

Shrub | Hal & Harry

William Shrub

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A Tale of two Rascals in Seuen Iests

Frühneuenglisch / Deutsch

Herausgegeben von Manfred Görlach

Reclam

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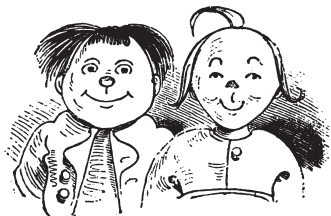
Hal & Harry

A Tale of two Rascals in Seuen Iests

Describing the ouer-spreading of Vertue,
and suppression of Vice, Pleasantly interlac't
with variable delights: and pathetically intermixt
with conceited reproofes

Prologue

Sdeath! wee hear of lass and ladde
lackaday! scarce aught but badde!
Like the two heere, Hal and Harry –
Lo! – what might their badness tarry!



They in stead through lawe and lore 5
getting better than tofore
laught in secret, mockt their teachers,
openly prophaned their preachers.
Yea, for taunts, foul iests and crime
they would alwaies find the time! 10
Stealing apples, plums and pears,
squealing dogs and cats and hares,
is more pleasanter, God wot!
than in schoole or church to squat:
Sitting still on wooden benches 15
won't appeal to boys and wenches.
But their inspiration feedes
all on vice and heinous deedes.
Since these ribalds would not mend
fate decreed a gruesome end. 20

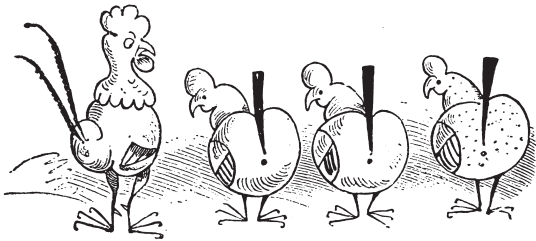
Therefore is what doom inflicted
heere enuers'd and plaine depicted.

The fyrste iest

Many cotters take great heede
properly their fowls to feede,
partly for the egges they lay 25
diligently night and day;
also, after dailye toile
thou canst pick one out to broil;
further, thou canst put in quilt
downie feathers if thou wilt, 30
in the pillowes for to warm
thoroughly thy bouke and tharm.



Lo, here is your Gammer Gurton,
knewe the cold coude be much hurtin.

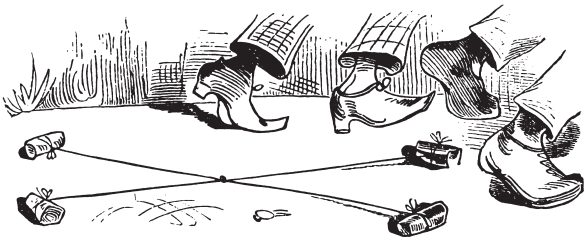


Three plump hens was all her flock
superuis'd by a proude cock.
Hal and Harry contemplated
how they best these chicken baited.

35

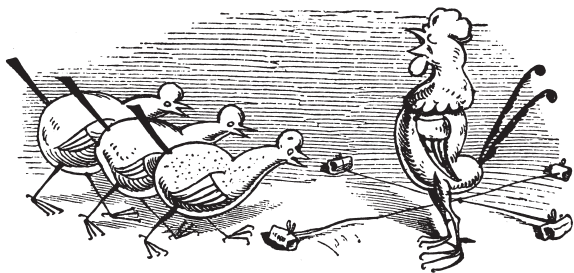
So they cut ful mean and slye
in the twinkle of an eye
mouldy bread in four small bits,
tied them that each fragment sits,
crosswise stringd and bound full hard,
right in Gammer Gurtons yard.

40



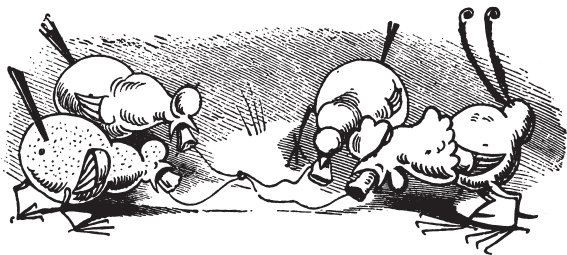
When the filthy bait was placed,
swift away the henbanes paced.

45

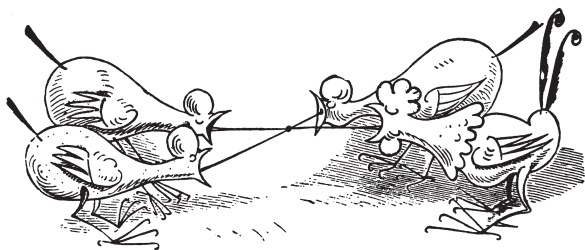


Soon the seely cock espied
morsel'd meate so neatly tied;
lo! hee cockadoodl'd loud,
call'd his lemans in a crowd.

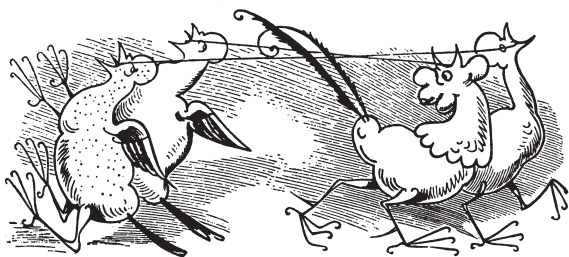
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Cock and hens now fret w^t lust
what kind fate hath on them thrust.



When they came to think, too late,
nomore coude they separate.

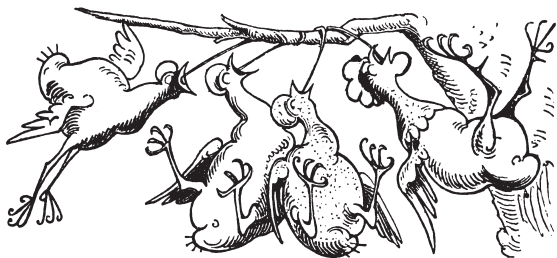


Tugd and teard to left and right –
Lord, o Lord – a gruesome sight!

55

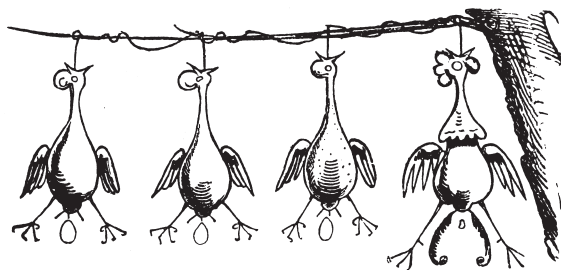


Rose to heauen in despair,
fearfull cries soon fild the air.



Ouch, a barren branch and stiff
gallowd them heere in a whiff!
Long their necks grew, fearfull long –
hark, o hark! their weirdish song.

60

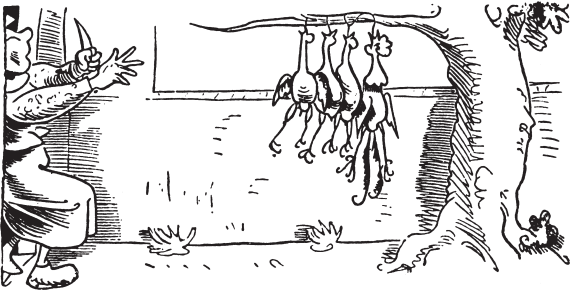


Laid their final egge with pain –
threads of life were cut in twain.



Gurton in her bedde ful warm
listend to this song of harm.

65



Then the gammer sorrow-stricken
rose her vp to count her chicken.



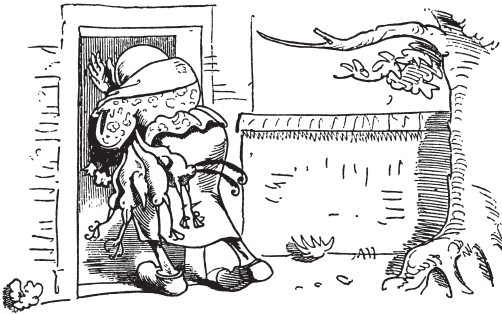
“Sing, o Muse, my groundless pain!
This hath cleft my hart in twain.
Dreams of luck and worldly weal
dangle heere – o deaths fell meal!”
Ruthfull, grieu’d and gloomy-hearted
Gammer Gurton her departed,

70



with a knife her dear deceas'd,
of their deadlye strings releas'd,

75



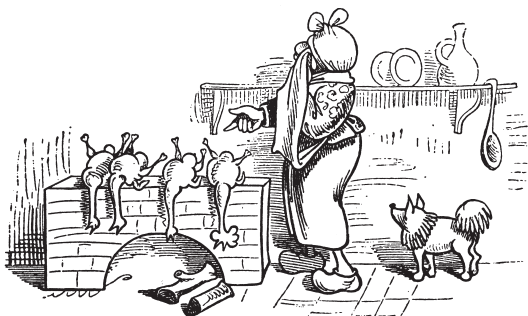
slowly slunk with grisly loade
Gurton sad to her abode.

Badness will ay teem and breede:
instant follows their next deede.

80

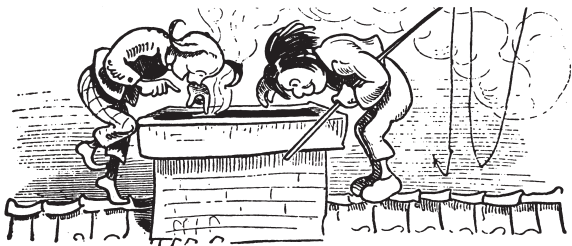
The secounde iest

When the gammer on the morn,
wretchèd, anguisht, sorrow-torn
came to thinke that meet and fitting
would it be, her paine permitting,
those, which after earthly toil
shuffled off this mortal coil, 85
m[a]tes, which brutally were gallowd,
now should be with honor swallowd.
Certes she her wailes resumd
when she saw yon dear deplumd 90
lying by the hearth full still
which in sunny days with skill
lookt for worms and crawlie foode
gleefully in court and woode.

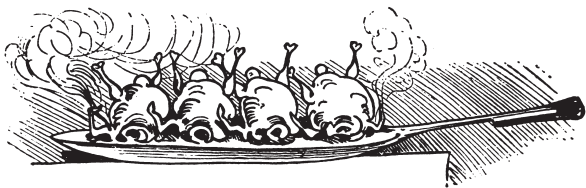


Sdeath! the gammers dirge renewd, 95
mute her canine panion stood.

What was cooking Harry smell'd.
"Vp on to the roof," he yell'd.



Down with plesure lookt each nimmer
where they spied the rostemeat simmer, 100
crisp and brown, sans heads and pinions,
Chauntyclere with naked minions.



Gurton did with hugeous plate
to her orcus ambulate

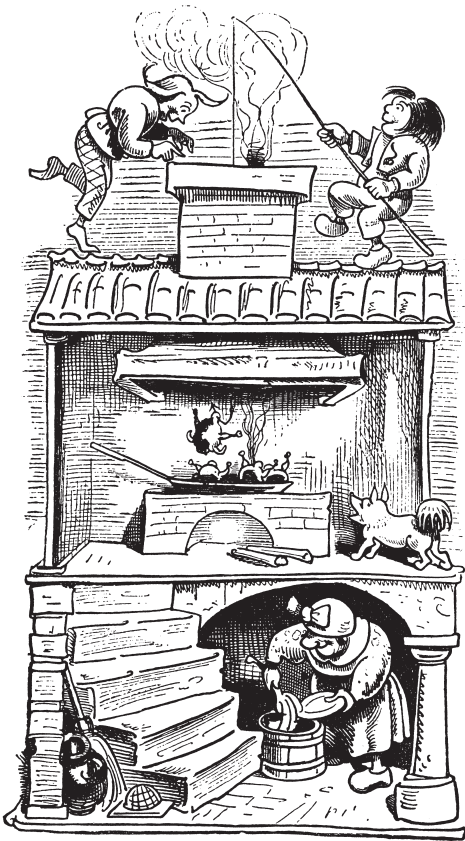


for some sourèd caul to get
well preseru'd in colde and wet;
this one meal all else defeated –
better still when 'twas reheated.

105

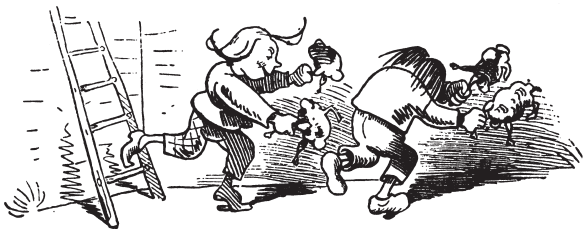
Foulers on the roof were active
smelling matter most attractive.
Thoughtful Hal a rodde did carry
and a fishing line brought Harry.

110



These two rogues, look! What a feat!
lift the hens from hearthly heat,

raising them from purgatory, 115
heavens! to the vpper storey.
Heigh-do, one-two-three, and soft!
number four now flieth aloft.
Doggie watcht the broilers flight
and he barkt with all his might, 120

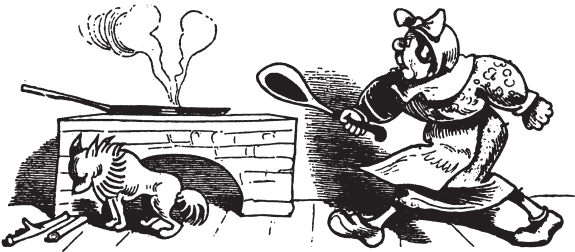


but the robbers naught afeard
from the roof had disappear'd.

Sfaith! we'll have a nasty brawl –
Gurton's coming with her caul:
pillar'd like the wife of Lot 125
stood she leering on her pot.

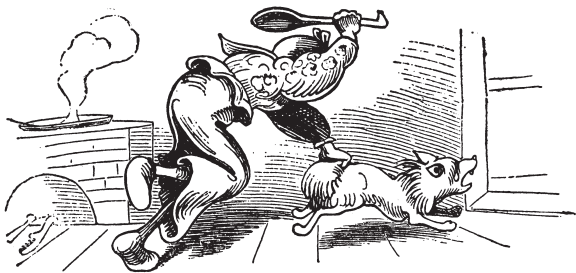


All her tastie tresures taken!
“Oh, thou brute, of God forsaken!



Damnèd tyke, my roast to steale!”
gan the cynophile to squeale.

130



With a ladle fierce and snell
thrasht she wildly doggies fell.
Loude he yammerd oftentimes –
hee felt guiltless of *their* crimes.



Hal and Harry, safe in resting,
snor'd their louely feast digesting;
all was downd, saue fat and rank
steeple-like one chicken shank.

135

Badness will ay teem and breede:
instant followes their next deede.

140

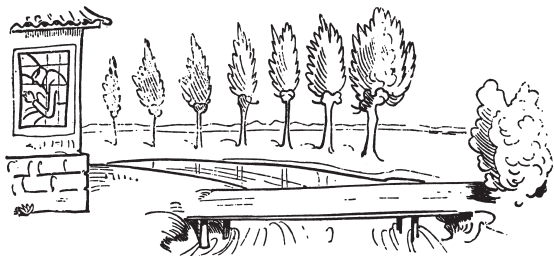
The thrydde iest

Euerybodie in the town
knew the tailor Bucks renown:

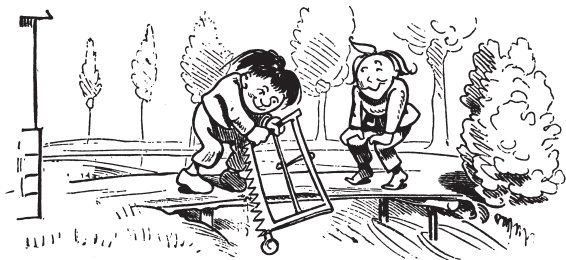


kirtles, ierkins, humbler weedes,
breeches, garments for all needes,
mantle, surplice, smock and shift 145
made the tailor, clean and swift.
Or should doublets need some patching
– colours diffrent or eke matching,
were your raiments slit or torne,
at the back or els beforne, 150
was a button lost or loose
Buck knew well his skill to vse –
Anie hole, beforne, behinde,
he would darne and still be kinde,
well content performd his art, 155
stitching happified his hart.
All the people high and low
were his friends and none his foe.
But the gamesters mus'd and thought
how they wrong and wreckage wrought. 160

Fore the humble tailors dwelling
rusht a creeklet, loude and swelling,

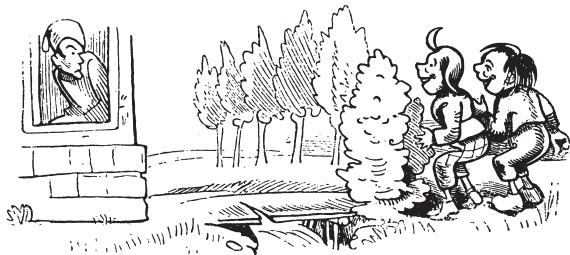


which to crosse there seru'd a plank
which ledde folks from bank to bank.



Yon two coystrells, bold and raw,
gan the planke in twain to saw,
ritzieratz, lo! full of spite
did they sly the boarding slite.

165



When the wicked deede was done
hark! their taunts were herd ful soon: 170
“Bah bah! Billy, come thee out!
Tailor Buck, bah, show thy snout!”
Billy Buck coude bear a lot,
patiently and suffer not,
but when they such insults yell’d 175
deep inside his spleene rebel’d.



Full of choler snatcht his ell,
left his cottage, fierce and fell,