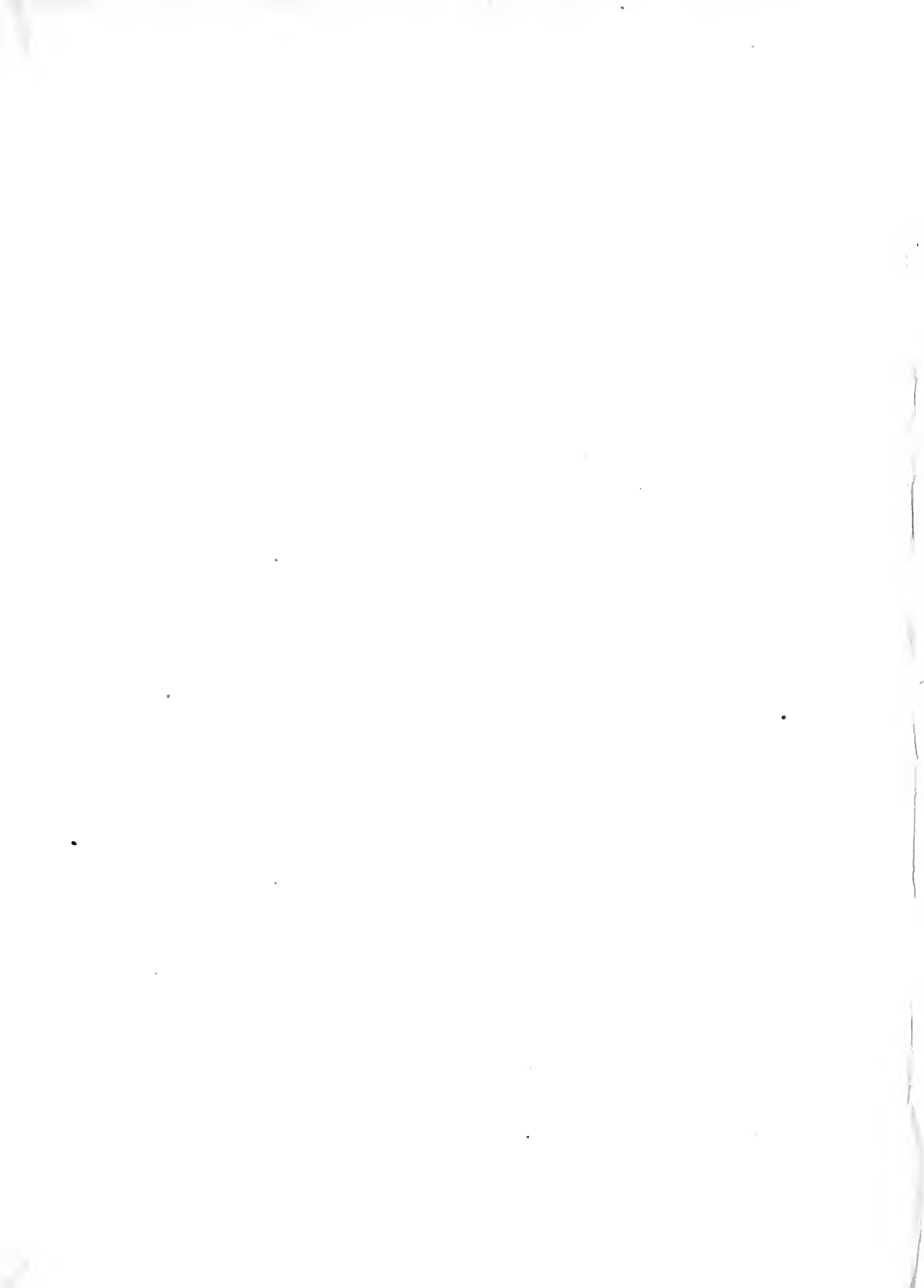


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

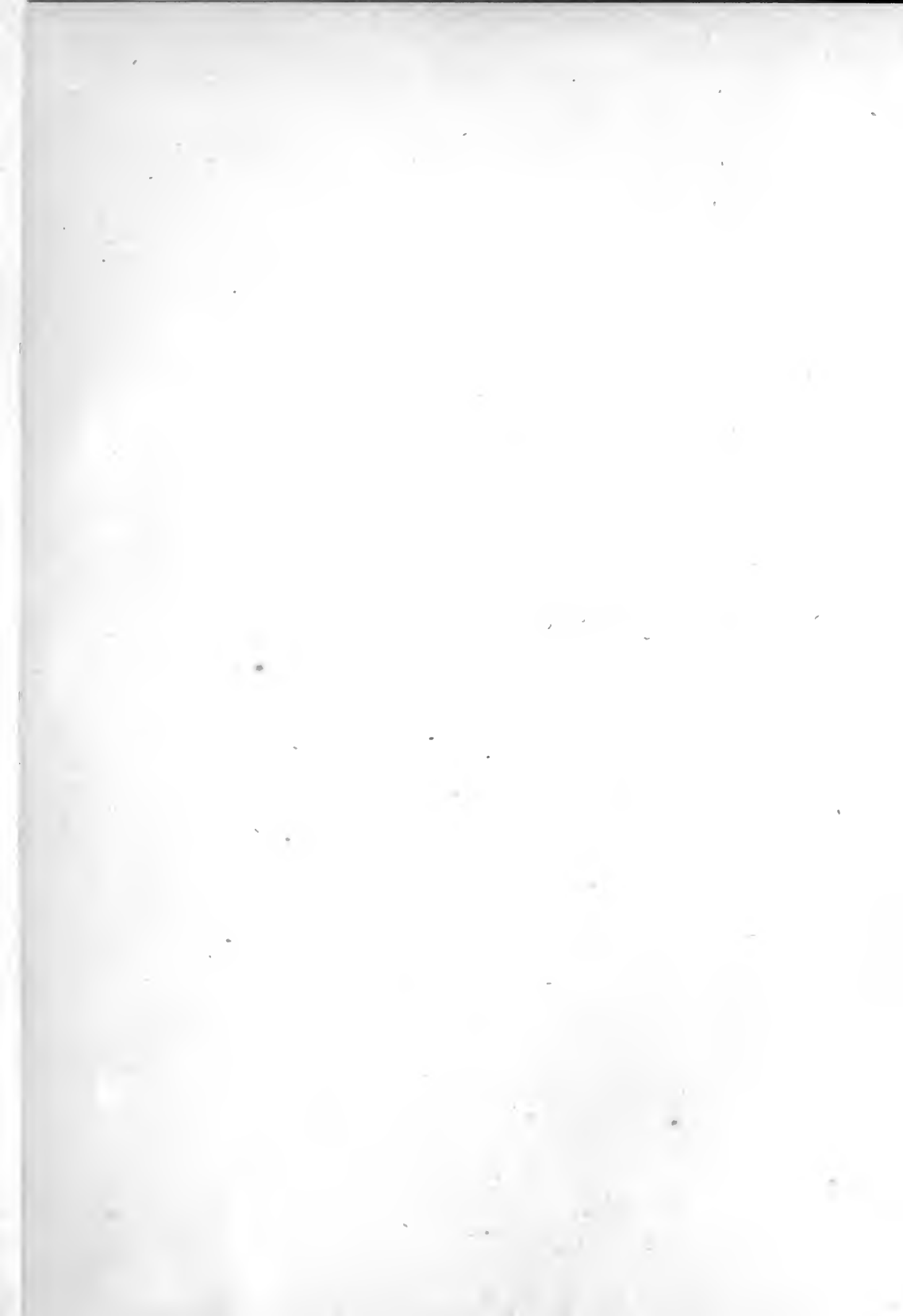


3 1761 01551195 9





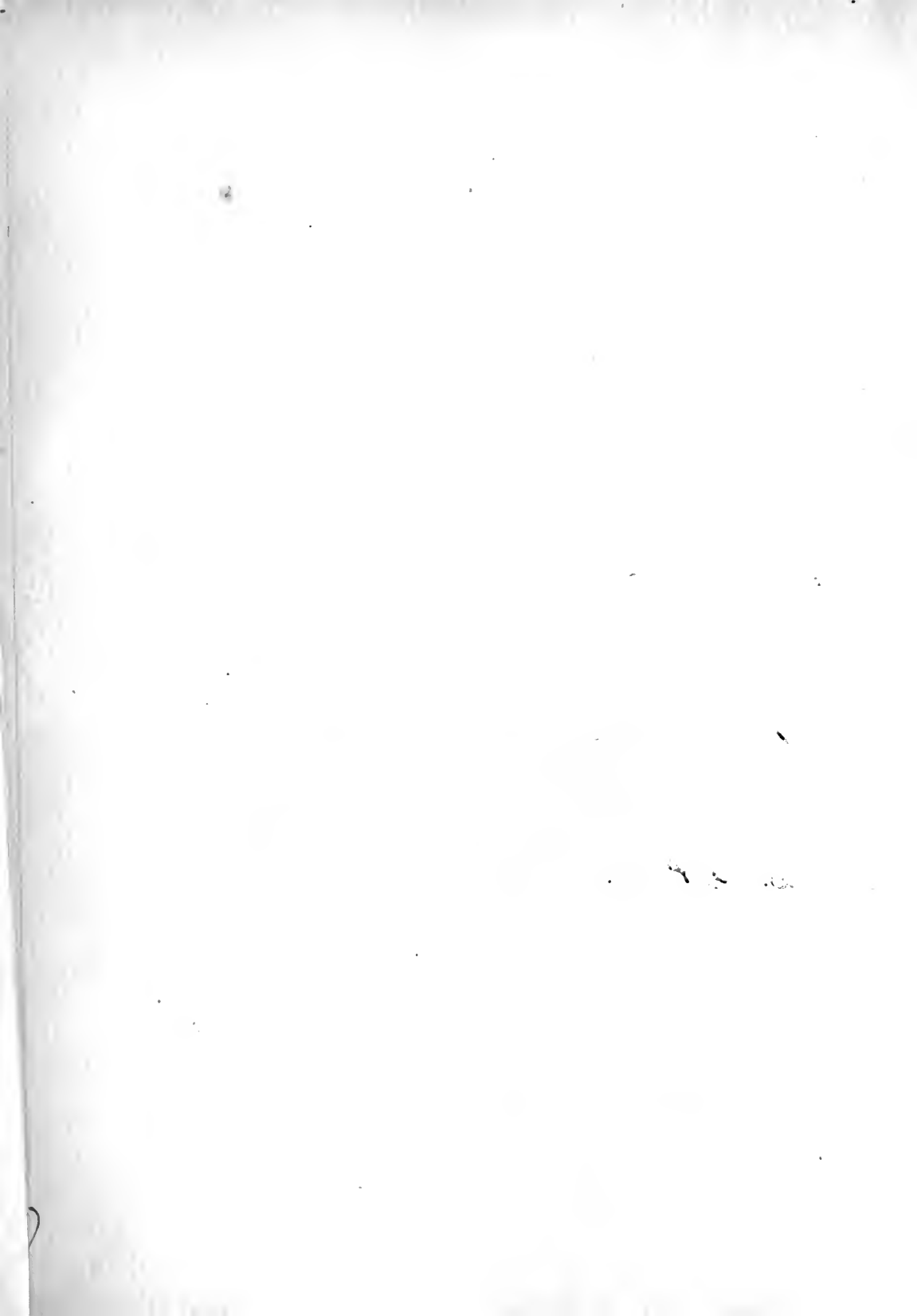




THE SHIP OF FOOLS.



VOL. II.



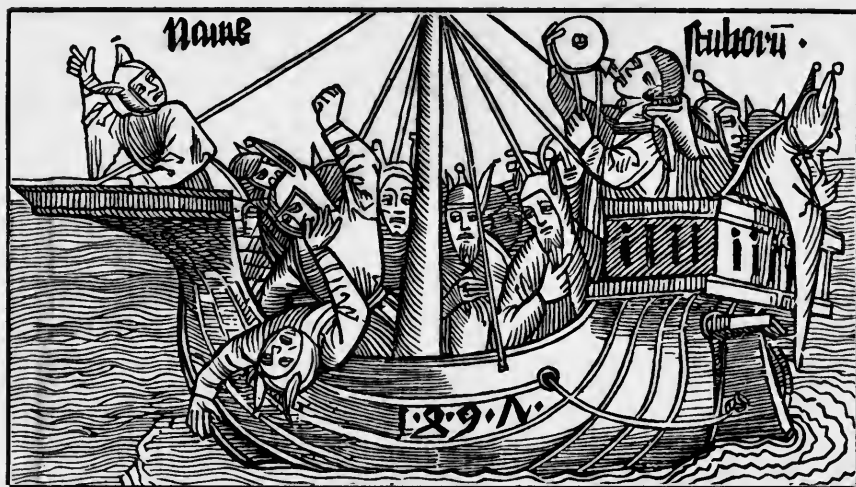
B24437

31915
14/1/94

THE SHIP OF FOOLS

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER BARCLAY



VOLUME SECOND

31915
14/1/94

EDINBURGH: WILLIAM PATERSON

LONDON: HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.

MDCCCLXXIV.

PR

2009

3355

1874

1.21

TABULA

[VOLUME II.]

Of wymens malyce & wrath, 1

Of the great myght & powerr of Folys, 12

An addicion of Alexander barclay in the lawde of
 kynge Henry y^e viij., 16

Of y^e vayne cure of Astronomy, 18

Of the folysshe descripcion or inquyscion of dyuers
 countres or regyons, 23

Of folys y^t stryue agaynst theyr betters nat wyllynge
 to se theyr foly, 28

Of folys that can nat vnderstande sport & yet wyll
 haue to do with folys, 33

Of folys that hurte euery man nat wyllynge to be
 hurt agayne, 38

Of folys improuydent, 43

Of folys that stryue in the lawe for thynges of small
 valour, 48

Of dyshonest folys in wordes of rybawdry, or vyle
 langage, 53

Of the abusion of y^e spiritualte, 57

Of carde players, and dysers, 69

Of proude, vayne and superflue bostys of Folys, 64

A rehersinge of dyuers sortes of Folysshe oppressyd with theyr owne foly,	75
Of the extorcion of men of warre, scribes and other offycers,	80
Of folysshe messangers,	86
Of the foly of Cokes, butlers, and other offycers of housholde,	90
Of the pryde of Churles and rude men of the countrey,	95
Of folysshe that despise and abhorre pouertye,	99
Of suche Folysshe as begyn to do well and contynue nat,	108
Of folysshe that despyse deth and make no prouysyon therefore,	113
Of folysshe that despyse god,	123
Of blasphemers of god,	128
Of the plage and indignacyon of god,	136
Of folysshe exchaunges,	141
Of children that dysdayne to honoure & worshyp theyr parentis,	147
Of claterynge and vayne langage vsyd of prestes & clerkes in y ^e Quere,	153
¶ Of the elacion or bostynge of pryde,	158
Of vsures and okerers,	166
Of the vayne hope y ^t folysshe haue to succede to heryt- age of men yet luynges,	170
Of the vyc of slouthe,	184
Of Folysshe that gyue & that after repent of that they haue gyuen,	179
Of Folysshe that kepe nat the holy daye,	174
Of mysbeleuynges folysshe as Sarrazyns, Paynems, turkes and other suche lyke,	188

Of the ruyne, inclynacyon and decay of the fayth of Christ by slouth of estatis,	192
A specyall exhortacion and lawde of the kynge Henry the viij.,	205
Of flaterers and glosers,	210
Of taleberers & Follys of lyght credence vnto the same,	214
Of marchauntis and other occupyers y ^t vse falshode and gyle,	219
Of the falshode of Antichrist,	224
Of hym that dare nat vtter the trouthe for fere of displeasour, &c.,	231
Of suche as withdrawe & let other from good dedes,	235
Of leuyng gode warkes vndone,	239
Of the rewarde of wysdom,	244
Of folys that wyl nat beware of mysfortune,	249
Of bacbyters of good workes & ayenst suche as shall dyspryse this boke,	254
Of the immoderate vylenes in maners vsed at the table,	259
Of folys disgysed with visers and other counterfayt apparayle,	267
The discripcion of a wyse man,	273
¶ Alexander barclay to his welbeloued frende syr Johnn Bysshop of Excester,	278
Of folys that despyse wysdome & Phylosophy and a commendacion of the same,	281
Of concertacyon or stryuyng bytwene vertue & vol- uptuosyte,	286
The obieccion of lust blamyng vertue,	289
The answere of vertue agaynst the obieccion of voluptuosyte,	296

The vnyuersall and generall Shyp or Barge: wherein they rowe that erst hath had no charge, . . .	306
The vnyuersall shyp of craftysmen or laborers, . . .	313
Of folys that ar to worldly,	317
A brefe addicion of the syngularyte of some newe Folys,	322
¶ A conclusion of this Boke with a Balade of our Lady,	333

Of the yre immoderate, the wrath and
great lewdnes of wymen.



For wrathfull men I purposyd to ordayne
A slowe Asse theyr hastynes to asswage
But nowe must they forgo that beste agayne
For wymen clayme the same by theyr great rage
Theyr furour passyth, in dede and in langage
All men in erth : none may with them compare
He is well happy whiche may of them be ware.

2 Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.

My balade bare of frute and eloqueuce
And I also with all my herte and mynde
Wolde wymen lawde and prayse with reuerence
And namely suche as ar founde true and kynde
But of that sort, but fewe a man shall fynde
So the yll cause, and theyr nature cruell
To say the trowth doth me constrayne and bynde
And of theyr vyces somewhat brefely to tell

I haue longe louyd, loue nowe, and euer shall
Them to commende that in vertue haue delyte
And that ar good and chaste namely of all
But bad, that full of wrath ar, and despyte
It is conuenient of theyr madnes to wryte
And theyr condycions repreue without all drede
So am I bolder and redyer to endyte
For no wyse woman shall these rebukes rede

The mother of Graccus. Cornelia prudent
Chaste and discrete, and of beauty souerayne
Shall nat my Balade rede : for intent
Was euer in vertue, hir honour to mentayne
No godly woman, that doth from synne refrayne
Shall I disprayse but rather them defende
Therefore in my wordes I shall boldly and playne
Lawde iust and good, and the yll discommende

She that hath bene brought vp in honestye
Fedyngge hir mynde with wysdome and prudence
And kept hir gode name in youth by chastyte
The fere of God alway in hir presence

Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen. 3

Suche ren nat lyghtly to vyle synne and offence
And doth no thyng, but gode and commendable
O that suche one is worthy reuerence
Better than all golde, than ryches more lawdable

A woman iust and to goodnes inclyned
If wrath and yre hir husbonde do inflame
With hir good counsell shall mytigate his mynde
And peas his wrath, an example of the same
We haue by kynge Assuerus by name
Whiche commaundyd all the hebreans to be slayne
But his Quene hester worthy of dede and fame
With hir fayre wordes apeasyd hym agayne

The kynge Dauyd despysed by Naball
That wronge purposyd to punysse hastily
Yet was he apaysyd by a woman lyberall
Abygayll by name, whiche very womanly
Causyd hym that yre to temper by and by
His hande withdrawynge, and swerde of punysshment
So good wymen counsell well and rightwysely
But yll gyue counsell after the worst intent

Salomon the wyse infect with the foly
Of wymens counsell and blynde aduysement
To his great hurte fell to Idolatry
Renounsynge the seruyce of god omnipotent
Of womans tunge : who can the malyce stent
Forsoth no man : for all theyr felycyte
Is set in spekyng of wordes imprudent
For in theyr tunge is all theyr cruelte

)
finesse foly

4 *Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.*

Theyr cruell tunge is sharper than a dart
Therwith they labour to brynge men to yll name
And with the same they stryke some to the herte
With thoughtfull wounde, no thyng can hele the same
They neuer haue done, and yet haue they no shame
Without occasyon to chyde with noyse and cry
In cruell wordes is all theyr myrth and game
Sawynge theyr sede of chatrynge lyke the pye

O god aboue: o kynge moste glorious
Of heuen and erth the whiche hast rauysshed hell
Delyuer vs from the tungys venemous
Of frowarde wymen, cursyd and cruell
For a thousande mo myscheuys than man can tell
Procede of theyr mad and disordred langage
One woman chydyng makyth gretter yell
Than sholde an hundreth pyes in one cage

The pore husbonde with some is so bested
That he no rest hath one houre of the day
Nor in the nyght whan he is in his bed
There she hym techyth a brawlyng crede to say
And if he there ought vnto hir denay
She gronyth grutchyng, with hir complayntis styll
Ye foure dayes after let hym do what he may
He shall hir nat asswage tyll she hath chid hir fyll

Thus is hir chydyng to this pore man great wo
Moreouer in woman is gyle and sotylye
And secrete malyce whiche none can take hir fro
And for that she wolde fayne commendyd be

She hym commaundeth as moche more wyse than he
In hir owne conceyt despysynge his doctryne
And if hir husbonde to any thyng agre
By no maner mean wyll she therto inclyne

She wyll that no thyng be perfourmyd of his wyll
All must be rulyd after hir folysshe mynde
And that in thynges, wherin she hath no skyll.
So oft the husbonde fawtles great hurte doth fynde
And also lossys whiche his herte sharply bynde
By the lewde dedys and langage of his wyfe
And though a womans wordes be but wynde
Yet of them growe bothe : murder losse and stryfe

Right so Amphyon of Thebes myghty kynge
For the offences : and selfe wyll of his wyfe
Bycause he dyd hir wyll in euery thyng
For his owne foly at laste he lost his lyfe
Wordes amonge wymen is comon and ryfe
And fere of shame, from many gone is quyte
So one Calphurnia in a case playntyfe
Hir bare tayle shewyd to the iuge in despyte

But for to speke of womans wrath and yre
No beste in erthe to wrath is so inclynde
As she : hir wrath in hete passyth hote fyre
No tunge can tell the rancour of hir mynde
This wrath in woman is rotyd so by kynde
That if she be onys set in hir madnesse
She passyth all the cruell bestis of Inde
The bere the wolf fell lyon, and the lyones.

6 *Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.*

Medea
The cruell Tyger to woman is nat lyke
Whiche whan hir whelpis from hir den taken be
Rangyth about in furour them to seke
For madnes gnawynge and terynge stocke and tre
A wrathfull woman is yet more mad than she
Cruell Medea doth us example shewe
Of womans furour great wrath and cruelte
Whiche hir owne children dyd all to pecis hewe

(Progne also may be to vs example
Whiche sode hir owne childe after she had hym slayne
The story in Ouyde is wryten longe and ample
But if Juuenall had nat wryten playne
Of wymen the wrath, theyr cruelte and trayne
The same shulde nowe haue wryten ben by me
But foly it is to wryte the same agayne.
Therefore I leue it for cause of breuyte

The herte of woman is ay deuysynge scornys
Disceyt and cautele falshode lesynge and gyle
It is more sharpe than knyfe, pryckynge as thornes
If she be pacient: it lastyth but a whyle
Hir stomacke swellyth by bytter gall and vyle
Hir body full of rancour and madnes
But where she settyth, man by worde to reuyle
From hir stynkynge mouth commyth all vnhappyne

No maner vyce shall she vntouchyd leue
She troubleth maners of men that ar lawdable
And of theyr gode name doth falsly them bereue
She troubllyth right and peas most profytable

Brakyng hir fayth by synne abhomynable
The bed defylynge, Dean can nat withdrawe
Them from that vyse theyr mynde is so vnstable
They take theyr pleasour in synne agaynst the lawe

She that hir mynde doth to this vyce subdue
Gyuyng hir body to this mysgouernaunce
To husbonde, nor to none other man is true
Yet kepeth she a solem countenaunce
As none were lyke hir in Englonde nor in Fraunce
In all vertues, and knowyng nought of syn
But if that she were well sought she is perchaunce
A wolfe or gote within a Lammys skyn

A woman is lyke a clyster laxatyf
In mannys purs voydyng that is within
If man shulde euer be rulyd by his wyfe
Hir proude aparayle sholde make his thyrst full thyn
As well can some spende as theyr good man can wyn
And moche faster, but if that coyne do fayle
She labowryth nat to get it without syn
But craftely to forge it with hir tayle

I fynde in the worlde that there be thynges thre
Right harde to knowe, the fourth that no man may
Knowe nor perceyue, first, whan a byrde doth fle
Alonge in the ayre : no man can spye hir way
The way of a Shyp in the se thoughte it be day
Harde is to se whiche way the shyp hath gone
The thirde harde thyng as I have oft heard say
Is the way of a serpent ouer a stone

8 *Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.*

But the fourth way that of all hardest is
Of yonge man is, in youthes lustynes
A vycyous womans way is lyke to this
Whiche after hir synne and great vnhappyness
Fedyth hir with mete of blynde delyciousnes
Than wypyth hir mouth and sayth in audyence
With mynde assured and past all shamefastnes
I haue nat commyttyd yll, synne nor any offence

Thre other thynges on erth I fynde certayne
Whiche troubleth the grounde and also the see
The fourth nouthen see nor londe may well sustayne
The firste is a churle that hath a bonde man be
And so by fortune come vnto hye degre
The seconde is a fole whan he is dronke and full.
The thirde a wrathfull woman, full of cruelte
He that hir weddyth, hath a crowe to pull

Yet is the fourth wors and more eleuate
That is a hande mayde lowe of hir lynage
Promotyde from a begger and so come to estate
Succedyng hir lady as heyr in herytage
Of suche procedeth moche malyce and outrage
Disdayne great scorne, vilany and debate
For the frenche man, sayth in his langage
No thyng is wors than a churle made a state

I wolde fayne cesse of womans gyle and treason
And theyr great falshode whiche none can well defende
I nought wyll speke, howe some by mortall poyson
Theyr husbondes brynge to sodayne deth and ende

Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen. 9

Examples habunde : who lyst therto intende
Of Agrippina, and Poncia wode of mynde
Whiche on theyr husbondes dyd mortall hande extende
Of many suche we may in wrytynge fynde

What shall I wryte the cursyd cruelte
Of the susters of Danaides echone
Fyfty in number, whiche by iniquyte
Slewe all their husbondes reseruyd one alone
O chast luces, alas where art thou gone
From theyr presence all wymen ner, the chace
Thou art belouyd, nowe almost of none
And bawdy tays hath nowe thy rowme and place

Fals Clytymnestra cruell of hir dede
May trouble the hertis of all men on the grounde
And cause them of other suche to take hede
Whose manyfolde malyce doth mynde of man confounde
The prudent Porcia to fewe men nowe is bounde
Or associat by the way of mariage
This Porcia kept hir body chast and sounde
Trewre to hir husbonde Cato the great sage

The Chast Sabyn is nat weddyd nowe a dayes
To many men : as she was wont to be
I meane that fewe inclyne, nowe to hir wayes
Wherefore I say that well happy is he
That hath a woman keypyng hir honeste
Pacient of mynde, in suche is great confort
She is a Jewell that lonyth chastyte
It is pyte that so fewe, be of that sort

10 *Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.*

Ye gentyll wymen, and other great and small
Be nat displeasyd with these true cours sentences
For certaynly I haue nat wryten all
The vyce of wymen theyr synnes nor offences
If I had red all the lyberall sciences
And all my lyfe shulde there about intende
Yet coude I neuer wryte all inconuenyences
By wymen done, nor theyr malyce comprehende

But whyle I lyue the good shall I commende
And them exalt at euery tyme and season
I may haue leyser ynoughe therto tytende
Syns of them is no plenty but great geason
But suche folys as ar voyde of all reason
And shame to all wymen by theyr mys gouernaunce
As powlynge yre disceyte sclaunder and treason
Them shall I blame with wrathfull countenannc

THENUOY OF BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

Ye wrathfull wymen by vyce lesynge your name
Correct your selfe, and labour ye with payne
In your lyuyng for to deserue no blame
Assay with mekenes to get your name agayne
By that mean may ye, all your wyll obtayne
Let chastyte you gyde and pacience
For to be frowarde, (it is a thyng in vayne
Vnto hym to whom ye owe obedyence

The lawe commaundyth you to do reuerence
Vnto your spousys with honour and mekenesse

Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen. 11

And nat displease hym by your wylfull offence
As hasty langage disceyte and vnkyndnes
If ye lyue well than shall God sende riches
To you in erth, with welth and ioy mundayne
And if ye fortune to fall in to lewdnes
These great gyftis shall ye iustly lese agayne

Of the great myght and power of Foly.



Blynde foly hath hir tentis abrode displayde
In every place, from them no felde is fre.
With hir madnes, the worlde is hole dismayde
She hath all men in hir captyuyte
But namely suche as ar of moste degre
Of most riches power lynage and myght
Vnder hir standard submyt them selfe to fyght

Thou folysshe man trustyng in thy ryches
Therby contendinge to haue preemynence
Howe be it that thou art gyuen to viciousnes
And none so bolde to shewe the thy offence
The more thou errest in thy blynde negligence
For if that thou be hie of rowme and name
If thou offende the more shall be thy shame

Thoughe all thy wordes be full of folysshenes
And all thy dedys to no good ende do come
Yet wylt thou be reputyd in ryches
Bebefore all other and also in wysdome
O howe oft tymes (of these folys) wyll some
Commende them self and lawde their glorious name
Whan they se that none other wyll do the same

These folys them boste of dedys of valyaunce
And worthy actis done by them in batayle
Howe be it that lawde wherby man doth auauunce
Hym self by his owne mouth is of but small auayle
And vyle before men of wysdome and counsaile
But suche fowlys that of eche hatyd be
Them self may commende by gode auctoryte.

These Folyes say that londe is fortunate
Whiche is gouernyd, by ryche Prynce or kynge
But better is that londe whiche longyth to a state
Whiche is induyd with wysdome and cunnyng
Workyng by counsell in euery maner thyng
For who that rayneth in wysdome and vertue
The great Vlixes shall scantly hym subdue

14 *Of the great myght and power of folys.*

A wyse Prynce gydeth hymselfe by reason
And his Realme by Justyce and equyte
Ordeynynge eche thyng, accordynge to the season
Nowe with rygour : and oft by benygnyte.
Nat beyng parcyall to hye nor lowe degre
No coyne nor brybe can change or turne his mynde
But so he iugeth as lawe and right doth bynde

Suche louyth vertue, next god omnyotent
And grace hym gydeth with godly chastyte
Wherby his Realme becommyth excellent
His londe increasyng in great prosperyte
His counsell discrete and full of grauyte
Graciously gydeth the subiectis on his grounde
And so departyng this Prynce in heuyn is crownde

Well is that londe and ioyous may it be
Whiche is defendyd by suche a noble estate
But wo be that londe, whose crowne of royalte
Is gyuen to a childe, whose counsell drynketh late
Gyuen to the wombe, to Ryot and debate
Suche frowarde counsell shall blynde his innocence
And cause hym decay from his hye excellence

*
→ A fole promotyd to riches and renowne
Syttyng in his stage or chayre of rowme royall
Blyndeth iustyce tournynge the lawes vp set downe
By vyle rewardes and gyftis temporall
Another by fauour, letteth true iustyce fall
Damnyng innocence by fals iniquyte
Thus falsly ouerthrowen is iust symplycyte

Justyce ought be wayed in an euyne balance
By egall mesure, all fauour set a syde
Nat rygorously for wrath or displeasaunce
The fere of god ought a iuges mynde to gyde
But moche I fere lyst the fals sede abyde
In erthe yet : of them whiche by fals polecy
Vnto deth iuged Susanna wrongfully

And of Andronicus whiche hath Onias slayne
Thoughe both be dede, the sede of them abyde
Wherof fals traytours begyn to growe agayne
Infectyng falsly the worlde on euery side
Maystershype, and money euery thyng doth gyde
Bynadab by gyftis hath broke his othe alas
Tryphon by the same disceyued Jonathas

In hope of brybes men of great dignyte
Blyndyth the lawes, and some doth oft betray
Theyr kynge and countrey sellynge theyr honeste
Example of Jugurtha whiche oft by Rome dyd say
Whyle he frome it departyd on a day
O Rome Rome, who that had store of golde
By thy owne gyders, thou falsly sholde be solde

Trust me (on grounde, no maner man we fynde
Of so great wrath malyce nor rancoure
But the holy Crosse shall mytygate his mynde
All men doth it great worshype and honour
Money ouer man is like a conquerour
No herte so stronge whiche it doth nat ouercome
It is preferred both vertue and wysdome

16 *Of the great myght and power of folys.*

Whan mony labours it leuyth nought vndone
It all ouercomyth with hye and lowe degre
And shortly to speke for a conclusyon
It thousandes blyndeth of men of dignyte
With dyuers folyes, whiche they themself nat se
Thus doth the number of Folys rayne so wyde
Ouer all the worlde: that no man can them gyde.

THENUOY OF BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOURE.

O noble prynces, in worshyp decorate
Infix your myndes to vertue and prudence
Remember it is more dishonour to a state
Than to a sympyll man to fall to vyle offence
And where as of God ye haue preemynence
Above lowe people, labour with full intent
To pass them in vertue, and so with dylygence
Lerne to lyue by the rede Rose redolent

Though that we Brytons be fully separate
From all the worlde as is sene by euydence
Wallyd with the se, and longe ben in debate
By insurreccion yet God hath made defence
By his prouysion ordeyned us a prynce.
In all vertues most noble and excellent
This prynce is Harry clene of conscience
Smellynge as the Rose ay freshe and redolent

Drawe nere ye Prynces of myndes eleuate
Meknes may ye lerne beyng in his presence
And godly wysdome as hath apered late
In dyuers dedys done, by his excellence

Subduynge without blode great inconuenyence
Punysshynge the proude, louynge the innocent
Wherfore to his dedys gyue your aduertence
Folowyng the smell of the Rose redolent

By his reygne is all Englonde lawreat
With godly peas nat nedyng great defence
Murdred is Mars, and with woundes sawciate
The bondys of peas hath dryuen the tyrant hens
Banysshed is batayle by his magnyficence
And peas confermyd by god omnypotent
The blynde Venus chefe grounde of neglygence
Is exyled from the rede Rose redolent

In hym is iustyce with petye sociate
Vpon the poor he spareth no expence
Nor on the Churche after lyke maner rate
Promotyng men of wysdome and science
Seruyng his maker with loue and reuerence
Wherfore O englonde be true of thy intent
With faythfull herte do hym obedyence
Thanke god whiche hath the Rose vnto the sent

Of the vayne cure of Astronomy.



He is forsoth of purpose vayne and blynde
Of mynde mysbeleuynge and without aduysement
Whiche stedfastly thynkyth in his mynde
To knowe thynges to come playne and euydent
Onely by the sterrys of the fyrmament
Yet churlys voyde of cunnyng and wysdome
Ar nowe a dayes Astronomyers become

Here call we to our folysshe company
Suche folys as labour and stody with great payne
To iuge the planetis, by theyr Astronomy
And other craftis without profyte and vayne
Come hyther Astronomyers haue ye no disdayne
Ye planetystis and wytches, and other of this sort
Whiche honour the sterres onely: as your confort

Suche iuge the dedys of men both more and les
Expoundynge the sterres by theyr vayne iugement
They labour wenyng by theyr folysshnes
To knowe the secrete of god omnipotent
On this vayne stody so set is theyr intent
That what so euer they in the sterres se
Without all dout they thynke the same shall be

On the sterrys is all theyr felycyte
And in the planetis ar they full dilygent
And than vtter with great audacyte
All that the same do showe or represent
The preuy workynges of euery element
And secrete causys of other bodyes aboue.
They note to knowe to what effect they moue

Some gase vpon the wandrynge of the mone
Another deuysyth the cours of Phebus clere
Gasyng on the Sonne at mornynge nyght or none
And by other planetis shewyth what doth apere
Howe some of them whan they do gyde the yere
Engendreth plenty pleasour myrth and ioy
And howe some other doth man and beste destroy

Some techyth what thyng sad Saturne doth manace
 And what cruell Mars doth note and signifye
 Some expoundyth Venus with hir pleasaunt face
 Howe she men bryngyth oft tyme to vylany
 Another is in hande to trete of Mercury
 Howe eche of these planetis doth men predestynate
 And howe Jupiter theyr wrath doth mytygate

These folys say that in theyr bokes they fynde
 That men borne vnder the constellacion
 Of Saturne: to theft and robbynge ar inclynyd
 Yet fynde we suche true ofte by probacion
 And gode and iust without all decepcion
 They say that children of Mars without fayle
 Shall be disposyd and full gyuen to Batayle

Yet fynde we often by playne experience
 That suche as vnder this planete borne be
 Ar nat inclyned after theyr sentence
 But gyuen ay to peas and tranquyllyte
 Right so by Venus we often tymes se
 That though she dispose hir children vnto lust
 And bodely pleasour, yet ar they: chast and iust

Thus it aperyth both playne and openly
 That it is foly to gyue great confydence
 To the vnsure science of Astronomy
 Wherefore haue done Just man, note this sentence
 A man of wysdome vertue and science
 If he the wayes of vyces set asyde
 Shall gyde the sterres, and they shall hym nat gyde

Thynke well the sterris and eche elyment
The hole firmament and planetis euerychone
Stande in the handes of god omnypotent
None can them gyde saue this hye lorde alone
Therefore mad man, let thy foly be gone
Wylt thou knowe the secretis of thy creatour
Leue of thy blyndnes, thy foly and furour

Takest thou this labour and charge vpon the
As who sayth god whiche reyneth eternall
Wolde shewe his secretis and godly pryuytye
By sterre or planete to any man mortall
Wherefore it is best me thynke that we leue all
Vnto the iugement and wyll of god aboue
Whiche gydeth all: howe euer the sterris moue

He by his myght hath made the fyrmament
With all the sterres and planetis of the same
Whiche at his wyll ar euer obeydent
And he them rulyth, therefore what hurt or shame
What mysfortune aduersyte or blame
Can all the planetis to man or childe pretende
If god moste glorious by his myght vs defende

Thus is it foly, voyde labour and vanyte
To gyue great credence vnto Astronomy
It is great Foly also in certaynte
To trust vnto fortune, to byrth or desteny
A vertuose lyuer may all the same defye
Lyue well and than trust surely to goddes grace
The sterris ne fortune shall in the haue no place.

THENUOY OF BARKLAY.

Leue of your foly, whiche labour this science
And let this your clokyd errour be refusyd
Vnto the sterris gyue nat to great credence
For many one therby hath ben abusyd.
And many one haue stodyed sore and musyd
To wryte Pronosticacions, whiche haue be founde
Of none effect, and than falsly excusyd
For suche shewe before after as they ar bounde.

Of the follys she description and inquisition
of dyuers contrees and regyons.



Who that is besy to mesure and compace
The heyn and erth and all the worlde large
Describynge the clymatis and folke of euery place
He is a fole and hath a greuouse charge
Without auantage, wherfore let hym discharge
Hym selfe, of that fole whiche in his necke doth syt
About suche folyes dullynge his mynde and wyt.

24 *Of the folyshe descripcion and inquisicion*

That fole, of wysdome and reason doth fayle
And also discession labowrynge for nought.
And in this shyp shall helpe to drawe the sayle
Which day and nyght infixeth all his thought
To haue the hole worlde within his body brought
Mesuryng the costes of euery royalme and lande
And clymatis, with his compace, in his hande

He coueytyth to knowe, and compryse in his mynde
Euery regyon and euery sundry place
Whiche ar nat knowen to any of mankynde
And neuer shall be without a specyall grace
Yet suche folys take pleasour and solace
The length and brede of the worlde to mesure
In vayle besynes, takynge great charge and cure

They set great stody labour and besynes
To knowe the people that in the east abyde
And by and by theyr mesures after dres
To knowe what folke the west and north part gyde
And who the sowth, thus all the worlde wyde
By these folys is meated by ieometry
Yet knowe they scant theyr owne vnwyse body

Another labours to knowe the nacions wyld
Inhabytyng the worlde in the North plage and syde
Metyng by mesure, countrees both fyers and mylde
Vnder euery planete, where men sayle go or ryde
And so this fole castyth his wyt so wyde
To knowe eche londe vnder the fymament
That therabout in vayne his tyme is spent

Than with his compace drawyth he about
Europe, and Asye, to knowe howe they stande
And of theyr regyons nat to be in dout
Another with Grece and Cesyll is in honde
With Apuly, Afryke and the newe fonde londe
With Numydy and, where the Moryans do dwell
And other londes whose namys none can tell

He mesureth Athlant, calpe, and cappadoce
The see of Hercules garnado and Spayne
The yles there aboute shewyng all in groce
Throwyng his mesure to Fraunce and to Brytayne
The more and lesse, to Flaundes and almayne
There is no yle so lytell that hath name
But that these Folyes in hande ar with the same

And regyons that ar compasyd with the se
They besely labour to knowe and vnderstande
And by what cause, nature or propertye
These doth flowe, nat ouercoueryng the londe
So he descrybyth his cercle in his honde
The hole worlde: leuyng no thyng behynde
As in the Doctrynes of Strabo he doth fynde

Whiche wrote in bokes makyng declaracion
Somtyme hym groundyng vpon auctoryte
Howe eche Royalme and londe had sytuacion
Some in brode felde some cloyd with the see
But ye geometryans that of this purpose be
Ye ar but folyes to take suche cure and payne
Aboute a thyng whiche is fruteles and vayne

26 *Of the folysshe descripcion and inquisicion*

It passyth your reason the hole worlde to discus
And knowe euery londe and countrey of the grounde
For though that the noble actour plinius
The same purposyd, yet fawty is he founde
And in Tholomeus great errours doth habounde
Though he by auctoryte makyth mencyon
Of the descripcion of euery regyon

Syns these actours so excellent of name
Hath bokes composyd of this facultye
And neuer coude parfytely perfourme the same
Forsoth it is great foly vnto the
To labour about suche folysshe vanyte
It is a furour also one to take payne
In suche thynges as prouyd ar vncertayne

For nowe of late hath large londe and grounde
Ben founde by maryners and crafty gouernours
The whiche londes were neuer knowen nor founde
Byfore our tyme by our predecessours
And here after shall by our successours
Parchaunce mo be founde, wherin men dwell
Of whome we neuer before this same harde tell

Ferdynandus that late was kynge of spayne
Of londe and people hath founde plenty and store
Of whome the bydyng to vs was vncertayne
No christen man of them harde tell before
Thus is it foly to tende vnto the lore
And vnsure science of vayne geometry
Syns none can knowe all the worlde perfytely

THE NUOY OF BARKLAY.

Ye people that labour the worlde to mesure
Therby to knowe the regyons of the same
Knowe firste your self, that knowledge is moste sure
For certaynly it is rebuke and shame
For man to labour. onely for a name
To knowe the compasse of all the worlde wyde
Nat knowynge hym selfe, nor howe he sholde hym gyde

Of hym that wyll nat se his owne folysshe-
nes: and that stryueth agaynst his
strenger.



The folysshe Marcia dyd with Apollo stryue
But he ouercome: loste sone the victory.
And for his foly was fleyd beinge alyue
For that he comparyd to ioyous Armony.
His foulysshe Bagpype voyde of al melody.
Yet kept he styлле his Bagpype in his honde:
Nat willynge his foly to knowe nor vnderstonde.

Ouer al the worlde eche folysshe Creature.
If he by his foly, or neglygence offende.
Hath suche condicion within hym by nature
That to mennys mockes nought wyl he intende.
Nor knowlege his foly, nor stody hym to amende.
But as one obstynate, continue in his synne.
O folysshe Marcia : for this thou lost thy skynne.

This folysshe Marcia with Phebus dyd contende.
Comparynge with hym in songe of Armony
But for that Marcia cowde nat his part defende
He fleaed was alyue moche pyteously.
To whose example we se that comonly
Many mad brayned and blynde Foles ar alyue
Which voyde of reason, with prudent men dar stryue.

And euery fole that is voyde of dyscressyon
At al tymes thynketh hymself wyse and prudent.
Though he be destytute of wysedom and of reason.
Suche ar so blynde that they can nat aduyse.
Howe men by mockes and scornes them despyce.
Lawhinge to derision theyr maners and lewde dede.
Yet se they nat the foles erys vpon theyr hede.

Thys fole thus lawghed to scorne and derision
Taketh al in sporte lawhinge with them also.
Nat thynkyng hym contemned for his mad condicion,
Lewde, and disordred. but where so euer he go
He best is content with them that so wyl do.
He loueth to be flatered and clawed by the sleue
That thynge that he wolde here : he gladly doth beleue.

30 *Of hym that wyll nat se his folysshenes.*

Who that hym prayseth in scorne and in mockage.
And in derision doth magnify his name
Anone he enclyneth vnto that lewde langage :
Auaunsinge hymselfe and presумыnge on the same
Stryuynge with his better to his rebuke and shame.
So hangith on his shulders hys pype contynually
Wherby men may his lewdnes notefy.

If suche a fole haue patrymony and londe
Or in his Coffres great treasour and riches
He shall haue frendes and felawys at honde
To egge hym forwarde vnto unhappynes
And sawynge in hym sede of moche vnthryftynes
And than to spoyle hym : and leue hym pore and bare
Wherby he after must lyue in payne and care

Wastfull youth oft spendeth, all his hole substaunce
On suche Felawys folowynge alway theyr mynde
Rennyng hedely to vngracious gouernaunce
But whan of his good no more is left behynde
And he theyr falshode and preuy gyle doth fynde
He than auysyth hym of his olde estate
Begynnyng to spare, but than it is to late

So whan he by them is brought to pouertye
Hauynge no thyng his bodye to sustayne
Than all his frendes away fast from hym fle
As trayters vntrue leuyng the Fole in payne
Than cryeth he on god, and sore doth hym complayne
With wofull wordes, mournynge with herte full faynt
And than forthynkyth : but late is his complaynt

But who that in his costes is so ryfe
That he that spendyth within a yere or twayne
Whiche were ynoughe the dayes of his lyfe
With honest rule his body to mayntayne
He is a fole spendynge his good in vayne
But they on whome he so his good doth spende
Shall more to his money, than to his loue intende

Wherot precedyth pouerty and contempt
Score and derisyon nede and aduersyte
And from all honour these folys ar exempt
That thus wast theyr good in prodygalyte
For who that is of small power and degre
And with his betters wyll in expence stryue
Without all dout that Fole shall neuer thryue

And also folys that stryue in the lawe
Agaynst an estate them passynge in ryches
Shall theyr owne flesshe vnto the bonys gnawe
Or he that is voyde of reason and wytyles
And dare presume by his presumptuousnes
Agaynst a man of hie wysdome and lore
He shall byde a fole, euen as he was before.

Ye folys voyde of wysdome and scyence
That wyll presume with cunnyng men to stryue
And ye feble Folys that by your insolence
Thynke you more stronge than any man a lyue
And ye pore Folys whiche labour to contryue
Mean to ouercome suche as better ar than ye
I you ensure that ye shalt neuer thryue
But outhere be brought to shame or pouerte

32 *Of hym that wyll nat se his folysshenes.*

And thou that art a courter or a knaue
Or a bonde chorle, and all thy hole lynage
Thynke well thou shalt but small profyte haue
To stryue with thy mayster come of hye parage
I fynde it moste for mannys auantage
Within his bondes his body to preserue
And nat in riches, strength wysdome nor langage
To stryue agaynst the streme, lyst he in swymmynge sterue

Of folys that vnderstonde nat game and
can no thyng take in sport, and yet
intermyt them with Folys.



Who that with Folys or children wyll play
Or meddyll with suche as wyt and reason want
He ought them to suffer folowynge theyr way
And them endure, as for that small instant
Lyst for his maners mad and ignorant
I call hym hyther to gyde the helme and sayle
If the shyp brake, the les is his auayle

That man shall one be of our folysshe sort
Whiche without wysdome and aduysement
Wyll besely with folys and children sport
And can nat them indure with meke intent
And mad he is that wyll in mynde assent
To haue ado or accompany with boyes
And can nat suffer theyr folysshnes and toyes

He is a Fole also, that hath great game
Whan childe or dronkard blamyth one absent
If he can nat also indure the same
And quenche madnes with wordes pacyent
For without dout who that wyll be present
And conuersaunt with caytyfs in theyr bourdes
Or els with children, must suffer theyr lewde wordes

Yet some ar besy on euery man to rayle
With voyde wordes, and talys mad and vayne
With scornes and mockes behynde eche mannys tayle
And yet disdayneth to abyde the same agayne
Theyr madnes doth theyr myndes so constrayne
That with euery Fole they gladly haue to do
And can nat suffer what doth belonge therto

He that wyll labour a beast to hunt or chace
With his pleasour must take payne and besynes
Folowyng the same about from place to place
His lynes, colers, and lesshes he must dres
And often also abyde, full great hardnes
So he that wyll by yll worde man ouerturne
Must holde hym sure, lyst he vnwarly spurne

One worde in sporte spokyn, another lyke requyrys
Rayle with a Fole, or childe that can nat gyde
Hym selfe by reason, thy sportis lyke, desyres
He is a fole whiche can it nat abyde
For lyke wyll haue lyke, if thou be by the syde
Or in the company of Fole or innocent
To suffer theyr foly thou moste be pacyent

A fole hastely rendreth yll for yll
And oft for good, and loue most profytable
They render hatered malyce and yll wyll
Whiche is a thynge wronge and intollerable
Yet this nature in folys abyde stable
That seldome or neuer, they goodnes pay agayne
They other scorne, of scornys hauynge disdayne

With suche Folys none wyse ought intermyt
But coueyt amonge wyse men to be conuersaunt
And so they do, but Folys voyde of wyt
Takyth theyr rowme amonge other ignoraunt
The company of folys to folys is pleasaunt
For it is a prouerbe, and an olde sayd sawe
That in euery place lyke to lyke wyll drawe

A precious stone wrappyd in myre and fen
Lesyth his colour and semyth nat of pryce
Right so one good, amonge vnthrifty men
Distayneth his name, with theyr yll name and vyce
And doth to hym selfe great wronge and preiudice
For eche man is reputyd of the same sort
As is the company wherto he doth resort

Wherfore me thynke it best, for euery creature
To auoyde the bandes and mad enormyte
Of suche Folys whiche can no man endure
By theyr blynde pryde and desyre of dignyte
They coueyt to gouerne both hye and lowe degre
No dolour troubleth a Folys mynde so sore
As whan a man of reason is set hym before

If twenty men be in one company
Som of hye byrth, some wyse, some lyberall
If one fole be amonge them certaynly
He thynkes hym selfe moche wyser than they all
Thus shortly to speke, a folysse man rurall
If he a churle, a fole and vnthrift be
The more he lokyth to come to hye degre

Suche folys promotyd haue no pacience
To suffer theyr folawes, so hye set is theyr mynde
And to theyr betters they haue no reuerence
They can nat them endure, they ar so blynde
So by experience as we often fynde
A fole thoughe he neyther haue wysdome nor cunnyng
Yet thynketh hym selfe aboue all worldly thyng

Hereof the Bybyll examples doth expres
Howe the fals Aman (howe beit he was vnwyse)
Had dyuers statys of wysdome and riches
To hym obeynge, and yet dyd them despyse
But for that Mardocheus wolde nat ryse
Out of his place to do to hym honour
His mynde was fyllyd with malyce and dolour

In so moche that he wolde haue had hym slayne
For this small faut, but god gaue remedy
To mardocheus for to escape his trayne
And so fals Aman his treason dyd abyne
And hanged was, for Mardocheus worthely
And that before Mardocheus face and iyene
By the persuasion of Hester noble quene

But of this proces to drawe vnto conclusyon
What man that intendeth for to lyue quietly
And wyse to be callyd without abusion
Let hym auoyde mad and folysshe company
But if he nedys wyll vnto suche aply
Let hym mekely endure theyr game and sport
Els shall he be one of this my folysshe sort.

THE NUOY OF BARKLAY.

O wyse man thou ought lewde company auoyde
For it is dayly prouyd by experyence
That with a thyng corrupt, a sounde thyng is distroyed
Right so good men oft fall in to great offence
And iugyd yll, though they gyde them by prudence
And that for hauntyng of company diffamyd
For thoughe one be gyuen to godly innocence
As is his company right so shall he be namyd.

Of them that wylfully offende nat takynge
hede to the ende, and hurtyth euey
man nat thynkyng to haue theyr
malyce rendryd agayne.



That fole castyth a dart into the ayre
And gasyth after it without aduysement
Of the fallynge downe therof nat beyng ware
Whiche labouryth with dedys and wordes vyolent
To get many foes hurtyng the innocent
And lokyth nat agayne lyke to endure
One yll turne requyreth, another be thou sure

Here touche I folys, and men without counsell
Whiche puttyth many vnto besynes and payne
And them sore greuyth by theyr dedys cruell
Nat thynkyng to be seruyd with the same agayne
That fole forsoth is of a frantyke brayne
Whiche other men wyll hurt rebuke and blame
And wyll nat suffer of them agayne the same

Consyder man, oft tyme within thy mynde
The wronge that thou woldest do to thy neyghbour
Whether thou myght in thy herte paciently fynde
The same to suffer of hym without rancour
Malyce or yll wyll, wrath or displeasour
For thou oughtest nat do to any creature
That thyng whiche thou of hym wolde nat endure

He that wyll other men thurst by violence
In to a sak by extorcion and wronge
Must in lyke maner arme hym with pacyence
And suffer some blowys nowe and than amonge
To one yll turne another doth belonge
He that is besy euery man to displeas
Or to indamage shall neuer lyue in eas

One namyd Peryllus a workman excellent
A bull of bras forgyd by his subtylte
Wherin a Tyrant myght put men to tourment
Deuysynge deth of moste payne and cruelte
But this workman to proue his faculte
Was by that Tyrant put to deth in lyke wyse
As he for other dyd ordayne and deuysse

O vnwyse Fole whome madnes doth abuse
 Howe darest thou be so hardy for to do
 That to another whiche thy selfe wolde refuse
 Of hym to be done, to the, yet some do so
 Makynge a pyt to others hurte and wo
 Wherin hymselfe is destroyed at the last
 And some in theyr owne snarys ar taken fast

So cursyd Aman in lyke wyse dyd ordayne
 For Mardocheus a maner of tourment
 Wheron he hoped to haue hangyd hym in payne
 His lyfe consumynge with suche punysshement
 But the ende happened nat after his intent
 For at the last Aman hym selfe with care
 Was hangyd vp, and that in his owne snare

On wronge and malyce yll wyll and iniury
 All moste all men hath nowe set theyr intent
 Wherefore let wyse men for them fynde remedy
 For thoughe that it be a thyng conuenient
 To trust to other, yet be thou prouydent
 Of mannys gyle falshode and sotelte
 So mayst thou escape oft tymes, aduersyte

Suche men as put to moche confydence
 In other vnknowen, often great damage wyn
 Suffrynge losse and hurt by theyr owne neglygence
 For whan thou lokest vpon the vtter skyn
 Thou knowyst full lytell what trust is within
 For oft vnder flowres lurketh the serpent
 So paynted wordes hydeth a fals intent

Be nat a gest thou man who euer thou art
To suche as louynge outwarde thou seest apere
Malyciously within, and of enuyous hart
He byddeth the ete and drynke, and make good chere
With loue as farre as thou canst se or here.
But whan suche traytours most swety on the smyle
Than ar they besyest the falsely to begyle

Vnder fayre wordes pleasaunt and lyberall
And smylnges fals and disceyuable
Suche beryth venym to poyson the withall
Auoyde suche men : thou wyse man and laudable
Theyr dedes ar so fals and so abhominable
That whan thou gyuyt vnto them moste credence
They shall the brynge to moste inconuenyence

Ye: oft he lawygheth as he were true and gode
Grauntynge thy wordes what euer thyng thou say
Whiche in his mynde : wolde fayne se thy herte blode
And of thy secrete counsell the bewray
Beware of suche men as moche as thou may
For amonge swete herbys oft growyth stynkyng wedes
All flaterynge caytyfs ar. nat true in theyr dedes

But whan these caytyfes hath hurt a mannys name
Or done hym in body or goodes preiudice
They thynke he ought nat to render them the same
Thoughe it may be done by lawe and by iustyce
But certaynly who that hym doth exerceye
In doynge other losse, hurt, or greuaunce
Shall lyue a fole and dye by some myschaunce.

THENUOY OF BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

O men malycious fals and iniuryous
Whiche set your myndes fals meanes to deuyse
'To hurte your neyghbours by malyce odyous
And thynke nat to be seruyd in lyke wyse
Ye ar abusyd therin I you promyse
For he that here to his neyghbour is cruell
And doth hym in dede or worde, hurt or despyce
Shall outhere be rewardyd here, or els in hell.

Of foles without prouysion : that prouyde
nought in the somer to lyue by in the
wynter nor in youth to lyue by in
age.



Who that maketh for hymselfe no purueaunce.
Of fruyt and corne in somer season clere.
Whan of the same is store and habundaunce
Shal after lyue in hunger all the yere
Sowkyng his fyngers lyke as the Bere doth here.
And he that in youth wyl nought for hym prouyde
In age must the paynes of pouertye abyde.

Amonge our Folys I number hym for one
 Whiche lyueth ydylly and in slewthfulnes
 Makyng in the somer no prouysion
 To auoyde the wynters, payne and colde hardnes
 What man wyll nat curse and disprayse his madnes
 Whiche at no tyme wyll for hym self prouyde
 Of sustenance, in nede hym selfe to gyde

He that begynneth without aduysement
 Can nat prouyde that thyng that is to come
 Nor scantly that whiche must be done present
 Thus ar his dedys done all without wysedome
 Of this company yet fynde I other some
 Whiche nought wyll saue them self to fynde with all
 But all out wastyth, by Ryot prodygall

These folys of theyr myndes ar so blynde
 That nought they saue to theyr owne vtylyte
 On wyse prouysion they set no thyng theyr mynde
 But if they be dryuen by extreme necessitye
 As hunger thrist colde, or other aduersyte
 So oft whan suche ar vexed with moste nede
 The wolde prouyde, but than they can nat spede

A fole of propertye that is neglygent
 For thyng to come prouydeth nought atall
 But on one daye settyth all his intent
 So in that space if any nede do fall
 To hym. he shall vpon his neyghbour call
 For helpe and socour, and sore to hym complayne
 And aske relefe whiche he shall nat obtayne

Whan suche folys haue theyr wombes full
They force no more, ne take no farther thought
Theyr vayne myndes to farther thynges is dull
Saue on that whiche from hande to mouth is brought
But he is wyse, and of reason wantyth nought
Whiche here hym gydeth by vertue and wysdome
And so prouydeth for the tyme to come

Wherby his wyfe, his children and ofsprynke
May without care outhere besynes or payne
With honestye haue theyr fode and theyr luyunge
Without occasion theyr good name to distayne
I count hym wyse that thus doth set his brayne
And in the Somer can make suche purueaunce
Wherby all his may haue theyr sustenaunce

And that in wynter, and the hardest of the yere
But hym I count moche folysse and vnwyse
And voyde of reason, whiche makyth styll good chere
And by no men wyll the tyme to come aduysed
But folys folowe moste comonly this gyse
To slepe all Somer whan the season is moste clere
And labour in the hardest season of the yere

Suche no thyng labour, ne to no worke intende
But to ydylnes, a vyce yll and damnable
That whiche is gotten vnwisely thus they spende
So that whan wynter comys they ar nat able
To haue one lofe of brede vpon theyr table
Nor other thyng theyr hunger to asswage
An ydell man is worthy suche wage

In wynter he abydeth a lyfe myserable
Whiche in the Somer prouydyd hath no thyng
That to his vse is nede and profytable
Who that in July whyle Phebus is shynynge
About his hay is nat besy labourynge
And other thynges whiche ar for his auayle
Shall in the wynter his negligence bewayle

And who that can nat hym selfe wysely prouyde
Of wode and vytayle and other sustenance
Shall in the wynter nat knowe where to abyde
For colde and hunger with other lyke greuance
Lerne man of the symple Emet purueance
Whiche gathers and puruays euery thyng in season
Shame is to man of beste to lerne reason

For euery thyng god hath a tyme puruayde
And gyuen reason to man hym selfe to gyde
By good prouysion, if that his mynde be layde
Vnto the same, and sleuth to set asyde
But that yonge man that wyll in age abyde
Without prouysion, wherby he myght hym fede
Shall worthely in his age dye for nede

Of that Fole who shall haue compassion
Whiche by his Foly, great slouth and negligence
Vpon hym selfe intendyth to haue none
But all out wastyth by immoderate expence
So to conclude in brefe and short sentence
That fole hath nat the way hym selfe to gyde
Whiche in due season can nat eche thyng prouyde

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

O blynde man vnwyse, wastynge and neclygent
Lerne of the Emet to labour craftely
And in thy youth to be so dyligent
Wherby in age, thou lyue mayst easely
For he that wyll nat his mynde therto aply
In youth and Somer to labour without fere
In age and wynter shall lyue in penury
And sowke his clawys for hanger lyke the bere.

Of great stryuers in the lawe for thynges
of nought.



He is a fole, whether it be man or wyfe
Whiche hym delyteth in iugement and lawe
And euer contendyth in discorde and in stryfe
In small tryfys, and scantly worth a strawe
Suche, theyr owne flesshe vnto the bonys gnawe
And labour by theyr sotely and gyle
To blynde iustyce, and the lawes to defyle.

A cause conuenient doth me bynde and constrayne
To blame mo Folys: and that in myghty number
Whiche I haue suffred tyll this tyme to remayne
To se if they wolde waken from theyr slomber
Suche ar mad Folys whiche other men inconber
With besy pledyng, wherby them selfe ar brought
By longe contynuaunce vnto the poynt of nought

For small occasion for lytell thyng or nought
Vnwyse men stryue deuysynge falshode and gyle
Nowe euery fole hath set his mynde and thought
To seke the extreme of lawe, but though they smyle
At the begynnyng, after within a whyle
Theyr laughynge shall turne to sorowe and damage
And onely the lawyers catchyth the anauntage

Yet ar these folys ioyous in theyr mynde
They norysse stryfe without ende, them amonge
And some by falshode can crafty meanes fynde
By fals delays theyr mater to prolonge
Suche Folys drawyth the lawe thus wyse a longe
To that intent that by rightwyse iugement
Transgressours sholde nat haue worthy punysshement

These folys that thus theyr maters doth diffarre
Shall in that space theyr owne goode waste and spende
To that purpose theyr neyghbour also to marre
So ar they both made beggers at the ende
Than must they to some agrement condiscende
Theyr cause and mater discussed neuer the more
O mad Folys so sholde they haue done before

Some suffer them selfe for defaut of aparaunce
 To be outlawyd, and other some suspendyd
 Out of the Church for hys mysgouernaunce
 And yet nought caryth, therfro to be defendyd
 Howe beit they myght: and haue theyr mater endyd
 Suche assay by falshode to prouoke the lawe
 And than it fle, and them therfro withdrawe

But suche Folys that thus so besely
 Pursue the lawe, with stryfe and brawlynge vayne
 Consyder nat that they ren in great enuy
 Amonge theyr neyghbours whiche shall them pay agayne
 With theyr owne malyce and gyle to theyr great payne
 But in the mean space the lawyers a made ryche
 Leuyng these Folys and theyr mater in the dyche

Thou besy fole intende vnto this clause
 That euery lawyer shall gyue more aduertence
 To mony and gyftis than vnto thy cause
 For after he hath set thy wordes and sentence
 In his fat boke, fyllyd with offence
 And there pryckyd with his couetous pen
 Thou neuer shalt thryue whyle thy name is therin

Yet thou vnwisely art redy to intende
 Vnto thy cause, and though it fortune be
 Skant worth a grote, yet gladly wylt thou spende
 Thy hole good theron so sekyng pouerte
 For howe beit that the lawes ought be fre
 Yet sergeaunt at turney promoter Juge or scribe
 Wyll nat fele thy mater without a preuy brybe

Therefore thou acloyest with money or rewarde
The kepars of the lawe to make them to the bounde
In so moche that thoughe thy mater be but harde
Yet money shall make it haue moche better sounde
And to be playne that case hath euer best grounde
That is best anyntyd with maystershyp and golde
Thoughe it be false it strongly is vpholde

And without dout the lawyers dyligence
Is in his pledynge euer moste substancyall
Whan of thy purse he hath had experyence
And knowyth thy hande to hym fre and lyberall
Wherfore we often vnto our mater call
From far places men of greatest disceyt
And fayrest wordes to prolonge our debate

And with theyr fayre and paynted eloquence
To glose our mater in wordes of no substance
So that Juge that by way of innocence
Gydeth the lawe in Just and right balaunce
Of suche pleders is led the blynde mannys daunce
So that they playnly proue before his syght
The right to be wronge, and the wronge to be right.

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

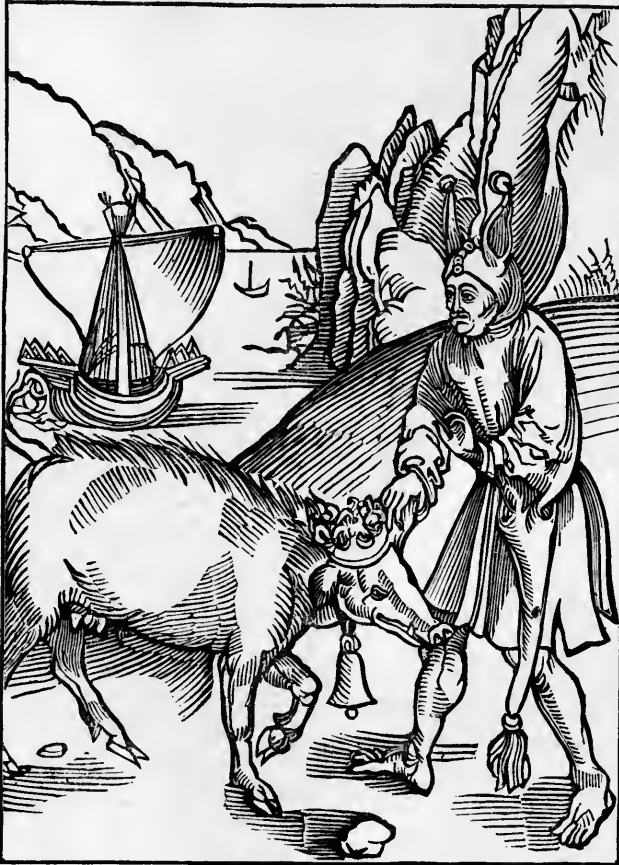
O men malycious thus besy in the lawe
For euery mater and thyng of nought to stryue
I reade you your myndes from suche stryfe withdrawe
And from suche falshode as ye oft contryue

Or I ensure you ye shall neuer thryue
But wast your goodes therwith to get enuy
Lyuynge in discorde whyle ye ar a lyue
And at the ende your wylfulnes defye

Alas mad Fole, and man vnmerciable
What menest thou thy neyghbour to oppresse
And for thyng of nought to be so vengeable
To put both thy self and hym to besynes
Wastyng your goodes about vnhappynes
Leue man thy malyce and mytygate thy mynde
For who that can lyue in peas and quyetnes
Shall welth and rest both loue and riches fynde

Where as that Fole that is alway inclynde
To stryfe and pledynge for thyng of none auayle
And none occasion: labours the lawe to blynde
Becomyng a begger at last for his trauayle
And at the laste shall euery man assayle
This Fole with malyce, for his accostomyd stryfe
So that his foly he shall mone and bewayle
And so be wery of his wretchyd lyfe.

Of foles abhominable in fowle wordes
of rybawdry.



The lothsome wordes that nowe adayes wè vse
And shamefull commonynge, full of wantonnes
Ar wont good maners to infect and abuse
Indusyng yll maners, yll lyfe and viciousnes
With countenaunces and dedes of vnhappynes
For as the wyse man sayth in a parable
Fowle wordes infectyth maners commendable

In our tyme nowe both waman childe and man
 Without nomber worshyp with humbyll reuerence
 The festis abhomynable of vyle grobyan
 With all theyr myght honour and theyr dylgence
 Compassynge his auters with lawdes and insence
 With wordes and vsys, Fowle and abhomynable
 Suche men myscheuous to hym ar acceptable

To his vyle temple renneth yonge and olde
 Man, woman, mayden, and with them many a childe
 And bere with them insence as I before haue tolde
 Worshyppyng his festis with theyr langage defylde
 And wordes from whiche all goodnes is exlyd
 And with vyle langage of rybawdry the grounde
 Whose yl example doth sympyll youth confounde

Shamefastnes is exlyd and all his hole lynage
 And in his place is vylenes byd behynde
 Vngoodly maners, vngoodlyer langage
 Whiche ar the clene destruccion of mankynde
 Lo here a fole, that with suche vyce is blynde
 A vyle swyne, and foule ledyth by the ere
 His bestely lyfe of this vyle beste to lere

These Folyes also ar in suche an outrage
 To rynge the bell of theyr mad rybawdry
 That men may knowe theyr lyfe by theyr langage
 Wherby they vtter theyr lewdnes openly
 Thus all the Shyppes of our folysshe company
 Ar led by the wawes of this see mundayne
 By the foule swyne folowyng hir lyfe and trayne

Lyst our Folys of theyr right cours myght fayle
Or by great charge brake or els be drowned
The swyne of the se them draweth at hir tayle
And them nat suffreth to synke or stryke on grounde
But if all the Folys that of this sort ar founde
Sholde drynke no ale nor wyne duryng this yere
We nedyd nat to fere, that they sholde be moche dere

But these Folys the trowth to determyne
Bycause the sowe so doth hir pygges multiply
Therefore they folowe the maners of the swyne
In rybawde wordes full of shame and vylany
Suche maners in this tyme doth men best magnify
And them promotyth moche rather than wysedome
O where ar honesty and shamefastnes become

They ar exyled and haue no rowme nor place
In erth at this season with hye nor lowe dere
But suche as vse rybawde wordes voyde of grace
Ar nowe promotyd sonest to dignyte
And howe be it that they moche vnworthy be
Who that of his langage is moste obhomynable
Is taken in the court as man moste commendable

The hogge promotyd out of the myre and dust
Vyle and vngoodly of body and vsage
Promotyth and admyttyth men after his lust
The vylest settinge moste hye vpon his stage
And some ar so past shame in theyr langage
So fowle and lothly, that they moste comenly
Haue all theyr wordes in viciouse rybawdry

So that if mad Horestes myght them se
 Hauynge respect vnto theyr lothlynes
 He myght well say they were more mad than he
 And wonder on theyr langage full of viciousnes
 For all theyr delyte is in delyciousnes
 Glotony and drynke, but he hath gayest name
 Whiche rybawde wordes can mengle with the same

Thus who that offreth the Fende suche sacrafyce
 With rybawde wordes, foule and abhomynable
 Gyuyng occasion to youth to fall to vyce
 Suche in his dedes is greatly reprouable
 And shall as a fowle both pore and myserable
 Shamefully lyue without moche better ende
 Before his deth if he hym nat amende.

THE NUOY OF BARKLAY.

Man vse thy tunge in myrth and honeste
 And laude thy maker therwith with reuerence
 To that intent god gaue it vnto the
 And nat to vse it is incouenyence
 In rybawde wordes is great synne and offence
 And to youth great example, and damage
 But thoughe thou be clene of dede and conscience
 Yet men shall the Juge after thy langage.

Of the abusion of the spirituallte.



Here must I yet another barge ordayne
For many folys of the spirituallte
Whiche to the intent to auoyde labour and payne
In theyr meane youth take on them this degre
But after when they a whyle prestis haue be
To haue forsaken the worlde they repent
Where firste they sholde better haue prouyd their intent

Yet somewhat here remaineth of my charge
Whiche must be touchyd and here of very right
Amonge our Folys haue a sympyll barge
And that is this, As moche as I haue insyght
Euery man laboures nowe with all theyr myght.
Vnto the order of presthode to promote
His sonne : howe beit he be a very sote

If he be folysshe or of his wyt vnstable
Mysshapyn of his face, his handes or his fete
And for no besynes worldly profitable
For the holy Church than thynke they hym most mete
And so thou rurall churle, a man may wete
Thou woldest nat thy sone haue preste for this intent
To serue and to pleas our lorde omnyotent

But to the intent to lyue in eas and rest
And to auoyde all worldly besynes
And in his lust to fede hym with the best
Contynuyng in vyce, and moche vnhappynges
Suche Folys haue theyr myndes on ryches
On cursyd lucre pleasour ioy and welth
Carynge nought at all for theyr soulys helth

They care nought for wysdome vertue nor doctryne
Cursyd mony troubleth the goodly sacryfyce
And to the same theyr mynde they so inclyne
That it them ledyth to eche vnhappy vyce
And yet they thynke them self to exercyse
By way of wysdome and gouernaunce laudable
Thought they be worthy a bagpype and a bable

The order of presthode is troublid of eche fole
The honour of religion eury where decays
Suche caytyfs and courters that neuer were at scole
Ar firste promotyd to presthode nowe adays
O Numa Numa thou folowyd nat suche wayes
In thy olde Temples suche folys to consecrate
But suche as were wyse, and with vertue decorate

And suche as had in cunnyng be brought vp
Godly of maners and of lyfe laudable
But nowe blynde Folys nought knowynge saue the cup
Falshode and flattery ar brought out of the stable
Sreyght to the auter, and without any fable
Mo prestes ar made than lernyd men or clerkes
As it aperyth playne by theyr folysshe warkes

From the kechyn to the quere and so to a state
One yester day a courter is nowe a prest become
And than haue these folys theyr myndes so eleuate
That they disdayne men of vertue and wysdome
But if they haue of golde a myghty some
They thynke them abyll a man to make or marre
And ar so presumptuous, and proude as Lucifarre

O godly order O prestly innocence
O laudable lyfe wysdome and humylyte
Alas why haue we you put from our presence
And you exylyd with godly grauyte
Our lyfe is nowe led in all enormyte
And all by our foly and amasyd ignoraunce
The prelatys ar the cause of this mys gouernaunce

O cursyd hunger of syluer and of golde
 For your loue and desyre immoderate
 To folys and boyes presthode is nowe solde
 And to men myscheuous fyllyd with debate
 The godly honour longynge to a state
 Replete with wysdome cunnyng and grauyte
 Ar nowe nat ordred right as they ought to be

O folys cursyd, o men moche miserable
 Say say what Furour your myndes doth constrayne
 To this holy order whiche is to you damnable
 If ye in vertue your lyues nat mentayne
 Away with this mynde withdrawe your fete agayne
 Assay your lyfe longe before or ye begyn
 For it is damnable to man ensuyng syn

Yet certaynly I fynde by euydence
 That in the worlde is no sort of degre
 Whiche is more gyuen to inconuenyence
 Than ar suche Folys of this spirituallte
 O where is chastnes and dame humylyte
 Alas they ar dede and nat with vs aquayntyd
 But flaterynge falshode hath our facis payntyd

Alas our order is fallen in errour
 The path is left wherin we ought vs kepe
 With what relygion do we our lorde honour
 Alas the Shepherd is lewder, than the shepe
 This great disorder causyth my herte to wepe
 Alas what lewdness is cloked vnder cowlys
 Who can expresse the foly of these folys

O holy orders of Monkes and of Freres
And of all other sortes of relygion
Your straytnes hath decayed of late yeres
The true and perfite rule of you is done
Fewe kepyth truly theyr right profession
In inwarde vesture, dyet, worde, or dede
Theyr chefe stody is theyr wretchyd wombe to fede

O holy Benet with god nowe glorified
O glorious Austen, o Francis decorate.
With mekenes, the placis that ye haue edefyed
Ar nowe disordred and with vyces maculate
Enuy, Pryde, Malyce, Glotony and debate
Ar nowe chefe gyders in many of your placis
Whiche grace and vertue vtterly out chasys

These holy faders rehersyd afore by name
Composed rules holy and laudable
For men religious, to lyue after the same
Whiche nowe but lytell to them ar agreable
But in theyr lyfe from them moche variable
O holy Benet Francis and Augustyne
Se howe your children despyseth your doctryne

But to speke shortly and in generall
We fynde but fewe suche prestis now certayne
As moyses in the olde lawe first of all
To serue in goddes Temple dyd ordayne
But vnwyse men rasshe, and mad of brayne
Becomyth prestis onely for couetyse
Gouernynge the Church in a disordred wyse

Loke who that nowe of mynde is eleuate
And that gentyلمان that mysshapen and wytles is
Shall be made a preste, and after a prelate
To gyde the Churchē, full backwardly I wys
But suche as here the same doth gyde amys
And in theyr lyfe them selfe nat gydyth well
May after theyr deth abyde rewarde in hell

THENUOY OF BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

Ye that ar gyders of goddes heritage
Be in your dedes to hym faythfull and true
Instruct his flocke with vertuous langage
And good example to goodnes and vertue
Teche them the wayes of lewdnes to eschewe
Rather with your workes than payntyed eloquence
For the rude pepyll moste gladly them subdue
To that thyng wherof they se experyence

Expell couetyse, and desyre of dignyte
Beware of Venus, hir dartis are damnable
Take nat on you the order and degre
Of presthode: without that ye be somewhat able
For this is often prouyd without fable
That whan the Shepherde is folysshe outhur blynde
Vnto his mayster he is nat profitable
Nor to his flocke: as he shall after fynde

The greattest rote of all mys gouernaunce
That nowe is vsyd amonge the comonte
Procedith of folysshe prestis ignoraunce
Whiche haue no wysdome way nor faculte

To hele such shepe as they playne scabbyd se
And strayne abroad without aduysement
They let them alone: so spiritually they dye
Wherfore the kepar is worthy of punysshement

The cause why so many prestis lackyth wyt
Is in you bysshops, if I durst trouthe expresse
Whiche nat consyder what men that ye admyt
Of lyuyng cunnynge person and godlynes
But who so euer hym self therto wyll dresse
If an angell be his brokar to the scribe
He is admyttyd howe beit he be wytles
Thus solde is presthode for an vnhappy brybe

Of the prowde and vayne bostynge
of Folys.



My hande is wery my wyt is dull almoste
Fayne wolde I rest to refresshe my wyt agayne
But a folysshe bande, that vse them selfe to bost
Of thyng nat done by them in wordes vayne
To wryte theyr lewdnes doth me bynde and constrayne
For some them bost in Phesyke and the lawys
Or in dedes of war : howe beit they ar but dawes

Here had I purpoysd as I before haue sayde
To haue stynt my tonge and seased for a while
Or of my boke here a conclusion made
And so these folys no farther to reuyle
But than aduysment dyd me beholde : and smyle
Saynge that my purpose was intendyd in vayne
And I but euen in the myddes of my payne

This worde to me was halfe a disconfort
For almoste verry was I of my trauayle
With that of Folys I sawe a myghty sort
Of dyuers sortis and dyuers aparayle
Some rayde as knyghtes in whyte harnes and mayle
And other as Doctours, and gyders of some scoles
But euer me thought that they sholde be but folys

Some other Crowned as Poetis lawreat
And other as Doctours expert in medycyne
Of whose maners condicions and estate
And stately bostynge of strength and of doctryne
Here shall I wryte, who lyst therto inclyne
And first I proue that euery day we se
That bostynge Folys leste of theyr dedes be

Some is a knyght hym bostygne of his londes
With his gylt sporys, and other cognysance
Another a Doctour and the lawys vnderstonde
And sene all the scolys of Italy and Fraunce
The knyght hym bostyth and boldly dare auance
Of his olde lynage, nobles and auncetry
Recountynge the discent of all his progeny

Ye in so moche that oft he hath no shame
Hym selfe of the stocke of the Romayns senatours
Or of some kynges progeny to name
Els other whiche hath ben myghty conquerours
And yet perchaunce his first progenytours
Came first of all vnto theyr chiefe estate
By fals extorcion, oppression or discaYTE

Suche folys ar proude of suche noblenes
Whiche they haue neuer nether cowde obtayne
By theyr owne vertue theyr strength or theyr boldnes
But in the gettynge therof for to be playne
Noblenes is gotten with dilygence and payne
By iustyce vertue strength and rightwysnes
And nat by rygour oppression or ryches

Say folye by what vertue or worthynes
Hast thou deseruyd this renowe specyall
Or what hast thou done wherby this noblenes
Wheron thou bostest, is thus vnto the fall
If it were sought I trowe no thyng atall
Saue that thou lust suche folysse wordes to fayne
Wherby thy foly and pryde aperyth playne

Lo sayth a fole I haue be longe in warre
In straunge countrees and far beyonde the se
To dyuers Nacions my dedys knowen ar
Both spayne and Egypt and Fraunce spekes of me
In so many countrees in warrys haue I be
That all the people of Est, west, North and South
My name and laudys haue onely in theyr mouth

But yet perchaunce this fole that thus hym bostis
Was neuer in war nor out of his owne londe
Some other as Doctours come from strange costis
Coueytynge that name though they nought vnderstonde.
With euery folysse thyng they ar in honde
Spekyng vayne wordes without wysdome and prudence
Yet count they them wyse and of parfyte eloquence

They boste theyr stody and vant of theyr cunnyng
With stately wordes proude loke and countenaunce
And thoughe suche folys lernyd haue no thyng
With theyr solem pryde they defende theyr ignoraunce
As none were wyser in all the scolys of fraunce
If they can reken and tell eche bokes name
They thynke them self great doctours by the same

So lede they foly about fast by the hande
Bostynge theyr laudes and name in euery place
Howbeit theyr owne dedes on se or on lande
Were neuer so noble suche lawdes to purchase
But to be short proude folys ar in that case
Rotyd by nature that them they moste auant
In that wherin they ar moste ignoraunt

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

Desyst ye folys your bostynge wordes and vayne
Let other men commende your honestye
And godly lyfe, for it is foly playne
To prayse your selfe though that ye worthy be
Than moche gretter shame is it to lye
Bostynge that thyng the whiche ye neuer had
In cunnyng strength lynage or degre
Of all bostynge this namely is moste bad.

But yet men olde of our predecessours
In theyr olde prouerbes often comprehend
That he that is amonge shrewyd neyghbours
May his owne dedes lafully commende
Syns his yll wyllers wyll nat therto intende
Also I fynde that there thre sortes be
Of people lyuynge, whiche may themselfe defende
In lesynge, for they haue auctoryte to lye

The first is pylgrymes that hath great wonders sene
In strange countres, suche may say what they wyll
Before tho men that hath nat also ben
In those same places, and hath of them no skyll
The seconde ar men aged suche may bost theyr fyll
Without repugnaunce. And men of hye degre
Before theyr seruautis may playne say what they wyll
Yet ar they nought but folys if they lye

Of carde players and dysers.



The damnable lust of cardes and of dyce
And other gamys prohybyte by the lawe
To great offencis some folys doth attyce
Yet can they nat them self therfro withdrawe
They count theyr labour and los nat worth a strawe
Carynge nought els : therin is theyr delyte
Tyll thryft and helth from them be scapyd quyte

Lo yet agayne of Folys assemblyth mo
 Vnto my shyppys in hope of auantage
 But oft it hapnyth or they depart and go
 Theyr lust them turneth to losse and great damage
 By theyr lewde gamys furour and outrage
 Suche ar great gamners hauynge small substance
 Whiche often fall to great losse and myschance

Sayth poetis that in hell ar Furies thre
 The folys to punyssh that ar sende to the same
 For theyr nat lyuyng here in equyte
 It nedyth nat them here to count by name
 The fourth Fury is encresyd by this game
 Whiche (than the other) is more furious and bad
 For here in erth it makyth folys mad

But of men gyuen vnto this furiousnes
 Of vnsure game, chefe cause of stryfe and wo
 And moche losse: somewhat I shall expresse
 But first I say some ar so gyuen therto
 That where so euer they labour ryde or go
 If they be onys inflamyd with the game
 To theyr destruccion theyr mynde is on the same

In hope to get (that they haue lost) agayne
 All theyr hole pleasour is set to throwe the dyse
 So of one losse oft tymes make they twayne
 Wherby oftyme they ren in preiudyce
 And get occasion of theft and other vyce
 But thre dyse rennyng square all of one sort
 To suche Folys is chefe confort ioy and sport

Suche folowe this game stryuyngē nyght and day
Tournyngē the dyse somtyme by polecy
Them falsly settingē assayngē if they may
Some vyle auauntage for to obtayne therby
But than if they nat set them craftely
Anone begynneth brawlyngē and debate
Blasfemyngē and othes the pot about the pate

Exces of watchyngē doth players great damage
And in that space oft Venus doth them blynde
Makyngē them hoore longe or they come to age
Also this game troubleth oft theyr mynde
With wrath them makyngē vnstable as the wynde
Theyr mynde it disclosyth theyr wyt infextyngē to
It also theyr reasons troubllyth with inwarde wo

A couetous herte by game is kept in fere
And styrred to yre euer whan it can nat wyn
Whiche yre vnto the stomake doth great dere
Besyngē the mynde pryuely within
The wyt thus troubllyd of wysdome is but thyn
And so the more that wrath doth hym inflame
The more backwardē and lewdly goeth his game

These folys vngracious of theyr gouernaunce
Care for no thyngē : theyr lust is fyxed fast
On vnsure fortune : and hir vncertayne chaunce
Whiche them promotyth to beggers at the last
Watchyngē without season tyll theyr wyt be past
Ye two nyghtes or thre as folys voyde of grace
No thyrst nor hunger can moue them from that place

But in the mean season if that any discorde
Amonge them fall, the woundes of god ar sworne
His armys, herte and bonys, almoste at euery worde
Thus is our sauour amonge these caytyfs torne
And wordes of malyce myschefe and great scorne
They throwe to god renounsynge oft his name
Whan that mysfortune doth bacwarde gyde theyr game

These folys in furour vpon our lorde thus cry
As if he caryd for theyr myscheuous game
Or whan they for theyr lossys ar sory
That god aboute sholde also be the same
But whyle these Folys blasfeme thus christes name
The wymen and maydes, whiche is abhomynable
In game and othes to men ar euen semblable

There is almoste no maner of degre
Man, childe, woman, pore man, or estate,
Olde or yonge, that of this game ar fre
Nor yet the clargy, both pore preste and prelate
They vse the same almoste after one rate
Whan by great los they brought ar in a rage
Right fewe haue reason theyr madnes to asswage

I wyll nat say but it is commendable
For recreation somtyme to vse suche sport
So it be done in season and tyme laudable
And amonge persons mekely of one sort
And nat for lucre, but pleasour and confort
Without all othes and with perfyte pacyence
In losse and gayne, in suche game is none offence

But yet the Lucre that is won therby
Is nat allowed ne by the lawes approbate
For to be gotten true and rightwysely
For god almyghty doth suche yll getters hate
And theyr wronge gamys also, causynge debate
Enuy and murder, and euen for the same cause
They ar prohybyte also by the lawes

And to be playne great inconuenyences
Procedyth to many by this vnlawfull game
And by the same oft youth doth sue offences
To his destruccion and all his frendes shame
For whan all theyr good is wastyd by the same
Often some by foly fallyth to be a thefe
And so ende in shame sorowe and myschefe

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

Consyder ye players the great losse and damage
That comyth of this game vsyd vnlauffully
Firste of it comyth no maner auantage
But if one put hym firste in ieoperdy
And that small lucre that gotten is therby
Though thou about the same hast moche payne
Thynke well that it is gotten wrongfully
The lawe the byndeth: it to restore agayne

Wherefore me thynke that man doth surest play
That with this madnes medlyth nat atall
But in his cofres his moyney kepis alway
For that is sure howe euer the cardes fall

Or other game as Tables dyse or ball
And better a lytell sure than moche in fere and dout
Better haue one birde sure within thy wall
Or fast in a Cage than twenty score without

This game also oft causeth wrath and othes
And malyce where erst was loue and amyte
And moche falshode, whiche god almyghty loches
With fals forswerynge disceyt and cruele
It causeth by watchyng also infirmyte
So men by it (los) of goodes and body fynde
Wherefore let every man suche foly fle
There was neuer wyse man that set theron his mynde.

Of folys oppressyd with theyr owne folly.



Of folys I wot there is great company
Within my boke in fygures and scripture
But in this Shyp namely ar there many
Whiche theyr owne folly can by no meane endure
Suche in this Barge shall of a rowme besure
Though they haue rowme I can graunt them no rest
For with the Asse they rudely ar opprest

Within my shyp : and also on euery syde
 Ar so many folys saylynge before the wynde
 So swyftly that me thynke they wyll nat byde
 But sone depart, and so leue me behynde
 The faute and cause is in my sleuthfull mynde
 But the slowe Asse hye on my backe doth skyp
 And warnyth me so enter I the shyp

(The shyp I enter, and worthy am therto
 Amonge my folys my self may clayme a place
 For my great slouth in eche dede that I do
 But neuertheles I am nat in that case
 To occupy great rowme before eche manns face
 A lytell and strayt corner for me is best
 That I may slepe therin and take my rest

I coueyt nat to be in places wyde
 I am content with a corner of straytnes
 Vpon the hatchys I coueyt nat to byde
 For there is to moche labour and besynes
 And also the Asse betokenyng sleuthfulnes
 Sholde haue to moche space on me to tred
 If I at large about by it were led

Yet in my sleuth if I coude be pacient
 And folowe the Asse without all repugnaunce
 But alway redy at his commaundement
 I sholde be put to moche lesse greuauance
 And so haue hope to scape this perturbaunce
 My membres fre, from suche wo and payne.
 But well I fell my trust is but in vayne

But this one thyng my herte and mynde doth glad
And in my payne is the moste chefe confort
That no companyons by the same Asse ar lad.
Of my condicion luyngge, and lyke sort
Whose owne folly, whiche they take for a sport
By longe contynuaunce themself doth sore oppres
Tournynge theyr myrth to wo and wretchydnes

These ar they whiche wyll nat aply theyr mynde
To wyse mennys counsell and aduysment
Wherby they myght both welth and profyte fynde
If to suche counsell they gladly wolde assent
These ar suche folys as furious of intent
By wrath ar dryuen to dyuers great offence
For none occasion, without reason and prudence

These ar suche Folys as by stryfe and debate
And other suche whiche lewdly by enuy
And no cause gyuen theyr neyghbours hurt and hate
And so to malyce theyr cursyd myndes aply
These ar suche Folys as suffer paciently
For lacke of betyngge theyr children folowe vyce
To theyr great shame, theyr losse and preiudyce

These ar they that by malyce at all hours
Ar cruell and greuous, and put to losse and payne
Suche as they ouer may : both straunges and neyghbours
By cursyd lesynges whiche they iniustly fayne
These ar they that of all men haue disdayne
With dronken dryuyls gyuen hole to glotony
These ar the felawes of this mad company

Moreouer into my Shyp shall they ascende
 That ar streght shoed whiche them doth sharply greue
 But yet they se nat therto, it to amende
 Suche ar they that on no goodnes wyll byleue
 All wastynge folys whiche to theyr great myscheue
 Sell and waste theyr londes suche ar of this sort
 And they that more spende than theyr londes may support

These ar mad Folys and abhomynable
 And cursyd of god : that ar bawdes to theyr wyues
 Lettyng them to hyre, and thoughe that profytable
 This way they thynke, yet right fewe of them thryues
 These ar mad Folys that lewde ar of theyr lyues
 Knowynge what payne is ordeyned for eche syn
 Yet moue they nat, but styll abyde therin

These ar proude beggers, and other stately folys
 Sclanderers lyers, and Jurours of the syse
 Phesicians and lawyers, that neuer went to scolyes
 And fals Tauerners that reken one pot twyse
 Tapsters and hostlers that folowe that same gyse
 These ar fals offycers that lyue vpon brybes
 As excheters officials Counstables and scribes

Folys of these sortis and mo than I can tell
 For theyr myslyuynge and great enormyte
 Of the slowe Asse shal be tred downe to hell
 If they nat mende them self before they dye
 But in the mean tyme shall they be here with me
 In my folys Shyp, on se rowynge with payne
 If they amende, depart they shall agayne

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

O folys oppressyd with your mysgouernaunce
Amende your lyfe expell this your offence
Ye can nat excuse your self by ignoraunce
Ye ar taught to leue your inconenyence
By godly Prechers men of hye prudence
Also the punysshement whiche god doth often sende
To other Folys shulde moue you to amende.

Of the extorcion of knyghtis, great
offycers, men of war, scribes and prac-
tysers of the lawe.



Whyle knyghtes and scribes exchetoury and constables
And other offycers whiche haue auctoryte
Vnder the kynge : as Shryfs by fayned fables
Catche a rurall man rude, and of symplycite
If he haue money, These theues so cruell be
That what by crakyng thretenyng and extorcion
They spoyle this pore man, so that sympyll is his porcion

To our folysshe Shyp I sommon and assyte
Constables scribes lawyers and Sowdyours
Exchetours Sheryfs, and knyghtes that haue delyte
To abuse theyr offyces, by falshode and rygours
They gyue me occasion to blame theyr errorrs
And for that in theyr charge they often tryp
By false abusion, they shall be in my shyp

Hast hyther I requyre, my Nauy is a flote
Longe tary hurtyth, for hawsyd is the sayle
The anker wayed, within borde is the bote
Our shyp decked after a homely aparayle
By suche passyngers I loke for none auayle
But fere displesour, bycause I shall be trewe
Yet shall I so. ensue what may ensue

Good offycers ar good and commendable
And manly knyghtes that lyue in rightwysenes
But they that do nat ar worthy of a bable
Syns by theyr pryde pore people they oppres
My mayster kyrkham for his perfyte mekenes
And supportacion of men in pouertye
Out of my shyp shall worthely be fre

I flater nat I am his true seruytour
His chaplayne and bede man whyle my lyfe shall endure
Requyrnge god to exalt hym to honour
And of his Prynces faour to be sure
For as I haue sayd I knowe no creature
More manly rightwyse wyse discrete and sad
But thoughe he be good, yet other ar als bad

They shall vnnamyd my shyppis haue in cure
 And other offycers who so euer they be
 Whiche in extorcion and falshode them inure
 Hopynge by the same to come do dignyte
 And by extorcion to augment theyr degre
 Mansell of Otery for powlynge of the pore
 Were nat his great wombe, here sholde haue an ore

But for his body is so great and corporate
 And so many burdens his brode backe doth charge
 If his great burthen cause hym to come to late
 Yet shall the knaue be Captayne of a barge
 Where as ar bawdes, and so sayle out at large
 About our shyp to spye about for prayes
 For therupon hath he lyued all his dayes

But hym I leue, and so retourne agayne
 Namly to speke of the vnrightwysenes
 Of knyghtes and fals scribes whiche fully set theyr brayne
 To brynge pore people into gretter wretchydnes
 Than they were erst and so them to oppresse
 For playnly to speke fals knyghtes and scribes be
 Of one maner lyuyng practyse and faculte

The scribe in wrytyng with his disceytfull pen
 Syttyng in his syege acloyde with couetyse
 By subtyl wordes spoylyth the symple men
 Whiche come to hym, desyryng right iustyce
 The knyght in warre is gyuen to the same vyce
 Robbyng and spoylyng by feldys: preuely
 But the scribe oppressyth the pore men openly

The knyght in warre in tyme of frost or rayne
Or the colde snowe as man masyd with rage
Subduyth his body to ieopardye or payne
Damnyng his soule for brybynge auantage
The iniust scribe ensuys the same vsage
Defylyng his soule with his pen and black ynke
Whose couetyse causyth his soule in hell to synke

The cursyd hunger of syluer and of golde
After one maner doth these two so inflame
That for the Lucre therof theyr soules ar solde
The one a thefe without all fere and shame
In tyme of warre in spoilyng hath his game
Murdryng men and brennyng towne and vylage
Nought sekyng but Lucre by spoilyng and pyllage

The pore chorle vnexpert and innocent
Suspectyng nought for his true symplycite
Is by this scribe compellyd by falshode vyolent
To pay for his pennys tyll he a begger be
Thus lyue knyghtis and scribes after one degre
Oppressyng the pore, them puttyng to great payne
Vnto them self by falshode gettyng gayne

Eche of them askyth Lucre and wynnyng
Nought caryng whether it be wronge or right
Thus cursyd is the sort that haue theyr lyuynge
In robberyng pore people by violence and myght
But if they had Iustyce and mercy in theyr syght
Theyr offyces mynystryng by lawe and equyte
Both of god and man rewardyd sholde they be

Who that is rightwyse good, men shall hym commende
 And lawde his name, and his dedes magnyfye
 The knyght is ordeyned by manhode to defende
 Wydowhode and age from wronge and iniury
 With fatherles children, and suche as lyue in penury
 And with dynt of swerde to defende the comon welth
 Expellynge theuys, saunye true manns helth

The scribe is ordeyned hymself to exercyse
 To wryte with his pen iust lawes and verytable
 And shewe by his craft the rule of right iustyce
 But nowe theyr dedys ar moche varyable
 For knyghtes and scribes by wayes disceyuable
 By the swerde and pen right cursydly intende
 Them to oppres, whome they ought to defende

As wydowes pore men and children pryuate
 Of Father and mother and feble men by age
 By suche oppression they increase theyr estate
 And by successyon of all theyr hole lynage
 Alas the childe oft forgoys his heritage
 Without: right longe or he be of discession
 And all by fals knyghtis spoylynge and oppression

In erth no gyle, nor falshode is doutles
 Nor yll that is to scribes comparable
 But touchyng thoppression and vnhappynes
 Of other offycers it is innumerable
 And namely sowdeours ar nowe moste vengeable
 And other courters: that scant the kynges way
 Of theyr spoylynge may be quyte by nyght or day

What shall I wryte of powlynge customers
And spoylynge serchers Baylyfs and Constables
Sergeauntis and catchpollis and other offycers
Whiche with others plate garnysse gay theyr tables
Theyr howsys stuffed with brybes abhomybles
Suche by oppression become thus excellent
Contynuyng in falshode for lacke of punysshement

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

Ye knyghtes vnrightwyse and offycers iniust
Auoyde your extorcion done by cruelte
Auoyde this desyre, mad and myscheuous lust
Whiche ye haue in spoylynge of the comonte
Better is for you to lyue in pouertye
So plesynge god with vndefyled name
Than by oppression to come to hye degre
And than after deth be damnyd for the same

Of folysshe messangers and Pursuyuantis.



I am a swyft Pursuyuant or messenger
None in the worlde swyfter as I wene
Here am I come from londes strange and far
Yet can I nat (drynkyng) voyde my botell cleane
Tyll in the foles Shyppes I have ben
And to the chiefe deliuered up this byll
Shyppman (tyll I enter) let thy shyp stande scyll

I had purposyd nat to haue tane on honde
To cary in my shyp any messangers
Or pursuyuauntis that occupy on londe
For I myself and all my maryners
Kepe on the see, with our folysshe partners
So far from londe, and rowyng with suche payne
That no messenger may vs reuoke agayne

Yet some of them coueyt to haue place
To them assigned within a folysshe barge
And with our folys to be so moche in grace
Of all theyr messages to haue the cure and charge
To this intent to ren euer out at large
With letters or Charters, about dyuers londes
Somtyme in theyr mouth and somtyme in theyr hondes

Somtyme other wyse them hydyng pryuely
To kepe them sure, from moystnes of the rayne
And so to go without all ieopardy
In his iourney and salue to come agayne
But some of these folys take vpon them payne
To execute more, than is in theyr message
To theyr owne scorne, and lordes great damage

But yet oft tyme (Howbeit theyr promes)
Was in all hast to theyr message to entende
They it prolonge by ouer moche dronkennes
Taryenge theyr charge, and bryngyng nought to ende
By theyr slowe paas, thus he that dyd them sende
Thynkyth his mater well done and brought to pas
But by theyr prolongyng it is euyng as it was

And often these messengers so wysely them gouerne
 That whyle they sholde be in hande with theyr mesage
 They range about to eche alehous and tauerne
 With the swete wyne theyr great hete to asswage
 Tyll he be brought into the dronken rage
 Than opyns he his letter it redyng twyse or thryse
 And all for this purpose newe lesynges to deuynse

His letter he openyth as fals and past all shame
 To knowe the secrete therof to this intent
 With his fals tunge to glose vpon the same
 And oft in his message he is so neglygent
 To lese his letters, and so as imprudent
 He can nat that shewe that men to hym commyt
 Retournyng without answeere so folysshe is his wyt

A true messenger and of parfyte dilygence
 Is moche worthy, and greatly commendable
 For lyke as in Somers feruent vyolence
 The colde wynde and snowe to man is delectable
 And as to men wery: rest is moche comfortable
 So a messenger spedy faythfull and parfyte
 Retournyng to his lorde doth hym as great delyte

Suche true messengers no man wyll discommende
 That is of wysdome mynde pacient, or doctryne
 But folysshe messengers here I comprehende
 Whiche in theyr message to folysshe wordes inclynie
 More tendinge to theyr botell full of ale or wyne
 Than to theyr message, for this is prouyd playne
 That sende a fole forth. and so comys he agayne

Suche folys haue theyr mawes so feruent
In hete by rennynge, and excessyue langage
Fyllyd with foly : That no drynke can it stent
Nor with moystnes that feruent hete asswage
But a faythfull man that doth truly his message
Is to be lawdyd. But we dayly proued se
That wyse wyll do wysely, and folys as they be.

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY THE ACTOUR.

Ye follysshe messangers gyuen to neglygence
To slouth and ryot in your besynes
Reduce your myndes to parfyte dilygence
So may ye to your lordes do confort and gladnes
Be true in his myssage, gyue you to secretnes
If ye do nat I Barclay, shall certayne
For eche of you my folys lyueray dres
That is a hode to kepe you from the rayne

Of folishe Cokes and buttelers and other
offycers of howsholde that wast theyr
maysters good without mesure.



Lo nowe comys a sort by dosyns multiplyed
Vnto my shyp: of dyuers cokes and buttelers.
A rowme to them may nat be well denyed
Nor to all other suche howsholde offycers
These folys hast fast to be my maryners
Rowynge with suche myght that all the se fomes
Suche increas our Nauy, by vylenes of other wombes

This sort of seruauntes whome thou dost here espy
Gyuen to theyr wombe by lust obhomynable
Of meat and drynke and superflwe glotony
Ar to theyr maysters but lytell profytable.
Oft Cokes and butlers ar so disceyuable
Of nature, to theyr mayster and folowe this offence
That nought they set by his losse by theyr expence

These folys reuellynge on theyr maysters coste
Spare no expence, nought carynge his damage
But they as Caytyfs often thus them boste
In theyr glotony with dissolute langage
Be mery companyons and lusty of cowrage
We haue our pleasour in deynty mete and drynke
On whiche thyng only we alway muse and thynke

Ete we and drynke we therfore without all care
With reuyll without mesure as longe as we may
It is a royall thyng thus lustely to fare
With others mete, thus reuell we alway
Spare nat the pot another shall it pay
Whan that is done spare nat for more to call
He merely slepys the whiche shall pay for all

Thus fewe or none of kepars shall we fynde
Trewes in theyr dedys, and after one intent
Though maysters to theyr seruauntis be full kynde
Agayne is the seruaunt fals and fraudelent
So howsholde seruauntes though they seme innocent
And without falshode before theyr lordes face
They wast all and more in another place

Whan mayster and maystres in bed ar to rest
 The bordes ar spred, the dores open echone
 Than farys the Coke and Butteler of the best
 Other both togyther, or eche of them alone
 With wyne and ale tyll all the best be gone
 By galons and potels they spende without care
 That whiche they lorde for his owne mouth dyd spare

They ar nat content amonge them selfe to spende
 Theyr maysters goodes in suche lyke glotony
 But also for other glotons they do sende
 And strange dronkardys to helpe out theyr vylany
 By whose helpe they may the vessellis make dry
 And he that hath way to drynke at eche worde
 Amonge these Caytyfs is worshyppyd as a lorde

Amonge these wasters is no fydelyte
 They haue no hede nor care ne aduertence.
 Of the great losse, and the cause of pouertye
 Growynge to theyr lorde by this wastfull expence
 But hym begyle behynde his backe and presence
 The mayster or lorde lyinge in his bed
 Full lytell knowys howe his howsholde is led

But whyle the seruauntes fals ryot thus ensue
 Wastyngge theyr maysters good and hole substance
 The mayster thynkes his seruauntes good and true
 But if it fortune after by some chaunce
 That the mayster haue a desyre or plesaunce
 Of his best drynke with his louers to haue some
 [The vessell empty shall yelde nought but bom bom

Than ſhall the lorde perceyue the great diſceyte
Of his waſtfull ſeruauntes and theyr fals abuſion
But his perceyuyng than is all to late
So it apereth that great collusion
Comyth vnto many, and extreme confuſion
By vntrue ſeruauntes as Cokes and butlers
And by all other houſholde offycers.

I thynke it ſhame to wryte in this my boke
The great diſceyte gyle and vnclenlynes
Of any ſcolyon, or any bawdy Coke
His lorde abuſyng by his vnthryftynes
Some for the nonys theyr meat lewdly dres.
Gyuyng it a taſt to ſwet to ſalt or ſtronger
Bycauſe the ſeruauntes wolde eat it them amonge

This company, and bende vngracious
Ar with no pety mouyd, nor yet care
They waſt: and ete theyr mayſter out of houſe
Deuouryng his good, tyll he be pore and bare
And with what meates ſo euer the lorde ſhall fare
If it be in the kechyne or it come to the hall
The coke and ſcolyon muſt taſte it firſt of all

In euery dyſſhe theſe caytyfs haue theyr handes
Gapyng as it were dogges for a bone
Whan nature is content fewe of them vnderſtandes.
In ſo moche that as I trowe, of them is none
That dye for age: but by glotony echone
But ſuche folys were nat theyr haſty lokes
To my folyſſhe ſhypp ſholde choſen be for Cokes

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

In this ſhypp myght I compryse or comprehend
Seruauntis of euery craft and facultye
Whiche in lewde ryot theyr maysters goodes ſpende
Bryngynge them therby to carefull pouertye
But as for this tyme they ſhall paſſe by for me
Syns by theyr maysters folyſſhe neglygence
They haue occaſion ſo ryotous to be
By great cauſe gyuen of inconuenyence.

But to you ſeruauntis I tourne my pen agayne
Exortynge you to your maysters to be true
And nat thus to ſpende and waſt his good in vayne
And ſo to harde nede therby hym to ſubdue
Lewde felawſhyp ſe that ye euer eſchewe
Beware of ryot, be content wyth your degre.
For who that agaynſt his mayſter is vntrewe
In his owne labour is ſeldome ſen to thye.

Of the arrogance and pryde of rude men
of the countrey.



The rustycall pryde of carles of the londe
Remaynyth nowe, whiche I intende to note
Whiche they owne pryde nat se nor vnderstonde
Wherefore they coueyte with me to haue a bote
And so they shall, but whan they ar a flote
Let them me pardon, for I wyll take no charge
Of them : but them touche and let them ren at large

Of husbonde men the lyfe and the nature
 Was wont be rude and of symplycyte
 And of condicion humble and demure
 But if a man wolde nowe demande of me
 Howe longe agone is syns they thus haue be
 I myght well answere it is nat longe agone
 Syns they were symple and innocent echone

And so moche were they gyuen to symplenes
 And other vertues chefe and pryncipall
 That the godly trone of fayth and rightwysnes
 Had left great townes lordes and men royall
 And taken place amonge these men rurall
 All vertues: stedfastnes iustyce and lawe
 Disdayned nat these pore cotis thekt with strawe

There was no disceyt nor gyle of tymes longe
 Amonge these men: they were out chasyd and gone
 For iustyce (as I haue sayd) was them amonge
 And of longe tyme there kept hir chayre and trone
 Of brynnynge Auaryce amonge these men was none
 No wrongfull lucre nor disceytful auantage
 Infect the myndes of men of the vyllage

That is to say they knewe none vsury
 No hunger of golde dyd they myndes confounde
 They knewe no malyce: nor pryde of theyr body
 Nor other vyces that trowbleth nowe the gronde
 They coueyted nat to greatly to abounde
 In proude aparayle, lyke Cytezyns excellent
 But theyr hole lyfe was symple and innocent

But nowe the lyfe of eche carle and vyllayne.
Is in all maners chaungyd euen as clene
As if the trone moste noble and souerayne
Of rightwysenes : amonge them had neuer bene
Of theyr olde vertues nowe is none in them sene
Wherby they longe were wont themself to gyde
Theyr lyfe is loste and they set hole on pryde

Theyr clothes stately after the courters gyse
Theyr here out busshynge as a foxis taylor
And all the fassions whiche they can deuysen
In counterfaytynge they vse in aparayll
Party and gardyd or short to none auayle
So that if god sholde theyr bodyes chaunge
After theyr vesture theyr shape sholde be full strange

Thus is theyr inekenes and olde symplycite
Tournyd by theyr foly to arrogance and pryde
Theyr rightwysenes, loue and fydelyte
By enuy and falshode nowe ar set asyde
Disceyt and gyle with them so sure doth byde
That folke of the towne of them oft lerne the same
And other newe yllis causynge reprofe and shame

Theyr scarsnes nowe is tournyd to couetyse
They onely haue golde and that, in abundaunce
Theyr vertue is gone, and they rotyd in vyce
Onely on riches fixed is theyr plesaunce
Fye Chorles amende this mad mys gouernaunce ↵
What mouyth you vnto this thyrst feruent
Of golde : that were wont to be so innocent

What causeth you thus your lyfe to change
 To cursyd malyce from godly innocence.
 Nowe Carles ar nat content with one grange
 Nore one ferme place, suche is theyr insolence
 They must haue many, to support theyr expence
 And so a riche, vyllayne proude and arrogant
 Anone becomyth a couetous marchant

Than labours he for to be made a state
 And to haue the pryuelege of hye nobles
 Thus churlys becomyth statis nowe of late
 Hye of renowne without all sympylnes
 But it is great foly and also shame doutles
 For Carles to coueyt this wyse to clym so hye
 And nat be pleasyd with theyr state and degre

TENUOY OF BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

Fye rurall carles awake I say and ryse
 Out of your vyce and lyfe abhomynable
 Namely of pryde, wrath, enuy and couetyse
 Whiche ye insue, as they were nat damnable
 Recouer your olde mekenes, whiche is most profytable
 Of all vertues, and be content with your degre
 For make a carle a lorde, and without any fable
 In his inwarde maners one man styll shall he be.

Of the contempt and dispysynge of
pouertye.



In this our tyme we pouertye out chase
From vs, but ryches doth euery man content
The pore is oppresyd to grounde in eche place
He onely is mocked and countyd imprudent
As it were a naturall fole, or innocent
He that is pore, and wyse, must hym submyt
Vnto a riche fole whiche in a trone shall syt.

I cary of folys within this present barge
 A marueylous number and almoste infynyte
 Whiche on vayne ryches only haue theyr charge
 And hath on it more pleasour and delyte
 Than in good vertues that myght theyr soule profyte
 They set more store the peny to posses
 Than of good, maners, worshyp, or holynes

All men forsaketh in this tyme to sustayne
 The weght and burthen of godly pouerte
 The cursyd hunger of ryches doth constrainye
 The hertis of men and that of eche degre
 Good lyuers of no valour countyd be
 If they lacke riches, theyr goodnes to support
 To theyr company none forsyth to resort

They that haue honoured wysdome here before
 And loued vertue, and in the same procede
 In this our tyme promotyd ar no more
 To lawde and honour whiche ought to be theyr mede
 To rightwyse men nowe no man taketh hede
 But onely they haue bribes in plente
 That ar moste riche and hyst in degre

But syns it is so that plenty and abundaunce
 Of vayne riches and blynde and frayle treasure
 Doth them that hath the same lyghtly auaunce
 To loue, to frendshyp, to lawdes and honour
 And he that lackyth the same is in dolour
 Therefore all men more gladly it ensue
 Than lawdable lyfe gode maners or vertue

The worlde rennyth on suche chaunce nowe adayes
That none by vertue riches can attayne
But who that wyll be riche must folowe nowe suche wayes
Firste must he flater and of honour haue disdayne
He spare must none othes though they be fals and vayne
And that he hath sayde by and by forsake.
Nowe swere and promes, anone them both to brake

He must promes and vowe both to god and man
And neuer care nor force to kepe the same
By falshode or brybynge get what he can
His wordes and dedes both without fere and shame
By cruell delynge he must hym get a name
Nought must he care for synne nor vyolence
Nouther present nor past, styll redy to offence

He must with rauysshynges clawes exercyse
Vsury, rubbynge from people innocent
Brybes and spoylynges and tyme therfore deuysed
He must bere talys faynyd and fraudelent
And with the lyes trouble myndes pacient
And into the erylde of good men and laudable
He droppyth venym by wordes vengeable

O damnable lyfe pollutyd all with vyce
O deuylysshe maners alas we may complayne
The worlde is wrappyd in suche syn by couetyse
Whiche doth all vertue and godlynes distayne
All thyng is solde, for frayll treasour and vayne
Laufull and vnlauffull vertue lawe and right
Ar solde for money whiche blyndyth mannyng syght

Were nat blynde treasour and vnhappy ryches
 Many one for theyr synnes and offence
 Sholde worthely haue dyed in wretchydnes
 And other escapyd for theyr innocence
 The peny damnyth : somtyme gyuyng sentence
 So that oft tymes in tyme of iugement
 It reddyth murdrers and Theues fro punysshement

Thus synnes greuous escapyth quyte and fre
 By money, whiche is so good an aduocate
 That it man reddyth what euer his trespas be
 From deth and peryll if it come nat to late
 It gettyth loue of pore man and estate
 It wolues and Foxis delyuereth from tourment
 And hangeth vp, doues and Lambes innocent

The ryche by oppressyon augmentyth theyr ryches
 Whiche is at last to theyr owne great damage
 Lyke as the Bybyll playnly doth expres
 Howe Achab wolde haue had the herytage
 Of Nabeth : descendynge to hym by his lynage
 Wherefore this Naboth rightwysly withstode
 The kynges wyll and that by reason gode

Where as this rightwyse man full wretchydly
 By this ryche kyng, by oppression playne
 And his Quenes falshode was damnyd wrongfully
 For his denyenge, and so with stonys slayne
 For whiche thyng this kyng after had payne
 By wretchyd deth whiche god to hym dyd sende
 Of extorcioners this is the comon ende

Thus the pore onely for theyr symplycite
Is tred vnder fote by suche as haue myght
Thus bagges must be had of pure necessaryte
For without them no man can haue his right
But whan the golden age the worlde dyd lyght
And rayned amonge men, than was pouerte
Of great lawde and glory with men of eche degre

Than was theyr fode scas, theyr lyuyng lyberall
Theyr labour comon, they knewe no couetyse
All thyng was comon than amonge them all
The lawe of nature from them expellyd vyce
Without violence or rygour of iustyce
But none of all these our firste progenytours
Theyr myndes blyndyd with gatherynge great treasours

But thoughe by ryches nowe men be enhaunced
Yet in tyme past men haue by pouertye
In lawde and glory theyr royalmes hye auunsyd
And come therby vnto so great dignyte
That theyr hye name and fame can neuer dye
Rome was firste pore, and pore was the senate
And in Rome pore was many a great estate

Yet were they nobly disposyd to batayle
So that whyle they lyuyd in theyr symplenes
No other Nacion agayne them coude preuayle
But after whan they gaue theyr myndes to ryches
Oft strange Nacions them sharply dyd oppres
By this example it apereth openly
That to a good warrour ryches is ennemy

92 lines word

The noble Curius in scarsnes and vertue
 Rulynge in Rome, at the Romayns desyre
 Dyd the Samnytyens manfully subdue
 And the Ausonyans vnto the same empyre
 With all other that durst agaynst Rome conspyre
 Of whome many for his souerayne wysdome
 Of theyr frewyll dyd subiect to hym become

What man doth nat Publicola commende
 Whiche by scarsnes deseruyd hath honour
 And heuenly worshyp whiche none can comprehende
 Hystoryan, Poet, nor other oratour
 We lawde Fabricius a mean Conquerour
 Whiche the rewardes of Pyrrhus dyd despyse
 Wherby men knewe he louyd no couetyse

Yet led this Fabricius his lyfe in scarsyte
 With lytell riches to hym moche acceptable
 Regulus also a man of great dignyte
 For his suffysaunce reputyd is laudable
 In small substance he thought to lyue most stable
 Thus is that man both wyse and excellent
 That with ynoughe can holde hym selfe content

The firste begynnyng and origynall
 Of all the worlde was firste in scarsyte
 Therby were Cytees byldyd first of all
 And kynges establyd in theyr royalte
 With theyr kyngdomes. and men of eche degre.
 Pouerte of all the lawes was Inuentryce
 Mother vnto vertue, confonderes of vyce

By scarsyte Grece hath gotten suche a name
Of laude and worshyp whiche neuer shall decay
That all the worlde hole, spekyth of the same
But howe the lordes thereof lyued alway
In stedfast vertue somewhat shall I say
The iust Arystydes inuentour of iustyce
Was euer pore, nat gyuen to couetyse

Epamynundas also lyued in vertue
And he beyng Duke possessyd small ryches
Yet neuer kynge nor Prynce coude hym subdue
By suffysaunce suche was his worthynes
The noble Poet homerus eke : doutles
Whyle he descrybed the sore ruyne of Troy
Was pore, and set on couetyse no ioy

Socrates with godly wysdome decorate
Set neuer his mynde on ryches or treasour
Yet was neuer kynge so ryche nor estate
Than was more worthy than he was of honour
In all the worlde is no thyng at this houre
So proude nor hie whiche hath nat first of all
Had chefe begynnyng of a Ryuer but small

The worthy Cyte callyd Tarphe by name
Of small begynnyng is now made excellent
Rome hath also farre sprede abrode hir fame
Though it were byldyd (as lerned men assent)
Of symple Shepherdes pore and innocent
O what a Cyte, and what a se royall
Hath had first name of pore men and rurall

Where as the cursyd hunger of ryches
 Hath oft these Cytees destroyed and lost agayne
 Hath nat the Romayns byd oft great wretchydnes
 And for Couetyse oppressyd in great payne
 For the same vyce Cartago hath certayne
 Suffred ruynes by fortune myserable
 Where as puerte brynges men to ende laudable

Alas why Coueyt we so faruently
 Exces of ryches as men myndles and blynde
 Syns it so many hath brought to mysery
 Yet ryches gotten is vnsure as the wynde
 Dyd nat proude Cersus therby destruccion fynde
 Endynge in payne great wo and wretchydnes
 By the immoderate and lewde loue of ryches

Wherfore let men of eche sort of degre
 Loue pouertye as thyng moste commendable
 For suerly ryches is nought but vanyte
 Rulyd by chaunce vncertayne and vnstable
 And to the Hauer oftentyme damnable
 For a ryche man settinge theron his mynde
 Shal into heuen right hardly passage fynde

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY.

Withdrawe your myndes men from to great ryches
 Set nat your thought vpon vnsure treasour
 Rede howe the Gospell examples doth expres
 Of the pouertye of Christe our sauour.

Thoughe he of all was lorde and creatour
And seconde parson of the holy Trinite
Yet he for vs hath suffred great dolour
And in all his lyfe wylfull pouerte.

Wherfore blynde man make clere thy ignoraunce
Take here example by god omnyotent
Holde thou thy selfe content with suffysaunce
Voluntary scarsnes is a vertue excellent
That folowed the fathers of the olde testament
And also the discyple and Apostles in the newe
But to pouertye thoughe thou wylt nat consent
Than kepe thou mesure, and couetyce eschewe

Of them that begyn to do well and con-
tynue nat in that purpose.



Vnto this Plough of Folys many ren
Begynnyng to labour with dylgencce and payne
But they wyll nat contynue longe therin
But shortly after cast of theyr worke agayne
No maruayle. for so volage is theyr brayne
That without reason they gyue moche gretter hede
As wyteles Folys the bare Coko do fede

First whan the Carle takys his ploughe in honde
He is so besy therwith and dyligent
As if that he wolde Ere out his londe
Vpon one day or he leue of, or stent
To the first labour men ar lest insolent
But I shall tell the if thou gyue audyence
Of this my meter what is the chefe sentence

Some men ar lyuynge that for awhyle begyn
To lyue well ynoughe and outwarde represent
For to contynue in good lyfe without syn
Entrynge the way of vertue excellent
But shortly after chaungyd is that intent
They come nat vnto the top of the Mountayne
Wherin is vertue and good moste souerayne

These ar those Folyes that taketh hastily
The ploughe in hande, as for a cours or twayne
And than agayne it leuyth by and by
These well deserue for theyr vnstable brayne
In our lewde barges for to be put to payne
And besy labour, and alway to trauayle
To rowe our barges and hye to hawse the sayle

The wyse man in descripcion of vertue
Hath set the same on the hyght of a hyll
Whiche vnto heuen a certayne way doth shewe
To suche men as with theyr full myndes wyll
To that hyghe top theyr hole iourney fulfyll
But to this hyll, fewe ar that go forwarde
But many thousandes wolde clymbe therto bacwarde

They ar suche that set all theyr hole lykynges
On ryches pleasour and euery dedely synne
And onely muse on these lowe worldly thynges
As if man myght hye goodnes by them wynne
Whiche haue no grace nor vertue them within
These men that ar of mynde thus variable
To the children of Israell ar moste comparable

Whiche whan they were delyuered of destres
And out of Egypt, and past that cruell payne
By hande of moyses, suche was theyr wylfulnes
That oft they wysshyd that they were there agayne
And all for hunger of one day or scant twayne
They rather wolde vytayle in sore captyuyte
Than with small penaunce, haue plesaunt lybertye

These worldly thynges to Egypt I compare
Wherin mankynde abydeth in bondage
Oft by his foly suffrynge great payne and care
But whan theyr mynde is red from this outrage
And they delyuered, and all theyr hole lynage
Forsakyng the worlde, for vertue moste souerayne
Than for small hardnes anone they turne agayne

Alas these people of myndes ar so rude
That they had leuer be in captyuyte
Of Faro the Fende, and his blynde seruytude
Than in Christis seruyce luyng in lybertye
But though the way of Christis seruyce be
Harde to be kept by blynde and frayle mankynde
Parseuer, and thou shalt a Crowne in heuen fynde

But many (alas) retourne agayne to vyce
And bacwarde agayne go to theyr olde offence
And he that the seruyce of god dyd exercyse
In mekenes vertue and lowe obedyence
Is fallyn nowe to all inconuenyence
Alas the state of them is moche vnure
Whiche chaunge good for yll agayne nature

The quakyng seke in bed lyenge prostrate
Halfe dede halfe luyng, by some mortall wounde
And of all his myghtis of manhode clene pryuate
Can nat be hole, but if plasters be bounde
Vnto his grefe to clens it by the grounde
Purgynge it by suche playsters mundifyatyue
And than it closynge by playsters sanatyue

And corrosyues, somtyme he must endure
To purge that flesshe whiche is putrefyed
Kepyng and obseruyng good dyet alway sure
But by this way whan his payne is modefyed
His wounde nere hole, fresshe and claryfyed
Withdrawe he his playsters for a day or twayne
His sore reneweth and rottyth than agayne

And oft becomyth wors than it was before
Corruptynge the flesshe and skyn on euery syde
Right so it fortunes by a gostely sore
In vertue we ought perseuerantly abyde
Whiche to the heuenly regyon shall vs gyde
It nought auayleth thyselth to boste and cry
That thou haste somtyme lyued rightwysly

It is nat ynough from vyce the to defende
 One day or twayne or onys to haue done well
 But that man that contynuys to the ende
 Shall neuer nede to fere the paynes of hell
 For it expressed is playne in the gospell
 Who that perseueryth in vertue and in grace
 To his last ende, in heuen shall haue a place

Therefore I pray, and humbly you beseke
 Lerne good and vertue, and be therin actyfe
 Nat onely for one day nor yet one weke
 But it contynue the dayes of all your lyfe
 Thynges thus begone, of man, childe, mayde, or wyfe
 Ar moste acceptable to god our sauour
 And nat to do well, and leue within an hour.

TENUOY OF BARCLAY.

O youth full frayle blynde youth I say agayne
 In thy tendernes stody thou to begyn
 To serue thy makèr in vertues souerayne
 And se thou surely rote thy self therin
 That thou the neuer pollute with dedely synne
 And if thou fall agayne ryse hastely
 Than shalt thou sothly heuen obtayne and wynne
 If thou perseuer and so lyue stedfastly.

Of folys that despyse deth makynge no
prouysion therfore.



O cruell deth, o fury fauourles
So fyers art thou of loke and countenance
That thou nought sparest vertue nor ryches
Beauty nor byrth, strength nor valyaunce
Eche creature thou bryngest to vttraunce
Thou shewest none his season nor his tyde
So is he vnwyse that wyll the nat prouyde.

O Brether in Christ conioyned by byleue
 Our blynde presumpcion doth vs sore abuse
 Trust of longe lyfe our soules oft doth greue
 We haue playne warnynge and yet we it refuse
 Vnwarely we wander, and no thyng we muse
 On deth : but despyse his furour intretable
 Whiche sure shall come, though tyme be varyable

Man dye thou shalt : this thyng thou knowest playne
 But as for the tyme, howe, where, and whan
 These ar and shall be kept vncertayne
 Fro the, and me, and almoste from eury man
 Thus dye thou must proude it if thou can
 We all must therto, olde, yonge, yll and goode
 Our lyfe styll passyth as water of a flode

Ly, stande, or go, ete, slepe, or drynke
 Or in what so euer thyng thou the exercyse
 Yet deth cometh thoughe thou nat theron thynke
 But for that we dye in suche varyable wyse
 Thou this day : if suche a chaunce doth ryse
 Thy neyghbour shall folowe outhir first or last
 Therefore on hope all men theyr myndes cast

On hope to lyue set mortall men theyr mynde
 Though they be seke yet thynke they nat to dye
 So this vayne hope doth them disceyue and blynde
 If deth them stryke in that infirmyte
 Ye and also we often tymes may se
 That deth is lyke to men opprest in age
 And to yonge children and men of hye corage

Thy earnest is layde, the bargaen must abyde
It may nat be broke, but where as synne doth growe
And a pore wretche in vicious lyfe mysgyde
Suche wretches thynke that deth is neuer to slowe
And many one in vyce habounde and flowe
Alway thoughe they that dye in synne mortall
(As Dauyd sayth) dye must ruffull deth of all

Deth is (as I haue sayd) so intreatable
That all he consumeth, as his wyll doth aply
Thoughe one in beauty be incomparable
In strength or riches, thoughe god hym magnyfye
It nought auayleth : at last yet must he dye
Prolongyd is no tyme, if furour the submyt
Of cruell deth, thou must obey to it

Thy strength decays, and thy breth wexeth short
Thy vaynes labours, and be somewhat colde
Thy body wexeth styf without comfort
Anone thy beauty pleasaunt, semeth olde
Thy vysage chaungynge by lokes manyfolde
Somtymes Pale with colour chaungeable
Somtyme as lede, from deth scant varyable

Thy herte quaketh thy vaynes lesyth myght
Corrupt blode doth thy colour putryfye
Thy throte hurtlyth, thy wordes, and thy syght
Theyr naturall offyce shall vnto the denye
With suche passions all mortall men shall dye
For lyfe shall fayle whan deth shall take his place
No man of lyfe can charter here purchase

O deth howe bytter is thy remembraunce
 And howe cruell is it thy paynes to indure
 To them that in erth settyth theyr plesaunce
 On wretchyd ryches, vnstable and vnsure
 And on vayne pleasours : yet euery creature
 Must from this riches (though they be loth) depart
 Whan deth them woundeth with his mortall dart

It is thyng Follys she to trouble and encomber
 That man that restyth and slepyth quyety
 His tyme was come, and we in the same slomber
 Shall be opprest : god wot howe sodaynly
 We all must therto, there is no remedy
 It hath to many ben profyte, and gladnes
 To dye or theyr day to auoyde this wretchydnes

And ende the myseries, and labours of this lyfe
 And many one as wery of this short lyfe and payne
 Them selfe hath murdred with theyr owne hande and knyfe
 And some with poyson also them selfe hath slayne
 With snare, with water or with some other trayne
 The cause why they them selfe haue thus destroyd
 Was worldly payne and mysery to auoyde

Yet better were it lyue a lyfe miserable
 Than thus to dye, yet so haue nat they thought
 But naturall deth to some is profytable
 To suche as therby out of bondage ar brought
 And paynfull Pryson, In all the worlde is nought
 Concernynge payne, dole wo and mysery
 But that deth fyndeth therefore a remedy.

Deth with his fote doth worldly thynges tred
O howe many that hath ben in captyuyte
And bytter Pryson doth deth clene quyte and red
By it all fetters and Chaynes lowsyd be
All worldly tourment all payne and cruelte
Is red by deth: and they that sholde haue bene
In payne contynuall, by deth ar quyted clene

Deth is delyuered, and from fortune lyberall
It tourneth downe the Castels and the toures
Of kynges Prynces and other men royall
With lyke cruelte of payne and sodayne shoures
As pore mennys howsis lyuyng in doloures
For deth hym selfe behaueth in one rate
And in lyke mesure to begger and estate

And thoughe that fortune cruell and vniust
Exalt yll lyuers and rightwyse men oppres
Deuydyng honour and ryches where hir lust
Deth all the same doth order and redres
With egall payne by weght of rightwysnes
There is no prayer, rewarde, nor myght that may
Of deth prolonge one houre of the set day

This dredfull deth of colour pale and wan
To pore and ryche in fauour is egall
It spareth neyther woman childe nor man
But is indifferent both to great and small
For as sayth Flaccus, Poet heroycall
With one fote, it stryketh at the dore
Of kynges palaysys, and of the wretched pore

It caryth nought for Pryde, ne statelynes
 Nor myght, as we se oft by experyence
 It is nat peasyd with treasour nor ryches
 With cunnyng of Retoryke ne-glosyd eloquence
 To Pope and Begger it hath no difference.
 With throte lyke wyde on echone doth he gape
 None can his clawes auoyde, fle, nor escape

Yet he nat grauntyth to any creature
 As symple man great Lorde or Prynce souerayne
 Of dethes hour, to be stedfast and sure
 To euery man his comyng is sodayne
 Except to them that ar condemned playne
 Whiche by theyr foly lewdely prouoke theyr tyme
 By theft or murder or ellys some other cryme

It maketh no force : there is no difference
 Whether thou dye yonge or els in extreme age
 For this is sure eche creature shall hense
 Both state and Begger shall pas the same passage
 Lyue an hundryth wynter increasyng thy lynage
 Yet to thy lyfe deth, ende shall set and gyue
 But fewe ar that nowe one hundreth wynter lyue

And than at last : whether he by lefe or lothe
 His wretchyd Carcas shall the voyde graue fulfyll
 And many one also to his ende gothe
 (As wery of his lyfe) at his desyre and wyll
 No man hath fauour (of deth) to byde here styll
 The father dede : the sone shall after hastely
 And oft dyes the sone before the Father dye

One after other, out of this lyfe we shall
Syster and brother, neuewe syre and dame
Tyll at the last from lyfe we gone be all
And the elementis pourgyd by fyry flame
To mourne for deth therfore thou art to blame
Or crye for the dede, and dolefully to wepe
Thy cryenge (fole) shall nat wake hym of that slepe

Thynge worldly that to man is delectable
This deth disdaynes, ne no commaundement
Can turne nor fere hym: his promys is so stable
His cruell daunce no man mortall can stent
Nor lede his cruell cours after his intent
The pope nor Emperour, if they be in his hande
Hath no maner myght his sore cours to withstande

The bysshop, lorde, the Pore man, lyke a state
Deth in his daunce ledyth by the sleue
He oft causeth men them self to fatygate
And wery in his daunce, longe or they wolde byleue
But thoughe his besy coursys doth them greue
He gyuys no space to man to stande nor syt
But sue the trompe tyll he come to the pyt

There neuer was man of so great pryde ne pompe
Nor of suche myght, youth nor man of age
That myght gaynsay the sounde of dethes trompe
He makes man daunce and that without courage
As well the state as man of lowe lynage
His cruell cours is ay so intretable
That mannys myght to withstande is nat able

Whan thou art dede, what profyte or auayle
 Hast thou in toubes hye ryche and excellent
 That Corps that lackes all suche gay aparayle
 Shall be ouercouered with the fyrmament
 The blynde, Arthemisia yet was of this intent
 A sumtuous tounge and ryche to edefye
 By vayne opynyon hir name to magnyfye

This tounge was shynynge with syluer and pure golde
 So gayly couched and set with precious stone
 Alayd with asure and coloures manyfolde
 That of the seuen wonders of kyngdomes echone
 That ar vnder Son : that rekened is for one
 Yet this gay tounge abyll for any kynge
 To hir pore soule profyted no thyng

Chemnys also as dyodorus sayes
 Byldyd a speere hye and wonderous
 To bere remembraunce of his tyme and dayes
 This speere was costely dere and sumptuous
 And of quantyte so great and marueylous
 That a thousande men and. iii. hundreth fulfyde
 In twenty yeres coude it skantly bylde

The brother of the sayd chemnys in lyke wyse
 Brought all his Royalme vnto pouertye
 Whyle he another lyke speere dyd deuys
 For his vayne tounge, so that his comonte
 And other workmen after one degre
 Were longe compellyd in this worke to ete
 Herbys and rotis for lacke of other mete

One Rodopis callyd by suche a name
Byldyd suche another vayne sepulture
The riche Amasis also dyd the same
But what was this, els but a vayne pleasure
It is great Foly to any creature
To make so great expences and trauaÿle
About vayne thynges that ar of none auayle

So great expences, suche Folysshe coste and vayne
Is done on toumbes and all by pompe and pryde
That this my shyp can it scarsly contayne
But the soulys helth (alas) is set asyde
Whiche euer sholde lyue and without ende abyde
And the caryon and fylth : is magnyfyed
By suche vayne toumbes that nowe ar edefyed

Beholde a toumbe and precious sepulture
Thought it be gay : aduyse what is within
A rottyn caryon vyler than all ordure
By this proude toumbe the soule no welth can wyne
But is Damnyd if the body dyed in synne
So is it Foly great coste and vanyte
To vse in Toumbes suche curyosyte

Euery grounde vnto god is sanctyfyed
A rightwyse man that well doth lyue and dye
Shall in hye heuen in soule be glorified
In what euer grounde his wretchyd Carcas lye
But where a toumbe is byldyd curyously
It is but cause of Pryde to the ofsprynge
Helpynge the soule right lytell or no thyng

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

Man kepe thy body from synne exces and cryme
And if thou fall aryse shortly agayne
Be euer redy, prouyde thy deth by tyme
For dye thou shalt that one thyng is certayne
And oft deth stelyth on man by cours sodayne
He warneth none, but who that dyes in syn
Dyes worst of all, and sure is of hell payne
Thus is it peryll longe to abyde therin

Vnto an Archer deth may I well compare
Whiche with his dart stryketh somtyme the marke
That is last age delyuerynge them from care
Of mundayne thought, and payne of worldly warke
Somtyme he shotyth ouer : as he were darke
Of syght, and somtyme to short : or els asyde
But well is hym that takyth thought and carke
At euery season his dartis to prouyde.

Of Folys that despise god.



Whan that man synneth or therto doth assent
Thoughe god be of moche mercy and great pacience
Suffrynge hym escape without punysshement
And often is nat hasty to punyssh eche offence
Yet thou blynde Fole voyde of all prudence
He gyueth nat the his berde to draw and brast
For euery synne he punyssheth first or last.

What man myght suffer with mynde pacient
 → These follys that stryue agaynst theyr creatour
 With wordes despysynge our lorde omnyotent
 And hym denyenge as nat theyr gouernour
 Both day and nyght, increasyng theyr errour
 All goddes preceptis these follys thus confounde
 With vicious wordes whiche doth theyr soules wounde

They vtter wordes, full of all folysshenes
 Agaynst the Father of heuen they hym nat drede
 No more than he were, of no myghtynes
 Lyke to mankynde, or come of manny sede
 Of his great power they haue no fere nor hede
 Nor yet aduertyce his rightwyse iugement
 Ne that yll doers ar worthy punysshement

What menest thou by god the Father eternall
 Howe takest thou hym, howe countest thou his lawe
 Whiche by thy presumption foule and infernall
 Dare be so bolde his berde this wyse to drawe
 By his hye myght thou countest nat a strawe
 And than whan god, by mercy and pyte
 A whyle the suffreth for thy dede to go fre

And doth nat punyssh the synne in contynent
 Therefore thou thynkest that god hath pardoned the
 Bycause the lyghtnyng or thounder vyolent
 And other tempestous stormes whan they be,
 Ouertourneth downe an oke or other tre
 And suffreth the and thy hows to be vnbrnt
 Thus thynkest thou : the pardonyd by god omnyotent

O people of cursyd hope and confydence
What ioy haue ye : or what a lewde delyte
Without amendement alway to sue offence
And more to offende, bycause ye haue respyte
Is godes Iustyce (thynke ye) decayd quyte
Nay god is more rightwyse than creature terrene
All thyng he seys, no thyng can stop his iyen

Thynkest thou that thy lyfe shall euer endure
That thou mayst haue longe tyme our lorde to pray
And in thy last age of pardone to be sure
O fole vnruylid lay this lewde mynde away
Trust nat to lyfe, for vnsure is thy day
We all must dye : but he that styll doth syn
In hope of longe lyfe he often dyes therin

God suffreth the oftymes to offende
And folowe thy wyll and sensualyte
To proue if thou thy lewde lyfe wylt amende
Expellynge thy carnall and blynde fragilyte
But if thou contynue in thy iniquyte
The more space that thou hast had before
Thy payne and tourment shall after be the more

Alas suche ar infect with great offence
That thus on synne infix alway theyr mynde
They haue no wysdome grate, goodnes, ne prudence
But kepe theyr herte in darke errour and blynde
That to true byleue it no thyng is inclyned
Whan synfull errour is set in theyr intent
They god despise, and his commaundement

order
 These folys in maner nought care for goddes myght
 Whiche by his worde hath made eche element
 The sonne: the mone, the derkenes and the lyght
 The day, the nyght, the sterrys and firmament
 Whiche knowys all tymes eche hour and eche moment
 Both the tyme past and tyme that is to come
 Our lyfe and deth he knowys by his wysdome

O man miserable: o wretchyd creature
 Sholdest thou agaynst thy souerayne lorde rebell
 Whiche to thyntent: that thou sholde nat endure
 Eternall deth. sende to tourment cruell
 His onely son to red thy soule fro hell
 The whiche also with his blode hath the bought
 Therefore loue hym, and turne this frowarde thought

→
 Thou art nat so redy to gyue the to penaunce
 And to set thy mynde on vertue parfytely
 Forsakyng thy synne and olde mysgouernaunce
 But god is als redy to take the to mercy
 Thus mayst thou thynke both sure and stedfastly
 That if thou for thy synnes mourne and wayle
 God shall the here, and quyte the thy trauayle

But who that hath herte harde in suche a wyse
 And rotyd in suche malyce and furour
 That by the same by worde he dare despyse
 His god, his maker, his helth and sauour
 By synne, contempt or lyuyng in errour
 Suche (but if he change his intent)
 Is damnyd, to endure infernall punysshement.

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

O people proude, and of goodnes ignoraunt
Enclyne your myndes sore blyndyd by offence
Mollyfy your hertis that ar harde as adamant
Expell ye this pryde and stately insolence
Presume ye no more in worde, nor conscience
Your lord, defender, and maker to despyse
For who that doth, shall outhere here or hence
At last be rewardyd, and that in ferefull wyse.

Of Blasphemers and sweres of the name
of god, and of his Sayntis.



Nowe commyth to cours to wryte of the errors
Of men abhomynable, of women mayde and childe
Whiche agaynst Christ ar neue tourmentours
His skyn terynge, wors than Iowes it desylyd
O man myscheuous by whome Christ is reuylid
Thou worthy art to dye in soule and in body
That Iuge that it suffreth sore shall it aby.

O Myrthles myse of eloquence barayne
Cast out thy terys and mourne without mesure
For from sore waylynge my selfe can nat refrayne
Nor as I thynke none erthly creature
Consyderynge howe men in malyce them inure
If there were reason within harde stele or flynt
From carefull terys I wot they coude nat stynt

If beste had reason, wyt, or mannys brayne
To note and aduyse mannys mysgouernaunce
Without all dout I thynke it wolde complayne
For mannys synne, and wylfull ignoraunce
Therefore all ye that haue wyll and pleasaunce
To rede of the Folyys of this iniquyte
Expell hye corage, and than come wepe with me

For certaynly, I trowe no man coude wryte
The vyce nowe vsed, agaynst all ordynaunce
Nor yet that rede, whiche other men indyte
Without sore waylynge, and terys in habundaunce
For well I wot my herte is in greuaunce
Whan I consyder and wryte, thus wyse of syn
Seynge howe the worlde defylyd is therin

But though I haue had great dilygence with payne
Before this, to blame blynde Folyys abhomynable
Yet this my labour almoste was tane in vayne
For none to this present sort ar comparable
These folys in theyr dedys ar so detestable
That all synne and vyce vnder the firmament
Theyr vicious hertis can nat pleas nor content

Yet seke they wors: agaynst our lorde aboue
 By theyr yll tunge they tourment newe with payne
 And though he onys dyed in erth for mannys loue
 These caytyfs hym tourment nowe in heuen agayne
 These folys (with newe sperys) set theyr brayne
 To wounde, our lorde, whiche, can do hym no grefe
 Saue that he seyth man seke his owne myschefe

Agaynst Christ they cast and throwe great othys
 Blasphemynge agaynst dyuyn commaundement
 Wordes of Enuy whiche god almyghty lothys
 They throwe agayne hym as trayters vyolent
 O cursyd creatures, with armour impotent
 That lorde that dyed to red them out of payne
 They haue good wyll to tere his herte agayne

The one blasphemys by christis hede and brayne
 Grutchynge and grennyng for symple thyng or nought
 Another Caytyfe, or myscheuous vylayne
 By all his holy membres, to swere hath lytyll thought
 Another by the blode wherwith he hath vs bought
 His Face his herte, or by his crowne of thorne
 Wherwith (for them) his skyn was rent and torne

Another out vomytis wordes execrable
 Agaynst our lordes holy woundes fyue
 His handes his fete and his crosse venerable
 Wheron he dyed to make mankynde a lyue
 That fole that grettest othes can contryue
 Blasphemynge god, men hym moste magnyfye
 Thus newe agayne our lorde they crucyfye

O cruell Caytyfs tyrantis and tourmentours
O blynde blasphemers, o men brought vp in vyce
O ye fals folowers, and inherytours
Of the cruell Iowes myschefe and malyce
To moche immoderate madnes doth attyce
Your myndes amasyd by othes to tourment
The sayntis of heuen : and god omnyotent

O ye blasphemers : o tourmentours vnkynde
Alas what mean ye your maker thus to tere
Syns in the Gospell we playnly wryten fynde
That no creature lyuyng ought to swere
By ought that god made, no nat by a here
Of his owne hede, our othes ought to be
(As christ vs techyth) onely (nay) and (ye)

But nowe in our othes is god omnyotent
With all his membres and sayntis euerychone
All that god made, and euery sacrament
The fere of payne (alas) is from vs gone
Our hertis harder than flynt or marbell stone
Alas we tere our Lord that hath vs bought
By our blasphemynge, and that for thyng of nought

The tables, tenys, cardis, or the dyce
Ar chefe begynnyng of this vnhappynes
For whan the game wyll nat well aryse
And all the players troubled by dronkenes
Than suche Caytyfs as ioy in this exces
At eche worde labour our sauour to tere
With othes abhomynable whiche they vngoodly swere

Alas these folys repute it but a game
To cast suche wordes agayne theyr creatour
Them selfe forswerynge, blasphemynge christis name
And he that is moste gyuen to this errour
Is nowe reputyd moste worthy of honour
He shall no rule in court nor kechen bere
(As this tyme goys) but he can crake and swere

The yonge (alas) this vyce doth here and lere
With stody intentyf, and parfyte, aduertence
Of suche as ar olde: to blaspheme, and to swere
The name of god without all reuerence
In so moche that they thynke it none offence
To swere the holy Masse, that othe is nowe so ryfe
In mouth of man, mayden childe and wyfe

It was onys ordeyned by constytucion
As I haue harde, that both symple men and hye
Sholde onely swere by that ocupacion
The whiche theyr Faders dyd vse and occupy
But nowe eche sweryth the Mas comonly
Whiche is the prestis seruyce and besynes
So mennys others theyr Fathers doth expres

Alas no honour, laude nor reuerence
Is had nowe vnto that blessyd sacrament
But boyes, and men without all difference
Tere that holy body of god omnyotent
As it were iowes to his passion they assent
In every bargayne, in ale hous and at borde
The holy Mas is euer the seconde worde

And than these houndes can suche excusys fynde
As to theyr soules without dout ar damnable
Saynge it is gode to haue the masse in mynde
And the name of god, and his sayntis honourable
O erytykes. o houndes abhomynable
That is a thyng whiche god almyghty lothys
To take his name in thy foule mouth by othys

Yet doest thou so, there is no maner place
Nor no order or state that of this vyce is fre
For whiche (alas) god hath withdrawyn his grace
And oft vs chastyth with plage of cruelte
With dyuers dethes, and moche aduesyte
For this vyce, Iuges ordayne no punysshement
Therefore is it punysshyd by god omnypotent

With tempest thunder, lyghtnyng hete or colde
With murder by pestylence or els by some batayle
And sore diseases, and paynys manyfolde
We oft by hunger haue cause also to wayle
The corne destroyed by wynde lyghtnyng or hayle
Of suche punysshement we wretchys worthy be
For god suffreth nat our synnes to go fre

Sennacheryb as the bybyll doth expres
Nychanor and fyers Antyochus also
Hath shamely dyed for this vnhappynes
Nat only they : but many thousandes mo
And in our dayes I fere lyst payne and wo
Be to vs sende by ryghtwyse punysshement
For swerynge in vayne, by god omnypotent

O father almyghty our god and creatour
 In thy hye maiesty syttyng in thy trone
 With blessyd Iesu thy sone our sauour
 And o holy goste whiche ar thre in one
 O god graunt thy grace to this our regyon
 Pardon vs synners differ thy vengeaunce
 Thoughe we deserue it by our mysgouernaunce

O glorious godhed of mercy infynyte
 Consyder howe mankynde is prone alway to vyce
 Graunt vs good lord layser and respyte
 Out of our slombryng sinnes to aryse
 Let thy great mercy excell thy hye iustyce
 For if thy iustyce sholde put vs to vttraunce
 We sholde be damnyd for our mysgouernaunce

If thou good lorde denye vs to socour
 On whome may we wretches for socour cry or call
 Alas on none, therefore let our errour
 And synfull dedes clene from thy presence fall
 Brynge vs vnto thy realme celestyall
 Where in thy presence we may set our plesaunce
 And so haue pardon of our mysgouernaunce.

THE NUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Alas ye swerers mourne, for ye haue cause
 Wasshe ye away your synne with syghes depe
 For if I sholde vtter my mynde in one clause
 I say your vnkyndnes causeth me to wepe
 What god hath done for you ye take no kepe
 But tere his body by swerynge hym in vayne
 Thoughe he as a good Shepherd, dyed for his shepe
 That is for you, yet wolde ye hym sle agayne

Alas blasphemer, of christ thou hast the name
And callyd art christen, so made by sacrament
But sothly that name is to thy vtter shame
Syns thou thy god, and sauyour dare tourment
O iuges iuges ordayne ye punysshement
For eche blasphemer wors than is an hell hounde
For if ye do nat our lorde omnypotent
Shall vs with our synnes by right iustyce confounde

Of the plague and indignacion of god, and
folys that fere nat the same.



Some folys meruayle and thynketh it great wonder
Whan god vs stryketh for our yll and offence
With tempest, hete, sekenes, lyghtenyng or thunder
Hunger or colde, outhr sodayne pestylence
But certaynly his hye magnyfycence
Vs worthely punyssheth for our iniquyte
For vertue alas is gone from eche degre.

Of the plague and indignacion of god. 137

O folys abusyd whome foly doth diffame
Say what auauntage what profyte or what mede
Is it to you to haue christis name
Whan ye nat folowe his lyfe in worde nor dede
Of his preceptis alas we take no hede
Yet we repute vs condigne in our corage
To be callyd christen, and christes herytage

Who that in vyce his dayes doth meyntayne
May bere the name of christ our sauour
But than his name he chalangeth in vayne
And tyll he amende led in a blynde errour
So we (alas) often forget our creatour
Abusynge and brakeynge his hyghe commaundement
Nat carynge the decrees of faders auncient

We take christes name, but his doctryne we deny
And from his way (alas) we sore declyne
And to all ylles our myndes we aply
Whiche often doth vs brynge to perelous ruyne
We ioy of the name, and the true fayth deuyne
Trustyng therby to eschewe euerlastynge payne
But godly workes we abhor and disdayne

Iustyce and hir lawes ar banysshyd from eche place
Mysrule amasyd hir braunches doth extende
All vertuous doctryne away from vs we chase
Thus goth the worlde aprochyng to the ende
Our fayth oftyme doth from hir chayre discende
She is nat so parfyte as she in tyme hath be
Nor yet hir two systers hope and charyte

138 *Of the plage and indignacion of god,*

Alas we dayly without all drede commyt
Moche cursyd vyce somtyme by ignoraunce
Somtyme by malyce, somtyme for lacke of wyt
As wors than the turke, in our mys gouernaunce
Thus dame mysrule so ledes vs in hir daunce
That our blynde youth with to moche lybertye
Subdueth our bodyes to all enormyte

So all mankynde with vyce is violate
Both yonge and olde stronge feble and ympotent
The ryche, the pore, the vylayne and estate
That they rebell agaynst our lorde omnyotent
Howbeit our lorde as a father pacyent
Sayth man if thou my lawes kepe and loue
I shall the lede to my hye Royalme aboue

But if thou by malyce selfe wyll or neglygence
Dispyse my lawes reputyng them but vayne
Thou shalt nat escape ay fre for thyne offence
Without correccion punysshement and payne
Yet we blynde men of these wordes haue disdayne
To this great promes alas we nought intende
Ne labour nat our errours to amende

Suche is our foly we thynke nat to amende
But styll procede in our olde mys gouernaunce
We ar so blyndyd we note no thyng the ende
Wherefore our lorde, by Iustyces balance
Of suche offenders oft taketh vengeaunce
With dyuers plagis, and punysshement terryble
As pockes, pestylence, and other yll horryble

Though mercy sauour, yet god of his iustyce
With dyuers plages sundry sorys and sekenes
And dredfull dolours punyssheth vs for vyce
Suche is the order of his hyghe rightwysnes
Whan men contynue in theyr vnhappynes
His swerde of vengeaunce vpon them to extende
And that namely whan they wyll nat amende

Cruell Mars somtyme vs thretenyth with batayle
Somtyme our bodyes infect with pestylence
The corne somtyme distroyed with rayne or hayle
Than hunger men consumyth without all difference
This worthely we indure for our offence
With sore diseasys that neuer were sene before
But yet our synnes increasyth euer more

Somtyme our fode with hete is all to brent
Somtyme by colde abyde we moche payne
Some hath with thunder theyr bodyes all to rent
Now frost, nowe snowe, lyghtenyng, tempest, or rayne
Some with thunder boltis theyr bodyes smyt in twayne
Some murdred, some hanged some hedyd, some drownde
And all for offence, and synne done on the grounde

The dyuers dethes whiche dayly we indure
And dyuers chaunces whiche dayly on vs fall
I trowe there is none erthly creature
That hath the brayne to comprehend them all
Though that his dayes were nere perpetuall
And often se we tokens of ferefull punysshement
By sygnes and sterres of the clere fyrmament

140 *Of the plage and indignacion of god.*

We ought these paynes with mekenes to indure
And nat to grutchie therfore, nor god to blame
For our lewde lyfe forsoth doth them procure
And for our synnes ar we worthy of the same
Some nacions haue ben dryuen out in shame
From theyr owne londe wandrynge in payne and stryfe
Whiche sothly was for theyr disordred lyfe

Wherfore thou man thynke sure in thyne intent
That synne accostomed, by order of iustyce
Of god aboue, cryeth for punysshement
Other here or els in hell: for euery vyce
Hath suche rewarde, wherfore let vs be wyse
And shortly amende our olde mysgouernaunce
Lyst god rightwysely take on vs vengeaunce

BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

O man clere thy syght, beholde thy owne offence
And mende for the loue of god omnyotent
For if thy synne stynke alway in his presence
Iustyce shall nat let the auoyde his punysshement
And though mercy be nat to the moch vyolent
Nat suffrynge vengeaunce shortly on the to fall
Yet mende betyme be nat ouer neglygent
Beware the ende for that oft payth for all.

Of folysshe exchanges scorsynges and
permutacions.



Who that hath a nedy iourney for to ryde
And for a bagpype his hors wyll sell. playnly
He is a fole and lewdly doth hym gyde
And no auantage shall he obtayne therby.
So hapnyth it to hym moste comonly
Whiche for frayle pleasour of one day or twayne
Forsaketh heuen, sure of euerlastynge payne

Some Folys yet shall of a rowme be sure
 Within this shyp a lowe or els a hye
 Suche ar they that greuous charges wyll indure
 Subduynge theyr bodyes to labour besely
 Theyr shulders with burthyns chargynge heuely
 In worldly curys sore labourynge in vayne
 Therby hereafter to byde infernall payne

They laboure here so sore for wretchyd goodes
 That whan theyr body departyth from this lyfe
 Theyr soule is plungyd in infernall flodys
 So what auayleth them to be so actyfe
 In worldly labour, so thoughtfull or pensyfe
 Here in this erth all other to excell
 And after toren by cruell houndes of hell

He that here labours in erth for frayle ryches
 Suffreth more sorowe and payne contynually
 Than he that lyueth alone in wyldernes
 And hym in goddes seruyce doth aply
 Abydyng in fastynge, and praynge deuoutly
 So worldly wretchys (as it apereth playne)
 Take here sore labour to wynne euerlastynge payne

Who that serueth god with parfyte dylygence
 Shall in this lyfe auoyde moche worldly wo
 And be rewardyd in heuen whan he goth hens
 Where as he that serueth this worlde shall nat so
 Yet of this sort fynde we right many mo
 That to haue ryches all besynes employ
 Rather than to get in heuen eternall ioy

Mysrule, wast, falshode, and also couetyse,
With other vyces as pryde or statelynes
Vs sorer labours causeth to exercyse
Than vertue doth : or godly holynes
For them fewe men wyll take great besynes
Easy is the way to vyce and men are prone
To folowe that cursyd way almoste echone

Before our syght it dayly apereth playne
What great labours, what charge and besynes
Proude people indure theyr pryde for meyntayne
With dyuers garnamentis presentynge statelynes
Onely on clothynge bestowyng theyr ryches
Suche set all vertuous besynes asyde
And onely labour for to meyntayne theyr pryde

Somtyme suche dare set theyr lyfe in ieopardy
Nat ferynge Iustyce, but the lawe to violate
For to meyntayne theyr statelynes therby
By proude apparayle, nat mete for theyr estate
Right so Couetyse after lyke maner rate
By ardaunt desyre of hir blynde iniquyte
Draweth men to peryls both of londe and se

To dyuers peryls men boldly them subdue
In hope frayle ryches to purchase and obtayne
But for the loue of goodnes or vertue
Right fewe or none wyll put them selfe to payne
For money man sayles the troublous se of spayne
And moche of the worlde he compasyth about
Of ieopardy and peryll without all maner dout

Who that by couetyse is drawen and opprest
Is neuer at eas ne quyetnes of mynde
By nyght nat takynge slepe ne naturall rest
With fyry ropys this fury so doth them bynde
They fere no flode, no colde, tempest, or wynde,
There is no labour nor colde that can them dere
The hunger of golde them maketh without fere

O man commyttynge thy lyfe vnto the streme
Alas note well thy desyrous vanyte
Howe thou the auenterest in holowe beame
To pas the see in contynuall ieopardye
And all this thou doest of gode to haue plentye
But for the loue of god thy creatour
Thou skarsly woldest endure a symple shoure

Some for vayne ryches folowes another vyce
Watchynge by myght in wynter sharpe and colde
To encreas his purse, by cardes or by dyce
There sytynge in paynes and peryls manyfolde
Such sle them selfe longe tyme or they be olde
And waste theyr youth without all auantage
Theyr soule submytynge to Lucyfers bondage

What shall I say or of the maners wryte
Of dronkardes or glotons Whiche without mesure
Onely in theyr wombes set theyr hole delyte
Corruptynge and charynge them self beyonde nature
So whan the body can nat suche rule indure
Theyr lyfe theyr ende and oft by deth sodayne
And for this labour rewarde with hell payne

What shall I say of the paynfull fantasy
Whiche he abydeth and suffreth day and nyght
Whiche for his wyfe taketh thought and ielowsy
Hir alway ferynge, thoughe she be in his syght
Howe by those Folys whiche settyth all theyr myght
By force of Armys to be Uenus champyon
Rather than to wyn the heuenly regyon

What shall I wryte of the mad mysgouernaunce
And vayne labour whiche men vpon them take
Some watchyng in reuell and some to ren and daunce
Some for worldly pleasour both day and nyght to wake
But nought wyll we suffer for god almyghtyes sake
In whose seruyce we rest at ende myght fynde
We labour here for deth as bestis blynde

We seke our destruccion: for symple ioy mundayne
Our myndes ar so blynde: and we so prone to yll
That heuen we chaunge for euerlastyng payne
In good workes haue we no pleasour nouthur skyl
Deuyne preceptis we seldome tyme fulfyll
Banysshyd is vertue decayed is holynes
And moche of the worlde ensue vnthryftynes

Let wyse men stody (therfore) to obtayne
Vertue though the way be in diffyculte
For thoughe that one neuer infyx his brayne
To vyce, yet shall the way full esy be
But certaynly wors than a fole is he
Whiche wyll in stede of heuenly blyssydnes
Bye worldly pleasour, endyng in wretchydnes

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

Remember Fole it is great hurte and losse
For worldly pleasour to lese ioy eternall
Remember also howe god dyed on the crosse
Shedyng his blode the to redeme withall
This payne he suffred for the and for vs all
Consyder his sorowes, be kynde to hym agayne
Lese nat ne change nat his ioy celestyall
For folysshe pleasour, or frayll and worldly payne

Of folysshe children y^t worshyp nat their
fader and moder.



Them also I repute for Folyss blynde
Whiche haue no honour worshyp ne reuerence
To father and mother, but ar to them vnkynde
And nat consyder what payne and dylgence
What labour, thought, great costis, and expence
Theyr parentis had for them in theyr yonge age
But they rewarde the same with great outrage

That foule is full of all vnhappynes
 And suerly worthy of euerlastyng payne
 Whiche for his frendes loue and great kyndnes
 Rewardeth them with vnkyndnes agayne
 But hym I iuge a gretter fole certayne
 Whiche on his children bestowys all his substance
 And lyues hym selfe (for nede) in harde penaunce

And where as he myght his age well relefe
 With his owne goodes at euery tyme of nede
 There lyeth he gronyng, in payne wo and myschefe
 His vnkynde children takyng of hym no hede
 And where he labowred right sore his son to fede
 Sparyng from hym selfe to fynde hym to the scole
 In age his son hym taketh for a fole

And where as he ought his father to honour
 To worship and loue by dyuyne commaundement
 The vnkynde caytyf wyll do hym no socour
 But suffreth hym abyde both pore and indigent
 And often this Caytyf with handes violent
 As past all grace shame or godly fere
 With strokes doth his Father hurt and dere

Or suffreth hym vtterly to dye for lacke
 Or els hym dryueth vnkyndly to the colde
 With a cowpyll of croches a walet on his backe
 Whan he hath spoyld hym of that he wolde
 So whan the Father is tedyous and olde
 His children thynke he lyueth alto longe
 Oft wysshyng hym to be drownyd outhur honge

There is no pyte that can suche wretches moue
Aneast theyr Faders wo and paynfull age
They shewe hatered for fauour and hye loue
O folysshe Fader consyder in thy corage
Thy to great pyte thy olde and blynde dotage
Whiche to thy sonne hast gyuen suche store of gode
Whiche the dede wyssheth nat grauntynge the thy fode

He suffreth the to lyue with hunger harde bested
And god wot howe glad wolde he be in his mynde
If thou by cruell deth were from hym red
Yet is his owne lyfe vnstable as the wynde
And shortly shall dye leuyng that gode behynde
And for his vylayne, and frowarde vnkyndnes
His soule berest euerlastyng blessydnes

And that worthely, for after my sentence
He well deserueth an yll and shamefull ende
Whiche wyll nat honour, with loue and reuerence
His fader and mother as his myght may extende
And also all them of whose blode he doth discende
And who that agaynst his parentis wyll rebell
Is sothly worthy to haue a roume in hell

And oft it is sene by examples euydent
That short space they lyue and shamefully they dye
Whiche to theyr parentis ar nat obedyent
And suffreth them lyue in nede and penury
Disdaynyng them to honour and worshyp reuerently
Examples in the Bybyll we haue in sondry wyse
Howe they haue endyd that doth theyr faders despyse

The goodly Absolon of beauty excellent
Of pleasaunt fygure thoughe he so goodly were
For beyng vnto his Fader inobedyent
And his purposynge hym and all his to dere
And to rob his Royalme, was hangyd by the here
By sodayne chaunce and goddes punysshement
And with thre sperys his herte in sonder rent

For that Cham discouered his faders pryuate
As in contempt hauynge of hym disdayne
Was he nat cursyd by goddes maiestye
And bonde to his bretherne whiche was to his great payne
Thoughe Sennacheryb by his owne sonnes were slayne
They hopynge to obtayne his royalme for theyr mede
Yet none of them theyr fader dyd succede

Balthasar kynge somtyme of Babylon
In sorowfull yeres longe lyued worthely
For his proude mynde and fyers transgression
Agaynst his father, for that he cruelly
Dismembred hym : but sothly if that I
Sholde all suche wretches paynes comprehend
In this my boke, I neuer sholde haue ende.

The bybyll recordeth howe Toby auncent
Approchyng to deth almost in dethys hour
Gauē his dere sone speciall commaundement
With all reuerence his mother to honour
Salomon therfore of sapyence the flour
Hauynge no respect to his hye excellence
Vnto his mother dyd humble reuerence

Erectynge hym vp from his hye rowme royall
To mete his mother, and set hir by his syde
On his right hande as chefe and pryncipall
By whose example all children ought them gyde
Humbly to theyr parentis without all grutche or pryde
But fewe alas nowe wyll vnto this intende
Whiche causyth them sore repent it at the ende

If Corylaus had nat ben obedyent
Vnto his moder and fered hir. certayne
By Rome he sholde haue suffred punysshement
And by his foly longe lyued in great payne
The Bybyll also recordeth to vs playne
Howe the sonnes of Rechab had great preemynence
For hauynge to theyr fader loue and obedyence

Were they nat lauded by god omnyotent
Yes certaynly but the chefe cause wherfore
Was for they folowed the commaundement
Of Rechab theyr fader, denyenge nat his lore
So shall I conclude shortly and say no more
That he that to Fader or moder is vnkynde
Shall here in erth his soule to fendes bynde

BARCLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Thou vnkynde childe and inobedyent
Thynke what thy Fader and Moder dyd for the
Remember what goodes they haue on the spent
Or they coude brynge the vnto thy degre
Endeuer the to them kynde agayne to be
For all the kyndnes that thou canst shewe: certayne
Nor all thy worshyp nor thy humylyte
Can neuer be abyll them to rewarde agayne

Be nat therfore childe vnto them vylayne
But take thou example of Christ our sauour
Howe he alway thoughte he were god souerayne
His carnall moder benyngly dyd honour
And Joseph also whiche after the errour
Of the blynde Jewes to hym was fader sayde
Yet is he god and gracious gouernour
Lyke to the Fader before the worlde was made

But thou aged man that seest thy dayes fade
Thy strength decay, and thy colour fro the fall
Thynke well that whan thou all thy good hast layde
Vpon thy children to auaunce them with all
Whan thou hast nede perchaunce none of them shall
Socour thy nede, but from theyr hous the cast
Therefore I aduyse the, nede nat on them to call
But whyle thou lyest to holde sure that thou hast.

Of the claterynge and bablynge of prestis
and clerkes in the quere.



Of folys yet : may we great number se
In the holy querys of chirches small and great
Whose communycacyon is voyde of honestye
But on vayne talys theyr myndes clene ar set
That goddes seruyce is oft hyndred and let
By suche iapes and dedys of farre and nere
Whiche they as Folys recount within the quere

I haue before touchyd the great enormyte
The foly, and disorder, without all reuerence
Whiche in the chirche dayly we may se
Amonge lay folys, whiche better were be thens
But nowe shall I touche another, lyke offence
And that is of Folys whiche in the quere habounde
Nat saynge the seruyce of god as they ar bounde

But dyuers toyes and Iapis variable
They spred abrode, encombrynge the seruyce
And namely with theyr tunge wherwith they bable
Eche one to other, as if they toke aduysse
And counsell togyder theyr cartis to deuysse
Vnto our shyppes theyr company to cary
For loth they be to longe fro them to tary

O goddes temple, o godly ordynaunce
By holy faders ordeyned to gyde the same
None labours you to support nor auaunce
But to decay they suffer, vnto theyr shame
The godly costomes ar tourned vnto game
The Seremonyes somtyme kept stedfastly
Ar nowe defyled by Iestis of vylany

The constitucions ordeyned right holely
In tyme past by Faders wyse and auntyent
Holy Chirches honour to meyntyne therby
Ar halfe abusyd, none suys theyr, right intent
The seruyce also of god omnypotent
Is nowe mysusyd: as playnly doth apere
Nat in the Chirche so moche as in the quere

There be no tydynges nor neweltees of warre
Nor other wonders done in any strange londe
What euer they be and come they neuer so farre
The prestis in the quere at first haue them in honde
Whyle one recounthyth, the other, to vnderstonde
His fayned fable harkeneth to the glose
Full lytell aduertynge howe the seruyce goes

The bataylys done perchaunce in small brytayne
In fraunce or Flaunders or to the worldes ende
Ar tolde in the quere (of some) in wordes vayne
In myddes of Matyns in stede of the Legende
And other gladly to here the same intende
Moche rather than the seruyce for to here
The rector Chori is made the messenger

He rennyth about lyke to a pursuyuant
With his whyte staffe mouynge from syde to syde
Where he is lenynge talys ar nat skant
But in one place nat longe doth he abyde
So he and other them selfe so lewdly gyde
Without deuocion, by theyr lewde neglygence
That no thyng can bynde theyr tungen to sylence

And in the mornynge whan they come to the quere
The one begynneth a Fable or a hystory
The other lenyth theyr erys it to here
Takyng it in stede of the Inuytory
Some other maketh respons antym and memory
And all of fables and Iestis of Robyn hode
Or other tryfylys that skantly ar so gode

With tryfys they begyn and so oft tyme they ende
Recountynge nueltees, they waste theyr tyme therin
And where as they ought the seruyce to intende
Of god almyghty : they spende the tyme in syn
And other some, vnto the quere doth ren
Rather for lucre and cursyd couetyse
Than for the loue of the dyuyne seruyce

The peny them prycketh vnto deuocyon
But that is outwarde nat rotyd in the harte
But better were auoyde this hye promocion
And surer, from the quere to stande a parte
Than thyder to presume, and if that thou aduert
Thy owne order and therof the excellence
So shalt thou nat gyde the in goddes hye presence

I thynke it better more mete and profytable
To stande afarre without the Chirche and quere
Than there to be, and so to that bable
That for thy noyse none can the seruyce here
And if thou thynke thy talys and wanton chere
Or wordes superflue ar to our lorde pleasaunt
Thou art abusyd and greatly ignoraunt

But certaynly the prestis that thus lyue
Disordred in the hous of god our creatour
Doth yll example vnto lay people gyue
By theyr mysrule to sue the same errour
But to them selfe do they great dishonour
And sclauder to the Chirche, so that moste comonly
All prestis (of laymen) ar moche the lesse set by

O folysshe preste vsynge suche fables vayne
And cursyd customes: thynkest thou therby
Of god any mede or meryte to obtayne
Nay god is nat pleased with suche lewde foly
It is conuenient our lorde to magnyfy
With parfyte prayer loue reuerence and honour
And nat with iapys and talys of no valour

THENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Ye prestis and clerkes amende your myslyuyng
Defyle nat the Church with wordes of vanyte
Remember: there is tyme and place for euery thyng
As tyme of myrth, and tyme of graunte
In euery place ye ought discrete to be
That men may commende your vertue and goodnes
But namely in church vse wordes of honestye
That is no place for talys, but for holynes

Of eleuate pryde, and bostynge.



That lawde is vyle the whiche doth procede
From manns owne mouth vttred in wordes vayne
Of suche foly no wyse man taketh hede,
But by discession, doth hym selfe refrayne
But pompe and pryde whiche doth all men disdayne
Engendreth folys: whiche thynkyng to exell
All other in erth: at last fall downe to hell.

Besyde our folys rehersyd here before
In dyuers barges almost innumerable
Yet stately pryde makyth the nomber more
Whiche is a vyce so moche abhomynable
That it surmountyth without any fable
All other vyces in furour and vylenes
And of all synne is it rote and maystres

The noblest hertis by this vyce ar acloyed
It is confounder, of mekenes and vertue
So by the same is many one destroyed
In soule and body whiche them to it subdue
Wherefore let the wyse his statelynes eschewe
For it hath be sene is sene, and euer shall
That first or last foule pryde wyll haue a fall

The first inuentour of this vnhappy vyce
As doth the scripture playne expres and tell
Was lucyfer, whiche to hym dyd attyce
A cursyd nomber both stately and cruell
In mynde intendynge his maker to excell
Or els if he coude come to his intent
For to be egall with god omnypotent

Thus of all synnes pryde was the first of all
Bygon by Lucifer, but god omnypotent
Percyuyng his foly made hym and his to fall
From heuen to hell to paynes violent
In horryble shape : before so excellent
Shynyng in heuen before the angels all
Thus had his folysse pryde a greuous fall

lucifer

But to be short. and to retourne agayne
Vnto my auctour: suche as ar stryke with pryde
Vse for to bost them self with wordes vayne
To spred theyr fame theyr name and lawes wyde
And though that they vngraciously them gyde
Yet as mad men they bost they vaunt and rauē
And of that whiche they neuer deserued haue

Lo sayth a fole attached with this vyce
I haue ben norsshed at the vnyuersyte
In dyuers contrees and stodyes of great pryce
Both in these partyes and eke beyonde the se
At bonony, Parys and Padway haue I be
Wherefore I ought to haue preemynence
And the chefe place with lawde and reuerence

Another bostyth hym self that he hath ben
In Grece at scolys and many other londe
But if that he were aposyd well I wene
The grekes letters he skant doth vnderstonde
But thou vayne boster if thou wylt take on honde
To stody cunnynge and ydylnes despyse
The royalme of Englonde myght for the suffyse

In englonde is sufficyent discyplyne
And noble men endued with scyence
And if thou lyst to aply to theyr doctryne
Thou mayst lerne wysdome and noble eloquence
Haunt them that haue therin preemynence
And to theyr Instruccion with all thy mynde intende
It is no great boste to haue sene the worldes ende

But syns mad pryde Enmy to all vertue
Subdueth the worlde vnder baner brode displayde
Thoughe folys obey, let wyse men it eschewe
For Lucyfer, as I before haue sayde
Corrupt with this vyce, had heuen to him denyde
And as first actour of this infectyfe sore
Was dryuen downe to hell with his, for euer more

And nowe hym folowe men, children and wymen
Fallynge from erth for this myscheuous pryde
To infernall flodes and that darke dredefull den
Where without ende in payne they must abyde
This fende with his felawes layeth on euery syde
Theyr nettis of pryde wherwith they goostly quell
Foles without nomber, drawynge with them to hell

Let man haue wysdome and beautye souerayne
Strength, vertue, cunnyng, honour and ryches
And this one vyce shall all the same dystayne
Defylynge worshyp by his proude statelynes
But namely this pryde is lady and maystres
Ouer womankynde, whiche playnly without fayle
Apereth by theyr lokes, and stately apparayle

Whiche wymen whan that they on pryde do muse
The same representynge outwarde in theyr habyte
Both yonge and olde of men they sore abuse
Whan theyr frayle beautye doth mennes hertes byte
And to be playne : in pryde, wymen haue such delyte
That if some were as they ar almost all
The pryde in them at last sholde haue a fall

As I haue sayde. whan wymen set theyr mynde
 Them selfe to garnysse by thys stately pryde
 Men that ar wyse, make they as folys blynde
 Nat knowyng howe by reason them to gyde
 As dyd Iudith: whiche whyle she dyd abyde
 Were the Tent of Holofernes capytayne
 By hir feble hande he wretchydly was slayne

And all by reason that he was so inflamyd
 By hir fayre shape, hir clothynge, and beautye
 Yet was this Iudith of lyuyng nat dyffamyd
 But yonge and olde euer kept hir chastyte
 And in lyke wyse Iesabell, whan that she
 Thought by hir beautye Iehu to betray
 By pryde she payntyd hir face to make hir gay

Betray I say, to pardon hir offence
 Agaynst the wyll of god omnyotent
 Whiche myght haue turnyd to inconuenyence
 To noble Iehu, by goddes punysshement
 These thynges consydered wysdome with voyce prudent
 Both lowde and shyll (sayth) cryeng to mankynde
 From womans pryde and beauty drawe thy mynde

Of all erthly thynges encline nat to theyr gyle
 For with theyr iyen replete with wantonnes
 Pure hertes and chaste they enfect and defyle
 But suche as ar gyuen to vertue and goodnes
 To mesure and mekenes expellynge statelynes
 They worthy ar of lawdes for theyr humylyte
 For seldome or neuer they breke theyr chastyte

If Barsabe throughe hir blynde neglygence
In bathynge had nat discoueryd hir beauty
Dauyd had nat fallen to that cruell offence
Of murder, engendred by vyle auoutry
But to be playne, and for to speke shortly
Thousandes ar disceyued and brought to wofull fall
By pryde, and eke they folys abyde withall

But god almyghty dispyseth and doth hate
These stately folys blyndyd with ignoraunce
Whose myndes ar so hye and eleuate
That they nat se theyr owne mys gouernaunce
Wherfore our lorde oft taketh vengeance
Of theyr abusyon, and with infernall payne
Whiche is rewarde to fowle pryde and disdayne

O that he is happy whome this vnthryfty syn
Of pryde or vayne glory with his hasty furour
Hath nat subdued, ouercome, nor entred in
Nor the vayne desyre, of ryches nor honour
And happy is he whiche thynketh euery hour
Of howe great valour is the royalme celestyall
Beynge ware of pryde by Lucyfers fall

Suche one nat forsyth of honour no hye name
Nat carynge in this worlde to haue preemynence
Nor other exces longynge vnto the same
Whiche ar attysers of men to all offence.
But proude folys voyde of wysdome and scyence
By vayne pryde stodyeth all other to excell
And than at the last they fall downe vnto hell

Of proude Lucyfer thus they assay the fall
Receyuyng a rewarde for theyr statelynes
Drownynge theyr proude hertis in flodes infernall
Where payne is eternall, wo, and bytternes
More tedyous than all tunges can expres
This is of pryde rewarde at the last ende
A thynge of the hiest thus nedes moste descende

Presumptuous pryde hath euer a shamefull ende
So haue they that coueyt other to excell
As we of Chore: Datan: and Abiron fynde
Whiche by pryde agaynst Moyses dyd rebell
Wherefore they and theyrs alyue sanke downe to tell
Thus well is hym that foloweth vertue
And that with mekenes can stately pryde subdue.

THE NUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

O men meke your myndes: ensue humylyte
And also ye wymen, refuse your statelynes
For certaynly the more hyghe that ye be
The more ye ought to gyue you to mekenes
For pryde is the rote of all vnhappynes
Supporter of vyce, and enmy to vertue
Therefore it is sayd (and true it is doutles)
That pryde goth before, but shame do it ensue

AN EXCLAMACION AYENST PRYDE.

O pryde despytous, o hasty tyranny.
Infernall fury with venym maculate
Fy on thy fraylte, out on the I cry
For with thy venym thou hast intoxicate

So many kynges, so many a great estate
Thou man destroyest, if thou may hym subdue
Wherefore we ought the to desprayse and hate
Thou goest before But shame doth the ensue

By the is Lucyfer damned eternally
Expulsed to payne, from goddes hyghe presence
And all mankynde endureth mysery
For that thou causyd hym by thy offence
Of pryde: to desyre to haue suche excellence
To knowe gode and yll, that all mankynde myght rewe
Tyll Aue: for Eue had made a recompence
Thus, o blynde pryde ay shame doth the ensue

The pryde of them that byldyd Babylon
Was nat asswagyd without great vengeaunce
The kyng transformyd from mannys fassyon
Vnto a brute bestis shape and countenaunce
Dyd nat Agar hir selfe also auaunce
By pryde despysynge hir lady bycause she knewe
Hir selfe conceyued, but hir msgouernaunce
Was sharply punysshed, and shame dyd it ensue

But shortly to drawe me to a conclusyon
Thou hast made thousandes to ende in care and wo
By the, had moab payne and confusion
Holofernes, Aman, Nichanor, and Pharao
Balthasar, Anthiochus, Herode and many mo
In the olde testament and also in the newe
But shortly to speke, and farther nat to go
Pryde goeth before, and shame doth ensue

Of vsurers, and Okerers.



Vnto our shyp let them come hastely
Whiche by theyr ardent desyre of frayle ryches
Theyr myndes set on deuourynge vsury
These ar the theues that by theyr cruelnes
Spoyle the pore people and greuously oppres
They boste theyr gaynes they bye they sell agayne
Spoylynge and oppressynge, on gyle is all theyr brayne.

A Shamfull sort of Folyes doth remayne
Wors than all other spoken of before
Whose synfull lyfe and fals disceytfull trayne
I shall reuyle with wordes sharpe and sore
This sort is vtter ennemy to the pore
Full of lyes, couetyse gyle, and foule vylenes
Content with no treasour, nor innumerable ryches

The power of the lawe ought sharpely to chastyce
With extreme rygour and mortall punysshement
This sort infectyf that foloweth this vyce.
This rauenyng sort worthy paynes violent
Agaynst our lordes dyuyne commaundement
By theyr vnmekenes, the pore oft maketh bare
Of londe and goodes, than leuyng them in care

These wretchyd folys of mynde ar made so dull
That with theyr money gotten all by fals vsury
Of corne and vytayle they stuff theyr howses full
Therby to ingender nede, and paynfull penury
Vnto the pore, that they may wyn therby
So of all vytayle these wretches get plentye
To sell it derer, whan some great darth shalbe

These vsurers alone haue all the store
Of wyne and vytayle, whiche sothly myght suffyse
Many without nomber, of Cytezyns, ryche and pore
No punysshement they drede ne fere in any wyse
But lyue the men that theyr maker doth despyse
No feruent lyghtnyng, ne thunder vyolent
Can cause these wretches theyr vsury to stent

But by all synne, and in all vnlefulnes
 These wretches labour and syngulerly gyue hede
 To multiply theyr foule and vyle ryches
 They brynge forth hunger them selfe they onely fede
 Suffrynge the pore (alas) to sterue for nede
 This sorte, thus, to the pore is so cruell
 That for lacke of petye many one they quell.

Though the Lewes lyue in errour and derknes
 Gyuen to vsury (as lobouryng men oft sayes)
 Yet ar they more gyuen to pytye and mekenes
 And almes: than christen men ar nowe adayes
 In vsury we ensue the Lewes wayes
 And many other synnes fowle and abhomyneable
 Rennyng without mesure whiche is intollerable

For his vsury, the Iewe is out exyled
 From christen costes yet of vs many one
 With the same vyce is infect and defyled
 The pore by the ryche is etyn to the bone
 Almes is banysshed, pytye is there none
 Cruell crauyng spoyleth them that erst had nought
 The pore is vexyd and to a begger brought

The weyke hath the weyght, the worlde so doth fare
 The spere of extorcyon persyth through his syde
 He that nere is naked shall be made fully bare
 He skant hath rowme in any place to byde
 But these vsurers, whome gylefull gayne doth gyde
 Desyret no plenty of corne vpon the grounde
 But onely that theyr owne garners may habounde

These caytyfs wysshe the felde baryne in this wyse
To theyr owne profyte and others great greuance
That hunger and darth may by the same aryse
But for bycause that they haue habundaunce
They laugh anone and haue a great plesaunce
If there be skant of corne and of vytayle
By mouryn, lyghtnyng, tempest, rayne or hayle

These wretchyd folys for theyr owne auantage
Dayly desyre, and fayne wolde here or se
A hole comontye to haue losse and damage
But to conclude: those men vyle caytyfs be
That seke lucre, enhaunsynge theyr degre
Or that wyll gather ryches by couetyse
Or fals vsury, to others preiudyce

Some gladly lene to haue wynnyng therby
And some fell dere bycause the payment
Is set to longe day: yet thynke they verely
Nat to perysse the dyuine commanndement
Though that suche folys thynke them innocent
If that they nat mende a rowme they haue in hell
But in the mean space in my shyp shall they dwell

BARCLAY TO THE FOLYS.

O mysbyleuers, o men wytles and blynde
Gyue nat your myndes to gylefull vsury
And thou of the chirche reuoke also thy mynde
Frome the fowle synne of cursyd symony
And ye marchauntis: that greatly occupy
Expell this vyce, for sore is the offence
Your ryches shall moche the soner multiply
If pytye of the pore be ay in your presence

Of the vayne hope that Foles hath to
succede to herytage possession and
ryches.



Some ar that hope and hath gode trust alway
Others goodes by succession to attayne
Lokynge, and gapyng, hourly nyght and day
Whan they shall perysse and dye by chaunce sodayne
But this they often tymes wysse in vayne
For suche as they moste gladly dede wolde haue
Etyth of that gose that graseth on theyr graue

Who may endure those Follys ignoraunce
Whose myndes the feruour of wretchyd couetyse
Maketh mad, and folysshe, to such extreme vttraunce
That the hole worlde myght say they ar vnwyse
Of suche mad foles this is the comon gyse
Contynually to gape for the succession
Of others goodes, ryches and possessyon

Of heyres this is the comon vse in dede
Theyr parentis deth to wysshe and to desyre
To the londe and ryches the soner to succede
And often by venemous treason they conspyre
But syth the ruler of the heuenly Impyre
In no mannys handes putteth deth ne desteny
Oft se we these folyes before the other dye

I say to suche as others deth loke fore
It often happeneth, as we may dayly se
That lyghtly they theyr self departe before
Wherfore thou fole fyllyd with all iniquyte
Say : is it nat great foly and shame to the
And also madnes, to wysshe thy frende damage
Or deth : for his vyle goode and herytage

A frende lyuyng is a ryches excellent
Therefore I say he is a fole doutles
That in his herte wolde gladly be content
To se hym dede for lyuelode or riches
Therefore fole expell this errour and blyndnes
For this thy hope is full of vanyte
What knowest thou whan thou thy self shall dye

Deth the assayleth and foloweth hestely
 Thy lyfe shortnyth whether thou slepe or wake
 Thy selfe shall dye : there is no remedy
 And if thou before canst no prouysion make
 Vpon his backe the dull Asse shall the take
 And to our shyp the lede through fen and myre
 For this thy folysshe hope and vayne desyre .

It is great foly whan thou art farre in age
 To loke dayly whan a yonge childe shall dye
 Hopynge to succede hym vnto his herytage
 Howbeit thou nerer art to thy deth than he
 Yet this vayne hope doth fede and norysse the
 By the whiche hope though many confort haue
 Yet oft it doth his mayster sore discayue

Hope man confortyth makynge hym glad and fayne
 Ought to obtayne whan that he doth intende
 But from vayne hope thou oughtest to refrayne
 For it disayueth his mayster at the ende
 So if thou wylt my purpose comprehende
 Whether thou be olde, yonge, or of myd age
 Set nat thy trust to moche on herytage

For though thou be yonge : as I before haue sayd
 Thy ioyntis stronge in youthes lustynes
 Thy colour quycke, and pleasaunt lyke a mayde
 Thy skyn smoth, and thy herte full of boldles
 Yet deth dayly steleth slyely on the : doutles
 Both yonge and olde must go the same passage
 Thus is it foly to hope on herytage

Oft mourneth the Fader, the sonnes deth sodayne
Thus dyeth the yonge oft tyme before the olde
Dyd nat Pryamus right pyteously complayne
His sonnes dede whyle they were yonge and bolde
Them to haue lyued though he right gladly wolde
Whyle absolon hoped by treason to obtayne
His faders kyngdome : he wretchydly was slayne

Pale deth and cruell, as it is often sene
Maketh hym thy heyre by his stroke mortall
Whome thou supposyd, and thought sholde neuer haue bene
So lytell knoweth these folys what may fall
For this is dayly sene and euer shall
That god almyghty, owner of euery thyng
Chosyth heyres at his pleasour and lykyng

THENUOY OF THE ACTOUR.

Ye wytles men, full blyndyd with errour
Set nat vayne hope on worldly herytage
But only on god : lyue after his pleasour
And so infourme your ofsprynge and lynage
It is a vayne hope, a madnes and outrage
On worldly thynges to hope contynually
Hauynge small hope within thy dull carage
Of heuen : where thou myght byde perpetually

Of folys that kepe nat the holy daye.



He that doth nat the holy day honour
With due deuocyon, lawde, and reuerence
But rather intendyth to couetous labour
Vayne talys, sportis, or other lyke offence
Suche ought of dutye and very congruence
To clym as companyon vp to the cart of Apys
Whiche (eche day lyke) aplyeth nought but apis.

Alas for shame, howe wretchedly mankynde
Wandryth in the way of obscure darkenes
They haue no wysdome, ne parfytenes of mynde
To knowe the cours of godly ryghtwysnes
Though god of his grace, and infynyte goodnes
To true christen men hath grauntyd hym to knawe
By the holy doctryne of his precept and lawe

And thoughe they be chosen to god and his kyngdome
As men elect, callyd to the royalme celestyall
Yet of vs christen men (alas) ar some
That of his doctryne worshyp nought at all
We let his lawes clene from our myndes fall
Our holy fayth despysed half: and defyled
Hir honour decayes: the fere of payne exyled

The fader of heuen gaue a commendement
To moyses wryten in tables of harde stone
Deuydyd in Ten preceptis, to this intent
Mankynde to reduce whiche had mysgone
Amonge the whiche preceptis this was one
The sabbot to Worshyp and sanctyfy alway
The seuenth day of the weke called the sonday

This day was ordeyned in the olde testament
After worldly werke done all the weke before
To worshyp and to honour our lord omnyotent
And bysshops it conferme, and yet besyde this more
They haue decreed and ordred by holy lore
Other festis of sayntis in heuen gloryfyed
To be on theyr dayes halowed and magnifyed

176 *Of folys that kepe nat the holy daye.*

These dayes were ordeyned for men to exercyse
Them selfe in prayer, goodnes and vertue
Our lorde and his sayntis to honour : and lyke wyse
Of worde and dede all excesse to eschewe
But for that we more gladly vs subdue
To worldly tryfys, and bodely pleasour
We vyolate the fayth by our wylfull errour

Those laudable costomes we defyle and vyolate
By the holy lawes (alas) we set no thyng
But on the holy day, mad ryot and debate
Troubleth the seruyce of the almyghty kyng
The holy day we fyle with eche valefull thyng
As fat festis and bankettis sausyde with glotony
And that from mornynge to nyght, contynually

The heuenly festis ar wasshyd with dronkenes
And whan quyete rest is gyuen to mankynde
By the holy day : from worldly besynes
These dronken dastardes set nat theyr mynde
On churche nor prayer, but drynke tyll they be blynde
And on the holy day, we dayly se that men
Soner to the tauerne than to the churche ren

The tauerne is open before the churche be
The pottis ar ronge as bellys of dronkenes
Before the churche bellys with great salemnyte
There here these wretches theyr Matyns and theyr masse
Who lysteth to take hede shall often se doutles
The stallys of the tauerne stuffyd nere echone
Whan in the churche stallys he shall se fewe or none

There one drynketh fastyngē without discession
Another deuoureth drynkyngē out his iyen
This lyfe they lede: and that before or one
Of all the sort hath at the churche bene
But besyde this vyce: it euery day is sene
That on the holy day suche workes we tende to
Whiche on the workyngē day scantly we wolde do

Alas man it is a great shame certaynly
Whyle the prest precheth the deuyne commaundement
For the to aply vnto bestly glotony
Or whyle any seruyce of god omnypotent
Is done in the churche, me thynke in myne intent
It is great shame to the to take more hede
To fede thy foule wombe: than thy soule to fede

And nat to the churche nor auter for to come
Without thou erst be dronken so bestely
That whan thou art there outhert thou dombe
Or els in prayeng thou bokest vnmanerly
Spuyngē vp thy prayers: god wot vndeountly
And where the hole weke thou keptest sobernes
Thou worshyppest the holy day with dronkenes

It passeth my myght, I thynke none can ne may
Wryte all the folyes synnes and offence
Whiche nowe ar vsed vpon the holy day
For some folowe Idelnes slouth and neglygence
Some vse gamys: grounde of great inconuenyence
Som bete the stretis, and to rybawdry
On the holy day moste namely them aply

178 *Of folys that kepe nat the holy daye.*

Some slaunder, some lye, what shall I say more
We se some more besy about theyr marchaundyse
Than they haue ben all the hole weke before
Thus on the holy day forborne is no vyce
These folys aply nat them in the seruyce
Of god, but the sabbot defyle with vylany
Wherby theyr soulys they dam eternally.

THENUOY OF THE ACTOUR.

Cesse fule, and leue of worldly besynes
Vpon the holy day, and rest of the labour
Of thy handes aplyenge the hole to holynes
With worde and dede to lawde thy creatour
Sanctify the sabbot : so sayth our sauour
From terrene Lucre that day withdrawe thy mynde
For with clene herte thy maker to honour
On the holy day : the scripture doth the bynde

Of folys that repent of that they haue
gyuen.



He is a Fole : and voyde of wyt certayne
That mourneth for that whiche is past remedy
And by no mean may reuoked be agayne
For vayne cure suche one vexeth continually
Moreouer that man is folysshe certaynly
Whiche gyueth his frende ought and after doth reꝑent
Suche lesyth the meryte : the gyft in vayne is spent

If thou lyst to gyue : and to be lyberall
 I shall the shewe what thyng it is in dede,
 It is a vertue right great and pryncipall
 Of loue, and pytye, if that the same procede
 And if it be nat done for fere and drede
 But of a herte true, stedfast, faythfull and fre
 It gendreth confort, and grounde of amyte

Who gyueth his frende with mery countenance
 Gyft or rewarde : and who so euer he be
 That a straunge man doth worthely auance
 With condigne rewarde, by lyberalyte
 It may be proued and sayde forsuth that he
 Is worthy lawdes and an excellent fame
 And for his goodnes of vertue to haue name

But he is a fole and full of vylany
 Whiche to his louer gyueth ought at all
 And than agayne repentyth by and by
 Full of sorowe that he was so lyberall
 He is also a fole and a man rurall
 Whiche gyueth with mynde neyther good ne glad
 With lokes pale : and countenance sore and sad

And for that this displeasour doth hym dere
 His frende : he soone out braydeth of the same
 Hym self (for malyce) drawyng by the here
 So hath this fole, by malyce and yll name
 His rewarde lost, for it rebuked and shame
 And no meruayle : for no man that hath skylf
 Shall thanke hym for goodnes done agaynst his wyll

Yet is he moche wors and lewder of intent
Whiche whan he hath gyuen a thyng for goddes sake
Of his dede, or gyft anone hym doth repent
Thynkyng that god wyll no recompence make
Of that rewarde whiche to the pore they take
For that he ne sendeth to euery fole agayne
Always, and lyghtly for one gyft thre or twayne

Suche folys for lucre, gayne and auantage
To haue great gyftis and dowble of valour
Wolde gyue small gyftis: and that with glad courage
But loth they ar to departe with great treasour
Be sure thou fole that god our creatour
Shall nat thy rewardes ne gyftis accept atall
But thou gyue them with fre herte and lyberall

Wenest thou blynde man that god omnyotent
Careth ought for the small gyftes of mankynde
Thou art abused if thou be of that intent
God onely marketh the gode wyll of thy mynde
And in thy gyftis deuout if he the fynde
For thy gode wyll and god deuocyon
He shall to the graunt the heuenly region

Thus he that of goodnes and lyberalyte
With mery face and cherefull countenance
Gyuyth to his frende that hath necessitye
And to other men good of theyr gouernance
By almes and pytye: his dede shall hym auance
To worthy laudes, and thankes manyfolde
And vnto a gode name: which better is than golde

Those rewardes euer ar namely commendable
 And best of all, that gyuen ar with glad mynde
 But yet is he moche vyle and reprobable
 Whiche euer is takynge: remaynyng styll vnkynde
 In all the worlde nought vylers can I fynde
 Nor wors, than is a fals vnkynde vylayne
 Yet many thousaundes ensue that bestly trayne

A man that is good hauynge wysdome, skyll and wyt
 Lyghtly rewardeth his frendes true kyndnes
 Than moste the other indeuer hym to quyte
 The same agayne with thanke, and faythfulnes
 But if thou wylt gyue, for to haue thanke doutles
 It moste be done with mery loke and mynde
 Els shalt thou neyther thanke, ne meryte fynde

THE NUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

Whether thou wylt gyue rewarde gyft or present
 To god or man, it must be gladly done
 And with gode wyll: els thy rewarde is spent
 And loste vtterly, with meryte small or none
 Therefore consider with thy selfe alone
 To whome thou gouest: for that is wyt and skyll
 And if thou worthy and wyse fynde the person
 Than gyue thy gyft with glad loke and good wyll

So shall thy kyndnes rewardyd be agayne
 But all is lost that thou dost gyue to fynde
 Four sortis of people: the first is a vylayne
 Or chorle, for agayne thou shalt hym proue vnkynde

The seconde a childe, for his forgetfull mynde
Expellyth kyndnes, the thirde a man in age
The fourth a woman varyable as the wynde
Beynge of hir loue vnstable and volage

Of the vyce of slouth.



The Papy sede betokenyng slouthfulnes
Is sawen in the worlde and fast doth multiply
The synne of slouth all mankynde doth oppres
But namely seruauntis them self therto aply
Despysyng labour, slepyng contynually
But olde and yonge gyue them to this offence
Chalangyng theyr wagis : they voyde of.dyligence

Though that vyle slouth sprenklyd with dedely slomber
Be destroyer and confounder of mankynde
And in all vyce constrayneth hym to slomber
Yet many it folowe, and on it set theyr mynde
If thou take hede, thou clere and playne shalt fynde
That damnable slouth is so corrupt a vyce
That of his foule rote all yllys doth aryse

Of slouthys bosom out spryngeth eury yll
And who that attachyd is with this offence
No vertuous dede he gladly shall fulfill
But slepyth ay in Idelnes and blynde neglygence
Bytwene hym and the lame is lytell difference
For both, in maner, lyueth in lyke case
Nat vsyngre theyr membres but slepyngre in one place

A slouthfull man is nere of that nature
That if he lay besyde a fyre brennyngre
For to be brent : he rather wolde endure
Than take the payne hym selfe in any thyngre
For to relefe by rysyngre or mouyngre
Thus is he a Fole, and worthy wretchydnes
To gyue other example, of his lewde sleuthfulnes

A slouthfull creature is as vnprofytable
As smoke or dust, is for a mannys iyen
Or as a molle, or vant mete and able
For to do profyte within a garden grene
For in no goodnes besyed is he sene
Saue for to slepe, and watche the fyre alway
Besy in no thyngre, but in vayne sport and play

Amonge all other the slouthfull man onely
 Withstandeth hym selfe so mad and blynde is he
 In Idelness lyeng styll contynually
 By that prouysyon to purchase pouertye
 But happy is he whiche hath felycyte
 To vse his ioyntis in workes iust and gode
 With labour of his handes gettynge his dayly fode

But our sauour oft taketh punysshement
 By godly iustyce and very rightwysenes
 And that oft tyme with hell payne and tourment
 On them that lyue alway in slouthfulnes
 But them that labour in lawfull besynes
 He largely rewardeth, and wryte doth testyfy
 That an Idell man to ete is nat worthy

The vyce of slouth full harde is to asswage
 Or to subdue: therefore before our dayes
 By it was brought moche peryll and damage
 Into the worlde. and that by dyuers wayes
 For as Juuenall the noble Poete sayes
 Amonge the Romainys dyd growe and sprynge therby
 The rote of couetyse, pryde and lechery,

And sothly slouth and wretchyd Idylnes
 By wayes remys and dranynge neglygence
 Of all other synne is rote and maystres
 Yonge hartis attysyth to many a sore offence
 The noble Dauyd, a man of hye prudence
 Whyle he submyttyd hymselfe to Idylnes
 Synned in adultery and murder: by blydenes

Whyle Rome was gyuen to labour and dylygence
They wan Cartago, as it is wryten playne
But afterwarde by slouth and neglygence
That noble Cyte anone they lost agayne
For whan the romaynes were voyde of care and payne
Of batayle and labour, and other besynes
They gaue theyr bodyes to slouth and ydelnes

They had no warre to exercyse theyr myght
To them obeyed small, great, lowe and hye
Enmy was none agayne whome they myght fyght
Than gaue the youth them selfe to lechery
Whiche lost theyr force, theyr myght and strength therby
Amonge them selfe than began they to conspyre
This wyse decayed theyr excellent impyre

For whyle the romayns straunge regions dyd assayle
Expellynge faynt slouth, and nedy Idelnes
By dedes of Armes and boldenes of batayle
Therin they subdued theyr hye cowragyousnes
But after by slouth vyle lust dyd them oppres
And (alas) so sore they gaue them to the same
That vtterly they loste theyr glorious name

THENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Lerne by example o man for to beware
Of faynt Idelnes and of neglygence
Suffer nat that slouth take the in hir snare
For she is rote of all synne and offence
Gyue the therefore to perfyte dylygence
Be alway doynge, but se thy dede be gode
For as I sayde before in a sentence
An Idell man is nat, worthy of his fode.

→ Of straunge Folyes and infydels as sarasyns
paynems, turkes and suche lyke.



Hytherto I haue me indeuered to repreue
The folys of our fayth: for theyr enormyte
But nowe shall I touche wretches of mysbyleue
Expressynge theyr folly by theyr infydelyte
But thoughe these Heretykes greatly vnworthy be
With vs christen men to be: for theyr blynde slomber
In error: yet ar they of this our folysshe number

O God aboue : howe moche abundaunt number
Of folys rayneth, from the right way wandrynge
By mysbyleue, wherin they slepe and slomber
Leuyng the right lawe of god in euery thyng
These ar fals Sarasyns, fals of theyr luyng
And other mysbyleuers by blyndnes voyde of grace
Whiche in our Shyppis loketh to haue a place

Of these fals forayns renneth so great a bonde
Vnto our shyppis that the great company
Of them, ouerspredeth both the brode se and londe
For of them all nat one, is fautles verely
These folys ar Forayns : and this is the cause why
For from the folde of god they falsly them withdrawe
And the trewe fayth, despysynge goddes lawe

It were moche better these wretchys to despys
And styll to leue them in theyr blynde darkenes
What haue I to do with the myscheuous gyse
Of them whome errour so blyndly doth oppres
For they ar so blyndyd in theyr vayne wyckydnes
That they wyll be helyd by no medycyne
Nor from theyr vayne Idolatry declayne

I sholde them passe ouer, for there is no doctryne
No gode monysyon nor good aduysement
That can them moue, ne cause them to inclyne
Vnto the holy fayth of our lorde omnypotent
But as blynde bestis, of one cursed assent
In the lewde lawes, they onely haue delyte
Of theyr fals mayster, diceytfull Mahumyte

But touchynge the number and the horrible bende
 Of these blynde folys: they ar so infynyte
 That a small volume can nat well comprehende
 Theyr foly. who sholde the hole togyther wryte
 Therefore after my wyt, my laysar, and respyte
 Of theyr sectis onely I shall make mensyon
 For breuyte leuynges theyr fyrst inuencion

The cursyd Iewes despysynge christis lore
 For theyr obstynate, and vnrightwyse cruelte
 Of all these folys must nede be set before
 The nacion of Turkes next to them shall be
 The sarrazyns next whose infydelyte
 Is groundyd so blyndly on mahumetis lawe
 That no instruccion can them fro it withdrawe

The whiche errour as I in wrytynges fynde
 Two partis of the worlde: as afryke and asye
 With mysbyleue full wretchydly doth blynde
 And of europe great part and quantyte
 Whiche in our shyp caryed shall nedes be
 The houndes of Tartary ar of this sect also
 With other londes and Ilys many mo

The Scithians and also they of Sarmatyke
 And they of Boeme, by fendes fraudulent
 Ar led and blyndyd with an errour lyke
 Despysynge the lawes of god omnypotent
 Many ar the londes and Iles adiacent
 Whiche with lyke errour ar blyndyd and infect
 The owgly Mauryans ar also of this sect

These with other lyke ar Fols, and blynde dawes
Hauynge the chefe shyp of foly and errour
For that they folowe vayne doctryne and fals lawes
But namely they that be of suche furour
Wylfully to forsake god theyr creatour
On fals enchaument whyle they theyr myndes set
In the deuelysshe scoles : of Praga and Tolet

Nygromancians, and fals wytches also
Ar of this sort, folowynge lyke offence
Nat onely they that wytche craftis do
But they also that gyue to them credence
Or them supportyth with fauour or defence
For all suche Caytayfs as vnto them assent
Byleue nat truly on god omnyotent

It were to moche and to longe a labour
To rehers all those fols innumerable
Whiche worshyp Idollys and lyue in lyke errour
As vayne sacrifices, and lawes execrable
Whiche by theyr iugement moche abhomynable
Agaynst the holy fayth of Christ dare obiect
That it is fals, vayne, and of small effect

Amonge these sayde fols plunged in hell payne
I may assemble those wretched houndes of hell
Whiche by dispayre with theyr owne handes ar slayne
By rope, water, knyfe, or other deth cruell
But of these mysbyleuers more to wryte or tell
Or to them enuoy, theyr errour to counsayle
It were but foly, and, payne without auayle

Of the ruyne, inclynacion and decay of
the holy fayth catholyke, and dymn-
ucion of the Empyre.



O christen Prynces gyders of Christendome
Whiche ought our fayth with manhode to defende
I you exort, by reason and wysdome
And hyghe discresson in mynde to comprehende
The fall therof, and besely to intende
It to defende with your labour dilygent
Leuyng me the hode, that I shewe here present

Whyle I remember the sore ruyne and decay
Of our christen fayth, and our parfyte byleue
Howe it decreaseth to damage euery day
The causers therof I nedes must repreue
Whiche slouthfull suffraunce sothly me so doth greue
That with wete chekes by teres thycke as hayle
I am constrayned this, harde chaunce to bewayle

My dolefull teres may I nat well defarre
My stomake strykyng with handes lamentable
For none with Trumpet nor sounde betokenyng warre
This hurt out chaseth, ne furour vengeable
Thoughe vnto Prynces the dede were honorable
To chace out this hurt and inconuenyence
Alas yet therto none doth his dilygence

No man is so dull, nor so cruell of hert
Thoughe that his herte were harder than the stone
But that this dolefull chause sholde cause it smert
And with inwarde syghes sore to complayne and mone
Seynge thus saynt Petyrs holy chare or trone
And the fayth decresyng playne in our presence
By slouth of statis and thoughtles neglygence

The holy chayr, and apostolyke. See
Lyeth in decay, plungyd in fere and dout
And Rome the hede, and chefe of christentye
Thretynth ruyne: and all the londe about
Trembyng for fere of the vnchristen rout
Of cursyd Turkes and other infydelys
Thus is our fortune led forth on feble whelys

All christen Royalmes, and christis comonte
 Wandreth, and ar cast in case full myserable
 Flowynge, and swymmynge in the tempestous se
 And wawes of fere, abasshyd and vnstable
 Nat onely our fayth, and lawes honorable
 Decreaseth dayly : but also trouth to say
 All holy ordynaunce we dayly se decay

But estatis as kynges, and other men royall
 By theyr blynde slouth and ferefull neglygence
 Ar to be blamyd, for they be cause of all
 For though that they be our shelde and defence
 Hauynge in theyr handes, as is sene by euydence
 The armour, and dartis : of warre and chyualry
 These peryls they beholde : fyndynge no remedy

None taketh helme, spere, ne other armour
 With manly courage, and bolde audacyte
 These peryls to preuent and to socour
 Wherefore o Rome : I fere thy lybertye
 Shall by thy enmyes be reft away fro the
 And thou be brought to bondage payne and care
 If that thy gyders be nat both wyse and ware

Defence of our fayth by slouth is left behynde
 Saynt Peters shyp is cast from syde to syde
 And all to shaken with tempest wawes and wynde
 Without respyte in eas and rest to abyde
 The fayth of Christ whiche all mankynde doth gyde
 Vnto the hye Royalme and see celestyall
 Declyneth sore, ferynge ruyne and fall

Suche frowarde Nacions, as ar of mysbyleue
Prepareth armour in theyr mad crueltey
Agaynst the churche, the same to hurt and greue
And it to subdue to sore captuyte
Whiche churche quaketh ferynge this ieopardye
And skant goth fre, but if no ayde be founde
I fere sore lyst it shall be throwen to grounde

The turke on euery syde doth it assayle
Despysynge the fayth: demynysshynge the same
Whiche cruell tyrant (alas) if he preuayle
Shall of them morder that worshyp christis name
The fals Prophete, fyllyd with synne and shame
(I mean Mahumet) by his lawes damnable
Hath subuertyd people almost innumerable

His Sectis infectyf he hath out cast and spred
Nere ouer the worlde, and namely firste of all
The Arabyens by his fals lawes ar led
Next by his venym dedely and mortall
Asye the more obeyeth (as bonde and thrall)
Vnto his lawes, and so in maner lyke
To his fals lawes obey they of Afryke

The Soldan of Egypt and Royalmes of Tartary
Ar of his sect, and the fals Turke also
Whiche to our fayth is mortall ennemy,
Our marchys, marrynge as moche as he may do
And moche of them annexeth his vnto
Warrynge dayly on christen royalmes adiacent
Whiche with his owne was wont to be content

196 *Of the ruyne, inclynacion and decay*

The londe of Trace, large in a marueylous wyse
With the royalmes of Septemtrion echone
Longynge to his fader : coude nat his mynde suffyse
We lost haue the Nacions of lybye : echone
Asia the lesse : from vs is reft and gone
Whiche in tyme past was true obedyent
To the holy lawes of Faders auncyent

Of Europe moche haue we lost and forgone
Alas the excellent royalmes of Hungarye
By this fals Turke had : vtterly, ben vndone
If it had nat hym resystyd noblye
And in lyke maner the men of Dalmacye
With bloody Batayle and woundes wyde and depe
Cessyth nat they Royalmes, from the fals Turke to kepe

But in theyr dredefull paynes and dolour
Theyr dayly warre and manly resystence
Seldome, or neuer, haue they ayde or socour
Of christen Sowdyours, to be at theyr defence
Thus by our slouth, and wylfull neglygence
Our fayth sore fadeth (alas) we it despysse
Suffrynge our enmyes to enter in this wyse

Alas no thyng increasyth nowe a dayes
Vnto our fayth our londes to augment
But euery thyng contynually decayes
And namely our fayth and vertue excellent
Who is so stuberne of stomake or intent
Whiche coude nat this dolefull fortune sore bewayle
Rendynge his here his face and apparayle

Forsoth I thynke so harde hertyd is none
But bysyde these forsayd losses or damage
From vs alas the Ilys of Grece ar gone
Whiche longe tyme kept our fayth and our vsage
The Traciens from vs ar reft by the outrage
Of the Turkes : Obeyinge to theyr ydolatry
So doth Achynus, and eke Masedony

We Sparta haue lost, by this fyers tyrant
The cruell Turke, and Tessaly also
With his swete Laundes goodly and pleasaunt
We haue lost Thebe, and dyuers Cytees mo
With dyuers mo lles as Mysia : both the two
And Constantynoble that Cyte excellent
Vnto the Turke nowe is made obedyent

This noble Cyte, worthy and lawdable
Condigne to be gouernyd by an emperour
Vnto the noble Rome moste lyke and comparable
Is nowe in thraldome, bereft his olde honour
And also the fayth of christ our sauour.
What shall I wryte farther of the ruyne .
And fall of our fayth, and holy lawe dyuyne

To christen men it is great vylany
And shame : to suffer our fayth thus to decay
The Turke hath all won : by his tyranny
Yet that, his mynde contentyth by no way
But yet more ouer he stodyeth euery day
Nat cessenge his Army and Batayle to renewe
Vs and our landes in lyke wyse to subdue

The noble Cecyle is dayly in great dout
 Istria : pannony, and also, Lumberdy
 And dyuers other Nacions there about
 As Sycyll, the Stiryans Venyce and Italy
 These Ilys, and regions quakyth contynually
 The royalmes of Naplys Iyueth also in dout
 Of the fals Turke besegeyng it about

The royalmes of Denmarke with his hyll ethnay
 As men sayth, brennyng alway with flamyng fyre
 Scantly escapyth the Ieopardous affray
 Of these fals Turkes, and theyr cruell Impyre
 Agaynst all christen royalmes they conspyre
 But namely subdue they vnto captiuyte
 Suche royalmes as ioynyng vnto theyr marchys be

O holy Rhodes thou nedys moste entende
 With thy noble knyghtis thy manhode and vertue
 The fayth and Crosse of Christ for to defende
 And to ouerthrowe, and manly to subdue
 The Turkes, and theyr lawes moche vntrue
 O noble place thou moste the payne abyde
 Though thou assayld be sore on euery syde

Bagiazit a Prynce moche proude and pyteles
 With his wylde people full of crudelyte
 Prepareth armour our to people oppres
 By batayle horryble, dayly contendyth he
 Our costes to bryng into captiuyte
 And onely that purpose fyxeth in his hert
 Our holy fayth, by rygour, to subuert

He is through persyd with fury serpentyne
With madnes enuyroned : and that on euery syde
Rauynge in his rage, as Bacchus god of wyne
So that no christen man dare hym abyde
For with dolefull deth, and bloody woundes wyde
He them sore vexeth, but suche as he doth kepe
And saue on lyue : he layth in pryson depe

With no maner blode this thyrst is facyate
Vnto these Turkes, whiche neuer ar content
With cruell Batayle they bete agaynst the yate
Of our christen Royalmes, with strokes vyolent
Wherefore o Rome, o Cyte excellent
O flour of our fayth, o Peters holy chear
Be ware : for why great cause thou hast to fear

Beholde this Sect vomyteth out madnes
Enflamyd by the fende with furour infernall
Our holy fayth, and the, also doutles
By ferefull rygour for to make bonde and thrall
The wolfe (alas) sore wastyth ouerall
The Innocent folde, of christ our sauour
Drownynge the sheepe in drede, wo, and dolour

They al deuour, no man is founde so bolde
Them to withstande, thus without resystence
They flee both man, and woman, yonge and olde
Hauynge no respect to godly Innocence
Yet we, alas, by slouth and neglygence
Plungyd in the wawes of voluptuosyte
Make no resystence to this calamyte

200 *Of the ruyne, inclynacion and decay*

Of men and harnes whiche longeth to batayle
We haue ynoughe : and capytayns excellent
With strength ynough, bolde corage and counsayle
We lacke no thyng that is expedyent
As wyt, and wysdome, wyse practyse and prudent
But yet suffer we, these turkes to procede
And them to resyst haue we no care nor hede

We lese our fayth (alas) and wyllyngly
To our great shame (forsoth) and dishonour
The cause is : for that slouth doth occupy
The mynde of euery kyng and gouernour
Our states slomber, both kyng and emperour
And Palynurus the hede of christente
And chefe lodes man : slepyth in his See

Thy people Peter in ryches abundaunt
Slepyth in lyke wyse, and in lyke neglygence
As if that they were blynde and ignoraunt
Of this great peryll and inconuenyence
Our holy fayth without faut or offence
Without helpe lyeth open : to the Turkes hande
To be defyled, no man doth hym withstande

None lettyth this cruell ennemy to rage
By royalmes and Cytees, but as we se playnly
Theyr owne selfe they subdue vnto bondage
And ferefull deth wyllynge and gladly
Therefore this turke (alas) moche cruelly
Where euer he comys, by batayle violent
Demynssheth the fayth of god omnypotent

And that as a conquerour valyent and stronge
But doutles I suppose in myne intent
That the greuou synnes raynynge vs amonge
Be the chefe causers of this sore punysshement
We it deserue: therfore god hath it sent
As scourge and penaunce for our vyciousnes
And that by due order of his rightwysnes

We worshyp ryches, therto we vs subdue
To golde and treasour we make our sacryfyce
Our fayth is exyled (alas) so is vertue
With vs abydeh no thyng, but synne and vyce
The execrable hunger of golde and couetyse
And the vayne pleasour of Folyes fraudelent
Subduyth our bodyes to worthy punysshement

The heuenly vergyn from vs is dryuen hens
I meane that iustice is blynde in christente
Or out of the grounde, disdaynynge our presence
With hir thre systers, strength or audacyte
Prudence and temperaunce also exlyd be
Charyte is banysshyd also from eche place
For whose absence, alas we haue no grace

All christen Royalmes ar thus corrupt with syn
And gyuen in so moche to slouth and ydelnes
That eche man stodyeth part of some royalme to wyn
Suffreng the Turkes our fayth thus to oppres
In tyme past, Rome lanterne of worthynes
Chose four Susters, of Cytees pryncipall
Felawes of the fayth, and in honour egall

The firste was Jerusalem in holynes shynynge
 The seconde Alexander so callyd first of all
 After the name of that moste noble kynge
 The thirde Antyoche, a place or hold royall
 The fourth Constantynoble whiche euery man dyd call
 Newe Rome, and onely bycause of the lykenes
 But nowe, mysbyleuers, doth all the same oppres

These Cytees nowe ar take from vs away
 By the fals enmyes, of our godly byleue
 Besyde all this yet ryseth euery day
 Newe sectis of gentyles our costes for to greue
 And fals prophetis whiche dayly doth repreue
 And defyle our fayth in as moche as they may
 Yet fewe, or none at all doth them gaynsay

So blynde ar our hertis, oppressyd in derkenes
 And also our iyen, this peryll wyll nat se
 Therefore we ar worthy to suffer this distres
 Suche is our lyfe, and our fragylyte
 And though we be drowned in depe aduersyte
 Vnto vs denyeth Christ socour for to sende
 For that we nat purpos our lyues to amende

The Turke to his Idols hath gretter reuerence
 And more deuocion, to his fals lawe and doctryne
 Than we christen men without obedyence
 Haue to our true fayth, and holy lawe dyuyne
 Concorde and peas ar fall into ruyne
 Vnmekenes vs pleasyth : disceyt and vsury
 The pore, and good we, oppres by rebbery

Neyghbour agayne neyghbour, the son agayne nature
Agaynst the Fader, and echone nowe adayes
Anothers londes desyreth to procure
By falshode, oppressyon, or suche disceytfull wayes
The states ar vexyd by foule dyscorde and frayes
But yet both they and men of lowe degre
Seke but theyr pryuate profyte and owne vtylyte

Euery man seketh but for his owne auayle
Wherby our fayth decayeth dayly so
Wherfore it is no marueyle without fayle
Though we our townes and Cytees thus forgo
Lesynge our royalmes, to our great payne and wo
And namely suche as were most aunccyent
Best groundyd in the fayth of christ omnytpotent

No thyng is left : nought doth to vs remayne
Anone the Turke shall with his hoste cruell
Enter on our costes to our great losse and payne
Yet labour we nat his furour to expell
But namely suche as other doth excell
In byrth and ryches, strength and audacyte
Labour leste to chalange and defende our lybertye

The yate is open : The way is open made
Wherfore o Rome. o Rome moste excellent
I fere me sore lyst thy honour shall fade
Thou skant shalt escape, nor fle the punysshement
The storme on the comyth cruell and vyolent
A kynge the byldyd and eft a counsellour
Encreased thy name, and brought the to hncour

Than had this Cyte so hye a name royall
That through the worlde it spred abrode his fame
And also vp vnto, the Heuen Imperyall
Than after was it subgett vnder the name
Of an emperour, to honour and nat shame
Yet after it was agayne admyttyd fre
But nowe may it fere, agayne in seruytude to be

No man resistyth agaynst this vyolence
Our fayth also demynysshyth euery day
By culpable synne, and our noyson offence
Whiche at the ende hath greuous payne alway
O christen Prynces therefore do that ye may
Our fayth to socour, out of captyuyte
Sauynge your owne londes, your lyfe and lybertye

O worthy prynces and lordes Italyen
Ye stoberne Flemynges and ye of Pannony
O subtyle Lumberdes, Spanyardes and Frenchmen
And o holy Fader the Pope moste specyally
Lay to your handes by strength and polycy
Our fayth to defende, and helpe ye shall nat want
Throwe out your dartis with handes tryumphant

Expell your wrath, set statelynes asyde
Be stedfast in fayth: keep ay in humylyte
Let constance and peas amonge you ay abyde
With knot perpetuall of loue and amyte
Haue one assent, in concorde all agre
Ioyn hande to hande, prepare you vnto warre
Take soone your armour, and no more tyme diffarre

If peas be with vs, concorde and amyte
We may from our costis the cruell turke expell
And so kepe our fayth in stedfast lybertye
One hope we haue, our ennemyes to quell
Whiche hope is stedfast if we ourself do well
For Henry the eyght replete with hie wysdome
By iust tytyll gydeth our Septer of kyngdome

Henry VIII

This noble Prynce begynnyth vertuously
By iustyce and pyte, his roylme to meyntayne
So that he and his: without mo company
May succour, our sores by his manhode souerayne
And get with his owne hande Jerusalem agayne
He passyth Hercules in manhode and courage
Hauynge a respect vnto his tender age

He passeth Achylles in strength and valyance
His fame nere as great, but as for his larges
And lyberalyte, he shewyth in countenance
That no auaryce can blynde his rightwysnes
Couetyse hath left behynde hym his ryches
Vnto the hyghe possessyon, of lyberalyte
Whiche with the same shall kepe, our lybertye

Let go Pompeius: and Camyllus also
And Sylla, for none of them wyll I commende
This Prynce I prayse alonely and no mo
Whiche is moste abyll our fayth for to defende
He is moste worthy by honour to ascende
Vnto a noble Diademe Imperyall
So is my hope, that he hereafter shall

206 *Of the ruyne, inclynacion and decay*

Than shall he our fayth establysshe and make sure
Defendynge the Churche and christis herytage
There shall no Turke be abyll to indure
His rampynge Lyons rorynge in theyr rage
Nor none of all the Sarrazyns lynage
Thus may our Prynce be shelde of christendome
By strength and ryches, but namely by wysdome

His armys victorious shall spred abrode theyr fame
Ouer all the worlde, for he may wyn agayne
Jerusalem: and the Crosse within the same
With the holy tounge: for this is my trust certayne
That if he begyn: he nought shall do in vayne
For god and his sayntis shall helpe hym for to fyght
Saynt george our patrone shall eke augment his myght

But o englysshe states I humbly you requyre
Vnto your kynge of hert and mynde be true
Submyt your selfe gladly to his empyre
So shall ye lyghtly your ennemyes subdue
And syth that all Christen prynces doth eschewe
Labour and payne, for the holy faythes defence
In the name of god do ye your dyligence

Though Aufony slepe and also Italy
The kynges of Sycyll and also of Fraunce
And they of the Churche for none of them truly
Defendyth the fayth, but labour to auance
Theyr proper londes, suche is theyr gouernaunce
That christen kynges this wyse togyder fyght
Suffrynge the fayth decay before theyr syght

They knowe the cause, hauynge power and myght
Yet wyll they nat the holy fayth defende
Therefore lede ye your Host of men forth right
These Turkes to subdue. If ye so condiscende
Than be ye sure Christ shall you socour sende
Of angels heuenly to your ayde and defence
And brake theyr Tentis with his hande and presence

The noble Henry of Englonde is at hande
Of kynges noblest, of worthy auncetrye
Whiche shall you helpe to wyn the holy lande
And brynge these tyrantis vnto Captuyte
Enuy who wyll: none rightwyser than he
Is in the worlde nor of more noblenes
Nor more habundant in treasour and ryches

His maiesty presentyth a kynges countenaunce
His maners honest, and full of noblenes
He seketh nat his kyngdome to auance
By gyle disceyte: nor other lyke falsnes
His mynde nat elate with scornfull statelynes
But in the playne path of goodnes lawe and right
The fere of god alway before his syght

As longe as this noble Prynce shall be our gyde
With vs all honour godnes and ioy shall growe
With perfyte peas about on euery syde
In welth and ryches we shall habounde and flowe
And if there be any of statis hye or lowe
Whiche by yll counsell wolde cause hym to mysdo
God graunt them no myght, no space ne tyme therto

208 *Of the ruyne, inclynacion and decay*

There is no Prynce of greater excellence
I trowe none lyuyng of hye nor lowe degre
Wherfore let them do hym obedyence
As to theyr hede: and moste of dignyte
Obey to hym Prynces than trust I ye shall se
That by his manhode, and counsell souerayne
All that his lost, we shall: soone wyn agayne

And ye christen Prynces who so euer ye be
If ye be destytute of a noble Capytayne
Take Iamys of Scotlonde for his audacyte
And proued manhode if ye wyll laude attayne
Let hym haue the forwarde, haue ye no disdayne
Nor indignacion, for neuer kyng was borne
That of ought of warre can shewe the vnycorne

For if that he take onys his spere in hande
Agaynst these Turkes strongly with it to ryde
None shall be abyll his stroke for to withstande
Nor before his face so hardy to abyde
Yet this his manhode increasyth nat his pryde
But euer sheweth he mekenes and humylyte
In worde and dede to hye and lowe degre

In prudence pereles is this moste comely kyng
And as for his strength and magnanymyte
Concernynge his noble dedes in euery thyng
One founde or grounde lyke to hym can nat be
By byrth borne to boldnes and audacyte
Vnder the bolde planet of Mars the champyon
Surely to subdue his ennemyes echone

Mars hath hym chosyn : all other set asyde
To be in practyse of Batayle without pere
Saue ryches lacketh his manfull myght to gyde
He hath nat plentye of all thyng as is here
The cause is that stormes in season of the yere
Destroyeth the corne engendrynge so scarsnes
Whiche thyng moche hurteth this Prynces worthynes

Let hym be formest, than dout ye nought at all
For onely his loke (so bolde is his courage)
The turkes pryde shall make decay and fall
Lyke to a Lyon in dedes he shall rage
Thus he beyng gyde the fury shall asswage
Of the fals Turkes : so that they shall be fayne
Our christen londes to vs to yelde agayne

If the Englysshe Lyon his wysdome and ryches
Conioyne with true loue, peas and fydelyte
With the Scottis vnycornes myght and hardynes
Than is no dout but all hole christente
Shall lyue in peas welth and tranquylyte
And the holy londe come into christen hondes
And many a regyon out of the fendes bondes

THE NUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

O worthy estatis of Christendome echone
Consyder your power and your hablyte
Let slombrynge slouth away fro you be gone
Fere nat to fyght for your lyfe and lybertye
Let eche man do after his power and degre
To withstande the Turke and the fayth to defende
If we manly fyght : and all in one agre
Than without dout god shall vs socour sende,

Of flaterers and glosers.



He that wyll flater a hors of hys corage
Clappyng or touchyngē : if that he stande to nye
May happen to haue the fote on his vysage
To his great hurt : and who that subtylly
Wyll flater an estate to get some good therby
He often at the last is cast out of fauour
For flaterynge pleaseth no wyse man of honour

Our folys yet encreasyth more and more
But as for those that nowe themselfe present
I thought to haue set them in a shyp before
Where as ar seruauntis fals and fraudelent
But by no meane wyll they therto consent
They coueyt a shyp for them selfe to attayne
Therefore for them this shyp I nowe ordayne

Great lordes seruauntis, wyll nedes sayle apart
Alone by them self they coueyt for to be
For they ne can well vse theyr craft and art
Of gyle and flateringe amonge the comontye
And if that ye wyll knowe what men these be
They ar fals flaterers fyllyd full of gyle
And fowle corrupcion : as is a botche or byle

A crafty flaterer, as nowe is many one
With grettest lordes coueytis alway to dwell
Also they labour to knowe eche thyng alone
Yet can they nought kepe secrete in counsell
But with the comon Folys for that they wyll nat mell
I ordoyne to them this Barge here present
Lyst theyr fraude myght be theyr owne impedymment

The kynges Court nowe adayes doth fede
Suche faynyng flaterers : and best they ar in grace
As chefe with theyr lorde, by lyes gettyng mede
Some with a fals herte, and a payntyd face
In his lordes seruyce to haue chefe rowme and place
Into his lordes eryllyth secretly
Lyes venemous, debate to multiply

Another can pyke vp the fethers properly
 Of his maysters clothys if they syt nat right
 He maketh them yet for to syt more awry
 To take occasion them clenlyer to dyght
 Another ay bydeth in his maysters syght
 Nat to his profyte, but to his charge and coste
 But to support hym, if he do crake or boste

These faynyng flaterers theyr lordes thus begyle
 Yet ar theyr lordes therwith right well content
 They laughe out lowde if that theyr lorde do smyle
 What euer he sayth they to the same assent
 And in so moche ar they fals and fraudulent
 That if theyr mayster say that the crowe is whyte
 They say the same, and haue therin delyte

They flater theyr lorde with wordes fayre and gay
 And vayne roundynges to cause hym to byleue
 That all is trouth whiche they vnto hym say
 Another hym stryketh and claweth by the sleue
 Another with fals talys his neyghbour doth greue
 Vnto a ryche man accusyng hym falsly
 To syt at his dysshe and get some mete therby

Thus cause these flaterers, malyce and discorde.
 The ryche oft desyreth suche lyes for to here
 Eche flaterer is in chefe rowme with his lorde
 Whan a symple seruaunt must nedes stande arere
 The playne man hungreth, the lyer hath the chere
 No man in Court shall nowe a lyuyng fynde
 Without that he can bowe to euery wynde

The tre that bowyth to no wynde that doth blowe
In stormes and tempest is in moste ieoperdy
And often with sodayne blastis ouerthrowe
Therefore these flaterers to eche wynde aply
And he that can, vpholde his maysters lye
With ye and nay, and helpe hym if he tryp
Obteyneth nowe grettest honour and worshyp

Many one in flaterynge cometh to great honour
The cause is : for grettest stais nowe a dayes
To be disceyued ar glad, and haue pleasour
In a dowble tunge beleuyng that it sayes
None is nowe beloued, but suche as vse the wayes
Of adulacion, and that can secretely
Whysper and rounde thynges ymagyned falsly

And they that haue lerned to forge tydynges newe
Ar most made of if they haue the scyence
By flaterynge wordes to make them to seme true
None settyth by seruauentis of faythfull dilygence
But for that punysshement foloweth eche offence
We dayly se these flaterers harde bested
And by theyr owne gyle, they vnder fote ar tred

THE NUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Amende fals flaterers : it is a folysshe sport
And vayne besynes, for a small wretchyd mede
Folys in theyr lyes to flater and support
And whan all is done nat to be sure to spede
Thou shalt fynde truly : if thou take gode hede
That at the ende flaterers ar nought set by
But he that is playne, to flater hauyuge drede
At last shall be rewardyd well and worthely

Of tale berers and Foles of lyght credence
vnto the same.



He is lyght myndyd, and voyde of all prudence
Whiche alway is wont, without aduysement
To all vayne talys sone to gyue credence
Aplyenge his erys therto : with full intent
For why these brybours fals and fraudelent
And bablynge lyers, by wordes wors than knyfe.
Amonge men sawe debate and greuous stryfe.

These folys present I sholde haue callyd skant
Vnto my shyp to rowe amonge the mo
But that the Shyp before can them nat want
So these two sortis wyll nedis togyther go
For thoughe the flaterer hym selfe behauyth so
By fayned talys good lyuers oft to greue
They ar as lewde that wyll the same byleue

He is a fole that his erys wyll inclyne
Lyghtly : to his wordes that is of suche vsage
Newe talys and tydynges dayly to ymagyne
And that apereth superflue of langage
For he showeth tokyns of foly and dotage
Whiche gyueth his erys to here suche wordes vayne
As myght his neyghbours honestye distayne

A fole is ay lyght, and hasty of credence
With erys open to eche tale that is newe
Wherof oft groweth great inconuenyence
But a wyse man suche talys can eschewe
Nat them byleuyng but if he knowe them true
He is nat hardy the whiche one stryketh sore
Behynde his backe : nat warnyng hym before

For who that is vnwarely strykyn so
Can for the same no helpe ne socour fynde
No more can he fynde remedy therto
That of taleberers is sclandred thus behynde
But nowe is he a mayster that hath suche wyly mynde
A rightwyse man with fals wordes to diffame
And many vngoodly gyue credence to the same

But who so euer vsyth this adulacion
 Or that to vayne wordes gyueth to sone credence
 Ar trayters, and full of abhomynacion
 Cursyd and iniust stynkyng in the presence
 Of god almyght : for by the same offence
 Is sawen the sede of stryfe : and mortall wo
 Amonge great statis : and comontye also

Therefore that man that quyetly wolde lyue
 And rightwysely : with name of honestye
 To flaterynge talys must nat his erys gyue
 For a fals tunge fulfyllyd with iniquyte
 By mortall venym infecteth eche degre
 Brekyng the bonys (god wot) of many one
 Howbeit the tunge within it hath no bone

By this vyce : the honour of hym that is absent
 Though it were gotten by way moste vertuous
 Is hurt and distayned by worde malyuolent
 Of it cometh many a vyce full peryllous
 And it often tymes by wayes iniuryous
 Jugement gyueth on man in his absence
 Fals and iniustly by to hasty credence

By this maner, iustyce and lawe is vyolate
 Vnto the absent moche noysom, harde and sore
 Whan he is falsly accusyd by some state
 Or some other man, nat assytyd before
 Howe can he defende his cause well : whan no more
 Tary is made, but forth right the sentence
 Vnwysely is gyuen by to hasty credence

The wretchyd Aman byleuyng hastely
By Mardocheus the talys to hym tolde
Wolde hym haue put to deth vnrightwysly
If the Quene hester durst nat haue ben so bolde
The kyng to asswage, by wordes sad and colde
Wherby fals Aman in paynfull shame and care
Anone was hanged : and that in his owne smare

Ouer hasty credence without aduysement
Sende Saulis sone : myphiboseth by name
Great care and sorowe by paynfull punysshement
The noble Alexander most excellent of fame
Wolde neuer inclyne his erys vnto the same
For well he wyst to what inconuenyence
They fall : that ar to hasty of credence.

ALEXANDER BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

Consyder man wheder thou be lowe or hye
What thyng thou herest, before thou thynke it true
For flaterers ay speke fayrest whan they lye
Or whan they lyst to bryng vp talys newe
Beware of them : Theyr company eschue
They shall the cause to fall to suche offence
That all thy lyfe thou shalt it after rue
To them, if thou be hasty of credence

Therefore do thou as doth the god palfray
Whan they begyn to clawe the by the sleue
Flynge with thy helys : and dryue them so away
And with sharpe wordes be bolde them to repreue

Stop fast thy eryl, or els fro them remeue
For be thou sure: to speke in short sentence
Mo men are marryd, than any wolde byleue
And greuously offende by to hasty credence

Of falshode, gyle, and disceyte, and suche
as folowe them.



The vayne and disceytfull craft of alkemy
The corruptyng of wyne and other merchandyse
Techyth and shewyth vnto vs openly
What gyle and falshode men nowe do exercyse
All occupyers almost, suche gyle dyuyse
In euery chaffar, for no fydelyte
Is in this londe, but gyle and subtylte

O well of muses : o pleasaunt castaly
 O susters nyne, with lowe benygnyte
 I you beseke my wyt to multiply
 By hundred folde, and tungen of lyke plente
 Graunt to me strength to wryte the subtylte
 The fraude, and disceyt, whiche is by gylefull wayes
 Amonge all chraftis vsed nowe adayes

Without a hundred tungen great wysdome and respyte
 Contynuall labour : and stody without ende
 None can theyr gyles ne all theyr falshode wryte
 Nor all fals folys in balade comprehende
 So many be that thus theyr lyues spende
 That all the shyppes ne galays vnto Spayne
 Nor myghty Carakes can nat them well contayne


So they that ar abrode fast about may range
 Rowynge on the see : myself theyr lode and gyde
 In dyuers contres farre and londes straunge
 And spred theyr namys about on euery syde
 But dyuers ar the sortis, that the worlde wyde
 In euery part doth infect and defyle
 By fraudes fayned, and fals myscheuous gyle

Firste fals loue disceyuyth and doth greue
 Both age : and youthe both wylde and prodygall
 Lerynd and lewde : if that they it byleue
 For vnder his tunge is hyd venym mortall
 Frenedes and felawes faynyng and fals with all
 Also shalt thou fynde that of suche maner be
 To speke fayre wordes mengled with sotylte

*longe
d. M. M.*

Suche in theyr hertis haue no fydelyte
And often we se that wycked and fals counsell
Disceyueth many by fals lyberalyte
Disceytfull wordes, dissymuled as gospell
Doth many abuse and from theyr right expell
And no maruayle, for almoste euery man
To his pryuate profyte intendeth what he can

None is that caryth for comon auantage
Thus comon welth sore fallyth into decay
But ouerall, men ar fals of theyr langage
By lyes auaylynge them selfe all that they may
Brother begylyth brother as we se euery day
And the sonne the Fader desceyueth oft also
But though he can nat : yet is his mynde therto

No bondes of loue, amonge men nowe doth byde 
Fals gyle vs gydeth, blyndyd is conscyence
And suche as within the cloyster doth abyde
Fyle theyr relygion oft by the same offence
Faynyng them sayntis whan they ar in presence
With ypocresy payntyng their countenance
So clokyng and hydyng their yll mys gouernaunce

Some shyne without : and as swete bawme they smell
But yet theyr hertis ar fyllyd with falsnes
And within the skyn more yll thàn man can tell
As gyle and disceyte, iust men therwith toppres
And wolues rauysshyng full of vnthryftynes
Bere shepes skynnes showyng nat that they be
Foxys within : shewyng out symplycyte

By suche falshode, they many one begyle
 In vniust coyne, is founde also abusyon
 And disceyt : whiche doth all the worlde defyle
 By clyppynge and wasshyng, and lyke dymnyusyon
 Bysyde all this, yet in many a regyon
 Suche folys stody to mengle and multyply.
 Eche sort of metall men do disceyue therby

And in theyr wretchyd ryches to abounde
 The clyp, they coyne, and that : counterfayt metall
 And the right kynde of golde they oft confounde
 They sell precious stones nat true ne naturall
 But counterfayt (for true) men to begyle withall
 The coyne by falshode also oft lacketh weyght
 Thus ouer the worlde is nought but gyle and sleight

What shall I wryte of gyle and sotyltye
 Vsed in weyght nomber, tale and mesure
 Howe they bye with one, large, or weyghtye
 And sell by a les : theyr conscyence is so obscure
 Marchaundys also in gyle them them selfe inure
 By dyuers wayes makyng them to seme plasaunt
 True men to disceyue that therin ar ignoraunt

That whiche is nought they make seme good and fyne
 But to touche a teuerners hye experyence
 Howe lyghtly the knaue can brewe a bowle of wyne
 As who sayth that he hath the craft and scyence
 'To amende that thyng that goddes hye prudence
 Hath made parfyte, but he his owne to saue
 By newe brewyd wyne, men bryngeth to theyr graue

In no man is trust, for euery man by gyle
And preuy falshode hath suche a craftynes
His occupacion by fraudys fals to defyle
Reputyng hym selfe wyse for suche disceytfulnes
Thus is there no craft, pore, ryche, more or les
But all ar vpholden with gyle and soteltye
Whiche falshode causeth that many neuer thye

But if I sholde tarry so longe here to expres
All the fals wayes and gyle done wrongfully
In eche occupacion, and euery besynes
It were to longe : therefore I say shortly
That he is happy whiche lyueth perfyately
Voyde of all fraude : but the trouth to reporte
In worde and dede, but fewe be of that sort

THENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Thou that hast to do with worldly besynes
Outher occupacyon, in court or marchaundyse
Kepe clene thy consyence, beware disceytfulnes
All fraude and gyle take hede that thou despyce
Than shalt thou to welth, ryches and honour ryse
And if thou be fals : beware of pouertye
Besyde hell payne, for Christ sayth in this wyse
That in his owne mesure eche man shall serued be

Of the falshode of Antichrst.



upside down
boat
↓

We haue before, a shyp sende forth to see
 Swyft and, well stuffed with many a subtyll rout
 But of lyke folys, yet many one there be
 On our shyp sydes, clymmynge rounde about
 I speke with pacyence: for why I am in dout
 Lyst this company, of proude speche: yll and haut
 With theyr sharpe dartis my feble shyp assaut

But if thou aske who they ar that me incomber
And what be theyr maners and conuersacion
Of whens they ar and howe great is theyr number
Of whome I intende to make declaracyon
Vnto thy questyons this is my relacion
And fynall answeare, that they that thus me greue
Ar fals Christen men, nat perfyte of byleue

And fals Prophetis, nat folowyng the right
Whiche with fals hertis vnperfyte of credence
Nat duly worshyp the lawe of god almyght
Nor his holy doctryne, with worthy reuerence
And other suche as varye the true sence
Of goddes lawes, expoundyng other wyse
Than it in the text clere and playnly lyes

Suche counterfayte the kayes that Jesu dyd commyt
Vnto Peter: brekyng his Shyppis takelyng
(Subuertynge the fayth, beleuyng theyr owne wyt
Agaynst our perfyte fayth in euery thyng
So is our Shyp without gyde wanderyng
By tempest dryuen, and the mayne sayle of torne
That without gyde the Shyp about is borne

I mean that euery fals interpretour +
And vniust Prophete accordyng in assent
Defyle the lawes of Christ our sauour
And also the fayth, but suche in theyr intent
Whan theyr owne selfe by errour fraudelent
Ar all corrupt, with synne agaynst the lawe
They stody: yet mo to theyr errour to drawe

Many they disceyue, by theyr myscheuous lore
 Of theyr fals lawes castyng abrode the sede
 Yet greuous paynes of Hell byde them therfore
 But suche Hell houndes therof wyll take no hede
 But certaynly all our byleue and crede
 The whiche is able to saue vs from hell payne
 To vs is gyuen in wordes clere and playne

In our lawe ar founde no wordes disceyuable
 No fals abusyon, nor obscure hardnes
 But many folys of mynde abhomynable
 For an hye name, for honour and ryches
 Or for vayne pryde and fals presumptuousnes
 To shewe theyr cunnyng, they men blynde and abuse
 Makynge the playne lawe, obscure, darke and diffuse

They holy scriptures rehers moche other wyse
 Than the holy goost them vttred first of all
 The cause is that pryde them vexeth to aryse
 To some hye Rowme, and a glory pryncypall
 O blynde fole awake and to remembraunce call
 The prophetis saynge. confermyd by the lawe
 And so from errour thy synfull mynde withdrawe

Were it nat ynoughe for the to vnderstonde
 The holy lawes : passynge in that scyence
 But yet presumptuously to take on honde
 To turne frowardly, the true and rightwyse sence
 Chaungynge our fayth, by thy fals neglygence
 Whiche fayth was sende from god omnypotent
 By the holy gost to our faders auntyent

They seme in handes to bere a fals balance
Whiche falsly techyth the lawe of god almyght
Some poyntis thynke they heuy and worthy penaunce
And other some make they but small and lyght
→ By glose thus turne we the lawe agaynst right
Thus they that our faythis doctryne wolde confounde
Before Antichrist set tentis here on grounde

They set no tentis agayne hym for to fyght
But agaynst his comynge they ordayne great treasure
Other to subdue : for to encreas his myght
Them drawynge to his infaciable errour
Many one assembleth as to a conquerour
Obeynge and berynge his cursed cognysaunce
Assaynge for to put our fayth to harde vttraunce

Whiche trayters also them besely doth hast
With Antichrist theyr mayster and theyr lorde
Theyr cursed lawes to spred abrode and cast
Ouer all the worlde, for to infect concorde
Bryngynge theyr fals goddes with them at one accorde
Suche folys ar nat drawnen by scourge of punysshement
But to Antichrist of theyr owne mynde thassent

To be of his garde they yelde them wyllingly
But some shall obey for meney and treasure
Whome he by lyberall gyftis crafty
Shall so attyce hym lowly to honour
Suche foles shall he bye and brynge to his errour
Se here howe money theyr soules shall defyle
But some shall he wyn by sotylte and gyle

Some by fals myracles and some by punysshement
 Shall this fals Tyraunt to his seruyce procure
 But than by the myght of god omnypotent
 This wycked Nauy longe tyme shall nat endure
 But whyle these Folys shall thynke them selfe most sure
 Theyr shypys shall dryue and shortly at the last
 By myght of god they all shall ryue and brast

Togyther shall they fall vnto the pyt of hell
 And suche be releued as they put vnto payne
 Antichristis Charettes and Cartis shall cesse theyr yell
 And the true lawe and fayth sprynge vp agayne
 But in the mean space, alas we may complayne
 For the shyp of Peter in stormes and tempest
 Is throwen and cast clene destytute of rest

The Mast nowe meuyth the taklynge and the sayle
 O god wythsauē the wayke shyp to socour
 From the fals Herytikes that dayly it assayle
 With great violence and manyfolde rygour
 For with fals Doctryne, conteynynge great errour
 The holy scriptures some labour to expounde
 But the true fayth full pyteously is drowned

Thus fals Antichrist, the fayth of Christ to stent
 Into the wyde worlde his messangers doth sende
 As swyft Currours, onely for that intent
 His Tentis to prepare, his Army to defende
 And to cause the Chrysten to hym to confydence
 By the fals sede of errour that they sawe
 Before his comynge agaynst our fayth and lawe

But thre maner thynges I fynde that be certayne
Whiche ar well worthy for to be notyd here
For they our fayth support, defende and meyntayne
The firste is the wysdome and great grace that apere
From a Bysshops mouth by doctryne playne and clere
But ouer the worlde if that poynt were well sought
For the most part it slepeth and is set at nought

The seconde is of Bokes store and abundaunce
Whorin ar the lawes of Christ our sauour
Whiche rotyth nowe, the cause why in substaunce
Is for they haue no iust interpretour
Of the holy lawes, nor good exposytour
The thyrde is Doctryne, wysdome, and scyence
But that nowe decayeth by slouth and neglygence

And if that a man haue cunnyng parfytely
Labourynge by it to make men leue theyr vyce
The rude commontye shall set no thyng hym by
Therefore we nowe our selfe moste exercyse
In cunnyng to wyn coyne: by blynde Couetyse
Or some other blyndnes and conceytis newe
Whiche neyther sleyth vyce, ne shewyth vs vertue

Of bokis is plenty ynoughe in euery place
And some but pore theyr Shoppes haue stuffyd full
But fewe or none haue pleasour nor solace
The same to stody theyr myndes ar so dull
The ryche stodyeth, all, from the pore to pull
Disdaynynge to set his mynde on gode doctryne
For none saue the pore doth nowe therto inclyne

Suche as ar noble and excellent of fame
 To rede in bokes of wysdome haue great scorne
 The noble and holy lawe this wyse is lame
 And wytty Pallas so by the here is torne
 I mean that wysdome hir greuouse fall doth morne
 For they that to hir doctryne moste aply
 Can get no laude, but malyce and enuy

No mede ne rewarde is gyuen to wysdome
 Thus is the labour of stody lost in vayne
 By suche neglygence, alas the tyme is come
 That fals Prophetis our holy fayth distayne
 They all shall turne if fauour them meynstayne
 And if they that preche for mede and vyle rewarde
 Shall them supportyth : our case shall be full harde

THE NUOY.

O ye that to Antichrist disciples be
 Or fore messangers the chrysten to accloy
 Corruptyng the lawes by your iniquyte
 Alas what may I vnto you nowe enuoy
 Your wycked errour your soules shall destroy
 Wherefore I pray you your herte therfro withdrawe
 Els shall ye haue Hell payne destytute of ioy
 For none ar saued that corrupt goddes lawe.

Of hym that dare nat vtter the trouth for
fere of displeasour or punysshement.



Who euer he be, that for loue, fere or mede
For fauour, thretnyng or suche lyke accydencc
Sayth nat the trouth lyke as it is in dede
But stoppeth his mouth, and kepeth so sylence
To please the people allowyng theyr offence
And sparyng theyr fautes, it playnly doth apere
Suche to Antichrist is frende and messenger

232 *Of hym that dare nat utter the truth*

Many hath a mynde redy prompt and clere
To knowlege, and to preche the very lawe dyuyne
And to say the truth lyke as it doth apere
But oft, suche, by flatery or thretenynge declyne
From the way of truth and verytable lyne
And so holy truth and godly veryte
By fere they leue, disdaynynge it to se

Sothly I may say they vnderstonde nat right
That for loue or fere : dare nat the truth expres
But hydeth it away from mannys syght
Doutynge displeasour of them that haue ryches
Thus is the power of wordly wretchydnes
More in theyr myndes than the commaundement
And chefe preceptis of god omnyotent

Why sholde he fere to preche and to expres
The lawes of god gyuen vnto mankynde
To whome our lorde of his great goodnes
Hath sende chefe gyftis : as reason of his mynde
With wyt and wysdome : the way therof to fynde
To fayne or to lye to hym it is great foly
Whiche hath the reason the truth to fortyfy

But for that flaterynge so many doth ouercome
And rewardes, lettyth the truth for to apere
Therefore the Fole, that sholde say truth is dum
Hackynge his wordes that no man may them here
And if he knowe that any one is nere
Infect and scabbyd, he dare no worde let slyp
But layeth his fynger anone before his lyp

But suche a wyse man as Vyrgyll doth discrybe
Is stedfast, fereles, constant farme and stable
Nat lettynge, nor leuyng for fauour, loue, nor brybe
The trowth to shewe, and blame the reprobable
Ponderynge the furour of them that ar culpable
And blamyng the same, playne and openly
For veryte and trowth nat doutynge for to dye

The wyse man to vtter the trowth is nat aferde
Thugh he sholde be closyd within the bull of bras
Of Phalaris, the tyraunt : or if a naked swerde
Henge ouer his necke his lyfe so to oppres
For he that is wyse perfytely : doutles
Hath so establysshyd his mynde the trowth to say
That daunger of deth can hym no thyng affray

No lorde nor man of hye ne lowe degre
Nor thretynge wordes, ne other punysshement
Can cause suche one in any poynt to lye
He showyth out the lawes of god omnyotent
In wordes playne, nat fals ne fraudelent
Nat ferynge to touche the foly and errour
Of Pope nor prelate, kyng ne emperour

Saynt Johnn the baptyst our lordes messanger
Withdrew he selfe into secrete wyldernes
Nat wyllyng amonge the people to apere
For theyr vayne grutchis and wylfull frowardnes
Yet dyd he euer the very trowth expres
As true messanger, the worlde to despyse
Therefore had he grace our sauour to baptyse

He that doth one with pleasaunt worde correct
And colde pacyence that he may condisceude
To lerne the wayes his vyces to abiect
And take example his lyuyng to amende
Vnto thy wordes though he nat than intende
But the beholde with lokes sharp and harde
Yet tyme shall come whan he shall the rewarde

If he in hym haue any droppe of grace
He shall conuerte, rewardyng thy counsell
Therfor I say who euer is in that case
For worldly ryches, the trouth nat playne to tell
Puttyng bodely profyte before eternall well
Suche shall dye a Fole blynde and ignoraunt
And may to Antichrist be callyd pursuyuaunt.

THENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLY.

O precher thou deth ought rather to endure
Than for loue, fauour, fere or punysshement
The veryte to cloke, or make the trouth obscure
Or to hyde the lawes of god omnyotent
And if that any vnto thy deth assent
For prechyng trouth: receyue it paciently
So hath many sayntis theyr blode and lyues spent
Rather than they wolde hyde veryte, or lye

Of folys that withdrawe and let other
to do good dedes.



He that wyll walke in the ryght way of vertue
And worship trowth iustyce and rightwysnes
And stody all pleasours mundayne to eschewe
Subduynge the flesshe and fende with his falsnes
Oft tymes suche one shall fynde contraryousnes
And byde and endure losse with aduersyte
By enuy of them that lewde and wycked be

He is a naturall Fole: and eke a dawē
 And all his blode corrupt with folysshnes
 Whiche labours to let, hynder and withdrawe
 Good men and iust from dedes of goodnes
 I wyll nat say, but some, there be doutles
 That assay to folowe good maners and vertue
 By stedfast lyfe, all synne for to subdue

But than thou fole: with all thy force and myght
 Withdrawest hym backwarde full malyciously
 Assaynge to hurt his wyll to good and right
 Whiche he purposyd to kepe continually
 Thou hym withdrawest: this is the reason why
 That a Fole hath chefe pleasour and confort
 To haue all other lyke hym of the same sort

A fole is glad his nomber to augment
 And euer is besy them namely to pursue
 To hate and manace with malyce vyolent
 Whiche iustly lyue in goodnes and vertue
 But vyce hym pleasyth, for that doth he insue
 A fole fast stodyeth to hym to drawe echone
 Lyst he of foly myght bere the name alone

He gyueth counsell fals and reprouable
 With all his myght to hym attysynge mo
 Or els them trouiblyth by wordes moch vnstable
 Whiche ar iust men, euer wyllynge good to do
 A prysoner lyenge longe in payne and wo
 Hath consolacion and great confort certayne
 To haue many mo be partnes of his payne

Therefore if any whiche hath that gyft of grace
For to, despyse this worldes wretchydnes
Withdrawyng hym selfe to some solytary place
Anone this Fole lyuyng in viciousnes
Cryeth out, and blamyth suche parfyte holynes
This iust man condemnyng by wrongfull iugement
Bycause his lyuyng is nat after his intent

Suche frowarde folys all goodnes thus defyle
By wordes iniurious, and oft we here and se
That with suche wordes the good men they reuyle
Sayng one to other, lo yonder same is he
Whiche without make thynketh hym wyse to be
Secretnes he loueth, and theder is he gone
Nought can hym pleas, saue that whiche is alone

In christ and his sayntes he lyueth in dispayre
All worldly pleasour despysynge vtterly
He loueth nat to come in open ayre
But lorkyth in cornes by fals Ipocrysy
But we with our felawes lyue alway merely
And though we in erth oft tymes do amys
Yet hope we hereafter to come to heuyns blysse

Who that hym gydeth by reason and wysdome
Folowyng the way of parfyte righwysnes
Intendynge therby vnto hie heuen to come
Shall here suche wordes of foly and lewdnes
Spoken of these folys lyuyng in viciousnes
And no meruayle, for thou shalt neuer se
That synners shall with vertuous men agre

238 *Of folys that let others to do good dedes.*

Alas thus conuersacyon worldly or mundayne
Is moche noysom, and so great preiudyce
That oft of vertue it maketh man barayne
And hym corruptyth with many a greuous vyce
And synners labour with all theyr myght to attyse
Vnto theyr lyuynge, corrupt and detestable
Suche as of lyuynge ar vertuous and laudable

Therefore if vertue, good lyfe and honestye
By thy selfwyllyd, and owne malyciousnes
Can nat haue place ne rowme to be in the
Yet trouble thou nat by thy vngraciousnes
Suche as ar good and lyue in rightwysnes
Fauour the good, and suffer hym procede
That is in the way of vertue and good dede

ALEXANDER BARCLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Amende thy lyfe man : expell thou thy offence
Submyttinge thy selfe vnto the true doctryne
Of godly wysdome ensuyng hir prudence
Wherin is groundyd scripture and lawe dyuyn
But if that thou wylt nat therto inclyne
By thy owne malyce and wylfull frowardnes
Yet hynder them nat, that go after the lyne
Of good instruccion, and vertuous goodnes.

Of the omyssyon or leuyng of
good warkes.



It is nat ynoughe to bere a lampe in hande
But also thou must haue oyle and lyght therin
By whiche saynge : this thyng I vnderstande
That, man nat onely ought for to leue all syn
But also to do good : suche shall heyn wyn
Heuyns yatis shall be opened to them anone
Whiche do good dedys, after vyce fro them is gone

O hertis of men in wylfull error drowned
And through neglygence oppressyd sore in payne
Though your yll lyuyng hath brought you to the grounde
Seke the way of helth: and so ryse vp agayne
But playne I se whiche causeth me complayne
The myndes of all men beryed in derknes
None feryth punysshement of goddis rightwysnes

Alas mannes lyfe graffyd in synne and vyce
Contynuyth in vylenes, we plunge in the see
Our woundyd hertis: disdaynyng to aryse
Out of the slomber of our iniquyte
Alas man it is but small auayle to the
The deuylls lawes, and vyces to eschewe
Without thou withall sue goodnes and vertue

So to do good dedes it is a thyng laudable
As the Church of god to support and meynstayne
In paynge tythes to be true and verytable
And in thy yonge age from vyces to abstayne
Folowyng vertue in dedes true and playne
And nyght and day to set thy mynde and wyll
All other poyntis of the lawe to fulfill

But than in age for to go out of kynde
Thy lyfe defylyng with lewde mysgouernaunce
It lytell auaylyth as I thynke in my mynde
A whyle to lyue well, in suche inconstance
What helpeth it a whyle to haue a short plesance
The stedfast fayth for to folowe by vertue
And nat in the same alway to contynue

At last whan god shall iuge all mankynde
And that the trompes sounde shall them vp call
Vnto his iugement: nat leuyng one behynde
Than shall there be made a count in generall
And eche man shall showe out his dedes all
Bothe great, and small, receyuyng theyr rewarde
Some of great ioy: and some of paynes harde

He that wyll there haue ioy of god almyght
Must haue his Lampe clere and yllumynate
And of gode dedes shewyng abroad the lyght
But whan the Lampe here is voyde or maculate
And in the kyndlyng therof is slowe or late
As wyllinge to do well, whan his lyue dayes ar wore
He often is disceyued, and abusyd right sore

He is vnware, and clene without wysdome
That doth no good dedes longyng to charyte
Tyll the extreme houre of bytter deth do come
So moche hopyng, and trustyng euer is he
In hope of recouerayng from his infyrmyte
That nought he caryth those wordes that Christ shall say
Sharply to synners at Domys dredefull day

But if a wyse man by deth sodaynly fall
Whiche caryth to prepare his ende before he dye
His deth ought to be rewed nowght atall
Syth he here hath lyuyd well and vertuously
And sende his good dedes of pyte and mercy
Before deth to make for his soule purueaunce
O well is hym that hath suche remembraunce

By vertuous dede to prouyde a place before
 With god in the glorious heuen Imperyall
 Where as is lyfe that last shall euer more
 Euerlastyng lyght, and ioy perpetuall
 But that blynde fole shall haue a greuouse fall
 Whiche nat inclyneth to vertue nor wysdome
 Nor any good dede tyll his last ende be come

Suche folys hath nought but foly them within
 Whiche vnto the ferefull day of iugement
 If they sholde lyue, wolde alway lyue in syn
 Nat dredyng infernall payne ne punysshement
 But whan this blynde wretche hath thus his dayes spent
 The grounde hath his Carkas, there his Corps must dwell
 His sory soule beryed in the paynes of hell

Alas we folowe mortall thynges here
 Vnsure incertayne : and all without wysdome
 And as by our folysshe maners doth appere
 We despyse prouyson for the tyme to come
 These worldly chargis doth folys thus ouercome
 Fewe hath theyr myndes on god ne gode, stedfast
 Thus meruayle nat, if god despyse them at the last

THE NUOY OF THE TRASLATOUR.

O christen soules if ye wyll haue the syght
 Of glorious god in his Royalme celestyall
 Whan ye haue syn ouercome by godly myght
 Ye most you indeuer to do good dedes withall

The lampe of thy soule clerely bren than shall
And at heuen gates knocke, and thou shalt come in
For that is rewarde, with ioy eternall
To them that do good : fleyng from wretchyd syn

But those wretchyd folys whose lampes lackyth lyght
By remysse myndes, slouth, or wylfull neglygence
May nat well clayme of our sauour to haue syght
Nor to haue Rowme or place in his presence
Therefore to my wordes, o man gyue aduertence
Do vertuous dedes, and also vyce refrayne
Than without dout for this thy hye prudence
Thou shalt in heuen a glorious place obtayne

Of the rewarde of wysdome.



Two wayes lyeth before eche manns syght
Of the whiche wayes man nedys one must holde
The one lyeth leftwarde, the other lyeth right
At whose ende we oft may se a crowne of golde
But at the leftis, ende, ar erys many folde
In sygne of Foly, and many folys be
Whiche leftwarde go, sekyng captuuyte

O Fols of pardon I you requyre and pray
And vnto you I shall also gyue the same
Take no displeasour with that that I shall say
And though my balade your maners touche or blame.
Nowe shall I wryte what laude what mede and fame
Ar gyuen to wysdome vertue and rightwysnes
And what is rewarde moste mete for viciousnes

Many ar whiche greatly desyreth an hye name
And famous honour, or tytyll of dignyte
Some ar desyrus, to spred abrode theyr fame
To be callyd Doctours, or maysters of degre
Moste clere in wysdome of the vnyuersyte
But these names coueyt they nat for this intent
The christen to infourme, that of wyt ar indigent

Nor in holy doctrine them self to occupy
As in scripture or lawes of Christ our sauour
Or other godly techyng our fayth to fortyfy
But onely they ar drawn and led to this errour
For desyre of fame, vayne lawde, and great honour
Suche walke in the way that is on the left syde
On rockes and clyffis and hyghe mountayns of pryde

They leue the right way of goodnes and vertue
Of iustyce and wysdome, hauynge no thought atall
Howe they myght ignoraunt myndes with them endue
And fede them with that sauour delycious and royall
And other with theyr wordes hye and retorycall
Theyr sentences paynt in fauour for to come
Or therby to purchase a name of hye wysdome

But sothly all worldly wysdome and prudence
 Vsyd here in erth, is before god almyght
 Of none effect, and all worldly scyence
 Is but as foly in that hye lordes syght
 Thus many one beleue that they go right
 And towarde the right hande vnto the way of helth
 By theyr vayne pleasours, lust and worldly welth

They suppose to walke in the way of rightwysnes
 Whiche bryngeth man by gode labour contynual
 Vnto the endles ioy, and seat of blessydnes
 Of the hye kyngdome and place celestyll
 But neuertheles, ignoraunt foly with hir pall
 So blyndeth theyr myndes, that they nat vnderstande
 Mean to kepe duly the path on the right hande

That way is harde, streyght, and full of diffyculte
 Whiche mankynde ledyth to the heuenly regyon
 But that way is brode, easy and playne to se
 Whiche ledeth man to Hellys depe donygon
 Therefore thou must stablysshe thy intencion
 (If thou wylt be partyner of heuenly ioy and chere)
 To despyse vayne pleasour whyle thou art lyuyng here

Thou art vnwyse, if that thou set thy thought
 To wyn heuenly ioy by worldly pleasour
 Or to take that thyng whiche thou neuer bought
 Or aske rewarde where thou dyd no labour
 And surely he whiche lyueth in errour
 Folowyng his foly in vyce without all shame
 Shall haue iust rewardes accordyng to the same

Also the wyse that lyueth rightwysely
Shall nat depart without rewarde and mede
But be rewardeyd right well and worthely
With gyftis of heuen, whiche sothly shall excede
In valour, all the worlde in lenght and brede
This ioy that I of speke, so passynge in valour
Is the holy presence of Christ our sauour

So Plato dyd folysshe company eschewe
And all other folyes procedynge of the same
Walkynge in the way of goodnes and vertue
Wherby he wan, laude and immortall fame
But nowe worldly wysdone hath so corrupt the name
That none it makyth happy vertuous nor wyse
But hym that with hert and mynde doth it despyse

THENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLY

Lerne man, lerne, wysdome to vnderstonde
For trust me though that the way of viciousnes
And dedely synne, lyenge on the left hande
Seme full of pleasour and wanton lustynes
At the ende is dolour wo and wretchydnes
Mysery vexacion and euerlastynge payne
And if sodayne deth in this way the : oppres
To late shall it be for retourne agayne

Auoyde thou therefore this left and frowarde way
For a short pleasour take nat eternall payne
Go on the right hande in as moche as thou may
And whan thou art there retourne thou nat agayne

And though the path be nat moche smothe and playne
But full of sharpe thornes whiche shall the hurte and noy
Yet at the ende, thou shalt come to certayne
A heuenly castell replete with myrth and ioy

Of the despysynge of mysfortune.



He is a fole and greatly reprouable
Whiche seyth and felyth suerly in his mynde
That all his dedes ar moche infortunable
And where euer he go agaynst hym is the wynde
But in his mysfortune yet is he so blynde
That he is improuydent, abydyng wylllyngly
Despysynge (thoughe he myght) for to fynde remedy

The greuous fallys of men from theyr degre
The frayle chaunsys, and aduersyte sodayne
And of vn sure fortune the mutabylyte
Whiche we se dayly, shewyth vnto vs playne
That in all thynges that to men apertayne
Is no constance, trust or confydence
Nor sure degre, or stable permanence

For these vayne thynges the whiche we outwarde se
Syns they ar so caduke in condicion frayle
Can none make perfyte in true felycyte
But that somtyme he may fynde cause to wayle
Nor no man by preuate wysdome or counsaile
Nor strength, or labour can make a warke so fast
But that it shall perysshe and decay at the last

But here I purpose of suche a Fole to wryte
To whom eche fortune is aduers and contrary
And yet hath he chefe pleasour and delyte
With all his mynde and herte for to apply
To thynges of fortune, that contynually
Of cruell chauncis he hath but lytell hede
Trustynge afterwarde moche better for to spede

He is nat ware, but bare without wysdome
That can nat consyder surely in his mynde
That whan one yll is past : as bad may after come
If he hym ieparde to suche lyke storme and wynde
Let suche nat thynke it thyng against kynde
Nor any meruayle if theyr shyp without ore
Mast or sayle, be drownyd rent and tore

If any mysfortune happen on the to fall
At the begynnyng of thyng that thou wolde do
If thou go farther may fortune that thou shall
Haue after that same, other yllys many mo
For wyse men sayth, and oft it fallyth so
As it is wryten and sayd of many one
That one myshap fortuneth neuer alone

An yll fortune growyth alway more and more
The ende oft is greuous : and euer vncertayne
And if thou hast had one mysfortune before
Another lyke sone, may after fall, agayne
Thou mayst se example before the clere and playne
By dyuers changes whiche playnly thou mayst se
By fallys contynuall, full of aduersyte

Thus fortune floweth oft synkyng at the last
And playne shall perysshe if thou the space abyde
Thus happy is he that is of mynde stedfast
Doyng his deuoyr the same ay to prouyde
So muste he do whiche hath desyre to abyde
In suertye and rest : for dayly thou mayst se
Howe ferefull fortune sodaynly crepys on the

Who that dare auenture or ieparde for to rowe
Vpon the se swellyng by wawes great and hye
In a weyke vessell, had nede that wynde sholde blowe
Styll, soft, and cawme, lyst that he, fynally
And also his shyp : stande in great iopardy
Throwyn with the flodes on the se depe and wyde
And drowned at the last : or rent the syde fro syde

And also he whiche hath no craft nor skyl
And dare auenture on the wylde se to rowe
By his rasshe mynde his mad brawne and self wyl
No meruayle is if the wawes hym ouer flowe
And if he than escape and be nat clene ouerthrowe
If he after dare ieoparde hym selfe agayne
To the same peryll : he is a fole certayne

But he is wyse, and so men may hym call
Whiche hath nat alway his trust and confydence
In vnure fortune and chaunsys inequall
And of the same can beware by prudence
That man is haphy, and shall fle the violence
And furour of the see, though it moche roughly moue
And with his shyp enter the heuenly port aboute

THENUOY &c.

Beware of mysfortune, ye men, in that ye may
And in that thyng that comyth vnfortunate
Procede nat : but your mynde drawe ye away
And if by good fortune that ye be eleuate
To some hye rowme conuenient for a state
Whyle ye ar there, ye ought you euen to bere
For myshape prouydyng both erly and late
And than if it come ye nede nat greatly fere

We haue late sene some men promotyd hye
For whose sharpnes all men fered theyr name
But for they toke on them than theyr degre
Myght nat support : they fell down in great shame

But well myght they haue contynued without blame
If they had kept them within theyr boundes well
By right and iustyce : but oft full yll. they frame
That wyll be besy with to hye thynges to mell

Of bacbyters of good men and of them
y^t shal disprayse this warke.



Oft so it hapneth that he that is vnwyse
With his lewde tunge, and mouth full of enuy
Doth wyse men and iust sclaunder and despise
About the Cattis necke suche men a bell doth tye
Thynkyng that theyr dedes may be kept secretly
And to haue no name therof they thynke echone
But yet the dogge cryeth, stryken with the bone

Nowe shall wyse men enioy and haue pleasaunce
With inwarde myrth and also outwarde sport
With mery lokes of chere and of countenaunce
Seynge that we haue gathred so great a sort
Of folys in one boke : To rede to theyr confort
The wyse men shall enioy : and they that loue vertue
That we by craft haue forged this Nauy newe

Our shyp sayleth nat abrode vnto presence
Vnto the rebuke of vertuose men and wyse
For in suche is small faut, synne, or offence
Wherefore no man ought them blame or despyse
We coueyte nat to perysshe theyr fame in any wyse
But pray god in ioy to contynue them a lyue
And that yll lyuers may mende, or neuer thryue

Amende may they well if they lyst to take hede
For here haue we gyuen them holsome medecyne
To rule theyr lyfe, also we haue in dede
Vnto them gyuen, of maners, good doctryne
Who lyst them to rede, and to them to inclyne
If he be wyse : he shall auoyde doutles
The clowdes of synne : and nettis of folysshnes

Suche I commende as ar worthy great honour
But other be whiche sore I hurt and blame
By my wrytynge : for theyr mysbehauour
Syns that of Fols they well deserue the name
Yet may they nat (without theyr owne great shame)
Dispraysse my wrytynge boldly by any way
Nor rasshly yll wordes ayenst the same to say

Yet dout I nat: but surely knowe it well
 That some shall be whiche ayenst my wrytynge
 With harde and frowarde wordes shall rebell
 And it contynue, and hurt in euery thyng
 But if that suche be wyse men and cunningge
 They shall my youth pardone, and vnchraftynes
 Whiche onely translate, to eschewe ydelnes

But if some other be troubled by enuy
 As brybours to barke agaynst my besynes
 They ought to cesse, for my boke certaynly
 I haue compyled, for vertue and goodnes
 And to reuyle foule synne and viciousnes
 At first begynnyng lyke as I toke the charge
 Requyryng pardon if I haue ben to large

To wryte playne trowth was my chefe mynde and wyll
 But if any thynke that I hyt hym to nere
 Let hym nat grutche but kepe hym coy and styll
 And clawe were it itchyth so drawyng hym arere
 For if he be hasty, it playnly shall apere
 That he is fauty, gyly, and culpable
 So shall men repute hym worthy of a bable

But be they angry or be they well apayde
 This thyng oft prouyd is by experyence
 He that is gyly thynketh all that is sayde
 Is spokyn of hym, and touchyng his offence
 I fele well the hyssyng and malyuolence
 Of some enuyours whiche doth my warke disdayne
 But my playne Balade comforyth me agayne

Suche Folyes namely agaynst my boke shall barke
As nought haue in them but synne and viciousnes
Leuyng all besynes vertuous and good warke
And gyuyng them selfe to slouth and ydylnes
Horace the poet doth in his warke expres
That both wyse and vnwyse dyuers warkes wryte
Some to gode : and pleasour, and some but small profyte

But if my warke be nat moche delactable
Nor gayly payntyd with termys of eloquence
I pray that at lest it may be profytable
To bryng men out of theyr synne and olde offence
Into the noble way of good intellygence
I care nat for folysshe bacbyters, let them passe
The swete Cymball is no pleasour to an asse

Melodious myrth to bestis is vncouth
And the swete graffis of wysdome and doctryne
Sauoureth no thyng within a folys mouthe
Whiche to the same disdayneth to inclyne
Cast precious stones or golde amonges swyne
And they had leuer haue dreggis fylth or chaffe
No meruayle : for they : were norysshed vp with draffe

Therefore o reders I you exort and pray
Rede ouer this warke well and intentyfly
Expell hye mynde, put statelynes away
Barke nat therat : loke nat theron awry
With countenance pale expressyng your enuy
If ought be amysse : of that take ye no hede
Tend to the best than shall ye haue the mede

Be pleased withall, and if that ye ought fynde
Nat ordred well, and as it ought to be
Whiche may displeas or discontent your mynde
In wantonnes, or in to and grauyte
Or sharply spoken with to great audacyte
Vnto your correccion all hole I do submyt
If ought be amys it is for lacke of wyt.

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

Ye folys enuyous detractynge eche good dede
Expell your malyce, and, yre, and ougly syn
And to your selfe, and your owne warke take hede
Howe yll infect and foule ye ar within
Correct your selfe : so sholde ye first begyn
And than teche other to vertue to aply
And nat by malyce on them to grutche and gryn
Or behynde theyr backe them sclauder by enuy

Of immoderate vylenes, in maners, vsyd
at the table.



It is thyng lafull : and nat vncommendable
To touche the yll maners, the foule and lothsome wayes
Whiche dyuers folys nowe vsyth at the table
Whiche ar so past all shame, that nowe a dayes
But fewe or none, there honest wordes sayes
Of pleasaunt norture they haue no care nor hede
But bestely intende as swyne theyr wombe to fede

I thought that I had fyllyd suffyciently
 This boke with folys : and men persuyng syn
 And endyd my rebukes : but yet one company
 (Of other folys doth) vnto my nauy ryn
 Cryeng with lowde voyce : captayne abyde, haue in
 I kest an Anker : and restynge at that worde
 Sende forth a bote : them to receyue abrode

But vnderstonde ye what company they be :
 I you ensure that fewe of all the sort
 Ar gyuen greatly to disceyt or sotylte
 In couetyse, or gayne haue fewe of them comfort
 But they echone that to this shyp resorte
 Ar lothsome Folys of norture clene pryuate
 Fedyng at theyr mete : euyne after swynys rate

In shamefull vse : voyde of all shamefastnes
 All theyr hole dedes : ar without reuerence
 But lyke to vnresonable bestis in vylenes
 Bytwene them and swyne as lytell difference
 They spare no coyne, no coste, nor yet expence
 But brede, and mete, dayntyes, bere, ale, and wyne
 They drynke, and deuour, lyke wyse as it were swyne

The first of this sort whome I intende to blame
 Ar suche as intende theyr lothsome wombe to fede
 Or theyr face be wasshyd or handes : and the same
 Do they or they say theyr Aue, or theyr Crede
 As for theyr Pater noster : of it take they no hede
 And for the great gyftis that they of god obtayne
 They render no gracis ne thankes to hym agayne

Theyr lyppis ar foule, dryuelynge on euery syde
Within theyr handes is vyle fylth and ordure
Theyr noses droppynge, in vylenes is theyr pryde
Theyr iyen rawky, and all theyr face vnpure
By suche vylenes disfygure they nature
Theyr chekis dyrty : Theyr tethe by rustynes
Blacke, foule, and rottyn, expressyth theyr vylenes

No honestye, maner, norture nor clenlynes
Is in these wretchys, for they the same disdayne
He is kynge of dronkardes and of dronkenes
Reputyd of them : the whiche is moste vylayne
As gruntynge and drynkynge, rebokyngre vp agayne
And that can excyte his felawes to glotony
Techynge them the bowles and pottis to occupy

Some drynkes : some quaxes the canykyn halfe full
And some all out, chargynge hym in suche wyse
That the wyne semyth for to ryue his skull
That he hath no power from the borde to ryse
Than bokes he all vp after the comon gyse
(So longe he drynkyth) yet other haue no shame
Seynge all the table couered with the same

Than drynke they about, euery fole to other
In order : but he that doth forsake the pot
Shall no more be taken as felawe frende and brother
But cast out of company, callyd fole and sot
The other stryue drynkyngre, echone by lot
It nought auayleth these caytyfs to reuyle
Shewynge howe this vse theyr soulys doth defyle

It weryeth the bodye, by anger and syknes
 Styrynge it to wrath, to fyghtyng and varyaunce
 Nought is wors than contynuall dronkenes
 For dyuers sores, great sekenes and greuaunce
 Procedyth therof by longe contynuaunce
 It lowsyth the body, troubllyng eche ioynt and vayne
 The wyt it wastyth, blyndyng the mynde and brayne

O cursyd maners, o vse abhomynable
 O bestelynes, agaynst nature humayne
 Whether is become the reuerence of the table
 The moderate honour of it is lost agayne
 Where is Curius and abstynence souerayne
 Where is olde Persymony wont to be so gode
 Where is the olde mesure of mannys lyfe and fode

Where is the bryght worship therof nowe become
 Where is the clenlynes, and maners euerychone
 Of the borde or table, vsed amonge some
 Of our fore Faders that nowe ar dede and gone
 But we vse nought but bestelynes alone
 In worde and dede corrupt with vylany
 In stede of good talkyng vse we rybawdry

Gone is the honour and costomes moderate
 Measure is despysyd: ryght so is honestye
 With hye and lowe: both pore man and estate
 Yet at the table another vse we se
 Whiche is vnlauffull, and ought nat vsed be
 That folys at the borde haue oft the hiest stage
 The boy lokes to syt before a man of age

Thus is no order obseruyd at the table
Honestye hath the hiest place no more
But eche man is reputyd honorable
After his ryches, his treasour and his store
The vyle Churle shall syt and drynke before
Thus at the table is gyuen all honour
Nat after vertue, but after vayne treasour

To mannys maners no respect they haue
They take gode and yll almoste indifferently
A gentyl man somtyme is set beneth a knaue
Without honestye, and moche vnreuerently
But whan these bestis hath set them selfe thus hye
In handlynge or tastynge, mete, bere, ale, or wyne
Them selfe behaue they moche bestelyer than swyne

One swalloweth into his throte a soppe or twayne
Another drunkard, goth to, so hastely
That all together he castyth vp agayne
Another with fyngers foule and vnmanerly
Tossyth vp the mete, or lyftyth it a hye
Vnto his foule nose holdynge it to wete
If it may lyke hym: and if the sent be swete

Some drynketh, the lycour on euery syde rennynge
Of his vyle mouth pollute: foule and horryble
Some whan the cuppis ar empty hyely synge
Some voyde mo cuppis than man wolde thynke possyble
And other some, galons: so that theyr ioyntis ar feble
They vomytynge agayne, rorynge vnmanerly
Troublynge the ayre, with barkynge, noyse and cry

Some synge, and reuell as in bacchus sacryfyce
 As rauysshed with furour, whiche Bacchus doth blynde
 Theyr myndes : attysynge them vnto euery vyce
 And loke whome this sort moste vngoodly can fynde
 He shall the borde haue ruled by his mynde
 He brastyth a glasse or cup at euery worde
 So that the drynke ouercouereth all the borde

Some pull from theyr felawes with hande rauysshynge
 And from that mease that nere to them doth syt
 They taste the swetttest and best of euery thyng
 Thus Sardanapalus : whiche onely dyd commyt
 His mynde to vyle lust : without reason or wyt
 Hath nowe many felawes : whome lust, corrupt and vyle
 Fedyth and whome lackynge of mesure doth defyle

Suche ar best pleasyd with thynges Immoderate
 But what man can wryte all vylenes of the table
 And all the folyes vsyd in dyuers rate
 Syns wyse men lyue nat all in way semblable
 Theyr lyuyng and maners ar greatly varyble
 For euery Nacyon at table hathe his gyse
 Some we commende, and other some despise

The grekis Latyns, and the men of Almayne
 In theyr behauour many other thynges vse
 Agaynst the vse of Englonde, Fraunce or spayne
 The Turkes and Paynyns haue also in them mysuse
 And men of ynde these wayes afore, refuse
 Hauynge other maner : yet other them despyce
 Thus euery Nacion lyuyng hath his gyse

Mennys maners ar moche dyuers and varyable
Theyr wyll vnlyke in pleasour and solace
Eche royalme hath fedyngge dyuers at the table
And dyuers is theyr lyfe almost in euery place
Yet ought they all with herte and mynde to embrace
Wyse talkyngge, and maners longyngge to honeste
Auoydyngge foule wordes, and bestyalyte

The swynes lyuyngge we all ought to eschewe
In worde and dede we ought to auoyde excesse
With communycacion, of goodnes, and vertue
Folowyngge the way of honest clenlynesse
And with all our herte, our mynde, and lowe mekenes
Yelde thankes and gracis to god omnyotent
For suche goodes, as he : vnto vs hath sent

We ar nat borne into this worlde here
Alway to ete, as bestis vnresonable
And euery houre : to vse suche bestely chere
Ouercharyngge nature by vse abhominable
But to refresshe vs by wayes mesurable
Our lyfe and body togyder to preserue
And hour of melys, by dyete to obserue

That mete and drynke shall do all men moste gode
That is receyued without superflue exces.
To confort the body, and to norysshe the blode
Our soule is a spyryt as scripture doth expres
Wherefore it may nat rest in place of drynes
So must we our blode norysshe and meyntayne
For in the same our spyryte doth remayne

266 *Of immoderate vylenes vsyd at the table.*

But in euery thyng is ordre and mesure
By to great exces, and superfluyte
The soule and lyfe, may by no mean indure
And in lyke wyse by to great scarsyte
But this we fynde that many one, mo dye
By glotony, excesse, and lyuyng bestyall
Than by hunger, knyfe, or deth naturall

In lordes courtis were wont vsyd to be
Gode maners, worthy, honest and commendable
Wherby all other myght lerne honestye
But nowe ar the maners there no thyng laudable
But corrupt, and foule, but namely at the table
In dronken glotony is theyr chefe, sport and game
And rybaude wordes without all fere and shame

Norture fro them by suche vyce is exyled
Theyr olde name, and fame of honestye
Ar vnder fote, so worshyp is exylyd
Nat onely from the court and men of hye degre
But also from the symple comontee
Both yonge and olde, vsyth suche excesse
At tables, without maners of honest clenlynes.

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

Ye men vnmanerde, to whome intellygence
And wysdome ar gyuen, by the Prynce celestyall
It is to you shame, that no maner difference
Is bytwene your lyfe, and maners, bestyall
And that at the table in chefe and pryncypall
It is an olde saynge that man ought of dutye
Behaue hym on hyll, lyke as he wolde in hall
Vsyng and accostomyng hym to honestye

Of folys disgysd with vysers and other
counterfayte apparayle.



Democritus laughed to scorne and dyd despy se
These folysshe games and worldly vanyte
And suche folys as oft them selfe disgyse
By counterfayt vysers exprssyng what they be
But other wyse Cynicus a man of grauyte
Oft tymie bewayled the bytter and harde chaunce
Seynge in the worlde of folys suche abundaunce

If Democritus sholde nowe agayne be borne
 Or in our tyme, if he lyued : doutles
 He sholde, the men nowe lyuyng laugh to scorne
 For theyr dyuers synnes and wylfull folysshenes
 And Crassus also, for all his great sadnes
 Sholde laugh to scorne, our folysse lyfe and wayes
 Though he neuer laughed but onys in all his dayes

But namely sholde he laughe : if that he myght se
 The wayes of men in this our tyme lyuyng
 Howe they with vysers dayle disgysed be
 Them selfe difformyng almost in euery thyng
 Whan they ar disgysyd to them it is semyng
 That no syn is gret : nor soundyng to theyr shame
 Syus theyr foule vysers therof can cloke the fame

To euery yll : theyr lewde lyfe doth them drawe
 They wander ragyng more madly in theyr vyce
 Than doth suche people as forsake goodes lawe
 Whan to theyr ydols they make theyr sacrifice
 Whose names to tell as for nowe I despyse
 But as for these Folys, arayed in theyr rage
 They kepe almost euyng suche lyke vsage

The one hath a vyser vgly : set on his face
 Another hath on, vyle counterfayte vesture
 Or payntyth his vysage with fume in suche case
 That what he is hym selfe is skantly sure
 Another by pryde his wyt hath so obscure
 To hyre the busshe of one that late is dede
 Therwith to disgyse his folys dotyng hede

Some counterfayte theyr tethe in a strayinge wyse
Some for a mocke hath on gowne of whyte
And other some in straunge londes gyse
Aray them selfe, eche after his delyte
And other some besyde theyr vayne habyte
Defyle theyr faces : so that playne trouth to tell
They ar more fowle, than the blacke Deuyll of hell

Than cary they theyr instrumentis musycall
About : of theyr louers wyllynge to be sene
And theyr wanton hertis for to disceyue withall
But happy is she that can her selfe kepe clene
From these mad folys : for all that euer they meane
Is vnder theyr deuyls clothyng as they go
The deuyllys workes for to commyt also

They disceyue myndes chaste and innocent
With dyuers wayes whiche I wyll nat expres
Lyst that whyle I labour this cursyd gyse to stynt
I myght to them mynyster example of lewdnes
And therefore in this part I shall say les
Than doth my actour : and that in dyuers clauses
Whiche is nat done without suffycient causes

Many one whiche hath nat done amys
All the hole yere : but kept hym from all vyce
Fallyth vnto synne : whan this disgysynge is
For some in baudy wordes them exercyce
To venus warkes yonge wymen to attyce
But all theyr maners : if that I sholde shewe playne
It were to longe : and labour without gayne

These folys that them selfe disgyseth thus
 In theyr lewde gestis doth outwarde represent
 The frowarde festis of the Idoll Saturnus
 And other disceytfull, goddes and fraudelent
 Or els rather : forsoth in myne intent
 That they ar wyckyd spiritis I byleue
 Sende out of hell (to erth) mankynde to greue

With dyuers fassyons they hyde the same vysage
 Whiche god hath made vnto his owne lyknes
 And gyuen to Adam and all his hole lynage
 For to remember his excellent goodnes
 But these lewde wretchys by theyr folysshnes
 Defylyth nature, hauynge a chefe pleasance
 For to disfygure theyr shape and countenaunce

Yet haue they no fere of god : ne drede of shame
 Them selfe to disfygure this wyse agaynst kynde
 But besyde this : some them selfe fayneth lame
 Some counterfayt them as they were fully blynde
 And yonge gentylmen wyll nat abyde behynde
 Some them disgyse euyne as the other do
 And so go forth as folys amonge the mo

Some goeth on four disfourmed as a bere
 Some fayne them croked, and some impotent
 Some with theyr fyngers theyr iyen abrode blere
 And yet that is wors : and worthy punysshement
 These folys disgysed moste set theyr intent
 On hyst dayes, and most solemne also
 In suche disfygured maner for to go

As is christis feste or his Natyuyte
At Ester, and moste speciall at wytsontyde
Whan eche creature sholde best disposyd be
Settynge all worldly vanytees asyde
Than Venus stryfes accompanied with pryde
Ar led by daunsynge, and other them disgysse
These holy festis alas thus they despyse

Whan the bytter passyon of Christ our sauour
Sholde be remembred: these wretchyd folys ryn
To theyr disgysynge, vanyte and errour
To seke occasyon therby of dedely syn
Thus lytell they coueyt the heuenly ioy to wyn
With Crist our sauour alas suche ryse to late
For worldly synne them holdyth in one state

Therefore let these Folys auoyde this mad mysuse
And folowe the right way of vertuous grauyte
Let them these lewde disgysynges clene refuse
For nought is therin: saue worldly vanyte
It is vnlefull, It can none other be
Where god made man eche creature to excell
Than man to make hym selfe a deuyll of hell

I haue harde that a certayne man was slayne
Beynge disgysyd as a Fowle fende horryble
Whiche was anone caryed to hell payne
By suche a fende. whiche is nat impossyble
It was his right it may be so credyble
For that whiche he caryed with hym away
Was his vysage: and his owne leueray

THENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Man be content with thy owne nature
As god hath made the of shape and countenance
Diffourme nat thy body, thy vysage or fygure
Nor yet in vesture : in play, disgyse or daunce
Art thou nat made to goddes owne semblaunce
Than certaynely thou art greatly to blame
By the blynde pryde of thy mys gouernaunce
Presumptuously to counterfayt the same

The descripcion of a wyse man.



A man that is gode: endued with sapience
Repreuyth dedys nat good ne commendable
He chastyseth wordes: wherof myght growe offence
And that to the ere haue sounde abhominable
But vnto the soule his wordes ar profytable
He techyth vertue: hauynge inwarde regarde
To his owne dedys: or he procede forwarde

He auoydeth all yll and worldly vanyte
Sekyng and louyng the harde way of goodnes
And his hole lyfe in that way ordreth he
In euery thyng auoydyng great excesse
The noble virgyll in wrytyng doth expresse
A wyse man describyng his poyntis nere echone
What maner man, in our tyme lyueth none

Of Socrates the hyghe maieste souerayne
In this part had the hyghest degre
And went moste nere the hye name to attayne
For in his maners and lyuyng lyke was he
To suche a man : as we may wryten se
In the crafty Poesye of excellent virgyll
This worthy Socrates was ruler of his wyll

Within his boundys kepyng alway the same
He holly of hymselfe dependyd stedfastly
So constant and parfyt that none coude hym blame
Except it were by malyce and enuy
He was prouydent : gode and eche thyng wolde aply
Vnto the best : nat doynge to any creature
But that : whiche gladly he wolde agayne indure

And euery man that is in suche case
Of this goodnes to kepe the godly way
Within his herte hath many gyftis of grace
Shynyng as bryght as is the sonny day
His owne dedes doth he iuge by rightwyse way
Nat caryng for the grutches of the rude commonte
Takyng euyn lyke welth and aduersyte

By his prouysyon he euer is safe and sure
From outwarde thynges his mynde doth he abstayne
He hath no brybes of any creature
To fauour syn, or yll men to meyntayne
He euer is fre: lyberall: true and playne
With stedfast mynde, he vayne desyre doth hate
Desyrynge no thyng: but that is moderate

He all is foundyd in parfyte stablenes
Nat gyuyng hym selfe to rest in any wyse
Before he can by good prouysion dresse
All thyng that to his lyuyng may suffice
A pryuat profyte, he alway doth despyse
In respect of the wele of a hole comonte
Conioynge thyng honest with his vtlyte

He euery day doth some thyng, great or small
Aparteynyng to goodnes, laude and honestye
O wolde god that suche fortune myght vs fall
That in this our tyme, suche men myght with vs be
And that men endued with wyt and grauyte
Myght teche the same, to magnify doctryne
And that the ignoraunt wolde to theyr lore inclyne

We ought nat sothly to meruayle in this case
That of the folysshe folke a sort innumerable
Multyplyeth thus almoste in euery place
The cause is playne, for certis without fable
Wysdome is banysshed, as thyng nat profytable
Out of the worlde with woundes on euery syde
We graunt no place to hir with vs to byde

Who that wyll labour in this our wretchyd tyme
To lyue in wysdome vertue and goodnes
Is clene dispysyd of them that lyue in cryme
Gyuen to all synne and all vnthryftynes
They call hym folysshe, rude and full of madnes
But he that can fraude crafty: and gylefull wayes
Hath name of nobles, and wysdome nowe adayes

Gode Aristydes for all his rightwysenes
In this our tyme sholde nat be of great pryse
Fabricius and Curius, for all theyr hye goodnes
Sholde be despysyd: and Cato sad and wyse
Sholde nowe be mocked of suche as lyue in vyce
For it is sayde, aud prouyd true and verytable
That folys hath no pleasour but onely in they bable

Of noble Plato: what sholde the sect dyuyn
Do amonge men that nowe adayes ar borne
They sholde for all theyr wysdome and doctryne
Of suche folys be laughed vnto scorne
And if they trouth vttred: be all to rent and torne
For the lawde and glory of this tymè nowe present
Ar gyuen vnto folys: men fals and fraudelent

The company of men that lackyth wyt
Is best exaltyd (as nowe) in euery place
And in the chayr, or hiest rowme shall syt
Promotyng none: but suche as sue theyr trace
They ryches thynke moste speciall gyft of grace
But whan a Fole is thus become a state
He shall with his foly good myndes violate

If the noble royalm of Englonde wolde auauunce
In our dayes : men of vertue and prudence
Eche man rewardeynge after his gouernaunce
As the wyse with honour and rowme of excellence
And the yll with greuouse payne for theyr offence
Than sholde our famous laude of olde obtayned
Nat bene decayed, oppressyd and thus distayned

If men of wysdome were brought out of the scolys
And after theyr vertue set in moste hie degre
My shyp sholde nat haue led so many folys
Both of men temporall, and of the spirituall
Whiche in the wawes of the tempestuous se
Of this wretchyd worlde moche payne and wo abyde
For lacke of wyt, and reason, them to gyde

But none doth iuge hym selfe for his offence
With godly wysdome none doth endue his mynde
None parfytely wyll serche his consyence
Suche fautis expellynge as he therein doth fynde
These worldly pleasours, alas mankynde doth blynde
So sore : that if the worlde hole were sought
Fewe sholde be founde that lyue ryght as they ought

And therefore in wordes both of sadnes and sport
With folysshe Cotis and hodes I haue dysgyd
Of these Folys a great and meruaylous sort
Lyke as my mayster Brant had first deuysyd
But of these Folys though good men be despysyd
And had as Folys, no meruayle is truly
For in a folys syght hie wysdome is foly

* (

But though these folys repute men of wysdome
As wors than they : yet let them lyue and do
As virgyll techyth, wysely, and they shall come
To heuen whan that theyr soule shall hens go
They nought shall knowe of mysery nor wo
And for theyr lyfe ledynge here in rightwysnes
Shall be theyr rewarde the heuenly blyssydnes

Thoughe wysemen here, of folys be opprest
Had in derysion : and kept in lowe degre
For this theyr trouble eternall ioy and rest
In goddes hye presence to them rewarde shall be
Wherfore o man I warne and counsell the
Prepare thy selfe to wysdome and prudence
Do thou hir honour with loue and reuerence

Wysedome shall men auauance vnto honour
So Barclay wyssheth and styll shall tyll he dye
Parfytely pray to god our creatour
That vertuous men and wyse may haue degre
(As they ar worthy) of lawde and dygnyte
But namely to his frende bysshop by name
Before all other desyreth he the same

Whiche was the first ouersear of this warke
And vnto his frende gaue his aduysement
It nat to suffer to slepe styll in the darke
But to be publysshid abrode : and put to prent
To thy monycion my bysshop I assent
Besechynge god that I that day may se
That thy honour may prospere and augment
So that thy name and offyce may agre

Thy name to worshyp and honour doth accorde
As borne a bysshop without a benefyce
Thy luyunge small: thy name is of a lorde
And though thou nowe be stryke with couetyse
That vyce shall slake in the if thou aryse
(As I suppose) and lyberalyte
Shall suche fortune for the by grace deuysed
So that thy name and offyce shall agre

But if that fortune to thy goodnes enuye
As though she wolde: the nat honour to attayne
Yet let hir passe: and hir fraylenes defye
For all hir gyftis ar frayle and vncertayne
If she nat smyle on the but haue disdayne
The to promote to welth and dignyte
To olde acquayntaunce be stedfast true and playne
Than shall thy goodnes and thy name agre

Let pas the worlde for nought in it is stable
The greater Baylyf the sorer is his payne
Some men that late were callyd honorable
Dyd theyr promosyon after sore complayne
No wyse man is desyrous to obtayne
The forked cap without he worthy be
As ar but fewe: but be thou glad and fayne
That thy good name and maners may agre

In this short balade I can nat comprehend
All my full purpose that I wolde to the wryte
But fayne I wolde that thou sholde sone assende
To heuenly worshyp and celestyall delyte

280 *The description of a wyse man.*

Than sholde I after my pore wyt, and respyt,
Display thy name, and great kyndnes to me
But at this tyme no farther I indyte
But pray that thy name and worshyp may agre.

Of folys that dispysse wysdome and Phylo-
sophy and a commendacion of the same.



With dolefull dolour: it sorowyd ought to be
That nowe adayes the wysdome and doctryne
Of wyse men, iust, and full of grauyte
Is nought set by: but fallyth to ruyne
But folys that to wysdome wyll nat inclyne
Spyttyth for despyte on hym the whiche is wyse
And all his dedys doth vtterly despysse

The rude commontye, that wyt and wysedome lacke
 Labouryth with all the power that they may
 Wyse men and gode: to thyrst into a sacke
 For vnder fote of Folys without nay
 Phylosophy lyeth, oppressyd nyght and day
 Folys it repute nought worth ne profytable
 They haue delyte: in men to them semblable

Who euer he be that purposyth in mynde
 The holy Toure of wysdome to attayne
 And coueytyth his rest in it to fynde
 Despysynge worldly welth and ioy mundayne
 He must both hande and tunge fro synne refrayne
 Obseruynge his body in grace by chastyte
 And than of wysedome receyued shall he be

Phylosophy doth mannys mynde compace
 With syghtis and iyen replete with holynes
 To man it gyueth right many gyftis of grace
 As eloquence: and waye of rightwysnes
 It man confortyth oppressyd in sadnes
 By holy doctryne, and it doth socour fynde
 For all yll mouynges, and fantasies of mynde

It techyth man to all vertues to inclyne
 It shewyth the way for to lyue vertuously
 And by suche lore and vertuous doctryne
 It techyth them that truly it aply
 The heuenly way: vnto the sterres a hye
 We sadnes and sorowe may fle by this wysdome
 And greuous chaunces or fallys by it ouercome

The father of heuen our lorde omnypotent
Of his great grace and infynyte goodnes
Hath sende this scyence to people innocent
To shewe them the way of grace and rightwysnes
All hir aparayle agreyth to holynes
Therwith she offreth frely to cloth mankynde
Sawynge hir sede of vertue in theyr mynde

She coueryth hir hede with vale of chastyte
Hir body clothyd with pall of the same sort
The rosys purpyll of fayre humylyte
Spredyth the grounde where as she doth resort
Wherfore let euery wyse man haue confort
Onely in wysedomys presence and seruyce
For where she rayneth subdued is euery vyce

She fedeth man with the dylycious drynke
Of parfyte wysdome : all vyce therby to fle
And vnto hym that euer on hir doth thynke
She grauntyth honour of parfyte lybertye
Whyle she is gyde the herte and mynde are fre
For she expellyth : vyce and mysgouernaunce
Whiche ar rote of mysfortune and mychaunce

She gyueth laudes to all them that hir loue
And by hir doctryne and worthy sapyence
The wyse ascendyth to the hye heuen aboue
And to iust lyuers : and men of innocence
Heuen yates she opyns theyr dedes to recompence
Thus wysdome is chefe gyder of our lyfe
In blyssyd rest : slakyng debate and stryfe

None lyueth so fyers, nor so cruell tyrant
 But that noble wysedome by parfyte pacyence
 Shall hym ouercome : but he that wyt doth want
 For lacke of wysedome oft fallyth to offence
 There is no lorde ne Prynce of excellence
 That can well gyde his scepter and kyngdome
 Without the helpe and counsell of wysedome

Wysdome is moder of fayth : and of iustyce
 And all goodnes doth of it growe and sprynge
 But yet moste people nowe insuyth vyce
 Fulfyllynge theyr folysshe lust in euery thyng
 They foly folowe, but wysedome and cunnyng
 They clene dispysse : hauynge scorne and enuy
 At suche god men as them to it aply

But leue this foly, o wretchyd men alas
 And both yonge and olde fast spede you to obtayne
 The godly gyftis of excellent pallas
 Endeuour your selfe to drynke of hir fountayne
 But o disciples of wysdome : spare no payne
 To help your moder : for if ye be to slacke
 The rude comontye shall thrust hir in a sacke

A LEMENTACION OF BARCLAY FOR THE RUYNE AND
 FALL OF WYSDOME.

O synfull season : sore drownyd in derkenes
 O wyfull foly o thou proude ignoraunce
 Howe longe shall ye mankynde thus wyse oppres
 That none almost in wysdome hath pleasaunce

But men myslyuynge in mad mysgouernaunce
Ar so with statis in fauour loue and grace
That with them wysdome can haue none acquayntaunce
But clene exyled and foly in hir place

Alas the tyme : that wyse men of mekenes
Sholde be despysyd : yet fallen is that chaunce
Nought is set by : saue treasour and ryches
Playne trouth is foly : and pouertye penaunce
Boldnes and bostynge ledyth all the daunce
Venus all techyth for to insue hir trace
Fals flatery the most part doth auaunce
→ But gone is wysdome and foly in hir place

Foule falshode hath confoundyd faythfulnes
The newe disgyses hath left Almayne and Fraunce
And come to Englonde : and eche vnclenlynes
Doth lede vs wretchys, we make no purueaunce
Agaynst our ende whan deth shall with his launce
Consume this lyfe : we may bewayle this case
Our wordes ar folysshe : so is our countenaunce
Thus gone is wysdome, and foly in hir place

Who can rehers eche sort of folysshenes
That vs mysgydeth through our mysordynaunce
Lust is our Lady : and glotony maystres
Sobernes is gone : and stately arrogaunce
Hath mekenes slayne : alas this is greuaunce
Vnto my herte : expellynge all solace
O glorious god direct this perturbaunce
That wysdome may agayne obtayne hir place

A concertacion or stryuyngge bytwene
vertue and voluptuosyte : or carnall lust.



Beholde here man dyrect thy syght to se
For in this balade I shall vnto the shewe
The stryfe of vyce and voluptuosyte
Had in comtempt of goodnes and vertue
But do thou so that vertue may subdue
Foule carnall lust whose pleasour is but vayne
Firste full of myrth: endynge in bytter payne

Whyle Hercules lay slepyng (as I rede)
Two wayes he sawe full of diffyculte
The one of pleasour : at ende gyuyng no mede
The other of vertue anaunsyng eche degre
But of both these two wayes whan that he
Had sought the state : the ende, and the strayghtnes
The way he entred of vertue and goodnes

Therefore o reder that hast wyll to inclyne
To souerayne vertue that is incomperable
Thy mynde aplyenge stedfast to hir doctryne
Ouer rede this balade for it is profytable
And though thou thynke it but a fayned fable
Yet red it gladly : but if thou be to haut
Fle from it fast and fynde in it no faut

We pardon requyre where as we do offende
Grauntyng the same to other vsyng to wryte
None doth so well but some may it amende
But namely if it be done without respyte.
None without leyser : can voyde of faut endyte
And mannys wyt, as dayly doth apere
Somtyme is dull : somtyme parfyte and clere

With wordes playne : I viciousnes confounde
Oppressyng men with fals flatryng semblaunt
And throwyng Venus tentis to the grounde
But vertue I lawde : as goodnes moste plesaunt
Whiche with hir wepen most stronge and tryumphaut
Subduyth vyce : and all suche as hir loue
With hir she ledyth to the hye royalme aboue

Therefore let euery man, mayde, childe, and wyfe
 In theyr yonge age to vertue them inclyne
 Lernynge of hir the way to lede theyr lyfe
 As of maysteres moste holsome in doctryne
 Who hir insuys assayeth no ruynes
 For hir rewarde is sure, and eternall
 In erth here : and in the royalme celestyall

Thus shall he lyue in perpetuyte.
 But let echone auoyde the viciousnes
 To hym promysyd by voluptuosyte
 Hir warkes ar all oppressyd with blyndnes
 And where as she can wanton youth oppres
 She hym so rotyth in slouth and neglygence
 That nede shall cause hym fall to all offence

Lust brakyth the mynde : and as we often se
 It blyndyth the vnderstondynge and the wyt
 From mannys hert it chasis chastyte
 All mortall venym hath the chefe rote in it
 None can be helyd that hath hir byt
 But noble blode she most of all doth blynde
 Whiche more on hir : than vertue haue theyr mynde

Therefore yonge men gyue aduertence and hede
 Here shall ye se : and so shall feble age
 What yll of worldly pleasour doth procede
 And howe she bryngeth some men to great damage
 Than shall ye here what good and auantage
 What welth what rest, what honour and ryches
 Comys to mankynde by vertue and goodnes

The obiection of lust blamyng vertue.



Lo gorgays galantis : lo galantis here am I
Lo here fayre lust : full enmy to vertue
Clothyd in laurer : in sygne of victory
The large worlde I hole to me subdue
My stremynge standardes alayd with sundry hewe
In tryumphe shynyth bryghter than the sonne
I all the worlde to my Empyre haue wonne

All fragaunt floures most pleasaunt : gay and swete
 Whose sundry sortis no luyng man can tell
 Vnto my pleasour ar spred vnder my fete
 That all the ayre enioyeth of the smell
 The vyolet that in odour doth excell
 About in bosom by me alway I bere
 The same oft tyme inlasyd with my here

All my vesture : is of golde pure
 My gay Chaplet, with stonys set
 With couerture : of fyne asure
 In syluer net my here up knet
 Soft sylke bytwene lyst it myght fret
 My purpyll pall, ouercouereth all
 Clere as Christall : no thyng e gall

My wanton face : louers to embrace : my wanton iye
 In suche a case : shewe them solace : that none ar fre
 So louers be subiet to me : in euery plame
 My hye beautye : voyde of bounte : doth them inlace
 To hunt to chace : to daunce : to trace : what one is he
 That beryth face : or hath that grace : on londe or se
 In lyke degre hym selfe to se : my pleasaunt pace
 Is lyght as fle : thus none that be : can me compace

I cast my pleasours : and hony swete
 Ouer all the worlde none can beware
 Nor loke so surely vnto his fete
 But that I tangle hym in my snare
 Whan I with youth can mete
 With reason nat well replete
 In lust I cause hym flete
 Of grace barayne and bare

What man is he that can beware
Whan I my nettis abrode display
Namely to youth I me repare
I blynde theyr hertis sorest' alway
I take no thought ne care
Howe euer the worlde fare
No season fre I spare
Frome pleasour : nyght nor day

With harpe in hande, alway I stande
Passyng eche hour : in swete pleasour
A wanton bande : of euery lande
Ar in my tour, me to honour
Some of voloure, some bare and poure
Kynges in theyr pryde, syt by my syde
Euery fresshe flour, of swete odour
To them I prouyde, that with me byde

Whan the stature, of my fygure
With golde shynyng, is hye standyng
They that inure, in my pleasure
With herte wandryng, moche swetely syng
Garlandes of golde, to me offryng
And me beholde with countenance
Smylyng, laughyng : eche wanton thyng
On myrth musyng, lernyng to daunce

Mo men me honour : for my pleasaunce
Than worshyp the mother of the hye kyng
I shewe them myrth, she harde penaunce
I pleasaunt lust : She chast lyuyng

292 *The obiection of lust blamyng vertue.*

Who euer they be, that folowe me
And gladly fle : to any standarde
They shall be fre : nat sek nor se
Aduersyte : nor paynes harde

No poynt of payne, shall he sustayne
But ioy souerayne, whyle he is here
No frost ne rayne, there shall distayne,
His face by payne, ne hurt his chere

He shall his hede, cast to no drede
To get the mede, and lawde of warre
Nor yet haue nede, for to take hede
Howe batayles spede, but stande a farre

Nor yet be bounde, to care the sounde
Of man : or grounde : or trumpet shyll
Strokes that redounde, shall nat confounde
Nor his mynde wounde : but if he wyll

Who wyll subdue, hym to insue
My pleasours newe : that I demayne
I shall hym shewe : way to eschewe
Where hardnes grewe : and to fle payne

The swetnes of loue he shall assay
But suche as my pleasours hate and dispysse
In hardnes lyue and bytter payne alway
In dolour drowned, and that in greuouse wyse
Endynge theyr lyfe after a wretchyd gyse
By couetyse, abstaynyng theyr pleasour
Chaungynge swetnes for bytter payne and sour

By pleasaunt lust I callyd am ouer all
Princes pereles and glorious goddes
Of me procedyth pleasour: as is egall
To come of a hie and noble Empres
In me is myrth and songes of gladnes
And vnder my dayes and hours fortunate
Age hath first rote to holde vp his estate

The lusty Parys, by whome the ryche troy
Gauē place to grece, as subiect to the same
In my seruyce had pleasour and great ioy
So that by me he spred abrode his fame
Those pleasours folowyng of whan I haue the name
And that remayneth in my auctoryte
And proude Cleopatra: was seruytour to me

There is no londe inclosyd with the se
But that they all haue folowyd my counsell
As Afryke, Numyde the other I let be
I wyll nat tary theyr namys for to tell
But fewe or none ar bytwene heuen and hell
In hethynes nor yet in chrystente
But yonge outhur olde they all obey to me

My deynteous dartis about full brode I cast
Amonge all Nacions vnto the worldes ende
The Phylosophers that were in tymes past
As Epicurians to me dyd condiscende
All theyr hole sect my quarell doth defende
For all theyr sect to this clause dyd assent
That lust and pleasour was gode most excellent

Without corporall labour : my goodes shall profyte
 Of mete and drynke I haue welth and excesse
 I haue my pleasour, my ioy and my delyte
 In deynty dysshes and swete delyciousnes
 I lede nat lyfe in peryll and hardnes
 Vnder heuy helme, in felde from any towne
 Nat on harde strawe : but soft and costely downe

If ioy, and pleasour, dyd me nat ay insue
 And lusty myrthe, with corporall pleasaunce
 So myghty kynges wolde nat them subdue
 Vnto my tentis, whose myght shall me auauunce
 That all the worlde vnder my gouernaunce
 Shall it submyt, and dwellers of the same
 Shall bere about the badges of my name

It is longe past syns that men first dyd thus
 Subdue theyr myndes and bodyes vnto me
 The myghty kyng called Sardanapalus
 Left dedes that longyd vnto his royalte
 Folowyng my pleasour and voluptuosyte
 And romé victorious at last by hie courage
 Yeldyd it selfe mekely to my bondage

Eas welth and rest to me alway is best
 Vnto my seruauntis I gyue the same
 And where as nature aperyth goodlyest
 I am moste besy the herte for to inflame
 With fyry brondes to Venus plesaunt game
 No colde ne hunger to yonge men shall I gyue
 But plesaunt rest : whyle they with me do lyue

My lyfe I lede in ioyfull Idylnes
Nat let nor troubled by any aduersyte
Therefore o youth that art in lustynes
And age also that of bad maners be
Tourne hyther your faces beholdyng my beaute
And you indeuer your erys to inclyne
To my preceptis, folowyng my doctryne

The tyme passyth dayly fro mankynde
Our dayes of lyfe longe whyle can nat indure
Therefore on pleasour establysshe we our mynde
For in my mynde no ertly creature
After this lyfe of pleasour shall be sure
Therefore be we mery the time that we ar here
And passe we our tyme alway in lusty chere

The answer of vertue agenst this obiection
of voluptuosyte.



O Lothsome lust : o mad mysgouernour
Of all mankynde, and rote of euey vyce
With thy barayne balade, and corporall pleasour
Howe darest thou greue me thus in any wyse
Thy wordes ar vayne : thy myght I clene despyse
How dare thy cowarde herte me thus assayle
Syns thou, the bostest : vnmete vnto batayle

Haue done and answer : disceytfull trayteres
Howe darest thou wretchyd men this wyse abuse
Or them disceyue by thy chraft of falsnes
Why doth mankynde on thy vayne pleasours muse
Why doth the worlde goodnes and grace refuse
Rennyng to thy foly, subduynge them in care
As fysshe or byrde to panter, net or snare

Why lawdest thou thy lust and pleasour vayne
Thy wandrynge wayes in syn and bestlynes
Who that the folowys, shall at the ende certayne
Fynde no honour, but payne and great distres
Thy faythfull felawe is bestyall dronkenes
Thy pursuyuaunt is dredfull worldly shame
Fleynge about to spred abroad thy name

Shame them subdueth that them submyt to the
Thy beautye blyndyd is by mysgouernaunce
I say nat nay, but fayre thou art to see
And alway wrappyd in halters of pleasaunce
Thy iyen wanton, with wanton countenaunce
Thy here glystrynge or shynyng as golde bryght
That many thousande destroyed is by thy syght

Thy purpyll garlandes couchyd with precious stone
Pure and resplendaunt is all thy apparayle
Aleyed gayly with perles many a one
Of purpyll colour of Tyre is thy mantayle
With precious stones beset as thycke as hayle
Thy gyrdyls gay, and rynges pleasaunt to se
But what is this : but worldly vanyte

Thou art nat armyd, nor to no warre dost go
But standest naked, and all thy body bare
As chefe champion vnto blynde Cupido
Suche feble men that lacke wyt to beware
Attyssest thou falsly into thy snare
The bowe of Venus, and dartis lye by the
Hedyd with shame, myshap and pouertye

In thy one hande is the myscheuous dart
Of fleshly lust : and pleasour corporall
Wherwith thou sharply strykest to the hart
The olde, the yonge : the pore and pryncipall
'Thy other hande bereth in it venym mortall
Vnto the whiche if man nat well attende
With all yll shall he be poysoned at the ende

Of thy fayre forehede : the beauty and bryghtnes
And all the fassyon, and shape that is in the
Defyled and blyndyd is, by viciousnes
And fleshely lust clene voyde of chastyte
In thy vayne wordes is nought of honestee
Thou canst no skyll of honest sport ne game
But rybaude wordes, soundynge all to shame

Thou art distroyer of all mankynde
But namely to suche : as sue thy trayne
The wyt thou dullyst, troubynge thy mynde
The honest name doste thou distayne
Thou bryngest man to infernall payne
Wastyng his goodes by wayes prodygall
But his last ende, alas is worst of all

By the, in the worlde true loue is maculate
By the, dull slouth doth pyteously oppres
The lusty bodyes of many a great estate
Thou ar destroyer of vertue and nobles
And youth descendyd of byrth of worthynes
Whan they theyr myndes to thy precept inclyne
To nought they vanysshe, so fallynge in ruyne

By the, we greuous sores oft sustayne
Infyrmytees, sore peryls and mortall
By the, the soule is drowned depe in payne
In hell, amonge the fendys infernall
Thou makest man slouthfull and dull withall
To chast hartis art thou mortall ennemy
The wyttis blyndyng, or wastynge vterly

Thou wretchyd lust dost stynt abate and swage
The strength of man, and his audacyte
Thou bryngest lowe the lusty hye corage
Of manly youth in his prosperite
Thou art the mete of all aduersyte
And cursyd fode of payne, wo, and doloure
Both to the pore, and men of great honoure

Of the hath mortall sorys oft theyr rote
And sore sekenes, where to no man mortall
Can fynde no socour, no remedy, nor bote
But for to speke of the, in generall
Recount all yll: and thou art grounde of all
Thou art the well, of eche disordred thyng
Of whose hede, vyle glotony doth sprynge

Thou makest youth suche as thou dost attyse
 To lese the vertue of manhode and boldnes
 Theyr hertis dullynge with ferefull cowardyse
 Thou makest age to grow in viciousnes
 Thou makest many to wander in derknes
 Of vicious lyfe, attysynge by thy gyle
 Nought chaste thou techyst : but thyng vnpure and vyle

lust { Thou hast no reason : ne stedfastnes of mynde
 Of wysdome the purest grayne is fro the gone
 No parfyte wyt shall man within the fynde
 Of reasons sad, thou certaynly hast none
 And thoughe at the first thou shewe vnto echone
 Pleasour : and hope vnto honour to ascende
 Thou them disceyuest falsly at the ende

The hande of many great laude sholde haue obtayned
 By worthy tryumphe, auaunsynge so theyr name
 If thou haddest nat theyr hye purpose distayned
 Them by thy gyle withdrawynge from the same
 So by thy mean obscured is theyr fame
 And by thy venym thou hast intoxycate
 The noble hertis : of many a great estate

Thou hast ouerthowe the wallys of noble Troy
 The Parthyans, and dwellers of Asy
 By thy deuowrynge lust haue lost their ioy
 And many a Cyte by the, on grounde doth lye
 The Cytees of Grece with wallys strong and hye
 Ly nowe on grounde the wallys with gras ouergrowe
 The Attyke royalmes by the ar nowe full lowe

By the was Sodome and other Cytees drowned
And that in number mo than I can name
Hath ben destroyed, and made euyne with the grounde
Corynth (by the) was lost with swerde and flame
And moche parte of Egypt was the same
Tarent also, Assyria and eke Trace
Thou hast destroyed: and that, in wofull case

What nedyth here to name the royalmes all
Or all those Cytees and places excellent
Whiche thou hast made from theyr honour to fall
By punysshement of our lorde omnipotent
Some drowned, and some with fyre of heuen brent
But to be playne we dayly se doutles
That all thy seruautis ende in wretchydnes

But better is my state, my fortune and degre
For all my seruautis that vnto me inclyne
Shall haue rewarde of ioy and blysse with me
Whiche ioy, in heuen abydeth me and myne
Vnto vs grauntyd by the grace dyuine
By pacyent labour I pore men here auauance
To worldly welth, and good in abundaunce

The yatis of heuen to man ar opened wyde
And he receyued in ioy that neuer shall cesse
So that I be his helper and his gyde
To lede hym theder by way of rightwysnes
My way his harde, and full of besynes
But at the ende I haue a restyng place
Wherin is lyfe euerlastyng and solace

Stronge Hercules that myghty champion
 And Julius Cesar an Emperour royall
 And Alexander whose felawe found was none
 Consyderynge well his wyt and dedys all
 These hath renowne that neuer can stynt nor fall
 For that they euer obeyed vnto me
 And many mo by me brought to degre

I haue auansyd to glorious lawde and name
 Poule that was consull of the Impyre romayne
 Whiche dyuers Nacions wan encresynge his fame
 To the sayde romaynes, triumphe and laude souerayne
 And thoughe they suffred peryll and great payne
 Yet hath the loue, and mede of me vertue
 Nat suffred them harde chargis to eschewe

By me the honour of the hie eloquence
 Of Cicero : and : his parfyte polecy
 Ar spred abrode, shynynge : for excellence
 And noble Virgyll the Prynce of Poetry
 The romayne lynage by vers dyd magnify
 He and Homerus : with Poetis euerychone
 Hath won theyr glory and laude by me alone

Arystotyll ensuyng my iust commaundement
 Hath made his name, and laudes immortall
 And also Plato moste noble and excellent
 The Phylosophers all other, great or small
 Hauynge no name, in goodes temporall
 Hath left the worlde, with all his vanyte
 And at the ende great honour had by me

I clere the wyt, the speche I fortyfye .
With sadnes reason, and pleasaunt eloquence
I man conferme, augment and edefye
With honour, laude, and knowlege of science
And to expres my myght in brefe sentence
None may here wyn, but by my socour
Lawde, fame, ne helth, ryches nor honour

In the is pryde : and all thy wanton wyll
Is set on ryot and wretchyd lechery
All vicious wordes doth from thy mouth dystyll
Thy hole delyte in lust and rybawdry
But as for hym that wyll to me aply
I shall by vertue brynge hym to rightwysnes
And than to glory by wysdome and ryches

I shewe my seruauntis true iustyce and pyte
In the hye Heuen sure fixyd is my mynde
My hous is kept ay clene by chastyte
My god is hye : and who that wyll hym fynde
For to be lyght : his lust must leue behynde
And so by labour, and parfyte dilygence
He may attayne that place of excellence

In vertue, is besy, and dilygent labour
For no good comys of slouthfull ydelnes
But swet and payne, at ende shall fynde pleasour
And parfyte rest : is ende of besynes
And he that walkes the way of holynes
And lyues in worshyp, ought to be glad and fayne
This quyete rest by my helpe to obtayne

So whether thou lust to wyn name of honour
 By wyt, or warre : by wysdome or by myght
 Or in a Cyte for to be counsellour
 Or els by lawe to gyue eche man his right
 Let me vertue alway be in thy syght
 Than shalt thou by my mean, the way prouyde
 In euery case howe, thou mayst best the gyde

Who that for loue of vertue speciall
 Endureth labour, swet, payne and besynes
 The endles pleasour of ioy celestyall
 Shall be rewarde to hym for his hardnes
 Vertue alone is of suche worthynes
 That gyde it ought and, gouerne euery thyng
 And gode gyftis, parte, as is to it lykynge

But thou fals lust and pleasour corporall
 All men disceyuest that vnto the inclyne
 Thou first art swete, at last more soure than gall
 Thou many thousandes hast brought vnto ruynes
 And namely suche as of most noble lyne
 Discendyd ar : for gettyng theyr degre
 Defyle theyr byrth : and auneynt name by the

Thou art so fyers : so hasty and cruell
 That no wyld beste : no : nat the mighty bere
 Can haue respyte within his den to dwell
 Thy cruell clawes so fyersly doth him tere
 That on his skyn remaind skant a here
 Thou sholdest his skyn I trowe rent of also
 Ne had the Lyon : him socoured in his wo

Therefore ye men (whyle ye haue tyme and space)
Expell vayne lust and pleasour corporall
Whiche dedely yll is barayne of all grace
And rote or sparcle to kyndell synnes all
Therefore to Christ for grace se that ye call
Wherby ye may all carnall lust subdue
And plant in your myndes goodnes and vertue

So shall your hertis sauour the true doctryne
And blessyd fayth of Christ our sauour
Whiche fayth shall brynge you to the syght dyuyne
Of goddes presence, and celestyall pleasour
But worldly welth, as riches and honour
Shall in this lyfe be part of your rewarde
Where as vayne lust endyth in paynes harde

The vnyuersall shyp and generall Barke
 or barge
 Wherin they rowe : that yet hath had no
 charge.



Within my shyp ar folys innumerable
 My shypys dyuers forgyd here before
 With furious Folys, in foly perdurable
 But nat the les yet here I forge more
 And if perchaunce some one hath had no ore
 Nor place before : condigne for his degre
 In this great Carake nowe shall he rowe with me

Here shall Jacke, charde, my brother Robyn hyll
With Myllers and bakers that weyght and mesure hate
All stelynge taylers : as Soper : and Manshyll
Receyue theyr rowme : bycause they come to late
The foulest place is mete for theyr estate
A rowme for rascoldes hard by the pompe shall be
That stynkyng placis and knaues may agre

Come to Companions : ren : tyme it is to rowe
Our Carake fletis : the se is large and wyde
And depe Inough : a pleasaunt wynde doth blowe
Prolonge no tyme, our Carake doth you byde
Our felawes tary for you on euery syde
Hast hyther I say ye folys naturall
Howe oft shall I you vnto my Nauy call

Ye haue one confort ye shall nat be alone
Your company almoste is infynyte
For nowe alyue ar men but fewe or none
That of my shyp can red hym selfe out quyte
A fole in felawes, hath pleasour and delyte
Here can none want, for our proclamacion
Extendyth farre : and to many a straunge nacyon

But to be playne, and speke as intende
→ All men ar folys that can nat them selfe gyde
Thus all the worlde may I well comprehend
Except a fewe : whome I may set a syde
All hole Asia ; though it be longe and wyde
And farre from vs, and all nat of our lawe
Yet ar they redy our sayles vp to drawe

From the farre Costis and hote of Lybia
 The Mawryans and eke the men of ynde
 And all the dwellers almost of Africa
 The Lumbarde nacion vntrue of dede and mynde
 All these within our shyp wyll placis fynde
 So may the dwellers of Cecyle and almayne
 Of Italy Fraunce, Flaunders, Grece, and Spayne

The Pycardes, Normans and Neapolytayns
 Come in great clusters, our Nauy to augment
 So doth Venycians, Gascowns and Romayns
 And lytell Brytayne is all of lyke assent
 And also the great by ryches excellent
 Whiche nowe is callyd plentyfull in Englonde
 Comyth to our shyp, with Wales, and Scotlande

The out yles all dyspersyd here and there
 In the mayne se : also come in one bonde
 So many comys that certaynly I fere
 Within my shyp they all can nat well stonde
 Hyther comys also the dwellers of Irelande
 Denys and Mawrys, Patryke, and Mackmure
 In mantels preckyd, for lacke of precious furre

In Englonde is no Cyte, nor shyre towne
 Boroughe ne vyllage howe pore so euer it be
 Nor noble Palays of suche a great renowne
 But some maryners sende must they vnto come
 But to be shorte and fle prolixyte
 There is no Nacyon, ne regyon vnder sonne
 But all or some, to this my shyp doth ronne

Both yonge and olde, pore man, and estate
The folysshe moder: hir doughter by hir syde
Ren to our Nauy ferynge to come to late
No maner of degre is in the worlde wyde
But that for all theyr statelynes and pryde
As many as from the way of wysdome tryp
Shall haue a rowme and place within my shyp

My folysshe felawes therfore I you exort
Hast to our Nauy, for tyme it is to rowe
Nowe must we leue eche sympyll hauen and porte
And sayle to that londe where folys abounde and flowe
For whether we aryue, at London or Brystowe
Or any other Hauen within this our londe
We folys ynowe, shall fynde alway at hande

No speciall place wyll I chose for our rode
But at auenture: where the wynde shall vs dryue
But whyle we wretchys, thus sayle and rowe abrode
On this depe se, our foly doth de pryue
Our soule from helth: and lond of men alyue
So that in the wawes of this tempestous se
Oftyme we lyue, in doutfull ieopardye

Our frayle bodyes wandreth in care and payne
And lyke to botes trowbled with tempest sore
From rocke to rocke cast in this se mundayne
Before our iyen beholde we euer more
The deth of them that passed ar before
Alas mysfortune vs causeth oft to rue
Whan to vayne thoughtis our bodyes we subdue

By dyuers chauncis ren we to ieopardy
 And of our lyfe, god wot we ar vnsure
 Oft of our chauncis we seke no remedy
 But wander forth : our reason moche obscure
 Tempest we suffer : sore fallys we indure
 And to our iournay, so symple hede we take
 That in the se, and Rockis our shyppis brake

A farre of Scylla : the rorynge we may here
 Yet by our foly, our myndes ar so cruell
 That to the peryls (alas) we drawe vs nere
 And some so wander without gyde or counsell
 That in the hourlyng pyttis of ferefull hell
 Theyr shyppis brake, and there alway remayne
 Within that gulf, in endles wo and payne

We wander in more dout than mortall man can thynke
 And oft by our foly, and wylfull neglygence
 ↗ Our shyp is in great peryll for to synke
 So sore ar we ouercharged with offence
 We se the daunger before our owne presence
 Of straytis rockis, and bankis of sonde full hye
 ↘ Yet we procede to wylfull ieopardye

We dyuers Monsters within the se beholde
 Redy to abuse or to deuour mankynde
 As Dolphyns, whallys, and wonders manyfolde
 And oft the Marmaydes songe dullyth our mynde
 That to all goodnes we ar made dull and blynde
 The wolues of these oft do vs moche care
 Yet we of them can neuer well beware

We se Polyphemus that foule and great Geant
In his dredefull den, mankynde also to dere
Whome great vlixes both bolde and valyant
Myght for his lokes drede : and quake for fere
A thousande Monstres ar mo, mankynde to tere
And to deuour, and brynge vnto hell pyt
Yet we (alas) our selfe to them submyt

About we wander in tempest and tourment
What place is sure, where Foles may remayne
And fyx they dwellynge sure and parmanent
None certaynly : The cause therof is playne
We wander in the se, for pleasour bydyng payne
And though the hauen of helth be in our syght
Alas we fle from it with all our myght

Alas, therefore dayly we must indure
Great payne and wo : and well we it deserue
For he that of rest (whan he lyst) may be sure
And wyll none haue : he worthy is to sterue
We loue no wysdome : ne tende nat to obserue
Hir lore, and lawes : ne way of ryghtwysnes
But arme our selfe with foly and falsnes

Alas, alas the vyle and vayne goddes
Of folysshnes : and worldly vanyte
Hath made vs drynke : so of hir cup doutles
That all our wyttes and reasons blyndyd be
A wysdome wysdome great pyte it is to se
Howe fewe to thy preceptis nowe inlyne
Thy name decayes : and fallys to ruyne

Alas dere bretherne, alas thou wretchyd man
O frowarde stocke to thy creatour vnkynde
Expell thy foly: aply all that thou can
To folowe wysdome with all thy myght and mynde
What ioy hast thou to wander in the wynde
In vyce and errour, without good wyll to stent
Cesse man: and seke the: place ay permanent

Set foly: errour (and vanyte asyde)
Fle from the wayes: of suche as sue offence
Labour to obtayne a place: ay to abyde
Without ende before goddes hye presence
Lyst that hell monsters by furyous violence
Swalowe vp thy soule to payne from ioy and blys
Whyle in this lyfe thou errest or goest amys

The vnyuersall shyp of crafty men,
or laborers.



A company gathryd togyther in a rout
 Of folysshe men, and blynde by ignoraunce
 Rowe nowe in botis my shyppis all about
 Suche men ar they that get theyr sustenaunce
 With labour of hande, and lewde of gouernaunce
 But suche as labour truly for theyr fode
 I wyll nat blame, but them repute as gode

Haste hyther laborers : our sayles ar a loft
 Our shyp fleys swyftly by myght of ore
 But first of all ye folys that labour soft
 And lese the tyme, makyng your maysters pore
 In this shyp present shall ye be set afore
 And than suche as spende theyr wage in dronkenes
 For dronken workmen come neuer to ryches

But why these Folyes vnto my shyp I call
 For to be short this is the reason why
 For as the state of all men mortall
 And eche other thyng chaungyth contynually
 Without condicion, stable : certaynly
 So is the state of labourers, disceyuable
 And moche vnsure, and also chaungeable

The speciall vyce comon amonge them all
 Is that eche seruaunt fayne wolde a mayster be
 Yet in his craft he knoweth nought atall
 But is a Fole therin : and so shall dye
 And many worke men : as we may dayly se
 Wandreth as folys : in slouth and ydelnes
 Hurtyng their wages by theyr folysshnes

One laboureth fast for lytell or for nought
His felawe to put to los or hurte therby
Yet he hym selfe to pouertye is brought
By his yll wyll, his hatred and enuy
And for that this vyce his herte contynually
Vexyth and troubleth, for nought he offreth forth
That worke or thyng that is great treasour worth

Yet this foule abuse and malyce enuyous
Of laborynge men: oft tyme doth them oppres
With pouertye, to all mankynde odyous
If one sell for lytell another sellys for les
Tyll both be opprest with pouertees hardnes
Echone despyseth his pryuate auantage
To do another displeasour and damage

Some make theyr ware iniust and disceyuable
Sellynge it forth for small and lytell pryce
The trouth appereth playne and verytable
For in gode ware the pryse doth ay aryse
But contrary if thou the trouth aduyse
Where a great thyng for lytell pryce is bought
It sygnifyeth that it is stolen, or nought

All suche as ceueyt the byers to begyle
With flatteryng wordes fals and dysceyuable
Disceyuyng other, disceyue them selfe the whyle
And all other ar greatly reprouable
Whiche make theyr warke nat true and profitable
But counterfayte and pleasaunt to the iye
And nought in profe: men to abuse therby

The pryse of eche ware decayeth euery day
 And yet the ware is skantly worth the pryse
 Amonge all marchauntis, skant and vneth we may
 Fynde one or two that trouth do ercyse
 But all ar blyndyd so by couetyse
 That nought they force of fals disceyfulnes
 So that they, may therby obtayne riches

Thus so great chaungis : and mutablyte
 Styreth the hertis of labourynge men to yre
 That the most part abyde in pouertye
 And to be short, echone of them conspyre
 Agaynst other by malyce, hote as fyre
 In all theyr hertis none, other thyng doth rayne
 Saue enuy malyce, hatered and disdayne

What nede is it in wordes to be large
 Or all the vyce of chrafty men to wryte
 The payne were longe, and great sholde be the charge
 And to the same I haue to small respyte
 For if that any haue pleasour and delyte
 In this our tyme to be constant and wyse
 The comontye shall hym hate and despysse

Therefore I leue them in theyr folysshnes
 Yet praynge god that they may ones amende
 And so increas in trouth and rightwysnes
 That I may haue cause theyr goodnes to commende
 Who iustly lyueth iustly also shall ende
 And who that in his craft is iust and true
 Shall proue in ryches, and prospere in vertue

Of Folyes that ar ouer worldly.



Oft whyle man labours for to ascende
By fortune frayle alway forwarde
And whyle alway he doth intende
For his sore labour to haue rewarde
Than is his fortune so sharpe and harde
To leue his fote, at his moste nede
And let hym slyp in mortall fere and drede

Who that lenyth on braunchys frayle
Or taketh his holde by leuys lyght
Can fynde therby but small auayle
But to the grounde descende downe right
And though the braunches be stronge and wyght
Whan thou begynnest to slyp or slyde
In thy degre harde is to abyde

And thoughe the braunches be hole and sounde
And be to wayke the to sustayne
Yet shalt thou downe come to the grounde
So if a man take care and payne
To lyeue in vertue, and good souerayne
Yet all this shall be nought set by
But if they be gyded craftely

The strongest braunche or boughe shall fayle
Without good wysdome if man ascende
But vnto the top if thou preuayle
Yet ought thou to thy fete intende
Eche thyng is prouyd at the ende
Therefore man ought hym euen to bere
In hyst rowmes is greattest fere

In clymmynge vp man hath great payne
But whan he at the hyst is
Hauynge great hope there to remayne
In welth and pleasour ioy and blys
Yet of the frute small part is his
For by one blast of wynde sodayne
In one instant he fallys agayne

If one be in a rowmé a hye
Men that ar lowe seme to hym small
But to say trouth and veryte
Yet may theyr stature be egall
In lyke wyse though a man royall
Despyse them lyuyng in pouerte
Of one metall yet both they be

This worlde all hole goeth vp and downe
It ebbes and flowes lyke to the se
Wexyng and waynyng lyke the mone
Nowe in welthe and in prosperyte
Eft in aduers and frowarde pouerte
But that man folowes hie wysdome
Whiche takys all thynges lyke as they come

Thoughe some in treasour and welth abounde
Thynkyng them self wyse men alone
Yet whan that they ar brought to grounde
They and the pore: is all but one
And thoughe thou suerly marke the bone
Of begger, and hym, that kyng hath bene
Small difference shalt thou fynde bytwene

After the day cometh the nyght
So after pleasour oft comys payne
He is in prudence, but porely pyght
That can nat both in lyke sustayne
But if I shall be true and playne
No ertly thyng makes more debate
Than a vyle chorle come to a state

Whan suche a vilayne rude of his mynde
A hye is set on a myghty tre
To gentyll blode can he nat be kynde
Yet he forgettis his owne degre
But thoughe the thicke leuys let none se
Howe moche myschefe suche go about
Yet at the last it wyll come out

If dethys ax the tre downe throwe
And if theyr riches as leuys lyght
Away fro them on grounde do flowe
Than all theyr falshode is out in syght
But whyle the tre may stande vp right
The leuys of ryches hangynge about
To lorellys often the lorde moste lowt

The noble fawcons ar oft opprest
The Egle blyndyd, and byrdes small
Ar spoyled and dryuen from theyr nest
Whan the gredy kyte wyll rule all
But if the kyte than after fall
By aduers fortune: or his iniquyte
The fawcons may well haue ioy to se

Thus well is hym that can attende
To take his holde by braunchys stronge
Whan he purposeth vp to ascende
And in the top to byde there longe
Without wysdome it shall be wronge
For who that clymmes by stately pryde
For greuous wyndes can nat abyde

Therefore man who so euer thou be
That hast mynde and concupyscence
To brynge the into hye degre
Or in the seruyce of kyng or prynce
If thou be brought to excellence
Kepe petye styll before thy iyen
Vse iustyce, mekenes, and prudence
Remembrynge euer what thou hast ben

To get loue do thy dyligence
And if thou wylt haue amyte
To auncient blode, do reuerence
Thoughe it be but of lowe degre
Proude the in prosperite
For mysfortune : for it is sene
That fortune hath no certaynte
So thynke thou euer what thou hast bene

Serue god thy maker aboue all thyng
And next that with thy herte and mynde
Be true and loyall vnto thy kyng
And to his subiectis iust and kynde
Let auaryce by no way the blynde
Than myght thou fall or thou wolde wene
So that no faut in the men fynde
Care nat to be as thou hast bene

A brefe addicion of the syngularyte of
some newe Folys.



Here maketh myne Autour a specyall mencion
Of ypocrytis nat parfyte of byleue
And suche as abuseth their relygyon
But I shall nat so sharply them repreue
I am full lothe relygious men to greue
Or discontent : for if I so do wolde
A myghty volume coude nat their vices holde

I leue theyr pryde : I leue theyr couetyse
I woll nat touche theyr malyce nor enuy
Nor them that Venus toyes exercyse
I woll nat blame, nor touche openly
It were but foly, syth is no remedy
But if I sholde vpon me take the payne
A newe labour I sholde begynne agayne

I them nat touche that cunnyng men disdayne
There were none ende in blamyng all the fols
The maners, rude, vngoodly, and vylayne
And assys erys clokyd vnder cowlys
Knowyng no thyng, contemnyng yet the scolys
All these to touche and sondry vyces mo
It were to sore a charge and payne to do

I wyll nat say that they vse any syn
Yet oft, forsoth they folowe nat the way
Of the relygyon that they haue entred in
Thoughe they the name and, habyte nat denay
Yet of theyr lyfe full harde it is to say
But often at ende it proueth euydent
That vnder floures lurketh the serpent

The wolfe or Foxe is hyd within the skyn
Of the symple shepe pore and innocent
Mekenes without : but pryde is hyd within
The wordes fayre : but fals is theyr intent
No sort by falshode, or wayes fraudelent
May soner disceyue good folke by any way
Than the wyckyd sort of ypocrytis may

Hange vp the scapler : the amys cowle and frocke
 Or other habyte of eche relygyon
 Vpon a tre clene dede, or rottyn stocke
 Suche ar those folys that haue professyon
 Leuyng theyr right rule in eche condicion
 They bere the habyte the vesture or the wede
 And eke the name, without the thyng in dede

And if that one lyue well and vertuously
 In way of grace : lyke as he ought to go
 The remanent assayle hym with enuy
 And hym oppres with greuous payne and wo
 Vntyll he folowe lyke as the other do
 And leue his way of godly ryghtwysnes
 Folowyng theyr lyfe full of all viciousnes

The gode ar good and worthy reuerence
 And whan the Shepherde is ware and dilygent
 Rulyng hym selfe by vertue and prudence
 Than grace and goodnes soner shall augment
 Amonge the flocke by example euydent
 But if the Shepeherde by foly hurte his name
 Moste comonly the flocke shall do the same

Whan that the hede hath no diseas nor payne
 Than all the membres greatly the sounder be
 But if the hede be seke or sore certayne
 Than ouer the body goeth that infyrmyte
 But to be playne we dayly here and se
 That the comontye, in theyr behauour
 Ar suche as is theyr lorde and gouernour

Alas what lewde relygion do they take
Or of what sort is theyr professyon
That of their wombes vyle theyr goddes make
As wytles bestis, voyde of discredysson
Thus it appereth that theyr ingressyon
Into relygion is more for welth and eas
Than by harde penaunce, our sauour to pleas

Thoughe men relygious be countyd in the lawe
As dede and gone out of this lyfe actyue
That saynge surely is scantly worth a strawe
For suche dedys oft tymes they contryue
That it appereth playne that they ar alyue
But as for that : a part it shall be layde
At eche season : trouth ought nat to be sayde

A heuenly lyfe is to be monke or frere
Yet is it nat ynoughe to bere the name
Suche must they be in lyfe as they apere
In outwarde habyte : accordyng to the same
Than sholde none haue occasion them to blame
For certaynly no vertuous man there is
That wyll hym blame that hath nat done amys

For he that is of god without all dout
Wyll be full redy and besy nyght and day
The workes of god almyght to go about
The deuylls seruauant kepyth another way
In lust and pleasour walkyng whyle he may
Seruyng his mayster : and yet in euery place
He fayneth vertue outwarde in his face

Of suche a vyle and wretchyd ypocryte
 And of his maners playnly as they be
 At this conclusion brefly shall I wryte
 As it is founde in good auctoryte
 Leuyng my auctour for his prolyxite
 And to playne speche, and eke to lyberall
 For to be drawen in langage maternall

By these poyntis the whiche I shall expres
 Those ypocrytis shall openly apere
 Whiche outwarde fayne vertue and holynes
 In worde and dede : where men may se or here
 But whan that they haue brought them selfe arere
 And out of syght, and others audyence
 They ar moche wors than, other in offence

They outwarde in face present humylyte
 As if they were holy and parfyte of lyuyng
 Yet wolde they nat of men despysyd be
 They fayne them pore : yet wyll they lacke no thyng
 Touchyng theyr habyte, vesture or clothyng
 They wyll the same in costely maner dresse
 Without all care thought, trouble or besynesse

They loke to be fed, well and delycyously
 Without labour, therin is no delyte
 Some men they flater, but other they enuy
 And other some, they cruelly bacbyte
 Some men to malyce, by falshode they excyte
 As dogges they byte some in playne audyence
 For synne : thoughe they commyt the same offence

As Foxis full of falshode and of gyle
By sotelte they all theyr workes gyde
They boldly, other for statelynes reuyle
Yet as proude Lyons, ar they accloyd with pryde
And whyle that they in company abyde
They shewe them outwarde as Lambes innocent
Lyke rauysshyng wolues yet ar they of intent

They wyll be Iuges without auctoryte
And wytnesses without knowlege, or syght
They wyll be Doctours of passynge grauyte
Without processe in stody day, or nyght
And to be short, by Iugement vnright
They oft accuse good men, them to oppres
Theyr selfe yet bare of vertue and goodnes

These ar the tokyns and sygnes euydent
Whiche in ypocrytis men may note and se
Also the religyous sholde be obeydent
And euer perseuer in fayre humylyte
Beynge content with wylfull pouerte
Enclynyng euer with all his dilygence
His chastyte, to kepe by abstynence

But nowe hath entred into relygyon
In stede of mekenes and obeydence
Pryde and disdayne, and fals rebellyon
Yll wyll, enuy, and other lyke offence
Wylfull pouertye, expellyd haue they thence
And all ar gyuen vnto worldly ryches
Whiche they out wast about vnthryftynes

But of theyr chastyte for to be playne
 It for to kepe is great diffyculte
 Where glotony and dronkenes doth rayne
 But where as is abstynence, and scarsyte
 It may be kept, and best contynued be
 The flesshe agaynst the reason doth rebell
 But well is hym that the ardent hete may quell

But these wretchys haue moche gretter hede
 Theyr wombe to fede tyll they be full as swyne
 As for theyr soule they labour nat to fede
 With godly wordes or holsome discyplne
 The greattest part to glotony inclyne
 Whiche is the rote of Venus insolence
 Nowe Iuge ye where is theyr contynence

By flatery fayre I loke to haue no mede
 Theyr lyfe is godly that kepe theyr order true
 And of theyr right professyon taketh hede
 Passynge theyr lyfe in goodnes and vertue
 And that the fendes workes wyll subdue
 And eke the Fende, fader of all iniquyte
 By sobernes subduynge theyr sensualyte

Here purpose I no farther to procede
 Let euery man chose for hym selfe a place
 As he shall in this boke ouerse or rede
 For hym moste mete : man knoweth best his case
 And here shall I by goddes helpe and grace
 Drawe all my Nauy, to hauyns for to rest
 For fere of wynter stormes and tempest

Wysdome hath gyuen me this commaundement
My wyt is wery : my hande and hede also
Wherefore I gladly with all my herte assent
And lepe a borde, amonge the other mo
But in my iournay : if that I haue mysgo
By bytynge wordes or scarsnes of scyence
I yelde me vnto men of more prudence

It is no meruayle (the trouth playnly to say)
Syth I a mayster without experyence
Of worldly thynges, haue erred from the way
By ignoraunce, or slouthfull neglygence
Let none be wroth for blamyng his offence
For if his lyfe fro synne be pure and clere
No maner hurt is sayde agaynst hym here

Within a myrroure, if thou beholde thy chere
Or shap of face : if thy colour be pure
Within the myrroure to the it shall apere
But if that thou be foule of thy fygure
The glas shall shewe the same I the insure
Yet blame thou nat the myrroure for the same
But thy owne shap thou ought rebuke and blame

M. 1775 (The myrroure showys eche man lyke as they be
So doth my boke, for who that is in syn
Shall of his lyfe, the fygure in it se
If he with good aduertence loke therin
But certaynly his reason is but thyn
For his yll lyfe if he my boke despyse
For them I laude that vertue exercyse

Let nat the redar be discontent with this
 Nor any blame agayne me to obiect
 Though that some wordes be in my boke amys
 For though that I my selfe dyd it correct
 Yet with some fautis I knowe it is infect
 Part by my owne ouersyght and neglygence
 And part by the prynters nat perfyte in science

And other some escaped ar and past
 For that the Prynters in theyr besynes
 Do all theyr workes hedelynge, and in hast
 Wherefore if that the redar be wytles
 He shall it scorne anone by frowardnes
 But if the reder wyse, sad and discrete be
 He shall it mende: laynge no faut to me

It is ynoughe if my labour may be sene
 Of lernyd men, and theyr mynde to content
 For nought is pleasaunt before a Foly's iyen
 And to be playne it was nat myne intent
 At my begynnyng to Foly's to assent
 Ne pleas theyr myndes by sparynge of theyr vyce
 But it to shewe: and that in playnest wyse

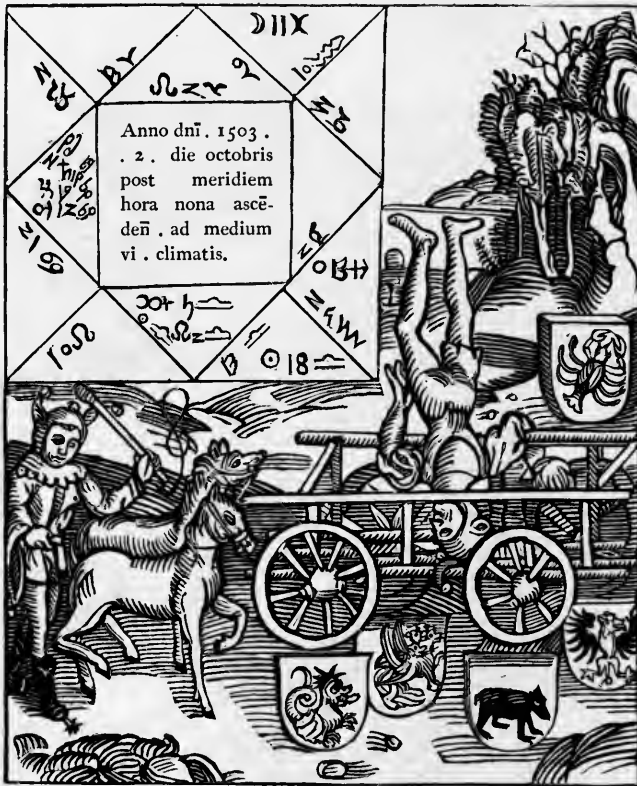
Therefore let Foly's haue theyr wordes vayne
 Whiche nought can do, but without reason chat
 All others dedes, by lewde tunge to distayne
 And if theyr belyes be full, and chekis fat
 Let Clerkes speke, and they haue scorne therat
 They knowe no thinge: yet wolde, they fayne haue prayse
 And theyr owne dedes onely doth them please

With suche Folyes I ende my besynes
Whiche all thyng blame, and vtterly dispyse
Yet all theyr lyfe they passe in ydylnes
Or in theyr bely fedynge in bestely wyse
But this I fynde, that no man can deuys
A thyng so crafty, so good and excellent
Or yet so sure : that may eche man content

What warke is that : that may eche man content
No worldly thyng : forsoth I trowe the same
Thoughe Virgyll were a poet excellent
Afore all other, shynynge in lawde and fame
Yet some there were whiche dyd his warkes blame
Jerome with other Doctours certaynly
Cowde nat theyr warkes defende well from enuy

Holde me excusyd : for why my wyll is gode
Men to induce vnto vertue and goodnes
I wryte no Iest ne tale of Robyn hode
Nor sawe no sparcles ne sede of vyciousnes
Wyse men loue vertue, wylde people wantones
It longeth nat to my scyence nor cunnyng
For Phylp the Sparowe the (Dirige) to synge.

[This curious astrological diagram to the year 1503, is prefixed to ten supplementary leaves of verses (not translated by Barclay) in the Latin edition of the Ship, dated August, 1497. It bears this title:—"De Corrupto ordine uiuendi pereūtibus. Inuentio noua. Sebastiani Brant."]



The verses that follow are chiefly descriptive of the great empires of antiquity, and among them occur twenty lines entitled "Figura celi, m.ccccc.iii.," in which the conjunction of planets, as pictured in the cut, is predicted to be of evil omen to the German nation.]

A conclusyon of this Boke with a Balade
of the translatur in the honoure of
the blessyd Virgyn Mary, moder of god.



O Moder mary flour of all womankynde
 In beauty passynge eche erthly creature
 In whome the Fende no thought of synne coude fynde
 O blessyd moder remaynynge Mayden pure
 O lemynge lampe in lyght passynge nature
 Moste clere Crystall by clene virgynyte
 O holy moder, and virgyne most demure
 Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

O well of mercy : o godly graffe of grace
 Bryght as the mone, and porte of Paradyse
 In whome Chryst Jesu elect his dwellynge place
 Chosen as the son, O rose passynge all pryce
 Plantyd in Ann without consent of vyce
 O noble fruyte spronge of a barayne tre
 Syns to thy son : thou art our medyetryce
 Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

O ceder tre growynge in Lybany
 O rod of Jesse, and spouse of Salomon
 O well of water lastynge eternally
 O gardayne, closyd, o flees of gedeon
 O cyte of god, and sempiternall trone
 Of god elect for thy humylyte
 To the I call : o Lady here my mone
 Direct our lyfe, in this tempestous se

O Mary, myrrour clere and immaculate
 O tour of Dauyd : with Pynacles without pere
 O pleasaunt olyue, with vertue decorate
 Pyller of fayth, whyle thou wast lyuyng here

O heuenly starre, of gardyns fountayne clere
O plesaunt Lyly moste goodly in beautye
Compalyd rounde with the sharpe thorne and brere
Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

Hayle moder of mercy : Hayle myrrour of mekenes
Hayle Quene of blysse : hayle sterre celestyall
Hayle hope of synners, eternall Emperes
Whiche by the fruyt of thy closet virgynall
Mankynde hast wasshyd from synne orygynall
Lowse of our bondes, and make vs synners fre
From paynfull pyt and dongeon infernall
Gydyng our lyfe in this tempestous se

O Quene vs red out, of captyuyte
On the we call, in the our confort is
That by thy prayer to the hye Trinyte
All shall be pardonyd that we haue done amys
Syns thou art in eternall ioy and blys
Our mediatryce : before the deyte
Our hope is sure : that thou wylt neuer mys
Our lyfe to gyde in this tempestous se

O glorious Lady : o Quene most excellent
Howe may I synner thy lawdes comprehend
My synfull mouth is nat suffycyent
Worthy nor able thy goodnes to commende
My wyt ne reason coude nat therto extende
Thoughe euery member of myne were tungen thre
Yet is my trust that thou wylt euer intende
To gyde vs synners in this tempestous se

Syns synners stray here in this se mundayne
 In dyuers synnes, by error and fraylnes
 By thy bryghtnes reduce our way agayne
 Shewe vs thy lyght to clere our thicke derknes
 And to subdue the Prynce of viciousnes
 With all his pompes, his pryde and vanyte
 And come to heuen by way of rightwysnes
 Thou gydyng vs in this tempestous se.

O blessyd Moder, set hye in goddes trone
 In ioy and blysse surmountyng mannes mynde
 Syns by thy fruyte we saued ar echone
 And heuen yatis opened to mankynde
 Graunt that we dayly by the may socour fynde
 Of soule and body in eche aduersyte
 Let thy lyght. Lady. the Fende subdue and blynde
 And gyde vs wretches in this tempestous se

Thou art the Sterre, blasynge with bemys bryght
 Above these worldes wawes so violent
 Our synnes darke enclerynge with thy lyght
 Mannys mediatryce to god omnipotent
 Wherfore to the, o Lady I present
 This symple Boke thoughe it vnworthy be
 But pore and symple and moche ineloquent
 Rudely composyd in this tempestous se

O blessyd virgyn, O resplendaunt lanterne
 Defende my Shyp from the malyciousnes
 Of fals enuy, withsaue it to gouerne
 From stroke of storme : as most holy patrones

My soule and body : to the also Empres
And all my workes I submyt besekynge the
That the foule Fende me neuer may oppres
Whyle I here wander in this tempestous se

And after whan my soule is seperate
From this mortall body, and clot of clay
With thy holy presence, o moder immaculate
From me expell the ougly fende away
O moder of mercy syns thou well may
Thy sonnes presence purchase for me
By thy ayde and socour that I may say
That I haue escapyd this stormy se.

Our Shyp here leuyth the sees brode
By helpe of God almyght and quyetyly
At Anker we lye within the rode
But who that lysteth of them to bye
In Flete strete shall them fynde truly
At the George : in Richarde Pynsonnes place
Prynter vnto the Kynges noble grace.

Deo gratias.



GLOSSARY.

C. refers to Carwood's edition.

- A, II., 50, 13, C., are.
- ABHYME, I., 135, 12, abyss.
- ABRODE, II., 270, 24, widely distended.
- ABUSION, I., 212, 8, abuse.
- ABYDE, I., 284, 2, endured.
- ABYE, II., 37, 4, expiate.
- ACLOYEST, II., 51, 1, overloadeth.
- ACLOYDE, II., 82, 23, overloaded.
- ADAMOND, I., 120, 27, C. adamant.
- ADUYSE, II., 29, 18, see.
- ADVERTENCE, II., 92, 16, attention.
- ADUESYTE, II., 133, 12., C. aduersitie.
- ALAYD, II., 289, 5, mixed.
- ALESTAKE, I., 305, 14, a stake set up before an alehouse as a sign.
- ALL TO, I., 288, 9; II., 139, 15; II., 139, 17; II., 194, 24, entirely, altogether.
- AMYS, II., 324, 1, amice.
- ANN, II., 333, 5, Anna the prophetess. *See* Luke, ii. 36.
- ANY, II., 292, 2, C. my.
- APAYDE, I., 101, 5, satisfied, pleased.
- APAYRED, I., 35, 8, impaired.
- APOSE, I., 288, 18, oppose.
- ARERE, I., 297, 26, backward, behind.
- ASSHE, I., 141, 17, and I., 169, 25, C. aske.
- ASSYTE, II., 81, 1, cite.
- ATONS, I., 104, 13, C. at once.
- ATONYS, I., 160, 21, C. at once.
- AT TURNEY, II., 50, 27, C. attorney.
- ATTYSE, I., 296, 6, entice.
- ATTYSERS, II., 163, 25, enticers.
- ATTYSYNGE, I., 239, 2, enticing.
- AUAUNT, II., 67, 20, boast.
- AUAUTAGE, I., 206, 12, C. auantage.
- AUAYLE, II., 81, 12, advantage.
- AUOUTRY, II., 163, 4, adultery.
- AUTERS, I., 221, 20, C. aulters.
- AUYCEN, I., 262, 6, Avicenna.
- AYENST, II., 255, 28, C. against.
- BABYLL, I., 133, 5, bauble.
- BAGGES, II., 103, 3, badges.
- BAYLYES, I., 64, 1, C. Bayliffes.
- BEAWLYS, I., 144, 23, roaring out.
- BECKE I., 146, 4, bow, salute.
- BEDE MAN, II., 81, 23, one employed in praying for another.
- BENDE, II., 93, 15, C. bande.
- BESEKE, II., 112, 8, beseech.
- BETERS, I., 296, (title), those who walk up and down.
- BETTER, I., 217, 20, C. bitter.
- BEWARE the ende is the leste poynt of his charge, I., 30, 28, C. Not viewing the greatest point of his charge.
- BLABERYNGE, I., 144, 23, talking idly.
- BLASINGE, I., 36, 19, blazoning.
- BLASYNGE I., 240, 10, setting or spreading forth; II., 335, 9, blazing.
- BLYNDNES, I., 216, 22, C. blinde.
- BOCARDO, I., 144, 20, a term in logic.
- BOCSOME, I., 169, 23, obedient.
- BOKEST, II., 177, 18, boke, to vomit.
- BOLDLES, II., 172, 25, C. boldnes.
- BONDE, II., 189, 8, C. bande.
- BOTE, II., 299, 24, help.
- BOTH, II., 15, 28, C. before.
- BOURDES, I., 7, 8, jokes, jests, games.
- BRAST, II., 123, 6, break.

- BRASTYTH, II., 264, 6, bursteth.
 BRAYNE, II., 166, 7, C. gayne.
 BRAWNE, II., 252, 3, (misprint for) brayne.
 BRENNYNGE, II., 83, 13, burning.
 BRONDES, I., 149, 2, torches, II., 294, 26, C. brandes.
 BROUGH, I., 202, 20, C. brought.
 BRYBOURS, I., 64, 1, robbers, beggars.
 BRYNNYNGE, II., 96, 19, burning.
 BURDEWS, I., 128, 15, Bordeaux.
 BUSSHES, I., 37, 23, beards.
 BYD, II., 106, 3, invited.
 BYDE, II., 226, 3, wait.
 BYDETH, II., 212, 5, remaineth.
 BYDYNGE, II., 311, 12, enduring.
 BYTE, I., 302, 5, smart.
- CADUKE, II., 250, 9, frail, crazy.
 CAME, I. 109, 21, C. come.
 CANELL, I., 222, 7, kennel.
 CARAGE, II., 173, 21, measure, quality.
 CARAKE, II., 306, 7, a large ship.
 CARE, II., 292, 13, think about; II., 310, 27, concern.
 CAREFULL, II., 94, 4, sorrowful.
 CARKE, II., 122, 15, care.
 CARTIS, II., 228, 10, chariots.
 CARYTH, II., 50, 4, C. careth.
 CAST, I., 284, 6, intend, contrive.
 CAUSE, I., 202, 11, C. not cause.
 CAUTELL, I., 168, 10, Cautele, I., 284, 4, a cunning trick.
 CAUTELOUS, I., 49, 5, artfully cautious.
 CERSUS, II., 106, 12, C. Croesus.
 CERTAYNE, II., 248, 3, certainly.
 CESYLL, II., 25, 4, C. Sicil.
 CEUYT, II., 315, 15, C. couete.
 CHAFFAR, II., 219, 6, merchandise.
 CHARETTES, II., 228, 10, chariots.
 CHARGE, I., 231, 26, trouble.
 CHERE, II., 292, 8, countenance; 295, 14, entertainment.
 CHRAFTY, I., 185, 2, C. politike.
 CLYST, I., 22, 14, Broadclyst, Devonshire.
- COMMODYTE, I., 127, 3, complaisance.
 COMON, I., 287, 22, C. commen commune.
 COMPACE, II., 290, 22, encompass.
 COMPALYD II., 333, 23, hedged.
 COMPASE, I., 292, 4, circle.
 CONFYDENCE, II., 228, 26, C. geue confidence.
 COPYNTANKE, I., 38, 13, copatain, a conical hat.
 CORNES, I., 170, 1; II., 237, 18, C. corners.
 COSTOMER, I., 43, 24, one who collects customs or duties.
 COTIS, II., 96, 14, cottages.
 COUNTRE, I., 298, 16, encounter.
 COURS, II., 10, 2, C. course.
 COUERTURE, II., 290, 10, covering.
 COY, II., 256, 17, quiet.
 CRAFTELY, I., 204, 17, C. warely.
 CRAFTY, I., 193, 14, C. holsome, skilfully made, I., 199, 1, C. prudent; I., 200, 9, C. prouident; II., 274, 13, skilful.
 CRAKARS, I., 12, 16, braggarts.
 CRAKE, II., 132, 7, brag or boast.
 CRAKYNGE, II., 80, 6, boasting.
 CRAUYS, I., 271, 6, C. creuis, the craw-fish or lobster.
 CUNNYNGE, I., 261, 25, knowledge.
 CURIUS, II., 262, 12, Dentatus Curius, celebrated for his frugality.
- DAMNYD, II., 102, 24, condemned to death.
 DECKE, I., 38, 12, trimmed; applied to "slut."
 DEFYE, II., 52, 4, reject.
 DEMAYNE, II., 292, 18, manage.
 DEPARTE, II., 181, 11, part.
 DERE, I., 227, 19, injure, hurt; injury.
 DERE, I., 270, 11; II., 55, 16, C. degree.
 DESPYTOUS, II., 164, 23, very angry.
 DEMYNGE, I., 154, 27, judging.
 DEUYSE, I., 74, 18, C. iudise; judge.

- DEYNTEOUS, II., 293, 22, full of dainties.
 DIFFAMYD, II., 37, 20, of bad fame.
 DISCEYFULL, I., 245, 18, C. disceyfull.
 DISCEYUABLE, II., 84, 12, deceitful.
 DISSYMULED, II., 221, 4, dissembled.
 DISTAYNE, II., 101, 25, stain.
 DO, II., 82, 4, C. to; II., 108, 7, (misprint for) to.
 DODART, I., 47, 5, an old, infirm, confused person.
 DOMAS, I., 20, 12, C. damas.
 DOME, I., 150, 15, C. dombe.
 DORTOR, I., 294, 21, dormitory.
 DOTYSSE, I., 86, 8, foolish.
 DRANYNGE, II., 186, 23, draining.
 DREDE, II., 292, 9, fear.
 DRENT, I., 90, 5, drowned.
 DRES, II., 24, 17, direct.
 DRESSE, II., 63, 9, apply; II., 275, 10, prepare.
 DRUYDANS, I., 292, 8, "Druidæ de quibus, Julius Cæsar, in comment." (*Marginal note.*)
 DRYUYS, II., 77, 27, C. driuels.
 DYGHT, II., 212, 4, clean.

 EARNEST, II., 115, 1, deposit money given to bind a bargain, or on hiring a servant.
 EDEFYE, II., 120, 6, build.
 EDITYED, I., 6, 9, C. edified.
 EFT, II., 203, 27, again.
 EGALL, II., 293, 3, equal.
 EKE, II., 326, 6, also.
 ENIOYNGE, I., 54, 3, C. seking.
 ENJOYE, I., 151, 4, C. joye.
 ENTENDE, II., 87, 23, attend.
 ENUYE, II., 279, 9, envy.
 ERE, I., 58, 27, C. eare; plough.
 ERCYSE, II., 315, 25, C. exercisc.
 ESTATE, II., 14, 16, a wealthy person.
 EXCHETERS, II., 78, 21, executors.

 FACYATE, II., 199, 8, (misprint for) sacyate.
 FARO, II., 110, 24, C. Pharao.
 FASYNGE, I., 43, 23, C. facing; bragging.
 FATYGATE, II., 119, 17, fatigued.
 FELL, II., 169, 16, (misprint for) sell.
 FEN, II., 35, 22; FENN, I., 157, 11, mud, mire.
 FEREFULL, I., 218, 17, full of fear.
 FERME, I., 159, 23, rent; II., 98, 4, farm.
 FLEE, II., 199, 24, (misprint for) slee.
 FLETE, II., 290, 29, float.
 FOLAWES, II., 36, 16, C. felowes.
 FORCE, I., 278, 21, care, regard.
 FORGE, II., 306, 4, invent.
 FORKED CAPPE, II., 279, 22, the mitre.
 FOR IT REBUKED, II., 180, 26, C. with great rebuke.
 FORS, I., 51, 6, same as Force.
 FOROUR, I., 79, 3, C. furour.
 FORSYTH, II., 100, 14, C. forceth; endeavoureth; II., 163, 22, esteemeth, careth for.
 FORTHYNKE, I., 278, 20, grieve, repent.
 FOUL, I., 52, 8, C. foole.
 FOYSON, I., 11, 3, abundance.
 FRAGAUNT, II., 290, 1, fragrant.
 FRANTYFE, I., 149, 13, C. frantike.
 FRAME, II., 253, 3, to set about a thing.
 FYERS, I., 165, 9, C. fierce.
 FYNDE, I., 304, 18, supply.

 GAFFYS, I., 123, 4, C. graffes; grafts.
 GARDED, I., 36, 19; GARDYD, II., 97, 12, girded or surrounded with a hem.
 GAYLE, I., 27, 18, jail.
 GEASON, II., 10, 12, scarce.
 GESTIS, II., 270, 2, gestures.
 GET, I., 63, 20, C. jet, "wantonly to goe in and out with the legs," to strut or walk proudly.
 GETTERS, I., 146, 28, swaggerers, braggers.

- GETTETH, I., 143, 27, C. cometh.
 GLOSE, I., 58, 28, comment; II.,
 51, 16, interpret.
 GOD, II., 217, 23, good.
 GODE, I., 100, 7, C. goode.
 GOODES, I., 234, 7, C. goodnes.
 GOOSTLY, II., 161, 13, spiritually.
 GORGAYS, II., 289, 1, C. gorgious.
 GRAFFYD, II., 240, 8, grafted.
 GRE AT, II., 34, 8, C. great.
 GREE, I., 155, 11, agree.
 GREUAUNCE, II., 262, 4, injury.
 GRENNYNGE, II., 130, 16, roaring.
 GROTZ, I., 100, 6, C. grotes.
 GROUNDE, II., 292, 14, an old
 musical term for an air on which
 variations and divisions were to
 be made. *Nares*.
 GRUTCHYNGE, I., 145, 10, grumbling,
 grudging.
 GYDERS, II., 15, 21, straps to draw
 together the open parts of armour.
 GYLEFULL, II., 169, 23, C. wilfull.
 GYSE, I., 287, 12, fashion.
 GYUYS, I., 184, 23, C. geuen.

 HACKYNGE, II., 232, 25, stammer-
 ing.
 HANT, I., 195, 11, follow.
 HAP, I., 140, 14, C. chaunce.
 HAPHY, II., 252, 12, C. happy.
 HAUT, II., 224, 6; II., 287, 13,
 proud.
 HE, I., 16, 7, C. ye.
 HEDELYNGE, II., 330, 10., C.
 speedely.
 HELL JUGE THY REWARDE, I., 27, 7,
 C. hell thy just rewarde.
 HERE, I., 177, 12, hair.
 HIS, I., 42, 5, C. my; II., 208, 7,
 C. is.
 HONYNGTON, I., 22, 14, Honiton.
 HORLE, I., 109, 28, C. whirle.
 HOURLYNGE, II., 310, 12, C.
 hurling; rumbling.
 HURTE, I., 141, 24, C. heart.
 HURTLYTH, II., 115, 24, closes or
 clashes together with noise.

 INCOUENYENCE, I., 238, 14, C. in-
 conuenyence.
 INFACIBLE, II., 227, 11, (misprint
 for) insaciabile.
 INFECT, I., 5, 13, infected; I., 126,
 8, contagious.
 INFECTYFE, II., 161, 16, contagious.
 INFEXTYNGE, II., 71, 13, C. infecting.
 INTREATABLE, II., 114, 6, not to be en-
 treated; II., 115, 8, C. intollerable.
 INURE, II., 291, 19, apply them-
 selves to, serve.
 IT, I., 187, 28, C. he.
 IYEN, II., 125, 7, eyes.

 JAPES, II., 153, 6, jests.
 JEOPADOUS, I., 194, 5, C. jeopardous.
 JONATHAS, I., 77, 4., 1 Mach. xii.
 (*marginal note*), general of the
 Jews, brother to Judas Macca-
 beus, treacherously seized and put
 to death by Tryphon.
 JOWELL, I., 120, 22, C. jewell.

 KEPE, I., 226, 12, care.
 KEST, II., 260, 6, C. cast.
 KYNDE, II., 240, 22, nature,
 natural disposition.

 LACHESYS, I., 188, 27, Lachesis.
 LACKYNGE, II., 264, 14, want.
 LAURER, II., 289, 3, laurel.
 LEASING, (or Lesyng), I., 196, 12,
 lie.
 LEFE, I., 103, 6, agreeable; II.,
 118, 22, leave.
 LEFTE, I., 188, 27, (misprint for)
 leste.
 LEMMAN, I., 244, 18, mistress.
 LEMYNGE, II., 332, 5, shining.
 LESE, I., 140, 17, lose.
 LESHES, I., 221, 23, thongs or
 strings by which dogs are led.
 LESYNGE, II., 6, 18, lie.
 LESYNGYS, I., 53, 3, lies.
 LESYTH, II., 115, 22, loseth.
 LET, I., 90, 7, hindered: I., 194,
 20, leave off.

- LETTYD, I., 297, 5, hindered.
 LEUER, I., 48, 1, rather.
 LEUERAY, II., 271, 28, C. liueray.
 LEWDE, I., 52, 5, ignorant, lay, un-
 taught, useless. *Later*, vile, base,
 wicked.
 LEWDNES, I., 127, 5, unlawful-
 ness.
 LODESMAN, II., 200, 14, pilot,
 guide.
 LONGYNGE, II., 60, 5, belonging.
 LORELLYS, II., 320, 14, worthless
 fellows.
 LOTHLY, I., 168, 23, loathsome.
 LOUT, I., 105, 13; LOUTE, I.,
 146, 4, bend, bow.
 LOWDE, I., 130, 28, C. lowe.
 LOWE, I., 68, 11, C. alowe.
 LUSTY, II., 293, 8, pleasant.
 LUSTYNES, II., 295, 3, gaiety.
 LYCYNUS, I., 139, 9. Licinus, the
 extravagant governor of Gaul.
 LYGHTLY, I., 68, 21, quickly; II.,
 171, 17, commonly, easily.
 LYKE, II., 263, 21, please.
 LYST, II., 255, 15, please.
 LYUYNGE, I., 187, 21, C. leauing.
 LUCRES, II., 9, 9, Lucretia.

 MADE, I., 248, 21, C. mad.
 MAKE, II., 237, 12, companion.
 MAWES, II., 89, 1, stomach.
 MARS, PRESTIS OF, I., 292, 12, "De
 quibus Virgilius, II., Georgi-
 corum." (*Marginal note.*)
 MAS, II., 132, 13, C. sacrament,
 19, eucharist; 28, offering; II.,
 133, 3, our Lord.
 MASYD, II., 83, 2, stupified.
 MATERS, I., 216, 20, C. mates.
 MEAN, II., 104, 12, temperate.
 MEANES, I., 199, 22, C. no meanes.
 MEASE, II., 264, 9, mess.
 MEDE, I., 134, 15, reward.
 MEKE, II., 164, 15, make meek.
 MELL, II., 211, 19, mix.
 MEN, II., 45, 18, C. mean.
 MERY, I., 188, 18, fair.

 MESUES, I., 262, 4, Joannes Mesue;
 there were several famous Arabic
 physicians of this name.
 MESURE, I., 188, 18, moderate; II.,
 262, 23, moderation.
 METE, I., 155, 16, fitting.
 MEWE, I., 222, 6, stable.
 MOCHE, I., 112, 26, C. great.
 MONYSYON, II., 189, 23, monition.
 MORYAGE, I., 248, 23, C. mariage.
 MOST, I., 217, 19, C. must.
 MOSTE, I., 6, 8, C. more.
 MOWES, I., 212, 10, mocks, scorn-
 ful grins.
 MUNDAYNES, I., 159, 3, worldly.
 MYGHT, II., 144, 16, C. night.
 MYSCHÉ, I., 253, 27, C. mischiefé.
 MYSE, II., 129, 1, muse.
 MYSHAPE, II., 252, 21, mishap.
 MYSORDYNAUNCE, II., 285, 22, mis-
 order, disorderly proceedings.

 NARRYNGE, I., 182, 11, gnarring,
 gnarling, snarling.
 NAY, II., 282, 4, denial.
 NER, II., 9, 10, never.
 NILICOLYANS, I., 135, 23, Egyptians.
 NONS, I., 154, 27, occasion.
 NORTURE, I., 249, 11, nurture, train.
 NOTHERS, I., 112, 24, C. an others.
 NOY, II., 248, 2, annoy, hurt.
 NOYSON, II., 204, 10, C. noysome.

 OCCUPY, II., 169, 26, use, trade.
 OCCUPYERS, II., 219, 5, tradesmen.
 OF, II., 164, 7, (misprint for) at;
 II., 195, 11, of (misprint for) all.
 OKERERS, II., 166, (title) usurers.
 ONE, I., 199, 23, C. no.
 ON LYUE, II., 199, 7, alive.
 OR, I., 143, 3, C. are.
 OR, II., 60, 13, that.
 ORDAYNE, II., 57, 1, order.
 ORTHLY, I., 231, 11, C. earthly.
 OTHERS, II., 132, 21, C. othes.
 OUER, II., 77, 24, C. ouercome.
 OUERSENE, I., 178, 1, mistaken.
 OUR, I., 182, 2, C. your.

- PALFRAY, II., 217, 23, palfrey.
 PANTER, II., 297, 7, net or snare.
 PAPHY, II., 184, 1, poppy.
 PARAGE, II., 32, 4, parentage, kindred.
 PARCYTE, I., 9, 24, smallness.
 PARTNES, II., 236, 28, C. partners.
 PARTY, II., 97, 12, parti-coloured.
 PARYSSHYNCS, I., 160, 20, C. parishoners.
 PAYNE, II., 316, 10, labour.
 PEAS, II., 3, 8, appease.
 PENS, I., 100, 6, C. pence.
 PERDURABLE, II., 306, 3, everlasting.
 PERTUREAUNCE, II., 285, 27, trouble.
 PERYSSHE, II., 255, 12, injure.
 PHERYSON, I., 144, 20, a term in logic.
 PLAGE, II., 24, 23, C. place.
 PLAGE, II., 136, (title), afflictive judgment or calamity.
 PLAME, II., 290, 17, C. place.
 PLEASAUNCE, II., 92, 26, pleasure.
 PODALIRIUS, I., 262, 4, Podaleirius, skilled in medicine.
 POLLERS, I., 12, 17, robbers.
 POMPE, I., 19, 2, poop.
 POTELES, II., 92, 6, a measure of two quarts.
 POULE, II., 302, 9, Paulus Emilius.
 POWLYNGE, I., 64, 3, robbing, cheating.
 PRACTYSE, I., 158, 25, artifice.
 PRECKYD, II., 308, 21, decorated.
 PRECYAN, I., 144, 12, Priscian.
 PROUE, II., 316, 21, thrive.
 PROUYSION, I., 121, 23, C. provision.
 PROURTYE, I., 304, 15, C. pouertie.
 PRYMME, I., 250, 1, C. paramour.
 PRYUATE, II., 84, 15, deprived.
 PURUEAUNCE, II., 285, 16, provision.
 PYGHT, II., 319, 24, placed.
 PYKERS, I., 15, 21, thieves.
 PYLLYNGE, I., 254, 11, peeling.
 QUAXES, II., 261, 15, C. quates.
 QUAYNT, I., 211, 14, acquaint, inform.
 QUELL, II., 168, 7, kill.
 RAMPYNGE, II., 206, 4, rushing.
 RAWKY, II., 261, 4, rawlike.
 RAY, I., 35, 16, striped cloth; I., 303, 26, dress.
 READ, I., 193, 14, C. rede.
 READE, I., 26, 28, counsel, (C.'s reading,) "Take counsayle of learned and expert men before."
 REBOKYNGE, II., 261, 12, belching.
 RED, II., 307, 18, rid, deprive.
 REDE, I., 151, 1, advice.
 REDDYTH, II., 102, 10, C. riddeth.
 REDUCE, II., 175, 18, bring back.
 REFUSE, II., 164, 16, deny.
 REMYS, II., 186, 23, remiss.
 RENOWE, II., 66, 16, C. renowme.
 REPREFE, I., 32, 21, C. reproofe; reproof.
 REPUGNYNGE, I., 283, 4, repugnant.
 RESPYT, II., 280, 1; RESPYTE, II., 316, 11, respect.
 RETED, I., 44, 12; I., 116, 11, C. rooted.
 REUYLDE, I., 288, 9, revealed; shown.
 REWED, II., 241, 24, regretted.
 ROWME, II., 212, 24, place.
 RODE, II., 309, 15, harbour.
 ROTE, II., 293, 7, root.
 ROUNDYNGE, I., 221, 4, a kind of dance.
 ROUNDYNGES, II., 212, 16, whispers.
 ROUSE, I., 91, 14, hedges.
 ROUT, II., 224, 2, company.
 ROWNE, I., 161, 14, C. rowme.
 ROWME, II., 13, 6, place.
 ROYALLUE, I., 199, 11, C. realme.
 RUTHFULLY, I., 68, 27, C. ruefully.
 RYUE, II., 261, 17, split.
 SAD, I., 109, 16, serious, sober.
 SALUE, II., 87, 18, C. safe.
 SAUOUR, II., 139, 1, (misprint for) faour.
 SCAS, II., 103, 8, C. scarce.
 SCANT, II., 84, 27, scarce.
 SCAPLER, II., 324, 1, scapulary.

- SCARSNESSE, II., 97, 22, sparingness.
 SCONSYENCE, I., 136, 15, C. conscience.
 SCORSYNGES, II., 141, (title) exchanges.
 SCOSYTH, I., 159, 25, C. choseth.
 SECTOURS, I., 117, 7, executors.
 SEKE, II., 111, 8, C. sicke.
 SEMBLAUNT, II., 287, 23, appearance.
 SEMBLABLE, II., 264, 18, like.
 SENE, I., 109, 16, learned.
 SENTENCE, II., 109, 7, meaning.
 SERUAUTES, I., 238, 7, C. seruautes.
 SET BY, I., 198, 24, treated with consideration.
 SHELDE, I., 114, 15, shield.
 SHENT, I., 22, 17, abashed.
 SHRAPE, I., 47, 16; I., 105, 22, C. scrape.
 SHYLL, II., 162, 20, shrill.
 SLAKE, II., 279, 5, subside.
 SLE, I., 198, 9, C. slay.
 SLUT, I., 38, 12, an apron, (Halliwell.) Used by Barclay as synonymous with Copyntanke.
 SMARE, II., 217, 7, C. snare.
 SO, I., 177, 14, C. se.
 SOFT, II., 314, 3, easily.
 SOLYM, I., 135, 19, Jerusalem.
 SOME ar that thynke the pleasoure and ioy of theyr lyfe, I. 54, 1, C. Some there are that haue pleasure al their life.
 SOPPE, II., 263, 15, C. suppe.
 SORTES CURRIT, I., 144, 19, a term in logic.
 SOTE, I., 112, 22, fool.
 SOTHLY, II., 112, 21, truly.
 SPARCLE, I., 194, 1, spark.
 SREYGHT, II., 59, 12, C. straight.
 STAGE, II., 262, 27, position.
 STAKE, I., 299, 18, alestake, *q.v.*
 STATE, II., 8, 24, personage of high rank.
 STENT, I., 31, 12, allotted portion; II., 89, 3, stop.
 STERE, I., 291, 4, C. sterne.
 STERUE, II., 32, 8, perish.
 STRAUNGES, II., 77, 24, C. strangers.
 STRENGER, II., 28, (title), C. stronger.
 STRYKETH, II., 212, 18, stroketh.
 STUYS, I., 178, 21, C. And as the open stues they are set on warke.
 STYNT, II., 65, 2, stopped.
 SUBTYLL, II., 224, 2, fine.
 SUCHE, I., 208, 2, C. so.
 SUETH, I., 183, 6, followeth.
 SULPICE, I., 144, 12, Sulpicius.
 SUPERFLUE, II., 215, 11, superfluous.
 SUPPORTYTH, II., 230, 14, C. support.
 SURMOUNTYNGE, II., 335, 2, surpassing.
 SUSTERS, II., 201, 27, C. sisters.
 SUYNGE, I., 60, 13, C. shewing.
 SWERES, II., 128, (title), C. swearers.
 SYEGE, II., 82, 23, seat.
 SYLLABIS, I., 144, 27, C. syllables.
 SYSE, I., 27, 17, assise.
 TABLES, II., 131, 22, backgammon.
 TACHYD, I., 58, 11, blemished, spotted.
 TANE, II., 87, 1, taken.
 TARY, I., 194, 13, delay.
 TAYS, II., 9, 12, Thais.
 TELL, II., 164, 12, C. hell.
 TEND, II., 257, 28, attend.
 THE, I., 183, 24, C. in.; II., 44, 21, (misprint for) they.
 THEDER, I., 154, 25, thither.
 THEE, I., 75, 4, thigh.
 THEKT, II., 96, 14, thatched.
 THEY, I., 255, 29, C. thy; II., 276, 14, C. theyr.
 THOLOMEUS, I., 20, 22, C. Ptolomeus.
 THOUGHT, II., 121, 16, C. though.
 THYE, II., 94, 16; II., 223, 7, thrive.
 THYNKE, I., 172, 15, C. thinge.

- THRYST, II., 7, 16, C. thrift.
 TOPPRES, II., 221, 25, C. to oppresse.
 TO RENT, I., 302, 16, quite or completely, or all rent—to, an intensive prefix.
 TO TORE, I., 305, 4, similar to To rent.
 TOUR, II., 291, 12, castle.
 TOWLYNGE, I., 64, 1, beating with an oaken stick.
 TRACE, II., 276, 25, track, path.
 TRAYNE, I., 227, 13, knot; I., 245, 15, deceit; II., 116, 19, stratagem.
 TROUGH, I., 245, 4, through.
 TRYPHON, I., 77, 5, Tyrian general.
See Jonathas.
 TUYCION, I., 25, 24, C. tuition.
 TYDE, I., 304, 17; II., 113, 6, time, season.

 UNCHRAFTY, I., 272, 16, C. unwittie.

 VANT, II., 185, 24, a winter trap for birds.
 VARYABLE, II., 114, 7, 18, different.
 VAYLE, II., 24, 14, C. vayne.
 VEN, I., 120, 4, C. ben.
 VENGEABLE, II., 52, 7, revengeful, cruel.
 VERMAYLL, I., 196, 17, red.
 VNETH, II., 315, 24, uneath, un-easily.
 VNMERCIABLE, II., 52, 5, merciless.
 VNTRETABLE, I., 165, 8, not to be entreated.
 VNWARE, I., 177, 19, unaware.
 VOLAGE, I., 126, 11, changeful, light, giddy.
 VOLOURE, II., 291, 13, C. valour.
 VOYDE, II., 86, 4, make empty.
 VYLAYNE, II., 323, 10, wicked.

 WARE, I., 246, 15, sensible; II., 250, 22, aware.
 WAREN, I., 134, 25, cunning.
 WARY, I., 305, 12, abuse, curse.
 WAWES, I., 206, 26, waves.
 WAY, I., 155, 15, away.
 WAY, I., 295, 15, C. away.
 WAYTE, I., 290, 12, know.
 WENE, II., 86, 2, think.
 WENYD, I., 138, 27, C. wened; thought, supposed.
 WERAY, I., 70, 27, same as Wary.
 WERE, II., 162, 6, (misprint for) Nere.
 WETE, I., 150, 4, know.
 WHAN, II., 293, 12, C. whom.
 WODE, I., 116, 10, C. wood; mad, furious.
 WOMBE, I., 12, 27, belly.
 WORDLY, II., 232, 12, C. worldly.
 WORLDELY, I., 287, 28, (misprint for) wordly; C. world.
 WORTHELY, I., 247, 7, wrathfully.
 WYGHTE, II., 318, 5, strong.
 WYNTER, I., 42, 7, C. wynters.
 WYTCHE, I., 195, 15, C. wretches.
 WYNNYNGE, II., 83, 22, gain.

 YATE, II., 203, 22, gate; Scottish, yat, yett.
 YCHE, I., 43, 25, I.
 YE, I., 138, 1, yea.
 YETYTH, II., 211, 27, C. putteth.
 YLL, I., 112, 14, C. euill.
 YMPORTABLE, I., 139, 23, intolerable.
 YORDAN, I., 297, 26, chamber pot.
 YOUR, I., 184, 3, C. our.
 YOWLYNGE, I., 297, 24, C. howling.
 YPOCRAS, I., 262, 7, Hippocrates.
 YRESSHE GAME, I., 21, 20, a game similar to backgammon.
 YROUS, I., 184, 23, irate.

CHAPTER I. of the ORIGINAL EDITION, and of the
LATIN and FRENCH VERSIONS of the
SHIP of FOOLS.

1.—Chapter I. of the original text of the Ship of Fools,
as given in Zarncke's edition.

VON VNNUTZEN BUCHERN.

Den vordantz hat man mir gelan
Dann jch on nutz vil bücher han
Die jch nit lyfz, vnd nyt verstan

Das jch sytz vornan jn dem schyff
Das hat worlich eyn sundren gryff
On vrsach ist das nit gethan
Vff myn libry ich mych verlan
Von büchern hab ich grossen hort
Verstand doch drynn gar wenig wort
Vnd halt sie dennacht jn den eren
Das ich jnn wil der fliegen weren
Wo man von künsten reden dut
Sprich ich, do heym hab jchs fast gut
Do mit losz ich benügen mich
Das ich vil bücher vor mir sych,
Der künig Ptolomeus bstelt
Das er all bücher het der welt
Vnd hyelt das für eyn grossen schatz
Doch hat er nit das recht gesatz
Noch kund dar vsz berichten sich
Ich hab vil bücher ouch des glich
Vnd lys doch gantz wenig dar jnn
Worvmb wolt ich brechen myn synn
Vnd mit der ler mich bkümbren fast

Wer vil studiert, würt ein fantast
 Ich mag doch sunst wol sin eyn here
 Vnd lonen eym der für mich ler
 Ob ich schon hab eyn groben synn
 Doch so ich by gelerten bin
 So kan ich jta sprechen jo
 Des tütschen orden bin ich fro
 Dann jch gar wenig kan latin
 Ich weysz das vinü heysset win
 Gucklus ein gouch, stultus eyn dor
 Vnd das ich heysz domne doctor
 Die oren sint verborgen mir
 Man säh sunst bald eins mullers thier

2.—Chapter I. of Locher's Latin version :—

DE INUTILIBUS LIBRIS.

Inter precipuos pars est mihi reddita stultos
 Prima : rego docili vastaque vela manu.
 En ego possideo multos, quos raro libellos
 Perlego : tum lectos negligo : nec sapio.

Primus in excelsa teneo quod naue rudentes
 Stultiuagosque sequor comites per flumina vasta :
 Non ratione vacat certa : sensuque latenti :
 Congestis etenim stultus confido libellis
 Spem quoque nec paruam collecta volumina praebent :
 Calleo nec verbum : nec libri sentio mentem.
 Attamen in magno per me seruantur honore :
 Pulueris et cariem, plumatis tergo flabellis.
 Ast vbi doctrine certamen voluitur : inquam
 Aedibus in nostris librorum culta supellex
 Eminent : et chartis viuo contentus opertis :
 Quas video ignorans : et vano lumine solor.
 Constituit quondam diues Ptolomeus : haberet
 Vt libros toto quesitos vndique mundo :
 Quos grandes rerum thesauros esse putabat :
 Non tamen archanelegis documenta tenebat :

Quis sine non poterat vite disponere cursum.
En pariter teneo numerosa volumina, tardus
Pauca lego : viridi contentus tegmine libri.
Cur vellem studio sensus turbare frequenti ?
Aut tam sollicitis animum confundere rebus ?
Qui studet, assiduo motu, fit stultus et amens.
Seu studeam : seu non : dominus tamen esse vocabor
Et possum studio socium disponere nostro :
Qui pro me sapiat : doctasque examinet artes.
At si cum doctis versor : concedere malo :
Omnia : ne cogar fors verba latina profari.
Theutonicos inter balbos sum maximus auctor :
Cum quibus incassum sparguntur verba latina :
O vos doctores : qui grandia nomina fertis :
Respicite antiquos patres : iurisque peritos :
Non in candidulis pensebant dogmata libris :
Arte sed ingenua sitibundum pectus alebant.
Auriculis asini tegitur sed magna caterua.

3.—Chapter I. of the French version of Pierre Riviere,
1497.

DES LIURES INUTILZ.

Le premier fol de la nef suis
Les voiles regis de man main
A liures auoir me deduys
Lesquelz ie ne voy soir ne main
De ceulx que iay leuz faiz dedain
Ou ne les entenz. somme toute
Tel cuyde bien scauoir qui doubtte.

Le premier suis en la nauire
Les cordes ie tourne ie vire
Ie suis des compaignons vagans
Ie suis des grans folz nauigans
Sur la mer du monde parfonde
En sens et raison mal me fonde
Et suis bien fol de me fier
Et mon cueur et corps dedier

En la multitude des liures
 Combien que aux esperitz deliures
 Ne donne pas petit espoir
 Iapete tous les iours de veoir
 Liures : lesquelz ne puis aprendre
 Ne la substance deulx comprendre
 Toutesfois bien les contregarde
 Et en tout honneur ie les garde
 De pouldre et dimmundicite
 Car par grant curiosite
 Souuent mes poulpitres baloye
 La ou de doctrine tournoye
 Tous les iours disputacion
 Ma maison et ma mansion
 Est de liures resplendissante
 Desquelz veoir ouuers me contente
 Me confortant veoir seulement
 Mes grans volumes vainement
 Sans en comprendre mot en somme.

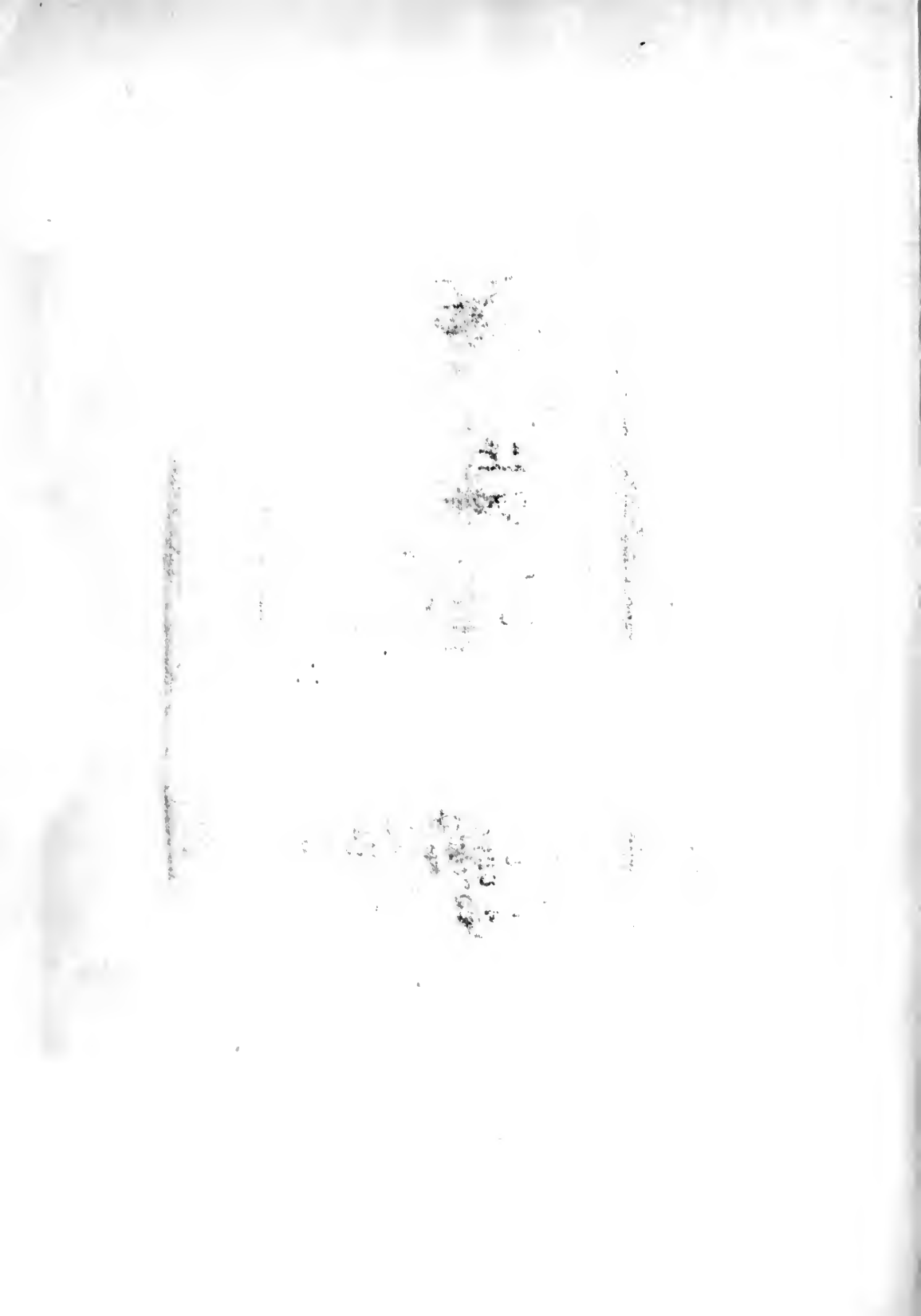
Ptolomeus qui fut riche homme
 Constitua quon luy serchast
 Par le monde et quon luy trouuast
 Lesquelz quant ilz furent tous quis
 Pour grant tresor les maintenoit
 Et toutesfois il ne tenoit
 Lenseignement ne la doctrine
 De la sapience diuine
 Combien que sans celle ne peust
 Quelques liures que lors il eust
 Riens de la vie disposer
 Ne chose de bien composer
 Qui luy fust pour lors incolume
 Comme leu iay en maint volume
 Ou ie regarde bien petit
 Et en passe mon appetit
 De veoir seullement la verdure
 Dont est taincte la couuerture
 Car ce seroit a moy folie
 De mectre tant mon estudie

Es liures et leurs diuers sens
Que apres ien troublasse mon sens
Car cil qui trop scauoir procure
Et trop es liures met sa cure
En deuient souuent incense
Aussi chacun est dispense
Soit bien lettre scauant ou non
De porter de seigneur le nom.

Item ie puis en mon lieu mettre
Quelcun soit en prose ou en metre
Qui prendra bein la pacience
Daprendre pour nous deux science
Et se pres clerks et litterez
Me voy ie leur concederez
Leur dire soit tart ou matin
Affin de ne parler latin
Et que deulx ne soye repris
De ce que iay si mal apris.

O docteurs qui le nom auez
De scauoir et riens ne scauez
Pour euitier tous vituperes
Contemplez que iadis noz peres
Dont les corps sont mors et periz
Qui furent es droiz si peritz
Leur grant science ne comprindrent
En ces beaulx liures ains laprindrent
Dung bon et desireux courage
Sans auoir lesprit si vollage
Comme les clerks de maintenant
Dont leur est bien appartenant
Porter par choses non pareilles
Des asnes les grandes oreilles

TURNBULL AND SPEARS PRINTERS, EDINBURGH



MAY 4 1956

PR
2209
B385
1874
v.2

Barclay, Alexander
The ship of fools

200
2209
B385
1874
v.2

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
