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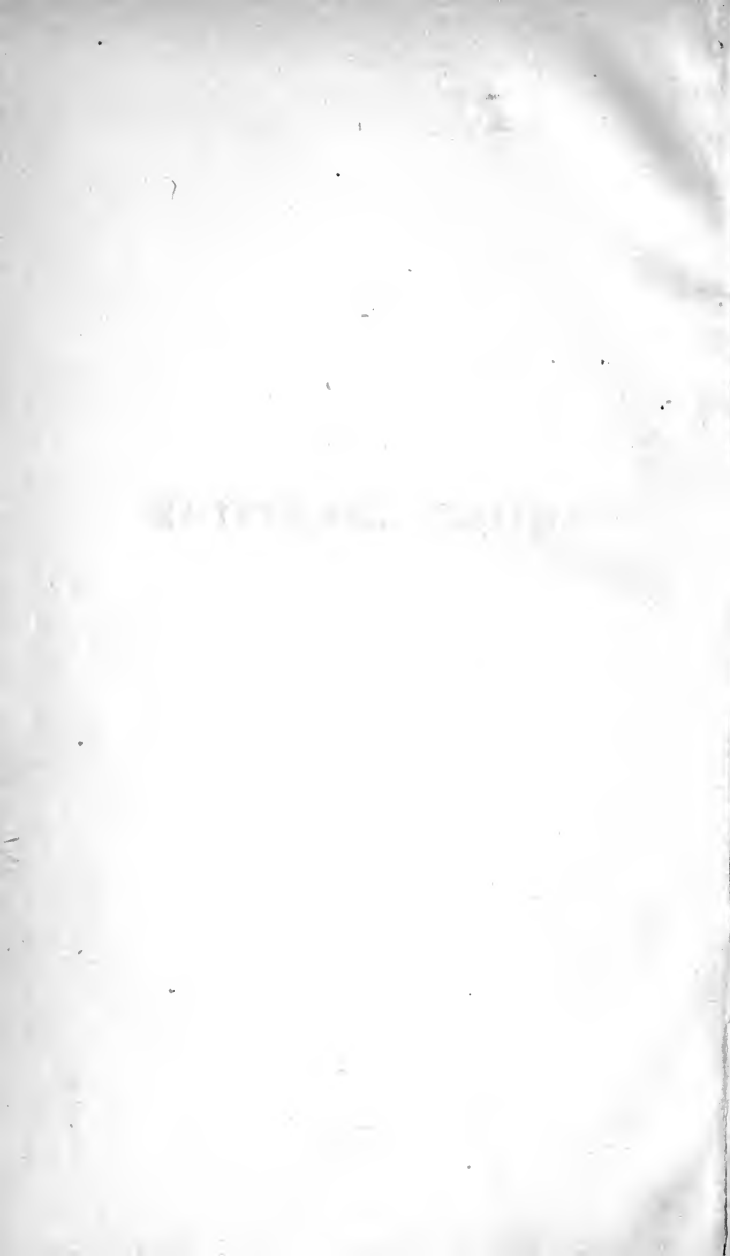
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English Reprints.

Vol. XXV.



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English Reprints.

Edited by EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.,
*Fellow of King's College, London; Hon. Member of the Virginia Historical Society;
Examiner in English Language and Literature, Victoria University, Manchester;
Professor of English Language and Literature,
Sir Josiah Mason's College, Birmingham.*

[Vol. 14]

WILLIAM ROY and JEROME BARLOW.

REDE ME AND BE NOTT WROTHE. 1528.

A PROPER DYALOGUE BETWEENE A GENTILLMAN
AND A HUSBANDMAN, ETC. 1530.

A COMPENDIOUS TREATISE, ETC. 1530.

Sir W. RALEIGH—G MARKHAM
J. H. van LINSCHOTEN.

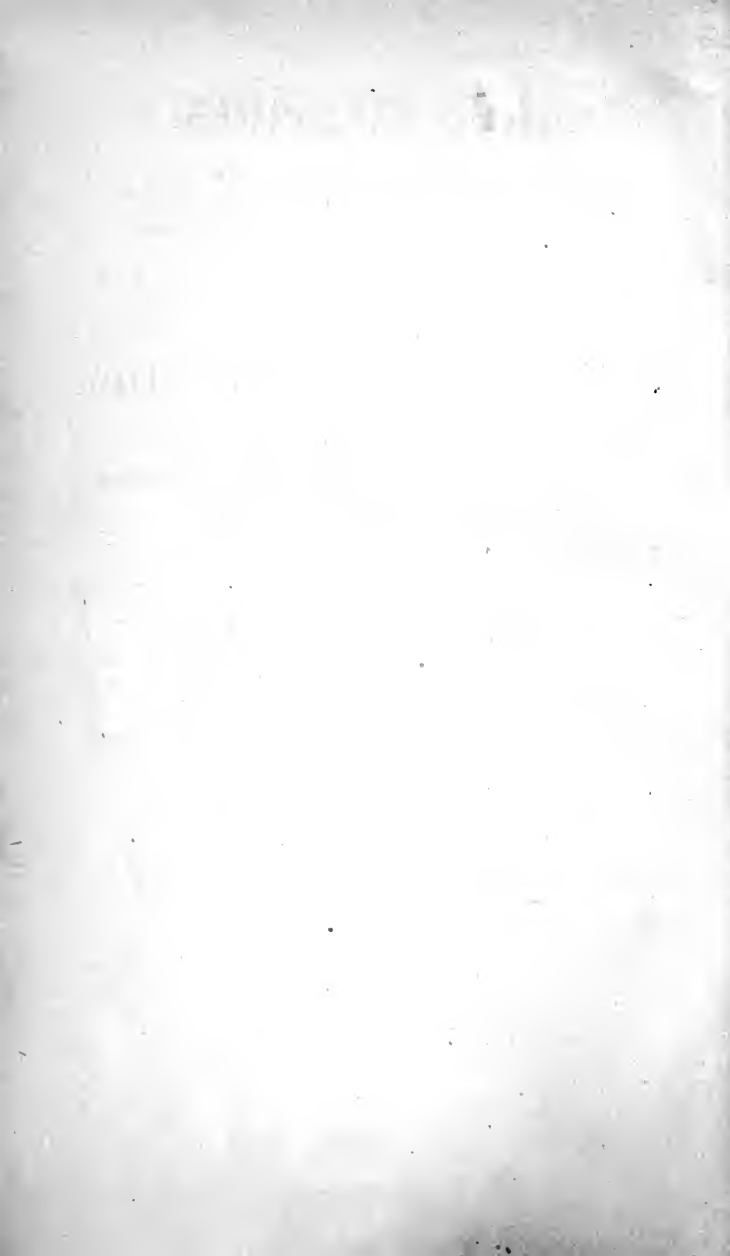
THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE AT SEA. 1591.

BARNABE GOOGE.
EGLOGS, EPHYTAPHES, AND SONETTES. 1563.

BIRMINGHAM:
1 MONTAGUE ROAD.

1871.

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English Reprints.

*Rede me and be nott wrothe,
For I faye no thinge but trothe.*

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM ROY and JEROME BARLOWE,

English Observant Franciscan Friars.

PRINTED BY JOHN SCHOTT AT STRASBURG IN 1528.



A PROPER DYALOGUE BETWENE A
GENTILLMAN AND A HUSBANDMAN:
*Eche complaynyng to other their miserabile calamite
through the ambicion of the clergie.*

TOGETHER WITH

A COMPENDIOUS OLDE TREATYSE:

Shewyng howe that we ought to haue the Scripture in Englysshe.

WRITTEN BY A LOLLARD, ABOUT 1450 A.D.

PRINTED BY HANS LUFT AT MARBURG, HESSE, IN 1530.

From the Unique copy in the British Museum.

Edited by EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.

*Fellow of King's College, London; Hon. Member of the Virginia Historical Society
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20 September 1871.

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*Rede me and be nott wrothe,
For I speake no thinge but trothe.*

INTRODUCTION.

THe old imperial city of Straßburg was one of the cities of refuge to the early Protestant reformers, especially to those of the school of Zuingli. It was a Free City. Gradually the inhabitants had won from its Prince-Bishops the substance of self-government: until by the constitution of 1482, (which survived for three centuries, until it was swept away in the storm of the French Revolution) they were confirmed in the perfect control of their own affairs. The constitution of that year vested the executive government in a *Senate* of thirty nobles, assisted by two councils of *The Thirteen* and *The Fifteen*, which, however, were usually spoken of as one, by the name of an older council, viz. *The One and Twenty*.

The famous city enjoyed many privileges. In its turn, it was the seat of the German diet; and it could coin money; but what most helped Protestantism in that district was its privilege of being a sacred asylum to all refugees, not excepting even criminals.

MATTHEW ZELL, the Apostle of the Reformation in Alsace, [b. at Kaiserberg, 1477—d. 9 Jan. 1548] who had been Rector of Freiburg in Brisgau, came to Straßburg in 1518, and was then appointed preacher of the chapel of St. Lawrence in the Cathedral, an office which he held with great acceptance for thirty years, until his death.

Zell welcomed, in the year 1523, three distinguished Reformers, who took refuge in this bulwark city from the troubles and threatening storms around them. These were (1.) His old fellow-student at Erfurt, WOLFGANG FABRICIUS KOEPFEL, latinized CAPITO [b. at Hagenau, 1478—d. 8 Dec. 1551] who came to assume the priory of St. Thomas, which Leo X. had, of his own accord, given to him two years previously. (2.) In the same month of May, came MARTIN BUCER, or rather BUTZER [b. at Schelstadt, 1491—d. at Cambridge, 28 Feb. 1552], who was accompanied by his wife. (3.) And at some other date in the same year, came the disciple of Œcolampadius, CASPAR HEDIO [b. at Ettlingen, 1494—d. at Straßburg, 17 Oct. 1552] who, with his master and Capito, had begun a Reformation at Balle, even before Luther had spoken out.

These four men led the way to the Reformation at Straßburg. The latter three are named by Roy at p. 40, together with two others of lesser fame; JOHANN KELNER or KELLER, latinized CELLARIUS, one of the best preachers of the Reformation, and some other scholar, whom he calls SYMPHORIAN. The only

person of that name about this time that we can trace is a French Doctor, Historian, and Philosopher, named Symphorien Champier, latinized Benedict Curtius Symphorianus [*b.* at Saint Symphorien le Chateau in 1472—*d.* 1533]; but he appears to have lived at Lyons, and not in any way to have been connected with the Straßburg Protestants.

2. Three years later, so far as we can judge about April 1526, the English Franciscan monk, WILLIAM ROY, journeyed from Worms to Straßburg. He had been assisting, with hearty, though not entirely disinterested effort, at the secret production of the Instrument, which he knew to be the most powerful of all others for the Reformation of his own country, viz., the printed New Testament in English. While those precious volumes were floating down the Rhine England-ward: Roy journeyed upwards, with a consciousness that, whatever else he had or had not done, his share, whether great or small, excellent or unworthy, in that translation, had forfeited for him his life, if only he could be caught by the English hierarchy.

Possibly as he travelled he thought of his mother in London; or, looking back on his early days, of his studies and university life at Cambridge, of his novitiate at the convent at Greenwich, of the hour of his solemn vow, and of his eyes being opened to the enormities and scandals of monkish life and manners, as he, in this tract, writes them down for a perpetual dishonour. He might have thought of the royal Palace hard by; he might have recalled the rise of the Lord Legate, and thought of his doings—held up herein to everlasting infamy—up to the time when he himself left England: he might then have remembered the causes of his going abroad (to us unknown, though we may certainly credit him with strong yearnings after a purer and nobler life); of his first meeting with Tyndale on the continent, either previous to his arrival at Cologne or during his residence there; then of the heavy work of writing and comparison of texts; then of the detection of their work but not of them by Cochleus, whom he contemptuously calls herein that ‘vrchyn Coclaye’; then of their flight with the printed sheets up the Rhine to Worms, and of their completion of the Quarto, and production of the Octavo edition of the Testament there. Further, he might have thought over his quarrel with Tyndale (of which he would have his own version), of their parting, and of his resolve to go onward up the Rhine valley. So, protected by the indiscriminancy of and general respect for his white garb, he safely reached Straßburg.

3. The current Protestant talk there, probably was a discussion of Luther’s tract, *De Servo Arbitrio*, printed at Wittenberg in the previous December, in answer to Erasmus’ earlier work *De libero Arbitrio*, printed at Basle in 1523, see *p.* 42; and the Theological Disputation, then going on, at Baden, in Switzerland.

At that Disputation, brought about by the twelve Swiss cantons, the Dominican John Faber, John Eck the theologian of Ingoldstadt, and the Franciscan Thomas Murner the great Roman Catholic satirist of the time, together with the legates of the Bishops of Constance, Basle, Coire, and Lucerne, defended the Mass, Prayers for the Dead, Invocation of Saints, the retention of Images, and the existence of Purgatory; against Œcolampadius and other Protestant divines. The result was indecisive, inasmuch as no change was made: every one, whether Protestant or Catholic, continuing in the same belief and practice as before. Roy refers to Faber, Eck, Murner, with Emser, at *pp.* 41, 42.

4. A year later, May 1527, one of his old companions of the Greenwich brotherhood, JEROME BARLOW, who had called on Tyndale at Worms, on his way up, found out Roy at Strasburg, and they two appear to have continued together for some months.

5. In December of that year came the news that the Bernese—the chief Swiss canton—dissatisfied with the result of the Baden Conference, and angry at its acts not having been communicated to them, had fixed another Disputation for the 7th of January following. With the invitations thereto, the Bernese sent out ten Articles, to which the Discussion was to be limited. They endeavoured to compel the representation of the neighbouring Bishops of Constance, Basle, Sion, and Lausanne, under threat of forfeiture of all their lands and goods in the canton, in the event of the non-appearance of their delegates; and they issued safe conducts to whoever else would come.

On the day of assembly, 7 Jan. 1528, representatives from Basle, Schaffhausen, Zurich, Appenzel, Strasburg, Ulm, Augsberg, Constance, Lindau, and other cities, were present, but no one appeared on behalf of the Catholic bishops. The two Bernese pastors, Francis Colb and Berthold Haller, who had drawn up the Ten Articles, were assisted by Zwingle, Œcolampadius, Bucer, Capito, Blärer, and others. On the opposite side the principal disputant was the Augustine Conrad Treiger, who, as soon as the judges decided not to admit any other authority than simple Scripture, left the place. The speeches will be found officially summarized in *Handlung oder Acta gehaltner Disputation zum Bern in ichtland*: printed by Christophel Froschover at Zurich, in 4to, with the date of 23 March 1528.

The Ten Articles were carried by a large majority, and the Disputation came to an end on 25 January 1528. Immediately after which the Mass, Altars, Images, &c., were legally suppressed in the Canton and its vicinity.

6. The effect of this Disputation was very great. Constance followed Berne; and Geneva, Constance. In Strasburg, there continued a great fight of opinion all through the year upon the

subject; until the Mass was finally abolished in that city at 8 A.M. on 20th of January 1529, by a majority of 184 to 1 of the Magistracy; 94 others voting for its provisional maintenance only until the next Diet.

One further result of the Disputation of Berne we believe to be *Rede me and be nott wrothe*. Otherwise there seems to be no immediate motive or purpose in putting into the mouth of a Strasburg priest the opening Mock-Lamentation of this Interlude bemoaning the decease of the Mass. The whole point of the Invective is that the Mass is dead but not buried. It was morally defunct but not officially abolished. As a matter of fact the Mass was not 'buried' at Strasburg till 20 February 1529, whereas we know that this Invective had been sent to England early in 1528; and on the 1st September of that year, Herman Rynck was buying up for Wolfey every copy of it that he could lay his hands upon anywhere in the Rhine valley. We were inclined to put its composition late in 1527, but we now think it was written not earlier than February or March 1528. The latest allusion in the Text seems to be the sack of Rome under Bourbon in May 1527 'now of late' see at p. 121.

8. Though Roy and Barlow lay the scene of the Interlude at Strasburg, see p. 39, it is clear that they do not localize the 'decease' to that particular town. They allude as *parts of the death struggle* to Erasmus' *De libero Arbitrio* of Sept. 1523, at p. 42; to Faber's appointment as chaplain, in 1526, to the king of the Romans, afterwards the Emperor Ferdinand II., at p. 42; and to Cochläeus' *Responsio in epistolam Bugenhagij Pomerani ad Anglos*, printed late in 1526, see p. 44; and to the defence of the Mass by the universities of Cologne and Louvain so early as 1519. So that this part of the Invective is but a dramatized representation of the Reformation-struggle in Germany, and especially during the two years 1526-8 that Roy was in the country.

9. Such being the *locale*, the quest or plot is simply this. The Mass is dead in Germany, where shall it be buried! At Rome? In France? In England? This is debated by two servants of a Strasburg priest, apparently, however, not hitherto very intimate with each other. Watkyn, evidently a citizen, is full of faith in the power of the gospel; Jeffray, a new-comer from England, who has been 'in religion a dozen years continually,' is full of the craft and subtilities of the clergy. Thus the sharpest contrast is kept up in the Dialogue. At last, they fix on A'Becket's shrine at Canterbury as the appropriate grave for the dead Mass. Who then shall be the buriers? The Cardinal? The Bishops? the Secular Clergy? the four orders of mendicant Friars? or the Observant Friars? In the discussion of their respective fitness for this purpose occurs the opportunity for exposing their misdeeds; and it is on this framework that the attack is made upon the hierarchy, priesthood, and monasticism of England.

It was from this quest, as also the refrain of the *Lamentation* on pp. 30-36, that the tract—having itself no specific title—came to be known as *The burying of the Mass in Rhyme*.

10. We now come to the other aspect of the book. Ostensibly it was written by P. G. in England, and sent to N. O., an Englishman abroad, to print. But this was but a blind. The initials N. O. P. G. [? for Q] are apparently quite arbitrary. Tyndale in May 1528, and More in 1529, proclaimed its real authors to be Roy and Barlow; and we know from Rynck's letter that the impression consisted of a thousand copies, and that it was printed by John Schott at Strasburg.

It was written for circulation in England. A fearfully dangerous book to write or even to possess at that time. Intrinsically it is one of the worthiest Satires in our language. Its spirit is excellent. *I say no thinge but trothe* is its true motto. It is more salt than bitter; and where bitter, it is more from its facts than its expression. The book is the embodiment of the repentment of its authors at the burning of Tyndale's New Testaments at Paul's Cross in 1526. They justify their writing it by the expression of their belief, that there are three stages of admonition employed by the Almighty towards wicked men. First, He shows them His word in purity. That failing, He stirs up some men's spirit to endite their faults, making utterance of their mischief. These two methods being of no avail, He destroys them with pestilence and sword. So God had sent them the English New Testament. They had burnt it. He had now stirred up these Franciscans to this general Indictment. Let them beware lest a worse thing happen unto them. Mere ribald scoffing is thus disclaimed—'I hope that the rede what ever he be/ will nott take this worke as a thing convicious/ or a principle of hatred and debate,' p. 23. Yet it is written with great strength. Witness this stroke, among others, of the lash on the professed servant of the servants of our Lord.

Mat. ¶ *Is this prowde Cardinall rycher/
Then Christ or goode Sayncte Peter/
In whose roume he dothe succede?*

Jcf. ¶ *The bosses of his mulis brydles
Myght bye Christ and His disciples
As farre as I can ever rede.—p. 122.*

But the writers' real sentiments are expressed, perhaps more than in the 'Dialogue,' in the noble 'balett' at pp. 66-69, of which this is the keynote.

Alas alas.

*The world is worffe then evyr it was,
Neuer so depe in miserable decaye/
But it cannot thus endure all waye.*

And so stanza follows stanza, with the plaintive refrain, more of faith than of hope—

But it cannot thus endure all waye,

a certain instinct of a coming Reformation, as the 'balett' itself is a record of the utmost need of one.

In strong contrast with this is the 'breve oracion' in which the writers measure themselves against the Cardinal's furiousness. Oh to have seen Wolsey reading that!

11. Thus far we have dealt with the history and literary characteristics of this *Invective*. There remain its actual assertions. So far as we have been able to test them, they are, for the most part, with but a trifling exaggeration here and there, 'no thinge but trothe.' The parties most largely flagellated are Wolsey and the Observants. Just those, in fact, whom Roy and Barlow, sometime members of the Greenwich monastery, would probably be best acquainted with. This is an incidental internal proof of their authorship of the tract. Note especially the Observant Friar carrying in his sleeve his bladder full of ginger, nutmegs, or grains, when walking his stations, *p.* 82.

An examination of the assertions is beyond our present limits. They must be taken as *prima facie* testimony respecting English society, just when monasticism was ripening to its fall. If true, as we take them to be in the main, they simply and alone, amply justify the suppression of the monasteries in this country, of which dissolution there is a forerunning cry in these lines.

Yet had we the Kynges licence!

We wolde with outen diffidence!

Their golden shrynes in peces brake, p. III.

12. In conclusion. We cannot suppose that this *Invective* exercised any very large immediate influence. Rynck effectually stopped that. It is surprising that any of the thousand copies should have escaped the sweep of his net, and the subsequent hunt by Wolsey and More. The first edition must ever be regarded as a suppressed book. So much is this so, that it actually does not occur in the list of suppressed books of 1542. Yet its truths and facts found expression in other contemporary writings; while posterity is much indebted to the two Franciscans for these excellent photographs of English clerical life of the time, of the proud insolent oppressiveness and ungodly living of the King's favourite; and of the advent and official reception upon English soil of the printed vernacular New Testaments.

Nowe hidder come to REMAYNE. p. 118.

NOTES

respecting

WILLIAM ROY AND JEROME BARLOW,

Observant Friars of the Order of St. Francis, and belonging to the
Monastery of Greenwich.

* *Approximate or probable dates.*

We have in the Facsimile Text of *The First Printed New Testament* published in the spring of this year (1870), sifted and collected into one focus most of the contemporary evidence now extant respecting the translation, circulation, burning, and confiscation of our first printed English Testaments. Among the evidence therein adduced will be found quotations from the present text, which occur on pp. 114-120, 46-7, of this Reprint, which are contemporary testimony to Wolsey's secret Council with the Bishops, and especially the subsequent burning before Bp. Toustal at Paul's Cross, of copies of Tyndale's New Testament.

We need not therefore go over that ground again here, nor quote the original Latin texts which will be found in that volume. Our immediate purpose now is to give such few particulars as are known of these two friars, and we will, for that intent, take as proved facts, the results arrived at in that Facsimile Text.

Bp. Tanner [*Notit. Monast.* edit. Nasm. Pref. p. xiii.] gives the following account of the Friars-minors:—

“St. Francis, who was contemporary with St. Dominic, but of another country, being born at Assise in Italy, in the province of Umbria, and duchy of Spoleto, A.D. 1182, was founder of the Franciscan, Grey, or Minor Friars. The first name they had from their founder, the second from their grey clothing, and the third they took out of pretended humility. Their rule was drawn up by St. Francis, A.D. 1209; approved by Pope Innocent III. A.D. 1210, and by the general Lateran Council A.D. 1215. Their habit was a loose garment of a grey colour, reaching down to their ankles, with a cowl of the same, and a cloak over it when they went abroad. They girded themselves with cords, and went barefooted. Davenport saith, they came into England A.D. 1219. But the general opinion is, that they came hither A.D. 1224, and had their first House at Canterbury, and their second at London.

“Some considerable relaxation having by degrees crept into this Order, it was thought requisite to reform it, and to reduce it, as near as might be, to its first rule and institution. Whereupon such as continued under the relaxation were called CONVENTUALS, and such as accepted the reformation were called OBSERVANTS or RECOLLECTS. This reformation was begun about A.D. 1400, by St. Bernard or Bernardin of Sienna, confirmed by the Council of Constance A.D. 1414, and afterwards by Eugenius IV. and other Popes. King Edward the Fourth is commonly said to have brought them [*i.e.* the Observants] into England, but I find no certain account of their being here till King Henry the Seventh built two or three houses for them.”—*Quoted in Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum*, viii. 1502, Ed. 1830.

Lysons gives the following account of the Monastery at Greenwich:—

“King Henry the Seventh, by his charter bearing date 1486, after reciting that his predecessor King Edward IVth had, by the Pope's license, given to certain Minorites, or Observant Friars of the Order of St. Francis, a piece of ground adjoining to his palace, on which were some ancient buildings; and that these Friars having taken possession, and having laid the first stone with great solemnity, began to build several small mansions in honour of the Virgin Mary, St. Francis, and All Saints, granted and confirmed the said premises, and founded a Convent of Friars of the Order above described, to consist of a Warden and twelve brethren at the least. It is said he afterwards rebuilt their Convent for them from their foundation. Katherine (Henry the

Eighth's first queen) was a great favourer of the Convent and their Order: she appointed one of the Monks of Greenwich, father John Forrest, to be her confessor: and used, while resident at this place, to rise at midnight and join the monks in their devotions. They returned this friendship by openly espousing her cause when the business of her divorce was agitated, which so far enraged the King that he suppressed the whole Order throughout England."—*Idem*, p. 1512.

*1486.

WILLIAM TYNDALE, born not earlier than this year.

WILLIAM ROY was educated at Cambridge. See Cooper.

Atk. Cantab. i. 44. *Ed.* 1858.

1521—3

TYNDALE is tutor in the family of Sir John Walsh, at Little Sodbury in Gloucestershire.

1523 *OCT.

TYNDALE arrives in London. Applies to Tonstall, Bp. of London, to be his chaplain, thinking to have translated the Testament. The Bp. declines his services. Having no living at all, he then went to Humphrey Monmouth, a London cloth-merchant, who befriends him.

1524 *MAY.

TYNDALE leaves London and goes to Hamburg.

1525 *APRIL or *MAY.

TYNDALE received, probably at Hamburg, a remittance from Monmouth.

1525 *JULY or *AUG.

TYNDALE and ROY arrive at Cologne, and commence a secret impression of the English New Testament in the printing-house of Peter Quentel, the celebrated printer of that city.

1525 *SEPT.

JOHN DOBNECK, surnamed COCHLÆUS, gives the following account of how he stopped their work:—"Having thus become more intimate and familiar with the Cologne printers, he sometimes heard them confidently boast, when in their cups, that whether the King

and Cardinal of England would or not, all England would in short time be Lutheran. He heard also that there were two Englishmen lurking there, learned, skilful in languages, and fluent, whom, however, he never could see or converse with. Calling, therefore, certain printers into his lodging, after they were heated with wine, one of them, in more private discourse, discovered to him the secret by which England was to be drawn over to the side of Luther—namely, That three thousand copies of the Lutheran New Testament, translated into the English language, were in the press, and already were advanced as far as the letter K, in *ordine quaternionum* [*i. e.* in quarto]. That the expenses were fully supplied by English merchants: who were secretly to convey the work when printed, and to disperse it widely through all England, before the King or Cardinal could discover or prohibit it.

Cochlæus being inwardly affected by fear and wonder, disguised his grief, under the appearance of admiration. But another day, considering with himself the magnitude of the grievous danger, he cast in mind by what method he might expeditiously obstruct these very wicked attempts. He went, therefore, secretly to Herman Rinck, a patrician of Cologne and Military Knight, familiar both with the Emperor and the King of England, and a Counsellor, and disclosed to him the whole affair, as, by means of the wine, he had received it. He, that he might ascertain all things more certainly, sent another person into the house where the work was printing, according to the discovery of Cochlæus: and when he had understood from him that the matter was even so, and that there was great abundance of paper there, he went to the Senate, and so brought it about that the printer was interdicted from proceeding farther in that work. The two English apostates, snatching away with them the quarto sheets printed, fled by ship, going up the Rhine to Worms, where the people were under the full rage of Lutheranism, that there, by another printer, they might complete the work begun. Rinck and Cochlæus, however, immediately advised by their letters the King, the Cardinal, and the Bishop of Rochester [Fisher], that they might, with the greatest diligence, take care lest that most pernicious article of merchandise should be conveyed into all ports of England." The original of this is *De Actis et Scriptis Martini Lutheri*, pp. 132-134, *Ed.* 1549.

∴ It is specially to be observed that Cochläus did not see the two Englishmen nor a sheet of their impression; he seems also not to have known even their names.

1525. DEC. 2. Dr. LEE, the king's almoner, journeying through France into Spain, thus writes to the king from Bordeaux:—"Please it your Highnesse moreover to understand that I am certainlie enformed as I passed in this contree that an Englishman, your subject, at the solicitation and instance of Luther, with whome he is, hathe translated the Newe Testament in to English, and within fewe days entendethe to arrive with the same emprinted in England."—*Cott. Vesp. E. iii. fol. 211. orig.*

1526. *JAN. or *FEB. The New Testaments were finished at Worms. Now comes Tyndale's own explicit testimony, and the earliest mention of Roy by name. "Whyle I abode a faythful companyon which now hath taken an other vyage vpon him/ to preach christ where (I suppose) he was neuer yet preached (God which put in his herte thyther to goo sende his sprite with him/ comforte him and bringe his purpose to good effecte) one William Roye a man somewhat craftye when he cometh vnto new acquayntance and before he be throw knowen and namely when all is spent/ came vnto me and offered his helpe. As longe as he had no money/ somewhat I could ruele him: but as sone as he had gotten him money/ he became lyke hym selfe agayne. Neuerthelesse I suffered all thinges tyll yat was ended whych I coulde not doo alone without one both to wryte and to helpe me to compare ye textes together. When that was ended I toke my leue and bode him farewell for oure two liues/ and as men saye a daye longer." Preface to *The Parable of the Wycked Mammon*, finished at Marburg 8 May 1528.

It is clear from this that Roy was with Tyndale from the time he first joined until the printing was completely finished. 'The faythful companyon' does not seem to have been concerned in the translation and printing at all, but merely to have been Tyndale's friend and solace. Otherwise his leaving the translator in the emergency and with his good wishes, is inexplicable. Therefore Roy was the other Englishman who fled with Tyndale up the Rhine.

So the work having at length come to an end, Tyndale set himself to prepare

1526. SPRING. for translating the Old Testament by studying Hebrew. What became of Roy he thus us in continuation:
"After we were departed he went/ and gate him new frendes which thinge to doo he passeth all that euer I yet knewe. And there when he had stored hym of money he gote him to Argentine where he professeth wonderfull faculties and maketh bost of no small thinges."—*Idem.*

1527. SPRING. He then thus introduces us to Jerome Barlow—
"A yere after that and now. xii. monethes before the pryntinge of this worke/ [finished 8 May 1528,] came one Ierom a brother of Grenewich also/ thorow wormes to Argentine/ [Strasbourg] sayenge that he entended to be Christes disciple an other whyle and to kepe (as nye God wolde gyue him grace) the profession of his baptim/ and to gett his lyuing with his handes/ and to lyue no longer ydely and of the swete and labour of those captuyes whiche they had taught/ not to byleue in Chryst: but in cuttshoues and russet coetes. Which Ierom with all diligence I warned of Royes boldnesse and exhorted hym to bewarre of hym and to walke quyetly and with all pacience and longe sufferinge accordinge as we haue Chryste and his apostles for an ensample/ which thinge he also promysed me. Neuerthelesse when he was comen to Argentine William Roye (whos tonge is able not only to make foles sterke madde/ but also to disceyue the wisest that is at the fyrst syght and acquayntaunce) gate him to hym and set him a werke to make rymes/ whyle he hym selfe translated a dialoge out of laten in to Englysh/ in whose prologe he promyseth moare a greate deal than I fere me he wyll euer paye."

This passage indubitably fixes the authorship of *Rede me and be nott wrothe* upon these two Franciscan friars; more particularly assigning to Barlow its expression and to Roy its matter; not but what Roy must have been indebted to Barlow, who apparently had come straight from England, for some of his home facts, down to say April 1527.

Roy's translation 'out of laten' above referred to is apparently now lost. The title of the original Latin text, of unknown authorship, is given by Mr. Park, in *Harleian Misc.*, ix. 3, *Ed.* 1812, as *Inter patrem Christianum et filium contumacem dialogum Christianum*. It was written against the seven sacraments, as the following passage in Sir T. More's *Supplicacyon of Soulys*, published in the summer of 1529, proves.

"They parceyuyng thys/ haue therfore furste assayd the furst way all redy/ sendyng forth Tyndals translacyon of the new testament in such wyse handled as yt should haue bene the fountayn and well spryng of all theyr hole heresies. For he had corrupted and purposely changed in many placys the text/ with such wordys as he myght make yt seme to the vnlearned people/ that the scrypture affirmed theyr heresytes it selfe. Then cam sone after out in prynt the dyalogue of frere Roy and frere Hyerome/ betwene ye father and ye sonne agaynst ye sacrament of ye aluter; and the blasphemouse boke entytled the beryng of the masse. [i.e. *Rede me, &c.*] Then cam forth after Tyndals wykkyd boke of Mammona [dated 8 May 1528] and after that his more wykkyd boke of obdyence [dated 2 October 1528]. *Jol. xix. b.*" 1528. AUG. 5. Wolsey sends orders to Rynck to buy up everywhere books printed in English, and to arrest Roy and Tyndale.

SEPT. 1. Rynck gets Roy's books out of the pawn of the Frankfort

OCT. 4. Jews. He writes thus to Wolsey: "Most holy and most gracious father in Christ, most merciful lord—after offering my humble and willing service to your Holiness's pleasure, with grateful and sincere mind, I wish to inform your grace and fatherhood as follows.

Your grace's letters dated August 5, at your palace of Hampton Court, were given to me by John West priest of the order of St. Francis *de Observantia*, at Cologne on Sept. 21, having been sent on from Frankfort by a swift messenger in two days, which letters ordered me to buy up everywhere books printed in English, and to arrest Roy and Hutchins. They and their accomplices have not been seen at Frankfort since Easter and the market after Lent, and it is not known whither they have gone, and whether they are alive or dead. John Schott, citizen of Strasburg, their engraver, says he does not know whither they have vanished. Their books indeed are stuffed with heresy, full of envy and slander against your grace's glory and honour, and what is worst and contrary to Christian charity, make the king's serenity, my most kind and noble lord and illustrious prince, infamous to all worshippers of Christ. However, I, as a most humble, faithful and diligent servant, three weeks before receiving your grace's letters, heard and perceived that those very books had been pawned to the Jews at Frankfort for a certain sum of money, and then, on my own account, I laboured and endeavoured to get hold of them as soon as possible. The engraver [i.e. printer], John Schott, demanded beside the interest for the Jews, the pay for his labour and the expense of the paper, and said that he should sell them to whoever would give the most money. So, as your grace had sent me letters and commissions from England, I immediately spared neither my person, my money, nor my trouble, (as I was bound to do,) but made use of the privileges previously received from his Imperial Majesty. I gained over the consuls of Frankfort and some senators and judges, by gifts and presents, so that I might scrape and heap together all those books from every place; which was done in three or four places, so that I hope that all of those books yet printed are in my possession, except two which your grace's commissary the above named John West asked for and received from me for the greater profit and advantage of the king's grace and yours. Two books indeed, I gave him, as I found him faithful and diligent for your grace, whom he has often served and doubtless will in future serve. Unless I had discovered it, and interfered, the books would have been enclosed and hidden in paper covers, packed in ten bundles covered with linen and conveyed in time by sea, craftily and without exciting any suspicion to Scotland and England, where they would have been sold only as blank paper; but I think that very few, or none, have been exported or sold. Besides I have . . . and procured from the consuls of Frankfort a prohibition strengthened by oaths, of their

further printing from copper types, and the engraver himself is bound by his oath to send me the original written copy. In addition to this, I will endeavour in every way to arrest Roy and Hutchins and other opponents and rebels of the king's grace and yours, and to find out where they live, as John West, and my son Hermann Rynck and John Geilkyrche my servant will assure you by word of mouth, to whom your grace may give credence just as to myself, for they will keep silence concerning and conceal whatever orders your grace gives them. I send them now to the king's grace and yours, chiefly on account of the favourable issue of the business, and that I may show and do a thing pleasing to the king's grace and yours."

" . . . These privileges, in my opinion, contain that throughout the whole Roman Empire, especially in Germany, no rebels or traitors to the king of England shall be kept or suffered, much less heretics who excite sedition among the Christians of the whole kingdom of England. By force of this privilege, Edmund de la Pole, who called himself the duke of Suffolk, was demanded by king Philip, to be sent into England, as was fitting. Then William Roy, William Tyndale, Jerome Barlow, Alexander Barclay, and their adherents, formerly Observants of the order of St. Francis, but now apostates, George Constans also, and many other rebels of the king's grace, ought to be arrested, punished and delivered up on account of Lutheran heresy, which ought to be blotted out and rooted up, to confirm the Christian faith, of which there is much need in the kingdom of England. This opinion of mine the aforesaid privilege will show much more clearly, but I have retained no copy of it. Your grace's excellent prudence however will be able to consider and manage these matters more prudently than I can express them in writing. When therefore such a mandate comes to me hither, I will execute it to the honour of Almighty God, your grace and the whole realm of England, as a Christian, and with all my diligence, strength and care.

In this manner therefore, for the safety and profit of the king's grace and yours, and of all the subjects of the English realm, both religious and secular, as far as I could with divine help, and according to your grace's command, I searched for heretical books, sparing neither labour nor money. I went to the market at Frankfort with a papal and imperial mandate, using especially the privileges or mandates which I obtained from the late Emperor Maximilian and now hold from the present Emperor Charles. I compelled the engraver John Schott to take an oath before the consuls, judges, and senators of Frankfort to confess how many of such books he had printed in English, German, French or other languages. Then he confessed on oath that he had only printed hitherto a thousand books of six quires [or signatures. This is Roy's translation 'out of laten'], and a thousand of nine quires [The first edition of this Invective consists of nine signatures. A to I.] in the English tongue, at the order of Roy and Hutchins, who had no money to pay for the books printed, much less to have them printed in other languages. Wherefore I bought almost all these, and have them at my house at Cologne, as my son will show your grace and will request your grace to inform me what you wish to be done with the books so bought, which shall then be executed and done with all diligence as far as possible to me and mine with God's favour, to show our duty to the king's grace and yours. So may your grace fare well for many happy years. Dated at Cologne, 4 October, 1528."

Rynck confounds Tyndale with Roy: otherwise his secret information seems exact and true.

1528. DEC. 17. In a letter of this same red-hot zealot, West, we obtain the following further valuable information:—

" Syr. The cause of my writing unto your Mastership at this time is this. Our father minister, who is Father William Robbynson, Warder of Greenwich, was yesterday or this day, at my Lord's Grace to complain upon me, and that my Lord should take away the commission from me. And all because they will not let me come to *London* and to *seek* for them that my Lord knoweth of, and to enquire *where Roy was, when he was in England with his mother*, and for other sort of business according to my

commission, And they have great indignation at me because I have *sped so well*, and because there are more of them guilty in the matter of Lutherans.

Wherefore I pray you to help now as my special trust is in you, and the sooner the better. If you can get the obediency send it to me to Greenwich by one of your servants, and that he deliver it to no man but to myself. For I am weary of my life among them; and all because I see them that they be willing to maintain these rebellious heretics in their mischief, and they pray to God that they might not [? be taken]. At Greenwich, at our convent, the xvii December A° Dom. 1528. JOHN WEST." *The original is Cotton. MS. Vitell. B. x. f. 171.*

1529. [? 2 FEB.] Simon Fish's *Supplication of the Beggars* is scattered in the streets of London. It is alluded to at p. 144.

SUMMER. Sir T. More answers it in *The Supplication of Soulys*, also alluded to at p. 144.

1530. SPRING. *A proper Dyalogue* is printed at Marburg.

Richard Bayfield, sometime Chamberlain of the Benedictine Monastery of Bury St Edmunds, having gone abroad to Tyndale and Fryth, returns with a large supply of Protestant

MIDSUMMER. books in Latin and English, which he lands at Colchester in Midsummer 1530.

NOV. He lands a second supply at St Catharines at Allhallow tide: but George Constantine having betrayed the consignment to Sir T. More, the Lord Chancellor seizes the whole of them.

1531. EASTER. Undaunted, he lands a third supply in Norfolk, and brings them to London in a mail.

Nov. He is arrested in Mark Lane, London.

NOV. 10—21. He undergoes several examinations.

NOV. 27. He is burnt at or near Newgate.

DEC. 3 Both the works here printed, are prohibited at Paul's Cross.

See List of proscribed books in Lambeth Library MSS. 306. fol. 65. col. 2. printed in *Political, Religious, and Love Poems*. Ed. by Mr. Furnivall. 1866.

Sir T. More, in the Preface to his *Confutacyon of Tyndall's Answer. &c.* of 1532, in giving a long catalogue, more or less accurate, of Protestant books, has the following ribald passage respecting Roy, to whom he attributes Tyndale's *Exposition of I. Corinthian*. vii. c.—

"That work hath no name of the maker, but some wene yt was frere Roy/ whych when he was fallen in heresy, then founde yt vnlawfull to lyue in chastyte, and ranne out of hys order, and hath synues sought many a false vnyefull way to lyue by/ wherein he made so many chaunges, that as Bayfeld a nother heretyque and late burned in smythfeld tolde vnto me/ he made a mete ende at laste, and was burned in Portugal."

Bayfield was very likely to know about Roy, and very unlikely to tell the Lord Chancellor anything to his detriment. That Roy should have got to Portugal is at present quite unaccountable; and provokes the supposition that the Martyr put More on a wrong scent. The archives of that country would readily prove whether an English heretic friar was burnt in that country between 1528—1531.

With this notice dies out our present information respecting the Authors of this Invective: unless the slightest possible notice of Roy by Bp. Bale in his *Illustrium majoris &c.* f. 256. Ed. 1548 be taken into account.

OUTLINE OF THE CAREER
of
THOMAS WOLSEY,

Cardinal Archbishop of York, &c.,
And some Notes of his Children.

Taken chiefly from Thomas' *Historical Notes*, i. Ed. 1856; Le Neve's *Fasti Eccles. Angli.* Ed. 1858, &c.; and *The Life of Wolsey*, by his Gentleman Usher [? George Cavendish].

1470. Oct. 9. Henry VI. restored to the throne.

1471. MAR. Thomas, the son of Thomas and Joan Wolsey, *b.* at Ipswich. Cavendish says, 'an honest poore man's son.' A. Wood, who somewhat preposterously calls such an untamed tiger as Wolsey 'the greatest, most noble, and most disinterested clergyman of that age,' accuses the author of *Rede me, &c.*, whom he ignorantly calls a 'canting and severe Puritan,' of first saying that he was a butcher's son; but the statement—in itself no degradation to an honest mind—occurs much earlier. Mr. Furnivall has printed in *Ballads from MSS.* i. Ed. 1870, a poem written about 1520, now *Harl. MS.* 2,252, fol. 156, in which occur these lines—

To see a Churl, a Butcher's cur,
To reign and rule in such honour.

John Skelton, writing in 1522-3, *Why come ye nat to Courte*; thus refers to it:—

How be it the primordial	And his greasy genealogy,
Of his wretched original,	He came of the <i>sang royal</i>
And his base progeny,	That was cast out of a butcher's stall.

For which poem he fled for sanctuary to Westminster Abbey, where, protected by the Abbot Islip, he lived until his death on 29 June 1529.

- 1471. April 14. Edward IV. restored to the throne.
- 1483. April 9—June 25. Edward V. titular King.
- 1483. June. Richard III. seizes the Crown.
- 1485. Aug. 22. Henry VII. comes to the Crown.

Wolsey's Gentleman Usher states of him—'Being but a child, was very apt to be learned; wherefore by the means of his parents, or of his good friends, and masters, he was conveyed to the university of Oxonford, where he shortly prospered so in learning, *as he told me by his owne mouthe*, he was made Bachelor of Arts, when he past not fifteen years of

- 1486. made Bachelor of Arts, when he past not fifteen years of age, in so much that for the rareness of his age, he was called most commonly, through the University, the Boy Bachelor.
- 1500. OCT. 10. WOLSEY is made Fellow of Magdalen college, and Master of Magdalen school.' Is instituted Parson of Lymington, near Ilchester, in Somersetshire.
- 1507. AUTUMN. Performs a journey for the king from Richmond to Flanders and back in 80 hours.
- 1509. FEB. 2. Is collated Dean of Lincoln.
- FEB. 8. Is collated Prebend (Welton Brinkhall) of Lincoln.
- MAR. 25. Is installed Dean of Lincoln by *proxy*.
- 1509. April 22. Henry VIII. succeeds to the throne.
- 1509. MAY 3. Exchanges his Prebendaryship for that of Stow Longa in the same Cathedral.
- AUG. 21. Is installed as Dean in *person*.
Is introduced by Fox, Bp. of Winchester, to the Court.
Is made the King's Almoner.
- 1510. Is made Rector of Torrington.
- JULY. 5. Is made Prebend of Hereford. [Resigns it in Jan. 1512].
- 1511 FEB. 17. Is appointed Canon of Windsor. [Resigns it in 1512].

16 CAREERS OF CARDINAL WOLSEY & HIS CHILDREN.

1512. JAN. 16. Is made Prebend [Bugthorpe] of York. [Resigns it on being made Bp. of Lincoln in 1514.]
1512. ? Is made Dean of Hereford. [Resigns it 3 Dec. 1512.]
1513. FEB. 19. Is elected Dean of York. Is admitted Dean FEB. 21. [Resigns it 6 April 1514, having been made Bp. of Lincoln.] Becomes Prime Minister, and has the direction of the supplies for the army invading France. Is made Bp. of Tournay on its capture.
- JULY 8. Is collated Precentor of St. Paul's, London. [Resigns it in 1514, on being made a Bp.]
- 1513-14. He obtains the Abbey of St. Amand.
1514. FEB. 6. Papal Bulls of Provision to the see of Lincoln. MARCH 4, Receives the temporalities. MARCH 27, Is consecrated at Lambeth by Archbp. Warham. Resigns various smaller preferments as above.
- JULY 14. Cardinal Bainbridge, Archbishop of York, is poisoned at Rome. Wolsey is appointed his successor. AUG. 5, As Archbp. elect, is entrusted with the custody of the temporalities.
- SEPT. 15. Papal bulls for his translation, which are published in York Cathedral on DEC. 3.
1515. Fox, Bp. of Winchester, retires in disgust at Wolsey. The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk soon follow.
- SEPT. 10. Wolsey is made a Cardinal by the title of *Sancta Cæcilia trans Tiberim*.
- DEC. 22. Archbp. Warham resigns the Lord Chancellorship, and retires from Court. Wolsey succeeds him on the same day.
1517. Appointed to collect the Tenth levied by the Popes for the recovery of the duchy of Urbino. A pension is assigned to him by the king of Spain.
1518. MAY 17. Appointed Joint-legate with Cardinal Campeggio.
- JULY 29. Campeggio makes his entry into London.
- JULY 30. Papal Bull to hold see of Bath and Wells *in commendam*. AUG. 28, Obtains the temporalities.
- OCT. Pension of 12,000 livres Tournais allowed him for the loss of the Bishopric of that town.
1519. Campeggio is recalled.
- JUNE 10. Papal commission as sole Legate. Erects a Legate's court. Is godfather to the second son of Francis I. The Archbp. of Canterbury complains to the king of Wolsey oppressing the clergy. The judge of the Legate's court is convicted. Wolsey consequently hates Warham still more. He had already been violently offended with him, for subscribing himself *Your brother of Canterbury*.
1520. MAY—JULY. Accompanies the King at *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*.
1521. APR. His Legatine power is enlarged by Bull.
- JULY. Mediator at the Congress of Calais. Abbey of St. Albans granted to him *in commendam*.
1522. Is disappointed of the Papacy. Adrian VI. chosen. Wolsey had two illegitimate children—a son, THOMAS WINTER, to whom he gave many ecclesiastical offices before he was of age, which Winter resigned on his father's fall: and also a daughter, who was a nun at Salisbury. [*Brewer*]
- MAR. 27. In order to support the war against France without calling a Parliament, Wolsey orders by warrant a survey or valuation of the lands and property. This was followed by a general loan of the Tenth on the lay subjects, and the Fourth on the clergy. This made great noise all over the kingdom against the Cardinal.
1522. MAR. 28. WINTER is made Prebend of Lincoln. [He resigns it in 1529.]
1523. JAN. 9. Winter is made Prebend and also Archdeacon of York. He resigns both in Dec. 1529.]
- APR. 15. Convocation and Parliament assemble on the same day. Wolsey demands and obtains from the clergy a subsidy of Half their annual revenue, and gets it. He demands 4s. in the pound of the Commons, and gets 2s. He is much mortified at the Commons. His Legate-ship prolonged for five years.
- MAY. Is again disappointed of the Papacy. Clement VII. elect d.

Winter is made Chancellor of Salisbury. [He resigns it in 1529.]

APR. 30. Wolsey receives the temporalities of the see of Durham *in commendam*, having resigned Bath and Wells.

1524. JAN. 9. His Legantine powers are granted to him for life.
First suppression of monasteries for his intended colleges at Ipswich and Oxford.

Wolsey is now at the summit of his greatness. He remains, for yet five years as great a man as a subject could well be.

1525. Commotions near London on account of taxes: The King is furious. Wolsey appeases him, and gives him Hampton Court Palace. Henry allows him in exchange to live in his palace at Richmond.

1526. Further suppression of monasteries for his colleges.

MAR. 24. Winter is made Archdeacon of Richmond. [He resigns it in 1529.]

MAR. 26. Winter is made Dean of Wells. [He resigns it in 1528.]

1527. JULY—SEPT. Wolsey makes his astonishingly pompous progress to Amiens and back, as Ambassador Extraordinary to the French King, in order to negotiate a match between the Duke of Orleans and the Princess, afterwards Queen Mary.

JULY He sends Dr. Knight, Secretary of State, to Rome touching the divorce.

1528. JAN. He orders the heralds, Clarencieux and Guienne, to declare war against Spain, without the King's knowledge. Henry orders this matter to be examined in Council. Wolsey makes his peace with the king.

Third suppression of monasteries for his colleges.

1529. APR. 6. Receives temporalities of the see of Winchester *in commendam*, having resigned Durham.

MAR. 31. Campeggio and he open the court to try the divorce question.

AUTUMN. Whilst these things were thus in hand, the cardinal of Yorke was aduised that the king had set his affection vpon a young gentlewoman named Anne, the daughter of Sir Thomas Bullen, vicount Rochford, which did wait vpon the queene. This was a great grieffe vnto the cardinall, as he that perceiued aforehand, that the king would marie the said gentlewoman, if the diourse took place. Wherefore he began with all diligençe to disappoint that match, which by reason of the misliking that he had to the woman, he iudged ought to be auoided more than present death. While the matter stood in this state, and that the cause of the queene was to be heard and iudged at Rome, by reason of the appeale which by hir was put in: the cardinal required the pope by letters and secret messengers, that in anie wise he should defer the iudgement of the diourse, till he might frame the kings mind to his purpose. Howbeit he went about nothing so secretlie, but that the same came to the kings knowledge, who tooke so high displeasure with such his cloked dissimulation, that he determined to abase his degree, sith as an vnthankfull person he forgot himselfe and his dutie towards him that had so highlie aduanced him to all honor and dignitie. *Holinshed*. lii. 908, *Ed.* 1586.

OCT. 19. He delivers up the Great Seal to the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk. The king orders him to go to Esher. He is stripped of all his offices except his Archbishoprick.

NOV. 3. Parliament meets. He is impeached.

1530. LENT. He removes to Richmond.

APRIL. He journeys to the north, and lives in his Archbishoppal residence at Cawood.

NOV. 4. Friday. He is arrested there by the Earl of Northumberland for high treason. He was to have been enthroned with high pomp as archbp. on the following Monday.

NOV. 29. Journeying towards London, he dies at Leicester Abbey on Tuesday 29 Nov. at 8 A.M.: æt. 59.

His Gentleman Usher says, 'I assure you, in his time, he was the haughtiest man in all his proceedings alive.'

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

* Editions not seen.

Rede me and be nott wrothe.

I.—*Separate publication.*

1. [1528. Strasburg.] See title on opposite page. There are at present two
1 vol. 8vo. copies in the British Museum; one with pressmark C. 21. a,
the other in the Grenville Collection, No. 11,167.
4. [1845. London.] A simple reprint, in black letter, of No. 1, by the Chis-
1 vol. 8vo. wick Press.

II.—*With other works.*

3. 1812. London. *The Harleian Miscellany*. Ed. by T. PARK, F.S.A.
10 vols. 4to. *Rede me, &c.*, occupies vol. ix. 1-83. Ed. 1812.
5. 1871. SEPT. 20. London, 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*; see title at p. 1.

III.—*Adaptations, &c.*

- *2. 1546. JUNE 30, Wesel. Printed by Henry Nycholson. Ed. by L. R.
1 vol. 8vo. [? A further carrying out of the arbitrary letters L, N O, P Q, R.]

A Proper Dyaloge, &c.

∴ The only known copy of the Dyaloge was discovered by Lord Arthur Harvey in the library at Ickworth, in the autumn of 1862.

II.—*With A compendious olde Treatise, &c.*

1. 1530. Marburg. See title at p. 129, and Colophon at p. 184. 23 leaves.
1 vol. 8vo. The press-mark of the Museum copy is C. 37. a.
- *2. [1530. Marburg.] It would seem that when the *olde Treatise* was sepa-
rately printed (see No. 2 below) that this *Dyaloge* was also
reprinted. Oldys in his *Harl. Pamphlets*, No. 173, quotes such a copy,
without date or name of place or printer, on 24 leaves.
3. 1863. London. The same, reproduced in facsimile (by hand-traced litho-
1 vol. 8vo. graphy), with an Introduction, by FRANCIS FRY, Esq. F.S.A.
4. 1871. SEPT. 20. London, 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

A compendious olde Treatyse, &c.

A MS. copy of this *lettre* was bequeathed by Archbp. Parker to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. It has the following title:—*A determination of a doctor of divinity against them that say it is not lawfull to have holy writte and other bookes in Englishe.* J. Nasmith's *Cat.*, &c., p. 333, Ed. 1777.

I.—*As a separate publication.*

2. 1530. Marburg. A compendious olde treatyse/ howe that we ought to
1 vol. have ye Scripture in Englysshe/ COL. Emprinted at Marl-
8 leaves. borow in the lande of Hessen/ be my Hans Luft/ in the yere
of oure lorde M.CCCCC. and .XXX. It has 34 lines to a page. A perfectly
distinct edition from No. 1. The press-mark of the Museum copy is C. 25. d.
3. [? 1546.] London. A compendious Olde treatyse shewynge/ howe that we
1 vol. 8vo. ought to haue the Scripture in Englyshe with the Auctours.
COL. ¶ Imprinted by me Rycharde Banckes/ dwellynge
in gracious streete/ besyde the cundyte. The Museum copy is C. 37. b.

II.—*With other works.*

1. 1530. Marburg. At the end of *A proper Dyaloge, &c.* See title at p.
1 vol. 8vo. 170. and Col. at p. 184. It is printed 32 lines to a page, some-
9 leaves. what narrower than those in No. 2.
4. 1563. London. The *Olde Treatise* is included in the *first* edition only
1 vol. folio. of JOHN FOX's *Actes and Monumentes, &c.*, pp. 452-5.
5. 1844-6. London. It is consequently reprinted in the edition of that work
8 vols. 8vo. by the Rev. T. TOWNSEND, M.A., in vol. iv. 671-676.
6. 1863. Bristol. 1 vol. 8vo. Facsimiled by Mr. Fry, with the *Dyaloge, &c.*
7. 1871. SEPT. 20. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*. see title at p. 1

Rede me and be nott wrothe,
For I saye no thynge but trothe.

I will ascende makynge my state so hye/
That my pompous honoure shall never dye.



© Caytife when thou thynkest least of all/
With confusion thou shalt have a fall.

[In the original edition, the griffons, club, and Cardinal's hat are painted red. In which way drops of blood are represented as falling from the edges of the six axes.]

The description of the armes.

Of the prowde Cardinall this is the shelde
 Borne vp betwene two angels off Sathan.
 The fixe blouddy axes in a bare felde
 Sheweth the cruelte of the red man/
 whiche hathe devoured the beautifull swan.
 Mortall enmy vnto the whyte Lion/
 Carter of Yorcke/ the vyle butchers sonne.

The fixe bulles heddes in a felde blacke
 Betokeneth hys stordy furiousnes
 Wherfore the godly lyght to put abacke
 He bryngeth in hys dyvlishe darcknes.
 The bandog in the middes doth expresse
 The mastif Curre bred in Ypswitch towne
 Gnawynge with his teth a kynges crowne.

The cloubbe signifieth playne hys tyranny
 Covered over with a Cardinals hatt
 Wherin shalbe fulfilled the prophecy
 Aryse vp Iacke and put on thy salatt/
 For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt
 The temporall cheualry thus thrown downe
 Wherby prest take hede and beware thy crowne.

To his singuler goode frendt and bro-
ther in Christ Master. P. G. P

O. desyreth grace and pea-
ce from God the fat-
her/ thorowe the-
lorde Iesus
Christ.



Y your laste letter/ dere brother in
Christ/ I perceved/ that youre de-
fyre was/ to have the lytle worke
which ye sent/ wele examened/ and
diligently put into prynt. Which
thyng (the bonde of charitie/
where with not alonly Joh. xv

you and I/ but we with the whole nombre of Christis
chosen flocke/ rema[n]yng amonge oure nacion of en-
gliffhe men/ are knet together/ purly for the truthes
fake pondered) I coule do no lesse but fulfill and
accomplysse. For as moche as it is a thyng so
necessary. Where of no doute/ shall spryng grett
frute vnto the sammiffhed/ and lyght vnto theym which
of longe seafon have bene fore blynd- Ma. xxv
folded. Though the rammysshe refydue of gotes/ so
farre envred with mannis blynde reason (which repute
grett felicite to make men beleve/ goode to be the
naturall cause of evill/ darknes to procede oute of
light) and lyinge to be grownded in trouth/ Mat. xxiiij.
and to make of the worde of lyfe the glave of death/
contrary to all trueth) that scripture calleth theym faulce
teachers/ and bryngers in prevely of dampnable sectes/
even denyng the lorde that bought theym/ ij. pe. j. ij

and brynge on their owne heddes fwyfte dampnacion/
 for their leadynge of many into their dampnable
 ap. xvij waies. Of whose boddies annd foules thus
 Ma. vij once blynded and ledde out of the narowe
 waye of lyfe/ into the broade waye of perdition/
 thorowe covetoufnes they make their marchandyse.
 ij. Pet. ij Wherby the waye of trueth (that is to faye
 the glorious gospell of Christ) is evill spocken of. In
 fo moche that they after this manner sealed with the
 marke of the grett beast of the erth/ whose
 apo. xvj. j. ti. iiij consciences. S. paul descrybeth to be
 finged with the hott yeron of blasphemy/ only geve
 hede to the spretres of erreure/ and dyvelysse doc-
 tryne of theym which speake faulce through hipocrify/
 iiij. forbyddyng to mary/ and commaundyng
 to abstayne from meates and soche wother) cannot
 but barke there att/ forbid it/ and with all violence
 perfecute the reders there of. Yet. I neverthelesse
 with you/ doinge after the apostles erudi-
 ij. Pet. j cion/ as longe as I folowe no decevable
 ij. Pe. j ij fables/ will not be negligent to put my brethren in
 remembraunce (thogh they partly knowe them their
 selves/ and are stablysshed in the present trueth) of
 those thynges wherby they maye the more evidently
 note the disceatfulnes of mortall man/ and the better
 come vnto the knowledge of the immortall god.
 Seynge the tyme at honde wherin god of his infinite
 Luc. j mercy/ hath ordered before to make
 Rom. j theym thorowe Christ oure lorde parte
 Ac. xij takers also of his glorious will and porpos.
 Ebre. iiij even as in the gospell oure saveoure before
 mar. iiij. xvj to all his hadd promesed. I therefore con-
 lu. iiij. ix fyderynge the worlde thus to be wrapped
 j. Io. v

in myfery and blindnes (and now in thefe Lu. viij.
 latter dayes becom an hole or denne of Ma. vij
 falce foxy hipocrites/ and a mancion for all ravenynge
 wolves difgyfed in lambes fkyennes/ which hate all love/
 and with oute drede of god wander but for theire
 praye) have iudged it a thyng moſte convenient/ to
 fett this ſmale treatous as a glas or myroure moſt
 cleare before all mens eyes. In the preface where of
 manyfeſtly they ſhall perceave/ howe grett daunger
 nowe a dayes it is/ the trueth other to deſcribe with
 penne/ or with tonge to declare. In the Luc. vj
 lamentacion folowynge/ made by a bely beaſt/ engen-
 dred amonge the greſy/ or anoynted heap/ Ro. xvj
 wother wyfe called the papyſtical ſecte (whom Chriſt
 calleth a croked/ vntawarde/ and cruell gene- Ma. xvj
 ration of venemous vipers) they may furly xvij
 groape and fele/ where of oure ſpretuall Luce. ix
 lordes/ maſters/ and rulars (falcely ſo named) have
 proceded/ and are come. with what preſomcion they
 diſdayne the auncient and true noble bloud. and what
 preeminence and dignite they have ob- ma. xxiiij
 tained through their faulce and crafti bryngynge vppe
 of the blaſphemous maſſe/ which principally is their
 holde/ ſtede/ and defence. Forthermore in the
 dialoge enſuyng or breſe interlude/ is maſ deſcrybed
 with his abhominable miniſters. as Popes/ Cardinalls/
 biſſhops/ abbotes/ monkes/ fryres/ and lyke wother.
 wherin alſo is declared whatt trees they ma. vij.
 are with their frute. annd what they ſhall epis. Iu.
 remayne their maſſe once diſanulled/ and putt downe.
 Which all well conſydered/ I hoape that the reder
 what ever he be/ will nott take this worke as a thyng
 convicious/ or a principle of hatred and debate. nor

Rom. ij yett despyfe the ryches of the godnes/ and
of the pacience/ of the longe soferance of god. but will
remember that his kyndnes only leadeth hym to re-
i. Cor. ij pentaunce. and mekely with the sprete of
quetnes/ fyrst iudge it/ and then confydre hym filfe.
and fautlesse he shall fynde it a grett occasion/ to love/
and also to thancke god his father most mercifull/
which of his tender mercy hath nott delyvered hym
vppe vnto a leawd mynde/ with these vessels of wrathe/
Rom. j and children of the devill/ to do those
Ioa. viij thynges which are nott comly/ ful of all
Rom. ij vnrightoufnes/ fornication/ wickednes/
covetoufnes/ malicioufnes. &c. and sofered hym nott
to become lyke vnto theym/ a hater of god/ and of
his godly worde. agaynst whose vngodlines/ and vn-
rightoufnes/ the wrath of the heavenly god apereth.
because they with holde the true rightoufnes of god/
Rom. j whiche commeth throwe the lyght of the
gospell of Christ/ in the vnrightoufnes of mans lawes
and tradicions. Ye/ and as sayth. S. paul/ though
they knowe the rightoufnes of god/ howe they which
soche thynges committ are worthey of death/ yett nott
only do the same/ but also have pleasure in the
doars of them. Wherefore they are before god with
oute excuse. feinge that knowinge god/ they glorify
hym nott as god. nor yett are thanckfull. but wexe full
of vanities in their ymaginacions. countynge theym
selves wyse where as in dede they are foles. For with
their folysshe and blynde hert/ they tourne the glory
of the immortall god/ vnto the similitude of the
ymage of mortall man. He shall lykwyse clearly
perceve/ that we of duty colde do no lesse/ but for
the preservacion and tutell of the innocent and simple/

to declare the pestilent doblenes/ and decevable
 seduccion of the wicked. accordinge to the doctryne
 shewed vnto vs every where by Christ oure Ioan. vj. x.
 maister. which cam to save annd not to destroye. For
 one rotten apple/ lytell and lytell putrifieth mat. xiiij
 an whole heape. a lytell sower leven the Luc. xij
 whole lompe of dowe. one rancklynge j. Cor. v
 member/ the whole boddy. Shortly to conclude.
 Here in I am well persuaded/ lett the vngodly roare
 and barcke never so lowde/ that the fyre which Christ
 cam to kyndle on erth/ cannott butt Luc. xij.
 burne. that is to faye/ his godly worde forevermore
 encrease and continue. Wherefore dere ij. re. xxij
 brother/ yf eny mo soche smale sticket Psa. xvij
 come vnto youre hondes/ which ye shall ciij
 iudge apte vnto the augmentacion of this fyre/ fende cxviii
 them vnto me (yf in englonde they maye not be pub-
 liffhed) and by goddis grace with all my power and
 possibilitie/ I shall so endever my sylfe to kyndle
 theym/ that as many as are of the sede of Ioan. viij
 abraham shall se their light/ and therby Mat. v
 gloryfy their father celestiall/ which kepe you and
 youre continually strengthyng you with his
 sprete of comforte to his glory
 for ever Amen.



¶ The Author of the worke.

Go forthe lytell treatous nothyng a fraide.
 To the Cardinall of Yorcke dedicate
 And though he threaten the be not difmayde
 To puppylffe his abhominable eſtate
 For though his power he doeth elevate
 Yett the feaſon is nowe verily come
 Vt inueniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

O my author howe ſhall I be ſo bolde
 A fore the Cardinall to ſhewe my face
 Seinge all the clargy with hym doth holde/
 Also in faveour of the Kyngis grace
 With furious ſentence they will me chace
 Forbidde yny perſone to rede me
 Wherefore my deare author it cannott be.

The Author.

Thou knoweſt very well whatt his lyfe is
 Vnto all people greatly deteſtable/
 He cauſeth many one to do amiſſe
 Thorow his example abhominable.
 Wherefore it is nothyng reprobable
 To declare his miſcheſe and whordom
 Vt inueniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Though his lyfe of all people is hated
 Yet in the maſſe they putt moche confidence
 Whiche through out all the world is dilated

As a worke of finguler magnificence/
 Prestes also they have in reverence
 With all wother perfones of the spretualte
 Wherefore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

O deare treatous thou mayst nott confyder
 Their blynde affeccion in ignorance
 Whereby all the worlde both farre and near
 Hath bene combred with longe continuance.
 Itt is goddis will his trueth to avaunce
 And to putt antichrift oute of his kyngdom
 Vt inueniatur iniquitas eius ad odium

The Treatous.

Well yett there is greate occasion of grudge
 Be cause I apeare to be conuicious.
 Withouten fayle the clargy will me iudge
 To procede of a sprete presumtuuous/
 For to vse soche wordes contumelious
 It becommeth nott christen charite
 Wherefore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

O my treatous it is goddis iudgement
 So to recompence their madde blasphemie
 Seynge they burned his holy testament
 Thorowe the prowde cardinals tyranny
 Agaynst whose harde obstynacy to crye
 The stoncs in the strete cannot be dom
 Vt inueniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Yf I presume to make relacion
 Of secreet matters that be vncertayne
 They will count it for diffamacion
 Or thinges contrived of a frowarde brayne
 To descrybe their faultes it is but vayne
 Except I were in some authorite
 Wherefore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

As touching that thou nede not to be deiecte
 The trueth shalbe thy conservacion
 Whyles thou presume no faultes to detecte
 But wheare thou hast hadde certificacion
 By their knowledge and informacion
 Whiche have forsaken the whore of rome
 Vt inveniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

The Treatous.

Alas yett in their outragious furoure
 They shall coursse and banne with cruell sentence
 All those whiche have to me eny favoure
 Ether to my saynge geve credence
 In hell and heven they have preeminence
 To do as they lyst with free liberte
 Wherefore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

O treatous lett antichrist crye and roare
 Manassynge with fulminacions
 His cruelte shalbe feared no moare

Men knowynge his abhominacions
 Eye apon his forged execracions.
 Seynge his tyranny is overcome
 Vt inueniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Eye on his dyvliffhe interdiccions
 With his keyes lockis chaynes and fetters
 Eye apon all his iurifdiccions
 And apon those whiche to hym are detters
 Eye apon his bulles breues and letters
 Wherin he is named feruus fervorum
 Vt inueniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Eye on his golden thre folded crowne
 Whiche he vseth to weare apon his head
 Eye apon his maieste and renowne
 Clayminge on erthe to be in Christis stead
 Eye on his carkes bothe quycke and dead
 Ex hoc nunc et usque in seculum
 Vt inueniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.

Bliffed they be which are curfed of the pope
 And courfed are they whom he doth bliffe
 A courfed are all they that have eny hope
 Ether in his personne or els in his.
 For of almyghty god a courfed he is
 Per omnia secula seculorum
 Vt inueniatur iniquitas eius ad odium.¹

¹ This refrain is taken from the Vulgate, and in the Douay version (1607-10. A.D.) is rendered—*That his iniquitie may be found vnto hatred.* In the Authorized Version the Hebrew is translated—*Until his iniquity be found to be hateful.*—Ps. xxxvi. 2.

¶ Heare foloweth the lamentacion.

Alas alas for woo and bitter payne
 Oppressed withe grefe and forofull care
 Howe shall we from hevy wepyng refrayne
 Confyderynge the case that we in are.
 We have now lost the pryce of oure welfare
 Seynge that gone is the masse
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

Wo worth the time that ever we were born
 To se the chaunce of this dolorours daye
 For now ar we mocked and laughed to skorn
 Owre honour brought to extreme decaye
 We maye well fynge alas and well awaye
 Seynge that gone is the masse
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

Aproche proud patriarkis with youre pope
 Biffhops arbyffhops and Cardinalls gaye
 With all other prelatis which had your hope
 To be mayntayned by the masse all waye
 Who shall finde oure belly and ryche araye
 Seynge that gone is the masse
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

Drawe nere ye prestis in youre longe gownis
 With all the fryres of the beggerly ordres
 Com hither monkis: with brode shaven crounis
 And all foche as are shoren above the ears/
 Helpe me to lament with dolourous teares
 Seynge that gone is the masse
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

The dolfull destruction of noble troye
 Was never to man haulfe so lamentable
 Nor yett the subuersion of Rome oure ioye
 Vnder whom we were counted honorable.
 O fortune fortune : thou arte vnfauorable
 Seynge that gone is the masse
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

Departed is nowe the masse and clean gone
 The chefe vpholder of oure liberte
 Wherby our whores and harlotis everychone
 Were mayntayned in ryche felicite.
 Full fore we shall repent this daye to fe
 Seynge that gone is the masse
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

Our baudis and brothels have lost ther finding
 Oure bastardes compelled to go astraye/
 Oure wynnige mill hath lost her gryndinge
 Which we supposed never to decaye.
 Alas therfore what shall we do or faye
 Seynge that gone is the masse
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

Oure gay velvet gownis furred with fables
 Which werre wont to kepe vs from colde
 The paulfreys and hackeneis in oure stables
 Nowe to make chevefaunce must be folde
 Adué forked mitres and croifes of golde
 Seynge that gone is the masse
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

We shall nowe abate oure welthy tables
 With delicate deyntytes so delicious
 Oure mery iestes and plefaunt fables
 Are nowe tourned to matters dolorous
 We must laye downe oure estate so pompous
 Seynge that gone is the masse
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

Oure fynghres fhyninge with precyous ftions
 Sett in golden rynges of ryche valoure
 Oure effeminate fleffhe and tender bones
 Shalbe conftroynd to faule vnto labour
 For why decayed is all oure honoure
 Seynge that gone is the maffe.
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

Where as we vfed apou mules to ryde
 Nowe muft we nedes prycke a fote a lone
 Oure wantan daliaunce and boftinge pride
 With wofull misery is over gone.
 Oure gliftringe golde is turned to a ftone
 Seynge that gone is the maffe.
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

We had oure fervantes in moft courtly wyfe
 In greate multitude folowinge oure tayle
 With garded lyverey after the newe gyfe
 Whome we frely fupported to ieft and rayle
 How be it nowe eache from wother fhall fayle
 Seynge that gone is the maffe/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

Oure povre kynred we lytell vnderftode/
 And of whatt vilnes oure pompe did aryfe.
 We defdayned the eftates of noble blode/
 Nothyng afrayde oure betters to defpyfe.
 Wherfor agaynst vs they will nowe fummyfe
 Seynge that gone is the maffe/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

We were called lordes and doctours reverente/
 Royally raignyng in the fpretualte.
 In every place wheare we were prefente/
 They vayled their bonetis and bowed a kne.
 But it begynneth nowe wother wyfe to be.
 Seynge that gone is the maffe/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

We devowred the sustenance of the poore/
 Wastyng the goodes of people temporall.
 Wherwith we noryshed many a whore/
 To satiffye oure pleasure bestiall.
 And yett we were counted spretuall.
 Vnder faveoure of the masse/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

Oure greate lordspippes and dominacions/
 With oure ryche iuelles and somptous plate.
 Oure places and large habitacions/
 Adorned with hangyngis and beddes of state
 From oure hondes shall nowe be seperate.
 Seynge that gone is the masse
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

A due/ oure ayde and supportacion/
 Wherby fortune so merely did smyle.
 Farwele comforte and consolacion/
 Thus soddenly chaunged with in a whyle.
 Oure vayne confydence dyd vs fore begyle.
 Seynge that gone is the masse/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

By the masse we were exalted so hye/
 That scantly eny man we wolde once knowe.
 We thought for to ascende vnto the skye/
 Havyng oure feate above the rayne bowe
 But we are come downe agayne full lowe.
 Seynge that gone is the masse/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

The masse made vs lordis and kyngis over all/
 Farre and nere every wheare havyng power.
 With honorable tytles they dyd vs call/
 Dredyng to offende vs at eny houre.
 Then were we as fressh as the garden floure.
 Vnder favoure of the masse/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

Amonge all the people we went a fore/
 By pretence of oure fayned holynes.
 They reputed vs for haulfe goddes and more/
 Thorowe the maffes beneficialnes.
 Whiche is nowe tourned to oure hevines.
 Seynge that gone is the maffe/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

The maffe was only oure finguler fuffrage/
 To delivre the people from their fynne.
 There was no preft in towne nor village/
 But by the maffe his lyvyng did wyne.
 Whose superfluite shalbe full thynne.
 Seynge that gone is the maffe/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

O faythfull maffe/ fo constant and true.
 In heven and erth continually.
 We nowe thy chyldren shall morne and rue/
 The chaunce of thy dekaye fo fodenly.
 Conftroynd we are all to wepe and crye.
 Seynge that gone is the maffe/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

By the maffe we had hye autorite/
 In heven and erth takyng oure pleasure.
 Kynges and prynces for all their dignite/
 To difpleafe vs feared oute of meafure.
 Alas we have nowe loft oure chefe treafure.
 Seynge that gone is the maffe/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

The maffe made vs fo ftronge and ftrordy/
 That agaynst hell gates we did prevayle.
 Delyveringe foules oute of purgatory/
 And fendyng theym to heven with out fayle
 Who is he then that wolde nott bewayle.
 Seynge that gone is the maffe/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

Of all maner thynges the comodyte/
 By the massis healpe only did depende.
 From fycknes and pestilent mortalite/
 The focoure of the masse did vs defende.
 All prosperite that oure lorde did fende.
 Was for favoure of the masse
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

The masse farre exceedeth mannis reason/
 Oft tymes of foule wether makynge fayre.
 It causeth frute for to rype in season/
 Puttynge away infeccions of the ayre.
 Greate estates frendshippe stably to repayre.
 Have confirmacion by the masse
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

The masse in due tyme procureth rayne/
 Wherby floures and erbes fresshly do sprynge.
 And masse maketh it for to seace agayne/
 When it so aboundeth to their hyndrynge.
 All maner matrymony and maryinge.
 Is solemnyfed by the masse/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

To soudears and men goynge a warre fare/
 The masse is ever a fure proteccion.
 It preserveth people from wofull care/
 Dryvyng away all affliccion.
 Alas who can shewe by descripcion.
 All the proffettis of the masse/
 Nowe deceafed alas alas.

O wofull chaunce: most infortunate/
 So fodenly makynge comutacion.
 Never sence the worlde was fyrst create/
 Was there a thyng of soche reputacion.
 For in every londe and nacion.
 All goodnes cam by the masse/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

Whatt avayleth nowe to have a shaven hedde/
 Or to be aparelled with a longe gowne.
 Oure anoynted hondes do vs lytle stedde/
 Wher as the masse is thus plucked downe
 Vnto oure dishonowre all doeth rebowne.
 Seynge that gone is the masse/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

The gooddes of the churche are taken awaye/
 Geuen to povre folkes soffrynge indigence.
 The devyne servyce vtterly doeth decaye/
 With halowed oyle/ salt/ and frankynfence.
 To holy water they have no reverence.
 Seynge that gone is the masse/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

All people becaufe the masse is departed/
 Seketh nowe/ Ceremonies to confounde.
 The aultres of the lorde are subuerted/
 With ymages which cost many a pounce.
 The temples also are throwen to the grounde
 Seynge that gone is the masse/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

Wherfore nowe of my lamentacion
 To make an ende with oute delaye.
 Fare wele O holy confecracion/
 With blyffed fanctus and agnus dei.
 No lenger nowe with you we can praye.
 Seynge that gone is the masse/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

A due/ gentle dominus vobiscum/
 With comfortable/ ite missa est.
 Requiem eternam/ is nowe vndon/
 By whom we had many a fest.
 Requiescat in pace and goode rest.
 Seynge that gone is the masse/
 Nowe deceafed/ alas alas.

¶ Here foloweth a brefe Dialogue bet-
wene two prestes seruauntis/ na-
med Watkyn. and Ieffraye.

- Watkyn **I**effraye/ hardest thou oure master/
Thus with lamentable maner/
Most pitoufly complayne?
- Ieffraye ¶ Herde it catha? yee be th[e]roode/
I praye god turne it vnto goode/
That it be nott to oure payne.
But is it of a very furety/
As it is spoken in the country/
That the holy masse is deade.
- Watt. ¶ Dead? yee Ieffraye by my hande/
And that thou myght well vnderstande/
Hadde thou eny witt in thy heade.
For the soroufull constraynte/
Of oure masters complaynte/
Allonely for hys deceace was.
Wherfor lett vs oure counsell take/
What shyfte for vs is best to make/
Seynge that deceaced is the masse.
- Ief. ¶ Mary watkyne thou sayest very trothe/
We shall have but a colde brothe/
I feare me shortely after this.
But I praye the tell me nowe playne/
Was he by eny myschaunce slayne/
Or was it for age that he deade is.
- Wlat. ¶ Naye/ it was not furly for age/
For he was of lusty courage/
Though he had very many yeres.
Also he had continued still/
Yf prestes myght haue had their will/
With the helpe of monkes and fryres.
Butt he was assauted so fore/
That he coulde resist no more/
And was fayne to geve ouer.

- Then cam his aduerfaries with myght/
 And flewe hym oute of honde quyght/
 As though he had bene a faulce rover.
- Ief.** ¶ With what wepen did they hym kyll/
 Whether with polaxe or with bill?
 A goode felowshippe lightly tell.
- What.** ¶ Naye: with a sharpe two edged fworde/
 Which as they faye was goddis worde/
 Drawne oute of the holy gofpell.
- Ief.** ¶ And is goddis worde of foche myght/
 That it flewe the maffe downe right/
 Of fo auncient continuance?
 My thynketh it shulde not be true/
 Seynge that prestes wolde hym refcue/
 With worldly ryches and fubftaunce.
 Monkes/ channons/ all fhaven crownes/
 Wolde have brought their villagis and tounes/
 With their whole religious rable.
 Which vnder antichriftis raygne/
 Are of sectes variable and vayne/
 Forto be reckened in numerable.
 Oure mafter alfo I dare faye/
 With many wother prestes gaye/
 Whom I knowe very well.
 Wolde have fpent all their goode.
 Yee verely their owne hert bloude/
 To helpe maffe agaynft the gofpell.
- What.** ¶ Toffhe man they did all their beft/
 Not fparynge to opyn their cheft/
 Gevyng out brybes liberally.
 Wherby they had gret confidence/
 For to have done moche affiftence/
 In ayde of the maffe certaynly.
 But it provayled them nothyng/
 For goddis worde hath foche workyng/
 That none maye refift contrary.
- Ief.** ¶ Well/ yet take it for no fcorne/
 I tell the wheare as I was borne/
 They refift the gofpell openly.

And the principall doars be fuche/
 As nowe a dayes governe the church/
 No smale foles I'promes the.
 And namly one that is the chefe/
 Whiche is not fedd/ so ofte with roft bese/
 As with rawe motten so god helpe me.
 Whose mule yf it shulde be folde/
 So gayly trapped with velvet and golde/
 And geven to vs for oure schare.
 I durst enfore the one thyng/
 As for a competent lyvyng/
 This seven yere we shulde not care.

Mat. ¶ Yf he be soche what is his name/
 Or of what regarde is his fame?
 I beseeche the shortly expresse.

Ref. ¶ Mary/ some men call hym Carnall/
 And some saye he is the devill and all/
 Patriarcke of all wickednes.

Mat. ¶ Well/ to be bese with outen glose/
 And not to swarve from oure purpose/
 Take goode hede what I shall saye.
 The tyme will come or it be longe/
 When thou shalt se their statly thronge/
 With miserable ruyne decaye.
 Note wele the ensample of Rome/
 To what misery it is come/
 Which was their hedde principall.

Goddis worde the grownde of vertue/
 They went aboute for to subdue/
 Wherby they have gotten a faule.

Ref. ¶ Beleve me/ thou speakest reason/
 I trowe we shall se a season/
 To the confusion of theym all.

But nowe to oure mater agayne/
 I wolde heare mervelously fayne/
 In what place the masse deceased.

Mat. ¶ In Strasbrugh/ that noble towne/
 A Cyte of most famous renowe/
 Wheare the gospell is frely preached.

- Ief.** ¶ And what dost thou their names call/
Which were counted in especial/
The aduerfaries of the masse?
- Mat.** ¶ Truly there where clarkes many one/
And gretly learned every chone/
Whose names my memory do passe.
Howe be it/ Hedijs/ Butzer. and Capito/
Celarius/ Symphorian/ and wother mo/
In dede were reputed the chese.
Whose lyuyng is fo inculpable/
That their enemies with oute fable/
In them coulde fynde no represe.
- Ief.** ¶ What did then the temporalte/
Wolde they all there vnto agre/
With outen eny diffencion?
- Mat.** ¶ As for the commens vniuerfally/
And a greate parte of the fenatory/
Were of the fame intencion.
Though a feawe were on the wother fyde/
But they were lyghtly fatisfyed/
When they could nott goddis worde denaye
- Ief.** ¶ I perceauē then manifestly/
The biffhoppe with his whole clargy/
Were absent and a waye.
- Mat.** ¶ They were not absent I the ensure/
For with the masse they dyd endure/
Whyls to fpeake they had eny breth.
In fomoche that for all this/
The biffhoppe ceaseth not with his/
To revenge the masses death.
He spareth nott to courfe and banne/
Doyngē all that ever he canne/
To reuoke masse vnto lyfe agayne.
He spendeth many a gulden/
To hange/ morthor/ and bren/
The masses aduerfaries certayne.
- Ief.** ¶ And getteth he any goode therby?
- Mat.** ¶ But littell yet I the certefy/
And I trowe lesse he shall have.

Nowe for all his hye magnificence/
They counte hym saynge reuerence/
Not moche better than a knave.

Ief. ¶ Peace whorfone/ beware of that/
I tell the his skynne is consecrat/
Anoynted with holy oyntmente.

Mat. ¶ Yee/ so many a knaves skinne/
Is gresyd with out and with in/
And yett they are not excellente

Ief. ¶ Cockes bonnes/ this is rancke herefy/
Yf it were knowne: by and by/
Thou shuldest a faggote beare.

To speake so of soche a prelate/
Whiles they are all of the same rate/
For the more parte every wheare.
But to the purpose that we beganne/
What did monkes and fryeres thanne/
When masse went thus to wracke?

Mat. ¶ So vttered was their abusione/
That with great confusione/
They were fayne to stande abacke.

Ief. ¶ Och: I knowe a fryer in a place/
Whom they call father Matthias/
Yf he had bene at this brayde.
He wolde have made soche a noyse/
With his horrible shrill voyce/
Able to have made theym afrayde.

Mat. ¶ Toffshe/ there were fryres two or thre/
In fayth as grett pached as he/
With bellies more then a barell.
Which for all their learned strengthe/
Were so confounded there at lengthe/
That they gave over their quarell.

Ief. ¶ What made Ihon Faber and Emfer/
With their ayders Eckyus and Morner/
Did they vnto masse no focoure?

Mat. ¶ Yes truly/ with wordes of greate boste/
They spared not to sende their oste/
Threatnyng with fearfull terroure.

Howe be it they had foche impediment/
 That they coulde nott be there present/
 As thou shalt the case vnderfonde.
 Emfer fomtyme a regular chanon/
 To defende the massis cannon/
 Longe before had taken in honde.
 Which craftely to vpholde with lyes/
 So greuously troubled his eyes/
 And also encombred his brayne.
 That there was no remedy/
 But he was fayne certenly/
 At home/ a sole to remayne.
 Flatterynge Faber/ full of disdayne/
 Was newe admitted to be chaplayne/
 Vnto duke Ferdinand by othe.
 Wherefore he had ynough of busynes/
 To diffwade the dukes noblenes/
 From favourynge the godly trothe.
 As for Morner/ the blynde lawear/
 And Eckius/ the frowarde sophistrar/
 They have afore castynge wifdome.
 That in foche honorable audience/
 Wheare as wyse clarckes are in presence/
 They will nott very gladly come.

Ref. ¶ Medled nott Erasmus/ in this matter
 Which so craftely can flatter/
 With cloked diffimulacion?

What. ¶ He was busy to make will free/
 A thyng nott possible to be/
 After wyse clarckis estimacion.
 Wherefore he intermitted lytle/
 As concernynge the massis tytle/
 With eny maner affercion.
 He feareth greatly some men saye/
 Yf masse shulde vtterly decaye/
 Least he shulde lose his pension.
 Notwithstondynge he hath in his hedde/
 Soche an opinion of the god of bredde/
 That he wolde lever dye a marter.

Then ever he wolde be of this consent/
That christ is not theare corporally present/
In bredde wyne and water.

Also he has geven soche a laudacion/
Vnto the ydols of abhominacion/
In his glosynge pistles before tyme.
That yf he shulde wother wyfe reclame/
Men wolde impute vnto his blame
Of vnstable inconstancy the cryme.

Ref. ¶ Howe did they then with lowayne/
And with the vniuersitie of Colayne/
Made they right nocht for massis parte?

Mat. ¶ Yes surly with terrible vociferacion/
They made wonderfull exclamacion/
The worde of god to subverte.
They sent thether Thomas and Scote/
With wother questionistes god wote.

Full of crakyng wordes inopinable.
But when it cam to the effecte/
They were so abasshed and deiecte/
That once to hisse they were nott able.

Ref. ¶ It was a thyng playnly acorst/
That masse went thus by the worst/
Havyng so many on his wyng.

Mat. ¶ Goddis worde is so efficacious/
And of strengthe so mervelous/
That agaynst it is no resityng.

Ref. ¶ Neverthelesse amonge this araye/
Was nott theare one called Coclaye/
A littell pratye foolysse poade?
But all though his stature be small.
Yett men faye he lacketh no gall/
More venemous then any toade.

[Should be **Mat.** ¶] No/for he hadde another occupacyon/

Mat. ¶ Wrytinge to the englysshe nacyon/
Inuencyones of flatterye.

Ref. ¶ To Englonde? in goode tyme/
I trowe the vrchyn will clyme/
To some promocion hastely.

- Mat.** ¶ Or els truly it shall cost hym a fall/
 For he is in fauoure with theym all/
 Which haue the gospell in hate.
 Continually he doth wryte/
 Euer laborynge daye and nyght/
 To vpholde antichristes estate.
 Of papistes he is the defender/
 And of Luther the condemner/
 The gospell vtterly despyfyng.
 To forge lyes he has no shame/
 So that they somewhat frame/
 With the processe of his wrytyng.
 He wrote of late to Herman Ryncke,
 Waftyng in vayne paper and yncke/
 Pomeranes epystle to corrupte.
 Which by christen men requyred/
 Accordyng as he was desyred/
 Dyd his parte them to instructe.
 No thyng ther in was reprobable/
 But all to gedder true and veritable/
 With out heresy or eny faulte.
 Howe be it this wretch vnshamfast/
 Thorowe malicie was not a gast/
 The trueth with lyes to assaulte.
- Ief.** ¶ Yf he be as thou sayst he is/
 I warant he shall not mis/
 Of a benefice and that shortly.
 For I ensure the oure Cardinal/
 With wother bissshops in generall/
 Love soche a felowe entierly
 But lett this nowe passe and go to/
 What is best for oure proffit to do/
 Seynge masse hath made his ende?
- Mat.** ¶ Surely as farre as I can gesse/
 We are lyke to be masterlesse/
 Yerre it be longe so god me mende.
 For as sone as the masse is buried/
 Oure master shalbe beggered/
 Of all his ryche possession

Ref. ¶ Then mate I put the out of doute/
 It is goode that we loke aboute/
 Least we folse a newe lesson.
 Howe be it/ howe longe will it be/
 Or ever that we shall se/

Of this dedde masse the buriall?

[Should be ¶] ¶ As touchynge that in very dede/

¶ They are nott yett fully agrede/
 But I suppose shortly they shall/
 Some wolde have hym caried to Rome/
 For be cause of all christendome/
 It is the principall Ce.

And some wolde have hym to France/
 Because of the noble mayntenaunce/
 That he had of Parys vniversite.

Some also perswade in goode earnest/
 That in Englonde it were best/

His dedde coors rychly to begraue

Ref. ¶ Nowe after my folysshe coniecture/
 They coude nott for his sepulture/
 Devyse/ a better place to have.

Also there is Sayncte Thomas schryne/
 Of precious stonnes and golde fyne/

Wherin the masse they maye laye.

Wherof the ryches incomprehensible/
 As it is spoken by perfonnes credible/

Myght an Emperours raunsome paye.

Morover there is the Cardinall/
 Of whose pompe to make rehearceall/

It passeth my capacite.

With stately bissoppes a greate forte/
 Which kepe a mervelous porte/

Concernynge worldely royalte.

Prestes also that are seculer/

With monkes and chanons reguler.

Abownde so in possession.

That both in welfare and wede/

With oute doute they farre excede/

The nobles of the region.

- Mat.** ¶ Yf it be thus as thou dost declare/
It is best that masse be buried theare/
With due honorable reverence.
- Ref.** ¶ Ye but they have a frowarde witt/
And par case they will not admitt/
But vtterly make resistence?
- Mat.** ¶ Holde thy peace and be content/
The gospell by a commaundment/
To do it will strayghtly them compell.
- Ref.** ¶ They sett nott by the gospell a flye/
Diddest thou not heare whatt villainy/
Th[e]y did vnto the gospell?
- Mat.** ¶ Why/ did they agaynst hym conspyre?
- Ref.** ¶ By my trothe they sett hym a fyre/
Openly in London cite.
- Mat.** ¶ Who caused it so to be done?
- Ref.** ¶ In sothe the Biffhoppe of London/
With the Cardinalis autorite.
Which at Paulis crosse earnestly/
Denounced it to be heresy/
That the gospell shuld come to lyght.
Callynge them heretikis excecrable/
Whiche caused the gospell venerable/
To come vnto laye mens syght.
He declared there in his furioufnes/
That he fownde erroures more and les/
Above thre thousande in the translacion.
Howe be it when all cam to pas/
I dare saye vnable he was/
Of one erreure to make probacion.
Alas he sayde/ masters and frendes/
Confyder well nowe in youre myndes/
These heretikis diligently.
They saye that commen women/
Shall assone come vnto heven/
As those that lyve perfectly.
- Mat.** ¶ And was that their very sayinge?
- Ref.** ¶ After this wyse with oute faynyng/
In a certayne prologe they wryte.

That a whoare or an open synner/
 By meanes of Christ oure redemer/
 Whom god to repent doth incyte.
 Shall foner come to saluacion/
 By meritis of Christis passion/
 Then an outwarde holy lyver.

Mat. ¶ They did there none wother thinge shewe/
 Then is rehearced in mathewe/
 In the one and twenty chapter.

Ref. ¶ For all that/ he sayde in his fermone/
 Rather then the gospell shulde be comone/
 Bryngynge people into erreure
 He wolde gladly soffre marterdome/
 To vpholde the devyls fredome/
 Of whom he is a confessoure.

Mat. ¶ Why/ makest thou hym a faynt?

Ref. ¶ Euen soche a one as paynters do paynt/
 On walls and bordes artificially.
 Which with myters/ crosses/ and copes/
 Apere lyke gaye bissshops and popes/
 In strawnge fassion outwardly.
 But they are ydols in effecte/
 Mamettis of antichristis secte/
 To blynd folke deceatfully.

Mat. ¶ I perceave well nowe that/ honores/
 As it is spoken/ mutant mores/
 With soche men most commenly.

But thynkest thou in thy mynde/
 That he coulde in his herte fynde/
 In soche a case death to souffere/

Ref. ¶ Naye/ yt it was a worde of office/
 I warante he is nott so folisse/
 To putt his boddy so in daunger.
 Neverthelesse with tonge and porfse/
 All though he shulde fare the worfse/
 Gladly he will do his dever.
 To plucke the worde of god downe
 And to exalte the thre folde crowne
 Of antichrist his bever.

Also there is a charge vnder payne/
 That no man eny thyng retayne/
 Of the gospell newly translate.
 For yf they presume the contrary/
 They lose their goodes with oute mercy/
 And their boddies to be incarcerate.
 Morover that no clarcke be so bolde/
 Prevy or pearte/ with hym to holde/
 Preachynge ought in his favoure.
 But contrary their braynes to sett/
 Bothe in scoles and in the pulpett/
 Hym and all his to dishonoure.
 Wherefore it boteth the gospell nothyng
 As concernynge the massis buryinge/
 To sende eny precepte thether.
 For they had lever by this daye/
 Go vnto the devill strayght waye/
 Then to obeye hym in eny maner/
 ¶ **Mat.** ¶ This passeth of all that ever I hearde/
 I wonder they were nott a fearde/
 Of so notable blasphemy.
 Nott with stondynge their interrupcion/
 Shall tourne to their destruccion/
 At longe runnyng fynally.
 For though they caused to be brent/
 The outwarde shaddowe or garment/
 Of goddis worde so hye of pryce.
 Yett the grownde of his maiesty/
 Printed in christen hertes secretly/
 They are nott able to preiudyce.
 Therefore whyther they will or nill/
 Yf it be the holy gospels wili/
 Masse in Englonde to bury.
 Let them crake vntill they burst/
 Doynge their best and their wurst/
 Itt avayleth not a chery.
 They are worldly and carnall/
 And the gospell is spretuall/
 Assisted with angels presence.

- Ief. ¶ Yf it come vnto that reckenyng/
They will mo angels with theym brynge/
Then shalbe in the. gospels assistence.
- Wat. ¶ Have they of angels eny garnyson/
Ief. ¶ Ye god knoweth many a legion/
Att all tymes theym to focoure.
- Wat. ¶ Howe do they these angels gett?
Ief. ¶ By my fayth of povre mens swett/
Which for theym fore do labour.
- Wat. ¶ Aha/ I wott well what thou meane/
Soche angels are nott worthe a beane/
Yf it come to the poynt once.
But nowe wolde I heare the expresse/
The maner of their holynesse/
Brefly declared att once.
- Ief. ¶ Mary that is done forthe with all/
For they have no holynes attall/
As farre as I sawe yett ever.
Howe be it shortly to discouffe/
Their proude estate so glorious/
I shall here my selfe endever.
Fyrst as I sayde there is a Cardinall/
Which is the Ruler principall/
Through the realme in every parte.
- Wat. ¶ Have they not in Englonde a Kynge?
Ief. ¶ Alas manne/ speake not of that thyng/
For it goeth to my verye harte.
And I shall shewe the a cause whye/
There is no Prynce vnder the skye/
That to compare with hym is able.
A goodly persone he is of stature/
Endued with all gyftes of nature/
And of gentylnes incomparable.
In sondrye sciences he is sene/
Havyng a ladye to his Qwene/
Example of womanlye behaveoure.
Notwithstandyng for all this/
By the Cardinall ruled he is/
To the distayninge of his honoure.

- Mat.** ¶ Doeth he folowe the Cardinales intente?
Ref. ¶ Yee/ and that the commones repente/
 With many a wepyng teare.
- Mat.** ¶ The Cardinall vexeth them than?
Ref. ¶ Alas fens Englande fyrst began/
 Was never foche a tyrante theare.
 By his pryde and faulce treachery/
 Whoardom and baudy leachery/
 He hath bene fo intollerable.
 That povre commens with their wyves/
 In maner are weary of their lyves/
 To se the londe fo miserable.
 Through all the londe he caused periury/
 And afterwarde toke awaye their money/
 Procedyng most tyrannously.
 The povre people nedy and bare/
 His cruell herte wolde nott spare/
 Leavyng theym in greate misery.
 Infomoche that for lacke of fode/
 Creatures bought with Christis blode
 Were fayne to dye in petous cas
 Also a ryght noble Prince of fame/
 Henry^a the ducke of buckyngame/
 He caused to deye alas alas.
 The goodes that he thus gaddered/
 Wretchedly he hath scattered/
 In causes nothyng expedient.
 To make wyndowes/ walles/ and dores/
 And to mayntayne baudes and whores/
 A grett parte therof is spent.
- Mat.** ¶ Let all this pas I praye the hertely/
 And shewe me somewhat seriously/
 Of this spretuall magnificence.
- Ref.** ¶ Fyrst he hath a tyle of. S. Cecile/
 And is a I.egate of latere/
 A dignitie of hye premynence.
 He hath bisshopryckes two or thre/
 With the popes full autoritie/
 In cafes of dispensacion.

^a Should be EDWARD STAFFORD, 3rd Duke of BUCKINGHAM, beheaded
 1521.

Wat. ¶ He maye then with the masse dispençe/
Yf he be faulen in the sentence/
Of the grett excommunication?

Ref. ¶ That he maye in all maner cafes/
Howe be it he geueth nothyng grates
But selleth all for reddy money.
Excepte courses and bleffynge
With fyght of his golden rynges
All this he geueth frely.

Wat. ¶ Hath he so large faculte/
Of the popis benygnite/
As it is spoken abroade?

Ref. ¶ He stondeth in the popes roume/
Hauynge of his bulles a grett some/
I trowe an whoale carte loade.
Wherwith mens porfes to defcharge/
He extendeth his power more large/
Then the power of almighty god.
For whether it be goode or ill/
His pervers mynde he will fulfill/
Supplantynge the trueth by falshod.
To gett hym a synguler name/
The londe he bryngeth out of frame/
Agaynst all goddis forbod.
He tourneth all thyng topfy tervy/
Not sparyng for eny fymony/
To sell spretuall gyftes.
In grauntes of confanguinite
To mary with in neare degre/
He getteth awaye mens thryftes.
Of seculer folke he can make regular/
And agayne of regular seculer/
Makyng as he lyst blacke of whyte.
Open whordom and advoutry/
He aloweth to be matrimony/
Though it be never so vnryght.
Iaufull wedlocke to divorce/
He geueth very lytle force/
Knowynge no cause wherfore.

He playeth the devill and his dame/
 All people reportinge the fame/
 Courffe the time that ever he was bore.

What. ¶ It cannot fyncke in my mynde/
 That the Cardinall is so blynde/
 To make eny soche diuorcement.

Ref. ¶ Though it be nott in thy belefe/
 I tell the to putt it in prese/
 He doth all that he can invent.

What. ¶ Bitwixte whom dost thou wene?

Ref. Bitwixte the Kynge and the Quene/
 Which have bene longe of one assent.

What. ¶ Some cause then he hath espyed/
 Which asonder theym to devyde/
 Is necessary and vrgent.

Ref. ¶ Nothyng but the butcher doth fayne/
 That the goode lady is barayne/
 Lyke to be past chylde bearynge.

What. ¶ Had the kynge never chylde by her?

Ref. ¶ No man sawe ever goodlyer/
 Then those which she forth did brynge.

What. ¶ Is there eny of them a lyve?

Ref. ¶ Ye a Princes/ whom to descryve/
 It were herde fo an oratoure.

She is but a chylde of age/
 And yett is she bothe wyfe and sage/
 Of very beautifull faveoure.

Perfectly she doth represent/
 The singuler graces excellent/
 Bothe of father and mother.

Howe be it all this not regardynge/
 The carter of yorcke is meddelynge/
 Forto divorce theym a sonder.

What. ¶ Are nott the nobles here with offended?

Ref. ¶ Yes/ but it can not be amended/
 As longe as he is the ruler.

What. ¶ I thynke the Quene is not faulty/
 But hathe done ynough of her party/
 Yf it had pleased goddis benifcence.

- Ref.** ¶ None is faulty but the butcher/
 Whom almyghty god doth suffer/
 To scourge the peoples offence.
 Vnto god he is so odious/
 That nothyng can be prosperous/
 Where as he hath governaunce.
 Sens that he cam fyrst forwarde/
 All thynges have gone backwarde/
 With moche mysciefe and mischaunce.
 No yerly purpose he doeth intende/
 That euer commeth to a goode ende/
 But damage and tribulacion.
- What.** ¶ In these parties it is verified/
 That he hath a college edified/
 Of mervelous foundation.
- Ref.** ¶ Of preuy houfes of baudry/
 He hath made a stues openly/
 Endued with large exhibicion.
- What.** ¶ Lycknest thou to whoarmongers/
 A colage of clarckes and scolears/
 Enfuyng learned erudicion.
- Ref.** ¶ Thou mayst perceave/ by reason/
 That vertue shalbe very geason/
 Amonge a sorte of ydle losels.
 Which have ryches infinite/
 In welth and worldly delyte/
 Geven to pleasure and nothyng eles.
- What.** ¶ They rede there both greke and ebrue/
- Ref.** ¶ I will not saye but it is true/
 That there be men of great science.
 Howe be it where pryde is the begynnyng.
 The devill is commenly the endyng/
 As we se by experience.
 And if thou confyder well/
 Even as the towre of Babell/
 Began of a presompcion.
 So this colledge I dare vndertake/
 Which the Cardinal doth make/
 Shall confunde the region.

What is it to se dogges and cattes/
 Gargell heddes and Cardinall hattes/
 Paynted on walles with moche cost.
 Which ought of dute to be spent/
 Apon povre people indigent/
 For lacke of fode vtterly lost.

What. ¶ Hath he for soche folke no providence?

Ref. ¶ No/ savyng only to rid them hence/
 A proper waye he ymageneth.

What. ¶ After what maner porviaunce?

Ref. ¶ Truely least they shulde be combraunce/
 A warfare he them sendeth.

What. ¶ Many of theym then are slayne?

Ref. ¶ They never come home haulfe agayne/
 I maye tell the in goode plyght.

For some be taken presoners/
 And some are dedde of the fevers/
 Many of theym losynge their fyght.

Of twenty thousande fyghtynge men/
 Scant returneth home agayne ten/
 In good state and perfect lykyng.

For the more parte made beggers/
 And so become robbers and stelers/
 Wherby they have a shroade endynge.

What. ¶ He fareth nott the better for warre/
Ref. ¶ Yes mary/ it doth hym prefarre/
 To more gaynes than I can rehearce/
 For fyrst or the warre do begynne/
 They laboure his favoure to wyne/
 Gevyng gystes many and dyvers.
 And yf it cannot be so pacified/
 They brybe hym on the wother fyde/
 At the least for to be favoured.
 And fynally warre for to ceace/
 With rewardes they must hym greace/
 Or els peace cannot be performed.

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What. ¶ Dothe he practyse soche conveyance?

Ref. ¶ Ye/ and for that cause in Fraunce/
 This warre tyme he was beloved.

- What.** ¶ Thou makest hym then a trayter?
Ref. ¶ I reckon hym a falce fayterer/
 Yf the very trueth were proved.
- What.** ¶ Well lett this pas/ howe dothe he/
 In gevyng grauntes of liberte/
 And cases that be dispensable?
- Ref.** ¶ He foloweth the commen practyse/
 Of marchantes in their marchandyse/
 To gett worldly goodes movable.
 Savyng they take grett laboures/
 And he doth all by his factoures/
 Restyng in quyet felicite.
 He hath falce farises and scribes/
 Gapyng for nothyng but for brybes/
 Full of fraudes and peruersite.
- What.** ¶ They are named yett wother wyse/
Ref. ¶ Trothe/ but they folowe their gyse/
 In wicked operacions.
- What.** ¶ I put a case nowe they be leawde/
 As I thyncke they are all be shrewde/
 In their administracions.
 Shall they to hell for the Cardinall/
 Or els thynkest thou that he shall/
 Go thether in his owne persone?
- Ref.** ¶ Though he have here soche prerogative/
 In all poyntes that be dispensative/
 To performe it by commysion.
 Yett in this poynt sekerly/
 He must performe it personally/
 Withoute eny exempcion.
- What.** ¶ Yf he be as thou hast here sayde/
 I wene the devils will be afrayde/
 To have hym as a companion.
 For what with his execracions/
 And with his terrible fulminacions/
 He wolde handle theym so.
 That for very drede and feare/
 All the devils that be theare/
 Wilbe glad to let hym go.

- Ief. ¶ As for that thou mayst be assured/
The devils with courffes are invred/
As authours there of with out fayle.
- ¶ What. ¶ What yf he will the devils bliffe?
- Ief. ¶ They regarde it no more be gifse/
Then waggyng of his mules tayle.
- ¶ What. ¶ Doth he vse then on mules to ryde?
- Ief. ¶ Ye and that with so shamfull pryde/
That to tell it is not possible.
More lyke a god celestiall/
Then eny creature mortall/
With worldly pompe incredible.
Before hym rydeth two prestes stronge/
And they beare two crosses right longe/
Gapynge in every mans face.
After them folowe two laye men secular/
And eache of them holdynge a pillar/
In their hondes/ steade of a mace.
Then foloweth my lorde on his mule/
Trapped with golde vnder her cule/
In every poynt most curiously.
On eache syde a pollaxe is borne/
Which in none wother vse are worne.
Pretendynge some hid mistery.
Then hath he servauntis fyve or six score/
Some behynde and some before/
A marvelous great company.
Of which/ are lordes and gentlemen/
With many gromes and yemen/
And also knaves amonge.
Thus dayly he procedeth forthe/
And men must take it at worthe/
Whether he do right or wronge.
A grett carle he is and a fatt/
Wearynge on his hed a red hatt/
Procured with angels subsidy.
And as they say in tyme of rayne/
Fower of his gentelmen are fayne/
To holde over it a cannopy.

Befyde this to tell the more newes/
 He hath a payre of costly shewes/
 Which fildom touche eny grownde.
 They are fo goodly and curious/
 All of golde and ftones precious/
 Coftyng many a thoufande pownde.

What. ¶ And who did for thes shewes paye?

Ref. ¶ Truly many a ryche abbaye/
 To be eafied of his vifitacion.

What. ¶ Doth he in his owne perfone vifit?

Ref. ¶ No/ another for hym doth it/
 That can fkyll of the occupacion.

A felowe nether wyfe nor fadde/
 But he was never yett full madde/
 Though he be frantyke and more.

Doctor Alyn he is named/
 One that to lye is not affhamed/
 Yf he fpye avantage therfore.

What. ¶ Are foche with hym in eny pryce?

Ref. ¶ Ye/ for they do all his advyce/
 Whether it be wronge or right.

What. ¶ Hath the Cardinall eny gay manfion?

Ref. ¶ Grett palaces with out comparefon/
 Moft glorious of outwarde fight.

And with in decked poynt device/
 More lyke vnto a paradice/
 Then an erthely habitacion.

What. ¶ He commeth then of some noble ftocke?

Ref. ¶ His father coulde fnatche a bullock/
 A butcher by his occupacion.

What. ¶ Howe cam he vnto his glory?

Ref. ¶ Playnly by the devils policy/
 As it is every wheare fayde.

What. ¶ Are the ftates here with all content.

Ref. ¶ Yf they fpeake aught they are fhent/
 Wherfore I tell the they are a frayde.

What. ¶ Whatt abftinence vfeth he to take?

Ref. ¶ In Lent all fyfthe he doth forfake/
 Fedde with partriges and plovers.

- What.** ¶ He leadeth then a Lutherans lyfe?
Ref. ¶ O naye/ for he hath no wyfe/
 But whoares that be his lovers.
- What.** ¶ Yf he vse whoares to occupy/
 It is grett marvell certaynly/
 That he escapeth the frenche pockes.
- Ref.** ¶ He had the pockes with out fayle/
 Wherefore people on hym did rayle/
 With many obprobrious mockes.
- What.** ¶ He was then abhorred of his prince?
Ref. ¶ By my troth man/ not an ynche/
 Still in favoure continually.
- What.** ¶ By the devill then he worketh?
Ref. ¶ Truly so every man iudgeth.
 But alas what remedy?
- What.** ¶ Hath he children by his whoares also?
Ref. ¶ Ye and that full prouedly they go/
 Namly one whom I do knowe.
 Which hath of the churches goodes clerly/
 More then two thousand pownde yerly/
 And yett is not content I trowe.
 His name is master Winter/
 For whom my lorde his father/
 Hathe gotten of the frenche kynges grace.
 That when the bissshop of Rone/
 Out of this lyfe is dedde and gone/
 He shall succede hym in his place.
- What.** ¶ And is his father as redy/
 To promoute the noble progeny/
 As he is towards his bastardes?
- Ref.** ¶ He fauoureth lytell noble lynage/
 Takyng a waye their heritage/
 Rather then to sett them forwardes.
 He breaketh mens testamentes/
 And contrary to their intentes/
 At his owne mynde and pleasure.
 He wilbe nedes their exsecutours/
 Sayinge with the devill all his oures/
 Rychely to encrease his treasoure.

Many a goode ladys ioynter/
 He engrofeth vp into his cofer/
 Of the which some here to name.
 I reckon the Countes of Darby/
 With the Countes of Salsbury/
 Also the Duches of Buckyngame.

Wat. ¶ Is the devil foche an whorfone?
Ref. ¶ Och/ there is nether duke ne barone/
 Be they never of so grett power.
 But they are constrayned to crouche/
 Before this butcherly floutche/
 As it were vnto an Emproure.

Wat. ¶ Nowe furly then after my mynde/
 They cannot foche another fynde/
 The dedde massis office to solempnise.

Ref. ¶ Yf it be his pleasure he maye/
 Howe be it he vseth lytell to praye/
 For it is late or he do aryse.
 Also as farre as I canne muse/
 To do this office he will refuse/
 Dredynge his pompe therby to lose.

Wat. ¶ As for that/ it shall nothyng skyll/
 Playnly yf it be the gospels will/
 Do it he must and cannot chose.

Ref. ¶ Yet it wilbe a parelous busines/
 For bissshops and prestes doutles/
 To ayde hym will nott be slacke.
 Though they loue hym as the devill/
 Yett to do the goppell some evill/
 No diligence in theym shall lacke.

Wat. ¶ Have the bissshops so grett ryches/
Ref. ¶ It is not possible to expres/
 The treasure of the spretualte.

Wat. ¶ What/ are the bissshops divines?
Ref. ¶ Ye they can wele skyll of wyne/
 Better then of devinite.
 Lawears they are of experience/
 And in cases agaynst conscience/
 They are parfet by practyse.

To forge excommunicacions/
 For tythes and decimacions/
 Is their continuall exercyse.
 As for preachynge they take no care/
 They wolde fe a course at an hare/
 Rather then to make a fermon.
 To folowe the chace of wylde dere/
 Passynge the tyme with ioly chere/
 Amonge theym all is common.
 To playe at the cardes and dyce/
 Some of theym are nothyng nyce/
 Both at hafard and momchaunce.
 They dryncke in gaye golden bolles/
 The bloudd of povre simple foules/
 Periffhyng for lacke of sustenaunce.
 Their hongery cures they never teache/
 Nor will soffre none wother to preache/
 But soche as can lye and flatter.
 Biddynge the beades after this rate/
 Ye shall praye for the goode estate/
 Of my lorde my master.
 And so redynge a ragge mans royle/
 He exhortheth to praye for the foule/
 Of this persone and of that.
 Which gave boke/ bell/ or challes/
 To the fortheraunce of goddis serves/
 Babblyng he wotteth neare what.
 Soche preachers be commended/
 And the wother are reprehended/
 Which preache the gospell purly.
 So they fitt apon couffhens softe/
 Their royalte exalted alofte/
 They regarde nott goddis worde furly.
 They are so geven to avaryce/
 That they ponder no preiudyce/
 Happenyng to the comen weall.
 They norysse servauntes in ydelnes/
 Which when they are masterles/
 Are constraigned to begge or steale.

To tell all the abhominacion/
 Of their wretched conuerfacion/
 It were bothe longe and tedious.

What. ¶ If the biffhops do fo abownde/
 Howe are feculer preftes fownde/
 With perfons which be religious?

Ref. ¶ Thynkeft that with theym it is scant/
 Naye naye man/ I the warant/
 They fele no indigent rearage.
 For they have goodes innumerable/
 And fare moche better at their table/
 Then lordes of worthy parage.
 Fortune with preftes runneth on wheles/
 So that fome have after their heles/
 A fcoare of yemen taule and floute.
 Whom forto mayntayne ydely/
 They have benefyces very many/
 In the country there aboute.
 Wherby they are fo proude and vayne/
 That the noble men they difdayne/
 With fcornfull indignacion.
 Though peraventure their fathers/
 Were other fowters or cobblers/
 Of no maner reputacion/
 As for religious folke to be brefe/
 In all Englonde they have the chefe/
 And moft pleafaunt commoditees.
 The goodly foyles/ the goodly londes;
 Wrongfully they holde in their hondes/
 Endued with many knyghtes fees.
 By coloure of their faulce prayres/
 Defrauded are the ryght heyres/
 From their true inheritaunce.
 They are the caufe of myfery/
 Of whordom/ theft/ and beggery/
 To the commen welles hynderaunce.
 No frutfull worke they vfe/
 All honeft labour they refufe/
 Geven wholly to fluggiffhnes.

They are nether gostly nor diuine/
 But lyke to brut beastes and swyne/
 Waltrynge in synfull wretchednes.
 I speake this of the possessioners/
 All though the mendicant orders/
 Are nothyng leffe abhominable.
 Whose lyvyng is with oute laude/
 Noriffhed in rapyne and fraude/
 Grounded on lesyngis detestable.
 They are the devils messengers/
 And of antichrist the members/
 Example of all peruersite.
 They are ydols of flattery/
 And apostels of hypocryfy/
 Repleniffhed with enormite.
 Lo/ here I have thus reported/
 Howe their lyfe is partly ordred/
 And vnder what condicion.

What. ¶ That thou hast I make god a vowe/
 Infomoche that I marvayle howe/
 Thou knowest their disposicion.
 But I praye the/ dost thou iudge/
 That they will murmer and grudge/
 At the dedde massis buryinge?

Ref. ¶ Ye fyr I wis man I am sure/
 They will laboure with busy cure/
 His sepulture forbiddeyng.
 For why their superfluite/
 By the massis liberalite/
 Only hath supportacion.

What. ¶ What supposhest thou of men temporall?

Ref. ¶ I thynke they wolde holde here with all/
 Yf they had due informacion.
 Neverthelesse at the begynnyng/
 dede masse amonge them to bryng/
 There wilbe some difficulte.
 Be cause of longe continuance.
 They have had trust and affiaunce/
 Thorowe the masse saved to be.

For these prestes and fryres perswade/
 That by the masse they shall evade/
 Eternall payne and punnysshment.
 Whose suffrage doeth theym grette stedde/
 Profitable bothe to quicke and dedde/
 After their mynde and iudgement.

- What.** ¶ Ye to prestes and fryers miserable/
 Doutles the masse is profitable/
 And is the mill of their welfare.
 But the people without faynynge/
 It is playne a fraudfull deceavynge/
 To make their porsse empty and bare.
- Res.** ¶ Nowe truly I trowe as thou dost saye/
 Even there goeth the hare quyte awaye/
 And all their babellynge is but lyes.
 All though there be wother obstacles/
 Be cause of the grett myracles/
 Dayly practyfed before oure eyes.

What. ¶ Thou never sawest myracle wrought?

Res. ¶ I/ no be hym that me bought/
 But as the prestes make rehearceall.

What. ¶ Canst thou rehears me nowe one?

Res. ¶ No I cannot/ but oure syr Iohn/
 Can/ in his Enghlysshe festivall.

What. ¶ Geve they to soche fables credence?

Res. ¶ They have them in more reverence/
 Then the gospell a thousand folde.
 Also ther is nether whoare nor thefe/
 Nor eny of so wicked mischefe/
 But by the masse is made bolde.
 For yf they heare once a prestis masse/
 They trust furly that daye to passe/
 Without all parell or daungeoure.
 Crafty forcerers and falce dyce players/
 Pickeporfes and prevy conveyers/
 By the masse hope to have focoure.
 Marchantes passynge viages on farre/
 And soudiars goynge forthe to warre/
 By the masse are ofte preserved.

Masse bryngeth synners to grace/
 And fendes away it doeth chace/
 Above all thynges preferred.
 Masse solemniseth marriage/
 And kepeth people from damage/
 Caufyng also wedder to be fayer.
 Masse maketh tame thynges of wyld/
 And helpeth wemen to be with chyld.
 Thorowe assistance of the fayer.
 Masse awayleth agaynst fycknes/
 A proved remedy for all distres/
 And for thynges that be gone.
 Thus to conclude with breuite/
 Of the whole churches felicite/
 The masse is mayntener alone.

Wat. ¶ The nobles that be wyse and sage/
 I suppose with soche blynde dotage/
 They cannot so tolysshly begyle.

Ref. ¶ Troth it is/ some of theym begynne/
 To have lytell confidence there in/
 And lesse wolle with in a whyle.
 Which of the bissshops is perceaved/
 Wherefore they have nowe restrayned/
 Vnder the payne of coursfyng.
 That no laye man do rede or loke/
 In eny frutfull englisse boke/
 Wholy scripture concernyng.
 Their frantyke foly is so pevisse/
 That they contempne in Englisse/
 To have the newe Testament.
 But as for tales of Robyn hode/
 With wother iestes nether honest nor goode/
 They have none impediment.
 Their madde vnfavery teachynges/
 And theyr fantasticall preachynges/
 Amonge simple folke to promote.
 For no cost they spare nor stynte/
 Openly to put them in prynte/
 Treadyng scripture vnder their fote.

Also their decrees and decretallis/
With folyffe dreames papisticallis/
They compell peöple to rede.

Howe be it the confutacion/
Of their abhominacion/

They will not soffre to procede.

Wat. ¶ Kepe thou silence and be whyft/
Though with grett crakes they resist/
For a lytell season present.

Yett I warant within shortt space/
Masse will have there his beryinge place!
Acordynge as it is convenient.

Ref. ¶ So moche the worse for oure thryfte/
For then there is none wother shyfte/
A newe master we must vs gett.

Wat. ¶ All though masse be dedde and rotten/
A master maye lyghtly be gotten/
Yf we oure mynde to laboure sett.

Ref. ¶ Ye/ but prestes service is gaye/
For we maye with them all waye/
In ydelnes have grett respyt.

Wat. ¶ That for a christen man is nott best/
Borne vnto laboure and not vnto rest/
As the foule is vnto flyght.

But nowe all this matter to spare/
Lett vs oure masters dyner prepare/
For it is hye tyme verely.

Ref. ¶ A felyship lett vs go a pace/
For he will beshrowe oure face/
Yf he fynde not all thyng redy.

Wat. ¶ Hawe/ I praye the yett abyde/
Sett thy busynes a whyle a fyde/
And lett vs have fyrst a songe.

Ref. ¶ What woldest thou that I shulde syng?

Wat. ¶ Surly some propper conveyed thyng
Not over tedious nor longe.

Ref. ¶ I trowe thou arte a syngynge man?

[**Wat.**] The devil of the whit that I can/
But I love specially soche gear.

- Ief. ¶ Will thou have it mery or sadde?
 Wat. ¶ I foarce not be it goode or badde/
 So that I maye some what heare/
 Ief. ¶ If thou wilt thy mynde fatiffy/
 Gett the into some monastery/
 And be a monge them in the queare.
 Wat. ¶ Do they vse soche ioly syngynge?
 Ief. ¶ It is the crafte of their lyvyng/
 Wherby they make lusty cheare.
 Wat. ¶ But I vnderstonde nott whatt they saye/
 Ief. ¶ By my sothe no more do they/
 I maye shewe the in counsell.
 Wat. ¶ Shall I axe the nowe a question?
 Ief. ¶ Ye hardely a goddis benefon/
 And I will not spare the to tell.
 Wat. ¶ Ware thou never in religion?
 Ief. ¶ Yes so god helpe me and halydom/
 A dosen yeres continually.
 Wat. ¶ Then thou knowest moche vnhappines?
 Ief. ¶ A grett deale more then goodnes/
 I promes the faythfully.
 Wat. ¶ Well lett vs differ this till soune/
 When oure masters diner is done/
 We will a gayne come hydder.
 Ief. ¶ I am content even so to do/
 Wat. ¶ Fyrst syng a balett/ go to/
 And then will we to diner.
 Ief. ¶ Alas I am marvelously drye/
 Wat. ¶ Thou shalt dryncke man by and by/
 What nedeth the so to lynger?
 Ief. ¶ Have at it in the best manner.

¶ In the ioyfull moneth of ioly Iune/
 Walkynge all alone my care to solas.
 I herde a voyce with a dolorous tune/
 Full pitiously cryng/ alas alas.
 The worlde is worffe then evyr it was.
 Never so depe in miserable decaye/
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Fyrst to begynne at the spretualte/
 Whose lyvyng shulde be example of grace.
 Indued with parfett workes of charite/
 Sekyng goddis honoure in euery cace.
 The worlde with his vanites they embrace.
 Renyng god all though they faye naye/
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Of this worlde they have the chefe dominion
 With stately preeminence temporall.
 They preafume to be hadde in opinion/
 Of the people/ as lordes emperiall.
 Worsshypfull seniours we must theym call/
 Requyrng that we shulde to theym obeye/
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The ryches and gooddes of the commen weall/
 Hath sett them in their honoure full hye.
 They are occasion that theves do steall/
 And cause of all mischefe and misery.
 The wor[l]dly treasure they consume ydely.
 Nothyng regardyng but pastance and playe
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The laboure of the povre people they devower
 And of nobles they waste the patrimony.
 They teache and exhorte men god to honoure
 With their temporall substannce and mony.
 They clayme tythes to supporte their foly.
 Invenyng many a faulce offeryng daye/
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

They ought of duty to preache the gospell/
 The wordes of life/ so dulcet and fwete.
 Howe be it there agaynst chefly they rebell/
 Christis doctryne troaden vnder their fete.
 They beare vs in honde that it is nott mete.
 The gospell to be knowen of people laye/
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

They shulde be meke/ and they ar full of pryde
 Voyde of true pacience replete with yre.
 Envy they holde/ charite sett a fyde/
 Retaynyng for chafite carnall desyre.
 Slouthe and glotteny in their hole empyre.
 Hath made temperance and labour to straye
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Emproures and kyngis they trappe in their lure/
 Deceavyng them bey faulce adulacion.
 So that of promocions they be fure/
 Full lytell they ponder their damnacion.
 They geve them no true informacion/
 And that evidently parceave they maye/
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The workes of mercy apou them are spent.
 Poure people defraudyng with iniury.
 They dryncke the bloud of foules innocent/
 Simple folke begylyng outrageously.
 Their foule fylthy carkes to magnify.
 They wrappe in robes and costly araye/
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Goddis commaundmentis they transgresse openly
 To his godly love no respecte havynge.
 They take his name in vayne with blaffemy/
 Holy dayes after their own mynde faynyng
 To honour their parentis they are disdaynyng
 More couetous then kytes waytyng apraye.
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Letcherous luste leawdly they embrace/
 Forbidynyng wedloke agaynst goddis will.
 Their subiectis they oppresse in wretched cace/
 Prone vnto murther christen men to spill.
 Sacrilege and fimony is their corne mill.
 Vfyng falce witnes the trueth to delaye/
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

The sacrementis of christis ordinaunce.
 InSTITUTE oure feble fayth to sustayne.
 They haue perverted vnto oure hyndraunce.
 Enforcynge vs to trust in tryfles vayne.
 Wother newe sacrementis falcely they fayne.
 Obscuringe godis worde as moch as they may
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Christis fredom they have brought in bondage
 Of hevenly rightes makynge marchandyse.
 In gostly workes they covett avauntage/
 To fede their infaciate covetyse.
 Of the damnable masse they make a sacryfyse
 Compellynge men dearly for it to paye/
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.

Of hell and heven they make chevefance/
 Faynyng as they lyst a purgatory.
 Hypocrisy is leader of their daunce/
 With wronge extorcion and vsery.
 Of Christis worde they make herefy/
 Redy and prompte christen men to betraye/
 But it cannot thus endure all waye.


Wherfore brefly to fynnysshe my balade/
 O hevenly father/ apon the I call.
 Have pyte on man/ whom thou hast made/
 To serve the in fredom spretuall.
 Rid vs from antichristis bondes so thrall.
 Wherwith we are fast bound nyght and daye
 That thy name be not blasphemed all waye.

Lo nowe I have done my best/
 To satiffy the request/
 Accordynge as thou desyredst.

What. ¶ I will holde the then no lenger/
 But loke that thou remember/
 To fulfill that thou promysedst.



¶ Here foloweth the Secunde parte.

- Ief.  Lorde god what goode dayes/
 Thes monkes have in abbeyes/
 And do nether swett nor swyncke.
 Thei live in welthynes and ease/
 Havynge what soever they please/
 With delicate meate and dryncke.
 Wher with they farce their bellies so full/
 That to all goodnes they are dull/
 Makynge mery with gill and Ioan.
 They sitt slepyng in a corner/
 Or momblyng their pater noster/
 Their mynde nothyng ther apon.
 Be they never so stronge or starcke/
 They will exercyse no maner warcke/
 Nor labour boddily.
- Wat. ¶ Arte thou here Ieffray mate?
- Ief. ¶ Ye/ why comest thou so late?
 I am fayne for the to tary.
- Wat. ¶ I was troubled with the estates/
 I beshrowe all their folishe pates/
 For commynge here this daye.
- Ief. ¶ So mot I the I thought the same/
 Howe be it the stuarde was to blame/
 That he did no better porvaye.
- Wat. ¶ By thy fayth/ had thou better fare/
 In the cloyster where as thou ware/
 Vnder the rule of the manastery?
- Ief. ¶ Fare cotha? they eate theyr belies full/
 Every man as moche as he wull/
 And none fayth blacke is his eye?
- Wat. ¶ What do they for it/ eny thyng?
- Ief. ¶ Truly nothyng but rede and synge/
 Passynge the tyme with sporte and playe.

- What.** ¶ That is a lyfe in dede for the nones/
Thou ware a sole by thyse ten bones/
Whan thou camest fro theym awaye ?
- Ref.** ¶ O I thyncke my filse moche fortunate/
That fro their lyfe I am seperate/
Seynge it is so abhominable.
- What.** ¶ What abhominacion is there in ?
- Ref.** ¶ Alas mate all to geder is synne/
And wretchednes most miserable.
- What.** ¶ What a man of religion/
Is reputed a dedde person/
To worldly conversacion ?
- Ref.** ¶ It is or a trueth they are dedde/
For they are in no vse nor stedde/
To christen mens consolacion.
And as a dedde stynkyng carkace/
Vnprofitably cloyeth a space/
Yf it be kepte above grownde.
So in their lyfe superstitious/
Of wicked crymes enormious/
No maner profitableness is fownde/
- What.** ¶ Yett their order is very straye ?
- Ref.** ¶ Ye but they vse soche a confayte/
That they make it easy ynowe.
More easy by the twenty parte/
Then to laboure in some arte/
Or to go with the carte or plowe.
- What.** ¶ They have man the worlde forsaken/
And a spretuall lyfe taken/
Consistynge in gostly busynes.
- Ref.** ¶ What call ye the worlde I praye ?
- What.** ¶ Welthy ryches and pleasurs gaye/
And occasions of synfulness.
- Ref.** ¶ Then are they in the worlde still/
For they have all that they will/
With ryches and possessions.
And as touchynge the realme of vice/
Pryde/ wrath/ envy/ and avarice/
With wother synfull transgressions.

In this worlde that we do name.
 There is none so farre out of frame/
 And lyve in soche outragioufnes.

Mat. ¶ Yett Ieffrye thou erreft fo god me fave/
 For the fryers no poffeffions have/
 But lyve only by pure almes.

Ief. ¶ Fryers? nowe they are worft of all/
 Ruffian wretches and rafcall/
 Lodesmen of all knaviffhnes.
 Though they be no poffeffioners/
 Yett are they intollerabill beggers/
 Lyvyng on rapyn and difceyte.
 Worshipfull matrons to begyle/
 Honorable virgins to defyle/
 Continually they do wayte.
 Of honefty they have no regarde :
 To difpleafe god they are not afearde/
 For the valoure of a pynne/
 Of whordom they are the very baudes/
 Fraudulent inventers of fraudes/
 Provocacion vnto fynne.
 They are flauder of vertoufnes/
 Occafion vnto vicioufnes/
 Chickens of the devils broode.
 To the trueth they are adverfaries/
 Diligent imageners of lyes/
 Depravers of thofe that be goode.
 They are antichriftis godfones/
 Promowters of his pardones/
 And proctours of fimony.
 They are brokers heven to fell/
 Fre cobby holders of hell/
 And fe fermers of purgatory.
 Of fathan they are the foudiers/
 And antichriftis owne mariners/
 His fhippe forwardes to convey.
 And to conclude ferioufly/
 They are the hell howndes veryly/
 Enmies agaynft goddis worde allwaye.

Mat. ¶ Nowe thou arte gretly oversene/
 For in places there as I have bene/
 They do goode I the certify.
 For yf it wer not for the fryers/
 There wolde not be in seven yeres/
 A sermon in the povre contry.
 And as for their lyvyng trully/
 They begge peoples almes purly/
 Takyng iocche thynges as they geve.
 They have no wast superfluite/
 But even their bare necessite/
 Scanty ynough wherby to leve.

Ief. ¶ I mean not that they are all bad/
 For I wolde the devyll them had/
 Then with a fayre deliverance.
 But of the gretter parte I thought/
 Which I faye are worffe then nought/
 Replete with mischevous vengeance.
 Their preachyng is not scripture/
 But fables of their coniecture/
 And mens ymaginacions.
 They bryng in olde wyves tales/
 Both of Englonde/ Fraunce/ and Wales/
 Which they call holy narracions.
 And to them scripture they apply/
 Pervertyng it most shamfully/
 After their owne opinions.
 Wherwith the people beyng fedde/
 In to manyfolde errors are ledde/
 And wretched supersticions.
 Of Christ oure mercifull saveoure/
 They make a iudge full of terroure/
 Only threatninge oure damnacion.
 Whose saveoure as they falsly fayne/
 We cannot be able to obteyne/
 With oute fayntes mediacion.
 They faye that holy mens suffrages/
 Pardons maffes/ and pilgremages/
 For fynnes make satisfaccion

They bid vs in oure workes to trust/
 Wherby they faye that we must/
 Deserve oure saluacion.
 Fayth litell or nothyng they repute/
 Wherof we beyng destitute/
 Are brought into desperacion.
 And as for their lyfe doutles/
 It is the well of ongracioufnes/
 Of iniquite the myroure.
 The almes that povre folke shulde have/
 Wretchedly awaye they do crave/
 To lyve ydely withoute labour.
 Diffaytes continually they do muse/
 And crafty falshod dayly they vse/
 With simple folke gretly dissemblynge.
 They feare lytell whom they offende/
 Acustomed to rappe and rende?
 All that commeth in their fingrynge.
 Their miserable disposicion/
 Causeth stryfe and fedicion/
 In all places where as they dwell.
 There is none vnhappines done/
 In eny christen regione/
 But a fryer is of the counsell.
 Though they faye that their order/
 Is to have no thyng in proper/
 But to vse all thynges in commone.
 Yett ther is no commenalte/
 Which hath so gret parcialite/
 As their miserable religione.
 For where as the heddes principall/
 Whom master docters they call/
 Lyve in welthy abundance.
 The wother are povre and nedy/
 Leadyng their lyves in penury/
 Scant havynge their sustenance.
 Of their brothers vexacion/
 They have no compassion/
 Despyfyng those that be in sicknes.

Agaynst all order of charite/
 They desdayne forto have pete/
 Apon theym that are in destres.
 To shewe all their vnhappines/
 So abhominable and shamles/
 It wer ouer tedious and longe.

Mat. ¶ Thou hast sayde ynough all redy/
 They cannot be moche more wors lyghtly/
 Yf the diuill be not theym amonge.

Ief. ¶ As for that thou nedest not feare/
 The devill with theym is familiare/
 All waye bothe at bed and at borde.

Mat. ¶ The observauntes are not so disposed?

Ief. ¶ Wilt thou have their lyfe disclofed/
 Brestly rehearsed at a worde?

Mat. ¶ Nowe mate I praye the hartely/

Ief. ¶ So god helpe me of all hypocryfy/
 They are the very foundacion.

Mat. ¶ Peace man/ what speakest thou?
 I perceave well thou errest nowe/
 With wordes of diffamacion.

Ief. ¶ Why thynkest thou that I do erre?

Mat. ¶ Because the worlde doth theym preferre/
 For their wholly conversacion.

Ief. ¶ Ye so were the scrybes and pharisyas/
 Through their falce hypocryfy ways/
 Amonge the Iues in reputacion.
 Neverthelesse in inwarde maners/
 They were worse then open synners/
 Whom oure lorde also did courffe.

Mat. ¶ Makest of them soche compareson?

Ief. ¶ Ye savyng after my opinion/
 The observantis are farre worse.

Mat. ¶ It is not possible to be so/
 For they shewe ther as they go/
 Of simplenes gret aperaunce.

Ief. ¶ Ye so dothe the foxe wother whyle/
 All though he canne many a wyle/
 Pretende a simple countenaunce

- What.** ¶ Thou doest wrongfully furmyse.
Ref. ¶ Naye I tell the it is their gyse/
 To have two faces in a hoode.
- What.** ¶ What dost thou meane therby?
Ref. ¶ That they are dissemblers vniuersally/
 And feawe or none of them be goode.
- What.** ¶ They vse no whordom/ nor robbery/
 Nor take mens goodes wrongfully/
 As far as I can heare or se?
- Ref.** ¶ Open advoutrers they are none/
 Yet are they not virgens every chone/
 All though they professe chafite.
 They have pollucions detestable/
 And in warde brennyngis intollerable/
 Of the flesshly concupiscence.
 Ye and wother whyles advoutry/
 With wother meanes of letchery/
 Cloaked vnder a fayned pretence.
 Wich to overcome certaynly/
 They vse not the right remedy/
 Of oure lordis institucion.
 Gevyng hede to spretes of errours/
 And doctryne of divylysshe doctours/
 Which do make prohibicion.
 And as touchyng theft to be playne/
 They are the gretest theves that raygne/
 In all the worlde nowe a dayes
 For all wother theves commenly/
 Of them which have abundantly/
 And of ryche folke take their prayes.
 But the observauntis no people do spare
 Makynge their quest every wheare/
 With most importunate cravyng.
 To begge of the pover and nedy/
 They are as dogges most gredy/
 And wolves incessantly ragynge.
- What.** ¶ Yet they never handell money?
Ref. ¶ No for that is a subtyll policy/
 To vpholde their madde disgyfyng.

For when antichrist fathans founne/
 To stablyfhe his realme had begounne,
 Temporall honoure despyfyng.
 To have all in his dominion/
 He made made many a religion/
 With outwarde holynes aperyng.
 Which into sectes innumerable/
 Wer divided with oute fable/
 The worlde in care forto bryng.
 By their coloured devocion/
 To the people they gave a mocion/
 Their favoure craftly purchafyng.
 And so by their contrivyng cast/
 The[y] gott clene a waye at the last/
 Their chefe possessions temporally.
 Wherby laye people opressed fore/
 Scant coulde they geve eny more/
 Concernyng londes and patrimony.
 Then cam the fower orders of fryers/
 Which are the substanciall pillers/
 Of antichristis mayntenaunce.
 So holy theym selves they did make/
 That all possessions they did forsake/
 Wilfull poverty to inhance.
 To live by almes they did pretende/
 And received all that god did sende/
 Sheawyng tokens of perfection.
 Wherfore the people did them honoure/
 With gretter love and faveoure/
 Then those that had possession.
 Except livelod and londes only/
 They received all that cam frely/
 Whether it wer mony or ware.
 Howe be it they did multiply/
 In all provinces so innumerable/
 Through the worlde in every quartear.
 That the people wexed wery/
 Seynge they coulde not kepe a peny/
 But the fryers wolde begge it awaye.

At the last cam the observauntis/
 Of antichrist the trusty fervauntis/
 To brynge the worlde in more de kaye.
 And leaft they shulde seme chargeable/
 They fownde a newe waye deceavable/
 To begylde bothe yonge and olde.
 They were of soche superflicione/
 That in proper or in commone/
 They wolde nothyng kepe nor holde.
 Of their nedes havynge the vse/
 To handle money they dyd refuse/
 Faynyng austerite of pennaunce.
 Wherby with desyrous affecte/
 The people had a grett respecte/
 Vnto their paynted observaunce.
 In somoche that though their londes/
 Was geven clene oute of their hondes/
 By meanes of the possessioners.
 And also most greveously opprest/
 With the dayly cravyng and quest/
 Of the vnfaciare fryer beggers.
 Yett the observauntis semed so parfyt/
 That to healpe theym they iudged yt/
 With oute charge a thyng charitable.
 Wherfore all the wother fectes/
 In maner reputed abiectes/
 The observauntis were honorable.
 Apon whom the workes of mercy/
 Were bestowed continually/
 With superfluous abundaunce.
 And so vnder a leawde coloure/
 In ydelnes they did devoure/
 The povre peoplis sustenaunce.
 They have increased so their nomber/
 That all the worlde they do encomber/
 With intollerable oppression.
 They are more noyous agret deale/
 In hyndraunce of the commen wealle/
 Above eny wother faccion.

For where as the people afore/
 Wer halfe beggered and more/
 By the wother orders afore sayde.
 They robbed the worlde vterly/
 Caufyng it with extreme beggery/
 In grett ruynes to be de kayde.

Mat. ¶ Thou speakest agaynst conscience/
 For we perceave by experience/
 What a godly lyfe they leade.
 They flye diligently all excesse/
 Livynge in povertie and scafnes/
 With smale dryncke and browne breade.

Ief. ¶ Thynekest thou they live in penury?

Mat. ¶ Or els they are hipocrites verily/
 Of shamfull dissimulacion.

Ief. ¶ Saye that hardly once agayne/
 For they leade a lyfe to be playne/
 Full of worldly delectacion/
 Fyrst they have befe and mutten/
 Of the chese that maye be gotten/
 With bred and dryncke of the best.
 And that morover so largely/
 That to farce and stufte their belly/
 They take more then they can deiest.
 They have fauces with every disshie/
 Whither that it be flesshe or fysshie/
 Or els they wilnot be content.

To eate bred that is browne or stale/
 Ether to dryncke thynne byere or ale/
 They count it not convenient.

And many tymes they have daynties/
 Sent from dyvers lordes and ladyes/
 Their wholly suffrages to procure.

Mat. ¶ Yet they nether bake nor brewe.

Ief. ¶ No for all labour they exchewe/
 I the faythfully ensure.

Mat. ¶ Howe have they their meate rost or bake?

Ief. ¶ Wother men for theym the payne take/
 Whom spretuall fathers they call.

- Mat.** ¶ And have they no spretuall mothers?
Ief. ¶ Yes with many sistres and brothers/
 And also daughters spretuall.
- Mat.** ¶ Howe come they to kynred so nye/
Ief. ¶ Because they canne flatter and lye/
 Makyng belev the cove is wode.
- Mat.** ¶ They cannot lye though they wolde/
 For they will nether silver nor golde/
 Nor covet eny mans goode.
- Ief.** ¶ Trowest thou they covyt nothyng/
 Where as they come a beggyng/
 To the housse of a povre man?
 Which hath both wyfe and children/
 And is not able to fynde them/
 Doyng the best that ever he can.
 Yet he must vnto the fryers geve/
 All though he shulde his housholde greve!
 Havynge nought theym selves to eate.
- Mat.** ¶ O they have then the gretter mede.
Ief. ¶ Ye god geve theym evill to spede/
 That do pover creatures so entreate.
 For they shulde their livynge gett/
 With boddely laboure and swett/
 Wherby they myght healpe wother.
- Mat.** ¶ So they do healpe them spretuallly.
Ief. ¶ Soche spretualnes I desye/
 When pover people dye for hongre.
- Mat.** ¶ Men saye they are goode to the pover/
 And geve every daye at their doer/
 Grett almes and refresshynge.
- Ief.** ¶ They geve almes/ but howe?
 When they have eaten ynowe/
 Their gredy paunches repleniffhynge.
 Then gadder they vp their levettis/
 Not the best morsels but gobbettis/
 Which vnto pover people they deale.
- Mat.** ¶ Then are they lyke with oute doute/
 Vnto certayne theves devoute/
 Which though they vse to steale.

Yet they are liberall and fre/
 Yf eny pover creature they se/
 To geve hym parte of their stolen geare.

Ref. ¶ Nowe truly their disposicion/
 Is not vnylike of condicion/
 Savynge in this poynte they differ.
 That where as theves liberally/
 Geve their goodes gotten wrongfully/
 To the pover with true affection.
 They geve no thyng in very trothe/
 But scrappes which they wolde be lothe/
 To vse agayne in their refeccion.

What. ¶ Pover folke yet commende theym gretly.

Ref. ¶ But yf they knewe as moche as I/
 They wolde rather on theym complayne.

What. ¶ Howe do they pover people offende?

Ref. ¶ By cause in ydelnes they spende/
 Which vnto theym shulde pertayne.

What. ¶ They are not ydell I dare saye/
 Whyllis they rede/ synge/ and praye
 Continually every houre.

Ref. ¶ I call it ydelnes vnproffetable/
 Which in no case is comfortable/
 To the necessite of oure neighbour.

What. ¶ Well yett the apostle doth wryte/
 A iust mans prayer doth proffyte/
 And is very efficacious.

Ref. ¶ Are they iust in thy reputacion?

What. ¶ After their owne affirmacion/
 Truly they are iust and righteous.

Ref. ¶ Then it is an evident token/
 That they are of whom it is spoken/
 Væ vobis qui iustificatis vos ipsos.

What. ¶ What dost thou by these wordes note?

Ref. ¶ That vnder neath a fryers cote/
 Moche hipocrisy they glose.

What. ¶ Reputest thou it hypocrisy/
 That they vse to go so holyly/
 In cutt shues with out eny hose?

- Ref.** ¶ Be it hipocrify or no/
 To mangill their good shues so/
 Me thynketh it but foliffhnes.
- What.** ¶ They cutt but the vpper ledder/
Ref. ¶ No for it is moche easier/
 Then to cut the soles doutles.
- What.** ¶ They do it for pennaunce fake/
Ref. ¶ For all that gret shifte they make/
 To avoyde all corporall sofferaunce.
- What.** ¶ They shewe signes of penaunce outwardly.
Ref. ¶ Ye but they fynde soche a remedy/
 That they fele lytell grevaunce.
 For in coventis whereas they are/
 Thycke mantels of fryse they weare/
 With sockes to kepe their fete warme
 Then have they fyre at their pleasure/
 And to sit therby at their leayfure/
 No man sayinge theym eny harme.
 And when they walke their stacions/
 They seke gentilmens habitacions/
 Where as they fare deliciously.
 For be there never so grett preafe/
 They are fet vp at the by deafe/
 Taken lyke lordes honorably.
 They have also to wasshe their fete/
 Water made hott with erbes swete/
 And a goode fyre in their chamber.
 Then have they bred/ ale/ and wyne/
 With a ryche bed of downe fyne/
 Decked after the best maner.
 And paraventure the goode father/
 Hath in his sleve a bladder/
 Full of gynger/ nutmegges or graynes.
 Which to make the drincke myghtye/
 He putteth therin a quantite/
 To comforte and warme his veynes.
- What.** ¶ They fynd not this whersoever they come?
Ref. ¶ Syr I wis it is their custome/
 In gentilmens places commenly.

- Wat.** ¶ Yet when they go on farre iorneyes/
They cannot espye oute all ways/
Gentilmens houfes so redely.
- Ref.** ¶ Mary before their departynge/
They have by mouthe or wrytynge/
The names of places where they dwell.
- Wat.** ¶ Some tyme they fayle yet I iudge?
- Ref.** ¶ Then do they mormor and grudge/
Lyke yonge devils of hell.
- Wat.** ¶ They want soche thynges in their cloyster?
- Ref.** ¶ Concernynge the fare of their froyter/
I did tell the a fore partly.
But then they have gest chambers/
Which are ordened for strangers/
And for fathers to make mery.
There have they ale/ wyne/ and byre/
And in winter tyme a goode fyre/
With gaye conceytes made wother.
- Wat.** ¶ What is their comunicacion?
- Ref.** ¶ By my sothe murmuracion/
One backbytynge another.
- Wat.** ¶ They have nothyng to murmur fore.
- Ref.** ¶ I tell the they murmur more/
Then eny persons that I knowe.
Full of envious suspicion/
Overwhelmed with ambicion/
Though their vocacion be lowe.
With all diligence they laboure/
To obtayne noble mens favoure/
And to be ladys confessours.
In soche matters dayly they boste/
Who with grett estates maye do moste/
Reckenynge theym selve wyse seniours.
- Wat.** ¶ Do they desyre to be conversant/
In courtes of vertue so scant/
Intangled with all vngracioufnes?
- Ref.** ¶ They are content to be partners/
With all vngracious lyvers/
Yf so be they geve themy almes.

- Mat.** ¶ I put case they geve nothyng?
Ref. ¶ Then whether he be lorde or kynge/
 They will his maners deprave.
 Howe be it though they be advoutrers/
 Extorfioners/ or whormongers/
 Yf to be their frendes they witsave.
 Then with grett commendacion/
 In their flatteryng predicacion/
 They will their actes magnify.
 Werfore whoares/ theves/ and bawdes/
 And all soche as live by frawdес/
 To their order have fantesy.
- Mat.** ¶ Howe do they which are true preachers?
Ref. ¶ They are charged in their chapters/
 Vnder their prelatis frayte precepte.
 That agaynst their goode fownders/
 Benefactors/ and frendly doers/
 No enormites they detecte.
- Mat.** ¶ Yf they sett men thus to scole/
 I trowe they make many a sole/
 Of ladys and gentill wemen.
- Ref.** ¶ Shall I shewe the howe they do?
- Mat.** ¶ Nowe for oure lordis sake go to/
 To tell the cast of this wholly men.
- Ref.** ¶ Fyrst it is their custome ever/
 To go/ two and two to gether/
 Excepte a grett impediment.
 And so to my ladys chamber/
 Formost pricketh in the elder/
 Which of them is most auncient.
 As sone as my lady he dothe se/
 With a countenaunce of gravite/
 He saluteth her noblenes.
 My lady then of his commynge/
 Affectously reioysfyng/
 Welcometh hym with gladnes.
 The father then with his glosfyng style/
 After that he hath preached a whyle/
 With babblyng adulacion.

My lady with many a goode morowe/
 Begynneth her tale to folowe/
 Speakyng after this fassion.
 O father ye do grett penaunce/
 To wyne eternall inheritaunce/
 Throw prayer/ fast/ and watchyng.
 Ye vse forto sweare no othes/
 Lyinge evermore in youre clothes/
 Nether shetes nor shurtes wearyng.
 Ambicion ye sett a fyde/
 Flyinge worldly pompe and pryde/
 Whiche with vs is dayly in vre.
 Happy are ye and fortunate/
 To live info parfet a state/
 Where to be saved ye are sure.
 Yf it were not for youre wholines/
 This worlde full of vicioufnes/
 Had bene destroyed longe or this.
 Howe be it/ ye do pacify/
 The rigoure of god almighty/
 Towardis vs that live a mis.
 The father then with wordes of comforte/
 Begynneth my lady to exhorte/
 Saynge thus/ o goode madame.
 Your ladyshippe nedeth not to care/
 For we praye dayly for youre welfare/
 Or els we were gretly to blame.
 Wholy. S. Fraunces do you mede/
 Many a pover fryer ye do fede/
 Of youre bounteous charite.
 Wherefore ye were made sifter/
 In the last generall chapter/
 Of oure whole confraternite.
 By meanes wherof ye are partetaker/
 Of oure watchyng/ fast/ and prayer/
 Remembryng you in oure memento.
 There is no daye that commeth to passe/
 But ye have parte of many a masse/
 Preseruyng you from carfull wo.

Wholy. S. Fraunces also hym felve/
 Which is above the apostles twelve/
 Nexte vnto Christ in autorite.
 Shalbe your perpetuall defence/
 Agaynst fycknes and pestilence/
 Souckerynge you in aduerfite.
 And for a fure aprobacion/
 He bryngeth forth a narracion/
 De libro conformitatum.

Howe. S. Frances their advoury/
 Once in the yere entreth purgatory/
 When that his fest daye doth come.
 And from thens he taketh oute/
 Those which to hym were devoute/
 Or to his order charitable.
 Thus my lady not very wyfe/
 Is brought in to soles paradyse/
 Thorowe their wordes disceavable.

What. ¶ Hath Christ amonge them no place?

Ref. ¶ Christ catha? in no maner cace/
 He is rather to their damage.

Be cause thorowe his passion/
 For vs he made fatiffacion/
 Withoute eny mans suffrage.

Whose doctryne yf they did observe/
 Playnly for honger they shulde sterve/
 Excepte they wolde to labour fall.

What. ¶ Howe conclude they then at the ende?

Ref. ¶ My lady must to their covent sende/
 Her blyssyng with a trentall.

What. ¶ What is the trentall/ in paper?

Ref. ¶ Or els in goode golde or silver/
 To make them a recreacion.

What. ¶ They will not for all Englonde/
 Handill money with their bare honde/
 As I have had informacion.

Ref. ¶ Yett in golden cuppes to dryncke/
 And to touche wemen I thyncke/
 No grett parell they do adverte.

And though some of them never dare/
Touche eny coyne with hondes bare/

Yett they touche it with their hertt.

They have also withouten lesyngē/
Money in wother mens keypyngē/

Redy at their commaundment.

Which by the wryttinge of a bill/
In whatt foever vses they will/

Dayly is bestowed and spent.

In eny covent where they be/
Very feawe of them thou shalt se/

But have a frende temporally.

To whom for every tryfill vayne/
That commeth once into their brayne/

Yf by wryttinge they signify.

Though it cost a noble or twayne/
By and by they shall it attayne/

Not foarfyngē what is layde oute.

Which truly yf they shulde purchase/
With laboure and swett of their face/

They wolde wotherwyse loke aboute.

What. ¶ Yf it be as thou dost expresse/
Playnly their rule they do transgresse/
Retaynyngē in comen or in proper.

Ref. ¶ They have the popis declaracion/
Makynge therof a mitigacion/
In most favorable maner.

Vnder whose divlysshe proteccion/
They have put them in subieccion

As children of iniquite.

Wherfore he taketh to his person/
The name of their dominion/

To vse it gevyngē liberte.

They have scant as moche as a lousse/
Nether clothes/ churche/ nor houffe/

But the pope there of is awner.

What. ¶ Why ascrybe they it to the pope?

Ref. ¶ By cause with soche craft they hope/
To begylde people seculer.

For where as they live welthyly/
 And have all thyngis abundantly/
 Acordynge to their apetyte.
 Yet vnder soche falce pretence/
 They fayne to soffre indigence/
 Contempnyng all worldly delyte.
 The pope also for this intent/
 Because to his errors they consent/
 Alowyng his abhominacions.
 Graunteth to their avauntages/
 Many bulles and previleges/
 With wretched confirmacions.
 Whose favoure to recompence/
 Agaynst all goode conscience/
 They preache as moche as they maye.
 That the people with reverence/
 Continue still in obedience/
 Of the popis rule nyght and daye.
 Though his workes be contrary/
 They faye that he is goddis vicary/
 And of Christ the leftenaunte.
 Makynge of a fende/ an angell/
 Christ/ of antichrist rebell/
 A faynt/ of the divels servaunte.

- Mat.** ¶ I supposed with out dissemblyng/
 That they vsed in their preachynge/
 All ways to sheawe the verite.
 Seynge amonge the states royall/
 They were reputed substanciall/
 With oute eny parcialite.
 They vsed to go in pover wede/
 Exhortynge both in worde and dede/
 Vnto the ioye celestially.
 As though they had no erthely love/
 But only to the lyfe above/
 Despyfynge the ioyes of this lyfe mortall.
- Ref.** ¶ The wholynes that they did sheawe/
 Principally did over throwe/
 The fayth of all christenuome.

For they were confederate/
 With antichrift fo inveterate/
 Called the Pope of Rome.
 Whose lawes to sett in renowne/
 Chrifteis doctryne they plucked downe/
 Pervertynge all wholly fcripture.
 And yet fo perfett they did apere/
 That grett mens confessions to here/
 In every place they had the cure.
 They pretended foche parfetnes/
 That fimple people more and les/
 Vnto their wordes gave credence.
 Whatfoever fables they did tell/
 They were taken as the gofpell/
 Approved with comen fentence.
 Wherefore by their feduccion/
 They have bene the deftruccion/
 Of all true chriften liberte.
 They make cruelnes of mercy/
 Perfeccion of hipocrify/
 And of fredome captivite.
 Of counterfeyted fim[u]lacion/
 They ymagen mortificacion/
 Turnynge fayth to infidelite.
 Ydelnes they name contemplacion/
 Faynyng zele of murmuracion/
 Enmies to charitable amite.

Mat. ¶ I marvayle moche and wonder/
 That they fhulde have eny anger/
 Or eny envious debate.

Seynge from worldly royalte/
 And promociions of dignite/
 They are willingly private.

Ief. ¶ Though they have no worldly honours/
 Yet nether kynges ne emperours/
 Nor wother states of the temperalte/
 Have foche ftryfe in their provifion/
 As obfervauntes in their religion/
 With dedly hatred and enmyte.

To be made confessors/ and preachers/
 Wardens/ discretēs/ and ministers/
 And wother offices of prelacy.
 With grevous malice and rancour/
 One agaynst a nother dothe murmour/
 Full of craft and inconstancy.
 They have nether drede nor shame/
 Their faultles brethren to defame/
 Havyng none occasion why.
 Yonge men agaynst their superiours/
 And prelates agaynst their inferiours/
 One at another hath envy.
 In chapters and visitacions/
 They vse wronge accusacions/
 With many slanderous iniuries
 They execute sharpe correccions/
 To ponysshe the transgressions/
 Of their fantastrycke ceremonies.
 God and his lawes they omitt/
 Aplyng their malicious witt/
 To kepe mans invencions.
 They are patrons of ydolatry/
 Promouters vnto herify/
 And bryngers vp of diffencions.

Mat. ¶ Nowe by the fayth of my body/
 The observauntis are not so holy/
 As they do outwardly seme.

Ref. ¶ Yf thou knewe manifestly/
 What a lyfe they occupy/
 Thou woldest marvayle I deme.

Mat. ¶ I have hearde ynough and to moche/
 Yf theyr conversacion be soche/
 It is pite that they are souffered.
 But nowe touchynge the maners/
 Of these religious possessioners/
 I wolde heare somewhat more vttered.

Ref. ¶ I tolde the in the begynnyng/
 Howe their wicked lyvyng/
 Is gretly abhominable.

Marcke their lyfe intentifely/
 And thou shale not therin espy/
 Eny thyng that is commendable.

Mat. ¶ What sayst thou then of their vowes?
 Werby theym selves they spowse/
 To god/ by a certayne promes.

Ref. ¶ Surly in it Christ they forsake/
 And them selves wholly they betake/
 To live in the devils ferves.

Mat. ¶ Why/ they professe chastite/
 Obedience/ and wilfull poverté/
 Which allmyghty god doth approbate.

Ref. ¶ Ye for all that I promes the/
 They kepe none of all the thre/
 With mundane affections intricate.

Mat. ¶ All worldynes they do renounce/
Ref. ¶ Though with wordes they so pronounce/
 Their hertes do not consent/
Mat. ¶ They observe t[r]uly obedience/
Ref. ¶ Ye but favyng reverence/
 Nothyng after Christis intent.
 For after goddis commandementis/
 They shulde obey their parentis/
 Honoryng them as is their duty.
 Not with standyng they are so mad/
 Their fathers and mothers are glad/
 To honoure them reverently.
 And where as holy scripture wolde/
 That vnto all powers we shulde/
 Obey as to goddis ordenaunce.
 They are vnder no power-at all/
 Nether spretuall nor temporall/
 To the comen weallis fortheraunce.

Mat. ¶ They obey vnto their prelate/
 At all feasons yerly and late/
 His precept accompliffhyng.

Ref. ¶ I will not denye they do obey/
 Vnto the ruler of their abbey.
 A carle of their owne chosyng.

Mat. ¶ They obey vnto their prelate/
 At all feasons yerly and late/
 His precept accompliffhyng.

Ref. ¶ I will not denye they do obey/
 Vnto the ruler of their abbey.
 A carle of their owne chosyng.

Yet is it in superfticioufnes/
 With outen eny profitablenes/
 Of their neighbours comferte.
 They ferve them felves and no mo/
 Carynge litell howe the worlde go/
 So that they have pleasure and fporte.
 And contrary the feculers/
 Are vnder temporall rulers/
 With their children and wyves.
 At all feafons preft and redy/
 To put them felves in ieopardy/
 Aventuryng bothe goodes and lyves.
 To ferve the kyng in warre and peace/
 They putt them felves alwaye in preace/
 The defence of the realme affiftyng.
 Where as the religious fectes/
 Vnto no lawes are fubiectes/
 Obeyinge nether god nor kyng.
 Yf the kyng will their fervice vfe/
 Forthwith they laye for an excufe/
 That they muft do goddis bufines.
 And yf in it they be found negligent/
 They faye the kyng is impediment/
 Because they muft do hym ferves.
 And yf the kyng shall them compell/
 Then obftymatly they do rebell/
 Fleinge to the popis mayntenaunce.
 Of whom they obtayne exempcions/
 From all the iurifdiccions/
 Of temporall governaunce.

Mat. ¶ Of the pope with out grett expens/
 They can obtayne no foche defens.

As men faye which do it knowe.

Ief. ¶ Yet are they fo farre out of tune/
 That they do their goodes fo confume/
 Rather then in goode vfes to beftowe.

Mat. ¶ I perceave by this with out fayle/
 Their obedience doth not provayle/
 But what fayft thou to their poverté?

- Ref.** ¶ What nede I therof to speake/
 Consideringe they do it breake/
 Endued with ryche felicite.
- Wat.** ¶ Do they soche lyvelod possesse?
- Ref.** ¶ They have in maner the ryches/
 Of every londe and nacion.
 Namly in Englonde region/
 They excede in possession/
 And lordly dominacion.
 The blacke order hath more alone/
 Then all the nobles every chone/
 As touchynge their patrimony.
 Thou woldest furly marvell/
 To se their fare and aparell/
 In all poyntes superflu[o]usly.
 There be monkes of soche statlynes.
 That scant will soffer at their messe/
 A lorde of bludde with them to sitt.
 Whose prowde service to beholde/
 In plate of silver and golde/
 It passeth a mans witt.
 Knyghtes and squyers honorable/
 Are fayne to serve at their table/
 As vnto Dukes excellent.
 Divers of them have the degre/
 Of worthy Erles in dignite/
 And are lordes of the parlement.
- Wat.** ¶ They descende of famous progeny?
- Ref.** ¶ Ye beggers sonnes most commenly/
 Their fathers scant worth a groate.
 Commynge fyrst to the abby gate/
 A beggyng with a scalled pate/
 Havyng nether goode shurt nor coate.
 Which as sone as he is ones clad/
 For a gentilman he is had/
 Though he be but a starcke knawe.
- Wat.** ¶ Soche poverte is plente/
 For by it avoydyng scacite/
 All welthynes they have.

Ref. ¶ It is truly their fisshynge nett,
 Pover mens goodes awaye to gett/
 To sati[s]fy their gluttonny.
 It is the goulfe of devoracion/
 And fountayne of defolacion.
 To all people generally.
 Wherof in wholy scripture/
 Is written a notable figure/
 Shewed in the boke of Daniell.
 Howe the prestes of Babilone/
 With falshod acordynge in one/
 Had an ydole called Bell.
 Outwardly made all of bras/
 And inwardly of erth it was/
 Havynge a resceyte so devised.
 That the ydole semed to devowere
 An. C. shepe with wyne and flower/
 Dayly vnto it sacryfised.
 Which the prestes with their whores/
 Thorowe crafty contrived dores/
 Entreinge in the nyght secretly.
 And there makynge recreacion/
 They consumed the oblacion/
 Oppressynge the people grevously.
 Which semed so straunge a thyng/
 That bothe the people and the kynge/
 Reputed it a grett miracle.
 Vntill Daniel at the last/
 Perceavynge their disceavable cast/
 Agaynst it made an obstacle.
 He vttered to their confusion/
 The execrable illusion/
 Wherwith the folke they fore noyed.
 Causynge by his policy/
 That this ydole vtterly/
 Was broken and destroyed.

Mat. ¶ Wherto dost thou this compare?

Ref. ¶ Of religious persons to declare/
 The intollerable enormite.

For as the prestes with their ydoll/
 The pover people did pill and poll/
 By their diffaytfull futtlete.
 So the children of perdicion/
 Named men of religion/
 With their wilfull povertē.

The wyde worlde forto begger.
 Daye and nyght they indever/
 Blyndynge the peoples simplicite.

Mat. ¶ I marvayle men make no restraynt/
 Their diffaytfulnes to attaynt/
 Whyls it is open and aperte.

Ref. ¶ Daniel is not yett come/
 Which shall obtayne the roume/
 Their fraudfull wayes to subuerte.

Mat. ¶ When shalbe then his comynge?

Ref. ¶ I ensure the or longe runnyng/
 For he begynneth to drawe nere.

Mat. ¶ Well then/ this matter to remitt/
 I wolde very fayne a lytell fitt/
 Of their chastite to heare.

Ref. ¶ To tell the of their chastite/
 It lyeth not in my capacite/
 The shamfullnes therof to compryse.

Mat. ¶ Men saye they live billfedly/
 With out acte of matrimony/
 Ensuyng verteuous exercyse.

Ref. ¶ Their cloysters are the devils m[e]wes
 Farre worse then eny fl[e]wes/
 Or comen places of whordom.

They are the dens of baudines/
 And fornaces of all lletcherousnes/
 Lyke vnto Gomer and Sodom.
 Yonge laddes and babes innocent/
 They bryng in by their intymment/
 To their leawde congregacion.

Whom they receive to profession/
 Before that they have discrecion/
 To their eternall damnacion.

For when they fele by experience/
 The brynnynge of the concupifcence/
 Pryckyng their hertes with love.
 Confyderynge alfo their bondage/
 Howe they can vfe no mariage/
 As a chriften man doth behove.
 Then to quenche their apetytes/
 They are fayne to be fodomytes/
 Abufyng them felves vnnaturally.
 And fo from hope of falvacion/
 They fall into desperacion/
 Ordryng their lyves moft shamfully.

- Mat.** ¶ I will not fay the contrary/
 But amonge a grett company/
 One or two foche thou mayft fynde.
- Ref.** ¶ Make the company grett or small/
 A monge a thoufand fynde thou fhall/
 Scant one chaft of boddy and mynde
- Mat.** ¶ They faye yett with bolde audacite/
 That it refeth in mans faculte/
 Yf he will/ to live chaftly.
- Ref.** ¶ Then make they Chrif a lyer/
 Callynge it a gyfte finguler/
 Not geven to every boddy.
 Paul alfo in his epiftle/
 Vnto Timothe his difciple/
 Wrytynge by fprete of prophecy.
 Nameth it a dyvliffhe doctryne.
 Which agaynft fcripture diuine/
 Forbiddeth folke to mary.
 Morover the ftorys not faynyng/
 The lives of olde fathers conteynyng/
 Geve reccorde to the fame.
 Which endued with godly fciencie/
 Exercyfyng continuall abftinence.
 The lufes of the fleffhe to tame.
 Yet feawe or none had the grace/
 With all their laboure to purchace/
 The finguler gyfte of chaftite.

Howe shuld they then live chaste/
 That of gostlynes have no taste/
 Geven holy to carnalite.
 Which as wolves and bely beastes/
 Eatynge and drynkynge in their feastes/
 The bloude of the pover commenalte,
 They hate soche as are studious/
 Abhorrynge those that are verteous/
 As a toade/ or poyfonde serpente.
 With oute knowledge as asses brute/
 Of all goode manners destitute/
 Braynles and insipient.

What. ¶ I fe then he werre a very chyld/
 Which wolde eny mo abbeys bylde/
 Yf the goodes shuld be so yll spent.

Ref. ¶ It werre fare better I suppose/
 To plucke downe a grett sorte of those/
 Which are all redy of costly bilydngē/

What. ¶ Oure lorde forbid/ that werre pete/
 For they kepe hospitalite/
 Waye farynge people harborynge.
 Husbande men and labourers/
 With all commen artificers/
 They cause to have grett ernynge.
 Their townes and villages/
 With out exaccions or pillages/
 Vnder them have moche wynnyngē.
 They kepe also many seruauntes/
 Retaynyngē fermers and tennauntes/
 Which by them have their lyvyngē.

Ref. ¶ Hospitall abbeyes thou fyndest but feawe/
 All though some of them for a sheawe/
 To blyndfelde the peoples syght.
 Paraventure will not denaye/
 Yf a gentle man come that waye/
 To geve hym lodgyngē for a nyght.
 But yf pover men thyther resorte/
 They shall have full lytell comferte/
 Nether meate/ dryncke/ ne lodgyngē.

Savynge wother whyles perhapis/
 They gett a feawe broken scrapis
 Of these cormorantis levyng.

Mat. ¶ Well yett their fare confyderynge/
 It is I wis no smale thyng/
 That they leave dayly at their borde.

Ief. ¶ Ye but thorowe falce lorchers/
 And vnthryfty abbey lobbers/
 To povre folcke lytell they a forde.
 For the best meate awaye they carve/
 Which for their harlottis must serve/
 With wother frendes of their kynne.

Then proll the ferynge officers/
 With the yemen that be wayters/
 So that their levettis are but thynne.

And where as thou makest relacion/
 That men of fondry occupacion/
 By theym are sett vnto labour.

It is aboute soche folyffhnes/
 Concernyng no proffytablenes/
 Vnto their neighbours succoure.

In byldyng of chambers curious/
 Churches/ and houses/ superfluous/
 To no purpose expedient.

So that they maye satiffy/
 Their inordinate fantasy/

They care for no detryment.

Set dyce and carde players a fyde/
 And thorowe out the worlde so wyde/

They waste their goode most in vayne.
 Their pryde maketh many a begger/
 Feawe or none farynge the better/

Except an ydell Iavel or twayne.
 Their townes fomtyme of renowne/
 Leawdly they cause to faule downe/

The honoure of the londe to marre/
 They sue their subiettis at the lawe/
 Whom they make nott worth a strawe/

Raynyng theym giltles at the barre.

And that I me nowe reporte/
 To their lordships a grett forte/
 With whom they had controversys.
 Namly/ Saynt Edmond's bery/
 With dyvers wother a grett many/
 Vnder the holde of monasterys.
 Furthermore theare as I did wone/
 All husbände men they have vndone/
 Destroyinge the londe miserably.

Wat.

¶ To prove that it wer very harde

Ref. ¶ Take hede howe farmers go backwarde/

And thou shalt se it with thyne ey.

For the londes welth pryncipally/

Stondeth in exercyse of husbandry/

By encrease of catell and tillynge.

Which as longe as it doth prosper/

The realme goeth backwarde never/

In stabill felicite perseverynge.

The abbeyes then full of covetyse/

Whom possessions coulde not suffyse/

Ever more and more encroachyng.

After they had spoyled gentill men/

They vndermynded husbände men/

In this manner theym robberyng.

Where a farme for xx. li. was sett/

Vnder. xxx. they wolde not it lett/

Rayfyng it vp on so hie a some.

That many a goode hufholder/

Constrayned to geve his farme over/

To extreme beggary did come.

Wat.

¶ I have hearde faye of myne elders/

That in Englonde many fermers/

Kept gaye housholdes in tymes passed.

Ref.

¶ Ye that they did with liberalite/

Sheawyng to povre people charite/

But nowe all together is daffhed.

Of ryche farme places and halles/

Thou seist nothyng but bare walles/

The roses fallen to the grownde/

To tourne fayre houses into pasture/
 They do their diligent cure/
 The commen well to confownde.

Wat. ¶ Howe have the abbeys their payment?

Ref. ¶ A newe waye they do invent/
 Lettyng a dosen farmes vnder one.
 Which one or two ryche francklyngis/
 Occupyinge a dosen mens lyvyngis/
 Take all in their owne hondes a lone.

Wat. ¶ The wother in paynge their rent/
 Be lyklyhod were negligent/
 And wolde not do their duty.

Ref. They payde their duty and more/
 But their farmes are heythed so fore/
 That they are brought vnto beggery.

Wat. ¶ Have the francklyngis therby no gayne?

Ref. ¶ Yes/ but fyrst they have moche payne/
 Yer they can gett it substancially.

Payinge more for the entrynge in/
 Then they shalbe able to wyne/
 A goode whyle after certaynly.
 For to gett the abbottis consent/
 Vnder the seale of the covent/
 It is a thyng very costly.

Where of the charges to recover/
 Lest they shulde theym selves enpover/
 And be brought into decaye.

Pover cilly shepperdis they gett/
 Whome into their farmes they sett/
 Lyvyng on mylke/ whyg/ and whey/

Wat. ¶ Mercyfull lorde/ who hearde ever tell/
 Religious folke to be so cruell/
 Supplantynge the temporalte.

Ref. ¶ Thou knowest nott watkyn felowe/
 Howe they have brought to forowe/
 In lykwyse the spretualte.

Wat. ¶ By what manner cavillacion?

Ref. ¶ Surly through improporacion.
 Of innumerable benefices.

- Mat.** ¶ Do they benefices impropérate?
Ref. ¶ Ye and that many a curate.
 Dayly courffe their cruell bellies.
- Mat.** ¶ They eate nether churche ne steple.
Ref. No but they robbe the pover people/
 Devowrynge their substaunce.
- Mat.** ¶ Yf they do spretually sowe/
 They maye well temporally mowe/
 After the apostles ordenaunce.
- Ref.** ¶ Toshe they have it better cheape/
 For they temporall goodes reape/
 And sowe nothyng spretually.
 Their parissions they sheare and clippe/
 But they never open their lippe/
 To geve them ny fode gostly.
- Mat.** ¶ Happely they do it in prevete.
Ref. ¶ So god healpe me it maye well be/
 Vnder some secret claufure.
 For it is surly so invisible/
 That I trowe it is not possible/
 To be sene of any creature.
- Mat.** ¶ What requyre they of benefices?
Ref. ¶ No thyng but to have the fleces/
 And avauntages carnally.
- Mat.** ¶ I perceave not well thy meanyng.
Ref. ¶ They are redyer to take vp tythyng/
 Then to preache to them frutfully.
- Mat.** ¶ Is there any grett differyng/
 Bitwene theft and tythe gaderyng/
 After the practyse that we se?
- Ref.** ¶ Very litell/ all thynges reckened/
 Savyng that theves are corrected/
 And tythe gaderers go scott fre.
- Mat.** ¶ Have they no circumspeccion/
 With diligent affeccion/
 For their paresthes to provyde?
- Ref.** ¶ They sett in folysshe dotardes/
 More mete forto be bearwardes/
 Then christen mens soules to gyde.

And even as they do by farmage/
 Brynge the londe into a rearage/
 Contempnyng the state temporall.
 In lyke maner by their rapyne/
 They have brought into ruynes/
 The order ecclesiasticall.

What. ¶ It apereth they are past grace.
Ref. ¶ They are the diuels fornice/
 Oven infernall vnfacible.

What. ¶ If these monkes are so noyous/
 Bothe fraudulent and covetous/
 To what vses are they profittable?

Ref. ¶ Nowe by the death that I shall deye/
 Of all people vnder neth the skye/
 The worlde maye them best spare.
 Nether to the godly deite/
 Nor yett to mans vtilite/
 In eny cace profittable they are.
 And not only vnneccessary/
 But moreover clene contrary/
 Defraudynge that to them is due.
 For though their lyfe so vicious/
 To goddis lawes is iniurious/
 Confowndynge the waye of vertue.
 Yet are they more presomptuous/
 Sayinge their workes meritorious/
 Healpe synners to be goddis heyres.
 Wherby Christis blood they despyse/
 As though it coulde not suffyse/
 With out their damnable prayres.
 And wheare as they shulde be prest/
 At all seasons doynge their best/
 The commen well to mayntayne.
 Their bellies are so full of greace/
 That nether in warre nor peace/
 They cane do eny healpe certayne.
 Yet their fyndyngis they expende/
 Which shulde the londe defende/
 Devowrynge many a knyghtes fe.

They are nether gostly/ ner worldly/
Rather divlysshe then godly/

With out eny goode properte.

Mat. ¶ Yf they be soche ydell raveners/
They are lyke to the grett courfers/

Which noble men in stables kepe
For they are cherefed all waye/
With fresshe litter and goode haye.

Doynge right nocht but eate and slepe.

Ref. ¶ There is in them grett diversite/
For yf it come to extremite/

They save their masters from yvill.
Where as these miserable brybers/
Brynge their fownders and healpers/
The strayght waye to the devill.

Mat. ¶ Are they lyke to wolves ravenous?

Ref. ¶ A grett deale more outrageous/
Farre excedyng their rapacitie.

For though they be cruell of kynde/
Yett they leave their skynnes be hynde/

As a mendes for their cruelte

But this mischevous mounckry/
Though they robbe every country/

Whyls they be here a lyve.

Yet can they not be so pleased/

But after that they be deceaced/

Least eny by them shuld thryve.

They cary into their sepulture/

Their dayly clothyng and vesture/

Buried in their churlysshe habyte.

Mat. ¶ Have they on their botes also?

Ref. ¶ Ye by my trothe even redy to go/
To the devill withouten respyte.

Mat. ¶ There is some mistery pondered/
That they vse so to be buried/

In their habyte and clothyng.

Ref. ¶ No dout it is a mistery/

By coniectours manifestly/

Their wretched lyfe betokenyng.

For as in this lyfe they denayde/
 Their christen neighbours to ayde/
 Lyvyng here vncheritably.
 So by their death and latter ende/
 In their buriall they pretende/
 Not to be of Christis company.

Wat. ¶ To whom then do they pertayne?

Ief. To the devill their soverayne/
 Which hath them all in his bonde.

Wat. ¶ Beware thou be not to bolde/
 For thy lyfe were bought and solde/
 Yf thou spake this in Englonde.

Ief. ¶ They maye well bothe ban and cours/
 But they cannot do moche wors/
 Then they did to Hun the marchaunt.

Wat. ¶ Did they eny grevaunce to hym?

Ief. ¶ Out of this lyfe they did hym trymme/
 Because he was goddis servaunte.

Wat. ¶ He did some faulte gretly notory /

Ief. ¶ No thyng but for a mortuary/
 The prestes agaynst hym did aryse.
 No maner faulte in hym was fownde/
 Yet was he hanged/ brent/ and drownde.
 His goodes takyn vp for a pryse.

As an herityke they hym toke/
 Because he had many a boke/
 In englysshe/ of holy scripture.

Also he worshipped no ymages/
 And wolde not go on pilgremages/
 Vfyng none others to periure.

Wat. ¶ Are the prelatis so mad frantycke/
 To iudge soche a man an heritycke/
 Shewyng tokens of fydelite?

Ief. ¶ They regarde their worldly proffett/
 Wynnyng therby many a forfett/
 Whiche moveth them to crudelite.

Mens goodes wrongfully to cease/
 They make heritykis whom they please/
 By faulce relacion of Someners.

- Wat.** ¶ Have they none wother intelleccion?
Ref. ¶ Yes also by their confession/
 Which they tell in prestes eares.
- Wat.** ¶ Dare they confessions to bewraye?
Ref. ¶ Confessions catha? ye by my faye/
 They kepe no secretnes att all.
 Though noble men have doctours/
 To be their private confessours/
 Yet they have one that is generall.
- Wat.** ¶ Besyde those which are perticuler?
Ref. ¶ Ye/ and that hath brought some to care/
 Of whom I coulde make rehearceall.
- Wat.** ¶ His name wolde I very fayne here.
Ref. ¶ It is the englisse Lucifer/
 Wotherwyse called the Cardinall.
 In all the londe there is no wyght/
 Nether lorde baron/ nor knyght/
 To whom he hath eny hatred.
 But ether by sower speche or swete/
 Of their confessours he will wete/
 Howe they have theym selves behaved.
 What they faye/ it is accepted/
 In no poynte to be obiected/
 Though they be as falce as Iudas.
- Wat.** ¶ What autorite do they allege?
Ref. ¶ It is their churches previlege/
 Falcely to fayne that never was.
- Wat.** ¶ Soche confessours are vniust.
Ref. ¶ Yett nedes do it they must/
 Yf they will to honoure ascende.
- Wat.** ¶ Promocions are of the Kyngis gyft?
Ref. ¶ For all that he maketh soche shyft/
 That in his pleasure they depende.
 Though they have the kyngis patent/
 Except they have also his assent/
 It tourneth to none avauntage.
 His power he doth so extende/
 That the kyngis letters to rende/
 He will not forbear in his rage.

- Mat.** ¶ This is a grett presumpcion/
 For a villayne bochers sonne/
 His autorite so to avaunce.
 But it is more to be marveyled/
 That noble men wilbe confessed/
 To these kaytives of miscreaunce.
- Ref.** ¶ O/ the grett whore of Babilon/
 With her deadly cuppe of poyson/
 Hath brought theym to dronkenship.
 That paynted bordes and ded stockis/
 Carved ydoles in stones and blockis/
 Above allmyghty god they worship.
- Mat.** ¶ Hath Englund soche stacions/
 Of devoute peregrinacions/
 As are in Fraunce and Italy?
- Ref.** ¶ Seke oute londes every chone/
 And thou shalt fynde none so prone/
 As Englonde/ to this ydolatri.
 Of wholy Roodes/ there is soche a sight/
 That bitwene this and mydnyght/
 I coulde not make explicacion.
 Then have they ladies as many/
 Some of grace and some of mercy/
 With divers of lamentacion.
 Morover paynted stockis and stones/
 With shrynes/ full of rotten bones/
 To the whiche they make oblacion.
- Mat.** ¶ What are they after thy supposynge?
- Ref.** ¶ Stronge theves with outen glosynge/
 And authours of prevaricacion.
- Mat.** ¶ Take hede thou do not blasphem.
- Ref.** ¶ After their workes I them esteeme/
 Both to man and god oure creatoure.
 Where as is no god but one.
 We ought to worship hym alone/
 And no falce goddes to adoure.
 Whyche of his honoure is defrauded/
 By these ydoles faulcely lauded/
 With sacrifice and adoracion.

Man in lyke maner they robbe/
 Caufynge povre folke to fygh and fobbe/
 Takyng away their fufentacion.

What. ¶ The goodes that to theym are offered/
 Are they not to pover people proffered/
 Their neceffites to relefe?

Ref. ¶ It is wafte in ryetous revell/
 Amonge many an ydell Iavell/
 To noryffe the morthur and mifchefe.

What. ¶ I heare faye that befydys London/
 There is oure lady of Wilfdon/
 Which doth grett myracles dayly.

Ref. ¶ As for whordom/ and letcheroufnes/
 She is the chefe lady maftres/
 Commen paramoure of baudry.

Many men as it is knowen/
 Repe mo chyldren then their owne/
 By her myracles promocion.

Wyves to deceave their hufbandes/
 Make to her many errandes/
 Vnder coloure of devocion.

What. ¶ Dost thou oure lady fo backbyte?

Ref. ¶ No but I have the stocks in defpyte/
 Wherby they difhonoure her.

In fcripture it is written/
 And of oure lorde forbidden/
 To be a falce ydolatrer.

What. ¶ Whyls thou dost fo farre procede/
 Howe is it then in thy crede/
 Of Saynt Thomas of Cantourbury?

Ref. ¶ I beleve/ and alfo I trust/
 Yf that he were in this lyfe iuft/
 And of oure lordes vocacion.
 That his foul hath fruicion/
 Perpetually with out intermiffion/
 Of eternall confolacion.

What. ¶ Ye but I meane of his body/
 Shryned in the monaflery/
 With golde and ftones precious.

Also the grett myracles wrought/
 And howe of people he is fought/
 With offerynges and gyftes somptious.

Ref. ¶ As for that yf we geve credence/
 To oure saveoure Christis sentence/
 The Euangelistes bearynge recorde.
 Many shall do thynges straunge/
 Wherby they will boldly chalange/
 To worcke in the name of oure lorde.
 And yet Christ in theym hath no parte/
 But worcke them by the devils arte/
 Vfurpyng an angels lykenes.

Which doth hym filse so transpose/
 Fraudulently to begyle those/
 That contempne goddis rightoufnes.

Mat. ¶ Neverthelesse as clarckes desyre/
 Workyng of myracles is a signe/
 That vnto god they are acceptable.

Ref. ¶ Shall we to men credence geve/
 Or ought we the gospell to beleve/
 Whose verite is impermutable?
 I dare saye/ and abyde therby/
 That Saynct Thomas of Caunterbury/
 With wother Saynctis canonyfed.
 Yf their paynted efficacite/
 Is but as it semeth to be.
 Of god they are despyfed.
 For though they heale lame and blynde/
 With men (as they faye) out of mynde/
 Healpyng diseases corporall.
 Yet destroye they out of hande/
 For every one of them a thowfande/
 Concernyng their soules spretuall.
 And where as Christ doth requyre/
 That of god we shulde desyre/
 All oure necessite and nede.
 To them we make petition/
 Agaynst goddis prohibicion/
 To wicked doctours gevyng hede.

- Mat.** ¶ Well yet I ensure the Ieffraye/
 The goppell for theym they laye/
 Growndyng on it their argument.
- Ief.** ¶ Naye watkyn that is a starcke lye.
- Mat.** ¶ Howe shall we then the troth trye/
 By some probacion evident?
- Ief.** ¶ Mary take goddis wholly wrytynge/
 Nether addyng nor dimynysshynge/
 But even playnly after the letter.
- Mat.** ¶ They saye scripture is so diffufe/
 That laye people on it to muse/
 Shulde be never the better.
 It is no medlyng for soles/
 But for soche as have bene at scoles/
 As doctours that be graduate.
- Ief.** ¶ Wenest thou that Peter the fissher/
 Vnderstode not scripture clearlyer/
 Then the pharisaies obstinate?
 Who did so wilfully resist/
 Agaynst the receavyng of Christ/
 As they which were learned?
- Mat.** ¶ No wonder/ for they knewe hym not.
- Ief.** ¶ No more do oure doctours god wot/
 In eny poynte to be discerned.
- Mat.** ¶ Of Christ yett they make mencion.
- Ief.** ¶ Ye for be cause their pension/
 With benefices maye be endued.
 But in their lyfe and behaveoure/
 They despyse Christ oure saveoure/
 Labouryng his worde to exclude.
- Mat.** ¶ Canst thou prove this in dede?
- Ief.** ¶ Whosoever will the goppell rede/
 To prove it shall nede no testes.
- Mat.** ¶ Peraventure they wolde have it hid/
 Wherefore to rede it they forbid/
 Lest men shulde knowe their wickednes.
- Ief.** ¶ Had thou studied an whoale yere/
 Thou couldest not have gone no nere/
 To hit their crafty suttelnes.

For yf the gospell were foffered/
 Of laye people frely to be red/
 In their owne moders langage.
 They shulde se at their fyngers endes/
 The abhominacions of these fendes/
 With the abusion of pilgremage.
 Also to perceave every whitt/
 What it is Sayntis forto visitt/
 With nobles/ brouches/ and rynges.

Wat. ¶ Dost thou this custume reprehende?
Ref. ¶ I thyncke no goode man will commende/
 Soche superstitious offerynges.
 Wherof thre poyntis I will move/
 By the whyche I shall playnly prove/
 That it is a thyng vngodly.
 Fyrst a povre man of farre dwellynge/
 For his wyfe and chyldren labouryng/
 To kepe and fynde them honestly.
 Peraventure for some sickenes/
 Or for a vowe of foliffhnes/
 To accomplysse Satans institute.
 Taketh on hym a farre viage/
 To some Saynctes shryne or ymage/
 Leavyng his housholde destitute.
 Which often tymes do mis cary.
 The meane while that he doth tary/
 Bestowyng his laboure in vayne.
 And so goddis commaundment neglecte/
 For smale tryfles of none effecte/
 They put them selves vnto payne.
 Secondaryly/ what peviffhnes/
 Is it to honoure with ryches/
 Of deade saynctis the bodies?
 Seynge that whyls they here lyved/
 From ryches they were deprived/
 As we rede in their storyes/
 Thirdly/ it is no Christen touche/
 To se many a golden ouche/
 With rynges and stones preciously.

To make deade saynctes forto shyne/
 Where pover folke for hunger pyne/
 Dyinge with out healpe petiously.
 And yf with all possibilitie/
 Oure christen neighbours povertie/
 Duly to ayde we are bownde.
 Why do Saynctes it then transgresse/
 In whom charitable perfetnes/
 In especiall shulde redownde?
 Saynct Iohn to Christ so amiable/
 Sayth/ excepte we be charitable/
 Lovynge eache wother fraternally.
 It boteth not Christ to professe/
 For why/ we wander in darcknes/
 With out light erroneously.
 For howe can he have charite/
 That seith his neighbours necessite/
 And refuseth hym to focoure?

Wat. ¶ I marvayle not by hym that me made/
 Yf they be with golde and stoncs so lade/
 Though they cannot their neighbours se.
 But nowe to speake earnestly/
 Have their soules celestially/
 In soche offerynges eny delyte?

Ref. ¶ It is to theym grett displeasure/
 Abhorrynge it out of measure/
 As a thyngc done in their despyte.

Wat. ¶ What were best then to be done?

Ref. ¶ To breake theym in peces a none/
 A monge povre folke to be distributed.

Wat. ¶ Haw/ to do that dede who durst/
 Seynge that he shulde be a court/
 And as an herityke reputed.

Ref. ¶ Let them with furiousnes swell/
 Courfyngc with boke/ bell/ and candell/
 Whyls they have breath for to speake.
 Yet had we the Kynge's licence!
 We wolde with outen diffydence/
 Their golden shrynes in peces breake.

- Mat.** ¶ What shulde we do with their ryches?
Ies. ¶ Geve it to pover men in almes/
 To whom of dute it doth longe.
- Mat.** ¶ The Saynctes then wolde be angry/
 Yf that we shulde be so hardy/
 Vnlaufully to do theym wronge.
 For some men have it affayde/
 Whom saynctes have shreawedly arayde/
 In revengynge their iniury.
 So that by an whole nyghtes space/
 They were fayne to kepe one place/
 The dores stondynge open apertly.
- Ies.** ¶ And what was their fynall chaunçe/
Mat. ¶ By my sothe/ in an hangynge daunce/
 Their neckis in a corde to preve.
- Ies.** ¶ Vse the Saynctes eny men to kyll?
Mat. ¶ No but they make theym stonde still/
 Vntill they be taken of the Schereve.
 Then are th[e]y lyke and femblable/
 Vnto oure bissshops venerable/
 Which saye/ we will not morther.
 But they put men in soche savegarde/
 That with in a whyle afterwarde/
 They be sure to go no further.
- Ies.** ¶ Are not soche saynctis reprehensible?
Mat. ¶ Ye for they shulde be invincible/
 Of charitable dileccion.
 For if they will eny man noye/
 Ether eny body to destroye/
 They are not of Christis eleccion.
 Whiche after Lukis evangelion/
 Sayde to th[e]apostels Iames and Iohn/
 Nescitis cuius spiritus estis.
 The sonne of man hidder cam/
 Not forto destroye eny man/
 But to save that periffhed is.
 Wherefore let theym do wonders/
 By the divels their founders/
 To leade men in blynde cecite.

Yett never thelesse thou and I/
 Wolde put oure selves in ieopardy/
 Agaynst all their malignite.
 To take awaye their ouches/
 Golden ryngis and brouches/
 Gevyng it vnto the poore.

Mat. ¶ Thou except. S. Chutbert of Duram/
 With oure lady of Walfyngam/
 Also oure lady of the Moore.

Ref. ¶ God beyng oure direccion/
 We wolde make none excepcion/
 Agaynst the devils enchauntmentis.
 To do their best/ let them not spare/
 For we wolde make them full bare/
 Of their precious ornamentis.

Mat. ¶ Oure honeste then destayned/
 Surely we shulde be proclaymed/
 For outragious heretykis.

Ref. ¶ Why more we then the Cardinall?

Mat. ¶ He attempteth nothyng at all/
 Soche maters in his bissshopryckis.

Ref. ¶ I am sure thou hast hearde spoken/
 What monasteries he hath broken/
 With out their fownders consentis.
 He subverteth churches/ and chappells/
 Takyng a waye bokis and bells
 With chalesces/ and vestmentis.
 He plucketh downe the costly leades
 That it maye rayne on saynctis heades/
 Not sparyng god nor oure ladye.
 Where as they red feryce divyne/
 There is grountyng of pigges and swyne/
 With lowyng of oxen and kye.
 The aultres of their celebracions/
 Are made pearches for henns and capons/
 De foylyng them with their durt.
 And though it be never so prophane/
 He is counted a goode christiane/
 No man doynge hym eny hurtt.

- Mat.** ¶ A conscience yf it be sothe/
That the Cardinall so dothe/
I wonder that he is not apeached.
- Ref.** ¶ O/ churche men are wyly foxes/
More crafty then iuggelers boxes/
To play ligier du mayne teached.
Yt is not for nought they fayne/
That the two sweardes to theym pertayne/
Both spretuall/ and temporall.
Wherwith they play on both hondes/
Most tyrannously in their bondes/
Holdynge the worlde vniverfall.
Agaynst god they are so stobbourne/
That scripture they tosse and tourne/
After their owne ymaginacion.
Yf they saye the mone is belewe/
We must beleve that it is true/
Admittyng their interpretacion.
- Mat.** ¶ Art thou not a frayde to presume/
Agaynst the Cardinalls fume/
Seynge they wilbe all on his fyde?
- Ref.** ¶ No I do rather gretly reioyce/
That of a lytell wormes voyce/
Goddis iudgement maye be veryfyed.
Agaynst soche a wicked brothell/
Which sayth/ vnder his girthell/
He holdeth Kynges and Princes.
To whom for a salutacion/
I will rehearce a brefe oracion/
dedicate vnto his statlynes.
- Mat.** ¶ Nowe gentell mate I the praye.
- Ref.** ¶ Have at it then with out delaye/
Contempnyng his malicioufnes.
- O miserable monster/ most malicious/
Father of peruersite/ patrone of hell.
O terrible Tyrant/ to god and man odious/
Advocate of antichrist/ to Christ rebell.

To the I speake/ o caytife Cardinall so cruell.
 Causles charynge by thy coursed commandment
 To brenne goddis worde the wholly testament.

Goddis worde/ grownd of all vertue and grace
 The fructeous fode/ of oure faythfull trust.
 Thou hast condempned in most carfull cace/
 Throwe furious foly/ falce and vniust.
 O fearce Pharao/ folower of flesshly lust:
 What moved thy mynde by malyce to consent/
 To brenne goddis worde/ the wholly testament.

The tenoure of thy tyranny passeth my brayne
 In every poynt evidently to endyght.
 Nero nor herod/ wer never so noyus certayne
 All though of goddis lawis they had lytel lyght
 Shame it is to speake howe agaynst ryght.
 Thy hatfull hert hath caused to be brent/
 Goddis true worde/ the wholly testament.

O perverfe preste patriarke of pryde/
 Mortherer with out mercy most execrable.
 O beastly brothell/ of baudry the bryde/
 Darlynge of the devill/ gretly detestable.
 Alas/ what wretch wolde be so vengeable?
 At any time to attempte foche impediment/
 To brenne goddis worde the wholly testament.

God of his goodenes/ grudged not to dye/
 Man to delyver from deadly dampnacion.
 Whose will is that we shulde knowe perfetly
 What he here hath done for oure saluacion.
 O cruell kayface/ full of crafty conspiracion.
 Howe durst thou geve then falce iudgement
 To brenne goddis worde/ the wholly testament.

Thy leawednes of lyvyng is loth to heare/
 Christis gospell to come vnto cleare light.
 Howe be it surly it is so spred farre and neare

That forto let it thou haste lytell myght.
 God hath opened oure dercke dimed fyght.
 Truly to perceave thy tyrannous intent/
 To brenne goddis worde the wholy testament.

Agaynst thyne ambicion all people do crye/
 Pompoussly spendinge the sustenance of the pore
 Thy haulte honoure hyly to magnify/
 Maketh/ theves/ traytours/ and many a whore
 Wo worth the wretche of wickednes the dore
 Forger of oure dayly damage and detriment
 To brenne goddis worde the wholy testament.

O paynted pastoure/ of Satan the Prophet/
 Ragynge curre/ wrapped in a wolues skynne
 O butcherly bisshop/ to be a ruler vnmete/
 Maker of misery/ occasion of synne.
 God graunt the grace nowe to begynne.
 Of thy dampnable dedes to be penitent/
 Brennyng goddis worde/ the wholy testament.

Mat. ¶ No more for oure lordis passion/
 Thou raylest nowe of a fassion/
 With rebukis most despytous/
 No man shall these wordes advert/
 But will iudge them of an hert/
 To procede/ most contumelious.

Ies. ¶ Though popishe cures here at do barcke
 Yet thou mayst therin well marcke/
 The will of god accomplisshed.
 The Cardinal thus to rewarde/
 Which with oute eny godly regarde/
 Desdayneth the trothe to be pupplisshed.
 Therefore as he did the trueth condempne/
 So god wil hym and all his contempne/
 With the swearde of punnyshment.

Mat. ¶ They had fyrst some provocation?

Ies. ¶ None wother then the translacion/
 Of the englysshe newe testament.

Wherin the authours with mecknes/
 Vtterly avoydyng convicioufnes/
 Demeaned theym so discretly.
 That with all their invencion/
 They coulde fynde no reprehencion/
 Resistyng goddis worde wilfully.

What. ¶ Howe had the gossell fyrst entraunce/
 Into Englonde so farre of distaunce/
 Where to rede hym/ no man maye?

Ref. ¶ Goode christen men with pure affecte/
 Of god singulerly therto electe/
 With cost did hym thether conveye.
 Which/ even as Christ was betrayed/
 So with hym the clargy played/
 Thorowe trayterous prodicion.

What. ¶ Who played the parte of Iudas?

Ref. ¶ The wholy bissshop of Saynct Affe/
 A poste of Satans iurisdiction.
 Whom they call Doctour standiffhe/
 Wone that is nether flesshe nor fishe/
 At all tymes a commen lyer.
 He is a bablynge Questionist/
 And a mervelous grett sophist/
 Som tyme a lowfy graye fryer.
 Of stommake he is fearde and bolde/
 In braulyng wordes a very scolde/
 Menglyng vennem with fugre.
 He despyseth the trueth of god/
 Takyng parte rather with falcehod/
 Forto obtayne worldly lucre.
 In carde playinge he is a goode greke/
 And can skyll of post and glyeke/
 Also a payre of dyce to trolle.
 For whordom and fornicacions/
 He maketh many visitacions/
 His Dioces to pill and polle.
 Though he be a stowte divyne/
 Yett a prest to kepe a concubyne/
 He there admitteth wittingly.

So they paye their yearly tributis/
 Vnto his dyvlishe substitutis/
 Official/ or commissary.
 To rehearce all his lyvyng/
 God geve it yvell chevyng/
 Or els some amendment shortly.

Wat. ¶ Howe did he the gospell betraye?

Ief. ¶ As sone as ever he hearde saye/
 That the gospell cam to Englonde.
 Immediatly he did hym trappe/
 And to the man in the red cappe/
 He brought hym with stronge honde/
 Before whose prowde consistory/
 Bryngyng in falce testimony/
 The gospell he did theare accuse.

Wat. ¶ He did mo perones represent/
 Then Iudas the traytour malivolent/
 Whiche betrayed Christ to the Iues.

Ief. Thou mayst se of theym in one manne/
 Herod/ Pilat/ Cayphas/ and Anne/
 With their propertis severall.

And in another manifestly/
 Iudas full of conspiracy/
 With the sectes pharisaicall.
 They are a grett deale more mutable/
 Then Proteus of forme so variable/
 Which coulde hym filse so difgyse.

They canne represent apes/ and beares/
 Lyons/ and asses with longe eares/
 Even as they list to divyse.

But nowe of standishe accusacion/
 Bressly to make declaracion/

Thus to the Cardinall he spake.
 Pleaseth youre honourable grace/
 Here is chaunfed a pitious cace/

And to the churche a grett lacke.
 The gospell in oure Englishe tonge/
 Of laye men to be red and songe/
 Is nowe hidder come to remayne.

Which many heretykis shall make/
 Except youre grace some waye take/
 By youre authorite hym to restrayne.
 For truly it is no handlynge/
 For laye peoples vnderstondynge/
 With the gospell to be busy.
 Which many wonè interprisynge/
 Into herefy it did brynge/
 Disdaynyng the churche vnreverently.

Mat. ¶ Toffhe/ these sayngis are sophistical/
 I wolde heare the sence mysticall/
 Of these wordes right interpreted.

Ref. In fayth with out simulacion/
 This is the right significacion/
 Of his meanyng to be expressed.
 O Cardinall so glorious/
 Thou arte Capitayne over vs/
 Antichristis chefe member.
 Of all oure detestacions/
 And sinfull prevaricacions/
 Thou alone/ arte the defender.
 Wherefore healpe nowe or els never/
 For we are vndone for ever/
 Yf the gospell abroad be spred.
 For then with in a whyle after/
 Every plowe manne and carter/
 Shall se what a lyfe we have led.
 Howe we have this five hondred yeres/
 Roffed theym amonge the bryres/
 Of desperate infidelite.
 And howe we have the worlde brought/
 Vnto beggery worse then nought/
 Through oure chargeable vanite.
 Which knowen/ we shalbe abhorred/
 Reddi to be knocked in the forhed/
 Oure welth taken awaye clene.
 Therefore Tyrant playe nowe thy parte/
 Seynge with the devill thou atre/
 Gretter then eny manne hath bene.

Put the gospel a waye quyght/
 That he come not to laye mens fight/
 Forto knowe goddis commaundementis.
 And then we that are the remmenaunt/
 Shall diligently be attendaunt/
 To blynde them with oure commentis.
 Yf they have once inhibicion/
 In no maner of condicion/
 To rede goddis worde and his lawes.
 For vs doctours of theology/
 It shalbe but a smale mastery/
 To make themynges foles and dawes.
 Loke what thou dost by tyranny/
 We will alowe it by fophistry/
 Agaynst these worldly villaynes.

Wat. ¶ Nowe truly this is the meanyng/
 Howe soever be the speakyng/
 Of these spretuall lordaynes.

Wat. ¶ But what sayde the Cardinall here at?

Ief. ¶ He spake the wordes of Pilat/
 Sayinge/ I fynde no fault therin.
 Howe be it/ the bissshops asssembled/
 Amonge them he examened/
 What was best to determyn?

Then answered bissshop Cayphas/
 That agrett parte better it was/
 The gospell to be condempned.

*Hoc est.
 London.
 Epūs.*

Lest their vices manyfolde/
 Shulde be knowen of yonge and olde/
 Their estate to be contempned.

The Cardinall then incontinent/
 Agaynst the gospell gave iudgement/
 Sayinge/ to brenne he deserved.

Wherto all the bisshoppis cryed/
 Anfwerynge/ it cannot be denyed/
 He is worthy so to be served.

Wat. ¶ Yf they playe thus their vages/
 They shall not escape the plages/
 Which to them of Rome happened.

At whose scourge so marvelous/
 They wolde yf they were gracious/
 Gladly to be admonished.
 To whom goddis worde in purite/
 Was fyrst shewed in humilite/
 Accorlynge to the veritable sence.
 Howe be it they wolde not it receave/
 But frawdly with swearde and gleave/
 They expulsed it from thence.
 Vnto tyranny they did leane/
 Wherefore god vsynge another meane/
 To brynge them vnto repentaunce.
 He stered vp some mens spryte/
 Which their fautes did endyte/
 Of their mischefe makynge vttraunce.
 Yet wolde not they amende/
 But moare wilfully did deffende.

Their evill lyfe agaynst goddis worde.
 Therefore as mislyvers obstinate/
 They were destroyed nowe of late/
 With pestilence and dent of sworde.

Ief. ¶ Thou hast rehearsed thre poyntis/
 Which will make all prestes ioyntis/
 For feare to trymble and shake.
 Seynge that the fyrst is past/
 And the seconde commeth in fast/
 Their hypocrisi to awake.

And yf they will not be refrayned/
 The sworde of vengeaunce vnfayned/
 On their frawdnes will light.

What. ¶ Well/ let vs by no persuation/
 Geve no soche occasion/
 Caufynge christen men to fyght.

Ief. ¶ No man will have that suspicion/
 But take it for an admonicion/
 Their vnhappy lyfe to repent.
 For we shewe as they shall fynde/
 Yf god inspyre not their mynde/
 To laboure for amendment.

- Which by scripture to verify/
 Let them rede the prophet Ieremy/
 In the chapter/ fower and twente.
 Howe be it I will me hens hye/
 Wheare as the Cardinals furye/
 With his treasure shall not gett me.
- Mat.** ¶ Is this prowde Cardinal rycher/
 Then Christ or goode faynct Peter/
 In whose roume he doth succede?
- Ief.** ¶ The bosses of hys mulis brydles/
 Myght bye Christ and his disciples/
 As farre as I coulde ever rede.
- Mat.** ¶ Whether canst thou then flye awaye?
- Ief.** ¶ To Constantinoble in Turkeye/
 Amonge hethen my lyfe to leade.
- Mat.** ¶ Yf thou wilt then live christenly/
 Thou must vse thy silfe prevely/
 Or els surely thou arte but deade.
- Ief.** ¶ I shall have theare as grett liberte/
 As in wother placis of christente/
 The trueth of Christ to professe.
 For he that will the trueth declare/
 I dare saye moche better he weare/
 To be with them in hethenness.
- Mat.** ¶ Though thou go never so farre hence/
 Yet with most terrible sentence/
 To course the they will not mysse.
- Ief.** ¶ I ponder very lytell their courses/
 For to god I saye with humblenes/
 They shall course/ and thou shalt blyffe.
- Mat.** ¶ In their courses/ is their no parell?
- Ief.** ¶ No for they do it in the quarell/
 Of their god which is their belly.
- Mat.** ¶ What mischevous god is that?
- Ief.** ¶ Wone that hath eaten vp the fatt/
 Of englondis wealth so mery.
- Mat.** ¶ I will gett me then into Wales/
 To dwell amonge hilles and dales/
 With folke that be simple and rude.

Ief. ¶ Come not there I counsell the.
 For the prestes/ their simplicitie/
 Thorowe craftynes do so delude.
 That whosoever is so hardy/
 To speake agaynst prestes knavery/
 For an herityke they hym take.
 Of whose miserable calamite/
 Vnder the spretuall captiuite/
 I will here after a processe make.

Mat. ¶ Then will I go into the realme/
 Of the plenteous londe of beame/
 In the Cite of Prage to dwell.

Ief. ¶ Of two thyngis I will the warne/
 Whiche thou must parfetyly learne/
 Yf thou wilt folowe my counsell.
 Fyrst beware in especiall/
 Of the outwarde man exteriorl/
 Though he shewe a fayre aperaunce.
 Many shall come in a lambis skynne/
 Which are raviffhyng woules with in/
 Ennemys to Christis ordinaunce.
 The seconde is/ yf eny reply/
 Bryngyng in reasons obstinatly/
 Agaynst that which semeth to be trewe.
 Take no graduate for an authoure/
 But remitt goode master doctoure/
 To the olde testament or newe.
 And yf he will beare the in honde/
 That thou canst not it vnderstonde/
 Be cause of the difficulte.
 Axe hym howe thou arte able/
 To vnderstonde a fayned fable.
 Of more crafty subtilite?

Mat. ¶ I se thou knowest their secretnes/
Ief. ¶ Ye I coulde in their very lycknes/
 Declare theym yf I had respyte.

Mat. ¶ Well I will departe/ adue/
Ief. ¶ Nowe I besече oure lorde Iesu/
 To be thy gyde daye and nyght.

Christ goddissonne/ borne of a mayden poore/
For to save mankynd/ from heben descended.
Pope Clemente. the sonne of an whoore/
To destroye man/ from hell hath ascended.



In whom is evidently comprehended.
The perfect meknes of our saveoure Christ/
And tyranny of the murtherer Antichrist.

A Proper Dyaloge, &c.

A compendious olde Treatyse, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

IT occurred to Lord Arthur Hervey—then Archdeacon of Sudbury, now the Bishop of Bath and Wells—while he was preparing a lecture, in the autumn of 1861, on the ‘Dissolution of the Monasteries,’ to be delivered in the ensuing October at Bury St. Edmunds, to look among the old books in his library at Ickworth, for anything that might bear upon the subject of his lecture. In so doing, he stumbled upon a small volume of tracts, in old binding, with the top of the back torn off; which proved to contain in all nine tracts; three without titlepages, and the last one torn off in the middle.

2. On the first page are the names of THO. HERVEY: THO. and ISABELLA HERVEY: and WILL. HERVEY. The Marquis of Bristol informed the great English-Bible scholar of our day, Mr. Francis Fry, F.S.A., of Cotham Tower, Bristol—through whose facsimile of this text we came to know of this *Dyaloge, &c.*—that, “This Thomas was the Father of John Hervey, First Earl of Bristol, and his wife was Isabella, daughter of Sir Humphrey May; his Father was Sir William Hervey of Ickworth, born 1585, died 1660. His Brother William was born in 1618, and died at Cambridge in 1642. Several of the Books now in the Library at Ickworth unquestionably belonged to Sir William. In a copy of Camden’s *Britannia*, edit. 1610, is the signature of William Hervee or Hervy, apparently by the same hand as that in this volume, with the year 1634, entered as that in which the purchase was made for 40s., and when William the son, would have been only sixteen years of age.” It seems therefore indubitable that these tracts had been in the possession of the family, for more than two centuries.

3. The value of the find may be illustrated in two ways.

Lord A. Hervey having, with a public spirit deserving of all praise, thought it right to offer the collection, in July 1865, to the Trustees of the British Museum; they gladly paid him £120 for the same: so it is preserved in that vast Treasure-House of books, accessible to all who can value it. There is also no doubt, now that the singularity of its contents is better known, but that a like collection would realize two or three times the above sum, should one ever be brought to the hammer.

Again. If Lord Harvey had been alive between the years 1530 and 1546, and had such a collection been found in his possession, any day during that time; he would have been instantly

hailed to prison: to have passed nights of weariness, fastened in the stocks, his feet higher than his head: and to have undergone wearier days of badgering, cajoling, browbeating, and accusation before the Bishop or Commissary of his diocese. He would have been degraded, as was another priest, the Benedictine monk of Bury St. Edmunds, Richard Bayfield; for the selfsame offence of possessing, reading, &c., these identical tracts, and others like them. He hardly might have escaped some such extra-judicial lynch justice as Stokesley, the Bishop of London, offered to that same Bayfield on the day of his degradation and death, the 27th November 1531, when the brutal bishop,—as if the surrender of life itself were not a sufficient expiation for having, reading, and circulating these identical and other like tracts,—smote Bayfield, who was kneeling on the top altar step, in the high choir of old St. Pauls, with his crozier-staff on the breast, and knocked him down the altar steps, so that he brake his head and swooned. Finally, his Lordship might, like that martyr, have been led to the stake, at or near Newgate, and there meekly offering his life, would have passed in a chariot of fire out of this world of trouble up to the bliss of heaven. Such suffering in this life, and glory in that to come, would his Lordship's adhesion to the doctrine of these tracts have ensured to him; had he lived when they were first secretly printed and circulated.

4. For the collection comprises some of the rankest Lollard and Protestant tracts of the time. We are able to identify every one of them, and three of them are apparently unique copies. Noticing them as they stand in the book, they are as follows:

(1.) Title-page torn off. [Sir FRANCIS BYGOD'S *A Treatise concernynge impropriations of benefices*, printed by T. Godfrey, without date, but about 1534. We have largely quoted from this work in our Reprint of Thomas Lever's *Sermons*.]

(2.) Title-page torn off. [SIMON FISH's translation 'out of the Dutch,' of *The Summe of Scripture*, referred to by John Fox in *Actes and Monumentes*, f. 987, Ed. 1576.] This work has hitherto been quite lost. It was in the preparation of this Reprint that we identified the text with the title. The work consists of a considerable body of doctrine, and was therefore specially and repeatedly forbidden by the ecclesiastical authorities. No colophon. Possibly printed abroad. Is in a small Roman letter, and one of the earliest of this class of books in that fount of type.

(3.) Title-page torn off. [*A Treatise declaryng and shewing that Pictures and other Ymages which were wont to be worshiped, are in no wyse to be suffered, &c.*] Printed by William Marshall in 16mo, at London. No date.

(4.) *The prairer and complaynte of the plowman vnto Christe: written not longe after the yere of oure Lord 1300.* To the Christian reader is dated 'The last daye of February, Anno 1531.'

The following passage in this address is of importance:—"Even as the old pharases with the bischops and prestes presoned and persecuted Christe and his Apostles/ that al the rightuous bloode maye fall on their heedes that hath ben shed from the bloode of Steuen the first martyr to the

blode of that innocent man of God Thomas hitton whom willyam werham byschop of Canturbury and Iohn fyscher byschop of Rochestur northeried at maydeston in kente the last yere for the same trouth. . . ."

(5.) *A proper dyaloge, &c.* see p. 129. No other copy now known. Mr. F. Fry published a facsimile edition of it in 1863.

(6.) *The Testament of master WYLLIAM TRACIE esquier* expounded both by WILLIAM TINDALL and IHON FRITH. *Wherin thou shalt perceyue with what charitie ye chaunceler of worcetter* [Worcester] *Burned when he toke vp the deed carkas and made asshes of hit after hit was buried, M.D.xxxv.*

(7.) *An comfortable exhortation: of oure mooste holy Christen faith and her frutes. Written (vnto the Christen bretherne in Scotlande) after the poore* [? pure] *worde of God. At Parishe M.d.xxxv. [By J. JOHNSONE.] The COL. "¶ At Parishe by me Peter Congeth. A.M.D.xxxv. xx Januarij."*

(8.) *The prophete Ionas, with an introduccion before teachinge to vnderstonde him and the right vse also of all the scripture, &c.* By WILLIAM TYNDALE. The introduction is preserved in Fox's edition of Tyndale's works, of 1573: but even he had not met with Tyndale's *text* of Jonah. Like Nos. (2) and (5) this is a complete recovery of a perfectly lost book. Mr. F. Fry issued a facsimile edition of it in 1863.

(9.) ¶ *The letters which JOHN ASHWELL, Priour of Neunham Abbey beside Bedforde, sente secretelly to the Bishope of Lyncolne, in the yeare of our lord M.D.xxvij. Where in the sayde priour accuseth GEORGE IOVE that tyme beinge felawe of Peter college in Cambridge, of sower opinions: with the answer of the sayed-George vn to the same opinions. Imperfect. [COL. in other existing copies is, At Strasburge. 10 Daye of June. (year not stated.)]*

5. The succeeding Texts may be regarded as Lollard Treatises in a Protestant setting. One of the hardest assertions that the early Reformers had to face was the accusation that the Reformation was a 'new-fangled herefy.' Cochläus and others vaunted that antiquity was on their side; until time and research put their boasting out of court. It came at length to be understood how much light of knowledge and wisdom had gone out in the dark ages; which however it was not impossible to rekindle for the future use and benefit of man. In this way our first English Reformers brought forth these Lollard treatises; and were well satisfied if they could prove an antiquity of a century for any of their Complaints.

6. Tyndale was at Marburg in 1530, printing *The Practyse of Prelates*. He was doubtless the centre of a small knot of English fellow-labourers, one of whom put forth, on his own account, this *Dyaloge, &c.* It might have been friar Jerome Barlow. There is much similarity in the style of the *verse* with that of *Rede me and be nott wrothe*; but this Complaint has not the grasp, virility, and strength of that Invective. If Bayfield's account of Roy to Sir T. More, in November 1531, be correct, Roy was probably not in Germany at this time: for the *Dyaloge* was certainly *written* after the meeting of parliament, 3 Nov. 1529, to the sitting of which there is allusion at p. 144, and consequently after the fall of Wolfey had become known at Marburg, as he is not once alluded to in it.

7. The Protestant setting supplied by the Englishman at Mar-

burg consists of *all* the verse, 'Unto the reader' at *p.* 170, and nearly all the side notes.

The A. B. C. to the spritualte must be distinguished from *The A. B. C. agenste the Clergye* prohibited at Paul's Crofs on Advent Sunday, 3d Dec. 1531. For in the examination of Bayfield in the previous month of November he acknowledged to have imported, among other books from the Continent, the two following distinctly quoted works,

A. B. C. of *Thorpe's*, [See Fox's *Actes &c.* *p.* 401. *Ed.* 1563.

A Dialogue betwixt the Gentleman and the Ploughman.

Thorpe is the famous Lollard William of Thorpe, the date of whose *Examination* is 4 Aug. 1407, and of whose *Testament* is Sept. 1460. He could not have told the Clergy that they were 'lyke to haue a fall'; but in the time of the Reformation that would be true.

8. The two Lollard texts may have been sent out as 'smale stickes' from England, in answer to Roy's Invitation at *p.* 25. The dates assigned to them should be taken with caution. There is nothing in the fragment of the first to test the date; but the latter treatise is clearly not much earlier than 1450, A. D., see *p.* 178.

The drift of the *Dyaloge* is properly described in the title. The history of the persecution of the Lollards by the clergy in the reigns of Henry IV. and V., in return for the support they gave to the house of Lancaster referred to in it, is historically true. The Clergy encouraging Henry V. to foreign war, in order to prevent reformation at home, is represented by Shakespeare in his *Henry V.* While their vast possessions in land alone in England, was computed, in the time of Rapin, to equal in value, at twenty years' purchase, the enormous sum of £30,503,400.

In the glorious sunlight of truth which we now enjoy we can hardly realize the gloom and despairing darkness in the midst of which men underwent hazard of all things that they might have the law of their belief allowed in their native speech. If we knew more of the Lollard literature, we should think more of them, and their magnificent fight, 'faithful unto death.' The priests presumptuously claimed to keep the lips of knowledge. They did possess almost all branches of science and secular knowledge at that time, so that every such 'lettre' as these, was a revolt of man's best nature from all that would tend to keep it in a perpetual darkness, ignorance, and error. In considering Lollardism, it must never be forgotten that, for the most part, it was a struggle at the greatest disadvantage, of a true desire after holiness fed and strengthened by God's Word, against the learning and culture of the time. Our blessed Lord himself rejoiced that in a like case, it pleased the Father to hide His truth from the wise and prudent, and to reveal it unto babes.

A proper dyalo=

ge/betwene a Gentillman and a husbandman
eche complaynyngē to other their mise-
rable calamite/through the am-
bicion of the clergye.

¶ An A. B. C. to the spiritualte.

¶ Awake ye gostely persones/ awake/ awakē
Bothe preste/ pope/ bisshoppe & Cardinall.
Considre wisely what wayes that ye take
Daungerously beyngē lyke to haue a fall.
Every where/ the mischefe of you all.

Ferre and nere/ breaketh oute very fast
Godde wiff nedes be reuenged at the last.

¶ Howe longe haue ye the worlde captued
In sore bondage / of mennes tradiciones?

Kynges and Emperoures/ ye haue depryued
Lewedly vsurpyngē/ their chese possessions.

Muche misery ye make/ in all regiones.

Howe poure fraudes/ almoste at the latter cast
Of godde sore to be reuenged at the last.

¶ Poore people to oppresse/ ye haue no shame
Awakynge for feare of your double tyranny.

Rightfull iustice ye haue put out of frame

Sekynge the lust of youre godde/ the belly.

Therefore I dare you boldely certifye.

Very litle though ye be therof a gaste

Yet god will be reuenged at the last.

O Christen reder/ from rashnes refraine
 Of haſtye iudgement/ and lyght ſentence.
 though ſum reckon it frowardnes of brayne
 Thus to detecte ye clergyes inconuenience.
 Vnto chriſtes wordes geue/ thou aduertence
 Which ſaieth nothinge to be done ſo ſecretly
 But it ſhall be knowne manifeſtly.

Where as men diſcerne no greſe of darcknes
 Full litle is deſyred the comfortable lyght
 The daye is reſtrayned to ſhewe his clerenes
 Tyll the clowdes be expelled of the night
 As longe as we perceyue not wronge from right
 Nether holynes from falſe hypocriſye
 The truthe can not be knowne manifeſtly.

Curſed they are/ as Eſaye doth expreſſe
 Which preſume the euyll for good to commende
 Sayenge that ſwete is ſoure/ and light darcknes
 As nowe in the clergye/ we may perpende.
 Whos diſguyſed madnes in the later ende
 As ſeynt Paule to Timothe did propheſye
 Shall be knowne to all men manifeſtly.

¶ Example of twayne he dothe there recyte
 Whos names were called Iannes and Iambres
 Which by enchauntment/ through deuels might
 Strongely refisted the prophete Moyfes
 Doyng lyke merueyles and wonderfulnes
 So that none could the very trouth espye
 Tyll their Iugglynge was knowen manifestly

Christe/ like wife/ with his predicacion
 The phariseyes shewynge outwarde holynes
 Was a counted of small reputacion
 Vyce cloked vnder shyne of vertuoufnes.
 Vntill at the last their furiofnes
 Accufyng the woman taken in aduoutery
 They fawe their fautes detecte manifestly.

Their vyces opened/ they could not abyde
 Shame drevynge them to confufyon
 Which afore feafon through pope holy pryde
 They bolstred out vnder abusyon
 It is the practyfe of their collufyon.
 Zele of rightuoufnes to fayne outwardly
 Tyll their fautes be detecte manifestly/

Which in oure clergye is evidently fene
 Fayned godlynes falsly pretendynge
 Wherby moſte parte of people do wene
 That they feke goddes honour in all thinge
 How be it/ men ſhuld fe that their ſekynge
 Is to confounde chriſtes goſpell vtterly
 Were their fautes detecte manifestly.

What greater despyte can they ymage/
 Agaynst god his hye honour to deface
 Than to vsurpe on them his power diuine
 Abhominably fittinge in holy place?
 Which hath continued longe tyme and space
 And shall with outrageous blasphemy
 Till their fautes be detecte manifestly.

Scripture vnto them was first proferyd
 Mekely without any prouocacion.
 Which to receyue when it was offeryd
 They refused with indignacion.
 Wherefore touchinge their reformacion.
 Litle trust is to be had certaynly
 Tyll their fautes be detecte manifestly.

¶ Thus to conclude/ o christen reder
 Vnto pacience/ I the exhorte.
 Aduertesyng/ howe and in what maner
 Christe rebuked this pharisyall forte.
 Whom as Mathew in the. xxij. doth reporte.
 With fearefull sentence he curfed earnestly
 Their wicked fautes detectyng manifestly.

¶ **Nihil est opertum quod non reueletur.**
Matth. x.

¶ Here foloweth the Dialogue/ the Gentillman beginnunge first his complaynte.

¶ Gentillman.

With foroufull harte/ maye I complayne
Concerninge the chaunce/ of my misery
Although parauenture it is but vayne
Trueth oporeffyd/ with open tyranny.
My enheritaunce and patrimony.
Agaynst right/ from me they kepe away
Which faye/ for my frendes foules they praye.

¶ Myne aunceteres of worthy progeny
With rentes and lyuelood largely endued
Mayntayned their estates honorably
Aydyng the poore/ indigence to exclude.
Tyll at the last/ the clergy to them sued.
Pretendinge godlynes/ vnder a fals waye
Sayenge they wold for their foules praye.

¶ Stoutely they alleged before their fyght
Howe after this lyfe is a purgatory.
Wherin their foules both daye and night
Shuld be tormented with out memory
Excepte of their substaunce transitory.
Vnto their feactes/ they wold some what paye
Sayenge that they wold for their foules praye.

They bare them in hande that they had myght
Synners to bynde and loose at their owne plesure
Takyng vpon them to leade thym a right
Vnto ioye/ that euer shuld endure.
Of popes pardones they boosted the treasure.
Chalengynge of heuene and hell the kaye
Sayenge/ that they wold for their foules praye.

To trust wife or childern/ they did diffwade
Eyther any frendes or perones temporall.
Affermyng/ that oure loue shuld a way vade

Without any memory of them at all
 Onely to hope in their feactes spirituall.
 They entyced/ with perfuafiones gaye
 Sayenge that they wold for their foules praye.

Thus with wylines and argumentes vayne
 Myne aunceters brought in to perplexite
 Partely thorough feare of eternall payne
 And partely for defyre of felicite.
 They confented makynge no difficulte
 To graunte their requestes without delaye
 Sayenge that they wold for their foules praye

Their chefe lordshippes and londes principall
 With commodytes of their poffeffyon
 Vnto the clergye they gaue forthe with all
 Dysheretinge their right successyon.
 Which to receiue without excepcion
 The couetous clergy made no denay
 Sayenge that they wold for their foules pray

By the meanes wherof/ I and fuche other
 Suffrynge the extremyte of indigence
 Are occasioned to theft or murther
 Fallynge in to moche inconuenience.
 Because the clergye agaynst conscience
 Deuoureth oure poffeffiones nighte and daye
 Sayeng yat for oure frendes foules they praye.

I haue wife and childern vpon my hande
 Wantinge substaunce/ their lifes to fustayne
 Wherfore to the clergy that haue my lande
 Sometyme I come and pituoufly complayne
 Whos statelines/ to helpe me hauyng difdayne
 With oute any comforte to me they faye
 That for my frendes foules they dayly praye.

Shuld I and my houghold for houngre dye
 They wold not an halfe peny with vs parte
 So that they lyue in welthe abundantly

Full litle they regarde oure woofull fmerte.
 To waste oure goodes they nothinge aduerte
 In vicious lustes and pompous araye
 Sayenge yat for our frendes foules they praye.

They take vpon them apostles auctorite
 But they folowe nothinge their profession
 Often tymes they preache of christes pouerte
 Howe be it towarde it they haue no affeccion.
 Yf so be they pleate ones in possession
 Harde it is to get ought fro them awaye
 Sayenge/ that for our frendes foules they praye.

Thus must we beare their oppression
 Whiles to complayne there is no remedye
 The worlde they haue brought in subiection
 Vnder their ambitious tyranny.
 No respecte they haue to the mysery
 Of vs poore gentillmen that be laye
 Sayenge that for our frendes foules they praye.

Alas/ is it not a myferable case?
 To se ydle perfones voyde of pyte
 Occupyng the landes before oure face
 Which shuld pertayne vnto us of duete.
 They haue richesse/ and we calamyte
 Their honour encreaced/ oures must dekaye
 Sayenge that for our frendes foules they praye.

¶ The husbandman.

Syr/ god geue you good morowe
 I perceiue the cause of youre sorowe
 And most lamentable calamyte.
 Is for the oppression intollerable
 Of thes monstres so vncharitable
 Whom men call the spiritualte.
 Trouthe it is/ ye poore gentillmen are
 By their craftynes made nedy and bare
 Your landes with holdinge by violence

How be it we husbandmen euery where
 Are nowe in worffe condicion ferre
 As it may be marked by experieñce.

¶ Gentillman.

In worfe caas? nay/ that can not be so
 For loke ouer the hoole worlde to and fro
 Namely here in oure owne region.
 And thou shalt fynde that in their handes
 Remayneth the chefe lordeshippes and landes
 Of poore gentillmens possesion.
 They haue oure aunceters lyuelood and rentes
 Their principall fearmes and teneamentes
 With temporall fredomes and libertees.
 They haue gotten vnto their kingdomes
 Many noble baronries and erldomes
 With esquyres landes and knightes fees.

¶ Husbandman.

Notwithstondinge yet they saye precysely
 That your Aunceters gaue to theym freely
 Soche worldly dominion and lyuelood.

¶ Gentillman.

Freely quod a? nay/ that is but fayned
 For they ware certeynly therto constreyned
 By their couetous disceite and falshod

¶ Husbandman.

Howe dyd they youre aunceteres compell?

¶ Gentillman.

Mary in threatnyng the paynes of hell
 And sharpe punishment of purgatorye.
 Wher to brenne/ they made them beleue
 Excepte they wolde vnto them geue
 Parte of their substaunce and patrimony.

¶ Husbandman.

But howe wold they delyuer them fro thence?

¶ Gentillman.

As they faide by their prayers assistance
Which with boostyng words they dyd a lowe

¶ Husbandman.

Prayer? god geue her as shamefull repress
For it is the moost briberyng these.

That euer was/ I make god a vowe.

For by her the clergy without dowte
Robbeth the hole countre rounde aboute

Bothe comones and estates none excepte.

I wote they haue prayed so longe all redy
That they haue brought the lande to beggery

And all thryftynes clene away swepte.

What foeuer we get with sweate and labour
That prole they away with their prayour

Sayenge they praye for oure soules allwaye

But is their prayer not more awaylyng
To the deade soules/ than to the luyng

So is it not worthe a rotten eye.

¶ Gentillman.

To the soules departed it is not profitable
For whye/ thos that are in case dampnable

No assistance of prayour can attayne.

And as for purgatory ther is none

Although there be clerkes many one

Which to seke it take moche payne.

¶ Husbandman.

Than I wold their prayenge were at an ende
For yf they pray longe thus so god me mende

They shall make ye lande worffe than nought.

But nowe I will rehearse seriously

Howe we husbände men full pitouously
 Vnto miserable wrechednes are brought.
 Fyrst whan englonde was in his floures
 Ordred by the temporall gouernoures
 Knowenge no spirituall iurisdiccion.
 Than was ther in eche state and degre
 Haboundance and plentuous prosperite
 Peaceable welthe without affliction.
 Noblenes of blood/ was had in price
 Vertuoufnes auanced/ hated was vyce
 Princes obeyd/ with due reuerence.
 Artificers and men of occupacion
 Quietly wanne their sustentacion
 Without any grefe of nedy indigence.
 We husband men lyke wise prosperously
 Occupyge the feates of husbandry
 Hyerd fearmes of pryce competent.
 Wherby oure lyuinge honestly we wanne
 And had ynough to paye euery manne
 Helpinge other that were indigent.
 Tyll at the last the rauenous clergy
 Through their craftynes and hypocryse
 Gate to theym worldly dominacion.
 Than were we ouercharged very fore
 Oure fearmes set vp dayly more and more
 With shamefull pryce in soche a fasshyon.
 That we paye more nowe by halfe the sume
 Than a foretymes we dyd of custome
 Holdinge ought of their possession.
 Befyde this/ other contentes of brybery
 As payenge of tythes/ open and preuy
 And for herynge of confession.
 Also prestes dueties and clerkes wages
 Byenge of perdones and freres quarterages
 With chirches and aultares reparacion.
 All oure charges can not be nombred
 Wherwith we are greatly acombred
 Ouerwhelmyd with defolacion.

We tourmoyle oure felfes nyght and daye
 And are fayne to dryncke whygge and whaye
 For to maynteyne the clargyes facciones

¶ Gentillman.

This were a great fhame to be knowen
 Seynge halfe the realme is their owne
 That they charge you with foche exaccions.
 Me thyncketh fo to do is no fmall cryme
 For they kepte as good houfes a foretyme
 Whiles they fearme hyers was ferre leſſe.

¶ Husbandman.

Ye/ more plentuous houfes a great deale
 How be yt in hyndrynge the comoneweale
 They vſe alſo this practyſe doutles.
 Where as poore husband men afore ſeaſon
 Accordinge vnto equite and reaſon
 Houſe or lande to fearme dyd deſyre.
 Without any difficulte they might it get
 And yet no hygher price was ther vp ſet
 Than good conſcience did require.
 But nowe their ambitious futtlete
 Maketh one fearme of two or thre
 Ye ſome tyme they bringe. vi. to one.
 Which to gentillmen they let in farmage
 Or elles to ryche marchauntes for avauntage
 To the vndoyng of husbandeman ech one.
 Wherby the comones ſufferinge damage
 The hole lande is brought in to rerage
 As by experience ye may well ſee.
 Thus is the wealth of village and towne
 With the fame of honorable renowne
 Fallen in to myſerable pouerte.
 Plentuous houſholdes hereby ar de kayde
 Releſe of poore people is awaye ſtrayde
 Allmes exyled with hoſpitalyte.

By foche meanes/ all thinge waxeth dere
 Complaynte of fubiectes cryenge ferre and nere
 Oppressed with greuous calamyte.

¶ Gentillman.

Truely thou shewest the very abuse
 Neuerthelesse concernynge oure excuse
 Why we gentillmen farmes occupye.
 The principall occasion is onely this
 That oure patrimony geuen awaye is
 Vnto thes wolffes of the clergye.
 By whos oppreffiion we are so beggeryd
 That necessite hath vs compellyd
 With farmes soche shyft to make.
 For as ye husbandmen can well vnderstande
 Touchinge expences and charges of the lande
 They disdayne any parte with vs to take.

¶ Husbandman.

Ye by seynte Marye/ I you warrante
 In soche cafes/ their ayde is very scant
 Makinge curtesye to do any goode.
 Let the realme go what way it wull
 They hauynge ease/ and their belyes full
 Regarde litle the comone weale by the rode
 Yf princes demaunde their succour or ayde
 This answere of them is comonely saide
 We are pore bedemen of youre grace.
 We praye for your disceaced auncetryes
 For whom we synge masses and dirigees
 To succour their soules in nedefull case.

¶ Gentillman.

Oh/ they afoorde prayers good cheape
 Sayenge rather many masses by heape
 Than to geue a poore man his dyner.
 Wherefore as thou saydest/ so god helpe me

I se of their prayenge no comodyte
 Nether avauntage in any maner.
 For whye with in thes. iiij. hundred yere
 Thorough oute christendome was not a freer
 Of thes/ whom we mendicantes call.
 And syth that tyme dyuers facciones
 Of collegianes/ monkes and chanones
 Haue spred this region ouer all.
 Also of prestes/ were not the tenthe parte
 Which as they saye/ haue none other arte
 But for vs worldly people to praye.
 And yet the worlde is nowe farre worffe
 As euery man felyth in his poorfse
 Than it was at that tyme I dare saye.
 Wherefore the trueth openly to betryde
 I wolde they shuld laye their prayenge a fyde
 And geue them selves to labour bodely.

¶ Husbandman.

It were harde to bringe them therto
 Vtterly refusyng any labour to do
 Because they are people gostely.

¶ Gentillman.

Were not the apostles gostely also?

¶ Husbandman.

Yes fyr/ but it is so longe ago
 That their lyuyng is oute of memorye.

¶ Gentillman.

We fynde it well in the newe testament.

¶ Husbandman.

The clargye saye/ it is not conuenient
 For layemen therwith to be busye.

¶ Gentillman.

Wotest thou wherfore they do that ?

¶ Husbandman.

In fayth fyr I coniecture some what
 And I suppose I do not moche erre.
 Might men the scripture in Englishe rede
 We secular people shuld than se in dede
 What Christ and the apostles lyues were.
 Which I dout nothings are contrarye
 Vnto the luyunge of oure clargye
 Geuyn to pompous ydlenes euery where.
 Whos abhominacion ones knowen
 Their pryde shuld be sone ouer throwen
 And fewe wold their statelynes for beare.

¶ Gentyllman.

Thou hyttest the nayle vpon the heed
 For that is the thinge that they dreed
 Least scripture shuld come vnto light.
 God commaundyd man in the begynnyng
 With sweat of vyfage to wynne his luyunge
 As Moses in his fyrst boke dothe wryte.
 And as Marcke sayeth in the. vi. chapter
 Christe here vpon erthe was a carpenter
 Not dyfdayninge an occupacion.
 Also the disciples vniuerfally
 With their handes laboured bufyly
 Exchewyng ydle conuersacion.

¶ Husbandman.

Oure clargye lyue nothyng after their rate

¶ Gentillman.

No/ they feke ydelly to auance their estate
 And to be had in reputacyon.

¶ Husbandman.

Are they worldly or gostely to faye the trothe?

¶ Gentyllman.

So god helpe me I trowe none of bothe
 As it apperyth by their fasshion.
 For in matters of worldly busynes
 The cleryge haue moche more entresse
 Than temporall men I ensure the.
 The landes of lordes and dukes to possesse
 Thei abasshe not a whit the seculernes
 Chalengynge tytles of worldly honour
 But is the realme in any neccessyte
 Where as they shuld condescend of duete
 To stande by their prince with succour
 Than to be of the world they denye
 Sayenge that their helpe is spirituall
 From the worlde makinge a separacion.

¶ Husbandman.

Whiles they vse soche craftynes to contryue
 The temporalte ought theym to depryue
 Of their worldly dominacyon.
 And euen as they faye that they are gostely
 So without any assistence worldly
 To lyue gostely they shuld haue no let.

¶ Gentyllman.

That were an expedyent medicyne
 Accordinge vnto faynt Paules doctryne
 Qui non laborat/ non manducet.
 Nowithstanding their power is so stronge
 That whether they do ryght or wronge
 They haue their owne will without fayle.
 Their enormytees so ferre out breaketh
 That all the worlde agaynst theym speaketh
 But alas man what dothe it auayle?

Husbandman.

The remedy that I can ymagyne
 Were best that we together determyne
 To get vs to london incontynent.
 Where as it is here for a furete tolde
 The kinge with his nobles dothe holde
 A generall counsell or parlament.

Gentillman.

What woldest thou that we shuld do there ?

Husbandman.

The constraynte of oure myserye to declare
 Vnder a meke forme of lamentacion.

Gentillman.

So shuld we be sure of soche answeres
 As were made vnto the poore beggers
 For their pituous supplicacyon.
 Against whom ye clergyes refons nought worthe
 The foules of purgatory they brought forthe
 The beggers complaynte to discomfyte.
 Wherefore against oure petition I the tell
 They wold bringe out all the deuells in hell
 For to do vs some shamefull despyte.

Husbandman.

And was ther none other waye at all
 But the foules of purgatory to call
 In ayde and assistance of the clergie.

Gentillman.

It was the suerest waye by feynt Ihone
 For had they to playne scripture gone
 I wouffe they hadde be taken tardye.
 The beggers complaynte was so grounded
 That the clargye hadde be confounded
 Had they not to purgatory hasted.

¶ Husbandman.

Where sayd they purgatorye shuld be?

¶ Gentillman.

By scripture they shewed no certente
 Albeit with stowte wordes they it faced.
 Euen like vnto the man/ which went
 A certeyne straunge ylonde to inuent
 But whan he sawe/ he could it not fynde.
 Least his wit and travaile shuld seme in vayne
 Reporte of other men he beganne to fayne
 The symplicite of rude people to blynde.
 But touchinge oure comunicacion
 Ther is a nother consideracion
 Which somewhat more troubleth my mynde.
 Thou knowest that in the parlament
 The chefe of ye clergie are resident
 In a maruelous great multitude.
 Whos fearce displeasure is so terrible
 That I iudge it were not possible
 Any cause against them to conclude.
 As for this ones we shall not be herde
 And great men I tell the[y] are a ferde
 With them to haue any doynge.
 Whofoeuer will agaynst them contende
 Shall be sure of a mischefe in the ende
 Is he gentellman lorde or kynge.
 And that vnto kynge Iohn I me reporte
 With other princes and lordes a great forte
 Whom the cronycles expresse by name.
 Whiles they were a lyue they did them trouble
 And after their deathe with cruelnes double
 They ceased not their honour to diffame.
 Dyd not they so longe striue and wrastle
 Against the good knight fyr Ihon oldecastle
 Other wise called lorde of Cobham.
 That from hyghe herefyte vnto treason

They brought him to fynall destruction
 With other many a noble man.
 Moreouer at feynt Edmundes bury some saye
 That the famous prince duke Humfray
 By them of his lyfe was abreuiate.
 Sythe that tyme I could reckon mo
 Whom they caused to be dispatched fo
 Parauenture some of no lowe estate.

¶ The husbandman.

Their tyranny is great without fayle
 Neuertheleffe yf we wold them assayle
 With argumentes of the holy gospell.
 They shuld not be ones able to resiste
 For the wordes of our sauour christe
 Shuld stoppe them were they neuer so fell.
 Who in the. xxiiij. chapter of feynt Luke
 To their great confusyon and rebuke
 Forbydeth secular ambicion.
 Wherin he himselfe example gaue
 Contempnyng worldly honour to haue
 Of this world claymyng no kingdome.
 Also when his disciples forthe he sent
 He commaunded them to be content
 With foode and apparayle necessary.
 Wherto saint Paules doctrine accordinge
 Saieth: hauynge meate drinke and clothinge
 We shuld no thinge couet superflouously.

¶ Gentillman.

Yf the holy gospell allege we shuld
 As stronge heretikes take vs they wold
 Vnto their churche disobedient.
 For why they haue commaunded straytely
 That none vnder great payne be so hardye
 To haue in englishe the testament.
 Which as thou knowest at London

The biffhop makinge ther a fermon
 With fhamefull blaſphemy was brent.

¶ Husbandeman.

Alas that cruelte goeth to my hert
 Wherfor I feare me we fhall all fmert
 At lengthe with bitter puniſhment.

¶ Gentillman.

Vndouted it is greatly to be fearyd
 Leaſt the hole region ſhalbe playgd
 For their outragious blaſphemy.
 In kynge Henryes dayes of that name ye fyft
 The clergye their pride aboue to lyft
 Perſecuted chriſten brothers haynouſly.
 The goſpell of Chriſt a fyde to caſt
 Which at that tyme proſpered faſt.
 With all their puyſaunce they dyd conſpyre.
 Euery where they threwe theym in preſones
 In ſharpe gayles/ and horrible doungeones
 Cauſyng many to be brent in fyre.
 Their furious malice neuer ſtentyd
 Tyll they had the light oute quenched
 Of the goſpell and holy ſcripture.
 Wherof all bokes that they could get
 They cauſed on a fayre fyre to be ſet
 To expell goddes worde doynge their cure.
 But conſyder what ther of did chaunce
 Moſte terrible plagies of fearfull vengeance
 And endles forowe to oure nacion.
 For within ſhorte ſeaſon after they loſt
 Which many a mans lyfe did coſt
 In fraunce their dominacoin.
 Amonge them ſelfes moſte hatefull mourdre
 Many ſtronge batayles/ one after a nother
 With great effuſyon of engliſſhe bloode.
 Frende againſt frende/ brother againſt brother.

Euery man at variaunce with other
 The realme longe feason in myschefe stooode

¶ Husbandman.

This is nowe a dayes clene oute of mynde

¶ Gentillman.

I praye god/ hereafter we do not fynde
 The same vengeaunce for like offence
 For as it is in the byble playnely red
 God left neuer lande yet vnpunished
 Which agaynst his worde made resistence.

¶ Husbandman.

Well fyr/ yf scripture ye forthe bringe
 I besefche you/ what is their answeringe
 Are they so bolde goddes worde to denye ?

¶ Gentillman.

Naye but after their ymaginacion
 They make there of an interpretacion
 Vnto the texte clene contrary
 They allege the popes auctorite
 Customes of auneynt antiquite
 With diuers counseiles approbacion.
 Also the holynes of religious fathers
 With the bloode sheadinge of marters
 For their chirches preseruation.
 Befyde that contynuance of yeres
 Myracles of bishoppes/ monkes and freres
 Whom for speciall patrones they holde.
 And fynally to make a conclusion
 In fortesyenge their abusion
 Other practyses they vse manyfolde.
 They resorte to lordes and greate estates
 With whom they are dayly checke mates
 Ye to saye the trouthe their soueraynes.

Where amonge other comunicacion
 They admonishe them with protestacion
 To beware of thes heretikes Lutheranes.
 Whom they faye is a secte newe fangled
 With execrable heresyfes entangled
 Sekinge the chirches perdicion.
 Which oure fore fathers as wise as we
 Were contente with humble simplicitie
 To honour/ obeynge their tucyon.
 Also none presumed till nowe a late
 Against the clergie to beare any hate
 Or grudged at their possession.

¶ Husbandman.

By feynt mary fyr/ that is a starcke lye
 I can shewe you a worcke by and by
 Against that poynte makinge obiection.
 Which of warantyse I dare be bolde
 That it is aboute an hundred yere old
 As the englishe selfe dothe testifye.
 Wherin the auctour with argumentes
 Speaketh against the lordshippes and rentes
 Of the clergie possessed wrongfully.

¶ Gentillman.

Is it so olde as thou doest here expresse
 Reprouynge their pompous lordlynes
 So is it than no newe found heresy.

¶ Husbandman.

No/ but alas/ halfe the boke we want
 Hauynge no more left than a remenant
 From the begynnyng of the. vi. chapter verely.

¶ Gentillman.

As for that it maketh no matter
 Begynne hardely at the fixte chapter

Redynge forthe to the ende seriously.
 For though old writings a pere to be rude
 Yet notwithstandinge they do include
 The pithe of a matter most fructuously.

¶ Husbandman.

To rede it I shall be diligent
 Though the style be nothings eloquent
 With ornate speache fet out curiously.

¶ Here foloweth an olde treatyse made aboute the tyme of kynge Rycharde the seconde.



Here as the clergy perceyueth that lordlynes and worldly dominion can not be borne out bi scripture/ then flie they to argumentes of mennes persuaſyon sayenge after thys maner Seynt Huges and seynt Swithunes were thus lordes/ and in this they ensued Christes luyng and his doctrine/ therefore we may be lafully thus lordes. But I wote well that Gabriel shall blowe his horne or they haue proued the minor. That is/ that thes sayntes or patrones in this sused the doctrine or the lyfe of Iesu Christe. And of this thou mayst se that soch argumentes that ar not clothed with Christes luyng or his teachinge/ be right nought worthe all though the clerkes blynde with them moch folke in ye world. But here haue I no leyser to tell though I coulde/ what chesfaunce and costes the churche maketh and what werres they hold to contynue this symony and heresy so vnavisely brought in to ye chirche. And yet they seke all the wayes therto that they can. Ye in so moch that they go openly armyd in to the felde to kyl christen men/ for to get and holde soche lord-

shippe. And notwithstandinge feynt Peter was so pore that he had nether golde nor syluer Act. iij. as he saieth in the Actes of the apostles. And his other worldly good he left/ whan he beganne to sue Christe. And as towchyng the tytle of worldly lawe that he had to soch worldly goodes/ he made neuer cleyme ne neuer resceyued after any worldly lordshippe. And yet they call all their hole kingdom feynt Peters grounde or lordshippe. And therefor feynt Bernarde writeth to Eugenie ye pope Libro. ij sayenge. Yf thou wilt be a lorde/ feke by a nother waye to attayne it/ but not by thys apostles ryght For he may not geue the that he had not/ that he had he gaued/ the whiche was busynes vpon churches. Whether he gaued lordshippe or no/ here what he saieth. Be ye not lordes in the clergy/ but be ye made i. Petri. forme and example off Christes flocke. And least ye trowe thys be not sayde of trothe take kepe what Christe saieth in ye gospell. The kinges of hethen haue lordshippe vpon theym/ forsothe ye not so. Se howe playnly lordshippe is forboden to all apostles/ for yf thou be a lorde howe darest thou take vpon the apostleshyp/ or yf thou be a bysshoppe/ howe darest thou take vpon the lordship? Pleynly thou art forboden bothe. And yf thou wylt haue bothe to gether thou shalt lese bothe/ and be of the nomber/ of which god pleineth by the prophete Osee sayenge. They reygnyd but not by me sayeth god. And yf we holde that/ that is forboden/ here we that is boden of Christe. He that is greatest of you se yat he be made as younger in symplenes/ and he that is a fore goere loke he be as a seruant. Thys is ye forme of apostles lyfe/ lordshyppes forboden and seruys is boden thys sayeth saynt Bernerde there. And therfor no man may put a nother grounde besydes yat that is put which is Christe Iesu.

But yet I wote well that clarkes and relygyous folcke that loue vnkyndly theise lordlynes wyll glofe here and

faye/ yat they occupye not foche lordshyppes in proper as secular lordes doo/ but in comone/ lyke as the apostles and perfyte people dyde in the beginnyng of Christes chirche as wryteth Saynct Luke in the fourthe chaptre of the Actes of the apostles/ the whyche had all thynges in comone/ lyke as foche clarkes and religyous faye they haue nowe. In tokeninge wherof no man sayde of any thinge at that tyme/ thys ys myne/ fo oure clarkes and namely relygyous people when they wyll speake in termes of their religyon. A pryuate person wyll not faye this or thys is myne/ but in parfone of all his bretheren he wyll faye/ this is oures. And ouer thys they faye more futtelly that they occupye not this by tittle of secular lordshyppe/ but by tittle of perpetuall allmes. But what euer thys people faye here/ we mote take hede to the rule of prefe that fayleth not. The whiche rule Christe teacheth vs in the gospell in dyuers places/ where he fayeth/ beleue ye the workes. For why by their workes ye shall know them. And thys rule is wonder nedefull to a man that hath a do with any man of the Pharyseys condycyones. For as Christe fayeth Math. xxij. They faye but they do not. And so as Christes workes bere witnesse of hym as he hym selfe fayeth/ and sheweth what he was and howe he lyued/ so the dedes and maner of lyuinge/ or the thyng in it selfe bearyth wytnesse wythout fayle howe it stondyth amonge theym in thys poynte. And yf we take hede thus by thys rule we shall se at oure eye howe the clargye fayeth other wyse than it is in dede. For in some place in pryuate parfone/ and in some place in comone or parfone aggregate/ whiche is all one as saynct Austyne fayeth vppon the psalter/ ye clargy occupyeth the secular lordshyppe secularly/ and ye so in propre. For in the same maner wyse as ye Barone/ or the knyghte occupyeth and gouernyth hys baronrye or hys knyghtes fe/ so after the amortesyenge occupyeth ye clarcke/ ye Monke/ or Chanon/ the

College or Conuente/ the same lordshippe and gouerneth it by ye same lawes in iudgement and punishinge as personnyng and hangyng. with soche other worldly turmentyng the which some tyme belongyd to the secular arme of the chirche. Ye oft tymes we may se howe they busye them selfes to be kynges in their owne/ and reioyce them full moche in that ciuilyte or secularite yf they may get it. And this is an euidence that they wold gladly be kynges of all the realme or the world. For where their londes and secular mennes fraunchyse ar to gether they striue who shall haue the galowes/ or other maner tourmentes for felawes. They kepe also vnder bondage their tenautes and their yssue with their londes. And this is the moste ciuillite or secular lordshyppinge that any kyng or lorde hath on his tenautes And therefore we maye se howe they cleyme in their goodes a maner of proper possessyon contrarye to the comonnyng of the comone goodes in tyme of the perfyte men in the begynnyng of Christes chirche. And so what so euer the clergy sayeth the dede sheweth well that they haue not their goodes in comone lyke as Christe with his apostles and perfyte men had in the begynnyng of christes chirche. For in holdyng or hauyng of their goodes/ is properte of possessyon and secular lordshyppinge. The which stondith not with ye plente of christes perfeccyon in prestes as it sueth of this proceffe and of that/ that is declared before. And as for that o ther glose that clerkes haue here/ where they saye that they holde thes lordshyppes by tittle of perpetuall almes.

Almes

But here ye shall vnderstande that mercy or almes is a will of releuinge of some wretche oute of his mysefe as Lyncolniensis sayeth in the begynnyng of his dictis. So that yf a man shuld effectually do almesse he must loke to whom he shulde do almesse to/ were in myseafe and had nede to be releuyd. In tokenyng wherof/ christ onely assigneth almesse to thos/ in whom he marketh myseafe. And so here of

Dicto. ij

this it will sue/ that yf a man will releue one wretche and make a nother or mo/ he dothe none almefse/ but rather maketh myseafe. And moche more he dothe none almefse yf be make riche thos perfonen that haue no nede. For as moche as they be sufficient to them selfes/ this hath no coloure of almefse. For this may be better called a woodnes or a wastynge of goddes goodes. And ouer this yf a man take thos goodes/ the which god in the best wyfe enen and with oute erroures hath affygned to the state of secular lordes/ and geue thos goodes to another people that hath no nede of theym/ ye to yat which people soche goodes are forfendid. This shuld be called no almefse/ but peruertinge of goddes ordinaunce/ and the destruction of the state of secular lordes ye which god hath approued in his chirche. For as faynt Paule sayeth. ij. Cori. viij. Almefse dede shuld be ruled so ye it were releuinge to thos yat receiue it. And moch rather it shuld not be vndoynge of thos that do it. And therefore Christ teachith in the gospell to do almes of thos things that be nedeles or superfluite. And in this dede a man shuld haue regarde to the nede of him that he dothe almes to and to the charge of his owne house. What almes was it then I praye you/ to vndo the state of the Emperoure/ and to make the clarkes riche with his lordshippes/ namely fyth Christ confirmyd to ye Emperour his state/ with tho thinges that longe therto/ notwithstanding at that tyme the emperoure was hethen. And he hath forfendyd exprefly hys clergy in worde and in example soche lordshyppe. And as thys was no allmes/ so we mote saye of other kynges/ dukes and erles/ barones and knyghtes that are vndone hereby/ and the clerkes made ryche and worldly lordes with theyr goodes. And though it had be so yat the clergy myght haue occupied thus worldly lordshyppe/ and also though it hadde be no destruccion nor appeyringe of any other state/ yet it hadde be no allmes

Quod superest
date elemosi-
nam. Luce.
xiiij.

for to geue to theym soche goodes/ wherfor it may be ryghtfully sayde. No man may put a nother grounde besydes that is put/ which is Christe Iesu.

Here we may se by the grounde of ye gospel and by the ordynance of christe/ that the clergie was sufficiently purueyd for lyuelood. For god is so perfyte in all his werckynge/ yat he may ordeyne no flate in hys chirche but yf he ordeyne sufficient lyuelood to the same flate. And this is open in goddes lawe who so takyth hede/ and that vnder euery lawe of god/ as vnder ye lawe of innocencye and of kynde/ vnder ye lawe geuen by Moyfes and also vnder ye lawe geuen by christe. In ye tyme of the flate of innocencye we knowe well by beleue yat god hadde so ordeyned for man kynde that it shuld haue hadde lyuelood ynough withoute any tedious laboure And of ye lawe of kynde/ christ speakyth in ye gospell sayenge thus Matt. vij
 All thynges yat ye wyll yat other men do to you/ do ye to theym. And yf thys lawe hadde be kepte ther shuld no man haue bene myscheouously nedy. And in the tyme of ye lawe geuen by Moyfes/ god made a full and a sufficient ordynance for all hys people howe and wher by they shuld lyue. For he dealyd ye londe amonge the laye people and he assygned ye fyrst frutes and tythes to ye prestes and deakenes. And all though yat he wold yat ther shuld be all waye poore men in ye lande of yfraell/ yet he made an ordin- Deute. xv.
 aunce agaynst myscheuous nede. And comandyd all the people that ther shuld be in no wyse a nedye man and a begger amonge them as it is wrytten. And so in thys lawe he ordeyned sufficiently ynough for hys people. And in ye tyme of the newe lawe christe assigned ye seculer lordshyppes to temporall lordes as it is taught before/ And alowed ye comonte her lyuelood gotten by true marchaundyse and husboundrye and other craftys. And in [no] worde and ensauple he taught hys prestes to be proctoures for nedye people and poore at ye ryche men/ and specified thes

poore/ and taught howe they that were myghty/ shuld make a purueaunce for soche poore folke yat they were not constryed by nede for to begge/ as great clerkes marcke vpon thes wordes of ye gospell where chryste Luce. xiiij. sayeth thus. Whan thou makest thy feast/ yat is of allmes/ call poore people/ feble/ lame and blynde He sayeth not lett soche poore men call vpon ye/ but call thou vpon theym meanye in yat/ that thou shuldest make a purueaunce for soche people/ yat they be not myscheuously fauty. And for ye clergy he ordeined sufficiently/ teching theym in worde and ensample howe they shuld holde theym appayde with lyuelood and hylinge mynistred to theym/ for theyr true labour in the gospell as it is written before. Of thys than thou mayst se howe god in all hys lawes hath sufficiently ordeyned for all ye states that be founded and approuyd And howe it is agaynst ye goodnes and wysdom of god/ to ordeyne any state/ but yf he ordeyned sufficient lyuelood therto. Syth than thys ordenaunce of god was sufficient as well for the clergy as for other men it semeth a foule presumption to brynge in a newe and a contrarye ordinaunce of lyuelood for clerckes vpon the ordinaunce yat Criste hath made for theym before. Of ye whiche ordynaunce/ the clergy full many yeres after the begynnyng of Chrystes chyrche/ whan it was best gouernyd/ held theym well a payde. For thys meaneth that Chrystes ordynaunce was insufficient/ and worthy to be vndone And yf we take good hede/ they hadde no more nede to pleyne theym of thys ordynaunce/ than hadde the other two states of hys chyrche/ which vnto this daye holde theym a payde with thys ordynaunce of chryst/ were it fully kepte. And more sekirnes and ensurance maye no man make of any thinge than chryst hath of hys lyuelood to the clergy For chryst not onely affermyth to ye people ye he wyll not fayle theym in lyuelood and hylinge/ but also prouyth thys by argumentes yat may not be affoyled/ So yat they be true

seruauntes to him. For Chryste meanyth thus in his arguynge there. Syth god fayleth not bryddes and lyles and graffe that groweth in ye felde/ nether he then men. Howe moche rather shall he not fayle hys true seruauntes? And so this purneauce of perpetuall almes yat oure clerkes speake of/ meanyth faute of beleue and despeyre of the gracious gouernaunce of god. Syth than as it is fayde before/ it is no allmes to releue one wretche and to make another or moo/ and to make them ryche wyth temporall lordshippe/ the whiche bene forfendyd to soche people and namely yf soche almes geuynge be destroyenge or appeyryng of any state approuyd by God in his chirche/ it will sue that the endowyng of ye clargye with worldly lordshippe/ ought not to be called allmeffe/ but rather all a myffe/ or wastynge of goddes goodes or destroyenge of his ordinaunce/ for as moche as the clargye was sufficiently ordeyned by Christe. For why/ this almes that clerckes speake of here/ made many wretches and it was geuen to them that had no nede. And thus it is empeyryng not only of one estate of ye chyrche/ but of all thre of the which I spake in ye begynynge. And so this almes geuynge hath made all oure realme nedy/ ye and as I suppose full nygh all christendom full poore and nedy and mischeuous ouer that it shulde haue bene yf the clargye had held them a payde with christes ordinaunce. But nowe thourough this perpetuall all a myffe/ that the clarkes call almes/ christes ordinaunce ys vndon in some landes holly and in Englonde for ye more party and it is lykely to be all vndone in processe of tyme. For by a mortefyenge of lordshippes/ ye lordes be vndone in great party. And many noble men because they lacke their owne parte through folishe gifte of their aunceters be full nedy. Forthermore it may be vnderstonde of this processe/ yat withdrawyng of this lordshippes from ye clergy and restoringe againe of them to the states yat god hathe assigned them to/ shuld not be called robbery of holy

chirche as oure clerkes saye/ but rather rightwise restitution of good wrongfully and theefly withold. And ther fore ther maye none othe or vowe binde any man to maytayne this theft and destruccion of goddes ordinannce/ and this great harmynge of Christes chirche. As ye vowe of Iepte shuld not haue bounde him to kill and sacrifice his owne doughter. Ne the othe of Herode shuld not haue bounde him to kill innocent Iohn. But as Iepte shuld a broken his othe or vowe and haue offered a nother thinge that had bene pleasynge to god and accordinge with his lawe: As saynt Austyne sayeth vpon the same storye. So Herode shuld haue broken his othe and a faued innocent blood and fore a repented him for his vnavysed swerynge. And so shuld lordes nowe a dayes breake theyr othes that they haue unavysely and without counseyle of holy scripture sworne to maynteyne this theefte/ ye herefy and symony as it is proued before/ the which oure clerkes call perpetuall almes And not sue their folishe dedes and othes yat they haue made to maynteyne this mischeuous peruertinge of chhristes ordinaunce. For as the state of the clergie hath no power or leaue/ to make the people or lordes to synne deadly or to destroye gods ordinaunce in his chirche. So they haue no leaue or power of god to counceile or to constrayne in any case the lordes or ye people to swere for to maynteyne this endowenge of ye clerkes and religious folke/ which is full great theste herefy and symony/ and wounder harmefull to christes chirche as it is shewed in this processe and in other writen before. But the lordes specially shuld se here/ what were pleasynge not to these clerkes/ but to god/ and that shuld they do. For her to they be bounde by vertue of their office vppe peyne of dampnacion. And there may no no man dispence with them of yat bound stondinge her state. For no man shuld put a nother grounde beydes that/ yat is put which is christ Iesu.

Loke well apon
this reason.

And therefore men deme it a great fynne to geue londe entayled by mennes lawe from ye parfone or kynred that it is entayled to/ ye although it be so that the parfone or kynred that soche lande is geuen to be nedye and haue leauē by goddes lawe to occupye soche maner londe or lordshippe. And this is demyd full great fynne among the people not onely to the geuer but also to the taker. For both they do dampnable wronge to him that it is entayled to/ as the people demyth ye although it be geuen for good and true seruyce that the receyuer hath done to the geuer before/ er elles by waye of almes of releuyngē of the per[1]one or kinred that it is geuen to. How moche rather than I praye you without comparison is it a greater fynne/ as well to the reaceyuers as to the geuers/ to take the lordeshippes/ the whiche god that hath full lordshippe vpon all the world hathe geuen by perpetuall lawe or right to the state of secular lordes/ or geue this from the state to the whiche god entayled this lordshippe to a nother straunge people off a nother lyne/ the which hadde neuer neade/ ne leauē of god to occupye it. And yf priestes cleyme tythes because god graunted them to ye kynred of leuy/ yet ther argument is voide. For christe came of the lynage of Iuda/ to whiche lyne was no tythes graunted and so as men suppose this entayle was not confermyd by christe and his apostles to the priestes in the newe lawe.

For Gregory the tenthē ordeyned first
 tythes to be payed to curates only. And Policro.
Lib. vij.
 yet they cleyme so ferforthe tythes that no man maye lawefully withholde theym or minifre them faue they. Ne they maye be turned or geuen to any other state or kynred faue onely to theym. Although men wolde do that vnder coloure or by tittle off perpetuall allmes. For this shulde be demyd of the clergie a dampnable fynne and destroyenge of holy chirche and sacrilege. How moche rather is it then an hydeous and dampnable fynne/ to

geue or to take awaye the secular lordshippes from the state of secular lordes/ the whiche god had geuen and entayled to them by the same lawe and right/ by the whiche he hadde geuen the tithes to the priestes in the olde lawe. And this entayle was neuer interrupt nor broken vnto christes tyme and his holy apostles. And than they confermed this entayle by lawe so stronge to the secular parte yat no man (saue Antichriste and his disciples) may openly impugne this entayle as it is shewed before. And so as no man shulde presume to withdrawe withholde or turne the tithes from the state of presthod/ as they saye/ so moche rather shuld no man presume by geuyng or takinge to aliene ye temperall lordshippes from the state of secular lordes. And thus clerkes haue not so moche coloure to saye yat the lordes and the laye people robbe them for as moch as they take their temporalities in to ye handes of ye clergy hath neuer the lesse malice in it selfe. For as moche as it is done by simulacion of holynes/ ye whiche is double Gene. iij wickednes. For thus Lucifer robbed Adam both of goodes of fortune/ of kinde and yet dothe the chirche of thes thre maner goodes. For right as lucifer dyd this harme to Adam and Eue vnder coloure of loue and frendshippe and helpinge of them: so do nowe his angells/ those ypocrites that transfigure them selves into angells of light/ and deceyue ye people by false behestes of heuenly helpe yat they will procure to theym for their goodes as they saye/ and yf a bisshope and his college or an abbate and his conuent maye not aliene fro them any of ye temporalities yat they haue/ nor geue to their founder any of thos possessions that he hath geuen them/ what nede that euer he haue/ bounde onely by a positif lawe or a tradicion that they them selfe haue made. And yf any soche lordshippes be withdrawen/ aliened/ or taken fro them by rechelesnes of their predecessoures/ they ought on all wise/ ye to the deathe labour to get ye possessions in

to their hondes agayne as they saye. Howe moche more than shuld not a secular lorde or a laye aliene fro him and his yssue or fro the state of secular lordes/ ye secular lordshippes the whiche god hath lymyted to that state/ fyth he is bounde by the lawe of kynde to ordeyne for his children. And ouer this he is bounde by godes lawe to susteyne the state of secular lordes/ the whiche is auctoryfed in the chirche and his apostles. Of this proceffe than yf a man take hede he shall perceyue the falsenes of this glose/ whan oure clerckes and religious folke saye that they hold these lordshippes onely by title of perpetuall allmes. For certis fyth these tythes and offerynges the which as I suppose counteruayle the secular lordes rentes of the realme or elles passe as it is full lykely/ for though they beleffe in one chirche they passe in a nother and be sufficient for all the priestes in christendome yf they were euen dealed. Than it were no nede to amorteyse secular lordshippes to the state of the clergie. The which amortesyenge is vndoynge of lordes/ apostasye of the clergie. And yf this amortesyenge were not nedefull/ then were it no allmes as it is declared. And ouer the tythes and offerynges that be nowe off certeynte/ the clerckes haue many great and small perquyfytis/ the whiche smacke of fymonye and extortion. As the fyrst frutes of vacante benefyces/ prouynge of testaments and money for halowenge of chapelles/ chirches/ chauncelles/ and other ornamentes of the chirche/ and for sacryng of ordres/ and full many mo that for multitude may not well be numbred. For well nigh all their bleffynge be set to sale and to prijs/in to chrystenynge and confirmacion. Wherefore I may nowe saye as I sayde at the begynnynge. No man may put a nother grounde besydes that/ that is put/ the whiche is Christe Iesu. The which grounde of luyng christe grauntes to kepe that we maye escape the euerlastinge peynes of hell

A M E N.

¶ The husbandman.

Loo/ nowe by this treatyse may ye well se
 That aforetymes against the spiritualte
 Men dyd invey/ shewinge their vyces.
 Also here after this auctour dothe tell
 What great Ieoparde it is and perell
 For priestes to be in secular offices.
 Ye/ and to lordes which against right
 Suffre them therein or therto excyte
 Prounge it by their owne doctours and lawes

¶ Gentillman.

I besече the rede forthe the proceffe
 That the people may se their vnhappyneffe
 Which make all the world foles and dawes.

¶ Seynt Cipriane sayeth yat by the counceile of
hist. xxi. [1j.] bissshops ther is made a flatute/ that all
iiij.ca. Cipriane yat bene charged with priesthode and ordeyned in ye feruys of clerkes/ shuld not serue but to the aulter and to minstre ye sacramentes/ to preache gods worde/ and to take hede to prayers and orysons. It is for sothe writen. No man bering his knighthode to god: entryketh him with secular nedes. The which oure bissshops and oure predeceffours beholdinge religiously and purueyng holfomly/ deme that whoso-euer taketh ministres of ye chirche/ from spirituall office to secular/ that ther be none offrynge done for him/ ne any sacrifice holowed for his sepulture. For they deserue not to be named before ye aulter of god in ye prayer off priestes/ the whiche will clepe awaye priestes and ministres of ye chirche from ye aulter. Thus sayeth seynt Cipriane. Here men maye se how perelous it is to ye kyng and secular lordes to withhold any prieste of christ in secular busynes. This is proued thus. For euery secular lorde by the lawe of

the gospell is gods bayly. But yf any bayly hyred a worckman with his lordes good and put him to his owne seruys/ he must be vntrewe to his owne lorde. Right so is any secular lorde to oure lorde Christ Iesu/ but yf he amende hym/ that taketh a prieste and putteth him in his secular office breakinge the heest of his lorde god that commaundeth/ thou shalt coueyet none other mannes seruaunte. And he withdraweth hym fro the seruys of god and fro the kepinge of christen mennes soules/ ye which he hath taken charge of/ for which soules oure lorde Iesu Christe toke flesche and bloude and suffered harde dethe/ and shedde his owne harte bloode. This parelous doynge of secular lordes is bothe against goddes lawe and mannes. It is ageynst gods lawe for as feynt Paule ij. Thi. ij. saieth. No man yat is a perfyte knight of god/ as euery priest shuld be by his ordre/ entromedleth him with worldly deades and busynes. And for this ende that he may so please ye lorde to whose seruys he hathe put him selfe/ and that is good. For soche worldly busynes in clerkes is against their ordre. And therefore ye apostles said as it is writen in Acto. vi ye dedes of ye apostles/ it is not euen/ vs to leue ye worde of god and minstre to boordes of poore folke. And yf it was vnequite as the apostles saide in their comone decree/ them for to leue ye preachinge of goddes worde/ and minstre to the boordes of poore folke : Howe moche more vnequite and wronge to god and man it is/ preastes to leue contemplacion/ studye/ prayer and preachinge of goddes wor[d]and ministrynge to poore folke for the servyce of a secular lorde? It is also agaynst the Popes lawe/ for he Linn. iij. de re. in fine speaketh to a bisshoppe and byddeth hym that he warne preastes and clerckes/ that they be not occupied in secular offices ne procurators of secular lordes deades and her goodes. And yf prestes and clerckes be so bolde to occupye them in soche busynes and if they fall after by losse of lordes goodes/ then sayeth the lawe it is not worthy

yat they be holpen and focoured of holy chirche/ fythe
 through them holy chirche is fclaudred. And saynct
 Gregorye wrote to the defenfoure of Rome in this
 maner. It is tolde to vs that oure moſte reuerente
 brother Baſyle ye byſſhoppe is occupied in ſecular
 cauſes and kepith vnprofitable moote halles. Which
 thinge makyth him foule and deſtroiyeth ye reuerence
 of preſthood/ therefore anone as thou haſt receiued this
 mandement/ compell him with ſharppe execucion to
 turne agayne. So yat it be not lefull to ye by no ex-
 cufacion to tarye fyue dayes/ leſt in any maner thou
 ſuffre hym any longer to tarye there in/ thou be
 culpable with hym agaynſt vs. And ſo byſſhoppes and
 other preſtes be bounde to teache and reforme lordes/
 to withdrawe theym fro this fynne and ſharply to
 reprove preſtes and curates vnder them yat they
 occupye no ſecular office. This is proued thus by ye
 Ezechie. xxxij. holy prophet Ezechiell ſayenge. Yf ye
 wayte or ye watcheman ſe enemies come/ and yf ye
 people be not warned and kepe not them ſelues but
 enemies come and ſle ye people/ then ſayeth god
 that ye people is taken in their wickednes. And of
 ye wayte yat ſhulde haue blowen his horne god will
 axe accountes and reckeninge of the bloode and of the
 deathe of ye people. But nowe to goſtely vnderſtand-
 inge/ euery biſſhoppe ſhulde be a wayte or a watche
 man/ to tell and warne before to all ye people by his
 good luyinge and teachinge ye perell of fynne/ and
 this is ye reaſon why biſſhoppes and other prelates and
 preſtes ſhuld not be occupied with worldly deades and
 cauſes. For ſoche ocupacions and charges make
 preſtes ſlepinge and flomobringe in fynne. And ther-
 fore it is great perell to make ouer them goſtly waytes
 and watchemen/ as biſſhoppes/ parſones/ vicaries/ yat
 ben ſlepers in luſtes of ye fleſſhe and in flomebernes
 and blinded with pouder of couetyſe of worldly deades
 yat they nether can ne maye kepe them ſelfes ne no
 nother man. For of this perell and ſoche other/ a

prelate that hath witte and cunninge shuld sharply
 reprove and warne all maner men to the shedinge of
 his oune bloode as christ did And yf he so leaue and
 blame not them he assentyth to their trespasses and
 synneth deadly. For as sayeth Malach. Prestes
 lippes kepe cunninge and the people shall Mala. ij
 aske the lawe of god of his mouth/for he is the Angell
 of god/ yf he kepe well the ordre and degre of prest-
 hood. And therfor it is not lefull to any man to drawe
 to feculer offices and bufynes ye messangeres of christe/
 that hath so vtterly forfendyd them both in worde
 and dede secular offices in presthood. &c.

¶ Husbandman.

Syr howe lyke ye nowe this olde treatyse
 Yf so be noble men wold it aduertise
 Puttynge a parte pryuate affeccion.
 Shuld they not perceyue here euydently
 That the clergie dothe them great iniury
 Retaynyng thus temporall possessyon?

¶ Gentyllman.

Nowe I promyse the after my iudgement
 I haue not hard of soche an olde fragment
 Better groundyd on reason with scripture.
 Yf soche auneynt thynges myght come to lyght
 That noble men hadde ones of them a syght
 The world yet wolde change perauenture
 For here agaynst the clergie can not bercke
 Sayenge as they do/ thys is a newe wercke
 Of heretykes contryued lately.
 And by thys treatyse it apperyth playne
 That before oure dayes men did compleyne
 Agaynst clerkes ambycyon so stately.

¶ Husbandman.

Concernynge thys treatyse and lyke matters
I haue hard fayre of my forefathers

Howe in kynge henry the. v. raygne.

What tyme as ye dyd specifye

The clergye perfecutyd the gospell fercely

Causynge moche chrysten people to be slayne

The kynge at the last hauynge informacyon

Thourough seryous confyderacyon

Of soche proper matters as thys is,

Beganne to note the clergyes tyranny

And what temporaltees/ they dyd occupye

Their spirituall state ferre a mysse.

Wherfore he determyned certeynly

To depryue theym temporally

Of all theyr worldly gouernaunce.

Whos pretence/ as fone as they perceyued

Amonge theym selfes they Imagyned

To get the kynge ouer in to fraunce.

That whyles he conquestyd ther his ryght

In england do what they lyst they myght

Theyr froward tyranny to fulfill.

Which counseil/ thus brought to passe

The kynge euer after so busyed wasse

That he could not performe hys sayde wyll.

¶ Gentyllman.

So moote I the/ it was happye for the kynge

That by soche a colour they could hym brynge

From medlynge with that case any more.

For hadde he it ones earnestly begonne.

They had put hym to a confusyon

Euene as they dyd other kynges before.

¶ Husbandman.

What suppose ye they wold haue done?

¶ Gentyllman.

Mary/ fyrst with a fayre interdyccion
 To courffe the lande as blacke as pytche.
 Than to inhybyt sayenge and syngyng
 Of mattyns/ maffe/ and belles ryngyng
 With christen buryall of poore and ryche.
 Besyde that precheres euery where
 Shuld haue brought men in soche fere
 By theyr threatnyng exclamacyon.
 That their malycyous partye to take
 Subgettes shuld theyr prynce forsake
 Contrarye to goddes ordynacyon.
 Euene as they dyd in hygh Germany
 To the Emperour lewes of Bauerye
 Whom Pope Ihone fought to confounde
 And so dyd the clergy as I vnderstande
 Vnto kynge Ihon here in Englande
 To kynge Steuen/ and henry the secounde.

¶ Husbandman.

They saye kynge Ihone was poysoned
 Because an halfe peny lofe of breed
 He sayde/ he wold make worthe. xij. pence.

¶ Gentillman.

Tushe that is a cast of theyr comon gyfe
 Soche infamy of prynces to deuyse
 To cloke theyr oune tyrannous vyolence.
 For hadde not kynge Ihon gone aboute
 From their temporaltees to put theym owt
 He hadde bene longe after a lyues man.
 But murder they neuer so shamefully
 They can geue it a cloke full craftely
 Sayenge/ nobis non licet occidere quenquam.
 Whan they brennyd the newe testament
 They pretendyd a zele very feruent
 To maynteyne onely goddes honour.

Which they fayde with protestacyon
 Was obscured by tranflacyon
 In englyfhe/ caufynge moche errour.
 But the trueth playnly to be fayde
 Thys was the caufe why they were a frayde
 Least laye men shuld knowe theyr iniquite.
 Which through goddes worde is fo vtred
 That it were not poffyble to be fuffred
 Yf to rede fcripture men had lyberte.
 Also after the fame maner a falfhyon
 Subtelly to colour theyr abhomynacyon
 They destroyed cronicles not longe a gone.
 Which for certeyne poyntes vnreuerently
 Soundynge agaynft the kynges auncetrye
 As they faye/ were brent euerychone.
 But for all that/ they shulde haue been spared
 From burnynge : had they not fo declared
 The clergyes abhomynable exceffe.

¶ Husbandman.

I fuppofe then/ that they vse the fame wayes
 In burnynge of heretykes nowe a dayes
 Whom they purfue with great furyousnes.

¶ Gentillman.

No fayle/ they perfwade temporall menne
 Thes heretykes (as they faye) to brenne
 Least other good christians they shuld infecte
 But ye caufe why they wolde haue them rydde
 Is onely that theyr vnhappynes nowe hydde
 They dreede least they shuld openly detecte

¶ Husbandman.

By my trowth it is nothinge vnlickly.
 For let one lyue neuer fo wyckedly
 In abhominable scandalifacion.

As longe as he will their church obaye
 Not refufynge his tithes duely to paye
 They fhall make of him no accufacion.
 Howbeyt let him ones begynne to pynche
 Or withdrawe their tithinge an ynche
 For an heretike they will him afcite.
 Wherefore I wonder moche of the temporalte
 That in performynge the clargyes cruelte
 To burne foche parfones they haue delyte.

¶ Gentillman.

It is no merueil yf thou marcke well
 The clargye fayenge yat it is goddes quarrell
 Their mifcheuous murdre to execute.

¶ Husbandman.

So they are not a knowen by their wyll
 That it is their caufe christen men to kyll
 But the faute vnto other they impute.

¶ Gentyllman.

Touchinge that/ another tyme at leyfer
 I fhall fhewe the more of their maner
 But nowe I can not tary verely.

¶ Husbandman.

Well fyr/ yf ye may no longer abyde
 Oure lorde be your continuall gyde
 Grauntinge ye trouthe to be knowen openly.

A compendious

olde treatyse/ shewynge/ howe that we
ought to haue the scripture in
Englysshe.

Th[e] excusacyon of ye treatyse

Though I am olde/ clothed in barbarous wede
Nothyng garnysshed with gaye eloquency
Yet I tell the trouthe/ yf ye lyst to take hede
Agaynst theyr frowarde/ furious frenesy
Which reckon it for a great heresy
And vnto laye people greuouse outrage
To haue goddes worde in their natyfe langage

Enemyes I shall haue/ many a shoren crowne
With forked cappes and gaye croofys of golde
Which to maynteyne ther ambicious renowne
Are glad laye people in ignorance to holde
Yet to shewe the verite/ one maye be bolde
All though it be a prouerbe daylye spoken
Who that tellyth trouthe/ his head shalbe broken.

¶ Vnto the Reader.

G Race and peace: not that ye worlde geuyth/
but from god the father and oure sauoure Iesu
Christ with increace of the holy spryt be with
the and all that thurstye ye truthe. Amen. ¶ Con-

fyderynge ye malyciounes of oure prelatz and theyr adherentes whiche so furiously barke a geynst ye worde of God/ and specially the new testament translatyd and fet forthe by Master William Tyndale/ which they falsely pretende to be fore corrupte. That ye may knowe yat yt is only the inwarde malyce whiche they haue euer had ageynst the worde of God. I haue here put in prynte a trefyfe wrytten aboute ye yere of oure lorde a thousande foure hundryd. By which thou shalte playnly perceyue/ yat they wolde yet neuer from the begynnyng admytte any translacion to ye laye people/ so yat it is not ye corrupte translacion yat they withstonde. For yf that were true the ydle bellyes wold haue had leyser Inough to put forth a nother well translatyd. But yt is theyr owne myscheuous lyuyng yat mouith them accordyng as Christe sayd. Ihonn. iij. Euery man that workyth euyll hatyth ye lyght/ ner comyth to ye lyght lest hys workes shulde be reprobud. &c. Thus mayst thou se that bycause their workes are nought and not bycause yt is euill translatyd/ they so furiously resyste the worde of god whiche is the trew lyght. For yet was ther neuer none translatyd but other with falshed or tyranny they put yt downe. Wherefore I exhorte the reder not to confydre and note ye wordes but the matter. And praye to god to sende ye rulers hartes to vnderstonde ye trewth and further ye same and the god of all comferte bewith the AMEN

¶ Thys treatyfe more than an. C. yere olde
 Declareth howe owre prelatis do ferre a myffe
 Which of frowarde presumpcion are so bolde
 To forbede the worde of god in englishe
 For as the prophete saieth blessed he is
 That exercyseth him selfe diligently
 In scripture night and daye continually.

Psal. i



Or to make vpon antichrist I take figure of king Antioche of whome gods lawe speaketh in ye boke of Machabeijs/ for righte as kinge Antioche came in the ende wellnygh of ye olde lawe/ and brent the bokes of gods lawe/ and compelled ye people to do maumentry. So now

Antichrist ye kinge off clergy that lyuen worse then hethen prestes/ brenneth nowe nygh the[e]nde of ye new lawe th[e] euangely of Christe that is nyghe ye ende of ye world/ to deceyue wellnygh all the worlde/ and to proue ye seruauntes of god. For nowe god shall knowe who will stande by his lawe/ for Sathanas as prophetes faye is nowe vnbounde and hathe ben. CCCC. yeres and more for to inhabit oure clergye/ as he did the clergye of the olde lawe/ but now with

Ye may se it is nonouelteis yat the bishoppes burne ye gospel.¹

moche more malyce. For as they dampned Christ so now oure bissopes dampne and bren goddes lawe/ for bycause it is drawn into our mother tounge. But it ought to be (and we faued shuld be) as we shall proue by open euidence thorowe goddes helpe. First we take witnesse of Boetius de disciplina scolarium/² that saythe that childerne shulde be taught in the bokes of Seneke. And Bede expoundeth this sayenge/ and saythe that childerne in vertues shulde be taught. For the bokes of Seneke ben moralles and for they be not taught thus in there youthe they contynue still euyll maneryd and be vnable to conceyue the subtyl science of trouthe sayng/ ye wise man is as a cleane myrror new pullished Wisdome shall not enter into a wicked soule. And moche is herof the sentence of Bede. And Al-

Reade robyn-
hode/ saye
oure masters.

¹ The marginal notes are evidently inserted by the Editor of 1530, and do not belong to the original text.

² It must be recollected that the whole of these references are to manuscript copies.

gafell in his logyke faieth/ the foule of man is a cleane myrror newe pulished in which is feyn lightly the ymage of vertue. And for the people haue not cunnynge in youthe they haue darke soules and blinde with ignorance/ so that they profyt not in vertue but in falsnes and malice and other vices/ and moche is therof ye matter. Sythen hethen filosofophers wolden the people to profyt in naturall science/ howe moche more shuld christen clerckes will ye people to profyt in science of vertues/ for so wold god. For when the lawe was geuen to Moses in ye Mount of Sinai/ god gaué it to his people in ther mother tonge of Ebrue/ that all the people shuld vnderstande it/ and commaunded Moses to reade it to them vntyll they vnderstode it/ and so he did/ as it is playne Deute. xxxi. And Esdras also redde it in their mother tonge/ fro morowe vntyll none as it is playne in the first boke of Esdras Ca. viij. And he redde it apertly in the streate and the eares of ye people were intently geuen therto/ in so moche yat the people fell into greate weping for ye miskeping of ye lawe. Also gods lawe saith Deutero. xxij. that fathers shuld make the lawe knowen to their sonnes/ and the sonnes yat shulde be borne of them shuld ryse and teache these thinges to ther sonnes. And ye holy apostle seynt Peter in ye fourth chapter of his first boke speakeh after this maner/ sayenge. Whosoouer speake/ speake he as ye worde of god: and euery man as he hath taken grace of knowinge/ so ministre he forth to other men It is wrytten playnly in the boke of noumbres Chapter. xi. When the prophet Moses hadde chofen seuenty eldermen/ and the sprite of god rested on them and they prophefyed. Two men besydes them/ Eldad and Medad/ prophefyed in ye tentes/ and Iosue the ministre of Moses said to Moses/ forbyd thou them. And Moses

moses letted
no man to pro-
phesye.

sayde/ what enuieft thou for me? Who shall let yat all the people prophefye/ yf god gyue them his spirite? Also it is redde in ye

gospell yat faynct Iohn euangelist said vnto Christ/
 Luce. ix. lorde we shall forbid one that casteth out
 spirites in thy name/ which foloweth not vs. And
 Christ said do not forbid for who so is not against vs
 is with vs. And vnto the same agreyth well the
 prophesy of Iohell whiche seynct Petre preachinge to
 the Iewes strongly alledged as Luke recyteth in the
 seconde chapter of the actes of the apostles sayenge
 after this maner. That god nowe in the laste dayes

shall shede out his spirite vpon euyry flesch.
 But they saye For god sayeth your sonnes and doughters
 only master shuld prophesy/ and your yong men shall
 doctor can vnderstande fe visyons. And vpon whit sonday god
 ye scripture. gaue knowlege of his lawe to diuerse na-
 cions without any excepcions in ther mother tonge/
 by the vnderstanding of one tounge. And of this it
 is notabyll sithen the laye people in the olde lawe had
 their lawe in ther mother tounge/ but the lay englishe
 people in the newe lawe haue it as all other nacions
 haue/ fyns Christ bought vs as he did other and hath
 geuen to vs the same grace as to other. For saynt
 Peter. Actu. xi. was reprov'd for he had baptyf'd
 Cornelij and his felows that were hethen men. And
 Peter answered and sayde Yf god haue gevyn the same
 grace to them that he hath to vs/ who am I that may
 forbyd god? As who saythe it lyeth not in the power
 of men. Than who art thou yat forbiddest ye people
 to haue gods lawe in ther mother tounge? we saye yat
 thou art Antichrist himself. For Paule saieth. i. Corin.
 x. I will euyry man to speake with tounge/ more for-
 sothe to prophesy/ also he saith howe shall he saye
 Amen vpon thy bleffynge that woteth not what thou
 sayst. Vpon this saith doctor Lyre.¹ Yf
 Here youre owne master the people vnderstonde ye prayer of ye
 Lire yf ye will priest it shall the better be ledde vnto god/
 not here Paul. and the more deuoutly answere Amen.

¹ Nicholas de Lyra, a voluminous writer. He was a converted Jew who became a Minorite at Verneuil in 1291, and died at Paris in 23, Oct. 1340.

Also Paul faith in the same chapter. I will rather fyue wordes to be spoken to the vnderstanding of men/ then ten thousand yat they vnderstand not. And. lxx. doctours with other mo before the incarnation of chrisfe translated ye bible out of Ebrue into Greke. And after ye ascension many translated all ye bible in diuerse langages/ as into spanysh tonge/ frenshe tunge/ almanye/ and italy/ and by many yeres haue had it. It was hard of a worthy man of Almayne that ye same tyme was a flemmyng whose name was James Merland which translated all the bible into flemyshe. For whiche dede he was somonned before the Pope of great malyce. And the boke was taken to examinacion. And truely he approued it. And then it was delyuerd to him agayn vnto confusion of all his enemyes. Worshupfull Bede in his first booke called de gestis Anglorum. chapter. iij. telleth that saynt Ofwolde the Kyng of Northumberlande asked of the skottes an holy bishoppe Aidan to preache to his people/ and the kyng him selfe interpreted it in englishe to the people. Sythen this blessed deade of this Kynge is alowed of all holy churche/ whye not nowe ought it as well to be alowed/ a man to reade ye gospell in Englishe to the people/ fythen that seynt Paule faith yf oure gospell be hidde/ it is hidde in them that shall be dampned. And he

A fearefull
sayenge.

faith also he that knoweth not shall not be knowne of god And therefore venerabilis Bede ledde by the spirite of god translated a greate parte of the bible into Englishe/ whose originalles ben in many Abbeyes in England. And Cisterciensis. libro v. chaptre. xxiiij. saythe that the Euangely off Ihon was drawen into Englishe by the forsayde Bede whiche Euangelye off Iohn and other Gospels ben yet in many places of so olde englishe that scant can anye englishe man reade them. For this Bede reigned in the yere off oure lorde god. vij. hundred and. xxxij. Also Cistercien.

libro. vi. chaptre. i. faythe that kyng Al[f]red ordyned open scoles of diuerse artes in Oxforde and he turned the best lawes into his mother tounge and the Pfalter also/ he reygned in the yere of oure lorde god. viij. hundred. lxxij. And faynt thomas sayth super librum politicorum expounding this worde/ barbarus/ that barbarus is he that vnderstondyth not yat he readeth in his mother tonge. Wherefore the apostle faith If I knowe not the vertue of the voice to whome I speake I shalbe to him barbarus/ that is to faye/ he vnderstandeth not what I faye/ nor I what he faith. And so all tho prestes that vnderstonde not what they readyn by ther mother tonge be called barbarus/ and therefore Bede did drawe into englishe liberall artes lest englishe men shuld be come barbarus/ hæc Thomas. Also Lincoln¹ sayeth in a sermon that begynnith/ Scriptum est de leuitis. Yf any prieste faye he can not Resygne in no wise but apon a good penyion. preache/ one remedye is/ resigne he vppe his benefyce. Another remedye yf he will not thus/ recorde he in the weke the naked texte of the sondaye gospell that he haue the grosse storrye and tell it to the people/ that is yf he vnderstonde latyn/ and do he this euery weke in the yere he shall profyt moch. For thus preched oure lorde sayenge Ihonn. vi. The wordes that I speake to you be spirit and lyfe. Yf he do not vnderstonde latyn go he toone of his neighbours yat vnderstondeth/ which will charitably expoune it to him/ and thus edifye he his flocke. Vpon this argueth a great clerke and faithe/ yf it be lafull to preache ye naked texte to ye people/ it is also lefull to write and read it to them. Also fir² William Thorisby archebishop of Yorke³ did do draw a treatyse in

¹ The famous ROBERT GROSSE-TETE, who was Bp of Lincoln, bet. 11 June 1235—9 Oct. 1253.

² The usual prefix at the time to a priest's name.

³ Rather JOHN DE THORESBY, who was Archbishop of York bet. Sept. 1348—Nov. 1356.

englishe by a worshipfull clercke/ whose name was Gatryke/ in the whiche were conteyned the articles of beleue/ the feuedly fynnes/ the feuen workes of mercy/ the. x. commaundmentes.¹ And sent them in small pagines to the commyn people to learne it and to knowe it/ of which yet many a cople be in england. Also Richard² the heremyte of Hampole drewe into englishe the Pfallter with a glose and the lessons of dirige and many other treatices/ by the whiche many engleshemmen haue ben greatly edifyed. And they ben cursed of god yat wolden let ye people to be lewder then they ben. But many men nowe be lyke vnto ye frendes of Hiob/ yat whiles they enforced to defende god they offended in him greuoufly. And though suche as be slayne do myracles/ neuertheles they ben stynkyng marters. This saieth Richard ye heremyt expounding this verse/ Ne auferas de ore meo verbum veritatis vsquequaque. And Christ saieth yat men shuld deame them self to do great plesaunt seruice to god in killing of his people. Arbitretur se obsequium prestare deo. &c. Also a man of london whose name was Wyrngge had a bible in english of northen speache whiche was seyne of many men and it semyd to be. C C. yeres old. Also it is knowen to many men in ye tyme of king Richerd ye. ii. yat into a parlement was put a bible by th[e] assent of. ij. archbissshops and of the clergy to adnulle the bible that tyme translated into Englishe with other Englishe bookes of th[e] expoficion off the gospels whiche when it was harde and feyn of lordes and of the comones. The duke of Lancaster Ihon answered thereto ryght sharpely sayenge this sentence/ we will

chirch over
againste Lon-
don stone at
this houre.

This prophesye
of christ must
be fulfilled take
hede

¹ This must be the *Speculum Christiani*, which exists in MS., and was also printed by Machlinia. If so, this paragraph fixes the authorship; respecting which see Mr. Halliwell in *Archæologia*. xxxiv.

² RICHARD ROLLE de Hampole [*b.* at Thornton in Yorkshire, *d.* 1349.] His *Pricke of Conscience* was published by the Philological Society in 1863, and some of his *Prose Treatises* by the Early English Text Society in 1866.

not be refuse of all other nacions. For fythen they haue goddes lawe whiche is the lawe of oure belefe in there owne langage/ we will haue oures in Englishe whosoeuer say naye. And this he affermyd with a great othe Also Thomas Arundell Archebifhoppe off Canterbury sayde in a fermon at westmester/ at the buryenge of Quiene Anne/¹ that it was more ioye of here than of any woman that euer he knewe. For she an alien borne hadde in englishe all the. iiij. gospels with the doctours vpon them And he said that she had sent them to him to examen/ and he faide that they were good and trewe. And he blamyd in that fermon sharpely the negligence of the prelates and other men. In so moche that he faide that he wold leaue vp the office of Chaunceler and forsake worldly busynes/ and gyue him to fulfyll his pastorall offyce/ for that he had feyn/ and redde in tho bokes. And after this promyse he became ye moste cruell enemye that mighte be againste englishe bokes. And therfore as many men sayne God smote him with a cruell dethe² as he didde also Richard flemyng bifshoppe of Lincolne.³

Ypocrisy is ye nature of all bishoppes.

Neuer trust bishop as long as he kepeth his possessions

¹ ANNE OF BOHEMIA, the first wife of Richard II. She was buried on Monday, 3 August 1394, at Westminster. Arundel was at this time Archbishop of York.

² THOMAS FITZ ALLAN of ARUNDEL, also called THOMAS ARUNDEL, was consecrated Bp of Ely, 9 Apr. 1374, was five times Lord Chancellor of England, was translated to York on 3 Apr. 1388, and thence to Canterbury on 25 Sept. 1506. He died 19 Feb. 1414. "His end (being as some report it) was very miserable; his tongue swelled so big in his mouth, as he was able neither to eat, drink nor speak in many daies before his death, and died at last of hunger."—F. Godwin, Bp. of Landaff, *A Catalogue of the Bishops of England, &c.* p. 155. *Ed.* 1615.

³ The see of Lincoln was filled in succession by two men who at one time had been disciples and coadjutors of Wyckliffe. PHILIP DE REPINGDON, who was Bishop between 24 Mar. 1405—10 Oct. 1419; and RICHARD FLEMING, who was consecrated Bp. by the Pope's own hand on 28 Apr. 1520, and died at Sleaford on 25 Jan 1531, respecting whom Bp. Godwin says:—"For two things he is famous: one, that he caused the bones of *Wickliffe* to be taken vp and burnt in the yeare 1425, being required by the Council of Sienna so to do, and the other, that he founded Lincoln College in Oxford 1430."—*Idem.* p. 300.

Bp. Fleming's death seems the latest personal allusion in the text. It is alluded to in so distant a manner as to afford a presumption that the treatise was not written for a number of years after

And yet oure bishops ben so indurate and so ferre frayed from god that they haue no grace one to beware of a nother/ but prouedly against all reasons and euidence of gods lawes/ and doctours sentences/ they brenne gods worde the whiche hathe brought thys realme to vndoynge for euer but if godes grace be the more/ for thys cruell deade is cause of pestilence/ hunger/ warres/ and that also this realme shalbe conqueryd in short tyme/ as saynct Edward ye kyng and confessor prophesyethe in his booke yat begynnith thus/ Sanctus Edwardus rex vidit spiritualibus oculis. And therefore it were good to the Kyng and to other lordes to make some remedy agaynst this constitucion of Antichrist that saythe it is vnlawfull to vs englyshemen to haue in englyshe goddes lawe/¹ and therefore he brennythe and sleythe them yat maynteyne this good deade/ and that is for default that the kyng and lordes knowen not ne wyll not knowe ther owne office in maintenance of god and his lawe. For as sainct Austen faithe the Kyng with his knyghtes representyn the godhede of Christe/ and prestes the manhede of Christe/ Rex est vicarius diuinitatis/ et sacerdos est vicarius Christi humanitatis/ hæc Augustinus in de questionibus veteris et nouæ legis. ca. xci. And if the kyng desyer to knowe perfytyly his offyce/ he maye fynde men to shewe to hym bookes that truely and perfytyly shall enforme hym to doo his office

Wher is ye
auncientblode
yat was in
england in
these dayes.

Et nunc reges
intelligite eru-
dimini qui iudi-
catis terram.

¹ The Constitution of Archbishop Arundel is to the following effect:—

“Therefore we enact and ordain that no one shall henceforth translate of his own authority any text of Holy Scripture into the English or other tongue by way of book, pamphlet, or tract: neither shall any such book, pamphlet, or tract be read, whether composed in recent times by the said John Wycliffe, or since, or which may hereafter be composed, in part or entire, openly or in secret, under pain of the greater Excommunication. Unless the same translation be approved by the Diocesean of the place, or if need be, by the Provincial Council. Whosoever shall act contrary to this shall be punished as guilty of Heresy and error.”—Lyndewode’s *Provinciale*, &c. V. c. 4. *De Magistris*, p. 286. *Ed.* 1679.

to the plesaunce of god. But this can not he lerne of
 Byshoppys for they enforme hym after Antichristes
 lawe and ordenaunce for his lawes nowe

Bisshops will
 not teache aga-
 inst their god
 their bely.

reignen. Yet agaynst them that fayn ye
 gospell in englyshe wold make men to
 erre/ wote they well yat we fynde in latyn

langage more heretykes then of all other langages for
 the decre. saythe. xxiiij. xciiij. Quidam autem here-
 tici/ that there be founden syxty laten hieretykes.

And if men shuld hate any langage for herefy then
 must they hate laten. But god forbede that any
 langage shuld be hated for herefy fythen manye here-
 tykes were of ye disciples of ye apostles. For saint
 Ihonn faithe they haue gonn owt of vs but they were

How Anti-
 christ is cause
 of al heresyas.

not of vs. And Paule faithe it behouyth
 herefys to be/ and antichrist makythe many
 mo heretykes then there shuld be for he

stoppythe so the knowyng of gods lawe/ and
 punyfheth so them that he knoweth yat haue it/

yat they dare not comen therof openly to haue
 trewe informacion/ and thys makyth layemen yat
 belyren and louen to knowe gods lawe to goo to

gyther in pryuyte and conceyuen by theyr owne wyttes
 many tymes herefys ye which herefies in short tyme
 shuld be destroyed/ yf men myght haue free comenyng

openly/ and but if this maye be had moche of ye
 people shall dye in herefy/ for it lyethe neuer in Anti-
 christes power to destroye all englyshe bookes for as

fast as he brennethe/ other men shale drawe/ and thus
 ye cause of herefy and of ye people that dyeth in
 herefy is ye frowardnes of byshoppes that wyll not

suffer men to haue opyn comoning and fre in the lawe
 of god and therefore they be cowntable of as many

folowys as dyen in thys default/ and are
 traytors to god in stoppyng of his lawe

ye whiche was made in saluacion of ye
 people. And nowe they turne his lawe by ther
 cruell constitucyons into dampnacion of ye people

Is not this
 turninge ye
 rotys of ye
 tres vpward

And nowe they turne his lawe by ther
 cruell constitucyons into dampnacion of ye people

as it shalbe prouyd upon them at the dayte of dome
for gods lawe faithe/ *Stabunt iusti in magna constantia*
aduersus eos qui se angustiauerunt, & qui abstulerunt
labores eorum. &c.

For that the Reade Sapien
vi. and vij.
other men laboren they brennen/ and yf
owre clergy wold study well this lesson of sapiencie to
ye ende/ they shuld mowe rede therin theyr oune
dampnacion/ but yf they amend this defaulte with
other defaultes. Saithe not the holy man Ardemakan
in the booke of questions that ye wurshupfull sacrament
of ye alter maye be made in eche comen langage.
For he faithe so diden ye apostles. But we couet not
thys/ but yat Antechrist geue vs leaue to haue the lawe
of ower beleue in englishe. Also they yat haue comonyd
moche with ye Iewes/ faye yat they haue in euery lande
yat they be borne in/ ye byble in ther mother tounge/
yat is Ebrewe And they be more practyse therin than
annye men/ ye aswell ye lewde men as ye prestes.
But it is redde in her synagoges amongest ye people
of ther prestes to fulfyll ther prestes office, and to ye
edificacion of ye poraile/ that for worldly busynes and
flewthe maye not studye it. Also the. iiij. euangelistes
wrote ye gospell in diuerse langages/ as Mathewe in
Iurye/ Marke in Italy/ Luke in Achaie/ and Ihonn in
Asie. And all these wrotte in ye langages of the same
contreys/ also Tobye faithe Chap. xiiij. that god dis-
perged/ sprede/ or scaterid ye Iewes abrode among the
hethen people yat they tellynge vnto theym ye
merueylles of godde: they shuld knowe that there
were nonne other god/ but god of Israell. And god
ordyned his people to beleue his lawe wrytten among
them in ther mother tounge/ vt patet Ge. x. vij. and
Exo. xiiij. In so moche the boke of Iudithe is wrytten
in Calde speche/ vt patet per Hieronimum in prologo
eiusdem. Also the bookes of Daniel/ and of Efdre ben
written in Calde/ vt patet per Hieroni. in prologis
eorundem/ also the booke of Iohel in Arabyke and
Syre speche/ vt patet per Hieroni. in prologo eiusdem.

Also Ezechiell the prophet prophesyed in Babylon/
 and leste his prophesye vnder the mother tounge of
 Babylon/ vt pater per Hieronimum in prologo eiusdem
 Also the prophesye of Isaie is translated in to the
 tounge of Ethiope/ as Hie. concludyth in primo prologo
 Gene. Then fythen the darke prophesyes were trans-
 lated amonges the hethen people yat they myght haue
 knowlege of god and of the incarnacion of Christ/
 moche more it ought to be translatyd to englyshe
 people that haue receiuyd the faythe and bounden
 them selfe to kepe it vpon payne of dampnacion/
 Mathei. fythen Christ commaunded his apostles to
 xxvij. preache his gospell vnto all the worlde
 and exceptyd no people nor langage. Also Origen
 translated the byble owt of Ebrewe into Greke with
 helpe of other in the yere of owre lorde god CCxxx-
 iij. Also Aquila translated in the tyme of Adrian the
 emperoure in the yere of oure lorde. C.xxiiij. also
 Theodosion translatid it in ye tyme of th[e]mperowre
 Comede. liij. yere after Aquila/ also Simacus trans-
 lated it in the tyme of th[e]mperowre Serene. xxx. yere
 after Theodosion. viij. yere after Simacus it was trans-
 lated the auctor vnknownen yn the tyme of Aialexander
 the emperowre/ And Ierome translated it into latyn/
 vt in cronicis Cistercien. li. ij. ca. xxxij. And after
 that Ierom had translated it into laten/ he translated to
 women moche of the bible. And to the maydens
 Eustochia and Paula/ he translated the bookes of Iosue
 of Iudicum and Ruth and Hester/ and Ecclesiastes/
 Ieremy/ Isaie and Daniell/ and the. xij. prophetes/
 and ye. vij. canonyke epystylyes/ vt patet in prologo
 eorundem. And so all men maye se here by Ierom/
 yat it was neuer his entent to bynde ye lawe of god
 vnder his translacion of laten but by his owne dede
 geuythe leaue to translate it into euery speche/ for
 Ierom wrytythe in his. lxxviij. epystle to this man
 Acleta/ that he shuld enforme his daughter in the
 bookes of the olde lawe and the newe/ Also in his.

lxxv. epistle he wrytethe to ye virgin Demetriadis/
 that she shuld for to encrease her selfe in vertue rede
 nowe vpon one booke/ and nowe vpon another. And
 he specifieth vnto her that she also rede the gospell/
 and the epistylles of the apostles And thus
 Th[e]nglyshe men desyre to haue the lawe
 of god in englyshe/ fythen it is called the
 lawe vndefyled conuerting fowlys in to
 clenness/ *lex domini immaculata conuertens*
animas/ but Antechrist faithe that it is corrupte with ye
 litterall lettre yat fleyth fowlys takyng his auctorite of
 Paule/ that faithe/ *litera occidit spiritus autem viuificat.*
 That is the lettre of the ceremonies of ye olde lawe
 fleyth the Iewes/ and them that nowe vsen them/ but
 the spirite of the newe lawe quykenethe trewe Christen
 men/ sythen Christ saythe my wordes ben spritte and
 lyffe. Also we take ensample of holy virgyns to loue
 to reade the gospell as they diden/ as Katheryn/ Cecyle/
 Lucye/ Agnes/ Margaret/ whiche alegyd the holy
 gospell to the infidels/ that slewe them for the keping
 therof. Of these foresaid auctorites it is prouyd lau-
 full/ that both men and women lafully may reade and
 wryte gods lawe in their mother tonge/ and they that
 forfenden this they shewe them selves heyers and
 sonnes of the first tormentors/ and werse/ for they
 shewen them selves the veraye disciples of Antichrist/
 whiche hath and shall passe all the malyce of tyrauntes
 that haue ben before in stoppyng and peruertyng of
 gods lawe whiche deade engendrythe greate vengeance
 to fall in this realme/ but yf it be amendid For Paule
 faithe Roma. i. The wraethe of god is shewyd from
 heyn vpon cruelnes and vnryghtfulnes of these men
 that with holden the trowthe of god in vnryghtwysnes/
Reuelatur enim ira dei super omnem impietatem et
iniusticiam hominum eorum qui veritatem dei in iniusti-
tio detinent. Now god of hys mercy geue vnto
 ower kyng/ and to ower lordes grace of trewe vnder-
 standyng to amende this default principally and all

But my lordes
 say yat it
 maketh men
 heretikes and
 peruerteth
 soules.

other/ then shall we mowe easely to be amendid. For
vntyll it be amendid there shall neuer be rest and
peace in thys realme.¹ Who that fyndythe or redythe
this lettre put it furthe in examinacyon and suffer it
not to be hydde or destroyed/ but multiplyed for
no man knoweth what proffyt maye come therof.
For he that compiled it / purposyth with goddes
helpe to mayntayne it vnto the deathe/ yf
neade be. . And therefore all christen
men and women/ praye that ye
vorde of god maye be
vnbounde/ and de-
liuered from
the po-
werof
An-
tichrist/ and renne amonge his people. Amen.

¶ Imprinted at Marborow in the lan-
de of Hessen/ by me Hans Luft/
in the yere of owre lorde. M.
CCCC. and. XXX.

¹ From this, it would seem that this Treatise was written in the turmoil and troubles of the Wars of the Roses.

English Reprints.

The last Fight of the Revenge at sea ;

UNDER THE COMMAND OF

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE,

ON THE 10-11TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1591.

DESCRIBED BY

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,
November, 1591.

GERVASE MARKHAM,
1595.

AND

JAN HUYGEN VAN LINSCHOTEN,

In *Dutch*, 1596; *English*, 1598; and *Latin*, 1599.

Than this [action at sea], what have we more! What can be greater!—
JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S. *Navigation and Commerce, their Original and Progress*, p. 74, Ed. 1674.

Edited by EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.,
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BIRMINGHAM.

1 MONTAGUE ROAD.

15 November, 1871.

No. 29.

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INTRODUCTION.

In the whole Spanish war, but one Queen's ship, the Revenge, and (if I recollect right) but one private man-of-war, Sir Richard Hawkins Dainty [after a three days' fight, 20-22 June 1594, sustained by 75 Englishmen against 1300 Spaniards] had ever struck their colours to the enemy. Rev. Canon Kingsley, *Westward Ho!* ii, 320, Ed. 1855.

Perhaps in all naval history there never was a more gallant fight than that of the *Revenge* off the Western Isles. Its fame is increasing with our greater general knowledge of those times. Mr. Kingsley has adduced it in his apotheosis of Elizabeth's sea kings in *Westward Ho!*; and Mr. Froude crowned his article in the *Westminster Review* for July 1852, on *England's Forgotten Worthies*, (since included by him in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*) with a sketch of this heroic struggle; while we have here collected as many contemporary notices as possible of this celebrated action at sea.

We will very briefly touch on its date, occasion, and necessity; leaving its details and results to our reprinted narratives.

2. Sir W. Raleigh dates the commencement of the Fight at 3 P.M. of the last of August, *i.e.* Old Style, or 10 September, New Style. Linschoten, writing in 1596, five years after the event, puts the arrival of the Armada on 13 September; but Sir Walter, writing in the following November of 1591, and with a fresh knowledge derived from the depositions of the survivors, is much more likely to be correct in this respect.

3. The Western Islands being the junction of the Portuguese fleets from the East Indies, and the Spanish fleets from the West Indies, had been, for years, a favourite cruising ground for English men-of-war and privateers. The wealth of both the Indies was now the heritage of Philip II. Although—by the blasts of the Almighty more than by the power of man—the great Fleet

of 1588, which was the Spanish inauguration of open war, had been shattered and broken : still money and money's worth might rebuild fresh Armadas for Spain, while the King held human life cheap indeed. There could therefore be no halting. England must fight on and strike hard if she would preserve the advantage she had then gained. In capturing or sinking the Indian supplies of gold, silver, and spices, she stopped the sources of Philip's power to hurt herself. So our glorious forefathers sank, destroyed, or brought home every Spanish ship they could approach: while Spain strove her utmost to protect her argosies, and to bring them safely into port.

What chances occurred in this contest. Five or six Portuguese carracks usually returned each year from Goa, laden, almost to sinking point, with the costly treasures of the East. Drake missed, by one day only, outside Lisbon bar, five of such prizes on 24 Aug. 1589. Linschoten also saw the entire quay of Angra, the chief village of Terceira, covered from November 1589 to March 1590, with chests of silver to the value of five millions of ducats, equal to one million pounds sterling, or in corresponding present value to four or five millions; all landed there at one time, together with a vast unregistered quantity of gold, pearls, and other precious stones, from two ships only, coming from the West Indies. What must the annual fleets have carried? A special fleet was sent from Spain for this treasure. In its return to San Lucar it was blown by the wind northwards towards Lisbon. Nevertheless the Admiral, Alvaro Flores de Quinones would have forced his way back to San Lucar, according to his orders; but the wind and the sailors' importunities were too strong for him. The fleet went to Lisbon, and was, with the treasure, saved. For off Cape Vincent lay 20 English ships waiting for them, a force that would infallibly have captured or sunk every one of them. A corresponding ill fortune too, befell many a Spanish ship, now lying at the bottom of the Atlantic.

These dangers and losses alarmed Philip II. and his council.

Whereupon [in September 1590] the king advised the fleet, lying in *Havana*, in the Spanish Indies ready to come for *Spain* that they should stay there all that yeare, till the next yeare, because of the great danger they might fall into by the Englishmen, which was no small charge, and hinderance to the Fleet, for that the ships that lie there doe consume themselves, and in a manner eat vp one another, by reason of the great number of people, together with the scarcetie of all things, so that many ships chose rather, one by one to adventure themselves alone, to get home, then to stay there: all which fell into the English mens hands, whereof diuers of the men were brought into *Tercera*, for that a whole day we could see nothing els, but spoyled men set on shore, some out of one ship, some out of another, that pittie it was to see, al of them cursing the Englishmen, and their owne fortunes, with those that had bin the causes to prouoke the Englishmen to fight, and complayning of the small remedie and order taken therein by the king of *Spaines* Officers. *Linschoten. p. 191. Ed. 1596.*

4. Sir W. Monson, who had done good service in the Azores

in 1589, was with his old commander the Earl of Cumberland off the coast of Spain in 1591. His account of this sea-fight is the most disparaging of all to Sir R. Grenville. It was first printed in *Megaloplychy*, 1682, fol., which is a hard and often unfair account of the naval war with Spain, 1587-1603. A.D. A transcript differing verbally from this text is now *Cott. MS. Titus. B. viii.*, and was reprinted in *Archæologia*. xxxiv. 296-349. We give the account entire from the 1682 text:—

Her Maiesty understanding of the *Indian Fleets* Wintering in the *Havana*, and that Necessity would compell them home this Year 1591, she sent a Fleet to the Islands under the Command of the Lord *Thomas Howard*.

The King of *Spain* perceiving her Drift, and being sensible how much the safety of that Fleete concerned him, caused them to set out thence so late in the Year, that it endangered the Shipwrack of them all; chosing rather to hazard the perishing of Ships, Men and Goods, then their falling into our hands.

He had two Designs in bringing home this Fleete so late: One was, he thought the Lord *Thomas* would have consumed his Victuals, and have been forced Home: The other, that he might in the mean time furnish the great Fleet he was preparing, little inferior to that of 1588. In the first he found himself deceived: For my Lord was supplied both with Ships and Victuals out of *England*; and in the second, he was as much prevented: For my Lord of *Cumberland*, who then lay upon the Coast of *Spain*, had Intelligence of the *Spaniards* putting out to Sea, and advertised the Lord *Thomas* thereof, the very Night before they arrived at *Flores*, where my Lord lay.

The day after this Intelligence, the *Spanish* Fleet was discovered by my Lord *Thomas*, whom he knew by their Number and Greatness, to be the Ships of which he had warning; and by that means escaped the Danger that Sir *Richard Greenville*, his Vice-admiral rashly ran into. Upon View of the *Spaniards*, which were 55 Sail, the Lord *Thomas* warily, and like a discreet General, weighed Anchor, and made Signs to the rest of his Fleet to do the like, with a purpose to get the Wind of them; but Sir *Richard Greenville*, being a stubborn man, and imagining this Fleet to come from the *Indies*, and not to be the *Armado* of which they were informed, would by no means be persuaded by his Master, or Company, to cut his main Sail, to follow the Admiral; nay, so head-strong and rash he was, that he offered violence to those that counselled him thereto.

But the Old Saying, that a wilful man is the Cause of his own Woe, could not be more truly verified than in him. For when the *Armado* approached him, and he beheld the Greatness of the Ships, he began to see and repent him of his Folly, and when it was too late, would have freed himself of them, but in vain: For he was left a Prey to the Enemy, every Ship striving to be the first [that] should board him.

This wilful Rashness of Sir *Richard* made the *Spaniards* triumph as much as if they had obtained a Signal Victory, it being the first Ship that ever they took of Her Majesties, and commended to them by some English Fugitives to be the very best she had; but their Joy continued not long. For they enjoyed her but five days before she was cast away with many *Spaniards* in her, upon the Islands of *Tercera*.

Commonly one Misfortune is accompanied with another: For the *Indian* Fleet, for which my Lord had waited the whole Summer, the day after this mishap, fell into the Company of the *Spanish Armado*: who, if they had staid but one day longer, or the *Indian* Fleet had come home but one day sooner, we had possess both them and many millions of Treasure which the Sea afterwards devoured: For from the tyme they met with the *Armado*, and before they could recover home, nigh an hundred of them suffered Shipwrack, besides the *Ascention* of *Sevil*, and the double Fly-boat, that were sunk by the side of the *Revenge*.

All which was occasioned by their Wintering in the *Indies* and the late Disamboguing from thence: For the Worm which that Country, is subject to, weakens and consumes their Ships.

Notwithstanding their cross and perverse Fortune which happened by means of Sir *Richard Greenville*, the Lord *Thomas* would not be dismayed or discouraged; but kept the Sea so long as he had Victuals; and by such Ships as himself and the rest of the Fleet took, defrayed the better part of the Charge of the whole Action, p. 20. pp. 24-5.

In flat contradiction with this is a *confidential* letter written in London on 31 October 1591, by Thomas Phelippes the decipherer, who some years before had been employed by Sir F. Walsingham in the discovery of the Babington conspiracy. Writing to his friend Thomas Barnes, he says—

Can write no good news from hence; the loss of the *Revenge*, with Sir R. Grenfield is stale; they disguised it here with the sinking of so many of the King of Spain's ships and men; and besides she has since sunk in the sea, with many Spaniards that were in her; they condemn the Lord Thomas for a coward, and some say he is for the King of Spain. Supposes he has heard of the quarrel and offer of combat between the Lord Admiral and Sir Walter Raleigh. Seven prizes, part of the West India fleet, have been brought in by the merchants that went to second Lord Thomas. They report that the rest, with the King's ships of war, are drowned by a tempest, and only 26 arrived in Spain. *Cal. S. P., Elis.*

Nelson at Copenhagen, when Sir Hyde Parker put up the signal of recal, put his telescope to his sightless eye. Being successful, the matter was passed over. Grenville in like case perishing, is blamed by Monson for not obeying the signal of his superior officer. Sir W. Raleigh's *Report* was written to soothe and extenuate everybody; but the common proportion arises, If the *Revenge* did so much hurt, what would the whole English squadron, crippled though it was, have done? if, seeing the *Revenge* once committed, however wrongly and contrary to orders, they had all borne down and made an united attack on the Spanish fleet? Even if driven off, they would have probably sunk or disabled all the Spanish ships. There was the chance of the Spaniards flying as in 1588. While victory would have given them, on the very next day, the Indian fleet, with its untold prize money, for which they had been so long waiting. Had the fiery Grenville been Admiral and Lord Thomas, Vice-admiral; such a course as this would undoubtedly have been taken.

5. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Observations, &c.*, posthumously published in 1622, shows that Grenville as Vice-admiral was necessarily the last to leave the island.

In the Fleete of her Maiestie, vnder the charge of my Father Sir *John Hawkins*, Anno 1590. vpon the coast of *Spaine*, the Vice-admirall being a head one morning, where his place was to be a Sterne, lost vs the taking of eight men of Warre, loaden with Munition, Victuals, and Provisions, for the supplie of the Souldiers in *Brittaine*: and although they were seaven or eight Leagues from the Shore, when our Vice-admirall began to fight with them, yet for that the rest of our Fleete were some foure, some fiue Leagues, and

some more distant from them, when we beganne to giue chase: the Spaniards recovered into the Harbour of *Monge*, before our Admirall could come vp to giue direction, yet well beaten, with losse of about two hundred men, as they themselues confessed to me after.

In this poynt, at the Ile of *Flores*, Sir *Richard Greenfield* got eternall honour and reputation of great valour, and of an experimented Souldier, chusing rather to sacrifice his life, and to passe all danger whatsoever, then to fayle in his Obligation, by gathering together those which had remained a shore in that place, though with the hazard of his ship and companie; And rather we ought to imbrace an honourable death then to liue with infamie and dishonour, by fayling in dutie; and I account that he, and his Country got much honor in that occasion: for one ship, and of the second sort of her Maiesties, sustained the force of all the Fleete of *Spaine*, and gaue them to understand, that they be impregnable, for having bought deereley the boarding of her, divers and sundry times, and with many ioyntly, and with a continuall fight of 14. or 16. houres, at length leaving her without any Mast standing, and like a Logge in the Seas, shee made notwithstanding, a most honourable composition of life and libertie, for about two hundred and sixtie men,¹ as by the Pay-booke appeareth: which her Maiestie of her free grace commanded in recompence of their service, to be given to every one his six moneths wages. All which may worthily be written in our Chronicles in letters of Gold, in memory for all Posterities, some to beware, and others by that example in the like occasions, to imitate the true valour of our Nation in these Ages.

In point of Providence, which Captaine *Vavisor* in the foresight gaue also good prooffe of his valour, in casting about vpon the whole Fleete, notwithstanding the greatnesse and multitude of the Spanish *Armado*, to yeeld that succour which he was able; Although some doe say, and I consent with them, that the best valour is to obey, and to follow the head, seeme that good or bad which is commanded. fol. 9-11.

It is manifest, from all accounts, that the *Revenge* could have got away as soon as she was clear of *Flores*. Then comes the turning-point as to the necessity for the fight at all. It was a difference of judgment, probably arising out of a difference of character. *Moufan* seems to be quite in error in making *Grenville* to mistake the Armada for the Indian fleet. *Grenville* dared to outdare everything, and to force his single ship through the Spanish host. The worst that can be said of the fight is that it was the *Balaclava* charge of that Spanish War. Yet even here, its excessive loss to the Spaniards in ships and men would not justify the phrase, *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*. For it was war, and in frightful earnest: as the dreadful shrieks of the sinking Spanish crews drowning out of sight passed all remedy, rang above the cannons' roar amid the horrors of that September night.

6. The advisability of the conflict apart; words cannot sufficiently blazon forth the honour and glory of this great Sea-Fight. One hundred fighting Englishmen at bay with fifteen thousand Spaniards, Portuguese, and Dutch. It is our naval Thermopylæ. Lord Bacon, with his own beautiful style and imagery, thus magnifies it:—

¹ This evidently comprises the entire crew, sick and well. The action seems to have been fought by about a hundred Englishmen. The rest lay sick on the ballast.

In the yeare 1591. was that Memorable Fight, of an *English Ship* called the *Reuenge*, vnder the Command of Sir *Richard Greenuill*; Memorable (I say) euen beyond credit, and to the Height of some Heroicall Fable. And though it were a Defeat, yet it exceeded a Victory: Being like the Act of *Sampson*, that killed more Men at his Death, than he had done in the time of all his Life. This *Ship*, for the space of 15. hours, sate like a Stagge amongst Hounds, at the bay, and was seiged, and fought with, in turne, by 15. great Ships of Spaine; Part of a Nauy of 55. Ships in all; The rest like Abettors looking on a farre off. And amongst the 15. Ships that fought, the great *Sant Philippo* was one; A Ship of 1500. tonne: Prince of the twelue *Sea Apostles*; Which was right glad, when she was shifted off from the *Reuenge*. This braue ship the *Reuenge*, being manned only with 200. (Souldiers and Mariners,) whereof 80. lay sicke, yet neuertheless after a Fight maintained (as was said) of 15 hours and two Ships of the Enemy sunke by her side; Besides many more torne and battred, and great slaughter of Men; neuer came to be entred, but was taken by Composition; The Enemies themselues hauing in admiration the Vertue of the Commander, and the whole Tragedy of that Ship. *Considerations touching a Warre with Spaine*. [Written in 1624] included in *Certaine Miscellany Works*, Ed. by Dr. Rawley, p. 52-3. Ed. 1629.

7. The *Revenge* was apparently built about 1579; probably at Chatham, by Sir J. Hawkins. She was a notoriously unlucky ship. Sir R. Hawkins gives the following account of her mishaps:—

As was plainly seene in the *Revenge*, which was ever the vnfortunatest Ship, the late Queenes Maiestie had during her Raigne; for comming out of *Ireland*, with Sir *Iohn Parrot*, shee was like to be cast away vpon the *Kentish Coast*. After in the Voyage of Sir *Iohn Hawkins* my Father, Anno 1586, shee strucke aground comming into *Plimouth*, before her going to Sea: Vpon the coast of *Spaine*, shee left her Fleete, readie to sinke with a great Leake: At her returne into the Harbour of *Plimouth*, shee beate vpon *Winter Stone*; and after in the same Voyage, going out of *Portsmouth Haven*, shee ranne twice a-ground; and in the latter of them, lay twentie two houres beating vpon the shore, and at length with eight foote of water in hold, she was forced off, and presently ranne vpon the Oose: and was cause, that shee remained there (with other three Ships of her Maiesties) six moneths, till the Spring of the yeare; When comming about to be docked, entring the river of *Thames*, her old Leake breaking vpon her, had like to haue drowned all those which were in her. In Anno 1591. with a storme of wind and weather, riding at her Moorings in the river of *Rochester*, nothing but her bare Masts over head, shee was turned topse-turvie, her Kele vppermost: And the cost and losse shee wrought, I haue good cause to remember; in her last Voyage, in which shee was lost, when shee gaue *England* and *Spaine* iust cause to remember her. For the *Spaniards* themselues confesse, that three of their Ships sunke by her side, and was the death of about 1500. of their men, with the losse of a great part of their fleete, by a storme which suddainly tooke them the next day. What *English* died in her, many liuing, are witnesses: Amongst which was Sir *Richard Grenfeild*, a noble and valiant Gentleman, Vice-admirall in her of her Maiesties Fleete. So that well considered, shee was euen a Ship loaden, and full fraught with ill successe. *Observations, &c.*, fol. 2-3. Ed. 1622.

Yet the *Revenge* was the crack ship of its class in the British Navy; in which she was what we should now call a Second Rate. She was of 500 tons burden, with a crew of 250 men, and probably carrying from 30 to 40 guns of different sizes. Drake, whose skill in seamanship was unsurpassed, chose her to fight his

fight as Vice-admiral against the Armada of 1588, and it is a singular testimony to her excellent qualities, that despite all her ill luck, her model should have been selected, after the experience gained in that great conflict, by the first seaman of the time as the best type for future ships.

1588. Nov. [20.] Device by Lord Admiral Howard. Sir F. Drake, Sir W. Wynter, Sir John Hawkyns, Captain Wm. Borough, and others for the construction of four new ships to be built on the model of the *Revenge*, but exceeding her in burthen. The dimensions to be 100 feet by the keel, 35 feet in breadth, and 15 feet depth in the hold. *Cal. S. P. Eliz.*

8. Cornish men and Devonshire men may ever be proud of Sir Richard Grenville. Among all the Knights of the Sea that attended Queen Elizabeth, and who outvied the fabled deeds of the Knights of the Round Table, he held a high place. A long and active life devoted to his Queen and country was closed by the most glorious of deaths. The dying words of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, of Moore on the hill above Corunna, of Nelson at Trafalgar, do not surpass those of this fine old English gentleman, who spoke his own epitaph when he said—

Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind: for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, that hath fought for his countrey, Queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier; that hath done his dutie as he was bound to do. p. 94-91

NOTES RESPECTING Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, Knt.

of Stow, co. Cornwall, and Bideford, co. Devon.

A short Latin account of Vice-Admiral Sir R. Grenville occurs, with his portrait at p. 81 of H. Holland's *Horrologia*, London, 1620, fol. but there does not appear to be any contemporary Life of him. The following brief notes are, unless otherwise stated, taken from *Calendars of State Papers. Elizabeth* (Domestic), and *Colonial*.

The Grenville family were among the very foremost of the Cornish gentry. Lysons gives the following account of them.

"The manor of Kilkhampton [in the extreme north of Cornwall] is supposed to have belonged to the Grenville family, from nearly the time of the Conquest; Dugdale says, that they were seated here in the reign of William Rufus. Richard de Grenville, who came over with William the Conqueror, is said, in the pedigrees of the family, to have been a younger brother of Robert Fitzhaman, Earl of Carbill, Lord of Thurigny and Granville, in France and Normandy; and to have been lineally descended from Rollo, Duke of Normandy. It is on record, that Richard de Grenville held certain knight's fees at Bideford in Devonshire, in the reign of Henry II. We have not found any record of the Grenvilles' possessions at Kilkhampton, of an earlier date than the *quo warranto* roll before-mentioned [1301 A.D.], but it appears that it had at that time been long in the family: they continued to reside at Stowe, in this parish, for many generations, and frequently served the office of sheriff for the county. William Grenville or Grenfield, (as the name was at that early period generally written), son of Sir Theobald, became Archbishop of York, and distinguished himself as an able statesman; he died in 1315. Sir Richard Grenville, son of Roger (who was himself a captain in the navy, and lost his life, as Carew tells us, in the unfortunate *Mary Rose*), was a celebrated military and naval commander in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He first distinguished himself [æt. 16] in the wars [in Hungary] under the Emperor Maximilian against the Turks, for which his name is recorded by several foreign writers." *Magna Britannia*. iii. *Cornwall*, p. 163, Ed. 1814.

Richard Carew of Anthony, notices Stow, at f. 118, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, finished on 23 April 1602.

- 1571.** R. Grenville of Stow represents Cornwall in Parliament.
- 1577 or 1578.** Having been High Sheriff for Cornwall he is knighted. See also S. Morgan's *Sphere of Gentry* iii. 90, Ed. 1661, under Richard Gri[n]field.
- 1581. OCT. 25.** Is, with other commissioners, at Radstow, examining John Piers, the pirate.
- 1582. MAY 5.** Is, with other commissioners, at Penryn, enquiring as touching the taking away of the Spanish ship out of Falmouth, by Sir J. Killigrew's servants.
- 1583. DEC. 27.** Writes from Redford as to the custody of the Castle and Island of Tintagel.
- 1584. MAY.** One of the commissioners for Dover Haven. He proposes the erection of a mole at Folkestone.
- JULY 13.** Captains Amadas and Barlowe, sent out with two ships by Sir W. Raleigh, take possession of Virginia.
- AUG. 6.** Sir R. Grenville writes from Penheale that he has been so busily engaged with the musters that he could not make collections for the relief of Namptwich [destroyed by fire].
- OCT. 17.** Sends from 'my poor house of Stow' a further sum of £20 for the relief of Namptwich.
- OCT.** Signs the national Association for the defence of the Queen.
- 1585. MAY 19.** Sir W. Raleigh's first colony, headed by Ralph Lane, for Virginia, sets out from Plymouth in 7 ships, under Sir R. Grenville. *Hakluyt. Eng. Voyages, &c.* p. 733, Ed. 1589.
- AUG. 12.** *Ralph Lane to Sec. Walsingham* [from Port Ferdinando, Virginia]. The General [Sir Ric. Grenville's] return to England cuts him off from reporting upon the peculiarities of the

country. Although they arrived there late in the year, wholly through the fault of him who intends to accuse others.

SEPT. 8. *Lane to Secretary Walsingham* [from the New Fort in Virginia]. Has thought good to advertise him concerning Sir R. Greenefeelde's [Grenville] complaints against sundry gentlemen of this service, and particularly against Mr. Candyshe [Thos. Cavendish afterwards the circumnavigator] their high marshal, Edw. Gorge, Francis Brooke, their treasurer, and Capt. Clerk. Certifies to their faithfulness and industry, and to the tyrannical conduct of Grenville from first to last, through whose great default the action had been made most painful and perilous. Refers him to an ample discourse of the whole voyage in the hands of the bearer, their treasurer, directed to Sir W. Raleigh, wherein Grenville's intolerable pride, insatiable ambition, and proceedings towards them all, and to Lane in particular, are set forth. Has had so much experience of Grenville as to desire to be freed from the place where he is to carry any authority in chief.

AUG. 31. Sir R. Grenville returning home takes 'a Spanish ship of 300 tunne richly loaden, boarding her with a boate made with boards of chests, which fell a sunder, and sunke at the shippes side assoone as euer he and his men were out of it.' Hakluyt, *idem*, p. 736.

OCT. 29. *Sir Rich. Grenville to Sec. Walsingham* [from Plymouth]. Acquaints him with the success of his voyage. Has performed the action directed, and discovered, taken possession of, and peopled a new country [Virginia], and stored it with cattle, fruits, and plants. The commodities that are found there are such as he was advertised of by his cousin Sir Walter Raleigh. In his way home captured, after some fighting, a Spanish ship, returning from St. Domingo, laden with ginger and sugar.

1586. APR. 27. The Justices of Cornwall report to the Council 'Sir R. Greynville being about to depart to sea, has left his charge of 300 men to Geo. Greynvill.'

JUNE 19. Sir F. Drake and a large fleet bring home the first Virginian colony, arriving at Plymouth on 27 JULY.

JUNE Immediately after their departure, a ship of 100 tons arrives with supplies, but finding the colony gone, returns home.

JULY. About 14 or 15 days after the departure of this ship, Sir R. Grenville, with 3 ships, arrives in Virginia. He also returns.

"Not long after he fell in with the Isles of *Azores*, on some of which islands he landed, and spoyled the towns of such things as were worth cariage, where also he tooke diuers Spanyardes, with these and many other employtes done by him in this voyage, as well outwarde as homeward, he returned into England.—Hakluyt, *Idem*, p. 748.

1587. MAR. Is appointed by the Queen to survey the maritime defences and review the trained bands in Devonshire and Cornwall.

1588. APR. 3. In a statistical return of the musters of England at this date, *Harl. MS.* 4228, f. 70, out of 1,500 trained men in Cornwall, Sir Richard comes first with 303 men, armed with 129 *shott*, 69 *corsletts*, 179 *bowes*, and 0 [nought] *billes*.

APR. While preparing another fleet at Bideford for Virginia, for Sir W. Raleigh, Grenville is stayed by the Queen.

JULY-AUG. In the Armada fight; he guards Cornwall and Devon.

SEPT. 14. The Queen tells him to stay all shipping upon the north coast of Devon and Cornwall, as some of the Spanish ships had been driven to sundry ports on the west coast of Ireland.

1591. AUG. 31. [SEPT. 10.] The fight in the *Revenge* begins.

SEPT. 3 or 4 [13 or 14.] Sir R. Grenville dies on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, and his body is buried in the sea. He leaves four sons and five daughters. He was the grandfather of the 'English Bayard,' Sir Bevill Grenville [b. 23 March 1595—killed at the battle of Lansdowne, near Bath, on 5 July 1643].

DEC. 9. A commission issued to Sir R. Beville and five others to inquire after the death of Sir R. Grenville, co. Cornwall.

The family were patrons of Bideford church; the only monument in which was that of Sir T. Grenville, Kt., *d.* 18 Mar. 1513.

The decease of our hero's widow is thus entered in the parish register:—
1623. Nov. 5. "The Ladie Mary Grenvile, daughter unto the Right honourable Sir John St. Leger, Knight, deceased, and wife to that famous Warriour Sir Richard Grenvile, Knight, also deceased, beinge in his life time the Spaniard's terror; She was buried in the Grenvile's Isle in the church of Bediford the fifthe daie of November, A.D. 1623." *Polwhele. History of Devon, p. 425. Ed. 1797.*

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∴ The authorship is fixed by Hakluyt's heading at No. 2. Curiously enough the tract is not included in either of the two editions of Raleigh's *Works* that have as yet appeared: viz. that of Dr. Birch in 1751, excluding, and the Oxford edition of 1829 including, the *History of the World*.

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A REPORT

OF THE TRVTH OF

the fight about the Iles of

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BETVVIXT THE

Reuenge, one of her Maiesties

Shippes,

And an Armada of the King

of Spaine.



LONDON

Printed for william Ponsonbie.

1591.

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A report of the truth of the fight about
the Isles of Açores, this last summer, betwixt
the Reuenge, one of her Maiesties Shippes,
and an Armada of the king
of Spaine.



Because the rumours are diuerfly spred, as well in Englande as in the lowe countries and els where, of this late encounter between her maiesties ships and the Armada of *Spain*; and that the Spaniardes according to their vsuall maner, fill the world with their vaine glorious vaunts, making great apparance of victories: when on the contrary, themselues are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonoured; therby hoping to possesse the ignorant multitude by anticipating and forerunning false reports: It is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth to ouercome falshood and vntruth; that the beginning, continuance and successe of this late honourable encounter of Syr *Richard Grimuile*, and other her maiesties Captaines, with the Armada of *Spain*; should be truly set downe and published without parcialitie or false imaginations. And it is no maruell that the Spaniard should seeke by false and flandrous Pamphlets, aduises and Letters, to couer their owne losse, and to derogate from others their due honours especially in this fight beeing performed farre of; seeing they were not ashamed in the yeare 1588. when they purposed the inuasion of this land, to publish in fundrie languages in print, great victories in wordes, which they pleaded to haue obtained against this Realme, and spredde the same in a most false sort ouer all partes of *France, Italie*, and elsewhere. When shortly after it was happily mani-

feited in verie deed to all Nations, how their Nauy which they termed inuincible, consisting of 240. faile of ships, not onely of their own kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest Argofies, *Portugall* Caractes, Florentines and huge Hulkes of other countries: were by thirtie of her Maiesties owne shippes of warre, and a few of our owne Marchants, by the wise, valiant, and most aduantagious conduction of the L. *Charles Howard*, high Admirall of England, beaten and shuffeled together, euen from the Lizard in *Cornwall*: first to *Portland*, where they shamefully left *Don Pedro de Valdes*, with his mightie shippe: from *Portland* to *Cales*, where they lost *Hugo de Moncado*, with the Gallias of which he was Captain, and from *Cales*, driuen with squibs from their anchors: were chased out of the sight of England, round about *Scotland* and *Ireland*. Where for the sympathye of their barbarous religion, hoping to finde succour and assistance: a great part of them were cruft against the rocks, and those other that landed, being verie manie in number, were notwithstanding broken, flaine, and taken, and so sent from village to village coupled in halters to be shipped into Engla[n]d. Where her Maiestie of her Princely and inuincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retaine or entertaine them: [they] were all sent backe againe to their countries, to witnesse and recount the worthy achievements of their inuincible and dreadfull Navy. Of which the number of fouldiers, the fearefull burthen of their shippes, the commanders names of euerie Squadron, with all other their magazines of prouision, were put in print, as an Army and Nauy vnresistible, and disdaining preuention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their failing rounde about England, so much as sinke or take one ship, Barke, Pinnes, or Cockbote of ours: or euer burnt so much as one sheepecote of this land. When as on the contrarie, Syr *Francis Drake*, with

only 800. fouldiers not long before, landed in their Indies, and forced *Santiago, Santo Domingo, Cartagena,* and the Fortes of *Florida*.

And after that, Syr *John Norris* marched from *Peniche* in *Portugall*, with a handfull of fouldiers, to the gates of *Lisbone*, being aboute 40. English miles. Where the Earle of *Effex* himselve and other valiant Gentlemen, braued the Cittie of *Lisbone*, encamped at the verie gates; from whence after many daies abode, finding neither promised partie, nor prouision to batter: made retrait by land, in despight of all their Garrisons, both of Horse and foote. In this fort I haue a little digressed from my first purpose, only by the necessarie comparison of theirs and our actions: the one couetous of honour without vaunt or ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affaires, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their owne dishonors, as they wil not only not blush to spread all maner of vntruthes: but euen for the least aduantage, be it but for the taking of one poore aduenturer of the English, will celebrate the victorie with benefiers in euerie town, alwaies spending more in faggots, then the purchase was worth they obtained. When as we neuer yet thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we haue taken eight or ten of their Indian shippes at one time, and twentie of the *Brafill* fleet. Such is the difference betweene true valure, and ostentation: and betweene honourable actions, and friuolous vaine glorious uaunts. But now to returne to my first purpose.

The *L. Thomas Howard*, with fixe of her Maiesties ships, fixe victualers of London, the barke *Raleigh*, and two or three Pinnasses riding at anchor nere vnto *Flores*, one of the Westerie Ilands of the *Azores*, the last of August in the after noone, had intelligence by one Captaine *Midleton*, of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which *Midleton* being in a verie good Sailer, had kept them companie three daies before, of

good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my *L. Thomas* of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the newes but the Fleet was in sight: manie of our shippes companies were on shore in the Iland; some providing ballast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money, or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and romaging euerie thing out of order, verie light for want of ballast. And that which was most to our disadvantage, the one halfe part of the men of euerie shippe sicke, and vtterly vnseruiceable. For in the *Reuenge* there were nintie diseased: in the *Bonaventure*, not so many in health as could handle her maine saile. For had not twentie men beene taken out of a Barke of Sir *George Caryes*, his being commanded to be sunke, and those appointed to her, she had hardly euer recovered England. The rest for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Maiesties shippes were these as followeth: the *Defiance*, which was Admirall, the *Reuenge* Viceadmirall, the *Bonaventure* commanded by Captaine *Crosse*, the *Lion* by *George Fenner*, the *Forefight* by *M. Thomas Vauisour*, and the *Crane* by *Duffield*. The *Forefight* and the *Crane* being but small ships; onely the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the Barke *Raleigh*, commanded by Captaine *Thin*, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleete hauing shrouded their approach by reason of the Iland; were now so soone at hand, as our ships had scarce time to waye their anchors, but some of them were driuen to let flippe their Cables, and set saile. Sir *Richard Grinuile* was the last waied, to recover the men that were vpon the Iland, which otherwise had beene lost. The *L. Thomas* with the rest verie hardly recovered the winde, which Sir *Richard Grinuile* not being able to do, was perswaded by the maister and others to cut his

maine faile, and cast about, and to trust to the failing of his shippe: for the Squadron of Siuil were on his wether bow. But Sir *Richard* vtterly refused to turne from the enimie, alledging that he would rather chose to dye, then to dishonour him selfe, his cuntry, and her Maiesties shippe, perswading his companie that he would passe through the two Squadrons, in despight of them: and enforce those of *Siuil* to giue him way. Which he performed vpon diuerse of the formost, who as the Marriners terme it, sprang their luffe, and fell vnder the lee of the *Reuenge*. But the other course had bene the better, and might right well haue bene answered in so great an impossibilitie of preuailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatnesse of his minde, he could not bee perswaded. In the meane while as hee attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such fort, as the shippe could neither way nor feele the helme: so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and fife hundreth tuns. Who after laid the *Reuenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sailes, the ships that wer vnder his lee luffing vp, also laid him aborde: of which the next was the Admirall of the *Biscaines*, a verie mightie and puyfant shippe commanded by *Brittan Dona*. The said *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a side, and eleuen peeces in euerie tire. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her Sterne portes.

After the *Reuenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, foure other boarded her; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that euening. But the great *San Philip* hauing receyued the lower tire of the *Reuenge*, discharged with crossebarshot, shifted hir selfe with all diligence from her sides, vtterly misliking hir first entertainment. Some say that the shippe foundred,

but wee cannot report it for truth, vnlesse we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the Marriners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all, beside the Marriners, but the seruants of the commanders and some fewe voluntarie Gentlemen only. After many enterchanged voleies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Reuenge*, and made diuers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed souldiers and Musketers, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe, into their owne shippes, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of *London*, hauing receiued some shot thorow her by the Armados, fell vnder the Lee of the *Reuenge*, and asked Syr *Richard* what he would command him, being but one of the victulers and of small force: Syr *Richard* bid him saue himselfe, and leaue him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were flaine and hurt, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both funke, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that sir *Richard* was verie dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and laie speechlesse for a time ere he recouered. But two of the *Reuenges* owne companie, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others: affirmed that he was neuer so wounded as that hee forooke the vpper decke, til an hour before midnight; and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as hee was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirugion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Syr *Frances Godolphin*, of 4. other Marriners of the same shippe being returned, which examination, the said Syr *Frances* sent vnto maister *William Killigrue*, of her Maiesties priuie Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Reuenge*, as they were wounded and beaten of, so alwaies others came in their places, she hauing neuer lesse then two mightie Gallions by her sides, and aboard her. So that ere the morning from three of the clocke the day before, there had fiteene feuerall Armados assailed her; and all so ill approued their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in fight but enemies, sauing one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by *Jacob Whiddon*, who houered all night to see the successe: but in the mornyng bearing with the *Reuenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many rauenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Reuenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundreth free from sicknes, and fourescore and ten sicke, laid in hold vpon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, and a weake Garrison to resist so mighty an Army. By those hundred all was sustained, the voleis, bourdings, and entrings of fiteene shippes of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrarie, the Spanish were alwaies supplied with souldiers brought from euerie squadron: all maner of Armes and powder at will. Vnto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the mastes all beaten ouer board, all her tackle cut a funder, her vpper worke altogether rased, and in effect euened shee was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left ouer head either for flight or defence. Syr *Richard* finding himselfe in this distresse, and vnable

anie longer to make resistance, hauing endured in this fiteene houres fight, the assault of fiteene feuerall Armadoes, all by tornnes aboorde him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillerie, besides manie assaults and entries. And that himselfe and the shippe must needs be possessed by the enemye, who were now all cast in a ring round about him; The *Reuenge* not able to moue one way or other, but as she was moued with the waues and billow of the sea: commanded the maister Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glorie or victorie to the Spaniards: seeing in so manie houres fight, and with so great a Nauie they were not able to take her, hauing had fiteene houres time, fiteene thousand men, and fiftie and three saile of men of warre to performe it withall. And perswaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to yeelde themselues vnto God, and to the mercie of none els; but as they had like valiant resolute men, repulsed so manie enemyes, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne liues for a few houres, or a few daies. The maister Gunner readilie condescended and diuers others; but the Capitaine and the Maister were of an other opinion, and befought Sir *Richard* to haue care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as readie to entertaine a composition, as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being diuerse sufficient and valiant men yet liuing, and whose woundes were not mortall, they might doe their countrie and prince acceptable seruice hereafter. And (that where Sir *Richard* had alleaged that the Spaniards should neuer glorie to haue taken one shippe of her Maiesties, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended them selues) they answered, that the shippe had sixe foote water in hold, three shot vnder water which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needs

finke, and was besides so cruſht and bruſed, as ſhe could neuer be remoued out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in diſpute, and Sir *Richard* refuſing to hearken to any of thoſe reaſons: the maiſter of the *Reuenge* (while the Captaine wan vnto him the greater party) was conuoyde aborde the Generall *Don Alfonſo Baſſan*. Who finding none ouer haſtie to enter the *Reuenge* againe, doubting leaſt S. *Richard* would haue blowne them vp and himſelfe, and perceiuiug by the report of the maiſter of the *Reuenge* his daungerous diſpoſition: yeelded that all their liues ſhould be ſaued, the companie ſent for England, and the better forte to pay ſuch reaſonable ranſome as their eſtate would beare, and in the meane ſeaſon to be free from Gally or imprifonment. To this he ſo much the rather condeſcended as well as I haue ſaide, for feare of further loſſe and miſchiefe to them ſelues, as alſo for the deſire hee had to recouer Sir *Richard Grinuile*; whom for his notable valure he ſeemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this anſwere was returned, and that ſafetie of life was promiſed, the common fort being now at the end of their perill, the moſt drew backe from Sir *Richard* and the maiſter Gunner, being no hard matter to diſwade men from death to life. The maiſter Gunner finding him ſelfe and Sir *Richard* thus preuented and maſtered by the greater number, would haue ſlaine himſelfe with a ſword, had he not beene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben. Then the Generall ſent manie boates aboard the *Reuenge*, and diuerſe of our men fearing Sir *Richards* diſpoſition, ſtole away aboard the Generall and other ſhippes. Sir *Richard* thus ouermatched, was ſent vnto by *Alonſo Baſſan* to remoue out of the *Reuenge*, the ſhippe being maruellous vnſauerie, filled with bloud and bodies of deade, and wounded men like a ſlaughter houſe. Sir *Richard* answered that he might do with his bodie what he liſt, for he eſteemed it not, and as

he was carried out of the shippe he swoounded, and reuiuing againe desired the companie to pray for him. The Generall vsed Sir *Richard* with all humanitie, and left nothing vnattempted that tended to his recouerie, highly commending his valour and worthines, and greatly bewailed the daunger wherein he was, beeing vnto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution sildome approued, to see one ship turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge Armados, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many fouldiers. All which and more, is confirmed by a Spanish Captaine of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being feuered from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lyon* of London a small ship taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The generall commander of the Armada, was *Don Alphonso Bassan*, brother to the Marquesse of *Santa Cruce*. The Admirall of the *Biscaine* squadron, was *Britan Dona*. Of the squadron of *Siuil*, Marques of *Arumburch*. The Hulkes and Flybotes were commaunded by *Luis Cutino*. There were slaine and drowned in this fight, well neere two thousand of the enemies, and two especiall commanders *Don Luis de sant Iohn*, and *Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga*, as the Spanish Captain confesseth, besides diuers others of speciall account, wherof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the *Ascention* of *Siuill*, were both suncke by the side of the *Reuenge*; one other recouered the rode of *Saint Michels*, and suncke also there; a fourth ranne her selfe with the shore to saue her men. Syr *Richard* died as it is said, the second or third day aboard the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his bodie, whether it were buried in the sea or on the lande wee know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friendes is, that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and country, and

of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outliued his owne honour.

For the rest of her Maiesties ships that entred not so far into the fight as the *Reuenge*, the reasons and causes were these. There were of them but six in all, wherof two but smal ships; the *Reuenge* ingaged past recouerie: The Iland of *Flores* was on the one side, 53. saile of the Spanish, diuided into squadrons on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could containe. Almost the one halfe of our men sicke and not able to serue: the ships growne foule, vnroomaged, and scarcely able to beare anie saile for want of ballast, hauing beene sixe moneths at the sea before. If al the rest had entred, all had been lost. For the verie hugenes of the Spanish fleet, if no other violence had been offered, would haue crusht them between them into shiuers. Of which the dishonour and losse to the Queene had been far greater then the spoile or harme that the enemy could any way haue receiued. Notwithstanding it is verie true, that the Lord *Thomas* would haue entred betweene the squadrons, but the rest wold not condescend; and the maister of his owne ship offered to leape into the sea, rather then to conduct that her Maiesties ship and the rest to be a praie to the enemy, where there was no hope nor possibilitie either of defence or victorie. Which also in my opinion had il sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a Generall, to commit himselfe and his charge to an assured destruction, without hope or any likelihood of preuailing: therby to diminish the strength of her Maiesties Nauy, and to enrich the pride and glorie of the enemy. The Foresight of the Queenes commanded by M. *Th. Vauisior*, performed a verie great fight, and stayd two houres as neere the *Reuenge* as the wether wold permit him, not forsaking the fight, till hee was like to be encompassed by the squadrons, and with great difficultie cleared himselfe. The rest gaue diuers voleies of shot, and entred as far as the

place permitted and their own necessities, to keep the weather gage of the enemy, vntill they were parted by night. A few daies after the fight was ended, and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indy ships, there arose so great a storme from the West and Northwest, that all the fleet was dispersed, as well the Indian fleet which were then come vnto them as the rest of the Armada that attended their arriual, of which 14. faile together with the *Reuenge*, and in her 200. Spaniards, were cast away vpon the Isle of S. *Michaels*. So it pleased them to honor the buriall of that renowned ship the *Reuenge*, not suffering her to perish alone, for the great honour she achieved in her life time. On the rest of the Ilandes there were cast away in this storme, 15. or 16. more of the ships of war; and of a hundred and odde faile of the Indie fleet, expected this yeere in *Spaine*, what in this tempest, and what before in the bay of *Mexico*, and about the *Bermudas* there were 70. and odde consumed and lost, with those taken by our ships of London, besides one verie rych *Indian* shippe, which set her selfe on fire, beeing boarded by the Pilgrim, and five other taken by Maister *Wats* his ships of London, between the *Hauaua* and *Cape S. Antonio*. The 4. of this month of Nouember, we receiued letters from the *Tercera*, affirming yat there are 3000. bodies of men remaining in that Iland, saued out of the perished ships: and that by the Spaniards own confession, there are 10000. cast away in this storm, besides those that are perished betweene the Ilands and the maine. Thus it hath pleased God to fight for vs, and to defend the iustice of our cause, against the ambitious and bloody pretenses of the Spaniard, who seeking to deuour all nations, are themselues deuoured. A manifest testimonie how iniust and displeasing, their attempts are in the fight of God, who hath pleased to witnes by the successe of their affaires, his mislike of their bloody and iniurious designs, pur-

posed and practised against all Christian Princes, ouer whom they seeke vnlawfull and vngodly rule and Empery.

One day or two before this wrack hapned to the spanish fleet, when as some of our prisoners desired to be set on shore vpon the Ilands, hoping to be from thense transported into England, which libertie was formerly by the Generall promised: One *Morice Fitz Iohn*, sonne of old *Iohn of Desmond* a notable traitor, coufen german to the late Earle of *Desmond*, was sent to the English from ship to ship, to persuaue them to serue the King of *Spaine*. The arguments he vsed to induce them, were these. The increase of pay which he promised to bee trebled: aduancement to the better fort: and the exercise of the true Catholicke religion, and safetie of their soules to all. For the first, euen the beggerly and vnnaturall behauiour of those English and Irish rebels, that serued the King in that present action, was sufficient to answere that first argument of rich paie. For so poore and beggerly they were, as for want of apparel they stripped their poore country men prisoners out of their ragged garments, worne to nothing by six months seruice, and spared not to despoile them euen of their bloudie shirts, from their wounded bodies, and the very shooes from their feete; A notable testimonie of their rich entertainment and great wages. The second reason was hope of aduancement if they serued well, and would continue faithfull to the King. But what man can be so blockishly ignorant euer to expect place or honour from a forraine king, hauing no argument or perswasion then his owne disloyaltie; to bee vnnaturall to his owne countrie that bredde him; to his parents that begat him, and rebellious to his true prince, to whose obedience he is bound by othe, by nature, by religion. No, they are onely assured to be employed in all desperate enterprises, to be held in scorne and disdaine euer among those whom they serue. And

that euer traitor was either trusted or aduanced I could neuer yet reade, neither can I at this time remember any example. And no man could haue lesse becomed the place of an Orator for such a purpose, then this *Morice* of *Desmond*. For the Earle his cosen being one of the greatest subiects in that kingdom of *Ireland*, hauing almost whole contries in his possession; so many goodly manners, Castles, and Lordships; the Count Palatine of *Kerry*, fise hundred gentlemen of of his owne name and familie to follow him, besides others. All which he possessed in peace for three or foure hundred yeares: was in lesse then three yeares after his adhering to the Spaniards and rebellion, beaten from all his holdes, not so many as ten gentlemen of his name left liuing, him selfe taken and beheaded by a souldiour of his owne nation, and his land giuen by a Parliament to her Maiestie, and possessed by the English. His other Cosen Sir *John* of *Desmond* taken by M. *John Zouch*, and his body hanged ouer the gates of his natiue citie to bee deuoured by Rauens: the third brother of Sir *James* hanged, drawne, and quartered in the same place. If he had withall vaunted of this successe of his owne house, no doubt the argument woulde haue moued much, and wrought great effect; which because he for that present forgot, I thought it good to remember in his behalfe. For matter of religion it would require a particuler volume, if I should set downe how irreligiouly they couer their greedy and ambitious pretences, with that vayle of pietie. But sure I am, that there is no kingdom or common wealth in all Europe, but if they bee reformed, they then inuade it for religion sake: if it be, as they terme Catholike, they pretende title; as if the Kinges of *Castile* were the naturall heires of all the worlde: and so betweene both, no kingdom is vnought. where they dare not with their owne forces to inuade, they basely entertaine the traitors and vacabondes of all nations; seeking by those and by their runnagate *Iesuits* to win partes,

and haue by that meane ruined many Noble houfes and others in this land, and haue extinguished both their liues and families. What good, honour, or fortune euer man yet by them achiued, is yet vnheard of, or vnwritten. And if our English Papistes do but looke into *Portugall*, against whom they haue no pretence of religion, how the Nobilitie are put to death, imprifoned, their rich men made a pray, and all fortes of people captiued; they shall find that the obedience euen of the Turke is easie and a libertie, in respect of the flauerie and tyrannie of *Spaine*. What they haue done in *Sicill*, in *Naples*, *Millayne*, and in the low countries; who hath there beene spared for religion at all? And it commeth to my remembrance of a certaine Burger of *Antwerpe*, whose house being entred by a companie of Spanish souldiers, when they first sacked the Citie, hee besought them to spare him and his goodes, being a good Catholike, and one of their own partie and faction. The Spaniardes answered, that they knew him to be of a good conscience for him selfe, but his money, plate, iewels, and goodes were all hereticall, and therefore good prize. So they abused and tormented the foolish Flemming, who hoped that an *Agnus Dei* had beene a sufficient Target against all force of that holie and charitable nation. Neither haue they at any time as they protest inuaded the kingdomes of the *Indies* and *Peru*, and els where; but onely led thereunto, rather, to reduce the people to Christianitie, then for either golde or emperie. When as in one onely Iland called *Hispaniola*, they haue wasted thirtie hundred thousand of the naturall people, besides manie millions els in other places of the *Indies*: a poore and harmelesse people created of God, and might haue beene won to his knowledge, as many of them were, and almost as manie as euer were perswaded thereunto. The Storie whereof is at large written by a Bishop of their owne nation called *Bartholome de las Casas*, and translated into English and manie other languages, intituled *The Spanish*

cruelties. Who would therefore repose trust in such a nation of rauinous straungers, and especially in those Spaniardes which more greedily thirst after English bloud, then after the liues of anie other people of Europe; for the manie ouerthrowes and dishonours they haue receiued at our handes, whose weaknesse we haue discovered to the world, and whose forces at home, abroad, in *Europe*, in *India*, by sea and land; we haue euen with handfulls of men and shippes, ouerthrowne and dishonoured. Let not therefore anie English man of what religion soeuer, haue other other opinion of the Spaniards, but that those whom hee seeketh to winne of our nation, hee esteemeth base and traiterous, vnworthie persons, or vnconstant fooles: and that he vseth his pretence of religion, for no other purpose, but to bewitch vs from the obedience of our naturall prince; thereby hoping in time to bring vs to slauerie and subiection, and then none shall be vnto them so odious, and disdained as the traitours themselues, who haue solde their countrie to a straunger, and forsaken their faith and obedience contrarie to nature or religion; and contrarie to that humane and generall honour, not onely of Christians, but of heathen and irreligious nations, who haue alwaies sustained what labour soeuer, and embraced euen death it selfe, for their countrie, prince or common-wealth. To conclude, it hath euer to this day pleased God, to prosper and defend her Maiestie, to breake the purposes of malicious enimies, of foresworne traitours, and of iniust practises and inuasions. She hath euer beene honoured of the worthiest Kinges, serued by faithfull subiects, and shall by the fauour of God, resist, repell, and confound all whatsoever attempts against her sacred Person or kingdome. In the meane time, let the Spaniard and traitour vaunt of their succeffe; and we her true and obedient vassalles guided by the shining light of her vertues, shall alwaies loue her, serue her, and obey her to the end of our liues.

FINIS.

A particuler note of the Indian fleet, expected to haue come into Spaine this present yere of 1591. with the number of ships that perished at the same: according to the examination of certaine Spanyards, lately taken and brought into England by the shippes of London.



The fleet of *Noua Hispania*, at their gathering together and setting foorth, were 52. failes. The Admirall was of 600. tunns, and the Vice Admirall of the same burthen. Foure or fiue of the ships were of 900. and 1000. tunnes a peece, some 500. and 400. and the least of 200. tunnes. Of this fleet 19. were cast away, and in them 2600. men by estimation, which was done along the coast of *Noua Hispania*, so that of the same fleet, there came to the *Hauana*, but three and thirtie failes.

The fleete of *Terra Firma*, were at their first departure from *Spain*, 50. failes, which were bound for *Nombre de Dios*, where they did discharge their lading, and thence returned to *Cartagena*, for their healths sake, vntill the time the treasure was readie they should take in, at the *Nombre de Dios*. But before this fleet departed, some were gone by one or two at a time, so that only 23. failes of this fleete arriued in the *Hauana*.

<i>At the Hauana there met</i>	}	33. failes of <i>Noua Hispania</i> .
		23. failes of <i>Terra Firma</i> .
		12. failes of <i>San Domingo</i> .
		9. failes of <i>Hundurass</i> .

In the whole 77. ships, which ioyned and fet failes together, at the *Hauana*, the 17. of Iuly, according to our account, and kept together vntill they came into the height of 35. degrees, which was about the tenth of August, where they found the winde at Southwest, chaunged fodenly to the North, so that the sea coming out of the Southwest, and the winde very violent at North, they were put all into great extremity, and then first lost the Generall of their fleet, with 500. men in her; and within three or foure daies after an other storme rising, there were five or six other of the biggest ships cast away with all their men, together with their vice Admirall.

And in the height of 48. degrees about the end of August, grew an other great storme, in which all the fleet sauing 48. failes were cast away: which 48. failes kept together, vntill they came in sight of the Ilands of *Coruo* and *Flores*, about the 5. or 6. of September, at which time a great storme seperated them; of which number 15. or 16. were after seene by these Spanyards to ride at anchor vnder the *Terçera*; and twelue or foureteene more to beare with the Iland of S. *Michaels*; what became of them after that these Spaniards were taken, cannot yet be certified; their opinion is, that verie few of the fleet are escaped, but are either drowned or taken. And it is otherwaies of late certified, that of this whole fleet that should haue come into *Spaine* this yeare, being 123. faile, there are as yet arriued but 25. This note was taken out

of the examination of certaine Spaniards, that were brought into England by six of the ships of London, which tooke feuen of the aboue named Indian fleet, neere the Ilands

of *Açores*.

FINIS.

LONDON

Printed for William Ponsonie.

1591.

The last Fight of the Revenge at sea.

Gervase Markham.

The most honourable Tragedy of
Sir RICHARD GRENVILLE, Kt.

1595.

[The ensuing poem was undoubtedly based on the preceding tract. Whatever may be its merits, it does certainly help us to realize the long duration of the Fight.

A succinct account of Gervase Markham is given by the Rev. D. F. Markham in his privately printed *History of the Markham Family*, London, 1854, from which we quote the following from the chapter devoted to the Markhams of Cotham in Nottinghamshire.

“GERVASE MARKHAM, the third son of Robert, born about the year 1566, was, like his brother Francis, both a soldier and a scholar. In the former capacity, after having been engaged in the wars on the European battle-ground of the Low Countries, he followed Essex into Ireland, and served under his command with credit, in company with his brothers Francis and Godfrey.

He is better known however in the literature of his day, and, though he never arrived at a very high pitch of fame, he was not only a voluminous, but a very popular writer.” p. 34.

“Gervase’s education was of the highest order, for he was not only esteemed a good classical scholar, but was perfect master of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages. He was never at a loss for a subject for his pen, and none appears to have been ever rejected by him. Husbandry, housewifery, farriery, horsemanship, military tactics, hunting, hawking, fowling, fishing, archery, heraldry, poetry, romances, and the drama, all shared his attention, and exercised his genius and industry.” p. 38.

“ . . . The next most voluminous subject [to horsemanship] that engaged our author’s attention was husbandry, on which he published not less than seven or eight separate works, which, with his books on horses, were in the highest repute till the beginning of the present century, and passed through an incredible number of editions. It would be tedious here to enter into their various merits: it will be sufficient to mention their names: *The English Husbandman*, 1613; *The Country Farm*, 1616; *Cheap and Good Husbandry*, 13 editions; *A Farewell to Husbandry*, 10 editions; *The Way to get Wealth*, 14 editions; *The whole Art of Husbandry*; *The Enrichment of the Weald of Kent*, 5 editions; and *The English Housewife*.” p. 37.

The present work was thus registered for publication:

9 September 1595.

JAMES ROBARTES entred for his copie under the Wardens handes a booke intituled *The moste honourable Tragidie of Sir Richard Grinvyle Knichte* vj^a]

THE
Most Honorable Tra-
gedie of Sir Richard
Grinuile, Knight.
(:·)

*Bramo affai, poco spero,
nulla chieggio.*



At London,
Printed by I. Roberts,
for Richard Smith.
1595.

The Epistle.



To the Right Honorable
his finguler good Lord, *Charles*,
Lord Montioy.



THE zeale (most excellent Lord) which
in my soule hath euer beene de-
voted to your seruice, intangl'd
with your honorable fauors to
mine vnable deseruings, hath giuen
fier to my hart, and wings to my
youngling Muse, to raise her leaden humor aboute the
ordinarie pitch of her dull Anthems, and sing of a
subiect, the height of whose action, might, if I had
might, make my verse most mightie, graunt then (re-
nowned Lord) that thine eyes may lighten on my
layes, and thy graces keepe from scandall my poore
wydowed Orphan: pyttie renowned Grinuile, in his
death-renowning hower, and excuse his rough Poet,
whose fences are vnshapt, for more softer melodie,
so shall hee liue happie, and I vnfaultie; both satisfied.

Your Lordships eternally,

Ieruis Markham.



TO THE RIGHT HO-
norable, Robert, Earle of
Suffex.

Great Lord, to whom infinitiues of fame
Flock like night starres about the siluer Moone,
That giuest new fier to learnings late quencht flame,
Sauing the Muse by stonie times vndoone,

Let me finde fauour in thine honord fight,
Daring my rimes vnto thy sacred hand :
And whilst their accents talke of valures might,
Yeeld them some splendour from thy valures brand,

Thou in their lines, they in thine eyes shall see,
Nothing but honors vncontrouled minde,
Thou lending, they exacting still from thee,
Substance, that might to mightines doth blinde,
And for his sake whose praise my Muse hath sought
Fauour my worke, the image of thy thought.

I. M.



✻ To the right Honorable, Henrie
 Wriothesly, Earle of South-hampton,
and Baron of Titchfelde.

THou glorious Laurell of the Muses hill,
 Whose eyes doth crowne the moſt victorius pen,
 Bright Lampe of Vertue, in whose ſacred ſkul,
 Liues all the bliſſe of eares-inchaunting men,
 From grauer ſubiects of thy graue aſſayes,
 Bend thy coragious thoughts vnto theſe lines,
 The graue from whence mine humble Muſe doth raiſe,
 True honors ſpirit in her rough deſeignes ;
 And when the ſtubborne ſtroke of my harſh ſong,
 Shall ſeaſonleſſe glide through almightie eares,
 Vouchſafe to ſweet it with thy bleſſed tong,
 VVhoſe wel tun'd ſound ſtills muſick in the ſphears,
 So ſhall my tragick layes be bleſt by thee,
 And from thy lips ſuck theyr eternitie.


I. M.



To the honorable Knight, Sir
Edward VVingfield.

WHen *Alexander* read *Achilles* prayfe,
 VVith honours enuie, and a loftie hart,
 He fhed flout teares, in ruth of stonie dayes
 VVhich to his acts no Muficke could impart,
 So all my all, effence of what I am,
 Though our *Achilles* praife play in thine eye,
 Feare not records for thine inrouled name,
 VVhich fhall out-liue immortall Poesie,
 A thoufand Sirens in the worlds laft age,
 Shall fing of thee, thy valure, and thy skill,
 And to their lines, lay Angells eares in gage,
 With foueraign charmes fent from a foueraigne quill;
 Meane while, vouchsafe to grace my worke and me,
 Gracing the foule beloued of heauen and thee.

I. M.

 The argument of the
whole Tragedie.

SIR Richard *Grinuile*, lying at anchor neere vnto *Flores*, one of the westerlie Ilands of the *Azores*, the last of August in the after noone, had inteligence by one Captayne *Midelton* of the aproch of the Spanish *Armada*, beeing in number fiftie three faile of great ships, and fifteene thousand men to man them. Sir *Richard*, staying to recouer his men which were vpon the Iland, and disdayning to flie from his Countries enemy, not beeing able to recouer the winde, was instantlie inuironed with that hudge Nauie, betweene whom began a dreadfull fight, continuing the space of fifteene howers, in which conflict, Sir *Richard* funk the great *San Phillip* of *Spaine*, the *Afcention* of *Siuel*, the Admirall of the *Hulks*, and two other great *Armados*; about midnight Sir *Richard* receiued a wound through the bodie, and as he was in dressing, was shot againe into the head, and his Surgion flaine. Sir *Richard* mayntained the fight, till he had not one corne of powder left, nor one whole pike, nor fortie lyuing men; which seeing, hee would haue funke his owne ship, but that was gaine-flood by the Maister thereof, who contrarie to his will came to composition with the *Spanyards*, and so saued those which were left aliue. Sir *Richard* dyed aboard the Admyrall of *Spayne*, about the fourth day after the battaile, and was mightlie bewaild of all men.



¶ The most Honourable
Tragedie of Sir Richard Grin-
uile, Knight.

✻ To the fayrest.



Heauenlie fier is crope into my braine,
A heate diuine and all celestiall,
A burning furie spreads throgh euey
vaine,
A turret-climbing thought maiesticall,
All these infuse a spirit-giuing raine,

Vnto my humble wits great festiuall.

Whose reede vnpleasing hermonie hath found,
Thus to transforme her into warlike found.

Of wonders, miracles, and famous chiuallrie,
Of Honours Image, and of Vertues iarres,
(Things past beliefe, yet pure in certaintie)
Of Death dead-flaine by Death, of glorious scarres,
Of mortall, made immortall Dietie,
And all containd in Valures stainelesse warres,
My homelie Muse stretching her oaten string,
Vnlearn't to thunder, mildlie meanes to sing.

Rest thee dread boy, the nights eternall Lord,
 Faire feathered *Cupid* thy *Licænas* ioy,
 Of thy tryumphant Chariot richlie fload,
 VVith bleeding hearts that breathing fighes destroy,
 Nor thee, nor of thy kingdome I record,
 Nor louers teares, nor loue, nor loues annoy.

Nor ought that in the vast world may be found.
 Where tears in fighes, and fighes in tears are drown'd.

Fit subiects those for Poets golden quills,
 Such as haue trod the true *Pierian* race,
 VVhose sacred braines those numbers tun'd distills,
 VVhich giues conceit the child of heauen her grace.
 But now this flame that all my bodie fills,
 Is *Englands* weeping ioy, and *Spaynes* disgrace.

Fearefull alarums, and the wet worlds sacke,
 Swells in my song, the Dirge for glories wracke.

To thee faire Nymph, my loue, my life, my gaze,
 My soules first mouer, essence of my blisse,
 Thought-chast *Dictinna*, Natures onlie maze,
 Heauen of all what euer heauenlie is,
 More white then *Atlas* browe, or *Pelops* blaze,
 Compleat perfection which all creatures misse.

More louelie then was bright *Astioche*,
 Or *Iunos* hand-mayd sacred *Diopè*.

To thee which neuer lifts thine eyes to heauen,
 But harts of Kings are showred in the fame,
 Fairer then Sunne, Moone, Starres, or Planets feauen,
 True brand of Vertue, Honours liuing flame,
 O thou whom hate adors, whose praise is euen
 Matcht with the glories of the greatest name,

Thou like thy selfe, or better much by ods,
 Nere made without a Parliament of Gods.

To thee this labour of my Sunne-burnt braine,
 Ill limn'd memorials of diuineſt rage,
 I offer as oblations to detaine,
 Thy life-inſpiring fight, (my peaces gage)
 From thoſe ceſtiall mirrors which remaine,
 Obiects made happie in thy lookes ſuffrage,
 Of *Grinuile*, armes and honors foueraigne,
 My fower Muſe ſhapes this Neſtar ſeeking ſtraine.

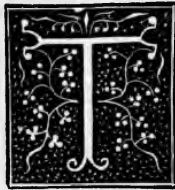
Euen of that man and his almightie minde,
 Boundleſſe like heauen in magnanimitie,
 Conuerting all things of what euer kinde,
 VVithin his bodie held ſocietie,
 To glad ſome ſtarres in cleereſt ſkyes aſſign'd,
 VVanting but onely true eternitie.
 Of him I ſing (*Faireſt*) but reade I pray.
 Thine eyes makes happy, all yat thine eyes furuay.

And with her thou great Soueraigne of the earth,
 Onelie immatchleſſe Monarcheſſe of harts,
 From whoſe faire eyes iſſued the Muſes birth,
 Murderd by Iron-age, and barb'rous darts,
 Yeeld from thy beams plentie to my wits dearth,
 That I may ſing valures almightie parts,
 And Chronicle thoſe tropheys to thy throne,
 VVhich from this Ile, and his great ſpyrit ſhone.

And thou deare *Soule*, the portraiture of Fame,
 For whom *Ioue* made a newe fourth Hirarchie,
 Of whoſe loſt drops millions of vertues came,
 Extold in heauen beyond the third degree,
 Now giue thy ſelfe a light in this ſelfe flame,
 That thou maiſt liue beyond poſteritie ;
 And whilſt I of th' vnconquered conqueſt write,
 Sit on my hand and teach me to indite.



The Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinuile.



That time of yeare when the inamored
 Sunne [fers,
 Clad in the richest robes of liuing
 Courted ye Virgin signe, great
 Natures Nunne,
 Which barrains earth of al what
 earth desires

Euen in the month that from *Augustus* wonne,
 His sacred name which vnto heauen aspires,
 And on the last of his ten trebled days,
 VVhen wearie labour new refresh affayes.

Then when the earth out-brau'd ye beautious Morne,
 Boasting his cornie Mantle fird with aire,
 Which like a golden Ocean did adorne,
 His cold drie carcasse, featurelesse, vnfaire,
 Holding the naked shearers scithe in scorne,
 Or ought that might his borrowed pride empaire,
 The soule of vertue seeing earth so ritch,
 VVith his deare presence gilds the sea as mitch.

The sea, which then was heauie, sad, and still,
 Dull, vnapplyed to sportiue wantonneffe,
 As if her first-borne *Venus* had beene ill,
 Or *Neptune* seene the *Sonne* his loue possesse,
 Or greater cares, that greatest comforts kill,
 Had crowned with grieffe, the worlds wet wildernesse,
 Such was the still-foote *Thetis* silent paine,
 VVhose flowing teares, ebbing fell backe againe.

Thetis, the mother of the pleafant fprings,
 Grandam of all the Riuers in the world,
 To whom earths veins their moiftning tribut brings,
 Now with a mad difturbed paffion hurld,
 About her caue (the worlds great treafure) flings :
 And with wreath'd armes, and long wet hairs vncurld,
 VWithin her felfe laments a loffe, vnloft,
 And mones her wrongs, before her ioyes be croft.

Thus whilst diuining forrowe ceaz'd her hart,
Grinuile (ô melt my fpyrit in that name,)
 As fings the Swan her funerall depart,
 And waues her wings, the enfignes of her fame,
 So he, with vertue fweetning bitter fmart,
 VWhich from the feas long toyling feruice came :
 For why, fixe Moones, and fo oft times the Sunne.
 VWas pafte, and had one halfe the fignes ore-runne,

Ere he the earth, our common Mother faw ;
 Now earlie greets black *Flores* banefull Ile,
 (*Flores*, from whence afflictions felfe doth draw
 The true memorialls of a weeping ftile ;)
 And with *Caifters* Querrifters which ftrow
 Defcant, that might Death of his darts beguile,
 He tunes faluting notes, fweeter then long,
 All which are made his laft liues funerall fong.

Skilleffe in deaths great Parliament he calls
 His fellowe mat's, and minions to his fame,
 Shewes them long lookt for land, and how it brauls,
 Repulſing backe the billowes as they came,
 Much he triumphes, and paffed grieſe for-ftals
 VWith preſent ioy (forrow lights pleaſures flame :)
 And whilst his hopes of *Happy-fortune* fings,
Misfortune by, controls them with her wings.

Defird reliefe, and euer welcome rest,
 The elements that forme the wearie man,
 Began to hold a counsaile in his brest,
 Painting his wants by sicknes pale and wan ;
 VVith other griefes, that others force opprest,
 Aduising stay, (as what is but they can,)
 VVhilst he that fate to come, and past, nere feared
 Concludes to stay till strength decayd repaired.

Then casts he Anchor hulling on the maine,
 And all his shyps poore Cittizens recounts,
 And hundred iust were free from sicknes paine,
 Fourescore and ten death their redresse accounts,
 So that of all both sicke and found vnflaine,
 Vnto two hundred wanting ten amounts.
 A slender armie for so great a guide,
 But vertue is vnknowne till it be tride.

Those whom their harts enabled to attempt,
 He puts a shoare to make supplie for neede ;
 Those whom long sicknes taught of death contempt,
 He visits, and from *Ioues* great Booke doth reede
 The balme which mortall poyson doth exempt ;
 Those whom new breathing health like sucklings feed,
 Hie to the sands, and sporting on the same,
 Finde libertie, the liues best liuing flame.

Looke how a troupe of Winter-prisoned Dames,
 Pent in th' inclosure of the walled townes,
 VVelcoms the Spring, VVher to Somers flames,
 Making their pastimes in the flowrie downes,
 Whose beautious Arras wrought in natures frames,
 Through eyes admire, the hart with wonder crownes,
 So the wood-walled Cittizens at sea,
 VVelcome both Spring and Sommer in a day.

The warring byllowes, seas artillerie,
 VVith long held siege, had bruz'd their beaten keele,
 VVhich to repaire the most, most bufied be,
 Lab'ring to cure, what want in labours feele;
 All pleafd with toyle, clothing extremitie
 In Hopes best robes, that hang on Fortunes wheele
 But men, are men, in ignorance of Fate,
 To alter chaunce, exceedeth humaine state.

For when the Sun, towred in heauens head,
 Downe from the filuer mountaine of the skye,
 Bent his bright Chariot on the glaffie bed,
 Faire chriftall, gilded with his glorious eye,
 Fearing some vsurpation in his stead,
 Or leaft his Loue should too-long daliance spy
 Tweene him and *Virgo*, whose attractiue face,
 Had newly made him leaue the *Lyons* chafe.

In that fame myd-daies hower came fayling in,
 A thought-swift-flying Pynnase, taught by winde,
 'T' outstrip in flight Times euer-flying wing;
 And being come where Vertue was inshrinde,
 First vaild his plumes, and wheeling in a ring,
 With Goat-like dauncing, stays where *Grinuile* shynd,
 The whyle his great Commaunder calls the name,
 VVhich is ador'd of all that speakes the fame.

The great commaunder of this little Barke,
 VVhich like an Eglet armes the Eagles side,
 VVas *Middleton*, the ayme of Honors marke,
 That more had prou'd then danger durst haue tride,
 Now seeing all good fortunes fun-shine darke,
 Thrife calls Sir *Richard*, who as oft replyde,
 Bidding him speake, and ring his newes aloude,
 Ill, not apald, nor good could make him proude

O then (quoth *Middleton*) thou soule of all
 VVhat euer boasts in magnanimitie,
 Thou, whom pure Vertue her best part doth call,
 Better then valure, stronger then dietie,
 VVhom men adore, and all the gods exhall
 Into the bookes of endlesse memorie,
 I bring thee tidings of a deadly fray,
 Begun in Heauen, to end vpon the Sea.

The glorious Senate of the Skyes was fet,
 And all the gods were royaliz'd in state,
 VVhen *Happy-fortune* and *Ill-fortune* met,
 Striuing who first should enter Heauens gate,
 The one made mad the others fame to let,
 Neither but stirr'd with rage to wonder at,
 Confusedly, as water-floods doe passe
 Their common bounds, such their rude entrance was.

The gods disturb'd, admire their strange aproch,
 Censuring their angers by their gloing eyes,
Ill-fortune was attended by *Reproch*,
Good-fortune, *Fame*, and *Vertue* stellesies ;
 One sweares the other doth her right incroch,
 VVhich is the elder house, none can deuise :
 The gods deuide, yet in the end agree
 The Fates shall iudge each others pedigree.

Good-fortune, drawes from heauen her hie descent,
 Making hie *Ioue* the roote of her large tree ;
 Shee shoves from him, how many god-heads went,
Archangells, *Angells*, heauens posteritie :
 From thence, she shoves the glorious thrid she lent,
 To *Monarks*, *Emperours*, and *Kyngs* in fee,
 Annexing as Colatteralls to her line,
 Honour, *Vertue*, *Valure*, and *Endles-time*.

Naithleffe, *Ill-fortune* will be elder borne,
 Shee faith, she springs from *Saturne*, *Ioues* wronged Sier,
 And heauen, and earth, and hell her coate haue borne,
 Fresh bleeding harts within a field of fier ;
 All that the world admires, she makes her scorne,
 VWho farthest seemes, is to *Ill-fortune* nier,
 And that iust prooffe may her great praife commend,
 All that *Best-chaunce* begins, *Ill-chaunce* doth ende.

Thus they dispute, guilding their tongues report
 VWith instances, and argumentall sawes,
Ill-fortune, bids let all the worlde resort,
 And show within their Chronicles and lawes,
 The man whose liues-line neuer did confort,
 VWith sharpe affliction, deaths first grounded cause,
 Then will she yeeld, else, is shee victor still.
 VWorlds good is rare, perpetuall is their ill.

Euen as the racket takes the balls rebound,
 So doth *Good-fortune* catch *Ill-fortunes* prooffe,
 Saying, she wil her in her selfe confound,
 Making her darts, Agents for her behoofe ;
 Bow but thine eies (quoth she) whence ha'ts abound,
 And I will show thee vnder heauens rooffe [tunes.
 Th'vnconquered man whom no mischaunce impor-
 Crown of my kingdom, deaths man to misfortunes.

At this, the casments of the skye broke ope,
 Discouering all what's girdled in her frame,
 VWhilst *Happy-fortune* through her eyes large scope
 Like a Cosmographer comments on the same ;
 Three parts with praife she past and future hope,
 Then to the fourth, the VVesterne world she came,
 And there, with her eyes festrawe paints a storie,
 Stranger then strange, more glorified then glorie.

See (sayd *Faire-fortune*, to her foule shapt *Foe*)
 How on the scourge that beates against the Ile
 Of *Flores*, whence they curst oblations growe,
 A winde-taught capring ship which ayre beguiles,
 (Making poore *Cephalus* for-lorne with woe,
 Curse arte, which made arte framed faile fuch smiles)
 Richlie imbrodred with the Iems of warre,
 In thy dispight commaunds a luckey starre.

In that faire vessel liues my garlands flower,
Grinuile, my harts immortall arterie ;
 Of him thy deitie had neuer power,
 Nor hath hee had of grieffe one simpathie ;
 Successe attends him, all good hap doth shower
 A golden raine of perpetuities
 Into his boosome, where mine Empire stands,
 Murdring the Agents of thy blacke commands.

Say, and say true, (for what but thou wilt say,)
 That euer *Grinuils* fortunes came before thee ;
 Or euer prostrate at thine Altars lay,
 Or with one wreath of Cipresse did adore thee ?
 Proue one blacke storme in all his Sommers day,
 Whose threatning clouds compeld him to implore thee.
 Then wil I staine my milkwhite vaile with weeping,
 And as thine handmaide dye in sorrowes keeping.

As wounds the lightning, yet perferues the skinne,
 So did these words split *Luckleffe-fortunes* hart,
 Her smiling *Superficies*, lockt within
 A deepe exulcerated festring smart ;
 Heere shee perceiu'd her first disgrace begin,
 And wordlesse from the heauens takes her depart.
 Yet as she flewe, her wings in flying cri'd
 On *Grinuile* shall my fame and power be tride.

At her departure all the heauens were glad,
 Triumpling in *Ill-fortunes* banishment,
Apollo fet new *Anthems* as *Ioue* bad,
 VVhich spheare tunes made more then most excellent;
 No light in heauen but with new fier was clad,
 Making next *Ioue*, *Good-fortune* president,
 Enrowling in the Bookes of destenie,
 This memorable famous victorie.

Onely the *Fat's* fu'd for her backe repeale,
 (For they *Ill-fortune* lou'd exceeding well)
 Many her deedes and Tropheis they reueale,
 And all her liues blacke legend, weeping tell ;
 Yet all they speake, cannot in heauen preuaile,
 Which seene, in spight they follow her to hell,
 And there inhoufed with their mother *Night*,
 All foure deuise, how heauen and earth to spight.

Hence sprang the loues of *Ioue*, the *Sonnes* exile,
 The shame of *Mars* and *Venus* in a net ;
Iunos forsaken bed ; Saturns compile
 Of frantike discontentment, which beset
 All heauen with armes ; *Diana* hence had while
 To court her sleeping boy ; whilst *Thetis* let
 Phæbus imbrace her in her *Neptunes* stead,
 Who made complaints, breach of his bridall bed.

Yet not content with these disparagments,
 Much greater mischiefes issues from their minds,
Grinuile, thy mountaine honour it augments
 VVithin their breasts, a Meteor like the winds,
 VVhich thrall'd in earth, a reeling issue rents
 With violent motion ; and their wills combinds
 To belch their hat's, vow'd murders of thy fame,
 Which to effect, thus they begin the fame.

Fast to *Iberia* flies vntoward chaunce,
Iberia, which we vulgar Christen *Spaine*,
 Vpon whose Sunne-burnt continent doth daunce
 VVesterne *Ducallidon*, the greatest maine,
 Thither shee packs, *Error* doth their aduance
 Her coale-blacke stander in the hands of paine;
 And as escapt from rauishment or bale,
 With false teares, thus shee tunes a falser tale.

Great Empire (said shee) blessed in thy birth,
 Beautious created for-head of this round,
 That with thy smiles first lent to heauen mirth,
 And bout thy temples all perfections woond,
 Lodgd in th'immagin'd corners of the earth ;
 Thou whom our centers Monarchesse art crownd,
 Attend my suite, baptisd in mournfull teares,
 VVho but ere while triumphed on the spheares

Nor for my selfe more then thine owne decay
 Which blindfold pleasure clouds as they arise,
 Be gracious, and retort the domefull daye,
 VVhich thee and me to shame would sacrifice.
 Loe, on the great west-walling boisterous sea,
 VVhich doth imbrace thy gold-enclosing eyes.
 Of many failes one man, of one poore Ile,
 That will my fame, and all thy faire defile.

His numberlesse great infinits of fame,
 Haue shut against me heauens great christall dore,
 The clouds, which once my feets dust had to name,
 Hang ore my forehead, threatning euermore
 Death to my praise, life to my infant shame,
 Whilst I with sighes mediate a new restore.
 And in my selfe behold my pleasures past,
 Swimming amongst the ioyes I cannot tast.

Th' ambrosian Nectar-filled banqueting,
 No more shall I communicate, or fee,
 Triumphes in heauen, *Ioues* masks, and reuelling,
 Are cleene exempt, both from my ioyes and me.
 The reason, for my loue to thee I bring,
 Trimming the locks with Iems of dietie,
 Making the gods a dread a fatall day,
 VVorfe then the Giants warre or Centaurs fray.

Poore goddesse, rob'd of all eternall power,
 VVhose broken Statues, and down razed Fan's,
 Neuer warm'd altars, euer forgotten hower
 VVhere any memorie of praise is tane,
 VVitnes my fall from great *Olympus* tower ;
 Prostrate, implore blame for receiued bane,
 And dyre reuenge gainst heauens impietie,
 VVhich els in shame will make thee follow mee.

Behold these robes, maps of my fortunes world,
 Torme, and distaind with eye-scornd beggerie ;
 These rags deuide the Zones, wherein is hurld
 My liues distemperate, hote cold miserie ;
 These teares are points, the scale these hairs vncurld,
 My hands the compasse, woe the emperie :
 And these my plaints, true and auricular,
 Are to my Globe the perpendicular.

Looke how I am, such art thou like to be
 If armes preuent not heauens intendiment,
Grinuile, which now surfeits with dignitie,
 Burd'ning the Sea with my disparagement ;
 Chiding the wanton winds if greedelie
 They kisse his sailes ; or els too flowlie vent,
 Like *Ioue*, which bad the day be and it was,
 So bids he Conquest warre ; she brings to passe.

The sole encouragement he giues his power,
 Is Prophet-like prefaging of thy death,
 Courage he cries, euen in the dying hower,
 And with his words, recalls departing breath ;
 O (fayes he to his Mat's) you are my glories tower,
 Impregnable, wall'd with vnauanquish't faith,
 You are the hands and agents of my trust,
 I but the hart reuoluing what we must.

Liue Saints, til we haue ript the wombe of *Spainne*,
 And wounded *Error* in the armes of hell,
 Cruſhing the triple Myter in diſdaine,
 Which on ye ſeauenfold mounted Witch doth dwel,
 Angells rewards for ſuch diſſignes remaine,
 And on heauens face men ſhall your ſtorie tell ;
 At this they ſhout ; as eager of the pray,
 as Ants in winter of a funne-ſhine day .

Thus like triumphant *Cæſar* drawne in Rome,
 By winged *Valure*, and vnconquered *Chaunce*,
 He plowes the Sea (ô were it made his tombe)
 VVhilst *Happy-fortune* pypes vnto his daunce.
 Yet may thy power alternat heauens doome,
 So pleaſeth thee thy forward will t'aduance,
 And cheare ye ſinews of thy mighty arme,
 VVhoſe out-ſtrecht force ſhall quell his proud alarme,

Then giue newe fuell to his honours fier,
 Leaſt ſlight regard wealth-winning *Error* ſlay,
 And ſo old *Saturns* happie world retyer,
 Making *Trueths* dungion brighter then the day ;
 VVas neuer woe could wound thy kingdom nyer,
 Or of thy borrowed beautie make diſplay,
 Beauce this vow in heauens booke doth remaine,
 That *Errors* death ſhall conſumate thy raigne.

Now, for my god-heads remnant liues in thee,
 VVhose loft successe breeds mine eternall end,
 Take for thine ayde, afflicting *Miserie*,
Woe, mine attendant, and *Dispayre* my freend,
 All three my greateft great *Triumuerie*,
 Blood-bath'd *Carnifici*, which will protend
 A murdring desolation to that will,
 VVhich me in thee, and thee in mee would kill.

Here, with her fixed Comet-blazing eyes,
 The damned *Augurs* of vntimely death,
 Shee ends her tale, whilst from her harts caue flyes
 A storme of winds, no gentle fighting breath,
 All which, like euill spirits in disguise,
 Enter *Iberias* eares, and to her fayth,
 That all the substance of this damned storie,
 VVas zealous true, coyned for her *Spanish* glorie.

Sworne to beleeeue, for ill, in ill affies,
Spayne then enamour'd with the *Romane* trull,
 Calls all her forces, more then Atomies,
 And tells *Ill-fortunes* storie to the full ;
 Many Parenthifes shee doth deuise,
 And frost-relenting words doth choycely cull,
 Bewitching those whom oft shee had deceiued,
 VVith such like Hemlock as her selfe receiued.

The first and greateft one, commaunding all
 The foule of mischiefes old created mother,
 VVas *Don Alphonso Bassan*, proud in brall,
 The Marques *Sancta Cruces* onely brother:
 Him shee coniures by typ's emperiall,
 And all that falshoods seeming trueth could couer,
 To vndertake this hie (she termed it) act,
 VVhich craues a curse of all that reads the fact.

Her selfe (shee said) and all the flowers of *Spayne*,
 Should vnder his, as heauens Ensigne warre:
 Thus from her harts foule dunghill flies amaine
 Groffe vapours, metamorphosd to a starre;
 Her words in fumes like prodogies retaine
 His hart, by her tongues witchcraft bound so farre,
 As what shee will, that will hee vnder-take,
 Be it to warre with heauen for her sake.

The seeming Nectar of her poysoning speech,
 So well shee saw surprise his licoras fence,
 That for to reare her ill beyonds ills reach,
 VVith selfe-like tropes, decks self-like eloquence,
 Making in *Britain Dona* such a breach,
 That her arm'd wits, conqu'ring his best wits fence;
 He vowes with *Bassan* to defende the broile,
 VVhich men of praise, and earth of fame shal spoile.

To him shee giues the *Biscaynnoys* for guard,
 Mechanicall Artificers for death,
 And those which of affliction neuer hard,
 Shee tempers with the hammer of her breath:
 To euery act shee giues huge lyp-reward,
 Lauish of oathes, as falshood of her faith;
 And for the ground of her pretended right,
 T'is hate, which enuies vertue in a Knight.

These two to her fast bound in vassailage,
 Vnto the Marques *Arumburch* shee flies,
 Him shee prouokes, him shee finds apt to rage,
 Imprisoning Pitties teares in flintie eyes;
 To him the power of *Siuill* for a gage
 Shee doth bequeath; bidding his prowesse ryse,
 And clense his Countries face from widowes tears,
 To which he posts, like lightning from the sphears.

Lastly, to make vp mischiefes perfect square,
 To *Luis Cutino* shee takes her flight,
 Him shee commaunds, he to her homage sware
 To guide a Nauie to this damned fight,
 Of Hulks and Fly-boats, such as durst to dare.
 Shee giues him soueraigne rule, and publique right,
 And then vniting all foure powers in one,
 Sends them to sea, to calme *Misfortunes* mone.

And now behold (diuine for valiancie)
 Like flying Castells fayle they to this strand,
 Fiftie three faile, strong in artillarie,
 Best men of warre knowne in the *Spanish* land;
 Fifteene Armados, Kings of soueraigntie,
 VVhich led the lesser with a mightie hand:
 And these in foure battalions hither flie,
 VVith whom three dayes I saild in companie.

Then gentle *Grinuile*, *Thetis* parramoure,
 Dearer then *Venus*, Daughter of the flood,
 Set failes to wind, let not neglect deuoure
 Thy gracious fortunes and thine Angell goode,
 Cut through the maine, compell thy keele to scoure,
 No man his ill too timelie hath with-stood
 And when *Best-chaunce* shal haue repaired thy fortune,
 Time for this flight may iust reuenge importune.

Here *Midelton* did end the passing peale
 VVhich gaue the warning to a dismall end,
 And as his words last knell began to faile,
 The damned Nauie did a glimmering fend,
 By which *Sir Richard* might their power reueale,
 VVhich seeming conquerlesse, did conquests lend:
 At whose appearance *Midelton* did cry,
 See where they come, for fame and pittie flie.

This certaine story, of too certaine ill,
 Did not extinguish, but gaue honor fier,
 Th' amazing prodigie, (bane of my quill,)
 Bred not astonishment, but a strong desier,
 By which this heauen-adapted Knights strong will,
 Then hiest height of Fame, flew much more hier :
 And from the boundlesse greatnes of his minde,
 Sends back this answer through his lyps refin'd.

Thanks hardie *Middleton* for thy dilate,
 Perswasive presage to auoyde my death,
 But if thou wed my fortunes with my state,
 This sauing health shall suffocate my breath,
 To flye from them that holds my God in hate,
 My Mistres, Countrey, me, and my sworne fayth,
 VVere to pull of the load from *Typhons* back,
 And crush my selfe, with shame and seruile wrack.

Nor if my hart degenerate should yeeld,
 To entertaine an amorus thought of life,
 And so transport mine honour to the field,
 VVhere seeming valure dies by cowards knife,
 Yet zeale and conscience shall new forces build,
 And others soules, with my foule holdeth strife ;
 For halfe my men, and all that draw sound breath,
 Are gone on shore, for foode to conquer death.

If I forsake them, certaine is their end,
 If I obtaine them, doubtfull is our fall,
 Vpon my flight, shame and their sacks depend,
 Vpon my stay, hope of good hap doth call,
 Equall to me, the meanest I commend ;
 Nor will I loose, but by the losse of all :
 They are the sinewes of my life and fame,
 Dismembred bodies perish cripple-lame.

This fayd, he fend a cock-boate to the fhore,
 To fummon backe his men vnto their fhipe,
 Who com'd a board, began with fome vprore
 To way their Anchors, and with care to dip
 Their hie reuolues in doubt, and euermore,
 To paint deaths vifage with a trembling lip,
 Till he that was all feareleffe, and feare flew,
 VVith Neftard words from them all dangers drew.

VVhen *Midelton* faw *Grinuills* hie reuolue,
 Paft hope, paft thought, paft reach of all aspire,
 Once more to moue him flie he doth refolue,
 And to that purpofe tips his tongue with fier;
 Fier of sweete words, that eafelie might diffolue
 And moiften flint, though fteeld in ftiffe attire,
 Had not defier of wonder, praife, and fame,
 Extinkt the fparks, and ftill keepe dead the flame.

Greater, and better then inarked he,
 VVhich in the worlds huge deluge did furuiue,
 O let thy wings of magnanimitie,
 Not vainlie flatter, *Honour* to acchiue,
 Gainft all conceit impoffibilitie,
 By which thou murderft *Vertue*, keepe aliuie,
 Nor in thy feeking of diuinitie,
 Kill not heauens fame by bafe mortallitie.

O *Grinuile* thou haft red Philofophy,
 Nature and Arte hath made thee excellent,
 And what thou read'ft, hath grafted this in thee,
 That to attempt hie dangers euidnt
 VVithout constraint or neede, is infamie,
 And honor turnes to rafhnes in th'euent;
 And who fo darrs, not caring how he darrs,
 Sells vertues name, to purchafe foolifh ftarrs.

Deere Knight, thou art not forst to hazard fame,
 Heauens haue lent thee meanes to scape thine ill,
 If thou abide, as true as is thy name,
 So truly shall thy fault, thy death fulfill :
 And as to loue the life for vertues flame,
 Is the iust act of a true noble will,
 So to contemne it, and her helps exclude,
 Is basenes, rashnes, and no *Fortitude*.

He that compard mans bodie to an hoast,
 Sayd that ye hands were scouts, discouering harmes,
 The feete, were horsemen, thundring on the coast,
 The brest, and stomacke, footmen, huge in swarmes.
 But for the head, in soueraigntie did boast,
 It Captayne was, director of alarms,
 VVhose rashnes, if it hazarded an ill,
 Not hee alone but all the hoast did spill.

Rash *Ifadas*, the *Lacedemon* Lord,
 That naked fought against the *Theban* power,
 Although they crown'd his valure by accord,
 Yet was hee find for rashnes in that hower :
 And those which most his carelesse praise affoord,
 Did most condemne what follie did deuoure ;
 For in attempting, prowesse is not ment,
 But wifelie doing what we doe attempt.

Then sith t'is valure to abandon fight,
 And base to darre, where no hope is to winne,
 (Renowned man, of all renoune the light)
 Hoyst vp thy failes, delay attractks thy finne,
 Flie from ill-boding starres with all thy might,
 Vnto thy hart let praise and pittie in.

This sayd, and more desirous much to crie,
 Sir *Richard* stayd him, with this rich replie.

Captayne, I praise thy warlike eloquence,
 And sober Axioms of Philosophie,
 But now's no time for schoole points difference,
 VVhen Deaths blacke Ensigne threatens miserie ;
 Yet for thy words found of such consequence,
 Making flight praise, and fight pale obloquie,
 Once ere I die, Ile clenfe my wits from rust,
 And proue my flying base, my stay most iust.

Whence shall I flie? from refuge of my fame,
 From whom? euen from my Countries mortall foe,
 VVhither? but to the dungeon of my shame,
 VVhy shall I flie? for feare of happie woe,
 VVhat end of flight? to faue vild life by blame,
 VVho ist that flies? *Grinuile*? Captayne no,
 T'is *England* flies, faire Ile of happines,
 And true diuine *Elizas* holynes.

Shall then my lifes regard taynt that choyce faire?
 First will I perrish in this liquid round,
 Neuer shall Sunne-burnt *Spanyards* tongue endeare
Iberian eares with what shall me confound,
 The life I haue, I for my Mistris beare,
 Curst were that life, should it her scepter wound,
 And trebble curfed be that damned thought,
 Which in my minde hath any fayntnes wrought.

Now, for Philosophie defends thy theame,
 Euen selfe Philosophie shall arme my stile,
 Rich buskin'd *Seneca*, that did declaime,
 And first in *Rome* our tragicke pompe compile,
 Saith, *Fortitude* is that which in extreme
 And certaine hazard all base feares exile :
 It guides, faith he, the noble mind from farre,
 Through frost, and fier, to conquer honors warre.

Honie-tongd *Tullie*, Mermaid of our eares,
 Affirmes no force, can force true *Fortitude*,
 It with our bodies, no communion beares,
 The foule and fpyrit, sole doth it include ;
 It is that part of honestie which reares
 The hart to heauen, and euer doth obrude
 Faint feare, and doubt, still taking his delight
 In perrills, which exceed all perrills might.

Patience, *Perseuerance*, *Greatnes*, and *Strong Trust*,
 These pages are to *Fortitude* their King,
Patience that suffers, and esteemeth iust
 VVhat euer woe, for vertue fortunes bring ;
Perseuerance, holds constant what we must,
Greatnes, that still effects the greatest thing,
 And armed *Trust*, which neuer can dispaire,
 But hopes good hap ; how euer fatall deare.

The Roman *Sergius*, hauing lost his hand,
 Slew with one hand foure in a single fight,
 A thing all reason euer did with-stand,
 But that bright *Fortitude* spred forth her light.
Pompey, by storme held from th' *Italian* land,
 And all his failours quaking in his fight,
 First hoisted faile, and cry'd amidst the strife,
 There's neede I goe, no neede to faue my life

Agis that guilt the *Lacedemon* streete,
 Intending one day battaile with his foes,
 By counsaile was repeld, as thing vnmeete,
 The enimie beeing ten to one in shoes ;
 But he reply'd, 'Tis needfull that his feete
 VVhich many leads, should leade to many bloes :
 And one being good, an Armie is for ten
 Foes to religion, and known naughty men.

To him that told *Dieneceus*, his foes
 Couer'd the Sun with darts and armed speares,
 Hee made reply, Thy newes is ioy in woes,
 Wee'le in the shadow fight, and conquer feares.
 And from the *Polands* words my humor floes,
 I care for naught but falling of the Spheares.

Thunder afrights the Infants in the schooles,
 And threatnings are the conquerers of fooles.

As these, my case is not so desperate,
 And yet, then these, my darre shall be no lesse :
 If this in them, for fame was wondred at,
 Then this in mee, shall my desiers expresse ;
 Neuer shall *Greece*, nor *Rome*, nor Heathen state,
 with shining honor, *Albions* shine depresse, [bounds,
 Though their great circuits yeelds their acts large
 Yet shall they neuer darꝝ for deeper wounds.

And thus resolu'd, deere *Midelton* depart,
 Seeke for thy safetie in some better soyle,
 Thy stay will be no succour in my smart,
 Thy losse will make them boast of better spoyle.
 And be assur'd before my last breath part,
 Ile make the Sunne, for pittie backe recoyle,
 And clothe the sea within a scarlet pale,
 Iudge of their death which shall my life exhale.

This ship which now intombs my ieaious soule,
 Honestlie enuious of aspiring laude,
 Is cald *Reuenge*, the scourge which doth controule,
 The recreants that *Errors* right applaud,
 Shall like her selfe, by name and fame enroule
 My spyrits acts, by no *Misfortune* aw'd,
 VVithin eternall Bookes of happie deeds,
 Vpon whose notes, immortall Vertue reeds.

Say if I perrish, t'was mine honours will,
 My Countries loue, religion, and my Queene,
 And if that enuie glorie in mine ill,
 Say that I dyed, conqu'ring, vnconquered feene.
 Say fiftie three strong shyps could not fulfill,
 Gainst one poore mayden vessell their foule teene,
 But that in spight of death, or miserie,
 She fought, and foyld, and scapt captiuitie.

Replie not *Midelton*, mine eares are clofd,
 Hie in heauens for-head are my vowes ingrau'd,
 I see the banefull Nauie now disclofd,
 Begon betime, Fate hath thy fortune sau'd;
 To me good starres were neuer yet oppofd,
 Glorie hath crownd me when I glorie crau'd,
 Farwel, and fay how euer be my chauce,
 My death at honours wedding learnt to daunce.

This sayd, away failes *Midelton* with speede,
 Sad, heauie, dull, and most disconsolate,
 Shedding stout manlie teares at valures deed,
 Greeuing the ruine of so great estate;
 But *Grinuile*, whose hope euer did exceede,
 Making all death in daungers fortunate,
 Gan to prouide to quell this great vprore,
 'Then which the like was neuer heard before.

His fights set vp; and all things fit prepard,
 Low on the ballast did he couch his sick,
 Being fourfcoore ten, in Deaths pale mantle snar'd,
 whose want to war did most their strong harts prick.
 The hundred, whose more founde breaths declar'd,
 Their foules to enter Deaths gates should not stick,
 Hee with diuine words of immortall glorie,
 Makes them the wondred actors of this storie.

Nothing be left vnfaid that tongue could fay,
 To breede contempt of deãth, or hate or thrall,
 Honors reward, fame for a famous day,
 VVonder of ears, that men halfe gods shall call :
 And contrarie, a hopelesse certaine way,
 Into a Tyrants damned fits to fall!,
 VVhere all defame, base thoughts, and infamie,
 Shall crowne with shame their heads eternally.

In this great thunder of his valiant speech,
 From whence the eares-eyes honors lightning felt,
 The *Spanishi* Nauie came within the reach
 Of Cannon shot, which equallie was delt
 On eyther side, each other to impeach ;
 VVhose volleys made the pittying skyes to melt,
 Yet with their noyfe, in *Grinuills* heart did frame,
 Greater defier, to conquer greater fame.

And now the funne was past his middle way,
 Leaning more louely to his Lemans bed,
 And the noones third hower had attacht the day,
 VVhen fiftie three gainst one were basely led ;
 All harts were fierd ; and now the deadlie fray,
 Began tumultuoufflie to ouer-spread
 The sea with fier, the Element with smoake
 Which gods, and monfters from their fleepe awoake,

In foure great battailes marcht the *Spanishi* hoaft,
 The first of *Siuill*, led in two great squares,
 Both which with courage, more then can be most,
 Sir *Richard* forst to giue him way with cares ;
 And as the Sea-men terme it in our coast,
 They sprang their luffe, and vnder lee declares,
 Their manie forces feebled by this one,
 Whose thoughts, saue him, are rightly due to none.

And now he stands amidst the thickest throngs,
 VValld round with wooden Castels on the waue,
 Fiftie three Tygers greedie in their wrongs,
 Besiedge the princlie Lion in his caue :
 Nothing fees *Grinuile* which to hope belongs,
 All things are fled that any hap could faue ;
 Bright day is darkned by incurtaind light,
 And nothing visits them but Canons night.

Then vp to heauen he lifts his loftie hart,
 And cries, old *Salon*, I am happy made.
 All earthie thoughts cleane from his spirits part,
Vertue and *Valure* all his fences lade,
 His foes too fewe, too strong he holds his part,
 Now doth he wish for millions to inuade,
 For beeing conquerer, he would conquer all,
 Or conquerd, with immortall honour fall.

Neuer fell hayle thicker then bullets flew,
 Neuer show'rd drops faster then showring blowes,
 Liu'd all the *Woorthies*, all yet neuer knew
 So great resolue in so great certaine woes ;
 Had *Fame* told *Cæsar* what of this was true,
 His Senate-murdred spirite would haue rose,
 And with faire honors enuie wondred then,
 Curfing mortalitie in mighty men.

VVhilst thus affliction turmoyld in this brall,
 And *Grinuile* still imployd his Actor death,
 'The great *San-phillip*, which all *Spayne* did call
 Th' vnuanquisht ship, *Iberias* soule and faith,
 Whose mountaine hugenes more was tearmed then tall,
 Being twice a thousand tuns as rumor faith,
 Came rushing in, becalming *Grinuiles* failes,
 Whose courage grew, the more his fortunes failes.

Hotlie on eyther fide was lightning sent,
 And steeled thunder bolts dinge men to hell,
 Vnweldie *Phillip*, backt with millions lent,
 VVorfe cracks of thunder then on *Phaeton* fell,
 That with the dayes fier fiered the Element ;
 And why? because within her ribs did dwell,
 More store of shot and great artillarie,
 Then might haue feru'd the worlds great victorie.

Three tire of Cannon lodg'd on eyther fide,
 And in each tire, eleuen stronglie lay,
 Eyght in her chafe, that shot forth right did bide,
 And in her sterne, twice eight that howerlie play ;
 Shee lesse great shot, in infinets did hide,
 All which were Agents for a dismall day.
 But poore *Reuenge*, lesse rich, and not so great,
 Aunswered her cuffe for cuffe, and threat for threat.

Anon they grapple eyther to the other,
 As doth the ban-dogge with the Martins skinne,
 And then the wombe of *Phillip* did vncouer,
 Eight hundred Souldiers, which the fight beginne :
 These board Sir *Richard*, and with thronging smother
 The day, the ayre, the time, and neuer linne,
 But by their entrance did instruct eight more,
 To doe the like, on each fide foure, and foure.

Thus in one moment was our Knight assaild,
 With one huge *Argosie*, and eight great ships,
 But all in vaine, their powers naught prevailld,
 For the *Reuenge*, her Canon loud-dogs flips,
 VVhose bruizing teeth, so much the *Phillip* quaild,
 That foundring in the greedie maine, he dips
 His damned bodie in his watrie tombe,
 Wrapt with dishonour in the Oceans wombe.

The other eight, fighting, were likewise foild,
 And driuen perforce vnto a vild retraite,
 None durst abide, but all with shame recoild,
 VVhilst *Valures* selfe, set *Grinuile* in her feate ;
 Onely *Don Luis Saint Iohn*, seeing spoild,
 His Countries honour by this strange defaite,
 Single encountred *Grinuile* in the fight,
 Who quicklie sent his foule to endlesse night.

George de Prunaria, a Spanish Knight,
 Euer held valiant in dispight of fate,
 Seconded *Luis*, and with mortall might,
 VVrit on Sir *Richards* target fouldiers hate,
 Till *Grinuile*, wakned with his loud rung fight,
 Dispatcht his foules course vnto *Plutos* gate ;
 And after these two, sent in post all those
 Which came within his mercie or his blowes.

By this, the funne had spred his golden locks,
 Vpon the pale green carpet of the sea,
 And opned wide the scarlet dore which locks,
 The easfull euening from the labouring day ;
 Now Night began to leape from iron Rocks,
 And whip her rustie wagon through the way,
 VVhilst all the *Spanish* host stooode maz'd in fight.
 None darring to assayle a second fight.

VVhen *Don Alfonso*, Generall of the warre,
 Saw all his Nauie with one ship controld,
 He toare his hayre, and loudlie cryd from farre,
 For honour *Spanyards*, and for shame be bold ;
 Awaken Vertue, say her slumbers marre
Iberias auncient valure, and infold
 Her wondred puiffance, and her glorious deeds,
 In cowards habit, and ignoble weeds.

Fie, that the spyrit of a fingle man,
 Should contradict innumerable wills,
 Fie, that infinitiues of forces can,
 Nor may effect what one conceit fulfill; ;
 VVoe to the wombe, ceaselesse the teats I ban,
 That cherrisht life, which all our liues ioyes kills ;
 VVoe to our felues, our fortunes, and our minds,
 Agast and scarrd, with whistling of the winds.

See how he triumphes in dispight of death,
Promethean like, laden with liuing fier,
 And in his glorie spits disdainfull breath,
 Loathing the basenes of our backe retire ;
 Euen now me thinke in our disgrace he saith,
 Foes to your fames, why make you Fate a lyer,
 When heauen and she haue giuen into your hand,
 VVhat all the world can neuer back demand?

Say that the God of *Warre*; Father of *Chiualrie*,
 The *Worthies*, *Heroes*, all fam'd Conquerours,
Centaurs, *Gyants*, victorious *Victorie*,
 VVere all this *Grinuils* hart-fworne paramours,
 Yet should we fightlesse let our shyps force flie ;
 Well might we crush his keele with rocklike powers,
 And him with them ore-whelme into the maine,
 Courage then harts, fetch honour backe againe.

Heere shame, the fretting canker of the mind,
 That fiers the face with fuell from the hart,
 Fearing his weapons weakenes, eft assignd
 To desperate hardines his confounding dart,
 And now the *Spaniards* made through words stone blind,
 Desperate by shame, ashamd dispaire should part,
 like damned scritchowles, chimes to dead mens hours,
 Make vowes to fight, till fight all liues deuours.

And now the tragicke fceane of death begins,
 Acts of the night, deeds of the ouglie darke,
 VVhen Furies brands gauc light to furious fins,
 And gafflie filence gaping wounds did marke ;
 Sing fadlie then my Mufe (teares pittie wins)
 Yet mount thy wings beyond the mornings Larke,
 And wanting thunder, with thy lightnings might,
 Split eares that heares the dole of this fad night.

The fier of *Spaynes* pride, quencht by *Grinuils* fword,
Alfonfo reinkindles with his tong,
 And fets a batelefse edge, ground by his word
 Vpon their blunt harts feebled by the ftrong,
 Loe animated now, they all accord,
 To die, or ende deaths conflict held fo long ;
 And thus refolud, too greedelie affay
 His death, like hounds that hold the Hart at bay.

Blacker then night, more terrible then hell,
 Louder then thunder, sharper then *Phæbus* fteele,
 Vnder whose wounds the ouglie *Python* fell,
 Were bullets mantles, clowding the haplefse keele,
 The flaughtered cryes, the words the cannons tell,
 And thofe which make euen rocky Mountains reele,
 And thicker then in funne are Atomies,
 Flew bullets, fier, and flaughtered dead mens cries.

At this remorfles Dirgie for the dead,
 The filuer Moone, dread Soueraigne of the deepe,
 That with the floods fills vp her horned head
 And by her waine the wayning ebbs doth keepe :
 Taught by the Fat's how deftenie was led,
 Bidds all the ftarres pull in their beames and weepe :
 For twas vnfit, chaft hallowed eyes should fee
 Honour confounded by impietie.

Then to the night she giues all foueraigne power,
 Th'eternall mourner for the dayes diuorce,
 Who drowned in her owne harts killing shower,
 Viewes others torments with a fad remorfe.
 This flintie Princeffe, ayme cryes to the hower,
 On which to looke, kinde eies no force could force.
 And yet the fight, her dull hart so offended,
 That from her fight a foggie dewe descended.

Now on our Knight, raines yron, fword, and fiers,
 Iron wrapt in smoke, fword bath'd in smoking blood,
 Fiers, furies king, in blood and smoke aspiers
 The confumation of all liuing good ;
 Yet *Grinuile*, with like Agents like expires
 His foe-mens dat's, and euermore withstood.
 Th'affaults of death, and ruins of the warre,
 Hoping the splendour of some luckie starre.

On eyther fide him, still two *Gallions* lay,
 VVhich with continuall boardings nurst the fight,
 Two great *Armados*, howrelie plow'd their way,
 And by affaulte, made knowne repelleffe might.
 Those which could not come neere vnto the fray,
 Aloofe discharg'd their volleys gainst our Knight.
 And when yat one shrunk back, beat with disgrace,
 An other instantly supply'd the place.

So that their resting, restleffe him containd,
 And theyr supplies, deny'd him to supply :
 The *Hydra* of their mightines ordaind
 New spoile for death, when old did wounded lie :
 But hee, *Herculian*-like one state retaind,
 One to triumph, or one for all to die.
 Heauen had onelie lent him but one hart,
 That hart one thought, that thought no feare of smart.

And now the night grew neere her middle line,
 Youthfully lustie in her strongest age,
 VVhen one of *Spaynes* great *Gallions* did repine,
 That one should many vnto death ingage,
 And therefore with her force, halfe held diuine,
 At once euaporates her mortall rage,
 Till powerfull *Grinuile*, yeelding power a toombe
 Splyt her, and sunck her in the salt waues tombe

VVhen *Cutino*, the Hulks great Admirall,
 Saw that huge Veffell drencht within the furge,
 Enuie and shame tyered vpon his gall,
 And for reuenge a thousand meanes doth vrge :
 But *Grinuile*, perfect in destructions fall,
 His mischiefes with like miseries doth scourge,
 And renting with a shot his wooden tower,
 Made *Neptunes* liquid armes his all deuouer.

These two ore-whelm'd, *Siuills Ascention* came,
 A famous ship, well man'd, and strongly drest,
Vindicta from her Cannons mouthes doth flame,
 And more then any, our dread Knight oprest :
 Much hurt shee did, many shee wounded lame,
 And *Valurs* selfe, her valiant acts confest.
 Yet in the end, (for warre of none takes keepe)
 Grinuile sunck her within the watry deepe.

An other great *Armado*, brufd and beat,
 Sunck neere *S. Michaels* road, with thought to scape,
 And one that by her men more choicely fet,
 Beeing craz'd, and widow'd of her comly shape,
 Ran gainst the shore, to pay *Ill-chaunce* her debt,
 VVho desolate for desolations gape :
 Yet these confounded, were not mist at all.
 For new supplie made new the aged brall.

This while on *Grinuile* ceazed no amaze,
 No wonder, dread, nor bafe astonishment,
 But true refolue, and valurs facred blaze,
 'The crowne of heauen, and ftarrie ornament
 Deckt his diuine part, and from thence did raze
 Affects of earth, or earths intendiment.

And in this broyle, as cheerefull was his fight,
 As *Ioues*, imbracing *Danae* by night.

Looke howe a wanton Bridegroome in the morne,
 Bufile labours to make glad the day,
 And at the noone, with wings of courage borne,
 Recourts his bride with dauncing and with play,
 Vntill the night which holds meane bliffe in fcorne,
 By action kills imaginations fway,

And then, euen then, gluts and confounds his thought,
 With all the sweets, conceit or Nature wrought,

Euen fo our Knight the bridegroome vnto *Fame*,
 Toild in his battailes morning with vnrest,
 At noone triumph'd, and daunft, and made his game,
 That vertue by no death could be deprest ;
 But when the night of his loues longings came,
 Euen then his intellectuall foule confest

All other ioyes imaginarie were

Honour vnconquerd, heauen and earth held deare.

The bellowing shotte which wakened dead mens f wounds,
 As *Dorian* mufick, sweetned his cares,
 Ryuers of blood, ifiuing from fountaine wounds,
 Hee pytties, but augments not with his teares,
 The flaming fier which mercileffe abounds,
 Hee not fo much as masking torches feares,
 The dolefull Eccho of the foules halfe dying,
 Quicken his courage in their banefull crying.

VVhen foule *Misfortune* houering on a Rock,
 (The stonie girdle of the *Floean* Ile,)
 Had seene this conflict, and the fearefull flock,
 VVhich all the *Spanysh* mischeifes did compile,
 And saw how conquest licklie was to mock
 The hope of *Spayne*, and fauster her exile,
 Immortall she, came downe her selfe to fight,
 And doe what else no mortall creature might.

And as she flew the midnights waking flarre,
 Sad *Casiopea*, with a heauie cheare
 Pufht forth her forehead, to make known from farre,
 VVhat time the dryrie dole of earth drew neare,
 But when shee saw *Misfortune* arm'd in warre,
 VVith teares she blinds her eyes, and clouds ye ayre,
 And asks the gods, why *Fortune* fights with man?
 They say, to doe, what else no creature can.

O why should such immortall enuie dwell,
 In the inclosures of eternall mould?
 Let Gods with Gods, and men with men rebell,
 VVnequall warres t'vnequall shame is fould;
 But for this damned deede came shee from hell,
 And *Ioue* is sworne, to doe what dest'nie would,
 VVeepe then my pen, the tell-tale of our woe,
 And curse the fount from whence our sorrows flow.

Now, now, *Misfortune* fronts our Knight in armes,
 And casts her venome through the *Spanysh* hoast,
 Shee salues the dead, and all the lyuing warmes
 With vitall enuie, brought from *Plutos* coast;
 Yet all in vaine, all works not *Grinuils* harmes;
 VVhich seene, shee smiles, and yet with rage imboist
 Saith to her selfe, since men are all too weake,
 Behold a goddesse shall thy lifes twine breake.

VVith that shee taks a Musket in her hand,
 Raft from a dying Souldiour newlie flaine,
 And ayming where th' vnconquered Knight did stand,
 Dischargd it through his bodie, and in twaine
 Deuids the euer holie nuptiall band,
 Which twixt his foule, and worlds part shold remaine,
 Had not his hart, stronger then *Fortunes* will,
 Held life perforce to scorne *Misfortunes* ill.

The bubling wound from whence his blood distild,
 Mourn'd to let fall the hallowed drops to ground,
 And like a iealous loue by riuall illd,
 Sucks in the facred moifture through the wound ;
 But he, which felt deaths fatall doome fulfilld,
 Grew fiercer valiant, and did all confound,
 VVas not a *Spanyard* durst aboard him rest,
 After he felt his deaths wound in his brest.

Hundreds on hundreds, dead on the maymed fall,
 Maymed on founde, found in them felues lye flaine,
 Blest was the first that to his ship could crall,
 For wounded, he wounds multitudes againe ;
 No sacrifice, but sacrifice of all,
 Could stay his fwords oblations vnto paine,
 Nor in *Phillippie*, fell for *Cæsars* death,
 Soules thicker then for *Grinuils* wasting breath.

The *Nemian* Lyon, *Aramanthian* Bore,
 The *Hircamian* Tyger, nor the *Cholcean* Bulls,
 Neuer extended rage with such vprore,
 Nor in their breasts mad monstrous furie lulls ;
 Now might they learne, that euer learnt before,
 Wrath at our Knight, which all wrath difanulls,
 For flauish death, his hands commaunded more,
 Then Lyon, Tyger, Bull, or angrie Bore.

Had *Pompey* in *Pharfalia* held his thought,
Cæsar had neuer wept vpon his head,
 Had *Anthonie* at *Actiome* like him fought,
Augustus teares had neuer drownd him dead,
 Had braue *Renaldo*, *Grinuiles* puiffance bought,
Angelica from France had neuer fled,
 Nor madded *Rowland* with inconstancie,
 But rather flayne him wanting victorie,

Before a storme flewe neuer Doues so fast,
 As *Spanyards* from the furie of his fist,
 The stout *Reuenge*, about whose forlorne wast,
 Whilome so many in their moods persift,
 Now all alone, none but the scourge imbraft,
 Her foes from handie combats cleane desift;
 Yet still incircling her within their powers,
 From farre sent shot, as thick as winters showers.

Anger, and *Enuie*, enemies to *Life*,
 Strong smouldring *Heate* and noisom stink of *Smoke*,
 With ouer-labouring *Toyle*, *Deaths* ouglie wife,
 These all accord with *Grinuiles* wounded stroke,
 To end his liues date by their ciuell strife,
 And him vnto a blessed state inyoke,
 But he repeld them whilst repell he might,
 Till fainting power, was tane from power to fight.

Then downe he sat, and beat his manlie brest,
 Not mourning death, but want of meanes to die;
 Those which furui'd coragiouflic he blest,
 Making them gods for god-like victorie;
 Not full twice twentie foules aliue did rest,
 Of which the most were mangled cruellie, [show.
 Yet still, whilst words could speake, or signes could
 From death he maks eternall life to grow.

The Maister-gunner, which beheld his eyes.
 Dart fier gainst death trumphant in his face,
 Came to sustaine him, and with courage cries,
 How fares my Knight? worlds glory, martiall grace?
 Thine honour, former honours ouer-flyes,
 And vnto *Heauen* and *Vertue* bids the bace;
 Cheere then thy soule, & if deaths wounding pain it,
 Abr'ams faire bofome lyes to entertaine it.

Maister, he sayes, euen heers the opned dore,
 Through which my spirit bridgroume like must ride,
 (And then he bar'd his wounded brest all gore)
 To court the blessed virgine Lambe his bride,
 VVhose innocence the worlds afflictions bore,
 Streaming diuine blood from his sliced side,
 And to that heauen my soule with courage flyes,
 Because vnconquerd, conquering it dyes.

But yet, replied the Maister once againe,
 Great vertue of our vertues, striue with Fate,
 Yeeld not a minute vnto death, retaine
 Life like thy glorie, made to wonder at,
 This wounds recouerie well may entertaine
 A double triumph to thy conquering state,
 And make thee liue immortall Angell blest,
 Pleaseth thee suffer it be searcht and drest.

Descend then gentle *Grinuile* downe below,
 Into my Cabin for a breathing space,
 In thee there let thy Surgion stanch our woe,
 Giuing recuer to thee, our wounded case,
 Our breaths, from thy breaths fountaine gently flow,
 If it be dried, our currents loofe their grace:
 Then both for vs, and thee, and for the best,
 Descend, to haue thy wound bound vp and drest.

Maister, reply'd the Knight, since last the funne
 Lookt from the hieft period of the sky,
 Giuing a signall of the dayes mid noone,
 Vnto this hower of midnight, valiantly,
 From of this vpper deck I haue not runne,
 But fought, and freed, and welcomd victorie,
 Then now to giue new couert to mine head,
 VVere to reuiue our foes halfe conquered.

Thus with contrarie arguments they warre,
 Diuers in their opinions and their speech,
 One seeking means, th' other a will to darre,
 Yet both one end, and one desire reach :
 Both to keepe honour liuing, plyant are,
 Hee by his fame, and he by skilfull leach,
 At length, the Maister winnes, and hath procurd
 The Knight discend, to haue his woundings curd.

Downe when he was, and had display'd the port
 Through which his life was martching vp to heauen,
 Albe the mortall taint all cuers retort,
 Yet was his Surgion not of hope bereuen,
 But giues him valiant speech of lifes resort,
 Sayes, longer dayes his longer fame shall euen,
 And for the meanes of his recouerie,
 He finds both arte and possibilitie.

Misfortune hearing this presage of life,
 (For what but chimes within immortall eares)
 VVithin her selfe kindles a home-bred strife,
 And for those words ye Surgions doomes day swears
 VVith that, her charg'd peece (*Atropos* keene knife,)
 Againe she takes, and leueld with dispaire,
 Sent a shrill bullet through the Surgions head,
 which thence, through *Grinuils* temples like was led.

Downe fel the Surgion, hope and helpe was reft,
 His death gaue manumition to his foule,
Misfortune fmyld, and euen then fhee left
 The mournfull Ocean, mourner for this dole ;
 Away fhee flies, for all was now bereft,
 Both hope and helpe, for life to win deaths gole ;
 Yet *Grinuile* vnamaz'd, with constant faith,
 Laughing difpisd the fecond ftroke of death.

What foole (faith he) ads to the Sea a drop,
 Lends *Etna* sparks, or angry stormes his wind ?
 VWho burnes the roote when lightning fiers the top ?
 VWho vnto hell, can worfe then hell combind ?
 Pale hungry Death, thy greedy longings ftop,
 Hope of long life is banefull to my mind :
 Yet hate not life, but lothe captiuitie,
 Where refts no trust to purchafe victorie.

Then vp he came with feeble pace againe, ing,
 Strength from his blood, blood from his wounds defcend-
 Saies, here I liu'd, and here wil I fuftaine,
 The worft of Deaths worft, by my fame defending,
 And then he fell to warre with might and maine,
 Valure on death moft valiantly depending,
 And thus continued aye coragiously,
 Vntill the day chaft fhadowes from the sky.

But when the mornings dewie locks drunke vp
 A miftie moyfture from the Oceans face,
 Then might he fee the fource of forrowes cup,
 Plainly prefigur'd in that hatefull place :
 And all the miferies that mortals fup
 From their great Grandfire *Adams* band, difgrace ;
 For all that did incircle him, was his foe,
 And that incircled, modell of true woe.

His mafts were broken, and his tackle torne,
 His vpper worke hew'd downe into the Sea,
 Naught of his fhip aboute the fource was borne,
 But euen leueld with the Ocean lay,
 Onely the fhips foundation (yet that worne)
 Remained a trophey in that mighty fray;
 Nothing at all aboute the head remained,
 Either for couert, or that force maintained.

Powder for fhott, was fpent and wafte cleane,
 Scarce feene a corne to charge a peece withall,
 All her pykes broken, halfe of his beft men flaine,
 The reft fore wounded, on Deaths Agents call,
 On th'other fide, her foe in ranks remaine,
 Difplaying multitudes, and flore of all
 VVhat euer might auaille for victorie,
 Had they not wanted harts true valiancie.

When *Grinuile* faw his desperate drierie cafe,
 Meerely difpoyled of all fuccef-full thought,
 Hee calls before him all within the place,
 The Maifter, Maifter-gunner, and them taught
 Rules of true hardiment to purchafe grace;
 Showes them the end their trauailes toile had bought,
 How fweet it is, fwift *Fame* to ouer-goe,
 How vile to diue in captiue ouerthrow.

Gallants (he faith) fince three a clock laft noone,
 Vntill this morning, fifteene howers by courfe,
 We haue maintaind floute warre, and fill vndoone
 Our foes affaults, and driue them to the worfe,
 Fifteene *Armados* boardings haue not wonne
 Content or eafe, but beene repeld by force,
 Eight hundred Cannon fhott againft our fide,
 Haue not our harts in coward colours died.

Not fiftene thousand men araungd in fight,
 And fiftene howers lent them to atchiue,
 VVith fifty three great ships of boundlesse might,
 Haue had or meanes or prowesse to contriue
 The fall of one, which mayden vertue dight,
 Kept in despight of *Spanish* force aliuie.

Then list to mee you imps of memorie,
 Borne to assume to immortalitie.

Sith loosing, we vnlost keepe strong our praise,
 And make our glories, gaynours by our ends,
 Let not the hope of howers (for tedious dayes
 Vnto our liues no longer circuite lends)
 Confound our wondred actions and assayes,
 VVhereon the sweete of mortall eares depends,
 But as we liue by wills victorious,
 So let vs die victours of them and vs.

VVee that haue mercilesse cut Mercies wings,
 And muffeld pittie in deaths mistie vale,
 Let vs implore no mercie ; pittiyings,
 But from our God, deere fauour to exhale
 Oure soules to heauen, where all the Angells rings
 Renowne of vs, and our deepe tragick tale ;
 Let vs that cannot liue, yet liue to dye,
 Vnthrald by men, fit tropheys for the skye.

And thus resolu'd since other meane is rest,
 Sweet Maister-gunner, split our keele in twaine,
 We cannot liue, whom hope of life hath left,
 Dying, our deaths more glorious liues retaine,
 Let not our ship, of shame and foile bereft,
 Vnto our foe-men for a prize remaine ;
 Sinke her, and sinking with the *Greeke* wee'le cry,
 Best not to be, or beeing toone to dye.

Scarfe had his words tane wings from his deare tong,
 But the stout Maister-gunner, euer ritche
 In heauenlie valure and repulſing wrong,
 Proud that his hands by action might inritche
 His name and nation with a worthie ſong,
 Tow'rd his hart higher then Eagles pitch,
 And instantlie indeuours to effect
Grinuils deſier, by ending Deaths defect.

But th' other Maister, and the other Mat's,
 Diſented from the honour of their minds,
 And humbly praid the Knight to rue their ſtat's,
 VVhom miſerie to no ſuch miſcheife binds ;
 To him th' aleadge great reaſons, and dilat's
 Their foes amazements, whom their valures blinds,
 And maks more eager t'entertaine a truce,
 Then they to offer words for warres excuſe.

They ſhow him diuers gallant men of might,
 VVhoſe wounds not mortall, hope gaue of recuer,
 For their faks ſue they to diorce this night
 Of deſperate chaunce, calld vnto Deaths black lure,
 Their lengthned liues, their countries care might right.
 And to their Prince they might good hopes aſſure.
 Then quod the Captaine, (deere Knight) do not ſpill,
 The liues whom gods and Fat's ſeeke not to kill.

And where thou ſayſt the *Spanyards* ſhall not braue,
 T' haue tane one ſhip due to our virgin Queene,
 O know, that they, nor all the world can faue,
 This wounded Barke, whoſe like no age hath ſeene,
 Sixefoote ſhee leaks in hold, three ſhot beneath the waue,
 All whoſe repaire ſo inſufficient beene,
 That when the Sea ſhall angrie worke begin,
 Shee cannot chuſe but finke and dye therein.

Besides, the wounds and brufings which she beares,
 Are such, so manie, so incurable,
 As to remoue her from this place of feares,
 No force, no wit, no meane, nor man is able ;
 Then since that peace prostrate to vs repaires,
 Vnlesse our selues, our selues make miserable,
Herculeen Knight, for pittie, pittie lend,
 No fame consists in wilfull desperat end.

These words with emphasis and action spent,
 Mou'd not Sir *Richard*, but inrag'd him more,
 To bow or yeeld, his heart would neare relent,
 Hee still impunges all thought of lifes restore ;
 The Maister-gunner euer doth consent
 To act his wish, swearing in beds of gore
 Death is most louelie, sweete and amiable,
 But captiu'd life for foulenes admirable.

The Captayne, seeing words could take no place,
 Turnes backe from them vnto the liuing few,
 Expounds what pittie is, what victors grace ;
 Bids them them selues, them selues in kindnes rew,
 Peace if they please, will kindlie them imbrace,
 And they may liue, from whom warres glory grew ;
 But if they will to desperate end consent,
 Their guilty soules too late shall mourne repent.

The fillie men, who fought but liuing ioyes,
 Cryes to the Captaine for an honord truce,
 Life they desire, yet no life that destroyes
 Their wonne renownes, but such as might excuse
 Their woes, their wounds, and al what els anoyes
 Beautie of laude, for other they refuse ;
 All which the Captaine swears they shal obtaine,
 Because their foes, in doubtfull states remaine.

O when Sir *Richard* saw them start aside,
 More chaynd to life then to a glorius graue,
 And those whom hee so oft in dangers tryde,
 Now trembling seeke their hatefull liues to faue.
 Sorrow and rage, shame, and his honors pride,
 Choking his soule, madly compeld him raue,
 Vntill his rage with vigor did confound
 His heauie hart, and left him in a swound.

The Maister-gunner, likewise seeing Fate
 Bridle his fortune, and his will to die,
 With his sharpe sword sought to set ope the gate,
 By which his soule might from his body flie,
 Had not his freends perforce preferu'd his state,
 And lockt him in his Cabbin, safe to lie,
 Whilst others swarm'd where haplesse *Grinuile* lay,
 By cryes recalling life, late runne away.

In this too restlesse turmoile of vnrest,
 The poore *Reuenges* Maister stole awaye,
 And to the *Spanish* Admirall adrest
 The dolefull tidings of this mournfull day,
 (The *Spanish* Admirall who then oprest,
 Houering with doubt, not daring t'end the fray,)
 And pleads for truce, with souldiour-like submission,
 Anexing to his words a straight condition.

Alfonso, willing to giue end to armes,
 For well he knew *Grinuile* would neuer yeild,
 Albe his power stoode like vnnubred swarmes,
 Yet daring not on striçter tearmes to build,
 Hee offers all what may alay their harmes
 Safetie of liues, nor any thrall to weild,
 Free from the Gallie, prifonment, or paine,
 And safe returne vnto their soyle againe.

To this he yeelds, as well for his own sake,
 Whom desperate hazard might indamage fore,
 As for defier the famous Knight to take,
 Whom in his hart he seemed to deplore,
 And for his valure halfe a God did make,
 Extolling him all other men before,
 Admiring with an honourable hart,
 His valure, wifdome, and his Souldiours Art.

VVith peacefull newes the Maister backe returns,
 And rings it in the liuing remnants eares,
 They all reioyce, but *Grinuile* deadly mourns,
 He frets, he sighs, he sorrowes and despaires,
 Hee cries, this truce, their fame and blisse adiourns,
 Hee rents his locks, and all his garments teares,
 He vowes his hands shall rent the ship in twaine
 Rather then he will *Spanish* yoke sustaine.

The few referu'd, that life esteem'd too well,
 Knowing his words were warrants for his deede,
 Vnkindly left him in that monstrous hell,
 And fled vnto *Alfonso* with greate speede.
 To him their Chieftaines mightines they tell,
 And how much valure on his soule doth feede,
 That if preuention, not his actions dim,
 Twill be too late to faue the shyp or him.

Baffan made proude, vnconquering t'ouer-come,
 Swore the braue Knight nor ship he would not lose,
 Should all the world in a petition come :
 And therefore of his gallants, fortie chose
 To board Sir *Richard*, charging them be dombe
 From threatning words, from anger, and from bloes,
 But with all kindnes, honor, and admire
 To bring him thence, to further *Fames* desire.

Sooner they boarded not the crazed Barke,
 But they beheld where speechlesse *Grinuile* lay,
 All smeard in blood, and clouded in the darke
 Contagious curtaine of Deaths tragick day;
 They wept for pittie, and yet filent marke
 VWhether his lungs sent liuing breath away,
 VWhich when they fawe in ayrie blasts to flie,
 They striu'd who first should stanch his misery.

Anon came life, and lift his eye-lids vp,
 Whilst they with teares denounce their Generals wil,
 VWhose honord minde fought to retort the cup
 Of Deaths sad poyson, well instruckt to kill :
 Tells him what fame and grace his eyes might sup
 From *Bassans* kindnes, and his Surgions skill,
 Both how he lou'd him, and admir'd his fame,
 To which he fought to lend a liuing flame.

Aye mee (quoth *Grinuile*) simple men, I know
 My bodie to your Generall is a pray,
 Take it, and as you please my lyms bestow,
 For I respect it not, tis earth and clay :
 But for my minde that mightier much doth grow,
 To heauen it shall, despight of *Spanish* sway.

This said, ore-come with anguish and with paine,
 He fwounded, and did neuer speake againe.

They tooke him vp, and to theyr Generall brought
 His mangled carkaffe, but vnmaimed minde,
 Three dayes hee breath'd, yet neuer spake he ought,
 Albe his foes were humble, sad, and kinde ;
 The fourth, came downe the Lambe that all foules bought,
 And his pure part, from worser parts reind,
 Bearing his spirite vp to the loftie skyes,
 Leauing his body, wonder to wonders eyes.

VVhen *Baffan* faw the Angell-fpirite fled,
 VVhich lent a mortall frame immortall thought,
 With pittie, grieffe, and admiration led,
 He mournfully complaind what Fat's had wrought,
 VVoe me (he cryes) but now aliue, now dead,
 But now inuincible, now captiue brought :
 In this, vniuft are Fat's, and Death declared,
 That mighty ones, no more then mean are spared.

You powers of heauen, rayne honour on his hearfe,
 And tune the Cherubins to fing his fame,
 Let Infants in the laft age him rehearfe,
 And let no more, honour be Honor's name :
 Let him that will obtaine immortall vearfe,
 Conquer the ftile of *Grinuile* to the fame.
 For till that fire fhall all the world confume,
 Shall neuer name, with *Grinuils* name prefume.

Reft then deere foule, in thine all-refting peace,
 And take my teares for tropheys to thy tombe,
 Let thy loft blood, thy vnloft fame increafe,
 Make kingly eares thy praifes fecond wombe :
 That when all tongues to all reports furceafe,
 Yet fhall thy deeds, out-liue the day of doome.
 For euen Angels, in the heauens fhall fing,
 Grinuile vnconquerd died, ftill conquering.

O vtinam.

FINIS.



Hat became of the *Reuenge* after Sir *Richards* death, diuers report diuersly, but the most probable and sufficient prooffe sayth, that within fewe dayes after the Knights death, there arose a great storme from the West and North-west. that all the Fleet was disperced, aswell the *Indian* Fleet, which were then come vnto them, as all the rest of the *Armada*, which attended their ariual; of vvhich fourteene sayle, together with the *Reuenge*, and in her two hundred *Spanyards*, were cast away vpon the Ile of *S. Michaels*; so it pleased them to honour the buri all of that renowned Ship the *Reuenge*, not suffering her to perrish alone, for the great honour shee at chiued in her life time.



The last Fight of the REVENGE at sea.

[THE FIGHT AND CYCLONE AT THE AZORES.]

BY

Jan Huygen van Linschoten.

Linschoten, a native of Enckhuysen, a town in the north of Holland standing on the shore of Zuyder Zee, being 'much addicted to see and trauaile into strange Countries:' left the Texel on 6 DECEMBER 1576 in a ship (one of a fleet of 80) for San LUCAR DE BARAMEDA, where he arrived on 25 DECEMBER; and at SEVILLE on 1 JANUARY 1577, where he found one of his brothers: the other had followed the court to Madrid.

Henry II., the King of Portugal, dying, left by will the crown of Portugal to his nephew, Philip II. of Spain. One of Linschoten's brothers journeying towards Portugal dies at Salamanca. Having learnt Spanish, Jan went, in the service of a Dutch gentleman, into Portugal, and meeting his other brother at Badajos, they came to LISBON on 26 SEPTEMBER 1580. There, quitting his then service, he placed himself with a merchant, with whom he stayed for some two years.

At length he obtained a place in the suite of 40 persons of the friar Don Vincente de Fonseca, who had just accepted the Archbishopric of all the Indies from the king, for a term of four or five years. Linschoten's brother was also Pilot of the *San Salvador*, in which ship the Archbishop and his suite sailed. The fleet left Lisbon on Good Friday, 8 APRIL 1583, and separating off Madera on 15 APRIL, Linschoten's ship sighted the Indian coast on 20 SEPTEMBER following: the Archbishop making a triumphal entry into GOA on the 30th of that month. In this city, Linschoten principally resided during his stay in the East.

The Archbishop and the Viceroy having quarrelled, the former left India in JANUARY 1587 to make his complaints to the King, having dismissed all his servants, his Steward excepted, and Linschoten whom he made general Clerk, throughout all India, of the *La santa Crusada*, a fund to collect money to redeem European captives in Barbary.

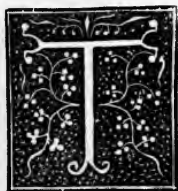
On 16 SEPTEMBER 1588 Linschoten learnt that the Archbishop had died on 4 AUGUST 1587, between the Azores and Portugal. Determining to return home: he obtained the situation of Factor of the Pepper on board the *Santa Cruz*, which left for Goa on 23 NOVEMBER 1588, and sighted Flores on the 22 JULY 1589; whence they were chased by 3 English ships to Terceira, where they were astounded to hear the following news:—

"That the men of the Island were all in armes, as hauing receiued aduise from *Portingall*, that Sir *Francis Drake* was in a readnes, and would come vnto those Islands. They likewise brought vs newes of the ouerthrow of the Spanish fleet before England, and that the English men had been before the gates of *Lisbone*: whereupon the King gaue vs commandement that we should put into the Island of *Tercera*, and there lie vnder the safetie of the Castle vntill we receiued further aduise what wee should doe or whether we should saile: for that they thought it too dangerous for vs to goe to *Lisbone*. Those newes put our fleet in great feare, and made vs looke upon each other not knowing what to say." p. 179. *Ed.* 1598.

Linschoten, continuing his diary while on shore at Terceira, gives us the account here reprinted of the Fight off Flores, 70 miles distant:—

At length, in DECEMBER 1591, he was able to leave the Western Isles in a *Flushing*, and safely arrived at Lisbon on 2 JANUARY 1592. On 22 JULY following, he left Sentuval in a fleet of Dutch ships, and finally reached his home at Enckhuysen on 3 SEPTEMBER 1592: 'where I founde my mother, brother and sister all living, and in good health, it being 12 years, 9½ months after my departure from thence.'

[THE FIGHT AND CYCLONE AT THE AZORES.]



He 25. of August [1591], ye kings *Armada* comming out of *Farol* ariued in *Tercera*, being in all 30. shippes : Biskaies, Portingals and Spaniards, and 10. Dutch flieboats, yat were arested in *Lisbone* to serue ye king, besides other smal shippes *Pataxos*, yat came to serue as messengers from place to place, and to discouer the seas. This nauie came to stay for, and conuoy the shippes that shold come from the Spanish *Indies*, and the flie-boates were apointed in their returne home, to take in the goods yat were saued in ye lost shippes yat came from *Malacca*, and to conuoy it to *Lisbon*.

The 13. of September the saide *Armada* ariued at the Island of *Coruo*, where the Englishmen with about fixteene shippes as then lay, staying for the Spanish Fleete : whereof some or the most parte were come, and there the English were in good hope to haue taken them. But when they perceyued the kings Army to be strong, the Admirall being the Lorde *Thomas Howard*, commaunded his Fleete not to fall vpon them, nor any of them once to seperate their shippes from him, vnlesse he gaue commission so to doe : notwithstanding the Vice Admirall Sir *Rychard Greenfield*, being in the shipp called the *Reuenge* went into the Spanish fleete, and shot among them, doing them great hurte, and thinking the rest of the company would haue followed : which they did not, but left him there, and sayled away : the cause why could not be knowne : which the Spaniardes perceiuing, with feuen or eight shippes they barded her, but she withstood them all,

fighting with them at the least 12. houres together, and funke two of them, one being a newe double Flie boat of 1200. tunnes, and Admirall of the Flie boates, the other a Biscaine: But in the ende by reason of the number that came vppon her she was taken, but to their great losse: for they had lost in fighting, and by drowning aboue 400. men, and of the English were slaine about a hundred, Sir *Rychard Greenfield* himselfe being wounded in his braine, whereof afterwardes hee dyed.

He was borne into the ship called the *Saint Paule*, wherein was the Admirall of the fleet *Don Alonso de Barfan*: there his woundes were drest by the Spanish Surgeons, but *Don Alonso* himselfe would neither see him, nor speake with him: all the rest of the Captaines and Gentlemen went to visite hym, and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondring at his courage, and stout hart, for that he shewed not any signe of faintnes nor changing of colour. But feeling the hower of death to approach, hee spake these wordes in Spanish, and said: Here die I *Richard Greenfield*, with a ioyfull and quiet mind, for that I haue ended my life as a true foldier ought to do, yat hath fought for his countrey, Queene, religion, and honor, whereby my soule most ioyfull departeth out of this bodie, and shall alwaies leaue behinde it an euerlasting fame of a valiant and true foldier, that hath done his dutie, as he was bound to doe. When he had finished these or such other like words, hee gaue vp the Ghost, with great and stout courage, and no man could perceiue any true signe of heauinesse in him.

This Sir *Richard Greenfield* was a great and a rich Gentleman in *England*, and had great yearely reuenewes of his owne inheritance: but he was a man very vnquiet in his minde, and greatly affected to warre: in so much as of his owne priuate motion hee offered his seruice to the Queene, he had performed many valiant actes, and was greatlie feared in these Islands, and knowne of euery man, but of nature very seuer,

so that his owne people hated him for his mercenes, and spake verie hardly of him: for when they first entred into the Fleete or Armado, they had their great sayle in a readinesse, and might possiblie enough haue sayled away: for it was one of the best ships for sayle in England, and the Master perceiuing that the other shippes had left them, and followed not after, commanded the great sayle to be cut, that they might make away: but Sir *Richard Greenefield* threatned both him, and all the rest that were in the ship, that if any man laid hand vppon it, he would cause him to be hanged, and so by that occasion they were compelled to fight, and in the end were taken.

He was of so hard a complection, that as he continued among the Spanish Captaines while they were at dinner or supper with him, he would carouse three or foure glasses of wine, and in a brauerie take the glasses betweene his teeth and crash them in peeces and swallow them downe, so that often times the blood ran out of his mouth without any harme at all vnto him, and this was told me by diuers credible persons that many times stode and behelde him.

The English men that were left in the ship, as the captaine of the souldiers, the Master and others were disperfed into diuers of the Spanish ships that had taken them, where there had almost a new fight arisen betweene the Biscaines and the Portingales: while ech of them would haue the honour to haue first borded her, so that there grew a great noise and quarrell among them, one taking the chiefe ancient, and the other the flagge, and the Captaine and euerie one held his owne.

The ships that had borded her were altogether out of order, and broken, and many of their men hurt, whereby they were compelled to come into the Island of *Tercera*, there to reparaire themselues: where being ariued, I and my chamber fellow, to heare some newes went aboard on[e] one of the ships being a great

Biscaine, and one of the twelue Apostles, whose Captaine was called *Bertandono*, that had bin Generall of the *Biscaynes* in the fleete that went for England [*i.e.* in 1588]. Hee seeing vs called vs vp into the gallerie, where with great curtesie hee receiued vs, beeing as then set at dinner with the English Captaine that fate by him, and had on a sute of blacke veluet, but he could not tell vs any thing, for that he could speake no other language, but English and Latine, which *Bertandano* also could a little speake.

The English Captaine got licence of the gouernour that hee might come on land with his weapon by his side, and was in our lodging with the Englishman that was kept prisoner in the Iland, being of that ship wherof the saylers got away, as I said before. The Gouernour of *Tercera* bad him to dinner, and shewed him great curtesie. The Master likewise with licence of *Bartandano* came on land, and was in our lodging, and had at the least ten or twelue woundes, as well in his head, as on his body, whereof after that being at sea, betweene *Lisbone* and the Ilands he died. The Captaine wrote a letter, wherein he declared all the manner of the fight, and left it with the English Marchant that lay in our lodging, to send it to the Lord Admiral of England. This English Captaine comming vnto *Lisbone*, was there well receiued, and not any hurt done vnto him, but with good conuoy sent to *Sentuuall*, and from thence sayled vnto England, with all the rest of the Englishmen that were taken prisoners.

The Spanish armie [*i.e.* Armado] staid at the Iland of *Coruo* till the last of September, to assemble the rest of the fleet together; which in the end were to the number of 140. saile of ships, partly comming from *India*, and partly of the Army [*i.e.* Armado], and being altogether ready vnto saile in *Tercera* in good company, there sodainely rose so hard and cruell a storme, that those of the Iland did affirme, that in mans memorie there was neuer any such seen or heard

of before: for it seemed the sea would haue swallowed vp the Islands, the water mounting higher than the Cliffes, which are so high that it amaseth a man to beholde them: but the sea reached aboue them, and liuing fishes were throwne vpon the land. This storme continued not only a day or two with one wind but seauen or eight dayes continually, the wind turning round about, in all places of the compasse, at the least twice or thrice during that time, and all alike, with a continuall storme and tempest most terrible to behold, euen to vs that were on shore, much more then to such as were at sea: so that only on the coastes and Cliffes of the Iland of *Tercera*, there were aboue twelue ships cast away, and not only vpon the one side, but round about it in euery corner, wherby nothing els was heard but complayning, crying, lamenting, and telling here is a shippe broken in peeces against the Cliffes, and there another, and all the men drowned: so that for the space of 20. dayes after the storme, they did nothing els but fish for dead men, that continually came driuing on the shore.

Among the rest was the English ship called the *Reuenge*, that was cast away vpon a Cliffe nere to the Iland of *Tercera*, where it brake in a hundred peeces and sunke to the ground, hauing in her 70. men gallegos, Biscaines, and others, with some of the captiue Englishmen, whereof but one was saued that got vp vpon the Cliffes aliue, and had his body and head all wounded, and hee being on shore brought vs the newes, desiring to be shriuen, and thervpon presently died. The *Reuenge* had in her diuers faire brasse peeces, that were all sunke in the sea, which they of the Island were in good hope to waigh vp againe.

On the other Islandes the losse was no lesse then in *Tercera*: for on the Island of *Saint George* there were two ships cast away: on the Island of *Pico* two shippes: on the Island *Gratiosa* three ships, and besides those

there came euerie where round about diuers peeces of broken ships, and other things fleeting towards the Islands, wherewith the sea was all couered most pittifull to behold. On the Island of *S. Michaell*, there were foure ships cast away, and betweene *Tercera* and *S. Michaels*, three more were funke, which were seene and heard to crie out, wherof not one man was saued. The rest put into sea without Mafts, all torne and rent: so that of the whole Fleete and Armado, being 140. ships in al, there were but 32. or 33. ariued in *Spaine* and *Portingall*, yea and those few with so great miserie, paine and labor, that not two of them ariued there together, but this day one, and tomorrow another, next day the third, and so one after the other to ye number aforesaid. All the rest were cast away vpon the Islands, and ouerwhelmed in the sea: whereby may bee considered what great losse and hinderance they receaued at that time: for by many mens iudgements it was esteemed to be much more then was left by their armie [*i.e.* Armado] that came for England, and it may well bee thought, and presumed, that it was no other than a iust plague purposely sent by God vpon the *Spaniards*, and that it might truly bee said, the taking of the *Reuenge* was iustlie reuenged vpon them, and not by the might or force of man, but by the power of God, as some of them openly said in the Isle of *Tercera*, that they beleued verily God would consume them, and that hee tooke part with Lutheranes and Heretickes: saying further yat so soone as they had throwne the dead bodie of the Viceadmirall Sir *Richard Greenfield* ouer borde, they verily thought that as he had a deuilish faith and religion, and therefore ye deuils loued him, so hee presently funke into the bottome of the sea, and downe into Hell, where he rayfed vp all the deuilles to the reuenge of his death: and that they brought so great stormes and tormentes vpon the *Spaniards*, because they onely maintained the Catholike and Romish religion: such

and the like blasphemies against God, they ceased not openly to vtter, without that any man reprobued them therein, nor for their false opinions, but the most part of them rather said and affirmed, that of truth it must needes be so.

As one of those Indian Fleetes put out of *Noua Spaigna*, there were 35. of them by storme and tempest cast away and drowned in the sea, being 50. in all, so that but 15. escaped. Of the flete that came from *Santo Domingo*, there were 14. cast away, comming out of the channell of *Hauana*, whereof the Admirall and Viceadmirall were two of them: and from *Terra Firma* in *India*, there came two shippes laden with gold and siluer, that were taken by the Englishmen. and before the Spanish Armie [Armado] came to *Coruo*, the Englishmen at times had taken at the least 20. shippes, that came from *S. Domingo, India, Brasilia, &c.* and al sent into *England*. Whereby it plainly appeareth, that in ye end God wil assuredly plague the Spaniards, hauing already blinded them, so that they haue not the fence to perceiue it, but still to remain in their obstinate opinions: but it is lost labour to striue against God, and to trust in man, as being foundations erected vpon the sands, which with the wind are blowen down, and ouerthrowen, as weedayly see before our eyes, and now not long since in many places haue evidently obserued: and therefore let euery man but looke into his owne actions, and take our Low countries for an example, wherein we can but blame our owne sinnes and wickednesse, which doth so blind vs, that wee wholly forget and reiect the benefites of God, continuing the seruantes and yoke-slues of Sathan. God of his mercie open our eyes and hearts, that wee may know our onely health and fauour Iesus Christ, who onely can helpe, gouerne, and preferue vs, and give us a happie ende in all our affaires. fol. 192-4.

English Reprints.

BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogs, Epitaphes, & Sonettes.

1563.

THREE COPIES ONLY AT PRESENT KNOWN.

FROM THE COPY IN THE POSSESSION OF HENRY HUTH, ESQRE.

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BIRMINGHAM:

I MONTAGUE ROAD,

1 December 1871.

No. 30.

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By Barnabe Googe.

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NOTES of the LIFE and WRITINGS

of

BARNABE GOOGE.

His surname is also variously spelt *Goche, Goghe, Gouche, &c.*

There was printed at Venice an undated Latin satirical poem in twelve books named after the signs of the Zodiac. *Zodiacus* [?1535—1539] *Vita pulcherrimum opus atque utilissimum, Marcelli Palingenii stellati Poetæ ad illustrissimum Ferrariæ Ducem Hercules secundem feliciter incipit.* The dedication to Hercules II. d'Este, who was Duke of Ferrara between 1 Nov. 1534—3 Oct. 1559, fixes the date of the impression, to which Thomas Scauranus prefaced a few verses. Marcellus Palingenius is believed to be an anagram for Pietro Angelo Manzolli, an Italian, respecting whose life very little is known. We have printed Googe's own account of him at p. 13. Despite its being put on the Index by the Council of Trent; more than twenty editions of this celebrated Invective have been published in Latin and other languages: including two Latin editions at Basle in 1552 and 1557, which Googe may have used in his translation and another at London in 1579.

1553. FEB. 20. Thomas Kirchmeyer or Naogeorgus [b. 1511—d. 29 Dec 1563] was the author of another anti-Papist invective in verse, entitled *Regni Papistici*, the preface of which is dated 20 Feb., JUNE. and the imprint June 1553.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth succeeds to the throne.

1559. SEPT. A second edition of *Regni Papistici* is published at Basle.

NOV. 24. The date of Gasper Heywood's poetical preface to his translation of Seneca's *Thyestes*, the printing of which was finished on 25 March 1560. In this preface, he supposes himself to meet Seneca, while in a dream, whom he thus addresses. [The allusions are important as showing the rage for translating then prevailing; and also as virtually announcing Googe's translation, no portion of which had as yet appeared.]

*A labour long (quoth I) it is that riper age doothe craue
And who shall trauaile in thy bookes, more iudgement ought to haue
Then I: whose greener yeares thereby no thanks may hope to wynne.
Thou seest dame Nature yet hath sette no heares vppon my chynne
Craue this therefore o' grauer age, and men of greater skill
Full many be that better can, and some perhaps that will.
But yf thy will be rather bent a yong mans witt to proue,
And thinkst that elder lerned men perhaps it shall behoue,
In woorkes of waight to spende theyr tyme, goe where Mineruaes men,
And finest witts doe swarme: whome she hath taught to passe with pen,
In Lyncolnes Inne and Temples twayne, Grayes Inne and other mo,
Thou shalt them fynde whose paynfull pen thy verse shall flourishe so,
That Melpomen thou wouldst well weene had taught them for to wright,
And all their woorkes with stately style, and goodly grace fendite,
There shalt thou see the selfe same Northe, whose woorkes his witte displays,
And Dyall dothe of Princes paynte, and preache abroad his prayse.
There Sacknyldes Sonetts sweetely sauste, and featly fyned bee,
There Norton's ditties do delight, there Yeluertons doo flee
Well pewrde with pen: suche yong men three, as weene thou mightest agayne,
To be begotte as Pallas was, of mightie Ioue his brayne.
Then heare thou shalt a great reporte of Balduyns worthis name
Whose Myrrour doth of Magistrates, proclayme eternall fame.
And there the gentle Blunduille is by name ana eke by kynue,*

*Of whome we learne by Plutarches lore, what frute by Foes to fynde,
There Bauande bydes, that turnde his toyle a Common welthe to frame,
And greater grace in Englyshe genes, to woorthy authors name,
There Googe a gratefull gaynes hath gotte, reporte that runneth ryfe
Who crooked Compasse dothe describe, and Zodiake of lyfe.
Ana yet great nombre more, whose names yf I shoulde now resight,
A ten tymes greater woorke then thine, I should be forste to wright.*

BARNABY GOOGE, son of Robert Googe, esq. recorder of Lincoln, by Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir John Mantell, was born in or about 1540, at Alvingham, Lincolnshire. He was some time a member of Christ's College in this university, but does not appear to have graduated here. He was also of New College, Oxford. Upon leaving college, he travelled through France to Spain. . . . By his wife he had issue Matthew; Thomas; Robert, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford; Barnaby, master of Magdalen College, Cambridge; Francis; William; Anne; Mary. *Cooper. Athen. Cantab.* ii. 39. *Ed.* 1858.

1559. The first of the translations of Seneca; *Troas*, by T. Heywood, published.

1560. APR. or MAY. There is the following entry in the Stationer's Registers "Recevyd of Raufe newbery, for his lycense for printing of a boke called pallengenius, and he geveth to the howse . . . iiij^d" J. P. Collier. *Extracts, &c.* i. 26. *Ed.* 1848.

This was *The First thre Bokes of the most Christian poet Marcellus Palingenius called THE ZODIAKE OF LIFE Newly translated out of Latin into Englysh.* This edition, which we have been unable to see, Mr. Collier states, in *Bibliographical Catalogue*, "This is one of the rarest poetical works in our language: we never had an opportunity of seeing more than the exemplar before us, and our belief is that only one other copy is in existence." ii. 88. *Ed.* 1865. Mr. Collier also states that it is dedicated to his grandmother lady Hales, and also to William Cromer, Thomas Honeywood and Ralph Heimund Esquires. Herbert states that he styles this piece, 'the first frutes of his study.' p. 767. It likewise contains the following initial poems [which we here print from the next edition of 1561]:

The Preface.

When as syr Phebe with backward course, the horned gote had caught,
And had the place from whence he turnes his lofty face out sought :
Amid the entrance of the grades of Capricorne he stode,
And distant far from him away was Marce with fiery mode,
He lackd th[e] aspect of mighty Ioue and Venus pleasaunt loke
With beames he could not broile from hie for heat his Globe forsoke.
Old Saturne then aloft did lie, with lusty rueueled face:
And with a backward course he ranne from out the twinnes apace,
And towards the Bull he gan to driue intending there to rest,
His croked crabbed cankerd limmes in louely Venus nest.
With frosen face about he loked and vile deformed hewe,
And downe the boysterous Boreas sent in enery coste that blew,
Who spoylede the pleasant trees of lease, byrest the ground of grene,
That life in springing springs or plants might no where now be sene:
The lively sappe forsoke the bowgh and depe the rote it held
And spoyling frutes the flakey snowes on tender bowes they dweld.
When down amongst my bokes I sate and close I crouched for cold,
Fayre Ladyes nyne with stately steps alofe I might behold,
In mantels gyrt of comely grace, and bokes in hand they bare,
With Laurell leafe theyr heades were crown'd, a sight to me but rare.
I saw them come and vp I rose, as dewty moud to meete
These learned Nymphes, and down I fall before theyr comely feete.
With rosey lippes and shining face and Melpomen her name,
This lady fyrst began to speake, and thus her wordes to frame.
Stand vp yong man, quoth she, dispatch, and take thy pen in hand,
Wryte thou the ciuil warres and broyle in auncient Latines iand.

*Reduce to English sence she said, the lofty Lucanes verse
 The cruel chaunce and dolfull end of Cesars state rehearse.
 Maddam (quoth Vransy) with that, in this you do me wrong
 To moue my man to serue your turne that hath professed of long,
 And vowed his yeares with me to serue in secreat motions hie,
 To beat his brain in searching forth the rowlinges of the sky.
 Nay rather take in hand quod she, (and on me ful she lokes)
 With English rime to bring to light Aratus worthy bokes.
 Describe the whirling spheares aboue and mouinges euery one,
 How forced about from East to West from West to East they gone.
 Aratus verse wil shew the plain how Circles al they run
 How glides ye course thorow crooked line of Phebe the shining sun.
 Whereas the fixed Poles do stay, and where the snake doth crepe,
 In heauens hie among the North where beares their course do kepe
 By this (quoth she) thou shalt receiue immortal fame at last,
 Much more then if thou shouldst declare those bloody bankets past.
 These wordes declard wyth pleasaunt voyce, this Lady held her peace,
 And forth before them all I saw the loueliest Lady prease :
 Of stature tal, and Venus face, she semde me thought to haue
 And Calliope she called was with verse that wrytes so graue,
 Sisters quod she and Ladies all of loue his mighty line,
 To whom no art doth lie vnkowne that heare we may define :
 Chiefe patrons of the Poets pore, and aiders of their verse,
 Without whose help their simple heds would nothing well rehearse,
 I am become a suter here to you my Ladies all,
 For him that heare before you standes as vnto learning thrall,
 A Poet late I had whose pen, did tread the crabbed wayes,
 Of vertuous life, declaring how that men shoulde spend theyr daies.
 In Romish lande he liued longe, and Palingen his name
 It was. Whereby he got him selfe an euerlasting fame
 Of them that learned be. But of the meane and ruder sorte
 He liues vnkowne and lackes therby his taste and right reporte.
 Wherefore my sute is to you all graunte me this wyght a while,
 That stau'leth heare that he may turne my Poetes stately style,
 To Vulgar speche in natiue tounge: that all may vnderstande.
 To this they all agreed and sayed, take thou that worcke in hande.
 Amased then I answered thus good ladies al (quoth I)
 Whose Clientes fame, for euer flies and name can neuer dye
 Returne your sentence iate pronouced call back your wordes agayne,
 And let not me take that in hande that I can not attayne.
 In Englande here a hundred headdes more able nowe therebe,
 Thys same to doe: then chose the beste and let the worste go free.
 Best you doe so then that my verse receaue immortall shame,
 When I shall paye the price of paynes with hasarde of my name.
 With this they all began to frowne and wholly with on[e] voice,
 Take thou this same in hande thei crie, thou hast none other choyse.
 And fast away from me thei sling, as halfe in angry moode
 Thei lefte me thus in wofull case: whereas a while I stooode,
 And mused what I best might do, at last my pen I tooke
 Commaunded thus to English heare, this famous Poets booke.
 Now since that I haue thus begunne, you (learned) I requyre :
 With your dispraise or great dysdaine quenche not this kyndled fyre :
 But geue me rather cause to ende, this worke so late begonne,
 So shall I thinke and well bestowde my paynes when all is done.*

¶ The booke to the reader.

WHo sekes to shun ye shattring sails of mighty Momus mast,
 Must not attempt ye sugred seas, where muses ancour cast.
 For Momus there doth ryde at stote, with scornfull tonges yfright :
 With cancred cracks of wrathfull words he keeps the passage straight.
 That none without disdain may passe where muses nauie lies,
 But straight on them with irful mode the scornful God he flies.

*Since none may scape, I am not he, that can my self assure:
Through surging seas of depe disdain my passage to procure.
But am content for to receiue reproche at Momus hand:
Syth none there is, that may the nose of Rhynocere withstand.
The learned wyttes I heare requyre with rigour not to iudge
The common sort I nought esteeme vnskilful though they grudge.
Nor few of them can hold theyr peace but finde them selues a doe,
In vewing workes as he that sought, to mende Appelles shoe.
Both sortes I wish if that they would contented to remaine,
And beare the weaknes of my wit and not therat disdain.*

1561. In this year there appeared the second edition of Googe's translation of the *Zodiacus Vitæ*, containing the first six books, see *p.* 90. and also the following poem, which Mr. Collier states is not in the first edition.

*I F Chaucer nowe shoulde liue, whose eloquence deuine,
Hath paste ye poets al that came of auncient Brutus lyne,
If Homere here might dwell, whose praise the Grekes resounde
If Vergile might his yeares renewe, if Ouide myght be founde:
All these myght well be sure theyr matches here to fynde.
So much dothe England florishe now with men of Muses kynde.
Synce these might find their mates, what shame shall this my ryme
Receauē, that thus I publishe here in such a perlous tyme?
A Poet ones there lyued, and Cherill was hys name:
Who thought of Alexanders actes to make immortal fame.
Bredde vp in Pegase house, of Poetes aunciente bloude:
A thousande verses yll he made, and none but seuen good.
Sythe Homer, Virgile, and the rest maye here theyr matches see:
Lett Cherill not thereat disdayne, he shall be matched with me.
For eche good verse he dyd receyue a peece of golde (I trowe)
For eche yll verse the kynge did bydaē his eare shoulde fele a blowe.
Though I presume with him as mate coequall to remaine:
Yet seake I not herein to be copartener of his gayne.*

FINIS.

The above three poems are omitted in all subsequent editions.

The Epitaph on Phaer was probably written before Googe went abroad.

1561-2. * WINTER. It is apparent from the allusions on *p.* 29, that Googe went towards Spain about this time, leaving these *Eglogs*, &c. —in the hands of his friend Blundeston.

1562. PENTECOST [MAY 17 &c.] Blundeston writes his poetical preface. See *pp.* 28-30.

MAY 27. He writes his prose preface at *pp.* 26, 27, and leaves all with the printer.

1562-3? WINTER. Googe reaches home from Spain, while Blundeston is away from London. *p.* 25; on whose return, he is astonished to learn that his poems are in the printer's hands, and the paper provided for the impression. Yielding at length to his friend's persuasion he suffers them to appear: finishing *Cupido's conquered* as he states at *p.*

1563. MAR. 15. 25. The printing is therefore finished on 15 March 1563, as stated on the Title at *p.* 19, and Colophon at *p.* 128.

APR. 28. Alexander Neville's translation of Seneca's *Œdipus*, is finished by T. Colwell, who also printed these *Eglogs*, &c.

We now come to the story of Googe's love, troublous courtship and marriage. There are traces at *pp.* 87, 99 of an earlier and unrequited attachment to Mistress A., previous to his voyage to Spain, but it is his winning of Mary Darrell with which we have now to do. Some preliminary facts must be first touched upon.

What had occurred prior, we are unable to say. Only one short poem to Maystresse D[arrell] occurs in this collection (*i.e.* before March 1563): and that is marked by the most delicate respectfulness: but the strange struggle of the two Kentish families with Cecil and Archbishop Parker came about

in this way. John Lennard, Esq. [*b.* 1509—*d.* 12. Mar. 1590. *æt.* 81] of Chevening, (N.E. of Tunbridge Wells), was a rich prosperous man of 54 years of age, Prothonotary of the Common Pleas, and possessed of many lands and manors in four other counties besides Kent. [*Hasted's Kent.* i. 359-360. *Ed.* 1778.] The elder of his two sons, Sampson Lennard [*b.* 1545—*d.* 20 Sept. 1615] aged 18, was head over ears in love with Mary Darrell. Now the Darrell family, originally from Yorkshire, lived at Scotney, a manor house in Lamberhurst parish, which is the southernmost parish of that county and adjoins Sussex. They were of lesser note and wealth than the Lennards. Thomas Darrell had married twice. By his first wife, he had a daughter: by his second, Mary Roydon, daughter of — Roydon Esq^{re} of East Peckham, he had one son, Henry: and four daughters, Mary, Googe's sweetheart; Eleanor Frances; and Margaret. [*Hasted's Kent.* ii. 380. *Ed.* 1782]

Googe had been a long time a visitor at Scotney, certainly before the publication of this work, as the poem above referred to witnesses: but he does not seem to have betrothed himself till the summer of this year. The curious correspondence on this subject opens first with the two following letters from Sir William Cecil, the drafts of which corrected by him, are in the State Paper Office.

1563. OCT. 1. *Mem. of my Master's letters to Mr Lennard for Bar. Googe.*

Mr Lennard I haue ben certified by Googe who being my seruant is also my kinsman that whereas there hath of late passed an agreement between him and the daughter of Mr Thomas Darrell in Kent as concerning marriage having her friends consent herein as I understand by her fathers letters written vnto him which I have read and being thoroughly at a poynt for all things between them He hath of late by your means been hindered to his great grief as also against all due order of well using whereby he hath declared vnto me that minding to do vnto him so great an iniury your opinion is that he is vtterly destitute of friends and that I make no other account of him but as of one of my men. Whereas I esteeme him as my near kinsman and so he shalbe sure to find me in any reasonable case Wherefore I pray you herrin to vse him no otherwise than one whom I well esteem. I haue seen the letters that haue passed between her father and him as also her own letters whereby the matter is made clear vnto me that she hath fully assured herself vnto him."

Knowing what we do of Sir William Cecil's soundness of judgment: the circumstances must have been very strong in favour of Googe before he could haue thus written: and as also in the following letter to Mr Darrell.

"After my very hearty commendations. Where as I understand that Googe my seruant hath been a sutor to your daughter moved chiefly as I take it by the virtuous report of her and the friendly entertainment that he found at your hands, as both by his information and certain your letters written to him I understand since he hath so far provided that there hath assurance passed between them evidently to be proved by his allegation and her own letters. These shall be to require you not to go about to break the bond so perfectly knit between them, whereof you have been so long a favorer. Considering that you knew as well his estate for living at the first as at any time since and although his living be not great ye shall not need to fear that he lacketh friends and wellwishers. Being both my kinsman and my seruant. Thus I require you to show him such friendship as you haue done before as you would require any friendship at my hands. I haue thought to haue written to my Lord of Canterbury to haue made an end of the matter but I trust my letters to you in this case shall be sufficient."

Mr Lennard's own reply to the Secretary of State's request, is now *Lansdowne MS.* 7. p. 79-83.

1563. NOV. 10. My duety done vnto your honor. Your lettre directed to me touching master Googe was delyvered a moneth after the date thereof to a boye of my howse by a ploughe boy. The cause not yours but master Googes. I hasted the lesse to sende the answer for lacke of his messenger: The matter not worth my sending saving to

satisfie you The effect of your lettre is that master Googe hath enforced you that he is hindred by my meanes concerning his marriage with master Darrell his daughter and that my opinion is that he is destitute of frendes and that you accompte not of him but as of one of your men. Ye write further that the matter is made plaine to you by the maides lettres and her fathers which you haue sene and redde that she hath assured her selfe to master Googe: and in asmuche as it hath pleased you so to put the one side, it occasioneth me to offer to you th[e]other to that ende which els I would not for the tediousnes thereof, which may not be shortened.

I praie you doubt not that I haue good will to pleasure any man of yours muche more your honest kyndesman. There is cause why I shoulde, you being my good Master. But for this marrage I myght and must haue done with honesty as I did, with reuerence I speake it, though it had touched your sonne or the best subiecte in this Realme.

I knowe not master Googe who as he hath sclaudered me to you for your accompting of him being hidden to me, so vntruely and scornefully he as one that seemeth to haue a whoote hedde and a sicke braine wrote to me this somer past that by the extreme highte of my promised mountaines master Darrell had altered his mynde from him and for riches sake ment to matche his daughter with my sonne and that frendes of the best which shoulde be able to beare strooke with the best of his aduersaries shoulde do and write in the cause. He hath also mysused me in an other lettre the copy is here inclosed. They that knowe him and my sonne thyncke aswell or better of my sonne as of him to all respectes. And there were not cause why I would wyshe my son buried. Mountaynes be lyke I promised none, for master Darrell will confesse that he and his wyfe before master Googes sute, were earnest suters to me and that their daughter was as forwarde in desire as woman hedde would geue leue to matche with my sonne: and that I neuer commended but still disabled my sonne to them all thre and they all thre as fast habiled and commended my sonne.

Master Darrell telleth me that vpon your lettre sent to him for master Googe he wrote to you that his promyse his wifes and daughters were past them to me for my sonne before master Googes sute and that the talke which he had with master Googe thereof happened by his mystaking of a lettre of myne. He wrote truly to you therein which clereth me.

I had diuers talkes with the maide for my sonne in his absence and yet no mo then she was glad of and then delyvered me by her parents. And hereto I call god to witness that not withstanding my obiections (as of purpose to trye her I moued many to longe to be recyted here that myght haue stayed her from matching with my sonne) so farre was she from a nay that she neuer offred any delay to be my sonnes wif but was most desirous of it in worde and gesture: so that at our last talke, hearynge her mylde and loving answers will full consent to haue my sonne who I know loved her entierly and therefore I hauing good lyking in me that he shoulde be her husband, nature wrought in me for her to lay my ryght hande on her brest and to speake thus in effecte *then I see that with gods helpe the frute that shall come of this body shall possesse all that I haue, and therevpon I will kysse you.* And so in dede I kysed her. I gaue her after this, silkc for a gowne (she neuer wore none so good), and she in token of her good will gave my sonne a handkercher and in affirmance of this her father wrote a letter to me by her consent he saith and that he redde the lettre to her, the copy is here inclosed that declareth her full consent to be my sonnes wife.

Master Darrell dwelleth from me nere xx myles a way that I never vsed but for this purpose and then in somer and at my comyng thither at Bartholomewetide last I tolde the parents and maide that I herd say she shoulde haue a husband whereat I merveiled considering the talke that had past betweene vs. They all thre answered me and others for me very often that it was not so and that master Googe was but a suter To prove that to be true the parents sent me afterward a copy herinclosed of the maides lettre sent to master Googe of late wherein she termeth him to be but a suter and prayeth him to leue his sute and the parents still say that he hath

no holde of her except that by secrete intysement ageinst their wills he hath caught some worde of her, a thyng e odyous to god and not to be favoured by man.

Now if the talke that she had with me had beene to my sonne it had ben a full contracte but my sonne being absent it is not soo. Yet is it suche matter as therevpon he myght the rather be a suter as master Googe is for it is no rare thyng for one woman to haue dyvers suters at ones.

Thus haue I made you a true discourse of all my doings, which I trust you in whose iudgement I durst put all my lande, lyving, and lyfe can not iudge to be ageine any due order of well vsing though by master Googes false informaccion ye write in your lettre to me to be ageinst all due order of well vsing.

I should be no geyner by this my sonnes matching but should haue forgone a M marks with matching in as good a stocke in the country where I dwell, and sithens suche encumbrance is wrought as I perceyue there ys on the maides part who as I here wavereth in this case I and my sonne may with honestie geue vp our sute therein for I were to madde to matche my eldest sonne where any entangling is and no stedfastnes at all I pray you thyncke not that I woulde so do as surely I wolde not for any treasure in this worlde And so I knytte vpp that though she woulde my sonne saie he will not haue her and I say that he shall not haue her.

Master Googe by fyrst talke with me vppon good cause showed might haue staid my sonnes sute soner then by sawsy lettres some sent by ruffians. Yf I sought to marry a beggers daughter I wolde therein offer her father no despite. Master Darrell sayeth that master Googe vseth him so evell seking aide at his ennemys hande in the country about him and hath faced him that he wolde tell the Quene of him and that a seriaunt at armes shoulde fetch his daughter from him and that you shoulde fetch her within a month with a number of other straunge dealings which haue troubled the gentleman muche.

And so I leave to trouble you Wishing you increase of honor At Cheve-ning the xth of November 1563.

Your seruaunt assuredly to command I. Lennard.

ENDORSED.—*To the right honourable and his very good Master Sir William Cecil knyght chefe Secretary to the Quenes maiestie.*

The three enclosures of Mr. Lennard's letter are as follows:—

ENCLOSURE A. *The effect of one of master darrells letters sent to master Lennard, which as master Darrell yet sayeth he wrote by his daughters consent. And dyd read yt to her and so sent yt to master Lennard.*

After my ryght harty commendations etc. presumynge of youre good wyll and goodnes towards my daughter mary: although that before yat I moued ye mariage, betwene youre sonne and her I knewe ryght well yat it was my daughters goodwyll and desire to haue it to come to passe: and so moued it by her consent and desire. Yet accordinge to youre godly admonition in youre letter, I haue agayne fully trauayled with her therein: and fynde her moste wylling and desirouse to matche with youre sonne, so yat she is truly master Sampsonnes: who shalbe sure to haue of her a lounge and obedient wife, and you and mastres Lennarde an obedient daughter. And although nature myght moue my tonge and penne, to say and write muche in fauour of my daughter, yet as god shall iudge me in this case, if I knewe any spotte in her I would expresse it to you: she is truly gods seruaunt, and I trust yat he wyll so preserue her. &c. &c.

Your lounge frend T. Darrell.

ENDORSED.—*A Copye of ye effect of one of master Darrelles letters, sent to master Lennard.*

ENCLOSURE B.—*A Copye of Marye Darelles letter sent to master Goge.*

After my harty commendations gentle master Googe where you haue binne and yet do continue a Sutor to me in ye waye of maryage whereunto nether presently I haue nor I am well assured neuer shall haue, ye good wyll or consent of father nor mother to whome I am both by ye lawe of god and nature bound

to geue honoure and obedyence, and in no wise wyllyngly to greue or offend them. And do well consider yat my chefe obedyence and dutye towarde them, is to be bestowed in maryage by there consentes, and to there good contentation Assuryng me selfe in meditation and thinkynge hereof hereof yat beyng there obedient chyld and to them most bounden in disobayenge them therein, I shall not only be depriued from yat blessinge, which god hath promised to suche as truly honor there parentes, but also shalbe assured to fynde and haue ye like disobedyence of my chyldren: yf euer god shall geue me any: which by godes grace I wyll eschue. Wherefore I hartely beseche you ientle master Googe, if euer any true loue or goodwyll you haue borne towarde me, cease and leave of from all further sute or meanes to me in this matter, lettynge you to wete yat knowynge my parentes myndes to ye contrarye hereof, I wyll in no wyse match with you in any case. And thus wisshinge to you, in other place to matche accordynge to your own hartes desire, and to youre farre greter aduancemente, I bid you farewell. From my fathers house at Scotney this thursday the. xxth of octobre.

Marye Darell.

ENDORSED.—*A Copye of marye Darrells but sent to master Goge, verye latelye.*

ENCLOSURE C.

Ryght worshipfull and my louynge frindes I haue receaued youre letters wherein you write yat you perfectly understand ye hole state of ye case yat hath passed betwene master lennard and youre cosinne mary before my acquayntance with her, even so haue I binne certyfyed of a pretye laffynge toye as touchynge a precontracte declarynge at full ye sharp inuencyon of master lennards graue hedd, whereat if old Democritus were now alyue, I would thynke yat he should haue iuster cause to laffe then at his contrymens folly. Ye seame to wyll a meatynge to be had betwene vs, whereunto I with all my hart consent, although a number consydyeryng my case would not doe, consydyeryng the martiall furniture yat hath benne prepared ageynst me, and ye Italyon inuentyons yat haue binne menaced towarde me, which when ye counsell shal vnderstande, I trust they will not altogether commend. For all this, takynge you to be my verye fryndes, I reioyse to meate you, neyther if my aduersaryes should be in commission, would I feare to see them. Of one thyng I must craue pardonne, for not beyng able to meate you on sundaye because I haue sent my manne to ye courte, who wyll retourne on munday as I trust, but whether he do or not, I wyll with godes leaue wayte vpon you at yat daye in hast from Dongeon [or Dane gone, a manor house close to Canterbury, at this time the residence of his grandmother Margaret, now a widow of her *third* husband, Sir James Hales, who died in 1558], the xvth of octobre. Your louynge frynd Barnabe Goge.

ENDORSED.—*A copye of a scornefull letter written by master Goge, to master George Darrell and master Edward Darrell.*

From all this it is clear that the Darrell parents were basely striving their very utmost to make their daughter Mary give up her true love and to match for money. Here was the girl in grief and dismay withstanding the alternate solicitations and threats of her own parents and the attempted hold on her of John Lennard. The matter did not, however, stop with his correspondence. It went before Archbishop Parker, who refers to it in the following letter to Cecil, dated 'thys Saturdaye at night beyng the xxth of Nouembre.'

1563. Nov. 19. "Yt may please your honor to vnderstand that I haue grete cause most humblye to gyue the Queenes Maiesty thanks, for the fauor showed toward my request for the preferment of my chaplen and so likewise I hartely thanke your instancye therein as by your letters I vnderstand. Wherein ye wryght for your cosyn and seruauant Barnaby Goge to haue his matter heard according to Lawe and equitye/ which matter as yesterdaye I haue examined a[d]visedly, having not only the yong Gentlewoman before me to vnderstand of her self the state of the cause, who remayneth fyrme and stable to

stood to that contract which she hath made, as also her father and mother whom I find, the most earnest parents against the bargain as I ever sawe.

In fyne I haue sequestered her out of both their handes into the custodie of one Mr. *Tufton* a right honest gentleman. vntyl, the precontract, which is by hir parents alleged for one Leonards son, a protonotary be induced But this maye giue occasion to bryng it in to the Arches to spend moneye how be yt I meane to dull that expectation and to go *plane et summarie* to worke, to spare expences, which Mr Leonard and the wilful parents wuld fayne incur to wery the yong Gentleman, paraventure not superfluously monyed so to sayle the seas with them." *Lands. MS. 6. p. 190.*

It is thoroughly satisfactory to find that the parental combination broke down, and that at last, in 1564 or 1565, though at what date we cannot say, two such constant lovers became man and wife.

1565. APR. 28. Googe's final and complete translation of Manzolli's poem appeared. From the *Epistle Dedicatorie* to Sir W. Cecil, we extract the following:—

"The faorable accepting of my simple trauayles lately dedicated vnto your honor, hath so much boldened and thorowely encouraged me, that mawgre the despite of most reprochfull tongs, I haue not feared to finish the course of my long pretended race: with no lesse profite as I trust, vnto a number, than paynefull trauayle vnto my selfe. Wherein if I had knowen at the firste, as much as since I haue perfectly vnderstode, neyther had I as then taken vpon me so great an enterprise, nor since so rudely finished, the translation of so eloquent a Poet. For when I fyrste began to employ some part of my leysure aboute it, making dilligente inquirie, I could learne of no man that euer had attempted to english the same. So that perceyuing my labour to be no hindrance to any other mans prayse, and lamenting to see so Christian a writer to lie hyd and vnknowen to the ignoraunt sorte, I thought I should not do amisse, if al that in me lay I bestowed, in the albeit simple and slender, yet faythfull and true translation, of so vertuous a worke. But since I haue certaynely vnderstoode, that when I firste began to fall in hand wytiall, three bookes thereof were both eloquently and excellently englished, by Master Smith, clark vnto the most honorable of the Queenes Maiesties counsell. Whose doings, as in other matters I haue wyth admiration behelde, so in thys I am well assured I should with an amased minde haue seene: I would that eyther I had latelier begonne it, or else that he had fallen in hand sooner with it, whereby my grosse and homely style might haue bene no hindrance to the fruites of so pure a penne. But since it was my fortune, so blindly to venture vpon it, I truste my trauayle shall neuer the more be enuid. I could not (when I had long debated ye matter with myselfe) finde out a Poet more meete for the teaching of a Christian life (an estate in these oure dayes most miserably decayed; than this no lesse learned than famous Italion: *Marcellus Pallingenius*, a man of such excellent learning and Godly life, that neither ye vnquietnesse of his time (Italie in those dayes raging wyth most cruell and bloody warres) ne yet the furious tyranny of the Antichristian Prelate (vnder whose ambitious and Tirannicall gouernance he continually liued) coulede once amase the *Muse*, or hinder the zealous and vertuous spirit of so Christian a Souldiour. I haue many times much mused wyth my selfe, howe (liuing in so daungerous a place) he durst take vpon him so boldly to controll the corrupte and vnchristian liues of the whole Colledge of contemptuous Cardinals, the vngracious ouerseings of bloudthyrsty Bishops, the Panchplying practises of pelting Priours, the manifold madnesse of mischeuous Monkes, wyth the filthy fraternitie of flattering Friers. Which surely he durst neuer haue done, but onely that he was heartened wyth a happy and heauenly spirite. Which notable audacitie of his was wonderfully reuenged by the malicious hands of such as felt themselues fretted with his spiritual corsey. For when they had no power to execute their tyrannie vpon his innocent body in time of his life, their mischeuous malice was no whit ashamed to consume with fyre the blamelesse bones of so vertuous a man: yea and that a great while after his death. Besides the reprouing of the leud liues of the Clergie, he boldly inueyed agaynst

the gracelesse gouernance of proud pompous Princes, ye licencious liuing of the riotous nobilitie, couetous catchings of greedy Lawyers, the vngodly gaynes of foolish Physitians, and the corrupted consciences of deceitful Artificers: affirming playnly, that if they did not better beautify their christian names with a more christian life, of so many thousands as haue in vaine received that most holy sacrament of sacred Baptisme, there should scarce three aspire vnto the enheritance of Heauenly ioyes. What doth your honor suppose this man would haue written? Vnto how great a volume doe you thinke his works would haue amounted, if so that GOD had appoynted him to florish at this present time in England, wheras pitifully raigneth such monstrous and horrible pride, such cancred and spiteful malice, such false and fayned friendships, such lack of loue and charity, such professing of God in words, and denying him in works, as doubtlesse is not to be found among the faythlesse Turkes, miscreant Sarazens, or superstitious Iewes? . . .

I would therefore wish that we should not to much presume of the securitie obtayned by a Christian name, but that we should wyth our endeouour apply our selues to shew such fruits as duetie requireth in the followers of Christe. Whereby we shoulde not onely preuayle agaynst our enemies, and stoppe the mouths of our slaunderous aduersaries, but also enjoy a blessed and happy tranquility in this worlde, and be assured to obtayne the promised pleasures in the worlde to come. For the teachinge whereof, I know no man that hath so much traуayled and perfectly profyted, as hath this Poet, which here present vnto your honor.

1570. Googe's translation of Kirchemeyer's poem appears dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, under the title of *The Popish Kingdome or reigne of Antichrist*.

1572. OCT. 18. Dame Hales, Googe's maternal mother dies.

There are no less than twenty autograph letters of Googe between these years in the State Paper Office calendered under S. P. Domestic. *Ireland*. Googe—who held the patent of Provost Marshal to the Court of Connaught—was sent over by Lord Burleigh to watch Irish affairs. Most of these letters will be found in the life of Googe contributed by Mr Pinkerton to *Notes and Queries*. 3rd S. iii.

1576. He published a revised text of his translation of the *Zodiacus vita*.

1577. He published a translation from the Latin of the *Four Bokes of Husbandrie* of Conrad Heresbachius. The preface is dated Kingston [upon Hull?] January 1577.

1578. A second edition of this book appeared.

1579. He supplied a prose address to B. Rich's *Allarme to England*.

1579. He published a translation from the Spanish of *The Proverbs* of Inez Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana.

1586. A third edition of his revision of Heresbachius appears.

1588. A second edition of his revised text of his translation of Palingenius appeared.

T. Warton, *Hist. of E. P.* states on authority of the Coxeter MSS. that Googe also translated Aristotle's *Categories*.

I am indebted to Mr. C. Bridger, Hon. Member of the Soc. of Ant. of Newcastle, for the following information respecting Googe's death.

1594. FEB. Barnabee Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln. Esq. Inq. post. mort. taken at Lowth 6 Oct. 36. Eliz: died circa 7 Feb. 36. Eliz: Matthew Goche his son and heir then 28 years old.

FEB. 16. Barnabas Goche of Alvingham, co. Lincoln, Administration granted to Mary Goche his relict. *Perog. Ct. of Cant.*

INTRODUCTION.

THe continuity of the Art of Poesy in this country has been unbroken from the time of Chaucer to our own day. Not that great or even considerable Poets have overlapped one another in a continuous succession: but there have never wanted those who, according to the gift that was in them, have perpetually represented by their Song, beauty of expression, refinement of ideas, ethereality of fancy, vigour of satire, or the passion and merriment of human life. During no portion of this time has England been wholly destitute of true Poetry, or barren of real 'makers.'

2. In comparison with the literary splendour and glory that crowned the last days of Elizabeth, the early years of her reign might seem poor and stunted in mind. But it is only with *such* a comparison; one which also dwarfs not only earlier but later ages. Actually, the first two decades of this reign are a general advance in this branch of literature on the two previous reigns, and more especially exhibit a sharp rebound from the oppressiveness of the government of Philip and Mary.

Therefore, just as we delight to search out the fountain head, and to trace the early streamlets of a mighty river which, in its full strength, may carry on its bosom world of wealth for the use and pleasure of man; so it behoves us closely to scan these first buddings of a free literature in the genial spring-tide of the new Queen's reign; now that the furious storms of religious and intellectual oppression had passed away: and so to trace out the works of that race of writers who were the heralds, the forerunners, the teachers of Spenser,

Shakespeare, and Johnson, and their glorious phalanx of contemporary poets.

We have said 'general' advance, because Tottel's *Miscellany* of 1557 is, in its varied excellence, the substantive beginning of modern English verse. Yet that collection represents the poetical gleanings of three entire reigns, and is exceptional from the general literature of the time in which it was printed. But with the new Queen poesy came into fashion, and almost all the young gentlemen of the Inns of Court tried their prentice hands at it.

3. As in spring-tide we gather flowers rather than fruits, so in this earlier literature we must look for imperfect Assays rather than finished Masterpieces. Most modern literatures have commenced with translations, imitations, and the like. At this time there was quite a rage for translating. The riches of old classical thought and style; the charms of Italian and Spanish fiction; history, morals, tragedies, romances both in prose and verse; with translated poems, constituted the staple of English polite literature at this time. With this there was the constant accretion of *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, and also, though not to any large extent, original lighter verse, as in the present work and also George Turberville's *Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets*, of which there are believed to have been three editions by 1570; of the earliest of which no copy is at present known.

4. Associating with many of these translators, himself distinguished for his English version of Manzolli's *Zodiacus Vitæ*, Barnabe Googe, a young gentleman of 20 to 23 years of age, fresh from college, wrote for his private delectation most of the contents of this Reprint. How his friend Blundeston sent what he had written to the 'poor printer,' with two prefaces of his own, about

Whitfuntide 1562, and how Googe in 1563 came at length to acquiesce in their completion and publication, is sufficiently told by themselves in the prefaces, and need not be here repeated.

5. It is noteworthy that there was a general habit about this time of cutting the long twelve or fourteen syllable line into two, so that the rhyme only occurs on the second and fourth lines. This is noticeable in the early translations of Seneca between 1500-1560, by Jasper Heywood, Alexander Neville (a contributor also to this volume), John Studley, Thomas Nuce, and Thomas Newton, as also in the poetical works of George Turberville and others. The sole reason for this would seem to have been to print on a small page of paper; for in some of these works poems do occasionally occur in smaller type with such lines at full length.

6. In the story of English literature this most rare volume occupies an important place from its epitaphs of Phaer and Grimaold, both of them translators; and its Sonnets to Dean Nowell, Bishop Bale, and Richard Edwards 'of the Chappel.' Some of these have been printed by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*; but the work, as a whole, has never been printed since 15th March 1563. Cordial thanks are due and tendered to Mr. Huth for the loan of his copy for this edition.

7. This small Collection is also interesting as being to a large extent native verse, though on the Italian model. It was undoubtedly in much superinduced by Tottel's *Miscellany*, to which it is in nature and quality the next in time; being itself succeeded by Turberville's *Epitaphes, Epigrams, &c.*, and that by a succession of similar works, until the appearance of Francis Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* of 1602.

8. One very noticeable feature of Googe's compositions in this volume is his earnest Protestantism. He had known some good Shepherds Daphnes or Alexis, that had flamed in the fire of the Maryan persecution. Almost all his publications are strongly anti-Romanist. Taught by the Reformers of Edward VI.'s time, horrified at the cruelties of Mary's reign; Googe represents both the intellectual and moral hatred of the young educated Englishmen of that time of the entire Papal system.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I.—As a separate publication.

1. 1563. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 88 leaves.

There appear to have been printed two title-pages to this work.

Of the three copies known, two are those in the collection of Mr. Huth, and in the Capel collection at Trinity College, Cambridge, have the title as on the opposite page; while Mr. W. C. Hazlitt describes, in his *Handbook of Pop. Lit.*, Ed. 1867, the title of Mr. Heber's copy, now in the collection of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, at Britwell, thus:

Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes by Barnabe Googe. COL. Imprynted at London in S. Brydes-Churchyarde, by Thomas Colwell, for Raufe Newbery; and are to be sold at his shop in Fletestreet, a little above the conduit 1563. 15 die Mensis March.

It is also to be noted that the first two also vary between themselves at the beginning of *Egloga septima*: see p. 56.

Issues since the Author's death.

I. As a separate publication.

2. 1871. DEC. I. *English Reprints*: see title on p. 1.

Eglogs

Epytaphes, and Sonettes.

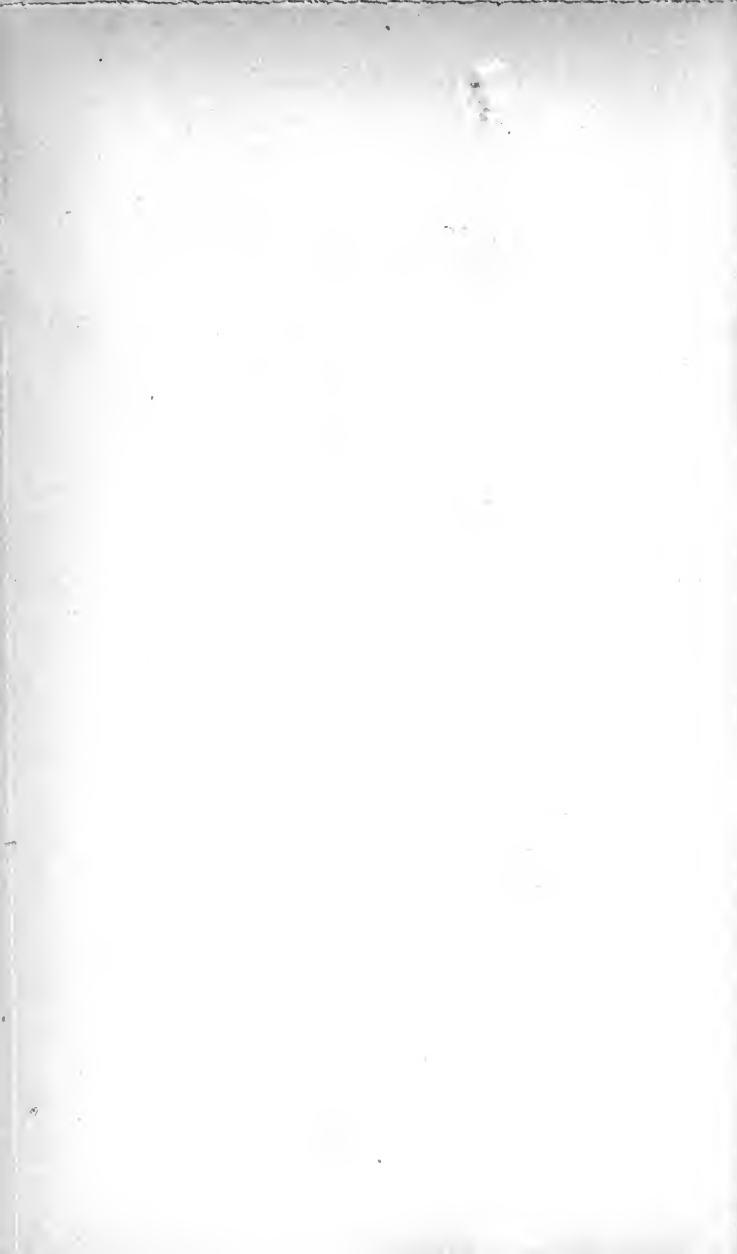
Newly written by

Barnabe Googe:

1563.

15. Marche.

Imprynted at London, by
Thomas Colwell, for Raffe
Newbery, dwelyng in
Fleetstrete a litle a-
boue the Conduit
in the late shop
of Thomas
Bartelet.



¶ *Alexander Newyll.*



He Mountaines hie the blustryng winds
 The fluds: ye Rocks withstand
 The Cities strong, the Cannons shot,
 and threatning Cheiftains hand.
 The Castels houghe by longe beseyge,
 and dredfull battrye brooke, [thumps
 Bothe fyre, and flames, and thundrynge
 and euery deadly stroke,
 With feruent broylyng furious rage,
 doth beate, and dryue to groun

The long defenced wals by force,
 and throughly them confound.
 Ryght so thy Muse (O worthy *Googe.*)
 thy pleasaunt framed style
 Discouerd lyes to momish Mouthes
 Reprochfull tonges and vyle
 Diffaming minds. Regard them not.
 preas thou for hygher prayse.
 Submit thy selfe to persons graue,
 whose Iudgement ryght alwayes
 By Reason rulde doth ryghtly iudge,
 whom Fancies none can charme,
 Which in the most Inconstant brains,
 are chyefly wont to swarme.
 Whom no defyre of fylthy gayne,
 whom lucre none can moue
 From truth to stray. Such men esteame,
 Such such embrace and loue.
 On such men stay thy tender years,
 such Patrons seeke to chuse.
 Which taught by Tyme, and practifde Proofo
 vprightest iudgement vse.
 But as for those Crabstowted bestes
 those ragyng feends of Hell.
 Whose vile, malicious, hatefull mindes,
 with boylyng Rancour swell.

Which pufe with Pryde, enflamd with fpight,
 and drownd in deape difdain :
 Lyke *Momus* monftrous broode outright
 euen of a ielows Brayn
 With curious, canckard, carping mouthes,
 moft famous dedes diffame,
 Defacing thofe whose labours great,
 Deferue immortall name.
 Such crabfaced, cankerd, carliff chuffis
 within whose hatefull brestes,
 Suche Malice bydes, fuche Rancour broyles,
 fuch endles Enuy refts
 Efteame thou not. No preiudice
 to thee : nor yet oprest,
 Thy famous wrytynges are by them.
 Thou lyueft and euer fhalt.
 Not all the flaundryng tonges aliuie,
 may purchafe blame or fault
 Vnto to thy name (O worthy *Googe*.)
 No tyme, no fyrye flame
 Not all the furies frettyng Force,
 Thy doynge may dyffame.
 Let them in broyle of burning fpight,
 continuall Toyle fustayne
 Let them fele fcourging Plags of mind
 Let euer duryng payne,
 Spred through their poisoned vaines.
 with payfe of dedly waight : Let Care
 Opprefte theyr vyle infected Harts,
 with ftynging Malyce fraight.
 Let them deftroy them felvs in Time.
 In Rancour let them boyle.
 Let mortall hate, let pynching gryefe,
 let flamyng torments broyle,
 Within theyr greuouſ vexed brests,
 for euermore to dwell
 Let them fele Enuies curfed force,
 (confumyng Feend of Hell.)

Defye them all. *μισάνθρωποι*
 and squynteid Monstèrs ryght
 They are. In fyne leue Sow to swill
 and Chuff to canckerd Spyght.
 But thou procede in vertuous dedes,
 and as thou haste begon,
 Go forward styll to aduaunce thy fame
 Lyses Race halfe ryghtly ron
 Farre easyer tis for to obtain,
 the Type of true Renowne.
 Like Labours haue been recompens't
 with an immortall Crowne.
 By this doth famous *Chaucer* lyue,
 by this a thousande moore
 Of later yeares. By this alone
 the olde renommed Stoore
 Of Auncient Poets lyue. By this
 theyr Praise, aloft doth mownt.
 Vnto the Skyes: and equall is
 with Stars aboue. Accownt
 Thy selfe then worthy of the lyke,
 yf that thou doste proceade
 By famous deds thy Fame to enhaunce
 and name abroad to spreade.
 With Courage stout than through the thickest
 thou needst not for to feare.
 Nor he that sayth, but he that doth,
 ought *Glories* Garlande weare.
 Thus shalt you styll augment thy name,
 and wyn the hyghe Renowne,
 And present Prayse, in present Lyfe,
 and after Death a Crowne
 Of Honour, that for euer lasts.
 immortall *Fame* in fyne.
 To whose reward, thy faithfull Frend
 doth wholly the resygne.

¶ *Finis.*

[On the next page in the original Edition, are the arms of Barnabe Googe.]

*To the ryght worship=
full M. William Louelace
Esquier, Reader of Grayes
Inne: (Barnabe Googe)
wyssheth health.*



Owe lothe I haue ben, beyng of long tyme earnestlye requyred, to suffer these trybles of mine to come to light: It is not vnknown to a greate nombre of my famyliar acquaintaunce. Who both dayly and hourelly moued me therunto, and lytell of long tyme preuayled therin. For I both conyfydered and wayed with my selfe, the grofenes of my Style: whiche thus commytted to the gafynge shewe of euery eye shuld forth with disclose yemanifest foly of the Writer, and also I feared and mistrusted the disdaynfull myndes of a nombre both scornefull and carpyng Correctours, whose Heades are euer busyed in tauntynge Iudgementes. Least they shuld otherwyse interprete my doyngs than in deade I meant them. These two so great mischiefes vtterly diswaded me from the folowynge of my frendes perswasions, and wylled me rather to condem them to continuall darkenes, wherby no Inconuenience could happen: than to endaunger my selfe in gyuyng them to lyght, to the disdaynfull doome of any offended mynde. Notwithstandynge all the dyligence that I could vse in the Suppressiion therof coulde not suffise for I my selfe beyng at that tyme oute of the Realme, lytell fearynge any fuche thyng to happen. A very Frende of myne, bearyng as it semed better wyll to my doynge than respectynge the hazarde of my name, commytted them all togyther vnpolysed to the

handes of the Prynter. In whose handes duryng his absence from the Cytie, tyll his returne of late they remayned. At whiche tyme, he declared the matter wholly vnto me: shewyng me, that beyng so farre past, and Paper prouyded for the Impression therof: It coude not withoute great hynderaunce of the poore Printer be nowe reuoked. His sodayne tale made me at ye fyrst, vtterly amazed, and doubting a great while, what was best to be done: at the lengthe agreyng both with Necessytie and his Counsell, I sayde with *Martiall. iam sed poteris tutior esse domi.* And calling to mynde to whom I myght chieflie commyt the fruytes of my smiling muse: sodaynly was cast before my eyes the perfect vewe of your frendly mynd (gentle Maister Louelace) Vnto whom for the nombred heapes of fundrye Frendshyps, accountyng my selfe as bounde, I haue thought best to gyue them, (not doubtyng) but that they shalbe as well taken, as I do presently meane them.

Desyryng you herein, as all siche as shall reade them especiallye to beare with the vnpleasaunt forme of my to hastely fynysht Dreame, the greater part wnerof with lytle aduysse I lately ended, because the beginnyng of it, as a senseles head separated from the body was gyuen with the rest to be prynted. And thus desyryng but for recompence the frendly receuyng of my slender Gyfte, I ende: wyshyng vnto you good Mayster Louelace in this life the happye enioyng of prosperous yeares: and hereafter the blessed estate of neuer ceasyng Ioye.

¶ yours assuredly
Bernabe Googe.

Hereafter follows on the next page the original Edition, a rough woodcut of *Daphnes and Amintas.*]

¶ L. Blundeston *to the Reader.*



TO creepe into thy fauoure (good Reader) with a longe paynted Preamble in prayse of this Auctor, I account it as vain. The Sonne Beames gyues light sufficient. To moue thy Affection with forepromysed pleasure in reading the volume, I think it as Booteles. Gold is of self force and vertue to draw the desire. But with flowers of Rethorique fyrst to delyght the, or with Pythy Reasons to wyne thy good wyll and frendlye Reporte for this my attempte: yf suche tropes and signes were flowing in me to perswade wel thy fauour or so muche Discrecion wantynge in the to necglecte my good meanyng, I would eyther enforce my self to vse a better kynde of perswasion or els withdrawe my good wyll from the Sentence of fo carpyng and slender a Iudgement: but as I haue felte no fluddes of the one, so likewyse I see no Ebbes of the other, that if I weare no more barraygne of the fyrste, then fearefull of the laste: I woulde be then no more sparynge to horde vp my Treasure from the: then I trust to fynd the vnthankfull now in takyng this Present from me, which not onely to shewe my good wyll, (as my Preface discourfeth more largely) by preseruyng the worthy Fame, and Memorye of my deare frende M. Googe in his absence I haue presumed more bouldely to hazard ye pryntyng heareof, though this maye suffyce to excuse well my enterpryse, but also to styrre vp thy Pleasure

and further thy proffit by readyng these his workes, whiche here I haue Puplyshed [*? Publyshed*]: openly vnto thee. And so (beyng vnstored my selffe) I feake to fateffie thy learned or willyng desyre with other mens trauaeiles. But wheare the power fayleth the will may suffice, the gyuer, not the gyft is to be regarded: preferre Colonus Radyfhe roote before the Courtiers barbed horse.

Accept my goodwyll and way not the valew, so shalt thou bynd me if power (as it is vnlikely, maye aunswere hearafter my meanyng, to gratefie thee with the whole fruits of myne owne indeuour and so shalt thou encourage others to make the partaker of the like or farre greater Iewels who yet doubtyng thy vnthankfull receyte nigardly keape them to their own vse and priuat commoditie, whear as beyng affured of the contrarye by thy frendly report of other mens trauayles, they coulde parhappes be easely entreated more frely to lend them abroad to thy greater auayle and furtheraunce. Thus therefore to thy good or euill taking I put foorth this paterne for others to follow in weightyer matters or els to beware by other mens harms, in keaping their names vnreproued by sylence.

¶ From my Chambre,
the. xxvii. of Maye.

1562.

¶ *The Preface of L. Blundeston.*



HE Sences dull of my appalled muse
Foreweryed with the trauayle of my brayne
In scannynge of the argued Bookes diffuse,
And darke for me the glimeryng fyght
to gayne,

Debated long what exerfyce to vse,
To fyle the edgeles partes of Wit agayne
To clenfe the Heade from sleapy humours
flyme.

To rouse the Hart from drowfye Dreames
in time.

The mind desyres to brek from thoughtfull denne
And time requyres the painted felds to vewe.
The Eye procures to please the Fancie then
With fieldish sights of diuers colours newe.
The smelling likes the sauour fwete of them.
The Eare agrees the pleasaunt laye anewe
Of Byrds to here. Thus these do all contryue,
With this disporte the Spirits to reuyue.

But Fancie then, by serche of felse deuyse,
Renouncyng thus to spende the pleasaunt Maye
So vainly out with sport of fruteles Pryce
Found out at length, this practyse for my playe,
To penne in Verse, the toyes of her deuise,
To pas this tyme of Pentecoste awaye
Whose ydle dayes, she wyld me thus to spende.
And publish forth her doings in the ende.

Quod Reason no, (and brake her tale begon,
Wilt thou presume, lyke Bayarde blynd to presse,
Into the throng of all the lookers on
Whose vewyng eyes, will wey thy wysdom lesse.

To se the threde of all thy workes yll spon
 Drawen out at length, vnto the comon gesse,
 Then if thou shuldst keepe to thy selfe thy clewe
 Where none thy works beydes thy self may vew

With this rose vp, from oute her Seate behynde,
 Dame Memorye, and Reason thus befought.
 Since Lady chiefe of vs thou art assygnde
 To rule and temper all my secrete thought
 And to restrane affections Fancie blynde,
 Let me entreate if I may perce the ought,
 For to present a Solace very fytt
 Our Sences dull with chaunged Muse to whet,

Lo here the Eye a Paper buntche doth se
 Of fyled worke of Googes flowing Heade,
 Leste here behynde, when hence he past from me
 In all the stormes that Winter blastes bespreade
 Through swellyng Seas and loftye mountains hye
 Of Pyrenei the pathes vnknownen to treade.
 Whose great good wyll I kepe, and in his place
 His Verfes craue to represent his face.

Vnfolde the trusse therefore and yf the Muse
 Be fotted so with this graue Study past
 In so short space, or if we seke to chuse
 To prynt our actes in safetie at the last
 Cease of a whyle this Labor and peruse
 These Papers left of fuche delyghting taste
 And put in prynt these workes of worthy Skyl
 So shall we showe the fruytes of our good wyll.

This Fancie lykte, imagynyng aryght
 Of her owne Ioye in hearyng of his Verse
 And pleasaunt Style, most pythyly endyght
 whose Fame forth blowen, his deds could wel reherse
 But for to paynt my name in open sight
 with others Stuffe, this wold she sayne reuerse,
 And thinkes I should in others Plumes so show
 My selfe, to be a seconde Esops Crowe.

But after when the Eye had vewed eche Lyne.
 That Googe had pend and left behynde with me,
 when Memorye could all the effect resygne,
 To Reasons Skyl, to weye them as they lye.
 with long reherse of tryed Fayth by tyme
 Then Fancie soone her Pryde, began to plye
 And all receyued muche pleasure to the Mynde
 More profytte farre then Fancye had assygnde.

And Fancie thus her selfe with blushyng face,
 Condemned by Dame Reasons dome deuyne
 To se th[e]alluryng Style the cumly grace,
 The sappye Sence of this his passyng Ryme,
 So farre furmountyng her Inuention base,
 And hearyng of his frendlynes in fyne
 whiche Memorye her Storehouse held full faste
 Allowed well theyr Iudgements at the laste.

Since euerye Sence did wanted strength renue,
 The Blud congeld, recourfed to his place
 The wyts benomd brought to their proper quee
 The Hart opprest with old delighting grace,
 Vnburdend nowe and puffed with pleasure newe
 By takyng of this Booke the vewyng gase.
 They all at ons Good wyll nowe calde vpon,
 To wrest her selfe to quyght these works anon.

Thus pushte I forth strayghte to the Printers hande
 These Eglogs, Sonets, Epytaphes of men
 Vnto the Readers Eyes for to be skande,
 with Prayfes suche as is due vnto them
 who absent nowe theyr Master may commende,
 And feade his Fame what foeuer fayleth him,
 Gyue Googe therefore his owne deserued Fame,
 Giue Blundeston leaue to wysh wel to his name :

¶ *Finis.*

Egloga prima.

Daphnes.

Amintas.



Yth *Phebus* now begins to flame,
O frende *Amintas* deare:
And placed hath his gorgeous *globe*
in midste of all the Spheare
And from ye place doth cast his Beames,
where (they that starres defyne)
Lyes poynt (doo faye) that termed is,
ryght Equinoctial lyne.
wheras the Ram doth cause to spring,
eche herbe and floure in fylde
And forceth ground (yat spoyld of grene
Did lye,) newe grene to yelde.
Let shepherds vs yelde also tales,
as best becommes the tyme:
Such tales as Winter stormes haue stayde
in countrey Poets Ryme.
Begyn to synge *Amintas* thou,
for why? thy wyt is best:
And many a faged sawe lies hyd
within thine aged brest.
Ofte haue I heard, of Shephards old,
thy fame reported true,
No Herdman liues: but knowes the praife,
to olde *Amintas* due:
Begyn therefore, and I gyue eare,
for talke doth me delyght,
Go Boye: go dryue the Beastes to fede
whyle he his mynde refyght.

Amin. Thy prayfes *Daphnes* are to great,
 and more for me than meete :
 Nor euer I, fuche faged fawes,
 could fynge in Verfes fwete.
 And now, to talke of fpring time tales
 my heares to hoare, do growe,
 Suche tales as thefe, I tolde in tyme,
 when youthfull yeares dyd flowe.
 But fynce, I can not the denye,
 thy Fathers loue doth bynde :
 In fymple Songe I wyll adrefse
 my felfe, to fhowe my minde.
 Longe haft thou *Daphnes* me requyred
 the ftate of Loue to tell,
 For in my youth, I knewe the force,
 and paffions all, full well.
 Nowe Loue therefore I wyll define,
 and what it is declare,
 which way poore fouls it doth entrap
 and howe it them doth fnare.
 My Boie, remoue my beafts from hens
 and dryue them farther downe,
 Vpon the Hylles, let them go feade,
 that ioyne to yender towne,
 O Cupyde kynge of fyerye Loue,
 ayde thou my fyingnge Verfe,
 And teache me heare the caufe and cafe,
 Of Louers to reherfe,
 Direct my tong, in trothe to treade,
 with Furye fyll my brayne,
 That I may able be to tell,
 the caufe of Louers payne.
 Opinions diuers coulde I fhowe,
 but chiefteft of them all,
 I wyll declare : and for the reft,
 with filence leaue I fhall.
 A feruent Humour, (some do iudge)
 within the Head doth lye,

Which yffuyng forth with poyfoned beames
doth ron from eye to eye :

And taking place abrode in heads,
a whyle doth fymely rest :

Till Phrensie framde in Fancie fond,
discends from hed, to brest.

Plato.

And poison strong, from eies outdrawn
doth perce the wretched harte,
And all infectes the bloud aboute,
and boyles in euery parte :

Thus: when the beames, infected hath,
the wofull Louers blud :

Then Sences al, do strayght decaye,
opprest with Furyes flud.

Then Lybertie withdrawes her self,
and Bondage beares the swaye,
Affection blynd then leades the hart,
and Wyt, is wownde awaye.

O *Daphnes* then, the paines appeare,
and tormentes all of hell.

Then sekcs, the felye wounded foule,
the flames for to expell.

But all to late, alas he stryues,
for Fancie beares the stroke

And he, must toyle (no helpe there is)
in flauyshe seruyle yoke.

His blud corrupted all within,
doth boyle in euery vayne,

Than sekcs he howe to sewe for salue
that maye redresse his payne.

And when the face, he doth beholde
by whiche he shulde haue ayde,
And sees no helpe, then lookes he long,
and trembleth all afrayde.

And museth at the framed shape,
that hath his lyfe in handes :

Nowe fast he flies, aboute the flames,
nowe styll amafed standes:

Yet Hope relieues, his hurtful Heate
 and Wyll doth Payne make lyght,
 And al the griefes, that then he feelles
 doth Prefence styll requyght.
 But when the Lyght absented is,
 and Beames in hart remayne,
 Then flames the Fyre fresh agayne,
 and newe begyns his Payne.
 Then longe he lookes, his losse to se,
 then sobbes, and syghes abounde,
 Then mourneth he, to mys the marke
 that erst to soone he founde.
 Then shadefull places oute he lookes,
 and all alone he lyues,
 Exylynge Ioye, and myrth from him,
 hymfelse to waylynge gyues,
 And styll his minde theron doth muse
 and styll, therof he prates,
 O *Daphnes* here I swere to the,
 no grieve to Louers state.
 Yf he but ones beholde the place,
 where he was wont to mete,
 The pleasaunt forme yat hym enflamd,
 and ioyfull Countnaunce swete.
 The place (a wonderous thing I tell)
 his gryefe augmenteth newe,
 Yet styll he fekes the place to se,
 that mooste he shulde eschewe.
 Yf but the name rehearsed be
 (a thyng more straunge to heare)
 Then Colour commes and goes in hast
 then quaketh he for feare,
 The verye name, hath such a force,
 that it can dase the mynde,
 And make the man amafde to stande,
 what force hath Loue to bynde?
 Affection none to this is lyke,
 it doth furmownt them all,

Of greiffes, the greatest greif no doubt
is to be *Venus* thrall,

And therefore, *Daphnes* nowe beware,
for thou art yonge, and fre,

Take heade of vewynge faces longe,
for losse of Lybertye,

I shall not nede (I thynke) to byd
the, to detest the Cryme,

Jupiter.

Of wycked loue, that *Ioue* did vse,
In *Ganimedes* tyme,

For rather wolde I (thoo it be muche)
that thou shuldest feake the fyre,

Of lawfull Loue, that I haue tolde,
than burne wyth fuche desyre,

And thus an end, I weryed am,
my wynde is olde, and faynt,

Suche matters I, do leaue to fuche,
as finer farre can paint,

Fetche in the Gote: that goes astraye,
and dryue hym to the folde,

My yeares be great I wyl be gone,
for spryngtyme nyghts be colde.

Daphnes. Great thankes to the, for this thy tale,
Amintas here I gyue :

But neuer can I make amendes
to the whilste I do lyue.

Yet for thy paynes (no recompence)
a small rewarde haue here.

A whistle framed longe ago,
wherwith my father deare

His ioyfull beasts, was wont to kepe.

No Pye for tune so swete

Might shepharde euer yet posses.
(a thyng for the full mete.)

Finis Eglogæ primæ.

Egloga secunda.

Dametas.

MY beafts, go fede vpon ye plaine,
and let your herdman lye,
Thou feeft her mind, and fearft you nowe,
Dametas for to dye?
Why stayeft you thus? why doft you ftay
thy lyfe to longe doth lafte:
Accounte this flud, thy fatall graue,
fyth time of hope is pafte.
What meanft thou thus to linger on?
thy life wolde fayne departe,
Alas: the wounde doth fester ftyll,
of curfed Cupids darte.
No falue but this, can helpe thy fore,
no thyng can moue her minde
She hath decreed, that thou fhalt dye,
no helpe there is to finde.
Nowe fyth there is, no other helpe,
nor ought but this to trye,
Thou feeft her mind: why fearfte thou than?
Dametas for to dye.
Long haft thou ferued, and ferued true,
but all alas, in vayne,
For ſhe thy feruyce, nought eſtemes,
but deales the grieſe for gayne.
For thy good wyll, (a gaye rewarde)
Diſdayne, for Loue ſhe gyues,
Thou loueſt her while thy life doth laſt,
ſhe hates the, w[h]ile ſhe liues.
Thou flamſte, when as you feeft her face
with Heate of hye deſyre,
She flames agayne, but how? (alas)
with depe diſdaynfull Ire.
The greateſt pleaſure is to the,
to ſe her voyde of Payne,

The greateſt gryefe to her agayne,
to ſe thy Health remayne.
Thou coueſtſe euer her to fynde,
ſhe ſekes from the to flye,
Thou ſeeſt her mynd, why fearſt thou than?
Dametas for to dye?
Doſte thou accounte it beſt to kepe,
thy lyfe in ſorrowes ſtyll?
Or thynkſte thou beſt it now to lyue,
Contrarye to her wyll?
Thynkſte thou thy lyfe for to retaine?
when ſhe is not content,
Canſte thou addicte : thy ſelfe to lyue?
and ſhe to murder bent.
Doſte thou entende agayne, to ſewe
for mercye at her handes?
As ſoone thou mayſt go plow ye rocks,
and reape vpon the Sandes.
Draw nere O mighty Herd of beaſts
fyth no man els is bye,
Your Herdman longe that hathe you kept,
Dametas now muſt dye.
Reſolue your Brutiffhe eies to teares
and all togyther crye,
Bewayle the wofull ende of Loue,
Dametas nowe muſt dye.
My pleaſaunt Songs, nowe ſhall you here
no more on Mountaines hye,
I leaue you all, I muſt be gone.
Dametas nowe muſt dye :
To *Titirus* I you reſyue,
in Paſture good to lye,
For *Titirus* ſhall kepe you thoughe,
Dametas nowe muſt dye.
O curſed Cauſe, that hath me ſlayne,
My trothe alas to trye,
O Shephardes all, be Wytneſſes,
Dametas here doth dye.

Finis Eglogæ ſecundæ.

Egloga tertia.

Menalcas.

Coridon.



Pleasaunt wether *Coridon*,
and fyttē to kepe the fyeelde,
This moone hath brought, hearst you the birds
what ioyfull tunes they yeld?
Loe: how the lustie lambes do course,
whom spring time heate doth pricke
Beholde againe, the aged Yewes,
with bouncing leapes do kicke,
Amon[g]st them all, what ayles thy ramme,
to halte so muche behynde,
Some fore mischaunce, hath him befallen
or els some grieffe of minde,
For wonte he was, of stomacke stout
and courage hye to be,
And looked proude, amongst ye flocke,
and none so stout as he.

Cor.

A great mishap, and grieffe of mynde,
is him befallen of late,
Which causeth him, against his wyll,
to lose his olde estate.
A lustie flocke hath *Titirus*,
that him *Dametas* gaue,
Dametas he, that Martir died,
whose soule the heaue[n]s haue,
And in this flocke, full many Yewes
of pleasaunte forme do goe,
with them a mighty Ramme doth ronne,
that workes all Woers woe.
My Ramme, when he the pleasaunt dames.
had vewed rounde aboute,

Chose grounde of battayle, with his foe
 and thought to fyght it oute.
 But all to weake, (alas) he was,
 althoughe his harte was good,
 For when his enemye him espied,
 he ranne with cruell moode.
 And with his croked weapon smote,
 hym fore vpon the fyde,
 A blowe of force, that slayde not there
 but to the legges dyd glyde.
 And almoste laamd the woer quyte.
 (suche happes in loue there be :)
 This is the cause, of all his grieffe
 and waylynge that you se.

Men.

Well *Coridon* let hym go halte,
 and let vs both go lye,
 In yonder buffhe of Iuniper,
 the Beasts shall fede hereby.
 A pleasaunt place here is to talke:
 good *Coridon* begyn,
 And let vs knowe the Townes estate,
 that thou remayne in.

Cor.

The Townes estate? *Menalcas* oh
 thou makste my harte to grone,
 For Vice hath euery place possesse,
 and Vertue thence is flowne.
 Pryde beares her selfe, as Goddesse chiefe
 and boastes aboue ye Skye,
 And Lowlynes an abiecte lyes,
 with Gentlenes her bye,
 Wyt is not ioynde with Symplenes,
 as she was wont to be,
 But sektes the ayde of Arrogance,
 and craftye Polycie.
 Nobylitie begyns to fade,
 and Carters vp do sprynge,
 Then whiche, no greater plague can hap,
 nor more pernicious thyng.

Egloga

Menalcas I haue knowen my selfe,
 within this thyrtye yeare,
 Of Lordes and Auncient Gentelmen
 a hundreth dwellynge theare,
 Of whom we Shephardes had reliefe
 suche Gentlenes of mynde,
 Was placed in theyr noble Hartes,
 as none is nowe to fynde.
 But Hawtynes and proude Disdayne
 hath nowe the chiefe Estate,
 For fyr Iohn Straw, and fyr Iohn Cur,
 wyll not degenerate.
 And yet, they dare account them selues
 to be of Noble bludde.
 But Fisse bred vp, in durtye Pooles,
 wyll euer stynke of mudde.
 I promyse the *Menalcas* here,
 I wolde not them enuye.
 Yf any spot of Gentlenes
 in them I myght espye.
 For yf theyr Natures gentell be,
 thoughe byrth be neuer so base,
 Of Gentelmen (for mete it is)
 they ought haue name and place:
 But when by byrth, they base are bred,
 and churlisse harte retaine,
 Though place of gentlemen thei haue
 yet churles they do remayne.
 A prouerbe olde, hath ofte ben harde
 and now full true is tryed:
 An Ape, wyll euer be an Ape,
 thoughe purple garments hyde.
 For feldom, wyll the mastye course,
 the Hare or els the Deare:
 But styll, accordynge to his kynde.
 wyll holde, the hogge by th[e]eare.
 Vnfytte are dunghill knights to serue
 the towne, with Speare in field:

Nor strange it femes, (a sudain Chop)
 to leape from whypp, to shielde.
 The chiefeft man, in all our towne,
 that beares the greateft fwaye,
 Is *Coridon* no kynne to me,
 a Neteherd th[e]other daye.
 This *Coridon* come from the Carte,
 In honour chiefe doth fytte,
 And gouernes vs: becaufe he hath
 a Crabbed, Clownifh wytte.
 Nowe fe the Churlyfh Crueltye,
 that in hys harte remainys.
 The felye Sheape yat Shephards good,
 haue fofterd vp wyth Paynes,
 And browght awaye, from Stynkyng dales
 on pleafant Hylles to feade:
 O Cruell Clownifh Coridon
 O curfed Carlifh Seade:
 The fimple Shepe, conft rayned he,
 theyr Pasture fwete to leaue,
 And to theyr old corrupted Graffe,
 enforceth them to cleaue.
 Such Shepe, as would not them obaye
 but in theyr Pasture byde,
 with (cruell flames,) they did confume
 and vex on euery fyde.
 And with the shepe, ye Shephardes good,
 (O hate full Hounds of Hell,)
 They did torment, and dryue them out,
 in Places farre to dwell.
 There dyed *Daphnes* for his Shepe,
 the chiefeft of them all.
 And fayre *Alexis* flamde in Fyre,
 who neuer peryffhe shall.
 O Shephards wayle, for *Daphnes* deth,
Alexis hap lament,
 And curs the force of cruell hartes,
 that them to death haue fent.

Egloga tertia.

I, synce I sawe fuche synfull fyghts,
 dyd neuer lyke the Towne,
 But thought it best to take my sheepe,
 and dwell vpon the downe.
 Wheras I lyue, a pleasaunt lyfe,
 and free from cruell handes,
 I wolde not leaue, the pleasaunt fyelōe
 for all the Townysh Landes.
 For syth that Pryde, is placed thus,
 and Vice set vp so hye:
 And Crueltie doth rage so fore,
 and men lyue all awrye:
 Thynkste you? yat God, will long forbere,
 his scourge, and plague to fende?
 To fuche as hym do styll despyse,
 and neuer feke to mende?
 Let them be sure he wyll reuenge,
 when they thynke leaste vpon.
 But looke a stormy showre doth ryse,
 whiche wyll fall heare anone,
Menalcas best we nowe departe,
 my Cottage vs shall keepe,
 For there is rowme for the, and me,
 and eke for all our sheepe:
 Som Chestnuts haue I there in store
 with Cheefe and pleasaunt whaye,
 God fends me Vittayles for my nede,
 and I synge Care awaye.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ tertiæ.*

Egloga quarta.

Melibeus.

Palemon.



God, that guyds ye golden *Globe*,
wher shynng shapes do dwel
O thou yat throwest the thunder thumps
from Heauens hye, to Hell,
what wonders workes thy worthynes
what meruayles doste thou frame?
What secrete fyghts be Subiect sene
vnto thy holy name?
A fymple Shepharde slayne of late,
by foolyshe force of Loue,
That had not Grace such fancies fond
and Flames for to remoue,
Appeared late, before myne eies,
(Alas I feare to speake,)
Not as he here was wont to lyue,
whyle Gryefe hym none did breake.
But all in Blacke, he clothed came
an vgly fyght to se:
As they that for theyr due Defartes,
with Paynes tormented be,
My shepe for feare amased ran,
and fled from Hyll to Dale,
And I alone remayned there,
with countenaunce wan and pale.
O Lorde (quoth I) what meanes this thyng
is this *Alexis* spryght?
Or is it *Daphnes* soule that showes?
to me this dredfull fyght,
Or comes some Feend of Hell abroad?
with feare men to torment?
Megera this? or *Tisiphon*?
Or is *Alecto* sent?

what foever thou art, yat thou dost com?
 Ghooft, Hagge, or Fende of Hell :
 I the commaunde by hym that lyues,
 thy name and cafe to tell.
 With this, a stynkyng fmoke I fawe,
 from out his mouth to flye,
 And with that fame, his voyce did found,
 None of them all am I.
 But ons thy frende (*O Melibei*)
Dametas was my name,
Dametas I, that flewe my felfe,
 by force of foolyffhe flame.
Dametas I, that dotynge dyed,
 In fyre of vnkynde Loue:
Dametas I, whom *Deiopey*
 dyd caufe fuche ende to proue,
 The fame *Dametas* here I com,
 by lycens vnto the:
 For to declare the wofull fstate,
 that happens now to me.
 (*O Melibei*) take hede of Loue,
 of me Example take,
 That flewe my felfe, and liue in Heil,
 for *Deiopeias* fake.
 I thought that Deth fhuld me releafe
 from paynes and dolefull woe,
 But nowe (alas) the trothe is tryed,
 I fynde it nothyng foe,
 For looke what Payne and gryefe I felt
 when I lyued heare afore:
 With thofe I nowe tormented am,
 and with ten thoufand more.
 I meane not that I burne in loue,
 fuche foolyfh toyes begon,
 But Gryefes in nombre haue I lyke
 and manye more vpon.
 O curfed Loue, (what fhulde I faye,)
 that brought me fyrfte to Payne,

Well, myght I ones despyse thy lore,
 but nowe (alas) in vayne.
 With fond Affection, I dyd flame,
 whiche nowe I moſte repent,
 But all to late (alas) I wayle,
 fyth hope of Grace is ſpent.
 The fickle fadynge forme, and face,
 that ones ſo muche I fowght,
 Hath made me loſe the Skyes aboue,
 and me to Hell hath browght.
 Why had I Reaſon delt to me?
 and coulde not Reaſon vie.
 Why gaue I Brydle to my wyll?
 when I myght well reſuſe.
 A wycked Wyll, in dede it was,
 that blynded ſo my fyght,
 That made me on ſuch fadyng Duſte,
 to ſet my whole Delyght,
 A ſonde Affection lead me then,
 When I for God dyd place,
 A Creature, cauſe of all my Care,
 a fleſhye fletynge face,
 A woman Waue of Wretchednes,
 a Paterne pylde of Pryde,
 A Mate of Myſchiefe and Diſtreſſe,
 for whom (a Foole) I dyed.
 Thus whyle he ſpake, I ſawe me thought
 of Hell an vglye Fende,
 With lothſome Clawes, hym for to cloſe
 and forced him there to ende.
 And with this ſame, (O *Melibey*,)
 farewell, farewell, (quoth he)
 Eſchewe the Blaſe of feruent flames,
 Example take of me.
 My Harte with this began to rent,
 and all amaſde I ſtoode.
 O lord (quoth I) what flames be theſe
 what Rage, what Furyes woode?

Egloga quarta.

Doth Loue procure, to wretched men
 what Bondage doth it brynge?
 Paine here: and Payne in life to come.
 (O dolefull, dredefull thyng.)

[**Palemon**] I quake to heare, this Storye tolde,
 and *Melibeï* I fainte,
 For fure I thought *Dametas* had,
 been placed lyke a Saynte.
 I thought that cruel *Charons* Boate,
 had myste of hym her frayght.
 And through his deth, he mounted had
 to starres and Heauens strayght.
 Howe valiantly dyd he despyse,
 his lyfe in Bondage ledde?
 And sekyng Deth with courage hyc,
 from Loue and Ladye fledde.
 And is he thus rewarded nowe?
 The ground be curfed than,
 That fosterde vp, so fayre a face
 that loste so good a Man.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quarta.*

Egloga quinta.

Mopsus.

Egon.



Egon.

Om doleful thing there is at hand
thy countenance doth declare,
Thy face good *Egon* void of blud
thine eies amafed stare :
I fe thy teares, howe they do still,
disclose thy fecrete mynde,
Hath Fortune frowned late on the?
Hath Cupide ben vnkinde.
A pyteous thinge to be bewalyde
a desperate Acte of Loue,
(O Destenies) fuche cruell broyles
How haue you power to moue ?
Here lyued a Ladye fayre of late,
that *Claudia* men dyd call :
Of goodly forme, yea fuche a one,
as farre surmounted all.
The stately Dames, yat in this Courte,
to showe them selues do lye,
There was not one in all the Crewe :
that could come *Claudia* nye.
A worthy Knyght dyd loue her longe,
and for her sake did feale,
The panges of Loue, that happen styl
by frownyng Fortunes wheale,
He had a Page, *Valerius* named,
whom so muche he dyd truste,
That all the secrets of his Hart,
to hym declare he muste.
And made hym all the onely meanes,
to sue for his redresse,
And to entreate for grace to her,
that caused his distresse.

She whan as fyrst she saw his page
 was strayght with hym in Loue,
 That nothyng could *Valerius* face,
 from *Claudias* mynde remoue.
 By hym was *Faustus* often harde,
 by hym his futes toke place,
 By hym he often dyd aspyre,
 to se his Ladyes face.
 This passed well, tyll at the length,
Valerius fore dyd fewe,
 With many teares besechynge her,
 his Maysters gryefe to rewe.
 And tolde her that yf she wolde not
 release, his Maysters payne,
 He neuer wolde attempte her more,
 nor se her ones agayne.
 She then with mased countnaunce there
 and teares yat gushing fell,
 Astonyed answerde thus, loe nowe,
 alas I se to well.
 Howe longe I haue deceyued ben,
 by the *Valerius* heare,
 I neuer yet beleued before,
 nor tyll this tyme dyd feare,
 That thou dydste for thy Mayster sue
 but onely for my sake.
 And for my syght, I euer thought,
 thou dydste thy trauayle take.
 But nowe I se the contrarye,
 thou nothyng carste tor me,
 Synce fyrst thou knewste, the fyerye flames
 that I haue felte by the.
 O Lorde howe yll, thou doste requyte
 that I for the haue done,
 I curse the time, that frendshyp fyrst,
 to showe, I haue begon.
 O lorde I the besече let me,
 in tyme reuenged be :

And let hym knowe that he hate fynd,
 in this mifufynge me,
 I can not thynke, but Fortune once,
 shall the rewarde for all,
 And vengeaunce due for thy deserts,
 in tyme shall on the fall.
 And tell thy maister *Faustus* nowe,
 yf he wolde haue me lyue :
 That neuer more he sewe to me,
 this aunfwere laste I gyue :
 And thou o Traytour vyle,
 and enmye to my lyfe,
 Absent thy selfe from out my syght,
 procure not greater stryfe,
 Synce yat these teares, had neuer force
 to moue thy stoneye harte,
 Let neuer these my weryed eyes,
 se the no more. Departe.
 This sayde, in haste she hieth in,
 and there doth vengeaunce call,
 And strake her self, with cruel knyfe,
 and bluddye downe doth fall.
 This dolfull chaunce, whan *Faustus* heard
 lamentynge lowde he cryes,
 And teares his heare and doth accuse,
 the vniust and cruell Skies.
 And in this ragynge moode awaye,
 he stealeth oute alone,
 And gone he is : no man knowes where
 eche man doth for hym mone.
Valerius whan he doth perceyue,
 his Mayster to be gone :
 He weepes and wailes, in piteous plight
 and forth he ronnes anone.
 No Man knowes where, he is becom,
 some faye the wooddes he tooke,

Egloga quinta

Intendynge there to ende his lyfe,
on no Man more to looke :
The Courte laments, the Princeffe eke
her felfe doth weepe for woe,
Loe, *Faustus* fled, and *Claudia* deade.
Valerius vanyffhed too.

¶ *Finis Eglogæ quintæ.*

Egloga sexta.

Felix.

Faustus.

Felix.



Faustus, whom about the rest,
of Shephardes here that kepe,
Vpon these holts, ye nombre great
of waightye fleeced shepe:
Ieuer haue esteemde: and counted eke,
the chiefest Frende of all,
What great mishap, what scourge of
minde

or grieffe hath the befall?

That hath the brought in such a plight
farre from thy wonted guyse?

What meanes this countenance all besprent
with teres? these wretched eies

This mournynge looke, this Vesture sad
this wrethe of Wyllow tree,

(Vnhappy man) why doste thou wepe
what chaunce hath altered the?

Tell tell, me soone, I am thy frende,
Disclose to me thy gryefe,

Be not afrayde, for frendes do serue,
to gyue theyr Frendes relyefe.

Faustus. The wofull cause of all my hurte,
good *Felix* longe agoe,

Thou knewst full well: I nede not now
by wordes to double woe,

Synce that (alas) all hope is past
synce gryefe, and I am one,

And synce the Ladye of my lyfe,
(my faute) I haue forgone,

What woldst you haue me do (oh frend?)
to Ioye? in such dystres?

Naye pleasures quyte I banish here,
 and yelde to Heuynes,
 Let gryefes torment me euermore,
 let neuer Cares awaye.
 Let neuer Fortune turne her wheale
 to gyue me blyffull daye.
 Loue hath me scourged: I am content
 lament not thou my fate,
 Let spyght on me take vengeaunce nowe
 let me be torne with hate.
 Let her enioye, her happye lyfe,
 a Flowre of golden hewe,
 That clofeth when the Son doth set,
 and fpreads with Phebus newe.
 Syth from my Garlande now is falne,
 this famouse Flowre swete:
 Let Wyllows wynde aboute my hed,
 (a Wrethe for Wretches mete)
 Fye *Faustus*, let not Fancie fonde,
 in the beare fuche a swaye,
 Expell Affections from thy mynde,
 and dryue them quyght awaye.
 Embrace thine Auncient Lybertie,
 let Bondage vyle be fled:
 Let Reason rule, thy crased Brayne,
 place Wyt, in Folies steade.
 Synce she is gone, what remedye?
 why shuldest thou so lament?
 Wilt thou destroy thy self with tears
 and she to pleasures bent?
 Gyue eare to me, and I wyll shoue
 the remedies for Loue
 That I haue learned longe agoe:
 and in my youth dyd proue.
 Such remedies as soone shall quenche
 the flames of Cupids Fyre,
 Suche remedies as shall delaye,
 the Rage of fonde Defyre.

*A Marys
golde.*

Felix.

For *Faustus* yf thou folow styll,
 the blynded God to please,
 And wylt not feke, by Reasons Rule,
 to purchafe thyne owne ease,
 Long canst thou not thy frends enioy
 but byd them all farewell.
 And leaue thy lyfe, and giue thy soule
 to depest fluds of Hell.
 Leaue of therfore, betymes and let
 Affection beare no ſwaye,
 And now at fyrft the Fyre quench
 before it further ſtraye,
 Eche thyng is eaſely made to obaye,
 whyle it is yong and grene,
 The tender twyg, that now doth bend
 at length refuseth cleane.
 The feruent Fyre, that flamyng fyrft,
 may lytell water drenche,
 When as it hath obtayned tyme,
 whole Ryuers can not quenche:
 Forſake the Town, (my *Faustus* deare)
 and dwell, vpon this playne,
 And tyme ſhall heale, thy feſtryng wound
 and Abſence banyſh Payne.
 About all thynges fly Idlenes,
 For this doth dowble ſtrength,
 To Louers flams, and makes them rage,
 tyl all be loſt at length,
 Here in theſe felds, are pleaſaunt things
 to occupye thy brayn,
 Be hold: how ſpryng reuyues agayn,
 that winter late had flayne,
 Behold: the pleaſaunt Hylles adournd,
 with dyuers colours fayre,
 Geue eare to *Scillas* luſty ſonges,
 reioyfyng in the ayr,
 What pleaſure canſt thou more deſyre,
 then here is for to fe:

Egloga

Thy lusty yewes, with many a lam,
 Lo: whear they wayt on the,
 Thynke not vpon that curfed face,
 that makes the thus her flaue
 But well regard the pleasaunt lyfe,
 that here thou seeft me haue,
 Whan I long tyme a go, did feale,
 the flames of *Cupids* fyre,
 These meanes Lo thou I practifed,
 to cure my fond defyre.
 I fyrft wayed with my felfe,
 How fond a thyng it feamd,
 To let my heart lye there in chaynes,
 where I was nought esteamd.
 And how with flames I burnt for her,
 that passed nought for me,
 And how, these eyes encreast my harmes
 that fyrft her face did fe,
 With penyfe heart full fraight with thoughts,
 I fled from thence away,
 And though that Loue bad tourne my fleppes,
 yet wold I neuer flay,
 But from that foule infectyue ayer,
 wher first I tooke my fore,
 I hyed in haft, and shund the place,
 to fe for euer more.
 Eache letter that I had receyued
 from her, I cast away,
 And tokens all, I threw them down,
 to my no small dyfmay.
 Then busyed I my felfe in thyngs
 that myght me moſte delyght,
 And fought the chieffst means I could,
 to helpe my weryed ſpryght.
 Somtyme I wold behold the fyelds,
 and Hylles that thou doſte fe,
 Somtime I wold betraye the Byrds,
 that lyght on lymed tree,
 Eſpecially in Shepſtare tyme,
 when thicke in flockes they flye,

One wold I take, and to her Leg,
 a lymed Lyne wold tye,
 And where ye flock flew thickeſt, there
 I wold her caſt awaye,
 She ſtrayght vnto the reſt wold hye,
 amongſt her Mates to playe.
 And preafyng in the mydſte of them,
 with Lyne and Lyme, and all,
 With cleuyng wyngs, entangled faſt.
 they downe togyther fall.
 Somtyme I wold the lytel Fyſh:
 with bayted Hooke beguyle:
 Somtyme the craftye Foxe I wold,
 deceyue for all his wyle:
 Somtyme the Wolfe, I wold purſue,
 ſomtyme the fomyng Boore:
 And whan with labour all the daye,
 my weryed Lymys were ſoore.
 Than reſt and ſlepe I ſtraightway ſought
 no Dreames dyd me afraye:
 Tormented nought with care, I paſt
 the lyngrying nyght awaye.
 And thus I cleane forgot: in tyme,
 the dotyng Dayes I ſawe,
 And freed my ſelf, to my great Ioye,
 from Yoke of Louers Lawe.
 More of this fame, I wyll the tell,
 the next tyme here we mete,
 And ſtronger Medycines wyll I gyue,
 to purge that Venym ſwete.
 Beholde the Daye is ſlypt awaye,
 and Starres do faſt appeare,
 Loe where *Calisto* Virgin ones,
 doth ſhine in Skies ſo cleare.
 Loe where olde *Cepheus* walks about,
 with twynyng Serpent bye,
 We wyll no lenger heare abyde,
 But hence wyll homwarde hye.

Finis Eglogæ ſextæ.

Egloga septima.

Siluanus.

Sirenus.

Seluagia



*S**Irenus* shephard good and thou,
that hast yll lucke in loue,
The cause of al my hurt by whom
my sutes could neuer proue.
God neuer let that I shuld seeke,
to be reuenged of the,
For when I might haue ben with ease,
yet wold not suffer me
The Loue that I, *Diana* bare,
on the to showe my Spyte :
On the in whom my Ladye fayre,
had once her whole delyght,
If thy myshaps do not me greue,
My mischiefs neuer ende.
Thynke not *sirenus* that bycause,
Diana was thy frend,
I beare the worfer wyl assure thy self
so base my loue neuer semde
That onely I shuld fauour her.
but all that she estemde.

Siren.

Thou eyther art *siluanus* borne,
Example for to gyue,
To vs that know not how,
whan Fortune frownes to lyue,
Or els hath Nature placed in the
so strong and stoute a mynde.
Suffysynge not, thyne yls alone
to beare, but meanes to fynde,

In Mr. Huth's copy—though the signatures are regular—the first *two* pages of the final original impression down to, *she kyld a faythfull frende*, on the next page are omitted: being represented by a blank page. They have been supplied by the kindness of W. A. Wright, Esq., M.A., from the copy in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge

That may the Griefes of others help,
I fe thou art so bent,
That Fortune can the not amafe,
For all her mysciefes ment,
I promys the *siluanus* heare,
tyme playne in the doth show,
How dayly she discouers things,
that erst dyd men not know.
I can not beare the Gryefes I feale,
my force is all to faynt,
I neuer could as thou canst stynt,
the teares of my complaynt.

Diana hath procured the paynes,
that I shall neuer ende,
When fyrst she fals't her troth to me,
she kyld a faythfull frende.

Siluan. I meruayle how she could so soone,
put the out of her mind,
I well remembre synce thou went'st
alone I dyd her fynd.
In place that sorow femde to shape,
where no man flood her nye,
But onely (I vnhappy wretche,)
that herd her wofull crye,
And this with teares alowde she sayd,
O wretche in yll tyme borne.
What chaunce hast thou? that thus thou hast
Sirenius fwete forlorne.

Gyue ouer pleasures now,
Let neuer Ioye the please,
Seke all the cruell meanes thou canst
that may thy hart dysease.
Whan thou doste hym forget I wysh,
all mischifes on the lyght,
And after death, the Fendes of Hell,
torment thy lyuyng spryght.

Siren. What man wold here beleue?
that she that thus could speake,

In fo shorte tyme as I haue bene
 awaye, wolde promys breake.
 O stedfastnes and Constancy,
 how seldome are you founde:
 In womens harts to haue your seats,
 Or long abydyng ground?
 Who looke how much more earnest they,
 at fyrst theyr hearts do set,
 So much more sooner euer more,
 where late they loued, forget:
 Full well could euer I beleue,
 all women gyilty of this:
 Saue her alone, in whom I iudge,
 neuer nature wrought amis:
 But fins her maryage how she speedes
Siluan I pray the tell?

Siluan. Some say she lykes it very ill,
 and I beleue it well:
 For *Delius* he that hath her now,
 although he welthy be,
 Is but a lout and hath in hym,
 no hanfome qualytye:
 For as for all, fuche thynges wherin,
 we Shepehearde haue delyght,
 As in Quaiting, Leaping, Singing or
 to found a Bagpype ryght:
 In all these thinges he is but an Ass,
 and nothyng do he can,
 They saye tys qualities but tush,
 Its ryches makes a man:

Siren. What woman is that yat commeth here,
Siluan canst thou tell?

Siluan. Its one hath sped as well in Loue,
 as we, I knowe her well:
 She is one of fayre *Dianas* frendes,
 who keeps her beasts below,
 Not far from hence bi her thou maist
Dianas State wel know.

She loued hear a Shepheard cald,
Alanius longe a go :

Who fauers one *yfmenia* now,
 the caufe of al her wo :

Silvag. No place fo fyt for the as this,
 Lo heare *Siluanus* stands,
 Who hath receaued lyke luck to thine
 at cruel Fortunes hands,

This company befemes the well,
 Fayr Shepheards both good deane,
Siluan. To the *Seluagia* eke of Hope,
 Whom Loue hath fpoyled cleane :
 A thousande better dayes I wyfh,
 than thou haft had before,

Selvag. At length may better Fortune fall,
 For worfe can not be more.
 To trufte the fayned words of men,
 Loe, thus poore women speeds.

Siluan. And men do smarte not through your words
 but your vnconstant deeds.

For you when earnestlyeft you loue,
 no thyng can chaunce fo lyght.

But yf a toye com in your Brayne,
 your mynde is altered quyght.

If we but ones, abfent our felues,
 the fhorteft tyme we maye,

So muche vnconstant is your minde

Loue foreth ftrayght awaye,

Example take *Siremus* here

whom once *Diana* lou'd,

As all we know, and looke how foone
 her mynd is now removd :

No, no, there is not one of you,
 that constant can remayne :

Silvag. You iudge but of malicious hart,
 and of a Ialoufe brayne.

All thyngs you do your felues efteme,
 and men must beare no blame.

Of your difsemblyng noughty deeds,
we women beare the fhame.

Siren. Fayre Damefell yf you can perceyue
Siluanus true doth faye
There is not one amongft you all,
but doth from reason ftraye.
What is the caufe that women thus?
in theyr vnconftancye,
Do caft a man from hyeft hap,
to deepeft myferye?
Its nothyng els, I you affure,
but that you know not well,
What thing is loue, and what you haue,
in hand you can not tell.
Your fymple wyts are all to weake,
Vnfayned loue to know,
And therof doth forgetfulnes,
in you fo shortly grow.

Seluag. *Sirenius* iudge not fo of vs,
our wyts be not fo bafe,
But that we know as well as you,
whats what in euery cafe.
And women eke, there are ynow
that could yf they were brought
Teache men to lyue, and more to louc,
yf loue myght well be tought,
And for all this, yet do I thynke,
No thyng can worfer be.
Than womens ftate, it is the worft,
I thynke of eche degree.
For yf they show but gentle words
you thynke for loue they dye.
And yf they fpeake not when you lift,
than ftrayght you fay, they are hye.
And that they ar, difdainfull Dames.
and if they chaunce to talke.
Than cownt you them for chatring Pies
whofe tongs muft alwayes walke.

And yf perhaps they do forbear,
 and Sylence chaunce to keepe,
 Than tush, she is not for company,
 she is but a fymple sheepe.
 And yf they beare good wyll to one,
 then strayght they are iudged nought.
 And yf yll name to shun they leaue,
 Vnconstant they are thought.
 Who nowe can please these Ialoufe heads,
 the faute is all in you,
 For women neuer wold change their minds
 yf men wold styll be true.

Siren.

To this, I well could answere you,
 but tyme doth byd me staye,
 And women must the last worde haue
 no man may fay them naye.
 Passe ouer this, and let vs here,
 what lucke you haue had in loue,
 And showe yf euer loue of man,
 your constaunt hart could moue.
 No fyttter place can be than this,
 here maye you safely rest,
 Thus fyttting here, declare at large,
 the secretes of your brest.

Silvag.

Naye: lenger here we maye not byde,
 but home we mvst awaye,
 Loe how the Son denies his Beames
 depriuynge vs of daye.

Finis Eglogæ septimæ.

Egloga octaua.

Coridon.

Cornix.



Ow ragethe *Titan* fyerce aboue
his Beames on earth do beate.
Whose hote reflection maks vs feale
an ouer feruent heate:
Wyth fyery Dog, he forward flames
hote Agues vp he dryues:
And sends them downe, with boylyng blud
to shorten Myfers lyues.
Loe, how the beafts, lyes vnder trees
how all thynge seekes the shade,
O blessed God, that some defence,
for euery hurte hast made,
Beholde this pleasaunte Brodeleaued Beech
and springing fountain cleare,
Heare shade ynough, here water cold
com *Cornix* rest we here,
And let vs songs begyn to syng,
our purs and harts be lyght.
We fere not we, the tomblyng world
we breake no sleaps by nyght.

Cornix.

Both place and tyme my *Coridon*
exhorteth me to syng,
Not of the wretched Louers lyues,
but of the immortall kynge.
Who gyues vs pasture for our beafts
and bleffeth our encrease:
By whom, while other cark and toyle
we lyue at home with ease.
Who keepes vs down, from climyng hye
wher honour breeks debate,

And here hath graunted vs to lyue
in fymple Shephards state,
A lyfe that fure doth fare exceade,
eche other kynd of lyfe :
O happy state, that doth content,
How farre be we from ftryfe ?
Of hym therfore, me lyst to fynge,
and of no wanton toyes,
For hym to loue, and hym to prayfe,
furmounds all other Ioyes.
O Shephards leaue *Cupidoes* Camp,
the ende wherof is vyle,
Remoue Dame *Venus* from your eies
and harken here a whyle.
A God there is, that guyds the Globe,
and framde the fyckle Spheare,
And placed hath, the Starres aboue,
that we do gafe on here,
By whom we lyue, (vnthankful beafts)
by whom we haue our health,
By whom we gayne our happy states
by whom we get our wealth.
A God : that fends vs that we nede,
a God : that vs defends.
A God : from whom the Angels hye,
on mortall men attends.
A God : of fuche a Clemencie,
that who fo hym doth loue
Shall here be fure to reft a whyle,
and alwayes reft aboue.
But we, for hym do lytell care,
His Heafts we nought efteme,
But hunt for thyngs that he doth hate
moft pleafaunt thofe do feme,
(Vnthankfull myfers) what do we ?
what meane we thus to ftraye ?
From fuche a God, fo mercyfull,
to walke a worfer waye ?

Maye nought his benefyts procure?
 maye nought his mercyes moue?
 Maye nothyng bynde, but nedes we must?
 gyue hate to hym for loue?

O happy (ten tymes) is the man,
 (a Byrde full rare to fynde)
 That loueth God with all his hart,
 and kepes his lawes in mynde.
 He shalbe blest in all his works,
 and safe in euey tyme,
 He shall fwete quietnes enioye,
 whyle other smarte for Cryme.
 The threatnyng chaunces of the world
 shall neuer hym annoye.

When Fortune frowns on foolish men
 he shalbe fure to ioie.

For why? the Aungels of the Lorde,
 shall hym defende alwayes,
 And set hym free, at euey harmes,
 and hurts at all affayes.

Dauid.
 [? *Daniel.*]

Euen he that kept the Prophet safe,
 from mouthes of Lyons wyld,
 And he that once preferued in Flags,
 the sely suckyng Chylde,

Moses.

Elias.

The God that fed, by Rauens Byll,
 the Teacher of his worde,
 Shall hym (no doubt) in safetie keepe,
 from Famyn, Fyre, aud Sworde.

Not he, whom Poets old hauc faynd,
 to lyue in Heauen hye,

Iupiter.

Embracyng Boyes: (O fylthy thyng)
 in beastly Lecherye.

Iuno.

Nor *Iuno* she: (that wrinkled Iade),
 that Quene of Skyes is calde,

Saturn.

Nor soleyne *Saturn* Churlysh Chuffe,
 with Scalpe of Cancre bald.

Mars.

Nor fumyng Foole, with fyery face,
 that moues the fyghters mynd.

Venus
Cupid.

Nor Venus she : (that wanton wench)
that guyds the Shoter blynd.
Can the defende : as God wyll do,
for they were fynfull fooles,
Homerus. Whom fyrst ye blynd hye witted Greke
brought in to wyse mens Scooles.
No none of these, but God alone,
ought worthyp for to haue,
For they for all theyr Honour ones,
rest yet in stynkyng Graue.
Heare hast thou heard, the happy state
of them that lyue in feare,
Of God : and loue hym best : now lyst,
his foes reward to heare,
And fyrst know thou that euery man,
that from this God doe goe,
And folows lust, hym he acountes,
to be his deadly foe,
This myghty Kyng of whom we talk,
as he is mercyfull,
And suffers long, reuengyng flow,
So when we be thus dull,
That we wyl not perceaue in tyme,
the goodnes of his grace,
His fauour straight, he doth withdraw
and tournes a way his face.
And to him selfe then doth he say,
How long shall I permit
These stubburne beastes, for to rebell?
and shall I loue them yet,
That hate me thus? or haue I nede
theyr louynge mynds to craue?
I aske no more but onely loue,
and that I can not haue.
Well, wel I wil not care for them,
that thus do me dyspyse,
Let them go lyue, euen as they lyst,
I turne away myne eyes.

When God hath thus sayd to him self
 Then doth the braynlesse foole,
 Cast Brydle of, and out he runnes,
 neglectynge vertues Scoole,
 Then doth the Deuyl geue him lynce,
 and let him rune at large,
 And Pleasure makes his Mariner,
 to row in vyces Barge,
 Then vp the Sayles of wilfulnes.
 he hoyfes hie in hast,
 And fond Affection blowes hym forth,
 a wynd that *Pluto* plast,
 Then cuttes he swyft, the seas of sin,
 and through the Chanell deape,
 With Ioyful mynd, he fleets a pace,
 whom Pleasure bryngs a sleape,
 Then who so happy thinks hym selfe?
 who dreames of ioy but he?
 Tush, tush, sayeth he: to thynk of God,
 In age suffiseth me.

Now wil I passe my pleasaunt youth,
 Such toyes becomes this age,
 And God shall followe me sayth he,
 I wyll not be his page,
 I wyll be prowde, and looke a loft,
 I wyll my bodye decke,
 With costly clothes, a boue my state
 who then dare gyue me checke?

Coridon. Garments som time, so gard a knaue,
 that he dare mate a Knyght,
 Yet haue I sene a *Nec* in hemp,
 For Checking often lyght.

Cornix. The Peacocks plume shal not me pas
 that nature finely framde
 For coulord fylkes shal set me fourth,
 that nature shalbe shamde,
 My Sworde shal get me valiant fame,
 I wyll be *Mars* out ryght,

And *Mars* you know, must *Venus* haue,
 to recreate his spryght.
 I wyll oppresse the fymple knaue,
 shall Slaues be sawy now?
 Nay: I wyll teache the nedy Dogges,
 with Cappe to crowche, and bow.
 Thus fareth he, and thus he lyues,
 No whyt estymyng God,
 In health, in ioy, and lustynes,
 free from the smartyng Rod,
 But in the midst of all his myrth,
 whyle he suspecteth least,
 His happy chaunce, begyns to chaunge
 and eke his fleetynge feast,
 For death (that old deuouryng Wolf)
 whom goodmen nothyng feare,
 Coms saylyng fast, in Galley blacke,
 and whan he spyes hym neare,
 Doth boorde hym strayght, and grapels fast
 And than begyns the fyght,
 In ryot leapes, as Captayne chiefe,
 and from the Maynmaist ryght,
 He downward coms, and surfet than
 assayleth by and by,
 Then vyle deseases forward shoues,
 with paynes and gryefe therby,
 Lyfe stands aloft, and fyghteth hard,
 but pleasure all agaste.
 Doth leaue his ore, and out he flyes,
 then death approacheth fast.
 And giues the charge so fore, yat needs
 must lyfe begyn to flye,
 Then farewell all. The wretched man
 with Caryen Corse doth lye,
 Whom Deth hymself flyngs ouer bord,
 amynd the Seas of fyn,
 The place wher late, he swetly swam,
 now lyes he drowned in.

Egloga octaua

Continually torment hym awaytes,
 (a Monster vyle to tell)
 That was begot of Due Defert,
 and raygneth now in Hell,
 With gredy mouth he alwayes feeds
 vpon the Syndrownd foule,
 Whose gredy Pawes, do neuer ceas,
 in synfull fluds to prowle.
 Loe. This the ende, of euery suche
 as here lyues lustylye
 Neglectyng God thou seest, in vyce.
 do lyue. in syn do dye.
 What shuld I speke of al theyr harms
 that happens them in lyfe?
 Theyr Conscience prickt, theyr barren blud
 theyr toyle, their grief, theyr stryfe,
 With mischiefes heaped many a one,
 which they do neuer trye.
 That Loue and Feare the myghty God,
 that rules and raynes on hye,
 To long it weare, to make discourse,
 and *Phebus* downe descends,
 And in the Clowdes his beams doth hyde
 which tempest fure portends,
 Looke how the beastes begin to fling,
 and cast theys heades on hye,
 The Hearonshew mountes aboue the clouds
 ye Crowes ech wher do cry
 All this shoves rayn, tyme byds vs go
 com *Coridon* awaye,
 Take vp thy Staffe, fetch in thy beasts
 let vs go whyle we maye.
Coridon. *Cornix* agreed, go thou before,
 yon cursed Bull of myne
 I must go dryue : he neuer bydes,
 among my Fathers Kyne.

Finis Eglogæ octauæ.

EPYTAPHES.

¶ *An Epytaphe of the Lorde Sheffeldes death.*



When Brutysh broyle, and rage of war
in Clownysh harts began
When Tigres stoute, in Tanners bonde
vnmusled all they ran,
The Noble Sheffeyld Lord by byrth
and of a courage good,
By clubbish hands, of crabbed Clowns
there spent his Noble blud.
His noble byrth auayled not,
his honor all was vayne,
Amyd the prease, of Mastye Curres,
the valyant Lorde was slayne.
And after suche a sorte (O ruth,)
that who can teares suppress.
To thynke yat Dunghyll Dogs shuld dawnt
the Floure of worthynes.
Whyle as the rauenyng Wolues he prayed
his gylteles lyfe to faue.
A bluddy Butcher byg and blunt,
a vyle vnweldy knaue
With beastly blow of boysterous byll
at hym (O Lorde) let dryue,
And cleft his head, and sayd therwith
shalt thou be lefte alyue?
O Lorde that I had present ben,
and Hectors force withall,
Before that from his Carlysh hands,
the cruell Byll dyd fall.
Then shulde that peasaunt vyle haue felt
the clap vpon his Crowne,
Then shuld haue dazed his dogged hart
from dryuyng Lordes adowne.

Then shuld my hands haue sau'd th y lyfe
 good Lord whom deare I loued
 Then shuld my hart in doutfull case,
 full well to the ben proued,
 But all in vayne thy death I wayle,
 thy Corps in earth doth lye.
 Thy kyng and Countrey for to serue
 thou dydste not feare to dye.
 Farewel good Lord, thy deth bewayle
 all fuche as well the knewe,
 And euerye man laments thy case:
 and *Googe* thy death doth rewe.

¶ *An Epytaphe of M. Shelley
 slayne at Musselbroughe.*

Van Mars had moued mortall hate
 and forced fummysh heate
 And hye *Bellona* had decreed,
 to fyt with Sworde in Seate,
 The Scottes vntrue with fyghtyng hande,
 theyr promys to denye,
 Asssembled fast, and England thought,
 the trothe with them to trye.
 Chose *Musselbroughe* their fyghtyng place
 amynd those barrayne fyelds
 Theyr breche of fayth, there not to try
 with trothe, but trotheles Shyeldes
 In battayle braue, and Armye strong
 Encamped sure they laye,
 Ten Scottes to one (a dredeful thyng
 a dolfull fyghtyng daye.)
 That Englysh men were all agaste,
 with quakyng staues in hande.
 To se their enemyes lye so neare,
 and death with them to stande.

No other remedye there was,
but fyght it out or flye.
And who shuld fyrst the Onset gyue,
was fure therin to dye.
Thus al difmayde, and wrapt in feare
with doutfull mynde they stande,
If best it be, with flyght of foote,
to stryue or fyght of hande.
Tyll at the length, a Captayn stoute.
with hawtye mynde gan speake.
O Cowards all, and maydly men
of Courage faynt and weake,
Vnworthye com of Brutus race,
to this your manhode gon,
And is there none you Daftardes all,
that dare them set vpon.
Then Shelly all inflamed with heate
with heate of valyaunt mynde,
No Cowardes we, nor maydly men,
ne yet of Daftards kynde,
I wold you wyste dyd euer com,
but dare be bolde to trye,
Our manhode heare, thoughe nought appeare
but deth to all mens eye
And with these wordes (O noble hart)
no longer there he stayde,
But forth before them all he sprang
as one no whyt difmayed
With charged staffe on fomyng horse
his Spurres with heeles he strykes,
And forewarde ronnes with swiftye race,
among the mortall Pykes
And in this race with famous ende,
to do his Countrey good,
Gauē Onset fyrst vpon his Foes,
and lost his vitall blud.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ *An Epytaphe of Maister
Thomas Phayre.*

He hawtye verſe, yat *Maro* wrote
 made Rome to wonder muche
 And meruayle none for why the Style
 and waightynes was fuche,
 That all men iudged *Parnaffus* Mownt
 had clefte her ſelfe in twayne.
 And brought forth one, that ſeemd to drop
 from out *Mineruaes* brayne.
 But wonder more, maye Bryttayne great
 wher *Phayre* dyd floryſh late,
 And barreyne tong with ſwete accord
 reduced to fuche eſtate :
 That *Virgils* verſe hath greater grace
 in forrayne foote obtaynde,
 Than in his own, who whilſt he lyued
 eche other Poets ſtaynde.
 The Noble H. *Hawarde* once,
 that raught eternall fame,
 With mighty Style, did bryng a pece
 Of *Virgils* worke in frame,
 And *Grimaold* gauē the lyke attempt,
 and *Douglas* wan the Ball,
 whoſe famous wyt in Scottyſh ryme
 had made an ende of all.
 But all theſe fame did *Phayre* excell,
 I dare preſume to wryte,
 As muche as doth *Appolloes* Beames.
 the dymmest Starre in lyght.
 The enuyous fates (O pytie great,
 had great diſdayne to ſe,
 That vs amongſt there ſhuld remayn
 ſo fyne a wyt as he,

And in the mydst of all his toyle,
dyd force hym hence to wende,
And leaue a Worke vnperfyt fo,
that neuer man shall ende.

¶ *An Epytaphe of the Death
of Nicolas Grimaold.*

BEholde this fle-
tyng world how al things fade
Howe euery thyng
doth passe and weare awaye,
Eche state of lyfe,
by comon course and trade,
Abydes no tyme,
but hath a passyng daye.
For looke as lyfe,
that pleasaunt Dame hath brought,
The pleasaunt yeares,
and dayes of lustynes,
So Death our Foe,
consumeth all to nought,
Enuyeng these,
with Darte doth vs oppresse,
And that whiche is,
the greatest gryfe of all,
The gredye Grype,
doth no estate respect,
But wher he comes,
he makes them down to fall,
Ne staves he at,
the hie sharpe wytted sect.
For if that wytt,
or worthy Eloquens,
Or learnyng deape,
coule moue hym to forbear,

O *Grimaold* then,
 thou hadste not yet gon hence
 But heare hadest sene,
 full many an aged yeare.
 Ne had the Mu-
 ses losse so fyne a Floure,
 Nor had *Miner-*
ua wept to leaue the so,
 If wyfdome myght
 haue fled the fatall howre,
 Thou hadste not yet
 ben suffred for to go,
 A thousande doltysh
 Geese we myght haue sparde,
 A thousande wytles
 heads, death might haue found
 And taken them,
 for whom no man had carde,
 And layde them lowe,
 in deepe obliuious grounde,
 But Fortune fa-
 ours Fooles as old men saye
 And lets them lyue,
 and take the wyfe awaye.

¶ *Finis.*

SONETTES.

¶ *To Mayster Alexander Nowell.*

THe Muses ioye,
and well they may to fe,
So well they la=
boure com to good successe,
That they sustay=
ned long agoe in the,
Minerua smyles,
Phebus can do no lesse,
But ouer all,
they chyefly do reioyse,

That leauyng thyngs,
which are but fond and vayne,
Thou dydest chuse,
(O good and happy choyse)
In sacred Scoles,
thy luckye yeares to trayne,
By whiche thou hast
obtaynde (O happy thyng)
To learne to lyue,
whyle other wander wyde,
And by thy lyfe,
to please the immortall kyng,
Then whiche so good,
nothyng can be applyed,
Lawe gyues the gayne,
and Physycke fyls the Purse,
Promotions hye,
gyues Artes to many one,
But this is it,
by whiche we scape the Curte,

And haue the blys
of God, when we be gone.
Is this but one=
ly Scriptures for to reade?
No, no. Not talke,
but lyfe gyues this in deade.

¶ *To Doctor Bale.*

Good aged *Bale*:
that with thy hoary heares
Dofte yet perfyfte,
to turne the paynefull Booke,
O happye man,
that haft obtaynde fuche yeares,
And leavft not yet,
on Papers pale to looke,
Gyue ouer now
to beate thy weryed brayne,
And reft thy Pen
that long hath laboured foore:
For aged men
vnfyf fure is fuche paine,
And the befeems
to laboure now no more,
But thou I thynke
Don Platoes part will playe
With Booke in hand,
to haue thy dyeng dave.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ To M. Edwarde Cobham.

QLde *Socrates*,
 whose wysdome dyd excell,
 And past the reache,
 of wyfest in his tyme,
 Surmounted all,
 that on the earth dyd dwell,
 That Craggye Hyls,
 of vertue hye dyd clyme,
 That *Socrates*,
 my *Cobham* dyde allowe,
 Eche man in youth,
 hym selfe in Glasse to vew,
 And wyld them oft,
 to vse the same, but how ?
 Not to delyght,
 in forme of fadyng hew.
 Nor to be proude
 therof, as many be,
 But for to stryue,
 by beautie of the mynde,
 For to adourne,
 the beautie he doth se.
 If warlyke forme,
 Dame Nature hym affygnde,
 By vertuous lyfe,
 than countenaunce for to get,
 That shall deface,
 the fayrest of them all,
 Suche Beautie as
 no age nor yeares wyll fret :
 That flies with fame.
 whan fyckle forme doth fayle,
 Thus muche I faye,
 that here to the present,

My wordes a Glasse
for the to looke vpon.
To the whom God,
in tender yeares hath lent,
A towardenes,
that maye be mused vpon,
Suche towardenes,
as in more grauer yeares,
Doth sure a hope,
of greater thyngs pretende.
Thy noble mynde,
that to thy frendes appeare,
Doth shoue the blud,
wherof thou doste descende,
The gentlenes,
thou vvest vnto all fuche,
As smallye haue
deserued good wyll of the,
Doth shoue the grace,
thou hast that sure is muche,
As euer yet,
in any I dyd se,
That wyt as rype,
as Nature well can gyue,
Declares a grea-
ter hope than all the rest,
That shall remayne,
to the whilst thou doste lyue,
In desperate yls,
a Medycyne euer prest.
Thy good behauour,
of thy selfe in place
Wherfoeuer that
thou chauncest for to lyght,
So much both beautie,
mynde and wyt doth grace
As well can be
requyred of any wyght.

What resteth now ?
 but onely God to prayse,
 Of whom thou hast
 receaued these Gyftes of thyne,
 So shalt thou long,
 lyue heare with happye dayes,
 And after Death,
 the starrye Skyes shall clyme,
 Let noughtye men,
 saye what they lyst to the,
 Trade thou thy selfe,
 in feruyng hym aboue,
 No fweter fer=
 uyce can deuysed be,
 Whom yf thou fearst,
 and faythfully doste loue,
 Be sure no thyng,
 on earth shall the annoye,
 Be sure he wyll,
 the from eche harme defende,
 Be sure thou shalt,
 long tyme thy lyfe enioye,
 And after ma=
 ny yeares to haue a blessed ende.

¶ *Finis.*

¶ *Of Edwardes of the Chappell.*

*D*euyne *Camenes*
 that with your sacred food,
 Haue fed and fo=
 sterde vp from tender yeares,
 A happye man,
 that in your fauour stoode
Edwards in Courte
 that can not fynde his feares

Your names be blest,
 that in this present age
 So fyne a head,
 by Arte haue framed out
 Whom some hereaf-
 ter helpt by Poets rage,
 Perchaunce maye matche,
 but none shall passe (no doubt)
 O *Plautus* yf
 thou wert alyue agayne,
 That Comedies
 so fynely dydste endyte.
 Or *Terence* thou
 that with thy plesaunt brayne,
 The hearers mynde
 on stage dydst much delyght.
 What wold you fay
 fyrs if you should beholde,
 As I haue done
 the doyngs of this man?
 No word at all
 to sweare I durst be bolde,
 But burne with teares,
 that which with myrth began,
 I meane your bookes,
 by which you gate your name,
 To be forgot,
 you wolde commit to flame.
 Alas I wolde
Edwards more tell thy prayse,
 But at thy name
 my muse amased staves.

To L. Blundeston.

Some men be coun-
 styd wyfe that well can talke :
 And some because

they can eche man begyle.
 Some forbecause
 they know well chese from chalke,
 And can be sure,
 weepe who so lyst to smyle.
 But (Blundston) hym
 I call the wyfest wyght,
 Whom God gyues grace
 to rule affections ryght.

*The Aunswere of L. Blundeston
 to the same.*

Affections seekes
 hygh honours frayle estate,
 Affections doth
 the golden meane reprove.
 Affections tourns
 the frendly hart to hate,
 Affections breeds
 without discretion Loue,
 Both wyse and
 happye (*Googe*) he maye be hyght,
 Whom God gyues grace,
 to rule affections ryght.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell.*

THe lytell Fysh,
 that in the streame doth fleet
 With brode forth stret-
 ched Fyns for his disporte
 When as he spyes,
 the Fysshes bayte so swete,
 In haste he hyes,
 fearynge to com to shorte,

But all to foone
 (alas) his greedy mynde,
 By rash attempt,
 doth bryng hym to his bane,
 for where he thought
 a great relyefe to fynde,
 By hydden hooke,
 the fymple fole is tane.
 So fareth man,
 that wanders here and there,
 Thynkyng no hurt
 to happen hym therbye,
 He ronnes amayne,
 to gafe on Beauties cheare,
 Takes all for golde
 that glyfters in the eye,
 And neuer leaues
 to feade by lookyng long,
 On Beauties Bayte,
 where Bondage lyes enwrapt,
 Bondage that makes
 hym to fynge an other fong,
 And makes hym curfe
 the bayte that hym entrapte.
Neuell to the,
 that loueft their wanton lookes,
 Feade on the bayte,
 but yet beware the Hookes.

Alexander Neuells *Answer to the same.*

IT is not curfed *Cupids* Dart :
 Nor *Venus* cancred Spyght,
 It is not vengeaunce of the Gods
 That wretched harts doth smyght,
 With reflaffe rage of carefull Loue.
 No, No, thy Force alone

Affection fond, doth styr these flames.
 Thou caufest vs to mone
 And waile, and curs our wretched stats.
 Our thryse vnhappy plights,
 Our sighes, and powdred fobs with tears,
 Our greuou gronyng Sprights,
 Thy hateful Malice doth procure :
 O Fancye flamyng Feend
 Of Hel. For thou in outwarde shape,
 And colour of a frende
 Dost by thy Snares and flymed Hooks
 entrap the wounded Harts :
 From whence these Hellike torments spryng,
 and euer greauyng Smarts.
 Whence Gripe of minde, with chaunged chere
 Whence face besmeard with teares.
 Whence thousand mischiefs more, wherwith
 fuche Myfers liues outweares.
 Our gafyng eyes on Bewties bayt
 do worke our endles bane.
 Our eyes I fay doo worke our woo,
 Our eyes procure our paine.
 These are the Traps to vexed mynds
 Here Gyns and Snares do lye.
 Here fyre and flames by Fancie framde,
 In brest doo broyle and frye.
 O *Googe* the Bayte sone spyed is.
 Soone vewd their wanton lookes.
 Wheron to feede, and yet to shun,
 The priuy lurkyng hookes,
 Their pain, Their toile, Their labour is
 There There lyes endles strife.
 O happy than that Man account,
 Whose well directed Lyfe
 Can fly those yls, which fancy stirs,
 And lyue from Bondage free.
 A *Phænix* ryght on yearth (no doubt)
 A Byrde full rare to see.

¶ *To M. Henrye Cobham, of the
most blessed state of Lyfe.*

THe happyest lyfe
 that here we haue,
MY *Cobham* yf
 I shall defyne,
 The goodlyest state,
 twyخته byrth and graue,
 Most gracious
 dayes and fwetest tyme,
 The fayrest face,
 of fadynge Lyfe,
 Race ryghtlyest ronne
 in ruthfull wayes,
 The safest meanes
 to shun all stryfe:
 The surest Staffe,
 in fyckle Dayes:
 I take not I
 as some do take,
 'To gape and gawne,
 for Honours hye,
 But Court and
Cayser to forsake,
 And lyue at home,
 full quyetye,
 Remembreth thou?
 what he once sayde,
 Who bad, Courte not
 in any case,
 For Vertue is,
 in Courtes decayed,
 And Vyce with States,
 hath chyefest place,

Not Courte but Countreie
 I do iudge,
 Is it wheare lyes,
 the happyest lyfe,
 In Countreie growes,
 no gratynge grudge,
 In Countreie standes
 not sturдые stryfe,
 In Countreie,
Bacchus hath no place,
 In Countreie
Venus hath defecte,
 In Countreie
Thraso hath no grace,
 In Countreie
 fewe of *Gnatoes* Secte.
 But these iame foure
 and many more,
 In Courte,
 thou shalt be sure to fynde,
 For they haue vowed,
 not thence to goe,
 Bycause in Courte,
 dwels ydle mynde.
 In Countreie
 mayste thou safely rest,
 And flye all these,
 yf that thou lyste,
 The Countreie therefore,
 iudge I best,
 Where godly lyfe,
 doth vyce resyste,
 Where vertuous
 exercyse with ioye,
 Doth spende the yeares
 that are to run,
 Where Vyces fewe,
 maye the annoye,
 This lyfe is best
 whan all is done.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell of the
blessed State of him that
feeles not the force of
Cupids flames.*

As ofte as I
 remembre with my self,
 The Fancies fonde,
 that flame by foolyshe Loue,
 And marke the Furies
 fell, the blynded elfe
 And Venus she
 that raynes so fore aboue,
 As ofte as I
 do se the wofull state,
 Of Louers all,
 and eake their myserye,
 The ones desy=
 ryng mynde the others hate,
 Trothe with the one,
 with the other Trecherye,
 So ofte say I,
 that blessed in the wyght,
 Yea *Neuell* blest,
 and double blest agayne,
 That can by rea=
 son rule hys mynde a ryght,
 And take fuche foo=
 lysh fadynge toyes for vayne.

¶ *Alexander Neuells Awnswere
to the same.*

He plunged mind in fluds of griefs
 The Sences drowned quyght,
 The Hart opprest. The flesh consumed
 The chaunged state outright.

The Body dryed by broylyng blafe,
 Of preuy fchorchyng Flame.
 The doulfull Face. The countnaunce fad
 The drowping Courage tame.
 The Scaldyng fyghes. The greeuous groones
 The burning rage of fyre
 The ernest fute. The fruitles Toyle.
 The deepe and hot Defyre,
 The Braynes quight brufd and crusht with Cares.
 The euer duryng soore.
 The very paynes of Hell it felf,
 with thoufande mischyefes moore,
 Which wounded Harts enflamed with Loue
 with Gryefe do ouerflow,
 And works theyr endles plage and spight
 Tyll Death from thence do growe.
 All thefe conclude him blest (my *Googe*)
 And trible blest agayne,
 That taught bi tract of Time can take
 Such fadyng Toyes for vayne.

¶ *To Maystresse A.*

¶ Ynce I fo long haue lyved in pain
 and burnt for loue of the,
 (O cruel hart) doste thou no more
 esteame the Loue of me,
 Regardst thou not, the health of hym?
 that the, aboue the rest
 Of Creatures all, and next to God
 hath dearest in his brest.
 Is pytie placed from the fo farre
 is gentlenes exylde?
 Haft thou ben fostred in the Caues,
 of Wolues or Lyons wylde?
 Haft thou ben so? why then no force,
 the lesse I meruayle I,
 Such as the Damme, suche is the yong
 experyence trewe doth trye.

Syth thou art of fo fyerce a mynde,
 why dyd not God then place
 In the, with fuche a Tygers Harte,
 a fowle yll fauerde face?
 Sure for no other ende but that,
 he lykes no Louers trade,
 And the therfore a ragynge Fende,
 an Angels face hath made.
 Suche one as thou, was *Gorgon* ones
 as auncient Poets tell,
 Who with her Beautie mazed men,
 and nowe doth raygne in Hell,
 But mercye yet, of the I craue,
 yf ought in the remayne,
 And let me not so long the force,
 of flamyng fyre fustayne,
 Let pytie ioynde with beautie be,
 fo shall I not dyfdayne,
 My blud, my hart, my lyfe to spende
 with toyle, with ftryfe, and payne,
 To do the good, my breath to loofe,
 yf nede shall fo requyre,
 But for my feruyce and my paynes,
 thou gyueft me hate for hyre.
 Well now take this for ende of all
 I loue and thou dofte hate,
 Thou lyueft in pleasures happely.
 and I in wretched state.
 Paynes can not laft for euermore,
 but tyme and ende wyll trye,
 And tyme shall tell me in my age,
 How youth led me awrye.
 Thy face that me tormented, fo,
 in tyme shall fure decaye,
 And all that I do lyke or loue,
 shall vanyfh quyte awaye,
 Thy face in tyme shall wrynckled be,
 at whiche I shall be glad,

To see thy forme transformed thus,
 that made me once so fad,
 Than shall I blame my foly moch
 and thanke the mightyest kyng
 That hath me saued tyll such a daye,
 to se so fonde a thyng.
 And tyll that tyme I wyll keepe cloise
 my flames and let them blase,
 All secretly within my brest,
 no man on me shall gafe.
 I wyll not trespasse synfully,
 for God shall geue me grace
 To se the tyme wherin I shall
 neglecte thy folysh face,
 And tyll that tyme adieu to thee,
 God keepe thee far from me,
 And sende thee in that place to dwell,
 that I shall neuer see.

¶ *To George Holmeden of a
 ronnyng Heade.*

THe greatest vyce
 that happens vnto men,
 And yet a vyce,
 that many comon haue,
 As auncient Wryters
 waye with sobre Pen,
 Who gaue theyr doome,
 by force of wysdom graue,
 The forest mayme,
 the greatest euyll sure,
 The vylest plague
 that Students can sustayne,
 And that whiche moste
 doth ygnoraunce procure.
 My *Holmeden* is
 to haue a ronnyng Brayne,

For who is he
 that leades more restles lyfe,
 Or who can euer
 lyue more yll bestead?
 In fyne who lyues,
 in greater Care and stryfe,
 Then he that hath,
 suche an vnstedfast hedde:
 But what is this?
 me thynkes I heare the say,
 Physition take,
 thine owne diseafe away.

¶ *To the Translation of Pallingen*

THe labour swete,
 that I sustaynde in the,
 (O *Pallingen*)
 when I tooke Pen in hande,
 Doth greue me now,
 as ofte as I the fe,
 But halfe hewd out
 before myne eyes to stande,
 For I must needes
 (no helpe) a whyle go toyle,
 In Studyes, that
 no kynde of muse delyght.
 And put my Plow,
 in grosse vntylled foyle,
 And labour thus,
 with ouer weryed Spryght,
 But yf that God,
 do graunt me greater yeares.
 And take me not
 from hence, before my tyme,
 The Muses nyne,
 the pleasaunt synging feares

Shall so enflame
 my mynde with lust to ryme,
 That *Palingen*
 I wyll not leaue the fo,
 But fynyſh the
 accordyng to my mynd.
 And yf it be
 my chaunce away to go,
 Let ſome the ende,
 that heare remayne behynde.

¶ *The Harte abſent.*

Wete muſe tell me,
 Wher is my hart becom,
 For well I feele,
 it is from hence a way,
 My Sences all,
 doth forrow ſo benumme:
 That abſent thus,
 I can not lyue a Day.
 I know for troth,
 there is a ſpecyall Place,
 Wher as it moſt,
 deſyreth for to bee:
 For Oft it leaues,
 me thus in Dolfull caſe,
 And hether commes,
 at length a gayne to me?
 Woldeſt thou ſo fayne,
 be tolde where is thy Harte
 Sir Foole in place,
 wher as it ſhuld not be:
 Tyed vp ſo faſt,
 that it can neuer ſtarte?
 Tyll Wyſdom get,
 agayne thy Lybertye:
 In place wher thou,

as safe maist dwel swet daw?
 As may the harte,
 ly by the Lyons paw:
 And wher for thee,
 as much be sure they passe:
 As dyd the master
 ons for *Ejops* Affe.

¶ *To Alexander Neuell.*

IF thou canst banish Idle nes,
Cupidoes Bowe is broke, *Ouid.*
 And well thou mayst dyspyse his bronds
 cleane void of flame and fmoke
 What moued the Kynge *Agistus* ons,
 to Loue with vyle excesse:
 The cause at hand doth streight apeare
 he lyued in Idlenes.

Finis.

¶ *The Aunswere of A. Neuell to the same.*

THe lack of labour mayms ye mind,
 And wyt and Reason quyght exiles.
 And Reason fled. Flames Fancy blind.
 And Fancy she forthwith beguyles
 The Sensles wight: that swiftly fails
 Through deepest fluds of vyle exces.
 Thus vice abounds. Thus vertu quails
 By meanes of drowfy Idlenes.

¶ *To Maystresse D.*

NOt from the hye *Cytherion* Hyll
 nor from that Ladies throne
 From whens flies forth ye winged bov

yat makes some fore to grone.
 But nearer hence this token coms,
 from out the Dongeon deepe,
 Where neuer Plutto yet dyd raygne
 nor Proserpyne dyd sleepe.
 Wheras thy faithful Seruaunt liues.
 whom duetie moues aryght,
 To wayle that he so long doth lacke,
 his owne deare Maystres fyght.

¶ *Out of an olde Poet.*

FYe Fye, I lothe
 to speake wylt thou my lust,
 Compell me nowe,
 to doo so foule an acte.
 Nay rather God
 with Flame consume to dust.
 My carryon vyle,
 then I perfourme this facte
 Let rather thoughtes,
 that long, haue weryed me :
 Or sycknes fuche
 as Fancye fonde hath brought,
 O gapyng Hell,
 dryne me now downe to the,
 Let boylyng fyghes,
 consume me all to nought.

QNs musynge as I sat,
 and Candle burnynge bye,
 When all were husht I myght discern
 a symple felye Flye.

¶ That flewe before myne eyes,
 with free reioysynge Hart,
 And here and there, with wings did play
 as voyde of payne and smart,

¶ Somtyme by me she fat,
 when she had playde her fyll,
 And euer when she rested had
 aboute she flyttered fyll.
 ¶ When I perceyued her well,
 reioysfing in her place,
 O happye Flye quoth I, and eake,
 O worme in happy case.
 ¶ Whiche two of vs is best?
 I that haue reason? no:
 But thou that reason art without
 and therwith voyde of woe.
 ¶ I lyue and so doste thou,
 but I lyue all in payne,
 And Subiect am to her alas,
 that makes my Gryefe her gayne.

[The following lines are added to this Poem, in the *Faultes escaped*, &c. at the end of the original Edition.]

¶ Thou lyuest, but feelst no gryefe,
 no Loue doth the torment,
 A happye thyng for me it were,
 If God were so content.
 That thou with Pen, wert placed here
 and I sat in thy place,
 Then I shuld Ioye as thou dost nowe
 and thau shuldst wayle thy case.

¶ **W**hen I do heare thy name,
 alas my hart doth ryse:
 And seekes fourthwith to se the salue
 that most contentes myne eys.
 But when I se thy Face,
 that hath procured my payne,

Then boyles my blud in euey part.
 and beates in euey vayne?
 Thy voice when I do heare,
 then collour comes and goes,
 Some tyme as pale as Earth I looke,
 some tyme as red as Rose.
 If thy sweete Face do smyle,
 then who so well as I?
 If thou but cast a scornefull looke,
 then out alas I dye.
 But styll I lyue in payne,
 my fortune wylleth so,
 That I shuld burne and thou yet know,
 no whytt of all my wo.

VNhappye tonge
 why dydste thou not consent
 When fyrst myne eyes
 dyd vewe that Princely face,
 To shew good wyll,
 that hart opprest than ment.
 And whylst tyme was,
 to fewe for present grace.
 O fayntyng Hart,
 why dydst thou then conceale?
 Thyne inwarde Fyers,
 that flamde in euey vayne,
 Whan pytie and
 gentlenes, were bent to heale.
 Why dydst thou not,
 declare thy ragyng payne?
 When well thou mightst
 haue moued her gentle mynde,
 Why dydste thou than,
 kepe backe thy wofull playn?

Thou knewste full well,
 redres is hard to fynde,
 Whan in thy owne
 affayres, thy corage faynts.
 But synce she is
 gon, bewaile thy grief no moore
 Synce thou thy selfe,
 wart Caufer of the Soore.

¶ *Oculi augent dolorem.*

Out of fyght, out of mynd.

THe oftener sene, the more I lust,
 The more I lust, the more I smart
 The more I smart, the more I trust,
 The more I trust, the heauyer hart,
 The heuy hart, breedes myne vnrest,
 Thy absence therefore, lyke I best.

The rarer sene, the lesse in mynde,
 The lesse in mynde, the lesser payne,
 The lesser payne, lesse gryefe I fynd,
 The lesser gryefe, the greater gayne,
 The greater gayne, the meryer I,
 Therefore I wysh thy fyght to flye.

The further of, the more I ioye.
 The more I ioye, the happyer lyfe,
 The happyer lyfe, lesse hurts annoye
 The lesser hurts, pleasure most ryfe,
 Suche pleasures ryfe, shall I obtayne
 When Distaunce doth depart vs twaine.

¶ *Finis.*

Accuse not God, yf fancie fond,
do moue thy foolyſh brayne,
To wayle for loue, for thou thy ſelfe,
art cauſe of all thy payne.

¶ *Finis.*

Two Lynes ſhall tell the Gryefe
that I by Loue ſuſtayne.
I burne, I flame, I faynt, I fryſe,
of Hell I feele the payne.

¶ *Of the vnfortunate choiſe
of his Valentyne.*

The Paynes that all the Furies fell
can caſt from Lymbo lake,
Eche Torment of thoſe Helliſh brains
wher crawleth mani a ſnake,
Eche miſchiefe that therin doth lye
eche ſmart that may be founde,
Flye from thoſe ſeendliſh clawes a whyle
with flames breake vp the grounde,
Lyght here vpon this curſed hand,
make here your dwellyng place,
And plague the part, yat durſt preſume
his Mayſter to diſgrace.
Which thruſt amonge a nombre of:
ſo many princely names,
And wher thy Maiſtres had her place
amongſt the chiefeſt Dames,
Durſte thus preſume to leue her there
and drawe a ſtraunger wyght,
And by thyne owne vnhappy draught
torment my pauld Spryght.

¶ *The vncertayntie of Lyfe.*

NO vayner thing ther can be found
 amynd this vale of ftryfe,
 As Auncient men reporte haue made
 then truste vncertayne lyfe.
 This tr[e]we we dayly fynde,
 by proofes of many yeares,
 And many tymes the trothe is tryed,
 by losse of frendly fears,
 Hope who so lyst in lyfe
 hath but vncertayne stay.
 As taylor of Ele that harder held,
 doth sooner flyde away.
 When least we thynk therof,
 most neare approacheth it.
 And sodaynly posses the place,
 wher lyfe before did fytt :
 How many haue byn seene,
 in Helth to go to rest,
 And yet eare mornyng tyde haue ben,
 with Cruell Death opprest,
 How many in their meales,
 Haue Ioyfully ben sett,
 That sodaynly in all their Feaste,
 hath yealded Earth theyr dett.
 Syth thus the lyfe is nought,
 that in this world we trust,
 And that for all the pompe and Pryde,
 the Bodie tournes to dust :
 Hope for the lyfe a boue,
 whiche far furmouteth all.
 With vertuous mind await the time
 When God, for vs doth call.

¶ *A Refusall.*

Syth Fortune fauoures not
 and al thynges backward go,
 And syth your mynd, hath so decreed,
 to make an end of woe.

Syth now is no redresse,
 but hence I must a way,
 Faruele I wast no vayner wordes,
 I Hope for better day.

¶ *Of Maistres D S*

THy fyled wordes,
 yat from thy mouth did flow
 Thy modest looke
 with gesture of *Diane*.
 Thy curteous mynde,
 and althynges framed so.
 As answered well,
 vnto thy vertuous fame,
 The gentlenes
 that at thy handes I founde
 In straungers hou[se],
 all vnaquaynted I,
 Good S. hath
 my Hart to the so bounde,
 That from the can
 it not be forced to flye,
 In pledge wherof,
 my seruyce here I gyue
 Yf thou so wylte
 to serue the whylst I lyue.

¶ *Of Money*

Give Money me, take
 Friendshyp who so lyst,
 For Friends are gone
 come once Aduerfytie,
 When Money yet
 remayneth safe in Chest,
 That quickly can the
 bryng from myferye,
 Fayre face shoue frendes,
 whan ryches do habounde,
 Come tyme of prooffe,
 farewell they must awaye,
 Beleue me well,
 they are not to be founde.
 If God but fende
 the once a lowryng daye.
 Golde neuer starts
 asyde, but in dystres,
 Fyndes wayes enoughe,
 to ease thyne heuynes.

¶ *Goyng towardes Spayne*

Farewell thou fertyll foyle,
 that *Brutus* fyrst out founde,
 When he poore soule, was driuen clean
 from out his Countrey ground.
 That Northward layst thy lusty sides
 amynd the ragyng Seas.
 Whose welthy Land doth foster vpp,
 thy people all in ease,
 While others scrape and carke abroad,
 theyr fymple foode to gett.

And felye Soules toke all for good,
 that commeth to the Net.
 Which they with painfull paynes do py[n]ch.
 in barrain burning Realmes :
 While we haue all with out restreint
 a mong thy welthy streames.
 O blest of God thou Pleasaunt Ile,
 where welth her self doth dwell:
 Wherin my tender yeares I past
 I byd thee now farewell.
 For Fancy dryues me forth abrode,
 and byds me take delyght,
 In leuyng thee and raungyng far,
 to see some straunger fyght.
 And sayth I was not framed heare
 to lyue at home with eas:
 But passyng forth for knowledge sake
 to cut the fomyng feas.

¶ *At Bonyuall in Fraunce.*

Fond affectyon
 wounder of my Hart,
 When wylt thou Cease,
 to breed my restles payne,
 When comes the end,
 of this my Cruell smart:
 When shall my force,
 beate backe thy force agayne.
 When shall I faye,
 this restles rage of myne :
 By Reason ruld,
 is banyshd quyght a way,
 And I escaped,
 these cruell bondes of thyne :
 O flamynge feend,
 that seakest my decaye.

Safe thynkyng I,
Charibdis Rage to flye,
 On *Scylla* Rocke,
 in *Bonyuall* I dye.

¶ *Commynge home warde out of Spayne.*

ORagyng Seas,
 and myghty *Neptunes* rayne,
 In monstrous *Hylles*,
 that throwest thy selfe so hye,
 That wyth thy fludes,
 doest beate the shores of *Spayne* :
 And breake the *Clyues*,
 that dare thy force enuie.
 Cease now thy rage,
 and laye thyne *Ire* a fyde,
 And thou that hast,
 the gouernaunce of all,
 O myghty *God*,
 grant *Wether Wynd* and *Tyde*,
 Tyll on my *Coun-*
treye Coast, our *Anker* fall.

¶ *To L. Blundeston of Ingratitude.*

THe lytell *Byrde*,
 the tender *Marlyon*,
 That vseth ofte
 vpon the *Larke* to praye,
 With great reproche,
 doth stayne the mynde of man
 If all be true,
 that *Wryters* of her saye.
 For she a *Creature*,
 maymde of *Reasons* parte,
 And framde to lyue
 accordyng to her kynde,

Doth seme to foster
Reason in her Hart
And to aspyre
vnto Deuyner mynde.
when Hungers rage
she hath exyled quyte,
And supped well
as falleth for her state.
The felye Larke,
doth take by force of flyght,
And hyes to tree,
where as she lodged late,
And on the trem-
blyng Byrde all nyght she flondes.
'To keepe her feete,
from force of nyppyng colde,
The amazed Wretche,
within her ennemyes handes,
And closed fast,
within the claspyng holde.
Awayteth Dea.h,
with drowfye drowpyng Hart,
And all the nyght
with feare drawes on her lyie,
The gentle Byrde,
whan darkenes doth departe
Doth not depyue,
the felye foule of lyfe,
Nor fylles with her
her hungred egre brest
But wayeng well,
the seruyce she hath done.
To spyll the Blud,
her Nature doth detest,
And from so great
a Cryme, her selfe doth shun.
She lets her go
and more with stedfast eyes.
Beholds whiche way

ſhe takes with mazed flight,
 And in thoſe partes
 that Daye ſhe neuer flies
 Leaft on that Byrde
 agayne ſhe chaunce to lyght.
 Loe, *Blundſton* heare
 how kyndenes doth habounde,
 In felye Soules
 where Reaſon is exylde,
 This Byrde alone
 ſuffyſeth to confounde,
 The Brutyſh myndes
 of men that are defyled,
 With that great Vice,
 that vyle and haynous Cryme
 Ingratitude
 (whiche ſome vnkyndenes call.)
 That Poyſon ſtrong
 that ſpryngeth ſtyll with tyme,
 Tyll at the length,
 it hath infected all.

¶ *The Aunſwere of L. Blundefton
 to the ſame.*

His Mirrour left
 of this thy Byrde I fynde,
Hath not ſuche force,
 to enter in the Hert,
 To roote away
 Vnthankefulnes of minde.
 As others haue,
 the Vertues to peruert,
 (ſo prone we are to Vice :)
 The Tenche by kynd
 hath Salue for euey Soore,
 And heales the may-
 med Pike in his dyſtreſſe,

The Churlyſh Pike
 for gentlenes therfore,
 In his rewarde,
 doth cruellye exprette.
 His murdring mynde,
 his fylthy spotted fayth,
 When hungre prickes
 to fyll his gredye Iawes,
 He grypes his poore
 Chyrurgion vnto death.
 Who late to hym
 of lyfe was onely cauſe.
 Thy Merlians haue
 fewe Ayryes in our ground
 But Pikes haue Spawnes
 good ſtoore in euery Pound.

¶ *To the Tune of Appelles.*

THe ruſhyng Ryuers that do run
 The valeys ſweet adourned new
 That leans their ſides againſt ye Sun
 with Flours freſh of fundry hew,
 Both Aſhe and Elme, and Oke ſo hye,
 Do all lament my wofull crye.

while winter blak, with hydious ſtormes
 Doth ſpoil ye ground of Sommers grene,
 while ſpringtime ſweet ye leaf returns
 That late on tree could not be ſene,
 while ſomer burns while harueſt rains
 Stil ſtyl do rage my reſtles paynes.

No ende I find in all my ſmart,
 But endles torment I ſuſtayne
 Synce fyrſt alas, my wofull Hart
 By fight of the was forſt to playne,
 Synce that I loſt my Lybertie,
 Synce that thou madſte a Slaue of me

My Hart that once abroade was free
 Thy Beautie hath in durance brought
 Ons reafon rulde and guyded me,
 And how is wyt confumde with thought
 Ons I reioyfed aboute the Skye,
 And now for the I alas I dye.

Ons I reioyfed in Companye,
 And now my chief and whole delyght
 Is from my frendes awaye to flye
 And keepe alone my weryed fpryght
 Thy face deuyne and my defyre,
 From flesh hath me transformed to fyre.

O Nature thou that fyrft dyd frame,
 My Ladyes heare of pureft Golde
 Her face of Cryftall to the fame.
 Her lippes of precious Rubyes molde
 Her necke of Alablafter whyte
 Surmountyng far eche other Wight

Why dydft thou not that tyme deuife
 Why dydft thou not forefe before?
 The mifchyefe that therof doth ryfe,
 And grief on grief doth heap with ftor
 To make her Hart of Wax alone,
 And not of Flynt and Marble Stone.

O Lady showe thy fauour yet,
 Let not thy Seruaunt dye for the
 Where Rygour rulde, let Mercy fyt
 Let Pytie Conquere Crueltie
 Let not Difdain, a Feend of Hell,
 Poffes the place, wher Grace should dwell.

¶ CUPIDO CONQUERED.



He sweetest time of al the yeare
it was when as the Sonne,
Had newly entred *Gemini*,
and warmynge heate begun :
Whan euey tre was clothed greene,
and flowers fayre dyd show,
And when the whyt and blowmyng
on Hawthorns thicke did grow,
Whan fore I longd to seeke a broade,
to se some Pleasaunt fyght,

A mid my woes and heauye happes,
that myght my Mynde delyght,
Care wold not let me byde within
but forst me foorth to go :
And bad me seeke fume present helpe,
for to relyue my wo.
Than forward went I foorth in haste,
to vew the garnysht trees?
What tyme the Son was mounted vp,
twixt nyne and ten degrees.
From Flowers flew sweete ayers abroad,
delighting much my brayn,
With fyght and smels gan sorow fade,
and Ioy returne agayne.
So that in mynde I much reioyce,
to feele my self so lyght:
For gorgyous fyghtes and odours sweet
had new reuyued my spryght.
Besyde the pleasaunt Harmonye,
that syngyng Byrdes did make:
Bad me pul vpp my Hart agayne,
and sorrow sone forsake.
For though (quoth *Reason*.) she be gon
on whom thy Lyfe dependes,

Yet fond it is to carke and care
 where there is none amendes.
 Thus forth I went, and in the grooues
 I raunged heare and theare,
 Wheras I hard fuche pleasaunt tunes
 as Heauen had ben neare.
 I thynke that if *Amphion* hadde,
 ben present ther to playe,
 Or if Sir *Orpheus* myght haue held,
 his Harp, that present day.
 Or if *Apollo* with his Lute,
 had stryuen to excell,
 None of them all, by Musycke sholde,
 haue borne away the Bell.
 I rather iudge the thracian wold,
 his Harpe wherwith he played,
 Haue cast a way as one whom Ire,
 had vtterly dismayed.
 Such passyng tunes of fundry Byrds,
 I neuer herd before,
 The further I went in the Woods.
 the noyse refounded more.
 O happy Byrdes quoth I what lyfe,
 is this that you do leade,
 How far from Care and myiery,
 how far from Feare and dread:
 With what reioyfynge melodie,
 passe you this fadyng Lyfe,
 While Man vnhappiest creatur liues
 In wretched toyle and stryfe.
 Styll forth I went and wonderd at,
 this pleasaunt Harmony.
 And gafed at these lytle Fooles,
 that made fuche Melody:
 Tyll at the length I gan to spye,
 a stately Lawrell tree,
 So plaft and fett in such a guyfe,
 That as it seamed to me,

Dame Nature stroue to shew her self
in plantyng such a thyng,
For Euen out besyde the rocke,
a fountayne cleane did spryng,
Where in the water I beheld,
resembled wonderous trew,
The Whyte and Greene of al the trees,
adorned late of new.
And how in order eake they stood,
a goodly fyght to se,
And there I might discerne the Byrds
that songe in euery tree.
To moue the Byll and shake the wings
in vteryng Musicke sweete
And heare and thear, to flye to feade,
and estefones theare to meete.
Great pleasure had I there to byde,
and stare vpon the Spryng,
For why me thought it dyd furmout,
eache other kynde of thyng.
Now was the Son got vp aloft,
and raught the mydle Lyne,
And in the Well, the Golden Gloobe,
with flamyng Beames dyd shyne,
Wherof the Bryghtnes was so great
that I might not endure,
Lenger to looke within the Spryng,
whose waters were so pure.
Vnwyllyng went I thence away,
and vnderneath the tree,
I laid me down whose braunches brode
dyd keepe the Son from me.
Thynkyng to rest me there a whyle,
tyll fallyng some degrees
Syr Phebus shuld haue hyd hym self,
behynde the shadowyng trees,
And then for to haue vewd the Spring,
and marked euery place,

And seene yf there I could haue spied
 the weeping *Biblis* face.
 For sure I thynke, it was the place,
 wherein *Narcissus* dyed,
 Or els the Well, to which was turnd
 poore *Biblis* whyle she cryed.
 But whether it was werynes,
 with labour that I tooke,
 Or Fume yat from the Spryng dyd ryse,
 wherin I late dyd looke.
 Or yf it were the sweete accorde
 that syngyng Byrdes dyd keepe,
 Or what it was, I knowe no whit
 but I fell fast a sleepe.
 I thynke the woddy Nymphes agreed
 that I shuld haue this chaunce,
 And that it was theyr pleasure so,
 to shoue me thyngs in traunce.
 Whilste I lay thus in slumbre deepe,
 I myght perceyue to stande,
 A Person clothed all in whyte,
 that held a Rod in hande.
 Whiche was me thought of Maffey Golde.
 I knew it very weale,
 For that was it, made *Argos* sleepe,
 whyle he dyd *Io* steale.
 When I perceaued by his attyre,
 that it was *Mercuri*.
 My Hart at fyrst began to faynt,
 yet at the length quoth I
 Thou Goddesse Son, why standste you there
 what busines now with thee,
 What meanest you in thy flying weed,
 For to appeare to me,
 And therwithall my thought I staid,
 and could no farther speake,
 For Feare did force my speech to fayle-
 and Courage waxed weake.

Which whan the sone of *Maia* sawe,
 he tooke me by the hand,
 Looke vp quoth he be not affrayed:
 but boldly by me stand.
 The *Muses* all of *Helicon*,
 haue sent me now to thee:
 Whom thou doest serue and whose you seekst
 For euer more to be.
 And thanks to the by me they sende,
 Bycause thou tookest payne,
 In theyr Affaires (a thankeles thyng)
 to occupie thy Brayne.
 Desyring thee not for to staye,
 for *Momus* ill report,
 But endyng that thou hast begun,
 to spyte the Canckred forte.
 And thynk not thou, that thou art he,
 that canst escape Disdayne,
 The day shall come when thankfull men,
 shall well accept thy Paine,
 But rather lay before thyne eyes,
 the hie attemptes of those,
 Whose statly style with painfull prooffe,
 theyr worthy wytes disclose,
 Marke him that thundred out ye deeds
 Of olde *Anchises* sun,
 Whose English verse gyues *Maroes* grace,
 In all that he hath done,
 Whose death the *Muses* sorrow much,
 that lacke of aged dayes,
 Amongest the common Brytons old,
 should hynder *Virgils* prayse.
 Mark him yat hath wel framde a Glasse
 for states to looke vpon,
 Whose labour shews the ends of them
 that lyued long a gone.
 Marke hym that shoves ye Tragedies
 thyne owne famylyar Frende,

By whom ye Spaniards hawty Style
 in Englysh Verse is pende.
 Marke these same three, and other moe,
 whose doyns well are knowne,
 Whose fayre attempts in euery place
 The flying fame hath blowne,
 Hast thou not harde, thyself in place
 full ofte and many a tyme,
 Lo here the Auctor loseth grace,
 Loe here a doltysh Ryme,
 Now syth that they haue this reward
 who passe the euen as farre,
 As in the nyght *Diana* doth,
 Excell the dimmest Starre.
 Take thou no sorne at euyl tonges,
 what needst thou to disdayne?
 Syth they whom none can well amend
 haue lyke fruyte of theyr payne.
 Moreouer yet the Ladyes nyne,
 haue all commaunded me,
 Bycause they know, the blynded God
 hath some thyng pearced the.
 To leade the fourth, a thyng to see,
 yf all thyngs happen ryght,
 Whiche shall gyue the occasion good,
 with ioyfull mynde to wryght.
 To this, I wold haue answered fayne
 and theare began to speake,
 But as my words were commyng forth
 my purpose he dyd breake.
 Come on (quoth he) none Aunswere now
 we maye no lenger staye.
 But frame thy selfe, to flye abroade,
 for hence we must awaye.
 And here withall, on both my fydes,
 two wyngs me thought dyd growe,
 Of mighty breadth, away went he,
 and after hym I flowe.

And euer as we mounted vp,
 I lookte vpon my wyngs,
 And prowde I was, me thought to see
 suche vnacquaynted thyngs.
 Tyll fourth we flewe, my Guyde and I,
 with mowntyng flyght apace,
 Beholdyng Ryuers, woods, and Hylles
 and many a goodly place.
 Till at the length methought I might
 a Gorgyous Castell spye,
 Thear downe began my guyd to fall,
 and downward eake fell I,
 Lo heare the place where you must light
 Gan *Mercury* to faye,
 Farwell and note what thou doost fe,
 for I must hence away.
 And with this fame a way flewe he,
 and leste me there alone,
 Wher as with Feare a masde I stood,
 and thus began to mone.
 Alas where am I now become,
 what Curfed Chaunce hath blown,
 Me from the place where I was bred,
 to Countreis heare vnknown,
 What ment that fell vnhappy Feend,
 that *Maia* brought to lyght,
 To bring me from my Hartes desyre,
 to see thys dolefull fyght.
 Vnhappy Wretche, I wolde I hadde,
 his Person heare in hand,
 Then shuld I wreak mine Ire of him.
 that brought me to this Land.
 But all to late alas I wysh,
 for words auayle not nowe,
 Tis best to learne, what place it is,
 and yet I knowe not howe.
 Alas that here were *Ptholome*,
 with Compasse Globe in hande,

Whose Arte shuld shoue me true the place,
 and Clymate where I stande,
 Well yet what foeuer chaunce theron
 what foeuer Realme it be,
 Yon Castell wyll I vyfite sure,
 hap what hap wyll to me.
 Thus much me thought alone I spoke
 and then I forewarde went,
 And cursed eke an hundred folde,
 them that me thyther sent.
 Thus to the Castell, strayght I came,
 whiche when I vewde aboute,
 And sawe the workmanshpy therof
 full gorgeouslye set oute.
 I entred in, with fearefull Harte,
 muche doutyng howe to speede,
 But euer hope of happye chaunce,
 my heauye Hart dyd feede.
 Wyde was the Courte and large within
 the walles were rayfed hye,
 And all engraued with Storyes fayre
 of costlye Imagrye.
 There myght I fe, with wondrous Arte,
 the Picture porturde playne,
 Of olde *Orion* Hunter good,
 whom Scorpions vyle had slayne.
 And by hym stode his Borspeare and
 his other Instruments,
 His Net, his Darte, his Coursar, and
 his Hunters restyng Tents.
 And vnder hym was wrytten fayre.
 in Letters all of Golde,
 Here lies he slain, with Scorpions sting,
 vnhappy wretche that wolde,
 Haue forced the Ladye of this forte
 with stayne of Royaltie.
 To haue consented to his wyll,
 in fylthye Lecherye.

Wherefore beware that enters here,
 what foeuer man thou art?
 Accounte thy felfe but loſt, yf that
 thou beaſte a lecherous Hart.
 When I had vewd theſe wrytten lines
 and markde the Storye well,
 I ioyed muche, for why I knew,
Diana there dyd dwell.
Diana ſhe that Goddeſſe is,
 of Virgyns ſacred mynde,
 By whom *Orion* Hunter wylde,
 his Fatall ende dyd fynde.
 Next vnto hym, I myght beholde,
Acteon wofull wyght,
 In what a manner, all to torne.
 his cruell Dogs hym dyght.
 There might be ſeene, theyr gredye mouths
 with Maiſters blud embrued,
 And all his owne vnhappye men,
 that faſt theyr Lorde purſued.
 And many Storyes more there war
 engraued: to long to tell
 What fearefull haps to many men,
 for luſt vncleane befell.
 Thus as I ſtoode with muſyng mind
 beholdyng all thyngs theare,
 In ruſheth at the Gate behynde
 a Poſt with heauy cheare.
 Into the Hall with haſte he hyes
 and after folowed I,
 To here what kynde of Newes he brought
 or what he ment therby.
 He paſſyng through the Hall in haſte,
 at entraunce neuer ſtayed,
 But blowyng faſt for want of breath,
 as one almoſte diſmayed.
 Approcht in Prefence to the fyght
 of chaſte *Dianaes* face,

That all encompassed rounde aboute
 with Virgins in that place,
 In lofty Chayre of hye estate
 dyd sit, all clothed in whyte,
 Of Syluer hewe, that shynyng gaue,
 me thought, a gorgeous syght.
 There dyd I see, fayre *Dido* Queene
 and fayre *Hisiphile*,
 And next to them *Lucretia* sat,
 and chaste *Penelope*.
 But these same foure, no Bowes dyd beare
 for Virgins sacred state,
 They had forsaken long ago,
 and ioyned with faythfull Mate.
 On the other syde, sat all the sorte
 of fayre *Dianaes* trayne,
 Whose trade with toyle amongst the woods
 was euer bent to payne.
 Whose sacred minds, were ner defyled
 with any wanton lust,
 Whiche neuer could the fickle state,
 of Louers fancye truste.
 The chyefe of them was *Ismenis*,
 Whom best *Diana* loued,
 And next in place sat *Hyale*,
 whom neuer Fancye moued,
 Next vnto them sat *Nipha* fayre,
 a Gemme of Chastyte,
 And next to her sat *Phyale*,
 not basest in degree,
 Behynde them all, of passyng forme,
 fayre *Rhanis* held her place,
 And nye to her I myght discern
 Dame *Plecas* shynyng face,
 These Pryncely Nymphes accompanied
Diana in her Baynes,
 Whyle as in shape of Stagge poore wretche
Acteon had his paynes,

Aboue them all I myght beholde,
 as placed before the rest,
Hipolitus whom *Phedraes* spyte ?
 most Cruelly had drest.
Hipolitus the vnspotted Pearle :
 of pure Virginitie,
 Whose noble Hart culd not agre,
 to stepdames vyllany.
 Next vnto hym sat Continence,
 and next was Labour placed ?
 Of bodie bygge and strong he was,
 and somwhat Crabtre faced.
 Next hym was placed Abstinence,
 a leane vnwyldy wyght,
 Whose Diet thyn had banisht cleane,
 all fond and vayne delyght.
 A Thousand more me thought ther war
 whose names I dyd not know,
 And yf I did to longe it were,
 in Verses them to show.
 Down of his knees the messenger
 before them al doth fall,
 And vnto chaste *Diana* thear,
 for succour thus doth call.
 O Goddesse chiefe of Chastitie,
 and Sacred Virgins mynd :
 Let Pitie from your noble Hart :
 redresse for Misers fynd.
 Let not our weryed Hartes sustaine,
 suche wrongfull Tyranye ?
 Quench quickly now the fyrie flames
 of open Iniurye.
 This sayd for Feare he staid awhyle,
 and than began agayne,
 A mighty Prynce (quoth he) is com,
 with great vnruly trayne.
 All armed well at euery poynt.
 (a dredefull fyght to se :)

And euery man in feates of armes,
 ryght skylfull all they be.
 The Captaine chyfe in Charyot ryde
 with pompe and stately Pryde :
 With Bow in hand of glistering gold,
 and Quyer by his fyde.
 Wher many a shaft full sharp doth ly:
 and many a mortall Darte,
 That hath with poysoned force destroid,
 Full many a yealdyng Harte.
 He entred hath within your Realme,
 and taken many a Forte,
 Hath fakte them all, and spoylde them quyte
 and slayne a wondrous forte.
 In straungest guyse, for where he shoots
 the wounde doth fester styll
 And all the Surgians that we haue
 can not remoue the yll,
 In lytell tyme the gryefe so sore,
 doth growe in euery parte,
 Destraynyng through the venomed vaines
 doth so torment the Hart.
 That some to ryd them selues therof
 in fluds full deepe they leape,
 And drown them selues som downward falles
 from Houses hye by heape,
 Some Anker cast on crossed Beames
 to ryd them selues from stryfe,
 And hang them selues iull thycke on trees
 to ende a wretched lyfe.
 And they whose fearefull myndes dare not
 thus make an ende of wo,
 With greuous flames, consumyng long
 theyr lyfe at length forgo.
 Loe here the Somme of all I haue,
 this Tygre vs anoyes,
 And cruellye hath spoyled vs,
 of all our wonted ioye..

Whom yf your Grace do not repuls,
 and fynde some present staye,
 Vndoubtedly he wyll wyn this Realme,
 and take vs all awaye.

At this, the Ladyes all amazde
 for feare dyd looke full pale,
 And all beheld with mazed eyes,
 the Wretche that tolde the tale.

Tyll at the length *Hipolitus*
 of Hart and courage hye,
 Nothyng abashde, with sodain newes
 began thus to reple.

Caste fere away, faire Dames (quoth he)
 difmaye your selues no more,
 I know by whom this mischief spryngs
 and know a helpe therfore.

It is not fuche a dredefull Wyght,
 as he doth here reporte,
 That entred is within these partes,
 and plagues the fymple forte.

Nor is his force so great to feare,
 I know it I full well :

It is the scornfull blynded Boy,
 that neare to vs doth dwell.

Whom *Mars* long tyme ago begott,
 of that Lasciuious dame :

That Linckt in Chaines for Lechery,
 receaued an open shame.

A difobedient blynded Foole,
 that durst presume to turne :

His dartes agaynst his mother ons,
 and cauld her fore to burne.

An auncient foo : to all this Court,
 Of long tyme he hath ben :

And hath attempted euermore,
 by this : Renowne to wyn.

His cruell Hart, of Pitie voyed,
 doth spare no kynd of age :

But tender youth and dotyng age,
 he ftrykes in furyous rage.
 And lauges to fcorne the fely foules
 that he hath wounded fo,
 No Fine appoynted of theyr ils,
 no end of al theyr wo.
 But fynes he hath prefumed thus,
 to entre heare in Place,
 And heare to threten Conquefts thus,
 agaynst *Dianaes* Grace,
 Let him be fure his loftie Mynde,
 this deade fhall foone repent,
 If that your grace do here agre,
 with Fre and full concent.
 To make me Cheftain of this Charge
 and whom I lyft to chofe,
 If Prifoner heare I bryng hym not,
 Let me myne Honour lofe.
 And there he ceafde with ioyfull looks
 the Ladyes fmyled all,
 And thorough his wordes they hoaped foone
 to fe *Cupidoes* fall.
 With heauenly voice *Diana* thear,
 as chyefe aboue the reft :
 This wife her words began to frame,
 From out her facred brest.
 My good *Hipolitus* quoth she,
 whose true and faythfull mynd :
 In doubtfull daunger often I,
 do alwayes redy fynd.
 For to reuenge the cankred rage,
 of all my fpytfull foes,
 Thou he from whose vnspotted hart,
 the fluddes of vertue flowes.
 whose feruife long hath ben aproued,
 within this court of myne,
 Reftrayne this boyes vnruly rage,
 by valyant means of thyne,

I geue the leaue and thee appoint,
 my cheyf Lieutenant here,
 Chuse whom you wilt take whom you lyst,
 thou nedeft no whit to feare.
 With this he rofe from out his place,
 and lokynge round a bout:
 Chose *Abstinence* and *Continence*,
 with *Labour* Captayne stout.
 And with thefe thre he tooke his leaue
 of all the Ladyes there,
 Who doubtyng of his fafe returne,
 let fall full many a teare.
 He lefte them theare in heauynes,
 and made no more delaye,
 But outward went and toward ye Campe,
 he tooke the neareft way.
 With this the Queenes commyffion ftraight
 was fent abroad in hafte,
 To rayfe vp fouldiars round about,
 and with theyr Captayne plaft.
 To bring them foorth and marching on,
Hipolitus to meet,
 Than founded Trumpetes al a broad,
 and Drumes in euery freat.
 And fouldiears good lyke fwarmes of Bees
 theyr Captains preafe about
 All armed braue in Corfletes white,
 they march with courage stout.
 And forwarde shoue, till at the length
 where as theyr marfhall lyes,
 They fynd the place the ioifull founds,
 Do mount about the fkyes.
Hipolitus receaued them all,
 with woordes of plefaunt cheare,
 And placith them in good aray,
 bycaufe the camp was neare.
 Three Battails big of them he frams,
 and of the Rereward [? Vanguard] ftrong,

Hath Labour charge who steppeth forth,
 before the statlye thronge :
 And Captayn of the reare ward next,
 was placed abstinens,
 And Ioind to him for Policie,
 was Captayne Continenne :
 The Battayle mayne *Hipolitus*,
 him selfe did chuse to guyd.
 And in the formeſt front therof,
 on Courſer fayre doth ryde :
 The *Trumpets* ſound march on apace,
 and Dromes the ſame do ſtryke.
 Then forward moues ye Army great,
 In order Martiall lyke.
 I cam behynde (me thought) and beſt,
 it ſeamed then to me :
 To vew the dynt of dreedfull ſword,
 and feygther none to be.
 Thie Spies were ſent abroad to vew,
 the place where *Cupide* lay :
 A longeſt a Ryuer fayre and broad,
 they ſpye a pleaſaunt way,
 Which waye they tooke and paſſynge forth,
 at length apeares a plaine:
 Both large and vaſt wher lyes ye rowt,
 of Cruell *Cupides* trayne.
 Thus told the ſpyes we onward hye,
 and ſtrayght in fyght we haue,
 The ferfull ſhow of all our Foes,
 and dreedfull army braue,
 The firſt yat marched from *Cupides* Camp
 was drowfy *Idlenes*.
 The chyfeſt frend that loue had then,
 the next was vyle *Exces*.
 A Lubbour great, miſhapen moſt,
 of all that thear I ſaw,
 As much I thynk in quantitie,
 as horſes fyxe can draw.

A myghty face both broad and flat,
 and all with Rubies fet :
 Muche nosed lyke a Turkey Cocke,
 with teth as blacke as Get.
 A Belye byg, full trust with guts,
 and Pestels two, lyke Postes,
 A knaue full square in euery poynt,
 A Prynce of dronken Oostes.
 Vpon a Camell couched hye,
 for Horfe coulde none hym beare,
 A mighty Staffe in hande he had,
 his Foes a farre to feare.
 Behynde them all, the blynded God,
 doth com in Charyot fayre,
 With ragyng flames siong rounde about
 he pestres all the ayre.
 And after hym, for tryumphe leades
 a thousande wounded Harts,
 That gush abrode hot streams of blud
 new perfed with his Dartes,
 The army redy for to meete
 and all at poynt to fyght,
Hipolitus with lusty cheare
 and with a noble Spryght.
 His Souldiers to encourage. Thus
 his wordes begyns to place.
 My valyaunt frends and Subiects all
 of Chast *Dianaes* Grace.
 whose noble Harts were neuer staind
 with spot of Dastards mynd,
 Behold our enemyes here at hande,
 behold yon coward blynd.
 Of lytle force, comparde with you,
 howe in a fond araye,
 They stragle out no ordre dewe,
 obserued in theyr waye.
 Behold what goodly Guyds they haue
 to gouerne them withall,

That neuer knew what fighting ment
 but lyue to Venus thrall.
 Marke hym that guyds the rerewarde there
 that vyle deformed Churle,
 Whose foggy Mates, with paunches fyde
 do thicke aboute him whurle.
 And he that formost hether coms
 loe what a handsome Squyre,
 Sure full vnapt to kepe the felde,
 more fyt to fyt by the fyre.
 In fyne lo Victorye at hande
 with hie tryumphant Crowne,
 Bent for to spoyle our Foes of Fame,
 and cast theyr Glorye downe.
 Fyght therefore now courageouflye,
 and ryd your frendes of feare,
 Declare your Manhod valyauntly,
 and let your Harts appeare.
 With this the founde begyns to mount
 and noyse hie to ryse,
 And warlyke tunes begyn to dash,
 them felues agaynst the Skyes.
 The Canons Cracke, begins to roore
 and Darts full thicke they flye
 And couerd thicke, the armyes both,
 and framde a Counter Skye.
 And now the Battayls both be ioynde
 with stroke of Hande to trye.
 The quarrell iust and for to fynde,
 where *Victorye* doth lye,
 The Souldyers all of *Idlenes*
 where *Labour* coms, do fall,
 And wounded fore, by force of hym,
 all bathde in blud, they sprall.
 Hym felse alone with *Idlenes*
 nowe hande to hande doth fyght
 And after many a mortall wounde,
 destroyes the felye wyght.

Then ioynes with him Syr *Abstinence*
 with ayde and succours newe,
 And both vpon the grefye Hoaste,
 of Glottonye they flewe.
 The Captayn doth aduaunce hymself
 with *Abstinence* to meete,
 The vnweldy Creature smitten there
 is tumbled vnder feete.
 Then *Fancie* flyes *Incontinence*
 and all *Cupidoes* frendes,
 Beholdyng Fortune thus to frowne,
 by flyght them selfe defendes.
Cupido whan he sees hymselfe,
 thus spoylde of all his ayde,
 The chyef Supporters of his Courte,
 so sodaynly decayde.
 Bad turne his Charyottes than with haste
 and fast away he flyes,
 Amongst the chaste *Hipolitus*
 on swyftye Courser hyes,
 Than all with Ioye they after run,
 downe thycke the enemyes fall,
 The blinded boy, for succour straight
 to *Venus* hie doth call,
 But all his cryes auayleth not,
 his Foes hym fast purfewe,
 The dryuer of his Charyot soone,
Hipolitus there slewe.
 And down from Horfe, the wretche doth fall.
 The horses spoyld of guyde,
 A Souldier floute of *Reasons* bande,
 is wylled there to ryde.
 Who tur[n]yng Raynes another waye
 restrayns hym of his flyght,
 His Honours lost and taken thus,
Cupide in dolfull plyght.
 These wordes with tremblyng voyce began
 fyth Fortune thus quoth he,

Hath giuen her doome from doubtfull brest
 and turnd her Grace from me.
 Syth that the most misfortune nowe,
 that euer I could fynd,
 Hath chaunced to me and Myser I,
 by Desteny's assygnde.
 Am Captiue heare, confydre yet,
 what Fortune myght haue wrought
 And made a Conquerer of me,
 and you in Bondage brought.
 Confydre yet the wofull plyght,
 wherin you had remaynd,
 If that the Gods my happy state,
 had not so fore disdaynd,
 And by your Gryef, than mesure mine
 shoue mercye in this case,
 That Conquerour commended is,
 who gyues to pytie place.
 The cruell mynd dispraysed is,
 In euery kynd of state,
 No man so hauty lyues on earth,
 but ons may fynd his mate.
 These wordes *Hipolitus* I speake,
 to bread no farther stryfe,
 I speake not this of malyce heare,
 my fute is for my lyfe,
 Syth Fortune thus hath fauord you,
 graunt this my small request,
 And let me lyue yf mercy dwell,
 within your Noble brest,
 By this tyme *Morpheus* had disperst
 the drowfy Clowd of sleape,
 And from my braynes the quyete traunce,
 began full fast to Creape.
 And downward fell. I waked therwith
 and loking round a bout,
 Long tyme I mused where I was,
 my mynd was styl in doubt.

Till at the length I vewde the tree,
 and place where as I fat,
 And well beheld the pleasaunt Spryng
 * that late I wondred at.
 I sawe beyde the Golden Globe,
 of *Phebus* shynyng bryght,
 That Westwarde halfe, dyd hyde his face
 approchyng fast the nyght.
 Eche Byrde began to shrowd hymself
 in tree to take his rest
 And ceaste the pleasaunt tunes yat late
 proceeded from theyr Breaste.
 I homewarde went, and left them all,
 and restles all that nyght,
 I musyng laye, tormented thus,
 with fond lamentyng spryght.
 When *Phebus* rose to passe the tyme,
 and passe my gryefe awaye
 I toke my Pen and pend the Dreame
 that made my Muses staye.

¶ F I N I S.

[* This line is repeated. Appearing at the bottom of one page, and also at the top of the next.]

¶ Imprinted at London
 in S. Brydes Churchyarde,
 by *Thomas Colwell*, for
Raufe Newbery.

And are to be sold at his shop
 in Fleetstreete, a litle
 about the Conduit.

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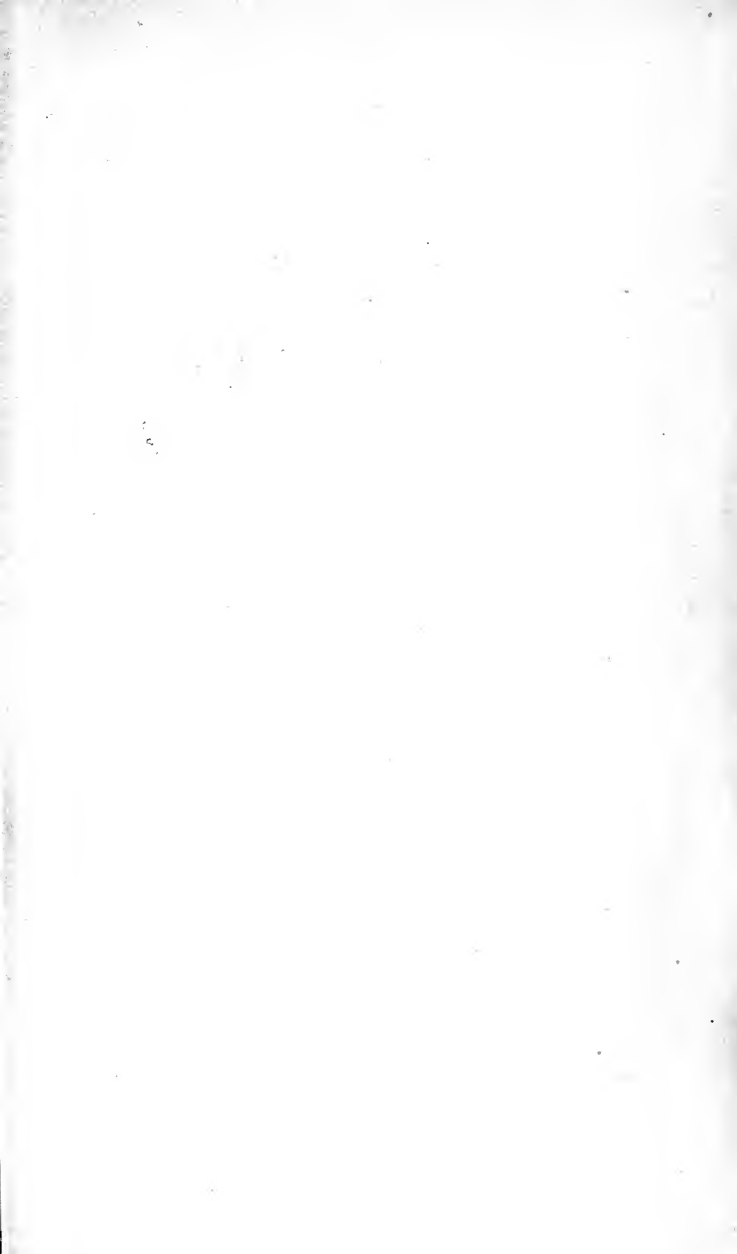
15. *Die Mensis March.*



¶ Faultes escaped in the Pryntyngē.

[The whole of these corrections have been embodied in the Text.]

Turnbull & Spears, Printers, Edinburgh.



PR
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Roy, William
Rede me and be nott
wrothe

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