

# Folger SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

Advancing knowledge & the arts

## A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

[emed.folger.edu](http://emed.folger.edu)

Discover over four hundred early modern English plays that were professionally performed in London between 1576 and 1642. Browse plays written by Shakespeare's contemporaries; explore the repertoires of London's professional companies; and download plays for reading and research.

This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



Plays distributed under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License.

img: 1-a  
sig: [N/A]

img: 1-b  
sig: A2r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

In 0008

In 0009

THE  
Old Wiues Tale.

A pleasant conceited Come-  
die, played by the Queenes Ma-  
iesties players.

Written by *G. P.*

Printed at London by *Iohn Danter*, and are to  
be sold by *Raph Hancocke*, and *Iohn*  
*Hardie*. 1595.

img: 2-a  
sig: A2v

img: 2-b  
sig: A3r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

The old VViues  
Tale.  
  
*Enter Anticke, Frolicke and Fantasticke.*

wln 0004

*Anticke.*

wln 0005

HOW nowe fellowe *Franticke*,  
what all a mort? Doth this sad-  
nes become thy madnes? What  
though wee haue lost our way  
in the woodes, yet neuer hang  
the head, as though thou hadst  
no hope to liue till to morrow: for *Fantasticke*  
and I will warrant thy life to night for twenty in  
the hundred.

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

wln 0018

*Frolicke:* *Anticke* and *Fantasticke*, as I am  
frollicke franion, neuer in all my life was I so  
dead slaine. What? to loose our way in the  
woode, without either fire or candle so vncom-  
fortable? *O cœlum! O terra! O maria! O Neptune!*

A3

*Fan-*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0019  
wln 0020  
wln 0021  
wln 0022  
wln 0023  
wln 0024  
wln 0025  
wln 0026  
wln 0027  
wln 0028  
wln 0029  
wln 0030  
wln 0031  
wln 0032  
wln 0033  
wln 0034  
wln 0035  
wln 0036  
wln 0037  
wln 0038  
wln 0039  
wln 0040  
wln 0041  
wln 0042  
wln 0043  
wln 0044  
wln 0045  
wln 0046  
wln 0047

*Fantas.* Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our yong master to the faire Lady and she is the only Saint that he hath sworne to serue.

*Frollicke.* What resteth then but wee commit him to his wench, and each of vs take his stand vp in a Tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of O man in desperation.

*Ant.* Desperately spoken fellow Frollicke in the darke: but seeing it falles out thus, let vs rehearse the old prouerb.

*Three merrie men, and three merrie men,  
And three merrie men be wee.*

*I in the wood, and thou on the ground,  
And Iacke sleepes in the tree.*

*Fan.* Hush a dogge in the wood, or a wooden dogge, O comfortable hearing! I had euen as liue the Chamberlaine of the white Horse had called me vp to bed.

*Frol.* Eyther hath this trotting Cur gone out of his cyrcuit, or els are we nere some village,

*Enter a Smith with a Lanthorne & Candle.*  
which should not be farre off, for I perceiue the glymring of a Gloworme, a Candle, or a Cats eye, my life for a halfe pennie. In the name of my own father, be thou Oxe or Asse that appearest, tell vs what thou art.

*Smith.* What am I? Why I am Clunch the Smith, what are you, what make you in my ter-

ritories

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0048  
wln 0049  
wln 0050  
wln 0051  
wln 0052  
wln 0053  
wln 0054  
wln 0055  
wln 0056  
wln 0057  
wln 0058  
wln 0059  
wln 0060  
wln 0061  
wln 0062  
wln 0063  
wln 0064  
wln 0065  
wln 0066  
wln 0067  
wln 0068  
wln 0069  
wln 0070  
wln 0071  
wln 0072  
wln 0073  
wln 0074  
wln 0075  
wln 0076

ritories at this time of the night?

*Ant.* What doe we make dost thou aske? why we make faces for feare: such as if thy mortall eyes could behold, would make thee water the long seames of thy side slops, Smith.

*Frol.* And in faith Sir vnlesse your hospitalitie doe releeeue vs, wee are like to wander with a sorrowfull hey ho, among the owlets, & Hobgoblins of the Forrest: good *Vulcan*, for Cupids sake that hath cousned vs all: befriend vs as thou maiest, and commaund vs howsoeuer, wheresoeuer, whensoeuer, in whatsoeuer, for euer and euer.

*Smith.* Well Masters it seemes to mee you haue lost your waie in the wood: in consideration whereof, if you will goe with Clunch to his Cottage, you shall haue house roome, and a good fire to sit by, although we haue no bedding to put you in.

*All.* O blessed Smith, O bountifull Clunch.

*Smith.* For your further intertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so.

*Heare a Dogge barke..*

Hearke this is Ball my Dogge that bids you all welcome in his own language, come take heed for stumbling on the threshold, open dore Madge take in guests.

*Enter old woman.*

*Ol.* Welcome Clunch & good fellowes al that come with my good mā for my good mans sake

come

*The old Viues Tale.*

wln 0077

come on sit downe here is a peece of cheese &  
a pudding of my owne making.

wln 0078

*Anticke:* Thanks Gammer a good example  
for the wiues of our towne.

wln 0079

wln 0080

*Frolicke:* Gammer thou and thy good man  
sit louingly together, we come to chat and not  
to eate.

wln 0081

wln 0082

wln 0083

*Smith:* Well Masters if you will eate no-  
thing take away: Come, what doo we to passe  
away the time? Lay a crab in the fire to rost for  
Lambes-wooll; what shall wee haue a game at  
Trumpe or Ruffe to driue away the time, how  
say you?

wln 0084

wln 0085

wln 0086

wln 0087

wln 0088

wln 0089

*Fantasticke:* This Smith leades a life as mer-  
rie as a King with *Madge* his wife; Syrrha *Fro-  
licke*, I am sure thou art not without some  
round or other, no doubt but Clunch can beare  
his part.

wln 0090

wln 0091

wln 0092

wln 0093

wln 0094

wln 0095

*Frolicke:* Els thinke you mee ill brought vp,  
so set to it when you will.

wln 0096

*they sing.*

wln 0097

*Song.*

wln 0098

*WHen as the Rie reach to the chin,  
And chopcherrie chopcherrie ripe within,  
Strawberries swimming in the creame,  
And schoole boyes playing in the streame:  
Then O, then O, then O my true loue said,  
Till that time come againe,  
Shee could not liue a maid.*

wln 0099

wln 0100

wln 0101

wln 0102

wln 0103

wln 0104

*Anticke*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0105  
wln 0106  
wln 0107  
wln 0108  
wln 0109  
wln 0110  
wln 0111  
wln 0112  
wln 0113  
wln 0114  
wln 0115  
wln 0116  
wln 0117  
wln 0118  
wln 0119  
wln 0120  
wln 0121  
wln 0122  
wln 0123  
wln 0124  
wln 0125  
wln 0126  
wln 0127  
wln 0128  
wln 0129  
wln 0130  
wln 0131  
wln 0132  
wln 0133

*Ant:* This sport dooes well: but me thinkes  
Gammer, a merry winters tale would driue a-  
way the time trimly, come I am sure you are not  
without a score.

*Fantast:* I faith Gammer a tale of an howre  
long were as good as an howres sleepe.

*Frol:* Looke you Gammer, of the Gyant  
and the Kings Daughter, and I know not what,  
I haue seene the day when I was a litle one, you  
might haue drawne mee a mile after you with  
such a discourse.

*Old woman:* Well, since you be so importu-  
nate, my good man shall fill the pot and get him  
to bed, they that ply their worke must keepe  
good howres, one of you goe lye with him, he  
is a cleane skind man I tell you, without either  
spauin or windgall, so I am content to driue a-  
way the time with an old wiues winters tale.

*Fantast:* No better hay in Deuonshire, a my  
word Gammer, Ile be one of of your audience.

*Frollicke:* And I another thats flat.

*Anticke:* Then must I to bed with the good  
man, *Bona nox* Gammer, God night *Frollicke*.

*Smith:* Come on my Lad, thou shalt take  
thy vnnaturall rest with me.

*Exeunt Anticke and the Smith.*

*Frollicke:* Yet this vantage shall we haue of  
them in the morning, to bee ready at the sight  
thereof extempore.



*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0134  
wln 0135  
wln 0136  
wln 0137  
wln 0138  
wln 0139  
wln 0140  
wln 0141  
wln 0142  
wln 0143  
wln 0144  
wln 0145  
wln 0146  
wln 0147  
wln 0148  
wln 0149  
wln 0150  
wln 0151  
wln 0152  
wln 0153  
wln 0154  
wln 0155  
wln 0156  
wln 0157  
wln 0158  
wln 0159  
wln 0160  
wln 0161  
wln 0162

*Old wom:* Nowe this bargaine my Masters  
must I make with you, that you will say hum &  
ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

*Both:* Content Gammer that will we doo.

*Old wom:* Once vppon a time there was a  
King or a Lord, or a Duke that had a faire daugh-  
ter, the fairest that euer was; as white as snowe,  
and as redd as bloud: and once vppon a time his  
daughter was stollen away, and hee sent all his  
men to seeke out his daughter, and hee sent so  
long, that he sent all his men out of his Land.

*Frol:* Who drest his dinner then?

*Old woman:* Nay either heare my tale,  
or kisse my taile.

*Fan:* Well sed, on with your tale Gammer.

*Old woman:* O Lord I quite forgot, there  
was a Coniurer, and this Coniurer could doo  
anything, and hee turned himselfe into a great  
Dragon, and carried the Kinges Daughter away  
in his mouth to a Castle that hee made of stone,  
and there he kept hir I know not how long, till  
at last all the Kinges men went out so long, that  
hir two Brothers went to seeke hir. O I forget:  
she (he I would say) turned a proper yong man  
to a Beare in the night, and a man in the day, and  
keeps by a crosse that parts three seuerall waies,  
& he made his Lady run mad: gods me bones  
who comes here?

*Enter the two Brothers.*

*Frol:* Soft Gammer, here some come to tell

your

wln 0163  
wln 0164  
wln 0165  
wln 0166  
wln 0167  
wln 0168  
wln 0169  
wln 0170  
wln 0171  
wln 0172  
wln 0173  
wln 0174  
wln 0175  
wln 0176  
wln 0177  
wln 0178  
wln 0179  
wln 0180  
wln 0181  
wln 0182  
wln 0183  
wln 0184  
wln 0185  
wln 0186  
wln 0187  
wln 0188  
wln 0189  
wln 0190  
wln 0191

your tale for you.

*Fant:* Let them alone, let vs heare what they will say.

*1. Brother:* Vpon these chalkie Cliffs of *Albion*  
We are ariued now with tedious toile,  
And compassing the wide world round about  
To seeke our sister, to seeke faire *Delya* forth,  
Yet cannot we so much as heare of hir.

*2. Brother:* O fortune cruell, cruell & vnkind,  
Vnkind in that we cannot find our sister;  
Our sister haples in hir cruell chance:  
Soft who haue we here.

*Enter Senex at the Crosse stooping to gather.*

*1. Brother:* Now father God be your speed,  
What doo you gather there?

*Old man:* Hips and Hawes, and stickes and  
strawes, and thinges that I gather on the ground  
my sonne.

*1. Brother:* Hips and Hawes, and stickes and  
strawes, why is that all your foode father?

*Old man:* Yea sonne.

*2. Brother:* Father, here is an Almes pennie  
for mee, and if I speede in that I goe for, I will  
giue thee as good a Gowne of gray as euer thou  
diddest weare.

*1. Brother:* And Father here is another almes  
pennie for me, and if I speede in my iourney, I  
will giue thee a Palmers staffe of yuorie, and a  
scallop shell of beaten gold.

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0192  
wln 0193  
wln 0194  
wln 0195  
wln 0196  
wln 0197  
wln 0198  
wln 0199  
wln 0200  
wln 0201  
wln 0202  
wln 0203  
wln 0204  
wln 0205  
wln 0206  
wln 0207  
wln 0208  
wln 0209  
wln 0210  
wln 0211  
wln 0212  
wln 0213  
wln 0214  
wln 0215  
wln 0216  
wln 0217  
wln 0218  
wln 0219  
wln 0220

*Old man:* Was shee fayre?  
*2. Brother:* I the fairest for white, and the pu-  
rest for redd, as the blood of the Deare, or the  
driuen snow: (old spell:  
*Old m:* Then harke well and marke well, my  
Be not afraid of euery stranger,  
Start not aside at euery danger:  
Things that seeme are not the same,  
Blow a blast at euery flame:  
For when one flame of fire goes out,  
Then comes your wishes well about:  
If any aske who told you this good,  
Say the white Beare of Englands wood.  
*1. Brother:* Brother heard you not what the  
old man said:  
Be not afraid of euery stranger,  
Start not aside for euery danger:  
Things that seeme are not the same,  
Blow a blast at euery flame:  
If any aske who told you this good,  
Say the white Beare of Englands wood.  
*2. Brother:* Well if this doo vs any good,  
Wel fare the white Bear of Englands wood. *ex.*  
*Old ma:* Now sit thee here & tel a heauy tale.  
Sad in thy moode, and sober in thy cheere,  
Here sit thee now and to thy selfe relate,  
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.  
In *Thessalie* I liu'd in sweete content,  
Vntill that Fortune wrought my ouerthrow;

For

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0221  
wln 0222  
wln 0223  
wln 0224  
wln 0225  
wln 0226  
wln 0227  
wln 0228  
wln 0229  
wln 0230  
wln 0231  
wln 0232  
wln 0233  
wln 0234  
wln 0235  
wln 0236  
wln 0237  
wln 0238  
wln 0239  
wln 0240  
wln 0241  
wln 0242  
wln 0243  
wln 0244  
wln 0245  
wln 0246  
wln 0247  
wln 0248  
wln 0249

For there I wedded was vnto a dame,  
That liu'd in honor, vertue, loue, and fame:  
But *Sacrapant* that cursed sorcerer,  
Being besotted with my beauteous loue:  
My deerest loue, my true betrothed wife,  
Did seeke the meanes to rid me of my life.  
But worse than this, he with his chanting spels,  
Did turne me straight vnto an vgly Beare;  
And when the sunne doth settle in the west,  
Then I begin to don my vgly hide:  
And all the day I sit, as now you see,  
And speake in riddles all inspirde with rage,  
Seeming an olde and miserable man:  
And yet I am in Aprill of my age.

*Enter Venelia his Lady mad; and goes in againe.*

See where *Venelya* my betrothed loue,  
Runs madding all inrag'd about the woods;  
All by his curssed and inchanting spels.

*Enter Lampriscus with a pot of Honny.*

But here comes *Lampriscus* my discontented  
neighbour. How now neighbour, you looke  
towards the ground aswell as I, you muse on  
something.

*Lamp:* Neighbour on nothing, but on the  
matter I so often mooued to you: if you do any  
thing for charity, helpe me; if for neighborhood  
or brotherhood, helpe me: neuer was one so  
combered as is poore *Lampriscus*: and to be-  
gin, I pray receiue this pottle of Honny to mend

wln 0250  
wln 0251  
wln 0252  
wln 0253  
wln 0254  
wln 0255  
wln 0256  
wln 0257  
wln 0258  
wln 0259  
wln 0260  
wln 0261  
wln 0262  
wln 0263  
wln 0264  
wln 0265  
wln 0266  
wln 0267  
wln 0268  
wln 0269  
wln 0270  
wln 0271  
wln 0272  
wln 0273  
wln 0274  
wln 0275  
wln 0276  
wln 0277  
wln 0278

your fare.

*Old man:* Thankes neighbor, set it downe,  
Honny is alwaies welcome to the Beare.  
And now neighbour let me heere the cause of  
your comming.

*Lampriscus:* I am (as you knowe neigh-  
bour) a man vnmarried, and liued so vnquietly  
with my two wiues, that I keepe euery yeare  
holy the day wherein I buried thē both; the first  
was on saint *Andrewes* day; the other on saint  
*Lukes*.

*Old man:* And now neighbour, you of this  
country say, your custome is out: but on with  
your tale neighbour.

*Lamp:* By my first wife, whose tongue wea-  
ried me aliue, and sounded in my eares like the  
clapper of a great Bell, whose talke was a conti-  
nuall torment to all that dwelt by her, or liued  
nigh her, you haue heard me say I had a hand-  
some daughter.

*Old man:* True neighbour.

*Lampr:* Shee it is that afflictes me with her  
continuall clamoures, and hangs on me like a  
Burre: poore shee is, and proude shee is, as  
poore as a sheepe new shorne, and as proude  
of her hopes, as a Peacock of her taile well  
growne.

*Old man:* Well said *Lampriscus*, you speake  
it like an Englishman.

*Lampr:*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0279  
wln 0280  
wln 0281  
wln 0282  
wln 0283  
wln 0284  
wln 0285  
wln 0286  
wln 0287  
wln 0288  
wln 0289  
wln 0290  
wln 0291  
wln 0292  
wln 0293  
wln 0294  
wln 0295  
wln 0296  
wln 0297  
wln 0298  
wln 0299  
wln 0300  
wln 0301  
wln 0302  
wln 0303  
wln 0304  
wln 0305  
wln 0306  
wln 0307

*Lampr:* As curst as a waspe, and as frowarde  
as a childe new taken from the mothers teate,  
shee is to my age, as smoake to the eyes, or as vi-  
negar to the teeth.

*Old man:* Holily praised neighbour, as much  
for the next.

*Lampr:* By my other wife I had a daughter,  
so hard fauoured, so foule and ill faced, that I  
thinke a groue full of golden trees; and the  
leaues of Rubies and Dyamonds, would not  
bee a dowrie aunswerable to her deformati-  
tie.

*Old man:* Well neighbour, nowe you haue  
spoke, heere me speake; send them to the Well  
for the water of life: there shall they finde their  
fortunes vnlooked for; Neighbour farewell.

*Lampr:* Farewell and a thousand, and now  
goeth poore *Lampryscus* to put in execution  
this excellent counsell.

*Frol:* Why this goes rounde without a fid-  
ling stick; but doo you heare Gammer, was this  
the man that was a Beare in the night, and a  
man in the day?

*Old woman:* I this is hee; and this man that  
came to him was a beggar, and dwelt vppon a  
greene. But soft, who comes here? O these are  
the haruest men; ten to one they sing a song of  
mowing.

*Exit.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0308  
wln 0309  
wln 0310  
wln 0311  
wln 0312  
wln 0313  
wln 0314  
wln 0315  
wln 0316  
wln 0317  
wln 0318  
wln 0319  
wln 0320  
wln 0321  
wln 0322  
wln 0323  
wln 0324  
wln 0325  
wln 0326  
wln 0327  
wln 0328  
wln 0329  
wln 0330  
wln 0331  
wln 0332  
wln 0333  
wln 0334  
wln 0335  
wln 0336

*Enter the haruest men a singing, with this  
Song double repeated  
All yee that louely louers be, pray you for me,  
Loe here we come a sowing, a sowing,  
And sowe sweete fruites of loue:*

*In your sweete hearts well may it prooue.*

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Huanebango with his two hand sword,  
and Booby the Clowne.*

*Fant:* Gammer, what is he?

*Old woman:* O this is one that is going to the  
coniurer, let him alone, here what he sayes.

*Huan:* Now by *Mars and Mercury, Iupiter*  
and *Ianus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta,*  
*Pallas and Proserpina,* and by the honor of my  
house *Polimackeroeplacydus,* it is a wonder to see  
what this loue will make silly fellowes aduen-  
ture, euen in the wane of their wits, and infansie  
of their discretion. Alas my friend what fortune  
calles thee foorth to seeke thy fortune among  
brasen gates, enchanted towers, fire and Brim-  
stone, thunder and lightning. Beautie I tell thee  
is peerelesse, and she precious whom thou af-  
fectest: do off these desires good countriman,  
good friend runne away from thy selfe, and so  
soone as thou canst, forget her; whom none  
must inherit but he that can monsters tame, la-  
boures atchiue, riddles absolue, loose inchant-  
ments, murther magicke, and kill coniuring: and  
that is the great and mighty *Huanebango.*

*Booby:*

*The Old Viues tale.*

wln 0337  
wln 0338  
wln 0339  
wln 0340  
wln 0341  
wln 0342  
wln 0343  
wln 0344  
wln 0345  
wln 0346  
wln 0347  
wln 0348  
wln 0349  
wln 0350  
wln 0351  
wln 0352  
wln 0353  
wln 0354  
wln 0355  
wln 0356  
wln 0357  
wln 0358  
wln 0359  
wln 0360  
wln 0361  
wln 0362  
wln 0363  
wln 0364  
wln 0365

*Booby:* Harke you sir, harke you; First know I haue here the flurting feather, and haue giuen the Parish the start for the long stocke: Nowe sir if it bee no more but running through a little lightning and thunder, and riddle me riddle me whats this, Ile haue the wench from the Coniurer if he were ten Coniurers.

*Huan:* I haue abandoned the Court and honourable company, to doo my deuoyre against this sore Sorcerer and mighty Magitian: if this Ladie be so faire as she is said to bee, she is mine, she is mine, *Meus, mea, meum, in contemptum omnium Grammaticorum.*

*Booby:* *O falsum Latinum!* the faire maide is *minum, cum apurtinantibus gibletes* and all.

*Huan:* If shee bee mine, as I assure my selfe the heauens will doo somewhat to reward my worthines; shee shall bee allied to none of the meanest gods; but bee inuested in the most famous stocke of *Huanebango polimackeroeplacidus*, my Grandfather: my father *Pergopolyneo*: my mother, *Dyonora de Sardynya*: famouslie descended.

*Booby:* Doo you heare sir; had not you a Cosen, that was called *Gustecerydis*?

*Huan:* Indeede I had a Cosen, that sometime followed the Court infortunately, and his name *Bustegustecerydis*.

*Booby:* O Lord I know him well: hee is the

C

knight



*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0366  
wln 0367  
wln 0368  
wln 0369  
wln 0370  
wln 0371  
wln 0372  
wln 0373  
wln 0374  
wln 0375  
wln 0376  
wln 0377  
wln 0378  
wln 0379  
wln 0380  
wln 0381  
wln 0382  
wln 0383  
wln 0384  
wln 0385  
wln 0386  
wln 0387  
wln 0388  
wln 0389  
wln 0390  
wln 0391  
wln 0392  
wln 0393

knight of the neates feete.

*Huan:* O he lou'd no Capon better, he hath oftentimes deceiued his boy of his dinner, that was his fault good *Bustegustecerydis*.

*Booby:* Come shall we goe along? Soft, here is an olde man at the Crosse, let vs aske him the way thither. Ho, you Gaffer, I pray you tell where the wise man the Coniurer dwells?

*Huan:* Where that earthly Goddesses keepeth hir abode; the commander of my thoughts, and faire Mistres of my heart.

*Old man:* Faire inough, and farre inough from thy fingering sonne.

*Huan:* I will followe my Fortune after mine owne fancie, and doo according to mine owne discretion.

*Old man:* Yet giue some thing to an old man before you goe.

*Huan:* Father mee thinkes a peece of this Cake might serue your turne.

*Old man:* Yea sonne.

*Huan:* *Huanabango* giueth no Cakes for Almes, aske of them that giue giftes for poore Beggars. Faire Lady, if thou wert once shri-  
ned in this bosome, I would buckler thee hara-  
tantara.

*Exit.*

*Booby:* Father doo you see this man, you litle thinke heele run a mile or two for such a Cake,

or

*The Old Viues tale.*

wln 0394  
wln 0395  
wln 0396  
wln 0397  
wln 0398  
wln 0399  
wln 0400  
wln 0401  
wln 0402  
wln 0403  
wln 0404  
wln 0405  
wln 0406  
wln 0407  
wln 0408  
wln 0409  
wln 0410  
wln 0411  
wln 0412

or passe for a pudding, I tell you father hee has kept such a begging of mee for a peece of this Cake, whoo he comes vppon me with a super-fantiall substance, and the foyson of the earth, that I know not what he meanes: If hee came to me thus, and said, my friend *Booby* or so, why I could spare him a peece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched mee aboue other fellowes with a Cake: why hee makes me blinde and deafe at once: Yet father heere is a peece of Cake for you as harde as the world goes.

*Old man:* Thanks sonne, but list to mee,  
He shall be deafe when thou shalt not see;  
Farewell my sonne things may so hit,  
Thou maist haue wealth to mend thy wit.

*Booby:* Farewell father, farewell; for I must make hast after my two hand sword that is gone before.

*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 0413

*Enter Sacrapant in his studie.*

wln 0414  
wln 0415  
wln 0416  
wln 0417  
wln 0418  
wln 0419  
wln 0420

*Sacrapant:* The day is cleare, the Welkin bright and gray,  
The Larke is merrie, and records hir notes;  
Each thing reioyseth vnderneath the Skie,  
But onely I whom heauen hath in hate:  
Wretched and miserable *Sacrapant*,  
In *Thessalie* was I borne and brought vp,

C2

My

img: 10-a  
sig: C2v

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0421  
wln 0422  
wln 0423  
wln 0424  
wln 0425  
wln 0426  
wln 0427  
wln 0428  
wln 0429  
wln 0430  
wln 0431  
wln 0432  
wln 0433  
wln 0434  
wln 0435  
wln 0436  
wln 0437  
wln 0438  
wln 0439  
wln 0440  
wln 0441  
wln 0442  
wln 0443  
wln 0444  
wln 0445  
wln 0446  
wln 0447  
wln 0448  
wln 0449

My mother *Meroe* hight a famous Witch,  
And by hir cunning I of hir did learne,  
To change and alter shapes of mortall men.  
There did I turne my selfe into a Dragon,  
And stole away the Daughter to the King;  
Faire *Delya*, the Mistres of my heart:  
And brought hir hither to reuiue the man,  
That seemeth yong and pleasant to behold,  
And yet is aged, crooked, weake and numbe.  
Thus by inchaunting spells I doo deceiue,  
Those that behold and looke vpon my face;  
But well may I bid youthfull yeares adue:

*Enter Delya with a pot in hir hand.* (grow,

See where she coms from whence my sorrows  
How now faire *Delya* where haue you bin?

*Delya:* At the foote of the Rocke for run-  
ning water, and gathering rootes for your din-  
ner sir.

*Sacr:* Ah *Delya*, fairer art thou than the run-  
ning water, yet harder farre than steele or Ada-  
mant.

*Delya:* Will it please you to sit downe sir.

*Sacr:* I *Delya*, sit & aske me what thou wilt,  
thou shalt haue it brought into thy lappe.

*Delya:* Then I pray you sir let mee haue the  
best meate from the king of *Englands* table, and  
the best wine in all *France*, brought in by the ve-  
riest knaue in all *Spaine*.

*Sacr:* *Delya* I am glad to see you so pleasant,

well

*The old Viues tale.*

wln 0450  
wln 0451  
wln 0452  
wln 0453  
wln 0454  
wln 0455  
wln 0456  
wln 0457  
wln 0458  
wln 0459  
wln 0460  
wln 0461  
wln 0462  
wln 0463  
wln 0464  
wln 0465  
wln 0466  
wln 0467  
wln 0468  
wln 0469  
wln 0470  
wln 0471  
wln 0472  
wln 0473  
wln 0474  
wln 0475  
wln 0476  
wln 0477  
wln 0478

well sit thee downe.

*Sacr:* Spred table spred; meat, drinke & bred  
Euer may I haue, what I euer craue:  
When I am spred, for meate for my black cock,  
And meate for my red.

*Enter a Frier with a chine of Beefe and  
a pot of wine.*

*Sacr:* Heere *Delya*, will yee fall to.

*Del:* Is this the best meate in England?

*Sacr:* Yea.

*Del:* What is it?

*Sacr:* A chine of English beefe, meate for a  
And a kings followers. (king)

*Del:* Is this the best wine in *France*?

*Sacr:* Yea.

*Del:* What Wine is it?

*Sacr:* A cup of neate wine of *Orleance*,  
That neuer came neer the brewers in England.

*Del:* Is this the veriest knaue in all *Spaine*?

*Sacr:* Yea.

*Del:* What is he a Fryer?

*Sacr:* Yea a Frier indefinit, & a knaue infinit.

*Del:* Then I pray ye sir Frier tell me before  
you goe, which is the most greediest English-  
man?

*Fryer:* The miserable and most couetous  
Vsurer.

*Sacr:* Holde thee there Friar,  
But soft who haue we heere, *Delia* away begon.

*Exit Friar.*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

*Enter the two Brothers.*

*Delya* away, for beset are we,  
But heauen or hell shall rescue her for me.

1. *Br.* Brother, was not that *Delya* did appeare?  
Or was it but her shadow that was here?

2. *Bro:* Sister, where art thou? *Delya* come again  
He calles, that of thy absence doth complaine.  
Call out *Calypha* that she may heare,  
And crie aloud, for *Delya* is neere.

*Eccho:* Neere.

1. *Br:* Neere, O where, hast thou any tidings?

*Eccho:* Tidings.

2. *Br:* Which way is *Delya* then, or that, or

*Eccho:* This. (this?)

1. *Br:* And may we safely come where *Delia*

*Eccho:* Yes. (is

2. *Bro:* Brother remember you the white

Beare of Englands wood:

Start not a side for euery danger,

Be not afeard of euery stranger;

Things that seeme, are not the same. (enter.

1. *Br:* Brother, why do we not thē coragiously

2. *Br:* Then brother draw thy sword & follow

*Enter the Coniurer; it lightens & thunders, the 2. Brother falles downe.* (me.

1. *Br:* What brother doost thou fall?

*Sacr:* I, and thou to *Calypha*.

*Fall 1. Brother. Enter two furies.*

*Adestes Dæmones:* away with them,

Go

img: 11-b  
sig: C4r

*The old Viues tale.*

wln 0508  
wln 0509  
wln 0510  
wln 0511  
wln 0512  
wln 0513  
wln 0514  
wln 0515  
wln 0516  
wln 0517  
wln 0518  
wln 0519  
wln 0520  
wln 0521  
wln 0522  
wln 0523  
wln 0524  
wln 0525  
wln 0526  
wln 0527  
wln 0528  
wln 0529  
wln 0530  
wln 0531  
wln 0532  
wln 0533  
wln 0534  
wln 0535  
wln 0536

Go cary them straight to *Sacrapantos* cell,  
There in despaire and torture for to dwell;  
These are *Thenores* sonnes of *Thessaly*,  
That come to seeke *Delya* their sister forth:  
But with a potion, I to her haue giuen,  
My arts hath made her to forget her selfe.

*He remooues a turfe, and shewes a light in a glasse.*

See heere the thing which doth prolong my life  
With this inchantment I do any thing.  
And till this fade, my skill shall still endure,  
And neuer none shall breake this little glasse,  
But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maide.  
Then cheere thy selfe, this is thy destinie,  
Neuer to die, but by a dead mans hand.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Eumenides the wandring Knight,  
and the old man at the crosse.*

*Eum:* Tell me Time, tell me iust Time,  
When shall I *Delia* see?  
When shall I see the loadstar of my life? (sight?)  
When shall my wandring course end with her  
Or I but view my hope, my hearts delight.  
Father God speede, if you tell fortunes, I pray  
good father tell me mine.

*Old man:* Sonne I do see in thy face,  
Thy blessed fortune worke apace;  
I do perceiue that thou hast wit,  
Beg of thy fate to gouerne it,  
For wisdom gouern'd by aduise,  
Makes many fortunate and wise.

Bestowe

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0537  
wln 0538  
wln 0539  
wln 0540  
wln 0541  
wln 0542  
wln 0543  
wln 0544  
wln 0545  
wln 0546  
wln 0547  
wln 0548  
wln 0549  
wln 0550  
wln 0551  
wln 0552  
wln 0553  
wln 0554  
wln 0555  
wln 0556  
wln 0557  
wln 0558  
wln 0559  
wln 0560  
wln 0561  
wln 0562  
wln 0563  
wln 0564  
wln 0565

Bestowe thy almes, giue more than all,  
Till dead mens bones come at thy call:  
Farewell my sonne, dreame of no rest,  
Til thou repent that thou didst best.

*Eum.* This man hath left me in a Laborinth,  
He biddeth me giue more than all,  
Till dead mens bones come at thy call:  
He biddeth me dreame of no rest,  
Till I repent that I do best.

*Enter Wiggen, Corobus, Churchwarden and Sexten.*

*WViggen:* You may be ashamed, you whorson scald Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had any shame in those shamelesse faces of yours, to let a poore man lie so long aboue ground vnburied. A rot on you all, that haue no more compassion of a good fellow when he is gone.

*Simon:* What would you haue vs to burie him, and to aunswere it our selues to the parrishe?

*Sexton:* Parish me no parishes, pay me my fees, and let the rest runne on in the quarters accounts, and put it downe for one of your good deedes a Gods name, for I am not one that curiously stands vpon merits.

*Corobus:* You whoreson sodden headed sheepes-face, shall a good fellow do lesse seruice and more honestie to the parish, & will you not when he is dead let him haue Christmas buriall.

*Exit Old m.*

*WViggen:*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0566  
wln 0567  
wln 0568  
wln 0569  
wln 0570  
wln 0571  
wln 0572  
wln 0573  
wln 0574  
wln 0575  
wln 0576  
wln 0577  
wln 0578  
wln 0579  
wln 0580  
wln 0581  
wln 0582  
wln 0583  
wln 0584  
wln 0585  
wln 0586  
wln 0587  
wln 0588  
wln 0589  
wln 0590  
wln 0591  
wln 0592  
wln 0593  
wln 0594

*VViggen:* Peace *Corebus*, assure as *Iack* was  
*Iack*, the frolickst frannion amongst you, and I  
*VViggen* his sweete sworne brother, *Iack* shall  
haue his funerals, or some of them shall lie on  
Gods deare earth for it, thats once.

*Churchwa:* *VViggen* I hope thou wilt do no  
more then thou darst aunswer.

*VVig:* Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or lesse,  
aunswer or not aunswer, do this, or haue this.

*Sex:* Helpe, helpe, helpe, *VViggen* sets vpon  
the parish with a Pike staffe.

*Eumenides awakes and comes to them.*

*Eum:* Hould thy hands good fellow.

*Core:* Can you blame him sir, if he take *Iacks*  
part against this shake rotten parish that will not  
burie *Iack*.

*Eum:* Why what was that *Iack*?

*Coreb:* Who *Iack* sir, who our *Iack* sir? as  
good a fellow as euer troade vppon Neats lea-  
ther.

*VViggen:* Looke you sir, he gaue foure score  
and nineteene mourning gownes to the parish  
when he died, and because he would not make  
them vp a full hundred, they would not bury  
him; was not this good dealing?

*Churchwar:* Oh Lord sir how he lies, he was  
not worth a halfepenny, and drunke out euery  
penny: and nowe his fellowes, his drunken  
companions, would haue vs to burie him at the



wln 0595  
wln 0596  
wln 0597  
wln 0598  
wln 0599  
wln 0600  
wln 0601  
wln 0602  
wln 0603  
wln 0604  
wln 0605  
wln 0606  
wln 0607  
wln 0608  
wln 0609  
wln 0610  
wln 0611  
wln 0612  
wln 0613  
wln 0614  
wln 0615  
wln 0616  
wln 0617  
wln 0618  
wln 0619  
wln 0620  
wln 0621  
wln 0622  
wln 0623

charge of the parish, and we make many such matches, we may pull downe the steeple, sell the Belles, and thatche the chauncell: he shall lie aboue ground till he daunce a galliard about the churchyard for *Steeuen Loache*.

*VViggen:* *Sic argumentaris domine Loache;* and we make many such matches, we may pull downe the steeple, sell the Belles, and thatche the chauncell: in good time sir, and hang your seluesin the Bell ropes when you haue done, *Domine oponens præpono tibi hanc questionem,* whether will you haue the ground broken, or your pates broken: first, for one of them shall be done presently, and to begin mine, ile seale it vpon your cockescome.

*Eum:* Hould thy hands, I pray thee good fellow be not too hastie.

*Coreb:* You Capons face, we shall haue you turnd out of the parish one of these dayes, with neuer a tatter to your arse, then you are in worse taking then *Iack*.

*Eumen* Faith and he is bad enough: this fellow does but the part of a friend, to seeke to burie his friend; how much will burie him?

*VViggen:* Faith, about some fiteene or sixteene shillings will bestow him honestly.

*Sexton:* I euen there abouts sir.

*Eumen:* Heere hould it then, and I haue left me but one poore three halfe pence; now do I

remem-

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0624  
wln 0625  
wln 0626  
wln 0627  
wln 0628  
wln 0629  
wln 0630  
wln 0631  
wln 0632  
wln 0633  
wln 0634  
wln 0635  
wln 0636  
wln 0637  
wln 0638  
wln 0639  
wln 0640  
wln 0641  
wln 0642  
wln 0643  
wln 0644  
wln 0645  
wln 0646  
wln 0647  
wln 0648  
wln 0649  
wln 0650  
wln 0651  
wln 0652

remember the wordes the old man spake at the  
crosse; bestowe all thou hast, and this is all, till  
dead mens bones comes at thy call, heare holde  
it, and so farewell.

*VVig:* God, and all good, bee with you sir;  
naie you cormorants, ile bestowe one peale of  
*Iack* at mine owne proper costs and charges.

*Coreb:* You may thanke God the long staffe  
and the bilbowe blade, crost not your cockes-  
combe; well weelee to the church stile, and haue  
a pot, and so tryll lyll.

*Both:* Come lets go.

*Exeunt.*

*Fant:* But harke you gammer, me thinkes  
this *Iack* bore a great sway in the parish.

*Old woman:* O this *Iack* was a maruelous fel-  
low, he was but a poore man, but very well be-  
loured: you shall see anon what this *Iack* will  
come to.

*Enter the haruest men singing, with wo-  
men in their hands.*

*Frol:* Soft, who haue wee heere? our amo-  
rous harueststarres.

*Fant:* I, I, let vs sit still and let them alone.  
*Heere they begin to sing, the  
song doubled.*

*Loe heere we come a reaping, a reaping,  
To reape our haruest fruite,  
And thus we passe the yeare so long,  
And neuer be we mute.*

*Exit* the haruest mē.

D2

*Enter*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0653  
wln 0654  
wln 0655  
wln 0656  
wln 0657  
wln 0658  
wln 0659  
wln 0660  
wln 0661  
wln 0662  
wln 0663  
wln 0664  
wln 0665  
wln 0666  
wln 0667  
wln 0668  
wln 0669  
wln 0670  
wln 0671  
wln 0672  
wln 0673  
wln 0674  
wln 0675  
wln 0676  
wln 0677  
wln 0678  
wln 0679  
wln 0680  
wln 0681

*Enter Huanebango, and Corebus the clowne.*

*Frol:* Soft, who haue we here?

*Old w:* O this is a cholerick gentleman, all you that loue your liues, keepe out of the smell of his two hand sworde: nowe goes he to the coniurer.

*Fant:* Me thinkes the Coniurer should put the foole into a Iugling boxe.

*Huan:* Fee, fa, fum, here is the Englishman, Conquer him that can, came for his lady bright, To prooue himselfe a knight, And win her loue in fight.

*Cor:* Who haue maister *Bango* are you here? heare you, you had best sit downe heere, and beg an almes with me.

*Huan:* Hence base cullion, heere is he that commaundeth ingresse and egressse with his weapon, and will enter at his voluntary whoso-euer saith no.

*A voice and flame of fire:* Huanebango  
*falleth downe.*

*Voice:* No.

*Old w:* So with that they kist, and spoiled the edge of as good a two hand sword, as euer God put life in; now goes *Corebus* in, spight of the coniurer.

*Enter the Coniurer, & strike Corebus blinde.*

*Sacr:* Away with him into the open fields, To be a rauening pray to Crowes and Kites:

And

img: 14-b  
sig: D3r

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0682  
wln 0683  
wln 0684  
wln 0685  
wln 0686  
wln 0687  
wln 0688  
wln 0689  
wln 0690  
wln 0691  
wln 0692  
wln 0693  
wln 0694  
wln 0695  
wln 0696  
wln 0697  
wln 0698  
wln 0699  
wln 0700  
wln 0701  
wln 0702  
wln 0703  
wln 0704  
wln 0705  
wln 0706  
wln 0707  
wln 0708  
wln 0709  
wln 0710

And for this villain let him wander vp & downe  
In nought but darkenes and eternall night.

*Cor:* Heer hast thou slain *Huā* a slashing knight  
And robbed poore *Corebus* of his sight.

*Exit.*

*Sacr:* Hence villaine hence.  
Now I haue vnto *Delya* giuen a potion of for-  
getfulnes,  
That when shee comes shee shall not know hir  
Brothers:

Lo where they labour like to Country slaues,  
With spade and mattocke on this inchaunted  
ground.

Now will I call hir by another name,  
For neuer shall she know hir selfe againe,  
Vntill that *Sacrapant* hath breathd his last.  
See where she comes.

*Enter Delya.*

Come hither *Delya* take this gode,  
Here hard at hand two slaues do worke and dig  
for gold,  
Gore them with this & thou shalt haue inough.

*He giues hir a gode.*

*Del:* Good sir I know not what you meane.

*Sacra:* She hath forgotten to be *Delya*,  
But not forgot the same she should forget:  
But I will change hir name.  
Faire *Berecynthia* so this Country calls you,  
Goe ply these strangers wench they dig for gold

*Exit Sacrapant.*

*Delya:* O heauens! how am I beholding to

D3

this

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0711  
wln 0712  
wln 0713  
wln 0714  
wln 0715  
wln 0716  
wln 0717  
wln 0718  
wln 0719  
wln 0720  
wln 0721  
wln 0722  
wln 0723  
wln 0724  
wln 0725  
wln 0726  
wln 0727  
wln 0728  
wln 0729  
wln 0730  
wln 0731  
wln 0732  
wln 0733  
wln 0734  
wln 0735  
wln 0736  
wln 0737  
wln 0738  
wln 0739

this faire yong man.

But I must ply these strangers to their worke.

See where they come.

*Enter the two Brothers in their shirts with  
spades digging.*

1. Brother: O Brother see where *Delya* is.

2. Brother: O *Delya* happy are we to see thee  
here.

*Delya*: What tell you mee of *Delya* prating  
swaines?

I know no *Delya* nor know I what you meane,  
Ply you your work or else you are like to smart.

1. Brother: Why *Delya* knowst thou not thy  
Brothers here?

We come from *Thessalie* to seeke thee forth,  
And thou deceiuest thy selfe for thou art *Delya*.

*Delya*: Yet more of *Delya*, then take this  
and smart:

What faine you shifts for to defer your labor?  
Worke villaines worke, it is for gold you digg.

2. Br: Peace brother peace, this vild inchanter  
Hath rauisht *Delya* of hir sences cleane,  
And she forgets that she is *Delya*.

1. Br: Leauē cruell thou to hurt the miserable;  
Digg brother digg, for she is hard as steele.

*Here they dig & descry the light vnder a litle hill.*

2. Br: Stay brother what hast thou descride?

*Del*: Away & touch it not, it is some thing, that  
my Lord hath hidden there.

*she couers it agen.*

*Enter*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0740  
wln 0741  
wln 0742  
wln 0743  
wln 0744  
wln 0745

*Enter Sacrapant.*

*Sacr:* Well sed, thou plyest these Pyoners  
well, goe get you in you labouring slaues.  
Come *Berecynthia*, let vs in likewise,  
And heare the Nightingale record hir notes.

*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 0746  
wln 0747  
wln 0748  
wln 0749  
wln 0750  
wln 0751  
wln 0752  
wln 0753  
wln 0754  
wln 0755  
wln 0756  
wln 0757  
wln 0758  
wln 0759  
wln 0760  
wln 0761  
wln 0762  
wln 0763  
wln 0764  
wln 0765  
wln 0766

*Enter Zantypa the curst Daughter to the well,  
with a pot in hir hand.*

*Zant:* Now for a husband, house and home,  
God send a good one or none I pray God: My  
father hath sent me to the well for the water of  
life, and tells mee if I giue faire wordes I shall  
haue a husband.

*Enter the fowle wench to the well for water with a  
pot in hir hand.*

But heere comes *Celanta* my sweete sister, Ile  
stand by and heare what she saies.

*Celant:* My father hath sent mee to the well  
for water, and he tells me if I speake faire, I shall  
haue a husband and none of the worst: Well  
though I am blacke I am sure all the world will  
not forsake mee, and as the olde prouerbe is  
though I am blacke, I am not the diuell.

*Zant:* Marrie gup with a murren, I knowe  
wherefore thou speakest that, but goe thy waies  
home as wise as thou camst, or Ile set thee home  
with a wanion.

*Here*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0767  
wln 0768  
wln 0769  
wln 0770  
wln 0771  
wln 0772  
wln 0773  
wln 0774  
wln 0775  
wln 0776  
wln 0777  
wln 0778  
wln 0779  
wln 0780  
wln 0781  
wln 0782  
wln 0783  
wln 0784  
wln 0785  
wln 0786  
wln 0787  
wln 0788  
wln 0789  
wln 0790  
wln 0791  
wln 0792  
wln 0793  
wln 0794  
wln 0795

*Here she strikes hir Pitcher against hir sisters,  
and breakes them both and goes hir way.*

*Clant:* I thinke this be the curstest queane in  
the world, you see what she is, a little faire, but  
as prowde as the diuell, and the veriest vixen that  
liues vpon Gods earth. Well Ile let hir alone,  
and goe home and get another Pitcher, and for  
all this get me to the well for water.

*Exit.*

*Enter two Furies out of the Coniurers Cell  
and laies Huanebango by the well  
of life.*

*Enter Zantippa with a Pitcher to the VWell.*

*Zant:* Once againe for a husband, & in faith  
*Celanta* I haue got the start of you; Belike hus-  
bandsgrowe by the Well side; now my father  
sayes I must rule my tongue: why alas what am  
I then? a woman without a tongue, is as a soul-  
dier without his weapon; but ile haue my wa-  
ter and be gon.

*Heere she offers to dip her Pitcher in, and a  
head speakes in the VWell.*

*Head:* Gently dip, but not too deepe,  
For feare you make the golden birde to weepe,  
Faire maiden white and red,  
Stroke me smoothe, and combe my head,  
And thou shalt haue some cockell bread.

*Zant:* What is this, faire maiden white & red,  
Combe me smooth, and stroke my head:  
And thou shalt haue some cockell bread.

Cockell

*The Old Viues tale.*

wln 0796  
wln 0797

Cockell callest thou it boy, faith ile giue you  
cockell bread.

wln 0798  
wln 0799  
wln 0800

*Shee breakes hir Pitcher vppon his heade, then it  
thunders and lightens, and Huanebango rises  
vp: Huanebango is deafe and cannot heare.*

wln 0801

*Huan:* Phylyda phylerydos, Pamphylyda

(floryda flortos,

wln 0802

Dub dud a dub, bounce quoth the guns, with a

(sulpherous huffe snuffe:

wln 0803

Wakte with a wench, pretty peat, pretty loue,

(and my sweet prettie pigsnie;

wln 0804

Iust by thy side shall sit surnamed great *Huane-*

*(bango*

wln 0805

Safe in my armes will I keepe thee, threat *Mars*

(or thunder *Olympus.*

wln 0806

*Zant:* Foe, what greasie groome haue wee

wln 0807

here? Hee looks as though hee crept out of the

wln 0808

backside of the well; and speakes like a Drum

wln 0809

perisht at the West end.

wln 0810

*Huan:* O that I might but I may not, wo

(to my destenie therefore;

wln 0811

Kisse that I claspe but I cannot, tell mee my de-

(stentie wherefore?

wln 0812

*Zant:* Whoope nowe I haue my dreame,

wln 0813

did you neuer heare so great a wonder as this?

wln 0814

Three blue beanes in a blue bladder, rattle blad-

wln 0815

der rattle.

E

*Huan:*



*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0816  
wln 0817  
wln 0818  
wln 0819  
wln 0820  
wln 0821  
wln 0822  
wln 0823  
wln 0824  
wln 0825  
wln 0826  
wln 0827  
wln 0828  
wln 0829  
wln 0830  
wln 0831  
wln 0832  
wln 0833  
wln 0834  
wln 0835  
wln 0836  
wln 0837  
wln 0838  
wln 0839  
wln 0840  
wln 0841  
wln 0842  
wln 0843  
wln 0844

*Huan:* Ile nowe set my countenance and to  
hir in prose, it may be this rim ram ruffe, is too  
rude an incounter.

Let me faire Ladie if you be at leisure, reuell  
with your sweetnes, and raile vppon that cow-  
ardly Coniurer, that hath cast me or congealed  
mee rather into an vnkinde sleepe and polluted  
my Carcasse.

*Zantypa:* Laugh, laugh *Zantypa*, thou  
hast thy fortune, a foole and a husbnde vnder  
one.

*Huan:* Truely sweete heart as I seeme, a-  
bout some twenty yeares, the very Aprill of  
mine age.

*Zantypa:* Why what a prating Asse is  
this?

*Huanebango:* Hir Corall lippes, hir crimson  
chinne,  
Hir siluer teeth so white within:  
Hir golden locks hir rowling eye,  
Hir pretty parts let them goe by:  
Hey ho hath wounded me,  
That I must die this day to see.

*Za:* By gogs bones thou art a flouting knaue,  
Hir Corall lippes, hir crimson chinne: ka wil-  
shaw.

*Huan:* True my owne and my owne be  
cause mine, & mine because mine ha ha: Aboue  
a thousand pounds in possibilitie, and things fit-

ting

*The Old Viues tale.*

wln 0845  
wln 0846  
wln 0847  
wln 0848  
wln 0849  
wln 0850  
wln 0851

ting thy desire in possession.  
*Zan:* The Sott thinks I aske of his landes,  
Lobb be your comfort, and Cuckold bee your  
destenie: Heare you sir; and if you will haue  
vs, you had best say so betime.  
*Huan:* True sweete heart and will royallize  
thy progeny with my petigree.

*Exeunt omnes.*

wln 0852

*Enter Eumenides the wandring Knight.*

wln 0853  
wln 0854  
wln 0855  
wln 0856  
wln 0857  
wln 0858

*Eu:* Wretched *Eumenides*, still vnfortunate,  
Enuied by fortune, and forlorne by Fate;  
Here pine and die wretched *Eumenides*.  
Die in the spring, the Aprill of my age?  
Here sit thee down, repent what thou hast don  
I would to God that it were nere begon.

wln 0859  
wln 0860  
wln 0861  
wln 0862  
wln 0863  
wln 0864  
wln 0865  
wln 0866  
wln 0867  
wln 0868  
wln 0869  
wln 0870

*Enter Iacke.*

*Iacke:* You are well ouertaken sir.  
*Eum:* Who's that?  
*Iacke:* You are heartily well met sir.  
*Eum:* Forbear I say, who is that which pin-  
cheth mee?  
*Iacke:* Trusting in God good Master *Eume-*  
*nides*, that you are in so good health as all your  
friendes were at the making hereof: God giue  
you God morrowe sir, lacke you not a neate  
handsome and cleanly yong Lad, about the age  
of fiftene or sixtene yeares, that can runne

E2

by

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0871  
wln 0872  
wln 0873  
wln 0874  
wln 0875  
wln 0876  
wln 0877  
wln 0878  
wln 0879  
wln 0880  
wln 0881  
wln 0882  
wln 0883  
wln 0884  
wln 0885  
wln 0886  
wln 0887  
wln 0888  
wln 0889  
wln 0890  
wln 0891  
wln 0892  
wln 0893  
wln 0894  
wln 0895  
wln 0896  
wln 0897  
wln 0898  
wln 0899

by your horse, and for a neede make your Mastershippes shooes as blacke as incke, howe say you sir.

*Eum:* Alasse pretty Lad, I know not how to keepe my selfe, and much lesse a seruant, my pretty boy, my state is so bad.

*Iacke:* Content your selfe, you shall not bee so ill a Master but ile bee as bad a seruant: Tut sir I know you though you know not me; Are not you the man sir, denie it if you can sir, that came from a strange place in the land of Catita, where Iacke a napes flies with his taile in his mouth, to seeke out a Ladie as white as snowe, and as redd as blood; ha, ha, haue I toucht you now.

*Eum:* I thinke this boy be a spirit, How knowst thou all this?

*Iacke:* Tut are not you the man sir, denie it if you can sir, that gaue all the money you had to the burying of a poore man, and but one three-halfe-pence left in your pursse: Content you sir, Ile serue you that is flat.

*Eum:* Well my Lad since thou art so impornate, I am content to entertaine thee, not as a seruant; but a copartner in my iourney. But whither shall we goe for I haue not any money more than one bare three halfe-pence.

*Iacke:* Well Master content your selfe, for if my diuination bee not out, that shall bee

spent

*The old Viues tale.*

wln 0900  
wln 0901  
wln 0902  
wln 0903  
wln 0904  
wln 0905  
wln 0906  
wln 0907  
wln 0908  
wln 0909  
wln 0910  
wln 0911  
wln 0912  
wln 0913  
wln 0914  
wln 0915  
wln 0916  
wln 0917  
wln 0918  
wln 0919  
wln 0920  
wln 0921  
wln 0922  
wln 0923  
wln 0924  
wln 0925  
wln 0926  
wln 0927  
wln 0928

spent at the next Inne or alehouse we come too:  
for maister I knowe you are passing hungrie;  
therefore ile go before and prouide dinner vn-  
till that you come, no doubt but youle come  
faire and softly after.

*Eum:* I, go before, ile follow thee.

*Iack:* But doo you heare maister, doo you  
know my name?

*Eum:* No I promise thee not yet.

*Iack:* Why I am *Iack*.

*Exeunt Iack.*

*Eum:* *Iack*, why be it so then.

*Enter the Hostes and Iack, setting meate on the  
table, and Fidlers came to play, Eumenides  
walketh vp and downe, and will  
eate no meate.*

*Host:* How say you sir, doo you please to sit  
downe?

*Eum:* Hostes I thanke you, I haue no great  
stomack.

*Host:* Pray sir, what is the reason your mai-  
ster is so strange, doth not this meate please him.

*Iack:* Yes Hostes, but it is my maisters fashi-  
on to pay before hee eates, therefore a recko-  
ning good hostesse.

*Host:* Marry shall you sir presently.

*Exit.*

*Eum:* Why *Iack* what doost thou meane,  
thou knowest I haue not any money: therefore  
sweete *Iack* tell me what shall I doo.

*Iack:* Well maister looke in your pursse.

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0929  
wln 0930  
wln 0931  
wln 0932  
wln 0933  
wln 0934  
wln 0935  
wln 0936  
wln 0937  
wln 0938  
wln 0939  
wln 0940  
wln 0941  
wln 0942  
wln 0943  
wln 0944  
wln 0945  
wln 0946  
wln 0947  
wln 0948  
wln 0949  
wln 0950  
wln 0951  
wln 0952  
wln 0953  
wln 0954  
wln 0955  
wln 0956  
wln 0957

*Eum:* Why faith it is a follie, for I haue no  
money. (for me.)

*Iack:* Why looke you maister, doo so much

*Eum:* Alas *Iack* my pursse is full of money.

*Iack:* Alas, maister, does that worde belong  
to this accident? why me thinkes I should haue  
seene you cast away your cloake, and in a bra-  
uado daunced a galliard round about the cham-  
ber; why maister, your man can teach you more  
wit than this, come hostis, cheere vp my maister.

*Hostis:* You are heartily welcome: and if it  
please you to eate of a fat Capon, a fairer birde,  
a finer birde, a sweeter birde, a crisper birde, a  
neater birde, your worship neuer eate off.

*Eum:* Thankes my fine eloquent hostesse.

*Iack:* But heare you maister, one worde by  
the way, are you content I shall be halfes in all  
you get in your iourney?

*Eum:* I am *Iack*, here is my hand.

*Iack:* Enough maister, I aske no more.

*Eum:* Come Hostesse receiue your money,  
and I thanke you for my good entertainment.

*Host:* You are heartily welcome sir.

*Eum:* Come *Iack* whether go we now?

*Iack:* Mary maister to the coniuers presently.

*Eu:* Content *Iack:* Hostis farewell.

*Exe. om.*

*Enter Corebus and **Zelanto** the foule  
wench, to the well for water.*

*Coreb:* Come my ducke come: I haue now

got

*The old Viues tale.*

wln 0958  
wln 0959  
wln 0960  
wln 0961  
wln 0962  
wln 0963  
wln 0964  
wln 0965  
wln 0966  
wln 0967  
wln 0968  
wln 0969  
wln 0970  
wln 0971  
wln 0972  
wln 0973  
wln 0974  
wln 0975  
wln 0976  
wln 0977  
wln 0978  
wln 0979  
wln 0980  
wln 0981  
wln 0982  
wln 0983  
wln 0984  
wln 0985  
wln 0986

got a wife, thou art faire, art thou not?

*Zelan:* My *Corebus* the fairest aliue, make no doubt of that.

*Cor:* Come wench, are we almost at the wel.

*Zela.* I *Corebus* we are almost at the Well now, ile go fetch some water: sit downe while I dip my pitcher in.

*Voyce:* Gently dip: but not too deepe; For feare you make the gouldē beard to weepe.

*A head comes vp with eares of Corne, and she combes them in her lap.*

Faire maiden white and red,

Combe me smoothe, and stroke my head:

And thou shalt haue some cockell bread.

Gently dippe, but not too deepe,

For feare thou make the gouldē beard to weep.

Faire maide, white, and redde,

Combe me smooth, and stroke my head;

And euey haire, a sheaue shall be,

And euey sheaue a goulden tree.

*A head comes vp full of golde, she combes it into her lap.*

*Zelan:* Oh see *Corebus* I haue combd a great deale of golde into may lap, and a great deale of corne.

*Coreb.* Well said wench, now we shall haue iust enough, God send vs coiners to coine our golde: but come shall we go home sweet heart?

*Zelan:* Nay come *Corebus* I will lead you.

*Coreb.*

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 0987  
wln 0988  
wln 0989  
wln 0990  
wln 0991  
wln 0992  
wln 0993  
wln 0994  
wln 0995  
wln 0996  
wln 0997  
wln 0998  
wln 0999  
wln 1000  
wln 1001  
wln 1002  
wln 1003  
wln 1004  
wln 1005  
wln 1006  
wln 1007  
wln 1008  
wln 1009  
wln 1010  
wln 1011  
wln 1012  
wln 1013  
wln 1014  
wln 1015

*Coreb:* So *Corebus* things haue well hit,  
Thou hast gotten wealth to mend thy wit.

*Exit.*

*Enter Iack and the wandring knight.*

*Iack:* Come away maister come,

*Eum:* Go along *Iack*, ile follow thee,

*Iack*, they say it is good to go crosse legged, and  
say his prayers backward: how saiest thou?

*Iack;* Tut neuer feare maister, let me alone,  
heere sit you still, speake not a word. And be-  
cause you shall not be intised with his inchan-  
ting speeches; with this same wooll ile stop your  
eares: and so maister sit still, for I must to the  
Coniurer.

*Exit Iack.*

*Enter the Coniurer to the wandring knight.*

*Sa:* How now, what man art thou that sits so sad  
Why dost thou gaze vpon these stately trees,  
Without the leaue and will of *Sacrapant*?  
What not a word but mum,  
Then *Sacrapant* thou art betraide.

*Enter Iack inuisible, and taketh off Sacrapants  
wreath from his head, and his sword out  
of his hand.*

*Sac:* What hand inuades the head of *Sacrapāt*?  
What hatefull fury doth enuy my happy state?  
Then *Sacrapant* these are thy latest dayes,  
Alas my vaines are numd, my sinews shrinke,  
My bloud is pearst, my breath fleeting away,  
And now my timelesse date is come to end:  
He in whose life his actions hath beene so foule,

Now

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 1016  
wln 1017  
wln 1018  
wln 1019  
wln 1020  
wln 1021  
wln 1022  
wln 1023  
wln 1024  
wln 1025  
wln 1026  
wln 1027  
wln 1028  
wln 1029  
wln 1030  
wln 1031  
wln 1032  
wln 1033  
wln 1034  
wln 1035  
wln 1036  
wln 1037  
wln 1038  
wln 1039  
wln 1040  
wln 1041  
wln 1042  
wln 1043

Now in his death to hell desends his soule.

*He dyeth.*

*Iack:* Oh Sir are you gon: now I hope we shall haue some other coile. Now maister how like you this; the Coniurer hee is dead, and vowes neuer to trouble vs more. Now get you to your faire Lady, and see what you can doo with her: Alas he heareth me not all this while; but I will helpe that.

*He pulles the VVool out of his eares.*

*Eum:* How now *Iack*, what news?

*Iack:* Heere maister, take this sword and dig with it, at the foote of this hill.

*He digs and spies a light.*

*Eum:* How now *Iack*, what is this?

*Iack:* Maister, without this the Coniurer could do nothing, and so long as this light lasts, so long doth his arte indure, and this being out, then doth his arte decay.

*Eum:* Why then *Iack* I will soone put out this light.

*Iack:* I maister, how?

*Eum:* Why with a stone ile breake the glasse, and then blowe it out.

*Iack:* No maister you may as soone breake the Smiths Anfill, as this little vyoll; nor the biggest blast that euer *Boreas* blew, cannot blowe out this little light; but she that is neither maide,



*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 1044  
wln 1045  
wln 1046

wife, nor widowe. Maister, winde this horne;  
and see what will happen.

*He windes the horne.*

wln 1047  
wln 1048  
wln 1049  
wln 1050  
wln 1051  
wln 1052  
wln 1053  
wln 1054  
wln 1055  
wln 1056

*Heere enters Venelia and breakes the glasse, and  
blowes out the light, and goeth in againe.*

*Iack:* So maister, how like you this; this is  
she that ranne madding in the woods, his be-  
trothed loue that keepes the crosse, and nowe  
this light being out, all are restored to their for-  
mer libertie. And now maister to the Lady that  
you haue so long looked for.

*He draweth a curten, and there Delia  
sitteth a sleepe.*

wln 1057  
wln 1058  
wln 1059  
wln 1060

*Eum:* God speed faire maide sitting alone  
there is once.

God speed faire maide; there is twise:  
God speed faire maide, that is thrise.

wln 1061  
wln 1062  
wln 1063

*Delia:* Not so good sir, for you are by.

*Iack:* Enough maister, she hath spoke, now I  
will leaue her with you.

wln 1064  
wln 1065  
wln 1066  
wln 1067  
wln 1068  
wln 1069  
wln 1070

*Eum:* Thou fairest flower of these westerne  
Whose beautie so reflecteth in my sight, (parts:  
As doth a Christall mirror in the sonne:  
For thy sweet sake I haue crost the frosen *Rhine*,  
Leauing faire *Po*, I saild vp *Danuby*,  
As farre as *Saba* whose inhansing streames,  
Cuts twixt the *Tartars* and the *Russians*,

These

*The Old Viues tale.*

wln 1071

These haue I crost for thee faire *Delia*:

wln 1072

Then grant me that which I haue sude for long.

wln 1073

*Del:* Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is

wln 1074

so good:

wln 1075

To finde me out, and set my brothers free,

wln 1076

My faith, my heart, my hand, I giue to thee.

wln 1077

*Eum:* Thankes gentle Madame: but heere

wln 1078

comes Iack, thanke him, for he is the best friend

wln 1079

that we haue.

wln 1080

*Enter Iack with a head in his hand.*

wln 1081

*Eum:* How now Iack, what hast thou there?

wln 1082

*Iack:* Mary maister, the head of the coniuurer.

wln 1083

*Eum:* Why Iack that is impossible, he was

wln 1084

a young man.

wln 1085

*Iack:* Ah maister, so he deceiued them that

wln 1086

beheld him: but hee was a miserable, old, and

wln 1087

crooked man; though to each mans eye he see-

wln 1088

med young and fresh, for maister; this Coniuurer

wln 1089

tooke the shape of the olde man that kept the

wln 1090

crosse: and that olde man was in the likenesse of

wln 1091

the Coniuurer. But nowe maister winde your

wln 1092

horne.

*He windes his horne.*

wln 1093

*Enter Venelia, the two brothers, and he*

wln 1094

*that was at the crosse.*

wln 1095

*Eu:* Welcome *Erestus*, welcome faire *Venelia*,

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 1096  
wln 1097  
wln 1098  
wln 1099  
wln 1100  
wln 1101  
wln 1102  
wln 1103  
wln 1104  
wln 1105  
wln 1106  
wln 1107  
wln 1108  
wln 1109  
wln 1110  
wln 1111  
wln 1112  
wln 1113  
wln 1114  
wln 1115  
wln 1116  
wln 1117  
wln 1118  
wln 1119  
wln 1120  
wln 1121  
wln 1122  
wln 1123

Welcome *Thelea*, and *Kalepha* both,  
Now haue I her that I so long haue sought,  
So saith faire *Delia*, if we haue your consent.

*I. Bro:* Valiant *Eumenides* thou well deseruest  
To haue our fauours: so let vs reioyce,  
That by thy meanes we are at libertie.  
Heere may we ioy each in others sight,  
And this faire Lady haue her wandring knight.

*Iack:* So maister, nowe yee thinke you haue  
done: but I must haue a saying to you;  
know you and I were partners, I to haue halfe  
in all you got.

*Eum:* Why so thou shalt *Iack*.

*Iack:* Why then maister draw your sworde,  
part your Lady, let mee haue halfe of her pre-  
sently.

*Eumenid:* Why I hope *Iack* thou doost but  
iest, I promist thee halfe I got, but not halfe my  
Lady.

*Iack:* But what else maister, haue you not  
gotten her, therefore deuide her straight, for I  
will haue halfe there is no remedie.

*Eumen:* Well ere I will falsifie my worde  
vnto my friend, take her all, heere *Iack* ile giue  
her thee.

*Iacke:* Nay neither more nor lesse Maister,  
but euen iust halfe.

*Eum:* Before I will falsifie my faith vnto my

friend,

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 1124  
wln 1125  
wln 1126  
wln 1127  
wln 1128  
wln 1129  
wln 1130  
wln 1131  
wln 1132  
wln 1133  
wln 1134  
wln 1135  
wln 1136  
wln 1137  
wln 1138  
wln 1139  
wln 1140  
wln 1141  
wln 1142  
wln 1143  
wln 1144  
wln 1145  
wln 1146  
wln 1147  
wln 1148  
wln 1149

friend, I will diuide hir, *Iacke* thou shalt haue halfe.

1. *Brother*: Bee not so cruell vnto our sister gentle Knight.

2. *Brother*: O spare faire *Delia* shee deserues no death.

*Eum*: Content your selues, my word is past to him, therefore prepare thy selfe *Delya* for thou must die.

*Delya*: Then farewell worlde, adew *Eumenides*.

*He offers to strike and Iacke staies him.*

*Iacke*: Stay Master, it is sufficient I haue tride your constancie: Do you now remember since you paid for the burying of a poore fellow.

*Eum*: I very well *Iacke*.

*Iacke*: Then Master thanke that good deed, for this good turne, and so God be with you all.

*Iacke leapes downe in the ground.*

*Eum*: *Iacke* what art thou gone?

Then farewell *Iacke*.

Come brothers and my beauteous *Delya*, *Erestus* and thy deare *Venelia*:

We will to *Thessalie* with ioyfull hearts.

*All*: Agreed, we follow thee and *Delya*.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Fant:*

img: 23-a  
sig: F3v

*The Old Viues Tale.*

wln 1150

*Fant:* What Gammer, a sleepe?

wln 1151

*Old wom:* By the Mas sonne tis almost day,  
and my windowes shuts at the Cocks crow.

wln 1152

wln 1153

*Frol:* Doo you heare Gammer, mee thinkes  
this Iacke bore a great sway amongst them.

wln 1154

wln 1155

*Old wom:* O man, this was the ghost of the  
poore man, that they kept such a coyle to burie,  
& that makes him to help the wandring knight  
so much: But come let vs in, we will haue a cup  
of ale and a tost this morning and so depart.

wln 1156

wln 1157

wln 1158

wln 1159

wln 1160

*Fant:* Then you haue made an end of your  
tale Gammer?

wln 1161

wln 1162

*Old wom:* Yes faith: When this was done I  
tooke a peece of bread and cheese, and came  
my way, and so shall you haue too before you  
goe, to your breakefast.

wln 1163

wln 1164

wln 1165

wln 1166

*FINIS.*

ln 0001

Printed at London by *John Danter*, for *Raph*  
*Hancocke*, and *John Hardie*, and are to  
be solde at the shop ouer against  
Saint Giles his Church with-  
out Criplegate.  
1595.

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

img: 23-b  
sig: [N/A]

---

### Textual Notes

1. **955 (19-a)**: The regularized reading *Celanta* is amended from the original *Zelanto*.