

# FOUR OLD PLAYS

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THREE INTERLUDES: THERSYTES JACK JUGLER  
AND HEYWOODS PARDONER AND FRERE:  
AND JOCASTA A TRAGEDY  
BY GASCOIGNE AND  
KINWELMARSH

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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## THE PARDONER AND THE FRERE.

THE following account of John Heywood is extracted from Mr. Fairholt's Preface to the *Dialogue on Wit and Folly*, printed by the Percy Society.

"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. Albans, in Hertfordshire, and received the first rudiments of his education at Oxford; 'but the sprightliness of his disposition,' says Chalmers (*Biographical Dictionary*, Vol. XVII.), '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 of great skill both in vocal and instrumental music, rendered him a favorite 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 connection with courtly amusements: 'item; geven to Heywood playeng an enterlude w<sup>th</sup> 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 appeared 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 her dying day, and is said to have been admitted to her bedside, 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 favors

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 world.’ . . . . .

“Chalmers says, ‘on the accession of Edward VI., he still continued in favor, 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 show 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 favor, 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 Church-yard, 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 composed 'A balade specifienge 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

\* "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).

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 *epithalamie*, 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 close of Heywood's career may be told in Chalmers's words: — 'After the death of Mary, he,' says our author, 'being a bigoted Roman 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 humor.’”

The earliest of Heywood’s interludes, according to Mr. Collier, is probably the merry play included in this volume. It was printed in 1533, but must have been written before 1521, because Leo X. is spoken of in it as living. This impression is from a *fac-simile* reprint made about 1820.

“*The Play of the Wether.* A new and a very merry enterlude of all maner of Wethers: made by John Heywood,” contains the greatest number of characters in any of the author’s pieces, 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." It exhibits the inconveniences and misfortunes which arise from the contrary dispositions of Saturn, Phœbus, Eolus, and Phœbe, and from the conflicting desires of mankind. The trouble is remedied by Jupiter's being appointed autocrat of the weather, and by his promising to fulfil every request at the proper seasons, so that all occupations may prosper, without one retarding another.

*The Play of Love* has for its characters, — "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 matter in dispute is double, — which of the first two is more miserable, and which is the happier of the other pair. The conclusion is, that the advantage and disadvantage are about equal in both cases, and all parties are exhorted to be content with their condition.

"*A Mery Play between Johan Johan, the Husbände; Tyb, his Wyfe; and Sir Jhan, the Preest,*" is an interlude of great rarity, but was privately reprinted a few years ago. It is much



the best of Heywood's pieces, after the *Four Ps*, and absolutely very amusing. Tyb makes a feast for her paramour, Sir John, and sets her henpecked husband to various menial labors while they are enjoying themselves. John gets out of patience, at last, and into a passion, at which Tyb and Sir John fall upon him, and make the blood run about his ears, then decamp. John considers their departure as the consequence of his spirited conduct, until it occurs to him that they might take disagreeable revenge upon him, when he pursues them, and ends the piece. Nearly the whole play is given by Mr. Fairholt.

"The Play called the *Foure Ps*, a newe and a very mery interlude of a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Potycary, and a Pedlar," is well known to all readers of our old drama. The characters dispute with each other which shall tell the greatest lie. After each has delivered an enormous story, the Palmer accidentally drops the assertion, that he never saw a woman out of patience in his life, which the others, taken by surprise, declare to be a lie unsurpassable, and unconsciously award to him the victory.

“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 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, proving the untenableness of such an argument, and showing the triumph in every way of wit over folly.”\*

The appreciating and genial historian of our poetry has been so unjust to Heywood as to declare that his comedies “are destitute of plot, humor, or character.” Most readers will find some degree of all of these even in the *Pardoner and Frere*, by no means his best

\* Fairholt.

play. The Pardoner's descent into hell, in the *Four Ps*, is one of the most capital passages in our comic poetry; and there are many bits of good philosophy scattered through all these rude performances.

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## JOCASTA.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, under whose name this play commonly goes, was born of an ancient family in Essex, and was son and heir of Sir John Gascoigne. He was at first privately educated, and afterwards sent to Cambridge, the nursery of most of our greatest poets. Leaving the University, he removed to Gray's Inn for the purpose of studying law. Like many of his fraternity, from Ovid to Cowper, he found poetry more to his taste. Having incurred great expenses from fashionable living, he was obliged to sell his patrimony, and it is conjectured with probability that his extravagance was the cause of his being disinherited. Success at court required sacrifices not agreeable to his spirit, and a more honor-

# A MERY PLAYE

BETWENE THE PARDONER AND THE FRERE  
THE CURATE AND NEYBOUR PRATTE.

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THE FRERE.

**D**EUS hic the holy trynyte  
Preserue all that nowe here be  
Dere bretherne yf ye wyll consyder  
The cause why I am come hyder  
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  
I com not hyther to poll nor to shaue  
I com not hyther to begge nor to craue  
I com not hyther to glose nor to flatter  
I com not hyther to bable nor to clatter  
I com not hyther to fable nor to lye  
But I com hyther your soules to edyfye

For we freres are bounde the people to teche  
The gospell of Chryst openly to preche  
As dyd the appostels by Chryst theyr mayster sent  
To turne the people and make them to repent  
But syth the appostels fro heuen wolde not come  
We freres now must occupy theyr rome  
We freres are bounde to serche mennes conscyens  
We may not care for grotes nor for pens  
We freres haue professed wylfull pouerte  
No peny in our purse have may we  
Knyfe nor staffe may we none cary  
Excepte we shulde from the gospell vary  
For worldly aduersyte may we be in no sorowe  
We may not care to day for our meate to morowe  
Bare fote and bare legged must we go also  
We may not care for frost nor snowe  
We may haue no maner care ne thynke  
Nother for our meate nor for our drynke  
But let our thoughtes fro suche thynges be as free  
As be the byrdes that in the ayre flee  
For why our lorde clyped swete Iesus  
In the gospell speketh to vs thus  
Through all the worlde go ye sayth he  
And to every creature speke ye of me  
And shew of my doctryne and connyng  
And that they may be glad of your comynge  
Yf that you enter in any hous any where  
Loke that ye salute them and byd my peas be there  
And yf that house be worthy and electe  
Thylke peace there than shall take effecte  
And yf that hous be cursyd or paruert  
Thylke peace than shall to your selfe reuert

And furthermore yf any suche there be  
 Which do deny for to receyue ye  
 And do dyspyse your doctryne and your lore  
 At suche a house tary ye no more  
 And from your shoes scrape away the dust  
 To theyr reprefe and I bothe trew and iust  
 Shall vengeaunce take of theyr synfull dede

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 enquere were any people were  
 Which were dysposyd the worde 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  
 Wherefore I requyre all ye in this prese[nce]  
 For to abyde and gyue dew andyence

But fyrst of all  
 Now here I shall  
 To god my prayer make  
 To gyue ye grace  
 All in thys place  
 His doctryne for to take.

*[And than kneleth downe the frere sayenge his prayers and in the meane whyle entreth the pardoner with all his relyques to declare what eche of them ben and the hole power and vertu thereof.]*

## THE PARDONER.

God and saynt Leonarde sende ye all his grace  
As many as ben assembled in this place

Good deuoute people that here do assemble  
I pray god that ye may all well resemble  
The ymage after whiche you are wrought  
And that ye saue that Chryst in you bought

Deuoute Chrysten people ye shall all wytte  
That I am comen hyther ye to vysytte  
Wherfore let vs pray thus or I begynne  
Our sauoure preserue ye all from synne  
And enable ye to receyue this blessed pardon  
Whiche is the greatest vnder the son  
Graunted by the pope in his bulles under lede  
Whiche pardon ye shall fynde whan ye are dede  
That offereth outhere grotes or 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 reuerence

But first ye shall knowe well y<sup>t</sup> 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 relyques whiche sayntes haue worne

Fyrst here I shewe ye of a holy Iewes 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 euery 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 Iew 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 wylt  
Or had she be take 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  
And if this bongrace they do deuoutly kys  
And offer therto as theyr deuocyon is

Here is another relyke eke a precyous one  
Of all helowes the blessyd Iaw 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 myghte  
Which preseruyth from poyson euery man  
Lo of saynt Myghell eke the brayn pan  
Which for the hed ake is a preseruatyfe  
To euery 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  
 Wherefore to these relykes now com crouche and crepe  
 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 thereof shryuen be  
 Or any woman be she younge or olde  
 That hathe made her husbunde 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 scrypture

## PARDONER.

Worshypfull maysters ye shall understand

FRERE.

Is to you that have no litterature

PARDONER.

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

FRERE.

Is to say in our englysshe tonge

PARDONER.

And by his bulles confirmed vnder lede

FRERE.

As departe your goodes the poore folke amonge

PARDONER.

To all maner people bothe quicke and dede

FRERE.

And god shall than gyue vnto you agayne

PARDONER.

Ten thousande yeres & as many lentes of pardon

FRERE.

This is the gospell so is wryten playne

PARDONER.

Whan they are dede theyr soules for to guardon

FRERE.

Therefore gyue your almes in the largest wyse

PARDONER.

That wyll with theyr peny or almes dede

FRERE.

Kepe not your goodes fye fye on couestyse

PARDONER.

Put to theyr handes to the good spede

FRERE.

That synne with god is most abhomynable

PARDONER.

Of the holy chapell of swete saynt Leonarde

FRERE.

And is eke the synne that is most dampnable

PARDONER.

Whiche late by fyre was destroyed and marde

FRERE.

In scrypture eke but I say syrs how

PARDONER.

Ay by the mas one can not here

FRERE.

What a bablynge maketh yonder felow

PARDONER.

For the bablynge of yonder folysshe frere

FRERE.

In scrypture eke is there many a place

PARDONER.

And also maysters as I was aboute to tell

FRERE.

Whiche sheweth that many a mā so far forth lacketh grace

PARDONER.

Pope Iuly y. vi. hath graūted fayre & well

FRERE.

That whan to them god hathe abundaunce sent

PARDONER.

And doth. xii. thousande yeres of pardon to thē sende

FRERE.

They wolde dystrybute none to the indygent

PARDONER.

That ought to this holy chapell lende

FRERE.

Wherat god hauynge great indygnacyon

PARDONER.

Pope Bonyface the. ix. also

FRERE.

Punysshed these men after a dyuers facyon

PARDONER.

Pope Iuly pope Innocent with dyuers popes mo

FRERE.

As the gospell full nobly dothe declare

PARDONER.

Hathe graunted to the susteynyng of the same

FRERE.

How diues Epulus reygnyng in welfare

PARDONER.

v. thousand yeres of pardō to euery of you by name

FRERE.

And on his borde dysshes delycate

PARDONER.

And clene remysson also of theyr syn

FRERE.

Pore Lazarus cam beggyng at his gate

PARDONER.

As often tymes as you put in

FRERE.

Desyryng som fode his hunger to releue

PARDONER.

Any monye into the pardoners cofer

FRERE.

But the rycheman nothyng wolde hym gyue

PARDONER.

Or any money vp vnto it offer

FRERE.

Not so moche as a fewe crommys of breade

PARDONER.

Or he that offeryth peny or grote

FRERE.

Wherfore pore lazarus of famyn strayth was dede

PARDONER.

Or he that gyueth the pardonere a new cote

FRERE.

And angels hys soule to heuen dyd cary

PARDONER.

Or take of me outhere ymage or letter

FRERE.

But now the ryche man of the contrary

PARDONER.

Wherby thys pore chapell may fayre the better

FRERE.

Whan he was dede went to mysery and payne

PARDONER.

And god wote it ys a full gracyous dede

FRERE.

Where for euermore he shall remayne

PARDONER.

For whych god shall quyte you well your mede

FRERE.

In brennyng fyre whych shall neuer cease

PARDONER.

Now helpe our pore chapell yf it be your wyll

FRERE.

But I say thou pardoner I byd the holde thy peace

PARDONER.

And I say thou frere holde thy tonge styll

FRERE.

What standest thou there all the day smatterynge

PARDONER.

Mary what standyst thou there all day clatterrynge

FRERE.

Mary felow I com hyder to prech the word 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

## PARDONER.

Nay thou art a curst knaue and that shalt thou se  
And all suche that to me make interruepyon  
The pope sendes them excommunycacyon  
By hys bullys here redy to be redde  
By bysshoppes and hys cardynalles conformed  
And eke yf thou dysturbe me any thyng  
Thou arte also a traytour to the kynge  
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 commaundement 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 knowe 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 gyue them a salue for theyr sore  
 But these my letters be clene purgacyon  
 All thouge neuer so many synnes they haue don  
 But whan thou hast taught them 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 the 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 lyke a pardoner

PARDONER.

Why despysest thou the popes mynyster  
 Maysters here I curse hym openly  
 And therwith warne all this hole company  
 By the popes great auctoryte  
 That ye leue hym and herken vnto me  
 For tyll he be assoyled his wordes take none effecte  
 For out of holy chyrche he is now clene reiecte

FRERE.

My maysters he dothe but gest and raue  
 It forseth not for the wordes of a knaue  
 But to the worde of god do reuerence

And here me forthe with dewe audyence  
Maysters I shewed you ere whyle of almes dede

PARDONER.

Maysters this pardon whiche I shewed you before

FRERE.

And how ye shulde gyue poor folke at theyr nede

PARDONER.

Is the greatest that euer was syth god was bore

FRERE.

And yf of your partes that thynges ones were don

PARDONER.

For why without confessyon or contrycyon

FRERE.

Dout not but god sholde gyue you retrybucyon

PARDONER.

By this shall ye haue clene remyssyon

FRERE.

But now further it ought to be declared

PARDONER.

And forgyuen of the synnes seuen

FRERE.

Who be thes pore folke that shold haue your reward

PARDONER.

Come to this pardon yf ye wyll come to heuen

FRERE.

Who be those pore folk of whome I speke & name

PARDONER.

Come to this pardon yf ye wyll be in blys

FRERE.

Certes we pore freres are the same

PARDONER.

This is the pardon which ye can not mysse

FRERE.

We freres dayly take payn I say

PARDONER.

This is the pardon which shall mens soules wyn

FRERE.

We frears dayly do both fast and pray

PARDONER.

This is the pardon the rydder of your synne

FRERE.

We freres trauayle and labour euery houre

PARDONER.

This is the pardon that purchaseth all grace

FRERE.

We freres take payn for the loue of our sauour

PARDONER.

This is a pardon for all maner of trespas

FRERE.

We freres also go on lymytacyon

PARDONER.

This is y<sup>e</sup> pardō of whiche all mercy dothe sprynge

FRERE.

For to preche to euery crysten nacyon

PARDONER.

This is the pardon that to heuen shall ye brynge

FRERE.

But I say thou pardoner thou wylt kepe sylens sone

PARDONER.

Ye it is lyke to be whan I haue done

FRERE.

Mary therfore the more knaue art thou I say  
That parturbest the worde of god I say  
For neyther thy selfe wylt here goddys doctryne  
Ne suffre other theyr earys to encline  
Wherefore our sauour in his holy scrypture  
Gyueth the thy iugement thou cursyd creature  
Spekyng to the after this maner

Maledictus qui audit verbum dei negligenter  
Wo be that man sayth our lord that gyueth no audiens  
Or heryth the worde of god with negligens

PARDONER.

Now thou haste spoken all syr daw  
I care nat for the an olde straw  
I had leuer thou were hanged up with a rope  
Than I that am comen from the pope  
And therby goddes minister whyle thou stādest & prate  
Sholde be fayn to knocke without the gate  
Therefore preche hardely thy bely full  
But I neuer the les wyll declare the popes bull

FRERE.

Now my frendes I haue afore shewed ye

PARDONER.

Now my maysters as I haue afore declared

FRERE.

That good it is to gyue your charyte

PARDONER.

That pardoners from you may not be spared

FRERE.

And further I haue at lenghte to you tolde

PARDONER.

Now here after shall folow and ensew

FRERE.

Who be these people that ye receyue sholde

PARDONER.

That foloweth of pardons the great vertew

FRERE.

That is to say vs freres pore

PARDONER.

We pardoners for your soules be as necessary

FRERE.

That for our lyuyng must begge fro dore to dore

PARDONER.

As is the meate for our bodys hungry

FRERE.

For of our own propre we haue no propre thyng

PARDONER.

For pardons is the thyng that bryngeth men to heuen

FRERE.

But that we get of deuout peoples gettyng

PARDONER.

Pardons delyuereth them fro the synnes seuen

FRERE.

And in our place be fryers thre score and thre

PARDONER.

Pardons for euery cryme may dyspens

FRERE.

Which onely lyue on mens charyte

PARDONER.

Pardon purchasyth grace for all offence

FRERE.

For we fryars wylfull charyte professe

PARDONER.

Ye though ye had slayne bothe father and mother

FRERE.

We may haue no money nother more nor lesse

PARDONER.

And this pardon is chefe aboue all other

FRERE.

For worldly treasure we may nought care

PARDONER.

For who to it offeryth grote or peny

FRERE.

Our soules must be ryche and our bodyes bare

PARDONER.

Though synnes he had done neuer so many



FRERE.

And one thyng I had almoste left behynde

PARDONER.

And though that he had all his kyndred slayn

FRERE.

Which before cam not to my mynde

PARDONER.

This pardon shall ryd thē fro euer lastynge payne

FRERE.

And doubtles it is none other thyng

PARDONER.

There is no syn so abhomynable

FRERE.

But whan ye wyll gyue your almes & offerynge

PARDONER.

Which to remyt this pardon is not able

FRERE.

Loke that ye dystribute it wysely

PARDONER.

As well declareth the sentence of this letter

FRERE.

Not to euery man that for it wyll crye

PARDONER.

Ye can not therefore bestow your money better

FREERE.

For yf ye gyue your almes in that wyse

PARDONER.

Let vs not here stande ydle all the daye

FREERE.

It shall not bothe to them and vs suffyse

PARDONER.

Gyue vs some money or that we go our way

FREERE.

But I say thou lewde felowe thou  
Haddest none other tyme to shewe thy bulles but now  
Canst not tary and abyde tyll sone  
And rede them than whan prechyng is done

PARDONER.

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

FREERE.

For my pleasure ? nay I wolde thou knewyst it well  
It becometh the knaue neuer a dell  
To prate thus boldely in my presence  
And let the worde of god of audience

PARDONER.

Let the word of god qd a ? nay let a horsō dreuyll  
Prate here all day with a foule euyl  
And all thy sermon goth on couetyce  
And byddest 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

PARDONER.

Nay leue thou thy bablyng yf thou be wyse

FRERE.

I wolde thou knewest it knaue I wyll not leue a whyt

PARDONER.

No more wyll I I do the well to wyt

FRERE.

It is not thou shall make me holde my peas

PARDONER.

Thā speke on hardly yf thou thynkyst it for thy eas

FRERE.

For I wyll speke whyther thou wyll or no

PARDONER.

In faythe I care nat for I wyll speke also

FRERE.

Wherfore hardely let vs bothe go to

PARDONER.

Se whiche shall be better harde of vs two

FRERE.

What sholde ye gyue ought to pratyng pardoners

PARDONER.

What sholde ye spende on these flaterynge lyers

FRERE.

What sholde ye gyue oughte to these bold beggars

PARDONER.

As be these bablynge monkes and these freres

FRERE.

Let them hardely labour for theyr lyuyng

PARDONER.

Which do nought dayly but bable and lye

FRERE.

It moche hurtyth them good mennys gyuyng

PARDONER.

And tell you fables dere inoughe a flye

FRERE.

For that maketh them ydle and slouthfull to warke

PARDONER.

As dothe this bablynge frere here to day

FRERE.

That for none other thyng they wyll carke

PARDONER.

Dryue hym hence therefore in the. xx. devyll waye

FRERE.

Hardely they wolde go bothe to plow & carte

PARDONER.

On vs pardoners hardely do your cost

FRERE.

And if of necessitie ones they felte the smarte

PARDONER.

For why your money neuer can be lost

FRERE.

But we freres be nat in lyke estate

PARDONER.

For why there is in our fraternitie

FRERE.

For our handes with such thinges we may nat maculate

PARDONER.

For all bretheren & sisteren that thereof be

FRERE.

We freres be nat in lyke condicion

PARDONER.

Deuoutly songe euery yere

FRERE.

we may haue no prebendes ne exhibition

PARDONER.

As he shall know well that cometh there

FRERE.

Of all temporall seruice are we forbode

PARDONER.

At euery of the fyue solempne festes

FRERE.

And onely bounde to the seruice of god

PARDONER.

A masse & dirige to pray for the good rest

FRERE.

And therewith to pray for euery christen nation

PARDONER.

Of the soules of the bretheren & sisteren all

FRERE.

That god witsafe to saue them fro dampnation

PARDONER.

Of our fraternitie in generall

FRERE.

But some of you so harde be of harte

PARDONER.

with a herse there standyng well arrayed & dyght

FRERE.

Ye can nat wepe though ye full sore smarte

PARDONER.

And torches & tapers aboute it brennyng bright

FRERE.

wherfore some man must ye hyre nedes

PARDONER.

And with the belles eke solempnely ryngyng

FRERE.

whiche must intrete god for your misdedes

PARDONER.

And prestes & clerkes deuoutly syngyng

FRERE.

Ye can hyre no better in myne oppinion

PARDONER.

And furthermore euery nyght in the yere

FRERE.

Than vs goddes seruantes men of religion

PARDONER.

Twelue pore people are receiued there

FRERE.

And specially god hereth vs pore freres

PARDONER.

And there haue bothe harborow and food

FRERE.

And is attentife vnto our desyres.

PARDONER.

That for them is conuenient and good

FRERE.

For the more of religion the more herde of our lorde

PARDONER.

And furthermore if there be any other

FRERE.

And that it so shulde good reason doeth accomde

PARDONER.

That of our fraternitie be sister or brother

FRERE.

Therefore doute nat maisters I am euen he



PARDONER.

Whiche here after happe to fall in decay

FRERE.

To whom ye shulde parte with your charitie

PARDONER.

And yf he than chaunce to come that way

FRERE.

we freres be they that shulde your almes take

PARDONER.

Nygh vnto our forsayd holy place

FRERE.

whiche for your soules helth do both watche & wake

PARDONER.

Ye shall there tary for a monthes space

FRERE.

we freres pray god wote whan ye do slepe

PARDONER.

And be there founde of the places cost

FRERE.

we for your synnes do bothe sobbe and wepe

PARDONER.

wherfore now in the name of the holy goost

FRERE.

To pray to god for mercy and for grace

PARDONER.

I aduise you all that now here be

FRERE.

And thus do we dayly with all our hole place

PARDONER.

For to be of our fraternitie

FRERE.

wherfore distribute of your temporall welthe

PARDONER.

Fye on couetise sticke nat for a peny

FRERE.

By whiche ye may preserue your soules helthe

PARDONER.

For whiche ye may haue benefites so many

FRERE.

I say wylt thou nat yet stynt thy clappe  
Pull me downe the pardoner with an euyl happe

PARDONER.

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

PARDONER.

Nay one pull the frere downe lyke a fole

FRERE.

Leue thy railynge and babbelynge of freres  
Or by Iys Ish lug the by the swete eares

PARDONER.

By god I wolde thou durst presume to it

FRERE.

By god a lytell thyng might make me to do it

PARDONER.

And I shrew thy herte and thou spare

FRERE.

By god I wyll nat mysse the moche thou slouche  
And if thou playe me suche another touche  
Ish knocke the on the costarde I wolde thou it knewe

PARDONER.

Mary that wolde 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

PARDONER.

Begyn & proue whether I wyll ye or nay

FRERE.

And to go forthe where as I lefte right now

PARDONER.

Because som percase wyll thynke amysse of me

FRERE.

Our lorde in the gospell sheweth the way how

PARDONER.

Ye shall now here the popys auctoryte

FRERE.

By gogges soule knaue I suffre the no lenger

PARDONER.

I say some good body lende me his hengar  
And I shall hym teche by god almyght  
How he shall a nother tyme lerne for to fyght  
I shall make that balde crown 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

PARDONER.

Ye horeson frere wylt thou so

[*Than the fyght.*]

FRERE.

Lose thy hands away from myn earys

PARDONER.

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

PARDONER.

Ye mary wyll I as longe as thou doste smyte

(*The curate.*)

PARSÖ.

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

PARDONER.

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 that except that the precher hym selfe lyue well  
His predycacyon wyll helpe neuer a dell  
And I know well that thy lyuyng 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 sermō y<sup>t</sup> no mā shall touch

PARSŌ.

No more of this wranglyng in my chyrch  
I shrewe your hartys bothe for this lurch  
Is there any blood shed here between these knaues  
Thanked be god they had no stauys  
Nor egoteles for than it had ben wronge  
Well ye shall synge another songe  
Neybour prat com hether I you pray

PRAT.

Why what is this nyse fraye

PARSŌ.

I can not tell you one knaue dysdaynes another  
Wherfore 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 this chyrche 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 Iohn  
I shall borowe vpon prestholde somwhat  
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

PARDONER.

Mayster prat I pray ye me to spare  
For I am sory for that that is done  
Wherfore 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  
Wherfore by saynt Iohn thou shalt not escape me  
Tyll thou hast scouryd a pare of stokys

PARSÖ.

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

PARDONER.

Nay mayster parson for goddys passyon  
Intreate not me after that facyon  
For yf ye do it wyll not be for your honesty

PARSÖ.

Honesty or not but thou shall 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 strayt way  
I defy the churle preeste & 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

PARSÖ.

Ye by thy fayth wylt thou be there  
Neybour prat brynge forthe that knaue  
And thou syr frere yf thou wylt alगतys raue

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 worste

*[Prat with the pardoner & the parson with the frere]*

PARSÖ.

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 payn I am almoste dede  
 The reede blood so ronnethe downe aboute my hede  
 Nay and thou canst I pray the helpe me

PARSÖ.

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

FRERE.

Wyll ye leue than and let vs in peace departe

PS. &amp; PR.

Ye by our lady euen with all our harte

FRE. PD.

Than adew to the deuyll tyll we come agayn

PSÖ. PR.

And a myschefe go with you bothe twayne.

Imprynted by Wyllyam Rastell the. v. day  
 of Apryll the yere of our lorde. M.  
 CCCCC.xxxIII.

Cum priuilegio.