Title Page Illustration from

1562 Jacke Jugeler
A new Enterlued for
Chyldren to playe named Jacke Jugeler, both
Wytte, very playsent and merye, Neuer
Before Imprented.

The Players names.

Maysters. Boumgrace.    A gallant
Dame coye.             A Gentelwoman
Jacke Jugler.          the vyce.
Jenkin careaway  A Lackey.
Ales trype and go  A mayd.
The Prologue

*Interpone tui interdum gaudia curis*
*Ut possis animo quemvis sufferre laborem.*

Doo any of you knowe what latyne is this
Or ells wold you have an *expositorem*
To declare it in Englyshe *per sensum planiorem*?
It is best I speake Englyshe or ells with in awhylle
I may percace myne ownselfe with my latin begile

The two verses which I rehersid before
I finde writen in the boke of Cato the wyse
Emongs good precepts of lyving a thousand more [10]
Which to folowe there he doth all men avise
And they may be Englyshed breflie in this wise:
Emongs thy carfull busines use sume time mirth &joye
That no bodilye worke thy wytts breke or noye

For the mynd (saith he) in serius matters occupied
If it have not sum quiet mirth and recreacion
Interchaungeable admixed must niddes be sone weried
And (as who should saye)tried, through continual operacion
Of labour and busines without relaxacion
Therfor intermixt honest mirth in suche wise [20]
That your strenght may be refreshed &to labours suffise.

For as meat and drinke, naturall rest and slype
For the conservacion and helth of the bodye
Must niddes be had, soo the mynd and wittes to kype
Pregnant, freshe industruis, quike and lustie,
Honest mirth, and pastime is requisite and necessarie
For *Quod caret alterna requie durabile non est*
Nothyng may endure (saith Ovyd) without sum rest

Example proufe her of in erth is well founde
Manifest open and verie evident [30]
For except the husband man suffer his ground  
Sum tymes to rest, it woll bere no frute verament  
Thefore the[y] leat the filde lye everie second yere  
To the end that aftir rest it may the better corne beare

Thus than (as I have sayed)it is a thing naturall  
And naturallie belonging to all living creatures  
And unto man especiallie above others all  
To have at tymes convenient, pastaunce, mirthe & pleasurs  
So they be joynid wt honestie &keape wt in due mesars  
And the same well allowen not onlye the said Cato [40]  
But also y[e] Philosophers, Plutarke, Socrates &Plato

And Cicero Tullius a man sapient and wyse  
Willeth the same in that his first boke  
Which he wrot and entytelid of an honest mans office  
Who so is disposid therupon to looke  
Wher to define and affirme he boldlie on him tooke  
That to heare Enterluds is pastime convenient  
For all maner men, and a thing congruent

He rekeneth that namelie as a verie honest disport  
And a bove all other things commendeth y[e] old commedie [50]  
The hearing of which may doo the mynd cumfort,  
For they be replenished with precepts of Philosophie  
The[y] conteine mutch wisdome &teache prudent pollecie  
And though thei be al writen of mattiers of non importaunce  
Yet they shew great wite and mutch pretie conveiaunce.

And in this maner of making Plautus did excel  
As recordeth the same Tullius commending him bi name  
Wherfore this maker deliteth passinglie well  
Too folow his arguments and to draw out the same  
For to make at seasuns convenient pastims mirth &game [60]  
As now he hath don this matter nor worthe an oyster shel
Except percase it shall fortune too make you laugh well

And for that purpose oonlye this maker did it write
Taking the ground therof out of Plautus first commodie
And the first scentence of ye same for higher things endite
In no wise he wold, for yet the tyme is so quesie
That he that speakith best, is lest thanke worthie
Therefore sithe nothing but trifles may be had
You shall heare a thing yt onlie shal make you merie &glad

And suche a trifling matter as when it shalbe done [70]
You may report and saye ye have hearde nothing at all
Therefore I tell you all, before it bee begone
That no man looke to heare of mattiers substancyall
Nor mattiers of any gravitee either great or small
For this maker shewed us that such maner things
Doo never well besime little boyes handelings

Wherefore yf [y]e wylnot sowrelie your broues bend
At suche a fantasticall conceite as this
But can be content to heare and see the ende
I woll goo shew the actours what your pleasure is [80]
Which to wait upon you I know bee redie or this
I woll goo send them hither in too your presens
Desiryng that they may have quiet audience

Jake Jugler
Our lord of hevene and swite saint Jhone
Rest you merye my maistirs everychone
And I praie too Christ and swete saint Steven
Send you all many a good evine
And you to syr, and you, and you also
Good evine to you an hunderid times & a thousand mo
Now by all thes crosses of fleshe bone and blod [90]
I rekine my chaunce right marvylus good
Here now to find all this company
Which in my mynd I wyshed for hartylie
For I have labored all daye tyll I am werie
And now am disposed too passe the tyme and be merie
And I thinke noon of you but he wold doo the same
For who wol be sad, and nedithe not, is foull to blame
And as for me, of my mother I have byn tought
To bee merie when I may, and take no thought
100] Which leasune I bere so well a waye
That I use to make merie oons a daie
And now if all things happen ryght
You shall see as mad a pastime this night
As you saw this seven yers and as propre a toye
As ever you saw played of a boye
I am called Jake Jugler of many an oon
And in faythe I woll playe a jugling cast a non.
I woll cungere the moull and god before
Or ells leat me lese my name for ever more
110] I have it devised and companced hou
And what wayes I woll tell and shew to you
You all know well Maister baungrace
The gentilman that dwellith here in this place
And Jenkine Carreawaie his page as cursed alad
And as ungracious as ever man had
An unhappy wage, and as folishe a knave with all
As any is now within London wall
This Jenkine and I been fallen at great debate
For a mattier that fell betwine us a late
120] And hitherto of him I could never revengid bee
For his maister mentainyth him and lovethe not mee
Albeit the very truth to tell
Nother of them both knoweth me werie well
But against all other boyes the said gentle man
Mayntenyth him all that he can
But I shall set litle by my wyte
If I do not Jenkine this night requite.
Ere I slepe Jenkine shall here bee mete
And I trust to cume partlye out of his dete
130] And whan we mete againe, if this do not suffise
I shall paie Jenkine the residue, in my best wyse
It chaunced me right now in the other end of y[e] next stret
Withe Jenkine and his maistire in the face to met
I a bod ther a while plaing for to see
At the buklers, as welbecommed mee
It was not long tyme, but at the last
Bake cumithe my cosune Careawaye homward ful fast
Pricking, Praunsing, and springing in his short cote,
And pleasauntlie synging with a mery note
140] Whyther a waye so fast, [?] tary a while sayed oon
I cannot now sai[d] Jenkine I must nides bee goon
My maister suppeth herbie at a gentylmans place
And I must thither feache my dame maistres boundgrace
But yet er I go I care not motche
At the bukelers to playe with the oon faire toche
To it they went and plaied so long
Tyll Jekine thought he had wrong
By cokes precious potstike I wyll not home this nyght
Quod he, but as good a stripe oon thie hed light
150] Within halfe an houre or sume what lese
Jenkine lefte playng, and went to feache his maisteris
But by the waie he met with a freuters wife
Ther Jekine and she fell at suche strife
For snatching of an Apple, that doune he cast
Her basket, and gatherid up the apples fast
And put them in is sleve, then came he his waye
By an other lane as fast as he maye
Tyll he came at a corner by a shoops stall
Wher boies were at Dice, faryng at all.
160] When Careawaye with that good cumpyany met
He fell to faring withouten let
Forgettyng his message, and so well dyd he fare
That whan I came bye, he gan swere and stare
And ful bitterly began to curse
As oone that had lost almost all in his porse
For I knowe his olde gise and condicyon
Never to leave tyll all his mony bee goon
For he hath noo mony but what he doth stell
And that woll he plaiwe awaie every dell

170] I passed by, and then called unto my mynd
Sertayne old rekeaninges that were behind
Bitwene Jenkine and me, whom partelie to recompense
I trust by gods grace, ere I goo hens.

This garments cape, and all other geare
That now you see apon me here
I have doon oon all like unto his
For the nons, and my purpose is
To make Jenkie bylive if I can
That he is not him selfe but an other man

180] For except he hath better loke then he had
He woll cum hyther starke staryng mad
When he shall cum I woll handle my captine soo
That he shal not well wott whether too goo
His maisteris I know she woll him blame
And his maistir also well doo the same
Bycause that she of her supper deceivid is
For I am sure they have all supped by thys
But and if Jenkyne wold hither resort
I trust he and I should make sum sport

190] Yf I had sooner spokine he wold have sooner been here
For my simithe I doo his voice heare

Careawaye
A syr I may saie I have been at a fest
I have lost .ii.s. and sy[x]pence at the lest
Mary syr of this gayness I nyd make no bost
But the dyvell goo with all more have I lost
My name is Careawaie let all sorow passe
I woll ere too morrow night be as rich as ever I was
Or at y[e] forthest within a day or twaine
Me Maysters purse shall paye me agayne
200] Therfor hogh careawaie now wol I sing. hei hey
But bi y[e] lorde now I remembre an other thing
By my fayth Jenkine my Maisteris and thou
Ar lyke too agree, god knowith hou
That thou comest not for her incontinent
To bryng hir too supper when thou wer sent
And now they have all supped thou wolt shurlie abye
Except thou imagine sum pretie and craftilie lye
For she is as all other weomen bee
A verie cursed shrew by the blessid Trinitie
210] And a verye divell, for yf she oons begine
To fight or chyd in a weke she wol not lyne
And a great pleasure she hath specyally now of late
To gette poore me now and then by the pate
For she is an angrie pece of fleshe and sone displeasyd
Quikely moved but not lyghtlye appesed
We use to call hir at home dame Coye
A Cresie gingerlie pice god save hir and saint Loy
As denty and nice as an halpeny worthe of sylver spoons
But vengable melancolie in the aftir noons
220] She useth for hir bodylie helth and safegard
To chid daylie oone fite too supperward
And my Mayster hym selfe is worse then she
If he ons thoroughlye angeryd bee
And a mayd we have at hom aulsoon tripe and goo
Not all London shewe suche other twoo
She simperith, she prankith and getteth without faille
As a pecocke that hath spred and sheweth hir gaye taylle
S[h]e mynceth, she bridelethe, she swimmith to and fro
S[h]e tredith not one here a wrye, she trypeth like a do
A brod in the stret going or cumming homward
She quaverith and warbelith like one in a galiard
Everie joint in her bodie and everie part
Oh it is a joylie wenche to myns and devyd a fart
She talketh she chatteth like a Pye all daye
And speaketh like a paratt Popagaye.
And that as fine as a small silken threed
Yea, and as high as an eagle can fle for a neade
But it is a spitfull lying girle and never well
But whan she may sum yll tall by me tell
She woll I warrant you a non at the first
Of me imagine and saye the worst
And what soever she too my maisteris doth saye
It is writen in the gospell of the same daye
Therefore I woll here with my selfe devise
What I may best say, and in what wise
I may excuse this my long taryeng
That she of my negligence may suspect nothing
For if the fault of this be found in mee
I may give me life for halpenis three

Hic cogitabundo similis sedeat.

Let me stodie this moneth & I shall not fiend
A better devise then now is come to my mynd
Maistries woll I saye, I am bound by my dutie
To see that your womanhod have noo injurie
For I heare and see more then you now and then
And your selfe partlie know the wantin wyles of men
When wee came yender there dyd I see
My mayster kisse gentilwomen tow or three
And to come emongs others m[e] thought bysy
He had a myrvayllus great phantasye
A non he commaundyd me to run thens for you
To cume supe ther if you wold but I wot not how
My hart grudgid mistrusting lest yt I being awai
My maister wold sum light cast playe
Wherupon maistries, to see the ende
I tarried haflate supper time so god me mend
And besyds that ther was such other compainye
As I know your maistriship settith nothyng by
Gorges damies of the corte and galunts also
With doctours, and other rufflers mo
270] At last when I thought it tyme and seasune
I cam too certifie you as it was reasune
And by the way whome should I mete
But that most honest Gentilman in the stre	
Which the last wike was with you here
And made you a banket, and bouncing cheare
Ah Jenkin (quod he) good spid how farest thou
Mary wel, god yld it you maister qd I how do you
How dothe thy maisteris is she at home
Ye syr qd I and suppith all a lone
280] And but that she hath noo maner good chere
I am sure she wold gladlye have you there
I cannot cum now sayd he I have business
But thou shalt carie a tokine from me to thy maisteris
Goo with me too my chaumbre at yone lane end
And I woll a dishe of costerds unto hyr send
I folowid him, and was bolde by your leave
To receive and bring them here in my sleve
But I wold not for all Englond by jhesu chryst
That my maister Boungrace herof wyst
290] Or knew yt I should any such geare to you bring
Lest he misdime us both in sum worse thyng
Nor shew him nothing of that I before saied
For then in dyd syr I am araied
Yf you doo I may nothing heraftir unto you tell
Whether I se my maister doo ill, or well
That yf you now this counsaile kepe
I wol ease you parchunce twise in a wike
You may saye you wer sike and your hed did ake
That you lusted not this night any supper make
300] Speciallye with out y[e]dores but thought it best
Too abyde at home and take your rest
And I woll to my mayster too bryng hym home
For you know he wolbe angrie if he come alone
This woll I saye and face it so well
That she shall belyve it everie dell
Hou saie you frinds by the armes of robyn hood,
Wol not this excuse be resonable good
To muse for any better, great foly it is
For I may make sure rekennig of this
310] That and if I wld sit stoding this .vii. yere
I shall not ells find how to save me all clere
And as you see for y[e] most part our witts be best
When wee [be] takine most unrediest
But I wol not give for that boie a flye
That hathe not al tymes in store one good lye
And cannot set a good face upon the same
Therfore saint Gorge the boroue as it wol let him frame
I woll jeopard a joint bee as bee may
I have had many like chauncis before this daye
320] But I promise you I do curstlie feare
For I feel a vengeable burning in my lift ere
And it hath byn a saying of tyme long
That swete mete woll have soure sauce among
And surelie I shall have sum ill hape
For my here standith up under my cape
I would knocke but I dare not by our ladye
I feare hanging wher unto no man is hastie
But seing there is no nother remedie
Thus too stand any longer it is but folye

\textit{Hic pulset ostium.}
They bee soo fare with in the cannot heare

*Jake Jugler*

Soft thy knoking saucie knave what makest thou there

*Jenkine Careawaie:*

What knave is that? he speaketh not too me I trowe
And we mete the one of us is lyke too have a blowe
For now that I am wel chafed, and sumwhat hote
Twentye suche could I hewe as small as fleshe too pote
And surelie, if I had a knyfe
This knave sould escape hardelye with his lyfe
Too teache hym to aske of me any more
What I make at my owne maistirs doore

*Jacke iugler*

340] But if thou cum from that gate thou knave
I woll fett thee by the swet lo[c]kes so god me save

*Jenkine Careawie*

Woll the horesoon fight in dede by myn honestie
I know noo quarell he hath too me
But I wold I were with in the house
And then I wold not set by hym a louse
For I feare and mistrust suche quareling thives
See how he beginnith to strike up his sleves

*Jake iugler*

His arse makith buttens now, and who lustith to feale
Shall find is hart creping out at his heelle

350] Or ells lying hiden in sum corner of his hose
Yf it be not alredie dropped out of his nose
For as I doubt not but you have hard beforne
A more dastard couerd knave was never borne

*Jenkine Careawaie*

**The divell set the house a fier** I trowe it is a curste
When a man hath most hast he spedith worst
Yf I bee robed, or slane, or any harme geate
The fault is in them that doth not me in lete
And I durst jeoper an hundrerid pounde
That sum bauderie might now with in be founde[370]
360] But except sum of them come the soner
I shall knoke suche a peale that all englond shall wonder

*Jake iugler*

Knoke at the gate hardelye againe if thou dare,
And seing thou wolt not bie faire words beware
Now fistes me thinkithe yesterday .vii. yers past
That four men a sleepe at my fete you cast
And this same daye you did noo manar good
Nor were not washed in warme blod

*Jenkine Careawaie*

What whoreson is this yt washith in warme blod

**Sum divell broken loose, out of hell for wood**

370] Four hath he slayne, and now well I see
That it must be my [ch]aunce the fift to bee
But rather then thus shamefullie too be slayne
Wold chryst mi frinds had hanged me being but yers twa[yne]
And yet yf I take good harte and be bolde
Percace he wolbe the more sobre and coulde

*Jake iugler*

Now handes bestur you about his lyppes & face
And streake out all his teth without any grace
Gentelman are you disposed to eate any fist met

*Jenkin Careawaye*

I have supped, I thanke you syr & lyst not to ete
380] Geve it to them that are hungrie if you be wyse

*Jake iugler*

Yet shall do a man of your dyet no harme to suppe twise
This shalbe youre chise, to make your met digest
For I tell you thes hands weighith of the best

*Jenkin Careawaye*

I shall never escape see how he waghith his handes

*Jake iugler*
With a stroke they will lay a knave in our ladye boons
And this day yet they have done no good at all

*Jenkine Careaway*

Ere you assaye them on mee I praine thee lame them on ye wal
But speake you all this in earnest, or in game
Yf you be angrie with me trulee you are to blam [390]
For have you any iust quarell to mee

*Jake iugler*

Ere thou and I parte, that wol I shew thee

*Jenkine Careawaye*

Or have I doone you any maner displeasure

*Jake iugler*

Ere thou & I parte y[u] shalt know y[u]maist besure

*Jenkin Careawaye*

By my faith yf thou be angrie without a cause
You shall have a mendes made w[t] acople of straus
By the I sete what soever thou arte
But for thy displeasure I care not a farte
May a man demand whose servant you bee

*Jake iugler*

My maisters servaunt I am for veritie [400]

*Jenkine Careawaye*

What busynes have you at thys place now

*Jack iugler*

Nay mary tell me what busynes hast thou
For I am commaunded for to watche & give diligence
That in me good maister Bougraces absence
Noo misfortune may happen to his house sertayne

*Jenkin Careawaye*

Well now I am cume you may go hens agine
And thanke them y[t] somuch for my maister have do one
S[h]ewing them y[t] the servants of y[e] house be cume home
For I am of the house, and now in woll I goo

*Jake iugler*

I canot tell whether thou be of the house or noo
But goo no nere, lest I handle thee like a strainger [410]
Thanke no man but thy selfe yf thou be in any daunger

  *Jenkine Careawaie*

Marye I defye the and planly unto the tell
That I am a servaunt of this house, & her I dwel

  *Jake Jugler*

Now soo god me snache but thou goo the waies
Whille thou maiest, for this fortie dayes
I shall make the not able to goo nor ryde
But in a dungcart or a whilberow liyng on on[e] syd

  *Jenkin Careawaie*

I am a servaunt of this house by thes .x. bons

  *Jake iugler*

Noo more prating, but geat the hens at towns

  *Jenkin Careawaye*

Why my maistir hath sent me home in his message [420]

  *Jake iugler*

Pike and walke a knave here a waye is no passage

  *Jenkin Careawaye*

What wilt thou let me from my nowne maisters house

  *Jake iugler*

Be tredging, or i[n] faith you bere me a souse
Here my maistier and I have our habitacion
And hath continuallye dwelling in this mansyon
At the least this doosen yers and od
And here wol we end our lyves by y[e] grace of god

  *Jenkin Careawaie*

Why then where shall my Maistier & I dwell

  *Jake iugler*

**At the dyvell**, yf you lust, I cannot tell

  *Jenken Careawaye*

In nomine patris, now this geare doth passe [430]
For a litel before supper here our house was
And this daye in the morning, I woll on a booke swere
That my maister and I both dwellid here
**Jake iugler**
Who is thy maister tell me with out lye
And thine owne name also let me knowe shortlye
For my maisters all let me have the blame
Yf this knave know his master or his owne name

**Careawaye**
My maisters name is maister Bougrace;
I have dwelled with him a longe space
And I am Jenkin Careawaye his page.

**Jake iugler**
What ye drunkin knave begine you to rage
Take that, art thou maister Boungracis page

**Careawaye**
Yf I be not I have made a very good viage

**Jake iugler**
Darest thou too my face saie thou art I

**Careawaye**
I wolde it were true and no lye
For then thou sholdest smart, and I should bet
Where as now I do all the blowes get

**Jake iugler**
And is Maister Bougrace thy mayster doest y[u] then saye

**Careawaie**
I woll swere on a booke he was ons this daye

**Jake iugler**
And for that thou shalt sumwhat have
Because thou presumest like a [s]a[u]cye lying knave,
To saye my maister is thyne? who is thy maister now?

**Careawaye**
By my trouthe syr who so ever please you
I am your owne, for you bete me soo
As no man but my mayster sholde doo

**Jake iugler**
I woll handle thee better if faut be not in fyst

**Careawaie**
Helpe save my life maisters for ye passion of christ

   Jake iugler
Why thou lowsy thefe doest thou crye and rore

   Careawaye
No faith I woll not crye one whit more,
Save my lyfe helpe or I am slaine

   Jake iugler
Ye doest thou make a roweringe yet a gaine
Dyd not I byde the holde thy peace

   Careawaye
In faith now I leave crying, now I sease, helpe, helpe, help

   Jake iugler
Who is thy maister?

   Careawaye
   Maister Bougrace.

   Jake iugler
I woll make the chaung that song ere wee pas this place
For he is my maister, and a gaine too the I saye
That I am his ienkin Careawaye
Who art thou now tell me plaine

   Careawaye
Noo bodye, but whom please you sertayne

   Jake iugler
Thou saydest even now thy name was Careawie

   Careawaye
I cry yow marcye syr and forgiveness praie
I sayd amysse because it was soo too daye
I [t]hought it should have continuede alwaies
Like a fole as I am and a drunken knave
But in faith syr ye see all the wytte I have
Therefore I beseche you do me no more blame
But give me a new maister and an other name
For it wold greve my hart soo helpe me god
To runne about ye stretes like a maisterlis doge

   Jake iugler
I am he that thou saidest thou were
And maister bougrace is my maister that dwelleth hear
Thou art noo poynte Careawaye thy witts do the faylle

_Careaway_

Ye mary syr ye have bette them downe in to my taille
But syr myght I be bolde too saye on thinge
Without any bloues, and without any beatynge

_Jake Jugler_

Truce for a whyle say on what thou lust

_Careaway_

May a man too your honeste by your woord trust
I praye you swere by the masse youe woll do me no yll

_Jake iugler_

By my faithe I promise pardone thee I woll

_Careaway_

What and you keape not promise.

_Ja. iugler_

Then upon [Ca.]reawaye
I praie god may light as much mor as that on y[e] this dai

_Careaway_

Now dare I speake soo mote I thee
Maister bougrace is my maister, and the name of mee
Is Jenkine Careaway.

_Jacke iugler_

What saiest y[u] soo?

_Careaway_

And yf thou woll strike me, and breake thy promise, doo
And beate on me, tyll I stinke, and tyll I dye
And yet woll I stiell saye that I am I

_Jake iugeler_

This bedelem knave without dought is mad

_Careaway_

No by god for all that I am a wyse lad
And can cale to remberaunce every thyng
That I dyd this daye, sithe my uperysinge
For went not I with my mayster to daye
Erelie in the mornyng to the Tenis playe?
At noone whyle my maister at his dynner sate
Played not I at Dice at the gentylmans gate
Did not I wayte on my maister too supperward
And I thinke I was not changed y[e] way homward
Or ells yf you thynke I lye
Aske in the stret of them that I came bye
And sith that I came hether into your presens
What man lyving could carye me hens
I remembre I was sent to feache my maisteris
And what I devised to save me harmeles
Doo not I speake now is not this my hande
Be not these my feet y[t] on this ground stande?
Did not this other knave her knoke me about y[e] hede?
And beat me tyll I was almost dede?
How may it then bee, that he should bee I?
Or I not my selfe it is a shamfull lye
I woll home to our house whosoever say naye
For surelye my name is ienkin Careawaye

Jake iugler
I woll make thee say otherwise ere we depart if wee can

Careawaye
Nay that woll I not in faith for no man
Except thou tell me what I thou has doone
Ever sythe five of the cloke this after noone
Reherse me all that with out anye lye
And then I wol confese that thou art I

Jake iugler
When my maister came to the gentlymans place
He commaundid me too rune home a great pace
Too fet thither my maisteris and by the waye
I dyd a good whill at the bukelers playe
Then came I by a wife that did costerds sell
And cast downe hir basket fayre and well
And gatherid as many as I could gete
And put theim in my sleve here they bee yet

Careawaie
How the divell should thei cume there
For I dyd them all in my owne sleve bere
He lyeth not a worde in all this
Nor dothe in any one poynt myse
For ought I se yet betwene erneste and game
I must go sike me a nother name
But thou mightest see all this, tell the rest that is behind
And there I know I shall thee a lyer fynd

Jake iugler
I ran thens homewarde a contrarye waye
And whether I stoped there or naye
I could tell if me lusteth a good token
But it may not here very well be spoken

Careawie
Noo may I praye thee let no man that here
But tell it me pryvelye in myne ere

Jake iugler
I thou lost all thy mony at dice christ geve it his curse
Wel and truelye pycked before out of an other mans porse
Careawaye.

Godes bodye horeson thief who told thee that same
Sum counnyng divell is with in the payne of shame
In nomine patris, god and our blessed ladye
Now and evermore save me from thy cumpanie

Jake iugler
How now art thou Careawaye or not
Careawaye
By the lorde I doubte, but sayest thou nay to that

Jake iugler
Ye mary I tell the careawaye is my name
Careawaye
And by these tene bones myne is the same
Or ells tell me yf I be not hee
What my name frome hensforth shall bee

Jake iugler

By my faith the same that it was before
When I lust too be Careawaye no more
Looke well upon me and thou shalt see as now
That I am ienkyne Careawaye and not thou
Looke well a pon me, and by everye thyng
Thou shalt well know that I make no leasing

Careawaye

I se it is soo without any doubtte
But how the dyvell came it aboute
Who soo in England loke the on hym stedelye
Sall perceive plainelye that he is I
I have sene my selfe a thousand times in a glasse
But soo lyke my self as he is never was
He hath in everye poynt my clothing & my geare
My hed, my cape, my shirt and notted heare
And of the same coloure, my yes, nose, and lypps
My chekes chyne, neake, fyte, leges, and hyppes
Of the same stature, and hyght, and age
And is in every poynt maister Boungrace page
That if he have a hole in his tayle
He is even I myne owne selfe without any faile
And yet when I remember I wot not how
The same man y[t] I have every byne me thinkith I am now
I know my maister, & this house, & my five witts I have
Why then should I give credence to this folishe knave
That nothing entendith but me delude and mooke
For whome should I feare at my maisters gate to knoke

Jake iugler

Thinkest thou I have sayd all thys in game
Goo or I shall send the hens in the dyvills name
A voyde thou lousy lurden & precious stinking slave
That nether thi name knowest nor canst ani master have
Y[u] wine shakine pylorye picpours, of lice not without a pecke
Hens or by gods precious I shal breake thy necke

Careawaie
Then, maister I Besiche you hartlye take the paine
Yf I be found in any place too bringe me to me againe
Now is not this a wonderfull case
That a man should lease himself soo in ony place
Have any of you harde of such athynge here to fore
No nor never shall I dare saye from hensforth any more

Jake iugler
Whyle he museth an iudgeth hym selfe apon
I woll stele a waye for a whyle and let hym a loon

Careawaie
Good lorde of hevyne wher dyd I my selfe leave
Or who dyd me of my name by the way bereve
For I am sure of this in my mynde
That I dyd in no place leve my selfe byhynde
Yf I had my name played awaye at dyce
Or had sold my selfe too any man at a pryce
Or had made a fray and had lost it in fightyng
Or it had byne stolne from me sleapynge
It had byne a matter and I wold have kept pacience
But it spiteth my hart to have lost it by suche open negligence
Ah thou horesone drousie drunken sote
It were an almes dyde too walke thy cote
And I shrew him that wold for thee be sorye
Too see thee well curried by and by
And by chryst, if any man wold it doo
I myself wold helpe there too
For a man may see thou horesone goose
Thou woldest lysse thyne arse yf it were loose
Albeit I wold never the dyde beleve
But y[t] the thyng it selfe dothe shewe and prive
There was never Ape so lyke unto an Ape
As he is to me in feature, and shape
But what woll my maister saye trow ye
When he shall this geare here and see
Well he know me thinke you when he shall see mee
Yf he do not an other woll as good as he
But wher is that other I? whether is he gon
Too my maister by cockes precius passion
Eyther too put me out of my place
Or too accuse me too my maister Bougrace
But I woll after as fast as I can flee
I trust to be there as soone as hee
That if my maister be not redye home to come
I woll bee here a gayne as fast as I cane rune
In any wyse to speake with my maysteris
Or ells I shall never escape hanging dubtles

_Dame Coye_

I shall not suppe this night full well I see
For as yet noo bodie cumithe for to fet mee
But good ynough let me alone
I woll bee even with theim every chone
I saye nothing, but I thinke sumwhat I wis
Sum ther bee that shall here of this
Of al unkind & churlishe husbands this is y[e] cast
To let ther wives set at home and fast
While they bee forthe and make good cheare
Pastime, and sporte as now he doth there
But yf I wer a wise woman, as I am a mome
I shold make myself as good chere at home
But if he have thus unkindlye servyde mee
I wol not forget it this monethis three
And if I weste y[e] fault were in him I praie God I be dede
But he shoulde have suche a kyrie ere he went too bede
As he never had before in all his lyfe
Nor any man ells have had of his wife
I wolde rate him and shake him after such a sorte
As sholde be to him a corrosive full lytle to his cumforte
Alls trippe and goo
Yf I may be so bolde, by your maisterships lycens
As too speake and shew my mynde and sentence
I thinke of this you may the boye thanke
For I know that he playeth you many a lyke pranke
And that wolde you saye yf you knew as mutch as wee
That his daylye conversacion and byhaviore see
For if you commaund him to goo speake with sum one
Yt is an houre ere he wolbe gone
Then woll he rune forth and plaie in the strete
And cume a gaine and say that he cannot with him mete

Dame Coye
Naye, naye it is his maisters playe
He servithe me soo almost everye third daye
But I wolbe even with him as god geve me ioy
And yet the faulte may bee in the boye
As ungracious a graft so mot I thrive
As any goeth on goddes ground a lyve

Careawaye
My witte is breched in suche a brake
That I cannot devise what way is best to take
I was almost as fare as my maister is
But then I begane to remember this
And to cast the worst as one in fere
Yf he chaunce to see mee and kepe me there
Tyl he cum him selfe, & speake with mi maisteris
Then am I lyke to bee in shrewd dystres
Yet were I better thought I to rune hom again
And fyrst speake with her certayne
Cockes bodie yonder she standeth at the dore
Now is it wourse then it was before
Wold christ I could get againe out of hir sight
For I see be her looke she is disposid to fight
By y[e] lord, she hath ther an angrie shrews looke

Dame coye
Loe yender cumithe that unhappie hooke

Careawaye

God save you maysteris doo you know me well

Dame Coye

Cume ner hyther unto mee, and I shall the tell
Why thou noughtie vyllan is that thy gyce
To gest with thy maisteris in suche wise
Take that to begyne with and god before
When thy maister cumith home thou shalt have more
For he told me when he forth wente
That thou shouldest cume bake a gaine incontynente
To brynge me to supper where he now is
And thou hast plaid by the waye, & they have don by this
But no force I shall thou maiest trust mee
Teache all naughtie knaves to beware by thee

Careawaye

Forsote the maisteris yf you knew as much as I
Ye would not be with me halfe so angrie
For the faulte is neither in mi maister nor in me nor you
But in an other knave that was here even now
And his name was ienkin Careawaie

Dame Coye

What I see my man is disposid to playe
I wine he be dronken or mad I make god a vou

Careawaye

Nay I have byn made sobre and tame I now
I was never so handelid before in all my lyfe
I would every man in Englond had so beat me hys wife
I have forgotten withe tousing by the here
What I devised to say a lytle ere

Dame Coye

Have I lost my supper this nyght through thy negligence

Careawaye

Nay then were I a knave misteris, saving your reverence

Dame Coye
Why I am sure that by this tyme it is doone

   Careawaye

Ye that it is more then an our agone

   Dame Coye

And was not thou sent to feche mee theyther

   Careawaye

Yes and had cume right quiklie hither
But that by the waye I had a gret fall
And my name, body shape legges and all
And meat with one that from me did it stelle
But be god he and I sum bloues dyd deale
I wold he were now before your gate
For you wold poumille him ioylile about y[e] pate

   Dame Coye

Truelie this wagepastie is either drunken or mad

   Careawaye

Never man sofred so mutch wrong as I had
But maisteris I should saye a thinge to you
Tary it wol cum to my remembrance even now
I must niddes use a substancyal premeditacon
For the matter lyeth gretylie mee a pon
I besiche your maisterishipe of pardon and forgivenes
Desyering you to impute it to my simple & rude dulines
I have forgotten what I have thought to have sayed
And am ther of full ill a paied
But whan I lost my selfe I knew verie well
I lost also that I should you tell.

   Dame Coye

Why thou wrechid villen doest thou me scorne and moke
To make me to thes folkes a laufying stoke
Ere thou go out of my hands y[u] shalt have sum thynge
And I woll rekine better in the mornynge

   Careawaye

And yf you bete me maisteris a vise you
For I am none of your servaunts now
That other I is now your page
And I am no longer in your bondage

*Dame Coye*

Now walke precious thife get the out of my syght
And I charge thee cum in my presens no more this night
Get thee hens and wayte on thy maister at ons

*Careawaye*

Mary syr this is handeling for the noons
I wold I had byn hanged before that I was lost
I was never this canvased and tost
That if my maister on his part also
Handle me as my maisteris and the other I do
I shall surelie be killed bytwine theim thre
And *all the divels in hell* shal not save me
But yet if the other I might have w[t] me parte
All this wold never greve my harte

*iake iugler*

Hou saye you maisters I pray you tell
Have not I requited my marchent well
Have not in handelyd hym after a good sort
Had it not byne pytie to have lost this sporte
A none his maister, on his behalphe
You shall see how he woll handle the calphe
Yf he throughtlye angered bee
He wol make hym smart, so mot I thee
I wold not for the price of a new payre of shoone
That any parte of this had bynne undune
But now I have partelye revenged my quarell
I woll go do of this myne apparell
And now let Careawaye be Careawaye agayne
I have done with that name now certayne
Except peraventure I shal take y[e] selfesam wede
Sum other tyme agayne for a like cause & nide

*Boungrace*

Why then daryst thou to presume too tell mee
That I know is no wyse possible for to bee

**Careawaye**

Now by my truth maister I have told you no lie
And all these folks knowith as well as I
I had no sooner knoked at the gate
But straight wayes he had me by the pate
Therefore yf you bet me tyll I fart & shyt agayne
You shall not cause me for any payne
But I wol affirme as I said before
That when I came nere a nother stode at y[e] dore

**Boungrace**

Why y[u] naughtye vyllayne darest y[u] affirme to me
That which was never syne nor hereafter shalbe
That on man may have too bodies & two faces
And y[t] one man at on time may be in two placys
Tell me drankest thou any where by the waye

**Careawaye**

I shreue me yf I dranke any more then twise to day
Tyll I met even now with that other I
And with him I supped and dranke truelye
But as for you yf you gave me drinke & meate
As oftentymes as you do me bete
I were the best fed page in all this Cytie
But as touchyng that, you have on me no pitye
And not onlye I but all that do you sarve
For meat and drynke maye rather starve

**Boungrace**

What you saucye malypert knave
Begine you with your maister to prate & rave
Your tonge is lyberall and all out of frame
I must niddles counger it and make it tame
Where is y[t] other Careaway y[t] thou said was here

**Careawaye**

Now by my chrystendome syr I wot nere

**Boungrace**
Why canst thou fynde no man to moke but mee

   Careawaye
I moke you not maister soo mot I thee
Everye word was trew that I you tolde

   Boungrace
Nay I know toyes and prankes of olde
And now thou art not satisfied nor content
Without regarde of my biddings and commaundement
To have played by the waye as a leude knave & negligent
When I thee on my message home sent
But also woldest willinglie me delude and moke
And make me too all wise men a laughing stoke
Shewing me suche things as in no wise be maye
To y[e] intent y[t] thi leudnes mai turne to iest & play
Therefore if y[u] speake any such thing to me againe
I promyse it shalbe unto thy payne

   Careawaye
Loo is not he in myserable case
That sarveth suche a maister in any place
That with force woll compel him y[e] thing to denye
That he knoweth true, and hath syne w[t] his ye

   Boungrace
Was it not troiest thou thyne owne shadoo

   Careawaye
My shadoo could never have beten me soo

   Boungrace
Why by what reason possyble may such a thyng bee

   Careawaye
Nay I marvael and wonder at it more than ye
And at the fyrst it dyd me curstelye meave
Nor I wold myne owne yes in no wyse belyve
Untyll that other I beate me soo
That he made me belive it whither I wold or no
And if he had your selfe now within his reache
He wold make you say so too or ells beshite your breach

*Boungrace*

I durst a good mede and a wager laye
That thou laiest doune and slepest by the waye
And dremist all this that thou haste me tolde

*ienkyne Careawaye*

Naye there you lye maister if I might be so bold
But we ryse so eryl ye that yf I hadde
I hadde doone well and a wyse ladde
Yet mayster I wolde you undere stoode
That I have all wayes byn trusty and good
And flye as fast as a bere in a cage
When soo ever you sende me in your message
In faythe as for thys that I have tolde you
I sawe and felte it as waking as I am nowe
For I had noo soner knocked at the gate
But the other I knave had mee by the pate
And I durst to you one a boke swere
That he had byn watching for mee there
Longe ere I came hyden in sum pryvye place
Even for the nons too have me by the face

*Boungrace*

Why then thou speakest not with my wyfe

*Careawaye*

No that I dyd not maister by my lyfe
Untyll that other I was gone
And then my maisteris sent me after a none
To waight on you home in the dyvelles name
I wene the dyvell never so beate his dame

*Boungrace*

And where became that other Careawaye

*Careawaye*

By myne honestie syr I cannot saye
But I warrant he is now not for hens
He is here amonge this company for [x].[fortie] pens
Boungrace
Hence at tonce sike and smell hym out
I shall rape thee one the lying knaves snought
I woll not bee deludyd with such a glosi lye
Nor give credens tyll I see it with my oune iye

Careawaye
Trulye good syr by your maistershipps favoure
I cannot well fynd a knave by the savoure
Many here smell strong but none so ranke as he
A stronger sented knave then he was cannot bee
But syr yf he be happelye founde a none
What a mends shal I have for y[t] you have me done

Boungrace
If he may befound I shall walke his cote

Careawaye
Ye for our lady sake syr I bisiche you spare him not
For [it] is sum false knave witheouten doubt
I had rather then .[x]. [fortie] pens wee could find him out
For if a man maye belive a glase
Evin my verie oune selfe it was
And here he was but evyn right now
And steped a waye sodenlie I wat not how
Of such a other thing I have nether h[n]ard ne sene
By our blyssyd lady heaven quene

Maister boungrace
Plainelye it was thy shadow that thou didest see
For in fayth the other thyng is not passible to be

Careawaye
Yes in good faith syr by youre leave
I know it was I by my apples in my sleve
[ ~A rhyme missing here, to match “hard”~]
And speakith as like me as ever you harde.
Suche here, such a Cape, suche hose and cote
And in every thing as just as .iiii. pens to a grote
That if he were here you should well see
That you could not discerne nor know him from me
For thinke you that I do not my selfe knowe
I am not so folishe a knave I trowe
Let who wolle looke him by and by
And he wolle depose upon a boke that he is I
And I dare well say you wolle saye the same
For he called hym selfe by my owne name
And tolde me all that I have done
Syth five of the cloke this after none
He could tell when you were to supper sete
You send me home my maisteris to fete
And shewed me all things that I dyd by y[e] waie

_Boungrace_

What was that

_Careawaye_

How I dyd at the bukelers playe
And whan I scaterid a basket of apples from a stall
And gethered them into my sleve all
And how I played after that also

_Boungrace_

Thou shalt have by therefore so mote I go
Is that the guise of a trustie page
To plaie when he is sent on his masters message

_Dame Coye_

Laye on and spare not for the love of chryst
Joll his hed to a post and favoure your fyste
Now for my sake swete hart spare & favoure your hand
And lay hym about the rybbes with this wande

_Careawaye_

Now marcy y[t] I aske of you both twaine
Save my lyfe and let me not be slayne
I have had beting ynough for one daye
That a mischief take the other me Careawaye
That if ever he come to my hands agayne
I wis it shalbe to his Payne
But I marvayll greatlye by our lorde ihesus
How he I escapid I me beat me thus
And is not he I and unkind knave
That woll no more pytie on my self have
Here may you see, evydentlye i wis
That in hym me no drope of honestie is
Now a vengaunce light on suche a churls knave
That no more love toward myself have

*Dame Coye*
I knew verye wel swite harte & saied right now
That no fault therof should be in you

*Maister boungrace*
No trulye good bedfelow I wer then mutch unkinde
Yf you at any tyme should be out of my mynde

*Dame Coye*
Surelye I have of you a great treasure
For you do all thynges which may be to my pleasure

*Boungrace*
I am sory that your chaunce hath now byne so yll
I wolde gladely byne unsupped soo you had your fyll
But goo we in pigeesnie that you may suppe
You have cause now to thanke this same hangeupe
For had not he byne you had faryd very wel

*Dame Coye*
I bequeath hym w[t] a hott wengeaunce *to the divell of hell*
And hartelye I besiche him that hanged on the rode
That he never eate ne drynke that may do hym good
And that he dye a shamefull dethe saving my cheryte

*Careawaye*
I pray God send him such prosperitie
That hath caused me to have all this busines
But yet syrs you see the charitye of my maistris
She livethe after a wonderful charytable facion
For I assure you she is always in this passion
And scacelye on daye throughout the hole yere
She woll wishe any man better chere
And sum tyme if she well angred bee
I pray god (woll she saye) y[e] house may sinke under me
But maisters if you happen to see that other I
As that you shal it is not very likelye
Nor I wolnot desyre you for him purposelye to looke
For it is an uncomparable unhappye hooke
And if it be I. you might happin to seeke
And not fynd me out in an hole weeke
For when I was wonte to rune a waye
I used not to cum a gaine in lese than a moneth or twayne
Houbeit for all this I thinke it be not I
For to shew the matter in dyde trulye
I never use to rune a waye in wynter nor in vere
But all ways in suche tyme and season of the yere
When honye lieth in the hives of Bees
And maner frute falleth from the trees
As Apples, Nuttes, Peres, and Plummes also
Wherby a boie maie live a brod a moneth or two
This cast do I use I woll not with you fayne
Therefore I wonder if he be I sertaine
But and if he be, and you mete me a brod by chaunce
Send me home to my maister with a vengaunce
And shew him if he cume not ere to morowe nyght
I woll never receyve him agayne if I myght
And in the meane tyme I woll give hym a grote
That woll well and thryftelye walke his cote
For a more ungracious knave is not even now
Bytwene this place and Calycow
Nor a more frantike mad knave in bedelem
Nor a more folle hence to Jherusalem
That if to cume agayne parcase he shall refuse
I woll continew as I am and let hym choose
And but he cum the soner by our lady bright
He shall lye without the dores all night
For I wol shyte up the gate, and gete me to bede
For I promise you I have a verie gydie hede
I nede no supper for this night
Nor wolde eate no meat though I myght
And for you also maister I thinke it best
You go to bede, and take your rest
For who of you had byn handelyd as I have ben
Wold not be long out of his bede I ween
No more woll I, but stele out of sight
I praye God geve you all good nyght
And send you better hape, and fortune
Then to lesse your selfe homward as I have don

Sumwhat it was sayeth the proverbe olde
That the catte winked when here ye was out
That is to saye no tale can be tolde
But that sum Englyshe maye be piked therof out
Yf to serche the laten and ground of it men wil go aboute
As this trifling enterlud that before you hath bine rehersed
May sygnifye sum further meaning if it be well serched

Such is the fashyon of the worlde now a dayes
That the symple innosaintes ar deluded
And an hundred thousand divers wayes
By suttle and craftye meanse shamefullie abused
And by strenth force, and vyolence oft tymes compelled
To belive and saye the moune is made of agrene chese
Or ells have gret harme, and percace their life lese

And an olde saying it is that most tymes, might
Force, strength, power, & colorable subtlete
Dothe oppresse, debare, overcum, and defeate ryght
Though the cause stand never go greatlye against equite
And y[e] truth therof be knownen for never so perfitt certantye
Ye & the poore semple innocent y[t] hath had wrong & injury
Must cal y[e] other his good maister for shewing hym such marcye

And as it is daylie syne for fere of ferther disprofite
He must that man his best frende and maister call
Of whome he never received any maner benefite
And at whose hand he never had any good at all
And must graunt, affirme, or denye what soever he shall
He must saye the Croue is whight, yf he be so comaunded
Ye and that he him selfe is into a nother body changed

He must saye he dyd a mysse though he never dyd offende
He must aske forgivenes where he did no trespace
Or ells be in troble, care and meserye with out ende
And be cast in sum arrierage without any grace
And that thing he sawe done before his owne face
He must by compulsion stifelie denye
And for feare whether he woll or not saye tonge you lye

And in everye faculte this thing is put in ure
And is so unyversall that I nede no one to name
And as I fere is like evermore to endure
For it is in all faculties a commyn sporte and game
The weker to saie as y[e] stronger biddeth, or to have blam
As a cunning sophist woll by argument bring to passe
That the rude shall confesse and graunt him selfe an ase

And this is y[e] daylye excersise and practice of their scoles
And not emongs them onlie but also emong all others
The stronger to compell and make poore symple foles
To say as they commaund them in all maner matiers
I woll name none particular but set them all togithers
With out any exception, for I praye you shew me one
Emonges all in the worlde that usethe not suche fasion

He that is stronger, and more of power and might
If he be disposed to revenge his cause
Woll sone pike a quarrel be it wrong or ryght
To the inferior and weker for a cople of straues
And woll agaynst him so extremelie lay the lawes
That he woll put hym to the worse other by false injurie
Or by some craft and subtelete, or ells by playne terani

As you sawe right now by example playne
An other felowe, being a counterfeat page
Brought the gentylmans servaunt out of his braine
And made hym graunt y[t] him selfe was fallen in dotage
Baryng hym selfe in hadn that he dyd rage
And when he could not bryng that to passe by reason
He made him graunt it and saye so by compulsyon

Therefore happy are they that can beware
Into whose hands they fall by any suche chaunce
Which if they do they hardlye escape care
Troble, miserie, and wofull grevaunce
And thus I make an end, committing you to his gidaunce
That made, & redeemed us all, and to you y[t] be now here
I praye god graunt, and send many a good newe yere.

Finis.

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upon the thre Crayne wharfe by me
Wyllyam Copland