

NU NOCH

17a Een Ghenouchelicke Clute Van Nu Noch,
 Van iiii
 Personagien Te Weten, Den Man, Den Ghebuere,
 Dwijf Ende Die Pape.

Den man.

Eijlacen, die altoos is gheplaecht
 Ende nemmermeer blijden dach en bejaecht,
 Hem magh wel langhe dijncken den tijt.
 Als ic buten ben, hebbic eenigh jolijt,
 5 Daer als ic thuis ben, leijt mijn herte
 ghebonden;
 Zo minnelic ben ic ghelevert den honden!
 Mijn wijf, zij loddert, zij bouft;
 Dan es mijn herte zo zeere bedrouft.
 Dat waer te liene, om claer vermanen;
 10 Zij doet mij lachen, dat mijn ooghen tranen,
 Zoo stijf versetse mijnen capproen.

Den ghebuere.

Ghebuere, hoe vaerdij?

Man.

Lieve ghebuere, wat zoude ic doen?
 Mijn wijf es teghen mij zo quaet.

Ghebuere.

En beteret niet?

Man.

Wacharmen! Jaet,
 15 Achter waert, als de hinne schert.

Ghebuere.

Anders niet?

Man.

17b Het staet voorwaer alzoov verwert
 Als noijnt garen dede up een strenne.

A Pleasing Farce about *Now again*, with Four
 Characters, Namely
 the Husband, the Neighbor, the Wife and the Priest.

The Husband.

Lordy, Lord! Time passes slowly for men like
 me, nagged to death every day of our lives,
 never knowing a minute's peace. If I go out I
 can have at least some fun. But the minute I
 get home I'm like a slave and live the life of a
 dog. My wife scolds and curses at me until I
 wish I was dead. But, to tell the truth, it serves
 me right. And sometimes I have to laugh until
 I cry at the way she tries to knock my head
 off.

The Neighbor.

Well, neighbor, how is it going with you?

The Husband.

My dear neighbor, what am I supposed to do?
 My wife is so mad at me.

The Neighbor.

Isn't it getting any better?

The Husband.

Hell, no! Ha! You may as well try stopping a
 chicken from scratching in the dirt.

The Neighbor.

She won't change, eh?

The Husband.

I tell you, everything's such a mess. It's like a
 tangled up skein of wool.

| | |
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| Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| Ic zal u leeren een rene | Well, I'll give you some good advice, and if you follow it, she'll change her tune. |
| 20 Daarmede zuldijse up een ander ploije brijnghen. | |
| Man. | The Husband. |
| Up een ander ploije? ic heb van als gheproeft. | Change her tune? Ha! I've tried everything. |
| Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| Tsuere metten zoeten? | Have you tried cursing her? Sweet-talking her? |
| Man. | The Husband. |
| Ja, al datter behoeft, Tquaet met goet, tes alleleens. | I've tried everything I thought would work. Sweet-talk or cussing, it's all the same. |
| Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| En blijvet noch altoos even quaet? | And she's still just as mad at you? |
| Man. | The Husband. |
| Godt weet, neens, 25 Maer lancx om quader dat sij wort. | Lord, yes! And she gets worse every day. |
| Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| Ic zal u wel raet gheven op een cort. | Well, I'll give you a few words of good advice. |
| Man. | The Husband. |
| Dat beteren zal? | Do you think it'll do any good? |
| Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| Godt weet. | I swear it will. |
| Man. | The Husband. |
| Nu zecht mij dan. | Then tell me what it is. |
| Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| Verstaet wel tbescheet: Als ghij thuis compt, een voor al, | Now listen carefully. When you get home, no matter what happens, |

30 Spreect zij van quaet, zo zij ooc zal,
Datse u smijt of wat zij u doet,
Zecht altoos *nu noch*.

if she nags you, hits you, whatever she does,
just say, *Now again!*

18a

Man.

The Husband.

Waer dat goet,
Dat waer tghene dat ic haer hiete.
Ende in zij mij trocke, smete of stiete,
35 Zeij ic *nu noch*, ic weet wel te vooren,
Zij sloughe mij doot, dat waer verloren!
"Haut, dat *nu noch* dat wert u droufheijt
swaer,"
Dat zou zij zegghen.

If that did any good, my saying that to her, I'd
do it. But if I said *Now again* to her, I know
already she'd kill me. A lot of good that
would do me. "Here, I'll make you sorry for
your *Now again!*" That's what she'd say.

Ghebuere.

The Neighbor.

Daer en vraecht niet naer;
Ghij moetet herden, groot en cleene.

Don't worry about that. You just stick to it, no
matter what.

Man.

The Husband.

40 En zoudic altoos *nu noch* zegghen?

And that's all I say, *Now again?*

Ghebuere.

The Neighbor.

Ja ghij, al teenen

Yes, you have to. Just that and nothing else.

Man.

The Husband.

Goij, zo zoudic langhe *nu noch* zegghen.

Oh Lord, I'll be saying *Now again* for a long,
long time.

Ghebuere.

The Neighbor.

Tot dat ghijze verweect.

Just until you've softened her up.

Man.

The Husband.

Hoe zoudic pijnen mi dat an te leggen?
Gheefse mij een smete, ic zegghe *nu noch*,
Zo gheefse mij dusent mael meer toch.
45 Hoe zal ict daer mede maken?

Why should I make even more trouble for
myself than I've got already? If she wallops
me, and I say *Now again*, she'll only wallop
me a thousand times more. Then what will I
do?

Ghebuere.

The Neighbor.

En of zij namaels wel stoffeerde u caken
Met goeder spijsse na u ghevoech?

Suppose afterwards she stuffed your face with
good food, just as you like it?

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| | Man. | The Husband. |
| 18b | Ja ic, man, mij passeerdet ghenouch <i>Nu noch</i> te zegghen even stijf, 50 Gaefze mij wel tetene. | Sure, man! That would be no trouble for me. I'd keep on saying <i>Now again</i> , if she'd give me some decent food. |
| | Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| | Jaese. Up u lijf, Herderet in smijten in eenen doene, Ghij zullet huer maken alzo ghwone, Dat zij haer zal vervaren dan En wanen, dat ghij uus sins mist. | Well, that's it! I promise, just stick to it during the beatings. You'll soon have such a hold over her that she'll be scared and think you are going crazy. |
| | Man. | The Husband. |
| | Dats rechs die man! 55 Mochmense alzo ontrecthen! | Well, all right. If that's the way to change her. |
| | Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| | Jaet, zechdij <i>nu noch</i> . | It is. Just say <i>Now again</i> . |
| | Man. | The Husband. |
| | Ja ic, bij allen gho..n knechten, Ic zal <i>nu noch</i> zegghen, wat zij mij doet. | All right! I swear by all the saints, I'll say <i>Now again</i> , no matter what she does to me. |
| | Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| | So dat ic zal haer maken vroet, Dat sij u heeft al dul ghesmeten, 60 Ende dat ghij van den duvel zijt beseten: Dat heefse met haren smijten ghedaen. | And then I'll come and explain to her that she's knocked you around until you went crazy, that you're possessed by the devil, and that it's her fault for beating you up so much. |
| | Man. | The Husband. |
| | Dat wort een groote boerde! | This will be a great hoax! |
| | Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| | Nu, ghij zout gaen. Gaet henen thuiswaert, rasch. | Now off with you. Run back home. Hurry up. |
| 19a | De man. | The Husband. |
| | Ghij zecht zeker waer. Adieu, ghebuur. | You are probably right. Good-bye, neighbor! |

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| | Man. | The Husband. |
| | Nu noch. | Now again. |
| | Wijf. | The Wife. |
| | Hoort dit bediet: Met dezen <i>nu noch</i> wat hebbic gheleden! | Just listen to this! That's what I have to put up with, with this <i>Now again</i> . |
| | Man. | The Husband. |
| 80 | Nu noch. | Now again. |
| | Wijf. | The Wife. |
| | God moet u schaden en scheden; Wat meendij hier me, vuil catijf? | I hope God punishes you for this! What do you think you're doing, you dirty wretch? |
| | Man. | The Husband. |
| | Nu noch. | Now again. |
| | Wijf. | The Wife. |
| | Ke, hoort doch dit bedrijf! En zal mer anders niet zegghen? | Lord! Just listen to this carrying on. Aren't you ever going to say anything else? |
| | De man. | The Husband. |
| | Nu noch. | Now again. |
| | Wijf. | The Wife. |
| 85 | Laet ons met vreden met dezen <i>nu noch</i> ! Die duvel schende u! | Leave me alone with this <i>Now again</i> ! Go to the devil! |
| | Man. | The Husband. |
| 20a | Nu noch. | Now again. |
| | Wijf. | The Wife. |
| | Ic wedde, ic vinde u, Dat u zal rauwen; ic zecht u claerlic. | I bet I'll figure you out. I'm warning you. You'll be sorry. |
| | Man. | The Husband. |
| | Nu noch. | Now again. |

Wijf.

Dats emmer die duvel baeric;
Ghij en vraechter niet nae, dat mercke ic
doch.

Man.

90 Nu noch.

Wijf.

Haut dat! zecht *nu noch*,
Vuil catijf! wat hebdi voren?

Man.

Nu noch.

Wijf.

Weij, tes al verloren!
Ic zals u noch gheven, dat u zal grouwen!

Man.

Nu noch.

Wijf.

Ic zal u zo douwen,
95 Ghij zult dat *nu noch* achterlaten.

Man.

Nu noch.

Wijf.

En macht niet baten?
Ic en hoorde desghelijcx noijnt mijn leven.

Man.

20b Nu noch.

The Wife.

This is the work of the devil himself. I can
see, you don't give a damn about this beating.

The Husband.

Now again.

The Wife.

Stop it! He says, *Now again*, the dirty wretch!
What are you up to?

The Husband.

Now again.

The Wife.

Hell! It's useless. I'll give you something to
yell about!

The Husband.

Now again.

The Wife.

I'll give you such a hiding, you'll stop your
Now again.

The Husband.

Now again.

The Wife.

Will nothing help? I've never heard of
anything like it in all my life.

The Husband.

Now again.

| | | | |
|-----|--|--|--|
| | Wijf. | | The Wife. |
| | Goij, ic zals u ghenouch gheven, Dat u grauwelen zal, zonder ghetal. | | By God, I'll give it to you! You'll be scared out of your wits. |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| 100 | Nu noch. | | Now again. |
| | Wijf. | | The Wife. |
| | Bij goij, ic zal. Haut dat! Wildijs noch meer? | | By God, I will! Stop it! Do you want more? |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| | Nu noch. | | Now again. |
| | Wijf. | | The Wife. |
| | Aijmij, mijn hant doet mij zo zeer. Al zoudij ramp hebben en die u droech, Wat meendij doch? | | Oh, oh, I've beaten him till my hand hurts. Curse you and your mother. What are you up to? |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| | Nu noch. | | Now again. |
| | Wijf. | | The Wife. |
| 105 | Dat es vrent bescheet, Ja tvremste dat ic noijnt hoorde. | | This is really weird. Yes, the weirdest thing I've ever heard of. |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| | Nu noch. | | Now again. |
| | Wijf. | | The Wife. |
| | Ic zal ghereet. Haut dat! nu zecht <i>nu noch</i> al teenen. | | I'm going to leave. Stop that! Now you can say <i>Now again</i> all by yourself! |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| | Nu noch. | | Now again. |

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| | | Wijf. | | The Wife. |
| | | Wat mach hij hier mede meenen? Ic en hoorde mijn daghen vremder abuijse. | | What can he mean by this? I've never heard anything so weird in all my life. |
| | | Man. | | The Husband. |
| 21a | 110 | Nu noch. | | Now again. |
| | | Wijf. | | The Wife. |
| | | Tjan, ic loope uutem huijse! Lieve ghebuere, comt mij ter baten! | | By Saint John, I'm going to run out of this house! Dear neighbor, come and help me! |
| | | Ghebuere. | | The Neighbor. |
| | | Wat ist, lieve ghebuere? | | What's the matter, dear neighbor? |
| | | Wijf. | | The Wife. |
| | | Dat zal ic u weten laten: Wat ic mijnen man goet of quaet doe, Hij zeijt altijts <i>nu noch</i> . | | I'll tell you what's the matter. No matter what I say to my husband, good or bad, all he ever answers is <i>Now again</i> . |
| | | Ghebuere. | | The Neighbor. |
| | | Ic zoude den pape halen daer toe: 115 Den man heeft claer sijns sins ghemist | | If I were you, I'd get the priest to look at him. It's obvious that he's lost his mind because of your beatings. |
| | | Met uwen smijtene. | | |
| | | Wijf. | | The Wife. |
| | | Est dat dan best, Dat wij den pape halen? | | Do you really think that's the best thing, to get the priest? |
| | | Ghebuere. | | The Neighbor. |
| | | Jaet, Godt weet. | | By God, I do. |
| | | Dwijf. | | The Wife. |
| | | Nu gaen wij dan! | | Then let's go. |
| | | Ghebuere. | | The Neighbor. |
| | | Ic ga mede ghereet. Nu gaen wij den pape halen, onder ons beeden. | | I'll be glad to come along and together we'll get the priest. |

Ghebuere.

Dit wort een schoon besouc!
 145 Nu zullen wij weten wat *nu noch*
 bediet.

Pape.

Nu gaen wij rasch.

Wijf.

Hier wonic, heere, ziet.
 Dit es mijn man, spreect hem toe.

Pape.

In nomine patris et filii.

Man.

Nu noch.

Wijf.

Ic zegghe, den man es clær beseten
 150
 Des zoudic meenen.

Man.

Nu noch.

Pape.

En spreect hij anders niet alteenen
 Dan *nu noch*?

Wijf.

Neen hij, heere,
 Dit heeft hij curts anghenomen.

22b

Pape.

Ja vrient, tot uwer vromen
 155 Ic wil u belezen en besweeren
 Ende manen, bij al dat u mach deeren,
 Bij nach rudders ende bij avond troncken,

The Neighbor.

This will be a wonderful investigation. Now
 we'll find out what *Now again* means.

The Priest.

Come along, let's get going.

The Wife.

Look, sir, this is where I live; and this is my
 husband. Talk to him.

The Priest.

In the name of the Father, the Son . . .

The Husband.

Now again.

The Wife.

I'm telling you, it's obvious he's possessed.
 That's my opinion.

The Husband.

Now again.

The Priest.

Is that all he has ever said, *Now again*?

The Wife.

Oh no, sir. He's only started doing that just
 now.

The Priest.

Well, my friend, I'll exorcise and conjure you
 for your own good. I admonish you, by
 everything that could harm you: by ghosts that
 ride by night,

Die achter den hoven de belle cloncken,
 Bij cocketoijsen, bij neckers, bij maren,
 160
 Ende bij den drollen int weer wegghen,
 Bij catten die te danssen pleghen
 Tswomsdaechs, ende bij varende vrouwen,
 Dat ghij zecht, up goeder trauwen,
 165 Wat u letten mach of ghebreken.

Man.

The Husband.

Nu noch.

Now again.

Pape.

The Priest.

Wat? En condij anders niet spreken?

What? Is that all he can say?

Wijf.

The Wife.

Neen hij, zeker, heere.

No, sir, it's not, believe me.

Pape.

The Priest.

Tjan, noch bemane ic u meere
 Bij den zonnen boom en bijder manen,
 170 Die Allexander verfierde in wanen,
 Ende bij alle doode papen,
 Ende ic bemane u bij alle diegheselschapen,
 Dat te Babeloniën leijt up tcasteel.

By Saint John, I must warn you again. By the
 sun-tree and the moon that seduced Alexander
 into false dreams, by every dead priest, and by
 all that great company lying dead in Babylon's
 castle . . .

De man.

The Husband.

Nu noch.

Now again.

23a

Pape.

The Priest.

Weij, Godt hebs deel,
 175 Ic en weet niet wat hem mach
 letten.

Why, God help us! I don't know what's the
 matter with him.

Ghebuere.

The Neighbor.

Ofmen hem teten gave?

Suppose we gave him something to eat?

Pape.

The Priest.

Ja, ja, wilt hem dat vooren zetten
 Vanden besten ghezoden en ghebraden.

Yes, yes. Give him some of the best stew and
 roast you have.

| | | | |
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| | Wijf. | | The Wife. |
| | Ic heb hier een stic van eender vladen; Wil ic prouven of hijse mach? | | I've got a nice serving of meat pie here. Should I see if he'd like it? |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| 180 | Nu noch. | | Now again. |
| | Ghebuere. | | The Neighbor. |
| | Nu rasch, zonder verdrach. Haelt hem te eten, hij zal claer ghenesen. | | Hurry up. Don't waste any time. Get him something to eat and he'll be cured for sure. |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| | Nu noch. | | Now again. |
| | Pape. | | The Priest |
| | Ten mach gheen quaed wesen; Hij heet zo mughelic al duere. | | I don't think there can be all that much wrong with him. He's stuffing himself. |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| | Nu noch. | | Now again. |
| | Pape. | | The Priest. |
| | Hij machse wel ter kuere. | | He likes it well enough as a cure. I can see, |
| 185 | Ic zie wel, de man en heeft gheenen noot. | | this man doesn't need anything else. |
| | Ghebuere. | | The Neighbor. |
| 23b | Vrauwe, tes u schult cleen en groot: Gaefdij uwen man wel tetene En ghij hem niet en waert zo fel, | | Woman, this is all your fault. If you'd feed your husband properly and didn't take your bad temper out on him, there wouldn't be anything wrong with him. |
| 190 | Den man zoude hem hebben wel. | | |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| | Nu noch. | | Now again. |
| | Pape. | | The Priest. |
| | Ghij moet den man smeeken schiere. | | You'll just have to pamper him for a while. |

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| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| | Bij Sent Jacob, jaet; Maer metten eersten was ic daerom ghesmeten. | | By Saint James, it was! But in the beginning I got beaten up a lot. |
| | Ghebuere. | | The Neighbor. |
| 210 | Maer nu hebdiij namaels goede vladen gheten. | | Yes, but afterwards you got meat pie to eat. |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| | Dat doe ic, sekere. | | Yes, that I did. |
| | Ghebuere. | | The Neighbor. |
| | Ic en zach noijnt wijf bat beghect. Wanneer si meer haer manheijt stect Of dat zij quaet spreect, een vooral: Zecht altijts <i>nu noch</i> . | | I never saw any woman fooled any better. If she turns macho again or tries to shove you around again, or starts nagging you again, just try saying <i>Now again</i> . |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| 24b | Bij sent Thoon, ic zal, | | By Saint Anthony, I will. It's the only thing |
| 215 | Want anders gheen zaken en mach mij vromen. | | that's helped me. |
| | Ghebuere. | | The Neighbor. |
| | Ja, zo meent zij, dat u curen over comen, Ende ghij zullet al te boven blijven. | | And she'll think that these attacks come over you when she beats you. That's how you'll stay the boss in this house. |
| | Dwijf. | | The Wife. |
| | Aij, loddere, datmen u moet ontlijven! Dat hebbic al te male ghehoort! | | Oh, you bastards! If only someone would wring your necks! I heard every word! |
| | Man. | | The Husband. |
| 220 | Wacharmen! wacharmen! | | Help! Help! |
| | Ghebuere. | | The Neighbor. |
| | Moort! Moort! dwijf zal ons vernielen! | | Murder! Help! This woman's going to kill us! |
| | Wijf. | | The Wife. |
| | Nu zecht <i>nu noch</i> ! | | Now let's have a <i>Now again</i> ! |

| | | |
|-----|--|--|
| | Man. | The Husband. |
| | Ic en zal, bij mijnder zielen, Nemmeer, seker, lief wijf. | I'll never say it again in all my life, I promise, my dear wife! |
| | Wijf. | The Wife. |
| | Suldijt meer zegghen? | Will you ever say it again? |
| | Man. | The Husband. |
| 225 | Neen ic, up mijn lijf, Twas mijn ghebuere, diet mij riet. | No, I swear, I never will. It was him, our neighbor, who told me to do it. |
| | Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| | Tjan, heere, ic en riet u niet: Daerom willet mij verdraghen. | Sir, I did not advise you to do it. You just leave me out of this. |
| | Wijf. | The Wife. |
| | En wettij niet, dat hem misvalt metvlaghen, Die zijn hant steect tusschen schus en boom? | Don't you know that he who sticks his nose where it doesn't belong gets into trouble? |
| 25a | Ghebuere. | The Neighbor. |
| 230 | Och ic kenne dat waer es! | Well, I know it now. |
| | Wijf. | The Wife. |
| | So nemes goom. | You just watch out! |
| | Elc wacht hem, die wel wil varen. Godts gratie wil ons allen bewaren. Die vader, die zone, die helighe gheest Verleene ons zalicheit alder meest. | Let every man who wishes to prosper take heed, and may the grace of God protect us all, and may the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit grant us blessedness beyond compare. |