

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

In an olde houle 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 harnessed 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 fhall 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 fallettes to medle with
Go get the to my louer venus
50 She hath fallettes ynough for all vs
I eate none fuche fallettes 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 wallette

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 perceauē 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 ftrengh is in my body fo lufty

Whiche for lacke of exercife, is nowe almoft rufty

Hercules in comparifon to me was but a boye

When the bandogge Cerberus from hell he bare awaye

When he kyllled 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

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

Wene you that Dauid 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 muche good

To fe fome of the giauntes before Noes floud

I woulde make the knaues to cryecreke

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 fome meanes may affake.
 Mulciber.
 ¶ Bokell on this habergyn as faft 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 brieft, 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 felf, 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 shall haue shrewde 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 strete
 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 stalke
 Spyte of them greate and small
 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 fee the in this gere
He woulde renne awaye 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 chyl dren 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.

¶ Truly 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 prefent 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 fhew 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 fuffer the hufband 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 kyll 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 fyfhes 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 fpendeft thy winde but in waft
The goddes of battayle hyr fury on me hath caft
I am fullye fyxed battayle for to tafte
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 victorie
 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

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 prafperous iournynge
And to bee faue at his returnynge
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 kyllled

Therfites

¶ Mother thy petition I praye god be fulfilled
415 For then no knaues bloude fhall be fpilled
Felowes kepe my counfell, by the maffe 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 ftripec for a thoufande pound
 425 Fare well mother and tarrye here no longer
 For after proues of chivalry 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 ftrengeth 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 vppon 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 fnaile
 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 drinke 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 worthy 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

Therſites.

¶ 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 kyllinge
No that he ſhal not and god be wyllinge

Miles.

¶ I promyſe you, thys is as worthy 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

Therſites.

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

By the maffe the knaues be all from home
 485 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? wylte 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 thyng eeldyth the?

Therfites

Mother a thoufande horfemen do perfecute me

555 Mater.

Marye fonne then it was time to flye
I blame the not then, thoughe afrayde thou be
A deadly wounde thou mightest there fone catche
One againft fo many, 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 fo 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 horfes tayles they wyll me bynde
And after that fallhyon hall me and kyll me
And thoughe I were neuer fo bolde and ftoute
To fyghte againfte fo many, I fhoulde ftande in doubte

570 Miles.

Thou that doeft feke giauntes to conquere
Come foorth if thou dare, and in this place appere
Fy for fhame doeft thou fo fone take flighte
Come forth and fhewe 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 forth my fonne, youre enemy is gone

590

Be not afayed 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 duche

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 abroad, I wyll fo 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.

625

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

630

when I cast in memory
The great vnkyndnef
And alfo the blyndnef
That hath be in my breft
Agaynft you euer preft
I haue be prompt and dylygent

635

Euer to make you fhent
To appale your good name
And To mynyfhe 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 houle
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 houle on Candelmaffe daye
Mydfomer moneth, the calenders of maye
By me Uliffed beyng verye gladde
670 That the victorie of late of the monfter ye hadde
Ah fyrraye quod he? how faye you frendes all
Uliffes is glad for my fauoure to call
well, thoughe 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 sayinge
Mother Chrifte thee faue and fee
Ulyffes hathe fende his sonne to thee
That thou shouldest hym charme
From the wormes that hym harme

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

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
Charme that charme wyll, he shal not be charmed of me
715 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 ¶ Curfeft 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 fhe 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
 Wouldest 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
 Mufte 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 whofe knee cawghte a knappe
 Daudid dowghtye dyghter of datys
 Gren with godfrey goodale wyll gretely at the gates
 785 Thom tombler 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
 lynkyn laton that iabbed iolye lone
 790 Grynnde wyll gromellede vntyll he grone
 Prowde perts pykethanke, that pykid pernels purfe
 Cut wyll the cakes thoughe Cate do crye and curfe
 Roughe Robyn rouer rufflinge in ryghte rate
 795 balde Bernarde braynles wyll bete and Benet bate
 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 wylde
 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 pounce

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 felloweth.

790 Mater.

¶ The cowherd of Comertowne with his croke spade
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
Tyttfylls, tryfullers, turners and trummers

800 Tempters, traytours, trauaylers and thumpers
Thryftleffe, theuylhe, 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 mounte 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 also 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

815 with yonge Thobye, thefe wormes fone may fwage
 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 backfter of Balockburye with her bakinge pele
 820 Chylde fro thy wormes I praye, maye fone the hele
 The tapper of tauyefstocke and the tapfters potte
 The tothe of the tytmus, the torde of the gote
 In the towre of tenyfballes 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 thefe 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 fhynbon of faint Samuell fhyninge ſo as the funne
 Graunt child of the wormes that fone 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 wythes 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 nothinge 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 euyl
It is good to fet a candell before the deuyll
850 Of moſte parte of greate men I ſweare by thys fyr
Lyghte is the thancke but heauye is the ire
Fare well ſonne, I wyll go me to prepare

Therſites.

¶ Mother God be wyth you and keepe you frome care

855 The mother goeth out, and Therſites fayeth forth
What ſomeuer I ſaye 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 ſaye on the wormes that ſhe dyd dye

860 For there be manye that my landes woulde bye

By goddes bleſſed brother

Yf I were not ſeke of the mother

thys totheles trotte kepe the me harde

And ſuffereth no money in my warde

865 But by the bleſſed 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 ſaye to you

I am redy to ſpew

the droppes to ſee 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 typpe, 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 ftyncketh
 900 That a horfecombe and an halter
 Hyr foone vppe talter
 tyll I faye Dauides pfalter
 That fhall be at neuermas
 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 kercheffe to knytte
 Breake did one of the formes fete
 that she dyd stande on
 915 And downe fell she anone
 And foorth withall
 As she dyd fall
 She gyrded oute a farte
 That me made to starte
 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 fast
 with that she nothings agast
 925 said to me yt no woman in this lande
 Coude holde faste that whyche was not in hyr hande
 Nowe fyrs, in that hole pitche and fyre brande
 Of that bagge so fustye
 So ftale and so muftye
 930 So cankered and so ruftye
 So ftinckynge and so duftye
 God fende hyr as muche ioye
 as my nose hathe alwaye
 Of hyr vnfauerye spice
 935 Yf that I be not wyfe
 and stoppe my nose 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 seeche hym, I wyll not blynne
 Untyll that I haue hym
 Then so 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 deprauē 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 fhakyngē
 and this folyffhe crakyngē
 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 muſte ftryke at hym, and Therfytes
 muſte runne awaye and leaue his clubbe & fworde
 behynde.
 965 Whye thou lubber runneft thou awaye
 and leaueſt 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
 Mayſters ye maye fee by this playe in fighte
 970 That great barking dogges, do not moſt byte
 And oft it is fene that the beſt men in the hooft
 Be not fuche, that vſe to bragge moſte
 Yf ye wyll auoyde the daunger of confuſion
 Printe my wordes in harte and marke this conſluſion
 975 Suche gyftes of god that ye excelle in moſte

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 alfo 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 prosperite
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.