

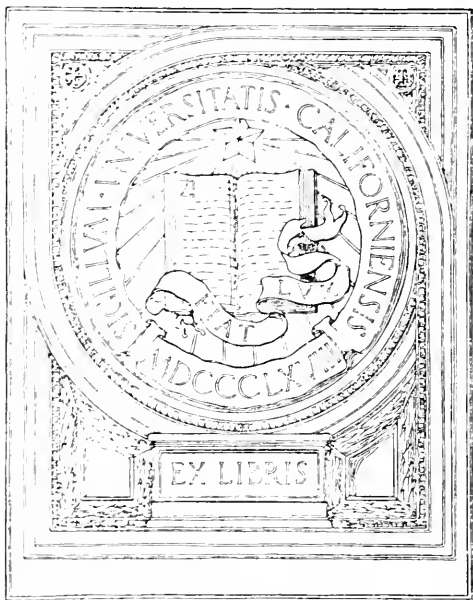
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VOL. XI.

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

M.DCCC.XLIV.

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THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

EDITED BY THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ. M.A., F.S.A.

THIRTEEN PSALMS AND THE FIRST CHAPTER OF
ECCLESIASTES, VERSIFIED BY JOHN CROKE.

EDITED BY THE REV. P. ELISS, D.D.L.

AN HISTORIAL EXPOSTULATION, ETC.
BY JOHN HALL. 1565.

EDITED BY T. J. PETTIGREW, F.R.S., F.S.A.

THE HONESTIE OF THIS AGE, BY BARNABY RICII.
1611.

EDITED BY PETER CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

THE
OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE :

An early English Poem

ATTRIBUTED TO NICHOLAS DE GUILDFORD,

WITH SOME SHORTER POEMS

FROM THE SAME MANUSCRIPT.

EDITED BY

THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ. M.A., F.S.A., &c.

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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PREFACE.

THE curious poem of *The Owl and the Nightingale* has already been printed by the Roxburghe Club, in 1838, under the title, "The Owl and the Nightingale, a poem of the twelfth century." It is found in two manuscripts, both of the thirteenth century; one in the British Museum, MS. Cotton. Calig. A. IX., from which the present text is printed; the other in the library of Jesus College, Oxford. The date of the composition of this piece is a matter of some doubt. Mr. Stevenson, the editor of the Roxburghe volume, believed that it was written in the reign of Richard I, and that the king Henry, whose death is alluded to at p. 38 of the present edition, was Henry II. On the other hand, Sir Frederick Madden (note on Warton's History of English Poetry, new edition, 1840, vol. i. p. 25), thinks the king alluded to was Henry III, and that our poem was composed early in the reign of Edward I.

I confess that I am inclined to think the king referred to was Henry II. The Cottonian MS.

is the one which contains the earliest copy of Layamon, which is followed by a brief chronicle brought down only to the beginning of the reign of Henry III. These English poems appear to be written in the same, or a contemporary hand, and I have little doubt that the whole MS. was written (perhaps early) in that reign, so that Henry III could not be spoken of as dead. At the same time, it does not appear to me, from a perusal of the passage in which king Henry is mentioned, that it must necessarily have been written soon after his death,—it may have been composed late in the reign of John. I consider the frequent quotations from the proverbs of king Alfred (which appear to have been popular during the twelfth, and earlier part of the thirteenth centuries, and are not, I think, alluded to in any writers of the end of the thirteenth), a proof of the antiquity of this poem. These proverbs are mentioned by Ailred of Rievaulx, in the first half of the twelfth century. But it is very singular that, although one copy of the Proverbs of Alfred* is found in the same MS. in Jesus College, Oxford, which contains the *Owl and the Nightingale*, yet not one of the quotations in this latter poem is

* The two existing texts of the Proverbs of Alfred are printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 170.

taken from the texts of the Proverbs of Alfred now extant; they seem to have been taken from a poem written in a different metre and style.

The propriety of ascribing this poem to the pen of Nicholas de Guildford, appears also to be doubtful. John de Guildford is said to have been mentioned in a lost leaf of the Jesus College MS. to have been the author of a religious poem in that volume, and he has been supposed to be the brother, or a near relation, of Nicholas de Guildford, and the author of the other poems in the same volume. This however is not a necessary consequence; and the way in which Nicholas de Guildford is mentioned in our poem, leads rather strongly to the presumption that he was the author. He is represented as residing at Portesham in Dorsetshire, and appears to have been smarting under the disappointment of some ambitious views.

I have added to this edition of the Owl and Nightingale, seven smaller poems, preserved in the same Cottonian manuscript. They are all curious, either for their language or for the sentiments they contain; and they are by no means unfavourable specimens of the English lyric poetry of the thirteenth century. The sixth is a collection of political adages which were in vogue through several centuries, and of which a partial

copy will be found in the “*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*,” vol. ii. p. 15.* The last piece in the present collection, forms a curious illustration of the manners of the age.

It was originally my intention to add a glossary, but different circumstances have induced me to put this off till another occasion. I could wish to publish a few pieces from the Jesus College manuscript, and from others of the thirteenth century; and then I shall perhaps give a glossary to these, and to the pieces of the same age printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*.

* A somewhat similar piece, in a more modern shape, will be found in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 58. See also a note to the Political Songs (Camden Society Publication), p. 387.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

ICH was in one sumere dale,
In one suthe diȝele hale,
I-herde ich holde grete tale
An hule and one niȝtingale.
That plait was stif and stare and strong,
Sum wile softe, and lud among ;
An aither aȝen other sval,
And let that wole mod ut al.
And either seide of otheres custe
That alre-worste that hi wuste ;
And hure and hure of othere songe
Hi holde plaiding suthe stronge.

10

The niȝtingale bi-gon the speche,
In one hurne of one breche ;
And sat upone vaire boȝe,
Thar were abute blosme i-noȝe,
In ore waste thicke hegge,
I-meind mid spire and grene segge.
Ho was the gladur vor the rise,
And song a vele cumme wise :

20

Het thu;te the dreim that he were
 Of harpe and pipe, thau he nere,
 Bet thu;te that he were i-shote
 Of harpe and pipe than of throte.

Tho stod on old stoc thar bi-side,
 Thar tho ule song hire tide,
 And was mid iwi al bi-growe,
 Hit was thare hule earding-stowe.

The ni;tingale hi i-se;,
 And hi bi-hold and over-se;,
 An thu;te wel wl of thare hule,
 For me hi halt lodlich and fule :
 “ Unwi;t,” ho sede, “ away thu flo!
 Me is the wrs that ich the so;

30

I-wis for thine wle lete
 Wel oft ich mine song for-lete;
 Min horte at-flith, and falt mi tonge,
 Thonne thu art to me i-thrunge.
 Me luste bet speten, thane singe
 Of thine fule ;ogelinge.”

40

Thos hule abod fort hit was eve,
 Ho ne ni;te no leng bileve,
 Vor hire horte was so gret,
 That wel ne; hire fnast at-schet ;
 And warp a word thar after longe :
 “ In thinethe nu bi mine songe ?
 West thu that ich ne cunne singe,
 The; ich ne cunne of writelinge ?
 I-lome thu dest me grame,
 And seist me bothe tone and schame ;

50

ȝif ich the holde on mine note,
 So hit bi-tide that ich mote!
 And thu were ut of thine rise,
 Thu sholdest singe an other wse."

The niȝtingale ȝaf answare :
 " ȝif ich me loki wit the bare,
 And me schilde wit the blete,
 Ne reche ich noȝt of thine threte ;
 ȝif ich me holde in mine hegge,
 Ne recche ich never what thu segge. 60
 Ich wot that thu art un-milde
 With hom that ne muȝe from se schilde ;
 And thu tukest wrothe and uvele
 Whar thu miȝt over smale fuȝele ;
 Vor-thi thu art loth al fuel-kunne,
 And alle ho the driveth honne,
 And the bi-schrieth and bi-gredet,
 And wel narewe the bi-ledet ;
 And ek forthe the sulve mose
 Hire thonkes wolde the to-tose. 70
 Thu art lodlich to bi-holde,
 And thu art loth in monie volde ;
 Thi bodi is short, thi swore is smal,
 Grettere is thin heved than thu al ;
 Thin eȝene both col-blake and brode,
 Riȝt swo ho weren i-peint mid wode ;
 Thu starest so thu wille abiten
 Al that thu mist mid elivre smiten ;
 Thi bile is stif and scharp and hoked,
 Riȝt so an owel that is croked. 80

Thar-mid thu clackes oft and longe,
 And that is on of thine songe.
 Ac thu threstest to mine fleshe,
 Mid thine elivres woldest me meshe ;
 The were i-eundur to one frogge,
 [That sit at mulne under cogge],
 Snailes, mus, and fule wiȝte,
 Both thine cunde and thine riȝte.
 Thu sittest a dai, and fliȝt a niȝt,
 Thu cuthest that thu art on un-wiȝt ; 90
 Thu art lodlich and un-elene,
 Bi thine neste ich hit mene,
 And ek bi thine fule brode,
 Thu fedest on hom a wel ful fode :
 Vel wostu that hi doth thar-inne,
 Hi fuleth hit up to the chinne,
 Ho sitteth thar so hi bo bisne ;
 Thar-bi men segget a vorbisne,
 ‘ Dahet habbe that ilke best,
 That fuleth his owe nest.’ 100
 That other ȝer a faukun bredde,
 His nest noȝt wel he ne bi-hedde,
 Thar-to thu stele in o day,
 And leidest thar-on thy fole ey ;
 Tho hit bi-com that he haȝte,
 And of his eyre briddes y-raȝte,
 Ho broȝte his briddes mete,
 Bi-hold his nest, i-seȝ hi ete ;
 He i-seȝ bi one halve
 His nest i-fuled ut halve : 110

The faucun was wroth wit his bridde,
 And lude ȝal and sterne chidde,
 ‘ Segget me wo havet this i-do,
 Ou nas never i-cunde thar-to ;
 Hit was i-don ou al oth wiste,
 Segge me ȝif ȝe hit wiste.’
 Tho quath that on, and quad that other,
 ‘ I-wis it was ure oȝer brother,
 The ȝond that haved that grete heved,
 Wai that hi nis thar-of bi-reved ! 120
 Worp hit ut mid the alre-wrste,
 That his necke him to-berste.’
 The faucun i-lefde his bridde,
 And nom that fule brid amidde,
 And warp hit of than wilde bowe,
 Thar pie and crowe hit to-drowe :
 Her-bi men segget a bi-spel,
 Theȝ hit ne bo fuliche spel,
 ‘ Al so hit is bi than unȝode
 That is i-cumen of fule brode, 130
 And is meind wit fro monne,
 Ever he cuth that he com thonne,
 That he com of than adel eye,
 Theȝ he a fro nest leie.’
 Theȝ appel trendli from thou trowe,
 Thar he and other mid growe,
 Theȝ he bo thar-from bi-cume,
 He cuth wel whonene he is i-cume.”
 Thos word aȝaf the niȝtingale,
 And after thare longe tale 140

He song so lude and so scharpe,
 Riȝt so me grulde schille harpe.
 Thos hule luste thider-ward,
 And hold hire eȝe nother-wa[r]d,
 And sat to-svolle and i-bolye,
 Also ho hadde one frogge i-svolȝe.
 For ho wel wiste and was i-war
 That ho song hire a bisemar ;
 And notheles ho ȝaf andsvare,
 " Whi neltu flon into the bare, 150
 And sewi there unker bo
 Of briȝter howe, of vairer blo ?
 No thu havest wel scharpe clawe ;
 Ne kepich noȝt that thu me clawe ;
 Thu havest clivers suthe stronge,
 Thu tuengst thar-mid so doth a tonge."
 " Thu thoȝtest so doth thine i-like,
 Mid faire worde me bi-swike ;
 Ich nolde don that thu me radest
 Ich wiste wel that thu me misraddest ; 160
 Schamie the for thin un-rede !
 Unwroȝten is thi svikel-hede ;
 Schild thine svikeldom vram the liȝte,
 And hud that woȝe amon the riȝte.
 Thane thu wilt thin un-riȝt spene,
 Loke that hit ne bo i-sene ;
 Vor svikedom haved schome and hete,
 ȝif hit is ope and under-ȝete.
 Ne speddestu noȝt mid thine un-wrenche,
 For ich am war, and can well blenche ; 170

Ne helpth noȝt that thu bo to-thriste ;
 Ich wolde viȝte bet mid liste,
 Than thu mid al thine strengthe ;
 Ich habbe on brede, and ech on lengthe
 Castel god on mine rise ;
 ‘ Wel fiȝt that wel flizt,’ seith the wise.
 Ac lete we awei thos cheste,
 Vor swiche wordes both un-werste ;
 And fo we on mid riȝte dome,
 Mid faire worde and mid y-lome. 180
 Theȝ we ne bo at one acorde,
 We muȝe bet mid fayre worde,
 Wit-ute cheste, and bute fiȝte,
 Plaidi mid foȝe and mid riȝte ;
 And mai hure either wat hi wile
 Mid riȝte segge and mid sekile.”

Tho quath the hule, “ Thu schal us seme,
 That kunne and wille riȝt us deme.”
 “ Ich wot wel,” quath the niȝtingale,
 “ Ne tharef tharof bo no tale. 190
 Maister Nichole of Guldeforde,
 He is wis and war of worde ;
 He is of dome suthe gleu,
 And him is both evrich uutheu ;
 He wot insizt in eche songe,
 Wo singet wel, wo singet wronge ;
 And he can schede vrom the riȝte
 That woȝe, that thuster from the liȝte.”

Tho hule one wile hi bi-thoꝝte,
 And after than this word up-broꝝte : 200
 “ Ich granti wel that he us deme,
 Vor theȝ he were wile breme,
 And lof him were niȝtingale,
 And other wiȝte gente and smale,
 Ich wot he is nu suthē acoled,
 Nis he vor the noȝt afoled,
 That he for thine olde luvē
 Me adun legge and the buve ;
 Ne schaltu nevre so him queme,
 That he for the fals dom deme. 210
 He is him ripe and fastrede,
 Ne lust him nu to none un-rede ;
 Nu him ne lust na more pleie,
 He wil gon a riȝte weie.”

The niȝtingale was al ȝare
 Ho had i-lorned wel aiware :
 “ Hule,” ho sede, “ seie me soth,
 Wi dostu that un-wiȝtis doth ?
 Thu singist a niȝt, and noȝt a dai,
 And al thi song is wailawai ; 220
 Thu miȝt mid thine songe afere
 Alle that i-hereth thine i-bere ;
 Thu schirchest and ȝollest to thine fere,
 That hit is grislich to i-here,
 Hit thinchest bothe wise and snepe
 Noȝt that thu singe. ac that thu wepe.

Thu flizst a niȝt, and noȝt a dai ;
 Tharof ich wndri, and wel mai :
 Vor evrich thing that schuniet riȝt,
 Hit luveth thuster and hatiet liȝt ; 230
 And evrich thing that is lof misdede,
 Hit luveth thuster to his dede.
 A wis word, theȝ hit bo un-clene,
 Is fele manne a muthe i-mene,
 For Alvred king hit seide and wrot,
 ‘ He schuntet that hi ne wl wot.’
 Ich wene that thu dost also,
 Vor thu flizst niȝtes ever-mo.
 An other thing me is awene,
 Thu havest a niȝt eyen wel briȝt sene ; 240
 Bi daie thu art stare-blind,
 That thu ne sichst ne bou ne rind ;
 A dai thu art blind other bisne,
 Thar-bi men segget a vorbisne,
 Riȝt so hit farth bi than un-gode,
 That noȝt ne suth to none gode,
 And is so ful of uvele wrenche,
 That him ne mai noman at-prenche,
 And can wel thane thurste wai, 250
 And thane briȝte lat a-wai,
 So doth that both of thine cunde,
 Of liȝte nabbeth hi none i-munde.”

Thos hule luste suthe longe,
 And was of-toned suthe stronge ;

Ho quath, " Thu hattest niȝtingale,
 Thu miȝtest bet hoten galegale,
 Vor thu havest to monie tale.
 Lat thine tunge hadde spale!
 Thu wenest that thes dai both i-noȝe ;
 Lat me nu hadde mine throȝe : 260
 Bo nu stille, and lat me speke,
 Ich wille bon of the a-wreke,
 And lust hu ich con me bi-telle
 Mid riȝte sothe witute spelle.
 Thu seist that ich me hude a dai,
 Thar-to ne segge ich nich ne nai ;
 And lust ich telle the ware-vore
 Al wi hit is and ware-vore ;
 Ich hadde bile stif and stronge,
 And gode clivers scharp and longe, 270
 So hit bi-cumeth to havekes cunne ;
 Hit is min hiȝte, hit is mi wune,
 That ich me draȝe to mine cunde,
 Ne mai noman thare-vore schende ;
 On me hit is well i-sene,
 Vor riȝte cunde ich am so kene,
 Vor-thi ich am loth smale foȝle,
 That floth bi grunde an bi thuvele.
 Hi me bi-chermet and bi-gredeth,
 And hore flockes to me ledeth ; 280
 Me is lof to hadde reste,
 And sitte stille in mine neste ;
 Vor nere ich never no the betere,
 Thif ich mid chavling and mid clatere

Hom schende, and mid fule worde,
 So herdes doth, other mid schit worde ;
 Ne lust me wit the screwen chide,
 For-thi ich wende from hom wide ;
 Hit is a wise monne dome,
 And hi hit segget wel i-lome, 290
 That me ne chide wit the gidie,
 Ne wit than ofne me ne 3onie.
 At sume sithe herde I telle
 Hu Alvred sede on his spelle,
 ‘ Loke that thu ne bo thare,
 Thar chavling both and cheste 3are ;
 Lat sottes chide, and vorth thu go ;’
 And ich am wis and do also.
 And 3et Alvred seide an other side
 A word that is i-sprunge wide, 300
 ‘ That wit the fule haveth i-mene,
 Ne cumeth he never from him cleine ?
 Wenestu that haveck bo the worse,
 Tho3 crowe bi-grede him bi the mershe,
 And goth to him mid hore chirne,
 Ri3t so hi wille wit him schirme ?
 The havee fol3eth gode rede,
 And fli3t his wei, and lat hem grede.
 3et thu me seist of other thinge,
 And telst that ich ne can no3t singe, 310
 Ac al mi rorde is woning,
 And to i-hire grislich thing.
 That nis no3t soth, ich singe ofne
 Mid fulle dreme and lude stefne.

Thu wenist that ech song bo grislich
 That thine pipinge nis i-lich :
 Mi stefue is bold and nojt un-orne,
 Ho is i-lich one grete horne,
 And thin is i-lich one pipe
 Of one smale wode un-ripe. 320
 Ich singe bet than thu dest ;
 Thu chaterest so doth on Irish preost ;
 Ich singe an eve a rijt time,
 And soththe won hit is bed-time,
 The thridde sithe ad middel nihte,
 And so ich mine song adihte
 Wone ich i-so arise vorre
 Other dai-rim other dai-sterre,
 Ich do god mid mine throte,
 And warne men to hore note. 330
 Ac thu singest alle-longe nijt,
 From eve fort hit is dai-lijt,
 And evre seist thin o song
 So longe so the nijt is long,
 And evre croweth thi wrecche crei,
 That he ne swiketh nijt ne dai ;
 Mid thine pipinge thu adunest
 Thas monnes earen thar thu wunest,
 And makest thine song so un-wrth
 That me ne telth of thar nojt wrth. 340
 Evrich murjthe mai so longe i-leste,
 That ho shal liki wel un-wreste ;
 Vor harpe and pipe and fujeles songe
 Misliketh, jif hit is to long.

Ne bo the song never so murie,
 That he ne shal thinche wel un-murie,
 3ef he i-lesteth over un-wille ;
 So thu miȝt thine song aspile.
 Vor hit is soth, Alvred hit seide,
 And me hit mai inc boke rede, 350
 ‘Evrich thing mai losen his godhede
 Mid unmethe and mid over-dede.’
 Mid este thu the miȝt over-quatie,
 And over-fulle maketh wlatie ;
 An evrich mureȝthe mai agon,
 3if me hit halt evre forth in on,
 Bute one, that is Godes riche,
 That evre is svete and evre i-liche :
 Theȝ thu nime evere oth than lepe,
 Hit is evre ful bi-hepe : 360
 Wunder hit is of Godes riche,
 That evre spenth and ever is i-liche.
 3ut thu me seist on other shome,
 That ich am on mine egen lome ;
 An seist for that ich flo bi niȝte,
 That ich ne mai i-so be liȝte.
 Thu liest : on me hit is i-sene,
 That ich habbe gode sene ;
 Vor nis nones so dim thusternesse,
 That ich ever i-so the lasse, 370
 Thu wenest that ich ne miȝte i-so
 Vor ich bi daie noȝt ne flo ;
 The hare luteth al dai,
 Ac notheles i-so he mai,

ȝif hundes urneth to him-ward
 He gength wel svithe awai-ward,
 And hoketh pathes svithe narewe,
 And haveth mid him his blenches ȝarewe,
 And lupth and stard suthe cove,
 And secheth pathes to the grove : 380
 Ne sholde he vor bothe his eȝe
 So don, ȝif he the bet ni seȝe.
 Ich mai i-son so wel so on hare,
 Theȝ ich bi daie sitte an dare.
 Thar aȝte men bothe in worre,
 An fareth bothe ner an forre,
 An over-vareth fele thoede,
 An doth bi niȝte gode noede,
 Ich folȝi than aȝte manne,
 An flo bi niȝt in hore banne." 390

The niȝtingale in hire thoȝte
 At-hold al this, and longe thoȝte
 Wat he thar-after niȝte segge ;
 Vor ho ne niȝte noȝt alege
 That the hule hadde hire i-sed ;
 Vor he spae bothe riȝt an red.
 An hire of-thuȝte that ho hadde
 The speche so for-vorth i-ladde,
 An was oferd that hire answare
 Ne wrthe noȝt ariȝt i-fare. 400
 Ac notheles he spae boldeliche,
 Vor he is wis that hardeliche

With his vo berth grete i-lete,
 That he vor are;the hit ne for-lete ;
 Vor svich vorth bold gif thu flizste,
 That wle flo gif thu viest ;
 gif he i-sith that thu nart are;
 He wile of bore wrechen bare;
 And for-thi the; the nigtingale
 Were aferd, ho spae bolde tale.

410

“Hule,” ho seide, “wi dostu so ?
 Thu singest a winter wolawo ;
 Thu singest so doth hen a snowe,
 Al that ho singeth hit is for wowe ;
 A wintere thu singest wrothe and somere,
 An evre thu art dumb a smere ;
 Hit is for thine fule nithe,
 That thu ne mi;gt mid us bo blithe,
 Vor thu forbernest wel ne; for onde
 Thane ure blisse eumeth to londe.

420

Thu farest so doth the ille,
 Evrich blisse him is un-wille ;
 Grueching and luring him both rade,
 gif he i-soth that men both glade ;
 He wolde that he i-se;e
 Teres in evrich monnes e;e :
 Ne ro;te he the; flockes were
 I-meind bi toppes and bi here.
 Al so thu dost on thire side ;
 Vor wanne snou lith thicke and wide,
 An alle wiztes habbeth sor;e,
 Thu singest from eye fort a mor;e.

430

Ae ich alle blisse mid me bringe ;
 Ech wjzt is glad for mine thinge,
 And blisseth hit wanne ich cume,
 And hijteth azen mine kume.
 The blostme ginneth springe and sprede
 Bothe in tro and ek on mede ;
 The lilie mid hire faire wlite
 Wolcmmeth me, that thu hit wte, 110
 Bid me mid hire faire blo
 That ich shulle to hire flo ;
 The rose also mid hire rude,
 That cumeth ut of the thorne wode,
 Bit me that ich shulle singe
 Vor hire luv one skentinge ;
 And ich so do thur; nigt and dai,
 The more ich singe, the more I mai,
 An skente hi mid mine songe,
 Ae notheles nojt over-longe. 150
 Wane ich i-so that men both glade,
 Ich nelle that hi bon to sade ;
 Than is i-do vor than ich com ;
 Ich fare azen and do wisdom.
 Wane mon hojeth of his sheve,
 An falewi cumeth on grene leve,
 Ich fare hom, and nime leve.
 Ne recche ich nojt of winteres reve ;
 Wan ich i-so that cumeth that harde,
 Ich fare hom to min erde, 460
 An habbe bothe luv and thone,
 That ich her com, and hider swonk.

Wan min erende is i-do,
 Shold ich bi-leve ? nai : war-to ?
 Vor he nis nother ȝep ne wis,
 That longe abid war him nod nis."

Thos hule luste, and leide, an hord
 Al this mot, word after word ;
 And after thoȝte hu he miȝte
 Ansvere vinde best mid riȝte. 470
 Vor he mot hine ful wel bi-thenche
 That is aferd of plaites wrenche.

" Thu aishest me," the hule sede,
 " Wi ich a winter singe and grede.
 Hit is gode monne i-wone,
 An was from the worlde frome,
 That ech god man his frond i-cnowe,
 An blisse mid hom sume throwe,
 In his huse, at his borde,
 Mid faire speche and faire worde. 480
 And hure and hure to Cristes masse,
 Wane riche and povre, more and lasse,
 Singeth condut niȝt and dai,
 Ich hom helpe what ich mai.
 And ek ich thenche of other thinge,
 Thane to pleien other to singe.
 Ich hadde her-to gode answare,
 Anon i-redi and al ȝare,
 Vor sumeres tide is al to wlonge,
 An doth mis-reken monnes thonk ; 490
 Vor he ne recth noȝt of clennessse,
 Al his thoȝt is of golnessse,

Vor none dor no leng nabiteth,
 Ac evrich upon other rideth :
 The sulve stottes ine the stode,
 Both bothe wilde and mere wode,
 And thu sulf art thar among,
 For of golnesse is al thi song :
 An aȝen thet thu wilt teme ;
 Thu art wel modi and wel breme, 500
 Sone so thu havest i-trede,
 Ne niȝtu leng a word i-quethe,
 Ac pipest al so doth a mose,
 Mid chokeringe, mid stevne hose.
 ȝet thu singst worse thon the hei-sugge,
 ȝat fliȝth bi grunde among the stubbe :
 Wane thi lust is ago,
 Thanne is thi song ago also.
 A sumere chorles awedeth,
 And vor-crempeth, and vor-bredeth ; 510
 Hit nis for hve notheles,
 Ac is the chorles wode res ;
 Vor wane he haveth i-do his dede,
 I-fallen is al his boldhede ;
 Habbe he isstunge under gore,
 Ne last his hve no lenger more.
 Al so hit is on thine mode,
 So sone so thu sittest abrode,
 Thu for-lost al thine wise,
 Al so thu farest on thine rise. 520
 Wane thu havest i-do thi gome,
 Thi stevne goth anon to shome.

Ac wane niȝtes enmeth longe,
 And bringeth forstes starke an stronge,
 Thanne erest hit is i-sene
 War is the snelle, war is the kene.
 At than harde me mai avinde
 Wo geth forth, wo lith bi-hinde ;
 Me mai i-son at thare node,
 Wan me shal harde wike bode, 530
 Thanne ich am snel, and pleie and singe,
 And hiȝte me mid mi skentinge ;
 Of none wintere ich me recche,
 Vor ich nam non a sunde wreeche,
 And ek ich fromi vele wiȝte
 That mid hom nabbed none miȝtte.
 Hi both hoȝfule and vel arme,
 An secheth ȝorne to the warme :
 Oft ich singe vor hom the more,
 For lutli sum of hore sore, 540
 Hu thineth the? artu ȝut i-mme ?
 Artu mid riȝte over-cume ?”

“Nay, nay,” seide the niȝtingale,
 “Thu shalt i-here another tale,
 ȝet nis thos speche i-broȝt to dome ;
 Ac bo wel stille, and lust nu to me,
 Ich shal mid one bare worde
 Do that thi speche wrht for-worthe.”

“That nere noht riȝt,” the hule seide,
 “Thu havest bi-cloped, al so thu bede, 550

An ich the habbe i-ȝive ansvare ;
 Ac ar we to unker dome fare
 Ich wille speke toward the,
 Al so thu speke toward me,
 An thu me ansvare ȝif thu miȝt.
 Seie me nu, thu wrecche wiȝt,
 Is in the eni other note,
 Bute thu havest schille throte ?
 Thu nart noȝt to non other thinge,
 Bute thu canst of chateringe ; 560
 Vor thu art lutel an unstrong,
 An nis thi reȝel nothing long.
 Wat dostu godes among monne ?
 Na mo the deth a werche wranne.
 Of the ne cumeth non other god,
 Bute thu gredest svich thu bo wod ;
 An bo thi piping over-go,
 Ne both on the craftes namo.
 Alvred sede, that was wis,
 He miȝte wel, for soth hit is, 570
 ‘ Nis no man for his bare songe
 Lof ne wrth noȝt suthe longe ;
 Vor that is a for-worthe man,
 That bute singe noȝt ne can.’
 Thu nart bute on for-worthe thing ;
 On the nis bute chatering ;
 Thu art dim. an of fule howe,
 An thinchest a lutel soti clowe ;
 Thu nart fair, no thu nart strong,
 Ne thu nart thicke, ne thu nart long ; 580

Thu havest i-mist al of fairhede,
 An lutel is al thi godede.
 An other thing of the ich mene :
 Thu nart vair, ne thu nart clene.
 Wane thu comest to manne hase,
 Thar thornes both and ris i-draȝe,
 Bi hegge and bi thicke wode,
 Thar men goth oft to hore node,
 Thar-to thu draȝst, thar-to thu wnest,
 An other clene stede thu schunest. 599
 Wan ich flo niȝtes after muse,
 I mai the vinde ate run-huse,
 Among the wode. among the netle,
 Thu sittest and singst bi-hinde the setle ;
 Thar me mai the i-lomest finde,
 Thar men worpeth hore bi-hinde.
 ȝet thu atvitest me mine mete,
 An seist that ich fule wiȝtes ete :
 Ac wat etesta, that thu ne liȝe,
 Bute attercoppes and fule vliȝe ? 600
 An wormes, ȝif thu miȝte finde
 Among the volde of harde rinde ?
 ȝet ich can do wel gode wike,
 Vor ich can loki manne wike ;
 An mine wike both wel gode,
 Vor ich helpe to manne node ;
 Ich can nimen mus at berne,
 An ek at chirehe ine the derne ;
 Vor me is lof to Cristes huse,
 To clausi hit with fule muse ; 610

Ne schal thar nevre come to
 Ful wigt, gif ich hit mai i-vo.
 An gif me lust one mi skentinge,
 To yernen other wnienge,
 Ich habbe at wude tron wel grete,
 Mit thicke boze nothing blete,
 Mid ivi grene al bi-growe,
 That evre stont i-liche i-blowe,
 An his hou never ne vor-lost,
 Wan hit snuith ne wan hit frost ; 620
 Thar-in ich habbe god i-hold,
 A winter warm, a sumere cold.
 Wane min hus stont brigt and grene,
 Of thine nis nothing i-sene.
 yet thu me telst of other thinge,
 Of mine briddes seist gabbinge
 That hore nest nis nojt clene,
 Hit is fale other wigte i-mene ;
 Vor hors a stable, and oxe a stalle,
 Both al that hom wule thar falle ; 630
 An lute children in the cradele,
 Bothe chorles an ek athele,
 Both al that in hore joethe
 That hi vor-leteth in hore dugethe.
 Wat can that zongling hit bi-hede ?
 gif hit mis-deth, hit mod nede ;
 A vorbisne is of olde i-wrne,
 That 'node maketh old wif urne.'
 An yet ich habbe an other andsware ;
 Wiltu to mine neste vare. 640

An loki hu hit is i-diȝt ?
 ȝif thu art wis, lorni thu miȝst :
 Mi nest is holȝ and rum amidde,
 So hit is softest mine bridde :
 Hit is broiden al abute
 Vrom the neste vor withute,
 Thar-to hi goth to hore node ;
 Ac wat thu menest ich hom for-bode.
 We nimeth ȝeme of manne bure,
 An after than we maketh ure. 650
 Men habbet, among other i-wende,
 A rum-hus at hore bures ende,
 Vor that hi nelleth to vor-go ;
 An mine briddes doth al so.
 Site nu stille, chaterestre !
 Nere thu never i-bunde vastre ;
 Her-to ne vindestu never andsware ;
 Hong up thin ax, nu thu miȝt fare !”

The niȝtingale at thisse worde
 Was wel neȝ ut of rede i-worthe, 660
 An thoȝte ȝorne on hire mode,
 ȝif ho oȝt elles understode,
 ȝif ho kuthe oȝt bute singe,
 That miȝte helpe to other thinge.
 Her-to ho moste andswere vinde,
 Other mid alle bon bi-hinde.
 An hit is suth strong to fiȝte
 Aȝen soth and aȝen riȝte ;
 He mot gen to al mid ginne.

Wan the horte both on winne, 670
 An the man mot on other segge,
 He mot bi-hemmen and bi-legge,
 ʒif muth withute mai bi-wro
 That me the horte noȝt ni-so ;
 An some mai a word mis-reke,
 Thar muth shal aȝen horte speke,
 An some mai a word mis-storte,
 Thar muth shal speken aȝen horte.
 Ac notheles ȝut upe thon,
 Her is to red wo lure kon ; 680
 Vor never nis wit so kene,
 So wane red him is ayene ;
 Thanne erest kumed his ȝephede,
 Wone hit is alre-mest on drede ;
 For Alvered seide of olde quide,
 An ȝut hit nis of horte i-slide.
 ‘ Wone the bale is alre-heest,
 Thonne is the bote alre-neest,’
 Vor wit west among his sore,
 An for his sore hit is the more. 690
 Vor-thi nis nevere mon redles,
 Ar his horte bo witles ;
 Ac ȝif that he for-lost his wit,
 Thonne is his red purs al to-slit ;
 ʒif he ne kon his wit at-holde,
 Ne vint he red in one volde ;
 Vor Alvrð seide, that wel kuthe,
 Evere he spac mid sothe muthe,
 ‘ Wone the bale is alre-heest,
 Thanne is the bote alre-neest.’ 700

The niȝtingale al hire hoȝe
 Mid rede hadde wel bi-toȝe,
 Among the harde, among the toȝte,
 Ful wel mid rede hire bi-thoȝte,
 An hadde andswere gode i-funde
 Among al hire harde stunde.

“Hule, thu axest me,” ho seide,
 “ȝif ich kon eni other dede,
 Bute singen in sume tide,
 An bringe blisse for and wide. 710
 Wi axestu of craftes mine?
 Betere is min on than alle thine;
 Betere is o song of mine muthe,
 Than al that evre thi kun kuthe.
 An lust, ich telle the ware-vore.
 Wostu to than man was i-bore?
 To thare blisse of hovene riche,
 Thar ever is song and murȝthe i-liche.
 Thider fundeth evrich man
 That eni thing of gode kan. 720
 Vor-thi me singth in holi chirche,
 An clerkes ginneth songes wirche,
 That man i-thenche bi the songe
 Wider he shal; and thar bon longe,
 That he the murȝthe ne vor-ȝete,
 Ac thar-of thenche and bi-ȝete,
 An nime ȝeme of chirche stevene.
 Hu murie is the blisse of hovene.
 Clerkes, muneke, and kamunes,

That both thos gode wicke tunes, 730
 Ariseth up to midel niȝte,
 An singeth of the hovene liȝte ;
 An prostes ape londe singeth,
 Wane the liȝt of daie springeth ;
 An ich hom helpe wat I mai,
 Ich singe mid hom niȝt and dai ;
 An ho both alle for me the gladdere,
 An to the songe both the raddere.
 Ich warni men to here gode,
 That hi bon blithe on hore mode, 740
 An bidde that hi moten i-seche
 Than ilke song that ever is eche.
 Nu thu niȝt, hale, sitte and elinge ;
 Her among nis no chateringe.
 Ich graunti that we go to dome
 To-fore the sulfe the pope of Rome.
 Ac abid ȝete notheles,
 Thu shalt i-here an other wes ;
 Ne shaltu for Engelonde
 At thisse worde me at-stonde. 750
 Wi atvitestu me mine unstrengthe,
 An mine ungrete, and mine unlengthe ?
 An seist that ich nam noȝt strong,
 Vor ich nam nother gret ne long ?
 Ac thu nost never wat thu menst,
 Bate lese wordes thu me lenst ;
 For ich kan craft, and ich kan liste.
 An ware-vore ich am thus thriste :
 Ich kan wit and song manteine.

Ne triste ich to non other maine ; 760
 Vor soth hit is that seide Alvred,
 ‘ Ne mai no strengthe aȝen red ;’
 Oft spet wel a lute liste,
 Thar muche strengthe sholde miste ;
 Mid lute strengthe, thurȝ ginne,
 Castel and burȝ me mai i-winne ;
 Mid liste me mai walle felle,
 An worpe of horsse kniȝtes snelle.
 Uvel strengthe is lutel wurth [thinge].
 Ac wisdom naveth non evening. 770
 An hors is strengur than a mon ;
 Ac for hit non i-wit ne kon,
 Hit berth on rugge grete semes,
 An draȝth bi-vore grete temes,
 An tholeth bothe ȝerd and spure,
 An stont i-teid at mulne dure ;
 An hit deth that mon hit hot,
 An for than that hit no wit not,
 Ne mai his strenthe hit i-shilde
 That hit nabuȝth the lute childe. 780
 Mon deth mid strengthe and mid witte
 That other thing nis non his fitte.
 Theȝ alle strengthe at one were,
 Monnes wit ȝet more were ;
 Vor the mon, mid his crafte,
 Over-kunneth al orthliche shafte.
 Al so ich do mid mine one souȝe,
 Bet than thu, al the ȝer longe,
 Vor mine crafte men me luyeth.

Vor thine strengthe men the shunieth. 790
 Telstu bi me the wurs for than
 That ich bute anne craft ne kan ?
 5if tveie men goth to wraslinge,
 An either other faste thringe,
 An the on can swenges suthel fele,
 An kan his wrenches wel for-hele,
 An the other ne can sweng but anne,
 An the is god with eche manne,
 An mid thou one leith to grunde
 Anne after other a lutle stunde ; 800
 Wat tharf he recche of a mo swenge,
 Wone the on him is swo genge ?
 The seist that thu canst fele wike ;
 Ae ever ich am thin un-i-like.
 Do thine craftes alle to-gadere,
 5et is min on horte betere.
 Oft wan hundes foxes driveth,
 The kat ful wel him sulve liveth,
 The5 he ne kunne wrench bute anne ;
 The fox so godne ne can nanne, 810
 The he kunne so vele wrenche,
 That he wenth eche hunde at-prenche ;
 Vor he can pathes ri5te and wo5e,
 An he kan hongt bi the bo5e,
 An so for-lost the hund his fore,
 An turnth a5en eft to than more ;
 The vox kan crope bi the heie,
 An turne ut from his forme weie.
 An eft sone kume thar-to ;

Thonne is the hundes smel for-do ; 820
 He not thurs the i-meinde smak,
 Wether he shal avorth the abak ;
 ȝif the vox mist of al this dwole.
 At than ende he crophth to hole ;
 Ac natheles mid alle his wrenche
 Ne kan he hine so bi-thenche,
 Theȝ he bo ȝep an suthe snel,
 That he ne lost his rede vel.
 The eat ne kan wrench bute anne,
 Nother be dunc ne bi venne ; 830
 Bute he kan climbe suthe wel,
 Thar-mid he wereth his greie vel ;
 Al so ich segge bi mi solve,
 Betere is min on than thine twelve.”

“ Abid ! abid ! ” the ule seide,
 “ Thu gest al to mid swikelede ;
 Alle thine wordes thu bi-leist,
 That hit thineth soth al that thu seist ;
 Alle thine wordes both i-sliked,
 An so bi-semed an bi-liked, 840
 That alle tho that hi avoth,
 Hi weneth that thu segge soth.
 Abid ! abid ! me shal the ȝene,
 Thu hit shal wrthe wel i-sene,
 That thu havest muchel i-loȝe,
 Wone thi lesing both unwroȝe.
 Thu seist that thu singist mankunne,
 And techest hom that hi fundieth home

Up to the songe that evre i-lest :
 Ac hit is alre wnder mest, 850
 That thu darst liȝe so opeliche.
 Wenest thu hi bringe so liȝtliche
 To Godes riche al singinge ?
 Nai ! nai ! hi shulle wel avinde,
 That hi mid longe woȝe mote
 Of hore sunnen bidde bote,
 Ar hi mote ever kume thare.
 Ich rede thi that men bo ȝare,
 An more weȝe thane singe,
 That fundeth to than hoven kinge. 860
 Vor nis no man witute sunne ;
 Vor-thi he mot ar he wende homme
 Mid teres an mid woȝe bete,
 That him bo sur that er was swete.
 Thar-to ich helpe. God hit wot !
 Ne singe ih hom no foliot ;
 For al me song is of longinge,
 An i-mend sum del mid woninge,
 That mon bi me hine bi-thenche,
 That he grom for his unwrenche ; 870
 Mid mine songe ich hine pulte,
 That ghe grom for his gulte.
 ȝif thu gest her-of to disputinge,
 Ich weȝe bet thane thu singe ;
 ȝif riȝt goth forth, and abak wrong,
 Betere is mi woȝe thane thi song.
 Theȝ sume men bo thurȝut gode,
 An thurȝut elene on hore mode,

Hon longeth houne notheles,
 That both her wo is hom thes, 880
 Vor theȝ hi bon hom solve i-borȝe,
 Ili ne soth her nowiȝt bote sorwe ;
 Vor other men hi wepeth sore,
 An for hom biddeth Cristes ore.
 Ich helpe monne on either halve,
 Mi muth haveth tweire kunne salve ;
 Than gode ich fulste to longinge,
 Vor wan him longeth ich him singe ;
 An than sunfulle ich helpe alswo,
 Vor ich him teche ware is wo. 890
 ȝet ich the ȝeve in other wise ;
 Vor wane thu sittest on thine rise,
 Thu draȝst men to fleses luste,
 That wleth thine songes luste ;
 Al thu for-lost the murȝthe of hovenne,
 For thar-to nevestu none stevene ;
 Al that thu singst is of golnesse,
 Fer nis on the non holinesse,
 Ne wened naman, for thi pipinge,
 That eni preost in chirgee singe. 900
 ȝet I the wulle an oder *segge*,
 ȝif thu hit const a-riht bi-*legge*.
 Wi nultu singe an oder theode,
 War hit is muchele more neode ?
 Thu neaver ne singst in Irlonde,
 Ne thu ne cumest noȝt in Scotlonde :
 Hwi nultu fare to Noreweie ?
 An singin men of Galeweie ?

Thar beodh men that lutel kunne
 Of songe that is bineodhe the sunne ; 910
 Wi multu thare preoste singe,
 An teche of thire writelinge ?
 An wisi hom mid thire stevene,
 In engeles singeth ine heovene ?
 Thu farest so doth an ydel wel,
 That springeth bi burne thar is snel,
 An let for-drne the dune,
 And floh on idel thar a-dune.
 Ac ich fare bothe north and soth,
 In eaverench londe ich am cuuth : 920
 East and west, feor and neor,
 I do wel faire mi meoster,
 An warni men mid mine bere,
 That thi dweole song heo ne for-lere.
 Ich wisse men mid mine songe
 That hi ne sunegi nowiht longe ;
 I bidde hom that heo i-swike,
 That heom seolve ne bi-swicke :
 For betere is that heo wepen here,
 Than elles hwar to beon deovlene fere." 930

The niȝtingale was i-gremet,
 An ek heo was sumdel of-chamed ;
 For the hule hire atwiten hadde,
 In hwncehe stude he sat an gradde,
 Bi-hinde the bure, among the wede,
 War men godh to here neode ;
 An sat sum del, and heo bi-thohte,

An wiste wel on hire tholite ;
 The wraththe bi-nimeth monnes red,
 For hit seide the king Alfred, 940
 ‘Sele endedh wel the lothe,
 An selde plaidedh wel the wrothe.’
 For wraththe meinth the horte blod,
 That hit floweth so wilde flod,
 An al the heorte over-geth,
 That heo haveth no thing bute breth,
 An so for-leost al hire liht,
 That heo ne sith sodh ne riht.
 The nijtingale bi understod,
 An over-gan lette hire mod : 950
 He mihte bet speken a sele,
 Than mid wraththe wordes deale.

“Hule,” heo seide, “lust nu hider,
 Thu schalt falle, the wei is slider :
 Thu seist ich fleo bi-hinde bure ;
 Hit is riht, the bur is ure,
 Thar laved and liggeth and lavedi,
 Ich schal heom singe and sitte bi.
 Wenstu that vise men for-lete,
 For fule venne the rijtte strete ? 960
 Ne sunne the later shine,
 Theȝ hit bo ful ine nest thine ?
 Sholde ich for one hole brede,
 For-lete mine rijte stede,
 That ich ne singe bi the bedde,
 Thar loved and haveth his love i-bedde ?

Hit is mi riht, lit is mi laze,
 Thar-to the herst ich me draze.
 Ac yet thu ȝelpst of thine songe,
 That thu canst ȝolle wrothe and stronge, 970
 An seist thu visest mankunne
 That hi bi-wepen hore sunne.
 Solde euh mon wonie and grede,
 Riht suich hi weren un-lede ;
 Solde hi ȝollen also thu dest,
 Hi miȝte oferen here brost.
 Man schal bo stille, and nozt grede,
 He mot bi-wepe his mis-dede.
 Ac war is Cristes heringe,
 Thar me shal grede and lude singe, 980
 Nis nother to lud ne to long,
 At rihte time chirche song.
 Thu ȝolst and wones, and ich singe,
 Thi stevene is wop, and min skentinge ;
 Ever mote thu ȝolle and wepen,
 That thu thi lif mote for-leten,
 An ȝollen mote thu so heze,
 That thu berste bo thin eze !
 Wether is betere of twere twom,
 That mon bo blithe other grom ? 990
 So bo hit ever in unker sithe,
 That thu bo sori and ich blithe !
 ȝut thu aischeist wi ich ne fare
 In to other londe and singe thare.
 No ! what sholde ich among hom do,
 War never blisse ne com to ?

That lond nis god, ne hit nis este,
 Ac wildernisse hit is and weste,
 Knarres and cludes hoventinge,
 Snou and hazel hom is genge ; 1000
 That lond is grislich and un-vele,
 The men both wilde and un-i-sele ;
 Hi nabbeth nother grith ne sibbe ;
 Hi ne reccheth hu hi libbe,
 Hi eteth fihs an flehs un-sode,
 Svich wulves hit hadde to-brode ;
 Hi drinketh mile, and wei thar-to,
 Hi nute elles wat hi do ;
 Hi nabbeth noth win ne bor,
 Ac libbeth al so wilde dor ; 1010
 Hi goth bi-tiȝt mid ruȝe velle,
 Riȝt svich hi comen ut of helle ;
 Theȝ eni god man to hom come,
 (So wile dude sum from Rome)
 For hom to lere gode thewes,
 An for to leten hore un-thewes,
 He miȝte bet sitte stille,
 Vor al his wile he sholde spille ;
 He miȝte bet teche ane bore
 To weȝe bothe sheld and spere, 1020
 Than me that wilde folc i-bringe,
 That hi me segge wolde i-here singe,
 Wat sol ich thar mid mine songe ?
 Ne sunge ich hom never so longe,
 Mi song were i-spild ech del ;
 For hom ne mai halter ne bridel

Bringe vrom hore wude wise,
 Ne mon mid stele ne mid ire ;
 Ac thar lond is bothe este and god,
 An thar men habbeth milde mod, 1030
 Ich noti mid hom mine throte ;
 Vor ich mai do thar gode note,
 An bringe hom love tithinge,
 Vor ich of chirche songe singe.
 Hit was i-seid in olde laze,
 An zet i-last thilke soth-saze,
 That man shal erien an sowe
 Thar he weneth after sum god mowe ;
 For he is wod that soweth his sed
 Thar never gras ne sprinth ne bled." 1040

The hule was wroth to cheste rad,
 Mid thisse worde hire eȝen a-brad,
 "Thu seist thu witest manne bures,
 Thar leues both and faire flores,
 Thar two i-love in one bedde
 Liggeth bi-clop and wel bi-hedde ;
 Enes thu sunge, ic wod wel ware,
 Bi one bure, and woldest lere
 The lefti to an uvel lueve,
 An sunge bothe loȝe and buve, 1050
 An lerdest hi to don shome
 An un-riȝt of hire licome ;
 The loverd that sone under-zat,
 Lini and grinew, wel ei wat,

Sette and ledde the for to lacche ;
 Thu come sone to than hacche,
 Thu were i-nime in one grine,
 Al hit aboȝte thine shine,
 Thu naddest non other dom ne laȝe,
 Bute mid wilde horse were to-draȝe, 1060
 Vonde ȝif thu miȝt eft mis-rede,
 Wather thu wult wif the maide ;
 Thi song mai bo so longe genge,
 That thu shalt wippen on a sprengē."

The niȝtingale at thisse worde,
 Mid sworde an mid speres orde,
 ȝif ho mon, were wolde fiȝte ;
 Ac tho ho bet do ne miȝte,
 Ho vaȝt mid hire wise tunge,
 ‘ Wel fiȝt that wel specth,’ seith the songe ; 1070
 Of hire tunge ho nom red,
 ‘ Wel fiȝt that wel specth,’ seide Alvred.

“ Wat ! seistu this for mine shome ?
 The loverd hadde her-of grame :
 He was so gelus of his wive,
 That he ne miȝte for his live
 I-so that man with hire speke,
 That his horte nolde breke.
 He hire bi-leck in one bure,
 That hire was bothe stronge and sure ; 1080
 Ich hadde of hire milse an ore,
 An sori was for hire sore,

An skente hi mid mine songe,
 Al that ich miȝte, rathe an longe.
 Vor than the kniȝt was with me wroth,
 Vor riȝte nithe ich was him loth ;
 He dude me his oȝene shome,
 Ae al him turnde it to grome ;
 That underwat the king Henri,
 Jesus his soule do merci ! 1090

He let for-boune thene kniȝt
 That hadde i-don so muchel un-wriȝt,
 Ine so gode kinges londe,
 Vor riȝte nithe and for fule onde
 Let thane lute fuȝel nime,
 An him for-deme lif an lime ;
 Hit was wrthsipe al mine kunne,
 For thon the kniȝt for-les his wunne,
 An ȝaf for me an hundred punde ; 1100
 An mine bridles seten i-sunde,
 An hadde soththe blisse and hiȝte ;
 An were blithe, and wel miȝte ;
 Vor thon ich was so wel awreke,
 Ever eft ich dart the bet speke ;
 Vor hit bi-tidde ene swo,
 Ich am the blithur ever mo ;
 Nu ich mai singe war ich wulle,
 Ne dar me never eft mon a-grulle.
 Ae thu, eremig ! thu wrecche gost !
 Thu ne canst finde, ne thu nost, 1110
 An holȝ stok war thu the miȝt hude,
 That me ne twengeth thine hude.

Vor children, gromes, heme, and hine,
 Hi thencheth alle of thire pine ;
 ʒif hi miʒte i-so the sitte,
 Stones hi doth in hore slitte,
 An the to-tornedh and to-heneth,
 An thine fule bon to-sheneth.
 ʒif thu art i-worpe other i-shote,
 Thanne thu miʒt erest to note. 1120
 Vor me the hoth in one rodde,
 An thu mid thine fule codde,
 An mid thine ateliche spore,
 Bi-werest manne corn vrom dore ;
 Nis nother noʒt thi lif ne thi blod,
 Ac thu art shueles suthe god.
 War nowe sedes both i-sowe,
 Pinnuc, golfine, rok, ne crowe,
 Ne dar thar never cumen i-hende,
 ʒif thi buc hongeth at than ende. 1130
 War tron shulle a-ʒere blowe,
 An ʒunge sedes springe and growe,
 Ne dar no fuʒel thar-to vonge
 ʒif thu art thar-over i-honge.
 Thi lif is evre luther and qued,
 Thu nard noʒt bute ded.
 Nu thu miʒt wite sikerliche,
 That thine leches both grisliche,
 The wile thu art on lif-daʒe ;
 Vor wane thu hongest i-slaʒe, 1140
 ʒut hi both of the of-draddde,
 The fuʒeles that the er bi-gradde.

Mid riȝte men both with the wrothe,
 For thu singist ever of hore lothe ;
 Al that thu singst rathe other late,
 Hit is ever of manne un-wate ;
 Wane thu havest a-niȝt i-grad,
 Men both of the wel sore of-drad.
 Thu singst war sum man shal be ded
 Ever thu bodest sumne qued ; 1150
 Thu singst aȝen eiȝte lure,
 Other of summe frondes rure ;
 Other thu bodes huses brune,
 Other ferde of manne, other thoves rune ;
 Other thu bodest cualm of oreve ;
 Other that lond-fole wurth i-dorve ;
 Other that wif lost hire make ;
 Other thu bodest cheste an sake ;
 Ever thu singist of manne hareme,
 Thurȝ the hi both sori and areme ; 1160
 Thu ne singst never one sithe,
 That hit nis for sum un-sithe.
 Her-vore hit is that me the shumeth,
 An the to-torveth and to-buneth,
 Mid stave, and stoone, and turf, and clute,
 That thu ne niȝt no war atrute.
 Dahet ever svich budel in tune,
 That ever bodeth un-wreste rune,
 An ever bringeth uvele titlinge,
 An that ever speeth of uvele thinge ! 1170
 God Almiȝti wrthe him wroth,
 An al that werieth linnene cloth !”

The hule ne abot noȝt swith longe,
 Ah ȝef ondsware starke and stronge ;
 ‘ Wat ! ’ quath ho, ‘ hartu i-hoded ?
 Other thu kursest al un i-hoded ?
 For prestes wike ich wat thu dest,
 Ich not ȝef thu were ȝavre prest ;
 Ich not ȝef thu canst masse singe,
 I-noh thu canst of mansinge. 1180
 Ah hit is for thine alde nithe,
 That thu me akursedest odher sidhe ;
 Ah thar-to is liltlich ondsware :
 ‘ Drah to the ! ’ cwadh the cartare.
 Wi attwitestu me mine in-silhte,
 An min i-wit, and mine miȝte ?
 For ich am witi ful i-wis,
 An wod al that to kumen is :
 Ich wot of hunger, of hergonge ;
 Ich wot ȝef men schule libbe longe ; 1190
 Ich wat ȝef wif luste hire make ;
 Ich wat war schal beo nith and wrake ;
 Ich wot hwo schal beon an-honge,
 Other elles fulne deth a-fonge ;
 ȝef men habbeth bataile i-nume,
 Ich wat hwather schal beon over-kume ;
 Ich wat ȝif cwalm seal comen on orfe,
 An ȝif dor schul ligge and storve ;
 Ich wot ȝef treon schule blowe ;
 Ich wat ȝef cornes schule growe ; 1200
 Ich wot ȝef huses schule berne ;
 Ich wot ȝef men schule corne other erne ;

Ich wot 3ef sea schal schipes drenche ;
 Ich wot 3ef snuwes schal uvele clenche ;
 An 3et ich con muchel more :
 Ich con i-noh in bokes lore ;
 An eke ich can of the Goddspelle,
 More than ich nule the telle ;
 For ich at chirche come i-lome,
 An muche leorni of wisdomes ; 1210
 Ich wat al of the taeninge,
 An of other feole thinge ;
 3ef eni mon schal rem abide,
 Al ich hit wot ear hit i-tide.
 Ofte for mine muchele i-witte
 Wel sori-mod and worth ich sitte,
 Wan ich i-seo that sum wrechede
 Is manne neh, innoh ich grede,
 Ich bidde that men beon i-warte,
 An habbe gode reades 3arte. 1220
 For Alfred seide a wis word,
 Each mon hit schulde legge on hord,
 ‘ 3ef thu i-sihst [him er] he beo i-cume,
 His strcethe is him wel neh bi-nume.’
 An grete duntas beoth the lasse,
 3ef me i-kepth mid i-warnesse ;
 An fleo schal toward mis-3enge.
 3ef thu i-sihst hu fleo of strenges,
 For thu mi3t blenche wel and fleo,
 3if thu i-sihst heo to the teo. 1230
 That eni man beo falle in odwite,
 Wi schal he me his sor atwite ?

Thah ich i-seo his harm bi-vore,
 Ne cometh hit noȝt of me thar-vare :
 Thah thu i-seo that sum blind mon,
 That nanne rihtne wei ne con,
 To thare diche his dweole fulied,
 An falleth and thar-one sulied,
 Wenest thu, thah ich al i-seo,
 That hit for me the rathere beo? 1240
 Al swo hit fareth bi mine witte,
 Hwanne ich on mine bowe sitte,
 Ich wot and i-seo swithe brihte,
 An summe men kumed harm thar rihte ;
 Schal he that ther-of nothing not,
 Hit wite me for ich hit wot ?
 Schal he his mis-hap wite me,
 For ich am wisure thane he ?
 Hwanne ich i-seo that sum wrechede
 Is manne neh, i-noh ich grede, 1250
 An bidde i-noh that hi heom schilde,
 For toward heom is [harme unmylde] ;
 Ah thah ich grede lude an stille,
 Al hit i-tid thurth Godes wille.
 Hwi wulleth men of me hi mene,
 Thah ich mid sothe heo a-wene ?
 Thah ich hi warni al that ȝer,
 Nis heom ther-fore harem no the ner.
 Ah ich heom singe, for ich wolde
 That hi wel understonde schulde 1260
 That sum m-selthe heom is i-hende.
 Hwan ich min song to heom sende,

Naveth no man none sikerhede
 That he ne mai wene and adrede,
 That sum un-hwate ney him beo,
 That he ne come hit i-seo.
 For-thi seide Alfred swithe wel
 And his worde was goddspel,
 That ‘everech man the bet him beo,
 Eaver the bet he hine be-seo.’ 1270
 Ne truste no mon to his weole
 To swithe, that he habbe veole ;
 Nis nout so hot that hit nacoeth,
 Ne noȝt so hwit that hit ne soletþ,
 Ne noȝt so leof that hit ne a-lothetþ,
 Ne noȝt so glad that hit ne a-wrothetþ ;
 Ah eavreeuh thing that eche nis
 A-gon schal and al this worldes blis.
 Nu thu miȝt wite readliche,
 That eavere thu spekest gideliche ; 1280
 For al that thu me seist for schame,
 Ever the seolve hit turneth to grome.
 Go so hit go, at eche fenge
 Thu fallest mid thine ahene swenge,
 Al that thu seist for me to schende,
 Hit is mi wurschipe at than ende.
 Bute thu wille bet a-ginne,
 Ne shaltu bute schame i-winne.”

The niȝtingale sat and siȝte,
 And hohful was, and ful wel miȝte, 1290

For the hule swo i-speke hadde,
 An hire speche swo i-ladde,
 Heo was howful and erede,
 Hwat heo thar after hire sede ;
 Ah neotheles heo hire understod,
 “ Wat ! ” heo seide, “ hule, artu wod ?
 Thu ȝeolpest of scolliche wisdome,
 Thu nustest wanene he the come,
 Bute hit of wiechecrefte were :
 Thar-of thu, wrecche, moste the skere, 1300
 ȝif thu wult among manne boe ;
 Other thu most of londe fleo,
 For alle theo that ther-of cuthe,
 Heo were i-furn of prestes muthe.
 Amanset swuch thu art ȝette,
 Thu wiecheecrafte neaver ne lete.
 Ich the seide nu lutel ere,
 An thu askedest ȝif ich were
 A bisimere to preost i-hoded ?
 Ah the mansing is so i-broded, 1310
 Thah no preost a londe nere,
 A wrecche neotheles thu were ;
 For caveruch chil[d] the cleopeth fule,
 An evereuch man a wrecche hule.
 Ich habbe i-herd, and soth hit is,
 The mon mot beo wel storre-wis,
 An wite innoth of wueche thinge kumme,
 So thou seist that is i-wume.
 Hwat canstu, wrecche thing, of storre,
 Bute that thu bi-haitest hi fcorre ? 1320

Al swo deth mani dor and man,
 Theo of hswucche nawiht ne eon.
 On ape mai a boc bi-halde,
 An leves wenden, and eft folde ;
 Ah he ne con the bet thar-vore
 Of clerkes lore top ne more.
 Thah thu i-seo the steorre al swa,
 Nartu the wisure neaver the mo.
 Ah 3et thu, fule thing, me chist,
 An wel grimliche me atwist, 1330
 That ich singe bi manne huse,
 An teache wif breke spuse.
 Thu liest i-wis, thu fule thing !
 Thine nas neaver i-schend spusing.
 Ah soth hit is ich singe and grede,
 Thar lavedies beoth, and faire maide ;
 And soth hit is of luvē ich singe,
 For god wif mai ispusing
 Bet luvien hire o3ene were,
 Thane awet hire copenere ; 1340
 An maide mai luvē cheose,
 That hire wurthschipe ne for-leose,
 An luvie mid rihte luvē
 Thane the schal beon hire buve.
 Swiche luvē ich i-tache and lere,
 Ther-of beoth al mine i-bere.
 Thah sum wif beo of nesche mode,
 For wummon beoth of softe blode,
 That heo for sume sottes lore
 The 3eorne bit and siketh sore. 1350

Mis-steppe and mis-do summe stunde,
 Schal ich thar-vore beon i-bunde ?
 3if wimmen luvieth un-rede,
 Hwitistu me hore mis-dede ?
 3ef wimmon thencheth luvie derne,
 Ne ne mai ich mine songes werne ;
 Wummon mai pleie under clothe,
 Wether heo wile wel the wrothe ;
 And heo mai do bi mine songe,
 Hwather heo wule wel the wronge. 1360
 For nis a worlde thing so god,
 That ne mai do sum un-god,
 3if me hit wule turne amis ;
 For gold and seolver god hit is,
 An notheles thar-mid thu mi3t
 Spus-bruche buggen and un-ri3t ;
 Wepne beoth gode grith to halde,
 Ah neotheles thar-mide beoth men a-ewalde
 A3eines riht, an fale londe,
 Thar theoves hi beredh an honde. 1370
 Al swa hit is bi mine songe,
 Thah heo beo god, me hine mai mis-fonge,
 An drahe hine to sothede,
 An to othre uvele dede.
 Ah schaltu, wrecch, luvie tele,
 Bo wuch ho bo vich luvie is fele,
 Bi-tweone wepmon and wimman ?
 Ah 3ef heo is at-broide thenne,
 He is un-fele and for-brode,
 Wroth wurthe heom the holi rode. 1380

The rihte i-kunde swo for-breideth,
 Wunder hit is that heo nawedeth ;
 An swo heo doth, for heo beoth wode,
 The bute nest goth to brode.
 Wummon is of nesche flesche,
 An flesches lustes is strong to ewesse ;
 Nis wunder nan thah he abide,
 For flesches lustes hi maketh slide ;
 Ne beoth heo nowt alle for-lore,
 That stumpeth at the flesches more. 1390
 For moni wummon haveth mis-do,
 That a-ris of the slo.
 Ne beoth nowt ones alle sunne,
 For than hi beoth tweire kunne ;
 Sun a-rist of the flesches luste,
 An sum of the gostes custe.
 Thar flesh draheth men to drunnesse,
 An to wronhede, and to golnesse,
 The gost mis-deth thurch nithe an onde,
 And seoththe mid murhthe of monnes honde, 1400
 An 5eo[r]ueth after more and more,
 An lutel rehth of milce and ore,
 An stigh on hey thurth modinesse,
 An over-hohedh thanne lasse.
 Sei me sooth, 5ef thu hit wost,
 Hwether deth wurse, flesh the gost ?
 Thu mi3t segge, 5ef thu wult,
 That lasse is the flesches gult.
 Moni man is of his flesche clene,
 That is mid mode deovel i-mene ; 1410

Ne schal non mon wimman bi-grede,
 An flesches lustes hire up-breide ;
 Swuch he may tellen of golnesse,
 That sunegeth wurse i modinesse.
 Bet 3if ich schulde a luvē bringe
 Wif other maide, hwanne ich singe,
 Ieh wolde with the maide holde.
 3if thu hit const ariht at-holde,
 Lustun, ich segge the, hwar-vore,
 Up to the toppe from the more 1420
 3ef maide luveth dernliche,
 Heo stumpeth and falth i-cuandeliche ;
 For thah heo sum hwile pleie,
 Heo nis nout feor ut of the weie ;
 Heo mai hire guld atwende
 A rihte weie thaurth chirche bende ;
 An mai eft habbe to make
 Hire leofmon withute sake,
 An go to him bi daies lihte,
 That er stal to bi theostre nihte. 1430
 An 3unling not hwat swuch thing is ;
 His 3unge blod hit dra3eth amis ;
 An sum set mon hit tilth thar-to,
 Mid alle than that he mai do,
 He cometh and fareth and beod and bid,
 An heo bi-stant and over-sid,
 An bi-schth i-lome and longe,
 Hwat mai that chil thah hit mis-fonge ?
 Hlit must neaver hwat hit was,
 For-thi hit thohte fondi thas, 1440

An wite i-wis hwuch beo the gome
 That of so wilde maketh tome.
 Ne mai ich for reowe lete,
 Wanne ich i-seo the tohte i-lete,
 The luvē bring on the ȝunglinge,
 That ich of murȝthe him ne singe ;
 Ich reache heom bi mine songe,
 That swucch luvē ne lest noȝt longe ;
 For mi song lute hwile i-lest,
 An luvē ne deth noȝt bute rest 1450
 On swuch childre and sone a-geþh,
 An falþh adun the hote breþh.
 Ich singe mid heom one throȝe,
 Bi-ginne on hel and endi laȝe,
 An lete mines songes falle
 An lute wile adun mid alle ;
 That maide wot hwanne ich swike,
 That luvē is mine songes i-liche :
 For ait nis bute a lutel breþh,
 That sone kumeth, and sone geþh. 1460
 That child bi me hit understond,
 An his un-red to red wend ;
 An i-seȝth wel bi mine songe,
 That dusi luvē ne last noȝt longe.
 Ah wel ich wule that thu hit wite,
 Loth me beoþh wives ut-schute ;
 Ah ȝif mai of me nime ȝeme,
 Ich ne singe nawt hwan ich teme ;
 An wif ah lete sortes lore,
 That spusing bendes thuncheth sore ! 1470

Wundere me thungth wel stare and stor,
 Hu eni mon so eavar for,
 That e his heorte miȝte drive,
 An o do hit to others mannes wive.
 For other hit is of twam thinge,
 Ne mai that thridde noman bringe ;
 Othar the laverd is wel aht,
 Other aswunde and nis naht.
 ȝef he is wurthful and aht man,
 Nele noman that wisdon can, 1480
 Hure of is wive do him schame,
 For he mai him adrede grame ;
 An that he for-leose that ther hongeth,
 That him eft thar-to noȝt ne longeth.
 An thah he that noȝt ne adrede,
 Hit is un-riȝt and gret sothede,
 An o mis-don one gode manne,
 An his i-bedde from him spanne,
 ȝef hire laverd is for-wurde,
 An un-orne at bedde and at borde, 1490
 Hu miȝte thar beo eni luve,
 Wanne a swuch cheorles buc hire leth buve ?
 Hu mai thar eni luve beo,
 War swuch man gropeth hire theo ?
 Her-bi thu miȝt wel understonde,
 That on his areu, that other schonde,
 To stele to othres mannes bedde ;
 For ȝif aht man is hire bedde,
 Thu miȝt wene that the mis-tide,
 Wanne thu list bi hire side ; 1500

An ȝef the laved is a wereche,
 Howch este miȝtistu thar vecche ?
 ȝif thu bi-thenchest hwo hire of-ligge,
 Thu miȝt mid wlate the este bugge.
 Ich net hu mai eni free-man
 For hire sechen after than ;
 ȝef he bi-weneth bi hwan he lai,
 Al mai the hve gan awai."

The hule was glad of swuche tale,
 Heo thoȝte thatte nihtegale, 1510
 Thah heo wel speke atte frume,
 Hadde at then ende mis-nume ;
 An seide, " Nu ich hadde i-funde,
 That maiden es beoth of thine i-munde ;
 Mid heom thu holdest, and heom bi-werest,
 An over swithe thu hi herest ;
 The lavedies beoth to me i-wend,
 To me heo hire mode send ;
 For hit i-tit ofte and i-lome,
 That wif and were beoth un-i-some, 1520
 And ther-fore the were gulte
 That leof is over wummon to pulte,
 An speneth on thare al that he haveth,
 An suieth thare that no riht naveth,
 An haveth attom his riȝte spuse,
 Wowes weste [other] lere huse,
 Wel thunne i-schud and i-ved wrothe,
 An let heo bute mete and clothe.

Wan he cometh ham eft to his wive,
 Ne dar heo noȝt a word ischire ; 1530
 He chid and gred swuch he beo wod,
 An ne bringth heom non other god ;
 Al that heo deth him is un-wille,
 Al that heo speketh hit is him ille ;
 An oft hwan heo noȝt ne mis-deth,
 Heo haveth the fust in hire teth.
 Nis nan mon that ne mai i-bringe
 Wis wif amis mid swueche thinge ;
 Me hire mai so ofte mis-beode,
 That heo do wule hire ahene neode, 1540
 La, Godd hit wot ! heo nah i-weld,
 Tha heo hine makie kukeweld.
 For hit i-tit lome and ofte,
 That his wif is wel nesche and softe,
 Of faire bleo and wel i-dilt ;
 Thi hit is the more un-riht
 That he his lufe spene on ware,
 That nis wurth one of hire heare.
 An swueche men beoth wel manifolde,
 That wif ne kunne noht ariȝt holde ; 1550
 Ne mot non mon with hire speke,
 He venedh heo wule anon to-breke
 Hire spusing, ȝef heo loketh,
 Other with manne faire speketh,
 He hire bi-luth mid keie and loke :
 Thar-thurh is spusing ofte to-broke.
 For ȝef heo is thar-to i-broht,
 He deth that heo nadde ear i-thoht.

Daret that to swuthe hit bi-speke,
 That swucche wives hire awreke ! 1560
 Her-of the lavedies to me meneth,
 An wel sore me ahweneth ;
 Wel neh min heorte wule to-chine,
 Hwon ich bi-holde hire pine ;
 Mid heom ich wepe swise sore,
 An for heom bidde Cristis ore,
 That the lavedi sone a-redde,
 An hire sende betere i-bedde.
 An other thing ich mai the telle,
 That thu ne schald for thine felle 1570
 Ondswere none thar-to finde ;
 Al thi sputing schal aswinde.
 Moni chapmon, and moni eniht,
 Laveth and hlad his wif ariht ;
 An swa deth moni bonde-man ;
 That gode wif deth after than,
 An serveth him to bedde and to borde,
 Mid faire dede and faire worde,
 An ȝeorne fondeth hu heo muhe
 Do thing that him beo i-duȝe. 1580
 The laverd into thare theode
 Fareth ut on thare beire nede,
 An is that gode wif un-blithe,
 For hire laverdes houndsithe,
 An sit and sihdh wel sore of-longed,
 An hire sore an horte on-gred ;
 Al for hire loverdes sake
 Haveth daies kare and niȝtes wake ;

An swuthe longe hire is the hwile,
 An ek steape hire thunth a mile, 1590
 Hwanne othre slepeth hire abute,
 Ich one lust thar widh wute,
 An wot of hire sore mode,
 An singe a niȝt for hire gode,
 An mine gode song for hire thinge
 Ich turne sundel to murnin[n]ge ;
 Of hure seorhe ich bere sune,
 For than ich am hire wel weleume ;
 Ich hire helpe hwat I mai,
 For-hoȝeth thane rehte wai. 1600
 Ah thu me havest sore i-gramed,
 That min heorte is wel neh a-lamed,
 That ich mai un-neathe speke ;
 Ah ȝet ich wule for thure reke.
 Thu seist that ich am manne y-ladh,
 An evereuch man is widh me wroth,
 An me mid stone and lugge threteth,
 An me to-busteth and to-beteth ;
 An hwanne heo habeth me of-slahe,
 Heo hongeth me on heore habe, 1610
 Thar ich ascheweale pie an crowe
 Fron than the thar is i-sowe.
 Thah hit beo soth, ich do heom god,
 An for heom ich chalde mi blod ;
 Ich do heom god mid mine deathe,
 Thar-vore the is wel un-neathe,
 For thah thu ligge dead and clinge,
 Thi deth nis nawt to none thinge ;

Ich not neaver to hwan thu miȝt,
 For thu nart bute a wreeche wiȝt. 1620
 Ah thah mi lif me beo at-schote,
 The ȝet ich mai do gode note,
 Me mai upone smale stieke
 Me sette a wude inc the thieke,
 An swa mai mon tolli him to
 Lutle briddes and i-vo,
 An swa me mai mid me bi-ȝete
 Wel gode brede to his mete.
 Ah thu nevre mon to gode
 Lives ne deathes stal ne stode. 1630
 Ich not to hwan thu breist thi brod,
 Lives ne deathes ne deth hit god."

The nihtegale i-h[e]rde this,
 An hupte uppon on blowe ris,
 An herre sat than heo dude ear ;
 "Hule," he seide, "beo nu wear,
 Nulle ich with the plaidi namore,
 For her the must thi rihte lore ;
 Thu ȝeilpest that thu art manne loth,
 An evereuch wiht is with the worth ; 1640
 An mid ȝulinge and mid i-grede,
 Thu wanst wel that thu art un-lede.
 Thu seist that gromes the i-fodh,
 An heie on rodde the an-hodh,
 An the to-twicht and to-schakedh,
 An summe of the schawles makedh ;

Me thunch that thu for-leost that game,
 Thu 3ulpest of thire o3e schame ;
 Me thunch that thu me gest an honde,
 Thu 3ulpest of thire o3ene schomme." 1650
 Tho heo hadde theos word i-ewede,
 Heo sat in one faire stude,
 An thar after hire stevene dilite,
 An song so schille and so brihte,
 That feor and ner me lit i-herde.
 Thar-vore anan to hire cherde
 Thrusche, and throstle, and wudewale,
 An fuheles bothe grete and smale ;
 For than heom thuhte that heo hadde
 The houle over-come, vor than heo gradde, 1660
 An sungen alswa vale wise,
 An blisse was among the rise ;
 Ri3t swa me gred the manne a-schame,
 That taveleth and for-leost that gome.

Theos hule tho heo this i-herde,
 "Havestu," heo seide, "i-banned ferde ?
 An wultu, wrecche, widh me fi3te ?
 Nai, nai, navestu none mi3te.
 Hwat gredeth theo that hider come ?
 Me thuneth thu ledest ferd tome. 1670
 3e schule wite ar 3e fleo heonne,
 Hwuch is the strenthe of mine kumne ;
 For theo the haveth bile i-hoked,
 An clivres charpe and wel i-croked,

Alle heo beoth of mine kunrede,
 An walde come, ȝif ich bede ;
 The seolfe eoc, that wel can fiȝte,
 He mot mid me holde mid riȝte,
 For bothe we habbeth stevene briȝte,
 An sitteth under weoluce bi niȝte. 1680
 Schille ich anutest uppen ow grede,
 Ich shal swo stronge ferde lede,
 That other proude schal aualle,
 A tort ne ȝive ich for ow alle ;
 Ne schal, ar hit beo fullliche eve,
 A wreche fether on ow bi-leave.
 Ah hit was unker voreward,
 Tho we come hider-ward,
 That we thar-to holde scholde,
 Thar riht dom us ȝive wolde. 1690
 Wultu nu breke foreward ?
 Ich wene dom the thing to hard ;
 For thu ne darst domes abide,
 Thu wult nu, wreche, fiȝte and chide.
 ȝot ich ow alle wolde rede,
 Ar ic the utheste nppen ow grede,
 That other fiht-lac leteth beo,
 An ginneth rathe awci fleo.
 For, bi the clivres that ich bere !
 ȝef ȝe abideth mine here, 1700
 ȝe schule on other wise singe,
 An acursi alle fiȝtinge ;
 Vor nis of ow non so kene,
 That durre abide mine onsene."

Theos hule spae wel baldeliche,
 For thah heo nadde swo hwatliche
 I-fare after hire here,
 Heo walde neotheles ȝefe answerē.

The niȝtegale mid swucche worde,
 For moni man mid speres orde, 1710
 Haveth lute strenthe, and mid his chelde,
 Ah neotheles in one felde
 Thurh belde worde an mid i-lete,
 Deth his i-vo for arehwe swete ;
 The wranne, for heo cuthe singe,
 War com in thare moreȝeiing,
 To helpe thare niȝtegale :
 For thah heo hadde stevene smale,
 Heo hadde gode thorte and schille,
 An fale manne song awille ; 1720
 The wranne was wel wis i-holde,
 Vor theȝ hēo nere i-bred a wolde,
 Ho was i-toȝen among mankunne,
 An hire wisdom brohte themne ;
 Heo miȝte speke hwar heo walde,
 To-vore the king thah heo scholde.
 “Lusteth,” heo cwath, “lateth me speke :
 Hwat, wulle ȝe this pes to-breke,
 An do thanne swuch schame ?
 ȝe, nis he nouthur ded ne lame, 1730
 Hunke schal i-tide harm and schonde,
 ȝef ȝe doth grith-bruche on his londe.

Lateth beo, and beoth i-some,
 An fareth riht to other dome,
 An lateth dom this plaid to-breke,
 Al swo hit was erur bi-speke."

"Ich, an wel," cwadh the niȝtegeale ;
 " Ah, wranne, nawt for thire tale,
 Ah do for mire lahfulnesse :
 Ich nolde that un-rihtfulnesse 1740
 Me at then ende over-kome ;
 Ich nam of-drad of none dome.
 Bi-hote ich habbe, soth hit is,
 That maister Nichole, that is wis,
 Bi-tuxen us deme schulde ;
 An ȝef ich wene that he wule ;
 Ah war mihte we hine finde ?"
 The wranne sat in ore linde,
 " Ilwat, nuȝte ȝe," cwadh heo, " his hom ?
 He wuneth at Porteshom, 1750
 At one tune iue Dorsete,
 Bi thare see in ore ut-lete ;
 Thar he demeth manie riȝte dom,
 An diht and writ mani wisdom,
 An thurh his muthe and thurh his honde
 Hit is the betere into Scotlonde.
 To seehe hine is lihtlich thing,
 He naveth bute one woning :
 That his bi-schopen nuchel schame ;
 An alle than that of his nome 1760

Habbeth i-hert and of his dede,
 Iwi nulleth hi nimen heom to rede,
 That he were mid heom i-lome
 For teche heom of his wisdom,
 An ȝive him rente a vale stude,
 That he miȝte heom i-lome be mide?"

"Certes," cwath the hule, "that is sodh :
 Theos riche men wel mucche mis-dodh,
 That leteth thane gode mon,
 That of so feole thinge con, 1770
 An ȝiveth rente wel mis-liche,
 An of him leteth wel liltliche ;
 With heore cunne heo beoth mildre,
 An ȝeveth rente litle childre,
 Swo heore wit hi demth adwole,
 That ever abid maister Nichole.
 Ah ute we thah to him fare,
 For thar is unker dom al ȝare."

"Do we," the niȝtegale seide :
 "Ah wa schal unker speche rede, 1780
 An telle to-vore unker deme?"

"Thar-of ich schal the wel i-cweme,"
 Cwath the houle, "for al ende of orde,
 Telle ich con word after worde ;
 An ȝef the thineth that ich mis-rempe,
 Thu stond aȝein and dome crenpe."

Mid thisse worde forth hi ferdn,
Al bute here and bute verde,
To Portesham that heo bi-come ;
Ah hu heo spedde of heore dome
Ne chan ich eu namore telle ;
Her nis namore of this spelle.

1790

RELIGIOUS SONGS.

I.

Non mai longe lives thene,
Ac ofte him liedh the wrench :
Feir weder turnedh ofte into reine,
An wunderliche hit makedh his blench.
Thar-vore, mon, thu the bi-thench,
Al schal falewi thi grene.
Weilawei ! nis kin ne quene
That ne schal drinke of deathes drench.
Mon, er thu falle of thi bench,
Thine sunne thu aquench.

Nis non so strong ne sterch ne kene,
That mai ago deathes wither blench :
jung and olde, brihet and schene,
Alle he riveth in one stretch.
Fox and ferlich is his wrenh,
Ne mai no mon thar-to zeines,
Weilawei ! threting ne bene,
Mede, liste, ne leches drench.
Mon, let sunne and lustes thine ;
Wel thu do and wel thu thench.

Do bi Salemones rede,
 Mon, and thenne thu schald wel do !
 Do ase he talte and seide,
 That thin endinge the bringeth to ;
 Thenne ne schal thu never mis-do.
 Ac fore thu miȝt the adrede,
 Weilawei ! shuc thenedh to lede
 Long lif, and blisse under-fo.
 Ac deth luteth in his scho,
 Him stillich to for-do.

Mon, hwi nultu the bi-enowe ?
 Mon, hwi nultu the bi-seo ?
 Of foie fulthe thu art i-sowe,
 Wormes fode thu schald beo.
 Her nave-stu blisse daies threo.
 Ac thi lif al thu last ine wowe ;
 Weilawei ! deth the schal adun throwe,
 Ther thu wenest heȝest to steo.
 Ine dedh schal thi lif endi,
 And ine wop al thi gleo.

World and weole the bi-swikedh,
 I-wis heo beodh thin i-fo.
 ȝef the world widh weole the slikedh,
 That is for to do the wo.
 Thare-fore let lust over-go ;
 And eftzones hit the likedh,
 Weilawei ! sore he him bi-swikedh,
 That for on stunde other two

Wurcheth him pine evermo :
 Mon, ne do thu nowt swo,

II.

Os hire is al mi lif i-long,
 Of hwam ich wule singe,
 And herien hire, that among
 Heo gon us bote bringe,
 Of helle pine that is strong
 Heo brohte us blisse that is long,
 Al thurh hire childeringe,
 Ich bidde hire one mi song,
 Heo geove us god endinge,
 Thah we don wrong.

Thu art hele and lif and light,
 And helpst al mon-kunne ;
 Thu us havest ful wel i-diȝt,
 Thu geve us weole and wunne ;
 Thu brohtest dai, and Eve niȝt :
 Heo broȝte woht, thu broȝtest riȝt,
 Thu almesse, and heo sunne.
 Bi-sih to me, lavedi brijt,
 Hwenne ich schal wende heonne,
 So wel thu miht.

Al this world schal ago,
 With scorhe and with sore ;

And al this lif we schule for-go,
 Ne of-thunche hit us so sore,
 This world nis butent ure i-fo ;
 Thar-fore ich thenche hirne at-go,
 And do bi Godes lore.
 This lives blisse nis wurdh a slo :
 Ich bidde, God, thin ore,
 Nu and evere mo.

To longe ich hadde sot i-beo :
 Wel sore ich me adrede ;
 I-luved ich hadde gomen and gleo,
 And prude and feire wede,
 Al that is dweole wel i-seo,
 Thar-fore ich thenche sunne fleo
 And alle mine sot dede.
 Ich bidde hire to me bi-seo,
 And helpe me and rede,
 That is so freo.

Agult ich hadde, weilawei !
 Sunful ich am an wrecche.
 Awrec the nu on me, levedi,
 Er deth me honne fecche.
 Do nim the wrecche, ich am redi,
 Other let me liven and amendi,
 That no feond me ne drecche.
 For mine sunnes ich am sori,
 Of this world ich ne recche ;
 Levedi, merci. AMEN.

III.

HWENNE so wil wit ofer-stiedh,
 Thenne is wil and wit for-lore ;
 Hwenne so wil his hete hiedh,
 Ther nis nowiht wit i-core,
 Ofte wil to seorge siedh,
 Bute gif wit him wite to-fore,
 Ae hwenne so wil to wene wriedh,
 The o fo of wisdom is to-tore.

IV.

HWENNE ich thenche of domes-dai,
 ful sore ime adrede,
 Ther schal after his
 euch mon fongen mede,
 Ich habbe Crist agult
 with thoȝtes and with dede,
 Laverd Crist, Godes sone,
 wat is me to rede ?

That fur schal kumen in this world
 one one sune niȝte,
 For-bernen al this middel-erd,
 so Crist hit wolde diȝte ;
 Bothe in the water and in that lond
 the flures that beoth brilite,
 I-herd heo thu, laverd,
 so muchel beth thine milite !

The engles in the dai-red
 blewedh heore beme :
 Thenne cometh ure laved Crist,
 his domes for to deme.
 He helpedh hit noht thenne
 to wepen ne to remen,
 That havedh lutel i-don,
 that Godd were i-cweme.

From that Adam was i-schapen
 to comen domes-dai,
 Moni of thisse riche
 that wereden foh and grei,
 An rideth uppe stede
 and uppen palefrai,
 Heo schulen atte dome
 suggen weilawei !

Ne schulen heo nowdher fiȝte
 mid schelde ne mid spere,
 Mid helme ne mid brunie,
 ne mid non other gere ;
 Ne schal ther noman other
 mid wise wordes were,
 Bute heore almes-dede
 heore ernde schal bere.

Heo schulen i-seon the lavedi
 that Jhesu Crist of-kende ;
 Bi-tweonen hire armes
 sweteliche he wende.

The wile that we mihte,
 to litte we hire sende ;
 That makede the ewed,
 so fule he us blende.

Heo schul i-seon thene king
 that al this world wrohte,
 An upon the rode
 mid stronge pine abohte.
 Adam and his ofspring
 in helle he heom sohte,
 To bidden his milce
 to late we beod bi-thohte.

Ther stondesth the riȝtwise
 on his riȝt honde,
 An the sunfule
 so ateliche heo stondesth,
 Mid heore sunnen i-writen,
 that is so muchel schonde,
 Ther hit schulen alle i-seon
 al that her weren a londe.

With the riȝtwise
 he speketh wordes swete :
 Cometh her, mine freond,
 oure sunnes for to lete,
 In mine fader boure
 ow is i-maked sete,
 Ther ow schulen engles
 ful sweteliche grete.

With the sunful,
 al so 3e mahen i-here :
 Godh, awariede gostes,
 feondes i-fere,
 Into berninde fur,
 of blisse 3e beoth skere ;
 For 3e owre sunnen
 of thisse worlde bere.

Bidde we ure lavedi,
 swetest alre thinge,
 That heo ure erende beore
 to then hevon-kinge :
 For his holi nome,
 and for hire herendinge,
 That heo ure sawle
 to heaven-rige bringe.

 v.

I-heredh of one thinge
 that 3e ohen of theneche,
 3e that weriedh riche schrud,
 and sittedh on oure benche.
 That me kneoli ou bi-vore,
 and mid win schenche,
 From the dreorie deadh
 ne mai nomon at-blenche.

ȝe that sittet i-schrud
 with skarlet and with palle,
 Wel sothe tithinge
 ich ou wile telle.
 The feond thenchedh i-wis
 the sawle for to ewelle,
 Ase we hit findeth i-writen
 in the Goddspelle.

Ah of one thinge,
 we schule nime gome,
 That we weren povre
 tha we hider come.
 We hit heredh i-wis
 swithe ofte and i-lome,
 The sawle and the licome
 selde heo beoth i-some.

Hwenne the child bid i-boren,
 and on eorthe i-falle,
 Nolde ich ȝeven enne peni
 for his weden alle :
 Ah seodhdhen moni mon
 bi-ȝet bores and halle ;
 For-hwi the wrecche sawle
 schal into pine valle.

Thenche we on the laste dai
 that we schule heome fare,
 Ut of thisse worlde,
 with pine and with kare,

Al so we hider comen
 naked and bare,
 And of ure summen
 seven oundswear.

Nabbe no mon so muchel
 al hit wolle agon,
 His lond and his hus,
 and his hom ;
 The sorie soule
 maketh hire mon :
 I-wis ne mai at-blenche
 ure neaver non.

Thenne the latemest dai
 deth havedh i-brouhit,
 Bi-nimedh ure speche,
 ure siht and ure thoht,
 And in euche lime
 deth us hafdh wuth-soht,
 Thenne beodh ure blisse
 al i-turnd to noht.

Ne mijte no tunge tellen,
 that ever wes i-boren,
 The stronge pine of helle,
 thah he hedde i-sworen,
 Er the sawle and the bodi
 a two beon to-drehen,
 Bute Crist that lesede his fole
 that ther wes for-loren.

Anon so the sawle
 bidh i-faren ut,
 Me nimedh the licome
 and preonedh in a clut.
 That wes so modi and so strong,
 and so swithe prud,
 And wes i-woned to werien
 moni a feir schrud.

Nu lidh the clei clot
 al so the ston.
 And his freondes strivedh
 to gripen his i-won ;
 The sorie sowle
 makedh hire mon,
 Of alle hire errure freond
 nu nafdh heo non.

“ Henne,” saidh the sawle
 with sorie chere ;
 “ Awai ! thu wrecche fole bali,
 nu thu list on bere,
 Ich schal habben for the
 fendes to i-fere.
 Awai ! that thu evere
 to momme i-schape were !

Ne schaltu neaver sitten
 on bolstre ne on benche,
 Ne never in none halle,
 ther me vin schenchedh

For thine fule sunnen,
 and for thin nu wrenche,
 Hi schal, wrecche sawle,
 to ateliche stenche.

Hwer beodh alle thine frond,
 that faire the bi-hete,
 And feire the i-gretten
 bi weies and bi strete?
 Nu heo wolledh, wrecche,
 alle the for-lete;
 Nolden he hore stonkes
 non nu the i-mete.

Hwer beodh thine dihsches,
 midd thine swete sonde?
 Hwer beoth thine nappes,
 that the glideth to honde?
 Hwer is thi bred and thin ale?
 thi tunne and thine stonde?
 Nu thu schalt in the putte
 wunie wid the wonde.

Of me thu havedest miȝte
 to don al thine wille;
 Ever thu were abuten
 us bo for to spille.
 Nu thu schalt, wrecche,
 liggen ful stille;
 And ich schal thine gultes
 abuggen ful ille.

Hwi noldest thu mid Crist
 maken us i-sahte,
 Masse leten singe
 of that he the bi-tahte ?
 Ever thu were abuten
 to echen thin ahte :
 For-thi we beodh an ende
 bothe bi-pahte.

Thelde wole me for the
 masse lete singe.
 Other in holi chirche
 don ei offringe.
 Me wule for thin ahte
 make strivinge,
 And pute the widh-uten
 of alle thine thinge.

Li, awariede bali,
 that neaver thu ne arise ;
 Hwenne ich theuche the uppon,
 ful sore me mai agrise.
 For ich schal bernen in fur,
 and chiverin in ise.
 And ever beon in pinen
 a feole kunne wise.

Nu schal thin halle
 mid spade beon i-wro3t ;
 And thu schald ther-inne,
 wrecche, beon i-bro3t.

Nu schulen thine weden
 alle beon i-soȝt,
 Me wule swopen thin hus,
 and ut mid the swost.

Thi bur is sone i-buld,
 that thu schald wunien inne ;
 The rof the firste
 schal legge o thine chinne.
 Nu the seulen wormes
 wunien widhinne ;
 Ne mai me heom ut driven
 with nones kunnes ginne.

Nu is afered of the
 thi mei and thi mowe ;
 Alle heo weredh the weden
 that er weren thin owe,
 And thu schald nu in eorthe
 ligggen ful lohe :
 Wai ! hwi noldestu er
 of thisse beon i-cnowe.

Nu schal for-rotien
 thine tedh and thi tunge,
 Thi mahe and thi milte,
 thi livre and thi lunge,
 And thi throte bolle
 that thu mide sunge ;
 And thu schal in the putte
 faste beon i-thrunge.

Hwer bedh thine theines
 that the leove were ?
 Of alle thine riche weden
 nu thu ard al skere.
 Beo thu in the putte
 wormes i-fere,
 Hit bidh sone of the
 al so thu neaver nere.

Al that ich hatede
 hit thu;te the ful god,
 That makede the qued ther
 that the bi-stod.
 Hevedest thu thi wille,
 thu were al wod ;
 And ich am wrecche sawle
 ful sori mod.

Nu thu schald bi-leven,
 and icht mot fare nede :
 For alle thine gultes
 fongon ischal mede,
 That is hunger and chele,
 and fur-berninge glede,
 And so me wule Sathanas
 ful ateliche brede.

Ich am sori i-noh
 bi dai and bi niht,
 Ischal theostre stude
 ther neaver ne kumedh liht,

That ischal i-mete
 moni a ful wiht ;
 Ne schal ich neaver i-seo
 Crist that is so briht.

In ful a bitter badh
 bathien ich schal naked,
 Of pisch and of brimston
 wallinde is i-maked.
 Ther is Sathanas the ewed
 redi widh his rake,
 And swo he me wule for-swolohen
 the fur-berinde drake.

Thah al the fur in this world
 to-gedere were i-broht,
 Aȝeines thare hete
 nere hit al noht.
 Wo is him alive
 that ther-inne is i-broht !
 Awai ! thas ilke pine
 thu havest me bi-soht.

Hwo i-sche thene ewed,
 In lodlich he beo,
 Hornes on his^e heaved,
 hornes on his eneo,
 Nis no thing alive
 that so ateliche beo.
 Wo is heom ine helle
 that hine schule i-seo !

He ȝeoneth mid his muthe,
 and stareth mid his eȝe ;
 Of his neose thurles
 cumedh the rede leie ;
 The fur springeth him ut
 of everuche breye ;
 He moste deie for care,
 hwase hine i-seȝe.

Al so beodh his eȝe puttes
 ase a bruthen led ;
 The fur springeth him of
 wunderliche red.
 Ne mai no tunge telle
 hu lodlich is the qued.
 Hwase lokede him on,
 for care he miȝte beo dead.

Holde we us elene
 ut of hordom ;
 Masse leten singen,
 and almes-dede don,
 And widh hali chirche
 maken us i-som :
 Thenne mohe we cwemen
 Crist at the dom.

The king that al this world scheop
 thurh his holi miȝte.
 Bi-wite ure sawle
 from than fule wiȝte

And lete us hatie the wold
 and luvie the riȝte,
 And bringe ure sawle
 to heoveriche liȝte ! AMEN.

VI.

Hwan thu sixst on leode
 King that is wilful,
 And domes-mon nininde,
 Proest that is wilde,
 Bischop slou,
 Old mon lechur,
 ȝunch mon lieȝer,
 Wimmon schomeles,
 Child un-theand,
 Thral un-buxsum,
 Atheling britheling,
 Lond widhute laȝe,
 Al so seide Bede,
 Wo there theode !

VII.

HARKNED, alle gode men,
 and stille sitteth adun,
 And ich con wule tellen
 a lutel sermm.

Wel we witen alle,
 thag ich eou noȝt ne telle,
 Hu Adam ure vorme-fader
 adun vel into helle ;
 Schomeliche he vor-lef
 the blisse that he hedde,
 To ȝivernesse and prude
 none neode he nedde ;
 He nom then appel of the tre,
 that him for-bode was ;
 So reusful dede
 i-don never non nas.
 He made him into helle falle,
 And efter him his children alle.
 Ther he was fort ure drihte
 Hine bohte mid his mihte :
 He hine alesede mid his blode,
 That he scedde upon the rode ;
 To dethe he ȝef him for us alle,
 Tho we weren so stronge at-falle.
 Alle bae-biteres
 wendet to helle,
 Robberes and reveres,
 and the mon-quelle ;
 Lechurs and horlinges
 thider seulen wende,
 And ther heo seulen wunien
 evere buten ende.
 Alle theos false chepmen,
 the feond heom wule habbe.

Bachares and bruceres,
 for alle men heo gabbe ;
 Loȝe heo holdet hore galun,
 mid berme heo hine fulleth,
 And ever of the purse
 that selver heo tulleth.
 Bothe heo maketh feble
 heore bred and heore ale ;
 Habben heo that selver,
 ne tellet heo never tale.
 Godemen, for godes lufe,
 bi-leveth suche sunne ;
 For atten ende hit bi-nimeth
 heveriche wunne.
 Alle prestes wifes,
 ich wot heo beoth for-lore ;
 Thes persones, ich wene,
 ne beoth heo noȝt for-bore,
 Ne theos prude ȝunge-men
 that luvieth Malekin.
 And theos prude maidenes
 that luvieth Janekin.
 At chirche and at cheping
 hwanne heo to-gadere come,
 Heo runeth to-gaderes
 and speketh of derne lufe ;
 Hwenne heo to chirche cometh,
 to the haliday,
 Everuch wile his leof i-seon,

ther ȝeth he may.
 Heo bi-holdeth Wadekin
 mid swithe gled eye,
 Atom his hire pater noster
 bi-loken in hire teye.
 Masses and matines
 ne kepeth heo nouht.
 Robin wule Gilot
 leden to then ale,
 And sitten ther to-gederes,
 and tellen heore tale ;
 He mai quiten hire ale,
 and so then do that gome,
 An eve to go mid him
 ne thuchet hire no schome.
 Hire sire and hire dame
 threteth hire to bete ;
 Nule heo for-go Robin
 for al heore threte :
 Ever heo wile hire schere,
 ne com hire nomon neh.
 Fort that hire wombe
 up a-rise an leh.
 Godemen, for Godes lufe,
 bi-levehth coure sunne ;
 For aten ende hit bi-nimeth
 heveriche wanne.
 Bidde we sciinte Marie,
 for hire milde mode.

For the teres that heo wep,
for hire sone blode,
Al so wis so he god is,
for hire erndinge,
To the blisse of hevene,
he us alle bringe. AMEN.

FINIS.

THIRTEEN PSALMS,
ETC.

Thirteen Psalms

AND THE

FIRST CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTES,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

JOHN CROKE,

IN THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.

WITH OTHER DOCUMENTS, RELATING TO
THE CROKE FAMILY.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XIIV.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE circumstances under which the present tract appears, are of a very painful nature. The MS. from which the Psalms are printed, was purchased for Sir Alexander Croke, at the sale of the late Mr. Craven Ord, and the transcription and preparation of the little volume for publication by the Percy Society, may be said to have been the last literary act of Sir Alexander's life : for although he lived to receive the first proof, yet it arrived on the very day on which he was first confined to his bed, and within a week the amiable and accomplished editor was no more ! It will however be grateful to the members of the Percy Society to know, that their acceptance of his offering was an event that gave him the most lively satisfaction ; and it is only to be regretted that the volume, as it now appears, had not the benefit of his own accurate eye and varied and extensive information. A few dates and memoranda of the person to whom we owe this number of the Society's publications, may not here be out of place nor unacceptable.

Sir Alexander Croke was descended from an old and highly honourable family, originally (as will be seen in another part of this volume) of the name of Le Blount, but changed, during the reign of King Henry the Fourth, to that of Croke, which has, from that period, been continued by the various branches of this ancient house.*

Sir Alexander, the son of a father of both his names, was born July 22, 1758, at Aylesbury. His mother was Anne, daughter of the Rev. Robert Armistead, rector of Ellesborough in Buckinghamshire. He was educated at a private school, at Bierton, in that county, by the vicar, Mr. Shaw, himself an excellent scholar, and the father and early instructor of two sons, equally distinguished for their diversified dispositions and acquirements in after life: the learned, and jocose, and high-spirited † Dr. Shaw, of Magdalene College, Oxford, editor of *Apollonius Rhodius*,—and the no less learned, but diffident and gentle Dr.

* Sir Alexander was proud of the antiquity and nobility of his ancestors; but nothing gave him greater delight than the knowledge, recently obtained, of an affinity between the Croke family and that of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, through their common ancestors the Caves and the Hambdens.

† “Vale, O dulcis, facete, simplex, fortis, sapiens!”

Inscription on Dr. Shaw's Monument in Magdalene College Chapel, by Dr. Routh.

Shaw, of the British Museum ; the latter better known, perhaps, to the present age, as the author of *British Zoology*, and of whom an acute and eminent, and not usually very complimentary, critic, Dr. Parr, is said to have affirmed, that “he wrote the best Latin of any man since the time of Erasmus.”

With such companions did Sir Alexander pass his earlier years ; and he has left a pleasing and honourable testimony to the value he himself placed on these his school-boy days : “The years which I passed at Bierton, I always looked back to as some of the happiest days of my existence. I there acquired a general love for literature and science, which has been a never-failing source of amusement during the whole of my life.”

In 1775, he was matriculated as a gentleman commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, and went to reside in the university in the following year. He remained there nearly five years, his father dying in the interval ; and thus becoming his own master, he has often confessed to the writer of these notices, that his academical career was not such as to give him any great satisfaction in the retrospect. This is now mentioned, because no man more thoroughly redeemed his lost time, nor more sincerely regretted the extravagances of his youth-

ful days, than did Sir Alexander Croke in after-life.

Having, during his residence in the university, entered at the Inner Temple, he took up his residence there in 1780; and it would seem that during the time passed in London, he improved, by a more diligent study of ancient as well as modern writers, the learning he had previously gained at school and in the university. It will be readily acknowledged by all who knew him, that his acquirements in almost every branch of literature were as accurate as they were extensive; add to which, he was gifted with a very retentive memory, and possessed the valuable faculty of communicating his ideas with clearness and perspicuity, and at the same time in the most forcible and appropriate language. The readiness of his wit, and the facility with which he expressed himself in verse, were also equally remarkable.

In 1786, he was called to the bar as a member of the Inner Temple; and it may be added, that he became a bencher of that society in 1823, was elected reader in 1829, and served the honourable office of treasurer in 1830.

Upon leaving residence in the university, he removed his name from the college books, but replaced it about the year 1794, when from motives of prudence, and a desire no longer to

lead a life, which though it could not be called idle, was yet scarcely to be considered as positively active, he resolved to adopt the law as a profession; and with this view he recommenced his legal studies, intending to become an advocate in Doctor's Commons. Having, in 1796, united himself to a lady, whose beauty was as universally acknowledged at the time, as her sound sense, integrity of principle, and amiability of disposition were afterwards known and appreciated, he had another inducement for exertion; and accordingly, after taking the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Civil Law, he was, at the accustomed time, admitted to the Commons. Here he very soon attracted the notice of Sir William Scott, with whom he had been previously acquainted at Oxford, and, after a short interval, he was selected by that eminent civilian, to report an important judgment delivered by himself, in a case relative to the marriage of illegitimate minors. To this report Dr. Croke prefixed a very masterly essay on the theory and history of laws relating to illegitimate children, and to the encouragement of marriage in general.

The publication of this report soon brought the author into notice, and practice quickly followed fame. In 1798, he was requested by the government to answer an attack made upon the proceedings in the Court of Admiralty, with respect to

neutral nations, by M. Schlegel, a Danish lawyer of some eminence. This Dr. Croke performed in a manner which obtained the unqualified approbation of those most competent to express an opinion upon so abstruse a subject; and it is most probable that it was the immediate cause of an offer made to him, soon after the publication of his Reply, to become a judge in one of the Vice-Admiralty Courts in America, a post for which his line of study and forensic practice rendered him peculiarly eligible. Having the option of the several stations of Jamaica, Martinique, or Halifax, in Nova Scotia, Dr. Croke made choice of the latter, and repaired thither at the close of 1801. With the exception of a short absence in England in 1810, he remained at Halifax in the active discharge of his official duties, which were as various as they were important, till 1815, when he finally returned to England, and having received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the Prince Regent in 1816, as a testimony of the royal approbation of his services, he retired to his seat at Studley Priory, where, in the bosom of his family, and in the society of his friends and neighbours, he passed the remainder of a long life in the enjoyment of much of literary leisure, and every other rational recreation, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He died,

after a few days' illness, on the night of the 27th of December 1842, in his eighty-fifth year, leaving a widow, two sons (George and John), and two daughters (Adelaide and Anne), to lament him.

The loss of Sir Alexander Croke was a severe one to those with whom he associated. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he was a cheerful companion, easy of access, and hospitable to every one. Well informed on a variety of subjects, and not unwilling to communicate what he knew, his conversation was agreeable and instructive; and as he delighted in the society of literary and scientific men, his proximity to the university enabled him to hold frequent intercourse with those whose pursuits were in accordance with his own; an advantage he well knew how to appreciate, and of which he availed himself to within a very short period before his death. He was an excellent public speaker, and never failed to seize, with great adroitness, the facts and arguments that were most suited to the occasion; nor did he spare those who were opposed to him; for he was quick to discern any weak point in the statement or reasoning of his antagonist, and, although no person ever heard him say an ill-natured thing, he was never at a loss to reply to and confute an adversary.

In politics, Sir Alexander Croke was a Conserv-

ative of the old school; and he has left upon record an avowal of his sentiments, which will be read with higher interest now that he is no more. His *Patriot Queen*, written and published after he had attained to fourscore years of age, will show how extensive was his knowledge of English history, how just his estimate of the several political parties, past and present, and how sound his views of the part befitting the ruler of so mighty and powerful a nation as Great Britain. This pamphlet, although it was not so extensively known as it deserved, would, even now, well repay perusal, and reflects high credit on the author.

Sir Alexander was not only a varied and voluminous writer, but he was an accomplished artist. Many of his sketches of scenes in Nova Scotia have been spoken of in high terms by those whose praise would be in itself a sufficient commendation; and there are some paintings at Studley Priory, which obtained the unqualified approval of Mr. West, the late venerable President of the Royal Academy. His etchings also exhibit much of artistical talent, and will be highly valued hereafter by collectors, for the impressions taken from the plates were too limited to supply even his own immediate friends.

We shall conclude this brief sketch with a list of Sir Alexander Croke's works :

1. The Possibility and Advantages of Draining and Enclosing Otmoor. Lond. 1787.
2. Report of the Case of *Horner v. Liddiard*: with an Introductory Essay. Lond. 1800.
3. Remarks on Mr. Sehlegel's Work upon the Visitation of Neutral Vessels under Convoy. Lond. 1801.
4. Statutes of the University of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Halifax, 1802.
5. An Examination of the Rev. Mr. Burke's Letter of Instruction to the Catholic Missionaries of Nova Scotia. Halifax, 1804. (Published under the name of Robert Stanser, but written by Sir A. C.)
6. The Catechism of the Church of England, with Passages from the Confession of Faith, and the Larger and Shorter Catechisms of the Church of Scotland. Halifax, 1813.
7. Letters on the Respective Merits of the Bell and Lancasterian Systems of Education. Printed in the Halifax Papers.
8. Reports of Cases decided by Alexander Croke in the Court of Vice-Admiralty at Halifax. Lond. 1814. (Published by James Stewart, from the notes of Dr. Croke.)
9. An Answer to the Swedish Memorial, addressed to Lord Castlereagh, by the Baron Rehausen. Lond. 1814. (Published as an Appendix to Croke's Reports.)
10. The Genealogical History of the Croke Family, 2 vols. Oxford, 1823. Of this very valuable Collection one hundred and fifty copies only were printed.
11. An Essay, with various Specimens, on Rhyming Latin Verses. Oxford, 1828.
12. Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum, with an Introduction and Notes. Oxford, 1830.

13. *The Case of Otmoor, with the Moor Orders.* Oxford, 1831.
14. *Plain Truths: Five Letters addressed to the Members of the Conservative Association of Oxford.* Originally published in a Provincial Paper; afterwards collected and printed at Oxford, 1837.
15. *The Patriot Queen.* Lond. 1838.
16. *The Progress of Idolatry, a Poem: with other Poems,* 2 vols. Oxford, 1841.
17. *An Essay on the Consolato del Mare, an ancient Code of Maritime Law.* Prepared for the press, but it is doubtful if ever printed.
18. *Certain Psalms translated by John Croke, one of the Six Clerks in Chancery.*

P. B.

Oxford,

Nov. 1st. 1843.

THIRTEEN PSALMS,

AND THE
FIRST CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTES,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, AT THE REQUEST OF HIS
WIFE, BY JOHN CROKE, IN THE REIGN OF HENRY
THE EIGHTH : FROM THE VULGATE.

MEMOIR OF JOHN CROKE, ESQUIRE, BY SIR ALEXANDER CROKE.
JOHN CROKE'S REPORT UPON THE ESTATE
OF THE CHANCERY.

HIS WILL.

ACCOUNT OF THE CHANGE OF NAME
FROM LE BLOUNT TO CROKE.

A BOKE OF CERTEN CHOSEN PSALMES,
TRANSLATED INTO YNGLYSHE METER,
BY JOHN CROKE, ESQUYER, MY FATHIER,
WHIEN HE WAS ONE OF THE SIX
CLARKES OF THE CHAUNCERY. *

Hos mea me conuinx psalmos Prudentia fecit
Vertere : nec tedet suusum Virtutis amore.

TRANSLATED IN THE TYME OF K. H. THE 8.*

* These notes are in the handwriting of Sir John Croke, father to Sir John and Sir George, the two judges. *Virtutis amore*, is the motto of the coat of arms of the family.

LIST OF THE PSALMS.

6. Domine ne
32. Beati quorum
38. Domine ne in furore
51. Miserere mei Deus
102. Domine exaudi
130. De profundis
143. Domine exaudi
 Gloria Patri
19. Cæli enarrant
13. Usque quo Domine
43. Judica me Deus
139. Domine probasti
91. Qui habitat
31. In te Domine speravi
 Only to the 6th verse inclusive.
 The first chapter of Ecclesiastes.
-

The numbers are those of our translation, but in the Vulgate to psalm 9 is added our 10th, and not numbered separately—From the 9th therefore our psalms are one before the Vulgate; thus 31 of the Vulgate is 32 of ours.

PSALMS.

PSALM VI.

Dnē ne in furore.

LORDE holde thy hande yn thy great rage :
Stryke me not after my desert,
Nor yn thy wrath ley to my charge
The faultes founde yn my syufule hert.

Miserere mei.

Haue mercy Lorde vppon the weake,
My body feble and lowe brought,
I trymble as my bones wold breake,
When thy stroke cūmeth yn my thought.

Et anima mea.

And yet my sowle is trobled more
With vanyties, with thought, and cure,*
And with temptacions to sore ;
O Lorde, how longe shall this endure ?

* Cure, from *cura*, care.

Conuertere.

Turne to me, Lorde, and haue respecte
 Vnto thyne accustomed grace,
 And save my sowle so farre abiecte.
 To mende my lyfe geve me sūme space.

Quoniam non est.

For I am sure, amonge the deade
 Ther is no calling on thy name ;
 In hell who can holde vp his heade,
 To geve prayse worthy to thy fame ?

Laboravi in gemitu.

My synfull lyfe I do lament :
 Every nyght when I shuld slepe,
 My bed with tears is over sprent,
 Myne hert doeth brayde* the sighes depe.

Turbatus est.

Myne ies wax dyme, my sight doeth faile,
 And yet my trobles done encrease,
 For fear of foes. I may bewaile
 My chaunce for that they never cease.

Discedite a me.

Yet boldly trustyng yn thyne ayde,
 I sey, goo backe you enmyes all,
 For God woll heare what shalbe saide,
 My wepyng voyce doeth on hym call.

* Brayde, break out.

Exaudiuit Dñs.

My sute is heard, there is no doubt,
 And granted to, I dare well saye:
 Cause is, how that is brought aboute,
 God gave good eare when I dyd praye.

Erubescant.

Therfor my foes may turne and falle,
 And not without reproche and blame:
 So let my mortall ennyes all
 Quykly be gone, and go with shame.

PSALM XXXII.

Beati quorum.

Blessed be they that may obteyne
 Of their yniquyties releace,
 Whose synnes beñ hid, likewise, agayne
 May sey, is blessed and yn peace.

Beatus vir.

Blessed is he that God woll not
 Impute to hym his synfulnes:
 And in whose spryte there is no blot,
 Of fraude, or of deceitfulnes.

Quoniam tacui.

Though I do seme to hold my peace,
 Speakyng no worde, as it is thought,
 I howle, I crye, and do not cease;
 At length my strength is brought to nought.

Quoniam die.

For day and nyght, thy myghty hande
 Is leide oñ me full greuously,
 So that my strength cannot withstande,
 This thorne doeth pryk so paynefully.

Delictum meum.

Therefore my syn I woll declare
 To the, O Lord, and shew my grefe:
 Myne yniustice I woll not spare
 To tell, and truste yn thy relefe.

Dixi confitebor.

I sey I woll confesse the truthe,
 Vnto the Lorde, of myne offense:
 Vppon me then thou wolt take ruthe,*
 And with my faults clerely dispense.

Pro hac orabit.

And for like cause, all feithfull men
 Woll praye to the for thy behest,

* ruthe, compassion.

In tyme of nede, for helpe, and theñ
They shall obteyne all their request.

Verumtamen.

To such the surges cannot ryse
Of worldly waves, to change their chere,
If they had powre so to devise,
They shuld not dare to cūme so nere.

Tu es refugium.

For refuge, Lorde, I rūne to the,
And there I fynde it even at hande :
For thou doest both delyner me,
And loolest me out of my bande.

Intellectum.

And he doeth sey, I woll the teache,
And geve the wit my way to cast :
Kepe that way strayte, and make no breache,
Myne ies on the I woll set fast.

Nolite fieri.

Ye may not be lyke horse or mule,
That hath no wit nor perfecte sense :
Nor lyve like beastes, that knowe no rewle,
For that they lacke yntelligence.

In cano.

Bynde fast their iawes vp to the racke,
And brydell theym, that beastes wol be :

Pryk theym forward that woll drawe bak,
And woll not learne to drawe to the.

Multa flagella.

Great paynes for such prepare he must,
The sūme of theym cannot be founde,
But those that yn the Lorde woll trust,
His mercy shall envyrond rounde.

Letamini.

Now joye yn God that such grace sent
To make you good, and gave you space,
And all that ben of pure entent,
Reioyce agayne for his great grace.



PSALM XXXVIII.

Domine ne.

Lorde, yn thy rage, for myne offense,
Wherof to the I am detecte,
Reprove me not, voide of defense,
Nor yn thyne anger me correcte.

Quoniam sagitte.

Thyne arrows sharp none can w^tstande,
For they yn me so much the more
Ben fyxed, that thy hevy hande
Thou havest uppon me leide so sore.

Non est sanitas.

I haue no health yn flesshe, nor brest,
 Thy wrath doeth so vpon me freat,
 And, in my bones, I fynde no rest,
 Bycause my synnes do shew so great.

Quoniam iniquitates.

For myne yniquyties do go
 Beyonde the compasse of my head:
 They presse me downe and burdon so,
 As it were a great weight of lead.

Putruerunt.

Myne old sores do breake out agayn,
 And are corrupte and putrefie,
 Bycause the daungier of the blayne,*
 My folyshnes coulde not espie.

Miser factus.

I am made feble like a wretch,
 Extremely coked, backe and bone:
 The depe sighes from the hert I fetch,
 Syttyng withyn all daye alone.

Quoniam lumbi.

With illusions rounde aboute,
 My loynes ben full, and weak withall;
 And though my fleshe seme faire woute,
 There is yn it no health at all.

* Blayne, a sore.

Afflictus sum.

I am tormented without rest,
 And am brought lowe with ynward smert,
 So that I rored lyke a best,
 For the great sorowe of myne hert.

Domine ante te.

O Lorde, to the all my desyre
 It is well knowen, for thou doest se
 My wofull hert; lo, my retyre,
 And waylyng, is not hyd from the.

Cor meum.

Myne hert is doū without recure,
 I am so trobled day and nyght,
 My strength no lenger can endure,
 Myne ies also haue lost their light.

Amici mei.

For my more grefe, those I did thynke
 Had ben my frends, and neighbours good,
 Drewe nere to wayte how I shuld shrynke,
 And without cause agaynst me stoode.

Et qui iuxta.

And such as I did favour most,
 Stoode ferthest fro me at my nede,
 And with great force, crakyng, and bost,
 They sought to haue my lyfe with spede.

Et qui inquirebant.

To seke my hurt allways they wolde,
 With vayne words fyrst they did assaye.
 And then to trap me, yf they coulede,
 They studied wiles all the longe daye.

Ego autem.

Lyke as a man were deafe become,
 Me thought it best to gyve none eare ;
 I shewde my selfe, as I were dōme,
 And kept full close my mowth for feare.

Et factus sum.

I stode as one that hearde no more,
 Then doeth a stone, but let theym vaunt :
 When they rebuked me so sore,
 I wold not render taunt for taunt.

Quoniam in te.

For I haue put my trust yn the,
 O Lorde, to whom I me betake ;
 Wherfor thou wolt delyuer me,
 My Lorde, my God, for thyne owne sake.

Quia dixi.

And I complayne, how that my foes,
 On me tryumphe, nowe beyng weake,
 And when I slyde, both hele and toes,
 Then stowtly they of me do speake.

Ego autem in flagella.

I am so poyuted to be set,
 In all the plages that can be sought ;
 That I my sorowe cannot let.
 To be still yn my sight and thought.

Quoniam iniquitatem.

For myne yniquyties I se,
 Thies sorows cūme : this I confesse,
 I woll bethynke me what may be,
 That may my synfull lyfe redresse.

Inimici autem.

In this meane tyme, my braynes did beat,
 To se myne ennyes growe so stronge ;
 And those yn nombre wax so great,
 That hated me of their owne wrouge.

Qui retribuunt.

They that did render evill for good,
 With open mowth and fowle araye,
 Detracted me, as they were wood,
 Bycause I folowed the good waye.

Ne derelinquas me.

Now that thou seest how I do stande,
 O Lorde, staye me, that I ne fall ;
 Forsake me not, but be at hande,
 And shewe thy selfe when I shall call.

Intende in adiutorium.

Vnto my helpe haue sune regarde,
 For yn the resteth all my wealthe ;
 And comfort me with thy rewarde,
 O Lorde, the God of all my health.

PSALM LI.

Miserere mei Deus.

All myghty God, Lorde eternall.
 Whose propertie is to forgeve ;
 For thy great mercy I do call.
 And to obteyne I do byleve.

Et secundum.

My syn is great, thy mercie more,
 An heape, a multitude, I sey,
 Of mercies ben with the yn store,
 Put therfor cleane my syn awaye.

Amplius laua me.

Wasshe of my syn with water clere,
 That stilleth downe from thy pytie,
 In ample wise, while I lyve here,
 Clense me of myne yniquytie.

Quoniam iniquitatem.

For I confesse, and it is so,
 That I haue synned dyversly ;
 Where so ever I syt or go
 My syn is obiecte to myne eye.

Tibi soli peccaui.

I haue offended the alone,
 And haue done evill yn thy presence ;
 Just is thy worde, high is thy trone,
 Victorious is thy sentence.

Ecce enim in.

Beholde how that I am compacte,
 And fyrste begoten, all yn syn ;
 My mother so with synfull acte
 Conceyved me withyn her skyn.

Ecce enim veritatem.

Loo, this is trewe, and truth with the
 Belouyd is: Thus of thy grace
 Thou hast shewed partely vnto me
 Of thy wisdom the secrete place.

Asperges me.

With isop, bitter tears I meane,
 Sprynkell me ofte, my faultes to knowe ;
 Then if that thou wolt wasshe me cleane,
 I shal be whiter then the snowe.

Auditui meo.

Vnto myne ears, withyn short space,
 Of ioye or blysse shall cūme the choyse,
 The bones that bowed to the for grace,
 Shall yn thy mercy then reioyce.

Auerte faciem tuam.

Turne fro my synnes thy face awaye,
 For they woll shame me if thou loke,
 And therfor, Lorde, I the do praye,
 Put my mys dedes out of thy boke.

Cor mundum creca.

Myne herte of nature filthy is,
 A pure herte now yn me make new :
 Refourme the spryte that doeth amys,
 And the right spryte yn me renew.

Ne proijcias me.

Lyke an abiecte let not me be,
 Cast from thy face and favoure to,
 Thy holy spryte take not fro me,
 That shuld teach me what I shuld do.

Redde mihi.

Make me glad that doeth mourne so longe,
 Put of my siknes with thy health,
 And with that good spryte, make me stronge,
 That is the grounde of all oure wealth.

Docbo iniquos.

And then thy wayes I shalbe mete
 To teach theym, that those wold pervert,
 And such as holde that syn is swete,
 By myne example shall converte.

Libera me.

Lorde God of all my health the flowre,
 Graunt that I nother slee, nor kyll,
 And my tonge shall both daye and houre,
 Dewly exalte thy iustice styll.

Domine labia.

Open my lippes first to confesse
 My syn conceyued ynwardly ;
 And my mowth after shall expresse,
 Thy lawde and prayses owtwardly.

Quoniam si.

If I shuld offer for my syn
 Or sacrifice do vnto the,
 Of beast or fowle, I shuld begyn,
 To stier thy wrath more towards me.

Sacrificiū Deo.

Offer we must for sacrifice
 A trobled mynde, with sorows smert,
 Can thou refuse? nay, nor despise
 The humble and the contryte hert.

Benigne fac.

To vs of Syon that ben borne,
 If thou thy favoure wolt renewe ;
 The broken sowle, the temple torne,
 The walles, and all, shalbe made newe.

Tunc acceptabis.

The sacrifice then shall we make
 Of iustice and of pure entent,
 And all thyng els thou wolt well take,
 That we shall offer or present.

PSALM CII.

Domine exaudi.

Mercifull Lorde, my prayer heare,
 Graunt it as thou art gracious ;
 And let ascende vp to thyne eare,
 My wofull voyce, and clamorous.

Non auertas.

Turne not asyde fro me thy face,
 When perplexitie doeth appere,
 But then without abode* or space,
 Bowe downe thyne ears, let theym drawe nere,

In quacumq. die.

And yu that day, I sey agayne,
 That I shall call vpon thy name :
 Full spedely let me obteyne
 Thy socoure, and perceyue the same.

* Abode, delay.

Quia defecerunt.

For like the smoke that some is gone,
 My dayes do vanysshe out of sight,
 My bones ben wasted, one by one,
 Lyke burnyng brands* they are yn plight.

Percussus sum.

I am mowde downe, like hey or wede,
 My witherd hert doeth wax so drye:
 Vnto my mowth, when I shuld fede,
 My fode doeth taste vnsauourly.

A voce gemitus.

My sap consumed is with thought,
 The voyce lamentyng this doeth tell:
 My bones seme broken all to nought,
 And can vnneth† cleave to the fell.‡

Similis factus.

Lyke to the pellicane that fowle,
 Which lyveth sole yn desert wide,
 Am I, and like the backe or owle,
 That lurketh yn an olde house syde.

Vigilavi, &c.

I wake full ofte, and seldome slepe,
 No frende draweth nere, I syt allowfe;

* Brands,—*cremium*, Vulgate.

+ Unneth, scarcely.

‡ Fell, skin.

Solytarye I do me kepe,
Lyke a sparrowe vnder the rowfe.

Tota die.

But for all this, my spitefull foes
Cease not to rayle, from day to day,
And they that me with tales wold glose,*
Agaynst me worke the worst they maye.

Quia cinerem.

This causeth me my breade to eate
As one doeth ashes, and, for thurst,
The drynke is skant, when yn my heate
Myne owne salt teares nedes drynke I must.

A facie ire.

Thy wrath doeth troble me full ofte,
And I do feare, and good cause why,
Lest thou havest lyfted me alofte,
That I shuld fall more grevously.

Dies mei sicut.

My dayes drawe downe to the pyttes brynke,
Lyke a shadowe awaye they rüne:
And so my selfe like hey doeth shrynke,
That drieth vp yn somers suñe.

* Glose, flatter.

Tu autem Dñe.

This comfort yet I take to me,
 How thou art God that cannot faile,
 Thyne acts ben knowen how great they be,
 Thyne entrepryse dyd neuer quayle.*

Tu exurgens.

Therfor nowe Lorde aryse at ones,
 And on Syon be mercyfull:
 The tyme doeth serve the for the nones,†
 To shew thy mercy bountyfull.

Quoniã placuerunt.

For ther is none that seeth the fall
 Of this thyne house, buylt here tofore,
 But that there at his hert woll pall,‡
 And he the chaunce woll pytie sore.

Et timebunt.

And all the strangers on the grownde,
 Woll feare, and geve prayse to thy name:
 And all the kynges that may be fownde
 To thy glory shall do the same.

Quia edificauit.

When thou hast buylt Syon agayne,
 Thyne howse, where thou wolt set thy seat,

* Quayle, fail or shrink. † Nones, occasion.

‡ Pall, faint.

Then as oure God there shalt thou reigne,
In maiestie and glorye great.

Respexit in oracōnem.

Then shall the prayers take effecte
Of such as humble theym to the :
Thow wolt despise none, nor reiecte,
Of what lande so ever he be.

Scribantur hec.

This shalbe wrytten of recorde,
And lefte to theym that be not borne,
That they likewise may prayse the Lorde,
As we do nowe, both even and morne.

Quia prospexit.

It shalbe seide, and tryed yn sight,
How he hath from his holy place,
Even from high heaven, loked downe right
Vppon the earthie, to shewe his grace.

Ut audiret.

How that he myght the gronynges heare,
Of such as ben yn pryson bownde :
And to loose theym that stande ya feare,
With dreadfull death to be confounde.

Vt annuunciet.

By this yn Syon shall the name
Of God, our Lorde, declared be :

And yn Jerusalem the same
Hys prayses set forthe yn degre.

In conueniendo.

And all the world, with one acorde,
Both high and lowe, thus shall it be :
Both kyng and pryuce vnto the Lorde
Shall render thanks, and bowe their kne.

Respondit ei.

But are this thyng doeth come to passe,
I feale my strength abated much :
I seme as one that neuer was,
My daies ben shorte, my tyme is such.

Ne reuocet me.

Yet eutt me not in the mydde waye,
Of my short dayes, which sone be gone :
Ther is no tyme can the decaye,
Thy yeres and dayes ben allwaies one.

Initio tu Dñe.

Byfore all tyme, the earth was wrought
By the, O Lorde, and thy great myght :
The heavens also, as with a thought,
Thou hast set vp with all their light.

Ipsi peribunt.

Yet they shall peryshe out of dowbte,
But thou art allweys permanent :

All other thynges shall, lyke a clowte,
Both weare and teare and all to rent.

Et sicut opertorium.

Thou mayst theym like a garment change.
And they must change ; obey, and bende :
Thou art thy selfe all one, thy range,
Thy course, thy yeres, shall knowe none ende.

Fili seruatorum tuorum.

For thy true seruandes yet provide,
And for their childerne place reserve,
Where they may dwell, with the their guyde,
And to thy selfe their seade preserue.

PSALM CXXX.

De profundis.

Plonged yn thoughts, with sighes depe,
O Lorde, to the I call, and crye ;
From the lowe earth, where I do crepe,
Let my pore voyce be hearde on high.

Fiant aures tue.

And let thy most pytyfull ears
Haue to my voyce compassion ;
Consydering the ynwarde tears
Of my wofull petition.

Si iniquitates.

For if thou wolt oure synnes beholde,
 And plage them with thy myghty hande,
 O Lorde, who then dare be so bolde
 The to abyde, or yet withstande.

Quia apud te.

But thou art allwaies mercyfull,
 And pitie reigneth yn thy place ;
 In hope therfore abide I wull,
 For thy lawes sake, that is of grace.

Sustinuit anima.

Thy worde is true, therefore I shall
 In hope abyde thy wyll to do :
 The Lorde is he that fourmed all,
 Whom that my sowle hath trust vnto.

A custodia matutina.

From mornyng watch I cownte it well
 Tyll nyght, tyll daye, how that we must
 In all this tyme, as Israel,
 Hope yn the Lorde, without mystrust.

Quia apud Dominum.

Mercy with God is bounteous :
 Wherfor he is, without distance,
 More redy to delyuer vs,
 Then we can praye delyuerance.

Et ipse redimet.

So Israel, and vs, and all,
 The other nacions extreme
 From oure offenses, great and small,
 He shall delyver, and redeme.

PSALM CXLIII.

Domine exaudi.

Hearre me, good Lorde, for nowe I praye,
 And let thyne ears perceyue my sute,
 In truthe heare me agayne, I saye,
 And yn thy iustice me condute.

Et non intres.

Spare thy iudgement to do me right,
 I feare me sore, so to be tryed:
 For no man lyuyng, yn thy sight,
 Can of hym selfe be iustified.

Quia persecutus est.

Myne enmye hath longe tyme pursued
 My wofull sowle, it to betraye:
 And onwarde hath my life subdued,
 And brought it lowe, downe yn the claye.

Collocavit me.

He hath appoynted me a place
 In darkenes, lyke as one were dead ;
 My spryte doth langwysht yn this case,
 With troblous thoughtes myne hert is fed.

Memor fui dierum.

In the old dayes, I not forgeat
 How for thy servantes thou havest wrought ;
 On all thy workes, and thy great feat,
 Done by thy handes, longe haue I thought.

Expandi manus.

For helpe to the, of helpers chief,
 I spread my hands ; releace my payne,
 My drye sowle gapyng for relief,
 Is like the earth that lacketh rayne.

Velociter exaudi me.

If that thou wolt, Lorde, me preserve,
 Heare me quykly for nowe is nede :
 Or els I am like for to sterve,
 My spryte doeth faile, therfor make spede.

Non auertas.

Turne not away fro me thy face,
 For if thou do, and me forsake,
 I shalbe such, as yn like case,
 Fall downe yn to the deadly lake.

Auditam fac.

Betyme therefore do me excuse,
 And let me heare of thy mercy ;
 All other helpe I cleane refuse,
 And put yn the my trust onely.

Notam fac mihi.

How I shall walke haue yn regarde,
 From foes make cleare the waye to me.
 For socours therefore, and safegarde,
 I haue lyfte vp my sowle to the.

Eripe me.

Save me, Lorde, fro myne ennyes all,
 From theym to the for helpe I fle :
 Teach me thy will, to the I call,
 Thou art my God, so must thou be.

Spiritus tuus.

I shalbe brought by thy good spryte,
 In to the lande where thou doest raigne :
 And for thyne owne name, and of right,
 Thou shalt restore my lyfe agayne.

Educes de tribulacione.

So shall my sowle delyuerd be,
 From all thies trobulls, by thy myght,
 For by thy mereye, shewde to me,
 Myne ennyes all ben put to flight.

Et perdes omnes.

And all ben cleane put out of place,
 That my sowle trobled, and ben fade:
 For that I thanke the, of thy grace
 Thou havest me nowe thy servant made.

Gloria patri.

GLORYE be to God all myghtye,
 To the father of myghtes most,*
 And to the sonne full of mercye,
 And also to the holy gost.

Sicut erat.

As it hath ben, and euer was,
 And shalbe styll, vnto hym kuyt, †
 By tyme and tymes, as they shall passe,
 And thus for ever. So be it.

PSALM XIX.

Celi enarrant.

The maiestie of God above,
 And his glorye, the heavens confesse:
 The firmament, that still doeth move,
 His handyworke doeth playne expresse.

* Myghts most, greatest powers. † Kuyt, quite, entirely.

Dies diei.

The daye doeth tell how tyme doeth passe,
 His worde hath wrought this purveyaunce :*
 The nyght that is, by it that was,
 Declareth his high ordynaunce.

Non sunt loquele.

There is no place of speach so dūme,
 Nor ears so dull, his workes ben such,
 But they may heare of whom they cūme,
 The voyce of theym doeth spread so much.

In omnem terram.

In all the earth, both far and wyde,
 The sounde of theym doeth stretch and go :
 Through the worlde, on every syde,
 The fame of theym doeth rune also.

In sole posuit.

His seat is set yn the sūne bright,
 That first doeth ryse with coloure red,
 Lyke as when passed is the nyght,
 The fresshe bryde grome doeth ryse from bed.

Exultauit vt gigas.

Lyke a lusty gyant, and stronge,
 Redy to runne for the best game :
 He setteth furth his course alonge
 The heaven, and doeth perfourme the same.

* Purveyaunce, providing.

Et occurſus eius.

So from the heighth his courſe doeth reach,
 Not ceaſſyng thither to returne :
 None to hyde hym can other teach,
 But with his heat he woll hym burne.

Lex Domini immaculata.

The lawe of God ymmaculate
 Conuerteth myndes, that ſwarve from truthē,
 His feithfull will, of perfectē date,
 Geveth wiſdom to the weake yongth.

Justicie Domini recte.

Of God the iuſtice is ſo ryght,
 That all hertes glad therwith may be :
 The precept of the Lorde ſo bryght.
 That it maketh blynde eyes to ſe.

Timor Domini sanctus.

The feare of God is ſanctified,
 And euermore it doeth endure ;
 His iudgementes true ben iuſtified,
 Even of theym ſelfe they are ſo ſure.

Desiderabilia.

More than gold deſirable,
 Or ſtones moſt precious to ſe,
 And more ſwete and delectable
 Then the honycombe of the be.

Justicie Domini recte.

Of God the iustice is so ryght,
 That all herts glad therwith may be ;
 The precept of the Lorde so bryght,
 That it maketh blynde iyes to se.

Timor Domini sanctus.

The fear of God is sanctified,
 And euermore it doeth endure ;
 His iudgements true ben iustified,
 Even of them selfe they are so sure.

Desiderabilia.

More then gold desirable,
 Or stones most precious to se,
 And more swete and delectable,
 Then the honycombe of the be.

Etenim seruus tuus.

Let not thy servant do amys,
 But observe them, both yong and olde ;
 For kepyng them thy promyse is,
 The rewarde shalbe manyfolde.

Delicta quis.

Secrete synnes who can vnderstande ?
 To the, O Lorde, nothyng is hid,
 Such close consents let me withstande,
 And be made cleare, and from them ryd.

Si mei non fuerint.

If they of me shal haue no powre,
 And I for mercy do entreat,
 I shalbe cleane as the wheat flowre
 From syn, be it never so great.

Et erunt et complacēāt.

To truthe my mowth I woll convert,
 My speach shall the then much delyte,
 The ynward thoughts of my close hert
 Shall evermore be yn thy sight.

Dominus adiutor.

Lorde, thou art all waies my helper,
 And so I nede not be afrayde,
 Thou art also my redemer,
 For that thou havest my raunsom paide.

PSALM XIII.

Usque quo Dñe.

How longe, Lorde, wolt thou me forget,
 Shall no helpe cumme vnto the ende?
 Thy face allwey thus wolt thou let
 Be turned froward? Lorde defende!

Quamdiu ponam.

How longe yn vayne my tyme shall wast?
 Now this, now that, musyng allwaye?

The sorowe that myne hert doeth taste,
 Encreaseth yn me daye by daye.

Usque quo exaltabitur.

How ferfurth shall my foo reioyce
 On me? to the I make my mone,
 Loke toward me, and heare my voyce,
 Thou art my Lorde and God alone.

Illumina oculos.

Clere thou mine iyes, so that I may
 Scape from the death, by thy great myght;
 Least that myne enmye prowdeley sey,
 I haue prevayled yn the fight.

Qui tribulant me.

How they tryumphe that wold me spill,
 When I am trobled lyke to dye,
 Yet let theym all sey what they wyll,
 I haue trusted yn thy mercy.

Exultauit cor meū.

And for that trust myne hert doeth sprynge,
 In hope of helpe, when I shall call;
 To thy name therfor I woll synge,
 And prayse the highest over all.

PSALM XLIII.

Judica me Deus.

Judge me Lorde, and discerne* my nede
 From thongodly ; and from that man,
 That gilefull is yn worde and dede,
 Delyver me as thou best can.

Quia tu es Deus.

For thou art God myne onely strength,
 Wherfor then doest thou me repell?
 Shall I passe furth thus sad at length,
 Both beat and scourged flesshe and fell.

Emitte lucem tuam.

Send furth thy light and truthe also,
 For thies ben they that must me guyde
 To se thy mount, and safe to go
 In to thy tabernacle wyde,

Et introibo.

Where I shall enter to the borde
 Of the great Lorde of myght and mayne,
 To God himselfe, I sey the worde,
 That shall revyve my yougth agayne.

Confitebor tibi.

I shall confesse the with my songe,
 And with the harpe, my Lorde, my God,

* Discerne, Vulgate, discerne de gente non sancta.

Why then my sowle thou must wax stronge,
And fear thou not for any rod.

Spera in Deo.

Plucke up thyne hert, and trust yn hym
That all hath made, for yet I sey,
Hym I confesse, for lyfe and lym,
He is the God we must obey.

PSALM CXXXIX.

Domine probasti me.

Lorde thou havest proved what I am,
And knowest what shall of me befall,
And when, from whens, and how I came,
Sit I, ryse I, thou doest knowe all.

Intellexisti.

My thoughts, byfore I can conceyve,
Thou doest well knowe and vnderstande ;
My trade, and walke, thou doest pereceyve,
My lyne of lyfe is yn thy hande.

Et omnes vias.

And all my wayes thou doest forsee,
Yea my softe speach, though it be weake,
My tonge can hide no worde from the,
Thou knowest my worde byfore I speake.

Ecce Dñe tu.

Lo thou doest knowe, both fyrst and last,
 And all thyngs wrought withyn that tyme ;
 Thy hande thou hast vppon me cast,
 And formede me of earthy slyme.

Mirabilis facta est.

Mervelously thou hast me wrought,
 To studye how my witts wold faile ;
 The workers worke is by his thought,
 To serch the cause wold not prevaile.

Quo ibo a spū tuo.

Now from thy spryte where shuld I flee ?
 If I wold hyde me for the nons,
 What shuld avayle I cannot se,
 Syns thou doest se all thyng at ons.

Si ascendero.

If I coulde in to heaven ascende,
 There fynde I the, or els no where :
 And if to hell I wold descende,
 I shuld perceyve that thou art there.

Si sumpsero.

If I had wyngs, or were so stowte
 To ruñe as faste as doeth the daye,
 Compassyng all the seas abowte,
 And there to dwell I wold assaye.

Etenim illuc.

Even thither me thy hande hath brought,
 And helde me fast I shuld not flyt:
 There safe I shulde be, as me thought,
 But thy great power doeth passe my wit.

Et dixi forsitan.

And then I seide, it may betyde,
 When nyght is come, and day is gone,
 In darkenes depe I may me hyde,
 But nyght and day to the ar one.

Quia tenebre.

Darknes can have no place at all
 Where thou art present, and the nyght
 Shall change his darke, and shyne wythall;
 The daye dyd never shyne so bryght.

Quia tu possedisti.

Where shuld I loke from the to flee?
 Syns backe and bone thou doest possede:
 My mothers wombe conceyved me,
 Thou brought me furth, that was thy dede.

Confitebor tibi.

I woll the prayse, and haue it tolde,
 That thou art to be magnyfiel
 In all thy works, which to beholde
 My mynde cannot be satisfied.

Non est occultatum.

There is in me no bone nor joynte
 So secrete set, but thou doest know
 Howe they stande, in every poynte,
 And yet the place is dark and lowe.

Imperfectum meum.

Are *J* was borne thyne eyes didde ken
 What thyng I was, and yn thy boke
 My dayes did wryt, how large they ben,
 When that on theym I could not loke.

Mihi autem.

Now therefore, Lorde, thy dere frends all
 Ben dere to me, as they were myne,
 Thou art their chiefteyne pryncipall,
 The comfort theyrs, the honoure thyne.

Dinuberabo eos.

How shuld I nombre all that flocke ?
 The sea-sand I might soner tell ;
 As they did ryse, I ryse and knocke,
 And wold be one with the to dwell.

Si occideris, Deus.

Lorde, if all synners thou wolt spyll,
 More grevous then I knowe thou art
 Agaynst blind shedders* that woll kyll,
 I say to theym fro me departe.

* Shadders of bloud.

Quia dicitis.

Your thoughts be naught, your wordes ben wurse.
 Your acts do shewe furth your deceyte ;
 Your vayne attempts your cyties curse,
 You stande to stowte yn your conceyte.

Nonne qui oderunt te.

Haue not I hated all that sorte
 That haue not had regarde to the ?
 Thyne enmyes those I may reporte,
 With whom at one I woll not be.

Perfecto odio.

But pursue them with ynwarde hate,
 Bycause thy lawes they do forsake :
 I wolbe styll with theyme at bate,
 And for myne enmyes woll them take.

Proba me, Deus.

Prove me, my God, thou knowest my mynde,
 Myne hert and all, at all assayes :
 Without great seekyng thou canst fynde
 All my whole trade*, and all my wayes.

Et vide si via.

And if thou se me treade the trace
 Of synfull lyfe, without delaye,
 Byfore I tempte the, yn that case,
 I besече the leade me awaye.

* Trade, way of life.

PSALM XCI.

Qui habitat.

He that woll seke a place for rest,
 Trustyng the highest for his guyde,
 In God of heaven, which is the best
 Proteccion, he shall abyde.

Dicet Domino.

And then boldly thus he may sey,
 Now, Lorde, to the I me betake ;
 Thou art my refuge, God, allwaye,
 I trust thou wolt not me forsake.

Quoniam ipse.

For why, he hath delyverd me
 From those that wolde me apprehende
 By trap and gyn, it woll not be,
 Their threatnyngs shall nothyng offende.

Scapulis suis.

With his shouldders he woll the bear,
 And shadowe the yn tyme of nede,
 His wyngs shall cloke thee from all fear,
 Thy trust hath made the thus to spede.

Scuto circūdabit te.

His truthe shall compasse the abowte
 With a good shielde, for thy defense,
 Daye nor nyght thou shalt not dowbte,
 To be afrayde of such pretense.

A sagitta volante.

The arrowe fleyng feare thou not,
 Nor thyngs that vse yn the dead houre
 Of nyght to walke; for well I wot
 The devill hym selfe shalhaue no powre.

Cadent a latere.

Here a thowsande shall fall to grounde,
 And there shall fall ten thowsande mo;
 And if they wolde byset the rounde,
 They shall not cūme so nere thereto.

Veruntamen.

Lo, thus agaynst thyne enmyes all,
 How God doeth worke thyne eyes shall see;
 And what rewarde shall theym befall,
 And punyshment, that synners be.

Quoniam tu es.

Thy hope is cause thou mayst well thynke,
 That God hath done this of his grace;
 Trust therefore styll, and do not shrynke,
 Thy helpe is yn the highest place.

Non accedet.

If thou do thus, thou mayst be sure,
 There is no hurt may cūme to the,
 Syns God hath take on hym thy cure,
 From all plags safe thy house shalbe.

Angelis suis.

He hath commaunded, that at hande,
His angells shall vppon the wayte ;
At all tymes where thou go or stande,
To kepe thee from all hurtefull bayte.

In manibus.

They shalbe redy the to staye
From stomblyng, if one of his hate,
Byfore the logge or stone wold ley,
His purpose shall cūme all to late.

Super aspidem.

Vppon the adder thou mayst tread,
The basilyske shall the obey,
The lyon and the dragon lead
Thou shalt, and make theym both to stey.

Quoniam in me.

For bycause, seith the Lorde, that he
Hath trusted me, and kept my worde,
And knowen my name eterne to be,
I woll defende hym from the sworde.

Clamauit ad me.

When he shall call I woll hym heare,
And presently I woll not let
To make hym safe from care and feare,
And yn high honoure hym to set.

Longitudine dierum.

He shall lyve longe prosperously,
 Vntill that he be brought to grave:
 My saluacion, then, that I
 For hym prepared, he shal haue.

PSALM XXXI.

In te, Domine, speravi.

O Lorde, yn the is all my trust,
 Wherfor I hope I shall not be
 Confounded, nor leaſte yn the duſt:
 Thy iuſtice ſhall delyver me.

Inclina ad me aurem.

For I woll call, and never ceaſe,
 Vntill thyne eare thou do encline,
 And graunt that I may reſte yn peace:
 Make haſte to helpe, for I am thyne.

Eſto mihi in Deum.

Thou art my God, I do confeſſe,
 My ſocoure alſo, and deſenſe,
 Myne howſe of ſtrength, and ſtronge fortreſſe,
 Save me when I ſhall flyt from henſe.

Quoniam fortitudo mea.

I haue none other ſtrength but the,
 Nor other refuge yn my nede;

When yn thy name I shall passe fre,
Then with great ioye thou wolt me fede.

Educes me de laqueo.

Out of the snare thou shalt me brynge,
That pryvely for me was layde,
Lyke a protectoure, yn all thyng
At all tymes ready with thyne ayde.

In manus tuas, Dñe.

Into thy handes my fearfull spryte
I do cōmende, and yelde to the:
It is thyne owne, O Lorde. of right,
For deare thou havest redemed me.

THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ECCLESIASTES.

ECCLESIASTES Salomon

Son of David, that worthy kyng,
Doeth teach vs, and doeth grounde vppon,
That vanytie is yn all thyng,
From vanytie vanyties sprynge :
This yn his boke affirmeth he,
That all thyng is but vanytie.

For what hath man for all his payne,
Vppon the earth, vnder the sone,
But thyngs of nought, or litle gayne,
He passeth furth, his course is rone,
One doeth succede, his thread is sponne.
Nothing can stande yn one degre,
Excepte the earth that cannot fle.

In the mornyng the sone doeth ryse,
And towards nyght downe doeth he go,
Makyng his course, that in like wise
The nexte daye he may sprynge also :
The wynde likewise blowth to and fro
Now sowth now north, though he go rounde,
Yet to hymselfe he woll rebownde.

All fludds yn to the sea descende,
 Yet nothyng higher doeth it swell,
 And from the sea waters ascende
 To fall agayne where they dyd dwell ;
 The right cause how no man can tell :
 Of all thyngs ells, both high and lowe,
 The causes are diffuse to know.

The iye is never satisfied
 With sight of thies varieties :
 From this to that the iye doeth glyde,
 The eare hath much like properties :
 For sownds haue their dyversities,
 Summe lowde, summe lowe, summe great, summe small,
 Yet woll the eare receyve them all.
 The thyngs that haue ben longe tyme past,
 Shall yn like sorte be newe begone :
 And what thyng hath ben done at last,
 Shalbe agayne as it was done :
 Nothyng is newe vnder the sone :
 Who can affirme this to be trewe,
 And sey, beholde this thyng is newe ?

Truthe is byfore vs the same thyng,
 Was seen, and done, and nowe forgote :
 Tydyngs therof no man can brynge :
 Of thyngs to cūme so may ye note
 There shall remayne of theym no iote.
 Men may well seeke, they shall not fynde,
 For they shalbe cleane owt of mynde.

J, the same Ecclesiastes,
 In Jerusalem reignyng kyng,
 Applied my mynde, with longe proces,
 To knowe the causes of all thyng,
 Vnder the sone that hath beyng.
 Such travaile God doeth sende to man,
 To studie on, geat what he can.

There is nothyng vnder the sone,
 But that J haue considred well :
 Nought fynde I but vexacion
 Of spryte and mynde, therefore J tell
 That all thyngs of vanyte smell.
 The frowarde J cannot perswade,
 There be such nombre yn that trade.*

J to my selfe seid in this wise :
 Lo J am brought to high estate,
 And haue founde owt, by my devise,
 More wisdom than hath ben of late ;
 And may compare J had no mate
 Byfore me, kyng in Jsrael,
 In wisdom knowleage and counsell.

For J haue had experience,
 As by such sute as J haue made,
 I knowe wisdom from negligence,

* trade, way of life.

And how they varie in their trade ;
 And if in errors J did wade,
 It was to knowe where they were sown,
 That therby wisdome myght be knowen.

This studie doth not satisfie,
 But rather vexeth hert and mynde.
 Who studieth to be wise, sey J,
 More then is nede, is more then blynde,
 For this displeasure shall he fynde :
 The more knowlege he doeth attayne,
 The more shall that put hym to payne.

Finis capⁱ p^t.

MEMOIR OF JOHN CROKE, ESQUIRE.

JOHN Croke, esquire, the author of these translations, was descended from an ancient and illustrious family, originally named Le Blount. His ancestors were Counts of Guisnes in Picardy, and derived their pedigree from Sigefrede, a Danish prince, cousin to Canute the Great, who landed and took possession of that territory, about the year 965, like Rollo, and other Scandinavian adventurers.

Sir Robert Le Blount, and Sir William Le Blount, came over to England with William the Conqueror, Robert was dux navium militarium, or commander of the ships of war ; and William was general of the foot. The high stations they held, and the great rewards which they received, are testimonies of their merit. In Domesday book, Robert possesses thirteen lordships in Sussex, and one in Middlesex, and he was Baron of Icksworth. William had seven lordships in Lincolnshire. One branch of the family was called to the House of Lords by writ, as Barons of Belton, in the reign of Edward the First.

Sir Thomas Le Blount, with his cousin Nicholas, engaged deeply in the conspiracy which was formed in 1400, to replace Richard the Second upon his throne,

which was usurped, and himself imprisoned, by Henry the Fourth. Their designs were defeated. Sir Thomas Le Blount was taken prisoner, and put to death with great barbarity, and his estates and honours confiscated. Nicholas Le Blount, with several others, made their escape, and, by the way of Paris, went into Italy, and entered into the military service of Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan, in his war with the emperor Robert. In the decisive battle of Brescia, the English by their bravery contributed to the defeat of the Imperialists, and the Emperor and all his army were driven out of Italy. For these, and other services, they received splendid rewards from the magnificent Duke of Milan.

In 1404, Nicholas and his friends returned to England. To avoid the persecution of Henry, they all changed their names: Le Blount took that of Croke, and with the riches he had acquired in Italy, purchased an estate at Easington, in the parish of Chilton in Buckinghamshire. Master Croke was his great grandson. The year of his birth does not appear. He was in the profession of the law, and obtained many important offices in Chancery. He appears first as one of the six clerks, namely in 1522, the fourteenth year of Henry the Eighth, when he joined in a petition to Parliament that they should be permitted to marry, which passed into a statute. In 1529, the Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, directed Mr. Croke to make a docket of all injunctions granted, that he might remedy the great delay of causes depending in his Court. In 1529, he

was appointed Controller and Supervisor of the Hanaper. In 1534, he was made Clerk of the Inrollments. He was perhaps made a Serjeant-at-Law in 1546. In 1547, the second year of Edward the Sixth, he was elected member of Parliament for Chippenham. Being much in favour with the king, in 1549 he was appointed one of the masters in Chancery. From these translations of the psalms, it appears that he was an early friend to the Reformation.

There is extant a report by him, in 1554, upon the estate of the court of Chancery, in which are some curious particulars of the manners of the olden times. It is well known that the original patronage of the Chancellor to livings, was limited to those of *twenty marks*, or under, and has since been extended to *twenty pounds*. To Blackstone, bishop Gibson, and other ecclesiastical antiquaries, how this enlarged patronage was obtained, did not appear. By Master Croke's report, it is proved that it was first usurped by Cardinal Wolsey. And as he was one of the six clerks at that time, of course he knew it from his own knowledge.

Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of Trinity College in Oxford, was originally destined for the profession of the law, and his earliest preferments were in that department, as Clerk of the Briefs in the Star-Chamber, and Clerk of the Crown in Chancery. He was under the tuition of Mr. Croke, and he testified his remembrance and affection by his will in 1556, in which is a bequest of "his black satin gown, faced with Lucerne spots, to his old master's son, Master Croke." Lu-

cerne was the spotted fur of a Russian animal. In such a gown he was painted by Hans Holben, and in all his portraits.

He availed himself of the privilege granted to the six clerks, and about the year 1529, or earlier, he married Prudentia, third daughter of Richard Cave, Esquire, of Staunton-upon-Avon in Northamptonshire, of ancient family, and sister to Sir Thomas Cave, and to Sir Ambrose Cave, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, of the Privy Council to Queen Elizabeth, and an intimate friend of Lord Burleigh, the ancestor of the present baronets, and of the learned Doctor Cave.

Master Croke was very rich. His property arose from three sources: the munificence of the Duke of Milan, the marriage of Nicholas Le Blount with Agnes Haynes, a Berkshire heiress, and the emoluments of his offices. As to those of one of the six clerks, in the reign of Charles the First, the sum of six thousand pounds was paid to the Earl of Portland for procuring a man that appointment. The office of a Master of the Chancery was of great rank and emolument. In the reign of Richard the Second, a complaint was exhibited against them in Parliament, "that they were overfatte, both in boddie and purse, and over well found in their benefices, and put the king to verry great cost more then needed."

With this wealth, in 1529, he purchased the estate and manor of Chilton, in which parish was Easington, where his ancestors had settled. On the suppression

of the monasteries in the same year, he bought the manor of Canon court in Chilton, which had belonged to Notley Abbey, and an estate at Merlake, and a house in Chancery-Lane, the property of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1539 he purchased the Priory of Studley. In 1545 he had a grant of the Manor of Senclers, and the Rectory of Stone, in Buckinghamshire. Besides his new-built house at Chilton, he resided at a house and garden in Fleet Street, called the Charyate, which he purchased.

He died on the second day of September, 1554, and is buried at Chilton, in a chapel adjoining the chancel, still the burying-place of the family.

His monument is a flat stone in the pavement, with this inscription in black letter, on brass fillets.

AT THE HEAD :

Sit gravis hic somnus tamen ipse resurgere sperat,
Marmoreo clausus Crocus in hoc tumulo.

AT THE FEET :

Qui timent Dominum speraverunt in Domino.
Adjutor eorum et protector eorum est.

ROUND THE SIDES :

Here lyeth buried John Croke the eadler, suntyme one of the six Clerkys of the Kyngys Courte of the Chauncery and afterwards (one of) the Maisters of the said Chauncery, (which John) departed the second day of September, in the yere of our Lorde God, M.CCCCL.III.*

* For a full account of Master Croke and his family, and the authorities, see the Genealogical History of the Croke family, originally named Le Blount, by Sir Alexander Croke; 2 vols. 4to. Oxford, for Murray and Parker, 1823.

The coat of arms, a fesse between six martlets, with a crescent of difference. It is not known whether he left any children besides Sir John Croke.

The Manuscript of these translations is a square book of parchment, three inches and three-quarters in height, by two inches and three-quarters in breadth, bound in blue Turkey, pannelled with gold lines, and acorns at the sides, the leaves gilt. It was originally tied with blue strings, and consists of forty written leaves and seven blank. The places of the first words of each psalm are left blank, for the purpose of being illuminated, as was usual in manuscripts. This neat book was most probably written in his own hand, and the very copy presented by him to his wife Prudentia.

The dedication to her may be thus translated:

To turn these psalms to English verse, enjoined
 By my much valued wife, Prudentia hight,
 Love, stationed in the virtues of her mind,
 My pen directed, and the task was light.

The translation, apparently from the Vulgate, was made before the year 1547, when Henry the Eighth died, and consequently before that of Sternhold, of which the first fifty-one psalms were first printed in 1549, and the whole in 1562. It was prior likewise to the translations of Surrey and Wyat, and any others that are known. It would otherwise have been unnecessary.

This translation is better than Sternhold's. It is more literal; there are fewer expletives to cke out a

verse; the lines run smoother, and the first and third lines rhyme, which the others do not, and which shews a greater facility of versification. The chapter of Ecclesiastes is more finished, and is a sort of Spenserian stanza.

A. C.

ORDINANCES

EXPLAINED BY MR. CROKE, 1554, UPON THE ESTATE
OF THE CHANCERY COURTE.

IN the old orders of the Chancery, it is found theis necessary officers and ministers have bene admitted to write to the seal ; videlt.

The Clarke of the Crowne.

The Prothonotary.

The XII Masters of the Chauncery, in which number the Mr. of the Rolls is one, and the Prothonotary is another.

The VI Clarkes, beinge attorneys onely in the Chauncery, and writinge in the Mr. of the Rolls his name.

The III Clarkes of the Petty Bagge, writing in the Mr. of the Rolls name, and the two Examiners, writing in the Mr. of the Rolles name.

One other, the Mr. of the Rolles Clarke in his household.

There were XII Bowgiers of old tyme, of which number the Clarke of the Crowne was one and chief. Every of them might have a Clarke at his finding.

Twelve Curcisters, every one to write in his owne name, and of old tyme with his owne hand ; but of late it hath bene suffred and licensed unto some of them to bring up a Clarke to write to the seal.

Likewise there were III or IIII Clarkes of the Almonry at meate and drinke in the Lo. Chancelor's house, which for their diett served the poore suiters with pens without fee.

Theis bene all the officers and ministers that of old tyme did use to write to the Great Seal, saveinge that the Clarke of the Crowne, the six Clarkes, and the Clerkes of the Pety Bagg, were never stinted to any number of Clarkes for ii causes. One was for and in consideration of bringing up of youth, and the other more special for the redy dispatch of the Kinges business and his subjects.

The Lord Chauncelor hath his diett out of the hanaper towards such charges as he is and was wont to be at, of which charges some be now out of use, as to have in Terme tyme such M^{rs}. of the Chauncery as would come to his house, to be at his table, and a Chauncery table in the hall for their Clarkes.

All kinde of comissions and confirmations of treaty betwene Prince and Prince, and all consultations, belonge to the Prothonotary onely to make.

The guifte of benefice of the King's patronage, of xxlb. and under, be in the distribucon of the Lord Chauncellor, the old rate xxtie marks; but because the Cardinall, being Lord Channcelor, did present, in the King's name, his Clarks to Benefices of twenty pounds by year, all Lord Chauncelors since have done likewise and soe may doe justly, because they have the office in tam amplis modo et forma.

The M^{rs} of the Chauncery may make all kinds of patents, commissions, and writts (except such as belongeth to the Prothonotary, the Clarke of the Crowne, the vi Clarkes, and Petty Bagge) and all other common proces, except such as belonged to the Crowne, and they made all writts of supersedeas onely

they may take oathes in all cases in the Chauncery, in cases there dependinge, or proces ysueing; also take knowledge of deeds, and recognisances, and examine exemplificacions, and confirmacons.

Bowgiers might write as before, and examine exemplificacions, and confirmacons, but neither take oathes or knowledges, nor make superseds.

Cureisters, and all other Clarks may write as before, except superseds.

All M^{rs}. of the Chauncery bene admitted and sworne by the Lord Chauncellor onely.

The vi Clarks, the Clarks of the Pety Bagg, the ii Examiners, and the Crier, bene admitted by the M^r. of the Rolles onely. The Bowgiers, and the Cursitors be admitted by the Master of the Rolles onely.

The proces that bene before excepted, that the M^{rs}. of the Chauncery, nor any other but the proper officers may make, be theis, viz: All Commissions and proees of the Crowne, and generally all proces that toucheth eyther life or member, doth belong to the Clarke of the Crowne to make, and to none other, as Comissens of Peace, Comissions of Oyer and Terminer, Circuits and Gaole Delivery, and all writts of Appeale of murder, felony, rape, mayme, and such other.

All kinds of proces whereof Record must be made in the Rolls by way of inrollm^t or taking out of any inrollment and constat and exempⁿ. shall be made by the vi Clarks, or the Clark of the Petty Bagge, and writts of diem clausit extremum, mandamus, melius inquirendum que plura, scir. fa. uppon lrs patents, recognisance, or other records, and such like. These

proces bene indifferent to be made eyther by the vi Clarks, or the Clark of the Petty Bagge, the examyners and the M^{rs}. of the Rolls' clarke having recourse to the records may make the same.

All patents for Sheriffes and Escheators, and all kindes of proces that is awarded in the Courte after the suite commeneed, and Attachm^{ts}. Compulsaries, Injunctions, Comissions to examine witnesses, writts of Procedend, and of execucons upon judgements, and such like, should be made by the six Clarks onely, and commissions for subsidie, relief, disme, and such other, to be made by the six Clarks, and also the writts of Parliament.

The six Clarks have the inrollm^t of all l^{res}. patents made by any of the Chauncery (except it be by the Clarks of the Petty Bagge) in the term tyme, and out of the terme, soe long as they keepe commons together and the Lorde Chauncellor lye at London, Westm^r., Lambeth, or the suberbes of London, and doe seale there. Yf the Lord Chauncelor in the term tyme seale at any other place then in London, Westm^r. or within the suberbes of London, then the riding Clark hath onely the inrollement. And after the terme, and commons broken, the riding Clark hath in some places the enrollement of all patents made by any of the Court, except the residue of the vi Clerks and Pety Bagge w^{ch}. have their owne inrollments in that tyme and place.

All Owstre le Maynes, Monstrans de Droit, Petitions of Right, Restituecons, Liveries, Speciall and General writts of Dower, Elegit, Levar. fac. Liberates upon execucon of the Statute for Debts, Customers. Alua-

gers, Gaigers, Searchers, Controllers of Custome, and generally all such proces where the Mr. of the Rolles hath a fee, belong to the Pety Bagge to make, excepte Sheriffes, and Escheators, and finable writts.

The Pety Bagge must inrolle the Comissions of Subsidy, Reliefe, and such other, and also the writts of Parliament, and make the same.

The Clarke of the Crowne, the Clark of the Hanaper, and the Ridinge Clark, have allowance for their chambers and diett in the Lorde Chancelor's house, for themselves or their deputies, one Clark, and one horse-keeper a peace; the Sergeant-at-Armes, and one servant; the sealer and the chafer of waxe; and all theis except the Clark of the Hanaper, have allowance for their horses when the Lord Chauncelor doth jorney, and not otherwise. The Clarke of the Hanaper hath his allowance for horse meat in resl. patents.

From the Lansdowne MSS. No. 163, fol. 141, recto. corrected by another copy in Hargrave's MSS. No. 249, page 180.

I believe a Bowgier was a person who had an allowance of provisions. Bowge, or budge, from the French bouche, was such an allowance in old language. The French have the old expression avoir bouche à la cour, to have a maintenance at court. There is an indenture between Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwyke, and John Russel, in which the former, amongst other things grants John to have Bouche au Cour pur lui mesme, un Chamberlein et un Garson, provendre et ferrure pur trois Chivaulx. *Blount's Law Dictionary, sub voce Bouche of Court.*

THE WILL OF JOHN CROKE ESQUIRE.

IN the name of God, Amen. the xi day of June, in the yere of our Lord God a thousand, fyve hundreth, fiftie and fower: and in the firste yere of the reigne of our sovereign Lady Quene Mary: I John Croke, of Chilton, th' Elder, make my testament and last will in this wise followinge. First, I bequeath my soule unto Almightye Godd, and my bodie to the erthe to be buried in Christian burial. I bequeath to every of my servants men and women, a blacke livery, at seven or eight shillinges the yarde: the men to have coates, and the women gownes, as speedily after my decease as may be provided. And I bequeath to Thomas Springe fortie shillinges: to Oswald thre pounds: to Smewyn fortie shillinges: to Stephen fortie shillinges: to Meade fortie shillinges: to Arthuse fortie shillinges: to Henry Chilton fortie shillinges: to Henry the Bruer fortie shillinges: and to Francis fortie shillinges. I bequeath to Byrdesey twentie shillinges: to the miller twentie shillinges: to Hawkyns twentie shillinges: to Thomas the carter twentie shillings: to John Chapman twentie shillinges: to Alyanor Adys fortie shillinges: to Sibill fortie shillinges: to Amye twenty shillinges: to Johan Lovell twenty shillinges: to Alliee twenty

shillings: To Johan Maygott tenne shillings: I bequeath to John Coventree thre pounce six shillings eight pence, and a black gown at tene shillings the yarde: and to Sir Rauffe fortie shillings; and a black gowne of tenne shillings the yarde: and to Migell twentie shillings: I bequeath to Jack twentie shepe: and to Robyn twentie shepe, and keping for them in Adingrove, or ells where sufficientlie, so long as they shall contynue in service with my sonne, and my daughter, or at their bestowinge. I bequeath to Roger, the boye in my kitchen, twentie shillings: and to Alexander xx^s. and to Norrice xx^s.: I bequeath to Anne Hunt tenne powndes: and to my cousen Anne Mason thre pounce six shillings eight pence: and to her sister Wise fortie shillings: and to Prudence Mason that fyve pounce which my wife willed unto her, and xxxiii^s. iii^d. of my bequest besides: and to Mystris Conysby twentie shillings: and to Prudence Edwardes £ii. vi^s. viii^d. to her marriage. I bequeath to Anne Lee a tablett of golde, with a pommaunder in it. I will and bequeath to Anne Hunt, besides her annuity of twentie six shillings eight pence by the yeare, thirtene shillings fower pence by the yere: to be taken and received of the rentes of my howses in Flete-street at London, during her life. Also I will and bequeath to Oswalde, my Butler, twentie shillings by yere during his lyfe, to be taken of the same rentes; also to Smewyn, twentie shillings by yeare, to be taken of the same rentes during his lyfe. And also to my cosin Thomas Ashwell fortie shillings by yere,

during his lyfe to be taken of the same rentes. Also I geve unto the same Thomas Asshwell the best of my geldinges that he will chose, after my executour hath first chosen out twain for himself. I give to Sir George Gifforde a signet of gold, with a blue stone, and the best of my gownes that he will chose. Also I bequeath to John Croke my some, and to Elizabeth his wiffe, my ferme of Addingrove: to have to them and to their assignes, for so many yeres as they and eyther of them shall lyve, enduring the term and lease of the said ferme: and after their deceases, I give and bequeath the residue of yeres of the said ferme then to come and of the lease of the same, to the heirs of the bodie of the said John, my soonne, lawfully begotten: and for lack of such issue, to the right heirs of me John Croke, th' elder. Also I geve and bequeath to every of my godchildren, in Chilton, and Esendon, five shillings a peece: and to Thomas Golde, the Attorney of the Common Place, eight poundes, in satisfaction for the cropp at Hayes that was in variance between him and me, and never yet dyscussed: yt contayned by estimation xii acres of wheate and rye newly sowen. Also I bequeath to the poore people of Bekeley, Studley, and Horton, fortie shillings; and to the pore people of thies townes following, (that is to say) to Borstall twentie shillings: to Oakeley twentie shillings: to Brill fortie shillings: to Ludgarsall twenty shillings: to Dorton twentie shillings: to Wotton twentie shillings: to Asshendon and Pollicott twentie shillings: to Neather Wynchendon twentie

shillings: to Cherdesley twentie shillings: to Cren-
don twentie shillings: to Shobyndon twentie shil-
linges: to Ikford twenty shillings: to Wornall twen-
tie shillings: to Chilton and Esinden twentie shillings.
Also I give and bequeath to yonge Ciceley Croke my
chain of golde, contayning in lyncks the number of a
148, and also my late wyffe's wedding ring. Also I
give and bequeath to my olde companyons, the fellow-
shipp of the six clarks, tenne pounds: to be bestowed
by them in manner and forme following, that is to say,
tenne marks thereof upon such thinges as they shall
thynk moste necessary for their house; and fyve marks
residue uppon a convenyent dynner; whereunto I will
require them to call Sir Richard Reade, the Clarks of
the Petie Bagge, th' examiners, and the Register. I
give unto Maister Leder my hope of golde. And of
this my last will and testament, I ordeyn and make
John Croke, my son, my executour, to whom I will
and geve all the residue of my goodes not before be-
queathed. In witness whereof I have subscribed this
my last will and testament, and sett to my seale, the
day and year above written. Per me Johannem
Croke. Robert Keylway, Edward Unton, Ciceley
Unton, J. Coventre.

ACCOUNT OF THE CHANGE OF NAME
FROM LE BLOUNT TO CROKE.

From a copy temp. Car. I., found amongst the papers of SIR
WILLIAM DUGDALE, communicated in 1824 by
Mr. Hamper of Birmingham.

[THE Croke family was originally named Le Blount, and changed its name in the reign of Henry IV., 1404. The account of this event is contained in two original documents. The first is a contemporary history of it, written by John Carrington, a party in the transactions which occasioned it, preserved by Sir William Dugdale, and alluded to in his Baronage; the other has been preserved in the Croke family. Nicholas le Blount was great grandfather to John Croke, who translated the Psalms.]

This historical discourse, wth the arms depicted in the margents of the petigree of the Caringtons of the North parts of England, is truely coppied from two other: the one in the custody of W^m. Smith, of Cressing Temple, Com. Essex, Esq^{re}., certified under the hand of Sir W^m. Dethick, kn^t. Garter, th'other wth Sir Chas. Smith of Wootten and Ashbye, in the countyes of Warwick, and Leicester, kn^t., under the hand of Robert Cooke, Clarenceulx, and W^m Smith Rongedragon. [A.D. 1577.]

JOHN CARINGTON, younger brother of Edm^d. C. and second and younger sonne of S^r Tho^s. C., was nurtered up by Sir Tho^s. Nevile, in the tyme of his youngth in Gascoyne, and when he was a man hem serving King Rychard in those cuntryes hentall hem was nere twenty-six yeares ould, and about thike season, hem hearing tidings how his brother deceased was, and eke that he had hem made executor, he sped him into England, and in a while after, hem becommen King Rychard's servant, and serven him, hentall Henry of Lancaster comen was over sea out of Britayne, whome eftsome gathered to hem a stronge power of men, and hasted him agaynst King Rychard, and tooke him p'soner in a castle in Wales, and brought him p'soner to London, and maden himself king. Albeit so in a while after, the Earle of Huntington, the Earle of Salisbury, and the Earle of Kent, and eke the Lord Spencer, and many moe knights, esquires, and eke yeomen, followen hym, for the love they bearen to her leige lord, King Rychard, and for cause many of hem weren his servants, did wth a stronge power, speaden hem in all hast agaynst Henry of Lancaster, whome now cleped was kinge, and was eke at the ilke same season at the castle of Windsore, where they hopen to take hem, and to set at lardge theyre naturall leige lord King Rychard. But Henry of Lancaster anone beinge hereof aware, and forwarned by one Myles Hubberd, a false yeoman, and an unthriftye, of the Earle of Kent, whome over even cowerdlye

wounded a fellowe of his, and on the morrowe rade* forsaken the Earles, and flyen to Henry of Lancaster and ded him forewarne, how thilk lords comyng woren wth her powers to slayen him. Whereof King Henry of Lancaster, being aware, hem taken horse in all hast, wth such folke as at thilk season mought maken hem areadye, and sped hem anone to London. But right so whene the lords wth theyre powers comen weren to thilk castell, them found King Henry of Lancaster wth all his folk escaped, and flyen to London. So now hem being out of all hope to overtaken him, hem wth theyre powers, turned thilkself night to Colbrooke, where the lords gathered to them theyre counsells to bene advised what should hem behoulfe to done. So as all night, and eke the morrowe, there were many letters indited, and many esquires and yomen sent into sundry countries to raise men for King Richard. At whilke season John Carington nigh of lineage to the Earle of Salisburye, and eke another esq^{re} that hight Rob^t Arden, servant eke to King Richard, wth an yeoman of the Earle of Huntington's, that hight Willia^m Loucey, woren sent into Dorsetshire, and eke into Wiltshire, to rayse knights, esquires, and other folke, of thilke cuntryes, that were frends of King Rychard; whoo, whilen theye were there doing the behests of the ylke lords for love of King Rychard, hem woren forewarned in secret to sheften for hemselfes, for cause certes the lords, and most of hes powers woren slayne

* rade, early?

and taken prisoners. On w^{ch} tydings they in great dread rode all that even and night, toward the sea-coast, and on the morrowe rade there comen were to a towne standing fast on the sea-coast, ycliped Poole, where, after they had refreshed themselves, they founden a small shipp of Britayne, that bounded was to St. Mallos, in Britayne. Into w^{ch} ship, wth all her goods, they had then gotten hem, leaveing six horses and one man, behind hem, and the second daye hem arrived at St. Mallos, where abiding a few dayes, they sped them to Paris in France, where in a while after, tydings comen were to King Charles of France, that King Richard, thilk had wedden his daughter Isabell, was muredred and dead, w^{ch} tourned King Charles to so mickle discontent, that wth wroth and radge, hem fallen nigh wood. And when John Carington, and Robt. Arden, did understand that her leige lord was murdered, and eke that many her frindes and kyn weren cruellye slayne, hem abiding in Paris were twelves monethes after, hentall tidings comen were to King Charles of France, that John Gallius Viscount, Duke of Millen, in Italye, soughten both farre and nere to get Englishmen and Gascones, and eke other strange nations, to serven him in his warres agaynst the emperour that there y called was Robert, promising hem great wage and solarie. On w^{ch} tydings, John Carington, and Robt. Arden, wth in a while after, tooke hem to Millin, in Italie, where bene arrived hem founden William Northburie, and Robert* Blunt, and Robt. Bricket the sonne, and many

* It was Nicholas le Blount.

moe Englishmen, and Gascons, and eke other strange nations, that thether comen wore in hope of solarie. Where all they serven Duke Galias in many stronge townes and castells, hentall Duke Gallias had tydings that thylke Emperor Robert, wth a mighty host of Germaines, and eke other strange nations comen wore into Italie agaynst hem, gatheren all his powers together in one mighty host, purposing to give the ilke Emperour battaile at his coming, w^{ch} shortly after hem did, nere to a greate lake or maire twenty [miles] fro the city of Millen, in w^{ch} feild the emperors forward, and eke all the remnant of his host, weren in great mischeife and distress, and had them all overthrowe, had not thilke same night wth mightye tempest and thunder drawn on, but natheles many weren slayne and moe taken prisoners. Albeit so the emperour thilke night, wth all the remnant of his host, wthouten deyen touned hem back in great dread toward a great towne in the ilke waye to Germanye, that hight Trent, where hem saved hemselfe, and eke the remnant of his folke out of Duke Galias danger. And in this foughten feild, Robert Arden and John Carington token a prisoner, that was a Dutch esquire, neare of lineage of the Bussshop of Cullen, and chefe of office of his household, whome payd to hem in six weekes, eight hundred Dutch Reynsgilders for his ransome. But after this feyld, thyk Emperour Robert abiding in Italie nigh foure monethes, during w^{ch} season hem ded but small annoyance to Duke Galias. And so with mickle shame and lose touned

hem back agayne into Germanye wth his people. Now John Carington and Rob^t Arden did abiden in service wth Duke Galias, under an earl thilk cleped was Alberico, who had the guidance of the dukes hoste, w^{ch} Counte Alberico did vanquish a great man that cleped was Ventivolco, and all his host, and ded great slaughter on his people, and chased hem, and his power, to a great citee that cleped is Bolonia, whereof Ventivolco was lord, and the bene beseiged in his citee, and shortly after he and his citee taken weren, and spoyled by Counte Alberico and his host, w^{ch} was to hem and his host great profit. But shortly after, tydens comen to Earle Aberico, that Duke Galias, his lord, deceased was, w^{ch} turned the earle and eke his host to great sadness, so as the earle on his tidings wth all spede yan wth his host to tourne back towards the ilk citee of Millin. When hem comen was in fifteene dayes after, all strangers, Englishmen, and Gascoigns, and other strange nations, weren well payde her wage and salarye, wth liberty eke to goen where hem lesten. But John Carington and Rob^t Arden tooken her way out of Italie in Burgony, minding to gone unto Henaulde, and into those countrys neare unto the sea side to England, there to herken tydings out of England. But it befallen when hem commenge wore to a great towne in Burgony called Bizanson, where they wened to abode thre dayes to rest their horses, but even thilke same night, after her comen thither, Rob^t Arden fallen in a grevous maladye, of a bruoose as hem thought he had itaken

by a fall of his horse upon the great mountaynes ecleped Alpes, w^{ch} maladie grew so stronge on hem that sixteene dayes after hem dyen, and was buried by John Carington helpe in the Grey Fryers Church in ilke same citty; after whose decease buriall diridge, John Carington wth heavy chere tooke his waye towards Heynaulde, where being comen he aboden longe heare, and in Brebant, and eke in other lands thereabout, and lived hardly on that he had wonne in Italye, and thilke that Rob^t Arden bequeathed hem at his decease, and oft lodged in monasteries w^{ch} was to him great succor, and coulden never heare at all thilke season any such tydings as hem motten ne durst goen into England, hentall at length it betiden that two friers comen out of England and eke going were to Rome, whome for certes geven hem to witten, that one W^m. Curson, a yonger sonne of a knight cleped Sir John Curson, was and eke had bene Abbott of St. Ooses in Essex a yeare and moe, w^{ch} tidings was to him great joye for cause this abbott was a sonne of his fathers sister cleped Ellyn, sometime wif of S^r John Curson, both whom weren deceased longe beforen. But John Carington bethought hem howe he mowten get him into England wthouten perill, for he hard oft saying of King Henry of Lancaster was full fell and cruell to alle whome had trespassed hem agaynst. Natheless hem thought better to make venture then to live in trall, in want. He therefore gotten hem out of Henauld to Amsterdam, a citty in Holland, and chaunged his name, and called himself John Smyth,

that he mowten by thilke name every where avoyden suspect and perill when he mowten comen be into England, and eke to servant token a yonge man, and a tall, thilk hight W^m. Burgin, borne at Newcastle in the North, whom he had founden in Holland in evell plight and araye. And in a while after shipt themselves in a shipp of a towne cleped Ipeswiche, and on the second day after, on a Friday, hem landed fast by Ipswiche, An^o. Dⁿⁱ. 1404. And on the morrow hem rode towards St. Ooses, where being comen, he offered hemselſe to thilk abbott, whome had nigh forgotten hem, for cause this abbott had never hem seene ere, but only at Reading Abbey, where thilke Abbott was then a monke, at what tyme John Carington comen out of Gascony. But natheles when thilk Abbott talked wth him in seereat, he eftsome understood of his streene and lineage, and deed him greatly welcome and cherishe, and eke hem warne not to discernen whome he was, but liven soberly and secrett for dread of King Henry's cruelty, and not long after ded on hem bestowe mickle benefits, and did him after advance to wedlocke, mickle to his content, and eke never fallen hem in hes mede, but purchased hem, and indowed him wth fayre lands and livehoode, or five years worn wende about, so mickle he ded hem love and like.

Et hec supra fuerunt scripta ppria manu ejusdem Johis Carington. Et relata et relicta uxori ejus nomine Milicenta paulu ante qua obiit.

AN ACC^T HOW Y^E FAMILY OF Y^E BLOUNTS
 IN WARWICKSHIRE CHANGED Y^R
 NAMES INTO CROKE.

JOHN Carrington, secondⁱ son of Sr Tho. Carrington, was brought up by Sr John Nevill, in Gascony, where he served Rich^d. 2nd to twenty-five years of age. His eldest bro^r being dead, he came into England, and served Rich. II. there, until Henry of Lancaster caught him in Wales, brought him to London, and from thence to Windsore Castle, where the Earle of Huntingdon, John Holland, and Tho. Holland, Earl of Kent, John Montacute, E. of Sarum, y^e Dukes of Surrey, and Exeter, and Aumarle, y^e Lord Spencer, &c., thought to have set him at liberty, and have destroyed Henry D. of Lancaster. But Miles Hobart, a servant of the E. of Kent, discovered the whole plot to Henry D. of Lancaster, who thereupon left the castle of Windsor, fled to London, wth Rich^d. y^e Second. The L^{ds} following hard after, and out of hopes to overtake him, returned to Colebrook, and sent letters into all parts by y^s John Carrington, Rich^d. Atwick, Rob^t Newborough, W^m. Lindsey, &c. to let y^m understand y^e truth of matters. And Wm. Fitz-Williams, a younger son of John Fitzwilliams, of Emly Ebor, and Captⁿ Blont

of Warwickshire, having called out each of them a good party of stout horsemen, they scouted out so far as Brentford, near w^{ch} place they met wth a strong party of Henry Lancaster's, namely 160, worsted them, and brought away many prisoners, of w^m, and of some friends living on the road, they had true information of Henry of Lancaster's resolution, and speedily by those faithfull and valiant capt^{ns} came newes of their great danger by H. of Lancaster; hereupon they called a counsell of war, presently ab^t 12 at night, and ordered the comon soldiers to betake themselves each to his owne home, and so many as would to go to certain sea-ports, where they should have shipping to pass them into France. Most of the chieftanes fled to Poole, and in a small ship bound for St. Malo, from Brittain, they there arrived, and thence to Paris. And so tydings came to King Charles of France y^t King Richard, who had wedded his daughter Isabell als Ann, was murderd. Carrington, Atwick, Newborough, Lindsey, Fitzwilliams, Blont, and other commanders, wth many English soldiers, got y^m into Italy, where they served the Duke of Millan, against the emperour, and in y^e fight bet y^m, wth in twenty miles of Millanni; y^e English being put upon the hardest service, did give such an onset on y^e Imperialists, y^t they were routed and put to flight. Carrington and Newborough took prisoners an Esq^r. of kin to y^e Bishop of Collen, had of him in six weeks a great sum for his ransom; (the rest were taken prisoners). The emperor being overthrown, left Millayn wth shame. The English

continued in Millan wth great credit, and got great rewards of y^e duke for their service.

Carrington, Newborough, Blont, Fitzwilliams, and other comanders, continued there from 1399, y^e year they left England, to 1404: and they had y^r chieftane under y^e Duke of Millayn, an earl, called Alberico, y^e duke's general. Galias, y^e Duke of Millayn, being dead, y^e Earle Alberico greived at y^e English, disbanded y^m and let y^m goe where they pleased. For y^e young duke, a milksop, made peace wth y^e emperor, tho' at a dear rate; and J. Carrington, and y^e rest of y^e English, left Italy, and got into Burgundy, minding to get into Hanault, so to y^e sea-side to England. But being come to Bizanson, there Rob^t Newborough fell sick, and being much bruised by a fall from his horse, dyed, and was buried by John Carrington and y^r rest, in y^e Grey Fryer Ch. in that city; and thence they passed to Hanault, and so into Brabant, and lived upon w^t they had gotten. Newborough bequeathed the greatest part of his riches to his friend John Carrington. They being in Hanault were much releived in y^e Monasterie, and at length met wth two fryars come from England, who told Carrington, y^t William, a younger son of S^r John Curson, was an abbot. Now the abbot was a son of his father, Carrington's eldest sister, wife of Sir John Curson, but he and y^e rest fearing to return bec. Henry of Lancaster was cruell to all y^t had taken part agst. him, they therefore, in order to get a more safe passage, further changed y^r names, and so ventured, and got to Amsterdam; John Carrington calling himself

Smith, Fitzwilliams made his name English, and Blont changed his name to Croke, &c. And thus they called each other; and were bound for England. Carrington, or Smith, took a servant called W^m. Bureyn, as y^e rest also did, and being thus attended, went into a ship of Ipswich, near w^{ch} place they landed in 1404. Carrington on y^e morrow rid to St. Neses, where he presented himself to the abbot, who had forgot him, the abbot having never seen him but once, namely, at Reading Abby, where the abbot was yⁿ a monk. However y^e abbot was glad to see him, and did privately keep him, and bestowed on him mickle benefits, advanced him to wedlock, and endowed him with fair lands.

Henry y^e Fourth being dead, 1413, they boldly adventured abroad to see each other, and having procured their peace, they purchased lands. Carrington, or Smith, was settled in Essex, was very healthy, scarce ever sick, til his last sickness of which he dyed, 1446, aged 72, and was buryed in Reinshall ch. yard, erected by himself.

Blont, or Croke, lived most in Bucks at a place called Essendon. His friends Carrington, and Fitzwilliams, &c. visited him, and had mickle mirth together.

Thomas le Blont, a knight of Warwickshire, Ed. I. bare for his arms, geules, a fesse bet. six martlets argent, &c.

Nicholas le Blont, of Warwickshire, lived 35 of

Edw. III., and had Nicholas le Blont, who lived in Rich^d y^e Second's time, and bare the same armes, &c. and coat of armes y^e Crokes bare at y^s day.

THE END.



AN
Historiall Expostulation :

AGAINST

THE BEASTLYE ABUSERS, BOTH OF CHYRURGERIE
AND PHYSYKE, IN OURE TYME :

WITH

A goodlye Doctrine and Instruction,

NECESSARYE TO BE MARKED AND FOLOWED,
OF ALL TRUE CHIRURGIENS :

BY

JOHN HALLE,

CHYRURGYEN.

EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following tract is appended to a rare work which forms one of the earliest English books in surgery. It is a translation of Lanfranc's "Chirurgia Parva," by John Hall, surgeon. Of the translator little is known. There are no biographical notices of him beyond those which can be gathered from his writings, and from these we learn that he was a surgeon in practice at Maidstone, in Kent, and a "member of the worshipful Company of Chirurgeons." He addresses his book to the members of that body, for protection, as well as to call upon them to unite with him in his endeavours to put down empiricism, and to advance the knowledge of surgeons in general. He appears to have been a man of strong mind, and of great zeal in his profession. A portrait, (wood cut), of which a facsimile is here given, taken when thirty-five years of age, shows that he was born in 1529 or 1530, and is prefixed to the work.

Following his "Vera Effigies," is, in seven quatrains :—

THE BOOKES VERDICT.

As some delighte moste to beholde,
 Eche newe devyse and guyse,
 So some in workes of fathers olde,
 Their studies exercise.

Perusing with all diligence
 Bokes written long before :
 Wherin they learne experience,
 To heale both sieke and sore ;

Which I alowe in dede and werde,
 In those that understande ;
 For otherwyse it is a sworde
 Put in a mad mans hande.

Let idiots and betles blynde,
 Therefore lay me aparte :
 Leste contrarie myne author's mynde
 They rudly me perverte.

For as the bee doth honie take
 From every goodly flowre,
 And spyders of the same doe make
 Venim that wyll devoure :

So all that learned men and wyse
 To good purpose can use,
 The rude, that knowledge doe despise,
 Will ever more abuse.

Wherefore all those that use me right
 I shall increase their fame :
 And vyle abusers all my mighte
 Shall be to doe them shame.

In his address “unto the Worshipful the Maisters, Wardens, and consequently to all the whole Company and Brotherhood of Chirurgiens of London,” he strongly laments the prevalent ignorance of the profession, “and alas,” says he, “where as there is one in Englande, almoste throughout al the realme, that is indede a true minister of this arte, there are tenne abhominable abusers of the same. Where as there is one chirurgien that was apprentise to his arte, or one physicien that hath travayled in the true studie and exercise of phisique, there are tenne that are presumptuous swearers, smatterers, or abusers of the same ; yea, smythes, cutlers, carters, coblars, copers, coriars of lether, carpenters, and a great rable of women.” He afterwards says, “I would to God, therefore, my dere maisters and brethren, that there might no fault be found in us concerning these thinges ; for truly if we weare such men of science as we ought to be, these false abusers would be more fearful to medle as they doe.” He contrasts the conduct and information of the professors of other arts and sciences, with those of surgery, and he demonstrates the necessity of drawing attention to the works of the learned and experienced, to improve their condition. With this view he undertook the translation of Lanfranc’s work.

LANFRANC was a physician, born at Milan, and

flourished in the thirteenth century. He was a pupil of Gulielmus de Saliceto, and having completed his studies, he went into France and settled at Lyons, whence he was, by his great reputation, called to Paris, where he taught his profession with great *éclat*. His work is intitled “*Ars Chirurgica*,” the MS. of which is in the Bibliothèque du Roi de France. It gives a miserable picture of the state of surgery in France in his time, and was first published at Venice, in 1490, and again in 1519, and 1546. It was also printed at Lyons, in 1553, together with the works of Guy de Chauliac, Roger, &c., and it was translated into German by Otho Brunfels, and published at Frankfort in 1566. Altogether it is of little importance, and relates to the “treating of woundes, of aposthemes, of ulcers, (the cancer and the fistula), of algebra or restoration, (dislocations and fractures), and of the diseases of the eyes.” Then ensues “The Antidotarie,” or account of remedies employed, which concludes “Lanfranc’s Briefe.” Halle says that it was translated “out of Frenshe, into the olde Saxony English, about two hundred years past.”

John Halle is bold in his expressions against the quacks of his day, a most determined enemy to ignorant empirics, exulting in the exposure of their nefarious practices, their urinoscopical

examinations, &c., and loud in his protestations against the combination of magic, divination, and physic. In one place he says, “I will not cease while breath is in my body, to lay on with both handes till this battell be wonne, and our adversaries convinced and vanquished; which, although, as I saide afore, they are tenne to one, yet truthe being our weapon, and good science our armour, with our generall the high author of them, we nede not to doubt but that one shal be good enough for a thousand, not so strongly armed, but naked men, and bare of all knowledge.” He seems, however, to have had some misgivings as to the publication of the “Historiall Expostulation,” as a letter from Dr. William Cuningham, a reader of lectures at Surgeons’ Hall, and dated from his house in Colman Street, April 18th, 1565, is affixed in recommendation of the undertaking, and advises him not to withhold his condemnation of the “rabble of ronmagates.” This is succeeded by another letter, from the pen of Thomas Gale, a “maister in chirurgerye,” approving his work, and urging its publication in the following manner: “Aspire, therefore, and take breth unto you; let no wayne and frivolous opinion overcome you, for I see no cause wherfore you shoulde exeruciate your selfe. Every wyse man wyll accepte your indevours, excepte those whiche neyther mynde theyr office,

neither the utilitie of the publique wealth ; every good man will embrace, and with great gladnes revolve over your booke as sone as it is published, and wil, at the first sight of your good travell, have you in more estimacion then ever they had. And why ? because you set forth the most famous and excellent arte of medicine.”

Some lines addressed to the “loving readers,” precede John Halle’s own epistle to the reader, in which occur many good observations, and in which the character of the man is well displayed. He lays on most lustily against the empirics, and ignorant surgions, the “very caterpyliers to the publique orders.” He accuses them of running about the country, “like pedlars, tynkers, ratte katchers, and very vacaboundes, some only to set bones, some to drawe tethe, some to let blood, some to cutte ruptures, and take out stones ; but all thys rather (under suche colour), to mayntayne an idle and theyvshe lyfe, then to profyte the common weale, to the great uprobrie of all the whole profession of medicine.” He then laments that less attention is paid to the making of good surgeons, than of other artificers. “Alas, there are goodly orders taken, and profitable lawes made, for makyng of clothe, tannyng of leather, makyng of shoes, and many other externall thynges, the abuse wherof is but a dearth or disprofite of

the purse ; and shall there not be a redresse had for the true use of a science whereupon dependeth the health of mans body ? without whiche what is mans lyfe but a very misery or wretched werines ? the abuse of whiche science is not only a disprofite to the purse, but a farre greater charge, that is to saye, the losse of helth and lyfe.” He descants upon the neglect shown to apprentices taken by many, as he says, “ not for to teache them science, but only to be their drudge, and to doe their toyle and labore, which is the cause, that so many come out of their yeares so ignorant. For their intent is to have servantes to dooe the toyle in their house, and not to make them cunnyng men ; yea, and some will refuse a yonge man that is learned, and apte to understande, to have an ignorant slave, to beare the water tankard, and scoure pannes ; suche a one, (as the common proverbe is), that will never doe man of science harme, unles he steale away his dynner.”

The necessary consequence of this conduct is thus pointed out ; “ And yet will suche a one bragge and boaste, at seven years ende, as though he had all the learnyng and cunnyng under the sunne, although in very dede, the moste knowledge that he hath is, to poule, or shave, drawe a toothe, or dresse a broken pate. Alas, is not this a great pyttee, that suche a noble arte shall thus

be abused every way, through the filthie lucre and avarieious myndes of men? Is it not a shame to use such roberie? Doe ye not steale lyke robbers the service of your apprentyses, when contrary to your covenants, ye hyde your science from your servantes, to whom ye are bounde to teache it; and yet, (in the meane season), receive the labor of their bodyes more lyke slaves then men; beside the great dishonor that therby you doe to your own profession, God graunt that I may see this amended, as I trust I shall.”

Halle objects to the division of medical science, shows the dependence of the several departments upon each other, by reference to the opinions of ancient authors; asserts that by “pernicious division all hath been brought to confusion, so that neither parte is nowe used only of the experte professors therof, but rather of every smearer, that listeth to abuse them. For as the physicians thynke their learnyng sufficient, without practyse or experience, so the chirurgien, for the moste parte, havynge experience and practise, thinketh it unmedeful to have any learnyng at all, which also hath boldened every ignorant rusticall, ye and foolyshe women, to think them selves sufficient to profess and worke in so noble and worthy an arte.” He then states what a surgeon should be: learned, expert, of good discretion, &c.

and having established these points, he asks, "Why is every rude, rusticke, braynsicke beast, fond foole, undiscrete iliote; yea every bedlem baude, and scoldinge drabbe, suffered thus (without all order) to abuse this worthy arte upon the body of man? What avayleth the goodly orders, taken by our forefathers and ancient authores, that none should be admitted to the arte of chirurgery, that are miscreate or deformed of body; as goggle or skwynte eyed, unperfecte of sight, unhelthy of body, unperfecte of mynde, not hole in his members, boystrous fingers or shakyng handes. But contrary-wyse, that all that should be admytted to that arte, should be of cleare and perfect sight, well formed in person, hole of mynde and of members, selender and tender fingered, havng a softe and stedfast hande: or as the common sentence is, a chirurgien should have three dyvers properties in his person. That is to saie, a harte as the harte of a lyon, his eyes like the eyes of an hawke, and his handes as the handes of a woman: what avayleth this order I saye, sithe the contrary in all poyntes is put dayly in use, and that almost without hope of redresse? seyng also, that those auncient authors had not only this regarde to the forme of the body, but also, and as well to the bewtie or ornament of the mynde, and honest conversation of him that should

be admitted to chirurgery, as are thes : He ought to be well manered, of good audacitie, and bolde where he may worke surely ; and, contrariwise, doubtfull, and fearfull, in things that be dangerous and desperate. He must be gentyll to his pacients, witty in prognostications, and forseying of dangers, apte and reasonable to answere and dissolve all doubttes and questions belongynge to his worke. He muste also be chaste, sober, meeke, and mercifull ; no extorcioner, but so to accomlishe his rewarde, at the handes of the ryche, to maynteine his science and necessary lyvynges, that he may helpe the poore for the only sake of God : what meaneth it, I saye, (those things considered) that so many sheepe heades, unwytty, unlearned, unchaste, ribaudes, lecheours, fornicators, dronkardes, belygoddes, beastly gluttons, wrathfull, envious and evell manered, shall thus miserably be suffred to abuse so noble an arte ; yea, that they shall also be mayntayned (in despyght of those that are men of science indede) proferred lyvynges for that profession, contrary to the ordinances and lawes of a citie, beyng a carpenter, a cobbler, or a corier of lether, or whatsoever he be : the wyttye, the learned, the man of knowledge, the citizen, and the free man, in the meane season wantyng preferment and lyvyng ?”

He professes much anxiety for the success of

his observations, and trusts that if his book, being read by any abuser of chirurgery, he should find himself "rubbed on the galle," he will leave his vice and improve. He also admonishes the young to study, to attend to their anatomy, to the nature and complexions of their patients, and the properties of their medicines; to let their practise be founded on their reason, and that "none may worke without knowledge joyned to experience." Finally, he warns the young man entering the profession, to avoid "games and spendyng the time in playe. And hercof assure thy selfe, that if thou have not as great desyre to thy boke, as the greatest gammer hath to his game, thou shalte never worthily be called cunnyng in this arte. For thou must thynke and esteme all tyme of leysure from thy worke and busynes, even loste and evill bestowed, in which thou hast not profyted somewhat at thy boke. Let thy boke therefore, I say, be thy pastyme and game: which (if thou love it as thou oughtest) will so delight thee, that thou shalt thinke no tyme so well bestowed as at it. Yea, thou must desyre it as the child doeth his mother's pappe; and so will it nourisho thee, that thou shalt worthily growe and increase to a worshypfull fame of cunnynge and learnyng." To the work of Lanfranc, Halle has added an expositive table of the "strange wordes, names,

diseases, symples, &c. which occur in the book; ‘A very frutefull and necessary briefe worke of Anatomic,’ and the “Historiall Expostulation,” herewith reprinted. To the first of these is affixed the following acrostic:—

NOMEN AUTHORIS SUB HIS ATRACTILIS JACET.

If reason maye the justice be
Of this my minde the truthe to trye:
Howe can ther be dispaire in me
No truthe sithe reason can denye.

Happye it is when men esteme:
All one in truthe, the same to tell:
Let no man voyde of reason deme,
Lest he agaynste the truthe rebell.

The proheme contains a very creditable defence of the ancients and their modes of study, and concludes with some quaint lines which terminate thus:—

In wicked men, so wickednes
Will alway have alway:
Dispraising still, throughe hatefulnessse,
Eche good and perfect way.

Thomas Halle, the brother of the author, then addresses the “Gentle Readers that thirst for science,” and adds several stanzas in praise of the intent of the work, and also some lines which bear

the signature of “Ihon Yates, Chirurgion.” In the table, under the head of Algebra, is said: “This Araby worde *Algebra* sygnifyeth as well fractures, as of bones, &c. as somtyme the restauratyon of the same.” Of Scabiosa “Men saye that S. Urban at the petitions of a certaine asthmatike sister of his, (that used scabiosa continually) sente to hir these verses, of the vertues therof:—

URBANUS SUO SENESCIT PRETIUM SCABIOSÆ.

Non purgat pectus quod comprimit agra senectus ;
 Lenit pulmonem, purgat laterum regionem ;
 Apostema frangit, si locum bibita tangit :
 Tribus uncta foris anthracem liberat horis.

To Urbane him selfe, it is uncertaine
 Howe many vertues in scabiose reygne :
 But excellently it elenseth the breste
 Of sieke aged folke, that there are opreste.

The pypes of the lunges, if rough they apere,
 It maketh them smothe, yea gentle and clere ;
 The roumes of the breste, that we the sydes call,
 It purgeth well, from incumbrances all.

If it be drunke, so that it touche the place,
 Apostemes it breakes, by peculiar grace ;
 Without to carbuncles if it layde be,
 It doth lose and breake them within howres three.”

At the end of the table are these verses :—

Though envie me accuse,
 In suche as wyll disdayne ;
 It can not make me muse,
 Nor nothyng rere my brayne.

For they that doe misuse
 Their tongues in suche a ease,
 Wyll styll them selves abuse,
 In runnyng of that rase.

But reason is myne ayde
 To take my cause in hande :
 And I nothyng afrayde
 With hir in place to stande.

Havyng my hope so stayde,
 That those who lyst to rayle
 Wyllbe ryght sore dismayde,
 When reason shall prevayle.

For truthe, by reason strong,
 Wyll have the upper hande ;
 When envie vyie and wronge,
 Shall fayntly flee the lande.

And truthe hath always been,
 A daughter unto tyme ;
 Whiche as it hath been seen,
 Detecteth every cryme.

The “*Treatise of Anatomie*” forms the principal work of our author. He quotes from a writer, *Henricus de Ermunda Villa*, who compareth

“the chirurgien ignorant in anatomy, to a blynde man whiche woude hewe a pece of tymber; for as a blynd man that heweth on a logge knoweth not how muche he should hewe therof, nor in what maner, (and therefore commonly erreth in hewyng more or lesse than he ought to doe :) so lyke wyse doth the chyrurgien that worketh on the body of man, not knowing the anatomy.” The frame of man, he tells us, has been called by the Greeks “Microcosmos, a little world, because in the same (even as in the frame of the greate worlde) so manye wonders maye bee seene of natures works to the hygh honor and glorye of Almyghtye God. Maye it not be proved, that the brayne (lyke unto the heavens) hangeth without any maner of staye or proppe, to holde by the same? nay, it is so evident, that every learned anatomiste writeth of the same, as a thyng not to be doubted of, and therefore judge the same to have a certeyne lykenes with the heavenly nature. And as the world hath two notable lyghtes to governe the same, namely, the sonne and the moone; so hath the body of man, planted lykewyse in the hyghest place, twoo lyghtes, called eyes, whiche are the lyghtes of the body, as the sonne and the moone are the lyghtes of the world. And it is also wrytten of some doctors, that the brayne hath vii concavites, being instrumentes of the wyttes,

which answer unto the vii spheres of the planetes. And to be briefe, it is a worlde to beholde, and a wonderful wonder to thynke, that as great merueyles may bee scene, wrought by God in nature in this little worlde, man his body, as ther is to be considered in any thyng in the unyversall great worlde, above or benethe at any tyme.

“ Secondly, it is called a common weale, for as muche as there is therin conteyned as it were a ryghteous regiment, betwene a prynce and his subjectes, as for example. Let us call the harte of man a king, the brayne and the lyver the chiefe governours under hym, the stomache and the guttes, with other aperteinyng to nutryments, the officers of his courte, and all the members universally his subjectes. And then let us see, if any man can devise any necessary instrument of a common weale, nedefull for the wealth of the same, from the hyghest to the lowest, that the lyke shall not be founde in the body of man, as it is so well knowne to all those that travel in the knowledge of anatomie, that I nede not here muche therof to wryte. Can it be perceyved that the hande or the fote, or any part of them or such lyke (which we may lyken to the labourers, or as some call them vyle members of a common weale) at any tyme to resiste or rebel againste the harte their soveraigne lord, or any other officer under

hym their superiors? No, truly. The body of man is a common weale without rebellion: the kyng so lovyng his subjectes, and the subjectes so lovyng their kyng, that the one is ever redy to mynister unto the other all thynges nedeful; as if the harte by any occasion susteyne damage, as we may see in the disease called *Sincope*, or swoundyng. At suche a tyme I saye the face, the handes, and the fete, are founde colde and without felynge, strengthe or lyfe; and what proveth it, but that as lovyng and obedient subjectes they thynke nothyng theyr own wherof the harte hath nede, which is their lorde and governour; yea, they utterly depryve themselves of altogethor to serve and please their lord. Immediately as the swoundyng ceaseth, the bloude resorteth to the face, the handes and the feete are warme agayne, as it were benefittes done, rendered agayne with thankes and joye. And is not such a lorde and kyng worthy of good subjectes, that for the helpe of one of the leaste of them wyl spend all that he hath, so long as lyfe endureth? as if a member be hurte, wherby any veyne or artery is cutte, the bloude or spirit will issue in suche wyse that it wyll not cease commyng thither so longe as any is lefte, if it be not in tyme prevented. Oh kynd and gentyll governour, oh wel wylling and obedient subjectes."

His anatomy is composed to the end of advancing his chirurgery, and for the time in which it was written, is a very fair compendium. There are two figures whole length, cut in wood, but the references apply only to the exterior parts of the body and its regions. The conclusion of the work gives a good summary in relation to the temperaments. All his writings appear to be terminated by rhyming verses, and those attached to his anatomy are in praise of chirurgery, as founded upon a knowledge of anatomy, and condemnation of those who practise without learning.

Halle's antipathy to quacks was inveterate. Throughout his writings he omits no opportunity of expressing his horror of, and aversion to them ; but in the following and concluding "Historiall Expostulation," he enters into particulars, gives many curious details of the practices of itinerant impostors, principally such as resided in, or visited Maidstone, in Kent, where it appears he exercised his profession. His "Goodlye Doctrine and Instruction" is drawn up in verse, and is marked by good sense, and in itself is a curious composition.

According to Watt and other authorities, Hall or Halle was also author of "The Court of Virtue, containing many Holy or Spretual Songs, Sonnettes, Psalmes, Ballets, and Shorte Sentences, as well as of Holy Scripture as others, with Music, Notes, London. 1565," 16mo.

But an earlier production, (being in 1550), may be mentioned : “ Certayne Chapters taken out of the Proverbes of Solomon, with other Chapters of the Holy Scripture, and certayne Psalmes of David, translated into English Metre, by John Hall.” By the remainder of the title it appears that the proverbs had been, in a former impression, unfairly attributed to Thomas Sternhold.

A copy of verses by Halle, is prefixed to “ The Enchiridion of Surgery, by Thomas Gale, London, 1563, 12mo.” Halle and Gale seem to have enjoyed much intimacy, and to have had minds congenial to each other. Gale served in the army of Henry VIII, at Montreal, in 1544, and in that of King Philip, at St. Quintin, in 1557 ; he was serjeant-surgeon to Queen Elizabeth, and his picture of the state of military surgery in his time, appears to have been no better than the civil surgery as described by Halle. The following extract may not be uninteresting to the reader :—

“ I remember,” says he, “ when I was in the wars,” in the time of that most famous prince, King Henry VIII, there was a great rabblement there, that took upon them to be surgeons. Some were sow-gelders, and some horse-gelders, with tinkers and coblers. This noble sect did such great cures that they got themselves a perpetual name ; for, like as Thessalus’s sect were called Thessalians, so

was this rabblement, for their notorious cures, called dog-leachers, for in two dressings they did commonly make their cures whole and sound for ever, so that they neither felt heat nor cold, nor no manner of pain after. But when the Duke of Norfolk, who was then general, understood how the people did die, and that of small wounds, he sent for me and certain other surgeons, commanding us to make search how these men came to their death, whether it were by the grevousness of their wounds, or by the lack of knowledge of the surgeons; and we, according to our commandment, made search through all the camp, and found many of the same good fellows, which took upon them the names of surgeons,—not only the names but the wages also. We asking of them whether they were surgeons, or no, they said they were; we demanded with whom they were brought up, and they with shameless faces would answer, either with one cunning man or another, who was dead. Then we demanded of them what chirurgery stuff they had to cure men withal, and they would show us a pot or a box, which they had in a budget, wherein was such trumpery as they did use to grease horses heels withal, and laid upon scabbed horses backs, with nerval, and such like. And other that were coblers and tinkers, they used shoe maker's wax, with the rust of old

pans, and made therewithal a noble salve, as they did term it. But in the end this worthy rabblement was committed to the Marshalsea, and threatened by the duke's grace to be hanged for their worthy deeds, except they would declare the truth what they were, and of what occupations, and in the end they did confess, as I have declared to you before."

The Bodleian Library contains a MS. (178), being a translation by J. H. of Bened. Victorius's "Cure of the French Disease"; also some letters between J. H. and Dr. William Cuninghame, dated 1565. The latter is well known by his "Cosmographical Glasse, containing the pleasant principles of Cosmographie, Geographic, Hydrographie, or Navigation, London, 1559, folio." Many of the cuts of this work were executed by the author, who is reported to have been ingenious in the art of engraving on copper; the map of 'Norwich' is his own production. The work is one of the finest that issued from the press of Day. Mr. Halliwell tells me that a few years ago he saw the original MS. of this work at Denley's, a bookseller, near Drury Lane. Dr. Cuninghame resided at Norwich about 1556-59, and afterwards in London, where he was appointed to read the lectures at Surgeon's Hall, in 1563. He commented on the book of Galen upon "Tumours against Nature."

He also wrote a Commentary on the book “De Aere Aquis et Regionibus,” by Hippocrates. He calls Morbus Gallicus *Chamæleontiasis*.

T. J. P.

AN

HISTORIALl EXPOSTULATION :

Against the beastlye Abusers, bothe of Chyrurgerie,
and Physyke, in oure tyme : with a goodlye
Doctrine and Instruction, necessarye to
be marked and folowed, of all true
Chirurgiens :

Gathered and diligently set forth

by

JOHN HALLE, CHYRURGYEN.

Imprinted at London in Flete Streate, nyghe unto Saint Dun-
stones Church, by Thomas Marshe.

An. 1565.

AN
HYSTORIALl EXPOSTULATION,
ETC.

FOR as muche as in the epistle and prefaces, I have declared the dishonor that the noble arte of medicyne susteyneth by deceavyng fugitives, and other false abusers; I thinke it good here to blasen the dedes of some in this our tyme, that it maye apere that not withoute a sufficiente cause, I have so there of them complayned.

Fyrst, there came into the towne of Maydstone, in the yere of our Lorde, 1555, a woman whiche named hir selfe Jone, havng with hir a walkyng mate whome she called her husbnde. This wicked beast toke hir inne at the sygne of the Bell, in the towne aforesayde, where she caused within short space to be published that she could heale all maner, bothe inward and outward diseases. One powder she caried in a blader, made of the herbe daphnoydes, and anise sede together, whiche shee (as an onclye sufficient remedie for all grefes), administred unto all hir folishe patientes, in lyke quantite to all people, neyther regardyng tyme,

strengthe, nor age. All the tyme of her being there, (whiche was about iii wekes), there resorted to her company, divers rullians, and vacaboundes, under pretence of being diseased, and sekyng to her for remedye, so that hir false profession, was unto their wicked behavioure, for the tyme in that towne a safe supportation.

This beastlie deceaver, amonge manie others, tooke in hand an honest mans child, who had a suppurat tumor in his navell, Percyng dangerouslye the panicles of the belye, to whome she administered the sayde poulder in great quanty, in so much, that the childe dyd vomyte continuallye for the space of halfe a daye and more, withoute ceassyng, whereby the sayde aposteme brake.

The parentes of the chylde then feared much, by the grevousnesse of the syghte, that his stomache woulde breake, whiche may be thought that in very dede it so dyd. For in processe of tyme ther issued out by the orifice of the same vii. wormes, at vii. severall tymes (such as children are wont to avoyde eyther upwarde or downwarde, from the stomache and guttes, called *teretes i. rotundi*), with also a certayne yelow substance, not stinkyng, suche as we sometymes fynde in the stomaches of dead men when we open them.

This fearfull syght, I saye, caused the childes parentes to sende for me, to knowe therein myne opinion and counsell; unto whome I prognosticated (as I sawe good cause), that the mater was very dangerous, and not lyke to be cured. But this beastly forme of a

woman, hearyng me so saye, answered that she douted therein no daunger, and farthermore offered hirselve to be locked up in a chamber with the chyld, and that yf she healed him not, shee myghte be punished; with a great deale more circumstance of prating and deceytfull braggynge werdes. Unto whose moste wicked and divlishe boldnes I thus answered. Wher as you saye that ye doubtte not any daunger in this childe, I verye well beleue you, for ignorante fooles can doubtte no perils, and who is bolder then blynde bayerd? howe shoulde they doubtte that knowe not what a doubt meaneth? Notwithstanding this preheminnence you deceavyng rennegates have, ye maye bragge, lye, and face, tyll ye have murdered, or destroyed suche as eredyte you, and then are ye gone, ye shewe your heles, and that is onelye your defence. But honest memme of arte muste have truthe for theyr defence, and experience of their true worke, and maye promyse no more then they may performe.

What should I make manye wordes, the parentes of the childe all to late discharged this deceaver, and the childe, notwithstanding the counsell had of dyvers learned men, dyed afterwarde of the sayde grefe. But the sayde deceaver, accordyng to my prophesie, after iii. dayes, ran away, she and her walkyng mate, robyng their hoste where they lay, of the shetes, pillowberes, and blankets that they laye in; and by their entysement of one of the mayde servauntes of their sayd hoste, they hadde muscadell served them insteade of bere, whyle they laye there for the moste parte;

which entyced servant ranne awaye also with them, and coulde not synce be herde of.

Secondly, in the yere of our Lord 1556, there resorted unto Maydstone, one Robert Harris, professynge and pretending an hyghe knowlege in physike; under cloke wherof he deceaved mervaylonslie with vyle sorcerie. This deceaver could tel (as the folish people reported of hym), by only lokyng in ones face, all secrete markes and scarres of the bodie, and what they had done, and what hadde chaunced unto them all theyr lyfe tyme before. Wherwith he had so incensed the fonde and waveryng myndes of some, that pitie was to here. Amonge whome one woman (whoe for hir yeares and profession, ought to have bene more discrete). When I reasoned with hir agaynste his doynge, she earnestlie affirmed that she knewe well that he was then dystant from hir, at the leaste vii. myles, and yet she verelye beleved that he knewe what she then sayde. Oh greate beastlynnes and infydelitie, specially in suche as have borne a face to favour the worde of God.

Well, for jestyng a lyttell agaynste the madnes of thys deceaver, I hadde a dagger drawne at me not longe after. The wordes that I spake were to his hostes, when I sawe him goe by, in this wyse. Is this (quod I), the eumnyng sothsayer, that is sayde to lye at your house? Sothesayer, quod shee; I knowe no suche thyng by him, therefore ye are to blame so to name him. Why, quod I, suche men and suche enformed me that he can tell of thynges loste, and helpe children and cattell bewitched and forspoken, and can

tell by lokyng in ones face, what markes he hathe on his bodie, and where, and tell them what they have done, and their fortune to come. Yea, and all this in dede he can doe, quod she. Why, then, he is a sothesayer and a sorcerer, quod I. Well, quod she, yf he have so muche cunnyng in his bellye, he is the happyer, and it is the more joye of him. Nay, quod I, it were mere folyshnes for hym to carye his cunnyng in his bellye. And why? quod she. Why, quod I, thynke you that men of lerning and knowledge cary their cunnyng in their bellies? Wher else, quod she, and why not? Mary, quod I, yf he should beare his cunnyng there, he should alwayes waste it when he wente to the privye, and so in time he should lose all his cunnyng. This beyng merylye spoken, turned me afterwards not to a little displeasure, even at their handes, where I had deserved and loked for frendship as of dutie; but I must cease to marveyle any longer at this, when almoste everie suche abhominable vylaine is defended, upholden, and mayntayned, by suche as of righte, and according to the holesome lawes of this realme, shoulde punish them for these their abusions. Yet surelie the grieffe were the lesse, yf onely the blynde, and supersticious antiquitie had a regarde and love to suche deceavers. But nowe a great number that have borne an outwarde shewe of great holynes, and love to Gods holic worde; we see them seke daylie to suche divelische wyches and sorcerers, if their fynger doe but ake, as though they were Goddes, and coulde presentlie helpe them with wordes, although

they knowe that God in his Israell, hath called them an abhominacion, and hath farther commaunded that none suche should be suffred among them to lyve.

Thyrdlie, in the year of our Lord a thousand fyve hundred fyftie and eyght, there came to Maydstone one Thomas Luffkyn, by occupacion a fuller, and burler of clothe, and had bene brought up (by reporte of divers honest men), at the fullyng mylles there besyde the towne, nevertheles he had ben longe absent from that contrie, in whiche tyme he had by roving abroad, become a plisician, a chirurgien, an astronomier, a palmister, a phisiognomier, a sothsayer, a fortune devyner, and I can not tell what. This deceaver was the beastliest beguiler by his sorcerys that euer I herd of, making physike the onely colour to cover all his crafty thefte and mischieves, for he set uppe a byll at hys fyrste commynge, to publishe his beyng there, the tenour wherof was in effect as followeth:—

If anye manne, womanne, or childe bee sicke, or would be let blond, or bee diseased with anye maner of inward or outwarde grefes, as al maner of agues, or fevers, plurises, cholyke, stone, strangulion, impostumes, fistulas, kanker, goutes, poeks, bone ache, and payne of the joynts, which commeth for lacke of bloud-lettyng, let them resorte to the sygne of the Sarazens Hedde, in the easte lane, and brynge their waters with them to be sene, and they shall have remedie.

By me, THOMAS LUFFKIN.

Unto this divell incarnate, resorted all sortes of

vayne and indiscrete persons, as it were to a God, to knowe all secretes, paste and to come, specially women, to know how manie husbandes and children they shoulde have, and whether they shoulde burie their husbandes then lyving. And to be brefe, there was not so great a secrete, that he would not take upon him to declare, unto some he prophecied death within a moneth, who thanks be to God are yet lyving, and in healtie. All this he boasted that he could do by astronomie; but when he was talked with of one that had but a yonge and smalle skylle in that arte, he coulde make no directe answer no more then puppe my dogge.

This vilayne coulde wyth a wodden face, bragge, face, and set oute his maters wyth bould talke, that the symple people was by him mervelously seduced to beleve his lies, and boasting tales.

Amonge manye that talked with him, one of mine acquaintance asked him this question: Sir, quod he, if you be so cunnyng as ye are named, or as you woulde fayne be esteemed to be, wherefore goe ye, and travaile ye from place to place? for beinge so cunning, ye can not lacke wheresoever ye dwell, for people will resorte unto you farre and nere, sekyng upon you, so that you shoulde not neede thus to travaile for your livyng. Unto whom he made thys beastlye answer; I knowe, quod he, by astronomye the influence of the starres, and thereby perceave when, and howe long any place shall be unto me fortunate, and when I perceave by the starres that any evell fortune is like to chaunce to me

in that place, I streighte waye wiselye avoid the daunger, and goe to an other place, wheras I knowe it wil be fortunate and luckye. For what use they to cloke theyr vilanies wyth but astronomye, phisicke, and chirurgery, as I shewed you before.

But thys false knave had answered more truelye if he had sayd thus: though for a tyme as all newe fangels are highlye sette by and mervailed at amonge the folishe and rude people, so naughtye false merchantes, wyth their craftye, and villainous deseightes, maye for a time have credite and successe according to theyr wicked expectations; yet in a whyle wyth use, the people will begin to smell oute, and be werye of theyr doynge, whiche they at the fyrste so gredelye did seeke, for the strange newes. For suche false deceavers perceave and knowe that the fonde myndes of the common rude multytude of people, at the fyrste, in seekynge to see straunge thynges, are madde of desire, and as they are unreasonable in seekynge the newes, so are they sone werye of the use therof; for muche familiaritye engendereth contempte, even in good thinges; therefore when men begin to perceave and to espye the craft and subilty of suche deceavers, it is time for them to change their place, that they maye the easilyer deceave agayne, where theyr falshode is strange and newe, and all together unknowne. If I saye he hadde thus answered, he hadde sayde the verye truthe. Thys deceaver hadde sufficiente audacitye, wyth talke to sette oute hys falshode, and to beare downe all that be ignorante, so longe as his knaverye knackes were

unknowne; well, the ende of hys being there, was as it is common wyth them all, wythoute anye difference, for he sodainlye was gone wyth manye a poore mannes monye, whyche he had taken before hande, promysinge them helpe, whiche onlye he recompensed wyth the winge of his heles.

Fourthlye, in the yeare of our Lorde a thousande fyve hundred and three score, one Valentyne came into a paryshe in the welde of Kente, called Staplehurst; wheras he changed hys name, callynge hym selfe master Wynkfyld, affirmyng hym selfe to be the sonne of a worshipful knight of that name. Thys abhominable deceaver made the people beleve that he could tel all thinges present, past, and to come; and the very thoughtes of men, and theyr diseases, by onlye lokinge in theyr faces. When anye came to hym wyth urines (whyche commanlye in the countrie they bring in a stone cruse), he made them beleve that onelye by feling the weight therof, he would tell them all theyr diseases in their bodies, or wythout; and otherwhile made them beleve that he wente to aske counceel of the devel, by going a litle asyde and mumbling to him selfe, and then comming agayne, would tell them all, and more to; for what care of shame or evell have these hell houndes who see theyr abhomination? but even as the ape tourneth his filthye partes to every mannes syghte, so shame they not to acknowledge them selves to have conference with the divell, that so yet all wyse men may know theyr dedes to be all divellish, wherin the vaine opinion of some (though not of

the wysest sort), helpeth them not a litle, who esteme those dampnable artes to be hygh poyntes of learnyng. Oh ethnike madnesse!

Thys beastlye beguyler so incensed in shorte space the vayn myndes of the rude and waverynge multitude of people, that he was sought unto, and estemed more a greate deale then God, (oh heathenish and idolatrous people! not much unlyke this was their outrageous madnes to their pevysh pilgrimages, wherwith in times past they were most miserably bewiched). Yea suche a wonderfull fame and brute wente abroad of his doynges, that some of the verie worshipfulles of those partes were striken with admiracion, and desyre to seke to him, to knowe manie good morowes; wherof also he would not a lytle bragge and boaste.

But as tyme revealeth all thynges, so this devylyshe beaste in short tyme was knowne in his righte kynde and name; and that he had iii. wyves lyving at that present, of which the fyrste lyved very porelye and miserably in Canturbury; the second, after she knewe his wickednes, departed from him, and married after with a preste; the third, whiche he at that present had, he married at Westynyster, as I was credible informed, beyng there a riche widowe. But nowe after this vylaynie was knowne, by his fyrst wyfe comming to Staplehurst, he ran awaye from hyr also, leavyng her desolate, undone, and in muche miserie, for he had spent all her substaunce by riotous fare; for he was reported to fare at his table lyke a lorde, and was served as fynelye as a prynee; but suche shamefull

dedes can never be withoute wicked ende, at the leaste at Gods hande, though it be neglected of the magistrates.

This laste wyfe beyng sente on his errande to Maydstone, to an apothecaries wydowe for certeyne drougges, chaunced to forgette some of their names, wherewith the women beyng bothe not a lytle troubled, the apothecaries widowe asked whye her husbände dydde not wryte for hys thynges, wherunto his womanne answered that Mayster Wynkfyld was a ryght Latynist, for he coulde wryte no Englyshe. By this ye maye perceave he was a well learned manne.

This woman beyng as I saide, lefte desolate, married after with one Thomas Riden, who was his man, who wente together to Westminster, there to dwell, whither not lang after, this Winkefield came, minding agayn to seduce the woman to folowe hym, as before she had ; who so detested his late beastly usance, that she complayned him so to the archebysshop of Canturbury, and other of the quenes majesties honorable counsell, that he was long imprysoned in the gate house, and for his wickednes sore punyshed.* Yet in the ende beyng delyvered, he ceased not any whit to use his olde practise, for he came immediately to Robardesbridge, in Sussexe, where he wrought the lyke wickednesse as afore, and beyng there espied, within a whyle with divers wycked factes, he removed, putting on a brasen face, and came again into Kente, to Staplehurst, wher

* He was whipped.

he freshly renewed the use of his odious feates, for the which maister Bissey, person of Staplehurst, caused him to be ascited of the ordinary to the spirituall courte, as an adulterer, and a woorker by diuylishe and magickall artes. Wherefore he removed two myles from thence, to a paryshe called Marden, thynkinge him selfe therby the more salfe, but the lawe notwithstanding, proceeded so against him, that he was ther upon his contempte, excommunicated; and yet never lefte his olde fashions. He spent in his house weekly sixe pound (as dyverse honeste menne reported), in meate and drynke, with suche resorte and banketyngee, as it was a wonder to see, whereby he not a litle augmented his fame; the people resorting to him farre and nyghe, for he woulde tell them suche wonders, that all had hym in admiration. But especially, he was cunningg to inchaunte women to love, and did for rewardes, dyverse feates in suche cases; and lastly, he began to worke properly for himself as foloweth:

At a paryshe called Loose, in the hundred of Maydstone, a certayne blynde man, called blynde Orgar, hadde a wyfe who was sycke of dyvers aches and swellynge, who hearyng of this marveilous monster, sente hir daughter upon a Wednesday, downe to Marden, with hir water, to this maister Wynkfelde, who so inchaunted hir, that she forgate hyr waye home to hyr father and mother in so much that hyr mother thoughte hyr loste, for she taried there tyll the Saturdaye folowyng: then takynge hyr waye homewarde, and beyng come halfe waye, hyr mynde was so intox-

icate, that she retourned backe agayne to hyr lover ; who lovyngly (fearynge leaste hyr frendes shoulde make exclamation therof), accompanied hir, tyll she was nyghe at home, and then returning, he promysed hyr to come to hir mother by a certayne daye, whiche he in deede performed ; and so fylled he the symple woman with suche flattering and craftie perswasions, and fayre promyses of healthe, that she thoughte nothyng to whotte or to heavy for hym, no, not hyr daughter, as it apeared, for he forsoke Marden (where he was xii. pounce in debte, and upwarde), and came to inhabyte at Loose, in this poore blynde mans house, in so muche that in a whyle, all people theraboute spake muche shame, that it was suffered.

The whiche reporte, at suche tyme as it came to the eares of the worshipfull justices thereaboutes, with also the trade of his former lyfe, the complaynte of dyverse honest men whose money he had taken, and deceaved them : and the clamour of his creditours, to whom he ought, as is aforesayd. They sent out their warrante, to all constables of that hundred, chargynge them to aprehende and brynge hym before them at Maydstone, the Thursdaye folowyng. Who beyng warned therof by certeyne disembling men, and chiefly a flattering minister, he fledde, and coulde not be founde, neyther was he synce heard of in that cuntry. This later fitte chanced in the yere of our Lorde 1562, in Lent. Many more particuler histories coulde I here wryte of his detestable factes, but to avoyde prolixity, I leave them at this tyme, trustyng that this

may suffice to describe what he is, and to geve al men warning of hym and all other lyke deceivers.

The truthe was so; he had no learnyng in the world, nor coulde reade Englishe (and, as I suppose, knewe not a letter, or a b from a bateldore), as it was well proued, yet made he the people beleve that he coulde speake Latin, Greek, and Hebrue.

Item in the yere 1562, there came to the towne of Maidstone an olde felowe, who tooke upon him to heale all diseases, as a profounde phisitien, whom (for because men had been so deluded by divers former deceivers,) I caused to be examined before the officers of the said towne. And when he was asked his name, he said, John Bewly; secondly, wher he dwelte, and he answered at London, in the Old Bayly, against Sir Roger Chamley. Thirdly, if he were a phisitien, he sayde yea. Fourthly, where he learned that arte, and he sayde by his owne study. Fiftly, where he studied it, he answered, in his owne house. Sixtly, what authours he had redde, he sayde, Eliote, and others. Seventhly, we asked what other, and he said, he had forgotten. Eightly, we asked him what weare the names of Eliotes bookes, he sayd, he remembered not. Then we brought him an Englyshe booke to reade, whiche he refused; but when he was commaunded to rede, he desired us to be good to him, for he was a poore man, and in deede coulde not reade, and sayd that he intended not to tary there, but to repayre home agayne. This beyng done on a Sondaye, after evensong, his hoste was bounde for his fourth-

comming the next daie, when upon his humble sute, he was let goe; beyng warned with exhortations, to leave suche false and naughty deceytes.

Farther in the same yere, one William, a shomaker, came into Kente, pretending to be very cunning in curing diseases of the eyes; and being brought to a frende of myne, to have his judgement in ones eye, whereof the sight was weake; first putting them in muche feare of the eye, he at lengthe promised to doe great thinges therto. But the frendes of the partie diseased desired me first to talke with him, to understande his cunning; which I, at their request, did, at a tyme appointed, and asked him if he understoode what was the cause of hir infirmitie. He said he could not tel, but he wold heale it he doubted not. Then I asked him whether he were a surgien, or a phisitien; and he answered, no, he was a shomaker, but he coulde heale all maner of sore eyes.

I asked him where he learned that; he sayde that was no matter. Well, sayde I, seyng that you can heale sore eyes, what is an eye? whereof is it made? of what members or partes is it composed? and he sayde he knewe not that.

Then I asked hym if he weare worthy to be a shoemaker, or to be so called, that knewe not howe, or wherof a shoe was made? he answered no, he was not worthy. Then, sayde I, how dare you worke upon suche a precious and intricate member of man as is the eye, seyng you knowe not the nature therof? and why, or by what reason, it doth see more then a mans nose,

or his hand dothe? He answered, that though he could not tell this, yet could he heale all maner of sore eyes. And that where as maister Luke of London, hath a great name of curing eyes, he coulde doe that which maister Luke could not doe, nor turne his hande to. Thus bragged this proude varlette, against and above that reverent man of knowne learning and experience.

And I sayde I thought so, for Maister Luke, sayde I, is no shoemaker. Well, sayde he, I perceiue you doe but skorne me, and flunge out of the doores in a great fume, and coulde not be caused to tary and drynke by any intreaty, neither have I since that tyme heard any thying of hym.

What other men and women, besydes these, have come into the forsayde place, if I should rehearse them, and the discourse of their doinges, it weare to tedious, yea, it wold abhorre any honest mans eares to heare of it. There came a woman thither, (as she reported herself), a ministers wife, (but I thynke she falsely lyed), in the aforesayde yeare. The officers hearing of hir prophession, called hir before them; and examined hir, with whom she was so stoute, as to say (when she was warned to departe the towne, in payne of imprysonment), these wordes: I have, quod she, travelled through all partes of this realme, and I was never yet forbidden in any place to minister my physike, and hath (sayde she), your towne a privilege above all other, to forbydde me to doe good, and to heale the queenes leige people? Then was she asked what authoritic she hadde, or of whom she was allowed thus to

dooe, or what certifiat she hadde brought with hir, to witnes with hir of hir good behaviour in places where she was before? and she sayde she was never before so examined, neither feared to be put to suche triall, neither sawe she ever the place, that a woman coulde fynde so little curtesie, especially sithe she asked nothyng gratis of any man, or otherwyse then for hir mony: these stoute wordes notwithstanding, she was expelled the towne.

And not longe after, came thither a make shifte, with two men wayghting on hym, as very rakehelles as him selfe, bragging that he was a profounde phisicien; and being called by the officers to examination, was so streyghtly charged, that he confessed himselfe and his men, to be felowes in frendshippe, and all of one krew; and this was a shifte, mutually devised among them to get mony; and so weare they expelled the towne; or rather they shifted sodainly away for feare of punyshment; whiche if they had taried, they could not have escaped, so good then was the mynde of the officers for that yeare. And now one historie of the tyme present, to knitte up this my tale of vagabondes and rennegates most hatefull.

One Robert Nicols, a false deceiver, and moste ignoraunt beaste, and of the profession of vagaboundes, (as weare his former felowes), bath in tymes passed boasted him selfe to have been the servaunt of Maister Vicary, late sargeant chyrurgien to the queenes highnes. But now the matter being put in triall, he sayeth he was apprentice with a priest, among whose wicked and pro-

digions doynges, (whiche are infinite, one very notable chaunced in the yere of our Lorde 1564, the 26 of September; he poured in a purgation to an honest woman of good fame, one Riches, wydowe, of Linton, (a paryshe of three myles distant from Maydestone), whiche within three or foure houres at the moste, purged the lyfe out of hir body, so violent was this mortal potion. The woman being before in perfecte health, to all mens judgements, beinge onely of simplicitie perswaded to take the same, by the deceivable perswasions of this Nicols, who made fayre wether of all thynges, and hir to beleve that he would deliver hir of suche diseases as in deede she had not. For he should have had by composition, xx. shillings for the saide drynke.

For this murderous facte, he was by the queenes majesties justices apprehended, and imprisoned in the gaile of Maydstone, where he was communed with all, concernyng his knowledge and doynges, and for what cause he gave hir that purgation, and howe she was perswaded to take it. He answered, that he knewe by hir complexion, that hyr lyver and hyr lunges weare rotten, and therefore he toulde hyr so. Wherunto one replied sayinge, naye, she was not sycke, but thou touldest hyr so for thy fylthye lucre, and she beleved thee. And because (as thou saydest), thou knewest all this by hyr complexion, I praye thee what complexion am I of? He answered, you are sanguine.

Then was it asked him, whether it weare proper to a sanguine man to have blacke heare, as that partye

hadde on his bearde? to this he answered, O, ye wyl saye ye are more a the cholere. Then the partie gave hym hys hande to feele, which was commonly colde, saynge, is a cholericke man wonte to be so colde? whiche when he hadde felte, he sayde: O then ye woulde be of the fleme. Then was he asked, what is a sanguine man? or why is he called sanguine? he answered, a sanguine man is he that hathe a good digesture. Mary, as thou sayest, quod the demaunder, here in hast thou shewed howe great thy cunnyng is in judgynge complexions. Then was it saide to hym, ye professe bothe phisicke and chirurgerie, what authours have you redde? He answered, Vigo and Gasken.

Then was it demaunded, what medicyne gavest thou the woman wherwith thou haddeste so evyll lucke? And he sayde, *catapussis*. Then beyng rebuked for that he would take on hym to geve medicyne inwardlye, whereof he knewe not the names, muche lesse the nature: he sayde as stoutely, as obstinatly, that he knewe as many purgations as the partie that reproved hym. Then he asked hym of foure or five, such as came first to minde, as tamar indes, mirobalanes, agarick, &c., of all the whiche he sayd he knew none. Then was he requyred to name them that he dyd know, and he sayde he knewe *catapussis*, and *catapistela*.

Then was he asked what *catapistela* was. Why, quod he to the demaunder, doe not you knowe it? No, sayde the partie, not by that name. And it was further asked whether it weare an herbe, a roote, a

tree, a stone, the hove, horne, or tayle of a beaste, or what it was? Nicols answered that it was none of those, but a thyng made beyonde the seas. It is not made in Englande, quod he, I thynke it be made in Fraunce. Then was he agayne reprov'd for his beastly braggyng. And here maiest thou see, quod the person that reasoned with hym, thyne owne ignoraunce, in that thou sayest it is made, wher it is in deed the fructe of a tree called *cassia fistula*, (as I thynke thou meanest), and not *catapistela*. And he answered, (not withstandyng his former impudencie), it is so; sayyng also thus, oh, you call it *casia*, belyke because it is lyke a case.

Then this man begynning to prove his cunnyng in the natures of symples, asked hym the nature of peper. He sayde it was hotte in the firste degree, and colde in the seconde. Why then, sayde the demaundaunt, what saye you to the nature of an oyster? and he, (answerynge as before of the temperamente), sayde colde in the fyrst degree, and hotte in the thyrde. Then was it sayde to the standers by, here may you see his beastly ignorance, dyd ye ever heare that two contraries coulde dwelle together and agree in one subiecte? Wherunto this lewde felowe most proudly answered, though I can not reason so well as you, but am confounded at your hande, yet have I done great and many cures, whiche, sayd he, commeth of somewhat, though you saye I knowe nothyng. After this, one asked him if he weare by authoritie admitted, accordinge to the lawes of this realme, to use phisicke and chirurgery, as a practiser of the same? To whom

an other sayde; thynke you that any such ignorant asse as this is, can be any where so admitted? Unto all this he sayde, if none should be suffered to use them but the learned, or suche as are permitted, a great manye poore people should perishe for lacke of helpe. To this he was answered, nay, rather a great numbred that are daily kylled or lamed, by suche ignorant beastes as thou arte, might, (by the benefite of nature, and other good helpes of cunning men), recover right well, and lyve, if suche as thou art weare not.

Among other questions of the anatomic, to al the which he answered as beastly as in other thinges before. It was asked him what the splene was, and he answered, that it was a disease in the syde, baked hard lyke a bisket; denyng that there was any thyng called the splene, but the disease, (sayeth he), so called.

Then was it further demaunded of him, (because he boasted muche of chirurgerie), what a wounde was; and he answered, a wounde is a hurte, or a bruse. What is an ulcer, then, sayde the opponente? he answered, an ulcer is a wounde. And then beyng asked whether a wounde and an ulcer weare all one, he sayde, a wounde is that whiche is newe, and an ulcer is that whiche is olde. To this it was replied, that an ulcer might also be newe, and that it was an ulcer though it weare but one daye olde. After this he sayde that he knewe an ulcer with a canker, also a marmole and a fistula. Wherfore he was asked what was a canker, and he sayde, a canker is when an ulcer doth by rankling become a canker. Wherunto one replied, saying,

a cancer may in dede be ulcerate, and is often so; but that every ulcer may by rankling (as thou saiest) become a cancer, it hath not been redde nor seen. But then he sayde that he spake of a canker, and not of a cancer; for a cancer, sayde he, is when an ulcer stynketh.

Muche more could I wryte of his beastly answeres, if I thought this not enough, yea, to much, except it weare better. And though I thinke this enough to greve any wyse mans eyes to see, or eares to heare, yet shall I desyre them to beare with a worde or twayne more, that what they are, even the unskilfull may perceive, and learne to beware of them.

A certaine pacient of myne, (having lately been cured at my hande), metynge with this Nicols at his brothers house, reasoned with hym of a payne that he sometyne hadde in his hyppe; I trowe, quod he, ye cal it a sciatica, doe ye not? Yea, sayde Nicols, there is a sciatica, and a scitica. Then sayde my pacient, I never hearde my chyrurgien name any suche. Who is that, sayde Nicols? and my pacient named me. Then began Nicols to praise a neighbour of myne, saying that he was cuminger then I, but my pacient praysed me to be cuminger then my neighbour. Yea, sayd Nicols, in talke, Halle can talke better. Then sayde my paciente, I hadde a grevous sore legge, with greate apostemacions and hollownes, wherefore if he coulde have done nothing but talke, he myght have talked long enough to my legge before it would so have been whole.

Unto the same man also he made his vaunte on a a tyme, that he sawe his maister, close a mans head together, that was clefte from the crowne of the head, down to the necke, who sayde he was after healed, and did live. This shamles lye, beyng hearde of a mery man, was with an other like lye quited, on this sorte. Tushe, (sayd this mery man), I have heard of as great a matter as this; for a certayne man fallyng into the handes of theves, was robbed, and his head was so smoothe cutte off, that it stode styll upon his necke tyll he rode home; whose wyfe metyng hym at the doore, perceived his bosome bloody, and asked hym if hys nose had bledde; whiche wordes when the man hearde, he tooke his nose in his hand to blowe it, and therwith threw his head in at the dore. And nowe as it is tyme I leave also this monster, least I should to muche weary the lovyng reader, with the long readyng of these moste frivolous communications, and tragedious doynge, (which I have with grieve of harte written, trusting that it will not onely be a warning unto some, that they committe not their lyfe and healte in sicknesse, unto suche lyfe purgers, but also that in comyng to the handes of some vertuous menne, may with the pitie of other mens myseries, move them to laboure, to the most of their power, to redresse these evels). Omitting also one Carter, otherwyse called Carvell, otherwyse Maye, who is a sorcerer, and a worker by dyvelyshe spirites, clokyng the same under the colour of phisick, and hath done much mischief among the people, with his abhorrefull doynge, whiche

I will hereafter (as leysoure and occasion shall serve), farther declare.

I will here also omitte to talke of Grigge the poulter, with divers other, whose endes have made their doinges knowne. And also of a joyner in London, a Frencheman borne, that is of late become a phisitien, who is esteemed at this daye, among dyverse ryght worshipfull, to be very learned and cunningg, that knowe not his originall; yea, they call him doctor James; but an honest woman, an olde neighbour of his, (not longe synce), at a man of worshyppes house in Kente, merveyled to see hym in suche bravery, and lordly apparell; who, when she tooke acquaintance of hym, he wronge hyr harde by the hande, and rounded hyr in the eare, sayng: if thou be an honest woman, kepe thy tongue in thy headde, and saye nothinge of me.

For surely a monstrous great legende should I make, if I shoulde here recite all suche, as I have knowne and heard of; but if any man would knowe more of the doynge of these deceyvers and runnegates, let hym reade a little booke called a Galley late come into Englande, from Terra Nova, laden with Phisitians, Apothecaries, and Chirurgiens, &c., the author wherof I knowe not. Also let them reade a little worke, entituled, A Poesie, made in forme of a vision, &c., lately imprinted. Also let them reade the verses of maister Bulleyne, in his Bulwarke, in the dialogue betwene sorenes, and chirurgery; where he ryghte truly and pleasantly describeth them in their ryght colours. In the

whiche boke also in divers places, he noteth the sleighty practises of suche abusers as he hath knowne in divers countries.

What shall we thinke Diogenes would saye, if he now lived, and sawe so many rusticall craftesmen leave their misteries, and become phisitiens? seyng he sayde to one that was a weake wrestler, (and after became a phisitien), these wordes in effecte: what intendest thou nowe, quod he, craftily and privily be revenged of them that weare wont to vanquishe or overthrowe thee? Or what would Soerates nowe saye, who saide (upon like occasion), to a paynter that became a phisitien; nowe thou workest subtillye, (quod he), for wheras before thyne errors were espied, and judged of all men, nowe thou wylt hyde them in the earth, or bury them in the ground. Meanyng (without doubt), that such phisiciens are more like to kil men, than to save or heale them.

Well sure if there were good orders in all places, and the holesome lawes of this realme well executed, there coulde none such deceyve, with theyr running about, and kreping into corners, unsuspected, and examined. For it is easy to conjecture, or rather perfectlye to knowe, that no honest cunning man, that meaneth trulye and justlye, will refuse to dwell and continue in some esteemed city or towne, (for unto such wise and learned men delight to resort), and to run about here and there, through all the realme, thus like vacaboundes, to deceive the unskillfull people wyth theyr beastly doinges.

I trust yet one day to see it better looked on: and in the meane season, let a great many abusers (whome I knowe, especially in Kent, bothe men and women, and have not here named them), repent and leue their wickednes, otherwise let them assure them selves I wil no more stay to publysh them with their wicked doings, and knavery knackes, bringing them into this register, then I have don to set forth these.

It shall behove every good chirurgien therefore, to place hym selfe in some good towne. or famons citye, and surelye the people will resort unto hym, and send for him at theyr nede, to hys sufficient profit and living; neither wyll anye good man despeyre of thys.

It can not be without suspicion therefore, either of the lacke of cunnyng, or of a deceivable false conscience, that a chirurgien, or phisitien, shall refuse to fixe himselfe constantly in some dwellyng place, and to become a wanderynge fugitive, as these were and are, of whom I have wrytten.

Notwithstanding, I am not ignorant that constante dwellers may be also deceavyng abusers, so long as ther is no punyshment, nor execution of lawes to the contrary, as for example.

One named Kiterell, dwelleth in Kente, at a parysh called Bedersden, that hath been all his lyfe a sawyer of tymbre and borde. a man very symple, and altogether unlearned; who at this present is become a phisitien. or rather a detestable deceavyng sorcerer. He wyll geve judgement on urines, and whyles he loketh on the water, he will grope and fele him selfe all about;

and otherwhyle, where as he feleth, he will shrynke, as though he were pricked, or felte some great paine. Then he tourneth to the messenger and telleth him where, and in what sorte the partie is greved; whiche maketh the people thynke him very cunning. They seeke to hym farre and neere for remedy for suche as are bewyched or enchanted, and as they commonly terme it, forespoken. What stuffe is this, let the wyse and learned judge. And he hath so prospered with these doynge, that in shorte space he hath been able bothe to purchase and buyde, as I am credibly enformed of divers men that doe knowe and have seen the same. For there are many that reporte, (and they no small fooles,) that he hath cured suche as al the learned phisitiens in England coulde doe no good unto, beleve it who wyll.

Notwithstanding Cardanns, a learned philosopher, in his worke *De Subtilitate*, in the tenth booke therof, intituled of spirites or divels, seemeth to prove that there are certayne griefes, chaunsing sometime to mans body by enchaunement, or the workyng of cursed sciences; wherof for so muche as phisicke and chirurgerie knowe no cause, they are also to seeke of a remedy. For in these laudable artes, there is a reasonable cause founde of every disease, upon the reason wherof, ther is ordeined a remedy. But when through divylshe and wicked sciences there is any sycknesse procured, wherof the laudable arte of medicine knoweth not the cause, so can it procure no helpe, but only by helpe of some of those sciences most detestable,

must the same be taken away agayne ; so that it seemeth to be a common composition among them, the one to tormente the bodies both of man and beastes, that an other may be sought unto to remedy the same. So one beyng ever a workyng instrument to an other.

It may chance nowe that some whose myndes are already affectionate to those artes, will saye, that it is necessary that such men should be, for the comforte of them that have neede, when as no helpe otherwise wil serve. To whom it may be answered, that if they be Christian men, they ought not to seke helpe at divels, sith the Holy Ghost, by the mouth of Saynete Paule, hath warned, that no man doe evell that good may come therof. Farthermore, if none suche (as God in his holy lawe hath commaunded), were suffred to lyve, there could no such inconvenience chaunce, wherby any man should have neede to seke to them for helpe, seynge that there is never any neede of their ayde, but where the effect is firste caused, through the wycked workyng of those damnable artes. But let this suffice that we have spoken, concernyng the wycked abuses of phisicke and chirurgerie, and lette us nowe procede to the dutie of the chirurgien, and the good observation of his office, whiche wyll avoyde these, and all lyke abuses, wherunto at this day (God amende it), phisicke and chyrgery is made a cloke. For none of these false merchantes wyll wyllingly be called by the name of that whiche they moste use, but they wyll be called phisiciens, chirurgiens, and astronomers, when they can as muche skyll in any of them as brute beastes.

And concernynge the behavoure that is requyred in a true chirurgien to his paciente, and of one chirurgien to an other concernynge counsell, honeste workynge, and knowledge, I have thought good to gather the counceles, and good documentes of dyvers good and veterate authores, (and have formed the same into Englyshe verses, or metre), and here to place the same, for the better instruction of all yonge chirurgiens, that it may as well be easy to learne, as apte to be kepte in memorie, of all wyllynge learners.

HARKE, and drawe nere, ye younge studentes.

Your cares loke ye unclose ;

The worthy arte chirurgery,

To practise that purpose.

And marke what the greate masters saye,

That here before have wroughte ;

And did to theyr disciples leave,

In wrytinge what they taughte.

And to theyr scholers did descrive,

A brieve methode or waye ;

Commaundinge them the same to marke,

On thys wise gan they saye :—

When thou arte callde at anye time,

A patient to see ;

And doste perceave the cure to greate,

And ponderous for thee :

See that thou laye disleyne aside,
And pride of thyne owne skylle:
And thinke no shame counsell to take,
But rather wyth good wyll

Gette one or two of experte men,
To helpe thee in that nede;
And make them partakers wyth thee,
In that worke to procede.

For in so doinge, thine honestye
Thou shalte well kepe and save;
Also thy patiente therby
Righte greate comforte shall have.

By thys meanes thou mayste haplye learne,
Ryghte seldome sene before;
Of thee, or hym, whyche fyrste thee taughte,
Thoughe thou have cunnyng store.

And also if oughte goe a wrye,
Or hinder in thy cure,
The one maye mende the others faulte,
While frendship dothe endure.

The wounded or sore man also,
Shall have no cause to grudge
In you suche uniformitye,
Whyle he maye see and judge.

And farthermore thou haste thy parte,
 Bothe of profyt and fame ;
 When that your worke hathe good successe,
 And luckilye dothe frame.

And if it happe to frame amisse,
 Suspicyon can be none ;
 Sythe thou haste soughte all meanes of healthe,
 And wouldste not be alone.

So eche man shall with other beare,
 Thy juste cause to defende ;
 All wise and learned men also,
 Shall thee prayse and commende.

For all that be discrete doubtlesse,
 Wyll judge thee to be wyse ;
 In that thou doest desyre to learne,
 And augmente thy practise.

And wylte not that throughe negligence,
 And pride of thine owne waye ;
 Thy pacient in paine shoulde spill,
 To perishe and de kaye.

Thy purpose thus thou shalte attaine,
 Wyth case and honestye ;
 Where otherwyse it maye thee brynge,
 Shame and ignominye.

And farther if thou waye it righte,
It is easie to gesse ;
That better two, then one alone,
All errores maye redresse.

For as all men that here doe live,
Borne in this wretched vale,
Are fraughted full of errores greate,
Oure boote mixed wyth bale ;

From whyche the prudent Salomon,
Was never voide and free ;
As of him selfe he wryteth playne,
Who so will reade maye see.

So if thou in chirurgerye,
Alone wylte walke and wade ;
Thine errores will thy worke confounde,
And all thine honoure quade.

Sithe Bernarde* knewe not all hym selfe,
Thinke never in thy minde ;
But that at laste by painfull prooffe,
Thou shalt thine errores fynde.

For errores, not staide at the firste,
But suffred to procede,

* This is an allusion to Lanfranc's "Chirurgia Parva," which was addressed to his pupil Bernard.

To mischiefes greate, as Plato saythe,
 Will growe in verye dede.

But the beginninge if thou stoppe,
 By good counsell and pure ;
 All doubtfull thynges thou shalt prevent,
 And harde diseases cure.

For all to late comes remedye,
 When through the thy negligence
 The griefe is growne paste aide and cure,
 And all experience.

But one thinge note, when two or moe
 Together joygned be ;
 Aboute the paynfull patient,
 See that ye doe agree.

See that no discorde doe arise,
 Nor be at no debate ;
 For that shall sore discomforte hym,
 That is in sycke estate.

And when alone with your foreman,
 One of you is presente ;
 Defame nor dispraise in no wise,
 The same that is absente.

For noughte can more discomforte him,
 That lies in griefe and peyne,

Then heare that one of you dothe beare,
To other suche disdeine.

Wherefore what so ye have to saye,
In thinges aboute your arte ;
Let it be done among your selves,
In secrete and a parte.

Wyth one consent uniformlye
Comforte the wounded man ;
But unto some good frende of hys
Expresse all that ye can.

And let them knowe the daunger greate,
That like is to succede ;
Prognosticatinge wittilye,
And in convenient spele.

Wherefore eche one of you shall take,
At other his counsell,
Howe that in moste convenient wise,
Ye may the grieffe expell.

And so that one in anye wise,
From other nothinge hide ;
But by all meanes consulte, and for
The sicke mannes healthe provide.

For in that nede if any doe
His counsell kepe a loofe,

And so the wounded man decaye,
 It shall be his reproofe.

See that for goulde or covetise,
 Ye take no thing in hande,
 Whiche incurable for to be,
 Ye doe well understand.

Or oughte unlesse to cure the same
 Thou have some perfecte grounde ;
 For if thou doe, it will thy fame
 In utter shame confounde.

Looke of thy selfe in anye wise,
 Thou make no praise nor boste ;
 For that shall turne to thy dispraise,
 When thou doest use it moste.

See thou dispraise none other man,
 His error thoughe thou knowe ;
 For sure an other for thy plage,
 Shall thee like curtsye showe.

Commende the dedes of eche good man,
 The best loke that thou saye ;
 So shall good fame redounde to thee,
 From all men day by daye.

Not onlye in chirurgery,
 Thou oughtest to be experte ;

But also in astronomye,
Bothe prevye and aperte.

In naturall philosophye,
Thy studye shoulde be bente ;
To knowe eche herbe, shrubbe, roote, and tree,
Muste be thy good intente.

Eche beaste and foule, wyth worme and fishe,
And all that beareth lyfe ;
Their vertues and their natures bothe,
With thee oughte to be rife.

And in the grounde metall and stone,
And veines of earthe also ;
Their powres and vertues in degre,
Shoulde not be hid the fro.

But chieflye the anatomye,
Ye ought to understande ;
If ye will cure well anye thinge,
That ye doe take in hande.

For by the same above the rest,
Ye shall greate fame deserve ;
The life of man from manye streightes,
To save and well preserve.

Withoute the knowledge of whyche arte,
Thou canste not chose but erre ;

In all that thou shalte goe aboute,
 Thy knowledge to preferre.

As if ye cutte or cauterize,
 Or use phlebotomye ;
 Ye can not but erre in the same,
 Withoute anatomye.

He is no true chirurgien,
 That can not shewe by arte,
 The nature of evry member,
 Eche from other aparte.

For in that noble handye worke,
 There dothe nothinge excell
 The knowledge of anatomye,
 If it be learned well.

Endevoure therfore by all meanes,
 The same to know and cumme,
 For when thou haste it perfectlye,
 Thine arte is halflye wunne.

For therby shalt thou understande,
 Of eche member in dede,
 Their nature and their offices,
 And howe they doe procede.

And unto what good use they serve,
 As well the leaste as moste ;

And by their hurte prognosticate
 What action will be loste.

Wherby of knowledge and greate skill,
 Thou shalt obtaine the brute ;
 And men to thee in generall,
 For helpe shall make their sute.

Wherfore all honour, laude, and praise,
 To God ascribed be ;
 The Father, Sonne, and Holye Ghoste,
 One God and personnes three.

Perhappes nowe some man wyll object and saye, that it is not possible alwayes to observe these rules. For if I dwell farre from expert men of whome to aske counsell, and peradventure am matched in the place where I dwell, with some braggyng proud boye, that came latelye oute of his prentishode, who shall for lacke of knowledge and discretion seke myne infamy and dishonour, and is therefore not mete to associate my selfe wyth, but rather to be avoided.

To this I answer, that it behoveth a good chirurgien to be ingenious, and that in this case is thy remedy. To be ingenious, is to be apte to devise newe remedies for new diseases, and suche as thou haste not before scene nor hearde of.

In suche a case in deede it behoveth thee to be verye polytique, and that Allmightye God maye the better prosper all thy workes and devises, serve God faith-

fullye in hartye contemplacions daye and nighte, desiringe God for Jesus Christes sake, hys dere Sonne oure Savyoure, to enspire thee wyth suche grace, that thou maiste to his honor and glory, ende all suche enterprises as thou takest upon thee to doe; (of whyche prayer I will hereafter wryte an example), for if God be on thy syde, feare not who so ever be agaynst thee. And that thou mayste the better knowe what thou doste, that wilt be a chirurgien, and what thou takest upon thee to professe, knowe oute of good and learned authores, what chirurgerye is, and so shalte thou be the better able wiselye to worke alone, where the nedefull society of counsell dothe wante.

Chirurgery, therefore, (as Angelus Bolognius in the prologe to his boke of the cure of externall ulcers, sayeth), is the moste aunciente, ye the moste sure and excellente parte of the arte of medicyne, whiche worketh by handy operation. For the name thereof whiche was geuen thereto by moste auncyent authores, signifieth nothyng else; for chirurgery is *Operatio Manualis*, that is handy worke. Wherefore syth it is a parte of phisike, we can not so rightlye name it in Englishe, as to call it the handy worke of medicine. And farthermore the arte of medicine or phisicke, (wherin chirurgery is comprehended), is an arte, and so it oughte to be named, and not a science; and chirurgery is not an arte properlye of it selfe wythoute phisike, or seperated from the same, as some doe thinke; neyther can phisike be an whole and perfecte arte wythout chirurgery, as some woulde imagin. For

sythe they are both partes one of an other, how can they be devided or separate wythout detriment to them bothe? for it is not a whole body that lacketh one of hys chiefe members, or partes; for nether can chirurgerye be perfectlye learned wythoute theorike, nor phisike wythoute practise. And wheras theorike and practise goe not together, whether ye call it phisike or chirurgery, I dare boldlye affirme, that there is in them no manner of perfection worthy commendation. Yet some there be that thinke that onlye to phisike belongeth theorike, or speculation, and that to chirurgery belongeth onlye practise; but howe farre their judgements differ from truthe, let everye wyse man judge. What knowledge is there in phisike that is not requisyte in chirurgerye? whether it be gramer, philosophy, astronomye, anatomye, or anye other; ye, the very judiciall of urine, and the pulse, as good doctor Record, our worthye countrye man witnesseth; wherfore I affirme, accordynge to the sentence of moste wise authoures, that the knowledge of chirurgerye consisteth in ii. thinges, namelye, speculation and practise, and therefore it is not only a workinge, but an excellent knowledge, and understandynge howe to worke well and perfectly. But the effectuall actes of chirurgerye in deede, (as Guido saythe), consyste in cuttinge, in knittinge, in bindinge, in purgyng, purifying, and exercisyng the handye operation, and all this upon the bodye of man, to heale, or bring health to the same, as muche as is possible. Whiche addition we put to, because it never hath ben, is, nor shalbe possi-

ble for any chirurgien to heale all that are diseased and sore. Therefore we maye thus conclude that chirurgery is an arte both workynge and teachinge how to worke upon the bodye of man, to heale all suche diseases as are possible to be cured.

Nowe therefore, let the good chirurgien, (that wil avoyde wicked crafts and abuses), first learne, and then worke and use experience; wherin thou shalt understande that the onlye readinge in bookes is not sufficient, as manye a one at this day, (to the great hurt of mucche people), thinketh. For there is no science that can wythoute seinge the practyse and experience of cunnyng masters therin, be lerned; and surelye in the arte of medicine, (chieflye chirurgerye), practise and experience is the chiefest learnynge; although withoute other learnynge (I confesse) no man can attayne to the perfection that therin is required. And for this dothe learnynge (in bookes contened), chieflye serve to teache men to knowe the workes of learned masters of old tyme; but assure thy selfe, (what so ever suche masters have wrytten), thou shalt never perfectlye digest to thine owne use, anye thinge in them, except thou be able to joyne by comparison. that which thou haste sene in other mennes workes before thine eies, and in the practise of thine owne handes, wyth that whiche thou findest wrytten in olde authors; for lyttle profit, swetenesse, or understandinge shall one gette of authores except he see the same also put in practise. Therefore when thou haste sene proved by cunning masters, the whyche thou haste red, thou arte trulye learned in

thine arte, and therefore apte to worke and use experience thy selfe.

And this regarde to experience in learninge made Socrates say, that lerning ought not to be wrytten in bokes, but rather in mennes mindes. For this excellent philosopher well perceived that the committinge of cunningg to wrytten bookes, made men to neglect the practise and experience of their wittes by meanes wherof they became uneunninge.

Galen also hathe frendly admonished us, that we ought not, (if we will be perfectlye cunninge), to trust onely to doctrine wrytten in bokes, but rather oure propre eyes, whiche are to be trusted above all other authores, ye, before Hippocrates and Galen ; for wythout the eyes consent, (saith Soerates), the eares oughte not to be trusted ; for the eares are subjectes, and often deceived, but the eyes are judges bothe true and certaine.

As I woulde therefore, that all chirurgiens shoulde be learned, so woulde I have no man thinke him selfe lerned otherwise then chiefly by experience ; for learning in chirurgery consisteth not in speculation only, nor in practise only, but in speculation well practised by experience. Therefore when we saye that a chirurgien muste firste be learned, and then worke, it is not ment that any man by the reading of a booke, or bokes onely, may learne how to worke, for truely that hathe caused so many deseivinge abusers, as there are at this daye.

Good chirurgien, therefore, have a regard to these

things, even as thou wilt answer for the same at the dreadfull daye, when the eternall Lord, and almighty Master, shall call for accompt of eche mannes talent, whether they have gained therewith, accordinge to his will, or whether they have abused, or vainlye hid the same.

Furthermore, these things considered and observed, it is expedient chiefly, and before all thinges, that thou have Goddes feare alwaies before thine eies, that thou leade a vertuous life, and (as nere as God shal geve thee grace), unspotted to the world, doing just and vertuous dedes, abhorring and abstaining from all viciousnesse. Let wicked pride be farre from thy hart, and rather with all humility confesse that thou canst doe nothing of thy selfe, (as thou canste not in deede), but through the grace and mercifull favoure of God.

Likewise avoide envye and wicked wrathe; be neither wrathfull, nor envyous, that an other man of thyne arte hathe better successe then thy selfe, but rather endevoure thy self in the feare and service of God, to learne to doe better, and to excede others. For to a diligente and wyllynge minde, there is nothing to harde ne impossible.

Let charitye surmounte covetise, so that it have no place in thy harte, otherwise then it shall be requisite for thee to live like a man of science with a decent and honest maintenance of necessaryes. Let no slouth cause thee to neglecte thy cures, wherof thou haste taken charge, least through thy negligence they pear-

ishe, and their blood call for vengeance on thee at the handes of God.

In anye wise be thou no lechoure, but adorne thy life wyth honest, chaste, and sober manners; for that uncleane and filthy vice is muche to be abhorred in a chirurgyen, consideringe the secretes of manye honest folkes, that to hys charge and cure muste be committed.

Lastlye, and above all these, beware of drunkenesse, a vyce that was never more used, then it is of manye at this tyme. For when hathe this vile reporte (or rather reproche), gone of so manye as it dothe at this daye, he is a good chirurgyen in the forenone? O abomination of all other in a chirurgien to be detested! but how unmete suche arte to be chirurgiens I have touched more at large in my preface.

Let vertue, therefore, I saye, be thy guide; let hir be bothe thy rule and compasse, wherby to frame all thy doinges.

And consider that chirurgerye is an arte to heale dyseases, whyche is a vertuous exercise, ye, a gifte of Goddes spiryte, as saythe S. Paule; and therefore can never be well used of vicious personnes, althoughe they have never so muche lerninge; for vice and vertue can never accorde, but alwayes one is expelled by the other, for two contraries can never agree in one subjecte.

Consider, also, howe by vertuous and holye lyfe, and by faithfull prayer, the very angelles at Goddes ap-
poyntment have descended from heaven to aid and helpe men in their nede, teachinge them remedies for

divers griefes; as holye Raphaell was sent to Tobbye. And as thou mayste reade in the xxxviii. chapter of Jesus, the sonne of Sirache, wher he, (treatinge of the phisitien), saythe: the houre maye come that the sycke maye be healed throughe them when they praye unto the Lorde, that he maye recover and get health to lyve longer. Loe, here mayste thou see that thy duety is to praye unto God for thy pacient, and for helpe and grace to heale him. Praye, therefore, faithfully unto God, serve hym devoutlye, call rightlye upon his holy name daye and night, wyth an holye abstinence as scripture teacheth, not omyttinge dedes of almes, the frutes of perfecte faythe.

Moreover, be not ingrate nor unthankfull unto God when he sendeth good successe to thy businesse, good lucke to thy handes, and graunteth thee thy hartes desyre. For unthankfulnesse many times is the cause that our prayers are not heard. Praise God, therefore, for his benefites, and pray faithfullye to hym in all thy streightes of nede, and this doinge, be sure that God will prosper all thy wayes, and geve good successe to all thy workes. Take here, therefore, an example of prayer whiche thou mayste use, I trust, to the glorye of God.

A PRAYER NECESSARYE TO BE SAYDE OF ALL
CHIRURGIENS.

O ALMIGHTYE, eternall, impassible, and incomprehensible Lorde God, whiche haste created all thinges of nothinge, and man out of the slime of the earthe, set-

tinge him in paradyse to live ever in felicity, from whiche he most disobedientlye fell into this worlde of infyrmities; whiche infyrmities yet neverthelesse thou haste, (of thy greate mercye), so pityed, that for the helpe and curation of them, thou haste, (by thy speciall grace), geven vertue unto trees, herbes, rootes, bestes, foules, fishes, wormes, stones, and metalles; and in fyne hast left nothing among all that thou haste made wythout a propre vertue, for man his utilitye and helpe in tyme of neede, and haste also, moste graciouslye geven knowledge unto men for to use and minister thy creatures to the helpe of their griefes, graunte unto me, moste mercifull God, that (as I truly beleve, and faithfully trust, that all healthe and vertue cometh from thee), I maye so knowe and use thy creatures to the helpe of my Christen brethren and neighbours, in that arte that I, throughe thy providence, have from my youthe up bene trained and instituted unto, that not onlye I for the prosperous successe of mine arte, but my poore pacientes also, and all other together, maye praise and honor thy holy and blessed name, which livest and reignest oue God in trinitye, and trinitye in unitye, world wythout end. Amen.

AN OTHER.

O Lorde God, everlasting and almighty chirurgien, who only art the Lord that healest Israell, (that is thine elect), and hast created medicin out of the earth, (of no wise man to be abhorred), so that bitter water was made swete by the vertue of a tree, that men

mighte learne therby to knowe that thou haste geven vertue to all thinges, and hast geven wisdome and knowledge unto men from time to time, that thou maist be honored in thy wonderous workes. For Salomon spake of all rotes and trees, even from the cedar that groweth in Libanon, unto the hisope that springeth out of the wall. Ye, he spake also of beastes, foules, wormes, and of fishes. I reade also, O Lorde, that by a little meale, the bitternesse of colocinthis was cured in the potage pot of the prophets children; and by a plaster of figges kinge Ezechias was healed of his sicknesse sore. I also remember that by the gaulde of a fyshe, the blindnesse was taken from olde Tobies eyes. Innumerable, O Lorde, are the testimonies of scripture, beside dailye experience, whiche provoketh and stirreth me to laud and praise thy moste glorious name! I beseche thee therefore, oh moste mercifull Lord, that I maye so use, and all my patientes so receive, thy creatures, that thou so graciously haste ordeined for medicine, that health may be obtained, and thy name for the same everlastingly honored. Graunt this, Oh Lorde, holy and everlivyng God, for the merites of thy dere Sonne, our only Saviour and mercye seate, thy holy wisdome Jesus Christ, in whom is all vertue to cure all thynges, worlde without ende. Amen.

A PRAIER TO BE USED OF THE GOOD CHIRURGIEN
BEFORE HE CONCLUDE TO TAKE IN HANDE THE
CURATION OF ANY HARDE AND DIFFICULTE THING,
AT ANY MANS IMPORTUNATE SUTE AND REQUESTE.

O ALMIGHTIE Lorde God, heavenly Father, who by

thy divine providence forseest and disposest all thinges to thy glory, and the profite of thy Church. Thou seest all thinges before they come to pass, and thinges that yet are not are with thee as though they were; but man thou hast inclosed within metes and boundes of knowyng thinges after they are chanced, so that we only judge of thinges present, and as for thynges to come, we can not before hande certainly decerne them. Not withstanding for so much as thou hast mercifully decreed through our Lorde Jesus Christe, that all thinges turne to the beste to those thy chosen chyldren, who rightly love and feare thee. Thy strengthe supplieth our weakenes, thy wysdome our folye, and thy knowledge our ignorance; and causest us, neverthelesse, to fele by faithe in our soules, that whiche our carnall senses can in no wyse taste. My prayer, therefore, oh mercifull Lorde, is that of thy gracious goodnes, and merciful benignitie, thou wilt so forsee and provide for me, most unworthy and wretched sinner, (yet thy servant through Christe), that I never take upon me to cure either this, or any other thing, unles thy godly will be, that I may through thy grace so ende the same that not only I may thereby attayne an honest fame, and the partie greved joye, gladnes, and health; but chiefly that we both, and all other good people, (the same consideryng), may remember thee with thankes, laud, honor, and prayse, for thyne abundant mercie, grace, and vertue, to our lyves ende. Graunt this, O Lorde God, eternall and omnipotent, for the sake of thy everlasting word, thy dere Sonne,

our only Saviour and Mediatour, by whome thou workest all in all thynges, who lyveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God in trinitie, and trinitie in unitie, worlde without end. Amen.

Nowe that after my symple skill I have formed praiers mete for chirurgiens, I thinke it mete to shew also an example howe to prayse God for the good successe of the chirurgiens busines, as foloweth.

O ETERNALL father, almyghtie God, maker of al things, howe great and glorious are all thy wonderous workes, thy lovyng kyndnes and mercies to mankynde excedyng them all, for thy benefites bestowed on mankynde are infinite and incomparable. Among whiche thy creatures and workes of thy handes, I, moste poore unworthy man, and wretched sinner, have endlesse cause to acknowledge thy grace and mercies.

If, oh Lord, I should once imagin to gratifie thy goodnes, beholde what hath mortal man to geve unto God? or what hath man that is not Gods? neyther hast thou, O God, any nede of man, or ought that man hath. But not withstandyng, thy Sonne our Saviour, by divyne providence, hath satisfied for us thy wyll, and apeased thy wrath, justly bente on us for our manifold sinnes, and through the Holy Ghoste, thy spirit of truth, (who leadeth us unto all truth), we are informed that thou askest of us from henceforthe no more, but a lively sacrifice of thankes gevyng and prayse of thy holy name.

Wherefore not withstanding mine unworthines, through Christe I am boldened, (fully hopyng that of thy great mercye thou wilt fatherly accepte the same), moste hartily to thanke thee with all my harte and soule, for the good successe that haste geven to the exercise of my handes to bringe even wonderfull thinges to passe. Wherefore, O Lorde, holy and just, all possible thankes, honour, glory, and prayse, be geven unto thee. Beseeching thee, (for Jesus Christes sake), to geve me grace that I never forgette or put out of mynde for any thyng whyle I lyve, to remember styll to offer thee this sacrifice, so that I receyve not this thy great graces unthankfully unto my lyves end; and after this lyfe that I may with the holy patriarkes, prophetes, apostles, evangelistes, martyrs, confessors, angels, and archangels, synge with incessant voyce before thy throne, holy, holy, holy, Lorde God of Sabaoth, for ever and ever. Amen.

Finally, see that ye ascribe al honor unto the holy Trinitie, and seke not in any wyse your owne prayse and vayne glorie, least ye therin displease God, and justely provoke hym to withdrawe his grace frome you, whose instrumentes ye are, whyle ye dooe well, as is the hammer in the hande of the worcke manne. For as sayeth the prophete Esaie, (cap. 10.) *Num gloriabitur securis adversus eum qui ea secat? aut serra magnificabitur adversus eum qui se tractat? Quod perinde esset ac si virga sese elevaret contra eum qui ipsam fert, et baculus sese extolleret quasi lignum non esset.* That

is, shall the axe boste it selfe against him that heweth therwith? or shall the sawe bragge against him that handleth it? Whiche were even lyke as if the rodde did exalte it selfe against hym that beareth it, and the staffe should extolle it selfe as though it weare no woode.

FINIS.

NOTES.

P. 3, l. 1.—*Epistle and Prefaces.* These allude to the work of Lanfrane, to the translation of which, by John Halle, the “Historiall Expostulation” is appended.

P. 3, l. 16,—*Daphnoides.* $\Delta\alpha\phi\nu\omicron\iota\epsilon\tilde{\iota}\eta\varsigma$, the Greek term for the laurel plant.

P. 5, l. 10.—*Blind Bayerd, or Bayard.* Bayard signifies properly a bay horse, and is sometimes used for a horse in general. “As bold as blind Bayard,” is to be found in Ray’s Collection of Proverbs, alluding to a person who leaps before he looks : and Chaucer (edit. Urry, p. 126.)

“ Though ye prolle aye, ye shall it nevir find,
Ye ben as bolde as is *bayarde the blinde.*”

P. 16, l. 20.—*Eliotes bookes.* This must be an allusion to Sir Thomas Elyot, an eminent scholar in the reign of Henry VIII, who excelled in the knowledge of grammar, rhetoric, philosophy, physic, and history. He died in 1546, having, besides other works, written “The Governour,” “The Castle of Helthe,” “Of the Education of Children,” “The Banquet of Sapience.” The only medical work he published was the Castle of Health, which went through many editions, printed by Berthelet, Marshe, and others, and which subjected him to much censure from members of the medical profession, as well

as the community in general. The latter conceived it to be a subject beneath the dignity of the pen of a knight, and the former were incensed that it should be written in English. Sir Thomas Elyot was one of the most learned and virtuous men of his time, and an intimate of Sir Thomas More.

P. 18, l. 3.—*Maister Luke, of London, hath a great name for curyng eyes.* I can find no other notice of this practitioner; he does not appear to have published any work, or detailed his modes of practice. Several interesting notices of quack oculists will be found in Mr. Rimbault's edition of Chettle's "Kind-Hearts Dreame," printed by the Percy Society (pp. 22-26-75.) I have also given several in a Memoir of the late James Ware, Esq. See *Medical Portrait Gallery*, vol. iii.

P. 19, l. 27.—*Maister Vicary.* Thomas Vicary was one of the earliest writers on anatomy in the English language. He was serjeant-surgeon to four sovereigns, namely: Henry VIII, Edward VI, and queens Mary and Elizabeth. He was also chief surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the principal scene of his labours. In 1548 he published "The Englishman's Treasure, with the true Anatomy of Man's Body," London, 4to. This was several times reprinted, and an edition with the title somewhat altered, was put forth in 1577, by the surgeons of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

P. 21, l. 13.—*He answered Vigo, and Gasken.* Of the latter nothing is known. John de Vigo was physician to Pope Julius II, and wrote largely and wisely on several subjects of surgery. He composed many treatises, the whole of which were collected together, and translated into

English by Bartholomew Traheron, and published in folio, in 1543, and again in 1550, from the press of Edward Whytchurch; it was reprinted in 1571, by Thomas East, and Henry Middelton, and again in 1586, 4to., together with some pieces by Thomas Gale, with a preface by George Baker, Gent., who together with Richard Norton, diligently revised and corrected the whole work, which was printed by Thomas East.

P. 26, l. 3.—*Grigge the Poulter.* In the reign of Edward VI, Grigg, a poulterer in Surrey, was put in the pillory at Croydon and again in Southwark, for cheating people out of their money by pretending to cure them by charms, or by looking at them, or by casting their water. (*Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. xxxiii. p. 105). Many other quacks have at various times been also subjected to punishment.—Anthony was punished for his *Aurum Potabile*; Arthur Dee for advertising medicines to cure all diseases; Foster for selling a powder for the cure of chlorosis; Tenant, an urine easter, who sold pills at £6 each; Aires for selling purging sugar plums; Hunt for putting up bills for the cure of diseases in the streets. The Council in the reign of James I despatched a warrant to the Magistrates of the City of London, to take up all reputed empirics, and cause them to be examined by the censors of the Royal College of Physicians. Several were taken up and acknowledged their ignorance; Lamb, Reed, Woodhouse, &c. In the reign of King William, Fairfax was fined and imprisoned for doing injury to persons by his *Aqua Cœlestis*. And in Stow's Chronicle it is recorded that a water easter was punished for exercising his quackery. He was set on horseback, his face to the horse's tail, which he held in his hand, with a collar of urinals about his neck, led by the hangman through the city, whipped, branded, and then banished.

P. 26, l. 28.—*Maister Bulleyn*. William Bulleyn, or Bullein, was a learned physician, born about the year 1500, in the Isle of Ely. He was intimately versed in the writings of the Greek and Arabian physicians, and he travelled over various parts of England and Scotland, to acquire botanical knowledge. He studied both at Cambridge and at Oxford, and was an ecclesiastic as well as a physician. He was rector of Blaxhall, in Suffolk, where he preached divinity, and practised physie. Upon the accession of Queen Mary, being a protestant, he thought it best to retire from his rectory, and he removed to Durham; where he became intimate with Sir Thomas Hilton, governor of Timmouth Fort, engaged with him in a commercial speculation, and had occasion, also, to attend upon him in an attack of malignant fever, of which he died. Bulleyn was pursued and charged, by the brother of the governor, with the murder of his relative, but of this he was honourably acquitted. He was, however, detained in prison for a debt, and during his incarceration composed his medical works, which are distinguished by learning, fancy, and humour. They consist of “The Governement of Helthe,” “A Comfortable Regimen against the Pleurisie;” “Bulwarke of Defense against all Sicknes, Sornes, and Wounds, that doe daily assaulte Mankind;” and “A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietieful against the Fever Pestilence.” He was elected into the Royal College of Physicians of London, and had a great practice. He died in 1576.

P. 27, l. 13.—*For where as before thyne errors were espied*. This of Soerates appears to be the original of that which has been reported of others. The eccentric Dr. Radcliffe is known never to have paid his bills without much importunity; a paviour, after long and fruitless attempts,

caught the Doctor just as he was alighting from his chariot, at his own door in Bloomsbury Square, and accosted him. "Why you rascal," said the Doctor, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? why you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." "Doctor," said the paviour, "mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides." "You dog, you," said the Doctor, "are you a wit? you must be poor, come in."—and paid him.—See *Medical Portrait Gallery*, vol. i.

P. 38, l. 1.—*But also in Astronomie.* Sir George Ripley, in his 'Compound of Alchimie,' tells us that—

"A good phisytian who so intendeth to be,
 Our lower astronomy him nedeth well to knowe;
 And after that to lerne, well, urine in a glasse to see,
 And if it neede to be chafed the fyre to blowe,
 Then wyttily it, by divers wayes to throwe,
 And after the cause to make a medicine blive,
 Truly telling the yntimities all on a rowe:
 Who thus can doe by his physicke is like to thrive."

Chaucer's picture of a good physician, will furnish also another instance of the prevalent opinion of the necessity of a knowledge of astronomy, in practitioners of the medical art. I have adduced many other authorities in my work "On Superstitions connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery."

P. 41, l. 14.—*Angelus Bolognius.* Angelo Bolognini was an Italian surgeon and professor of surgery at Padua, from 1508 to 1517. He is generally regarded as the inventor of the use of mercurial frictions. The able work of this surgeon referred to by Halle, is inserted in the collection of Gesner and Uffenbach, entitled "De cura Uleerum exteriorum et de Unguentis communibus in Solutione continui."

P. 42, l. 17.—*Good Doctor Record.* Robert Recorde, doctor of medicine, is a person of whom we have to regret that but few biographical particulars are known. My friend Mr. James Orchard Halliwell has, in an interesting little tract on “The connexion of Wales with the early science of England,” published by Rodd in 1840, collected together several circumstances which show that he is to be regarded as the first original writer on arithmetic in English; the first on geometry; the first person who introduced the knowledge of algebra into England; the first writer on astronomy in English; the first person in this country who adopted the Copernican system; the inventor of the present method of extracting the square root; the inventor of the sign of equality; and the inventor of the method of extracting the square root of multinomial algebraic quantities. He lived in the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Queen Mary; to the latter sovereign he was physician. He was a native of Tenby in Pembrokeshire, and, according to Fuller, a protestant; he publicly taught rhetoric, mathematics, music, and anatomy, at Oxford, about the year 1525, and was elected a fellow of All Souls College in 1531. He was created M.D. at Cambridge in 1545, resided in London in 1547, and is supposed to have died in 1558. His will, from which Mr. Halliwell has given some extracts, bears the date of June 28, 1558, and he therein styles himself as “sicke in body, yet whole in mynde.” This will was made in the King’s Bench prison, where he was confined a prisoner for debt. His works, which are all written in the form of Dialogue between pupil and teacher, consist of “The Grounde of Artes;” (arithmetic); “The Urinall of Physick;” (a work entitled “the Judicial of Urines” is supposed to be the same with a different title; I have never been able to see a copy of it). “The

Pathway to Knowledge," (Geometry); "The Gate of Knowledge," (Mensuration); "The Castel of Knowledge," (Astrology and Mathematics); "The Treasure of Knowledge," (Astronomy); "The Whetstone of Witte," (Algebra and Arithmetic). All these were printed between the years 1540, and 1557, and most of them several times reprinted. Recorde also edited the early edition of Fabyan's Chronicle, and Sherburne attributes to him "Cosmographiæ Isagoge," "De Arte Faciendi Horologium," and "De Usu Globorum et de Statu Temporum." He is said to have been well skilled in the Saxon language, and to have made large collections of historical and other ancient manuscripts.

- P. 42, l. 25.—*As Guido saythe.* Guy de Chauliac was in surgical science one of the most distinguished men of the 14th century. He studied at Bologna, and at Montpellier, where he afterwards was appointed a professor. He practised at Lyons, and was physician to Pope Clement VI in 1348. He has given an excellent account of the plague as it appeared at Avignon. His principal efforts were directed to the improvement of surgery, which he relieved from many of the barbarous practices of his age. He improved the method of performing many operations, and invented several instruments. His works were collected together, and published as *Chirurgiæ Tractatus Septem cum Antidotario*, which first appeared at Venice in 1490, and was afterwards published under the editorial care of several surgeons, and repeatedly printed.

THE
HONESTIE OF THIS AGE :

PROVING BY GOOD CIRCUMSTANCE
THAT THE WORLD WAS NEVER
HONEST TILL NOW.

BY

BARNABY RICH,

GENTLEMAN,

SERVANT TO KING JAMES I.

With an Introduction and Notes
BY PETER CUNNINGHAM.

LONDON.

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INTRODUCTION.

BARNABY RICH was a prolific pamphleteer in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James. His first known production is dated in 1574, and his last in 1624. His tracts, some six-and-twenty in number, are all of them curious pictures of the age, and all are scarce.

It is not known when or where he was born, or when or where he died. He was perhaps of Welsh descent.

Like Gascoigne, Churchyard, and other poetic spirits of that age, he was a soldier carrying arms. Ireland and the Low Countries were then the seats of war, and Churchyard, in his "True discourse historical of the succeeding Governors in the Netherlands," refers to *Captain Barnaby Rich his notes*, as his authority for several circumstances related therein.

Rich is a vehement inveigher against vice in all its subdivisions. He is a *school of abuse*, like Gosson, or like Prynne. He anathematizes periwigs, picardils, and shaparownes, rich wines and yellow-starch, side saddles, and coaches,—no new enormity escapes him, and he blows a *Counterblast*

to *Tobacco*, carrying odour to the nostrils of King James.

Rich, in one of his early productions, employed the poet Lodge to lop the superfluities of his pen. But Lodge became one of the wicked, and Rich relied in future on his own unassisted knowledge.

That his writings were read and admired there is other testimony than their number, or the successive editions they went through. In his "*Have with you to Saffron Waldon*," Nash says: "*A rich spirit, quoth-a? nay then, a spirit in the way of Honesty too. Loe! this it is to be read in nothing but Barnaby Riche's workes.*"

I have been at some pains to make out a correct catalogue of Rich's writings. Mr. Collier's kindness has enabled me to add the name of another work to the hitherto ascertained list of his publications.

CATALOGUE OF BARNABY RICH'S WORKS.

1. "A Right Exelett and pleasaunt Dialogue, betwene Mercurvry and an English Souldier: contayning his Supplication to Mars: Bewtifified with sundry worthy Histories, rare inuentions, and politike deuises. Wrytten by B. Rich, Gen. 1574."—16mo., b. l.

The dedication (signed Barnabe Rych) is addressed to Ambrose Earl of Warwick, "Generall of the Queenes Maiesties Ordinance, within her highnes Realms and Dominions."

"In this little book," he says, "I haue descrybed certayne noble facts and other high exploitcs,

achined by great and mighty Princes, and other valiaunt Captaines ; also not forgetting to manifest the great abuse that is generally vsed, in the setting forth of Souldiers, in the tyme of seruice, which I my selfe haue seene and marked.”

The maner of chosing Souldiers in England.

“The Prince, or Counsayll, sendeth downe theyr warrant, to certayne Commissioners, of euerye such Shyer where they mynde too haue suche a number of Souldyers to bee leuyed and appoynted, the Commissioner he sendeth hys precept to the hye Constable of euerye Hundred, the hye Constable of euerye Hundred, he geueth knowledge to euerye petye Constable of euerye Parrysh within his cyrquet, that uppon such a daye, he must bring two or three able and sufficient men, to serue y^e Prince, before such Comissioners, to such a place. The pety Constable when he perceyueeth that wars are in hand, foreseeing the toyles, the infinite perilles, and troublesome trauayles that is incident to Souldyers, is loth that anye honest man, through his procurement, shuld hazard himselfe amongst so many daungers, wherfore if within his office, there hap to remayne any idle felow, some dronkerd, or sediciouse quariler, a priuye picker, or such a one as hath some skill in stealing of a Goose, these shall bee presented to the seruyce of the Prince ; and what seruyce is too bee looked for amongst such fellowes, I thinke may easily be deemed.”

There is a copy in the Bodleian Library, and a second, imperfect at the end, in Mr. Collier's possession.

2. "Allarme to England, foreshewing what perilles are procured, where the people liue without regarde of Martiall Lawe. With a short discourse conteyning the decay of Warlike Discipline, conuenient to be perused by Gentlemen, such as are desirous by service to seeke their owne deserued prayse, and the preservation of their Countrey. Newly deuised and written by Barnabe Riche, Gentleman. *Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari.*" Perused and allowed, 1578."

Dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton. "What I have written," he says, "was onely done in Ireland where there is no great choice of bookes to be had....My training up," he adds, "has been more with my pike than with my pen; not in the schools among clerks, but in the fields among unlettered soldiers."

There is a copy in the British Museum, another in the Bodleian, and a third in the possession of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville.

Churchyard has a copy of verses, and Barnabe Googe a prose letter, prefixed. Googe's letter is dated from Kingstone, to his "very louing friend Captaine Barnabe Riche: That noble gentleman," he writes, "Sir William Drurie, a paragon of armes, at this day was wont (I remember) to say that the Souldiers of England had alwayes one of these three ends to looke for—to be slaine, to begge, or to be hanged."

“I was never able,” says Rich, “to climb Parnassus hill, although I have travailed over Gaddes hyll in Kent, and that sundrie tymes and often.”

3. “Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession: conteinyng verie pleasaunt discourses fit for a peaceable tyme: gathered together for the onely delight of the courteous Gentlewomen, bothe of Englande and Irelande, for whose onely pleasure thei were collected together, and unto whom thei are directed and dedicated by Barnabe Riche, Gentleman.” *Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari.* Imprinted at London, by Robart Walley, 1581.”

The only copy known of this edition is in the Bodleian Library. The second edition is dated 1606.

Shakespeare is said to have been indebted to the history of “Apolonius and Silla,” in this book, for part of the story of “Twelfth Night.” Apolonius and Silla forms a part of Mr. Collier’s “Shakespeare’s Library” (2 vols. 8vo.) n. d.

Rich’s interesting account, in this book, of Sir Christopher Hatton’s house at Holdenby in Northamptonshire, has been copied by Mr. Collier into his *Poetical Decameron*, vol. ii. p. 138. “Riche his Farewell” is about to be reprinted by the *Shakespeare Society*.

4. “The straunge and wonderfull adventures of Don Simonides, a gentilman Spaniarde. Conteinyng verie pleasaunt discourse: Gathered for the recreation as well of our noble yong gentilmen, as our honourable courtly Ladies; by

Barnabe Riche, gentleman, &c. Imprinted at London by Robert Walley, &c. 1581. b. l. 4to., 71 leaves.

The dedication is addressed to Sir Christopher Hatton. The poet Lodge corrected this book, for the soldier Barnaby; he has a copy of verses prefixed.

There is a copy of this book in the Bodleian, and another in the library at Bridgewater House. (See Collier's Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 251).

5. "The true Report of a late Practise enterprised by a Papist, with a yong Maiden, Eliz. Orton, born in Orton Madocke, in the Co. of Kent, in Wales. London, by Robert Walley, 1582," 4to.

Dedication addressed to Sir Francis Walsingham. There is a copy in the British Museum.

6. "The Second Tome of the Travailes and Adventures of Don Simonides, enterlaced with varietie of Historie, wherein the curteous and not curious Reader maie find matters so leveled as maie suffice to please all humours, &c. Written by Barnabe Rich, Gentleman, &c. Imprinted at London, for Robert Walley, &c., 1584," b. l. 4to., 75 leaves.

This, like the first volume of the same romance, is dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton. There is a copy in the Bodleian, and another in the Bridgewater Library. (See Collier's Catalogue, p. 252).

7. "The Famous Hystory of Herodotus. Conteyning the Discourse of dyuers Countreys, the succession of theyr Kyngs, the actes and exploitcs atchieued by them, the

lawes and customes of every nation, with the true Description and Antiquitie of the same. Deuided into nine Bookes, entituled with the names of the nine Muses, at London, Printed by Thomas Marshe, 1584." 4to., b. 1.

Dedication signed B. R. addressed to "Mayster Robert Dörmer, sonne to the noble Knight Sir William Dörmer." There is a copy in the King's Library at the Museum.

8. "A Path-way to Military Practise, whereunto is annexed a Kalender of the Imbattinge of Men; London, by John Charlewood, 1587," 4to.

There are three dedications, one to the 'Princesse Elizabeth,' another 'To the most noble Captaines and renowned Souldiers of England,' and the third 'To the friendly Readers in generall,'—*Lowndes*.

9. "The Aduentures of Brusanus, Prince of Hungaria, Pleasant for all to read, and profitable for some to follow. Written by Barnaby Riche, seaven or eight yeares sithence, and now published by the great intreaty of diuers of his freendes. Imprinted at London for Thomas Adames, 1592," 4to., b. 1.

The dedication is "To the woorshipfull and vertuous yoong Gentlewoman, mistresse Jayes Aston, daughter to the right worshipfull Sir Edward Aston, Knight;" but it gives no information, excepting that Rich subscribes himself "your loving Cosyn," showing that he was a man of some family.

The only perfect copy known is in Dulwich College.

Mr. Collier has favoured me with the following extract from this rare tract. Rich is describing the character of Gloriosus a courtier of Epirus.

“The loftines of his lookes was much to be marveld at, but the manner of his attire was more to be laughed at. On his head, he woare a hatte without a band, like a Mallecontent, his haire hanging downe to both his shoulders, as they use to figure a hagge of hell, his beard cut *peecke a deuaunt*, turnde uppe a little, like the Vice of a playe.”

10. “A Looking Glass for Ireland. London, for John Oxenbridge, 1599.”
11. “A Souldier’s wishe to Briton’s welfare : or a discourse fit to be read of all gentlemen and souldiers, written by a captaine of Experience, 4to., London, 1604.”

There is a copy in the Bodleian.

12. “The Fruits of long Experience. A pleasing view for Peace, A Looking-Glasse for Warre, or call it what you list. Discoursed betweene two Captaines. By Barnabie Rich, Gentleman. *Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari.* Imprinted at London by Thomas Creede, for Jeffrey Charlton, &c., 1604.” 4to., b. l.

The fruits of Rich’s long experience (“forty yeares training in the warres”) is here set forth, in a dialogue between Captain Pill and Captain Skill.

The dedication to Prince Henry. The only copy Mr. Collier has ever seen is in Dulwich College.

13. "Faultes Faults, and nothing else but Faultes. At London, Printed for Jeffrey Charleton, &c., 1606." 66 leaves.

Dedication addressed to Prince Henry. There is a copy in the Bridgewater Library, see Collier's Catalogue, p. 253, and another in Mr. Grenville's Library.

14. "A short survey of Ireland, truely discovering who it is that hath so armed the hearts of that people with disobedience to their Prince: With a description of the countrey, and the condition of the people. No lesse necessary and needfull to be respected by the English, then requisite and behoovefull to be reformed in the Irish. London, N. O. for B. Sutton, and W. Barenger. 1609." 4to.

There is a copy in the Bodleian, and another in the possession of the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville.

15. "Roome for a Gentleman, or the Second part of Faultes, collected and gathered for the true Meridian of Dublin in Ireland, and may serve fitly else where about London, &c. By Barnabe Rych, Souldier, &c. London, printed by J. W. for Jeffrey Charlton, &c. 1609." 4to, 33 leaves.

Dedication addressed to "Sir Thomas Ridgeway, Knight, Treasurer and Vice-Treasurer at Warres in his Majesties Realme of Ireland." There is a copy in the Bridgewater Library; (see Collier's Catalogue, p. 254.) and another in Mr. Grenville's Library.

16. "A New Description of Ireland: Wherein is described the disposition of the Irish, whereunto they are inclined.

No lesse admirable to be perused, then credible to be beleued ; neither vnprofitable nor vnpleasant to be read and vnderstood by those worthy Cittizens of London, that be now Vndertakers in Ireland : by Barnabe Rich, Gent. *Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari.* Printed at London for Thomas Adams, 1610."

Dedication to Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. Copies in the British Museum, the Bodleian and the Library of Mr. Grenville.

"In the time of Sir John Parrate's Gouernment, I myself lay at Colrane, with a hundred souldiers vnder my leading, I may therefore speake something of mine owne experience."

"One of the diseases of this age is the multitude of books."

"It is but a thriftlesse, and a thanklesse occupation this writing of bookes ; a man were better to sing in a cobler's shop, for his pay is a penny a patch ; but a booke-writer, if hee get sometimes a few commendations of the judicious, he shall be sure to reepe a thousand reproaches of the malicious."

"I haue liued in Ireland of a poor pay, the full recompence of forty-seuen yeares spent in my prince and countrey's seruice ; I haue not begged nor purchased any man's lands, rents, or reuenues ; I haue not heaped to my selfe eyther offices or church-liuinges, yet something I haue noted of the country by observation."

"For maister Stanihurste* himselfe, I knew him

* Richard Stanihurste, the poet.

many years sithence at Antwarpe, where hee professed Alchemy, and vndertooke the practise of the Philosophers stone, and when hee had multiplied lies so long that euery body grew weary of him, hee departed from thence into Spaine, and there (as it was said) he turned Physition, and whether he bee aliuie or dead, I knowe not."

A New Description of Ireland was reprinted in 1624, under the title of "A New Irish Prognostication or Popish Callender. Wherein is described &c." There is a copy of this re-issue in the Bodleian, and another in the Library of Mr. Grenville. They are word for word the same, the dedications only omitted.

17. "A true and a kinde excuse, written in defence of that book intituled 'A newe description of Ireland.' Pleasant and Pleasing both to English and Irish. London, for Thomas Adams, 1612." 4to., 28 leaves.

There is a copy of this book in the Bodleian, and another in the Library of Mr. Grenville.

18. "A Catholicke conference betweene Syr Tady Mae Marcall, a popish priest of Waterforde, and Patricke Plaine, a young student in Trinity Colledge, by Dublin, in Ireland. Wherein is delivered the certayne manner of execution that was used upon a popish Bishop and a Popish priest, that for several matters of treason were executed at Dublin the first of February now last past, 1611. Strange to be related, credible to be beleaved, and pleasant to bee perused. London, for Thomas Adams, 1612." 4to.

There is a copy in the Bodleian, and another in the Library of Mr. Grenville.

19. "The Excellency of good Women. London, 1613." 4to.

There is a copy in the Bodleian.

20. "Opinion Deified. Discouering the Ingins, Traps, and Traynes that are set in this age, whereby to catch Opinion. Neither Florished with Art, nor Smoothed with Flatterie. By B. R., Gentleman, Seruant to the King's most Excellent Maiestie. London, Printed for Thomas Adams. 1613." 4to.

There are two copies of this book in the British Museum, with two different dedications, the first is addressed to Prince Charles (afterwards Charles I), and the second to Sir Thomas Rydgetway, Treasurer, and Treasurer at Warres in his Maiesties Realme of Ireland. Copies of this book in the Bodleian, and in the Library of Mr. Grenville.

21. "The Honestie of this Age, prouing by good circumstance that the world was neuer honest till now. By Barnabie Rych, Gentleman, Seruant to the Kings most excellent Maiestie. *Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari.* Printed at London for T. A., 1614."

Rich, in the Epilogus, (p. 68 of this reprint), calls this his *twenty-fourth* publication. The copy in the Bodleian Library is dated 1615, and in Mr. Grenville's Library, 1616.

The edition of 1614, from which this reprint has been made, is in the British Museum.

22. "My Ladies Looking Glasse. Wherein may be discerned a wise man from a foole, a good woman from a

bad, and the true resemblance of Vice masked under the vizard of Vertue. By Barnabe Rich, Gentleman, Seruant to the Kings most Excellent Majestie. *Malui me divitem esse quam vocari.* London, printed for Thomas Adams, 1616." 4to., 40 leaves.

Dedication addressed to "the wife of Sir Oliver St. Johns, Knight, Lord Deputy of Ireland" There is a copy in the Bridgewater Library (See Collier's Catalogue, p. 254), another in the Bodleian, and a third in Mr. Grenville's library.

23. "The Irish Hvbbv, or, The English Hve and Crie. Briefely pursuing the base conditions, and most notorious offences of this vile, vaine, and wicked Age. No lesse smarting then tickling. A merriment whereby to make the wise to laugh, and fooles to be angry. By Barnaby Rich, Gentleman, and Seruant to the Kings most excellent Maiestie.

"Mounted aloft vpon the world's great stage,
I stand to note the follies of the Age."*

"Malui me divitem esse, quam vocari."

London, Printed for John Marriot, and are to be sold at his shop at the little doore in St. Dumstane's Church-yard in Fleet-street, 1619.

The dedication to Sir Oliver Saint John, Lord Deputy of Ireland, is dated from "Dublin, the 4th of May, 1619." There is a copy in the Bodleian, dated 1617. Mr. Grenville's copy is the edition of 1619.

"That which in England we doe call the Hue

* From the Introductory Verses to "The Honestie of this Age."

and Cry, in Ireland they doe call the Hubbub. The intent of it was, at the first, that when any Rebels or Thieues came to doe any robbery in the Countrey, they should then raise the Cry (which they call the Hubbub), thereby to give notice to the inhabitants round about, that they might combine and gather themselves together in a maine strength, either to recover any prey that the Theeues or Rebels had taken, or at the least to make resistance in their own defence, and as much as in them did lie, to save the countrey from any further spoyle."

Of Stanihurste he says, "first he was a Chronieler, then a Poet, and after that he professed Alchymie, and now he is become a massing priest."

"The vicious lecher will call him Puritan, that will not beare him company to a Bawdy house."

"The bold-faced stage player that trades in poysoning all sorts and ages with verses reesed in the smoke of lust and blasphemous Scripture jests; these and the like slinke in the presence of God, and one day God will send them all to him whom in this life they served."

"What is become of our ancient bounty in house-keeping? Those whose ancestors lived in stately Palaces, like Princes in their Country, bravely attended by a number of proper men, now come and live in the Cittie, where they are but inmates, rogues by statute: and my young master and his

boy spend that which was wont to maintain so many."

"Gentle-men were wont to bring vp their Heires in the knowledge of arts and literature ; it now sufficeth if hee can but write his own name in a Mercer's book, put his hand to an obligation, or to a bill of bargain and sale : this is learning enough for a gentleman in these dayes."

"Wee buy Titles of honour with gold, that our Predecessors purchased with virtue."

"Now they doe paint with Indian excrements, and besmear themselves with Jewish spittle."

"I protest I do not know a dishonest woman in England nor in Ireland of my owne experience."

"Many in pledging of Healths have ended their lives presently, as example lately in London."

"In former ages they had no conceits whereby to draw on drunkenesse ; their best was, I drinke to you, and I pledge yee, till at length some shallow-witted drunkard found out the Carowse, which shortly afterwards was turned into a hearty draught.

"The institution of drinking of an health is full of ceremony, and observed by Tradition, as the Papists doe their praying to Saints.

"He that beginnes the health, hath his prescribed orders : first vncovering his head, hee takes a full cup in his hand, and settling his countenance with a grave aspect, hee craves for audience. Silence being once obtained, hee beginnes to breathe out

the name, peradventure of some Honourable Personage that is worthy of a better regard than to have his name polluted at so vnfitting a time, amongst a company of Drunkards; but his health is drunke to, and he that pledgeth must likewise off with his cap, kisse his fingers, and bowing himselfe in signe of a reverent acceptance; when the Leader sees his Follower thus prepared, hee soups vp his broath, turnes the bottom of the cup vppward, and in ostentation of his dexteritie giues the cup a phillip, to make it cry *Twango*; and thus the first scene is acted.

“The cup being newly replenished to the breadth of an haire, he that is the pledger must now beginne his part, and thus it goes round throughout the whole company, provided alwaies by a canon set downe by the Founder, there must be three at the least still vncouered till the health hath had the full passage; which is no sooner ended, but another beginnes again, and hee drinks an Health to his *Lady of little worth*, or, peradventure, to his *light-heeld mistris*.”

“There was sometime a poore Farmer, who dwelling neere a Gentleman, a Justice of Peace, that would have bought a yoke of Oxen which this Farmer could not spare, and, therefore, vpon necessitie was driuen to make deniall; whereupon Master Justice conceived such displeasure, that after this repulse the poore man found himselfe to bee continually crossed and disturbed, and from

time to time so many wayes wronged, that he came to this gentleman to seeke justice; whom hee found still to bee rather supporting those that did oppresse him, than seeming any wayes to render him right; but perceiving at the length the truth from whence it grew, in a submissive manner he came to Master Justice. Why (sayd the Justice) doe you thinke mee to bee your enemy? Alas (sayd the Farmer) I doe feele the smarte of it, and am come in this humble manner to beseech your good will. Why then (sayd the Justice) you see I can bite, though I doe not barke. I doe see and feele it (quoth the Farmer) but, Sir, if I had a Dogge of that condition, I protest I would hang him as soone as I came home."

He illustrates the old proverb "It's no more pittie to see a woman weep, than to see a goose goe bare-foot," by the following story:—

"Like the woman, that when her Husband was hanged on the fore-noon, shee felle a weeping in the afternoone, and did lament with such vehement shewes of sorrow, that her neighbours comming about her, began to exhort her to patience; telling her that she was not the first woman that had had a Husband hanged; and although the manner of his death was somewhat disgracefull to the world, yet they wisht her to play a wise woman's part, and not to take such grieffe, wherby to hurt herselfe for that which could not now be holpen. True, true indeed, answered this sorrowfull woman, it

cannot now bee holpen, and I would bee loathe to hurt myselfe by playing too much the fool; neither doe I take this greefe for that my Husband was hanged, but for that he was not hanged in a cleane shirt; if his linen had bin cleanly about him, his hanging would never have greeved me."

"Hee that should haue come to a Lady in Ireland but some fiue or six yeeres sithence, and haue asked her if she would haue had a *Shaparowne*, she would haue thought he had spoken bawdy, and would haue wondred what he meant. They are now conuersant to euery Chamber-maide, and shee that came but lately out of a kitchen, if her husband doth beare an office, (how meane soeuer), if she be not suted in her *Shaparowne*, in her loose hanging gowne, in her peticoates of sattin, yea, and of veluet, that must be garded with siluer or gold lace, from the knee downe to the foote, her Husbande may happen to hear of it, and, (peraduenture), to fare the worse till she be prouided."

"There is not a people under the face of Heauen that be of a more haughty and proud spirit then are the Irish; proud mindes they haue euer had, but for any pride in their apparell, they neuer knew what it meant till they learned it from the English. It was a great daintie within these very few yeeres, euen amongst their greatest Nobilitie, to see a cleake lined thorow with Veluet; they were not acquainted with a paire of silke stockings, they had no Veluet Saddles, nor the greatest num-

ber of them so much as a paire of bootes to draw on when they were to ride. For their Ladies and Gentlewomen, (euen those that were of the most great and honourable houses), they little knew what belonged to this frizling, and this curling of haire ; and for this lowsie commoditie of perywigs, they were not knowne to the Ladies of Ireland ; they were not acquainted with these curling sticks, setting sticks, smoothing irons ; they knew not what to make of a *Picadilly*,* they neither vsed pouldring nor painting stuffe, they knew not what a coach meant, nor scarce a side saddle, till they learnt them from the English.”

Among Sir Julius Cæsar’s Papers now in the British Museum, (Lansd. MSS. 156), are two Discourses by Barnabe Rych, in his own handwriting, touching the state of Ireland. The first is called by Sir Julius Cæsar, “ A Discourse of Capten Barnaby Riche touching Ireland,” and is dated by Sir Julius 28th July, 1612. “ I have knowne Ireland,” says Ryeche, “ thes 40 yeares.”

The second is called by Rich himself,—

“ The Anothomy of Ireland in the man^r. of a dyalogue, truly dyscoverynge the state of the Cuntrye, for hys mates. espeeceall seruyce. By Barnabe Ryeche, Gentyllman, Servant to the kynges most Exceleit matie.

The date at the end is 15th December, 1615. Sir Julius Cæsar had read the paper with atten-

* See note at p. 73.

tion, and has written at the sides of several passages underscored, "name the woman," "name the knight," "name the man," "name the persons."

In the same volume is an Establishment of the King's Pensioners in Ireland, dated 16th October, 1606. Among the "pensioners by patent during life," I find : (fol. 242).—

" Barnaby Riche, per diem, ijs. vjd.

Meagre as are these notices, they contain all that is known of Barnaby Rich, and I have now only to thank my friends for prompt and valuable assistance. The communications of Mr. Collier have been made with his customary kindness, and Mr. Halliwell has directed my researches in a way that calls for an acknowledgment.

P. C.

THE
H O N E S T I E
OF THIS AGE

Proouing by good circumstance
that the world was neuer honest
till now.

By BARNABEE RYCH, Gentleman, Seruant to the Kings
most Excellent Maiestie.

Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari.

Printed at London for T. A. 1614.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SYR THOMAS
MIDDLETON, KNIGHT, L. MAIOR OF THE
HONORABLE CITTIE OF LONDON.¹

Most Honourable Lord, to auoid idlenes I have, with Domitian, endeaoured to catch *flies*; I have taken in hand a text that will rather induce hatred, then winne loue, I have spoken against those abhominations that are not lesse odible in the sight of the powers of heaven, then monstrous to bee tollerated heere upon the face of the earth; I have grasped at greater matters, then (some will say), is fitting to be handled by a Souldier's penne.

The adulterer will not indure it, the drunkard wil be angry with it, the blasphemer will sweare at it, the bribetaker will despise it, the Papist will malice it, to conclude (most honorable), there is no guiltie conscience that will willingly entertaine it.

Remayning then in some doubtfulness of mind to whom I might bequeath it, that would cyther grace or give countenance vnto it, I was prompted by report of your lordship's worthinesse, that now in the course of your gouernement in this honorable cittie of London,

you have set up those lights for the suppressing of severall sorts of sinnes, that as they haue already aduanced your applause amongst those that bee of the best approoued honesty, so they will remaine for euer in record to your perpetuall prayse.

Let not, therefore, my boldnes seeme presumptuous that being altogether vnknowne to your lordship, have yet presumed to shelter my lines vnder your honorable name, and thus in affiance of your honorable acceptance, I rest to doe your lordshippe any other kinde of seruice.

Your Lordship's to commaund.

BARNABE RYCH.

TO ALL THOSE READERS THAT ARE
WELL DISPOSED.

GENTLEMEN, there are but fewe in these dayes that are willing to heare their faultes, but they are fewer by a great number that are willing to amend them. Find faults could neuer yet get grace, for Adulation is crept so closely into our bosomes that smoothing Flatterie is more dearely esteemed then reprehending Veritie.

I confesse my selfe to be ill beholding to mine owne tongue, that could neuer flatter, lisse, nor lye. Nature hath made the carriage of my wordes to bee something harsh and dull, yet when they seeme to be most slow, perhaps sometimes they be most sure. I speake plainly, and I meane honestly, and although my wordes be not imbroydered with high morality, I care not, for I leave that to Schollers, Maisters of Art and Methode.

If my lynes be plaine and true, they so much the more resemble their Sier, and for children to bee like their parentes, besides the midwife will giue it a blessing, so it is a signe they be legitimate ; defectes I know they cannot want, that in their procreation were bred and borne before their time, for as I conceyued of them in an instant, so I was deliuered againe in a moment,

and these abortive brates that are thus hastily brought into the world, though they seldome prooue to haue any great vigor or strength yet I hope these will proue to be of as honest and plaine dealing as their father.

I make no doubt but they will please as many as I desire to content, and those are good men and vertuous women ; for the rest that are gauled, if I rubbe them unawares, it is but Chance-medly, and then I hope I shall obtaine a pardon, of course protesting afore-

hand that I haue not aymed at any one particularly that hath not a guiltie conscience to accuse himselfe: if any man

will thinke them to be too bitter,

let him use it as an apothecaries pill, that the

more bitter, the

better purg-

ing.

TO THE MUSES.

Pierian sisters, Types of true Renowne.

The radyant lights of Art and sacred skill,
I come not to implore a Lawrell Crowne,
Wherewith to decke my rude untutred quill.
Nor doe I seeke to climbe Parnassus hill.

In briefe, the world of folly I vpbrayde,
Yet dare not presse, Faire Dames, to craue your aide.
I smooth no sinne, I sing no pleasing song,
I cloake no vice, I seeke to bleare no eyes ;
I would be loath to doe Minerua wrong,
To forge untruths, or decke my lynes with lyes ;
I cannot fable, flatter, nor disguise.

Yet mounted now on Tyme's discerning stage,
I stand to note the Follies of our Age.

FINIS.

THE HONESTIE OF THIS AGE.

WHEN Philip, that was the father of the great Alexander, was leuying an armie for the warres, which hee intended against the Athenians, and that, through all the partes of Macedonia, the countrey was filled with the noyse of shrill sounding trumpets and of ratling drums, and that the people, in like maner, as busily bestirred themselue to helpe and set forward the souldiers, that were then making readie to follow the captaines.

Euery man being thus in action, about this great preparation, in the midst of all this busines, Diogenes beganne to rolle and rumble his Tubb, still tossing and tumbling it from place to place in that vnaccustomed manner, that some that did beholde him, demanded of him his meaning in the matter ; why (said Diogenes) do you not see this strange alteration, that euery man is doing of somewhat, now on the sodaine, and why should not I be as busie as the best ! I cannot be idle, and although I can do nothing else, yet I will rumble my Tubb amongst them, if it be but to hold them company.

I would apply this president in mine owne excuse

that nowe in this quicke sprited age, when so many excellent wittes are indeuouring by their pennes to set vpp lightes, and to giue the world new eyes to see into deformitie, why should not I, that can doe little, yet apply my selfe to doe something, if it be but with Diogenes to rumble my Tubb? yet I know I shall offend, for the world is so luld a sleepe in pleasures lap, that they cannot indure any rumbling noyse that should awaken them out of that sweete sleepe of securitie. Hee that would please the time must learne to sing *lullaby* to Folly, and there is no musicke so delightfull as the smoothing vp of sinne.

How many worthy preachers be there in these daies, that haue with Heraclitus bewayled the iniquitie of the time, and that haue thundered forth the judgements of God, which the Holy Scriptures haue threatned to fall vpon impenitent sinners, but what doe lamentations auayle? they doe but make a rumbling like Diogenes Tubb, the sound is no sooner past, but it is as quickly forgotten; let them weepe therefore that list with Heraclitus, I will make my selfe a little merrie with Democritus; I will laugh at the follies of the world, let the world laugh as fast againe at me, I looke for no better, and not onely to be mocked at, but likewise to be wounded and tortured with lying and slaunderous tongues.

The blaspheming wretch that is ready to make the heauens to tremble, with whole vollics of oathes, that hee will thunder forth but for the wagging of a straw, will bitterly sweare and protest against me.

The licentious whooremaster, that in hunting after harlots consumes himselfe both in body and soule, will censure me.

The beastly drunkard more loathsome than a swine, when he hath so ouercharged his stomacke, that hee can no longer holde, (together with his draffe) will vomit out my reproches.

The finicall foole, that by his nice and queint atyre, may well be resembled to the Sea Mermayd, seeming halfe a man and halfe a harlot, will not forbear to moeke and deride me,

The bribing officer will bitterly curse me.

The tradesmen and shopkeeper, that doe buy and sell vanities, will grudge and murmure at me.

The country swayne, that will sweate more on Sundayes dancing about a May pole, then hee will doe all the weeke after at his worke, will haue a cast at me.

The infamous harlot, that prostitutes her selfe to euerie vicious lecher, will pronounce me an openemie to woman kind.

Olde mother B. the bawd, will shut her doors against me.

Now what will become of me that shall be thus beset with such a graceles company? let me beseech your prayers, you that be wise and iudicious, you that bee endued with wisdom and knowledge, let me yet finde fauour in your eyes. I rather desire my confirmation from those fewer in number, whose names are enrolled in the book of life, then from the multitude treading those steppes that doe assuredly lead to a second death.

And you good and gracious women, whom the Holy Scriptures doe auow to be more precious then pearle, let mee intreat your fauourable aspect.

You damoseles and yong gentle-women, that are no lesse adorned with modestie, then garnished with beautie, I haue euer regarded you with a reuerent estimation.

You married wiues, that are ornified with honestie, wisdom, and vertue, I doe acknowledge you to be the glory of your husbands.

The whole sexe of woman kinde in generall, as well old as young, that haue not tainted their owne credites with ouer much immodest boldnesse, I doe honour them, and I doe prostitute my selfe for euer to doe them humble seruice.

I haue heard speaking of the Golden Age of the worlde, and some will say it is long sithens past, yet some others doe thinke that the true golden age (indeed) was neuer till now, when gold and gifts doe compasse all things ; but, if I might giue my censure, I would call this the Honest Age of the Worlde ; I confesse that in former ages the worlde hath bene simple and plaine dealing, but neuer honest till now.

Till now that bribery, vsury, forgery, periury, and such other like impieties, are honest mens professions, and that those indeuours that in times past were accounted abhominable, are now made vsuall trades for honest men to liue by.

Till now that rich men be faultlesse and must not be reprehended in their drunkennesse, in their blas-

phemies, in their adulteries, they must not be blamed, nor how soeuer they oppresse and extort, the poore must not complaine.

And who dares take exceptions but to a meane magistrate, that is crept into an office perhaps by corruption. No, it is dangerous to locke into his abominations, but hee is sure to perish that will but open his lippes to speake against his ill.

And what a dangerous matter would it bee to call such a lawyer a *pick-purse*, that will take vpon him the defence of a matter that in his owne conscience he knoweth to be uninst, and yet will send his clyent home foure tymes a yeare with an empty purse.

And he that robbes the realme of corne, and of all other commodities, transporting it beyond the seas, is hee not an honest trading marchant, and what is he that dares call him theefe?

And how many tradesmen and shop-keepers are there, to vent their counterfeite stuffe, will not sticke both to lye, to sweare, and to vse many other colusions whereby to deceine, yet who dares tell him that he is but a common eosiner.

No, it is more safetie for a man to commit sinne, then to reprove sinne; and what an easie matter is it nowe for a man to be honest ouer it hath beene in times past, when euery vsurer, euery briber, euery extortioner, euery picker, euery robber, euery adulterer, and euery common drunkard, is an honest man.

And he that will otherwise depraue them, there is law for him; he must stande to the mercy of twelue

men ; a jury shall passe vpon him, and hee shall be conuict in an action of slander.

I am halfe ashamed to speake of the honest men, that be in this age ; and mee thinkes when I have to doe with some of them I should borrow his manners, that hauing to tell a sober tale to a Justice of peace, would still begin his speeches with *Sir reuerence of your worships honesty.*

The fellow had learned good manners, and we may well put a Sir reuerence when wee doe speake of honesty nowe a dayes ; for euey rich man is an honest man, there is no contradiction to that, and this makes a number of them to gather wealth, they care not howe, by the vndoing of their poore neighbours, because they woulde be honest.

In former ages he that was rich in knowledge, was called a wise man, but now there is no man wise but he that hath wit to gather wealth, and it is a hard matter in this age for a man to rayse himselfe by honest principles, yet we doe all seeke to climbe, but not by Jacobs ladder, and we are still desirous to mount, but not by the Chariot of Elyas.

Vertue hath but a few that doe fauour her, but they bee fewer, by a great many in number, that are desirous to follow her.

But is not this an honest age, when ougly vice doth beare the name of seemely vertue, when drunkennes is called good fellowship,² murther reputed for man-hoode, lechery is called honest loue, impudency good audacitie, pride they say is deceney, and wretched

misery they call good husbandry, hypocrisie they call sinceritie, and flattery doth beare the name of eloquence, truth and veritie; and that which our predecessors would call flat knavery passeth now by the name of wit and policy.

Then fie vpon Honestie, that is thus polluted by men; I hope yet amongst women wee shall finde it more pure and vndefiled.

In former ages there were many imperfections attributed to women that are now accounted no defects at all, neyther are they thought to bee any scandals to their reputations.

Moses seemeth in a sorte to scoffe at some foolish nicities that were vsed amongst women in his time. *Deut. 28.*

And the Prophet Esay agayne reprehendeth the wanton gestures that were vsed by the daughters of Sion in his daies, at their haughtinesse of minde, at their stretched out neckes, at their wandering eyes, at their walking and their mincing as they passe through the streets; then he setteth downe (as it were) by innumeration, so many vanities as for breuities sake I will here omit to speake of. *Esay. 3.*

As Salomon pronounceth the prayses of those women that be good, so hee marketh out a number of capitall offences whereby we might know the ill. And the ancient Romans banished out of their cittie, all women that were found to be dishonest of their tongues, yet tollerating with those others, that were well knowne to be dishonest of their bodies, thinking the first to

bee more pernicious then the last, because the infirmity of the one proceeded but from the frailtie of the flesh, but the wickedness of the other from an vngracious and a wicked minde; but now the bitterness of a tongue, the pride of a haughtie heart, the shamelesnesse of a face, the immodesty of a mind, the impudency of lookes, the rowling of wanton eyes, the lewdnes of manners, the lightnesse of behaiour, the loosenesse of life, nor all the rest of those notes that Salomon hath left vnto vs (the true markes of a wicked woman), all this is nothing nor these imputations are no blemish to a womans credit.

Is shee not to be charged with the abuse of her bodie, it is well shee is honest, what care we for the deformities of the minde.

Will you see now a womans honestie is pent vp in a litle roome, it is still confined but from her girdle downwards.

Is not this a happie age for women. Menne haue manie faults whereby to taynt their credites; there is no imperfection in a woman but that of her bodie, and who is able to proue that, one payre of eyes will not serue, two paire of eyes will not be beleued; there must be three witnesses at the least to testifie the matter.

How shall we be now able to iudge of a harlot, especially if shee be rich, and hath abilitie to bring her accuser to the Comissaries Court? Wee must not condemne her by her outward show, by her new compounded fashions, by her paynting, by her powdering

by her perfuming, by her ryoting, by her roysting, by her reuelling, by her companie keeping, it is not enough to say she was lockt vppe with a gentleman all night in a chamber or that she had beene seene in a strangers bedde, her Proctor will make you to vnderstand a little Latine, if you be not able to proue, *Rem in Re*, you haue slandered her, you must not belecue your owne eyes in such a case, but you must cry her mercy.

This is it that doth make harlots so scant as they be now in England, not a strumpet to be found if a man would seeke from one end of the towne to another.

A generall corruption hath ouergrowne the vertues of this latter times, and the world is become a Brothell house of sinne. It is enough for vs now if we seeke but for the resemblance of vertue, for the soueraigntie of the thing it selfe we neuer trouble our selues about it.

Both men and women that are the very slaues of sin, will yet stand vpon their credites and reputations, and somtimes putting on the visard of Vertue will seeme to march vnder the ensigne of Honestie.

Whether will you tend your steppes, which way will you turne your eyes, or to whom will you lend your listing cares, but you shall meete with vice, looke vpon vanitie, and heare those speeches that doe not onely tend to folly but sometimes to ribauldry, other whiles to blasphemy, and many times to the great dishonor of God.

Will you walke the streetes, there you shall meete Sir Lawrence Lack-land in a cloake lined through

with veluet, and besides his dublet, his hose, his rapier, his dagger not so much, but the spurs that hang ouer his heeles but they shall be beguiled.

Will you nowe crosse the way a little on the other side, there you shall meete with Sir Henry Haue-little, so trickt vppe in the spicke and span new fashion that you would sooner take him to be Proteus the God of Shapes, or some other like Celestiall power, then a vaine Terestiall foole.

Your cares againe shall be so incumbred with the rumbling and rowling of coaches, and with the clamours of such as doe follow them, that are still crying out, "*O good my lady bestow your charitable almes vpon the lame, the blind, the sicke, the diseased ; good my lady one peny, one halfepeny for the tender mercy of God, we beseech it,*" but let them call and cry till their tongues do ake, my lady hath neyther eyes to see nor cares to heare, shee holdeth on her way perhaps to the Tyre makers shoppe, where she shaketh out her crownes to bestowe vpon some new fashioned atire, that if we may say there be deformitie in art, vppon such artificiall deformed periwigs that they were fitter to furnish a Theater or for her that in a stage play should represent some Hagge of hell, then to bee vsed by a christian woman or to be worne by any such as doth account her selfe to be a daughter in the heauenly Jerusalem.

I am ashamed nowe to aske you to goe into any of these Drinking houses, where you should as well see the beastly behaiour of drunkardes, as likewise heare

such swearing and blaspheming as you would thinke the whole house to bee dedicated to loathsome sinne and that hell and damnation were both together there alreadie resident.

Will you now goe visit the shop keepers that are so busie with their *What lack you sir*, or *What is it you would haue bought*, and let vs take a good suruey what the commodities be that they would thus set forth to sale and we shall find that as Diogenes passing through a fayre cryed out! *O how many things are here to be vented that nature hath no need of*, so wee may likewise say, O howe many gaudy trifles are here to bee solde that are good for nothing but to maintaine pride and vanitie.

If sometimes wee happen to hyt vpon such necessaries as are (indeede) behonefull for the vse of man, let the buyer yet looke to himselfe that he be not ouerreached by deceit and subtiltie.

Shall we yet make a steppe to Westminster Hall, a little to ouer-look the lawyers.

My skill is vnable to render due reuerence to the honorable Judges according to their worthinesse but especially at this instant as the benches are nowe supplied, neyther would I eclips the honest reputation of a number of learned lawyers, that are to be held in a reuerent regard, and that are to be honoured and esteemed, yet amongst these there bee a number of others that doe multiplie sutes, and drawe on quarrelles betweene friend and friend, betweene brother and brother and sometimes betweene the father and sonne, and

amongst these, although there bee some that can make good shift to send their clients home with penillesse purses, yet there be other some againe, that, at the end of the tearme, doe complaine themselues that their gettings haue not bin enough to defray their expences, and doe therefore thinke that men are become to be more wise in these dayes, then they haue beene in former ages, and had rather put vppe a wrong, then fee a lawyer, but, I doe not thinke there is any such wisdom in this age, when there are so many wrangling spirits that are so ready to commence suites, but for a neighbours goose, that shall but happen to looke over a hedge : now what conceipt, I haue in the matter I will partly make manifest by this insuing circumstance.

As the worthy gentlemen that haue beene Lords Maiors of the honourable cittie of London haue beene generally renowned for their wisdom in gouernment, so they haue beene no lesse famed for their hospitality and good housekeeping during the time of their Mairalties.

Amongst the rest there was one who long sithens being readie to set himselfe downe to his dinner with his company that were about him, there thronged in on the sodaine a great company of strangers in that vnreuerent manner as had not formerly beene accustomed, whereupon one of the officers comming to the L Mayor sayd vnto him,—*If it please your lordship, here be too few stooles. Thou lyest, knaue,* (answered the Maior), *There are too many guests.*

Now I am perswaded that if lawyers, (indeed), haue iust cause to complaine of their little gettings, it is not for that there be too few suites, but because there be too many lawyers, especially of these aturnies, solicitors, and such other petty *Foggers*, whereof there be such abundance, that the one of them can very hardly thriue by the other ; and this multitude of them doe trouble all the partes of Englande.

The profession of the Law I doe acknowledge to be honorable, and, (I thinke), the study of it should especially belong to the better sort of gentlemen, but our Innes of Court now, (for the greater part), are stuffed with the offspring of farmers, and with all other sorts of tradesmen, and these, when they haue gotten some few scrapings of the law, they do sow the seedes of suites, they doe set men at variance, and do seeke for nothing more then to checke the course of iustice by their delatory pleas ; for the better sort of the learned lawyers I doe honour them.

They say it is an argument of a licentious commonwealth, where Phisitions and Lawyers haue too great comminges in, but it is the surfeits of peace that bringeth in the Phisitian's gaine, yet in him there is some dispatch of businesse, for if he cannot speedily cure you, he will yet quickly kill you ; but with the Lawyer there is no such expedition, he is all for delay, and if his tongue be not well typt with gold, he is so dull of language, that you shall not heare a comfortable worde come out of his mouth in a whole Michaelmasse Tearme ; if you will vnlocke his lips, it must be done

with a golden fee, and that, perhaps, may sette his tongue at libertie to speake, (sometimes), to as good a purpose as if he hadde still beene mute.

Let vs leaue the Lawyer to his study, and let vs now looke a little in at the Court gate, and leauing to speake of those few in number that do aspire to the fauour of the prince by their honest and vertuous endeouours, let vs take a short suruey of those others that doe labour their owne aduancements by base and seruile practises; by lying, by slandering, by backbiting, by dissembling, that haue no other meanes whereby to make themselues gracious in the eye of greatness but by surrendering themselues to base employments, that doe sometimes poyson the eares of princes, and under the pretence of common good, do obtaine those suits that doth oppresse a whole common-wealth, and but to maintaine the pride and prodigalitie of a priuate person.

In the courts of princes, euery great man, (placed in authority), must be flattered in his follies, prayed in his pleasures, commended in his vanities, yea, his very vices must be made vertues, or els they will say we forget our duties, wee malice his greatnes, we enuy his fortunes, and hee that will offer sacrifice to Thraso, must haue Gnato to be his priest, for the itching eares of Vaine glory are best pleased when they be scratched by Flattery.

By these steps of smoothing, courtiers must learne to climbe, and more hyts vppon preferment by occasion then eyther by worthines or good desert.

In the courts of princes, fornications, adulteries, and rauishments, and such other like, haue bin accounted young courtiers' sports.

Honest men haue beene there oppressed, rybandls preferred, simple men scorned, innocent men persecuted, presumptuous men faouored, flatterers aduanced.

Let the prince himselfe be neuer so studious of the publique good, yet not seeing into all enormities, he is compassed about with those that be enormous. Let Tryan prescribe good lawes for eternall memory, yet where are they sooner broken then in the court of Tryan. Let Aurelius store his court with wise men, yet euen there they doe waxe dissolute.

A prince's court is like a pleasant garden, where the bee may gather honny, and the spyder sucke poyson; for as it is a schoole of vertue to suche as can bridle their minds with discretion, so it is a nursery of vice to such as doe measure their willes with witlesse vanitie.

It hath beene holden for a maxime that a proud court doth make a poore countrey, and that there is not so hatefull a vermine to the common wealth as those that are surnamed *the Moathes of the court*, but courtiers will not bee easely dasht out of countenance, for it is a courtier's vertue to be confident in his owne conceipt, and he that is so resolute will blush at nothing.

But now to make an end of this suruey of vanity, let vs yet make one iourney more, and it shall bee to the church, and at that time when the preacher is in

the pulpit, and we shall there see such hypocrisie, such counterfeiting, such dissembling, and such mocking with God, that were it not but that as his wrath so often kindled against vs for our sinnes should not yet as often be quenched againe by his mercy, it coule not bee but that the iustice of God would euen there ataynt us.

There you shall see him that in his life and conuersation (to the shewe of the world), when hee is out of the church, liueth as if he made doubt whether there were any God or no, yet he will there ioyne with the preacher in prayer, and will cry out, "O our Father which art in heauen."

"Hallowed be thy name," (sayth the common swearer), who with vnhallowed lyps doth euey day blaspheme the name of God.

And he that repositeth his whole felicitie in the transitory pleasures of this world, that doth make his gold his God, and whose heauen in vpon this earth, will there beseech in prayer, "Lord, let thy kingdome come."

Another that doth repine at the ordinances of God, that will murmure and grudge at those visitations wherewith it pleaseth him sometimes to afflict vs, will yet make petition, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heauen."

There you shall see him to make intercession for his dayly bread, that will polute himselfe all the weeke after with his daily drinke.

But what a misery is this, that the contentious, the malicious, the wrathfull, and for him that doth seeke

reuenge for the least offence that is offered vnto him, somtimes by bloudie reuenge, sometimes by sutes of law, and at all times with great rigor and violence, and will yet crave by petition, *Lord, forgiue vs our trespasses, as we forgiue them that trespasse against vs,* drawing therby their own damnation vpon their owne heades, when at the day of the generall sessions the great judge shall say vnto them, *Ex ore tuo, te iudicabo;* depart from me, thou cursed creature, thy portion is amongst the hypocrites, for as faith without obedience is no faith, but the true marke of an hypocrite, so profession ioyned with malice is as certaine a note of hypocrisie.

There you shall see the extortioner, the adulterer, the blasphemer, vnder the colour of deuotion, so transforme themselues into a show of sanctimony, that during the time of the sermon they doe seeme to bee Saynts, but being out of the church doore, a man would thinke them to bee Demy Deuils.

There you shall see the usurer, the briber, the broker, with their books laid open before them, turning ouer leaues as busily as if they were in their counting houses, casting vp of their debts, and calculating what summes were owing vnto them; there you shall see the marchant, the shopkeeper, the tradesman, and such others as doe liue by trafique, by buying and by selling, lifting vp their eyes, heauing vp their hands, and making show as if they were inflamed with a hot burning feuer of a fiery burning zeale.

But they doe vse religion as women doe vse their paynting stufle, it serues but to couer their deformi-

ties; they haue one conscience for the church, another for the market, and so they keepe a good one for Sundayes it makes no matter for all the weeke after.

Should I speake now of women, they doe make as great a show of deuotion as men, and although there be a number of them graue and godly matrones, zealous and well inclined marryed wines, gracious and godly disposed damosels and yong maydens, that are no less vertuous, indeed, then they doe make showe for, yet there bee a number of others that do rather frequent the church to see new fashions then to gather good instructions, and a number of them rather to be seene themselues then to seeke God.

Now what zeale is that zeale, that will neyther lette slippe a sermon, nor lette goe a new fashion? this strange atiring of themselues, may well bring admiration to fooles, but it breeds laughter to the wise.

You shall see some women goe so attyred to the church, that I am ashamed to tell it out aloud, but harke in your eare, I will speake it softly, fitter in good fayth to furnish A. B. H. then to presse into the House of God, they are so be paynted, so be periwigd, so be pondered, so be perfumed, so be starched, so be laced, and so bee imbrodered, that I cannot tell what mentall vertues they may haue, that they do keepe inwardly to themselues, but I am sure to the outward show it is a hard matter in the church it selfe, to distinguish between a good woman and a bad.

Our behauiours, our gestures, and our outward attyres are tongs to proclaime the inward disposition

of the mind: then away with this pretended zeale, let vs not make religion a cloake for Impietie.

If we wille seeke Christ, let vs seeke him so as we may finde him in the high way of humilitie, but not of pride and impudency.

I thinke amongst many women that are thus frequenting sermons, there be some that will catch at some prety sounding words and let the matter slip, that they ought especially to attend, as the poore gentle-woman, that was so dismayed at the preachers wordes, who discoursing to his auditory of the generall day of judgement, how we should be then called to a stricte and strayght account, the poore gentle-woman being returned to her own house with this newes, beganne to fall into a sodaine fit of weeping, which being marked by some friends that were about her, they besought her to make knowne vnto them the cause of her griefe? her answere was that shee was now but come from a sermon, that had so troubled her in her thoughts, that shee could not refraine from shedding of teares. Those that heard her, thinking that shee had beene stricken with some godly remorse in remembrance of her former misled life, beganne to comfort her, telling her how God had mercy in store for all penitent sinners; and her teares so distilled, being an argument of her heartie repentance, there was no doubt in her but to hope of saluation.

Alas! (said shee), it is not the remembrance of my sins that doth thus perplexe me, but when I consider with my selfe, what a great assembly will then make

their appearance at the day of that generall sessions, which the preacher spake of, it maketh me to weepe to thinke howe ashamed I shalbe to stand starke naked before such a presence (as he saies) will be then in place.

See here the very height of a gentlewomans disquiet, what a scruple it was that thus incumbred her conscience, God grant there be not many others that doth make the like collections, and that will sometimes be disputing of the preachers wordes, which they be no lesse able to conceiue, then vnwilling to followe, there be many that will seeme to professe religion, as well men as women, and that with great zeale and feruency; but they live not thereafter: euen those that by their outward show do thirst after knowledge, those that will turne ouer many leaues, and seeke out seuerall chapters, and when they hyt vppon some interpretation to nourish their sensualitie, they stay there and are the worse for their reading.

“ Sonne of manne, (sayth God to the prophet Ezechiell) my people sit before thee and they heare my wordes, but they will not doe them, their hearts goeth after couetousnesse.”

To speake against sinne, in this age, it is like the filling of Daneas Tubs, and eyther they thinke there is no God at all, or else they thinke him to be such a one, as it were as good there were none at all, for it is lesse dangerous for a man to commit sinne, then to reprove sinne.

To reprehende drunkennesse, whordome, blasphemy,

or to speake against that pryde that God will surely punish, wee must not doe it; they will say wee are too bitter, too byting, too satiricall, and thus we are more afraid to offend vicious men, then we are desirous to please God.

But tell me now, thou beastly drunkard, thou vicious adulterer, thou swearer and prophaner of Gods holy name, which of you if you had a wife that had played the strumpet if shee should come vnto thee with submissiue words and shewes of repentance, and that vpon the hope of her amendment, thou wouldst pardon what was past, wouldst thou not thinke it much if thou hadst forginen her once, that shee should afterwardes play the harlot againe? but if thou hadst so much kindnesse to remitte the second fault, if she should yet come the third time with one of her Roaring boyes in her company, and should play the harlot before thine owne face, (thou thy selfe standing present), and would yet with smyling countenance and inticing shewes offer to come and kisse thee, wouldest thou not defie her, wouldest thou not spite at her, wouldest thou not spurne at her, wouldst thou not abhorre her?

Then what doest thou thinke of thy God, (if I may so tearme him to be thy God,) whom thou thy selfe hast disavowed, and broken that contract which was made between him and thee, when thou wert baptized, that runnest euerie day from sinne to sinne, a whoring, till perhaps on Sundaies and then thou goest to church with a smiling countenance, to dissemble and flatter with God, and wilt seeme to come and kisse him, nay

thou comdest to mocke him, and to speak the truth to tempt him, for Sunday it selfe is scarce ouerpast, but thou returnest back againe to thine adultery, to thy drunkennesse. to thy blasphemie, to thy vsery, to thy brybery. to thy periturie, to thy pride, to thy vanitie, and to all the rest of thy former impieties. Dost thou not tremble now at the iudgements of God, dost thou not feare his vengeance sodainly to fall vpon thee?

Perhaps thou wilt thinke thy selfe to be in no danger, and wilt but iest at me, that would but put thee into some foolish feare. Well iest at it and spare not, but when Time hath done his office, thou shalt see what will come of iesting.

They were wont to say, the world did runne on wheelles; and it may well bee it hath done so in times past, but I say now it goes on crouches, for it is waxen old, blind, decrepit and lame, a lymping world God knowes, and nothing but halting betweene neighbour and neighbour, betweene friend and friend, betweene brother and brother, and downe right halting, (sometimes) betweene the father and the childe, the son that will craue his fathers blessing in the morning will wish him dead before night that he might enioy his inheritance. And as the world is become thus lame and lymping, so it is otherwise growne so far out of reparations, that (I thinke) there is no hope of amendment, the best remedy were if euery man would mend one, and that will not bee performed in hast, for we imitate nothing but what we doe see, and whom doe we see setting vp that light, that might shine vnto vs, in

example ; no the world is become feeble, her spirits are spent, shee is growne *Bis puer*, shee is become childish and begins to doat afresh on that shee sometimes scorned.

The possession of gold unlawfully gotten was wont to be called a capitall offence, nowe there is nothing more desired.

In *diebus illis* they bent their whole indeuours to winne honourable reputation, but now for popular praise and vaine ostentation.

Our predecessors ordained lawes, whereby to re-strayne the prodigall from spending their owne wealth in ryot and excesse, but nowe there is no expence so laudable as that which is spent in vanitie.

In former ages they thought him to be but a badde statesman, that had aspired to onermuch wealth, but now there is nothing more dispised then for a man to be poore and honest.

The olde fashion was to doe well, but nowe enough to speake well.

In the olde time to performe, but nowe enough to promise.

Men were wont to blush when they went to borrowe money, but now they are ashamde to pay their debts.

Flattery hath beene accounted the profession of a knaue, but now it is better for a man to flatter too much then not to flatter at all.

The monuments of goodnes are so weather beaten, that iniquitie and antiqutie hath almost left no character therof vndefaced.

If men should degenerate as fast the next age as they haue done but within the compasse of our owne memory, it will be a madde world to liue in.

Children must receiue by tradition what is left vnto them by example from their parents, they can goe no further then Imitation, and what was it but example that brought downe fire and brimstone vpon Sodome and Gomorah, when the abhominations of the elder were still imitated by the yonger ?

Children can neyther heare nor see, eyther at home or abroad, but that which is altogether eyther vaine or vnlawfull.

How is it possible that the daughter should bee bashfull where the mother is past shame, or that shee should bee continent where the mother is impudent ?

The olde prouerbe is: *If the mother trot how should the daughter amble?* but there be some parents that doe thinke, the most speedie way of preferment is to bring vppe their daughters in audacious boldnesse, to make them impudent, and past shame

Cato deprived a Senator of Rome, but for kissing his wife in the presence of his daughter.

We doe not fashion our selues so much by reason as wee doe by example, for custome and example are arguments good enough to make vs to follow any fashion.

We are become like Labans sheepe, led by the eye ; we conceiue but of what we do see, and the vulgare seeing nothing but apparances maketh indgement onely by that which is subiect to the sight.

To bee vertuous, why it is a capitall crime; and there is nothing more dangerous then to be securely innocent.

Our auncients sought for the true effectes of vertue, and we onely but hunt after a vayne popular prayse.

How innumerable and (almost) ineuitable, traps, are set in the tract of vertue, and that in all her walks, perhaps we may lyt of some one now and then, that will kisse the vizard of vertue, but shewe them the true face, and you turne all their kisses into curses. There befew that doe vndertake the tract aright. No, our whole studie is how wee may liue in pompe, in pride, in pleasure; but we haue no care at all, neither how to liue, nor how to die well.

Wee doe seeke rather how to couer faults, then howe to mendfaults; yea the most sharpest and quickest witted men those, that bee called the wise-men of the world, what bee their policies, or whereunto do they apply their wits, but to couer their naughtinesse.

If they haue a litle good amongst a great deale of ill, they thinke that good to be vtterly lost, that hath not the eyes of the world to wnesse it and to giue it an applause; so that if they doe any good, it is but to the end to bee scene and to be praysed by men, for in secret they will doe nothing.

If they forbear to doe euill, it is for feare the world should knowe it; and were that feare taken away, they would sticke at nothing.

I thinke there is not a more pernicious creature in the world then is a man, if hee bee both wise and wicked; for where the wit is bribed by affection, there

the weapons of reason are many times wrested, and sometimes managed against reason it selfe; neyther is there any thing that maketh vs to be more vnreasonable then that which we call naturall reason.

The wisdome of the flesh, (that is indued with knowledge) bath often times more indangered then the feeble force of simple ignorance.

A wicked man indued with literature is the worst of all men, and amongst Christians, none more pernicious then the Holy hypoerite.

Origine hath left vnto vs this caueat for our instruction. *The hereticke, (sayth he), that is of good life, is much more hurtfull, and hath more authoritie in his words then he that doth discredit his doctrine with the lewdnes of his life;* so that we may conclude those vices to be most abhominable, that are most desirous to looke like vertues. Now it were a hard matter for me to distinguish betweene men who were good, and who were bad; but if I might giue my verdict to say who were the wisest men nowe in this age, I would say they were Taylers. Would you heare my reason, because I doe see the wisdome of women to be still ouer-reached by Taylers, that can euery day induee them to as many new fangled fashions as they please to inuent, and the wisdome of men againe are as much ouer-reached by women that canne intice their husbandes to surrender, and giue way to all their newe fangled follies. They are Taylers then that canne ouer-rule the wisest women, and they be women, that can besot the wisest men; so that if Ma. Maiors conclusion

be good, that because Jacke his yongest sonne ouerruled his mother, and Jackes mother agayne ouerruled M. Maior himselfe, and M. Maior by office ouerruled the towne, *ergo* the whole towne was ouerruled by Jacke Ma. Maiors sonne. By the same consequence, I may likewise conclude that Taylers are the wisest men; the reason is alreadie rendered, they doe make vs all fooles, both men and women, and doe mocke the whole world with their newe inuentions. But are they women alone, that are thus seduced by Taylers? doe but looke amongst our gallants in this age, and tell me if you shall not finde men amongst them to be as vaine, as nice, and as gaudie in their attyres, as shee that amongst women is accounted the most foolish.

And howe manie are there that if they doe thinke themselues to be but a little out of the *Tayler's discipline*, they will beginne to grow as melancholy and to looke as drousily as the poore amorist that is but newly stricken to the heart with the coy aspect of dame Folly, his dearest beloued (and scarce honest) mistris.

Wee are forbidden by the scriptures to call our brother foole, this is it that makes mee something to forbear; yet when I chance to meeete with such a newe fangled fellowe, though I say nothing to him, yet God knowes what I thinke.

The holy scriptures haue denounced a curse no lesse grieuous to the Idole-maker, then to the Idole it selfe; now, (vnder the correction of diuinitie), I would but demaund what are these puppet-making Taylers that are euery day inuenting of newe fashions? and what

are these that they doe call Attyre-makers? the first inuenter of these monstrous periwygs? and the finders out of many other like immodest attyres? what are these and all the rest of these fashion mongers? the inuenter of vanities that are euery day whetting their wits to finde out those gaudes that are not onely offensive vnto God, but many wayes preiudiciall to the whole common wealth; if you will not acknowledge these to be idolemakers, yet you cannot deny them to be the deuill's enginers, vngodly instruments to decke and ornifie such men and women as may well be reputed to be but Idolles; for they haue eyes, but they see not into the wayes of their owne saluation; and they haue eares, but they cannot heare the judgements of God, denounced against them for their pride and vanitie.

These enginers of mischiefe, that like moles doe lye and wrot in sinne, till they haue east vppe a mount of hatefull enormitie against heauen, they may well be called the souldiers of the deuill, that will fight against the mightie hand of God.

There are certaine new inuented professions, that within these fourtie or fiftie yeares were not so much as heard of, that are now growne into that generalitie, and are hadde in such request, that if they doe flourish still but as they haue begunne, I thinke within these very fewe yeares, the worthy cittizens of London must bee enforced to make choyse of their Aldermen from amongst these new vpstart companies, which in the meane time doe robbe the realme of great summes of money that are daily spent vpon their vanities.

As these Attire-makers that within these forty yeares were not knowne by that name, and but nowe very lately they kept their lowzie commoditie of periwygs, and their other monstrous attyres, closed in boxes, they might not be seene in open show, and those women that did vse to weare them would not buy them but in secret.

But now they are not ashamed to sette them forth vppon their stalle, such monstrous May-powles of hayre, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirtie yeares would haue drawne the passers by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them.

And howe are Coach-makers and Coach-men increased, that fiftie yeares agoe were but fewe in number, but nowe a Coach-man and a Foot-boy is enough, and more then euery knight is able to keepe.

Then haue we those that be called Body-makers, that doe swarme through all the parts both of London, and about London, that are better customed, and more sought vnto then he that is the Soule maker.

And how many items are brought in for the bodie's wantounesse, but not so much as a memorandum for the soule's blissednesse.

The bodie is still pampered vppe in pompe, in pride, and in the very dropsie of excesse, whilst the soule remayneth poor, naked, and needy, and the soule that giueth a feeling to the bodie doth not yet feele her owne euill, nor neuer remembreth her owne miserie but in the euill which shee there endureth.

But he that some fortie or fifty yeares sithens should haue asked after a Pickadilly, I wonder who could

haue vnderstood him, or could haue told what a Pickadilly had beene, either fish or flesh.³

But amongst the trades that are newly taken vp, this trade of Tobacco doth exceede, and the money that is spent in smoake is vnknowne, and, (I thinke), vnthought on, and of such a smoake as is more vaine then the smoake of fayre words, for that, (they say), will serue to feede fooles, but this smoake maketh fooles of wise men; mee thinkes experience were enough to teach the most simple witted, that before tobacco was euer knowne in England, that we liued in as perfect health, and as free from sicknesse as we haue done sithens, and looke vppon those, (whereof there are a number at this present houre), that did neuer take tobacco in their liues, and if they doe not liue as healthsome in bodie, and as free from all manner of diseases as those that doe take it fastest. They say it is good for a cold, for a pose, for rewms, for aches, for dropsies, and for all manner of diseases, proceeding of moyst humours; but I cannot see but that those that doe take it fastest are asmuch, (or more), subiect to all these infirmities, (yea, and to the poxe it selfe), as those that haue nothing at all to doe with it. Then what a wonderfull expence might very well bee spared, that is spent and consumed in this needlesse vanitie.

There is not so base a groome that commes into an Ale-house to call for his pot, but he must haue his *pipe* of Tobacco; for it is a commoditie that is now as vendible in euery tauerne, inne, and ale-house, as eyther wine, ale, or beare; and for apothecaries' shops, grosers' shops, chaundlers' shops, they are (almost) neuer with-

out company, that from morning till night are still taking of tobacco. What a number are there besides that doe keepe houses, set open shoppes, that haue no other trade to liue by but by the selling of tobacco.

I haue heard it tolde that now very lately there hath bin a cathalogue taken of all those new erected houses that haue set vpp that trade of selling tobacco in London, ande neare about London, and if a man may beleue what is confidently reported, there are found to be vpward of 7000 houses that doth liue by that trade.

I can not say whether they number apothicaries' shoppes, grosers' shops, and chaundlers' shops in this computation, but let it be that these were thrust in to make uppe the number; let vs now looke a little into the *vidimus* of the matter, and let vs cast vppe but a sleight account what the expence might be that is consumed in this smoakie vapoure.

If it be true that there be 7000 shops in and about London, that doth vent tobacco, as it is credibly reported that there be ouer and aboue that number,⁴ it may well bee supposed to be but an ill customed shoppe that taketh not fiue shillings a day, one day with another, throughout the whole year, or if one doth take lesse, two other may take more; but let vs make our account but after two shillings sixe-pence a day, for he that taketh lesse then that would be ill able to pay his rent, or to keepe open his shop windowes, neither would tobacco houses make such a muster as they doe, and that almost in euery lane, and in euery by-corner round about London.

Let vs then reckon thus : 7000 half crownes a day amounteth iust to three hundred ninetie thousand, three hundred seuentie-fiue poundes a yeare, *summa totalis*. All spent in smoake.

I doe not reckon now what is spent in tauernes, in innes, in ale-houses, nor what gentlemen doe spend in their owne houses and chambers, it would amount to a great reckoning, but if I could deliuer truly what is spent throughout the whole realme of Englande in that idle vanitie, I thinke it would make a number of good people, (that haue anie feare of God in them), to lament that such a masse of treasure should be so basely consumed that might be imployed to many better purposes.

I haue hitherto perused the vayne and idle expences that are consumed in tobacco, now by your fauours, a little to recreate your wearyed spirits, I will acquaint you with a short Dialogue that was sometime discoursed betweene a scholler and a shoe-maker, which happened thus.

A scholler, (and a maister of artes),⁵ that vpon some occasions being here in London, driuen into want, hytting vpon a shoemaker, beganne to make his mone, and told him that he was a maister of the seauen Sciences that was in some distresse, and besought him to bestow some small courtesie on him for his reliefe.

The shoe-maker having ouer heard him, first wpying his lippes with the backe of his hande, answered him thus: are you a maister of seauen Sciences and goe vppe and downe a begging? I will tell you my friende, I haue but one Science, and that consistes but in

making of shoes, but with that one Science I doe liue, and with it I doe keepe my selfe, my wife, and my family, and you with your seauen Sciences to bee in want, I cannot beleuee ye.

Sir (said the scholler), I tell you a true tale, the more is my grieffe. I am a scholler, and I haue proceeded maister in the seauen Liberall Sciences, and yet, (as my fortune hath conducted me,) I am dryuen into distresse, and would bee glad but of a poore reliefe.

Aha (quoth the shoe-maker), nowe I vnderstand yee, you are a maister of the seauen liberall Sciences. I haue heard of those same liberall Sciences before, but I perceiue they are not halfe so bountifull to the purse, as they bee liberall in name. Well, I am sorry for ye, but I haue no money to bestowe ; yet if good counsell would serue your turne, I coulde sette you downe a course how you might liue, you should not neede to begge.

Sir, (sayd the scholler) good counsell commes neuer out of season to a man that is wise ; I will giue you thanks for any aduise you will giue me that is good.

Then (quoth the shoe-maker,) you shall let alone those same seauen Sciences, that you name to be so liberall, and you shall enter you selfe into any one of the three companyes, that haue nowe better taking, and are growne to be more gainefull, then all the seauen Sciences that you haue hitherto learned, and put them all together.

And what be those three companies (sayde the scholler) that you so much commend?

They are three companies, (sayde the shoe-maker) that are now in most request, and haue gotten all the trade into their owne handes, the first is to keepe an Ale house, the second a Tobacco house, and the third to keepe a Brothell house.

I haue done with my dialogue, and I thinke of my conscience the shoe-maker aymed something neare the marke; for he that did but see the abundance of Ale-houses that are in euery corner, I thinke he would wonder howe they coulde one liue by another; but if he did beholde againe, how they are all replenished with drunkardes, euery houre in the daie, (and almost euery minute in the night), and did yet agayne see their beastly demeanures, heare their blasphemies and their vngodly words, their swearing, and their ribauldrie, would tremble for feare least the house should sinke. For Tobacco houses and Brothell houses, (I thanke God for it) I doe not vse to frequent them, but actiue mindes must haue exercise, and I thinke to auoyd the inconuenience of a Brothell house, it were better of the twayne to sitte in a Tobacco house.

It hath beene a great faction that in former ages would still vndertake to support bawdery, and they haue bin better men then justices of peace that would both countenance a curtizan, and boulster out a bawd.

These poore harlots haue sometimes bin brought to ride in a cart, when the silken strumpets (perhaps) haue ryden in coaches; but there are no harlots nowe a dayes, but those that are poore, for shee that hath any freindes at all to take her part, who dares call her harlot?

Some good mans liuery the countenance of office, the bribing of a constable, or any thing will serue; and shee that hath not twenty companions at a becke, that will stick to her at a dead lift, let her ride in a cart, in the deuils name; shee deserues no better.

Should I now speake of spirituall whordome which the scriptures doe call idolatry, I dare scarce speake against it, for offending of papists, that were neuer more dangerous then they be at this houre.

I remember that many yeares sithens I sawe a fewe printed lines intituled *The Blazon of a Papist*, written by some Herault of armes, that had pretily contriued a papist in the compasse of armory.

Hee first made description of a *Papist rampant*, a furious beast, and although it be written that the deuill goeth about like a roaring lyon, yet the deuill himselfe is not more fierce and rigorous then is a papist, where he is of force and abilitie to shew his tyrranny, witnessse the murthers, the massacres, the slaughters, the poysoning, the stabbing, the burning, the broyling, the torturing, the tormenting, the persecuting, with their other bloudie executions euery day fresh in example, infinite to be told, and horrible to be remembred.

The next is a *Papist passant*, this is an instrument of sedition, of insurrection, of treason, of rebellion, a priest, a jesuite, a seminary, and such other as doe finde so many friendes in England and in Ireland, both to receiue and harbour them as it is much to bee feared wee shall finde the smart of it in time to come. We haue then a *Papist volant*, I thinke amongst the rest,

these can doe least harme, yet they will say they flie for their consciences; when it is knowne well enough they doe both practice and conspire.

Then there is a *Papist Regardant*, he obserueth times, occasions, places and persons, and although he be one of the *Popes intelygencers*, yet he walketh with such circumspection and heede, that hee is not knowne but to his owne faction.

We are now come to a *Papist Dormant*, a slye companion, subtile as a foxe; he sleepes with open eyes, yet sometimes seeming to winke, he lookes and prys into opportunities, still feeding himselfe with those hopes, that I am in hope shall neuer doe him good.

There is yet againe a *Papist Couchant*, this is a dangerous fellow and much to be feared; he creepes into the bosome of the state, and will not sticke to looke into the Court, nay (if he can) into Court counsels, he will shewe himselfe tractable to common wealths, prescriptions, and with this shew of obedience to law, he doth the pope more seruice then twentie others that are more resisting.

The last we shall speake of is the *Papist Pendant*; indeede a Papist Pendant is in his prime perfection; a Papist Pendant is so fitting a peece of armory for the time present, as all the herauldes in Englande are not able better to display him; a papist is then in chiefe when hee is pendant, and hee neuer commes to so high preferment but by the popes especiall blessing.

But if lawes were as well executed as they be enacted, popery could not so spread itselfe as it doth,

neyther in England nor in Irelande, nor it could not bee but that these diuelish practises, of poysons, of pistoles, of stabbing kniues, and of gunnepowder traynes, would bee important motiues to stir vppe the considerations of those that be in authority to spy out these masked creatures that haue tongs for their Princee, but doe reserue their hearts for their Pope.

But, alas, good Vertue, art thou become so faint hearted that thou wilt not discouer thy selfe that art thus iniured? I wis thou hadst neuer more need to look about thee; I would I could wish thee for a time to put away Patience, and to become a little while Cholericke, if not for their sakes that do loue thee, yet for thine owne security. If Vice dare take boldnesse to offend, why should not Vertue take courage to correct? but I know it is but losse of tyme to speake against Popery, and as little it will preuaile to speake against any manner of sinne; yet we want no positieue Lawes whereby to bridle abuse, but the example of a good life in those that should minister the due execution of those Lawes would bee more effectuell then the Lawes themselues, because the actions of those that be placed in authoritie are received by the common people for precepts and instructions.

But the greatest number of them doe rather shewe their authorities in correcting of other mens faults then in mending their owne, and it is hard when hee that cannot order his owne life should yet bee made a minister to correct the misdemeanours of others. There can neuer bee good discipline amongst inferiours where

there is but bad example in superiours; but where superiours haue beene more ready to support sinne then to punish sinne, and when a Nobleman's livery was countenance good enough to keepe a Drunkard from the Stockes, an Adulterer from the cart, and sometimes a Theefe from the Gallowes; when knowne Strumpets could vaunt themselves to be supported and vpholden by great persons, and to receiue such countenance from them, that it was holden for a Maxime amongst a great number of young wantons, that to surrender themselues to the lust of such men as were in great place and authoritie, was the next way to get preferment, and to winne them many friendes.

This was it that made a number of yong women, (in those times), to shake off the vayles of shamefastnes, and to offer the vse of their intemperate bodies to common prostitution, though not verbally in wordes, yet vnder the shewes of their gaudie and gadish attiers.

I am not yet ignorant but that in these dayes there bee a number of women, that in respect of any abuse of their bodies, are both good and honest, and yet if wee should iudge of them but according to their outwarde shewes they doe seeme more Curtizan like then euer was *Lais* of *Corinth*, or *Flora* of *Rome*.

The ancient *Romanes* prohibited all sortes of people, as well men as women, from wearing of any light coloured silkes, or any other gaudie garmentes, *Players* and *Harlots* onely excepted; for to them there was tolleration in regard of their professions.

There is mention made of a Canon in the *Ciwill Lawe* where it was ordayned, that if a man did offer violence to any woman, were shee neuer so vertuous and honest, yet attyred like a Strumpet, shee hadde no remedie agaynst him by Law.

And we doe finde it testified of a great *Lady* who vppon some occasion of busines, casting ouer her a light coloured vayle, and being thus met withall by a young gallant, he beganne to court her with complements of lone, the which the *Lady* taking in great disdain, reproued his sauciness that would offer that disgrace to her that was honest, that shee was not as shee seemed to be to the outward shewe; the young gallant, as angry as shee, returned her this answer.

Be what you list to be, (sayd he), I know not what you be, but if your honestie bee such as you say, be so attyred then, or els be as you are attyred. Vertue is neuer decked vp with externall pompe to proeure respect; her very countenance is full of maiestie, that commaundeth admiration in all that doe behold her.

It hath beene questioned whether *Chastitie* ioyned with *Vanitie* doth merite any commendation or no, but that a proud and a gaudie garment should shroud an humble or a modest mind it is *Rara Avis in Terris*, a matter seldome seene; but this is out of doubt that this ouermuch affected *Folly*, doth liue with no lesse suspected *Honestie*.

She is but an ill huswife, therefore, of her owne credite, that will bring it into construction.

The Philosophers would ayme at the inner disposi-

tion of the minde, by the externall signes of the bodie, affirming that the motions of the body are the true voyces of the mind.

Augustus, on a time of great assembly, obserued with diligence what company they were that courted his two daughters, *Liuis* and *Julia*; who perceiuing the first to bee frequented with graue and wise *Senators*, and the other againe to be solicited with witlesse and wanton *Roysters*, he discouered thereby their seuerall dispositions, being not ignorant that custome and company doth, for the most part, simpathize together, according to the prouerbe, *Simile Simili gaudet*, like will to like, quoth the Deuill to the *Collier*.

A womans blush is a signe of grace, and a good woman will quickly blush at many thinges; nay it were enough to make a vertuous woman to blush, but to thinke with her selfe that shee could not blush.

The blush of a womans face is an approbation of a chaste and honest mind, and a manifest signe that shee doth not approue any intemperate actions, or any other wanton speeches or demeanors that are eyther offered to her selfe, or to any other in her presence.

The woman that forgetteth to blush, it is an argument that shee is past grace; for shamefastnesse is not onely a brydle to sinne, but it is likewise the common treasury of feminine *Vertue*.

The bold audacious woman cannot but be taxed of *Impudency*, it is one of the notes that *Salomon* giueth whereby to distinguish a good woman from a bad.

The beautie of behauiour is more precious in esti-

mation then the beautie of the bodie, and the woman that will maintaine her credite, must not be too conuersant, but the time rather serueth to looke *Babyes* in womens *Eyes*, then to picke out *Moates*.

Yet I am sory for some of them that, (I thinke), will care little for going to *Heauen*, because there is no good *Coachway*.

Licurgus ordayned the *Laconian* women the exercise of their limmes, as running, leaping, wrastling, heauing, and throwing of waights.

These exercises hee permitted whereby to increase their vigor and strength, that their propagation and ofspring might be the more strong and sturdie.

But now our women are trained vp in Idlenesse. in ignorance, in pride, in delicacy, and their issue (for the most part), are leaning to their mother's constitutions, feeble of bodie, weake in minde, effeminate, and fearefull, fitter to ryde in a *Curtizan's Coach* vp and downe the streets, then to bestride a stirring Horse in the *Field*: and doe better knowe howe to mannage a *Tobacco-pipe*, then howe to charge a *Pyke* or a *Lance*.

The *Laconian* women brought forth a propagation of men of haughty courage, able both in bodie and minde to serue their countrey, to defend and fight for their liberties; but our women in these times, they bring a generation of *Meacockes* that doe bend their whole endeuours to effeminate nicitie, to pride, and vanitie.

Cato, being Censurer, to make choise of Generall for the *Pannonian* warres, openly disgraced and dismissed

Publius, because he had seene him to walke the streets of Rome perfumed; but now our gallants doe thinke themselues nothing more disgraced if they be not so perfumed, be spiced, and be poudered, that a man may well vent them the breadth of a streete.

And from whence commeth this wearing and this imbrodering of long lockes, this curiositie that is vsed amongst men in freziling and curling of their hayre? this gentlewoman-like starcht bands, so be edged, and be laced, fitter for *Mayd Marion* in a *Moris dance*, then for him that hath either that spirit or courage that should be in a gentleman?

But amongst all the rest of these ill becomming follies that are now newly taken vppe, (me thinkes), these yellow starcht bandes⁶ shoulde bee euer best suited with a yellowe *Coate*.

I haue heard of a Gentle-man that protested himselfe to bee so fierce and furious, if hee were but a little displeased, that during the time whilst his anger did last he neuer durst looke in a glasse for feare he should affraight himselfe with the terrour of his owne lookes.

And are not our gentlemen in as dangerous a plight now, (I meane these *Apes of Fancy*), that doe looke so like *Attyre-makers maydes*, that for the dainty decking vp of themselves might sit in any Seamsters shop in all the *Exchange*?⁷

Me thinkes a looking glasse should be a dangerous thing for one of them to view himselfe in, for falling in loue with his owne lookes, as *Narcissus* did with his owne shadow.

I am yet perswaded that our women in this age are as really endued with *Nature's* abilities as they haue beene in times past, but they doe faile in that education that they had in times past; they doe now, (for the most part of them), see nothing but vanitie, neyther doe I thinke but that the same defect is it that so infebleth their of-spring.

But I cannot altogether blame the carelesnes of the world, that it is become so sparing of good endeouours, when there is neyther rewarde nor recompence for good desert, nor scarce so much as a *Memorandum* for the most honourable enterprise, how worthily so euer performed.

We doe read of forraine estates, euen at this present time, what care they haue in rewarding the good, and punishing the ill, and in these two poynts, that is as I haue sayd in rewarding and punishing, consisteth so high a policie of good government, that it may well bee sayd that the Turkes, the Persians, the Tartarians and many other barbarous infidels haue built the foundation of their estates, especially vppon that ground worke, and haue aduanced themselves to that greatnesse that they be now growne vnto onely by these two vertues, in rewarding the good and punishing the ill.

For whom reward they but *Captaines* and *Souldiers*; or where vse they liberalitie, but in the field amongst weapons?

How seure againe are they in punishing of those, that do beare themselves carelessly in their places and offices, committed vnto them, yea they keepe no

meane in disgracing base cowardly mindes, nor in honouring of haughty spirits and valiant souldiers.

But with vs our Parasites, our Panders, our Fauourets, our Fidefers, our Fooles, our instruments of ambition, our ministers of our wanton pleasures shall be rewarded, but wee neuer cherish wisdome, till wee have cause to vse her counsell, and then (perhaps) shee may bee rewarded with some *Court holy water wordes*, and which wee will bestowe but for our owne aduantage; and when our turne is serued our kindnes is estranged.

The world is not now the world that it hath beene, when the sauing of a Romane Citizen, was rewarded with honor: the humoure of preseruing our country is now spent; there is not a *Curtius* now to be found, and where should we seeke for another *Sceuola*?

Desert may now goe to Cart, and he that cannot ruffell it out in silkes, will hardly gette passage in at a great mans gate.

Hee that is thought to bee poore, is neuer thought to bee wise, nor fit to haue the managing of any matter of importance; all is well accepted that is spoken by authoritie, but truth it selfe is not beleued, if it proeceede from the mouth of pouertie.

By this contempte of pouertie, vice hath beene aduanced; and sithens riches haue thus crept into credite, the world is rather growne to giue way to the humour of a rich *Foole*, then to followe the direction of a poore wise man.

Let vs nowe a little looke into the actions of this

age, and speake truly when was *Vertue* and *Honestie* more despised ; when was pride, ryot, and excesse, more inordinate ; when was adultery and all other vncast liuing either more apparant, or lesse punished ; when were all manner of abhominations more tollerated, when those that should minister correction will sometimes fauour their owne vices in others, euery man accounting that to bee most excellent in fashion that is most taken vppe and envied by those that be most vicious.

Thou shalt not follow the multitude to doe euill, the commandement of the liuing God, *Exod. 23* : but for these Adulterers, these Drunkards, these Swearers, these Blasphemers, they haue made a sacrifice of their owne soules to the deuill, and haue cast of all care both of honour and honestie.

But to leaue the generall, and come to the perticular, I tell thee, thou Adulterer, I speake it to thy face, that besides the poxe, and many other loathsome diseases that are incident to whore-maisters whilst they liue in this world, thy hot burning fire of lust will bring thee to the hot burning fire of hell.

And I tell thee Diues, that pamperest thy selfe in excesse, whilst Lazarus lyeth crying out at thy gate readie to famish, Lazarus shall be comforted when thou shalt intreat but for one drop of cold water to coole thy tongue.

And thou beastly Drunkard, thou monster of nature, that amongst all other sinners art the most base and seruile, if a drunkard were as seldome to be seene as

the bird of Arabia, he would be more wondered at then the owle, and more loathed then the swine.

How many Crafts men, that will labour all the weeke for that which on Sun-day they will spend in an ale-house, that will there most beastly consume in drinke, that would relieue their poore wiues and children at home, that other whiles doe want wherewith to buy them bread.

But if drunkennesse were not so common as it is, a number of tauernes and ale-house keepers might shutte uppe their doores; but the custome of it doth make it so conuersant, that it taketh away the sence of sinne.

The generallitie of it I shall not neede to expresse, when there is no feasting, no banqueting, nor almost anie merrie meeting, but drunkennesse must bee a principall guest, and what a glory is it after the incounter of their cups, for one drunkard to see another carryed away vpon mens shoulders to the beds.

The fruits of drunkennesse haue beene very well knowne, since Lot committed incest with his owne daughters, since Alexander kild his Clitus, and since Lucius Pius obtained that victory against his enemies, by making of them drunke, that hee coulde neuer attayne vnto so long as they were sober.

When the fume of the drinke once beginnes to ascend to the braine, the mind is oppressed with idle thoughts which spurreth on the tongue to contentious quarrelling, to slandering, backbiting, to idle and beastly talking, to swearing and blaspheming, and in the ende to stabbing and murthering.

I neuer yet knewe a Drunkard to be fitte for any good or godly exercise, and Cæsar was wont to say that hee stode more in doubt of Brutus and Cassius that were noted to bee sober, then he did of drunken Marcus Antonius.

Let him be of what title he list, if he be a Drunkarde, doe but strippe him out of his gay cloathes, and scrape his name out of the Heraulds booke, and he is without eyther euidence or preheminence of the basest rascall that ever was drunke in an ale-house.

Now I tell thee againe, thou Swearer and Blasphemer, that the heauie curse of God is still depending ouer thy head, thou that vppon euery light occasion dost polute the name of God, that is to bee reuerenced and feared, and doest sette that tongue which by the right of creation shoulde bee the *trumpet* to sound forth his *glory*, thou doest make it the instrument to prophane and blaspheme his holy name.

How many blasphemous wretches are there in these daies that do make oathes their pastime, and will sweare vpon pleasure, and he that hath not for euery word an oath, and can sweare voluntarily without any cause, is holden to be but of weak spirit, a signe of want of courage, and he that should reprove him in his blasphemies, they say hee is a *puritan*, a precise *foole*, not fitte to hold a gentleman company. Their greatest glory and the way to shewe themselues generous, is to sette their tongues against *heauen*, and to abuse that name, at the which they should tremble and quake with feare.

In the commandements of the first *table* God him-

selfe is the obiect, for they immediately appertaine vnto him. and therefore he that taketh his name in vaine, (I thinke) displeaseth God as much, or more, as he that against the commaundement of the second *table* committeth murder, and therefore those positive lawes that doe see seuerely punish the actuall breaches of the second *table*, without any respect to the sinnes that are committed against the first, were rather sette downe by the policies of men, then by the rule of the written word of God.

He that should but touch a man in credite, (if he be a man of any sort or calling) that should impeach his reputation, or slaunder his good name, there wanteth no good lawes to vex and molest him, and to inflict those punishments vpon him that they will make him to cry *peccauit*; but hee that should depraue God in his maiestie, that shall depriue him of his glory or blaspheme his holy name, there is no maner of lawe whereby to correct him, there is not so much as a *write of Scandalum Magnatum* to be granted against him.

A common *swearer* hath no excuse to pleade in his owne defence, but doth shew himselfe to be a bondslauie to the deuill, and a fire brand of hell.

God himselfe hath pronouneed against him; *The Lord will not holde him guiltlesse that taketh his name in vaine*; and the vision of the flying *booke* seene by *Zacharias*, that was twelue cubits in length and tenne in breadth, doth witnesse that the curses are many that are written, and doe hang in record against *swearers*.

I thinke *bribery* is no sinne at all; or if it be, it is but veniall, a light offence, a matter of no reckoning to account on.

It is like the disease *Morbus Gallicus*, which in poore men we vse plaine dealing and call it the *poxe*, but in great personages, a little to gilde over the loathsomnesse, wee must call it the *gout* or the *Sciatica*, so that which amongst inferiors we call a *bribe*, in superiors it is called a *gift*, a *present*, a *gratification*.

If a lawyer for a fee of tenne shillings doe sometymes take tenne poundes, it is a curtesie, a *beneuolence*; but these curtesies and kindnesses are bestowed with as much good will as the true man when he giueth his purse to the *theefe*.

Yet he that hath iudgement to giue a *bribe* with discretion, may worke wonders; he may run through-stitch with any businesse.

Jacob by sending of presents may appease the anger of *Esau*.

Claudius by giuing of *bribes* may escape correction, though he commit *sacriledge* in the Temple of *Minerua*.

Thou shalt take no gifts, for the gift bindeth the wise, and peruerteth the words of the righteous. Exod. 23.

But to make an end of this text, I will but adde thus much, that the giuing and taking of *bribes*, and the buying and selling of offices, are two such plague sores to a common wealth where they be suffered, that they are no lesse hurtfull to the *prince*, then preiudiciall to the poore subject.

Should I speake nowe of Couetousnesse, of Vsury, and of Pride.

Couetousnesse is a sin that euermore hath beene hated, and Vsury is a sinne that the world hath still detested.

But the pride of these times, (if it were well considered) is much more odious in the sight of God, and many wayes more pernicious to the common wealth then both those other of Couetousnesse and Vsury, that are (and haue euer bin) accounted so loathsome.

Couetousnesse (I confesse) is the Curre that thinketh nothing to be vnlawfull that bringeth in gaine, it is the canker that eateth and deuoureth the gettings of the poore.

It is the *Viper* that spareth neyther friend nor foe, vertuous nor vicious, but where there is golde to be gotten, it teareth the very intrailes of whom soeuer.

He yeeldeth yet a reason for his scraping and pleades the feare of want, alledging that his greedie heaping and gathering together, to be but a Christian-like care, that euerie man should haue to prouide for his family.

Simonides being demanded why he beganne to growe so miserable in his latter yeares, to fall a hurding vp of riches when he was readie for the graue, to acquit himself of a couetous disposition, answered because (sayd hee) I had rather haue goods to leaue to mine enemies when I am dead, then to stande in neede of my friends whilst I am aliuē.

Thus wee may see there is not a vice so odible, but they haue skill to maske it with the visard of vertue.

And the Vsurer, on the other side, he pleades not guiltie; may he will hardly be perswaded that vsury is

any sinne at all, or if it be a sinne, it is such a sin, as it lies in its owne will and disposition, what manner of sin hee himselfe will make of it, whether a little sinne or a great sin, or a sinne of any assize, that he himselfe doth list to forme or fashion it.

Nowe the Vsurer doth acknowledge that the scriptures doe prohibite the taking of vsury, and (sayth hee) so God himselfe hath commanded; *Thou shalt not steale.*

Now for a rich man to be a *theefe*, enery man can say hee deserves to be hanged; but for a poore man that is ready to famish, and in his necessitie hee stealeth a loafe of bread to saue his life, here is now a theft committed, and a direct breach of Gods commandement yet to be comiserated.

From hence they would inferre a tolleration in some persons, namely to men that be aged, to widdowes, and to orphanes, and there be some that publicquely in writing haue maintained a tolleration to be had in these, and do thinke it a matter drawing nearer charitie for these to make profite of their money, rather then to waste or spend awaie the stocke.

Here is yet a second collection that is gathered by the Vsurer; yet, (sayth he,) if a man be drinen into that necessitie that he is inforced to steale, (though it be but a loafe of bread for his reliefe), yet the theft is to be accounted so much the more, or so much the lesse, in respect of the person from whom it is committed; for in suche a case, to steale from him that is rich, the robbery is nothing so

intollerable in the eies of the world as for him that is poore to steale from another no lesse poore then himselfe ; therefore, (sayth the Vsurer), we may take vse of him that is rich, so we haue a conscience to him that is poore ; and to fortifie his conceit he alledged certaine places of Scripture, *If thou lend money to my people, that is to the poore, Thou shalt take no Vsury, Exod. 22.*

Here is nowe no prohibition, but that we may take vse of those that be rich, it is but the poore that are only excepted.

And wee are yet agayne forbidden that we shoulde take no Vsury, but it is *of thy brother that is fulne in decay.* Leui. 25.

When the *Deuill* came to tempt our Sauour Christ, hee beganne with *Scriptum est*, and the Vsurer, to salue vp that sinne that all ages hath detested, all places haue denounced, and all good men haue euer abhorred, haue learnd of the *Deuill* to alledge the holy Scriptures

But Vsury is forbidden by God's owne mouth, and therefore sinne ; neyther is that reliefe to be found in it that many do expect, for wher it maketh show to giue, there it taketh, and where it pretendeth to succour, there, againe, it doth oppresse.

And, therefore, hee that seeketh to assist himselfe by the helpe of the Vsurer, is like the poore *Sheepe* that seeketh in a storm to shrowde himselfe vnder a *Bramble* where hee is sure to leave some of his *Wool* behind him.

There hath beene question made of Vsury, what it is: for some woulde haue it to consist onely in the letting out of money, according to the letter as it is written, *Thou shalt not giue to Vsury to thy Brother. Deut. 23.*

Other some doe thinke him to be as great an Vsurer that taketh excessiue gaines in any thing, as the other that taketh vse for his money.

He would vphold his reason thus: if a poore man that is driuen into distresse should come to borrowe the summe of twentie shillings of a monyed man vppon a garment, (or some other pawne), that not long before had cost him fortie, promising within one moneth or two not onely to redeeme his pawne, but also to giue him reasonable vse for the loane of his money.

He is answered, that to lend money vpon Vsury is against the rule of Gods word, and, therefore, (to auoyde that sinne), if he will sell his garment out right hee will buy it, (if twentie shillings be his price), but other money he will not lend, nor a greater summe he will not giue.

The poore man, inforced by necessitie, is dryuen to take that twentie shillings, and to forgoe his garment, which he had beene better to haue pawned to an Vsurer, though hee had payd him after sixe-pence or eyght-pence, yea, or after twelue-pence a moneth, if it hadde beene for a whole yeare together.

There bee some that will in no wise acknowledge this to be Vsury; but let them distinguish howe they list, if I should giue my censure, I would say it were flat *Knauery*.

Euery man can call him an Vsurer that setteth out his money; but hee that taketh aduantage of his poore neighbours necessitie, as when he knoweth him to be enforced to sell for neede, he will then haue it at his owne price, or hee will not buy, and when he is constrained agayne, (by occasion), to buy, he will make him then to pay deare for his necessitie; yet howsoever he oppresse him, eyther in buying or selling, (they say), it is no Vsury, it is but honest trade and traffique.

He that selleth vpon trust, if it bee but for one moneth or sixe weekes, and maketh the buyer to pay fiftie shillings, for that which in readie money he might haue bought for fortie, is he not an Vsurer?

These Shop-keepers that can blind mens eyes with dym and obscure lights, and deceiue their eares with false and flattering words, be they not Vsurers?

These Tradesmen that can buy by one weight and sell by another, be they not Vsurers?

These Marchants that doe robbe the Realme by carrying away of Corne, Lead, Tinne, Hydes, Leather, and such other like, to the impouerishing of the common wealth, bee they not Vsurers?

These *Farmers* that doe hurde vppe their Corne, Butter, and Cheese, but of purpose to make a dearth, or that if they thinke it to rayne but one houre to much, or that a drought doe last but two dayes longer then they thinke good, will therefore the next market day hoys vp the prises of all manner of victuall, be not these Vsurers?

The *Land-Lordes* that doe sitte out their liuings at

those high rates that their *Tenants* that were wont to keepe good Hospitalitie, are not nowe able to giue a peece of Bread to the *Poore*, be they not Vsurers?

If these, and such other like Capitall Crimes be not reputed to be Vsury, let them guilde them ouer with what other titles they list, I think to be as ill, (or worse), then Vsury.

If the *Bookes of Moses* be aduisedly considered of, there be as dangerous menaces against great *Purchasers* as there be against Vsurers, and God himselfe hath sayd, *Thou shalt not couet thy Neighbour's House*, and our Sauour Christ hath pronounced a *wo* vnto him that *ioyneth house to house, or land to land*.

I would not haue men, therefore, to flatter themselves too much, or to thinke themselves more honest then, (indeede), they be, for if we relye so much vpon the bare letter, hee breaketh the commandements of God in as expresse a manner that hath money in his purse, and will not lend to his needie *Neighbour*, as he that lendeth money to vse; for the same *God* that forbiddeth to take Vsury, sayth, agayne, *Thou shalt not shut vp thy compassion, but shalt Lend*. And *Dauid*, in his 112 Psalm, sayth, *A good man is mercifull, and Lendeth*.

Our blessed Sauour agayne in the 6 of *Luke*, *Do good and lend, looking for nothing againe*.

It followeth, then, when man is enforced by necessitie to borrowe, he that hath money and will not lend, is no better then an Vsurer.

And as he is thus commanded to lend, so he is en-

ioyned againe not to keepe his neighbours pawne, *If thou take thy neighbour's rayment to pledge, thou shalt restore it before the sunne goe downe*, Exod. 22. And for feare of forgetting, in the 24 of *Deut.* it is yet againe Iterated in these words: *If it bee a poore body, thou shalt not sleepe with his pledge.*

So that wee may conclude the *Vsurer* that will not lend but for gaine, the *Miser* that will not lend at all, the *Land-Lord* that racketh vppe his rents, the *Farmer* that hoyseth vp the market, the *Marchant* that robbeth the Realme, and all the rest what some euer that doe oppresse the poore, they are all in one predicament, and may bee all called the *Devils Jorny-men*, for they doe the *Devils Jorny-worke*.

Here is now to be considered that these loathed sinnes of Couetousnes and Vsury, though they haue pleaded in their owne excuses, yet they haue euermore benee condemned, euen from the beginning, and so they are continued euen at this present houre.

But this monstrous sin of pride, for the which *Angels* were throwne out of *Heauen*, and by the which the vengeance of God hath benee so many times drawne vppon this *Globe of Earth*, it is now growne into a *fashion*, and it is become so general that it is but in vaine for any man to speak against it.

It is community that taketh away the sence, and then example is it that bloteth out the shame; for the power of example being so common as it is, is a motive good enough to perswade that pride is no sinne, which is in such generalitie amongst them that be of the best account.

Pride, if in a Princee, it ruines the loue of his Subiects; if amongst Subiects, it breedeth neglect of dutie to the Princee; if in any States-man, it draweth contempt both of Princee and Subiect. The pride of this age is growne to that height that wee canne hardly knowe a Princee from a pesant, by the view of his apparell, and who is able, by the outward show, to discern betweene *Nobilitie* and *Seruitie*, to knowe a Lord from a Lowt, a Lady from a Landresse, or to distinguish betweene a man of worthiness and a base Groome, that is not worth the clothes that belongs to his backe; they doe shine in silke, in silver, in golde, and that from the head to the very heele.

With titles, with worship, and with words, we may distinguish estates, but we cannot discern them by their apparell.

It is pride that hath depryed the *Angels* of the ioyes of *Heauen*, it hath beene the ouerthrow of kingdomes and common wealthes here vpon the Earth, it is the inhauser of all our miseries; nowe in this age it hath banished Hospitalitye and good housekeeping, it hath raysed the rates and prises of all things, it breedeth dearth and scarsitie, it inforceeth theft and robbery, it is pride that filleth the prisons, and bringeth numbers to the gallowes, it is only pride that impouerisheth Cittie, Towne, and Country, it is it that maketh so many Townes-men and Trades-men to play Banckropt.

It is pride that hath expelled our Yeomandry, that hath impouerished our Gentility, it hath replenished

the Realme with bare and needie Knights, and it threatneth a worse succeeding mischiefe then I dare set downe with my pen.

It is pride that hath banished Hospitalitie, and where hospitalitie is once putte to flight there Charitie doth seldome shewe his face, for charitie is so combined with hospitality, that where the one becommeth lame the other immediately begins to halt.

I did neuer belecue the Popes *Transubstantiation*, but now I see charitie is transubstantiated into braue apparrell, when we shall see him that in a Hat-band, a scarfe, a payre of Garters, and in Roses for his shoe-strings, will bestow more money, then would haue bought his great grandfather a whole suite of apparrell to haue serued him for Sun-dayes.

Thus we doe see it is pride that wasteth and consumeth all things; to vphold it selfe, it destroyeth both loue and hope; it is pernicious in the poore, it is maligne in the rich, neyther can a Prince himselfe that is proud, bee able to shroude himselfe from contempt of the vulgare, but he shalbe despised.

Marry, the best sport in this sinne of pride, is this; we shall neuer see two proud persons, but the one will enuie and despise the other, for pride doth malice pride, and it will mocke and scorne at that pride in another, that it will neuer marke nor see in it selfe; it is a vice that is left destitute of all helpe or defence, or of friendes, it was expelled from *Heauen*, and it is the most consuming plague that may happen vpon the earth, and the best reward that belongeth to it is the burning fire of *Hell*.

Tell me nowe, thou proud presumptuous flesh, hast thou not reason to turne ouer another leafe when wrath seemeth so to threaten, as though there were no sauing fayth left vpon the earth ?

Nature hath sufficiently taught vs to lift vppe the hande before the head, because the head is more worthy then the hand, and the spirit of God that hath created this *Nature*, should it not teach vs to forsake our owne willes and to giue place vnto his, without the which our willes could not be.

We doe neglect the Judgements of God, and notwithstanding the myrales he hath shewed vnto vs we aske with *Pharao*, *Who is the Lord?* but we doe not lay holde of them to our instruction, perhaps we may sometimes wonder at them, but neuer profit by them.

I haue thus farre presumed to thrust my lynes into the wide worlde to abide the fury of all weathers. If they proue distastfull to some palates, yet I hope there bee other some, that will better relish them, for those that shall thinke them too tart, let them

vse them in the stead of *Veriuyce*,

for sweete meates are euer

best relished with

souresauce.

FINIS.

EPILOGUS.

Now after 23 Bookes by me alreadie published, to make them vp iust 2 dosen, and for my last farewell to the Printers Presse, I haue tasked my selfe to such a kinde of subiect, as is better fitting to be roughly rubbed with a reprehending veritie then slightly to be blanchèd ouer with any smoothing flattery.

I know I shall offend a number, for I haue inueighed against sinnes and that of seuerall sorts: perhaps some will say I am too bitter, but can we be too serious in exclaiming against Pride, against Adulterie, against Drunkennesse, against Blasphemy, and against such other and so great Impietie, as I thinke since it rayned fire and brim-stone vppon Sodome and Gomorah, there was neuer the like, if it be not now time then both to speake and to write against those abhominations, it is high time the world were at an end.

I haue not medled with any thing that is repugnant to religion; and for matters of state, it fits me not to deale withall. For Satyryck inueyghing at any mans pryuate person, it is farre from my thought. Yet I am sure to want no censuring, but I haue armed my selfe against all those reproches wherewith malice it selfe is able to loude me, my soule and conscience bearing witnes that my intent hath bene no other then to drawe men into a due consideration how much they loose of Time, in

*hunting after vanities: then lette Detraction whet his
tongue, and spare not. If I displease any, if they be not
such as are but weake of Iudgement,
I am then sure they bee such as
doe knowe themselues to
bee faultie.*

FINIS.

NOTES.

Note 1.

Sir Thomas Middleton was lord mayor in 1613-14. He was of the *Grocers' Company*, and Thomas Middleton the dramatist wrote the pageant for his mayoralty.

Note 2.

Rich is a great repeater of himself. This seems to have been a favourite passage :—I find it in *The Irish Hubbub*, and elsewhere :—

“Doth not this deserve the *Hubbub*, to see vgly vice doth beare the name of seemely vertue, and drunkennesse reputed good-fellowship, murther called manhood, lechery named honest loue, impudeny good audacitie, pride they call decency, and wretched miserie they call good husbandrie, hypocrisie they call sinceritie, and flatterie doth beare the name of eloquence, truth, and veritie, and that which in former ages was called flat knauerie, passeth by the name of wit and policie.”—*The Irish Hubbub*.

Peacham speaks of drinking as the plague of our English gentry :—

“Within these fifty or three score years, it was a rare thing with us in England, to see a drunken man, our nation carrying the name of the most sober and temperate of any other in the world. But since we had to do in the quarrel of the Netherlands, about the time of Sir John Norris, his first being there, the custom of drinking and pledging healths was brought over to England, wherein let the Dutch be their own judges

if we equal them not, yea, I think rather excel them.”—*Peacham*, p. 223, (*Ed.* 1634).

And thus, in the very next page, Peacham speaks of the drunkards of his day. Men, in Dekker’s language, “drunke according to all the learned rules of drunkenness, as Vpsy-freeze, Crambo, Parmizunt, &c.—*Seven Deadly Sins*.

“They daily invent new and damnable kinds of earrowing, (as that in North Holland and Frizeland, though among the baser sort), of *upsie Monikedam*, which is, after you have drunke out the drinke to your friend or companion, you must breake the glass full upon his face, and if you miss, you must drinke again, whence proceed quarrelling, reviling, and many times execrable murthers.

“If you tell them how in former ages their forefathers drank water, they swear water is the frogs’ drink, and ordained only for the driving of mills, and carrying of boats.”—*Peacham*, p. 224, *Ed.* 1634.

Thomas Heywood, the poet, in his *Philocothonista*, illustrates the drinking customs of his time in a most interesting passage:—

“To title a drunkard by, we (as loath to give him such a name so gross and harsh), strive to character him in a more mineing and modest phrase, as thus:—

“He is a good fellow—or A boon Companion—A mad Greek—A true Trojan—A stiff Blade—One that is steel to the back—A low-Country Soldier—One that will take his rowse—One that will drink deep, though it be a mile to the bottom—One that knows how the cards are dealt—One that will be flush of all four—One that bears up stiff—One whom the Brewer’s horse hath bit—One that knows of which side his bread is buttered—One that drinks upse-freeze—One that lays down his ears and drinks—One that drinks supernaeulum—One that can sup off his eider.

“Next for variety of drinking cups we have divers and sundry sorts, some of glass, some of box, some of maple, some of holly, &c., mazers, broad-mouthed dishes, Noggins, Whiskins, Piggins, Crinzes, Ale-bowles, Court-dishes, Tankards, Kannes, &c., from a pottle to a pint, from a pint to a gill ; other bottles we have of leather, but they most used amongst the shepherds and harvest people of the country ; small jaeks we have in many Ale-houses of the City and suburbs, tipt with silver, besides the great black-jacks, and bombards at the Court, which when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported, at their return into their country, that the Englishmen used to drink out of their boots ; wee have, besides, cups made of horns of beasts, of Cocker-nutts, of goords, of the eggs of Estriches, others made of the shells of divers fishes brought from the Indies and other places, and shiing like mother of Pearle. Infinite there are of all measures and fashions.”—*Heywood's Philocothonista*, 1635, p. 45.

For further information on this subject see an extract from Rich's *Irish Habbub* in the preface to this reprint.

Pickadill, a peece fastened about the top of the collar of a doublet.—*Minsheu, ed.* 1627.

Note 3.

“*A Pickadil* is that round hem, or the several divisions set together about the skirt of a garment or other thing ; also a kinde of stiffe collar, made in fashion of a band. Hence, perhaps, the famous ordinary near *St. James's*, called *Pickadilly*, took denomination, because it was then the outmost, or skirt house of the Suburbs, that way. Others say it took name from this ; that one *Higgins*, a Tailor, who built it, got most of his estate by *Pickadilles*, which in the last age were much worn in England.”—*Blount's Glossographia, ed.* 1656, *first ed.*

Philips adopts this interpretation in his “*World of Words* :”

“*Pickadit*, the Hem about the skirt of a Garment; the extremity or utmost end of anything. Whence a great Gaming House built by one Higgins, a Taylor, famous for making such old-fashion'd skirts, was called *Pickadilly*, and a street in the suburbs of London is still known by that name.”—*The Moderne World of Words, or A Universall English Dictionary, collected from the best Authors, by E. P. fol. 1696.*

Ben Jonson speaks of a *picardill* as a new cut of band, much in fashion among men of quality,—men squeamish, sick—

“Ready to cast at one whose band sits ill,
And then leap mad on a neat picardill.”

Works by Gifford, viii. 370.

Middleton, in 1620, (*The World tost at Tennis*), speaks of a *pickadill* in connexion with the shears, the needle, and the hell of a tailor, and the *pickadill* of the poet is explained by Mr. Dyce as “a collar stiffened with plaits.” Surely the *pickadill* of Middleton was some implement used by the tailor in the manufacture of this stiffened collar.

There is one other use of the word which requires quotation. In Ben Jonson's *Devil is an Ass*, Pug affectedly says to Mrs. Fitzdottrel,

“Although,
I am not in due symmetry, the man
Of that proportion——
Or of that truth of *Picardil* in clothes,
To boast a sovereignty o'er ladies; yet
I know to do my turns, sweet mistress.”

Mr. Gifford has a note on this;—“*Picardil* is simply a diminutive of *picca*, (*Span. and Ital.*), a spear head, and was given to this article of foppery from a fancied resemblance of its stiffened plaits to the bristled points of those weapons. Blount thinks, and apparently with justice, that *Piccadilly* took its name from the sale of the ‘small stiff collars so called,’

which was first set on foot in a house near the western [eastern] extremity of the present street, by one Higgins, a Tailor."

Beaumont and Fletcher speak of a *French pickadel*. (*The Pilgrim*, Act ii. Scene 2.)

The first direct mention made of Piccadilly, is made by the great Lord Clarendon in his History, under the year 1641, where he speaks of "going to a place called Piccadilly, which was a fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks with shade, and where were an upper and lower bowling green, whither very many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted, both for exercise and conversation."*

This is thought by Pennant to have been the building referred to six years earlier by Garrard, the gossiping correspondent of the great Lord Strafford: "since Spring Gardens was put down," writes Garrard, "we have by a servant of the Lord Chamberlain's, a new Spring Gardens erected in the fields beyond the Meuse, [*i.e.* the Mews at Charing Cross,] where is built a fair house and two bowling greens, made to entertain gamesters and bowlers, at an excessive rate; for I believe it hath cost him above four thousand pounds; a dear undertaking for a gentleman-barber. My Lord Chamberlain much frequents this place, where they bowl great matches."† The lord chamberlain referred to was Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery; but Garrard's Gaming House was a distinct building from Clarendon's 'fair house' called Picca-

* Clar. Hist. vol. i. p. 422, ed. 1826.

† *Strafford Letters*, vol. i. p. 435. Garrard's Letter is dated June 21 1635. See also p. 377 of the same volume. "There was a difference like to fly betwixt my Lord Chamberlain and my Lord of Leicester, about a bowling green that my Lord Chamberlain has given his barber leave to set up, in lieu of that in the common garden [Spring Gardens] in the field under my Lord of Leicester's House; but the matter after some ado is made up."—*Howell to Lord Strafford, March 5, 1634.*

dilly. Pennant tells us, moreover, that the name of this new gaming house was Piccadilla-hall, and that it stood where Sackville Street stands. He is incorrect in the name and in the site, for "Vertue saw, in Mr. Bagford's Collection," writes Walpole, "a view of London, published by Norden in 1603, and another plan by T. Porter (Vertue gives no date), in which he observed these particulars:—At the upper end of the Haymarket was a square building called *Pecadilly Hall*; at the end of Coventry Street, a Gaming house, afterwards the mansion and garden of the lord keeper Coventry; and where Gerard Street is was an Artillery ground or garden, made by Prince Henry." Lord Coventry's mansion I conceive to have been the gaming house of Garrard. There is a copy of Porter's map in the library of the society of Antiquaries. The gaming house is in the North East corner of the Haymarket, and *Pecadilly Hall* over against it. The map is without date, but evidently prior to the Restoration.

Aubrey, in his anecdotes of Suckling, says: "*Mem.* his sisters coming to the Peccadillo-bowling-green, crying for the feare he should lose all [their] portions." (*Letters from the Bodleian*, ii. 545). Suckling died in 1641.

The first Piccadilly was a very short line of road, running no further West than the foot of Sackville Street, the remaining portion of what is now called Piccadilly was known then as Portugal Street (in compliment to Catherine of Braganza), and all beyond was the great Bath Road, or as Agas calls it *the road to Reading*. (See *Strype's map in his Ed. of Stow*, 2 vols. fol. 1720). The street now called Pall Mall, was first known as Catherine Street.

I found the other day, in the burial register of St. Martin-in-the-Fields the following entry:—

"26 Aug. 1636. *Mulier ignota e Piccadilly septa fuit,*" and in the Sexton's Book under the 8 June, 1685, "*Ann Hill in Piccadilly next the White Bear.*"

Note 4.

“It hath been accounted the sum that may be consumed in England in one yeere in Tobacco, is fiue hundreth and nineteene thousand three hundred and seventie fiue pounds, all spent to smoake, beside spriuat spendings, besides gentlemens chambers, and tauernes, innes and alehouses.”—*Rich (The Irish Hubbub)*.

“I remember a pretty iest of Tobacco, that was this. A certain Welchman comming newly to London, and beholding one to take tobacco, neuer seeing the like before, and not knowing the manner of it, but perceiuing him vent smoake so fast, and supposing his inward parts to be on fire; cried out *O Jhesu, Jhesu man, for the passion of Cod hold, for by Cods splud ty snowts on fire*, and hauing a bowle of beere in his hand, threw it at the others face to quench his smoking nose.”—*Rich (The Irish Hubbub)*.

This is the story commonly told of Sir Walter Raleigh. See it also told of Tarlton in his *Jests* (ed. *Halliwell*, p. 26).

Note 5.

Here is, as I conceive, a distinct allusion to Robert Greene, *Utriusque Academicæ in Artibus Magister* as on some of his title-pages he ostentatiously terms himself. Greene died in great distress, at the house of a poor *shoemaker* in Dowgate. Mr. Dyce and Mr. Collier have both of them overlooked this distinct allusion to Greene.

Note 6.

“Yellow-bands are become so common, to every young giddy-headed gallant, and light heeld mistresse, that me thinks a man should not hardly be hanged without a yellow band, a fashion so much in vse with the vaine fantasticke fooles of this age, for I neuer see or heard a wise man that did vse this base and lewd fashion.”—*Rich (The Irish Hubbub)*.

“ It is not yet so long since the new-found-out foolery of yellow-starcht bands were taken vp, but that it is within the compasse of our own memories.

“ Yet the open exclamation that was made by Turner’s wife, at the honre of her death, in the place where she was executed, cannot be hidden, when before the whole multitude that were then present, shee so bitterly protested against the vanitie of those yellow-starcht bands, that her out-cries (as it was thought) had taken such impression in the hearts of her hearers, that yellow-starcht bands would haue bin ashamed for euer after to haue shewed themselves about the necks, either of men that were wise, or of women that were honest; but we see our expectation hath failed vs, for they began enen then to be more general, then they were before.”—*Rich (The Irish Hubbub)*.

Note 7.

The Royal Exchange contained stalls for milliners and toy women, but Rich alludes to the New Exchange in the Strand.

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