

A new Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus a Iew, who lending to a  
Marchant a hundred Crownes, would haue a pound of his Flesh,  
because he could not pay him at the day appoynted.

19

To the tune of, Blacke and Yellow.



In Venice towne not long agoe,  
A cruell Iew did dwell,  
Which liued all on Usurie,  
As Italian wrytes tell.

Gernutus called was the Iew,  
Which neuer thought to die:  
Nor neuer yet did any good,  
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a Barrow-bag,  
That liueth many a day:  
Yet neuer once doth any good,  
But till men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heape of Dung,  
That lyeth in a whoard,  
Which neuer can doe any good,  
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the Usurer,  
He can not sleepe in rest:  
For feare the theefe will him pursue,  
To placke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,  
How to deceiue the poore:  
His mouth is almost full of mucke,  
Yet still he gapes for more.

His Wife must lend a Shilling,  
Or euery weeke a Penny;  
Yet bring a pledge that's double worth,  
If that you will haue any.

And see (likewise) you keepe your day,  
Or else you loose it all:  
This was the liuing of the Wife;  
Her Cook she did it call.

Within that Citie dwelt that time,  
A Marchant of great fame,  
Which being distressed, in his  
Wants unto Gernutus came.



Desiring him to stand his friend,  
For twelue month and a day,  
To lend to him a hundred Crownes,  
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,  
And Pledges he should haue.  
No (quoth the Iew with fearing looks)  
Sir aske what you will haue.

No penny for the lene of it,  
For one yeare you shall pay:  
You may doe me as good a turne,  
Before my dying day:

But we will haue a merry iest,  
For to be talked long:  
You shall make me a Band (quoth he)  
That shall be large and strong.

And this shall be the forfeiture,  
Of your owne Flesh a pound:  
If you agree, make you the Band,  
And here is a hundred Crownes.

With right good-will the Marchant sayd,  
And so the Band was made.  
When twelue month and a day drew on,  
That backe it should be payd,

The Marchants Ships were all at Seas,  
And Hony came not in:  
Which way to take, or what to doe,  
To thinke he doth begin.

And to Gernutus straight he comes,  
With cap and bended knee:  
And sayd to him, of curtesie,  
I pray you heare with mee.

My day is come, and I haue not  
The Hony for to pay:  
And litle good the forfeiture  
Will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,  
Command it to your minde,  
In thinges of bigger waight then this,  
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way, the day ouce past,  
Gernutus doth not slacke,  
To get a Sergiant presently,  
And clapt him on the backe:

And layd him into Prison strong,  
And sued his Band withall.  
And when the iudgement day was come,  
For iudgement he did call.

The Marchants friendes came thither fast,  
With many a weeping eye:  
For other meanes they could not find,  
But he that day must die.

The Second part of the Iewes crueltie, setting forth the  
mercifulnesse of the Iudge towards the Marchant.

To the tune of Blacke and yellow.



Some offered for his hundred Crownes,  
five hundred for to pay:  
And some a thousand, two, or three;  
yet still he did deny.

And at the last, Ten thousand Crownes  
they offered him to save:  
Gernutus sayd, I will no Gold,  
my forfeite I will have.

A pound of flesh is my desire,  
and that shall be my hire.  
Then sayd the Iudge, yet good my friend,  
let me of you desire,

To take the flesh from such a place,  
as yet you let him live:  
Do so, and for an hundred Crownes,  
to thee here will I give.

No, no (quoth he) no judgement here,  
for this is halbe true:  
For I will have my pound of flesh  
from under his right side.

It grieved all the company,  
his crueltie to see:  
For neither friend nor foe could helpe,  
but he must spoiled bee.

The bloody Iew now ready is,  
with whetter blaw in hand,  
To spoyle the blood of Innocent,  
by forfeit of his Band.

And as he was about to strike  
in him the deadly blow:  
Stay (quoth the Iudge) thy crueltie,  
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needes thou wilt thy forfeit have,  
which is of flesh a pound:  
See that thou shed no drop of blood,  
nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,  
thou here shalt hanged bee:  
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut,  
no more then longes to thee.

For if thou take either more or lesse,  
to the value of a Pite,  
Thou shalt be hanged presently,  
as is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxe franticke mad,  
and wotes not what to say:  
Quoth he at last, ten thousand Crownes  
I will that he shall pay:

And so I graunt to set him free.  
The Iudge doth answer make,  
You shall not have a penny given,  
your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demaund,  
but for to have his owne.  
No quoth the Iudge, doe as you list,  
thy Judgement shall be shorne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,  
or cancell me your Band:  
O cruell Iudge, then quoth the Iew,  
that doth against me stand.

And so with griping grieved minde,  
he biddeth them farewell:  
All the people pray to the Lord,  
that euer this heard tell.

Good people that doe heare this song  
for truely I dare well say,  
That many a wretch as ill as he,  
doth live now at this day.

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle  
of many a wealthy mans  
And for to tray the Innocent,  
deuileth what they can.

From whom, the Lord deliuer mee,  
and euery Christian too:  
And send to them like sentence eke,  
that meaneth so to doo.

FINIS.

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