

JACK JUGGLER – 1562 printing Normalized and edited for Harvest Faire 2008

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Jack Juggler, a scoundrel/a vice.

Jenkin Careaway, a lackey.

Master Bongrace, a good-natured gentleman.

Dame Coye, a shrewish gentlewoman.

SCENE 1 – [Enter JACK, alone, dressed to match Jenkin]

JACK: Now by all these crosses of flesh, bone, and blood, (people)

I reckon my chance right marvelous good,

Here now to find all this company,

Which in my mind I wished for heartily;

For I have labored all day, till I am weary,

And now am disposed to pass the time, and be merry.

And I think none of you, but he would do the same,

For who will be sad, and needeth not, is foul to blame;

And as for me, of my mother I have been taught

To be merry when I may, and take no thought.

Which lesson I bare so well away,

That I use to make merry once a day.

And now, if all things happen right,

You shall see as mad a pastime this night,

As you saw this seven years, and as proper a toy

As ever you saw played of a boy.

I am called Jack Juggler of many an one,

And in faith I will play a juggling cast anon.

I will conjure the fool and God before!

Or else let me lose my name for evermore.

I have it devised, and compassed how,

And what ways I will tell and show to you.

You all know well Master Bongrace,

The gentleman that dwelleth here in this place?

And Jenkin Careaway his page, as cursed a lad,

And as ungracious as ever man had,

An unhappy wage, and as foolish a knave withal,

As any is now within London wall.

This Jenkin and I been fallen at great debate

For a matter, that fell between us a-late;

And hitherto of him I could never revenged be,

For his master maintaineth him, and loveth not me;

Albeit, the very truth to tell,

Neither of them both knoweth me not very well.

But against all other boys the said gentleman

Maintaineth him all that he can.

But I shall set little by my wit,

If I do not Jenkin this night requite. (repay)

Ere I sleep, Jenkin shall be met,

And I trust to come partly out of his debt;

And when we meet again, if this do not suffice,

I shall pay Jenkin the residue in my best wise.

It chanced me right now in the other end of the next street

With Jenkin and his master in the face to meet.

I abode there a while, playing for to see

At the bucklers (sparing), as well became me.

It was not long time; but at the last

Back cometh my cousin Careaway homeward full fast:

Pricking, prancing, and springing in his short coat,

And pleasantly singing with a merry note.

Whither away so fast? Tarry a while, said one.

I cannot now, said Jenkin, I must needs be gone.

My master suppeth hereby at a gentleman's place,

And I must thither fetch my dame, Mistress Bongrace.

But yet, ere I go, I care not much

At the bucklers to play with thee one fair touch.

To it they went, and played so long,

Till Jenkin thought he had wrong.

Within half an hour, or somewhat less,

Jenkin left playing, and went to fetch his mistress;

But by the way he met with a fruiterer's wife:

There Jenkin and she fell at such strife

For snatching of an apple, that down he cast
Her basket, and gathered up the apples fast,
And put them in his sleeve, then came he his way
By another lane, as fast as he may;
Till he came at a corner by a shop's stall,
Where boys were at dice, faring at all;
When Careaway with that good company met,
He fell to faring withouten let,
Forgetting his message, and so did he fare,
That when I came by, he (be)gan swear and stare,
And full bitterly began to curse,
As one that had lost almost all in his purse.
For I know his old guise and condition,
Never to leave, till all his money be gone.
For he hath no money but what he doth steal,
And that will he play away every deal.
I passed by, and then called unto my mind
Certain old reckonings, that were behind
Between Jenkin and me, whom partly to recompense
I trust by God's grace, ere I go hence.
This garments, cape, and all other gear,
That now you see upon me here,
I have done on all like unto his (I am dressed like him)
For the nonce (moment); and my purpose is
To make Jenkin believe, if I can,
That he is not himself, but another man.
For except he hath better luck than he had,
He will come hither stark staring mad.
When he shall come, I will handle my captive so,
That he shall not well know whither to go.
His mistress, I know, she will him blame,
And his master also will do the same;
Because that she of her supper deceived is,
For I am sure they have all supped by this.
But, and if Jenkin would hither resort,
I trust he and I should make some sport,

If I had sooner spoken, he would have sooner been here,
For me seemeth I do his voice hear.
[Enter Jenkin – Jack stands back, out of view]
JENKIN: All, sir, I may say I have been at a feast:
I have lost two shillings and sixpence at the least.
Marry, sir, of this gains I need make no boast;
But, the devil go with all, more have I lost!
My name is Careaway, let all sorrow pass!
I will ere to-morrow night be as rich as ever I was;
Or at the furthest within a day or twain: (two)
My master's purse shall pay me again.
Therefore ho! Careaway, now will I sing 'hei, hei'!
But, by the Lord, now I remember another thing:
By my faith, Jenkin, my mistress and thou
Are like to agree--God knoweth how--
That thou comest not for her incontinent,
To bring her to supper, when thou were sent?
And now they have all supped, thou wolt surely abi', (agree)
Except thou imagine some pretty and crafty lie.
For she is, as all other women be,
A very cursed shrew, by the blessed Trinity,
And a very devil, for if she once begin
To fight or chide, in a week she will not lin; (hesitate)
And a great pleasure she hath specially now of late
To get poor me now and then by the pate; (head)
For she is an angry piece of flesh, and soon displeased,
Quickly moved, but not lightly appeased.
We use to call her at home Dame Coy,
A pretty gingerly piece, God save her and St Loy!
As dainty and nice as an halfpenny-worth of silver spoons,
But vengeable melancholy in the afternoons.
She useth for her bodily health and safeguard
To chide daily one fit to supperward;
And my master himself is worse than she,
If he once thoroughly angered be.
Therefore I will here with myself devise

What I may best say, and in what wise
I may excuse this my long tarrying,
That she of my negligence may suspect nothing.
For if the fault of this be found in me,
I may give my life for halfpennies three.
[*Hic cogitabundo similis sedeat.*]
Let me study this month, and I shall not find
A better device than now is come to my mind.
Mistress, will I say, I am bound by my duty
To see that your womanhood have no injury;
For I hear and see more than you now and then,
And yourself partly know the wanton wiles of men.
When we came yonder, there did I see
My master kiss gentlewomen two or three,
And to come among others me-thought besi(des),
He had a marvelous great fantasy:
Anon he commanded me to run thence for you,
To come sup there, if you would; but, I know not how,
My heart grudged, mistrusting lest that I, being away,
My master would some light cast play;
Whereupon, mistress, to see the end,
I tarried half supper-time, so God me mend!
And, besides that there was such other company
As I know your mistress-ship setteth nothing by;
Gorgeous dames of the court and gallants also,
With doctors and other rufflers (courtiers) mo(re):
At last when I thought it time and season,
I came to certify you, as it was reason;
And by the way whom should I meet
But that most honest gentleman in the street,
Which the last week was with you here,
And made you a banquet and bouncing cheer?
Ah, Jenkin, quod he, good speed! how farest thou?
Marry, well, God yield it you, master, quod I: how do you?
How doth thy mistress? is she at home?
Yea, sir, quod I, and suppeth all alone;

And but she hath no manner good cheer,
I am sure she would gladly have you there.
I cannot come now, said he, I have business;
But thou shalt carry a token from me to thy mistress.
Go with me to my chamber at you lane-end,
And I will a dish of custards unto her send.
I followed him, and was bold, by your leave,
To receive and bring them here in my sleeve.
But I would not for all England, by Jesus Christ,
That my master Bongrace hereof wist, (knew)
Or knew that I should any such gear to you bring,
Lest he misdeem us both in some worse thing;
Nor show him nothing of that I before said,
For then indeed, sir, I am (dis)arrayed:
If you do, I may nothing hereafter unto you tell,
Whether I see my master do ill or well.
That if you now this counsel keep,
I will ease you perchance twice in a week;
You may say you were sick, and your head did ache:
That you lusted not this night any supper make,
Specially without the doors; but thought it best
To abide at home and take your rest;
And I will to my master to bring him home,
For you know he will be angry, if he come alone.
This will I say and face it so well,
That she shall believe it every deal.
How say you, friends, by the arms of Robin Hood,
Will not this excuse be reasonable good?
To muse for any better great folly it is;
For I may make sure reckoning of this
That, and if I would sit stewing this seven year,
I shall not else find how to save me all clear.
And, as you see, for the most part our wits be best,
When we be taken most unreadiest.
But seeing there is no nother remedy,
Thus to stand any longer it is but folly.

[Hic pulset ostium.]

They be so far within, they cannot hear—

[Jack steps forward]

JACK: Soft thy knocking, saucy knave, what makest thou there?

JENKIN: What knave is that? he speaketh not to me, I trow,

And we meet, the one of us is like to have a blow!

For now that I am well chafed, and somewhat hot,

Twenty such could I hew as small as flesh to pot;

And surely, if I had a knife,

This knave should escape hardly with his life:

To teach him to ask of me any more,

What I make at my own master's door.

JACK: But if thou come from that gate, thou knave,

I well fet(ch) thee by the sweet locks, so God me save!

JENKIN: Will the knaveson fight indeed, by mine honesty?

I know no quarrel he hath to me;

But I would I were within the house,

And then I would not set by him a louse;

For I fear and mistrust such quarreling thieves:

[Jack pushes his sleeves up – preparing to fight]

See, how he beginneth to strike up his sleeves!

JACK: His rump maketh buttons now, and who lusteth to feel,

Shall find his heart creeping out at his heel,

Or else lying hidden in some corner of his hose,

If it be not already dropped out of his nose.

For, as I doubt not but you have heard beforen,

A more dastard coward knave was never born. [Aside]

JENKIN: The devil set the house a-fire! I trow it is a-curst;

When a man hath most haste, he speedeth worst;

If I be robbed or slain, or any harm get,

The fault is in them, that doth not me in let.

And I durst hazard a hundred pound,

That some bawdry might now within be found;

But except some of them come the sooner,

I shall knock such a peal, that all England shall wonder.

JACK: Knock at the gate hardily again, if thou dare;

And seeing thou wilt not by fair words beware,

Now, fists, me-thinketh, yesterday seven past,

That four men asleep at my feet you cast,

And this same day you did no manner good,

Nor were not washen in warm blood.

JENKIN: What wildman is this that washeth in warm blood?

Some devil broken loose out of hell for wood!

Four hath he slain, and now well I see,

That it must be my chance the fifth to be!

But rather than thus shamefully to be slain,

Would Christ my friends had hanged me, being but years twain! (two)

And yet, if I take good heart and be bold,

Perchance he will be more sober and cold.

JACK: Now, hands, bestir you about his lips and face,

And strike out all his teeth without any grace!

Gentleman, are you disposed to eat any fist-meat?

JENKIN: I have supped, I thank you, sir, and list not to eat:

Give it to them that are hungry, if you be wise.

JACK: It shall do a man of your diet no harm to sup twice:

This shall be your cheese to make your meat digest,

For I tell you these hands weigheth of the best.

JENKIN: I shall never escape: see, how he waggeth his hands! [Aside]

JACK: With a stroke they will lay a knave in our Lady-bonds,

And this day yet they have done no good at all.

JENKIN: Ere thou essay them on me, I pray thee lame them on the

wall--

But speak you all this in earnest or in game?--

If you be angry with me, truly you are to blame;

For have you any just quarrel to me?

JACK: Ere thou and I part, that will I show thee--

JENKIN: Or have I done you any manner displeasure?--

JACK: Ere thou and I part, thou shalt know, thou mayest be sure--

JENKIN: By my faith, if you be angry without a cause,

You shall have amends made with a couple of straws;

By thee I set whatsoever thou art;

But for thy displeasure I care not a part.

May a man demand whose servant you be?

JACK: My master's servant I am, for verity!

JENKIN: What business have you at this place now?

JACK: Nay, marry, tell me what business hast thou?

For I am commanded for to watch and give diligence

That, in my good Master Bongrace's absence,

No misfortune may happen to his house, certain.

JENKIN: Well now I am come, you may go hence again,

And thank them that so much for my master hath done:

Showing them that the servants of the house be come home,

For I am of the house, and now in will I go.

JACK: I cannot tell whether thou be of the house or no;

But go no near, lest I handle thee like a stranger;

Thank no man but thyself, if thou be in any danger.

JENKIN: Marry, I defy thee, and plainly unto thee tell,

That I am a servant of this house, and here I dwell.

JACK: Now, so God me snatch, but thou go thy ways,

While thou mayest, for this forty days

I shall make thee not able to go nor ride

But in a dung-cart or wheelbarrow lying on one side.

JENKIN: I am a servant of this house, by these ten bones—(=fingers)

JACK: No more prating, but get thee hence at once!

JENKIN: Why, my master hath sent me home on his message--

JACK: Pick and walk, knave, this way is no passage--

JENKIN: What, wilt thou keep me from mine own master's house?

JACK: Be trudging, or in faith you bear me a souse.(=blow)

Here my master and I have our habitation,

And hath continually dwelled in this mansion,

At the least this dozen years and odd;

And here will we end our lives, by the grace of God.

JENKIN: Why, then, where shall my master and I dwell?

JACK: At the devil, if you lust: I cannot tell.

JENKIN: *In nomine patris*, now this gear (=thing) doth pass:

For a little before supper here our house was;

And this day in the morning I will on a book swear,

That my master and I both dwelled here.

JACK: Who is thy master? tell me without lie,

And thine own name also let me know shortly;

For, my masters all, let me have the blame,

If this knave know his master or his own name.

JENKIN: My master's name is Master Bongrace:

I have dwelled with him a long space;

And I am Jenkin Careaway his page--

JACK: What, ye drunken knave, begin you to rave!

Take that: art thou Master Bongrace's page?

[Strikes him.]

JENKIN: If I be not, I have made a very good voyage--

JACK: Barest thou to my face say thou art I?

JENKIN: I would it were true and no lie;

For then thou shouldest smart, and I should bet(ter),

Where as now I do all the blows get.

JACK: And is Master Bongrace thy master, doest you then say?

JENKIN: I will swear on a book, he was once this day--

JACK: And for that thou shalt somewhat have,

Because thou presumest, like a saucy lying knave,

To say my master is thine. Who is thy master now?

[Strikes him again.]

JENKIN: By my troth, sir, whosoever please you:

I am your own, for you beat me so,

As no man but my master should do.

JACK: I will handle thee better, if fault be not in fist--

[Prepares to strike him.]

JENKIN: Help! save my life, masters, for the passion of Christ!

JACK: Why, thou lousy thief, dost thou cry and roar?--

JENKIN: No, faith, I will not cry one whit more:

Save my life, help, or I am slain--

JACK: Yea, dost thou make a rumoring yet again?

Did not I bid thee hold thy peace?--

JENKIN: In faith, now I leave crying; now I cease: help, help!

JACK: Who is thy master?

JENKIN: Master Bongrace--

JACK: I will make thee change that song, ere we pass this place;

For he is my master, and again to thee I say,
That I am his Careaway.

Who art thou? now tell me plain.

JENKIN: Nobody but whom please you, certain--

JACK: Thou saidest even now thy name was Careaway?

JENKIN: I cry you mercy, sir, and forgiveness pray:

I said amiss, because it was so to-day;

And thought it should have continued always,

Like a fool as I am and a drunken knave.

But in faith, sir, ye see all the wit I have,

Therefore I beseech you do me no more blame,

But give me a new master and another name.

For it would grieve my heart, so help me God,

To run about the streets like a masterless nod(dy). (madman)

JACK: I am he that thou saidest thou were,

And Master Bongrace is my master, that dwelleth here;

Thou art no point Careaway! Thy wits do thee fail.

JENKIN: Yea, marry, sir, you have beaten them down into my tail;

But, sir, might I be bold to say one thing

Without any blows and without any beating?

JACK: Truce for a while; say on what thee lust:

JENKIN: May a man to your honesty by your word trust?

I pray you swear by the mass you will do me no ill--

JACK: By my faith, I promise pardon thee I will--

JENKIN: What, and you keep no promise?

JACK: Then upon name of Careaway

I pray God light as much or more as hath on thee to-day.

JENKIN: Now dare I speak, so mote I thri(ve),

Master Bongrace is my master, and the name of me

Is Jenkin Careaway!

JACK: What, sayest thou so?

JENKIN: And if thou wilt strike me, and break thy promise, do,

And beat on me, till I stink, and till I die;

And yet will I still say that I am I!

JACK: This Bedlam knave without doubt is mad--

JENKIN: No, by God, for all that I am a wise lad,

And can call to remembrance every thing
That I did this day since my uprising;

For went not I with my master to-day

Early in the morning to the tennis-play?

At noon, while my master at his dinner sat,

Played not I at dice at the gentleman's gate?

Did not I wait on my master to supper-ward?

And I think I was not changed the way homeward!

Or else, if thou think I lie,

Ask in the street of them that I came by;

And since that I came hither into your presence,

What man living could carry me hence?

I remember I was sent to fetch my mistress,

And what I devised to save me harmless;

Do not I speak now? is not this my hand?

Be not these my feet that on this ground stand?

Did not this other knave here knock me about the head?

And beat me, till I was almost dead?

How may it then be, that he should be I?

Or I not myself?--it is a shameful lie.

I will home to our house, whosoever say nay,

For surely my name is Jenkin Careaway.

JACK: I will make thee say otherwise, ere we depart, if we can--

JENKIN: Nay that will I not in faith for no man,

Except thou tell me what I-thou hast done

Ever since five of the clock this afternoon:

Rehail me all that without any lie,

And then I will confess that thou art I.

JACK: When my master came to the gentleman's place,

He commanded me to run home a great pace,

To fet thither my mistress; and by the way

I did a good while at the bucklers play;

Then came I by a wife, that did custards sell,

And cast down her basket fair and well,

And gathered as many as I could get,

And put them in my sleeve: here they be yet!

JENKIN: How the devil should they come there,
For I did them all in my own sleeve bear?
He lieth not a word in all this,
Nor doth in any one point miss.
For ought I see yet between earnest and game
I must go seek me another name;
But thou mightest see all this:--tell the rest that is behind,
And there I know I shall thee a liar find.
JACK: I ran thence homeward a contrary way,
And whether I stopped there or nay,
I could tell, if me lusteth, a good token;
But it may not very well be spoken.
JENKIN: Now, may I pray thee, let no man that hear,
But tell it me privily in mine ear.
JACK: Ay, thou lost all thy money at dice, Christ give it his curse,
Well and truly picked before out of another man's purse!
JENKIN: God's body, knaveson thief, who told thee that same?
Some cunning devil is within thee, pain of shame!
In nomine patris, (In the name of the Father) God and our blessed
lady,
Now and evermore save me from thy company!
JACK: How now, art thou Careaway or not?
JENKIN: By the Lord, I doubt, but sayest thou nay to that?
JACK: Yea, marry, I tell thee, Care-away is my name.
JENKIN: And, by these ten bones, mine is the same!
Or else tell me, if I be not he,
What my name from henceforth shall be?
JACK: By my faith, the same that it was before,
When I lust to be Careaway no more:
Look well upon me, and thou shalt see as now,
That I am Jenkin Careaway, and not thou:
Look well upon me, and by every thing
Thou shalt well know that I am not lesing. (=lying)
JENKIN: I see it is so without any doubt;
But how the devil came it about?
Whoso in England looketh on him steadily,

Shall perceive plainly that he is I:
I have seen myself a thousand times in a glass;
But so like myself, as he is, never was;
He hath in every point my clothing and my gear;
My head, my cap, my shirt, and knotted hair,
And of the same color: my eyes, nose, and lips:
My cheeks, chin, neck, feet, legs, and hips:
Of the same stature, and height, and age:
And is in every point Master Bongrace page,
That if he have a hole in his tail,
He is even I mine own self without any fail!
And yet when I remember, I wot not how,
The same man that I have ever been me thinketh I am now:
I know my master and his house, and my five wits I have:
Why then should I give credence to this foolish knave,
That nothing intendeth but me delude and mock?
For whom should I fear at my master's gate to knock?
JACK: Thinkest thou I have said all this in game?
Go, or I shall send thee hence in the devil's name!
Avoid, thou lousy lurcher and precious stinking slave,
That neither thy name knowest nor canst any master have!
Wine-shaken pillory-peepers, of lice not without a peck,
Hence, or by Gods precious ..., I shall break thy neck!
JENKIN: Then, master, I beseech you heartily take the pain,
If I be found in any place, to bring me to me again.
Now is not this a wonderful case,
That no man shall lose himself so in any place?
Have any of you heard of such a thing heretofore?
No, nor never shall, I daresay, from henceforth any more.
JACK [Aside.] While he museth and judgeth himself upon,
I will steal away for a while, and let him alone.
[Exit Jack Juggler.]
JENKIN: Good Lord of heaven, where did I myself leave?
Or who did me of my name by the way bereave? (separate)
For I am sure of this in my mind,
That I did in no place leave myself behind.

If I had my name played away at dice,
Or had sold myself to any man at a price,
Or had made a fray, and had lost it in fighting,
Or it had been stolen from me sleeping,
It had been a matter, and I would have kept patience;
But it spited my heart to have lost it by such open negligence.
Ah, thou knaveson, drowsy, drunken sot!
It were an alms-deed to 'walk thy coat,' (=beat you)
And I shrew him that would for thee be sorry,
To see thee well carried by and by;
And, by Christ, if any man would it do,
I myself would help thereto.
For a man may see, thou noddie goose,
Thou wouldst lose thine tail, if it were loose!
Albeit I would never the deed believe,
But that the thing itself doth show and prove.
There was never ape so like unto an ape,
As he is to me in feature and shape;
But what will my master say, think ye,
When he shall this gear hear and see?
Will he know me, think you, when he shall see me?
If he do not, another will as good as he.
But where is that other I? whither is he gone?
To my master, by Cock's precious passion:
Either to put me out of my place,
Or to accuse me to my master Bongrace!
But I will after, as fast as I can flee:
I trust to be there as soon as he.
That if my master be not ready home to come,
I will be here again as fast as I can run.
In any wise to speak with my mistress,
Or else I shall never escape hanging doubtless. [Exits]

SCENE 2

DAME: [Enters] I shall not sup this night, full well I see;
For as yet nobody cometh for to fet(ch) me.

But good enough, let me alone:
I will be even with them every-one.
I say nothing, but I think somewhat, iwis:
Some there be that shall hear of this!
Of all unkind and churlish husbands this is the cast,
To let their wives sit at home and fast;
While they be forth, and make good cheer:
Pastime and sport, as now he doth there.
But if I were a wise woman, as I am a mome, (=fool)
I should make myself, as good cheer at home.
But if he have thus unkindly served me,
I will not forget it this months three;
And if I wist the fault were in him, I pray God I be dead,
But he should have such a curry, (=beating) ere he went to bed,
As he never had before in all his life,
Nor any man else have had of his wife!
I would rate him and shake him after such a sort,
As should be to him full little to his comfort!
JENKIN: My wit is breeched in such a brake, [Entering]
That I cannot devise what way is best to take.
I was almost as far as my master is;
But then I began to remember this,
And to cast the worst, as one in fear:
If he chance to see me and keep me there,
Till he come himself, and speak with my mistress,
Then am I like to be in shrewd distress:
Yet were I better, thought I, to turn home again.
And first speak with her, certain—[She sees him/he sees her]
Cock's body, yonder she standeth at the door!
Now is it worse than it was before.
Would Christ I could get again out of her sight:
For I see by her look she is disposed to fight.
By the Lord, she hath there an angry shrew's look--
DAME: Lo, yonder cometh that unhappy hook!
JENKIN: God save me, mistress, do you know me well?
DAME: Come near hither unto me, and I shall thee tell

Why, thou naughty villain, is that thy guise,
To jest with thy mistress in such wise?
Take that to begin with, and God before!
When thy master cometh home, thou shalt have more:
For he told me, when he forth went,
That thou shouldst come back again incontinent
To bring me to supper where he now is,
And thou hast played by the way, and they have done by this.
But no force I shall, thou mayest trust me,
Teach all naughty knaves to beware by thee.
JENKIN: Forsooth, mistress, if ye knew as much as I,
Ye would not be with me half so angry;
For the fault is neither in my master, nor in me, nor you,
But in another knave that was here even now,
And his name was Jenkin Careaway--
DAME: What, I see my man is disposed to play!
I ween he be drunken or mad, I make God a vow!
JENKIN: Nay, I have been made sober and tame, I, now:--
I was never so handled before in all my life:
I would every man in England had so beaten his wife!
I have forgotten with tousing by the hair,
What I devised to say a little ere.
DAME: Have I lost my supper this night through thy negligence?
JENKIN: Nay then were I a knave, mistress, saving your reverence.
DAME: Why, I am sure that by this time it is done--
JENKIN: Yea, that it is more than an hour ago--
DAME: And was not thou sent to fetch me thither?
JENKIN: Yea, and had come right quickly hither,
But that by the way I had a great fall,
And my name, body, shape, legs, and all:
And met with one, that from me did it steal;
But, by God, he and I some blows did deal!
I would he were now before your gate,
For you would pummel him jollily about the pate.
DAME: Truly this wage-pasty is either drunken or mad. [Aside]
JENKIN: Never man suffered so much wrong as I had;

But, mistress, I should say a thing to you:
Tarry, it will come to my remembrance even now
I must needs use a substantial premeditation;
For the matter lieth greatly me upon.
I beseech your mistress-ship of pardon and forgiveness,
Desiring you to impute it to my simple and rude dullness:
I have forgotten what I have thought to have said
And am thereof full ill-afraid;
But when I lost myself, I knew very well,
I lost also that I should you tell.
DAME: Why, thou wretched villain, doest thou me scorn and mock,
To make me to these folk a laughing-stock?
Ere thou go out of my hands, thou shalt have something;
And I will reckon better in the morning.
JENKIN: And if you beat me, mistress, advise you;
For I am none of your servants now.
That other I is now your page,
And I am no longer in your bondage.
DAME: Now walk, precious thief, get thee out of my sight!
And I charge thee come in my presence no more this night:
Get thee hence, and wait on thy master at once.
JENKIN: Marry, sir, this is handling for the nonce:
I would I had been hanged, before that I was lost;
I was never this canvassed and tossed:
That if my master, on his part also,
Handle me, as my mistress and the other I do,
I shall surely be killed between them three,
And all the devils in hell shall not save me.
But yet, if the other I might have with me part,
All this would never grieve my heart. [All exit]

SCENE 3

[Enter Jack Juggler.]

JACK: How say you, masters, I pray you tell,
Have not I requited my "cousin" well?
Have not I handled him after a good sort?

Had it not been pity to have lost this sport?
Anon his master, on his behalf,
You shall see how he will handle the calf!
If he thrughly angered be,
He will make him smart, so mot I thri(ve).
I would not for a price of a new pair of shoes,
That any part of this had been undone;
But now I have revenged my quarrel,
I will go do off this mine apparel,
And now let Careaway be Careaway again;
I have done with that name now, certain,
Except peradventure I shall take the self-same weed (clothing)
Some other time again for a like cause and need. [Exits]

SCENE 4

[Enter Bongrace and Careaway.]
BONGRACE. Why, then, darest thou to presume to tell me,
That I know is no wise possible for to be?
JENKIN: Now, by my truth, master, I have told you no lie;
And all these folks knoweth as well as I,
I had no sooner knocked at the gate,
But straightway he had me by the pate;
Therefore, if you beat me, till I fall and bleed again,
You shall not cause me for any pain;
But I will affirm, as I said before,
That when I came near, another stood at the door.
BONGRACE. Why, thou naughty villain, darest thou affirm to me
That which was never seen nor hereafter shall be?
That one man may have two bodies and two faces,
And that one man at one time may be in two places?
Tell me, drankest thou anywhere by the way?
JENKIN: I shrew me, if I drank any more than twice to-day,
Till I met even now with that other I,
And with him I supped and drank truly;
But as for you, if you gave me drink and meat,
As oftentimes as you do me beat,

I were the best-fed page in all this city.
But, as touching that, you have on me no pity,
And not only I, but all that do you serve,
For meat and drink may rather starve.
BONGRACE. What, you saucy, impudent knave,
Begin you with your master to prate and rave?
Your tongue is liberal and all out of frame:
I must needs conjure it, and make it tame.
Where is that other Careaway that thou said was here?
JENKIN: Now, by my Christendom, sir, I know not where?
BONGRACE. Why, canst thou find no man to mock but me?
JENKIN: I mock you not, master, so might I thri(ve),
Every word was true that I you told.
BONGRACE. Nay I know toys and pranks of old,
And now thou art not satisfied nor content,
Without regard of my biddings and commandment,
To have played by the way as a lewd knave and negligent,
When I thee on my message home sent,
But also wouldst willingly me delude and mock,
And make me to all wise men a laughing-stock:
Showing me such things as in no wise be may,
To the intent thy lewdness may turn to jest and play;
Therefore if thou speak any such thing to me again,
I promise it shall be unto thy pain.
JENKIN: Lo, is not he in miserable case,
That serveth such a master in any place?
That with force will compel him that thing to deny,
That he knoweth true, and hath seen with his eye?
BONGRACE. Was it not, trowest thou, thine own shadow?
JENKIN: My shadow could never have beaten me so!
BONGRACE. Why, by what reason possible may such a thing be?
JENKIN: Nay, I marvel and wonder at it more than ye;
And at the first it did me cursedly move
Nor I would mine own eyes in no wise believe,
Until that other I beat me so,
That he made me believe it, whether I would or no.

And if he had yourself now within his reach,
He would make you say so too, or else besoil your breech.
BONGRACE. I durst a good mead and a wager lay,
That thou layest down and sleepest by the way,
And dreamed all this, that thou hast me told.
JENKIN: Nay, there you lie, master, if I might be so bold;
But we rise so early that, if I had,
I had done well, and a wise lad.
Yet, master, I would you understood,
That I have always been trusty and good,
And fly as fast as a bear in a cage,
When-so-ever you send me in your message;
In faith, as for this that I have told you,
I saw and felt it as waking as I am now:
For I had no sooner knocked at the gate,
But the other I knave had me by the pate;
And I durst to you on a book swear,
That he had been watching for me there,
Long ere I came, hidden in some privy place,
Even for the nonce to have me by the face.
BONGRACE. Why, then, thou spakest not with my wife?
JENKIN: No, that I did not, master, by my life,
Until that other I was gone,
And then my mistress sent me after anon,
To wait on you home in the devil's name:
I think the devil never so beat his dame!
BONGRACE. And where became that other Careaway?
JENKIN: By mine honesty, sir, I cannot say;
But I warrant he is now not far hence;
He is here among this company, for forty pence.
BONGRACE. Hence, at once seek and smell him out;
I shall rap thee on the lying knave's snout:
I will not be deluded with such a glossing lie,
Nor give credence, till I see it with my own eye.
JENKIN: Truly, good sir, by your mastership's favor,
I cannot well find a knave by the savor;

Many here smell strong, but none so rank as he:
A stronger-scented knave than he was cannot be.
But, sir, if he be haply found anon,
What amends shall I have for that you have me done?
BONGRACE. If he may be found, I shall walk his coat.
JENKIN: Yea, for our lady's sake, sir, I beseech you spare him not,
For it is some false knave withouten doubt.
I had rather than forty pence we could find him out;
For, if a man may believe a glass, (mirror)
Even my very own self it was.
And here he was but even right now,
And stepped away suddenly, I know not how.
Of such another thing I have neither heard nor seen,
By our blessed lady, heaven queen!
BONGRACE. Plainly it was thy shadow, that thou didst see;
For, in faith, the other thing is not possible to be.
JENKIN: Yes, in good faith, sir, by your leave,
I know it was I by my apples in my sleeve,
And speaketh as like me as ever you heard:
-As I so swore, used he such words!-
Such hair, such a cap, such hose and coat,
And in everything as just as fourpence to a groat. (=coin)
That if he were here, you should well see,
That you could not discern nor know him from me;
For think you, that I do not myself know?
I am not so foolish a knave, I trow.
Let who will look him by and by,
And he will depose upon a book that he is I;
And I dare well say you will say the same;
For he called himself by my own name.
And he told me all that I have done,
Since five of the clock this afternoon,
He could tell when you were to supper set
When you send me home my mistress to fet(ch),
And showed me all things that I did by the way--
BONGRACE. What was that?

JENKIN: How I did at the bucklers play;
And when I scattered a basket of apples from a stall,
And gathered them into my sleeve all,
And how I played after that also--
BONGRACE. Thou shalt have pay(ment) therefore, so might I go;
Is that the guise of a trusty page,
To play, when he is sent on his master's message?
DAME: Lay on and spare not, for the love of Christ,
Beat his head on a post, and favor your fist!
Now for my sake, sweetheart, spare and favor your hand,
And lay him about the ribs with this wand. [Offers a staff]
JENKIN: Now mercy that I ask of you both twain: (=two)
Save my life, and let me not be slain.
I have had beating enough for one day:
That a mischief take the other-me Careaway!
That if ever he come to my hands again,
Iwis it shall be to his pain.
But I marvel greatly, by our Lord Jesus,
How he-I escaped, I-me beat me thus.
And is not he-I an unkind knave,
That will no more pity on myself have?
Here may you see evidently, iwis,
That in him-me no drop of honesty is.
Now a vengeance light on such a churlish knave
That no more love toward myself have!
DAME: I knew verily, sweet-heart, and said right now,
That no fault thereof should be in you.
BONGRACE. No, truly, good bedfellow, I were then much unkind,
If you at any time should be out of my mind.
DAME: Surely, I have of you a great treasure,
For you do all things which may be to my pleasure.
BONGRACE. I am sorry that your chance hath now been so ill:
I would gladly been unsupported, so you had your fill;
But go we in, pignie, that you may sup;
You have cause now to thank this same hang-up;
For had not he been, you had fared very well.

DAME: I bequeath him with a hot vengeance to the devil of hell,
And heartily I beseech him that hanged on the rood,
That he never eat nor drink that may do him good,
And that he die a shameful death, saving my charity!
[Dame/Master Exit]
JENKIN: I pray God send him such prosperity,
That hath caused me to have all this business.
But yet, sirs, you see the charity of my mistress:
She liveth after a wonderful charitable fashion;
For I assure you she is always in this passion,
But, masters, if you happen to see that other I,
As that you shall, it is not very likely,
Nor I will not desire you for him purposely to look,
For it is an uncomparable unhappy hook;
But, and if he be, and you meet me abroad by chance,
Send me home to my master with a vengeance!
And show him, if he come not here to-morrow night,
I will never receive him again, if I might;
And in the meantime I will give him a groat, (=coin)
That will well and thriftily 'walk his coat;' (=beat him)
And but he come the sooner, by our lady bright,
He shall lie without the doors all night.
For I will shut up the gate, and get me to-bed,
For I promise you I have a very giddy head.
I need no supper for this night,
Nor would eat no meat, though I might;
And for you also, master, I think it best
You go to-bed, and take your rest.
For who of you had been handled as I have been,
Would not be long out of his bed, I ween;
No more will I, but steal out of sight:
I pray God give you all good night!
And send you better hap and fortune,
Than to lese yourself homeward as I have done.
FINIS.