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 The rewarde of  
*Wickednesse*

*Discourſing the ſundrye*  
monſtrous abuſes of wicked and vngod-  
lye worldeinges : in ſuch ſort ſet downe  
and wrytten as the ſame haue bene dy-  
uerſely practiſed in the perſones of  
Popes, Harlots, Proude Princes,  
Tyrauntes, Romiſh By-  
shoppes, and  
others.

VVith a liuely deſcription of their ſeu-  
rall falles and ſmall deſtruction. Clerge  
profitable for all ſoyte of eſtates  
to reade and loke  
vpon.

*I* Nevvly compiled by *Richard Robinſon,*  
Seruaunt in houſholde to the right  
Honorable Earle of  
Shrovvſbury.

A dreame moſt pitiful, and to be dreaded

*Of things that be ſtraunge,*  
*VVho loneth to recde :*  
*In this Booke let him raunge,*  
*His fancie to feede.*



To the Worshipfull, *Gilbert Talbote,*

*Esquier*, Seconde Sonne to the Right Honourable Earle of  
*Shrowsburie. &c.* *Richard Robinson* VVisheth the  
seruent feare of God, Increase of Vertue, VVorship and Ho-  
nour, vvith Good successe, and many Ioyful yeares.

(\* \* \*)



*Or as much as the litle cree-*  
ping Creatures of the Earth, doe teache  
euerie reasonable person to vse some kinde  
of trade, whereby for his trauaile in the  
Sommer, hee maye in the blustering  
blastes of Storming *Hiemps*, be releued by  
the sweate of his browes, when nothing else  
is to bee reaped vpon the soile, but onely  
Mensterous and huge driftes of Snowe:

VVhich is dayly put in vse by the litle *Dormous*, who in the Sommer-  
time, ceaseth not from traueyling, till shee be fully perswaded to haue  
sufficient store in her Cabbin, to defende the hungry time of winter:  
Likewise the crawling *Ant*, toileth from the first showe of *Sir Phe-*  
*bus* face in the morning, till the blacke Mantelles doe obscure the bla-  
sing beames of the same: The *Squirrill* that lighth Leapes from  
Braunche to Braunche, is euer occupied, as appeareth by the greate  
store of Nuttes, that shee heapeth together in Sommer time, to in-  
counter the barren season: The fearetull Flye is not forgetfull of the  
same, but carrieth his trauailes to the warme hollowe reede, wherein  
hee dwelleth holsomely, and Bankettes merilie of his late trauailes:  
(VVhat shall I say, of the busie Bee) whose curious skill in building of  
her Lodge, and knowledge in Flowers and Hearbes, in chosing the  
Good, and leauing for the Spider the ill, neuer ceasing, but alwaies  
in trauaile, hoping in winter to rest and enioye the fruites of her tra-  
uaile: Immediately vpon the sodaine, is not onely spoiled of this the  
fruites of her great toyle, but commonlye slaine for the lucre therof:  
(Euen so) Right VVorshipful, as I am not onely taught to abandon  
Idlenes, as wel by the holy Scriptures, as also by these creeping Crea-  
tures: So am I doubtful, least after my trauaile, I shall reape the harme-  
les *Bees* rewarde: Except, (as my trust is) your VVorship do seeme by  
your curtesie, to protect as well mee, as this litle portion of my labour:  
For mee thinkes that I heare already *Ennie* whet his Teeth, whose



THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

blade woulde long agoe, haue beene bathed in my blood, if secrete  
 thwacks could haue touched my guiltles Carkas: Yet notwithstanding  
 I see the blasing brond in his silt, to fiere the great *Cannons* vpon me:  
 for alreadie false *Report* his Trumpeter, foundeth vp his forging  
 Trumpe of Detraction, whose honest nature is neither content with  
 that which hee wisheth him selfe, nor yet pleased if he might haue or  
 obtaine, that which other men desire. Many mo friends this chafing  
 Champion hath, whose Cankered mindes, and prowde stomackes,  
 would not much stick to take in hand, to Lift with *Atlas*: To wrattle  
 with *Sampson*, or take the club from *Hercules*. But disdainig further  
 to speake of *Ennie*, and his saide friendes, which hateth euery man, and  
 euery man him, & them, being nothing doubtful of *momus*, *Zoilus*, nor  
*Sicophants* wltelps: I am as well content to beare with their barking,  
 as many vvorthy Clarkes heretofore haue done, and doe daylye.  
 So that it maye please your VVorshippe, to take in good part this  
 simple trauaile of mine, vvlich to eschewe Idlenes, and speciallye in  
 suche times as my turne came to serue in watche of the Scottishe  
 Queene, I then euery night collected some part thereof, to thend that  
 nowe it might the better appeare, that I vsed not altogether to sleepe:  
 Though one time I chaunted among many vvatchfull nightes, to take  
 a slumber, vvlich incited mee to compile this fiction of *Poetry*, as more  
 largely appeareth in my *Prologue*: And though it bee a Drouisie Drea-  
 ming peece of vvorke, neither garnished vvith *Rhetorike*, *Eloquence*,  
*Curious* tearmes, nor pleasaunt matter, to purchase prayse of daintie  
 Dames, and fantastical Knights of *Cupids court*: (As it is not painted  
 vvith these properties) so I am assured that your vvorship doth not  
 mislike the want thereof. And for that it was thus begunne and ended  
 in my Lord your Fathers house: my singuler good Lord and Maister,  
 for whome, and my good Lady my Miltres, I and al mine, dayly pray,  
 as we are many waies bound to doe: Doe nothing mistrust, but that  
 your vvorship will the rather take in good part the same, not weying  
 the gift, but the good vvill of the gyuer. And so your vvorship doth  
 as vvell biuide me and mine, to reste yours, to our power, as also therby,  
 my poore peece of trauaile from the spoile of *Sclander*, and the bloody  
 butcher *Ennie*, by the same, garde and keepe, for other vvaies, my saide  
 enemies vvill not sticke to reppard my paines vvith the poore harmles  
*Bee*. Thus I cease, and rest.

¶ Your VVorshippes poore beseecher.  
*Richard Robinson.*




## The Authour to the Reader.



S Idlenesse the daughter of destruction, is to be abandoned of all men, that loue to leade the life of good and honest members of a comon vvealth: so is it as conuenient that euery man yeeld account to his country of his Zeale and good vil that he ought by duty to beare vnto the same, by some vertuous or Godly vvorke, for good example sake: In cōsideration vvhether of (Gentle reader) as vvell to profite, my countrey (to my pouver) as also to eschevre Idlenesse: I haue attempted this my second vvorke vnto the place of thy indifferent iudgement, not mistrusting, but thou vvilst as thankfully accept the same, as I haue willingly vouchsafed to be: stouwe my trauaile, to pleasure thy delite in reading hereof. And though it be escaped my handes, not altogether so vvel plained and polished, as I purposed it should haue bene: Attribute I praye thee, the cause to the busie liues, that all my Lorde my Maisters men do leade in the seruice of our Soueraigne Lady, the Queenes Maiestie: Sith the protection of the Scottishe Queene vvas committed to mysaide Lorde in charge, vvhose true and duetifull seruice therein, to his Prince both night and daie: as vvell by the trauaile of his Honours ovvne Person, as also all them that serue him: I doubt not but FAME hath tolde it to all the Princes in EUROPE and noble subiectes: as it vvete to bee a Mirrou to the rest, that shall serue in credite of their Prince, from age to age, no litle to the encreasing of his honour, and all his: (vvhich God maintaine). And I, being one of the simplest of a hundreth in my Lordes house, yet notwithstanding, as the order there is, I keepe my vvatche, and vvarde, as time appointeth it to mee: at the vvich times, gentle reader, I collected this together, faining that in my sleepe MORPHEVS tooke me to PLYOS Kingdome in a Dreaine: The vvich deuice, I mistrust not, but thou shalt thincke vvell of: Notvvithstanding I knowve that the Papisste vvill gnashe his teeth at me: The vvanton Dames vvill scolde at mee: The Couetous vvorldlinges vvill disdainee mee. The vaine glorious personnes in Authortie, vvill enuie mee: False accusers vvill abhorre mee, traitours vvill vterly detest this my simple vvorke. Another sorte there is, vviche I namde not yet: As the Cobler, and ZOLVS: Vvhose nature is to plaie hissing HIDRAS parte, reiecting the vertuous labours of painefull personnes, Lying Idle them selues like Buzzing Drones, deuouring vp the syweete trauaile of the busie Bees, (but for these I passe not.) Sithe the most noble and famous vvriters of the vvorld, haue not yet hitherto escaped the dint of their abhominable tongues. Vvhetherfore I lothe lenger to bestowe the time so ill, as to speake of their beastlie behaiour against the skilfull. Beseeching thee once againe gentle Reader, that I maie reape at thy handes, but the reppard of my good vvill, vviche shall not enlie content my trauaile: But also binde mee another time, to present some other noueltie, more fitter to feede thy fantasie. Hoping in the meane vvhile, thou vvilt in my absence stande an indifferent friend.

Thus vvishing to thee and thine, as to my selfe and mine: I bid thee fare vvell. From my Chamber in Sheffield Castle.

The xix. of Maie. 1574.

 Thy Friende.  
R. Robinscn.

## The Authour to the Booke.

**T**HY woefull plaints, thy rueful face, and carefull countenance shew,  
To all the worlde: bee not tongue-tide, reueale abroad the woe  
That is among the sillie soules, in Plutos ouglie lake,  
For wickednesse done on the Earth, howe loue doth vengeance take.  
Blushe not my booke, to thunder forth, the tormentes thou hast seene,  
Tell wilfull vices, and hatefull hearts, what iust deserued teene:  
In Plutos pittie they shall abide, that headlong plunge in sinne,  
Bee not abasht to tell the best, what plagues be there within.  
And whome thou sawe in sincke of sorrow, bewaile and toile in grieve,  
Vvhy and vvherefore, for whome, and what, they bide in this mischiefe.  
And vvhy thou mournest, tell the cause, and vvherefore thou art sad,  
No doubt thy teares, and trauaile both, may thousands make full glad,  
Except the Cobler gin to carpe, that alwaies loues to cauell,  
Or sette of Sicophants stur vp, (Zoilus) that drunken Iauel.  
To stampe and scorne against thy talke, that thou art chargde vvithall,  
For to rewarde thy sugered gift, vvith bitter stinking gall.  
(But if they doe) no force, no harme, their vvonted vse is knownen,  
The difference both of them, (and thee) Report hath iustly blowen.  
And doubt not but the learned, loue, thy company to haue,  
And hissing Hydres venimde stinge, shall daylie from thee saue.  
And vvhen the skilfull heades shall scan, the tale that thou must tell,  
I charge thee, pardon craue of them, it doth become thee vvell.  
And if they doe demaunde, from vvhence thou came, or whats thy name,  
The iust reward of wickednesse, my Lords I am the same,  
(Saye thou) vvwhich came from Plutos-Pit, vvhom Morpheus led vvith him,  
In drowse Dreame, to see the soules, Rewarded there for sinne.  
VVhich sightes, so rare and seldome seene, as in my dreame I see,  
Good Lords, and Ladies, vvith the rest, shall straught reuealed bee.  
And doing dutie, thus no doubt, but thou shalt bee imbraste,  
Of suche as doe of honour, or of vertuous learning taste.

FINIS.

¶ Quoth Richard  
Robinson,

## The Booke to the Authour.

AND must I needes be packing hence, about such newes to beare,  
VVhich shalbe to the most, these daies, an inward grieve to heare?  
VVhy knowst thou not, that worldlings wish, to dwel on earth for aie,  
And may not bide, but them abhorre, which saye they must awaye?  
Howe shall I scape the cruell Iudge, that is corrupt with golde,  
Or craftie Carles and Muckscrapes now, that al from poore men hold?  
The Tyrant he will whet his blade, the prowde will present puffe,  
The wanton Dames will skould at mee, the Roister strange wil snuffe.  
Piers *Pickythanke* and *Tom tel tale*, will deuise a thousand waies,  
*Tibbe Tittinilly*, that lowring Lasse, some yll on mee wil raise.  
VVhoremongers, they and al their mates, I doubt wil stone me straight,  
*Flatterers*, *Fischers*, and *Sclanderers* both, I looke but when they fight,  
*Rent Rakers*, that doe fleece the poore, and *Baillifes* false vntrue,  
VVith bragging *Officers* forgetting God, that Conscience bid adue.  
*Murder*, *Treason*, *Theft* and *Guile*, maye not abide my face,  
The greatell number at these daies, will hurt mee in eache place,  
And lustie *Youth*, starke stamping mad, wilbe to heare these newes.  
VVherfore I greene these Dreames to tel, ifte were in me to choose,  
Thinkst thou theyle credite Dreames these daies, that Christ wil scarce  
No, no, I doubt it ouermuch: then blame not mee to greue. (beleuee?  
But had thou pende some pleasaunt songes, of *Venus* smiling boye,  
I not mistrust but almost all, would clappe their handes for Ioye.  
Or any thing, but that which doth, reprooue mens filthy vice,  
No doubt among the most, it would haue beene of greatest Price.  
But speede, as speede maye, abroad I will attempte in haste,  
Eyther of thanks, or else rebukes, the tone or tother taste.  
The vertudus sorte I not mistrust, the wicked here I warne,  
The wise in christ, wil thanke me much, the foole wil laugh me scorne.  
And now the paines & plagues below, where *Charon* rowes the barge,  
As *Thauelthour* hath commaunded mee, I shall declare at large.  
And if I chaunse to speake amisse, thy pardon here I craue,  
Repentaunce at the sinners hande, Is all Christ seekes to haue.

FINIS.



# ¶ Richard Smith in praise of the Aucthor.

**Y**E Muses all of Theſpyas, with ſacred Songes that ſing, (bring.  
Now ſtaie your ſteppes geue eare a while, and harke what newes I  
Your Sonne that lately did indite with ſacred ſiluer quill,  
In Foreſt here is fled awaye, vnto Pernallus hill.

VVhere hee among the Muses there, and Ladies of great Fame,  
Contrites the time both daye and night, in ſervice of the ſame.

Beholding of theſe Goddeſſe face, with bewtie ſhining bright:  
Like to Diana with her traime, Reſplendiſhing by night.

Ambroſia is his foode, ſweete Nectar is his drinke,

VVhat pleaſures are not reaped there, that mortall heart can thinke?  
I doe him deeme in deede, to bee ſir Orpheus Fere,

VVho made the ſtones to vnderſtande, and ſenceles Trees to heare.

The ſauage Beaſtes of ſundrye kinde, came thruſting in a throng,  
And went out of the vvilſome woodes, to heare his ſacred ſong.

Suche grace the Muses geue to ſome, for to delight the eare,  
And to allure the mortall mindes, enchanted as it were.

A Diamonde for daintie Dames: For Peeres a precious Pearle,

This Robinſon the Rubi red, a Jewell for an Earle.

Suche Pearle can not bee bought I knowe, for all the Golde in Cheape,  
The graces heare haue powrd their giſtes togeather on an heape.

Suche giſtes can not bee graſt no doubt, vwithout ſome power deuine:

Suche cunning hyd in one mans head, as Robinſon in thine.

If I might vewe thy pleaſaunt Poemes, and Sonettes that excell,

Then ſhoulde I not thiſt for the floodes of Aganippes vuell,

Thou profered priſe at Olimpias, and gotte the chiefeſt game,

And through the ſchoole of cunning ſkill, haſt ſcalde the houſe of Fame.

VVhere thou on ſtage alone, doſt ſtande Triumphantlye,

About thy head a Garlande gaye, of linelye Laurel Tree.

VVhich that theſe Noble Nimphes thought good for blaſing theyr re-  
In token of this learned Lore, adorned vwith that Crowne. (nowme,

If I ſhould penne this praife, as thou doeſt vuell deſerue.

It vv ere a volume for to make, and time it vvould not ſerue.

For vvhat needes vvater to bee brought, to poure into the Seas,

Or vvhy doe I vvith Penne contend about this Robins praife?

VVhome vvunpe of truth hath blowen abroade. that hilles and Dales re-

VVith Eccoes from the earth below, up to the ſkie reboundes. (ſoundes,

FINIS,

¶ Quoth Richard  
Smith, Clarke.

## The Prologue.



N December when daies be short and colde,  
And irkesome nights amid the storms gan rore,  
That flockes from feedes forsake their folde,  
And Birdes from swelling floodes do shrinke to shore,  
The plowgh doth rest that cut the soyle of yore.

And toying Oxe in cabin close doth stande,  
That wonted was to trauayle painefull lande:

And when the hawtie hilles and ragged rockes,  
In mantels white be clothed rounde aboute :

V When foules and beastes, as well by heardes as flockes,  
Seekes smoking springes, hote thirst to dowte,

V Whose flames doth force the frosen banckes throughout,  
To yeelde their flintish ribbes, to gushing floods of raine,  
And locked streames at large to set againe :

V When euerie Tree the ardent coulors lost,  
And braue depainted lookes of fragrant sinelles,

V When bragging *Boreas* thus the soyle had tost,  
That Hart and Hinde did quake in fieldes and felles,

V With Bull and Beare for colde both cries and yelles.  
And shrowling makes eche thing that life doth beare,  
To stande with shaking limmes, the stormes to heare,

On eyther side the hilles when blastes doe rise,  
As sharpe as thornes the naked skinne doth hit,

And *Saturne* to the earth doth shewe his frosen eyes,  
V Whose wrath doth pinch eache creature to the quicke,

V Which oft doth cause both young and olde fall sicke,  
V With cough, and colde, and stopping rheumes also,  
Quotidians, feuers, diseases many mo:

And when *Eolus* his prison had vnlocken.  
And all the retchlesse route let runne at large:

B

And

## The Prologue.

VVhose rushing rage each pleasant brauch hath broken  
VVhereof before Dame *Flora* had the charge,  
On *Tiber* Mirthly neyther boate nor Barge.  
*Trytan* soundes hir tramp, and *Neptunus* gins to frowne,  
The sayler strikes from mast the sayles a downe.

VVhen young and olde their bones with cloth doe leade,  
And hoodes vnto their heades doe buckle fast;  
And when the Boye doth rest that bare the goade,  
And keeps the chinneyes ende til *Hymps* storms be past,  
VVhen men doe doubt their winter stufte to last,  
And carefull cattell with open *Iawe* doth craue,  
Their keepers meate their carkas for to saue.

VVhen men delight to keepe the fire side,  
And winter tales incline their cares to heare,  
VVhen mery mates be met, that will abide,  
Each filles his pot of Nutbrowne Afe or Bere,  
As is the trade of Ale knightes euery where,  
To trosse the pottes and plye the flitting boules,  
Then pay their pence, and packe with dronken noules.

In this season it was my lotte to fall,  
Among a masque chosen for the nenee,  
Some reelde, some fell, some helde them by the wall,  
Some sung, some chid, and sware gogs precious bones,  
(Quoth one to me) friende canst thou from saint *Jons*?  
what penaunce hast thou done, thou art so leane & pale?  
No force (quoth another) he shall fyll his pot of Ale.

Content (quoth I) and thereto I agree,  
Fyll pot Hostice of Pery, Ale, or Bere:  
My heade it recreated after Rude,  
To shut soorth the time, though rustical they were,  
Thus walkt the *Kanikin* both here and there,  
Till the wife cryed to bed for sauing of hir fire,  
Contented (quoth I) for that was my desire.



## The Prologue.

The shot was gathered, and the fyre rakte vp,  
Eache man to his lodging began for to draw:  
Some stacking stumbled as mad as a Tup,  
Some crept vnder the mattresse into the strawe.  
Another sort began to pleade the common lawe.  
I lookt about and sawe them so dight,  
Put out the candle and bad them goodnight,

My drowzie heart thus being at his rest,  
Tooke no care for the colde, all sorrowes were past:  
So late it had beene at the good Ale feast,  
That the woulde for euer I thought woulde last.  
In mine eare thunders no sounde of winters blast.  
I thought none yll, my heade was layde full fast,  
All carke and care my wandring sprite had last.

Not lying thus one houre by the clocke,  
Me thought the chamber shone with Torchis bright,  
And in the haste at doore I hearde one knocke,  
(And sayde what) Slugges, why sleepest all the night?  
I starting vp behelde one in my sight,  
Dasht all in golden raiies, before me did appeare,  
(And sayde) I am a God, beholde that standeth here.

Mine eares were filde, with noyse of Trumpets sounde,  
And dazled were mine eies, my sence was almost gon,  
But yet amazde my knee vaylde to the grounde,  
And sayde heare Lorde, thy will and mine be one,  
VVhat is thy minde, more redie there is none,  
To ride to runne, to trauell here and there,  
By lande and seas halfe worthe if I were.

But first to know thy name I humbly thee beseeche,  
Forgiue my rudenesse this of thee to craue,  
He aunswering sayd, with meeke and lowlie speeche,  
*Morphous* is my name, that alwies power haue,  
Dreames to she we in Quantine, Courte, or Caue.

## The Prologue.

In the heauens aboue, or *Plutoes* kingdomé loe,  
Its I that haue the power each thing t'unfolde and sho.

And knowe (quoth he) that euerie night and daye,  
VWho shutteth vp his eyes, his heade to feede with sleepe,  
His wandering spirite attendes on me alwaye,  
To trudge and trauell, where I shall thinke it meete,  
As well to mounte the skies, as in the secrets deepe,  
As swifte as thought, what God hath greater poure,  
Then all that is or was, to shewe thee in an houre ?

And whether wilt I goe, Lorde *Morpheus* (quoth I)  
I here am prest thy will for to obey.  
VWith an earnest lookes (quoth hee) I will that by and by,  
To *Plutoes* kingdomé with mee thou take thy waye.  
Though frayde I were, I durst not well say naye.  
VWith him I went that irkefome place to see,  
VWhere wofull sprites full sore tormented bee.

And going by the way these wordes he sayde,  
Be of good cheare, me thinkes thou lookest pale,  
Plucke vp thy hearte and be no deale afraid,  
Although thou goe into this ouglie vale.  
And thus or he had fynisht halfe his tale,  
*Cerberus* barked that griselle hounde of hell,  
The earth did quake to heare him houle and yell.

VWhen *Morpheus* hearde this cruell barking Curre,  
For *Mercuries* rodde he sende with all the hast,  
This wondering porter charmd he might not sturre,  
Till hee and I throughout his offyce past,  
So to the seconde ward we came at last.  
VWhere *VVrath* kept the walles, and *Enuie* the gates,  
Associate with *Pride* and *whoredome* their mates.

VWith cruell countinaunce terrible to see,  
These horrible officers fixed their eyes,

## The Prologue.

Filthie to beholde monstrous and ouglie,  
They gathered to the gates like swarmes of Bees,  
Gnashing their teeth, asking who were these,  
That durst be so bolde *Plutos* kingdome to enter,  
Or within their office so rudelie to venter.

I am *Morpheus* (quoth hee) mine auctoritie you knowe,  
As well in the heauens as also here,  
My nature and qualitie is dreamies for to showe,  
Therefore giue place, and let me come neere.  
These wordes scarce saide, but the gates opened were.  
So to the thurde warde we came by and by,  
Not far from that place where great *Pluto* did lye.

The warde as I saide where *Pluto* then lay,  
VVas fortiefied with Tirauntes for the nonce,  
Some crying, sware yea, and other some nay,  
Renting eche others flesh from the bones,  
Some slang fierbrandes, and other some slang stoanes.  
VVith howling and crying terrible to heare,  
VWhat plague could be thought that was not presēt there?

The chiefe Captaines of all this rablous route,  
VVere *Oppression* of the poore and eake *Private gaine*,  
VVith a sorte of their kinne that looked full stoute,  
That in that vale for euer must remaine.  
There was *Peter Pickethanke* and *Prinie disdain*,  
*Tom Teltale* was appointed in a Turret to watche,  
*Laurence Lurcher* a Baylife to snatche and to catche.

The grea-  
test vices  
on earth be  
chiefe Cap-  
taines in  
hell.

There was *Darkenesse* and *Ignoraunce* linckt in a chaine,  
VVith *Error* and *Freevill*, *Arrogance*, and *Selfeloone*,  
*Forgetfulnesse* of God, and *Transgression* did remaine,  
VVith *Mistrust* and *Supersticion*, which might not remoue  
*Hipocrisie* the King in a turret aboue.

Let vs ab-  
horre these  
vices and  
cruell  
crimes.

VVith *Lucre*, *Cruelnesse*, and *Bludshed* his brother,  
*Domination*, and *Fulnesse*, *Abundaunce*, and other,

## The Prologue.

Confusion  
doth de:  
uozr wic:  
hednsJe.

*Pompe* he sat passing as though he were madde,  
*Symony* vnder hande began to conuaye,  
*Iniquitie* and *Sophistrie*, with countenaunce full sadde,  
Sat with *Mathew*, and *Tyranny* cursing the daye,  
Certainelie to see it was a tragicall playe,  
To beholde abhominacion, what torments she had,  
(with the rest) whereat *Confusion* was glad,

Many thousandes there were that I omit,  
For want of time fullie to describe,  
To tell truth the number passeth skill and wit,  
To be namde of mee, that howled there and cryde.  
V When these lothsome leyds, had *Morphews* espyde,  
They flew on heapes to know from whence he came,  
V Who answered thus I am a God no man.

And whats thy name (quoth they) *Morphew* answered he  
V Whome *Pluto* doth admire, and honor both I trowe,  
And *Proserpine* your Queene, mightie though they bee,  
And *Mynos* your Judge will doe the same I knowe.  
I am the God that alwayes dreames doth show.  
I am free this waye to guide and leade each man,  
without demaunde to knowe from whence I came,

Then vp start *Peter Pickethanke* by and by,  
These newes to *Pluto* in haste heran to tell,  
And almost madde, with open Iawes gan crye,  
My Lorde (quoth hee) thers straungers come to hell,  
V What dle (quoth *Pluto*) is not all things well?  
Yea Sir (quoth hee) its *Morphews* that is here,  
Then *Pluto* answered, why bidst him not come neere?

The thirde warde opened then at large,  
The Pallace then approching in our sight,  
V Where raging furies of wofull soules had charge,  
To torment thousande wayes, both daye and night,  
Miserable darckenesse there was without light,

Grasping



## The Prologue.

Grasping and groping, greate discorde and strife,  
VVeeping and wayling, and blasphemous life.

The stinking smoke that from that dongeon rose,  
Corrupts the skies, and clowdeth all with shade,  
The thundering blast that from that furnesse blose,  
A dubble paine, the sillie sprites hath made,  
VVith rufull plaintes to heare in cuerie glade.  
That if the sorrowes halfe were pende I see,  
In teares there woulde be drowned manie an eye.

But when we came this ouglie God before,  
Hayle (quoth *Morphew*) thou God of darkenesse great,  
Hayle *Proserpina* here Queene for euermore,  
Long may thou holde thy place and seate,  
I am come (quoth hee) my custome for to pleate,  
Thou knowest of olde that woont I am to see,  
As well thy kingdome, as mightie *Soues* on hie.

By *Syx* (quoth hee) thy auncient custome olde,  
I will not breake, but as thou hast before,  
In all my regiment, I will thou shalt be bolde.  
To doe all thinges as thou wast woont of yore,  
But looke of mee thou seeme to craue no more.  
Except you two, who is my gates within,  
To pray for pardon it profytes not a pin.

Then answered *Morphew* I neuer thought to craue,  
The pardon of the proudst that in thy soyle doeth rest,  
Nor yet the greedie Tyrant tooimbe in grieislie graue.  
Nor any such that pooremen hath opprest.  
For gylefull gluttons to speake I thought it least.  
All these with other mo, I know must staye with thee,  
Howe wickednesse rewarded is thats all I wish to see.

Content (quoth *Pluto*) and commaundment he gaue,  
Teall his officers his kingdome through,

That

## The Prologue.

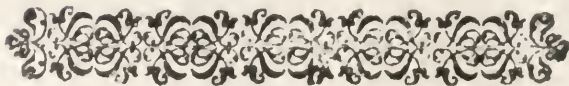
That *Morpheus* and I shoulde licence then haue,  
Each place for to searche in Hill, Dale, and Clowgh,  
In thicke or in thin, in smooth or in rough,  
In hote or in colde where euer it bee,  
The wickeds rewarde we shoulde both heare and see.

This saide, we departed from that filthie puddle,  
And fourth wee past, the left side that caue,  
VVhere wee founde a greater and crueller trouble,  
Then all this while I knewe any to haue,  
For one among manie we hearde raile and raue.  
VVith a wofull voice me thought it saide this,  
Come see alas the rewarde of wickednesse.

At length to the place we chaunst for to hit,  
VVhere *Aletto* had charge to rule and dispose,  
There we behelde one lying in a pit,  
Sodden in sorrowes from the toppe to the toes.  
Their paines for to paine in meeter or prose,  
Doth passe my skill, the least to describe,  
Though *Tessiphon* hir selfe my pen now shoulde guide.

But what I sawe in this my drowisie dreame;  
And who they were as now to minde I call,  
VVhy and wherefore to you I shall proclaime,  
That thus they lost theoyes supernall,  
And haue possesst the wofull place infernall.  
Lende me your eares for now my tale beginnes;  
How wicked wightes rewarded be for sinnes.

FINIS.





# ¶ The rewarde of wickednesse.

¶ **HELLEN** tormented for her treason to her Husbande, and liuing in fornication ten yeares, whose wordes followe.



Houlest suery, that raging hell doth guide,  
 ¶ worse then wꝛath, or endlesse wicked life  
 ¶ swarming plages, yꝛ passeth flesh to bide,  
 ¶ doubtful dome of Plutos boiling strife.  
 ¶ Scigion spe wꝛth thy flames to ende this life.

¶ Iust rewarde I saue, of wicked deedes:  
 ¶ greatest mischiefe, among these paddels rise,  
 ¶ come make haste, you flames of glowing glædes.

You Gods that sit in seates of passing blisse,  
 whose Joyes my endles paines surmounteth farre:  
 Doe you consent for to rewarde mꝛ this,  
 that whylome was in Greece, the Lampe, and Starre?  
 What meant you first to make and then to marre?  
 I am the woꝛke of all your whole consentes:  
 So bzute noꝛ fame, of Earthly woman harre,  
 woe woꝛth my fate, full soꝛe it mꝛ repentes.

¶ woꝛthy Dames, lende mꝛ your listening eares,  
 refraine your Citherons, and pleasaunt Lutes also:  
 With Virginalles, delighting many eares,  
 from out your heartes, let thought of Musicke goe.  
 Perhaps you daine, that I shall will you so,  
 but meruaile not, ne at my woꝛdes take scoꝛne:  
 It is your partes though you were ten times moe,  
 to helpe my plainte, with teares that I was boꝛne.

Caste of your Golden Keyes, and ritche attyre,  
 put on the mourners wꝛens, scarce to lament:  
 Hide your painted faces, that sette mens heartes on fire,  
 learne this of mꝛ, your bewtye soon is spent.

## The rewarde

You maye by mee your wicked liues lament,  
from spowting Conduites let gush the floods of teares:  
Let scalding syles from bryled heartes be sent,  
your iust rewarde so; wickednesse appeares.

Although it doth abashe eache daintye Dame  
to reade of mee, or yet to heare mee read:  
I am the marke so; you to shun like shame,  
disdaine me not though hygh you beare your head.  
You that of Husbandes all this while bee sped,  
bee true to them in all your conuersation:  
Beware take heed, defile no time they; bro,  
among the Gods its great abhominacion.

I was in bewtpe passing all the rest,  
and so by nature as curious made and wought:  
That if in mee there had bene grace possit,  
to match the Gods I might haue well bene thought.

*Virtue is  
the beaultie  
of man and  
woman.*

But vertue is the bewtpe, Ladies all,  
and not your painted faces and shining glée:  
No greater mischæfe can among you fall,  
then so; to sãde your sicke pꝛophane eye.

So; once I had my selfe such pꝛophane lookes,  
twirde out with eyes that were celestiall like,  
Whose sparkling twinche were sharper then the hokes,  
cast in the streame with baite so; fische to bite.  
A thing immortall seemed I to bee,  
but yet cozrupt with maners that were nought,  
As painted Tombes, with bones bee inwarde filth;  
so outward I, but inwarde vices wought.

And to her selfe bewayling thus alas,  
in eþter hande an Dye, she laboureth soze:  
At length shee was espide where I and Morpheus was,  
then calde shee vs that stode vpon the hoze.

Coms

## of wickednesse.

Come neare god Morpheus, straight shee gan to roze,  
thou seest my paines, thou knowest not yet my name:  
In Scigion lake I bide so; euer moze,  
the wife of Menelaus I am the verie same.

And Hellen loe I am that heere abide,  
within this ryuen Boate, inuironde as you see:  
As in st reward so; fleshly lust and pryde,  
whiche escapeth not, but heere rewarded bee.  
Many a worthy wight lost his life so; mee,  
and dyed all berayde and stozried all in blood:  
Therefore I praye thee yet come neare and see,  
the tormentes I abide within this bellifhe flood.

Alas wneeth my hande can holde the pen,  
my sight deuoured is with greuous teares,  
When I but thinke howe that I sawe her then,  
that once did leade the crewe of Venus peares,  
No honest heart but it would rewe her state,  
that hearde and sawe as much as we that tyme:  
But all alas to greuee it is to late,  
the Gods ordeine that shee shall there abyde

Amid a Sea that boyleth fierye floods,  
with mixed blood flies vp and downe the Skies;  
Where lurking Rockes with hautie dreadfull moods  
on euerye side appeared in our eyes,  
About the whiche moste venemous serpentes flies,  
huge storming blastes this wicked streame doth moue:  
What sparkes of glides rise by like swarmes of Bees,  
and furies sell they; wicked partes doe proue.

A description  
of the  
place where  
shee roweth  
in a riuen  
Boate in  
Stigion

For in a Boate berent on euerye side,  
(and as I sayde) shee sittes, in euery hand an Oze:  
And strineth still betwae the winde and Tyde,  
nowe haling from the Rockes, and by e by front thoz.

# The rewarde

The choyle is harde, when this refuge is best,  
to toyle amid these flaming fluddes as thè:  
Or else t'arie amid the Serpentes nest,  
so; on the lande with blades the Tyzantes bè.

Which rounde about this plagueie Stigion pit,  
in battaile raze and armour blacke doe stande:  
Cutthozes, as egar as any Fische of byt,  
that alwayes watche to sè her come to lande.  
Each Butcher holdes a moztall Are in hande,  
so; to reuenge the blood thè caused shed:  
The which so; trath, when as I be wode and scande,  
with heapes of woe, to Morpheus thus I saide .

The Gods  
haue no  
respect of  
persons.

Alas (quoth I) this græues mée most of all,  
to sè her fate, whose bewtye Clarkes commend:  
We thinke the Gods that sit in seates supernall,  
some mercye should at length and pitye sende.  
Each one (quoth Morpheus) who sèmeth to offende,  
according to they; dexdes without respect  
Haue here rewarde so; wickednesse in t'hende,  
as pleaseth Pluto, or; whome he; hath elect.

The one  
fornicator;  
destroperth  
the other  
experience  
colleth.

And as these wordes were sayde, wè hearde hir crye,  
(O Paris, Paris,) so; euermoze woe bè the tims  
Thy faining face, it was my chaunse to spye,  
or; that it was thy lucke to loke on mine.  
Thou steynde my name, alas so; did I thine,  
my mischiefe hit by thè, by mée the like thou had;  
O wicked Hellen, this all men maye define,  
And Paris so; thy part, thy fortune was as bad.

That mis-  
chic doth  
not a wic-  
ked woman  
breedet

O wozthye Troyc, happye had thou binne,  
if Alexie Purse had strangled mée in bed:  
Then bloodye mischiefe had scaped all my kinne,  
and noble Hector had neuer lost his head.

Many



# of wickednesse.

Why a woꝝ: by man had liude, that nowe is dead,  
Troy had floꝝ:ht fill, whose walles are sack full loe:  
Menelaus had neuer yet polluted bed,  
and if the Gods my death had poynted so.

All Greece vnto this daye, doth curse the time,  
with many a famous Prince of noble birth:  
So Paris, thou art likewise curst of thine,  
foꝝ: thou and I were troubles to the earth.  
Alas therefore nowe chaunged is our mirth,  
the bloudshed in our cause both vengeaunce crye:  
Therefore take heede you Dames of mightye birth,  
to t'hende of all beginninges, euer cast your eye.

In pñ daye  
gaine wher  
no man  
winnes. &c.

It is an  
old pꝛouerd  
take heede  
is a fayre  
thing.

For, had I neuer painted by my face,  
nor shot the boulttes of wanton whirling eyes:  
Had grace and vertue dwelled in that place,  
then had I saued al the liues of these,  
For when a man the lookes of women sees,  
he lyeth at watche, to see her cast the dart:  
Hit whome it happes, (he is no man that fears,)  
then blame him not, that doeth defende his part.

For thou alas good Paris not to blame,  
(nor none but I) that cast my secrete lookes  
So sleightfullye, to tye thee with the same,  
before the Gods I wish: none other bookes.  
I cast him sugred baites, I catche on bitter hookes,  
or else the suite had Paris neuer take:  
I layde him letters, in secrete holes and noukes,  
foꝝ: to attempte the venture foꝝ: my sake.

Olde pꝛe  
- cures byede  
newe soꝝ:  
roues.

And what was he that would not take in hande,  
to hasard all, at that time foꝝ: my sake,  
Whose matche on earth, did neuer goe nor stande,  
then blame him not suche enterpryse to make?

Wickednes  
destroꝝ:eth  
it selfe.

# The rewarde

**O** Ladies be Wittye, and quietnesse make,  
and dread the Gods you woorthy Grecian Damase  
For here they lyes within this flaming lake,  
betwapt in woe, to quite her youthfull games.

**My** Pageant though I playde in open sight,  
and that the wo:ld did manifestly knowe:  
I woulde not wishe that you by secrete night,  
oz closer craft should vse your Husbandes so.  
The Gods above all sleightye secreates shoue,  
to euery eare and eye, be straight reuealde:  
You heare it read in Scripture long agoe,  
that Naughtye actes were neuer yet concealde.

**I** Anne  
is a shame  
before the  
Gods and  
men also.

And then when Fame has wounded by hir trumps,  
and publiht all your daedes and filthy life:  
When shall confusion put you to your Jumps,  
your Husbandes shall disoaine to call you wise,  
Your friendes shall blushe to heare you namde,  
your foes reioyce in euery coast about:  
To call you mothers, Childzen are ashamde,  
loe this besure, it euer falleth out.

And finallye the Gods from ioye and blisse,  
shall cast you into Stigion lake to frye:  
As pleaseth Pluto so your sorowes is,  
marke well my wordes, I doe alleadge no lye.  
And then it is to late for to repent oz crye,  
your woefull Strikes reioyseth hell to heare:  
(As for my parte) unhappye wretche I trye,  
whose iust reward thou seist plaine appeare.

**Marke** you  
wo:thy  
Barones  
the counsel  
of woofall  
Hellen.

When so wisest thought of treason to your mates,  
shall picke your tickle murders as some it doth:  
Yet let this one thing pearce your pœuill pates,  
that like the Slippe ys so glideth from yr youth.

And



## of wickednesse.

And sith there is nothing of greater truth,  
thzough lewdnesse lose not then your noble names:  
Be most assured, mischiefes streight insuth,  
alas therefore, take hede you woꝝthy Dames.

And scoꝛne no deale, my rewlfull plaintes to heare,  
if hap be on your sides, I maye such warning be  
To euery one that is possess with feare,  
that by my fate like daunger soꝝ to see.  
Therefore as ofte as folge sades your eye,  
spende time in reading boꝝkes, that woꝝthy Clarke haue  
In steepe of Lutes and other harmonie, (pende:  
your willing eares a while to learning lende.

So Cupid and his Roze you shall foꝝget,  
with all such dystes as he and his doe dyne:  
Of sleaunders and repꝛeche you shall escape the net,  
and fame with golden trumpe shall sound your vertuous  
Thus winning noble name, your lines shall end, line,  
so vertuouslye that after vitall bzeath,  
The Gods theyꝝ Angels foꝝ your spirite shall sende,  
to dwell with them in blisse, thus Scripture sayth.

The ver-  
tuous and  
godlye  
liues be  
shide a-  
mong the  
Gods foꝝ  
ruer.

And with these woꝝdes cast almost on the shore,  
the woefull wꝛetch with toyled wearge bones,  
With all the haste in frowd both laye the Dꝛe,  
that headlong Boate and all, doth see attonce.  
Where hissing Serpentes swarme as thicke as haile,  
that likewise wayted in theyꝝ subtile kinde  
With whetted stinges this Lady to assaile,  
foꝝ to rewarde her lothsome lustfull minde.

And as we did perceyue the wish that we,  
to euery woꝝthy wight reposit should make,  
Howe soꝝnicatours in hell rewarded be,  
and howe the Gods bypon the m vengeaunce take.

## The rewarde

For straight alas amid that doglye lake,  
her hande she putteth by, and bad farewell:  
Thus endles paines her former talkie gan shake,  
moze newes of her, I am not able to tell.

For why, the hissing of the wicked woymes,  
with some of surging lakes, that rozes against the rocks  
And furious thundering flames, that boiles and byomes,  
beside the sowles of many filthye rocks,  
On Helmettes, Billes, yelde many moztall knockes,  
with thumping of the Cannons cruell shottes:  
The noise of Chaynes, and wrenche of bandes and locks,  
with smozyd smoke, of boyling Pitche in Pottes.

The In-  
nocentes  
blood they  
will fallye,  
craverh  
vengeance.

As fearefull daunse of Chimneys builded hye,  
and fall of Turrets, that sleyth man and childe:  
With widowes, whose fatherles childzendoe crye,  
theyr plaintes alas, all Joye of hope erlyde.  
To heare them grone, whome moztall weapon spoilde,  
with crashe of staves, that then in peeces slowe:  
A boyce cryed vengeaunce (on them that were desyde  
with spilling guiltlesse blood) that might not doe thereto.

3 boyce.

Another boyce, went hurling by and dolwe,  
woe, woe, to such as strife starre by o: bytwe:  
And specially by warres, to sacke both Citie and Towne,  
laye waste the soyle and ploughe, where Dren dytwe.  
From mirthe to mourning, all to chaunge a newe,  
wiues and childzen, spoilde before each others face:  
The causers euer, the first them selues that relwe,  
and woe still be to you, that haue so litle grace.

These foundes of sorrowes, that rose so many waies,  
bercu'de vs *et Ellen*, poore wretche in flaming Seas.

---

## The Bookes verdite vpon Hellen.

---

Who hearde me tell this tale, that doth their eyes witholde,  
Or that their collours doth not pale, to heare it read or tolde?  
Is any heart so harde, that woulde not melt to heere?  
You Ladies doe you not regarde, the fall of bewties peere?  
And haue you locked vp, salt flooddes within your eyes?  
VVhy haue you kist *Medusas* cup? Your heartes why doe they freest  
Hath *Lethea* Lake bewicht all you that liuing be?  
Nor hath not pittie neuer twicht your heartes to mourne with me?  
Perhappes you doe disdain to heare such tydings tolde:  
But yet you may be glad againe, I saye both young and olde.  
*Ulysses* wise doth loose no fame nor honour here:  
No, No, nor any one of those, that liue in godlie fere.  
Nor yet the good *Alcest*, doth catch no blotte nor staine:  
Nor *Griseid* doth not loose the least of *Hippus* happie gaine.  
I am assured this, that *Cleopatra* winnes  
Through Fame a triple blisse, loe now my tale beginnes.  
For *Cresid* she is one, whose face may blush to heare,  
Of *Hellens* life, that now is gon, vngracious *Circes* peere.  
In bewtie *Venus* matche, *Arcynos* worse by mutche:  
*Medeas* sleightes shee had to catch, whome pleased me to towche.  
Ifay its such as these, that *Synons* shiftes doe vse:  
And vertuous studies seeme to lese, on wanton toyes to muse.  
I meane such retchelesse dames, that play *Sylenos* part:  
To winne such merry pleasaunt games, as teache sir Cupids art.  
Loe these are they and such, that ought with shamefaste looke,  
To be abasht when they shall touche, or vew this simple booke.  
Sith *Hellens* faultes are knowne, and yours in secret hyd:  
Take heede lest you be ouerthrowne, as *Hellen* hath be teed.  
And blame hir vices all, but wofull chaunce bewayle:  
For while I lue enen so I shall, if sorrow might preuaile.  
And sith it was your happes, so worthy a Dame to haue:  
To waine you from such after claps, as turne you might to scath,  
VVhose face did staine the rest, of all that earthly were  
Adornde in euery ioynt and drest, most like danie Bewties pere.

# The rewarde

Therefore from sacred breast, what scalding sighes streight sende,  
Let not your christall eies haue rest, to thinke of *Helens* ende.  
VVish *Niob* bathe your face in teares, for *Helens* sake,  
Vnto the Gods call, cry, for grace, for to escape the lake,  
VWhere *Hellen* thus with paines, in riuen boate doth rowe.  
In fiery seas she still remaines, because shée was vntrewe.

---

## *Pope Alexander the sixt rewarded for*

his wickednesse and odible lyfe, with his colledge of Cardinals,  
Bishops, Abbots, Moonckes, Freers,, and Nunnes, with  
the rabble of greasie Priestes, and other mem-  
bers of Idolatry and super-  
stition. &c.



Hell, *D*Hell, deserued long agoe,  
and raging *Furies* that beare immortall spight,  
What doe you meane, why spare you any woe,  
that should increase our paine, & pleasure our delight?  
Where is your wanted wrath, accustomed to thys

among the soules vnto your charge committed:  
Come doe your worst, consume vs all aro,  
dispatche vs streight, lets be no longer sitted.

Thou filthy stode of *Lymbos* lurking lake,  
From choaked pitte, come belche abroad thy flames:  
Why come you not you *Furies* soz to take  
a greater vengauce, I call you by your names.  
Spe wout *Plegethon*, thy furious fiery flake,  
*D*hell why vomittst not thy greatest gorge of all:  
Once giue consent a finall ende to make  
of vs, that doe your wrath so gladly call.

Come ougly *Shapes* from olde sepulchers sent,  
come filthy *fowles* from loathsome voyling puddle,  
Come monstrous *Crypes*, that *Tyrius* guttes hath rent,  
some *Judge* of *Spirits*, come, come increase our trouble.  
Come



## of wickednesse.

Come Prince of darcknesse, giue thy fearefull iudgement,  
D hell vnfolde thy gates, and let the flaming steame  
Make hast to increase our punishment,  
Dispatche vs once, out of this endlesse trouble.

While Idolatrie, the Prince of perdition,  
the waye thou directes to euerlasting paines:  
D filthy moment, and wicked superstition,  
D blinde doctrine, Interpreter of dreames,  
D rotten reliques with all your addicion,  
Ipe vpon you all, sith thus it comes to passe.  
Falsehoode in the end hath no remission,  
as witnesse our deuill the detestable masse,

And with these wordes, he caste his head a wyze,  
amonge the shaueling greasse chuffbrad Friars:  
And seeing Morpheus standing present bye, (appeares  
the lawlie sozte of Princes with Monks and Nunnes  
At which this Pope beganne to roare and crye,  
alas (quod hæ) beholde where Morpheus standes:  
He will proclaime abroad that heare we Ipe,  
that rule of hell, and heauen did take vppon's.

What shall we doe (quod hæ) best call him better,  
it hapneth so there is none other shifte:

Let's say we come for Soules, they answered altogether,  
and that we meane to make a general shifte. The Tree  
is knowne  
by his  
fruite.  
Let not be knowne the cause wherefoze and why,  
least out of credite thereby our Lawes be brought:  
And if of custome we wouted were to Ipe,  
to tell truthe nowe, at all it profites naught.

But while the rowte of Sathans bonde and flocke,  
adeste them selues to gloafe and paint this Ipe:  
(Moegera comes) and cast her fierye blocke,  
among the heape that all in flanes doeth flye.

# The rewarde

Then on they; Captaine, the shozling's call and knocke,  
but all in vaine, hee coulde not helpe him selfe.  
His sinnes had tyed him faster then the rocke,  
hee myght not part out of that woeful delse.

Then fast vpon Saint Francis gan they crye,  
mā thought as it were a mad Mattins they song:  
They were so prickt with paines they had no time to lye,  
the parishe was beguilde, the seronde peale not reng.  
Some song Sanctamaria Ora pro nobis, (face:  
with Senfars & Candlestickes they brake eache others  
The Pope sweare Gods fleshe Pax uobis,  
who lost but his labour there was so small grace.

Some cryed on Saint James, and some on Saint Iohn,  
and some on Saint Austen, Saint Laurence and Leo.  
On Saint Peter with his keyes, cryed many a one,  
but among the whole rowte I heard not Laus deo.  
Suche raye was neuer hearde, what euer they meant,  
the noyse shoke the cloudes that hang in the Skies:  
With nailes and tēthe, eache others fleshe they rente,  
that Ecco reports the fearefull plaintes and cryes.

But when they see that Morpheus kept his place,  
this cursed Captaine fast vpon him cryed:  
And sayde come Morpheus and vt we our woefull case,  
beholde howe I and all my mates be fried.  
No longer leyn the truneth they might fo; woe,  
and Maugere of they; willes Pluto them compelde:  
Whetherfoze and why, they vied were to shor,  
and so at lengthe, these wordes to him hee telde.

The Teales  
tour & t., e  
theef: both  
confesse the  
eruth when  
they see no  
better.

I was (quid hee) a Pope and of my name,  
the Sixt I was and Alexander hight.  
But fo; to heare my life, no man may vied fo; theme,  
that hath the dread of God befoze his sight.

## of wickednesse.

But lende a while thy lyttening eares to mee,  
and I shall fraight thy head in hearing of the leake:  
With my rewarde thou doest so perfite see,  
to tell the truth at length I call it best.

In learned Scholes I had bene trayned long,  
and voyste by fortunes wheele, I was a losse height:  
Yet still my heart in high Ambition hong,  
my head for higher state. still practisoe sleight.  
From highe to harre, I gaped euery howse,  
first calde Theodore Borgia of birth and line:  
A Cardinall I thought not of greatest power,  
yet see my fortune in my later time.

*Theodore  
Borgia  
firste made  
maie pope  
and called  
Alexandre  
and furna-  
med the  
see.*

(For as I sayde) from height to harre, yet herte of all,  
I thought to sit, vntwo?thye though I were:  
There was so many watching for the baile,  
whose eyes by deuillish arte, I did deceiue and bleare.  
Many being of mightier birth and blood,  
of greater fame then I by farre a waye,  
Woulde haue preuented mee with many a snub,  
because I sought the seate, and Papal sea.

And when I sawe I could not reache the marke  
and I wanted power and friendship too:  
With conitration I gan to playe my parte,  
and craftelye theyr mindes I altered newe.  
Throughe Negromencie and Inuocation, I  
calde vpon a Deuill with whome I did confarre:  
Touching my fate, he so answered by and by,  
to graunt him his request, he would exalt mee harre.

Thus being conuersaunt with Deuilles long,  
theyr ayde and helpe I craued euery daye:  
They answered mee with speache of pleasaunt tongue,  
to doe theyr best they would not sticke nor staye.

# The rewarde

*The pro-  
mise to the  
Deuill.* But first I must both conenaunt and vowe,  
in presence of the filthy Prince of darkenesse:  
That all his Lawes infernall I shoulde allowe,  
and ther vnto addic my selfe by practise,

*Mons  
Caballus  
is a secrete  
house to  
worke kna-  
uerie a litle  
with us  
Rome.* Whiche graunted was, and not denyed at all.  
to Mons Caballus, a place not distant farre,  
In a cleare daye this Prince infernall  
I mette, so close no liuing body warre,  
In a Chambrze there, him selfe hee did present  
in Kitcher apparrell, and Golden rayes to see,  
Thre crownes vpon his head, Dight with stones Dylent:  
lyke statelye robes hath not bene scene with eye.

*A Pro-  
thonotarie  
is under-  
stande the  
greatest  
water of  
Glacie in  
whose like-  
nesse he  
will be  
him selfe.* A samelye face presenting middle age,  
a stature meete as might be thought in munde:  
His countenaunce shewd, a person verye sage,  
whose wyll to mine, I y crucial oathes I toynde.  
Thus corporate like a Prothonotarie,  
or of the world the greatest Prince of all:  
What was it then that I calde vnto memozyes  
but it was graunted me without denyall?  
For there hee graunted mee my heartes desire,  
and sayde I shoulde be hope the next that was:  
Whiche with the Phoenix set my heart on fire,  
suche hast I made to see it brought to passe.

*Behold the  
scourges of  
our holpe  
Father the  
pope.* Then with a glasse heart I wylde to knowe,  
the time of my pontificallie:  
And howe I shoulde to state of conquest goe,  
because I bare a deadlye hate to Italye.

*The decept-  
ful & doubt-  
ful promise  
made by* Hee answered mee with great discreypte and sayde,  
a Leuen and eyght, I shoulde be hope of Rome:  
But see at length, howe I was quille and payde,  
it pproved not so when all was sayde and done.



## of wickednesse.

I made accounte to prosper ninetene yere,  
and glad I was as any man might be:  
I thought to make them souper both farre and nere,  
but yet I was deceyde, the Deuill failed me.

the Deuill to  
the Cardis  
nall.

Innocens of that name, the tenth died straight,  
then by the most elections, placed was I:  
In the chayre of Pompe, I stretchte my selfe on heygth,  
for Pope I was proclaimed by and by.  
Then Alexander the first I had to name,  
and all for Solemnization of degre:  
Thus rebelle Rome agreed to the same,  
bothe Kitcher and Powre, then wishte it so to be,

Thus was the Hyter, with the Triple crowne,  
ouchte rounde about with stones of worthye pryce,  
(Set on my headd) in chayre of statelie Rome,  
I grauen subtelly by curious crafty vice.  
Arayed in robes of glearing beaten Golde,  
with Pearles depotherid here and there in sight:  
And at my fete in handes did Cardinals holde,  
a Rose of finest mettall costlie dight.

I treade on Tissue, each fote I set on grounde,  
aboue my head was borne a Shyne of golde:  
Each kne fell to the earth, to heare my voyce or sounde,  
who went at libertie, that I had take or holde:  
Kinges and Princes, with noble pæres I brought  
in feare and awe so muche, they durst not ronte,  
Them and their countreys I sackt & brought to nought  
to me and mine that would not bolue and stowpe.

All Italie in my wyathe I rente and shoke,  
all Christian Princes I vexed night and daye:  
I banish Kings, their regall seates I toke,  
who durst to me, so hardye doe or saye.

Honoured

# The rewarde

Honoured like a God I was in euery Creade.

Who spake against my Lawes that scaped death?  
All faithfull men with sword and fire I rid,  
allcading that they liu'de out of the Chy:stian faith.

*Tyrantes  
profert not  
long.*

A Leuen yeres the Tyrante thus I playde  
and eyght monethes, then sicke I fell at laste:  
I ward feble, my courage quite decayde,  
I pinde awaye and Atiopus made haste.  
Thus I kept my bedde longe space and tyme,  
the cause thereof I gladly wylt to knoe:  
So at the lengthe I calde a man of mine,  
that of my secretes many times did knoe.

*Doyes  
Wanches  
freres. &c.  
in stead: of  
gods word  
studied  
curasion  
Nigromā:  
cie & other  
cursed arts.*

Modena was his name that best I trust,  
in'o my Wardoabe, my keyes withall I sent:  
There laye a Booke within a Cubbard thyust,  
of Nigromancie in Seruus first frequent.  
When as my seruauit into my Wardoabe came,  
(A Pope hē founde) all deckt in Ritche araye:  
That seemed as hē thought a very earthly man,  
Of whome afrayde, my seruauit came his way.

And all a freight to me he tels this tale,  
which drew me in a maze and musing minde:  
Yet after a while, I calde my man by name,  
and sent him once againe the booke to finde.  
This booke with golde and precious stones was bounde,  
I neuer loued Chy:sties Testament halfe so well:  
Of Nigromancie there was containte the ground,  
throughtout the earth there was not any such.

But when my man the Wardoabe entered  
againe, he founde the Pope iawsting by and downe:  
Although he were afrayde, yet manly bentred,  
and fainde himselfe, as though he sought a gowne.

But

## of wickednesse.

But terrible this Pope with sparkling loke,  
(sayde to my man) my friende what doest thou here?  
Where at hée thyanke sozgetting of the booke,  
almost hée lost his winde soz very dread and feare.

With trembling fleshe anon thus answered hée:  
soz the Pope I come to fetch a Cowne (hée sayd)  
What Pope? (quod vision) you haue no Pope but mee,  
and I am hée, that ought to hée obeyde.  
With this my man returned backe agayne,  
and what hée sawe revealed in myne eare:  
Whiche when I heard did much augment my payne,  
soz death at hande, I knew would straight appeare.

The answer  
swere of the  
wickednesse  
to the vision.  
and the an-  
swere of  
the vision  
again.

Then sicknesse did encrease, eache hower moze and moze,  
and at the length, time gan to drawe soz nye:  
One like a messenger rapping at the doze,  
with open mouth alwaye dispatche gan crye.  
With this the dozes abzoade gan flye,  
and rushing in hée comes to speake with mee:  
First word hée sayde: haste haste dispatche (quod hée)  
. the time is come, from death thou canst not flye.

Then I objected to his charge full soze,  
the sozmer promise that he made to mee:  
Howe I oughte to liue eyghte yere by couenant moze:  
And if a leuen and eyght obserued hée  
(Quod hée) agayne my saynges you haue mistaken,  
eleuen yeaeres eyght monethes was all I meant:  
My promise to obserue I haue not yet sozaken,  
of eleuen yeaeres eyght monethes not one doeth want.

The Pope  
is deceiued  
by the De-  
uilles craft-  
tye promise

Full glad I woulde haue crau'de a longer time,  
but all was vaine to speake him saye at all:  
With cruell lookes, hée answered: thou art mine,  
thou shalt with mee, into the lake infernall.

## The rewarde

And thus he turnde his backe and went his waye,  
then straight my Corps, did yeld by vitall breath:  
My wofull spirite he toke with him that daye,  
where nowe I am tormented with double death.

Loe, what it is to worke by Coniuration,  
oz to deale with deuils by wicked arte?

I saye  
warning for  
Coniurers  
& Inchan-  
cers. &c.

Beholde the ende of all abomination,  
am I not well rewarded for my part?  
A Guerdon made is Hell, for suche as I,  
that sought so much to sitte in statelype seate:  
(No we who is Pope) vnhappye wretche I trye,  
that am preparede for Sathans hooke a baite.

The say-  
ing is, a  
good begin-  
ning maketh  
a good en-  
ding.

Loe Morpheus: thus I did beginne and ende,  
I leste my Sonne with all my heapes of treasure:  
Through al the world, there was not one his friende,  
pore and ritche still sought his great displeasure.

Godlye  
actes of our  
holye father  
the Popes  
doinges.

I leste his Sister (whome both wæ two)  
as ofte as pleased vs did vse and take,  
Carnallye eache night and daye wæ knoe,  
a common Concubine, I did my Daughter make.

And with these wordes, Megera commeth flying,  
a thousande newe deuised plagues shee bringes:  
Take heare (quod shee) your iust rewarde for lying,  
and therewithal great flames of fire flynges.  
This done, shee then departes a pace,  
to put in vs her wouted cancarde nature:  
A death it was for to beholde her face,  
oz else to beue her vglye monstrous stature.

Where at the rable of all this recheles rancke,  
immediatlye like bedleims stoware and sterc:  
Into the hollowe hole of gleydes they sancke,  
where furious fiendes, theye flethe in peeces tare.

Thus



## of wickednesse.

Thus they banisht, and fled out of our sight,  
With carefull cryes, our ruthful eares they sibe:  
The pit with cloudes of fearefull irkesome night,  
and deadful darkenes rounde about was hidde.

Yet many we behelde, with offeringes and oblations  
that approched nighe, soz hast they headlong came:  
Frier Rube bare the Crosse, Clarke of the sessions,  
a member of their Church, the Popes owne man:  
Thousandes came knip knap, pattering on Beades,  
Friars Spunkes and Spunnes, came after with hast,  
As bowed Pilgrimes, came Wiues widowes & Maides,  
of the holpe Popes woakes the frutes soz to tast.

Frier Rube

Whome when I sawe, they state I did bewaile,  
with teares I satepte a thousand times my face:  
Alas, they sought that might not them preuaile,  
the Pope their God, was in a woful case.  
Hee byrde in fire, and endlesse woe and paine,  
and all his secte, they tasted of the same:  
Foz wooldly pleasure, Hell is all they gaine,  
Beside on earth an duerlasting shame.

Woulde God thought I, in this my bycarpe bycrame,  
my countrey men, were present nowe with me:  
To be we the plagues, where Papistes doe remaine,  
that then they might that filthy sashion flee.  
And turne to Christ, which suffered soz they sake,  
the bloodye butchering Pope soz to detest:  
In health and wealth, they prayers soz to make,  
to God of might that graunteth our request.

But while that thus, I waylde the want of faith,  
awaye (quod Morpheus) Lets packe and get vs hence:  
Why bearest thou not one gasping soz his bycath:  
yea (quod I) but knowe not wel from whence

## The rewarde

The toofull noyse doeth come, noꝝ where it is,  
gene mee thy hande (quod hee) and bee not frayde:  
It is some Spzite rewarded foꝝ his misse,  
Whose carefull cryes, his wicked life bewzayde.

*¶ His name his life, his actes that did complain,  
All at fewe woordes heareafter doe remaine.*

---

### ¶ The bookes verdite vpon this wicked Pope.

O God howe worthy is thy name? Thou art our Lord and King,  
As many as confelle the same, to ioye thou doest them bring.  
And such as doe thy name denye, and rob the of thy glory:  
Thou dost confound them by & by, and dashe them out of memory.  
All secreates thou dost knowe full wel, no man can hide from thee:  
And all that in the earth doeth dwell, or in the heauens bee.  
Or in the Seas or stony rockes, from farre thou doest behold  
The fowles that scale the skies by flockes, and more then can be told.  
Thinfernal lake quakes at thy voice, eache fiend doth howle and yell:  
And thundreth out an odious noise, when they of the heare tell.  
O filthie Tiraunt then to thee, (I speake) that tooke in hande  
Among vs all a God to bee, to rule both Sea and lande.  
And heauen where the Lord doeth sit, and hell where nowe thou art  
No doubt thou hadst but litle witte, to playe that threuishe part.  
It is to *Alexander* that, with open mouth I erie:  
VVoz worth the time he spared not, to leade the flocke awrie.  
Loe, where he is that rulde the rost, and euery kinde of feast:  
V whose vaunting tongue would boast, he was a Father blest  
As well withiin the holie throne, as lowe in *Stigian Lake*: .. (take.  
And that he could both vp and downe, bring whome he pleatde to  
Twenty hundreth thousand soules, at Masse he could remoue:  
VVith sealing of his Bulles and scrowles, or wagging of his Gloue.  
So could he pul them downe from God, when pleased him againe:  
As thicke as flakie snowe abroad, or mistie dropping Rayne.

And

## of wickednesse.

And thus the wolfe deuoured our good, & made vs slaues & drudges  
Sackt our countries, spoylede our bloode, and made vs liue like snudges.  
Kilde our soules and bodies two, deflowred wiues and maydes:  
And kept from vs Christs testamēt new, and gaue vs bels and baides.  
Olde rotten relickes, stockes, and stones, and Ceremonies blinde:  
VVith stinking pardons for the nonce, to feede our foolish minde.  
Thus with his Gods both deafe and dumbe, he tyste vs from the Lord:  
VVhich sent from heauen Christ his sonne, as scriptures doe recorde.  
VVhose precious blood hath made vs free, from hell and all hir sting  
And hellish Pope from thine and thee, which God his people wring.  
I yrke to name him any more, and faint within my breast:  
Vengeance doth vpon him rore, the Lorde hath thee detest.  
Thy iust rewarde among thy mates, with lasting paines is quit:  
In flashing flaines bewayle their states, in dolefull dreade they sit.  
Yet would they say that with a masse, they could *Plegeshon* quenche:  
And all the soules that damned were, deliuer with a blenche.  
And yet themselues lye broyling there, in fire past the crownes:  
And with their Idoles sweate & sweare, though here they sat in throns  
Me thinke them fooles that had such skill, in fetching soules from hell:  
And be compelde against their will, in carefull Caue to dwell.  
Sith *Italie* had cause to ioye, at this vile Tyrantes death:  
VVhat cause haue we to thanke the Lorde, that are restorde to saythe  
From bondage now are set at large, and woolues deliuered fro:  
And therefore duetie giueth charge, our thankfull heartes to sho.  
Lets lift our handes with ioyed heart, that liuing be this time:  
That Gods true worde in euery part, may flourish still and shine.  
Let *Alexander* saue him selfe, with all his holie skill:  
For with his relickes and such pelfe, he may doe what he will.  
No doubt he lyeth there for sport, to passe the time away:  
Or else to vewe the greate resort, shat Ladies Psalter saye.  
Perhaps that Purgatorie paines, he will to blisse conuert:  
The sillie soules that there remaines, shall taste no more of smart.  
Fie on him fie, and all his mates, the heauens curse him yet:  
Of flaming hell he is the gates, and guide to *Stigian* pit.  
His stinking Masses let him take, and Ceremonies blinde:  
Doom Gods a thousand though hee make, according to his minde.

# The rewarde

Yet he and they doe perish all, the scripture prooues it plaine:  
So doe as many slippe and fall, as to his loare doe leane.

But let vs builde vpon the rocke, of Christes Gospell pure:  
So wee with him amongst his flocke, for euer shall endure,  
VVhere as one God and persons three, be prayesed day and night:  
And where we shall for euer bee, alwayes within his sight.

---

## Young Tarquine rewarded for his wickednesse.



Alay with all your playntes and blöbering teares,  
Pour carefull cryes shut vp in silence quite:  
For here behoulde such cruellnesse appærs,  
Of all the rest but I no wight hath felt the like.  
Hell shoves his force on me with double spere,  
No paine to mine, nor none so woorthy blame,  
As I deserue, I well confesse the same.

O pryde, pryde, of mischiefe roote and all,  
Who woorth the time I thee delighted so:  
Thou made me climbe vntill I catcht the fall,  
Not onely to my shame, but also endlesse wo.  
Through pryde, I lost both loue, and honoz long ago,  
Pryde ruled me so much, no godnesse I regarded.  
Therefore for wickednesse beholde I am rewarded.

Of noble line and race, descended I,  
And a Ruler was, and Ruler mighte haue béene,  
But yet my heart in wretchednesse did lye:  
I fearde not God, nor forst his lawes a pinne,  
I ranne my race alwayes in deadly sinne.  
I cleane forgot my selfe, and eke from whence I came,  
I rather thought my selfe a God then wo: tall man.



## of wickednesse.

For who, had that, which I did lacke or want,  
Of golde or siluer or stones of precious price?  
For my bodie, costlie apparell was not skant,  
For nothing else that pryde might well entice,  
Thus vertue decayde, but still increased vice.

To pamper by the paunche, the filthy flesh fulfild,  
I wholly gaue my selfe with earnest heart and will.

Which caused me to acumilate eche houre,  
Vpon my heade moze plagues then can be namde:  
The Gods agreed their vengeance for to poure  
On earth for aye: my name I staine and shame,  
Thus may you heare he w I am Iustly blame.

To my dispraise, and to the praise of some,  
That by my losse to honour & great praise haue come.

Sith Morpheus thou art here, and brought thy friend with  
Be witness of the woe that Tarquine bydeeth here: (thou  
Sith Poets haue pend the wicked life of mee,  
Of my rewarde thou mayst repoze well here.  
For the purpose none moze matter then thou here:  
It is no counsell that all the world doth knoe,  
For yet forgoe, that was done long agoe.

Fie on rapine, through guilefull treason wrought,  
Fie on the swelling flesh that soule and bodie kills:  
Fie on filthinesse, whose ende is ever nought,  
And fie on folly, that all good maner spils.

Take heed all you that follow fleshly wils.

Of me proude Tarquine made a mirrore clere:  
So may you shunne the paines I suffer here.

Beholde, when I did Lucrece finde in bed,  
Through harmefull sleight premeditate befoze,  
With naked sword in hand to hir I sayde:  
Consent to me (quoth I) else shalt thou liue no moze:

Thy

## The rewarde

Thy tender flesh this Laine shall earue full soze:  
Then will I sea the worst thy house within,  
He make report you were committing sinne.

Which wordes did rauishe so her noble sence and witte,  
That tremblingly shee quakes, as doeth the Aspen Lease:  
Feare streight compeld her quakinglye to sit,  
Like as shee woulde depart with vitall breath,  
The naked Sworde in sight, & threating present death,  
Thus I rauisht a Ladye both vertuous and chaste,  
Wherefoze I am cōpelde, (alas) these sorowes to taste.

Whereat eache tongue did talke to my dyspraise,  
And soz the same, I banisht was soz euer:  
(With then) all my posteritie aye euermore decayes.  
Loe thus the Gods their vengeance doe deliuer:  
Beware led be the daye that then I did com thither,  
Among my wicked doedes, this onely was the worst,  
Therefore I was and am soz euermore accurst.

I am a sacke of sorowes in this Cucke  
And sticking padole wherein you see me lye:  
Whose faultes with mine respondent pende with inke,  
Were euer hearde oz scande with learned eye?  
As vice to my reypoache, so vertues fame doth lye  
Doth' prayse of Lucrecia and example of all such.  
As of hir doe delight, and of me doe reade much.

Soz when this wilfull act committed was,  
And I had fed my lust this noble matron on:  
Then soz to liue, nothing shee loued lesse,  
With wynging handes, Alas she maketh mone,  
Come Atropos (quoth shee) make hast that I were gone  
And crying still, come Clotho come make spade,  
Of Lucrece life, vntwine the satall threde.

## of wickednesse.

Then pardon craued shee of Colatine  
And of hir father Spurius by and by:  
I haue made offence, wo woꝝth the wicked time,  
Thus weeping sayde this Lady rusfully:  
I hearing this from thence departed speedilye. (teares,  
And left in wofull plight, this Dame dyownd vp with  
Whose vertues, in women full rarely now appeares.

*Colatine  
was the  
husband of  
Lucrece.*

But al you Ladies, Wiues, and Maides eache one,  
Of what degꝛe oꝝ yet estate you be:  
No doubt although Lucrecia be gone,  
As in yꝛ our maye remaine, this troye when you see.  
So may you learne the gifte of chastitye,  
What loue you ought your husbandes foꝝ to beare,  
In spending of her daies, the pꝛofe doeth plaine appeare.

O wretched wight (quod he) how dare I the we my face?  
The earth doeth thyꝛcate this wilfull acte of myne:  
It is, and wilbe Iudgoc I wanted grace,  
Thus losing honour, I feynde my Auncientes linc.  
At all that beare my name, the people doe repine.  
Pea the very Stones that in the Skreates doe lye,  
Into the Heauens, vpon this crime doe crye.

Then wished shee Ipolas happye chaunce,  
O Virgineas ende, oꝝ Didos long agoe: (baunce,  
(Quod shee) thereof this daꝛe, faise Taquine should not  
That nowe foꝝ euer, shame abꝛoadc shal bloe.  
And shall my husband waꝛte him scrud so?  
That shall be not, (quod shee) a swꝛde shee toke,  
In blattering blood, the vit. all byꝛeath foꝝ soke.

Loe Morpheus, a las, nowe hane I tolde thee all,  
And of my being here, the cause wherefoꝛe and whye.  
Nowe mayst thou thinke, my grace was very small,  
What in my life coulde not foꝝ mee crye.

¶

But

## The rewarde

But wickednesse craves vengeance, to the skye,  
And not without a cause the Gods doe punish the hate,  
And so they doe al them that liue in whozedome state.

But Morpheus, Morpheus, Alth thou seest my lot,  
A blessed doede it is, the same soz to declare:  
From Kitch and Poyze, I praye the hïde it not,  
Proclaime howe wicked men rewarde are,  
From Pride and whozedome, wishe thy friendes beware.  
The time is short on earth they haue to dwell,  
But endles sozmentes ever bide in hell.

If moztall men did knowe, what paine is here,  
Then woulde they lothe the worlde they loue so well:  
Their pompe, their Pride, and all they glittering geare,  
To punish the paunche, some feare woulde sure compell.  
All treason and fleshye fraude, soz to expell.

All Tyrantes trades no doubt, they woulde forgoe,  
And if they felt the least of this my woe.

But he that blinded is, with ease and wealth,  
Their rauisht heartes hath dulde their wittes as lead:  
Gods feare is gone, and each man soz him selfe,  
To purchase pelfe the worldeing toyles his head.  
The Childe forgettes his ffather being dead.  
To taste of death him selfe, no deale mistrust,  
Tyll grislye ghost do blowe, that needes away he must.

A las howe vaine is all thing on the earth,  
What care to catche, what feare to keepe it still:  
What sozrowe it setttes, where should be ioye and mirth,  
Ingenering hate, there as should be god will.  
Prouoking wrath, The verye spirit to spill.  
And yet beholde howe euer ye man doth wathe,  
And with the trowte the choking hoke doth catche.

And



## of wickednesse.

And thus fare well nowe gotte you hence from me,  
You knowe my minde, deale in it as you will:  
My wicked acte, and luste rewarde you see,  
And holwe my paine increaseth euer still.  
Alwaye (quod hœ) beholde downe yonder hill  
Alecto comes with flaming flashing winges,  
For pryde & whoydome, a thousand plagues she brings.

Then streight departed we and left him there,  
And wandering vp and downe, those smokye pittes:  
He thought a rusfull boice, as it a woman were,  
Fast bye, declared what plagues she felt by pittes.  
To heare her plaint I almost lost my wittes.  
On whoyedome still she cryed, woe worth that wicked  
That mortall fleshe so much deliteh in. (sinne,

But when I calde to minde the leade wherein,  
I sawe Tarquinius lye, with flames of Wyrmstone whole:  
In middes whereof, he stode vp to the chinne,  
All blubbered with blisters, alas not fræ one spotte,  
And holwe with sodden Pitche, his body all was blotte.  
Two fiends shot thonderboltes, at him on either side,  
Whereat he dowkes, his careful face to hide.

Thus in this soznace, amid these boyling beates,  
He standeth to the Chin, but when he dowketh soe:  
And thus the sezing dartes, ofte in his visage beates,  
The feare thereof increaseth double woe. (woe.  
Thus Tarquine was rewarded, and so were thousandes  
That had they factes declared to they face,  
Which was to late as then, to crye for grace.

# The rewarde

## *The rewarde of Medea for hir*

wicked actes, and false deceyuing of hir father,  
sleying of hir children and hir owne Bro-  
ther, and working by inchantment.

This historie is merueylous  
tragicall, and a good  
example for  
VVomen.



**D**readfull Stix, boyle vp thy poisoned floodes,  
and cruell Cacus torments newe deuise:  
Giue sentence Mynos of theyr guiltlesse bloodes  
that murderers handes haue shed in any wise.  
You furies fell, why doe you yet despise  
with greater plagues my paines soz to increase,  
And soz to see the blood of Innocents arise,  
whose mouthes from crying vengeance neuer cease?

And where shee stode, hir heade shee cast awy,  
In wofull plight as euer wretch might be,  
And so by chaunce at length did Morpheus spie,  
whose open iawes, gryed streight to him and me.  
Saying Morpheus come and bring thy frinde with thee,  
a greater newes to learne thou shalt in haste.  
Of all thou hast perused with thine eye,  
I worthy am the greatestt griefe to taste.

I knowe thou camst from place where Hellen raues,  
in thyrkesome lake where doubtfull Dragons be,  
And yet hir wicked life and mine God knowes  
are not to be comparde, although that shee,  
For certaine yeares liued in adulterie,  
and betrayed hir husbande, god noble Menelaus,  
Set Greece and Troy at great mortalitie,  
shed blood, sackt Cities, banisht goodly lawes.

Yet

## of wickednesse.

(Yet this his fact, not halfe like mine alas)  
Why doth not hell bzaide out his stinking bzaith?  
And my desertes much woꝛse then Hellens was,  
(Hell spew thy spight) deuoure me once with death.  
Will ne pther ruthe, noꝛ spight, stirre by your heartes?  
Will none of those once moue you to dispatche,  
But will you alwayes playe such cruell partes?  
moꝛe wishing death, moꝛe lungꝛing life I catche.

(Quoth Morpheus) what is thy name declare it,  
where wast thou boꝛne, why art thou plagued tell?  
(Quoth she) againe, no moꝛe I will not spare it,  
Shake haist (quoth he) I may not tarry well.  
A' the which, with graenous striking yell,  
she did describe hir wicked crimes and name,  
I am (quoth she) so punisht here in hell,  
that passeth wight with tongue to tell the same.

My name is Medea (quoth she) most trewe,  
daughter I was to Oeres that woꝛthy king:  
Which had the Hamme where fleece of golde ygrewe,  
the greatest ieuell of any earthly thing.  
Which was my fathers, and in his keeping,  
watcht with a Bull, that was of woꝛthy might,  
And a Dragon with mightie popsoned sting,  
that stoutly kept this Hamme both day and night.

Many a woꝛthy Prince and champion stoute,  
had lost their liues in venture giuing,  
Which neuer brought their purpose yet about,  
noꝛ no man to this day but Iason liuing.  
Deuoured they were by the rauening of these two,  
he lost his life, that thought to win his shoes:  
These beastes so violently did all men pursue,  
that soꝛ to die might ne pther will noꝛ chuse.

In olde  
saying, al  
cruet, all  
loie.

Which

## The rewarde

Whiche was my Fathers chiefe of exaltacion,  
hē flourished in wealth no Prince his like :  
Had hē was of euery lande and Nation,  
hē forste no strength of all his foes a mite.  
And yet of treasure all, he sette his chiefe delite  
on mē his Daughter deare, that sought his grieſe:  
I quite my Fathers loue with moztall spite,  
I playde the whoze, the murdrell and the thiefe.

Hearke nowe Morpheus, what a parte I playde,  
by my Father deare my Brother and my Child:  
And what a noble quene I afterward betrayed,  
with many moe by wicked arte I bzoylde.  
And other some I banishte and exile,  
by Deuillish wapes as women shoulde not doe:  
For why they ought with merce to bē milde,  
and not they; wicked willes for to pursue.

Beholde howe I did nature quite forsake,  
for this I did as true as here I am:  
When Iason came this conquest for to make,  
(false traitour I) throug mē the flēce hē wanne.  
For arte of wicked Charme I straight beganne,  
for Iason sake my Parent to betraye:  
Diswaide my Father lillye Aged man,  
abandoned his house, with Iason ranne awaye.

By incantacion: I bzought it so to passe,  
that Iason slewe bothe Bull and grieſly Beast:  
Archieu's all thinges as his desire was,  
for of my Brother I caused him possesse,  
That in the Regall seate, shoulde crowne & scepter beare.  
in Colcos Lande it booted not to rest:  
For why my Father so greate an host did reare,  
with flēse to flye, we thought it was the best.



## of wickednesse.

For why harde by my Father followed fast,  
But to escape his bandes, harke what I did:  
I kilde my Brother, his armes and legges I cast  
Thyroughout the fielde whereas my Father rid.  
Which when my Father sawe, so ill beside,  
and knewe his sonne thus martyred for to be:  
With woefull cheare to get them vppre straight bide,  
together (alas) eache chopped peece layde hee.

When downe his Aged face, doeth tumble teares apace.  
and vp in armes the Partyzed head doeth gette:  
Oh Sonne most deare, alas (quod hee) for grace,  
and many a kisse on deadlye mouth doth sette.  
And then with nayles, his face he rentes and teares,  
that downe the purple streames of blood doe flée:  
And readye death within his face appeares,  
but still he cryed, (alas) deare sonne for thée.

To tell but halfe the moorning that hee made,  
no doubt your eyes like conduide spoutes would run,  
For verye woe hee pulleth out a blade,  
to see him selfe for sorrowe of his sonne.  
But yet his men and seruautes chaunte to come,  
my carefull Father there they did present:  
Or else no doubt more mischief had bene done,  
and all thyough mee, accurst and disobedient.

Then after stoymes of many woefull plaintes,  
perswaded by suche men as wittye were:  
Like as Apelles Agamemnon, paintes,  
I maye compare my Fathers vzeirye chere:  
Then in meane while, that hee was stayed there,  
with speede from Colcos Iason, and I did passe  
For my Brothers funerals, hee builded Altars saye  
to Sacrifice vpon, as then the maner was.

## The rewarde

Loe by my Father thus I playde the the thafe,  
gainst nature and womanhood my Brother slewe:  
And vsed Witchcraft against the true belæfe,  
and like a Traitores, awaye with Iason slewe.  
Waste thou euer harde of any so vntrue?  
So playe like part I thincke did neuer none:  
Page Morpheus yet moze mischief did I bzewe,  
soz after this I murdered many a one.

Through Nigromancie, Esou being olde,  
from crabbed crooked Age, I made him yong againe:  
Liuelye and lightsome, aciuie and bolde,  
and purelpe purged in euery Puls and vaine.  
And Trees being dead I made beare fruite againe,  
which increased my credite, moze then euer it was:  
Through false crafte, I causde Pelleus be aine,  
by his Daughters handes I bzought it so passe.

Whome I made belæue, as Esou did,  
that Pelleus theyz Father should youth achelue:  
And tolde them playne in doing as I bid,  
he should bæ altered newe, not feeling paine noz grefe.  
Thus I illuding them, they thought it true,  
(So did Pelleus him selfe) that time god man:  
That being aine from age to youth a newe,  
he should bæ chaunged by killing of a Ram.

(The tructh was nothing soe) it was my fetche,  
to cause his Daughters, their Fathers blood to shed:  
An olde Ram I badde them slea and wittely to wathe,  
that no man sawe, when they to worke pzoede.  
But (quod I) loke that your Father blæde  
in one vessell, and with this Ram at once:  
And doing thus, I sarde that by and by with spæde,  
theyz Father should arise with youthful flesch and bones.

Thels

## of wickednesse.

These silly Sisters and Daughters to this man,  
belueed well this subtle tale of mine:  
And as I had, they slewe an aged Ram,  
and so they did they? Father deare in fine.  
Belœuing faithfull ye by power deuine,  
that they? olde Father should be made pong:  
(Alas) which was not so, but onelye crasse of mine,  
to make an ende of him whome I had hated long.

Thus exited I, by crasse they? wo?ke alas,  
and dead lyeth they? father blœding fast.  
But harke, Morpheus harke, how it then came to passe,  
misciefe hath ener her due rewarde at last.  
I thought this wicked dœde, that thus was done and pass,  
woulde best haue pleased Iason, then my Lozde:  
Which chaunste not so, for hee with all the hast  
fled from mee quite, and all my actes abhozde.

And so to Corinthe, to Creon, When the King  
hee took his waye as straight as thing might be:  
Who had a Daughter called Cruso, (bewties darling)  
whome Iason married, and so refused mee,  
Wherewith Dame Fame sound by her Trumpet hye,  
eache liuing eare was filled with the same:  
Which made mee hzople as whot, as gleyde might be,  
till I had spilde this tender noble Dame.

Which thzough Magike, and vile Coniuration,  
A cofer I inuented with diuers Jewels moe:  
Subtillye contriued of a straunge fashon,  
with the which to Cruso, I made my sonnes to goe,  
To present the same, that liuelye Ladye too,  
who gratefull ye receyued it, but yet (alas) beguilde:  
For thzough my arte, when as it was vndoe,  
there slewe sw?th fire, that burnde both man and child.

## The rewarde

Consume to dust this Ladye fresh and gaye,  
burnde all the pallas fine yardes within the groundes :  
Winged Iason him selfe to flee away,  
oz else with fire he had bene streight confound.  
Many a wooll heart I made within that sounde,  
the Clowdes themselues, bewayling teares let fall.  
The rockes and hilles brake out their plainting sounde,  
beside the guiltlesse bloude, that did soz vengance call.

O noble Iason thus the heart I set we,  
who thought to be reuengde of mine Inquiltie :  
Towards me when I perceynde he dyed w,  
my two sonnes left aliue, without compassion oz pitie,  
Which were both tender, well made, and wittie,  
of my body begot, and naturallpe bozne,  
For malice to their father Iason, amyd the Citie,  
I cut their throttes (and made their bodies tozue,

With wilde hozses) by and downe the Arête,  
beside much mischief moze than this be surs. ;  
In all this stinking vale, yet did thou neuer méete  
with any wozetch that did like græse procure.  
But who so euer meanes, in wickednesse to hyde,  
oz leade a Tyrauntes life, in thend shall haue rewarde,  
According his deserts, this cannot be denyed.  
Though moztall fleshe thereto hane no regarde.

And then (quod she) thou knowest my name and why  
that I am thus tozmente in Stygion pitte,  
O that witches and Coniurers knew so well as I,  
of Ioues mightie downe that doth in heauen sitte,  
Then woulde they mende, if they had grace oz witte,  
To serue the Loyde woulde set they whole delight :  
And disobedient children woulde their sollye sitte,  
assuredly the Loyde at length doth smite.



## of wickednesse.

And with these wordes her paines increaste so soze,  
(But that shee sayde) report good Morpheus thus:  
Else all we heard her saye no moze,  
but that shee spake as one that tormente is.  
Thus seeing the reward of her wicked deedes,  
We stayed a while her tormentes to behold:  
Which at a moment, both daye and hower by deedes,  
much moze then can by any tongue be tolde.

To see the staring Denilles with fiery speares,  
on Dragons backs with poisoned pumples plight:  
As at a Quintan, at Medea, eche Tyrant beares,  
and through her runnes, that trickling blood appears.  
Then from the scalding heart, by violence out teares,  
Hote flames of fire, at woundes on euery side,  
Sponters with boznes, and lothsome louped cares,  
Kanne on this wretch, with gnashing teeth they cryed.

The tor-  
mentes of  
Stigien.

The blood by murder, this wicked wretche had shed,  
Thondered vengeance, whose terrible noyse,  
Heapte double paines vpon her wretched head,  
and stode that dreafeful bale, (alas) with woeful noyse,  
Innumerable of Witches, out of theyr Cabbins rose,  
with screaming srikes, they yelded loude and hys.  
Hote Pitche and Bizimstone, eache one on other thysse,  
A hell it selfe, we thought it was to see.

Each one in hande, begrypte a Butchers knife,  
the blades in fleshe on euery side they hide:  
The thyoate, the Guttles, or nexte to ridde the life,  
the mortall woundes they make on euery side.  
Then straight with thundring thyoate Magara cryde,  
come, Cacus, come, bying double paine and woe:  
Let wickednesse in endles flames be fride,  
come, come, the Gods haue firste it soe

## The rewarde

At which came Cacus, and Cloudes of fire shakes,  
more fearefull farre then blaste of storming winde  
Each pittie boyde vp, the craggie mountayne quakes,  
all crawling creepes, the Snakes of Serpentes kinde.  
No greater grife, no damned spryte could finde,  
For out of Ashe, to gleydes of glowing coale,  
From paine, to paine, from place to place assignde,  
and al to toyle and teare the woefull soule.

And thus wæ leste this late rewarded Dame,  
and so adrest our selues, to crooked Charons boate,  
Where many a wandering spirite, had passage by y same,  
through boyling bzoath, thre times as salter hote,  
With muche a doe, at length wæ passage gotte,  
and downe the smoaking banckes, wæ crepte on knee,  
Till at the length by chaunce it was our lotte,  
two men to see tormented woefull ye.

---

## The bookes verdite vpon Medea.

**H**Er cause who can bewaile, that plaide this butchers parte:  
As from her father deare to steale, that lou'de her in his hart.  
Her brother thus to slea, the Parentes hearts to kill:  
And with a straunger ronne awaye, to feede her fleshly will.  
The guiltlesse blood to sucke, of *Crenso vvorthy Dame*:  
And all at once vppon a rocke, to walt in fiery flame.  
Beside, her Children deare, hath wounde with mortall knife.  
The siniling Babes her body beare, bereft their tender life.  
VWhat eyes can stint from fluddes, whose eares doe vnderstande  
To cal to minde the gyltes bloods, shed by this womans handes?  
VWhat harme by witchcraft done, it passeth tongue to tell:  
Or any heart to thinke the somme, or hand to penne it well.  
(Alas) whoe would haue thought, that in a womans breast:  
*Dame* nature would haue let been wrought, to breede so much vnrest  
But

## of wickednesse.

But harde it is to trust, what euer that shee bee :  
That to hir father is vniust, shee meanes the same to thee.  
But loe you cruell Dames, that loue your wils so much :  
I speake it now to all your shames, if there be any such.  
*Medea* now is gone, that all the bate did brewē :  
Take heede among you there be none, with hir to prooue vntrewē :  
You witches all take heede, you see how God rewardes :  
And what appoynted is your meede, that diuelish actes regards.  
Leaue of your inuocation, your crossings and your charmes :  
(Alas) it is abomination, and doth increase your harmes.  
You parents it is time, to looke your younglings to :  
Least with this Prince, you say in fine, heartes ease and child adue.  
Keepe in your daughters strayght, best counsell I can geue :  
Least that perhaps shee catch a bayte, that both your harts may grene.  
And bring them vp in feare, and godlie bookes to reede :  
And then be sure that thou shalt heare, that wel thy chide shall speede  
And banish wilie will, from out thy daughters place :  
His sleightie shiftes will thousands spill, you know he wanteth grace  
Let bouldenesse banisht be, lay libertie aside :  
And looke you neuer doe agree, to paint them vp in pride.  
And so you shall reioyce, your daughters dayes to see :  
VVith *Helchias* lift vp your voyce, wlt h prayse as glad as hee.  
Thus farwell Virgins all, God guide you in his way :  
I doubt not but *Medeas* fill, your tender heartes shall fraye.  
And sith shee broyles in hell, whereas release is none :  
There I am sure that shee shall dwell, it helpeth not to mone.  
I cannot weepe therefore, to thinke what partes shee playde :  
Shee lost hir soule for euer more, hir name is quite decayde.  
Take heede, hir gaines you see, the Gods not one doe spare :  
For this or that, looke what they be, rewarded well they are.

## The rewarde

*The wordes of tormented Tantalus, being rewarded for his extortion and couetousnes: Oppressing of the poore people of his Countrey: And for other wicked actes.*



If any here haue cause for to complaine,  
What maye I doe that pined am for soode?  
I wishe and wante, I craue but all in vaine,  
I see the tempting fruite, and so I doe the flood:  
Whereof to eate and drinke, I with none other god,  
If all the woꝛld were mine, sharpe hunger gnawes me  
To haue my belly fild, al this I would for goe. (so,

No ioye nor pleasure, halfe doth glad the heart,  
No greatest thing that minde hath thought most swete:  
Though all were mine, in eueꝛy place and parte,  
And that each man were kneeling at my fæte,  
Like pleasure to this woe, was not compared yet.  
For hunger passeth all, who knewe his part with me,  
No death so bad, as liuing thus to be.

*Gregor.* But wickednes want' h not his iust reward.  
All you that beare rule therefore  
Howe you come thereby, it's best you haue regards:  
And being mighty, how you vse the poꝛe.  
Your owne infirmityes remember euer moꝛe.

*Bernar.* Beware of couetousnes, it's a flye and slyghtye bait,  
The father of Hypocrisie, and soꝛger of disceite.

And ambition is a pꝛiue poison,  
It's also a pestilens, covered clothe:  
*Plutar.* The nourishe of enuie, the fountaine of treason,  
The mouthe of make bate, to all mens losse,  
The blinder of hartes, as the woꝛld nowe goes,

*Herm.* Making of remedies, diseases greate stoꝛe,  
And of pure salues, many a great soꝛe.

*Tullius.* But hee that seeks aboute the rest to be,  
And gapes to reache the highest starre alofte:



## of wickednesse.

No doubt many times sogetteth equitie,  
And also Justice, it plaine appeareth ofte.  
Who desireth glozve, that fortune hath not skoster  
Though lalde a while, within her sickle lappe,  
At length she leaves him cadgde within her cruel trappe.

But al to late alas I doe confesse,  
My wicked crimes, wherefoz I suffer nowe.  
In time and space, I would not finde redzesse.  
To God noz man, I would not bende noz bowe:  
No mans Judgement but mine owne I would allowe.  
Repent that life, I thought I had no neede,  
Foz as on earth, I thought each where to spade.

Though foz my helpe, confession come to late,  
Yet in time, confession is a remedie:  
It confoundeth vices, restozeth vertues to each estate.  
Deuilles it vanquisheth, in greatest extremite:  
The Gates of Paradise, it openeth most fraily.  
Gods vengeance ceaseth, if man confesse betime,  
But so to doe, the grace was neuer mine.

*August.*

*Ambros.*

With confession is the life of a sinner,  
A glozve to good men, and necessary to thoffendour.  
He that will not confesse, whereof he was beginner,  
His grace with mine maye be called slender.  
But happye is he that godes ill gotte doth render  
To them againe, from whence they came at first,  
Be sure other waies they stande to God accurst.

*Barnab.*

(Alas) how vaine is pleasure, that most so much imbace?  
With what diligence, and expectation men  
Doe seeke this woizdly wealth, that bideth but a space?  
Sliding silye hence, no time appointed when,  
Wherefoze I wishe you all, Gods hasty wazth to ken:  
Boast not to daye, what thou wilt doe to morowe,  
By the sun go down, thy mirth may turne to sozow.

*August.*

*Hierom.*

Set

# The rewarde

*Christ.* Set little by riches, and rich shalt thou be,  
Set lest by renowne, and fame shall loue thee best:  
Care not for afflictions, take them quietlie,  
Let reason rule thee, so shalt thou be in rest.  
He that escapes the wrath of mightie Ioue is blest,  
But they that wicked are, no doubt must plagued be,  
*Seneca.* What needeth better prooue, or tryall but by me,

*Jacobus.* For iudgement without mercie is euer due  
To them that be vniuersall to the poore:  
But sure mightie men, doe thinke Gods worde not true,  
They thinke to liue, and dure for euermore,  
As I my selfe did, Alas I erpe therefoze.  
My wicked daedes, my woe doe still increase,  
And puttes me out of doubt, my paines shall neuer cease.

*Plinius.* One day deaeth another from time to time  
Of this, or that, as things doe chaunce to fall:  
But the last day giueth iudgement, declaring euery crime  
When eche man is compelde to make accountes for all,  
Then swaete worldly welth, doth taste like bitter gall.  
Who hath sustained wrongs, for vengauce then shall  
Th'oppressors of the poore, shall perish by and by. (cry.

And with these wordes, he snatcheth at the tree,  
The fruite whereof, declined to his lippe:  
Which on the sodain, from hys mouth gan flie,  
And stodes with swelling waues vpon his chinne doe hit.  
Yet might he not attaine thereof one bit.

But staruing standes, betwene these two for soode:  
Disguise for want of meate, this careful Caitiue stode.

And looking backe by chaunce hee Morpheus spred  
(And me) that stode vpon a bancke aboue:  
To whome streight waye hee sholuted, hold and cryed,  
Come nere god Morpheus and see the paines I proue.

And

## of wickednesse.

And warne all them, to whome thou bearest loue,  
my wicked lyfe, that once I ledde to flie:  
Woe them restore the gooddes got wrongfully.

And what's thy name quoth Morpheus woulde I knowe:  
From whence thou came, of whome thou art descendede  
And why thou doest endure this cruell woe,  
What hast thou done, the Gods be thus offended?  
My aces (quoth he) might well haue bene amended.

But when I was on earth, and had the worlde at will, *Lactancius*  
I neuer thought to dye, but to haue liued still.

I am the sonne of Iupiter, a God of mightie fame,  
And bozne of Plote, as witnesse wyters olde,  
And at my birth had Tantalus to name,  
Lozde of many a countrie. I was a Captaine bolde,  
But the cause of my plague the Poets haue mistolde.  
Yet Morpheus thou shalt here the cause wherfoze and  
The Gods awarte me here to wayle and crye. (Why

Some thinke the Gods toke vengance soz my sonne,  
Young Pelops, whome when I wanted meate,  
And that the Gods vnto my house did come,  
Because some saye I slewe him soz to eate,  
The Poets therfoze thought that I thys flaying bayte,  
Was iudged by the Gods alwayes to want & with:  
(As still I doe) but yet the cause was this.

For in my countrie none but I the chiefe:  
Subiect vnto me they were both far and nie.  
Who was so hardie but manger of his teath,  
I pluckt him on his knes, and if he lokt awy?  
But (alas) of wicked counsell each houre may I crye,  
Which put it in my heade, the poze soz to subdue  
In Phrigia where I rulse, which now fall soze I rue.

# The rewarde

What could be thought, that earthly man might please,  
To pompe the paunche, or feede the greedy eye?  
(Nothing at all) but by the lande or seas,  
With a word of my mouth, I had it by and by.  
I thought to mount about the starry skye.  
A woefull chaunce betide . the causers of my smart,  
Which counsell me to play, the Tyzantes parte.

Repent  
counsell to  
late.

Alas, alas, what grace had I vile wretche,  
To poule, and spoile, my subiectes as I did:  
Out of reason, they rentes I did both racke and retche:  
And another sort from house and grounde I rid:  
Compeld them to bandone familye and kinred,  
I banisht whome mee list, each man was glad to please  
Both mee and mine, that thought to live at ease.

I neuer had inough, ne could I be content  
To take the world as all my elders did:  
I samichte the countrey with fines and double rent,  
Esteeming not the mite, that was men to me offred,  
I gaped for gobs of Golde, which greedily I coffred.  
Honey was my desire, get it howe I might,  
Of Ritche or Poore, all one, as wel by wrong as right.

Wicked  
counsell,

But Morpheus, nowe to tell the sum and all,  
I will not leaue the least, for thus it is:  
My seruantes through theyr counsell were principall,  
That thus I was corrupt, I crye therefore alas,  
They sed mee with fables, to bring theyr purpose to passe.  
And in my name the poore they spoiled quite,  
To mee vnknowen, when I receiue no mite.

Thus many a scoze, that serued mee that time,  
That were of base degree, and of the simplest sort:  
By title of my name, alofte began to clime,  
And sought for seates of greater fame and port:



## of wickednesse.

To spoyle my subiectes they thought it but a sport.

The simplist knaue I had, that any office beare,

Was honozed of my Subiectes, as I my selfe it were.

For they otone aduantage as it did appeare,

To picke them thanks, within mine eares they whisper,

Take down y<sup>e</sup> dunghil knaues (quoth they) in dread & feare

The Charles bæ ritche, let's purge them with a glister:

The pozeſt wido we, bæ sure they neuer miſt her.

The fatherles, (alas) a begging out they thruſt,

Who payde not al & moze, a packing nædes they muſt.

And ſo my ſubiectes hcartes (alas) I loſt,

My honoze ke decayde, eache tongue declarde my crime:

Thus I purchaſte hate of them that lou'd me moſt,

And bare the name . for wozeſt of al my line:

Thus were the poze oppzeſt, eache day by me and mine.

A thouſand hungry ſoules, within one yere made I,

For meate and dinke, the countrey thzough to crye.

I was cozrupt with couetiſe, I neuer had inough,

For all my worldly treaſure, yet euer was I nædpe.

As faſt as I ſpoilde, al the countrey thzough,

Yet with the Cozmorant, I gaped alwayes grædpe,

Wherefoze the rewarde of my wickednes came ſpedpe.

For my ertozeion and ſamliſhing of the poze,

Beholde howe I am quitte, with like for euer moze,

Morpheus, moue thine acquaintauncè to take god hæde

Whome they appoint and put in auzhozitye,

Let them bæ ſure, they ſhall aunſwere with ſpæde.

For ertozing the poze, and other enozmitye:

Although they miſtruſt not, any tranſfozmitye.

But alwayes doe thinke, on the earth for to dwell,

Unlwaite for comes death, and rewardes them ſul wel.

# The rewarde

Who hated I so ill, as them which lou'de mee best:  
Who gained at my handes, but such as taught mee guile:  
Whose that wishte mee worship, I euer loued least:  
My practise was alwaye, my countrey for to spoyle,  
By meane whereof I did my name defile,  
And such as would in myne affaires haue bred:  
Moste churlishye, of thankes I haue denyed,

Too many of this condicio at these daies.

Thus on this worlde, a God I alwayes made,  
Wherein I thought to dwell for euer moze:  
At my pleasure and will, the Countrey did invade:  
Passing not a pinne for the curses of the poze.  
If hee shold not my bagges, I thrust him out of doze,  
As for mercey, at my hande, it woted not to craue,  
They did but stirre my choler, moze cruelly to raue.

There wants no vicihāns.

I lou'de vaine glozy most, hee was my counsel chiefe,  
And priuate gaine of whome I spake befoze,  
And other such, as teare my subiectes with theyr tēth,  
As a Dogge a bone, they shold my people poze,  
Of Tales and Dickthanks, I alwaies had great store,  
Whose whispering tales, were Gospels in mine head,  
And thus in stee of trueth, with falschod was I fed.

My shoulders laden were, with worldly muck,  
And yet mine eyes desired what I see:  
Though all the world were layde vpon a rocke  
It neuer might haue satisfied myne eye,  
If moze then inough, had halfe contented mee,  
I might haue liu'de, in honour at my dayes,  
And of the poze haue wonne in mortal praise.

Paulus.

Busseye of worldly mucke, sic on it twenty times,  
To natnall enuie, most men it doeth prouoke  
And vaine glozye, doeth teache a thousand careful crimes,  
In euery mischiefe, these two, doe euer strike a stroke,

# of wickednesse.

A deceptfull swātenesse, That bindes to Satbans yoke  
An vnfruitful labour, a continuall dread and feare,  
A dangerous aduancement, The authoz of dispaire. *Augst.*

Uaine gloz yal wayes, without repentaunce endeth,  
Whose beginning without prouidence is:  
Prouokes the Gods to wꝛath, the people it offendeth.  
Who glozeth in this globe, that thinkes hē doeth amisse? *Such these*  
Hē gapeth like a gulton, for glozpe to bē his, *are.*  
Whose eyes bē fixe into the Skies on hꝛ,  
And wisheth wings aboute the Sunne to flē.

What greater follie can bē then to couet Kitches,  
It tormentes the minde, and bꝛeakes the quiete slēpes,  
It bereth the heart, and myꝛth away it twitcheis. *Diogo.*  
Many miserable thoughtes, in the conscience it kēpes, *,*  
It shakes vp the stomacke, making sowers of swātes, *,*  
It shorteneth the life, as the Philosopher sayeth, *,*  
It makes Childꝛen, & kinfolke, withers of yozr death. *,*

It kēpeth from doing Godlye charitable dādes;  
It causeth the partye not cherishe him selfe, *Hora.*  
Being neuer friendly to any man that nēdes, *,*  
Dispatching eache man of theyꝛ perfitte health, *,*  
Loe, these bē the fruites of this vile worldy pelte, *,*  
Which causeth man, to liue a misers life, *,*  
Whose ende is destruction, to man, mayde, and wise. *,*

And with these wordes, the woefull lillie wyꝛtche  
His Jawes ope cast, that boilde and burnde with heate:  
And withered staruen armes, with violence doe stretchē,  
In hope to catche the sleighty tempting bayte, (eate,  
Which hanges on flattering bowes, that flatters him to  
And to his moꝛid mouth declines y barked is ful dꝛye,  
Whē the hungry soule, would eate, away y fruite doth  
(dꝛye.

## The rewarde

And stood on euery side, swels vp with boyling waues,  
Wherein hee standes an ynche aboue the Chinne:  
Whose cruell thyrt to dlynke, no litle cranes,  
But when to taste, poyze soule hee doth beginne,  
It blencheth out of sight, as it had neuer bene.  
Then touched fruite, doeth beate him on the teethe,  
Appointed by the Gods, to worke him double grieve,

With face befozrnde, al quaking standeth hee,  
Ten times worse then death, the Caitife lokes:  
Pought els vppon his legges, but skinne and bones to see,  
Each finger of his hande, as bare as angling hookes,  
His bellye as thinne, as out of season flowkes.  
Nuche like a shadowe of the Moone hee standes,  
With reufull cheare, doth wyng his carefull handes.

And after a while, amid his tozmentes greate,  
*Marcus* (Quoth hee) Oh Marcus Curius, blessed be thy dayes.  
*Curius.* Thou wast indifferent, thou dealt not with disceate,  
Thou wantst thy subiects harts, & wantst immortal praise:  
Thou wast a louing Capitaine, to men at al affaires,  
For to thy people thou wast a Parent care,  
As by thy noble actes, among them did appeare.

Thou didst deuide the soyle, by iust and equall line,  
And to each man, thou fortpy acres gaue:  
Which ground befoze allotted was for thine.  
Yet like, for like, with leaſt thou would but haue,  
The faithful heartes of men, was al that thou didst craue.  
Therefore thy iust rewarde, is with the Gods on hys,  
And thzough the earth, thy saue, abzoade doth flye.

And wyde his head, and Morpheus straight behelde,  
Thou knowest my name (quoth he) I pray he get the hence  
To leaue my talke, by thyrt I am compelde:  
The hungry worme, doth also worke mee vengeance.  
Sith



## of wickednesse.

With of my dares thou hast true intelligence,  
Declare it to thy frindes, how euer they regard it,  
How I for my wickednesse of Pluto am rewarded.

That will I doe (quoth he) the best I may or can,  
To all the world diuolgat shall it be,  
My voyce shall thunder it out vnto eche man,  
The rewarde of wickednesse that now I see:  
Doe so (quod Tantalus) and therewithall both hee  
Betwixt the fruite and guylefull fountaines baine,  
Watching wisheth soe to ease his hungry paine.

And thus we both departe, and went our way,  
This dreire doubtfull Myser, left we there,  
Whose thirste increaseth grieffe, to see the pray  
That heart woulde haue, in sight doth aye appere.  
Streight came Alecto, And shee began to sweare:  
(quoth shee) thou oppressor, thy hunger still increase,  
To rewarde thy wickednesse, hope not to haue release.

So sooner from the valley were we gone,  
But in our eares we heard a carefull crye,  
Which sayde (alas) in Plutos kingdome none  
Sustaineth halfe the plagues that I doe taste and trye,  
Fie one worldely workes, fy vpon them fy.  
(Quoth Morpheus) to me, make haste, we will go see,  
Who it is that plaincs and moanes so grieuoulye.

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### The bookes verdite vpon Tantalus.

THE monstrous Camel, that slaying beast, & eake the sluggish Asse  
And Bayarde bolde, I may compare to many men alas.  
VVhich with the Camell beares awaye, the massie packe of pelfe,  
Yet twise as slowe as sluggish Asse, but onely for themselfe.

The

## The rewarde

The lothsome loade of wished wealth, the harts hath so bewicht:  
That Iustice, friendship, pitie, and loue, away is from them twicht.  
VVith brags they bouldly leape & plunge, nothing they do mistrust:  
As *Baiard* doeth, till at the length, to yeld to harne they must.  
These Beastes mee thinke doe wel present, the qualities of such,  
That with the *Camel*, drug and drawe, of worldiye wealth so much,  
As *Tantalus* the *Phrigion* did, the *Camels* part that plaide.  
VVhose mind frō *Midas* muck, in time, no counsel could haue staid,  
His Beastly heart beare that away, that body nor bones could doe:  
As some such *Camels* at these daies, are lately start vp newe.  
VVithin the circuite of our soile, which members beare of men,  
VVhose customes in their country is, to beastly now and then.  
For oft their greedy paiche deuoures, their neighbors house & ground,  
Yea Pastures, Parks, whole fields, & Tounes, & al that may be found.  
VVhich pailtth beast, or beastly bones, of worldinges for to beare:  
Although their hearts do craue as much, as both they see and heare.  
They hoke and holde, with tothe and naile, by slight of wily braine,  
That which we see, each time and tide, doth waste like snow in raine.  
Goodes are ill gotte, which causeth losse, of endlesse ioy and blisse,  
To purchase paines, where lasting grieffe, and tormente euer is.  
Marke this wel you mighties whome, the Lord appointes to rule,  
Lende not your eares in any wise, to Peter Pickthankes schole.  
His flattering fetches doth robbe you al, off famous honour due,  
VVhose painting pensels euermore, reprocheful colours hewe.  
And causeth curses of the poore, whose plaints the Lord doeth heare,  
redressing streight their care & grief, throughout the earth echewhere  
VThat *Camell* then more couetous, what *Asse* more dull of witte,  
VWhat boulder *Bayara* can be found, to keepe the lothsome pitte,  
The are these muckscrapers at these daies, that swallow vp the poore,  
VVhich haue to much, yet not content, but proule for more & more:  
VVhose gluttons eies are neuer filde, till gaping chappes bee full  
Of suddie soile, and slimie slutche, where at this while you pull:  
And then your woeful soules bewaile, the daies your carkasse spende,  
In wickednes, and neuer could finde any time to mende.  
But wordes are wind, what will you more? No vertue is regarded:  
Be as be maie, the daie will come, your workes will bee rewarded.

FINIS.

## of wickednesse.

**The rewarde of an Ambicious and vaine glorious counseller, called V etronius Turinus:** For his wicked life among them that hee might ouercome, and for his Pride: whose wordes folow in the middes of his tormentes.



**D**eepe Tantalus hold still thy plainting chaps.  
Be waile no moze thy state, thy lot is light enough,  
And if thou knewe of my mischaunfed haps,  
And how I am tozment, within this stinking clough.  
Contented would thou be, where now thou art not so,  
And if thou felte but least of this my endles woe.

Eye of the face of foztunes smiling lookes,  
Whose eye decepte is sugred baytes to cast:  
The foolish sozte to catche vpon hir hookes,  
That erke from smiling mouth, the Iudas kisse had taste.  
And suche as she hath set the hert of all,  
She most delites to geue the greatest fall.

Who sittes so sure as in the simple seate?  
Who is so Ritche, as hee that reason doth content?  
Who scapes the hooke, that leapes at euery batte?  
Who meddles much at last that is not spent?  
Or yet who deales with craft that is not spide?  
Who hath not al mens wozath, that euer moze hath lide?

The sure pathe I neuer founde as yet,  
Which was to set all wo:ldly thinges at nought.  
With Phaeton, I thought aboute the starres to sit,  
On wo:ldly wealth was euer moze my thought.  
But custome teacheth al thinges shal little bee,  
That to the show semes greate, to wo:ldly eye.

*Isidorus.*

Who dwelles in Princes fauours that knowes him selfe,  
Or at the least sozgettes not what hee was?  
Who lookes not hie, that catcheth wo:ldly wealth,

I . . . Which

# The rewarde

*Hermes.* Which flippes alway as de'we vpon the grasse.  
Flye, on it flye, it leades to endles fire,  
And meare destruction bynges, on them that it desire.

But in balleys lowe, the quiett dwelling is,  
On lofty mountaines, the storming blast doth blowe:  
*Phenix.* The mounting Phenix, shall witnesse be of this,  
Who doth full well, the heartes of climbers shoue.  
Whose ende with her, doth meare destruction call,  
Which doth from lofty skyes, belowe to ashes fall.

Who with Icarus seemes to flye a losse,  
D: with the Pine, his fellowes ouergrowes,  
That many times, with fortune is not koste,  
And with the Pine, be rente and spoilde of bowes?  
Who standeth in conceyte, with foliſhe fonde Nesfus,  
That in the ende of his misfortune misse?

But what auailde the Bookes that I haue read?  
The wicked ende of none, might cause mee to amende:  
I sawe long syth, howe euery Tyrant spred,  
By woorthy wyters, whose actes had Clerkly pende.  
And they? successe, that in such vice abounded,  
Howe shortly they rained, and were by God confounded.

But let me be, soz so I maye no doubt,  
Full well be made a mirrour to each one:  
That be in Princes fauour, & make them selues so stout,  
(As I) vnhappy wretch, haue bene not long a gone.  
I had so deepe a witte to purchase wo:ldly wealth,  
In vertue a very foole, and cleane deceiue my selfe.

And with these wordes his paines so much encrease,  
That worse then mad, a thousand times he flings:  
Then to the banke of loathsome lake he prest,  
And cryed, behold, what wicked doinges bringes,  
Draue neare god Morpheus, harken what I saye,  
And to thy friendes repozt another daye.



## of wickednesse.

I was (quoth he) aduauante to such degre,  
And in the fauour stode, of Alexanders grace:  
So much at last, that in all causes he  
Toke mine aduise, in thinges that doubtful was.  
My counsell lead him, euer as my list,  
Who had a sute, I not his friende, his purpose mist.

All men gaue place, when I in counsell close,  
Vnto this noble Emperoure, both night and day:  
My fame eache howe, encreased styl and rose,  
I saued whome my list, agayne I put away  
(Whome pleased me) and ruled me at will,  
I made both good, and bad, full glad to please me still.

Vetronius Turinus, is my proper name,  
Chiefe counsellor, this famous Emperour too:  
Which beared my inward eyes in tasting of the same,  
I could not know my selfe, as I was wont to doe.  
Such incōparable swētnesse, is found in Princes fauor,  
Whour fortune calles so high, sogets their owne be-  
(haviour.

*Vetronius  
Turinus.*

Such hap a while excēdeth Loios taste,  
Whose smatch some lickoras lips, the most doe wishe:  
Yet whosoeuer to gape, therefore both haste  
Sal trye in thende, Serdonia, plaine it is.  
For swētest meates, soure sauce they saye is best,  
This is, and euer moze, was vsed at eache feast.

Thus I elect, and chosen chiefe of all,  
In secrete familiaritie, with this noble man:  
I was so puffed with pride, I did mistrust no fall,  
Thus eache mans heart, through dread and feare I wan.  
A while I plaide the Beare, I nipt both yong and olde,  
I kept them so in awe, to barke none durst be bolde.

Thus every man of me did stand in feare,  
Eache one with bending knees, to me did bowe:  
They honoured me, as I the Emperour were,

## The rewarde

I gaped for such gloze, as was not méete nor desw.  
Thus like a chowgh, depaint in peacocks sayles,  
Amid the gulfe of Cille, I boyll my rotten sayles.

And at the length this one thing blinded me,  
When euery man my lawfull fauour sought,  
Then I began to looke both stolte and hie,  
I spake them fayre, when inward ill I thought.  
Great byibes I did receyue, and made all men belæue,  
That inhome my list, I coulde both glabde and grieue.

Thus ritche I made my selfe, and most men poze,  
That to this noble Emproure any sute procurde :  
And those of whome the Emproure made a floze,  
Such meanes I wrought, that long he not indurde.  
And yet a greater sleight then this I used long,  
I dayly sought to wze it all men with wrong.

Faire wordes I sedde them with, and nothing elles,  
On eyther part their money I receyued,  
I eate their kirkels, and fed them with the shelles.  
Who trusted me that scaped vndeceyued ?  
I playde the Mariner, that looketh backe and rowes,  
And yet with flode, his boate contrarie flowes.

For where these suters did awayte to knowe,  
By me this noble Emperour his pleasure, (sholue.  
Then would I nodde my head, and frindely countenaunce  
(As who shoulde saye) abyde a nother leysure.  
Thus of the Emprours graue determination,  
I made a trade as twere an occupation.

Till at the length, all men with murmuration,  
Perceyuing that I fabled with them so,  
With open Jawes, made open exclamation,  
And earnest looks cast on me too and fro,  
Whereat report, a Poste did sende for Fame, (same  
Which causd hir crooked Trumpets sound abode the  
Thus

## of wickednesse.

Thus to this noble Princes eares at length it came,  
And published all abroade, it was on euery side.  
And of the same accuser of euery man,  
That rounde about me stode, and to the Empour cryde:  
O famous noble p:nce, incline thine eares to heare,  
Turinus wickednesse, to thox shall now appeare.

Then all my former lyfe disclosed was,  
And proude by credible persons befoze my face:  
When the Emperour vnderstode both moze and les,  
He iudgde me to be led into the market place.  
Where straungers were of countries far and nye,  
Which grieude me woyle, then twentie times to die.

In the market place, sometime where I with pryde,  
Moze like a P:nce then other wise had walkd the stones  
There to a stake, my limbes full fast they tyde,  
With cruell engins inuented for the nonce,  
Where young and olde, stode rounde about to see,  
The fall of him, which earst did loke full hee.

When hidden malice did shewe his furious face,  
Whose tongues befoze as swete as suger sãnde:  
(And crying sayde) thou Tyraunt boyde of grace,  
The profe is plaine, it was not as thou wãnde, (knãlde,  
Thou thought thou had our harts, because we capt and  
Which inwardely with spitefull hate we stãlde.

Then curses blacke into the skies they sende,  
To all the Gods where mightie Ioue doth sitte,  
That after all this shame, I might be tozme and rent,  
Within the puddle of Plutos stinking pitte.  
And therewithall, their handes a pace they clappe,  
Greene sticke and stubble, about the stake they wzap,

And fire thereto, on euery side they set,  
Whose powdering smoke, mountes vp the loftie skies,  
The flashing flame eche man was prync to let,

This execu-  
tion ma-  
keth people  
glad.

# The rewarde

To th'ende thereby my doubled paine might rise,  
Thus lingered life, with tormentes worse then death,  
By meanes of smoke compelde to yelde my bzeath.

Wherewith glad some heartes reioyced many a one,  
To th' great reproche of all my blode and line,  
With hast a Beale Chempourer calde on,  
And straightly chargde, about the stake that time,  
To sounde these wordes in th'eares of young and olde,  
*VVish fumes to bere be dieth, that fumes hath euer solde.*

Thus confusion my guerdon quitte ful well,  
And payde my byze which I deserued best,  
The Gods also condemnde me into hell,  
Among the wicked sorte with whom I am possess.  
of pykesome Stigion whereas Phlegethons flames,  
The pompe of cruell Tryptantes euer dayly tames.

Loe this the lotte of wicked life in th'ende,  
Loke to your states you that Counsellors be,  
You that perswade the nobles to offende,  
Lauce of betime for my rewarde you see,  
Woe sure whosoever in wickednesse procede,  
In th'ende the Gods doe recompence their dedes.

How sayst thou Morpheus hast thou hearde the like?  
Whome hast thou knowne to haue a fall like mine?  
Coude Fortune worke to me a greater spite,  
Then first to whirle me by, then cast me downe in fine,  
When least of all hir wrath I did mistrust:  
From hert of Pelops turret, no helpe but downe I must.

Thus through the cosse I got eche poore mans curse,  
With shamefull death, and hell at latter daye:  
I dere bought treasure, thus to fill my purse,  
To lose the ioyes among the Goddesses for aye.

These wordes no sower sayd, so much increast his pains  
His tongue with rusul voyce his perfit talke constrains.  
This



## of wickednesse.

This sincke of sorrow wherein he standes and cryes,  
With pitche and Bizimstone boyles vp like a floude,  
Where serpents with their triple heads still yelling cryes,  
Whose crooked clawes are bathed in his bloude.

From out whose mouthes such soming flames arise,  
Which lighteth in his face, or spowteth in his eyes.

Each finger of his hande was turnde to ougly snakes,  
His teeth were chaunge to woymes Cerestres like:  
His legges all serpentes, that dayly bengauce takes,  
Upon each other, that venomly gan smite.

His toes upon his feets, were althys Todes to see,  
That swelde with poyson as bigge as they might bee.

His heart the Captaine of his slepyghtie tongue,  
Transfozmd in likenesse of a Wedgehogge kinde:  
Befoze whose graedie mouth such riped fruite was hong,  
As monstrous beast in hearte did wishe to finde.

Which when he toucht, they turnde to Scorpions all,  
Perfozce his lippes from gaping chappes lets fall.

His guilefull tongue was turnde to Crocadyle,  
Amidde whose sleightie heade bzaft out consuming coles,  
From out whose eyes fell dropes like gaddes of steele,  
Wherewith sometime he trapt were lillie soules.

And molten golde into his mouth was pourde,  
Whose gasping gummes most graedely deuourde.

And yet a greater grieft then this hadde he,  
A plagie paine about the rest no doubt:  
An horrible fend, none such in hell to see,  
Befoze him standes, whose voyce both roare and thoute,  
What ioyes among the Gods they lose that wicked are,  
This ougly Ceyloz to him straight did declare.

And with the Psalines began this cruell Clarke,  
To taunte the torment w; etche with grieft to heare,  
Saying Turinus incline thine eare and harken:

A man de  
fozmed.

The scrip-  
ture allea-  
ged then.  
Psal 84.  
Psal. 24.  
Psal. 3.

# The rewarde

I am thy Curate, thou art my Parishner.

Geue care (quoth hē) and marke my sayinges well,  
Else shal these bookes, with care thy cozps compel.

And then these places of scripture straight hē reades,

Roma 8.

And shakes his Snakeie head, with grinning teeth:

Apoca. 22.

And scoffes him still, with all his oide done dædes,

Math. 24.

That then to heare, no litle was his græfe.

1. Thes. 4.

And then this frowning Curate, byraggingly gan boast,

Math. 25.

And tels the wretch, what endles ioyes hē lost.

Apoca. 7.

Apoca. 4.

Apoca. 21.

Thou hast lost (quoth hē) myzth out of measure,

, All libertye, all Light, all reioysing and health:

Ecap. 43.

, All wealth, all ioye, and glozious pleasure,

Ecap. 1.

, All honour, all power, al long of thy selfe.

Ecap. 5.

, With solace, and loue, bñitie, concozde, and peace,

Math. 11.

, Wisdom, vertuous melodye, and felicitics increase.

John. 3.

John. 5.

, Pækenes, and beatitude, from the is fled and gone,

, And that in most glozious heauenly Citye:

, Hope for no redresse, be sure heare is none,

, But euer moze, bñspeakeable miserye.

, This Den (quoth hē), is still the place of paines,

, For thē and such, of whom the poye complaines.

, Nowe hast thou lost the company of Archangels,

, With Thapostles, Patriarkes, and Cherubins:

, Powers, Thrones, Dominions, and Aungels,

, Confelloz, Virgins, Partyz, with blessed Zeraphins.

, Where righteous spzites, cease not, but alwaies sing.

, Holy, Holy, Holy, God of earth, and heauen King.

And with these words, with hast hē shut the booke,

To some place else hē ranne to execute his spite:

Whercreat Turine cast by a woeful loke!

(Quoth hē) god Morpheus take sozth thy pen and wzyte,

(Alas) register by my rewfull wickid ende.

It may pzeuent much harme, & if the same were pende.

But

## of wickednesse.

But Morpheus casting downe his heade for woe,  
Wneth one worde, coulde well pronounce almost,  
But sayd, come Robinson, I praye thee let vs goe,  
My heart doth waunte to see this grislye ghost.  
And then he wish't that all offenders see,  
How Pluto doth rewarde all them that wicked bee.

And thus we left Turinus in his paines,  
Whose wante of grace, we both lamented much :  
And there in Jaylor he shakes his linked chaines,  
Whose bandes to b:ake, no moztall bandes may such.  
His enoless paines it bootes not to bewaile,  
No sacrifice to Ioue, can ought at all p:cuale .

### The Bookes verdict.

L Oethus to see him pulde, with raging haggas of hell,  
That whilom thousandes rulde, esteemd with Princes well.  
I meruell in my minde, such men should plagued bee,  
VVhose Fortune hath assinde, vnto such dignitie.  
But now I doe perceyue, none such the Gods will spare:  
That poore men doe bereaue, of money goodes or ware.  
Or whome by counsell seemes, to blinde their Noble eyes:  
VVhose iudgements best esteemes, and quites with double fees,  
Or such as sentence sel, by slye and cloked craft :  
And harmeless soules compel, a fruitelesse tree to grafte.  
On these the Gods doe poure, their wrath by whole consent :  
And alter in an houre, the wickeds yll intent.  
Regarding not at all, their statelic hie degree :  
But shortlye giue the fall, to such as climbe to hie.  
Turinus now hath lost his prince that lou'de him best :  
And such as hate him most, ioyde thus to see him drest.  
VVhat profittes blubbred teares? The Gods haue iudged thee :  
How long or fewe yeres, (they know) so doe not wee.  
To leaue thee in thy paines, of very force I must :  
No hope but this remaines, a warning fayre I trust.

FINIS

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# The rewarde

**The wofull complaint of the mon-  
strous Emperour Heliogabalus for spending of his  
dayes in abhominable whoredome.**



**S**ith Morpheus thou art come to take the betwe  
of Plutos kingdome where the wicked guerdon haue;  
Of all the rest thou euer see or knelwe,  
I am the marke to guide the rest from scath.  
Loe howe I lye, that earst did flourish by aue,  
and yet Turinus think es he hath much wrong,  
I heare him hither, vpon the suries raue,  
yet not such cause as I, Turinus holde thy tongue.

Oh how tickle is the stape of honours hie?  
What doth auaille a while to guide the earth?  
Th' example plaine appeareth now by me,  
an Emperour once descende of noble birth,  
By triple crowne that was abundaunce worth,  
my Scepture sette with Saphirs rich to see:  
By sword that helde in feare such murth,  
as neuer yet was betwix by any eye.

For yet the sounde of great renowned fame,  
though all the worlde I helde in feare and awe,  
That can excuse the least of blotted blame,  
nor that the Gods at all regards a strawe:  
(No Morpheus no) who doth offende their lawe,  
although he were ten times as high againe:  
Upon the snap they catche him in a flawe,  
their hantis masse flies ouer boarde amaine.

Upon the rocke the shaken Hull is cast,  
that proudly hoyst hir sayle before on hie:  
And so vnwares they perish wyth a blast,  
the which before mistrusted not to die.  
Then from the stinking gale the sprite doth flee:  
and as the dunghill secke, hath spent his dayes,



## of wickednesse.

The fille soule, in bale oꝝ blisse shall be,  
thus vice oꝝ vertue hath rewarde alwayes.

Unhappie wretch I was of Rome elect,  
and by consent of all the rulers there,  
The noble Senate chose me to protect,  
but when in hande the fearefull sword I beare,  
Not onely Rome, but throughe the whole Empire,  
I quight forgot my selfe, and place they set me in:  
Then did my filthie nature straight appere,  
the hidden smoke, to flashing flames begin.

Not after that I had in hande to rule,  
and that my sword to lose and binde had power,  
I brought the Senate to a nother schoule,  
exalting vice much hieer then Pelops tower.  
The Sages graue expulsiue euery houre,  
new Lozdes, new lawes, it did appeare by me:  
Thus Rome to ruine I brought from honour,  
from vertue to vice, great shame and infamie.

Thus first of all, when I from Syria came,  
to Rome to rule, and royall sceptre guide:  
Heliogabalus the Romaine bloude may banne,  
I was a meane to laye their fame aside.  
Wisdomme noꝝ vertue I neuer might abide,  
In brute and beastle toyes alwayes I dwelde.  
All such as sinne coꝝrecte I did deride,  
to filthie liuing a thousande I compelde.

*Varius  
Helioga-  
balus.*

And thus of Rome that was a mirrour cleare,  
from whome at first all nations knowledge hadde,  
Of honour, vertue and prowes the name did beare,  
in myste of filthie slaunde by me was ladde  
Whereat the prudent men wept teares full sadde,  
to see the vile abuse that then I set aloft:  
Vertuous Virgins then to flie were gladdes,  
vraquilt selwe scapt, that might be caught.

## The rewarde

Insatiable was my swelling luste,  
my pampered fleshe to whozedom was addide:  
I looke on none but needes consent they must:  
Loe thus (alas) with vice I was afflicte.  
I woulde the moztal launce in tender youth had sticke  
my wicked heart that wickednesse desired:  
Then should not now no Plutos surye prickt  
this soule of mine, that here in flames lyeth syzed.

If Actis chaunce betime I had sustainde,  
then had I squenchd the sparke that byed burrest:  
My wretched spzite, that nowe in hell is painde,  
among the Gods in blisse had been possesst.  
Whom nowe thou seest with torments styll oppresst,  
and also scape on earth, reproche and shame:  
Unhappy Rome, then had thou twise been blest,  
that nowe for evermoze bewayles the same.

*Sir-*  
*Sanapalus*  
*the last As-*  
*irian King*  
*hued too*  
*wile a litle*  
*to bee re-*  
*heared.*

The last Asirian King in filthy life,  
I did create a thousand kinde of mayes:  
All Rome thzoughout, I rauisht Maide and Wiffe,  
of Virgins euer, I made them common prayes.  
Thus spent I my wicked fleshy dayes,  
I made a Senate, of harlottes and baudes:  
In open sight I kept no better playes,  
then filthye to vse these common Jades.

Thus houses builded I, for scholes of sin,  
to ayde them with I gaue them largely treasure:  
The vertuous Patrons, I pluckt them quickly in,  
compelling them vnto this filthy pleasure:  
(Alas, alas) I past al Godlye measure,  
there was no ho, with mee: who durst denye?  
But if they had, I spied such a treasure,  
that from their Shoulders, I made their heads to flye.

Into the handes of Balwes, I did commit,  
the greatest dignitie of the Publike weale:

# of wickednesse.

To common Rybalwes, boyde of grace and witte,  
I gaue authoritie, aswell to chose as deale,  
Who had a sute to mee that did pvenale,  
except in Lechery hee did erre:  
The vertuous sozt were ener sure to sayle,  
when as the wicked at euery turne did speake.

Luxurious meates and dzinckes, I euer sought,  
a thousand wayes I studied for the same:  
Upon the Publike weale the least I thought,  
to labour after lust, that was my game.  
If I should publishe halfe by proper name,  
the life of late, I lewdlye led in sinne,  
The finest head it would both tire and tame,  
therfoze to trouble thee, I will not nowe beginne.

What should I speake of noble famous Dukes,  
that from the Senate, by violence I put:  
Oz of the sage wise Maisters, that with rebukes,  
I cruellye, out of the Senate shut:  
I caught the bitter buske, and lost the pleasant put,  
two Carters I chose to bee my counsell chiefe:  
I blindlye dzewe to shot at blanked Bat:  
which was the cause at leangh of all my griele.

Protogenes the tone of these were calbe  
Cordius, thother had by proper name:  
These two through Rome the common wealth forstald,  
to the losse of my honour, and great increase of shame.  
For vice flozished, and vertue wared lame:  
Vitellus in gluttony, alwayes I did erre:  
Wanton meates for the nonce, then I gan frame,  
to pamper the paunche, when nature list not serue.

What should I tell of the strange kinde of Fishes,  
so rare vneth no man can knowe them well:  
Which at one meale, ten thousand dishes,  
with as many fowles as doe the fische excell.

It is  
needfull for  
Princes &  
noble men  
to cal sage,  
wise & lea-  
ned men to  
bee of their  
counsell, &  
such as bee  
Gentlemē,  
well brou-  
ght up.

Protogenes  
& Cordius  
two steeves  
bozre.

Vitellus  
at one sup-  
per was ser-  
ued with .7  
thouande  
fishes, and .5  
thouande  
fowles.



# The rewarde

The like ere nowe, hath any man heard tell:  
an Emperoure to leade (alas) like gluttons life:  
Young tender Maides, alwayes I did compell,  
throughtout Italic, with many a noble wife.

An abhomi-  
nable thing  
and dam-  
nable.

And when I had suffisde by violence,  
my filthy fleshe, yet not contented so:  
I ripe they: wombes in open audience,  
they: tender bowelles, and secreates so: to shoo.  
In progresse, when I did delite to goe,  
with mee five hundred Charlots of harlots went:  
In Reede of Sage, and noble counsels los,  
thus I my time in wickednesse still spent.

And such as chiefe to mee I did appoint,  
and ordaine greatest rule of all to beare:  
The sentence of my fame, the villans toynt,  
I innocent, the suters not the neare.

Zoticus.

They led me with follie they whispered in mine eare,  
Zoticus that barlette, a slaue and dunghill bozne:  
Whome of nought to noblenes, I did by reare,  
in thende rewarded mee with double scozne.

He playde by mee, as Turinus did befoze,  
by noble Alexander, who guerdon gauc:  
(So well) that fame, so: euer moze,  
sounded by his praise so: quiting of that knaue.  
What should I saye, it is but vaine to rane,  
so: in time I had no grace this to prenent:  
Wnt hee that will thus much exalt a slaue,  
him selfe shall be the first, that shall repent.

Because this barlette, Zoticus did excell  
in all wicked vices most abhominable:  
I preferde him to the greatest liuing that sell,  
both Realmes & Kingdoms, with countreys honozable:  
To no man vertuous I seemed consozable,  
but onely to such as abounded in sinne:



## of wickednesse.

To these and such like, I was euer tractable,  
When eachs man lost, these knaues did winne.

The Devill so kindled his fire in my bzeast,  
and fostered in mee such detestable vice:  
Because Alexander was not slaine, I could not rest,  
that was mine Awntes soune both learned and wise.  
To poyson him I offered, Jewelles of great price,  
because my wickednesse so much hee hated:  
One while treason, I conspired with spice,  
in diuers drinks and meates, his death I animated.

But now we behold the guerdon and rewarde,  
of filthy vile and detestable life:  
And howe the Gods they seruantes doe regarde,  
defending them from murders bloody knife.  
Oy ende ful wel, maye warne both man and wife,  
fo; Alexander, whome I thought to kill:  
Hee scape the snare, when I began to dye,  
the first I was my selfe, that in the same did dye.

For hee thzough vertue, wanne the noble heartes,  
of thancient Senate, and commons of the same:  
In whose safegarde, not one from other startes,  
but with consent, togeather ioyntly frame.  
And thus beganne with mee, that tragicallike game:  
Hyantes can not raigne, experience long hath taught:  
The Gods that suffer long, at length doe blame,  
the wicked imagination, they euer bying to nought.

For by pꝛocuring Alexanders death,  
I halsted mine owne to my life agræing:  
My wicked seruantes, like Traitors false of faith,  
were thonely conspiratours, and causers of my dying.  
They slewe my adherentes, and put mee to dying.  
my familicrs a thousand wayes they hilde  
Befoze my face. I standing by and seeing,  
fo; life durst not speake, but as a coward yield.

But

# The rewarde

*Semiramis  
his mother  
a pious  
woman.*

But how I pained, it's shame to make relation,  
I fled into a priuie, and there was take,  
My mother murdered on the same sorte and fashion,  
Our funeralls together, amidst that dounge we make.  
Loe my rewarde so: filth by whoz edoms sake.  
The Gods forget me not, they quilts me home:  
They cast me headlong into this fiery lake,  
vpon the earth soz aye good fame is gone.

(Alas) Morpheus yet thou knowst not all,  
I praye thee bide a while and heare the rest,  
I am sure as yet, thou neuer hearde like fall,  
of noble birth, hatcht in so high a nest.  
But what pzeuails where vice is so possest.  
A while I rulde, and tumbled in my sinne:  
I wanted nothing, that monstrous life request,  
of feare I frustrate was, I dyed not God a pin.

Therefore mine obious cozps throughout the Citty,  
with hookes they dyewe, both vp and downe the Arctes  
With ordure fylde, no man of me had pitie,  
baulters of hempe were both our winding sheetes.  
Fie on him villaine, they strickt & cryde like sprites,  
with clapping bandes eche one reisytt to see,  
With wordes of great reproche the furies had delites,  
my olde descrued daedes to wreake on mee.

Then to the common Jakes they dyegged mee,  
at the filthiest conuict downe they woulde me cast,  
But that it was so narrow, at least by fingers thre,  
or else I had bene spynde within that dongue at last.  
But then tyed to a mightie myllstone full fast,  
into the stode of Tiber was I thowne:  
Where many a worthy shippe bath pass,  
the tumbling streams was made my tumb and thone.

Loe Morpheus loe, thus was I seru'de of such,  
that earst from nauight to Princes mates I brought:  
Beholde

## of wickednesse.

Beholde theyꝛ actes, to whome I gaue so much,  
about the rest, my misaduentres sought:  
But alas, the ende of wickednesse is naught,  
the Gods alwayes, take vengeaunce at the length:  
I thought I should the fired starres haue raught,  
but yet abated was my halwte heart and strength.

At the age of one and twentye yeres I dyed,  
and monstrous Heliogabalus they calde my name:  
To my reproche, report the same hath cryed,  
who heard therof, that made not spoꝛt and game?  
And loke who leades my life, shal euer tast the same,  
vtter confusion, hasteth soꝛ his praye:  
Perdurable mischiefe, comes after fast with shame,  
and makes theyꝛ paspoꝛte at the latter daye.

But Morpheus, to tell thee all my beastly actes,  
an hundꝛeth Clarkeꝛ were not able to pen them:  
And againe who soeuer should heare of like factes,  
so detestable they are, it would but offend them.  
But I praye thee warne thy friendes to amend them,  
my gilte thou hast hard, my paines thou dost see:  
To repent betime, I praye God to send them,  
soꝛ be sure wicked deedes, are rewarded wickedly.

Bid them flye whoꝛedome, and vile vicious deedes,  
they are sure to lose Gods Kingdome soꝛ euer:  
Honest men doe hate them, as nettles oꝛ weedes,  
but shame and ill report leaue them neuer.  
At length theyꝛ owne Opinions doe seeke theyꝛ decaye,  
on whome pursues death, of life the bereauer:  
Which makes an end of beggery, comitting hell the pray,  
if they in wickednesse, vnto the ende perseuer.

And with these woꝛdes this wicked wꝛetche,  
among his toꝛmentes, was toyld so soꝛe,  
With a pitifull looke, his hande foꝛth did stretche,  
as who saye a de we, I can speake no moꝛe.

## The rewarde

His mother in a flaming piddle began to roare,  
eche Deuill put in vse his terrible trade:  
With greater spite then accustomed befoze,  
to terrible to heare the noyse that then they made.

This monstrous Emperour in hell thus stode,  
tyed fast by the members on a snakie whæle:  
Which ran about as if it were woode,  
Inuironde with Bawdes as blacke as the De'yle  
Hoked foze the noyce with hote glowing stæle,  
which Butchered his bowels about his sæte:  
And foze to rewarde his wickednesse wæle,  
Whinfernall fire, streight way they boyle.

Wheræat anone such smoke there doth arise,  
with leade that boyles, in stozmes like raging seas,  
And with a twinche, a thousande Dragons flies,  
ten times as fast as snowe in windie dayes.  
Grypes as grædic as Wôlues that sêke their prayes,  
and on him gnawe, that mysfer tyed full fast:  
The cruell whæle doth bounce, and neuer staves,  
Loe, thus his paines foze euer moze doth last.

And thus we left this wretch (that dwels in endlesse pain)  
A number foze to be we, that cryng did complaine.





of wickednesse.  
The Bookes verdit.

**W**Hen filthie lust doth guide, and hath the helme in fist:  
Beware the winde and tyde, take heede of had I wist.  
A wilfull mate is hee, for to direct the waye:  
He doubtles no perill nie, in sayling on the sea.  
But hoyse aloft he crieth, it blowes a merie blast:  
And so at randome flies, while youthfull life will last.  
At *Capbars* lampe they runne, with hoyfed sayle amaine:  
VVhich seemeth like the Sunne, in sight of feeble braine.  
A stale that leades the way, to *Scyllas* sandy cost:  
VVhich drinketh euey day, their blood through folly lost.  
*Caribdes* greedie lawes, lye gaping euerie houre:  
And whoin shee catcheth in hir clawes, shee spares not to deuoure.  
But loe the prancke of pride, and race that rudenesse runnes:  
The ende of wanton workes are spide, se how destruction comes,  
Marke rushing youth, how vaine he spendes his retchelesse dayes:  
Note well how pleasure breedeth paine, a thousande kinde of wayes.  
If puffing pompe with golde, might ease this Princes paine:  
Or force of armed champions bolde, could helpe his grieffe againe:  
Then all his scrikes and cryes, had quite bene husht and stilde:  
So had his eares and eyes, with worldlie workes beene filde.  
If I should make rehearse, what his offences were:  
Although in prose or verse, it woulde corrupt the eare,  
The Gods abhorde his dayes, the worlde doth sounde his shame:  
And vengauce vengauce manie wayes, agreeth to the same?  
VVhat profites now his sporte, wherein he playde the beast,  
VVith all his bawdes resorte, or eke his gluttons feast.  
VVhat now auailles his crowne, with precious stones beset?  
Or and he had as great renowne, as mortall man might get.  
Sith mighties know not when, the Goddes will knocke and call,  
No more then other poorest men, that simplest be of all,  
Therefore looke well about, keepe filthie lust away:  
Beware I say the hidden doubt, that lyes in secret sea.  
Let vertue guide the helme, and wisdom hoyse the sayle:  
So shal you voyde the daügers great, that might your voyage quayle.

FINIS.

# The rewarde

*The two Iudges for slaundering*  
of Susanna : and bearing false witnesse  
against hir, be rewarded for  
the same most  
terribly.

---



Prst to this place when happed vs to bytfe,  
A rrome we founde where best we myght beholde  
Of euery side that stinking Stygion pitte,  
That all the rest excelde a thousande folde,  
Stuft full to'th top it was of young and olde,  
(But as I sayde befoze) a couple there we sex,  
Whose tongues behind were halde with hokes full hie.

Befoze their faces with trumpet hoarse and dinne,  
To powting mouth a monster fell doth set,  
Whose voyce increaseth care that be the hearing in,  
With soming ia we, his teeth beginnes to whet.  
His glozing eyes with sparkes of fire fret,  
He casteth vnder clowdes, and stints his trumpet streite,  
And with a ratling spech declares these woords on heite.

(Quoth he) Sith slaunder is committed to my charge,  
And that it pleaseth Pluto my seruice to accept,  
Within this pitte mine office wide and large,  
His lawes and statutes streight shall be full truely kept.  
And therewithall aloft anon he lept,  
From the gibbet cuts their tongues wherby they hange,  
And like a madde man in a rage into a furnasse flange.

Where molten byasse doth boyle as redde as glades,  
Blende with sulfer, pitche and stinking tarre,  
And scaldes the scoffered tongues that wounded blædes,  
Whose spzing streame may well be spiced a farre,  
From bottome low which mounteth from height to harre.

And

## of wickednesse.

And blins the chisfall skies, & beames of glering light,  
But that we stode so nie else had we lost the sight.

Tartarus hath this pitte to proper name,  
Which is in hell most yrkesome place indode,  
And is appoynted wicked tongues to taine,  
That doe delight in sclauanders to procede,  
Who buzeth bate that well both after spæde?

TARTARUS.

Who skaines the vertuous man by false furnished way,  
That in the ende least pennie doth not paye?

Foz mightie Ioue that both in heauens sitte,  
Do soze commaundes Vulcanus fast to hie,  
Fetwe thundzing boltes to make soz euer y pitte,  
Whereas these slaundzons wretched verlottes lie.  
Who many thousands wzought, and downe sende by & by,  
Which boltes the cruell Japloz in sturdy Bow doth set,  
And cruelly flinges, with heades full sharpe i whet.

Into the mouth and thzough the tongues they flie,  
Of epyther of these lyther slaunderous mates:  
Where as consuming coales as red as serpents eye,  
Doe euer lodge as posters of the gates,  
Two serpentes euer sate vpon their pelled pafes.  
And euer thzough the skull they pell the bzaine,  
Yet alwayes as it watted it still increast againe.

In shooting thunderboltes and arrowes as I saide,  
At these false accusers, and bzæders of vnrest,  
That ougly Ceyloz chaunst holde by his heade,  
And Morpheus spide, whome then he did request,  
To come and se how lyers there were dzest.  
Foz this the place (quod he) that slaunder doth reward,  
Thzough many thousandes not the same regard.

And then with filthy sozke their iawes abroad he set,  
Within whose mouthes were bzædes of scorpions hatcht,  
Whose hunger not slackt but they might alwayes get

## The rewarde

Some part of wicked lime, thus at his tongue they snatch:  
And yet it doth encrease, their greedie guttes to hatche.

Yet they be neuer sild, no; hee consumde no deale,  
Loe, thus they taste of wo, that sclanderous lyes do tel.

I saye come neare, this Tayler sayd againe,  
And what thou seest among thy friendes report:  
Though sclauder be torment with double paine,  
Yet euery daie thou seest I haue resort:  
No doubt I trowe, they thinke it but a spozte.

For els they; tongues from lyes they would applie,  
To mightie loue they ought for merce crye.

For if they doe not mende in haste, be sure  
I will mine office yield (quoth hee) no doubt:  
Elles a larger dominion, I meane for to procure.

For this is full you see, already round about:  
And now such sclanderers come, that be so stout:

And with so clarkly cunning, their matter forge & faine,  
That certainly I can yield them equal paine.

But chiefly who be these (quod Morpheus) would I know  
That thus aboute the rest; so cruelly be vsed?

(Quoth hee) two Judges in Israell long agoe,  
That sclanderd Susanna, whom they would abused,  
By fleshy deedes they thought to haue misused,

This vertuous wife and noble worthy Dame,  
Whom when she would not, accusde her with the same.

But bide a while (quoth hee) them selues shal make report,  
And when thou hearest them, Judge as thou thinkest best:  
And with these wordes out of that filthy sort,

With crooked hoke, hee halde them by the bzeast:  
Whome when I be wed, with hande my seife I blest.

If I should tell of their defo;med lookes,  
The redic; tongue, would lye to reade the Fookes.

When by they cast their eyes, & Morpheus there behelde,  
With



## of wickednesse.

With woefulste looke, that euer eye did beue:  
For very sorrow with wholesy noyse they yelde,  
And crying sayde, oh happy dayes adewe.

Daniel. 13.

Woe worth the daye alas, that father vs begot,  
And cursed bee our byrth, our mother nowe vs not.

Woe two in Israel whilome Judges were,  
What al thing rulse among the Jewishe Nation:  
In Babilon one Ioachim, dwelling thre,  
And then among the Jewes in mighty estimation,  
By meanes whereof to our contentation,  
Do house so fitte as his, for vs to lye and bee,  
Of whome againe no man more glad then bee.

Which Ioachim one Susanna toke to wife,  
The onely Daughte of Helchia Iust:  
That liued chaste and vertuous all her life,  
Who in the Lorde did euer put her trust:  
Whose ardent beauty, spured by our lust  
So flamingly that like a gleyde wee boild,  
This noble Dames chaste life to haue defilde.

As in the thirteenth of Daniel, there it doth appeare,  
What sleight wee vsed burning in her loue:  
To come by our purpose, wee brought her in dispayre,  
For thus wee sweare by al the Gods about:  
Except shee did consent that shee should hastely proue,  
For that wee had her there, we sayde wee would accuse  
In filthy fornication we found aman abuse her. (her

Daniel. 13.

Woe stealing in befoze the Dycharde doores were hard,  
The rather then wee thought our purpose to haue had:  
But naked though shee stode our talke shee not regarde,  
O Lorde (quoth shee) now we am I hard be stard:  
Alas shee sayd, these ylls are bothe two bad.

Yet had I rather byde these Tytants accusation,  
Then for to yelde and worke abhominacion.

Which

## The rewarde

Which when we saw with open mouthes we cryed,  
Fye vpon this woman, an adulteresse (quod we)  
At the which al the seruauntes hasted fast and byed,  
And by they brake the dowes, and in with sparde they flec:  
Wæ accusing her, reposed this wæ sæ.

Wherat the seruants sad, made sozrow for the same,  
For why befoze, no man could staine her name.

Upon the moztowe befoze the elders all,  
Wæ falselpe did accuse her there, vpon the same :  
But she in prayer, vpon her knæes did fall,  
And calde vpon the Lord, in prayling of his name:  
Whose eares heard wel her plaint: for she from shame,  
By God deliuered was: and wæ to thzalhome brought,  
The same wæ had, as wæ this Lady thought.

For by an Infantes mouth, sturde vp by God,  
The verpe truth of all our thoughtes reuealde:  
And in a worthy sentence, divulgate al abzoade,  
So that there was no Jote noz title once concealde:  
And that wæ both, sith then haue soze bewailoe.

Daniel was his name, the Prophete of the Lord,  
That sau'de his seruant, according to his worde.

And thus wæ were reposed of our false intent,  
Sulanna, set at libertpe with ioye and triple praise:  
Daniel vpon vs, gaue his cruel iudgement,  
Loe, thus at mischiefe ended wæ our dayes:  
The Gods condempne vs, heare to lpe allwayes.

In paines perpetuall, whose endles woe no tongue  
Is able to describe, that wæ haue suffered long.

And wo:ld with wo:lds, withouten ende and ends,  
Shall here bewaile our wilfull sclauderous tongues:  
And yet on earth are some that in the same offendes,  
And thinke the Gods forget, because they suffer long:  
(No no Morpheus) they doe reuenge eache wzong.

And sclauder scapeth not, but heare is double quitte.  
Wæ iudge, that sæst vs thus tormented in this pitte.

This

## of wickednesse.

This obious bale throughout thou shalt not see,  
The like to vs, our plagues so faste increase:  
With al thy friendes theretoze, like sclander soz to see,  
For beare theyz paines loe, neuer haue release.  
Crye theretoze betime, their tongues from sclander cease,  
He that from one or other theyz honest name doth take,  
Before the Gods a great offence doth make.

For we vnhappy wretches so much desired,  
To haue the vse of this sayd noble Dame:  
That like a glide our inward spzites were spzed,  
Our purpose to obtaine, we sozst no sinne noz shame:  
But when we were denied, we falsely layde the blame  
Upon that vertuous wight, that neuer did offend,  
For our reward theretoze behold the ende.

Some thinke theyz hailes be host, where head shall neuer  
Whose eyes be bleard in glozy vaine & balde, (come,  
And in theyz doubtles conceyts, they thinke to geue y dome,  
Where they were neuer yet to counsel calde,  
Whose purpose misse, theyz wilful blood doe scalde.  
Theyz Lordly heartes mand vp with beggers purse,  
Doth wozeke the thing which afterward they curse.

But yet at mischief the sclander tongue doth ende,  
The pzoofe is plaine, if grace might guide the way:  
The Gods doe still theyz seruantes true defende,  
The wicked man doth euer lose his pzoay:  
And in his pzoide comes sonest to decaye.  
We falleth through his owne imagination,  
As here by vs the ende doth make probation.

O sclander, sclander, alas, woe woze the time,  
That euer we from hateful heart let see:  
By trifling tongue, those wicked darteres of thine,  
To wounde theyz states that liued vertuouslye.  
Take heed theretoze al you that sclanderers be.  
Though our faulte therfoze with you be not regarded,  
Assure you yet, with vs you are rewarded.

## The rewarde

And with these woordes the cruell Jayloz straight,  
With horrible gromeling noyse his trumpet soundes:  
Where at like Cadmus seede they bzaule and fight,  
With croked hokes eche one an other woundes.  
To whome comes Alecto and scowling frownes,  
With greater plagues foꝛ to rewarde these lpers,  
And with hir bzeath settēs all on flaming fiers.

Whereat I bleſt me to beholde their paines,  
Kauisht of my witte almost, I went awaye.  
Then when I thought how many here remaines,  
Which practise nothing moze then slaunder night & daye:  
Thought I tis best from slaunder that you staye.  
Accuse not true Susanna, the Lorde protects hir still,  
His seruant he defends and you shal want your will.

Away (quod Morpheus) I heare a meruels crye,  
It seemes not farre, I wonder what it is:  
With seeking vp and downe, at length did there esple,  
A nother was rewarded foꝛ his wickednesse,  
I long (quoth Morpheus) to know what noyse is this,  
And so we stayde, whereas we heard one saye,  
Lo wicked men your iust rewarde foꝛ aye.

### *The Authhor to the twoo Iudges.*

Whose tongue hath beene desylde with slaunders heretofore,  
That humbly weepes not like a chyld, with great repēting sore,  
O wicked wretches fye, your Guerdon now is quit:  
In Tartarus loe where you lie, that did in judgement sit.  
Take heede you boasting blabbes, that Innocentes desyle:  
You shall be whipt with cruell rodde, within this little while.  
VVhat sinfull deede is this, that woman to accuse,  
That neuer yet was knowne amisse, hir body to abuse?  
Howe dare you be so bolde, your neyghbors foꝛ to spoyle,  
Of greater treasure then of golde, or fieldes of fertill soyle?



## of wickednesse.

The mountes of *Mydas* pelfe, no crownes that Princes were :  
 Nor yet king *Alexanders* welth, to sell not halfe so deare  
 As is the honest name, whome euill tongues deuoure,  
 Er now, that neuer yerned blame, are blotted in an houre.  
 But you that flanderers bee, to minde *Susanna* call:  
 And prayse the Lorde, so shall you see Gods vengauce on them fall  
 For *Jacob* was accusde, poore man that thought none ill :  
 Alas how long hath spite bene vsde, of them that want their will?  
 The flandering tongue is such, if thought doe wag awry :  
 To winne the wager heele not grutche, thus to proclayme and cry :  
 That this or that I might, and will, and pleaseth mee :  
 And thu. I ought to haue of right, and sweres it so to bee.  
 Thus haue I done sayth hee, when truth is nothing so :  
 Or else he sayth that this I see, to worke the parties wo.  
 And thus accused are, it pitieth me to heare,  
*Susannas* that be guiltlesse, a thousande in a yeare.  
 Therefore you filthie Iudges your ende Iioye to see :  
 Now lye without refuge in hell eternallie.  
 You sprang of *Cadmus* seede, your nature plaine doth sho :  
 But yet the Goddes at length doe wep, e, all such his seruauntes fro.  
 VVith *Joachim* I doe reioyce, *Susanna* thus to see  
 Elected by Goddes holie voyce, with Aungels for to bee,

## ☞ *Pope Ihoan rewarded for hir* wickednesse.



The time that moztall men doe here abide,  
 Within this wo:ldc that lasteth not an houre :  
 If fo:rtune chaunce to smile vpon their side,  
 When still they strine from bar to higher power.  
 Content with present state not one there liues,  
 But such as shoulde liue best, the wo:st example giues.

Much woulde haue moze, the proverbe olde doth say,  
 It is true in dæde, much no man doth content :  
 For moze and moze all men doe gape eche daye,

## The rewarde

They thinke the worlde will last and not be spent.  
Oh very soles, deceyued soule ye be :  
If happe be on your sides example take by me.

To know my life, and what I was sometime,  
Who liues and sees me lie amidde this endelesse wo,  
That woulde not doubt the like rewarde in fine,  
That I deserued iustly long ago?  
I must confesse my paine to little is,  
Though twentie times it were much worse then this.

Marke what I say the stoutest among you all,  
Who sitteth hert that hath not cause to feare ?  
Some blast doth blow that giues the gricuous fall,  
Its often scene euen once in twentie yere,  
Though Fortune hope the seates of some aloft,  
Yet shee delightes to cast them downe as ofte.

Nothing more byittle is then state of man,  
Both night and day expt'ience doth appere :  
Yet notwithstanding, who doe not what they can,  
To liue like Goddes as long as they be here?  
Though time do teache, al thinges begunne must ende  
No mendment yet I see of such as doe offende.

Except the Gods they thought so; to displace,  
From out their seates wherein they sitte on hie :  
Or that from Ioue so; to dispose the mace,  
Wherewith hee rules the earth and all the skie :  
Else wot I not what all this mischiefe meanes,  
So; Codrus lou'de of Gods, rich men disdains.

On heapes to Pluto headlong here they runne,  
Hell scarce is able the halfe part to holde :  
The father is torment so; wzonging of his sonne,  
And eke the sonne so; like in triple folde.  
The mother so; the daughter sustaines too :  
The daughter so; the mother, and many other mo.

But

## of wickednesse.

But how happie be they that welth do not taste,  
And that with pouertie yelde thanks to the Gods?  
No doubt about the starres all such men are plasse,  
They be not scourged noz whipped with our rodde.  
Therefore by our harmes learne to be warned,  
Else shall you be sure with vs to be charmed.

At the which wordes then Morpheus alofte did call,  
What art thou (quod he) tell me thy name streight way:  
(Shee aunswered) and sayde: euen so with speede I shall,  
If it please thee here a while to bide and stay.  
And if it be not long I am content (quoth he)  
And so with woful plainte these wordes declared she.

O Morpheus Morpheus I am that wofull wight,  
That once did sitte in Peters seate and place:  
A man I seeme to be alas in all mens sight,  
And yet a wicked woman the lesse my grace.  
I did take vpon me the Gospell soz to guide,  
Yet contrarie both I and mine did liue besyde:

*His words  
spoken to  
Morpheus*

And Iohan was I calde, and of my birth a Cittle,  
Named Maience toke hir proper name:  
Brought vp in learned scoles the moze great pitie,  
That grace had not bene lincked to the same.  
Learning I loued of all ritchesse vnder heauen,  
Will I conquered the knowledge of Sciences seauen.

I refused my countrie and frindes euery one,  
Many a Dyonince I traualde to and fro,  
Better learned then my selfe I met not with one,  
Of what estate oz degræ he were, high oz low.  
And in all these places where euer I came,  
I was thought among the people to be a very man.

In Englande once I was the countrey to peruse,  
From thence to Rome I did returne with speede,  
Within the which I did no deale refuse,

## The rewarde

Cramer, Sophistry, Logike, and Rhetorike, so; so reade.  
My fellowe not founde, so ready was my haine,  
Nothing wanted Morpheus, but grace I tel thee plaine.

In Lotaries time, that Emperour was then,  
After the death of Leo by full election,  
I was chosen so; my wisdome aboute al men,  
To haue the Papall dignitie in my protection.  
And so was made Pope, and ruled as my lyst,  
Till my abhominacion accusde mee o; I wist.

For hauing at my wyll what harte could best thinke,  
And raling as it were all men as pleased mee:  
Then layde I away both Swoke, Pen, and Inke,  
The swelling fleshe with them could not agree.  
I spared neyther Cardinal Bishop, Dunke no; Frier,  
To fulfil my desire, I past not who they were.

Till at the last I chaunced great with Childe,  
At Saint Iohns Laterans deliuered was I:  
And thus the Seate of Peter by mee was defilde,  
Alas therfoze full oft to late I crye.

Afterwarde deposed I was, and so put downe,  
And begged my bread both in Countrey and Towne.

At this illthye acte the Gods were offended,  
And sente mee to Pluto, his Judgement to trye:  
Out of all the Heauens I was then suspended,  
And beare am adlotted in paines till to lye,  
Loe, nowe thou knowest both the cause and my name,  
Therfoze I pray thee warne thy friendes of the same.

Tell women, that haue fine pollytike wittes,  
That except they dread the Gods with honour due:  
Whome fortune herte of all, with Scepture hits,  
The hurtfall fall be they sore both ensue.

Although her nature bee sometime to smile,  
It's best yet take heed shee winke them not a wile.

From



## of wickednesse.

From balley lowe, when Titan mounts the Hillles,  
He doth dismount as fast as rise befoze:  
The Phenix scaling skies with singed quilles,  
Turnes to the Earth againe, what needeth moze?  
For suddes that rise, when at the herte they bée,  
Doe fall as fast againe, the pꝛose we see.

And finally, will euery kinde of wight,  
As well as women them selues, to knowe and see:  
And that in time of wealth, they set theyꝛ sight  
To be we what such doe wante that simpler bée.  
Their godes and Landes with state of noble raine,  
Beauty, Pouth, and al thinges els, shall sink againe.

You knowe the nine woꝛthies lasted but a time,  
The monstrous mountes do waste and weare awaye:  
Then what is it that is made of sicke and lime,  
That can upon the earth long stand oꝛ staye?  
All is but fleshe which wasteth like the snowe,  
When life shall part, the wisest doth not knowe.

Howe alas, sith the world is thus vn sure,  
And fleshe so fraile, what soles bée moꝛtall men:  
That haue such hope in that soꝛ to endure,  
That straight shall slip awaye they know not when?  
What gaines get they that winne a litle pelfe,  
For which the Gods at last condemne him selfe?

These wordes thus sayde, the rage of furious hell,  
With new inuented miseries gan then to increase:  
That very woe and soꝛrowe did compell,  
This newe founde Pope from further talke to cease.  
Within my secreate hart, I pitied much her case,  
Because she was a woman, and had so litle grace.

But then to see the great Housheaded Friars,  
With Tommarold Munchs, on heapes how fast they sel,  
Beside platterfasde Abbots, & Picke with picke cares:  
Howe

## The rewarde

Howe busse they were it passeth tongue to tell.

I thinke they sang for they gaped so wide,  
What to heare they? seruice I might not abide.

Eache nowke was full of Runnes, as busye as the best,  
Properly apparelled like newe fashioned Players:  
Prating Pardoners, were Cookes of the feast,  
Whose scullions were a number of beastly Southsiders.  
Euery one occupied, not one of them was idle,  
But neyther with Testament no; with Sacred Bible.

At length they fell out what so euer was the matter,  
They fought with Senars, and holy water Cans:  
Great Beades about eache others face they clatter,  
I litle thought they had bene such men of they? hands.  
We saw them so disquiet, we stode from them asarre,  
For feare of blowes befoze that we were warre.

I sawe no man there that seemde to make peace,  
The like maistrics at Olympus, were neuer so made:  
Thicke and thre-fold on heapes they lye like Beastes,  
They? nayles were so long no man calde for a blade.  
Thus violently they disguised one of them the other,  
In such fury, that the son to; mented his owne Mother.

It was a wonder to mee verpe strange,  
To see what Day games they made in that pitte:  
Like Walsters of Fence (great Crookes they did change  
One with another) starke made out of witte.  
Amaruailous Musicke, a prayer most painfull,  
Among Christian people nothing moze dainfull.

Whereat (quod Morpheus) looking en mee,  
Doeest thou behold (quoth he) what miserpe is here,  
And what presumption in some women may be,  
And howe to come by they? purpose, full litle they feare?  
But what mischief is this, heare for to finde,  
These Popes & these prelates y? to p; each were allinde?  
These

## of wickednesse.

These are they which beare the world in hand,  
That in heauen and hell, they had euermoze power:  
(As they sayde) so it was, and with God did stande,  
Out of hell to fetch thousands of soules in one hower.  
And no woꝛde true all was fables and lyes .  
With false Doctrine and Idolatry the blearid our eyes.

These are the Belly Gods, that outward did appeare,  
To be most holpe, and iust alway in theyꝝ liuing:  
Which befoꝛe God very Iporrites were,  
And liu'de like brute Beasts, without any thanks geuing.  
They pleade a Diuiledge, to doe what theyꝝ lyst,  
As if hell and Heauen were both in theyꝝ fist.

And thus we departed and left the new found Pope,  
With her Colledge of Cardinals, and other her mates:  
At best of theyꝝ seruice without vestment oz Cope,  
Within silles large and long, they bispte each others pates.  
So downe the dales, we dꝛewe to beholde,  
The manifold mischiese among yong and olde .

Whome then to see thꝛough many a knaggy cruff,  
And breathles blast, with Roymes as Rasoz kene:  
And scaping dailes all redde with zankred rust,  
We passed thꝛough, of any one not sene .  
Yet by the way a thousand lightes we see,  
Of which to thinke, full ofte it graeueth mee.

Tyll at the laste, we dꝛewe vnto the place,  
And hurtfull hole in cruell Stigion lake:  
Whereas we heard a man bewaile his case,  
So pained soule, might greater soꝛow make.  
These woꝛdes me thought, the wofull wꝛetch did crye,  
Come see (alas alas) the tormentes where we lye.

¶ F I N I S .



¶ News

# The rewarde

## Newes betwene the Pope and Pluto, and of the Proclamation about the Ladder twixt Hell and Heauen.



This leaving Helen in endlesse woe and paine,  
Through ykesome bale from crag to crag we crept:  
Tormented spites we hearde of eche side plaine,  
Thousandes thousandes, schyking cryed and wept,  
Linckt fast in chaynes, with cruell keepers kept.

Whose name and actes we listid not to craue,  
But passed soerth to be we the monstrous caue.

Till at the length to a steepe and halotic hill,  
We chaunst to come whereas me thought I see,  
One rowling by a stone that tumbleth on him still.  
Thus night and daye from toying rests not hee.  
Also Duke Theseus for his tyrannye,

Witten with Tippers and toyne with Loades in sunder,  
In a pitte of piddle, that belched light and thunder.

*Sisiphus*  
for his des-  
solute and  
vicious li-  
ving.

Eneas following Sibil rounde about that denne,  
Up hill from crag to crooked Torre he runnes,  
His wandering limmes still treads the filthie fenne,  
In hope to haue in sight that alwayes shunnes.  
Also women; zewe water in buckets that runnes.

With very manye mo to long to name,  
As then me thought had plagues much like the same.

But as we went me thought I sawe a glade,  
That made a shoe as it a passage were,  
Which was in dede of very purpose made,  
From thence to Rome erectes a mightie stere,  
And Gorgon with a Clubbe was Porter there,  
Except from Rome, in, there he might not passe,  
Or else some suche as trusted in the Passe.

There are  
moore wayes  
to hell then  
one.

This is  
the waye  
fro Rome  
to Pluto.

This



## of wickednesse.

This way passe soules from paines to endelesse blisse,  
When please the Pope to sende his letters thither,  
Morpheus and I experience saw of this,  
The Popes man and we met altogether,  
Who brought Pardons packt vp in a bouget of lether.  
Besides letters that to Plato then he deliuered,  
On the which Pluto looked, perused, and considered.

The waye  
that soules  
passe thro:  
rowe be:  
twene hea:  
uē and hel.

Wherevpon Pluto his counsell calde straight;  
A filthy heape of crooked noble states,  
To here their mindes because it was of weight,  
To gratifie the Pope and all his holye mates,  
Sende for the messenger, and so these wordes debates.  
My friende (quoth he) tha't welcome to this place,  
So are they all that loue thy maysters grace.

But by the floodes of dycadfull flaming Styx, (loze,  
The newes thy maister wittes doe grieue my guttes full  
For reuenge, these clawes as sharpe as thoznie pyckes,  
Shall tolle and teare the spites of many a scoze,  
(Ah worthy Pope) thy decay I much deploze.  
A Cater for my Kitchine, prouider of the praye,  
What meruell though I curse the cause of thy decaye?

And with these wordes his scowling face lets poure,  
The gushing floodes and spowtes of fier red,  
He gnawt his teeth and gan to glowte full soure,  
With belching bzeath, to'th messenger thus sayde:  
Take here an aanswer vnto my supreme heade.  
(Byd him be merpe) I shall amstaunce sende,  
To tare all suche, as with him doe contende.

With a romische thanks, the messenger packeth,  
Charged with the letters that Pluto doth sende,  
Poste bozses by commission in cache place he taketh,  
Vntill he ariued at the flayers ende,

## The rewarde

Whereas from Lybbo to Rome he should ascende,  
Being a lustie Lurdaine a Fryer of Saint Fraunces,  
Twixt Rome and hel from Steppe to Steppe he daunces,

Thus the Fryer fled we hearde no more of him,  
But straight on a Stage a Trumpet sounded was,  
Wherebnto assembled such soules as for sinne,  
Were sent by the Pope to be punish't alas,  
Who thought to be pardoned by vertue of the masse.  
Else hoping to beare of the Popes comming thither,  
Then thinking to be releas't from thence altogether.

When silence was made with much a doe,  
This yll faste Herraude these woordes then declared:  
That many men to the Pope were vnttrue,  
And their large offrings and deuotions nowe spared,  
For to come to God other meanes they prepared.  
Having no trust in the Pope nor his traditions,  
But cal him the Captaine of Idolatrous superstitions.

So our Prince Pluto his letters doe declare,  
That toward the South Pole Gods word is so embaste:  
That no man for pardons will giue money nor warc,  
(In Englande especially) he is vtterly disgraste,  
Except among a fewe here and there that are plasse.  
That with their friendes in nookes and odde holes,  
Sing a masse of Requiem for al christian soules.

Which is to no purpose the money being gone,  
That maintayned his grace and all his whole roste,  
His Cardinals, his Abbottes, his Fryers, with sir John,  
His Nunnes, and his Ancræs, and all be thrust out,  
His Wardnozs go begging and wandring about.  
The shauelings be shonken that once bare the swaye,  
Their credite and customes be runne to decaye.

And Boner that volsted the beames of his glozte,  
Lye'th Sunke in the sandes that onse beare the blade:  
That

## of wickednesse.

That many a Christian therewith made full sozie,  
A while in Christes Vinegarde he cut a great glade,  
And stoute Storie that all the storre made.

Gardiner is wanting that was the blood letter,  
And Fecknam is fast that was the clocke setter.

Storie.  
Gardiner.  
Fecknam.

Beside an infinite number within that same Ile,  
That now be decayed and woone out of minde:  
Banisht is Babilon that flozht ere while,  
And the way to Ierusalem by the Gospell they finde  
The Pope they repute to be a guide blinde.

They passe not a pin, for his blessings nor curses,  
Let him saye what he will, they holde fast their purses.

And in place of his friendes are starte by his foes,  
And one cruell Captaine that workes all the griefe,  
A Jewell of Christ Iesus gaue Harding the bloes,  
Confuting his fables in spite of his teath,  
He sedes the poore flocke with Christian belæse.

Juell.  
Harding.

Quencht is the confidence I say of our Harding,  
Thers none young nor olde that esteemes him a farding.

One Barthlet we may ban throughout this whole bale:  
And so may the Pope with Candle, Booke and Beil,  
In the Papall pedigre we, he tels such a tale,  
That all Romish Roges may roze to heare tell,  
That Christians had knowledge of the trumpe; ye they seel.

For he tippes vp the sacke, and all poureth out,  
From the first to the last, he rappes the whole route.

(This and much moze) being the iust cause,  
Of the Poppes great plague and miserable want:  
(I meane of money) to maintaine his lawes,  
Perforce must perswade you, that here make your plaint,  
Considering Gods worde hath him on the tainte.

You wofull soules that in Purgatorie lye,  
Must yet here remaine there is god cause why.

# The rewarde.

(Which is this) you know the Pope hath bēn at cost,  
 To found betwixt Pluto and Rome these stayes:  
 And nowe it is like, that his labour is lost,  
 Because that his customes and credite thus weares:  
 Yet he hath set Priests, Punks, Sunnes, and Friers.  
 And the rest of his Rable in hande so; to make,  
 A Ladder to reache into Heauen so; your sake.

The building of the Lader and the timber with the workmen.  
 And by it was reared, yeares long a goe,  
 And well vnder set with Dyges and Passes:  
 With Popishe Props, thousandes on a roe,  
 As Pardons, Bulls, Idols, Holy water, and Ashes:  
 Palmes, and holy Bread, and many olde Trashes,  
 Lampes, Lightes, Crossing and Crēping,  
 And all to redresse your pitifull wāping.

Singing, and Kinging, with Belles euery where,  
 Senling, and Fenling with Boke Bell and Candle:  
 Curling, and Praying, of Puncke, Sun, and Frier,  
 Night, daye and hower, al thing so; to handle:  
 Like workemen worthy, not banglers to Scamble,  
 A building to bolte so hye in the skyes,  
 both craue Cunning workemen, and such as are wise,

The cause of the fall thereof.  
 But loe (alas) the Popes willing minde,  
 For money to release you of these bitter paines:  
 So many thousandes stroue this Ladder to climbe,  
 That you must the Heauen, and hee his great gaines:  
 For bending it brake, with waight of your Chaines.  
 By meanes whereof, therein, who put trust,  
 World without ende, remaine here they must.

The tormented soules persuaded to dwell for euer in paines.  
 And so short it was, by full ten degrés,  
 And neuer could reach Gods glozpe and blisse:  
 Although hee, and his, were as busie as Was,  
 In thende it woulde haue prouided but this:  
 Wherefoze hee contented no remedye is,



## of wickednesse.

**Uyl the Ladder bæ mended, hence to dispatche yæ,  
Dz els that the Pope, come him selfe soz to fetch yæ.**

**The Gospell of Christ, hath throughtly confounded,  
Pot onely this Ladder, of the Popes owne device:  
But also destroyde al them that first founded  
The painted helles, and paper Paradise:  
Heare among vs, they shall playe theyz Dice,  
Theyz Sinking Idolatrye, and vile Superstition,  
As holpe as they bæ, heare findes no remission.**

**Therefore it is Pultos pleasure that you knowe,  
What soztune hath hapned, your Father the Pope:  
Hæ him selfe to Heauen, is not able to goe,  
Except Saint Peter, hale him by in a Roape:  
Dz that hæ chaunce to bæ pulde by his Coape,  
By our Lady of Wallingham, & sweet Kede of Chester  
Else his poztion in Heauen, is scant woztth a Testar.**

**These woordes being saide, hæ dismounteth the Stage,  
Saying, vengeance, and tozment, protect Plutos grace:  
At the which cryed out with terrible rage,  
Both yong and olde that were in that place:  
A sight to soztrowfull, in beholding theyz case.  
(I meane) of al such, as put trust in the Masse,  
These pewes made theyz tozments much woztse then  
(it was.**

**To see the soztrowfull sozt hale one another,  
Crying out on the Popes, and his shauelinges there:  
The Father, the Sonne, the Daughte, the Mother,  
The Uncle, the Aunte, and Grandfier appeare:  
To the ninthe degreæ, thousandes there were  
Both Kitch and Poze, that trusted to the Masse,  
Pot one of themall, but I am sure there hæ was .**

**Some cryde sye of Idols, and some of holpe water,  
Some of Supersticion, and some of Scala celi:  
Othet some lamented, the mumbling of Lady Psalter,  
(Alas)**

# The rewarde

(Alas) quod another, this will not pzenalle yē,  
How maye you see, their trumppe doth faile yē.  
So it doth them selues. for loe where they lye,  
That late boyt they Gods, in Hausters full bye.

And loe (quoth hē) where they bē singing a Masse,  
Pope Alexander, Pope Ioane, and both vnder a stoale:  
See you not the swāte blood of hayles in a glasse,  
Which Idoll bzought hither many a pōze soule?  
A Pardoner mē thinke standes by with a scrowle.  
Some officer bē like of Saint Johns swāte Frary,  
Loke who is in his bookes it is best you pzeprat yē.

At which wordes such a number bzake out,  
Of Canes and Sikes on euery side:  
As Dripling Bibs, and Suckers of growte,  
Sea Solwers, and Hewbates, thither fast bide:  
Lutors, and Teltales, in euery nowke cryde.  
Pickethankes and Bowlers, be care holy water,  
Their maisters (being worlodings) sayd Confiteor, and  
(Misereator.

Flattery light Lampes, to our Lady of grace,  
Ipocrisie, calde them by to the offering,  
Saint Anne of Buckstones was washing a pace:  
But Lucre was lifting small pence to the Offering.  
At thyeft they were close in euery place.

Two saecs in one bowde, the Crosse then did beare,  
Whereat abhominacion, beganne for to sweare.

Great denision there seemed to bē,  
All that were there, did knocke on they bzeast:  
But (alas) to late for to crye then Peccavi,  
Although the Pope both Crossed and blest,  
For when hē lokte backe, at Ite missa est:

When Dan Limlister, the Candles should oute,  
All flewe on a fire their Colledge thzough out.

¶ Howe the Ladder was amended, that lately was craisht,  
After that time trulie of no man I aihste.

FINIS,

## of wickednesse.

*The torment of Tiranny, and the reward*  
for his vvickednesse; Being a King called *Mydas*: VVhich Tirannouslye, swallowed not onely his Countrey for Lucre sake, but his householde Seruauantes also.

**T**Hus as we left these Romish Roges, of whome I spake of late,  
VVhē chaunce to heare a woeful wight, y did be waile his state.  
And Tiranny his name was calde, who lou'd to leime the powre,  
And suppe the gaine of sweating bowes, soz to increase his stoze.  
VVhis mighty mate no mercy mindes, when he on soile did dwell,  
But eats vp all on euery side, as they that want can tel.  
The widow and the fatherles, the stranger that doth toyle:  
VVis household Seruitours and al, hēe seeketh soz to spoyle.  
VVhōme lended hēe his cares vnto, but onely vnto suche,  
As vnto Pluto sacrificde theyz soules to gaine him muche?  
VVyl at the last his Tiranny, the ayze cozrupt with smell,  
VVhereat the Skies, did turne theyz helwe, and Limbo gan to yell.  
The Mountaines roare by Eccos voice, into the Heauens hye,  
The srikes and cryes of wzonged wights, and al togeather hie.  
The Preachers powzed teares apace, repentance kyl they cryde,  
But al in vaine, his cares were stopte, such newes he might not bide:  
VVis stoared groud, his racked rents, his heards of goats, with shepe &  
VVis pzouling pick:hāks, made him to forget his duty cleane: (graine,  
VVhōm when y loue perusde, and searchte his stintish Pharaos heart,  
VVpon the snappe grimme Mors he sends, to stik him with his Dart.  
VVhō wound him so, that Atropos to line straight laid the launce,  
VVods people by this Tyzants death, from bondage to aduance.  
VVhose wandzing ghost, to Carons botc, with fearful grencis is gone,  
VVodwell among the damned spzites, soz other hope is none:  
VVhere, in a pit, a place is pitchte, a woeful chayze to sit,  
VVn molten mettall to the Crowne, a place soz Tyzantes sit.  
VVis officers bande him round about, with bagges of money thzuff,  
VVhich neuer cease, with gnashing tēth, to lend him many a duff.  
Medusa is his Toke, to dzeffe this wretche his meate,  
VVhich sets befoze him crawling Snakes, and ogly Todes to eate.  
VVis counsellers hēe retchyt on length, theyz Cuts on hokes hēe tozne,  
VVhose



## The rewarde

Whose fowle defozmed filthy tongus bewalle that they were bozne,  
Thus toft & tozne, with tozments great, with thüderbolts bethwakt,  
On fozkes & fleshhooks krend & krecht, eche toynt from other crakt,  
And to augment this Misers griele, with hookes they hale him out  
Vppon a frosen scaffolde boyft, this Tyzaunt lookes about:  
Where hellish Heggges and Furies shewe a sight t'increase his paine  
Which is the ioyfull Eden fieldes, where saued soules remaine.  
The bliffull bankes there might he see, the valleyes swæte & fayre,  
Where wants no floures of noble taste, for to perfume the ayre.  
All kinde of frutes do shew them selues, and readie ripe they bynge,  
Of pleasures passing man to wishe, there wantes no kinde of thinge,  
Pernassus hill to base a bancke, to be comparde to this,  
O; Helicon in such respect, a wædte pyngle is.  
For Cithera pearle of all the earth, is ought but counterfet,  
Though it were deckt with all the golde, that Alexander get.  
Tho I had dyonke and supped vp, swæte Aganippes well,  
O; Gabanelus skilfull fwoodes, yet want I skil to tell  
The heapes of ioyes, this ioyfull fielde is garnished with all,  
Doth much surmount this wo;ldly blisse, thise moze then suger gall  
For there Sir Tellus doth not taste of Hiemps frosen face,  
For; Boreas byagges the weakest twigge, sturs not within that place.  
For; Phebus hæ his golden beames, disperseth here and there;  
And Iupiter the siluer dzyppes from skies doth cause retire.  
(In season due) to mol fie these fieldes of endelesse blisse,  
Where none may come but such as by the Goddes appoynted is.  
Whose garmentes be as white as snow, on instrumentes they sing,  
And neuer cease, but prayling God, of earth, and heauen king.  
And crownes vpon their heads they were, & anngels fode they eate,  
Still Gloria in excelsis sing to th Lambe vpon the seate.  
There might this Tyzaunt well beholde the poze whome he opzest.  
Amid these ioyes for euer moze, appoynted for to rest.  
And such as least he did esteeme, and all be rent with wozong,  
Their happie life eche houre did see, and daylic hearde their song.  
Which when he hearde, a triple paine assautes this caytliues ghost.  
When hæ did way his mundane mucke, and beauens treasure lost:  
In equall ballaunce when he tryed, how Conscience him accusde,  
(Quoth hæ) he on you Impes of hell, that thus haue me abudde.



## of wickednesse.

Meaning by the muckhill Gates, which whispred in his care,  
 And saught him how Goddes people woz, for gaires to rend & tear.  
 To ride, to runne, to hale, and dawe, as boundslaves euery houre,  
 To whippe and scourge no mo then all, that were within his pore.  
 But Oh (quoth he) let all the woorld example take by mo,  
 Let neuer greatest Prince on earth thinke other but to dye.  
 Oh, eye on goddes, thys eye on golde, and tentimes sic on such  
 As shall procure great mightie men, the woz by wzong to teach.  
 And then he wzange his handes for wo, what hadde had I (quoth he)  
 To lende my cares to Dunghil Doltes, at their commaunde to bee,  
 And banisht from my seruice quite, the blode of gentle race,  
 Which alwayes counsaylde me to minde, mine honoz and my grace?  
 But as the Rauens seeke their praye, or Wolfe the spoyle pursues,  
 So did the Charles by meanes of me, eache wher their faric vse.  
 The sonnes of Ebaues & rustick Carles, might leade me as they list,  
 So that the gobs of glozing golde, they bzought to freight my list.  
 Yet as they spoyle the coast abzoade (from me) so did they pinche,  
 So that at euery elne, I scarce receyued halfe an inche.  
 I pitied not the Wydowes cause, noz fatherlesse I wayde,  
 Both to towne and countries rounde about, to pastures great I layde.  
 Yet had I mines, with vineyardes large, with cozne and cattell stoz  
 Sea Lordships, lands, parkes houg & wide, yet stil I lokt for moze.  
 Mules and Camels infinite, Townes and Castles greate,  
 Thus Fortune with hir smiling lokes, hir woorldly hokes can bayte  
 To catche the couetous Wyzant with, to present to Plutos grace,  
 Whose wickednesse he doth rewarde full well within this place.  
 And then he lokt upon these slaves, much yll (quoth he) betide,  
 You verlots bozne, that thus bewitcht a Prince of such a pride.  
 Much yll and wo may hap to the, thou soule deformed slave.  
 And all thy mates that moued me, this mundan mucke to craue.  
 The childe vnbozne curse you & yours, the hills shall sounde the same,  
 The stones in Arats cry out on you, the skies proclaime your shame.  
 The beauens abhoz both you and yours: hel rend you with his iawes,  
 And Furies all in Stigion streames, torment you with their clawes.  
 Much moze he sayde but what it was, for skrikes we coulde not tell,  
 His men of trust and he that tiue, in tormentes so did yell.  
 But stil they bang him with these bagges, like madmen in their rage  
 And dreite these furies with their hokes, did moue him from y stage.

## The rewarde

Wher tumbling hee in molten golde, doth walke here and there,  
Till at the length, of him noz his, we coulde not see noz here.  
But ouer the pit with letters blacke, this sentence there was pende  
This is the place of iust rewarde for Tyrauntes in the ende.  
Then by and by, a thundring voyce came poudring vp the pitte,  
(Which sayde) remember thende you men, in chayres of state that sit,  
For Pluto is the Iaylor here, to mightie loue aboute:  
He pardons none but all alike, (take heede it doth behooue)  
Which words did make my hart to shrink, as flowers doe in June,  
So that to speake one worde for life, I durst not once presume.  
But in my heart I wisht all men, King Mydas mucke to see,  
And speciallpe the number that of mightie honoz be.  
For they that reade the Poetes workes, shal here of Mydas much,  
And how he craue all to be golde that he might see or touche.  
But though the Poets fabled so, and I in dreames doe faine,  
Yet let not Tyrauntes better trust, but taste of Plutos paine.

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### The rewarde that Rosamond had in hell, for murdering of hir husbnde *Al-* *banus* and liuing vitiouslie in hir hus- bandes dayes.



When from this Pope we were depart and gone,  
Meaning to returne, the night was almost spent:  
But there fast by we hearde one crye anon,  
Which sayde (Alas, alas) to late I doe repent,  
By wanton dayes, my luttie youthfull toyes,  
Hane banisht me from Angels part of ioyes.

The soande thereof a woman did present,  
For Screaminglie it rang among the caues,  
Which when we hearde we coulde not be content:  
But scalde the craggas among the flaming waues.  
Till at the last a dungeon had we spyde,  
Whereln the woman was that latelge cryde.

And

## of wickednesse.

And as we stode thereof to take the bewe,  
In scalding furnesse whose flash doth still increase,  
A seeming noble Dame with crowne and scepture he we  
(Among a number) gan first of all to please,  
And sayd (Oh Morpheus) such haste why dost thou make  
I pray the bide a while, yet for a womans sake.

Wherefore (quoth he) my presence doth no good,  
And yll I may abide, the night is almost spent:  
She hearing this, cryed out as one were wood,  
Abide and heare two wordes, then go I am content.  
Dispatche (quoth he) for long I cannot bide,  
But first of all, thy name and cause describe.

(Oh quoth she) this place prepared is,  
For wickednesse the iust reward to be,  
And such as liue against the Goddes amisse,  
Be bled here with tormentes as you see.  
With Morpheus thou all dreames dost the in eche where,  
Publish this abroad how we are bled here.

And let them know how Rosamonde the Quene,  
So Albonyus late wife that was sometime,  
Lyeth torment here as thou hast present scene,  
For filthie life, and odious bloodie crime.  
My life did craue none other ende but this,  
Therefore beholde rewarde of wickednesse.

Therefore let mee to women warning be,  
To honoꝝ God the beste, and next their spoused mates:  
And say that Rosamonde thus sayde to the,  
Who doth not so, shall enter at these gates.  
It doth become eache woman night and daye, (saye,  
So holde them well content, at what their husbandes

You lustie bloddes possesse with halwie hartes,  
Pour lostie lokes coꝝrect with meaneꝝ state,  
Refuse to playe these wanton wilfull partes,



## The rewarde

From follie flé, least you repent to late .  
Sometime I lokte as hie as bette of you,  
Which is the onely cause I bid al ioyes adewe .

Seeme not to swell a halfe worde to heare,  
No vantage seeke, noz quarrels frame to bzeede :  
An honest womans part is euer to sozbeare  
The sayinges of her husband, if wel shee thinke to speede.  
Where loue is linkte, woordes cannot bzeue the bate,  
But where dissemblers are, fewe woordes then canseth  
(bate.

And laye aside your newe disguised rage,  
Leaue pranching of your selues with painted face:  
From whirling beye and there your eyes prophaned stay,  
Be faithfal Patrons found in euery place.  
Who doth hir spowled Mate in any case betraye,  
Shall sure repent it soze, with mee another daye.

For if that grace had light vpon my side,  
Then had I dyed befoze the doubtfull ende:  
And so escaped that which nowe alas I bide,  
As Guerdon meeke for them that so offend.  
For though one word I heard my husband saye,  
My stomack was so stowte, I made him straight away.

Which was but small and easie to bee bozne,  
But that the wicked spzite mee tempte to seeke his blood,  
For euen as Judas his Maisters death had swozne,  
Infect with like temptation, that present time I stode.  
Vengeance I inuented, and vengeance haue I caught.  
To seeke my Husbandes life, mine owne destruction  
(brought.

Loe, this was the cause. At my Husbands returne,  
From doing great Battailles in Countreys full farre :  
Being his pleasure a while for to soiourne,  
To rest him at ease after his Warre:  
Let call a Triumphe, and made a great feast,  
To the which assembled all his Lordes of the best.

And



## of wickednesse.

And being in his meriment, Thus Jested with mee:  
Toke a Goblet with Wine, and these words the he sayd:  
(Drinke a tawnt to thy Father, Wife quoth hee)  
Who befoze in Battaille was wounded to dead.  
Thas soz to saye, much is not a mis,  
Who euer doth speake it, where any grace is.

But (alas) unhappilye I, as most women hee,  
Was puffed full of Pride, and mutable minde:  
I swelde as a Loade his death soz to see,  
Yet spake I him saye his senses to blinde:  
O God what mischief can women inuent,  
And if a man alter but once theyz intent.

When I spake him as saye as heart might deuise,  
And made the greatst thewe of Faithfull true loue:  
Inwardly then I dyd hate and despise,  
My noble Husbande all Creatures aboute.  
Therefore I confesse, it is harde soz to knowe,  
When a woman speakes saye, if shee meanes it or no.

I polluted filthilye my Husbandes bedde,  
With one of his seruauntes, whome after I made  
Most Traiterously to smite of his head,  
As hee laye a sleepe with his owne sword or blade.  
And so toke his Treasure, and to the Seas we fled,  
There leauing my Husband wounded to dead.

This Squiers name, that did this wicked dede,  
Melchis was called a stoute woorthy Knight:  
In Rauenne there became to procede  
A mighty Prince of great power and might.  
Yet soz all this, with him straight I tyed,  
For eache daye on my filthy lust beastly desired.

Were hee Gentle or simple, I spared none,  
Of one aboute another, I made no stoze:  
For Shame, Feare, and Grace, from mee were quite gone,

## The rewarde

I paste not a pinne were they Kitcher or poore :  
My filthy fleshe so wickedly was sette,  
That all was but fishe that came to the netts .

But among al the rest one noble man,  
That then of Rauenne was a gouernour :  
As ofte as pleased him nowe and than,  
Had greate delite to holde me as Paramour.  
On whome a while my sitting minde did runne,  
As erst it had of Melchis latelye done.

For whose sake Melchis my husbände netwe,  
Through treason framde, and vile Duplicitey,  
Within my heart his death, I gan to bzeue,  
Because at large I thought to liue moze viciouly.  
To worke the feate by slepyght, and scape the blame,  
I priuily poysoned wine, & made him dzinke the same.

To the middes dzanke Melchis this Cup of Wine,  
Which made him loke with colour dead and wan:  
But when he sawe that Trayfresse heart of mine,  
With much a doe these woordes declare hee gan  
With rusfull face . Thou wicked wretche (qnoth hee)  
Albonius thou through Treason slew, so hast done me.

And there withall his hande typon me layde,  
And byged me in Gaugre of my head,  
To dzinke the tother halfe befoze I saide,  
Which was no soner done but de wne we both fell dead,  
And thus at mischiese ended I my life,  
That sometime was a Famous Princesse Wife .

Loe Morpheus, this is the summe and all :  
Howe thou knowest my name, my wicked fact and dede:  
I praye thee yet what haste soeuer fall,  
Warne women of the like, it's not a litle nede,  
To the; Spowesed mates, bid them be merke & true,  
Or tell them else confusion doth ensue.

## of wickednesse.

Bid them make their mindes with al due obedience,  
And to humble them selues to their Husbantes alwaies;  
For it is commonly seene by auncient experience,  
That none but the wilful doe catche their deceales.

Though wylfe in working the craftie Dames be,  
Them selues they deceaue in the shew you may see.

And now farewell Morpheus thou wotes what I meane,  
Thou mayest say thou met with a miserable wight:  
That first procured her Husband to be slaine,  
And also poysoned a valiaunt Knight.

This was my acte and the cause of my fall,  
Quite murther, so; murther, my selfe laste of all.

And with these wordes a Tyrant with a hoke,  
In tender sides, the most fall woundes hee printes,  
Another on a forke this wicked woman shoke,  
Nothing preuailed lesse, then for to crye with plaintes.

A thousande naked blades in her they thrust,  
And still (quoth they) this woman was vnust.

She thought it was a feareful sight to see,  
Pitye wrought such griele in mee, I wept for woe:  
I thought that in a womans heart, had layen more pitye,  
Then for to serue her faithfull Husband so.

Why dost thou muse (quoth Morpheus) then to mee?  
This is the iust reward of them that wicked be.

The night is almost spent (quoth hee) come let vs goe,  
The least of their paines passeth our helpe:  
I will bring thee safe to the place thou came fro,  
Be not doubtful of Cerberus that fowle curthe whelpe,  
For of any that is heare, I will answer them all:  
Be of good chæere what euer doe be fall.

Thus wandering backe, we looked about,  
And ouer we were at Plutoes Pallace:  
At the which we heard so cruell a howle,

## The rewarde

As if they had all gon together in mallice,  
Yet when we came nere them the truth then appered,  
It was but a triumph, and nought to be feared.

Then after a while vpon a stage full hye,  
An yll faste yoman a blacke Trumpet blew:  
And when silence was made, hee proclaymed a crye,  
In the name of Pluto for tydings most true,  
(Quoth hee) bloodie Boner the Butcher comes here,  
That hath furnisht our kitchin this many a yere.

Moreover (quoth hee) it is Plutos high pleasure,  
That all men prepare in the best sort they can,  
Sith he is to Pluto and Proserpin such treasure,  
To receyue him amonge vs as becomes such a man,  
You know what his seruice hath bene heretofore,  
Loke to your dueties what nedes any more?

This sayde, he departed straight from the stage,  
And to Plutos Pallace hee then toke the waye.  
But then to see both man boye and Page,  
To set newe deuentions in order and raze,  
The halfe to declare, it passeth my witte,  
I am sure the like, was neuer seene yet.

There was fying of fire boltes in holes and in noukes,  
Headding of dartes, and poynting of spittes,  
Skouring of blades, and bending of hokes,  
Bending of fireforkes, and wynging newe whipes,  
Barreling of Pitche, Sulfur, and Saltepæter,  
With moze then can be described in matter.

But for to be bylese so willing they were,  
That nothing was wanting to set out the showe,  
As by their dilligence full well did appere,  
No man coulde be moze welcome there I know.  
Boner (quoth one) Boner quoth another,  
Welcome as hartely as Father or Mother.



## of wickednesse.

With all thinges poynt vice, and sit soz the nonce,  
Frozt came Pluto, and Proserpin the Quene,  
To méte Boner the sucker of soules, flesh, and bones,  
In such order and sozte as hath not bene séene.  
I shall make a description as nie as I can,  
How they went in order to méte him eche man.

First two and two came marching together,  
With a Pickesozke oz Flethoze in euery fist,  
A blacke banner displayed that wauered in the weather,  
Which obscured the light with darcke stinking mist.  
Pll laste Trumpiters a number there were,  
From whose mouthes flewe a thunder odible to here.

The number I knew not so many there were,  
But bzaue and fine they were out of doubt:  
In battes like hieues, and hoase bumde with beare  
With rough courlde heades, they looked full stout,  
They were so lustie they séemde to be cutters,  
Foz they made it tentimes as bigge as swarke Cutters.

Pert after these there came in a raze,  
By heapes whole swarmes of Plutos nobilitie,  
Which did ride vpon Beares that did gape foz their praye,  
That alwayes were fed with the spoyle of simplicitie.  
About their neckes hang double chaynes of golde.  
But to aske their names I durst not be bolde.

Then came his Chapleins by two and by thre,  
And after them followed the great Vicare of all,  
And on his heade a triple Crowne ware he,  
Arayed in robes that were full Pontificall,  
On a ramping Lyon that gaped full wide,  
This greacie Prelate that present did ride.

And then followed Pluto and Proserpin his Quene,  
Upon as Araunge hozles as euer I see,  
Foz like the hote gleydes glowed their cine,

## The rewarde

Righte and monstrous, long, large, and ble  
With a number of Lordes, and Ladies also,  
Came after in order, beside other moe.

Cerberus was caught in the Porters warde,  
The gates were set open againſt Boner came,  
Of Morpheus, and nix no man toke regarde,  
Their minde ranne so much of this noble man.  
By meanes whereof without moze ado,  
We gate out o' th gates o' any man knewe.

Being out of the gates we scaled a rocke,  
To see if we might there spie Boner coming,  
Who in dede appeared in sight with a flocke,  
That came like Bedlems hedlong then running.  
Himselfe led the way like a Champion stoute,  
On a Dragons backe that spoilde rounde aboute.

We kept no order no; the companie that he brought,  
For headlong came railing both olde and young,  
As thicke as haylestones, a man woulde haue thought,  
Whereof some cryed, and other some sounge.  
But downe the hyl one and other came tumbling,  
With Sancta Maria, I hearde them fast mumbling.

A Banner was bozne with red all to spotted,  
Befoze this butcher that pittie was to see,  
Whose armes in the middes was rusfully blotted,  
With the blode of Martires whome he caused to die.  
And in the shilde painted as plaine did appere,  
An innocent Lambe, a cruell Wolfe, and a Beare.

In a fiede all blacke, on the other side his flagge,  
Was depainted a sagot that glowed like a glode,  
And a bluddie hande with a swozde that did bragge,  
Gainst all that profess Chzilles Gospell in dede.  
With a poasie that threathned both aged and young,  
To be laue in his loze, o' else holde their tongue.

But

## of wickednesse.

But then to see what a meeting there was,  
Betwene Pluto, Proserpin, and Boner that time,  
For want of skill I must let it passe,  
I cannot mention th'one halie in this rime.  
(No displeasure to the Pope) if himselfe had bene there,  
It had not bene possible to made him better cheare.


Hary what they sayd, that, we did not know,  
But there was for ioye such colling and kissing:  
Some laught that with a foote long they did show,  
And clawde eache other by the pate without missing.  
To see the triumph made with fleshhookes & spits,  
Had bene able to haue bzought a man from his wits.

For thunder and lightning flew flying about,  
Dartes and firebrandes walkt here and there,  
Bonifiers were made in all hell thzoughout,  
For ioye that Boner was coming so nere.  
Whose face I frayde least he shoulde haue spide me,  
For when he was liuing he might not abide me.

Behinde Morpheus I crept, till they marched by,  
And were past as farre as Cerberus warde,  
But when they were within we heard such a crye,  
As among all the sorowes befoze I not hearde.  
They set hell on fire with making a feast,  
And all was to welcome this lately come guest.

What was Boners Businesse that I doe not know,  
Peradventure he went to fetch soules away thence.  
But iudge as you list therein yea or no,  
I would not be with him for all the Papes pence.  
But if Boners babes doe thinke that I lie,  
Then let them go thither the truth for to trie.

¶ The ende of the Rewarde of VVickednesse.

 *Retourning from Plutos Kingdome, To*  
Noble *Helicon*: The place of Infinite  
Ioye.

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**W**hen we from Plutos Pallacie came, and betwix had this wo,  
(Quod Morpheus) yet I haue a walke, a litle waye to goe.  
For sit I haue take al this paine, the doleful place to see,  
My friends shall knowe of my affayres, for that I am so nye.  
This viage hight I long a goe, perforce my promise is,  
As thou thy selfe who eare demaunde, shal witnesse be of this.  
My Ladies looke for mee long since, some vncouth newes to heare,  
And howe in Stigion flames they sped, that liuing, wicked were.  
Therefore it standes mee much byon, my promise to perforce,  
For that vnto these wo: by Dames, so firmly I haue sworne.  
It nothing doth behoue (quoth he) with them to ba wke or bloke,  
For why they doe from mighty Gods, descende of Sacred flocke.  
Of Mercurie the onely sayde Mineruas dearlinges deere,  
Whose mightie Muse, and learned skill, had neuer yet theyr peere.  
In Helicon their dwelling is, with Cytheron full hye,  
Parnassus so; theyr pleasure haue, when they thereto agrée.  
And loe, where (Helicon) appeares of truth a princely place,  
Where thou and I, these Ladies with, must comen face to face.  
At which mine eyes I loked vp: The soze sayde place I see,  
Which was mee thought so passing fine, as neuer thing might be.  
The Redrose, and the Rosemarye, Inuironed this Hill,  
In euery noke the Gylflower, him selfe presented still.  
The comely Bancks with Daylies deckt, and Primrose out of crie,  
The Violets and Cowslips swete, abought in sight I spye.  
With other Hearbes that pleasaunt were, which did mee good to see.  
Whose fragrant smells perfume the ayre, y from this place doth flie,  
The Th:ustel and the Nightingale, with Musike swete theyr Pipe,  
So pleasauntlye the Gods them selues to heare would much delite.  
Loe, here doe yeld the Chrystal Springs, theyr trickling siluer floods,  
And there Pomegranet Tree with fruite, to earth doth veile his buds.  
The Filbeard in another place, as by owne as Beryes shoe,  
Circles I spyed the D:range byng, with Quince and many moe.

What



## At Helicon.

What walk that wanted there (nothing) that might delight the minde,  
But hee that lookt (in euery place) the same should present finde.  
In triple wise the Arbours cast, I made of sweetest Bziar,  
Mirt with the Vine, that vp and downe the ripest grape both beare.  
Of Bore are Turrets dubbed round, & flayes by arte wel wrought.  
Ascende into the tops thereof, as fine as maye bee thought.  
Wherein these Ladies ofre doe sit, this Joyfull sight to be we,  
For there they maye asarre, beholde what strangers come a newe.  
And when we had perused this place, of highe and mightye fame,  
In hefte of al these Turret tops, we spied a noble Dame,  
Adorned and deckt, in comelye raze, and seemely so beholde,  
Her face was like an Angel bright, whose hayze that steinde the gold.  
Not curld and fruzulde her bzowes about, but combed in order sayze,  
And on her head of Laurell made, a garlande which she ware.  
So double Kusses about her necke, no garded Cowne ware shee,  
So on her handes that steinde the snow, no ringes there were to see.  
Her eyes stode stedfast in her head, they whirlde not here and there.  
So in her face you could espye, ought else but grace appeare.  
A comely Cowne shee had vpon, of collour sad and sage,  
As best became a worthy Dame, presenting middle age.  
To whome we dzelue in al the haste, our reuerence so to vse,  
Whom when shee saw, first word shee said, welcome (quoth she) what  
But further or I do proceede, her name I shal describe, (newest  
And in what order that I see, hir Sisters in that tide.  
Melpomina, this Ladye hight, the eldest of the nine,  
That there among hir Sisters sate, within that Turret greene.  
And euerye Ladye with a Booke, in studie sate full fast,  
And reading of the worthy actes, that had bene done and past.  
The workes of Poets all they had, and scanning there they were,  
Who was best worthy in his time, a Poets name to beare.  
And Instruments in euery nowke, these noble Ladies had,  
To recreate they; Puses with, and so; to make them glad.  
And euerye one appareyld like, whose face like starres did shine,  
Respondent to Melpomina, In gracious giftes diuine.  
Among them were no wanton songs, no; Bacchus banquetts sought.  
No; newe deuice of praucing Dydde, no; signe of euill thought.  
There was no care to purchase lande, no; flaxing of the poe;e,  
No; renting Houses out of erpe, no; hoarding so; a floe;e.

There

## At Helicon.

There was no wringing for such pelfe, as woꝝ blinges now we delite,  
Tom Teltale could not there be found, that woꝝ keth al the spite.  
For Peter Pickthancke beare no swaye, for all his craftye fatche,  
The Bawle Laurence Lurcher, there hath nothing for to catche.  
There is no Tyrant there, that spoiles nor doth y<sup>e</sup> poꝝe man wrong,  
For taking in of Commons is, within that circuite long.  
One seekes not there anothers blood, his liuinges to obtaine,  
For pꝛiue hate, nor open wꝛath, among them doth remaine.  
Hypocritie doth take no place, among these woꝝ the Dames,  
Of any Crime it is not heard, that one another blames.  
The ruggie blast of Boreas mouth, at no time taketh place,  
There Ver, and Flora, both do shewe theyꝝ goꝝgius face.  
For Zephirus doth shake no byannche, within that sacred Hill.  
But euery thing in soꝝmer state, alwayes continueth still.  
For Hiemps hath no power there, the flakye Snowe to cast,  
There is nothing that taketh taste, of cruell Winters blast.  
And as I sayde ere while, howe that wꝛ did these Ladies spie,  
(So what wꝛ sayd) and they to vs, Ile tell you by and by.  
When wꝛ in order found them thus: Haile Ladye Morpheus sayde,  
With Cap in hande I bailde to earth: (They had in e hele my beade)  
(And welcom Morpheus) one and all, they sayde reioysnglie, (thoꝝe  
Why hast thou bene so long) (for they) what newes hast brought with  
What newes (for Morphe) newes ynough, are ad sið whence I came  
I haue perfoꝝmoe my pꝛomise made, as ought an honest man.  
You did request and I agræde to be we vile Stigion lakes,  
And to peruse with wicked soꝝte, what order Pluto takes.  
And how they are rewarded there, it was your willes to know,  
What did delite in euill ades to woꝝke poꝝe people woe.  
(Quoth they that true) I were you there? I came from thence (for he)  
Then all at once they gaue him thanks, as glad as they might be.  
With modest woꝝds tell vs (for they) what sightes that you haue seene  
For thanks is all you get of vs, to quite your toyled paine.  
But what we can or may be bould, that honest seemes to be,  
(To pleasure you) in any wise, we shall thereto agræ.  
But speake, tell on, lets lose no time (quoth one) we thinke it long,  
Begin good Morpheus (quoth the rest) and we will holde our tonge.  
So Morpheus streight began his tale, and teulde them how that he,  
Among a Masque of merye mates, by ebaunce did light on me.

And

## At Helicon.

And how we wæ past from ward to ward, & what was done and sayde,  
And when we came to Plutoes place, among them howe we sped,  
And whome we saw, and what they did, & what they sayinges was,  
Correspondent to the trueth described, moze and les.

But when hee tolde them of the Pope, that Alexander bight,  
And of the Seruice that they sang, and vsed day and night:

And what resort of Sbauelings hee had with him euer y bowze,  
The Ladies all on Laughing sell, yea, rounde about the Tower.

Yet wolfull for the rest they were, because they wanted grace,  
For very zeale these worthy Dames, in teares did washe they face.

Where at when Morpheus did behold, these Ladies wolful cheare,  
(Quod hee) if I had thought on this, I would not haue come heare.

But cease your dolour yet a while, your listning eares lende mee,  
And wipe away those plainting teares, which groweth me to see.

For certe I haue, of woefulnesse and dyzefull desnye tolde,  
Of pleasaunt Pageantes Ile rehearse, & Triumphs many folde.

In wandring by and downe the vale, to see these vgly sightes,  
About the place where Pluto laye, we sawe great Lampes & lights.

With Pageants playd, and Tragedies, & noise of Trumpets sound,  
Yea, Bonfires blasde, with thumping guns, that shooke the trembling

Which when we hard, & did behold, we hasted fast to know, (groūd.  
What was the cause, wherefore or why, those trumpets gan to blow.

And comming to the Pallacie Gates, we neede not craue them why,  
For Boner comes with open Iawe, both yong and olde gan crye.

So Morpheus set the Tale an ende, and as I sayde of late,

One so as Boner welcomde was, at large dilcride the state.

Where at the Ladies euer y one, with comely smilling cheare,  
Laide by their Bookes, & laughtful fast, those newes of him to heare

A ha (quoth they) is Boner there? Whats Plutoes Butcher volde,

It's Plutoes parte to welcome him, for seruice done of olde.

And reason good another saide, desertes must needes be quit,

And so they are I doe perceyue, by you in Plutos pit.

Some scofte & sayd, hee went for Soules, that long in Stigion dwelde.

And other some to preache and teache, a great opinion helde.

But in the fine a thousand thanks, they yelded Morpheus there:

(And sayde) they would deserue his paines, if able that they were,

And yong man (quoth Melpomina) sith thou hast taken paine,

Wæ doe confesse for recompence, thy debtors to remaine.



## At Helicon.

But muche I wonder howe thy witte did serue these sights to see,  
Say maruaile not (quoth Morpheus then) al while he was with mee.  
But otherwise in deede (not hee) noz any moztall man,  
That could oz might at any time, Phlegetons fiers scan. (mode:  
Whats true, but whats his name (quoth one) hee lookes with musing  
He is (quoth Morpheus) to wards you al, and sprung of Robins blood,  
Whose painefull pen hath eye bene prest, for to aduance this place,  
As at these dayes, his actes full well, shal witnesse to your grace.  
And certainelye his chirping tongue, delites to bawke no truth,  
But plainesong partes each where doth sing, as well to age as youth.  
Therefore sith I had promise made, this vglye place to see,  
He thought a fitter man to take, I could not finde then hee.  
(Quoth Vranyc) with seemely lookes, God sir y<sup>e</sup> saye full true.  
For had you not some bodye take, no man had knowne but you.  
And the your labez had ben lost, which now great thanks doth craue.  
Noz the reward had bene knowen, that wicked people haue.  
And sith you light vpon our friende, ten times the gladder we.  
So warning of the rest we trust, these newes in Print to see.  
And with these wordes they toke their bookes, fro Turret straight dis,  
With one accord they charge me al, to hast y<sup>e</sup> this were pend. (cend,  
In verse (quoth Chio) pithilye according to your Dreame,  
The charge you that to al the world, your pen doe straight proclaim,  
And the Rewarde of wickednesse your Booke shall haue to name,  
No better title can bee founde to graue vnto the same.  
But when I hard these wordes in deede, so full of care I was, (pas.  
That when I should haue aunswere made, no word from mee coulde  
My wits were wast, my sence was fled, and stil I stode amasde,  
Like Hart befoze the Wounde afright, oz Birde in pitfall dasde.  
And what to say I readles was, they gaue so straight a charge,  
Yet at a venture by and by, these wordes I spake at large.  
Madames (quoth I) my willing mind eye alwaies yours hath bene,  
Although the grosnesse of my head, deserue no praise to winne.  
And more then twentye times ashamde, assuredlye I am,  
That any of my barren woorkes, your learned eyes shoulde scan,  
Apollos prudent woorthie skill, noz Pallas actiue seatcs,  
(I neuer knew) to promise this, how shall I pay my debtes?  
My lillie eares Minervas boyce could neuer vnderstande,  
Alas god Ladies woulde you I shoulde take this woork in hande?



## At Helicon.

If Caliope rulde my pen, and did thereto agrée,  
Then shoulde you well and easie spie at all no fault in mee.  
And sith as yet I neuer taste, your milke of sacred brest,  
I doe beseeche you euerie one, forget your last request,  
And place some other in my steele, this worke in hande to take,  
And so you shall your little Birde a cherefull Robin make.  
And other wyse when all is done, so to acquite my paines,  
With losse of all my labour I shall purchas Cherils gaines.  
What, will you so (quoth one in dede,) by this what doe you meane?  
Who might for shame denie vs all to take so mickle paine?  
What neede you to aleadge such doubts, you are to blame (quoth shee)  
Who want you to assist you with, when we thus friendlie bee?  
And are we not both some and all, so to erect the same?  
Who euer yet toke paine for vs, but wan immortall fame?  
And then shee helde me fast with hand, come Sisters then (quoth shee)  
Come bring your keyes vndoe your lockes, & let this younge man see  
How we exalte the studious soyle, whose paynefull hande and quill,  
Is apt at any time to yeelde their fruites vnto this hill.  
I hearing this, vneth one worde, durst saie but helde me still.  
And countenance made as if I woulde consent vnto their will.  
And so they brought vs to the place, that all the rest excēdes,  
Tentimes as much as in swete May, the Cowslips stincking wāde.  
And made vpon the mountaine toppe, bolt vp into the skies,  
This noble place of endelesse fame, most curiously doth rise,  
Whose Turrets here & there doe shewe the cūning workmans skill,  
That first by art that statelic place began on sacred hill.  
Spowdered were the Wallles abroade, with stones of Onix kinde,  
The rest was Chrystall, finely wrought, that like the Orient shinde,  
Hete square it was on enerye side, as could bee thought in minde.  
Set out with Phanes, that here and there, flew by & downe the wind.  
So dozes but one, where on was set, nine lockes made for y nones,  
Of finest Golde, with curioust workes, outcht rounde with precious  
And enery Sister had a key, respondent to the same, (Comes  
Which by the vse of Custome ould, did know they auntient names  
So which eache Sister put her keye, abroade the Gates were cast,  
They had mee come and there beholde, my Guerdon due at last.  
And as we passed thzough the Court, the pleasaunt house to beue,  
Amid the same I die espie, a Laurell where it grewe.

## At Helicon.

Wherein a thousande Birdes I thinke, or mo with swete lie voyce,  
On euery spray the littleones sit, and glad somelie reioyce.  
Upon eche Laurell twigge there hange, the pennes of euerie one,  
Whose painefull handes their learned Muse, declared long ago.  
And graud in gold was eche mans name, & what their trauels were  
For monumentes lacquite their paines, shall hang for euer there.  
Thus when we had behelde at will the fashion of this tree,  
These Ladies bid vs yet abide a greater sight to see.  
And then they brought vs to a place, where all the Poetes be,  
In Pictures by a wone by cunning arte, eache man in his degree.  
And as their trauels did appaere, to challenge prayse or fame,  
When so eache one cralted was according to the same.  
Among a number some I knewe, whose woorkes full oft I reade,  
That picture were in liuelie forme, as they had not bene deade.  
The first of all, olde Homer sate with visage sage and sab,  
Upon his head of Laurell made, a triple garlande had.  
Then Virgill as their order is, with wan and paled lokes,  
Was placed in a comelic seate, of eyther side his Bookes.  
Quid next to Virgill sate, as leane as hee might be,  
Whose musing mode in all respects, did with the same agree.  
And Chawcer for his merie tales, was well esteemed there,  
And on his head as well ought best, a Laurell garland were.  
All these I knewe and many moe, that were to long to name,  
What for their trauels were rewarde, for euer moze with fame.  
And looking rounde about that house, to see and if I might  
By chaunce of any countrey men of mine to haue a sight:  
At length I was espide there of Skelton and Lydgate,  
Vvager, Heywood, and Barnabe Googe, all these together sate.  
With diuers other English men, whose names I will omit,  
That in that place enioye the like, of whom I spake not yet.  
And meeke behinde the doore I saue a place where Cherill sate,  
Arte there thought I into my selfe? I am like to be thy mate.  
By then we had behelde all this, the night was almost gone,  
Therefore Ie take my leave of you (quoth Morpheus) euery one,  
Thers no remedie but depart, this youngman must away,  
Beholde where Eos shewes hir face, and doth disclose the daye.  
With al our harts these Ladies sayd: & thanks we thousands giue,  
And what wee may good Morpheus doe, its yours eue while wee liue.

With

## At Helicon.

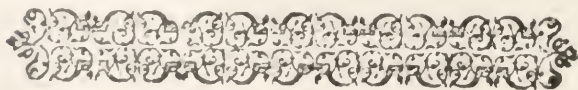
With beyled knée bnto the grounde, my leaue of them I tooke,  
Who gentl'ye bid mee all farewell, and charge me with the booke  
And god yong man (quoth they) take paines these few newes to pen,  
So shalt thou earne greate thankes of vs, and of all Englishe men.  
And so; our ayde be sure of it, gainste Zolus and his whelpes,  
For to defend thy Booke and thee, wee promise heare our helpes.  
Loe heare you see, howe wee acquite our seruautes at the last,  
Wee cause them liue, when cruell death hath take the bitall blast.  
And here a place wee will prepare, for thee among these men,  
That haue immortall gl'rye wonne, by painefulnesse of pen.  
At which most courteously, I craude, and bailed with my knée,  
And sayde god Ladies call againe, this charge if it maye be,  
Commit it to some other man, that hath much better skill,  
And better knowth an hundreth times, to scale your learned Will.  
Your Honours haue in Th'innes of Court, a sort of Gentlemen,  
That fine would fit your whole intentes, with statel'ye stile to Pen.  
Let Studley, Hake, or Fulwood take, that William hath to name.  
This peece of worke in hande, that be moze fitter for the same.  
But when they hard mee speake these wordes, they were off'nded soze  
Wee saye looke to thy charge (quoth they) and let vs heare no more.  
And then they whyzled to the Gate, away they banisht straight,  
Which when wee sawe wee there withall descended downe the height.  
So Morpheus brought mee home againe, frō whence I came befoze;  
And bade mee laye mee downe and sleepe, for I had traueylde soze.  
But looke (quoth he) vnto thy charge: as thou wilt aunswere make,  
For get nothing that thou hast seene, in flaming Stigion Lake.  
And then hee tooke his leaue and went, no moze I might him see,  
But with this trauaile out of hande, full soze he charged mee.  
And as a man whose sillie sprightes, had wander'd all the night,  
So in a slumber waked I, and by I gat me right,  
And called for the merie mates in th'euening that were there,  
I meruell where they be (quoth I) another aunswere here.  
Alas it was a death to see their lookes so deade and pale,  
And how both purse, & heade of witte, were sadde and spoilde with care.  
Some Caged Daggers, some their Coats, when al was gone & spe  
The Ale wife the would needes be paid, befoze that any went.  
Some had sarfette, some toke colde, and some for sleepe were lost,  
(What tho) whe p'ce were out of purse, be gon straight eride my host



## At Helicon.

And sende his Gesses by Crosselesse lane, and litle Wittame home,  
They needs not doubt the these byth way, for Honey had they none.  
Yet ouernight he that had sene, the carping of mine Host,  
Howe welcome were his newcome Gesses, & how the Charle could  
Of this and that, and fill the Pots, laye Apples in the fire, (best  
And nowe He bynke unto you all, thus cryed the Aple Squire.  
Chure Kate, goe Wife, fill bowle againe: Ioane looke vnto the dore,  
Pipe Pinckrum, make vs Parth a while, God sendeth al men store:  
That like the Cyrents song, my Host playde Synons parte,  
And made them lende they: listening eares vnto his guileful arte,  
To euery feast he biddes a Gess, fetch bynke good Dame saith he,  
And make this Gentleman some Chere, rare welcome sir saith she.  
And thus they bid you to the Host, and herte of all shall sit:  
But o; you part, I hold a crowne, they leate you with the spit.  
I found they: fetch, no force thought I, sith you such Cuttbyotes be,  
No moze then needs, o; force compels, no groate you get of mee.  
And there withall my Hostesse calde: I payde and got mæ thence,  
No fauour there was to be had, but for the litle pence.  
And then I calde my Dreame to mind, whereat straight way I went,  
To put in vse the promise made, The time in Hudye spent,  
Tyll I had made a finall ende, of this my little Booke,  
To haste the same to Bynters handes, al trauailes els forsoke.  
What thanks therfore I shall deserue, God knowth so doe not I.  
But as my meaning is herein, let fame proclaime and crye.  
(Be as be maye) yle take my chaunce, as hap shal cast the Dice,  
Sith once I knowe yet hitherto, my trauaile payde the Price.

FINIS. Quoth. R. Robinson.





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