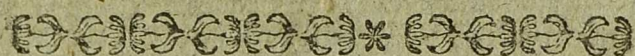


THE
HISTORY
OF THE
KING
AND THE
COBLER.

SECOND PART.



T. Evans Printer, 79 Long-Lane.



THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
KING & THE COBLER.

CHAP. I.

Of the Cobler's return from Court to his wife Joan, and the comical discourse that passed between them.

CHRISTOPHER Crispin, for he was so named, with whom King Henry VIII. made himself so exceeding familiar, having been at court, where he was so much made of for the mirth he made, goes home in the afternoon full freighted with wine and wonderful expectations. His heart and

head being light. he went capering along crying long live old Harry Tudor, with an hundred boys at his heels; his wife standing at the door and seeing him prance along in such an odd manner put on one of her crabby looks, saying. Ill Harry Tudor you with a vengeance, was it for this I dressed you up in pinlico, to have you come home like one broken out of Bedlam?

Peace; wife, said he, I am upon my preferment, and shall very soon become a courtier,

Cease your prating, quoth Joan, and get you to bed, that you may get up betimes to work in the morning, for this course of life will never do. With these and the like reprimands she conquered poor Crispan, who for quietness sake went to bed, where we will leave him and return to the court to hear something of what passed there relating to this day's comical adventure.

CHAP. II.

Of the Queen's hearing much mirth at Court comes with the Maids of Honor to know the cause thereof—and of that proud I relate, Cardinal Wolsey, curbing the King for being too familiar with the Cobler.

NOW it is to be noted, that the Cobler was no sooner gone, but the King and his Nobles began to renew their mirth, by rehearsing the odd fancies and pleasant pranks the Cobler had amused them with. And a certain Lord so imitated the Cobler that it caused a general laughter that lasted for some time without intermission whereupon the Queen with her maids of honor came to enquire the cause. My Liege, said he Queen, I am glad to hear you and your Nobles so merry, and should be glad to be informed of the cause? My Lady, quoth the King, we have had the company of an honest Cobler, the like I never saw at court. His downright simplicity hath

afforded us all mirth.—Said the Queen, I wish I had been partaker of this mirth. Said the King, It may not be too late yet, for I will so contrive it, that you shall have a sight of him very speedily in disguise; by this we shall have a proof of pleasant time. But then, said Wolsey, how do these frolics agree with kindly dignity; what will your friend and nobles say if they hear you converse with a cobbler? Why said the King, Wolsey have you never heard of the industrious bee's extracting honey from the meanest flower as well as the richest blossom; and if so why may not I experience the fidelity of my people by conversing with an honest cobbler, as well as I may by the crafty policy of a proud Cardinal.—This choakpear stopped the mouth of Wolsey at once.



CHAP. III.

The Cobler awaked the next morning by a thunder clap from his Wife, but is restored to favor by singing one of his Songs.

YOU may rememder how the old cobler crept to bed, but was waked in the morn with the thunder clap of—Thou nasty drunken swine and whimsical blockhead, is this the course of life you intend to lead—, Upon which he jumped up, ran to his stall, and diverted himself with the following song;

Tho' now I sit within my stall
 Old shoes and slippers mending,
 I to the court shall have a call,
 There are my hopes depending.

I do not value crusty Joan,
 Altho' with tears I woo'd her,
 I have the favor 'tis well known,
 Of honest Harry Tudor.

He gave me forty marks a year,
 And that's a deal of treasure;
 Besides all this, there is no fear,
 Of having courtly pleasure.

I wish old Joan she would but die,
 Altho' with tears I woo'd her,
 I'd go to court and live there by,
 My old friend Harry Tudor.

Now, as the cobbler was making himself merry with singing his new-made songs, Joan thus accosted him:

You drunken scoundrel are you a Tudoring it again? I thought you had enough of that yesterday; I think you told me he was a courtier, but I believe him to be a carman or porter. Pray where is the fourpence halfpenny you had of me?

Alas said the cobbler, my friend was so far from letting me spend any thing, that he has given me what will be the making of you and I.

Aye, husband, quoth Joan, what has he given to you?

Why, to tell you, sweet wife, he has settled forty marks a-year upon me, and as a sure mark of his goodness, he

has given me these two broad pieces of gold.

O me quoth Joan has he given you all this? God's blessing on his heart, he is a good fellow.

Who do you call fellow? Said he. He that is my particular friend is no less than our gracious King Henry; and was he to know what you have said of him, you may happen to dance on lemp, by which means I should soon get rid of a shrew.

O husband, quoth she, pardon me, if you love me, and I will never call him any names for the future. Be sure says he, keep your promise, and all shall be well.



CHAP. IV.

*Of the King's counterfeiting a Tanner
and of his coming to the Cobler to
sell some leather.*

KING Henry having promised the Queen that she should be accommodated with some of the cobbler's frolics, at length hit upon project, which was this; he sent a man and horse down in the country to buy leather, fit for shoemaker's use, and send it to London by the carrier that come to the Inn that was opposite the cobbler's. This being done, the King in the habit of a plain countryman, came to the Inn with his Queen, who in the dress, of an innocent country maid passed for his kins-woman; he passed for the Tanner that was to receive and sell leather, called out for a room and some of the best liquours the house afforded, and then asked the Inn-keeper whether he could not help him to a chapman for his leather; he answering. There is a cobbler over the way that will either buy it, or help you to a chapman.

Prithee send for him, said the King. Upon which the cobbler was called, and came capering like a morrice dancer, saying, who wants me?

This gentleman, says the Inn-keeper, has some leather to sell.

I will buy it, said the cobbler, if it be for my turn. Then having looked over it, he asked the price; but the King not knowing what cost, or its value offered it for 40 shillings.

Marry, quoth the cobbler, I wish you came honestly by it; for though I am the buyer, I must need tell you that it is worth more.

That is nothing at all, said the King, I am for selling off and never to deal in leather again; I am for some place at court, and this maiden my kins-woman, is also desirous of waiting on some lady. Marry, quoth the cobbler, if it be so, perhaps I may do you some service; for as simple as I sit here though I say it myself, I am acquainted with the King; and as you seem to have good honest faces by the mass I will do you all the

service I can.—Thou, sayest the King, and if you do this kindness I do not mind if I give thee the leather; and so here is to thee.—I thank you, said the cobbler. And by time they had drank five or six glasses his heart began to be light and he told the King he would sing him a song of his of his own making; at which when the Queen heard it she laughed heartily, for his comical tricks pleased her more than any thing she had ever heard in all her life.

At length noon approached, and the cobbler was for going with them to the court, but first went and dressed himself for he would not appear in the cobbler's dress before the King, for all the shoes in the shop.



CHAP. V.

Of the King's inviting the Cobler and his wife to dinner, and the discourse that passed thereupon,

THE cobler being gone, the King asked the Queen how she liked the conversation of old Crispin? The Queen said right well; besides, I see there is something of a principle in him, which in my opinion seems to out-shine his poverty; for, my Liege when you offered him the leather at low price, he knew it was worth more, and therefore he was loath to meddle with it, and what I observed more in him was his light heart, brisk and airy, and he may for ought I now enjoy more content in his cottage than a courtier at his palace.

Not too much of that, said the King, for I well remember that when he had me down in the cellar to drink a cup of his nappy ale, & eat some of his bread & cheese all on a sudden his old wife Joan began to rout about, then said the cob-

ler, my friend you must be gone, for I would not that my wife joan should catch you here; & thereupon rather than he should be cudgelled by his wife, I got away with all speed.—My Liege said the Queen, you was hard put to it.—By my troth, said the King, so I was. Then, with a smile, her Majesty said, I would willingly see her.—She shall be sent for, said the King and thereupon he called to know what he could have for dinner? The Inn-keeper told him he might have a shoulder of mutton. That will do said the King, and call the cobbler and his wife, for I desire they may both dine with me.

The Inn-keeper having delivered his message, Joan began to set up her rails saying, I shall have you get drunk again, that I shall. Nay, said the cobbler, did you not tell me the other day you would never scold me again, if I would but keep your counsel, and do you begin again already; go put on your red petticoat and high crowned hat, and I will go dress myself for I do not know but to take a walk to

court after dinner, and it will be for credit to appear before the King in our best apparel. Now Joan, having a sort of fear upon her for what she had formerly said, thought it best to bridle her unruly tongue, so made herself as fine as a milk maid on a May-day.



The King taking the glass. drank to the cobbler's wife who simpering like a firmity kettle, said, I thank you, Sir, then passing it to her husband, he filled up a bumper, and drank to the Queen, with this compliment, young

woman, you are welcome to London, and I do not question but to help you to a service that may be to your heart's content.

Now by this time the glass had gone round, dinner was set before them, and the cobbler said grace, which was very short. The King carved for the Queen and himself, and Joan gave the cobbler the cuckold's bit, saying, he likes it.— So let him have it: At which the King and Queen laughed very heartily.—The Queen eating but little, the cobbler merrily said, if you should come to a nobleman's table you must lay about you a little, better, or they will soon make you as fat as a hen in the forehead.

Dinner being over, the cobbler diverted the King and Queen with many of his comical songs and catches; after which they thought it proper to withdraw into another room, there to consult methods about finishing this cominal adventure.



CHAP. VI.

Of the Cobler being put in fear of his life; but afterwards comes off with flying colours.

NOW it is to be noted, that the King had told his Secretary of State that he would send his royal signet to him sealed up in a letter by a messenger, and him he should take in hold, in order to make him give an account how he came by it.

Whereupon he writes the letter, in which he encloses the signet; and having directed the letter, he desired the cobbler to carry it, who was ready to serve him; and Joan resolved to go with him, and keep him from being drunk. They were no sooner departed, but the King called the reckoning and having paid it he and the Queen went by water to the palace, where they pulled off there disguises and came in their royal apparel, the King with his nobles and the Queen with her maids of honor. By this time

the cobbler and his wife had delivered the letter to the Secretary, who upon opening the same seemed to startle, and with a frowning countenance, said here is the King's signet. How came you by it.

Why quoth the Cobbler, I received the letter from a Tanner.

The Secretary replied, if you do not go and fetch the Tanner, take my word for it, we will make an example of you.

Why, quoth Joan, you won't hang my husband will you?



Say, the Secretary, it will go hard with him if he don't find the Tanner.

I'll fetch him presently, says she.

But coming to the Inn, and finding they were gone, she fell in a violent fit of the tantarums, crying, what will become of my poor cobbler? He will be hanged! he will be hanged!

For what said the Inn-keeper.

But Joan, who had no patience to tell her lamentation, cried out. The Tanner is gone! in this condition, raving like a lunitick person, she ran back towards the palace, with a great number of people after her, who wanted to know the cause of her outcry; but Joan continued crying, O the Tanner! the Tanner is gone; and my poor husband I fear will be hanged.

Which words her husband happening to hear, just as she entered the door, he cried, dear Joan have you not brought him with you?

With me, quoth Joan, No, no, they are gone, and you are left to suffer. So now had it not been better for you to have been ruled by your wife, and kept to your own work than follow

every one that sends for you^{er}. Now you see what you have brought yourself to—Nothing would serve you the other day but a courtier such was your ambitious fancy. But let me tell you, if they should have a fancy to hang you, then I may say you have made a fine piece of work of it, and doubt not but it will be a fine warning to you for the future. I can but think how like a courtier you look now, in this crying & melancholy condition.

Now while she was consulting over poor Crispin, the King was informed of all these merry transactions, and gave orders for Crispin to be brought before him, which was accordingly done; but as the cobbler approached the presence of the King, his joints trembled, for he expected to find no favor.

When the King saw him, with an angry countenance he said, cobbler, how came you by my signet.

The poor cobbler, falling on his knees, with wringing hands, said, may it please your Grace, may it please your honor,

I went to buy a parcel of leather of a Tanner that had been brought out of the country; and then he told the King the whole of the story, concerning his sending him with the letter.

The King replied, 'This is a pleasant story; but it seems you cannot shew the Tanner; so I must leave you to the mercy of the law, and if you are hanged by the law, you must then assuredly take it for your pains.

Joan hearing the King talk of hanging, fell on her knees, saying, good Mr. King, don't hang your poor Crispin, I beseech you; he is an honest man, and has but one fault.—What is that! said his Majesty.—May it please your Grace, he will not be ruled by his wife, but is always willing monkey-like, to run after wicked men, that endeavour to make him drunk.

That is neither here nor there, said the King, for he must die; nevertheless, as you have begged that he may not be hanged, on the word of the King he shall not, but I will allow him the favor to choose his death.

Why then said the cobbler, let me die the death of my grandfather.—How was

that? said the King. — May it please your Grace on a death bed of old age.

At which the King, Queen, and the nobles laughed heartily, and Crispin and his wife by the King's command were locked up in a room for half an hour, to attend the King's farther pleasure.

No sooner were they a 2 time confined but the poor cobbler, with a trembling voice, said, I wonder what sweet wife, the King intends to do with us now.

Says Joan, prithee be of good cheer for I think the King and Queen are the Tanner and his kinswoman.

Adsfoot. quoth the cobbler, take care least you speak treason, and we both be hanged.

Fear not, said she for although they chauged their apparel, they could not their faces.

While they were in dispute, the King and Queen, drest in their former disguise, entering the room, with the nobles and maids of honor, the King said, Crispin since you could not find the Tanner, I have brought him to you.

At which words he fell on his knees and cried.

*Long live my Sovereign King and Queen,
Who did their Royal persons so bemean,
As in a familiar sort of joke with us,
And I am glad to find it is no worse.*

Arise, honest cobbler, said the King
and merry be thy heart! I have tried
thy patience and will prove thy friend
and the forty marks a year that I formerly
gave thee, shall be made much more by
my bounty.

*You shall have fifty pounds a year in land,
Which lies on the south side of the Strand,
I am the Royal giver, thou the taker,
And I will have it called the Cobler's Acre.*

Poor Crispin and Joan were so transported with joy at this glorious coming off, and especially at the good Queen's present, which was a purse of gold and they presented the court with a comical farce called the forked friends; or the fidler and his wife; with which they finished the day, to the joy and mirth of the beholders.

Then being dismissed with great applause, he and Joan retired home; and in a very short time after he built a fine

row of houses and called them Cobler's Acre, according to the King's direction; which name continued long after the cobbler's death but it has since been converted into magnificent buildings.

*Yet during life the Cobler at the Court,
Was well beloved and kindly entertain'd,
Where he offered much delightful sport,
So long as ever brave Harry Tudor Reign'd.*

*The King dy'd first the Cobler follow'd after
Who had so often fill'd the Court with laughter.*

FINIS.

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