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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Gammer Gurton's Needle

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1575

[British Museum (G 11209) and Bodleian Libraries]

Written c. 1553—1562

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1910

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 33]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Sammer Guyton's Needle

1575

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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Gammer Gurton's Needle

1575

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (G 11209): other copies are in the Bodleian Library, and, at most, two or three other private collections.

The date and authorship have always been moot points. Recent research, though adding somewhat to our knowledge, has not definitely settled these questions. For a long time the weight of inferred authorship leaned to Dr. John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells; others favoured the suggestion that this honour belonged to Dr. John Bridges, Dean of Salisbury and Bishop of Oxford. Latterly, however, Dr. Bradley, one of the Editors of the "Oxford English Dictionary," has put forward a strong case in favour of one William Stevenson, a Fellow of Christ's College, probably from 1551 to 1561. Dr. Bradley's presentation of his facts and deductions originally appeared in Professor Gayley's "Representative English Comedies" (Macmillan Co., N.Y., 1903). I was subsequently permitted the privilege of full quotation therefrom in "Anonymous Plays," Ser. III. (E.E.D.S.). Dr. Bridges' claims were discussed fully in "Anglia," xix., 1896. In passing, I may mention that a salient point in Dr. Bradley's argument hinges on the similarity of the title-pages of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" and "The Disobedient Child," already issued in this series.

The curious manuscript note on the fly-leaf emphasises the value of facsimile reprints. This is further enhanced when, in one of the most careful of modern reprints for scholars, the Editor remarks that "Scapethryft" (see list of players) is "Scapethryk" in original, whereas, though badly printed, the former is plainly correct, as may be seen herein.

The question of date is also discussed by Dr. Bradley: the range may be from 1553 to 1562.

This reproduction in facsimile has (says Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum) been, on the whole, most creditably reproduced; the original is very badly printed. The chief fault (one difficult to amend, doubtless) is a tendency to exaggerate the effect of the ink showing through from the other side of the leaf—brown in original—and so not obscuring the letters.

JOHN S. FARMER.

This copy sold for £28.
at Rhode's Sale.

The present volume possesses
a valuable proof of the
importance of early editions.

In the third leaf (first leaf)
line 21 is the following line

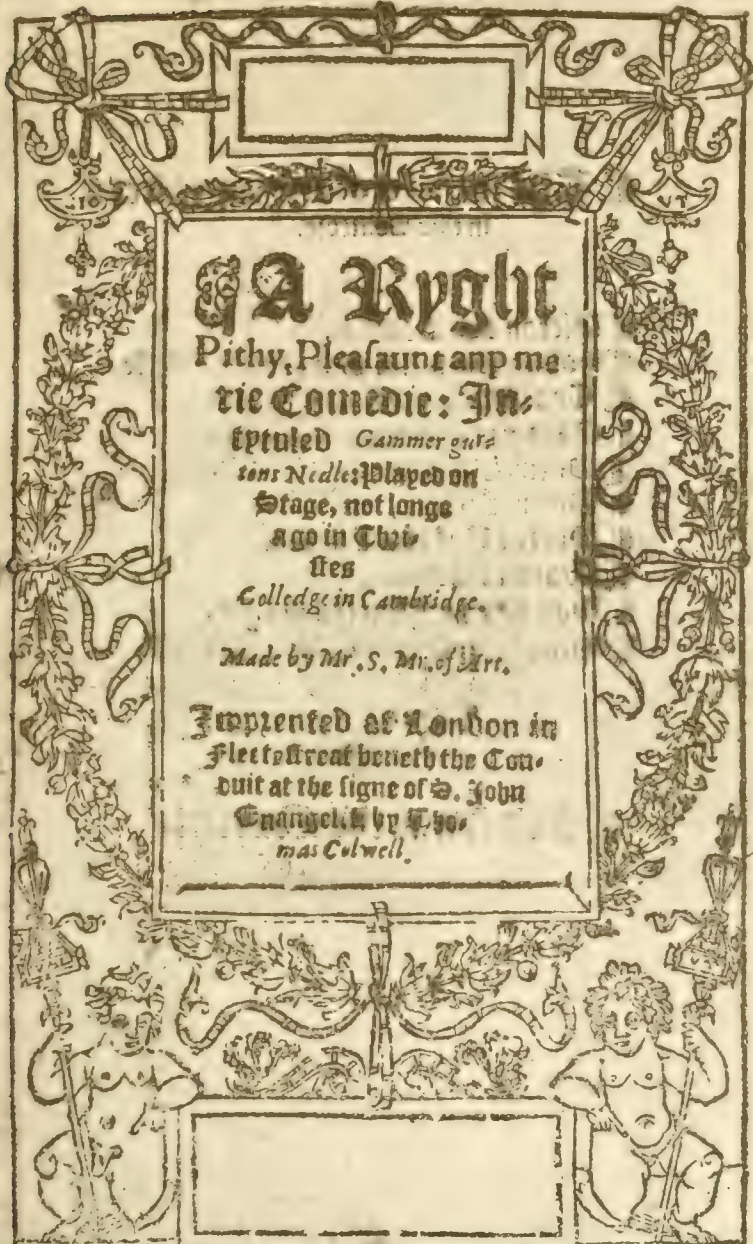
"And flung about his haly ace
juyking with her tail"

In the modern editions it is printed
"halse anchor" and there is
attached a learned note to explain
the meaning of the words.

Haly ace is however the correct
reading. It is a piece of land
attached to the farm as a place
appropriated for cattle.

This copy was sold at Rhode's Sale for £28.





A highly decorative border surrounds the text, featuring intricate floral patterns, ribbons, and two figures at the bottom. The figures appear to be personifications of the arts, one holding a quill and the other a palette. The border is composed of repeating motifs of leaves, flowers, and flowing ribbons.

A Ryght

Pithy, Pleasaunt and me-
rie Comedie: In:

ptoled Gammer gaites
sons Needle: Playd on
Stage, not longe
ago in Chri-
stes

Colledge in Cambridge.

Made by Mr. S. Mr. of Art.

Printed at London in
Fleet Street beneath the Cou-
duit at the signe of S. Iohn
Euangelists by Tho-
mas Colwell.

C The names of the Speakers
In this Comedie.

- C** Diccon the Bedlem.
- C** Hodge Gammer Gurtons seruante.
- C** Tyb Gammer Gurtons mayde.
- C** Gammer Gurton.
- C** Doche Gammer Gurtons boye.
- C** Dame Chatte,
- C** Doctor Rat the Curate.
- C** Hapster Bayle.
- C** Doll Dame Chatters mayde.
- C** Scapethyft mayst Weyles seruante.

Muscs.

C God Saue the Queene.

The Prologue.



As Gámer Curton, with manye a wyde styche
 Sat pelynge & patching of Hodger inás byche
 By chance oz misfortune as thee her geare toff
 In Hodger lether byches her needle thee lost,
 When Diccon the bediem had hard by report
 That good Gámer Curton was robde in thye
 He quietly perswaded with her in that stound (softe,
 Dame That her deare gossyp this needle had found,
 Yet knew thee no moze of this matter (alas)
 Then knoweth Tom our clarke what the Priest saith at masse
 Here of there ensued so fearfull a fraye,
 Was Doctor was sent for these gossypys to stape,
 Because he was Curate, and esteemed full wyse
 Who found that he sought not, by Diccons denice,
 When all thynges were tumbled and cleane out of fassion
 Whether it were by fortune, oz some other constellacion
 Sodenlye the neele Hodger found by the prickynge
 And drew it out of his bot socke where he felt it stichynge
 Theyz hartes then at rest with perfect securtye,
 With a pot of good nale they stroake by theyz plauditie.

The fyrst Acte.

The fyrst Scene.

Diccon.

Diccon



Many a myle haue I walked, diuer sand sundry water
 And many a good mās house haue I bin at in my dates
 Many a gossips cup in my tyme haue I tasted
 And many a bzoche and spyt, haue I both turned and basted
 Many a peece of bacon haue I had out of thir balkes
 In rompyng ouer the countrey, with long and wyde walkes,
 Yet came my foote neuer, within those donze cheakes,
 To seeke flesh oz fysh, Carlpke, Wypons oz Leekes,
 That euer I saw a softe, in such a plyght
 As here within this house appereth to my syght,
 There is howtyng and scowtyng; all cast in adumpe.

Garment Burtons Riddle.

With whetling and petwling, as though they had lost a trump
 Dying and sobbing, they weepe and they waille
 I maruell in my mynd, what the deuill they ayle
 The olde Trot syts groning, with alas and alas,
 And Tib wynges her hands, and takes on in woyle case
 With pooze Cocke they2 boye, they be dryuen in such syts
 I feare mee the folkes be not well in they2 wyts,
 Aske them what they ayle, or who bzought them in this Caye?
 They aunswer not at all, but alacke and welaway
 When I saw it booted not, out at doores I hied mee
 And caught a Slyp of Bacon, when I saw that none slyped mee,
 Which I intend not far hence, vnles my purpose fayle
 Shall serue for a boinghyrne to draw on two pots of ale.

The first Verse.

The second Verse.

Hodge.

Diccon.

Hodge

Se so cham arayed with dablynge in the durt
 She that set me to ditchinge, ich wold she had the surlt
 Was neuer pooze soule that such a life had:
 Gogs bones thys bylthy glaye haie drest mee to bad
 Gods soule, see how this stiffe teares
 Iche were better to bee a Bearward and set to keepe Beares
 By the Halle here is a gallshe, a shamefull hole in deade
 And one stytch teare surder, a man may thruste in his heade.

Diccon

By my fathers soule Hodge, if I shulde now beswoyne
 I can not chuse but say thy breech is soule be toyne,
 But the next remedye in such a case and hap
 Is to plaunche on a piece, as byode as thy cap.

Hodge

Gogs soule man, tis not yet two dayes fully ended
 Synce my damie Garton (chem sure) these breeches amended,
 But cham made suce a byudge to trudge at euery neede
 Chwold rend it though it were stitched what Hurdy patchrede,

Diccon

Hodge, let thy breeches go, and speake and tell mee soone
 What deuill ayleth gämer garton, & Tib her magd to frowne,

Hodge

Each man thart deceyued, tys they2 dayly looke,
 They coure so ouer y2 colles, they2 eyes be bleard with smooke,

Diccon

Draw by the masse. I nor fastly nor ceined as I came hether.

Gamester Burtons Aed'r.

That eether Tib & her dame hath ben by the cares to gether
Or els as great a matter as thou shalt shortly see.

- Hodge ¶ How iche besceche our Lord they neuer better agree.
Diccon ¶ By gods soale there they set as still as stones in the strotte
As though they had ben take with fairies or els w some il spzife
Hodge ¶ Gogs hart, I durst haue layd my cay to a crowne
Chould lerne of some pranceme as sone as ich came to tobyn.
Diccon ¶ Why Hodge art thou in spzied or doest thou therof here?
Hodge ¶ I say, but ich saw such a wonder as ich saw nat this in yere
Toise Tannhards Cow (be gogs bones) the set me by her tails
And spynge about his halfe after spynge with her taile,
As though there had ben in her ars a swarme of Bees,
And had not cryed t'phzow hoo, e, shee left out of his Ears.
Diccon ¶ Why Hodge lies the connyng in Tom tankhards cowes taile?
Hodge ¶ Well ich chane hard some say such tokers do nat sayle,
But cast þ not till in faith Diccon, why the frownes or weler at
Hath no man solne her Ducks or Henes, or gilded geber Cat
Diccon ¶ What counsell can I tell man, I cold not haue one word
They gaue no more hede to my talk then thou woldest to a loyde
Hodge ¶ I the can nat tell but muse, what merayulous thinge it is
Chill in and know my selfe what matters are amys.
Diccon. ¶ Then fare well hodge a while, sence thou doest inward hast,
For I will into the good wyfe Chats, to seele how the ale dooth
talks.

The fyrst Acte. The thyrde Scene.

Hodge.

Tyb.

- Hodge ¶ I am agast by the masse, ich wot not what to do
Chad neede blesse me well befoze ich go them to
Perchaunce some felon spz: it may haunt our house indeed,
And then chwere but at nobdy to venter where cha no needs
Tib, ¶ Cham woyle then mad by the masse to be at this kape
Cham chyd, cham bland, and beaton all thours on the daye,
Ramed and hunger stozued, prycked up all in ragges
Hauyng no patch to hyde my backe, saue a few rotten ragges.
Hodge ¶ I say Tyb, if thou be Tyb, as I trow sure thou be,
What deuyll make a doe is this, betweene our dame and thee.
Tib. ¶ I wote not what thou had a good turne thou warte not here.

Gammer Gutsong Bedle.

It had ben better for some of vs to haue ben hence a myle
 My Gammer is so out of course, and frantye all at ones
 What Cocke our boy, & I pooze wench, haue felt it on our bones.

Hodge Q What is the matter, say on Tib wherat she taketh so on.
 Tyb. Q She is vndone she sayth (alas,) her tope and life is gone
 If shee here not of some comfort, she is sayth but dead
 Shall neuer come within her lyps, one inch of meate ne bread.

Hodge Q Why Ladie chaun not very glad, to see her in this dumpe
 Tyb. Q Chalde a noble her stole hath fallen, & shee hath broke her rumpe
 Q Nay and that were the worst, we wold not greatly care
 For burking of her huckle bone, or bycaking of her Chaire,
 But greater, greater, is her grief, as hodge we shall all feele.

Hodge Q Gogs woundes Tyb, my gammer has neuer lost her Peele?
 Tyb. Q Her Peele.
 Hodge Q Her Peele?
 Tyb. Q Her noele by him that made me, it is true Hodge I tell thee.
 Q Gogs sacrament, I would she had lost, tharte out of her bellie
 The Denill or els his dame, they ought her sure a shame
 How a mirryon came this chaunce, (say Tib) vnto our dame?

Tyb. Q My gâmer sat her downe on her pes, & had me reach thy breech
 And by & by, a vengeâce in it or she had take two stiches (ches
 To clap a clout vpon thine ars, by chaunce a syde she leares
 And gvb our cat in the milke pan, she spied ouer head and eares
 Ah hoze, out these. We cryed aloud, & swapt the breeches downe
 Up went her kasse, and out leapt gvb, at dooys into the towne
 And synce that time was neuer wyght, cold set their eyes vpon it
 Gogs malison chaue Cocke and I, byd t wenty times light on it.

Hodge Q And is not thê my breeches sewid by, to morow y I shuld were
 Tyb. Q No in faith hodge thy breeches lie, for al this neuer the nere.
 Hodge Q How a vengeante light on al y lozt, y better shold haue kept it,
 The cat, the house, and tib our maid, y better shold haue swept it
 He where she cometh crawling, come on in twenty deults way
 We haue made a layre of es worke, haue you not? pray you say.

The fyfth Acte. The iiii. Scene.

Gammer. Hodge. Tyb. Cochs.

Gammer A Has hope, alas I may well curse the an-ban

Gammer Gucktons Needle.

This date that euer I saw it, with gib and the mylke pail
 For these and ill lucke to gather, as kindwerth Cocke my boye
 Hane stacke away my deare neele, and robd me of my loye
 My sayre longe straght neele that was myne onely treasure
 The fyrst day of my sozow is, and last end of my pleasure.

Hodge ¶ Might ha kept it when ye had it, but foolcs will be foolcs
 Lose that is dast in your handes, ye neede not but ye will.

Gammer ¶ Go hie thee tib, and run thou hooze, to bend here of the towne
 Didst cary out dust in thy lap, seeke whor thou persit it downe
 And as thou sawest me roking, in the ashes where I moyned
 So see in all the heape of dust, thou leaue no straw vnturned.

Lyb ¶ That chal gammer swythe and tpte, and sone be here agayne,

Gammer ¶ Tib scoope & loke downe to y ground to it, & take some paine.

Hodge ¶ Here is a pzetty matter, to see this gere how it goes
 By gogs soule I think you wold loes your ars, and it were loofe
 Your neele lost, it is pitie you shold lack care and endlesse sozow
 Gogs delh how shall my bzeches be sewid, shall I go thus to moe

Gammer ¶ Ah hodge, hodge, if that ich cold find my neele by the reed
 Should sow thy bzeches ich promise y, w full good double threed
 And set a patch on either knee, shuld last this monethes twayne
 How god & good Saint Sithe I praye, to send it home againe.

Hodge ¶ Wher to serued your hands & eies, but this your neele to kepe
 What deuill had you els to do, ye kept ich wot no sheepe
 Cham faine a brode to dyg and delue, in water, myze and claye
 Hossing and poking in the durte, styll from day to daye
 A hundred thinges that be abrode, cham set to see them weele
 And iours of you syt idle at home, and can not keepe a neele.

Gammer ¶ My neele alas ich lost it hodge, what time ich me vp halsted
 To saue the milke set vp for the, which gib our cat hath watted

Hodge ¶ The Demill he burst both gib, and Tib, with all the rest
 Cham abwaes sure of the worst end, who euer haue the best
 Wher ha you ben floging abrode, since you your neele lost

Gammer ¶ Wher the house, and at the doze, sitting by this same post
 Wher I was loking a long sozwe, before this se fowls came hore,
 But welaway, all was in vayne, my neele is vnture the hore.

Hodge ¶ Set me a candle, let me seeke and graspe wher it set it
 Gogs hart ve ue to folow (ich thank) you knowe it not when you

Gammer ¶ Come hether Cocke, what Cocke I say: (it see

Cocke, ¶ Howe Gammer,

Summer Burtons Arde.

- Summer** ¶ Doe hve thee soone, and grope behynd the old brasse pan,
 Whych thing when thou hast done
 Ther shalt thou fynd an old shoe, wher in if thou looke well
 Thou shalt fynd lying an inche of a whyte tallow candell,
 Lyght it, and bynnege it fite awaye.
- Cocke.** ¶ That shalbe done anone.
- Summer** ¶ Pay tary bodg til thou hast light, and then weele seke ech one.
- Hodge** ¶ Cum away ye hozson boy, are ye a slepe: ye must haue a crier.
- Cocke.** ¶ Ich cannot get the candell light here is almost no fier. (eared)
- Hodge** ¶ Chil hold the a peny chil make y come if y ich may catch thine
 Art desse thou hozson boy: cocke I say, why canst not heares.
- Summer** ¶ Beate hym not Hodge but help the boy and come you two to:
 (gether.)

¶ Chs. i. Acte.

¶ Ch. v. Scene.

¶ Summer. ¶ Tyb. ¶ Cocke. ¶ Hodge.

- Summer** ¶ W now Tyb, quych lets here, what newes thou hast
 brought heiber.
- Tyb.** ¶ Chaue tost and tumbled vnder heap our e ouer againe,
 And winowed it throug my fingers, as me wold winow grain
 Not so much as a hens turd but in pieces I tare it
 What so euer clod or clay I found, I tid not spare if
 Lokyng within and eke without, to fynd your neele (alao)
 But all in vaine and without help, your neele is where it was
- Summer** ¶ Alas my neele we shal neuer meete, adue, adue for aye.
- Tyb.** ¶ Not so gammer, we myght it fynd if we knew where it laye.
- Cocae.** ¶ Gogs crosse Summer if ye will laugly looke in but at the doore
 And see how Hodge lieth tomblyng and tossing amids the sicare
 Kakyng there some fyre to find amonge the ashes dead
 Wher there is not one sparke, so byg as a peny head,
 At last in a darke corner two sparkes he thought he sees
 Which wher indee nought els but Tyb our cats two eyes
 Haffe quod hodge thinking ther by to haue fyre without doubt
 With that Tyb shut her two eyes, & so the fyre was out
 And by and by ther opened, euen as they were before,
 With that the sparkes appered euen as they had done of yore,
 And euen as hodge blew the fire as he did thincke
 Tyb as he feit the blast straight way began to wynde,

Gammer Gutsens Bedle.

Epil Hodge fell of swering, as came best to his turne,
 The fier was sore bewicht, and therfoze wold not burne:
 At last Gylb by the flayters, among the old postes and plimes,
 And Hodge he hied him aiter: all by hole were both his shynnes:
 Curlyngs and swerling othes, were neuer of his makyng,
 That Gylb wold fyze the house, if that they were not taken.

Gamer: ¶ Does here is all the thought that the foolish Archyn taketh,
 And Gylb me toynke at his elbove almost as mercy maketh
 And his is all the wot ye haue when others make tozter none,
 Leave howas Hodge, where art thou: and let the Cat alone.

Hodge: ¶ Begs that is, help and come by, Gylb in her tayle hath fyze.
 And is like to burne all if they get a lytle bier:
 Cum downe (quoth you,) nay then you might count me a patch,
 The youle cometh towne on your heads: it take ons þ' thatch.

Gamer: ¶ It is the cats eyes soole that shineth in the darke.

Hodge: ¶ Wath the Cat do you thinke in eury eye a sparke.

Gamer: ¶ No, but they shyne as lyche fyze as euer man see.

Hodge: ¶ By the masse and the buras all, yoush beare the blame for mee

Gamer: ¶ Can you ne help to seeke here our mesie that it were found
 Beuene it ys on the kners I say, tozue Cacke to the ground.
 So God I make a towe, and so is good Saint Anne
 A candell shall they haue a pece, get it where I can.
 If I may my necke find in one place, or in other.

Hodge: ¶ How a beuicawire on gylb fyze it, so gylb fyze mother
 And all the ganel as you of Cals both far and nere
 Looke on the ground forson tozue then the neele is here.

Cocke: ¶ Why my trouth gammer say thought you, neele here I saye
 But when my fyngers toucht it, I felt it was a straw.

Epil: ¶ See Hodge whats say, may it neele within it,

Hodge: ¶ Breake it fool with thy hand and see and thou canst fynde it.

Epil: ¶ Nay breake it you Hodge accordyng to your word.

Hodge: ¶ Dogs fyves fyze it fyndes: it is a Cats toude,
 It were well done to make, thez cate it by the masse.

Gamer: ¶ This matter amendeth not my neele w' all where it waffe
 For candle is at an ende let us all in quight
 And come anothe tyme, when we haue more lyght

Aug 27 1601 X. 11th of Dec. 1601

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is end of the world

¶ The

Summer Curtons Bedle.

The ii. Act. Fyfte a Songe.

Q Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
booth foote and hande go colde:
But Belly god sende thes good ale ynoughe,
whether it be newe oꝛ olde.



Can not eate, but lytle meate,
my stomacke is not good:
But sure I thinke, that I can drynke
with him that weares a hood.
Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothinge a colde:

I thaste my thyn, so full wthhin,
of ioly good Ale and olde.
Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
booth foote and hand go colde:
But belly god send the good ale inoughe
whether it be new oꝛ olde.

I loue no rost, but a nut browne toste:
and a Crah layde in the fyre,
A lytle bzead, shall do me thrad
much bzeade I not desyre:
So froste noꝛ snow, no winde I trowe,
can hurte mee if I wolde,
I am so wyapt, and thowly lapt:
of ioly geod ale and olde.
Backe and syde go bare. &c.

And Tyb my wyfe, that as her lyfe
lonesth well good ale to seeke,
Fall ofte drynkes mee; tyll ye may see
the teares run downe her cheekes:
Then dooth she trowle, to mee the bowle
euen as a maull woznto thuld,
And sayth swete hart, I tooke my part
of this ioly good ale and olde.
Backe and syde go bare. &c.

Summer Curtens' Redle.

How let them dlynke, tell they nob and winke,
 euen as good felowes shoulde doe
 They shall not myste, to haue the blisse,
 good ale doth brynge men to:
 And all pooze soules that haue scowzed boules
 oz haue them lustely reolde,
 God saue the lyues, of them and theyr wyues
 whether they be yonge oz olde,
 Wacke and lyde go bare, &c.

The fyrst Deenne. ¶ Diccon. ¶ Hodge.

Diccon **W**ell done be Gogs malt, well sounge and well sayde,
 Come on mother Chat as thou art true mayde,
 One fresh pot of ale lets see to make an ende
 Agaynst this colde wether, my naked armes to defende,
 This gere it warms the soule, now wind blow on the wayst,
 And let vs drinke and swill, till that our bellies burste
 How were he a wyle man, by cunynge eolde desyne
 Which way my Journey lyeth oz where Dyccon will dyne
 But one good turne I haue, be it by nyght oz dape
 South, East, North oz west, I am neuer out of my waye.
Hodge ¶ Chym goodly rewarded, cham I not, do you thyncke?
 Chad a goodly dynner for all my sweate and swyncke,
 Pether butter cheese, mylke onyons fleshe noz fythe
 Saue thys pooz pece of barley bread, tis a pleasant costly dishe.
Diccon ¶ Haile fellow Hodge I will to fare, w thy meat, it y haue any?
Hodge ¶ Daintrels diccon (gogs soule ma) (saue this pece of dry horsbred,
 Cha byt no byt this lyue longe daie, no rrome come in my hed
 My gutts they yawle crawle and all my belly rumbleth
 The puddynge can not lye still, ech one oner other tumbleth
 My gogs harte cham so verte, and in my belly pende (ende.
Diccon ¶ Why hodge, was there none at home thy dinner for to let:
Hodge ¶ Gogs bread Diccon ich came to late, was nothing ther to get
 Sib (a fewle feine might on her light) (licht y milke pan so cleue
 See Diccon. fwas not so well washt this. dit. yere as ich wene
 A penitence lpyght on all ill lucke, chad thought yet for all thys

Gammer Gurtone's Tale.

Of a morsell of bacon behynde the doore at wynter shuld not misse,
 But when ich sought a styffe cut, as ich was wont to do
 Cogs saide Diccon, gyb our Cat her part of the bacon to.

Which bacon Diccon stole, as is declared before.

Diccon ¶ All lack quoth he, many swere it houg, this was þe truth to tel
 Thon rose not on thy right syde, as I stabled thes not wel,
 Thy mygh slept up, thy back fatchyn, than I, as to þa lack hogge.

Hodge ¶ Nay, nay, there was a Fowler fawld, my gammer game þe bogge
 Seest not how chā rent of an myghrels, my knees & my breech
 Chad thought as ich sat by the fire, help here & there a witch,
 Bat there ich was popyte indeede.

Diccon ¶ Why Hodge?

Hodge ¶ Bestes not man to fell,
 Cham so dyest among a sort of fooles, chad better be in hell,
 My gammer (cham ashamed to say) be god serued me not weelo

Diccon ¶ How sa Hodge?

Hodge ¶ Wale she not gone fro west now and I left her neele.

Diccon ¶ Her Gyle Hodge, who spilt of late that was a dainty dyth.

Hodge ¶ Tuff, tuff, her neele, her neele, her neele man,

(Eyes neyther flesh nor byth).

A litle thing with an hole in the end, as bright as any speller,
 Small, longe, warpe at the popnt, & straight as any pyllor.

Diccon ¶ I know not what a deuill þe mēst, þe bringst me more in doubt

Hodge ¶ Knowingst not to what toun tailers mā, sits bysching throughe a
 A neele, neele, a neele, my gammers neele is gone. (clout

Diccon ¶ Per neele Hodge, now I sme thes, þe was a chauce alone,

By þe make þe hadst a shamefull losse, & it wer but for thy brooches
 Cogs soule man chould give a crown chad it but in fittches.

Hodge ¶ How sayest þe Hodge, what shuld he haue, again thy neele got

Diccon ¶ Sem bathers soule, and chad it chould give him a new grot.

Hodge ¶ Canst thou keepe counsaile in this case.

Diccon ¶ Ele chould my thonge were out.

Hodge ¶ Do than but then by my advise, & I will fetch it wout doubt,

Diccon ¶ Chyll runne, chyll ryde, chyll dygge, chyll delue.

Hodge

(chill toyle, chill frudge what see?

Chill hold chill draue, chill pull, chill pryche

(chill kneele on my hate lines,

Chill serape, chill seratche, chill spite, chyll seche

(chill bowe, chill bende, chill sweate,

Gamester Burtons Needle.

Chil stoop, chil star, chil ray chil harte, chil crepe on hinds & feet
 Chil be thy bondman Diccon, ich sweare by sinne and moone
 And shannot turn what to stop this gap, than vnterly vndone
 Pointing behind to his tozme breeches.

Diccon ¶ Why, is ther any special cause, thou takest her bat such tozme
Hodge ¶ Birrian Clack Ton, simsons maid, bi the masse toms bet her

Cannt able to say, bot weene vs what may say. (to moze vs
 She sampled on me the last sonday when ich put on my cap,

Diccon ¶ Well Hodge this is a matter of weight, I must be kept close,
 It might els turne to both our caites as the wozlanow gofe,
 Shalt sware to bz no vlab Hodge.

Hodge ¶ Chyll Diccon,

Diccon ¶ Whenge to,
 Lay thine hand here, say after me as thou shalt bot's me do
 Vastc no booke?

Hodge ¶ Cha no booke I

Diccon ¶ Then needes must force be volve,
 Vpon my breech to lay thine hand, and there to take thine othe.

Hodge ¶ I Hodge breechellse,
 Swear to Diccon rechelelle
 By the crosse that I shall kye,
 To kepe his counsaile close
 And allwayes me to dispoze
 To worke that his pleasure is.

Diccon. ¶ Now Hodge see thou take heed. ¶ Here he kysseth Diccons
 (breeches,
 And do as I thee byd

Foz so I iudge it in eke,
 This needle againe to win
 There is no shift therin
 But conüre by a spzecke.

Hodge ¶ What the great deuil Diccon I saye?

Diccon ¶ Pea in good faith, that is the waye,
 Fet with some pzetcharme.

Hodge ¶ Softe Diccon be not to hally yet,
 By the masse foz ich begun to sweate
 Chain a fraye of some harme.

Diccon ¶ Come hether thik had warke the hat
 One tuche out of this Cyprie plat
 But stande as a thez leacae.

Sammer Curtong Redle.

Hodge ¶ And shall ich be here safe from theyr clawes:
 Diccon ¶ The mayster deuill with his louge pawes
 Here to thee can not reach:
 How will I settle me to this geare.
 Hodge ¶ I saye Diccon, heare me, heare:
 So softly to thys matter.
 Diccon ¶ What deapll man, art afraide of nought
 Hodge ¶ Canst not tarrye a lptle thought
 Tpli ich make a curtesse of water.
 Diccon ¶ Stand still to it, why shaldest thou feare hym:
 Hodge ¶ Gogs sydes Diccon, me thinke ich heare hun
 And tarrye. chal mare all.
 Diccon ¶ The matter is no woyle then I tolde it,
 Hodge ¶ By the masse cham able no longer to holde it,
 To had iche must berape the hall.
 Diccon ¶ Stand to it Hodge, sure not you horsen,
 What Deuyll, be thine ars strynges byrken
 Thy selte a while but fraye,
 The deuill I smell hym wyll be here anone.
 Hodge ¶ Hold him fast Diccon, cham gone, cham gone
 Chyll not be at that frays.

¶ He it. Acte.

¶ The li. Scene.

Diccon.

Chat.

Diccon ¶ I shylten knaue, and out vpon thee
 A boue all other loutes spe on thee,
 Is not here a clenly pzancke?
 But thy matter was no better
 Nor thy pres. uce here no sweter,
 To dye I can the thanke:
 Here is a matter wozthy glosunge,
 Of Sammer Curtong redle losunge
 And a foule pece of warke,
 A man I thyncke might make a plays
 And nede no woode, so this they saye,
 Being but halfe a Clarke.

Gamester Gurtons Medle.

Softte, let me alone, I will take the charge
 This matter further to en large
 Within a tyme thozte,
 If ye will marke my toyes, and note
 I will geue ye leaue to cut my thzote
 If I make not good spozte.

Dame Chat I say, where be ye, within?

Chat. ¶ Who haue we there maketh such a din:

Diccon ¶ Here is a good fellow, maketh no great daunger,

Chat. ¶ What diccon: come nere, ye be no straunger,
 We be fast set at trumpe man, hard by the fyze,
 Thou shalt set on the king, if thou come a litle nyer.

Diccon ¶ Pay, nay, there is no tarping: I must be gone againe
 But first for you in counceI I haue a word or twaine.

Chat. ¶ Come hether Dol, Dol, sit downe and play this game,
 And as thou sawest me do, see thou do euen the same (her
 There is s, trumps beside the Queene, y hindmost y shalt finde
 Take hede of Sim glouers wise, she hath an eie behind her,

Diccon ¶ Now Diccon say your will.

¶ Say softte a litle yet,

I wold not tel it my siffer, the matter is so great,
 There I wil haue you sweare by our nere Lady of Bullaine,
 S. Dunitone, and S. Donnyke, with the thzee Kinges of Engle
 That ye shal keepe it secret. (laine,

Chat. ¶ Gogs bzead that will I doo,
 As secret as mine owne thought, by god and the deuil tivo.

Diccon. ¶ Here is gamester gurton your neighbour, a sad & heuy wight
 Her goodly faire red Cock, at home. was stole this last night.

Chat. ¶ Gogs soule her Cock with the pelow legs, y nightly crowed

Diccon. ¶ That cocke is stolen. so iust?

Chat. ¶ What was he fet out of the hens ruste?

Diccon. ¶ I can not tel where y deuil he was kept, vnder key or locke,
 But Tib hath tykled in Gammers eare, that you shoulde steale

Chat. ¶ Haue I stronge hooze: by bzead and salte. (the cocke

Diccon ¶ What softte, I say be styl.

Say not one word for all this geare:

Chat. ¶ By the masse that I wyl,

I wil haue the yong hore by the head, & the old trot by y thzote

Diccon. ¶ Not one word dame Chat I say, not one word for my cote.

Gammer Gurtons Noedie.

- Chat.** *Whell such a beggars brabbe as y thinkest y make me a theefe
The pocks light on her hoases sydes, a p silences a matcheefe
Come out thou hungry neop bytche, a that my nails be thort.*
- Diccon** *Wogs bred womē hold your peace, this gere wil eis passe, spozt
I wold not for an hundred pound, this matter shuld be knowen,
That I am auctour of this tale, oz haue abraze it blowen
Dio ye not sweare ye wold be ruled, befoze the tale I tolde
I said ye must all secret keepe, and ye said sure ye wold.*
- Chat.** *Wolde you suffer your seife diccon, such a fozt, to reulle you
With flanderous words to blot your name, & so to defile youe*
- Diccon** *I sho goodwife chat I wold be loty such drabs shulde blot my
But yet ye must so ozder all, y Diccon beare no blame. (name*
- Chat.** *Go to then, what is your reed: say on your minde,*
(ye shall mee rule herein.
- Diccon** *Godamerce to dame chat, in falth thou must the gere begin
It is tweaty pound to a goose turd, my gammer wil not tary
But hether way. she comes as fast as her legs can dar tary,
So brabbe with you about her cocke, for well I hard Lib say
The docke was rosted in your house, to brabast y dar say.
And when ye had the tarras eaten, the fetters ye our lunge
And Doll your maid the legs she hid a foote asye in the cunge.*
- Chat.** *As gracious god my harte is burkes.*
- Diccon** *Well rule your seife a space
And gammer gorton when she cometh anon into thys place
Then to the swene lets see toll her your mynd & spare not
So shall Diccon blanch: he bee, and then go to y care not.*
- Chat.** *Then heere how are her throte, I can abide no longer
In fact I wold witch it shalbe seene, which of vs two be stronger
and Diccon but at your request, I wold not stay one howze.*
- Diccon** *Well keepe it in till she be here, and then out let it poyze,
In the meane whyle get you in, and make no woizers of this
Share of this matter wh in this heloze to here you shall not misse
For can I know you are my freino, hibe it I cold not doubtles
Ye anis your harm, see ye be wise about your owne busines
So care ye will.*
- Chat.** *May soft Diccon and swinke, what Doll I say
Lynge here a cup of the best ale, lets see, come quely a swape.*

The ii. Act.
Hodge.

The iii. Scene.
Diccon.

Diccon **M**ee see matters by one end tapt of this my thort deuille
How must we bzoche thoter to, befoze the smokes arise
And by the time they haue a while run.
(I trust ye need not craue it.

But loke what lieth in both their harts ye ar like sure to haue it

Hodge ¶ Pea gogs soule, art aliae yet? what Diccon dare ich come?

Diccon ¶ A man is wel hied to trust to thee, I wil say nothing but mum
But and ye come any nearer I pray you see all be swete.

Hodge ¶ Tush man, is gammers neele found, that chould gladly weete

Diccon ¶ She may thake thee it is not found, for if þ had kept thy stading
The deuil he wold haue fet it out, euen hodg at thy comanding

Hodge ¶ Gogs hart, & cold h. tel nothing wher the neele might be found

Diccon ¶ Ye folysch dolt, ye were to seek, ear we had got our ground,
Eherfoze his tale so doubtfull was, that I cold not perceiue it.

Hodge ¶ A he, n ich se wel somthing was said, chope one day yet to haue
But diccon, diccon, did not the deuill cry ho, ho, ho, (it,

Diccon ¶ If þ hadst tarped wher thou stoodst, thou woldest haue said so

Hodge ¶ Durst swere of a boke, chard tūm roze, streight after ich was
But tel me diccon what said þ knaue: let me here it anon. (gon

Diccon ¶ The hozson talked to mee. I know not well of what

One whyle his tonge it ran and paltered of a Cat,
Another whyle he stamered styll vppon a Kat.

Last of all there was nothing but euery woꝝd Chat, Chat,

But this I well perceyued befoze I wolde him rid,

Betweene Chat, and the Kat, and the Cat, the neele is hpd,

Now wether Cyb our cat haue eate it in her matwe,

Or Doctor Kat our curat haue found it in the straw, (weth

Or this dame chat your neighbour haue stolen it, god bee kno-

But by þ moꝝow at this time, we shal learn how the matter go

Hodge ¶ Canst not learn to night man, seest not what is here, (est
¶ Pointyng behind to his toꝝne bzeches.

Diccon ¶ Wys not possyble to make it sooner appere,

Hodge ¶ Alas Diccon then chaue no chyfr, but least ich tary to longe

Wye me to Sym glouers shop, thcare to seeke for a Thonge,

Eher with this bzeech to tatche and tye as ich may. (say.

Diccon ¶ To moꝝow hodg if we chaunce to meete, thalt see what I will

C.

The

Diccon:

Gammer.

Diccon **W**ho this gere must forward goe, for here my gammer: commeth,

We will a while & say nothing, make here a litle rowth.

Gammer **G**ood lord, shall neuer be my lucke my neele agayne to spee
Alas the whyle tye past my helpe, where tis still it must lye.

Diccon **N**ow Iesus gammer gurld, what dozineth you to this lasnesse
I feare me by my conscience, you will sure fall to madnes.

Gammer **W**ho is that, what Diccon. cham lost man: spee spe.

Diccon **M**arye sy on them y he worthy, but what shuld be your trouble,

Gammer **A**las the more ich thinke on it, my sorow it wareth double
By goodly rassing spo: yars neele, chaue lost ich wot not where,

Diccon **Y**our neele, whant?

Gammer **M**y neele (alas) ich myght full ill it spare,
As god him selfe he knoweth nere one belyde chaue.

Diccon **I**f this be all goed gammer, I warrant you all is saue.

Gammer **W**hy know you any tydings which way my neele is gone?

Diccon **Y**ea that I do doubtlesse, as ye shall here anone,
A see a thing this matter toucheth, within these. xx. howres,
Euen at this gate, befoze my face, by eneyghtour of yours,
She scooped me downe, and by she toke a nedle or a pyn:
I durst be swozne it was euen yours, by all my mothers kyn.

Gammer **I**t was my neele diccon ich wot, for here euen by this poste
Ich sat, what time as ich vp staret, and so my neele it losse:
Who was it leme son? speke ich praye the, & quickly tell me that?

Diccon **A** litle queane as any in thys towne,
(your neyghboure here dame Chat.

Gammer **D**ame chat diccon let me be gone, chil tyether in post haste.

Diccon **T**ake my counsell yet or ye go, for feare ye walke in wast,
It is a murrion crafty drab, and froward to be pleased,
And ye take not the better way, our neele yet ye lose it:
For when she tooke it up, euen here befoze your doores
What lost dame chat (quoth I) that same is none of yours
Quant (quoth she) sye knaue, what prate st thou of that I fynd:
I wold y hadst hid me I wot whear: (the ment I know behind)
And home she went as brag, as it had ben a bodelouce,
And I after as bold, as it had ben, the goodman of the house:

Gammer Cartons Needle.

But there and ye had hard her, how she began to scolde
The tonge it went on patins, by hym that Judas solde,
Ech other worde I was a knave, and you a hore of hozes,
Because I spake in your behalfe, and sayde the neele was yours.

- Gammer ¶ Dogs bread, and thinks y^e callet thus to kepe my neele me frof
Diccon ¶ Let her alone, and she minds non other but eu^e to dresse you to
Gammer ¶ By the masse chyl rather spend the cote that is on my backe.
Thinks the false quean by such a sygh, that chyl my neele lacke
Diccon ¶ Slepe not you gere I counsell you, but of this take good hede
Let not be knowen I told you of it, how well soeuer ye spede.
Gammer ¶ Chyl in Diccon a cleene aperne to take, and set befoze me,
And ich may my neele once see, chyl sure remember the

The ii. Acte.

The v. Scene.

Diccon.

- Diccon ¶ Ere will the spozte begin, if these two once may meete.
¶ Lett^r there durst lay money will y^eroue scardly sweete
My gammer sure entends, to be vppon her bones,
With stauces, or with clubs, or els with coble stones.
¶ Dame Chat on the other syde, if she be far behynde
I am right far deceiued she is geuen to it of kynde,
¶ Ye tha^t may tarry by it a whyle, and that but thozte
I warrant hym trust to it, he shall see all the spozte
¶ Into the towne will I, my frendes to vylt there
And helter straight againe to see thend of this gere (them
¶ In the meane time selowes, pype vpp your saddles, I late take
And let your freyades here such mirth as ye can make them.

The iii. Acte.

The i. Scene.

Hodge.

- Hodge ¶ I'm glouer yet gramercy, cham meett ye well sped now,
¶ Hart euen as good a selow as euer kyffe a cowe,
¶ Here is a thynge in dede, by y^e masse t'ough ich speake it
¶ Tom tankards great bald curtal, I thinke could not bzeake it
And when he sped my neede, to be so straight and hard,

C. ii.

Ways

Gammer Guttons Needle.

Says Ient me here his nault, to set the gyb sozward,
 As soz my Gammers neele, the syenge seyud go weefe,
 Chyll not now go to the dooze againe with it to meete:
 Chould make thyfte good Inough and chad a candels ende,
 The cheefe hole in my byeche, with these two chil amende.

¶ The iii. Acte.

¶ The ii. Scene.

Gammer.

Hodge.

- Gammer **H**ow Hodge, mayst nowe be glade, cha newes to tell thee
 Ich knowe who haie my neele, ich trust soone shalt it see
- Hodge ¶ The deuyll thou doest, hast hard gammer in deede, or doest but
 Gammer ¶ Yes as true as steele Hodge. (iest)
- Hodge ¶ Why, knowest well where's thy needle?
- Gammer ¶ Ich know who found it, and tooke it by shalt see or it be longe.
- Hodge ¶ Gods mother dere, if that be true, far wel both naule an thong
 But who haie it gammer say on: chould faine here it disclosed.
- Gammer ¶ That false firen, that same dame Chat, that counts her selfe so
 Hodge ¶ Who tolde you so: (honest)
- Gammer ¶ That same did Diccon the bedlam, which saw it done.
- Hodge ¶ Diccon: it is a vengeable knaue gammer, tis a bonable hoysō,
 Can do mo things then that els cham deceyued euill:
 By the masse ich saw him of late cal by a great blacke deuill,
 And the knaue cryed ho, ho, he roared and he thundjed,
 And read bene here, cham sure yould murrenly ha wondjed.
- Gammer ¶ Was not thou afraide Hodge to see him in this place:
- Hodge ¶ No, and chad come to me, chould haue laid him on the face,
 Chould haue pzomised him.
- Gammer ¶ But Hodge, had he no hoznes to pushe:
- Hodge ¶ As long as your two armes, saw ye neuer Fryer Rushe
 Painted on a cloth, with a side long cowes tayle:
 And crooked clouch feete, and many a hoked nagle?
 For al the world (if I shuld iudg) chould reckon him his by: other
 Loke euen what face Fryer Rushe had, the deuill had such another
- Gammer ¶ Now Iesus mercy hodge, did diccon in him bying:
- Hodge ¶ Nay gammer (heare me speke) chil tel you a greater thing,
 The deuill (when diccon had hun, ich hard him wondrous weel)
Says

Summer Garters Noble.

aier **S**ayd plainly (here before vs, that daime chat had your necke.
 ¶ Then let vs go, and aske her wherfore she minds to kepe it,
 Hodge **S**eing we know so much, tware a madnes now to slepe it.
 ¶ Go to her gâmer. see ye not where she stands in her doores
 Wpd her geue you the necke, tys none of hers but yours.

¶ The iii. Acte.

¶ The iiii. Scene.

Gâmer.

Chat.

Hodge.

Gâmer **S**ame Chat chorde praye the fair, let me haue y is mine
 Chil not this ttwenty yeres take one fact that is thyne
Chat. ¶ Wherfore giue me mine owne & let me liue besyde the
 ¶ Why art thou crept frō home hether, to mine own doores to
 Hence doting drab, auant, or I shall let the further. (chide me:
 Intends thou and that knave, mee in my house to murder :
Gâmer ¶ Tush gape not so no me woman. shalt not yet eate mee,
 For all the frends thou hast, in this shall not intreate mee:
 Mine owne goods I will haue, and aske the on beleue, (agrees.
 What woman: pore folks must haue right, though the thing you
Chat. ¶ Giue thee thy right, and hang thee vp, w al thy baggers broode
 What wilt thou make me a theefe, and say I stole thy good :
Gâmer ¶ Chil say nothing (ich warrāt thee, but that ich cā proue it well
 Thou set my good euen from my doore, cham able this to tel,
Chat. ¶ Dyd I (olde witche) steale oft was thine:
 (how should that thing be knowne: (owne)
Gâmer ¶ Ich can not tel, but by thou toke it as though it had ben thine
Chat, ¶ Dary fy on thee, thou old gyb, with al my very hart.
Gâmer ¶ Ray fy on thee y rampe, thou ryg, with al that take thy parte.
Chat. ¶ A vengeance on those lips y laieth such things to my charge.
Gâmer ¶ A vengeance on those callats hips, whose conscifce is so large
Chat. ¶ Come out Hodge.
Gâmer ¶ Come out hogge, and let haue me right.
Chat. ¶ Thou arrant w itche.
Gâmer ¶ Thou barodie bitche, chil make thee curse this night.
Chat. ¶ A bag and a wallet.
Gâmer ¶ A carte for a callet.
Chat. ¶ Why wene st thou thus to pzeuaile,
 I hold thee a grote,

Gammer Gurtong Riddle.

- Gammer I shall patche thy coate,
 I thou warte as good hyde my fayle :
- Chat. I thou kuf, þ kuf, þ rakes, þ takes: will not thanke make þ hde
 I thou shald, thou bald, thou rotten, þ glotton, I will ne longer
 Wat I will teache the to kepe home. (chys the)
- Gammer I wylt thou drunken beaste.
 Hodge I sticke to her gammer, take her by the head, chil warrant you
 Smyte I saye gammer, (thys scall.
 Wyle I say gammer,
 I trow ye wyl bekene:
- Chat. Where be your nayls: claw her by the talwes, pull me out bothe
 Cogs bones gammer, hoide vp your head, (her eyen,
 I I trow drab I shall dresse thee. (thes
 Lary þ knaue I hold the a grote, I shall make these hands blede
 Take þ this old hoze for a miends, & lerne thy tonge well to tame
 And say thou met at this bicker ring, not thy fellow but thy dame.
- Hodge I where is the strong stued hoze, chil geare a hozes marke,
 Stand out ones way, that ich kyll none in the darke:
 Wp gammer and ye be asyue, chil ferygh now for vs bothe,
 Come no nere me thou scalde callet, to kyll the ich wer loth.
- Chat. Art here agayne thou hoddoy peke, what doil by yng me out my
 Hodge I chil broche thes wyth this, bin father soule, (spitts.
 (chyll conture that soule sprete:
 Let deye stand Cock, why coms in deede: kepe deye þ hozson boy.
- Chat. Stand to it þ daskard for thine eares, lfe teche þ a guttllg toy.
 Hodge I Cogs woundes hoze, chil make the auante,
 (take heede Corke, pull in the larche,
- Chat. I I faith ur loose bysche had ye taried, ye shold haue found your
 Gammer I How ware thy throte losell, thous pray for al (match.
 Hodge I Well said gammer by my soule, (bouds
 Woyse her, souse her, bounce her, trounce her, pull out her throte
- Chat. I Com I behynd me thou withered witch, & I get once on foote
 Thous pay for all, þ old tarlether, lfe teach the what longs to it
 Take þ this to make by thy mouth, til time thou come by moze
- Hodge I My gammer stand on your feete, where is the olde hozes
 Faith woulde chad her by the face
 (choulde cracke her callet crowne
- Gammer I A hodg, hodg, where was thy help, when fyren had me downs.
 Hodge I By the masse Gammer, but for my staffe
 (Chat had gone nye to spyl you

Summer Burtons Medle.

Ich thinke the harlot had not cared, and had not com to kill you
But shall wel lose our neele thus?

Gammer ¶ No Hodge chward to the doo too.

I thinkest thou chill take that at her hand, no hogg ich tell the no

Hodge ¶ Chold yet this fray wer wel take bp. & our own neele at home
It will be my chaance els some to kil, wher euer it be of whom

Gammer ¶ We haue a parson, (hodge thou knowes) a man esteemed wise
Past doctor Kat, chil for hym send, and let me here his advise,
He will her chpise for all this gere, & geue her penance strait
We haue our neele, els dame chat comes nere to in heauē gate

Hodge ¶ The mary gammer, y ich thinke best; well you now for him send
The sooner Doctor Kat be here, the sooner wel ha an ende,
And here gammer Daccens deuill, (as iche remember well)
Of Cat, and Chat, and Doctor Kat: a felonous tale oyd tell,
Chold you forty pound, that is the way your neele to get againe.

Gammer ¶ Chil ha him strait, call out y boy, wele make him take the payn

Hodge ¶ What coke I saye, come out what deuill canst not te: e.

Gammer ¶ How now hodge? how toers gammer, is yet the wether cleare?
What wold chaue me to doe?

Gammer ¶ Come hether Cocke anon:

Hence swythe to Doctor Kat, hye the that thou were gone,
And pray hym coure speke with me, cham not well at ease,
Shalt haue him at his chamber, of els at mother Bees,
Els seeke him at Hobylchers shop, for as charge it reported

Cocke. Th. re is the best ale in al the towne, and now is most reloyted.

Gammer ¶ And shall ich byynge hym with me gammer?

Cocke. ¶ Pea, by and by good Cocke.

Hodge ¶ Shalt see that shall be here anone, els let me haue one the bocke
¶ How gammer shall we two go in, and tary for hys commynge
What deuill woman plucke by your hart, & leue of al this glōmīg
Though she were stronger at y first, as ich thinke ye did find her

Gammer ¶ Yet there re dyest the oronkē low, what time ye cam behind her
¶ Nay, nay, cham sure she lost not all, for set thend to y beginnīg
And ich doubt not, but she will make small boft of her winning.

¶ The iiii. Acte.

¶ The liii. Scene.

¶ Yb.

¶ Hodge.

¶ Gammer.

¶ Cocke.

Gammer Gurtong Redle.

Tyb

Se gamer, gamer, gib our cat, chā afraid what she ayleth
 She standes me gasping behind the dooze,
 (as though her Winde her faileth:

Hodge

Now let ich doubt what gib shuld mean, þ̄ now she doth so dofe.
 ¶ Hold hether, ichould twenty pound, your neele is in her throte
 Drope her ich say, me thinkes ich feele it, does not prycke your

Gamer

¶ Ich can feele nothing. (hand:

Hodge

¶ So, ich know thars not within this land
 A myrnyer Cat then Tyb is, bet wirt the tems and Tyne,
 Shafe as much wyt in her head almost as chawe in mine.

Tyb

¶ Faith shafe eaten some thing, that wil not easely downe
 Whether she gat it at home, or abode in the towne
 Iche can not tell.

Gamer

¶ Alas ich feare it be some croked pyn,
 And then fare well gyb. He is vndone, and lost al saue the skyrs.

Hodge

¶ Tyb, your neele woman, I say: gogs soule geue me a knyfe
 And chil haue it out of her mawe, or els chal lose my lyfe.

Gamer

¶ What nay hodge, fy kil not our cat, tis al the cats we ha now.

Hodge

¶ By the masse dame Chat hays me so moned,
 (che care not what I kyl, ma god a bowe:
 Go to then Tyb to this geare, holde vp her taylor and take her,
 Chil see what demil is in her guts. chil take þ̄ paines to rake her.

Gamer

¶ Rake a Cat Hodge, what woldst thou do?

Hodge

¶ What thinckst that cham not able?
 Did not Tom Lankard rake his Curtal tooze day standing in

Gamer

¶ Soft be content, lets here what newes (the stable.
 (Cocke byingeth from maist Rat.

Cocke.

¶ Gammer chawc ven ther as you bad, you wrot wrel about what
 I will not be long before he come, ich durst swere of a booke
 He wyss you see he be at home, and there for him to looke.

Gamer

¶ Where didst thou find him boe was he not wher I told thee?

Cocke.

¶ Yes, yes even at h. billyers house, by him þ̄ bought and solde
 A cup of ale had in his hand, and a crab lag in the sycer, me
 Chas much a do to go and come, al was so ful of myer:
 And Gammer one thing I can tel, Hobfitchers naule was losse
 And Doggoz Rat found it againe, hard belise the dooze passe,
 I should a penny can say something, your neele againe to set.

Gamer

¶ Cham glad to heare so much Cocke, I ben trust he wil not let,
 To helpe us hercin best he can therfore tyl time he come

The ii. Act.
Doctor Kat.

The iii. Scene.
Gammer Gurton.

D. Kat. **I** span were better twenty times, be a haubog & barke,
Then here among such a sort, be parish priest or clarke
Where he shall neuer be at rest, one pilling while a day
But he must trudge about the towne, this way and that way,
Here to a dyab, there to a theefe, his Hoss to feare and rent
And that which is worst of al, at euery knaues commaundemēt
I haue not st the space, to drinke two pots of ale
But Gammer gurtens soye boy, was fraite way at my taile,
And he was sicke, and I must come, to do I wot not what,
If once her fingers end but ake, trudge, call for Doctor Kat
And when I come not at their call, I only therby loose,
For I am sure to lacke therfoze, a fythe pyg or a goole:
I warrāt you whē truth is knelwen, & told they haue their tale
The matter where about I came,

(is not worth a half peny worth of ale,

Yet must I talke so sage and smothe, as though I were a glosier
Els or the yere come at an end, I shall be sure the losier.

What worke ye gammer gurted? how here is your frēd D. Kat.

Gammer **A** good D. Doctor cha troubled, cha troubled you, ch wot wel that

D. Kat. **H**ow do ye woman: be ye iustie, or be ye not wel at ease:

Gammer **B**y gys matter than not sicke, but yet chaug a disease.

Chad a soule turne now of late, chill tell it you by gys.

D. Kat. **H**ach your byolone so w cast hir calse, or your sandp so bre her

Gammer **I** po, but chad ben as good they had, as this ich wot weel. (pige

D. Kat. **W**hat is the matter?

Gammer **A**las, alas, cha lost my good neele,

My neele I say, and wot ye what: a dyab came by and spied it

And when I asked hir for the same, the filth flatly denied it.

D. Kat. **W**hat was she that:

Gammer **A** dame ich warrant you: she began to scold and brabule
Alas, alar, come hether Hodge: this wytche can tell you all.

The iii. Act.

The ii. Scene.

Hodge Doctor Kat. Gammer. Diccon. Chat.

Do now gather Alcar.

Hodge

D. Kat.

H

Come on fellow let vs heare.

D

The

Sammer Curtens His die.

- Thy dame hath sayd to me, thou knowest of all this geare,
Lets see what thou canst saie.**
- Hodge** **¶** Wym say sir that ye shall,
What matter so euer here was done, ich can tell your mashi
¶ My Sammer gurton here see now,
sat her do wne at this doore, see now:
And as she began to stirre her, see now,
her neele fell in the floode, see now,
And while her staffe shee tooke, see now,
at Oyb her Cat to sponge, see now,
Her neele was lost in the floode, see now
is not this a wondrous thing, see now?
Then came the queane Dame Chat, see now
to aske for hir blacke cup, see now:
And euen here at this gate, see now:
she tooke that neele by, see now:
My Sammer then she perceiue, see now
hir neele againe to bring, see now
And was caught by the head see now
is not this a wondrous thing, see now
She tare my Sammers eide see now
and scratched hir by the face, see now
Chad thought had stopt hir throte, see now
is not this a wondrous case, see now?
When ich saw this, ich was woth the see now
and start bet wene thent waine, see now
Els ich durst take a hookc of the, see now
my Sammer had bene slaine, see now.
- Chamer** **¶** This is euen the whole matter, as Hodge has plainly tolde
And shoulde faine be quiet for my part, what should
But helpe be good master, bes, ech ye that ye do:
Els shall we both be beaten and losse our neele too.
- D. Kat.** **¶** What wold ye haue me to do? tel me that I were gone
I will on the best that I can, to let you both at one
But be ye sure dame Chat hath this your neele founde:
- Chamer** **¶** Here comes the man that see hir take it by of the ground,
Aske him your selfe matter Kat if ye beleue not me:
And helpe me to my neele, for gods sake and saint charitie.
- D. Kat.** **¶** Come nere diccon and let vs heare, what thou can expresse.

Christophers Curious Medie

Will it be sworne? I see it came that, this womans nose haue?

Diccon I say by S. Went it will I not, then might ye thinke me faint.
Sayer Why dost not thou tel me so euen here canst thou for the same deny it

Diccon I may gammer: but I said I would not abide by it, &

D. Kat. Will you say a thing, and not stick to it to the last.

Diccon I stick to it quoth you master rat, maye see I dole it. (blowne
 say there is many an honest man: when he heere his wife hath
 In his freindes eares, he would be loth the same thing were
 If such a fog be blow off among the honestie men, I knowe
 It may be some simple matter of you and my degree.

D. Kat. Then I pray you to be quiet for all that youd as sell.

Diccon I pray you sir, if ye will do by, I am admiring of this
 If mother that se, she is here: who knoweth how in the matter goes
 Therefore I red you these go hence, and within keepe close,
 And I will into dame chat's house, and so the matter of Me, for
 What ye you could gett with for the which I warrant I will be no
 She shall looke on it about the window: but I say a word
 The hal of gammer: and shee shall be the better for it.

Sayer I pray gentle Diccon do so, and good sir be it stryde.

D. Kat. By the masse I pray not farre so long to be your iudgement.

Diccon I praye but a litle while more, what take so much paine,
 If I were no more of it, I wd come sooner againe.

Hodge I pray so much good master Doctoz of your gentleness.

D. Kat. Then let us hie vnder way, and Diccon speede thy business.

Diccon I praye first be you more, but keepe in your faile in ste,
 And Doctoz Kat shall thanke you for your good: I trust.
 But mother Chat my gossip, take care with all I must:
 For she must be chiefe captaine to lay the matter in the dust:
 Good euen dame Chat in faith, and wet met is in this place.

Chat. I praye deuen my friend Diccon, whether walkd ye this pace?

Diccon I praye my faithfullness to you, to I care how the world goeth,
 Hard ye no more of the other matter, say me now by your trust

Chat. I praye Diccon, here the olde woze, & hodge that great knave.
 But in faith I would thou hadst sense, o lord I dole them knave
 She bare me two or three soules behind in the name of the masse
 I will I am in his olde wesen, to answer againe to kee:
 And Hodge that dymd out set, that at his elbow stand, &
 In one part, on the other hand, with his hand upon his pair of hands
 He had had an other part, of poppines to be shone forned

Whose Business is this.

Diecon And was without a doubt; for the name is well observed.
Chat And that I see him Diecon, it wold haue made y^e befall the
foz laughter. The hee had it at last caught v^y a club,
As though he would haue slaine the master deuil Wellasob,
Diecon But I set him soone in y^e way.
Chat That y^e hodge is so offended, that makes him sterte and stung
Diecon Why; makes the knaue any mooyling, as ye haue sent o^r hard
Diecon Euen now I saue him last, like a madman the farse,
And sware by heauen with hel, he wold a wycke his se^ruice
And lese paine neuer when hee time by him, of the clock to mozo, to
Wher hee may he what I say; and my w^oldes see that ye trust
Your h^ouse be as good as dead, if ye leaue them on the russe.
Chat The knaue were as w^ol go hang himself, he go vpon my groud
Diecon Wh^o yet take hede I say, I must tel you my tale round,
And your n^ot about your house, behind your fath^{er} or leade:
Wh^o where a crafty knaue, may crosse in fo^r heaues
Chat Wh^o by the masse, a hole broke down, euen v^y these it: wh^o he.
Diecon Wh^o hodge, he intendes this same night, to slip in there a wayes.
Chat Wh^o christ, that I were sure of it, in faith he wold haue his mede.
Diecon Watch wel, for the knaue wil be there as sure as is your crede
I wold spend my selfe a shilling, to haue him swinged well.
Chat I am as glad as a woman can be, of this thing to here tell
Wh^o by gods bones, when he cometh, now that I know the matter
He shall be at the first step, to leape in scalding water:
Wh^o with a boyle torne he sh^old, when he will, let him come.
Diecon I shall v^y as my st^{er}er; you know what meaneth m^oun,
Wh^o take I but my docto^r, to play his part againe
Wh^o to where he cometh to wards, per adu^enture to his paine.
Diecon Wh^o what good newes Diecon fellow, is n^other chat at home;
Diecon Wh^o she is by, and she is not, but it please her to who: ne:
Wh^o yet dyd I take her tardy, as fable as she was.
Diecon Wh^o the thing that thou went it fo^r; hast thou brought it to passe?
Diecon I haue done that I haue done, be it worse be it better.
And came Chat at her w^oys ende, I haue almost set her.
Diecon Wh^o wh^o hast thou spied the necke quickly I pray thee tell.
Diecon I haue sp^oed it in faith sir; I handled my selfe so well,
And yet the crafty queane, had almost take my trumpe.

But

Summer Curtong A. ble.

- D. Kat.** But of all came to an ende, I set her in a dumpe:
Diccon How so I pray thee Diccon?
Diccon Mary say will ye heare?
 She was clapt downe on the backside, by cocks mother ders
 And there she sat sewing a halter, oz a bande,
 With no other thing saue gammers needl in her hande,
 As soone as any knoscke, if the filth be in doubt'e,
 She needes but once puffed, and her candle is out:
 Now I sit knowing of euer y dooze the pin.
 Came nycely, and said no woꝝde, till time I was within,
 And there I sawe the needle, euen with these tw: eyes,
 Who euer say the contrary, I will swaie he lyes.
D. Kat. I D Diccon that I was not there, then in thy steade.
Diccon Well, if ye will be ordꝝed, and do by my reade.
 I will bring you to a place, as the house standes.
 Where ye shall take the dyab, with the needle in hir handes
D. Kat. For Gods sake do so Diccon, and I will gage my gowne
Diccon Follow me but a litle, and marke what I will say,
 Lay downe your gowne beside you, go to, come on your way:
 Se ye not what is here? a hole wherin ye may creepe
 Into the house, and sodenly vnwares among them leape,
 There shall ye finde the Witchfox, and the needle together
 Do as I bid you man, come on your wayes hether.
D. Kat. Art thou sore diccon, the swil tub standes not here aboute.
Diccon I was within my selfe man euen now, there is no doubt,
 Go softly, make no noyse, giue me your foote sir John,
 Here will I waite vpon you, tyl you come out anone.
D. Kat. Helpe Diccon, out alas, I shall be slaine among them.
Diccon If they giue you not the needle, tel them that ye will hãg them
 Ware that, haow my wenches, haue ye caught the fore,
 That bled to make reuel, among your hennes and Cocks:
 Saue his life yet for his ozder, though he susteine some paine
 Gogs hzead, I am a raide, they will beate out his bzaine.
D. Kat. Who worth the houre that I came heare.
 And wo worth him that wꝝought this geare,
 A fozt of dyabs and queanes haue me blest,
 Was euer creature halfe so euill vzeft?
 Who euer it wꝝought, and first did ignent it,

Gainger Gurlong A:ble.



Ye shall I warrant him, erre long repent it,
 I will spend all I haue without my skiuene
 But he shall be brought to the plight I am in,
 Master Bayly I trow, and he be worth his eares,
 Will snaffle these murderers and all that them beares,
 I will surely neither byte nor suppe
 Till I fetch him hether, this matter to take vp.

The v. Acte.

The i. Scene.

Master Bayly.

Doctor Hat.


- Bayly.**  Can perceiue none other, I speke it from my hart
 But either ye are in all the fault or els in y^e greatest part
- D. Hat.**  If it be counted his fault, besides all his greues
 When a poore man is spoyled: and beaten among theeces?
 When I confesse my fault herein, at this season,
 But I hope you will not iudge so much against reason.
- Bayly.** And me thinkes by your owne tale, of all that ye name,
 If any plaide like these you were the very same.
 The women they did nothing, as your words make probat ion
 But stoutly withstood your forcible inuasion,
 If that a theefe at your window, to enter should begin,
 Would you hold forth your hand, and helpe to pull him in:
 Or you would kepe him out: I pray you answer me.
- D. Hat.** I pray kepe him out, and a good cause why:
 But I am no theefe sir but an honest learned Clarke.
- Bayly.** I pray but who knoweth that, when he meets you in the darke
 I am sure your learning shines not out at your nose,
 Was it any inuention, though the poore woman arose
 And dartt vp, being affraide of that was in his purse
 We thinke you may be glad that you lacke was no worse.
- D. Hat.** It is not this euill ynough, I pray you as you thinke,
 Showing his broken head.
- Bayly.** I pray but a man in the darke, of chaunces do wincke,
 As soone he smites his lather, as any other man,
 Because for lacke of light, discerns him he ne can,
 Might it not have ben your lacke, to a spit to haue ben laine:
- D. Hat.** I thinke I am little better, my scalpe is clouen to the braine,

Cammer Barlongs Medle.

If there be all the remedy, I know who beares the rocks.
Sally. ¶ By my troth and well worth, besides to kisse the rocks
 To come in on the barke side, when ye might go aboard, (out
 I know non such, unless they long to haue their baines knockt
D. Kat. ¶ Well, wil you be so good sir, as talke with dame Chat:
 And know what she intended: I aske no more but that,
Bayly. ¶ Let her be called scillo w because of master doctoꝝ,
 I warrant in this case, she wil be hir owne Doctoꝝ,
 She will tel hir owne tale in metter or in prose,
 And byd you seeke your remedy, and so go wpe your nose.

¶ The b. Act.

¶ The ii. Scene,

Bayly. ¶ **Bayly.** **Chat.** **D. Kat.** **Cammer.** **Hodge.** **Diccon.**

 Ame Chat, master doctoꝝ vpen you here complained
 That you & your maides thul him much misorder.
 And take th many an osh; that no word be fained,
 Laying to your charge, how you thought him to murder:
 And on his part againe, that same man saith, furder
 He neuer offended you in word noꝝ intent,
 To heare you answer hereto, we haue now soꝝ you sent.
Chat. ¶ That I wold haue murdered him, sꝝe on him wꝝetch,
 And euil mought be thee soꝝ it, our Loꝝd I besich,
 I will sweꝝe on al the bookes that opens and shuffes
 I cꝝat. eth this tale out of his owne guttes,
 For I vs seuen weekes with me, I am sure he sat not doꝝwne,
 Say ye haue other minions, in the other end of the towne,
 Where ye were liker to ca ch such a blow,
 When any were tis; as farre as I know.
Sally. ¶ A c like then master Dert, you strike there ye got not?
D. Kat. ¶ I thinke you I am to mad, that where I was bet, I wor net?
 Wold ye beare this quaine, before the hath tryd it?
 It w not en fi. A bede the hath some. and after ward denide it.
Chat. ¶ What man, will you say I broke your head?
D. Kat. ¶ How canst thou proue the contrary?
Chat. ¶ Say, how prouest thou that I did the deade.
D. Kat. ¶ To plainly, by S. Mary.
 This proue I trow may serue, though I no word spoke.
 Shewing his broken head.

Gammer Gurtons Apele.

- Chat.** **Q** Because thy head is broken, was it I that it broke?
I saw thee Kat I tel thee, not once within this fortnight,
- D. Kat.** **Q** Ho mary, thou sauest me not, soz why thou hadst no light,
But I felt thee soz at the darke, besyew thy smothe cheekes,
And thou groped me, this wil declare, any day this six weckes
(yours?)
Showing his heade.
- Wally.** **Q** Answer me to this D. Kat, when caught you this harme of
D. Kat. **Q** A while ago sir, god he knoweth, win les the these ii. houres.
Wally. **Q** Dame Chat was there none with you:
(son
(confesse I saith) about that season. (son
What woman, let it be what it wil, tis neither felony noz tres
- Chat.** **Q** Yes by my faith master Wally, there was a knave not farre
Who caught one good Philip on the brow, with a doze barre
And well was he wozy, as it semed to mee,
But what is that to this man, since this was not hee.
- Wally.** **Q** Who was it then: lets here.
D. Kat. **Q** Alas sir, aske you that?
Is it not made plain inough (by the owne mouth of dame chat
She time agreeth, my head is broken, her teng can not lye,
Onely vpon a bare, nay she saith it was not I.
- Chat.** **Q** Ho mary was it not indeede ye shal here by this one thing,
This after noone a fréd of mine, soz good wil gane we warning
And bad mo wel loke to my ruske, and al my Capons penues,
Foz if I toke not better heede, a knave wold haue my hennes,
Then I to saue my goods, toke so much pains as him to watch
Ant as good fortune serued me, it was my chalice hi soz to catch
What strokes he bare away, oz other what was his gaines
I wot not, but sure I am, he had something soz his paines
- Wally.** **Q** Yet telles thou not who it was.
Chat. **Q** Who it was a falsie thee fe,
That came like a falsie fove, my pullat ne to kil and mischeefe.
- Wally.** **Q** But knowest thou not his name?
Chat. **Q** I know it but what than,
It was that crafty cullyon Hodge my gammer gurtons man.
- Wally.** **Q** Cal me the knave he thec, he shal sure kysse the stockes.
D. Kat. **I** shal teach hon a lesson, soz filching hens oz cocks.
Q I made master wally, so bleated be your eyes.
An egge is not so ful of meate, as she is ful of lyes:
When the path playd this pranke, to excuse al this goare,

Gammer Gurtons Needle

- She layeth the fault in such a one, as I know was not there.
- Chat.** ¶ Was he not there like on his pate, that shalbe his witnes.
- D. Kat.** ¶ I wold my head were half so hole. I wold seeke no redress.
- Wally.** ¶ God blesse you gammer Gurton.
- Gammer.** ¶ God blyde you maister mine.
- Wally.** ¶ Thou hast a knaue in thy hose, hodge, a seruant of thine,
They tel me that busy knaue, is such a sleching one,
That Hen, Pig, goose or capon, thy neighbour can haue none,
- Gammer.** ¶ By god cham much amoued, to heare any such repozte:
Hodge was not wont ich trow, to haue him in that sozt.
- Chat.** ¶ A theenither knaue is not on liue, moze sleching, noz moze false
Many a trour man then he, hafe hanged vp by the halfe.
And thou his darme of al his theft, thou art the sole receauer
For hodge to catch, and thou to kepe, I neuer knew none better
- Gammer.** ¶ Hir reuerence of your maisterdome, and you were out adooze,
Chold be so bolde soz at hir byzgs, to cal hir arrant whooze,
And ich know Hodge so bad as I w, ich wylly me endlesse sozow
And chould not take the paine, to hang him by befoze to mozow!
- Chat.** ¶ What haue I hoine fro the o: thine: thou ilsauozed olde trot.
- Gammer.** ¶ A great deale moze (by Gods blyck,) then chouer by the got,
That thou knowest wel I neede not say it.
- Wally.** ¶ Stoppe there I say,
And tel me here I pray you, this matter by the way:
How chaunce hodge is not here him wels I saine haue had.
- Gammer.** ¶ Alas str, heel be here anon, ha be handled to bad.
- Chat.** ¶ Maister wally, str ye be not such a foole wels I know,
But ye pe reuize by this lingring, there is a pad in the draw.
Thinking that Hodge, his head was broke, and that gammer
Wold not let him come befoze them.
- Gammer.** ¶ Chd they you his face, ich warrant the, so now where he is.
- Bailie.** ¶ Come on fellows it is toke me thou art a shew i wylly,
Thy neighbours hens I takest, and playes the two legged sora
Their chickens e their capons to, e now and then their Cocks.
- Hodge.** ¶ Ich dese them al that dare it say, cham as true as the hell.
- Wally.** ¶ Warrt not I take within this heure, in dame chats hens nest:
- Hodge.** ¶ Take thereto no matter chold not dot, soz a house ful of gold.
- Chat.** ¶ Thou or the deuil in thy coze, sweare this I dare be hold.
- D. Kat.** ¶ Swear me no swearing quon, the deuil he geue the sozow,
Al is not wozt a gnat, thou canst sweare till to mozow,

Summer Curtons Noble.

Where is the harme he hath? help it by gods bynde,
 He beat him with a witnes, but the stripes light on my head.

Hodge ¶ Let me gods blessed body, chold first ich trow haue burnt the
 Ich thinke and chad my hands loose called. chould banie & cutt the

Chat. ¶ Thou stit to knaue & trow þ knowest þ ful wel. of of my self
 I am so wly deceiued, onles thy head & my dooze bar kyste.

Hodge ¶ Hold thy chat whoze þ criest to soude. can no man els be hard

Chat. ¶ Well knaue, & I had the alone, & wyl so trelly rap the costard.

Barly. ¶ Sir answer me to this, is thy head whole or brokene?

Chat. ¶ Pea master Barly, blest be ever y gods takenes earot
 Is my head whole: wh warnt you, tis with the scartur noy scard

Hodge ¶ What you soule deaft, does thynk the githers yds or bald?
 Nay ich thanke god: thil not for al that thou wilt say
 That chad one scab on my narfe, as bryde as the fingers end.

Barly. ¶ Come nearer heare.

Hodge ¶ Yes Chat ich be dare.

Barly. ¶ By our Lady here is no harme,
 Hodges head is hole ynough, for adams Chats charme.

Chat. ¶ By gods blest, how ever the thing he clockes or smolders,
 I know the blowes he bare away, either in hood or shoulders,
 Camest þ not knaue with i this house, sleeping into my pens
 And there was caught within my hous, griping among my hens.

Hodge ¶ A plage both on thy hens & the, a cart a whoze, a curte,
 Chould I were haged as he as a tree, & euware as tall as þ art
 Oene my ginsie again her wall, i al. þ stole away in thy lap.

Cammer ¶ Pea master barly there is a tynge, you know not on ma a hap
 This drab she hepes away my good, þ deuil be might her snare
 Ich pray you that ich might haue, a right action on her.

Chat. ¶ Want I thy good old klyb, or any such es a to wes?
 I am as true, I wold thou know, as skin bet wone thy d; oth's

Cammer ¶ Want a truer haty be hanged, though you escape the danger

Chat. ¶ Thou shalt answer by gods pity, for this thy soule flander.

Barly. ¶ Why, what ca ye charge hit withal? to say so, ye do not well.

Cammer ¶ Wary a vigeance to hit hart, y whoze hale stoin my necke.

Chat. ¶ Thy neele clo witch, how forit were alnce thy soul to knots.
 So bidit thou say, the other day, that I had staine my Cock
 And rested him to my breakfast, which shal not be to gorten,
 The deuil pul out thy lying tong, and teeth that be so forren.

Cammer ¶ Oene me my neele, as for my cocke, chould be very lath

Chat.

Gammer Gurton's Needle

- Chat.** What choler is it that he should hang, on thy false faith and troth.
Wally. Poor talker to talk, I can scarce learne who should be most in
Gammer. What should hee and no other might, saie the, by byrd's sale (saie
Wally. I hope ye consent a while, le that your tonges' ye holde,
 He thinkes you should remembre, this is no place to scold,
 You knowest thou gammer gorton, dame Chat thy neele had?
Gammer. I To name you sir the party; should not be very glad.
Wally. I Pea but we must needs heare it, & therfore say it holdy.
Gammer. I Sometime not old the tale, full soberly and cololy,
 When he that looked on, will sweare on a booke;
 What time this drunken gossip, my faire long neele by took
 Dicon (master) the Bedlam, tham very sure ye know him.
Wally. A false knave by Gods pitie, ye were but a foole to trow him;
 I durst adventure wth the price of my best cap,
 That when the end is knowen, all will turne to a lapp,
 Told he not you that besides, he stole your Cacke that type?
Gammer. A master no indeede, for then he should haue leed,
 My cacke is I thanke Christ, safe and wel a fine.
Chat. I Pea but that ragged colt, that whoe that tyb of thine
 As a swaile playd by cacke was stolne, & in my house was eaten,
 What he my colt is lost, that he is not swinged and beaten,
 And yet as ab my good name, if were a small amende
 I pike not this geare (hear thou) out of my fingers endes
 But he that hard it told me, who thou of late didst name
 Dicon whom all men knowes; it was the very same.
Wally. I This is the case; you tof your neele about the nozes,
 And he answer agaynt, he has no cacke of yours,
 Thous in you talked and Action, from that you do intend,
 He is whole five mile wide, front that he doth defend
 Will you saie he hath your Cacke?
Gammer. I No mere sir that chyl not,
Wally. I Will you confesse h^r neele?
Chat. I Will I no sir will I not,
Wally. I When there lieth all the matter,
Gammer. I Soft master by the way,
 He knowe he could do litle; and he cold not say nay.
Wally. I Pea but he that made one lie about your Cacke Scalling,
 Will not like to make a other, what time lies he in dealing,
 I weene the end will p^roofe, his v^oluntie old selfe arse, |

Summer Gurttons Tale.

Upon no other ground, but only Diuine lyen.

Chat. ¶ Though some be spee as you be like haue spyed them,
Yet other some be true, by proof I haue wel tryed them.

Wayl. ¶ What other thing be they this daime Chat.

Chat. ¶ Mary spee even I his,

The tale I tolde befoze, the selfe same tale it was he,
He gaue me like a frende, learning against my losse,
Els had my hang be Kolne, robe one, by Gods croffe:
He tolde me Hodge wold come, and in he came in dede,
But as the matter chaunced, with greater hast then speede,
This truth was said, and true was found, as truly I report.

Wayl. ¶ If Wote; that he not deceiued, it was o' another fozt.

D. Kat. ¶ By Gods mather then and he, be a cople of luttle forss,

But were you and Hodge, I beare away the borss,

Did not victr apoynt the place, wher y' shuld & kas to mete him.

Chat. ¶ Yes by the masse, & if he came, had me not sticke to speet hym.

D. Kat. ¶ Gods sacrament the villain knaue hath dyet us round about,

He is the cause of all this byawle, that dyt tytten loute:

Whan gammer gurtton here complained, & made a ridal mone

I heard him swaure y' you had gotten, hir noble that was gone,

And this to try he furder said, he was lul loth halu he it

He was content with small adoe, to bying me tober, to see it.

And where ye sat, he said ful certain, if I wold solo w. his read

Into your house a pyfuy way, he wold me guide and leade,

And where ye had it in your hands, so wing about a cloute,

And let me in the backs hole, ther by to finde you out

And whiles I sought a quietnes, creying upon my kness,

I found the weight of your doze bar, soz my vaward and sees,

Much is the lucke that some men gets, while they begin to me!

In setting of one such as were out, mindtag to make a wel.

Hodge. ¶ Was not wel blest gāmer, to scape y' icout, & chad hen thore

He chad hen dyet be like, as ill by the masse, as gaffar wear.

Wayl. ¶ Mary sir, here is a sport alone, I tolde for such an end

If ouceon had not playd the knaue, this had ben some amend

My gammer here he made a foolc, and dyet hir as she was

And goodwife Chat he set to scole, till both partes cryd alas,

And D. Kat was not behid, whiles Chat his crown oib pure,

I wold the knaue had be darke blind, if hodg had not his share.

Hodge. ¶ Cham meetyly wel yed amongs, cham dyet like a rout

And

Waller Burtons A-dle.

And that not was the better wit, than heine made a doall.

Wayl. *¶* Whir name make him diccon wert her di fely him where ever

Chat. *¶* He on the billat. He, he, p n akes to thas agree, (he bee

Chmer. *¶* He on him knike, with al my hart, now he, and heing me.

D. Kat. *¶* How he on him may I best say, whom he hath almost name.

Wayl. *¶* No where he cometh at hand, belike he was not lare.

Diccon heare be two or thiee, thy company can not spare.

Diccon. *¶* God bleffe you, and you may be bleff to makt al at once

Chat. *¶* Coms knans, it were a good deede to geld the by eccles bones

weck not thy hand warhe? for what can ye feare him?

Diccon. *¶* A vigeance on thof hands lre, for my hand lare not nere hys

the hofen pteff huch lre the por, in some of these alewines

that his hand wolde not serue him, velyke (chaps)

to come dowae the Rayes

Wayl. *¶* Nay left, thou maist not play p knave, I haue this language to

if thou thy tong bydle a while, the better maist thou do.

Confesse the truth as I shall aske, and cease a while to fable.

And for thy fault I promise the thy handling shalbe reasonable

Hast thou not made a lie or two, to set these two by the carage

Diccon. *¶* What if I hauee five hundred such

haue I seene within these leuen yeares

I am soz for nothng else but that I see not the sport

which was betwene them whē they met, as they the felues rea

Wayl. *¶* The greatest thing matter rat, ye se how he is drect. (post

Diccon. *¶* What deuil neede he be groping so oep, in gost, alle Chats hys

Wayl. *¶* Hea but it was thy bylt to bying him into p byars. (nest

Diccon. *¶* Gods byead, hath not such an old soale, wit to saue his carage

He sheweth himselfe herein ye see, so very a core,

The Cat was not so nradly alored by the fere.

To run into the snares, was set for him doubtlesse,

For he leapt in for myce, and this sir John for madnes.

D. Kat. *¶* Well and ye shift no better, ye losel, tother, and lasye,

I will go neare for this, to make ye scape at a Daise.

In the kings name ma Ter Wayl, I charge you set him fast.

Diccon. *¶* What fast at cardes, or fast on slepe? it is the thing I old last.

D. Kat. *¶* Nay fast in fetters false barlet, according to thy weedes.

Wayl. *¶* Watter cotoz ther is no remed, I must intreat you needes

Some other kinde of punishment,

D. Kat. *¶* Nay by all Valowea.

16 Gammer's Sonnets R. 16.

Thou shalt be bound by the same here, as thou dost take it
When thou maist drinke of free robb, thou needest so take it:

For yammer gart his sake, againe I sayne shalt thou bee

17 **W**o like him doth he dole againe: if it vokie in the

And it shal be bound: by the vortut of that

To be of good aboring to O hit great Cat:

Part of al for Hodge, the othe to learne,

Thou shalt neuer tucke him, for fine gentlemaine

Hodge

¶ Come on fellow Diccon thalbe euen with thee now

Wark

¶ Thou wilt not tiche to vnd this Diccon I knowe

Diccon

¶ No by my fathers skin, my hand downe I lay it

None as I haue promised, I will not denie it

But Hodge take good heed now, thou do not bestidege.

And gaue him a good blow on the buttocke.

Hodge

¶ Sage hart thou false villaine dost thou bite me

Wark

¶ What Hodge hath he hurt thee? what he began

Hodge

¶ He thrust me into the buttocke, with a bodlyn or a pin.

I saie Gammer, Gammer, I am

Gammer

¶ How now Hodge, how now?

Hodge

¶ Gobs maist Gammer gurton,

Gammer

¶ Thou art mad icht row.

Hodge

¶ Will you freche vnd Gammer.

Gammer

¶ The shall loue god blesse vs.

Hodge

¶ I should iche were hanged Gammer.

Gammer

¶ Here se ye might dreffe ha.

Hodge

¶ I haue it by the masse Gammer.

Gammer

¶ What not my necke Hodge?

Hodge

¶ Your Deele Gammer, your meole.

Gammer

¶ No fie, dost but dodge.

Hodge

¶ Tha found your necke Gammer, here in my hand be it.

Gammer

¶ For al the toues on earth Hodge, let me see it.

Hodge

¶ Soft Gammer.

Gammer

¶ Good Hodge.

Hodge

¶ Soft ich say, taria a while.

Gammer

¶ I say I weete Hodge say: rath, and do not me begile.

Hodge

¶ Chan I sure on it ich warant you it goes no more a stray

Gammer

¶ Hodge when I speake so faire: wilt til say me nay:

Hodge

¶ Go neare the light gammer this wel in faith good lucke:

Thwas almost vndone: it was so far in my buttocke

Gammer Gurtons Needle.

Widge: ¶ This mine owne beare neele Hodge, sykerly I wot
Gammer: ¶ Cham, I not a good soune gammer, cham I not,
Widge: ¶ Christa blessing light on thee, hast made me foꝛ euer.
Chat: ¶ I know that ich must finde it, els thoud a had it neuer.
Widge: ¶ By my troth G: Epp gurton, I am euen as glad
 As though I mine owne selfe as good a turne had:
Widge: ¶ And I by my coueience, to see it so come soꝛth,
 Reioyce so much at it, as threc nedles be woꝛth.
Widge: ¶ I am no whit foꝛy to see you so reioyce.
Widge: ¶ Foꝛ I much the gladder foꝛ al this noyce:
 Yet say gramerey Diccon, foꝛ springing of the game.
Gammer: ¶ Gramerey Diccon twenty times, o how glad cham,
 If that chould be so much, your mastr rhome to come hether,
 After Kat, goodwife Chat, and Diccon together:
 Coa but one calspeny, as far as iche know it,
 And chil not rest this night, till ich bestow it.
Widge: ¶ Never ye loue me, let vs go in and drinke.
Widge: ¶ I am content if the rest thinke as I thinke!
 Passer Kat it shalbe best foꝛ you if we so doo,
 Then shall you be at me you and dyesse your self too.
Diccon: ¶ Host syꝛs, take vs with you, the company shalbe the moꝛe,
 As proude coms behinde they say, as any goes befoꝛe,
 But now my good mastrs sinte we must be gone
 And leaue you behinde vs, here all alone:
 Wille at our last ending thus mery we bee,
 Foꝛ Gammer Gurtons neele sake, let vs haue a playstye.

finis. Gurton. Perused and altered, &c.

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