

{ornament}

# A new Enterlude called Therfytes

¶ Thys Enterlude Folowyng  
Dothe Declare howe that the  
greateft boefters are not  
the greateft  
doers.

¶ The names of the players

Therfites	A bofter.
Mulciber	A fmyth.
Mater	A mother.
Miles	A knyght.
Telemachus	A childe.

{ornament}

Therfites commeth in fyrfte hauinge a clubbe  
vppon his necke

H Aue in a ruffler foorth of the greke lande  
Called Therfites, if ye wyll me knowe  
5 abacke, geue me roume, in my way do ye not stand

For if ye do, I wyll foone laye you lowe  
In Homere of my actes ye haue red I trow  
Neyther Agamenon nor Ulyffes, I fpared to checke

10 They coulde not bringe me to be at theyr becke  
Of late frome the fege of Troye I retourned  
Where all my harnes excepte this clubbe I lost

In an olde houfe there it was quyte burned  
Whyle I was preparinge vytayles for the hofte  
I muft nedes get me newe, what so euer it coft

15 I Wyll go feke aduentures, for I cannot be ydle  
I wyll hamper fome of the knaues in a brydle  
It greueth me to heare howe the knaues do bragge

But by fupreme Iupiter, when I am harnesssed well  
I shall make the dasters to renne in to a bagge

20 To hyde them fro me, as from the deuyll of hell  
I doubte not but hereafter, of me ye shall heare tell  
Howe I haue made the knaues for to play cowch quaile  
But nowe to the fhop of Mulciber, to go I wyll not faile

Mulciber must haue a fhop made in the place and

25 Therfites cōmethe before it sayinge a loude  
Mulciber, whom the Poetes doth call the god of fyer  
Smith vnto Iupiter kinge ouer all

Come foorth, of thy office I the defyre

30 and graunte me my petition, I afke a thinge but fmall  
I wyl none of thy lightning, that thou art wont to make  
for the goddes fupernall for yre when they do fhake  
With whiche they thruste the gyauntes downe to hell

35 That were at a conuention heauen to bye and fell  
But I woulde haue some helpe of Lemnos and Ilua  
That of theyr ftele, by thy crafte, condatur nuhi galea.

Mulciber.

¶ What felowe Therfites, do ye fpeake latyn nowe?  
Nay, then farewell, I make god a vowe

40 I do not you vnderftande, no latyn is in my palet  
And then he muft do as he wolde go awaye.

Therfites.

I fay abyde good Mulciber, I pray yu make me a fallet

Mulciber.

45 ¶ Why Therfites haft thou anye wytte in thy head?  
Woldeft thou haue a fallet nowe, all the herbes are dead  
Befyde that it is not mete for a fmyth

To gether herbes and falletes to medle with

Go get the to my loue venus

50 She hath falletes ynough for all vs

I eate none fuche falletes for now I waxe olde

and for my ftomacke they are verye coulde

Therfites.

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

Mulciber.

¶ It is a fmall taftinge of a mannes mighte

That he fhoulde for any matter

Fyght with a fewe herbes in a platter

60 No greate laude fhoulde folowe that victorye

Therfites.

¶ Goddes paffion Mulciber where is thy wit & memory

I wolde haue a fallet made of ftele

Mulciber.

65 ¶ Whye fyr, in youre ftomacke longe you fhall it fele

For ftele is harde for to digeft

Therfites.

¶ Mans bones and fydes hee is worfe then a beeft

I wolde haue a fallet to were on my hed

70 Whiche vnder my chyn wt a thonge red

Buckeled fhall be

Doeft thou yet parceyue me

Mulciber.

¶ your mynde now I fe

75 Why thou peuyffhe ladde

Arte thou almoft madde

Or well in thy wytte

Gette the a walette

Wolde thou haue a fallette

80 What woldeft thou do with it

Therfites.

¶ I pray the good Mulciber make no mo bones

But let me haue a fallet made at ones.

Mulciber.

85 ¶ I must do fomewhat for this knaue

What maner of fallet fyr woulde ye haue.

Therfites.

¶ I wold haue fuch a one that nother might nor mayne

fhoulde perfe it thorowe, or parte it in twayne

90 Whiche nother gonft one, nor fharpe fpeare

Shoulde be able other to hurte or teare

I woulde haue it alfo for to faue my heade

yf Iupiter him felfe woulde haue me dead

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

95 This fallet I woulde haue to kepe me from his yre.

Mulciber.

¶ I perceaue youre mynde.

ye fhall fynde me kynde

I wyll for you prepare

100       And then he goeth in to his fhop, and maketh a  
fallet for hym at the lafte he fayth.

Here Therfites do this fallet weare

And on thy head it beare

And none fhall worke the care

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

Therfites.

¶ Now woulde I not feare with anye bull to fyghte

Or with a raumpinge lyon nother by daye nor nyghte

110       O What greate ftrength is in my body fo lufty

Whiche for lacke of exercife, is nowe almoft ruftye

Hercules in comparifon to me was but a boye

When the bandogge Cerberus from hell he bare awaye

When he kylled the lyons, hydra, and the bere fo wylde

115       Compare him to me and he was but a chylde

Why Sampfon I faye, haft thou no more wytte

woldeft yu be as strög as I? come fuck thy mothers tytte

Wene you that Daid that lyttle eluyfhe boye

Should with his flinge haue take my life awaye

120       Nay ywys Golyath, for all his fyue ftones

I woulde haue quafhed his little boyffhe bones

O howe it woulde do my harte mucche good

To fe fome of the giauntes before Noes floud

I woulde make the knaues to crye creke

125       Or elles with my clubbe their braynes I wyll breake

But Mulciber, yet I haue not with the do

My heade is armed, my necke I woulde haue to

And alfo my fhoulders with fome good habergyn

That the deuyll if he fhote at me coulde not enter in

130 For I am determined greate battayle to make  
Excepte my fumifhenes, by some meanes may affake.

Mulciber.

¶ Bokell on this habergyn as fast as thou canne  
And feare for the metinge of nother beaft nor manne  
135 yf it were poffible for one too fhote an oke  
This habergyn wyll defende thee frome the ftroke  
Let them throwe mylftones at the as thick as haile  
yet the to kyll they fhall their purpofe faile  
yf Maluerue hylles fhoulde on thy fhoulders light  
140 They fhall not hurte the, nor fuppreffe thy mighte  
Yf Beuis of Hampton, Colburne and Guy  
Will the affaye, fet not by them a flye  
To be briefe, this habergyn fhall the faue  
Bothe by lande and water, nowe playe the luftye knaue

145 Then he goeth in to his fhoppe againe

Therfites.

¶ When I confider my fhoulders that fo brode be  
When the other partes of my bodye I do beholde  
I verely thynke that none in chryftente  
150 With me to medele dare be fo bolde  
Now haue at the lyons on cotfolde  
I wyll neyther fpare for heate nor for colde  
Where art thou king Arthur, & the knightes of the rounde  
Come, brynge forth your horfes out of the ftable (table  
155 Lo with me to mete they be not able  
By the maffe they had rather were a bable  
Where arte thou Gawyn the curteffe and Cay the crabed  
Here be a couple of knightes cowardifhe and fcabbed  
160 Appere in thy likeneffe fyr Libeus difconius  
Yf thou wilt haue my clubbe lyghte onthy hedibus  
Lo ye maye fee he heareth not the face

With me to trye a blowe in thys place  
Howe fyrray, approthe fyr Launcelot de lake  
165 What? renne ye awaie and for feare quake  
Nowe he that did the a knight make  
Thought neuer that thou any battaile shouldest take  
yf yu wilt not come thy self, fome other of thy felowes fend  
To battaile I prouoke them, them felfe let them defende  
170 To, for all the good that euer they fe  
They wyll not ones fet hande to fight with me  
O good lorde howe brode is my breft  
And ftronge with all for hole is my cheft  
He that should medle with me fshall haue fhrewde reft  
175 Beholde you my handes, my legges and my feete  
Euery parte is ftronge proportionable and mete  
Thinke you that I am not feared in felde and ftrete  
Yes yes god wote, they geue me the wall  
Or elles with my clubbe, I make them to fall  
180 Backe knaues I faye to them, then for feare they quake  
And take me then to the tauerne and good chere me make  
The proctoure and his men I made to renne their waies  
And fome wente to hide them in broken heys  
I tell you at a woorde  
185 I fet not a torde  
By none of them al  
Early and late I wyll walke  
And London ftrete fthalke  
Spyte of them greate and fmall  
190 For I thinke verely  
That none in heauen fo hye  
Nor yet in hell fo lowe  
Whyle I haue this clubbe in my hande  
Can be able me to withftande

195 Or me to ouerthrowe  
 But Mulciber, yet I muft the defyre  
 To make me briggen yrons for myne armes  
 And then I will loue the as mine owne fyre  
 For withoute them, I can not be fafe frome all harmes  
 200 Thofe once had, I will not fette a ftrawe  
 by all the worlde, for then I wyll by awe  
 Haue all my mynde, or elles by the holye roode  
 I wyl make them thinke, the deuyll caryeth them to the  
 yf no man wyll with me battayle take (wood  
 205 A vyage to hell quickly I wyll make.  
 And there I wyll bete the deuyll and his dame  
 And bringe the foules awaye, I fullye entende the fame  
 After that in hell I haue ruffled fo  
 Sreyghte to olde purgatorye wyll I go  
 210 I wyll cleane that fo purge rounde aboute  
 That we fhall nede no pardons to helpe them oute  
 yf I haue not fyghte ynoughe this wayes  
 I wyll clymbe to heauen and fet awaye Peters kayes  
 I wyll kepe them my felfe, and let in a great route  
 215 What fhoulde fuche a fyfher kepe good felowes out  
 Mulciber.  
 ¶ Haue here Therfites briggen yrons bright  
 and feare thou no man manly to fyghte  
 Thoughe he be ftronger then Hercules or Sampfon  
 220 Be thou preft and bolde to fet him vpon  
 Nother Amazon nor xerxes with their hole rable  
 the to affayle fhall fynde it profytable  
 I warrante the they wyll fle fro thy face  
 as doth an Hare from the dogges in a chase  
 225 Would not thy blacke and ruftye grym berde  
 Nowe thou art fo armed, make anye man aferde

Surely if Iupiter dyd see the in this gere  
He woulde renne away and hyde hym for feare  
He wold thinke that Typhoeus the gyaunt were aliue  
230 And his brother Enceladus, agayn with him to ftriue  
If that Mars of battell the god ftoute and bold  
In this aray shoulde chaunce the to beholde  
He would yelde vp his fworde vnto the  
And god of battayle (he would fay) thou shouldest be  
235 Now fare thou wel go the world through  
And feke aduenturus thou arte man good ynough.

Therfites.

¶ Mulciber, whyle the ftarres fhall fhyne in the fky  
And Phaetons horfes with the fonnes charret fhall fly  
240 Whyle the mornynge fhall go before none  
And caufe the darkenneffe to vanyffhe away foone  
Whyle that the cat fhall loue well mylke  
And whyle that women fhalloue to go in fylke  
Whyle beggers haue lyce  
245 And cockneys are nyce  
Whyle pardoners can lye  
Marchauntes can by  
And chyldren crye  
Whyle all thefe lafte and more  
250 Whiche I kepe in ftore  
I do me faythfully bynde  
Thy kyndnes to beare in mynde  
but yet Mulciber one thinge I afke more  
Hafte thou euer a fworde now in ftore?  
255 I would haue fuche a one that would cut ftones  
And pare a great oke down at once  
That were a fworde lo, euen for the nones.

Mulciber.

¶ Truely I haue fuche a one in my fhoppe  
260 that wil pare yron as it were a rope  
haue, here it is, gyrde it to thy fyde  
Now fare thou well, Iupiter be thy guyde  
    Therfites.  
¶ Gramercye Mulciber wyth my hole harte  
265 Geue me thy hande and let vs departe  
    Mulciber goeth in to hys fhoppe againe,  
    and Therfites faith foorth  
Nowe I go hence, and put my felfe in preafe  
I wyll feeke aduentures, yea and that I wyll not ceafe  
270 If there be any present here thys nyghte  
that wyll take vpon them with me to fighte  
Let them come quickly, and the battayle fhall be pyghte  
Where is Cacus that knaue? not worthe a grote  
that was wont to blowe cloudes oute of his throte  
275 Which ftale Hercules kine and hyd them in his caue  
Come hether Cacus, thou lubber and falfe knaue  
I wyll teache all wretches by the to beware  
If thou come hether I trappe the in a fnare  
thou fhalt haue knocked breade and yll fare  
280 how fay you good godfather that loke fo ftale  
ye feeme a man to be borne in the vale  
Dare ye aduenture wyth me a ftripe or two  
Go coward go hide the as thou waft wonte to do  
What a forte of dafterdes haue we here  
285 None of you to battaile with me dare appeare  
What faie you hart of gold, of countenaunce fo demure?  
Will you fighte with me? no, I am righte fure  
Fye bluffhe not woman, I wyll do you no harme  
Excepte I had you foner to kepe my backe warme  
290 Alas lyttle pums why are ye fo fore afrayd?

I praye you fthew how longe it is? fence ye were a mayd  
Tell me in myne eare, fyrs, fhe hathe me tolde  
That gone was her mydenhead, at thruftene yeare olde  
Byr ladye fhe was lothe to kepe it to longe  
295 And I were a mayde agayne, nowe maye be here fonge  
Do after my connfel of maydens the hoole beuye  
Quickly red your maydehed, for they are vēgeaūce heuy  
Well, let all go, whye? wyll none come in  
With me to fyghte that I maye pare his fkyn

300 The mater commeth in.

Mater

¶ What faye you my fonne wyl ye fyght? god it defende  
For what caufe to warre do you nowe pretende  
Wyll ye committe to battayles daungerous  
305 youre lyfe that is to me fo precious.

Therfites.

¶ I wyll go, I wyll go. ftoppe not my waye  
Holde me not good mother I hartely you pray  
If there be any lyons, or other wylde beeft  
310 That wyll not suffer the husband man in reft  
I wyll go feeche them and byd them to afeeft  
They fhall abyte bytterlye the comminge of fuche a geft  
I wyll fearche for them bothe in buffhe and fhrubbe  
And laye on a lode with this luftye clubbe

315 Mater.

¶ O my fwete fonne, I am thy mother  
Wylt thou kylle me and thou haft none other

Therfites.

¶ No mother no, I am not of fuche iniquitye  
320 That I wyll defyle my handes vpon the.  
But be contente mother, for I wyll not reft  
Tyll I haue foughte with fome man or wylde beaft

Truely my fonne yf that ye take thys way  
Thys fhall be the conclufion, marke what I fhall fay

325 Other I wyll drowne my felfe for forowe  
And fede fylhes with my body before to morowe  
Or wyth a fharpe fwerde, furely I wyll me kyll  
Nowe thou mayft faue me, if it be thy wyll  
I wyll alfo cut my pappes awaye

330 That gaue the fucke fo manye a daye  
And fo in all the worlde it fhall be knowen  
That by my owne fonne I was ouerthrowen  
Therefore if my lyfe be to the pleafaunte  
That whiche I defyre good fonne do me graunte

335 Therfites

¶ Mother thou fpendedft thy winde but in waft  
The goddes of battayle hyr fury on me hath caft  
I am fullye fyxed battayle for to taft  
O how many to deth I fhall dryue in hafte  
340 I wyll ruffle this clubbe aboute my hedde  
Or els I pray god I neuer dye in my bedde  
There fhall neuer a ftroke be ftroken with my hande  
But they fhall thynke yt Iupiter doth thonder in ye land

Mater.

345 ¶ My owne fwete fonne I knelynge on my knee  
And bothe my handes holdinge vp to the  
Defyre the to ceaffe and no battayle make  
Call to the pacience and Better wayes take

Therfites.

350 ¶ Tuffhe mother, I am deafe I wyll the not heare  
No no, yf Iupiter here him felfe nowe were  
And all the goddes, and Iuno his wife  
And louinge Minerua that abhorreth all ftryfe  
yf all thefe I faye, would defyre me to be content

355 They dyd theyr wynde but in vaine fpente  
I wyll haue battayle in wayles or in kente  
and fome of the kuaues I wyll all to rent  
where is the valiaunt knighte fyr Ifenbrafe?  
Appere fyr I praye you, dare ye not fhewe your face  
360 where is Robin Iohn and little hode  
approche hyther quickly if ye thinke it good  
I wyll teache fuche outlawes wyth Chryftes curfes  
How they take hereafter awaye abbottes purfes  
whye wyll no aduenture appeare in thys place  
365 where is Hercules with his greate mafe  
where is Bufpris, that fed hys horfes  
Full lyke a tyraunte, with dead mens corfes  
Come any of you bothe  
And I make an othe  
370 That yer I eate anye breade  
I wyll dryue a wayne  
ye for neede twayne  
Betwene your bodye and your heade  
Thus paffeth my braynes  
375 wyll none take the paynes  
To trye wyth me a blowe?  
O what a fellowe am I  
whome euerye man dothe flye  
That dothe me but once knowe  
380 Mater.  
¶ Sonne all do you feare  
That be prefente here  
They wyll not wyth you fyghte  
you, as you be worthye  
385 Haue nowe the victorye  
wythoute taftyng of youre myghte  
Here is none I trowe

that profereth you a blowe  
Man woman nor chylde  
390 Do not fet your mynde  
To fyghte with the wynde  
be not fo madde nor wylde

Therfites.

¶ I faye aryfe who fo euer wyll fighte  
395 I am to battayle here readye dyghte  
Come hyther other fwayne or knyghte  
Let me fee who dare prefente him to my fyghte  
Here with my clubbe readye I ftande  
yf anye wyll come to take them in hand

400 Mater.

¶ There is no hope left in my breft  
To bring my fonne vnto better reft  
He wyll do nothinge at my requeft  
He regardeth me no more thē a beft  
405 I fee no remedye, but ftyll I wyll praye  
To god, my fonne to gyde in his waye  
That he maye haue a praſperous iournyng  
And to bee faue at his returnyng  
Sonne, god aboue graunte thys my oration  
410 That when in battaile thou fhalt haue concertacion  
with your ennemies, other fare or nere  
No wounde in them nor in you may appere  
So that ye nother kyll nor be kyllid

Therfites

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

420 thincke you that I wyll fight? no no but wyth the can  
 Excepte I finde my enemye on thys wyfe  
 that he be a flepe or els can not aryfe  
 Yf his armes and his fete be not fast bounde  
 I wyll not profer a ftripe for a thoufande pound  
 425 Fare well mother and tarrye here no longer  
 For after proues of chialry I do both thyrfte & honger  
 I wyll heare the knaues as flatte as a conger  
     Then the mother goeth in the place which is pre-  
     pareth for her.  
 430 What how long fhall I tary? be your hartes in your hofe  
 will there none of you in battayl me appofe  
 Come proue me whye ftande you fo in doubte  
 haue you any wylde bloude, that ye would haue let oute  
 A lacke that a mans ftrenge can not be knwen  
 435 Becaufe that he lacketh ennemies to be ouerthowen  
     Here a fnaile muft appere vnto him, and hee muft  
     loke fearefully vpon the fnaile faienge  
 But what a monfter do I fee nowe  
 Comminge hetherwarde with an armed browe  
 440 what is it? ah it is a fowe  
 No by gods body it is but a greftle  
 And on the backe it hath neuer a bryftle  
 It is not a cow, ah there I fayle  
 For then it fhould haue a long tayle.  
 445 What the deuyll I was blynde, it is but a fnayle  
 I was neuer fo afrayde in eaft nor in fouth  
 My harte at the fyrfte fyght was at my mouth  
 Mary fyr fy, fy, fy, I do fweate for feare  
 I thoughte I had craked but to tymely here  
 450 Hens thou beeft and plucke in thy hornes  
 Or I fweare by him that crowned was with thornes

I will make the drincke worfe than good ale in yt cornes  
Haſte thou nothyng elleſ to doo  
But come wyth hornes and face me fo  
455 Howe, how my feruauntes, get you ſhelde and ſpere  
And let vs werye and kyl thys monſter here  
here Miles cometh in.

Miles.

¶ Is not thys a worthye knyghte  
460 that wyth a ſnayle dareth not fight  
Excepte he haue hys feruauntes ayde  
Is this the chaumpyon that maketh al mē afraid  
I am a pore ſouldiour come of late frō Calice  
I truſt or I go to debate ſome of his malyce  
465 I wyll tarrye my tyme tell I do fee  
Betwixt hym and the ſnayle what the ende wyll be

Therfites.

¶ Whye ye horeſon knauys, regard ye not my callinge  
whye do ye not come and wyth you weapons brynge  
470 why ſhall this monſter fo eſcape kyllyng  
No that he ſhal not and god be wylling

Miles.

¶ I promyſe you, thys is as worthye a knyghte  
as euer ſhall brede oute of a bottell byte  
475 I thinke he be Dares of whom Uirgyll doth write  
That woulde not let entellus alone  
But euer prouoked and euer called on  
But yet at the laſt he tooke a fall  
And ſo within a whyle, I trowe I make the ſhall

Therfites.

¶ By Gods paſſion knaues, if I come I wyll you fetter  
480 Regarde ye my callinge and cryng no better  
why horeſons I faye, wyll ye not come

485 By the maffe the knaues be all from home  
 They had better haue fette me an etrande at Rome  
     Miles.  
 ¶ By my trothe, I thynke that very fkante  
 This lubber dare aduenture to fighte with an ant  
     Therfites.  
 490 Well feinge my feruauntes come to me will not  
 I muft take hede that this monfter me fpyll not  
 I wyll ioparde with it a ioynte  
 And other with my clubbe or my fweardes poynte  
 I wyll reche it fuche woundes  
 495 As I woulde not haue for. xl. M. poundes  
 Plucke in thy hornes thou vnhappy beaft  
 what faceft thou me? wilte not thou be in refte  
 Why? wylte not thou thy hornes in holde  
 Thinkeft thou that I am a cocklode  
 500 Goddes armes the monfter cometh towarde me ftyll  
 Excepte I fyght manfully, it wyll me furely kyll  
     Then he muft fyghte againft the fnayle with his club  
     Miles.  
 O Iupiter Lorde doeft thou not fee and heare  
 505 How he feareth the fnayle as it were a bere  
     Therfites.  
 Well with my clubbe I haue had good-lucke  
 Nowe with my fworde haue at the a plucke  
 And he muft caft his club awaye.  
 510 I wyll make the or I go, for to ducke  
 And thou were as tale a man as frier fucke  
 I faye yet agayne thy hornes in drawe  
 Or elles I wyll make the to haue woundes rawe  
 Arte not thou a ferde  
 515 To haue thy bearde

Pared with my fwearde  
Here he muft fighte then with his fworde againft  
the fnayle, and the fnayle draweth her hornes in.

Ah well, nowe no more

520 Thou mighteft haue done fo before

I layed at it fo fore

That it thoughte it fhoulde haue be lore

And it had not drawen in his hornes againe

Surelye I woulde the monftet haue flaine

525 But now farewell, I wyll worke the no more payne

Nowe my fume is pafte

And dothe no longer lafte

That I did to the monfter caft

Now in other countreis both farre and neare

530 Mo dedes of chyualtye I wyll go inquire

Miles.

Thou nedes not feke any further for redy I am here

I wyll debate anone I trowe thy bragginge chere

Therfites.

535 Nowe where is any mo that wyll me affayle

I wyll turne him and toffe him bothe toppe and tayle

yf he be ftronger then Sampfon was

who with his bare handes kylde lyons apas

Miles.

540 What nedeth this boofte? I am here at hande

That with the will fighte kepe the heade and ftande

Surelye for al thy hye wordes I wyll not feare

To affaye the a towche tyll fome bloude apeare

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

545 And he begynth to fight with him, but Therfites

muft ren awaye, and hyde hym behynde hys mothers

backe fayinge.

Therfites.

O mother mother I praye the me hyde  
550 Throwe fome thinge ouer me and couer me euery fyde

Mater.

O my fonne what thynges eldyth the?

Therfites

Mother a thousande horsemen do perfecute me

555

Mater.

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

560

Therfites.

No mother but if they had bent but ten to one  
I woulde not haue auoyded but fet them vppon  
But feinge they be so many I ran awaye  
Hyde me mother hyde me, I hartely the pray  
565 For if they come hyther and here me fynde  
To their horses tayles they wyll me bynde  
And after that fallhyon hall me and kyll me  
And thoughe I were neuer so bolde and ftoute  
To fyghte againste so manye, I shoulde ftande in doubtte

570

Miles.

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

575

Therfites.

Hyde me mother, hyde me, and neuer worde faye

Miles.

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

580

Mater.

¶ No forfothe Maifter, there came none in my fight

Miles.

¶ He dyd auoyde in tyme, for withoute doubt

I woulde haue fet on his backe fome clowtes

585

Yt I may take him I wyll make all flowches

To beware by him, that they come not in my clowches

Then he goeth oute, and the mother faith

Mater.

¶ Come fourth my fonne, youre enemy is gone

590

Be not afrayed for hurte thou canst haue none

Then he loketh aboute if he be gone or not, at the laft  
he fayth.

Therfites.

¶ ywys thou didest wifely who fo euer thou be

595

To tarrye no longer to fighte with me

For with my clubbe I woulde haue broken thy skull

yf thou were as bigge as Hercules bull

why thou cowardely knaue, no stronger then a ducke

Darest thou trye mayftries with me a plucke

600

whiche fere nother giauntes nor Iupiters fire bolte

Nor Beelzebub the mayfter deuyll as ragged as a colte

I woulde thou wouldest come hyther ones againe

I thincke thou haddest rather alyue to be flayne

Come againe and I fweare by my mothers wombe

605

I wyll pull the in peeces no more then my thombe

and thy braines abrode, I wyll so scatter

That all knaues shall feare, against me to clatter

Then cometh in Telemachus bringinge a letter

from his father Uliffes, and Therfites faieth.

610

what? little Telemachus

what makest thou here amonge vs?

Telemachus.

¶ Syr my father Ulyffes doth hym commende  
To you moft hartely, & here he hath you fende  
615 Of hys mynde a letter  
whiche fhewe you better  
Euery thyng fhall  
Then I can make reherfall

Here he muft delyuer hym the letter

620

Therfites.

¶ Lo frendes ye maye fee  
what great men wryte to mee

Here he muft redde the letter.

As entyrelly as harte can thyncke  
625 Or fcryuener can wryte with yucke  
I fende you louynge gretynge  
Therfyttes myne owne fwetyng  
I am very forye

630

when I cast in memory  
The great vnkyndnes  
And also the blyndnes  
That hath be in my brest  
Agaynft you euer preft  
I haue be prompt and dylygent

635

Euer to make you fhent  
To appale your good name  
And To mynyffhe your fame  
In that I was to blame

640

But well al this is gone  
And remedy there is none  
But onely repentaunce  
Of all my olde greuaunce  
with whiche I dyd you molefte

And gaue you forye reaft  
645 The caufe was thereof truelye  
Nothings but verye enuye  
wherefore nowe gentyll esquier  
Forgeue me I you defyre  
And helpe I you befeche  
650 Telemachus to a leche  
That hym maye wyfelye charme  
From the wormes that do hym harme  
In that ye maye do me pleafure  
For he is my chyefe treafure  
655 I haue hearde menne fay  
That come by the way  
That better charmer is no other  
then is youre owne deare mother  
I praye you of her obtayne  
660 To charme away his paine  
Fare ye well, and come to my houfe  
To dryncke wyne and eate a peece of fowfe  
And we wyll haue minftrelfy  
that fhall pype hankyn boby  
665 My wyfe penelobe  
Doth grete you well by me  
wrytinge at my houfe on Candelmaffe daye  
Mydfomer moneth, the calenders of maye  
By me Uliffed beyng verye gladde  
670 That the victorye of late of the monfter ye hadde  
Ah fyrraye quod he? how faye you frendes all  
Uliffes is glad for my faouere to call  
well, though we ofte haue fwerued  
And he fmall loue deferued  
675 Yet I am well contente

Seinge he dothe repente  
To let olde matters go  
And to take him no more fo  
As I haue do hyther to  
680 For my mortall fo  
Come go with me Telemachus, I wyll the bringe  
Unto my mother to haue her cherminge  
I doubte not, but by that tyme that she hathe done  
Thou shalte be the better feuen yeares agone

695 Then Therfytes goeth to his mother fayinge  
Mother Chrifte thee faue and fee  
Ulyffes hathe fende his fonne to thee  
That thou shouldest hym charme  
From the wormes that hym harme

700 Mater.  
¶ Sonne ye be wife kepe ye warme  
whye shoulde I for Ulyffes doo  
That neuer was kynde vs to  
He was readye in warre  
705 Euer the, fonne, to marre  
Then had bene all my ioye  
Exiled cleaue away

Therfites.  
¶ Wel mother all that is pafte  
710 Wroth maye not alwaye laste  
And feinge we be mortall all  
Let not our wroth be immortall

Mater  
715 Charme that charme wyll, he shal not be charmed of me  
Therfites.  
Charme or by the maffe with my club I wil charme the  
Mater.

¶ why fonne arte thou fo wicked to beate thy mother

Therfites.

720 ¶ ye that I wyll, by goddes deare brother  
Charme olde witche in the deuils name  
Or I wyll fende the to him, to be his dame

Mater.

725 ¶ Alas what a fonne haue I  
That thus dothe order me spitefullye  
Curfed be the time that euer I hym fedde  
I woulde in my bely he had be deade

Therfites.

730 ¶ Curfeste thou olde hore? bleffe me againe  
Or I wyll bleffe the, that fhall be to thy payne

Then he muft take hyr by the armes, and she crieth

Mater.

oute as foloweth.

735 ¶ He will kyll me  
He wyll fpyll me  
He wyll brofe me  
He wyll lofe me  
He wyll pricke me  
He wyll ftycke me

Therfites.

740 The deuyll ftycke the olde wytherde witch  
For I wyll fticke nother the, nor none fuche.  
But come of geue me thy bleffinge againe  
I faye let me haue it, or elles certayne  
With my clubbe I wyll laye the on the brayne

745 Mater.

Well feinge thou threateneft to me affliction  
Spite of my harte haue nowe my benediction  
Nowe chriftes fwete bleffinge and mine  
Lighte aboue and beneath the bodye of thyne

750 And I befeche with all my deuotion  
 That thou mayfte come to A mans promotion  
 He that forgeue Mary Mawdalene hyr fynne  
 Make the hygheft of all thy kynne  
 Therfites.

755 ¶ In this wordes is double intellimente  
 Wouldeft thou haue me hanged mother veramente  
 Mater.

¶ No fonne no, but too haue you hye  
 In promotion, is my mynde verelye  
 Therfites.

760 ¶ Well then mother let all this goo  
 and charme this chylde that you is fende to  
 and loke hereafter to curfe ye be not gredye  
 Curfe me no more, I am curfed ynoughe all readye  
 Mater.

765 ¶ Well fonne I wyll curfe you no more  
 Excepte ye prouoke me to to fore  
 But I meruaile whye ye do me moue  
 To do for Uliffes that dothe not vs loue  
 Therfites.

770 ¶ Mother by hys fonne he hathe fende me a letter  
 Promyfyng heareafter to be to vs better  
 And you and I with my greate clubbe  
 Muft walke to him and eate a folybubbe  
 775 and we fhall make merye  
 and fynge tyrle on the berye  
 With Simkyn fydnam fomner  
 that kylde a catte at comner  
 There the tryflinge tabborer trowbler of tunys  
 780 Wyll pyke Peter pybaker a penyworth of prunes  
 Nycholl neuer good a nette and a night cappe

Knytte wyll for kyt whose knee cawghte a knappe  
 Daid dowghtye dyghter of datys  
 Gren with godfrey goodale wyll gretely at the gates  
 785 Thom tomblor of tewxbury turninge at a tryce  
 wyll wype wylliam waterman if he be not wyfe  
 Symon fadler of fudeley that ferued the fowe  
 Hytte wyll Henrye hartleffe he harde not yet how  
 Iynkyn Iaton that iabbed iolye Ione  
 790 Grynde wyll gromellede vntyll he grone  
 Prowde perts pykethancke, that pykid pernels purfe  
 Cut wyll the cakes thoughe Cate do crye and curfe  
 Roughe Robyn rouer rufflinge in ryghte rate  
 balde Bernarde braynles wyll bete and Benet bate  
 795 Folythe frederycke furburer of a farte  
 Dynge daniell deintye to deathe wyll with a darte  
 Mercolfe mouylts moreninge for mad Marye  
 Tyncke wyll the tables thoughe he there not tary  
 Andrewe all knaue alderman of Andwarpe  
 800 Hoppe wyll with holy hockes & harken humfreys harpe  
 It is to to mother the paftyme and good chere  
 That we fhall fee and haue, when that we come there  
 Wherefore gentyll mother I the hartely praye  
 That thou wylte charme for wormes this pretye boye  
 805           Mater.  
 Well fonne, feinge the cafe and mater ftandeth fo  
 I am contente all thy request to do  
 Come hyther pretye childe  
 I will the charme frome the wormes wyld  
 810 but firfte do thou me thy name tell  
           Telemachus.  
 ¶ I am called Telemachus there as I dwell  
           Mater.

¶ Telemachus lye downe vprighte on the grounde  
And ftyrre not ones for a thoufande pounde

Telemachus.

785 ¶ I am readye here preste  
To doo all youre requeste

Then he muft lay hym down with his bely vpward  
and fhee muft bleffe hym frome aboue too beneath  
fayinge a feloweth.

790 Mater.

¶ The cowherd of Comertowne with his croked fpade  
Caufe frome the, the wormes foone to vade

And iolye Iacke iumbler that iuggleth with a horne  
Graunte that thy wormes foone be all to torne

795 Good graundfyre Abraham godmother to Eue  
Graunte that this wormes no longer this chylde greue

All the courte of confcience in cockoldft yres

Tynckers and tabberets typlers tauerners

Tyttyfylls, tryfullers, turners and trumpers

800 Tempters, traytours, trauaylers and thumpers

Thryftleffe, theuyfhe, thycke and thereto thynne

the maladye of this wormes caufe for too blynne

The vertue of the tayle of Ifaackes cow

That before Adam in paradyfe dyd lowe

805 Also the ioyfte of Mofes rod

In the mounthe of caluarye that fpake with God

Facie ad faciem, turninge tayle to tayle

Caufe all thefe wormes quickly to fayle

The bottome of the fhyppe of Noe

810 And alfo the legge of ye horfe of Troe

The peece of the tounge of Balaams affe

the chawbone of the Oxe that at Chriftes byrth was

the eye to the of the dogge that wente on pylgremage

with yonge Thobye, theſe wormes ſone may fwage  
815 the butterflye of Bromemycham yt was borne blinde  
The blaſte of the bottell that blowed Aelous wynde  
The buttocke of the bytter boughte at Buckyngame  
the bodye of the bere that wyth Beuis came  
the backſter of Balockburye with her bakinge pele  
820 Chylde fro thy wormes I praye, maye ſone the hele  
The tapper of tauyeftocke and the tapfters potte  
The tothe of the tytmuſ, the torde of the gote  
In the towre of tenyſballes toftyd by the fyer  
the table of Tantalus turned trym in myre  
825 yt tombe of Tom thredbare yt thruffe tyb through yt fmock  
Make al thy wormes chylde, to come forth at thy docke  
Sem Cam and Iaphat and coll the myllars mare  
the fyue ftones of Dauyd: that made goliath ftare  
the wing with whiche feit Mychaell dyd fly to his moūt  
830 the counters wherwith cherubyn, did cheriftones count  
The hawke with whiche Iffuerus kylde ſhe wylde bore  
Helpe that theſe wormes my chylde, hurt the no more  
the mawe of the morecocke that made mawd to mowe  
when martylmas at moreton morened for the ſnowe  
835 the ſpere of ſpanyſſhe ſpylbery ſprente wt ſpiteful ſpottes  
the lyghtes of the lauerocke layde at London lottes  
the ſhynbon of faint Samuell ſhynninge ſo as the funne  
Graunt child of the wormes that ſone thy paines be don  
Mother bryce of oxforde and greate Gyb of hynxey  
840 Alfo mawde of thrutton and mable of chartefey  
And all other wytches that walke in dymminges dale  
Clytteringe and clatteringe there youre pottes with ale  
Inclyne youre eares, and heare this my petition  
and graunte this childe, of healthe to haue fruition  
845 the bleffinge that Iorden to his Godſonne gaue

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

820 ¶ I thanke you mother in my moft hartelye wife  
wyll ye fyr to my father commaunde me anye feruice  
Therfites.

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

¶ Ye fhall be hartelye welcome to them I dare well fay  
Fare ye well, by youre leaue, now I wyll departe awaye  
830 Therfites.

¶ Sonne, geue me thy hande, fare well  
Mater.

¶ I praye god kepe the from parell  
Telemachus goeth oute, and the mother fayeth.

835 Ywys it is a proper chylde  
and in behaioure nothings wylde  
Ye maye fee what is good education  
I woulde euery man after this fafhion  
Had their children vp broughte  
840 then manye of them woulde not haue bene fo nonghte  
A chylde is better vnborne then vntaughte  
Therfites.

¶ Ye faye truthe mother, well let all this go  
and make you readye Uliffes to go to  
845 with me anone, be ye fo contente  
Mater.

¶ I am well pleafed to youre wyll I affente

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

Therfites.

¶ Mother God be wyth you and keepe you frome care  
855 The mother goeth out, and Therfites fayeth forth  
What ſomeuer I faye fyrs, I thyncke yll might ſhe care  
I care not if the olde wytche were deade

It were an almoys dede to knocke byr in the heade  
And faye on the wormes that ſhe dyd dye

860 For there be manye that my landes woulde bye  
By goddes bleffed brother

Yf I were not feke of the mother  
thys totheles trotte kepe the me harde  
And fuffereth no money in my warde

865 But by the bleffed trinitye  
Yf ſhe will no ſoner ded be

I wyll with a coyſhiou ſtoppe hyr breath  
tyll ſhe haue forgotte newe marketh heth  
Yll myghte I fare

870 Yf that I care

Nyr to ſpare  
Aboute the houſe ſhe hoppeth  
and hyr noſe ofte droppeth  
When the wortes ſhe choppeth

875 When that ſhe dothe brewe

I maye faye to you  
I am reddy to ſpew  
the droppes to fee downe renne  
By all Chryſten menne

880 Frome hyr nofe to hyr knen  
Fye Goddes bodye, it maketh me to fpitte  
to remember howe that fhe doth fyttte  
By the fyer brallynge  
Scratchinge and fcrallynge  
885 and in euerye place  
Leyenge oyfters apafe  
She dothe but lacke fhelles  
the deuyll haue they whytte, elles  
At nyghte when to bedde fhe goys  
890 and pluicketh of her hofe  
She knappeth me in the nofe  
with tynpe, tappe  
Flyppe, flappe  
that an yll happe  
895 Come to that tappe  
that venteth fo  
Where fo euer fhe go  
So muche fhe daylye dryncketh  
That hyr breath at both endes ftyrncketh  
900 That a horfecombe and an halter  
Hyr foone vppe talter  
tyll I faye Dauides pfalter  
That fhall be at neuemas  
Whyche neuer fhall be, nor neuer was  
905 By this tenne bones  
She ferued me ones  
A touche for the nones  
I was ficke and laye in my bedde  
She broughte me a kerchyfe to wrappe on my heade  
910 And I praye God that I be deade  
Yf that I lye any whytte

when she was aboute the kerchefe to knytte  
Breake did one of the formes fete  
that she dyd ftande on  
915 And downe fell she anone  
And foorth withall  
As she dyd fall  
She gyrded oute a farte  
That me made to ftarte  
920 I thyncke hyr buttockes dyd fmarte  
Excepte it badde be a mare in a carte  
I haue not harde fuche a blaft  
I cryed and byd hyr holde faft  
with that she nothinge agaft  
925 faid to me yt no woman in this lande  
Coude holde fafte that whyche was not in hyr hande  
Nowe fyrs, in that hole pitche and fyre brande  
Of that bagge fo fuftye  
So ftale and fo muftye  
930 So cankered and fo ruftye  
So ftinckynge and fo duftye  
God fende hyr as muche ioye  
as my nofe hathe alwaye  
Of hyr vnfauerye fpice  
935 Yf that I be not wyfe  
and ftoppe my nofe quickelye  
When she letteth goo merelye  
But let all this go, I had almoſte forget  
The knaue that here yerewhyles dyd iet  
940 Before that Telemachus did come in  
I wyll go feeche hym, I wyll not blynne  
Untyll that I haue hym  
Then fo god faue hym

I wyll fo be knaue hym  
945 That I wyll make to raue hym  
Wyth this fwearde I wyll fhaue hym  
And ftrypes when I haue gaue hym  
Better I wyll depraue him  
That you fhall knowe for a flaue him  
950 Then Miles cometh in fayinge  
Miles.  
¶ wylte thou fo in deede?  
Hye the make good fpede  
I am at hande here preft  
955 Put awaye tongue fhakyng  
and this folyffhe crakyng  
Let vs trye for the beft  
Cowardes make fpeake a pafe  
Srypes prouethe manne  
960 Haue nowe at thy face  
Keepe of if thou canne  
And then he muft ftryke at hym, and Therfytes  
muft runne awaye and leaue his clubbe & fworde  
behynde.  
965 Whye thou lubber runneft thou awaye  
and leaueft thy fwearde and thy clubbe thee behynde  
Nowe thys is a fure carde, nowe I maye well faye  
That a cowarde crakinge here I dyd fynde  
Mayfters ye maye fee by this playe in fighte  
970 That great barking dogges, do not moft byte  
And oft it is fene that the beft men in the hooft  
Be not fuche, that vfe to bragge moft  
Yf ye wyll auoyde the daunger of confufion  
Printe my wordes in harte and marke this conclufion  
975 Suche gyftes of god that ye excelle in moft

Ufe them wyth foberneffe and youre felfe neuer bow  
Seke the laude of God in all that ye doo  
So fhall vertue and honoure come you too  
But if you geue youre myndes, to the finne of pryde  
980 Uaniffhe fhall your vertue, your honoure away wil flide  
For pryde is hated of God aboue  
And meekeneffe foneft obtaineth his loue  
to youre rulers and parentes, be you obediente  
Neuer tranfgreffinge their lawefull commaundemente  
985 Be ye merye and ioyfull at borde and at bedde  
Imagin no traitourye againfte youre prince and heade  
Loue God and feare him and after him youre kinge  
Whiche is as victorious as anye is lyuinge  
Praye for his grace, with hartes that dothe not fayne  
990 that longe he maye rule vs withoute grefe or paine  
befeche ye also that God maye faue his quene  
Louely Ladie Iane, & the prince that he hath fend them  
to augment their ioy and the comon felicitie (betwen  
Fare ye wel fwete audiēce, god graunt you al profperite  
995 Amen.

¶ Imprinted at London,

by Iohn Tyfdale and are to be folde  
at hys fhop in the vpper ende of  
Lombard ftrete, in Alhallowes  
churche yarde neare  
vntoo grace  
church.