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THE

POETICAL WORKS OF SKELTON.

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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN SKELTON:

WITH NOTES,

AND

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR AND HIS WRITINGS,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

THOMAS RODD, GREAT NEWPORT STREET.

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## PREFACE.

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THE very incomplete and inaccurate volume of 1736, and the reprint of it in Chalmers's *English Poets*,<sup>1</sup> 1810, have hitherto been the only editions of Skelton accessible to the general reader.

In 1814, the Quarterly Reviewer,—after censuring Chalmers for having merely reprinted the volume of 1736, with all its errors, and without the addition of those other pieces by Skelton which were known to be extant,—observed, that “an editor who should be competent to the task could

<sup>1</sup> “Mr. A. Chalmers,” says Haslewood, “has since given place [*sic*] to Skelton's name among the English poets [vol. ii. p. 227]: and having had an opportunity to compare the original edition [that of Marshe, 1568] with Mr. Chalmers's volume, I can pronounce the text verbally accurate, although taken from the reprint of 1736.” *Brit. Bibliogr.* iv. 389. As Haslewood was generally a careful collator, I am greatly surprised at the above assertion: the truth is, that the reprint of 1736 (every word of which I have compared with Marshe's edition—itsself replete with errors) is in not a few places grossly inaccurate.—The said reprint is without the editor's name; but I have seen a copy of it in which Gifford had written with a pencil, “Edited by J. Bowle, the stupidest of all two-legged animals.”

not more worthily employ himself than by giving a good and complete edition of his works.”<sup>1</sup> Prompted by this remark, I commenced the present edition,—perhaps with too much self-confidence, and certainly without having duly estimated the difficulties which awaited me. After all the attention which I have given to the writings of Skelton, they still contain corruptions which defy my power of emendation, and passages which I am unable to illustrate; nor is it, therefore, without a feeling of reluctance that I now offer these volumes to the very limited class of readers for whom they are intended. In revising my Notes for press, I struck out a considerable portion of conjectures and explanations which I had originally hazarded, being unwilling to receive from any one that equivocal commendation which Joseph Scaliger bestowed on a literary labourer of old; “*Laudo tamen studium tuum; quia in rebus obscuris ut errare necesse est, ita fortuitum non errare.*”<sup>2</sup>

Having heard that Ritson had made some col-

<sup>1</sup> *Q. Rev.* xi. 485. The critique in question was written by Mr. Southey,—who, let me add, took a kind interest in the progress of the present edition.

<sup>2</sup> Joanni Isacio Pontano—*Epist.* p. 490. ed. 1627.



lections for an edition of our author, I requested the use of those papers from his nephew, the late Joseph Frank, Esq., who most obligingly put them into my hands: they proved, however, to be only a transcript of *Vox Populi, vox Dei* (from the Harleian MS.), and a few memoranda concerning Skelton from very obvious sources.

The individual to whom I have been the most indebted for assistance and encouragement in this undertaking has not survived to receive my acknowledgments; I mean the late Mr. Heber, who not only lent me his whole collection of Skelton's works, but also took a pleasure in communicating to me from time to time whatever information he supposed might be serviceable. Indeed, without such liberality on the part of Mr. Heber, a complete edition of the poet's extant writings could not have been produced; for his incomparable library (now unfortunately dispersed) contained some pieces by Skelton, of which copies were not elsewhere to be found.

To Miss Richardson Currer; the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville; the Hon. and Rev. G. N. Grenville, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge; Sir Harris Nicolas; Sir Francis Palgrave; Rev. Dr. Bandinel; Rev. Dr. Bliss; Rev. John

Mitford; Rev. J. J. Smith of Caius College, Cambridge; Rev. Joseph Hunter; Rev. Joseph Stevenson; W. H. Black, Esq.; Thomas Amyot, Esq.; J. P. Collier, Esq.; Thomas Wright, Esq.; J. O. Halliwell, Esq.; Albert Way, Esq.; and David Laing, Esq.;—I have to return my grateful thanks for the important aid of various kinds which they so readily and courteously afforded me.

ALEXANDER DYCE.

*London, Gray's Inn,  
Nov. 1st, 1843.*

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The preceding Preface was already in type, when Mr. W. H. Black discovered, among the Public Records, an undoubted poem by Skelton (hitherto unprinted), which I now subjoin.

A LAWDE AND PRAYSE MADE FOR OUR SOUEREIGNE LORD  
THE KYNG.<sup>1</sup>

THE Rose both White and Rede  
In one Rose now dothe grow ;  
Thus thorow every stede<sup>2</sup>  
Thereof the fame dothe blow :  
Grace the sede did sow :  
England, now gaddir flowris,  
Exclude now all dolowrs.

Candida, pu-  
nica, &c.

Noble Henry the eight,  
Thy loving souereine lorde,  
Of kingis line moost streight,  
His titille dothe recorde :  
In whome dothe wele acorde  
Alexis yonge of age,  
Adrastus wise and sage.

Nobilis Hen-  
ricus, &c.

Astrea, Justice hight,  
That from the starry sky  
Shall now com and do right,  
This hunderd yere scantly  
A man kowd not aspy

Sedibus æthe-  
riis, &c.

<sup>1</sup> *A lawde and prayse made for our souereigne lord the kyng*] Such (in a different handwriting from that of the poem) is the endorsement of the MS., which consists of two leaves, bound up in the volume marked *B. 2. 8* (pp. 67-69), among the Records of the Treasury of the Receipt of the Exchequer, now at the Rolls House.—*Qy.* is this poem the piece which, in the catalogue of his own writings, Skelton calls “The Boke of the Rosiar,” *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 1178, vol. i. 408 ?

<sup>2</sup> *stede*] i. e. place.

That Right dwelt vs among,  
And that was the more wrong :

Arcebit vul-  
pes, &c.

Right shall the foxis chare,<sup>1</sup>  
The wolvis, the beris also,  
That wrowght have moche care,  
And browght Englund in wo :  
They shall wirry no mo,<sup>2</sup>  
Nor wrote<sup>3</sup> the Rosary<sup>4</sup>  
By extort trechery :

Ne tanti re-  
gis, &c.

Of this our noble king  
The law they shall not breke ;  
They shall com to rekening ;  
No man for them wil speke :  
The pepil durst not creke  
Theire grevis to complaine,  
They browght them in soche paine :

Ecce Platonis  
secla, &c.

Therfor no more they shall  
The commouns ouerbace,  
That wont wer ouer all  
Both lorde and knight to face ;<sup>5</sup>  
For now the yeris of grace  
And welthe ar com agayne,  
That maketh England faine.<sup>6</sup>

Rediit jam  
pulcher Ado-  
nis, &c.

Adonis of freshe colour,  
Of yowthe the godely flour,  
Our prince of high honour,

<sup>1</sup> *chare*] i. e. chase, drive away (see *Prompt. Parv.* i. 70. Camden Soc. ed.).

<sup>2</sup> *mo*] i. e. more.

<sup>3</sup> *wrote*] i. e. root.

<sup>4</sup> *Rosary*] i. e. Rose-bush.

<sup>5</sup> *face*] See Notes, vol. ii. 216.

<sup>6</sup> *faine*] i. e. glad.

Our paves,<sup>1</sup> our succour,  
 Our king, our emperour,  
 Our Priamus of Troy,  
 Our welth, our worldly joy;

Vpon vs he doth reigne,  
 That makith our hartis glad,  
 As king moost soueraine  
 That ever Englonde had;  
 Demure, sober, and sad,<sup>2</sup>  
 And Martis lusty knight;  
 God save him in his right!

Anglorum  
 radians, &c.

Amen.

*Bien men souient.*<sup>3</sup>

*Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem.*

<sup>1</sup> *paves*] i. e. shield (properly, a large shield covering the body).

<sup>2</sup> *sad*] i. e. grave—discreet.

<sup>3</sup> *Bien men souient*] These words are followed in the MS. by a sort of flourished device, which might perhaps be read—

“*Deo (21) gratias.*”

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I

# CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

	PAGE
SOME ACCOUNT OF SKELTON AND HIS WRITINGS . . . . .	v
APPENDIX I. Merie Tales of Skelton, and Notices of Skelton from various sources . . . . .	liii
APPENDIX II. List of Editions, &c. . . . .	lxxxix
APPENDIX III. Extracts from pieces which are written in, or which contain examples of, the metre called Skeltonical . . . . .	cv
Of the death of the noble prince, Kynge Edwarde the Forth	1
<i>Poeta Skelton laureatus libellum suum metricè alloquitur</i> . . . . .	6
Vpon the doulourous dethe and muche lamentable chaunce of the most honorable Erle of Northumberlande . . . . .	6
<i>Tetrastichon ad Magistrum Rukshaw</i> . . . . .	14
Agaynste a comely coystrowne, that curyowsly chawntydy, and curryshly cowntred, &c. . . . .	15
<i>Contra alium cantitantem et organisantem asinum</i> , &c. . . . .	17
Vppon a deedmans hed, that was sent to hym from an honorable jentyllwoman for a token, &c. . . . .	18
“Womanhod, wanton, ye want,” &c. . . . .	20
Dyuers Balettys and Dyties solacyous:—	
“ My darlyng dere, my daysy floure,” &c. . . . .	22
“ The auncient acquaintance, madam, betwen vs twayn,” &c. . . . .	23
“ Knolege, aquayntance, resort, fauour with grace,” &c. . . . .	25
“ <i>Cuncta licet cecidisse putas discrimina rerum</i> ,” &c. . . . .	26
“ Though ye suppose all jeperdys ar paste,” &c. . . . .	26
“ Go, pytyous hart, rasyd with dedly wo,” &c. . . . .	27
Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale . . . . .	28

	PAGE
The Bowge of Courte . . . . .	30
Phyllp Sparowe . . . . .	51
The tunnynge of Elynour Rummyng . . . . .	95
Poems against Garnesche . . . . .	116
Against venemous tongues, &c. . . . .	132
How euery thing must haue a tyme . . . . .	137
Prayer to the Father of Heauen . . . . .	139
To the Seconde Parson . . . . .	139
To the Holy Gooste . . . . .	140
“ Woffully araid,” &c. . . . .	141
“ Now syng we, as we were wont,” &c. . . . .	144
“ <i>I, liber, et propera, regem tu pronus adora,</i> ” &c. . . . .	147
The maner of the world now a dayes . . . . .	148
Ware the Hauke . . . . .	155
<i>Epithaphe. A Deuoute Trentale for old John Clarke, &amp;c.</i> . . . .	168
“ <i>Diligo rustincum cum portant,</i> ” &c. . . . .	174
<i>Lamentatio urbis Norvicen.</i> . . . .	174
<i>In Bedel, &amp;c.</i> . . . .	175
“ <i>Hanc volo transcribas,</i> ” &c. . . . .	175
“ <i>Igitur quia sunt qui mala cuncta fremunt,</i> ” &c. . . . .	176
“ <i>Salve plus decies quam sunt momenta dierum,</i> ” &c. . . . .	177
<i>Henrici Septimi Epitaphium</i> . . . . .	178
<i>Eulogium pro suorum temporum conditione, tantis principibus non indignum.</i> . . . .	179
<i>Tetrastichon veritatis</i> . . . . .	181
Against the Scottes . . . . .	182
Vnto diuers people that remord this rymynge, &c. . . . .	188
<i>Chorus de Dis contra Scottos, &amp;c.</i> . . . .	190
<i>Chorus de Dis, &amp;c. super triumphali victoria contra Gallos, &amp;c.</i> . . . .	191
<i>Vilitissimus Scotus Dundas allegat caudas contra Angligenas</i> . . . . .	192
<i>Elegia in Margaretæ nuper comitissæ de Derby funebre mi- nisterium</i> . . . . .	195
Why were ye <i>Calliope</i> embrawdred with letters of golde? . . . . .	197
<i>Cur tibi contexta est aurea Calliope?</i> . . . . .	198



	PAGE
The Boke of Three Fooles . . . . .	199
A replycacion agaynst certayne yong scolers abiured of late, &c. . . . .	206
Magnyfycence, a goodly interlude and a mery . . . . .	225
Colyn Cloute . . . . .	311
A ryght delectable tratyse vpon a goodly Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell, &c. . . . .	361
<i>Admonet Skeltonis omnes arbores dare locum viridi lauro juxta genus suum</i> . . . . .	425
<i>En Parlament a Paris</i> . . . . .	426
Out of Frenshe into Latyn . . . . .	426
Owt of Latyne into Englysshe . . . . .	426

---

## CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

---

	PAGE
Speke, Parrot . . . . .	1
Why come ye nat to Courte . . . . .	26
Howe the douty Duke of Albany, lyke a cowarde knyght, ran away shamfully, &c. . . . .	68
NOTES TO VOLUME I. . . . .	85
NOTES TO VOLUME II. . . . .	338

### POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO SKELTON.

Verses presented to King Henry the Seventh at the feast of St. George, &c. . . . .	387
The Epitaffe of the moste noble and valyaunt Jaspas late Duke of Beddeforde . . . . .	388
Elegy on King Henry the Seventh . . . . .	399
<i>Vox populi, vox Dei</i> . . . . .	400
The Image of Ipocrysy . . . . .	413
 CORRIGENDA AND ADDENDA . . . . .	 449
INDEX TO THE NOTES . . . . .	457

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V

SOME ACCOUNT  
OF  
SKELTON AND HIS WRITINGS.

---

JOHN SKELTON<sup>1</sup> is generally said to have been descended from the Skeltons of Cumberland;<sup>2</sup> but there is some reason to believe that Norfolk was his native county. The time of his birth, which is left to conjecture, cannot well be carried back to an earlier year than 1460.

<sup>1</sup> Sometimes written *Schelton*: and Blomefield says, "That his Name was *Shelton* or Skelton, appears from his Successor's Institution, viz. '1529, 17 July, Thomas Clerk, instituted on the Death of John *Shelton*, last Rector [Lib. Inst. No. 18].'" *Hist. of Norfolk*, i. 20. ed. 1739.

<sup>2</sup> "John Skelton was a younger branch of the Skeltons of Skelton in this County [Cumberland]. I crave leave of the Reader, (hitherto not having full instructions, and) preserving the undoubted Title of this County unto him, to defer his character to Norfolk, where he was Beneficed at Diss therein." Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 221 (*Cumberland*), ed. 1662. "John Skelton is placed in this County [Norfolk] on a double probability. First, because an ancient family of his name is eminently known long fixed therein. Secondly, because he was beneficed at Dis," &c. *Id.* p. 257 (*Norfolk*).—"John Skelton . . . was originally, if not nearly, descended from the Skeltons of Cumberland." Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* i. 49. ed. Bliss. See also Tanner's *Biblioth.* p. 675. ed. 1748.—"I take it, that Skelton was not only Rector, but a Native of this Place [Diss], being son of William Skelton, and Margaret his Wife, whose Will was proved at Norwich, Nov. 7, 1512 [Regr. Johnson]." Blomefield's *Hist. of Norfolk*, i. 20. ed. 1739. Through the active kindness of Mr. Amyot, I have received a copy of the Will of William Skelton (or Shelton), who, though perhaps a relation, was surely not the father of the poet; for in this full and explicit document the name of *John* Skelton does not

The statement of his biographers, that he was educated at Oxford,<sup>1</sup> I am not prepared to contradict: but if he studied there, it was at least after he had gone through an academical course at the sister university; for he has himself expressly declared,

“ Alma parens O Cantabrigensis,

. . . . .

. . . tibi quondam carus alumnus eram ;”

adding in a marginal note, “ Cantabrigia Skeltonidi laureato primam mammam eruditionis pientissime propinavit.”<sup>2</sup> Hence it is probable that the poet was the “ one Scheklton,” who, according to Cole, became M.A. at Cambridge in 1484.<sup>3</sup>

Of almost all Skelton’s writings which have descended once occur.—From an entry which will be afterwards cited, it would seem that the Christian name of Skelton’s mother was Johanna.—In Skelton’s Latin lines on the city of Norwich (see vol. i. 174) we find,

“ Ah decus, ah *patriæ* specie pulcherrima dudum !  
Urbs Norvicensis,” &c.

Does “ *patriæ*” mean his native county ?

<sup>1</sup> “ Having been educated in this university, as Joh. Baleus attests.” Wood’s *Ath. Oxon.* i. 50. ed. Bliss. Wood’s reference in the note is “ In lib. *De Scriptoribus Anglicis*, MS. inter cod. MSS. Selden, in bib. Bodl. p. 69 b.” The printed copy of Bale’s work contains no mention of the place of Skelton’s education. Part of Bale’s information concerning Skelton, as appears from the still extant MS. collections for his *Script. Illust. Brit.*, was received “ Ex Guilhelmo Horman,” the author of the *Vulgaria*.—See also Tanner’s *Biblioth.* p. 675. ed. 1748.—Warton says that Skelton “ studied in both our universities.” *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 336. ed. 4to.

<sup>2</sup> *A Replycacion*, &c. vol. i. 207.

<sup>3</sup> “ Wood reckons him of Ox. on the author. of Bale in a MS. in the Bodleian Libr., but with much better reason he may be called ours; for I find one Scheklton M.A. in the year 1484, at which time allowing him to be 24 years of age, he must be at his death A.D. 1529, 68 or 69 years old, which ’tis probable he might be. v. Bale 653.” Cole’s *Collections*,—*Add. MSS.* (Brit. Mus.) 5880, p. 199.

to our times, the first editions<sup>1</sup> have perished; and it is impossible to determine either at what period he commenced his career as a poet, or at what dates his various pieces were originally printed. That he was the author of many compositions which are no longer extant, we learn from the pompous enumeration of their titles in the *Garlande of Laurell*.<sup>2</sup> The lines *Of the death of the noble prince,*

<sup>1</sup> I suspect that, during Skelton's lifetime, two of his most celebrated pieces, *Colyn Cloute* (see v. 1239, vol. i. 359), and *Why come ye nat to Courte*, were not committed to the press, but wandered about in manuscript among hundreds of eager readers. A portion of *Speke, Parrot*, and the *Poems Against Garnesche*, are now for the first time printed.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. i. 408 sqq. No poetical antiquary can read the titles of some of the lighter pieces mentioned in that catalogue,—such as *The Balade of the Mustarde Tarte*, *The Murnyng of the mapely rote* (see Notes, vol. ii. 330), &c.—without regretting their loss. “Many of the songs or popular ballads of this time,” observes Sir John Hawkins, “appear to have been written by Skelton.” *Hist. of Music*, iii. 39.

I take the present opportunity of giving from a MS. in my possession a much fuller copy than has hitherto appeared of the celebrated song which opens the second act of *Gammer Gurtons Nedde*, and which Warton calls “the first *chanson à boire* or *drinking-ballad*, of any merit, in our language.” *Hist. of E. P.* iii. 206. ed. 4to. The comedy was first printed in 1575: the manuscript copy of the song, as follows, is certainly of an earlier date:

“backe & syde goo bare goo bare  
bothe hande & fote goo colde  
but belly god sende the good ale inowghe  
whether hyt be newe or olde.

but yf that I  
maye have trwly  
goode ale my belly full  
I shall looke lyke one  
by swete sainte Johnn  
were shoron agaynste the woole  
thowthe I goo bare  
take yow no care

*Kynge Edwarde the forth*,<sup>1</sup> who deceased in 1483, were probably among his earliest attempts in verse.

In 1489 Skelton produced an elegy *Vpon the doulourus dethe and muche lamentable chaunce of the most ho-*

---

I am nothyng colde  
I stuffe my skynne  
so full within  
of joly goode ale & olde.

I cannot eate  
but lytyll meate  
my stomacke ys not goode  
but sure I thyncke  
that I cowde dryncke  
with hym that werythe an hoode  
dryncke ys my lyfe  
althowgthe my wyfe  
some tyme do chyde & scolde  
yete spare I not  
to plye the potte  
of joly goode ale & olde.  
backe & syde, &c.

I love noo roste  
but a browne toste  
or a crabbe in the fyer  
a lytyll breade  
shall do me steade  
mooche breade I neuer desyer  
Nor froste nor snowe  
Nor wynde I trow  
Canne hurte me yf hyt wolde  
I am so wrapped  
within & lapped  
with joly goode ale & olde.  
backe & syde, &c.

I care ryte nowghte  
I take no thowte  
for clothes to kepe me warme  
have I goode dryncke  
I surely thyncke

---

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. 1.

*norable Erle of Northumberlande*,<sup>1</sup> who was slain during a popular insurrection in Yorkshire. His son Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl, who is there mentioned as the “yonge lyon, but tender yet of age,”<sup>2</sup> appears to have

---

nothyng canne do me harme  
for trwly than  
I feare noman  
be he neuer so bolde  
when I am armed  
& throwly warmed  
with joly good ale & olde.  
backe & syde, &c.

but nowe & than  
I curse & banne  
they make ther ale so small  
god geve them care  
& evill to faare  
they strye the malte & all  
sooche pevisshe pewe  
I tell yowe trwe  
not for a c[r]ovne of golde  
ther commethe one syppe  
within my lyppe  
whether hyt be newe or olde.  
backe & syde, &c.

good ale & stronge  
makethe me amonge  
full joconde & full lyte  
that ofte I slepe  
& take no kepe  
frome mornyng vntyll nyte  
then starte I vppe  
& fle to the cuppe

---

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. 6: see Notes, vol. ii. 89.

<sup>2</sup> He was only eleven years old at his father's death. See more concerning the fifth earl in Percy's Preface to *The Northumberland Household Book*, 1770, in Warton's *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 338. ed. 4to, and in Collins's *Peerage*, ii. 304. ed. Brydges.—Warton says that the Earl “encouraged Skelton to write this Elegy,” an assertion grounded, I suppose, on the Latin lines prefixed to it.

afterwards extended his patronage to the poet:<sup>1</sup> at a time when persons of the highest rank were in general grossly illiterate, this nobleman was both a lover and a liberal encourager of letters.

---

the ryte waye on I holde  
 my thurste to staunche  
 I fyll my paynche  
 with joly goode ale & olde.  
 backe & syde, &c.

and kytte my wyfe  
 that as her lyfe  
 lovethe well good ale to seke  
 full ofte drynkythe she  
 that ye maye se  
 the tears ronne downe her cheke  
 then dothe she troule  
 to me the bolle  
 as a goode malte worme sholde  
 & saye swete harte  
 I have take my parte  
 of joly goode ale & olde.  
 backe & syde, &c.

They that do dryncke  
 tyll they nodde & wyncke  
 even as good fellowes shulde do  
 they shall notte mysse  
 to have the blysse  
 that good ale hathe browghte them to  
 & all poore soules  
 that skowre blacke bolles  
 & them hathe lustely trowlde  
 god save the lyves  
 Of them & ther wyves  
 wether they be yonge or olde.  
 backe & syde," &c.

---

<sup>1</sup> A splendid MS. volume, consisting of poems (chiefly by Lydgate), finely written on vellum, and richly illuminated, which formerly belonged to the fifth earl, is still preserved in the British Museum, *MS. Reg. 18. D ii.*: at fol. 165 is Skelton's Elegy on the earl's father.



Skelton had acquired great reputation as a scholar, and had recently been laureated at Oxford,<sup>1</sup> when Caxton, in 1490, published *The boke of Eneydos compyled by Vyrgyle*,<sup>2</sup> in the Preface to which is the following passage: "But I praye mayster John Skelton, late created poete laureate in the vnyuersite of oxenforde, to ouerse and correcte this sayd booke, And taddresse and expowne where as shalle be founde faulte to theym that shall requyre it. For hym I knowe for suffycyent to expowne and englysshe euey dyffyculte that is therin. For he hath late translated the epystlys of Tulle,<sup>3</sup> and the boke of dyodorus syculus,<sup>4</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> For a notice of Skelton's laureation at Oxford, the Rev. Dr. Bliss obligingly searched the archives of that university, but without success: "no records," he informs me, "remain between 1463 and 1498 that will give a correct list of degrees."

<sup>2</sup> This work (a thin folio), translated by Caxton from the French, is a prose romance founded on the *Æneid*. It consists of 65 chapters, the first entitled "How the ryght puyssant kynge pryamus edyfyed the grete Cyte of Troye," the last, "How Ascanyus helde the royalme of Ytalye after the dethe of Eneas hys fader." Gawin Douglas, in the Preface to his translation of Virgil's poem, makes a long and elaborate attack on Caxton's performance;

"Wylliame Caxtoun had no compatioun  
Of Virgill in that buk he preyt in prois,  
Clepan it Virgill in Eneados,  
Quhilk that he sayis of Frensche he did translate;  
It has na thing ado therwith, God wate,  
Nor na mare like than the Deuil and sanct Austin," &c.

Sig. B iii. ed. 1553.

<sup>3</sup> A work probably never printed, and now lost: it is mentioned by Skelton in the *Garlande of Laurell*;

"Of Tullis Familiars the translacyoun."

vol. i. 409.

<sup>4</sup> A work mentioned in the same poem;

"Diodorus Siculus of my translacyon  
Out of fresshe Latine into owre Englysshe playne,  
Recounyng commoditis of many a straunge nacyon;

diuerse other werkes oute of latyn in to englysshe, not in rude and olde langage, but in polysshed and ornate termes craftely, as he that hath redde vrygyle, ouyde, tullye, and all the other noble poetes and oratours, to me vnknown: And also he hath redde the ix. muses and vnderstande theyr musicalle scyences, and to whom of theym eche scyence is appropred. I suppose he hath dronken of Elycons well. Then I praye hym & suche other to correcte adde or mynysshe where as he or they shall fynde faulte,"<sup>1</sup> &c. The laureatship in question, however, was not the office of poet laureat according to the modern acceptation of the term: it was a degree in grammar, including rhetoric and versification, taken at the university, on which occasion the graduate was presented with a wreath of laurel.<sup>2</sup> To this academical honour Skelton proudly alludes in his fourth poem *Against Garnesche*;

" A kyng to me myn habyte gaue :  
At Oxforth, the vniversityte,

Who redyth it ones wolde rede it agayne ;  
Sex volumis engrosid together it doth containe."

vol. i. 420.

It is preserved in MS. at Cambridge: see Appendix II. to this Memoir.

<sup>1</sup> Sig. A ii.

<sup>2</sup> For more about poet laureat, both in the ancient and modern acceptation, see Selden's *Titles of Honor*, p. 405. ed. 1631; the Abbé du Resnel's *Recherches sur les Poètes Couronnez*,—*Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript. (Mém. de Littérature)*, x. 507; Warton's *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 129. ed. 4to; Malone's *Life of Dryden (Prose Works)*, p. 78; Devon's *Introd. to Issue Roll of Thomas de Brantingham*, p. xxix., and his *Introd. to Issues of the Exchequer, &c.*, p. xiii.—Churchyard in his verses prefixed to Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, says,

" Nay, Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,  
And past in schoels, ye knoe."

see Appendix I. to this Memoir.

Auaunsid I was to that degre ;  
 By hole consent of theyr senate,  
 I was made poete lawreate."<sup>1</sup>

Our laureat, a few years after, was admitted *ad eundem* at Cambridge: "An. Dom. 1493, et Hen. 7 nono. Conceditur Johi Skelton Poete in partibus transmarinis atque Oxon. Laurea ornato, ut apud nos eadem decoraretur;" again, "An. 1504-5, Conceditur Johi Skelton, Poetæ Laureat. quod possit stare eodem gradu hinc, quo stetit Oxoniis, et quod possit uti habitu sibi concesso a Principe." Warton, who cites both these entries,<sup>2</sup> remarks, "the latter clause, I believe, relates to some distinction of habit, perhaps of fur or velvet, granted him by the king." There can be no doubt that Skelton speaks of this peculiar apparel in the lines just quoted, as also in his third poem *Against Garnesche*, where he says,

"Your sworde ye swere, I wene,  
 So tranchaunt and so kene,  
 Xall kyt both *wyght and grene* :  
 Your foly ys to grett  
*The kynges colours* to threte ;"<sup>3</sup>

from which we may infer that he wore, as laureat, a dress of white and green, or, perhaps, a white dress with a wreath of laurel. It was most probably on some part of the same habit that the word *Calliope* was embroidered in letters of silk and gold :

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. 128.

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 130 (note), ed. 4to.—The second entry was printed in 1736 by the Abbé du Resnel (who received it from Carte the historian) in *Recherches sur les Poètes Couronnez,—Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript. (Mém. de Littérature)*, x. 522. Both entries were given in 1767 by Farmer in the second edition of his *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, p. 50.—The Rev. Joseph Romilly, registrar of the University of Cambridge, has obligingly ascertained for me their correctness.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. i. 124.

“ Calliope,  
 As ye may se,  
 Regent is she  
     Of poetes al,  
 Whiche gawe to me  
 The high degre  
 Laureat to be  
     Of fame royall ;  
*Whose name enrolde  
 With silke and golde  
 I dare be bolde  
     Thus for to were,*”<sup>1</sup> &c.

In the following passage Barclay perhaps glances at Skelton, with whom (as will afterwards be shewn) he was on unfriendly terms ;

“ But of their writing though I ensue the rate,  
 No name I chalenge of *Poete laureate* :  
 That name vnto them is mete and doth agree  
 Which writeth matters with curiositee.  
 Mine habite blacke accordeth not with *grene*,  
 Blacke betokeneth death as it is dayly sene ;  
 The *grene* is pleasour, freshe lust and iolite ;  
 These two in nature hath great diuersitie.  
 Then who would ascribe, except he were a foole,  
 The pleasaunt *laurer* vnto the mourning cowle ?”<sup>2</sup>

Warton has remarked, that some of Skelton’s Latin verses, which are subscribed—“ *Hæc laureatus Skeltonis, regius orator*”—“ *Per Skeltonida laureatum, oratorem regium,*”—seem to have been written in the character of *royal laureate*;<sup>3</sup> and perhaps the expression “ of fame royall” in Skelton’s lines on *Calliope* already cited, may be

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. 197.

<sup>2</sup> *Prologe to Egloges*, sig. A 1. ed. 1570.

<sup>3</sup> *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 132 (note), ed. 4to, where Warton gives the subscription of the former as the title of the latter poem : his mistake was occasioned by the reprint of Skelton’s *Works*, 1736. See the present edition, vol. i. 190, 191.

considered as strengthening this supposition. There would, indeed, be no doubt that Skelton was not only a poet laureated at the universities, but also poet laureat or court poet to Henry the Eighth, if the authenticity of the following statement were established; “la patente qui declare Skelton poète laureat d’Henry viii. est datée de la cinquième année de son règne, ce qui tombe en 1512 ou 1513:” so (after giving correctly the second entry concerning Skelton’s laureation at Cambridge) writes the Abbé du Resnel in an essay already mentioned; having received, it would seem, both these statements concerning Skelton from Carte the historian,<sup>1</sup> who, while he communicated to Du Resnel one real document, was not likely to have forged another for the purpose of misleading the learned Frenchman. On this subject I can only add, that no proof has been discovered of Skelton’s having enjoyed an annual salary from the crown in consequence of such an office.

The reader will have observed that in the first entry given above from the Cambridge Univ. Regist., Skelton is described as having been laureated not only at Oxford but also “transmarinis partibus.” That the foreign seat of learning at which he received this honour was the university of Louvaine,<sup>2</sup> may be inferred from the title of a poem which I subjoin entire, not only because it occurs in a volume of the greatest rarity, but because it evinces the celebrity which Skelton had attained.

<sup>1</sup> Du Resnel expressly says that he was made acquainted with the Cambridge entry by “M. Carte, autrement M. Phillips.” *Recherches sur les Poètes Couronnez, — Hist. de l’Acad. des Inscript. (Mém. de Littérature)*, x. 522. — Carte assumed the name of Phillips when he took refuge in France.

<sup>2</sup> A gentleman resident at Louvaine obligingly examined for me the registers of that university, but could find in them no mention of Skelton.

“ IN CLARISSIMI SCHELTONIS *LOUANIENSIS* POETÆ LAUDES  
EPIGRAMMA.

Quum terra omnifero lætissima risit amictu,  
 Plena novo fœtu quælibet arbor erat ;  
 Vertice purpurei vultus incepit honores  
 Extensis valvis pandere pulchra rosa ;  
 Et segetum tenero sub cortice grana tumescunt,  
 Flavescens curvat pendula spica caput.  
 Vix Cancri tropicos æstus lustravit anhelans  
 Pythius, et Nemeæ vertit ad ora feræ,  
 Vesper solis equos oriens dum clausit Olympo,  
 Agmina stellarum surgere cuncta jubet :  
 Hic primo aspiceres ut Cynthia vecta sereno  
 Extulerat surgens cornua clara polo ;  
 Inde Hydram cernas, stravit quam clava trinodis  
 Alcidæ, nitidis emicuisse comis ;  
 Tum<sup>1</sup> Procyon subiit, præpes Lepus, hinc Jovis ales,  
 Arctos, et Engonasmus, sidus et Eridani ;  
 Ignivomis retinet radiis quæ stellifer orbis  
 (Quid multis remorer ?) sidera cuncta micant.  
 Nutat Atlanteum convexum pondus, ocellis  
 Dum lustrò hæc ægris, vergit et oceano.  
 Tum furtim alma quies repens mihi membra soporat,  
 Curaque Lethæo flumine mersa jacet :  
 O mihi quam placidis Icelos tulit aurea somnis  
 Somnia, musiphilis non caritura fide !  
 Nuncia percelebris Polyhymnia blanda salutans  
 Me Clarii ut visam numina sacra citat.  
 Ut sequar hanc lætus, mihi visus amœna vireta  
 Et nemorum umbrosos præteriisse sinus :  
 Scilicet hæc montes monstraverat inter eundum  
 Et fontes Musæ quos coluere sacros ;  
 Castalios latices, Aganippidos atque Medusei  
 Vidimus alipedis flumina rupta pede ;  
 Antra hinc Libethri monstrat Pimpleidos undas,  
 Post vada Cephisi, Phocidos atque lacus ;

<sup>1</sup> The original has “ Cum : ” but the initial letters of the lines were intended to form a distich ; see the conclusion of the poem.

Nubifer assurgit mons Pierus atque Cithæron,  
 Gryneumque nemus dehinc Heliconque sacer ;  
 Inde et Parnasi bifidi secreta subimus,  
 Tota ubi Mnemosynes sancta propago manet.  
 Turba pudica novem dulce hic cecinere sororum ;  
 Delius in medio plectra chelynque sonat :  
 Aurifluis laudat modulis monumenta suorum  
 Vatum, quos dignos censet honore poli :  
 De quo certarunt Salamin, Cumæ, vel Athenæ,  
 Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, primus Homerus erat ;  
 Laudat et Orpheum, domuit qui voce leones,  
 Eurydicen Stygiis qui rapuitque rogis ;  
 Antiquum meminit Musæum Eumolpide natum,  
 Te nec Aristophanes Euripidesque tacet ;  
 Vel canit illustrem genuit quem Teia tellus,  
 Quemque fovit dulci Coa camena sinu ;  
 Deinde cothurnatum celebrem dat laude Sophoclem,  
 Et quam Lesbides pavit amore Phaon ;  
 Æschylus, Amphion, Thespis nec honore carebant,  
 Pindarus, Alcæus, quem tuleratque Paros ;  
 Sunt alii plures genuit quos terra Pelasga,  
 Daphnæum cecinit quos meruisse decus :  
 Tersa Latinorum dehinc multa poemata textit,  
 Laude nec Argivis inferiora probat ;  
 Insignem tollit ter vatem, cui dedit Andes  
 Cunas urbs, clarum Parthenopæa taphum ;  
 Blanda Corinna, tui Ponto religatus amore,  
 Sulmoni natus Naso secundus erat ;  
 Inde nitore fluens lyricus genere Appulus ille  
 Qui Latiis primus mordica metra tulit ;  
 Staius Æacidem sequitur Thebaida pingens,  
 Emathio hinc scribens prælia gesta solo ;  
 Cui Verona parens hinc mollis scriptor amorum,  
 Tu nec in obscuro, culte Tibulle, lates ;  
 Haud reticendus erat cui patria Bilbilis, atque  
 Persius hinc mordax crimina spurca notans ;  
 Eximius pollet vel Seneca luce tragædus,  
 Comicus et Latii bellica præda ducis ;

Laudat et hinc alios quos sæcula prisca fovebant ;  
 Hos omnes longum jam meminisse foret.  
 Tum<sup>1</sup> Smintheus, paulo spirans, ait, ecce, sorores,  
 Quæ clausa oceano terra Britannia nitet !  
 Oxoniam claram Pataræa ut regna videtis,  
 Aut Tenedos, Delos, qua mea fama viret :  
 Nonne fluunt istic nitidæ ut Permessidos undæ,  
 Istick et Aoniæ sunt juga visa mihi ?  
 Alma fovet vates nobis hæc terra ministros,  
 Inter quos Schelton jure canendus adest :  
 Numina nostra colit ; canit hic vel carmina cedro  
 Digna, Palatinis et socianda sacris ;  
 Grande decus nobis addunt sua scripta, linenda  
 Auratis, digna ut posteritate, notis ;  
 Laudiflua excurrit serie sua culta poesis,  
 Certatim palmam lectaque verba petunt ;  
 Ora lepore fluunt, sicuti dives fagus auro,  
 Aut pressa Hyblæis dulcia mella favis ;  
 Rhetoricus sermo riguo fecundior horto,  
 Pulchrior est multo puniceisque rosis,  
 Unda limpidior, Parioque politior albo,  
 Splendidior vitro, candidiorque nive,  
 Mitior Alcinois pomis, fragrantior ipso  
 Thureque Pantheo, gratior et violis ;  
 Vincit te, suavi Demosthene, vincit Ulyxim  
 Eloquio, atque senem quem tulit ipse Pylos ;  
 Ad fera bella trahat verbis, nequii quod Atrides  
 Aut Brisis, rigidum te licet, Æacides ;  
 Tantum ejus verbis tribuit Suadela Venusque  
 Et Charites, animos quolibet ille ut agat,  
 Vel Lacedæmonios quo Tyrtæus pede claudio  
 Pieriis vincens martia tela modis,  
 Magnus Alexander quo belliger actus ab illa  
 Mæonii vatis grandisonante tuba ;  
 Gratia tanta suis virtusque est diva camenis,  
 Ut revocet manes ex Acheronte citos ;

<sup>1</sup> Here again the original has "Cum."



Leniat hic plectro vel pectora sæva leonum,  
 Hic strepitu condat mœnia vasta lyræ ;  
 Omnimodos animi possit depellere morbos,  
 Vel Niobes luctus Heliadumque truces ;  
 Reprimat hic rabidi Saulis sedetque furores,  
 Inter delphinas alter Arion erit ;  
 Ire Cupidineos quovis hic cogat amores,  
 Atque diu assuetos hic abolere queat ;  
 Auspice me tripodas sentit, me inflante calores  
 Concipit æthereos, mystica diva canit ;  
 Stellarum cursus, naturam vasti et Olympi,  
 Aeris et vires hic aperire potest,  
 Vel quid cunctiparens gremio tellus foveat almo,  
 Gurgite quid teneat velivolumque mare ;  
 Monstratur digito phœnice ut rarior uno,  
 Ecce virum de quo splendida fama volat !  
 Ergo decus nostrum quo fulget honorque, sorores,  
 Heroas laudes accumulate viro ;  
 Laudes accumulent Satyri, juga densa Lycæi,  
 Pindi, vel Rhodopes, Mænala quique colunt ;  
 Ingement plausus Dryades facilesque Napææ,  
 Oreadum celebris turba et Hamadryadum ;  
 Blandisonum vatem, vos Oceanitidesque atque  
 Naiades, innumeris tollite præconiis ;  
 Æterno vireat quo vos celebravit honore,  
 Illius ac astris fama perennis eat :  
 Nunc maduere satis vestro, nunc prata liquore  
 Flumina, Pierides, sistite, Phœbus ait.  
 Sat cecinisse tuum sit, mi Schelton, tibi laudi  
 Hæc Whitintonum : culte poeta, vale.

Ex capitalibus hexametrorum litteris solerter compositis emergit hoc distichon ;

Quæ Whitintonus canit ad laudes tibi, Schelton,  
 Anglorum vatum gloria, sume libens.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the 4to volume entitled *Opusculum Roberti Whittintoni in florentissima Oxoniensi academia Laureati*. At the end, *Expliciūt Roberti Whittintoni Oxonie Protouatis Epygrammata: una cū quibusdā Panegyricis*. *Impressa Lōdini per me wynandū de worde. Anno post virgineū partū. M. ccccc xix. decimo vero kalēdas Maii.*

Another laudatory notice of Skelton by a contemporary writer will not here be out of place ;

“ To all auncient poetes, litell boke, submytte the,  
 Whilom flouryng in eloquence facundious,  
 And to all other whiche present nowe be ;  
 Fyrst to maister Chaucer and Ludgate sentencious,  
 Also to preignaunt Barkley nowe beyng religious,  
 To *inuentiue Skelton and poet laureate* ;  
 Praye them all of pardon both erly and late.”<sup>1</sup>

Skelton frequently styles himself “ *orator regius* ;”<sup>2</sup> but the nature of the office from which he derived the title is not, I believe, understood. The lines in which, as we have just seen, Whittington so lavishly praises his “ *rheticus sermo*,” allude most probably to his performances in the capacity of royal orator.

In 1498 Skelton took holy orders. The days on which, during that year, he was ordained successively subdeacon, deacon, and priest, are ascertained by the following entries:

“ [In ecclesia conuentuali domus siue hospitalis sancti Thome martiris de Acon ciuitatis London. per Thomam Rothlucensem episcopum vltimo die mensis Marcii]

M. Johannes Skelton London. dioc. ad titulum Mon. beate Marie de Graciis iuxta Turrim London.”

“ [In cathedra sancti Pauli London. apud summum altare eiusdem per Thomam permissione diuina London. episcopum in sabato sancto viz. xiiii die mensis Aprilis]

<sup>1</sup> Henry Bradshaw’s *Lyfe of Saynt Werburghe*, l. ii. c. 24. printed by Pynson 1521, 4to.

<sup>2</sup> See the two subscriptions already cited, p. xiv. ; and vol. i. 132, 206, vol. ii. 25. — “ *Clarus & facundus in utroque scribendi genere, prosa atque metro, habebatur.*” Bale, *Script. Illust. Brit.* &c. p. 651. ed. 1559. “ *Inter Rhetores regius orator factus.*” Pits, *De Illust. Angl. Script.* p. 701. ed. 1619. “ With regard to the *Orator Regius*,” says Warton, “ I find one John Mallard in that office to Henry the eighth, and his epistolary secretary,” &c. *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 132 (note), ed. 4to.

Johannes Skelton poete [*sic*] laureatus Lond. dioc. ad titulum Mon. de Graciis juxta turrim London.”

“ [In ecclesia conuentuali hospitalis beate Marie de Elsyng per Thomam Rothlucensem episcopum ix die mensis Iunii]

M. Johannes Skelton poeta lureatus [*sic*] London. dioc. ad titulum Mon. de Graciis iuxta turrim London.”<sup>1</sup>

When Arthur, the eldest son of Henry the Seventh, was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, in 1489,<sup>2</sup> Skelton celebrated the event in a composition (probably poetical) called *Prince Arturis Creacyoun*,<sup>3</sup> of which the title alone remains; and when Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth, was created Duke of York, in 1494,<sup>4</sup> he was hailed by our author in some Latin verses—*Carmen ad principem, quando insignitus erat ducis Ebor. titulo*,—a copy of which (not to be found at present) was once among the MSS. in the Library of Lincoln Cathedral, having been seen by Tanner, who cites the initial words,—“ Si quid habes, mea Musa.”<sup>5</sup>

As at the last-mentioned date Prince Henry was a mere infant, there can be no doubt that the care of his education had not yet been entrusted to our poet. It must have been several years after 1494 that Skelton was appointed tutor to that prince,—an appointment which affords a striking proof of the high opinion entertained of his talents and learning, as well as of the respectability of his character. He has himself recorded that he held this important situation :

<sup>1</sup> Register *Hill* 1489-1505, belonging to the Diocese of London.

<sup>2</sup> 1st Octr.: see Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* p. 475. ed. 1707.

<sup>3</sup> See the *Garlande of Laurell*, vol. i. 408.

<sup>4</sup> Henry was created Duke of York 31st Octr. an. 10. Hen. vii. [1494]; see Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* p. 480. ed. 1707. See also *The Creation of Henry Duke of Yorke, &c.* (from a Cottonian MS.) in Lord Somers's *Tracts*, i. 24. ed. Scott.

<sup>5</sup> *Biblioth.* p. 676. ed. 1748.

— “ The honor of Englund I lernyd to spelle,  
 In dygnyte roialle that doth excelle :  
 Note and marke wyl<sup>1</sup> thys parcele ;  
 I yaue hym drynke of the sugryd welle  
 Of Eliconys waters crystallyne,  
 Aqueintyng hym with the Musys nyne.  
 Yt commyth thé wele me to remorde,  
 That creaunser<sup>2</sup> was to thy sofre[yn]e] lorde :  
 It plesyth that noble prince roialle  
 Me as hys master for to calle  
 In hys lernyng primordiale.”<sup>3</sup>

And in another poem he informs us that he composed a treatise for the edification of his royal pupil :

“ The Duke of Yorkis creauncer whan Skelton was,  
 Now Henry the viii. Kyng of Englonde,  
 A tratyse he deuysid and browght it to pas,  
 Callid *Speculum Principis*, to bere in his honde,  
 Therin to rede, and to vnderstande  
 All the demenour of princely astate,  
 To be our Kyng, of God preordinate.”<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. well.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. tutor: see Notes, vol. ii. 193. — When ladies attempt to write history, they sometimes say odd things: e. g. “ It is affirmed that Skelton had been tutor to Henry [viii.] in some department of his education. *How probable it is* that the corruption imparted by this ribald and ill-living wretch laid the foundation for his royal pupil’s grossest crimes!” *Lives of the Queens of England by Agnes Strickland*, vol. iv. 104.

<sup>3</sup> Fourth Poem *Against Garnesche*, vol. i. 129.

<sup>4</sup> *Garlande of Laurell*, vol. i. 410. — After noticing that while Arthur was yet alive, Henry was destined by his father to be archbishop of Canterbury, “ it has been remarked,” says Mrs. Thomson, “ that the instructions bestowed upon Prince Henry by his preceptor, Skelton, were calculated to render him a scholar and a churchman, rather than an enlightened legislator.” *Mem. of the Court of Henry the Eighth*, i. 2. But the description of the *Speculum Principis*, quoted above, is somewhat at variance with such a conclusion. The same lady observes in another part of her work, “ To Skelton, who in conjunction with Giles Dewes, clerk of the library to Henry the

The *Speculum Principis* has perished: we are unable to determine whether it was the same work as that entitled *Methodos Skeltonidis laureati, sc. Præcepta quædam moralia Henrico principi, postea Henr. viii, missa*. Dat. apud Eltham A.D. MDI., which in Tanner's days<sup>1</sup> was extant (mutilated at the beginning) among the MSS. in the Lincoln-Cathedral Library, but which (like the Latin verses mentioned in a preceding page) has since been allowed to wander away from that ill-guarded collection.

When Prince Henry was a boy of nine years old, Erasmus dedicated to him an ode *De Laudibus Britanniae, Regisque Henrici Septimi ac Regiorum Liberorum*. The Dedication contains the following memorable encomium on Skelton; "Et hæc quidem interea tamquam ludicra munuscula tuæ pueritiæ dicavimus, uberiora largituri ubi tua virtus una cum ætate accrescens uberiores carminum materiam suppeditabit. Ad quod equidem te adhortarer, nisi et ipse jamdudum sponte tua velis remisque (ut aiunt) eo tenderes, et *domi haberes Skeltonum, unum Britannicarum literarum lumen ac decus*, qui tua studia possit, non solum accendere, sed etiam consummare;" and in the Ode are these lines;

" Jam puer Henricus, genitoris nomine lætus,  
*Monstrante fonteis vate Skeltono sacros,*  
 Palladias teneris meditatur ab unguibus arteis."<sup>2</sup>

Seventh, had the honour of being tutor to Henry the Eighth, this king evinced his approbation," ii. 590, and cites in a note the Epistle to Henry the Eighth prefixed to Palsgrave's *Lesclarcissement de la Langue Francoyse*, 1530, where mention is made of "the synguler clerke maister Gyles Dewes somtyme instructour to your noble grace in this selfe tong." Though Dewes taught French to Henry, surely it by no means follows that he was "his tutor in conjunction with Skelton:" a teacher of French and a tutor are very different.

<sup>1</sup> *Biblioth.* p. 676. ed. 1748.

<sup>2</sup> *Erasmi Opera*, i. 1214, 1216, ed. 1703.—The Ode is appended

The circumstances which led to the production of this Ode are related by Erasmus in the following curious passage: "Is erat labor tridui, et tamen labor, quod jam annos aliquot nec legeram nec scripseram ullum carmen. Id partim pudor a nobis extorsit, partim dolor. Pertraxerat me Thomas Morus,<sup>1</sup> qui tum me in prædio Montjoi<sup>2</sup> agentem inviserat, ut animi causa in proximum vicum<sup>3</sup> expatiaremur. Nam illic educabantur omnes liberi regii, uno Arcturo excepto, qui tum erat natu maximus. Ubi ventum est in aulam, convenit tota pompa, non solum domus illius, verum etiam Montjoiicæ. Stabat in medio Henricus annos natus novem, jam tum indolem quandam

to Erasmus's Latin version of the *Hecuba* and *Iphigenia in Aulide* of Euripides, printed by Aldus in 1507; and in that edition the second line which I have quoted is found with the following variation,

"Monstrante fonteis vate *Laurigero* sacros."

"It is probable," says Granger, "that if that great and good man [Erasmus] had read and perfectly understood his [Skelton's] 'pithy, pleasaunt, and profitable works,' as they were lately reprinted, he would have spoken of him in less honourable terms." *Biog. Hist. of Engl.* i. 102. ed. 1775. The remark is sufficiently foolish: in Skelton's works there are not a few passages which Erasmus, himself a writer of admirable wit, must have relished and admired; and it was not without reason that he and our poet have been classed together as satirists, in the following passage; "By what meanes could Skelton that laureat poet, or Erasmus that great and learned clarke, have vttered their mindes so well at large, as thorowe their clokes of mery conceytes in wryting of toyes and foolish theames: as Skelton did by *Speake parrot*, *Ware the hauke*, *the Tunning of Elynour Rumming*, *Why come ye not to the Courte?* *Philip Sparrowe*, and such like: yet what greater sense or better matter can be, than is in this ragged ryme containd? Or who would haue hearde his fault so playnely tolde him, if not in such gibyng sorte? Also Erasmus, vnder his *prayse of Folly*, what matters hath he touched therein?" &c. *The Golden Aphroditis*, &c. by John Grange, 1577 (I quote from *Censura Liter.* vol. i. 382. ed. 1815).

<sup>1</sup> Then a student of Lincoln's Inn.

<sup>2</sup> The country-seat of Lord Mountjoy.      <sup>3</sup> Probably Eltham.

regiam præ se ferens, h. e. animi celsitudinem cum singulari quadam humanitate conjunctam. A dextris erat Margareta, undecim ferme annos nata, quæ post nupsit Jacobo Scotorum Regi. A sinistris, Maria lusitans, annos nata quatuor. Nam Edmondus adhuc infans, in ulnis gestabatur. Morus cum Arnolde sodali salutato puero Henrico, quo rege nunc floret Britannia, nescio quid scriptorum obtulit. Ego, quoniam hujusmodi nihil expectabam, nihil habens quod exhiberem, pollicitus sum aliquo pacto meum erga ipsum studium aliquando declaraturum. Interim subirascebar Moro, quod non præmonuisset; et eo magis, quod puer Epistolio inter prandendum ad me misso, meum calamum provocaret. Abii domum, ac vel invitis Musis, cum quibus jam longum fuerat divortium, Carmen intra triduum absolvi. Sic et ultus sum dolorem meum, et pudorem sarsi.”<sup>1</sup>

The mother of Henry the Seventh, the Countess of Richmond and Derby, is well known to have used her utmost exertions for the advancement of literature: she herself translated some pieces from the French; and, under her patronage, several works (chiefly works of piety) were rendered into English by the most competent scholars of the time. It is to her, I apprehend, that Skelton alludes in the following passage of the *Garlande of Laurell*, where he mentions one of his lost performances;

“ Of my *ladys grace* at the contemplacyoun,  
Owt of Frenshe into Englysshe prose,  
Of Mannes Lyfe the Peregrynacioun,  
He did translate, enterprete, and disclose.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Catal. (Primus) Lucubrationum*, p. 2. prefixed to the above-cited vol. of *Erasmii Opera*.—In Turner’s *Hist. of the Reign of Henry the Eighth*, it is erroneously stated that Erasmus “had the interview which he thus describes, *at the residence of Lord Mounjoy*.” i. 11. ed. 8vo.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. i. 410.

According to Churchyard, Skelton was “seldom out of princis grace:”<sup>1</sup> yet among the *Actes, Orders, and Decrees made by the King and his Counsell, remaining amongst the Records of the Court, now commonly called the Court of Requests*, we find, under *anno 17. Henry vii.*; “10 Junii apud Westminster *Jo. Skelton* commissus carceribus Janitoris Domini Regis.”<sup>2</sup> What could have occasioned this restraint, I cannot even conjecture: but in those days of extra-judicial imprisonments he might have been incarcerated for a very slight offence. It is, however, by no means certain that the “*Jo. Skelton*” of the above entry was the individual who forms the subject of the present essay;<sup>3</sup> and it is equally doubtful whether or not the following entry, dated the same year, relates to the mother of the poet;

(Easter term, 17. Henry vii.) “*Johanne Skelton* } *iiij. li. vj. s. viij. d.*”  
vidue de regard. Domini Regis<sup>4</sup>

It has been already shewn that Skelton took holy orders in 1498.<sup>5</sup> How soon after that period he became rector of

<sup>1</sup> Lines prefixed to Marsh’s ed. of Skelton’s *Workes*, 1568: see Appendix I. to this Memoir.

<sup>2</sup> p. 30,—1592, 4to.

<sup>3</sup> According to the xiv<sup>th</sup> of the *Merie Tales of Skelton* (see Appendix I. to the present Memoir), he was “long confined in prison at Westminster by the command of the cardinal:” but the tract is of such a nature that we must hesitate about believing a single statement which it contains. Even supposing that at some period or other Skelton was really imprisoned by Wolsey, that imprisonment could hardly have taken place so early as 1502. As far as I can gather from his writings, Skelton first offended Wolsey by glancing at him in certain passages of *Colyn Cloute*, and in those passages the cardinal is alluded to as being in the fulness of pomp and power.

<sup>4</sup> By Writ of Privy Seal—*Auditor’s Calendar of Files from 1485 to 1522*, fol. 101 (b.), in the Public Record Office.

<sup>5</sup> Ritson (*Bibliog. Poet.* p. 102) says that Skelton was “chaplain to king Henry the eighth:” qy. on what authority?



Diss in Norfolk, or what portion of his life was spent there in the exercise of his duties, cannot be ascertained. He certainly resided there in 1504 and 1511,<sup>1</sup> and, as it would seem from some of his compositions,<sup>2</sup> in 1506, 1507, and 1513; in the year of his decease he was, at least nominally, the rector of Diss.<sup>3</sup>

We are told<sup>4</sup> that for keeping, under the title of a con-

<sup>1</sup> "He . . . was Rector and lived here [at Diss] in 1504 and in 1511, as I find by his being Witness to several Wills in this year. (Note) 1504, The Will of Mary Cowper of Disse, 'Witnesses Master John Skelton, Laureat, Parson of Disse, &c.' And among the Evidences of Mr. Thomas Coggeshall, I find the House in the Tenure of Master Skelton, Laureat . . . Mr. Le-Neve says, that his [Skelton's] Institution does not appear in the Books, which is true, for often those that were collated by the Pope, had no Institution from the Bishop, many Instances of which in those Books occur; but it is certain from abundance of Records and Evidences that I have seen, that he was Rector several years." Blomefield's *Hist. of Norfolk*, i. 20. ed. 1739.—The parish-register of Diss affords no information concerning Skelton; for the earliest date which it contains is long posterior to his death.

<sup>2</sup> See *A deuoute trentale for old John Clarke*, who died in 1506, vol. i. 168; *Lamentatio urbis Norvicen.*, written in 1507, p. 174; and *Chorus de Dis*, &c. in 1513, p. 190.

<sup>3</sup> I may notice here, that in an Assessment for a Subsidy, temp. Henry viii., we find, under "Sancte Helenes Parische within Bishoppisgate,"—

"Mr Skelton in goodes

xl. li."

*Books of the Treasury of the Exchequer*, B. 4. 15, fol. 7,—Public Record Office. Qy. was this our author?

<sup>4</sup> "Cum quibusdam blateronibus fraterculis, præcipue Dominicanis, bellum gerebat continuum. Sub pseudopontifice Nordouicensi Ricardo Nixo, mulierem illam, quam sibi secreto ob Antichristi metum desponsauerat, sub concubinæ titulo custodiebat. In ultimo tamen uitæ articulo super ea re interrogatus, respondit, se nusquam illam in conscientia coram Deo nisi pro uxore legitima tenuisse. . . . animam egit . . . relictis liberis." Bale, *Script. Illust. Brit.* pp. 651, 2. ed. 1559.—"In Monachos præsertim Prædicatores S. Dominici sæpe stylum acuit, & terminos prætergressus modestiæ,

cubine, a woman whom he had secretly married, Skelton was called to account, and suspended from his ministerial functions by his diocesan, the bloody-minded and impure Richard Nykke (or Nix),<sup>1</sup> at the instigation of the friars, chiefly the Dominicans, whom the poet had severely han-

contra eos scommatibus acerbius egit. Quo facto suum exasperavit Episcopum Richardum Nixum, qui habito de vita & moribus eius examine, reprehendit hominem votam Deo castitatem violasse, imo concubinam domi suæ diu tenuisse." Pits, *De Illust. Angl. Script.* p. 701. ed. 1619.—"The Dominican Friars were the next he contested with, whose vitiousness lay pat enough for his hand; but such foul Lubbers fell heavy on all which found fault with them. These instigated Nix, Bishop of Norwich, to call him to account for keeping a Concubine, which cost him (as it seems) a suspension from his benefice. . . . We must not forget, how being charged by some on his death-bed for begetting many children on the aforesaid Concubine, he protested, that in his Conscience he kept her in the notion of a wife, though such his cowardliness that he would rather confess adultery (then accounted but a venial) than own marriage esteemed a capital crime in that age." Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 257 (Norfolk), ed. 1662.—Anthony Wood, with his usual want of charity towards the sons of genius, says that Skelton "having been guilty of certain crimes, (as most poets are,) at least not agreeable to his coat, fell under the heavy censure of Rich. Nykke bishop of Norwich his diocesan; especially for his scoffs and ill language against the monks and dominicans in his writings." *Ath. Oxon.* i. 50. ed. Bliss, who adds in a note, "Mr. Thomas Delafield in his MS. *Collection of Poets Laureate*, &c. among Gough's MSS. in the Bodleian, says it was in return for his being married, an equal crime in the ecclesiastics of those days, bishop Nykke suspended him from his church."—Tanner gives as one of the reasons for Skelton's taking sanctuary at Westminster towards the close of his life, "propter quod uxorem habuit." *Biblioth.* p. 675. ed. 1748.—In the xiii<sup>th</sup> of the *Merie Tales* (see Appendix I. to the present Memoir) Skelton's *wife* is mentioned.

<sup>1</sup> "Cui [Nixo] utcunque a nive nomen videatur inditum, adeo nihil erat nivei in pectore, luxuriosis cogitationibus plurimum æstuate, ut atro carbone libidines ejus notandæ videantur, si vera sunt quæ de illo a Nevillo perhibentur." Godwin *De Præsul. Angl.* p. 440. ed. 1743.

dled in his writings. It is said, too, that by this woman he had several children, and that on his death-bed he declared that he conscientiously regarded her as his wife, but that such had been his cowardliness, that he chose rather to confess adultery (concubinage) than what was then reckoned more criminal in an ecclesiastic,—marriage.

It has been supposed that Skelton was curate of Trumpington near Cambridge<sup>1</sup> (celebrated as the scene of Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*), because at the end of one of his smaller poems are the following words:

“ Auctore Skelton, rectore de Dis.

Finis, &c. Apud Trumpinton scriptum<sup>2</sup> per Curatum ejusdem, quinto die Januarii Anno Domini, secundum computat. Angliæ, MDVII.”<sup>3</sup>

But the meaning evidently is, that the curate of Trumpington had written out the verses composed by the rector of Diss; and that the former had borrowed them from the latter for the purpose of transcription, is rendered probable by two lines which occur soon after among some minor pieces of our author;

<sup>1</sup> “ In the Edition of his Workes in 8vo. Lond. 1736, which I have, at p. 272 he mentions *Trumpinton*, and seems to have been *Curate* there, 5. Jan. 1507. At p. 54 he also mentions *Swafham* and *Soham*, 2 Towns in *Cambridgeshire*, in *The Crowne of Lawrell*.” Cole's *Collections*,—*Add. MSS.* (Brit. Mus.) 5880, p. 199. To conclude from the mention of these towns that Skelton resided in *Cambridgeshire* is the height of absurdity, as the reader will immediately perceive on turning to the passage in question, *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 1416, vol. i. 417.—Chalmers, on the authority of a MS. note by Kennet, a transcript of which had been sent to him, states that “ in 1512, Skelton was presented by Richard, abbot of Glastonbury, to the vicarage of Daltynge.” *Biog. Dict.* xxviii. 45: if Chalmers had consulted Wood's account of the poet, he might have learned that the rector of Diss and the vicar of Daltynge were different persons.

<sup>2</sup> The old ed. has “ scripter.”

<sup>3</sup> vol. i. 173.

“ Hanc volo transcribas, transcriptam moxque remittas Pagellam; quia sunt qui mea scripta sciunt.”<sup>1</sup>

Anthony Wood affirms that “ at Disse and in the diocese” Skelton “ was esteemed more fit for the stage than the pew or pulpit.”<sup>2</sup> It is at least certain that anecdotes of the irregularity of his life, of his buffoonery as a preacher, &c. &c. were current long after his decease, and gave rise to that tissue of extravagant figments which was put together for the amusement of the vulgar, and entitled the *Merie Tales of Skelton*.<sup>3</sup>

Churchyard informs us that Skelton’s “ talke was as he wraet [wrote];”<sup>4</sup> and in this propensity to satire, as well in conversation as in writing, originated perhaps those quarrels with Garnesche, Barclay, Gaguin, and Lily, which I have now to notice.

As the four poems *Against Garnesche* were composed “ by the kynges most noble commaundement,” we may conclude that the monarch found amusement in the angry rhymes with which Skelton overwhelmed his opponent. Garnesche, it appears, was the challenger in this contest;<sup>5</sup> and it is to be regretted that his verses have perished, because in all probability they would have thrown some light on the private history of Skelton. *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*<sup>6</sup> bears a considerable resemblance

<sup>1</sup> vol. i. 175.

<sup>2</sup> *Ath. Oxon.* i. 50. ed. Bliss.

<sup>3</sup> Reprinted in Appendix I. to this Memoir; where see also the extracts from *A C mery Talys*, &c.—The biographer of Skelton, in *Eminent Lit. and Scient. Men of Great Britain*, &c. (Lardner’s *Cyclop.*), asserts that “ he composed his *Merie Tales for the king and nobles*”!!! i. 279.

<sup>4</sup> Lines prefixed to Marsh’s ed. of Skelton’s *Workes*, 1568: see Appendix I. to this Memoir.

<sup>5</sup> “ Site ye haue me chalyngyd, M[aster] Garnesche,” &c.; see vol. i. 116.

<sup>6</sup> In the Notes on the poems *Against Garnesche* I have cited

to the verses against Garnesche; but the two Scottish poets are supposed to have carried on a sportive warfare of rude raillery, while a real animosity seems to have existed between our author and his adversary.<sup>1</sup> At the time of this quarrel (the exact date of which cannot be determined) Christopher Garnesche was gentleman-usher to Henry the Eighth, and dignified with knighthood;<sup>2</sup> and (if Skelton may be credited) had risen from the performance of very menial offices to the station which he then occupied. As he had no claims on the remembrance of posterity, little is known concerning him; but since we have evidence that his services were called for on more than one occasion of importance, he must have been a person of considerable note. He is twice incidentally mentioned in connexion with the royal sisters of Henry the Eighth. In 1514, when the Princess Mary embarked for France, in order to join her decrepit bridegroom Louis the Twelfth, Garnesche formed one of the numerous retinue selected to

several parallel expressions from *The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy*. That curious production may be found in the valuable edition of Dunbar's *Poems* (ii. 65) by Mr. D. Laing, who supposes it to have been written between 1492 and 1497 (ii. 420). It therefore preceded the "flyting" of Skelton and Garnesche. I may add, that the last portion of our author's *Speke, Parrot* bears a considerable resemblance to a copy of verses attributed to Dunbar, and entitled *A General Satyre* (*Poems*, ii. 24); and that as the great Scottish poet visited England more than once, it is probable that he and Skelton were personally acquainted.

<sup>1</sup> At a later period there was a poetical "flyting" between Churchyard and a person named Camel, who had attacked a publication of the former called *Davie Dicars Dreame*; and some other writers took a part in the controversy: these rare pieces (known only by their titles to Ritson, *Bibliog. Poet.* p. 151, and to Chalmers, *Life of Churchyard*, p. 53) are very dull and pointless, but were evidently put forth in earnest.

<sup>2</sup> In the first poem *Against Garnesche* he is called "Master:" but see Notes, vol. ii. 177.

attend her, and had an opportunity of particularly distinguishing himself during that perilous voyage: "The ii. daye of October at the hower of foure of the clocke in the morenyng thys fayre ladye tooke her ship with all her noble compaignie: and when they had sayled a quarter of the see, the wynde rose and seuered some of the shyppes to Caleys, and some in Flaunders, and her shippe with greate difficultie was brought to Bulleyn, and with great ieopardy at the entryng of the hauen, for the master ran the ship hard on shore, but the botes were redy and receyued this noble lady, and at the landyng *Sir Christopher Garnyshe* stode in the water, and toke her in his armes, and so caryed her to land, where the Duke of Vandosme and a Cardynall with many estates receyued her and her ladyes,"<sup>1</sup> &c. Again; in a letter, dated Harbottle 18th Oct. 1515, from Lord Dacre of Gillesland and T. Magnus to Henry the Eighth, concerning the confinement in childbed of Margaret widow of James the Fourth, &c. we find; "*Sir Christofer Garneis* came to Morpeth immediatly vpon the queneis delyueraunce, and by our aduice hath contynued there with suche stuff as your grace hath sent to the said quene your suster till Sondaye laste paste, whiche daye he delyuered your letter and disclosed your credence, gretely to the quenes comferte. And for somiche as the quene lieth as yet in childe bedde, and shall kepe her chambre these thre wookes at the leiste, we haue aduised the said *sir Christofer Garneis* to remaigne at Morpeth till the queneis comyng thidder, and then her grace may order and prepare euery parte of the said stuf after her pleasure and as her grace semeth moste conuenient," &c.<sup>2</sup> A few particulars concerning Garnesche

<sup>1</sup> Hall's *Chron.* (vi. yere Hen. viii.), fol. xlvi. ed. 1548.

<sup>2</sup> *MS. Cott. Calig. B.* vi. fol. 112.

may be gleaned from the Books in the Public Record Office:

(Easter Term, 18 Hen. vii.) “*Cristofero Garneys* de }  
regardo de denariis per Johannem Crawford et } xl. li.”  
al. per manuc. for.<sup>1</sup>

(i. e. in reward out of moneys forfeited by John Crawford and another upon bail-bond.)

(1st Henry viii.) “Item to *Christofer Garnisshe* for }  
the kinges offering at S. Edwardes shiryne the } vj. s. viij. d.”  
next day after the Coronacion<sup>2</sup>

(Easter Term, 1–2 Henry viii.) “*Cristofero Garneys* }  
vni generosorum hostiariorum regis [one of the } x. li.  
king’s gentlemen-ushers] de annuitate sua du-  
rante regis beneplacito per annum

*Eidem Cristofero* de feodo suo ad xx. li. per annum }  
pro termino vite sue<sup>3</sup> } xx. li.”

and we find that afterwards by letters patent dated 21st May, 7th Henry viii., in consideration of his services the king granted him an annuity of thirty pounds for life, payable half-yearly at the Exchequer.<sup>4</sup>

(11th Henry viii.) “Item to *Sir Christofor Garnisshe* }  
*knight* upon a warraunt for the hyre of his howse }  
at Grenewyche<sup>5</sup> at x. li. by the yere for one half } c. s.”  
a yere due at Ester last and so after half yerely }  
during x yeres<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Auditor’s Calendar of Files from 1485 to 1522*, fol. 108 (b).

<sup>2</sup> *Privy Purse Accounts*, A. 5. 16. p. 21.

<sup>3</sup> *Auditor’s Calendar*, &c. fol. 162 (b).

<sup>4</sup> *Auditor’s Patent Book*, No. 1. fol. 6 (b).

<sup>5</sup> In an account of the visit of the Emperor Charles the Fifth to England in June 1522, among the lodgings which were occupied on that occasion at Greenwich we find mention of “Master Garnyshe house.” See *Rutland Papers*, p. 82 (printed for the Camden Society). That a knight was frequently called “Master,” I have shewn in Notes, vol. ii. 178.

<sup>6</sup> *Privy Purse Accounts*, A. 5. 17. p. 175.

(20th Henry viii.) “ *Cristofero Garnyshe militi de annuitate sua ad xxx l. per annum per breve currens Rec. den. pro festo Michis ult. pret. viz. pro vno anno integro per manus Ricardi Alen*<sup>1</sup> } xxx.li.”

see above: this entry is several times repeated, and occurs for the last time in 26th Henry viii.<sup>2</sup>

Bale mentions among the writings of Alexander Barclay a piece “ against Skelton.”<sup>3</sup> It has not come down

<sup>1</sup> *Teller's Book*, A. 3. 24. p. 293.

<sup>2</sup> To these notices of Garnesche I may add the following letter, the original of which is in the possession of Mr. J. P. Collier:

“ Pleas it your grace, We haue Receyued the Kyngs most graciouse letres dated at his manour of grenwich the x<sup>th</sup> day of Aprill, Wherby we perceyue his high pleasour is that we shulde take some substanciall direccion for the preparacion and furnyshing of all maner of vitailles aswell for man as for horse, to bee had in Redynesse against the commyng of his grace, his nobles with ther trayn; Like it your grace, so it is We haue not been in tymes past so greatly and sore destitute this many yeres past of all maner of vitailles both for man and beist as we be now, not oonly by reason of a gret murrin of cattall which hath ben in thies partes, but also for that the Kings takers, lieng about the borders of the see coste next adionyng vnto vs, haue takyn and made provision therof contrarie to the olde ordnannece, so that we be vtterly destitute by reason of the same, and can in no wise make any substanciall provision for his highnes nor his trayn in thies partes, for all the bochers in this toun haue not substaunce of beoffs and motones to serue vs, as we be accompanied at this day, for the space of iii wekes att the most. And also as now ther is not within this toun of Calais fewell sufficient to serue vs oon hole weke, the which is the great daunger and vnsuretie of this the Kings toun. Wherfore we most humbly besuch your grace, the premisses considered, that we by your gracious and fauorable helpe may haue not oonly Remedy for our beiffs and motones with other vitailles, but also that all maner of vitailers of this toun may repair and resorte with ther shippes from tyme to tyme to make ther purueyance of all maner of fewell from hensfurth for this toun only, without any let or Interrupcionn of the kings officers or takers, any commandment hertofore giffen to the contrarie not withstanding, for without that both the Kings Highnes, your grace, and all this

<sup>3</sup> “ *Contra Skeltonum*, Lib. i.” *Script. Illust. Brit.* p. 723. ed. 1559.



to us; but the extant works of Barclay bear testimony to the hearty dislike with which he regarded our author. At the conclusion of *The Ship of Fooles* is this contemptuous notice of one of Skelton's most celebrated poems;

“ Holde me excused, for why my will is good,  
Men to induce vnto vertue and goodnes;  
I write no ieste ne tale of Robin Hood,  
Nor sowe no sparkles ne sede of viciousnes;  
Wise men loue vertue, wilde people wantonnes;  
It longeth not to my science nor cunning,  
*For Philip the Sparow the Dirige to singe :”*<sup>1</sup>

a sneer to which Skelton most probably alludes, when, enumerating his own productions in the *Garlande of Laurell*, he mentions,

“ Of *Phillip Sparow* the lamentable fate,  
The dolefull desteny, and the carefull chaunce,  
Dyuyssed by Skelton after the funerall rate;  
*Yet sum there be therewith that take greuaunce,  
And grudge therat with frownyng countenaunce;*  
But what of that? hard it is to please all men;  
Who list amende it, let hym set to his penne.”<sup>2</sup>

toun shalbe vtterly disappoynted and disceyved both of vitailles and fewell, which god defend. At Calais, the xviii<sup>th</sup> day of Aprill,

By your seruants,  
John Peache,  
Wyllm Sandys,                      Robert Wotton,  
Edward Guldeferd,                *Crystoffyr Garneys.*

To my Lorde cardynalls grace,  
Legate a Latere and chanceler  
of England.”

In *Proceed. and Ordin. of the Privy Council* (vol. vii. 183, 196), 1541, mention is made of a *Lady Garnishe* (probably the widow of Sir Christopher) having had a house at Calais; and in *Privy Purse Expenses of the Princess Mary* (p. 120) we find under June 1543, “Item my *lady garnyshe* seruaunt for bringing cherys    xii*d.*”

<sup>1</sup> fol. 259. ed. 1570.

<sup>2</sup> vol. i. 411.

That a portion of the following passage in Barclay's *Fourth Egloge* was levelled at Skelton, appears highly probable ;

“ Another thing yet is greatly more damnable :  
 Of rascolde poetes yet is a shamfull rable,  
 Which voyde of wisdome presumeth to indite,  
 Though they haue scantly the cunning of a snite ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And to what vices that princes moste intende,  
 Those dare these fooles solemnize and commende.  
 Then is he decked as *Poete laureate*,  
 When stinking Thais made him her graduate :  
 When Muses rested, she did her season note,  
 And she with Bacchus her camous<sup>2</sup> did promote.  
 Such rascolde drames, promoted by Thais,  
 Bacchus, Licoris, or yet by Testalis,  
 Or by suche other newe forged Muses nine,  
 Thinke in their mindes for to haue wit diuine ;  
 They laude their verses, they boast, they vaunt and iet,  
 Though all their cunning be scantly worth a pet :  
 If they haue smelled the artes triuiall,  
 They count them Poetes hye and heroicall.  
 Such is their foly, so foolishly they dote,  
 Thinking that none can their playne errorr note :  
 Yet be they foolishe, auoyde of honestie,  
 Nothing seasoned with spice of grauitie,  
 Auoyde of pleasure, auoyde of eloquence,  
 With many wordes, and fruitlesse of sentence ;  
 Unapt to learne, disdayning to be taught,  
 Their priuate pleasure in snare hath them so caught ;  
 And worst yet of all, they count them excellent,  
 Though they be fruitlesse, rashe and improuident.  
 To such ambages who doth their minde incline,  
 They count all other as priuate<sup>3</sup> of doctrine,  
 And that the faultes which be in them alone,  
 Also be common in other men eche one.”<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. snipe.

<sup>2</sup> See Notes, vol. ii. 159. If this line alludes to Skelton, it preserves a trait of his personal appearance.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. deprived, devoid.

<sup>4</sup> sig. c. v. ed. 1570.

In the *Garlande of Laurell* we are told by Skelton, that among the famous writers of all ages and nations, whom he beheld in his vision, was

“ a frere of Fraunce men call *sir Gagwyne*,  
That frownyd on me full angerly and pale ;”<sup>1</sup>

and in the catalogue of his own writings which is subsequently given in the same poem, he mentions a piece which he had composed against this personage,

“ *The Recule against Gagwyne* of the Frenshe nacyoun.”<sup>2</sup>

Robert Gaguin was minister-general of the Maturines, and enjoyed great reputation for abilities and learning.<sup>3</sup> He wrote various works; the most important of which is his *Compendium supra Francorum gestis* from the time of Pharamond to the author's age. In 1490 he was sent by Charles the Eighth as ambassador to England, where he probably became personally acquainted with Skelton.

That Skelton composed certain Latin verses against the celebrated grammarian William Lily, we are informed by Bale,<sup>4</sup> who has preserved the initial words, viz.

“ Urgeor impulsus tibi, Lilli, retundere :”

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. 376.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. i. 409.

<sup>3</sup> In a volume of various pieces by Gaguin, dated 1498, is a treatise on metre, which shews no mean acquaintance with the subject.

<sup>4</sup> “ *Inuectiuam in Guil. Liliū, Lib. i.*” *Script. Illust. Brit.*, &c. p. 652. ed. 1559. The reader must not suppose from the description, “ Lib. i.,” that the invective in question extended to a volume: it was, I presume, no more than a copy of verses. Wood mentions that this piece was “ written in verse and very carping.” *Ath. Ox.* i. 52. ed. Bliss: but most probably he was acquainted with it only through Bale. He also informs us (i. 34) that Lily wrote a tract entitled “ *Apologia ad* { *Joh. Skeltonum.*  
                                  { *Rob. Whittington.*” for a copy of which I have sought in vain.

and that Lily repaid our poet in kind, we have the following proof;

“ *Lilii Hendecasyllabi in Scheltonum ejus carmina calumniantem.*<sup>1</sup>

“ Quid me, Scheltone, fronte sic aperta  
Carpis, vipereo potens veneno?  
Quid versus trutina meos iniqua  
Libras? dicere vera num licebit?  
Doctrinæ tibi dum parare famam  
Et doctus fieri studes poeta,  
Doctrinam nec habes, nec es poeta.”

It would seem that Skelton occasionally repented of the severity of his compositions, and longed to recall them; for in the *Garlande of Laurell*, after many of them have been enumerated, we meet with the following curious passage;

“ Item *Apollo that whirlid vp his chare,*  
That made sum to snurre and snuf in the wynde;  
It made them to skip, to stampe, and to stare,  
Whiche, if they be happy, haue cause to beware  
In rymyng and raylyng with hym for to mell,  
For drede that he lerne them there A, B, C, to spell.

With that I stode vp, halfe sodenly afrayd;  
Supplyng to Fame, I besought her grace,  
*And that it wolde please her, full tenderly I prayd,*

<sup>1</sup> See Weever's *Fun. Monum.* p. 498. ed. 1631; Stowe's Collections, *MS. Harl.* 540. fol. 57; and Fuller's *Worthies (Norfolk)*, p. 257. ed. 1662. “And this,” says Fuller, “I will do for W. Lilly, (though often beaten for his sake,) endeavour to translate his answer:

“ With face so bold, and teeth so sharp,  
Of viper's venome, why dost carp?  
Why are my verses by thee weigh'd  
In a false scale? may truth be said?  
Whilst thou to get the more esteem  
A learned Poet fain wouldst seem,  
Skelton, thou art, let all men know it,  
Neither learned, nor a Poet.”

*Owt of her bokis Apollo to rase.*

Nay, sir, she sayd, what so in this place  
Of our noble courte is ones spoken owte,  
It must nedes after rin all the worlde aboute.

*God wote, theis wordes made me full sad ;*

And when that I sawe it wolde no better be,  
But that my peticyon wolde not be had,

What shulde I do but take it in gre ?

For, by Juppiter and his high mageste,  
*I did what I cowde to scrape out the scrollis,*  
*Apollo to rase out of her ragman rollis."*<sup>1</sup>

The piece which commenced with the words "Apollo that whirllid vp his chare," and which gave such high displeasure to some of Skelton's contemporaries, has long ago perished,—in spite of Fame's refusal to erase it from her books !

The title-page of the *Garlande of Laurell*,<sup>2</sup> ed. 1523, sets forth that it was "studyously dyuysed at Sheryfhotton Castell," in Yorkshire ; and there seems no reason to doubt that it was written by Skelton during a residence at that mansion. The date of its composition is unknown ; but it was certainly produced at an advanced period of his life ;<sup>3</sup> and the Countess of Surrey, who figures in it so conspicuously as his patroness, must have been Elizabeth Stafford, daughter of Edward Duke of Buckingham, second wife of Thomas Howard Earl of Surrey, and mother of that illustrious Surrey "whose fame for aye endures." Sheriff-Hutton Castle was then in the possession of her father-in-law, the Duke of Norfolk,<sup>4</sup> the victor of Flodden Field ; and she was probably there as his guest, having

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. 419.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. i. 361.

<sup>3</sup> See Notes, vol. ii. 318.

<sup>4</sup> It was granted to him by the king for life.

brought Skelton in her train. Of this poem, unparalleled for its egotism, the greater part is allegorical; but the incident from which it derives its name,—the weaving of a garland for the author by a party of ladies, at the desire of the Countess, seems to have had some foundation in fact.

From a passage in the poem just mentioned, we may presume that Skelton used sometimes to reside at the ancient college of the Bonhommes at Ashridge;

“ Of the Bonehoms of Ashrige besyde Barkamstede,  
*That goodly place to Skelton moost kynde,*  
 Where the sank royall is, Crystes blodè so rede,  
 Whervpon he metrefyde after his mynde;  
 A pleasaunter place than Ashrige is, harde were to  
 fynde,” &c.<sup>1</sup>

That Skelton once enjoyed the patronage of Wolsey, at whose desire he occasionally exercised his pen, and from whose powerful influence he expected preferment in the church, we learn from the following passages in his works:

“ Honorificatissimo, amplissimo, longæque reverendissimo in Christo patri, ac domino, domino Thomæ, &c. tituli sanctæ Cecilie, sacrosanctæ Romanæ ecclesie presbytero, Cardinali meritisimo, et apostolicæ sedis legato, a latereque legato superillustri, &c. Skeltonis laureatus, ora. reg., humillimum dicit obsequium cum omni debita reverentia, tanto tamque magnifico digna principe sacerdotum, totiusque justitiæ æquabilissimo moderatore, necnon præsentis opusculi fautore excellentissimo, &c., ad cujus auspiciatissimam contemplationem, sub memorabili prelo gloriose immortalitatis, præsens pagella felicitatur, &c.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. 419. Concerning this college, see Notes, vol. ii. 334.

<sup>2</sup> *A Replycacion agaynst certayne yong scolers abiured of late, &c.* vol. i. 206. In *Typograph. Antiq.* ii. 539. ed. Dibdin, where the *Replycacion* is described and quoted from Heber's copy, we are told that it has “ a Latin address to Thomas — who [*sic*] he [Skelton]

“ Ad serenissimam Majestatem Regiam, pariter cum Domino Cardinali, Legato a latere honorificatissimo, &c.

*Lautre Enuoy.*

Perge, liber, celebrem pronus regem venerare  
Henricum octavum, resonans sua præmia laudis.  
Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes,  
Legatum a latere, et fiat memor ipse precare  
Prebendæ, quam promisit mihi credere quondam,  
Meque suum referas pignus sperare salutis  
Inter spemque metum.

Twene hope and drede  
My lyfe I lede,  
But of my spede  
    Small sekernes ;  
Howe be it I rede  
Both worde and dede  
Should be agrede  
    In noblenes :  
Or els, &c.”<sup>1</sup>

“ To my Lorde Cardynals right noble grace, &c.

*Lenuoy.*

Go, lytell quayre, apace,  
    In moost humble wyse,  
Before his noble grace,  
    That caused you to devise  
    This lytel enterprise ;  
And hym moost lowly pray,  
    In his mynde to comprise  
Those wordes his grace dyd saye  
Of an ammas gray.  
*Ie foy enterment en sa bone grace.”*<sup>2</sup>

calls an excellent patron,” &c. That the editor should have read the address without discovering that the said *Thomas* was Cardinal Wolsey, is truly marvellous.

<sup>1</sup> *Garlande of Laurell*, vol. i. 424.

<sup>2</sup> See vol. ii. 83, where this *Lenuoy* (which will be more particu-

We also find that Skelton “gave to my lord Cardynall” *The Boke of Three Fooles*.<sup>1</sup>

What were the circumstances which afterwards alienated the poet from his powerful patron, cannot now be discovered: we only know that Skelton assailed the full-blown pride of Wolsey with a boldness which is astonishing, and with a fierceness of invective which has seldom been surpassed. Perhaps, it would have been better for the poet’s memory, if the passages just quoted had never reached us; but nothing unfavourable to his character ought to be hastily inferred from the alteration in his feelings towards Wolsey while the cause of their quarrel is buried in obscurity. The provocation must have been extraordinary, which transformed the humble client of the Cardinal into his “dearest foe.”

We are told by Francis Thynne, that Wolsey was his father’s “olde enmye, for manye causes, but mostly for that my father had furthered Skelton to publishe his *Collin Cloute* againste the Cardinall, the moste parte of whiche Booke was compiled in my fathers howse at Erithe in Kente.”<sup>2</sup> But though *Colyn Cloute* contains passages which manifestly point at Wolsey, it cannot be termed a piece “*against the Cardinall* :” and I have no doubt that the poem which Thynne had in view, and which by mistake he has mentioned under a wrong title, was our

larly noticed presently) is appended to the poem *Howe the douty Duke of Albany*, &c.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. 199.

<sup>2</sup> *Animadversions vpon the anotacions and correctōns of some imperfectōns of impressōnes of Chaucers Workes*, &c. p. 13,—in Todd’s *Illust. of Gower and Chaucer*.

I may notice here, that among the *Harleian MSS.* (2252, fols. 156, 158) are two poems on the Cardinal, which in the Catalogue of that collection Wanley has described as “Skelton’s libels;” but they are evidently not by him.



author's *Why come ye nat to Courte*. In *Colyn Cloute* Skelton ventured to aim only a few shafts at Wolsey: in *Why come ye nat to Courte*, and in *Speke, Parrot*, he let loose against him the full asperity of reproach.

The bull appointing Wolsey and Campeggio to be Legates *a latere* jointly, is dated July 27th, 1518, that appointing Wolsey to be sole Legate *a latere*, 10th June, 1519;<sup>1</sup> and from the first two passages which I have cited above (pp. xl, xli) we ascertain the fact, that Wolsey continued to be the patron of Skelton for at least some time after he had been invested with the dignity of papal legate. If the third passage cited above (p. xli), "Go, lytell quayre, apace," &c. really belong to the poem *How the douty Duke of Albany*, &c., to which it is appended in Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, our author must have been soliciting Wolsey for preferment as late as November 1523: but his most direct satire on the Cardinal, *Why come ye nat to Courte*, was evidently composed anterior to that period; and his *Speke, Parrot* (which would require the scholia of a Tzetzes to render it intelligible) contains seeming allusions to events of a still earlier date. The probability (or rather certainty) is, that the L'Envoy, "Go, lytell quayre," &c. has no connexion with the poem on the Duke of Albany: in Marshe's volume the various pieces are thrown together without any attempt at arrangement; and it ought to be particularly noticed that between

<sup>1</sup> Wolsey had previously been named a Cardinal in 1515.—Fiddes (*Life of Wolsey*, p. 99. ed. 1726) says that he became Legate *a latere* in 1516: but see *State Papers* (1830), i. 9 (note). Lingard's *Hist. of Engl.* vi. 57. ed. 8vo, &c.—Hoping to ascertain the exact date of the *Replycacion*, &c. (which contains the first of the passages now under consideration), I have consulted various books for some mention of the "young hereticks" against whom that piece was written; but without success.

the poem against Albany and the L'Envoy in question, *another L'Envoy is interposed*.<sup>1</sup> Wolsey might have forgiven the allusions made to him in *Colyn Cloute*; but it would be absurd to imagine that, in 1523, he continued to patronise the man who had written *Why come ye nat to Courte*.

The following anecdote is subjoined from Hall: "And in this season [15 Henry viii.], the Cardinall by his power legantine dissolued the Conuocacion at Paules, called by the Archebishop of Cantorbury [Warham], and called hym and all the clergie to his conuocacion to Westminster, which was neuer seen before in Englande, wherof master Skelton, a mery Poet, wrote,

Gentle Paule, laie doune thy sward,<sup>2</sup>  
For Peter of Westminster hath shauen thy beard."<sup>3</sup>

From the vengeance of the Cardinal,<sup>4</sup> who had sent

<sup>1</sup> We cannot settle this point by a comparison of old editions, the poem against Albany and the two L'Envoys which follow it being extant only in the ed. of Marshe.—It may be doubted, too, if the L'Envoy which I have cited at p. xli, "*Perge, liber*," &c. belongs to the *Garlande of Laurell*, to which it is affixed in Marshe's edition as a *second L'Envoy*: in Faukes's edition of that poem, which I conceive to be the first that was printed, it is not found: the Cott. MS. of the *Garlande* is unfortunately imperfect at the end.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. sword.

<sup>3</sup> *Chron.* (*Hen. viii.*) fol. cx. ed. 1548.

<sup>4</sup> "Ob literas quasdam in Cardinalem Vuolsium inuectiuas, ad Vuestmonasteriense tandem asylum confugere, pro uita seruanda, coactus fuit: ubi nihilominus sub abbate Islepo fauorem inuenit." Bale, *Script. Illust. Brit.* p. 651. ed. 1559.—"Vbi licet Abbatis Islepi fauore protegeretur, tamen vitam ibi, quantumuis antea iucunde actam, tristi exitu conclusit." Pits, *De Illust. Angl. Script.* p. 701. ed. 1619.—"But Cardinal Wolsey (*impar congressus*, betwixt a poor Poet and so potent a Prelate) being inveighed against by his pen, and charged with too much truth, so persecuted him, that he was forced to take Sanctuary at Westminster, where Abbot Islip used

out officers to apprehend him, Skelton took sanctuary at Westminster, where he was kindly received and protected by the abbot Islip,<sup>1</sup> with whom he had been long acquainted. In this asylum he appears to have remained till his death, which happened June 21st, 1529. What he is reported to have declared on his death-bed concerning the woman whom he had secretly married, and by whom he left several children, has been already mentioned:<sup>2</sup> he is

him with much respect," &c. Fuller's *Worthies (Norfolk)*, p. 257. ed. 1662.—"He [Skelton] was so closely pursued by his [Wolsey's] officers, that he was forced to take sanctuary at Westminster, where he was kindly entertained by John Islipp the abbat, and continued there to the time of his death." Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* i. 51. ed. Bliss, who adds in a note; "The original MS. register of this sanctuary, which must have been a great curiosity, was in Sir Henry Spelman's library, and was purchased at the sale of that collection by Wanley for Lord Weymouth. MS. note in Wanley's copy of Nicholson's *Historical Library* in the Bodleian."

<sup>1</sup> John Islip was elected abbot in 1500, and died in 1532: see Widmore's *Hist. of West. Abbey*, 119, 123. "John Skelton . . . is said by the late learned Bishop of Derry, Nicholson (*Hist. Lib.* chap. 2.) to have first collected the Epitaphs of our Kings, Princes, and Nobles, that lie buried at the Abbey Church of Westminster: but I apprehend this to be no otherwise true, than that, when he, to avoid the anger of Cardinal Wolsey, had taken sanctuary at Westminster, to recommend himself to Islip, the Abbot at that time, he made some copies of verses to the memories of King Henry the Seventh and his Queen, and his mother the Countess of Richmond, and perhaps some other persons buried in this church." *Account of Writers*, &c., p. 5, appended to Widmore's *Enquiry into the time of the found. of West. Abbey*.—Widmore is mistaken: neither in Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, nor in the *Reges, Reginae, Nobiles*, &c., 1603, is there any copy of verses by our author *on the Queen of Henry the Seventh*: see in vol. i. 178, 179, 195, the three pieces which I have given from those sources: two of them at least were composed before the poet had sought refuge at Westminster, for one (written at Islip's request) is dated 1512, and another, 1516; the third has no date.

<sup>2</sup> See p. xxix.

said also to have uttered at the same time a prophecy concerning the downfall of Wolsey.<sup>1</sup> He was buried in the chancel of the neighbouring church of St. Margaret's; and, soon after, this inscription was placed over his grave,

*Joannes Skeltonus, vates Pierius, hic situs est.*<sup>2</sup>

Concerning the personal appearance of Skelton we are left in ignorance;<sup>3</sup> for the portraits which are prefixed to

<sup>1</sup> "De morte Cardinalis uaticinium edidit: & eius ueritatem euentus declarauit." Bale, *Script. Illust. Brit.* p. 652. ed. 1559. — "The word *Vates* being Poet or Prophet, minds me of this dying Skeltons prediction, foretelling the ruine of Cardinal Wolsey. Surely, one unskilled in prophecies, if well versed in Solomons Proverbs, might have prognosticated as much, that *Pride goeth before a fall.*" Fuller's *Worthies (Norfolk)*, p. 257. ed. 1662. — Did not this anecdote originate in certain verses of *Colyn Cloute*? See the fragment from *Lansdown MSS.*, vol. i. 329, note.

<sup>2</sup> "Vuestmonasterii tandem, captiuitatis suæ tempore, mortuus est: & in D. Margaritæ sacello sepultus, cum hac inscriptione alabastrica: Johannes Skeltonus, uates Pierius, hic situs est. Animam egit 21 die Junii, anno Dñi 1529, relictis liberis." Bale, *Script. Illust. Brit.*, p. 652. ed. 1559. See also Pits (*De Illust. Angl. Script.*, p. 703. ed. 1619) and Fuller (*Worthies, Norfolk*, p. 257. ed. 1662), who give *Joannes Sceltonus vates Pierius hic situs est* as the whole of Skelton's epitaph. Weever, however (*Fun. Monum.*, p. 497. ed. 1631), makes "*animam egit, 21 Junii 1529*" a portion of it, and in a marginal note substitutes "ejicit" for "*egit*," as if *correcting* the Latinity!! So too Wood (*Ath. Oxon.* i. 52. ed. Bliss.), who places "ejicit" between brackets after "*egit*," and states (what the other writers do not mention) that the inscription was put on the tomb "soon after" Skelton's death.

In the *Church-Wardens Accompts of St. Margaret's, Westminster* (Nichols's *Illust. of Manners and Expences*, &c. 4to. p. 9), we find this entry;

£. s. d.  
"1529. Item, of Mr. Skelton for viii tapers . . . . 0 2 8"

The institution of the person who succeeded Skelton as rector of Diss is dated 17th July: see first note on the present Memoir.

<sup>3</sup> See note, p. xxxvi.

the old editions of several of his poems must certainly not be received as authentic representations of the author.<sup>1</sup>

The chief satirical productions of Skelton (and the bent of his genius was decidedly towards satire) are *The Bowge of Courte*, *Colyn Cloute*, and *Why come ye nat to Courte*.—In the first of these, an allegorical poem of considerable invention, he introduces a series of characters delineated with a boldness and discrimination which no preceding poet had displayed since the days of Chaucer, and which none of his contemporaries (with the sole exception of the brilliant Dunbar) were able to attain: the merit of those personifications has been allowed even by Warton, whose ample critique on Skelton deals but little in praise;<sup>2</sup> and I am somewhat surprised that Mr. D'Israeli, who has lately come forward as the warm eulogist of our author,<sup>3</sup> should have passed over *The Bowge of Courte* without the slightest notice.—*Colyn Cloute* is a general satire on the corruptions of the Church, the friars and the bishops being attacked alike unsparingly; nor, when Skelton himself pronounced of this

<sup>1</sup> e. g. the portrait on the title-page of *Dyuers Balettys and Dy-ties solacyous* (evidently from the press of Pynson; see Appendix II. to this Memoir) is given as a portrait of "Doctor Boorde" in the *Boke of Knowledge* (see reprint, sig. I); and (as Mr. F. R. Atkinson of Manchester obligingly informed me by letter some years ago) the strange fantastic figure on the reverse of the title-page of Faukes's ed. of the *Garlande of Laurell*, 1523 (poorly imitated in *The Brit. Bibliogr.* iv. 389) is a copy of an early French print.

<sup>2</sup> "Warton has undervalued him [Skelton]; which is the more remarkable, because Warton was a generous as well as a competent critic. He seems to have been disgusted with buffooneries, which, like those of Rabelais, were thrown out as a tub for the whale; for unless Skelton had written thus for the coarsest palates, he could not have poured forth his bitter and undaunted satire in such perilous times." Southey,—*Select Works of Brit. Poets* (1831), p. 61.

<sup>3</sup> *Amen. of Lit.* ii. 69.

piece that "though his ryme be ragged, it hath in it some pyth,"<sup>1</sup> did he overrate its vigour and its weighty truth: *Colyn Cloute* not only shews that fearlessness which on all occasions distinguished him, but evinces a superiority to the prejudices of his age, in assailing abuses, which, if manifest to his more enlightened contemporaries, few at least had as yet presumed to censure.—In *Why come ye nat to Courte* the satire is entirely personal, and aimed at the all-powerful minister to whom the author had once humbly sued for preferment. While, throughout this remarkable poem, Skelton either overlooks or denies the better qualities, the commanding talents, and the great attainments of Wolsey, and even ungenerously taunts him with the meanness of his origin; he fails not to attack his character and conduct in those particulars against which a satirist might justly declaim, and with the certainty that invectives so directed would find an echo among the people. The regal pomp and luxury of the Cardinal, his insatiate ambition, his insolent bearing at the council-board, his inaccessibility to suitors, &c. &c. are dwelt on with an intensity of scornful bitterness, and occasionally give rise to vivid descriptions which history assures us are but little exaggerated. Some readers may perhaps object, that in this poem the satire of Skelton too much resembles the "oyster-knife that hacks and hews" (to which that of Pope was so unfairly likened<sup>2</sup>); but all must confess that

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. 313.

<sup>2</sup> "Satire should, like a polish'd razor, keen,  
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen:  
*Thine is an oyster-knife that hacks and hews,*" &c.

*Verses addressed to the imitator of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace (the joint-composition of Lord Hervey and Lady M. W. Montagu).*

he wields his weapon with prodigious force and skill; and we know that Wolsey writhed under the wounds which it inflicted.

When Catullus bewailed the death of Lesbia's bird, he confined himself to eighteen lines (and truly golden lines); but Skelton, while lamenting for the sparrow that was "slayn at Carowe," has engrafted on the subject so many far-sought and whimsical embellishments, that his epicede is really what the old editions term it,—a "boke." *Phyllyp Sparowe* exhibits such fertility and delicacy of fancy, such graceful sportiveness, and such ease of expression, that it might well be characterised by Coleridge as "an exquisite and original poem."<sup>1</sup>

In *The Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng*, which would seem to have been one of Skelton's most popular performances, we have a specimen of his talent for the low burlesque;—a description of a real ale-wife, and of the various gossips who keep thronging to her for liquor, as if under the influence of a spell. If few compositions of the kind have more coarseness or extravagance, there are few which have greater animation or a richer humour.

The *Garlande of Laurell*, one of Skelton's longest and most elaborate pieces, cannot also be reckoned among his best. It contains, however, several passages of no mean beauty, which shew that he possessed powers for the higher kind of poetry, if he had chosen to exercise them; and is interspersed with some lyrical addresses to the ladies who weave his chaplet, which are very happily versified. In one respect the *Garlande of Laurell* stands without a parallel: the history of literature affords no second example of a poet having deliberately written sixteen hundred lines in honour of himself.

<sup>1</sup> *Remains*, ii. 163.

Skelton is to be regarded as one of the fathers of the English drama. His *Enterlude of Vertue*<sup>1</sup> and his *Comedy callyd Achademios*<sup>2</sup> have perished; so perhaps has his *Nigramansir*;<sup>3</sup> but his *Magnyfycence* is still extant. To those who carry their acquaintance with our early play-wrights no farther back than the period of Peele, Greene, and Marlowe, this "goodly interlude" by Skelton will doubtless appear heavy and inartificial; its superiority, however, to the similar efforts of his contemporaries, is, I apprehend, unquestionable.<sup>4</sup>

If our author did not invent the metre which he uses in the greater portion of his writings, and which is now known by the name *Skeltonical*, he was certainly the first who adopted it in poems of any length; and he employed it with a skill, which, after he had rendered it popular, was beyond the reach of his numerous imitators.<sup>5</sup> "The Skeltonical short verse," observes Mr. D'Israeli, speaking of Skelton's own productions, "contracted into five or six, and even four syllables, is wild and airy. In the quick-returning rhymes, the playfulness of the diction, and the pungency of new words, usually ludicrous, often expressive, and sometimes felicitous, there is a stirring spirit which will be best felt in an audible reading. The

<sup>1</sup> "Of Vertu also the souerayne enterlude."

*Garlande of Laurell*, vol. i. 408.

<sup>2</sup> "His comedy, Achademios callyd by name." *Id.* p. 409.

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix II. to this Memoir.—Mr. Collier is mistaken in supposing Skelton's "pauiauntis that were played in Ioyows Garde" to have been dramatic compositions: see Notes, vol. ii. 330.

<sup>4</sup> A writer, of whose stupendous ignorance a specimen has been already cited (p. xxx, note 3), informs us that *Magnyfycence* "is one of the dullest plays in our language." *Eminent Lit. and Scient. Men of Great Britain*, &c. (Lardner's *Cyclop.*), i. 281.

<sup>5</sup> See Appendix III. to this Memoir, and *Poems attributed to Skelton*, vol. ii. 385.



velocity of his verse has a carol of its own. The chimes ring in the ear, and the thoughts are flung about like coruscations."<sup>1</sup>

Skelton has been frequently termed a Macaronic poet, but it may be doubted if with strict propriety; for the passages in which he introduces snatches of Latin and French are thinly scattered through his works. "This anomalous and motley mode of versification," says Warton, "is, I believe, supposed to be peculiar to our author. I am not, however, quite certain that it originated with Skelton."<sup>2</sup> He ought to have been "quite certain" that it did *not*.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Amen. of Lit.* ii. 69.

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 356.

<sup>3</sup> "In hevyn blyse ye xalle wyn to be

Amonge the blyssyd company *omnium supernorum*

Ther as is alle merth joye and glee

*Inter agmina angelorum*

In blyse to abyde."

*Coventry Mysteries*,—*MS. Cott. Vesp. D.* viii. fol. 112.

A reprint of Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes* having appeared in 1736, Pope took occasion, during the next year, to mention them in the following terms,—casting a blight on our poet's reputation, from which it has hardly yet recovered;

"Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,  
And *bestly Skelton* Heads of Houses quote"—

Note—"Skelton, Poet Laureat to Hen. 8. a Volume of whose Verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of Ribaldry, Obscenity, and Billingsgate Language." *The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace imitated*, 1737. But Pope was unjust to Skelton; for, though expressions of decided grossness occur in his writings, *they are comparatively few*; and during his own time, so far were such expressions from being regarded as offensive to decency, that in all probability his royal pupil would not have scrupled to employ them in the presence of Anne Bulleyn and her maids of honour.

Since the Memoir of Skelton was sent to press, Mr. W. H. Black (with his usual kindness) has pointed out to me the following entry;

23d Feb. 12 Edw. iv. [1473]. “ Tribus *subclericis*, videlicet Roberto Lane, Nicholao Neubold, et *Johanni Skelton*, videlicet prædicto Roberto l.s. et prædictis Nicholao et Johanni cuilibet eorum xl.s.” (A like payment was made to *John Skelton* on the 9th of Dec. preceding, when he is mentioned with others under the general denomination of *clerks*.) *Books of the Treasury of the Receipt of the Exchequer*,—A 4. 38. fols. 26, 27. (Public Record Office).

There is, Mr. Black thinks, a possibility that Skelton had been employed, while a youth, as an under-clerk in the Receipt of the Exchequer; and observes, that it would seem to have been a temporary occupation, as there is no trace of any person of that name among the admissions to offices in the Black Book.

APPENDIX I.

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MERIE TALES OF SKELTON

(see Memoir, p. xxx.);

AND NOTICES OF SKELTON FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.



LV

MERIE TALES  
Newly Imprinted  
& made by Ma-  
ster Skelton  
Poet  
Laureat.

¶ Imprinted at London  
in Fleetstreet beneath the  
Conduit at the signe of S.  
John Euangelist,  
by Thomas  
Colwell.  
[12<sup>mo</sup>. n. d.]



LVI

Here begynneth certayne  
merye tales of Skelton,  
Poet Lauriat.

¶ How Skelton came late home to Oxford from Abington. Tale i.

SKELTON was an Englysheman borne as Skogyn was, and hee was educated & broughte vp in Oxfoorde: and there was he made a poete lauriat. And on a tyme he had ben at Abington to make mery, wher that he had eate salte meates, and hee did com late home to Oxforde, and he did lye in an ine named y<sup>e</sup> Tabere whyche is now the Angell, and hee dyd drynke, & went to bed. About midnight he was so thyrstie or drye that hee was constrained to call to the tapster for drynke, & the tapster harde him not. Then hee cryed to hys oste & hys ostes, and to the ostler, for drinke; and no man wold here hym: alacke, sayd Skelton, I shall peryshe for lacke of drynke! what reamedye? At the last he dyd crie out and sayd, Fyer, fyer, fyer! When Skelton hard euery man bustled hymselfe vpward, & some of them were naked, & some were halfe asleepe and amased, and Skelton dyd crye, Fier, fier, styll, that euerye man knewe not whether to resorte; Skelton did go to bed, and the oste and ostis, & the tapster with the ostler, dyd runne to Skeltons chamber with candles lyghted in theyr handes, saying, Where, where, where is the fyer? Here, here, here, said Skelton, & poynted hys fynger to hys moouth, saying, Fetch me some drynke to quenche the fyer and the heate and the drinesse in my mouthe: & so they dyd. Wherefore it is good for euerye man to helpe hys owne selfe in tyme of neede wythe some policie or crafte, so bee it there bee no deceit nor falshed vsed.

¶ How Skelton drest the Kendallman in the sweat time. [Tale ii.]

On a time Skelton rode from Oxforde to London with a Kendalman, and at Uxbridge they beyted. The Kendallman layd

hys cap vpon the borde in the hall, and he went to serue hys horse. Skelton tooke y<sup>e</sup> Kendalmans cappe, and dyd put betwixte the linyng & the vtter syde a dishe of butter: and when the Kendalman had drest hys horse, hee dyd come in to diner, and dyd put on hys cappe (that tyme the sweating sycknes was in all Englande); at the last, when the butter had take heate of the Kendallmans heade, it dyd begynne to run ouer hys face and aboute hys cheekes. Skelton sayde, Syr, you sweate soore: beware y<sup>t</sup> you haue not the sweatyng sycknesse. The Kendalman sayde, By the mysse, Ise wrang; I bus goe tyll bed. Skelton sayd, I am skild on phisicke, & specially in the sweatyng sycknesse, that I wyll warant any man. In gewd faith, saith the Kendallman, do see, and Ise bay for your skott to London. Then sayde Skelton, Get you a kerchiefe, and I wyll bryng you abed: the whiche was donne. Skelton caused the capp to bee sod in hoat lee, & dryed it: in the mornyng Skelton and the Kendalman dyd ride merely to London.

¶ Howe Skelton tolde the man that Chryst was very busye in the woodes with them that made fagots. Tale iii.

When Skelton did cum to London, ther were manye men at the table at diner. Amongest all other there was one sayde to Skelton, Be you of Oxforde or of Cambridge a scoler? Skelton sayd, I am of Oxford. Syr, sayde the man, I will put you a question: you do know wel that after Christ dyd rise from death to life, it was xl. days after ere he dyd ascend into heauen, and hee was but certaine times wyth hys discyples, and when that he did appeare to them, hee dyd neuer tary longe amongst them, but sodainely vanished from them; I wold fayne know (saith the man to Skelton) where Chryste was all these xl. dayes. Where hee was, saythe Skelton, God knoweth; he was verye busye in the woods among hys labourers, that dyd make fagottes to burne heretickes, & such as thou art the whych doest aske such diffuse questions: but nowe I wyll tell thee more; when hee was not with hys mother & hys disciples, hee was in Paradyce, to comforte the holye patriarches and prophets soules, the which before he had fet out of hell. And at the daye of hys ascencion, hee tooke them all vp wyth him into heauen.



¶ Howe the Welshman dyd desyre Skelton to ayde hym in hys sute to the kyng for a patent to sell drynke. The iii. Tale.

Skelton, when he was in London, went to the kynges courte, where there did come to hym a Welshman, saying, Syr, it is so, that manye dooth come vpp of my country to the kyngs court, and some doth get of the kyng by patent a castell, and some a parke, & some a forest, and some one fee and some another, and they dooe lyue lyke honest men; and I shoulde lyue as honestly as the best, if I myght haue a patyne for good dryncke: wherefore I dooe praye you to write a fewe woords for mee in a lytle byll to geue the same to the kynges handes, and I wil geue you well for your labour. I am contented, sayde Skelton. Syt downe then, sayde the Welshman, and write. What shall I wryte? sayde Skelton. The Welshman sayde, Wryte, dryncke. Nowe, sayd the Welshman, wryte, more dryncke. What now? sayde Skelton. Wryte nowe, a great deale of dryncke. Nowe, sayd the Welshman, putte to all thys dryncke a littell crome of breade, and a great deale of drynke to it, and reade once agayne. Skelton dyd reade, Dryncke, more dryncke, & a great deale of dryncke, and a lytle crome of breade, and a great deale of dryncke to it. Then the Welshman sayde, Put out the litle crome of breade, and sett in, all dryncke, and no breade: and if I myght haue thys sygned of the kyng, sayde the Welshman, I care for no more as longe as I dooe lyue. Well then, sayde Skelton, when you haue thys signed of the kyng, then wyll I labour for a patent to haue bread, that you wyth your drynke, and I with the bread, may fare well, and seeke our liuinge with bagge and staffe.

¶ Of Swanborne the knaue, that was buried vnder Saint Peters wall in Oxford. [Tale v.]

There was dwelling in Oxford a stark knaue, whose name was Swanborn; and he was such a notable knaue that, if any scoler had fallen out thone wyth thother, the one woulde call thother Swanborn, the whyche they dyd take for a worser woorde then knaue. Hys wife woulde diuers tymes in the weeke kimbe his head with a iii. footed stoole: then hee woulde runne out of the doores wepinge, and if anye man had asked hym what he dyd

aille, other whyle he woulde saye hee had the megrym in hys head, or ells, there was a great smoke wythin the house: & if the doores were shut, hys wyfe woulde beate him vnder the bed, or into the bench hole, and then he woulde looke out at the cat hole; then woulde his wife saye, Lookest thou out, whoreson? Yea, woulde he saye, thou shalt neuer let me of my manly lookes. Then with her distaff she would poore in at hym. I knewe him when that he was a boye in Oxforde; hee was a littell olde fellowe, and woulde lye as fast as a horse woulde trotte. At last hee dyed, and was buried vnder the wall of S. Peters church. Then Skelton was desyred to make an epitaphe vppon the churche wall, & dyd wryte wyth a role, saying, Belsabub his soule saue, *Qui iacet hic hec* a knaue: *Jam scio*<sup>1</sup> *mortuus est, Et iacet hic hec* a beast: *Sepultus*<sup>2</sup> *est* amonge the weedes: God forgiue him his misdeedes!

¶ Howe Skelton was complayned on to the bishop of Norwich. Tale vi.

Skelton dyd keepe a musket at Dys, vpon the which he was complayned on to the bishop of Norwych. The byshoppe sent for Skelton. Skelton dyd take two capons, to geue theym for a presente to the byshop. And as soone as hee had saluted the byshopp, hee sayde, My lorde, here I haue brought you a couple of capons. The byshop was blynde, and sayde, Who bee you? I am Skelton, sayd Skelton. The byshop sayd, A hoare head! I will none of thy capons: thou keepest vnhappye rule in thy house, for the whyche thou shalt be punished. What, sayde Skelton, is the winde at that doore? and sayd, God be with you, my lorde! and Skelton with his capons went hys way. The byshop sent after Skelton to come agayne. Skelton sayde, What, shal I come<sup>3</sup> agayne to speake wythe a madde man? At last hee retourned to the byshop, whyche sayde to hym, I would, sayd the byshop, that you shoulde not lyue suche a sclaunderouse lyfe, that all your parisshe shoulde not wonder & complaine on

<sup>1</sup> *scio*] Old ed. "sci."

<sup>2</sup> *Sepultus*] Old ed. "Sepuitus."—This epitaph is made up from portions of Skelton's verses on John Clarke and Adam Uddersal: see vol. i. 169, 172.

<sup>3</sup> *shal I come*] Old ed. "shall I I come."

you as they dooe; I pray you amende, and hereafter lyue honestlye, that I heare no more suche woordes of you; and if you wyll tarye dynner, you shall be welcome; and I thanke you, sayde the byshoppe, for your capons. Skelton sayde, My lord, my capons haue proper names; the one is named Alpha, the other is named Omega: my lorde, sayd Skelton, this capon is named Alpha, thys is the fyrst capon that I dyd euer geue to you; and this capon is named Omega, and this is the last capon that euer I wil giue you: & so fare you well, sayd Skelton.

¶ Howe Skelton, when hee came from the bishop, made a sermon. Tale vii.

Skelton the nexte Sondaye after wente into the pulpet to prech, and sayde, *Vos estis, vos estis*, that is to saye, You be, you be. And what be you? sayd Skelton: I saye, that you bee a sorte of knaues, yea, and a man might saye worse then knaues; and why, I shall shew you. You haue complayned of mee to the bysop that I doo keepe a fayre wench in my house: I dooe tell you, ~~if you had any fayre wiues, it were some what to helpe me at neede;~~ I am a man as you be: you haue foule wyues, and I haue a faire wenche, of the whyche I haue begotten a fayre boye, as I doe thinke, and as you all shall see. Thou wyfe, sayde Skelton, that hast my childe, be not afraid; bring me hither my childe to me: the whyche was doone. And he, shewynge his childe naked to all the parishe, sayde, How saye you, neibours all? is not this child as fayre as is the beste of all yours? It hathe nose, eyes, handes, and feete, as well as any of your: it is not lyke a pygge, nor a calfe, nor like no foule nor no monstruous beast. If I had, sayde Skelton, broughte forthe thys chylde without armes or legges, or that it wer deformed, being a monstruous thyng, I woulde neuer haue blamed you to haue complayned to the bishop of me; but to complain without a cause, I say, as I said before ~~in my antethem, vos estis,~~ you be, and haue be, & wyll and shall be, knaues, to complayne of me wythout a cause resonable. <sup>END</sup> For you be presumptuous, & dooe exalte yourselues, and therefore you shall be made low: as I shall shewe you a famyller example of a parish priest, the whiche dyd make a sermon in Rome. And he dyd take that for hys antethem, the which of late dayes is named a theme, and sayde, *Qui se exaltat humiliabi-*

*tur, et qui se*<sup>1</sup> *humiliat exaltabitur*, that is to say, he that doth exalte himselfe or dothe extoll hymselfe shalbe made meke, & he that doth humble hymselfe or is meke, shalbe exalted, extoull'd, or eleuated, or sublimated, or such lyke: and that I will shewe you by this my cap. This cappe was fyrste my hoode, when that I was studente in Jucalico, & then it was so proude that it woulde not bee contented, but it woulde slippe and fall from my shoulders. I perceyunge thys that he was proude, what then dyd I? shortly to conclude, I dyd make of hym a payre of breches to my hose, to brynge hym lowe. And when that I dyd see, knowe, or perceyue that he was in that case, and allmoste worne cleane oute, what dyd I then to extoll hym vppe agayne? you all may see that this my cap was made of it that was my breches. Therefore, sayde Skelton, *vos estis*, therefore you bee, as I dyd saye before: if that you exalte yourselfe, and cannot be contented that I haue my wenche still, some of you shall weare hornes; and therefore *vos estis*: and so farewell. It is merye in the hall, when beardes wagge all.

¶ How the fryer asked leaue of Skelton to preach at Dys, which Skelton wold not grant. Tale viii.

There was a fryer y<sup>e</sup> whych dydde come to Skelton to haue licence to preach at Dys. What woulde you preache there? sayde Skelton: dooe not you thynke that I am sufficiente to preache there in myne owne cure? Syr, sayde the freere, I am the limyter of Norwych, and once a yeare one of our place dothe vse to preache wyth you, to take the deuocion of the people; and if I may haue your good wil, so bee it, or els I will come and preach against your will, by the authoritie of the byshope of Rome, for I haue hys bulles to preache in euerye place, and therefore I wyll be there on Sondaye nexte cummyng. Come not there, freere, I dooe counsell thee, sayd Skelton. The Sundaye nexte followynge Skelton layde watch for the comynge of the frere: and as sone as Skelton had knowledge of the freere, he went into the pulpet to preache. At last the freere dyd come into the church with the bishoppe of Romes bulles in hys hande.

<sup>1</sup> *Qui se exaltat humiliabitur, et qui se]* Old ed. "*Que se exaltat humiliabitui, et quese.*"

Skelton then sayd to all hys parishe, See, see, see, and poynted to thee fryere. All the parish gased on the frere. Then sayde Skelton, Maisters, here is as wonderfull a thyng as euer was seene: you all dooe knowe that it is a thyng daylye seene, a bulle dothe begette a calfe; but here, contrarye to all nature, a calfe hath gotten a bulle; for thys fryere, beeynge a calfe, hath gotten a bulle of the byshoppe of Rome. The fryere, beeynge ashamed, woulde neuer after that time presume to preach at Dys.

¶ How Skelton handled the fryer that woulde needes lye with him in his inne. Tale ix.

As Skelton ryd into y<sup>e</sup> countre, there was a frere that hapened in at an alehouse wheras Skelton was lodged, and there the frere dyd desire to haue lodgyng. The alewife sayd, Syr, I haue but one bed whereas master Skelton doth lye. Syr, sayd the frere, I pray you that I maye lye with you. Skelton said, Master freere, I doo vse to haue no man to lye with me. Sir, sayd the frere, I haue lyne with as good men as you, and for my money I doo looke to haue lodgyng as well as you. Well, sayde Skelton, I dooe see than that you wyll lye with me. Yea, syr, sayd the frere. Skelton did fill all the cuppes in the house, and whitled the frere, that at the last, the frere was in myne eames peason. Then sayde Skelton, Mayster freere, get you to bed, and I wyll come to bed within a while. The frere went, and dyd lye vpright, and snorted lyke a sowe. Skelton wente to the chaumber, and dyd see that the freere dyd lye soe; sayd to the wyfe, Geue me a washyng betle. Skelton then caste downe the clothes, and the freere dyd lye starke naked: then Skelton dyd shite vpon the freeres nauil and bellye; and then he did take the washyng betle, and dyd strike an harde stroke vppon the nauill & bellye of the freere, and dyd put out the candell, and went out of the chaumber. The freere felt hys bellye, & smelt a foule sauour, had thought hee had ben gored, and cried out and sayde, Helpe, helpe, helpe, I am kyled! They of the house with Skelton wente into the chaumber, and asked what the freere dyd ayle. The freere sayde, I am kyled, one hath thrust me in the bellye. Fo, sayde Skelton, thou dronken soule, thou doost lye;

thou haste beshydden thyselfe. Fo, sayde Skelton, let vs goe oute of the chaumber, for the knaue doothe stynke. The freere was ashamed, and cryed for water. Out with the whoreson, sayd Skelton, and wrap the sheetes togyther, and putte the freere in the hogge stye, or in the barne. The freere said, geue me some water into the barne: and there the freere dyd wasshe himselfe, and dydde lye there all the nyght longe. The chaumber and the bedde was dressed, and the sheetes shyfted; and then Skelton went to bed.

¶ Howe the cardynall desyred Skelton to make an epitaphe vpon his graue.  
Tale x.

Thomas Wolsey, cardynall and archbyshop of Yorke, had made a regall tombe to lye in after hee was deade: and he desyred Master Skelton to make for his tombe an epytaphe, whyche is a memoriall to shewe the lyfe with the actes of a noble man. Skelton sayde, If it dooe lyke your grace, I canne not make an epytaphe vnlesse that I do se your tombe. The cardynall sayde, I dooe praye you to meete wyth mee to morowe at the West Monesterye, and there shall you se my tombe a makyng. The pointment kept, and Skelton, seyng the sumptuous coste, more pertaynyng for an emperoure or a maxymyous kyng, then for suche a man as he was (although cardynals wyll compare wyth kyngs), Well, sayd Skelton, if it shall like your grace to creepe into thys tombe whiles you be alyue, I can make an epitaphe; for I am sure that when that you be dead you shall neuer haue it. The whyche was verified of truthe.

¶ Howe the hostler dyd byte Skeltons mare vnder the tale, for biting him by the arme. Tale xi.

Skelton vsed muche to ryde on a mare; and on a tyme hee happened into an inne, wher there was a folish ostler. Skelton said, Ostler, hast thou any mares bread? No, syr, sayd the ostler: I haue good horse bread, but I haue no mares bread. Skelton saide, I must haue mares bread. Syr, sayde the ostler, there is no mares bred to get in all the towne. Well, sayd Skelton, for this once, serue my mare wyth horse bread. In the meane time Skelton commaunded the ostler to saddle his mare; &

the hosteler dyd gyrd the mare hard, and the hostler was in hys ierkyn, and hys shirte sleues wer aboue his elbowes, and in the girding of the mare hard the mare bitte the hostler by the arme, and bitte him sore. The hostler was angry, and dyd bite the mare vnder the tayle, saying, A whore, is it good byting by the bare arme? Skelton sayde then, Why, fellowe, haste thou hurt my mare? Yea, sayde the hostler, ka me, ka thee: yf she dooe hurte me, I wyll displease her.

¶ Howe the cobler tolde maister Skelton, it is good sleeping in a whole skinne. Tale xii.

In the parysshe of Dys, whereas Skelton was person, there dwelled a cobler, beyng halfe a souter, which was a tall man and a greate slouen, otherwyse named a slouche. The kynges maiesty hautyng warres byyonde the sea, Skelton sayd to thys aforsayd doughtie man, Neybour, you be a tall man, and in the kynges warres you must bere a standard. A standerd! said the cobler, what a thing is that? Skelton saide, It is a great banner, such a one as thou dooest vse to beare in Rogacyon weeke; and a lordes, or a knyghtes, or a gentlemannes armes shall bee vpon it; and the souldiers that be vnder the aforesayde persons fayghtyng vnder thy banner. Fayghtyng! sayde the cobbeler; I can no skil in faighting. No, said Skelton, thou shalte not fayght, but holde vp, and aduaunce the banner. By my fay, sayd the cobler, I can no skill in the matter. Well, sayd Skelton, there is no reamedie but thou shalte forthe to dooe the kynges seruice in hys warres, for in all this countrey there is not a more likelier manne to dooe suche a<sup>1</sup> feate as thou arte. Syr, sayde the cobbeler, I wyll geue you a fatte capon, that I maye bee at home. No, sayde Skelton, I wyll not haue none of thy capons; for thou shalte doe the kyng seruice in his wars. Why, sayd the cobler, what shuld I doo? wyll you haue me to goe in the kynges warres, and to bee killed for my labour? then I shall be well at ease, for I shall haue my mendes in my nown handes. What, knaue, sayd Skelton, art thou a cowarde, hautyng so great bones? No, sayde the cobler, I am not afearde: it is good to slepe in a whole skinne. Why, said Skelton, thou shalte bee harnesssed to keepe away the

<sup>1</sup> a] Old ed. "as."

strokes from thy skynne. By my fay, sayde the cobler, if I must needes forthe, I will see howe yche shall bee ordered. Skelton dyd harnesse the doughtye squirell, and dyd put an helmet on his head; and when the helmet was on the coblers heade, the cobler sayde, What shall those hoales serue for? Skelton sayd, Holes to looke out to see thy enemyes. Yea, sayde the cobler, then am I in worsor case then euer I was; for then one may come and thrust a nayle into one of the holes, and prycke out myne eye. Therefore, said the cobler to Master Skelton, I wyll not goe to warre: my wyfe shall goe in my steade, for she can fyghte and playe the deuell wyth her distaffe, and with stole, staffe, cuppe, or candlesticke; for, by my fay, I cham sicke; I chill go home to bed; I thinke I shall dye.

¶ How Master Skeltons miller deceyued hym manye times by playenge the theefe, and howe he was pardoned by Master Skelton, after the stealinge awaye of a preest oute of his bed at midnight. Tale xiii.

When Maister Skelton dyd dwell in the cōtrey, hee was agreede with a miller to haue hys corne grounde tolle free; and manye tymes when hys mayden[s] shoulde bake, they wanted of their mele, and complained to their mystres that they could not make their stint of breade. Mystres Skelton, beeynge verye angrye, tolde her husbande of it. Then Master Skelton sent for his miller, and asked hym howe it chanced that hee deceyued hym of his corne. I! saide John miller; nay, surely I neuer deceyued you; if that you can proue that by mee, do with mee as you lyst. Surely, sayd Skelton, if I doe fynde thee false anye more, thou shalt be hanged up by the necke. So Skelton apoynted one of hys seruauntes to stand at the mill whyle the corne was a grindyng. John myller, beying a notable theefe, would feyn haue deceued him as he had don before, but beying afraid of Skeltons seruaunte, caused his wyfe to put one of her chylde into y<sup>e</sup> myll dam, and to crye, Help, help, my childe is drowned! With that, John myller and all went out of the myll; & Skeltons seruaunte, being dilygent to helpe the chylde, thought not of the meale, and the while the myllers boye was redy wyth a sacke, and stole awaye the corne; so, when they had taken vp the childe, and all was safe, they came in agayne; & so the ser-



uaunt, hauynge hys gryste, went home mistrustyng nothyng; and when the maydes came to bake againe, as they dyd before, so they lacked of theyr meale agayne. Master Skelton calde for hys man, and asked him howe it chaunced that he was deceaued; & hee sayd that hee coulde not tell, For I dyd your commaundement. And then Master Skelton sent for the myller, and sayde, Thou hast not vsed mee well, for I want of my mele. Why, what wold you haue me do? sayde the miller; you haue set your own man to watche mee. Well, then, sayd Skelton, if thou doest not tell me whych waye thou hast played the theefe wyth mee, thou shalt be hanged. I praye you be good master vnto me, & I wyll tell you the trutthe: your seruauent wold not from my myll, & when I sawe none other remedye, I caused my wyfe to put one of my chyldren into the water, & to crie that it was drowned; and whiles wee were helpyng of the chyld out, one of my boyes dyd steale your corne. Yea, sayde Skelton, if thou haue suche pretie fetchis, you can dooe more then thys; and therefore, if thou dooeste not one thyng that I shall tell thee, I wyll folow the lawe on thee. What is that? sayd the myller. If that thou dooest not steale my cuppe of the table, when I am sette at meate, thou shalt not eskape my handes. O good master, sayd John miller, I pray you forgeue me, and let me not dooe thys; I am not able to dooe it. Thou shalt neuer be forgeuen, sayde Skelton, withoute thou dooest it. When the miller saw no remedye, he went & charged one of hys boyes, in an euenyng (when that Skelton was at supper) to sette fyre in one of hys hogges sties, farre from any house, for doying any harme. And it chaunced, that one of Skeltons seruauentes came oute, and spied the fire, and hee cryede, Helpe, helpe! for all that my master hath is lyke to be burnt. Hys master, hearing this, rose from hys supper with all the companie, and went to quenche the fyre; and the while John miller came in, and stole away hys cuppe, & went hys way. The fire being quickly slaked, Skelton cam in with his frendes, and reasoned wyth hys frendes which way they thought the fyre shoulde come; and euerye man made answer as thei thought good. And as they wer resonyng, Skelton called for a cup of beare; and in no wise his cuppe whyche hee vsed to drynke in woulde not be founde. Skelton was verye angrie that

his cup was mysynge, and asked whiche waye it shoulde bee gone; and no manne coulde tell hym of it. At last he bethought him of the miller, & sayd, Surely, he, that theefe, hath done this deede, and he is worthye to be hanged. And hee sent for the miller: so the miller tolde hym all howe hee had done. Truly, sayd Skelton, thou art a notable knaue; and withoute thou canste do me one other feate, thou shalte dye. O good master, sayde the miller, you promised to pardon me, and wil you now breake your promise? I, sayd Skelton; wythout thou canste steale the sheetes of my bed, when my wyfe and I am aslepe, thou shalte be hanged, that all suche knaues shall take ensample by thee. Alas, sayd the miller, whych waye shall I dooe this thinge? it is vnpossible for me to get theym while you bee there. Well, sayde Skelton, withoute thou dooe it, thou knowest the daunger. The myller went hys way, beyng very heauy, & studyed whiche waye he myght doo thys deede. He hauynge a little boy, whyche knewe all the corners of Skeltons house & where hee lay, vpon a night when they were all busie, the boie crepte in vnder his bed, wyth a potte of yeste; and when Skelton & hys wyfe were fast aslepe, hee all to noynted the sheetes with yeste, as farre as hee coulde reache. At last Skelton awaked, & felt the sheetes all wete; waked his wife, and sayd, What, hast thou beshitten the bed? and she sayd, Naye, it is you that haue doone it, I thynke, for I am sure it is not I. And so theare fel a great strife betweene Skelton and his wyfe, thinkyng that the bedd had ben beshitten; and called for the mayde to geue them a cleane payre of shetes. And so they arose, & the mayde tooke the foule sheetes and threw them vnderneath the bed, thinkynge the nexte morning to haue fetched them away. The next time the maydes shuld goe to washyng, they looked all about, and coulde not fynde the sheetes; for Jacke the myllers boy had stollen them away. Then the myller was sent for agayne, to knowe where the sheetes were become: & the myller tolde Mays-ter Skelton all how he deuised to steale the sheetes. Howe say ye? sayde Skelton to hys frendes; is not this a notable thief? is he not worthy to be hanged that canne dooe these deedes? O good maister, quoth the miller, nowe forgeue mee accordynge to youre promyse; for I haue done all that you haue commaunded

meé, and I trust now you wyll pardon me. Naye, quoth Skelton, thou shalt doo yet one other feate, and that shall bee thys; thou shalte steale maister person out of hys bed at midnight, that he shall not know where he is become. The miller made great mone and lamented, saying, I can not tel in the world howe I shall dooe, for I am neuer able to dooe this feate. Well, sayde Skelton, thou shalt dooe it, or els thou shalt fynde no fauour at my hands; and therefore go thy way. The miller, beyng sorye, deuysed with himselfe which way he might bryng this thing to passe. And ii. or iii. nyghtes after, gathered a number of snailes, & greed with the sexten of the church to haue the key of the church dore, and went into the church betwene the houres of a xi. and xii. in the night, & tooke the snayles, and lyghted a sorte of little waxe candles, & set vpon euerie snayle one, & the snayles crepte about the church wyth the same candels vpon their backes; and then he went into the vestrey, and put a cope vpon hys backe, & stode very solemnely at the hie alter with a booke in hys hand; and afterwarde tolled the bell, that the preest lyinge in the church yard might heare hym. The preest, hearyng the bell tolle, starte oute of his slepe, and looked out of hys windowe, and sawe suche a lyght in the church, was very muche amased, and thought surely that the church had ben on fire, and wente for to see what wonder it shoulde be. And when he came there, he founde the church dore open, and went vp into the quier; and see the miller standyng in hys vestementes, and a booke in hys hand, praying deuoutly, & all the lyghtes in the church, thought surely with hymselfe it was some angeil come downe from heauen, or some other great miracle, blessed hymselfe and sayde, In the name of the Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghoste, what arte thou that standest here in thys hollye place? O, sayde the myller, I am saynt Peter, whych kepe<sup>1</sup> the keyes of heauen gate, and thou knowest that none can enter into heauen excepte I let hym in; and I am sent oute from heauen for thee. For mee! quoth the preest: good saynt Peter, worship maye thou be! I am glad to heare that newes. Because thou hast done good deedes, sayd the myller, and serued God, hee hath sent for thee afore domes day come, that thou shalt not knowe the

<sup>1</sup> *kepe*] Old ed. "kepte."

troubles of y<sup>e</sup> worlde. O, blessed be God! sayde the preest; I am very well contented for to goe: yet if it woulde please God to let me go home and distrybute such things as I haue to the poore, I woulde bee verye glad. No, sayde the miller; if thou dooest delite more in thy goodes then in the joyes of heauen, thou art not for God; therefore prepare thyselfe, and goe into this bagge which I have brought for thee. The miller hauyng a great quarter sacke, the poore priest wente into it, thynkyng verylye hee had gon to heauen, yet was very sory to parte from hys goodes; asked saynt Peter how long it wold be ere he came there. The miller sayd he should be there quickly; and in he got the priest, and tied vp the sacke, and put out the lightes, & layed euery thyng in their place, and tooke the preest on his backe, & locked the church dores, & to go: and when he came to go ouer the church stile, the preest was verye heauye, and the miller caste hym ouer the stile that the priest cryed oh. O good seint Peter, sayde the preeste, whyther goe I nowe? O, sayde the myller, these bee the panges that ye must abyde before you come to heauen. O, quoth the preest, I would I were there once! Vp he got the priest agayn, & caried hym tyll hee came to the toppe of an hye hyll, a litle from hys house, and caste hym downe the hyll, that hys head had many shrewde rappes, that hys necke was almost burst. O good saynt Peter, said the priest, where am I nowe? You are almost nowe at heauen; & caried hym with much a doo, tyll hee came to hys owne house, and then the miller threwe him ouer the threshold. O good saynte Peter, sayde the preeste, where am I nowe? thys is the soreste pange that euer I bydde. O, sayd the<sup>1</sup> myller, geue God thanks that thou haste had pacience to abide all thys payne, for nowe thou arte goyng vppe into heauen; and tyed a rope aboute the sacke, and drewe hym vppe to the toppe of the chymnye, and there let him hange. O good S. Peter, tell me nowe where I am, sayde the preest. Marye, sayd he, thou art now in the tope of John millers chimney. A vengeaunce on thee, knaue! sayde the preeste: hast thou made me beleue al this while that I was goyng vp into heauen? well, nowe I am here, & ever I come downe again, I wil make thee to repent it. But John myller was gladd that

<sup>1</sup> *the*] Old ed. "that."

he had brought hym there. And in the mornyng the sexten rang all in to seruise; & when the people were come to church, the preest was lackynge. The parish asked the sexten wher the preest was; and the sexten sayd, I can not tell: then the parische sent to master Skelton, and tolde howe their prieste was lacking to saye them seruice. Mayster Skelton meruayled at that, and bethought hym of the crafty dooyng of the miller, sent for John myller; and when the miller was come, Skelton sayd to the miller, Canst thou tell wher the parish preest is? The myller vp and told him all together how he had doone. Maister Skelton, considering the matter, sayde to the miller, Why, thou vnreuerent knaue, hast thou hanled the poore preest on this fashion, and putte on the holy ornaments vpon a knaues backe? thou shalte be hanged, & it coste me all the good I haue. John miller fell vpon his knees, and desyred maister Skelton to pardon hym; For I dyd nothyng, sayd the miller, but that you sayd you woulde forgeue me. Nay, not so, sayd Skelton; but if thou canst steale my gelding out of my stable, my two men watching him, I will pardon thee; and if they take thee, they shall strike of thy heade; for Skelton thoughte it better that such a false knaue shoulde lose hys head then to liue. Then John miller was very sad, & bethought him how to bring it to passe. Then he remembred that ther was a man left hangyng vpon the galowes the day before, went preuely in the nyght and tooke him downe, and cut of his head, and put it vpon a pole, & brake a hole into the stable, and put in a candle lighted, thrustyng in the head a lytle & a lytle. The men watching the stable, seyng that, got them selues neare to the hole (thinkyng that it was his head), & one of them wyth hys sworde cutte it of. Then they for gladnesse presented it vnto theyr master, leauynge the stable doore open: then John miller went in, and stole away the gelding. Master Skelton, lookyng vpon the head, sawe it was the theues head that was left hangyng vpon the galowes, sayd, Alas, how ofte hath this false knaue deceiued vs! Go quickly to the stable agayne, for I thinke my geldyng is gone. Hys men, goyng backe agayn, found it euen so. Then they came agayn, and told their maister hys horse was gone. Ah, I thought so, you doltish knaues! said Skelton; but if I had sent wise men about it,

it had not ben so. Then Skelton sent for the miller, and asked hym if hee coulde tell where hys horse was. Safe ynough, maister, sayde the miller: for hee tolde Skelton all the matter how hee had done. Well, sayd Skelton, consydering hys tale, sayd, that he was worthie to bee hanged, For thou doost excell all the theeues that euer I knew or heard of; but for my promise sake I forgeue thee, vpon condition thou wilte become an honest man, & leaue all thy crafte & false dealyng. And thus John miller skaped vnpunished.

¶ How Skelton was in prison at the commaundement of the cardinall.

[Tale xiv.]

On a tyme Skelton did meete with certain frendes of hys at Charyng crosse, after that hee was in prison at my lord cardynals commaundement: & his frende sayd, I am glad you bee abrode amonge your frendes, for you haue ben long pent in. Skelton sayd, By the masse, I am glad I am out indeede, for I haue ben pent in, like a roche or fissh, at Westminster in prison. The cardinal, hearing of those words, sent for him agayne. Skelton kneling of hys knees before hym, after long communication to Skelton had, Skelton desyred the cardinall to graunte hym<sup>1</sup> a boun. Thou shalt haue none, sayd the cardynall. Thasistence desirid that he might haue it graunted, for they thought it should be some merye pastime that he wyll shewe your grace. Say on, thou hore head, sayd the cardynall to Skelton. I pray your grace to let me lye doune and wallow, for I can kneele no longer.

¶ Howe the vinteners wife put water into Skeltons wine. Tale xv.

Skelton did loue wel a cup of good wyne. And on a daye he dyd make merye in a tauerne in London: and the morow after hee sent to the same place againe for a quart of y<sup>e</sup> same wine he drunke of before; the whiche was clene chaunged & brued again. Skelton perceiuing this, he went to the tauerne, & dyd sytte down in a chaire, & dyd sygh very sore, and made great lamentacion. The wife of the house, perceiuinge this, said to master Skelton, Howe is it with you, master Skelton? He an-

<sup>1</sup> *hym*] Old ed. "gym."

swered and said, I dyd neuer so euill; and then he dyd reache another greate syghe, sayinge, I am afraide that I shal neuer be sauued, nor cum to heauen. Why, said the wife, shuld you dispaire so much in Goddes mercy? Nay, said he, it is past all remedye. Then said the wife, I dooe praye you breake your mind vnto mee. O, sayd Skelton, I would gladlye shewe you the cause of my dolour, if that I wist that you would keepe my counsell. Sir, said shee, I haue ben made of council of greater matters then you can shew me. Naye, nay, said Skelton, my matter passeth all other matters, for I think I shal sinke to hell for my great offences; for I sent thys daye to you for wyne to saye masse withall; and wee haue a stronge lawe that euery priest is bounde to put into hys chalice, when hee doth singe or saye masse, some wyne and water; the which dothe signifye the water & bloude that dyd runne oute of Chrystes syde, when Longeous the blynde knyght dyd thrust a speare to Christes harte; & thys daye I dyd put no water into my wyne, when that I did put wine into my chalys. Then sayd the vintiners wife, Be mery, maister Skelton, and keepe my counsell, for, by my faythe, I dyd put into the vessell of wyne that I did send you of to day x. gallandes of water; and therefore take no thought, master Skelton, for I warraunt you. Then said Skelton, Dame, I dooe beshrewe thee for thy laboure, for I thought so muche before; for throughe such vses & brewyng of wyne maye men be deceyued, and be hurte by drynkinge of suche euell wyne; for all wines must be strong, and fayre, and well coloured; it must haue a redolent sauoure; it must be colde, and sprinklynge in the peece or in the glasse.

¶ Thus endeth the merie Tales of Maister Skelton, very pleasaunt for the recreacion of the minde.

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## NOTICES OF SKELTON

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

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From the imperfect copy of *A C. Mery Talys*, small fol., printed by John Rastell. (See Singer's reprint, p. 55.)

“ Of mayster Skelton that broughte the bysshop of Norwiche ii fesauntys. xl. It fortuneth ther was a great varyance bitwen the bysshop of Norwych and one mayster Skelton a poyet lauryat; in so much that the bysshop commaundyd hym that he shuld not come in his gatys. Thys mayster Skelton dyd absent hymselfe for a long seson. But at the laste he thought to do hys dewty to hym, and studyed weys how he myght obtayne the bysshopys fauour, and determyned hymself that he wold come to hym wyth some present, and humble hymself to the byshop; and gat a cople of fesantes, and cam to the bysshoppys place, and requyryd the porter he myghte come in to speke wyth my lord. This porter, knowyng his lordys pleasure, wold not suffer him to come in at the gatys; wherfor thys mayster Skelton went on the bakside to seke some other way to come in to the place. But the place was motyd that he cowlde se no way to come ouer, except in one place where there lay a long tree ouer the motte in maner of a brydge, that was fallyn down wyth wynd; wherfore thys mayster Skelton went along vpon the tree to come ouer, and whan he was almost ouer, hys fote slyppyd for lak of sure fotyng, and fel into the mote vp to myddyll; but at the last he recoueryd hymself, and, as well as he coud, dryed hymself ageyne, and sodenly cam to the byshop, beyng in hys hall, than lately rysen from dyner: whyche, whan he saw Skelton commyng sodenly, sayd to hym, Why, thow caytyfe, I warnyd the thow shuldys neuer come in at my gatys, and chargyd my porter to kepe the out. Forsoth, my lorde, quod Skelton, though ye gaue suche charge, and though your gatys by neuer so suerly kept, yet yt ys no more possible to kepe me out of your dorys than to kepe out crowes or pyes; for I cam not in at your gatys, but I cam ouer the mote, that I haue ben almost drownyd for my labour. And shewyd hys clothys how



euyll he was arayed, whych causyd many that stode therby to laughe apace. Than quod Skelton, Yf it lyke your lordeshyp, I haue brought you a dyshe to your super, a cople of fesantes. Nay, quod the byshop, I defy the and thy fesauntys also, and, wrech as thou art, pyke the out of my howse, for I wyll none of thy gyft how [*something lost here*] Skelton than, consydereinge that the bysshoppe called hym fole so ofte, sayd to one of hys famylyers thereby, that thoughe it were euyll to be christened a fole, yet it was moche worse to be confyrmyd a fole of suche a bysshoppe, for the name of confyrmacyon muste nedes abyde. Therefore he ymagened howe he myghte auoyde that confyrmacyon, and mused a whyle, and at the laste sayde to the bysshope thus, If your lordeshype knewe the names of these fesantes, ye wold [be] contente to take them. Why, caytefe, quod the bisshoppe hastily and angrey, [what] be theyr names? Ywys, my lorde, quod Skelton, this fesante is called Alpha, which is, in primys the fyrst, and this is called O, that is, novissimus the last; and for the more playne vnderstandyng of my mynde, if it plesse your lordeshype to take them, I promyse you, this Alpha is the fyrste that euer I gaue you, and this O is the laste that euer I wyll gyue you whyle I lyue. At which answeare all that were by made great laughter, and they all de[sired the bisshoppe] to be good lorde vnto him for his merye conceytes: at which [earnest entrey, as it] wente, the bysshope was contente to take hym vnto his fauer agayne.

By thys tale ye may se that mery conceytes dothe [a man more] good than to frete hymselfe with a[nger] and melancholy."

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From *Tales, and quicke answeres, very mery, and pleasant to rede.* 4to. n.d., printed by Thomas Berthelet. (See Singer's reprint, p. 9.)

"Of the beggers answeare to M. Skelton the poete. xiii.

A POURE begger, that was foule, blacke, and lothlye to beholde, cam vpon a tyme vnto mayster Skelton the poete, and asked him his almes. To whom mayster Skelton sayde, I praye the gette the awaye fro me, for thou lokeste as though thou camest out of helle. The poure man, perceyuing he wolde gyue him no thyng,

answerd, For soth, syr, ye say trowth; I came oute of helle.  
Why dyddest thou nat tary styl there? quod mayster Skelton.  
Mary, syr, quod the begger, there is no roume for suche poure  
beggers as I am; all is kepte for suche gentyl men as ye be."

Prefixed to *Pithy pleasaunt and profitable workes of maister Skelton,  
Poete Laureate. Nowe collected and newly published. Anno  
1568. 12mo.*

" IF slouth and tract of time  
    (That wears eche thing away)  
Should rust and canker worthy artes,  
    Good works would soen decay.  
If suche as present are  
    Forgoeth the people past,  
Our selu[e]s should soen in silence slepe,  
    And loes renom at last.  
No soyll nor land so rude  
    But som odd men can shoe:  
Than should the learned pas unknowne,  
    Whoes pen & skill did floe?  
God sheeld our slouth<sup>1</sup> wear sutch,  
    Or world so simple nowe,  
That knowledge scaept without reward,  
    Who sercheth vertue throwe,  
And paints forth vyce aright,  
    And blames abues of men,  
And shoes what lief desarues rebuke,  
    And who the prayes of pen.  
You see howe forrayn realms  
    Aduance their poets all;  
And ours are drowned in the dust,  
    Or flong against the wall.  
In Fraunce did Marrot raigne;  
    And neighbour thear vnto  
Was Petrark, marching full with Dantte,  
    Who erst did wonders do;

<sup>1</sup> *slouth*] Old ed. "sloulth."

Among the noble Grekes  
 Was Homere full of skill ;  
 And where that Ouid norisht was  
 The soyll did florish still  
 With letters hie of style ;  
 But Virgill wan the fraes,<sup>1</sup>  
 And past them all for deep engyen,  
 And made them all to gaes  
 Upon the bookes he made :  
 Thus eche of them, you see,  
 Wan prayse and fame, and honor had,  
 Eche one in their degree.  
 I pray you, then, my friendes,  
 Disdaine not for to vewe  
 The workes and sugred verses fine  
 Of our raer poetes newe ;  
 Whoes barborus language rued  
 Perhaps ye may mislike ;  
 But blame them not that ruedly playes  
 If they the ball do strike,  
 Nor skorne not mother tunge,  
 O babes of Englishe breed !  
 I haue of other language seen,  
 And you at full may reed  
 Fine verses trimly wrought,  
 And coutcht in comly sort ;  
 But neuer I nor you, I troe,  
 In sentence plaine and short  
 Did yet beholde with eye,  
 In any forraine tonge,  
 A higher verse, a staetly[er] style,  
 That may be read or song,  
 Than is this daye indeede  
 Our Englishe verse and ryme,  
 The grace wherof doth touch y<sup>e</sup> gods,  
 And reach the cloudes sometime.

<sup>1</sup> *fraes*] i. e. phrase.—In the *Muses Library*, 1737, p. 138, this word is altered to “ bayes.”

Thorow earth and waters deepe  
     The pen by skill doth passe,  
 And featly nyps the worldes abuse,  
     And shoes vs in a glasse  
 The vertu and the vice  
     Of eury wyght alyue :  
 The hony combe that bee doth make  
     Is not so sweete in hyue  
 As are the golden leues  
     That drops from poets head,  
 Which doth surmount our common talke  
     As farre as dros doth lead :  
 The flowre is sifted cleane,  
     The bran is cast aside,  
 And so good corne is knowen from chaffe,  
     And each fine graine is spide.  
 Peers Plowman was full plaine,  
     And Chausers spreet was great ;  
 Earle Surry had a goodly vayne ;  
     Lord Vaus the marke did beat,  
 And Phaer did hit the pricke  
     In thinges he did translate,  
 And Edwards had a special gift ;  
     And diuers men of late  
 Hath helpt our Englishe toung,  
     That first was baes and brute :—  
 Ohe, shall I leaue out Skeltons name,  
     The blossome of my frute,  
 The tree wheron indeed  
     My branchis all might groe ?  
 Nay, Skelton wore the lawrell wreath,  
     And past in schoels, ye knoe ;  
 A poet for his arte,  
     Whoes iudgment suer was hie,  
 And had great practies of the pen,  
     His works they will not lie ;  
 His terms to taunts did lean,  
     His talke was as he wraet,

Full quick of witte, right sharp of words,  
 And skilfull of the staet ;  
 Of reason riep and good,  
 And to the haetfull mynd,  
 That did disdain his doings still,  
 A skornar of his kynd ;  
 Most pleasant euery way,  
 As poets ought to be,  
 And seldom out of princis grace,  
 And great with eche degre.  
 Thus haue you heard at full  
 What Skelton was indeed ;  
 A further knowledge shall you haue,  
 If you his bookes do reed.  
 I haue of meer good will  
 Theas verses written heer,  
 To honour vertue as I ought,  
 And make his fame apeer,  
 That whan the garland gay  
 Of lawrel leaues but laet :  
 Small is my pain, great is his prayes,  
 That thus sutch honour gaet.

*Finis quod Churchyarde."*

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From *Johannis Parkhrsti Ludicra siue Epigrammata Juuenilia.*  
 1573, 4to.

“ De Skeltono vate & sacerdote.

SKELTONUS grauidam reddebat forte puellam,  
 Insigni forma quæ peperit puerum.  
 Illico multorum fama hæc pervenit ad aures,  
 Esse patrem nato sacrificum puero.  
 Skeltonum facti non pœnitet aut pudet ; ædes  
 Ad sacras festo sed venit ipse die :  
 Pulpita conscendit facturus verba popello ;  
 Inque hæc prorupit dicta vir ille bonus ;

Quid vos, O scurræ, capit admiratio tanta?  
 Non sunt eunuchi, credite, sacrifici:  
 O stolidi, vitulum num me genuisse putatis?  
 Non genui vitulum, sed lepidum puerum;  
 Sique meis verbis non creditis, en puer, inquit;  
 Atque e suggesto protulit, ac abiit."

p. 103.

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From *A Treatise Against Judicial Astrologie. Dedicated to the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Egerton Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seale, and one of her Maiesties most honorable priuie Councill. Written by John Chamber, one of the Prebendaries of her Maiesties free Chappell of Windsor, and Fellow of Eaton College.* 1601. 4to.

"Not much vnlike to merrie Skelton, who thrust his wife out at the doore, and receiued her in againe at the window. The storie is well known how the bishop had charged him to thrust his wife out of the doore: but that which was but a meriment in Skelton," &c. p. 99.

"So that the leape yeare, for any thing I see, might well vse the defence of merie Skelton, who being a priest, and hauing a child by his wife, euerie one cryed out, Oh, Skelton hath a child, fie on him, &c. Their mouthes at that time he could not stop: but on a holy day, in a mery mood, he brought the child to church with him, and in the pulpit stript it naked, and held it out, saying, See this child: is it not a pretie child, as other children be, euen as any of yours? hath it not legs, armes, head, feet, limbes, proportioned euerie way as it shuld be? If Skelton had begot a monster, as a calfe, or such like, what a life should poore Skelton haue had then? So we say for the leape yeare, if it had changed the nature of things, as it is charged, how should it haue done then to defende itselfe?" p. 113.

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From *The Life of Long Meg of Westminster: containing the mad merry pranks she played in her life time, not onely in performing sundry quarrels with diuers ruffians about London: But also how valiantly she behaued her selfe in the warres of Bolloingne.* 1635. 4to. (Of this tract there is said to have been a much earlier edition. I quote from the reprint in *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, 1816.)

“ CHAP. II.

Containing how he [the carrier] placed her in Westminster, and what shee did at her placing.

AFTER the carrier had set vp his horse, and dispatcht his lading, hee remembred his oath, and therefore bethought him how he might place these three maides: with that hee called to minde that the mistresse at the Eagle in Westminster had spoken diuers times to him for a seruant; he with his carriage passed ouer the fields to her house, where he found her sitting and drinking with a Spanish knight called sir James of Castile, doctor Skelton, and Will Sommers; told her how hee had brought vp to London three Lancashire lasses, and seeing she was oft desirous to haue a maid, now she should take her choyce which of them she would haue. Marry, quoth shee (being a very merry and a pleasant woman), carrier, thou commest in good time; for not onely I want a maid, but heere bee three gentlemen that shall giue me their opinions, which of them I shall haue. With that the maids were bidden come in, and she intreated them to giue their verdict. Streight as soone as they saw Long Meg, they began to smile; and doctor Skelton in his mad merry veine, blessing himselfe, began thus:

*Domine, Domine, vnde hoc?*  
 What is she in the gray cassock?  
 Me thinkes she is of a large length,  
 Of a tall pitch, and a good strength,  
 With strong armes and stiffe bones;  
 This is a wench for the nones:  
 Her lookes are bonny and blithe,  
 She seemes neither lither nor lithe,  
 But young of age,  
 And of a merry visage,  
 Neither beastly nor bowsie,  
 Sleepy nor drowsie,

But faire fac'd and of a good size ;  
 Therefore, hostesse, if you be wise,  
 Once be ruled by me,  
 Take this wench to thee ;  
 For this is plaine,  
 Shee'l doe more worke than these twaine :  
 I tell thee, hostesse, I doe not mocke ;  
 Take her in the gray cassocke.

What is your opinion? quoth the hostesse to sir James of Castile. Question with her, quoth he, what she can do, and then Ile giue you mine opinion: and yet first, hostesse, aske Will Sommers opinion. Will smiled, and swore that his hostesse should not haue her, but king Harry should buy her. Why so, Will? quoth doctor Skelton. Because, quoth Will Sommers, that she shall be kept for breed; for if the king would marry her to long Sanders of the court, they would bring forth none but souldiers. Well, the hostesse demanded what her name was. Margaret, forsooth, quoth she. And what worke can you doe? Faith, little, mistresse, quoth she, but handy labour, as to wash and wring, to make cleane a house, to brew, bake, or any such drudgery: for my needle, to that I haue beene little vsed to. Thou art, quoth the hostesse, a good lusty wench, and therefore I like thee the better: I haue here a great charge, for I keepe a victualling house, and diuers times there come in swaggering fellowes, that, when they haue eat and dranke, will not pay what they call for: yet if thou take the charge of my drinke, I must be answered out of your wages. Content, mistresse, quoth she; for while I serue you, if any stale cutter comes in, and thinkes to pay the shot with swearing, hey, gogs wounds, let me alone! Ile not onely (if his clothes be worth it) make him pay ere hee passe, but lend him as many bats as his crag will carry, and then throw him out of doores. At this they all smiled. Nay, mistresse, quoth the carrier, 'tis true, for my poore pilch here is able with a paire of blew shoulders to sweare as much; and with that he told them how she had vsed him at her comming to London. I cannot thinke, quoth sir James of Castile, that she is so strong. Try her, quoth Skelton, for I haue heard that Spaniards are of wonderfull strength. Sir James in a brauery would needs make



experience, and therefore askt the maide if she durst change a box on the care with him. I, sir, quoth she, that I dare, if my mistresse will giue me leaue. Yes, Meg, quoth she; doe thy best. And with that it was a question who should stand first: Marry, that I will, sir, quoth she; and so stood to abide sir James his blow; who, forcing himselfe with all his might, gaue her such a box that she could scarcely stand, yet shee stirred no more than a post. Then sir James he stood, and the hostesse willed her not spare her strength. No, quoth Skelton; and if she fell him downe, Ile giue her a paire of new hose and shoone. Mistresse, quoth Meg (and with that she strooke vp her sleeue), here is a foule fist, and it hath past much drudgery, but, trust me, I thinke it will giue a good blow: and with that she raught at him so strongly, that downe fell sir James at her feet. By my faith, quoth Will Sommers, she strikes a blow like an oxe, for she hath strooke down an asse. At this they all laught. Sir James was ashamed, and Meg was entertained into seruice."

“ CHAP. IV.

Containing the merry skirmish that was betweene her and sir James of Castile, a Spanish knight, and what was the end of their combat.

There was a great suter to Meg's mistresse, called sir James of Castile, to winne her loue: but her affection was set on doctor Skelton; so that sir James could get no grant of any fauour. Whereupon he swore, if hee knew who were her paramour, hee would runne him thorow with his rapier. The mistresse (who had a great delight to bee pleasant) made a match betweene her and Long Meg, that she should goe drest in gentlemans apparell, and with her sword and buckler goe and meet sir James in Saint Georges field[s]; if she beat him, she should for her labour haue a new petticote. Let me alone, quoth Meg; the deuill take me if I lose a petticote. And with that her mistris deliuered her a suit of white sattin, that was one of the guards that lay at her house. Meg put it on, and tooke her whinyard by her side, and away she went into Saint Georges fields to meet sir James. Presently after came sir James, and found his mistris very melancholy, as women haue faces that are fit for all fancies. What aile you, sweetheart? quoth he; tell me; hath any man wronged you? if

he hath, be he the proudest champion in London, Ile haue him by the eares, and teach him to know, sir James of Castile can chastise whom he list. Now, quoth she, shall I know if you loue me: a squaring long knaue, in a white sattin doublet, hath this day monstrously misused me in words, and I haue no body to reuenge it; and in a brauery went out of doores, and bad the proudest champion I had come into Saint Georges fields and quit my wrong, if they durst: now, sir James, if euer you loued mee, learne the knaue to know how he hath wronged me, and I will grant whatsoever you will request at my hands. Marry, that I will, quoth he; and for that you may see how I will vse the knaue, goe with me, you and master doctor Skelton, and be eye-witnesses of my manhood. To this they agreed; and all three went into Saint Georges fields, where Long Meg was walking by the wind-mils. Yonder, quoth she, walkes the villain that abused me. Follow me, hostesse, quoth sir James; Ile goe to him. As soone as hee drew nigh, Meg began to settle herselfe, and so did sir James: but Meg past on as though she would haue gone by. Nay, sirrah, stay, quoth sir James; you and I part not so, we must haue a bout ere we passe; for I am this gentlewomans champion, and flatly for her sake will haue you by the eares. Meg replied not a word; but only out with her sword: and to it they went. At the first bout Meg hit him on the hand, and hurt him a little, but endangered him diuers times, and made him giue ground, following so hotly, that shee strucke sir James' weapon out of his hand; then when she saw him disarm'd, shee stept within him, and, drawing her ponyard, swore all the world should not saue him. Oh, saue mee, sir! quoth hee; I am a knight, and 'tis but for a womans matter; spill not my blood. Wert thou twenty knights, quoth Meg, and were the king himselfe heere, hee should not saue thy life, vnlesse thou grant mee one thing. Whatsoever it bee, quoth sir James. Marry, quoth shee, that is, that this night thou wait on my trencher at supper at this womans house; and when supper is done, then confesse me to be thy better at weapon in any ground in England. I will do it, sir, quoth he, as I am a true knight. With this they departed, and sir James went home with his hostesse sorrowfull and ashamed, swearing that his adversary was the stoutest man in England. Well, supper was prouided,

and sir Thomas Moore and diuers other gentlemen bidden thither by Skeltons means, to make vp the jest; which when sir James saw inuited, hee put a good face on the matter, and thought to make a slight matter of it, and therefore beforehand told sir Thomas Moore what had befallen him, how entring in a quarrell of his hostesse, hee fought with a desperate gentleman of the court, who had foiled him, and giuen him in charge to wait on his trencher that night. Sir Thomas Moore answered sir James, that it was no dishonour to be foyled by a gentleman [of England?], sith Cæsar himselfe was beaten backe by their valour. As thus they were discanting of the valour of Englishmen, in came Meg marching in her mans attire: euen as shee entered in at the doore, This, sir Thomas Moore, quoth sir James, is that English gentleman whose prowess I so highly commend, and to whom in all valour I account myselfe so inferiour. And, sir, quoth shee, pulling off her hat, and her haire falling about her eares, hee that so hurt him to day is none other but Long Meg of Westminster; and so you are all welcome. At this all the company fell in a great laughing, and sir James was amazed that a woman should so wap him in a whinyard: well, hee as the rest was faine to laugh at the matter, and all that supper time to wait on her trencher, who had leaue of her mistris that shee might be master of the feast; where with a good laughter they made good cheere, sir James playing the proper page, and Meg sitting in her maiesty. Thus was sir James disgraced for his loue, and Meg after counted for a proper woman."

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*Scogan and Skelton*, 1600, a play by Richard Hathwaye and William Rankins, is mentioned in Henslowe's MSS.: see Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell), iii. 324.

Notices of Skelton may also be found in:—

*A Dialogue bothe pleasaunt and pietifull, wherein is a godlie regiment against the Feuer Pestilence, with a consolation and comforte againste death. Newlie corrected by William Bullein, the authour thereof.* 1573, 8vo. Of this piece I have seen only the above ed.: but it appeared originally in 1564. It contains no-

tices of several poets, introduced by way of interlude or diversion in the midst of a serious dialogue; and (at p. 17) Skelton is described as sitting "in the corner of a Piller, with a frostie bitten face, frownyng," and "wrytyng many a sharpe Disticons" against Wolsey—

" How the Cardinall came of nought,  
And his Prelacie solde and bought," &c.

(15 verses chiefly made up from Skelton's works).—*The Rewarde of Wickednesse, discoursing the sundrye monstrous abuses of wicked and vngodly Wordelings, &c. Newly compiled by Richard Robinson, seruaunt in householde to the right honorable Earle of Shrewsbury, &c.* 4to, n.d. (The Address to the Reader dated 1574), at sig. Q 2.—*A Discourse of English Poetrie, &c., By William Webbe, Graduate,* 1586, 4to, at sig. c iii.—*The Arte of English Poesie, &c.* (attributed to one Puttenham: but see D'Israeli's *Amen. of Lit.* ii. 278, sqq.), 1589, 4to, at pp. 48, 50, 69.—*Fovre Letters, and certaine Sonnets: Especially touching Robert Greene, &c.* (by Gabriell Harvey), 1592, 4to, at p. 7.—*Pierces Supererogation or a New Prayse of the Old Asse, &c.* [by] *Gabriell Haruey*, 1593, 4to, at p. 75.—*Palladis Tamia. Wits Treasvry Being the Second part of Wits Commonwealth. By Francis Meres, &c.,* 1598, 12mo, at p. 279.—*Virgidemiarvm. The three last Bookes. Of byting Satyres* (by Joseph Hall), 1598, 12mo, at p. 83.—*The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington, Afterward called Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde, &c.* (by Anthony Munday), 1601, 4to. In this play, which is supposed to be a rehearsal previous to its performance before Henry the Eighth, Skelton acts the part of Friar Tuck.—In *The Death of Robert, Earle of Hvntington, &c.* (by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle), 1601, 4to, which forms a Second Part to the drama just described, Skelton, though his name is not mentioned throughout it, is still supposed to act the Friar.—*Miscellanea*, written out by "Joñnes Mauritius" between 1604 and 1605—*MS. Reg. 12. B. v.*—contains (at fol. 14), and attributes to Skelton, a well-known indelicate *jeu d'esprit*.—*Pimlyco, or Runne Red-Cap. Tis a mad world at Hogsdon,* 1609, 4to. Besides a notice of Skelton, this poem contains two long quotations from his *Elynour Rummyng*.—*Cornu-copiæ. Pasquils Night-Cap: Or Antidot for the Head-ache* (by Samuel Rowlands), 1612, 4to,

at sig. O 2 and sig. Q 3. The second notice of Skelton in this poem is as follows ;

“ And such a wondrous troupe the Hornpipe treads,  
 One cannot passe another for their heads,  
 That shortly we shall haue (*as Skelton iests*)  
 A greater sort of horned men than beasts :”

but I recollect nothing in his works to which the allusion can be applied.—*An Halfe-pennyworth of Wit, in a Penny-worth of Paper. Or, The Hermites Tale. The third Impression.* 1613, 4to. At p. 16 of this poem is a tale said to be “ in Skeltons rime ”—to which, however, it bears no resemblance.—*The Shepherds Pipe* (by Browne and Withers), 1614, 12mo, in Eglogue i., at sig. C 7.—*Hypercritica ; or A Rule of Judgment for writing, or reading our History’s, &c.* By Edmund Bolton, Author of *Nero Cæsar* (published by Dr. Anthony Hall together with *Nicolai Triveti Annalium Continuatio, &c.*), 1722, 8vo, at p. 235. At what period Bolton wrote this treatise is uncertain: he probably completed it about 1618; see Haslewood’s Preface to *Anc. Crit. Essays, &c.* ii. xvi.—*Poems : By Michael Drayton Esquire*, n.d. folio, at p. 283.—*The Golden Fleece Divided into three Parts, &c., by Orpheus Junior* [Sir William Vaughan], 1626, 4to, at pp. 83, 88, 93, of the Third Part. In this piece “ Scogin and Skelton ” figure as “ the chiefe Aduocates for the Dogrel Rimers by the procurement of Zoilus, Momus, and others of the Popish Sect.”—*The Fortunate Isles, and their Union. Celebrated in a Masque designed for the Court, on the Twelfth-night*, 1626, by Ben Jonson. In this masque are introduced “ Skogan and Skelton, in like habits as they lived :” see Jonson’s *Works*, viii. ed. Gifford: see also his *Tale of a Tub* (licensed 1633), *Works*, vi. 231.—*Wit and Fancy In a Maze. Or the Incomparable Champion of Love and Beautie. A Mock-Romance, &c. Written originally in the British Tongue, and made English by a person of much Honor. Si foret in terris rideret Democritus.*<sup>1</sup> 1656, 12mo. In this romance (p. 101) we are told that “ [In

<sup>1</sup> Such is the title-page of the copy now before me: but some copies (see *Restituta*, iv. 196) are entitled *Don Zara del Fogo, &c.* 1656; and others *Romancio-Mastix, or a Romance of Romances, &c.* By Samuel Holland. *Gent.* 1660.

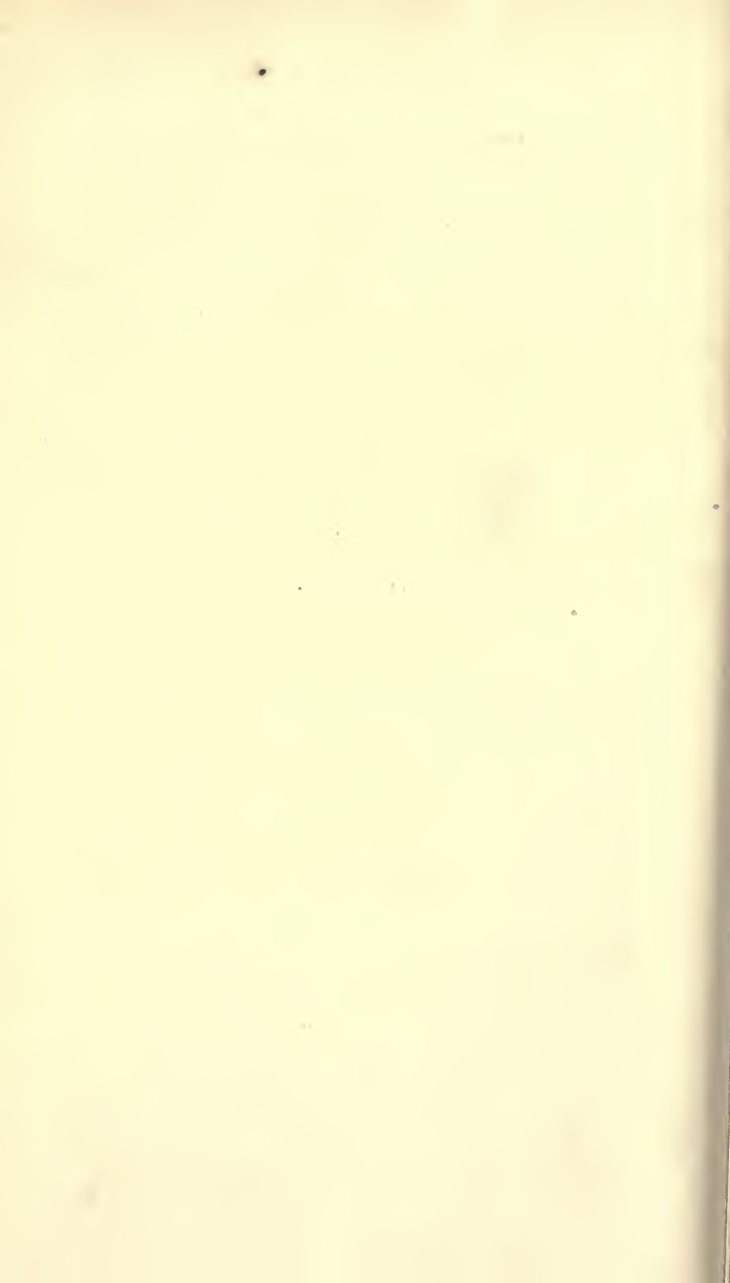
Elysium] the Brittish Bards (forsooth) were also ingaged in quarrel for Superiority; and who think you threw the Apple of Discord amongst them, but Ben Johnson, who had openly vaunted himself the first and best of English Poets . . . . . *Skelton*, Gower, and the Monk of Bury were at Daggers-drawing for Chawcer:" and a marginal note on " Skelton " informs us that he was " Henry 4. his Poet Lawreat, who wrote disguises for the young Princes"!

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APPENDIX II.

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LIST OF EDITIONS, &c.





## LIST OF EDITIONS, &c.

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*Here begynneth a lytell treatyse named the bowge of courte.*

Colophon,

*Thus endeth the Bowge of courte. Enprynted at Westmynster  
By me Wynkyn the Worde. 4to, n.d.*

On the title-page is a woodcut of a fox and a bear.

*Here begynneth a lytell treatyse named the bowge of courte.*

Colophon,

*Thus endeth the Bowge of courte Enprynted at London By  
Wynken de Worde in flete strete, at the sygne of the sonne. 4to,  
n.d.*

On the title-page is a woodcut of three men and a woman.

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*Here folowythe dyuers Balettys and dyties solacyous deuysyd by  
Master Skelton Laureat.*

Colophon, *Cum priuilegio.*

4to, n.d., and without printer's name, but evidently from the  
press of Pynson. (Consisting of 4 leaves.)

On the title-page is a woodcut representing Skelton seated  
in his study, crowned with a laurel wreath, and over his head,  
"Arboris omne genus viridi concedite lauro" (see *Memoir*,  
p. xlvi. note).

It contains —

The ballad, "My darlyng dere, my daysy floure," &c.

The verses, "The auncient acquaintance, madam, betwen vs  
twayne," &c.

The verses, "Knolege, acquayntance, resort, fauour with  
grace," &c.

The Latin verses, "Cuncta licet cecidisse putas," &c., with  
an English translation, "Though ye suppose," &c.

The verses, "Go, pytyous hart, rasyd with dedly wo," &c.

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*Skelton Laureate agaynste a comely Coystrowne that curyowsly chawntyd And curryshly cowntred, And madly in hys Musykkys mokkyshly made, Agaynste the .ix. Musys of polytyke Poems & Poettys matryculat.*

Colophon, *Cum priuilegio.*

4to, n.d., and without printer's name, but evidently from the press of Pynson. (Consisting of 4 leaves.)

On the title-page is a woodcut, the same as in the last mentioned tract, but with a different border.

It contains—

The verses mentioned in the title-page.

“*Contra aliū Cātītātē & Organisantē Asinum, qui impugnat Skeltonida pierium Sarcasmos.*”

“*Skelton Laureat uppon a deedmans hed y<sup>t</sup> was sent to hym from an honorable Jētyllwoman for a token Deuysyd this gostly medytacyon in Englysh Couenable in sentence Comēdable, Lamētable, Lacrymable, Profytable for the soule.*”

The verses, “*Womanhod, wanton, ye want,*” &c.

*Honorificatissimo, Amplissimo, longeque reuerendissimo in Christo patri: Ac domino, domino Thomæ &c. Tituli sanctæ Ceciliae, sacrosanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ presbytero Cardinali meritissimo, et Apostolicæ sedis legato. A latereque legato superillustri &c. Skeltonis laureatus Ora, reg. Humillimum, dicit obsequium cum omni debita reuerentia, tanto tamque magnifico digna principe sacerdotum, totiusque iustitiæ equabilissimo moderatore. Necnon presentis opusculi fautore excellentissimo &c. Ad cuius auspiciatissimam contemplationem, sub memorabili prelo gloriose immortalitatis presens pagella felicitatur &c.*

*A replicacion agaynst certayne yong scolers, abiured of late &c.*

*Argumentum.*

*Crassantes nimium, Nimum sterilesque labruscas  
(Vinea quas domini sabaot non sustinet ultra  
Laxius expandi) nostra est resecare uoluntas.*

*Cum priuilegio a rege indulto.*

Colophon,

*Thus endeth the Replicacyon of Skel. L. &c. Imprinted by Richard Pynson, printer to the kynges most noble grace. 4to, n.d.*

*A ryght delectable tratyse vpon a goodly Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell by mayster Skelton Poete laureat studyously dyuysed at Sheryfhotton Castell. In y<sup>e</sup> foreste of galtres, wher in ar cōprysyde many & dyuers solacyons & ryght pregnant allectyues of syngular pleasure, as more at large it doth apere in y<sup>e</sup> proces folowyng.*

Colophon,

*Here endith a ryght delectable tratyse vpon a goodly garlonde or chapelet of laurell dyuysed by mayster Skelton Poete laureat.*

*Inpryntyd by me Rycharde faukes dwellydyg [sic] in durā rent or els in Powlis chyrche yarde at the sygne of the A. B. C. The yere of our lorde god .M.CCCCC.XXIII. The .iii. day of Octobre, 4to.*

On the title-page is a woodcut representing Skelton seated in his study, and on the reverse of the title-page a woodcut (copied from a French print—see *Memoir*, p. xlvii. note),—a whole-length figure of a man holding a branch in one hand and a flower in the other,—having at top the words “Skelton Poeta,” and at bottom the following verses;

*Eterno mansura die dum sidera fulgent*

*Equora dumq; tument hec laurea nostra virebit.*

*Hinc nostrum celebre et nomē referetur ad astra*

*Vndiq; Skeltonis memorabitur altera donis [alter Adonis].*

On the reverse of A ii. are small woodcuts of “The quene of Fame” and “Dame Pallas.” After the colophon is the device of the printer, “Richard Fakes.”

*Magnyfycence, A goodly interlude and a mery deuysed and made by mayster Skelton poet laureate late deceasyd.*

Colophon,

*Cum priuilegio.*

folio, n.d., and without printer’s name.

In a note, vol. i. 225, I have (following Ritson and others) stated positively that this ed. was “printed by Rastell:” I ought to have said, that in all probability it was from Rastell’s press.

*Here after foloweth the boke of Phyllyp Sparowe compyled by mayster Skelton Poete Laureate.*

Colophon,

*Prynted at London at the poultry by Rychard Kele.*

12mo, n.d. On reverse of the last leaf is a woodcut representing Phyllyp Sparowe's tomb.

An edition by Kele, 4to, n.d., is mentioned in *Typogr. Antiq.* iv. 305, ed. Dibdin: but qy.?

*Here after foloweth a litle booke of Phyllyp Sparow, compiled by Mayster Skeltō Poete Laureate.*

Colophon,

*Imprynted at London in paules churche yerde by Robert Toy.*

12mo, n.d. On reverse of the last leaf is the same woodcut as in the ed. last described.

*Here after foloweth a litle boke of Phillip sparow. Compyled by mayster Skelton Poete Laureate.*

Colophon,

*Imprinted at London in poules churchyard, at the sygne of the Sunne, by Antony Kitson.*

Colophon in some copies,

*Imprinted at London in poules churchyard at the sygne of the Lamb, by Abraham Weale [sic].*

Colophon in some other copies,

*Imprinted at London in Foster-lane by Ihon Walley.*

12mo, n.d.

An edition *Imprinted at London in paules churche yerde by John Wyght*, with a woodcut of "Phyllyp Sparowes tomb" on the last page, is mentioned in *Typogr. Antiq.* iv. 379. ed. Dibdin.

*Here after foloweth certaine bokes cōpyled by mayster Skeltō, Poet Laureat, whose names here after shall appere.*

*Speake Parot.*

*The death of the noble Prynce Kynge Edwarde the fourth.*

*A treatyse of the Scottes.*

*Ware the Hawke.*

*The Tunnyng of Elynoure Rummyng.*

Colophon,

*Thus endeth these lytle workes compyled by maister Skelton Poet Laureat.*

*Imprynted at London, in Crede Lane, by John Kyng and Thomas Marche.*

12mo, n.d.

*Heare after foloweth certain bokes Compiled by Master Skelton, Poet Laureat, whose names here after doth appere.*

(Enumeration of pieces as above.)

*Imprynted at London by Ihon Day.*

Colophon,

*Thus endeth these litle works compiled by maister Skelton Poet Laureat.*

12mo, n.d.

*Here after foloweth certayne bokes, cōpyled by mayster Skelton, Poet Laureat, whose names here after shall appere.*

(Enumeration of pieces as above.)

*Printed at London by Richard Lant, for Henry Tab, dwelling in Pauls churchyard, at the sygne of Judith.*

Colophon,

*Thus endethe these lytell workes compyled by mayster Skelton Poet Laureat. And prynted by Richard Lant, for Henry Tab, dwellyng in Poules churche yard at the sygne of Judith.*

12mo, n.d. On the fly-leaf of the copy which I used, but perhaps not belonging to it, was pasted a woodcut representing the author, with the words "Skelton Poet" (copied from Pynson's ed. of *Dyuers Balettys*, &c., and the same as that on the reverse of the last leaf of Kele's ed. of *Why come ye nat to Courte*).

An edition printed for *W. Bonham*, 1547, 12mo, is mentioned by Warton, *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 336 (note), ed. 4to.

The various editions of these "certaine bokes" contain, besides the pieces specified on the title-page, the following poems—

"All noble men, of this take hede," &c. [prefixed to the eds. of *Why come ye nat to Courte*.]

"Howe euery thing must haue a tyme."

"Prayer to the Father of Heauen."

"To the seconde Person."

"To the Holy Ghost."

*Here after foloweth a litel boke called Colyn Cloute compyled by mayster Skelton poete Laureate.*

*Quis cōsurgat mecū adversus malignantes, aut quis stabit mecū adversus operantes iniquitatem. Nemo domine.*

Colophon,

*Imprinted at London by me Rycharde Kele dwellyng in the powltry at the long shop vnder saynt Myldredes chyrche.*

12mo, n.d.

An edition by Kele, 4to, n.d., is mentioned in *Typogr. Antiq.* iv. 305. ed. Dibdin: but qy.?

*Here after foloweth a litle booke called Colyn Clout compiled by master Skelton Poete Laureate.*

*Quis cōsurgat, &c. (as above.)*

Colophon,

*Imprinted at London in Paules Churche yarde at the Sygne of the Rose by Iohn Wyghte.*

12mo, n.d.

*Here after foloweth a litle boke called Colyn Clout compiled by master Skelton Poete Laureate.*

*Quis consurgat, &c. (as above.)*

Colophon,

*Imprynted at London in Paules Churche yarde at the Sygne of the Sunne by Anthony Kytson.*

Colophon in some copies,

*Imprynted at London in Paules Churche yarde at the Sygne of the Lambe by Abraham Veale.*

12mo, n.d.

An edition *Imprynted at London* by — [Thomas Godfray]. *Cum priuilegio regali*, is mentioned in *Typogr. Antiq.* iii. 71. ed. Dibdin.

*Here after foloweth a lytell boke, whiche hath to name, Why come ye nat to courte, compyled by mayster Skelton poete Laureate.*

Colophon,

*Imprinted at london by me Richard kele dwellig in the powltry at the longe shop vnder saynt myldredes chyrch.*

12mo, n.d. On the reverse of the title-page is a woodcut representing two figures, one of them perhaps meant for Wolsey,

the other headed " Skelton ;" and on the reverse of the last leaf is a woodcut (copied from Pynson's ed. of *Dyuers Balettys*, &c.) with the words " Skylton poyet."

An edition by Kele, 4to, n.d., is mentioned in *Typogr. Antiq.* iv. 305. ed. Dibdin: but qy.?

*Here after foloweth a little booke, whiche hath to name Whi come ye not to courte, compiled by mayster Skeltō Poete Laureate.*

Colophon,

*Imprynted at London in Paules churche yarde at the Sygne of the Rose by John Wyght.*

12mo, n.d. On the reverse of the title-page is a woodcut, which I am unable to describe, because in the copy used by me it was much damaged as well as pasted over.

*Here after foloweth a litle boke whyche hathe to name, whye come ye not to Courte. Compyled by mayster Skelton Poete Laureate.*

Colophon,

*Imprynted at London in Poules church yard at the syne of the sunne by Anthony Kytson.*

Colophon in some copies,

*Imprynted at London in Poules church yard at the syne of the Lamb by Abraham Veale.*

Colophon in some other copies,

*Imprynted at London in Foster lane by John Wallye.*

12mo, n.d.

An edition, *Imprynted at London, in Paules church yarde at the Sygne of the Bell by Robert Toy*, is mentioned in *Typogr. Antiq.* iii. 576. ed. Dibdin.

*Pithy pleasaunt and profitable workes of maister Skelton, Poete Laureate. Nowe collected and newly published. Anno 1568. Imprinted at London in Fletestreate, neare vnto saint Dunstones church by Thomas Marshe.* 12mo.

On the reverse of the title-page are the Latin lines, " Salve, plus decies," &c. (see vol. i. 177); next, Churchyard's verses, " If slouth and tract of time," &c. (see Appendix I. p. lxxvi.); and then the contents of the volume are thus enumerated;

“*Workes of Skelton newly collected by I. S. as foloweth.*”

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. The crowne of lawrel.   | [Contra alium Cantitatem & Organisantem Asinum, &c.]                      |
| 2. The bouge of court.   |   |
| 3. The duke of Albany.   | 18. Upō a deadmās heed.   |
| 4. Speake parrot.  | 19. To maistris Anne.   |
| 5. Edward the fourth.  | 20. Of thre fooles.   |
| 6. Against the Scottes.  | 21. En parlement a Paris.   |
| [Chorus de Dys contra Scot-<br>tes, &c.                                | 22. Epitaphes of two knaues of<br>dise.                                   |
| Chorus de dis, &c. super<br>triumphali victoria contra<br>gallos, &c.] | [Diligo rustincum, &c.]   |
| 7. Ware the hauke.   | 23. Lamentation for Norwiche.   |
| [Libertas veneranda, &c.<br>All noble men of this take<br>hede, &c.]   | 24. Against y <sup>e</sup> Scottes [i.e. against<br>Dundas].              |
| 8. Howe euery thinge must<br>haue a time.                              | 25. Praise of y <sup>e</sup> palmtre.<br>[Diligo rusticum, &c.]           |
| 9. A prayer to the father of<br>heauen.                                | 26. Bedel quōdā Belial.   |
| 10. To y <sup>e</sup> second person.                                   | 27. The dolorus death of the Lord<br>Percie Erle of Northum-<br>berlande. |
| 11. To the holy ghost.   | [Ad magistrum Rukshaw.]   |
| 12. The tunning of Elinour Rum-<br>ming.                               | 28. Epitaphium Margarete coun-<br>tisse de Derbi.                         |
| 13. The relucēt mirror.  | 29. Epita. Hen. septi.  |
| 14. Why come ye not to court.  | 30. Eulogium pro suorum tem-<br>porum.                                    |
| 15. Colyn Clout.   | 31. A parable by William Cor-<br>nishe in y <sup>e</sup> Fleete.          |
| 16. Philip sparowe.  | 32. Against venemous tongues.   |
| 17. Of a comly Coystrowne.   | 33. Of Calliope.  |

How the very dull poem (31) by William Cornishe came to be inserted in this collection, I know not: but I may just observe that it is found (with a better text) in *MS. Reg. 18. D ii.* where it immediately precedes Skelton's verses on the Death of the Earl of Northumberland.

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“Now syng we, as we were wont,” &c.—in an imperfect volume (or fragments of volumes) of black-letter *Christmas Carolles*,—*Bibliograph. Miscell.* (edited by the Rev. Dr. Bliss), 1813, 4to, p. 48.

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*The Muner of the World now a dayes*—Imprinted at London in Flete Strete at the signe of the Rose Garland by W. Copland, n.d.—known to me only from *Old Ballads*, 1840, edited by Mr. J. P. Collier for the Percy Society.

I now greatly doubt if this copy of verses be by Skelton: see Notes, vol. ii. 199.

Concerning the comparatively modern edition of *Elynour Rumynge*, 1624, 4to (celebrated for the imaginary portrait of Elynour), see Notes, vol. ii. 152 sqq.

Wood mentions as by Skelton (*Ath. Oxon.* i. 52. ed. Bliss)—*Poetical Fancies and Satyrs*, Lond. 1512, oct.

Tanner mentions (*Biblioth.* p. 676)—

*Miseries of England under Henry vii.* Lond. . . . 4to. [Qy. is it the same piece as *Vox Populi, Vox Dei* ?]

Warton mentions (*Hist. of E. P.* ii. 336, note, ed. 4to)—

A collection of Skelton's pieces printed for A. Scollocker, 1582, 12mo.

Bliss mentions (add. to Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* i. 53)—

A collection of Skelton's pieces printed in 12mo by A. Scho-loker, n.d., and

Another by John Wight in 8vo, 1588.

Of Skelton's drama, *The Nigramansir*, the following account is given by Warton:—

“ I cannot quit Skelton, of whom I yet fear too much has been already said, without restoring to the public notice a play, or MORALITY, written by him, not recited in any catalogue of his works, or annals of English typography; and, I believe, at present totally unknown to the antiquarians in this sort of literature. It is, *THE NIGRAMANSIR, a morall ENTERLUDE and a pithie written by Maister SKELTON laureate and plaid before the king and other estatys at Woodstoke on Palme Sunday.* It was printed by Wynkin de Worde in a thin quarto, in the year 1504.<sup>1</sup> It must have

<sup>1</sup> “ My lamented friend Mr. William Collins, whose Odes will be remembered while any taste for true poetry remains, shewed me this piece at Chester, not many months before his death: and he pointed it out as a very

been presented before king Henry the seventh, at the royal manor or palace, at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, now destroyed. The characters are a Necromancer or conjuror, the devil, a notary public, Simonie, and Philargyria or Avarice. It is partly a satire on some abuses in the church; yet not without a due regard to decency, and an apparent respect for the dignity of the audience. The story, or plot, is the tryal of SIMONY and AVARICE: the devil is the judge, and the notary public acts as an assessor or scribe. The prisoners, as we may suppose, are found guilty, and ordered into hell immediately. There is no sort of propriety in calling this play the Necromancer: for the only business and use of this character, is to open the subject in a long prologue, to evoke the devil, and summon the court. The devil kicks the necromancer, for waking him so soon in the morning: a proof that this drama was performed in the morning, perhaps in the chapel of the palace. A variety of measures, with shreds of Latin and French, is used: but the devil speaks in the octave stanza. One of the stage-directions is, *Enter Balsebub with a Berde*. To make him both frightful and ridiculous, the devil was most commonly introduced on the stage wearing a visard with an immense beard. Philargyria quotes Seneca and saint Austin: and Simonie offers the devil a bribe. The devil rejects her offer with much indignation: and swears by the *foule Eumenides*, and the hoary beard of Charon, that she shall be well fried and roasted in the unfathomable sulphur of Cocytus, together with Mahomet, Pontius Pilate, the traitor Judas, and king Herod. The last scene is closed with a view of hell, and a dance between the devil and the necromancer. The dance ended, the devil trips up the necromancer's heels, and disappears in fire and smoke." *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 360. ed. 4to.

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In the *Garlande of Laurell* (vol. i. 408, sqq.) Skelton enumerates many of his compositions which are no longer extant.

rare and valuable curiosity. He intended to write the HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF LEARNING UNDER LEO THE TENTH, and with a view to that design, had collected many scarce books. Some few of these fell into my hands at his death. The rest, among which, I suppose, was this INTERLUDE, were dispersed."

## PIECES ATTRIBUTED TO SKELTON.

*Verses presented to King Henry the Seventh at the feast of St. George celebrated at Windsor in the third year of his reign*—first printed by Ashmole (see vol. ii. 387 of the present work).

*The Epitaffe of the moste noble and valyaunt Jaspas late Duke of Beddeforde*, printed by Pynson, 4to, n.d. (see vol. ii. 388.)

*Elegy on King Henry the Seventh*—an imperfect broadside (see vol. ii. 399).

*Merie Tales Newly Imprinted & made by Master Skelton Poet Laureat. Imprinted at London in Fleetstreet beneath the Conduit at the signe of S. John Euangelist, by Thomas Colwell*, 12mo, n.d. (see the preceding Appendix.) Warton, *Hist. of E. P.* ii. 336 (note), gives the date 1575 to these Tales,—on what authority I know not.

Other pieces might be mentioned.

## MSS.

*Of the death of the noble prince, Kyngedwarde the forth.* In a vol. belonging to Miss Richardson Currer, which has furnished a stanza hitherto unprinted (vol. i. 1).

*Vpon the doulourous dethe and muche lamentable chaunce of the most honorable Erle of Northumberlande.* MS. Reg. 18 D ii. fol. 165 (vol. i. 6).

*Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale.* Fairfax MS.,—Add. MSS. (Brit. Mus.) 5465, fol. 109 (vol. i. 28).

*Poems against Garnesche.* MS. Harl. 367, fol. 101. Now for the first time printed (vol. i. 116).

*“Wofully araid,”* &c. Fairfax MS.,—Add. MSS. 5465, fol. 76 and fol. 86 (Brit. Mus.): and MS. copy in a very old hand on the fly-leaves of *Boetius de Discip. Schol. cum notabili commento, Daventrie*, 1496, 4to (in the collection of the late Mr. Heber), which has supplied several stanzas hitherto unprinted (vol. i. 141).

*“I, liber, et propera, regem tu pronus adora,”* &c. MS. C.C.C.—No. ccccxxxii. of Nasmith’s *Catal.* p. 400 (vol. i. 147).

*“Salve plus decies quam sunt momenta dierum,”* &c. Add. MSS. (Brit. Mus.) 4787, fol. 224 (vol. i. 177).

*Colyn Cloute. MS. Harl. 2252, fol. 147 (vol. i. 311).*—In *MS. Lansdown 762, fol. 75*, is a fragment of this poem, “The profecy of Skelton” (vol. i. 329).

*Garlande of Laurell. MS. Cott. Vit. E X. fol. 200*; very imperfect (vol. i. 361).

*Speke, Parrot. MS. Harl. 2252, fol. 133*, which has supplied much now for the first time printed (vol. ii. 1).

*Diodorus Siculus translated into English [by Skelton poet-laureat]. MS. C.C.C.*—No. ccclvii. of Nasmith’s *Catal.* p. 362.

For the following account of this MS. I am indebted to Mr. Thomas Wright:—

“MS. Corp. Chr. Camb. No. 357.

At the head of the first folio—‘Interpretatio Skeltoni poetæ Laureati,’ written in a different hand from the MS. (by Nasmith said to be by Archb. Parker himself) over something which has been erased, but which seems to have been ‘Prohemye of Poggius.’

At the end of this preface is written in the same hand as MS. ‘Thus endeth the prohemye of Poggius.’ fol. 2 verso.

At fol. 3 begins ‘The prohemy of Diodorus thauctour.’ This ends at fol. 7 thus,—

¶ ‘Now we wyll enforce to begynne our processe historyall. quod Skelton.

¶ Here endeth the prohemy of all the hole processe.’ The words ‘quod Skelton’ are written in rather a different hand, and with different ink, but apparently contemporary. I think it not impossible that they may have been added by the original hand at another time.

It is imperfect at the end: but on a leaf bound up with it is written in a much later hand (perhaps by Parker), ‘Hec charta de industria vacua relicta est, ut occasio daretur juveni in litteris exercitato aggrediendi translationem historiae que hic diminuta est, ut sic humeri sui vires experiatur quid ferre valeant, quidve recusent, tum cognoscet quid hic translator prestiterit, fortassis non ita facile in hoc genere a multis superandus.’”

Tanner (*Biblioth.* p. 676. ed. 1748) mentions the following two pieces as extant in his day among the MSS. of Lincoln Cathedral Library (see *Memoir*, pp. xxi, xxiii.)—

*Methodos Skeltonidis laureati, sc. Præcepta quædam moralia Henrico principi, postea Henr. viii, missa, Dat. apud Eltham A.D. MDI. Principium deest.*

*Carmen ad principem, quando insignitus erat ducis Ebor, titulo. Pr. " Si quid habes, mea Musa."*

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MSS. OF PIECES ATTRIBUTED TO SKELTON.

*Vox Populi, vox Dei. MS. 2567 Cambridge Public Library. MS. Harl. 367. fol. 130 (see vol. ii. 400).*

*The Image of Ipocrysy. MS. Lansdown 794 (see vol. ii. 413).*

Other pieces might be mentioned.

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## APPENDIX III.

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EXTRACTS FROM PIECES WHICH ARE WRITTEN IN, OR  
WHICH CONTAIN EXAMPLES OF, THE METRE CALLED  
SKELTONICAL.





## EXAMPLES

OF

### THE METRE CALLED SKELTONICAL.

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*The Genealogye of Heresy.* Compyled by Ponce Pantolabus. Im-  
prynted at London In Pater noster rowe. At the signe of our  
ladye pytye [some copies, *our fadyr Pyte*] By Johan Redman.  
*Ad imprimendum solum*, 1542: another edition was printed by  
Robert Wyer: vide *Typograph. Antiq.* iii. 59, 182. ed. Dibdin  
(the size of them not mentioned). The author was John Hunt-  
ingdon.

These editions I have not seen: the whole of the tract, however,  
seems to be quoted in *A mysterye of iniquyte containyd within the  
heretycall Genealogye of Ponce Pantolabus, is here both dysclosed &  
confuted* By Johan Bale An. M.D.XLII. 12mo, Geneva, 1545, from  
which I subjoin the following passages:

“ Blynde obstynacye  
Begate heresy, e,  
By a myschaunce,  
Of dame ignoraunce.  
Heresye begate  
Stryfe and debate.  
Debate and ambycyon  
Begate supersticyon.  
Supersticion playne  
Begate disdayne.  
Dysdayne of trowthe  
Begate slowthe.  
Slowthe & sluggyslnessse  
Begate wylfulness.  
Wylfulness, verelye  
Nygh cosyne to heresy,

Begate myschefe,  
 Father of Wyclefe,  
 Which ded bringe inne  
 His grandfather synne.  
 After this brother  
 Came forth an other ;  
 His name to discusse,  
 Menne called him Husse ;  
 He and his cumpanye  
 Began in Germanye.  
 And after that  
 Came in a gnat  
 Of the same kynde,  
 Whose sowle is blynde ;  
 His name you shall here,  
 Menne call him Luthere.  
 He by his meane  
 Hath bannyshed cleane  
 Out of that coste  
 The Holye Ghoste,  
 And hath brought inne  
 Lyberte and synne.  
 Next after him,  
 Is his chefe lym  
 One Melanchtonus,  
*Nequaquam bonus.*  
 Next after this whelpe  
 Came in to helpe  
 One Oecolampadius,  
 With his brother Zuinglius.  
 . . . . .  
 And for this tyme  
 Here endeth my ryme,  
 The Genealogye  
 Of stynkyng heresy :  
 Wherin I requyre  
 And humblye desyre

All menne ywys  
 That shall rede this,  
 Aboue all thinge  
 To praye for our kyng,  
 And the quene also  
 Where so euer she go,  
 And for the sauegarde  
 Of our prince Edwarde,  
 Whom I praye Jesu  
 Longe to contynewe!  
 Amen."

---

From *A pore helpe.*

*The bukler and defence  
 Of mother holy kyrke,  
 And weapē to driue hence  
 Al that against her wircke.*

12mo, without date or printer's name.

" Wyll none in all this lande  
 Step forth, and take in hande  
 These felowes to withstande,  
 In nombre lyke the sande,  
 That with the Gospell melles,  
 And wyll do nothyngel  
 But tratlynge tales telles  
 Agaynst our holy prelacie  
 And holy churches dygnitie,  
 Sayinge it is but papistrie,  
 Yea, fayned and hipocrisy,  
 Erronious and heresy,  
 And taketh theyr auctoritie  
 Out of the holy Euangelie,  
 All customes ceremoniall  
 And rytes ecclesiasticall,  
 Not grounded on Scripture,  
 No longer to endure ?

And thus, ye maye be sure,  
 The people they allure  
 And drawe them from your lore,  
 The whiche wyll greve you sore ;  
 Take hede, I saye, therefore,  
 Your nede was neuer more.  
 But sens ye be so slacke,  
 It greueth me, alacke,  
 To heare behynde your backe  
 Howe they wyll carpe and cracke,  
 And none of you that dare  
 With<sup>1</sup> one of them compare.  
 Yet some there be that are  
 So bolde to shewe theyr ware,  
 And is no priest nor deacon,  
 And yet wyll fyre his becone  
 Agaynst suche fellowes frayle,  
 Make out with tothe and nayle,  
 And hoyste vp meyne sayle,  
 And manfully to fyght,  
 In holy prelates ryght,  
 With penne and ynke and paper,  
 And lyke no triflynge iaper  
 To touche these felowes indede  
 With all expedient spede,  
 And not before it nede :  
 And I indede am he  
 That wayteth for to se  
 Who dare so hardy be  
 To encounter here with me ;  
 I stande here in defence  
 Of some that be far hence,  
 And can both blysse and sence,  
 And also vndertake  
 Ryght holy thynges to make,  
 Yea, God within a cake ;  
 And who so that forsake

<sup>1</sup> *With*] Old ed. "Whiche."

His breade shall be dowe bake ;  
I openly professe  
The holy blyssed masse  
Of strength to be no lesse  
Then it was at the fyrst :  
But I wolde se who durst  
Set that amonge the worst,  
For he shulde be accurst  
With boke, bell, and candell,  
And so I wolde hym handell  
That he shulde ryght well knowe  
Howe to escape, I trowe,  
So hardy on his heade,  
Depraue our holy breade,  
Or els to prate or patter  
Agaynst our holy watter.  
This is a playne matter,  
It nedeth not to flatter :  
They be suche holy thynges  
As hath ben vsed with kynges ;  
And yet these lewde loselles,  
That bragge vpon theyr Gospelles,  
At ceremonies swelles,  
And at our christined belles,  
And at our longe gownes,  
And at your shauen crownes,  
And at your typ[i]ttes fyne,  
The iauelles wyll repyne.  
They saye ye leade euyll lyues  
With other mennes wyues,  
And wyll none of your owne,  
And so your sede is sowne  
In other mennes grounde,  
True wedlocke to confounde :  
Thus do they rayle and raue,  
Callynge euery priest knaue,  
That loueth messe to saye,  
And after ydle all daye :

They wolde not haue you playe  
 To dryue the tyme awaye,  
 But brabble on the Byble,  
 Whiche is but impossible  
 To be learned in all your lyfe ;  
 Yet therin be they ryfe,  
 Whiche maketh all this stryfe," &c.

---

From *The Vpcheringe of the Messe: Inprinted at Lōdon by  
 John Daye and Willyam Seres, 12mo, n. d.*

“ Who hath not knowen or herd  
 How we were made afeard  
 That, magre of our beard,  
 Our messe shulde cleane awaye,  
 That we did dayly saye,  
 And vtterly decaye  
 For euer and for aye ?  
 So were we brought in doubt  
 That all that are deuout  
 Were like to go withoute  
 The messe that hath no peere,  
 Which longe hath taried here,  
 Yea, many an hundreth yere,  
 And to be destitute  
 Of that whiche constitute  
 Was of the highe depute  
 Of Christe and his apostles ;  
 Althoughe none of the Gospels  
 No mention maketh or tells,  
 We must beleue (what ells ?)  
 Of things done by councells,  
 Wherein the high professours,  
 Apostlique successours,  
 Take holde to be possessours ;  
 And some were made confessours ;  
 Some of them were no startars,  
 But were made holi marters :

Yet plowmen, smythes, & cartars,  
 With such as be their hartars,  
 Will enterprise to taxe  
 Thes auntyent mens actes  
 And holy fathers factes.  
 Thoughe messe were made bi men,  
 As popes nyne or ten,  
 Or many more, what then?  
 Or not of Scripture grounded,  
 Is yt therfore confounded  
 To be a supersticion?  
 Nay, nay, they mysse the quission:  
 Make better inquysscion;  
 Ye haue an euyll condicion  
 To make suche exposicion;  
 Ye thinke nothing but Scripture  
 Is only clene and pure;  
 Yes, yes, I you ensure,  
 The messe shalbe hir better,  
 As light as ye do set hir.

The Scripture hath nothing  
 Wherby profyte to bryng,  
 But a lytyll preaching,  
 With tattling and teaching;  
 And nothing can ye espie  
 Nor se with outwarde eye,  
 But must your ears applie  
 To learnyng inwardlye;  
 And who so it will folowe,  
 In goods though he may walow,  
 If Scripture once him swalowe,  
 She wyll vndo him holowe;  
 Wherfore no good mes singers  
 Will come within hir fyngers,  
 But are hir vnder styngers,  
 For she wolde fayne vndo  
 All such as lyueth so.

To the messe she is an enymye,  
 And wolde distroye hir vtterlye,

Wer not for sum that frendfully  
 In time of nede will stand hir by.  
 Yet is the messe and she as lyke  
 As a Christian to an heretike :  
 The messe hath holy vestures,  
 And many gay gestures,  
 And decked with clothe of golde,  
 And vessells many folde,  
 Right galaunt to beholde,  
 More then may well be tolde,  
 With basen, ewer, and towell,  
 And many a prety jwelle,  
 With goodly candellstyckes,  
 And many proper tryckys,  
 With cruetts gilt and chalys,  
 Wherat some men haue malice,  
 With sensers, and with pax,  
 And many other knackys,  
 With patent, and with corporas,  
 The fynest thing that euer was.  
 Alasse, is it not pitie  
 That men be no more wittye  
 But on the messe to iest,  
 Of all suche thinge the best ?  
 For if she were suppress,  
 A pyn for all the rest.

. . . . .  
 A, good mestres Missa,  
 Shal ye go from vs thissa ?  
 Wel, yet I muste ye kissa :  
 Alacke, for payne I pyssa,  
 To se the mone here issa,  
 Because ye muste departe !  
 It greueth many an herte  
 That ye should from them start :  
 But what then ? tushe, a farte !  
 Sins other shifte is none,  
 But she must neades be gone,  
 Nowe let vs synge eche one,



Boeth Jak and Gyll and Jone,  
*Requiem eternam,*  
 Lest *penam sempiternam*  
 For *vitam supernam,*  
 And *vmbram infernam*  
 For *veram lucernam,*  
 She chaunce to enherite,  
 According to hir merite.

*Pro cuius memoria*

Ye maye wel be soria ;  
 Full smale maye be your *gloria,*  
 When ye shal heare thys storia ;  
 'Then wil ye crie and roria,  
 We shal se<sup>1</sup> hir no moria :  
*Et dicam vobis quare*  
 She may no longer *stare,*  
 Nor here with you *regnare,*  
 But trudge *ad ultra mare,*  
 And after *habitare*  
*In regno Plutonico*  
*Et euo acronyco,*  
*Cum cetu Babilonico*  
*Et cantu diabolico,*  
 With pollers and piller[s],  
 And al hir well willers,  
 And ther to dwel euer :  
 And thus wil I leaue hir."

---

From *Phylogamus*, 12mo, without date or printer's name—of which the title-page and five leaves are preserved in a volume of Ballads and Fragments in the British Museum. The late Mr. Douce has written below the title-page "Probably by Skelton;" but it is certainly not his.

" Gyue place, ye poetes fine,  
 Bow doune now & encline ;  
 For nowe y<sup>e</sup> Muses nyne,  
 So sacred and diuine,

<sup>1</sup> *se*] Old ed. "so."

In Parnase holy hyll  
 Haue wrought theyr worthy wyll,  
 And by theyr goodly skyll  
 Vppon that myghty mountayne  
 In Hellycons fountayne, &c.

. . . . .  
 O poete so impudent,  
 Whyche neuer yet was studente,  
 To thee the goddes prudente  
 Minerua is illudente !  
 Thou wrytest thynges dyffuse,  
 Incongrue and confuse,  
 Obfuscate and obtuse ;  
 No man the lyke doth use  
 Among the Turckes or Jewes ;  
 Alwayes inuentyng newes  
 That are incomparable,  
 They be so fyrme and stable :  
 Lyke as a shyppe is able,  
 Wythout ancre and cable,  
 Rooter, maste, or sayle,  
 Pully, rope, or nayle,  
 In wynde, weather, or hayle,  
 To guyde both top and tayle,  
 And not the course to fayle ;  
 So thys our poet maye,  
 Wythout a stopp or staye,  
 In cunnyng wend the way,  
 As wel by darke as day,  
 And neuer go astray,  
 Yf yt be as they saye.  
 O poet rare and recent,  
 Dedecorate and indecent,  
 Insolent and insensate,  
 Contendyng and condensate,  
 Obtused and obturate,  
 Obumbylate, obdurate,  
 Sparyng no priest or curate,  
 Cyuylyan or rurate,

That be alreedy married,  
 And from theyr vow bene varyed,  
 Wherto the Scrypture them caried !  
 They myght as wel haue taryed ;  
 I sweare by the north doore rood,  
 That stowte was whyle he stood,  
 That they had bene as good  
 To haue solde theyr best blew hood ;  
 For I am in suche a moode,  
 That for my power and parte,  
 Wyth al my wyt and arte,  
 Wyth whole intent and harte,  
 I wyl so at them darte," &c.

---

*The Cope of a letter, sent by John Bradford to the right honorable lordes the Erles of Arundel, Darbie, Shrewsbury, & Penbroke, declaring the nature of spaniardes, and discovering the most detestable treasons, whiche they haue pretended moste falselye agaynste oure moste noble kyngdome of Englande. Whereunto is added a tragical blast of the papisticall trōpet for mayntenaunce of the Popes kingdome in Englande. by. T. E. If ye beleue the trueth, ye saue your liues, &c. 12mo, and without date or printer's name on the title-page: the copy now before me is imperfect at the end, where perhaps both are given. According to Herbert's Ames's Typ. Antiq. iii. 1582, this piece was printed in 1555.*

In the two subjoined passages (perhaps in more) of this tract, the author adopts the Skeltonic metre, though the whole is printed as prose:—

“ There be many other noble menne [among the Spaniards, besides the duke of Medena-zelie] vndoubtedly very wise and politik, which can throughe their wisdome binde themselues for a time from their nature, and applye their condicions to the maners of those menne with whom they would gladlye bee frended; whose mischeuouse maners a man shal neuer knowe, till he come vnder their subiection. But then shall ye perceiue perfectly their puffed pride, with many mischeffes beside, their prowling and poling, their bribinge and shauing, their most deceitfull dealing, their bragging and bosting, their flatteringe and faininge, their

abominable whorehuntynge, with most ruffull ruling, | their doings  
vniust, | with insaciate lust, | their stout stubbernes, | croked  
crabbednes, | and vnmeasurable madnes, | in enui, pride, and  
lecherie, | which, thei saie, God loueth hartelie, | vaine glorie and  
hipocrisie, | with al other vilanie | of what kinde soeuer it be ; |  
supersticion, desolacion, extorcion, adulacion, dissimulacion, ex-  
altacion, suppression, inuocacion, and all abominacion ; with  
innumerable moe mischeues, whiche I coulde plainlie declare,  
that no nacion in the world can suffer. Their masking and  
mumbling | in the holi time of lent | maketh many wiues brente, |  
the king being present, | nighte after nighte, | as a prince of  
moste mighte, | which hath power in his hande | that no man  
dare withstande : | yet if that were the greatest euil, | we might  
suffer it wel, | for there is no man liuing | but would suffer the  
king | to haue wife, sister, doughter, maide and all, | bothe great  
& smal, | so many as he liste, | no man would him resist ; | but  
the worst of all the companie | muste haue my wife priuelie, |  
when I am present bi ; | this is more vilanie, | that one muste  
kepe the dore ; | will not that greue you sore ? | & dare not speake  
for your life, | when another hath youre wife," | &c. Sig. B i.

“ Ye wil say, the Spaniards kepe their olde rentaking : how  
can that be, when euey poore man must pay yerely for euey  
chimney in his house, and euey other place that is to make  
fire in, as ouen, fornes, and smithes forge, a Frenche crowne ?  
wil Englishmen, or can thei, suffer to be poled and pilled moste  
miserably, in payeng continually suche poling pence and intoller-  
able tollages for all maner graine and breade, befe, beare and  
mutton, goose, pigge and capone, henne, mallard and chicken,  
milk, butter and chese, egges, apples & pearres, | wine white and  
reade, | with all other wines beside, | salt white and graye ? |  
al thinges must pay ; | small nuttes and wallnuttes, | cheries and  
chestnuttes, | plumbes, damassens, philbeardes, and al | both gret  
& smal, | whatsoeuer thei maye se, | to fede the pore comme-  
nalte ; | salmon and hearing ; | this is a shamefull thing ; | tench,  
ele or conger ; | this shall kepe vs vnder, | and make vs die for  
hunger ; | flounders, floucke, plaice or carpe ; | here is a miser-  
able warke | that Englande must abide | to maintaine Spanishe  
pride,” &c. Sig. F ii.

From *Doctour Double Ale*,—12mo, without printer's name or date.

“ Although I lacke intelligence,  
 And can not skylle of eloquence,  
 Yet wyll I do my diligence  
 To say sumthing or I go hence,  
 Wherein I may demonstrate  
 The figure, gesture, and estate  
 Of one that is a curate,  
 That harde is and endureate,  
 And earnest in the cause  
 Of piuish popish lawes,  
 That are not worth two strawes,  
 Except it be with dawes,  
 That knoweth not good from euels,  
 Nor Gods worde from the deuels,  
 Nor wyll in no wise heare  
 The worde of God so cleare,  
 But popishnes vpreare,  
 And make the pope Gods peare.

Now let vs go about  
 To tell the tale out  
 Of this good fellow stout,  
 That for no man wyll dout,  
 But kepe his olde condicions  
 For all the newe comyssions,  
 And vse his supersticions,  
 And also mens tradycions,  
 And syng for dead folkes soules,  
 And reade hys beaderolles,  
 And all such thinges wyll vse  
 As honest men refuse :  
 But take hym for a cruse,  
 And ye wyll tell me newes ;  
 For if he ons begyn,  
 He leaueth nought therin ;

He careth not a pyn  
 How much ther be wythin,  
 So he the pot may wyn,  
 He wyll it make full thyn ;  
 And wher the drinke doth please  
 There wyll he take his ease,  
 And drinke therof his fyll,  
 Tyll ruddy be his byll ;  
 And fyll both cup and can,  
 Who is so glad a man  
 As is our curate than ?  
 I wolde ye knewe it, a curate  
 Not far without Newgate ;  
 Of a parysh large  
 The man hath mikle charge,  
 And none within this border  
 That kepeth such order,  
 Nor one a this syde Nauerne  
 Louyth better the ale tauerne :  
 But if the drinke be small,  
 He may not well withall ;  
 Tush, cast it on the wall !  
 It fretteth out his gall ;  
 Then seke an other house,  
 This is not worth a louse,  
 As dronken as a mouse,  
*Monsyre gybet a vous !*  
 And ther wyll byb and bouse,  
 Tyll heuy be his brouse.

. . . . .  
 Thus may ye beholde  
 This man is very bolde,  
 And in his learning olde  
 Intendeth for to syt :  
 I blame hym not a whyt,  
 For it wolde vexe his wyt,  
 And cleane agaynst his earning,  
 To folow such learning

As now a dayes is taught ;  
 It wolde sone bryng to naught  
 His olde popish brayne,  
 For then he must agayne  
 Apply hym to the schole,  
 And come away a fole,  
 For nothing shulde he get,  
 His brayne hath bene to het  
 And with good ale so wet ;  
 Wherefore he may now set  
 In felde and in medes,  
 And pray vpon his beades,  
 For yet he hath a payre  
 Of beades that be right fayre,  
 Of corall, gete, or ambre,  
 At home within his chambre ;  
 For in matins or masse  
 Primar and portas,  
 And pottes and beades,  
 His lyfe he leades :  
 But this I wota,  
 That if ye nota  
 How this *idiot*a  
 Doth folow the pota,  
 I holde you a grota  
 Ye wyll rede by rota  
 That he may were a cota  
 In Cocke Lorels<sup>1</sup> bota.  
 Thus the durty doctour,  
 The popes oune proctour,  
 Wyll bragge and boost  
 Wyth ale and a toost,  
 And lyke a rutter  
 Hys Latin wyll vtter,  
 And turne and tosse hym,  
 Wyth *tu non possum*

<sup>1</sup> *Lorels*] Old ed. "losels."

*Loquere Latinum ;*  
 This *alum finum*  
 Is *bonus* then *vinum ;*  
*Ego volo quare*  
*Cum tu drinkare*  
*Pro tuum caput,*  
*Quia apud*  
*Te propiciacio,*  
*Tu non potes facio*  
*Tot quam ego ;*  
*Quam librum tu lego,*  
*Caue de me*  
*Apponere te :*  
*Juro per Deum*  
*Hoc est lifum meum,*  
*Quia drinkum statum*  
*Non facere malum.*  
 Thus our *dominus* dodkin  
 Wyth *ita vera* bodkin  
 Doth leade his lyfe, .  
 Which to the ale wife  
 Is very profitable :  
 It is pytie he is not able  
 To mayntayne a table  
 For beggers and tinkers  
 And all lusty drinkers,  
 Or captayne or beddle  
 Wyth dronkardes to meddle.  
 Ye cannot, I am sure,  
 For keping of a cure  
 Fynde such a one well,  
 If ye shulde rake hell :  
 And therefore nowe  
 No more to you,  
*Sed perlegas ista,*  
*Si velis, papista ;*  
 Farewell and adewe,  
 With a whirlary whewe,



And a tirlary tyype ;  
Beware of the whyppe.”

---

From *A Commemoration or Dirige of Bastarde Edmonde Boner, alias Sauage, vsurped Bisshoppe of London. Compiled by Lemeke Auale. Episcopatum eius accipiet alter. Anno Domini. 1569. Imprinted by P. O.* 8vo (a tract, chiefly in verse and of various metres : see Notes, vol. ii. 121.)

“ *The fift lesson.*

*Homo natus.*

“ *Homo natus*

Came to heauen gatus.

Sir, you doe come to latus,

With your shorne patus :

*Frequentia falsa Euangelii,*

For the loue of your bealie,

*Cum auro & argento,*

You loued the rules of Lento,

Whiche the Pope did inuento :

You are *spurius de muliere,*

Not legittimate nor lawful here :

*O quam*<sup>1</sup> *venenosa pestis,*

*Fur, periurus, latro, mechus,*

*Homicidis*<sup>2</sup> *tantum decus !*

*De salute animarum,*

Of Christes flocke thou hadest small carum :

Thou art *filius populi :*

Go, go to *Constantinopoli,*

To your maister the Turke ;

There shall you lurke

Emong the heathen soules.

Somtyme your shorne brethren of Poules

Were as blacke as moules,

<sup>1</sup> *O quam, &c.*] A line which ought to have rhymed with this one is wanting.

<sup>2</sup> *Homicidis*] Old ed. “ *Homicidus.*”

With their cappes fower forked,  
 Their shoes warme corked ;  
 Nosed like redde grapes,  
 Constant as she apes,  
 In nature like blacke monkes,  
 And shoote in sparowes trunkes,  
 And boule when thei haue dinde,  
 And kepe them from the winde ;  
 And thei whiche are not able  
 Doe sitte still at the table,  
 With colour scarlet pale,  
 So small is their good ale :  
 Thus from God thei did tourne,  
 Long before their church did burne.  
 Then when riche men wer sicke,  
 Either dedde or quicke,  
*Valde diligenter notant*  
*Vbi diuites egrotant ;*  
*Ibi currunt, nec cessabunt*  
*Donec ipsos tumilabunt ;*  
*Oues alienas tondunt,*  
*Et perochias confundunt.*  
 These felowes pilde as ganders,  
 Muche like the friers of Flanders,  
 Whiche serue Sathan about the cloisters,  
 Thei loue red wine and oisters.  
*Qui vult Satanæ seruire,*  
*Clastrum debet introire,*  
 And euer haue suche an hedde  
 As bastarde Boner that is dedde.  
 He would for the Pope take pain ;  
 Therefore help, you friers of Spain,  
 You enquisiters, take paine :  
 It is a greate maine  
 Vnto the Pope, your hedde,  
 That Boner is thus dedde,  
 And buried in a misers graue,  
 Like a common k[naue].

Lo, lo, now is he dedde,  
 That was so well fedde,  
 And had a softe bedde !  
*Estote fortis in bello,*  
 Good Hardyng and thy fellowe ;  
 If you be papistes right,  
 Come steale hym awaie by night,  
 And put hym in a shrine ;  
 He was the Popes deuine ;  
 Why, shall he be forgotten,  
 And lye still and rotten ?  
 Come on, and doe not fainte ;  
 Translate with spede your saint,  
 And put hym in a tombe :  
 His harte is now at Rome.  
 Come forth, you loughtes of Louen,  
 And steale awaie this slouen :  
 You are so full of ire,  
 And popishe desire,  
 And Romishe derision,  
 And hellishe deuision,  
 Therefore I am sure  
 Your kyngdome will not dure."

Sig. B iii.

. . . . .  
*“ Responde.*  
*Ne recorderis peccata,*  
 But open heauen gata,  
 Saint Peter, with your kaies ;  
 Shewe my lorde the right waies :  
 He dwelt ones at Poules,  
 And had cure of our soules :  
 I wisse, he was not a baste,  
 But holie, meke, and chaste ;  
 It is a greate pitie  
 That he is gone from our citie ;  
 A man of greate honor ;  
 O holy saint Boner !

You blessed friers  
 That neuer wer liers,  
 And you holy nunnes  
 That neuer had sonnes,  
 Set this child of grace  
 In some angelles place.”

Sig. B vii.

From

*A Skeltonicall Salutation,  
 Or condigne gratulation,  
 And iust vexation  
 Of the Spanish Nation,  
 That in a bravado,  
 Spent many a Crusado,  
 In setting forth an Armado  
 England to invado.*

*Imprinted at London for Toby Cooke. 1589, 4to.*

“ O king of Spaine,  
 Is it not a paine  
 To thy heart and braine  
 And euery vaine,  
 To see thy traine  
 For to sustaine,  
 Withouten gaine,  
 The worlds disdaine,  
 Which doth dispise  
 As toies and lies,  
 With shoutes and cries,  
 Thy enterprise,  
 As fitter for pies  
 And butter-flies,  
 Then men so wise?  
 O waspish king,  
 Wheres now thy sting,  
 Thy dart or sling,  
 Or strong bow-string,  
 That should vs wring,  
 And vnderbring,

Who euery way  
 Thee vexe and pay,  
 And beare the sway  
 By night and day,  
 To thy dismay,  
 In battle aray,  
 And every fray ?  
 O pufte with pride,  
 What foolish guide  
 Made thee provide  
 To over-ride  
 This land so wide  
 From side to side,  
 And then, vntride,  
 Away to slide,  
 And not to abide,  
 But all in a ring  
 Away to fling ?  
 O conquering,  
 O vanquishing,  
 With fast flying,  
 And no replying,  
 For feare of frying !

. . . . .  
 But who but Philippus,  
 That seeketh to nip vs,  
 To rob vs, and strip vs,  
 And then for to whip vs,  
 Would ever haue ment,  
 Or had intent,  
 Or hither sent  
 Such ships of charge,  
 So strong and so large,  
 Nay, the worst barge,  
 Trusting to treason,  
 And not to reason,  
 Which at that season  
 To him was geson,

As doth appeare  
 Both plaine and cleare  
 To far and neere,  
 To his confusion,  
 By this conclusion,  
 Which thus is framed,  
 And must be named  
*Argumentum a minore,*  
*Cum horrore et timore?*  
 If one Drake o,  
 One poore snake o,  
 Make vs shake o,  
 Tremble and quake o,  
 Were it not, trow yee,  
 A madnes for me  
 To vndertake  
 A warre to make  
 With such a lande,  
 That is so mande,  
 Wherein there be  
 Of certaintie  
 As hungrie as he  
 Many a thousand more,  
 That long full sore  
 For Indian golde,  
 Which makes men bolde?" &c.

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See also—*Jacke of the Northe*, &c. printed (most incorrectly) from C.C.C. MS. in Hartshorne's *Anc. Met. Tales*, p. 288.—*A recantation of famous Pasquin of Rome*. An. 1570. Imprinted at London by John Daye, 8vo, which (known to me only from *Brit. Bibliog.* ii. 289) contains Skeltonical passages.—*The Riddles of Heraclitus and Democritus*. Printed at London by Ann Hatfield for John Norton, 1598, 4to, which (known to me only from *Restituta*, i. 175) has Skeltonical rhymes on the back of the title-page.—*The Wisdome of Doctor Dodypoll*. As it hath bene sundrie times Acted

by the *Children of Powles*, 1600, 4to, which has some Skeltonical lines at sig. C 4.—*The Downfall of Robert Earle of Huntington, &c.* (by Anthony Munday), 1601, 4to, and *The Death of Robert, Earle of Hvington, &c.* (by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle), 1601, 4to, (two plays already noticed, p. lxxxvi.), in which are various Skeltonical passages.—*Hobson's Horse-load of Letters, or a President for Epistles. The First Part*, 1617, 4to, which concludes with three epistles in verse, the last entitled “*A merry-mad Letter in Skeltons rime,*” &c.—*Poems: By Michael Drayton Esquire, &c.*, n.d., folio, which contains at p. 301 a copy of verses entitled “*A Skeltoniad.*”—*The Fortunate Isles, &c.* 1626, a masque by Ben Jonson (already noticed, p. lxxxvii.), in which are imitations of Skelton's style.—*All The Workes of John Taylor The Water-poet, &c.* 1630, folio, which contains, at p. 245, “*A Skeltonicall salutation to those that know how to reade, and not marre the sense with hacking or mis-construction*” (printed as prose).—*Hesperides: or, The Works Both Humane & Divine of Robert Herrich Esq.*, 1648, 8vo, among which, at pp. 10, 97, 268, are verses in Skelton's favourite metre.—*The Works of Mr. John Cleveland, Containing his Poems, Orations, Epistles, Collected into One Volume*, 1687, 8vo, in which may be found, at p. 306, a piece of disgusting grossness (suggested by Skelton's *Elynour Rummyng*), entitled “*The Old Gill.*”

A poem called *Philargyrie of greate Britayne*, 1551, printed (and no doubt written) by Robert Crowley, has been frequently mentioned as a “Skeltonic” composition, but improperly, as the following lines will shew ;

“ Geue eare awhyle,  
 And marke my style,  
 You that hath wyt in store ;  
 For wyth wordes bare  
 I wyll declare  
 Thyngs done long tyme before.  
 Sometyme certayne  
 Into Britayne,  
 A lande full of plentie,  
 A gyaunte greate  
 Came to seke meate,  
 Whose name was Philargyrie,” &c.

“ See also,” says Warton (*Hist. of E. P.* ii. 358, note, ed. 4to),

“ a doggrel piece of this kind, *in imitation of Skelton*, introduced into Browne’s *Sheperd’s Pipe*,”—a mistake; for the poem of Hoccleve (inserted in *Eglogue i.*), to which Warton evidently alludes, is neither doggrel nor in Skelton’s manner.

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CXXXI

POETICAL WORKS

OF

J O H N S K E L T O N .



# THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

## JOHN SKELTON.

OF THE DEATH<sup>1</sup>

OF THE NOBLE PRINCE, KYNGE EDWARDE THE FORTH,  
PER SKELTONIDEM LAUREATUM.

*Miseremini mei*, ye that be my frendis !

This world<sup>2</sup> hath formed me downe to fall :  
How may<sup>3</sup> I endure, when that eueri thyng endis ?  
What creature is borne to be eternall ?

Now there<sup>4</sup> is no more but pray for me all :  
Thus say I Edward, that late was youre kyng,  
And twenty two<sup>5</sup> yeres ruled this imperyall,  
Some vnto pleasure, and some to no lykynge :

<sup>1</sup> *Of the death*, &c.] From the ed. by Kyng and Marche of *Certaine bokes compyled by Mayster Skelton*, n. d.—collated with the same work, ed. Day, n. d., and ed. Lant, n. d.; with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568; occasionally with the *Mirroure for Magistrates*, 1587 (in the earlier eds. of which the poem was incorporated), and with a contemporary ms. in the possession of Miss Richardson Currer, which last has furnished a stanza hitherto unprinted.

<sup>2</sup> *This world*, &c.] MS. :

“ For the world hathe conformid me to fall.”

<sup>3</sup> *may*] MS. “ myzt.”

<sup>4</sup> *Now there*, &c.] MS. :

“ Now is ther no helpe but pray for my sovl.”

<sup>5</sup> *twenty-two*] So MS. and *Mir. for Mag.* Eds. “ xxiii. :” see notes.

Mercy I aske of my mysdoynge ;  
 What auayleth it,<sup>1</sup> frendes, to be my foo, 10  
 Sith I can not resyst, nor amend your complaining?  
*Quia, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !*

I slepe now in molde, as it is naturall  
 That<sup>2</sup> erth vnto erth hath his reuerture :  
 What ordeyned God to be terestryall,  
 Without recours to the erth<sup>3</sup> of nature ?  
 Who to lyue euer may himselfe assure ?<sup>4</sup>  
 What is it<sup>5</sup> to trust on mutabilyte,  
 Sith that in this world nothing may indure ?  
 For now am I gone, that late was in prosperyte : 20  
 To presume thervppon, it is but a vanyte,  
 Not certayne, but as a cheryfayre<sup>6</sup> full of wo :  
 Reygned not I of late in greate felycite ?  
*Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !*

Where was in my lyfe such one as I,  
 Whyle lady Fortune with me had continuaunce ?  
 Graunted not she me to haue victory,  
 In England to rayne, and to contribute Fraunce ?  
 She toke me by the hand and led me a daunce,  
 And with her sugred lyppes on me she smyled ; 30  
 But, what for her dissembled countenaunce,  
 I coud not beware tyl I was begyled :  
 Now from this world she hath me excyled,  
 When I was lothyst hens for to go,  
 And I am in age but, as who sayth, a chylde,  
*Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !*

<sup>1</sup> *it*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "hit."

<sup>2</sup> *That*] So ms. Eds. "As."

<sup>3</sup> *the erth*] ms. "dethe."

<sup>4</sup> *himselfe assure*] So *Mir. for Mag.* Eds. and ms., "be sure."

<sup>5</sup> *What is it, &c.*] ms. :

"*What ys it to trust the mutabilyte*

*Of this world whan no thyng may endure.*"

<sup>6</sup> *cheryfayre*] ms. "cheyfeyre."

I se wyll,<sup>1</sup> they leve that doble my 3eris :  
 This<sup>2</sup> dealid this world with me as it lyst,<sup>3</sup>  
 And hathe me made, to 3ow that be my perys,  
 Example to thynke on Had I wyst : 40  
 I storyd my cofers and allso my chest<sup>4</sup>  
 With taskys takynge of the comenalte ;  
 I toke ther tresure, but of ther pray3eris mist ;  
 Whom I beseche with pure humylyte  
 For to forgeve and have on me pety ;  
 I was 3our kynge, and kept 3ow from 3owr foo :  
 I wold now amend, but that wull not be,  
 [*Quia,*] *ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !*

I had ynough, I held me not content,  
 Without remembraunce that I should dye ; 50  
 And more euer to incroche<sup>5</sup> redy was I bent,  
 I knew not how longe I should it occupy :  
 I made the Tower stronge, I wyst not why ;  
 I knew not to whom I purchased Tetersall ;  
 I amendid Douer on the mountayne hye,  
 And London I prouoked to fortify the wall ;  
 I made Notingam a place full<sup>6</sup> royall,  
 Wyndsore, Eltam,<sup>7</sup> and many other mo :  
 Yet at the last I went from them all,  
*Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !* 60

<sup>1</sup> *I se wyll, &c.*] This stanza only found in ms.

<sup>2</sup> *This*] See notes.

<sup>3</sup> *lyst*] ms. "lust"—against the rhyme.

<sup>4</sup> *chest*] ms. "chestys"—against the rhyme.

<sup>5</sup> *euer to incroche*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "ouer to," &c. ms. gives this line and the next thus :

*" And more to encrease was myne entent  
 And not beynge ware who shuld it occupye."*

<sup>6</sup> *full*] So *Mir. for Mag.* Not in eds. or ms.

<sup>7</sup> *Wyndsore, Eltam, &c.*] This line and the next given thus in ms. :

*" Wynsore and eton and many oder mo  
 As Westmyenster Eltham and sone went I from all."*

And so, with slight variation, in Nash's *Quaternio* : see notes.

Where is now my conquest and victory?

Where is my riches and my royal aray?

Wher be my coursers and my horses hye?

Where is my myrth, my solas, and my<sup>1</sup> play?

As vanyte, to nought al is wandred<sup>2</sup> away.

O lady Bes, longe for me may ye call!

For I<sup>3</sup> am departed tyl domis day;

But loue ye that Lorde that is soueraygne of all.

Where be my castels and buyldynges royall?

But Windsore alone, now I haue no mo,

And of Eton the prayers perpetuall,

*Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio!*

70

Why should a man be proude or presume hye?

Sainct Bernard therof nobly doth trete,

Seyth a man is but<sup>4</sup> a sacke of stercorry,

And shall returne vnto wormis mete.

Why, what cam of Alexander the greate?

Or els of stronge Sampson, who can tell?

Were not<sup>5</sup> wormes ordeyned theyr flesh to frete?

And of Salomon, that was of wyt the well?

Absolon profferyd his heare for to sell,

Yet for al his bewte wormys ete him also;

And I but late in honour dyd excel,

*Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio!*

80

I haue played my pageyond, now am I past;

Ye wot well all I was of no great yeld:

<sup>1</sup> *my*] So *Mir. for Mag.* Not in eds. or ms.

<sup>2</sup> *wandred*] *Mir. for Mag.* "wythered."

<sup>3</sup> *For I, &c.*] ms.:

"Now are we *departid* [i. e. parted] onto *domys day.*"

<sup>4</sup> *Seyth a man is but, &c.*] Day's ed. "Seeth a man is nothing *but,*" &c. Marshe's ed. "Sythe a man is nothing *but,*" &c. *Mir. for Mag.* "Saying a man is *but,*" &c. ms. "Seinge a man ys a sak of sterqueryte."

<sup>5</sup> *Were not*] So Lant's ed. and *Mir. for Mag.* Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "Where no." Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "Wher no." ms. "Was *not.*"

This<sup>1</sup> al thing concluded shalbe at the last,  
 When death approchyth, then lost is the felde :  
 Then sythen this world me no longer vphelde,  
 Nor nought<sup>2</sup> would conserue me here in my place, 90  
*In manus tuas, Domine, my spirite vp I yelde,*  
 Humbly<sup>3</sup> beseching thé, God, of thy<sup>4</sup> grace !  
 O ye curtes commyns, your hertis vnbrace  
 Benyngly now to pray for me also ;  
 For ryght wel you know your kyng I was,  
*Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio !*

<sup>1</sup> *This*] *Mir. for Mag.* " Thus ;" but see note.

<sup>2</sup> *Nor nought, &c.*] *Mir. for Mag.* :

" For *nought would conserue mee here in this place.*"

MS. :

" Ne *nougt wold concerue me my place.*"

<sup>3</sup> *Humbly*] So other eds. Kyng and Marche's ed. " Humble."

<sup>4</sup> *thy*] Other eds. " his."

POETA SKELTON<sup>1</sup> LAUREATUS LIBELLUM SUUM METRICE  
ALLOQUITUR.

*Ad dominum properato meum, mea pagina, Percy,  
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit ;  
Ad nutum celebris tu prona repone leonis  
Quæque suo patri tristia justa cano.<sup>2</sup>  
Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet  
Fortunam, cuncta quæ malefida rotat.  
Qui leo sit felix, et Nestoris occupet annos ;  
Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.*

### SKELTON LAUREAT

UPON THE

DOULOURE[US] DETHE AND MUCHE LAMENTABLE CHAUNCE OF THE  
MOST HONORABLE ERLE OF NORTHUMBERLANDE.

I WAYLE, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore  
The dedely fate, the dolefulle desteny  
Of hym that is gone, alas, without restore,  
Of the bloud royall descending nobelly ;  
Whose lordshyp doutles was slayne lamentably  
Thorow treson, again him compassed and wrought,  
Trew to his prince in word, in dede, and thought.

Of heuenly poems, O Clyo, calde by name  
In the colege of Musis goddes hystoriall,

<sup>1</sup> *Poeta Skelton*, &c.] From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, collated with a copy of the poem in a ms. vol now in the British Museum (*MS. Reg.* 18. D ii fol. 165), which formerly belonged to the fifth Earl of Northumberland, son of the nobleman whose fate is here lamented: vide *Account of Skelton*, &c. This elegy was printed by Percy in his *Reliques of An. Engl. Poet.* (i. 95, ed. 1794), from the ms. just mentioned.

<sup>2</sup> *cano*] So ms. Not in Marshe's ed.



Adres thé to me, whiche am both halt and lame 10  
 In elect vterauce to make memoryall!  
 To thé for souccour, to thé for helpe I call,  
 Mine homely rudnes and dryghnes to expell  
 With the freshe waters of Elyconys well.

Of noble actes aunciently enrolde  
 Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate,  
 By thy report ar wont to be extold,  
 Regestringe trewly euery formare date;  
 Of thy bountie after the vsuall rate  
 Kyndell in me suche plenty of thy nobles, 20  
 These sorowfulle dites that I may shew expres.

In sesons past, who hath herde or sene  
 Of formar wrytyng by any presidente  
 That vilane hastarddis in their furious tene,  
 Fulfylled with malice of froward entente,  
 Confetered togeder of commonn<sup>1</sup> concente  
 Falsly to slee<sup>2</sup> theyr moste singuler good lord?  
 It may be regestrede of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man, so valiaunt lord and knyght,  
 Fulfilled with honor, as all the world<sup>3</sup> doth ken; 30  
 At his commaundement which had both day and nyght  
 Knyghtes and squyers, at euery season when  
 He calde vpon them, as meniall houshold men:  
 Were not<sup>4</sup> these commons vncurteis karlis of kind  
 To slo their owne lord? God was not in their mynd.

And were not they to blame, I say, also,  
 That were aboute him, his o[w]ne<sup>5</sup> seruants of trust,

<sup>1</sup> *commonn*] So ms. Marshe's ed. "cominión."

<sup>2</sup> *slee*] ms. "slo,"—as in v. 35 (yet both Marshe's ed. and ms. have "sleest" in v. 123).

<sup>3</sup> *world*] So ms. Marshe's ed. "wold."

<sup>4</sup> *not*] ms. "no."

<sup>5</sup> *o[w]ne*] ms. "awne" (yet Percy gives "owne").

To suffre him slayn of his mortall fo?

Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the dust;

They bode not till the rekenyng were discust: 40

What shuld I flatter? what shuld I glose or paint?

Fy, fy for shame, their hartes were to faint.

In England and Fraunce which gretly was redouted,

Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in drede,

To whom great estates obeyed and lowted,

A mayny of rude villayns made hym for to blede;

Unkyndly they slew him, that holp<sup>1</sup> them oft at nede:

He was their bulwark, their paues, and their wall,

Yet shamfully they slew hym; that shame mot them  
befal!

I say, ye comoners, why wer ye so stark mad? 50

What frantyk frensy fyll in your brayne?

Where was your wit and reson ye should haue had?

What wilful foly made yow to ryse agayne

Your naturall lord? alas, I can not fayne:

Ye armyd you with will, and left your wit behynd;

Well may you<sup>2</sup> be called comones most vnkynd.

He was your chefteyne, your shelde, your chef defence,

Redy to assyst you in euery time of nede;

Your worshyp depended of his excellence:

Alas, ye mad men, to far ye did excede; 60

Your hap was vnhappy, to ill was your spede:

What moued you againe him to war or to fyght?

What alyde you to sle<sup>3</sup> your lord again all ryght?

The ground of his quarel was for his souerain lord,

The well concerning of all the hole lande,

<sup>1</sup> *holp*] MS. "help" (yet Percy gives "holp").

<sup>2</sup> *you*] MS. "ye" (yet Percy gives "you").

<sup>3</sup> *sle*] MS. "slo."

Demandyng suche duties as nedes most acord  
 To the ryght of his prince, which shold not be with-  
 stand ;  
 For whose cause ye slew him with your owne hand :  
 But had his noble men done wel that day,  
 Ye had not bene able to haue sayd hym nay. 70

But ther was fals packing, or els I am begylde ;  
 How be it the mater was euydent and playne,  
 For if they had occupied their spere and their shilde,  
 This noble man doutles had not bene<sup>1</sup> slayne.  
 But men say they wer lynked with a double chaine,  
 And held with the comones vnder a cloke,  
 Which kindeled the wild fyr that made al this smoke.

The commons renyed ther taxes to pay,  
 Of them demaunded and asked by the kyng ;  
 With one voice importune they plainly sayd nay ; 80  
 They buskt them on a bushment themselfe in baile to  
 bring,  
 Againe the kyngs plesure to wrestle or to wring ;  
 Bluntly as bestis with boste and with crye  
 They sayd they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The nobelnes of the north, this valiant lord and knight,  
 As man that was innocent of trechery or traine,  
 Presed forth boldly to withstand the myght,  
 And, lyke marciall Hector, he faught them agayne,  
 Vygorously vpon them with might and with maine,  
 Trustyng in noble men that were with him there ; 90  
 But al they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barones, knyghtes, squiers, one<sup>2</sup> and all,  
 Together with seruauntes of his famuly,

<sup>1</sup> *bene*] MS. "be."

<sup>2</sup> *one*] So MS. Not in Marshe's ed.

Turned their backis,<sup>1</sup> and let their master fal,  
 Of whos [life] they<sup>2</sup> counted not a flye;  
 Take vp whose wold, for ther<sup>3</sup> they let him ly.  
 Alas, his gold, his fee, his annual rent  
 Upon suche a sort was ille bestowd and spent!

He was enuironde aboute on euery syde  
 With his enemyes, that wer starke mad and wode; 100  
 Yet<sup>4</sup> while<sup>5</sup> he stode he gaue them woundes wyde:  
 Allas for ruth! what thoughe his mynd wer gode,  
 His corage manly, yet ther he shed his blode:  
 Al left alone, alas, he foughte in vayne!  
 For cruelly<sup>6</sup> among them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was spylt,  
 The famous Erle of Northumberland;  
 Of knyghtly prowes the sword, pomel, and hylt,  
 The myghty lyon doutted by se and lande;<sup>7</sup>  
 O dolorus chaunce of Fortunes froward hande! 110  
 What man, remembryng howe shamfully he was slaine,  
 From bitter weping himself can restrain?

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!  
 O dolorous tewisday, dedicate to thy name,  
 When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to mar!  
 O ground vngracious, vnhappy be thy fame,  
 Which wert endyed with rede bloud of the same

<sup>1</sup> *backis*] So ms. Marshe's ed. "backe."

<sup>2</sup> *Of whos [life] they, &c.*] So Percy. Marshe's ed. "*Of whome they,*" &c. ms. "*Of whos they,*" &c.

<sup>3</sup> *ther*] So both Marshe's ed. and ms. Percy printed the line thus;

"Take up whos wolde for *them*, they let hym ly."

<sup>4</sup> *Yet*] So ms. Marshe's ed. "Ye."

<sup>5</sup> *while*] ms. "whils."

<sup>6</sup> *cruelly*] ms. "cruell" (yet Percy gives "cruelly").

<sup>7</sup> *lande*] ms. "sande" (yet Percy gives "lande").

Most noble erle ! O foule mysuryd ground,  
Whereon he gat his finall dedely wounde !

O Atropos, of the fatall systers iii 120  
Goddess most cruel vnto the lyfe of man,  
All merciles, in thé is no pite !  
O homicide, which sleest all that thou can,  
So forcibly vpon this erle thou ran,  
That with thy sword, enharpit of mortall drede,  
Thou kit asonder his perfight vitall threde !

My wordes vnpullysht be, nakide and playne,  
Of aureat poems they want ellowynynge ;  
But by them to knowlege ye may attayne  
Of this lordes dethe and of his murdrynge ; 130  
Which whils he lyued had fuyson of euey thing,  
Of knights, of squyers, chyf lord of toure and towne,  
Tyl fykkell Fortune began on hym to frowne :

Paregall to dukes, with kynges he might compare,  
Surmountinge in honor al erlis he did excede ;  
To all countreis aboute hym reporte me I dare ;  
Lyke to Eneas benigne in worde and dede,  
Valiant as Hector in euey marciall nede,  
Prouydent,<sup>1</sup> discrete, circumspect, and wyse,  
Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym of Fortunes duple dyse. 140

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame  
With my rude pen enkankerred all with rust,  
Whose noble actes show worshiply his name,  
Transendyng far<sup>2</sup> myne homly Muse, that muste  
Yet somewhat wright supprised with herty<sup>3</sup> lust,  
Truly reportyng his right noble estate,  
Immortally whiche is immaculate ?

<sup>1</sup> *Prouydent*] So ms. Marshe's ed. "Prudent."

<sup>2</sup> *far*] So Percy. ms. and Marshe's ed. "for." <sup>3</sup> *herty*] ms. "hartly."

His noble blode neuer destayned was,  
 Trew to his prince for to defend his ryght,  
 Doblens hatyng fals maters to compas, 150  
 Treytory and treason he banyshyt out of syght,  
 With truth to medle was al his holl delyght,  
 As all his countrey can testyfy the same :  
 To sle<sup>1</sup> suche a lorde, alas, it was great shame !

If the hole quere of the Musis nyne  
 In me all onely wer set and comprysed,  
 Enbrethed with the blast of influence deuyne,  
 As perfytylly as could be thought or deuised ;  
 To me also allthough it were promised  
 Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence, 160  
 All were to lytell for his magnificence.

O yonge lyon, but tender yet of age,  
 Grow and encrease, remembre thyn estate ;  
 God thé assyst unto thyn herytage,  
 And geue thé grace to be more fortunate !  
 Agayn rebellyones arme thé<sup>2</sup> to make debate ;  
 And, as the lyone, whiche is of bestes kyngde,  
 Unto thy subiectes be curteis and benygne.

I pray God sende thé prosperous lyfe and long,  
 Stable thy mynde constant to be and fast, 170  
 Ryght to mayntayn, and to resyst all wronge :  
 All flateryng faytors abhor and from thé cast ;  
 Of foule detraction God kepe thé from the blast !  
 Let double delyng in thé haue no place,  
 And be not lyght of credence in no case.

With heuy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,  
 Eche man may sorow in his inward thought

<sup>1</sup> *sle*] ms. "slo."

<sup>2</sup> *the*] Omitted by Percy, though both in ms. and Marsh's ed.

This lordes<sup>1</sup> death, whose pere is hard to fynd,  
 Algife Englonde and Fraunce were thorow saught.  
 Al kynges, all princes, al dukes, well they ought, 180  
 Both temporall and spiritual, for to complayne  
 This noble man, that crewelly was slayne :

More specially barons, and those knyghtes bold,  
 And al other gentilmen with him enterteyned  
 In fee, as menyall men of his housold,  
 Whom he as lord worshyply mainteyned ;  
 To sorowful weping they ought to be constreined,  
 As oft as they call to theyr remembraunce  
 Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

O<sup>2</sup> perlese Prince of heuen emperyall ! 190  
 That with one word formed al thing of noughte ;  
 Heuen, hell, and erthe obey unto thy call ;  
 Which to thy resemblaunce wondersly hast wrought  
 All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast bought,  
 With thy bloud precious our finaunce thou did pay,  
 And vs redemed from the fendys pray ;

To thé pray we, as Prince incomparable,  
 As thou art of mercy and pyte the well,  
 Thou bring unto thy joye eterminable  
 The soull of this lorde from all daunger of hell, 200  
 In endles blys with thé to byde and dwell  
 In thy palace aboute the orient,  
 Where thou art Lord and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,  
 Mayden most pure, and Goddes moder dere,

<sup>1</sup> *lordes*] So ms. rightly, making the word a dissyllable (yet Percy prints "lords"). Marshe's ed. "lords."

<sup>2</sup> *O*] So ms. Not in Marshe's ed.

To sorowful hartes chef comfort and solace,  
 Of all women O flowre withouten<sup>1</sup> pere !  
 Pray to thy Son aboute the sterres clere,  
 He to vouchesaf, by thy mediacion,  
 To pardon thy seruaunt, and brynge to saluacion. 210

In joy triumphaunt the heuenly yerarchy,<sup>2</sup>  
 With all the hole sorte of that glorious place,  
 His soull mot receyue into theyr company,  
 Thorow bounty of Hym that formed all solace ;  
 Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace,  
 The Father, the Sonn, and the Holy Ghost,  
 In Trinitate one God of myghtes<sup>3</sup> moste !

*Non sapit, humanis qui certam ponere rebus  
 Spem cupit : est hominum raraque ficta fides.*

TETRASTICHON<sup>4</sup> SKELTON. LAUREATI AD MAGISTRUM RUKSHAW,  
 SACRÆ THEOLOGIÆ EGREGIUM PROFESSOREM.

*Accipe nunc demum, doctor celeberrime Rukshaw,  
 Carmina, de calamo quæ cecidere<sup>5</sup> meo ;  
 Et quanquam<sup>6</sup> placidis non sunt modulata camenis,<sup>7</sup>  
 Sunt tamen ex nostro pectore prompta pio.*

*Vale feliciter, virorum laudatissime.*

<sup>1</sup> *withouten*] So MS. Marshe's ed. "without."

<sup>2</sup> *yerarchy*] So Percy. Both Marshe's ed. and MS. "gerarchy."

<sup>3</sup> *myghtes*] So MS. (yet Percy prints "myghts"). Marshe's ed. "myghts."

<sup>4</sup> *Tetrastichon*, &c.] Follows the elegy on the Earl of Northumberland both in Marshe's ed. and in the MS.

<sup>5</sup> *cecidere*] Marshe's ed. and MS. "occidere."

<sup>6</sup> *quanquam*] Marshe's ed. and MS. "quaqua."

<sup>7</sup> *camenis*] So MS. Marshe's ed. "carmenis."



SKELTON LAUREATE<sup>1</sup>

## AGAYNSTE

*A comely coystrowne, that curyowsly chawntyd, and curryshly cowntred, and madly in hys musykhys mokkyshly made agaynste the ix Musys of polytyke poems and poettys matryculat.*

OF all nacyons vnder the heuyn,  
 These frantye foolys I hate most of all ;  
 For though they stumble in the synnys seuyn,  
 In peuyshnes yet they<sup>2</sup> snapper and fall,  
 Which men the viii dedly syn<sup>3</sup> call.  
 This peuysh proud, thys prendergest,  
 When he is well, yet can he not rest.

A swete suger lofe and sowre bayardys bun  
 Be sumdele lyke in forme and shap,  
 The one for a duke, the other for dun, 10  
 A maunchet for morell theron to snap.  
 Hys hart is to hy to haue any hap ;  
 But for in his gamut carp that he can,  
 Lo, Jak wold be a jentylman !

Wyth, Hey, trolly, loly, lo, whip here, Jak,  
 Alumbek sodyldym syllorym ben !  
 Curyowsly he can both counter and knak  
 Of Martyn Swart and all hys mery men.  
 Lord, how Perkyn is proud of hys pohen !

<sup>1</sup> *Skelton Laureate, &c.*] This poem, and the three pieces which follow it, are given from a tract of four leaves, n. d., and without printer's name (but evidently from the press of Pynson), collated with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

<sup>2</sup> *they*] So Marshe's ed. Pynson's ed. "the."

<sup>3</sup> *syn*] Marshe's ed. "sins."

But ask wher he fyndyth among hys monacordys 20  
An holy water clarke a ruler of lordys.

He can not fynd it in rule nor in space :

He solfyth to haute, hys trybyll is to hy ;  
He braggyth of his byrth, that borne was full bace ;  
Hys musyk withoute mesure, to sharp is hys my ;  
He trymmyth in hys tenor to counter pyrdewy ;  
His dyscant is besy, it is withoute a mene ;  
To fat is hys fantasy, hys wyt is to lene.

He lumbryth on a lewde lewte, Roty bully joyse,  
Rumbyll downe, tumblyll downe, hey go, now, now ! 30  
He fumblyth in hys fyngeryng an vgly good noyse,  
It semyth the sobbyng of an old sow :  
He wold be made moch of, and he wyst how ;  
Wele sped in spyndels and turnyng of tauellys ;  
A bungler, a brawler, a pyker of quarellys.

Comely he clappyth a payre of clauycordys ;  
He whystelyth so swetely, he makyth me to swete ;  
His descant is dashed full of dyscordes ;  
A red angry man, but easy to intrete :  
An vssher of the hall fayn wold I get, 40  
To poynte this proude page a place and a rome,  
For Jak wold be a jentylman, that late was a grome.

Jak wold jet, and yet Jyll sayd nay ;  
He counteth in his countenance to checke with the best :  
A malaperte medler that pryeth for his pray,  
In a dysh dare he rush at the rypest ;  
Dremyng in dumpys to wrangyll and to wrest :  
He fyndeth a proporcyon in his prycke songe,  
To drynk at a draught a larg and a long.

Nay, iape not with hym, he is no small fole, 50  
It is a solemnpne syre and a solayne ;

For lordes and ladyes lerne at his scole ;  
 He techyth them so wysely to solf and to fayne,  
 That neyther they synge wel prycke songe nor playne :  
 Thys docter Deuyas<sup>1</sup> commensyd in a cart,  
 A master, a mynstrell, a fyddler, a farte.

What though ye can cownter *Custodi nos* ?  
 As well it becomyth yow, a parysh towne clarke,  
 To syng *Sospitati*<sup>2</sup> *dedit ægros* :  
 Yet bere ye not to bold, to braule ne to bark 60  
 At me, that medeled nothyng with youre wark :  
 Correct fyrst thy self; walk, and be nought !  
 Deme what thou lyst, thou knowyst not my thought.

A prouerbe of old, say well or be styll :  
 Ye are to vnhappy occasyons<sup>3</sup> to fynde  
 Vppon me to clater, or els to say yll.  
 Now haue I shewyd you part of your proud mynde ;  
 Take thys in worth, the best is behynde.  
 Wryten at Croyden by Crowland in the Clay,  
 On Candelmas euyng, the Kalendas of May. 70

---

CONTRA ALIUM CANTITANTEM ET ORGANISANTEM ASINUM, QUI  
 IMPUGNABAT SKELTONIDA PIERIUM, SARCASMOS.

*Præponenda meis non sunt tua plectra camenis,*  
*Nec quantum nostra fistula clara tua est :*  
*Sæpe licet lyricos modularis arundine psalmos,*  
*Et tremulos calamis concinis ipse modos ;*  
*Quamvis mille tuus digitus dat carmine plausus,*  
*Nam tua quam tua vox est mage docta manus ;*

<sup>1</sup> *Deuyas*] Marshe's ed. "dellias."

<sup>2</sup> *Sospitati*] Pynson's ed. "*suspirari*." Marshe's ed. "*Supitati*," which the editor of 1736 changed into "*supinitati*."

<sup>3</sup> *occasyons*] Marshe's ed. "occasion."

*Quamvis cuncta facis tumida sub mente superbus,  
 Gratiior est Phæbo fistula nostra tamen.  
 Ergo tuum studeas animo deponere fastum,  
 Et violare sacrum desine, stulte, virum.*

Qd<sup>1</sup> Skelton, laureat.

---

SKELTON LAUREAT,

*Vppon a deedmans hed, that was sent to hym from an honorable  
 jentyllwoman for a token, deuysyd this gostly medytacyon  
 in Englysh, couenable in sentence, comendable, lamentable,  
 lacrymable, profytable for the soule.*

YOURE vgly tokyn  
 My mynd hath brokyn  
 From worldly lust;  
 For I haue dyscust  
 We ar but dust,  
 And dy we must.  
 It is generall  
 To be mortall:  
 I haue well espyde  
 No man may hym hyde  
 From Deth holow eyed,  
 With synnews wyderyd,  
 With bonys shyderyd,  
 With hys worme etyn maw,  
 And his gastly jaw  
 Gaspyng asyde,  
 Nakyd of hyde,  
 Neyther flesh nor<sup>2</sup> fell.

10

Then, by my councell,  
 Loke that ye spell

20

<sup>1</sup> Qd, &c.] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>2</sup> nor] Marshe's ed. "not."

Well thys gspell :  
 For wher so we dwell  
 Deth wyll us qwell,  
 And with us mell.

For all oure pamperde paunchys,  
 Ther may no fraunchys,  
 Nor worldly blys,  
 Redeme vs from this :  
 Oure days be datyd,  
 To be chekmatyd 30  
 With drawttys of deth,  
 Stoppynge oure breth ;  
 Oure eyen synkyng,  
 Oure bodys stynkyng,  
 Oure gummys grynnyng,  
 Oure soulys brynnyng.  
 To whom, then, shall we sew,  
 For to haue rescew,  
 But to swete Jesu,  
 On vs then for to rew ? 40

O goodly chyld  
 Of Mary mylde,  
 Then be oure shyld !  
 That we be not exyld<sup>1</sup>  
 To the dyne dale  
 Of boteles<sup>2</sup> bale,  
 Nor to the lake  
 Of fendys blake.

But graunt vs grace  
 To se thy face, 50  
 And to purchase  
 Thyne heuenly place,  
 And thy palace,  
 Full of solace,

<sup>1</sup> *exyld*] So Marshe's ed. Pynson's ed. "exylyd."

<sup>2</sup> *boteles*] Marshe's ed. "botemles."

About the sky,  
That is so hy;  
Eternally  
To beholde and se  
The Trynyte!

Amen.

*Myrres vous y.*

60

WOMANHOD, wanton, ye want;  
Youre medelyng, mastres, is manerles;  
Plente of yll, of goodnes skant,  
Ye rayll at ryot, recheles:  
To prayse youre porte it is nedeles;  
For all your draffe yet and youre dreggys,  
As well borne as ye full oft tyme beggys.

Why so koy and full of skorne?  
Myne horse is sold, I wene, you say;  
My new furryd gowne, when it is worne,  
Put vp youre purs, ye shall non pay.  
By crede, I trust to se the day,  
As proud a pohen as ye sprede,  
Of me and other ye may haue nede.

10

Though angelyk be youre smylyng,  
Yet is youre tong an adders tayle,  
Full lyke a scorpyon styngyng  
All those by whom ye haue auayle:  
Good mastres Anne, there ye do shayle:  
What prate ye, praty pyggysny?  
I truste to quyte you or I dy.

20

Youre key is mete for euery lok,  
Youre key is comen and hangyth owte;

Your key is redy, we nede not knock,  
Nor stand long wrestyng there aboute ;  
Of youre doregate ye haue no doute :  
But one thyng is, that ye be lewde :  
Holde youre tong now, all beshrewde !

To mastres Anne, that farly swete,  
That wonnes at the Key in Temmys strete.

*Here folowythe dyuers Balettys<sup>1</sup> and Dyties solacyous, deuysyd  
by Master Skelton, Laureat.*

WITH, Lullay, lullay, lyke a chylde,  
Thou slepyst to long, thou art begylde.

My darlyng dere, my daysy floure,  
Let me, quod he, ly in your lap.  
Ly styll, quod she, my paramoure,  
Ly styll hardely, and take a nap.  
Hys hed was heuy, such was his hap,  
All drowsy dremyng, dround in slepe,  
That of hys loue he toke no kepe,  
With, Hey, lullay, &c.

With ba, ba, ba, and bas, bas, bas,  
She cheryshed hym both cheke and chyn,  
That he wyst neuer where he was; 10  
He had forgotten all dedely syn.  
He wantyd wyt her loue to wyn:  
He trusted her payment, and lost all hys pray:<sup>2</sup>  
She left hym slepyng, and stale away,  
Wyth, Hey, lullay, &c.

The ryuers rowth, the waters wan;  
She sparyd not to wete her fete;  
She wadyd ouer, she found a man  
That halsyd her hartely and kyst her swete:  
Thus after her cold she cought a hete.

<sup>1</sup> *Here folowythe dyuers Balettys, &c.*] A tract so entitled, of four leaves, n. d. and without printer's name, but evidently from the press of Pynson, consists of the five following pieces.

<sup>2</sup> *pray*] Qy. "pay?"



My lefe, she sayd, rowtyth in hys bed ;  
 I wys he hath an heuy hed,  
 Wyth, Hey, lullay, &c. 20

What dremyst thou, drunchard, drousy pate !  
 Thy lust and lykyng is from thé gone ;  
 Thou blynkerd blowboll, thou wakyst to late,  
 Behold, thou lyste, luggard, alone !  
 Well may thou sygh, well may thou grone,  
 To dele wyth her so cowardly :  
 I wys, powle hachet, she bleryd thyne I.

Qd Skelton, laureate.

---

THE auncient acquaintance, madam, betwen vs twayn,  
 The famylyaryte, the formar dalyaunce,  
 Causyth me that I can not myself refrayne  
 But that I must wryte for my plesaunt pastaunce :  
 Remembryng your passyng goodly countenaunce,  
 Your goodly port, your bewteous visage,  
 Ye may be countyd comfort of ali corage.

Of all your feturs faorable to make tru discricion,  
 I am insuffycient to make such enterpryse ;  
 For thus dare I say, without [con]tradiccyon, 10  
 That dame Menolope was neuer half so wyse :  
 Yet so it is that a rumer begynnyth for to ryse,  
 How in good horsmen ye set your hole delyght,  
 And haue forgotten your old trew louyng knyght.

Wyth bound and rebound, bounsyngly take vp  
 Hys jentyll curtoyl,<sup>1</sup> and set nowght by small naggys !

<sup>1</sup> *curtoyl*] Ed. "curtoyt."

Spur vp at the hynder gyrrh, with, Gup, morell, gup !  
 With, Jayst ye, jenet of Spayne, for your tayll waggys !  
 Ye cast all your corage vppon such courtly haggys.  
 Haue in sergeaunt ferrou, myne horse behynde is bare ; 20  
 He rydeth well the horse, but he rydeth better the mare.

Ware, ware, the mare wynsyth wyth her wanton hele !  
 She kykyth with her kalkyns and keylyth with a clenck ;  
 She goyth wyde behynde, and hewyth neuer a dele :  
 Ware gallyng in the widders, ware of that wrenche !  
 It is perlous for a horseman to dyg in the trenche.  
 Thys greuyth your husband, that ryght jentyll knyght,  
 And so with youre seruantys he fersly doth fyght.,

So fersly he fytyth, hys mynde is so fell,  
 That he dryuyth them doune with dyntes on ther day  
 wach ; 30  
 He bresyth theyr braynpannyes and makyth them to swell,  
 Theyre browys all to-brokyn, such clappys they cach ;  
 Whose jalawsy malyceyous makyth them to lepe the hach ;  
 By theyr conusaunce knowing how they serue a wily py :  
 Ask all your neybourys whether that I ly.

It can be no counsell that is cryed at the cros :  
 For your jentyll husband sorowfull am I ;  
 How be it,<sup>1</sup> he is not furst hath had a los :  
 Aduertysyng you, madame, to warke more secretly,  
 Let not all the world make an owtery ; 40  
 Play fayre play, madame, and loke ye play clene,  
 Or ells with gret shame your game wylbe sene.

Qd Skelton, laureat.

<sup>1</sup> it] Ed. "is."

KNOLEGE, aquayntance, resort, fauour with grace ;  
 Delyte, desyre, respyte wyth lyberte ;  
 Corage wyth lust, conuenient tyme and space ;  
 Dysdayns, dystres, exylyd cruelte ;  
 Wordys well set with good habylte ;  
 Demure demenaunce, womanly of porte ;  
 Transendyng plesure, surmountyng all dysporte ;

Allectuary arrectyd to redres

These feuerous axys, the dedely wo and payne  
 Of thoughtfull hertys plungyd in dystres ; 10  
 Refreshyng myndys the Aprell shoure of rayne ;  
 Conduite of comforte, and well most souerayne ;  
 Herber enverduryd, contynuall fressh and grene ;  
 Of lusty somer the passyng goodly quene ;

The topas rych and precyouse in vertew ;  
 Your ruddys wyth ruddy rubys may compare ;  
 Saphyre of sadnes, enuayned wyth indy blew ;  
 The pullyshed perle youre whytenes doth declare ;  
 Dyamand poyntyd to rase oute hartly care ;  
 Geyne surfetous suspecte the emeraud comendable ; 20  
 Relucent smaragd, obiecte imcomperable ;

Encleryd myrroure and perspectyue most bryght,  
 Illumynynd wyth feturys far passyng my reporte ;  
 Radyent Esperus, star of the clowdy nyght,  
 Lode star to lyght these louers to theyr porte,  
 Gayne dangerous stormys theyr anker of supporte,  
 Theyr sayll of solace most comfortably clad,  
 Whych to behold makyth heuy hartys glad :

Remorse haue I of youre most goodlyhod,  
 Of youre behauoure curtes and benynge, 30  
 Of your bownte and of youre womanhod,  
 Which makyth my hart oft to lepe and sprynge,  
 And to remember many a praty thyng ;

But absens, alas, wyth tremelyng fere and drede  
Abashyth me, albeit I haue no nede.

You I assure, absens is my fo,

My dedely wo, my paynfull heuynes ;  
And if ye lyst to know the cause why so,

Open myne hart, beholde my mynde expres :

I wold ye coud ! then shuld ye se, mastres,

40

How there nys thynge that I couet so fayne

As to embrace you in myne armys twayne.

Nothyng yertly to me more desyrous

Than to beholde youre bewteouse countenance :

But, hatefull absens, to me so enuyous,

Though thou withdraw me from her by long dystaunce,

Yet shall she neuer oute of remembraunce ;

For I haue grayd her wythin the secret wall

Of my trew hart, to loue her best of all !

Qd Skelton, laureat.

*Cuncta licet cecidisse putas discrimina rerum,*

*Et prius incerta nunc tibi certa manent,*

*Consiliis usure meis tamen aspice caute,*

*Sûbdola non fallat te dea fraude sua :*

*Sæpe solet placido mortales fallere vultu,*

*Et cute sub placida tabida sæpe dolent ;*

*Ut quando segura putas et cuncta serena,<sup>1</sup>*

*Anguis sub viridi gramine sæpe latet.*

Though ye suppose all jeperdys ar paste,

And all is done that ye lokyd for before,

10

Ware yet, I rede you, of Fortunes dowble cast,

For one fals poynt she is wont to kepe in store,

And vnder the fell oft festerd is the sore :

<sup>1</sup> *serena*] Ed. "serenas."

That when ye thynke all daunger for to pas,  
Ware of the lesard lyeth lurkyng in the gras.

Qd Skelton, laureat.

Go, pytyous hart, rasyd with dedly wo,  
Persyd with payn, bleding with wondes smart,  
Bewayle thy fortune, with vaynys wan and blo.  
O Fortune vnfrendly, Fortune vnkynde thow art,  
To be so cruell and so ouerthwart,  
To suffer me so carefull to endure,  
That wher I loue best I dare not dyscure !

One ther is, and euer one shalbe,  
For whose sake my hart is sore dyseasyd ;  
For whose loue, welcom dysease to me ! 10  
I am content so all partys be pleasyd :  
Yet, and God wold, I wold my payne were easyd !  
But Fortune enforsyth me so carefully to endure,  
That where I loue best I dare not dyscure.

Skelton, laureat,  
At the instance of a nobyll lady.

MANERLY MARGERY<sup>1</sup> MYLK AND ALE.

Ay, beshere we yow, be my fay,  
 This wanton clarkes be nyse all way;  
 Avent, avent, my popagay!  
 What, will ye do no thyng but play?  
 Tully valy, strawe, let be, I say!  
 Gup, Cristian Clowte, gup, Jak of the vale!  
 With, Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale.

Be God, ye be a praty poded,  
 And I loue you an hole cart lode.  
 Strawe, Jamys foder, ye play the fode, 10  
 I am no hakney for your rode;  
 Go watch a bole, your bak is brode:  
 Gup, Cristian Clowte, gup, Jak of the vale!  
 With, Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale.

I wiss ye dele vncurtesly;  
 What wolde ye frompill me? now, fy!  
 What, and ye shalbe my piggesnye?  
 Be Crist, ye shall not, no hardely;  
 I will not be japed bodely: 20  
 Gup, Cristian Clowte, gup, Jake of the vale!  
 With, Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale.

<sup>1</sup> *Manerly Margery*, &c.] From the Fairfax MS., which formerly belonged to Ralph Thoresby, and now forms part of the Additional MSS. (5465. fol. 109) in the British Museum. It was printed (together with the music), by Hawkins, *Hist. of Music*, iii. 2. This song was inserted also in the first edition of *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 100, by Ritson, who observes,—“ Since Sir J. Hawkins’s transcript was made, the MS. appears to have received certain alterations, occasioned, as it should seem, but certainly not authorised, by the over-scrupulous delicacy of its late or present possessor.” p. 102.

Walke forth your way, ye cost me nought ;  
Now haue I fownd that I haue sought,  
The best chepe flesh that euyr I bought.  
Yet, for His loue that all hath wrought,  
Wed me, or els I dye for thought !  
Gup, Cristian Clowte, your breth<sup>1</sup> is stale !  
Go, Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale !  
Gup, Cristian Clowte, gup, Jak of the vale !      30  
With, Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale.

<sup>1</sup> *breth*] Hawkins and Ritson print "broth."

HERE BEGYNNETH A LYTELL TREATYSE,

NAMED

THE BOWGE OF COURTE.<sup>1</sup>

THE PROLOGUE TO THE BOWGE OF COURTE.

IN autumpne, whan the sonne *in Virgine*  
 By radyante hete enryped hath our corne ;  
 Whan Luna, full of mutabylyte,  
 As emperes the dyademe hath worne  
 Of our pole artyke, smyllynge halfe in scorne  
 At our foly and our vnstedfastnesse ;  
 The tyme whan Mars to werre hym dyde dres ;

I, callynge to mynde the greate auctoryte  
 Of poetes olde, whyche full craftely,  
 Vnder as couerte termes as coude be, 10  
 Can touche a trouth<sup>2</sup> and cloke it<sup>3</sup> subtylly  
 Wyth fresshe vtterance full sentencyously ;  
 Dyuerse in style, some spared not vyce to wryte,<sup>4</sup>  
 Some of moralyte<sup>5</sup> nobly dyde endyte ;

Wherby I rede theyr renome and theyr fame  
 Maye neuer dye, bute euermore endure :

<sup>1</sup> *The Bowge of Courte*] From the ed. of Wynkyn de Worde, n. d., in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, collated with another ed. by Wynkyn de Worde, n. d., in the Public Library, Cambridge, and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

<sup>2</sup> *trouth*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "troughte."

<sup>3</sup> *it*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>4</sup> *wryte*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E. "wrythe."—Qy. "wyte" (i. e. blame)?

<sup>5</sup> *moralyste*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C. Other eds. "mortalyte," and "mortalitie."



I was sore moued to aforce the same,  
 But Ignoraunce full soone dyde me dyscure,<sup>1</sup>  
 And shewed that in this arte I<sup>2</sup> was not sure;  
 For to illumyne, she sayde, I was to dulle, 20  
 Auysynge<sup>3</sup> me my penne awaye to pulle,

And not to wryte;<sup>4</sup> for he so wyll atteyne  
 Excedynge ferther than his connyng is,  
 His hede maye be harde, but feble is his<sup>5</sup> brayne,  
 Yet haue I knowen suche er this;  
 But of reproche surely he maye not mys,  
 That clymmeth hyer than he may fotyng haue;  
 What and he slyde downe, who shall hym saue?

Thus vp and down my mynde was drawen and cast,  
 That I ne wyste what to do was<sup>6</sup> beste; 30  
 So sore enwered, that I was at the laste  
 Enforsed to slepe and for to take some reste:  
 And to lye downe as soone as I me<sup>7</sup> dreste,  
 At Harwyche Porte slumbryng as I laye,  
 In myne hostes house, called Powers Keye,

Methoughte I sawe a shyppe, goodly of sayle,  
 Come saylynge forth into that hauen brood,  
 Her takelyng ryche and of hye apparayle:  
 She kyste<sup>8</sup> an anker, and there she laye at rode.  
 Marchauntes her borded to see what she had lode:<sup>9</sup> 40

<sup>1</sup> *dyscure*] Both eds. of W. de Worde, "dysture." Marshe's ed. "dyscure."

<sup>2</sup> *I*] So Marshe's ed. Not in eds. of W. de Worde.

<sup>3</sup> *Auysynge*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. "Aduysynge."

<sup>4</sup> *wryte*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "wrythe."

<sup>5</sup> *his*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>6</sup> *was*] Marshe's ed. "waa."

<sup>7</sup> *me*] Eds. "my."

<sup>8</sup> *kyste*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "keste." Marshe's ed. "kast."

<sup>9</sup> *lode*] Not in Marshe's ed.

Therein they founde royall marchaundyse,  
Fraghted with plesure of what ye coude deuysse.

But than I thoughte I wolde not dwell behynde;  
Amonge all other I put myselfe in prece.  
Than there coude I none aquentaunce fynde:  
There was moche noyse; anone one cryed, Cese!  
Sharpely commaundyng eche man holde hys pece:  
Maysters, he sayde, the shyp that ye here see,  
The Bowge of Courte it hyghte for certeynte:<sup>1</sup>

The owner<sup>2</sup> therof is lady of estate, 50  
Whoos name to tell is dame Saunce-pere;  
Her<sup>3</sup> marchaundyse is ryche and fortunate,  
But who wyll haue it muste paye therfore dere;  
This royall chaffre that is shyped here  
Is called Fauore, to stonde in her good grace.  
Than sholde ye see there pressyng in a pace

Of one and other that wolde this lady see;  
Whiche sat behynde a traues<sup>4</sup> of sylke fyne,  
Of golde of tessew the fynest that myghte be,  
In a trone whiche fer clerer<sup>5</sup> dyde shyne 60  
Than Phebus in his spere celestyne;  
Whoos beaute, honoure, goodly porte,  
I haue to lytyll connyng to reporte.

But, of eche thyng there as I toke hede,  
Amonge all other was wrytten in her trone,

<sup>1</sup> *certeynte*] So Marshe's ed. Eds. of W. de Worde, "certeynet" and "certayne."

<sup>2</sup> *owner*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "awwner;" and so, perhaps, Skelton wrote: compare *Elynour Rummyng*, v. 609.

<sup>3</sup> *Her*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "Hpre."

<sup>4</sup> *traues*] Eds. "tranes."

<sup>5</sup> *clerer*] Marshe's ed. "clerc."

In golde letters, this worde, whiche I dyde rede,  
*Garder*<sup>1</sup> *le fortune, que est mauelz et bone!*

And, as I stode redyng this verse myselfe allone,  
 Her chyef gentywoman, Daunger by her name,  
 Gaue me a taunte, and sayde I was to blame

70

To be so perte to prese so proudly vppe :

She sayde she trowed that I had<sup>2</sup> eten sause ;  
 She asked yf euer I dranke of saucys cuppe.

And I than softly answered to that clause,  
 That, so to saye, I had gyuen her no cause.  
 Than asked she me, Syr, so God thé spede,  
 What is thy name? and I sayde, it was Drede.

What mouyd thé, quod she, hydder to come?

Forsoth, quod I, to bye some of youre ware.  
 And with that worde on me she gaue a glome

80

With browes bente, and gan on me to stare  
 Full daynnously, and fro me she dyde fare,  
 Leuyng me stondyng as a mased man :  
 To whome there came an other gentywoman ;

Desyre her name was, and so she me tolde,

Sayenge to me, Broder,<sup>3</sup> be of good chere,  
 Abasse you not, but hardely be bolde,

Auaunce yourselfe to aproche and come nere :

What though our chaffer be neuër so dere,

Yet I auyse you to speke, for ony drede :

90

Who spareth to speke, in fayth he spareth to spede.<sup>4</sup>

Maystres, quod I, I haue none aquentaunce,

That wyll for me be medyatoure and mene ;

<sup>1</sup> *Garder*] Marshe's ed. "*Garde.*" (Qy. "*Gardez?*")

<sup>2</sup> *had*] So Marshe's ed. Not in W. de Worde's eds.

<sup>3</sup> *Broder*] Marshe's ed. "brother."

<sup>4</sup> *spede*] Marshe's ed. "sped"

And<sup>1</sup> this an other, I haue but smale substaunce.  
 Pece, quod Desyre, ye speke not worth a bene:  
 Yf ye haue not, in fayth I wyll you lene  
 A precyous jewell, no rycher in this londe;  
Bone Auenture haue here now in your honde.

Shyfte now therwith, let see, as ye can,  
 In Bowge of Courte cheuysaunce to make; 100  
 For I dare saye that there nys erthly man  
 But, an<sup>2</sup> he can Bone Auenture take,  
 There can no fauour nor frendshyp hym forsake;  
 Bone Auenture may brynge you in suche case  
 That ye shall stonde in fauoure and in grace.

But of one thyng I werne<sup>3</sup> you er<sup>4</sup> I goo,  
 She that styreth the shyp, make her your frende.  
 Maystres, quod I, I praye you tell me why soo,  
 And how I maye that waye and meanes fynde.  
 Forsothe, quod she, how euer blowe the wynde, 110  
 Fortune gydeth and ruleth all oure shyppe:  
 Whome she hateth shall ouer the see boorde<sup>5</sup> skyp;

Whome she loueth, of all plesyre<sup>6</sup> is ryche,  
 Whyles she laugheth<sup>7</sup> and hath luste for to playe;  
 Whome she hateth,<sup>8</sup> she casteth in the dyche,  
 For whan she frouneth,<sup>9</sup> she thynketh to make a fray;

<sup>1</sup> *And*] Marshe's ed. "But."

<sup>2</sup> *an*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. "and."

<sup>3</sup> *werne*] Marshe's ed. "warne."

<sup>4</sup> *er*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "or."

<sup>5</sup> *see boorde*] Marshe's ed. "shyp borde."

<sup>6</sup> *plesyre*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. "pleasure."

<sup>7</sup> *laugheth*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "laughed."

<sup>8</sup> *hateth*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "hateh."

<sup>9</sup> *frouneth*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "fronneth."

She cheryssheth<sup>1</sup> him, and hym she casseth<sup>2</sup> away.  
 Alas, quod I, how myghte I haue her sure?  
 In fayth, quod she, by Bone Auenture.

Thus, in a rowe, of martchauntes a grete route 120  
 Suwed to Fortune that she wold be theyre frynde:  
 They thronge in fast, and flocked her aboute;  
 And I with them prayed her to haue in mynde.  
 She promysed to vs all she wolde be kynde:✓  
 Of Bowge of Court she asketh what we wold haue;  
 And we asked Fauoure, and Fauour she vs gaue.

*Thus endeth the Prologue; and begynneth the Bowge of Courte breuely compyled.*<sup>3</sup>

## DREDE.

The sayle is vp, Fortune ruleth our helme,  
 We wante no wynde to passe now ouer all;  
 Fauoure we haue tougher<sup>4</sup> than ony<sup>5</sup> elme,  
 That wyll abyde and neuer from vs fall: 130  
 But vnder hony ofte tyme lyeth bytter gall;  
 For, as me thoughte, in our shyppe I dyde see  
 Full subtyll persones, in nombre foure and thre.

The fyrste was Fauell, full of flattery,  
 Wyth fables false that well coude fayne a tale;  
 The seconde was Suspecte, whiche that dayly  
 Mysdempte eche man, with face deedly and pale;  
 And Haruy Hafter,<sup>6</sup> that well coude picke a male;

<sup>1</sup> *cherysseth*] Eds. "cherysshed."

<sup>2</sup> *casseth*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "casteth." Marshe's ed. "chasseth."

<sup>3</sup> *and begynneth . . . . compyled*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>4</sup> *tougher*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshie's ed. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "toughther."

<sup>5</sup> *ony*] Marshe's ed. "any."

<sup>6</sup> *Hafter*] Eds. "Haster." See notes.

With other foure of theyr affynyte,  
 Dysdayne, Ryotte, Dyssymuler, Subtylte. 140

Fortune theyr frende, with whome oft she dyde daunce;  
 They coude not faile, thei thought, they were so sure;  
 And oftentymes I wolde myselte auauunce  
 With them to make solace and pleasure;  
 But my dysporte they coude not well endure;  
 They sayde they hated for to dele with Drede.  
 Than Fauell gan wyth fayre speche me to fede.

## FAUELI.

Noo thyng erthely that I wonder so sore  
 As of your connyng, that is so excellent;  
 Deynte to haue with vs suche one in store, 150  
 So vertuously that hath his dayes spente;  
 Fortune to you gyftes of grace hath lente:  
 Loo, what it is a man to haue connyng!  
 All erthly tresoure it is surmountyng.

Ye be an apte man, as ony can be founde,  
 To dwell with vs, and serue my ladyes grace;  
 Ye be to her yea worth a thousande pounce;  
 I herde her speke of you within shorte<sup>1</sup> space,  
 Whan there were dyuerse that sore dyde you manace;  
 And, though I say it, I was myselte your frende, 160  
 For here be dyuerse to you that be vnkynde.

But this one thyng ye maye be sure of me;  
 For, by that Lorde that bought dere all mankynde,  
 I can not flater, I muste be playne to thé;  
 And ye nede ought, man, shewe to me your mynde,  
 For ye haue me whome faythfull ye shall fynde;  
 Whyles I haue ought, by God, thou shalt not lacke,  
 And yf nede be, a bolde worde I dare cracke.

<sup>1</sup> *shorte*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "a *shorte*."

Nay, naye, be sure, whyles I am on your syde,  
 Ye maye not fall, truste me, ye maye not fayle; 170  
 Ye stonde<sup>1</sup> in faouere, and Fortune is your gyde,  
 And, as she wyll, so shall our grete shyppe sayle:  
 Thyse lewde cok wattes<sup>2</sup> shall neuermore preuayle  
 Ageynste you hardely, therefore be not afrayde:  
 Farewell tyll soone; but no worde that I sayde.

## DREDE.

Than thanked I hym for his grete gentylnes:  
 But, as me thoughte, he ware on hym a cloke,  
 That lyned was with doubtfull doublenes;  
 Me thoughte, of wordes that he had full a poke;  
 His stomak stuffed ofte tymes dyde reboke: 180  
 Suspicyon, me thoughte, mette hym at a brayde,  
 And I drewe nere to herke what they two sayde.

In faythe, quod Suspecte, spake Drede no worde of me?  
 Why, what than? wylte thou lete men to speke?  
 He sayth, he can not well accorde with thé.  
 Twyst,<sup>3</sup> quod Suspecte, goo playe, hym I ne reke.  
 By Cryste, quod Fauell, Drede is soleyne freke:  
 What lete vs holde him vp, man, for a whyle?  
 Ye soo, quod Suspecte, he maye vs bothe begyle.

And whan he came walkynge soberly, 190  
 Wyth whom and ha, and with a croked loke,  
 Me thoughte, his hede was full of gelousy,  
 His eyen rollynge, his hondes faste they quoke;  
 And to me warde the strayte waye he toke:  
 God spede, broder!<sup>4</sup> to me quod he than;  
 And thus to talke with me he began.

<sup>1</sup> *stonde*] Marshe's ed. "stande."

<sup>2</sup> *Thyse lewde cok wattes*] Marshe's ed. "These *lewd cok witts*."

<sup>3</sup> *Twyst*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "Whist." Marshe's ed. "Twysshē."

<sup>4</sup> *spede, broder*] Marshe's ed. "sped, brother."

## SUSPYCYON.

Ye remembre the gentyelman ryghte nowe  
 That commaunde<sup>1</sup> with you, me thought, a party space?<sup>2</sup>  
 Beware of him, for, I make God auowe,  
 He wyll begyle you and speke fayre to your face: 200  
 Ye neuer dwelte in suche an other place,  
 For here is none that dare well other truste;  
 But I wolde telle you a thyng, and I durste.

Spake he a fayth no worde to you of me?  
 I wote, and he dyde, ye wolde me telle.  
 I haue a fauoure to you, wherof it be  
 That I muste shewe you moche<sup>3</sup> of my counselle:  
 But I wonder what the deuyll of helle  
 He sayde of me, whan he with you dyde talke:  
 By myne auyse<sup>4</sup> vse not with him to walke. 210

The soueraynst thyng that ony<sup>5</sup> man maye haue,  
 Is lytyll to saye, and moche<sup>6</sup> to here and see;  
 For, but I trusted you, so God me saue,  
 I wolde noo thyng so playne be;  
 To you oonly, me thynke, I durste shryue me  
 For now am I plenarely dysposed  
 To shewe you thynges that may not be disclosed.

## DREDE.

Than I assured hym my fydelyte,  
 His counseyle secrete neuer to dyscure,<sup>7</sup>  
 Yf he coude fynde in herte to truste me; 220  
 Els I prayed hym, with all my besy cure,  
 To kepe it hymselfe, for than he myghte be sure

<sup>1</sup> *commaunde*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "commened."

<sup>2</sup> *a party space*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C. Other eds. "*a party space*." Qy. "*a praty* (pretty) space?"

<sup>3</sup> *moche*] Marshe's ed. "much." <sup>4</sup> *auyse*] Marshe's ed. "aduyse."

<sup>5</sup> *ony*] Marshe's ed. "any." <sup>6</sup> *moche*] Marshe's ed. "much."

<sup>7</sup> *dyscure*] So Marshe's ed. Eds. of W. de Worde, "dysture."



That noo man<sup>1</sup> ertthly coude hym bewreye,  
 Whyles of his mynde it were lockte with the keye.

By God, quod he, this and thus it is;

And of his mynde he shewed me all and some.

Farewell, quod he, we wyll talke more of this:

Soo he departed there he wolde be come.

I dare not speke, I promysed to be dome:

But, as I stode musynge in my mynde, 230

Haruy Hafter<sup>2</sup> came lepyng, lyghte as lynde.

Vpon his breste he bare a versynge boxe;

His throte was clere, and lustely coude fayne;

Me<sup>3</sup> thoughte, his gowne was all furred wyth foxe;

And euer he sainge, Sythe I am no thyng playne.

To kepe him frome pykyng it was a grete payne:

He gased on me with his gotyshe berde;

Whan I loked on hym, my<sup>4</sup> purse was half aferde.

#### HARUY HAFTER.<sup>5</sup>

Syr, God you saue! why loke ye so sadde?

What thyng is that I maye do for you? 240

A wonder thyng that ye waxe not madde!

For, and I studye sholde as ye doo nowe,

My wytte wolde waste, I make God auowe.

Tell me your mynde: me thynke, ye make a verse;

I coude it skan,<sup>6</sup> and ye wolde it<sup>7</sup> reherse.

But to the poynte shortely to procede,

Where hathe your dwellyng ben, er ye cam here?

<sup>1</sup> *man*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "wan."

<sup>2</sup> *Hafter*] Eds. "Haster."

<sup>3</sup> *Me*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "My."

<sup>4</sup> *my*] Marshe's ed. "me."

<sup>5</sup> *Hafter*] Eds. "Haster."

<sup>6</sup> *skan*] So Marshe's ed. Eds. of W. de Worde, "stan."

<sup>7</sup> *it*] Not in Marshe's ed.

For, as I trowe, I haue sene you indede  
 Er this, whan that ye made me royall chere.  
 Holde vp the helme, loke vp, and lete God stere: 250  
 I wolde be mery, what wynde that euer blowe,  
 Heue and how rombelow, row the bote, Norman, rowe!

Prynces of yougthe<sup>1</sup> can ye synge by rote?  
 Or shall I sayle wyth you a felashyp assaye;  
 For on the booke I<sup>2</sup> can not synge a note.  
 Wolde to God, it wolde please you some daye  
 A balade boke before me for to laye,  
 And lerne me to synge, Re, my, fa, sol!  
 And, whan I fayle, bobbe me on the noll.

Loo, what is to you a pleasure grete, 260  
 To haue that connyng and wayes that ye haue!  
 By Goddis soule, I wonder how ye gete  
 Soo greate pleasyre,<sup>3</sup> or who to you it gaue:  
 Syr, pardone me, I am an homely knaue,  
 To be with you thus perte and thus bolde;  
 But ye be welcome to our housholde.

And, I dare saye, there is no man here inne  
 But wolde be glad of your company:  
 I wyste neuer man that so soone coude wynne  
 The fauoure that ye haue with my lady; 270  
 I praye to God that it maye neuer dy:  
 It is your fortune for to haue that grace;  
 As I be saued, it is a wonder case.

For, as for me, I serued here many a daye,  
 And yet vnneth I can haue my lyuyng:

<sup>1</sup> *yougthe*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C. Other eds. "youghte."

<sup>2</sup> *I*] So Marshe's ed. Not in eds. of W. de Worde.

<sup>3</sup> *pleasyre*] Marshe's ed. "pleasure."

But I requyre you no worde that I saye ;  
 For, and I knowe ony erthly thyng  
 That is agayne you, ye shall haue wetyng :  
 And ye be welcome, syr, so God me saue :  
 I hope here after a frende of you to haue. 280

## DREDE.

Wyth that, as he departed soo fro me,  
 Anone ther mette with him, as me thoughte,  
 A man, but wonderly besene was he ;  
 He loked hawte,<sup>1</sup> he sette eche man at noughte ;  
 His gawdy garment with scornmys<sup>2</sup> was all wrought ;  
 With indygnacyon lyned was his hode ;  
 He frowned, as he wolde swere by Cockes blode ;  
 He bote the<sup>3</sup> lyppe, he loked passyng coy ;  
 His face was belymmed, as byes had him stounge :  
 It was no tyme with him to jape nor toy ; 290  
 Enuye hathe wasted his lyuer and his lounge,  
 Hatred by the herte so had hym wrounge,  
 That he loked pale as ashes to my syghte :  
 Dysdayne, I wene, this comerous crabes hyghte.<sup>4</sup>

To Heruy Hafter<sup>5</sup> than he spake of me,  
 And I drewe nere to harke what they two sayde.  
 Now, quod Dysdayne, as I shall saued be,  
 I haue grete scorne, and am ryghte euyll apayed.  
 Than quod Heruy, why arte thou so dysmayde ?  
 By Cryste, quod he, for it is shame to saye ; 300  
 To see Johan Dawes, that came but yester daye,

<sup>1</sup> *hawte*] Marshe's ed. "hawtie."

<sup>2</sup> *scornmys*] Eds. of W. de Worde, "storunys." Marshe's ed. "scornes."

<sup>3</sup> *the*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "his."

<sup>4</sup> *this comerous crabes hyghte*] Eds. of W. de Worde, "his comerous carbes hyghte." Marshe's ed. "his comerous crabes hyghte."

<sup>5</sup> *Hafter*] Eds. "Haster."

How he is now taken in conceyte,  
 This doctour Dawcocke, Drede, I wene, he hyghte:  
 By Goddis bones, but yf we haue som sleyte,  
 It is lyke he wyll stonde in our<sup>1</sup> lyghte.  
 By God, quod Heruy, and it so happen myghte;  
 Lete vs therfore shortely at a worde  
 Fynde some mene to caste him ouer the borde.

By Him that me boughte, than quod Dysdayne,  
 I wonder sore he is in suche conceyte. 310  
 Turde, quod Hafter,<sup>2</sup> I wyll thé no thyng layne,<sup>3</sup>  
 There muste for hym be layde some prety beyte;  
 We tweyne, I trowe, be not withoute dysceyte:  
 Fyrste pycke a quarell, and fall oute with hym then,  
 And soo outface hym with a carde of ten.

Forthwith he made on me a prowde assawte,  
 With scornfull<sup>4</sup> loke meuyd all in moode;  
 He wente aboute to take me in a fawte;  
 He frounde, he stared, he stampped where he stode.  
 I lokyd on hym, I wende he had be woode. 320  
 He set the arme proudly vnder the syde,  
 And in this wyse he gan with me to chyde.

## DISDAYNE.

Remembrest thou what thou sayd yester nyght?  
 Wylt thou abyde by the wordes agayne?  
 By God, I hauē of thé now grete dyspyte;  
 I shall thé angre ones in euery vayne:  
 It is greate scorne to see suche an hayne  
 As thou arte, one that cam but yesterdaye,  
 With vs olde seruauntes suche maysters to playe.

<sup>1</sup> *our*] Marshe's ed. "your."

<sup>2</sup> *Hafter*] Eds. "Haster."

<sup>3</sup> *layne*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C. Other eds. "sayne."

<sup>4</sup> *scornfull*] Marshe's ed. "scorfull."

I tell thé, I am of countenaunce : 330

What weneste I were? I trowe, thou knowe not  
me.

By Goddis woundes, but for dysplesaunce,  
Of my querell soone wolde I venged be :  
But no force, I shall ones mete with thé ;  
Come whan it wyll, oppose thé I shall,  
What someuer auenture therof fall.

Trowest thou, dreuyll, I saye, thou gawdy knaue,  
That I haue deynte to see thé cherysshed thus?  
By Goddis syde, my sworde thy berde shall shaue ;  
Well, ones thou shalte be chermed, I wus : 340  
Naye, strawe for tales, thou shalte not rule vs ;  
We be thy betters, and so thou shalte vs take,  
Or we shall thé oute of thy clothes shake.

## DREDE.

Wyth that came Ryotte, russhynge all at ones,  
A rusty gallande, to-ragged and to-rente ;  
And on the borde he whyrled a payre of bones,  
*Quater treye dew* he clatered as he wente ;  
Now haue at all, by saynte Thomas of Kente !  
And euer he threwe and kyst<sup>1</sup> I wote nere what :  
His here was growen thorowe oute his hat. 350

Thenne I behelde how he dysgysed was :  
His hede was heuy for watchynge ouer nyghte,  
His eyen blereed, his face shone lyke a glas ;  
His gowne so shorte that it ne couer myghte  
His rumpe, he wente so all for somer lyghte ;  
His hose was garded wyth a lyste of grene,  
Yet at the knee they were broken, I wene.

<sup>1</sup> *kyst*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "kest."

His cote was checked<sup>1</sup> with patches rede and blewe;  
 Of Kyrkeby Kendall was his shorte demye;  
 And ay he sange, In fayth, decon thou crewe; 360  
 His elbowe bare, he ware his gere so nye;  
 His nose a<sup>2</sup> droppynge, his lypes were full drye;  
 And by his syde his whynarde and his pouche,  
 The deuyll myghte daunce therin for ony<sup>3</sup> crowche.

Counter he coude *O lux* vpon a potte;  
 An<sup>4</sup> eestryche fedder of a capons tayle  
 He set vp fresshely vpon his hat alofte:  
 What reuell route! quod he, and gan to rayle  
 How ofte he hadde<sup>5</sup> hit Jenet on the tayle,  
 Of Felyce fetewse, and lytell prety Cate, 370  
 How ofte he knocked at her klycked gate.

What sholde I tell more of his rebaudrye?  
 I was ashamed so to here hym prate:  
 He had no pleasure but in harlotrye.  
 Ay, quod he, in the deuylls date,  
 What arte thou? I sawe thé nowe but late.  
 Forsothe, quod I, in this courte I dwell nowe.  
 Welcome, quod Ryote, I make God auowe.<sup>6</sup>

## RYOTE.

And, syr, in fayth why comste not vs amonge,  
 To make thé mery, as other felowes done? 380  
 Thou muste swere and stare, man, al daye longe,  
 And wake all nyghte, and slepe tyll it be none;  
 Thou mayste not studye, or muse on the mone;  
 This worlde is nothyng but ete, drynke, and slepe,  
 And thus with vs good company to kepe.

<sup>1</sup> *checked*] Marshe's ed. "checkerd."

<sup>2</sup> *a*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>3</sup> *ony*] Marshe's ed. "any."

<sup>4</sup> *An*] Marshe's ed. "And."

<sup>5</sup> *hadde*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>6</sup> *auowe*] So Marshe's ed. Eds. of W. de Worde, "auwe."

Plucke vp thyne herte vpon a mery pyne,  
 And lete vs laugh a placke<sup>1</sup> or tweyne at nale:  
 What the deuyll, man, myrthe was neuer one!<sup>2</sup>  
 What, loo, man, see here of dyce a bale!  
 A brydelynge caste for that is in thy male! 390  
 Now haue at all that lyeth vpon the burde!  
 Fye on this dyce, they be not worth a türde!

Haue at the hasarde, or at the dosen browne,  
 Or els I<sup>3</sup> pas a peny to, a pounce!  
 Now, wolde to God, thou wolde leye money downe!  
 Lorde, how that I wolde caste it full rounde!  
 Ay, in my pouche a buckell I haue founde;  
 The armes of Calyce, I haue no coyne nor crosse!  
 I am not happy, I renne ay on the losse.

Now renne muste I to the stewys syde, 400  
 To wete yf Malkyn, my lemman, haue gete oughte:  
 I lete her to hyre, that men maye on her ryde,  
 Her armes<sup>4</sup> easy ferre and nere is soughte:  
 By Goddis sydes, syns I her thyder broughte,  
 She hath gotte me more money with her tayle  
 Than hath some shyppe that into Bordews sayle.

Had I as good an hors as she is a mare,  
 I durst auenture to iourney thorough<sup>5</sup> Fraunce;  
 Who rydeth on her, he nedeth not to care,  
 For she is trussed for to breke a launce; 410  
 It is a curtel<sup>6</sup> that well can wynche and prounce:  
 To her wyll I nowe all my pouerte lege;  
 And, tyll I come, haue here is<sup>7</sup> myne hat to plege.

<sup>1</sup> *placke*] Marshe's ed. "plucke,"—perhaps, the right reading.

<sup>2</sup> *was neuer one*] Marshe's ed. "is here within."

<sup>3</sup> *I*] Not in W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C.

<sup>4</sup> *armes*] So Marshe's ed. Eds. of W. de Worde, "harmes."

<sup>5</sup> *thorough*] Marshe's ed. "through."

<sup>6</sup> *curtel*] So Marshe's ed. Eds. of W. de Worde, "curtet."

<sup>7</sup> *is*] Not in Marshe's ed.; but see notes.

## DREDE.

Gone is this knaue, this rybaude foule and leude ;  
 He ran as fast as euer that he myghte :  
 Vnthyftynes<sup>1</sup> in hym may well be shewed,  
 For whome<sup>2</sup> Tyborne groneth both daye and nyghte.  
 And, as I stode and kyste<sup>3</sup> asyde my syghte,  
 Dysdayne I sawe with Dyssymulacyon  
 Standyng in sadde comunicacion. 420

But there was poyntyng and noddynge with the hede,  
 And many wordes sayde in secrete wyse ;  
 They wandred ay, and stode styll in no stede :  
 Me thoughte, alwaye Dyscymular dyde deuysel ;  
 Me passynge sore myne herte than gan agryse,<sup>4</sup>  
 I dempte and drede theyr talkyng was not good.  
 Anone Dyscymular came where I stode.

Than in his hode I sawe there faces tweyne ;  
 That one was lene and lyke a pyned goost,  
 That other loked as he wolde me haue<sup>5</sup> slayne ; 430  
 And to me warde as he gan for to coost,  
 Whan that he was euen at me almoost,  
 I sawe a knyfe hyd in his one sleue,  
 Wheron was wryten this worde, *Myscheue*.

And in his other sleue, me thought, I sawe  
 A spone of golde, full of hony swete,  
 To fede a fole, and for to preue a dawel ;<sup>6</sup>  
 And on that sleue these wordes were wrete,  
*A false abstracte cometh from a fals concrete :*

<sup>1</sup> *Vnthyftynes*] So Marshe's ed. Eds. of W. de Worde, "Vnthyftnes."

<sup>2</sup> *whome*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "home."

<sup>3</sup> *kyste*] Marshe's ed. "caste."

<sup>4</sup> *agryse*] Eds. "aryse." See notes.

<sup>5</sup> *me haue*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "haue me."

<sup>6</sup> *preue a dawel*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C. Other eds. "preye a dawel."



His hode was syde, his cope was roset graye : 440  
 Thyse were the wordes that<sup>1</sup> he to me dyde saye.

## DYSSYMULATION.

How do ye, mayster? ye loke so soberly :  
 As I be saued at the dredefull daye,  
 It is a perylous vyce, this enuy :  
 Alas, a connyng man ne dwelle maye  
 In no place well, but foles with hym<sup>2</sup> fraye !  
 But as for that, connyng hath no foo  
 Saue hym that nought can, Scrypture sayth soo.

I knowe your vertu and your lytterature<sup>3</sup>  
 By that lytel connyng that I haue : 450  
 Ye be malygned sore, I you ensure ;  
 But ye haue crafte your selfe alwaye to saue :  
 It is grete scorne to se a mysproude knaue  
 With a clerke that connyng is to prate :  
 Lete them go lowse them, in the deuylles date !

For all be it that this longe not to me,  
 Yet on my backe I bere suche lewde delynge :  
 Ryghte now I spake with one, I trowe, I see ;  
 But, what, a strawe ! I maye not tell all thyng.  
 By God, I saye there is grete herte brennyng 460  
 Betwene the persone ye wote of, you ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Alas, I coude not dele so with a Jew !<sup>5</sup>

I wolde eche man were as playne as I ;  
 It is a worlde, I saye, to<sup>6</sup> here of some :

<sup>1</sup> *that*] So Marshe's ed. Not in other eds.

<sup>2</sup> *hym*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C. Not in other eds.

<sup>3</sup> *lytterature*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C. Other eds. "lytterkture."

<sup>4</sup> *you*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C. Other eds. "Iou."

<sup>5</sup> *a Jew*] W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "a yew." W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., and Marshe's ed., "an yew."

<sup>6</sup> *to*] So other eds. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "te."

I hate this faynyng, fye vpon it, fye !

A man can not wote where to be come :

I wys I coude tell,<sup>1</sup>—but humlery, home ;  
I dare not speke, we be so layde awayte,  
For all our courte is full of dysceyte.

Now, by saynte Fraunceys, that holy man and frere, 470

I hate these<sup>2</sup> wayes agayne you that they take :  
Were I as you, I wolde ryde them full nere ;  
And, by my trouthe, but yf an ende they make,  
Yet wyll I saye some wordes for your sake,  
That shall them angre, I holde thereon a grote ;  
For some shall wene be hanged by the throte.

I haue a stoppyng oyster in my poke,

Truste me, and yf it come to a nede :

But I am lothe for to reyse a smoke,

Yf ye coude be otherwyse agrede ;

480

And so I wolde it were, so God me spede,

For this maye brede to a confusyon,

Withoute God make a good conclusyon.

Naye, see where yonder stondesth the teder man !

A flaterynge knaue and false he is, God wote ;

The dreuyll stondesth to herken, and he can :

It were more thryft, he boughte him a newe cote ;

It will not be, his purse is not on flote :

All that he wereth, it is borowed ware ;

His wytte is thynne, his hode is threde bare.

490

More coude I saye, but what this is ynowe :

Adewe tyll soone, we shall speke more of this :

Ye muste be ruled as I shall tell you howe ;

Amendis maye be of that is now amys ;

<sup>1</sup> *tell*] W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C., "not *tell*."

<sup>2</sup> *these*] So W. de Worde's ed. P. L. C. Other eds. "this."

And I am your, syr, so haue I blys,  
 In<sup>1</sup> euery poynte that I can do or saye;  
 Gyue me your honde, farewell, and haue good daye.

## DREDE.

Sodaynly, as he departed me fro,  
 Came pressynge in one in a wonder araye:  
 Er I was ware, behynde me he sayde, Bo! 500  
 Thenne I, astonyed of that sodeyne fraye,  
 Sterte all at ones, I lyked no thyng his playe;  
 For, yf I had not quyckely fledde the touche,  
 He had plucte oute the nobles of my pouche.

He was trussed in a garmente strayte:  
 I haue not sene suche an others page;  
 For he coude well vpon a casket wayte;  
 His hode<sup>2</sup> all pounsed and garded lyke a cage;  
 Lyghte lyme fynger, he toke none other wage.  
 Harken, quod he, loo here myne honde in thyne; 510  
 To vs welcome thou arte, by saynte Quyntyne.

## DISCEYTE.

But, by that Lorde that is one, two, and thre,  
 I haue an errande to rounde in your ere:  
 He tolde me so, by God, ye maye truste me,  
 Parte<sup>3</sup> remembre whan ye were there,  
 There I wyoked on you,—wote ye not where?  
 In *A loco*, I mene *juxta* B:  
 Woo is hym that is blynde and maye not see!

But to here the subtylte and the crafte,  
 As I shall tell you, yf ye wyll harke agayne; 520  
 And, whan I sawe the horsons wolde you hafte,  
 To holde myne honde, by God, I had grete payne;

<sup>1</sup> *In*] Marshe's ed. "To."

<sup>2</sup> *hode*] Marshe's ed. "body."

<sup>3</sup> *Parte*] Qy. "Parde" (*Par dieu*—in sooth)?

For forthwyth there I had him slayne,  
 But that I drede<sup>1</sup> mordre wolde come oute :  
 Who deleth with shrewes hath nede to loke aboute.

## DREDE.

And as he rounded<sup>2</sup> thus in myne ere  
 Of false collusyon confetryd by assente,  
 Me thoughte, I see lewde felawes here and there  
 Came for to slee me of mortall entente ;  
 And, as they came, the shypborde faste I hente, 530  
 And thoughte to lepe ; and euen with that woke,  
 Caughte penne and ynke, and wrote<sup>3</sup> this lytyll boke.

I wolde therwith no man were myscontente ;  
 Besechyng you that shall it see or rede,  
 In euery poynte to be indyfferente,  
 Syth all in substaunce of slumbryng doth procede :  
 I wyll not saye it is mater in dede,  
 But yet oftyme suche dremes be founde trewe :  
 Now constrewe ye what is the resydewe.

*Thus endeth the Bowge of Courte.*

<sup>1</sup> *drede*] So other eds. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "drde."

<sup>2</sup> *rounded*] So other eds. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "roynded."

<sup>3</sup> *wrote*] So other eds. W. de Worde's ed. A. L. E., "wroth."

HERE AFTER<sup>1</sup> FOLOWETH THE BOKE OF

PHYLLYP SPAROWE,

COMPYLED BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE LAUREATE.

*Pla ce bo,*

Who is there, who?

*Di le xi,*

Dame Margery;

Fa, re, my, my,

Wherfore and why, why?

For the sowle of Philip Sparowe,

That was late slayn at Carowe,

Among the Nones Blake,

For that swete soules sake,

10

And for all sparowes soules,

Set in our bederolles,

*Pater noster qui,*

With an *Ave Mari,*

And with the corner of a Crede,

The more shalbe your mede.

Whan I remembre agayn

How mi Philyp was slayn,

Neuer halfe the payne

Was betwene you twayne,

20

Pyramus and Thesbe,

As than befell to me :

<sup>1</sup> *Here after, &c.]* From the ed. by Kele, n. d., collated with that by Kitson, n. d. (which in some copies is said to be printed by Weale), and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

I wept and I wayled,  
 The tearys downe hayled;  
 But nothyng it auayled  
 To call Phylyp agayne,  
 Whom Gyb our cat hath slayne.

Gib, I saye, our cat  
 Worrowyd her on that  
 Which I loued best :  
 It can not be exprest  
 My sorowfull heynesse,  
 But all without redresse;  
 For within that stounde,  
 Halfe slumbryng, in a sounde  
 I fell downe to the grounde.

30

Vnneth I kest myne eyes  
 Towarde the cloudy skyes :  
 But whan I dyd beholde  
 My sparow dead and colde,  
 No creatuer but that wolde  
 Haue rewed vpon me,  
 To behold and se  
 What heynesse dyd me pange ;  
 Wherewith my handes I wrange,  
 That my senaws cracked,  
 As though I had ben racked,  
 So payned and so strayned,  
 That no lyfe wellnye remayned.

40

I syghed and I sobbed,  
 For that I was robbed  
 Of my sparowes lyfe.  
 O mayden, wydow, and wyfe,  
 Of what estate ye be,  
 Of hye or lowe degre,  
 Great sorowe than ye myght se,  
 And lerne to wepe at me !

50

*descriptive  
 &  
 amotive*

Such paynes dyd me frete,  
 That myne hert dyd bete,  
 My vysage pale and dead, 60  
 Wanne, and blewe as leád;  
 The panges of hatefull death  
 Wellnye had<sup>1</sup> stopped my breath.

*Heu, heu, me,*

That I am wo for thé!  
*Ad Dominum, cum tribularer, clamavi:*  
 Of God nothyng els craue I  
 But Phyllypes soule to kepe  
 From the marees deepe  
 Of Acherontes well, 70  
 That is a flode of hell;  
 And from the great Pluto,  
 The prynce of endles wo;  
 And from foule Alecto,  
 With vysage blacke and blo;  
 And from Medusa, that mare,  
 That lyke a fende doth stare;  
 And from Megeras edders,  
 For<sup>2</sup> rufflyng of Phillips fethers,  
 And from her fyry sparklynges, 80  
 For burnyng of his wynges;  
 And from the smokes sowre  
 Of Proserpinas bowre;  
 And from the dennes darke,  
 Wher Cerberus doth barke,  
 Whom Theseus dyd afraye,  
 Whom Hercules dyd outraye,  
 As famous poetes say;  
 From<sup>3</sup> that hell hounde,  
 That lyeth in cheynes bounde, 90

<sup>1</sup> *had*] Not in other eds.

<sup>2</sup> *For*] Other eds. "From."

<sup>3</sup> *From*] Eds. "For."

With gastly hedes thre,  
 To Jupyter pray we  
 That Phyllyp preserued may be !  
 Amen, say yè with me !

*Do mi nus,*

Helpe nowe, swete Jesus !

*Levavi oculos meos in montes :<sup>1</sup>*

Wolde God I had Zenophontes,<sup>2</sup>

Or Socrates the wyse,

To shew me their deuysse,

Moderatly to take

This sorow that I make

For Phyllip Sparowes sake !

So feruently I shake,

I fele my body quake ;

So vrgently I am brought

Into carefull thought.

Like Andromach,<sup>3</sup> Hectors wyfe,

Was verry of her lyfe,

Whan she had lost her ioysse,

Noble Hector of Troye ;

In lyke maner also

Encreaseth my dedly wo,

For my sparowe is go.

It was so prety a fole,

It wold syt<sup>4</sup> on a stole,

And lerned after my scole

For to kepe his cut,

With, Phyllyp, kepe your cut !

It had a veluet cap,

And wold syt vpon my lap,

And seke after small wormes,

And somtyme white bred crommes ;

<sup>1</sup> *montes*] Marshe's ed. "montis."

<sup>2</sup> *Zenophontes*] Other eds. "Zenophontis."

<sup>3</sup> *Andromach*] Marshe's ed. "Andromaca."

<sup>4</sup> *syt*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "set ;" but see fifth line after.

*classical*

100

110

*domestic*

120



And many tymes and ofte  
 Betwene my brestes softe  
 It wolde lye and rest ;  
 It was propre and prest.

— Somtyme he wolde gaspe  
 Whan he sawe a waspe ;  
 A fly or a gnat, 130  
 He wolde flye at that ;  
 And prytely he wold pant  
 Whan he saw an ant ;  
 Lord, how he wolde pry  
 After the butterfly !  
 Lorde, how he wolde hop  
 After the gressop !  
 And whan I sayd, Phyp, Phyp,  
 Than he wold lepe and skyp,

— And take me by the lyp. 140  
 Alas, it wyll me slo,  
 That Phyllyp is gone me fro !

*Si in i qui ta tes,*  
 Alas, I was euyll at ease !  
*De pro fun dis cla ma vi,*  
 Whan I sawe my sparowe dye !

Nowe, after my dome,  
 Dame Sulpicia<sup>1</sup> at Rome,  
 Whose name regystred was *classical*  
 For euer in tables of bras, 150  
 Because that<sup>2</sup> she dyd pas  
 In poesy to endyte,  
 And eloquently<sup>3</sup> to wryte,  
 Though she wolde pretende  
 My sparowe to commende,  
 I trowe she coude not amende

<sup>1</sup> *Sulpicia*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "Sulspicia."

<sup>2</sup> *that*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>3</sup> *eloquently*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "eloquently."

Reportynge the vertues all  
Of my sparowe royall.

For it wold come and go,

And fly<sup>1</sup> so to and fro;

And on me it wolde lepe

Whan I was aslepe,

And his fethers<sup>2</sup> shake,

Wherewith he wolde make

Me often for to wake,

And for to take him in

Vpon my naked skyn;

God wot, we thought no syn :

What though<sup>3</sup> he crept so lowe?

It was no hurt, I trowe,

He dyd nothyng perde

But syt vpon my kne :

Phyllyp, though he were nyse,

In him it was no vyse ;

Phyllyp had leue to go

To pyke my lytell too ;

Phillip myght be bolde

And do what he wolde ;

Phillip wolde seke and take

All the flees blake

That he coulde there espye

With his wanton eye.

*O pe ra,*

La, soll, fa, fa,

*Confitebor tibi, Domine, in<sup>4</sup> toto corde meo.*

Alas, I wold ryde and go

A thousand myle of grounde !

If any such might be found,

It were worth an hundreth pound

<sup>1</sup> fly] Other eds. "fle."

<sup>2</sup> fethers] So other eds. Kele's ed. "fether."

<sup>3</sup> though] So other eds. Kele's ed. "thought."

<sup>4</sup> in] Not in other eds.

160

170

180

Of kynge Cresus golde, 190  
 Or of Attalus<sup>1</sup> the olde,  
 The ryche prynce of Pargame, *classical*  
 Who so lyst the story to se.

Cadmus, that his syster sought,  
 And he shold be bought  
 For golde and fee,  
 He shuld ouer the see,  
 To wete if he coulede brynge  
 Any of the ofsprynge,<sup>2</sup>  
 Or any of the blode. 200

But whoso vnderstode  
 Of Medeas arte,  
 I wolde I had a parte  
 Of her crafty magyke !  
 My sparowe than shuld be quycke  
 With a charme or twayne,  
 And playe with me agayne.  
 But all this is in vayne  
 Thus for to complayne.

I toke my sampler ones, 210  
 Of purpose, for the nones,

To sowe with stythis of sylke *domestic but strange*  
 My sparow whyte as mylke,  
 That by representacyon  
 Of his image and facyon,  
 To me it myght importe  
 Some pleasure and comferte  
 For my solas and sporte :  
 But whan I was sowing his beke,  
 Methought, my sparow did speke, 220  
 And opened<sup>3</sup> his prety byll,

<sup>1</sup> *Attalus*] Eds. "Artalus."

<sup>2</sup> *ofsprynge*] Other eds. "sprynge."

<sup>3</sup> *opened*] Marshe's ed. "open."

Saynge, Mayd, ye are in wyll  
 Agayne me for to kyll,  
 Ye prycke me in the head !  
 With that my nedle waxed<sup>1</sup> red,  
 Methought, of Phyllyps blode ;  
 Myne hear ryght vpstode,  
 And was in suche a fray,  
 My speche was taken away.

I kest downe that there was,  
 And sayd, Alas, alas,  
 How commeth this to pas ?  
 My fyngers, dead and colde,  
 Coude not my sampler holde ;  
 My nedle and threde  
 I threwe away for drede.  
 The best now that I maye,  
 Is for his soule to pray :

230

*A porta inferi,*

Good Lorde, haue mercy  
 Vpon my sparowes soule,  
 Wryten in my bederoule !

240

*Au di vi vo cem,*

Japhet, Cam, and Sem,  
*Ma gni fi cat,*  
 Shewe me the ryght path  
 To the hylles of Armony, "classical"  
 Wherfore the birdes<sup>2</sup> yet cry "or allusive"

Of your fathers bote,  
 That was sometyme aflote,  
 And nowe they lye and rote ;  
 Let some poetes wryte  
 Deucalyons flode it hyght :

250

<sup>1</sup> *waxed*] Marshe's ed. "ware."

<sup>2</sup> *birdes*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "bordes," which, perhaps, is the right reading. See notes.

But as verely as ye be  
 The naturall sonnes thre  
 Of Noe the patryarke,  
 That made that great arke,  
 Wherin he had apes and owles,  
 Beestes, byrdes, and foules,  
 That if ye can fynde 260  
 Any of my sparowes kynde,  
 God sende the soule good rest !

I wolde haue yet<sup>1</sup> a nest  
 As prety and as prest  
 As my sparowe was.  
 But my sparowe dyd pas  
 All sparowes of the wode  
 That were syns Noes flode,  
 Was neuer none so good ;  
 Kyng Phylp of Macedony 270  
 Had no such Phylp as I,  
 No, no, syr, hardely.

That vengeance I aske and crye,  
 By way of exclamacyon,  
 On all the hole nacyon  
 Of cattes wylde and tame ;  
 God send them sorowe and shame !  
 That cat specially  
 That slew so cruelly  
 My lytell prety sparowe  
 That I brought vp at Carowe. *domesticated* 280

O cat of carlyshe<sup>2</sup> kynde,  
 The fynde was in thy mynde  
 Whan thou my byrde vntwynde !  
 I wold thou haddest ben blynde !  
 The leopardes sauage,  
 The lyons in theyr rage,

<sup>1</sup> *haue yet*] Other eds. "yet haue."

<sup>2</sup> *carlyshe*] Other eds. "churlyshe."

Myght catche thé in theyr pawes,  
 And gnawe thé in theyr iawes !  
 The<sup>1</sup> serpent<sup>2</sup> of Lybany 290  
 Myght styngé thé venymously !  
 The dragones with their tonges  
 Might poyson thy lyuer and longes !  
 The mantycors of the montaynes  
 Myght fede them on thy braynes !

Melanchates, that hounde  
 That plucked Acteon to the grounde,  
 Gaué hym his mortall wounde,  
 Chaunged to a dere,  
 The story doth appere, 300  
 Was chaunged to an harte :  
 So thou, foule cat that thou arte,  
 The selfe same hounde  
 Myght thé confounde,  
 That his owne lord bote,  
 Myght byte asondre thy throte !

Of Inde the gredy grypes  
 Myght tere out all thy trypes !  
 Of Arcady the beares 310  
 Might plucke away thyne eares !  
 The wylde wolfe Lycaon  
 Byte asondre thy backe bone !  
 Of Ethna the brennyngé hyll,  
 That day and night brenneth styl,  
 Set in thy tayle a blase,  
 That all the world may gase  
 And wonder vpon thé,  
 From Occyan the greate se  
 Vnto the Iles of Orchady,  
 From Tyllbery fery 320  
 To the playne of Salysbery !

<sup>1</sup> *The*] Eds. "These."

<sup>2</sup> *serpentes*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "serpens."

So trayterously my byrde to kyll  
That neuer ought thé euyll wyll !

Was neuer byrde in cage  
More gentle of corage  
In doynge his homage  
Vnto his souerayne.

Alas, I say agayne,  
Deth hath departed vs twayne !

The false cat hath thé slayne : 330

Farewell, Phyllyp, adew !

Our Lorde thy soule reskew !

Farewell without restore,

Farewell for euermore !

And it were<sup>1</sup> a Jewe,

It wolde make one rew,

To se my sorow new.

These vylanous false cattes

Were made for myse and rattes,

And not for byrdes smale. 340

Alas, my face waxeth pale,

Tellynge this pyteyus tale,

How my byrde so fayre,

That was wont to repayre,

And go in at my spayre,

And crepe in at my gore<sup>2</sup>

Of my gowne before,

Flyckerynge with his wynges !

Alas, my hert it stynges,

Remembrynge prety thynges ! 350

Alas, myne hert it sleth

My Phyllyppes dolefull deth,

<sup>1</sup> were] So other eds. Kele's ed. "where."

<sup>2</sup> And go in at my spayre,  
And crepe in at my gore]

Whan I remembre it,  
 How pretely it wolde syt,  
 Many tymes and ofte,  
 Vpon my fynger aloft !  
 I played with him tyttell tattyll,  
 And fed him with my spattyl,  
 With his byll betwene my lippes ;  
 It was my prety Phyppes ! 360  
 Many a prety kusse  
 Had I of his<sup>1</sup> swete musse ;  
 And now the cause is thus,  
 That he is slayne me fro,  
 To my great payne and wo.

Of fortune this the chaunce  
 Standeth on<sup>2</sup> varyaunce :  
 Oft tyme after pleasaunce  
 Trouble and greuaunce ;  
 No man can be sure 370  
 Allway to haue pleasure :  
 As well perceyue ye maye  
 How my dysport and play  
 From me was taken away  
 By Gyb, our cat sauage,  
 That in a<sup>3</sup> furyous rage  
 Caught Phyllyp by the head,  
 And slew him there starke dead.

*Kyrie, eleison,*

*Christe, eleison,*

*Kyrie, eleison !*

For Phylp Sparowes soule,  
 Set in our bederolle,  
 Let vs now whysper  
 A *Pater noster*.

380

<sup>1</sup> *his*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "this."

<sup>2</sup> *on*] Marshe's ed. "an."

<sup>3</sup> *a*] Not in Marshe's ed.

*conclusion.  
to the  
lament*



*Lauda, anima mea, Dominum!*

To wepe with me loke that ye come,  
 All maner of byrdes in your kynd;  
 Se none be left behynde.

*long line  
predominates*

To mornynge loke that ye fall  
 With dolorous songes funerall,  
 Some to synge, and some to say,  
 Some to wepe, and some to pray,  
 Euery byrde in his laye.

390

The goldfynche, the wagtayle;  
 The ianglynge iay to rayle,  
 The fleckyd pye to chatter  
 Of this dolorous mater;

And robyn redbrest,  
 He shall be the preest

400

The requiem masse to synge,  
 Softly<sup>1</sup> warbelynge,

With helpe of the red sparrow,  
 And the chattrynge swallow,  
 This herse for to halow;

The larke with his longe to;  
 The spynke, and the martynet also;  
 The shouelar with his brode bek;

The doterell, that folyshe pek,  
 And also the mad coote,

410

With a balde face to toote;  
 The feldefare, and the snyte;

The crowe, and the kyte;  
 The rauyn, called Rolfe,

His playne songe to solfe;  
 The partryche, the quayle;

The plouer with vs to wayle;  
 The woodhacke, that syngeth chur  
 Horsly, as he had the mur;

The lusty chauntyng nyghtyngale;  
 The popyngay to tell her tale,

420

<sup>1</sup> *Softly*] Marshe's ed. "Loftly."

That toteth oft in a glasse,  
 Shal rede the Gospell at masse;  
 The mauys with her whystell  
 Shal rede there the pystell.  
 But with a large and a longe  
 To kepe iust playne songe,  
 Our chaunters shalbe the cuckoue,  
 The culuer, the stockedowue,  
 With puwyt the lapwyng, 430  
 The versycles shall syng.

The bitter<sup>1</sup> with his bumpe,  
 The crane with his trumpe,  
 The swan of Menander,<sup>2</sup>  
 The gose and the gander,  
 The ducke and the<sup>3</sup> drake,  
 Shall watche at this wake;  
 The pecocke so prowde,  
 Bycause his voyce is lowde, 440  
 And hath a glorious tayle,  
 He shall syng the grayle;  
 The owle, that is<sup>4</sup> so foule,  
 Must helpe vs to houle;  
 The heron so gaunce,<sup>5</sup>  
 And the cormoraunce,<sup>6</sup>  
 With the fesaunte,  
 And the gaglynge gaunte,  
 And the churlysshe chowgh;  
 The route and the kowgh;<sup>7</sup>  
 The barnacle, the bussarde, 450  
 With the wilde<sup>8</sup> mallarde;

<sup>1</sup> *bitter*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "better."

<sup>2</sup> *Menander*] See notes.

<sup>3</sup> *the*] So other eds. Not in Kele's ed.

<sup>4</sup> *is*] Not in other eds.

<sup>5</sup> *gaunce*] Other eds. "gaunte."

<sup>6</sup> *cormoraunce*] Other eds. "cormoraunte."

<sup>7</sup> *The route and the kowgh*] See notes.

<sup>8</sup> *wilde*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "wynde."

The dyuendop to slepe;  
 The water hen<sup>1</sup> to wepe;  
 The puffin<sup>2</sup> and the tele  
 Money they shall dele  
 To poore folke at large,  
 That shall be theyr charge;  
 The semewe and the tytmouse;  
 The wodcocke with the longe nose;  
 The threstyl with her warblyng;  
 The starlyng with her brablyng;  
 The roke, with the ospraye  
 That putteth fysshes to a fraye;  
 And the denty curlewe,  
 With the turtyll most trew.

460

At this *Placebo*

We may not well forgo  
 The countrynge of the coe:  
 The storke also,  
 That maketh his nest  
 In chymneyes to rest;  
 Within those walles  
 No<sup>3</sup> broken galles  
 May there abyde  
 Of cokoldry syde,  
 Or els phylosophy  
 Maketh a great lye.

470

The estryge, that wyll eate  
 An horshowe so great,  
 In the stede of meate,  
 Such feruent heat  
 His stomake doth freat;<sup>4</sup>  
 He can not well fly,  
 Nor syngge tunably,

480

<sup>1</sup> *water hen*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "wather hen."

<sup>2</sup> *puffin*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "pussyn."

<sup>3</sup> *No*] Kitson's ed. "Nor."

<sup>4</sup> *doth freat*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "so great."

Yet at a brayde  
 He hath well assayde  
 To solfe aboue ela,  
 Ga,<sup>1</sup> lorell, fa, fa ;  
*Ne quando*  
*Male cantando,* 490

The best that we can,  
 To make hym our belman,  
 And let hym ryng the bellys ;  
 He can do nothyng ellys.

Chaunteclere, our coke,  
 Must tell what is of the clocke  
 By the astrology  
 That he hath naturally  
 Conceyued and cought,<sup>2</sup>  
 And was neuer tought<sup>3</sup> 500

By Albumazer  
 The astronomer,  
 Nor by Ptholomy  
 Prince of astronomy,  
 Nor yet by Haly ;  
 And yet he croweth dayly  
 And nightly<sup>4</sup> the tydes  
 That no man abydes,  
 With Partlot his hen,  
 Whom now and then 510  
 Hee plucketh by the hede  
 Whan he doth her trede.

The byrde of Araby,  
 That potencyally  
 May neuer dye,  
 And yet there is none  
 But one alone ;

<sup>1</sup> *Ga*] Marshe's ed. "Fa."

<sup>2</sup> *cought*] Other eds. "caught."

<sup>3</sup> *tought*] Other eds. "taught."

<sup>4</sup> *nightly*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "nyghly."

A phenex it is  
 This herse that must blys  
 With armatycke gummes 520  
 That cost great summes,<sup>1</sup>  
 The way of thurification  
 To make a<sup>2</sup> fumigation,  
 Swete of reflary,<sup>3</sup>  
 And redolent of eyre,<sup>4</sup>  
 This corse for to<sup>5</sup> sence  
 With greate reuerence,  
 As patryarke or pope  
 In a blacke cope ;  
 Whyles<sup>6</sup> he senseth [the herse], 530  
 He shall syng the verse,  
*Libera me,*  
 In de, la, soll, re,  
 Softly bemole  
 For my sparowes soule.  
 Plinni sheweth all  
 In his story naturall  
 What he doth fynde  
 Of the phenyx kynde ;  
 Of whose incyneracyon 540  
 There ryseth a new creacyon  
 Of the same facyon  
 Without alteracyon,  
 Sauyng that olde age  
 Is turned into corage  
 Of fresshe youth agayne ;  
 This matter trew and playne,  
 Playne matter indede,  
 Who so lyst to rede.

<sup>1</sup> *summes*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "sumes."

<sup>2</sup> *a*] Not in other eds.

<sup>3</sup> *reflary*] Qy. "reflayre?"

<sup>4</sup> *eyre*] Other eds. "ayre."

<sup>5</sup> *to*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>6</sup> *Whyles, &c.*] So, perhaps, Skelton wrote : the line is imperfect in eds.

But for the egle doth flye 550  
 Hyest in the skye,  
 He shall be the<sup>1</sup> sedeane,  
 The quere to demeane,  
 As prouost pryncypall,  
 To teach them theyr ordynall ;  
 Also the noble fawcon,  
 With the gerfawcon,<sup>2</sup>  
 The tarsell gentyll,  
 They shall morne soft and styl  
 In theyr amysse of gray ; 560  
 The sacre with them shall say  
*Dirige* for Phyllyppes soule ;  
 The goshauke shall haue a role  
 The queresters to controll ;  
 The lanners and the<sup>3</sup> marlyons  
 Shall stand in their morning gounes ;  
 The hobby and the muskette  
 The sensers and the crosse shall fet ;  
 The kestrell in all this warke  
 Shall be holy water<sup>4</sup> clarke. 570

And now the darke cloudy nyght  
 Chaseth away Phebus bryght,  
 Taking his course toward the west,  
 God sende my sparoes sole good rest !  
*Requiem æternam dona eis,*<sup>5</sup> *Domine !*  
 Fa, fa, fa, my, re, re,<sup>6</sup>  
*A por ta in fe ri,*  
 Fa, fa, fa, my, my.

*Credo videre bona Domini,*  
 I pray God, Phillip to heuen may fly ! 580

<sup>1</sup> *the*] Eds. "thye" and "thy."

<sup>2</sup> *gerfawcon*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "grefawcon."

<sup>3</sup> *the*] Not in other eds.

<sup>4</sup> *holy water*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "holy wather."

<sup>5</sup> *eis*] I may just notice that here Skelton quotes literatim the *Off. Defunct.*

<sup>6</sup> *re*] So Kitson's ed. Not in other eds.

*Domine, exaudi orationem meam!*  
To heuen he shall, from heuen he cam!

*Do mi nus vo bis cum!*

Of al good praiers God send him sum!

*Oremus.*

*Deus, cui proprium est misereri et parcere,*  
On Phillips soule haue pyte!

For he was a prety cocke,  
And came of a gentyll stocke,  
And wrapt in a maidenenes smocke, 590  
And cherysshed full dayntely,  
Tyll<sup>1</sup> cruell fate made him to dy:

Alas, for dolefull desteny!<sup>2</sup>

But whereto shuld I

Lenger morne or crye?

To Jupyter I call,

Of heuen emperyall,

That Phyllyp may fly

Aboue the starry sky,

To treade the prety wren, 600

That is our Ladyes hen:

Amen, amen, amen!

Yet one thyng is behynde,  
That now commeth to mynde;<sup>3</sup>

An epytaphe I wold haue

For Phyllyppes graue:

But for I am a mayde,

Tymerous, halfe afrayde,

That neuer yet asayde

Of Elyconys well, 610

Where the Muses dwell;

Though I can rede and spell,

Recounte, reporte, and tell

<sup>1</sup> *Tyll*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "Thyll."

<sup>2</sup> *desteny*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "destey."

<sup>3</sup> *to mynde*] Kitson's ed. "to mi mynde."

Of the Tales of Caunterbury,  
 Some sad storyes, some mery;  
 As Palamon and Arcet,  
 Duke Theseus, and Partelet;  
 And of the Wyfe of Bath,  
 That<sup>1</sup> worketh moch scath  
 Whan her tale is tolde 620  
 Amonge huswyues bolde,  
 How she controlde  
 Her husbandes as she wolde,  
 And them to despyse  
 In the homylyest wyse,  
 Brynge other wyues in thought  
 Their husbandes to set at nought:  
 And though that rede haue I  
 Of Gawen and syr Guy,  
 And tell can a great pece 630  
 Of the Golden Flece,  
 How Jason it wan,  
 Lyke a valyaunt man;  
 Of Arturs rounde table,  
 With his knightes commendable,  
 And dame Gaynour, his quene,  
 Was somewhat wanton, I wene;  
 How syr Launcelote de Lake  
 Many a spere brake  
 For his ladyes sake; 640  
 Of Trystram, and kynge Marke,  
 And al the hole warke  
 Of Bele Isold his wyfe,  
 For whom was moch stryfe;  
 Some say she was lyght,  
 And made her husband knyght  
 Of the comyne<sup>2</sup> hall,  
 That cuckoldes men call;

<sup>1</sup> *That*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "Thay" and "They."

<sup>2</sup> *comyne*] Other eds. "commen" and "common."



And of syr Lybius,  
 Named Dysconius; 650  
 Of Quater Fylz Amund,<sup>1</sup>  
 And how they were sommonde  
 To Rome, to Charlemayne,  
 Vpon a great payne,  
 And how they rode eche one  
 On Bayarde Mountalbon ;  
 Men se hym now and then<sup>2</sup>  
 In the forest of<sup>3</sup> Arden :  
 What though<sup>4</sup> I can frame  
 The storyes by name 660  
 Of Judas Machabeus,  
 And of Cesar Julious ;  
 And of the loue betwene  
 Paris and Vyene ;  
 And of the duke Hannyball,<sup>5</sup>  
 That<sup>6</sup> made the Romaynes all  
 Fordrede and to quake ;  
 How Scipion dyd wake  
 The cytye of Cartage,  
 Which by his vnmerciful<sup>7</sup> rage 670  
 He bete downe to the grounde :  
 And though I can expounde  
 Of Hector of Troye,  
 That was all theyr ioye,  
 Whom Achylles slew,  
 Wherfore all Troy dyd rew ;  
 And of the loue so hote  
 That made Troylus to dote

<sup>1</sup> *Amund*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "Emund."

<sup>2</sup> *then*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "than."

<sup>3</sup> *of*] Not in other eds.

<sup>4</sup> *though*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "thought."

<sup>5</sup> *Hannyball*] Other eds. "of Hannyball."

<sup>6</sup> *That*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "What."

<sup>7</sup> *vnmerciful*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "mercyfull."

Vpon fayre Cressyde,  
 And what they wrote and sayd, 680  
 And of theyr wanton wylls  
 Pandaer bare the bylles  
 From one to the other;  
 His maisters loue to further,  
 Somtyme a presyous thyng,  
 An ouche, or els a ryng;  
 From her to hym agayn  
 Somtyme a prety chayn,  
 Or a bracelet of her here,  
 Prayd Troylus for to were 690  
 That token for her sake;  
 How hartely he dyd it take,  
 And moche therof dyd make;  
 And all that was in vayne,  
 For she dyd but fayne; <sup>AK</sup>  
 The story telleth playne,  
 He coulde not optayne,  
 Though his father were a kyng,  
 Yet there was a thyng  
 That made the<sup>1</sup> male to wryng; 700  
 She made hym to syng  
 The song of louers lay;  
 Musyng nyght and day,  
 Mournyng all alone,  
 Comfort had he none,  
 For she was quyte gone;  
 Thus in conclusyon,  
 She brought him in abusyon;  
 In ernest and in game  
 She was moch to blame; 710  
 Disparaged is her fame,  
 And blemysshed is her name,  
 In maner half with shame;

<sup>1</sup> *the*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "tha."

Troylus also hath lost  
 On her moch loue and cost,  
 And now must kys the post;  
 Pandara, that went betwene,  
 Hath won nothing, I wene,  
 But lyght for somer grene;  
 Yet for a speciall laud 720  
 He is named Troylus baud,  
 Of that name he is sure  
 Whyles the world shall dure :

Though I remembre the fable  
 Of Penelope most stable,  
 To her husband most trew,  
 Yet long tyme she ne knew  
 Whether he were on lyue or ded;  
 Her wyt stood her in sted,  
 That she was true and iust 730  
 For any bodely lust  
 To Ulixes her make,  
 And neuer wold him forsake :

Of Marcus Marcellus  
 A proces I could tell vs;  
 And of Anteocus;  
 And of Josephus  
*De Antiquitatibus*;  
 And of Mardocheus,  
 And of great Assuerus, 740  
 And of Vesca his queene,  
 Whom he forsoke with teene,  
 And of Hester his other wyfe,  
 With whom he ledd a plesaunt life;  
 Of kyng Alexander;  
 And of kyng Euander;  
 And of Porcena the great,  
 That made the Romayns to sweat :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *sweat*] Eds. "smart."

Though I haue enrold  
 A thousand new and old 750  
 Of these historious tales,  
 To fyll bougets and males  
 With bokes that I haue red,  
 Yet I am nothyng sped,  
 And can but lytell skyll  
 Of Ouyd or Virgyll,  
 Or of Plutharke,  
 Or<sup>1</sup> Frauncys Petrarke,  
 Alcheus or Sapho,  
 Or such other poetes mo, 760  
 As Linus and Homerus,  
 Euphorion and Theocritus,  
 Anacreon and Arion,  
 Sophocles and Philemon,  
 Pyndarus and Symonides,<sup>2</sup>  
 Philistion<sup>3</sup> and Phorocides ;  
 These poetes of auncyente,  
 They ar to diffuse for me :  
 For, as I tofore haue sayd,  
 I am but a yong mayd, 770  
 And cannot in effect  
 My style as yet direct  
 With Englysh wordes elect :<sup>4</sup>  
 Our naturall tong is rude,  
 And hard to be enneude  
 With pullysshed termes lusty ;  
 Our language is so rusty,  
 So cankered, and so full  
 Of frowardes, and so dull,

<sup>1</sup> *Or*] Kitson's ed. "*Or of.*"

<sup>2</sup> *Symonides*] Eds. "*Dymonides.*"

<sup>3</sup> *Philistion*] Marshe's ed. "*Philiston.*"

<sup>4</sup> *elect*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "*clere.*"

That if I wolde apply 780  
To wryte ornatly,<sup>1</sup>

I wot not where to fynd  
Termes to serue my mynde.

Gowers Englysh is olde,  
And of no value told;<sup>2</sup>  
His mater is worth gold,  
And worthy to be enrold.

In Chauser I am sped,  
His tales I haue red: 790  
His mater is delectable,

Solacious, and commendable;  
His Englysh well alowed,  
So as it is enprowed,  
For as it is employd,  
There is no Englysh voyd,  
At those dayes moch commended,  
And now men wold haue amended  
His Englysh, whereat they barke,  
And mar all they warke:

Chaucer, that famus clerke, 800  
His termes were not darke,  
But plesaunt, easy, and playne;  
No<sup>3</sup> worde he wrote in vayne.

Also Johnn Lydgate  
Wryteth after an hyer rate;  
It is dyffuse to fynde  
The sentence of his mynde,  
Yet wryteth he in his kynd,  
No man that can amend  
Those maters that he hath pende; 810  
Yet some men fynde a faute,  
And say he wryteth to haute.

<sup>1</sup> *ornatly*] Other eds. "ordinately."

<sup>2</sup> *told*] Other eds. "is *tolde*."

<sup>3</sup> *No*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "Ne."

Wherefore hold me excused  
 If I haue not well perused  
 Myne Englyssh halfe abused;  
 Though it be refused,  
 In worth I shall it take,  
 And fewer wordes make.

But, for my sparowes sake,  
 Yet as a woman may, 820  
 My wyt I shall assay  
 An epytaphe to wryght  
 In Latyne playne and lyght,  
 Wherof the elegy  
 Foloweth by and by :  
*Flos volucrum*<sup>1</sup> *formose, vale !*  
*Philippe, sub isto*  
*Marmore jam recubas,*  
*Qui mihi carus eras.*  
*Semper erunt nitido* 830  
*Radiantia sidera cælo ;*  
*Impressusque meo*  
*Pectore semper eris.*  
*Per me laurigerum*  
*Britonum Skeltonida vatem*  
*Hæc cecinisse licet*  
*Ficta sub imagine texta.*  
*Cujus eras*<sup>2</sup> *volucris,*  
*Præstanti corpore virgo :*  
*Candida Nais erat,* 840  
*Formosior ista Joanna est ;*  
*Docta Corinna fuit,*  
*Sed magis ista sapit.*  
*Bien men souient.*

<sup>1</sup> *Flos volucrum, &c.*] So these lines (each one cut into two) are given in the eds.

<sup>2</sup> *eras*] Eds. "eris."

## THE COMMENDACIONS.

*Beati im ma cu la ti in via,*

*O gloriosa fœmina!*

Now myne hole imaginacion

And studyous medytacion

Is to take this commendacyon

In this consyderacion ;

850

And vnder pacyent tolleracyon

Of that most goodly<sup>1</sup> mayd

That *Placebo* hath sayd,

And for her sparrow prayd

In lamentable wyse,

Now wyll I enterpryse,

Thorow the grace dyuyne

Of the Muses nyne,

Her beautye to commende,

If *Arethusa* wyll send

860

Me enfluence to endyte,

And with my pen to wryte ;

If *Apollo* wyll promyse

Melodyously it to<sup>2</sup> deuyse

His tunable harpe stryngges

With armony that synges

Of princes and of kynges

And of all pleasaunt thynges,

Of lust and of delyght,

Thorow his godly myght ;

870

To whom be the laude ascrybed

That my pen hath enbybed

With the aureat droppes,

As verely my hope is,

Of *Thagus*, that golden flod,

That passeth all<sup>3</sup> erthly good ;

<sup>1</sup> *goodly*] Other eds. "godly."

<sup>2</sup> *it to*] Qy. "to it?"

<sup>3</sup> *all*] Other eds. "all the."

And as that flode doth pas  
 Al floodes that euer was  
 With his golden sandes,  
 Who so that vnderstandes 880  
 Cosmography, and the stremys  
 And the floodes in straunge remes,  
 Ryght so she doth excede  
 All other of whom we rede,  
 Whose fame by me shall sprede  
 Into Perce and Mede,  
 From Brytons Albion  
 To<sup>1</sup> the Towre of Babilon.

I trust it is no shame,  
 And no man wyll me blame, 890  
 Though I register her name  
 In the courte of Fame;  
 For this most goodly floure,  
 This blossome of fresshe colour,  
 So Jupiter me socour,  
 She floryssheth new and new  
 In bewte and vertew:  
*Hac claritate gemina*  
*O gloriosa fœmina,*  
*Retribue seruo tuo, vivifica me!* 900  
*Labia mea laudabunt te.*

But enforced am I  
 Openly to askry,  
 And to make an<sup>2</sup> outcri  
 Against odyous Enui,  
 That euermore wil ly,  
 And say cursedly;  
 With his ledder ey,  
 And chekes dry;

<sup>1</sup> To] So other eds. Kele's ed. "Bo."

<sup>2</sup> an] So other eds. Kele's ed. "a."



With vysage wan, 910  
 As swarte<sup>1</sup> as tan ;  
 His bones crake,  
 Leane as a rake ;  
 His gummes rusty  
 Are full vnlusty ;  
 Hys herte withall  
 Bytter as gall ;  
 His lyuer, his longe<sup>2</sup>  
 With anger is wronge ;  
 His serpentis tonge 920  
 That many one hath stonge ;  
 He frowneth euer ;  
 He laugheth neuer,  
 Euen nor morow,  
 But other mennes sorow  
 Causeth him to gryn  
 And reioyce therin ;  
 No slepe can him catch,  
 But euer doth watch,  
 He is so bete 930  
 With malyce, and frete  
 With angre and yre,  
 His foule desyre  
 Wyll suffre no slepe  
 In his hed to crepe ;  
 His foule<sup>3</sup> semblaunt  
 All displeasaunte ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Whan other ar glad,  
 Than is he sad ;  
 Frantyeke and mad ; 940  
 His tong neuer styll  
 For to say yll,

<sup>1</sup> *swarte*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "wart" and "warte."

<sup>2</sup> *longe*] Other eds. "longes."

<sup>3</sup> *foule*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "feule."

<sup>4</sup> *displeasaunte*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "displseaut."

Wrythyng and wringyng,  
 Bytyng and styngyng ;  
 And thus this elf  
 Consumeth himself,  
 Hymself doth slo  
 Wyth payne and wo.  
 This fals Enuy  
 Sayth that I 950  
 Vse great folly  
 For to endyte,  
 And for to wryte,  
 And spend my tyme  
 In prose and ryme,  
 For to expres  
 The noblenes  
 Of my maistres,  
 That causeth me  
 Studious to be 960  
 To<sup>1</sup> make a relation  
 Of her commendation ;  
 And there agayne  
 Enuy doth complayne,  
 And hath disdayne ;  
 But yet certayne  
 I wyll be<sup>2</sup> playne,  
 And my style dres  
 To this prosses.  
 Now Phebus me ken 970  
 To sharpe my pen,  
 And lede my fyst  
 As hym best lyst,  
 That I may say  
 Honour alway  
 Of womankynd !  
 Trouth doth me bynd

<sup>1</sup> *To*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "Bo."

<sup>2</sup> *be*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "me."

And loyalte  
 Euer to be  
 Their true bedell, 980  
 To wryte and tell  
 How women excell  
 In noblenes ;  
 As my maistres,  
 Of whom I thynk  
 With pen and ynk  
 For to compyle  
 Some goodly<sup>1</sup> style ;  
 For this most goodly<sup>2</sup> floure,  
 This blossome of fresh coloure, 990  
 So Jupyter me socoure,  
 She flourissheth new and new  
 In beaute and vertew :  
*Hac claritate gemina*  
*O gloriosa fœmina,*  
*Legem pone mihi, domina,<sup>3</sup> in viam justificationum*  
*tuarum !*  
*Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum.*  
 How shall I report  
 All the goodly sort  
 Of her fetures clere, 1000  
 That hath non erthly pere ?  
 Her<sup>4</sup> fauour of her face  
 Ennewed all with<sup>5</sup> grace,  
 Confort, pleasure, and solace,  
 Myne hert doth so embrace,  
 And so hath rauyshed me  
 Her to behold and se,

<sup>1</sup> *goodly*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "godly."

<sup>2</sup> *goodly*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "gooly."

<sup>3</sup> *domina*] Eds. "domine," but afterwards, in similar passages, v. 1061, 1114, "domina."

<sup>4</sup> *Her*] Qy. "The?"

<sup>5</sup> *all with*] Other eds. "with al."

That in wordes playne  
 I cannot me refrayne  
 To loke on<sup>1</sup> her agayne : 1010  
 Alas, what shuld I fayne ?  
 It wer a plesaunt payne  
 With her aye to remayne.

Her eyen gray and stepe  
 Causeth myne hert to lepe ;  
 With her browes bent  
 She may well represent  
 Fayre Lucre, as I wene,  
 Or els fayre Polexene,  
 Or els Caliope, 1020  
 Or els Penelope ;  
 For this most goodly floure,  
 This blossome of fresshe coloure,  
 So Jupiter me socoure,  
 She florisheth new and new  
 In beautye and vertew :  
*Hac claritate gemina*  
*O gloriosa fœmina,*  
*Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo !*  
*Servus tuus sum ego.* 1030

The Indy saphyre blew  
 Her vaynes doth ennew ;  
 The orient perle so clere,  
 The whytnesse of her lere ;  
 The<sup>2</sup> lusty ruby ruddes  
 Resemble the rose buddes ;  
 Her lypes soft and mery  
 Emblomed lyke the chery,  
 It were an heuenly blysse  
 Her sugred mouth to kysse. 1040

<sup>1</sup> *on*] Marshe's ed. "to."

<sup>2</sup> *The*] Qy. "Her?"

Her beautye to augment,  
 Dame Nature hath her lent  
 A warte vpon her cheke,  
 Who so lyst to seke  
 In her vysage a skar,  
 That semyth from afar  
 Lyke to the radyant star,  
 All with fauour fret,  
 So properly it is set : )  
 She is the vyolet, 1050  
 The daysy delectable,  
 The columbine<sup>1</sup> commendable,  
 The<sup>2</sup> ielofer amyable ;  
 [For]<sup>3</sup> this most goodly floure,  
 This blossom of fresh colour,  
 So Jupiter me succour,  
 She florysheth new and new  
 In beaute and vertew :  
*Hac claritate gemina*  
*O gloriosa fœmina,* 1060  
*Bonitatem fecisti cum seruo tuo, domina,*  
*Et ex præcordiis sonant præconia !*  
 And whan I perceyued  
 Her wart and conceyued,  
 It cannot be denayd  
 But it was well conuayd,  
 And set so womanly,  
 And nothyng wantonly,  
 But ryght conuenyently,  
 And full congruently, 1070  
 As Nature cold deuyse,  
 In most goodly wyse ;

<sup>1</sup> *columbine*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "calumbyn."

<sup>2</sup> *The*] Eds. "This."

<sup>3</sup> [*For*] Compare vv. 989, 1022, 1083, 1107, &c.

Who so lyst beholde,  
 It makethe louers bolde  
 To her to sewe for grace,  
 Her fauoure to purchase;  
 The sker upon her chyn,  
 Enhached<sup>1</sup> on her fayre skyn,  
 Whyter than the swan,  
 It wold make any man 1080  
 To forget deadly syn  
 Her fauour to wyn;  
 For this most goodly<sup>2</sup> floure,  
 This blossom of fressh coloure,  
 So Jupiter me socoure,  
 She flouryssheth new and new  
 In beaute and vertew :  
*Hac claritate gemina*  
*O gloriosa fœmina,*  
*Defecit in salutatione tua<sup>3</sup> anima mea ;* 1090  
*Quid petis filio, mater dulcissima ? babæ !<sup>4</sup>*  
 Soft, and make no dyn,  
 For now I wyll begyn  
 To haue<sup>5</sup> in remembraunce  
 Her goodly dalyaunce,  
 And her goodly pastaunce :  
 So sad and so demure,  
 Behauynge her so sure,  
 With wordes of pleasure  
 She wold make to the lure 1100  
 And any man conuert  
 To gyue her his hole hert.

<sup>1</sup> *Enhached*] The editor of 1736 chose to print "Enchased."

<sup>2</sup> *goodly*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "godly."

<sup>3</sup> *salutatione tua*] Eds. "salutare tuum" and "salutate tuum."

<sup>4</sup> *babæ*] Eds. "ba ba."

<sup>5</sup> *haue*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "heue."

She made me sore amased  
 Vpon her whan I gased,  
 Me thought min hert was crased,  
 My eyne were so dased ;  
 For this most goodly flour,  
 This<sup>1</sup> blossom of fressh colour,  
 So Jupyter me socour,  
 She flouryssheth new and new 1110  
 In beauty and vertew :

*Hac claritate gemina*

*O gloriosa fœmina,*

*Quomodo dilexi legem tuam, domina !*

*Recedant vetera, nova sint<sup>2</sup> omnia.*

And to amende her tale,  
 Whan she lyst to auale,  
 And with her fyngers smale,  
 And handes soft as sylke,  
 Whyter than the<sup>3</sup> mylke, 1120  
 That are so quyckely vayned,  
 Wherwyth my hand she strayned,  
 Lorde, how I was payned !  
 Vnneth I me refrayned,  
 How she me had reclaymed,  
 And me to her retayned,  
 Enbrasyng therwithall  
 Her goodly<sup>4</sup> myddell small  
 With sydes longe and streyte ;  
 To tell you what conceyte 1130  
 I had than in a tryce,  
 The matter were to nyse,  
 And yet there was no vyce,

<sup>1</sup> *This*] Other eds. "The."

<sup>2</sup> *sint*] Other eds. "sunt."

<sup>3</sup> *the*] Not in other eds.

<sup>4</sup> *goodly*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "godly."

Nor yet no villany,  
 But only fantasy ;  
 For this most goodly floure,  
 This<sup>1</sup> blossom of fressh coloure,  
 So Jupiter me succoure,  
 She floryssheth new and new  
 In beaute and vertew : 1140

*Hac claritate gemina  
 O gloriosa fœmina,  
 Iniquos odio habui !  
 Non calumnientur me superbi.*

But whereto shulde I note  
 How often dyd I tote  
 Vpon her prety fote ?  
 It raysed myne hert rote  
 To se her treade the grounde  
 With heles short and rounde. 1150

She is playnly expresse  
 Egeria, the goddesse,  
 And lyke to her image,  
 Emportured with corage,  
 A louers pylgrimage ;  
 Ther is no beest sauage,  
 Ne no tyger so wood,  
 But she wolde chaunge his mood,  
 Such relucen grace  
 Is formed in her face ; 1160

For this most goodly floure,  
 This blossome of fresshe coloure,  
 So Jupiter me succour,  
 She flouryssheth new and new  
 In beaute and vertew :

*Hac claritate gemina  
 O gloriosa fœmina,*

<sup>1</sup> *This*] Eds. "The : " but see the frequent repetition of the passage.



*Mirabilia testimonia tua!*

*Sicut novellæ plantationes in juventute sua.*

So goodly as she dresses, 1170

So properly<sup>1</sup> she presses

The bryght golden tresses

Of her heer so fyne,

Lyke Phebus beames shyne.

Wherto shuld I disclose

The garterynge of her hose?

It is for to suppose

How that she can were

Gorgiously her gere;

Her fresshe habylementes 1180

With other implementes

To serue for all ententes,

Lyke dame Flora, quene

Of lusty somer grene;

For<sup>2</sup> this most goodly floure,

This blossom of fressh coloure,

So Jupiter me socoure,

She florisheth new and new

In beautye and vertew:

*Hac claritate gemina* 1190

*O gloriosa fœmina,*

*Clamavi in toto corde, exaudi me!*

*Misericordia tua magna est super me.*

Her kyrtell so goodly lased,

And vnder that is brased

Such plasures that I may

Neyther wryte nor say;

Yet though I wryte not with ynke,

No man can let me thynke,

<sup>1</sup> *properly*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "propeeyly."

<sup>2</sup> *For*] Not in other eds.

For thought hath lyberte, 1200  
 Thought is franke and fre ;  
 To thynke a mery thought  
 It cost me lytell nor<sup>1</sup> nought.  
 Wolde God myne homely style  
 Were pullysshed with the fyle  
 Of Ciceros eloquence,  
 To prase her excellence !  
 For this<sup>2</sup> most goodly floure,  
 This<sup>3</sup> blossome of fressh coloure,  
 So Jupiter me succoure, 1210  
 She flouryssheth new and new  
 In beaute and vertew :  
*Hac claritate gemina*  
*O gloriosa fœmina,*  
*Principes persecuti sunt me gratis!*  
*Omnibus consideratis,*  
*Paradisus voluptatis*  
*Hæc virgo est dulcissima.*  
 My pen it is vnable,  
 My hand it is vnstable, 1220  
 My reson rude and dull  
 To prayse her at the full ;  
 Goodly maystres Jane,  
 Sobre, demure Dyane ;  
 Jane this maystres hyght  
 The lode star<sup>4</sup> of delyght,  
 Dame Venus of all pleasure,  
 The well of worldly treasure ;  
 She doth excede and pas  
 In prudence dame Pallas ; 1230

<sup>1</sup> *nor*] Other eds. " or."

<sup>2</sup> *For this*] Other eds. " The."

<sup>3</sup> *This*] So other eds. Kele's ed. " Thus."

<sup>4</sup> *star*] So other eds. Kele's ed. " stare."

[For]<sup>1</sup> this<sup>2</sup> most goodly floure,  
 This blossome of fresshe colour,  
 So Jupiter me socoure,  
 She floryssheth new and new  
 In beaute and vertew :

*Hac claritate gemina*

*O gloriosa fœmina!*

*Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine!*

With this psalme, *Domine, probasti me,*  
 Shall sayle ouer the see,

1240

With *Tibi, Domine, commendamus,*

On pylgrimage<sup>3</sup> to saynt Jamys,

For shrympes, and for pranys,

And for stalkynge<sup>4</sup> cranys ;

And where my pen hath offendyd,

I pray you it may be amendyd

By discrete consyderacyon

Of your wyse reformacyon ;

I haue not offended, I trust,

If it be sadly dyscust.

1250

It were no gentle gyse

This treatyse to despise

Because I haue wrytten and sayd

Honour of this fayre mayd ;

Wherefore shulde I be blamed,

That I Jane haue<sup>5</sup> named,

And famously proclaimed ?

She is worthy to be enrolde

With letters of golde.

*Car elle vault.*

1260

<sup>1</sup> [For] See note, ante, p. 83.

<sup>2</sup> this] Other eds. "the."

<sup>3</sup> pilgrimage] Marshe's ed. "pilgrimages."

<sup>4</sup> stalkynge] So other eds. Kele's ed. "stalke."

<sup>5</sup> haue] Not in Marshe's ed.

*Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem*<sup>1</sup>  
*Laudibus eximiis merito hæc redimita puella est :*  
*Formosam cecini,*<sup>2</sup> *qua non formosior ulla est ;*  
*Formosam potius quam commendaret Homerus.*  
*Sic juvat interdum rigidos recreare labores,*  
*Nec minus hoc titulo tersa Minerva mea est.*  
*Rien que playsere.*

*Thus endeth the boke of Philip Sparow, and here foloweth an  
 adicyon made by maister Skelton.*

The gyse now a dayes  
 Of some ianglynge iayes  
 Is to discommende 1270  
 That they cannot amend,  
 Though they wold spend  
 All the wyttes they haue.

What ayle them to deprauē  
 Phillip Sparowes graue?  
 His *Dirige*, her Commendacyon  
 Can be no derogacyon,  
 But myrth and consolacyon  
 Made by protestacyon,  
 No man to myscontent 1280  
 With Phillyppes enterement.

Alas, that goodly mayd,  
 Why shuld she be afrayde?  
 Why shuld she take shame  
 That her goodly name,  
 Honorably reported,  
 Sholde be set and sorted,  
 To be matriculate  
 With ladyes of estate?

<sup>1</sup> *vatem*] Eds. "latem."

<sup>2</sup> *cecini*] Eds. "poecini."

I coniure thé, Phillip Sparow, 1290  
 By Hercules that hell dyd harow,  
 And with a venemous arow  
 Slew of the Epidaures  
 One of the Centaures,  
 Or Onocentaures,  
 Or Hipocentaures;<sup>1</sup>  
 By whose myght and mayne  
 An hart was slayne  
 With hornes twayne  
 Of glytteryng gold; 1300  
 And the appels of gold  
 Of Hesperides withhold,  
 And with a dragon kept  
 That neuer more slept,  
 By marcyall strength  
 He wan at length;  
 And slew Gerion  
 With thre bodyes in one;  
 With myghty corage  
 Adauntid<sup>2</sup> the rage 1310  
 Of a lyon sauage;  
 Of Dyomedes stable  
 He brought out a rable  
 Of coursers and rounses  
 With leapes and bounses;  
 And with mighty luggyng,  
 Wrestlyng and tuggyng,  
 He plucked the bull  
 By the horned skull,  
 And offred to Cornucopia; 1320  
 And so forth *per cetera* :

<sup>1</sup> *Hipocentaures*] Eds. "Hipocentaurius."

<sup>2</sup> *Adauntid*] So our author in *The Garlande of Laurell*, where he cites this "Adycion." Eds. "Auaunted."

Also by Ecates bower  
 In Plutos<sup>1</sup> gastly tower ;  
 By the vgly Eumenides,  
 That neuer haue rest nor ease ;  
 By the venemous serpent,  
 That in hell is neuer brent,  
 In Lerna the Grekes fen,  
 That was engendred then ;  
 By Chemeras flames, 1330  
 And all the dedly names  
 Of infernall posty,  
 Where soules frye and rosty ;<sup>2</sup>  
 By the Stygyall flood,  
 And the streames wood  
 Of Cocitus botumles well ;  
 By the feryman of hell,  
 Caron with his beard hore,  
 That roweth with a rude ore  
 And with his frownsid<sup>3</sup> fore top 1340  
 Gydeth his bote with a prop :  
 I coniure<sup>4</sup> Phyllyp, and call  
 In the name of kyng Saul ;  
*Primo Regum* expresse,  
 He bad<sup>5</sup> the Phitonesse  
 To wytchcraft her to dresse,  
 And by her abusyons,  
 And dampnable illusyons  
 Of marueylus conclusyons,  
 And by her supersticyons, 1350  
 And wonderfull condityons,

<sup>1</sup> *Plutos*] So in *The Garlande of Laurell*. Eds. "Plutus."

<sup>2</sup> *rosty*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "rousty."

<sup>3</sup> *frownsid*] Supplied by *The Garlande of Laurell*. Not in eds.

<sup>4</sup> *coniure*] Qy. "coniure thé?" as before and after.

<sup>5</sup> *bad*] So in *The Garlande of Laurell*. Eds. "had."

She rayseed vp in that stede  
 Samuell that was dede ;  
 But whether it were so,  
 He were *idem in numero*,  
 The selfe same Samuell,  
 How be it to Saull dyd he tell  
 The Philistinis shuld hym ascry,  
 And the next day he shuld dye,  
 I wyll my selfe dyscharge 1360  
 To lettred men at large :

But, Phyllyp, I coniure thee  
 Now by these names thre,  
 Diana in the woodes grene,  
 Luna that so bryght doth shene,<sup>1</sup>  
 Procerpina in hell,  
 That thou shortly tell,  
 And shew now vnto me  
 What the cause may be  
 Of this perplexite ! 1370

*Inferias,*<sup>2</sup> *Philippe, tuas*<sup>3</sup> *Scroupe pulchra Joanna*  
*Instanter petiit :*<sup>4</sup> *cur nostri carminis illam*  
*Nunc pudet ?*<sup>5</sup> *est sero ; minor est infamia vero.*

Than suche as haue disdayned  
 And of this worke complayned,  
 I pray God they be payned  
 No worse than is contayned  
 In verses two or thre  
 That folowe as you<sup>6</sup> may se.

<sup>1</sup> *shene*] So in *The Garlande of Laurell*. Eds. "shyne."

<sup>2</sup> *Inferias*] So *ibid*. Eds. "Infera" and "Inferia."

<sup>3</sup> *tuas*] So *ibid*. Not in eds.

<sup>4</sup> *petiit*] Other eds. "persit."

<sup>5</sup> *pudet*] Other eds. "puder."

<sup>6</sup> *you*] Other eds. "ye."

*Luride, cur, livor, volucris pia funera damnas?*  
*Talia te rapiant rapiunt quæ fata volucrem!*<sup>1</sup>  
*Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua.*

1380

<sup>1</sup> *volucrem*] Other eds. "volucrum."



HERE AFTER FOLOWETH<sup>1</sup> THE BOOKE CALLED

ELYNOUR RUMMYNGE.

THE TUNNYNG OF ELYNOUR RUMMYNG PER SKELTON LAUREAT.

TELL you I chyll,  
 If that ye wyll  
 A whyle be styll,  
 Of a comely gyll  
 That dwelt on a hyll:  
 But she is not gryll,  
 For she is somewhat sage  
 And well worne in age;  
 For her vysage  
 It would aswage  
 A mannes courage.

10

Her lothely lere  
 Is nothyng clere,  
 But vgly of chere,  
 Droupy and drowsy,  
 Scuruy and lowsy;  
 Her face all bowsy,  
 Comely crynklyd,  
 Woundersly wrynkled,  
 Lyke a rost pygges eare,  
 Brystled wyth here.

20

Her lewde lypes twayne,  
 They slauer, men sayne,  
 Lyke a ropy rayne,  
 A gummy glayre:  
 She is vgly fayre;

<sup>1</sup> *Here after foloweth, &c.*] From the ed. by Kynge and Marche of *Certaine bokes compyled by mayster Skelton*, n. d., collated with the same work, ed. Day, n. d., and ed. Lant, n. d., with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, and occasionally with the comparatively modern ed. of *Elinour Rummyng* by Rand, 1624.

Her nose somdele hoked,  
 And camously croked,  
 Neuer stoppynge,  
 But euer droppynge; 30  
 Her skynne lose and slacke,  
 Grained<sup>1</sup> lyke a sacke;  
 With a croked backe.

Her eyen gowndy  
 Are full vnsowndy,  
 For they are blered;  
 And she gray hered;  
 Jawed lyke a jetty;  
 A man would haue pytty  
 To se how she is gumbed, 40  
 Fyngered and thumbed,  
 Gently ioynted,  
 Gresed and annoynted  
 Vp to the knockels;  
 The bones [of] her huckels<sup>2</sup>  
 Lyke as they were with buckels<sup>3</sup>  
 Togyther made fast:  
 Her youth is farre past:  
 Foted lyke a plane,  
 Legged<sup>4</sup> lyke a crane; 50  
 And yet she wyll iet,  
 Lyke a iolly fet,<sup>5</sup>  
 In her furred flocket,  
 And gray russet rocket,  
 With symper the cocket.

<sup>1</sup> *Grained*] So eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand). Eds. of Kynge and Marche, and of Lant, "Greuynd."

<sup>2</sup> *huckels*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand), "buckels."

<sup>3</sup> *Lyke as they were, &c.*] This line not in eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand).

<sup>4</sup> *Legged*] So Rand's ed. Other eds. "Legges."

<sup>5</sup> *iolly fet*] Lant's ed. "Joyly fet." Marshe's ed., (and Rand's ed.), "iolly set."

Her huke of Lyncole grene,  
 It had ben hers, I wene,  
 More then fourty yere ;  
 And so doth it<sup>1</sup> apere,  
 For<sup>2</sup> the grene bare thredes 60  
 Loke lyke sere wedes,  
 Wyddered lyke hay,  
 The woll worne away ;  
 And yet I dare saye  
 She thynketh herselfe gaye  
 Vpon the holy daye,  
 Whan she doth her aray,  
 And gyrdeth in her gytes<sup>3</sup>  
 Styched and pranked with pletes ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Her kyrtel Brystow red, 70  
 With clothes vpon her hed  
 That wey<sup>5</sup> a sowe of led,  
 Wrythen in<sup>6</sup> wonder wyse,  
 After the Sarasyns gyse,  
 With a whym wham,  
 Knyt with a trym tram,  
 Vpon her brayne pan,  
 Lyke an Egyptian,  
 Capped<sup>7</sup> about :  
 Whan she goeth out 80  
 Herselfe for to shewe,  
 She dryueth downe the dewe  
 Wyth a payre of heles  
 As brode as two wheles ;

<sup>1</sup> *doth it*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand), "it dothe."

<sup>2</sup> *For*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "And."

<sup>3</sup> *gytes*] Marshe's ed. "getes." (Rand's ed. "geetes.")

<sup>4</sup> *pletes*] Qy. "plytes?"

<sup>5</sup> *That wey*] So Lant's ed., (and Rand's ed.) Other eds. "That they way."

<sup>6</sup> *in*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand), "in a."

<sup>7</sup> *Capped*] Lant's ed. "Lapped"—rightly, perhaps.

She hables as a gose<sup>1</sup>  
 With her blanket<sup>2</sup> hose  
 Ouer the falowe;<sup>3</sup>  
 Her shone smered wyth talowe,  
 Gresed vpon dyrt  
 That baudeth her skyrt.

90

*Primus passus.*

And this comely dame,  
 I vnderstande, her name  
 Is Elynour Rummynge,  
 At home in her wonnynge;  
 And as men say  
 She dwelt<sup>4</sup> in Sothray,  
 In a certayne stede  
 Bysyde Lederhede.  
 She is a tonnysh gyb;  
 The deuyll and she be syb.

100

But to make vp my tale,  
 She breweth nopyy ale,  
 And maketh therof port sale<sup>5</sup>  
 To trauellars, to tynkers,  
 To sweters, to swynkers,  
 And all good ale drynkers,  
 That wyll nothyng spare,  
 But drynke tyll they stare  
 And brynge themselfe bare,  
 With, Now away the mare,

110

<sup>1</sup> *as a gose*] So eds. of Day, and Marshe. Eds. of Kyng and Marche, and of Lant, "*as she gose.*"

<sup>2</sup> *blanket*] So Lant's ed. (Rand's ed. "*blanked.*") Other eds. "*blauket.*"

<sup>3</sup> *Ouer the falowe*] Not in eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand.)

<sup>4</sup> *dwelt*] Qy. "*dwels?*"

<sup>5</sup> *port sale*] So Lant's ed. Ed. of Kyng and Marche, "*pore sale.*" Day's ed. "*poore sale.*" Marshe's ed. "*poorte sale.*" (Rand's ed. "*pot-sale.*") See notes.

And let vs sley care,  
As wyse as an hare !

Come who so wyll  
To Elynour on the hyll,  
Wyth, Fyll the cup, fyll,  
And syt there by styll,  
Erly and late :  
Thyther cometh Kate,  
Cysly, and Sare,  
With theyr legges bare, 120

And also theyr fete  
Hardely full vnswete ;  
Wyth theyr heles dagged,  
Theyr kyrtelles all to-iagged,  
Theyr smockes all to-ragged,  
Wyth tytters and tatters,  
Brynge dysshes and platters,  
Wyth all theyr myght runnynge  
To Elynour Rummynge,  
To haue of her tunnynge : 130  
She leneth them on<sup>1</sup> the same,  
And thus begynneth the game.

Some wenches come unlased,<sup>2</sup>  
Some huswyues<sup>3</sup> come vnbrased,  
Wyth theyr naked pappes,  
That flyppes and flappes ;  
It wygges and it<sup>4</sup> waggges,  
Lyke tawny saffron bagges ;  
A sorte of foule drabbes  
All scuruy with scabbes : 140  
Some be flybydden,  
Some skewed as a kydden ;

<sup>1</sup> on] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand), "of."

<sup>2</sup> unlased] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand), "vnbrased."

<sup>3</sup> Some huswyues, &c.] This line not in eds. of Day, and Marshe. (Rand's ed. "And some all unlaced.")

<sup>4</sup> It . . . . it] Qy. "That . . . . that?"

Some wyth a sho clout  
 Bynde theyr heddes about ;  
 Some haue no herelace,  
 Theyr lockes about theyr face,  
 Theyr tresses vntrust,  
 All full of vnlust ;  
 Some loke strawry,  
 Some cawry mawry ; 150  
 Full vntydy teggess,  
 Lyke rotten egges.  
 Suche a lewde sorte  
 To Elynour resorte  
 From tyde to tyde :  
 Abyde, abyde,  
 And to you shall be tolde  
 Howe hyr ale is solde  
 To Mawte and to Molde.

*Secundus passus.*

Some haue no mony 160  
 That thyder commy,  
 For theyr ale to pay,  
 That is a shreud aray ;  
 Elynour swered, Nay,  
 Ye shall not beare away  
 My<sup>1</sup> ale for nought,  
 By hym that me bought !  
 With, Hey, dogge, hay,  
 Haue these hogges<sup>2</sup> away !  
 With, Get me a staffe, 170  
 The swyne eate my draffe !  
 Stryke the hogges with a clubbe,  
 They haue dronke vp my swyllynge tubbe !  
 For, be there neuer so much prese,  
 These swyne go to the hye dese,

<sup>1</sup> *My*] Lant's ed. "Myne."

<sup>2</sup> *hogges*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand), "dogges."

The sowe with her pygges ;  
 The bore his tayle wrygges,  
 His rumpe<sup>1</sup> also he frygges  
 Agaynst<sup>2</sup> the hye benche !  
 With, Fo, ther is a stenche ! 180  
 Gather vp, thou wenche ;  
 Seest thou not what is fall ?  
 Take vp dyrt<sup>3</sup> and all,  
 And bere out of the hall :  
 God gyue it yll preuyng,  
 Clenly as yuell cheuyng !  
 But let vs turne playne,  
 There we lefte agayne.  
 For, as yll a patch as that,  
 The hennes ron in the mashfat ; 190  
 For they go to roust  
 Streight ouer the ale ioust,  
 And donge, whan it commes,  
 In the ale tunnes.  
 Than Elynour taketh  
 The mashe bolle, and shaketh  
 The hennes donge away,  
 And skommeth it into<sup>4</sup> a tray  
 Whereas the yeest is,  
 With her maungy fystis : 200  
 And somtyme she blennes  
 The donge of her hennes  
 And the ale together ;  
 And sayeth, Gossyp, come hyther,  
 This ale shal be thycker,  
 And flowre the more quicker ;  
 For I may tell you,

<sup>1</sup> *His rumpe*, &c.] This line not in eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand).

<sup>2</sup> *Agaynst*] Day's ed. "Againe."

<sup>3</sup> *dyrt*] So Lant's ed. (and Rand's ed.) Other eds. "drit."

<sup>4</sup> *into*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand), "in."

I lerned it of a Jewe,  
 Whan I began to brewe,  
 And I haue founde it trew ; 210  
 Drinke now whyle it is new ;  
 And ye may it broke,  
 It shall make you loke  
 Yonger than ye be.  
 Yeres two or thre,  
 For ye may proue it by me ;  
 Beholde, she sayde, and se  
 How bryght I am of ble !  
 Ich am not cast away,  
 That can my husband say, 220  
 Whan we kys and play  
 In lust and in lykyng ;  
 He calleth me his whytyng,  
 His mullyng and his mytyng,<sup>1</sup>  
 His nobbes and his conny,  
 His swetyng and his honny,  
 With, Bas, my prety bonny,  
 Thou art worth good and monny.  
 This make I my falyre fonny,<sup>2</sup>  
 Til that he dreme and dronny ; 230  
 For, after all our sport,  
 Than wyll he rout and snort ;  
 Than swetely together we ly,  
 As two pygges in a sty.  
 To cease me semeth best,  
 And of this tale to rest,  
 And for to leue this letter,  
 Because it is no better,  
 And because it is no swetter ;

<sup>1</sup> *mytyng*] Eds. of Kyngge and Marche, and of Lant, "nytyng." Day's ed. "nittinge." Marshe's ed. "nittine." (Rand's ed. "mittine.") See notes.

<sup>2</sup> *fonny*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand), "fanny."



We wyll no farther ryme 240  
 Of it at this tyme ;  
 But we wyll turne playne  
 Where we left agayne.

*Tertius passus.*

Instede of coyne and monny,<sup>1</sup>  
 Some brynge her a conny, START  
 And some a pot with honny,  
 Some a salt, and some a spone,  
 Some theyr hose, some theyr shone ;  
 Some ran<sup>2</sup> a good trot  
 With a skellet or a pot ; 250  
 Some fyll theyr pot full  
 Of good Lemster woll :  
 An huswyfe of trust,  
 Whan she is athrust,  
 Suche a webbe can spyn,  
 Her thryft is full thyn.  
 Some go streyght thyder,  
 Be it slaty or slyder ;  
 They holde the hye waye,  
 They care not what men say, 260  
 Be that as be maye ;  
 Some, lothe to be espyde,  
 Start<sup>3</sup> in at the backe syde,  
 Ouer the hedge and pale,  
 And all for the good ale. END

<sup>1</sup> *Instede of coyne, &c.]* In Skelton's *Workes*, 1736, the passage is thus exhibited :

“ Some *instede of coine and monny*  
 Will come and *brynge her a conny*  
 Or else *a pot with honni*  
 Some *a knife and some a spone*  
 Some *brynge their hose, some ther shone.*”

<sup>2</sup> *ran]* Rand's ed. “run,”—rightly, perhaps.

<sup>3</sup> *Start]* So Rand's ed. Other eds. “Some *start*,” the eye of the original compositor having caught the word “Some” from the preceding line.

Some renne tyll they swete,  
 Brynge wyth them malte or whete,  
 And dame Elynour entrete  
 To byrle them of the best.

Than cometh an other gest; 270  
 She swered by the rode of rest,  
 Her lypes are so drye,  
 Without drynke she must dye;  
 Therefore fyll it by and by,  
 And haue here a pecke of ry.

Anone cometh another,  
 As drye as the other,  
 And wyth her doth brynge  
 Mele, salte, or other thyng,  
 Her haruest<sup>1</sup> gyrdle, her weddyng ryng, 280  
 To pay for her scot  
 As cometh to her lot.

Som bryngeth her husbandes hood,  
 Because the ale is good;  
 Another brought her his cap  
 To offer to the ale tap,  
 Wyth flaxe and wyth towe;  
 And some brought sowre dowe;  
 Wyth, Hey, and wyth, howe,  
 Syt we downe a rowe, 290  
 And drynke tyll we blowe,  
 And pype tyrly tyrlowe!

Some layde to pledge  
 Their hatchet and their wedge,  
 Their hekell and their rele,  
 Their rocke, their spyning whele;  
 And some went so narrowe,  
 They layde to pledge their wharrowe,  
 Their rybskyn and their spyndell,  
 Their nedell and their thymbell: 300

<sup>1</sup> *haruest*] So Day's ed. Other eds. "heruest," "hernest," "harnest."

Here was scant thryft  
 Whan they made suche shyft.  
 Theyr thrust was so great,  
 They asked neuer for mete,  
 But drynke, styll drynke,  
 And let the cat wynke,  
 Let vs washe our gommess  
 From the drye crommes.

*Quartus passus.*

Some for very nede  
 Layde<sup>1</sup> downe a skeyne of threde, 310  
 And some a skeyne of yarne ;  
 Some brought<sup>2</sup> from the barne  
 Both benes and pease ;  
 Small chaffer doth ease  
 Sometyme, now and than :  
 Another there was that ran  
 With a good brasse pan ;  
 Her colour was full wan ;  
 She ran in all the hast  
 Vnbrased and vnlast ; 320  
 Tawny, swart, and sallowe,<sup>3</sup>  
 Lyke a cake of tallowe ;  
 I swere by all hallow,  
 It was a stale<sup>4</sup> to take  
 The deuyll in a brake.

And than came haltyng Jone,  
 And brought a gambone  
 Of bakon that was resty :  
 But, Lorde, as she was testy,  
 Angry as a waspy ! 330  
 She began to yane and gaspy,

<sup>1</sup> *Layde*] So Lant's ed. Other eds. "Laye," and "Lay."

<sup>2</sup> *Some brought, &c.*] This line not in eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand.)

<sup>3</sup> *sallowe*] So Lant's ed. (and Rand's ed.) Other eds. "swallowe."

<sup>4</sup> *stale*] Eds. "stare." See notes.

And bad Elynour go bet,  
 And fyll in good met;<sup>1</sup>  
 It was dere that was farre fet.

Another brought a spycke  
 Of a bacon flycke;  
 Her tonge was verye quycke,  
 But she spake somewhat thycke:  
 Her felow did stammer and stut,  
 But she was a foule slut, 340  
 For her mouth fomyd  
 And her bely groned:  
 Jone sayne<sup>2</sup> she had eaten a fyest;  
 By Christ, sayde she, thou lyst,  
 I haue as swete a breth  
 As thou, wyth shamfull deth!

Than Elynour sayde, Ye callettes,  
 I shall breake your palettes,  
 Wythout ye now cease!  
 And so was made the peace.<sup>3</sup> 350

Than thyder came dronken Ales;  
 And she was full of tales,  
 Of tydynges in Wales,  
 And of saint James in Gales,  
 And of the Portyngales;  
 Wyth, Lo, gossyp, I wys,  
 Thus and thus it is,  
 There hath ben great war  
 Betwene Temple Bar  
 And the Crosse in Chepe, 360  
 And there came an hepe  
 Of mylstones in a route:  
 She speketh thus in her snout,

<sup>1</sup> *met*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "meate."

<sup>2</sup> *sayne*] Lant's ed. "sayde."

<sup>3</sup> *the peace*] Eds. "*the dronken peace*" (except Rand's ed., which has "a drunken," &c.): but no doubt the word "dronken" crept into the original edition by a mistake of the compositor, his eye having caught it in the following line. See notes.

Sneuelyng in her nose,  
 As thoughe she had the pose ;  
 Lo, here is an olde tyyppet,  
 And ye wyll gyue me a syyppet  
 Of your stale ale,  
 God sende you good sale !  
 And as she was drynkyng,  
 370 She fyll<sup>1</sup> in a wynkyng  
 Wyth a barlyhood,  
 She pyst where she stood ;  
 Than began she to wepe,  
 And forthwyth fell on slepe.  
 Elynour toke her vp,  
 And blessed her wyth a cup  
 Of newe ale in cornes ;  
 Ales founde therin no thornes,  
 But supped it vp at ones,  
 380 She founde therin no bones.<sup>2</sup>

*Quintus passus.*

Nowe in cometh another rabell ;  
 Fyrst one wyth a ladell,  
 Another wyth a cradell,  
 And wyth a syde sadell :  
 And there began a fabell,  
 A clatterynge and a babell  
 Of folys fylly<sup>3</sup>  
 That had a fole wyth wylly,  
 With, Iast you, and, gup, gylly !  
 390 She coulde not lye styly.  
 Then came in a genet,  
 And sware by saynct Benet,  
 I dranke not this sennet

<sup>1</sup> *fyll*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand), "fell."

<sup>2</sup> *bones*] Day's ed. "bornes."

<sup>3</sup> *fylyly*] Marshe's ed. (and Rand's ed.) "silly." See notes.

A draught to my pay ;  
 Elynour, I thé pray,  
 Of thyne ale let vs assay,  
 And haue here a pylche of gray ;  
 I were skynnes of conny,  
 That causeth I loke so donny. 400

Another than dyd hyche her,  
 And brought a pottel pycher,  
 A tonnel, and a bottell,  
 But she had lost the stoppell ;  
 She cut of her sho sole,  
 And stopped therwyth the hole.

Amonge all the blommer,  
 Another brought a skommer,  
 A fryinge pan, and a slyce ;  
 Elynour made the pryce 410  
 For good ale eche whyt.

Than sterte in mad Kyt,  
 That had lyttle wyt ;  
 She semed somdele seke,  
 And brought <sup>1</sup> a peny cheke  
 To dame Elynour,  
 For a draught of lycour.

Than Margery Mylkeducke  
 Her kyrtell she did vptucke  
 An ynche aboue her kne, 420  
 Her legges that ye myght se ;  
 But they were sturdy and stubbed,<sup>2</sup>  
 Myghty pestels and clubbed,  
 As fayre and as whyte  
 As the fote of a kyte :  
 She was somewhat foule,  
 Crokenecked lyke an oule ;

<sup>1</sup> *brought*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, “*brought vp.*”

<sup>2</sup> *stubbed*] So Lant’s ed. Other eds. “*stubbled.*”

And yet she brought her fees,  
 A cantell of Essex chese  
 Was well a fote thycke, 430  
 Full of maggottes quycke;  
 It was huge and greate,  
 And myghty stronge meate  
 For the deuyll to eate;  
 It was tart and punyete.

Another sorte of slutttes,  
 Some brought walnuttes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Some apples, some peres,  
 Some brought theyr clyppynge sheres, 440  
 Some brought this and that,  
 Some brought I wote nere what,  
 Some brought theyr husbandes hat,  
 Some podynges and lynkes,  
 Some trypes that stynkes.<sup>2</sup>

But of all this thronge  
 One came them amonge,  
 She semed halfe a leche,  
 And began to preche  
 Of the tewsdai in the weke  
 Whan the mare doth keke; 450  
 Of the vertue of an vnset leke;  
 Of her husbandes breke;  
 Wyth the feders of a quale  
 She could to Burdeou<sup>3</sup> sayle;  
 And wyth good ale barme  
 She could make a charme  
 To helpe wythall a stytych:  
 She semed to be a wytych.

Another brought two goslynges,  
 That were noughty froslynges; 460

<sup>1</sup> *walnuttes*] So Lant's ed. (Rand's, "walnuts.") Other eds. "walnutes" and "waluntes."

<sup>2</sup> *stynkes*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "stynges."

<sup>3</sup> *Burdeou*] Eds. of Kynge and Marche, and of Lant, "burde on." Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "bourde on." (Rand's ed. "bord on.")

She<sup>1</sup> brought them in a wallet,  
 She was a cumly callet :  
 The goslenges were untyde ;  
 Elynour began to chyde,  
 They<sup>2</sup> be wretchockes<sup>3</sup> thou hast brought,  
 They are shyre shakynge nought !

*Sextus passus.*

Maude Ruggy thyther skyped :  
 She was vgly hypped,  
 And vgly thicke lyped,  
 Lyke an onyon syded, 470  
 Lyke tan ledder hyded :  
 She had her so guyled  
 Betwene the cup and the wall,  
 That she was there wythall  
 Into a palsey fall ;  
 Wyth that her hed shaked,  
 And her handes quaked :  
 Ones hed wold haue aked  
 To se her naked :  
 She dranke so of the dregges,<sup>4</sup> 480  
 The dropsy was in her legges ;  
 Her face glystryng lyke glas ;  
 All foggy fat she was ;  
 She had also the gout  
 In all her ioyntes about ;  
 Her breth was soure and stale,  
 And smelled all of ale :  
 Suche a bedfellow  
 Wold make one cast his crow ;  
 But yet for all that 490  
 She dranke on the mash fat.

<sup>1</sup> *She*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand), "Some."

<sup>2</sup> *They*] Day's ed. "The."

<sup>3</sup> *wretchockes*] Day's ed. "wrethockes." Marshe's ed. (and Rand's ed.), "wrethocke."

<sup>4</sup> *dregges*] So Marshe's ed. (and Rand's ed.) Other eds. "dragges."



There came an old rybybe ;  
 She halted of a kybe,  
 And had broken her shyn  
 At the threshold comyng in,  
 And fell so wyde open  
 That one myght se her token,  
 The deuyll thereon be wroken !  
 What nede all this be spoken ?  
 She yelled lyke a calfe : 500  
 Ryse vp, on Gods halfe,  
 Said Elynour Rummyng,  
 I beshrew thé for thy cummyng !  
 And<sup>1</sup> as she at her did pluck,  
 Quake, quake, sayd the duck  
 In that lampatrams lap ;  
 Wyth, Fy, couer thy<sup>2</sup> shap  
 Wyth sum flyp flap !  
 God gyue it yll hap,  
 Sayde Elynour for shame, 510  
 Lyke an honest dame.  
 Vp she stert, halfe lame,  
 And skantly could go  
 For payne and for wo.

In came another dant,  
 Wyth a gose and a gant :  
 She had a wide<sup>3</sup> wesant ;  
 She was nothyng plesant ;  
 Necked lyke an olyfant ;  
 It was a bullyfant, 520  
 A gredy cormerant.

Another brought her garlyke hedes ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Another brought her bedes

<sup>1</sup> *And*] Not in eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand).

<sup>2</sup> *thy*] So Lant's ed. Other eds. "the."

<sup>3</sup> *wide*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "wyse."

<sup>4</sup> *hedes*] Eds. "heddes" and "heds."

Of iet or of cole,  
 To offer to the ale pole :  
 Some brought a wymble,  
 Some brought a thymble,  
 Some brought a sylke lace,  
 Some brought a pyncase,  
 Some her husbandes gowne, 530  
 Some a pyllow of downe,  
 Some of<sup>1</sup> the napery ;  
 And all this shyfte they make  
 For the good ale sake.

A strawe, sayde Bele, stande vtter,  
 For we haue egges and butter,  
 And of<sup>2</sup> pygeons a payre.

Than sterte forth a fysgygge,<sup>3</sup>  
 And she brought a bore pygge ;  
 The fleshe therof was ranke, 540  
 And her brethe strongly stanke,  
 Yet, or she went, she dranke,  
 And gat her great thanke  
 Of Elynour for her ware,  
 That she thyther bare  
 To pay for her share.  
 Now trully, to my thynkyng,  
 This is a solempne drinkyng.

*Septimus passus.*

Soft, quod one, hyght<sup>4</sup> Sybbyll,  
 And let me wyth you bybyll. 550  
 She sat downe in the place,  
 With a sory face  
 Wheywormed about ;  
 Garnyshed was her snout

<sup>1</sup> *Some of, &c.*] The line which rhymed with this has dropt out.

<sup>2</sup> *And of, &c.*] The line which rhymed with this has dropt out.

<sup>3</sup> *fysgygge*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "sysgygge."

<sup>4</sup> *hyght*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "high."

Wyth here and there a puscull,  
 Lyke a scabbyd muscull.  
 This ale, sayde she, is nopypy;  
 Let vs syppe and sopypy,  
 And not spyll a droppy,  
 For so mote I hoppy, 560  
 It coleth well my croppy.<sup>1</sup>

Dame Elynoure, sayde she,  
 Haue here is for me,  
 A cloute of London pynnes;  
 And wyth that she begynnes  
 The pot to her plucke,  
 And dranke a good lucke;  
 She swynged<sup>2</sup> vp a quarte  
 At ones for her parte;  
 Her paunche was so puffed, 570  
 And so wyth ale stuffed,  
 Had she not hyed apace,  
 She had defoyled the place.

Than began the sporte  
 Amonge that dronken sorte:  
 Dame Eleyneur, sayde they,  
 Lende here a cocke of hey,  
 To make all thyng cleane;  
 Ye wote well what we meane.

But, syr, among all 580  
 That sat in that hall,  
 There was a pryckemedenty,  
 Sat lyke a seynty,  
 And began to paynty,  
 As thoughe she would faynty;  
 She made it as koy  
 As a lege de moy;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *croppy*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, (and Rand), "coppoy."

<sup>2</sup> *swynged*] Marshe's ed. "swinge."

<sup>3</sup> *lege de moy*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "lege moy."

She was not halfe so wyse  
 As she was peuysshe nyse.  
 She sayde neuer a worde, 590  
 But rose from the borde,  
 And called for our dame,  
 Elynour by name.  
 We supposed, I wys,  
 That she rose to pys;  
 But the very grounde  
 Was for to compoude  
 Wyth Elynour in the spence,  
 To pay for her expence:  
 I haue no penny nor grote 600.  
 To pay, sayde she, God wote,  
 For washyng of my throte;  
 But my bedes of amber  
 Bere them to your chamber.  
 Then Elynour dyd them hyde  
 Wythin her beddes syde.  
 But some than sat ryght sad  
 That nothyng had  
 There of theyr awne,<sup>1</sup>  
 Neyther gelt nor pawne; 610  
 Suche were there menny  
 That had not a penny,  
 But, whan they should walke,  
 Were fayne wyth a chalke  
 To score on the balke,  
 Or score on the tayle:  
 God gyue it yll hayle!  
 For my fyngers<sup>2</sup> ytche;  
 I haue wrytten to mytche  
 Of this mad mummynge 620  
 Of Elynour Rummynge.

<sup>1</sup> *awne*] So Lant's ed. Other eds. "owne," and "one."

<sup>2</sup> *fyngers*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "fynger."

Thus endeth the gest  
Of this worthy fest.

Quod Skelton, Laureat.

LAUREATI SKELTONIDIS IN DESPECTU MALIGNANTIUM DISTICHON.

*Quamvis insanis, quamvis marcescis inanis,  
Invide,<sup>1</sup> cantamus : hæc loca plena jocis.<sup>2</sup>  
Bien men souuient.*

*Omnes fæminas, quæ vel nimis bibulæ sunt, vel quæ sordida  
labe squaloris, aut qua spurca<sup>3</sup> fæditatis macula, aut verbosa  
loquacitate notantur, poeta invitatur ad audiendum hunc libel-  
lum, &c.*

*Ebria, squalida, sordida fæmina, prodiga verbis,  
Huc currat, properet, veniat ! Sua gesta libellus<sup>4</sup>  
Iste volutabit : Pæan sua plectra sonando  
Materiam risus cantabit carmine rauco.*

*Finis.*

Quod Skelton, Laureat.

<sup>1</sup> *Invide*] Eds. "Inuidi."

<sup>2</sup> *jocis*] Eds. "locis."

<sup>3</sup> *qua spurca*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "quam spuria."

<sup>4</sup> *sua gesta libellus*] Ed. of Day, "*sua libellus*." Ed. of Marshe, "*sua  
facta libellus*." (The Latin at the end of this poem not in Rand's ed.)

## POEMS AGAINST GARNESCHE.

SKELTON LAURIAE<sup>1</sup> DEFEND[ER] AGENST M[ASTER] GARNESCHE  
CHALLENGER, ET CETERA.

SITHE ye haue me chalyngyd, M[aster] Garnesche,  
Ruduly revilyng me in the kynges noble hall,  
Soche an odyr chalyngyr cowde me no man wysch,<sup>2</sup>  
But yf yt war Syr Tyrmagant that tyrnyd with out nall;<sup>3</sup>  
For Syr Frollo de Franko was neuer halfe so talle.  
But sey me now, Syr Satrapas, what autoryte ye haue  
In your chalenge, Syr Chystyn, to cale me knaue?

What, haue ye kythyd yow a knyght, Syr Dugles the dowty,  
So currysly to beknaue me in the kynges place?<sup>4</sup>  
Ye stronge sturdy stalyon, so sterne and stowty, 10  
Ye bere yow bolde as Barabas, or Syr Terry of Trace;<sup>5</sup>  
Ye gyrne grymly with your gomys and with your gryslly  
face.

But sey me yet, Syr Satropas, what auctoryte ye haue  
In your chalange, Syr Chesten, to calle me a knaue?

Ye fowle, fers and felle, as Syr Ferumbras the ffreke,  
Syr capten of Catywade, catacumbas of Cayre,  
Thow ye be lusty as Syr Lybyus launces to breke,  
Yet your contenons oncomly, your face ys nat fayer:  
For alle your proude prankyng, your pride may apayere.

<sup>1</sup> *Skelton Lauriate*, &c.] These Poems against Garnesche (now for the first time printed) are from a MS. in the Harleian Collection, 367 (fol. 101), which is in many parts scarcely legible, being written in a hand very difficult to decipher, as well as being much injured by damp.

<sup>2</sup> *wysch*] So MS. seems to read.

<sup>3</sup> *with out nall*] Seems to be the reading of MS.,—"nall" having been added, instead of "alle" which is drawn through with the pen.

<sup>4</sup> *place*] Might be read perhaps "palace."

<sup>5</sup> *Trace*] MS. "Tracy."

But sey me yet, Syr Satrapas, wat auctoryte ye haue 20  
In your chalenge, Syr Chesten, to cal me a knaue?

Of Mantryble the Bryge, Malchus the murryon,  
Nor blake Baltazar with hys basnet routh as a bere,  
Nor Lycon, that lothly luske, in myn opnyon,  
Nor no bore so brymly brystlyd ys with here,  
As ye ar brystlyd on the bake for alle your gay gere.  
[But sey me yet, Syr Satrapas, what auctoryte ye haue  
In your chalenge, Syr Chesten, to calle me a knaue?]

Your wynde schakyn shankkes, your longe lothy legges,  
Crokyd as a camoke, and as a kowe calfes, 30  
Bryngges yow out of fauyr with alle femall teggys:  
That mastres Punt put yow of, yt was nat alle causeles;  
At Orwelle hyr hauyn your anggre was laules.  
[But sey me yet, Syr Satrapas, what auctoryte ye haue  
In your chalenge, Syr Chesten, to calle me a knaue?]

I sey, ye solem Sarson, alle blake ys your ble;  
As a glede glowynge, your ien glyster as glasse,  
Rowlynge in yower holow hede, vgly to see;  
Your tethe teintyd with tawny; your semely<sup>1</sup> snowte doth  
passe,  
Howkyd as an hawkys beke, lyke Syr Topyas. 40  
Boldly bend you to batell, and buske your selfe to saue:  
Challenge your selfe for a fole, call me no more knaue.

Be the kynges most noble commandement.

<sup>1</sup> *semely*] Appears at first sight to be "sriuely;" but compare v. 131 of the concluding poem against Garnesche.

SKELTON LAURYATE DEFENDER AGENST M[ASTER] GARNESCHE  
CHALANGAR, WITH GRESY, GORBELYD GODFREY [ET] CETERA.

How may I your mokerie mekely tollerate,  
[Your]<sup>1</sup> gronynge, 3our grontynge, your groinyngre lyke  
a swyne?

[Your] pride ys alle to peuiche, your porte importunate;  
[You] mantycore,<sup>2</sup> ye maltaperte, ye can bothe wins and  
whyne;

[Your] lothesum lere to loke on, lyke a gresyd bote dothe  
schyne.

Ye cappyd Cayface copious, your paltoke on your pate,  
Thow ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware yet of chek  
mate.

Hole<sup>3</sup> ys your brow that ye brake with Deu[ra]ndall your  
awne sworde;

Why holde ye on yer cap, syr, then? your pardone ys  
expyryd:

Ye hobble very homly before the kynges borde; 10

Ye countyr vmwhyle to capcyously, and ar ye be dysiryd;

Your moth etyn mokkysh maneres, they be all to myryd.

Ye cappyd Cayface copyous, your paltoke on your pate,  
Thow ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware of cheke mate.

O Gabionyte of Gabyone, why do ye gane and gaspe?

Huf a galante Garnesche, loke<sup>4</sup> on your comly cors!

Lusty Garnysche, lyke a lowse, ye jet full lyke a jaspe;

As wytles as a wylde goos, ye haue but small remorrs

Me for to chalenge that of your chalennege makyth so lytyll  
fors.

<sup>1</sup> *Your*] The beginning of this line, and of the next three lines, torn off in MS.

<sup>2</sup> *mantycore*] MS. "mantyca."

<sup>3</sup> *Hole*] First written "Thow hole."

<sup>4</sup> *loke*] MS. "kloke;" but the *k* seems to have been purposely blotted out.



Ye capyd Cayfas copyous, your paltoke on your pate, 20  
 Tho ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware of cheke mate.

Syr Gy, Syr Gawen, Syr Cayus, for and Syr Olyuere,  
 Pyramus, nor Priamus, nor Syr Pyrrus the prowde,  
 In Arturys auneyent actys no where ys prouyd your pere ;  
 The facyoun of your fysnamy the devyl in a clowde ;  
 Your harte ys to hawte, I wys, yt wyll nat be alowde.

Ye capyd Cayfas copyus, your paltoke on your pate,  
 Thow ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware of cheke mate.

Ye grounde yow vpon Godfrey, that grysly gargons face,  
 Your stonde, Syr Olifranke, agenst me for to splay : 30  
 Baile, baile at yow bothe, frantyke folys ! follow on the  
 chase !

Cum Garnyche, cum Godfrey, with as many as 3e may !  
 I advyse yow be ware of thys war, ranng yow in aray.  
 Ye capyd Cayfas copyous, [your paltoke on your pate,  
 Thow ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware of cheke mate.]

Gup, gorbelyd Godfrey, gup, Garnysche, gaudy fole !  
 To turney or to tante with me ye ar to fare to seke :  
 For thes twayne whypslouens calle for a coke stole :  
 Thow mantycore, ye marmoset, garnyshte lyke a Greke,  
 Wranglynge, waywyrde, wytles, wraw, and nothyng  
 meke. 40

Ye cappyd [Cayfas copyous, your paltoke on your pate,  
 Thow ye prate lyke prowde Pylate, be ware of cheke mate.]

*Mirres vous y,*  
 Loke nat to hy.

By the kynges most noble commaundment.

SKELTON LAWRYATE DEFENDER AGENYST LUSTY GARNYCHE WELLE  
BE SEYN CRYSTEOUYR CHALANNGER, ET CETERA.

I HAUE your lewde letter receyuyd,  
And well I haue yt perseyuyd,  
And your skryke I haue aspyed,  
That your mad mynde contryuyd.

Sauynge your vsscheres rod,  
I caste me nat to be od

With neythyr of yow tewyne :

Wherfore I wryght ageyne ;

How the fauyr of your face

Is voyd of all good grace ;

10

For alle your carpet cousshons,

Ye haue knauyche condycyonns.

Gup, marmeset, jast ye, morelle !

I am laureat, I am no lorelle.

Lewdely your tyme ye spende,

My lyuyng to reprehende ;<sup>1</sup>

And wyll neuer intende

Your awne lewdnes to amende :

Your Englyshe lew[d]ly ye sorte,

And falsly 3e me reporte.

20

Garnyche, ye gape to wyde :

Yower knavery I wyll nat hyde,

For to aswage your pride.

Whan ye war yonger of age,

Ye war a kechyn page,

A dyshwasher, a dryvyll,

In the pott your nose dedde sneuyll ;

Ye fryed and ye broylyd,

Ye rostyd and ye boylyd,

Ye rostyd, lyke a fonne,

30

A gose with the fete vponne ;

<sup>1</sup> *My lyuyng to reprehende*] Added to MS. in a different hand.

Ye slvfferd<sup>1</sup> vp sowse  
 In my lady Brewsys howse.  
 Wherto xulde I wryght  
 Of soche a gresy knyght?  
 A bawdy dyscheclowte,  
 That bryngyth the worlde abowte  
 With haftyng and with polleyng,  
 With lyenge and controlleyng.

At Gynys when ye ware 40  
 But a slendyr spere,  
 Dekkyd lewdly in your gere ;  
 For when ye dwelt there,  
 Ye had a knauysche cote  
 Was skantly worthe a grote ;  
 In dud frese ye war schrynyd,  
 With better frese lynyd ;  
 The oute syde euey day,  
 Ye myght no better a way ;  
 The insyde ye ded calle 50  
 Your best gowne festyvalle.  
 Your drapry ze ded wante,  
 The warde with yow was skante.

When ye kyst a shepys ie,  
 . . . <sup>2</sup> mastres Andelby,  
 . . . Gynys vpon a gonge,  
 . . . sat sumwhat to longe ;  
 . . . hyr husbandes hed,  
 . . . malle of lede,  
 . . . that ye ther prechyd, 60  
 To hyr loue ye nowte rechyd :  
 Ye wolde haue bassyd hyr bumme,  
 So that sche wolde haue kum  
 On to your lowsy den ;  
 But sche of all men

<sup>1</sup> *slvfferd*] Might perhaps be read "slooferd."

<sup>2</sup> A portion of MS. torn off here.

Had yow most in despyght,  
 Ye loste hyr fauyr quyt;  
 Your pyllyd garleke hed  
 Cowde hocupy there no stede;  
 She callyd yow Syr Gy of Gaunt, 70  
 Nosyd lyke an olyfaunt,  
 A pykes or a twybyll;  
 Sche seyde how ye ded brydell,  
 Moche lyke a dromadary;  
 Thus with yow sche ded wary,  
 With moche mater more  
 That I kepe in store.

Your brethe ys stronge and quike;  
 Ye ar an eldyr steke;  
 Ye wot what I thynke; 80  
 At bothe endes ye stynke;  
 Gret daunger for the kynge,  
 Whan hys grace ys fastynge,  
 Hys presens to aproche:  
 Yt ys to your reproche.  
 Yt fallyth for no swyne  
 Nor sowtters to drynke wyne,  
 Nor seche a 'nody polle  
 A pryste for to controlle.

Lytyll wyt in your scrybys nolle 90  
 That scrybblyd your fonde scrolle,  
 Vpon hym for to take  
 Agennst me for to make,  
 Lyke a doctor dawpate,  
 A lauryate poyete for to rate.  
 Yower termys ar to grose,  
 To far from the porpose,  
 To contaminate  
 And to violate  
 The dygnyte lauryate. 100

Bolde bayarde, ye are to blynde,  
 And grow all oute of kynde,  
 To occupy so your mynde;  
 For reson can I non fynde  
 Nor good ryme in yower mater:  
 I wondyr that ye smatyr,  
 So for a knaue to clatyr;  
 Ye wolde be callyd a maker,  
 And make moche lyke Jake Rakar;  
 Ye ar a comly crakar,  
 Ye lernyd of sum py bakar.

110

Caste vp your curyows wrytyng,  
 And your dyrtty endytyng,  
 And your spyghtfull despyghtyng,  
 For alle ys nat worthe a myteyng,  
 A makerell nor a wyteyng:  
 Had ye gonne with me to scole,  
 And occupied no better your tole,  
 Ye xulde haue kowththyd me a fole.

120

But now, gawdy, gresy Garnesche,  
 Your face I wyse to varnyshe  
 So suerly yt xall nat tarnishe.  
 Thow a Sarsens hed ye bere,  
 Row and full of lowsy here,  
 As heuery man wele see the,  
 Ful of grett knauys tethe,  
 In a felde of grene peson  
 Ys ryme yet owte of reson;  
 Your wyt ys so geson,  
 Ye rayle all out of seson.

130

Your<sup>1</sup> skyn scabbyd and scuruy,  
 Tawny, tannyd, and shuruy;  
 Now vpon thys hete  
 Rankely whan ye swete,

<sup>1</sup> *Your*] Added to MS. in a different hand.

Men sey ye wyll wax lowsy,  
 Drunkyn, drowpy, drowsy.  
 Your sworde ye swere, I wene,  
 So tranchaunt and so kene,  
 Xall kyt both wyght and grene :  
 Your foly ys to grett 140  
 The kynges colours to threte.  
 Your brethe yt ys so felle  
 And so puauntely dothe smelle,  
 And so haynnously doth stynke,  
 That naythyr pump nor synke  
 Dothe sauyr halfe so souer  
 Ageynst a stormy shouer.  
 O ladis of bryght colour,  
 Of bewte that beryth the flower,  
 When Garnyche cummyth yow amonge 150  
 With hys brethe so stronge,  
 Withowte ye haue a confectioun  
 Agenst hys poysond infeccioun,  
 Els with hys stynkyng jawys  
 He wyl cause yow caste your crawes,  
 And make your stomoke seke  
 Ovyr the perke to pryk.

Now, Garnyche, garde thy gummys ;  
 My serpentins and my gunnys  
 Agenst ye now I bynde ; 160  
 Thy selfe therfore defende.  
 Thou tode, thow scorpyone,  
 Thow bawdy babyone,  
 Thow bere, thow brystlyd bore,  
 Thou Moryshe mantycore,  
 Thou rammysche stynkyng gote,  
 Thou fowle chorlyshe parote,  
 Thou gresly gargone glaymy,  
 Thou swety slouen seymy,

Thou murrionn, thow mawment, 170  
 Thou fals stynkyng serpent,  
 Thou mokkyshe marmoset,  
 I wyll nat dy in they<sup>1</sup> det.  
 Tyburne thou me assynyd,  
 Where thou xulddst haue bene shrynyd;  
 The nexte halter ther xall be  
 I bequeth yt hole to thé:  
 Soche pelfry thou hast pachchyd,  
 And so thy selfe houyr wachyd  
 That ther thou xuldyst be rachchyd, 180  
 If thow war metely machchyd.  
 Ye may wele be bedawyd,  
 Ye ar a fole owtelauid;  
 And for to telle the gronde,  
 Pay Stokys hys fyue pownd.  
 I say, Syr Dalyrag,  
 Ye bere yow bold and brag  
 With othyr menys charge:  
 Ye kyt your clothe to large:  
 Soche pollyng paiaunttis ye pley, 190  
 To poynt yow fresche and gay.  
 And he that sryblyd your scrolles,  
 I rekyn yow in my rowllys,  
 For ij dronken sowllys.  
 Rede and lerne ye may,  
 How olde proverbys say,  
 That byrd ys nat honest  
 That fylythe hys owne nest.  
 Yf he wyst what sum wotte,  
 The flesche bastyng of hys cote 200  
 Was sowyd with slendyr thre[de]:  
 God sende you wele good spede,

<sup>1</sup> *they*] Compare v. 18 of the next poem.

With *Dominus vobiscum!*  
 Good Latyn for Jake a thrum,  
 Tyll more matyr may cum.

By the kynges most noble commaundment.

DONUM LAUREATI DISTICHON CONTRA GOLIARDUM GARNISHE ET  
 SCRIBAM EJUS.

*Tu, Garnishe, fatuus, fatuus tuus est mage scriba :  
 Qui sapuit puer, insanit vir, versus in hydram.*

SKELTON LAUREATE DEFENDAR AGEINST LUSTY GARNYSHE WELL  
 BESEEN CRYSTOFER CHALANGAR, ET CETERA.

GARNYSHE, gargone, gastly, gryme,  
 I haue receuyd your secunde ryme.  
 Thowthe ye kan skylle of large and longe,  
 Ye syng allway the kukkowe songe :  
 Ye rayle, ye ryme, with, Hay, dog, hay !  
 Your chorlyshe chauntyng ys all o lay.  
 Ye, syr, rayle all in deformite :  
 Ye haue nat red the properte  
 Of naturys workys, how they be  
 Myxte with sum incommodite,  
 As prouithe well, in hys Rethorikys olde,  
 Cicero with hys tong of golde.  
 That nature wrowght in yow and me,  
 Irreuocable ys hyr decre ;  
 Waywardly wrowght she hath in thé,  
 Beholde thi selfe, and thou mayst se ;  
 Thow xalte beholde no wher a warse,  
 They<sup>2</sup> myrrour may be the deuylls ars.

10

Obserua prologum libri 2<sup>i</sup> in veteri Rhetorica Ciceronis. Incipit autem sc. g. Crotoniati<sup>1</sup> quondam cum florerent omnibus copiis, et cetera.

<sup>1</sup> *Crotoniati*] Should be "Crotoniatæ." (Vide *De Invent. Rhet.*)

<sup>2</sup> *They*] Compare v. 173 of the preceding poem.



Wyth, knaue, syr knaue, and knaue ageine !  
 To cal me knaue thou takyst gret payne : 20  
 The prowdest knaue yet of vs tewyne  
 Within thy skyn he xall remayne ;  
 The starkest knaue, and lest good kan,  
 Thou art callyd of euery man ;  
 The corte, the contre, wylage, and towne,  
 Sayth from thy to vnto thi crowne,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of all prowde knauys thow beryst the belle,  
 Lothsum as Lucifer lowest in helle.  
 On that syde, on thys syde thou dost gasy,  
 Thou thynkyst thy selfe Syr Pers de Brasy, 30  
 Thy caytyvys carkes cours and crasy ;  
 Moche of thy maneres I can<sup>2</sup> blasy.

Of Lumbardy Gorge Hardyson,  
 Thow wolde haue scoryd hys habarion ;  
 That jentyll Jorge the Januay,  
 Ye wolde haue trysyd hys trowle away :  
 Soche paiantes with your fryndes ye play,  
 With trechery ye them betray.  
 Garnyshe, ye gate of Gorge with gaudry  
 Crimsin velvet for your bawdry. 40  
 Ye haue a fantasy to Fanchyrche strete,  
 With Lumbardes lemmanns for to mete,  
 With, Bas me, buttyng, praty Cys !  
 Yower lothesum lypps loue well to kyse,  
 Slaueryng lyke a slymy snayle ;  
 I wolde ye had kyst hyr on the tayle !

Also nat fare from Bowgy row,  
 Ye pressyd pertely to pluk a crow :  
 Ye lost your holde,<sup>3</sup> onbende your bow,  
 Ye wan nothyng there but a mow ; 50

<sup>1</sup> *Sayth from, &c.*] This line added to MS. in (perhaps) a different hand.

<sup>2</sup> *can*] MS. seems to read "cam."

<sup>3</sup> *holde*] MS. "bolde."

Ye wan nothyng there but a skorne ;  
 Sche wolde nat of yt thow had sworne.  
 Sche seyde ye war coluryd with cole dust ;  
 To daly with yow she had no lust.  
 Sche seyde your brethe stanke lyke a broke ;  
 With, Gup, Syr Gy, ye gate a moke.  
 Sche sware with hyr ye xulde nat dele,  
 For ye war smery, lyke a sele,  
 And ye war herey, lyke a calfe ;  
 Sche praiid yow walke, on Goddes halfe ! 60  
 And thus there ye lost yower pray ;  
 Get ye anothisr where ye may.

Dysparage ye myn auncetry ?

Ye ar dysposyd for to ly :  
 I sey, thow felle and fowle flessch fly,  
 In thys debate I thé askry.  
 Thow claimist thé jentyll, thou art a curre ;  
 Haroldis they know thy cote armur :  
 Thow thou be a jantyll man borne,  
 Yet jentylnes in thé ys thred bare worne ; 70  
 Haroldes from honor may thé devors,  
 For harlottes hawnte thyn hatefull cors :  
 Ye bere out brothells lyke a bawde ;  
 Ye get therby a slendyr laude  
 Betweyn the tappett and the walle,—  
 Fusty bawdyas ! I sey nat alle.  
 Of harlottes to vse soche an harres,  
 Yt bredth mothys in clothe of Arres.

What eylthe thé, rebawde, on me to raue ?

A kyng to me myn habyte gaue : 80  
 At Oxforth, the vniversityte,  
 Auaunsid I was to that degre ;  
 By hole consent of theyr senate,  
 I was made poete lawreate.  
 To cal me lorell ye ar to lewde :  
 Lythe and lystyn, all bechrewde !

Of the Musys nyne, Calliope  
 Hath pointyd me to rayle on thé.  
 It semyth nat thy pyllyd pate  
 Agenst a poyet lawreat 90  
 To take vpon thé for to scryue :  
 It cumys thé better for to dryue  
 A dong cart or a tumrelle  
 Than with my poems for to melle.

The honor of Englund I lernyd to spelle,  
 In dygnyte roialle that doth excelle :  
 Note and marke wyl<sup>1</sup> thys parcele ;  
 I yaue hym drynke of the sugryd welle  
 Of Eliconys waters crystallyne,  
 Aqueintyng hym with the Musys nyne. 100  
 Yt commyth thé wele me to remorde,  
 That creaunser was to thy sofre[yne] lorde :  
 It plesyth that noble prince roialle  
 Me as hys master for to calle  
 In hys lernyng primordiale.  
 Auaunt, rybawde,<sup>2</sup> thi tung reclame !  
 Me to beknaue thow art to blame ;  
 Thy tong vntawte, with poyson infecte,  
 Withowte thou leue thou shalt be chekt,<sup>3</sup>  
 And takyn vp in such a frame, 110  
 That all the warlde wyll spye your shame.  
 Auaunt, auaunt, thow slogysh . . . .  
 And sey poetis no dys . . . . .  
 It ys for no bawdy knaue  
 The dignite lawreat for to haue.

<sup>1</sup> wyl] Compare v. 135.

<sup>2</sup> rybawde] MS. seems to have "rylowde."

<sup>3</sup> *Withowte thou leue, &c.*] In MS. the latter part of this line, and the concluding portions of the next two lines, are so injured by stains that I can only guess at the words. The endings of the third and fourth lines after this are illegible.

Thow callyst me scallyd, thou callyst<sup>1</sup> me mad :  
 Thow thou be pyllyd, thow ar nat sade.  
 Thow ar frantyke and lakkyst wyt,  
 To rayle with me that thé can hyt.  
 Thowth it be now ful tyde with thé, 120  
 Yet ther may falle soche caswelte,  
 Er thow be ware, that in a throw  
 Thow mayst fale downe and ebbe full lowe :  
 Wherefore in welthe beware of woo,  
 For welthe wyll sone departe thé froo.  
 To know thy selfe yf thow lake grace,  
 Lerne or be lewde, I shrow thy face.

Thow seyst I callyd thé a pecok :  
 Thow liist, I callyd thé a wodcoke ; 130  
 For thow hast a long snowte,  
 A semly nose and a stowte,  
 Prickyd lyke an vnicorne :  
 I wold sum manys bake ink horne  
 Wher<sup>2</sup> thi nose spectacle case ;  
 Yt wold garnyche wyll<sup>3</sup> thy face.

Thow demyst my raylyng ouryrtwarthe ;  
 I rayle to thé soche as thow art.  
 If thow war aquentyd with alle  
 The famous poettes saturicall,  
 As Percius and Iuuyndall, 140  
 Horace and noble Marciall,  
 If they wer lyueyng thys day,  
 Of thé wote I what they wolde say ;  
 They wolde thé wryght, all with one steuyn,  
 The follest slouen ondyr heuen,  
 Prowde, peuiche, lyddyr, and lewde,  
 Malapert, medyllar, nothyng well thewde,

<sup>1</sup> *callyst*] MS. "callydst."

<sup>2</sup> *Wher*] Seems to be the reading of MS.

<sup>3</sup> *wyll*] Compare v. 97.

Besy, braynles, to bralle and brage,  
 Wytles, wayward, Syr Wryg wrag,  
 Dysdaynous, dowble, ful of dyseyte, 150  
 Liing, spying by suttelte and slyght,  
 Fleriing, flatyryng, fals, and fykkelle,  
 Scornefull and mokkyng ouer to mykkylle.

My tyme, I trow, I xulde but lese  
 To wryght to thé of tragedydese,  
 It ys nat mete for soche a knaue ;  
 But now my proces for to saue,  
 I have red, and rede I xall,  
 Inordynate pride wyll haue a falle.  
 Presumptuous pride ys all thyn hope : 160  
 God garde thé, Garnyche, from the rope !  
 Stop a tyd, and be welle ware  
 Ye be nat cawte in an hempen snare.  
 Harkyn herto, ye Haruy Haftar,<sup>1</sup>  
 Pride gothe before and schame commyth after.

Thow wrythtyst I xulde let thé go pley :  
 Go pley thé, Garnyshe, garnysshyd gay ;  
 I care nat what thow wryght or sey ;  
 I cannat let thé the knaue to play,  
 To dauns the hay or rune the ray : 170  
 Thy fonde face can me nat fray.  
 Take thys for that, bere thys in mynde,  
 Of thy lewdenes more ys behynde ;  
 A reme of papyr wyll nat holde  
 Of thi lewdenes that may be tolde.  
 My study myght be better spynt ;  
 But for to serue the kynges entent,  
 Hys noble pleasure and commandenennt,  
 Scrybbyl thow, scrybyll thow, rayle or wryght,  
 Wryght what thow wylte, I xall thé aquyte. 180

By the kyngys most noble commandemennt.

<sup>1</sup> *Haftar*] MS. "hastar;" see notes.

## SKELTON LAVREATE,

ORATORIS REGIS TERTIUS,<sup>1</sup>AGAINST VENEMOUS TONGUES<sup>2</sup> ENPOYSONED WITH SCLAUNDER  
AND FALSE DETRACTIONS, &c.*Quid detur tibi, aut quid apponatur tibi ad linguam dolosam?*  
Psalm. c. xliij.*Deus destruet te in finem; evellet te, et emigrabit te de tabernaculo tuo, et radicem tuam de terra viventium.* Psal.  
lxvii.

Al maters wel pondred and wel to be regarded,  
 How shuld a fals lying tung then be rewarded?  
 Such tungen shuld be torne out by the harde rootes,  
 Hoyning like hogges that groynis and wrotes.

*Dilexisti omnia verba præcipationis, lingua dolosa. Ubi s. &c.*

5 For, as I haue rede in volumes olde,  
 A fals lying tunge is harde to withholde;  
 A sclaunderous tunge, a tunge of a skolde,  
 Worketh more mischiefe than can be tolde;  
 That, if I wist not to be controlde,  
 10 Yet somewhat to say I dare well be bolde,  
 How some delite for to lye thicke and threfolde.

*Ad sannam hominem redigit comice<sup>3</sup> et graphice.*

For ye said, that he said, that I said, wote ye what?  
 I made, he said, a windmil of an olde mat:  
 If there be none other mater but that,  
 15 Than ye may commaunde me to gentil Cok wat.

<sup>1</sup> *Tertius*] A misprint: qy. "Versus?"<sup>2</sup> *Against venemous tongues, &c.*] From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.<sup>3</sup> *comice*] Ed. "comite."

*Hic notat purpuraria arte intextas literas Romanas in amictibus post ambulonum<sup>1</sup> ante et retro.*

For before on your brest, and behind on your back,  
 In Romaine letters I neuer founde lack :  
 In your crosse rowe nor Christ crosse you spede,  
 Your Pater noster, your Aue, nor your Crede.  
 Who soeuer that tale vnto you tolde, 20  
 He saith vntruly, to say that I would  
 Controlle the cognisaunce of noble men  
 Either by language or with my pen.

*Pædagogium meum de sublimiori Minerva constat esse :  
 ergo, &c.*

My scole is more solem and somewhat more haute  
 Than to be founde in any such faute. 25

*Pædagogium meum male sanos maledicos sibilis comploisique  
 manibus<sup>2</sup> explodit, &c.*

My scoles are not for vnthriftes vntaught,  
 For frantick faitours half mad and half straught ;  
 But my learning is of an other degree  
 To taunt them like liddrous, lewde as thei bee.

*Laxent ergo antennam elationis suæ inflatam vento vanitatis. li.  
 ille, &c.*

For though some be liddrer, and list for to rayle, 30  
 Yet to lie vpon me they can not preuayle :  
 Then let them vale a bonet of their proud sayle,  
 And of their taunting toies rest with il hayle.

*Nobilitati ignobilis cedat vilitas, &c.*

There is no noble man wil iudge in me  
 Any such foly to rest or to be : 35

<sup>1</sup> *post ambulonum*] The Rev. J. Mitford would read “ *ambulonum post.*”

<sup>2</sup> *manibus*] Ed. “ *mantibus.*”

I care muche the lesse what euer they say,  
 For tunges vntayde be renning astray;  
 But yet I may say safely, so many wel lettred  
 Embraudred, enlasid together, and fettred,  
 40 And so little learning, so lewdly alowed,  
 What fault find ye herein but may be auowed?  
 But ye are so full of vertibilite,  
 And of frenetyke folabilite, 10  
 And of melancoly mutabilite,  
 45 That ye would coarte and enforce me  
 Nothing to write, but hay the gy of thre,  
 And I to suffre you lewdly to ly  
 Of me with your language full of vilany!

*Sicut novacula<sup>1</sup> acuta fecisti dolum. Ubi s.*

50 Malicious tunges, though they haue no bones,  
 Are sharper then swordes, sturdier then stones.

*Lege Philostratum de vita Tyanæi Apollonii.*

Sharper then raysors that shaue and cut throtes,  
 More stinging then scorpions that stang Pharaotis.

*Venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum. Ps.*

More venemous and much more virulent  
 Then any poysoned tode or any serpent.

*Quid peregrinis egemus exemplis? ad domestica recurramus, &c. li. ille.*

55 Such tunges vnhappy hath made great diuision  
 In realmes, in cities, by suche fals abusion;  
 Of fals fickil tunges suche cloked collusion  
 Hath brought nobil princes to extreme confusion.

<sup>1</sup> *novacula*] Ed. "nouocla."



*Quicquid loquantur, ut effœminantur, ita effantur, &c.*

Somtime women were put in great blame,  
Men said they could not their tunges atame; 60  
But men take vpon them nowe all the shame,  
With skolding and sklaundering make their tungs lame.

*Novarum rerum cupidissimi, captatores, delatores, adula-  
tores, invigilatores, deliratores, &c. id genus. li. ille.*

For men be now tratlers and tellers of tales;  
What tidings at Totnam,<sup>1</sup> what newis in Wales,  
What shippis are sailing to Scalis Malis? 65  
And all is not worth a couple of nut shalis:  
But lering and lurking here and there like spies;  
The deuil tere their tunges and pike out their ies!  
Then ren they with lesinges and blow them about,  
With, He wrate suche a bil withouten dout; 70  
With, I can tel you what such a man said;  
And you knew all, ye would be ill apayd. 10

*De more vulpino, gannientes ad aurem, fictas fabellas fabri-  
cant. li. ille.*

*Inauspicatum, male ominatum, infortunatum se fateatur  
habuisse horoscopum, quicumque maledixerit vati Pierio,  
S[keltonidi] L[aureato], &c.*

But if that I knewe what his name hight,  
For clatering of me I would him sone quight;  
For his false lying, of that I spake neuer, 75  
I could make him shortly repent him for euer:  
Although he made it neuer so tough,  
He might be sure to haue shame ynough.

<sup>1</sup> *Totnam*] Ed. "Totmā."

*Cerberus horrendo barathri latrando sub antro  
Te rodatur voret, lingua dolosa, precor.*

80 A fals double tunge is more fiers and fell  
Then Cerberus the cur couching in the kenel of hel;  
Wherof hereafter I thinke for to write,  
Of fals double tungen in the dispite.

*Recipit se scripturum opus sanctum,<sup>1</sup> laudabile, acceptabile,  
memorableque, et nimis honorificandum.*

*Disperdat Dominus universa labia dolosa et linguam mag-  
niloquam!*

<sup>1</sup> *sanctum*] Ed. "sancte."

YE may here now,<sup>1</sup> in this ryme,  
How euery thing must haue a tyme.

Tyme is a thing that no man may resyst;  
Tyme is trancytory and irreuocable;<sup>2</sup>  
Who sayeth the contrary, tyme passeth as hym lyst;  
Tyme must be taken in season couenable;  
Take tyme when tyme is, for tyme is ay mutable;  
All thyng hath tyme, who can for it prouyde;  
Byde for tyme who wyll, for tyme wyll no man byde.<sup>3</sup>

Tyme to be sad, and tyme to play and sporte; 10  
Tyme to take rest by way of recreation;<sup>4</sup>  
Tyme to study, and tyme to use comfort;  
Tyme of pleasure, and tyme of consolation:  
Thus tyme hath his tyme of diuers maner facion:  
Tyme for to eate and drynke for thy repast;  
Tyme to be lyberall, and tyme to make no wast;

Tyme to trauell, and tyme for to rest;  
Tyme for to speake, and tyme to<sup>5</sup> holde thy pease;  
Tyme would be vsed when tyme is best;  
Tyme to begyn, and tyme for to cease; 20  
And when tyme is, [to] put thyselfe in prease,

<sup>1</sup> *Ye may here, &c.*] This and the next three poems are from the ed. by Kyng and Marche of *Certaine bokes compyled by mayster Skelton*, n. d., collated with the same work, ed. Day, n. d., and ed. Lant, and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568. I may here notice that in those eds. the present piece is preceded by a copy of verses, "All nobyll men of this take hede," &c., which will be given afterwards, before *Why come ye not to Courte?* where it is repeated in all the eds.

<sup>2</sup> *irreuocable*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "irrouocable."

<sup>3</sup> *byde*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "abide."

<sup>4</sup> *recreacion*] So other eds. Ed. of Kyng and Marche, "creation."

<sup>5</sup> *to*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "for to."

And when tyme is, to holde thyselfe abacke;  
For tyme well spent can neuer haue lacke.

The rotys take theyr sap in tyme of vere;  
In tyme of somer flowres fresh and grene;  
In tyme of haruest men their corne shere;  
In tyme of wynter the north wynde waxeth kene,  
So bytterly bytynge the flowres be not sene;  
The kalendis of Janus, with his frostes hore,  
That tyme is when people must lyue vpon the store. 30  
Quod Skelton, Laureat.

## PRAYER TO THE FATHER OF HEAVEN.

O RADIANT Luminary of lyght intermynable,  
 Celestial Father, potenciall God of myght,  
 Of heauen and earth, O Lord incomperable,  
 Of all perfections the essencial most perfyght !  
 O Maker of mankynde, that formyd day and nyghte,  
 Whose power imperyal comprehendeth euery place !  
 Myne hert, my mynde, my thought, my hole delyght  
 Is, after this lyfe, to see thy glorious face :

Whose magnificence is incomprehensybyll,  
 All argumentes of reason which far doth excede, 10  
 Whose Deite dowlles is indiuysybyll,  
 From whom all goodnes and vertue doth procede ;  
 Of thy support all creatures haue nede :  
 Assyst me, good Lord, and graunte me of thy grace,  
 To lyue to thy pleasure in word, thoughte, and dede,  
 And, after this lyfe, to see thy glorious face.

## TO THE SECONDE PARSON.

O BENYGNE Jesu, my souerayne Lord and Kyng,  
 The only Sonne of God by filiacion,  
 The Seconde Parson withouten<sup>1</sup> beginnyng,  
 Both God and man our fayth maketh playne relacion,  
 Mary the<sup>2</sup> mother, by way of incarnacion,  
 Whose glorious passion our soules doth reuyue !  
 Agayne all bodely and goostely trybulacion  
 Defende me with thy piteous woundis fyue.

<sup>1</sup> *withouten*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "without."

<sup>2</sup> *the*] Qy. "thy?"

O pereles Prynce, payned<sup>1</sup> to the deth,  
 Rufully rent, thy body wan and blo, 10  
 For my redempcion gaue vp thy vytall breth,  
 Was neuer sorow lyke to thy dedly wo!  
 Graunte me, out of this world when I shall go,  
 Thyne endles mercy for my preseruatyue;  
 Agaynst the world, the flesh, the deuyl also,  
 Defende me wyth thy pyteous woundis fyue.

---

TO THE HOLY GOOSTE.

O FIRY feruence,<sup>2</sup> inflamed wyth all grace,  
 Enkyndelyng hertes with brandis charitable,  
 The endles reward of pleasure and solace,  
 To the Father and the Son thou art communicable  
*In unitate* which is inseperable!  
 O water of lyfe, O well of consolacion!  
 Agaynst all suggestions dedly and dampnable  
 Rescu me, good Lorde, by your preseruacion:

To whome is appropried the Holy Ghost by name,  
 The Thyrde Parson, one God in Trinite, 10  
 Of perfyt loue thou art the ghostly flame:  
 O myrrour of mekenes, pease, and tranquylyte,  
 My confort, my counsell, my parfyt charyte!  
 O water of lyfe, O well of consolacion!  
 Agaynst all stormys of harde aduersyete  
 Rescu me, good Lord, by thy preseruacion. Amen.  
 Quod Skelton, Laureat.

<sup>1</sup> *payned*] So Lant's ed. Other eds. "paynted."

<sup>2</sup> *feruence*] So Lant's ed. Other eds. "seruence" and "sentence."

WOFFULLY araid,<sup>1</sup>  
 My blode, man,  
 For thé ran,  
 It may not be naid;  
 My body bloo and wan,  
 Woffully araid.

Beholde me, I pray thé, with all thi hole reson,  
 And be not so hard hartid, and ffor this encheson,  
 Sith I for thi sowle sake was slayne in good seson,  
 Begylde and betraide by Judas fals treson; 10  
 Vnkyndly entretid,  
 With sharpe corde sore fretid,  
 The Jewis me thretid,  
 They mowid, they grynned, they scornyd me,  
 Condempnyd<sup>2</sup> to deth, as thou maist se,  
 Woffully araid.

Thus nakyd am I nailid, O man, for thy sake!  
 I loue thé, then loue me; why slepist thou? awake!  
 Remembir my tendir hart rote for thé brake,  
 With panys my vaynys constreyn[e]d to crake; 20

<sup>1</sup> *Woffully araid*] From the Fairfax MS. (which once belonged to Ralph Thoresby, and now forms part of the Additional MSS., 5465, in the British Museum), where it occurs twice,—(fol. 76 and, less perfectly, fol. 86); collated with a copy written in a very old hand on the fly-leaves of *Boetius de Discip. Schol. cum notabili commento, Daventrie, 1496, 4to.* (in the collection of the late Mr. Heber), which has supplied several stanzas not in the Fairfax MS. It was printed from the latter, not very correctly, by Sir John Hawkins, *Hist. of Music*, ii. 89. I have followed the metrical arrangement of the MS. in the *Boetius*.

<sup>2</sup> *condempnyd*] So sec. copy in Fairfax MS., and MS. in the *Boetius*. First copy in F. MS. "condemp."

Thus toggid to and fro,  
 Thus wrappid all in woo,  
 Whereas neuer man was so,<sup>1</sup>  
 Entretid thus in most cruell wyse,  
 Was like a lombe offerd in sacrifice,  
 Woffully araid.

Off sharpe thorne I haue worne a crowne on my hede,  
 So paynyd, so straynyd, so ruffull,<sup>2</sup> so red ;  
 Thus bobbid, thus robbid,<sup>3</sup> thus for thy loue ded,  
 Onfaynyd<sup>4</sup> not deynyd<sup>5</sup> my blod for to shed ;      30  
 My fete and handes sore  
 The<sup>6</sup> sturdy nailis bore ;  
 What myzt I suffir more  
 Than I haue don, O man, for thé?  
 Cum when thou list, wellcum to me,  
 Woffully araide.<sup>7</sup>

Off record thy good Lord y haue beyn and schal bee ;  
 Y am thyn, thou artt myne, my brother y call thee ;  
 Thé love I enterly ; see whatt ys befall me !  
 Sore bettyng, sore thretyng, too mak thee, man, all fre : 40  
 Why art thou wnkynde ?  
 Why hast nott mee yn mynde ?  
 Cum 3ytt, and thou schalt fynde  
 Myne endllys mercy and grace ;  
 See how a spere my hert dyd race,  
 Woyfully arayd.

<sup>1</sup> *Whereas neuer man was so*] MS. in the *Boetius*, " Ah was never man soo."

<sup>2</sup> *ruffull*] MS. in the *Boetius*, " rowfully."

<sup>3</sup> *bobbid . . robbid*] MS. in the *Boetius*, " bowde . . rowyd."

<sup>4</sup> *Onfaynyd*] MS. in the *Boetius*, " Unfraynyd."

<sup>5</sup> *deynyd*] MS. in the *Boetius*, " drynyde."

<sup>6</sup> *The*] MS. in the *Boetius*, " Thes."

<sup>7</sup> *Woffully araide*] Here the Fairfax MS. concludes: what follows is given from the MS. in the *Boetius*.



Deyr brother, noo other thyng y off thee desyre  
 Butt gyve me thyne hert fre to rewarde myn hyre :  
 Y wrouzt thé, I bowgzt thé frome eternal fyre ;  
 Y pray thé aray thé tooward my hyzt empyre, 50  
     Above<sup>1</sup> the oryent,  
     Wheroff y am regent,  
     Lord God omnypotent,  
 Wyth me too reyn yn endlys welthe ;  
 Remember, man, thy sawlys helthe.

Woofully arayd,  
     My blode, man,  
     For thé rane,  
 Hytt may nott be nayd ;  
     My body blow and wane, 60  
 Woyfully arayde.

Explicit qd. Skelton.

<sup>1</sup> *Above*] MS. "I love."

Now synge we,<sup>1</sup> as we were wont,  
*Vexilla regis prodeunt.*

The kinges baner on felde is [s]playd,  
 The crosses mistry can not be nayd,  
 To whom our Sauyour was betrayd,  
     And for our sake ;  
 Thus sayth he,  
 I suffre for thé,  
     My deth I take.  
         Now synge we, &c.

Beholde my shankes, behold my knees, 10  
 Beholde my hed, armes, and thees,  
 Beholde of me nothyng thou sees  
     But sorowe and pyne ;  
 Thus was I spylt,  
 Man, for thy gylte,  
     And not for myne.  
         Now synge we, &c.

Behold my body, how Jewes it donge 20  
 With knots of whipcord and scourges strong ;  
 As stremes of a well the blode out sprong  
     On euery syde ;  
 The knottes were knyht,  
 Ryght well made with wyt,  
     They made woundes wyde.  
         Now synge we, &c.

<sup>1</sup> *Now synge we, &c.*] From *Bibliographical Miscellanies* (edited by the Rev. Dr. Bliss), 1813, 4to, p. 48, where it is given from an imperfect volume (or fragments of volumes) of black-letter *Christmas Carolles*, partly (but probably not wholly) printed by Kele.

Man, thou shalt now vnderstand,  
 Of my head, bothe fote and hand,  
 Are four c. and fyue thousand

Woundes and sixty;

Fifty and vii.

Were tolde full euen

Vpon my body.

30

Now synge we, &c.

Syth I for loue bought thé so dere,  
 As thou may se thy self here,  
 I pray thé with a ryght good chere

Loue me agayne,

That it lykes me

To suffre for thé

Now all this payne.

Now synge we, &c.

Man, vnderstand now thou shall,  
 In sted of drynke they gaue me gall,  
 And eysell mengled therwithall,

40

The Jewes fell;

These paynes on me

I suffred for thé

To bryng thé fro hell.

Now synge we, &c.

Now for thy lyfe thou hast mysled,  
 Mercy to aske be thou not adred;  
 The lest drop of blode that I for thé bled

Myght clense thé soone

Of all the syn

The worlde within,

50

If thou haddest doone.

Now synge we, &c.

I was more wrother with Judas,  
 For he wold no mercy aske,  
 Than I was for his trespas  
     Whan he me solde ;  
 I was euer redy  
 To graunt hym mercy,  
     But he none wolde.  
         Now synge we, &c.

Lo, how I hold my armes abroad,  
 Thé to receyue redy isprode !<sup>1</sup>  
 For the great loue that I to thé had  
     Well may thou knowe,  
 Some loue agayne  
 I wolde full fayne  
     Thou woldest to me shewe.  
         Now synge we, &c.

60

For loue I aske nothyng of thé  
 But stand fast in faythe, and syn thou fle,  
 And payne to lyue in honeste  
     Bothe nyght and day ;  
 And thou shalt have blys  
 That neuer shall mys  
     Withouten nay.  
         Now synge we, &c.

70

Now, Jesu, for thy great goodnes,  
 That for man suffred great hardnes,  
 Saue vs fro the deuyls cruelnes,  
     And to blys vs send,  
 And graunt vs grace  
 To se thy face  
     Withouten ende.  
         Now synge we, &c.

<sup>1</sup> *isprode*] *Bib. Mis.* " I sprede."

[“CCCCXXXII.

“*Codex membranaceus in 4to, seculo xiv scriptus, figuris illuminatis, sed injuria temporis pene deletis ornatus, in quo continetur,*

I. Polichronitudo basileos sive historia belli quod Ricardus I. gessit contra Sarracenos, Gallice.

*Hoc opus Skeltono ascribitur a Cl. Stanleio; primo autem intuitu satis liquet codicem ipsum longe ante tempus quo claruit Skeltonus fuisse scriptum, ab eoque regi dono missum, ut testantur sequentes versus diverso et recenti caractere primæ paginæ inscripti :”<sup>1</sup>]*

*I, liber, et propera, regem tu pronus adora;*

*Me sibi commendes humilem Skeltonida vatem:*

*Ante suam majestatem, (per cætera passim,)*

*Inclyta bella refer, gessit quæ maximus heros*

*Anglorum, primus nostra de gente Ricardus,*

*Hector ut intrepidus, contra validissima castra*

*Gentis Agarenæ; memora quos ille labores,*

*Quos tulit angores, qualesque recepit honores.*

*Sed*

*Chronica Francorum, validis inimica Britannis,*

*Sæpe solent celebres Britonum compescere laudes. 10*

<sup>1</sup> Nasmith's *Catal. Libr. Manuscript. quos Coll. Corporis Christi et B. Mariæ Virginis in Acad. Cantabrig. legavit Reverendiss. in Christo Pater Matthæus Parker, Archiepisc. Cantuar.* p. 400. 1777, 4to.

THE MANER OF THE WORLD NOW A DAYES.<sup>1</sup>

So many poynted caps  
 Lased with double flaps,  
 And so gay felted hats,  
     Sawe I never :  
 So many good lessons,  
 So many good sermons,  
 And so few devociions,  
     Sawe I never.

So many gardes worne,  
 Jagged and al to-torne, 10  
 And so many falsely forsworne,  
     Sawe I never :  
 So few good polycies  
 In townes and cytyes  
 For kepinge of blinde hostryes  
     Sawe I never.

So many good warkes,  
 So few wel lerned clarkes,  
 And so few that goodnes markes,  
     Sawe I never : 20  
 Such pranked cotes and sleeves,  
 So few yonge men that preves,  
 And such encrease of theves,  
     Sawe I never.

<sup>1</sup> *The Maner of the World now a dayes*] Was Imprinted at London in Flete Strete at the signe of the Rose Garland by W. Copland, n. d. This piece (of the original impression of which I have not been able to procure a sight) is now given from *Old Ballads*, 1840, edited by J. P. Collier, Esq., for the Percy Society.

So many garded hose,  
Such cornede shoes,  
And so many envious foes,  
Sawe I never :

So many questes sytte  
With men of smale wit, 30  
And so many falsely quitte,  
Sawe I never.

So many gay swordes,  
So many altered wordes,  
And so few covered bordes,  
Sawe I never :

So many empti purses,  
So few good horses,  
And so many curses,  
Sawe I never. 40

Such bosters and braggers,  
So newe fashyoned daggers,  
And so many beggers,  
Sawe I never :

So many propre knyves,  
So well apparrelled wyves  
And so yll of theyr lyves,  
Saw I never.

So many cockolde makers,  
So many crakers, 50  
And so many peace breakers,  
Saw I never :

So much vayne clothing  
With cultyng and jagging,  
And so much bragginge,  
Saw I never.

So many newes and knackes,  
 So many naughty packes,  
 And so many that many lackes,  
     Saw I never :

60

So many maidens with child  
 And wyfully begylde,  
 And so many places untilde,  
     Sawe I never.

So many women blamed  
 And rightuously defaimed,  
 And so lytle ashamed,  
     Sawe I never :

Widowes so sone wed  
 After their husbandes be deade,  
 Having such hast to bed,  
     Sawe I never.

70

So much strivinge  
 For goodes and for wivinge,  
 And so lytle thryvyng,  
     Sawe I never :

So many capacities,  
 Offices and pluralites,  
 And chaunging of dignities,  
     Sawe I never.

80

So many lawes to use  
 The truth to refuse,  
 Suche falshead to excuse,  
     Sawe I never :

Executers havinge the ware,  
 Taking so littel care  
 Howe the soule doth fare,  
     Sawe I never.



Amonge them that are riche  
 No frendshyp is to kepe tuche, 90  
 And such fayre glosing speche  
 Sawe I never :

So many pore  
 In every bordoure,  
 And so small soccoure,  
 Saw I never.

So proude and so gaye,  
 So riche in araye,  
 And so skant of money,  
 Saw I never : 100

So many bowyers,  
 So many fletchers,  
 And so few good archers,  
 Saw I never.

So many chepers,  
 So fewe biers,  
 And so many borowers,  
 Sawe I never :  
 So many alle sellers  
 In baudy holes and sellers, 110  
 Of yonge folkes yll counsellors,  
 Sawe I never.

So many pinkers,  
 So many thinkers,  
 And so many good ale drinkers,  
 Sawe I never :

So many wronges,  
 So few mery songes,  
 And so many yll tonges,  
 Sawe I never. 120

So many a vacabounde  
 Through al this londe,  
 And so many in pryson bonde,

I sawe never :

So many citacions,  
 So fewe oblacions,  
 And so many newe facions,  
 Sawe I never.

So many fle yng tales,  
 Pickers of purses and males,  
 And so many sales,

130

Saw I never :

So much preachinge,  
 Speaking fayre and teaching,  
 And so ill belevinge,  
 Saw I never.

So much wrath and envy,  
 Covetous and glottony,  
 And so litle charitie,

Sawe I never :

140

So many carders,  
 Revelers and dicers,  
 And so many yl ticers,

Sawe I never.

So many lollers,  
 So few true tollers,  
 So many baudes and pollers,

Sawe I never :

Such treachery,  
 Simony and usury,  
 Poverty and lechery,  
 Saw I never.

150

So many awayles,  
 So many geales,  
 And so many fals baylies,<sup>1</sup>

Sawe I never :

By fals and subtyll wayes  
 All England decayes,  
 For more envy and lyers<sup>2</sup>

Sawe I never.

160

So new facioned jackes  
 With brode flappes in the neckes,  
 And so gay new partlettes,

Sawe I never :

So many sluttеше cookes,  
 So new facioned tucking hookes,  
 And so few biers of bookes,

Saw I never.

Sometime we song of myrth and play,  
 But now our joy is gone away,  
 For so many fal in decay

Sawe I never :

Whither is the welth of England gon ?  
 The spiritual saith they have none,  
 And so many wrongfully undone

Saw I never.

170

It is great pitie that every day  
 So many brybors go by the way,  
 And so many extorcioners in eche cuntrey

Sawe I never.

180

To thé, Lord, I make my mone,  
 For thou maist healpe us everichone :  
 Alas, the people is so wo begone,  
 Worse was it never !

<sup>1</sup> *baylies*] Qy. "bayles?"

<sup>2</sup> *lyers*] Qy. "lyes?"

Amendment  
Were convenient,  
But it may not be ;  
We have exiled veritie.  
God is neither dead nor sicke ;  
He may amend al yet,  
And trowe ye so in dede,  
As ye beleve ye shal have mede.  
After better I hope ever,  
For worse was it never.

190

Finis.

J. S.

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH THE BOKE ENTITULED

WARE THE HAUKE,<sup>1</sup>

PER SKELTON, LAUREAT.

PROLOGUS SKELTONIDIS LAUREATI SUPER WARE THE HAWKE.

THIS worke deuysed is  
 For such as do amys;  
 And specyally to controule  
 Such as haue cure of soule,  
 That be so farre abused,  
 They cannot be excused  
 By reason nor by law;  
 But that they play the daw,  
 To hawke, or els to hunt  
 From the aulter<sup>2</sup> to the funte, 10  
 With cry vnreuerent,  
 Before the sacrament,  
 Within the holy church bowndis,  
 That of our faith the grounde is.  
 That pryest that hawkys so,  
 All grace is farre him fro;  
 He semeth a sysmatyke,  
 Or els an heretyke,  
 For fayth in him is faynte.  
 Therefore to make complaynte<sup>3</sup> 20

<sup>1</sup> *Ware the Hauke*] From the ed. by Kynge and Marche of *Certaine bokes compyled by mayster Skelton*, n. d., collated with the same work, ed. Day, n. d., and ed. Lant, n. d., and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

<sup>2</sup> *aulter*] Here Lant's ed. has "auter." (In the spelling of this word the eds. are not consistent; see vv. 49, 59, 189.)

<sup>3</sup> *complaynte*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "complaunt."

Of such mysaduysed  
 Parsons and dysgysed,  
 This boke we haue deuysed,  
 Compendiously comprysed,  
 No good priest to offende,  
 But suche dawes to amende,  
 In hope that no man shall  
 Be<sup>1</sup> myscontent withall.

I shall you make relacion,  
 By waye of apostrofacion, 30  
 Vnder supportacion  
 Of youre pacyent tolleracion,  
 How I, Skelton Laureat,  
 Deuysed and also wrate  
 Vpon a lewde curate,  
 A parson benyfyced,  
 But nothing well aduysed :  
 He shall be as now nameles,  
 But he shall not be blameles,  
 Nor he shal not be shameles ; 40  
 For sure he wrought amys,  
 To hawke in my church of Dis.  
 This fonde frantyke fauconer,<sup>2</sup>  
 With his polutid pawtenar,<sup>3</sup>  
 As priest vnreuerent,  
 Streyght to the sacrament  
 He made his hawke to fly,  
 With hogeneous showte and cry.  
 The hye auter<sup>4</sup> he strypt naked ;  
 There on he stode, and craked ; 50  
 He shoke downe all the clothis,  
 And sware horrible othes

<sup>1</sup> *Be*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "By."

<sup>2</sup> *fauconer*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, and of Lant, "fouconer."

<sup>3</sup> *pawtenar*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "pawtner."

<sup>4</sup> *auter*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "aulter:" see note, ante, p. 155.

Before the face of God,  
 By Moyses and Arons rod,  
 Or that he thens yede,  
 His hawke shoulde pray and fede  
 Vpon a pigeons maw.  
 The bloude ran downe raw  
 Vpon the auter stone ;  
 The hawke tyrid on a bonne ; 60  
 And in the holy place  
 She mutid there a chase  
 Vpon my corporas face.  
 Such *sacrificium laudis*  
 He made with suche gambawdis.

## OBSERVATE.

His seconde hawke wexid gery,  
 And was with flying wery ;  
 She had flowin so oft,  
 That on the rode loft  
 She perkyd her to rest. 70  
 The fauconer then was prest,<sup>1</sup>  
 Came runnyng with a dow,  
 And cryed, Stow, stow, stow !  
 But she would not bow.  
 He then, to be sure,  
 Callid her with a lure.  
 Her mete<sup>2</sup> was very crude,  
 She had not wel endude ;  
 She was not clene ensaymed,  
 She was not well reclaymed : 80  
 But the fawconer vnfayned  
 Was much more febler brayned.

<sup>1</sup> *prest*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, and of Day, "priest."

<sup>2</sup> *mete*] So Lant's ed. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "mere." Other eds. "meate."

The hawke had no lyst  
 To come to hys fyst ;  
 She loked as she had the frounce ;<sup>1</sup>  
 With that he gaue her a bounce  
 Full vpon the gorge :  
 I wyll not fayne nor forge ;  
 The hawke with that clap  
 Fell downe with euyll hap. 90  
 The church dores were sparred,  
 Fast boltyd and barryd,  
 Yet wyth a prety gyn  
 I fortunèd to come in,  
 This rebell to beholde,  
 Wherof I hym<sup>2</sup> controlde ;  
 But he sayde that he woulde,  
 Agaynst my mynde and wyll,  
 In my churchè hawke styll.

## CONSIDERATE.

On Sainct John decollacion 100  
 He hawked on this facion,  
*Tempore vesperarum,*  
*Sed non secundum Sarum,*  
 But lyke a Marche harum,  
 His braynes were so *parum*.  
 He sayde he would not let  
 His houndis for to fet,  
 To hunte there by lyberte  
 In the dyspyte of me,  
 And to halow there the fox : 110  
 Downe went my offerynge box,  
 Boke, bell, and candyll,  
 All that he myght handyll ;

<sup>1</sup> *frounce*] So Lant's ed. Other eds. "fronnce" and "fronce."

<sup>2</sup> *I hym*] So Lant's ed. Other eds. "him I."



Cros, staffe, lectryne, and banner,  
Fell downe on this manner.

## DELIBERATE.

With, troll, cytrace, and trouy,  
They ranged, hankin bouy,  
My churche all aboute.

This fawconer then<sup>1</sup> gan showte,

These be my gspellers,

120

These be my pystillers,

These be my querysters

To helpe me to synge,

My hawkes to mattens ryng.

In this priestly gydyng

His hawke then flew vppon

The rode with Mary and John.

Delt he not lyke a fon?

Delt he not lyke a daw?

Or els is this Goddes law,

130

Decrees or decretals,

Or holy sinodals,

Or els prouincials,

Thus within the wals

Of holy church to deale,

Thus to ryng a peale

With his hawkis bels?

Downtles such losels

Make the churche to be

In smale auctoryte :

140

A curate in speciall

To snappar and to fall

Into this open cryme;

To loke on this were tyme.

<sup>1</sup> *then*] Not in eds. of Day, and Marshe.

## VIGILATE.

But who so that lokys  
 In the officialis bokis,  
 Ther he<sup>1</sup> may se and reed  
 That this is matter indeed.  
 How be it, mayden Meed  
 Made them to be agreed, 150  
 And so the Scrybe was feed,  
 And the Pharasay  
 Than durst nothing say,  
 But let the matter slyp,  
 And made truth to trip;  
 And of the spiritual law  
 They made but a gewgaw,  
 And toke it out in drynke,  
 And this the cause doth shrynke :  
 The church is thus abused, 160  
 Reproched and pollutyd;  
 Correccion hath no<sup>2</sup> place,  
 And all for lacke of grace.

## DEPLORATE.

Loke now in *Exodi*,  
 And *de arca Domini*,  
 With *Regum* by and by;  
 The Bybyll wyll not ly;  
 How the Temple was kept,  
 How the Temple was swept,  
 Where *sanguis taurorum*, 170  
*Aut sanguis vitulorum*,  
 Was offryd within the wallis,  
 After ceremoniallis;

<sup>1</sup> *he*] Marshe's ed. "her."

<sup>2</sup> *no*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "na."

When it was poluted,  
 Sentence was executed,  
 By wey of expiacion,  
 For reconciliacion.<sup>1</sup>

DIVINITATE.<sup>2</sup>

Then muche more, by the rode,  
 Where Christis precious blode  
 Dayly offred is, 180  
 To be poluted this;  
 And that he wysshed withall  
 That the dowues donge downe might fal  
 Into my chalis at mas,  
 When consecrated was  
 The blessed sacrament:  
 O priest vnreuerent!  
 He sayde that he woulde hunt  
 From the aluter to the funt.

## REFORMATE.

Of no tyrande I rede, 190  
 That so farre dyd excede;  
 Neyther yet Dioclesyan,  
 Nor yet Domisian,  
 Nor yet<sup>3</sup> croked Cacus,  
 Nor yet dronken Bacus;<sup>4</sup>  
 Nother Olibrius,  
 Nor Dionisyus;  
 Nother Phalary,  
 Rehersed in Valery;  
 Nor Sardanapall, 200  
 Vnhappiest of all;

<sup>1</sup> *For reconciliacion*] Not in eds. of Day, and Marshe.

<sup>2</sup> *Divinitate*] Qy. "Divinate?" <sup>3</sup> *Nor yet*] Lant's ed. "Nother."

<sup>4</sup> *Bacus*] Marshe's ed. "Baccus."

Nor Nero the worst,  
 Nor Clawdius the curst;  
 Nor yet Egeas,  
 Nor yet Syr Pherumbras;  
 Nother Zorobabell,  
 Nor cruel Jesabell;  
 Nor yet Tarquinius,  
 Whom Tytus Liuius  
 In wrytynge doth enroll; 210  
 I haue red them poll by poll;  
 The story of Arystobell,  
 And of Constantinopell,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whiche citey miscreantys wan,  
 And slew many a Christen man;  
 Yet the Sowden, nor the Turke,  
 Wrought neuer suche a worke,  
 For to let theyr hawkes fly  
 In the Church of Saint Sophy;  
 With much matter more, 220  
 That I kepe in store.

## PENSITATE.

Then in a tabull playne  
 I wroute a verse or twayne,  
 Whereat he made dysdayne:  
 The pekysh parsons brayne  
 Cowde not rech nor attayne  
 What the sentence ment;  
 He sayde, for a crokid intent  
 The wordes were paruerted:  
 And this he ouerthwarted. 230  
 Of the which proces  
 Ye may know more expres,

<sup>1</sup> *Constantinopell*] Marshe's ed. "Constantinobel."

If it please you to loke  
In the resydew of this boke.

*Here after followeth the tabull.*

Loke on this tabull,  
Whether thou art abull  
To rede or to spell  
What these verses tell.

*Sicculo lutueris est colo būraarā<sup>1</sup>*  
*Nixphedras uisarum caniuter tuntantes<sup>2</sup>*  
*Raterplas Natābrian<sup>3</sup> umsudus itnugenus.*  
18 . 10 . 2 . 11 . 19 . 4 . 13 . 3 . 3 . 1 . *tēualet.*<sup>4</sup>  
*Chartula stet, precor, hæc nullo<sup>5</sup> temeranda petulco :*  
*Hos rapiet numeros non homo, sed mala bos.*  
*Ex parte rem chartæ adverte aperte, pone Musam Arethu-*  
*sam hanc.*

Whereto should I rehers  
The sentence of my vers?  
In them be no scholys  
For braynsycke frantyecke folys:  
*Construas hoc,*  
*Domine Dawcocke !*

240

Ware the hawke !  
Maister *sophista,*  
Ye *simplex syllogista,*  
Ye<sup>6</sup> deuelysh *dogmatista,*

<sup>1</sup> *būraarā*] In Day's ed. the final letter of this word being blurred looks like a *d*; and Marshe's ed. has "bunraad." The meaning of this "tabull playne" is quite beyond my comprehension.

<sup>2</sup> *tuntantes*] Marshe's ed. "tauntantes."

<sup>3</sup> *Natābrian*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "Natanbrian." The Editor of 1736 prints "*Natanbrianum sudus.*"

<sup>4</sup> *tēualet*] Perhaps, "ten (10) valet."

<sup>5</sup> *nullo*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "uello."

<sup>6</sup> *Ye*] Eds. "The."

Your hawke on your fista,  
 To hawke when you<sup>1</sup> lista 250  
*In ecclesia ista,*  
*Domine concupisti,*<sup>2</sup>  
 With thy hawke on thy fisty?  
*Nunquid sic dixisti?*  
*Nunquid sic fecisti?*  
*Sed ubi hoc legisti*  
*Aut unde hoc,*  
 Doctor Dawcocke?  
     Ware the hawke!  
 Doctor *Dialectica,*<sup>3</sup> 260  
 Where fynde you in *Hypothetica,*  
 Or in *Categoria,*  
*Latina sive Dorica,*  
 To vse your hawkys *forica*  
*In propitiatorio,*  
*Tanquam diversorio?*  
*Unde hoc,*  
*Domine* Dawcocke?  
     Ware the hawke!  
 Saye to me, Jacke Harys, 270  
*Quare aucuparis*  
*Ad sacramentum altaris?*  
 For no reuerens<sup>4</sup> thou sparys  
 To shake my pygeons federis  
*Super arcam fæderis:*  
*Unde hoc,*  
 Doctor Dawcocke?  
     Ware the hawke!  
 Sir *Dominus vobiscum,*  
*Per*<sup>5</sup> *aucupium* 280

<sup>1</sup> *you*] Eds. "your."

<sup>2</sup> *concupisti*] Eds. "racapisti" and "cacapisti."

<sup>3</sup> *Dialectica*] So written in eds. for the rhyme.

<sup>4</sup> *reuerens*] So Lant's ed. Other eds. "reuens."

<sup>5</sup> *Per*] Eds. "Par."

Ye made your hawke to cum

*Desuper candelabrum*

*Christi crucifixi*

To fede vpon your fisty :

*Dic, inimice crucis Christi,*

*Ubi didicisti*

*Facere hoc,*

*Domine Dawcocke ?*

Ware the hawke !

Apostata Julianus,

290

Nor yet Nestorianus,

Thou shalt no<sup>1</sup> where rede

That they dyd suche a dede,

To let theyr hawkys fly

*Ad ostium tabernaculi,*

*In quo est corpus Domini :*

*Cave hoc,*

Doctor Dawcocke !

Ware the hawke !

This dowltes ye rauyd,

300

Dys church ye thus deprauyd ;

Wherfore, as I be sauyd,

Ye are therefore beknauyd :

*Quare ? quia Evangelia,*

*Concha et conchylia,*

*Accipiter<sup>2</sup> et sonalia,*

*Et bruta animalia,<sup>3</sup>*

*Cætera quoque talia*

*Tibi sunt æqualia :*

*Unde hoc,*

310

*Domine Dawcocke ?*

Ware the hawke !

<sup>1</sup> no] Day's ed. " ne."

<sup>2</sup> *Accipiter*] Eds. " Ancipiter."

<sup>3</sup> *animalia*] Eds. of Kynge and Marche, and of Lant, (in which impressions only this line is found), " ailia."

*Et relis et ralis,*  
*Et reliqualis,*  
 From Granado to Galis,  
 From Wynchelsee to Walys,<sup>1</sup>  
*Non est braynsycke talis,*  
*Nec minus rationalis,*  
*Nec magis bestialis,<sup>2</sup>*  
 That synggys with a chalys :  
*Construas hoc,*  
 Doctor Dawcocke !

320

Ware the hawke !  
 Masyd, wytles, smery smyth,  
 Hampar with your hammer vpon thy styth,  
 And make hereof a syckyll or a saw,  
 For thoughe ye lyue a c. yere, ye shall dy a daw.

*Vos valete,*  
*Doctor indiscrete !*

---

SKELTONIS APOSTROPHAT AD DIVUM JOHANNEM DECOLLATUM, IN  
 CUJUS PROFESTO FIEBAT HOC AUCUPIUM.

*O memoranda dies, qua, decollate<sup>3</sup> Johannes,*  
*Aucupium facit, haud<sup>4</sup> quondam<sup>5</sup> quod fecerit, intra<sup>6</sup>*  
*Ecclesiam de Dis, violans tua<sup>7</sup> sacra sacrorum !*  
*Rector de Whipstok, doctor cognomine Daucock,*  
*Et dominus Wodcock ; probat is, probat hic, probat hæc hoc.*

<sup>1</sup> *Walys*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "Wales," and in the next line "tales."

<sup>2</sup> *bestialis*] Day's ed. "bestia." Marshe's ed. "bestis."

<sup>3</sup> *decollate*] Eds. "decolare."

<sup>4</sup> *haud*] Eds. "hod."

<sup>5</sup> *quondam*] Marshe's ed. "quandam."

<sup>6</sup> *intra*] Eds. "infra."

<sup>7</sup> *tua*] Eds. "sua."



IDEM<sup>1</sup> DE LIBERA DICACITATE POETICA IN EXTOLLENDA PROBI-  
TATE, ET IN PERFRICANDA IGNOBILITATE.

*Libertas veneranda piis concessa poetis  
Dicendi est quæcunque placent, quæcunque juvabunt,  
Vel quæcunque valent justas defendere causas,  
Vel quæcunque valent<sup>2</sup> stolidos mordere petulcos.  
Ergo dabis veniam.*

Quod Skelton, laureat.

<sup>1</sup> *Idem, &c.*] These lines follow *Ware the Hawk* in all the eds.

<sup>2</sup> *valent*] Eds. "volent."

EPITHAPHE.<sup>1</sup>

THIS tretise devysed it is  
 Of two knaues somtyme of Dis.  
 Though this knaues be deade,  
 Full of myschiefe and queed,  
 Yet, where so euer they ly,  
 Theyr names shall neuer dye.

*Compendium de duobus versipellis, John Jayberd, et  
 Adam all<sup>2</sup> a knaue, deque illorum notissima vilitate.*

A DEVOUTE TRENTALE FOR OLD JOHN CLARKE, SOMETyme THE  
 HOLY PATRIARKE OF DIS.

*Sequitur trigintale  
 Tale quale rationale,  
 Licet parum curiale,  
 Tamen satis est formale,  
 Joannis Clerc, hominis  
 Cujusdam multinominis,<sup>3</sup>  
 Joannes Jayberd qui vocatur,  
 Clerc cleribus nuncupatur.  
 Obiit sanctus iste pater  
 Anno Domini MD. sexto.  
 In parochia de Dis  
 Non erat sibi similis ;  
 In malitia vir insignis,  
 Duplex corde et bilinguis ;  
 Senio confectus,  
 Omnibus suspectus,  
 Nemini dilectus,*

10

<sup>1</sup> *Epithaphe*, &c.] From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

<sup>2</sup> *all*] Ed. "ali.:" but compare p. 171.

<sup>3</sup> *multinominis*] Ed. "maltimoniis."

*Sepultus est* amonge the wedes :  
God forgeue hym his mysdedes !

*Dulce melos*  
*Penetrans cælos.*

*Carmina cum cannis*  
*cantemus festa Joannis :*  
*Clerk obiit vere,*  
*Jayberd nomenque dedere ;*  
*Dis populo<sup>1</sup> natus,*  
*Clerk cleribus estque vocatus.*  
*Hic vir Chaldæus,*  
*nequam vir, ceu Jebusæus,*  
*In Christum Domini*  
*fremuit de more cameli,* 10  
*Rectori proprio*  
*tam verba retorta loquendo*  
*Unde resultando-*  
*que Acheronta<sup>2</sup> boando tonaret.*  
*Nunquam sincere*  
*solitus sua crimina flere ;*  
*Cui male lingua loquax-*  
*que dicax mendaxque, fuere*  
*Et morēs tales*  
*resident in nemine quales ;* 20  
*Carpens vitales*  
*auras, turbare sodales*

<sup>1</sup> *populo*] The correction of the Rev. J. Mitford. Ed. "populus."

<sup>2</sup> *que Acheronta, &c. . . . que dicax, &c.*] Perhaps these passages ought to be arranged thus for the sake of the rhyme ;

" *que Acheronta boando*  
*tonaret. Nunquam sincere,*" &c.

" *que dicax mendax-*  
*que, fuere Et morēs tales,*" &c.

But from the rest of the poem it seems that Skelton intended each hexameter to be cut only into two parts.

*Et cines socios,<sup>1</sup>*  
*asinus, mulus velut, et bos.*  
*Omne suum studium*  
*rubeum pictum per amictum*  
*Discolor; et victum*  
*faciens semper maledictum*  
*Ex intestinis ovium-*  
*que boumque caprorum; 30*  
*Tendens adque forum,*  
*fragmentum colligit horum,*  
*Dentibus exemptis*  
*mastigat cumque polentis*  
*Lanigerum caput aut ovis<sup>2</sup>*  
*aut vaccæ mugientis.*  
*Quid petis, hic sit quis?*  
*John Jayberd, incola<sup>3</sup> de Dis;*  
*Cui, dum vixerat is,*  
*sociantur jurgia, vis, lis. 40*  
*Jam jacet hic starke deed,*  
 Neuer a toth in his heed.  
 Adieu, Jayberd, adue,  
 I faith, dikkon thou crue!  
*Fratres, orate*  
 For this knauate,  
 By the holy rode,  
 Dyd neuer man good:  
 I pray you all,  
 And pray shall, 50  
 At this trentall  
 On knees to fall  
 To the fote ball;  
 With, fill the blak bowle  
 For Jayberdes sowle.

<sup>1</sup> *socios*] Ed. "socias."

<sup>2</sup> *caput aut ovis*] Ed. "caput caput." I give the conjectural reading of the Rev. J. Mitford. The rhyme suggests (but the metre will not allow) "bidentis."

<sup>3</sup> *incola*] Ed. "Nicolas."

*Bibite multum :*

*Ecce sepultum*

*Sub pede stultum,*

*Asinum, et mulum !*

The deuill kis his *culum !*

60

Wit[h], hey, howe, rumbelowe,

*Rumpopulorum,*

*Per omnia secula seculorum !*

*Amen.*

*Requiem, &c.*

*Per Fredericum Hely,*

*Fratrem de Monte Carmeli,*

*Qui condunt sine sale*

*Hoc devotum trigintale.*

*Vale Jayberd, valde male !*

Adam Vddersall,<sup>1</sup>

*Alias dictus Adam all*

a knaue, his

Epitaph foloweth deuoutly ;

He was somtime the holy

Baillvue of Dis.

Of Dis

*Adam degebat :*

*dum vixit, falsa gerebat,*

<sup>1</sup> *Vddersall, &c.*] Ed. "Vddersale:" but compare vv. 13, 32. In this passage I have adopted the arrangement proposed by the Rev. J. Mitford.—Ed. thus ;

" Adam Vddersale. alias dictus  
Adam all. a knaue his Epitaph.  
Foloweth deuoutly,  
He was somtime the holy  
baillvue of dis."

*Namque extorquebat*  
*quicquid nativus habebat,*  
*Aut liber natus; rapidus<sup>1</sup>*  
*lupus inde vocatus:*  
*Ecclesiamque satus*  
*de Belial iste Pilatus*  
*Sub pede calcatus*  
*violavit, nunc violatus: 10*  
*Perfidus, iratus,*  
*numquam fuit ille beatus:*  
*Uddersall stratus*  
*benedictis<sup>2</sup> est spoliatus,*  
*Improbus, inflatus,*  
*maledictis jam laceratus:*  
*Dis,<sup>3</sup> tibi bacchatus*  
*ballivus prædominatus:*  
*Hic fuit ingratus,*  
*porcus velut insatiatus, 20*  
*Pinguis, crassatus;*  
*velut Agag sit<sup>4</sup> reprobatus!*  
*Crudelisque Cacus*  
*barathro, peto, sit tumulatus!*  
*Belsabub his soule saue,*  
*Qui jacet hic, like a knave!*  
*Jam scio mortuus est,*  
*Et jacet hic, like a best.*  
*Anima ejus*  
*De malo in pejus.<sup>5</sup> Amen. 30*

<sup>1</sup> *rapidus*] The Rev. J. Mitford conjectures, "rabidus;" but *rapidus* is frequently used in the same sense.

<sup>2</sup> *benedictis*] Ed. "Benedictus;" and in the next line but one, "Maledictus."

<sup>3</sup> *Dis, tibi, &c.*] The emendation of the Rev. J. Mitford: compare above, "Baillvue of Dis."—Ed.

"Sis tibi baccatus  
 Balianus prædominatus."

<sup>4</sup> *sit*] Ed. "fit."

<sup>5</sup> *pejus*] Ed. "peuis."

*De Dis hæc semper erit camena,  
Adam Uddersall sit anathema!*

*Auctore Skelton, rectore de Dis.*

*Finis, &c. Apud Trumpinton scriptum<sup>1</sup> per Curatum ejusdem, quinto die Januarii Anno Domini, secundum computat. Angliæ, MDVII.*

*Adam, Adam, ubi es? Genesis. Re. Ubi nulla requies, ubi nullus ordo, sed sempiternus horror inhabitat. Job.*

<sup>1</sup> *scriptum*] Ed. "scripter."

*Diligo rustincum<sup>1</sup> cum portant bis duo quintum,  
Et cantant delos est mihi dulce melos.*

1. *Canticum dolorosum.*

LAMENTATIO URBIS NORVICEN.

*O lacrymosa lues nimis, O quam flebile fatum!  
Ignibus exosis, urbs veneranda, ruis;  
Fulmina sive Jovis sive ultima fata vocabant,  
Vulcani rapidis ignibus ipsa peris.  
Ah<sup>2</sup> decus, ah patriæ specie pulcherrima dudum!  
Urbs Norvicensis labitur<sup>3</sup> in cineres.  
Urbs, tibi quid referam? breviter tibi pauca reponam:  
Prospera rara<sup>4</sup> manent, utere sorte tua;  
Perpetuum mortale nihil, sors omnia versat:  
Urbs miseranda, vale! sors miseranda tua est. 10  
Skelton.<sup>5</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> *Diligo rustincum, &c.*] This and the following piece are from Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568. In that collection the present couplet is twice printed: "*rustincum*" is the reading of the first copy, "*rusticum*" (which the metre will not admit) of the second: the first copy has "*quonintum*," the second "*quointum*;" the Editor of 1736 gave "*quantum*." See notes for the conjectures of the Rev. J. Mitford on this enigma. "*Canticum dolorosum*" is probably part of the title of the next piece.

<sup>2</sup> *Ah . . . ah*] Ed. "Au . . . au."

<sup>3</sup> *labitur*] Ed. "labitar."

<sup>4</sup> *rara*] Ed. "raro."

<sup>5</sup> *Skelton*] Ed. "inifiranda *Skelton*;" the former word perhaps having been inserted by some mistake of the printer, whose eye had caught "miseranda" in the preceding line.



IN BEDEL, QUONDAM BELIAL INCARNATUM, DEVOTUM  
EPITAPHIUM.

*Ismal, ecce, Bedel, non mel, sed fel, sibi des el!*<sup>1</sup>  
*Perfidus Achitophel, luridus atque lorell;*  
*Nunc olet iste Jebal,*<sup>2</sup> *Nabal. S. Nabal, ecce, ribaldus!*  
*Omnibus exosus atque perosus erat;*  
*In plateaque cadens animam spiravit oleto:*  
*Presbyteros odiens sic sine mente ruit.*  
*Discite vos omnes quid sit violare sacratos*  
*Presbyteros, quia sic corruit iste canis.*  
*Cocytus cui si detur*<sup>3</sup> *per Tartara totus,*  
*Sit, peto, promotus Cerberus huncque voret.* 10  
*At mage sancta tamen mea Musa precabitur*<sup>4</sup> *atros*  
*Hos lemuresque eat sic Bedel ad superos;*  
*Non eat, immo ruat, non scandat, sed mage tendat,*  
*Inque caput præceps mox Acheronta petat.*

*Bedel. Quanta malignatus est inimicus in sancto!*<sup>5</sup>

Psa. 73.

*Mortuus est asinus,*  
*Qui pinxit mulum:*<sup>6</sup>  
*Hic jacet barbarus;*  
*The deuill kys his culum! Amen.*

*Hanc volo transcribas, transcriptam moxque remittas*  
*Pagellam; quia sunt qui mea scripta sciunt.*

<sup>1</sup> *des el*] The Rev. J. Mitford proposes "dorell."

<sup>2</sup> *Jebal*] Qy. "Jabel?" but I do not understand the line.

<sup>3</sup> *si detur*] So the Rev. J. Mitford reads. Ed. "sic petus."

<sup>4</sup> *precabitur*] Ed. "precabitorum."

<sup>5</sup> *sancto*] Ed. "sāctā."

<sup>6</sup> *pinxit mulum*] Corrected by the Rev. J. Mitford. Ed. "vixit multum."

The progress of the error was evidently—pinxit, *vinxit*, *vixit*. See notes.

Redde { *Igitur quia sunt qui mala cuncta fremunt,*<sup>1</sup>  
           { *Igitur quia sunt qui bona cuncta premunt.*  
           *Nec tamen expaveo de fatuo labio,*  
           *Nec multum paveo de stolido*<sup>2</sup> *rabulo.*

<sup>1</sup> *fremunt . . . premunt*] So Editor of 1736. Ed. "frenuitur," "pre-  
 nuitur."

<sup>2</sup> *stolido*] Ed. "scolido."

*Salve plus<sup>1</sup> decies quam<sup>2</sup> sunt momenta dierum !  
 Quot generum species,<sup>3</sup> quot res, quot nomina rerum,  
 Quot prati<sup>4</sup> flores, quot sunt et<sup>5</sup> in orbe colores,  
 Quot pisces, quot aves, quot sunt et<sup>6</sup> in æquore naves,  
 Quot volucrum pennæ, quot sunt tormenta gehennæ,  
 Quot cæli stellæ, quot sunt et<sup>7</sup> in orbe puellæ,  
 Quot sancti Romæ, quot sunt miracula Thomæ,  
 Quot sunt virtutes, tantas tibi<sup>8</sup> mitto salutes.*

<sup>1</sup> *Salve plus, &c.*] From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, (where it is printed on the reverse of the title-page), collated with a copy in Additional MSS. Brit. Mus. (4787, fol. 224), which is headed "Ex Jo. Skeltono Poeta Laureato."

<sup>2</sup> *quam*] So MS. In Marshe's ed. a contraction, which the Editor of 1736 resolved into "quot."

<sup>3</sup> *generum species*] MS. "*species generum.*"

<sup>4</sup> *prati*] MS. "pratis."

<sup>5</sup> *et*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>6</sup> *et*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>7</sup> *et*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>8</sup> *tantas tibi*] So MS. Marshe's ed. "tot vobis;" but compare v. l. "*Salve,*" &c.

ORATOR<sup>1</sup> REGIUS SKELTONIS<sup>2</sup> LAUREATUS IN SINGULARE MERITISSIMUMQUE PRÆCONIUM NOBILISSIMI PRINCIPIS HENRICI SEPTIMI, NUPER STRENUISSIMI REGIS ANGLIÆ, HOC EPITAPHIUM EDIDIT, AD SINCERAM CONTEMPLATIONEM REVERENDI IN CHRISTO PATRIS AC DOMINI, DOMINI JOHANNIS ISLIPPÆ<sup>3</sup> ABBATIS WESTMONASTERIENSIS<sup>4</sup> OPTIME MERITI, ANNO DOMINI MDXII. PRIDIE DIVI<sup>5</sup> ANDRÆ APOSTOLI, &c.

*Tristia Melpomenes cogor modo plectra sonare ;*

*Hos elegos foveat Cynthius ille meos.*

*Si quas fata movent lacrymas, lacrymare videtur<sup>6</sup>*

*Jam bene maturum, si bene mente sapis.*

*Flos Britonum, regum speculum, Salomonis imago,*

*Septimus Henricus mole sub hac tegitur.*

*Punica, dum regnat, redolens rosa digna vocari,*

*Jam jam marcescit, ceu levis umbra fugit.*

*Multa novercantis fortunæ, multa faventis*

*Passus, et infractus tempus utrumque tulit.*

*Nobilis Anchises, armis metuendus Atrides,*

*Hic erat ; hunc Scottus rex timuit Jacobus.*

*Spiramenta animæ vegetans dum vescitur aura,*

*Francorum populus conticuit pavidus.*

*Immensas sibi divitias cumulasse quid horres ?*

*Ni cumulasset opes, forte, Britanne,<sup>7</sup> luas.*

*Urgentes casus tacita si mente volutes,*

*Vix tibi sufficeret aurea ripa Tagi.*

10

<sup>1</sup> Orator, &c.] This and the next piece from Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, collated with the poems as given in *Reges, Reginae, Nobiles, et alii in Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri Westmonasterii sepulti, &c.*, 1603, 4to.

<sup>2</sup> Skeltonis] *Reges, &c.* "Skeltonus;" but see *ante* and *post*.

<sup>3</sup> Islippæ] So *Reges, &c.* Marshe's ed. "Islip."

<sup>4</sup> Westmonasteriensis] So *Reges, &c.* Marshe's ed. "Westmonastericii."

<sup>5</sup> divi] So *Reges, &c.* Marshe's ed. "domini."

<sup>6</sup> videtur] So *Reges, &c.* Marshe's ed. "videt."

<sup>7</sup> Britanne] So *Reges, &c.* Marshe's ed. "Britainie."

*Ni sua te probitas consulta mente laborans*

*Rexisset satius, vix tibi tuta salus.* 20

*Sed quid plura cano? meditans quid plura voluto?*

*Quisque vigil sibi sit: mors sine lege rapit.*

*Ad Dominum, qui cuncta regit, pro principe tanto*

*Funde preces quisquis carmina nostra legis.*

*Vel mage,<sup>1</sup> si placeat, hunc<sup>2</sup> timuit Jacobus,*

*Scottorum dominus, qui sua fata luit;*

*Quem Leo Candidior Rubeum necat ense Leonem,*

*Et jacet usque modo non tumultatus humo.*

*Refrigerii sedem, quietis beatitudinem, luminis habeat*

*claritatem. Amen.*

EULOGIUM PRO SUORUM TEMPORUM CONDITIONE, TANTIS PRINCIPIBUS NON INDIGNUM, PER SKELTONIDA LAUREATUM, ORATOREM REGIUM.

*Huc, pia Calliope, propera, mea casta puella,*

*Et mecum resona carmina plena deo.*

*Septimus Henricus, Britonum memorabilis heros,*

*Anglica terra, tuus magnanimus Priamus,*

*Attalus hic opibus, rigidus Cato, clarus Acestes,*

*Sub gelido clausus marmore jam recubat.<sup>3</sup>*

*Sic<sup>4</sup> honor omnis, opes, probitas, sic gloria regum,*

*Omnia nutabunt<sup>5</sup> mortis ad imperium.*

<sup>1</sup> *Vel mage . . . humo*] Not in *Reges*, &c. These lines (containing an allusion to the battle of Flodden) are of a later date than the preceding poem, to the 12th verse of which they are intended as a sort of note. This is not the only passage in our author's Latin pieces where two pentameters occur without an intervening hexameter: see conclusion of *The Garlande of Laurell*.

<sup>2</sup> *hunc*] Ed. "hunc hunc."

<sup>3</sup> *recubat*] So *Reges*, &c. Marshe's ed. "recubit."

<sup>4</sup> *Sic*] So *Reges*, &c. Marshe's ed. "Hic."

<sup>5</sup> *nutabunt*] *Reges*, &c. "mutabunt."

*Anglia, num lacrymas ? rides ; lacrymare quid obstas ?*  
*Dum vixit, lacrymas ; dum moritur, jubilas.* 10  
*Canta,<sup>1</sup> tamen penses, dum vixerat, Angligenenses*  
*Vibrabant enses, bella nec ulla timent.*  
*Undique bella fremunt nunc, undique proelia surgunt :*  
*Noster honor solus, filius, ecce, suus !*  
*Noster honor solus, qui pondera tanta subire*  
*Non timet, intrepidus arma gerenda vocat ;*  
*Arma gerenda vocat, (superi sua coepta secudent !)*  
*Ut quatiat Pallas ægida sæpe rogat.*  
*Sors tamen est versanda diu, sors ultima belli :*  
*Myrmidonum dominus Marte<sup>2</sup> silente ruit ;* 20  
*Et quem non valuit validis superare sub armis*  
*Mars, tamen occubuit insidiis Paridis.*  
*Nos incerta quidem pro certis ponere rebus*  
*Arguit, et prohibet Delius ipse pater.*  
*Omnia sunt hominum dubio labentia fato,*  
*Marte sub incerto militat omnis homo.*  
*Omne decus nostrum, nostra et spes unica tantum,*  
*Jam bene qui regnat, hunc Jovis umbra tegat !*  
*Ut quamvis mentem labor est inhibere volentem,*  
*Pauca tamen liceat dicere pace sua :* 30  
*Pace tua liceat mihi nunc tibi dicere pauca,*  
*Dulce meum decus, et sola Britanna salus.*  
*Summa rei nostræ remanet, celeberrime princeps,*  
*In te præcipuo, qui modo sceptrum geris.*  
*Si tibi fata favent, faveant<sup>3</sup> precor atque precabor,*  
*Anglia, tunc plaude ; sin minus, ipsa<sup>4</sup> vale.*

*Polychronitudo basileos.*

<sup>1</sup> *Canta*] Marshe's ed. "Cauta." *Reges*, &c. "Tanta."

<sup>2</sup> *Marte*] So *Reges*, &c. Marshe's ed. "mater."

<sup>3</sup> *faveant*] So *Reges*, &c. Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>4</sup> *ipsa*] So *Reges*, &c. Marshe's ed. "ipse."

## TETRASTICHON VERITATIS.

*Felix qui bustum formasti,<sup>1</sup> rex, tibi cuprum ;  
Auro si tectus fueras, fueras spoliatus,  
Nudus, prostratus, tanta est rabiosa cupido  
Undique nummorum : rex, pace precor requiescas.  
Amen.*

<sup>1</sup> *formasti*] So *Reges*, &c. Marshe's ed. "torniasti."

SKELTON LAUREATE AGAINST THE SCOTTES.<sup>1</sup>

AGAYNST the prowde Scottes clatterynge,  
 That neuer wyll leaue theyr tratlynge :  
 Wan they the felde, and lost theyr kynge ?  
 They may well say, fye on that wynnynge !

Lo, these fonde sottes  
 And tratlynge Scottes,  
 How thei are blynde  
 In theyr owne mynde,  
 And wyll not know  
 Theyr ouerthrow  
 At Branxton<sup>2</sup> more !  
 They are so stowre,  
 So frantyke mad,  
 They say they had  
 And wan the felde  
 With spere and shelde :  
 That is as trew  
 As blacke is blew  
 And grene is gray.  
 What euer they say,  
 Jemmy is ded  
 And closed in led,  
 That was theyr owne kynge :  
 Fy on that wynnynge !

10

20

<sup>1</sup> *Skelton Laureate against the Scottes*] The following pieces, called forth by the battle of Flodden, and the lines on the Battle of the Spurs annexed to them, are from the ed. of Kynge and Marche of *Certaine bokes compiled by mayster Skelton*, n. d., collated with the same work, ed. Day, n. d., ed. Lant, n. d., and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

<sup>2</sup> *Branxton*] Day's ed. "Branxion."



At Floddon<sup>1</sup> hyllys  
 Our bowys, our byllys,  
 Slewe all the floure  
 Of theyr honoure.  
 Are not<sup>2</sup> these Scottys  
 Folyys and sottyys, 30  
 Suche boste to make,  
 To prate and crake,  
 To face, to brace,  
 All voyde of grace,  
 So prowde of hart,  
 So ouerthwart,  
 So out of frame,  
 So voyde of shame,  
 As it is enrolde,  
 Wrytten and tolde 40  
 Within this quayre?  
 Who lyst to<sup>3</sup> repayre,  
 And therin reed,  
 Shall fynde indeed  
 A mad rekenyng,  
 Consyderyng al thyng,  
 That the Scottis may syng<sup>4</sup>  
 Fy on the wynnyng !

*When the Scotte lyued.*

Joly Jemmy, ye scorneful Scot,  
 Is it come vnto your lot 50  
 A solempne sumner for to be?  
 It greyth nought for your degre  
 Our kynge of Englande for to syght,<sup>5</sup>  
 Your souerayne lord, our prynce of might :

<sup>1</sup> *Floddon*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "Folddon."

<sup>2</sup> *not*] Lant's ed. "nat." <sup>3</sup> *to*] Not in Lant's ed.

<sup>4</sup> *syng*] Marshe's ed. "sin."

<sup>5</sup> *syght*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "fight."

Ye for to sende such a citacion,  
 It shameth all your noughty nacion,  
 In comparyson but kynge Koppynge  
 Vnto our prince, annoynted kynge.  
 Ye play Hob Lobbyn of Lowdean;  
 Ye shew ryght well what good ye can;  
 Ye may be lorde of Locrian,—  
 Chryst sence<sup>1</sup> you with a frying pan!—  
 Of Edingborrow and Saint Ionis towne:  
 Adieu, syr sumner, cast of youre crowne!

60

*When the Scot was slayne.*

Continually I shall remember  
 The mery moneth of September,  
 With the ix<sup>2</sup> daye of the same,  
 For then began our myrth and game;  
 So that now I haue deuysed,  
 And in my minde I haue comprysed,  
 Of the prowde Scot, kynge Jemmy,  
 To wryte some lyttle tragedy,  
 For no maner consyderacion  
 Of any sorowful lamentacion,  
 But for the special consolacion  
 Of all our royall Englysh nacion.

70

Melpomone,<sup>3</sup> O Muse tragediall,  
 Vnto your grace for grace now I call,  
 To guyde my pen and my pen to enbybe!  
 Illumyn me, your poete and your scribe,  
 That with myxture of aloes and bytter gall  
 I may compounde confectures for a cordiall,  
 To angre the Scottes and Irysh keteringes withall,  
 That late were discomfect with battayle marcyall.

80

<sup>1</sup> *sence*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "fence."

<sup>2</sup> *ix*] Eds. "xi."

<sup>3</sup> *Melpomone*] Other eds. "Melnomone."

Thalia, my Muse, for you also call I,  
 To touche them with tauntes of your armony,  
 A medley to make of myrth with sadnes,  
 The hartes of England to comfort with gladnes:  
 And now to begyn I wyll me adres,  
 To you rehersynge the somme of my proces. 90

Kynge Jamy, Jemmy, Jocky my jo,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ye<sup>2</sup> summond our kynge,—why dyd ye so?  
 To you nothing it dyd accorde  
 To summon our kynge, your soueraygne lord.  
 A kyng, a sumner!<sup>3</sup> it was great wonder:  
 Know ye not suger and salt asonder?  
 Your sumner to saucy, to malapert,  
 Your harrold in armes not yet halfe experte.  
 Ye thought ye dyd yet valyauntly,  
 Not worth thre skyppes of a pye: 100  
 Syr skyrgalyard, ye were so skyt,  
 Your wyll than ran before your wyt.

Your lege ye layd and your aly  
 Your frantick fable not worth a fly,  
 Frenche kynge, or one or other;  
 Regarded ye<sup>4</sup> should your lord, your brother.  
 Trowid ye, Syr Jemy, his nobul grace  
 From you, Syr Scot, would turne his face?  
 With, Gup, Syr Scot of Galawey!  
 Now is your pryde fall to decay. 110  
 Male vryd was your fals entent  
 For to offende your presydent,  
 Your souerayne lord most reuerent,  
 Your lord, your brother, and your regent.

In him is figured Melchisedec,  
 And ye were disloyall Amalec.

<sup>1</sup> *jo*] So Lant's ed. Other eds. "ioye."

<sup>2</sup> *Ye*] So Lant's ed. Not in other eds.

<sup>3</sup> *sumner*] Here and in next line but one, Marshe's ed. "summer."

<sup>4</sup> *ye*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "you."

He is our noble Scipione,<sup>1</sup>  
 Annoynted kynge ; and ye were none,  
 Thoughe ye vntruly your father haue slayne.  
 His tyle is true in Fraunce to raygne ; 120  
 And ye, proud Scot, Dunde, Dunbar,  
 Pardy, ye were his homager,  
 And suter to his parliament :  
 For your vntruth now ar ye shent.  
 Ye bare yourselfe somewhat to bold,  
 Therefore ye lost your copyehold ;  
 Ye were bonde tenent to his estate ;  
 Lost is your game, ye are checkmate.

Vnto the castell of Norram,  
 I vnderstande, to sone ye came. 130  
 At Branxston more and Flodden hylles,  
 Our Englysh bowes, our Englysh bylles,  
 Agaynst you gaue so sharpe a shower,  
 That of Scotland ye lost the flower.  
 The Whyte Lyon, there rampaunt of moode,  
 He ragyd and rent out your hart bloode ;  
 He the Whyte, and ye<sup>2</sup> the Red,  
 The Whyte there slew the Red starke ded.  
 Thus for your guerdon quyt ar ye,  
 Thanked be God in Trinite, 140

And swete Sainct George, our ladies knyght !  
 Your eye is out ; adew, good nyght !

Ye were starke mad to make a fray,  
 His grace beyng out of the way :  
 But, by the power and might of God,  
 For your owne<sup>3</sup> tayle ye made a rod.  
 Ye wanted wit, syr, at a worde ;  
 Ye lost your spurres, ye lost your sworde.

<sup>1</sup> *Scipione*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "Scripione."

<sup>2</sup> *ye*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "you."

<sup>3</sup> *owne*] Not in eds. of Day, and Marshe.

Ye myght haue buskyd you to Huntley bankys ;  
 Your pryde was peuysh to play such prankys : 150  
 Your pouerte coude not attayne  
 With our kynge royal war to mayntayne.

Of the kynge of Nauerne ye might take heed,  
 Vngraciously how he doth speed :  
 In<sup>1</sup> double delynge so he did dreme,  
 That he is kynge without a reme ;  
 And, for example ye<sup>2</sup> would none take,  
 Experiens hath brought you in suche a brake.  
 Your welth, your ioy, your sport, your play,  
 Your bragyng bost, your royal aray, 160  
 Your beard so brym as bore at bay,  
 Your Seuen Systers, that gun so gay,  
 All haue ye lost and cast away.

Thus fortune hath tourned you, I dare well saye,  
 Now from a kynge to a clot of clay :  
 Out of your<sup>3</sup> robes ye were shaken,  
 And wretchedly ye lay starke naked.<sup>4</sup>  
 For lacke of grace hard was your hap :  
 The Popes curse<sup>5</sup> gaue you that clap.

Of the out yles the roughe foted Scottes, 170  
 We haue well eased them of the bottes :  
 The rude ranke Scottes, lyke dronken dranes,  
 At Englysh bowes haue fetched theyr banes.  
 It is not fytting<sup>6</sup> in tower and towne  
 A sumner<sup>7</sup> to were a kynges crowne :

<sup>1</sup> *In*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "An."

<sup>2</sup> *ye*] Eds. "he."

<sup>3</sup> *your*] So Lant's ed. Not in other eds.

<sup>4</sup> *starke naked*] So Lant's ed. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, and of Day, "starke your naked." Marshe's ed. "starke all naked."

<sup>5</sup> *curse*] Eds. "cures."

<sup>6</sup> *fytyng*] Other eds. "sytyng" and "sitting," which, perhaps, Skelton wrote, as he elsewhere uses the word.

<sup>7</sup> *sumner*] Marshe's ed. "summer," here, and in the concluding line.

Fortune on you therefore did frowne ;  
 Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe.  
 Syr sumner, now where is your crowne ?  
 Cast of your crowne, cast vp your crowne !  
 Syr sumner, now ye haue lost your crowne. 180  
 Quod Skelton laureate, oratoure to the  
 Kynges most royall estate.

*Scotia*,<sup>1</sup> *redacta in formam provinciæ,*  
*Regis parebit nutibus Angliæ :*  
*Alioquin, per desertum Sin, super cherubim,*  
*Cherubin, seraphim, seraphinque, ergo, &c.*

VNTO DIUERS PEOPLE THAT REMORD THIS<sup>2</sup> RYMYNGE AGAYNST  
 THE SCOT JEMMY.

I AM now constrayned,  
 With wordes nothyng fayned,  
 This inuectiue to make,  
 For some peoples<sup>3</sup> sake  
 That lyst for to iangyll  
 And waywardly to wrangyll  
 Agaynst this my makynge,  
 Their males therat shakynge,  
 At it reprehending,  
 And venemously stingynge, 10  
 Rebukynge and remordynge,  
 And nothing accordynge.  
 Cause haue they<sup>4</sup> none other,  
 But for that he was brother,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Scotia*] Eds. "Scotica."

<sup>2</sup> *this*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynges and Marche, and of Lant, "his."

<sup>3</sup> *peoples*] So Lant's ed. Other eds. "people."

<sup>4</sup> *haue they*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "they haue."

<sup>5</sup> *brother*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "hys brother."

Brother vnnatural  
 Vnto our kynge royall,  
 Against whom he dyd fighte<sup>1</sup>  
 Falsly agaynst all ryght,  
 Lyke that vntrue rebell  
 Fals Kayn agaynst Abell. 20

Who so<sup>2</sup> therat pyketh mood,  
 The tokens are not good  
 To be true Englysh blood;  
 For, yf they vnderstood  
 His traytourly dispyght,  
 He was a recrayed knyght,  
 A subtyll sysmatyke,  
 Ryght nere an heretyke,  
 Of grace out of the state,  
 And died excomunycate. 30

And for he was a kynge,  
 The more shamefull rekenynge  
 Of hym should men report,  
 In earnest and in sport.  
 He skantly loueth our kynge,  
 That grudgeth at this thing:  
 That cast such ouerthwartes  
 Percase haue hollow hartes.

*Si veritatem dico, quare non creditis mihi?*

<sup>1</sup> *fighte*] So other eds. Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "syght."

<sup>2</sup> *Who so*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "But *who so*."

CHORUS DE DIS<sup>1</sup> CONTRA SCOTTOS<sup>2</sup> CUM OMNI PROCESSIONALI  
FESTIVITATE SOLEMNISAVIT HOC EPITOMA XXII DIE SEPTEMBERIS, &c.

*Salve, festa dies, toto resonabilis ævo,*

*Qua Scottus Jacobus, obrutus ense, cadit.*

*Barbara Scottorum gens, perfida, plena malorum,*

*Vincitur ad Norram, vertitur inque fugam.*

*Vasta palus, sed campestris, (borie memoratur*

*Branxton more), Scottis terra perosa fuit.*

*Scottica castra fremunt Floddun sub montibus altis,*

*Quæ valide invadens dissipat Angla manus.*

*Millia Scottorum trusit gens Anglica passim ;*

*Luxuriat tepido sanguine pinguis humus :*

10

*Pars animas miseri miseris misere sub umbras,*

*Pars ruit in foveas, pars subiit latebras.*

*Jam quid agit Jacobus, damnorum germine<sup>3</sup> cretus ?*

*Perfidus ut Nemroth, lapsus ad ima<sup>4</sup> ruit.*

*Dic modo, Scottorum dudum male sane malorum*

*Rector, nunc regeris, mortuus, ecce, jaces !*

*Sic Leo te rapidus, Leo Candidus, inclytus ursit,*

*Quo Leo tu<sup>5</sup> Rubeus ultima fata luis.*

*Anglia, duc choreas ; resonent tua tympana, psallas ;<sup>6</sup>*

*Da laudes Domino, da pia vota Deo.*

20

*Hæc laureatus Skeltonis, regius<sup>7</sup> orator.*

<sup>1</sup> *Dis*] So eds. of Day, and Marshe. Other eds. "Dyd."

<sup>2</sup> *Scottos*] So Lant's ed. Other eds. "Scottes."

<sup>3</sup> *germine*] Eds. "gremine."

<sup>4</sup> *ima*] Eds. "iam."

<sup>5</sup> *tu*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "in."

<sup>6</sup> *tympana, psallas*] Qy. "tympana psalmis?"

<sup>7</sup> *regius*] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "Regine."



CHORUS DE DIS, &c. SUPER TRIUMPHALI VICTORIA CONTRA  
GALLOS, &c. CANTAVIT SOLEMNITER HOC ELOGIUM IN PRO-  
FESTO DIVI JOHANNIS AD DECOLLATIONEM.

*Salve, festa dies, toto memorabilis ævo,  
Qua rex Henricus Gallica bella premit.  
Henricus rutilans Octavus noster in armis  
Tirwinnae gentis mœnia<sup>1</sup> stravit humi.  
Sceptriger Anglorum bello validissimus Hector,  
Francorum gentis colla superba terit.  
Dux armis nuper celebris, modo dux inermis,  
De Longville modo dic quo tua pompa ruit?  
De Clermound clarus dudum dic, Galle superbe,  
Unde superbus eris? carcere nonne gemis?* 10  
*Discite Francorum gens cætera capta, Britannum  
Noscite magnanimum, subdite vosque sibi.  
Gloria Cappadocis, divæ milesque Mariæ,  
Illius hic sub ope Gallica regna reget.  
Hoc insigne bonum, divino numine gestum,  
Anglica gens referat semper, ovansque canat.  
Per Skeltonida laureatum, oratorem regium.*

<sup>1</sup> mœnia] Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "menit."

VILITISSIMUS<sup>1</sup> SCOTUS DUNDAS ALLEGAT CAUDAS CONTRA  
ANGLIGENAS.

*Caudatos Anglos, spurcissime Scote, quid effers?  
Effrons es, quoque sons, mendax, tua spurcaque<sup>2</sup> bucca est.*

*Anglicus a tergo  
caudam gerit;  
est canis ergo.*

*Anglice caudate,  
cape caudam  
ne cadat a te.*

*Ex causa caudæ  
manet Anglica  
gens sine laude.*

*Diffamas patriam, qua non  
est melior usquam.*

*Cum cauda plaudis dum  
possis, ad ostia pultas<sup>3</sup>*

*Mendicans; mendicus eris,  
mendaxque bilinguis,*

*Scabidus, horribilis, quem  
vermes sexque pedales*

*Corrodunt misere; miseris<sup>4</sup>  
genus est maledictum.*

Skelton, *nobilis poeta.*

<sup>1</sup> *Vilitissimus*] So, perhaps, Skelton wrote; but qy. "Vilissimus?"—This poem from Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

<sup>2</sup> *spurcaque*] Ed. "spureaquæ."

<sup>3</sup> *pultas*] Ed. "pultes."

<sup>4</sup> *miseris*] Ed. "miseres."

Gup, Scot,  
 Ye blot :  
*Laudate*  
*Caudate,*  
 Set in better  
 Thy pentameter.  
 This Dundas,  
 This Scottishe as,  
 He rymes and railes  
 That Englishmen haue tailes. 10  
*Skeltonus laureatus,*  
*Anglicus natus,*  
*Provocat Musas*  
*Contra Dundas*  
*Spurcissimum<sup>1</sup> Scotum,*  
*Undique notum,*  
*Rustice fotum,*  
*Vapide potum.*  
 Skelton laureat  
 After this rate 20  
 Defendeth with his pen  
 All Englysh men  
 Agayn Dundas,  
 That Scottishe asse.  
 Shake thy tayle, Scot, lyke a cur,  
 For thou beggest at euey mannes dur :  
 Tut, Scot, I sey,  
 Go shake thy<sup>2</sup> dog, hey !  
 Dundas of Galaway  
 With thy versyfyeng rayles 30  
 How they haue tayles.  
 By Jesu Christ,  
 Fals Scot, thou lyst :

<sup>1</sup> *Spurcissimum*] Ed. "Norpacissimum."

<sup>2</sup> *thy*] Qy. "thé?" but see notes.

But behynd in our hose  
 We bere there a rose  
 For thy Scottyshe nose,  
 A spectacle case  
 To couer thy face,  
 With tray deux ase.  
 A tolman<sup>1</sup> to blot, 40  
 A rough foted Scot!  
 Dundas, sir knaue,  
 Why doste thow depraue  
 This royall reame,  
 Whose radiant beame  
 And relucent light  
 Thou hast in despite,  
 Thou donghyll knyght?  
 But thou lakest might,  
 Dundas, dronken and drowsy, 50  
 Skabed, scuruy, and lowsy,  
 Of vnhappy generacion  
 And most vngracious nacion.  
 Dundas,  
 That dronke asse,  
 That ratis and rankis,  
 That prates and prankes  
 On Huntley bankes,  
 Take this our thankes;  
 Dunde, Dunbar,<sup>2</sup> 60  
 Walke, Scot,  
 Walke, sot,  
 Rayle not to far.

<sup>1</sup> *tolman*] See notes.

<sup>2</sup> *Dunde, Dunbar*] Ed. "Dunde bar."

ELEGIA<sup>1</sup> IN SERENISSIMÆ PRINCIPIS ET DOMINÆ, DOMINÆ MARGARETÆ NUPER COMITISSÆ DE DERBY, STRENUISSIMI REGIS HENRICI SEPTIMI MATRIS, FUNEBRE MINISTERIUM, PER SKELTONIDA LAUREATUM, ORATOREM REGIUM, XVI. DIE<sup>2</sup> MENSIS AUGUSTI, ANNO SALUTIS MDXVI.

*Aspirate meis elegis, pia turma sororum,  
 Et Margaretam collacrymate piam.  
 Hac sub mole latet regis celeberrima mater  
 Henrici magni, quem locus iste fovet ;  
 Quem locus iste sacer celebri celebrat polyandro,  
 Illius en genitrix hac tumulatur humo !  
 Cui cedat Tanaquil (Titus hanc super astra reportet<sup>3</sup>),  
 Cedat Penelope, carus Ulixis<sup>4</sup> amor :  
 Huic<sup>5</sup> Abigail, velut Hester, erat pietate secunda :  
 En tres jam proceres nobilitate pares !* 10  
*Pro domina, precor, implora, pro principe tanta  
 Flecte Deum precibus, qui legis hos apices.  
 Plura referre piget, calamus torpore rigescit,  
 Dormit Mecænas, negligitur probitas ;  
 Nec juvat, aut modicum prodest, nunc ultima versu  
 Fata<sup>6</sup> recensere (mortua mors reor est).  
 Quæris quid decus est ? decus est modo dicier hircus ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Cedit honos hirco, cedit honorque capro.  
 Falleris ipse Charon ; iterum surrexit Abyron,  
 Et Stygios remos despicit ille tuos.* 20  
*Vivitur ex voto : mentis præcordia tangunt  
 Nulla sepulcra ducum, nec monumenta patrum ;*

<sup>1</sup> *Elegia, &c.*] From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, collated with the piece as given in *Reges, Reginae, Nobiles, et alii in Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri Westmonasterii sepulti, &c.*, 1603, 4to.

<sup>2</sup> *die*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>3</sup> *reportet*] So *Reges, &c.* Marshe's ed. "reportat."

<sup>4</sup> *Ulixis*] *Reges*, "Ulyssis."

<sup>5</sup> *Huic*] Eds. "Hec" and "Hæc."

<sup>6</sup> *Fata*] So *Reges*. Marshe's ed. "Facta."

<sup>7</sup> *hircus*] So *Reges, &c.* Marshe's ed. "hircum."

*Non regum, non ulla hominum labentia fato  
 Tempora, nec totiens<sup>1</sup> mortua turba ruens.  
 Hinc<sup>2</sup> statuo certe perituræ parcere chartæ,  
 Ceu Juvenalis avet<sup>3</sup> eximius satirus.*

*Distichon execrationis in phagolædoros.*

*Qui lacerat, violatve rapit præsens epitoma,  
 Hunc laceretque voret Cerberus absque mora!*

*Calon,<sup>4</sup> agaton, cum areta. Re. in pa.  
 Hanc tecum statuas dominam, precor, O sator orbis,  
 Quo regnas rutilans rex sine fine manens!*

<sup>1</sup> *totiens*] *Reges*, &c. "toties."

<sup>2</sup> *Hinc*] So *Reges*, &c. Marshe's ed. "Hunc."

<sup>3</sup> *avet*] Eds. "ouat."

<sup>4</sup> *Calon*, &c. . . . *pa.*] Placed after the next two lines in *Reges*, &c.

WHY were ye<sup>1</sup> *Calliope* embrawdred with letters of  
golde?

SKELTON LAUREATE, ORATO. REG. MAKETH THIS  
AUNSWERE, &c.

CALLIOPE,  
As ye may se,  
Regent is she  
Of poetes al,  
Whiche gaue to me  
The high degre  
Laureat to be  
Of fame royall;  
Whose name enrolde  
With silke and golde 10  
I dare be bolde  
Thus for to were.  
Of her I holde  
And her housholde;  
Though I waxe olde  
And somdele sere,  
Yet is she fayne,  
Voyde of disdayn,  
Me to retayne  
Her seruiture : 20  
With her certayne  
I wyll remayne,  
As my souerayne  
Moost of pleasure,  
*Maulgre touz malheureux.*

<sup>1</sup> *Why were ye, &c.*] These pieces on Calliope from Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

## LATINUM CARMEN SEQUITUR.

*Cur tibi contexta est aurea Calliope?*

## RESPONSIO EJUSDEM VATIS.

*Candida Calliope, vatum regina, coronans  
Pierios lauro, radiante intexta sub auro!  
Hanc ego Pierius tanto dignabor honore,  
Dum mihi vita manet, dum spiritus hos regit artus :  
Quamquam conficior senio marcescoque sensim,  
Ipse tamen gestare sua hæc pia pignora certo,  
Assensuque suo placidis parebo camenis.  
Inclyta Calliope, et semper mea maxima cura est.*

*Hæc Pierius omni Spartano<sup>1</sup> liberior.*

## CALLIOPE,

*Musarum excellentissima, speciosissima, formosissima,  
heroicis præest versibus.*

<sup>1</sup> *Spartano*] Ed. "Spartane."



THE BOKE OF THREE FOOLLES,<sup>1</sup>

M. SKELTON, POETE LAUREATE, GAUE TO MY LORD  
CARDYNALL.

## THE FYRST FOOLE.

THE man that doth wed a wyfe  
For her goodes and her rychesse,  
And not for lygnage femynatyfe,  
Procureth doloure and dystresse,  
With infynyte payne and heuynesse ;  
For she wyll do hym moche sorowe,  
Bothe at eyn and at morowe.

## THE SECONDE FOOLE.

The dartes ryght cursed of Enuye  
Hath rayned sythe the worlde began,  
Whiche bryngeth man euydently  
Into the bondes of Sathan ;  
Wherfore he is a dyscrete man  
That can eschewe that euyll synne  
Where body and soule is lost in.

## THE THYRD FOOLE.

Dyuers by voluptuousnes  
Of women, the which be present,  
Be brought into full great dystres,  
Forgettyng vertues excellent  
Of God, the whych is permanent,  
And suffreth themselfe to be bounde  
In cordes, as it were a hounde.

<sup>1</sup> *The Boke of Three Fooles, &c.*] From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

Come hyther, and take this boke, and rede therein for your lernyng with clere iyen, and loke in this boke, that sheweth you folysh fooles without wyt or vnderstanding. Pecunious fooles, that bee auaryce, and for to haue good tyme and to lyue meryly, weddeth these olde wyddred women, whych hath sakes full of nobles, claryfye here your syghte, and ye shal know what goodnes commeth therby, and what joye and gladnes. Some there be that habandoneth themselfe for to gather togyther the donge that yssueth oute of theyr asses arse, for to fynde euermore grese: it is grete foly trulye; but yet the yonge man is more folyssher the whiche weddeth an olde wyfe, for to haue her golde and syluer. I say that he is a great foole that taketh anne olde wyfe for her goodes, and is much to blame.

They the whiche do so procureth all trybulations; for with her he shall neither haue ioy, recreacion, nor rest. He noryssheth stryfes and greate debates, thoughte, payne, anguyshe, and melancoly: and yf he wolde accomplysse the workes of maryage, hee may not, for shee is so debylyte, colde, vnpropyce, vnnaturall, and vndyscurrente, for the coldenes that is in her. The husbände of this olde wyfe hath none esperaunce to haue lynnage by her, for he neuer loued her. The man is a verye foole to make his demoraunce vpon such an olde wife. Whan he thinketh somtime vpon such thynges, he leseth his naturall wit, in cursynge hymselfe more then a m. tymes with the golde and the syluer, and the cursed hasarde of Fortune. And when he seeth his poore lyfe in suche dystresse, his hert is all oppressed with melancoly and dolour: but whan the vnhappye man seeth that it is force, and that hee is constraigned<sup>1</sup> to haue pacience, he putteth his cure to draw to hym the money of the olde wyddred woman in makyng to her glade chere. And whan hee hath the money and the bagge with nobles, God knoweth what chere he maketh, wythoute

<sup>1</sup> *constrained*] Ed. "constrayneth."

thynkinge on them that gathered<sup>1</sup> it. And when he hath spent al, he is more vnhappyer then hee was before. Yf that the foole be vnhappye, it is well ryghte, for hee hath wedded auaryce, mother of all euylles: yf hee had taken a wyfe that had ben fayre and yonge, after his complection, he had not fallen into so great an inconuenience. It is wryten in auncient boke, that hee whiche weddeth a wyfe by auaryce, and not for to haue lygnage, hath no cure of the honestie of matrymonye, and thynketh full euyll on his conscience. The vnyon of maryage is<sup>2</sup> decayed; for, vnder the coloure of good and loyall maryage, is wedded auaryce, as we se euery day by experience through the world. And one wil haue a wife, and that hee marke his to be demaunded in maryage, they will enqyre of his ryches and conninge. And on the other syde he wyl demaunde great goodes with her, to norysse her with: for and her father and mother and frendes haue no greate ryches, he wyll not of her; but and she be ryche, hee demaundeth none other thyng. It is written, that one were better haue his house in deserte, whereas no mencion shoulde be of hym, thenne to bide with suche wyues, for they be replete with all cursednes. And the pore foole breketh his hearte; he loseth his soule, and corrompeth his body. He selleth his youth vnto the olde wife that weddeth her for auaryce, and hath but noyse and discention, in vsyng his lyfe thus in synne. Consydre, you fooles, what seruytude ye put your self in, when ye wedde such wyues. I pray you be chast, if that ye wyl lyue without vnhap. My frends, whiche be not in that bande, put you not therin, and yee shalbe well happy. Notwithstanding, I defende you not to mary, but I exhorte you to take a wyfe that ye may haue progeny by, and solace bodely and gostly, and thereby to wyn the ioyes of Paradyse.

<sup>1</sup> gathered] Ed. "gathereth."

<sup>2</sup> is] Ed. "in."

## OF ENUYE, THE SECONDE FOOLE.

Approche, you folyshe enuyous, the which can say no good by them that ye hate, come and se in this booke youre peruerse and euyll condycions. O Enuy, that deuoureth the condycions of men, and dyssypers of honour! Thou makest to haue rauisshynge heartes famyshed; thou brennest the desyres, and sleeth the soule in the ende; thou engendrest the darte enuyronned with mischefe, that whiche traueyleth diuers folkes. Cursed foole, howe haste thou thy heart so replete with cruelte? for, if I haue temporall goodes, thou wylte haue enuye therat; or, if that I can worke well, and that I apply mee vnto dyuers thynges the whiche be honest, or if that I haue castels, landes, and tenementes, or if that I am exalted vnto honoure by my science, or won it by my hardynes truely and iustlye, or if that I am beloued of dyuers persons whiche reclaymeth mee good and vertuous and of a noble courage, thou wylt vilepende me with thy wordes: thou wottest neuer in what maner thou mayst adnyhell mine honour. Thy malicious hert is hurt with a mortall wounde, in such wise that thou haste no ioye nor solace in this world, for the darte of Enuye perceth thy herte lyke a spere. Thou hast wylde lycoure, the whiche maketh all thy stomacke to be on a flambe. There is no medycyne that maye hele thy mortall wounde. I, beyng in a place where as myne honoure was magnyfyed, thoughte for to haue taken alyauce with an odyfferaunt floure, but all sodaynely I was smyten with a darte of Enuye behinde my backe, wherthroughe all tho that were on my partye turned theyr backes vpon me, for to agree to one of Venus dissolate seruauntes, procedynge frome a hearte enuenymed with enuye. Wherefore I shall specyfye vnto you the condycions of the enuyous. Who that holdeth hym of the subgetes of Enuye, she constytueth to deuoure and byte euery bodye; gyynge vnhappes and myseryes vnto her seruauntes. Suche folkes doth the innocente a thousande wronges. They

be replenysshed with so many treasons, that they can not slepe in theyr beddes; they haue no swete cantycles nor songes. They haue theyr tonges honyed with swete words vnder the coloure of loue; they be lene, and infecte of rygoure these enuyous, more bytterer thenne the gall of the fyshe glauca, wyth theyr eyen beholdinge a trauers, of stomackes chaufed syntillously, and without their<sup>1</sup> mouthes, as the vyne that is newe cut, they be enuyroned with rage and greate anguysshe, beholdyng euermore to destroy some body. Conceyue the history of Joseph in your myndes, the which had vii. brethren, that were enuyous against him which was the yongeste, and solde hym vnto the marchantes of Egypte by enuy, and betrayed him; the which were delybered of a longe time to haue destroyed him. These enuious neuer laughe but whan some good man hath damage vpon the see or lande; or at the disfortune of some body, he drynketh his bloud as milke. Notwithstandinge his heart is euer embraced with enuy, and as longe as he lyueth it shall gnawe his hert. Hee resembleth vnto Ethna whiche brenneth alwayes. As of Romulus, and Remus his brother, the whiche Romulus edefyed first Rome, and gaue it to name Rome, after his owne name. Neuertheles they were pastours, for they establyshed lawes in the citie. And Romulus punished euerye body egally. He dyd instytute lymittes or markes aboute the citie, and ordeyned that he that passed the lymyttes shuld be put to death. His brother passed them, wherfore he was put vnto death incontinente in the same place. Wee rede also how Cayme slewe his owne brother by enuye. Haue we not ensample semblablye of Atreus, of whom his brother occupied the parke, howe well that they were in the realme stronge and puyssaunte, for to defende them? It was The-sius<sup>2</sup> that expulsed his brother oute of the realme by enuy, and was called agayne bycause that he had taken the parke,

<sup>1</sup> *their*] Ed. "these."

<sup>2</sup> *The-sius*] See notes.

and fynally was banyshed, and by enuye and vnder the colour of peace he was sent for. And when hee was commen vnto a feast, he made his two children for to be rested, and made them<sup>1</sup> to drynke their bloude. O what horroure was it to see his twoo children dye that were so dyscrete! In lykewise Ethiocles by his brethren receyued great enormyties by that cursed Enuye. O thou prudent man, if thou wilt be discrete, good, and wise, flye from Enuy, and thou shalt finde thy selfe sounde of body and soule!

OF THE VOLUPTUOUSNES CORPORALL, THE THIRD FOOLE.

Ryghte heartely I beseche you, follys she and lecherous people, that it will please you for to come and make a litell collacion in this booke; and if there be any thinge that I can do for you, I am all yours both body and goodes; for truelye I haue an ardaunte desyre to doo you some meditorious<sup>2</sup> dede, bicause that I haue euer frequented your seruyce.

Nowe herken what I haue found you, cautellous women. They that the pappes be sene all naked, their heyre combed and trussed in dyuers places merueylously, be vnreasonable foolés, for they dresse them like voluptuous harlottes, that make their heyre to appere at theyr browes, yalowe as fine golde, made in lytel tresses for to drawe yonge folke to theyr loue. Some, for to haue their goodes, presenteth to them their beddes for to take their carnall desires; and after that they haue taken all their disportes, they pill them as an onion. The other, for to haue their plesures mondayne, cheseth them that she loueth<sup>3</sup> best, and maketh sygnifyaunce to them, sayeng that she is anamoured on them. Thou art a verye idyot so to abandone thy selfe vnto the vyle synne of lecherye, for thou letttest thy selfe be wrapped therein, lyke as a calfe or a shepe is bounde in a corde, in

<sup>1</sup> *them*] See notes.

<sup>2</sup> *meditorious*] Qy. "meritorious?"

<sup>3</sup> *she loueth*] Old copy, "we loue."

suche wise that ye can not vnbynde youre selfe. O foole, haue aspecte vnto that whiche thou commyttest! for thou putttest thy poore soule in great daunger of damnation eternall; thou putttest thy goodes, thyne vnderstandinge, and thy ioy, vnto dolorous perdicion: and for all that yee bee in your wor[l]dly pleasures, yet it is mengled with dystres or with mysery, greate thoughte or melancoly. I requyre thee, leue thy wor[l]dlye pleasures, that endureth no lenger then the grasse of the feelde. Yf you haue ioye one only momente, thou shalt haue twayne of sorow for it. Wee rede of Sardanapalus, that for his lecherye and lybidinosite fell into hell; the whiche put him selfe in the guise of a poore woman: his men, seinge hym so obstinate in that vile sinne, slewe him, and so fynished hee his dayes for folowinge of his pleasaunce mondayne. The soueraigne Creatour was more puyssante thenne this wretched sinner. Let vs not apply our selfe therto, sith that hee punysheth sinners so asprely; but with all our hertes enforce we our selfe for to resist againste that vyle and abhomynable sinne of lechery, the whiche is so full of enfeccion and bytternes, for it distayneth the soule of man. Fle frome the foolisse women, that pylleth the louers vnto the harde bones, and you shall be beloued of God and also of the worlde.

*Honorificatissimo,<sup>1</sup> amplissimo, longeque reverendissimo in Christo patri, ac domino, domino Thomæ, &c. tituli sanctæ Cecilie, sacrosanctæ Romanæ ecclesiæ presbytero, Cardinali meritissimo, et apostolicæ sedis legato, a latereque legato superillustri, &c., Skeltonis laureatus, ora. reg., humillimum dicit obsequium cum omni debita reverentia, tanto tamque magnifico digna principe sacerdotum, totiusque justitiæ æquabilissimo moderatore, necnon præsentis opusculi fautore excellentissimo, &c., ad cujus auspiciatissimam contemplationem, sub memorabili prelo gloriosæ immortalitatis, præsens pagella felicitatur, &c.*

A REPLYCACION AGAYNST CERTAYNE YONG SCOLERS ABIURED OF  
LATE, &c.

*Argumentum.*

*Crassantes nimium, nimium sterilesque labruscas,  
Vinea quas Domini Sabaot non sustinet ultra  
Laxius expandi, nostra est resecare voluntas.*

*Cum privilegio a rege indulto.*

<sup>1</sup> *Honorificatissimo, &c.*] The portion of this piece given on the present page forms the title-page of the original edition by Pynson, n. d.



Protestacion alway canonically prepensed, professed, and with good delyberacion made, that this lytell pamphilet, called the Replicacion of Skelton laureate, ora. reg., remordyng dyuers recrayed and moche vnresonable errours of certayne sophystycate scolers and rechelesse yonge here-tykes lately abiured, &c. shall euermore be, with all obsequious redynesse, humbly submytted vnto the ryght discrete reformacyon of the reuerende prelates and moche noble doctours of our mother holy Church, &c.

*Ad aliam Universitatem Cantabrigensem, &c.*

*Eulogium consolationis.*

*Alma parens O Cantabrigensis,  
Cur lacrymaris? Esto, tui sint  
Degeneres hi filioli, sed  
Non ob inertes, O pia mater,  
Insciolos vel decolor esto.*

Cantabrigia Skeltonidi laureato primam mammam eruditionis pien-tissime propinavit.

*Progenies non nobilis omnis,  
Quam tua forsam mamma fovebat.  
Tu tamen esto Palladis almæ  
Gloria pollens plena Minervæ,  
Dum radiabunt astra polorum:  
Jamque valeto, meque foveto,  
Namque tibi quondam carus alumnus eram.*

Howe yong scolers nowe a dayes enbolned<sup>1</sup> with the flyblowen blast of the moche vayne glorious pipplyng wynde, whan they haue delectably lycked a lytell of the lycorous electuary of lusty lernyng, in the moche studious scolehous of scrupulous Philology, countyng them selfe clerkes excellently en-

Zebub musca inflativa sibilans ab austro, quæ intumescere facit hæresis-archas contra fidem orthodoxam, &c. h. il. Eruditionis exordium in tenera audacique juvena temperatæ moderationis frenum postulat. Alioquin scientia effrenata inflataque spuma elationis, quod dulce venenum est, subtiliter intoxicat

<sup>1</sup> enbolned] Ed. "enbolmed."

interimitque incautum  
 possessorem suum, &c.  
 h. il. Non sit igitur tibi,  
 Philologia, ratione in-  
 temperatæ loquacitatis  
 suæ,<sup>1</sup> inordinatæ dicaci-  
 tatis, incogitatæ procaci-  
 tatis, in singultum et  
 scrupulum cordis tui, &c.  
 h. il. Eloquentiam sine  
 sapientia prodesse nun-  
 quam, obesse plerumque,  
 satis constat evidenter i.  
 veterum rhetoris.

Rhetoricari incompo-  
 site, logicari meticulose,  
 philosophari perfunctore,  
 theologisari phre-  
 netice, arguit in conciona-  
 tore, nedum lucidum in-  
 intervallum, sed continuam  
 pertinacemque mentis  
 alienationem, fæculen-  
 tam, amurcatam, temu-  
 lentam, &c. hæc il. Vos  
 ergo elephantice evange-  
 lizantes, tanquam anse-  
 res strepentes inter cano-  
 ros olores, relegamus ad  
 tres grues bacchato Bromio  
 initiatos, pro foribus  
 Vinitoris, propter fluentia  
 Thamisiæ. Ubi poti poti  
 tati cum fasciculo inam-  
 busto ambustum futu-  
 rum fasciculum pensi-  
 tate, &c hæc il.

formed and transcendingly sped in  
 moche high connyng, and whan they  
 haue ones superciliously caught

A lytell ragge of rethorike,  
 A lesse lumpe of logyke,  
 A pece or a patche of philosophy,  
 Than forthwith by and by  
 They tumble so in theology,  
 Drowned in dregges of diuinite,  
 That they iuge them selfe able to be  
 Doctours of the chayre in the Uyntre  
 At the Thre Cranes,  
 To magnifye their names: 10  
 But madly it frames,  
 For all that they preche and teche  
 Is farther than their wytte wyll reche.  
 Thus by demeryttes of their abusyon,  
 Finally they fall to carefull confusyon,  
 To beare a fagot, or to be enflamed:  
 Thus are they vndone and vtterly shamed.

*Ergo*

*Licet non enclitice,  
 Tamen enthymematice,  
 Notandum imprimis,  
 Ut ne quid nimis.  
 Tantum pro primo.*

Ouer this, for a more ample pro-

<sup>1</sup> *suæ*] Ed. "tuæ." (Compare p. 179, l. 1., where Skelton uses "*sua*" for "*ejus*.")

cesse to be farther delated and contynued, and of euery true christenman laudably to be employed, iustified, and constantly mainteyned; as touchyng the tetrycall theologisacion of these demy diuines, and Stoicall studiantes, and friscaioy yonkerkyns, moche better bayned than brayned, basked and baththed in their wylde burblyng and boyling blode, feruently reboyled with the infatuate flames of their rechelesse youthe and wytlesse wontonnesse, enbrased and entelased with a moche fantasticall frenesy of their insensate sensualyte, surmysed vnsurely in their perihermeniall principles, to prate and to preche proudly and leudly, and loudly to lye; and yet they were but febly enformed in maister Porphiris problemes, and haue waded but weakly in his thre maner of clerkly workes, analeticall, topicall, and logycall: howbeit they were puffed so full of vaynglorious pompe and surcudant elacyon, that popholy and peuysshe presumption prouoked them to publysshe and to preche to people imprudent perilously, howe it was idolatry to offre to ymages of our blessed lady, or to pray and go on pylgrimages, or to make oblacions to any ymages of sayntes in churches or els where.

Agaynst whiche erronyous errors, odyous, orgulyous, and flyblowen opynions, &c.,

<sup>1</sup> *idolatria*] For "idololatria:" see Du Cange in v.

Stoicam sectam Zenon primus instituit.

Juvenessanguinolenti, propter libidinem dominandi et gloriam famæ, frequenter fieri solent seditiosi. hæc Dias.

Perihermenias, Latine interpretatio, &c.

Porphyrius floruit Athenis tempore Gordiani imperatoris cc.xlix. &c.

Analytica, libri priorum et posteriorum Aris.

Topica, i. liber totalis de totalibus locis, &c.

Presumere, est non audenda facere, &c.

De idolatria<sup>1</sup> lege Hieronymum ad Jovenianum, &c.

Idolatria dictio composita ex idolo (quod est simulacrum) et latria (quod est cultura) apud nos, &c.

De latria, hyperdulia, dulia, quid sanctitas apostolica cum Constantino magno Constantinopoli ordinavit in concilio Latrensi, manifeste reperies et infra.

To the honour of our blessed lady,  
 And her most blessed baby,  
 I purpose for to reply 20  
 Agaynst this horryble heresy  
 Of these yong heretikes, that stynke vn-  
 brent,

Conuenio vos, O publi-  
 cini injuriatores sanctæ  
 et apostolicæ ecclesiæ,  
 &c.

O prodigiosa proge-  
 nies, qualem de filio  
 quæritis habere miseri-  
 cordiam, cujus matrem  
 inficiamini esse matrem  
 misericordiæ? Canit tam-  
 en universalis ecclesia,  
 Salve, regina, mater mi-  
 sericordiæ, &c.

Whom I nowe sommon and content,  
 That leudly haue their tyme spent,  
 In their study abhomynable,  
 Our glorious lady to disable,  
 And heynously on her to bable  
 With langage detestable ;  
 With your lypes polluted  
 Agaynst her grace disputed, 30  
 Whiche is the most clere christall  
 Of all pure clenness virgynall,  
 That our Sauyour bare,  
 Whiche vs redemed from care.

Conuenio vos, O Ari-  
 ani, Juliano apostata ex-  
 ecrabiliores, &c.

I saye, thou madde Marche hare,  
 I wondre howe ye dare  
 Open your ianglyng iawes,  
 To preche in any clawes,  
 Lyke pratynge poppyng dawes,  
 Agaynst her excellence, 40  
 Agaynst her reuerence,  
 Agaynst her preemynence,  
 Agaynst her magnifycence,  
 That neuer dyde offence.

Conuenio vos, O spur-  
 cissimi, O vilissimi, O  
 nequissimi obtrectatores  
 matris Christi, &c.

Ye heretykes recrayed,  
 Wotte ye what ye sayed  
 Of Mary, mother and mayed?  
 With baudrie at her ye brayed ;  
 With baudy wordes vnmete  
 Your tonges were to flete ; 50  
 Your sermon was nat swete ;

Ye were nothyng discrete ;  
 Ye were in a dronken hete.  
 Lyke heretykes confettred,  
 Ye count your selfe wele lettred :  
 Your lernyng is starke nought,  
 For shamefully ye haue wrought,  
 And to shame your selfe haue brought.

Bycause ye her mysnamed,  
 And wolde haue her defamed,  
 Your madnesse she attamed ;  
 For ye were worldly shamed,  
 At Poules crosse openly,  
 All men can testifye ;  
 There, lyke a sorte of sottes,  
 Ye were fayne to beare fagottes ;  
 At the feest of her concepcion  
 Ye suffred suche correction.

*Sive per æquivocum,*

*Sive per univocum,*

*Sive sic, sive* nat so,

Ye are brought to, Lo, lo, lo !

Se where the heretykes go,

Wytlesse wandring to and fro !

With, Te he, ta ha, bo ho, bo ho !

And suche wondringes many mo.

Helas, ye wreches, ye may be wo !

Ye may syng wele away,

And curse bothe nyght and day,

Whan ye were bredde and borne,

And whan ye were preestes shorne,

Thus to be laughed to skorne,

Thus tattred and thus torne,

Thorowe your owne foly,

To be blowen with the flye

Convenio vos, O insensati literarum professores, &c.

60 Convenio vos, O Jebusæi, O Judæi, O Cananæi, O Pharisei, &c.

Non vacat, O contemptores Mariani, non vacat, inquam, quod digna factis recepistis in deiparæ virginis conceptione, &c. hæc il.

70

Convenio vos, O malesani, vani, profani Christiani.

80

Convenio vos, O Husiani, &c.

Of horryble heresy.  
 Fayne ye were to reny,  
 And mercy for to crye,  
 Or be brende by and by,  
 Confessyng howe ye dyde lye 90  
 In prechyng shamefully.

Your selfe thus ye discured  
 As clerkes vnassured,  
 With ignorance obscured:  
 Ye are vnhappely vred.<sup>1</sup>

Conuenio vos, O Lutheriani.

In your dialecticall  
 And principles silogisticall,  
 If ye to remembrance call  
 Howe *sylogisari*  
*Non est ex particulari,* 100

Neque non, neque legas.

*Neque negativis,*  
*Recte concludere si vis,*  
*Et cætera id genus,*  
 Ye coude nat *corde tenus*,  
 Nor answer *verbo tenus*,  
 Whan prelacy you opposed;  
 Your hertes than were hosed,

Quoniam ignorantibus suppositiones veritatis propositionum non relucet, &c.

Your relations reposed;  
 And yet ye supposed  
*Respondere ad quantum,* 110  
 But ye were *confuse tantum*,  
 Surrendring your supposycions,  
 For there ye myst you[r] quosshons.

Harpocrates digito labiis impresso admonuit silentium fieri in Isidis templo, &c.

Conuenio vos, O coaxantes ranæ, &c.

Wolde God, for your owne ease,  
 That wyse Harpocrates  
 Had your mouthes stopped,  
 And your tonges cropped,  
 Whan ye logyke chopped,  
 And in the pulpete hopped,

<sup>1</sup> *Ye are vnhappely vred*] On the punctuation of this passage, see notes.

And folysshly there fopped,                   120  
 And porisshly forthe popped  
 Your sysmaticate sawes  
 Agaynst Goddes lawes,  
 And shewed your selfe dawes !

Ye argued argumentes,  
 As it were vpon the elenkes,

*De rebus apparentibus*

*Et non existentibus ;*

And ye wolde appere wyse,  
 But ye were folysshe nyse :                   130

Yet be meanes of that vyse

Ye dyde prouoke and tyse,

Oftnar than ones or twyse,

Many a good man

And many a good woman,

By way of their deuocion

To helpe you to promocion,

Whose charite wele regarded

Can nat be vnrewarded.

I saye it for no sedicion,                   140

But vnder pacient tuicyon,

It is halfe a supersticyon

To gyue you exhibycion

To mainteyne with your skoles,

And to proue your selfe suche foles.

Some of you had ten pounce,

Therwith for to be founde

At the vnyuersyte,

Employed whiche myght haue be

Moche better other wayes.                   150

But, as the man sayes,

The blynde eteth many a flye :

What may be ment hereby,

Sunt præterea non-  
 nulli hujus farinae, de  
 quibus hic non est nar-  
 randi locus.

Conuenio vos, O He-  
 rodiani.

Obscurus sarcasmos.

Ex fructibus eorum  
cognoscetis eos, &c.

Ye may soone make construction  
With right lytell instruction ;  
For it is an auneynt brute,  
Suche apple tre, suche frute.  
What shulde I prosecute,  
Or more of this to clatter ?  
Retourne we to our matter.

160

Sublimius æquo aucu-  
pium agunt, &c.

Ye soored ouer hye  
In the ierarchy  
Of Iouenyans heresy,  
Your names to magnifye,  
Among the scabbed skyes  
Of Wycliffes flesshe flyes ;  
Ye strynged so Luthers lute,  
That ye dawns all in a sute  
The heritykes ragged ray,  
That bringes you out of the way  
Of holy churches lay ;  
Ye shayle *inter enigmata*  
And *inter paradigmata*,  
Marked in your cradels  
To beare fagottes for babyls.

170

Conuenio vos, O Wich-  
liffistæ.

And yet some men say,  
Howe ye are this day,  
And be nowe as yll,  
And so ye wyll be styll,  
As ye were before.

180

Conuenio vos, O ver-  
bosi sophistæ, &c.

What shulde I reckon more ?  
Men haue you in suspicion  
Howe ye haue small contrycion  
Of that ye haue mys wrought :  
For, if it were well sought,  
One of you there was  
That laughed whan he dyd pas



With his fagot in processyon ;  
 He counted it for no correction,  
 But with scornefull affection 190  
 Toke it for a sporte,  
 His heresy to supporte ;  
 Whereat a thousande gased,  
 As people halfe amased,  
 And thought in hym smale grace  
 His foly so to face.

Some iuged in this case  
 Your penaunce toke no place,  
 Your penaunce was to lyght ;  
 And thought, if ye had right, 200  
 Ye shulde take further payne  
 To resorte agayne  
 To places where ye haue preched,  
 And your lollardy lernyng teched,  
 And there to make relacion  
 In open predycacion,  
 And knowlege your offence  
 Before open audyence,  
 Howe falsely ye had surmysed,  
 And deuylysshely deuysed 210  
 The<sup>1</sup> people to seduce,  
 And chase them thorowe the muse  
 Of your noughty counsell,  
 To hunt them into hell,  
 With blowyng out your hornes,  
 Full of mockysshe scornes,  
 With chatyng and rechatyng,  
 And your busy pratyng :  
 Of the gspell and the pystels

Conuenio vos, O diaboli-  
 bolici dogmatistæ, &c.

<sup>1</sup> *The*] Ed. "To."

Sunt plerique alii, sed  
non alieni, qui tantun-  
dem pæne enuntiant,  
&c.

Ye pyke out many thystels, 220  
And bremely with your bristels  
Ye cobble and ye clout  
Holy Scripture so about,  
That people are in great dout  
And feare leest they be out  
Of all good Christen order.  
Thus all thyng ye disorder  
Thorowe out euery bord[e]r.

Conuenio vos, male  
docti legistæ, &c.

It had ben moche better  
Ye had neuer lerned letter, 230  
For your ignorance is gretter,  
I make you fast and sure,  
Than all your lytterature.  
Ye are but lydder *logici*,  
But moche worse *isagogici*,  
For ye haue enduced a secte  
With heresy all infecte ;  
Wherfore ye are well checte,  
And by holy churche correcte,  
And in maner as abiecte, 240  
For euermore suspecte,  
And banysshed in effect  
From all honest company,  
Bycause ye haue eaten a flye,  
To your great vyllony,  
That neuer more may dye.

Conuenio vos, O hy-  
pocritæ, &c.

Come forthe, ye popeholy,  
Full of melancoly ;  
Your madde ipocrisy,  
And your idiosy, 250  
And your vayne glorie,  
Haue made you eate the flye,

Pufte full of heresy,  
 To preche it idolatry,  
 Who so dothe magnifye  
 That glorious mayde Mary;  
 That glorious mayde and mother,  
 So was there neuer another  
 But that princesse alone,  
 To whom we are bounde echone 260  
 The ymage of her grace  
 To reuerence in euery place.

Maledictio Mariana  
 descendat super capita  
 vestra, O hæretici, cre-  
 tici, phrenetici, &c.

I saye, ye braynlesse beestes,  
 Why iangle you suche iestes,  
 In your diuynite  
 Of Luthers affynite,  
 To the people of lay fee,  
 Raylyng in your rages  
 To worshyppe none ymages,  
 Nor do pylgrymages? 270

Conuenio vos, O Ma-  
 chomitani, &c.

I saye, ye deuylysshe pages,  
 Full of suche dottages,  
 Count ye your selfe good clerkes,  
 And snapper in suche werkes?

Conuenio vos, O dæ-  
 moniaci meridiani, &c.

Saynt Gregorie and saynt Ambrose,  
 Ye haue reed them, I suppose,  
 Saynt Jerome and saynt Austen,  
 With other many holy men,  
 Saynt Thomas de Aquyno,  
 With other doctours many mo, 280  
 Whiche *de latria* do trete;  
 They saye howe *latria* is an honour grete,  
 Belongyng to the Deite:  
 To this ye nedes must agre.

But, I trowe, your selfe ye ouerse  
 What longeth to Christes humanyte.

Nota de latria, hyperdulia, dulia, quid pro sancto sanxitum est Constantinopoli ab ecclesia catholica et apostolica iterum infringere; quid hoc sibi vult, fasciculum consulite inflammatum, &c.

If ye haue reed *de hyperdulia*,  
 Than ye knowe what betokeneth *dulia* :  
 Than shall ye fynde it fyrme and stable,  
 And to our faithe moche agreable, 290  
 To worshyppe ymages of sayntes.  
 Wherefore make ye no mo restrayntes,  
 But mende your myndes that are  
 mased ;  
 Or els doutlesse ye shalbe blased,  
 And be brent at a stake,  
 If further busynesse that ye make.  
 Therefore I vyse you to forsake  
 Of heresy the deuylysshe scoles,  
 And crye Godmercy, lyke frantyeke foles.

O medici, mediam per-  
 tundite venam.

*Tantum pro secundo.*

*Peroratio ad nuper abjuratos quosdam  
 hypotheticos hæreticos, &c.*

*Audite, viri Ismaelitæ, non dico Is-  
 raelitæ ;*

*Audite, inquam, viri Madianitæ, As-  
 calonitæ ;*

*Ammonitæ, Gabaonitæ, audite verba  
 quæ loquar.*

*Opus evangelii est cibus perfectorum ;  
 Sed quia non estis de genere bonorum,  
 Qui caterisatis<sup>1</sup> categorias cacodæmo-  
 niorum,*

<sup>1</sup> caterisatis] Qy. "catarrhizatis?"

*Ergo*

*Et reliqua vestra problemata, schemata,  
Dilemmata, sinto anathemata !  
Ineluctabile argumentum est.*

A confutation responsyue, or an in-  
euytably prepensed answer to all way-  
warde or frowarde altercacyons that can  
or may be made or obiected agaynst  
Skelton laureate, deuyser of this Reply-  
cacyon, &c.

Why fall ye at debate 300  
With Skelton laureate,  
Reputyng hym vnable  
To gainsay replycable  
Opinyons detestable  
Of heresy execrable ?

Ye saye that poetry  
Maye nat flye so hye  
In theology,  
Nor analogy,  
Nor philology, 310  
Nor philosophy,  
To answer or reply  
Agaynst suche heresy.

Tota erras via, si doc-  
tos poetas (illis autem  
non desunt charismata)  
arguis de inscitia. h. il.

Wherfore by and by  
Nowe consequently  
I call to this rekenyng  
Dauyd, that royall kyng,  
Whom Hieronymus,  
That doctour glorious,  
Dothe bothe write and call 320  
Poete of poetes all,  
And prophete princypall.

David rex et propheta  
per diuum Hieronymum  
matriculatur in nobili  
catalogo poetarum lyri-  
corum, ut patet infra, &c.  
hæc il.

Vos igitur omnes  
irrisores contemptores-  
que poetarum erubes-  
cite cum ignominiosa  
verecundia, exitiosaque  
confusio operiat facies  
vestras. hæc il.

This<sup>1</sup> may nat be remorded,  
For it is wele recorded  
In his pystell *ad Paulinum*,  
*Presbyterum divinum*,  
Where worde for worde ye may  
Rede what Jerome there dothe say.

*David, inquit, Simonides<sup>2</sup> noster, Pin-  
darus, et Alcæus, Flaccus quoque, Ca-  
tullus, atque Serenus, Christum lyra  
personat, et in decachordo psalterio ab  
inferis excitat resurgentem. Hæc Hier.*

*The Englysshe.*

Kyng Daud the prophete, of prophetes  
principall,  
Of poetes chefe poete, saint Jerome  
dothe wright, 330  
Resembled to Symonides,<sup>3</sup> that poete  
lyricall  
Among the Grekes most relucet of  
lyght,  
In that faculte whiche shyned as Phe-  
bus bright;  
Lyke to Pyndarus in glorious poetry,  
Lyke vnto Alcheus, he dothe hym mag-  
nify.

Flaccus nor Catullus with hym may nat  
compare,  
Nor solempne Serenus, for all his ar-  
mony

<sup>1</sup> *This*] Ed. "Thus."

<sup>2</sup> *Simonides*] Ed. "Siphonides."

<sup>3</sup> *Symonides*] Ed. "Symphonides."

In metricall muses, his harpyng we may  
 spare;  
 For Daudid, our poete, harped so me-  
 loudlyously  
 Of our Sauyour Christ in his deca-  
 corde psautry, 340  
 That at his resurrection he harped out  
 of hell  
 Olde patriarkes and prophetes in heuen  
 with him to dwell.

Returne we to our former processe.

Than, if this noble kyng  
 Thus can harpe and syng  
 With his harpe of prophecy  
 And spyrituall poetry,  
 As saynt Jerome saythe,  
 To whom we must gyue faythe,  
 Warblyng with his strynges  
 Of suche theologicall thynges, 350  
 Why haue ye than disdayne  
 At poetes, and complayne  
 Howe poetes do but fayne?

*Fama matriculata, i.  
 scripta in quadam char-  
 tula immortalitatis et  
 schedula gratiæ inmar-  
 cescibilis, &c. h. il.*

Ye do moche great outrage,  
 For to disparage  
 And to discourage  
 The fame matryculate  
 Of poetes laureate.

For if ye sadly loke,  
 And wesely rede the Boke 360  
 Of Good Aduertysement,  
 With me ye must consent  
 And infallibly agre  
 Of necessitye,

*Energia Græce, Latine efficax operatio, internoque quodam spiritus impulsu inopinabiliter originata, &c.*

*Est deus in nobis; agitante calescimus illo. Sedibus ætheriis spiritus iste venit. h. Ovi.*

*Dona Dei, carmen nitidum, facundia præstans,*

*Mittitur ex astris, a superisque datur. hæc Bapt. Man.*

*Tarda nescit molimina Spiritus Sancti gratia. hæc Hierony.*

*Lingua mea calamus scribæ velociter scribentis. h. psal.*

Howe there is a spyrituall,  
And a mysteriall,

And a mysticall

Effecte energiall,

As Grekes do it call,

Of suche an industry,

And suche a pregnancy,

Of heuenly inspyracion

In laureate creacyon,

Of poetes commendacion,

That of diuynе myseracion

God maketh his habytacion

In poetes whiche excelles,

And soiourns with them and dwelles.

By whose inflammacion

Of spyrituall instygacion

And diuynе inspyracion,

We are kyndled in suche facyon

With hete of the Holy Gost,

Which is God of myghtes most,

That he our penne dothe lede,

And maketh in vs suche spede,

That forthwith we must nede

With penne and ynke procede,

Somtyme for affection,

Somtyme for sadde dyrection,

Somtyme for correction,

Somtyme vnder protection

Of pacient sufferance,

With sobre cyrcumstance,

Our myndes to auauance

To no mannes anoyance;

Therefore no greuance,

370

380

390



I pray you, for to take,  
 In this that I do make  
 Agaynst these frenetykes,                    400  
 Agaynst these lunatykes,  
 Agaynst these sysmatykes,  
 Agaynst these heretykes,  
 Nowe of late abiured,  
 Most vnhappely vred:  
 For be ye wele assured,  
 That frensy nor ielousy  
 Nor heresy wyll neuer dye.

*Dixi*

*iniquis, Nolite inique agere; et delin-*                    Hæc psalmista.  
*quentibus, Nolite exaltare cornu.*

*Tantum pro tertio.*

*De raritate poetarum, deque gymnoso-*  
*phistarum, philosophorum, theologo-*  
*rum, cæterorumque eruditorum infi-*  
*nita numerositate, Skel. L. epitoma.*

*Sunt infiniti, sunt innumerique sophistæ,*                    Quæ fiunt inter soci-  
*Sunt infiniti, sunt innumerique logistæ,*                    abus<sup>1</sup> sicut Achates. h.  
*Innumeri sunt philosophi, sunt theolo-*                    Gag. &c.

*gique,*  
*Sunt infiniti doctores, suntque magistri*  
*Innumeri; sed sunt pauci rarique poetæ.*  
*Hinc omne est rarum carum: reor ergo*  
*poetas*  
*Ante alios omnes divino flamine flatos.*  
*Sic Plato divinat, divinat sicque So-*  
*crates;*

<sup>1</sup> sociabus] Qy. "sociatos?"

Lege Valerium Maxi-  
mum de insigni venera-  
tione poetarum.

*Sic magnus Macedo, sic Cæsar, maxi-  
mus heros*

*Romanus, celebres semper coluere poe-  
ta[s].*

Thus endeth the Replicacyon of  
Skel. L. &c.

# MAGNYFYCENCE,

A GOODLY INTERLUDE AND A MERY,

DEUYSED AND MADE BY

MAYSTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE.<sup>1</sup>

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*These be the Names of the Players :*

FELYCYTE.

LYBERTE.

MEASURE.

MAGNYFYCENCE.

FANSY.

COUNTERFET COUNT[E] [NAUNCE].

CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE.

CLOKYD COLUSYON.

COURTLY ABUSYON.

FOLY.

ADUERSYTE.

POUERTE.

DYSPARE.

MYSCHEFE.

GOODHOPE.

REDRESSE.

[SAD] CYRCUMSPECYON.

PERSEUERAUNCE.

<sup>1</sup> *Magnifycence, &c.*] From the ed. printed by Rastell, n. d.;—in which the above list of characters is placed at the end of the drama.

## MAGNYFYCENCE.

*Felicite.* AL thyngys contryuyd by mannys reason,  
The world enuyronnyd of hygh and low estate,  
Be it erly or late, welth hath a season,  
Welth is of wysdome the very trewe probate;

✓ A fole is he with welth that fallyth at debate:  
But men nowe a dayes so vnhappely be vryd,  
That nothyng than welth may worse be enduryd.  
To tell you the cause me semeth it no nede,  
The amense therof is far to call agayne;

— For when men by welth, they haue lytyll drede 10  
Of that may come after; experyence trewe and playne,  
Howe after a drought there fallyth a showre of rayne,  
And after a hete oft cometh a stormy colde.

A man may haue welth, but not, as he wolde,  
Ay to contynewe and styll to endure;

✓ But yf prudence be proued with sad cyrcumspeccyon,  
Welthe myght be wonne and made to the lure,

If noblenesse were aquayntyd with sober dyreccyon;

But wyll hath reason so vnder subieccyon,

And so dysordereth this worlde ouer all, 20

That welthe and felicite is passynge small.

But where wonnys Welthe, and a man wolde wyt?

For welthfull Felicite truly is my name.

*Lyberte.*<sup>1</sup> Mary, Welthe and I was apoynted to mete,  
And eyther I am dysseyued, or ye be the same.

*Fel.* Syr, as ye say, I haue harde of your fame;  
Your name is Lyberte, as I vnderstande.

*Lyb.* Trewe you say, syr; gyue me your hande.

<sup>1</sup> *Lyberte*] Enters, probably, towards the end of the preceding speech.

*Fel.* And from whens come ye, and it myght be askyd?

*Lyb.* To tell you, syr, I dare not, leest I sholde be  
maskyd 30

In a payre of fetters or a payre of stockys.

*Fel.* Here you not howe this gentyلمان mockys?

*Lyb.* Ye, to knackyngge ernyst what and it preue?

*Fel.* Why, to say what he wyll, Lyberte hath leue.

*Lyb.* Yet Lyberte hath ben lockyd vp and kept in the  
mew.

*Fel.* In dede, syr, that lyberte was not worthe a cue:

Howe be it lyberte may somtyme be to large,  
But yf reason be regent and ruler of your barge.

*Lyb.* To that ye say I can well condyssende:

Shewe forth, I pray you, here in what you intende. 40

*Fel.* Of that I intende to make demonstracyon,

It askyth lesure with good aduertysment.

Fyrst, I say, we owght to haue in consyderacyon, *control*

That lyberte be lynkyd with the chayne of countenance,

Lyberte to let from all maner offence;

For lyberte at large is lothe to be stoppyd,

But with countenance your corage must be croppyd.

*Lyb.* Then thus to you—

*Fel.* Nay, suffer me yet ferther to say,

And peraduenture I shall content your mynde. 50

Lyberte, I wote well, forbere no man there may,

It is so swete in all maner of kynde;

Howe be it lyberte makyth many a man blynde;

By lyberte is done many a great excesse;

Lyberte at large wyll oft wax reklesse:

Perceyue ye this parcell?

*Lyb.* Ye, syr, passyng well:

But, and you wolde me permyt

To shewe parte of my wyt,

Somwhat I coulde enferre, 60

Your consayte to debarre,

Vnder supportacyon  
Of pacyent tolleracyon.

*Fel.* God forbyd ye sholde be let  
Your reasons forth to fet;<sup>hed</sup>  
Wherfore at lyberte  
Say what ye wyll to me.

*Lyb.* Brefly to touche of my purpose the effecte;  
Lyberte is laudable and pryuylegyd from lawe,  
Judycyall rygoure shall not me correcte— 70

*Fel.* Softe, my frende; herein your reason is but rawe.

*Lyb.* Yet suffer me to say the surpluse of my sawe;  
What wote ye where vpon I wyll conclude?  
I say, there is no welthe where as lyberte is subdude;  
I trowe ye can not say nay moche to this;  
To lyue vnder lawe, it is captyuyte;  
Where drede ledyth the daunce, there is no ioy nor  
blysse;  
Or howe can you proue that there is felycyte,  
And you haue not your owne fre lyberte  
To sporte at your pleasure, to ryn and to ryde? 80  
Where lyberte is absent, set welthe asyde.

*Hic intrat* MEASURE.

*Meas.* Cryst you assyste in your altrycacyon!

*Fel.* Why, haue you harde of our dysputacyon?

*Meas.* I parceyue well howe eche of you doth reason.

*Lyb.* Mayster Measure, you be come in good season.

*Meas.* And it is wonder that your wylde insolence  
Can be content with Measure presence.

*Fel.* Wolde it please you then—

*Lyb.* Vs to informe and ken—

*Meas.* A, ye be wonders men! 90  
Your langage is lyke the penne  
Of hym that wryteth to fast.

*Fel.* Syr, yf any worde haue past

Me other fyrst or last,  
To you I arecte it, and cast  
Therof the reformacyon.

*Lyb.* And I of the same facyon ;  
Howe be it, by protestacyon,  
Dyspleasure that you none take,  
Some reason we must make. 100

*Meas.* That wyll not I forsake,  
So it in measure be:  
Come of, therefore, let se ;  
Shall I begynne or ye ?

*Fel.* Nay, ye shall begynne, by my wyll.

*Lyb.* It is reason and skyll,  
We your pleasure fulfyll.

*Meas.* Then ye must bothe consent  
You to holde content  
With myne argument ; 110  
And I muste you requyre  
Me pacyently to here.

*Fel.* Yes, syr, with ryght good chere.

*Lyb.* With all my herte intere.

*Meas.* Oracius to recorde, in his volumys olde,  
With euery condycyon measure must be sought :  
Welthe without measure wolde bere hymselfe to bolde,  
Lyberte without measure proue a thyng of nought ;  
I ponder by nomber, by measure all thyng is wrought,  
As at the fyrst orygynall by godly opynyon, 120  
Whych prouyth well that measure shold haue domynyon :  
Where measure is mayster, plenty dothe none offence ;  
Where measure lackyth, all thyng disorderyd is ;  
Where measure is absent, ryot kepeth resydence ;  
Where measure is ruler, there is nothyng amyse ;  
Measure is treasure : howe say ye, is it not this ?

*Fel.* Yes, questyonlesse, in myne opynyon,  
Measure is worthy to haue domynyon.

*Lyb.* Vnto that same I am ryght well agrede,  
So that lyberte be not lefte behynde. 130

*Meas.* Ye, lyberte with measure nede neuer drede.

*Lyb.* What, lyberte to measure then wolde ye bynde?

*Meas.* What ellys? for otherwyse it were agaynst kynde:  
If lyberte sholde lepe and renne where he lyst,  
It were no vertue, it were a thyng vnblyst;  
It were a myschefe, yf lyberte lacked a reyne,  
Where with to rule hym with the wrythyng of a rest:  
All trebyllys and tenours be rulyd by a meyne;  
Lyberte without measure is acountyd for a beste;  
There is no surfet where measure rulyth the feste; 140  
There is no excesse where measure hath his helthe;  
+ Measure contynwyth prosperyte and welthe.

*Fel.* Vnto your rule I wyll annex my mynde.

*Lyb.* So wolde I, but I wolde be lothe,  
That wonte was to be formyst, now to come behynde:  
It were a shame, to God I make an othe,  
Without I myght cut it out of the brode clothe,  
As I was wonte euer at my fre wyll.

*Meas.* But haue ye not herde say, that wyll is no skyl?  
Take sad dyreceyon, and leue this wantonnesse. 150

*Lyb.* It is<sup>1</sup> no maystery.

*Fel.* Tushe, let Measure procede,  
And after his mynde herdely your selfe adresse;  
For, without measure, pouerte and nede  
Wyll crepe vpon vs, and vs to myschefe lede;  
For myschefe wyll mayster vs, yf measure vs forsake.

*Lyb.* Well, I am content your wayes to take.

*Meas.* Surely, I am ioyous that ye be myndyd thus.  
Magnyfycence to mayntayne, your promosyon shalbe.

*Fel.* So in his harte he may be glad of vs. 160

*Lyb.* There is no prynce but he hath nede of vs thre,  
Welthe, with Measure and plesaunt Lyberte.

<sup>1</sup> is] Ed. "it."



*Meas.* Nowe pleasyth you a lytell whyle to stande ;  
Me semeth Magnyfyence is comynge here at hande.

*Hic intrat MAGNYFYCENCE.*

*Magn.* To assure you of my noble porte and fame,  
Who lyst to knowe, Magnyfyence I hyght.  
But, Measure my frende, what hyght this manns name ?

*Meas.* Syr, though ye be a noble prynce of myght,  
Yet in this man you must set your delyght ;  
And, syr, this other manns name is Lyberte. 170

*Magn.* Welcome, frendys, ye are bothe vnto me :  
But nowe let me knowe of your conuersacyon.

*Fel.* Pleasyth your grace, Felycyte they me call.

*Lyb.* And I am Lyberte, made of in euery nacyon.

*Magn.* Conuenyent persons for any prynce ryall.  
Welthe with Lyberte, with me bothe dwell ye shall,  
To the gydyng of my Measure you bothe commyttynge :  
That Measure be mayster, vs semeth it is syttyng.

*Meas.* Where as ye haue, syr, to me them assygned,  
Suche order, I trust, with them for to take, 180  
So that welthe with measure shalbe conbyned,  
And lyberte his large with measure shall make.

*Fel.* Your ordenaunce, syr, I wyll not forsake.

*Lyb.* And I my selfe hooly to you wyll inclyne.

*Magn.* Then may I say that ye be seruauentys myne,  
For by measure, I warne you, we thynke to be gydyd ;  
Wherin it is necessary my pleasure you knowe,  
Measure and I wyll neuer be deuydyd  
For no dyscorde that any man can sawe ;  
For measure is a meane, nother to hy nor to lawe, 190  
In whose attemperaunce I haue suche delyght,  
That measure shall neuer departe from my syght.

*Fel.* Laudable your consayte is to be acountyd ;  
For welthe without measure sodenly wyll slyde.

*Lyb.* As your grace full nobly hath recountyd,  
Measure with noblenesse sholde be alyde.

*Magn.* Then, Lyberte, se that Measure be your gyde,  
For I wyll vse you by his aduertysment.

*Fel.* Then shall you haue with you prosperyte resydent.

*Meas.* I trowe, good fortune hath annexyd vs toge-  
ther, 200

To se howe greable we are of one mynde ;

There is no flaterer, nor losyll so lyther, ill

→ This lynkyd chayne of loue that can vnbynde.

Nowe that ye haue me chefe ruler assyngned,

I wyll endeuour me to order euery thyng

Your noblenesse and honour consernyng.

*Lyb.* In ioy and myrthe your mynde shalbe inlargyd,

And not embracyd with pusyllanymyte ; *fourth centid rars*

But plenary all thought from you must be dyschargyd,

If ye lyst to lyue after your fre lyberte :

210

All delectacyons aquayntyd is with me,

By me all persons worke what they lyste.

*Meas.* Hem, syr, yet beware of Had I wyste !

Lyberte in some cause becomyth a gentyll mynde,

Bycause course of measure, yf I be in the way :

Who countyth<sup>1</sup> without me, is caste to fer behynde

Of his rekenyng, as euydently we may

Se<sup>2</sup> at our eye the worlde day by day ;

For defaute of measure all thyng dothe excede.

*Fel.* All that ye say is as trewe as the Crede ;

220

For howe be it lyberte to welthe is conuenient,

And from felycyte may not be forborne,

Yet measure hath ben so longe from vs absent,

That all men laugh at lyberte to scorne ;

Welth and wyt, I say, be so threde bare worne,

That all is without measure, and fer beyonde the mone.

*Magn.* Then noblenesse, I se well, is almoste vndone,

But yf therof the soner amendys be made ;

For dowllesse I parceyue my magnifycence

Without measure lyghtly may fade,

230

<sup>1</sup> countyth] Ed. "countyd."

<sup>2</sup> Se] Ed. "So."

Of to moche lyberte vnder the offence :  
 Wherefore, Measure, take Lyberte with you hence,  
 And rule hym after the rule of your scole.

*Lyb.* What, syr, wolde ye make me a poppyngne fole?

*Meas.* Why, were not your selfe agreed to the same,  
 And now wolde ye swarue from your owne ordynaunce?

*Lyb.* I wolde be rulyd, and I myght for shame.

*Fel.* A, ye make me laughe at your inconstaunce.

*Magn.* Syr, without any longer delyaunce,  
 Take Lyberte to rule, and folowe myne entent. 240

*Meas.* It shalbe done at your commaundement.

*Itaque MEASURE exeat locum cum LIBERTATE, et maneat  
 MAGNYFYCENCE cum FELICITATE.*

*Magn.* It is a wanton thyng this Lyberte ;  
 Perceyue you not howe lothe he was to abyde  
 The rule of Measure, notwithstandinge we  
 Haue deputyd Measure hym to gyde?  
 By measure eche thyng dully is tryde :  
 Thynke you not thus, my frende Felycyte?

*Fel.* God forbede that it other wyse sholde be !

*Magn.* Ye coulde not ellys, I wote, with me endure.

*Fel.* Endure? no, God wote, it were great payne ; 250  
 But yf I were orderyd by iust measure,  
 It were not possyble me longe to retayne.

*Hic intrat FANSY.*

*Fan.* Tusche, holde your pece, your langage is vayne.  
 Please it your grace to take no dysdayne,  
 To shewe you playnly the trouth as I thynke.

*Magn.* Here is none forsyth whether you flete or synke.

*Fel.* From whens come you, syr, that no man lokyd  
 after?

*Magn.* Or who made you so bolde to interrue my tale?

*Fan.* Nowe, *benedicite*, ye wene I were some hafter,

Or ellys some iangelynge Jacke of the vale; 260

Ye wene that I am dronken, bycause I loke pale.

*Magn.* Me semeth that ye haue dronken more than ye haue bled.

*Fan.* Yet amonge noble men I was brought vp and bred.

*Fel.* Nowe leue this iangelynge, and to vs expounde Why that ye sayd our langage was in vayne.

*Fan.* Mary, vpon trouth my reason I grounde,

→ That without largesse noblenesse can not rayne;

And that I sayd ones, yet I say agayne,

I say without largesse worshyp hath no place,

For largesse is a purchaser of pardon and of grace. 270

*Magn.* Nowe, I beseche thé, tell me what is thy name?

← *Fan.* Largesse, that all lordes sholde loue, syr, I hyght.

*Fel.* But hyght you, Largesse, encrease of noble fame?

*Fan.* Ye, syr, vndoubted.

*Fel.* Then, of very ryght,

With Magnyfyence, this noble prynce of myght,

Sholde be your dwellynge, in my consyderacyon.

*Magn.* Yet we wyll therin take good delyberacyon.

*Fan.* As in that, I wyll not be agaynst your pleasure.

*Fel.* Syr, hardely remembre what may your name auauance. 280

→ *Magn.* Largesse is laudable, so it in measure be.

*Fan.* Largesse is he that all prynces doth auauance;

I reporte me herein to Kynge Lewes of Fraunce.

*Fel.* Why haue ye hym named, and all other refused?

*Fan.* For, syth he dyed, largesse was lytell vsed.

Plucke vp your mynde, syr; what ayle you to muse?

Haue ye not welthe here at your wyll?

It is but a maddyng, these wayes that ye vse:

What auayleth lordshyp, yourselfe for to kyll

With care and with thought howe Jacke shall haue Gyl? 290

*Magn.* What? I haue aspyed ye are a carles page.

*Fan.* By God, syr, ye se but fewe wyse men of myne age;

But couetyse hath blowen you so full of wynde,  
That *colica passio* hath gropyd you by the guttys.

*Fel.* In fayth, broder Largesse, you haue a mery mynde.

*Fan.* In fayth, I set not by the worlde two Dauncaster cuttys.

*Magn.* Ye wante but a wylde flyeng bolte to shote at  
the buttes :

Though Largesse ye hyght, your langage is to large ;  
For whiche ende goth forwarde ye take lytell charge.

*Fel.* Let se, this checke yf ye voyde canne. 300

*Fan.* In faythe, els had I gone to longe to scole,  
But yf I coulde knowe a gose from a swanne.

*Magn.* Wel, wyse men may ete the fysshe, when ye shal  
draw the pole.

*Fan.* In fayth, I wyll not say that ye shall proue a fole,  
But ofte tymes haue I sene wyse men do mad dedys.

*Magn.* Go, shake the dogge,<sup>1</sup> hay, syth ye wyll nedys !  
You are nothyng mete with vs for to dwell,  
That with your lorde and mayster so pertly can prate :  
Gete you hens, I say, by my counsell ;

I wyll not vse you to play with me checke mate. 310

*Fan.* Syr, yf I haue offended your noble estate,  
I trow I haue brought you suche wrytyng of recorde,  
That I shall haue you agayne my good lorde :  
To you recommendeth Sad Cyrumspeccyon,  
And sendeth you this wrytyng closed vnder sele.

*Magn.* This wrytyng is welcome with harty affeccyon :  
Why kepte you it thus longe ? howe dothe he ? wele ?

*Fan.* Syr, thanked be God, he hath his hele.

*Magn.* Welthe, gete you home, and commaunde me to  
Mesure ;

Byd hym take good hede to you, my synguler tresure. 320

*Fel.* Is there ony thyng elles your grace wyll com-  
maunde me ?

*Magn.* Nothyng but fare you well tyll sone ;  
And that he take good kepe to Lyberte.

<sup>1</sup> *the dogge*] Qy. " thé, dogge ?" but see notes.

*Fel.* Your pleasure, syr, shortely shall be done.

*Magn.* I shall come to you myselfe, I trowe, this after none.<sup>1</sup>

I pray you, Larges, here to remayne,

Whylest I knowe what this letter dothe contayne.

*Hic faciat tanquam legeret litteras tacite. Interim superveniat cantando COUNTERFET COUNTENAUNCE suspensio gradu, qui, viso MAGNYFYCENCE, sensim retrocedat; at<sup>2</sup> tempus post pusillum rursus accedat COUNTERFET COUNTENAUNCE prospectando et vocitando a longe; et FANSY animat<sup>3</sup> silentium cum manu.*

*C. Count.* What, Fansy, Fansy!

*Magn.* Who is that that thus dyd cry?

Me thought he called Fansy.

330

*Fan.* It was a Flemynge hyght Hansy.

*Magn.* Me thought he called Fansy me behynde.

*Fan.* Nay, syr, it was nothyng but your mynde:

But nowe, syr, as touchynge this letter—

*Magn.* I shall loke in it at leasure better:

And surely ye are to hym beholde;

And for his sake ryght gladly I wolde

Do what I coude to do you good.

*Fan.* I pray, God kepe you in that mood!

*Magn.* This letter was wryten ferre hence.

340

*Fan.* By lakyn, syr, it hathe cost me pence

And grotes many one, or I came to your presence.

*Magn.* Where was it delyuered you, shewe vnto me.

*Fan.* By God, syr, beyonde the se.

*Magn.* At what place nowe, as you gesse?

*Fan.* By my trouthe, syr, at Pountesse;

This wrytynge was taken me there,

But neuer was I in gretter fere.

<sup>1</sup> *after none*] Here Felycyte goes out.

<sup>2</sup> *sensim retrocedat; at*] Ed. "sensū retrocedat ad."

<sup>3</sup> *animat*] Qy. "animet?"

*Magn.* Howe so?

*Fan.* By God, at the see syde, 350  
Had I not opened my purse wyde,  
I trowe, by our lady, I had ben slayne,  
Or elles I had lost myne eres twayne.

*Magn.*<sup>1</sup> By your soth?

*Fan.* Ye, and there is suche a wache,  
That no man can scape but they hym cache.  
They bare me in hande that I was a spye;  
And another bade put out myne eye,  
Another wolde myne eye were blerde,  
Another bade shaue halfe my berde; 360  
And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke,  
And wolde haue made me Freer Tucke,  
To preche out of the pylery hole,  
Without an antetyme or a stole;  
And some bade sere hym with a marke:  
To gete me fro them I had moche warke.

*Magn.* Mary, syr, ye were afrayde.

*Fan.* By my trouthe, had I not payde and prayde,  
And made largesse as I hyght,  
I had not ben here with you this nyght; 370  
But surely largesse saued my lyfe,  
→ For largesse stynteth all maner of stryfe.

*Magn.* It dothe so sure nowe and than,  
But largesse is not mete for euery man.

*Fan.* No, but for you grete estates:  
Largesse stynteth grete debates;  
And he that I came fro to this place  
Sayd I was mete for your grace;  
And in dede, syr, I here men talke,  
By the way as I ryde and walke, 380  
Say howe you excede in noblenesse,  
If you had with you largesse.

<sup>1</sup> *By your soth*] Ed. prefixes "*Fansy*" to these words, and omits the prefix to the next speech.

*Magn.* And say they so in very dede?

*Fan.* With ye, syr, so God me spede.

*Magn.* Yet mesure is a mery mene.

*Fan.* Ye, syr, a blannched almonde is no bene.

Measure is mete for a marchauntes hall,

But largesse becometh a state ryall.

What, sholde you pynche at a pecke of otes,

Ye wolde sone pynche at a pecke of grotes. 390

Thus is the talkynge of one and of oder,

As men dare speke it hugger mugger;

A lorde a negarde, it is a shame,

But largesse may amende your name.

*Magn.* In faythe, Largesse, welcome to me.

*Fan.* I pray you, syr, I may so be,

And of my seruyce you shall not mysse.

*Magn.* Togyder we wyll talke more of this:

Let vs departe from hens home to my place.

*Fan.* I folow euen after your noble grace. 400

*Hic discedat MAGNIFICENS cum FANSY, et intrat<sup>1</sup> COUNTERFET COUNTENAUNCE.*

*C. Count.* What, I say, herke a worde.

*Fan.* Do away, I say, the deuylls torde!

*C. Count.* Ye, but how longe shall I here awayte?

*Fan.* By Goddys body, I come streyte:

I hate this blunderyng that thou doste make.

*C. Count.* Nowe to the deuyll I thé betake,

For in fayth ye be well met.

Fansy hath cacyd in a flye net

This noble man Magnyfycence,

Of Largesse vnder the pretence. 410

They haue made me here to put the stone:

But nowe wyll I, that they be gone,

<sup>1</sup> *intrat*] *Qy.* "intret?"—This stage-direction is not quite correct, for *Count. Count.* enters as *Fansy* is going off, and detains him till v. 406.



In bastarde ryme, after the dogrell gyse,  
 Tell you where of my name dothe ryse.  
 For Counterfet Countenaunce knowen am I;  
 This worlde is full of my foly.  
 I set not by hym a fly,  
 That can not counterfet a lye,  
 Swere, and stare, and byde therby,  
 And countenaunce it clenly, 420  
 And defende it manerly.  
 A knaue wyll counterfet nowe a knyght,  
 A lurdayne lyke a lorde to fyght,<sup>1</sup>  
 A mynstrell lyke a man of myght,  
 A tappyster lyke a lady bryght:  
 Thus make I them wyth thryft to fyght,  
 Thus at the laste I brynge hym<sup>2</sup> ryght  
 To Tyburne, where they hange on hyght.  
 To counterfet I can by praty wayes:  
 Of nyghtys to occupy counterfet kayes, 430  
 Clenly to counterfet newe arayes,  
 Counterfet eyrnest by way of playes:  
 Thus am I occupyed at all assayes;  
 What so euer I do, all men me prayse,  
 And mekyll am I made of nowe adays:  
 Counterfet maters in the lawe of the lande,  
 Wyth golde and grottes they grese my hande,  
 In stede of ryght that wronge may stande,  
 And counterfet fredome that is bounde;  
 I counterfet<sup>3</sup> suger that is but founde; 440  
 Counterfet capytaynes by me are mande;  
 Of all lewdnesse I kyndell the brande;  
 Counterfet kyndnesse, and thynke dyscayte;  
 Counterfet letters by the way of sleight;

<sup>1</sup> *to fyght*] Qy. "to flyght"—scold (a word used elsewhere by Skelton), or "to syght?" see next line but two.

<sup>2</sup> *hym*] Compare v. 1275.

<sup>3</sup> *I counterfet*, &c.] This line seems to be corrupt.

Subtelly vsynge counterfet weyght ;  
 Counterfet langage, fayty bone geyte.  
 Counterfetyng is a proper bayte ;  
 A counte to counterfet in a resayte ;  
 To counterfet well is a good consayte.  
 Counterfet maydenhode may well be borne, 450  
 But counterfet coynes is laughyng to scorne ;  
 It is euyll patchyng of that is torne ;  
 Whan the noppe is rughe, it wolde be shorne ;  
 Counterfet haltynge without a thorne ;  
 Yet counterfet chafer is but euyll corne ;  
 All thyng is worse whan it is worne.  
 What, wolde ye, wyues, counterfet  
 The courtly gyse of the newe iet ?  
 An olde barne wolde be vnder set :  
 It is moche worthe that is ferre fet. 460  
 What, wanton, wanton, nowe well ymet !  
 What, Margery Mylke Ducke, mermoset !  
 It wolde be masked in my net ;  
 It wolde be nyce, thoughe I say nay ;  
 By Crede, it wolde haue fresshe aray,  
 And therefore shall my husbände pay ;  
 To counterfet she wyll assay  
 All the newe gyse, fresshe and gaye,  
 And be as praty as she may,  
 And iet it ioly as a iay : 470  
 Counterfet prechyng, and byleue the contrary ;  
 Counterfet consyence, peuysshe pope holy ;  
 Counterfet sadnesse, with delyng full madly ;  
 Counterfet holynes is called yprocrysy ;  
 Counterfet reason is not worth a flye ;  
 Counterfet wysdome, and workes of foly ;  
 Counterfet countenaunce euery man dothe occupy :  
 Counterfet worshyp outwarde men may se ;  
 Ryches rydeth out, at home is pouerte ;  
 Counterfet pleasure is borne out by me : 480

Coll wolde go clenly, and it wyll not be,  
 And Annot wolde be nyce, and lauges, tehe wehe ;  
 Your counterfet countenaunce is all of nysyte,  
 A plummed partrydge all redy to flye :  
 A knokylbonyarde wyll counterfet a clarke,  
 He wolde trotte gentyllly, but he is to starke,  
 At his cloked counterfetyngge dogges dothe barke ;  
 A carter a courtyer, it is a worthy warke,  
 That with his whyp his mares was wonte to yarke ;  
 A custrell to dryue the deuyll out of the derke, 490  
 A counterfet courtyer with a knaues marke.  
 To counterfet this freers haue lerned me ;  
 This nonnes nowe and then, and it myght be,  
 Wolde take in the way of counterfet charyte  
 The grace of God vnder *benedicite* ;  
 To counterfet thyr counsell they gyue me a fee ;  
 Chanons can not counterfet but vpon thre,  
 Monkys may not for drede that men sholde them se.

*Hic ingrediatur FANSY properanter cum CRAFTY CONUEY-  
 AUNCE, cum fame multo<sup>1</sup> adinvicem garrulantes : tandem,  
 viso COUNTERFET COUNTENAUNCE, dicat CRAFTY CON-  
 UEYAUNCE.*

*Cr. Con.* What, Counterfet Countenaunce !

*C. Count.* What, Crafty Conueyaunce ! 500

*Fan.* What, the deuyll, are ye two of aquayntaunce ?

God gyue you a very myschaunce !

*Cr. Con.* Yes, yes, syr, he and I haue met.

*C. Count.* We haue bene togyder bothe erly and late :

But, Fansy my frende, where haue ye bene so longe ?

*Fan.* By God, I haue bene about a praty prongge ;

Crafty Conueyaunce, I sholde say, and I.

*Cr. Con.* By God, we haue made Magnyfyence to ete a  
 flye.

<sup>1</sup> *famine multo*] Ed. "famina multa."

*C. Count.* Howe coulde ye do that, and [I] was away?

*Fan.* By God, man, bothe his pagent and thyne he can play. 510

*C. Count.* Say trowth?

*Cr. Con.* Yes, yes, by lakyn, I shall thé warent,  
As longe as I lyue, thou haste an heyre parent.

*Fan.* Yet haue we pyckyd out a rome for thé.

*C. Count.* Why, shall we dwell togyder all thre?

*Cr. Con.* Why, man, it were to great a wonder,  
That we thre galauntes sholde be longe asonder.

*C. Count.* For Cockys harte, gyue me thy hande.

*Fan.* By the masse, for ye are able to dystroy an hole lande.

*Cr. Con.* By God, yet it muste begynne moche of thé. 520

*Fan.* Who that is ruled by vs, it shalbe longe or he thee.

*C. Count.* But, I say, kepest thou the olde name styll  
that thou had?

*Cr. Con.* Why, wenyst thou, horson, that I were so mad?

*Fan.* Nay, nay, he hath chaunged his, and I haue  
chaunged myne.

*C. Count.* Nowe, what is his name, and what is thyne?

*Fan.* In faythe, Largesse I hyght,

And I am made a knyght.

*C. Count.* A rebellyon agaynst nature,  
So large a man, and so lytell of stature!

But, syr, howe counterfetyd ye? 530

*Cr. Con.* Sure <sup>surueyaunce</sup> Surueyaunce<sup>1</sup> I named me.

*C. Count.* Surueyaunce! where ye suruey,  
Thryfte hathe lost her cofer kay.

*Fan.* But is it not well? howe thynkest thou?

*C. Count.* Yes, syr, I gyue God auowe,  
Myselpe coude not counterfet it better.  
But what became of the letter,

<sup>1</sup> *Sure Surueyaunce, &c.*] Ed. gives this line to *C. Count.*, and the next speech to *Cr. Con.* Compare v. 652.

That I counterfeyted you vnderneath a shrowde?

*Fan.* By the masse, odly well alowde.

*Cr. Con.* By God, had not I it conuayed, 540

Yet Fansy had ben dysceyed.

*C. Count.* I wote, thou arte false ynoughe for one.

*Fan.* By my trouthe, we had ben gone :

And yet, in fayth, man, we lacked thé

For to speke with Lyberte.

*C. Count.* What is Largesse without Lyberte?

*Cr. Con.* By Measure mastered yet is he.

*C. Count.* What, is your conueyaunce no better?

*Fan.* In faythe, Measure is lyke a tetter,

That ouergroweth a mannes face, 550

So he ruleth ouer all our place.

*Cr. Con.* Nowe therfore, whylest we are togyder,—

Counterfet Countenaunce, nay, come hyder,—

I say, whylest we are togyder in same—

*C. Count.* Tushe, a strawe, it is a shame

That we can no better than so.

*Fan.* We wyll remedy it, man, or we go ;

For, lyke as mustarde is sharpe of taste,<sup>1</sup>

Ryght so a sharpe fansy must be founde

Wherwith Measure to confounde. 560

*Cr. Con.* Can you a remedy for a tysyke,

That sheweth yourselfe thus spedde in physyke?

*C. Count.* It is a gentyll reason of a rake.

*Fan.* For all these iapes yet that-ye<sup>2</sup> make—

*Cr. Con.* Your fansy maketh myne elbowe to ake.

*Fan.* Let se, fynde you a better way.

*C. Count.* Take no dyspleasure of that we say.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, and you be angry and ouerwharte,

A man may beshrowe your angry harte.

*Fan.* Tushe, a strawe, I thought none yll. 570

*C. Count.* What, shall we iangle thus all the day styll?

<sup>1</sup> *taste*] *Qy.* a line wanting to rhyme with this?

<sup>2</sup> *ye*] *Ed.* "we."

*Cr. Con.* Nay, let vs our heddes togyder cast.

*Fan.* Ye, and se howe it may be compast,  
That Measure were cast out of the dores.

*C. Count.* Alasse, where is my botes and my spores?

*Cr. Con.* In all this hast whether wyll ye ryde?

*C. Count.* I trowe, it shall not nede to abyde.

Cockes woundes, se, syrs, se, se!

*Hic ingreditur CLOKED COLUSYON cum elato aspectu,  
deorsum et sursum ambulando.*

*Fan.* Cockes armes, what is he?

*Cr. Con.* By Cockes harte, he loketh hye; 580  
He hawketh, me thynke, for a butterflye.

*C. Count.* Nowe, by Cockes harte, well abyden,  
For, had you not come, I had ryden.

*Cl. Col.* Thy wordes be but wynde, neuer they haue no  
wayght;

Thou hast made me play the iurde hayte.

*C. Count.* And yf ye knewe howe I haue mused,  
I am sure ye wolde haue me excused.

*Cl. Col.* I say, come hyder: what are these twayne?

*C. Count.* By God, syr, this is Fansy small brayne;  
And Crafty Conuayaunce, knowe you not hym? 590

*Cl. Col.* Knowe hym, syr! quod he; yes, by Saynt Sym.  
Here is a leyshe of ratches to renne an hare:

Woo is that purse that ye shall share!

*Fan.* What call ye him, this?

*Cr. Con.* I trowe, that he is.

*C. Count.* Tushe, holde your pece.

Se you not howe they prece  
For to knowe your name?

*Cl. Col.* Knowe they not me, they are to blame.  
Knowe you not me, syrs? 600

*Fan.* No, in dede.

*Cr. Con.* Abyde, lette me se, take better hede:

Cockes harte, it is Cloked Colusyon.

*Cl. Col.* A, syr, I pray God gyue you confusyon!

*Fan.* Cockes armes, is that your name?

*C. Count.* Ye, by the masse, this is euen the same,

That all this matter must vnder grope.

*Cr. Con.* What is this he wereth, a cope?

*Cl. Col.* Cappe, syr; I say you be to bolde.

*Fan.* Se, howe he is wrapped for the colde:

610

Is it not a vestment?

*Cl. Col.* A, ye wante a rope.

*C. Count.* Tushe, it is Syr Johnn Double cloke.

*Fan.* Syr, and yf ye wolde not be wrothe—

*Cl. Col.* What sayst?

*Fan.* Here was to lytell clothe.

*Cl. Col.* A, Fansy, Fansy, God sende thé brayne!

*Fan.* Ye, for your wyt is cloked for the rayne.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, lette vs not clatter thus styll.

*Cl. Col.* Tell me, syrs, what is your wyll.

620

*C. Count.* Syr, it is so that these twayne

With Magnyfyence in housholde do remayne;

And there they wolde haue me to dwell,

But I wyll be ruled after your counsell.

*Fan.* Mary, so wyll we also.

*Cl. Col.* But tell me where aboute ye go.

*C. Count.* By God, we wolde gete vs all thyder,

Spell the remenaunt, and do togyder.

*Cl. Col.* Hath Magnyfyence ony tresure?

→ *Cr. Con.* Ye, but he spendeth it all in mesure. 630

*Cl. Col.* Why, dwelleth Mesure where ye two dwell?

In faythe, he were better to dwell in hell.

*Fan.* Yet where we wonne, nowe there wonneth he.

*Cl. Col.* And haue you not amonge you Lyberte?

*C. Count.* Ye, but he is a captuyute.

*Cl. Col.* What, the deuyll, howe may that be?

*C. Count.* I can not tell you: why aske you me?

Aske these two that there dothe dwell.

*Cl. Col.* Syr, the playnesse you tell me.<sup>1</sup>

*Cr. Con.* There dwelleth a mayster men calleth Measure— 640

→ *Fan.* Ye, and he hath rule of all his tresure.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, eyther let me tell, or elles tell ye.

*Fan.* I care not I, tell on for me.

*C. Count.* I pray God let you neuer to thee!

*Cl. Col.* What the deuyll ayleth you? can you not agree?

*Cr. Con.* I wyll passe ouer the cyrcumstaunce,  
And shortly shewe you the hole substaunce.

Fansy and I, we twayne,

With Magnyfyence in housholde do remayne,

And counterfeted our names we haue 650

Craftely all thynges vpryght to saue,

His name Largesse, Surueyaunce myne:

Magnyfyence to vs begynneth to enclyne

Counterfet Countenaunce to haue also,

And wolde that we sholde for hym go.

*C. Count.* But shall I haue myne olde name styll?

*Cr. Con.* Pease, I haue not yet sayd what I wyll.

*Fan.* Here is a <sup>piece</sup> pystell of a postyke!

*Cl. Col.* Tusshe, fonnysshe Fansy, thou arte frantyke.  
Tell on, syr, howe then? 660

*Cr. Con.* Mary, syr, he tolde vs, when  
We had hym founde, we sholde hym brynge,  
And that we fayled not for nothyng.

*Cl. Col.* All this ye may easely brynge aboute.

*Fan.* Mary, the better and Mesure were out.

*Cl. Col.* Why, can ye not put out that foule freke?

*Cr. Con.* No, in euery corner he wyll peke,  
So that we haue no lyberte,  
Nor no man in courte but he,  
For Lyberte he hath in gydyng. 670

*C. Count.* In fayth, and without Lyberte there is no bydyng.

<sup>1</sup> *Syr, the playnesse you tell me*] Ed. prefixes *Crafty Con.* to these words, and omits the prefix to the next line.—*Qy.*, for the rhyme,—“you me tell?”



*Fan.* In fayth, and Lybertyes rome is there but small.

*Cl. Col.* Hem ! that lyke I nothyng at all.

*Cr. Con.* But, Counterfet<sup>1</sup> Countenaunce, go we togyder,  
All thre, I say.

*C. Count.* Shall I go? whyder?

*Cr. Con.*<sup>2</sup> To Magnyfycence with vs twayne,  
And in his seruyce thé to retayne.

*C. Count.* But then, syr, what shall I hyght?

*Cr. Con.* Ye and I talkyd therof to nyght. 680

*Fan.* Ye, my Fandy was out of owle flyght,  
For it is out of my mynde quyght.

*Cr. Con.* And nowe it cometh to my remembraunce :  
Syr, ye shall hyght Good Demeynaunce. (*Conduct?*)

*C. Count.* By the armes of Calys, well conceyued !

*Cr. Con.* When we haue hym thyder conuayed,  
What and I frame suche a slyght,  
That Fandy with his fonde consayte  
Put Magnyfycence in suche a madnesse,  
That he shall haue you in the stede of sadnesse, 690  
And Sober Sadnesse shalbe your name?

*Cl. Col.* By Cockys body, here begynneth the game !  
For then shall we so craftely cary,  
That Measure shall not there longe tary.

*Fan.* For Cockys harte, tary whylyst that I come agayne.

*Cr. Con.* We wyll se you shortly one of vs twayne.

*C. Count.* Now let vs go, and we shall, then.

*Cl. Col.* Nowe let se quyte you lyke praty men.<sup>3</sup>

*Hic deambulat.*

To passe the tyme and order whyle a man may talke  
Of one thyng and other to occupy the place; 700  
Then for the season that I here shall walke,

<sup>1</sup> *But, Counterfet, &c.*] Ed. omits the prefix to this speech.

<sup>2</sup> *Cr. Con.*] Ed. "*Cl. Col.*"

<sup>3</sup> *praty men*] Here *Fandy, Crafty Conueyaunce, and Counterfet Countenaunce*, go out.

As good to be occupied as vp and downe to trace  
 And do nothyng; how be it full lytell grace  
 There cometh and groweth of my comynge,  
 For Clokyd Colusyon is a perylous thyng.  
 Double delynge and I be all one;  
 Craftynge and haftyng contryued is by me;  
 I can dyssemble, I can bothe laughe and grone;  
 Playne delynge and I can neuer agre;  
 But dyuysyon, dyssencyon, dyrysyon, these thre 710  
 And I am counterfet of one mynde and thought,  
 By the menys of myschyef to bryng all thynges to nought.  
 And though I be so odyous a geste,  
 And euery man gladly my company wolde refuse,  
 In faythe yet am I occupied with the best;  
 Full fewe that can themselfe of me excuse.  
 Whan other men laughe, than study I and muse,  
 Deuysynge the meanes and wayes that I can,  
 Howe I may hurte and hynder euery man:  
 Two faces in a hode couertly I bere, 720  
 Water in the one hande, and fyre in the other;  
 I can fede forth a fole, and lede hym by the eyre;  
 Falshode in felowshyp is my sworne brother.  
 By cloked colusyon, I say, and none other,  
 Comberaunce and trouble in Englande fyrst I began;  
 From that lorde to that lorde I rode and I ran,  
 And flatered them with fables fayre before theyr face,  
 And tolde all the myschyef I coude behynde theyr  
 backe,  
 And made as I had knowen nothyng of the case;  
 I wolde begyn all myschyef, but I wolde bere no lacke: 730  
 Thus can I lerne you, syrs, to bere the deuyls sacke;  
 And yet, I trowe, some of you be better sped than I  
 Frenshyp to fayne, and thynke full lytherly.  
 Paynte to a purpose good countenaunce I can,  
 And craftely can I grope howe euery man is mynded;  
 My purpose is to spy and to poynte euery man;

My tonge is with fauell forked and tyned:  
 By Cloked Colusyon thus many one is begyled.  
 Eche man to hynder I gape and I gaspe;  
 My speche is all pleasure, but I styngye lyke a waspe: 740  
 I am neuer glad but whan I may do yll,  
 And neuer am I sory but whan that I se  
 I can not myne apyetyte accomplysshe and fulfyll  
 In hynderaunce of welthe and prosperyte;  
 I laughe at all shrewdenes, and lye at lyberte.  
 I muster, I medle amonge these grete estates,  
 I sowe sedycyous sedes of dyscorde and debates:  
 To flater and to flery is all my pretence  
 Amonge all suche persones as I well vnderstonde  
 Be lyght of byleue and hasty of credence; 750  
 I make them to startyll and sparkyll lyke a bronde,  
 I moue them, I mase them, I make them so fonde,  
 That they wyll here no man but the fyrst tale:  
 And so by these meanes I brewe moche bale.

*Hic ingrediatur COURTLY ABUSYON cantando.*

*Court. Ab.* Huffa, huffa, taunderum, taunderum, tayne,  
 huffa, huffa!

*Cl. Col.* This was properly prated, syrs! what sayd a?

*Court. Ab.* Ruty bully, ioly rutterkyn, heyda!

*Cl. Col.* *De que pays este vous?*

*Et faciat tanquam exiat beretrum cronice.*<sup>1</sup>

*Court. Ab.* Decke your hofte and couer a lowce.

*Cl. Col.* *Say vous chaunter Venter tre dawce?* 760

*Court. Ab.* Wyda, wyda.

Howe sayst thou, man? am not I a ioly rutter?

*Cl. Col.* Gyue this gentyلمان rome, syrs, stonde vtter!

By God, syr, what nede all this waste?

What is this, a betell, or a batowe,<sup>2</sup> or a buskyn lacyd?

<sup>1</sup> *exiat beretrum cronice*] Qy. "*exuat* (or rather, *exueret*) *barretum* (i. e. pileum) *ironice*?"

<sup>2</sup> *batowe*] Qy. "batone?"

*Court. Ab.* What, wenyst thou that I knowe thé not,  
Clokyd Colusyon?

*Cl. Col.* And wenyst thou that I knowe not thé, cankard  
Abusyon?

*Court. Ab.* Cankard Jacke Hare, loke thou be not rusty;  
For thou shalt well knowe I am nother durty nor dusty.

*Cl. Col.* Dusty! nay, syr, ye be all of the lusty, 770  
Howe be it of scape thryfte your clokes smelleth musty:  
But whether art thou walkynge in faythe vnfaynyd?

*Court. Ab.* Mary, with Magnyfycence I wolde be re-  
taynyd.

*Cl. Col.* By the masse, for the cowrte thou art a mete  
man:

Thy slyppers they swap it, yet thou fotys it lyke a swanne.

*Court. Ab.* Ye, so I can deuysen my gere after the  
cowrtly maner.

*Cl. Col.* So thou arte personable to bere a prynces baner.  
By Goddes fote,<sup>1</sup> and I dare well fyght, for I wyll not start.

*Court. Ab.* Nay, thou art a man good inough but for  
thy false hart.

*Cl. Col.* Well, and I be a coward, ther is mo than I. 780

*Court. Ab.* Ye, in faythe, a bolde man and a hardy.

*Cl. Col.* A bolde man in a bole of newe ale in cornys.

*Court. Ab.* Wyll ye se this gentyelman is all in his  
skornys?

*Cl. Col.* But are ye not auysed to dwell where ye spake?

*Court. Ab.* I am of fewe wordys, I loue not to barke.

Beryst thou any rome, or cannyst thou do ought?

Cannyst thou helpe in fauer that I myght be brought?

<sup>1</sup> *By Goddes fote, &c.*] Here the prefixes to the speeches are surely wrong: but as I am doubtful how they ought to be assigned, I have not ventured to alter them. Qy.

“*Court. Ab.* By Goddes fote, and I dare well fyght, for I wyll not start.

*Cl. Col.* Nay, thou art a man good inough but for thy false hart.

*Court. Ab.* Well, and I be a coward, ther is mo than I.

*Cl. Col.* Ye, in faythe, a bolde man and a hardy;

A bolde man in a bole of newe ale in cornys.

*Court. Ab.* Wyll ye se,” &c.

*Cl. Col.* I may do somewhat, and more I thynke shall.

*Here cometh in CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE, poyntyng with his fynger, and sayth, Hem, Colusyon!*

*Court. Ab.* Cockys harte, who is yonde that for thé dothe call?

*Cr. Con.*<sup>1</sup> Nay, come at ones, for the armys of the dyce! 790

*Court. Ab.* Cockys armys, he hath callyd for thé twyce.

*Cl. Col.* By Cockys harte, and call shall agayne:

To come to me, I trowe, he shalbe fayne.

*Court. Ab.* What, is thy harte pryckyd with such a prowde pynne?

*Cl. Col.* Tushe, he that hath nede, man, let hym rynne.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, come away, man: thou playst the cayser.

*Cl. Col.*<sup>2</sup> By the masse, thou shalt byde my leysers.

*Cr. Con.* Abyde, syr, quod he! mary, so I do.

*Court. Ab.* He wyll come, man, when he may tende to.

*Cr. Con.* What the deuyll, who sent for thé? 800

*Cl. Col.* Here he is nowe, man; mayst thou not se?

*Cr. Con.* What the deuyll, man, what thou menyst?

Art thou so angry as thou semyst?

*Court. Ab.* What the deuyll, can ye agre no better?

*Cr. Con.* What the deuyll, where had we this ioly ietter?

*Cl. Col.* What sayst thou, man? why dost thou not supplye,

And desyre me thy good mayster to be?

*Court. Ab.* Spekest thou to me?

*Cl. Col.* Ye, so I tell thé.

*Court. Ab.* Cockes bones, I ne tell can 810

Whiche of you is the better man,

Or whiche of you can do most.

*Cr. Con.* In fayth, I rule moche of the rost.

<sup>1</sup> *Cr. Con.*] Ed. "*Cl. Col.*" Compare the next line, and v. 796.

<sup>2</sup> *Cl. Col.*] Ed. "*Court. Ab.*"

*Cl. Col.* Rule the roste ! ye, thou woldest<sup>1</sup>  
As skante thou had no nede of me.

*Cr. Con.* Nede ! yes, mary, I say not nay.

*Court. Ab.* Cockes ha[r]te, I trowe thou wylte make a  
fray.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, in good faythe, it is but the gyse.

*Cl. Col.* No, for, or we stryke, we wyll be aduysed  
twyse.

*Court. Ab.* What the deuyll, vse ye not to drawe no  
swordes ? 820

*Cr. Con.* No, by my trouthe, but crake grete wordes.

*Court. Ab.* Why, is this the gyse nowe adayes ?

*Cl. Col.* Ye, for surety, ofte peas is taken for frayes.

But, syr, I wyll haue this man with me.

*Cr. Con.* Conuey yourselfe fyrst, let se.

*Cl. Col.* Well, tarry here tyll I for you sende.

*Cr. Con.* Why, shall he be of your bende ?

*Cl. Col.* Tary here : wote ye what I say ?

*Court. Ab.* I waraunt you, I wyll not go away.

*Cr. Con.* By Saynt Mary, he is a tawle man. 830

*Cl. Col.* Ye, and do ryght good seruyce he can ;

I knowe in hym no defaute

— But that the horson is prowde and hawte.

*And so they<sup>2</sup> go out of the place.*

*Court. Ab.* Nay, purchace ye a pardon for the pose,  
For pryde hath plucked thé by the nose,  
As well as me : I wolde, and I durste,  
But nowe I wyll not say the worste.

COURTLY ABUSYON *alone in the place.*

What nowe, let se,

Who loketh on me

Well rounde aboute,

Howe gay and howe stoute

840

<sup>1</sup> *ye, thou woldest*] *Qy.*, for the rhyme, " thou woldest, ye?"

<sup>2</sup> *they*] i. e. *Cloked Colusyon* and *Crafty Conueyaunce.*

That I can were  
 Courtly my gere :  
 My heyre bussheth  
 So plesauntly,  
 My robe russheth  
 So ruttyngly,  
 Me seme I flye,  
 I am so lyght,  
 To daunce delyght ; 850  
 Properly drest,  
 All poynte deuyse,  
 My persone prest  
 Beyonde all syse  
 Of the newe gyse,  
 To russhe it oute  
 In euery route :  
Beyonde measure  
 My sleue is wyde,  
 Al of pleasure, 860  
 My hose strayte tyde,  
 My buskyn wyde,  
 Ryche to beholde,  
 Gletterynge in golde.  
 Abusyon  
 Forsothe I hyght :  
 Confusyon  
 Shall on hym lyght,  
 By day or by nyght  
 That vseth me ; 870  
 He can not thee.  
 A very fon,  
 A very asse,  
 Wyll take vpon  
 To compasse  
 That neuer was

Abusyd before ;  
 A very pore  
 That so wyll do,  
 He doth abuse 880  
 Hym selfe to to,  
 He dothe mysse vse  
 Eche man take a fe<sup>1</sup>  
 To crake and prate ;  
 I befoule his pate.  
 This newe fonne iet  
 From out of Fraunce  
 Fyrst I dyd set ;  
 Made purueaunce  
 And suche ordenaunce, 890  
 That all men it founde  
 Through out Englonde :  
 All this nacyon  
 I set on fyre  
 In my facyon,  
 This theyr desyre,  
 This newe atyre ;  
 This ladyes haue,  
 I it them gaue ;  
 Spare for no coste ; 900  
 And yet in dede  
 It is coste loste  
 Moche more than nede  
 For to excede  
 In suche aray :  
 Howe be it, I say,  
 A carlys sonne,  
 Brought vp of nought,  
 Wyth me wyll wonne

<sup>1</sup> *Eche man take a fe*] There seems to be some corruption of the text here.



Whylyst he hath ought ; 910  
 He wyll haue wrought  
 His gowne so wyde  
 That he may hyde  
 His dame and his syre  
 Within his slyue ;  
 Spende all his hyre,  
 That men hym gyue ;  
 Wherfore I preue,  
 A Tyborne checke  
 Shall breke his necke. 920

*Here cometh in FANSY, craynge, Stow, stow !*

All is out of harre,  
 And out of trace,  
 Ay warre and warre  
 In euery place.  
 But what the deuyll art thou,  
 That cryest, Stow, stow ?

*Fan.* What, whom haue we here, Jenkyn Jcly ?  
 Nowe welcom, by the God holy.

*Court. Ab.* What, Fansy, my frende ! howe doste thou  
 fare ?

*Fan.* By Cryst, as mery as a Marche hare. 930

*Court. Ab.* What the deuyll hast thou on thy fyste ? an  
 owle ?

*Fan.* Nay, it is a farly fowle.

*Court. Ab.* Me thynke she frowneth and lokys sowre.

*Fan.* Torde, man, it is an hawke of the towre :  
 She is made for the malarde fat.

*Court. Ab.* Methynke she is well becke to catche a  
 rat.

But nowe what tydynges can you tell, let se.

*Fan.* Mary, I am come for thé.

*Court. Ab.* For me ?

*Fan.* Ye, for thé, so I say.

940

*Court. Ab.* Howe so? tell me, I thé pray.

*Fan.* Why, harde thou not of the fray,

That fell amonge vs this same day?

*Court. Ab.* No, mary, not yet.

*Fan.* What the deuyll, neuer a whyt?

*Court. Ab.* No, by the masse; what sholde I swere?

> *Fan.* In faythe, Lyberte is nowe a lusty spere.

*Court. Ab.* Why, vnder whom was he abydyng?

*Fan.* Mary, Measure had hym a whyle in gydyng,  
Tyll, as the deuyll wolde, they fell a chydyng 950  
With Crafty Conuayaunce.

*Court. Ab.* Ye, dyd they so?

*Fan.* Ye, by Goddes sacrament, and with other mo.

*Court. Ab.* What neded that, in the dyuyls date?

*Fan.* Yes, yes, he fell with me also at debate.

*Court. Ab.* With thé also? what, he playeth the state?

*Fan.* Ye, but I bade hym pyke out of the gate,  
By Goddes body, so dyd I.

*Court. Ab.* By the masse, well done and boldely.

*Fan.* Holde thy pease, Measure shall frome vs walke. 960

*Court. Ab.* Why, is he crossed than with a chalke?

*Fan.* Crossed! ye, checked out of consayte.

*Court. Ab.* Howe so?

*Fan.* By God, by a praty slyght,

As here after thou shalte knowe more:

But I must tary here; go thou before.

*Court. Ab.* With whom shall I there mete?

*Fan.* Crafty Conueyaunce standeth in the strete,  
Euen of purpose for the same.

*Court. Ab.* Ye, but what shall I call my name? 970

*Fan.* Cockes harte, tourne thé, let me se thyne aray:  
Cockes bones, this is all of Johnn de gay.

*Court. Ab.* So I am poynted after my consayte.

*Fan.* Mary, thou iettes it of hyght.

*Court. Ab.* Ye, but of my name let vs be wyse.

*Fan.* Mary, Lusty Pleasure, by myne aduyse,  
To name thyselfe, come of, it were done.

*Court. Ab.* Farewell, my frende.

*Fan.* Aduē, tyll sone.<sup>1</sup>

Stowe, byrde, stowe, stowe ! 980

It is best I fede my hawke now.

There is many euyll faueryd, and thou be foule ;

Eche thyng is fayre when it is yonge : all hayle, owle !

Lo, this is

My fansy, I wys :

Nowe Cryst it blysse !

It is, by Jesse,

A byrde full swete,

For me full mete :

She is furred for the hete 990

All to the fete ;

Her browys bent,

Her eyen glent :

Frome Tyne to Trent,

From Stroude to Kent,

A man shall fynde

Many of her kynde,

Howe standeth the wynde

Before or behynde :

Barbyd lyke a nonne, 1000

For burnyng of the sonne ;

Her fethers donne ;

Well faueryd bonne.

Nowe, let me se about,

In all this rowte

Yf I can fynde out

So semely a snowte

<sup>1</sup> *tyll sone*] Here *Courtly Abusyon* goes out.

Amonge this prese :

Euen a hole mese—

Pease, man, pease!

1010

I rede, we sease.

So farly fayre as it lokys,

And her becke so comely crokys,

Her naylys sharpe as tenter hokys!

I haue not kept her yet thre wokys,

And howe styll she dothe syt!

Teuyt, teuyt, where is my wyt?

The deuyll spede whyt!

That was before, I set behynde;

Nowe to curteys, forthwith vnkynde;

1020

Somtyme to sober, somtyme to sadde,

Somtyme to mery, somtyme to madde;

Somtyme I syt as I were solempe prowde;

Somtyme I laughe ouer lowde;

Somtyme I wepe for a gew gaw;

Somtyme I laughe at waggyng of a straw;

With a pere my loue you may wynne,

And ye may lese it for a pynne.

I haue a thyng for to say,

And I may tende therto for play;

1030

But in faythe I am so occupied

On this halfe and on euery syde,

That I wote not where I may rest.

Fyrst to tell you what were best,

Frantyke Fany seruyce I hight;

My wyttys be weke, my braynys are lyght:

For it is I that other whyle

Plucke downe lede, and theke with tyle;

Nowe I wyll this, and nowe I wyll that;

Make a wyndmyll of a mat;

1040

Nowe I wolde, and I wyst what;

Where is my cappe? I haue lost my hat;

And within an houre after,  
 Plucke downe an house, and set vp a rafter ;  
 Hyder and thyder, I wote not whyder ;  
 Do and vndo, bothe togyder ;  
 Of a spyndell I wyll make a sparre ;  
 All that I make, forthwith I marre ;  
 I blunder, I bluster, I blowe, and I blother ;  
 I make on the one day, and I marre on the other ; 1050  
 Bysy, bysy, and euer bysy,  
 I daunce vp and downe tyll I am dyssy ;  
 I can fynde fantasyes where none is ;  
 I wyll not haue it so, I wyll haue it this. END

*Hic ingrediatur FOLY, quatiendo crema<sup>1</sup> et faciendo multum, feriendo tabulas et similia.*

*Fol.* Maysters, Cryst saue euerychone !

What, Fansy, arte thou here alone ?

*Fan.* What, fonnysshe Foly ! I befole thy face.

*Fol.* What, frantyke Fansy in a foles case !

What is this, an owle or a glede ?

By my trouthe, she hathe a grete hede. 1060

*Fan.* Tusshe, thy lypes hange in thyne eye :<sup>2</sup>

It is a Frenche butterflye.

*Fol.* By my trouthe, I trowe well ;

But she is lesse a grete dele

Than a butterflye of our lande.

*Fan.* What pylde curre ledest thou in thy hande ?

*Fol.* A pylde curre !

*Fan.* Ye so, I tell thé, a pylde curre.

*Fol.* Yet I solde his skynne to Mackemurre,

In the stede of a budge furre. 1070

*Fan.* What, fleyest thou his skynne euery yere ?

*Fol.* Yes, in faythe, I thanke God I may here.

<sup>1</sup> *crema*] If this be the right reading, I am unacquainted with the word. It can hardly be a misprint for “*cremia* :” qy. “*crembalum* ?”

<sup>2</sup> *eye*] Ed. “*eyen*.”

*Fan.* What, thou wylte coughe me a dawe for forty pens?

*Fol.* Mary, syr, Cokermowthe is a good way hens.

*Fan.* What? of Cokermowth spake I no worde.

*Fol.* By my faythe, syr, the frubyssher hath my sworde.

*Fan.* A, I trowe, ye shall coughe me a fole.

*Fol.* In faythe, trouthe ye say, we wente togyder to scole.

*Fan.* Ye, but I can somewhat more of the letter.

*Fol.* I wyll not gyue an halfepeny for to chose the better. 1080

*Fan.* But, broder Foly, I wonder moche of one thyng,

That thou so hye fro me doth sprynge,

And I so lytell alway styll.

*Fol.* By God, I can tell thé, and I wyll.

Thou art so feble fantastycall,

And so braynsyke therwithall,

And thy wyt wanderynge here and there,

That thou cannyst not growe out of thy boyes gere;

And as for me, I take but one folysshe way,

And therefore I growe more on one day

1090

Than thou can in yerys seuen.

*Fan.* In faythe, trouthe thou sayst nowe, by God of heuen!

For so with fantasyes my wyt dothe flete,

That wysdome and I shall seldome mete.

Nowe, of good felowshyp, let me by thy dogge.<sup>1</sup>

*Fol.* Cockys harte, thou lyst, I am no hogge.<sup>2</sup>

*Fan.* Here is no man that callyd thé hogge nor swyne.

*Fol.* In faythe, man, my brayne is as good as thyne.

*Fan.* The deuyls torde for thy brayne!

*Fol.* By my syers soule, I fele no rayne.

1100

*Fan.* By the masse, I holde thé madde.

*Fol.* Mary, I knewe thé when thou waste a ladde.

*Fan.* Cockys bonys, herde ye euer syke another?

*Fol.* Ye, a fole the tone, and a fole the tother.

<sup>1</sup> dogge] Ed. "hogge."

<sup>2</sup> hogge] Ed. "dogge."

*Fan.* Nay, but wotest thou what I do say?

*Fol.* Why, sayst thou that I was here yesterday?

*Fan.* Cockys armys, this is a warke, I trowe.

*Fol.* What, callyst thou me a donnyshe crowe?

*Fan.* Nowe, in good faythe, thou art a fonde gest.

*Fol.* Ye, bere me this strawe to a dawys nest. 1110

*Fan.* What, wenyst thou that I were so folysshe and so fonde?

*Fol.* In faythe, ellys is there none in all Englonde.

*Fan.* Yet for my fancy sake, I say,

Let me haue thy dogge, what soeuer I pay.

*Fol.* Thou shalte haue my purse, and I wyll haue thyne.

*Fan.* By my trouth, there is myne.

*Fol.* Nowe, by my trouth, man, take, there is myne;<sup>1</sup>

And I beshrowe hym that hath the worse.

*Fan.* Torde, I say, what haue I do?

Here is nothyng but the bockyll of a sho, 1120

And in my purse was twenty marke.

*Fol.* Ha, ha, ha! herke, syrs, harke!

For all that my name hyght Foly,

By the masse, yet art thou more fole than I.

*Fan.* Yet gyue me thy dogge, and I am content;

And thou shalte haue my hauke to a botchment.

*Fol.* That euer thou thryue, God it forfende!

For Goddes cope thou wyll spende.

Nowe take thou my dogge, and gyue me thy fowle.<sup>2</sup>

*Fan.* Hay, chysse, come hyder! 1130

*Fol.* Nay, torde, take hym be tyme.

*Fan.* What callest thou thy dogge?

*Fol.* Tusshe, his name is Gryme.

*Fan.* Come, Gryme, come, Gryme! it is my praty dogges.

*Fol.* In faythe, there is not a better dogge for hogges,  
Not from Anwyke vnto Aungey.

*Fan.* Ye, but trowest thou that he be not maungey?

<sup>1</sup> *myne*] Qy., for the rhyme, "my purse?"

<sup>2</sup> *fowle*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this?

*Fol.* No, by my trouthe, it is but the scurfe and the scabbe.

*Fan.* What, he hathe ben hurte with a stabbe?

*Fol.* Nay, in faythe, it was but a strype 1140

That the horson had for etynge of a trype.

*Fan.* Where the deuyll gate he all these hurtes?

*Fol.* By God, for snatchynge of puddynges and wortes.

*Fan.* What, then he is some good poore mannes curre?

*Fol.* Ye, but he wyll in at euery mannes dore.

*Fan.* Nowe thou hast done me a pleasure grete.

*Fol.* In faythe, I wolde thou had a marmosete.

*Fan.* Cockes harte, I loue suche iapes.

*Fol.* Ye, for all thy mynde is on owles and apes.

But I haue thy pultre, and thou hast my catell. 1150

*Fan.* Ye, but thryfte and we haue made a batell.

*Fol.* Remembrest thou not the iapes and the toyes—

*Fan.* What, that we vsed whan we were boyes?

*Fol.* Ye, by the rode, euen the same.

*Fan.* Yes, yes, I am yet as full of game

As euer I was, and as full of tryfys,

*Nil, nihilum, nihil, anglice nyfys.*

*Fol.* What canest thou all this Latyn<sup>1</sup> yet,

And hath so mased a wandrynge wyt?

*Fan.* Tushe, man, I kepe some Latyn in store. 1160

*Fol.* By Cockes harte, I wene thou hast no more.

*Fan.* No? yes, in faythe, I can versyfy.

*Fol.* Then, I pray thé hartely,

Make a verse of my butterfly;

It forseth not of the reason, so it kepe ryme.

*Fan.* But wylte thou make another on Gryme?

*Fol.* Nay, in fayth, fyrst let me here thyne.

*Fan.* Mary, as for that, thou shalte sone here myne:

*Est snavi<sup>2</sup> snago* with a shrewde face *vilis imago.*

*Fol.* Grimbaldu gredy, snatche a puddyng tyl the rost  
be redy. 1170

<sup>1</sup> *Latyn*] Ed. "lutyn."

<sup>2</sup> *Est snavi, &c.*] Between this line and the next, ed. has "*Versus.*"



*Fan.* By the harte of God, well done !

*Fol.* Ye, so redely and so sone !

*Here cometh in CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE.*

*Cr. Con.* What, Fansy ! Let me se who is the tother.

*Fan.* By God, syr, Foly, myne owne sworne brother.

*Cr. Con.* Cockys bonys, it is a farle freke :

Can he play well at the hoddypeke ?

*Fan.* Tell by thy trouth what sport can thou make.

*Fol.* A, holde thy peas ; I haue the tothe ake.

*Cr. Con.* The tothe ake ! lo, a torde ye haue.

*Fol.* Ye, thou haste the four quarters of a knaue. 1180

*Cr. Con.* Wotyst thou, I say, to whom thou spekys ?

*Fan.* Nay, by Cockys harte, he ne reckys,

For he wyll speke to Magnyfycence thus.

*Cr. Con.* Cockys armys, a mete man for vs.

*Fol.* What, wolde ye haue mo folys, and are so many ?

*Fan.* Nay, offer hym a counter in stede of a peny.

*Cr. Con.* Why, thynkys thou he can no better skyll ?

*Fol.* In fayth, I can make you bothe folys, and I wyll.

*Cr. Con.* What haste thou on thy fyst ? a kesteryll ?<sup>1</sup>

*Fol.* Nay, I wys, fole, it is a doteryll. 1190

*Cr. Con.* In a cote thou can play well the dyser.

*Fol.* Ye, but thou can play the fole without a vyser.

*Fan.* Howe rode he by you ? howe put he to you ?<sup>2</sup>

*Cr. Con.* Mary, as thou sayst, he gaue me a blurre.

But where gatte thou that manged curre ?

*Fan.* Mary, it was his, and nowe it is myne.

*Cr. Con.* And was it his, and nowe it is thyne ?

Thou must haue thy fansy and thy wyll,

But yet thou shalt holde me a fole styll.

*Fol.* Why, wenyst thou that I cannot make thé play the  
fon ? 1200

*Fan.* Yes, by my faythe, good Syr Johnn.

<sup>1</sup> *kesteryll*] Ed. "besteryll."

<sup>2</sup> *you*] Qy., for the rhyme, "you there?"

*Cr. Con.* For you bothe it were inough.

*Fol.* Why, wenyst thou that I were as moche a fole as thou?

*Fan.* Nay, nay, thou shalte fynde hym another maner of man.

*Fol.* In faythe, I can do mastryes, so I can.

*Cr. Con.* What canest thou do but play cocke wat?

*Fan.* Yes,<sup>1</sup> yes, he wyll make thé ete a gnat.

*Fol.* Yes, yes, by my trouth, I holde thé a grote,  
That I shall laughe thé out of thy cote.

*Cr. Con.* Than wyll I say that thou haste no pere. 1210

*Fan.* Nowe, by the rode, and he wyll go nere.

*Fol.* Hem, Fansy! *regardes, voyes.*

*Here FOLY maketh semblaunt to take  
a lowse from CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE  
showlder.*

*Fan.* What hast thou founde there?

*Fol.* By God, a lowse.

*Cr. Con.* By Cockes harte, I trowe thou lyste.

*Fol.* By the masse, a Spaynysshe moght with a gray lyste.

*Fan.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Cr. Con.* Cockes armes, it is not so, I trowe.

*Here CRAFTY CONU[EY]AUNCE putteth  
of his gowne.*

*Fol.* Put on thy gowne agayne, for nowe thou hast lost.<sup>2</sup>

*Fan.* Lo, Johnn a Bonam, where is thy brayne? 1220  
Nowe put on, fole, thy cote agayne.

*Fol.* Gyue me my grote, for thou hast lost.

*Here FOLY maketh semblaunt to take  
money of CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE,  
saynge to hym,*

Shyt thy purse, dawe, and do no cost.

<sup>1</sup> Yes] Ed. "Yet."

<sup>2</sup> for nowe thou hast lost] Qy., for the rhyme, "for thou hast lost nowe?"

*Fan.* Nowe hast thou not a prowde mocke and a starke?

*Cr. Con.* With, yes, by the rode of Wodstocke Parke.

*Fan.* Nay, I tell thé, he maketh no dowtes  
To tourne a fole out of his clowtes.

*Cr. Con.* And for a fole a man wolde hym take.

*Fol.* Nay, it is I that foles can make;  
For, be he cayser or be he kyng, 1230  
To felowshyp with Foly I can hym brynge.

*Fan.* Nay, wylte thou here nowe of his scoles,  
And what maner of people he maketh foles?

*Cr. Con.* Ye, let vs here a worde or twayne.

*Fol.* Syr, of my maner I shall tell you the playne.  
Fyrst I lay before them my bybyll,  
And teche them howe they sholde syt ydyll,  
To pyke theyr fyngers all the day long;  
So in theyr eyre I syngre them a songe,  
And make them so longe to muse, 1240

That some of them renneth straight to the stuse;  
To thefte and bryboury I make some fall,  
And pyke a locke and clyme a wall;  
And where I spy a nysot gay,  
That wyll syt ydyll all the day,  
And can not set herselfe to warke,  
I kyndell in her suche a lyther sparke,  
That rubbed she must be on the gall  
Bytwene the tappet<sup>1</sup> and the wall.

*Cr. Con.* What, horson, arte thou suche a one? 1250

*Fan.* Nay, beyonde all other set hym alone.

*Cr. Con.* Hast thou ony more? let se, procede.

*Fol.* Ye, by God, syr, for a nede,  
I haue another maner of sorte,  
That I laugh at for my dysporte;  
And those be they that come vp of nought,  
As some be not ferre, and yf it were well sought:

<sup>1</sup> *tappet*] Ed. "tap." Compare p. 128, v. 75.

Suche dawys, what soeuer they be,  
 That be set in auctorite,  
 Anone he waxyth so hy and prowde, 1260  
 He frownyth fyersly, brymly browde,  
 The knaue wolde make it koy, and he cowde ;  
 All that he dothe, muste be alowde ;  
 And, This is not well done, syr, take hede ;  
 And maketh hym besy where is no nede :  
 He dawnsys so longe, hey, troyly loly,  
 That euery man lawghyth at his foly.

*Cr. Con.* By the good Lorde, truthe he sayth.

*Fan.* Thynkyst thou not so, by thy fayth ?

*Cr. Con.* Thynke I not so, quod he ! ellys haue I  
 shame, 1270

For I knowe dyuerse that vseth the same.

*Fol.* But nowe, forsothe, man, it maketh no mater ;  
 For they that wyll so bysely smater,  
 So helpe me God, man, euer at the length  
 I make hym<sup>1</sup> lese moche of theyr strength ;  
 For with foly so do I them lede,  
 That wyt he wantyth when he hath moste nede.

*Fan.* Forsothe, tell on : hast thou any mo ?<sup>2</sup>

*Fol.* Yes, I shall tell you, or I go,  
 Of dyuerse mo that hauntyth my scolys. 1280

*Cr. Con.* All men beware of suche fōlys !

*Fol.* There be two lyther, rude and ranke,  
 Symkyn Tytyuell and Pers Pykthanke ;  
 Theys lythers I lerne them for to lere  
 What he sayth and she sayth to lay good ere,  
 And tell to his sufferayne euery whyt,  
 And then he is moche made of for his wyt ;<sup>3</sup>  
 And, be the mater yll more or lesse,  
 He wyll make it mykyll worse than it is :

<sup>1</sup> *hym*] Compare v. 427, p. 239. Perhaps these inconsistencies may have arisen from contractions in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> *mo*] Ed. "more."

<sup>3</sup> *wyt*] Ed. "whyt."

But all that he dothe, and yf he reken well, 1290  
It is but foly euery dell.

*Fan.* Are not his wordys cursydly cowchyd?

*Cr. Con.* By God, there be some that be shroudly  
towchyd :

But, I say, let se and yf thou haue any more.

*Fol.* I haue an hole armory of suche haburdashe in store;  
For there be other that foly dothe vse,  
That folowe fonde fantasyes and vertu refuse.

*Fan.* Nay, that is my parte that thou spekest of nowe.

*Fol.* So is all the remenaunt, I make God auowe;  
For thou fourmest suche fantasyes in theyr mynde, 1300  
That euery man almost groweth out of kynde.

*Cr. Con.* By the masse, I am glad that I came hyder,  
To here you two rutters dyspute togyder.

*Fan.* Nay, but Fansy must be eyther fyrst or last.

*Fol.* But whan Foly cometh, all is past.

*Fan.* I wote not whether it cometh of thé or of me,  
But all is foly that I can se.

*Cr. Con.* Mary, syr, ye may swere it on a boke.

*Fol.* Ye, tourne ouer the lefe, rede there and loke,  
Howe frantyke Fansy fyrst of all 1310  
Maketh man and woman in foly to fall.

*Cr. Con.* A, syr, a, a ! howe by that !

*Fan.* A peryllous thyng, to cast a cat  
Vpon a naked man, and yf she scrat.

*Fol.* So how, I say, the hare is squat !  
For, frantyke Fansy, thou makest men madde ;  
And I, Foly, bryngeth them to *qui fuit* gadde,  
With *qui fuit* brayne seke I haue them brought  
From *qui fuit aliquid* to shyre shakynge nought.

*Cr. Con.* Well argued and surely on bothe sydes : 1320  
But for thé, Fansy, Magnyfyence abydes.

*Fan.* Why, shall I not haue Foly with me also ?

*Cr. Con.* Yes, perde, man, whether that ye ryde or go :

Yet for his name we must fynde a slyght.<sup>1</sup>

*Fan.* By the masse, he shall hyght Consayte.

*Cr. Con.* Not a better name vnder the sonne:

✓ With Magnyfycence thou shalte wonne.

*Fol.* God haue mercy, good godfather.

*Cr. Con.* Yet I wolde that ye had gone rather;

For, as sone as you come in Magnyfycence syght, 1330

All mesure and good rule is gone quyte.

*Fan.* And shall we haue lyberte to do what we wyll?

*Cr. Con.* Ryot at lyberte russheth it out styll.

*Fol.* Ye, but tell me one thyng.

*Cr. Con.* What is that?

*Fol.* Who is mayster of the masshe fat?

*Fan.* Ye, for he hathe a full dry soule.

*Cr. Con.* Cockes armes, thou shalte kepe the brewhouse  
boule.

*Fol.* But may I drynke therof whylest that I stare?

*Cr. Con.* When mesure is gone, what nedest thou  
spare? 1340

Whan mesure is gone, we may s<sup>stay</sup>lee care.

*Fol.* Nowe then goo we hens, away the mare!<sup>2</sup>

#### CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE *alone in the place.*

*Cr. Con.* It is wonder to se the worlde aboute,

To se what foly is vsed in euery place;

Foly hath a rome, I say, in euery route,

To put, where he lyst, Foly hath fre chace;

Foly and Fansy all where, euery man dothe face and  
brace;

Foly fotyth it properly, Fansy ledyth the dawnce;

And next come I after, Crafty Conueyaunce.

Who so to me gyueth good aduertence, 1350

<sup>1</sup> *slyght*] Ed. "shyfte." Compare v. 687, p. 247, and v. 964, p. 256, where "slyght" (sleight) is the rhyme to "consayte."

<sup>2</sup> *the mare*] Here *Foly* and *Fansy* go out.

> Shall se many thyngys donne craftely :  
 By me conueyed is wanton insolence,  
 Pryuy poyntmentys conueyed so properly,  
 For many tymes moche kyndnesse is denyed  
 For drede that we dare not ofte lest we be spyed ;  
 > By me is conueyed mykyll praty ware,  
 Somtyme, I say, behynde the dore for nede ;  
 I haue an hoby can make larkys to dare ;  
 I knyt togyther many a broken threde.  
 It is great almesse the hungre<sup>1</sup> to fede, 1360  
 To clothe the nakyd where is lackynge a smocke,  
 Trymme at her tayle, or a man can turne a socke :  
 What howe, be ye mery ! was it not well conueyed ?  
 As oft as ye lyst, so honeste be sauyd ;  
 Alas, dere harte, loke that we be not perseyuyd !  
 — Without crafte nothyng is well behauyd ;  
 Though I shewe you curtesy, say not that I craue,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet conuey it craftely, and hardely spare not for me,  
 So that there knowe no man but I and she.  
 Thefte also and pety brybery 1370  
 Without me be full oft aspyed ;  
 My inwyt delynge there can no man dyscry,  
 Conuey it be crafte, lyft and lay asyde :  
 Full moche flatery and falsehode I hyde,  
 And by crafty conueyaunce I wyll, and I can,  
 Saue a stronge thefe and hange a trew man.  
 But some man wolde conuey, and can not skylle,  
 As malypert tauernars that checke with theyr betters,  
 Theyr conueyaunce weltyth the worke all by wyll ;  
 And some wyll take vpon them to conterfet letters, 1380  
 And therwithall conuey hymselfe into a payre of fetters ;  
 And some wyll conuey by the pretence of sadnesse,  
 Tyll all theyr conueyaunce is turnyd into madnesse.

<sup>1</sup> *hungre*] Ed. "hunger."

<sup>2</sup> *craue*] Qy., for the rhyme, "craued?" unless something be wanting.

Crafty conueyaunce is no chyldys game :  
 By crafty conueyaunce many one is brought vp of nought ;  
 Crafty Conueyaunce can cloke hymselfe frome shame,  
 For by crafty conueyaunce wonderful thynges are wrought :  
 By conuayaunce crafty I haue brought  
 Vnto Magnifyce[nce] a full vngracyous sorte,  
 For all hokes vnhappy to me haue resorte. 1390

*Here cometh in MAGNYFYCENCE with LYBERTE and  
 FELYCYTE.*

*Magn.* Trust me, Lyberte, it greueth me ryght sore  
 To se you thus ruled and stande in suche awe.

*Lyb.* Syr, as by my wyll, it shall be so no more.

*Fel.* Yet lyberte without rule is not worth a strawe.

*Magn.* Tushe, holde your peas, ye speke lyke a dawe ;  
 Ye shall be occupied, Welthe, at my wyll.

*Cr. Con.* All that ye say, syr, is reason and skyll.

*Magn.* Mayster Suruayour, where haue ye ben so  
 longe?

Remembre ye not how my lyberte by mesure ruled was?

*Cr. Con.* In good faythe, syr, me semeth he had the  
 more wronge. 1400

*Lyb.* Mary, syr, so dyd he excede and passe,  
 They droue me to lernynge lyke a dull asse.

*Fel.* It is good yet that lyberte be ruled by reason.

*Magn.* Tushe, holde your peas, ye speke out of season :  
 Yourselfe shall be ruled by lyberte and largesse.

*Fel.* I am content, so it in measure be.

*Lyb.* Must mesure, in the mares name, you furnysshe  
 and dresse?

*Magn.* Nay, nay, not so, my frende Felycyte.

*Cr. Con.* Not, and your grace wolde be ruled by me.

*Lyb.* Nay, he shall be ruled euen as I lyst. 1410

*Fel.* Yet it is good to beware of Had I wylst.



*Magn.* Syr, by lyberte and largesse I wyll that ye shall

Be gouerned and gyded: wote ye what I say?

Mayster Suruayour, Largesse to me call.

*Cr. Con.* It shall be done.

*Magn.* Ye, but byd hym come away

At ones, and let hym not tary all day.

*Here goth out CRAFTY CONUAYAUNCE.*

✓ *Fel.* Yet it is good wysdome to worke wysely by welth.

*Lyb.* Holde thy tonge, and thou loue thy helth.

*Magn.* What, wyll ye waste wynde, and prate thus in  
vayne? 1420

Ye haue eten sauce, I trowe, at the Taylers Hall.

*Lyb.* Be not to bolde, my frende; I counsell you, bere  
a brayne.

*Magn.* And what so we say, holde you content withall.

*Fel.* Syr, yet without sapyence your substaunce may be  
smal;

For, where is no mesure, howe may worshyp endure?

*Here cometh in FANSY.*

*Fan.* Syr, I am here at your pleasure;

Your grace sent for me, I wene; what is your wyll?

*Magn.* Come hyther, Largesse, take here Felycyte.

*Fan.* Why, wene you that I can kepe hym longe styll?

*Magn.* To rule as ye lyst, lo, here is Lyberte! 1430

*Lyb.* I am here redy.

*Fan.* What, shall we haue welth at our gydyng to rule  
as we lyst?

Then fare well thryfte, by hym that crosse kyst!

*Fel.* I truste your grace wyll be agreabyll

That I shall suffer none impechment

By theyr demenaunce nor losse re pryuable.

— *Magn.* Syr, ye shall folowe myne appetyte and intent.

*Fel.* So it be by mesure I am ryght well content.

*Fan.* What, all by mesure, good syr, and none excesse?

*Lyb.* Why, welth hath made many a man braynlesse.

1440

*Fel.* That was by the menys of to moche lyberte.

*Magn.* What can ye agree thus and appose?

*Fel.* Syr, as I say, there was no faute in me.

*Lyb.* Ye, of Jackeathrommys bybyll can ye make a glose?

*Fan.* Sore sayde, I tell you, and well to the purpose :  
What sholde a man do with you, loke you vnder kay.<sup>1</sup>

*Fel.* I say, it is foly to gyue all welth away.

*Lyb.* Whether sholde welth be rulyd by lyberte,  
Or lyberte by welth? let se, tell me that.

*Fel.* Syr, as me semeth, ye sholde be rulyd by me. 1450

*Magn.* What nede you with hym thus prate and chat?

*Fan.* Shewe vs your mynde then, howe to do and what.

*Magn.* I say, that I wyll ye haue hym in gydyngge.

*Lyb.* Mayster Felycyte, let be your chydyngge,

And so as ye se it wyll be no better,  
Take it in worthe suche as ye fynde.

*Fan.* What the deuyll, man, your name shalbe the greter,  
For welth without largesse is all out of kynde.

*Lyb.* And welth is nought worthe, yf lyberte be behynde.

*Magn.* Nowe holde ye content, for there is none other shyfte. 1460

*Fel.* Than waste must be welcome, and fare well thryfte !

*Magn.* Take of his substaunce a sure inuentory,  
And get thou<sup>2</sup> home togyther ; for Lyberte shall byde,  
And wayte vpon me.

*Lyb.* And yet for a memory,  
Make indentures howe ye and I shal gyde.

*Fan.* I can do nothyngge but he stonde besyde.

<sup>1</sup> *kay*] Ed. "bay."

<sup>2</sup> *thou*] Qy. "you?" see note on v. 1275, p. 266.

*Lyb.* Syr, we can do nothyng the one without the other.

*Magn.* Well, get you hens than, and sende me some other.

*Fan.* Whom? lusty Pleasure, or mery Consayte? 1470

*Magn.* Nay, fyrst lusty Pleasure is my desyre to haue,  
And let the other another<sup>1</sup> awayte,

Howe be it that fonde felowe is a mery knaue;

But loke that ye occupye the auctoryte that I you gaue.

[*Here goeth out FELYCYTE, LYBERTE, and FANSY.*

MAGNYFYCENCE *alone in the place.*

For nowe,<sup>2</sup> syrs, I am lyke as a prynce sholde be;

I haue welth at wyll, largesse and lyberte:

Fortune to her lawys can not abandune me,

But I shall of Fortune rule the reyne;

I fere nothyng Fortunes perplexyte;

All honour to me must nedys stowpe and lene; 1480

I synge of two partys without a mene;

I haue wynde and wether ouer all to sayle,

No stormy rage agaynst me can peruayle.

Alexander, of Macedony kynge,

That all the oryent had in subieccyon,

Though al his conquestys were brought to rekenyng,

Myght seme ryght wel vnder my proteccyon

To rayne, for all his marcyall affeccyon;

For I am prynce perlesse prouyd of porte,

Bathyd with blysse, embracyd with comforte. 1490

Syrus, that soleme syar of Babylon,

That Israell releysyd of theyr captuyte,

For al his pompe, for all his ryall trone,

He may not be comparyd vnto me.

I am the dyamounde dowllesse of dygnyte:

Surely it is I that all may saue and spyll;

No man so hardy to worke agaynst my wyll.

<sup>1</sup> *another*] Qy. "*another* time?"

<sup>2</sup> *For nowe, &c.*] In ed. this speech is given to *Fansy*.

Porcena, the prowde prouoste of Turky lande,  
 That ratyd the Romaynes and made them yll rest,  
 Nor Cesar July, that no man myght withstande, 1500  
 Were neuer halfe so rychely as I am drest :  
 No, that I assure you ; loke who was the best.  
 I reyne in my robys, I rule as me lyst,  
 I dryue downe th[e]se dastardys with a dynt of my fyste.  
 Of Cato the counte acountyd the cane,  
 Daryus, the doughty cheftayn of Perse,  
 I set not by the prowdest of them a prane,  
 Ne by non other that any man can reherse.  
 I folowe in felycyte without reue[r]sse,  
 I drede no daunger, I dawnce all in delyte ; 1510  
 My name is Magnyfyence, man most of myght.  
 Hercules the herdy, with his stobburne clobbyd mase,  
 That made Cerberus to cache, the cur dogge of hell,  
 And Thesius, that<sup>1</sup> prowde was Pluto to face,  
 It wolde not become them with me for to mell :  
 For of all barones bolde I bere the bell,  
 Of all doughty I am doughtyest duke, as I deme ;  
 To me all prynces to lowtè man be sene.<sup>2</sup>  
 Cherlemayne, that mantenyd the nobles of Fraunce,  
 Arthur of Albyan, for all his brymme berde, 1520  
 Nor Basyan the bolde, for all his brybaunce,  
 Nor Alerycus, that rulyd the Gothyaunce by swerd,  
 Nor no man on molde can make me aferd.  
 What man is so maysyd with me that dare mete,  
 I shall flappe hym as a fole to fall at my fete.  
 Galba, whom his galantys garde for agaspe,  
 Nor Nero, that nother set by God nor man,  
 Nor Vaspasyan, that bare in his nose a waspe,  
 Nor Hanyball agayne Rome gates that ranne,  
 Nor yet Cypyo,<sup>3</sup> that noble Cartage wanne, 1530

<sup>1</sup> *that*] Ed. "the."

<sup>2</sup> *be sene*] Qy., for the rhyme, "beseme?"

<sup>3</sup> *Cypyo*] Ed. "typyo."

Nor none so hardy of them with me that durste crake,  
But I shall frounce them on the foretop, and gar them to quake.

*Here cometh in COURTLY ABUSYON, doynge reuerence and  
courtesy.*

*Court. Ab.* At your commaundement, syr, wyth all dew  
reuerence.

*Magn.* Welcom, Pleasure, to our magnyfyence.

*Court. Ab.* Plesyth it your grace to shewe what I do shall?

*Magn.* Let vs here of your pleasure to passe the tyme  
withall.

*Court. Ab.* Syr, then with the fauour of your benynge  
sufferaunce

To shewe you my mynde myselfe I wyll auaunce,  
If it lyke your grace to take it in degre.

*Magn.* Yes, syr, so good man in you I se, 1540  
And in your delynge so good assuraunce,  
That we delyte gretly in your dalyaunce.

*Court. Ab.* A, syr, your grace me dothe extole and rayse,  
And ferre beyond my merytys ye me commende and prayse;  
Howe be it, I wolde be ryght gladde, I you assure,  
Any thyng to do that myght be to your pleasure.

*Magn.* As I be saued, with pleasure I am supprysyd  
Of your langage, it is so well deuysed;  
Pullyshyd and fresshe is your ornacy.

*Court. Ab.* A, I wolde to God that I were halfe so crafty,  
1550

Or in electe vtteraunce halfe so eloquent,  
As that I myght your noble grace content !

*Magn.* Truste me, with you I am hyghly pleasyd,  
For in my fauour I haue you feffyde and seasyd.  
He is not lyuyng your maners can amend;  
Mary, your speche is as pleasant as though it were pend;  
To here your comon, it is my hygh comforte;  
Poynt deuysed all pleasure is your porte.

*Court. Ab.* Syr, I am the better of your noble reporte ;  
 But, of your pacyence vnder the supporte, 1560  
 If it wolde lyke you to here my pore mynde—

*Magn.* Speke, I beseche thé, leue nothyng behynde.

*Court. Ab.* So as ye be a prynce of great myght,  
 It is semyng your pleasure ye delyte,  
 And to aqueynte you with carnall delectacyon,  
 And to fall in aquayntaunce with euery newe facyon ;  
 And quyckely your appetytes to sharpe and adresse,  
 To fasten your fansy vpon a fayre maystresse,  
 That quyckly is enuyued with rudyes of the rose,  
 Inpurtured with fetures after your purpose, 1570  
 The streynes of her vaynes as asure inde blewe,  
 Enbudded with beautye and colour fresshe of hewe,  
 As lyly whyte to loke vpon her leyre,<sup>1</sup>  
 Her eyen relucant as carbuncle so clere,  
 Her mouthe enbawmed, dylectable and mery,  
 Her lusty lypes ruddy as the chery :  
 Howe lyke you ? ye lacke, syr, suche a lusty lasse.

*Magn.* A, that were a baby to brace and to basse !  
 I wolde I had, by hym that hell dyd harowe,  
 With me in keypyng suche a Phylp sparowe ! 1580  
 I wolde hauke whylest my hede dyd warke,  
 So I myght hobby for suche a lusty larke.

These wordes in myne eyre they be so lustely spoken,  
 That on suche a female my flesshe wolde be wroken ;  
 They towche me so thorowly, and tykyll my consayte,  
 That weryed I wolde be on suche a bayte :

A, Cockes armes, where myght suche one be founde ?

*Court. Ab.* Wyll ye spende ony money ?

*Magn.* Ye, a thousande pounce.

*Court. Ab.* Nay, nay, for lesse I waraunt you to be  
 sped, 1590  
 And brought home, and layde in your bed.

<sup>1</sup> *leyre*] Ed. "heyre."

*Magn.* Wolde money, trowest thou, make suche one to the call?

*Court. Ab.* Money maketh marchauntes, I tell you, over all.

*Magn.* Why, wyl a maystres be wonne for money and for golde?

*Court. Ab.* Why, was not for money Troy bothe bought and solde?

Full many a stronge cyte and towne hath ben wonne  
By the meanes of money without ony gonne.  
A maystres, I tell you, is but a small thyng;  
A goodly rybon, or a golde rynge,  
May wyne with a sawte the fortresse of the holde; 1600  
But one thyng I warne you, prece forth and be bolde.

*Magn.* Ye, but some be full koy and passynge harde harted.

*Court. Ab.* But, blessyd be our Lorde, they wyll be sone conuerted.

*Magn.* Why, wyll they then be intreted, the most and the lest?

*Court. Ab.* Ye, for *omnis mulier meretrix, si celari potest.*

*Magn.* A, I haue spyed ye can moche broken sorowe.

*Court. Ab.* I coude holde you with suche talke hens tyll to morowe;

But yf it lyke your grace, more at large  
Me to permyt my mynde to dyscharge,  
I wolde yet shewe you further of my consayte. 1610

*Magn.* Let se what ye say, shewe it strayte.

*Court. Ab.* Wysely let these wordes in your mynde be wayed:

By waywarde wylfulnes let eche thyng be conuayed;  
What so euer ye do, folowe your owne wyll;  
Be it reason or none, it shall not gretely skylly;  
Be it ryght or wronge, by the aduyse of me,  
Take your pleasure and vse free lyberte; ✓

And yf you se ony thyng agaynst your mynde,  
 Then some occacyon of<sup>1</sup> quarell ye must fynde,  
 And frowne it and face it, as thoughe ye wolde fyght, 1620  
 Frete yourselfe for anger and for dyspyte;  
 Here no man, what so euer they say,  
 But do as ye lyst, and take your owne way.

*Magn.* Thy wordes and my mynde odly well accorde.

*Court. Ab.* What sholde ye do elles? are not you a lorde?  
 Let your lust and lykyng stande for a lawe;  
 Be wrastyng and wrythyng, and away drawe.  
 And ye se a man that with hym ye be not pleased,  
 And that your mynde can not well be eased,  
 As yf a man fortune to touche you on the quyke, 1630  
 Then feyne yourselfe dyseased and make yourselfe seke:  
 To styre vp your stomake you must you forge,  
 Call for a candell<sup>2</sup> and cast vp your gorge;  
 With, Cockes armes, rest shall I none haue  
 Tyll I be reuenged on that horson knaue!  
 A, howe my stomake wambleth! I am all in a swete!  
 Is there no horson that knaue that wyll bete?

*Magn.* By Cockes woundes, a wonder felowe thou arte;  
 For ofte tymes suche a wamblyng goth ouer my harte;  
 Yet I am not harte seke, but that me lyst 1640  
 For myrth I haue hym coryed, beten, and blyst,  
 Hym that I loued not and made hym to loute,  
 I am forthwith as hole as a troute;  
 For suche abusyon I vse nowe and than.

*Court. Ab.* It is none abusyon, syr, in a noble man,  
 It is a pryncely pleasure and a lordly mynde;  
 Suche lustes at large may not be lefte behynde.

*Here cometh in CLOKED COLUSYON with MESURE.*

*Cl. Col.* Stande styll here, and ye shall se  
 That for your sake I wyll fall on my kne.

<sup>1</sup> *occacyon of*] Ed. "accacyon or."

<sup>2</sup> *candell*] Qy. "caudell?"



*Court. Ab.* Syr, Sober Sadnesse cometh, wherfore it be ?

1650

*Magn.* Stande vp, syr, ye are welcom to me.

*Cl. Col.* Please it your grace, at the contemplacyon  
Of my pore instance and supplycacyon,  
Tenderly to consyder in your aduertence,  
Of our blessyd Lorde, syr, at the reuerence,  
Remembre the good seruyce that Measure hath you done,  
And that ye wyll not cast hym away so sone.

*Magn.* My frende, as touchynge to this your mocyon,  
I may say to you I haue but small deuocyon ;  
Howe be it, at your instaunce I wyll the rather  
Do as moche as for myne owne father.

1660

*Cl. Col.* Nay, syr, that affeccyon ought to be reserued,  
For of your grace I haue it nought deserued ;  
But yf it lyke you that I myght rowne in your eyre,  
To shewe you my mynde I wolde haue the lesse fere.

*Magn.* Stande a lytell abacke, syr, and let hym come  
hyder.

*Court. Ab.* With a good wyll, syr, God spede you bothe  
togyder.

*Cl. Col.* Syr, so it is, this man is here by,  
That for hym to laboure he hath prayde me hartely ;  
Notwithstandynge to you be it sayde,  
To trust in me he is but dyssayued ;  
For, so helpe me God, for you he is not mete :  
I speke the softlyer, because he sholde not wete.

1670

*Magn.* Come hyder, Pleasure, you shall here myne  
entent :

Measure, ye knowe wel, with hym I can not be content,  
And surely, as I am nowe aduysed,  
I wyll haue hym rehayted and dyspysed.  
Howe say ye, syrs ? herein what is best ?

*Court. Ab.* By myne aduyse with you in fayth he shall  
not rest.

*Cl. Col.* Yet, syr, reserued your better aduysement, 1680  
It were better he spake with you or he wente,  
That he knowe not but that I haue supplied  
All that I can his matter for to spede.

*Magn.* Nowe, by your trouthe, gaue he you not a brybe?

*Cl. Col.* Yes, with his hande I made hym to subscribe  
A byll of recorde for an annuall rent.

*Court. Ab.* But for all that he is lyke to haue a glent.

*Cl. Col.* Ye, by my trouthe, I shall waraunt you for me,  
And he go to the deu[y]ll, so that I may haue my fee,  
What care I? 1690

*Magn.* By the masse, well sayd.

*Court. Ab.* What force ye, so that ye<sup>1</sup> be payde?

*Cl. Col.* But yet, lo, I wolde, or that he wente,  
Lest that he thought that his money were euyll spente,  
That ye<sup>2</sup> wolde loke on hym, thoughe it were not longe.

*Magn.* Well cannest thou helpe a preest to synge a  
songe.

*Cl. Col.* So it is all the maner nowe a dayes,  
For to vse suche haftyng and crafty wayes.

*Court. Ab.* He telleth you trouth, syr, as I you ensure.

*Magn.* Well, for thy sake the better I may endure 1700  
That he come hyder, and to gyue hym a loke  
That he shall lyke the worse all this woke.

*Cl. Col.* I care not howe sone he be refused,  
So that I may craftely be excused.

*Court. Ab.* Where is he?

*Cl. Col.* Mary, I made hym abyde,  
Whylest I came to you, a lytell here besyde.

*Magn.* Well, call hym, and let vs here hym reason,  
And we wyll be comonyng in the mene season.

*Court. Ab.* This is a wyse man, syr, where so euer ye  
hym had. 1710

*Magn.* An honest person, I tell you, and a sad.

<sup>1</sup> ye] Ed. "he."

<sup>2</sup> ye] Ed. "he."

*Court. Ab.* He can full craftely this matter brynge aboute.

*Magn.* Whylest I haue hym, I nede nothyng douthe.

*Hic introducatur* COLUSION MESURE, MAGNYFYCENCE  
*aspectant[e] vultu elatissimo.*

*Cl. Col.* By the masse, I haue done that I can,  
And more than euer I dyd for ony man :  
I trowe, ye herde yourselfe what I sayd.

*Mes.* Nay, indede ; but I sawe howe ye prayed,  
And made instance for me be lykelyhod.

*Cl. Col.* Nay, I tell you, I am not wonte to fode  
Them that dare put theyr truste in me ; 1720  
And therof ye shall a larger profe se.

*Mes.* Syr, God rewarde you as ye haue deserued :  
But thynke you with Magnyfyence I shal be reserued ?

*Cl. Col.* By my trouthe, I can not tell you that ;  
But, and I were as ye, I wolde not set a gnat  
By Magnyfyence, nor yet none of his,  
For, go when ye shall, of you shall he mysse.

*Mes.* Syr, as ye say.

*Cl. Col.* Nay, come on with me :  
Yet ones agayne I shall fall on my kne 1730  
For your sake, what so euer befall ;  
I set not a flye, and all go to all.

*Mes.* The Holy Goost be with your grace.

*Cl. Col.* Syr, I beseche you, let pety haue some place  
In your brest towards this gentylman.

*Magn.* I was your good lorde tyll that ye beganne  
So masterfully vpon you for to take  
With my seruauntys, and suche maystryes gan make,  
That holly my mynde with you is myscontente ;  
Wherfore I wyll that ye be resydent 1740  
With me no longer.

*Cl. Col.* Say somewhat nowe, let se, for your selfe.<sup>1</sup>

*Mes.* Syr, yf I myght permytted be,

<sup>1</sup> *let se, for your selfe]* Qy., for the rhyme, "for your selfe, let se?"—unless "for your selfe" was intended to form the commencement of the next verse.

I wolde to you say a worde or twayne.

*Magn.* What, woldest thou, lurden, with me brawle  
agayne?

Haue hym hens, I say, out of my syght;

That day I se hym, I shall be worse all nyght.

[*Here MESURE goth out of the place.*<sup>1</sup>

*Court. Ab.* Hens, thou haynyarde, out of the dores fast!

*Magn.* Alas, my stomake fareth as it wolde cast!

*Cl. Col.* Abyde, syr, abyde, let me holde your hede.

1750

*Magn.* A bolle or a basyn, I say, for Goddes brede!

A, my hede! But is the horson gone?

God gyue hym a myscheffe! Nay, nowe let me alone.

*Cl. Col.* A good dryfte, syr, a praty fete:

By the good Lorde, yet your temples bete.

*Magn.* Nay, so God me helpe, it was no grete vexacyon,  
For I am pangd ofte tymes of this same facyon.

*Cl. Col.* Cockes armes, howe Pleasure plucked hym  
forth!

*Magn.* Ye, walke he must, it was no better worth.

*Cl. Col.* Syr, nowe me thynke your harte is well eased.

1760

*Magn.* Nowe Measure is gone, I am the better pleased.

*Cl. Col.* So to be ruled by measure, it is a payne.

*Magn.* Mary, I wene he wolde not be glad to come  
agayne.

*Cl. Col.* So I wote not what he sholde do here:

Where mennes belyes is mesured, there is no chere;

For I here but fewe men that gyue ony prayse

Vnto measure, I say, nowe a days.

*Magn.* Measure, tut! what, the deuyll of hell!  
Scantly one with measure that wyll dwell.

<sup>1</sup> *Here Mesure goth out of the place*] To this stage-direction ought to be added—"with Courtly Abusyon, who, as he carries him off, exclaims." See what *Clokyd Colusyon* says a little after,

"Cockes armes, howe Pleasure plucked hym forth!"

Pleasure is the assumed name of *Courtly Abusyon*.

*Cl. Col.* Not amonge noble men, as the worlde gothe: 1770  
 It is no wonder therfore thoughe ye be wrothe  
 With Mesure. Where as all noblenes is, there I haue past:  
 They catche that catche may, kepe and holde fast,  
 Out of all measure themselfe to enryche;  
 No force what thoughe his neyghbour dye in a dyche.  
 With pollynge and pluckyng out of all measure,  
 Thus must ye stufte and store your treasure.

*Magn.* Yet somtyme, parde, I must vse largesse.

*Cl. Col.* Ye, mary, somtyme in a messe of vergesse,  
 As in a tryfyll or in a thyng of nought, 1780  
 As gyuyng a thyng that ye neuer bought:  
 It is the gyse nowe, I say, ouer all;  
 Largesse in wordes, for rewardes are but small:  
 To make fayre promyse, what are ye the worse?  
 Let me haue the rule of your purse.

*Magn.* I haue taken it to Largesse and Lyberte.

*Cl. Col.* Than is it done as it sholde be:  
 But vse your largesse by the aduyse of me,  
 And I shall waraunt you welth and lyberte.

*Magn.* Say on; me thynke your reasons be profounde.

1790

*Cl. Col.* Syr, of my counsayle this shall be the grounde,  
 To chose out ii. iii. of suche as you loue best,  
 And let all your fansyes vpon them rest;  
 Spare for no cost to gyue them pounce and peny,  
 Better to make iii. ryche than for to make many;  
 Gyue them more than ynoughe and let them not lacke,  
 And as for all other let them trusse and packe;  
 Plucke from an hundred, and gyue it to thre,  
 Let neyther patent scape them nor fee;  
 And where soeuer you wyll fall to a rekenyng, 1800  
 Those thre wyll be redy euen at your bekenyng,  
 For then<sup>1</sup> shall you haue at lyberte to lowte;  
 Let them haue all, and the other go without:

<sup>1</sup> then] Qy. "them?"

Thus ioy without mesure you shall haue.

*Magn.* Thou sayst truthe, by the harte that God me  
gaue !

For, as thou sayst, ryght so shall it be :

And here I make thé vpon Lyberte

To be superuysour, and on Largesse also,

For as thou wylte, so shall the game go ;

For in Pleasure, and Surueyaunce, and also in thé, 1810

I haue set my hole felycyte,

And suche as you wyll shall lacke no promocyon.

*Cl. Col.* Syr, syth that in me ye haue suche de-  
uocyon,

Commyttynge to me and to my felowes twayne

Your welthe and felycyte, I trust we shall optayne

To do you seruyce after your appetyte.

*Magn.* In faythe, and your seruyce ryght well shall I  
acquyte ;

And therefore hye you hens, and take this ouersyght.

*Cl. Col.* Nowe, Jesu preserue you, syr, prynce most of  
myght !

*Here goth CLOKED COLUSYON awaye, and  
leueth MAGNYFYCENCE alone in the place.*

*Magn.* Thus, I say, I am enuyronned with solace; 1820  
I drede no dyntes of fatall desteny.

Well were that lady myght stande in my grace,

Me to enbrace and loue moost specyally:

A Lorde, so I wolde halse her hartely,

So I wolde clepe her, so I wolde kys her swete !

*Here cometh in FOLY.*

*Fol.* Mary, Cryst graunt ye catche no colde on your  
fete !

*Magn.* Who is this ?

*Fol.* Consayte, syr, your owne man.

*Magn.* What tydynges with you, syr? I befole thy brayne  
pan.

*Skull*

*Fol.* By our lakyn, syr, I haue ben a hawkyng<sup>1</sup> for the  
wylde swan. 1830

My hawke is rammysse, and it happed that she ran,  
Flewe I sholde say, in to an olde barne,  
To reche at a rat, I coude not her warne ;  
She pynched her pynyon, by God, and caught harme :  
It was a ronner; nay, fole, I warant her blode warme.

*Magn.* A, syr, thy iarfawcon and thou be hanged  
togyder!

*Fol.* And, syr, as I was comynge to you hyder,  
I sawe a fox sucke on a kowes ydder,  
And with a lyme rodde I toke them bothe togyder.  
I trowe it be a frost, for the way is slydder: 1840  
Se, for God auowe, for colde as I chydder.

*Magn.* Thy wordes hange togyder as fethers in the wynde.

*Fol.* A, syr, tolde I not you howe I dyd fynde  
A knaue and a carle, and all of one kynde ?  
I sawe a wethercocke wagge with the wynde ;  
Grete meruayle I had, and mused in my mynde ;  
The houndes ranne before, and the hare behynde ;  
I sawe a losell lede a lurden, and they were bothe blynde ;  
I sawe a sowter go to supper or euer he had dynde.

*Magn.* By Cockes harte, thou arte a fyne mery knaue.  
1850

*Fol.* I make God auowe, ye wyll none other men<sup>2</sup> haue.

*Magn.* What sayst thou ?

*Fol.* Mary, I pray God your maystershyp to saue :  
I shall gyue you a gaude of a goslynge that I gaue,  
The gander and the gose bothe grasyng on one graue ;  
Than Rowlande the reue ran, and I began to raue,  
And with a brystell of a bore his berde dyd I shaue.

*Magn.* If euer I herde syke another, God gyue me  
shame.

*Fol.* Sym Sadylgose was my syer, and Dawcocke my  
dame :

<sup>1</sup> *hawkyng*] Ed. "howkyng."

<sup>2</sup> *men*] Qy. "man?"

I coude, and I lyst, garre you laughe at a game, 1860  
 Howe a wodcocke wrastled with a larke that was lame :  
 The bytter sayd boldly that they were to blame ;  
 The feldfare wolde haue fydded, and it wolde not frame ;  
 The crane and the curlewe therat gan to grame ;  
 The snyte snyueled in the snowte and smyled at the game.

*Magn.* Cockes bones, herde you euer suche another ?

*Fol.* Se, syr, I beseche you, Largesse my brother.

*Here FANSY cometh in.*

*Magn.* What tydynges with you, syr, that you loke so  
 sad ?

*Fan.* When ye knowe that I knowe, ye wyll not be glad.

*Fol.* What, brother braynsyke, how farest thou ? 1870

*Magn.* Ye, let be thy iapes, and tell me howe

The case requyreth.

*Fan.* Alasse, alasse, an heuy metyng !

I wolde tell you, and yf I myght for wepyng.

*Fol.* What, is all your myrthe nowe tourned to sorowe ?

Fare well tyll sone, adue tyll to morowe.

*Here goth FOLY away.*

*Magn.* I pray thé, Largesse, let be thy sobbyng.

*Fan.* Alasse, syr, ye are vndone with stelyng and rob-  
 byng !

Ye sent vs a superuysour for to take hede :

Take hede of your selfe, for nowe ye haue nede. 1880

*Magn.* What, hath Sadnesse begyled me so ?

*Fan.* Nay, madnesse hath begyled you and many mo ;

For Lyberte is gone and also Felycyte.

*Magn.* Gone ? alasse, ye haue vndone me !

*Fan.* Nay, he that ye sent vs, Clokyd Colusyon,  
 And your payntyd Pleasure, Courtly Abusyon,  
 And your demenour with Counterfet Countenance,  
 And your suruayour,<sup>1</sup> Crafty Conueyaunce,

<sup>1</sup> *suruayour*] Ed. "superuysour:" compare v. 1414, p. 271; v. 652, p. 246, &c. *Cl. Col.* has just been made "superuysour:" see v. 1808, p. 284.



Or euer we were ware brought vs in aduersyte,  
And had robberyd you quyte from all felycyte. 1890

*Magn.* Why, is this the largesse that I haue vsyd?

*Fan.* Nay, it was your fondnesse that ye haue vsyd.

*Magn.* And is this the credence that I gaue to the letter?

*Fan.* Why, coulde not your wyt serue you no better?

*Magn.* Why, who wolde haue thought in you suche gyle?

*Fan.* What? yes, by the rode, syr, it was I all this whyle  
That you trustyd, and Fansy is my name;  
And Foly, my broder, that made you moche game.

*Here cometh in ADUERSYTE.*

*Magn.* Alas, who<sup>1</sup> is yonder, that grymly lokys?

*Fan.* Adewe, for I wyll not come in his clokys.<sup>2</sup> 1900

*Magn.* Lorde, so my flesshe trymblyth nowe for drede!

*Here MAGNYFYCENCE is beten downe, and  
spoylyd from all his goodys and rayment.*

*Aduer.* I am Aduersyte, that for thy mysdede

From God am sent to quyte thé thy mede.

Vyle velyarde, thou must not nowe my dynt withstande,

Thou must not abyde the dynt of my hande:

Ly there, losell, for all thy pompe and pryde;

Thy pleasure now with payne and trouble shalbe tryde.

The stroke of God, Aduersyte I hyght;

I pluke downe kynge, prynce, lorde, and knyght,

I rushe at them roughly, and make them ly full lowe, 1910

And in theyr moste truste I make them ouerthrowe.

Thys losyll was a lorde, and lyuyd at his lust,

And nowe, lyke a lurden, he lyeth in the dust:

He knewe not hymselfe, his harte was so hye;

Nowe is there no man that wyll set by hym a flye:

He was wonte to boste, brage, and to brace;

Nowe dare he not for shame loke one in the face:

All worldly welth for hym to lytell was;

Nowe hath he ryght nought, naked as an asse:

<sup>1</sup> *who*] Ed. "why."

<sup>2</sup> *clokys*] Here *Fansy* goes out.

Somtyme without measure he trusted in golde, 1920  
 And now without mesure he shal haue hunger and colde.  
 Lo, syrs, thus I handell them all  
 That folowe theyr fansyes in foly to fall:  
 Man or woman, of what estate they be,  
 I counsaile them beware of Aduersyte.  
 Of sorowfull seruauntes I haue many scores:  
 I vysyte them somtyme with blaynes and with sores;  
 With botches and carbuckyls in care I them knyht;  
 With the gowte I make them to grone where they syt;  
 Some I make lyppers and lazars full horse; 1930  
 And from that they loue best some I deuorse;  
 Some with the marmoll to halte I them make;  
 And some to cry out of the bone ake;  
 And some I vysyte with brennyng of fyre;  
 Of some I wryng of the necke lyke a wyre;  
 And some I make in a rope to totter and walter;  
 And some for to hange themselfe in an halter;  
 And some I vysyte to<sup>1</sup> batayle, warre, and murther,  
 And make eche man to sle other;  
 To drowne or to sle themselfe with a knyfe; 1940  
 And all is for theyr vngracyous lyfe.  
 Yet somtyme I stryke where is none offence, <sup>Job</sup>  
 Bycause I wolde proue men of theyr pacyence.  
 But, nowe a dayes, to stryke I haue grete cause,  
 Lydderyns so lytell set by Goddes lawes.  
 Faders and moders, that be neclygent,  
 And suffre theyr chyldren to haue theyr entent,  
 To gyde them vertuously that wyll not remembre,  
 Them or theyr chyldren ofte tymes I dysmembre;  
 Theyr chyldren, bycause that they haue no mekenesse;  
 1950  
 I vysyte theyr faders and moders with sekenesse;  
 And yf I se therby they wyll not amende,  
 Then myschefe sodaynly I them sende;

<sup>1</sup> to] Qy. "with?" compare vv. 1927, 1934.

For there is nothyng that more dyspleaseth Gcd  
 Than from theyr chyldren to spare the rod  
 Of correccyon, but let them haue theyr wyll;  
 Some I make lame, and some I do kyll;  
 And some<sup>1</sup> I stryke with a franesy;  
 Of some of theyr chyldren I stryke out the eye;  
 And where the fader by wysdom worshyp hath wonne, 1960  
 I sende ofte tymes a fole to his sonne.  
 Wherefore of Aduersyte loke ye be ware,  
 For when I come, comyth sorowe and care:  
 For I stryke lordys of realmes and landys,  
 That rule not by mesure that they haue in theyr handys,  
 That sadly rule not theyr howsholde men;  
 I am Goddys preposytour, I prynt them with a pen;  
 Because of theyr neglygence and of theyr wanton vagys,  
 I vsyte them and stryke them with many sore plagys.  
 To take, syrs, example of that I you tell, 1970  
 And beware of aduersyte by my counsell,  
 Take hede of this caytyfe that lyeth here on grounde;  
 Beholde, howe Fortune of<sup>2</sup> hym hath frounde!  
 For though we shewe you this in game and play,  
 Yet it proueth eyrnest, ye may se, euery day.  
 For nowe wyll I from this caytyfe go,  
 And take myscheffe and vengeaunce of other mo,  
 That hath deseruyd it as well as he.  
 Howe, where art thou? come hether, Pouerte;  
 Take this caytyfe to thy lore. 1980

*Here cometh in POUERTE.*<sup>3</sup>

*Pouer.* A, my bonys ake, my lymmys be sore;  
 Alasse, I haue the cyatyca full euyll in my hyppe!  
 Alasse, where is youth that was wont for to skyppe?  
 I am lowsy, and vnlykyng, and full of scurffe,  
 My colour is tawny, colouryd as a turffe:

<sup>1</sup> *some*] Ed. "syme."

<sup>2</sup> *of*] Qy. "on?"

<sup>3</sup> *Pouerte*] And *Aduersyte* goes out.

I am Pouerte, that all men doth hate,  
 I am baytyd with doggys at euery mannys gate;  
 I am raggyd and rent, as ye may se;  
 Full fewe but they haue enuy at me.  
 Nowe must I this carcasse lyft vp:  
 He dynyd with delyte, with Pouerte he must sup.  
 Ryse vp, syr, and welcom vnto me.

1990

*Hic accedat ad levandum MAGNYFYCENCE,  
 et locabit eum super locum stratum.*

*Magn.* Alasse, where is nowe my golde and fe?  
 Alasse, I say, where to am I brought?  
 Alasse, alasse, alasse, I dye for thought!

*Pouer.* Syr, all this wolde haue bene thought on before:  
 He woteth not what welth is that neuer was sore.

*Magn.* Fy, fy, that euer I sholde be brought in this  
 snare!

I wenyd ones neuer to haue knowen of care.

*Pouer.* Lo, suche is this worlde! I fynde it wryt, 2000  
 In welth to beware, and that is wyt.

→ *Magn.* In welth to beware, yf I had had grace,  
 Neuer had I bene brought in this case.

*Pouer.* Nowe, syth it wyll no nother be,  
 All that God sendeth, take it in gre;  
 For, thoughe you were somtyme a noble estate,  
 Nowe must you lerne to begge at euery mannes gate.

*Magn.* Alasse, that euer I sholde be so shamed!  
 Alasse, that euer I Magnyfyence was named!  
 Alasse, that euer I was so harde happed,  
 In mysery and wretchydnesse thus to be lapped!  
 Alasse, that I coude not myselfe no better gyde!  
 Alasse, in my cradell that I had not dyde!

2010

*Pouer.* Ye, syr, ye, leue all this rage,  
 And pray to God your sorowes to asswage:  
 It is foly to grudge agaynst his vysytacyon.  
 With harte contryte make your supplycacyon

Vnto your Maker, that made bothe you and me,  
And, whan it pleaseth God, better may be.

*Magn.* Alasse, I wote not what I sholde pray! 2020

*Pouer.* Rem[e]mbre you better, syr, beware what ye say,  
For drede ye dysplease the hygh deyte.  
Put your wyll to his wyll, for surely it is he  
That may restore you agayne to felycyte,  
And brynge you agayne out of aduersyte.  
Therefore pouerte loke pacyently ye take,  
And remembre he suffered moche more for your sake,  
Howe be it of all synne he was innocent,  
And ye haue deserued this punysshment.

*Magn.* Alasse, with colde my lymmes shall be marde!

2030

*Pouer.* Ye, syr, nowe must ye lerne to lye harde,  
That was wonte to lye on fetherbeddes of downe;  
Nowe must your fete lye hyer than your crowne:  
Where you were wonte to haue cawdels for your hede,  
Nowe must you monche mamockes and lumpes of brede;  
And where you had chaunges of ryche aray,  
Nowe lap you in a couerlet full fayne that you may;  
And where that ye were pomped with what that ye wolde,  
Nowe must ye suffre bothe hunger and colde:  
With courtely sylkes ye were wonte to be drawe; 2040  
Nowe must ye lerne to lye on the strawe;  
Your skynne that was wrapped in shertes of Raynes,  
Nowe must ye be stormy beten<sup>1</sup> with showres and raynes;  
Your hede that was wonte to be happed moost drowpy and  
drowsy,

Nowe shal ye be scabbed, scuruy, and lowsy.

*Magn.* Fye on this worlde, full of trechery,  
That euer noblenesse sholde lyue thus wretchydly!

*Pouer.* Syr, remembre the tourne of Fortunes whele,  
That wantonly can wynke, and wynche with her hele.

<sup>1</sup> *stormy beten*] Perhaps "storm ybeten."

Nowe she wyll laughe, forthwith she wyll frowne ; 2050  
 Sodenly set vp, and sodenly pluckyd downe :  
 She dawnsyth varyaunce with mutabylyte ;  
 Nowe all in welth, forthwith in pouerte :  
 In her promyse there is no sykernesse ;  
 All her delyte is set in doublenesse.

*Magn.* Alas, of Fortune I may well complayne !

*Pouer.* Ye, syr, yesterday wyll not be callyd agayne :  
 But yet, syr, nowe in this case,  
 Take it mekely, and thanke God of his grace ;  
 For nowe go I wyll begge for you some mete ; 2060  
 It is foly agaynst God for to plete ; *pluck*  
 I wyll walke nowe with my beggers baggys,  
 And happe you the whyles with these homly raggys.

*Discedendo*<sup>1</sup> *dicat ista verba.*

A, howe my lymmys be lyther and lame !  
 Better it is to begge than to be hangyd with shame ;  
 Yet many had leuer hangyd to be,  
 Then for to begge theyr mete for charyte :  
 They thynke it no shame to robbe and stele,  
 Yet were they better to begge a great dele ;  
 For by robberyng they rynne to *in manus tuas* quecke, 2070  
 But beggyng is better medecyne for the necke ;  
 Ye, mary, is it, ye, so mote I goo :  
 A Lorde God, howe the gowte wryngeth me by the too !

*Here MAGNYFYCENCE dolorously maketh his mone.*

*Magn.* O feble fortune, O doulfull destyny !  
 O hatefull happe, O carefull cruelte !  
 O syghynge sorowe, O thoughtfull mysere !  
 O rydlesse rewthe, O paynfull pouerte !  
 O dolorous herte, O harde aduersyte !  
 O odyous dystresse, O dedly payne and woo !  
 For worldly shame I wax bothe wanne and bloo. 2080

<sup>1</sup> *Discedendo*] Ed. "Difidendo."

Where is nowe my welth and my noble estate?  
 Where is nowe my treasure, my landes, and my rent?  
 Where is nowe all my seruauntys that I had here a late?  
 Where is nowe my golde vpon them that I spent?  
 Where is nowe all my ryche abylement?  
 Where is nowe my kynne, my frendys, and my noble blood?  
 Where is nowe all my pleasure and my worldly good?  
 Alasse, my foly! alasse, my wanton wyll!  
 I may no more speke, tyll I haue wept my fyll.

[*Here cometh in LYBERTE.*]

*Lyb.* With, ye mary, syrs, thus sholde it be. 2090  
 I kyst her swete, and she kyssyd me;  
 I daunsed the darlynge on my kne;  
 I garde her gaspe, I garde her gle,  
 With, daunce on the le, the le!  
 I bassed that baby with harte so free;  
 She is the bote of all my bale:<sup>1</sup>  
 A, so, that syghe was farre fet!  
 To loue that lousesome I wyll not let;  
 My harte is holly on her set:  
 I plucked her by the patlet; 2100  
 At my deuysel I with her met;  
 My fansy fayrly on her I set;  
 So merely syngeth the nyghtyngale!  
 In lust and lykyng my name is Lyberte:  
 I am desyred with hyghest and lowest degre;  
 I lyue as me lyst, I lepe out at large;  
 Of erthely thyng I haue no care nor charge;  
 I am presydent of prynces, I prycke them with pryde:<sup>2</sup>  
 What is he lyuyng that lyberte wolde lacke?  
 A thousande pounce with lyberte may holde no tacke; 2110  
 At lyberte a man may be bolde for to brake;  
 Welthe without lyberte gothe all to wrake.

<sup>1</sup> *bale*] Meant, perhaps, to rhyme with v. 2103.

<sup>2</sup> *pryde*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this?

But yet, syrs, hardely one thyng lerne of me :

→ I warne you beware of to moche lyberte,  
 For *totum in toto* is not worth an hawe ;  
 To hardy, or to moche, to free of the dawe ;  
 To sober, to sad, to subtell, to wyse ;  
 To mery, to mad, to gyglynge, to nyse ;  
 To full of fansyes, to lordly, to prowde ;  
 To homly, to holy, to lewde, and to lowde ; 2120  
 To flatteryng, to smatteryng, to to out of harre ;  
 To clateryng, to chaterynge, to shorte, and to farre ;  
 To iettyng, to iaggyng, and to full of iapes ;  
 To mockyng, to mowyng, to lyke a iackenapes :  
 Thus *totum in toto* groweth vp, as ye may se,  
 By meanes of madnesse, and to moche lyberte ;  
 For I am a vertue, yf I be well vsed,  
 And I am a vyce where I am abused.

*Magn.* A, woo worthe thé, Lyberte, nowe thou sayst full  
 trewe !

That I vsed thé to moche, sore may I rewe. 2130

*Lyb.* What, a very vengeance, I say, who is that ?  
 What brothell, I say, is yonder bounde in a mat ?

*Magn.* I am Magnyfyce, that somtyme thy mayster  
 was.

*Lyb.* What, is the worlde thus come to passe ?

Cockes armes, syrs, wyll ye not se  
 Howe he is vndone by the meanes of me ?  
 For yf Measure had ruled Lyberte as he began,  
 This lurden that here lyeth had ben a noble man.  
 But he abused so his free lyberte,  
 That nowe he hath loste all his felycyte, 2140  
 Not thorowe largesse of lyberall expence,  
 But by the way of fancy insolence ;  
 For lyberalyte is most conuenyent  
 A prynce to vse with all his hole intent,  
 Largely rewardyng them that haue deseruyd,  
 And so shall a noble man nobly be seruyd :



But nowe adayes as huksters they hucke and they stycke,  
 And pynche at the payment of a poddyngge prycke ;  
 A laudable largesse, I tell you, for a lorde,  
 To prate for the patchyngge of a pot sharde ! 2150  
 Spare for the spence of a noble, that his honour myght saue,  
 And spende c. s̄. for the pleasure of a knaue !  
 But so longe they<sup>1</sup> rekyn with theyr reasons amysse,  
 That they lose theyr lyberte and all that there is.

*Magn.* Alasse, that euer I occupied suche abusyon !

*Lyb.* Ye, for nowe it hath brought thé to confusyon :  
 For, where I am occupied and vsyd wylfully,  
 It can not contynew longe prosperously ;  
 As euydently in retchlesse youth ye may se,  
 Howe many come to myschefe for to moche lyberte ; 2160  
 And some in the worlde theyr brayne is so ydyll,  
 That they set theyr chylidren to rynne on the brydyll,  
 In youth to be wanton and let them haue theyr wyll ;  
 And they neuer thryue in theyr age, it shall not gretly skylle :  
 Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll,  
 And some fall prechyngge at the Toure Hyll ;  
 Some hath so moche lyberte of one thyngge and other,  
 That nother they set by father and mother ;  
 Some haue so moche lyberte that they fere no synne,  
 Tyll, as ye se many tymes, they shame all theyr kynne. 2170  
 I am so lusty to loke on, so freshe, and so fre,  
 That nonnes wyll leue theyr holynes, and ryn after me ; !  
 Freers with foly I make them so fayne,  
 They cast vp theyr obedyence to cache me agayne,  
 At lyberte to wander and walke ouer all,  
 That lustely they lepe somtyme theyr cloyster wall.

*Hic aliquis buccat in cornu a retro  
 post populum.*

Yonder is a horson for me doth rechate : *purse*  
 Adewe, syrs, for I thynke leyst that I come to late.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *they*] Ed. "theyr."

<sup>2</sup> *late*] Here *Lyberte* goes out.

*Magn.* O good Lorde, howe longe shall I indure  
 This mysery, this carefull wrechydenesse? 2180  
 Of worldly welthe, alasse, who can be sure?  
 In Fortunys frendshyppe there is no stedfastnesse:  
 She hath dyssayuyd me with her doublenesse.  
 For to be wyse all men may lerne of me,  
 In welthe to beware of herde aduersyte.

*Here cometh in CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE, [and] CLOKED  
 COLUSYON, with a lusty laughter.*

*Cr. Con.* Ha, ha, ha! for laughter I am lyke to brast.

*Cl. Col.* Ha, ha, ha! for sporte I am lyke to spewe and  
 cast.

*Cr. Con.* What has thou gotted in faythe to thy share?

*Cl. Col.* In faythe, of his cofers the bottoms are bare.

*Cr. Con.* As for his plate of syluer, and suche trasshe,

2190

I waraunt you, I haue gyuen it a lasshe.

*Cl. Col.* What, then he may drynke out of a stone  
 cruyse?

*Cr. Con.* With, ye, syr, by Jesu that slayne was with  
 Jewes!

He may rynse a pycher, for his plate is to wed.

*Cl. Col.* In faythe, and he may dreame on a daggesswane  
 for ony fether bed.

*Cr. Con.* By my trouthe, we haue ryffled hym meteiy  
 well.

*Cl. Col.* Ye, but thanke me therof euery dele.

*Cr. Con.* Thanke thé therof, in the deuyls date!

*Cl. Col.* Leue thy pratyng, or els I shall lay thé on the  
 pate.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, to wrangle, I warrant thé, it is but a stone  
 caste. 2200

*Cl. Col.* By the messe, I shall cleue thy heed to the  
 waste.

*Cr. Con.* Ye, wylte thou clenly cleue<sup>1</sup> me in the clyfte  
with thy nose?

*Cl. Col.* I shall thrust in thé my dagger—

*Cr. Con.* Thorowe the legge in to the hose.

*Cl. Col.* Nay, horson, here is my gloue; take it vp, and  
thou dare.

*Cr. Con.* Torde, thou arte good to be a man of warre.

*Cl. Col.* I shall skelpe thé on the skalpe; lo, seest thou  
that?

*Cr. Con.* What, wylte thou skelpe me? thou dare not  
loke on a gnat.

*Cl. Col.* By Cockes bones, I shall blysse thé, and thou  
be to bolde.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, then thou wylte dyngge the deuyll, and  
thou be not holde. 2210

*Cl. Col.* But wottest thou, horson? I rede thé to be  
wyse.

*Cr. Con.* Nowe I rede thé beware, I haue warned thé  
twyse.

*Cl. Col.* Why, wenest thou that I forbere thé for thyne  
owne sake?

*Cr. Con.* Peas, or I shall wrynge thy be in a brake.

*Cl. Col.* Holde thy hande, dawe, of thy dagger, and  
stynt of thy dyn,

Or I shal fawchyn thy flesshe, and scrape thé on the skyn.

*Cr. Con.* Ye, wylte thou, ha[n]gman? I say, thou  
cauell!

*Cl. Col.* Nay, thou rude rauener, rayne beten iauell!

*Cr. Con.* What, thou Colyn cowarde, knowen and tryde!

*Cl. Col.* Nay, thou false harted dastarde, thou dare not  
abyde! 2220

*Cr. Con.* And yf there were none to dysplease but thou  
and I,

Thou sholde not scape, horson, but thou sholde dye.

<sup>1</sup> *cleue*] Ed. "clene." Compare p. 130, v. 133, and p. 194, v. 37.

*Cl. Col.* Nay, iche shall wrynge thé, horson, on the  
wryst.

*Cr. Con.* Mary, I defye thy best and thy worst.

[*Here cometh in COUNTERFET COUNTENAUNCE.*<sup>1</sup>]

*C. Count.* What, a very vengeaunce, nede all these  
wordys?

Go together by the heddys, and gyue me your swordys.

*Cl. Col.* So he is the worste brawler that euer was  
borne.

*Cr. Con.* In fayth, so to suffer thé, it is but a skorne.

*C. Count.* Now let vs be all one, and let vs lyue in rest,  
For we be, syrs, but a fewe of the best. 2230

*Cl. Col.* By the masse, man, thou shall fynde me re-  
sonable.

*Cr. Con.* In faythe, and I wyll be to reason agreable.

*C. Count.* Then truste I to God and the holy rode,  
Here shalbe not great sheddyng of blode.

*Cl. Col.* By our lakyn, syr, not by my wyll.

*Cr. Con.* By the fayth that I owe to God, and I wyll syt  
styll.

*C. Count.* Well sayd: but, in fayth, what was your  
quarell?

*Cl. Col.* Mary, syr, this gentylman called me iauell.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, by Saynt Mary, it was ye called me  
knaue.

*Cl. Col.* Mary, so vngoodly langage you me gaue. 2240

*C. Count.* A, shall we haue more of this maters yet?

Me thynke ye are not gretly acomberyd with wyt.

*Cr. Con.* Goddys fote, I warant you, I am a gentylman  
borne,

And thus to be facyd I thynké it great skorne.

*C. Count.* I can not well tell of your dysposycyons;  
And ye be a gentylman, ye haue knauys condycyons.

<sup>1</sup> *Here cometh, &c.*] Ed., besides omitting this stage-direction, leaves the two following lines unappropriated.

*Cl. Col.* By God, I tell you, I wyll not be out facyd.

*Cr. Con.* By the masse, I warant thé, I wyll not be bracyd.

*C. Count.* Tushe, tushe, it is a great defaute :

The one of you is to proude, the other is to haute. 2250

Tell me breffly where vpon ye began.

*Cl. Col.* Mary, syr, he sayd that he was the pratyer man  
Then I was, in opynyng of lockys ;

And, I tell you, I dysdayne moche of his mockys.

*Cr. Con.* Thou sawe neuer yet but I dyd my parte,  
The locke of a caskyt to make to starte.

*C. Count.* Nay, I know well inough ye are bothe well  
handyd

'To grope a gardeuyaunce, though it be well bandyd.

*Cl. Col.* I am the better yet in a bowget.

*Cr. Con.* And I the better in a male. 2260

*C. Count.* Tushe, these maters that ye moue are but  
soppys in ale :

Your trymyng and tramynge by me must be tangyd,

For, had I not bene, ye bothe had bene hangyd,

When we with Magnyfyence goodys made cheuysaunce.

*Magn.* And therefore our Lorde sende you a very wen-  
gaunce !

*C. Count.* What begger art thou that thus doth banne  
and wary ?

*Magn.* Ye be the theuys, I say, away my goodys dyd cary.

*Cl. Col.* Cockys bonys, thou begger, what is thy name ?

*Magn.* Magnyfyence I was, whom ye haue brought to  
shame.

*C. Count.* Ye, but trowe you, syrs, that this is he ? 2270

*Cr. Con.* Go we nere, and let vs se.

*Cl. Col.* By Cockys bonys, it is the same.

*Magn.* Alasse, alasse, syrs, ye are to blame !

I was your mayster, though ye thynke it skorne,

And nowe on me ye gaure and sporne.

*C. Count.* Ly styll, ly styll nowe, with yll hayle !

*Cr. Con.* Ye, for thy langage can not thé auayle.

*Cl. Col.* Abyde, syr, abyde, I shall make hym to pysse.<sup>1</sup>

*Magn.* Nowe gyue me somewhat, for God sake I craue !

*Cr. Con.* In faythe, I gyue thé four quarters of a knaue.

2280

*C. Count.* In faythe, and I bequethe hym the tothe ake.

*Cl. Col.* And I bequethe hym the bone ake.

*Cr. Con.* And I bequethe hym the gowte and the gyn.

*Cl. Col.* And I bequethe hym sorowe for his syn.

*C. Count.* And I gyue hym Crystys curse,

With neuer a peny in his purse.

*Cr. Con.* And I gyue hym the cowghe, the murre, and  
the pose.

*Cl. Col.* Ye, for *requiem æternam* groweth forth of his  
nose :

But nowe let vs make mery and good chere.

*C. Count.* And to the tauerne let vs drawe nere. 2290

*Cr. Con.* And from thens to the halfe strete,

To get vs there some freshe mete.

*Cl. Col.* Why, is there any store of rawe motton ?

*C. Count.* Ye, in faythe, or ellys thou arte to great a  
glotton.

*Cr. Con.* But they say it is a queysy mete ;

It wyll stryke a man myscheuously in a hete.

*Cl. Col.* In fay, man, some rybbys of the motton be so  
ranke,

That they wyll fyre one vngracyously in the flanke.

*C. Count.* Ye, and when ye come out of the shoppe,

Ye shall be clappyd with a coloppe, 2300

That wyll make you to halt and to hoppe.

*Cr. Con.* Som be wrestyd there that they thynke on it  
frotty dayes,

For there be horys there at all assayes.

<sup>1</sup> *pysse*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this ?

*Cl. Col.* For the passyon of God, let vs go thyther!<sup>1</sup>

*Et cum festinatione discedant a loco.*

*Magn.* Alas, myn owne seruauentys to shew me such reproche,

Thus to rebuke me, and haue me in dyspyght!

So shamfully to me theyr mayster to aproche,

That somtyme was a noble prynce of myght!

Alasse, to lyue longer I haue no delyght!

For to lyue in mysery it is herder than dethe: 2310

I am wery of the worlde, for vnkyndnesse me sleeth.

*Hic intrat DYS-PARE.*

*Dys.* Dyspare is my name, that aduersyte dothe folowe:<sup>2</sup>

In tyme of dystresse I am redy at hande;

I make heuy hertys with eyen full holowe;

Of faruent charyte I quenche out the bronde;

Faythe and goodhope I make asyde to stonde;

In Goddys mercy I tell them is but foly to truste;

All grace and pyte I lay in the duste.

What lystest thou there lyncrynge, lewdly and lothsome?

It is to late nowe thy synnys to repent; 2320

Thou hast bene so waywarde, so wranglyng, and so wrothsome,

And so fer thou arte behynde of thy rent,

And so vngracyously thy dayes thou hast spent,

That thou arte not worthy to loke God in the face.

*Magn.* Nay, nay, man, I loke neuer to haue parte of his grace;

For I haue so vngracyously my lyfe mysusyd,

Though I aske mercy, I must nedys be refusyd.

*Dys.* No, no, for thy synnys be so excedynge farre,

So innumerable and so full of dyspyte,

And agayne thy Maker thou hast made suche warre, 2330

<sup>1</sup> *thyther*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this?

<sup>2</sup> *folowe*] Ed. "felowe."

That thou canst not haue neuer mercy in his syght.

*Magn.* Alasse, my wyckydnesse, that may I wyte !  
But nowe I se well there is no better rede,  
But sygh and sorowe, and wysse my selfe dede.

*Dys.* Ye, ryd thy selfe, rather than this lyfe for to lede ;  
The worlde waxyth wery of thé, thou lyuest to longe.

*Hic intrat* MYSCHEFE.

*Mys.* And I, Myschefe, am comyn at nede,  
Out of thy lyfe thé for to lede :  
And loke that it be not longe  
Or that thy selfe thou go honge 2340  
With this halter good and stronge ;  
Or ellys with this knyfe cut out a tonge  
Of thy throte bole, and ryd thé out of payne :  
Thou arte not the fyrst hymselfe hath slayne.  
Lo, here is thy knyfe and a halter ! and, or we go ferther,  
Spare not thy selfe, but boldly thé murder.

*Dys.* Ye, haue done at ones without delay.

*Magn.* Shall I my selfe hange with an halter ? nay ;  
Nay, rather wyll I chose to ryd me of this lyue  
In styckyng my selfe with this fayre knyfe. 2350

*Here* MAGNYFYCENCE *wolde slee hymselfe*  
*with a knyfe.*

*Mys.*<sup>1</sup> Alarum, alarum ! to longe we abyde !

*Dys.* Out, harowe, hyll burneth ! where shall I me hyde ?

*Hic intrat* GOODHOPE, *fugientibus* DYSPAYRE *et* MYSCHEFE : *repente* GOODHOPE *surripiat illi gladium,*<sup>2</sup> *et dicat.*

*Good.* Alas, dere sone, sore combred is thy mynde,  
Thyselfe that thou wolde sloo agaynst nature and kynde !

*Magn.* A, blessyd may ye be, syr ! what shall I you call ?

*Good.* Goodhope, syr, my name is ; remedy pryncypall

<sup>1</sup> *Mys.*] Ed. " *Magn.*"

<sup>2</sup> *gladium*] Ed. " *gladio.*"



Agaynst all sautes<sup>1</sup> of your goostly foo :

Who knoweth me, hymselfe may neuer sloo.

*Magn.* Alas, syr, so I am lapped in aduersyte,  
That dyspayre well nyghe had myscheued me ! 2360

For, had ye not the soner ben my refuge,  
Of dampnacyon I had ben drawn in the luge.

*Good.* Vndoubted ye had lost yourselfe eternally :  
There is no man may synne more mortally  
Than of wanhope thrughe the vnhappy wayes,  
By myschefe to breuyate and shorten his dayes :  
But, my good sonne, lerne from dyspayre to flee,  
Wynde you from wanhope, and aquaynte you with me.  
A grete mysaduenture, thy Maker to dysplease,  
Thyselve myscheuyng to thyne endlesse dysease ! 2370  
There was neuer so harde a storme of mysery,  
But thrughe goodhope there may come remedy.

*Magn.* Your wordes be more sweter than ony precyous  
narde,  
They molefy so easely my harte that was so harde ;  
There is no bawme, ne gumme of Arabe,  
More delectable than your langage to me.

*Good.* Syr, your fesycyan is the grace of God,  
That you hath punyssed with his sharpe rod.  
Goodhope, your potecary assygned am I :  
That Goddes grace hath vexed you sharply, 2380  
And payned you with a purgacyon of odyous pouerte,  
Myxed with bytter alowes of herde aduersyte ;  
Nowe must I make you a lectuary softe,  
I to mynster it, you to receyue it ofte,  
With rubarbe of repentaunce in you for to rest ;  
With drammes of deuocyon your dyet must be drest ;  
With gommes goostly of glad herte and mynde,  
To thanke God of his sonde, and comforte ye shal fynde.  
Put fro you presumpcyon and admyt humylyte,  
And hartely thanke God of your aduersyte ; 2390

<sup>1</sup> sautes] Ed. "fautes."

And loue that Lorde that for your loue was dede,  
 Wounded from the fote to the crowne of the hede :  
 For who loueth God can ayle nothyng but good ;  
 He may helpe you, he may mende your mode :  
 Prosperyte to<sup>1</sup> hym is gyuen solacyusly to man,  
 Aduersyte to hym therwith nowe and than ;  
 Helthe of body his besynesse to acheue,  
 Dysease and sekenesse his conscyence to dyscryue,  
 Afflyccyon and trouble to proue his pacyence,  
 Contradyccyon to proue his sapyence, 2400  
 Grace of assystence his measure to declare,  
 Somtyme to fall, another tyme to beware :  
 And nowe ye haue had, syr, a wonderous fall,  
 To lerne you hereafter for to beware withall.  
 Howe say you, syr? can ye these wordys grope?

*Magn.* Ye, syr, nowe am I armyd with goodhope,  
 And sore I repent me of my wylfulnessse :  
 I aske God mercy of my neglygence,<sup>2</sup>  
 Vnder goodhope enduryng euer styll,  
 Me humbly commyttinge vnto Goddys wyll. 2410

*Good.* Then shall you be sone delyuered from dystresse,  
 For nowe I se comyng to youwarde Redresse.

*Hic intrat* REDRESSE.

*Red.* Cryst be amonge you and the Holy Goste !

*Good.* He be your conducte, the Lorde of myghtys  
 moste !

*Red.* Syr, is your pacyent any thyngè amendyd?

*Good.* Ye, syr, he is sory for that he hath offendyd.

*Red.* How fele you your selfe, my frend? how is your  
 mynde?

*Magn.* A wrechyd man, syr, to my Maker vnkynde. .

*Red.* Ye, but haue ye repentyd you with harte contryte?

*Magn.* Syr, the repentaunce I haue, no man can wryte.

2420

<sup>1</sup> to] Qy. "by?"

<sup>2</sup> neglygence] Qy., did Skelton write, for the rhyme, "neglygesse?"

*Red.* And haue ye banyshed from you all dyspare?

*Magn.* Ye, holly to goodhope I haue made my repare.

*Good.* Questyonlesse he doth me assure

In goodhope alway for to indure.

*Red.* Than stande vp, syr, in Goddys name!

And I truste to ratyfye and amende your fame.

Goodhope, I pray you with harty affeccyon

To sende ouer to me Sad Cyrcumspeccyon.

*Good.* Syr, your requeste shall not be delayed.

*Et exeat.*

*Red.* Now surely, Magnyfyence, I am ryght well apayed

2430

Of that I se you nowe in the state of grace;

Nowe shall ye be renewyd with solace:

Take nowe vpon you this abylyment,

And to that I say gyue good aduysement.

MAGNYFYCENCE *accipiat indumentum.*

*Magn.* To your requeste I shall be confyrmable.

*Red.* Fyrst,<sup>1</sup> I saye, with mynde fyrme and stable

Determyne to amende all your wanton excesse,

And be ruled by me, whiche am called Redresse:

Redresse my name is, that lytell am I vsed

As the worlde requyreth, but rather I am refused: 2440

Redresse sholde be at the rekenyng in euery accompte,

And specyally to redresse that were out of ioynte:

Full many thynges there be that lacketh redresse,

The whiche were to longe nowe to expresse;

But redresse is redlesse, and may do no correccyon.

Nowe welcome forsoth, Sad Cyrcumspeccyon.

*Here cometh in SAD CYRCUMSPECYON, sayenge,*

*Sad Cyr.* Syr, after your message I hyed me hyder  
streight,

For to vnderstande your pleasure and also your mynde.

*Red.* Syr, to accompte you the contynewe of my consayte,

<sup>1</sup> *Fyrst, &c.*] Ed. leaves this speech unappropriated.

Is from aduersyte Magnyfyce to vnbynde. 2450

*Sad Cyr.* How fortun'd you, Magnyfyce, so far to  
fal behynde?

*Magn.* Syr, the longe absence of you, Sad Cyrcum-  
speccyon,

Caused me of aduersyte to fall in subieccyon.

*Red.* All that he sayth, of trouthe doth procede ;  
For where sad cyrcumspeccyon is longe out of the way,  
Of aduersyte it is to stande in drede.

*Sad Cyr.* Without fayle, syr, that is no nay ;  
Cyrcumspeccyon inhateth all rennyng astray.  
But, syr, by me to rule fyrst ye began.

*Magn.* My wylfulnesse, syr, excuse I ne can. 2460

*Sad Cyr.* Then ye repent you of foly in tymes past?

*Magn.* Sothely, to repent me I haue grete cause :  
Howe be it from you I receyued a letter,<sup>1</sup>  
Whiche conteyned in it a specyall clause  
That I sholde vse largesse.

*Sad Cyr.* Nay, syr, there a pause.

*Red.* Yet let vs se this matter thorowly ingrosed.

*Magn.* Syr, this letter ye sent to me, at Pountes was  
enclosed.

*Sad Cyr.* Who brought you that letter, wote ye what he  
hyght?

*Magn.* Largesse, syr, by his credence was his name. 2470

*Sad Cyr.* This letter ye speke of, neuer dyd I wryte.

*Red.* To gyue so hasty credence ye were moche to blame.

*Magn.* Truth it is, syr ; for after he wrought me moch  
shame,

And caused me also to vse to moche lyberte,

And made also mesure to be put fro me.

*Red.* Then welthe with you myght in no wyse abyde.

*Sad Cyr.* A ha ! fansy and foly met with you, I trowe.

*Red.* It wolde be founde so, yf it were well tryde.

<sup>1</sup> a letter] Qy. some corruption? This line ought to rhyme with the preceding line but one.

*Magn.* Surely my welthe with them was ouerthrow.

*Sad Cyr.* Remembre you, therefore, howe late ye were  
low. 2480

*Red.* Ye, and beware of vnhappy abusyon.

*Sad Cyr.* And kepe you from counterfaytynge of clokyd  
colusyon.

*Magn.* Syr, in goodhope I am to amende.

*Red.* Vse not then your countenaunce for to counterfet.

*Sad Cyr.* And from crafters and hafters I you forfende.

*Hic intrat PERSEUERAUNCE.*

*Magn.* Well, syr, after your counsell my mynde I wyll set.

*Red.* What, brother Perceueraunce! surely well met.

*Sad Cyr.* Ye com hether as well as can be thought.

*Per.* I herde say that Aduersyte with Magnyfyence  
had fought.

*Magn.* Ye, syr, with aduersyte I haue bene vexyd;  
2490

But goodhope and redresse hath mendyd myne estate,  
And sad cyrcumspeccyon to me they haue annexyd.<sup>1</sup>

*Red.* What this man hath sayd, perceyue ye his sen-  
tence?<sup>2</sup>

*Magn.* Ye, syr, from hym my corage shall neuer flyt.

*Sad Cyr.* Accordyng to treuth they be well deuysyd.

*Magn.* Syrs, I am agreed to abyde your ordenaunce,  
Faythfull<sup>3</sup> assuraunce with good peraduertaunce.

*Per.* Yf you be so myndyd, we be ryght glad.

*Red.* And ye shall haue more worshyp then euer ye had.

*Magn.* Well, I perceyue in you there is moche sadnesse,  
2500

Grauyte of counsell, prouydence, and wyt;  
Your comfortable aduyse and wyt excedyth all gladnesse.

<sup>1</sup> *annexyd*] Ed. "amexyd."

<sup>2</sup> *sentence*] Qy. some corruption? This line ought to rhyme with the preceding line but one.

<sup>3</sup> *Faythfull*] Ed. "Faythfully."

But frendly I wyll refrayne you ferther, or we flyt,  
 Whereto were most metely my corage to knyt:  
 Your myndys I beseche you here in to expresse,  
 Commensynge this processe at mayster Redresse.

*Red.* Syth vnto me formest this processe is erectyd,  
 Herein I wyll aforse me to shewe you my mynde.  
 Fyrst, from your magnyfycence syn must be abiectyd,  
 In all your warkys more grace shall ye fynde; 2510  
 Be gentyll then of corage, and lerne to be kynde,  
 For of noblenesse the chefe poynt is to be lyberall,  
 So that your largesse be not to prodygall.

*Sad Cyr.* Lyberte to a lorde belongyth of ryght,  
 But wylfull waywardnesse muste walke out of the way;  
 Measure of your lustys must haue the ouersyght,  
 And not all the nygarde nor the chyncherde to play;  
 Let neuer negarshyp your noblenesse affray;  
 In your rewardys vse suche moderacyon  
 That nothyng be gyuen without consyderacyon. 2520

*Per.* To the increse of your honour then arme you with  
 ryght,  
 And fumously adresse you with magnanymyte;  
 And euer let the drede of God be in your syght;  
 And knowe your selfe mortall, for all your dygnyte;  
 Set not all your affyaunce in Fortune full of gyle;  
 Remember this lyfe lastyth but a whyle.

*Magn.* Redresse, in my remembraunce your lesson  
 shall rest,  
 And Sad Cyrcumspeccyon I marke in my mynde:  
 But, Perseueraunce, me semyth your probleme was best;  
 I shall it neuer forget nor leue it behynde, 2530  
 But hooly to perseueraunce my selfe I wyll bynde,  
 Of that I haue mysdone to make a redresse,  
 And with sad cyrcumspeccyon correcte my vantonnesse.

*Red.* Vnto this processe brefly compyld,  
 Comprehendynge the worlde casuall and transytory,  
 Who lyst to consyder shall neuer be begyld,

Yf it be registryd well in memory ;  
 A playne example of worldly vaynglory,  
 Howe in this worlde there is no seke[r]nesse,  
 But fallyble flatery enmyxyd with bytternesse ; 2540  
 Nowe well, nowe wo, nowe hy, nowe lawe degre,  
 Nowe ryche, nowe pore, nowe hole, nowe in dysease,  
 Nowe pleasure at large, nowe in captyuyte,  
 Nowe leue, nowe lothe, now please, nowe dysplease,  
 Now ebbe, now flowe, nowe increase, now dyscrease ;  
 So in this worlde there is no sykernesse,  
 But fallyble flatery enmyxyd with bytternesse.

*Sad Cyr.* A myrrour incleryd is this interlude,  
 This lyfe inconstant for to beholde and se ;  
 Sodenly auausyd, and sodenly subdude, 2550  
 Sodenly ryches, and sodenly pouerte,  
 Sodenly comfort, and sodenly aduersyte ;  
 Sodenly thus Fortune can bothe smyle and frowne,  
 Sodenly set vp, and sodenly cast downe ;  
 Sodenly promotyd, and sodenly put backe,  
 Sodenly cherysshyd, and sodenly cast asyde,  
 Sodenly commendyd, and sodenly fynde a lacke,  
 Sodenly grauntyd, and sodenly denyed,  
 Sodenly hyd, and sodenly spyed ;  
 Sodenly thus Fortune can bothe smyle and frowne, 2560  
 Sodenly set vp, and sodenly cast downe.

*Per.* This treatyse, deuysyd to make you dysporte,  
 Shewyth nowe adayes howe the worlde comberyd is,  
 To the pythe of the mater who lyst to resorte ;  
 To day it is well, to morowe it is all amyse,  
 To day in delyte, to morowe bare of blysse,  
 To day a lorde, to morowe ly in the duste ;  
 Thus in this worlde there is no erthly truste ; — *amblyte mend*  
 To day fayre wether, to morowe a stormy rage,  
 To day hote, to morowe outragious colde, 2570  
 To day a yoman, to morowe made of page,

To day in surety, to morowe bought and solde,  
 To day maysterfest, to morowe he hath no holde,  
 To day a man, to morowe he lyeth in the duste;  
 Thus in this worlde there is no erthly truste.

*Magn.* This mater we haue mouyd, you myrthys to  
 make,

Precely purposyd vnder pretence of play,  
 Shewyth wysdome to them that wysdome can take,  
 Howe sodenly worldly welth dothe deokay,  
 How wysdom thorowe wantonnesse vanysshyth away, 2580  
 How none estate lyuyng of hymselfe can be sure,  
 For the welthe of this worlde can not indure;  
 Of the terestre rechery we fall in the flode,  
 Beten with stormys of many a frowarde blast,  
 Ensordyd with the wawys sauage and wode,  
 Without our shyppe be sure, it is lykely to brast,  
 Yet of magnyfycence oft made is the mast;  
 Thus none estate lyuyng of hym can be sure,  
 For the welthe of this worlde can not indure.

*Red.* Nowe semyth vs syttyng that ye then resorte

2590

Home to your paleys with ioy and ryalte.

*Sad Cyr.* Where euery thyng is ordenyd after your noble  
 porte.

*Per.* There to indeuer with all felycyte.

*Magn.* I am content, my frendys, that it so be.

*Red.* And ye that haue harde this dysporte and game,  
 Jhesus preserue you frome endlesse wo and shame!

Amen.



COLYN CLOUTE.<sup>1</sup>

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITEL BOKE CALLED COLYN CLOUTE,  
 COMPYLED BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE LAUREATE.

*Quis consurget<sup>2</sup> mecum adversus malignantes? aut quis  
 stabit mecum adversus operantes iniquitatem? Nemo,  
 Domine!*

WHAT can it auayle  
 To dryue forth a snayle,  
 Or to make a sayle  
 Of an herynges tayle;  
 To ryme or to rayle,  
 To wryte or to indyte,  
 Eyther for delyte<sup>3</sup>  
 Or elles for<sup>4</sup> despyte;<sup>5</sup>  
 Or bokes to compyle  
 Of dyuers maner<sup>6</sup> style, 10  
 Vyce to reuyle  
 And synne to<sup>7</sup> exyle;  
 To teche or to preche,  
 As reason wyll reche?<sup>8</sup>  
 Say this, and<sup>9</sup> say that,  
 His hed is so fat,  
 He wotteth<sup>10</sup> neuer what

<sup>1</sup> *Colyn Cloute*] From the ed. by Kele, n. d., collated with the ed. by Kytson, n. d., with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, and with a MS. in the Harleian Collection, 2252. fol. 147.

<sup>2</sup> *consurget*, &c.] Eds. "consurgat," &c. MS. "resurgat ad malignantes."

<sup>3</sup> *for delyte*] MS. "for to endyte."

<sup>4</sup> *for*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. and MS. "for to."

<sup>5</sup> *despyte*] MS. "desyte."

<sup>6</sup> *maner*] MS. "maner of."

<sup>7</sup> *to*] MS. "for to."

<sup>8</sup> *wyll reche*] MS. "wold reherse."

<sup>9</sup> *this, and*] MS. "thus, or."

<sup>10</sup> *He wotteth*, &c.] MS. "And saythe he wott not whate."

Nor wherof he speketh ;  
 He cryeth and<sup>1</sup> he creketh,  
 He pryeth and<sup>2</sup> he peketh, 20  
 He chydes<sup>3</sup> and he chatters,  
 He prates and he patters,  
 He clytters and he clatters,  
 He medles and he smatters,  
 He gloses and he flatters ;  
 Or<sup>4</sup> yf he speake playne,  
 Than he lacketh brayne,  
 He is but a fole ;  
 Let hym go to scole,  
 On<sup>5</sup> a thre foted stole 30  
 That he may downe syt,  
 For he lacketh wyt ;  
 And yf that he hyt  
 The nayle on the hede,  
 It standeth in no stede ;  
 The deuyll, they say, is dede,  
 The deuell is dede.<sup>6</sup>  
 It may well so<sup>7</sup> be,  
 Or els they wolde se  
 Otherwyse, and fle 40  
 From worldly<sup>8</sup> vanyte,  
 And foule couetousnesse,  
 And other wretchednesse,

<sup>1</sup> *and*] Not in MS.

<sup>2</sup> *and*] Not in MS.

<sup>3</sup> *He chydes . . . flatters*] MS. ;

" *He chydethe he chaters*  
*He praytythe he patyrs*  
*He cleteryth he claters*  
*He medelythe he smaters*  
*He glosythe he fflaters."*

<sup>4</sup> *Or*] MS. (perhaps) "And."

<sup>5</sup> *On*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>6</sup> *The deuell is dede*] Not in MS.

<sup>7</sup> *well so*] MS. "so well."

<sup>8</sup> *worldly*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "wordly."

Fyckell<sup>1</sup> falsenesse,  
 Varyableness,  
 With vnstableness.

And if ye<sup>2</sup> stande in doute  
 Who brought this ryme aboute,  
 My name is Colyn Cloute.

I<sup>3</sup> purpose to shake oute 50

All my connyng bagge,  
 Lyke a clerkely hagge;  
 For though my ryme be ragged,

Tattered and iagged,  
 Rudely rayne beaten,  
 Rusty and moughte<sup>4</sup> eaten,

If ye<sup>5</sup> take well therwith,

It hath in it some pyth.

For, as farre as I can se,

It is wronge with eche degre: 60

For the temporalte

Accuseth the spiritualte;

The spirituall<sup>6</sup> agayne.

Dothe grudge and complayne

Vpon the<sup>7</sup> temporall men:

Thus eche of other blother<sup>8</sup>

The tone agayng<sup>9</sup> the tother:

Alas, they make me shoder!

For in hoder moder

<sup>1</sup> *Fyckell . . . vnstableness*] MS. ;

“ And *fykyll falsenes*  
 And *varyabulnes*  
 With *vnstedfastnes.*”

<sup>2</sup> *ye*] MS. “ they.”

<sup>3</sup> *I*] MS. “ And.”

<sup>4</sup> *moughte*] Other eds. “ moothe.” MS. “ mothe.”

<sup>5</sup> *If ye, &c.*] MS. “ And *yf* thow *take well* it *wyth*.”—The eds. give the line as in the text, except that they have “ talke” instead of “ take:” compare v. 186.

<sup>6</sup> *spirituall*] MS. “ spiritualte.”

<sup>7</sup> *the*] Not in Marshe’s ed.

<sup>8</sup> *blother*] So other eds. Kele’s ed. “ bloder.”—In MS. the line runs,

“ Thys *eche* with *hothy* blen.”

<sup>9</sup> *agayng*] Other eds. “ against.” MS. “ ayenstc.”

The Churche is put in faute; 70  
 The prelates ben<sup>1</sup> so haut,  
 They say, and loke so hy,  
 As though they wolde fly  
 About the sterry skye. /

Laye men say indede  
 How they take no<sup>2</sup> hede  
 Theyr sely shepe to fede,  
 But plucke away and pull  
 The fleces of theyr<sup>3</sup> wull,  
 Vnethes<sup>4</sup> they leue a locke 80

Of wull amonges<sup>5</sup> theyr<sup>6</sup> flocke;  
 And as for theyr connynge,  
 A glommynge and a mummynge,  
 And make therof a iape;  
 They gaspe and they gape  
 All to haue promocyon,  
 There is theyr hole<sup>7</sup> deuocyon,  
 With money, if it wyll hap,  
 To catche the<sup>8</sup> forked cap:  
 Forsothe they are to<sup>9</sup> lewd 90  
 To say so, all beshrewd!

What trow ye they say more  
 Of the bysshoppes lore?  
 How in matters they be rawe,  
 They lumber forth<sup>10</sup> the lawe,  
 To herken<sup>11</sup> Jacke and Gyll,  
 Whan they put vp a byll,  
 And iudge it<sup>12</sup> as they wyll,  
 For other mennes skyll,

<sup>1</sup> *ben*] MS. "be."

<sup>2</sup> *no*] MS. "none."

<sup>3</sup> *theyr*] Not in MS.

<sup>4</sup> *Vnethes*] MS. "Scantly."

<sup>5</sup> *amonges*] Other eds. and MS. "amonge."

<sup>6</sup> *theyr*] MS. "the."

<sup>7</sup> *theyr hole*] MS. "all *ther*."

<sup>8</sup> *the*] MS. "them a."

<sup>9</sup> *to*] Not in MS.

<sup>10</sup> *lumber forth*] MS. "labor *forthe* so in."

<sup>11</sup> *herken*] Marshe's ed. "herke."

<sup>12</sup> *it*] MS. "all."

Expoundyng out theyr clauses, 100  
 And leue theyr owne causes :  
 In theyr prouynciall<sup>1</sup> cure  
 They make but lytell sure,  
 And meddels<sup>2</sup> very lyght  
 In the Churches<sup>3</sup> ryght ;  
 But *ire* and *venire*,  
 And solfa<sup>4</sup> so alamyre,  
 That the premenyre  
 Is lyke to be set<sup>5</sup> a fyre  
 In theyr iurisdiccions<sup>6</sup> 110  
 Through temporall afflictions :<sup>7</sup>  
 Men say they haue prescriptions<sup>8</sup>  
 Agaynst spirituall<sup>9</sup> contradiccions,<sup>10</sup>  
 Accomptynge them as fycions.<sup>11</sup>  
 And whyles the heedes do this,  
 The remenaunt is amys  
 Of the clergy all,  
 Bothe great<sup>12</sup> and small.  
 I wot neuer<sup>13</sup> how they warke,  
 But thus<sup>14</sup> the people barke ;<sup>15</sup> 120

<sup>1</sup> *theyr prouynciall*] Eds. (with various spelling) "*theyr pryncypall*."  
 MS. "*the prouynciall*:" compare v. 223.

<sup>2</sup> *meddels*] MS. "*medlythe*."

<sup>3</sup> *Churches*] MS. "*chyrche*."

<sup>4</sup> *solfa*] MS. "*solfe*."

<sup>5</sup> *to be set*] MS. "*to sett*."

<sup>6</sup> *iurisdiccions*] MS. "*juridiccion*."

<sup>7</sup> *afflictions*] MS. "*afflyccion*."

<sup>8</sup> *prescriptions*] MS. "*prescripcion*."

<sup>9</sup> *spirituall*] So MS. Eds. "*the spiritual*."

<sup>10</sup> *contradiccions*] MS. "*contradiccion*."

<sup>11</sup> *fycions*] MS. "*affeccions*."

<sup>12</sup> *great*] MS. "*the grete*."

<sup>13</sup> *neuer*] MS. "*not*."

<sup>14</sup> *thus*] MS. "*thys*."

<sup>15</sup> *barke*] So MS. Eds. "*carke*" (are careful, anxious,—which does not well suit the sense of the passage). Perhaps Skelton wrote "*carpe*" (talk, prate); for in the present poem we find the following similar, imperfect rhymes ;

" And some of them *barke*,  
 Clatter and *carpe*."—v. 549.

" About churches and *market* :  
 The bysshop on his *carpet*."—v. 328.

And surely thus they say,  
 Bysshoppes, if they may,  
 Small houses wolde<sup>1</sup> kepe,  
 But slumbre forth and slepe,  
 And assay to crepe  
 Within the noble walles  
 Of the kynges halles,  
 To fat theyr bodyes full,  
 Theyr soules lene<sup>2</sup> and dull,  
 And haue full lytell care<sup>3</sup>  
 How euyl<sup>4</sup> theyr shepe fare.

130

The temporalyte say<sup>5</sup> playne,  
 Howe bysshoppes dysdayne  
 Sermons for to make,  
 Or suche laboure to take;  
 And for to say trouth,  
 A great parte is for<sup>6</sup> slouth,  
 But the greatestte parte  
 Is for<sup>7</sup> they haue but small arte  
 And ryght sklender<sup>8</sup> connyng  
 Within theyr heedes wonnyng.  
 But this reason they take  
 How they are able to make  
 With theyr golde and treasure  
 Clerkes out of<sup>9</sup> measure,  
 And yet that is a pleasure.  
 Howe be it some there be,  
 Almost two or thre,  
 Of that dygnyte,

140

<sup>1</sup> *houses wolde*] MS. "howsoldes woll."

<sup>2</sup> *lene*] So MS. Eds. "lame."

<sup>3</sup> *haue full lytell care*] MS. "hathe but *lytell* cure."

<sup>4</sup> *euyl*] MS. "yll."

<sup>5</sup> *say*] MS. "sathe."

<sup>6</sup> *for*] So MS. Eds. "full" and "ful." See notes.

<sup>7</sup> *Is for, &c.*] MS. "Ys they haue lytell arte."

<sup>8</sup> *sklender*] MS. "slendyr."

<sup>9</sup> *out of*] MS. "with owte."

Full worshypfull clerkes, 150  
 As<sup>1</sup> appereth by theyr werkes,  
 Lyke Aaron and Ure,  
 The wolfe from the dore  
 To werryn<sup>2</sup> and to kepe  
 From theyr goostly shepe,  
 And theyr<sup>3</sup> spirituall lammes  
 Sequestred from rammes  
 And from the<sup>4</sup> berded gotes  
 With theyr heery cotes;  
 Set nought by golde ne grottes, 160  
 Theyr names if I durst tell.

But they are<sup>5</sup> loth to mell,  
 And loth to hang the bell  
 Aboute the cattes necke,  
 For drede to haue a checke;  
 They ar fayne to play deuz decke,<sup>6</sup>  
 They ar made<sup>7</sup> for the becke.  
 How be it they are good men,  
 Moche<sup>8</sup> herted lyke an hen:  
 Theyr lessons forgotten they haue 170  
 That Becket them<sup>9</sup> gauē:  
*Thomas manum mittit ad fortia,*  
*Spernit damna, spernit opprobria,*  
*Nulla Thomam frangit injuria.*  
 But nowe euery spirituall father,  
 Men say, they<sup>10</sup> had rather  
 Spende moche<sup>11</sup> of theyr share  
 Than to be combred with care:

<sup>1</sup> *As*] MS. "As hyt."

<sup>2</sup> *werryn*] So MS. Eds. "wary."

<sup>3</sup> *theyr*] Not in MS.

<sup>4</sup> *the*] MS. "thyse."

<sup>5</sup> *are*] MS. "be."

<sup>6</sup> *deuz decke*] MS. "decke."

<sup>7</sup> *They ar made, &c.*] This line only in MS.

<sup>8</sup> *Moche . . . an*] MS. "Myche . . . a."

<sup>9</sup> *Becket them*] MS. "Saynt Thomas of Canterbury."

<sup>10</sup> *they*] MS. "that they."

<sup>11</sup> *moche*] MS. "myche."

Spende! nay, nay,<sup>1</sup> but spare;  
 For let se who that<sup>2</sup> dare 180  
 Sho the mockysshe mare;  
 They make her wynche and keke,  
 But it is not<sup>3</sup> worth a leke:  
 Boldnesse is to seke  
 The Churche<sup>4</sup> for to defend.  
 Take me as I intende,  
 For lothe<sup>5</sup> I am to offende  
 In this that I haue pende:  
 I tell you as men say;  
 Amende whan<sup>6</sup> ye may, 190  
 For, *usque ad montem Sare*,<sup>7</sup>  
 Men say ye can not appare;<sup>8</sup>  
 For some say ye hunte in<sup>9</sup> parkes,  
 And hauke on hobby larkes,  
 And other wanton warkes,  
 Whan the nyght darkes.

What hath lay men to<sup>10</sup> do  
 The gray gose<sup>11</sup> for to sho?  
 Lyke houndes of hell,  
 They crye and they yell, 200  
 Howe that ye<sup>12</sup> sell  
 The grace of the Holy Gost:  
 Thus they make theyr bost  
 Through owte<sup>13</sup> euery cost,

<sup>1</sup> *nay, nay*] So MS. Eds. "nay." <sup>2</sup> *that*] Not in MS.

<sup>3</sup> *But it is not, &c.*] This line not in MS.

<sup>4</sup> *Churche*] MS. "chyrche."

<sup>5</sup> *For lothe, &c.*] This line not in MS.

<sup>6</sup> *whan*] MS. "when that."

<sup>7</sup> *Sare*] Other eds. "fare." MS. "sciire." (Perhaps Skelton wrote "Seir"—and in the next line "appeire.") See notes.

<sup>8</sup> *appare*] MS. "payre." <sup>9</sup> *in*] Not in MS.

<sup>10</sup> *to*] Not in Kytson's ed.

<sup>11</sup> *gose*] So other eds. and MS. Kele's ed. "gooes."

<sup>12</sup> *ye*] MS. "yow."

<sup>13</sup> *owte*] So MS. Not in eds.



Howe some of you do eate  
 In Lenton season<sup>1</sup> fleshe mete,  
 Fesauntes, partryche, and cranes;  
 Men call you therfor prophanes;  
 Ye pycke no shrympes nor<sup>2</sup> pranés,  
 Saltfysse, stocfysse, nor<sup>3</sup> heryng, 210  
 It is not for your werynge;  
 Nor in holy Lenton<sup>4</sup> season  
 Ye<sup>5</sup> wyll netheyr benes ne peason,  
 But ye loke to be let lose<sup>6</sup>  
 To a pygge<sup>7</sup> or to a gose,  
 Your gorge not endewed  
 Without a capon stewed,  
 Or a stewed cocke,  
 To knowe<sup>8</sup> whate ys a clocke  
 Vnder her surfled<sup>9</sup> smocke, 220  
 And her wanton wodicocke.

And howe whan ye<sup>10</sup> gyue orders  
 In your prouinciall borders,  
 As at *Sitientes*,<sup>11</sup>  
 Some are *insufficientes*,<sup>12</sup>  
 Some *parum sapientes*,  
 Some *nihil intelligentes*,

<sup>1</sup> *In Lenton season*] MS. "In lente so myche."

<sup>2</sup> *Ye pycke no shrympes nor*] MS. "Thus pyke ne shrympes ne."

<sup>3</sup> *nor*] MS. "ne."

<sup>4</sup> *Lenton*] MS. "lente."

<sup>5</sup> *Ye . . . ne*] MS. "They . . . nor."

<sup>6</sup> *lose*] So MS. Kele's ed. "losse." Other eds. "loose" (having in the next line "goose").

<sup>7</sup> *To a pygge, &c.*] This line in MS. thus, "To ete eythyr pygge or gose."

<sup>8</sup> *To knowe, &c.*] This line found only in MS.

<sup>9</sup> *surfled*] MS. "surfuld." See notes.

<sup>10</sup> *And howe whan ye*] MS. "And when they."

<sup>11</sup> *As at Sitientes*] MS. "At att citientes." The editor of 1736 printed

"As *Insipientes*." See notes.

<sup>12</sup> *are insufficientes*] MS. "ad sufficientes."

Some *valde negligentes*,  
 Some *nullum sensum habentes*,  
 But bestiall<sup>1</sup> and vntaught;<sup>2</sup> 230  
 But whan thei haue ones caught  
*Dominus vobiscum* by the hede,  
 Than renne they in euery stede,  
 God wot, with dronken nolles;  
 Yet take they<sup>3</sup> cure<sup>4</sup> of soules,  
 And woteth neuer<sup>5</sup> what thei rede,  
 Paternoster, Ave,<sup>6</sup> nor Crede;  
 Construe not worth a whystle  
 Nether Gospell nor Pystle;  
 Theyr mattyns madly sayde, 240  
 Nothyng deuoutly prayde;  
 Theyr lernynge is so small,<sup>7</sup>  
 Theyr pryms<sup>8</sup> and houres fall  
 And lepe<sup>9</sup> out of theyr lyppes  
 Lyke sawdust or drye chyppes.  
 I speke not nowe of all,  
 But the moost parte in<sup>10</sup> generall.  
 Of suche vagabundus<sup>11</sup>  
 Speketh *totus mundus*;  
 Howe some synge *Latabundus* 250  
 At euery ale stake,  
 With, welcome hake and make!  
 By the brede that God brake,  
 I am sory<sup>12</sup> for your sake.

<sup>1</sup> *bestiall*] So MS. Eds. "bestyali" and "bestially."

<sup>2</sup> *vntaught*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "vntought."

<sup>3</sup> *take they*] MS. "they take."

<sup>4</sup> *cure*] Other eds. "cures."

<sup>5</sup> *woteth neuer*] MS. "wot not.?"

<sup>6</sup> *Ave*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>7</sup> *small*] MS. "lewde."

<sup>8</sup> *prymes*] MS. "prime."

<sup>9</sup> *And lepe, &c.*] This line, and the two following lines, not in MS.

<sup>10</sup> *in*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "en."

<sup>11</sup> *vagabundus*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "vacabundus." MS. "vacabondes."

<sup>12</sup> *sory*] MS. "seke."

I speke not of the<sup>1</sup> good<sup>2</sup> wyfe,  
But of theyr apostles<sup>3</sup> lyfe;

*Cum ipsis<sup>4</sup> vel illis*

*Qui manent in villis*

*Est uxor vel ancilla,*

Welcome Jacke and Gylla!

260

My prety Petronylla,

And you wyll<sup>5</sup> be stylla,

You shall haue your wylla.

Of suche Paternoster pekes

All the worlde spekes.

In you the faute is supposed,

For that they are not apposed

By iust<sup>6</sup> examinacyon

In connyng and<sup>7</sup> conuersacyon;

They haue none instructyon

270

To make a true<sup>8</sup> constructyon:

A preest without a<sup>9</sup> letter,

Without his vertue be gretter,

Doutlesse were<sup>10</sup> moche<sup>11</sup> better

Vpon hym for to take

A mattocke or a rake.

Alas, for very shame!

Some can not declyne their<sup>12</sup> name;

Some can not scarsly<sup>13</sup> rede,

And yet he<sup>14</sup> wyll not drede

280

<sup>1</sup> *the*] MS. "every."

<sup>2</sup> *good*] Marshe's ed. "god."

<sup>3</sup> *apostles*] MS. "postylles."

<sup>4</sup> *Cum ipsis . . . villis*] MS.

"*Cum ipso vell cum ipsa  
Que invenitur villi.*"

<sup>5</sup> *And you wyll*] MS. "And ye can."

<sup>6</sup> *iust*] MS. "fyrste."

<sup>7</sup> *and*] Not in MS.

<sup>8</sup> *a true*] MS. "trewe."

<sup>9</sup> *a*] MS. "hys."

<sup>10</sup> *were*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "where."

<sup>11</sup> *were moche*] MS. "we were myche."

<sup>12</sup> *their*] MS. "ther owne."

<sup>13</sup> *can not scarsly*] MS. "scantlye."

<sup>14</sup> *he*] Not in other eds. nor in MS.

For to kepe a cure,  
 And in nothyng is sure ;  
 This *Dominus vobiscum*,  
 As wyse as Tom a thrum,<sup>1</sup>  
 A chaplayne of trust  
 Layth all in the dust.

Thus I, Colyn Cloute,  
 As I go aboute,  
 And wandrynge as I walke,  
 I here the people talke.

290

Men say, for syluer<sup>2</sup> and golde  
 Myters are bought and solde ;  
 There<sup>3</sup> shall no clergy appose  
 A myter nor<sup>4</sup> a crose,  
 But a full purse :

A strawe for Goddes curse !  
 What are they<sup>5</sup> the worse ?  
 For a symonyake

Is<sup>6</sup> but a hermoniake ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And no more ye<sup>8</sup> make  
 Of symony, men say,  
 But a chyldes play.

300

Ouer this,<sup>9</sup> the foresayd laye  
 Reporte<sup>10</sup> howe the Pope may  
 An<sup>11</sup> holy anker call  
 Out of the stony<sup>12</sup> wall,  
 And hym a bysshopp make,  
 If he on hym dare<sup>13</sup> take  
 To kepe so harde a rule,  
 To ryde vpon a mule

310

<sup>1</sup> *Tom a thrum*] MS. "Jacke *athrum*."

<sup>2</sup> *syluer*] MS. "money."

<sup>4</sup> *nor*] MS. "or."

<sup>6</sup> *Is*] MS. "Hyt *ys*."

<sup>7</sup> *hermoniake*] MS. "harman jake."

<sup>9</sup> *Ouer this*] MS. "Also."

<sup>10</sup> *Reporte*] MS. "Reportythe."

<sup>12</sup> *the stony*] MS. "a stone."

<sup>3</sup> *There*] MS. "They."

<sup>5</sup> *they*] MS. "ye."

<sup>8</sup> *ye*] MS. "they."

<sup>11</sup> *An*] So MS. Eds. "A."

<sup>13</sup> *dare*] MS. "can."

With golde all betrapped,  
 In purple and paule belapped;  
 Some hatted and some capped,  
 Rychely and warme<sup>1</sup> bewrapped,<sup>2</sup>  
 God wot to theyr great paynes,  
 In rotchettes of fyne Raynes,  
 Whyte as morowes<sup>3</sup> mylke;  
 Theyr tabertes of fyne silke,  
 Theyr styrops of myxt gold begared;<sup>4</sup>  
 There may no cost be spared; 320  
 Theyr moyles<sup>5</sup> golde dothe eate,  
 Theyr neyghbours dye for meate.

What care they though Gil sweate,  
 Or<sup>6</sup> Jacke of the Noke?  
 The pore people they yoke<sup>7</sup>  
 With sommons<sup>8</sup> and citacyons  
 And excommunycacyons,<sup>9</sup>  
 About churches<sup>10</sup> and market:  
 The bysshop on his carpet  
 At home full softe dothe syt. 330  
 This is a farly<sup>11</sup> fyt,  
 To here the people iangle,  
 Howe warely<sup>12</sup> they wrangle:  
 Alas, why do ye not handle  
 And them all to-mangle?<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *and warme*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>2</sup> *bewrapped*] MS. "wrappyd."

<sup>3</sup> *morowes*] MS. "marys."

<sup>4</sup> *of myxt gold begared*] Marshe's ed. "*of mixt golde begarded.*" MS.  
 "with golde be gloryd."

<sup>5</sup> *moyles*] MS. "mvles."

<sup>6</sup> *Or*] MS. "Or else."

<sup>7</sup> *yoke*] MS. "choke."

<sup>8</sup> *sommons*] MS. "somners."

<sup>9</sup> *excommunycacyons*] MS. "extermynacions."

<sup>10</sup> *churches*] MS. "chyrche."

<sup>11</sup> *farly*] So MS. Eds. (with various spelling) "fearfull."

<sup>12</sup> *Howe warely, &c.*] This line and the following one not in MS.

<sup>13</sup> *all to-mangle*] So MS. Eds. "all mangle."

Full<sup>1</sup> falsely on you they lye,  
 And<sup>2</sup> shamefully you ascrye,  
 And say as vntruely,<sup>3</sup>  
 As the<sup>4</sup> butterflye  
 A man myght<sup>5</sup> saye in mocke 340  
 Ware the<sup>6</sup> wethercocke  
 Of the steple of Poules;  
 And thus they hurte theyr soules  
 In sclauderyng<sup>7</sup> you for<sup>8</sup> truthe :  
 Alas, it is great ruthe !  
 Some say ye syt in trones,  
 Lyke prynces<sup>9</sup> *aquilonis*,  
 And shryne your rotten bones  
 With perles<sup>10</sup> and precyous stones ;  
 But howe the commons grones, 350  
 And the people mones<sup>11</sup>  
 For prestes and for lones  
 Lent and neuer payd,  
 But from day to day delayde,  
 The commune welth decayde,  
 Men say ye are tonge tayde,<sup>12</sup>  
 And therof speke<sup>13</sup> nothyng  
 But dyssymulyng and glosyng.  
 Wherefore men be<sup>14</sup> supposyng  
 That ye gyue shrewd counsell 360  
 Agaynst the commune well,  
 By poollynge and pyllage  
 In cytyes and vyllage,

<sup>1</sup> *Full*] MS. "For."

<sup>2</sup> *And*] MS. "And as."

<sup>3</sup> *as vntruely*] MS. "vtterly."

<sup>4</sup> *As the*] MS. "That a."

<sup>5</sup> *A man myght, &c.*] This line not in MS.

<sup>6</sup> *Ware the*] MS. "Was a."

<sup>7</sup> *sclauderyng*] MS. "slaundrynge."

<sup>8</sup> *for*] MS. "of."

<sup>9</sup> *Lyke prynces*] MS. "As prinopes" (*principes*).

<sup>10</sup> *perles*] MS. "perle."

<sup>11</sup> *mones*] MS. "mornys."

<sup>12</sup> *tonge tayde*] MS. "tonge tyed."

<sup>13</sup> *speke*] MS. "spekys."

<sup>14</sup> *be*] MS. "ar."

By taxyng and tollage,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ye make<sup>2</sup> monkes to<sup>3</sup> haue the culerage  
 For couerynge of an olde cottage,  
 That commytted<sup>4</sup> is a collage  
 In the charter of dottage,  
*Tenure par seruyce<sup>5</sup> de sottage,*  
 And not *par seruyce de socage,* 370  
 After olde seygnours,  
 And the lerning of Lytelton tenours :  
 Ye haue so ouerthwarted,  
 That good lawes are subuerted,  
 And good reason peruerted.

Relygous men are fayne  
 For to tourne<sup>6</sup> agayne  
*In<sup>7</sup> secula seculorum,*  
 And to forsake<sup>8</sup> theyr corum,  
 And *vagabundare per forum,* 380  
 And take a fyne *meritorum,*  
*Contra regulam morum,*  
*Aut blacke monachorum,*  
*Aut canonicorum,*  
*Aut Bernardinorum,*  
*Aut crucifixorum,*  
 And to syng from place to place,  
 Lyke apostataas.

And the selfe same game  
 Begone ys<sup>9</sup> nowe with shame 390

<sup>1</sup> *tollage*] MS. "tollynge."

<sup>2</sup> *make*] Other eds. "haue."

<sup>3</sup> *to*] Not in MS.

<sup>4</sup> *commytted*] MS. "vnnethe."

<sup>5</sup> *Tenure par seruyce, &c.*] This line and the six following ones not in MS.

<sup>6</sup> *tourne*] MS. "returne."

<sup>7</sup> *In*] MS. has "*In to*;" and, after this line, it gives

"*Contra precepta morum*:"

but see v. 382.

<sup>8</sup> *And to forsake, &c.*] This line and the nine following ones not in MS.

<sup>9</sup> *ys*] So MS. Eds. "and."

Amongest<sup>1</sup> the sely nonnes :  
 My lady nowe<sup>2</sup> she ronnes,  
 Dame Sybly<sup>3</sup> our abbesse,  
 Dame Dorothe and lady Besse,  
 Dame Sare<sup>4</sup> our pryoresse,  
 Out of theyr<sup>5</sup> cloyster and quere  
 With an heuy chere,  
 Must cast vp theyr blacke vayles,  
 And set vp theyr fucke sayles,  
 To catch wynde with their ventales — 400  
 What, Colyne,<sup>6</sup> there thou shales !  
 Yet thus with yll hayles  
 The lay fee<sup>7</sup> people rayles.  
 And all the fawte<sup>8</sup> they lay  
 On you, prelates,<sup>9</sup> and say  
 Ye do them wrong<sup>10</sup> and no ryght  
 To put them thus to flyght ;  
 No matyns at mydnyght,  
 Boke and chalys gone quyte ;  
 And<sup>11</sup> plucke away the leedes 410  
 Evyn<sup>12</sup> ouer theyr heedes,  
 And sell away theyr belles,  
 And all that they<sup>13</sup> haue elles :  
 Thus the people telles,  
 Rayles lyke<sup>14</sup> rebelles,

<sup>1</sup> *Amongest*] MS. "Amonge."

<sup>2</sup> *nowe*] MS. "nonne."

<sup>3</sup> *Dame Sybly*] This line not in MS.

<sup>4</sup> *Sare*] MS. "Sybylle."

<sup>5</sup> *theyr*] MS. "the."

<sup>6</sup> *What, Colyne, &c.*] This line and the following one not in MS.

<sup>7</sup> *The lay fee*] MS. "Thus *the lay*."

<sup>8</sup> *the fawte*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>9</sup> *On you, prelates*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "In *you prelates*."  
 MS. "In your precepte."

<sup>10</sup> *Ye do them wrong*] Other eds. "Ye do wrong."

<sup>11</sup> *And*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>12</sup> *Evyn*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>13</sup> *that they*] Kytson's ed. "they *that*."

<sup>14</sup> *lyke*] MS. "and."



Redys<sup>1</sup> shrewdly and spelles,  
 And with foundacyons<sup>2</sup> melles,  
 And talkys<sup>3</sup> lyke tytyuelles,  
 Howe ye brake the dedes<sup>4</sup> wylles,  
 Turne monasteris into<sup>5</sup> water milles, 420  
 Of an abbay ye<sup>6</sup> make a graunge;  
 Your workes,<sup>7</sup> they saye, are straunge;  
 So that theyr founders soules  
 Haue lost theyr beade rolles,  
 The mony for theyr masses  
 Spent<sup>8</sup> amonge wanton lasses;  
 The *Diriges* are<sup>9</sup> forgotten;  
 Theyr founders lye there rotten,  
 But where<sup>10</sup> theyr soules dwell,  
 Therwith I wyll not mell. 430  
 What coulde<sup>11</sup> the Turke do more  
 With all his false<sup>12</sup> lore,  
 Turke, Sarazyn,<sup>13</sup> or Jew?  
 I reporte me to you,  
 O mercyfull Jesu,  
 You supporte and rescue,<sup>14</sup>  
 My style for to dyrecte,  
 It may take some effecte!  
 For I abhorre to wryte  
 Howe the lay fee dyspyte 440

<sup>1</sup> *Redys*] So MS. Eds. "Rede."

<sup>2</sup> *foundacyons*] MS. "foundacion."

<sup>3</sup> *talkys*] So MS. Eds. "talke."

<sup>4</sup> *Howe ye brake the dedes*] MS. "How that he brekes the deths."

<sup>5</sup> *Turne monasteris into*] MS. "To torne monestarys to."

<sup>6</sup> *ye*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "they." MS. "to."

<sup>7</sup> *workes . . . are*] MS. "worke . . . ys veraye."

<sup>8</sup> *Spent*] MS. "Spend."

<sup>9</sup> *Diriges are*] MS. "dyrige."

<sup>10</sup> *But where, &c.*] This and the following line not in MS.

<sup>11</sup> *coulde*] MS. "can."

<sup>12</sup> *false*] MS. "hole."

<sup>13</sup> *Turke, Sarazyn, &c.*] This line and the twenty-seven lines which follow not in MS.

<sup>14</sup> *rescue*] Other eds. "rescite."

You prelates, that of ryght  
 Shulde be lanternes of lyght.  
 Ye lyue, they say, in delyte,  
 Drowned *in deliciis*,  
*In gloria et divitiis*,  
*In admirabili honore*,<sup>1</sup>  
*In gloria, et splendore*  
*Fulgurantis hastæ*,<sup>2</sup>

*Viventes parum caste :*

Yet swete meate hath soure sauce, 450

For after *gloria*,<sup>3</sup> *laus*,

Chryst by cruelte

Was nayled vpon<sup>4</sup> a tre ;

He payed a bytter pencyon

For mannes redemcyon,

He dranke eysell and gall

To redeme vs withall ;

But swete ypcras ye drynke,

With, Let the cat wynde !

Iche wot what eche<sup>5</sup> other thynk ; 460

Howe be it *per assimile*

Some men thynke that ye

Shall haue penalte<sup>6</sup>

For your iniquyte.

*Nota*<sup>7</sup> what I say,

And bere it well away ;

If it please not theologys,<sup>8</sup>

It is good for astrologys ;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *In admirabili honore*] Kele's ed. "*In o admirabile honore.*" Kytson's ed. "*Into admirabile honore.*" Marshe's ed. "*Into honorable honore.*"

<sup>2</sup> *Fulgurantis hastæ*] Eds. "*Fulgurantes haste.*" See notes.

<sup>3</sup> *gloria*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "*glyria.*"

<sup>4</sup> *vpon*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "*vpyn.*"

<sup>5</sup> *eche*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "*yche.*"

<sup>6</sup> *penalte*] So MS. and other eds. (with various spelling). Kele's ed. "*penalyte.*"

<sup>7</sup> *Nota*] MS. "*Note.*"

<sup>8</sup> *theologys*] MS. "*theologi.*"

<sup>9</sup> *astrologys*] MS. "*astrologi.*"

For Ptholome tolde me  
 The sonne somtyme to be 470  
*In Ariete,*  
 Ascendent a degre,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whan Scorpion descendencyge,  
 Was so then<sup>2</sup> pretendyng  
 A fatall fall of one<sup>3</sup>  
 That shuld<sup>4</sup> syt on<sup>5</sup> a trone,  
 And rule all thynges<sup>6</sup> alone.  
 Your teth whet on this bone  
 Amongest<sup>7</sup> you euerychone,  
 And let Collyn Cloute haue none<sup>8</sup> 480  
 Maner of cause to mone :

<sup>1</sup> *Ascendent a degre*] This passage seems to be corrupted. MS. "Assendente a *dextre*:" (and compare the Lansdown MS. quoted below.)

<sup>2</sup> *Was so then, &c.*] This line not in MS.

<sup>3</sup> *A fatall fall of one*] So MS. (and compare the Lansdown MS. quoted below). Eds. "All *fatall* for one."

<sup>4</sup> *shuld*] So MS. Eds. "shall." <sup>5</sup> *on*] MS. "in."

<sup>6</sup> *thynges*] MS. "thynges." <sup>7</sup> *Amongest*] MS. "Amonge."

<sup>8</sup> *haue none*] MS. has "alone;" and omits the seventy-eight lines which follow. Among the *Lansdown MSS.* (762. fol. 75) I find the subjoined fragment:

" Som men thynke that ye  
 shall haue penaltie  
 for youre Inyquytie  
 Note well what to saye  
 yf yt please the not onely  
 yt is good for astrollogy  
 ffor tholomy tolde me  
 the sonn somtyme to be  
 In a Signe called ariotte  
 assendam ad dextram  
 when Scorpio is descendencyng  
 affatuall fall of one  
 that syttys now on trone  
 and rewles all thynges alone  
 your tethe whet on this bone  
 Amonge you euery chone  
 And lett colen clowte alone.

The profecy of Skelton  
 1529."

(The name originally written "*Skylton*.")

Lay salue to your owne sore,  
 For els, as I sayd before,  
 After *gloria, laus*,  
 May come a soure sauce ;  
 Sory therfore am I,  
 But trouth can neuer lye.

With language thus poluted  
 Holy Church is bruted  
 And shamfully confuted. 490

My penne nowe wyll I sharpe,  
 And wrest vp my harpe  
 With sharpe twynkyng trebelles,  
 Agaynst all suche rebelles  
 That laboure to confounde  
 And bryng the Church to the grounde ;  
 As ye may dayly se  
 Howe the lay fee  
 Of one affynyte  
 Consent and agre 500  
 Agaynst the Church to be,  
 And the dygnyte  
 Of the bysshoppes see.<sup>1</sup>

And eyther ye be to bad,  
 Or els they ar mad  
 Of this to reporte :  
 But, vnder your supporte,  
 Tyll my dyenge day  
 I shall bothe wryte and say,  
 And ye shall do the same, 510  
 Howe they are to<sup>2</sup> blame  
 You thus to dyffame :  
 For it maketh me sad  
 Howe that the people<sup>3</sup> are glad  
 The Church to depraue ;  
 And some there are that raue,

<sup>1</sup> see] Eds. "fee."

<sup>2</sup> to] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>3</sup> that the people] So other eds. Kele's ed. "the the peope."

Presumynge on theyr wyt,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whan there is neuer a whyt,  
 To maynteyne argumentes  
 Agaynst the sacramentes. 520

Some make epylogacyon  
 Of hyghe predestynacyon;<sup>2</sup>  
 And of resydeuacyon<sup>3</sup>  
 They make interpretacyon  
 Of an aquarde facyon;  
 And of the prescience  
 Of dyuyne essence;<sup>4</sup>  
 And what ipostacis<sup>5</sup>  
 Of Christes manhode is.  
 Suche logyke men wyll chop, 530

And in theyr fury hop,  
 When the good ale sop  
 Dothe daunce in theyr fore top;  
 Bothe women and men,  
 Suche ye may well knowe and ken,  
 That agaynst<sup>6</sup> preesthode  
 Theyr malyce sprede abrode,  
 Raylynge haynously  
 And dysdaynously  
 Of preestly dygnytes, 540  
 But theyr malygnytes.

And some haue a smacke  
 Of Luthers sacke,  
 And a brennyng sparke  
 Of Luthers warke,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *wyt*] So ("wit") other eds. Kele's ed. "owne wyt."

<sup>2</sup> *predestynacyon*] Other eds. (with various spelling) "predestitacion."

<sup>3</sup> *resydeuacyon*] Eds. (with various spelling) "resydenacyon."

<sup>4</sup> *essence*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "assence."

<sup>5</sup> *ipostacis*] Other eds. "ipostatis." <sup>6</sup> *agaynst*] Other eds. "agayn."

<sup>7</sup> *warke*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "weike."

And are somewhat suspecte  
 In Luthers secte ;  
 And some of them barke,<sup>1</sup>  
 Clatter and carpe  
 Of that heresy arte 550  
 Called Wicleuista,<sup>2</sup>  
 The deuelysshe dogmatista ;  
 And some be Hussyans,  
 And some be Arryans,  
 And some be Pollegians,  
 And make moche varyans  
 Bytwene the clergye  
 And the temporaltye,  
 Howe the Church<sup>3</sup> hath to mykell,  
 And they haue to lytell, 560  
 And bryng in<sup>4</sup> materialites<sup>5</sup>  
 And qualyfyed qualytes  
 Of pluralytes,  
 Of tryalytes,  
 And of tot quottes,  
 They commune lyke sottes,<sup>6</sup>  
 As commeth to theyr lottes ;

<sup>1</sup> *barke*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "barek."

<sup>2</sup> *Wicleuista*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "Wytclyftista."

<sup>3</sup> *Howe the Church, &c.*] This passage in MS. stands thus :

" Some sey holy chyrche haue to mykell  
 Som sey they haue tryalytes  
 And some sey they brynge pluralites  
 And qualife qualites  
 And also tot cotte  
 They talke lyke sottes  
 Makynge many owte cryes  
 That they cannot kepe ther wyffes  
 And thus the losselles stryvys."

<sup>4</sup> *in*] Other eds. "him in."

<sup>5</sup> *materialites*] Eds. (with various spelling) "maierialites."

<sup>6</sup> *sottes*] Marshe's ed. "scottes."

Of prebendaries and deanes,  
 Howe some of them gleanes  
 And gathereth<sup>1</sup> vp the store 570  
 For to catche more and more ;  
 Of persons and vycaryes  
 They make many outcryes ;  
 They cannot kepe their wyues  
 From them for theyr lyues ;  
 And thus the loselles stryues,  
 And lewdely sayes by<sup>2</sup> Christ  
 Agaynst the sely preest.  
 Alas, and well away,  
 What ayles<sup>3</sup> them thus to say? 580  
 They mought<sup>4</sup> be better aduysed<sup>5</sup>  
 Then to be so<sup>6</sup> dysgysed :  
 But they haue enterprysed,  
 And shamfully surmysed,  
 Howe prelacy<sup>7</sup> is solde and bought,  
 And come vp of nought ;  
 And where the<sup>8</sup> prelates be  
 Come<sup>9</sup> of lowe degre,  
 And set in<sup>10</sup> maieste  
 And spirituall dyngnyte, 590  
 Farwell benygnyte,  
 Farwell symplicite,<sup>11</sup>  
 Farwell humylyte,  
 Farwell good charyte !  
 Ye<sup>12</sup> are so puffed wyth pryde,  
 That no man may abyde

<sup>1</sup> *gathereth*] Marshe's ed. "gathered."

<sup>2</sup> *by*] MS. "be."

<sup>3</sup> *ayles*] MS. "eylythe."

<sup>4</sup> *mought*] MS. "myghte."

<sup>5</sup> *aduysed*] MS. "avysed."

<sup>6</sup> *so*] Not in other eds.

<sup>7</sup> *prelacy*] MS. "the prelacye."

<sup>8</sup> *where the*] MS. "whan they."

<sup>9</sup> *Come*] MS. "Comyn vp."

<sup>10</sup> *in*] MS. "in ther."

<sup>11</sup> *Farwell symplicite*] Not in MS.

<sup>12</sup> *Ye*] MS. "Theyse."

Your hygh and lordely lokes :  
 Ye cast vp then<sup>1</sup> your bokes,  
 And vertue is forgotten ;  
 For then ye wyll be wroken 600  
 Of euery lyght quarell,  
 And call a lorde a<sup>2</sup> iauell,  
 A knyght a knaue ye<sup>3</sup> make ;  
 Ye bost, ye face, ye crake,  
 And vpon you ye<sup>4</sup> take  
 To rule bothe<sup>5</sup> kyng and kayser ;  
 And yf ye<sup>6</sup> may haue layser,  
 Ye wyll<sup>7</sup> bryng all to nought,  
 And that is all<sup>8</sup> your thought :  
 For the lordes temporall, 610  
 Theyr rule is very small,  
 Almost nothyng at all.  
 Men saye howe ye<sup>9</sup> appall  
 The<sup>10</sup> noble blode royall :  
 In earnest and in game,  
 Ye are the lesse to blame,  
 For lordes of noble blode,  
 If they well vnderstode<sup>11</sup>  
 How connyng myght them auauance,<sup>12</sup>  
 They wold pype you another<sup>13</sup> daunce : 620  
 But noble men borne  
 To lerne they haue scorne,<sup>14</sup>  
 But hunt<sup>15</sup> and blowe an horne,

<sup>1</sup> *Ye cast vp then*] MS. "They caste then vp."

<sup>2</sup> *a*] Not in MS.

<sup>3</sup> *ye*] So MS. Eds. "to."

<sup>4</sup> *ye*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>5</sup> *bothe*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>6</sup> *ye*] Other eds. "you."

<sup>7</sup> *wyll*] Not in other eds.

<sup>8</sup> *And that is all*] MS. "And that hyt ys."

<sup>9</sup> *howe ye*] MS. "that they."

<sup>10</sup> *The*] MS. "That."

<sup>11</sup> *vnderstode*] Other eds. "vnderstand."

<sup>12</sup> *auaunce*] MS. "avayle."

<sup>13</sup> *another*] MS. "a new."

<sup>14</sup> *scorne*] MS. "grete scorne."

<sup>15</sup> *hunt*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "hunet."



Lepe ouer<sup>1</sup> lakes and dykes,  
 Set nothyng by<sup>2</sup> polytykes;  
 Therefore ye kepe them bace,  
 And mocke them to<sup>3</sup> theyr face:  
 This is a pyteous case,  
 To you that ouer<sup>4</sup> the whele  
 Grete<sup>5</sup> lordes must crouche<sup>6</sup> and knele,      630  
 And breke theyr hose at the kne,  
 As dayly men may se,  
 And to remembraunce call,<sup>7</sup>  
 Fortune so turneth the ball  
 And ruleth so ouer all,  
 That honoure hath a great fall.

Shall I tell you<sup>8</sup> more? ye, shall.

I am loth to tell all;  
 But the communalte yow<sup>9</sup> call  
 Ydolles of Babylon,      640  
*De terra* Zabulon,  
*De terra* Neptalym;  
 For ye<sup>10</sup> loue to go trym,  
 Brought vp of poore estate,  
 Wyth pryde inordinate,  
 Sodaynly vpstarte  
 From the donge carte,  
 The mattocke<sup>11</sup> and the shule,<sup>12</sup>  
 To reygne and to rule;

<sup>1</sup> *Lepe ouer*] MS. "Kepe vnnethe."

<sup>2</sup> *Set nothyng by*] MS. "And sette nowghte by."

<sup>3</sup> *to*] Marshe's ed. "so."

<sup>4</sup> *ouer*] MS. "be on."

<sup>5</sup> *Grete*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>6</sup> *crouche*] Other eds. "couch."

<sup>7</sup> *call*] MS. "I haue calle."

<sup>8</sup> *you*] Not in MS.

<sup>9</sup> *yow*] So MS. Eds. "ye."

<sup>10</sup> *ye*] So MS. Eds. "you."

<sup>11</sup> *mattocke*] Eds. "mattockes." MS. "mactocke."

<sup>12</sup> *shule*] MS. "shovyll."

And haue<sup>1</sup> no grace to thynke 650  
 Howe ye<sup>2</sup> were wonte to drynke  
 Of a lether bottell  
 With a knauysshe stoppell,  
 Whan mamockes was your meate,  
 With moldy<sup>3</sup> brede to eate ;  
 Ye cowde<sup>4</sup> none other gete  
 To chewe and to gnawe,  
 To fyll therwith your mawe ;  
 Loggyng in fayre<sup>5</sup> strawe,  
 Couchyng your drousy heddes 660  
 Somtyme in lousy beddes.<sup>6</sup>  
 Alas, this is out<sup>7</sup> of mynde !  
 Ye growe nowe out of kynde :  
 Many one ye haue vntwynde,<sup>8</sup>  
 And made<sup>9</sup> the commons blynde.  
 But *qui se*<sup>10</sup> *existimat stare*,  
 Let hym well beware<sup>11</sup>  
 Lest that his fote slyp,  
 And haue suche a tryp,  
 And falle<sup>12</sup> in suche decay, 670  
 That all the worlde may<sup>13</sup> say,  
 Come downe, in<sup>14</sup> the deuyll<sup>15</sup> way !

<sup>1</sup> *haue*] MS. "hathe."

<sup>2</sup> *ye*] Eds. and MS. "they."

<sup>3</sup> *moldy*] So MS. Eds. "moulde" and "mould."

<sup>4</sup> *cowde*] So MS. Eds. (with various spelling) "wolde."

<sup>5</sup> *Loggyng in fayre*] So MS. Eds. "Lodged in the."

<sup>6</sup> *lousy beddes*] MS. "a lowsy bed."

<sup>7</sup> *Alas, this is out*] MS. "All *this ys owte owte*."

<sup>8</sup> *Many one ye haue vntwynde*] So MS. See notes. Eds. (with various spelling) "*Many one haue but wynde*."

<sup>9</sup> *made*] So MS. Eds. "make."

<sup>10</sup> *se*] Not in MS.

<sup>11</sup> *well beware*] MS. "*be well ware*."

<sup>12</sup> *falle*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Other eds. "false."

<sup>13</sup> *may*] So MS. Eds. (with various spelling) "myght."

<sup>14</sup> *in*] So MS. Eds. "on."

<sup>15</sup> *deuyll*] Other eds. (with various spelling) "deuils." See notes.

Yet, ouer all that,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of bysshops they<sup>2</sup> chat,  
 That though ye round your hear  
 An ynche about your ear,  
 And haue<sup>3</sup> *aures patentes*  
 And *parum intendentis*,  
 And your tonsors be croppyd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Your eares they be<sup>5</sup> stopped; 680  
 For maister *Adulator*,  
 And doctour *Assentator*,  
 And *Blandior blandiris*,  
 With *Mentior mentiris*,  
 They folowe<sup>6</sup> your desyres,  
 And so they blere your eye,  
 That ye can not espye  
 Howe the male dothe wrye.<sup>7</sup>  
 Alas, for Goddes wyll,  
 Why syt ye, prelates,<sup>8</sup> styll, 690  
 And suffre all this yll?

<sup>1</sup> *Yet, ouer all that*] MS. "And yete ouer that."

<sup>2</sup> *they*] MS. "thus they."

<sup>3</sup> *haue*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>4</sup> *tonsors be croppyd*] So MS. The reading of the eds. "coursers be trapped," does not accord so well with the context.

<sup>5</sup> *they be*] MS. "they sey byn."

<sup>6</sup> *They folowe, &c.*] So these lines are rightly arranged in MS. In eds. of Kele, and Kytson, they stand thus;

" That ye can &c.  
 They folowe &c.  
 And so they &c.  
 Howe the &c."

In Marshe's ed. thus;

" They folow &c.  
 That ye can &c.  
 And so they &c.  
 How the &c."

<sup>7</sup> *wrye*] So MS. Eds. "wryte."

<sup>8</sup> *ye, prelates*] MS. "yow so."

Ye bysshops of estates<sup>1</sup>  
 Shulde open the brode gates<sup>2</sup>  
 Of<sup>3</sup> your spirituall charge,  
 And com forthe<sup>4</sup> at large,  
 Lyke lanternes of lyght,  
 In the peoples syght,  
 In pullpettes<sup>5</sup> awtentyke,<sup>6</sup>  
 For the wele publyke  
 Of preesthode<sup>7</sup> in this case; 700  
 And alwayes to chase  
 Suche maner of sysmatykes  
 And halfe heretykes,  
 That wolde intoxicate,<sup>8</sup>  
 That wolde conquinatē,  
 That wolde contaminate,<sup>9</sup>  
 And that<sup>10</sup> wolde vyolate,  
 And that wolde derogate,  
 And that<sup>11</sup> wolde abrogate  
 The Churchis<sup>12</sup> hygh estates,<sup>13</sup> 710  
 After this maner rates,<sup>14</sup>  
 The which shulde be  
 Both franke and free,

<sup>1</sup> *Ye bysshops of estates*] MS. "The *Bysshoppes of estate*." Marshe's ed. "*Ye Bysshoppe*," &c.

<sup>2</sup> *gates*] MS. "gate."

<sup>3</sup> *Of*] So MS. Eds. "For."

<sup>4</sup> *com forthe*] So MS. Eds. "conforte" and "confort."

<sup>5</sup> *pullpettes*] MS. "pulpyt."

<sup>6</sup> *awtentyke*] So MS. Eds. "attentyke" and "antentike."

<sup>7</sup> *Of preesthode, &c.*] This line and the following one not in MS.

<sup>8</sup> *intoxicate*] MS. "intrixicate."

<sup>9</sup> *contaminate*] So Marshe's ed. Kele's ed. "contemminate." Kytson's ed. "contamininate."

<sup>10</sup> *that*] Not in MS.

<sup>11</sup> *that*] Not in MS.

<sup>12</sup> *Churchis*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. "churche" and "church." MS. "chyrchys."

<sup>13</sup> *estates*] Marshe's ed. and MS. "estate."

<sup>14</sup> *rates*] MS. "of rate."

And haue theyr<sup>1</sup> lyberte,  
 As<sup>2</sup> of antiquyte  
 It was ratefyed,  
 And also gratifyed,  
 By holy synodalles  
 And bulles papalles,<sup>3</sup>  
 As it is *res certa* 720  
 Conteyned in *Magna Charta*.

But maister<sup>4</sup> Damyan,  
 Or some other man,  
 That clerkely is and can  
 Well scrypture expounde  
 And hys<sup>5</sup> textes grounde,  
 His benefyce worthe ten pounce,  
 Or skante worth twenty marke,  
 And yet<sup>6</sup> a noble clerke,  
 He must do this werke; 730  
 As I knowe a parte,  
 Some maisters of arte,  
 Some doctours of lawe,  
 Some lernde in other sawe,  
 As in dyuynyte,  
 That hath no dygnyte  
 But the pore degre  
 Of the vnyuersyte;  
 Or els frere Frederycke,  
 Or els<sup>7</sup> frere Dominike, 740  
 Or frere Hugulinus,  
 Or frere Agustinus,  
 Or frere Carmelus,<sup>8</sup>  
 That gostly can heale vs;

<sup>1</sup> *theyr*] MS. "her."

<sup>2</sup> *As*] So MS. Eds. "And."

<sup>3</sup> *papalles*] MS. "papall."

<sup>4</sup> *maister*] Not in MS.

<sup>5</sup> *hys*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>6</sup> *yet*] MS. "ys."

<sup>7</sup> *els*] Not in MS.

<sup>8</sup> *Carmelus*] MS. "Carmelinus."

Or els yf we may  
 Get a frere graye,  
 Or els of the order  
 Vpon<sup>1</sup> Grenewyche border,  
 Called Obseruance,  
 Or<sup>2</sup> a frere of Fraunce; 750  
 Or els the poore Scot,  
 It must come to his lot  
 To shote forthe his<sup>3</sup> shot;  
 Or of Babuell besyde Bery,  
 To postell vpon a<sup>4</sup> kyry,  
 That wolde it shulde be<sup>5</sup> noted  
 Howe scripture shulde be coted,  
 And so clerkley<sup>6</sup> promoted;  
 And yet the frere doted.

But men sey your awtoryte,<sup>7</sup> 760  
 And your noble se,<sup>8</sup>  
 And your<sup>9</sup> dygnyte,  
 Shulde be imprynted better  
 Then all<sup>10</sup> the freres letter;  
 For if ye wolde take payne  
 To preche a worde or twayne,  
 Though it were neuer so playne,  
 With clauses two or thre,  
 So as they myght be

<sup>1</sup> *Vpon*] MS. "Of."

<sup>2</sup> *Or*] So MS. Eds. "And."

<sup>3</sup> *his*] MS. "thys."

<sup>4</sup> *a*] MS. "this."

<sup>5</sup> *be*] So other eds. and MS. Not in Kele's ed.

<sup>6</sup> *clerkley*] MS. "clerely."

<sup>7</sup> *But men sey your awtoryte*] So MS. Eds.;

"Men say

*But your auctoryte."*

(the last word variously spelt.)

<sup>8</sup> *se*] Other eds. "fee."

<sup>9</sup> *your*] MS. "your hye."

<sup>10</sup> *Then all, &c.*] This line not in MS.

Compendiously conueyde, 770  
 These<sup>1</sup> wordes shuld be more weyde,  
 And better perceyued,  
 And thankfullerlye<sup>2</sup> receyued,  
 And better shulde remayne<sup>3</sup>  
 Amonge<sup>4</sup> the people playne,  
 That wold your wordes retayne<sup>5</sup>  
 And reherce them agayne,  
 Than a thousand thousande<sup>6</sup> other,  
 That blaber,<sup>7</sup> barke, and blother,<sup>8</sup>  
 And make a Walshmans hose 780  
 Of the texte and of the<sup>9</sup> glose.

For protestatyon made,  
 That I wyll not wade  
 Farther in this broke,<sup>10</sup>  
 Nor farther for<sup>11</sup> to loke  
 In deusyng of<sup>12</sup> this boke,  
 But<sup>13</sup> answeare that I may  
 For my selfe alway,  
 Eyther *analogice*<sup>14</sup>  
 Or els *categoriale*,<sup>15</sup> 790  
 So that in diuinite<sup>16</sup>  
 Doctors that lerned be,

<sup>1</sup> *These*] Marshes' ed. "Those." MS. gives the line thus, "This *shuld be now more weyed.*"

<sup>2</sup> *thankfullerlye*] So MS. Eds. "thankfully."

<sup>3</sup> *remayne*] MS. "retayne."

<sup>4</sup> *Amonge*] Not in MS.

<sup>5</sup> *your wordes retayne*] MS. "reherse these *wordes* agayn," omitting the following line.

<sup>6</sup> *thousand thousande*] MS. "thowsand."

<sup>7</sup> *blaber*] MS. "babyll."

<sup>8</sup> *blother*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "bloder." MS. "blondyr."

<sup>9</sup> *of the*] Not in MS.

<sup>10</sup> *broke*] MS. "boke."

<sup>11</sup> *for*] Not in MS.

<sup>12</sup> *of*] Not in MS.

<sup>13</sup> *But*] MS. "But to."

<sup>14</sup> *analogice*] MS. "anologie."

<sup>15</sup> *categoriale*] Eds. "cathagorice" and "rathagorice." MS. gives the line thus, "Or cathogory."

<sup>16</sup> *that in diuinite*] MS. "that dyngnite."

Nor bachelers of that faculte  
 That hath<sup>1</sup> taken degre  
 In the vniuersite,  
 Shall not be obiecte at by<sup>2</sup> me.  
 But doctour Bullatus,  
*Parum litteratus,*  
*Dominus doctoratus*  
 At the brode gatus,<sup>3</sup> 800  
 Doctour Daupatus,  
 And bachelor *bacheloratus*,<sup>4</sup>  
 Dronken as a mouse,  
 At the<sup>5</sup> ale house,  
 Taketh<sup>6</sup> his pyllyon and his cap<sup>7</sup>  
 At the good ale tap,  
 For lacke of good wyne;  
 As wyse as Robyn<sup>8</sup> swyne,  
 Vnder a<sup>9</sup> notaryes sygne  
 Was made a dyuyne; 810  
 As wyse as Waltoms calfe,  
 Must preche, a Goddes halfe,  
 In the pulpyt solempnely;  
 More mete in the<sup>10</sup> pyllory,  
 For, by saynt Hyllary,  
 He can nothyng smatter  
 Of logyke nor<sup>11</sup> scole matter,  
 Neyther *sylogisare*,<sup>12</sup>  
 Nor *enthymemare*,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *That hath*, &c.] This line and the following one not in MS.

<sup>2</sup> *obiecte at by*] So MS. Eds. "objected for."

<sup>3</sup> *At the brode gatus*] Not in MS.

<sup>4</sup> *bacheloratus*] MS. "bagalatus."

<sup>5</sup> *the*] MS. "an."

<sup>6</sup> *Taketh*] MS. "Take."

<sup>7</sup> *cap*] MS. "cuppe."

<sup>8</sup> *Robyn*] MS. "a."

<sup>9</sup> *a*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "an."

<sup>10</sup> *the*] So MS. Eds. "a."

<sup>11</sup> *nor*] MS. "and."

<sup>12</sup> *Neyther sylogisare*] MS. "Nothir foly silogizare."

<sup>13</sup> *Nor enthymemare*] Eds. "Nor of emptimeniare." MS. "Nor entimemare."



Nor knoweth his elenkes<sup>1</sup> 820  
 Nor his predicamens;<sup>2</sup>  
 And yet he wyll mell<sup>3</sup>  
 To amend the gospell,  
 And wyll preche and tell  
 What they do in hell;  
 And he dare not well neuen<sup>4</sup>  
 What they do in heuen,  
 Nor<sup>5</sup> how farre Temple barre is  
 From the seuen starrys.<sup>6</sup>

Nowe wyll I<sup>7</sup> go 830  
 And tell of other mo,  
*Semper protestando*  
*De non impugnando*  
 The foure ordores of fryers,<sup>8</sup>  
 Though<sup>9</sup> some of them be lyers;  
 As Lymyters at large  
 Wyll charge and dyscharge;  
 As many a frere, God wote,  
 Preches<sup>10</sup> for his grote,  
 Flatteryng<sup>11</sup> for a newe cote 840  
 And for to haue his fees;  
 Some to gather chese;  
 Loth they are to lese  
 Eyther corne or malte;<sup>12</sup>  
 Somtyme meale and salte,

<sup>1</sup> *his elenkes*] Eds. "his eloquens" and "his eloquence." MS. "not hys elenkes."

<sup>2</sup> *predicamens*] Other eds. "predicamence." MS. "predictamenttes."

<sup>3</sup> *mell*] MS. "medyll."

<sup>4</sup> *And he dare not well neuen*] MS. "And wyll newyn."

<sup>5</sup> *Nor*] MS. "And."

<sup>6</sup> *starrys*] So MS. Eds. "sterres" and "starres."

<sup>7</sup> *wyll I*] MS. "I wyll."

<sup>8</sup> *fryers*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "freres"—but at v. 1188 it gives "fryers" as the rhyme to "lyers."

<sup>9</sup> *Though*] MS. "There."

<sup>10</sup> *Preches*] MS. "Prechythe."

<sup>11</sup> *Flatteryng*] MS. "And flatyrs."

<sup>12</sup> *malte*] MS. "salte," and in the next line "malte."

Somtyme a bacon flycke,  
That is thre fyngers thycke  
Of larde and of greace,  
Theyr couent to encrease.

I put you out of doute, 850  
This can not be brought aboute  
But they theyr tonges fyle,  
And make a plesaunt style  
To Margery and to<sup>1</sup> Maude,  
Howe they haue no fraude;<sup>2</sup>  
And somtyme they prouoke  
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at Noke  
Their dewtyes to withdrawe,  
That they ought by the lawe  
Theyr curates to<sup>3</sup> content 860  
In open tyme and in Lent:<sup>4</sup>  
God wot, they take great payne  
To flatter and to fayne;  
But<sup>5</sup> it<sup>6</sup> is an<sup>7</sup> olde sayd sawe,  
That nede hath<sup>8</sup> no lawe.

Some walke aboute in melottes,<sup>9</sup>  
In gray russet and heery cotes;  
Some wyl<sup>10</sup> neyther golde ne grotes;<sup>11</sup>  
Some plucke a partrych in remotes,  
And by the barres of<sup>12</sup> her tayle 870  
Wyll knowe a rauen from<sup>13</sup> a rayle,

<sup>1</sup> *to*] Not in MS.

<sup>2</sup> *fraude*] MS. "fawte."

<sup>3</sup> *curates to*] MS. "curat to *to*."

<sup>4</sup> *open tyme and in Lent*] MS. "Ester tyde and *lente*."

<sup>5</sup> *But*] Not in MS.

<sup>6</sup> *it*] So other eds. Not in Kele's ed.

<sup>7</sup> *an*] Other eds. "and."

<sup>8</sup> *hath*] MS. "hyt *hathe*."

<sup>9</sup> *melottes*] MS. "flockes."

<sup>10</sup> *wyl*] MS. "*wyll* take."

<sup>11</sup> *grotes*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "grots."

<sup>12</sup> *of*] So MS. Eds. "yf" and "if."

<sup>13</sup> *from*] MS. "or."

A quayle, the raile, and the olde rauen :<sup>1</sup>

*Sed libera nos a malo ! Amen.*

And by *Dudum*, theyr Clementine,<sup>2</sup>

Agaynst curates they<sup>3</sup> repyne ;

And say propreli they ar<sup>4</sup> *sacerdotes*,

To shryue, assoyle, and reles<sup>5</sup>

Dame Margeries<sup>6</sup> soule out of hell :

But when the freare fell<sup>7</sup> in the well,

He coud not syng himselfe therout<sup>8</sup> 880

But by the helpe of Christyan Clout.

Another Clementyne also,<sup>9</sup>

How frere Fabian, with other mo,

*Exivit de Paradiso ;*

Whan they agayn theder shal come,

*De hoc petimus consilium :*

And through all the world they go

With<sup>10</sup> *Dirige* and *Placebo*.

But nowe my mynd ye vnderstand,

For they<sup>11</sup> must take in hande 890

To prech, and to<sup>12</sup> withstande

Al maner of abiectiōns ;<sup>13</sup>

For bysshops haue protections,

<sup>1</sup> *the raile, and the olde rauē*] MS. "a rayle an olde rowen."

<sup>2</sup> *by Dudum, theyr Clementine*] MS. "Bidudum The."

<sup>3</sup> *they*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>4</sup> *propreli they ar*] MS. "they ar properli."

<sup>5</sup> *To shryue, assoyle, and reles*] MS. "To shewe assoyle and to releas."

<sup>6</sup> *Margeries*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "Mergeres,"—but previously it has "Margery," v. 854. MS. "Margaretēs."

<sup>7</sup> *fell*] MS. "fyll."

<sup>8</sup> *therout*] MS. "owte."

<sup>9</sup> *Another Clementyne also, &c.*] I suspect some corruption here. In MS. the passage stands thus ;

"*Another clementyn how frere faby and mo  
Exivit,*" &c.

<sup>10</sup> *With*] So other eds. Kele's ed "Wit."

<sup>11</sup> *they*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "the."

<sup>12</sup> *to*] So other eds. and MS. Not in Kele's ed.

<sup>13</sup> *Al maner of abiectiōns*] MS. "Suche maner of subieccōns."

They say, to do corrections,  
 But they haue no affections<sup>1</sup>  
 To take the sayd<sup>2</sup> dyrections ;  
 In such maner of cases,<sup>3</sup>  
 Men say, they bere no faces  
 To occupye suche places,  
 To sowe the sede of graces :<sup>4</sup> 900  
 Theyr hertes are so faynted,  
 And they be so attaynted  
 With coueytous and ambycyon,<sup>5</sup>  
 And other superstycyon,  
 That they be<sup>6</sup> deaf and dum,  
 And play scylens and glum,<sup>7</sup>  
 Can say nothyng but mum.

They occupye them so  
 With syngyng *Placebo*,  
 They wyll no farther go : 910  
 They had leuer to please,  
 And take their worldly ease,  
 Than to take on hande  
 Worsshepfully<sup>8</sup> to withstande  
 Such temporall warre and bate,  
 As nowe is made of late  
 Agaynst holy Churche<sup>9</sup> estate,  
 Or to maynteyne good<sup>10</sup> quarelles.  
 The lay men call them barrelles  
 Full of glotony 920  
 And of hypocrysy,

<sup>1</sup> *affections*] So other eds. and MS. Kele's ed. "afflictions."

<sup>2</sup> *the sayd*] MS. "sadde."

<sup>3</sup> *cases*] MS. "cawsys."

<sup>4</sup> *the sede of graces*] MS. "sede of grace."

<sup>5</sup> *coueytous and ambycyon*] MS. "couetus ambysyon."

<sup>6</sup> *be*] MS. "be bothe."

<sup>7</sup> *glum*] MS. seems to have "mume," and omits the next line.

<sup>8</sup> *Worsshepfully*] So MS. Eds. "Worship" and "Worshyp."

<sup>9</sup> *Churche*] MS. "chyrche."

<sup>10</sup> *good*] Not in MS.

That counterfaytes<sup>1</sup> and payntes  
 As they were very sayntes :  
 In matters that them lyke<sup>2</sup>  
 They shewe them polytyke,  
 Pretendyng grauyte  
 And sygnyoryte,  
 With all solempnyte,  
 For theyr indempnyte ;  
 For they wyll haue no losse<sup>3</sup> 930  
 Of a peny nor of a crosse<sup>4</sup>  
 Of theyr predyall landes,  
 That cometh to theyr handes,  
 And<sup>5</sup> as farre as they dare set,  
 All is fysshe that cometh to net :<sup>6</sup>  
 Buyldyng royally<sup>7</sup>  
 Theyr mancyons curyously,  
 With turrettes and with toures,  
 With halles and with boures,  
 Stretchyng<sup>8</sup> to the starres, 940  
 With glasse wyndowes and barres ;  
 Hangyng aboute<sup>9</sup> the walles  
 Clothes of golde and palles,  
 Arras of ryche aray,  
 Fresshe<sup>10</sup> as flours in May ;  
 Wyth dame Dyana naked ;  
 Howe lusty Venus quaked,  
 And howe<sup>11</sup> Cupyde shaken

<sup>1</sup> *That counterfaytes, &c.*] Kytson's ed. "The counterfaytes and painets."

<sup>2</sup> *them lyke*] MS. "they lyke."

<sup>3</sup> *losse*] Some eds. "lesse."

<sup>4</sup> *a peny nor of a crosse*] MS. "peny nor of crosse."

<sup>5</sup> *And*] Not in MS.

<sup>6</sup> *to net*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Other eds. "to the net."

<sup>7</sup> *royally*] MS. "ryally."

<sup>8</sup> *Stretchyng*] MS. "So recchyng."

<sup>9</sup> *aboute*] MS. "apon."

<sup>10</sup> *Fresshe*] MS. "As fresshe."

<sup>11</sup> *And howe*] MS. "Howe god."

His darte, and bent his<sup>1</sup> bowe  
 For to shote a crowe 950  
 At her tyrly tylowe;  
 And howe Parys of Troy  
 Daunced a lege de moy,<sup>2</sup>  
 Made lusty sporte and ioy  
 With dame Helyn the quene;  
 With suche storyes bydene  
 Their chambres well besene;  
 With triumphes of Cesar,  
 And of<sup>3</sup> Pompeyus war,  
 Of renoune and of<sup>4</sup> fame 960  
 By them to get a name:  
 Nowe<sup>5</sup> all the worlde stares,  
 How they ryde in goodly chares,  
 Conueyed by olyphantes,  
 With lauryat garlantes,<sup>6</sup>  
 And by vnycornes  
 With their semely hornes;  
 Vpon these beestes rydyng,  
 Naked boyes strydyng,  
 With wanton wenches winkyng. 970  
 Nowe truly, to my thynkyng,  
 That<sup>7</sup> is a speculacyon  
 And a mete meditacyon  
 For prelates of estate,  
 Their courage to abate  
 From worldly wantonnesse,  
 Theyr chambres<sup>8</sup> thus to dresse

<sup>1</sup> *his*] MS. "a."

<sup>2</sup> *a lege de moy*] MS. "*a lege moy*."

<sup>3</sup> *And of*] So MS. Eds. "*And of his*."

<sup>4</sup> *of*] Not in MS.

<sup>5</sup> *Nowe*] So Marshe's ed. Other eds. and MS. "How."

<sup>6</sup> *garlantes*] MS. "garlondes."

<sup>7</sup> *That*] MS. "This."

<sup>8</sup> *chambres*] So MS. ("chambyrs"). Eds. "chambre."

With suche parfetnesse  
 And all suche holynesse ;  
 How be it they let downe fall 980  
 Their churches<sup>1</sup> cathedrall.

Squyre, knyght, and lorde,  
 Thus the Churche<sup>2</sup> remorde ;  
 With all temporall people  
 They rune agaynst<sup>3</sup> the steple,  
 Thus talkyng and tellyng<sup>4</sup>  
 How some of you are mellyng ;  
 Yet<sup>5</sup> softe and fayre for swellyng,  
 Beware of a quenes yellyng.<sup>6</sup>  
 It is a besy thyng 990

For one man<sup>7</sup> to rule a kyng<sup>8</sup>  
 Alone and<sup>9</sup> make rekenyng,  
 To gouerne ouer all  
 And rule a realme royall  
 By one mannes verrey<sup>10</sup> wyt ;  
 Fortune may chaunce to flyt,  
 And whan<sup>11</sup> he weneth to syt,  
 Yet may he mysse the quysshon :  
 For I rede a<sup>12</sup> preposycyon,  
*Cum*<sup>13</sup> *regibus amicare*,<sup>14</sup> 1000  
*Et omnibus dominari,*  
*Et supra te pravare ;*<sup>15</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *churches*] MS. "chyrchys."

<sup>2</sup> *Churche*] MS. "chyrche."

<sup>3</sup> *They rune agaynst*] MS. "The ron ayenste."

<sup>4</sup> *tellyng*] MS. "yellyng," omitting the following line.

<sup>5</sup> *Yet*] MS. "Thus."

<sup>6</sup> *quenes yellyng*] MS. "comyn yellyng."

<sup>7</sup> *man*] Not in MS.

<sup>8</sup> *kyng*] So other eds. and MS. (with various spelling.) Kele's ed.

"gyng." See notes.

<sup>9</sup> *and*] MS. "to."

<sup>10</sup> *verrey*] So MS. Not in eds. The following word in MS. "wyl."

<sup>11</sup> *And whan, &c.*] This line not in MS.

<sup>12</sup> *For I rede a*] Marshe's ed. "For I red a." MS. "I rede by."

<sup>13</sup> *Cum*] So MS. Eds. "Sum."

<sup>14</sup> *amicare*] Altered by the Editor of 1736 to "dimicare." See notes.

<sup>15</sup> *pravare*] MS. "grassari."

Wherfore<sup>1</sup> he hathe good vre  
 That can hymselfe assure  
 Howe fortune wyll endure.  
 Than let reason you supporte,  
 For the communalte dothe reporte<sup>2</sup>  
 That<sup>3</sup> they haue great wonder  
 That ye<sup>4</sup> kepe them so vnder;  
 Yet<sup>5</sup> they meruayle so moche<sup>6</sup> lesse, 1010  
 For ye play so at the chesse,  
 As they suppose and gesse,  
 That some of you but late  
 Hath played so checkemate  
 With lordes of great estate,<sup>7</sup>  
 After suche a rate,  
 That they shall mell<sup>8</sup> nor make,  
 Nor vpon them take,<sup>9</sup>  
 For<sup>10</sup> kynge nor kayser sake,  
 But at the playsure of<sup>11</sup> one 1020  
 That ruleth the roste<sup>12</sup> alone.  
 Helas,<sup>13</sup> I say, helas!  
 Howe may this come to passe,  
 That a man shall here a<sup>14</sup> masse,  
 And not<sup>15</sup> so hardy on his hede  
 To loke on God in forme of brede,

<sup>1</sup> *Wherfore*] MS. "Therfor."

<sup>2</sup> *dothe reporte*] So MS. The words have dropt out from the eds.

<sup>3</sup> *That*] MS. "How."

<sup>4</sup> *ye*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Other eds. "we."

<sup>5</sup> *Yet*] MS. "And yet."

<sup>6</sup> *so moche*] MS. "myche," giving the two following lines thus,

"As they suppose and gesse

Ye play so at the chesse."

<sup>7</sup> *estate*] So other eds. and MS. Kele's ed. "steate."

<sup>8</sup> *mell*] MS. "neyther melle."

<sup>9</sup> *take*] MS. "to take."

<sup>10</sup> *For*] MS. "More for."

<sup>11</sup> *of*] MS. "all of."

<sup>12</sup> *roste*] So MS. Eds. "rest."

<sup>13</sup> *Helas, &c.*] MS. gives the line thus, "O alas *I say* alas."

<sup>14</sup> *a*] Not in MS.

<sup>15</sup> *not*] So other eds. and MS. Kele's ed. "nat."



But that<sup>1</sup> the parysshe clerke  
 There vpon must herke,<sup>2</sup>  
 And graunt hym at<sup>3</sup> his askyng  
 For to se the sacryng? 1030

And<sup>4</sup> howe may this accorde,  
 No man to our souerayne lorde  
 So hardy to make sute,  
 Nor yet<sup>5</sup> to execute  
 His commaundement,  
 Without the assent  
 Of our presydent,  
 Nor to expresse<sup>6</sup> to his person,<sup>7</sup>  
 Without your consentatyon<sup>8</sup>  
 Graunt hym his lycence 1040

To preas to his presence,  
 Nor to speke to hym<sup>9</sup> secretly,  
 Openly nor<sup>10</sup> preuyly,  
 Without his<sup>11</sup> presydent be by,  
 Or els his substytute  
 Whom he wyll depute?  
 Neyther erle ne duke<sup>12</sup>  
 Permytted? by<sup>13</sup> saynt Luke,  
 And by swete saynt Marke,  
 This is a wonderous warke!<sup>14</sup> 1050

<sup>1</sup> *that*] MS. "yet."

<sup>2</sup> *herke*] MS. "harte."

<sup>3</sup> *at*] MS. "all."

<sup>4</sup> *And*] MS. "Or."

<sup>5</sup> *yet*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>6</sup> *Nor to expresse*] MS. "Not to prese."

<sup>7</sup> *person*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "parson." MS. "persone."

<sup>8</sup> *your consentatyon*] Marshe's ed. "your assentacion." MS. "george gascone."

<sup>9</sup> *to hym*] Not in MS.

<sup>10</sup> *nor*] MS. "or."

<sup>11</sup> *his*] MS. "this."

<sup>12</sup> *Neyther erle ne duke*] MS. "Nowther erle nor duke."

<sup>13</sup> *Permytted? by*] MS. "Now by."

<sup>14</sup> *wonderous warke*] MS. "wonder warke."

That the people talke this,  
Somewhat there is amysse :  
The deuil cannot stop their mouthes,  
But they wyl talke of such vncouthes,<sup>1</sup>  
All that euer they ken  
Agaynst all spirituall<sup>2</sup> men.

Whether it be wrong or ryght,  
Or els for dyspyght,  
Or howe euer it hap,<sup>3</sup>  
Theyr tonges thus do<sup>4</sup> clap, 1060  
And through suche detractyon  
They put you to your actyon ;  
And<sup>5</sup> whether they say trewly  
As they may abyde therby,  
Or els that they do lye,  
Ye knowe better then I.  
But nowe *debetis scire*,  
And groundly *audire*,  
In your *convenire*,<sup>6</sup>  
Of this premenire, 1070  
Or els in the myre  
They saye they wyl you cast ;  
Therefore stande sure and fast.<sup>7</sup>  
Stande sure, and take<sup>8</sup> good fotyng,  
And let be all your motyng,  
Your gasyng and your totyng,  
And<sup>9</sup> your parcyall promotyng

<sup>1</sup> *talke of such vncouthes*] MS. "tell veritatem."

<sup>2</sup> *Agaynst all spirituall*] MS. "Ayenste spiritual."

<sup>3</sup> *hap*] MS. "dothe happe."

<sup>4</sup> *do*] MS. "they."

<sup>5</sup> *And*] Not in MS.

<sup>6</sup> *In your convenire*] Not in MS.

<sup>7</sup> *stande sure and fast*] MS. "stonde faste."

<sup>8</sup> *take*] MS. "make."

<sup>9</sup> *And*] Not in MS.

Of those that stande<sup>1</sup> in your grace ;  
 But<sup>2</sup> olde seruauntes ye chase,  
 And put them out of theyr place. 1080  
 Make ye no murmuracyon,  
 Though I wryte after<sup>3</sup> this facion ;  
 Though I, Colyn Cloute,  
 Among the hole route  
 Of you that clerkes be,  
 Take nowe vpon<sup>4</sup> me  
 Thus<sup>5</sup> copyously to wryte,  
 I do it for<sup>6</sup> no despyte.  
 Wherfore take no dysdayne  
 At my style rude<sup>7</sup> and playne ; 1090  
 For I rebuke no man  
 That vertuous<sup>8</sup> is : why than  
 Wreke ye your anger on me ?  
 For those<sup>9</sup> that vertuous be  
 Haue no cause to say  
 That I<sup>10</sup> speke out of the way.  
 Of no good bysshop speke I,  
 Nor<sup>11</sup> good preest I escrye,<sup>12</sup>  
 Good frere, nor good chanon,  
 Good nonne, nor good canon, 1100  
 Good monke, nor good clercke,  
 Nor yette<sup>13</sup> of no good werke :  
 But my recountyng is  
 Of them that do<sup>14</sup> amys,

<sup>1</sup> *those that stande*] MS. "thysse that stondyth."

<sup>2</sup> *But*] MS. "But as for." <sup>3</sup> *after*] MS. "on."

<sup>4</sup> *Take nowe vpon*] Eds. "Take vpon." MS. "I take nowe vppon."

<sup>5</sup> *Thus*] MS. "Thys."

<sup>6</sup> *I do it for*] So MS. ("hyt"). Eds. "I do it not for."

<sup>7</sup> *rude*] MS. "bothe rude."

<sup>8</sup> *vertuous*] MS. "vertu."

<sup>9</sup> *those*] MS. "they."

<sup>10</sup> *I*] MS. "I do."

<sup>11</sup> *Nor*] MS. "Nor no."

<sup>12</sup> *I escrye*] Marshe's ed. "of the clargy."

<sup>13</sup> *yette*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>14</sup> *them that do*] MS. "suche as dothe."

In speking and rebellyng,<sup>1</sup>  
 In hynderyng and dysauaylyng  
 Holy Churchē,<sup>2</sup> our mother,  
 One agaynst<sup>3</sup> another;  
 To vse suche despytyng<sup>4</sup>  
 Is all my hole wrytyng; 1110  
 To hynder no man,  
 As nere as I can,  
 For no man haue I named:  
 Wherefore sholde I be<sup>5</sup> blamed?  
 Ye ought to be ashamed,  
 Agaynst<sup>6</sup> me to be gramed,<sup>7</sup>  
 And can<sup>8</sup> tell no cause why,  
 But that I wryte trewly.

Then yf any there be  
 Of hygh or<sup>9</sup> lowe degre 1120  
 Of the spiritualte,  
 Or of<sup>10</sup> the temporalte,  
 That dothe thynke or wene  
 That<sup>11</sup> his consyence be not clene,  
 And feleth<sup>12</sup> hymselfe sycke,  
 Or touched on the quycke,  
 Suche grace God them sende  
 Themselve to<sup>13</sup> amende,  
 For I wyll not pretende  
 Any man to offende. 1130

<sup>1</sup> *rebellyng*] MS. "in raylyng."

<sup>2</sup> *Churchē*] MS. "chyrche."

<sup>3</sup> *agaynst*] MS. "agayne."

<sup>4</sup> *despytyng*] Eds. (with various spelling) "despysyng." MS. gives the line thus, "To cawse suche dysputyng."

<sup>5</sup> *be*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>6</sup> *Agaynst*] MS. "Ayenste."

<sup>7</sup> *gramed*] Eds. "greued." MS. "grevyd." See notes. (*Gremed* is nearer the trace of the old letters, but Skelton elsewhere has the former spelling.)

<sup>8</sup> *can*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Other eds. "can not."

<sup>9</sup> *or*] MS. "and."

<sup>10</sup> *of*] Not in MS.

<sup>11</sup> *That*] Not in MS.

<sup>12</sup> *And feleth*] MS. "Or fele."

<sup>13</sup> *to*] MS. "for to."

Wherefore, as thynketh<sup>1</sup> me,  
 Great ydeottes<sup>2</sup> they be,  
 And lytell grace they haue,  
 This treatyse to deprauē;  
 Nor wyll here no prechyng,  
 Nor no vertuous techyng,  
 Nor wyll haue no resytyng  
 Of any<sup>3</sup> vertuous wrytyng;  
 Wyll knowe none intellygence  
 To refourme theyr neglygence, 1140  
 But lyue styll out of facyon,  
 To theyr owne dampnacyon.  
 To do shame they haue no shame,  
 But they wold<sup>4</sup> no man shulde them blame:  
 They haue an euyl name,  
 But<sup>5</sup> yet they wyll occupy the same.

With them the worde of God  
 Is counted for no rod;<sup>6</sup>  
 They counte it for a raylyng,  
 That nothyng is<sup>7</sup> auaylyng; 1150  
 The prechers with euyll<sup>8</sup> hayling:  
 Shall they daunt<sup>9</sup> vs prelates,  
 That be theyr<sup>10</sup> prymates?  
 Not so hardy on theyr pates!  
 Herke, howe the losell<sup>11</sup> prates,  
 With a wyde wesaunt!  
 Auauant, syr Guy of Gaunt!  
 Auauant, lewde preest, auauant!

<sup>1</sup> *thynketh*] MS. "thynkes."

<sup>2</sup> *ydeottes*] MS. "Idolles."

<sup>3</sup> *any*] MS. "no."

<sup>4</sup> *But they wold, &c.*] This line the MS. gives thus, "*But yet they wolde haue no blame,*" and omits the following line.

<sup>5</sup> *But*] MS. "And."

<sup>6</sup> *rod*] MS. "rede."

<sup>7</sup> *That nothyng is*] MS. "Whyche ys nothyng."

<sup>8</sup> *euyl*] MS. "yll."

<sup>9</sup> *daunt*] MS. "teche."

<sup>10</sup> *theyr*] MS. "theyr grete."

<sup>11</sup> *losell*] MS. "pollshorne."

Auaunt, syr doctour Deuyas!<sup>1</sup>  
 Prate of<sup>2</sup> thy matyns and thy masse, 1160  
 And let our maters<sup>3</sup> passe :  
 Howe darest<sup>4</sup> thou, daucocke, mell?  
 Howe darest thou, losell,<sup>5</sup>  
 Allygate the gospell  
 Agaynst vs of the counsell?<sup>6</sup>  
 Auaunt<sup>7</sup> to the deuyll of hell !  
 Take hym, wardeyne<sup>8</sup> of the Flete,  
 Set hym fast by the fete !  
 I say, lyeutenaunt of the Toure,  
 Make this lurdeyne for to loure ; 1170  
 Lodge hym in Lytell Ease,  
 Fede hym with beanes and pease !  
 The Kynge's Benche or Marshalsy,  
 Haue hym<sup>9</sup> thyder by and by !  
 The vyllayne<sup>10</sup> precheth openly,  
 And declareth our vyllany ;  
 And of our fre<sup>11</sup> symplenesse  
 He sayes that we are<sup>12</sup> rechelesse,  
 And full of wylfulnesse,  
 Shameles and mercylesse,<sup>13</sup> 1180  
 Incorrigible and insaciate ;<sup>14</sup>  
 And after this rate  
 Agaynst vs dothe<sup>15</sup> prate.

<sup>1</sup> *Deuyas*] Kytson's ed. "deuyrs." Marshe's ed. "dyuers."

<sup>2</sup> *of*] MS. "on."

<sup>3</sup> *maters*] Kytson's ed. "matter." MS. "medlyng."

<sup>4</sup> *darest*] MS. "dar."

<sup>5</sup> *darest thou, losell*] MS. "dar *thow* lorell."

<sup>6</sup> *Agaynst . . . counsell*] MS. "Ayenste . . . prey councell."

<sup>7</sup> *Auaunt*] MS. "Avante avante."

<sup>8</sup> *wardeyne*] Kele's ed. "wadeyne." Other eds. and MS. "warden."

<sup>9</sup> *hym*] MS. "them."

<sup>10</sup> *vyllayne*] MS. "polshorne."

<sup>11</sup> *fre*] Not in MS.

<sup>12</sup> *sayes that we are*] MS. "seythe *we* be."

<sup>13</sup> *mercylesse*] MS. "graceles."

<sup>14</sup> *insaciate*] MS. "incessant."

<sup>15</sup> *Agaynst vs dothe*] MS. "Ayenste *vs* he *dothe*."

At Poules Crosse or els where,  
 Openly at Westmynstere,  
 And Saynt Mary<sup>1</sup> Spyttell,  
 They set not by<sup>2</sup> vs a whystell;<sup>3</sup>  
 At the Austen fryers  
 They count vs for<sup>4</sup> lyers:  
 And<sup>5</sup> at Saynt Thomas of Akers                    1190  
 They carpe vs<sup>6</sup> lyke crakers,  
 Howe we wyll rule<sup>7</sup> all at wyll  
 Without good reason or<sup>8</sup> skyll;  
 And say how that we be  
 Full of parcyalyte;<sup>9</sup>  
 And howe at a pronge  
 We tourne ryght into<sup>10</sup> wronge,  
 Delay causes so longe  
 That ryght no man can fonge;  
 They say many matters be<sup>11</sup> born                    1200  
 By the ryght of<sup>12</sup> a rambes horne.  
 Is not this a shamfull scorne,  
 To be<sup>13</sup> teared thus and torne?  
     How may we thys<sup>14</sup> indure?  
 Wherefore we make you sure,  
 Ye<sup>15</sup> prechers shall be yawde;  
 And<sup>16</sup> some shall be sawde,

<sup>1</sup> *And Saynt Mary*] MS. "Or at *Saynte Marys*."

<sup>2</sup> *They set not by*] MS. "*Sett nowghte by*."

<sup>3</sup> *whystell*] MS. "shetyll,"—which, at least, is a better rhyme.

<sup>4</sup> *for*] MS. "all."

<sup>5</sup> *And*] Not in MS.

<sup>6</sup> *carpe vs*] MS. "clacke of vs."

<sup>7</sup> *wyll rule*] MS. "ren."

<sup>8</sup> *or*] MS. "and."

<sup>9</sup> *parcyalyte*] Kele's ed. "paryalyte." Other eds. and MS. (with various spelling) "parcialite."

<sup>10</sup> *into*] Marshe's ed. and MS. "to."

<sup>11</sup> *be*] MS. "ar."

<sup>12</sup> *By the ryght of*] MS. "Be hyt ryghte as."

<sup>13</sup> *To be, &c.*] This line not in MS.

<sup>14</sup> *thys*] So MS. Eds. "thus."

<sup>15</sup> *Ye*] MS. "The."

<sup>16</sup> *And*] So MS. Not in eds.

As noble<sup>1</sup> Ezechyas,  
 The holy prophet, was;  
 And some of you shall dye, 1210  
 Lyke holy Jeremy;  
 Some hanged, some<sup>2</sup> slayne,  
 Some beaten to the brayne;  
 And we wyll rule<sup>3</sup> and rayne,  
 And our matters mayntayne  
 Who dare say there agayne,  
 Or who dare dysdayne  
 At our<sup>4</sup> pleasure and wyll:  
 For, be it good or be it yll,  
 As it is, it shall be styll, 1220  
 For all master doctour of Cyuyll,<sup>5</sup>  
 Or of Diuine,<sup>6</sup> or doctour Dryuyll,  
 Let hym cough, rough,<sup>7</sup> or sneuyll;  
 Renne<sup>8</sup> God, renne deuyll,  
 Renne who may renne<sup>9</sup> best,  
 And let take all the rest!<sup>10</sup>  
 We<sup>11</sup> set not a nut shell  
 The way to heuen or to<sup>12</sup> hell.  
 Lo, this is the gyse now a dayes!  
 It is to drede, men sayes, 1230  
 Lest they be Saduces,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *As noble*, &c.] This line and the following one stand thus in MS.;

“ *As nobyll* Isay was  
*The holye prophete* ozeas.”

<sup>2</sup> *some*] MS. “and *som*.”

<sup>3</sup> *rule*] MS. “*rayle*.”

<sup>4</sup> *our*] So MS. (“*ower*”). Eds. “*your*.”

<sup>5</sup> *of Cyuyll*] MS. “*wyll*.”

<sup>6</sup> *Diuine*] So other eds. Kele’s ed. “*diuinite*.” The line in MS stands thus; “*Or of domynicke or doctour oryll*.”

<sup>7</sup> *rough*] Not in MS.

<sup>8</sup> *Renne God*, &c.] This line thus in MS.; “*Ryn god or ryn deuyll*.”

<sup>9</sup> *Renne . . . renne*] MS. “*Ryn . . . ryn*.”

<sup>10</sup> *take all the rest*] MS. “*them take there reste*.”

<sup>11</sup> *We*] MS. “*For we*.”

<sup>12</sup> *to*] Not in MS.

<sup>13</sup> *Saduces*] Kele’s ed. “*seduces*.” Other eds. “*saducies*.” MS. “*Adu-sayes*,” omitting the following line.



As they be sayd sayne  
 Whiche<sup>1</sup> determyned<sup>2</sup> playne  
 We shulde not ryse agayne  
 At dredefull domis day;  
 And so it semeth<sup>3</sup> they play,  
 Whiche hate to be corrected  
 Whan they be infected,  
 Nor wyll<sup>4</sup> suffre this boke  
 By hoke ne<sup>5</sup> by croke  
 Prynted for to be,  
 For that no man shulde se  
 Nor rede in any scrolles<sup>6</sup>  
 Of theyr dronken nolles,  
 Nor of theyr noddy polles,  
 Nor of theyr sely soules,  
 Nor of some wytles pates  
 Of dyuers great estates,  
 As well<sup>7</sup> as other men.

1240

Now to withdrawe my pen,  
 And now a whyle to rest,  
 Me semeth it<sup>8</sup> for the best.

1250

The forecastell of my shyp  
 Shall glyde, and smothely slyp  
 Out of the wawes wod  
 Of<sup>9</sup> the stormy flod;  
 Shote anker, and lye at rode,  
 And sayle not farre abrode,  
 Tyll the cost be clere,  
 And<sup>10</sup> the lode starre appere:  
 My shyp nowe wyll I stere<sup>11</sup>

1260

<sup>1</sup> *Whiche*] MS. "Wyttes."

<sup>2</sup> *determyned*] So MS. Eds. (with various spelling) "determyne."

<sup>3</sup> *semeth*] MS. "semys."

<sup>4</sup> *wyll*] MS. "wyll not."

<sup>5</sup> *ne*] MS. "nor yet."

<sup>6</sup> *scrolles*] Not in MS.

<sup>7</sup> *As well, &c.*] This line not in MS.

<sup>8</sup> *it*] Not in MS.

<sup>9</sup> *Of*] MS. "And."

<sup>10</sup> *And*] So MS. Eds. "That."

<sup>11</sup> *stere*] So MS. Eds. "pere."

Towarde the porte salu<sup>1</sup>  
 Of our Sauyour Jesu,  
 Suche grace that he vs sende,  
 To rectyfye and<sup>2</sup> amende  
 Thynges that are amys,  
 Whan that<sup>3</sup> his pleasure is.

Amen!<sup>4</sup>

*In opere imperfecto,*  
*In opere semper perfecto,*  
*Et in opere plusquam perfecto!*<sup>5</sup>

1270

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*Colinus Cloutus,*<sup>6</sup> *quanquam mea*<sup>7</sup> *carmina multis*  
*Sordescunt stultis,*<sup>8</sup> *sed puevinate sunt rare cultis,*  
*Pue vinatis altisem divino flamine flatis.*<sup>9</sup>  
*Unde meá refert*<sup>10</sup> *tanto minus, invida quamvis*  
*Lingua nocere parat, quia, quanquam rustica canto,*  
*Undique cantabor tamen et celebrabor ubique,*  
*Inclita dum maneat gens Anglica. Laurus*<sup>11</sup> *honoris,*  
*Quondam regnorum regina et gloria regum,*  
*Heu, modo marcescit, tabescit, languida torpet!*<sup>12</sup>  
*Ah pudet, ah miseret! vetor hic ego pandere plura* 10  
*Pro gemitu et lacrimis: præstet peto præmia pæna.*

<sup>1</sup> *salu*] So other eds. Kele's ed. "sael."

<sup>2</sup> *and*] MS. "and to."

<sup>3</sup> *that*] Not in MS.

<sup>4</sup> *Amen*] Not in Marshe's ed. In MS. the word is followed by "quod Collyn Clowte."

<sup>5</sup> *perfecto*] After this MS. has "qd Sceltonyus lawreatus."

<sup>6</sup> *Colinus Cloutus, &c.*] These verses, not in eds., follow the poem of *Colyn Cloute* in the Harleian MS. The corruptions in the second and third lines (distinguished by Roman letter) have baffled the ingenuity of the several scholars to whom I submitted them.

<sup>7</sup> *mea*] MS. "mori."

<sup>8</sup> *stultis*] MS. "stulte."

<sup>9</sup> *flamine flatis*] MS. "flamina faltis." Compare p. 223, last line but one.

<sup>10</sup> *refert*] MS. "referte."

<sup>11</sup> *Laurus*] MS. "lauruus."

<sup>12</sup> *torpet*] MS. "tropet."

A RYGH T DELECTABLE TRATYSE VPON A GOODLY

GARLANDE OR CHAPELET OF LAURELL,<sup>1</sup>

BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE LAUREAT, STUDYOUSLY DYUYSED  
AT SHERYFHOTTON CASTELL, IN THE FORESTE OF GALTRES,  
WHEREIN AR COMPRYSYDE MANY AND DYUERS SOLACYONS  
AND RYGH T PREGNANT ALLECTYUES OF SYNGULAR PLEA-  
SURE, AS MORE AT LARGE IT DOT H APERE IN THE PROCES  
FOLOWYNGE.

*Eterno mansura die dum sidera fulgent,  
Æquora dumque tument, hæc laurea nostra virebit :  
Hinc nostrum celebre et nomen referetur ad astra,  
Undique Skeltonis memorabitur alter Adonis.*

ARECTYNG my syght towarde the zodyake,  
The sygnes xii for to beholde a farre,  
When Mars retrogradant<sup>2</sup> reuersyd his bak,  
Lorde of the yere in his orbicular,<sup>3</sup>  
Put vp his sworde, for he cowde make no warre,  
And whan Lucina plenary<sup>4</sup> did shyne,  
Scorpione ascendyng degrees twyse nyne ;

In place alone then musyng in my thought  
How all thyng passyth as doth the somer flower,  
On<sup>5</sup> euery halfe my reasons forthe I sought, 10

<sup>1</sup> *A ryght delectable tratyse vpon a goodly Garlande or Chapelet of Laurell, &c.*] From Faukes's ed. 1523, collated with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, (in which it is entitled *The Crowne of Laurell*), and with fragments of the poem among the Cottonian MSS. *Vit. E.X. fol. 200.* The prefatory Latin lines are from Faukes's ed., where they are given on the back of the title-page, and below a woodcut portrait headed "*Skelton Poeta*," (see *List of Editions*, in Appendix to *Account of Skelton, &c.*): they are not in Marshe's ed. nor in MS.

<sup>2</sup> *retrogradant*] Marshe's ed. "retrograunt."

<sup>3</sup> *orbicular*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "orbucular."

<sup>4</sup> *plenary*] So MS. Eds. "plenary."

<sup>5</sup> *On*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "One."

How oftyn fortune varyeth in an howre,  
 Now clere wether, forthwith a stormy showre;  
 All thyng compassyd, no perpetuyte,  
 But now in welthe, now in aduersyte.

So depely drownyd I was in this dumpe,  
 Encraumpysshed so sore was my conceyte,  
 That, me to rest, I lent me to a stumpe  
 Of an oke, that somtyme grew full streyghte,  
 A myghty tre and of a noble heyght,  
 Whose bewte blastyd was with the boystors wynde, 20  
 His leuis loste, the sappe was frome the rynde.

Thus stode I in the frytthy forest of Galtres,  
Ensowkid with sylt<sup>1</sup> of the myry mose,  
 Where hartis belluyng, embosyd with distres,  
 Ran on the raunge so longe, that I suppose  
 Few men can tell now<sup>2</sup> where the hynde calfe gose;  
 Faire fall that forster<sup>3</sup> that so well<sup>4</sup> can bate his hownde!  
 But of my purpose<sup>5</sup> now torne we to the grownde.

{ Whylis I stode musyng in this medytatyon,  
 In slumbryng I fell<sup>6</sup> and halfe in a slepe; 30  
 And whether it were of ymagyuacyon,  
 Or of humors superflue, that often wyll crepe  
 Into the brayne by drynkyng ouer depe,  
 Or it procedyd of fatall persuacyon,  
 I can not wele tell<sup>7</sup> you what was the occasyon;

But sodeynly at ones, as I me aduysed,<sup>8</sup>  
 As one in a trans or in an extasy,

<sup>1</sup> *sylt*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "fylt."

<sup>2</sup> *now*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>3</sup> *forster*] MS. "foster."

<sup>4</sup> *well*] Not in MS.

<sup>5</sup> *purpose*] MS. "proces."

<sup>6</sup> *fell*] MS. "fille."

<sup>7</sup> *not wele tell*] So MS. Eds. "not tell" and "nat tell."

<sup>8</sup> *aduysed*] MS. "auysid."

I sawe a pauylyon wondersly<sup>1</sup> disgysede,  
 Garnysshed fresshe after my fantasy,  
 Enhachyde with perle and stones preciously, 40  
 The grounde engrosyd and bet with bourne golde,  
 That passynge goodly it was to beholde :

Within it,<sup>2</sup> a prynces excellente of porte ;  
 But to recounte her ryche abylyment,  
 And what estates to her did resorte,  
 Therto am I full insufficyent ;  
 A goddesse inmortall<sup>3</sup> she dyd represente ;  
 As I harde say, dame Pallas was her name ;  
 To whome supplied the royall Quene of Fame.<sup>4</sup>

*The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.*

Prynces moost pusant, of hygh preemynence, 50  
 Renownyd<sup>5</sup> lady aboue the sterry heuyn,  
 All other transcending, of very congruence  
 Madame regent of the scyence<sup>6</sup> seuyn,  
 To whos astate all noblenes most lenen,<sup>7</sup>  
 My supplycacyon to you I arrect,  
 Whereof I beseche<sup>8</sup> you to tender the effecte.

Not<sup>9</sup> vremembered it is vnto your grace,  
 How you gaue me a ryall<sup>10</sup> commaundement  
 That in my courte Skelton shulde haue a place,

<sup>1</sup> *wondersly*] MS. "wonderly."

<sup>2</sup> *it*] So MS. Eds. "that."

<sup>3</sup> *inmortall*] Marshe's ed. and MS. "immortall:" but here and elsewhere Faukes's ed. has the former spelling.

<sup>4</sup> *Quene of Fame*] Opposite this line MS. has a marginal note, partly illegible, and partly cut off, "*Egida concussit p . . . dea pectore porta . . .*"

<sup>5</sup> *Renownyd*] MS. "Renowmmyd."

<sup>6</sup> *scyence*] Marshe's ed. "sciences."

<sup>7</sup> *lenen*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. and MS. "lene."

<sup>8</sup> *beseche*] MS. "beseke."

<sup>9</sup> *Not*] Marshe's ed. "Nat."

<sup>10</sup> *you gaue me a ryall*] Marshe's ed. "ye," &c. MS. "ye yave me in roiall."

Bycause that his tyme he<sup>1</sup> studyously hath spent 60  
 In your seruyce; and, to the accomplysshement  
 Of your request, registred is his name  
 With laureate tryumphe in the courte of Fame.

But, good madame, the accustome and vsage  
 Of auncient poetis, ye wote full wele, hath bene  
 Them selfe to embesy<sup>2</sup> with all there holl corage,  
 So that there workis myght famously be sene,  
 In figure wherof they were the<sup>3</sup> laurell grene;  
 But how it is, Skelton is wonder slake,  
 And, as we dare, we fynde in hym grete lake:<sup>4</sup> 70

For, ne were onely he hath your promocyon,  
 Out of my bokis full sone I shulde hym rase;  
 But sith he hath tastid of the sugred<sup>5</sup> pocion  
 Of Elyconis<sup>6</sup> well, refreshid with your grace,  
 And wyll not<sup>7</sup> endeuour hymselfe to purchase  
 The fauour of ladys with wordis electe,  
 It is sittyng that ye must hym correct.

*Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.*

The sum of your purpose, as we ar aduysid,<sup>8</sup>  
 Is that<sup>9</sup> our seruaunt is sum what to dull;  
 Wherin this answeare for hym we haue comprisid, 80  
 How ryuers rin not<sup>10</sup> tyll the spryng be full;  
 Better<sup>11</sup> a dum mouthe than a brainles scull;

<sup>1</sup> *his tyme he*] So MS. Eds. "he his tyme."

<sup>2</sup> *embesy*] MS. "enbissy."

<sup>3</sup> *they were the*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "the were they."

<sup>4</sup> *grete lake*] Marshe's ed. "a lacke" (having in the preceding line "slacke").

<sup>5</sup> *the sugred*] MS. "thensugerd."

<sup>6</sup> *Elyconis*] Faukes's ed. "Elycoms." Marshe's ed. "Heliconis."

<sup>7</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>8</sup> *aduysid*] MS. "auysid."

<sup>9</sup> *that*] MS. "for that."

<sup>10</sup> *rin not*] Marshe's ed. "ren nat."

<sup>11</sup> *Better*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "Bete."

For if he gloryously pullishe<sup>1</sup> his matter,  
Then men wyll say how he doth but flatter;

And if so<sup>2</sup> hym fortune to wryte true and plaine,  
As sumtyme he must vyces remorde,  
Then sum wyll say he hath but lyttill brayne,  
And how his wordes with reason wyll not<sup>3</sup> accorde;<sup>4</sup>  
Beware, for wrytyng remayneth of recorde;  
Displease not an hundreth<sup>5</sup> for one mannes pleasure; 90  
Who wryteth wysely hath a grete treasure.

Also, to furnishe better his excuse,  
Ouyde was bannished for suche a skyll,  
And many mo whome I cowde enduce;  
Iuuenall was thret parde for to kyll  
For certayne enuectyfys,<sup>6</sup> yet wrote<sup>7</sup> he none ill,  
Sauynge he rubbid sum vpon<sup>8</sup> the gall;  
It was not<sup>9</sup> for hym to abyde<sup>10</sup> the tryall.

In generrall wordes, I say not gretely nay,  
A poete somtyme may for his pleasure taunt, 100  
Spekyng in parablis,<sup>11</sup> how the fox, the grey,  
The gander, the gose, and the hudge oliphaunt,  
Went with the pecok ageyne<sup>12</sup> the fesaunt;  
The lesarde came lepyng, and sayd that he must,  
With helpe of the ram, ley all in the dust.

<sup>1</sup> *pullishe*] So MS. Eds. (with various spelling) "publishe."

<sup>2</sup> *so*] Not in MS.

<sup>3</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>4</sup> *accorde*] MS. "corde."

<sup>5</sup> *not an hundreth*] Marshe's ed. "nat an hundred."

<sup>6</sup> *For certayne enuectyfys*] MS. "For that he enveiyd."

<sup>7</sup> *wrote*] MS. "wrate."

<sup>8</sup> *vpon*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. and MS. "on."

<sup>9</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. here and in the next line "nat."

<sup>10</sup> *abyde*] MS. "byde."

<sup>11</sup> *parablis*] Faukes's ed. "paroblis." Marshe's ed. "parables."

<sup>12</sup> *ageyne*] Marshe's ed. "agaynst."

Yet dyuerse ther<sup>1</sup> be, industryous of reason,  
 Sum what wolde gadder in there coniecture<sup>2</sup>  
 Of suche an endarkid chapiter sum season;  
 How be it, it were harde to construe this lecture;  
 Sophisticatid craftely is many a confecture; 110  
 Another manes mynde diffuse is to expounde;  
 Yet harde is to make but sum fawt be founde.

*The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.*

Madame, with fauour of your benynge sufferance,  
 Vnto your grace then make I this motyue;  
 Whereto made ye me hym to auauance  
 Vnto the rowme of laureat promotyue?  
 Or wherto shulde he haue that<sup>3</sup> prerogatyue,  
 But if he had made sum memoryall,  
 Wherby he myght haue a name inmortall?<sup>4</sup>

To pas the tyme in slowthfull ydelnes, 120  
 Of your royall palace it is not<sup>5</sup> the gyse,  
 But to do sumwhat iche man doth hym dres:  
 For how shulde Cato els be callyd wyse,  
 But that his bokis, whiche he did deuyse,  
 Recorde the same? or why is had in mynde  
 Plato, but for that he<sup>6</sup> left wrytynge behynde,

For men to loke on? Aristotille also,  
 Of phylosophers callid the princypall,  
 Olde Diogenes, with other many mo,

<sup>1</sup> *ther*] MS. "that."

<sup>2</sup> *coniecture*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "conuecture."

<sup>3</sup> *that*] So MS. Eds. "the."

<sup>4</sup> *inmortall*] Marshe's ed. and MS. "immortall:" see *ante*, p. 363,  
 note 3.

<sup>5</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>6</sup> *for that he*] MS. "for he."



Demostenes,<sup>1</sup> that oratour royall, 130  
 That gaue<sup>2</sup> Eschines suche a cordyall,  
 That bannished was he by<sup>3</sup> his proposicyoun,  
 Ageyne<sup>4</sup> whome he cowde make no contradiccyoun?

*Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.*

Soft, my good syster,<sup>5</sup> and make there a pawse:<sup>6</sup>  
 And was Eschines rebukid as ye say?  
 Remembre you wele, poynt wele that clause;  
 Wherefore then rasid ye not<sup>7</sup> away  
 His name? or why is it, I you praye,  
 That he to your courte is goyng and commynge,  
 Sith he is slaundred<sup>8</sup> for default of konnyng? 140

*The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.*

Madame, your apposelle<sup>9</sup> is wele inferrid,  
 And at your auauntage<sup>10</sup> quikly it is  
 Towchid, and hard for to be debarrid;<sup>11</sup>  
 Yet shall I answeere your grace as in this,  
 With your reformacion, if I say amis,  
 For, but if your bounte did me assure,  
 Myne argument els koude not<sup>12</sup> longe endure.

<sup>1</sup> *Demostenes*] So Faukes's ed. at vv. 152, 155, 167; here it has "Dy-mostenes."

<sup>2</sup> *That gaue*] MS. "Whiche yave."

<sup>3</sup> *by*] Marshe's ed. "through."

<sup>4</sup> *Ageyne*] Marshe's ed. "Agaynst."

<sup>5</sup> *my good syster*] MS. "goode my sister."

<sup>6</sup> *pawse*] Marshe's ed. "pauses."

<sup>7</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed "nat."

<sup>8</sup> *slaundred*] Marshe's ed. "sklaundred." The editor of 1736 gave "thus blamed."

<sup>9</sup> *apposelle*] MS. "opposelle."

<sup>10</sup> *auauntage*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "auanuntage."

<sup>11</sup> *debarrid*] So MS. Eds. "barrid" and "barred."

<sup>12</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

As towchyng that Eschines is remembred,  
 That he so sholde be, me semith it sittying,<sup>1</sup>  
 All be it grete parte he hath surrendred 150  
 Of his onour,<sup>2</sup> whos dissuasyue in wrytyng  
 To corage Demostenes was moche excitynge,  
 In setting out fresshely his crafty persuacyon,  
 From whiche Eschines had none euacyon.

The cause why Demostenes so famously is brutid,  
 Onely procedid for that he did outray  
 Eschines, whiche was not<sup>3</sup> shamefully confutid  
 But of that famous oratour, I say,  
 Whiche passid all other; wherfore I may  
 Among my recordes suffer hym namyd, 160  
 For though<sup>4</sup> he were venquesshid, yet was he not<sup>5</sup> shamyd:

As Ierome,<sup>6</sup> in his preamble *Frater Ambrosius*,  
 Frome that I haue sayde in no poynt doth vary,  
 Wherein<sup>7</sup> he reporteth of the coragius  
 Wordes that were moch consolatory  
 By Eschines rehersed to the grete glory  
 Of Demostenes, that was his vtter foo:  
 Few shall ye fynde or none that wyll do so.

*Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.*

A thanke to haue, ye haue well deseruyd,  
 Your mynde that can maynteyne so apparently; 170  
 But a grete parte yet<sup>8</sup> ye haue reseruyd

<sup>1</sup> *sittying*] MS. "is *syttyng*."

<sup>2</sup> *onour*] Marshe's ed. and MS. "honour."

<sup>3</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>4</sup> *For though*] MS. "Sithe thowthe."

<sup>5</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>6</sup> *Ierome*] Marshe's ed. "Hierome."

<sup>7</sup> *Wherein*] MS. "Where."

<sup>8</sup> *But a grete parte yet*] MS. "Bot yit a grete parte."

Of that most folow then conseqently,  
 Or els ye demeane you inordinatly;  
 For if ye laude hym whome honour hath opprest,  
 Then he that doth worste is as good as the best.

But whome that ye fauoure, I se well, hath a name,  
 Be he neuer so lytell of substaunce,  
 And whome ye loue not<sup>1</sup> ye wyll<sup>2</sup> put to shame; ✓  
 Ye counterwey not eynly your balaunce;  
 As wele foly as wysdome oft ye do<sup>3</sup> avaunce: 180  
 For<sup>4</sup> reporte ryseth many deuerse wayes:  
 Sume be moche spokyn of for makynge of frays;

Some haue a name for thefte and brybery;  
 Some be called crafty, that can pyke<sup>5</sup> a purse;  
 Some men be made of for their<sup>6</sup> mokery;  
 Some carefull cokwoldes, some haue theyr wyues curs;  
 Some famous wetewoldis, and they be moche wurs;  
 Some lidderons,<sup>7</sup> some losels, some noughty packis;  
 Some facers, some bracers, some<sup>8</sup> make great crackis;

Some dronken dastardis with their dry soules; 190  
 Some sluggyssh slouyns, that slepe day and nyght;  
 Ryot and Reuell be in your courte rowlis;  
 Maintenaunce and Mischefe, theis be men of myght;  
 Extorceyon is counted with you for a knyght;  
 Theis people by me haue none assignement,  
 Yet they ryde and rinne<sup>9</sup> from Carlyll to Kente.

<sup>1</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. here and in the next line "nat."

<sup>2</sup> *wyll*] MS. "wold."

<sup>3</sup> *ye do*] MS. "tyme ye."

<sup>4</sup> *For*] Not in MS.

<sup>5</sup> *pyke*] MS. "kit."

<sup>6</sup> *their*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "the."

<sup>7</sup> *lidderons*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "lidderous." MS. "lid-  
durns."

<sup>8</sup> *some*] MS. "and sum."

<sup>9</sup> *they ryde and rinne*] MS. "ryde they and ryn they."

But lytell or nothyng<sup>1</sup> ye shall here tell  
 Of them that haue vertue by reason of cunnyng,  
 Whiche souerenly in honoure shulde excell;  
 Men of suche maters make but a<sup>2</sup> mummyng, 200  
 For wysdome and sadnesse be set out<sup>3</sup> a sunnyng;  
 And suche of my seruauntes as I haue promotyd,  
 One faute or other in them shalbe notyd:

Eyther they wyll<sup>4</sup> say he is to wyse,  
 Or elles he can nought bot whan he is at scole;  
 Proue his wytt, sayth he, at cardes or dyce,  
 And ye shall well fynde<sup>5</sup> he is a very fole;  
 Twyshe,<sup>6</sup> set hym a chare, or reche hym a stole,<sup>7</sup>  
 To syt hym<sup>8</sup> vpon, and rede Iacke a thrummis bybille,  
 For truly it were pyte that he sat ydle. 210

*The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.*

To make repungnaunce agayne that ye haue sayde,  
 Of very dwte it may not<sup>9</sup> well accorde,  
 But your benyng<sup>10</sup> sufferaunce for my discharge I laid,  
 For that I wolde not with you fall at discorde;  
 But yet I beseche<sup>11</sup> your grace that good<sup>11</sup> recorde  
 May be brought forth, suche as can be founde,  
 With laureat tryumphe why Skelton sholde be crownde;

For elles it were to great a derogacyon  
 Vnto your palas, our noble courte of Fame,

<sup>1</sup> *ye shall*] MS. "shall ye."

<sup>2</sup> *a*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>3</sup> *be set out*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "be out."

<sup>4</sup> *wyll*] MS. "shall."

<sup>5</sup> *well fynde*] MS. "fynde wele."

<sup>6</sup> *Twyshe*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "Twyse."

<sup>7</sup> *stole*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "stol."

<sup>8</sup> *hym*] Not in MS.

<sup>9</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. here and in the next line but one "nat."

<sup>10</sup> *beseche*] MS. "beseke."

<sup>11</sup> *good*] Not in MS.

That any man vnder supportacyon 220  
 Withoute deseruyng shulde haue the best game :  
 If he to the ample encrease of his name  
 Can lay any werkis that he hath compylyd,  
 I am contente that he be not<sup>1</sup> exylide

Frome the laureat senate by force of proscripcyon ;  
 Or elles, ye know well, I can do no lesse  
 But I most bannysse hym frome my iurydiccyon,<sup>2</sup>  
 As he that aquentyth hym with ydilnes ;  
 But if that he purpose to make a redresse,  
 What he hath done, let it be brought to syght ; 230  
 Graunt my petycyon, I aske you but ryght.

*Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.*

To your request we be well condiscendid :  
 Call forthe, let se where is your clarionar,  
 To blowe a blaste with his long breth extendid ;  
 Eolus, your trumpet, that<sup>3</sup> knowne is so farre,  
 That bararag blowyth in euery mercyall warre,  
 Let hym blowe now, that we may take a<sup>4</sup> vewe  
 What poetis we haue at our retenewe ;

To se if Skelton wyll<sup>5</sup> put hymselfe in prease  
 Amonge the thickest of all the hole rowte ; 240  
 Make noyse enoughe, for claterars loue no peas ;  
 Let se, my syster, now spede you,<sup>6</sup> go aboute ;  
 Anone, I sey, this trumpet were founde out,  
 And for no man hardely let hym spare  
 To blowe bararag<sup>7</sup> tyll bothe his eyne stare.

<sup>1</sup> *be not*] Faukes's ed. "be *be not*." Marshe's ed. "*be nat*."

<sup>2</sup> *iurydiccyon*] Marshe's ed. "iurisdiction."

<sup>3</sup> *that*] MS. "whiche."

<sup>4</sup> *a*] MS. "the."

<sup>5</sup> *wyll*] MS. "dare."

<sup>6</sup> *you*] Not in MS.

<sup>7</sup> *bararag*] MS. "*bararag brag*."



Whos heuenly armony was so passynge sure,  
 So truely proporsionyd, and so well did gree,  
 So duly entunynd with euery mesure,  
 That in the forest was none so great a tre  
 But that he daunced for ioye of that gle;  
 The huge myghty okes them selfe dyd auauance,  
 And lepe frome the hylles to lerne for to daunce: 280

In so moche the stumpe, whereto I me lente,  
 Sterte all at ones an hundrethe<sup>1</sup> fote backe:  
 With that I sprange vp towarde the tent  
 Of noble Dame Pallas, wherof I spake;  
 Where I sawe come<sup>2</sup> after, I wote, full lytell lake  
 Of a thousande poetes assembled togeder:  
 But Phebus was formest of all that cam theder;

Of laurell leuis a cronell on his hede,  
 With heris encrisped<sup>3</sup> yalowe<sup>4</sup> as the golde,  
 Lamentyng Daphnes, whome with the darte of lede 290  
 Cupyde hath stryken so that she ne wolde  
 Concente to Phebus to haue his herte in holde,  
 But, for to preserue her maidenhode<sup>5</sup> clene,  
 Transformyd was she into the laurell grene.

Meddelyd with murnynge<sup>6</sup> the moost parte of his muse,  
 O thoughtfull herte, was euermore his songe!  
 Daphnes, my derlynge, why do you me refuse?  
 Yet loke on me, that louyd you haue so longe,  
 Yet haue compassyon vpon my paynes stronge:  
 He sange also how, the tre as he did take 300  
 Betwene his armes, he felt her body quake.

<sup>1</sup> *hundrethe*] Marshe's ed. "hundred."

<sup>2</sup> *come*] Marshe's ed. "came."

<sup>3</sup> *encrisped*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "enscrisped."

<sup>4</sup> *yalowe*] Marshe's ed. "yolowe."

<sup>5</sup> *maidenhode*] Marshe's ed. "maydenheed."

<sup>6</sup> *murnynge*] Faukes's ed. "murmynge." Marshe's ed. "murning."

Then he assurded into this<sup>1</sup> exclamacyon  
 Vnto Diana, the goddes inmortal;<sup>2</sup>  
 O mercyles madame, hard is your constellacyon,  
 So close to kepe your cloyster virgynall,  
 Enhardid adyment the sement of your wall!  
 Alas, what ayle you to be so ouerthwhart,  
 To bannysshe pyte out of a maydens harte?

Why haue the goddes shewyd me this cruelte,  
 Sith I contryuyd first princyples medycynable? 310  
 I helpe all other of there infirmite,  
 But now to helpe myselfe I am not able;  
 That profyteth all other is nothyng profytable  
 Vnto me; alas, that herbe nor gresse<sup>3</sup>  
 The feruent axes of loue can not repress!

O fatall fortune, what haue I offendid?  
 Odious disdayne, why raist thou me on this facyon?  
 But sith I haue lost now that I entended,  
 And may not<sup>4</sup> atteyne it by no medyacyon,  
 Yet, in remembraunce of Daphnes transformacyon, 320  
 All famous poetis ensuyng after me  
 Shall were a garlande of the laurell tre.

This sayd, a great nowmber folowyd by and by  
 Of poetis laureat of many dyuerse nacyons;  
 Parte of there names I thynke to specefye:  
 Fyrste, olde Quintiliane with his Declamacyons;<sup>5</sup>  
 Theocritus with his bucolycall relacyons;  
 Esiodus, the iconomicar,<sup>6</sup>  
 And Homerus, the fresshe historiari;

<sup>1</sup> *this*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed "his."

<sup>2</sup> *inmortal*] Marshe's ed. "immortal:" see *ante*, p. 363, note 3.

<sup>3</sup> *gresse*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "gras."

<sup>4</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>5</sup> *Declamacyons*] Faukes's ed. "declynacyons." Marshe's ed. "Declamations."

<sup>6</sup> *iconomicar*] Eds. "Icononucar." See notes.



Prynce of eloquence, Tullius Cicero,  
 With Salusty<sup>1</sup> ageinst Lucius Catelyne,  
 That wrote the history of Iugurta also;  
 Ouyde, enshryned with the Musis nyne;  
 But blessed Bacchus, the pleasant god of wyne,  
 Of closters engrosyd with his ruddy flotis<sup>2</sup>  
 These orators and poetes refreshed there throtis;

Lucan,<sup>3</sup> with Stacius in Achilliedos;  
 Percius presed forth with problemes diffuse;  
 Virgill the Mantuan, with his Eneidos;  
 Iuuenall satirray, that men makythe to muse; 340  
 But blessed Bacchus, the pleasant god of wyne,  
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotes  
 These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes;

There Titus Lyuius hymselfe dyd auauance  
 With decadis historious, whiche that he mengith<sup>4</sup>  
 With maters that amount the Romayns in substaunce;  
 Enyus, that wrate<sup>5</sup> of mercyall war at lengthe;  
 But blessyd Bachus, potencial god of strengthe,  
 Of clusters engrosid with his ruddy flotis<sup>6</sup>  
 Theis orators and poetis refreshed there throtis; 350

Aulus Gelius, that noble historiari;  
 Orace also with his new poetry;  
 Mayster Terence, the famous comicar,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Salusty*] Marshe's ed. "Salust;" but the former reading is meant for the Latin genitive.

<sup>2</sup> *flotis*] Faukes's ed. "dropes." Marshe's ed. "flotes" (having "throtes" in the next line).

<sup>3</sup> *Lucan*, &c.] This stanza from Marshe's ed. Not in Faukes's ed. MS. defective here.

<sup>4</sup> *mengith*] Marshe's ed. "mengleth."

<sup>5</sup> *wrate*] Marshe's ed. "wrote."

<sup>6</sup> *flotis*] Eds. "dropes" and "dropes." But see note 2 above.

<sup>7</sup> *comicar*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "conucar."

With Plautus, that wrote full<sup>1</sup> many a comody;  
 But blessyd Bachus was in there company,  
 Of clusters engrosyd with his ruddy flotis<sup>2</sup>  
 Theis orators and poetis refresshed there throtis;

Senek full soberly with<sup>3</sup> his tragediis;  
 Boyce, recounfortyd<sup>4</sup> with his philosophy;  
 And Maxymyane, with his madde ditiis, 360  
 How dotynge age wolde iape with yonge foly;  
 But blessyd Bachus most reuerent and holy,  
 Of clusters engrosid with his ruddy flotis<sup>5</sup>  
 Theis orators and poetis refresshed there throtis;

There came Johnn Bochas with his volumys grete;  
 Quintus Cursius,<sup>6</sup> full craftely that wrate  
 Of Alexander; and Macrobius that did trete  
 Of Scipions dreme what was the treu probate;  
 But blessyd Bachus that neuer man forgate,  
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotis<sup>7</sup> 370  
 These orators and poetis refresshid ther throtis;

Poggeus also, that famous Florentine,  
 Mustred ther amonge them with many a mad tale;  
 With a frere of Fraunce men call sir Gagwyne,  
 That frownyd<sup>8</sup> on me full angerly and pale;  
 But blessyd Bachus, that bote is of all bale,  
 Of clusters engrosyd with his ruddy flotis<sup>9</sup>  
 Theis orators and poetis refresshid there throtis;

<sup>1</sup> *full*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>2</sup> *flotis*] Eds. "dropis" and "dropes."

<sup>3</sup> *with*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "wit."

<sup>4</sup> *recounfortyd*] Marshe's ed. "recomforted."

<sup>5</sup> *flotis*] Eds. "dropis" and "dropes."

<sup>6</sup> *Cursius*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "cursus."

<sup>7</sup> *flotis*] Eds. "dropis" and "dropes."

<sup>8</sup> *frownyd*] Faukes's ed. "frowmyd." Marshe's ed. "frowned."

<sup>9</sup> *flotis*] Eds. "dropis" and "dropes."

Plutarke and Petrarke, two famous clarkis;  
 Lucilius and Valerius Maximus by name; 380  
 With Vincencius *in Speculo*, that wrote noble warkis;  
 Propercius and Pisandros, poetis of noble fame;  
 But blissed Bachus, that mastris oft doth frame,  
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotis<sup>1</sup>  
 Theis notable poetis refresshid there throtis.

And as I thus sadly amonge them auysid,<sup>2</sup>  
 I saw Gower, that first garnissed our Englysshe rude,  
 And maister Chaucer, that nobly enterprysyd  
 How that our Englysshe myght fresshely be ennewed;<sup>3</sup>  
 The monke of Bury then after them ensuyd, 390  
 Dane Johnn Lydgate: theis Englysshe poetis thre,  
 As I ymagenyd, repayrid vnto me,

Togeder in armes, as brethern, enbrasid;  
 There apparell farre passynge beyonde that I can tell;  
 With diamauntis and rubis there tabers<sup>4</sup> were trasid,  
 None so ryche stones in Turkey to sell;  
 Thei wantid nothyng but the laurell;  
 And of there bounte they made me godely chere,  
 In maner and forme as ye shall after here.

*Mayster Gower to Skelton.*

Brother Skelton, your endeuorment 400  
 So haue ye done, that meretoryously  
 Ye haue deseruyd to haue an enplement  
 In our collage aboue the sterry sky,  
 Bycause that ye<sup>5</sup> encrease and amplyfy

<sup>1</sup> *flotis*] Eds. "dropis" and "dropes."

<sup>2</sup> *auysid*] Marshe's ed. "aduysed."

<sup>3</sup> *ennewed*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "a meude."

<sup>4</sup> *tabers*] Marshe's ed. "taberdes."

<sup>5</sup> *ye*] So Marshe's ed. Not in Faukes's ed.

The brutid Britons of Brutus Albion,  
That welny<sup>1</sup> was loste when that we were gone.

*Poeta Skelton<sup>2</sup> to Maister Gower.*

Maister Gower, I haue nothyng deserued  
To haue so laudabyle a commendacion :  
To yow thre this honor shalbe reserued,  
Arrectinge vnto your wyse examinacion 410  
How all that I do is vnder refformation,  
For only the substance of that I entend,  
Is glad to please, and loth to offend.

*Mayster Chaucer to Skelton.<sup>3</sup>*

Counterwayng your besy delygence  
Of that we beganne in the supplement,  
Enforcid ar we you to recompence,  
Of all our hooll collage by the agreament,  
That we shall brynge you personally present  
Of noble Fame before the Quenes grace,  
In whose court poynted is your place. 420

*Poeta Skelton answeyryth.*

O noble Chaucer, whos pullisshyd eloquence  
Oure Englysshe rude so fresshely hath set out,  
That bounde ar we with all deu reuerence,  
With all our strength that we can brynge about,  
To owe to yow our seruyce, and more if we mowte !

<sup>1</sup> *welny*] Marshe's ed. "welnerc."

<sup>2</sup> *Poeta Skelton, &c.*] This speech of Skelton to Gower is from Marshe's ed. Not in Faukes's ed. MS. defective here.

<sup>3</sup> *Mayster Chaucer to Skelton*] Marshe's ed. "*Maister Chaucer Lawreat poete to Skelton*," which contradicts what our author has just told us : see v. 397.

But what sholde I say? ye wote what I entende,  
Whiche glad am to please, and loth to offende.

*Mayster Lydgate to Skelton.*

So am I preuentid of my brethern tweyne  
In rendrynge to you thankkis meritory,  
That welny<sup>1</sup> nothyng there doth remayne 430  
Wherwith to geue you my regraciatory,  
But that I poynt you to be prothonatory<sup>2</sup>  
Of Fames court, by all our holl assent  
Auaunced by Pallas to laurell preferment.

*Poeta Skelton answeyth.*

So haue ye me far passynge my meretis extollyd,  
Mayster Lidgate, of your accustomed  
Bownte, and so gloriously ye haue enrollid  
My name, I know well, beyonde that I am able,  
That but if my warkes therto be agreable,  
I am elles rebukyd of that I intende, 440  
Which glad am to please, and lothe to offende.

So finally, when they had shewyd there deuyse,  
Vnder the forme as I sayd tofore,<sup>3</sup>  
I made it straunge, and drew bak ones or twyse,  
And euer they presed on me more and more,  
Tyll at the last they forcyd me so<sup>4</sup> sore,  
That with them I went where they wolde me brynge,  
Vnto the paulyon where Pallas was syttyng.

<sup>1</sup> *welny*] Marshe's ed. "welnerc."

<sup>2</sup> *prothonatory*] Marshe's ed. "protonotory."

<sup>3</sup> *tofore*] Marshe's ed. "before."

<sup>4</sup> *so*] So Marshe's ed. Not in Faukes's ed.

Dame Pallas commaundid that they shold me conuay  
 Into the ryche palace of the Quene of Fame;      450  
 There shal he here what she wyl to hym<sup>1</sup> say  
 When he is callid to answeere to his name:  
 A cry anone forthwith she made proclame,  
 All orators and poetis shulde thider go before,  
 With all the prese that there was lesse and more.

Forthwith, I say, thus wandrynge<sup>2</sup> in my thought,  
 How it was, or elles within what howris,  
 I can not<sup>3</sup> tell you, but that I was brought  
 Into a palace with turrettis and towris,  
 Engolerid<sup>4</sup> goodly with hallis and bowris,      460  
 So curiously, so craftely, so connyngly wrowght,  
 That all the worlde,<sup>5</sup> I trowe, and it were sought,

Suche an other there coude no man fynde;  
 Wherof partely I purpose to expounde,  
 Whyles it remanyth fresshe in my mynde.  
 With turkis and grossolitis enpauyd was the grounde;  
 Of birrall enbosid wer the pyllers rownde;  
 Of elephantis tethe were the palace gatis,  
 Enlosenged with many goodly platis

Of golde, entachid with many a precyous stone;      470  
 An hundred steppis mountyng to the halle,  
 One of iasper, another of whalis bone;  
 Of dyamauntis pointed was the rokky<sup>6</sup> wall;  
 The carpettis within and tappettis of pall;

<sup>1</sup> *wyl to hym*] Marshe's ed. "to hym will."

<sup>2</sup> *wandrynge*] Faukes's ed. "wadrynge." Marshe's ed. "wandring."

<sup>3</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>4</sup> *Engolerid*] Marshe's ed. "Engalared."

<sup>5</sup> *worlde*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "worde."

<sup>6</sup> *rokky*] So Marshe's ed. Not in Faukes's ed.

The chambres hangid with clothes of arace ;  
 Enuawtyd with rubies the vawte was of this place.

Thus passid we forth walkyng vnto the pretory  
 Where the postis wer enbulyoned with saphiris indy  
 blew,

Englasid glittering with many a clere story ;  
 Iacinctis and smaragdis out of the florthe they grew : 480

Vnto this place all poetis there did sue,  
 Wherin was set of Fame the noble Quene,  
 All other transcendyng, most rychely besene,

Vnder a gloryous cloth of astate,  
 Fret all with orient perlys of Garnate,  
 Encrownyd as empresse of all this worldly<sup>1</sup> fate,  
 So ryally, so rychely, so passyngly ornate,  
 It was excedyng byyonde the commowne rate :  
 This hous enuyrowne was a myle about ;  
 If xii were let in, xii hundreth<sup>2</sup> stode without. 490

Then to this lady and souerayne of this palace  
 Of purseuantis ther presid in with many a<sup>3</sup> dyuerse  
 tale ;

Some were of Poyle, and sum were of Trace,  
 Of Lymerik, of Loreine, of Spayne, of Portyngale,<sup>4</sup>  
 Frome Napuls, from Nauern, and from Rounceuall,  
 Some from Flaunders, sum fro the se coste,  
 Some from the mayne lande, some fro the Frensche hoste :

With, How doth the north ? what tydyngis in the sowth ?  
 The west is wyndy, the est is metely wele ;  
 It is harde to tell of euery mannes mouthe ; 500

<sup>1</sup> *worldly*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "wordly."

<sup>2</sup> *hundreth*] Marshe's ed. "hundred."

<sup>3</sup> *a*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>4</sup> *Portyngale*] Marshe's ed. "Portugale."

A slipper holde the taile is of an ele,  
 And he haltith often that hath a kyby hele;  
 Some shewid his salfecundight,<sup>1</sup> some shewid his charter,<sup>2</sup>  
 Some lokyd full smothely, and had a fals quarter;<sup>3</sup>

With, Sir, I pray you, a lytyll tyne stande backe,  
 And lette me come in to delyuer my lettre;  
 Another tolde how shyppes wente to wrak;  
 There were many wordes smaller and gretter,  
 With, I as good as thou, Ifayth and no better;  
 Some came to tell treuth, some came to lye, 510  
 Some came<sup>4</sup> to flater, some came to spye:

There were, I say, of all maner of sortis,  
 Of Dertmouth, of Plummouth, of Portismouth also;  
 The burgeis and the ballyuis of the v portis,  
 With, Now let me come, and now let me go:  
 And all tyme wandred I thus to and fro,  
 Tyll at the last theis noble poetis thre  
 Vnto me sayd, Lo, syr, now ye may se

Of this high courte the dayly besines;  
 From you most we, but not<sup>5</sup> longe to tary; 520  
 Lo, hither commyth a goodly maystres,  
 Occupacyon, Famys regestary,  
 Whiche shall be to you a sufferayne accessary,  
 With syngular pleasurs to dryue away the tyme,  
 And we shall se you ageyne or it be pryme.

When they were past and wente forth on there way,  
 This gentilwoman, that callyd was by name

<sup>1</sup> *salfecundight*] Marshe's ed. "safeconduct."

<sup>2</sup> *charter*] Marshe's ed. "chart."

<sup>3</sup> *quarter*] Marshe's ed. "quart."

<sup>4</sup> *came*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "come."

<sup>5</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."



Occupacyon, in ryght goodly aray,  
 Came towarde me, and smylid halfe in game;  
 I sawe hir smyle, and I then<sup>1</sup> did the same; 530  
 With that on me she kest<sup>2</sup> her goodly loke;  
 Vnder her arme, me thought, she had a boke.

*Occupacyoun to Skelton.*

Lyke as the larke, vpon the somers day,  
 Whan Titan radiant burnisshith his bemis bryght,  
 Mountith on hy with her melodious lay,  
 Of the soneshyne engladid with the lyght,  
 So am I supprysyd with pleasure and delyght  
 To se this howre now, that I may say,  
 How ye ar welcome to this court of aray.

Of your aqueintaunce I was in tymes past, 540  
 Of studyous doctryne when at the port salu  
 Ye<sup>3</sup> fyrste aryuyd; whan broken was your mast  
 Of worldly trust, then did I you rescu;  
 Your storme dryuen shyppe I repaired new,  
 So well entakeled, what wynde that<sup>4</sup> euer blowe,  
 No stormy tempeste your barge shall ouerthrow.

Welcome to me as hertely as herte can thynke,  
 Welcome to me with all my hole desyre!  
 And for my sake spare neyther pen nor ynke;  
 Be well assurid I shall aquyte your hyre, 550  
 Your name recountynge beyonde the lande of Tyre,  
 From Sydony to the mount Olympyan,  
 Frome Babill towre to the hillis Caspian.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *I then*] Marshe's ed. "than I."

<sup>2</sup> *kest*] Marshe's ed. "cast."

<sup>3</sup> *Ye*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "The."

<sup>4</sup> *that*] Marshe's ed. "so."

<sup>5</sup> *Caspian*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "Gaspian."

*Skelton Poeta answeyth.*

I thanked her moche of her most noble offer,  
 Affyaunsynge her myne hole assuraunce  
 For her pleasure to make a large profer,  
 Enpryntyng her wordes in my remembraunce,  
 To owe her my seruyce with true perseueraunce.  
 Come on with me, she sayd, let vs not stonde;<sup>1</sup>  
 And with that worde she toke me by the honde. 560

So passyd we forthe into the forsayd place,  
 With suche communycacyon as came to our mynde;  
 And then she sayd, Whyllis we haue tyme and space  
 To walke where we lyst, let vs somewhat fynde  
 To pas the tyme with, but let vs wast no wynde,  
 For ydle iangelers haue but lytill braine;  
 Wordes be swordes, and hard to call ageine.

Into a felde she brought me wyde and large,  
Enwallyd aboute with the stony flint,  
 Strongly enbateld, moche costious of charge: 570  
 To walke on this walle she bed I sholde not<sup>2</sup> stint;  
 Go softly, she sayd, the stones be full glint.  
 She went before, and bad me take good holde:  
 I sawe a thowsande yatis new and olde.

Then questionyd I her what thos<sup>3</sup> yatis ment;  
 Wherto she answeyrd, and breuely me tolde,  
 How from the est vnto the occident,  
 And from the sowth vnto the north so colde,  
 Theis yatis, she sayd, which that ye beholde,  
 Be issusis and portis from all maner of nacyons; 580  
 And seryously she shewyd me ther denominacyons.

<sup>1</sup> *not stonde*] Marshe's ed. "nat stande," and in the next line "hande."

<sup>2</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>3</sup> *thos*] Marshe's ed. "these."

They had wrytyng, sum Greke, sum Ebrew,  
 Some Romaine letters, as I vnderstode ;  
 Some were olde wryten, sum were written new,  
 Some carectis of Caldý, sum Frensshe was full  
 good ;

But one gate specyally, where as I stode,  
 Had grauin in it of calcydony a capytall A ;  
 What yate<sup>1</sup> call ye this? and she sayd, Anglia.<sup>2</sup>

The beldyng therof was passyng commendable ;  
 Wheron stode a lybbard, crownyd with golde and  
 stones, 590

Terrible of countenaunce and passyng formydable,  
 As quikly towchyd as it were flesshe and bones,  
 As gastly that glaris, as grimly that gronis,  
 As fersly frownynge as he had ben fyghtyng,  
 And with his forme foote he shoke forthe this wrytyng :

*Formidanda nimis Jovis ultima fulmina tollis :*  
*Unguibus ire parat loca singula livida curvis*  
*Quam modo per Phæbes nummos raptura Celæno ;*  
*Arma, lues, luctus, fel, vis, fraus, barbara tellus ;*  
*Mille modis erras odium tibi quærere Martis :* 600  
*Spreto spineto cedat saliunca roseto.*

Cacosin  
 thicon<sup>3</sup> e  
 industria.

Then I me lent, and loked ouer the wall :  
 Innumerable people presed to euery gate ;  
 Shet were the gatis ; thei might wel knock and cal,  
 And turne home ageyne, for they cam al to late.  
 I her demaunded of them and ther astate :  
 Forsothe, quod she, theys be haskardis<sup>4</sup> and rebawdis,  
 Dysers, carders, tumblars with gambawdis,

<sup>1</sup> *yate*] Marshe's ed. "gate."

<sup>2</sup> *Anglia*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "Anglea."

<sup>3</sup> *Cacosinthicon*] Properly "*Cacosyntheton*."

<sup>4</sup> *haskardis*] Faukes's ed. "hastardis." Marshe's ed. "haskardes."

Furdrers of loue, with baudry aqueinted,  
 Brainles blenkardis that blow at the cole, 610  
 Fals forgers of mony, for kownnage<sup>1</sup> atteintid,  
 Pope holy ypocrytis, as they were golde and hole,  
 Powle hatchettis, that prate wyll<sup>2</sup> at euery ale pole,  
 Ryot, reueler, railer, brybery, theft,  
 With other condycyons that well myght be left :

Sume fayne themselfe folys, and wolde be callyd wyse,  
 Sum medelynge spyes, by craft to grope thy mynde,  
 Sum dysdanous dawcokkis that all men dyspyse,  
 Fals flaterers that fawne thé, and kurris of kynde  
 That speke fayre before thé and shrewdly behynde; 620  
 Hither they come crowdyng to get them a name,  
 But hailid they be homwarde with sorow and shame.

With that I herd gunnis russhe out at ones,  
 Bowns, bowns, bowns! that all they out cryde;  
 It made sum lympe legged and broisid there bones;  
 Sum were made peuysshe, porisshly pynk iyde,  
 That euer more after by it they were aspyd;  
 And one ther was there, I wondred of his hap,  
 For a gun stone, I say, had all to-iaggid<sup>3</sup> his cap,

Raggid, and daggid, and cunnyngly cut; 630  
 The blaste of the byrnston<sup>4</sup> blew away his brayne;  
 Masid as a marche hare, he ran lyke a scut;  
 And, sir, amonge all me thought I saw twaine,  
 The one was a tumblar, that afterwarde againe  
 Of a dysour, a deuyl way, grew a ientilman,  
 Pers Prater, the second, that<sup>5</sup> quarillis beganne;

<sup>1</sup> *kownnage*] Marshe's ed. "coynnage."

<sup>2</sup> *wyll*] Marshe's ed. "well."

<sup>3</sup> *to-iaggid*] Marshe's ed. "to lagged."

<sup>4</sup> *byrnston*] Marshe's ed. "brymston."

<sup>5</sup> *that*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "tha."

With a pellit of peuisshenes they had suche a stroke,  
 That all the dayes of ther lyfe shall styck by ther rybbis:  
 Foo, foisty bawdias! sum smellid of the smoke;  
 I saw dyuers that were cariid away thens in cribbis, 640  
 Dasyng after dotrellis, lyke drunkardis that dribbis;  
 Theis titiuyllis<sup>1</sup> with taumpinnis wer towchid and tappid;  
 Moche mischefe, I hyght you, amonge theem ther happid.

Sometyme, as it semyth, when the mone light  
 By meynys of a grosely endarkyd clowde  
 Sodenly is eclipsid in the wynter night,  
 In lyke maner of wyse a myst did vs shrowde;  
 But wele may ye thynk I was no thyng prowde  
 Of that auenturis, whiche made me sore agast.  
 In derkenes thus dwelt we, tyll at the last 650

The clowdis gan<sup>2</sup> to clere, the myst was rarifiid:  
 In an herber<sup>3</sup> I saw, brought where I was,  
 There birdis on the brere sange on euery syde;  
 With alys ensandid about in compas,  
 The bankis enturfid with singular solas,  
 Enrailid with rosers, and vinis engrapid;  
 It was a new comfort of sorowis escapid.

In the middis a coundight,<sup>4</sup> that coryously<sup>5</sup> was cast,  
 With pypes of golde engusshing out stremes;  
 Of cristall the clerenes theis waters far past, 660  
 Enswymmyng with rochis, barbellis, and bremis,  
 Whose skales<sup>6</sup> ensilured again the son beames

<sup>1</sup> *titiuyllis*] Faukes's ed. "titinyllis." Marshe's ed. "titiuils."

<sup>2</sup> *gan*] Marshe's ed. "gon."

<sup>3</sup> *an herber*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "a *an herber*."

<sup>4</sup> *coundight*] Marshe's ed. "cundite."

<sup>5</sup> *coryously*] Marshe's ed. "curiously." See notes.

<sup>6</sup> *Whose skales, &c.*] This line, not in Faukes's ed., is from Marshe's ed.

Englisterd, that ioyous it was to beholde.  
Then furthermore aboute me my syght I reuolde,

Where I saw growyng a goodly laurell tre,  
Enuerdurid with leuis<sup>1</sup> contynually grene;  
Aboue in the top a byrde of Araby,  
Men call a phenix; her wynges bytwene  
She bet vp a fyre with the sparkis full kene  
With braunches and bowghis of the swete olyue, 670  
Whos flagraunt flower was chefe preseruatyue

Ageynst all infeccyons with cancour<sup>3</sup> enflamyd,  
Ageynst all baratows broisiours of olde,  
It passid all bawmys that euer were namyd,  
Or gummis of Saby so derely that be solde:  
There blew in that gardynge a soft piplyng colde  
Enbrethyng of Zepherus with his pleasant wynde;  
All frutis and<sup>4</sup> flowris grew there in there kynde.

Dryades there daunsid vpon that goodly soile,  
With<sup>5</sup> the nyne Muses, Pierides by name; 680  
Phillis and Testalis,<sup>6</sup> ther tressis with oyle  
Were newly enbybid; and rownd about the same  
Grene tre of laurell moche solacyous game  
They made, with chapelletes and garlandes grene;  
And formest of all dame Flora, the quene

Of somer, so formally she fotid the daunce;  
There Cintheus sat twynklyng vpon his harpe stringis;

<sup>1</sup> *leuis*] Marshe's ed. "leauē."

<sup>2</sup> *Nota*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. has a contraction which I cannot decipher. MS. deficient here.

<sup>3</sup> *cancour*] Marshe's ed. "rancour."

<sup>4</sup> *and*] So Marshe's ed. Not in Faukes's ed.

<sup>5</sup> *With*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "Wit."

<sup>6</sup> *Testalis*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "testalus."

And Iopas his instrument did auauunce,  
 The poemis and storis auncient inbryngis  
 Of Athlas astrology, and many noble thyngis, 690  
 Of wandryng of the mone, the course of the sun,  
 Of men and of bestis, and whereof they begone,

What thyng occasionyd the showris of rayne,  
 Of fyre elementar in his supreme spere,  
 And of that pole artike whiche doth remayne  
 Behynde the taile of Vrsa so clere;  
 Of Pliades he prechid with ther drowsy chere,  
 Immoysturid with mislyng and ay droppying dry,  
 And where the two Trions<sup>1</sup> a man shold aspy,

And of the winter days that hy them so fast, 700  
 And of the wynter nyghtes that tary so longe,  
 And of the somer days so longe that doth<sup>2</sup> last,  
 And of their shorte nyghtes; he browght in his songe  
 How wronge was no ryght, and ryght was no wronge:  
 There was counteryng of carollis in meter and<sup>3</sup> verse  
 So many, that longe it<sup>4</sup> were to reherse.

*Occupacyon to Skelton.*

How say ye? is this after your appetite?  
 May this contente you and your mirry mynde?  
 Here dwellith pleasure, with lust and delyte;  
 Continually comfort here ye may fynde, 710  
 Of welth and solace no thyng left behynde;  
 All thyng conuenable<sup>5</sup> here is contryuyd,<sup>6</sup>  
 Wherewith your spiritis may be reuyuid.

<sup>1</sup> *Trions*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "troons."

<sup>2</sup> *doth*] Marshe's ed. "done."

<sup>3</sup> *and*] Marshe's ed. "and in."

<sup>4</sup> *it*] Marshe's ed. "in."

<sup>5</sup> *conuenable*] Marshe's ed. "couenably."

<sup>6</sup> *contryuyd*] Faukes's ed. "contyruyd." Marshe's ed. "contryued."

*Poeta Skelton answeryth.*

Questionles no dowte of that ye say;  
 Jupiter hymselfe this lyfe myght endure;  
 This ioy excedith all worldly<sup>1</sup> sport and play,  
 Paradyce this place is of syngular pleasure:  
 O wele were hym that herof myght be sure,  
 And here to inhabite and ay for to dwell!  
 But, goodly maystres, one thyng ye me tell.

720

*Occupacyon to Skelton.*

Of your demawnd shew me the content,  
 What it is, and where vpon it standis;  
 And if there be in it any thyng ment,  
 Wherof the answeere restyth in my<sup>2</sup> handis,  
 It shall be losyd<sup>3</sup> ful sone out of the bandis  
 Of scrupulus<sup>4</sup> dout; wherfore your mynde discharge,  
 And of your wyll the plainnes shew at large.

*Poeta Skelton answeryth.*

I thanke you, goodly maystres, to me most benynge,  
 That of your bounte so well haue me assurid;  
 But my request is not<sup>5</sup> so great a thyng,  
 That I ne force what though<sup>6</sup> it be discurid;  
 I am not<sup>7</sup> woundid but that I may be cured;  
 I am not ladyn of liddyernes with lumpis,  
 As dasid doterdis that dreame in their dumpis.

730

*Occupacyon to Skelton.*

Nowe what ye mene, I trow I coniect;  
 Gog<sup>8</sup> gyue you good yere, ye make me to smyle;

<sup>1</sup> *worldly*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "wordly."

<sup>2</sup> *my*] MS. "myne."

<sup>3</sup> *losyd*] MS. "losond."

<sup>4</sup> *scrupulus*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "scupulus."

<sup>5</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>6</sup> *though*] MS. "thowthe."

<sup>7</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. here and in the next line "nat."

<sup>8</sup> *Gog*] Marshe's ed. and MS. "God."



Now, be<sup>1</sup> your faith, is not<sup>2</sup> this theeffect<sup>3</sup>  
 Of your questyon ye make all this whyle,  
 To vnderstande who dwellyth in yone<sup>4</sup> pile,  
 And what blunderar is yonder that playth didil diddil? 740  
 He fyndith fals mesuris out<sup>5</sup> of his fonde fiddill.

*Interpolata,<sup>6</sup> quæ industriosum postulat<sup>7</sup> interpretem, satira  
 in vatis adversarium.*

*Tressis agasonis species prior, altera Davi :  
 Aucupium culicis, limis dum torquet ocellum,  
 Concipit, aligeras rapit, appetit,<sup>8</sup> aspice, muscas !  
 Maia quæque fovet, fovet aut quæ Jupiter, aut quæ  
 Frigida Saturnus, Sol, Mars, Venus, algida Luna,  
 Si tibi contingat verbo aut committere scripto,  
 Quam sibi mox tacita sudant præcordia culpa !  
 Hinc ruit in flammis, stimulans<sup>9</sup> hunc urget et illum,  
 Invocat ad rixas, vanos tamen excitat ignes, 750  
 Labra movens tacitus, rumpantur ut ilia Codro.*

Nota  
 Alchimia  
 et 7 met  
 la.

17. 4. 7. 2. 17. 5. 18.  
 18. 19. 1. 19. 8. 5. 12.

His name for to know if that ye lyst,  
Enuyous Rancour truely he hight :  
 Beware of hym, I warne you ; for and<sup>10</sup> ye wist

<sup>1</sup> *be*] Marshe's ed. and MS. "by."

<sup>2</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>3</sup> *theeffect*] MS. "the effecte."

<sup>4</sup> *yone*] MS. "yonder."

<sup>5</sup> *fals mesuris out*] MS. "ought fals mesuris."

<sup>6</sup> *Interpolata, &c.*] This heading not in MS., which has on the margin

"Wryght truly theys verses."

<sup>7</sup> *postulat*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "*postulāt.*"

<sup>8</sup> *appetit*] Eds. "*opetit.*" MS. "*oppetit.*"

<sup>9</sup> *stimulans*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "*stimulas.*"

<sup>10</sup> *and*] Marshe's ed. "if."

How daungerous it were to stande in his lyght,<sup>1</sup>  
 Ye wolde not<sup>2</sup> dele with hym, thowgh<sup>3</sup> that ye myght,  
 For by his deuellysshe drift and graceles prouision  
 An hole reame<sup>4</sup> he is able to set at deuysion :

For when he spekyth fayrest, then thynketh he moost yll ;  
 Full gloriously can he glose, thy mynde for to fele ; 760  
 He wyll set men a feightynge<sup>5</sup> and syt<sup>6</sup> hymselfe styll,  
 And smerke, lyke a smythy kur, at<sup>7</sup> sperkes of steile ;  
 He<sup>8</sup> can neuer leue warke whylis it is wele ;  
 To tell all his towchis it were to grete wonder ;  
 The deuyll of hell and he be seldome asonder.

Thus talkyng we went forth<sup>9</sup> in at a postern gate ;  
 Turnyng<sup>10</sup> on the ryght hande, by a<sup>11</sup> windyng stayre,  
 She brought me to<sup>12</sup> a goodly chaumber of astate,  
 Where the noble Cowntes of Surrey in a chayre  
 Sat honorably, to whome did reaire 770  
 Of ladys a beue<sup>13</sup> with all dew reuerence :  
 Syt downe, fayre ladys, and do your diligence !

Come forth, ientylwomen, I pray you, she sayd ;  
 I haue contryuyd for you a goodly warke,  
 And who can worke beste now shall be asayde ;

<sup>1</sup> *were to stande in his lyght*] MS. "is to stop vp his sight."

<sup>2</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>3</sup> *thowgh*] Marshe's ed. "thought." MS. "thowthe."

<sup>4</sup> *reame*] Marshe's ed. "realme."

<sup>5</sup> *set men a feightynge*] MS. "stir men to brawlyng."

<sup>6</sup> *syt*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "set."

<sup>7</sup> *at*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "os."

<sup>8</sup> *He*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "Ie."

<sup>9</sup> *forth*] Not in MS.

<sup>10</sup> *Turnyng*] MS. "Turnnyd."

<sup>11</sup> *a*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Not in Faukes's ed.

<sup>12</sup> *to*] MS. "into."

<sup>13</sup> *a beue*] Faukes's ed. "aboue." Marshe's ed. and MS. "a beuy."

A cronell of lawrell with verduris light and darke  
 I haue deuysyd for Skelton, my clerke ;  
 For to his seruyce I haue suche regarde,  
 That of our bownte we wyll hym rewarde :

For of all ladyes he hath the library, 780  
 Ther names recountyng in the court of Fame ;  
 Of all gentylwomen he hath the scruteny,<sup>1</sup>  
 In Fames court reportyng the same ;  
 For yet of women he neuer sayd shame,  
 But if they were counterfettes that women them call,  
 That list of there lewdnesse with hym for to brall.

With that the tappettis and carpettis were layd,  
 Whereon theis ladys softly myght rest,  
 The saumpler to sow on, the laxis to enbraid ;  
 To weue in the stoule sume were full preste, 790  
 With slaiis, with tauellis, with hedellis well drest ;  
 The frame was browght forth with his weuyng pin :  
 God geue<sup>2</sup> them good spede there warke<sup>3</sup> to begin !

Sume to enbrowder put them in prese,  
 Well gydyng ther<sup>4</sup> glowtonn to kepe streit theyr sylk,  
 Sum pirlyng of goldde theyr worke to encrese  
 With fingers smale, and handis whyte<sup>5</sup> as mylk ;  
 With, Reche me that skane of tewly sylk ;  
 And, Wynde me that botowme of such an<sup>6</sup> hew,  
 Grene, rede, tawny, whyte, blak,<sup>7</sup> purpill, and blew. 800

Of broken warkis<sup>8</sup> wrought many a goodly thyng,  
 In castyng, in turnyng, in florissyng of flowris,

<sup>1</sup> *scruteny*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "scuteny."

<sup>2</sup> *geue*] MS. "yeve."

<sup>3</sup> *warke*] MS. "worke."

<sup>4</sup> *ther*] MS. "the."

<sup>5</sup> *whyte*] Marshe's ed. "as white."

<sup>6</sup> *an*] MS. "a."

<sup>7</sup> *blak*] So MS. Not in eds.

<sup>8</sup> *warkis*] MS. "workis."

With burris rowth<sup>1</sup> and bottons surffillyng,<sup>2</sup>  
 In nedill wark raysyng byrdis in bowris,<sup>3</sup>  
 With vertu enbesid all tymes and howris;  
 And truly of theyr bownte thus were they bent  
 To worke me this chapelet by goode aduysemente.<sup>4</sup>

*Occupacyon to Skelton.*

Beholde and se in your aduertysment  
 How theis ladys and gentylwomen all  
 For your pleasure do there endeuourment, 810  
 And for your sake how fast to warke<sup>5</sup> they fall:  
 To your remembraunce wherfore ye must call  
 In goodly wordes plesauntly comprysid,  
 That for them some goodly conseyt be deuysid,

With proper captacyons of beneuolence,  
 Ornatly pullysshid after your faculte,  
 Sith ye must nedis afforce it by pretence  
 Of your professyoun vnto vmanyte,<sup>6</sup>  
 Commensyng your proces after there degre,  
 To iche of them rendryng thankis commendable, 820  
 With sentence fructuous and termes couenable.

*Poeta Skelton.*<sup>7</sup>

Auaunsynge my selfe sum thanke<sup>8</sup> to deserue,  
 I me determynyd for to sharpe my pen,  
 Deuoutly arrectyng my prayer to Mynerue,

<sup>1</sup> *rowth*] Marshe's ed. "rowgh."

<sup>2</sup> *surffillyng*] MS. "surfullinge." See notes.

<sup>3</sup> *byrdis in bowris*] MS. "bothe *birddis* and *bowres*."

<sup>4</sup> *aduysemente*] MS. "auysemente."

<sup>5</sup> *warke*] MS. "worke."

<sup>6</sup> *vmanyte*] Marshe's ed. and MS. "humanite."

<sup>7</sup> *Poeta Skelton*] So MS. Eds. "*Poeta Skelton* answeyryth."

<sup>8</sup> *thanke*] MS. "thonk."

· She to vowchesafe me to informe and ken ;  
 To Mercury also hertely prayed I then,  
 Me to supporte, to helpe, and to assist,  
 To gyde and to gouerne my dredfull tremlyng<sup>1</sup> fist.

As a mariner that amasid<sup>2</sup> is in a stormy rage,  
 Hardly bestad and<sup>3</sup> driuen is to hope 830  
 Of that the tempestuows<sup>4</sup> wynde wyll aswage,  
 In trust<sup>5</sup> wherof comforte<sup>6</sup> his hart doth grope,  
 From the anker he kuttyth<sup>7</sup> the gabyll rope,  
 Committyth all to God, and lettyth his shyp ryde ;  
 So I beseke<sup>8</sup> Ihesu now to be my gyde.

*To the ryght noble Countes of Surrey.*

After all duly ordred obeisaunce,  
 In humble wyse as lowly<sup>9</sup> as I may,  
 Vnto you, madame, I make reconusaunce,<sup>10</sup>  
 My lyfe endurynge I shall both wryte and say,  
 Recount, reporte, rehearse without delay 840  
 The passyng bounte of your noble astate,  
 Of honour and worshyp which hath the formar date :

Lyke to Argyua by iust resemblaunce,  
 The noble wyfe of Polimites kyng ;  
 Prudent Rebecca, of whome remembrance  
 The Byble makith ; with whos chast luyunge  
 Your noble demenour is counterwayng,

<sup>1</sup> *tremlyng*] Marshe's ed. "trembling."

<sup>2</sup> *amasid*] MS. "masid."

<sup>3</sup> *and*] Not in MS.

<sup>4</sup> *tempestuows*] So MS. Faukes's ed. "tempeous." Marshe's ed. "tempestous."

<sup>5</sup> *trust*] MS. "troste."

<sup>6</sup> *comforte*] MS. "counforte."

<sup>7</sup> *kuttyth*] MS. "kyttithe."

<sup>8</sup> *beseke*] Marshe's ed. "beseche."

<sup>9</sup> *lowly*] MS. "lawly."

<sup>10</sup> *reconusaunce*] So MS. Faukes's ed. (by a misprint) "recounsaunce." Marshe's ed. "reconisaunce."

Whos passynge bounte, and ryght noble astate,  
Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

The noble Pamphila,<sup>1</sup> quene of the Grekis londe,<sup>2</sup> 850

Habillimentis royall founde out industriously;  
Thamer also wrought with her goodly honde  
Many diuisis passynge curiously;  
Whome ye represent and exemplify,

Whos passynge bounte, and ryght noble astate,  
Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

As dame Thamarys, whiche toke the kyng of Perce,  
Cirus by name, as wrytith the story;

Dame Agrippina also I may reherse  
Of ientyll corage the perfight<sup>3</sup> memory; 860

So shall your name endure perpetually,  
Whos passyng bounte, and ryght noble astate,  
Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

*To my lady Elisabeth Howarde.*

To be your remembrauncer,<sup>4</sup> madame, I am bounde,  
Lyke to Aryna, maydenly of porte,  
Of vertu and<sup>5</sup> konnyng the well and perfight grounde;  
Whome dame Nature, as wele I may reporte,  
Hath fresshely enbewtid with many a goodly sorte  
Of womanly feturis, whos florysshying tender age  
Is lusty to loke on, plesaunte, demure, and sage: 870

Goodly Creisseid, fayrer than Polexene,<sup>6</sup>  
For to enuyue Pandarus appetite;

<sup>1</sup> *Pamphila*] Marshe's ed. "Pamphilia."

<sup>2</sup> *londe*] Marshe's ed. "land" (and in the next line "hande"); and so MS.

<sup>3</sup> *perfight*] So MS. Faukes's ed. "proflight." Marshe's ed. "parfite."

<sup>4</sup> *remembrauncer*] Marshe's ed. "remembraunce."

<sup>5</sup> *and*] Not in MS.

<sup>6</sup> *Creisseid . . . Polexene*] MS. "Creisseyda . . . Polycene."

Troilus, I trowe, if that he had you sene,  
 In you he wolde haue set his hole delight :  
 Of all your bewte I suffyce not<sup>1</sup> to wryght ;  
 But, as I sayd, your florisslinge tender age  
 Is lusty to loke on, plesaunt, demure, and sage.

*To my lady Mirriell Howarde.*

Mi litell lady I may not<sup>2</sup> leue behinde,  
 But do her<sup>3</sup> seruyce nedis now I must ;  
 Beninge, curteyse, of ientyll harte and mynde, 880  
 Whome fortune and fate playnly haue discust  
 Longe to enioy plesure, delyght, and lust :  
 The enbuddid blossoms of<sup>4</sup> roses rede of hew  
 With lillis<sup>5</sup> whyte your bewte doth renewe.

Compare you I may to Cidippes, the mayd,  
 That of Aconcyus whan she founde the byll  
 In her bosome, lorde, how<sup>6</sup> she was afrayd !  
 The ruddy shamefastnes in her vysage fyll,  
 Whiche maner of abasshement became her not yll ;  
 Right so, madame, the roses redde of hew 890  
 With lillys whyte your bewte dothe renewe.

*To my lady Anne Dakers of the Sowth.*

Zeuxes,<sup>7</sup> that enpicturid fare Elene the quene,  
 You to deuyse his crafte were to seke ;  
 And if Apelles your countenaunce had sene,  
 Of porturature which was the famous Greke,  
 He coude not deuyse the lest poynt of your cheke ;

<sup>1</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>2</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>3</sup> *do her*] So MS. Eds. "to do you."

<sup>4</sup> *The enbuddid blossoms of*] MS. "Enbuddid blossome withe."

<sup>5</sup> *With lillis*] MS. "The lilly."

<sup>6</sup> *how*] Not in MS.

<sup>7</sup> *Zeuxes*] Marshe's ed. "zeusis."

Princes of yowth, and flowre of goodly porte,  
Vertu, conyng, solace, pleasure, comforte.<sup>1</sup>

Paregall in honour vnto Penolepe,  
That for her trowth is in remembraunce had;      900  
Fayre Diianira surmountynge<sup>2</sup> in bewte;  
Demure Diana womanly and sad,  
Whos lusty lokis make heuy hartis glad;  
Princes of youth, and flowre of goodly porte,  
Vertu, connyng, solace, pleasure, comforte.<sup>3</sup>

*To mastres Margery Wentworthe.*

With margerain ientyll,  
The flowre of goodlyhede,<sup>4</sup>  
Enbrowdred the mantill  
Is of your maydenhede.<sup>5</sup>  
Plainly I can not<sup>6</sup> glose;      910  
Ye be, as I deuyne,  
The praty primrose,  
The goodly columbyne.  
With margerain iantill,  
The flowre of goodlyhede,  
Enbrawderyd the mantyll  
Is of yowre maydenhede.  
Benynge, corteise, and meke,  
With wordes well deuysid;  
In you, who list to seke,      920  
Be vertus well comprysid.

<sup>1</sup> *comforte*] MS. "counfort."

<sup>2</sup> *surmountynge*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "surmewntynge."

<sup>3</sup> *comforte*] MS. "conforte."

<sup>4</sup> *goodlyhede*] MS. "goodlihode" here and in the repetition, having "maydenhode" always as its rhyme.

<sup>5</sup> *maydenhede*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. here (but not in the repetition) "maydenhode."

<sup>6</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."



With margerain iantill,  
 The flowre of goodlyhede,  
 Enbrawderid the mantill  
 Is of yowr maydenhede.

*To mastres Margaret Tylney.*

I you assure,  
 Ful wel I know  
 My besy cure  
 To yow I owe ;  
 Humbly and low 930  
 Commendynge me  
 To yowre bownte.

As Machareus  
 Fayre Canace,  
 So I, iwus,<sup>1</sup>  
 Endeuoure me  
 Yowr name to se  
 It be enrolde,  
 Writtin with golde.

Phedra ye may 940  
 Wele represent ;  
 Intentyfe ay  
 And dyligent,  
 No tyme myspent ;  
 Wherfore delyght  
 I haue to whryght

Of Margarite,  
 Perle orient,  
 Lede sterre<sup>2</sup> of lyght,  
 Moche relucent ; 950  
 Madame regent

<sup>1</sup> *iwus*] So MS. Eds. "iwys."

<sup>2</sup> *Lede sterre*] Marshe's ed. "Lode sterre." MS. "Lode star."

I may you call  
Of vertues<sup>1</sup> all.

*To maystres Iane Blenner-Haiset.*<sup>2</sup>

What though<sup>3</sup> my penne wax faynt,  
And hath smale lust to paint?  
Yet shall there no restraynt  
Cause me to cese,  
Amonge this prese,  
For to encrese  
Yowre goodly name. 960

I wyll my selfe applye,  
Trust<sup>4</sup> me, ententify,  
Yow for to stellyfye;  
And so obserue  
That ye ne swarue  
For to deserue  
Inmortall fame.<sup>5</sup>

{ Sith mistres<sup>6</sup> Iane Haiset<sup>7</sup>  
Smale flowres helpt to sett  
In my goodly chapelet, 970  
Therefore I render of her the memory  
Vnto the legend of fare Laodomi.<sup>8</sup>

*To maystres Isabell Pennell.*

By saynt Mary, my lady,  
Your mammy and your dady  
Brought forth a godely babi!

<sup>1</sup> *vertues*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "vertuows." MS. "vertuys."

<sup>2</sup> *Blenner-Haiset*] MS. "Hasset."

<sup>3</sup> *though*] MS. "thowthe."

<sup>4</sup> *Trust*] MS. "Trost."

<sup>5</sup> *Inmortall fame*] Marshe's ed. "Immörtall fame:" but see *ante*, p. 363,  
note 3. MS. "The courte of fame."

<sup>6</sup> *mistres*] Marshe's ed. "maistres." MS. "mastres."

<sup>7</sup> *Haiset*] MS. "Hasset."

<sup>8</sup> *Laodomi*] Marshe's ed. "Leodomie."

My mayden Isabell,  
 Reflaring rosabell,  
 The flagrant camamell;  
 The ruddy rosary,  
 The souerayne rosemary, 980  
 The praty strawbery;  
 The columbyne, the nepte,  
 The ieloffer well set,  
 The propre vyolet;  
 Enuwyd your<sup>1</sup> colowre  
 Is lyke the dasy flowre  
 After the Aprill showre;  
 Sterre<sup>2</sup> of the morow gray,  
 The blossom on the spray,  
 The fresshest flowre of May; 990  
 Maydenly demure,  
 Of womanhode<sup>3</sup> the lure;  
 Wherfore I make you sure,<sup>4</sup>  
 It were an heuenly helth,  
 It were an endeles welth,  
 A lyfe for God hymselfe,  
 To here this nightingale,  
 Amonge the byrdes smale,  
 Warbelynge in the vale,  
 Dug, dug, 1000  
 Iug, iug,  
 Good yere and good luk,  
 With chuk, chuk, chuk, chuk !

*To maystres Margaret Hussey.*

Mirry Margaret,  
 As mydsomer flowre,

<sup>1</sup> *your*] MS. "her."

<sup>2</sup> *Sterre*] MS. "Star."

<sup>3</sup> *womanhode*] Marshe's ed. "woman hede."

<sup>4</sup> *I make you sure*] MS. "I yow assure."

Ientill as fawcoun  
 Or hawke of the towre ;  
     With solace and gladnes,  
 Moche mirthe and no madnes,  
 All good and no badnes, 1010  
 So ioyously,  
 So maydenly,  
 So womanly  
 Her demenyng  
 In euery thyng,  
 Far, far passyng  
 That I can endyght,  
 Or suffyce to wryght  
 Of mirry Margarete,  
 As mydsomer flowre, 1020  
 Ientyll as fawcoun  
 Or hawke of the towre ;  
     As pacient and as styll,  
 And as full of good wyll,  
 As fayre<sup>1</sup> Isaphill ;  
 Colyaunder,  
 Swete pomaunder,  
 Good cassaunder ;  
 Stedfast of thought,  
 Wele made, wele wrought ; 1030  
 Far may be sought  
 Erst that<sup>2</sup> ye can fynde  
 So corteise, so kynde  
 As mirry Margarete,<sup>3</sup>  
 This<sup>4</sup> midsomer flowre,  
 Ientyll as fawcoun  
 Or hawke of the towre.

<sup>1</sup> *fayre*] MS. "the *fayre*."

<sup>2</sup> *that*] MS. "than."

<sup>3</sup> *Margarete*] MS. here, but not before, "Marget."

<sup>4</sup> *This*] MS. "The."

*To mastres Geretrude Statham.*

Though<sup>1</sup> ye wer hard hertyd,  
 And I with you thwartid  
 With wordes that smartid, 1040  
 Yet nowe doutles ye geue me cause  
 To wryte of you this goodli clause,  
 Maistres<sup>2</sup> Geretrude,  
 With womanhode<sup>3</sup> endude,  
 With vertu well renwde.

I wyll that ye shall be  
 In all benyngnyte  
 Lyke to dame Pasiphe;  
 For nowe dowlles ye geue me cause  
 To wryte of yow this goodly clause, 1050  
 Maistres Geretrude,  
 With womanhode endude,  
 With vertu well renude.

Partly by your counsell,  
 Garnished with lawrell  
 Was my fresshe coronell;  
 Wherefore doutles ye geue me cause  
 To wryte of you this goodly clause,  
 Maistres Geretrude,  
 With womanhode endude, 1060  
 With vertu well renude.

*To maystres Isabell<sup>4</sup> Knyght.*

But if I sholde aquyte your kyndnes,  
 Els saye ye myght  
 That in me were grete blyndnes,

<sup>1</sup> *Though*] MS. "Thowthe."

<sup>2</sup> *Maistres*] MS. here and in the repetition "Mastres."

<sup>3</sup> *womanhode*] Marshe's ed. here and in the repetition "woman hede."

<sup>4</sup> *maystres Isabell*] MS. "Mastres Isbell;" and so the name in the repetition.

I for to be so myndles,  
 And cowde not<sup>1</sup> wryght  
 Of Isabell Knyght.

It is not<sup>2</sup> my custome nor my gyse  
 To leue behynde  
 Her that is bothe womanly<sup>3</sup> and wyse, 1070  
 And specyally which glad was to deuysse  
 The menes<sup>4</sup> to fynde  
 To please my mynde,

In helpyng to warke my laurell grene  
 With sylke and golde:  
 Galathea, the made well besene,  
 Was neuer halfe so fayre, as I wene,  
 Whiche was extolde  
 A thowsande folde

By Maro, the Mantuan prudent, 1080  
 Who list to rede;  
 But, and I had leyser competent,  
 I coude shew you<sup>5</sup> suche a presedent  
 In very dede  
 Howe ye excede.

*Occupacyon to Skelton.*

Withdrawe your hande, the tyme passis<sup>6</sup> fast;  
 Set on your hede this laurell whiche is wrought;  
 Here you<sup>7</sup> not<sup>8</sup> Eolus for you blowyth a blaste?  
 I dare wele saye that ye and I be sought:  
 Make no delay, for now ye must be brought 1090  
 Before my ladys grace, the Quene of Fame,  
 Where ye must breuely answeere to your name.

<sup>1</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>2</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>3</sup> *womanly*] MS. "maydenly."

<sup>4</sup> *menes*] MS. "mene."

<sup>5</sup> *you*] Not in MS.

<sup>6</sup> *passis*] Marshe's ed. and MS. (with various spelling) "passeth."

<sup>7</sup> *you*] MS. "ye."

<sup>8</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

*Skelton Poeta.*

Castyng my syght the chambre aboute,  
 To se how duly ich thyng in ordre was,  
 Towarde the dore,<sup>1</sup> as we were comyng oute,  
 I sawe maister Newton sit with his compas,  
 His plummet, his pensell, his spectacles of<sup>2</sup> glas,  
 Dyuysyng in pycure, by his industrious wit,  
 Of my laurell the proces euery whitte.

Forthwith vpon this, as it were in a thought, 1100  
 Gower, Chawcer, Lydgate, theis thre  
 Before remembred, me curteisly<sup>3</sup> brought  
 Into that place where as they left me,  
 Where all the sayd poetis sat in there degre.  
 But when they sawe my lawrell rychely wrought,<sup>4</sup>  
 All other besyde were counterfete<sup>5</sup> they thought

In comparyson of that whiche I ware :  
 Sume prayسد the perle, some the stones bryght ;  
 Wele was hym that therevpon myght stare ;  
 Of this warke<sup>6</sup> they had so great delyght, 1110  
 The silke, the golde, the flowris fresshe to syght,  
 They seyde my lawrell was the goodlyest  
 That euer they saw, and wrought it was the best.

In her astate there sat the noble Quene  
 Of Fame : perceyuyng how that I was cum,  
 She wonderyd me thought<sup>7</sup> at my laurell grene ;

<sup>1</sup> *dore*] MS. "durre."

<sup>2</sup> *of*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "with."

<sup>3</sup> *me curteisly*] MS. "kurteisly me."

<sup>4</sup> *wrought*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "whought."

<sup>5</sup> *All other besyde were counterfete*] MS. "All thos that they ware were counterfettis."

<sup>6</sup> *warke*] MS. "worke."

<sup>7</sup> *thought*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "thouhht."

She loked hawtly, and gaue<sup>1</sup> on me a glum :  
 Thhere was amonge them no worde<sup>2</sup> then but mum,  
 For eche man herkynde what she wolde to me<sup>3</sup> say ;  
 Wherof in substaunce I brought this away. 1120

*The Quene of Fame to Skelton.*

My frende, sith ye ar before vs<sup>4</sup> here present  
 To answe're vnto this noble audyence,  
 Of that shalbe resonde you<sup>5</sup> ye must be content ;  
 And for as moche as, by the hy<sup>6</sup> pretence  
 That ye haue now thorow<sup>7</sup> preemyence  
 Of laureat triumphe,<sup>8</sup> your place is here reseruyd,  
 We wyll vnderstande how ye haue it deseruyd.

*Skelton Poeta to the Quene of Fame.*

Ryght high<sup>9</sup> and myghty princes of astate,  
 In famous glory all other transcending,  
 Of your bounte the accustomed<sup>10</sup> rate 1130  
 Hath bene full often and yet is entending<sup>11</sup>  
 To all that to<sup>12</sup> reason is condiscending,  
 But if hastyue<sup>13</sup> credence by mayntenance of myght  
 Fortune to stande betwene you and the lyght :

<sup>1</sup> *gaue*] MS. "yave."

<sup>2</sup> *amonge them no worde*] MS. "not a worde amonge them."

<sup>3</sup> *wolde to me*] MS. "to me wold."

<sup>4</sup> *vs*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "hus."

<sup>5</sup> *you*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>6</sup> *hy*] MS. "higthe."

<sup>7</sup> *thorow*] So MS. Eds. "by the."

<sup>8</sup> *triumphe*] MS. "promocioun."

<sup>9</sup> *high*] MS. "higthe."

<sup>10</sup> *accustomed*] Marshe's ed. "customable."

<sup>11</sup> *entending*] Marshe's ed. "attending."

<sup>12</sup> *To all that to*] So Marshe's ed. and MS. Faukes's ed. "To all tho  
*that.*"

<sup>13</sup> *hastyue*] Marshe's ed. "hasty."



But suche euydence I thynke for to<sup>1</sup> enduce,  
 And so largely to lay for myne indempnite,  
 That I trust<sup>2</sup> to make myne excuse  
 Of what charge soeuer ye lay ageinst<sup>3</sup> me;  
 For of my bokis parte ye shall se,  
 Whiche in your recordes, I knowe well, be enrolde, 1140  
 And so Occupacyon, your register, me tolde.

Forthwith she commaundid I shulde take my place;  
 Caliope poynted me where I shulde sit:  
 With that, Occupacioun presid in a pace;  
 Be mirry, she sayd, be not<sup>4</sup> aferde a whit,  
 Your discharge here vnder myne arme is it.  
 So then commaundid she was vpon this  
 To shew her boke; and she sayd, Here it is.

*The Quene of Fame to Occupacioun.*

Yowre boke<sup>5</sup> of remembrauns we will now that ye rede;  
 If ony<sup>6</sup> recordis in noumbyr can be founde, 1150  
 What Skelton hath compilid and wryton in dede  
 Rehersyng by ordre, and what is the grownde,  
 Let se now for hym how ye can expounde;  
 For in owr courte, ye wote wele, his name can not<sup>7</sup> ryse  
 But if he wryte oftenner than ones or twyse.

*Skelton Poeta.*

With that of the boke losende were the claspis:  
 The margent was illumynid all with golden railles  
 And byse, enpicturid with gressoppes and waspis,

<sup>1</sup> for to] MS. "for me to."

<sup>2</sup> trust] MS. "troste."

<sup>3</sup> ageinst] MS. "ageyne."

<sup>4</sup> not] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>5</sup> boke] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "bokes"—but compare the preceding line and the first line of the following stanza. MS. defective here.

<sup>6</sup> ony] Marshe's ed. "any."

<sup>7</sup> not] Marshe's ed. "nat."

With butterflyis and fresshe pecoke taylis,  
 Enflorid with flowris and slymy snaylis; 1160  
 Enuyuid picturis well towchid and quikly;  
 It wolde haue made a man hole that had be ryght sekely,

To beholde how it was garnysshid and bounde,  
 Encouerde ouer with golde of tissew fyne;  
 The claspis and bullyons were worth a thousande pounde;  
 With balassis and charbuncles the borders did shyne;  
 With *aurum musicum* euery other lyne  
 Was wrytin: and so she did her spede,  
 Occupacyoun, immediatly<sup>1</sup> to rede.

*Occupacyoun redith and expoundyth sum parte of Skeltons  
 bokes and baladis with ditis of plesure, in as moche as it  
 were to longe a proces to rehearse all<sup>2</sup> by name that he  
 hath compylyd, &c.*

Of your oratour and poete laureate 1170  
 Of Englande, his workis<sup>3</sup> here they begynne:  
*In primis* the Boke of Honourous Astate;  
 Item the Boke how men shulde fle synne;  
 Item Royall Demenaunce worshyp to wynne;<sup>4</sup>  
 Item the Boke to speke well or be styll;  
 Item to lerne you to<sup>5</sup> dye when ye wyll;

Of Vertu also the souerayne enterlude;  
 The Boke of the Rosiar; Prince Arturis Creacyoun;  
 The False Fayth that now goth, which dayly is renude;

<sup>1</sup> *immediatly*] Marshe's ed. "immediately:" but see *ante*, p 363, note 3.  
 MS. defective here.

<sup>2</sup> *all*] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>3</sup> *workis*] Marshe's ed. "warkes."

<sup>4</sup> *wynne*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "wyne."

<sup>5</sup> *to*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "do."

Item his Diologgis of Ymagynacyoun ;  
 Item Antomedon<sup>1</sup> of Loues Meditacyoun ;  
 Item New Gramer in Englysshe compylyd ;  
 Item Bowche<sup>3</sup> of Courte, where Drede was begyled ;

1180 Res est so  
 plena timo  
 amor: Ov  
 Si volet<sup>2</sup> v  
 quem pen  
 &c.: Ho

His commedy, Achademios callyd by name ;  
 Of Tullis Familiars the translacyoun ;  
 Item Good Aduyement, that brainles doth blame ;  
 The Recule ageinst Gaguyne of the Frenshe nacyoun ;  
 Item the Popingay, that hath in commendacyoun  
 Ladyes and gentylwomen suche as deseruyd,  
 And suche as be counterfettis they be reseruyd ;

Non est ti  
 Dei ante o  
 eorum : F  
 mo. Con  
 laurea ling  
 Tullius.  
 cum consi  
 et in æter  
 non pecca  
 Salamon.

1190

And of Soueraynte a noble pampholet ;  
 And of Magnyfyence a notable mater,  
 How Cownterfet Cowntenaunce of the new get  
 With Crafty Conueyaunce dothe smater and flater,  
 And Cloked Collucyoun is brought in to clater  
 With Courtely Abusyoun ; who pryntith it wele in mynde  
 Moche dowblenes of the worlde therin he may fynde ;

Non mihi  
 modulo r  
 papilio : V  
 Dominare  
 virtute tu  
 Pso. Ma  
 cavit eum  
 conspectu  
 gum : Sap  
 Fugere pu  
 verumque  
 fidesque :  
 quorum su  
 locum fra  
 que, dolic  
 Insidiæqu  
 vis, et am  
 sceleratus  
 bendi : O  
 Filia Bab  
 misera : J  
 mo.

1200

Of manerly maistres Margery<sup>4</sup> Mylke and Ale ;  
 To her he wrote many maters of myrthe ;  
 Yet, thoughe I<sup>5</sup> say it, therby lyith a tale,  
 For Margery wynshed, and breke her hinder girth ;  
 Lor,<sup>6</sup> how she made moche of her gentyll birth !  
 With, Gingirly, go gingerly ! her tayle was made of hay ;  
 Go she neuer so gingirly, her honesty is gone away ;

<sup>1</sup> *Antomedon*] Qy. "Automedon?"

<sup>2</sup> *volet*] Faukes's ed. (which alone has these notes) "vacet."

<sup>3</sup> *Bowche*] Marshe's ed. "Bouge."

<sup>4</sup> *maistres Margery*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "margery maystres." MS. defective here.

<sup>5</sup> *I*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "ye."

<sup>6</sup> *Lor*] Marshe's ed. "Lorde."

Harde to make ought of that is nakid nought ;  
 This fustiane maistres and this giggisse gase,  
 Wonder is to wryte what wrenchis she wrowght,  
 To face out her foly with a midsomer mase ;  
 With pitche she patchid her pitcher shuld not<sup>1</sup> crase ;  
 It may wele ryme, but shroudly it doth accorde, 1210  
 To pyke out honesty of suche a potshorde :

*Patet per versus.*

*Hinc puer hic<sup>2</sup> natus ; vir conjugis hinc spoliatus  
 Jure thori ; est fœtus Deli de sanguine cretus ;  
 Hinc magis extollo, quod erit puer alter Apollo ;  
 Si quæris qualis ? meretrix castissima talis ;*

*Et relis, et ralis, et reliqualis.*

A good herynge of thes olde talis ;  
 Fynde no mo suche fro<sup>3</sup> Wanflete to Walis.

*Et reliqua omelia<sup>4</sup> de diversis tractatibus.*

Of my ladys grace at the contemplacyoun,  
 Owt of Frenshe into Englysshe prose, 1220  
 Of Mannes Lyfe the Peregrynacioun,  
 He did translate, enterprete, and disclose ;  
 The Tratyse of Triumphis of the Rede Rose,  
 Wherein many storis ar breuely containyd  
 That vnremembred longe tyme remayned ;

The Duke of Yorkis creauncer whan Skelton was,  
 Now Henry the viij. Kyng of Englonde,<sup>5</sup>  
 A tratyse he deuysid and browght it to pas,

<sup>1</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>2</sup> *hic*] Marshe's ed. "hinc."

<sup>3</sup> *fro*] Marshe's ed. "from."

<sup>4</sup> *reliqua omelia*] Marshe's ed. seems to have "*reliqua*," &c. Qy. "*reliqua omelia*?"

<sup>5</sup> *Englonde*] Marshe's ed. "Englande;" and in the next line but one "hande." MS. defective here.

Callid *Speculum Principis*, to bere in his honde,  
 Therin to rede, and to vnderstande  
 All the demenour of princely astate,  
 To be our Kyng, of God preordinate;

1230 Erudimini  
 judicatis ter-  
 ram: Pso.

Also the Tunnyng of Elinour Rummyng,  
 With Colyn Clowt, Iohnn Iue, with Ioforth Iack;  
 To make suche trifels it asketh sum konnyng,  
 In honest myrth parde requyreth no lack;  
 The whyte apperyth the better for the black,  
 And after conueyauns as the world goos,  
 It is no foly to vse the Walshemannys hoos;

Quis stabit  
 cum advers  
 operantes in  
 quitatem?  
 Pso.  
 Arrident m  
 lius seria pi  
 josis: In fa  
 bulis Æsop

The vmbelis of venyson, the botell<sup>1</sup> of wyne,  
 To fayre maistres Anne that shuld haue be sent,  
 He wrate<sup>2</sup> therof many a praty lyne,  
 Where it became, and whethér it went,  
 And how that it was wantonly spent;  
 The Balade also of the Mustarde Tarte;  
 Suche problemis to paynt it longyth to his arte;

1240 Implentur  
 teris Bacch  
 pinguisque  
 rinæ: Virg  
 lius.

Of one Adame all a knaue, late dede and gone,—  
*Dormiat in pace*, lyke a dormows!—  
 He wrate<sup>3</sup> an Epitaph for his graue stone,  
 With wordes deuoute and sentence agerdows,<sup>4</sup>  
 For he was euer ageynst Goddis hows,  
 All his delight was to braule and to barke  
 Ageynst holy chyrche,<sup>5</sup> the preste, and the clarke;

Aut prodes  
 volunt aut  
 lectare poet  
 Horace.

Adam, Ada  
 ubi es? Ge  
 nesis. Res  
 Ubi nulla r  
 quies, ubi  
 1250 lus ordo, s  
 sempiternu  
 horror inha  
 tat: Job.

Of Phillip Sparow the lamentable fate,  
 The dolefull desteny, and the carefull chaunce,

<sup>1</sup> *botell*] Marshe's ed. "botels."

<sup>2</sup> *wrate*] Marshe's ed. "wrote."

<sup>3</sup> *wrate*] Marshe's ed. "wrote."

<sup>4</sup> *agerdows*] Marshe's ed. "egerdous."

<sup>5</sup> *Ageynst holy chyrche*] Marshe's ed. "Agayne holy churche."

Dyuysed by Skelton after the funerall rate ;  
 Yet sum there be therewith that take greuauance,  
 And grudge<sup>1</sup> therat with frownyng countenaunce ;  
 But what of that ? hard it is to please all men ;  
 Who list amende it, let hym set to his penne ; 1260

For the gyse now adays  
 Of sum iangelyng iays<sup>2</sup>  
 Is to discommende  
 That they can not<sup>3</sup> amende,  
 Though they wolde spende  
 All the wittis they haue.

What ayle them to depraue  
 Phillippe Sparows graue ?  
 His *Dirige*, her Commendacioun  
 Can be no derogacyoun, 1270  
 But myrth and consolacyoun,  
 Made by protestacyoun,  
 No man to myscontent  
 With Phillippis enterement.

Alas, that goodly mayd,  
 Why shulde she be afrayd ?  
 Why shulde she take shame  
 That her goodly name,  
 Honorably reportid,  
 Shulde be set and sortyd, 1280  
 To be matriculate  
 With ladyes of astate ?

I coniure thé, Phillip Sparow,  
 By Hercules that hell did harow,  
 And with a venomows arow  
 Slew of the Epidawris  
 One of the Centawris,

<sup>1</sup> *grudge*] Marshe's ed. "grugge."

<sup>2</sup> *iays*] Marshe's ed. "da Iayes."

<sup>3</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

Or Onocentauris,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or Hippocentauris ;<sup>2</sup>  
 By whos myght and maine 1290  
 An hart was slayne  
 With hornnis twayne  
 Of glitteryng golde ;  
 And the apples of golde  
 Of Hesperides withholde,  
 And with a dragon kepte  
 That neuer more slepte,  
 By merciall strength  
 He wan at length ;  
 And slew Gerione 1300  
 With thre bodys in one ;  
 With myghty corrage  
 Adauntid the rage  
 Of a lyon sauage ;  
 Of Diomedis stabyll  
 He brought out a rabyll  
 Of coursers and rounsis  
 With<sup>3</sup> lepes and bounsis ;  
 And with myghty luggyng,  
 Wrastelynge and tuggyng, 1310  
 He pluckid the bull  
 By the hornid scull,  
 And offred to Cornucopia ;  
 And so forthe *per cetera* :  
     Also by Hecates bowre<sup>4</sup>  
 In Plutos gastly towre ;  
     By the vgly Eumenides,  
 That neuer haue rest nor ease ;

<sup>1</sup> *Onocentauris*] Marshe's ed. "Onocentaurus."

<sup>2</sup> *Hippocentauris*] Both eds. "Hippocentaurus." MS. defective here.

<sup>3</sup> *With*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "Wit."

<sup>4</sup> *bowre*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "powre."

By the venemows serpent  
 That in hell is neuer brente, 1320  
 In Lerna the Grekis fen  
 That was engendred then ;  
 By Chemeras flamys,  
 And all the dedely namys  
 Of infernall posty,  
 Where soulis fry and rosty ;  
 By the Stigiall flode,  
 And the stremes wode  
 Of Cochitos bottumles well ;  
 By the feryman of hell, 1330  
 Caron with his berde hore,  
 That rowyth with a rude ore,  
 And with his frownsid fortop  
 Gydith his bote with a prop :  
 I coniure<sup>1</sup> Phillippe, and call,  
 In the name of Kyng Saull ;  
*Primo Regum* expres,  
 He bad the Phitones  
 To witche craft her to dres,  
 And by her abusiouns, 1340  
 And damnable illusiouns  
 Of meruelous conclusiouns,  
 And by her supersticiouns  
 Of<sup>2</sup> wonderfull condiciouns,  
 She raysed vp in that stede  
 Samuell that was dede ;  
 But whether it were so,  
 He were *idem in numero*,  
 The selfe same Samuell,  
 How be it to Saull he did tell 1350

<sup>1</sup> *coniure*] Qy. "coniure thé?" as before and after.

<sup>2</sup> *Of*] Marshe's ed. "And."



The Philistinis<sup>1</sup> shulde hym askry,  
 And the next day he shulde dye,  
 I wyll my<sup>2</sup> selfe discharge  
 To letterd men at large :

But, Phillip, I coniure thé  
 Now by theys names thre,  
 Diana in the woddis grene,  
 Luna that so bryght doth shene,  
 Proserpina in hell,  
 That thou shortely tell,  
 And shew now vnto me  
 What the cause may be  
 Of this perplexyte !<sup>3</sup>

1360

*Inferias, Philippe, tuas Scroupe pulchra Joanna  
 Instanter petiit : cur nostri carminis illam  
 Nunc pudet ? est sero ; minor est infamia vero.*

Phillyppe  
answeryth.

Then such that<sup>4</sup> haue disdaynyd  
 And of this worke complaynyd,  
 I pray God they be<sup>5</sup> paynyd  
 No wors than<sup>6</sup> is contaynyd

1370

In verses two or thre  
 That folowe as ye may se :  
*Luride, cur, livor, volucris pia funera damnas ?  
 Talia te rapiant rapiunt quæ fata volucrem !  
 Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua :*

The Gruntyng and the<sup>7</sup> groyninge of the<sup>8</sup> gronnyng swyne ; Porcus se in-  
 Also the Murnyng<sup>9</sup> of the mapely rote ;

gurgitat cæno,  
et luto se im-

<sup>1</sup> *Philistinis*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "Phillistimis."

<sup>2</sup> *my*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "me."

<sup>3</sup> *perplexyte*] Faukes's ed. "proplexyte." Marshe's ed. "perplexite."

<sup>4</sup> *that*] Marshe's ed. "as." <sup>5</sup> *be*] Marshe's ed. "by."

<sup>6</sup> *than*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "and."

<sup>7</sup> *and the*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed., instead of these words,  
 only "a."

<sup>8</sup> *of the*] So Marshe's ed. Not in Faukes's ed.

<sup>9</sup> *Murnyng*] Faukes's ed. "murmyng." Marshe's ed. "Mournyng."

mergit: Guarinus Veronens. Et sicut opertorium mutabis eos, et mutabuntur: Pso. c. Exaltabuntur cornua justi: Psalmo.

Tanquam parieti inclinato et macerie depulse: Psalmo. Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido: Ovid.

How the grene couerlet sufferd grete pine,  
Whan the flye net was set for to catche a cote,  
Strake one with a birdbolt to the hart rote; 1380  
Also a deuoute Prayer to Moyses hornis,  
Metriflyde merely, medelyd with scornis;<sup>1</sup>

Of paiauntis that were played in Ioyows Garde;  
He wrate of a muse<sup>2</sup> throw a mud wall;  
How a do cam tripping in at the rere warde,  
But, lorde, how the parker was wroth with all!  
And of Castell Aungell the fenestrall,  
Glittryng and glistryng and gloriously glasisd,  
It made sum mens eyn dasild and dasid;

Introduxit me in cubiculum suum: Cant.

The Repete of the recule of Rosamundis bowre, 1390  
Of his pleasaunt paine there and his glad distres  
In plantyng and pluckyng a propre ieloffer flowre;  
But how it was, sum were to recheles,  
Not<sup>3</sup> withstandyng it is remedeles;  
What myght she say? what myght he do therto?  
Though Iak sayd nay, yet Mok there loste her sho;

Audaces fortuna iuvat: Virgilius.

How than lyke a man he wan the barbican  
With a sawte of solace at the longe last;  
The colour dedely, swarte, blo, and wan  
Of Exione, her lambis<sup>5</sup> dede and past, 1400  
The cheke and the nek but a shorte cast;

Nescia mens hominum sortis<sup>6</sup> fatigue futuri: Virgilius.

In fortunis fauour euer to endure,  
No man luyng, he sayth, can be sure;

<sup>1</sup> *scornis*] Faukes's ed. "stormis." Marshe's ed. "scornes."

<sup>2</sup> *muse*] Marshe's ed. "mows."

<sup>3</sup> *Not*] Marshe's ed. "Nat."

<sup>4</sup> *fatua*] Altered purposely by Skelton from "*fatuorum*" of the Vulgate, *Prov. xv. 2.* (not *Cant.*)

<sup>5</sup> *lambis*] Marshe's ed. "lambe is,"—which may be the right reading. MS. defective here.

<sup>6</sup> *sortis, &c.*] "*fati sortisque futurae.*" *Æn. x. 501.*

- How dame Minerua<sup>1</sup> first found the olyue tre, *she red*  
 And plantid it there where<sup>2</sup> neuer before was none;  
*vnshred*
- An hynde vnhurt hit<sup>3</sup> by casuelte, *not<sup>4</sup> bled*  
 Recouerd whan the forster was gone; *and sped*  
 The hertis of the herd began for to grone, *and fled*  
 The howndes began to yerne and to quest; *and dred*  
 With litell besynes standith moche rest; *in bed* 1410  
*glomerant iv.*
- His Epitomis of the myller and his ioly make;  
 How her ble was bryght as blossom on the spray,  
 A wanton wenche and wele coude bake a cake;  
 The myllar was loth to be out of the way,  
 But yet for all that, be as be may,  
 Whether he rode to Swaffhamm<sup>7</sup> or to Some,  
 The millar durst not<sup>8</sup> leue his wyfe at home;
- With, Wofully<sup>9</sup> arayd, and shamefully betrayd;  
 Of his making deuoute medytacyons;  
*Vexilla regis* he deuysid to be displayd; 1420  
 With *Sacris solemniiis*, and other contemplacyouns,  
 That in them comprisid consyderacyons;  
 Thus passyth he the tyme both nyght and day,  
 Sumtyme with sadnes, sumtyme with play;
- Though Galiene<sup>10</sup> and Dioscorides,<sup>11</sup>  
 With Ipocras,<sup>12</sup> and mayster Auycen,  
*Honora medicum; propter necessitatem creavit eum*

<sup>1</sup> *How dame Minerua, &c.*] The words which I have printed in Italics destroy both sense and metre. But they are found in both eds. MS. defective here.

<sup>2</sup> *it there where*] Marshe's ed. "yet wher."

<sup>3</sup> *hit*] Marshe's ed. "it."

<sup>4</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>5</sup> *Isaias*] *Matt.* xxiv. 41.

<sup>6</sup> *Pso.*] *Deut.* xxxii. 25, where "Foris vastabit eos gladius, et, &c."

<sup>7</sup> *Swaffhamm*] Eds. "Swasshamm."

<sup>8</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>9</sup> *Wofully*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "wofully."

<sup>10</sup> *Galiene*] Marshe's ed. "Galene." See notes.

<sup>11</sup> *Dioscorides*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "Diascorides."

<sup>12</sup> *Ipocras*] Marshe's ed. "Hipocrates."

altissimus, &c.  
Superiores  
constellationes  
influnt in cor-  
pora subjecta et  
disposita, &c.

Nota.

Spectatum ad-  
misse,<sup>3</sup> risus  
teneatur amor?  
Horace.

Nota.

Lumen ad re-  
velationem  
gentium:  
Pso. clxxv.<sup>7</sup>

Velut rosa vel  
lilium, O pul-  
cherrima muli-  
erum, &c.:  
Cantatecclesia.

By there phesik doth<sup>1</sup> many a man ease,  
And though Albumasar can thé enforme and ken  
What constellacions ar good or bad for men,  
Yet whan the rayne rayneth and the gose wynkith, 1430  
Lytilt wotith the goslyng what the gose thynkith;

He is not<sup>2</sup> wyse ageyne the streme that stryuth;  
Dun is in the myre, dame, reche me my spur;  
Nedes<sup>4</sup> must he rin that the deuyll dryuth;  
When the stede<sup>5</sup> is stolyn, spar the stable dur;  
A ientyll hownde shulde neuer play the kur;  
It is sone aspyed where the thorne prikkith;  
And wele wotith the cat whos berde she likkith;

With Marione clarione, sol, lucerne,  
*Grund juir*, of this Frenshe prouerbe olde, 1440  
How men were wonte for to discerne  
By candelmes day what wedder shuld holde;  
But Marione clarione was caught with a colde colde,<sup>6</sup>  
(*anglice* a cokwolde,<sup>8</sup>

And all ouercast with cloudis vnkynde,  
This goodly flowre with stormis was vntwynde;

This ieloffer ientyll, this rose, this lylly flowre,  
This primerose pereles, this propre vyolet,  
This columbyne clere<sup>9</sup> and freshest of coloure,  
This delycate dasy, this strawbery pretely set,  
With frowarde frostis, alas, was all to-fret! 1450

<sup>1</sup> *doth*] Marshe's ed. "done."

<sup>2</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>3</sup> *Spectatum admisse, &c.*] "*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?*"

A. P. 5. Qy. Is the barbarous alteration of this line only a mistake of the printer?

<sup>4</sup> *Nedes*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "Nededes."

<sup>5</sup> *When the stede, &c.*] I have placed this line according to Marshe's ed. In Faukes's ed. it stands third in the stanza.

<sup>6</sup> *a colde colde*] Marshe's ed. "*a colde.*" <sup>7</sup> *Pso. clxxv.*] *Luc. ii. 32.*

<sup>8</sup> *anglice a cokwolde*] These words, which I have placed according to Faukes's ed., are not in that of Marshe. MS. defective here.

<sup>9</sup> *This columbyne clere, &c.*] This line and the next are transposed in eds.

But who may haue a<sup>1</sup> more vngracyous<sup>2</sup> lyfe  
Than a chyldis birde and a knauis wyfe?

Thynke what ye wyll  
Of this wanton byll;  
By Mary Gipey,  
*Quod scripsi, scripsi:*  
*Uxor tua, sicut vitis,*  
*Habetis in custodiam,*  
*Custodite sicut scitis,*  
*Secundum Lucam, &c.*

Notate verba,  
signata myste-  
ria: Gregori.

1460

Of the Bonehoms of Ashrige besyde Barkamstede,  
That goodly place to Skelton moost kynde,  
Where the sank<sup>3</sup> royall is, Crystes blode so rede,  
Wherevpon he metrefyde after his mynde;  
A pleasaunter place than Ashrige is, harde were<sup>4</sup> to  
fynde,

As Skelton rehersith, with wordes few and playne,  
In his distichon<sup>5</sup> made on verses twaine;

*Fraxinus in clivo frondetque viret sine rivo,<sup>6</sup>*  
*Non est sub divo similis sine flumine vivo;*

Nota penuriam  
aquæ, nam  
canes ibi hau-  
riunt ex puteo  
atissimo.

The Nacyoun of Foly he left not<sup>7</sup> behynde;  
Item Apollo that whirlid vp his chare,  
That made sum to snurre<sup>8</sup> and snuf in the wynde;  
It made them to skip, to stampe, and to stare,  
Whiche, if they be happy, haue cause to beware

1470 Stultorum infi-  
nitus est nume-  
rus, &c.: Ec-  
clesia.  
Factum est  
cum Apollo  
esset Corinthi:  
Actus Aposto-  
lorum.

<sup>1</sup> a] Not in Marshe's ed.

<sup>2</sup> vngracyous] Faukes's ed. "vngraryous." Marshe's ed. "vngracious."

<sup>3</sup> sank] Marshe's ed. "sange."

<sup>4</sup> were] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "where."

<sup>5</sup> distichon] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "distincyon."

<sup>6</sup> rivo] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "viro."

<sup>7</sup> not] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>8</sup> snurre] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "surt."

Stimulos sub  
pectore vertit  
Apollo: Vir-  
gilius,

In ryming and raylyng with hym for to mell,  
For drede that he lerne them there A, B, C, to spell.

*Poeta Skelton.*

With that I stode vp, halfe sodenly afrayd;  
Supplyng to Fame, I besought her grace,  
And that it wolde please her, full tenderly I prayd,  
Owt of her bokis Apollo to rase. 1480

Nay, sir, she sayd, what so in this place  
Of our noble courte is ones spoken owte,  
It must nedes after rin all the worlde aboute.

Fama repleta  
malis pernici-  
bus<sup>1</sup> evolat  
alis, &c.

God wote, theis wordes made me full sad;  
And when that I sawe it wolde no better be,  
But that my peticyon wolde not<sup>2</sup> be had,  
What shulde I do but take it in gre?

For, by Juppiter and his high mageste,  
I did what I cowde to scrape<sup>3</sup> out the scrollis,  
Apollo to rase out of her ragman rollis. 1490

Ego quidem  
sum Pauli, ego  
Apollo: Cor<sup>m</sup>

Now hereof it erkith me lenger to wryte;  
To Occupacyon I wyll agayne resorte,  
Whiche redde<sup>4</sup> on still, as it cam to her syght,  
Rendrynge my deuisis I made in disporte  
Of the Mayden of Kent callid Counforte,<sup>5</sup>  
Of Louers testamentis and of there wanton wyllis,  
And how Iollas louyd goodly Phillis;

Malo me Gala-  
tea petit, las-  
civa puella:  
Virgilius.

Nec, si mune-  
ribus certes,  
concedet Iol-  
las: 2. Bucol.

Diodorus Siculus of my translacyon  
Out of fresshe Latine into owre Englysshe playne,

<sup>1</sup> *pernicibus*] Faukes's ed. (which alone has these marginal notes) "p virilis."

<sup>2</sup> *not*] Marshe's ed. "nat."

<sup>3</sup> *scrape*] Marshe's ed. "scarpe."

<sup>4</sup> *redde*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "rede."

<sup>5</sup> *Counforte*] Marshe's ed. "comforte."

Recounyng commoditis of many a straunge nacyon; 1500 Mille homi-  
 num species, et  
 Who redyth it ones wolde rede it agayne; rerum discolor  
 Sex volumis engrosid together it doth containe: usus: Horace.<sup>1</sup>  
 But when of the laurell she made rehersall,  
 All orators and poetis, with other grete and smale,

A thowsande thowsande, I trow, to my dome, Millia millium  
*Triumph, triumph!* they cryid all aboute; et decies mil-  
 Of trumpettis and clariouns the noyse went to Rome; lies centena  
 The starry heuyn, me thought, shoke with the showte; millia, &c. :  
 The grownde gronid and tremblid, the noyse was so Apocalipsis.  
 stowte: Virtute<sup>2</sup> sena-  
 tum laureati  
 possident: Ec-  
 clesiastica. Ca-  
 uif.

The Quene of Fame commaundid shett fast the boke; 1510  
 And therwith sodenly out of my dreme<sup>3</sup> I woke.

My mynde of the grete din was somdele amasid,  
 I wypid myne eyne for to make them clere;  
 Then to the heuyn sperycall vpwarde I gasid,  
 Where I saw Ianus, with his double chere,  
 Makyng his almanak for the new yere;  
 He turnyd his tirikkis, his voluell ran fast:  
 Good luk this new yere! the olde yere is past.

*Mens tibi sit consulta, petis? sic consule menti;* Vates.  
*Æmula sit<sup>4</sup> Jani, retro speculetur et ante.* 1520

*Skeltonis alloquitur<sup>5</sup> librum suum.*

*Ite, Britannorum lux O radiosa, Britannum  
 Carmina nostra pium vestrum celebrate Catullum!  
 Dicite, Skeltonis vester Adonis erat;  
 Dicite, Skeltonis vester Homerus erat.*

<sup>1</sup> Horace] Persius, V. 52.

<sup>2</sup> Virtute] Faukes's ed. (which alone has these marginal notes) "Vite."  
 The reference "Cauif" I do not understand.

<sup>3</sup> dreme] Marshe's ed. "slepe."

<sup>4</sup> sit] Marshe's ed. "sis."

<sup>5</sup> alloquitur] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "alloquiū."

*Barbara cum Latio pariter jam currite versu ;  
 Et licet est verbo pars maxima texta Britanno,  
 Non magis incompta nostra Thalia patet,  
 Est magis inculta nec mea Calliope.  
 Nec vos pæniteat livoris tela subire,  
 Nec vos pæniteat rabiem tolerare caninam,  
 Nam Maro dissimiles non tulit ille minas,  
 Immunis nec enim Musa Nasonis erat.*

1530

*Lenuoy.*

Go, litill quaire,  
 Demene you faire ;  
 Take no dispere,  
 Though I you wrate  
 After this rate  
 In Englysshe letter ;  
 So moche the better  
 Welcome shall ye  
 To sum men be :  
 For Latin warkis  
 Be good for clerkis ;  
 Yet now and then  
 Sum Latin men  
 May happely loke  
 Vpon your boke,  
 And so procede  
 In you to rede,  
 That so indede  
 Your fame may sprede  
 In length and brede.  
 But then<sup>1</sup> I drede  
 Ye<sup>2</sup> shall haue nede  
 You for to spede

1540

1550

<sup>1</sup> *then*] Marshe's ed. "that."

<sup>2</sup> *Ye*] Marshe's ed. "You."



To harmnes bryght,  
 By force of myght,  
 Ageyne<sup>1</sup> enuy  
 And obloquy:  
 And wote ye why? 1560  
 Not<sup>2</sup> for to fyght  
 Ageyne dispyght,  
 Nor to derayne  
 Batayle agayne  
 Scornfull disdayne,  
 Nor for to chyde,  
 Nor for to hyde  
 You cowardly;  
 But curteisly  
 That I haue pende 1570  
 For to deffend,  
 Vnder the banner  
 Of all good manner,  
 Vnder proteccyon  
 Of sad correccyon,  
 With toleracyon  
 And supportacyon  
 Of reformacyon,  
 If they<sup>3</sup> can spy  
 Circumspectly 1580  
 Any worde defacid  
 That myght be rasid,  
 Els ye shall pray  
 Them that ye may  
 Contynew still  
 With there good wyll.

<sup>1</sup> *Ageyne*] Marshe's ed. "Agaynst"—and so, too, in the next line but three.

<sup>2</sup> *Not*] Marshe's ed. "Nat."

<sup>3</sup> *they*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "thy."

*Ad serenissimam Majestatem Regiam,<sup>1</sup> pariter cum Domino  
Cardinali, Legato a latere honorificatissimo, &c.*

*Lautre Enuoy.*

*Perge, liber, celebrem pronus regem venerare  
Henricum octavum, resonans sua præmia laudis.  
Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes,  
Legatum a latere, et fiat memor ipse precare 1590  
Prebendæ, quam promisit mihi credere quondam,  
Meque suum referas pignus sperare salutis  
Inter spemque metum.*

Twene hope and drede  
My lyfe I lede,  
But of my spede  
    Small sekernes;  
Howe be it I rede  
Both worde and dede  
Should be agrede 1600  
    In noblenes :  
Or els, &c.

<sup>1</sup> *Ad serenissimam Majestatem Regiam, &c.* . . . *Twene hope and drede, &c.*] These Latin and English lines are from Marshe's ed. Not in Faukes's ed. MS. defective here.

ADMONET SKELTONIS OMNES ARBORES<sup>1</sup> DARE LOCUM VIRIDI  
LAURO JUXTA GENUS SUUM.

*Fraxinus in silvis, altis in montibus ornus,*<sup>2</sup>  
*Populus in fluviis, abies, patulissima fagus,*  
*Lenta salix, platanus, pinguis ficulnea ficus,*  
*Glandifera et quercus, pirus, esculus, ardua pinus,*  
*Balsamus exudans, oleaster, oliva Minervæ,*  
*Juniperus, buxus, lentiscus cusptide lenta,*  
*Botrigeria et domino vitis gratissima Baccho,*  
*Ilex et sterilis labrusca perosa colonis,*  
*Mollibus exudans fragrantia thura Sabæis*  
*Thus, redolens Arabis pariter*<sup>3</sup> *notissima myrrha,* 10  
*Et vos, O coryli fragiles, humilesque myricæ,*  
*Et vos, O cedri redolentes, vos quoque myrti,*  
*Arboris omne genus viridi concedite lauro!*

*Prennees en gre      The Laurelle.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Admonet Skeltonis omnes arbores, &c.*] These Latin lines, with the copy of French verses which follow them and the translations of it into Latin and English, are from Faukes's ed.—where, though they have really no connexion with *The Garlande of Laurell*, they are considered as a portion of that poem, see the colophon, p. 427; collated with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568,—where they occur towards the end of the vol., the three last placed together, and the first a few pages after.—Marshe's ed. "Admonitio Skeltonis ut omnes Arbores viridi Laureo concedant."

<sup>2</sup> *ornus*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "*orni*."

<sup>3</sup> *pariter*] Marshe's ed. "*panter*."

<sup>4</sup> *The Laurelle*] So Marshe's ed. Not in Faukes's ed.

## EN PARLEMENT A PARIS.

*Iustice est morte,  
Et Veryte sommielle ;  
Droit et Raison  
Sont alez aux pardons :  
Lez deux premiers  
Nul ne les resuelle ;  
Et lez derniers  
Sount corrupus par dons.*

## OUT OF FRENSE INTO LATYN.

*Abstulit atra dies Astræam ; cana Fides sed  
Somno pressa jacet ; Jus iter arripuit,  
Et secum Ratio proficiscens<sup>1</sup> limite longo :  
Nemo duas primas evigilare parat ;  
Atque duo postrema absunt,<sup>2</sup> et munera<sup>3</sup> tantum  
Impediunt, nequeunt quod remeare domum.*

## OWT OF LATYNE INTO ENGLYSSHE.

Justyce now is dede ;  
Trowth with a drowsy hede,  
As heuy as the lede,  
Is layd down to slepe,  
And takith<sup>4</sup> no kepe ;  
And Ryght is ouer the fallows<sup>5</sup>  
Gone to seke hallows,  
With Reason together,<sup>6</sup>  
No man can tell whether :

<sup>1</sup> *proficiscens*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "*proficistens*."

<sup>2</sup> *absunt*] So Marshe's ed. Faukes's ed. "*abiunt*."

<sup>3</sup> *munera*] Eds. "*numera*."

<sup>4</sup> *takith*] Marshe's ed. "*bidythe*."

<sup>5</sup> *ouer the fallows*] Marshe's ed. "*euer fallows*."

<sup>6</sup> *together*] Marshe's ed. "*togidder*."

No man wyll<sup>1</sup> vndertake  
The first twayne to wake;<sup>2</sup>  
And the twayne last  
Be withholde so fast  
With mony, as men sayne,  
They can not come agayne.

*A grant tort,  
Foy dort.*<sup>3</sup>

Here endith a ryght delectable tratyse vpon a goodly  
Garlonde or Chapelet of Laurell, dyuysed by mayster  
Skelton, Poete Laureat.

<sup>1</sup> *wyll*] Marshe's ed. "woll."

<sup>2</sup> *wake*] Marshe's ed. "awake."

<sup>3</sup> *A grant tort, Foy dort*] Not in Marshe's ed.

END OF VOL. I.

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