde,
And seeth of these twayne, eche one so full bent
To his owne parte, that nother in harte can fynde
To chaunge pleasures with other,—must nedes assent
That she in these wordes hath gyuene ryght iudgement.
In affermance wherof I judge and awarde
Both these pleasures of yours as one in regarde.”

To which all agree, and eulogise the pleasure of being contented in each particular state, the *Lover not loved* concluding the play with this moral speech:—

“Syns such contentacyon may hardely acorde
In such kynde of love as here hath ben ment,
Let us seke the love of that lovyng Lorde
Who to suffer passyon for love was content ;
Wherby his lovers that love for love assent
Shall have in fyne above contentacyon,
The felyng pleasure of eternall salvacyon :
Which lorde of Lordes whose ioyfull and blessed
byrth
Is now remembred by tyme presentyng,
This accustomyd tyme of honest myrth,

That Lorde we beseche in most humble meanyng
 That it may please hym by mercyfull hearyng,
 The state of this audiens longe to endure,
 In myrth, helth, and welth, to graunt his pleasure.”

From which it appears that this play was written for a Christmas performance.

“A Mery Play between Johan Johan, *the Husbande*; Tyb, *his Wyfe*; and Syr Jhan, *the Preest*,” as Mr. Collier says, “certainly deserves the epithet applied to it on the title-page: it is a ‘mery play,’ resembling in its structure a one-act farce.” Johan Johan, the husband, who is completely hen-pecked, but who, as usual, in the absence of his wife, is most valiant, commences the play with these words:

“God spede you, maysters, everychone,
 Wote ye not whyther my wyfe is gone?
 I pray God, the dyvell take her,
 For all that I do, I cannot make her,
 But she wyll go a gaddyng very muche,
 Lyke an Antony pyg with an olde wyche,
 Whiche ledeth her aboute hyther and thyther ;
 But, by our Lady! I wote not whyther.
 But, by goggis blod! were she come home
 Unto this, my house, by our Lady of Crome!

I wolde bete her or that I drynk.
 Bete her, quotha? yea, that she shall stynke ;
 And at every stroke lay her on the ground,
 And trayne her by the here about the house rounde.
 I am evyn mad that I bete her not nowe,
 But I shall rewarde her hardly well ynowe ;
 There is never a wyfe betwene heven and hell
 Which was ever beten halfe so well."

He continues in this vehement strain for a considerable length of time, increasing his threats as he pursues the subject, declaring,—

"That is a poynt of an honest man
 For to bete his wyfe well, nowe and than."

His rage is increased by a jealous fear lest she has gone to visit Sir John the Priest, with whom he conceives her to be too intimate, but he is suddenly cooled by his wife, who overhearing his threats, enters and asks :—

"Why, whom wylt thou beate, I say, thou knave?"

His valour immediately evaporates, and anxious to conceal the truth he answers :—

"Who, I, Tyb ? none, so God me save.

Tyb. Yes, I harde the say thou woldest me bete.

Johan. Mary, wyfe, it was stok fysshe in Temmes Strete,

Whiche wyll be good meate agaynst Lent.

Why, Tyb, what haddest thou thought that I had ment ?

Tyb. Mary, me thought I harde the bawlyng.

Wylt thou never leve this wawlyng ?

Howe the dyvell dost thou thy self behave ?

Shall we ever have this worke, thou knave ?

Johan. What, wyfe, how sayst you, was it well gest of me

That thou woldest be come home in safete ?

Assone as I had kendled a fyre,

Come warm the, swete Tyb, I the requyre."

Tyb now tells him she feels very unwell, and the husband declares to himself his utter want of sympathy, and his jealousy of Sir John; which is not a little increased when the wife desiring him to guess where she has been, at last tells him that she has been in company with some gossips (of whose characters John, in a few words mumbled to himself, makes entire wreck) and the priest, and that among them they concocted a famous pie,—

"The preest payde for the stuffe and the makyng,

And Margery she payd for the bakyng."

and she then indulges in praises of them all, and ultimately brings forth the pye; the dialogue thus continuing :—

c

Tyb. But wotest who gave it?

Johan. What the dyvel rek I?

Tyb. By my fayth, and I shall say trewe, than
The dyvell take me, and it were not Syr Jhān.

Johan. O holde the peas, wyfe, and swere no
more,

But I beshrewe both your hartes therefore.

Tyb. Yet, peradventure, thou has suspicion,
Of that was never thought nor done.

Johan. Tusshe, wife, let all suche matters be,
I love thee well, though thou love not me:
But this pye dothe nowe catche harme,
Let us set it upon the harth to warme.

Tyb. Than let us eate it as faste as we can,
But bycause Syr Jhān is so honest a man,
I wolde that he shulde therof eate his parte.

Johan. That were reason I thee ensure.

Tyb. Than syns that it is thy pleasure,
I pray the than go to hym ryght,
And pray hym come sup with us to nyght.

Johan. Shall he cūm hyther? by cōkkis soule I
was a curst

Whan that I graunted to that worde furst;
But syns I have sayd it, I dare not say nay,
For than my wyfe and I shulde make a fray,
But whan he is come, I swere by Goddis mother,
I wold gyve the dyvell the tone to cary away the
tother.

Tyb. What sayst?

Johan. Mary, he is my curate, I say,
My confessour and my frende alway,

Therefore go thou and seke hym by and by,
And tyll thou come agayne, I wyll kepe the pye.

Tyb. Shall I go for him? nay, I shrewe me than,
Go thou and seke as fast as thou can,
And tell hym it.

Johan. Shall I do so?

In fayth, it is not mete for me to go.

• *Tyb.* But thou shalte go tell hym for all that.

Johan. Than shall I tell hym, wotest thou what?
That thou desyrest hym to come make some chere.

Tyb. Nay, that thou desyrest hym to come sup
here."

John is evidently most unwilling to do this, and occasionally breaks out into severe expressions; which when his wife desires him to explain, he does, by converting them into inoffensive remarks. She then begins to get ready for her expected visitor; takes off the gown she has been walking in, and ordering her husband to clean the skirt, which has become dirtied, exclaims:—

"Lo! nowe am I redy to go to Syr Jhān,
And bid hym come as fast as he can.

Johan. Ye, do so without ony taryeng.

Tyb. But I say, harke! thou hast forgot one
thyng;

Set up the table, and that by and by.

Johan. Nowe go thy wayes.

Tyb. I go shortly;

But se your candelstykkis be not out of the way.
Come agayn and lay the table I say ;
What me thynkkis ye have sone don.

Johan. Nowe I pray God that his malediction
Lyght on my wyfe, and on the baulde preest.

Tyb. Nowe go thy ways, and hye the, seest.

Johan. I pray to Christ, if my wyshe be no synne,
That the preest may breke his neck whan he comes
in.

Tyb. Now cum again.

Johan. What a myschefe wylt thou, fole !

Tyb. Mary, I say, brynge hether yender stole.

Johan. Nowe go to, a lyttell woulde make me
For to say thus, a vengauunce take the.

Tyb. Nowe go to hym, and tell hym playn,
That tyll thou brynge hym, thou wylt not come
agayn.

Johan. This pye doth borne here as it doth
stande.

Tyb. Go washe me these two cuppes in my hande.

Johan. I go with a myschyefe lyght on thy face.

Tyb. Go and byd hym hye hym a pace,
And the whyle I shall all thynges amende.

Johan. This pye burneth here at this ende,
Understandest thou ?

Tyb. Go thy ways I say.

Johan. I wyll go nowe as fast as I may.

Tyb. How, come ones agayne : I had forgot ;
Loke, and there be ony ale in the pot.

Johan. Nowe a vengauce and a very myschyefe
 Lyght on the pylde preest, and on my wyfe,
 On the pot, the ale, and on the table,
 The candyll, the pye, and all the rable,
 On the trystels, and on the stole ;
 It is moche ado to please a curst fole.

Tyb. Go thy ways nowe, and tary no more
 For I am a hungred very sore.

Johan. Mary, I go.

Tyb But come ones agayne yet ;
 Brynge hyther that breade lest I forget it.

Johan. I wys it were tyme for to torne
 The pye, for y wys it doth borne.

Tyb. Lorde ! how my husbande nowe doth patter,
 And of the pye styl doth clatter.
 Go nowe and byd hym come away ;
 I have byd the an hundred tymes to day.

Johan. I wyll not gyve a strawe, I tell you playne,
 If that pye ware cold agayne.

Tyb. What ! art thou not gone yet out of this place ?
 I had went, thou haddest ben come agayn in the space :
 But by cokkis soule, and I shulde do the ryght,
 I shulde breke thy knaves heed to nyght.

Johan. Nay, than if my wyfe be set a chydyng,
 It is tyme for me to go at her bydding.
 There is a proverbe, whiche trewe now preveth,
 He must nedes go that the dyvell dryveth.

Johan. How mayster curate, may I come in
 At your chamber dore, without ony syn.

Syr Jhan the Preest.

Who is there nowe that wolde have me ?
 What ! Johan Johan, what newes with the.

Johan. Mary, Syr, to tell you shortly,
 My wyfe and I pray you hartely,
 And eke desyre you wyth all our myght,
 That ye wolde come and sup with us to nyght.

Syr J. Ye must pardon me, in fayth I ne can.

Johan. Yes, I desyre you, good Syr Jhān,
 Take payne this ones ; and, yet at the lest
 If ye wyll do nought at my request,
 Yet do somewhat for the love of my wyfe.

Syr J. I wyll not go for makyng of stryfe,
 But I shall tell the what thou shalte do,
 Thou shalte tary and sup with me, or thou go.

Johan. Wyll ye not go than, why so ?
 I pray you tell me, is there any dysdane
 Or any enmyte betwene you twayne ?

Syr J. In fayth to tell the, betwene the and me,
 She is as wyse a woman as any may be ;
 I know it well ; I have had the charge
 Of her soule, and serchyd her conscyens at large ;
 I never knew her but honest and wyse,
 Without any yvyll, or any vyce,
 Save one faut, I know in her no more,
 And because I rebuke her, now and then, therfore
 She is angre with me, and hath me in hate,
 And yet that that I do, I do it for your welth.

Johan. Now God yeld it yow, god master curate,

And as ye do, so send you your helth,
Ywys I am bound to you a plesure.

The priest defends her character to the utmost,
but in an equivocal manner, declaring that he
could

———“never espy

That ever any did worse with her than I.”

with which John appears satisfied, and then
asks:—

“But yf it please you, tell me the matter
And the debate betwene you and her.

Syr J. I shall tell the, but thou must kepe
secret.

Johan. As for that, syr, I shall not let.

Syr J. I shall tell the now the matter playne,
She is angry with me and hath me in dysdayn
Because that I do her oft intyce
To do some penaunce, after myne advyse,
Because she wyll never leve her wrawlyng,
But alway with the she is chydyng and brawlyng;
And therefore I knowe she hatyth me presens.

Johan. Nay, in good feyth, savyng your reverens.

Syr J. I know very well, she hath me in hate.

Johan. Nay, I dare swere for her, master curate :
But, was I not a very knave ?
I thought surely, so God me save,
That he had lovyd my wyfe, for to deseyve me,
And now he quythyth hymself; and here I se

He doth as much, as he may for his lyfe
To stynte the debate betwene me and my wyfe.

Syr J. If ever she dyd, or thought me any yll,
Now I forgyve her with me fre wyll ;
Therefore Johan Johan, now get the home
And thank thy wyfe, and say I wyll not come.

Johan. Yet, let me know, now good Syr Jhān,
Where ye wyll go to supper than.

Syr J. I care not greatly, and I tell the.
On saterday last, I and ii or thre
Of my frendes made an appoyntement,
And agaynst this nyght we dyd assent
That in a place we wolde sup together ;
And one of them sayd, he wolde brynge thether
Ale and bread ; and for my parte, I
Sayd, that I wolde gyve them a pye,
And there I gave them money for the makynge ;
And an other sayd, she wolde pay for the bakynge ;
And so we purpose to make good chere
For to dryve away care and thought.

Johan. Than I pray you, syr, tell me here,
Whyther shulde all this geare be brought ?

Syr J. By my fayth, and I shulde not lye,
It shulde be delyvered to thy wyfe, the pye.

Johan. By God ! it is at my house, standyng
by the fyre.

Syr J. Who bespake that pye ? I the requyre.

Johan. By my feyth, and I shall not lye,
It was my wyfe, and her gossyp Margerye,

And your good masshupp, callyd Syr Jähn,
 And my neybour's yongest doughter An ;
 Your masshupp payde for the stuffe and making,
 And Margery, she payde for the bakyng.

Syr J. If thou wylt have me nowe, in faithe I
 wyll go.

Johan. Ye, mary, I beseche your masshupp do so,
 My wyf taryeth for none but us twayne ;
 She thynketh long, or I come agayne.

Syr J. Well nowe, if she chyde me in thy
 presens,
 I wyl be content, and take in pacyens.

Johan. By cokkis soule, and she ones chyde,
 Or frowne, or loure, or loke asyde,
 I shall brynge you a staffe as myche as I may heve,
 Than bete her and spare not, I gyve you good leve,
 To chastyce her for her shreude varyeng."

By this time, they are supposed to have reached
 the house, when the husband is greeted by his
 wife with,—

"The devyll take the for thy long taryeng."

and ordered, in no civil language, to prepare water
 to wash their hands, and place the pie on the
 table ; the priest, on the contrary, being received
 with,—

"Welcome, myn owne swete harte,
 We shall make some chere or we departe."

to the great annoyance of John, who declares, "this abateth my chere," and whose credulity is sneered at by the priest, thus :—

Syr J. By God, I wolde ye had harde the tryfys,

The toys, the mokkes, the fables, and the nyfys,
That I made thy husbände to beleve and thynke,
Thou myghtest as well into the erthe synke,
As thou coudest forbear laughyng any whyle.

Tyb. I pray the let me hear part of that wyle.

Syr J. Mary, I shall tell the as fast as I can.
But peas, no more!—yonder cometh thy good man.

Johan. Cokkis soule, what have we here ?
As far as I sawe, he drewe very nere
Unto my wyfe.

Tyb. What, art come so sone ?
Gyve us water to wasshe nowe—have done.

(Than he bryngeth the payle empty.)

Johan. By cokkis soule, it was, even nowe, full
to the brynk,
But it was out agayne or I coude thynke ;
Wherof I marveled, by God Almyght,
And than I loked betwene me and the lyght,
And I spyed a clyfte, bothe large and wyde,
Lo, wyfe! here it is on the tone syde.

Tyb. Why dost not stop it ?

Johan. Why, how shall I do it ?

Tyb. Take a lytle wax.

Johan. Howe shal I come to it ?

Syr J. Mary, here be ii wax candyls, I say,
Whiche my gossyp Margery gave me yesterday.

Tyb. Tusshe, let hym alone, for by the rode!
It is pyte to help hym, or do hym good.

Syr J. What! Johan Johan, canst thou make
no shyfte?

Take this waxe, and stop therwith the clyfte.

Johan. This waxe is as harde as wyre.

Tyb. Thou must chafe it a lytle at the fyre.

Johan. She that broughte the these waxe candylles twayne,

She is a good companyon certayn.

Tyb. What, was it not my gossyp Margery?

Syr J. Yes, she is a blessed woman surely.

Tyb. Nowe wolde God I were as good as she,
For she is vertuous, and full of charyte.

Johan. Nowe, so God helpe me; and by my
holydome

She is the erranst baud betwene this and Rome.

Tyb. Wat sayst?

Johan. Mary, I chafe the wax,

And I chafe it so harde-that my fingers krakks.

But take up this pye that I here torne,

And it stand long, ywys it wyll borne.

Tyb. Ie, but thou must chafe the wax, I say.

Johan. Byd hym syt down, I the pray—

Syt down, good Syr Jhān, I you requyre.

Tyb. Go, I say, and chafe the wax by the fyre,
Whyle that we sup, Syr Jhān and I.

Johan. And how now, what wyll ye do with the
pye?

Shall I not ete therof a morsell ?

Tyb. Go and chafe the wax whyle thou art well,
And let us have no more pratyng thus.

Syr J. Benedicite.

Johan. Dominus.

Tyb. Now go chafe the wax with a myschyfe.

Johan. What, I come to blysse the bord, swete
wyfe ?

It is my custome now and than.

Mych good do it you, Master Syr Jhān.

Tyb. Go chafe the wax, and here no longer tary.

Johan. And is not this a very purgatory
To se folks ete and may not ete a byt ?
By kokkis soule I am a very wodcok.
This payle here, now a vengauce take it,
Now my wyfe gyveth me a proud mok.

Tyb. What dost ?

Johan. Mary, I chafe the wax here,
And I ymagyn to make you good chere,
That a vengauce take you both as ye syt,
For I know well I shall not ete a byt.
But yet, in feyth, yf I myght ete one morsell,
I wolde thynk the matter went very well.

Syr J. Gossyp Johan Johan, now much good
do it you ;

What chere make you there by the fyre ?

Johan. Master parson, I thank you now ;
I fare well enow after myne owne desyre.

Syr J. What dost, Johan Johan, I the requyre?

Johan. I chafe the wax here by the fyre.

Tyb. Here is good drynk, and here is a good py.

Syr J. We fare very well, thankyd be our Lady.

Tyb. Loke how the kokold chafyth the wax that
is hard,

And for his lyfe, daryth not loke hether ward.

Syr J. What doth my gossyp?

Johan. I chafe the wax,

And I chafe it so hard that my fyngers krakks ;

And eke the smoke puttyth out my eyes two :

I burne my face, and ray my clothys also,

And yet I dare not say one word,

And they syt laughyng yender at the bord.

Tyb. Now, by my trouth, it is a prety jape,

For a wyfe to make her husband her ape.

Loke of Johan Johan, which makyth hard shyft

To chafe the wax to stop therwith the clyft.

Johan. Ye, that a vengeance take ye both two,

Both hym and the, and the and hym also ;

And that ye may choke with the same mete

At the furst morsell that ye do ete.

Tyb. Of what thyng now dost thou clatter,

Johan Johan ? or whereof dost thou patter ?

Johan. I chafe the wax, and make harde shyft

To stop herewith of the payll the ryft.

Syr J. So must he do, Johan Johan, by my

father kyn,

That is bound of wedlok in the yoke.

Johan. Loke how the pyld preest crammyth in ;

That wold to God he myght therwith choke.

Tyb. Now, master Parson, pleasyth your goodnes
To tell us some tale of myrth or sadnes
For our pastyme, in way of communycacyon.

Syr J. I am content to do it for our recreacyon,
And of iii myracles I shall to you say.

Johan. What, must I chafe the wax all day,
And stond here, rostying by the fyre?"

To which the priest answers:—

“Thou must do somewhat at thy wyves desyre.”

and then relates three absurd stories of miracles wrought upon married women, through the intercession of priests, more remarkable for their satirical caricature of monkish legends, than for their delicacy. At the conclusion of the last narrative, John asks,—

“But howe say you, Syr Jhān, was it good your pye?
The dyvell the morsell that therof eate I.
By the good Lord this is a pyteous warke!
But now I se well the olde proverbe is treu,—
The parysshe preest forgetteth that ever he was
clarke.

But, Syr Jhān, doth not remember you,
How I was your clerke, and holpe you masse to syng,
And hylde the basyn alway at the offryng;
Ye never had halfe so good a clarke as I,
But notwithstanding all this, now our pye
Is eaten up, there is not left a byt,
And you two together there do syt

Eatynge and drynkynge at your own desyre,
And am I Johan Johan, whiche must stande by the
fyre

Chafyng the wax, and dare none other wyse do.

Syr J. And shall we alway syt here styll, we two!
That were to mych.

Tyb. Then ryse we out of this place.

Syr J. And kys me than in the stede of grace ;
And farewell leman and my love so dere.

Johan. Cokkis body, this waxe it waxte colde
agayn here ;—

But what shall I anon go to bed,
And eate nothyng nother meate nor brede !
I have not be wont to have suche fare.

Tyb. Why were ye not served there as ye are,
Chafyng the waxe, standyng by the fyre ?

Johan. Why, wat mete gave ye me, I you
requyre?

Syr J. Wast thou not served, I pray the, hartely,
Both with the brede, the ale, and the pye ?

Johan. No, syr, I had none of that fare,

Tyb. Why were ye not served there as ye are,
Standyng by the fyre chafyng the waxe ?

Johan. Lo, here be many tryfys and knakks—
By cokkis soule! they wene I am other dronke or
mad.

Tyb. And had ye no meate, Johan Johan, no had?

Johan. No, Tyb, my wyfe, I had not a whyt,

Tyb. What, not a morsel ?

Johan. No, not one byt ;

For honger, I trowe, I shall fall in a swone.

Syr J. O, that were pyte, I swere by my crowne!

Tyb. But is it trewe ?

Johan. Ye, for a surete.

Tyb. Dost thou ly ?

Johan. No, so mote I the.

Tyb. Hast thou had nothyng ?

Johan. No, not a byt.

Tyb. Hast thou not dronke ?

Johan. No, not a whyt.

Tyb. Where wast thou ?

Johan. By the fyre I dyd stande.

Tyb. What dydyst ?

Johan. I chafed this waxe in my hande,

Where as I knewe of wedded men the payne

That they have, and yet dare not complayne,

For the smoke put out my eyes two ;

I burned my face, and rayde my clothes also,

Mendying the payle, whiche is so rotten and olde,

That it will not skant together holde ;

And syth it is so, and syns that ye twayn

Wold gyve me no meate for my suffysance ;

By cokkis soule! I wyll take no longer payn,

Ye shall do all yourself, with a very vengauce

For me, and take thou there thy payle now,

And yf thou canst mend it, let me se how.

Tyb. A horson's knave, hast thou brok my payll?

Thou shalt repent, by cokkis lylly nayll!

Rech me my dystaf, or my clyppying sherys,

I shall make the blood ronne about his erys.

Johan. Nay, stand styll, drab, I say, and come
no nere,

For by cokkis blood! yf thou come here,

Or yf thou onys styr toward this place,

I shall throw this shovyll full of colys in thy face.

Tyb. Ye horson dryvyll, get the out of my dore.

Johan. Nay, get thou out of my house, thou
prestis hore.

Syr J. Thou lvest, horson kokold, evyn to thy
face.

Johan. And thou lvest, pyld preest, with an
evyll grace.

Tyb. And thou lvest.

Johan. And thou lvest, syr.

Syr J. And thou lvest agayn.

Johan. By cokkis soule, horson preest, thou shalt
be slayn ;

Thou hast eate our pye and gyve me nought,

By cokkis blod, it shall be full derely bought.

Tyb. At hym, Syr Jhān, or els God gyve the
sorow.

Johan. And have at your hore and thefe, Saynt
George to borrow.

*(Here they fyght by the erys a whyle, and than the
preest and the wyfe go out of the place.)*

Johan. A, syrs, I have payd some of them even
as I lyst,

They have borne many a blow with my fyst,

d

I thank God, I have walkyd them well,
 And dryven them hens, but yet can ye tell
 Whether they be go ? for, by God ! I fere me,
 That they be gon together he and she
 Unto his chamber, and perhappys she wyll
 Spyte of my hart, tarry there styll,
 And, peradventure, there he and she
 Wyll make me cokold, evyn to anger me ;
 And then had I a pyg in the wors panyer,
 Therfor, by God, I wyll hye me thyder
 To se yf they do me any vylany :
 And thus fare well this noble company."

This interlude, according to the *Colophon*, was
 "Imprynted by Wylllyam Rastell, the xii day of
 February, the yere of our Lord mcccc and xxxiii.
Cum privilegio." It is remarkable, as all his plays
 are, for unsparing satire on the vices of the Roman
 Catholic clergy, and the absurdity of their legends
 and relics ; and as Heywood was a rigid, if not
 a bigoted Catholic, this may be received as a
 proof of their corruption. It is of great rarity,
 and was privately reprinted a few years back ;
 the advertisement stating that "no copy of this
 Mery Play appears to exist, except that in the
 Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Exclusive of its
 antiquity and rarity, it is valuable as affording a
 specimen of the earliest and rudest form of our
 comedy (for the poem is shorter, and the number

of the *dramatis personæ* yet fewer than those of *The Four P's*), and of the liberty with which even the Roman Catholic authors of that age felt themselves authorized to treat the established church." A remark which is also fully carried out by a perusal of the next play of our author's, which we shall now consider.

"A Mery Playe betwene the Pardoner, and the Frere, the Curate, and neybour Pratte," Mr. Collier inclines to consider, one of Heywood's earliest productions. "It was printed by Rastell in 1533, but must have been written before 1521, when the author was a player on the virginals, in the court of Henry VIII; because Leo X is spoken of in it as living"; its chief end appears to have been the exposure of the tricks and impositions practised by wandering friars and pardoners, who bore relics, to cheat the unthinking laity of their money. To both these classes Heywood is unsparing in his censure, as he also is in his "*Four P's*." The present play commences with this speech by the friar:—

"Deus hic, the holy trynnye
 Preserve all that nowe here be.
 Dere bretherne, yf ye wyll consyder
 The cause why I am come hyder,

d 2

Ye wolde be glad to knowe my intent,
 For I com not hyther for monye nor for rent ;
 I com not hyther for meate, nor for meale,
 But I com hyther, for your soules heale."

He then enlarges on the purity and poverty of his order :—

" We freres have professed wylful poverte,
 No peny in our purse have may we,
 Knyfe nor staff may we none cary,
 Excepte we shulde from the gospels vary;"

for which reason he says they should evermore be hospitably received and liberally treated :—

" Wherefore my frendes to this text take ye hede,
 Beware how ye despyse the pore freres,
 Which ar in this worlde crystes mynysters ;
 But do them with an harty chere receyue,
 Leste they happen your houses for to leue,
 And than God wyll take vengeaunce in his yre.
 Wherefore I now, that am a pore frere,
 Dyd enquire were any people were
 Which were dysposyd the word of God to here ;
 And as I cam hether, one dyd me tell,
 That in this towne ryght good folke dyd dwell ;
 Which to here the word of God wolde be glad,
 And as sone as I, therof knolege had,
 I hyder hyed me as fast as I myght,
 Entendyd by the grace of God almyght,
 And by your pacyens, and supportacyon,
 Here to make a symple colacyon ;

Wherfore I requyre-all ye in this prese
For to abyde, and gyue dew audyence."

And so having obtained of the Curate leave to use his church for a begging sermon, he kneels down for a preparatory prayer; during which time the Pardoner, whose object is also that of procuring money, enters "with all his relyques to declare what eche of them ben, and the hole power and vertu therof," and thus he begins:—

The pardoner. God and saynte Leonarde sende
ye all his grace

As many as ben assembled in this place.

Good devout people that here do assemble,
I pray good that ye may all well resemble
The ymage, after whiche you are wrought ;
And that ye save, that Chryst in you bought.

Devout chrysten people, ye shall all wytte
That I am comen hyther ye to vysytte,
Wherfore let us pray thus or I begynne,
Our sauoure preserue ye all from synne !
And enable ye to receyue this blessed pardon,
Whiche is the greatest vndor the son,
Graunted by the pope in his bulles under lede,
Whiche pardon ye shall fynde whan ye are dede,
That offereth outhur grotes er els pens,
To these holy relyques, whiche or I go hens
I shall here shewe, in open audyence,—
Exortynge ye all to do to them reuerance.

But first ye shall know well, y^t I com fro Rome,
 Lo here my bulles, all and some,
 Our lyege lorde seale here on my patent
 I bere with me, my body to warant ;
 That no man be so bolde, be he preest or clarke,
 Me to dysturbe of Chrystes holy warke ;
 Nor haue no dysdayne, nor yet scorne,
 Of these holy reliques whiche sayntes haue worne.

Fyrst, here I shewe ye, of a holy Jewes shepe
 A bone, I pray you take good kepe
 To my wordes, and marke them well :—
 Yf any of your bestes belyes do swell,
 Dyppe this bone in the water that he dothe take
 Into his body, and the swellynge shall slake.
 And yf any worme haue your beestes stonge,
 Take of this water, and wasshe his tonge,
 And it wyll be hole anon ; and furthermore
 Of pockes, and scabbes, and every sore,
 He shall be quyte hole that drynketh of the well
 That this bone is dipped in ; it is treuth that I tell !
 And yf any man that any beste oweth
 Ones in the weke, or that the cocke croweth,
 Fastynge wyll drynke of this well a draughte,
 As that holy Jew hath vs taught,
 His beestes and his store shall multely.
 And maysters all it helpeth well
 Thoughe a man be foule in ielous rage,
 Let a man with this water make his potage,
 And neuermore shall he his wyfe mystryst,
 Thoughe he in sothe the faut by her wyst,

Or had she betake with freres two or thre.

Here is a mytten eke, as ye may se,
 He that his hande wyll put in this myttayn,
 He shall haue encrease of his grayn,
 That he hath sowne, be it wete or otys,
 So that he offer pens, or els grotes.
 And another holy relyke eke here se ye may ;
 The blessed arme of swete Saynt Sondaye !
 And who so euer is blessyd with this ryght hande,
 Can not spede amysse by se nor by lande ;
 And if he offereth eke with good deuocyon,
 He shall not fayle to come to hyghe promocyon.

And another holy relyke here may ye see,
 The great too of the Holy Trynyte.
 And who so euer ones doth it in his mouthe take,
 He shall neuer be dysseasyd with the tothe ake !
 Canker nor pockys shall there none brede !
 This that I shewe ye is matter indede !

And here is of our Lady, a relyke full good,
 Her bongrace which she ware with her French hode*
 Whan she wente oute, al wayes for sonne bornynge;
 Women with chylde, which be in mournynge,
 By vertue thereof shal be sone easyd ;
 And of theyr trauayll full sone also releasyd ;

* The French hood was the close coif, fashionable among ladies at this period ; the bongrace was a frontlet attached to the hood, and standing up round the forehead ; as may be particularly seen in the portraits of Queen Anne Bullen. (See my *History of Costume in England*, p. 243, and Glossary p. 441.)

And if this bongrace they do deuoutly kys,
And offer therto, as theyre deuocyon is.

Here is another relyke, eke a precyous one,
Of all helowes the blessyd jaw bone,
Which relyke, without any fayle,
Agaynst poyson chefely dothe preuayle.
For whom so euer it toucheth without dout,
All maner venym from hym shall issue out ;
So that it shall hurt no maner wyghte ;
Lo, of this relyke the great power and myght,
Which preseruyth from poyson euery man.
Lo of Saynt Myghell, eke the brayn pan !
Which for the hed ake is a preseruatyfe,
To every man or beste that beryth lyfe.
And further it shall stande hym in better stede
For his hede shall neuer ake whan that he is dede.
Nor he shall fele no maner grefe nor payn,
Though with a sworde one cleue it than a twayn!
But be as one that lay in a dede slepe, [crepe.
Wherfore to these relykes now come crouche and
But loke that ye offerynge to them make
Or els can ye no maner profyte take;
But one thyng ye women all, I warant you,
Yf any wyght be in this place now
That hath done syn, so horryble that she
Dare nat for shame therof shryuen be,—
Or any woman be she younge or olde,
That hathe made her husbande cockolde,
Suche folke shall haue no power nor no grace,
To offer to my relykes in this place;

And who so fyndeth her selfe out of suche blame,
Com hyther to me on crystes holy name.

And bycause ye
Shall vnto me
Gyue credence at the full,
Myn auctoryte
Now shall ye se,
Lo! here the popes bull!

*Now shall the frere begyn his sermon and euyn at
the same tyme the pardoner begynneth also to shew and
speke of his bullys, and auctorytes com from Rome.*

The frere. Date et dabitur vobis.

Good deuout people, this place of scripture—

Pardo. Worshypfull maysters, ye shall understand

Frere. Is to you that have no litterature,

Pardo. That pope Leo the .x. hath graunted with
his hand,

Frere. Is to say in our englysshe tonge,

Pardo. And by his bulles confyrmed vnder lede,

Frere. As departe your goodes the poore folke
amonge.

Pardo. To all maner people bothe quicke and
dede,

Frere. And god shall than gyue vnto you agayne.

Pardo. Ten thousande yeres and as many lentes
of pardon,

Frere. This in the gospels so is wryten playne.

Pardo. Whan they are dede theyr soules for to
guardon,

Frere. Therefore gyue your almes in the largest wyse;

Pardo. That wyll with theyr peny or almes dede,

Frere. Keep not your goodes, fye! fye! on couetyse!

Pardo. Put to theyr handes to the good spede

Frere. That synne with god is most abhomynable,

Pardo. Of the holy chapell of swete saynt Leonarde,

Frere. And is eke the synne that is most dampnable.

Pardo. Whiche late by fyre was destroyed and marde;

Frere. In scrypture eke, but I say syrs, how,

Pardo. Ay! by the mas! one can not here,

Frere. What a bablynge maketh yonder fellow,

Pardo. For the bablynge of yonder folysshe frere!

Neither of them being inclined to silence, they continue talking at the same time, and loudly urge their claims upon the purses of the congregation; until the friar totally out of patience calls out:—

“But I say, thou pardoner, I byd the holde thy peace.

Pardo. And I say thou frere, holde thy tonge styll.

Frere. What standest thou there all the day smatterynge.

Pardo. Mary what standest thou there all day clatterrynge.

Frere. Mary, fellow, I com hyder to prech the
worde of god,

Whych of no man may be forbode ;
But harde wyth scylence and good entent ;
For why, it techeth them euydent
The very way and path, that shall them lede
Euen to heuen gatys, as strayght as any threde !
And he that lettyth the worde of god of audyence,
Standeth accurst in the greate sentence!
And so art thou, for enterruptynge me.

Pardo. Nay, thou art acurst, knave, and that
shalt thou se,

And all suche that to me make interruepyon,
The pope sends them excommunycacyon
By hys bullys, here redy to be redde,
By bysshoppes and hys cardynalles confyrmed.
And eke yf thou dysturbe me any thyng,
Thou art also a traytour to the kyng !
For here hath he graunted me vnder hys brode seale,
That no man, yf he loue hys hele,
Sholde me dysturbe, or let in any wyse !
And yf thou dost the kynges commaundment dispise,
I shall make the be set fast by the fete;
And where thou saydyst that thou arte more mete
Amonge the people here for to preche,
Bycause thou dost them the very way teche
How to com to heuen aboue,
Therin thou lyst! and that shall I proue;
And by good reason I shall make the bow,
And know that I am meter than arte thou.

For thou, whan thou hast taught them ones the way,
 Thou carest not whether they com there, ye or nay!
 But whan that thou hast done all togyder,
 And taught them the way for to com thyther,
 Yet all that thou canst ymagyn
 Is but to vse vertue, and abstayne fro syn.
 And yf they fall ones, than thou canst no more,
 Thou canst not gyve them a salue for theyr sore;
 But these my letters be clene purgacyon,
 All thoughe neuer so many synnes they haue don;
 But whan thou hast taught the way and all,
 Yet or they com there, they may haue many a fall
 In the way, or that they com thyther:
 For why the way to heuen is very slydder,
 But I wyll teche them after another rate;
 For I shall brynge them to heuen gate,
 And be theyr gydes, and conducte all thynges,
 And lede them thyther by purse strynges;
 So that they shall not fall though that they wolde.

Frere. Holde thy peace, knaue, thou art very bolde,
 Thou pratest in fayth euen like a pardoner.

The corruption of the Romish church in England at this period can scarcely be doubted, when so sincere a member of it as Heywood could thus satirize the peculation of its members: no reformer could say a more bitter thing than this, of leading men to heaven by the pursestrings. The Pardoner is so enraged, that he cries:—

“Why despysest thou the pope’s mynyster;
 Maysters, here I curse hym openly.”

The friar laughs at him, and continues to speak of his superior sanctity amid the manifold interruptions of the other, who enlarges on the superior value of his relics; until the friar, anxious to get quietly on with his sermon, says,—

“ But I say, thou lewde felowe thou!

Haddest none other tyme to shewe thy bulles but now?

Canst not tary, and abyde tyll none,

And rede them than whan prechyng is done.

Pardo. I wyll rede them now, what sayest thou therto?

Hast thou any thyng therewith to do?

Thynkest that I wyll stande, and tary for thy leasure,

Am I bounde to do so moche for thy pleasure?

Frere. For my pleasure? nay I wolde thou knewyst it well,

It becometh the knave, never a dell,

To prate thus boldely in my presence,

And let the word of god of audience.

Pardo. Let the word of god quoth a? nay let a horson dreuyll

Prate here all day, with a foule euyll!

And all thy sermon goth on couetyce,

And byddeest men beware of auaryce,

And yet in thy sermon dost thou none other thyng,

But for almes stande all the day beggyng!

Frere. Leue thy realyng, I wolde the aduysen!

Pardo. Nay! leue thou thy bablyng, yf thou be wyse.

Frere. I wolde thou knewest it, knaue, I wyll not leue a whyt.

Pardo. No more wyll I! I do the well to wyt.

Frere. It is not thou shall make me hold my peas.

Pardo. Then speke on hardly, yf thou thynkyst it for thy eas ;

Frere. For I wyll speke, whyther thou wylt or no.

Pardo. In faythe, I care not, for I wyll speke also.

Frere. Werfor hardely let vs bothe go to.

Pardo. Se whiche shall be better harde of vs two.

Frere. What! sholde ye gyue ought to pratyng pardoners!

Pardo. What! sholde ye spende on these flaterynge lyers!

Frere. What! sholde ye gyue oughte to these bold beggars!

Pardo. As be these bablynge monkes, and these freres,

Frere. Let them hardely labour for theyr lyvyng.—

Pardo. Which do nought dayly but bable and lye!

Frere. It moche hurtyth them, good mennys gyvyng,

Pardo. And tell you fables, dere inoughe a flye!

Frere. For that maketh them ydle, and slouthfull to warke.

Pardo. As dothe this bablynge frere, here to day.

Frere. That for none other thyng they wyll carke."

They thus continue for some length of time, in vulgar abuse of each other, and earnest appeals for money, until the patience of both rapidly wearing away, and neither being inclined to surrender, the friar exclaims:—

"I say wylt thou nat yet stynt thy clappe,
Pull me downe the pardoner, with an euyll happe !

Pardo. Maister frere, I holde it best
To kepe your tonge while ye be in rest.

Frere. I say one pull the knaue of his stole.

Pardo. Nay one pull the frere downe lyke a fole.

Frere. Leue thy railynge, and babbelynge of
freres,

Or by jys, I'sh lug the by the swete eares !

Pardo. By God ! I wolde thou durst presume
to it !

Frere. By God ! a lytell thyng might make me
to do it !

Pardo. And I shrew thy herte and thou spare.

Frere. By God, I wyll nat mysse the moche,
thou slouche !

And yf thou playe me suche another touche,
I'sh knocke the on the costarde, I wolde thou it
knewe !

Pardo. Mary that wold I se ! quod blynde hew.

Frere. Well I wyll begyn, and than let me se
Whether thou darest agayne interrupte me,
And what thou wolde ones to it say.

Pardo. Begyn and proue whether I wyll, ye, or
nay.

Frere. And to go forthe where as I lefte right
now—

Pardo. Because som percase wyll thynke amysse
of me—

Frere. Our lorde in the gospell sheweth the way
how—

Pardo. Ye shall now here, the popys auctoryte,—

Frere. By gogges soule ! knaue, I suffre the no
lenger !

Pardo. I say some good body, lende me his
henger;

And I shall hym teche, by God almyght,
How he shall another tyme lerne for to fyght !
I shall make that balde crowne of his to loke rede,
I shall leue him but one ere on his hede.

Frere. But I shall leue the neuer an ere or I go!

Pardo. Ye, horeson frere ! wylt thou so ?

(Than they fyght.)

Frere. Lose thy handes away from myn earys.

Pardo. Than take thou thy handes away from
my heres.

Nay abyde thou horeson ! I am not downe yet ;
I trust fyrst to lye the at my fete.

Frere. Ye horeson, wylt thou scrat and byte !

Pardo. Ye mary wyll I, as longe as thou doste
smyte !

The curate, alarmed at the disturbance, now enters, saying:

“ Holde your handes, a vengeaunce on ye bothe two,
That euer ye came hyther, to make this a do ;
To polute my chyrche, a myschyefe on you lyght!
I swere to you by God all myght !
Ye shall bothe repente, euery vayne of your harte,
As sore as ye dyd euer thyng or ye departe.

Frere. Mayster Parson, I maruayll ye wyll gyue
lycence

To this false knaue, in this audience
To publysh his ragman rolles with lyes ;
I desyred hym y wys more than ones or twyse
To holde his peas, tyll that I had done ;
But he wolde here no more than the man in the mone!

Pardo. Why sholde I suffre the, more than thou
me?

Mayster Parson gaue me lycence before the ;
And I wolde thou knewyst it. I haue relykes here,
Other maner stuffe than thou dost bere ;
I wyll edefy more with the syght of it,
Than wyll all the pratyng of holy wryt !
For except that the precher hym selfe lyve well,
His predycacyon wyll helpe neuer a dell ;
And I know well that thy lyuynge is nought!
An homycyde thou art I know well inoughe.
For my selfe knew where thou sloughe
A wenche with thy dagger in a couche,
And yet, as thou saist in thy sermon, yt no mā shall
touch.

e

Parso. No more of this wranglyng in my chyrch,
 I shrewe your hartys bothe for this lurche ;
 Is there any blood shed here between these knaues?
 Thanked be God! they had no stauys,
 Nor egoteles, for than it had been wronge.
 Well ye shall synge another songe.
Neybour Prat, com hether, I you pray.

Prat. Why, what is this nyse fraye ?

Parso. I can not tell you, one knaue dysdaynes
 another;
 Wherefore take ye the tone, and I shall take the
 other;
 We shall bestow them there as is most conuenient,
 For suche a couple; I trow, they shall repente
 That euer they met in thys chryche here !
Neyboure ye be constable, stande ye nere,
 Take ye that laye knaue, and let me alone
 With this gentylman; by God and by Saynt John,
 I shall borowe vpon prestholde somewhat,
 For I may say to the, *neybour Prat,*
 It is a good dede to punysh such, to the ensample
 Of suche other, how that they shall mell
 In lyke facyon as these catyfes do.

Prat. In good fayth, mayster Parson, yf ye do so,
 Ye do but well to teche them to be ware.

Pardo. Mayster Prat, I pray ye me to spare,
 For I am sorry for that that is done;
 Wherefore, I pray ye, forgyue me sone,
 For that I haue offendyd within your lybertye,
 And by my trouthe, syr, ye may trust me ;—

I wyll neuer come hether more
 Whyle I lyue, and God before!

Prat. Nay, I am ones charged with the,
 Wherefore, by Saynt John, thou shalt not escape me,
 Tyll thou hast scouryd a pare of stokys.

Parso. Tut! he weneth all is but mockes,
 Lay hande on hym; and com ye on, syr frere,
 Ye shall of me hardely haue your hyre,
 Ye had none suche, this vii yere,
 I swere by God, and by our Lady dere!

Pardo. Nay, mayster Parson, for Goddys passyon,
 Intreate not me after that facyon,
 For if ye do it wyll not be for your honesty.

Parso. Honesty or not, but thou shalt se
 What I shall do by and by,
 Make no stroglynge, com forthe soberly,
 For it shall not auayle the, I say.

Frere. Mary, that shall we trye, euen strait way!
 I defy the, churle preeste, and there be no mo than
 thou,

I wyll not go with the, I make God a vow!
 We shall se fyrst which is the stronger,
 God hath sent me bonys, I do the not fere!

Parso. Ye, by thy fayth, wylt thou be there?
 Neybour Prat, brynge forthe that knaue;
 And thou, syr frere, yf thou wylt alगतys rave.

Frere. Nay, chorle, I the defy!
 I shall trouble the fyrst,
 Thou shalt go to pryson by and by,
 Let me se now do thy worst.

Prat with the Pardoner, and the Parson with the Frere.

Parso. Helpe! helpe! neybour Prat! neybour Prat!

In the worship of God, helpe me som what!

Prat. Nay, deale as thou canst with that elfe,
For why, I haue inoughe to do my selfe!
Alas! for payne I am almoste dede,
The reede blood so ronnethe downe aboute my hede!
Nay, and thou canst, I pray the, helpe me!

Parso. Nay, by the mas, felowe it wyll not be,
I haue more tow on my dystaffe than I can well spyn!
The cursed frere dothe the vpper hande wyn.

Frere. Wyll ye leue than, and let vs in peace departe?

Ps. & Pr. Ye, by our Lady, euen with all our harte!

Fre. & Pd. Than adew, to the deuyll, tyll we com agayne!

Par. & Pr. And a myschefe go with you bothe twayne!"

And with these mutual bad wishes, the play ends, and each goes his own way.

"The Play called the *Foure P's*, a newe and a very mery interlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Potycary, and a Pedlar." It is reprinted in all the editions of *Dodsley's Old Plays*, and it therefore is not necessary to do more here than give,

in the words of Mr. Collier, the plot of the interlude: "The question at issue between the characters is which shall tell the greatest lie; and after each has told some monstrous story, the determination of the rest that the Palmer's simple assertion, that he never saw a woman out of patience in his life, is the most monstrous falsehood of all, (which the other three, taken by surprise, involuntary declare) is an unexpected and very comic turn to the performance." The absurdity of pardoners' relics is asseverely handled as in the play last described, and the jaw-bone of All-Hallows, and great toe of the Trinity, are again brought forward to ridicule. It has not hitherto been noticed that Heywood's Pardoner is a close copy of Chaucer's, and the two first relics he descants on—the sheep's jaw and the mytten—are derived from Chaucer, and described as nearly as possible in the same words, as well as the artful assurance, that all persons but grievous sinners, may publicly offer to these relics as the test of their innocence; as deceptive and effective an imposition as was ever imputed to this body.* The most spirited and humorous part of this Play (if indeed it be not Heywood's *chef-d'œuvre*) is the Pardoner's tale of his descent into hell, to

* See Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale*.

recover the lost soul of a lady friend, which he considers himself bound to do, as he has saved others through virtue of his relics; so taking them with him :—

“From hens I went to purgatory,
 And toke with me thys gere in my fyste,
 Wherby I may do there what I lyste.
 I knocked and was let in quyckly:
 But Lorde, how lowe the soules made curtesy;
 And I to every soule agayne
 Dyd gyve a beck them to retayne,
 And axed them thys question than,
 If that the soule of suche a woman
 Dyd late amonge them there appere?
 Wherto they sayd, she cam nat here.
 Then ferd I mucche it was nat well;
 Alas, thought I, she is in hell;
 For with her lyfe I was so acqueynted,
 That sure I thought she was nat saynted.
 With thys it chaunced me to snese;
 Christe helpe, quoth a soule that ley for his fees.
 Those wordes, quoth I, thou shalt nat lees;
 Then with these pardons of all degrees,
 I payed his tole and set hym to quyght,
 That strayt to heaven he toke his flyght,
 And I from thens to hell that nyght,
 To help this woman yf I myght;
 Nat as who sayth by authorite,
 But by the waye of entreate.

And fyrst to the devyll that kept the gate
 I came, and spake after this rate.
 All hayle, syr devyll, and made lowe curtesy:
 Welcome, quoth he, thus smillyngly.
 He knew me well, and I at laste
 Remembred him syns longe time paste:
 For as good happe wolde have it chaunce,
 This devyll and I were of olde acqueyntaunce;
 For oft, in the play of corpus Cristi,
 He hath playd the devyll at Coventry.*
 By his acqueyntaunce and my behavoure,
 He shewed to me ryght frendly favoure,
 And to make my retorne the shorter,
 I sayd to this devyll, good mayster porter,
 For all olde love, yf it lye in your power,
 Helpe me to speke with my lorde and your.

* This is a very curious allusion to a favourite character in the old mysteries. "Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city (i. e. COVENTRY) was very famous for the pageants that were play'd therein upon *Corpus Christi* day (this is one of their ancient faires), which occasioning very great confluence of people thither from far and near, was no small benefit thereto; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friers of this house, had theaters for the several scenes very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators, and contained the story of the New Testament, composed in old English rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS, entitled, *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Coventriæ*, in Bibl. Cotton. (sub Effigie Vesp. D. 9)." Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 116. The Shakspeare Society have published the entire series from the manuscript Dugdale alludes to.

Be sure, quoth he, no tongue can tell,
 What tyme thou coudest have come so well:
 For as on thys daye Lucyfer fell,
 Whiche is our festyvall in hell,
 Nothyng unreasonable craved thys day,
 That shall in hell have any nay.
 But yet be ware thou come nat in,
 Tyll tyme thou may thy pasporte wyn.
 Wherefore stand styll, and I will wyt,
 Yf I can get thy save condyt.
 He taryed nat, but shortely gat it
 Under seale, and the devyls hande at it,
 In ample wyse, as ye shall here;
 Thus it began: Lucyfere,
 By the power of god chyefe devyll of hell,
 To all the devyls that there do dwell,
 And every of them we sende gretyng,
 Under streyght charge and commaundyng,
 That they aydyng and assystent be
 To suche a Pardouer, and named me,
 So that he may at lybertie
 Passe save without any jeopardy,
 Tyll that he be from us extyncte,
 And clerely out of helle's precincte.
 And hys pardons to kepe in savegarde;
 We wyll they lye in the porter's warde.
 Gevyn in the fornes of our palys,
 In our highe courte of maters of malys,
 Suche a day and yere of our reyne.
 God save the devyll, quoth I, amain.

I truste thys wrytynge to be sure:
 Then put thy truste, quod he, in euer*
 Syns thou art sure to take no harme.
 Thys devyll and I walket arme in arme,
 So farre, tyll he had brought me thyther,
 Where all the devylls of hell togyther
 Stode in a ray, in suche apparell
 As for that day there metely fell.
 Theyr hornes well gylt, theyr clowes full clene,
 Theyr taylles well kempt, and, as I wene,
 With sothery† butter theyr bodyes anoynted;
 I never sawe devylls so well apoynted.
 The mayster devyll sat in his jacket,
 And all the soules were playinge at racket.
 None other rackettes they hadde in hande,
 Save every soule a good fyre brand;
 Wherwith they played so pretely,
 That Lucyfer laughed merely;
 And all the resedew of the feends,
 Did laugh thereat ful wel like freends.
 But of my frende I saw no whyt,
 Nor durst not axe for her as yet.
 Anone all this rout was brought in silens,
 And I by an usher brought in presens
 Of Lucyfer: then lowe, as wel I could,
 I knelyd, whiche he so well alowde,
 That thus he beckte, and by saynt Antony
 He smyled on me well favouredly,

* *Euer*] cure, edit. 1569, it is the old word *ure*, custom.

† *Sothery*]. Sweet or fresh, made from the old word ~~oste~~.

Bendynge his browes as brode as barne dures,
 Shakyng hys eares as ruged as burres;
 Rolyng his eyes as rounde as two bushels;
 Flastyng the fyre out of his nose thryls;
 Gnashinge hys teeth so vaynglorously,
 That me thought tyme to fall to flatery,
 Wherwith I tolde, as I shall tell.
 O plesant pycture! O prince of hell!
 Feutred* in fashyon abominable,
 And syns that is inestimable
 For me to prayse the worthyly,
 I leve of prayse, as unworthy
 To geve the prays, besechyng the
 To heare my sewte, and then to be
 So good to graunt the thyng I crave;
 And to be shorte, thys wolde I have:
 The soule of one which hyther is flytted,
 Delivered hens, and to me remitted.
 And in thys doynge though al be nat quyt,
 Yet in some parte I shall deserve it,
 As thus: I am a pardoner,
 And over soules as controller,
 Thorough out the erth my power doth stande,
 Where many a soule lyeth on my hande,
 That spede in maters as I use them,
 As I receyve them or refuse them.

* *Feutred in fashyon abominable.* *Feutrer*, Fr.—*faire de feutre*—garnir de feutre.—To stuff with felt. *Feutré* d'herbe, overgrown with grass.

Werby, what tyme thy pleasure is,
 I shall requyte any part of thys,
 The leste devyll here that can come thyther,
 Shall chose a soule and brynge him hyther.
 Ho, ho, quoth the devyll, we are well pleased;
 What is hys name thou woldest have eased?
 Nay, quoth I, be it good or evyll,
 My comynge is for a she devyll.
 What calste her, quoth he, thou whoorson?
 Forsooth, quoth I, Margery Coorson.
 Now by our honour, sayd Lucyfer,
 No devyll in hell shall withholde her;
 And yf thou woldest have twenty mo,
 Wert not for justyce, they shulde goo.
 For all we devylls within thys den
 Have more to do with two women,
 Then with all the charge we have besyde:
 Wherefore yf thou our frende wyll be tryed,
 Aply thy pardons to women so,
 That unto us there come no mo.
 To do my beste I promysed by othe;
 Which I have kepte, for as the fayth goth
 At thys day, to heven I do procure
 Ten women to one man, be sure.
 Then of Lucyfer my leve I toke,
 And streyght unto the mayster coke
 I was hadde, into the kechyn,
 For Margerie's offyce was therin.
 All thyngs handled there discretely,
 For every soule bereth offyce metely:

Woiche myght be sene to se her syt
 So bysely turnynge of the spyt.
 For many a spyt here hath she turned,
 And many a good spyt hath she burned:
 And many a spyt ful hoth hath rosted,
 Before the meat coulde be half rosted
 And or the meate were halfe rosted in dede,
 I toke her then fro the spyt with spede.
 But when she sawe thys brought to pas,
 To tell the joy wherin she was;
 And of all the devylls, for joy how they
 Did rore at her delyvery,
 And how the cheynes in hell did ryng,
 And how all the soules therin did synge;
 And how we were brought to the gate,
 And how we toke our leve therat,
 Be suer lacke of tyme sufferyth nat
 To reherse the xx parte of that,
 Wherefore thys tale to conclude brevely;
 Thys woman thanked me chyefly,
 That she was ryd of thys endles deth,
 And so we departed on Newmarket heth.
 And yf that any man do mynde her,
 Who lyst to seke her, there shalle he fynde her."

The interlude, now for the first time printed,
 is in Harleian Manuscript, No. 367, described in
 Wanley's Catalogue as "a book in folio, wherein
 are contained many letters and fragments, with
 various poems, written by the hands of Mr. John

Stowe, and others; now bound up together," and the interlude forms the forty-first article in the volume, beginning at folio 110, and going on to 119, thus catalogued: "John Heywood's poetical Dialogue, concerning Witty (*i. e.* wise), and Witless: made, as it seemes, to be recited before K. Henry VIII." Mr. Collier, in his *Annals of the Stage*, having termed it "Wit and Folly," I have adopted the latter title as the better one. The original manuscript is imperfect at the beginning, but, as Mr. Collier observes, "very little of it can have been lost, beyond the mere introduction, to shew how the discussion commenced. The whole is in the handwriting of the author, who adopted a peculiar mode of spelling, often more uncouth than that of the age in which he lived." At the end, by way of attestation of authorship, is written "Amen q'd John Heywod."* I have traced and engraved these words in *facsimile*.



Mr. Collier, speaking of this manuscript, says, our author "may also, perhaps, deserve credit as

* The name is, with the ordinary carelessness of the age, also spelt, in the old editions, Heywood and Heewode.

the inventor of this species of dramatic entertainment,—though dramatic chiefly in the circumstances that it was conducted in dialogue, and that it was recited in public; it has no story, and is merely a discussion in verse between two or more characters on some particular topic or opinion. Productions of this kind could never be popular, and it is therefore not surprising that only one of them, by him, should have descended to us, and that in manuscript.” But the *Play of Love* may also be considered as of the same class, equally argumentative and abstruse. [The *Dialogue of Wit and Folly* contains but three characters, John, James, and Jerome. John argues the superiority of the life of a wise man, and James the great extra ease and comfort of the witless one, and the speech of the latter, commencing p. 9, is remarkable for feeling and spirit, when comparing the husbandman’s and student’s life:—

“Less is the peril and less is the pain,
The knocking of knuckles which fingers doth strain,
Than digging in the heart, or drying of the brain.”

James triumphs over his adversary, by the assertion that fools not being answerable for their sins have sure chance of heaven, a position which is overthrown by Jerome, who enters and contradicts him, (p. 16 of our edition last line but

two), proving the untenableness of such an argument, and showing the triumph in every way of wit over folly. The concluding stanzas of the play were written expressly to compliment the king, and "in his absence are voyd," and they extravagantly laud his majesty's wit. The entire performance is a curious specimen of the courtly amusements of the age in which it was composed.

A DIALOGUE ON WIT AND FOLLY.

* * * * *

JOHN.

A mervelus mater, marcyfull lord,
Yf reason whyth this conclewcyon a cord,
Better to be a foole, than a wyse man.

JAMES.

Better or wurs, I seay as I began,
Better ys for man that may be wyttles
Then wytty.

JOHN.

Ye show some wytty wyttines.

JAMES.

Experyens schall wyttnes my tale trewe,
And for temperall welth let us fyrst vewe :
And that experyens may schowe the trewer,
Accept we reson to be owr vewer,
Yn which reson by experyens we knowe
That folk most wytty, to whom ther doth growe
By frendds dedd befor, nowght left them behynde,
Nor by lyvyng frendds no lyvyng asynde,
Except they wyll storve, ther fyndyng must they fynd
By muche payne of body or more payne of mynde.

B

And as for the wyttles, as who saythe the sott,
The naturall foole calde or th' ydeot :
From all kynds of labor that dothe payne constrayne,
As farr as suffycyency nedythe obtayne,
Yn sewrty of lyvyng the sot dothe remayne.

JOHN.

Yn sewrty of lyvyng, but not withowt payne,
For admyte all sotts in case as be mayny
That leve withowt labor, yet wher ys any
But for that one plesewr, he hathe mor payne
Then the wytty wurker in all dothe sustayne.
What wretche so ferythe payne havyn eny wytt
Lyke the wyttles wretche?—none! yf ye mark hyt;
Who cometh by the sott who cometh he by
That vexythe hym not somewey usewally.
Some beat hym, some bob hym,
Some joll hym, some job hym,
Some tugg hym by the hers,
Some lugg hym by the eares,
Some spet at hym, some spurne hym,
Some tosse hym, some turne hym,
Some snap hym, some scratche hym,
Some crampe hym, some cratche hym,
Some cuff, some clowt hym,
Some lashe hym, some lowte hym,
Some whysse hym, some whype hym,
Wythe scharpe nalyes some nype hym,
Not even mayster Somer, the kyngs gracys foole,
But tasythe some tyme some nyys of new schoole.
And by syd thys kynde of frettyng p'sewmyng,

Another kynd of turment in consewmyng
 The wytty to the wyttles oft Invent,
 After Inventoryon of yer full entent.
 The foole by flatery to turment ys browght,
 So farr over joyd, and his brayne so wyde wrowght,
 That by joy of a jewell skant wurth a myght
 The sott oft slepyth no wynk in a whole nyght ;
 And for ensampyll wyth a Walsyngam ryng,
 Thys dystemperans to the sot ye may bryng,
 And mak hym joy theryn as hyt war a thyng
 Of pryce to pay the rawnsome of a kyng.
 In joying wherof, yf any man got way,
 To get yt from hym as every chyld may,
 Then man and chyld sethe the sot in such case
 That nowght but paynfull sorow takyth any place.
 By thys small proffes a small wytt may ges
 That wyd wer the wytty to wyshe them wyttles.

JAMES.

Th' effect of this yowr matter as ye speak yt,
 Standythe much yn two poynts as I tak yt,
 Of whyche tweyne the tone ys, that the sot hath
 By jollyng and jobbyng and other lyk skath,
 Extreame payne wyth extremyte of yer ;
 Th' other ys after frettyng fewryus fyer,
 That the foole with eche frewtles tryflyng toy
 Is so dystempryd with dystemperat joy,
 That as much payne bryngthyth his plesaunt passhyon,
 As dothe the pynchyng of his most paynfull fashyon :
 These two poynts consyderyd, the sot as ye say,
 Hathe some payne sometyme, but most tymes I say nay.

B 2

JOHN.

Then from no payne to some payne the wyttles are
browght.

JAMES.

Ye, but wytty and wyttles wyttyly wrowght
By some payne to suche payne that wytty fele most,
Then wytty and wyttles eche parte his part bost;
Tak, of wytty the degrees, and nomber all,
And of that nombyr I thyngk ye nombyr small
But that eche one of them ys of nede asynd
To labor sore, yn body or ells yn mynde ;
And few to all that fortewne so dothe favor
But yn body and mynde bothe they do labor,
And of body thes labors the most paynefullest
Is the labor of mynde, I have harde gest.
And lest bothe paynes or most of twayne be to towgh
For yow to matche with, and the lest payne inowgh ;
To the fyrst most payne of ye wyttles nody,
Joyne we the wyttyse least payne, payne of body ;
Who seeth what payne labor bodyly bryngyth,
Schall easely se therby, how the body wryngyth ;
Husband mens plowyng, or earyng and sowyng,
Hedgyng and dychyng, with repyng and mowyng ;
In cartyng such lyftyng, such burdenns bareyng,
That payne of the body bryngyth thyese to stareyng ;
And mucche of thys done yn tyme of suche het
That yn colde cave covryd the carcass must swet.
Some other use crafts in which wurck ys so small,
That yn somer pleasantly they lyve all,
Who in wynter when husbondmen warme with wark,

In that they may not sturr, for cold ar evyn stark,
Some yn wynter fryse, some yn somer fry,
And the wyttles dothe nether, for comenly
Other whythe wurshypfull or honorabull,
He temprately standeth in howse at the tabyll ;
And of all his labors reckyn the hole rabyll,
Bygger burden bareth he none then his babyll ;
So that from thes paynes, or the lyk recytyd,
The wyttles hath warrant to be aquyghtyd.
And sewr the sotts pleaseure in this last aquyghtall
Cownterwayleth his payne, in yowr fyrst recyghtall,
For vnto the sotts nyppying and beatyng,
Joyne the wytty laborers nypps and freatyng,
And whether ye cownt by yere, monthe, or weke,
Ye shall fynde thease of the wytty to seek,
As far as of the wyttles; and of bothe sorts
This ys the dyfferens; that to me ymports
Sotts are coylde of other, the wytty coylethe hymself.
What choyse thus aleagyde ?

JOHN.

Small, ah horson elf!
Somewhat he towchythe me now yn very deed!
Howbeyt to thys am not I yet full agreed;
The wytty who beat them selves by bysynes,
May oft yn beatyngs favour them selves I ges;
Such opertewnyte by wytt ys ofte espyd,
That labor by wytt ys ofte qualyfyed,
In takyng tyme or place as best may stand,
Most easelye to dyspatche things cumyng in hand.
Wytt hathe provytyon alway for releef.

To provyd some remedy agaynst myscheef;
Wyttly tak bysynes as wytty wyll mak yt,
And as wytty beat wyttles, wyttles must take yt.

JAMES.

Tak yt howe ye lyst, ye can mak yt no les,
But wytty have suche payne as my words wyttnes;
For though wytt for tyme sometyme may payne
prevent,
Yet yn most tymes theyr foreseyd payne ys present,
Whyche payne in the wytty wyttly weyde,
May match payne of the wyttles by ye fyrst leyde;
And to the second poynt for dystemporatt joyes,
By havynge or hopynge of fancyes or toyes,
In wyttles or wytty bothe tak I as one,
Ffor though the thyngs that wytty have or hope on,
Are yn some kynd of acownt; thyngs muche gretter
Then thyngs of the sotts joyings, yet no whyt better,
Nor les payne bryngth that passhyon, but endyferent
To bothe, except wytty have the woors turment.
Thynk yow aright, good wytty havynge clerely
A thowsand pownd sodaynly gyven hym yerely,
Who befor that owre myght dyspend no peny,
Nor tyll that owre never lookyd for eny,
Myght not joy as much that soden recevyng,
As joyth the sott reseyte of hys Walsyngam ryng?
And therby be kepte from quyete sleepe a wek,
As well as the ryng makethe the sotte sleep to seek;
And in a soden leesyng that gyfte agayne,
Myght not the wytty be presyd with payne
As depe as the wyttles, his ring stolne or lost?

And though thys ensampyll chanse seeld when at most,
 Yet sometye yt happyth, and dayly we see
 That folk farr from wyttles passhynynd be,
 By joyfull hope of thyngs to them lyk to hape,
 Or havynge of thyngs plesaunt late lyght in the lap,
 As muche to theyr vnrest; for dystemperancy
 As ye showde the wyttles restles formerly,
 And oft tyme, for cawse consydryd and weyd
 As lyght as yowr Walsyngam ryng aforeseyd.
 Wytt in wytty hathe seelyd suche perfecshyon,
 To bryng dysposyshyn full in abieckshyon;
 And the dyfferens of dysposyshyon ys such,
 Some wytts hope to lyttyll, some wytts hope to muche.
 By whyche over much I sey, and sey must ye,
 That wytty and wyttles one in thys case be.
 And thus in both casys, reasonyng cawse showth,
 Cawse to conclewd, that to the wytty growth
 As muche payne, as to the wyttles; wherby,
 As good be wyttles as wytty, say I!

JOHN.

That conlewcyon ys conlewdyd wysely !
 Your pryme proposycyon dyd put presysely
 Better to be wyttles then wytty, and now
 As good to be wyttles as wytty sey yow !
 But that wytt whych putts case in degre cōparatyve,
 And conlewdyth case in degre posytyve,
 Sall not in that case clame degre sewperlatyve !

JAMES.

Ye pas in this tawnt yowr prerogatyve;
 But that wytt whych bostythe the full of his wynnyng,

As thowghff he knewe th' end of thing at begynnyng,
 That wytt schall schow wyttles ympedymment,
 To be takyn wytty with wyttls excelent ;
 I conclewd here not for th' end, but for the myds,
 Whyche, yf ye will her to end, as reason byds,
 Ye schall perceyve ; and also condysend
 To grawnt me thanks then yn that I entende.
 Yowr fall by fears handelyng to be the more fayr,
 To set ye downe feately, stayer after stayer ;
 And so by a fayer fygewre of ynduckshyn,
 To bryng your parte softe and fayer to distruckshyn ;
 For wher ye grawnt fully, for owght your words make,
 That as much payne wytty as wyttles do take,—
 So from thys myds to the end I schall prove,
 That most payne of twayne to the wyttles doth move :
 For as I lode equally paynes of body
 To wytty and wyttles, lyke wyse wyll I
 Over lode the wytty with payne of mynde,
 In mater as playne as can be asynde—
 Whyche payne of mynde in mete mesewre to wey,
 Ys mor paynfull then payne of body I sey,

JOHN.

Ye sey so; and seyde so, but so seyde not I!
 Nor sey yt not yet, but that seyng deny;
 And tyll sayng prove your sayng more playnely,
 I wyll asay to sey the contrary!
 I thynk paynes of body cowntyde in eche kynde,
 May compare with all kynds of paynes of mynde.

JAMES.

Yf ye assewrydly thynk as ye sey now,

I thynk ye thynk as few men thynk but yow !
 Howbeyt, that beyng but an ynsydent,
 To pryncypall purpose presently ment;
 Yet that excepshyn took yow wyttyly,
 For had ye grawntyd that, as ye schall schortly,
 Then forthwith sholde owr pryncypall proses,
 Have concludyd in the part that I profes:
 For a meane, whervnto as mesewre may
 Meet vnmesewrabull thyngs, as who say
 Joyne in lyk proporshyn, as may be ment,
 The meane laborer to the meane studyent;
 And ye schall anon fynd the stewdyents payne,
 More paynfull then the laborers labor playne.

JOHN.

The stewdyents payne ys oft plesantly myxt,
 In felyng what frewt by his study ys fyxt.

JAMES.

The laborers labor quyghteth that at a whypp,
 In felynge the frewt (of) hys wurkmanshype;
 As muche delyght carters oft have in carts neat trymd,
 As do studyents yn bokes wythe golde neate lynd:
 And as much envy who may drive hys carte best,
 As among stewdyents who may seme lernd hyest.
 Wherby inwarde delyght to tolle forthe eche part,
 Semthe me yndyfrent to art, or to cart!
 And furder, meane labor in most comon wyse,
 Ys most parte hansom, and holsome excersyse,
 That purgythe hewmors to mans lyfe and quyknes,
 Whyche study bredythe to mans dethe or sycknes.
 Also, most kynds of labor, most comenly

Strene most grose owtewarde parts of the body;
 Wher study, sparyng sholders, fyngers, and tose,
 To the hedd and hart dyrectly study gose.
 Pervert ys your jugment yf ye iudge not playne,
 That less ys the parell, and les ys the payne, [strayne,
 The knockyng of knockylls whyche fyngers dothe
 Then dyggyng yn the hart, or drying of the brayne?

JOHN.

For comun meane kynds in bothe parts now leyde,
 I see not but reason saythe as ye have seyde.

JAMES.

The labor of body and mynde thus compare,
 In what degrese ye can; devyse to declare
 Betwene bothe, beyng not knyht yn suche degre
 But that th'one from th'other seporate may be;—
 And that bothe labors yn joynyng ye arecte
 As lyke yn degre as wytt may coniecte,—
 And bothe ones serchyd, serche schall mak warantyse,
 In labor of mynde the wurst payne dothe aryse.

JOHN.

Methynkethe I cowlde mak yt other wyse apere,
 Save I lack tyme to dylate matter here :
 For tyme of reasonyng wold be long therin,
 And tyme of reasonyng must be short here in :
 Whyche weyd with that, this standethe but insydently
 To owr present porpose pryncypally :
 I grawnt to agree, as ye have defynd,
 Of labor of body and labor of mynde,
 That labor or payne of mynd ys the greter :
 And thys now grawntyd, what be ye the better ?

JAMES.

So muche the bettyr, and yow so muche the wurs,
That ye may now put your toong in your purs,
For any woord in defens yowr toong shall tell !
After these my next woords, gyve ear and mark well.
This labor of mynnd, whyche we now agre
Above labor of body we must decre,
To joyne sole to the wytty ; for possybly
Cannot the wyttles tak part of that payne.

JOHN.

Why ?

JAMES.

How can he have payne by imaginacyon
That lackythe all kynds of consyderatyon ?
And yn all sencys ys so ynsofycient
That nowght can he thynk, in owght that may be ment
By any meane to devyce ony self thing,
Nor devyse in thyng, past present or cumyng.
No more hathe he in mynde, ether payne or care,,
Then hathe other Cock my hors, or Gyll my mare!
Thys cawse, with wyttles, payne of mynde dyspensys;
But the wytty, havyng all vytall sensys,
Hathe therby an ynwarde clock, whyche mark who wyll,
May oftymes go false, but yt never standythe styll.
The plummets of that clock come never to grownde,
Imaginacyon ys watche, and gothe so rownd,
To whyche consyderacyon gyvythe so quyck eare,
That in the wytty mynd the restles rest ys there.
A small wytt may ges, no wone wytt can deme
How many, or how muche ar theyre paynes extreme,

Nor how many contrary kyndes in some one brest.
Yf ye perceyve thys tale, ye se yt wytnest
Thre thyngs; of whyche the fyrst ys, that the wyttles
Off labor or payne of mynde have reles;
The second ys, that the wytty have in dure
All paynes of mynde, and that wytt dothe that procure;
Thyrldy I glanset at payne of mynd, allewdyng
That payne to be most payne. As in for conclewdyng,
Perceyve ye this?

JOHN.

Ye! and grawnt yt trew, to!

JAMES.

Then must ye grawnt wytty to have most payne.

JOHN.

So I do!

JAMES.

If wytty have most payne of twayne, ye must say
Better to be wyttles than wytty.

JOHN.

Nay!

JAMES.

I say, yes!

JOHN.

I say, nay!—and wyll so envey,
That I wyll hold ye wagg a nother way.
As I grawnt wytty of twayne most payne endewr,
So wyll I prove wytty to have most plesewr:
Whych plesewer shall bothe drowne the wyttyse payne,
And the plesewer yn whyche the wyttles remayne.

JAMES.

Thys promyse wyll hardly bryng good payment;
For yt ys a strange kynde of argewment,
To prove hym in most plesewre who hathe most payne,
Or hym yn least payne who least plesewre doth sustayne.

JOHN.

Let vs reason all plesewrs on bothe sydes,
And then let that syde have best that best provydes.

JAMES.

All plesewrs on bothe sydes! that wer a thyng
To make vs make ende to morow mornyngh!

JOHN.

As now the best parte of my parte cumeth on,
Ye make marvelous hast, ye wold fayne be gone!

JAMES.

Right now yowr self cowld wey in right wytty sort,
That resonyng here now, of reason must be short.

JOHN.

Yt schal be short ynowgh yf ye tak away
All that parte, that for my part, effeekt dothe ley.

JAMES.

I wyll nother tak away all, nor tak all;
But for a meane betwene bothe, my self strayght schall
Alege not plesewrs all I sey, but such one
As over weythe the other plesewrs every chone :
Whych plesewre wher yt in fyne dothe not remayne,
All plesewrs in all parts ar plesewrs but vayne,
Of whyche one plesewre the wyttles ar sewre evyr,
And of that plesewre, wytty ar sewr nevyr !

JOHN.

What plesewr ys that ?

JAMES.

Plesewr of salvashyon !

I thynk yowr self wyll affyrme affyrmashyon
That from owre forfathers syn orygynall,
Baptysm sealyth vs all a quyttans generall ;
And faythe of ynfants, whyle they infants abyde,
In faythe of parents for the churche ys supplyd:
Wherby tyll wytt take root of dysernyng,
And betweene good and yll geve perfyght warnyng,
Wherever innosents, innosensy dyspewt, [ympewt.
For thougths, wordds, or dedes, God doth none yll
Where God gyvyth no dysernyng, God takethe none
acownte;

In whyche case of acownt, the sot dothe amownt;
Ffor no more dysernythe the sott, at yeres thre score,
Then th'ynosent borne within yeres thre before.
This short saynge, yf ye yn mynde revolve,
Then schall thys long debate forthwith dysolve.

JOHN.

Syr, I graunt sotts shall be saved as ye tell,
And safe shall wytty be to; yf they do well.

JAMES.

Yf they do well! that yf altryth much, lo,
Th' effeekte of my sentens to wyttles!

JOHN.

How so?

JAMES.

That yf leyd for the wytty purporteth a dowte,

But all dowtes in the wyttles ar scrapt clene owt:
 Sans dowte the wyttles ys sewer of salvashyon;
 Wherby to conclewde thys comunycashyon,
 Make wytty sewer of all plesewrs can be leyde, [seyde,
 Dowtyng lack of none, but thys one plesewer last
 And of all plesewrs wyttless to have none,
 Savyng he standyth in sewrte of this one,—
 Ys not the sewrte of thys one much bettyr,
 Then of the rest, though the nomber be grettyr

JOHN.

Yes !

JAMES.

Lyk as a goose can say nothyng but *hys*,
 So hath he now nothyng to say but *yes* !
 And in affyrmyng my sayng, he saythe thys,
 In whyche he grawnteth *hys* partt not partly a *mys*,
 But all a *mys* ! as who seythe in all placys,
 The sum wherof in bothe partes standeth in thre casys:
 Off which thre th' argewment of the fyrst was thus—
 In laboryus payne of body to dyscus
 Who soferythe more, the wytty or the sott :
 Yn whyche, by bothe assents, we knyt thys knott,—
 That as muche payne of body in effectt hathe ye one,
 As th'other, conclewdyng thus ffar therevppon,—
 As good to be wyttles, as wytty ; and then
 We argewde labor or payne of mynde in men :
 Wherin I dryvyng hym to grawnt payne of mynde
 More then payne or labor bodyly defynd ;
 In the second case, I payne of mynde provyng
 To wytty, and not to wyttles to be movyng ;—

Drave hym to grawnt further, that by that payne
 Better withowte wytt, then with wytt to remayne.
 Now in this thyrd case, wher ye mad a bragg,
 By plesewrs in the wytty to hold me wagg ;
 And plesewrs of the wyttles to overhelme,
 I stamyng in with hym, stack so to the helme,
 That hys parte fynally to shypwrack ys brawght !
 The sewrte of all plesewrs in this worlde wrowght
 Matche not the sewrte of plesewre eternall !
 And the state of sotts have none acownt so carnall
 That God ympewtethe any yll to them I say.
 And the wyttyse acownt awgmenteth evry day,
 And th' awdytors wytt who schall tak th' acownt so cler,
 He forgeth not wone worde in a thowsand yere !
 What ned mo woords, I thynk the least wytt here,
 Sethe thes thre casys on my syd apere.
 That in the two fyrst casys temporally,
 And in this thyrd and last case spyrytewally,
 Ys sene fully I may conclewde fynally,
 Better to be wyttles then to be wytty.

JOHN.

So sey I now to, by owr blyssyd lady !
 I gyve vpp my part, and your part playnly
 Off wytty and wyttles I wyshe now rather,
 That my chyld may have a foole to hys father !
 The pythe of yowr conclewsyons be all so pewr,
 That better be a foole then a wyse man sewr !

JEROME.

Not so ! althowgh yowr fancy do so surmyse ;
 Not better for man to be wytles then wyse ;

Nor so good to be wyttles as wytty nother,
Thus ys yowr wytt dysseyvyd in other.

JOHN.

Why, what dyfferens betwene wyse and wytty ?

JEROME.

As muche sometyme as betwene wysdom and folly.

JOHN.

Man can in no wyse be wyse withowte wytt.

JEROME.

No ! and man may have gret wytt and wysdom nowght !
Wytt ys the wurker of all perseyvyng,
And indyferent to good or yll wurkyng ;
And as muche wytt may be in thyngs of most yll,
As in the best thyngs wytt can aspyr vntyll ;
In vertue or vyse I meane : wytt hathe receyght
Off none yll ; where wytt vppon wysdom dothe weyght,
Wysdome governeth wytt alwey, vertu to vse,
And all kynds of vyce alway to refewse.
Thus ys wysdom in good part takyn alweyse,
And gydythe wytt in all thyngs beyng thyngs of preyse ;
Thus, though ye must (as ye nede not) graunt his grownd,
Whyche ys : better wyttles then wytty to be fownd,
Yet as muche as wysdom above wytt showthe,
So muche grawntyd ye hym, more then of nede growthe.

JAMES.

Thys ys some yowng schooleman, a fresh comonar,
Harde ye the pryncypall that plantyd thys jar ?

JEROME.

I harde all !

JAMES.

And dothe not all on my syde fall ?

C

JEROME.

No, yf ye had resonyd as I schall.

JAMES.

Yf ye, as ye say, have hard all hee sayd,
And that ys that saying have so wydely wayd,
To way my parte wurst herein in conclewsyon,
Then ar ye wyttles, that we towe talkt on.
But babyll your will, thys wyll I byd vppon;
Better be sott Somer then sage Salamon !

JEROME.

Geve ye sentens, or ye her what I cane say,
Loo, how wyll carythe hym and hys wytt away.

JOHN.

Syr, yf ye hard all, in my parte how say ye,
What dyd I graunt hym to farr, show I pray ye.

JEROME.

All that ye grauntyd welinge.

JOHN.

Nay, I trow.

JEROME.

Ye shall when we have done, not trow, but know
For entry wherto, I pray ye answer me
A questyon or twayne, or mo' yf nede be.
And fyrst vnto thys answer as ye can,
Whether wold ye be a resonable man,
Or an vnresonabyll beast ?

JOHN.

By and sell!

I wolde be the symplest man betwene hevyn and hell,
Rather than the best beast that ever was bred !

JEROME.

Then yf ye of one of the twayne must be sped,
 Ye wolde be a maltman, ye a myller,
 Rather then a mylhorse ?

JOHN.

Be ye my well wyller ?

JEROME.

Ye !

JOHN.

Spek no more of thys then, what man ! fye !
 I wold not be a beast, for all this worlde, I !
 Wer yt for nowght ells but for this lyfe present.

JEROME.

The tyme of thys lyfe in dede I meane and ment.
 But tell me why, by your saythe, evyn playnely,
 Ye wyl not change estate with the myll horse ?

JOHN.

Why, ther be whyse and wherforse I thyngk a thowsand
 In cownte of two kynds of things cumyng in hande,
 Sensybyll plesewre, and sensybyll payne ;
 And fyrst for payne, sustaynyd in thes twayne,
 Begyn with the myll hors whom ye put for prefe,
 Or any lyk beast sustaynyng the lyk grefe,
 An or I wolde tak the payne the poore beests take,
 I wolde eche day be twygd and tyd to a stake !
 Caryng fro the mill, caryng to the myll,
 Drawyng in the myll, poor jade he jettthe styll !
 Ambyll he, trot he, go he a foot pase,
 Walop he, galop he, rack he in trase,
 Yf hys pase p'ease not, be yt softe or faster,

c 2

The spurrs or whypp schal be hys pay master !
 Were not a man, trow ye, in plesaunt case,
 With a beast in thys case to change case or plase.
 No man, except some few so ynfortewnate
 That they be owt of tha'cownt of mans estate,
 That wolde agree to leve to change paynes I trow,
 Wythe beasts payne, beyng such as all men know.
 Now to spek of plesewr in thes twayne asynde,
 The beasts to compare ys to far behynde,
 Plesewr dycussybyll in thes thus doth fall,—
 The beast in effect hathe none,—the man hathe all :
 The resonabyll manns imagynashyon
 Joynd with resonabyll consyderatyon,
 Bryngthe man muche plesewr in consyderynge
 The plesant proporte of eche plesaunt thyng,
 Possesyd to mans behofe at comandynge,
 Beasts have thyngs of nede, but no furder pleasyng.
 Syns man hathe releef for all nesessyte,
 As well as beaste, and above beaste commodyte.
 Of plesewrs plantyd for mans recreatyon,
 In the hiest kynd to mans contentatyon,
 Wherby plesewre in effecte betwene thes twayne
 Showthe thus,—man hathe all,—beast hathe none,—
 and more payne
 Hathe beast then resonabyll man, by thes bothe
 Exchange fro man to beast who wylly, I wolde be lothe.

JEROME.

Ye have yn my mynd thys right well defynde,
 And for cawse kepe yt well a while yn yowr mynde ;
 Set we asyde man and beasts symlytewde,

And full dysposytyon in bothe se we vewde,
 What thyng dysposythe most the varyete
 Betwene man and beast ?

JOHN.

Reson in man, perde.

JEROME.

That man who of reason ys as destytute
 As a beast ys, what dyffrens schall we dyspewte ?

JOHN.

Small in this case, excepte yt be this one ;—
 The sott hathe a resonabyll sowle, beasts have none.

JEROME.

What helpyth wytt of the sowle in the sott,
 Syns the body ys suche yt vsythe yt not ;
 Wher ympotensy planteth such ympedyments,
 That vse of sensys are voyd to all yntents,
 For vse of reason ; so that for vse of wytt
 They ar as beasts wyttles, vsyng wytt nowght ;
 In man thus wyttles, and the unreasonabyll beaste,
 I se small dyffrens for thys lyfe at leaste.

JOHN.

I grawnt the wyttles and the beast thus as one.

JEROME.

Then schall thes beasts, wyttles man, and mylhors,
 draw on,

Bothe yn one yoke ; for thyнк yow the nombere
 Standethe as Somer dothe, all day yn slomber.
 Nay ! Somer ys a sot ! foole for a kyng !
 But sots in many other mens howsyng
 Bear water, bear woodd, and do yn drugery ;

In kychyon, cole howse, and in the nursery :
And dayly for fawtes whych they cannot refrayne,
Evyn lyke the myll hors, they be whypppyd amayne.
Other fooles that labor not, have other conseys,ts,
Vppon th' ydyll foole the flak ever mor weytes ;
They tos hym, they turne hym, he is jobd and jolde,
Whyth frettyng and fewmyng, as ye afore told :
Except mayster Somer, of sotts not the best,
But the myll hors may compar with hym for rest !
Therefore plesewr conceyvyng or receyvyng,
The wyttles and mylhors are bothe as one thyng !
Yowr last tale and thys tale together conferd,
By matter of bothe let your answer be hard.
Whether ye wold be a man resonabyll,
Or vnresonabyll ; and except ye fabyll
Thys answer shall show playne and vndowtydly,
Whether ye wold be wyttles or wytty.

JOHN.

In good faythe I tak thys conclewcyon so full
That I may geve over, and evyn so I wull,
For thys lyfe.

JEROME.

Well then for the lyf to come,
Few words wher reason ys, may knyht vpp the sum.
Concernyng plesewr after thys lyf present,
By whych he and yow dyssolvdyd argewment ;
Bothe parts by bothe partyse wer so endyd,
That your part full fayntly ye defendyd ;
Though the more meryt of owr redemptyon
Stande in crystys passyon, yet in excusyon

Therof, schall we stand, by God's justyce, excepte
 Havyng tyme and wytt, hys commandments be kepte;
 And who in whyche doth most dylygently
 Plant ymps of good woорcks, gyvyn by God chefely,
 Most hyly of God shall he have reward.

JOHN.

How prove ye that ?

JEROME.

By scrypture,—have in regarde
 Cryst in the gospell of John doth thys declar,—
 In the howse of my father, sayth Crist, ther are
 Dyvers and many mantyons,—that ys to say,
 As th' exposytyon of saynt Awstyne dothe way,—
 There are in hevyn dyvers degrees of glory,
 To be receyvyd of men acordyngly ;
 Eche man as he vsythe gods gyfts of grace,
 So schall he have in hevyn hys degre or place.
 But, mark thys chefe grownd, the sum of scrypture
 saythe
 We must walk with these gyfts in the path of faythe ;
 In whyche walk who wurkthe most in God's com-
 mandment,
 He schall have most, and seynt Powle showthe lyk
 entent :
 As one starr dyfferthe from another in shynynge,
 So the resurrectyon of the ded ; whych lyk thyng
 Aperthe in other placys of scrypture.

JOHN.

I grawnt thys, and what then ?

JEROME.

That what cummeth streyght in vre,

Syns he that vsythe gods gyfts best schall have best ;
 And he next, who dothe next, and so for the rest ;
 And that the wytty do dayly wurk or may,
 And the wyttles nowght wurkyth by no way,
 So that hys rewarde may compare in degre,
 If wytty have thys avantage, thynkythe me,
 The wyse wyttyse place wyshe I desyrnfly,
 Rather then place of wyttles.

JOHN.

So do I,
 Iff wyshe wolde wyn yt! but where the sot ys sewr,
 The wytty standthe in hasardous adventewre,
 To lees all ; and so in fyne fayr and well
 In sted of way to hevyn, to take the waye to hell.
 In wurks commandyd who in faythe walkthe not
 By God's justyce he hathe damnatyon in lott ;
 And what other folks fele I can not tell,
 But suche frayle falls fele I in my selfe to dwell,
 And by them to lees hevyn I am so adrad,
 The sotts sewrte of least joy ther, wold god I hadd !
 An old proverb makythe with thys, whyche I tak good,
 Better one byrd in hand then ten in the wood !

JEROME.

What yf of the ten byrds in the wood, eche one
 Wer as good as that one in your hand alone,
 And that ye myght cache them all ten yf ye wolde,
 Wolde ye not leve one byrd, for the ten now tolde !

JOHN.

Yes !

JEROME.

Wolde ye not havynge helpe, take resonabyll payne

For the chance of ten byrds for one in gayne ?

JOHN.

Yes !

JEROME.

Then in Gods name feare not ! let fle thys one,
 Ye schall, I trust, catche thes ten byrds every chone !
 Your fleshly frayle falls are suche that ye drede
 As muche as hope, in havyng hevynly mede;
 By whych dred sewrte of joyes there the most small,
 Wyshe ye rather then byd ventur to have joyes all ;
 And the soner by this ye chose thys I deme,
 The least joy there ys more then man can esteme.
 But now to remove thys block your grett drede
 We have a lever that removethe drede with spede ;
 God sofereth but not wylleth he any man to syne,
 Nor God wylleth no synners dethe, but he be yn
 Suche endless males that hys fynall estate
 In lack of penytens mak hym selfe reprobate,
 In tyme of this lyfe at eche penytent call
 Owr marcyfull maker remyteth synns all,
 From the perpetewall peyne infernall,
 Whatever they be, from least to most carnall.
 By whyche goodnes of God we are set in hopes chayer
 Not to brede presumpsyon, but to banyshe despayre ;
 The grace of God alwey to grace, alewrthe man,
 And when man wyll call for grace of grace asewrth man.
 To assyst man gods comandments to fulfyll,
 At all tymes yf man cast owte yll wylling wyll.
 Nowe syns the crystyane, that wurkythe most in faythe,
 Schall have most in rewarde, as the scrypture saythe,

And that Gods grace by grace cald for, wyll asyst
 Mans wyll to wurk well, alwey when man lyst,—
 And at instant of dew ordyrd penytens,
 Man hathe God's mercy of all former offens ;
 Whyche showthe for mercy man ys not mor' gredy
 To ax, then God to grawnt mercy ys redy.
 Thys sene, what show yow to mayntayne the feare
 Whyche ye toward desperatyon were in whyle heare ?

JOHN.

What show I ? nay, the show of that feare ys extynckt,
 Evyn by thys praty tale thus pythyly lynkt !
 Syns God to the most faythfull wurker gyvyth most,
 And to mak man wurk mucche God hasthe as in post,
 And when man hath not wrowght at contrycyon,
 God grawnthe man of damnatyon remycyon.
 Makyng man sewre of frewte of Crystys passyon,
 Except mans wylfull wyll mar all good fascyon ;
 By this I dred God, as standeth with love and hope,
 But no desperate dred dothe my harte now grope.

JEROME.

Ten byrds in the wood, or one in hand alone,
 Whych chose ye now ?

JOHN.

I wyll not change ten for one !
 Syns the byrder wyl helpe me to tak them all,
 As sewr to myne vse as the one byrd cowld fall !

JEROME.

Well, for conclewsyon, syns ye sowndly se
 That wytty have plesewr here in more degre,
 Then wyttles, and also wytty wyse se ye,
 In hevyn by scrypture in hyer joyes be

Then the wyttles ; yow seyng thys clerly,—
Whether wold ye now, be wyttles or wytty ?

JOHN.

WyTTY ! and the more wytty am I for yow,
Of whych hartly I thank yow ; and now
Where my mate, my lords, sayd that ys gone,
Better be sot Somer then sage Salaman,
In forsakyng that I woold now rather be
Sage Saloman then sot Somer I assewr ye !

JEROME.

As ye show wytt in change of former mynde,
Beyng now from wytles to wytty enclynde,
So aply your wytt in what wytt schall devyse,
As in good vse of wytt by grace ye may ryse,
To be bothe wytty and wyttyly wyse.
In governans of gods gyfts in suche syse
As wysdom alwey gydyth, wherby thys schall fall
Gods gyfts to gods glory bothe ye may vse and schall.

Thes woords of cowncell in whych I now wadyd
To hym whom I told them, I onely asyne ;
I am by all cyrcumstance full perswadyd.

This sort beyng sortyd in sort thus fyne,
Nede none exortatyon, or at least not myne ;
Thys sort have not onely by natewre hys wytt,
But also by grace lyk wysdom joyned to yt.

[*Thes thre stave next folowyng in the
Kyngs absens, ar voyde.*]

And as in them therby gods gyfts shyne most may,
So stand ther affayres wherby they so shyne schall,
Yf the glos of gods shyne not bryght eche way,

In them who havyng a realme in governall,
 Set forthe theyr governans to gods glory all,
 Charytably aydyng subjects in eche kynde,
 The shynying of gods gyfts wher shall we then fynd..?

And of this hye sort, the hy hed most exelent,
 Ys owr most loved and drade supreme soferayne,
 The shynying of whose most excellent talent
 Ymployde to Gods glory, above all the trayne,
 Thus wytt wantyth her recytall to retayne ;
 And that all hys faythfull fele, ye frewte of hys fame.

Of corse I pray pardon in passyng the same.
 Praying that pryns, whome owr pryns hys grete grace
 gave,

To grawnt hym long length of encre in estate,
 At full fyne wherof hys most by gyfts to have ;
 By his most faythfull vse, reward in suche rate,
 As ys promysed in scripture, alegyd late ;
 The joyes not all onely inestymabyll,
 But more the degre of joyes incomparabyll.

Contynewans wherof with frewtfull encrese,

I hartyly wyshe for encrese of rewarde;
 As scripture alegyd late dothe wytnes,
 The wytty wyse wurker to be prefarde,
 Above th'ydyll sot, and ye to regard
 Eche man hym self so to aply in thys,
 As ye all may obtayne the hye degre of blys.

Amen qd. John Heywod.

NOTES.

Page 2, l. 28,—*Mayster Somer, the kyngys gracys foole.*] For a curious notice of this most popular of Henry the Eighth's jesters, see the Shakspeare's Society's reprint of Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608, and the notes appended. A curious description of Somer's personal appearance is given by Armin.

"Leane he was, hollow-eyde, as all report,
And stoop he did, too; yet in all the court
Few men were more belov'd then was this foole
Whose merry prate kept with the king much rule.
When he was sad, the king and he would rime:
Thus Will exiled sadness many a time.

His popularity with the king is corroborated by contemporary anecdotes, and he used the power he possessed for the best purposes. Armin says:—

"——— Hee was a poor man's friend
And helpt the widow often in the end,
The king would even grant what he would crave,
For well he knew Will no exacting knave,
But whisht the king to doe good deeds great store,
Which caus'd the court to love him more and more."

One of his last acts of kindness is recorded by Granger. He says, that Somer was at one time a servant in the family of Richard Farmer, Esq., of Eston Weston, in Northamptonshire, ancestor to the Earl of Pomfret, who was found guilty of a præmunire for sending eightpence

and a couple of shirts to a priest in Buckingham gaol who had denied the king's supremacy; he was deprived of all his property and reduced to a state of miserable dependence; but Somer in Henry's last illness dropped some expressions, which so affected the king's conscience that he restored the dismembered estates to Will's old master.

P. 2, l. 9,—*a Walsyngham ryng.*] The shrine of "our lady of Walsingham," in Norfolk, was one of the most celebrated places to which pilgrimages were performed in the middle ages. In *Pier's Plowman's Vision* we read that

" Hermits on a heap with hoked staves,
Wenden to Walsingham, and ther wenches after."

It was usual for pilgrims to bring away with them from these shrines leaden signs or some other token of their visit. These were generally of little or no intrinsic value, and were rudely executed in lead stamped with the figure of the saint, and carried in the hat of the male pilgrim as a "sign," or on the breast of the female as a "brooch." In the very curious museum of C. Roach Smith, Esq., F.S.A., is preserved one given to the pilgrims who visited the shrine of St. Thomas-a-Becket, at Canterbury, which has been engraved in the *Archæological Album*, as well as in Mr. Smith's *Collectanea Antiqua*, along with many other curious specimens British and foreign. Other examples are engraved in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association*, vol. 1. Mr. Smith possesses a very curious leaden brooch of our lady of Walsingham; and in Miss Wood's *Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies of England*, is one from Elizabeth Newhouse, to her son, Roger Wright, on the eve of the Reformation, telling him she had been this pilgrimage, adding, "I have no good token to send you at this time but a Walsingham brooch." Mr. Smith, in a

later number of his *Collectanea*, notices that *rings* and other objects appear to have been manufactured in vast numbers, and sold to pilgrims and others who resorted to the shrine of the three kings of Cologne. One in brass found in London, reads, IASPAR. MELCIOR. BALTAZAR; another, in the possession of Mr. E. J. Carlos, has the two names only, IASPAR. BALTAZAR: these are believed to be *cramp rings* (see Pettigrew *On Superstitions connected with the history and practice of Medicine and Surgery*, p. 87). The Walsingham ring was similar to these.

P. 5, l. 7,—*his babyll*.—For curious particulars and engravings of the bauble as it was constantly carried by domestic fools, in the 16th and 17th centuries, see *Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare*.

P. 11, l. 3,—*Put your toong in your purse*,] an idiomatic phrase for a man thoroughly silenced.

P. 12, l. 25,—*I will hold ye wagg another way*.] *Sic in orig.* See also p. 16, l. 4. Mr. Collier, in the short extract he gives from this MS. in his *Annals of the Stage*, vol. 2, p. 395, reads the line thus:—

“That I wyll holde your wagger another way.”

P. 14, l. 22,—*Yf they do well!*] This play upon the word *if* appears to have been suggested by the anecdote told by Sir Thomas More in his *Life of Richard the Third*, of Hastings' answer to the accusation against Shore's wife, —“Certainly, my lord, *if* they have so done, they be worthy of heinous punishment. What! (qd. the protector), thou servest me I ween with *if* and with *and*. I tell thee they have done it, and that I will make good upon thy body, traitor!” An incident powerfully worked out by Shakspeare; who also has made Touchstone fully aware that “there is much virtue in *if*.”

P. 19, l. 25,—*twygd*,] whipped.

P. 19, l. 27,—*jette*.—Jetteth, used in the sense of always moving. This transposition of the last letters of the word is peculiar to Heywood's MS., and has been retained. See p. 20, l. 23, (first word), p. 23, l. 20, &c.

P. 20, l. 6,—*leve*,] live.

P. 20, l. 15,—*proporte*,] property.

P. 21, l. 27,—*Somer ys a sot*.] The old signification of the term sot was equivalent to fool, and is explained in the present dialogue, p. 2, where the sot is described as the natural fool, or idiot. But the term is not fairly applied to Somer, of whom Mr. Collin says, in his introduction to the *Nest of Ninnies*,—"he was a jester of a different character to the others, inasmuch as he was an artificial fool—a witty person, affecting simplicity for the sake of affording amusement." Heywood appears to have not been friendly to Somer, as, in p. 22, l. 8, he says he is "of sotts not the best;" and his account of the life led by him at court in the next line is far from enviable.

P. 23, l. 4,—*ymps*,] *imp* was used in the sense of *engraft* by old writers.

P. 23, l. 27,—*aperthe*,] appeareth.

P. 24, l. 8,—*desyrnfly*,] discernfully.

P. 24, l. 14,—*lees*,] lose.

P. 25, l. 2,—*the chance*.] These two words are so blundered in the original manuscript, that I am not sure of the right reading.

P. 25, l. 17,—*syne*,] sin.

P. 25, l. 19,—*males*,] evils, sins.

P. 26, l. 15,—*hasthe*,] hasteth. See note on p. 19, l. 27.

P. 28, l. 2,—*glos of gods shyne*,] gloss of gods gifts shine? See p. 28, l. 24.

FINIS.

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