

{ornament}

& A NEWE

Enterlude of Vice Conteyninge, the

Hiftorye of Horeftes with the cruell

reuengment of his Fathers death

vpon his one naturll Mother.

by Iohn Pikeryng.

The players names

The Vice,	Clytemnefra.	Sodyer.	Truthe.
Rufticus.	Halterfycke.	Nobulle.	Fame.
Hodge.	Hempftryng.	Nature.	Hermione.
Hroeftes	Neftor.	Prouifyon.	Dewtey.
Idumeus.	Menalaus.	Harrauld.	Meffenger.
Councell.	A woman.	Sodyer.	Egeftus.
			Commones.

☞ The names deuided for vi. to playe.

The fyrft the Vice and Nature and Dewtey.3.

2. Rufticus. Idumeus.2. Sodyer. Menelauus. & Nobulles.5.

3. Hodge. Counfell. Meffenger. Neftor. & Commones. 5.

4. Horeftes. a woman. & Prologue. 3.

5. Haullterficke. Sodyer. Egiftus. Harrauld. Fame. Truth
and Idumeus. 7.

6. Hempftrynge. Clytemnefra. Prouifyon. & Hefmione. 4.

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are to be folde at his fhope in S. Dunftons

Churcheyearde. Anno. 1567.

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{illustration}

The Vyce.

A Syrra nay foft, what? let me fee,
God morrowe to you fyr, how do you fare?
Sante a men. I thincke it wyll be.
5 the next day in y^e morning, before I com thear
Well forwarde I wyll, for to prepare,
Some weapons & armour, y^e catiues to quell,

Ille teache the hurchetes, agayne to rebell.

Rebell? ye fyr, how faye you there to?

10 What? you had not befte their partes to take:

Houlde the content foole, and do as I do,

Or elles me chaunce, your pate for to ake.

Ye and thats more, for feare thou fhalt quake,

Before Horeftes, when in good fouth he,

Shall arryue in this lande, reuenged to bée:

15 Well forwarde I wyll, thynges to pouruaye,

In good fouth for the wares, as I fhall thincke good.

Farre well good man dotterell, and marke what I faye,

Or eles it may chaunce you, to feke a new houd:

You would eate no more cakbread, I thincke then by y^e roud,

If that, that fame poulle from your shoulderes were hent,

20 You would thincke you were yll, if fo you were fhent.

Ruftycus.

Chyll neuer nabore hodge, haue a glade harte,

Tyll Egiftous the Kynge, hath for his defarte:

Receiued dew punnyfhment, for this well I knowe,

25 Horrestes to Crete, with *Idumeous* dyd go.

When his father was flayne, by his Mother moft yll,

And therefore I thincke, that com heather he wyll:

And reuenge the iniurey, of his mother moft dyare,

waftinge our land with zworde, and with vyare.

30 Hodge.

Iefu nabor, with vyar and zworde? zaye you ze?

By gys nabor, chyll zaue one I tro:

For iche haue fmaull good, by gife for to lofe,

And therefore iche care not, how euer it gofe.

35 But chyll not be zlayne, chyll loue nothings worffe,

Chyll neuer be bournt, for the mony in my pourfe.

Hear en-
tryth Ru
ftycus, &
hodge.

A Newe Enterlude

Iche haue small roudockes, and fodyers I kno,
Wyll robbe the riche chorles, and let the poore knaues go.

Vyce.

40 A fyrre, nowe fteye, and paufe their a whyle,
Be not to hafty, but take all the daye:
Be God I am wearey, with comming this myle,
And hauing no money, my horfe heyare to paye.
Who how, I rode on my fete, all the waye,
45 Iefu what ground, fince yefterday at none,
Haue I gut thorow, with this pare of fhoun.

Rufticus.

Nabor hodge, be goge hatche none I beare,
That this lyttell hourchet, the devayaunce doth beare.
50 Come let vs go, and of him in good fouth?
We woll conquear out, the verey truth.

Vyce.

Hurchyt, goges oundes gyppe with a wanyon,
Ar you fo loufthey, in fayth good man clound:
55 Oundes, hart, and nayles, this is a franion,
Ille teache you to floute me, I hould you a pounce.
O that it weare not, in fayth for my gound?
It wyll I be knoc vm, yet for all that.

Hodge.

60 Hould good mafter, you mare my new hat.

Fight

Vyce.

Ha, ha, he, mar his hat quoth he? thear was all his thought
Tout tout, for the blofe he fet not a pyn:
That garment is dyer, that with blofe is bought,
65 Well fieres to in treat me, fyth you begyn?
I am contentyd, my blade, now fhaull in.
But tell me fyeres tell me no whearefore of me,
The caufe on this fort, your taullkyng should be.

Rufticus.

70 By gis and iche chyll mafter, for all my great payne,
Of this matter to you to tell the veary playne:
My naybor hodge and I, in good fouth,
Mot hear in the veldes, I tell you the truth:
Now as we wear talkinge, marke what I zaye,

Of Vyce.

75 You came in ftraight, and of vs croft the waye.
Which thinge for zartyn, when I dyd espye,
This fancye vlouncht, in my head by and by:
And to hodge I zayde that, by gys I dyd veare,
That your maffhyp, good mafter the devyaunce doth beare,
80 And be caufe you weare lyttell, and of ftature but fmaull:
Your perfon a hourchet, in fayth I dyd caull.
But by gis be contentyd, vor chyll neauer more,
Ofvend you a gains, but cham zorey thearuore.

Vyce.

85 Yf they weare not twayne, I cared not a poynt,
But two is to meyney, the prouerbe douth tell:
Elles be his oundes, I would iobard this ioynt,
And teache them agaynfte me, againe to rebell?
O that I wear abull, the knaues vor to quell,
90 Then would I tryomphe, paffinge all meafure.

Hodge.

Zentyll man zentyll man, at your owne pleafure:
In fayth we be, and thearuore we praye,
What they name, is to vs vor to zaye.

95 Vyce.

My name would ye kno, marrey you fhaull,
Harke frynde, fourft to the I wyll it declare:
Mafter pacience mafter pacience, many on doth me caull?
But com heather nabor hodge, thou muft haue a fhare.
100 By gys vnto the I wyll not fpare,
The fame for to fhowe, whearfore my frend,
My name is pacience if thou it perpend.

Hodge.

Paft fhame? Godes gee naybor paft fhame?
105 By godes de naybor thates a tryccom name.

Vyce.

Tell a mare a tall, and fhyell gerd out a fart
Se bow the as my wordes, douth myftake,
Would it not anger a faynt at the hart:
110 To fe what a fcoffe of my name, he douth make?
O oundes of me, as ftill as a ftake.
He ftandith, nought caring what of him maye be tyde,

A Newe Enterlude

Be his woundes, I wod haue a arme, or a fyde.
Sought let me fe, it is best to be ftyll,
115 Good flepinge in a hole fkyne, ould foulkes do faye,
Not withftanding I wis, ill haue myne owne wyll.
Naye I wyll be reuenged, by his oundes and I maye,
Syrre you good man Ruftycus, marke what I faye:
Harke in thine eare man, this dyd I fee,
120 A hoge of thyne wearyed to be.

Rufticus.

Godes gee maifter pacience, I praye you me tell,
What horfen chorles doge, my hogge fo dyd quell:
Iche zware by gife, and holye zaynt blyue,
125 Chyll be zwinge him, and ich be a lyue,
By godes de cham angry, and not well content,
Chould ha wear hear, chould make him repent.
Ich had rather gyuen, vore ftryke of corne,
Then to had my hogge on this wyfe forlorne:
130 But if I knewe whous dogge chould be,
Reuenged well inough iche warrent the.

Vyce.

Ha, ha, he, by god Rufticus, I maye faye in no game,
I knowe the perfon, whose dogge fo did flaye:
135 Thy hogge fye fye man, it was a vearey shame,
For thy naybor hodge, to let it by this daye.
Well I wyll go to him, and fe if I maye,
By aney meanes procure him, to make the amendes;
Ille do the best I can, to make you both frendes.

140

Rufticus.

Chyll be no frendes, chad rather be hanged,
Tyll iche haue that oulde karle, wel and thryfteley banged,
And tweare not your maffhyppes, dyd me with hould,
To fwing the ourchet, iche chould be boulede,

145

Vyce.

Ha, ha, he, nay, nay, spare not for me,
Go to it ftrayght, if thear to ye gre,

Rufticus,

Hodge I harde faye, thou illy, haft wrought,
150 For my hogge vnto death, with thi dog thou hafte brought

Of Vyce.

Iche byd the thy vaute, to me to amend,
Or chyll zwaddell the, iche zweare in my bat end.

Hodge.

Zwaddell me godes get? chyll care not a poynte,
155 Iche haue a good bat, thy bones to anynte:
Thou olde carle I zaye, thy hoge hurtyd me,
And therefore I wyll haue, a mendes now of the.
My rye and my otes, my beanes and my peafe,
They haue eaten vp quight, but fmall for my eafe:
160 And therefore iche zaye, all thy hogges kepe vafte,
Or iche wyll them wearey, as longe as they lafte.
By godes get, I can neuer come in my ground,
But that zame zwyne, in my peafe iche haue founde.

Vyce.

165 Tout tout Rufticus, thefe wordes be but wynd
To him man, to him, and fwaddell him well:
Ye neauer leaue him, as longe as thou can fynd
Him whot, but teathe him, a gaine to rebell,
What nededest thou to care, though his wordes be fo fell,
170 Tout tout tharte vnwyfe, and followe my mynde:
And I warraunt the in end, some eafe thou fhalt finde.

Rufticus.

Godes gee hourfon hoge, paye me for my zwine,
Or eles lerne to kepe, that cockefcome of thyne.

175 Hodge.

Godes de, do thy worft, I care not a poynte,
Chyll paye the none, chyll iobard a ioynnte.

Vyce.

180 Nay ftand I ftyll fome what, I wyll lend,
Take this for a reward, now a waye I muft wend.

Rufticus.

O Godes get, cham zwinged zo zore,
Iche thincke chaul neauer lyue one houre more.

Hodge.

185 O godes ge I thincke, my bewnes will in zonder,
Yf ich get home by gis, ittes a wounder:
Farwell Rufticus, for by gis ich chaul,
When I mete the againe, bezwinge the vorall.

Vp with
thy ftaf, &
be readye
to fmyte,
but hodg
fmit firft,
and let y^e
vife thwa
cke them
both and
run out.

A Newe Enterlude

Rufticus.

190 Naye letes be frendes, and chyll in good part,
Of browne ale at my houfe, giue the a whole whart:
What hodge fhake hondes, mon be merey and lauffe,
By godes ge iche had not, the beft end of the ftaffe.

Hodge.

195 Cham content naybor Rufticus, fhaull be ene fo,
Come to they houfe, I praye the let vs go.

go out

Horeftes.

To caull to minde the crabyd rage of mothers yll attempt
Prouokes me now all pyttie quight, from me to be exempt.
200 Yet lo dame nature teles me that, I muft with willing mind
For giue the faute and to pytie, fome what to be inclynd.
But lo be hould thad vltres dame, on hourdome morder vill
Hath heaped vp not contented, her fponfaule bed to fyll:

Entrith.

205 With forrayne loue but fought alfo, my fatal thred to fhare
As erft before my fathers fyll, in fonder fhe dyd pare.

O paterne loue why doufte thou fo, of pytey me request,
Syth thou to me waft quight denyed, my mother being preft:
When tender yeres this corps of mine, did hould alas for wo
Whē frend my mother fhuld haue bin thē was fhe chefe myfo
210 Oh godes therefore fith you be iuft, vnto whofe poure & wyll,
All thing in heauen, and earth alfo? obaye and farue vntyll.

Declare to me your gracious mind, fhall I reuenged be,
Of good Kynge *Agamemnones* death, ye godes declare to me
Or fhall I let the, adulltres dame, ftyll wallow in her fin,
215 Oh godes of war, gide me a right, when I fhall war begyn.

Vyce.

Warre quoth he. I war in dede, and trye it by the. fworde,
God faue you fyr, the godes to ye: haue fent this kind of word
That in the haft you armour take, your fathers fofe to flaye
220 And I as gyde with you fhall go, to gyde you on the way.
By me thy mind ther wrathfuldome, fhallbe performd in dede
Therefore Horeftes marke me well, & forward do procede.
For to reueng thy fathers death, for this they all haue ment
Which thing for to demonftrat lo, to the they haue fent me.

225 Horeftes.

Ar you good fyr, the meffenger of godes as you do faye

Of Vyce.

Wil they in reuenging this wrong, I make not long delay.

Vyce.

230 What nede you dout, I was in heauen, whē al ye gods did gre
That you of *Agamemnons* death, for fouth reuengid fould be,
Tout tout, put of that childifh loue, couldft thou wt a good wil
Contentyd be? that one fould fo, they father feme to kyll?
Why waylft yu man, leaue of I fay, plucke corrage vnto the.
This lamentation fone fhall fade, if thou imbrafydeft me.

235 Horeftes

What is they name may I in quear? O facrid wight I pray
Declare to me & with this feare, do not my hart difmaye.

Vyce.

240 Amonge the godes celeftiall, I Courrage called am,
You to affyfte in vearey truth, from out the heauens I cam
And not wtout god Marfis his leaue, I durft hear fhow my face
which thou fhalt fele if that ther gift thou doft forth wt imbrace

Horeftes.

245 And fith it is thear gracious will, welcom thou art to me,
O holy wight for this thear gyft, I thanke them hartelley.
My thinkes I fele all feare to fley, all forrow grieffe & payne,
My thinkes I fele corrage prouokes, my wil for ward againe
For to reuenge my fathers death, and infamey fo great,
Oh how my hart doth boyle in dede, wt firey perching heate.
250 Corrage now welcom by the godes, I find thou art in dede,
A meffenger of heauenly goftes, come let vs now procede.
And take in hand to bringe to pas, reuengyd for to be,
Of thofe which haue my father flaine, but foft now let mefe
Idumeus that worthy Kinge, doth com into this place,

255 What faye you corrage: fhall I now? declare to him my cafe?

Vyce.

Faull to it then and flacke no time, for tyme once pafte away,
Doth caufe repentence, but to late to com old foulks do fay.
When ftede is ftolen, to late it is to fhyt the ftable dore,
260 Take time I fay, while time doth giue a leafure good therefore

Idumeus.

What euer he be that fceptar beares or rules in ftate full hie
Is foneft down through fortunes eyar, & brought to myferey,
As of late yeares the worthy kinge *Agamemnon* by name,

A Newe Enterlude

265 whos prafs throughout y^e world is bloū, by goldē trūp of fame
His wel won fame in marshall ftoure, doth reache vnto y^e fky
Yet lo through fortunes blind attempt, be lo in earth doth lie
He y^e had pafst the fate of war, where chaunce was equall fet,
Through fortunes fpight is caught alacke, win olde *Meros* net
270 And he which fomtime did delight, in clothed coat of maylle,
Is now conftcaynd in *Carones* bote; ouer the brouke to faylle.
That flofe vpon y^e fatall bankes, of *Plutofe* kingdome great
And that in fhade of filent wodes, and valeys gréene do beate.
Where foules of kinges & other wights a poyntyd are to be,
275 In quiet ftate there alfo is, this worthey reall trée.

Of fouth I ioye for to behold, Horeftes actyue cheare,
The which in father fomtime was, in fon doth now apear,
But where is he that all this day, I neuer fawe his face,

Horeftes.

280 At hand O King thy faruant is, which wiffheth to thy grace
All hayl with happye fate certayne, w^t pleafures many fould,
But yet my leege a fute I haue, if I might be fo bold.
To craue the fame my foferayn lord, wherby I might afpyer
Vnto the thing with very much, O king I do requier.

Kenll do-
wne.

285 Idumeus.

What thing is that if we fuppose, it lafull for to be,
On prynces faith without delaye, at fhall be giuen the.

Vyce.

Tout let him alone now, we may in good fouth,
290 I was not fo luftey, my pourpofe to get:
But now of my honeftey, I tell you of truth,
In reuenging the wronge, his mynd he hath fet?
It is not Idumeus that hath poure to let.
Horeftes fro fekinge his mother to kyll,
295 Tout let hym alone, hele haue his owne wyll.

Horeftes.

Sith that your grace hath willed me, this my defiar to fhow,
Oh gracious king this thing it is, I let your grace to know
That long I haue requett to vew, my fathers kingley place,
300 And eke for to reuenge the wrong done to my fathers grace,
Is myne intent wherefore o king, graunt that w^tout delaye,
My earytage and honor eke, atchyue agayne I maye.

Of Vyce.

Idumeus.

305 Stey their a whyle Horestes mine, tyll counsell do decree?
The thing that shall vnto your ftate, moft honorabell bee.
My counciler how do you thinke, let vs your counsell haue,
How think you by this thig y^t which Horestes now doth craue
Counsell.

310 As I do thinke my folerayne lord, it should be nothing ill,
A Prynce for to reuenged be, on those which fo dyd kyll.
His fathers: grace but rather shall, it be a feare to those,
That to the lyke at anye time, their cruell mindes difpofe.
And also as I thinke it shall, an honer be to ye,
To adiuuate and helpe him with, some men reuenged to be.
315 This do I thinke moft fyttest for, your ftate and his also,
Do as you lyst fieth that your grace, my mind herin doth kno.

Idumeus.

320 Sith Counsell thinks it fyt in ded, reuenged for to be,
That you Horestes in good fouth, for to reuenge I grée.
And also to mayntaine your war, I graunt you w^t good will,
A thousand men of ftomake bolde, your enimife to kyll.
Take them forth with, & forward go, let fflyp no time ne tyd.
For chaunce to leafure to be bound, I tell you can not byd
325 Go therefore ftraight prouide your men & like a manly knight
In place of ftouer put forth thy felfe, affay w^t all thy might.
To win the fame, for glorey none, it chambering doth reft
Marke what I faye to get thy men, I take it for they beft.

Vyce.

330 Com on Horestes fith thou haft, obtayned thy defier.
Tout tout man, feke to dyftroye, as doth the flaming fier?
Whofe properte thou knoest doth gro, as long as any thing
Is left wher by the fame may feme, fom fuckcor for to bring.

Horestes.

335 I thanke your grace I shal fequeft your gratius mind herin.

Vyce.

Se fe I praye you how he ioyfe, that he muft war begin.

Go out.

Idumeus,

340 My counsell now declare to me, how think you by this wight
Doth not he feme in fouth to be, in tyme a manley knight.
By all the godes I thinke in fouth, a man may eafeley kno,

Go out.

A Newe Enterlud.

Whofe fon he was, fo right he doth his fathers fteppes follow
Councell.

Vndoubtedly my foferaynd lorde, he femeth vnto me,

Not to fequeft his fathers fteppes, in feates of cheuallrey:

345 But rather for to imitate, the floure of great ////land,

I meane *Achilles* that fame knight, by whofe one only hand

The Greaciās haue obtaind at laingth y^e cōqueft of old Troy

For which thei did holl x. yeres fpace, their labor great imploy

Idumeus.

350 Syth he is gon for to puruaye, fuch thinges as fhall in dede,

Suffife to farue his tourn in wares, wherof he fhall haue nede

Let vs depart and when he fhall, retourne heather a gayne,

To fée the muft or of his men, we wyll fure take the payne.

Halterfycke.

Go out.

355 The Songe.

F Arre well adew, that courtlycke lyfe,

To warre we tend to gowe:

It is good fport to fe the ftryfe,

Of fodyers on a rowe.

360 How mereley they forward march,

Thefe enemyes to flaye:

With hey trym and tryxey to,

Their banners they dysplaye.

Now shaull we haue the Golden cheates,

365 When others want the fame:

And fodyares haue foull maney feates,

Their enemyes to tame.

With couckinge heare, and bomynge their,

They breake thear fofe araye:

370 And louftey lades amid the felde,

Thear enfines do dysplaye.

The droum and flute playe loufteley,

The troumpet blofe a mayne?

And ventrous knightes corragioufley,

375 Do march before thear trayne:

With fpeare in refte fo lyuely drest,

In armour bryghte and gaye:

With hey trym and tryxey to,

Entrithe
& fyngeth
this fong
to y^e tune
of haue o
uer y^e wa
ter to flo
ride or fe
lengers
round.

Of Vyce.

Thear banners they dyfplaye.

380

Hempftringe.

Goges oundes haulterfycke, what makes thou heare,

Haulterfycke.

What? Iacke hempftringe welcom, draw neare?

Hempftringe.

385

By his oundes I haue foughte the some newfe the to tell,

Haulterfycke.

Godes bloud what newfe, ift the deuell in hell?

Hempftring.

In faythe thou act meatey, but this is the matter,

390

Douft thou hear halterficke? each man doth clatter:

Of warres, ye of warres, for Horeftes wyll go,

His erytage to wyn, boye the truth is fo.

Haulterfycke.

Nay but Iacke Hempftringe feafe of this prate,

395

Yf thou cauil me boye, then beware thy pate.

Hempftringe.

What hould thy peace, as far as I fe,

We be boye both thearfore let vs grée.

Haulterfycke.

400

Boye naye be god, though I be but fmaull,

Yet Iacke hempftringe, a hart is worth all.

And haue not I an hart, that to warres dare go,

Yes hempftringe I warrant the, & that thou shouldest know

If dycke halterfyckes mynde, thou moue vnto eyar,

405

Colles neauer bourne, tyll they be fet one fyare.

Hempftringe.

Ye but if they bourne, fo that they fame,

Yet water dycke halterfycke, the bourning cane fame.

But hacke thée my mafter will venter a ioynt,

410

And me to wayte on him, he all readye doth poynt.

But hearfte thou, thou knoweft my mafter loues well,

Now and then to be fnappinge, at some dayntye moffell.

But by goges bloud halterfycke, if thou loue me,

Take some prytey wenche our laundrar to be,

415

And be goges bloud, I am contentyd to beare,

Halfe of her chargis, when that she comes thear.

Hempft-
ring com
meth in &
fpeaketh.

A Newe Enterlud.

Haulterfycke.

As fyt for the warre, Iacke hempftringe thou art,
In fayth as abe, is to drawe a carte:

420 He is lyke to be manned, that hath fuch a knight,
Vnder his banner, I fweare for to fight.
When Horeftes in fight, moſte buſieſt ſhalbe,
Then with they gynney, we muſt feke the.

Hempftringe.

425 Goges oundes, hart, and nayles, you are a ſea man,
Come of with a myſchiefe, my gentell companion.
By your fleue fire haulterficke, I thinke that a be,
As good a fodyer as euer was ye,

Haulterfycke.

430 He hath learned his leſſon, but of fouth I feare,
He hath quight forgotten, the waye for to fweare.
Oundes, hart, and nayles, nalrey ////////////////,
And he be not hanged, he wyll be ſtarke ////////////////.

Hempftringe.

435 Hange me no hanginge, yf ye be fo quicke,
Roube not to hard, left hempftringe do kycke.

Haulterfycke.

Had better be ftyll, and a fléepe in his head,
Yf a kycke me, me chaunce to breake his head,

flort him.

440 Hempftringe.
Goges bloud good man halterfycke, begine you to flout me
Haulterfycke.

No not at all he douth but fout ye.
What hempftringe I faye, are you angred at ieſte.

445 In fayth goodman lobcocke, your handſomley dreſt:

flort hym
on y^e lipes

Hempftringe.

Goges bloud fo to flout me, thou art mucche to blame?

Haulterfycke.

Why all that I do man, is but in game.

450 Hempftringe.
Take thou that for they ieſte, and flout me no more?
Halterficke.

giue him a
bor on y^e
eare

For that fame on blowe, than ſhault haue a ſcore:
Drawe thy ſword vylyne, yf thou be a man,

Of Vyce.

455 And then do the worft, that euer thou can.

Hempftringe.

Naye fet fword a fyde, and at /offetes well trey,
Wheather of vs both, fhall haue the mafterey.

Haulterfycke.

460 Goges oundes thou art bygger, yet I care not a poynt,
Yf to be reuenged, I iobard a ioynt.

Hempftring.

I haue coylyd the well, but I holde the a grote?
Yf thou meddell with me. I wyll f//inge thye cote.

465 Haulterfycke.

In dede I muft faye, I haue cought the worft,
But I wyll be reuengyd, or eies I fhall bourfte.
Yf tyme did not call me, from hence to depart
I fhould anger the hempftring, euen at the h//t?

470 Therefore farwell, tyll an other daye,
But h//rte thou take this, to fpend by the waye.

Hempftring.

Goges dundes is he gon, naye after I wyll,
And of the flaue by his oundes, I wyll haue my fyll.

475 Horeftes.

Oh godes be prosperous I praye, & eke preferue my band,
Show now y^t ye be gods in ded, stretch out your mighty hand
And giue vs hartes & willes alfo, where by we may preuayll
And fuffer not you godes I praye, our courragis to fayll.

480 But let our hartes addytyd be, for aye as we pretend,
And of that one adulltres dame, oh gods now make an end.
My hāds do thryft her blod to haue, nought can my mid cōtent
Tyll y^t on her I haue perfourmed, oh gods your iuft iudgmēt

Nature.

485 Nay ftey my child frō mothers bloud w^t draw thy bloody hād

Horeftes.

No nought at all oh nature can, my purpofe now withftand,
Shall I for giue my fathers death, my hart can not agre
My father flayne in fuch a forte, and vnreuengyd to be.

490 Nature.

Confider firft horeftes myne, what payne for the fhe toke,

Horeftes.

And of my fathers death againe, o Nature do thou louke.

Fyght at
bofites w^t
fyftes

Giue him
a box on y^e
eare & go
out.

go out.
let y^e drum
playe and
Horeftes
enter w^t
his men &
then lette
him knele
downe &
fpeake.

ftand vp.

A Newe Enterlude.

Nature.

495 I do confesse awycked facte, it was this is moft playne,
Not w^tftandig frō mothers bloud, thou muft thy hāds refrain
Canft thou a lacke vnhappye wight, confent reuenged to be,
On her whose pappes before this time, hath giuen foud to the
In whom I nature for myd the, as beft I thought it good,
500 Oh now requight her for her pain, w^tdraw thy hāds frō bloud

Horeftes.

Who offendith y^e loue of god, & eke mans loue w^t willing hart
Muft by y^e loue haue punnifhment, as duty due for his defart
For me therfor to pūnifh hear as law of gods & mā doth wil
505 Is not a crime though y^t I do, as thou doft faie my mother kil

Nature.

The cruel beafts y^e raūg in feldes whose iaufe to blod ar whet
Do not confent their mothers paunch, in cruell wife to eate
The tyger fierfe doth not defiare, the ruine of his kinde,
510 And fhall dame nature now in the, fuch tyraney once finde:
As not the cruell beftes voutfafe, to do in aney cafe,
Leue now I fay Horeftes myne, & to my wordes giue place.
Left that of men this facte af thine, may iudged for to be:
Ne lawe in fouth, ne iuftys eke, but cruell tyraney.

515 Horeftes.

Pythagoras doth thincke it lo, no tyraney to be,
When that iuftyfe is myneft/yd, as lawe and godes decree.
If that the law doth her condemne, as worthy death to haue,
Oh nature woulft thou wil y^t I, her life fhould seme to faue?
520 To faue her lyfe whom law doth flay, is not iuftife to do,
Therefore I faye I wyll not yeld, they heftes to com vnto.

Nature.

Yf nature cannot brydell the, remember the decaye,
Of thofe which hereto fore in fouth, their parēts fought to flay
525 *oedippus* fate, caull thou to minde, that flew his father fo,
And eke remember now what fame, of him a brode doth go.

Horeftes.

what fame doth blowe I forfe not I, ne yet what fame I haue
For this is true y^t bloud for bloud, my fathers deth doth craue
530 And lawe of godes, & lawe of man, doth eke requeft y^e fame.
Therefore oh nature feafe to praye, I forfe not of my name.

Of Vyce.

Nature.

For to lament this heauey fate, I cannot other do.

A lacke a lacke that once my chyld, should now consent vnto:

535 His mothers death wherefore farewell, I can no longer stey.

Horestes.

Farwel dame Nature to my men. I straight wil take my way

Idumeus.

To fe this monfter let vs go, for I fuppose it tyme,

540 Where is Horestes why fteafe he: the truth to me define:

Councill.

Oh foferayne lord me thinkes I here, him for to be at hand

yft please your grace, he is in fight, euen now withal his band.

Idumeus.

545 Com on Horestes we haue stayd, your monfter for to fe.

Horestes.

And now at hand my men and I, all redy armed be.

Lo mighty king this champions here, agre with me to wende

Oh gracious king that they fhall fo, wylt please you cōdiffend

550 Idumeus.

I do agrée and now a whyle, giue eare your king vnto,

It doth behoufe corragious knightes, on this wyfe for to do.

That is to ftryue for to obtayne, the victorey and prayfe,

That lafts for aye, when death fhall end, y^t find of these our dais

555 Wherefore be bold, & feare no fate, the gods for you fhall fight

For they be iust and will not fe, that you in case of right.

Shall be defftreft wherefore attend, and do your bufey payne,

The crabyd rage of enymyfe, by forfe for to reftrayne?

And as to me your trusteynes, hath here to fore be knowne,

560 So now to this Horestes here, let eke the fame be showne.

Be to his heaftes obaydient, be ftoute to take in hand,

Such enterpryfe which he fhall thinke, moft for his ftate to ftād

Which if you do the fame is youres, the glorey and renoune,

That fhall arife of this your facts, throughout y^e world fhall foūd

565 The which you may I pray the godes, your gydes here in to be

And now farwell but not that well, that I haue fayde to ye.

Sodyeares.

The godes prefarue your grace for aye, & you defend from wo.

That we haue don as you cōmaūd, ful wel your grace fhall kno

Go out.

Go out.

Enter.

Let y^e drū
playe.

Let y^e drū
play & en-
ter Hore-
ftis w^t his
band mar
che about
the ftage.

A Newe Enterlud.

570

Idumeus.

Now harke Horeftes fith thou muft, of men the gyder be,
And that the wyll of godes it is, thou muft now part from me.
Take yet my laft commaundement, & beare it in thy minde,
Let now they men courragiounes, in the their captayne finde
575 And as thou art courragious, fo lyke wyfe let their be,
For fafegard of thy men a brayne, well fraught with pollicye.
For ouer rafhe in doinge ought, doth often damage bringe,
Therefore take counsell firft before, thou doft anye thinge.
For counsell as *Plaato* doth tell, is fure a heauenly thinge.
580 And *Socrates* a certaynte doth fay, counsell doth brynge.
Of thinges in dout for *Lyuy* fayes, no man fhall him repent,
That hath before he worked ought, his tyme in counsell fpent
And be thou lybraull to thy men, and gentell be alfo,
For y^e way at thy wil thou mayft, haue them through fire to go
585 And he that fhall at any tyme, deferue ought well of the,
Soffer him not for to depart, tyll well reward he be.
Thus haue you hard horeftes mine, remembar well the fame
In doing thus you fhall purchas, to the immortauull fame.
The which I hope you wyll affaye, for to atchife in dede,
590 The gods the blis when in y^e war, thou forward fhalt procede.

Horeftes.

I thanke your grace and now of you, my leaue I here do take

Idumeus.

595

Farwell my fonne Horeftes I, thy partinge yll fhall take,
Yet eare thou go let me imbrace, the once I the do praye,
A lacke alacke that now from me, thou muft nedes part away
Yet whyell thou art in preafent place, receaue of me this kys,
Farwell good knight for now I fhall, thy fwete imbrafings mys

Imbrafe
him

Kys him.

Horeftes.

600

The facred godes preferue and faue, thy ftate oh king I pray,
And fend the helth and after death, to rayne with him for aye.
Come on my men, let vs depart,

Sodyers

As pleafe your grace with all our hart.

605

Idumeus.

Ah, ah, how, greuous is his parting now, my counsell vnto me
The Godes him bles & fend him helth, I pray them harte.

March a-
bout and
go out.

Of Vyce.

Wo worth the time the day and our, now may Horeftes wayle
And *Clytemneftra* may lament, that fo fhe dyd affayle.

610 His father deare for now on bloud, Horeftes mind is fet,
And to reuenge his fathers death, fure nought their is can let.
In voyding of a mifchefe fmal, they haue wrought their decay
For now nought elles in Horeftes, but fore reueng bears fway
Councell.

615 For to caufes my foferayne lord, reuengment ought to be,
The on leaft others be in fecte, with that, that they fhall fe.
Their princes do, the other is, that thofe that now be yll.
May be reuoked and may be taught, for to fubdew their wyll,
Plato a wyfe phylofopher, dyd thinke it for to be,
620 A Prynceley facte when as a King, fhall punnifhe ferioufley.
Such perfons as dyd trayne their lyfe, to follow y^t was naught
y^t which their price at ani time, fhall by mifchaūce haue wrought
Protegeus an euell kinge, a carrayne lykenes to,
Which all the place about the fame, to ftinke caufeth to do.

625 Therefore O king if that her faute, fhould vnreuengyd be,
A thoufand euylles would infu, their of your grace fhould fe.
Her faute is great and punnyfhment, it is worthy for to haue,
For by that meane the good in fouth, frō duūgers may be faufe
For lo the vnyuerfaull fcoll, of all the world we knowe,
630 Is once the pallace of a kinge, where vyces chefe do flow.

And as to waters from on head, and fountayne oft do fpring,
So vyce and vertue oft do flo, from pallace of a kinge.
Whereby the people feing that, the kinge adycte to be,
To profecute the lyke, they all do labor as we fe.

635 Therefore the gods haue wyllled thus, Horeftes for to take,
His iorney and a recompence, for fatheres death to make.

Idumeus.

Sith gods haue wild the fame to be, good lucke y^e gods him fend
Com on my counsell now from hence, we purpofe for to wend

640 Egiftus.

A Nd was it not a worthy fight,
Of *Venus* childe kinge *Priames* fonne:
To fteale from Grece a Ladye bryght,
For whom the wares of Troye begon.

645 Naught fearinge daunger that might faull.

Go out.

Enter E-
giftus &
Clytēne-
ftra, fing-
inge this

C2<r>

Lady

A Newe Enterlud.

Lady ladie.

From Grece to Troye, he went with all,

My deare Lady.

Clytemneftra.

fonge, to
y^e tune of
king Sa-
lomon.

650 When *Paris* firfte ariued there,
Where as dame *Venus* worfhyp is:
And blouftringe fame abroade dyd beare,
His lyueley fame ſhe dyd not mys.
To *Helena* for to repayre,

655 Her for to tell:
Of prayfe and fhape fo trym and fayre,
That dyd exzell.
Egiftus.

660 Her beautie caufed *Paris* payne,
And bare chiefe fweye with in his mynde:
No thinge was abell to refraine,
His wyl fome waye fourth for to finde.
Where by he might haue his defpyare,

665 Lady ladye:
So great in him was *Cupids* fyare,
My deare ladye.
Clytemneftra.

And eke as *Paris* dyd defyear,
Fayre *Helena* for to poffeffe:
670 Her hart inflamid with lyke fyear,
Of *Paris* loue defpiard no leffe,
And found occafion him to mete,
In *Cytheron*.

675 Where each of them the other dyd grete,
The feaft vppon.
Egiftus.

Yf that in *Paris Cupides* fhafte,
O *Clytemneftra* toke fuch place:
That tyme ne waye he neuer left,
680 Tyll he had gotte her comley grace,
I thinke my chaunce not ill to be
Ladye ladye.
That ventryd lyfe to purchafe ye

Of Vyce.

My dere ladye.

685

Clytemneftra.

Kynge *Priames*. fonne loued not fo fore,
The gretian dame they brothers wyfe:
But ſhe his perfon eſtemed more,
Not for his fake fauinge her lyfe.

690

Which caufed her people to be flayne,
With him to flye,
And he requight her loue a gayne,
Moſt faythfullye.

Egyftus.

695

And as he recompence agayne,
The fayre quene *Hellyn* for the fame:
So whyle I lyue I wyll take payne,
My wyll alwayes to yours to frame.
Syth that you haue voutfafe to be,

700

Ladye ladye.

A Queene and ladye vnto me,

My deare ladye.

Clytemneftra.

705

And as ſhe louyd him beſt whyle lyfe,
Dyd laſt fo tend I you to do:
Yf that deuoyd of warr and ſtryfe,
The Godes ſhall pleaſe to graunt vs to,
Syeth you voutfafeſt me for to take,

710

O my good knyght:

And me thy ladye for to make,

My hartes delyghte.

Egiſtus.

715

As ioyfull as the warlyke god is *Venus* to behoulde,
So is my hart repleate with ioye, much more a thouſand fould
Oh Lady deare in that I do, poſſes my hartes delyghte,
What menes this found for very much, it doth my hart a flight

Clytemneftra.

Feare nought at all Egiſtus myne, no hurt it doth pretend,
But lo me thinkes a meſſenger, to vs heather doth wend.

720

Meſſenger.

The Gods preſerue your eaquall ſtate & fend you of their blys

Let y^e trū-
pet blowe
with in.

enter.

A Newe Enterlud.

Clytemneftra.

Welcom good meffenger what newefe, I pray the with the is
Meffenger.

725 Yft pleafe your grace euen now their is, aryued in this land
The mightey knight Horeftes with, a mightey pewfaüt band
Who purpofith for to inuade, this *Mycoene* Citie ftronge,
And as he goefe he leyfe both tower, and caftell all alonge.
It boutes no man defence to make, for yf he wyll not yeld,
730 By fodyeres rage he ftraight is flayne, in mydeft of the felde.

Clytemneftra.

Go out.

Ah fyr is he come in dede, he is wellcom by this daye,
Egiftus now in fouth w^t fpede, from hence take you your way.
In to our realme and take vp men, our tyghtull to defend,
735 Tyll your retourne this Citie I, to kepe do fure intend.
For all his ftrength he fhall not get, to entter once hear in,
The walles be ftrong and for his forfe, I fure fet not a pyn.

Egiftus.

Enter a-
woman,
lyke a be-
ger roun-
ning be-
fore they
fodier but
let the fo-
dier fpeke
firft, but
let ye wo-
man crye
firft piti-
fulley.

740 Syth you be abell to defend, this Citie as you faye,
Farwell in fouth to get men, I now wyll take my waye.
And fone againe I wyll returne, his pamprid pryde to tame,

Clytemneftra.

Farwell Egiftus and in fouth, I ftrayght will do the fame.

Sodyer.

745 Yeld the I faye and that by and by,
Or with this fword, in fayth thou fhalt dye.

Woman.

Oh with a good wyll, I yeld me to the,
Good mafter fodier, haue mercye on me.
750 My husband thou haft flayne, in moft cruell-wyfe,
Yet this my prayer, do now not dyfpyfe.

Sodier.

Come on then in haft, my pryfoner thou art,
Come followe me I faye, we muft nedes depart.

755 Woman.

A horfon flauie I wyll teach the in faye,
To handle a woman on, an other waye.
To put me in feare, with out my dezarte
I wyll teache the in faye to playe fuch a parte.

Go a fore
her, & let
her fal do
wne vpō
the & al to
be beate
him.

Of Vyce.

760

Sodyer.

Be contentyd good woman, and thou fhalt be,
Neauer heare after molyfted for me.

Woman.

765

Naye vyllyn flaue, a mendes thou fhalt make,
In that thou be fore me as pryfinor dydeft take.
Nowe I haue cought the, and my pryfoner thou art,
By his oundes horfon flaue, this gofe to they harte.

Sodyer.

770

Naye faue my lyfe, for I wyll be,
Thy pryfoner and lo I yelde me to the

Woman.

Come wend thou with me, and they wepon thou fhalt haue,
Syth that thou voutfayfte, my lyfe for to faue.

Vyce.

775

S Tand backe ye fleepinge iackes at home,
And let me go.

You lye fyr knaue am I a mome,
Why faye you fo.

780

Tout tout, you dare not come in felde,
For feare you shoulde the gofte vp yelde.

With blofe, he gofe, the gunne fhot flye,
It feares, it feares, and their doth lye.

A houndreth in a moment be,

Diffroyed quight:

785

Syr faufe in fayth yf you shoulde fe,
The gonne fhot lyght.

To quake for feare you would not ftynte,
When as by forfe of gounfhotes dynte:

790

The rankes in raye, are tooke awaye,
As pleafeth fortune oft to playe.

But in this ftower who beares the fame,

But onley I:

Reuenge, Reuenge, wyll haue the name,

Or he wyll dye.

795

I fpare no wight, I feare none yll,
But with this blade I wyll them kyll
For when myne eayre, is fet on fyare,
I rap them, I fnap them, that is my defyare.

take his
weapons
& let him
ryfe vp &
then go
out both.
Enter.
the Vyce
fynginge
this fong
to y^e tune
of the Pa
ynter.

A Newe Enterlud.

800 Farwell a dew to wares I muſte
In all the haft.
My cofen cut purffe wyll I truſte,
Your purffe well taſt,
But to it man, and feare for nought,
Me faye to the it is well fraught.
805 Wyth ruddockes red be at a becke,
Beware the arſe, breake not thy necke,
Horeſtes.
Come on my fodyers for at home, aryued their we be,
Where as we muſt haue our deſyare, or els dye manfully.
810 The walles be hye yet I intend, vppon them firſt to go,
And as I hope you fodierrs will, your captayne eke follow
Yf I forfake to go before then fley you eke be hynde,
And as I am ſo eke I truſt, my fodyers for to finde.
815 Com hether harauld go proclame this mine intēt ſtraightway
To yonder citite ſay that I, am come to their decaye.
Vnleſſe they yeld I will deſtroye, boch man woman & childe,
And eke their towers that for the war, ſo ſtrongly they do bylde
Byd them in haft to yeld to me, for nough I do a byde.
820 But for their aunſwear or elles fourth w^t for thē & theres prouid
Harraulde.
Your gracious minde ſtraight ſhalbe don, cum trōpet let vs go
That I haue don your meſſage wel, your grace ful wel ſhal kno
Horeſtes.
825 Hye the apafe and let me haue, agayne an aunſweare fone,
And then a non thou ſhalt well ſe, what quickly ſhalbe done.
Harraulld.
How whow is their y^t kepes the gate giue eare my words vnto
Clytemneſtra,
830 what wouldſt thou haue harald declare, what haft thou her to do
Harauld.
My maſter bydes the yeld to him, this citie out of hande,
Or elles he will not leaue on ſtone, on other for to ſtand.
And all things elles within this towne he wil haue at his wil
As pleaſeth him by any meanes, to faue or elles to ſpyll,
835 What you will now, therefore declare, & aunſwere to him fend
Clytemneſtra.

Go out.

Horeſtes
entrith w^t
his bande
& marche-
th about
the ftage.

Let y^e trū-
pet go to-
warde the
Citie and
blowe.

Let y^e trū-
pet leaue
foundyng
& let Har-
rauld ſpe-
ake & Cli-
temneſtra
ſpeake o-
uer y^e wal.

Of Vyce.

This Citie here againft him, and his I wyll defende,

Harrauld.

Then in his name I do defye, both the and all with in,

840 Clytemneftra.

By him and his tell him in fouth, we do not fet a pyn.

Harrauld.

Yf it pleafe your grace this word fhe fends, fhe wil not yeld to ye

But yf you com vnto your harme, fhe faves that it fhallbe.

845 Horeftes.

Sith that my grace and eke good wil, they on fuch fort difpife,

For to deftroie both man and chyld, I furely do deuyfe,

Com on my men, bend now your forfe, this Citie for to wyn,

Saue no mans lyfe, y^t once fhould make, ryfiftaunce there w^tin,

850 And when you fhall poffes the towne, & haue all things at wil,

Loke out my mother but to her, do ye no kynde of yll.

Let her not die, though that fhe would, defiar the death to haue

For other wyfe my fathers death, reuengment doth craue.

Sodyer.

855 We fhall your heftes obaye with fpede, oh captayne we defiar,

That we were therefor to reuenge, our hartes are fet on fyar.

Vyce.

Lyke men by God, I fweare well fayd, Horeftes let vs gow,

Nowe to thy men lyke manley hart, I praye the for to fhowe.

860 And as thou feifte be firfte the man, that fhall the Citie wyn,

How, how, now for to flye, all ready they begynne.

Horeftes.

With lyuely hartes my troumpeters, exault your tubal found.

And now my fodyers in your harts, let courage eke be found.

865 Com let vs go the godes for vs, fhall make an eafey waye,

Spare none a lyue for I am bent, to feke their great decaye.

Clytemneftra.

A lack what heaps of myfchefes great, me felly wight torment.

Now is the tyme falune me vpon, which I thought to preuent

870 Yet beft I feke my lyfe to faue, perhappes he will me here,

A lacke reuengment he dothe craue, for flaying his father dere.

Yf aney fparke of mothers bloud, remaynd within thy brefte,

Oh gracious child let now thine eares, vnto my words be preft

Pardon I craue Horeftes myne, faue now my corpes frō death

Let y^e har-
raulde go
out here.

Go & ma-
ke your li-
uely bat-
tel & let it
be longe
eare you
can win y^e
Citie and
when you
haue won
it let Ho-
restes bri-
nge out
his moth-
er by the
arme & let
y^e droum

Of Vyce.

875 Let no man faye that thou waft caufe, I yeldyd vp my breath,
I haue offendyd I do confesse, yet faue my lyfe I praye,
And to they mother this requeft, o knight do not denaye.

Horeftes.

For to repent this facte of thyne, now that it is to late,
880 Can not be thought a recompence, for kylling of thy mate.
Go haue her hence therefore with fpede, & fe her fureley kepte,
And for y^e fact a fore thou dydeft, thou furley shouldft haue wept

Vyce.

Nay, far you wel, in fayth you haue an aunfwer, get you hence.
885 Oundes of me I would not be, in her cote for forty pence.

Nay nay, a way far well a dew, now now, it is to late.

When ftede is ftollen for you in fouth, to fhut the ftable gate.
She fhould haue wept whē firft ſhe went, y^e king about to flay,
It makes no matter ſhe foull well, dyd brede her owne decaye

890 Ounds of me what meane you man, begyn you now to faynt
Iefu god how ftyll he fytted, I thinke he be a faynt.

Ooooo, you care not for me, nay ſone I haue don I warrant ye

Horeftes.

By all the godes my hart dyd fayle, my mother for to fe,
895 From hye eftate for to be brought, to ſo great myferey.
That all moſt I had graunted lyfe, to her had not this be,
My fathers death whoſe death in fouth, chefe cauſer of was ſhe.

Vyce.

Euen as you faye but harke at hand, Egiftus draweth nye.
900 Who purpoſieth the chaunce of war, Horeftes for to trye.

Horeftes.

And by the godes I purpoſe eke, my honour to defend,
Com on my men kepe your araye, for now we do pretend.
Eather to be the conquerer, or elles to dye in felde,
905 Lyft vp your hartes and let vs fe, how ye your bloſe can yeld.

Egiftus.

Lyke manley men adreſſe your felues, to get immortall fame,
Yf ye do flye lo what doth reſt, behynde but foull defame.
Strike vp your drūs let trūpets ſoūd, your baners eke diſplay,
910 And I my ſelfe as captayne, to you wyll lead the waye.

Horeftes.

Thou tryator to my father dere, what makeſt the here in feld,

leaſe play
ing & the
trumpet,
alfo when
ſhe is ta
kē let her
knele do-
wne and
ſpeake.

go out w^t
on of the
fodiaries.

Let Hor-
eſtes fyth
hard.

wepe but
let Hore-
ſtes ryſe &
bid him
peaſe.

Let Egi-
ftus enter
& fet hys
men in a
raye & let
the drom
playe tyll
Horeſtes
ſpeaketh

Of Vyce.

Repent the of thy wyckednes, and to me ftrayght do yeld.

Egiftus.

915 Thou pryncoks boy & bastard flaue, thinks thou me to fubdew?
It lyeth not with in thy powre, thou boye I tell the trew.
But yf I take thy corpes, it fhallbe a fode the byrdes to fede.
Stryke vp your droums & forward now, to wars let vs profede.

Horeftes.

920 Oh vyllayne trayghtor now y^e gods, ne mortall man fhall faue
Thy corps frō death for blud for blud my fathers deth doth craue
Oh tyraunt fyrfe couldest thou voutfafe, my father fo to flaye?
But now no forfe for thou haft wrought, at laft thine one decay

Egiftus.

925 A lacke a lacke yet spare my lyfe, Horeftes I the praye.

Horeftes.

Thy lyfe? naye trayghtor vyle, that chefe I do denaye.
For as thou haft deseruyd, fo I fhall thy facte requit.
That once couldft seme to me & mine, for to work fuch difpight
930 Therefore com forth and for thy facte, receaue dew punnifhmēt
Repent I fay this former lyfe, for this is my iudgment.

That for my fathers death, the which we finde the chefe to be,
The caufer of thou fhalt be hanged, where we thy death may fe
And as thou for my fathers death, dew punnifhment receiue,
935 So fhall my mother in lykewife, for that ſhe gaue the leaue.
Him for to flaye, and eke to it, with good will condyfende,
Therefore com of and ſone dyſpatch, that we had made an end.

Egiftus.

Ah heauey fate & chaunce moſt yll, wo worth this hap of mine,
940 For giue my faute you ſacryd godes, and to my wordes incline
Your gracious eare for caufer furft, I was this is moſt plaine,
Of *Agamemnous* death, wherefore I muſt receaue this paine.
Pardon I craue, voutfafe ye godes, the ſame to graunt it me,
Now ſodier worke thy wyll in haft, I praye the harteley.

Clytemneſtra.

945 Ah heauey fate would god I had, in tormoyle great byn flayne
Syth nothing can Horeftes hands, frō ſhedding bloud refraine
Vyce.

950 How chaunce you dyd not thē lament his father whē you flew?
But now when death doth you preuent, to late ites for to rew.

ftryke vp
your drū,
& fyght a
good whil
& then let
fum of E-
giftus mē
flye & thē
take hym
& let Hor-
eftes drau
him vyo-
lentlye &
let y^e drūs
ſeaſe.

fling him
of y^e lader
& then let
on bringe
in his mo
ther Cly-
tēneſtra
but let her
loke wher
Egiftus
hangeth.

A New Enterlude.

Clytemneftra.

Yet hope I that he will me graunt, my lyfe that I fould haue.

Vyce.

955 Euen as much as thou voutfafest, his fathers lyfe to faue,
Therefore com of we muft not ftey, all daye to wayght on the.
Lo myghtye prince for whom ye fent, lo preafent here is fhe.

Clytemneftra.

960 Haue mercy fonne & quight remitte, this faute of mine I pray,
Be mercyfull Horeftes myne, and do not me denaye.
Confider that in me thou hadeft, they hewmayne fhape cōpofid
That thou fouldft flay thy mother fon, let it not be difclofyd,
Spare to perfe her harte with fword, call eke vnto thy mynd,
Edyppus fate and as *Nero*, fhowe not thy felfe vnkynde.

Horeftes.

965 Lyke as a braunche once fet a fyare, doth caufe y^e trée to bourne
As *Socrates* fuppoſeth fo, a wicked wight doth tourne.
Thofe that be good and caufe them eke, his euell to fequeft,
Wherefore the poete *Iuuenal*, doth thinke it for the beſte:

Take do
wne Egi
ftus and
bear him
out.

970 That thofe that lyue lycentiousley, fould brydlyd be w^t payne
And fo others that elles would fyn, therby they might refrain
For thus he fayeth that Cities are, well gouerned in dede,
Where punniſhment for wycked ones, by lawe is fo decrede.
And not decrede but exerfyed, in punnyſhinge of thofe,
Which law ne pain frō waloing ftill, in vice their mind difpoſe,
975 And as thou haft byn chiefes caufe, of yelding vp they breath,
So call to minde thou waſt the caufe, of *Agamemnon*s death.
For which as death is recompence, of death fo eke with the,
For kyllyng of my father thou, now kylled eke fhault be.
This thinge to fe accompliſhyd, reuenge with the fhall go,
980 Now haue her hence fieth y^t you all, my iudgment here do kno

Clytemneftra.

A lacke a lack w^t drawe thy hand, my fon from fheding bloud.

Vyce.

985 Thou art a foule thus for to prate, this doth Horeftes good,
Com on a way thou douft no more, but him with words moleft
A foulyſhe foull that thou wart ded, he takes it for the beſt?

Clytemneftra.

Yf euer aney pytie was, of mother plante in the,

Knele do
wne.

Of Vyce.

Let it apeare Horeftes myne, and fhowe it vnto me.

990

Horeftes.

What pyttie thou on father myne, dydeft curfedley beftowe,
The fame to the at this prefent, I purpofe for to fhowe.
Therefore Reuenge haue her a way, and as I iudgment gauē:
So fe that ſhe in order lyke, her puniſhment dew haue.

995

Vyce.

Let me alone, com on a way, that thou weart out of fight,
A peftelaunce on the crabyd queane, I thinke thou do delyght,
Him to moleſt, com of in haft, and troubell me no more,
Come on com on, ites all in vaine, and get you on a fore,

Let Cly
temneſtra
wepe and
go out re-
ueng alfo

1000

Horeftes.

Now fyeth we haue the conqueſt got, of all our mortall foſe,
Let vs prouide that occaſion, we do not chaunce to loſe.
Stryke vp your droumes for enter now, we wyll the citie gate
For nowe reſeſtaunce none there is, to let vs in thereat.

Enter in
fame & let
all y^e fody
ers folow
him in a-
raye.

1005

Fame.

As eache man bendes him ſelfe, fo I report his fame in dede,
Yf yll, thē yll, through iarne trūp, his fame doth ſtraigh profede:
Yf good, then good, through golden trūp, I blo his lyuely fame:
through heauē, throug earth, & furgig ſeaſe I bere abrod y^e fame
perhaps what wind me heather driues, w^tin your miſds you muſe
From *Crete* I com to you my friends, I bring this kind of newſe
That *Agamemnons* brother is ariuyd in this land,
And eke with him his ladey fayre, *Quene Helen* vnderftand.
Whom for to ſe a great frequent, of people their aryue,
This newſe to ſhew at this prefent, me heather now dyd driue.

1015

Vyce.

A Newe maſter, a newe,
 No lenger I maye:
 Abyde by this daye

enter the
Vyce fin-
ging this
fonge.

1020

Horeftes now doth rew.

A new maſter a new,
And was it not yll?
His mother to kyll?

I pray you how faye you?

1025

A new maſter a new,

D3<r>

Now

A New Enterlude.

Nowe ites to late?
To fhut the gate?
Horeftes gines to rew.

Fame.

1030 *Deniq^{uod} non paruas animo dati gloria vires:*
Et foecunda facit pectora laudis amor.
As *Ouid* fayeth I am in dede, the fpure to each eftate,
For by my troumpe I often caufe the wicked man to hate,
Is fylthey lyfe, and eke I ftoure, the good more good to be:
1035 So much the hart and will of man, is lynked vnto me.

Vyce.

A new mafter a new, naye I wyll go,
Tout, tout, Horeftes is be com a newe man:
Now he forroweth to bad that it is fo,
1040 Yet I wyll oreffe him, by his oundes and I can.
Who *Saintie amen*. God morrowe myftres Nan,
By his oundes I am glad to fe the fo trycke,
Nay may I be fo bould, at your lypes to haue a lycke.
Iefus how coye, do you make the fame,
1045 You neauer knew me afore I dare faye:
In fayth, in fayth, I was to blame,
That I made no courchey to you by the waye.
Who berladye Nan, thou art trym and gaye,
Woundes of me, fhe hath winges alfo,
1045 Who whother with a myfchefe, douft thou thinke for to go?
To heauen? or to hell? to pougatorye? or fpayne?
To Venys? to pourtugaul? or to the eylles *Canarey*?
Nay ftay a whyle for a myle or twayne.
I wyll go with the, I fweare by faynt marey,
1050 Wylt thou haue a bote Nan, ouer feay the to carey.
For yf it chaunce for to rayne, as the weathers not harde,
It may chaunce this trym geare of thine, to be marde,

Fame.

1055 *Omnia fi perdis, famam feruare memento,*
Qua femel amiffa, poftia nullus eris.
Aboue eache thinge kepe well thy fame, what euer y^t thou lofe
For fame once gone they memory, with fame a way it gofe.
And it once loft thou fhalt in fouth, accomptyd lyke to be,

Of Vyce.

1060 A drope of rayne that faulyth in, the bofom of the fée,
Me fame therfore as *Ouid* thinkes, no man hath powre to hold,
To thofe with whom I pleafe to dwell, I am more rich thē gold
What caufid fom for countris foyle, them felues to perrell caft
But that the knew that after death, y^e fame of thers fhall laft.
Not on, but all, do me defiare, both good and bad lykewyfe,
1065 As maye apeare yf we perpend, of *Nerofe* enterpryfe.

Which firft did caufe his mafters death, & eke wheras he laye
In mothers wound to fe in fouth, his mother dyd ftraight flay.
With this Horeftes eke takes place, whose father being flayn,
through mothers gile frō mothers blod, his hāds could not refraie
1070 But lyke as he reuengyd the death, of father in his eyare,
So fathers brother in lyke fort, Reuenge hath fet on fyare.
For he is gon for to requeft, the ayde of prynces great,
So fore his hart is fet on fyare, throught raging rigorus heat.
What to detarmayne all the kynges, of Grece aryued be,
1075 At *Neftores* towne that *Athens* highte, their iudgment to decre

Vyce.

Oundes harte and nayles, naye now I am dreft,
Is the kinge *Menalaus* at *Athenes* aryued?
And I am be hind? to be packinges the beft,
1080 Leaft the matter in fouth, to fone be contryued.
Auxilla humilia firma, confenfus facit, this allwayes prouided
That confent maketh fuckers moft fure for to be,
Well I wyll be their ftrayght, wayfe you fhall fe.

Fame.

1085 As *Publius* doth well declare, we ought chefeft to fe,
Vnto our felues that nought be don, after extremite.
Abalio expectes, alteri quod feceris. Go out.
For loke what mefure thou doft meate, y^e fame againe fhallbe,
At other tyme at others hand, repayde againe to the.
1090 Therefore I wyfhe eache wight to do, to others as he would,
That they in lyke occafion, vnto him offer would.
Wel forth I muft fom newfe to here, for fame no where cā ftay
But what fhe hears throughout y^e would abroad fhe doth difplay

Prouicion.

1095 Make rume and gyue place, ftand backe there a fore,
For all my fpeakinge, you preffe ftyll the more.

A New Enterlud.

Gyue rome I faye quickeley, and make no dalyaunce,
It is not now tyme, to make aney taryaunce:
The kinges here do com, therefore giue way,
1100 Or elles by the godes, I wyll make you I faye.
Lo where my Lord Kynge *Nestor* doth com,
And *Horestes* with him *Agamemnons* sonne:
Menelaus a kyng lykewyfe, of great fame,
Make rome I faye, before their with flame.

1105

Nestor.

Nowe fyeth we be here Kynge *Menalaij*
Vnto vs we praye you, your matter to faye.
For these prynces here, after they haue perpendyd,
If ought be amys, it shall be amendyd,
1110 But fyrra prouifion, go in hafte and fet,
Good kynge *Idumeus*, tell him we are fet.

Prouifion.

Go out.

1115

As your gracis haue wyllled, fo tend I to do,
I wyll fetche him strayght, and bringe him you to.

Horestes.

Paufe a
while till
he be gon
out & thē
speak tre-
tably.

1120

If ought be amys, the fame sone shall be,
If I haue commytted amendyd of me:
But fo *Idumeus* the good kyng of Crete,
Is come to this place, vs for to mete.

Idumeus.

The Gods prefarue your gracis all, & fend you health for aye.

Nestor.

Well com fier kinge the fame to ye, contynewalley we pray.

Menalaus.

Enter I-
dumius &
prouifion
comming
w^t his cap
in his had
& making
waye.

1125

Two thigs ther is o kings, y^e moues me thus your ayds to pray:
And these be it the which to you, I purpofe for to faye.

The one is this where with I fynde, my selfe agreuid to be,
That on fuch fort my fyfters flayne, as all your gracis fe.

The other is that fo her sonne, without all kind of right,

1130

Should to his mother in fuch cafe, (I fay) worke fuch difpight.
Thefe two be they, wherfore I craue, your ayds to ioyn w^t me:
To the intent of fuch great ylles, reuengyd I may be.
That thus he dyd be hould the ftate, of all my brothers land,
And fe I pray you in what place, the fame doth present stand.

Of Vyce.

1135 His crueltie is fuch in fouth, as nether tower ne towne,
That letted once his paffage, but is brought vnto the ground.
The fatherles he pyttyed not, where as he euer went,
y^e agyd wight whofe yeres before, their youthly poure had fpent
The mayd whofe parentes at the fege, defending of their right
1140 Was flaine, y^e fame this tyrant hath opreffyd through his might
The wido y^t through forrayne wars, was left now comfortles,
He fpared not, but them & theres, he cruelly dyd dyftres.
Wherfore fith that he thus hath wrought, as far as I can fee,
From *Mycoene* land we fhould prouid, him exylyd to be.

1145 Horeftes,
Syth that you haue accufyd me, I muft my aunfwere make,
And here before thefe kings of Grece, this for my aunfwer take
O ounckel that I neuer went, reuengment for to do,
On fathers fofo tyll by the godes, I was comaund there to.
1150 Whofe heaftes no man dare once refufe, but wyllingly obaye
That I haue flayne her wyfully, vntruely you do faye.
I dyd but that I could not chufe, ites hard for me to kycke,
Syth gods commaund as on would fay, in fayth againft y^e prick
In that you fay, I fparyd none, your grace full well may fe,
1155 That lyttell mercy they fuppofyd, in fouth to fhew to me.
When as they bad me do my worft, requefting them to yeld,
It is no ieft when fodyares ioyne, to fight within a felde.
Thus I fuppofe fufficiently, I aunfwerd haue to end,
Your great complaynt, the which you fo, mightely did defend.

1160 Idumeus.
In dede as *Hermes* doth declare, no man can once eftew,
The iudgment of god moft iuft, that for his fautes is dew.
And as god is moft mercyfull, fo is he iuft lyke wyfe.
And wyll correcte moft fuerley thofe, that his heaftes difpyfel

1165 Nestor.
As you good Kyng *Idumeus*, haue fayd fo lykewife I,
Do thinke it trew therefore as nowe, I do him here defye.
That one dare fay y^t he hath wrought, y^e thing y^t is not right
Lo here my gloue to him I giue, in pledge with him to fyght.
1170 I promys here to proue there by, Horeftes nought dyd do,
But that was iuft & that the gods, commaundyd him there to
That he is kinge of *Mycoene* land, who euer do deney.

A New Enterlude.

I offer here my gloue with him, therefore to lyue and dye.
Yf none therebe wyll vnder take, his tyghfull to with faye.
1175 Let vs be frendes vnto him nowe, my Lordes I doye praye.
It was the parte of fuch a knyght, reuengyd for to be,
Should Horestes content him felfe, his father flayne to fe.
No, no, a ryghtuous facte I thinke, the fame to be in dede,
Syeth that it was accomplyht fo, as godes before decrede.

1180

Menelaus.

In dede I muft confesse that I, reuengyd should haue be,
If that my father had byn flayne, with fuch great cruelte.
But yet I would for natures fake, haue spared my mothers lyfe
O wretched man, o cruell beaft, o mortall blade and knyfe.

1185

Idumeus.

Seafe of fyr kyng leaue morning lo, nought can it you auaylle
Not with ftanding be rulyd now, we pray by our counfaylle.
Confider firft your one eftate, confider what maye be,
A ioyefull mene to end at leyngth, this your calamytie.
1190 Horestes he is younge of yeares, and you are fomwhat olde,
And forrowe may your grace to fone, within her net in folde,
Therefore ites best you do forget, fo shall you be at ease,
And I am fure Horestes wyll, indeuor you to please,
So far as it for him may be, with honor lefe to do,
1195 He wyll not fhrynke but wyll consent, your graxis bydding to
For affuraunce of your good wyll, Horestes here doth craue,
your daughter fayre *Hermione*, in maryage for to haue.
Thereby for to contynew ftyll, true loue and amyte,
That ought in fought betwixte to fuch, indifferet for to be.

1200

Menalaus.

As for my frendshyp he shall haue, the godes his helper be
But for my daughters maryage, I can not graunt to be.
She is but yong and much vnfet, fuch holy ryghtes to take,
Therefore fyr kyngs at this present, no aunfwere I can make.

1205

Nestor.

She is a dame of comley grace, therefore kyng *Menalaye*,
Graunt this to vs this ftryfe to end, o kyng we do the praye.
For eache of them a grede be the other for to haue,
Good fyr graunt this that at thy handes, fo iuftley we do craue

1210

Menalaus.

Of Vyce.

O Nobell king what that it were, I could not you denaye,
I muft nedes graunt whē nought I haue, againft you to repley
Horeftes here before thefe kinges, my fonne I the do make,

Horeftes.

1215 And the o kynge whyle lyfe doth laft, for father I do take.

Neftor.

Ryght ioyfull is this thinge to vs, and happye for your ftate,
Therefore with fpede let vs go hence, the maryage to feleybrate
And all the godes I praye prefarue, & kepe you both from wo,
1220 Com on fyr king, fhall we from hence, vnto our pallace go.

Menalaus.

As if fhall pleafe your grace in dede, fo we confent to do,

Idumeus.

And we lykewyfe oh gracious Prynce, do condifend there to.

go out all

1225 Reuenge.

I woulde I were ded, and layde in my graue,
Oundes of me, I am trymley promouted:
Ah, ah, oh, well now for my labor, thefe trynketes I haue?
Whyfe you not I praye you, how I am flouted.

Vyce en-
trith w^t a
ftaffe & a
bottell or
dyfhe and
wallet.

1230 A bagge and a bottell, thus am I louted?

Eache knaue now a dayes, would make me his man,

But chyll mafter them, I be his oundes and I can.

A begginge, a begginge, nay now I muft go,

Horeftes is maryed, god fend him much care:

1235 And I Reuenge, am dryuen him fro.

And then ites no maruayll, though I be thus bare.

But peace, who better then beggars doth fare.

For all they be beggares, and haue no great port,

Who is meryer, then the pooryfte fort.

1240 What fhall I begge? nay thates to bad,

Is their neare a man, that a faruaunt doth lacke:

Of myne honefitye gentle woman, I would be glad?

You to farue but for clothes, to put on my backe.

A waye with thefe rages, from me the fhall packe.

1245 What thinke you fcorne, me your feruaunt to make,

A nother wyll haue me, yf you me for fake.

Parhappes you all meruayll, of this fodayne mutation,

How fene I was downe, from fo hye a degre:

Put of y^e
beggares
cote & all
thy thyn-
ges.

A New Enterlude.

To fatiffye your myndes, I wyl yufe a perfwacion.
1250 This one thinge you knowe, that on caulyd amyte,
Is vnto me reuenge moft contrarey.
And we twayne to geather, could not abyde,
Whych causyd me so fone, from hye ftate to flyde.
Horeftes and his ounckell, Kynge *Menalaus*,
1255 Is made fuch fure frendes, without paraduenture,
Through the pollycye, of olde *Idumeus*?
That as, far as I can fe, it is to hard to enter,
Ye and thates worffe, when I fought to venture.
I was dryuen with out comfort, awaye from their gate,
1260 I was glad to be packinge, for feare of my pate.
Yet befor I went, my fancye to pleafe,
The maryage felebratyd, at the church I dyd fe,
Wyllinge I was, them all to dyfeafe:
But I durft not be fo bold, for mafter Amyte.
1265 Sot by *Menalaus*, and bore him companye,
On the other fyde Dewtey with Horeftes boure fwayne.
So that I could not enter, by no kynde of waye?
Well fyeth from them both, I am bannyfhyd fo,
I wyll feke a new mafter, yf I can him finde:
1270 Yet I am in good comfort, for this well I knowe,
That the moft parte of wemen, to me be full kynde,
Yf they faye near a worde, yet I knowe their mynde.
Yf they haue not all thinges, when they do defiare,
They wyll be reuengyd, or elles lye in the myare.
1275 Nay I knowe their quallytes, the leffe is my care,
As well as they do knowe, Reuengys operation,
Ye faull to it good wyues, and do them not spare.
Nay Ille helpe you forward, yf you lacke but perfwacion.
What man a mofte is frée, from inuafion.
1280 For as playnely *Socrates* declareth vnto vs,
Wemen for the moft part, are borne malitious.
Perhappes you wyll faye, maney on that I lye,
And other fume I am fure, alfo wyll take my parte:
Not withftandinge what I haue fayde, they wyll veryfye,
1285 ye and do it I wys, in fpyght of thy hart.
Yf therefore thou wyll lyue quyetye, after their defart?

Of Vyce.

Reward then fo fhault, thou brydell their affection,
And vnto they wyll, fhall haue them in fubiectiō.
In *Athenes* dwellyd *Socrates*, the phyllofopher dyuine,
1290 Who had a wyfe namyd *Exantyp*, both deuelyfhe and yll:
Which twayne beenge faulne out, vppon a tyme,
Perhappe caufe *Exantyp*, could not haue her wyll.
He went out of dores, fyttinge there ftyll.
She cround him with a pyfpot, and their he
1295 Was wet to the fkyne, moſte pytifull to fe.
I praye god that fuch dames, be not in this place,
For then I might chaunce neare a miſtres to get,
Nay yf ye anger them, they wyll laye you on the face,
Or elles their nayles in your chekes, they wyll fet,
1300 Nay lyke a rafor, fome of their nayles are whet.
That not for to pare, but to cut to the bone,
I count him moſt happed, that medelles with none.
Well far you well, for I muſt be packinge,
Remembar my wordes, and beare it in mynde?
1305 What fuffer the myll, a whyle to be clackinge,
Yf that you intend, aney eaſe for to fynde.
Then wyll they be to you, both louinge and kinde.
Farwell cofen cutpurffe, and be ruled by me,
Or elles you may chaunce, to end on a tre. Go out.

1310 Horeſtes.
Syth y^t the gods haue geuen vs grace, this realme for to poſſes
Which floryfheth aboundauntlye, with gold & great riches. Enter
Let vs now fe how much the wilds, & minde of all this land, & Hermi-
Is vnto vs and of their ſtate, lykewyfe to vnderſtand. one Nobi-
1315 Hermione. lytye and
I deme of them Horeſtes myne, that they contentyd be, Cominy-
With humbell hart for to ſubmyte, o kyng them felues to ye, alte truth
Wherefore my loue inquiare, their ſtate this preafente tyme, & Dewty
And of their hartes good wyll to vs, o king let them deuyne.

1320 Horeſtes.
As I do loue the laydye bright, fo eke I thynke in dede,
That loue for loue as equallye, ſhalbe reward of mede.
Hermione. Let De-
The godes neuer prolonge my lyfe, that day I ſhall a peare, wty and

A New Enterlude.

1325 To breake my fayth to the now plyght, my louing lord fo dere.

Horeftes.

Com on my Lordes & commons eke, let me now vnderftand,
Of all your mindes for I defiare, to know what cafe this land
Doth now confyft voutfate the fame, therefore to fhew to me,

1330 And yf that ought be now a myfe, amendyd it fhalbe.

Nobelles.

Moft regall Prynce we now are voyd, of mortall wars vexatiō
And through your grace we ar ioyned, in loue w^t euery nation.
So y^t your nobelles may now lyue, in pleafaunt ftate fartaine,
1335 Deuoyd of wars & ciuill ftryfes, whyle y^t your grace doth raine
The which you may I pray the god, with happy days and blys
And after death to fend you there, where ioyfe fhall neuer mys.
As fyne of our obedyence, lo Dewty doth the Crownd,
And Truth alfo which doth me bynd, they fubiecte to be found.

1340 Horeftes.

My Nobels all I gyue you thanks, for this now fhowed to me
And as you haue fo eke wyll I, the lyke fhew vnto ye.
My cōmons how gofe it w^t you, your ftate now let me know,

Commons.

1345 Where as fuch on as you do raine, there nedes muft riches gro
We are o king eafyd of the yoke, which we haue fo defiard.
The ftate of this our common welth, nede not to be inquiard.
Peace, welth, ioye, and felycitie, o kinge it is we haue,
And what thing is their y^t which, fubiects ought more to craue

1350 Horeftes.

Syeth all thinges is in fo good ftate, my commons as you faye
That it may fo contynew ftyll, the facred godes I praye.
And as to me your trufteynes, fhall anye wayes be found,
So ftyll to mayntayne your eftate, I fureley fhallbe bound.

1355 And for your faythfull harts, the which you graūted haue to me
Both you my lordes, and commons eke, I thanke you harte.
Therefore fith time wil haue an end, & now my mind you know
Let vs giue place to tyme, and to our pallafe let vs go.

Nobelles.

1360 We both wil waight vpon your grace, yft please you to depart
Commons.

Eeuen when you please to waigh you on I fhall w^t all my hart

Truth ta
ke y^e cro-
wne in
their rig-
ht hands.

Let truth
& Dewty
Crowne
Horeftes.

Of Vyce.

Truth.

1365 A kyngdome kept in Amyte, and voyde of diffention,
Ne deuydyd in him felfe, by any kynde of waye,
Neather prouoked by wordes, of reprehention,
Muft nedes long contynew, as Truth doth faye.
For defention and ftryfe, is the path to decaye.
And continuinge therein, muft of nefectie,
1370 Be quight ruinate, and brought vnto myferye.

go out all
& let truth
& Dewtye
fpeake.

Dewtey.

Where I Dewtey am neglected, of any eftate.
Their ftryfe and dyffention, my place do fupplie:
Cankred mallyfe pryde, and debate,
1375 Therefore to reft, all meanes do trye.
Then ruin comes after, of their ftate whereby,
They are vtterly extynguyfhed, leuinge nought behynde,
Whereof fo much as their, name we maye fynde.

Truth.

1380 He that leadeth his lyfe, as his phansey doth lyke,
Though for a whyle, the fame he may hyde:
Yee Truth, the daughter of Tyme, wyll it feke,
And fo in a tyme, it wyll be difcryde.
Yet in fuch tyme as it can not, be denyed?
1385 But receaue dew punnifhment, as god fhall fe,
For the faute commytted, moft conuenient to be.
As this ftorye here hath, made open vnto ye,
Which yf it haue byn marked, much prophet may aryfe?
For as Truth fayth, nothings wryten be,
1390 But for our learninge, in anye kynde of wyfe.
By which we may learne, the yll to difpyfe,
And the truth to imitate, thus Truth doth faye:
The which for to do, I befech God we maye.

Dewtey.

1395 For your gentle pacience, we geue you thanks hartely,
And therefore our dewtey weyed, let vs all praye,
For *Elyzabeth* our Quene, whose gracious maieftie:
May rayne ouer vs, in helth for aye,
Lyke wyfe for her counsell, that each of them maye.
1400 Haue the fpyryte of grace, their doinges to dyrecte,

A New Enterlude of Vyce.

In settinge vp vertue, and vyce to correcte.

Truth.

For all the Nobyltye, and spiritaltie, let vs praye,

For Iudges, and head officers, what euer they be:

1405 According to oure boundaunt dewties, espetially I faye,

For my Lord Mayre, lyfetennaunt of this noble Cytie.

And for all his brytherne, with the cominualtie.

That eache of them, doinge their dewties a ryght,

May after death posses heauen, to their hartes delyght.

1410

Finis. Q. I. P.

{illustration}

ASTRIS SAPIENS DOMINABITUR

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