

{ornament}

& A NEWE

Enterlude of Vice Conteyninge, the

Hiftorye of Horeftes with the cruell

reuengment of his Fathers death

vpon his one naturtll Mother.

by Iohn Pikeryng.

The players names

The Vice,	Clytemneftra.	Sodyer.	Truthe.
Rufticus.	Hallterfycke.	Nobulle.	Fame.
Hodge.	Hempftryng.	Nature.	Hermione.
Hroreftes	Neftor.	Prouifyon.	Dewtey.
Idumeus.	Menalaus.	Harrauld.	Meffenger.
Councell.	A woman.	Sodyer.	Egeftus.
			Communes.

☞ 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. & Communes. 5.

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

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

6. Hempftrynge. Clytemneftra. Prouifyon. & Hefmione. 4.

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are to be folde at his fhope in S. Dunftons

Churcheyearde. Anno. 1 5 6 7.

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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 forward 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 forward 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 thinke then by y^e roud,

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

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

Ruftyus.

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 lose,

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 pourse.

Hear en-
tryth Ru
ftycus, &
hodge.

A Newe Enterlude

Iche haue fmall rouddockes, 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 haftye, 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 fhoune.

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 louftey, in fayth good man clound:
55 Oundes, hart, and nayles, this is a franion,
Ille teache you to floute me, I hould you a pounde.
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 fyerer tell me no whearefore of me,
The caufe on this fort, your taullkynge fould 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 efpye,
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 houchet, 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 flame? Godes gee naybor paft flame?
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,
Syrra you good man Ruftycus, marke what I faye:
Harke in thine eare man, this dyd I fee,
120 A hodge of thyne wearyed to be.

Rufticus.

Godes gée 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 zwingen 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.

Rufticus.

Chyll be no frendes, chad rather be hanged,
Tyll iche haue that ould karle, wel and thryfteley banged,
And tware not your maffhyppes, dyd me with hould,
To fwing the ouchet, iche chould be bould,

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.

155 Zwaddell me godes get? chyll care not a poynte,
Iche haue a good bat, thy bones to anoynte:
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 therfore 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 nededefth thou to care, though his wordes be fo fell,
170 Tout tout tharte vnwyfe, and followe my mynde:
And I warraunt the in end, fome eafe thou fhalt finde.

Rufticus.

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

Hodge.

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

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 chaull,
When I mete the againe, bezwing 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 houle, giue the a whole whart:
What hodge fhake hondes, mon be merey and lauffe,
By godes ge iche had not, the best end of the ftaffe.

Hodge.

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

go out

Horeftes.

200 To caull to minde the crabyd rage of mothers yll attempt
Prouokes me now all pyttie quight, from me to be exempt.
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:
With forrayne loue but fought alfo, my fatal thred to fhare
205 As erft before my fathers fyll, in fonder fhe dyd pare.
O paterne loue why doute 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 whose 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.

Entrith.

Vyce.

220 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
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, couldst 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 imbrasydest 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 grieve & 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 therfore

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 ſky
 Yet lo through fortunes blind attempt, be lo in earth doth lie
 He y^e had paſt the fate of war, where chaunce was equall fet,
 Through fortunes ſpight is caught alacke, win olde *Meros* net
 270 And he which ſomtime did delight, in clothed coat of maylle,
 Is now conſtcaſynd in *Carones* bote; ouer the brouke to faylle.
 That floſe vpon y^e fatall bankes, of *Plutoſe* kingdome great
 And that in ſhade of ſilent wodes, and valeys gréene do beate.
 Where ſoules of kinges & other wights a poyntyd are to be,
 275 In quiet ſtate there alſo is, this worthey reall trée.

Of fouth I ioye for to behold, *Horeſtes* actyue cheare,
 The which in father ſomtime was, in ſon doth now apear,
 But where is he that all this day, I neuer ſawe his face,

Horeſtes.

280 At hand O King thy faruant is, which wiſſheth to thy grace
 All hayl with happy fate certayne, w^t pleaſures many fould,
 But yet my leege a ſute I haue, if I might be ſo bold.
 To craue the fame my ſoferayn lord, wherby I might aſpyer
 Vnto the thing with very much, O king I do requier.

Kenll do-
wne.

285 *Idumeus.*

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

Vyce.

Tout let him alone now, we may in good fouth,
 290 I was not ſo luſtey, my pourpoſe to get:
 But now of my honeſtey, I tell you of truth,
 In reuenging the wronge, his mynd he hath fet?
 It is not *Idumeus* that hath poure to let.
Horeſtes fro ſeking his mother to kyll,
 295 Tout let hym alone, hele haue his owne wyll.

Horeſtes.

Sith that your grace hath willed me, this my defiar to ſhow,
 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 state, most honorabell bee.
My counsiler 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 dispoſe.
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 most fyttest for, your state and his also,
Do as you lyft fieth that your grace, my mind herin doth kno.

Idumeus.

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

Vyce.

330 Com on Horestes ſith thou haſt, obtayned thy deſier.
Tout tout man, ſeke to dyſtroye, as doth the flaming fier?
Whoſe properte thou knoeſt doth gro, as long as any thing
Is left wher by the fame may ſeme, ſom ſuckcor for to bring.

Horestes.

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

Vyce.

Se ſe I praye you how he ioyle, that he muſt war begin. Go out.

Idumeus,

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

A Newe Enterlud.

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

Vndoubtedly my foferaynd lorde, he femeth vnto me,

Not to fequeft his fathers steppes, 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 enemys 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 feldes,

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 boyfe 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 fhouldest 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 hallterfycke, 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 hallterfycke, 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 fhe 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 ſeke 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 ſo quicke,
Roube not to hard, leſt hempftringe do kycke.

Haulterfycke.

Had better be ſtyll, 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 ſaye, are you angred at ieſte.

445 In fayth goodman lobcocke, your handſomley dreſt:

flort hym
on y^e lipes

Hempftringe.

Goges bloud ſo 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//rft 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 mīd 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 bloudy 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 moſt playne,
Not w^tſtandig frō mothers bloud, thou muſt thy hāds refrain
Canſt thou a lacke vnhappey wight, conſent reuenged to be,
On her whoſe pappes before this time, hath giuen foud to the
In whom I nature for myd the, as beſt I thought it good,
500 Oh now requight her for her pain, w^tdraw thy hāds frō bloud

Horeſtes.

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

Nature.

The cruel beaſts y^e raūg in feldeſ whoſe iauſe to blod ar whet
Do not conſent their mothers paunch, in cruell wife to eate
The tyger fierſe doth not deſiare, the ruine of his kinde,
510 And ſhall dame nature now in the, ſuch tyranny once finde:
As not the cruell beſtes voutſafe, to do in aney caſe,
Leue now I ſay Horeſtes myne, & to my wordes giue place.
Left that of men this facte af thine, may iudged for to be:
Ne lawe in ſouth, ne iuſtys eke, but cruell tyranny.

515 Horeſtes.

Pythagoras doth thincke it lo, no tyranny to be,
When that iuſtyſe is myneſt/yd, as lawe and godes decreée.
If that the law doth her condemne, as worthy death to haue,
Oh nature woulſt thou wil y^t I, her life ſhould ſeme to ſaue?
520 To ſaue her lyfe whom law doth ſlay, is not iuſtife to do,
Therefore I ſaye I wyll not yeld, they heſtes to com vnto.

Nature.

Yf nature cannot brydell the, remember the decaye,
Of thoſe which hereto fore in ſouth, their parēts fought to ſlay
525 *oedippus* fate, caull thou to minde, that ſlew his father ſo,
And eke remember now what fame, of him a brode doth go.

Horeſtes.

what fame doth blowe I forſe 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 requēſt y^e fame.
Therefore oh nature ſeaſe to praye, I forſe 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:

Go out.

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

Horestes.

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

Go out.

Idumeus.

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

Enter.

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

Councell.

Let y^e drū

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

playe.

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

Idumeus.

Let y^e drū

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

play & en-

Horestes.

ter Hore-

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

ftis w^t his

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

band mar

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

che about

550 Idumeus.

the ftage.

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 thefe our dais

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

For they be iuft and will not fe, that you in cafe of right.

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

The crabyd rage of enmyfe, 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

A Newe Enterlud.

570

Idumeus.

Now harke Horestes 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 horestes mine, remembar well the fame
In doing thus you fhall pourchas, to the immortauill 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.

Horestes.

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

Idumeus.

595

Farwell my fonne Horestes 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 fhal, thy fwete imbrafings mys

Imbrafe
him

Kys him.

Horestes.

600

The facred godes prefarue 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 Horestes wayle
And *Clytemnestra* may lament, that so she dyd affayle.

610 His father deare for now on bloud, Horestes mind is fet,
And to reuenge his fathers death, fure nought their is can let.
In voyding of a mischeffe smal, they haue wrought their decay
For now nought elles in Horestes, 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 shall fe.
Their princes do, the other is, that those 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, shall punnifhe ferioufley.
Such perfons as dyd trayne their lyfe, to follow y^t was naught
y^t which their price at ani time, shall by mischaunce 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, should vnreuengyd be,
A thoufand euylles would infu, their of your grace should 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, Horestes 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

Go out.

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.

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

645 Naught fearinge daunger that might faull.

C2<r>

Lady

A Newe Enterlud.

Lady ladie.

From Grece to Troye, he went with all,

My deare Lady.

Clytemneftra.

fonge, to
ye tune of
king Sa-
lomon.

650 When *Paris* firfte ariued there,
Where as dame *Venus* worlhyp is:
And blouftringe fame abroad d yd beare,
His lyueley fame fhe d yd not mys.
To *Helena* for to repayre,

655 Her for to tell:
Of prayfe and fhape fo trym and fayre,
That d yd 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,

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

And eke as *Paris* d yd 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*.

Where each of them the other d yd grete,
675 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	Clytemneſtra.	
	Kynge <i>Priames</i> . fonne loued not ſo fore,	
	The gretian dame they brothers wyfe:	
	But ſhe his perſon eſtemed more,	
	Not for his fake ſauinge her lyfe.	
690	Which cauſed her people to be ſlayne,	
	With him to flye,	
	And he requight her loue a gayne,	
	Moſt faythfullye.	
	Egyſtus.	
695	And as he recompence agayne,	
	The fayre quene <i>Hellyn</i> for the fame:	
	So whyle I lyue I wyll take payne,	
	My wyll alwayes to yours to frame.	
	Syth that you haue voutſafe to be,	
700	Ladye ladye.	
	A Queene and ladye vnto me,	
	My deare ladye.	
	Clytemneſtra.	
	And as ſhe louyd him beſt whyle lyfe,	
705	Dyd laſt ſo tend I you to do:	
	Yf that deuoyd of warr and ſtryfe,	
	The Godes ſhall pleaſe to graunt vs to,	
	Syeth you voutſafeſt me for to take,	
	O my good knyght:	
710	And me thy ladye for to make,	
	My hartes delyghte.	
	Egyſtus.	
	As ioyfull as the warlyke god is <i>Venus</i> to behoulde,	
	So is my hart repleate with ioye, much more a thouſand fould	
715	Oh Lady deare in that I do, poſſes my hartes delyghte,	Let y ^e trū-
	What menes this found for very much, it doth my hart a flight	pet blowe
	Clytemneſtra.	with in.
	Feare nought at all Egyſtus myne, no hourt it doth pretend,	
	But lo me thinkes a meſſenger, to vs heather doth wend.	enter.
720	Meſſenger.	
	The Gods preſerue your eaquall ſtate & fend you of their blys	
	C3<r>	Clytemneſtra

A Newe Enterlud.

Clytemneſtra.

Welcom good meſſenger what neweſe, I pray the with the is
Meſſenger.

725 Yft pleaſe your grace euen now their is, aryued in this land
The mightey knight Horeſtes with, a mightey pewfaūt band
Who purpoſith for to inuade, this *Mycoene* Citie ſtronge,
And as he goeſe he leyſe both tower, and caſtell all alonge.
It boutes no man defence to make, for yf he wyll not yeld,
730 By fodyeres rage he ſtraight is flayne, in mydeſt of the felde.

Clytemneſtra.

Go out.

Ah fyr is he come in dede, he is wellcom by this daye,
Egiſtus now in ſouth w^t ſpede, 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 ſtrength he ſhall not get, to entter once hear in,
The walles be ſtrong and for his forfe, I fure ſet not a pyn.

Egiſtus.

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

Clytemneſtra.

Farwell Egiſtus and in ſouth, I ſtraight will do the fame.

Sodyer.

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

Woman.

Oh with a good wyll, I yeld me to the,
Good maſter ſodier, haue mercy on me.
750 My huſband thou haſt flayne, in moſt cruell-wyfe,
Yet this my prayer, do now not dyſpyſe.

Sodier.

Come on then in haſt, my pryſoner thou art,
Come followe me I faye, we muſt nedes depart.

755 Woman.

A horſon flaue 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 ſuch a parte.

Enter a-
woman,
lyke a be-
ger roun-
ning be-
fore they
ſodier but
let the ſo-
dier ſpeke
firſt, but
let y^e wo-
man crye
firſt piti-
fulley.

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 fhoulde 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,

Diffstroyed quight:

785

Syr faufe in fayth yf you fhoulde fe,

The gonne fhot lyght.

To quake for feare you would not ftynte,

When as by forfe of gounfhotes dynte:

The rankes in raye, are tooke awaye,

790

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
fynge
this fong
to y^e tune
of the Pa
ynter.

A Newe Enterlud.

800 Farwell a dew to wares I muſte
In all the haſt.
My cofen cut purſſe wyll I truſte,
Your purſſe 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 manfulley.
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 forlake to go before then fley you eke be hynde,
And as I am ſo eke I truſt, my fodyers for to finde.
Com hether harauld go proclame this mine intēt ſtraightway
815 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 haſt to yeld to me, for nough I do a byde.
But for their aunſwear or elles fourth w^t for thē & theres prouid
820 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.
Hye the apafe and let me haue, agayne an aunſweare fone,
825 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,
what wouldſt thou haue harald declare, what haſt thou her to do
830 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 ſaue 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 ſtage.

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 against 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 please your grace this word she fends, she wil not yeld to ye

But yf you com vnto your harme, she faves that it shalbe.

845 Horestes.

Sith that my grace and eke good wil, they on such fort dispise,

For to destroye 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 should make, ryfistaunce there w^tin,

850 And when you shall posses 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 she would, defiar the death to haue

For other wyfe my fathers death, reuengment doth craue.

Sodyer.

855 We shall your hestes obaye with spede, oh captayne we defiar,

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

Vyce.

Lyke men by God, I fweare well sayd, Horestes let vs gow,

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

860 And as thou feiste be firste the man, that shall the Citie wyn,

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

Horestes.

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, shall make an eassey waye,

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

Clytemneftra.

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

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

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

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

Yf aney sparke of mothers bloud, remaynd within thy breste,

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

Pardon I craue Horestes 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.	feafe play
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.	ing & the trumpet, also when ſhe is ta
	Horeſtes.	kē let her
880	For to repent this facte of thyne, now that it is to late, Can not be thought a recompence, for kylling of thy mate. Go haue her hence therfore with ſpede, & ſe her ſureley kepte, And for y ^e fact a fore thou dydeſt, thou ſurley ſhouldſt haue wept	knele do- wne and ſpeake.
	Vyce.	
885	Nay, far you wel, in fayth you haue an aunſwer, get you hence. 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 ſtede is ſtollen for you in ſouth, to ſhut the ſtable gate. She ſhould haue wept whē firſt ſhe went, y ^e king about to flay, It makes no matter ſhe foull well, dyd brede her owne decaye	go out w ^t on of the fodiaries.
890	Ounds of me what meane you man, begyn you now to faynt Ieſu god how ſtyll he fyttis, I thinke he be a faynt. Ooooo, you care not for me, nay ſone I haue don I warrant ye	Let Hor- eſtes fyth hard.
	Horeſtes.	wepe but
895	By all the godes my hart dyd fayle, my mother for to ſe, From hye eſtate for to be brought, to ſo great myſerey. That all moſt I had graunted lyfe, to her had not this be, My fathers death whoſe death in ſouth, chefe cauſer of was ſhe.	let Hore- ſtes ryſe & bid him peaſe.
	Vyce.	
900	Euen as you faye but harke at hand, Egiftus draweth nye. Who purpoſieth the chaunce of war, Horeſtes for to trye.	Let Egi- ftus enter
	Horeſtes.	& ſet hys
905	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, Lyft vp your hartes and let vs ſe, how ye your bloſe can yeld.	men in a raye & let the drom playe tyll
	Egiſtus.	Horeſtes
910	Lyke manley men adreſſe your ſelues, to get immortall fame, Yf ye do flye lo what doth reſt, behynde but foull defame. Strike vp your drūs let trūpets ſound, your baners eke diſplay, And I my ſelfe as captayne, to you wyll lead the waye.	ſpeaketh
	Horeſtes.	
	Thou tryator to my father dere, what makeſt the here in feld,	
	<D1v>	Repent

Of Vyce.

Repent the of thy wyckednes, and to me strayght 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 shalbe a fode the byrdes to fede.
Stryke vp your droums & forward now, to wars let vs profede.

Horestes.

920 Oh vyllayne trayghtor now y^e gods, ne mortall man shal faue
Thy corps frō death for blud for blud my fathers deth doth craue
Oh tyraunt fyrfe couldest thou voutsafe, my father so 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, Horestes I the praye.

Horestes.

Thy lyfe? naye trayghtor vyle, that chefe I do denaye.
For as thou haft deferuyd, so I shal thy facte requit.
That once couldst seme to me & mine, for to work such dispyght
930 Therefore com forth and for thy facte, receaue dew punnishmēt
Repent I say this former lyfe, for this is my iudgment.

That for my fathers death, the which we finde the chefe to be,
The causer of thou shalt be hanged, where we thy death may fe
And as thou for my fathers death, dew punnishment receiue,
935 So shal 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 lacryd godes, and to my wordes incline
Your gracious eare for causer furst, I was this is most plaine,
Of *Agamemnous* death, wherefore I must receaue this paine.
Pardon I craue, voutsafe ye godes, the same to graunt it me,
Now sodier worke thy wyll in haft, I praye the harteley.

945 Clytemnestra.

Ah heauey fate would god I had, in tormoyle great byn flayne
Syth nothing can Horestes hands, frō sheding bloud restraine

Vyce.

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

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

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

A New Enterlude.

Clytemneſtra.

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

Vyce.

955 Euen as much as thou voutſafest, his fathers lyfe to faue,
Therefore com of we muſt not ſtey, all daye to wayght on the.
Lo myghtye prince for whom ye fent, lo preſent here is ſhe.

Clytemneſtra.

960 Haue mercy ſonne & quight remitte, this faute of mine I pray,
Be mercyfull Horeſtes myne, and do not me denaye.
Conſider that in me thou hadeſt, they hewmayne ſhape cōpoſid
That thou ſhouldſt ſlay thy mother ſon, let it not be diſcloſyd,
Spare to perfe her harte with ſword, call eke vnto thy mynd,
Edyppus fate and as *Nero*, ſhowe not thy ſelfe vnkynde.

Horeſtes.

965 Lyke as a braunche once ſet a fyare, doth cauſe y^e trée to bourne
As *Socrates* ſuppoſeth ſo, a wicked wight doth tourne.
Thoſe that be good and cauſe them eke, his euell to ſequeſt,
Wherefore the poete *Iuuenal*, doth thinke it for the beſte:
That thoſe that lyue lycentiousley, ſhould brydlyd be w^t payne
970 And ſo others that elles would ſyn, therby they might refrain
For thus he ſayeth that Cities are, well gouerned in dede,
Where punniſhment for wycked ones, by lawe is ſo decrede.
And not decrede but exerſyſed, in punnyſhinge of thoſe,
Which law ne pain frō waloing ſtill, in vice their mind diſpoſe,
975 And as thou haſt byn chiefes cauſe, of yelding vp they breath,
So call to minde thou waſt the cauſe, of *Agamemnons* death.
For which as death is recompence, of death ſo eke with the,
For kyllinge of my father thou, now kyllled eke ſhault be.
This thinge to ſe accompliſhyd, reuenge with the ſhall go,
980 Now haue her hence ſieth y^t you all, my iudgment here do kno

Clytemneſtra.

A lacke a lack w^t drawe thy hand, my ſon from ſhedding bloud.

Vyce.

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

Clytemneſtra.

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

Take do
wne Egi
ftus and
bear him
out.

Knele do
wne.

Of Vyce.

Let it apeare Horestes myne, and shoue it vnto me.

990

Horestes.

What pyttie thou on father myne, dydest curfedley beftowe,

The fame to the at this present, I purpofe for to shoue.

Therefore Reuenge haue her a way, and as I iudgment gaue:

So fe that she in order lyke, her punifhment 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 moleft, com of in haft, and troubell me no more,

Come on com on, ites all in vaine, and get you on a fore,

1000

Horestes.

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 reſtaunce none there is, to let vs in thereat.

1005

Fame.

As eache man bendes him ſelfe, ſo 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 abroad y^e fame

1010

perhaps what wind me heather driues, w^tin your midſ you muſe

From *Crete* I com to you my frends, I bring this kind of newſe

That *Agamemnons* brother is ariuyd in this land,

And eke with him his ladey fayre, Quene *Helen* vnderſtand.

Whom for to ſe a great frequent, of people their aryue,

1015

This newſe to ſhew at this present, me heather now dyd driue.

Vyce.

A Newe maſter, a newe,

No lenger I maye:

Abyde by this daye

1020

Horeſtes 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,

Let Cly
temneſtra
wepe and
go out re-
ueng alſo

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

enter the
Vyce fin-
ging this
ſonge.

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 lyppes 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 pourgatorye? or fpayne?
To Venys? to pourtugaul? or to the eyles *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 request, 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.
For loke what mefure thou doft meate, y^e fame againe fhall be,
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 rouse 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 fyrre prouision, go in hafte and fet,
Good kynge *Idumeus*, tell him we are fet.

Prouision.
As your gravis haue wylled, fo tend I to do,
I wyll fetch him strayght, and bringe him you to.

1115 Horestes.
If ought be amys, the fame sone shall be,
If I haue commytted amendyd of me:
But so *Idumeus* the good kyng of Crete,
Is come to this place, vs for to mete.

1120 Idumeus.
The Gods prefarue your gravis all, & fend you health for aye.

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

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 gravis 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 dispight.
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 prefent ftand.

Go out.

Paufe a
while till
he be gon
out & the
fpeak tre-
tably.

Enter I-
dumius &
prouision
comming
w^t his cap
in his had
a fore him
& making
waye.

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 whose yeres before, their youthly poure had fpent
The mayd whose 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.
Wherefore fith that he thus hath wrought, as far as I can fee,
From *Mycoene* land we fhould prouid, him exyld 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 Whose 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 fupposyd, 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 fuppose 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, therfore to lyue and dye.
Yf none therebe wyll vnder take, his tyghfull to with faye.
1175 Let vs be frendes vnto him now, 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 shoud haue be,
If that my father had byn flayne, with fuch great cruelte.
But yet I would for natures sake, haue spard 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 first 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 gravis 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 styll, true loue and amytie,
That ought in fought betwixte to fuch, indefferent 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 prefent, no aunfwere I can make.

1205 Nestor.

She is a dame of comley grace, therefore kyng *Menalaye*,
Graunt this to vs this stryfe 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 iustley 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, againſt you to repley
Horeſtes here before theſe kinges, my ſonne I the do make,

Horeſtes.

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

Neſtor.

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

Menalaus.

As if ſhall pleaſe your grace in dede, ſo we conſent to do,

Idumeus.

And we lykewyſe 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, theſe trynketes I haue?
Whyfe you not I praye you, how I am flouted.

Vyce en-
trith w^t a
ſtaffe & a
bottell or
dyſhe and
wallet.

1230 A bagge and a bottell, thus am I louted?
Eache knaue now a dayes, would make me his man,
But chyll maſter them, I be his oundes and I can.
A begginge, a begginge, nay now I muſt go,
Horeſtes 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 pooryſte fort.

1240 What ſhall I begge? nay thates to bad,
Is their neare a man, that a ſaruaunt doth lacke:
Of myne honeſtye gentle woman, I would be glad?
You to ſarue but for clothes, to put on my backe.

1245 A waye with theſe rages, from me the ſhall packe.
What thinke you ſcorne, me your ſeruaunt to make,
A nother wyll haue me, yf you me for ſake.
Parhappes you all meruayll, of this fodayne mutation,
How ſene I was downe, from ſo 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 caufyd me fo 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 felebratyde, 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 fpare.
Nay Ille helpe you forward, yf you lacke but perfwacion.
What man a moſte is frée, from inuaſion.
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 withſtandinge what I haue fayde, they wyll veryfye,
1285 ye and do it I wys, in ſpyght 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 happelt, 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.
 Let vs now fe how much the wilds, & minde of all this land,
 Is vnto vs and of their ſtate, lykewyſe to vnderſtand.

Enter
 Horeſtes
 & Hermi-
 one Nobi-
 lytye and
 Cominy-
 alte truth
 & Dewty

1315 Hermione.
 I deme of them Horeſtes myne, that they contentyd be,
 With humbell hart for to ſubmyte, o kyng them ſelues to ye,
 Wherefore my loue inquiare, their ſtate this preafente tyme,
 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.
 The godes neuer prolonge my lyfe, that day I ſhall a peare,

Let De-
 wty and

A New Enterlude.

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

Horestes.

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, therfore to fhew to me,

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

Nobelles.

Moſt 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 pleaſaunt ſtate 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 ioſe ſhall neuer mys.
As fyne of our obedyence, lo Dewty doth the Crownd,
And Truth alfo which doth me bynd, they ſubiecte to be found.

1340 Horeſtes.

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

Commons.

1345 Where as ſuch on as you do raine, there nedes muſt riches gro
We are o king eaſyd of the yoke, which we haue ſo defiard.
The ſtate of this our common welth, nede not to be inquiard.
Peace, welth, ioſe, and felycitie, o kinge it is we haue,
And what thing is their y^t which, ſubiects ought more to craue

1350 Horeſtes.

Syeth all thinges is in ſo good ſtate, my commons as you faye
That it may ſo contynew ſtyll, the ſacred godes I praye.
And as to me your truſteynes, ſhall anye wayes be found,
So ſtyll to mayntayne your eſtate, I fureley ſhallbe bound.

1355 And for your faythfull harts, the which you graūted haue to me
Both you my lordes, and commons eke, I thanke you harteſe.
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 ſhall w^t all my hart

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

Let truth
& Dewty
Crowne
Horeſtes.

Of Vyce.

Truth.

go out all
& let truth
& Dewtey
ſpeake.

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

Dewtey.

Where I Dewtey am necllected, of anye eſtate.
Their ftryfe and dyffention, my place do ſupplie:
Cankred mallyſe pryde, and debate,
1375 Therefore to reſt, all meanes do trye.
Then ruin comes after, of their ſtate whereby,
They are vtterly extynguyſhed, leuinge nought behynde,
Whereof ſo 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 ſo in a tyme, it wyll be diſcryde.
Yet in ſuch tyme as it can not, be denyed?
1385 But receaue dew punniſhment, as god ſhall ſe,
For the faute commytted, moſt conuenient to be.
As this ſtorye here hath, made open vnto ye,
Which yf it haue byn marked, much prophet may aryſe?
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 diſpyſe,
And the truth to imitate, thus Truth doth faye:
The which for to do, I beſech 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 maieſtie:
May rayne ouer vs, in helth for aye,
Lyke wyfe for her counsell, that each of them maye.
1400 Haue the ſpyryte 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 poffes heauen, to their hartes delyght.

1410

Finis. Q. I. P.

{illustration}

ASTRIS SAPIENS DOMINABITUR

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