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Reprint of

**The Popish Kingdome**  
*or reigne of Antichrist*

written in Latin Verse by Thomas Naogeorgus  
and Englyshed By Barnabe Googe

1570

*Edited with Brief Memoir of his life*

By

ROBERT CHARLES HOPE

S. PETERS COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE

¶ Imprinted at the Chiswick Press London by

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Anno Domini 1880

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A. 124375



To  
WILLIAM J. THOMS, ESQ., F.S.A.,  
DEPUTY-LIBRARIAN OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS,  
LATE SECRETARY OF THE CAMDEN SOCIETY,  
AND  
FOUNDER OF "NOTES AND QUERIES:"  
THIS REPRINT IS INSCRIBED AS A TRIBUTE  
OF RESPECT AND ADMIRATION  
BY THE EDITOR.









## PREFACE.



AS an original copy of Googe's "Popish Kingdome," owing to its extreme rarity, is practically unattainable; and of the three copies at present known to exist, one only is perfect: the Editor feels that no apology is needed for his bringing before the public this reprint, which, with some three exceptions, viz., (1) omission of woodcut of the family coat-of-arms from the back of the last leaf of Googe's Epistle; (2) added side-notes, and (3) a fuller index, is an exact facsimile, page for page and line for line, with the original. The added matter is printed in italics.

The delay in getting this work through the Press is regretted by the Editor, but the blame lies not with him.

To Henry Bradshaw, Esq., M.A., University Librarian, Cambridge; to W. J. Thoms, Esq., F.S.A., Director of the Folk-Lore Society, etc. etc., and to Rev. S. E. Fitch, M.D., the Editor offers his sincere thanks for many acts of kindness shown to him. To his brother, W. H. St. John Hope, Esq., B.A., he is much indebted for valuable help in looking over and correcting proof-sheets, etc.

The fact of Googe being a Puritan, amply accounts for his intolerance and bigotry as evinced towards the Roman (in common with all who do not hold the same views, as that enlightened section of the English) branch of the Church Catholic.



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## INTRODUCTION.

**B**ARNABE GOOGE, whose name is also spelt Goge, Goghe, Goche, Gouche, and Goughe, was born at Alvingham, in the county of Lincoln, in the year 1540. He was the son of Robert Googe, Esquire, Recorder of Lincoln,<sup>1</sup> by his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir Walter Mantell, and sister of Sir John Mantell, who, with the Lord Dacres of the South, was attainted of felony.<sup>2</sup> Of the minor poets of Queen Elizabeth's reign, there is scarcely one of whom so little is known.

He entered at Christ's College, Cambridge, and also at New College, Oxford, as an undergraduate, but does not appear ever to have taken a degree.<sup>3</sup> On leaving the University he removed to Staples Inn, and became a retainer to his cousin,<sup>4</sup> Sir William Cecil.

<sup>1</sup> Collier's Bib. Cat. p. 88. Brydges' Cens. Lit. ii. 212.

<sup>2</sup> Brydges' Restituta, vol. iii. p. 35.

<sup>3</sup> Cooper, Athenæ Cantab. By the kind permission of J. W. Clark, Esq., M.A., Deputy Registrar, Cambridge University, I have carefully searched through the records of students who matriculated about this period, but have utterly failed to find the name of Barnabe Googe. I have also made inquiries at the library of Christ's College, Cambridge, but can find nothing there; however, in the preface to the first edition of his translation of Conrade Heresbach's Treatise on Agriculture, published 1577, he says, "For my safety in the Universities, I crave the aid, and appeal to the defence of the famous Christ-College in Cambridge, whereof I was once an unprofitable member and (of) the ancient Mother of all learned men the New-College in Oxford."

<sup>4</sup> Corr. Archbishop Parker, p. 198 (Parker Soc.).

In 1560 he published, in octavo, a translation of the first three books of the "Zodiac of Life," from the Latin of Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus,<sup>1</sup> an Italian poet, whose real name was Pierre Angelo Manzoli, and dedicated it to his maternal grandmother Lady Hales, and to William Cromer, Thomas Heywood, and Ralph Heimund, Esquires. The following entry is to be seen in the registers of the Stationers' Company, April or May, 1560:—"Receyed of Raufe newberry, for his licensē for printing of a boke called Pallengenius, and he geueth to the houle . . . . iij<sup>d</sup>." <sup>2</sup>

In 1561 there appeared in octavo, black letter, 170 leaves, "Imprinted at London by John Tisdale for Raufe Newberry," the second edition of Googe's translation of the "Zodiac of Life," dedicated to Sir William Cecil, containing the first six books, and a poem which does not occur in the first, and is omitted in all subsequent editions. In the winter of this year he went on the Continent, a circumstance which is alluded to on page 29 of the "Eclogs."<sup>3</sup>

In the middle of May, 1562, his friend Blunderston wrote a poetical preface to the "Eclogs, Epytaphes, and Sonettes," which Googe had left in his possession,<sup>4</sup> and on May 27th a second preface in prose, and placed them in the printer's hands. Googe returned to England towards the latter end of the year 1562 or the beginning of 1563 (Blunderston was away from London at the time), and was astonished to find that his poems were in the printer's hands, and the paper provided for the impression. After some persuasion on the part of Blunderston, he allowed them to appear in 12mo, dedicated to William Lovelace, Esquire, Reader, of Gray's Inn. The printing was finished on March 15th, 1563, as shown on title and colophon. This is considered one of the rarest books in the English

<sup>1</sup> Brydges' Cens. Lit. ii. 212.

<sup>2</sup> Collier's Extracts, i. p. 26, ed. 1848.

<sup>3</sup> Collier's Bib. Cat. 91; Warton's H. of E. P. 457-60.

<sup>4</sup> See Arber's excellent reprint, page 8, where the poem appears in complete form.



language, only three copies being at present known to exist: one was in the collection of Mr. Huth, another is in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, the other in the collection of Mr. S. Christie-Miller, at Britwell. There are eight "Eclogs," four "Epitaphes," and numerous Sonnets.

We now arrive at a very important event in the life of our author, who fell desperately in love with Mary, daughter of Thomas Darrell, by his second wife, Mary, daughter of — Roydon, Esquire, of East Peckham, Kent. He had, however, a powerful rival in Sampson Lennard, aged 18 (b. 1545, d. 20 Sept., 1615), eldest son of John Lennard, Esquire (born 1509, died 1590, æt. 81), of Chevening, near Tunbridge Wells, a rich man and Prothonotary of the Common Pleas, possessed of many lands and manors in four counties besides Kent.<sup>1</sup> The Darrells, originally an old Yorkshire family, lived at Scotney, a manor-house in Lamberhurst parish, in the southernmost part of Kent, adjoining Suffex; as to wealth and note they were unequal to the Lennards.

Barnabe, though long a visitant at Scotney, does not appear to have betrothed himself previous to the summer of 1563. His betrothal called forth a curious correspondence, in which Sir William Cecil and Archbishop Parker took a prominent part. This correspondence begins with two letters from Sir W. Cecil, the drafts of which are in the State Paper Office, and will be found recorded in full in Mr. Arber's excellent reprint of the "Eclogs." Certain obstacles the parents of Mary Darrell had raised were eventually removed, and somewhere, probably, about 1564 or 1565, the exact date being unknown, they became man and wife.

In 1563 he was appointed Gentleman Pensioner to the Queen

<sup>1</sup> Strype's Parker, bk. ii. c. 17; Hastead's Kent, iii. 380. A scornful letter to Mr. Geo. Darrell and to Mr. Edw. Darrell, dated from Dungeon 16 October, 1563, is in MS. Lands 7, art. 41, printed in *Restituta* iv. 307, and *Gent. Mag.* N.S. viii. 480.

(Elizabeth), and by the records of London was still living at Staples Inn. In the epistle dedicatory to Sir William Cecil to the edition of the "Zodiac," published April 18th, 1565, he mentions his "fimple traueyles lately dedicated to your honor" (alluding to his miscellaneous poems, the "Eclogs," &c.). Cecil's arms are on the back of this edition, which was printed by Henry Denham. He apologizes for attempting this work, three books of which, as he had understood too late, were "both eloquently & excellently englished by Master Smith, clark unto the most honorable of the Queens Counsell. Whose doings as in other matters I have with admiration beheld," etc.<sup>1</sup>

The "Zodiac" of Palengenius was a favourite work, and is constantly classed and compared with poetical translations of this period by the contemporary critics. It was written by an Italian Christian poet, Marcellus Palengenius Stellatus. The Zodiac contains, so runs the title, under the twelve signs, twelve several labours, "Painting out most lively the whole compass of the world; the reformation of manners; the miseries of mankind; the pathway to vertue and vice; the eternity of the soul; the course of the heavens, the mysteries of nature, and divers other circumstances of great learning, and no less judgement." Palengenius had written in this book some things not fully consonant to the Romish religion, for which he made his apology to Hercules II., Duke of Ferrara,<sup>2</sup> to whom he dedicated this book. The passage runs thus: "That if there happened to be something found in it that should seem in any part to disgrace their religion he was not to answer for it: for treating on many subjects of philosophical matters, he was driven to alledge the opinion of fundry Philosophers especially Plato's Scolars, whose opinions if they were false, the blame was theirs, and not his:

<sup>1</sup> Warton's *H. of English Poetry* (ed. 1824), iv. 280; Collier's *Brit. Cat.* p. 88.

<sup>2</sup> Strype's *Annals*, vol. ii. 463.

Since his intent was never to step a foot from the Catholick Faith." It is a piece of Natural Philosophy, and aimeth at the drawing of men to Morality, Piety, and the Fear of God, taking his argument from the Immortality of the Soul, and a Future state.

The following description, and flowery passage on Spring from the "Zodiac" is among the many similar descriptions in which Googe excelled:—

The Earth againe doth florifhe greene,  
 The trees repaire their spring;  
 With pleasaunt notes the nitingale  
 Beginneth new to sing.  
 With flowers fresh their heads bedeckt,  
 The Fairies daunce in fielde:  
 And wanton songes in mossye dennes  
 The Drids and Satirs yielde.  
 The wynged cupide fast doth cast  
 His dartes of gold yframed.<sup>1</sup>

*Ed. 1565, lib. ii. fig. B iii.*

Another edition of the "Zodiac" appeared in 1567.

The "Shippe of Safeguard, a newe booke written by Barnabe Googe," appeared anno 1569, printed by W. Seres, London, 12mo. The authorship of this work appears very doubtful.

The work by which Googe is best known is his translation in Alexandrine verse<sup>2</sup> from the Latin "Regnum Papisticum" by Thomas Naogeorgus<sup>3</sup> (Grecicised name of Thomas Kirchmeyer) under the title of "The Popishe Kingdome or reigne of Antichrist," which he published in London A.D. 1570 in quarto; printed by Henry Denham, and dedicated to the Queen. An exact copy of this most interesting book we have attempted to lay before our readers. Of this exceedingly rare and curious work, one perfect copy

<sup>1</sup> Warton's History of English Poetry (ed. 1824), iv. 282.

<sup>2</sup> Ames's History of Poetry, ii.

<sup>3</sup> Naogeorgus died in 1577.

only is known to exist, the University Library, Cambridge, being the fortunate owner. (The Bodleian Library, Oxford, and Mr. M. H. Bloxam possess imperfect copies.) It consists of four books, preceded by a preface and epistle.<sup>1</sup> Book I. contains 1,000 lines, and describes the establishment of Papal power, the acts of the popes, cardinals, bishops, etc. Book II. (976 lines) speaks of confessories, officials, parsons, and various orders of monks in a continued strain of censure. Book III. (1,012 lines) bears strongly on the Roman Catholic faith and the power of the Mass, to which some singular properties are assigned. Book IV.<sup>2</sup> (1,184 lines) is very interesting, and gives a striking picture of the customs and amusements of the period. It is a fierce denunciation of the superstitions of the Roman branch of the Church Catholic in its period. It has been freely used for the elucidation of ancient usages. Hone and Brand in their respective works quote largely from it. Bound up with the Cambridge copy at the end of the book is Googe's translation of Naogeorgus's "Spiritual Husbandrie" in two books, the first consisting of 918 lines, the second of 978 lines.

The next we hear of Googe is his acceptance of service in Ireland in 1574; Cecil, Lord Burghley, seems to have sent him over (as an intelligencer or letter-writer), to keep him (Cecil) well informed on all the proceedings of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, who at that time was induced to attempt the complete conquest of Ulster. His very interesting correspondence with Cecil will be found in

<sup>1</sup> On the back of the last leaf of Googe's Epistle are these arms—Quarterly of six, I. *Googe*, (arg.), a chevron between three cocks (sa. armed gu.). II. *Roydon*, (sa.) a griffin passant (or). III. *Darrell*, a lion passant crowned. IV. Three triple-towered castles, in the fesse point a mullet. V. Quarterly of 6 ermine, and . . . VI. On a chevron between three goats' heads erased a cinquefoil. Crest: a vested arm, the hand grasping a wyvern's head erased. Motto—*POST TRISTIA LÆTA*.

<sup>2</sup> Book IV. has been reprinted by Mr. Furnivall for the New Shakespeare Society; the side notes to which the editor has adopted in this reprint.

“Notes and Queries,” 3rd S. vol. iii., in a set of well-written papers from the pen of the late Mr. Pinkerton, too long to produce here; he returned to England on July 10, but did not remain long on this side of the Channel: we find him again in Dublin in August of the same year, where he appears to have remained until September, 1583.

In 1576 a revised edition of the “Zodiac” appeared, dedicated to Lord Burghley, printed 4to. and 8vo. by Newberry; Cecil’s arms, quite different to those on the edition published in 1565, were stamped on the back.<sup>1</sup>

In 1577 Googe produced the “Foure bookes of Husbandrie collected by Conradus Heresbachius, counsellor to the high and mighty Prince, the Duke of Cleue, containing the whole art, and trade of Husbandrie, Gardening, Grafting, and Planting, with the antiquitie, and commendation thereof, newly englyshed and increased by Barnabe Googe Esquire.” The dedicature to Sir William Fitzwilliam, Knight, is from Kingston, Feb. 1, 1577, London, 4to. The following year a second edition appeared.

In 1579 he published a translation from the Spanish of “The Proverbs of Inez Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of Santillana,” in an octavo volume, dedicated to Cecil, printed by Watkins, London.<sup>2</sup> He also supplied a prose address to B. Rich’s “Allarme of England.”

In 1582 Googe was Provost-Marshal of the Presidency Court of Connaught. He came to England in September, 1583, but returned to Ireland the following year. He surrendered his patent of Provost-Marshal to Barkley, April 24th, 1585, and does not appear to have again left England.

A third edition of Conrad’s “Husbandrie” appeared in 1586, a second revised edition of the “Zodiac” in 1587, and in 1588

<sup>1</sup> Strype’s Annals, ii. 463; Warton’s H. of E. P. pp. 457-60, vol. iii.

<sup>2</sup> There is a copy among Cryne’s curious books in the Bod. Lib. Oxford. A copy was sold among Sir Mark Sykes’s books in 1824. (Warton’s History of Early Poetry, vol. iii. pp. 457-60.)

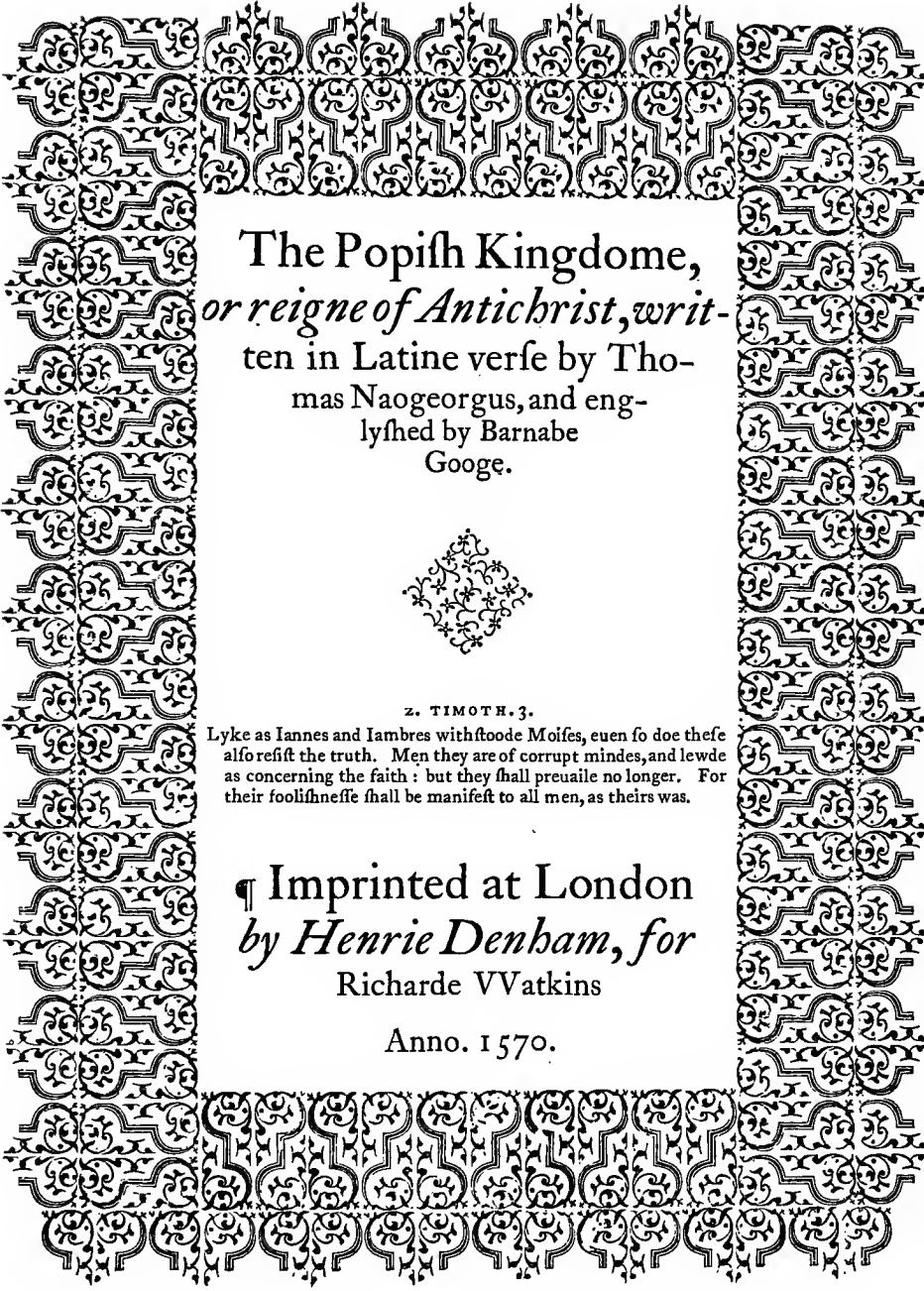
a new edition,<sup>1</sup> dedicated to Cecil, under the title of Lord Burghley, the former prefatory matters being omitted. He also translated into English what he called "Aristotle's Tables of the Ten Categories,"<sup>2</sup> and Virgil's Georgics.

In 1594 appeared the last edition of Conrad's "Husbandrie." Barnabe Googe died about the 7th of February this year; his wife survived him, as did also his eight children, Matthew, Thomas, Robert (Fellow of All Souls', Oxon), Barnabe (Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge), Francis, William, Anne, and Mary.

<sup>1</sup> Collier's Bib. Cat. p. 90.

<sup>2</sup> MSS., Coxeter.





The Popish Kingdome,  
*or reigne of Antichrist, writ-*  
ten in Latine verſe by Tho-  
mas Naogeorgus, and eng-  
lyſhed by Barnabe  
Googe.



2. TIMOTH. 3.

Lyke as Iannes and Iambres withſtoode Moifes, euen ſo doe theſe  
alſo reſiſt the truth. Men they are of corrupt mindes, and lewde  
as concerning the faith : but they ſhall preuaile no longer. For  
their fooliſhneſſe ſhall be manifeſt to all men, as theirs was.

¶ Imprinted at London  
*by Henrie Denham, for*  
Richarde VVatkins

Anno. 1570.

To the right high, and mightie princeſſe, Eliza-  
beth by the grace of God, Queene of Englande, Fraunce,  
and Ireland, defender of the fayth, and of the Church of England  
and Ireland, on earth next vnder God the  
ſupreme gouernour.



**WOULD NOT HAVE TA-**  
*ken vpon me (moſt gracious and my  
redoubted ſoueraigne Lady) to haue  
brought into engliſhe this brieſe diſ-  
cription of your graces greateſt aduerſarie, though  
often I haue therunto beene earneſtly required,  
but only of purpoſe to dedicate it to your maieſtie:  
Neither yet woulde I ſo haue preſumed to haue  
done, but that I haue here before ſeene your graces  
moſt gracious accepting of ſmaller matters. The  
Author ſo eloquentlye in Latin hath expreſt his  
minde, and ſo plainely and truly bath deſcribed  
the fayned ſanctitie of the Romiſhe religion that  
nowe ſo much is boated of, as I cannot but iudge  
him a preſent meete for a Queene. The tranſlatiō  
(though rude) ſo dealeth with truth, as being ear-  
neſtly hated of the enimies of truth, it requireth of  
neceſſitie the patronage of ſo noble a princeſſe, be-  
ing before in Latin ſafely defended by the no leſſe  
vertu-*



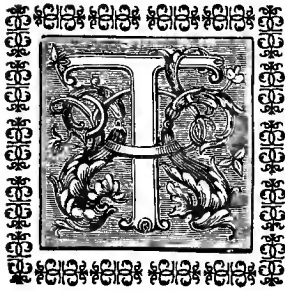
## The Epistle.

*vertuous, than valiaunt prince the Lantgraue of Hess, a Prince as well affected in religion, as of minde and courage inuincible. Most humbly I therefore besech your maiestie to vouchsafe the defence thereof against the wrongfull slaunders of malicious tongues, and to pardon, according to your accustomed clemencie, my bolde attempt in presenting to your highnesse so rude a translation: wherein I haue the lesse beene curious, bycause it was chiefly made for the benefite of the common, and simpler sorte. I haue also herevnto ioyned some parte of an other booke written by the same Author, and entituled, The spirituall husbandrie (which I long before translated) bicause the other being printed, seemed something to small in volume. God long preferue your most excellent maiestie, and alwaies in all daungers as he hath hitherto most wonderfully done: so euermore thorough his mightie and mercifull prouidence defend the same to his honor and glorie, and the singuler comforte of all your louing subiectes.*

Your Maiesties most humble and faithfull  
subject. Barnabe Googe.



¶ To the right high and mightie Prince,  
*Philip by the grace of God Lantgraue of*  
*Hesse.&c.* Thomas Naogeorgus his hum-  
 ble subiect wifheth, &c.



HE BEVVTFVLL LIGHT of the Gospell (moſte vvorthy Prince) hath novve ſo manye yeares ſhyned, that not vnvvorthily, if it ſo had ſeemed good to God, it might haue dravvne all men to the loue and eſtimation thereof, & affvaged the malice of the chiefeſt enimies, in ſuche ſort, as thoughe they could not find in their hearts to embrace it, yet at the leaſtvvyſe they ſhoulde forbear from their vncharitable ſlaunders and cruell raylings. But bicauſe they onely doe beleeu (as vve reade in the Actes of the Apoſtles) that are before appoynted to ſaluation: So farre of are our aduerſaries from vvaxing more gentle, or any vvhitte forſaking their crueltie and reprochfull vvordes, as novv at length they poure out more boldly and diſpitefully the vileſt vvordes they can, not onely agaynſt the poore Preachers, but alſo agaynſt their doctrine, and the very Gospell it ſelfe. For of late came there one abrode, (vvhoſe name I vvill not here declare) vvho taking occaſion of theſe laſt vvarres, vvith a fooliſh and ſlaunderous booke, cuttes in peeces, teares, chides, and vvith as yll reportes as may be, burdeneth as vvell the Princes, as ſubiectes, that bee fauorers of the Gospell, and herevvithall (full vvifely) calles vs againe to Poperie, tearing vs Apoſtatas, and forſakers of our fayth. But ſurely he deſerueth no aunſvvere, as one that except raylinges hath vttered nothing: and his Booke that hee vvrote, ſeemes to be vvritten by a man ouerſeene vvith vvine, hauing no Methode therein, but a certaine diſordered heape of vvordes, and (as they ſay) a tale vvithout a head. Yet vvoulde

## *The Epistle.*

I there should be some that should answer this slanderer, not for his sake, but for the worthiness of the religion that we profess: whereby he might perceive with what rashness, ungodliness, and malapertness he controls and persecutes the thing he doth not understand. For although we are bound by the word of God, to bear and dissemble the injuries and offences that are done unto us: yet such things as belong unto truth, the pure doctrine of the Gospel, and so to the honour and glory of God, we ought by no means to dissemble, but earnestly both with words and writings to fight against the enemies, as with great commendation did the ancient Doctors of the Church, against the Heathen, and first planters of Heresies: for these slanderers, although of such as sufficiently know the truth, they be but laughed at and despised, yet do they infect, and not a little abuse the weak, and cause them to mistrust and think the worse of the religion we teach. Therefore either for the Doctrine it selfe, or else for the weaklings that have but newly begunne to taste the truth, the wickedness and malice of this defamer, in calling the Gospel that we preach Turkish, and by other hatefull termes, is to be beaten downe and utterly confuted. And here I can not but wonder with what face hee can thus shamelesly behave himselfe, since it is well known he neuer read any booke of ours, whereby he might rightly iudge of our faith and religion, neither is it reason for the fault and offence of some one Prince or subiect to giue iudgement vpon all. But I thinke he learned these slanders, at the Sermons of some bawling Friars, or other venomous Papistes, who have more care for their bellies, than for the truth, wherby he thought to be accounted a great Clarke, for thundering out his rayling Rethoricke against vs, and thinks it no little glory, if with his fonde and ruffianly bookes, he may not overthrow (for so great his learning is not: and if it were, the truth is inuincible) but like a flie

or

## *The Epistle.*

or a gnat, sting and bite vs, vvhome it pleaseth him to call Lutherans. But I trust there shall some man bee founde that shall aunsvvere the foole, as Salomon sayth, according to his follye, least he should seeme vvise to himselfe. I for my part, as vvell as leysure vvoulde presently serue, haue plainly and truely set forth the chiefe members of the Popish state, their fayth, their cerimonies, and religion, though I passe ouer names: that eue-ry man may see, vvwhether they or vve come nearer to the steps of the Apostles, and vvwhether they be Catholikes, or rather vve vvhom they so hate and persecute as Heritikes. VVhat goodnesse, vvhat true dealing, or vvhat thing agreeing vvith the Apostolike doctrine there is among these Papistes, I truelye can not see. On the other side it plaine appeareth, that our religion is such, as the Papistes vvith all their indeuor, by faythfull vvitnessse of Scriptures, yet hitherto coule neuer bee able to ouerthrow. VVhither than do they call vs? Doe they thinke that vve vvill forsake the truth, and follovv falshoode in so cleare a light? VVhy doe they call vs Apostatas? Is it a shame to forsake vngodlinesse and Idolatrie, and other thinges both vaine and foolish? That this religion of theirs is none other, I intende so brieflye to shovve, that it maye appeare as in a Table, vvhereby our men maye pacientlier beare the iniuries and reproches of these fellowves, in seeing from vvhat monsters by the doctrine of the Gospell they are deliuered, and our aduersaries not beare their heades so loftie, and boast themselues to bee the true Church of Christ, beholding the abuses asvvell of their life, as of their religion, disclosed & declared vnto all men. I therefore exhort our brethren, that they esteeme as their greatest glorie, the departing from the Pope, and as a singuler blessing of GOD, the knowvledge of the Gospell. I exhort also and admonishe our aduersaries, that they leaue of in time frō flaundering, not onely vs (vvho in respect are nothing) but rather the truth of God, and the Gospell of Christ, and that they  
vveigh

## *The Epistle.*

vveigh the matter vvith more diligence, and remooue a vvhile from their eyes the consent of numbers of people, the aucthoritie of the Pope and his members, and the accustomed religion of a fevv hundred yeares: for these and such other like are of no force in the confirming of truth, but are rather lettes and hinderances to the knowvledge thereof, and common to the inhabitants of the vvhole vvorld, vvho by antiquitie, continuance, aucthoritie of Kinges and Princes, and the generall consent of people, are able to defende their superstitious lavves. But other groundes of fayth and religion ought Christians to haue, as the consent of the Prophetes, and the Apostles, the aucthoritie of the holy Ghost, bearing vvitnesse of our Lorde Iesus Christ, as vvell in scriptures, as in the heartes of men. These if they thorovvlye consider, and vvithout parcialitie regarde, I doubt not but it shall come to passe, that clothing themselues vvith Christian shamefastnesse, they shall amende and returne vnto more sounder and surer doctrine. A great foolishnesse it is to knowve vvhat is best, and to follovve the vvorst, as many of our aduersaryes for gaine, and their bellies sake do. In the meane time, most excellēt Prince, great cause vve haue to reioyce of our selues, beholding in hovve great darkenesse, errors, deceyts, and vanities, our enimies vvalk: and to besech God, that it may please him, to open their eyes and their mindes, that they may beholde the light of the Gospell, by vvhich the quietnesse of heart is onely obtayned, and that they may seeke for and enioy al things in Christ our alonely sauiour. Hovve great a grieffe it is to such as trauaile to bee ignoraunt of their vvay, or taught amisse by some malicious guide, they vvell can tell that haue had experience thereof. Neyther doth it anye vvhit auaille to proue many vvayes, and yet to bee farre of from the right. VVhich commonly happeneth, as is vvell knowvne, to our enimies. For many vvayes they attempt, and trie, and carefully vvrest their mind hither and thither, to obtaine the forgiuenesse of their finnes, and euerlasting life. But euery man that

## *The Epistle.*

is Godly doth see, that they striue and trauaile in vaine, vvhē the only vvay vnto God is Christ, vvho is made vnto vs of God <sup>Iohn.14.</sup> the father, vvifdome, righteousnesse, sanctification, and redemption, <sup>1. Corin. 1.</sup> and there is no other name in the vvorlde giuen vnto men vvhereby they may bee saued, but onely the name of our Lorde <sup>Actes. 4.</sup> Iesus Christ. This vvay bicause it is plaine, and not gainefull, the blinde and vvicked guides doe eyther craftily shunne, and leade men into thickets, or vvildernesſes, vvhence they neuer can get out, or carie the poore creatures to craggie rocks, and breake neck mountaines. Besides vve ought to account it no ſmall benefite of God, that vvee are deliuered from theſe fellowes, and that vvee vnderſtand their deuises and deceytes, vvhereby vve may continually bevvare of them. For this onely intent, haue I taken this vvorke in hand, that the truth and the brightnesſe of the Goſpell may the better ſhine out, by ſetting forth the contrary deuises, vvorſpippings, ceremonies, and life of the Papistes, that euery man may take heede of theſe, and more earnestly receyue, embrace, and vvith all their endeuor keepe and defende the other. And to you (moſt vvorthie prince) haue I dedicated this vvork for many reſpects, all vvich to rehearſe vvere nedeleſſe. Your ſinguler and gracious fauour tovwards me, and liberalitie vvell beſeeming a prince deſerueth ſome greater matter, and more meete for your highneſſe: But I knovv your grace is alvvayes vvooont more to eſteeme the minde of the giuer, than the gift: neyther did I minde to giue your grace this, as a recompence for your goodneſſe tovwardes me, (for that am I neuer able to doe) but onely to declare my ſelfe, not vnmindefull of your benefites. Moreouer, I thought it good to giue this booke vnto you as meeteſt before all other Princes, for your great and ſinguler trauaile in ſetting forth of the Goſpell, for the daungers and miſeries that you haue ſuſtained in defending of it, vvherin euen to captiuitie, and the great hazarde of your lyfe (from the vvich I thanke God, and vvith all my heart reioyce, that

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you are at the length deliuered, and restored to the seat of your Progenitors) most valiantly ye haue striuen : and also for the vvonderfull and Princely courage of your heart, in so many, so great and grieuous temptations, and constancie in keeping it. You shall here beholde vvhat things they bee (although you vvere not before ignoraunt of them) vnto the vvhich, though by fundrie deuyses assaulted, you coulde by no meanes bee brought. And on the other side aparantly, vvhat maner of religion it is that you furthered, hitherto defended, and by the mightie helpe of God retayned. Certaine there be that are seuerer and unmovable in keeping their fayth heretofore deliuered them, as the Turkes, the Ievves, and such others, but settled vpon no certaine ground, nor aucthorised by the vvitnesse of any holy scriptures, but only by the inuentions and dreames of men. But such constancie (or if I may so say) obstinacy, is to be cōmended, that hath hir foundation vpon Gods vvord: and can by no meanes bee dravne or forced to error and vngodlinesse, for the vvhich the vvitnesse of Christ haue alwaies bene vvorthily prayfed. Therefore bicause I thought this little work vvould not be altogither vnpleasaunt vnto you, I presumed to dedicate it vnto your highnesse, most humbly beseeching you to beare vvith the simplenesse thereof, and to accept herein my vvell meaning minde, and to receyue me into your graces protection, vvhose long prosperitie, vvith the happie successe of your most noble and renouved children, I earnestly desire God to preferue. From Basill the. 20. of Februarie. 1553.





# The Popish Kingdome.

I

## *The first Booke.*

**A** He straunge disguised shape, and faith, of popish proude estate,  
The sundry orders, and the dayes they petyly consecrate  
Good Muse declare, my force to weake, can not therto attaine  
He can disclose the mysteries, of such a matelesse raigne.  
Oft haue we hearde the thundring same, of Scythian scepter great,  
The Turkes estate, and of the Indians farther distant seat:  
The warlyke Parthyans powre beside, and stately Persian charge,  
And of the Romanes all men knowes, the auncient empire large.  
But these are nothing in respect, if any man doe way,  
The farre surmounting maiestie, and powre of popish sway:  
Whose Lordship listeth up it selfe, vnto the heauens hye,  
And all the earth, whereon we dwell, to him doth subiect lye.  
And all the Deuils deepe in hell, at his deeries doe quake,  
So that the threefolde engyn of the worlde he makes to shake.  
Nor unaduisedly we speake, nor rashly thereof sayne,  
The Pope himselfe doth challenge this, in wordes and writings playne.  
And lustily he doth defende, the same with tooth and naile.  
Drawe neare therefore Calliopey, and let thy force preuaile.  
And thou Apollo graunt thyne ayde, great matters here I sing,  
Whereof the same, blowne forth abroad, all Europe makes to ring.  
Guide you my lately verbe begunne, by perfit path and plaine,  
Disclose the secret mysteries, of this so sacred raigne.  
For though it thorowly be knowne, and easily appeeres,  
To euery Wight, that here hath seene, the ende of thirtie yeeres.  
The yonger age yet knowes it not, ne children haue it seene,  
That haue bene taught, to treade the steppes of Christs religion cleene.  
And what of our posteritie, that many yeeres to come,  
Shall not attayne to knowe the sayth, nor toyes of stately Rome.  
Being many a hundred myles from thence, and dwelling farre away,  
This booke shall well instruct them than, and shew them halfe the play.  
If wormes doe not consume it first, nor Marchauntes occupye  
It, for enclosing of their wares, that they farre hence doe bye:  
Our question first, is, if from heauen this lustie bloud doe spring,  
And whether thence he slipped downe, from that almightie King:

*Power of  
Popish sway.  
D. 22. omnes.*

*Doth this bloud  
spring from  
heauen?*

*Dr*

# The popish kingdome

Or rather from the Stygian fouds he rayde himselſe ſo hye,  
Created firſt by Sathan, and the ſpīrites that damned lye,  
To be a plague to Chriſtian ſayth, and vertuous ſamplie,  
To fill the worlde with troubles, broyles, and wretched miſerie ?  
Such as are bent to ſearch the ſame, being many cauſes ſtrong  
And weightie arguments, and proues, the chiefeſt here among.  
They from the fruites doe firſt deriue, and long they ſeede their eyes,  
To viewe the monſtrous ſhape, that doth from doubtfull parent riſe.  
It is not much amiſſe, if that we ſay, he came from hie :

*Lucifer, Prince of Pride.* For Lucifer the Prince of pride, and all his companie,  
That now doe trouble all the worlde, from heauen downe did fall,  
At his commaundment, and his worde, that guides and governeſ all.  
*The Flood.* From heauen eke fell out the floudde, that all the worlde did drowne:  
Beſides on Sodom, came from thence, both fire and brimſtome downe.  
What if y<sup>e</sup> monſtrous ſinnes of men, wherwith the world did ſwarmed,  
Prouoked God to ſende this plague, for their deſerued harme.

*Men made ſmall account of Chriſt.* Men made but ſmall account of Chriſt, Gods worde eſteemed bayne,  
Eche heart was then peruerſely bent, and truth had in diſdayne.  
Fayth was not to be ſounde at all, ne loue coulde once be ſcene,  
And helliſh ſectes, had put to flight, the true religion cleene.  
Eche eare was then ſet open wide, to learne deuiliſh mad,  
And ioyde to heare of teachers new, though they were neare ſo had.

*No difference made of right and wrong.* No difference made, of right or wrong, none ſought the perſite way.  
But euery man with willing minde, did yeelede himſelſe a pray.  
What maruell was it now, if that the Almighty gaue them up,  
And ſuffred them to drinke their fill, of lying errors cup ?  
Beſides, when all was huſht and ſtill, the chiefe, and learned ſort,  
Gaue ouer booke, and Pulpet quite, and gaue themſelues to ſport  
Still woondering at the worldly pompe, and hunting after gaine.  
Eche one did leeke the others fall, with hatred and diſdaine,  
The ſtronger put the weake to worſe, with ayde of Princely might,  
Thus mallice touchte the high eſtates, who wondered at the ſpight,  
And muzde what madneſſe moude them thus, y<sup>e</sup> prieſtes & prelats great,  
Shoulde thus with ciuill warres, enuie eche one the others leat.  
Of theſe diſorders, lewde, and great, what iudge you ſhould appere,  
But ſtoppes to ſounde religion and this preſent kingdome heere ?

While

While God thy offences punished, of this distempered minde,  
 And ouerwhelmde the idle heartes, with miltes & darcknesse blinde.  
 For both about one time began, the sonde religion vaine,  
 Of Mahomet his foolish law, and eke the popish raigne.  
 Two stubborn hornes to ouerthrowe, both sayth and vertuous minde,  
 And for to drowne the doubtfull worlde, with vice, and errours blinde.  
 For one thing, both of them we see, doe striue for to attaine,  
 Which is, that no remembrance might, of Iesus Christ remaine.  
 And that the searching out of truth, from men be pluckte away,  
 That so in errors thicke and grosse, they all may sooner stray.  
 He shalt thou much amisse affirme, if that thob doest declare,  
 That God hath plaste them in the worlde, as hornes that egall are.  
 For this the Pope himselte prelumes, and plainly doth decree,  
 And as a Key of sayth doth will, that it beleued bee.

*Mahomet &  
 Pope.*

But for the same we will not striue, but easely giue him place,  
 Yet neyther can the Pope nor such, as him doe here imbrace,  
 Denie but many things he hath, at Sathans handes bene taught,  
 Which doth in life and doctrine here, he oft hath lewdely wrought.

D. 21. In  
 nouo.

D. 22. omnes  
 &, Sacro  
 sancta.

But of this wondrous Empire great, the heade I now declare,  
 Surnamed Pope, a name that once to those that meanest weare  
 Amongst the Bishops common was, till such time as alone,  
 The Romish Bishop chalengde it, resisted then of none.  
 What coulede they doe? now was he great, and to be fearde of all,  
 Not onely through his earthly force, but powre celestiaall.  
 This Pope doth boast himselte to haue, the keyes of heauen gates,  
 And braue in scutchin blaseth them, that Kings and high estates,  
 And common people bent to lyes, may know that none can cline  
 To heauen, to be placed there, without his power deuine.  
 Without his warraunt, or his graunt, for in his gift doth ly,  
 The skies, and happie life, and whom he list he putteth by.  
 And with a worde, he hoyleth up, unto the starry raigne,  
 Euen w hom he listes, and where him likes, he casteth downe againe,  
 Unto the bottome deepe of hell, he byndes, and loseth all,  
 Euen as a perfect Marshall of, the chiefe and highest hall.  
 So great an Empire sure is this, and dreadfull power to heare,  
 Whereat great Dukes haue trembled, and Princes quakte for feare.

Pope.

*His power.*

*Has the keys  
 of heauen.*

*None can go to  
 heauen with-  
 out his consent.*

Both

# The popish kingdome.

Both noble men, and people poore, their countnaunce now let fall,  
When as they heard the name of Pope, and such a power withall.  
For euery man accompted sure, that after losse of life,  
They should receyue eternall blisse, and heauen, boyde of strife.  
But how poore wretches, may they now the heauens hope to win,  
When as the Pope doth keepe the keyes, and wardes the coming in?  
Therefore of all men must he needes, as God be worshipped,  
Pea, no man sought to haue the ayde of God himselte in dede.  
Nor minded his commaundements, his threates, nor promises,  
For why, the terrour of this Pope, eche minde did now distress,  
That God could haue no part thereof, who yet regardes not part,  
But chalengeth, as due to him, the whole of euery hart.  
We know full well, that Peter, and all such of Peters minde,  
Receyue these heauenly keyes of Christ, and power to lose and binde.  
But in the gospell lyes this power, and farther doth not reache,  
He shuttes, and closeth fast the doores, that doth this gospell preache,  
To such as will not him beleue, men heauily, boyde of shame,  
And eke to vertuous men and good, he openeth wide the same.  
Thus doth he binde the stubborne sorte, and men of stoward kinde,  
With gospells force, and not by power, of his presumptiu minde.  
Farre otherwise the Pope doth worke, as well we may beholde,  
He preacheth not as Peter did, nor feedes the Christian folde,  
He doth he trauell in the worde, with any learning pure,  
But countes himselte the guide of sayth, and life that shall endure.  
Which powre no God, nor man him gaue, yet so it hath been wayde,  
That Emprours, Kings, and Dukes and all, haue him as God obayde.  
So much hath lewde perswasion done, from wrested scriptures brought  
That for the entring heauen gates, and ioyes of all men sought:  
As subiect here the sayth he kept, and heart of all men helde,  
Except the Greekes, that neuer woulde, such honor to him yelde.  
For all the Italians, Spaniardes, and the French, their neighbours nie,  
The Scottes, the Englishe people, and the men of Germanie,  
Th'ungarians, Danes, and Norweyes both, Bohemians eke beside  
And Irelande, Russia, and Poland, with woodes and pastures wide,  
In fine, whertoever the Latine name, hath earst bene blowne & spread.  
Due honour, feare, and worship eke, the Pope as chiefe and heade:

And

*None, for terrour of the Pope, dare seek the ayde of God himself.*

*Peter receyued the keyes, & powre to lose and binde.*

*Pope preaches not as Peter.*

Con. D. 95.  
Esto.

D. 10.  
Qvoniã.

*The Greeks neuer woulde honor to him yield.*

# The popish kingdome.

3

And gyuer of eternall life, thus farre he rules the skies,  
And more he seekes: but on the earth he still doth exercise  
All things that long to God, or man, appoynted by the highest,  
To be a factor here for God, and Vicar unto Christ,  
Who euermore is present here, in power, and sacred breath,  
The heade of that same spouse, that he redeemed with his death,  
And washed with his precious bloud, from spots and wrinkles cleene.  
And is not this aduoultry now, and madnesse plainely seene,  
To boaste himselfe to be the head, and guide an others wife?  
Who can abide this? Christ, that bought hir here, with losse of life?  
Yet sayth he, Christ did leaue him here hir head, who payde this price,  
Thus shames he not to blinde the worlde, with falshood and with vice,  
Moreouer least that some should spring, that might his powre deface,  
And both by scripture, worde and witte, depriue him of his grace,  
He warely layes the Byble up, and willes that none doe take  
It, otherwise than he himself, doth in his comment make.  
And with decrees he doth forbid, that none so hardie bee,  
As moued by loue of troth, or hate of falshoode, for to see  
The sacred leaues, or to expounde them, but as he doth teache,  
Nor priuately, nor openly, vnto the people preache,  
(Then by himselfe allowes, nor none) may on the same depende,  
But such as thereby bulde his reigne, and doe his power commende.  
And thus against the scriptures force, he easily buildes his forte,  
Which scriptures should be most of weight, amongst the Christian sorte.  
What helpe is now in arguments? what good can reason do?  
Or whereto serues the sharpe deuise, that sheddes and partes in two  
The troth from falshoode? all are blinde, the Pope doth only see,  
And learnings lawes, and reasons good alonely iudgeth hee.  
With Princes, people, Doctors, and the solemne counsels hye,  
And whatsoeuer he decrees, must unremoued lye,  
And be receyued as a lawe, whereof may no man doubt,  
But blyndefielde euery man must take, whatsoeuer he setteth out.  
And with an ill unclauery taste, must downe the throte be sent,  
What he propoundes, decrees, or dreames, or what he doth inuent.  
And well he lookes to this, that none of him may judgement giue,  
Nor of his life nor wicked deedes, how ill so euer he liue.

Greg. in Re.

D. 12. Non  
deceat, & præ-  
cipitis.  
9. q. 3. alio-  
rum  
contra. 1. q. 1.  
vt euidenter.

D. 22. omnes  
& Sacro  
sancta.

17. q. 4. ne-  
mini. 24. q. 1  
quoties, &  
Rogamus.

9. q. 3. patet &  
cuncta. & ne-  
mo. D. 12.  
Si Romano-  
rum.

17. q. 4. ne-  
mini. D. 19.  
Sic omnes.

D. 40. Si papa  
9. q. 3. nemo  
&, Sequent.

¶ea

# The popish kingdome

Yea, though through his example lewde, he bringeth downe to hell,  
 Great troopes of men that viciouſly, upon the earth doe dwell.  
 He may doe what him liſt and likes, and liueth here belowe.  
 As one that neyther feareth man, nor any God doth knowe.  
 His will for reaſon onely ſtandes, and for a lawe muſt go,  
 For no man dare demaunde of him, why doſt thou ſo, or ſo:  
 For why he can diſpence with all, and chaunge with euery man,  
 Of right make wrong, and eke of wrong, make right againe he can.  
 What lawfull is, unjuſt he makes, unjuſtice eke is right,  
 And when it likes his holynesse, the Crow is alſo white.  
 The order here of nature good, he turnes another way,  
 And alters quite, what needes more words, on earth he beares the ſway.  
 He breaketh with his worde the bonde, of faithfull married mates,  
 And couples eke in marriage bed, the plaine forbidden ſtates.  
 Gods holy lawes he alters quite, or taketh cleane from hence,  
 Or wretchedly he wresteth them, unto ſome other ſence,  
 No maruell then if that he deale with mans decrees ſo ill,  
 Diſcharging ſubiectes from their othe, and placing whom he will.  
 Permitting theft and robberie, ſo he may haue his ſhare,  
 Beſtowing other goodes, and hearing ſuch as faithleſſe are.  
 About his holy Altars eke, he placeth in degree,  
 Such as haue fallſely bene forſworne, and beaſtlyeſt men that bee.  
 But theſe are trifles in effect, of eſtimation none,  
 With him that holdes the heavenly keyes, and rules the world alone,  
 For to the auncient ſcriptures old, and word of God diuine,  
 Full lyke a prince he equall makes, his owne commaundments fine,  
 And words that from his mouth proceedes, from mouth that cannot lye  
 For can deceyue, but doth ſupport, the truth moſt painefully.  
 Wherefore it is both right and juſt, that thus he doth perſwade,  
 All ſuch as ſeek for lye, to obey the lawes that he hath made.  
 For what can be more true than thoſe? what can be thought or done?  
 That ſhewes more beautifull, or doth in better order runne.  
 What helpeth ſooner to attaine, the joyes of happy life?  
 By this we know who is our heade, and ender of all ſtriſe.  
 And who doth keepe the glyſtering keyes, that opens heauen wide,  
 What neede we ſeek for other ayde, or other Chriſt beſide.

Who

Extra de con-  
ceſſ pro. pro-  
poſuit. Extra  
de apellari. Vt  
debitus.

3. q. 6. Hoc  
quippe. C. de  
rei uend. li. 5.  
2. q. 6. Decreto  
He breaks the  
marriage bond.

Permits thefts  
and robberies.

D. 19. Sic  
omnes & Si  
Romanorum  
& ſequentibus  
His words in-  
fallible.

D. 11. Hoc  
veſtæ.

D. 11. Nolite  
24. q. 1. Rogā  
mns.

D. 11. Hoc  
veſtæ.

D. 19. Sic  
omnes.

Who suffered death and cruell payne, for our offences madde,  
 And satisfied his fathers wrath, which we deserued hadde.  
 Besides into his hande he takes, the state of Cæsar his,  
 That nothing in the worlde be founde, of any maiestie.  
 But he possesse and conquere it, and therefore doth he wright,  
 Himselfe as heyre apparent to the Empire here of right.  
 Whereto he hath perswaded Kinges, and men of eche degré,  
 Which wonderfull aboute the rest, appeereth unto mee.  
 But all men with the name of God, he rules and threatens heare,  
 And with the same so stops their mouthes, that none dare hisse for feare,  
 Against that shamelesse wicked face, ne bragges he thus alone,  
 But useth his usurped powre, deliuerde him of none.  
 He maketh Kinges and giues the crowne, to such as serue him best,  
 Wherby he gets him trustie men, still ready at his best.  
 Who if they ware unruly ones, or happen to rebell,  
 He plucks them from their kingdome strait, & casts them downe to hell.  
 With dreadfull lightning ouerwhelmde, and doth discharge anone,  
 Their subjectes from allegiance due, absoluing euery one.  
 If that they attempt with weapon to defende their realme and right,  
 Then moues he other kings in haste, and Princes for to fight,  
 And forth he sendes his proper hande, and all his force withall,  
 So that although the Prince he strong, he cannot match them all.  
 If leauing warres they list to strue, with writing openlye,  
 And to commit there cause and right unto some counsell hye,  
 In vaine it is no counsell sittes, without his owne consent,  
 Nor may giue sentence otherwise, than after his intent.  
 And thus poore Prince no remedie, but yeelde he must at last,  
 And aske forgiveness for his faultes, and his offences past.  
 Most humbly bowing downe his knees, or falling on his face.  
 And kissing though against his will, his feete for hope of grace.  
 The stories tell that once there was, an Emprour great of might,  
 Whose necke was stampd and trode upon, by this deformed spright,  
 And vnde with most dispitfull wordes, wherby may plaine appere,  
 What powre the Pope doth challenge ouer Kinges and nations here.  
 That of the church of Christ he is, not head nor Lorde alone.  
 But of the uniuersall worlde, and subiect unto none.

*Christ what he  
 hath done for us.*

D. 63. tibi.

*He makes  
 Kings.*

*Their obedience  
 to him.*

*If they rebel, he  
 plucks them  
 from their king-  
 dom.*

D. 17. Syno-  
 dum, & nec  
 licuit.

*An emperor's  
 neck stamped &  
 trampled upon.*

## The popish kingdome.

Wherefore such Kings as wisdom haue, doe heare, and nothing say:  
 And dare not moue their lippes against the man that beares such sway.  
 But are content to holde their peace, and iudge their hap most sweete,  
 If once they may attayne to come to kille his holy seete.  
 He woulde they doe this same to him that sittes in Turkish seate,  
 For to the mightiest Prince on earth, though he were neuer so greate.  
 And better were it sure by much, a thousande times to dye,  
 Than that such shame shoulde thus redownde unto such Princes hye.  
 But as the Lorde of heauen and earth, this same to him they do,  
 And whatsoeuer he commaundes, they straight are readie to.  
 If that he will them warres to make, than Armour out of hande  
 They weare, and Cities strong they sacke, or spoyle some welthy lande.  
 They pill, and powle, and quite deface, the faire and pleasant realmes,  
 They waste, they ransack, & distaine, eche place with bloudy streames.  
 If that he bid them take the life, or cast in dreadfull flame,  
 The learnde, unlearnd, the Lord, the meane, they straight fulfil y<sup>e</sup> same.  
 He thinke it lawfull for to spare their parentes in this case,  
 For kinsmen nere they burne and kill whereas it likes his grace.  
 Although they know no cause thereof, nor haue nor wayde it right,  
 Yea though they know that it be naught, and onely came of spight.  
 But his commaundments must be done, for thus the father will,  
 And doth commande that euery lay man be contented still  
 With whatsoeuer he appoyntes not asking how nor whye,  
 In things that touch the Church of Rome, but let the sentence lye.  
 Besides the courts of ebery Prince, to him must subiect bee.  
 If any happen to mislike, that they may francke and free  
 Appeale unto the Court of Rome. A Wonderous powre and might  
 In things that long to God and man to giue a iudgement right.  
 But he not thou herein deceyde, for this as all the rest  
 Doth smell of gaine, which how he gettes he taketh for the best.  
 So many things of Kings and Dukes, and commons doth he gaine,  
 They freely graunting, since for that he giues the heauenly raigne.  
 Faire Countries, Castles, Dukedomes, States, & famous cities large,  
 For blessed lye he doth recepue as things of little charge.  
 For Bishops often use the ayde, of Kings in trifles small,  
 But Kings & Dukes haue neede of Popes, to saue their soules withall.  
 What

*Sack cities and  
 spoil wealthy  
 lands.*

Extra de offi.  
 D. 96. Bene  
 quidem & in  
 scripturis.  
 D. 10. Sufci-  
 pitis.

*Bishops often use  
 the aid of Kings.*



What cannot lewde perswasion doe, with cloake of godlinesse?  
 And more he hath decreede that such as doe his lawes transgresse,  
 That all the rest his enemies be, who cannot with this porte,  
 Both Kings, and Emprours owerthrow, much more the poorer sorte?  
 Who would not feare the anger of, so great and blacke a traينه?  
 Therefore doe Kings full waresly flye, and wisely eke restraينه,  
 From speaking euill of his grace, whatsoeuer hath beene done,  
 And farre from such a God, and from his lightnings fast they runne.  
 Thus in the meane time lyues he safe, and free from euery man,  
 Since none he knowes may be his mate, nor none aboute him than,  
 Nor any that dare with him strue, or stoute against him stande,  
 He enters league with Princes and with kinges of euery lande,  
 With Cities and with people great, that liue at libertie,  
 And able are to decke the fieldes, with lustie cheualtrie.  
 In fine both wise and ware he is, in euery kinde of case,  
 If all be still, and blessed peace, doe reigne in euery place:  
 Then straite he stirres and moueth warres, and helps the stronger side,  
 And will be sure to gaïne a fleete, who loeuer lose beside.  
 Thus seeking his commoditie, with losse of others bloode,  
 Sometime himselfe to battell goeth, with sonde and frantike moode,  
 His Gorish bearde long hanging downe, in shirte of mayle arayde,  
 Safe throuded in his Corselet close, all gilt and ouerclayde.  
 Thus glistering all in armour braue, with spoyle and pillage rife,  
 He closeth stately towne with trench, and threatheth los of life  
 Unto his foes, with cannon shot he battereth downe a pace,  
 The lostric walles, or lying long doth cause them sue for grace.  
 And yelde for feare of famine up, their towne and goods withhall,  
 Then puttes hewhome he list to sword, for wordes and trespasse small,  
 And so to Rome returneth straite, his triumph with him ledde,  
 So, thus upon the earth doth liue, our chiefe and soueraigne hedde.  
 Canst thou declare a worthier wight, or more excelling grace?  
 Then bring him forth, peruse the time, and searche in euery place.  
 Hence sendes he downe his power into, the smoke pitte of hell,  
 With charmes and solemne ceremonies, and dayes agréeing well.  
 Where though he cannot cleerely lose, the damned soules from chaynes  
 He quenche the furious fire flames, nor cease the raging paynes.

D. 93. Si in-  
micus.

*Kings wisely  
refrain from  
speaking ill of  
the Pope.*

*Sometimes he  
goes to War.*

¶ Nor

## The popish kingdome.

For breake the swift still turning wheeles, nor kill the dreadfull snakes,  
Yet with his voyce their tormentes all and grieues more light he makes.  
So that the wretched soules haue ease, whilst certayne howres last,  
He burnes the fire, nor gnawes the worme, nor turnes y<sup>e</sup> wheele so fast.  
For if that Orpheus with his longes Megæras whip coulde stay,  
And cease the byting of the wormes, and hellish paines alay.

Why shoulde the Pope not doe so much, the King of earth and skies?

*Purgatory fire.*

Besides, an other kinde of fire to purge he doth deuple,

Whereas he raines himselte alone, and shoves his force and might.  
From hence he looseth soules, and sendes them to the heauens bright,  
With pardons, prayers, himnes and gistes, ne forceth much the same  
Although the soules three hundred yeares haue burnt in fire flame.

*He looseth and  
sendeth souls to  
heauen.*

If at the length come golden showre doe happen for to fall,

In little space it driues him out, and makes an ende of all.

Whole kinredes loseth he with this, and keepeth from fyre,

Whereas his labour doth extend, and wheare he hath his hier.

Himselfe not Pluto can resist, nor all his army blacke,

Although they strike with clawes to stay, or pluck with fleshokes backe

His voyce makes all the fiendes a frayde, and from the bottom deepe,

He hoyleth up the weeping soules, in blessed ioyes to sleepe.

What King, Apostle, Prophet else? coulde euer doe this feat,

There neuer was, nor is, nor shall, be any power so great.

Moreouer any Wight on earth, in robes he passeth cleene,

If any time in maiestie, he listeth to be seene.

*His robes.*

With clothes of purple couerde quite, which long about him fall,

With silke and crimlon shining bright, and cloth of golde withall,

Beset with precious stones and pearle, that costly India beares,

Such as no Quene of Egypt would, haue dronk or drawne from eares,

Above all this his triple crowne, doth shine and glister bright,

With beautie lyke of stones arayde, of straunge and wondrous sight.

His Crosier then with double crosse, all framde of finest golde,

May here be seene, no silber shew, may any man beholde.

Except some solemne day require, I leaue out here among,

His chiefeest pompe, his stately traine, and garde in armour strong.

Their order eke, and how they stande, their cerimonies sweete,

With hookes & bels their lecture straunge, with head w hands & feete,

Besides

*His triple  
crown.*

Besides a number of the lyke, which heere were long to tell.  
 If that his welth, his pride, and pompe: thou hast regarded well,  
 And all his sonde condicions lewde, thou shalt not find his mate  
 On all the earth, that more doth seeke the iopes of worldly state.  
 The earth is also holy thought, wheresoever his feete doe stande,  
 And euery thing is holy made, that commeth nere his hande.  
 Wherefore to Church he neuer goeth, but borne on shoulders hye,  
 Even as the sacred Arke whereas, the Manna hidde doth lye.  
 O Lorde, that shame cannot compell these men to come away,  
 And that they haue no feare of God, nor of the latter day.  
 This is the shameles foreheade of that purple Whoorc uncleane,  
 Wherby she sottes and mockes the worlde, without all ende or meane.

*Is borne on  
shoulders to  
church.*

Ratio. diui.

Thou askst perhaps what thist he makes, these chargis to maintaine,  
 Demaunde no more, no Prince nor King, nor Emprour heere againe  
 Hath so much silber in his Chest, nor store of golden sommes,  
 And of a welthie Peter eke, I know not whence he commes.  
 He hath the whole inheritance, that large and brode doth ly,  
 With Citiees great, and fruitfull soyles, and portes and havens by.  
 Eke hath he Rome the Queene and heade, of all the worlde before,  
 So that a thousande talentes yearely commeth in, or more.

*How he gets  
his riches.*

500000.

Besides a greater somme he doth throughout the worlde receaue,  
 By selling heauen, and pardning faultes, and graunting powret leaue,  
 And by his Annates much he gettes, these termes themselues do saine,  
 Which wordes I heere am forde to use, to shew their usage plaine.  
 The pelting Pals besides doe get, and gayne him treasures great,  
 The Bishops confirmation lyke, and welthy Abbots seat.  
 What profite comes by Prebenders, when as with bribes they play  
 Eche one to winne, where who giues most, goeth conquerour away.  
 Yea certayne monthes he chuseth out, and times in euerie yeare,  
 Wherin an others due and right, to him belongeth cleare.  
 What shoulde I euerything declare, he fallely deales in all,  
 And upon euery morcell fatte, his crooked Talentes fall,  
 And parte he takes in euery place, he huntet for money rounde  
 Both heere amongst the luying and such as are brought to grounde.  
 That so his cheltes may still be full, and Golde may alwayes flowe,  
 Which upon furious warres he doth, and houles sayre bestowe.

Con. 1. q. 1.  
 Quic quid statuimus. Gratia. q. 3. Videntes.

Chn. D. 100. Novit.

*He huntet for  
money.*

In

# The popish kingdome.

In building Bridges, Temples, Towres, and costly Chappels sayre,  
In placing of his kinsmen hie, in lofty Lordely chayre.  
In ryot, pleasure, and disporte, and sumptuous banquetings,  
That long to worldly Princes here, and other heathen Kings.  
Which represents some Peres skoute, or Cræsus full of pride,  
And not like Christes Apostles true, or any christian guide.

Desirst thou for to knowe his trade, and steps in liuing right,  
All full of pompe, and glorie it is, and foolish vaine delight.  
Such filthy actes I will not tell, as Fame doth true reporte,  
Least that I straine my verse and booke, in lewde and filthy sorte.  
But now regarde advisedly in all that hath bene tolde,  
If any thing Apostleyke, or christianlike doth holde.

Or neere unto that doctrine pure, that Christ himselfe had taught,  
Or that may holy counted be, or Catholike be thought.

Nothing against the glorie more, of God thou canst declare,  
Nor nothing that more filthy seemes, than this if we compare.

Wherefore at this time many bee, that thinke and plainely saye,  
That Antichrist possesseth Rome, and doth the Bishop playe.

Wherefore they from his name doe flye, and from his sonde decrees,  
His orders, doctrine, temples, and his solemne mysteries:

Done otherwise than from a Beare, or Lion in their way,  
And in the morning blesse themselues, least that they happe that day,  
To meete some shaven oyled beast, or else some other Grome,  
Belonging to the filthy Court, and popishe sea of Rome.

I marvel therefore why that men, shoulde call him by the name,  
Of holypst, since no man yet, coulde holy prooue the same.

But rather naught. The Place cannot, nor yet his chiefe degree,  
Nor all his ryches pompe, or pride, can prooue him good to bee.

Wherefore good Phœbus here declare, by Draclie diuine,  
And eke you learned Muses all, this matter here define.

Wherein this man shoulde here be thought, Apostolike to bee,  
Or holypst calde, we know no cause, nor no defect we see.

And doe you smile? would you that we, should know the colour dim,  
Of phrase contrarie, and after that, in all things iudge of him?

Thus of this present kingdome here, the goodly head I deeme,  
Thou well perceyust, but better shouldest, if thou at Rome hadst bene  
And

*Many think  
Antichrist poss-  
sesseth Rome.*

D. 40. Non  
Loca. Ante  
omnia.

And any time continued there, and seene him face to face,  
Then shouldst thou wel haue betwde thy selfe, his whole & comely grace

The other pillors of this kingdome, now I will declare,  
That beare a sway aboue the rest, and chiefe and greatest are.  
Such as this head createth and doth ioyne with him to guide,  
But full and whole authoritie, is unto him denyde.

The greatest, and the chiefest are, those men that take their name,  
Of Charnels that are fired fast, and beare the doore in frame.  
Bycause that on these holy bookes, these kingdomes gates doe stande,  
And that the care and cure thereof, they wholy take in hande.  
Out of this holy company the Pope himselfe doth spring,  
And to no other doth belong, the choysle of such a King.

Cardinalles.

The most of them are learned men, and borne of houses good,  
But fauour oftentimes of friends, and highnesse of their blood,  
Doth bring th' unlearned hereunto, and such as are not wise.

Rational, di-  
uinor.

These men if from their wonted state, of life they did not rise,  
Unto such honour great, perhaps they woulde be godly bent,  
And labour in the workes of christ, with good and true intent.  
But as they be they neuer can, for honour spilles them quite,  
And makes them labour for to keepe, this welthie raigne upright.

And by their oth they promise all, and sayth assured giue,  
This kingdome here with all their might, to maintaine whillt they liue:  
And first that no pretence against the Pope permitted bee,  
Nor that he haue dishonour here, nor losse of libertie.

Their Oath.

And secondly, that nothing of his kingdome here decay,  
Nor of his Lawes and ceremonies (though lewde) be pulde away.  
Thus safe through their defence and ayde, the Pope now feareth not,  
But safely keepes that he hath long, with frawde and lying got:  
These therefore as his counsellors, and saythfull doth he take,  
Who rather will be peccemeale torne, than once their prince forsake.  
And these in message doth he sende, to Kinges and Princes greate,  
Whereby he may their councelles learne, and better worke his seate.  
Then dreadfull warres he doth perswade, or else some peace to take,  
Which he perceyues that best shall for his owne aduauntage make.  
Or else some foolish matter doth, he wrongfully defende,  
Or moueth them that heritikes, be brought to cruell ende.

Or

## The popish kingdome.

Or under colour false of Turkes, for ayde he labours long,  
Deuiseth some attonements new, or breakes the friendship strong.  
The people runne to meete them craite, the councell doe resort,  
Sometime the Prince himselke doth go, but all the oyled sorte  
With Hauen pates doe forwarde marche, with loftie crosse in site,  
The gypdes and rulers of the schooles, all clad in surples white  
And downe they ducke with solemne cheere, and many a crooked knée,  
Beseeching God to sende them life, and long in health to bée.  
Thus with this solly welcome here, these fathers forth are led.  
Who crosse and blesse with fingers oft, as men astonished  
To see the peoples fondenesse such, they well themselues doe know.  
They bring no good nor vertuous thing yet prowde their port they show  
And use the peoples foolishnesse, thus forth in pompe they ride,  
In costly Crimsons all arayde, and Purple hattes beside.  
A number great of men they bring, with Hoyles and horses fayre,  
In princely order furnished, and diuers of them spare.  
And euen at Rome this pompe is seene, and gorgeoulnesse of life,  
Where fleshy lust and belly cheere, remayneth alwayes rise:  
The better to maintaine this state, and charges of the same  
And that they maybe Cardnallike, and to their hed no shame,  
They chosen are of prelates such, as welthiest were before,  
Yet will not all this welth now serue, that earst sufficde and more.  
Their charges now are growne so great, their sumptuousnesse is such,  
Since first they attainde with greedie minde, y<sup>e</sup> Cardnals hatte to touch.  
Of sundrie fetches haue they neede, and lyke their Captaine fine,  
They must some kinde of wayes deuise, to frame a siluer mine.  
And this they doe some months when as, the Pope doth beare the sway  
They seale upon some Prebens fatte, as on a pleasaunt pray.  
And Monkish Abbeyes rich they ketch, and take into their handes,  
They polle the Monkes and oftentimes, reserue the cheefest landes.  
The hooke hangs out on euery side, to bring in greater gaine,  
Least they should lacke at any time, to furnishe out their traine.  
Thou thynkst perhaps they do some good, or stand some Realme instedde  
Wherefore it is not much amisse, that thus they oft be spedde.  
Thou art deceyude no good there comes, from them to any wight,  
Except perhaps some one their friende, be brought in better plight.

*Arayd in Crim-  
son, & Purple  
hats.*

*Manner of  
polling.*

A hatefull burthen are they to the worlde, and people plaine,  
 And Droanes that greedily consume, the fruites of others paine.  
 They serue their chiefe, and for his state, they ieoparde oft a ioynt,  
 But as for any other man, they wepe him not a poynt.  
 If kingdomes great to ruine come, and people perish quite,  
 Or blood be spilt in euery place, they force it not a mite.  
 They laugh and with a rowting noyse, their greefe they plaine discrye,  
 But if themselues a fle but bite, with gaping iawes they crye.  
 And God and man to witnesse call, what torment and what paine,  
 They suffer for the Church of God, and for the heauenly raine.  
 Whereas in deede they nothing feele, for hir they neuer knewe,  
 But for the Popes decrees and right, and honour to him due.  
 They ready are to suffer harme, wherefore they wander wide,  
 That thinke they weare their hattes of red, and purple garments side,  
 Bicause that with the losse of bloud, the folde of Christ they keepe,  
 It is a lye, they meddle not, with Christ nor with his sheepe.  
 They strue for ease, and for their fathers false usurped hedde,  
 And sometime for to come by welth, their tender bloud is shedde.  
 Of such he makes in euery realme if any there excell,  
 And fauour things that longs to Rome, and are contented well,  
 To strue for them with learned bookes, with voyce with tongue & hand  
 They thinke themselues in paradise, and happiest for to stand.  
 While he regardes them not a whit, nor all their honour baine,  
 But looketh onely to himselfe, and to his lustie raigne.  
 And riches here by helpe whereof, and wretched life beside,  
 He framed Rome the glasse of sayth, the sampler and the guide.  
 A guide indeede if that thou mindste, to trauell unto hell,  
 And to be shutte out from the place where God himselfe doth dwell.  
 Their office thus, thou hast their lyfe, and all their sonde arayes,  
 But see'st thou ought Apostolike, or that deserueth prayle?  
 Or tasteth anything of Christ? it is bicause they strue,  
 In princely pleasure to excell, the greatest Prince aliuie?  
 Or that they kepe their stables stoarde, with Horses and courters fine,  
 Or that they stately houles bulde, with waste of golden mine?  
 The Turkes that know not Christ a whitte, in this can doe as well,  
 And well woulde laugh if they shoulde see, that such as beate the bell.

*A Burden to  
the world.*

D. 19. Enim  
vero.

# The popish kingdome.

About the rest, by whome the Church of Christ is guided heare,  
Shoulde thus bestow their trauayle whole, about such foolish geare.

Now must we tell the Bishoppes state, and their disguytings see  
Such Bishops namely as hath beene, with us in Germanie.

Bishoppes.  
D. 84. Peruenit.  
D. 25. Primū.  
D. 36. Qui & Siquis. 1. 2. q. 2. Gloria. 16.  
q. I Quoniam  
Con. II. q. I Te quidem.  
&. 12. q. I. Clericus. & sequentibus.  
Con. D. 88. Episcop. per latum.  
Con. D. 42. Episcopus.

These ought of dutie to defende, the flocke of Christ, and feede,

To giue example with their liues, and to be learnde in deede,

In vertue and in godlinesse, all other to excell,

To see the poore, and fatherlesse, and Widowes ordred well,

Lyke as the steppes of olde declare, and late decrees haue tought,

But all things otherwise thou seest, and topste turuie brought.

Of Princes here the name they take, and dreadfull titles hve :

They looke aloft, and unto worldly things themselues applye.

Regarding not the worde of Paule, who byddes them this beware.

Great townes they haue, and castles placed on Rockes that stately are,

And Lordships riche in hande they holde, reueneues great beside,

Which with the sword they safely keepe, & with the sword they guide.

Himselfe upon some loctie hill, in Castle strong doth lye :

Farre of from preaching of the worde of God, or peoples eye.

Whereas he list he leades his lyfe and lyke a Prince doth raigne,

Appoynting for his deputies, unlearned men and vaine,

And graunting powre to bussardes blinde, who spredde in euery place

The counsels and decrees of Popes, and with ill laboured grace,

They bawle against all such as put their trust in Christ alone,

And thinke themselues redeemed by his death, and others none.

While as this Prince and Bishop here, all drownde in vaine delight,

And ouerwhelnde in worldly cares, cannot regarde aright

Th' affaires of Christ, nor if he woulde, he dares not busie bee,

Lest that he shoulde be periurde calde, and staynde with heresie :

And from his stately seate he cast, with great reproch and shame,

By force of dreadfull oth constrainde, in all things here to frame

Himselfe according to the Pope, and to defende his hedde,

His stately seate, his lawes, his sayth, and orders publishedde.

And not a heare bred for to passe, the steppes of custome olde,

By which the holpest father hie, doth maintaine here and holde,

His superstitious vanities, his mockries and deceat,

His foolyshe sayth and beastly lyfe, of shauen slouens great.

*They bawle  
against such as  
put their trust  
in Christ alone.*

And



And all his other gewgawes here, and trumpries on a heape,  
 Of which within my other bookes, hereafter will I speake.  
 He knowes that lyes doth him sustaine, and all his family,  
 And nothing gainefuller unto the oyled company :  
 Then people kept in blindenelle still, not knowing good nor right,  
 But ready alwayes to beleue, whatsoeuer they resight.  
 No Bishop therefore sworne, unto the Pope dare once apply,  
 Himselfe to preache the worde of Christ, and doctrine persitely :  
 Nor for to shew the people plaine, the true undoubted waye,  
 Nor alter supersticions, nor take some parte awaye.  
 Although he know that many things, are horrible and naught:  
 He will he suffer such as woulde the people well haue taught.  
 As late a reuerende Bishop olde, began with vertuous minde,  
 To breake the darckned mistes of men, and path of Christ to finde :  
 And saw what mischiefe under face of holy nelle was wrought,  
 Wherefore disordred things to bring, to better state he thought,  
 And diuers matters to amende, that cleane contrarie were  
 To God, as worshipps, orders, and the guise of teaching here.  
 This matter was no sooner knowne, but strayte the Monkish route,  
 Their lying darteres began to throwe, and all the clargie stoute,  
 Put pen to booke, the schoolemen eke, a pace did sharpe their stings  
 The Lawyers also sought to knowe, the state of diuers things.  
 At length the matter came to Rome, before the Popish seat,  
 Who seeing the harme mightcome thereby, and what destruction great  
 Unto his kingdome, calleth strayte a counsell to him neere,  
 And cites the feeble aged man, from countrie farre to appeere.  
 Whole cruell drift perceyuing hee, and knowing well beside,  
 Their lewde demeanours and deceytes, that earst he oft had tride.  
 And how they neuer coulde be brought, to good or sober minde,  
 His Bishopricke he giueth up, and honours all resinde.  
 This thing woulde no man here haue done, that had regarded more,  
 This worldly pompe and pleasures vaine, then Christ & christian lore.  
 For ethe man feares the Popish force, and iudgement aye leuere,  
 And most of all applies himselfe, with care and trauaile here,  
 In worde and deede to shew themselues, good seruaunts for to be,  
 Unto the Pope, and furtherers of his supremacie.

*People kept in  
 blindnes as to  
 right and  
 wrong.*

*Tharchbi-  
 shoppe of  
 Coleyne.  
 Thought to  
 amend matters.*

*He giueth up  
 his Bishoprick.*

And

# The popish kingdome.

And he that giues his minde to this, how should he any wayes  
Alone deserue the truth or seeke, of Christ the onely prayse.  
When as he thinkes himselfe not bounde, to God, nor to his sonne,  
for unto them he hath not sworne, as he before hath donne  
Unto the Pope, nor thinkes to haue by them commoditie,  
What good unto the people then, or where in profits he?  
That for to please doth teache untruth, and still defendeth it,  
And townes and Cities onely guides, and preacheth not a whit.  
Nor suffers others truth to teache, nor any thing at all,  
That to a Bishop doth belong, but in his princely hall  
Doth leade a slouthfull easie lyfe? we know not perfectly,  
But wonderfull it seemeth sure, that holynesse shoulde lye  
Within such ydle drowisie howes, for thus for to excell,  
In pleasures, Cities sayre to builde, defende and furnish well,  
Great horse to keepe, and many men, in liuerie riche arayde,  
To hunt and hawke, and looke aloft, and make poore men astrayde.  
The Turke and euery worldly Prince, as well as they do this.  
Doth thou suppose that this will serue, or else sufficient is,  
That on some Holy dayes they serue the Lord in Solemne guise,  
Therein doth passing pompe appeare, and hurly burly rise,  
And for the people goodly game, th' unskillfull youth resortes,  
And fast wityh mazed mindes they runne to see such goodly sportes.  
The Bishop in the meane time is, appareld gorgiously,  
And fourteene sundrie garments doth, he herein occupy,  
Without the which he cannot doe, his sacrifice at all,  
Pea some must fiftene on them haue, beside their costly Pall.  
His Sandals first he putteth on, of silke, or ueluet new,  
And then his Amias and his Albe, that hangeth to his thooe,  
Which doth in whitennesse passe the Swan, that in the riuer flectes,  
A slender Gyrdle rounde about his loynes, embracing meetes.  
And eke about his neck a stoale, doth rounde in compasse sit,  
The greatest part is wrought of silke, of length, and largeness sit  
Which when upon his blessed brest, a crosse is overlayde,  
It passeth downe and underneath his girdle fast is stayde.  
Then putteth he on his Tunicke, of purple colour bright,  
And ouer that his Dalmatic, a short sleude garment light.

*Bishops hunt  
and hawk.*

*They apparel  
gorgiously.*

*Description  
and order of  
his vestments.  
Sandals.  
Amice and  
Alb.*

*His girdle.  
His Stole.*

*Tunicke.  
Dalmatic.*

And

And then upon his tender handes his Gloues he draueth on,  
 And many a costly stone in Ringes he weareth thereupon.  
 Then ouer all he putteth his Cope, a garment straunge in sight,  
 Which lyke unto the lothsome Tode behinde is shap'd right.  
 With crosse depainted braue upon, his backe and eke his brest,  
 And after this his napkins white, he soyneth with the rest.  
 And rounde about his porckish necke, his Pall of passing price,  
 He casteth on, with hanging hoo'de, and knot of fine deuise.  
 His forked Wyter then he takes, with golde and stones arayne,  
 From whence two labels hanging out, behinde are ouerlayde.  
 Now last of all his Crosier staffe in hande he holdes upright,  
 Whose crooked upper part is deckt, with golde and Jewels bright.  
 The rest with silber garnisht is, and plaited fine and neat,  
 Least it should greebe his holy hands, with waight of mettall great.  
 What God I say, or Sybyll then, what Moyses euer taught,  
 For to be clad with such a pompe, and garments straungly wrought?  
 When long agone they left their booke, and freely had allinde,  
 Eche blocke to preche, and Bullards such, as had none other minde:  
 But onely for to feede themselues, and that they weary were,  
 Of such things as belonge unto the Bishops dutie here.  
 And thinking shame for them to deale or meddle with the same,  
 Addit themselues to matter graue, and worldely workes prophane,  
 Amidst their pleasaunt quietnesse, these toyes they did deuise:  
 To mocke th' amazed foolish worlde, and bleare the peoples eyes.  
 That when they shoulde beholde them thus, with stones & golde beset,  
 And see them in their masking cotes, with gorgeous grace to set:  
 They shoulde account them wonderous men, sent down fro heauens hie,  
 Of whome they might eternall ioy and pardons dearely hie.  
 And least themselues shoulde heare he thought to dote and wander wide,  
 They doe declare by euery signe what thing is signified,  
 As if they Moyses vestures were, and God had them assignde,  
 And not the trifles sonde of men, and fancies of the minde.  
 The Bishops part is learning sounde, into the Church to bring,  
 And not the foolish signyfyngs, and shadowes of the thing,  
 That dotting heades haue earst deuilde, and foolish mindes of men:  
 No golde, nor pompe, nor straunge attire becomes this house or them,  
 They

*Gloves.**Ring.**Cope.**Napkins.**Pall with**Hood.**Mitre.**Crosier Staff.*

# The popish kingdome.

*Ought not to  
make the  
Church a  
Theatre.*

They ought not of the Church to make a Stage or Theatre,  
Nor for to pricke or pranke themselues, in such disguised geate.  
But all the popish state almost consists in this degree,  
Of trifles such as thou thy selfe anone shall plainly see.  
Thus armed at last with euerie peece the Bishop commeth in,  
Approching to the Altar hie, with countnaunce ferce and grim :  
Whome scarce his weightie clothes permits, to drawe his breath at all,  
Or for to passe with any pace, or any mouing small.

*Shuffling up  
and down of  
Clerks.*

But who is able then to shew the lecture straunge, and grace,  
And shuffling up and downe of Clarkes, herein from place to place ?  
With what a great solempnitie, he listes his looke on hie ?  
His Mytter now he puttereth off, and on immediatly,  
And at his hande there standeth one with still attentive eyes,  
To put it on and of againe, according to the guise.

*Altar, Chalice,  
Book, and  
Glas.*

*He moves from  
right to left,  
and back.*

Sometime he standes, sometime he sittes, and sweetely oft doth kisse,  
His Altar, Chalice, Booke, and Glasse, enclosed here for this.  
Some whiles upon the left side of the Altar doth he stande,  
And straight from thence he filkes againe unto the other hande.  
From thence unto the midst he goes, and once againe away  
To the left side, then to the midst, where endes at last the play.  
Sometime he musing standeth still, as fastned to the grounde,  
And mumbling with a secret voyce, himselfe he turneth rounde.

*His hands lay  
apart on the  
Altar, now  
joined he lifts  
them up.*

Now both his handes, a sunder farre upon the Alter lye,  
And strayte wayes both togither ioynde, he listes them up on hie,  
And shortly spredeth them againe, and both he thrusteth forth,  
The one directly to the South, the other to the North.  
Now downe upon the grounde he stares, and then he patters oft,  
And sodenly he starteth up, and castes his eyes aloft.

*He makes 1000  
crosses.*

At thousande crosses then he makes, and blesteth euery place,  
For feare least that some lawcie spirite his doings might disgrace.  
None otherwise his Ministers, that rounde about him stande,  
Doe handle all their holy rightes, and alwayes are at hande,  
Who cushions soft of Silke, whereon to lay his bookes, doe bring,  
And frankenscence in euery place, with Censers sweete they sing.  
And Candelles, Crosses, Banners, all they beare, and wayte upon,  
And shoulders, bookes, and handes they kyll, and eke the Altar stone.

¶ One

# The first Booke.

I I

One up a losfe the Patten holdes, encloude in silken bayle,  
 Who euer standes, behinde his backe, to see what thing doth sayle.  
 An other to the people turnde, in tune full straunge doth crye,  
 Such wordes as scarcely any there, knowes what he meanes thereby.  
 Which chiefeft is aboute the reast, the Bishop all alone,  
 Doth eate and drinke, and gibes no parte thereof to any one,  
 For any seekes thereof to haue, so much these fellowes waye,  
 Their high and holpe mysterpes, that beare so great alwaye.  
 Of all these things what profite can there to the people rise ?  
 They are but trumprye and deceytes, to daze the foolish eies.  
 Yet is the same the greatest thing, and holpest aye by much  
 For any better seruice hath the papacie than such.  
 What seekst thou than? may these things saith, or godlinesse be thought  
 Hath euer them our mayster chiefe commaunded, wilde, or tought ?  
 The scriptures reade, & looke what Christ, hath us appointed there,  
 So search thapostles orders well, from first and lastest yere,  
 Which in their actes and writings they unto the worlde did leaue,  
 Thou shalt no such thing euer see, nor any like perceaue.  
 Both Baptisme and the Supper of the Lorde they euermore,  
 Did purely in one sorte obserue, according to their lore :  
 He playde the foolles with gesture straunge, and foolish trifles vaine,  
 For counterfeited Princes thus, with garde and stately traine  
 Yea some of them there are that when they to the aultar go,  
 A sworde before them caried is, and set before them so :  
 That men may knowe that powre they haue, as well as Princes great  
 To use the sworde, and upon lyfe to sitte in iudgement seate,  
 What maketh fury here ? what doth the bloudy sworde upon,  
 The aulter mylde, a place of peace ? the holpe roome whereon,  
 The blessed sacraments of peace, ought alwayes to be donne,  
 There standes alofte the feareful signes, of deadly warres begonne.  
 And where the sweete forgiuenesse of, our sinnes we ought to haue,  
 There standes the Bishop to reuenge, and threaten slaughters braue,  
 A worthy thing to ioyne that doth, pertaine to God and man,  
 How can they so ? he shoulde be sure, a worthy Bishop than.  
 If that he woulde behaue himselfe, as olde decrees him teach,  
 And leauing sworde, and seates of warre, would giue him selfe to preach,

*Holds the Paten  
up.*

*Cries in a  
strange tune.*

The Bishop of  
Herbipolis.

8. q. I. Qui e-  
piscopatum.  
D. 36. Si quis.  
D. 84. perue-  
nit.  
2. q. 7. Non.  
omnes. D. 45.  
Quid autem.

# The popish kingdome.

*Christ and  
Moses, their  
difference.*

I maruell they suppose that things, that thus contrarie bee,  
Shoulde ioyne in one, and that the Myter should with sworde agree.  
As if of Moyles and of Christ, one person they should frame,  
Whereof the one drawes out the sworde and fiercely shakes the same.  
The other puttes it up, and doth forbid us all to kill.

The one appoynteth lawes seuerer, and penalties at will,  
The other letteth his free from all, content but one to make,  
Releaseth all offences here, and sinnes away doth take.

The one a Minister of death, a Prince reuenging rife,  
The other authour still of peace, and gyber here of life.

But Anius long agoone was both, a Priest and eke a King,  
Indeede we are come to such a passe, as now in euery thing,  
The orders of the Heathen vaine, and rytes we doe receaue,  
And folow all the foolishnesse, that they to us did leaue.

May sonders things by much we sayne, then euer they coulde finde,  
At Christ they onely seeme to laugh, and count his wordes but winde.

But whether passe I now my boundes? it was not mine intent,  
For to refell ech foolish thing, that shamelesse Priestes inuent,  
But to restate them here for such, as knew them not before,  
Whereby they might delighted be, and laugh at them the more.

Some sorte there are that better lyke, in Princes courtes to looke,  
Than poorely for to preache of Christ, and pore upon a booke.

They commonly of counsaile are, the weightiest things that bee,  
Are done by them: they Councillours are and sit in hie degree.

By whome the kingdomes most are culde, in eueuy Parliament,  
They giue their voyce, and nothing passeth voyde of their consent.

They looke to vittayling of Campes, when bloudie warres do raigne,  
Or take some matter such in hande, as doth to Dukes pertaine.

A wondrous thing it is that Kinges, these men so much doth neede,  
As if there were not of the laytse, skilfull men in deede:

Whome good experience well hath taught, and who by learning can,  
Sufficiently deserue the things, that long to God and man.

Doe they desire their doings should, at Rome reported be,  
And nothing of their councill kept, at home in priuatie.

But that unto the holy father, strayte it should be borne,  
To whom they sweare, who doth discharge such as before haue sworne.

What

*They look to  
virtuallling of  
camps.*

What hath the common welth beside, to be asurde of them,  
 That they shall trustie be, and with their counsaile helpe the realme?  
 They neyther wyse nor children haue, for whome they should prepare,  
 And for their owne posteritie, they haue no cause to care.

*They haue no  
 wyse or  
 children.*

For houses of their owne they haue, nor any kinde of landes,  
 But haue the fruites of other men, and toyle of straungers handes.  
 Being free from care of any losse, yea though the skies shoulde fall,  
 Or realmes, or people perissh quite, they take no hurt at all.

They strayte can out of gonethot be, and farre from daunger lye.  
 And safe from secret denness they can, such hurly burlyes lye.

O blessed happie courte whereas, no Bishop euer is,  
 It is no place for any such, they are not calde to this.

And therefore nothing prospers well, that they doe undertake,  
 Their haplesse handes in euery thing, unhappie worke doe make.

To euery Bishop chiese their doth, belong a Suffragan,  
 Which name I thinke Apollo scarce, can tell from whence it came,

*Suffragans.*

But sure I am his maysters turne, he serues continually,  
 He bishops children, halowes aultars, and Church and Chappels by.

*Churches dedi-  
 cated.*

He blesseth all the Popish sorte, and alwayes doth prouide,  
 In euery parish oyled Priestes, the people for to guide.

The threefoulde oyle and water in, the Font he haloweth,  
 And stones and fire, and many such, and belles he christeneth.

These Pageants euer more he makes, rewarded for his paine,  
 Though not so much he get thereby, as Roscius woont to gaine.

*Buyes a title.*

This man doth buy some title for, a hundred Crownes or two,  
 Of some olde ruinous Church defaste in Turkye long ago,  
 Whereto he dare not once come néere, much lesse to preache or teache,  
 And shew himselfe a Bishop there, within his enemies reache.

Yet fallselly doth he sweare that he, woulde shortly visit it,  
 And doe his duetie, if it be peace, and Turkes will him permit.

But herein doth no daunger lye, he ment not such a thing,  
 To preache abroad, and wandring sheepe, of Christ in folde to bring.

But idlenesse and slouthfull life, this onely seeketh hee,  
 And therefore from his oth he is dischargde at libertie.

And whyther he list he may go walke, with title sonde and baine.  
 And labour for an other man, rewarded for his paine

# The popish kingdome.

Are not these same right goodly things and follyes great the while,  
And foolish fancies and deceytes, that all the worlde beguile?  
Yet this good man is also sworne at first full solemlie,  
For to defende the Popes decrees, and all his orders hie.  
If now at any time he preache, which if he should not oft,  
He scarcely coulde maintaine himselfe, nor come to looke aloft,  
He shewes how that he neyther seekes the glorie of Christ alone,  
Or peoples helth but onely how, ta' duance the Popish throne.  
Therefore its alwayes good such sworne companions to eschue,  
For surely unto both their Maysters, can they not be true,  
Especially if they discent, and sundie things doe preache,  
As knowne it is the Pope and Christ, contrarie cleane doe teache.  
What if I here shoulde call to minde, the foolish partes he playes,  
When as he haloweth churches or some solemne seruice sayes?  
A matter long it is to tell, some parte therefore I will  
Declare: Democritus draw neere, here mayst thou laugh thy fill.  
All others boyded from the Church, that thus shall halowed be,  
The Serten onely there remaynes, enclosed secretlie.  
The doores are shut and Tapers twelue, before the Crosse light,  
Doe stande, and twelue within the Church, are euer burning bright,  
Himselfe without the Bishop standes, with pompe, and proude aray,  
And haloweth water first with salte, which pretie kinde of play,  
If from the Jewes or Gentiles first, it came I cannot tell,  
But Moyse alwayes vnde the water as it came from Well.  
Then thrise about the Church he walkes, and thrise doth water cast,  
Upon the walles, and thrise upon the doore he knockes at last;  
With crooked staffe, and of the Psalme with dredfull voyce doth crye,  
Lift up your gates, supposing that, six hundred Deuils doe lye  
Within the Church. The Serten straye, for them doth answer make,  
With roaring voyce: what king is this, that thus doth on him take?  
And then as though the Deuils all, shoulde therewith giue him place,  
The Clarke unbarring straye the gate, he enters in a pace,  
Accompanied with fewe that haply worthy are to see,  
Such mysteries: the rest shut out, that so unworthy bee.  
Then on the saintes he calles, and on the grounde doth staring stande,  
And makes a crosse with Athes strawde, or if it lacke with sande.

*Induction.*

*Thrice throws  
water on the  
walls.*

*The Clerk  
enters with a  
few.*

Then



Then Latine letters painetes he sayre, and Greeke it fauourdlye,  
 And Hebrue woorst of all by much, a tongue for them to hye.  
 Forthwith he confures water new, the first no more of might,  
 With salte and wine and ashes small, and euery solemne right,  
 To halowe there the Aultar hie, at last he setteth out,  
 Twelue crosses thereupon, annoynting it with oyle about.  
 In this sort euery aultar great, is halowed euermore,  
 But holy water is alwayes one, among the things before.  
 Then on ech corner of the altar, crosses doth he sette  
 With water drawne, and seaven times about it doth he sette.  
 And seaven times upon the table, sprinckleth water cleere,  
 Then euery corner of the sepulchre, is signde with crosses here,  
 (A foure square hole this sepulchre, amid the table is,  
 Made out by Arte) and all with Chrisme annoynted, after this  
 His reliques there he doth enclose, and certaine francken-scence,  
 And of the table places fīue, with solemne reuerence :  
 Hee doth annoynt not onely with oyle, but with his creame deuine,  
 And last as children are confirme, so doth he likewise sine,  
 With crosse & creame the aultars braue: are not these wondrous sightes  
 Are they not wondrous mysteries? these sonde and foolish rightes,  
 The idlenesse of learned men, that liued long ago,  
 Brought forth, and eke their monstros pride, wherewith prouoked tho,  
 They much dispilde the common sorte, and making them to gaze,  
 They founde out first these foolish toyes, the simple eyes to daze.  
 Lyke cerimonies doth he use, while as he doth repayre,  
 The shauen sort and sine yong impes, to plant in kingdome sayre.  
 As euery one by name is calde, together stande they theare,  
 Clad all in Albes, for so they terme the vesture that they weare.  
 The Bishop doth demaunde if that they good and vertuos hēe,  
 And whether they are learnde and méete, to take this great degré.  
 The Officer doth aunswere strayte, with playne and open voyce,  
 That learnde and worthy both they are, and men of perste choyse.  
 Whom earst before he neuer saw, nor of their names hath thought.  
 Then strayte unto the Acoluth, from th' aultar downe is brought,  
 A Candle and a Candlesticke, and here they doe resight,  
 Now in the Church his office is, the Candles still to light.

*Hallowing the  
Altar.*

*Sepulchre is  
anointed.*

*Relics.*

*Giving of  
orders.*

*Acolyte his  
duties.*

And

## The popish kingdome.

And heare about, an emptie Cruet put they in his handes,  
Wherewith to giue the Priest his wine, while at his Masse he standes  
Yet doth he it not, nor place there is where this is lookte unto,  
Besides eche lay man when he list, this holy thing may do.  
Yet for the same his crowne is thorne, and heare is cut away,  
For weare it in that place of length, he euer after may.

*Conjurer, his  
office.*

The Coniurer receyues the hooke, and is commaunded there,  
To learne the thinge conteynde therein, and well away to heare,  
And for to cast out Deuils by, his powre and force diuine :  
He mindes it not, nor of the same doth euer see a line.  
For claspt it is deliuered him, and claspt from thence againe,  
Unto the aultar is it borne, whereas it doth remaine.  
He driues no Deuils out of men, nor dare the matter proue,  
So that this great authoritie, doth serue to no behoue.

*Reader.*

The reader then perhaps doth take the Testament in hande,  
To teach the people plaine the word of God to understande.  
He readeth not, nor habile is sometime, nor seekes to be,  
No certaine place appoynted is, nor howre him to se,

*The Door-  
keeper in-  
structed.*

The Dorekeeper instructed than, what things he ought to do,  
When as this office great of waight, he there doth come unto.  
The Church doore keyes in hande he takes, and to the doore doth bere,  
A hempen rope with laughter great, of all that see him there.  
Hereby he learnes his dutie is, to shut with diligence  
The doores, to keepe the halowed things, and driue the wicked thence.  
Yet none of all the same he doth, nor suffered thus to stande,  
Yet is there sturre as if there were some wondrous thing in hande.  
When as the new made Priestes cannot, their laughter here restraine  
But most of all the common sorte, and foolish people vaine.  
What should I speake of all things now ? I am ashamed here,  
To weare my pen and spende the time, about such foolish gere.  
For all their holynesse consistes in bestures and in bookes,  
And putting stoales about their neckes, with lewde and apish lookes.  
On all their left handes eury one, a labell hangeth downe,  
The Priestes their fingers grease, y<sup>e</sup> Bishops hands & thumbs & crowne.  
But here there is a great a doe, a waightie matter plaine,  
To see the oyntmentes drop not downe, nor on theyr heades remaine.

Each

Ech Priest with rubbing dryes his handes, and after that with lande,  
 Or ashes skouring througely cleane, ech finger of his hande.  
 Then breade unto the aultar from the Oven whote is brought,  
 And cut in sundry lippets small, in order there is wrought.  
 Which on the Bishops greasse pate, in solemne sorte they lay,  
 And thus dry up the oymntment there, and take it cleane away.  
 So careful are they for these things that are not worth a strawe,  
 That neuer an hower do they leaue, for fayth and christian lawe,  
 When as the christen belles: that man hath sure a brazen minde,  
 That can forbear to laugh and doth, not thinke them Alles blinde.  
 Who grudgeth not with all his heart, that wickednesse of time,  
 For gaine hath brought it unto this, that that most blessed signe,  
 Which shewes how we receyued are, as seruants here of Christ,  
 And prest to fight against the worlde, as souldiour of the highest,  
 Shoulde with a senselesse creature be, defilde before our face,  
 With such a doe, and by a man of such a solemne grace?  
 The people rounde about resort, on euery side that bee  
 Togither, moude with one desire, this wondrous sight to see,  
 And warned by the wardens of the Church before the day,  
 The Godfathers are present in their best and chiefe aray.  
 And some there are that so desire, this honour for to haue,  
 That of themselues they chalenge it, and earnestly doe craue.  
 Of these the number is not small, a hundred shalt thou see,  
 Two hundred yea, three hundred if the bell so worthy bee.  
 Then fourth at last the Bishop comes in all his wonted geare,  
 And praying fast he halloweth first, with salt and water cleare.  
 For without this he hath no powre, though in the day time bright,  
 A number great of Tapers stande, aboute him alwayes light.  
 When as he long hath prayed here, he willes them downe to fall.  
 Upon their knees and unto God, to praye in generall,  
 That he vouchsafe to graunt this bell, a happie christendome,  
 A lustye sounde to drive away the daungers all that come.  
 Annoynted then it is in places such as needeful bee,  
 And where the Priest is plealde, for in all partes they not agrée.  
 Then bidde he them declare the name, (for as they children name,  
 So name they belles in euery poynt) and when he knowes the same

*Priest washes his hands, then brings hot bread from the oven.*

*Christening of Bells.*

*Godfathers for the Bells.*

*Bell is named.*

## The popish kingdome.

*Is Anointed  
with Chrisme.*

He poures on water lustily, and thrise he doth it wet,  
And then with holy Chrisme he doth, his crosses thereon set.  
Then straytwayes thereupon he puttes, a lynnene Crysom white,  
A vesture such as children weare, when first they come to light.  
And now the Godfathers begin, to stirre about and toyle,  
To touch and plucke it up a loft, from out the sacred soyle.

*They hoist it up  
with ropes.*

But with their handes they cannot all come néere it now by much,  
Therefore with ropes they hale and hoyle, and so farre of doe touch ;  
And thinke they haue done sufficiently, then gistes they offer all,

*Gifts offered.*

Unto their christen daughter, golde, and silver therewithall.  
Ech one woulde then seeme riche, and stribes the other to excell,  
Hangde up in steeple hie, they least, and soye that this same bell  
Hath thus receyved hir christendome, and all that day throughout  
They celebrate with drinke and playe, and daunsing rounde about,  
With vomiting, and oftentimes, with brawling and with fight,  
And wanton iestures herewithall, and ech unseemely sight.  
What thing more foolish canst thou tell, or hast thou seene before,  
Of great and small committed thus, and with religious lore ?  
In fine regarde this Suffragan, in all his matters hie,  
What thing soeuer he doth, it may be laught at worthilie.  
For take from him his sprinckle, and his oyle and iesturs all,  
And that which in the Grecian tongue, they Crisma use to call :  
Thou hast unarmde him utterly, and spoylde him of his grace,  
That now he is not worth a poynt, in any kinde of place.  
And as both Popes and Cardnalles with their pompe and passing pride  
And welthy Bishops fat, euen so, these kinde of men beside,  
The Church of Christ full well may spare, with losse and damage small  
For shame and hurtes, and burdens are, they to the people all.  
Regarding onely this, that prayse, and glorie here assinde  
To Christ, in darcknesse deepe to hide, and keepe the people blinde.

*The . ij. Booke.*

**P**erchance you looke I should declare, their Confitories here,  
 The warehouse chiefe of all their fraude, & foule deceitful gere. Confitories.  
 Whereas for money crooked things, are made direct and plaine  
 And blacke is chaunged into white, and white to blacke againe.  
 As pleaseth him that fighres with fees, and giues them golde at will.  
 Such pregnauant witte haue Doctors there, and such the Proctors skill.  
 Where gaynes grow not, with long delay, untride there hanges y<sup>e</sup> case,  
 And where the Sutor is but poore, and comes not of a pace.  
 With giftes they doe begin to feele, and plye the case againe,  
 And prosecute it then as long, as they see giftes remaine.  
 Here iustice seldome time is seene, but such as *Plutos* might, [right. Justice is sold for gold.]  
 Procures, for gold with weight and shew, weies down both law &  
 By this they breake such mariages, as Gods decrees doe knit,  
 And ioyne againe in wicked sorte, such as are most unfit:  
 Without aduice of Parents had, contracted secretly,  
 Or faultie for some other cause, or lewde infirmity.  
 Oft times the cause requiues such filthy deedes and tales to tell,  
 As chaste and honest eares cannot, abide to harken well.  
 Hereat they laugh a pace and wondrously themselues delight  
 That thou wouldst were they only sought, w<sup>th</sup> this to chéeve their sprite.  
 If that the wife be founde to be, an harlot openly, An unfaithful wife.  
 And from hir hulbande, with some beaulty knaue away doth fly,  
 An other wife although the poore unguiltie man desire,  
 He cannot haue though needeful lust, and householde it require.  
 But is constrainde to like a houle, in countreyes sarre to come,  
 With charges great and hindraunce of his businelle at home.  
 And after her in euery place, to aske where she hath strayde,  
 In Churches, markets, and in townes, to craue the Rulers ayde.  
 Whom if he cannot finde, they graunt, with great ado and strife,  
 That he another woman take, but yet not as his wife.  
 But if that after many yeates, the harlot come againe,  
 And wearied with hir lewde companions, seeketh to remaine,

At

# The popish kingdome

At home, she hath hir place although, the husbände it denie,  
As loth to leaue the other for hir fruite and honestie.  
These lawes no bookes of God doe teache, but toyes of mortall braine,  
And dreames of Popes wherewith the worlde, defiled doth remaine.

Officialles.

A member is there of this same, the polling Officiall,  
And no small man he, is but one, that guides and ruleth all.  
Him must you please and alwayes bribe, and bring him money still,  
If that you will your busnesse frame, according to your will.

Bribes.

This fellow for the Bishop holdes, and hurles the flashing flame,  
And troubles men when often times, no cause requires the same.  
Wherefore if any time thou hapst, for to be cited here,  
Be sure that when thou comst thou dost, some worthy present here,  
And so thou shalt with ioye depart, and better satisfide,  
By much then if thy cause were good, or lawes were on thy side.

Polthorne  
Priests exceed  
all in bribery.

Who doth deny but money oft, corrupts the common place?  
But polthorne Priestes exceedes them all, in any bribing case.  
This kingdome hath an endlesse pitte, whole dampes that dreadfull be  
Haue burst abroad and drawne the wealth of all the world we see.

The eger Kite so foloweth not the chickens here with care,  
He lustie Eagle doth pursue, the faint and fearefull Hare,  
As doe these men hange out their nettes, abroad for greedie gaine,  
And lay their baites in euery place, the simple sort to traine.

Cannons.

But to the cannons let us come, who for the most parteall,  
Are Gentlemen descended from some olde and auncient hall.  
In olde time onely for such men, as learned were and good,  
Though of the common sorte they were, this place appoynted stood.  
Which men the people well coulde teache, and helpe in euery thing,  
And truly preache the worde of God, and serue th' almightie king.  
But when that riches once had hatcht, Dame ydlenesse with care,  
Pobilitie respecting eate, and daintie Lordely fare,  
Put out the common sorte, although they learnde and Godly were.  
And sent them to lesse holynesse, and to more painefull gere.

They hang skins  
on their  
shoulders some-  
times mantles.

These men about their shoulders wear, the skinnes that hearsee bee,  
Of beastes hangde rounde about with tayles, a proper thing to see.  
Sometime in mantels blacke they go, according to the time, [pine.  
As though they mournd, when as no griefe, their pleasant hart doth

They

They muse why they should laugh at be: who would not laugh to skorne  
 Such foolish weedes, which if a man should weare that were not thorne:  
 The very boyes with rotten Egges, and dirt woulde him berape,  
 Or to Phisicians woulde his friendes, go sende him where he maye  
 Be purged of this humor madde, with pocions two or three,  
 These men suppose themselues great folkes, and worshipped to bee.  
 They nothing haue to doe, but that to Church sometime they come,  
 Arayde in linnen weedes & Cowles, with crowning countnance glome,  
 Or in their Catkin whoodes with tayles, and wooted iesture proude,  
 Whereas their howres Canonically, they chaunt and sing aloude,  
 And that alonely with their lippes not praying with their minde,  
 This same is all their godly lyfe, by which such welth they finde.  
 What profite they the people here, what gaines the Church hereby?  
 Or may it not forbear these men, as well as may the eye  
 Forbear the webbe and painefull pearle? and be as well without,  
 As may the perfitte foote remaine, without the feeble gout?  
 What woulde they doe? how could they come, to be such iolly men,  
 If Damasus the Pope of olde, had not deuised them?  
 Their howres canonicall and eke, decreede with statutes sore,  
 No Priest should eat his breade at home, and take no paines therefore?  
 They shoulde be mainetainde for their whoodes, and foolishsonde arape,  
 And kept as ydle lubbers still, for pastime and for playe.  
 And in some places so they are, for (tender Sowles) they haue gotte,  
 Least y<sup>e</sup> with dayly singing they, should straine their stratcht out throtte.  
 Some other in their romes doe sing, whom Quiet men they call,  
 These men for money doe dispatch, the seauen howres and all,  
 Though neuer a worde they understand, for gaine is all their cheare,  
 Although it be but small for which it is a wondrous worke to heare  
 How ioyfully they ringe it out, and fill the Church with noyse,  
 How ech one striueth for to excell, the other with his voyce.  
 Thou wouldst suppose they all were dronke, or some rewarde thereby,  
 For which they strue with all their might, to get the victorie.  
 By meanes of these the Cannons are; dischargde of burden great,  
 And scarce at howres, or masse they sitte, thus silent in their seat.  
 And onely hearers nowe they are: yea this doth seeme a paine,  
 And labour great unto these men, which scarcely they sustaine.

*Boys throw  
rotten eggs and  
dirt at them.*

*Come to church  
arayde in linnen  
& cowles or  
in Catkin  
whoodes with  
tayles.*

*Quiet men.*

*They fill the  
church with  
noyse.*

*Canonical  
hours.*

## The popish kingdome.

*Only go to  
Church on holy  
days because  
they get money.*

*They keep  
Monkeys,  
Parrots,  
Hawks, and  
Hounds.*

*Curtisians.*

*They make  
them Priests.*

They rather choole to sit by fyre, and talke and chat at will,  
Than for to dull their eares with Psalmes, whereof they haue no skill.  
And sauing on the holy dayes, the Church they come not at,  
For present there they money haue, and none but lyketh that.  
Yet scarcely can they tarie till, their money giuen bee,  
Which done, they goe and leaue the Church, to such as hired bee.  
These are the toyles and trauayles great, for which of charitie,  
Great giftes they haue, sayre houses buylde, and maysters called be.  
Besides at home they Parots keepe, and Apes and Munkes store,  
And Haukes and Houndes, with horse, that well are furnisht euer more.  
And neuer seekes for to restraine, the pleasures of their minde,  
A thing that common is almost, to all the Popish kinde.

Besides a people lewde there is, a hatefull sorte withall,  
Whome as I heare and understande, they Curtisians doe call,  
Who running from their maysters or, their parents in despite,  
Doe come to Rome all ragde and torne, in miserable plite,  
And to some Cardnalles stable creepe, or to some Bishop great,  
And keepe their horse, them selues y<sup>e</sup> while being almost starued for  
Till after many yeares, and many labours past and knowne, [meat:  
Their maisters minde to help them there, though nothing to their owne  
(For all the Popish court doth loue, such seruants as doe liue,  
Without wages, and alwayes readier are to take than giue.  
They nothing count a thousand Crownes to spende in pompe and pride  
And grudge their man a coate or cloake, now halfe with colde destride.  
Such charitie is at Rome,) therefore according to their guile,  
They make them Priettes, & after y<sup>e</sup> they haue taught them to be wise,  
They sende them to their countrey strayte, with Bulles and licence all,  
Whereas such Prebendes now they take, as in some monthes doe fall.  
(But here they haue heddes alone, the Gripe doth not so swiftly snatche,  
The carcase vile, nor doth the fire, so soone the tinder catche.  
Nor Dwele that in the day time here, doth happen for to sing,  
With lothsome shape the wondring birdes, about hir flocking bring.)  
They are straight at hand, and pleade the month unto the Pope a kinde,  
And of their licences doe hoast, with loslie looking minde.  
Who so denies, is threathned sore, with law and cruell strife,  
And court of Rome, where Popish ayde and fauour still is rife,

Who



Who so will here to trouble bring himselfe, and losse withall,  
 Who so will waist for Charters vaine, and smacke such popish gall,  
 And go to Rome about the cause, to seeke uncertayne shiftes,  
 And thinke for to repeale the graunt, for money and for giftes,  
 (When right hath no prerogatiue) this surely were the part  
 Of one that had his purse at will, or else a luffie hart.  
 The Patrone here amazed standes, repynning secretly,  
 To be deprivied of his right, and take such iniury.  
 Such as are good and learnd giue place, and dare not here contend,  
 With Monsters such, nor goe to Rome to trie the finall end.  
 Yet are they not content with one, the value being great,  
 But lease upon some other such, with fraude and like deceit.  
 Aswell unto their maysters use, as to their owne behoue,  
 That they may shew what thankfull minds they haue, & how they loue.  
 Such preetie Begles haue these Bishops still in euery place,  
 That hunt out Prebendes fatte for them, and follow fresh the chace.  
 And some of them hereby augment their liuing verie much,  
 And fill their Coffers many tymes by bringing in of such.  
 But resident these Courtiers are, and many times there dwell,  
 Sometime againe forsaking all, their beniface they sell,  
 And home to Rome they runne as fast, and graunts they purchase new,  
 Of Prebendes such as other Monthes doe happen to be due.  
 Sometime reseruing nothing to themselues, they secretly  
 Do sell and put them all away not fearing Symony.  
 For lawes they wey not here a rushe, they care for nothing than,  
 And no man feare, but rather learde they are of euery man.  
 In Rome they onely put their trust, and for the place alone  
 They think men must be learde, & here they count themselues at home.  
 Some others get these Prebendes by a straunge and wonderous way,  
 Their grauntes obtaynde, and month well markde they chaunge their  
 And couterfeyt the counterman, or else some beggers state, [own away.  
 Till that the Church doore open stande, or else the Prebend gate,  
 And on the aultare streight they leape, each man amazde to see,  
 What monstrous act shall there be shewed, or pageaunt played be.  
 And tell the people there, that by the Popes authoritie,  
 They holde the Prebend longing to that Church and aultar hie.

*Beagles kept  
by Bishops.*

*They leape on  
the altar.*

Desiring

# The popish kingdome.

Desiring both the Patrone, and the people all and some,  
They trouble him not, nor rashely deale, least that they come to Rome.  
That of the Popes bequestes they there will thus possession take,  
What would you more? the verie name doth make them all to quake.  
The Patrone straight giues place, and he, to whom he ment the same,  
The Sea of Rome doth make them all to tremble at the name.  
They list not striue so farre from home, nor would they cited bee,  
And both consume their goodes and tyme with men of no degreé.  
Thus enter they into the house, as men that make no doubt,  
Commaunding such as there doedwell, to get them straigh twayes out.  
And to deliuer up the keyes, according to their will,  
For shamelesse fortune alwayes helps such lustie fellowes still.  
Perhaps thou thinkst they learning haue, and can sufficiently  
Both guide and teach, whereby the people haue no harme thereby.  
Thou art deceyude, but few are learnde. The greatest part that bee,  
Scarce understand a learned worde, nor can their A. B. C.  
As men that late from rubbing of a horses heeles are brought,  
And neuer came in companie where Grammer rules are taught.  
Some scarce doe know the vulgare speach, nor can the peoples tongue,  
That all men hate them worthily, and both the olde and yong  
Doe curle the orders sonde of Rome, that thus deuised are,  
As things that trouble all the worlde, and all estates doe marre.

*Few know  
their A B C.*

*Parsons.*

These Parsons also are, that in the villages remaine,  
And in the townes, that iustly doe their offices obtaine.  
Some part of them are learnde and good, and some unlearned bee,  
And farre unmeete for to attaine unto so hie degreé.

*Their duty.*

Their duty is to preach unto the people earnestlye,  
And minister the Sacraments, and other matters hye.  
If any profite of the popishe sorte might come unto  
The people, surely these were they that should the matter do.  
Nor should they ydely liue at home, but must their bookes apply,  
Except they would be counted blinde, and laught at commonly.  
But since the Pope subuerted hath all right in generall,  
And hath with lothsome popyson stufte and staynde his members all:  
These also teach no doctrine pure, but all with popyson drest,  
And mingled still, which earst they drew and suckte from mothers brest.

*Teach no  
doctrine.*

As

As dreames and superstitions great, and childishe seruice vaine,  
 And many lewde ungodly things inuented all for gaine.  
 They can not onely Christ regarde, while thus the matter standes,  
 For unto heauen bring the soules committed to their handes.  
 Them lettes the great respect to Rome, and eke the Pope their head,  
 One of no small account, a man of kings and princes dread.  
 Besides the great agrément of such as in Pulpets speake.  
 A matter hard it is such barres and stoppes of truth to breake :  
 And for a man to striue agaynst his profite and his gaine,  
 So mischiefe without lucre is, nor superstition vaine.  
 Wherefore it doth endure, and yet is kept unto this day,  
 With tooth and nayle in euery place, and maintainde euery way.  
 So that the simple people get no kinde of good thereby,  
 But nulleled from their youth by these, in vile Idolatry.  
 What should I tell you how they use their seruices diuine,  
 With mans inventions all defilde, corrupted with the tyme ?  
 And how they haue set out a booke full of such filthinesse,  
 From which to treade an inch awry they count a wickednesse.  
 Their doctrine and their dealings all, with filth defiled lye,  
 And greater hurt the people take, than fruit or gaine thereby.  
 For not alonely doth the Preacher here the worde declare  
 Untruly to the people, but oft leauing it, doth square  
 And spend the tyme about complaints and rayling openly  
 If any haue defamed him, or haue not worthily  
 Him honoured. If any haue their tythes not duly brought.  
 In fine what wrong or iniury agaynst the man is wrought :  
 The Pulpet streightwayes rings therof, and all the Church doth sound  
 Of raylings, and of spitefull wordes, his chiefe and greatest ground.  
 Amongst them some there are that to the people doe foretell,  
 If Springtime, Sommer, Haruest, or the Winter happen well :  
 What store of Wheate shall be, and of the other courler graine,  
 How Hail shall prooue, and how the Wine shall yeelde hir fruite againe.  
 Besides of warres and sicknesses, of plagues and other geare  
 They tell, to which the people giue a more attentiu eare  
 By much, then if he there should speake of Christ or godlinesse,  
 Of fayth, good workes, or of the lawe, and perfit holinesse.

*The seruice  
 defiled with  
 man's inven-  
 tions.*

*They foretell  
 the seasons,  
 haruests,  
 wars, and  
 sickness.*

Some

# The popish kingdome.

Some tell againe the Turkes affayres, or of the Emprours warres,  
Of Spaine, of Fraunce, of Venice, or of lustie Myllanarres.  
And fill the peoples eares with this, till time be finished,  
But most when of the Gospell they yll fauouredly haue red.  
Some part whereof their duetie were to see the people taught,  
And to expound it openly : then in the dead are brought,  
And beadroll long recited is, of euery bodyes name  
For which they are payde, supposing thus to scape the layned flame.  
So this their doctrine is, and this is all the care they haue,  
In seruing of th' almightie Lorde, whose seruice they depraue.  
Then out of hand to Masse they go, and dine in heathnith wise,  
That is not hauing sayth, content with olde accustomde guise.  
When dinners done, to th' alehouse streight they go as merry as Hyes,  
And tipples with their neighbours there, or else some sport deuyses.  
To passe the tyme with Cardes and dice, or with some wanton talke,  
Whereas a note aboube them all, their tongue doth alwayes walke.  
These also should dispatch their houres and seruice orderly,  
Which they let passe, except they see some worthie company.  
Abrode into the fieldes they walke themselues for to disport,  
And biewe the corne or heare some tales, to make the tyme more short.  
And least the nightes should seeme to long, eche one at home doth keepe,  
A pleasaunt Dame that in his armes all night doth sweetely sleepe.  
So thus they spend their time, and on this sort doe alwayes liue.  
The holy Ghost unto th' elect true godlinelle must giue.  
And euen in their dying houre must Christ to them disclose,  
The meane that laude our fathers long ago as I suppose :  
Whereby they wonderously escapde the darknelle that was then :  
For surely none shall saued be, by meanes of these same men.

Tell on good Muses for the swarmes of Monkes doe yet remaine,  
And not the meanest members of this same most holy raigne.  
These men forsaking cleane the worlde, and lothing all things heare  
Attire themselues in straunge aray, and certaine colours weate.  
And frame themselues a rule to liue, and follow euerychone,  
As if so be the rule of Christ sufficed not alone.  
And with their threefolde solemne vowes into the townes they go,  
Or to some desart place remoovde farre of from people tho.

*Beadroll is  
recited.*

*Passe the time  
with Cards  
& Dice.*

*Monkes.*

And

And by their proper force they thinke unto the Skies they clime,  
 And scape the euerlasting chaynes of death for deadly crime.  
 Whereby they shewe the wickednesse that in their heart doth lie,  
 And how they wey not Christ nor yet his famous victorie.  
 Moreouer to their owne good workes they arrogantly cleaue,  
 And of their merites great they vaunt the people to deceaue.  
 And notably they haue deceyude, not onely simple men,  
 With their hypocrisie, but also kings, perswading them  
 To buy their merites and desertes of price and value great,  
 And how they should be sure to saue their soules, and haue a seat  
 Aboue the Starres, if they would builde them gorgeous houses hie,  
 And giue them landes to ffeede their paunch, and fat them selues, whereby  
 They might consume their dayes and spend their life at ease, and well,  
 And strīue the Dormowles them selues in sleeping to excell.  
 For what thing else doe they regarde, or euer doe applie ?  
 The little children in the strēetes these things can testifie.  
 They vaunt how that they worship God, and seruice dayly sing  
 And how they pray and often fast (an acceptable thing).  
 Who doth not wonder at these things, and at these traauayles tolde,  
 And thinke them worthie of such welth and Dukedoms here to holde.  
 As many kings haue giuen them, and Dukes in elder dayes ?  
 A goodly kinde of worship sure, and much deseruing prayse.  
 While as they chaunt up Psalmes aloud, whereof they haue no skill,  
 And pray with lips and not with heart, and Church with noyses fill.  
 For other mens afflictions nowe they way that thus haue sped,  
 Who will suppose that they can care that thus in dreames are ded ?  
 Therefore they are no prayers at all, but voyces lewde and vaine,  
 As when the hungrie hogs doe grunt that in the stie remaine.  
 But often doe they fast, and fleshe and whitmeates both forbear,  
 So alwayes used to daintie faire, they count it fasting heare.  
 If that two meales they doe not eate the shortest dayes that bee,  
 And be not serued at supper with the daintiest meates they see.  
 Such monstrous dinners doe they make, that fulnesse doth compell,  
 Their girdles for to let at large whiles as their bellies swell,  
 Like Horseleaches or lothsome Ticks, that swell with filthy blood,  
 Great fishes do they heate deuour, who can prepare so good

*They strīue to  
outsleep the  
Dormouse.*

*Their mode of  
fasting.*

*Their food.*

## The popish kingdome.

A meale of fleshe, or will desire with egges for to be fed,  
While as the Table with such store of fishe is furnished ?  
*Their gluttony.* Besides with pleasant Wines they fill themselues, and quaffe amaine,  
Till red about the gilles they looke, and belch it up againe.  
That this may fasting called be, both Milo will denie,  
And eke Apitius, he that was the Prince of gluttonie,  
And all the Catian Schoole, and eke the troupe of Jewes beside,  
And of the verie Turkes themselues, it will be sure denide,  
These men yet with hypocrisie, and cloke of holineste,  
Haue brought the people, Kings, and Dukes, unto such foolishnesse,  
That they supposde them chaste and good, and farre from worldly men  
In all their deedes, and bought good workes, and heauen eke of them.  
O strong illusions and deceytes, O miserable tyde,  
That brought these men, as if they were not ylls ynough besyde.  
*Why should they fly the world?* But wherefore should they leaue the worlde, and flie from companie,  
And hide themselues in Forrestes thus, and in the desartes lie ?  
Bicause it is corrupted quite, and bent to wicked lore ?  
Who doth denie ? But therefore hath it neede a great deale more  
To haue Phisitions still at hande, that good and saythfull bee,  
And able are for euery sore to giue a remedie.  
And not such fellowes as will runne away for lothlomesse :  
And shaken with the feuer, leaue his pacient in distresse.  
In darkenesse doth it liue ? more nedes the light of holy men,  
As Christ sometyme did lighten it, and his Disciples then.  
Or doe they thinke that they shall staine their lyfe with companie,  
Where they may leade a Godly life, and well themselues applie ?  
No sight can this procure, but sayth and vertuous pacient minde,  
That can resist the raging stormes of any blustering winde.  
Daniel that dwelt at Babylon, and many Jewes beside,  
Whose mindes were alwayes godly bent, and saythfull oft were tride,  
Amidst the Gentiles godly liude, and serued god arightes :  
So Loth did likewise leade his life among the Sodomites,  
And Ioseph ruled Egypt well, obseruing euery iotte  
Of Moyfes lawe, and chastly kept his minde from any spotte.  
For if they alter not their mindes, that ouer Seas do runne,  
No woodes nor wildernesse shall cause this same for to be donne.

But

But rather shall they more infect, and worser much shall staine  
The mindes of men addited thus, to sonde traditions vaine.

The spirit there opprested is, ne can they lift their eyes  
Aloft to biewe the way that leades directly to the skyes.

Besides more worldly mindes they haue, and of more wanton chere,  
Than worldlymen. Thought in the world is done, but Monks are there.

*Their worldli-  
ness.*

If that the Counsell for the common welch assembled bee,  
They are present there, and giue out lawes by their authoritee.

In warres they be, on Princes campes they euermore attende,  
And townes of force and Castles strong, with weapons they defende :

If any wedding great be had, they are present still at hande,

If any Church be dedicate, they present there do stande.

Then hath the Comedy all hir partes. What should I here resight  
Their ryot, pompe, and passing pride, and all their sonde delight, [aray,  
Which doth declare their wicked mind ? What helpes their straunge  
And crowne thorne downe unto their eares, and houles from the way ?  
Since that of Monkes the worlde may learne, a worldly life to frame,  
And so is forced, and hath no meanes for to eschewe the same.

It gladly would, and seeketh oft, of them for to be rid,

But fast as Burres to wooll they sticke, or Sowtars ware in thrid.

If they themselues would shun the world, & far from thence would flie,

And in the frozen Northren partes, would altogether lie,

A better thing to please the worlde, they neuer could invent.

For any thing deuise that would the people more content.

But now regarde their threefolde bowes, how yll they doe agrée,

And in their life how lewdly they unmeete obserued bee.

*Their Three-  
fold bowes.*

They bowe r' obhay their Abbot, or their Prior placed hie,

Which Abbot if he vertuous be, and godlynesse applie,

(As seldome haps) and doe commaunde such things as God doth will,

Why should he not obeyed be, and had in honour still ?

We all are bound that at the Font recepue our Christendome,

To heare such men as truly teach the trade of life to come.

No bowes we néede, or shauen crownes such men for to obay.

For for to chaunge our clothing here, to straunge and sonde aray.

But if he neyther godly be, nor godlinesse doe teach,

But foolish fanlies of his owne, and mans decrees doe preach :

## The popish kingdome.

Then is it sure a wickednesse, to bowe or to obay.

Such as in bondage bring the heart, and teach to runne astray.

*Their religion.* Their whole religion doth consist in singing day and night,  
In rules of life and sundrie lawes and gestures sonde and light,  
As if that God such worship likde, deuilde by mortall braïne,  
Or rather had not plainely taught that all such stufte is vaine.  
But wherefore stand I hereupon, and wordes in vaine bestowe ?  
Since all the popish kingdome here no better things do knowe ?  
All men are bound to chastitie, but for to shunne the state

Of blessed mariage, and the bed that is immaculate,

*Their chastity.* We then shall be of force when as no lust in us doth raigne,  
And when no raging heate of flesh, doth force our feeble braine.  
But nowe howe chast they liue, the boyes in euery street can tell,  
And Citizens are sore astrayde, when nere to them they dwell.  
What should I other things declare, that honest eares and chast,  
Could not abide to heare, nor of such lothsome things to taste ?  
Why boast they so of pouertie, doth vertue herein lie ?  
Can none but poore men godly liue, and up to heauen flie ?  
When as the poore man hath as many lettes in liuing well,  
As hath the richest man aliue, that others doe excell.

*They scorn  
poverty.*

But pouertie they sowly scorne, and shamefully deride,  
As well in Lordly fare, as in their pompe and passing pride.  
And in their bowes and wicked life, they plainly doe expresse,  
That neyther God nor man they wey, nor any vertuoulnesse.

What if I toulde their sundrie sortes the better this to see,  
Unknowne to men t'is infinit, and eke a vanitie.

*Many sects.*

So many sundrie sects there are, that differ onely heare  
In rules, and ceremonies sonde, and wearing of their geare.  
In this they all do iumpe agrée, their Popishe trifles vaine,  
And rules of him that first deuilde in order them to traine.  
To set before the will of Christ and through their owne descartes,  
They thinke to scape the pitte of hell, and all those painefull smartes.  
But presently I will deuide them altogether hée re,  
Into two onely sortes, that so they plainely may appéere.

*Rich Monks.*

To such as riche and welthie are, and such as beggers hée,  
Appoynted by their rules to begge, and by the Popes decree.

Those



Those welthie are, whom long ago some mightie Princes handes,  
 Or Noble man hath graunted here, reuenues great and landes,  
 Large fieldes, with medowes fayre, & townes, & parks, & purlues large,  
 With vineyardes great, and villages, and Castels strong of charge,  
 And Earledomes oftentimes for them did carefully prouide,  
 And gabe them Lordly liberties, and Dukedomes whole beside, [leue,  
 That throw their praies & lewd delarts, they might their soules re-  
 And purge themselues of euery crime, that did their conscience greue.  
 That for these same these giftes were giben, and this was all their care,  
 The grauntes of Dukes, and Princes great, at this day doe declare.  
 Perswaded were they that the blisse, and ioyes of heauen hie,  
 In merites of this Monkish sorte, and Popish powre did lye.  
 This madnelle long ago posselt the worlde when as did sit,  
 Amidst the Church prowde Antichrist, and rulde and gouernde it.  
 What neede these Monkes such riches great? themselues to punish  
 With fasting oft and penurie, and simple slender chere? [here  
 And to attaine humilitie, in minde and outwarde shoue,  
 Stillmourning (as they boast) the sinnes, that in the world doe flowe?  
 Far otherwise falles out the case, their Founders should haue knowne,  
 They punish here their flesh untill with fatte they are ouergrowne,  
 Wherto their fained fastings tende, none hath more merrie minde,  
 Than haue these same, nor prowdor shalt thou any people finde.  
 The pleasures of the worlde, they all did hunt and seeke alwaye,  
 For looke where any halleyes was, where goodly medowes laye,  
 Through which some pleasant Riberranne, or goodly streame did passe  
 That boarde with diuers daintie fische, and full of Creuis was,  
 Encompass rounde about with woodes, and fruitfull hilles beside,  
 Whereas they vineyardes great might haue, or store of corne prouide,  
 Here commonly they plasse themselues. What man so much doth rabe,  
 As woulde in smokie Citie dwell, and may such pleasures haue?  
 Yet these they desart places calde, whereas in paines and strife,  
 These poore afflicted fathers purgde th' offences of their life.  
 Besides in houses fayre they might, with any Prince compare,  
 Whose lofitye walles with largest motes, encompass alwayes ware  
 With parkes, and pleasaunt chales fayre, adioyning to the same,  
 Empalde and trenched rounde about, and stored well with game.

*The sites they  
choose to liue  
upon.*

*Their dwell-  
ings.*

There

## The popish kingdome.

There standes the stately Towres aloft, and dreadfull shot within,  
All deckt with curious furniture to feast and banquet in.  
In euery place the Counduites runne, within continually,  
And gardens here with pleasaunt herbes, and flowers furnisht ly.  
With Cloysters square, and arbours that procure a pleasaunt shade.  
In fine it seemes a paradise, such as th' almightie made,  
Great herdes of cattell they possesse, and serbauntes many one,  
And officers of high degreé, attending them upon.  
Great store of pondes abroad they haue, that commonly they may,  
Suffice to furnish out with fishe, their tables euery day,  
Not farre remooued from their walles, there pleasaunt Orchardes bée,  
Such as doe passe and farre surmount, all others in degreé.  
Thus hunt they after worldly ioyes, and after pleasures fish  
And haue obtainde ech swéete delight, that earthly men can wish.  
Of sleepe they also haue their fill, as well by day as night,  
Pea in the daytime are they wilde to sleepe and reast theyr spright.  
Lest to much watching dry them up, and palenelle staine their face,  
And least their bodie doe decay, and lose their lustie grace.  
But here a matter great they make, at midnight they may rise,  
To mumble up their Psalmes and prayers, with sencelesse eares & eyes,  
Not weying what a sort of men, that poore and needie be,  
Doe labour all the day long in the heate with miserie,  
And in the night can take no rest, for children there that lye,  
And fill their eares with wrawling all the night, and tedious crye.  
Their bookes they nought regarde at all, yet learning still and schooles,  
Are worthly committed to these grosse and doltish fooles.

*Self Indul-  
gence.*

*Abbottes.  
Orders of S.  
Benet & Cif-  
tercian.*

The order of saint Benet and Cistercian company,  
Haue euermore an Abbot great, who setting nothing by  
The life and title of a Monke, their order doth detest,  
And better likes the head to be, and Prince of all the rest.  
And sure in pompe and loftie looke, he is not farre behind  
The worldly Prince, reseruing this, yet secret still in minde :  
That farre beyonde them doth he go, in lecherous delight,  
For maydens pong he doth deflowre, and spendeth all the night,  
In wanton daunces playes and sportes, with quassing and excelle,  
And haunteth alwayes company, addit to ydlenesse.

A mad and lothsome sight it is, the shapés that disagree.  
 To ioyne in one, and knit together things that differing be.  
 As if the heade of dogge or Bull upon a sheepe did stande,  
 So ill agrees together knit a Monke and Prince in hande.  
 And sure I muse and wonder much, the worlde coulde euer heare,  
 To see so foule a monster as this same mishaped heare.  
 But wonders alwayes likes the worlde, and nothing can be wrought,  
 So foolishly nor anything, so wicked can be brought,  
 But that the worlde will it esteeme, and woonder for to see,  
 Wherefore let it enioye them still, and worship them for mee.  
 I to my matter will returne: this Abbot euermore,  
 With weapons feares his neighbours next, and battailes fierce & sore,  
 He often giues, and doth reioyce, great tumultes still to see,  
 No lowly thing he doth desire, speake, doe, or yet decree.  
 But looke what that he takes in hande, he rageth at the same,  
 As Cacus breathing out the sparkes of fires and fiery flame.  
 What rule of Benet teacheth this? I surely thinke, because  
 That Benet did forbid his flocke by strapte and curious lawes,  
 That on the Bible none of them should reade, or scripture know,  
 Whence seede of heresie doth spring, and errors all doe grow.  
 Least they shoulde slouthfull be, or spende their life in ydlenesse,  
 Amid their loftie swelling state, and wonderfull excesse.  
 Their greedie handes and mindes they whole applide to worldly things,  
 Whereof they shortly had such skill, that they like Dukes and Kings,  
 Prouided lawes for common weales, and ciuill statutes made,  
 Lo, in this sorte they shonde the world, and fled from worldly trade,  
 And gotte themselues to wildernesse, where onely they tooke paine,  
 To serue the Lorde continually, and heauen for to gaine.  
 But shaben crownes here needed not, nor greasie Cowles beside,  
 Since that the worlde did neuer want sufficient men to guide.  
 Their practises and all their pranckes, of their unruly raine,  
 Their manors, vertues, and their life, in euery place are plaine.  
 All things are lawfull unto them, and are dispensd withall,  
 So thou beleueest not on Christ, nor on his name dost call.

But now the begging sort of sundrie names and orders haue,  
 In townes and Cities alwayes dwell, as lyeth for their gaine.

*Why Benet for-  
 bad his Monks  
 the Bible.*

Mendicantes.

Where

## The popish kingdome.

Where first by begging they haue built, them sumptuous houses strög,  
Well furnished of euery thing, that thereto doth belong,  
That thou wouldst meruaile how these beggers purses, emptie still,  
Could in so few yeares builde such nestes, and get such things at will.  
But with their often fasting still, they wrought this subtil sleight,  
With dayly prayers, seruice long, and merites great of weight.  
The newnesse of their sect confirme, did stand them aye in stead,  
Their iesture straunge, hypocrisie, and ducking with the head :  
Their earnestnesse in teaching still, and deepe dissembling chere,  
Their eloquence, and filed tongue, and grauitie seuer :  
That men did thinke ech thing was well bestowed, and happily,  
That giuen was unto so good and holy company.  
Besides their common merchandise, their strawde, and falshoode great,  
Did helpe them well, they promised in heauen happie seat,  
And parte of all their merites here, to such as willing were,  
To helpe them here with any thing, their order to preferre.  
This brought the sith a pace to nette, this popson bayted hooke,  
Made gistes come in, beguilde a number, and most of them they tooke.  
By this such buildings braue they made, in ebery towne almost,  
By this such goodly furniture they had in euery cost,  
From this procédes their princely fare, for fasters farre unmeete :  
They trusting to this marchandise, doe swarme in euery stréete,  
And house by house abroad they runne, with bolde and shamelesse face,  
And begge, but chiefly in the towne doth stande their greatest grace.  
No marriage is solemnized, nor great assembly had,  
No feast is made in any place, but strayte these beggers mad  
With Boxes stande about the borde, and impudently than,  
They craue and aske, like lothsome flies molesting ebery man.  
At supper none in quiet sittes, nor can their dinner take,  
But in they come, and both their handes and eares they wéery make.  
When holy times of fasting fall, and people feared bee,  
With bitter lawes and threatned sore, with sharpe and lowce decree,  
Than they continually doe vaunt, of fasting and desactes,  
And of their prayers that procédes from hote and holy hartes.  
Then rowling in comes all the gaines, of such as doe not fast,  
Nor chaunge one whit their former life, nor in full usage past.

*Their  
eloquence.*

*They molest  
ebery one.*

These

These buy the measure great of all their merites euerychone,  
 Supposing that the Lorde aboue will neuer looke upon  
 Their wickednesse, but fauour them, and all their faultes forgieue,  
 If that they lend the Fryers wine, and store of salt fish giue:  
 Or feede them oft with daintie meates, or costly dinners make,  
 Such as the Priests of Mars were woont continually to take.  
 Besides in welthy villages, they finde a wondrous gaine,  
 Where chéele and flaxe, and rootes they get, and euery kinde of graine:  
 With porke, and puddings, soule and brawne, and bacon sitches great,  
 Which who denies is threated with, Saint Antonies raging heat.  
 And more to powle the simple sorte, and to beguile withall,  
 They needles, points, and glasses giue, and other trifles small.  
 These things although unhoneſt they, and lewde and filthie be,  
 Yet count they them for vertues great, and signes of sanctitie.  
 Such wickednesse the Papacie, doth euermore esteeme,  
 And makes of euery Deuill God, contrarily to seeme.  
 And Deuils eke of God they make, as every foole may see,  
 In all their doctrine sayth and cytes, what euer they decree.  
 But yet aboue the reast I doe the wisest count those same,  
 That begging rounde about the worlde with tytle fayre and name,  
 Have growne in little time to wealth, and treasures infinite,  
 Have purchast vineyardes, landes, and rents, and houses fayre in sight.  
 With Graunges great, and pleasant Farmes, & drobes of cattell store,  
 That now no neede they haue to begge, nor aske for any more.  
 Yea loth they are to haue the names of beggers in degre.  
 So abby lubber lyke they liue, and Lordes they called bee,  
 The earnest zeale of making warres upon the Turkish set,  
 And care of looking unto those, whome sicknesse did infect,  
 Was laborde first of Germans much, who made Collections great,  
 Whereby they well in euery place, might exercise this feate.  
 What woulde you more? All men to this with willing hartes did paye.  
 Now when the treasure gatherd was, the sicke neglected laye.  
 And no prouision did they make, nor any meanes inuent:  
 For to reliebe th' afflicted sort, whome sicknesse did torment.  
 If warres were to be made upon the Turkes at any time,  
 Their pillowes soft they list not leaue, nor slouthfull life resigne.

*They obtain  
 food in ex-  
 change for  
 needles, points,  
 and glasses.*

*Granges,  
 farms, etc.,  
 are purchased.*

## The popish kingdome.

So did the rest whose names in verse cannot be all exprest,  
So hath this wretched kinde of men in little time excreast.  
But worset now by much are those, who though they welthie bee,  
And landes and riches great possesse, like Princes in degreé.  
Yet leaue they not their custome olde, to begge in euery place:  
So swéete a thing doth begging seeme, and of so goodly grace.  
There be such as their orders doth continually constraîne,  
To begge abroad: and such as still in pouertie remaine.  
Who neyther landes nor liuing haue, of all the rest the wurst,  
And such as are more troublesome, of euery man accurst.  
With these the Pope hath much dispent, when once he understood,  
They were for his commoditie, and for his purpose good,  
By whome he might in every Realme, be highly had in price,  
And utter all his wicked wares, and filthie marchandise:  
And surely herein haue they seemde, full thankefull for to be,  
As chiefe maintainers of his state, and princely dignitie.  
For all his doctrine haue they learnde, and fayth at fingers endes,  
And whatsoever likes the Pope, ech one of them defendes.  
Nor for this kingdome swéete they any lyes refuse to faine,  
And so they may the same aduance, no labour great nor paine.  
By lande and seas abroad they roame, and here and there doe flye,  
To howles great of noble men, and mightie Princes hye.  
In euery place they suffred are to preache and teache about,  
And Bishops none doth them forbid, nor person kéepes them out,  
Whereby they may their kingdome much, enlarge and amplifie  
According to their earnest zeale, and dayly industrie.  
For why they see that underneath their shaddow they are fed  
And that their state by meanes of them, is well established.  
They see while as the Papacie, doth spring and flourish here,  
Their order euer shall encrease, and happie life appere.  
And contrarie all things decaye, and staruing strayte at hande,  
If that his holy nestle shoulde slippe, or not uprightly stande.  
Therefore both for themselues and for the Pope with toth and nayle,  
They toyle & mogle least that his state, by talke of tongue should quaille.  
Therefore the inquisition is, to them alone asinde,  
For to inquire of hereses, in euery case and kinde.

*They continue  
to beg.*

*They roame  
abroad by land  
and sea.*

*The reason  
they uphold the  
Pope.*

Among

Among the which the greatest and of daunger most of all,  
 Are those which presently doe seeme, for to procure their fall  
 If any man deny the Pope, for to be supreme hed,  
 And chiefest guider of the church, by Christ established :  
 If any say that man cannot by worke deserue the skies,  
 And euerlasting life, but that in Christ it onely lyes,  
 Or if that any man affirme, the polshorne sorte to be,  
 A hurtefull kinde of weede and plant of no commoditie,  
 That onely doth deceyue the worlde, with toys and trifles vaine,  
 And manifest hypocrisie, of troth the enemies plaine :  
 Lyke dogges in raging moode on such, with bloudie mouth they fall,  
 And bere and persecute them still, in bandes and prison thrall.  
 And if at length they will not turne, they cast them into flame,  
 The rabble all of Popishe rout reioysing at the same.  
 And whom they cannot handle thus, nor deale so ill withall,  
 At them with hatefull tongue they hisse, and currichly doe bawle,  
 And with unlearned foolish bookes, and slaundrous doe they bite,  
 And thinke to make them hatefull in the common peoples site.  
 These men if that they stroue for Christ, they would not begge at all,  
 Ne shoulde such ignoraunce of truth, upon the people fall.  
 But with the Popishe kingdome truth can neuer well agrée,  
 Of falshoode it is framde, and without falshoode cannot bée.  
 Wherefore it deadly hates all those, that mutter here of Christ,  
 And seeke by truth to please the Lorde, and to content the highest.  
 And useth these as instrumentes, the knowledge to oppresse  
 Of Christ: and for to driue away all perfitte godlynesse,  
 And not alonely in this case, this kingdome they mainetaine :  
 No Primate, Prince, nor King there is, but one of this same traine.  
 He to his ghostly father takes, to whome he doth confesse,  
 The secrets of his heart, and all his sinnes and wickednesse.  
 The which for sundrie endes is to this kingdome profitable,  
 For by this practise, and these meanes, he euermore is able  
 To traine the Primates as him list, but chiefly to defende,  
 The Popishe sea, and to resist, all such as doe contende.  
 Who if they stakering chaunce to stande, and wauering doubtfully :  
 Then with there sinnes they feare them sore, and pardon doe denie.

*If any one  
 deny the Pope  
 or any of his  
 parasites, he is  
 persecuted, and  
 cast in prison.*

## The popish kingdome.

Then which no thing more dreadfull is, nor hurtfull to the blinde,  
By this besides hys holynesse doth understande the minde  
And purposes of euery Prince, that hereby speedily  
He may preuent eche great mishap, if ought should runne awry.  
Besides if that the Pope would faine, haue money in some place,  
Or any lusty Cardinall, or Bishops Lordly grace :

*Pardons are  
sent out when  
the Pope would  
haue money.*

That may not well redéeme his Pall, the pardons out he sent,  
And these be they that chiesely serue, to further his intent.  
Nor in the worlde there lyueth not a kinde of men more méete,  
To worke deceytes and to bring in, both Golde and silver swéete.  
Lyke Bulles they roare and voyde of shame, they utter falsehoods vaine,  
And boldly scruie, and Sathan up, they list to Starres againe,  
Of Flyes they able are to make, great Eliphants in sight,  
And popishe state for to aduance, aboue the heauens bright.  
I thinke there are no kinde of men, that profitabler bée,  
Or more in use, for to aduance the Popes authoritée.  
By them the common people haue, beleéude such shamefull lies,  
And haue bestowde their goodes, and all their wealth on vanities :  
Supposing heauen for to haue, and holy mens delartes,  
And euerlasting life to haue, allotted to their partes.  
The others well enricht with spoyle, doe laugh and get them hence,  
And to their Lordes with praise doe bring, their Caskets stult w pence.  
I here declate not all their déedes, nor their deuises lewde :  
What shamelesse mistes they here haue made, what filthye lyfe they  
What fowle example here they gaue, of life abhominable, [Thewde :  
So that it euen did offend themselues the Roomish rable.  
That nothing (may he sayde) there is, but Cowles dare take in hande :  
If in their fanse once it come, or with their minde doe stande.  
I rowe with light and slender Dres, and not with raging winde.  
Nor for to clenke the durty sincke, of Augæ is my minde.  
Yet here thou hast a little shewe, of all this Empire great,  
And seeest the members chiefe that doe, belong to Popishe seat.  
Whereby thou wisely mayest discern, the others all that bée,  
For both in lyfe and fayth they all, doe wonderously agré.  
So that I am sure thou shalt not finde amongst them any thing,  
That doth beléeme the stocke of Christ, or may to vertue bring.

But



But strong illusions and deceytes, and euery cursed kinde  
 Of couetousnesse, with care lesse life and blouddy beastly minde.  
 And pompe, and pleasures great with pride and superstitious vaine,  
 And sonde attire, with ydlenesse, the Princesse of their reigne.  
 That where the worde of God doth reigne, and Christ is cleerely taught,  
 These people dayly doe decrease, and shortly come to naught.  
 And both the beggers, and the riche, are forced hence to flie,  
 As pestilences to the sayth, and springes of Heresie.  
 As slouthfull paunches great, unto the earth a thriftlesse lode,  
 Whom long agoe did Italie sende out in coastes abroad.  
 And spewde them into Germanie, as mother of all yll;  
 And such hir madnesse is, that the newe settes inuenteth still.  
 For lately sent she certaine out, of Iesus bearing name,  
 Calde for belike of lustie Lordes, that lykde the popish game.  
 That with the name of such renowne, they easily might deceaue,  
 The rude and simple people, that are soone procurde to cleaue.  
 As though they sought the honor here of Christ, and worship best  
 The impes of Sathan, are they sure, no better than the rest.  
 For all agaynst our Sauour Christ, are sworne assuredly,  
 Both Monkes and shauen Sophisters, the superstitious Frie.  
 For labour and good will, that they do beare unto the Pope,  
 So that of any goodnesse here, in them there is no hope.  
 These here and there runne up and downe, with double diligence,  
 To benifite the Deuill, and the Pope: and with pretence  
 For to suppress the Gospell here of Christ, and eke his name,  
 That lately drawne from darknesse great, abroad doth freshly flame.  
 But Christ shall shortly them suppress, with all the r枳affe here,  
 His enemies with Malestie, when as he shall appeere.

Howe as they something speciall haue, so haue they eke againe,  
 A number that are common all among this greaite traine.  
 By which they couet to be knowne, and others to excell,  
 With heathnisch ambition, wherewith as yet they swell.  
 From which they neyther can be drawne, by scorne of people made,  
 For any seemelynesse of state, nor comelinyesse of trade.  
 And first their crownes are shauen all as longeth to their grée,  
 And looke as more religious and holier they bee,

Common  
Things.

# The popish kingdome.

So broder doe they haue their crownes, almost unto their eares,  
That scarce an ynchebrode hoope of heare, about their pate appears.  
This fanstie sonde no Jewes them taught, nor yet is published :  
What foolish people in the worlde woulde thus deforme their hed,  
And unconstraine, the beautie spople, that comes of nature so :  
Nor thinke it faire with shauen sconce, amongst th' unshaued to go.  
Sure no man euer sawe the founders of our fayth so thorne,  
No such thing they commaunded here, so full of shame and scorne.  
The stoutfull sort long after them, found out this foolish guise,  
And ydlenesse, as all the rest, this mischiefe did deuise.  
But yet I maruell much, that they are not a shande hereat,  
And how they dare in companie, put of their cap or hat.  
But hie and holy mysteries they say are signifie,  
And thus they seeke a filthie thing with honest cloke to hide.  
Themselues they count as kings to be, of passing great renoune,  
And thus to shewe their dignitie, they weare a shauen crowne.  
What dreames will not these doltes deuise, that dare in open sight,  
Such things affirme? but still to mocke the world they had delight.  
They also all annoynted are, euen from the Parson small,  
And poorest Priest, unto the best that rules and gouernes all.  
Oblseruing still the Jewish lawe and rytes determined,  
That by the Testament of Christ are quite abolished.  
But all things that they did, where then commaunded to be done :  
As figures for to testifie that Christ should shortly come.  
These use their owne authoritie, as please th' best their minde.  
As if that Christ were not yet come, or chiefest priest assignde.  
Thus doe they all annoynt themselues, and all their companie,  
Both when they take their Christendome, and at the tyme they die.  
Annoynted are the Churches walles and aultars oyled eye,  
And eke the brazen Belles that Bray aloft in sleeple hye.  
They also Princes doe annoynt, when that they crowned are,  
And Moyses people plaine they be, and yet from Moyses farre.  
Without commaundement of God, or Christes commission plaine,  
In euery thing they follow still the fansties of their braine.  
Which after wardes reputed are for Holy things and great,  
Whereby in estimation more may grow the popish seat.

Annoynted.

*Churches,  
walls, altars,  
Bells, an-  
noynted.*

Besides

Besides Egyptian like they all in Surplesse white do go  
 Or like the Jewish Priestes, that were by law commaunded so  
 To weare a linnen Ephod on, so doe they alwayes weare,  
 A linnen besture wondrous white, and pleated here and there.  
 Without the which, they neuer doe into the Pulpit come,  
 For seruice say, nor any thing that in the Church is done.  
 The same also they doe commaunde the Parish Clarke to weare,  
 And euery Scholemaster must be appareld with this geare.  
 And euery scholler yong, that first doth enter into scholes:  
 Thus are the people dolted still, and fooles are made of fooles.  
 For whereto serues the Surplesse here? it neyther keepe[s] out colde,  
 Nor hath th' apostles warrant sure, nor Chrisses with it to holde.  
 Nor worne hath any comelinese, but rather doth disguise:  
 As if a lay man clad therewith, before the peoples eyes  
 Should trauaile by the way, he should be scornde or beaten yll,  
 Or for a mad man bound in Chaynes, and broken of his wyll.  
 But here I muse that Monkes doe not, this linnen garment trie,  
 But this I take to be the cause, that Monkes sufficientlie  
 Are laught at for their sonde array, and fowle ynough they bee,  
 Whereby they from the common sort doe aptly disagree.  
 Or that their clothes more holy are, than any others worne,  
 And blacke is meeter farre than white, for such as seeme to morne.  
 In garments long they also use apparelled to go,  
 And heardslesse all to women chaungde, the Pope commaundeth so.

Surplesse  
Wearers.

Parish Clerks,  
and school-  
masters com-  
manded to  
wear sur-  
plices.

With burdens of the common wealth, they are not toucht beside,  
 For Princes long ago for them, did in this case prouide.  
 They pay no tribute nor no taske, nor any penalties,  
 Nor troubled are with any toyles, or common miseries  
 They subiect onely are unto the Pope, and to his lawe,  
 And as for ciuill or common lawes, they wey them not a strawe,  
 Except they on their side do make, and stand them well in stede,  
 Whereby they may attaine the thing that they determined.  
 They freely liue and counted are the holiest men that bee,  
 Nor good it is to harme them here, in worde or any grece,  
 If any of them by deadly wound do happen to be slaine,  
 O Worde howe great a crime it is, and what a losse againe?

Immunities.

They care not  
a straw for  
the common  
lawe.

Both

# The popish kingdome.

*If any are  
slain, the  
churches are  
shut.*

Both Masse and Mattens then do cease, and church doores fast are shut  
And Songs and Organs layde aside, and Belles to silence put,  
Great mourning made till suffred haue the gracelesse murderer,  
So much they way themselues, and of reuengement carefull are.  
But if he happen for to scape, and by that meanes doe liue,  
They smite him downe with dreadfull curle, and to the Deuil him giue.  
And Binde his soule in fearfull bandes, secluded quite from blisse,  
And none (except the Pope alone) can him absolue from this.  
Thus haue they brought men in such feare, y<sup>e</sup> themselues alwayes,  
May boldly quarell first begin, and brawling bloody scapes.  
If they themselues do kill a man, the matter is but small,  
And may be easily ouerpast, and safely dealt withall.

*'Tis a small  
matter if they  
kill a man.*

The Judge dare touch no shauen crowne, nor giue them punishment,  
What crime soeuer they commit, or mischief do inuent.  
First are they to their Bishop sent, and after certain dayes,  
To Rome untill forgetfullnesse the enemies rage allayes.  
Then of their murder clearely quit, they homewarde boldly go,  
Not feating lawes of any Realme, nor forcing any so.  
The pong Sir John but newly thorne, that lately orders tooke,  
Doth haunt to scape the Judges handes, and from the hangmans hooke.  
And not in vaine: for unto them that thus annoynted bee,  
Above the rest is graunted sure, a wondrous libertée.  
They may doe whatsoeuer they list, and what they will inuent,  
Such things as neyther countriman, nor straunger dare attempt,  
For ciuill lawes they doe not feare, nor any penaltie,  
Their Bishop is their gentle Judge, and keepes them tenderly.  
Great volumes haue they writ, that of these liberties entreat.  
And tearme them Cannon lawes, under whose shadowes wide & great  
They safely route, and pleasauntly doe take their quiet rest,  
And boyde of daunger euerywhere, do what them lyketh best.  
This euery Emprours is constraunde, for to confirme before  
He take his Crowne: and sworne for to defende them euermore.  
And is not this a happie kind of people? Such a one,  
As like to them in all the worlde, there liueth others none.

*The Bishop is  
their iudge.*

*Canon lawes.*

Moreouer all of marriage shunne the sacred state as yll,  
The Pope commaunding them: against Gods heauenly word & will.  
For

For Paule being taught the secretes of the skies : determined,  
 Whereby such heate might be alwagde, and whoordome banished,  
 That euery man should haue his wife, and women husbandes all,  
 Permitting onely single life, to those whom God did call,  
 And by his speciall gift exempt, from common lawe and state.  
 And whether popish Priestes are here exempt, let him that late  
 Came from the newe found Ilandes doubt, for here with us 'tis rise,  
 And knowne as well to yong as olde, the chastnesse of their life.  
 Howe yll they can themselues refrayne, and eke howe euery where,  
 Nothing can be in safetie kept, from their unruly gere.  
 For epyther with mens wiues they lye, or else at home they keepe.  
 Their harlots all at libertie, with whom they safely sleepe.  
 Or haue come in their neighbors house, or while abroad they come,  
 Take rag and tag as comes to hande, as easily as at home.  
 That lust may haue hir full delight, thus fill they euery place,  
 Wher soeuer they come with Bastards, and with children void of grace.  
 No lay man hath this priuilege, nor lustie libertie.  
 And surely well, they are compelled to liue in honestie :  
 And use the undefiled bed, as God doth plainely will.  
 Thus onely liue in althinesse the popishe members still,  
 And onely graunted are to them, their whoores at libertie,  
 And euery other kinde of vice and vile iniquitie.  
 Which all their sect doth well allow, and countes them commendable,  
 And better lyke them with this life, and deedes abhominable :  
 Then if they chaunged from this trade, and came to better life,  
 And follow Gods commaundements, in taking of a wife.  
 Yea such they cruelly doe hate, and slander wickedly,  
 With hatefull wordes of great reproch, and spitefull infamie.  
 And if they can depriue them of their liuing and their grace,  
 And driue them poore and naked out, into some forraine place.  
 That not ynough thou canst not muse, to see their crooked minde,  
 And iudgement all inragde, whereby agaynst both rule and kinde  
 Of nature, and agaynst the iust precepts of reasons lore,  
 And all the common ordnaunces, that haue bene made therefore.  
 And eke agaynst the customes of all Nations that we know,  
 They doe commend adulterous life, and marriage ouerthrow.

Single life  
 D 27. Presb.  
 D 28. Aff.  
 D 31. Si Lai-  
 cus. Sacerdo-  
 tibus.

*Their gross  
 immorality.*

# The popish kingdome.

If some there be that alwayes prayse, and like their lothsome trade,  
Why should they not attempt whatsoeuer their lust doth the perswade?  
Thus in their filthie liues they doe continue to the ende,  
And alter not, nor any seekes their doings to amende.

They had rather all be torne and rent, than leaue their woonted guise,  
The Bishop also winckes for gaine, nor hope of helpe he spies.

*The Bishop  
winks for gain.  
Couetous,*

And more besides is Auarice, a sicknesse generall,  
Beginning first at head: and so disperced through them all.  
They are themselues for to be solde, whosoever is bent to buy,  
And all things that they haue besides, to sale doth open lye.  
Giue money thou, and straight the Gates of heauen open bee,  
And eke as many soules drawne out of hell as pleaseth thee.  
Giue money, and from all thy faultes and sinnes thou shalt be free,  
And all made well, and with their Bull it shall confirmed bee.  
Giue money, and for thine estate they pray continuallye,  
And fast, till as all ouergrowne in fatte they wallowing lye.  
Giue money, and their merites great, to thee they streight will sell,  
So that thou needest take no care at all for liuing well.

Giue money, and they giue thee leaue to marry at thy will  
In times unlawfull, and to hop about with Jacke and Gill.

*Indulgences  
sold.*

Giue money, and they licence giue, both egges and flesh to eate,  
As well on fry dayes as in Lent, and euey kinde of meate.

*Baptism and  
Confirmation  
charged for.  
Also the  
Eucharist, etc.*

Giue money, and thy childe shall soone receyue his christian bowe,  
And after that be bishopped and noynted on the browe.

Giue money, and thou shalt receyue of Christ the bodie true,  
Euen as it hoong upon the Crosse, when as he suffred nue.

Giue money, nose and eyes, and eares shall then be noynted well,  
And mouth, and hand, and foote, and all annoynted sent to hell.

Giue money, and thy Tombe amid the Church shall placed bee,  
Or in the Quere, so that no raine or wet shall trouble thee.

Giue money, then, and store of Psalmes and Diriges shalt thou haue.  
And eke with great lamenting shall the corps be horne to graue.

Giue money and thou shalt be blest, with store of Trentals soong,  
And yearely in remembraunce had, with Soule peales duely roong.

Giue money, and upon thy Tombe a princely hearke they set,  
Still smokt with Franckenlence, and all with holy water wet.

Giue

Giue money, and of all thy bowes discharged shalt thou bee,  
 And eke with Gods commaundements they shall dispence for thee.  
 All things for money will they do, yet neuer satisfide,  
 For diuers Malles are they feede, yet one shall serue the tide.  
 Sometime a thousand underneath the Chalice do they lay,  
 Receyuing money for them all, yet neuer a one they say.  
 For carefull of their guile they are, the people they dispise,  
 And all the meanes they can to scrape up golde they do deuise.  
 They diuers benifices get, and serue the turne of none:  
 But onely set their minde on gaine, and ydlenesse alone.  
 Both ginnes, and traps, and baytes and hookes, they lay on euery side,  
 And present are at sicke mens willes, some porcion to prouide.  
 Besides for tythes and offering pence, they earnestly do call.

These are the things that common are unto these members all.  
 Judge now thy selfe, if that they bee the Church of Christ that to  
 They seeke to seeme, and faine would haue themselues accounted tho.  
 Attempt they any kinde of thing, that Christian rule doth teach?  
 Treade they the auncient fathers steps whereof so much they preache?  
 All things contrary shalt thou see, their pompe and fonde aray,  
 Their Apish Cowles and straunge attire, and beards cut quite away. *Their attire.*  
 Their shauen crownes, their mourning gownes, their bedlem iesture  
 Their Mitars, & their Croliars gilt, square caps & musick glad. [mad,  
 Their holy Chrisme, contempt of lawes, and life corrupted so,  
 And all the rest that ydlenesse inuented long ago:  
 As plagues to perfitte godlinesse, and toyes the worlde to daze,  
 That so the people still might haue something whereat to gaze. [grow,  
 Wherby the ground of superstition from these gay things might  
 For seldome doth the common sort, the truth from fallehooode know.  
 For trie the doctrine and the life by scriptures perfitte light,  
 And rules of Prophets olde, that were inspirde with holy spright.  
 The things that gorgeous are and gay, as holy they esteeme,  
 And euermore do loth the things that plaine and simple seeme.  
 Hereby the Popes had easie way, while as they onely sought,  
 To haue their doings of the people great and wondrous thought.  
 If they had sought the honor here, and glory of Christ alone,  
 As best becomes his ministers, and seruaunts euery one,

## The popish kingdome.

They simply would haue taught the flocke, and vsde no colours baine,  
And liude according to the lawes of God, and statutes plaine.  
Now haue the people better skill, of Popes decrees and lyes,  
Than of his holy ordnaunces, that framde the loftie skyes,  
And will not way their owne estate, and miserable case,  
But stop their eares if any speake, and turne away their face.  
And rather altogether be deceyude and runne awrie,  
And euerlastingly be damnd in hell for companie.



*The thirde booke.*

**N**ow must we here beholde their fayth, and how the papacie  
 beléeves, bicause of fayth it woulde a Captaine counted be,  
 And of the Catholike Church alone, of Christ to haue the same,  
 And wondrously they boast and brag, in hearing of this name.  
 Which Church if that it were in déede, and doctrine as they say,  
 Great wickednesse it surely were, from them to fall away.  
 But if it may be plainely prooude, they trust no whit in Christ,  
 For worship God alone, nor looke for succour of the hiest.  
 But as the Gentiles Idoles serue, and worship them with care,  
 What kinde of Church it may be calde, a childe may sone declare.  
 How much it alwayes shoulde be thoonde, of such as Christ doe loue,  
 And onely seeke through him to please, th' Almighty Lord aboute.

But first t'is méete for to declare, the perſite fayth and right,  
 As hath before béene taught by men, inſpirde with holy ſpright:  
 One onely God we are wilde to haue, and worship euermore,  
 To whose right hande we must commit, our selues and all our store.  
 Abandoning all worldly care, and confidence in man,  
 As he that cares for us, and guides, and best of others can.  
 This whoſoeuer doth, both feares, and him doth truly loue,  
 And putteth his onely confidence, and trust in him aboute:  
 And unto him alone doth ſtaye, in his adberſitie,  
 And calles to him being ſure of helpe, as best for him shall be.  
 We also must in Ieſus Christ, beléeue aſſuredlye:  
 His onely ſonne who at his time, came downe from heauens hie,  
 For our offences and reliefe, made perſite man whereby  
 He might redéeme us all from death, and hell eternally:  
 And with his bloud our finnes deface, that for his sake alone,  
 The father onely labours us, and bleſſeth every one:  
 Hath giuen us life, and all our finnes and faultes forgiuen quight,  
 And of his mercie made us heyres, with him of heauen bright.  
 This who ſo constantly beléeues, and doth with tongue confeſſe,  
 Is made the childe of God, and heyre of euerlaſting bleſſe.

Catholike  
 fayth.

## The popish kingdome.

He neither feareth Deuills force, nor death with cruell strife,  
Nor all the raging of the worlde, nor daungers of this life.  
But fastning still his eyes on Christ, in safetie doth he row,  
Such one is perſute Iſrael, the Church of Christ doth know.  
Such Citizens, and ſuch thou mayſt call alwayes worthily  
True Catholikes, and members of the bleſſed company.  
For thoſe that dare not truſt in Christ, nor in his father hie,  
Doe quake for feare, and ſeeke for holes, not knowing where to lie.  
And of their owne they alwayes ſeeke, a righteouſnelle to haue,  
Whereby they may content the Lorde, their ſinfull ſoules to ſaue :  
Not ſatiſfied with heauenly giſtes, nor righteouſnelle from hie,  
And fathers labour here for Christ, who gaue himſelfe to die  
For our offences great, and made the ſatiſfaction full,  
And from the handes of death and hell, did us for euer pull.  
O Lorde how few doe thus beleue ? how euerſwhere in vaine,  
They doe abuſe the name of Christ, and counterſeytes remaine.  
Being Chriſtians calde, and both in life and fayth doe diſagré,  
As in the popiſhe kingdome here thou perſutely mayſt ſee.  
For marke what things they do beleue, what monſters they do frame  
I not denie, but euerſ where of Christ the bleſſed name  
Is calde upon in Churches great, and Creede is dayly ſongue,  
And Christ the true redeemer calde, alonely with the tongue,  
And tearmed Lorde, but farre from him, the heart doth ſeeme to bee,  
And with the wide reſounding mouth, it doth no whit agrée.  
Which in ſo many things appeares, ſo plaine unto the eye,  
That graceleſſe muſt he counted be that will the ſame denye.  
And firſt beholde how earnestly, they ſeeke in euerything,  
The righteouſnelle that of themſelues, and proper force doth ſpring.  
Not to thentent to liue a right, and pleaſe the father great,  
That of his mercie calleth us, unto his bleſſed ſeate :  
Or Christ that all our ſinnes and faultes, doth cléerely waſh away,  
Nor with their life and ayde to helpe, their brethren all they may.  
But onely heauen for to winne, and to be free from blame,  
And with deſerts to pleaſe the Lorde, that all the worlde did frame.  
Where now appieres the hope of life, by Christ obtained right ?  
And cléere forgiuenelle of our ſinnes, and Satan put to flight ?

Popiſh fayth.

For

For who so seekes and searcheth still, thinks yet he hath it not,  
 For no man seeketh for the thing now in possession got.  
 Nor any man that hath his wittes by merites seekes to winne,  
 The thing that is already giuen, but rather thanketh him :  
 And merily enioyes the gift, of his obtained wealth,  
 With gratefull minde set free from cares, in quietnesse and health.  
 Therefore since that in euerything, they righteousnesse desire,  
 And heapes of merites and desertes, they earnestly require.  
 And most ungodly useth them, unto so ill an ende,  
 They neyther doe beleebe in Christ, that he doth onely sende,  
 And freely giue eternall life, nor that he satisfie  
 For all our greuous sinnes and faultes, they rather do dispise  
 His merites and his fathers giftes, while proudely in their hartes  
 They trust unto their righteousnesse, and to their owne desertes,  
 Hereto it tendes whatloeuere they doe, in Church or otherwhere,  
 For this such strange religion haue they framde, and paultrie gere.  
 And this alone of all their life, the marke and ende they made,  
 Supposing not to come to God, by any other trade.  
 A Jewish people sure and such, as at this present day,  
 No better then the Gentiles are, take name of Christ away.  
 For in like sorte through all the worlde, they doe beleue as well,  
 And lawe of nature doth instruct, and reason doth them tell :  
 That for good deedes there doth behinde, a recompence remaine,  
 And that th' almightie father that doth guide the starrie raine  
 Is to be plealde with worshipping, good deedes and righteousnesse,  
 And other things whereby we may, our louing mindes expresse.  
 Herewith they couet euery one, to rayse up mountaines hie,  
 As long time since the Giantes did, for to assault the skie.  
 But sure they shall be ouerthrowne, and driuen downe to hell,  
 For why the Lorde hath long agoe, decreede as scriptures tell,  
 Not to forgieue th' offences of the worlde, but by his sonne,  
 By whom the subtil serpents head, is broke and overcome.  
 The blinded worlde regards not this, nor seekes to understande  
 Nor trustes the worde of God, but in hir owne conceytes doth stande.  
 And countes hir fancie still the best, and crediteth alway,  
 The soude deuises of hir braine, untill hir dying day.

## The popish kingdome.

Euen as the Turkish multitude, doe put their onely trust,  
In liuing as their law commaundes, and in their doings sust.  
So likewise doth the Jewe beleue, saluation for to haue,  
By keeping of their auncient lawe that Moyses to them gaue.  
And euery kinde of people else, the very same confesse,  
Beléeuing to be saued by their lawe and righteoulnesse.  
None otherwise the papacie, continually beleues,  
Nor understandes the righteoulnesse, that sayth alonely géeues.  
Although they reade the scriptures and saint Paule, and doe them list,  
Who of the righteoulnesse of sayth, and of the Fathers gift,  
Through Christ doth speake so oft, who is our righteoulnesse alone,  
And ranlome eke. But let us see the parcelles euery one.

Baptisme.  
*The order and  
use.*

Christ when he went from hence did leaue two sacraments behind,  
Whereby we might continually his goodenesse keepe in minde,  
And stape our sayth: beleeuing all our sinnes forgiuen quight,  
By him alone, and we made heyres, of euerlasting light.  
The first is Baptisme wherewithall, we washt in water cleane,  
Being buried in the blessed waues, and plungde in sacred streame:  
Are made the serbauntes here of Christ, with him continuallye,  
To suffer what so euer faules, and eke to liue and dye.  
Which as it plaine and simple is, so is it most of price,  
And not to be defilde with any toy or mans deuice.  
But this it here defiled hath, with wicked doctrine plaine,  
And with a foolish number great of Ceremonies baine,  
For thus it plainely teacheth that our sinnes forgiuen arre,  
Alonely by the déede hereof, not adding any barre.  
Accounting not the giftes of God, dealt here without defart,  
Nor sinnes by Christ forgiuen frée, but by the déede and part:  
Of him that well prepares himselfe unto this sacrament,  
That merits may haue place, and workes may gaine the firmament.  
And that which unto God is due, to us imputeth aye,  
Ascribing that to déedes, that sayth doth onely take awaye.  
And that assuredly before, the font thou commest neare,  
And ere thou washt and plunged art, amid the waters cleare.  
Nor here through baptising the sinnes of man forgiuen arre,  
Nor by the déede thereof as plaine, the scriptures doe declare.

But

But all forgiuen when they doe beléeue we doe confesse,  
 As counted eke among the flocke, and heyres of blessednesse.  
 But such as haue no fayth at all, but unbeléeuers be,  
 No pardon haue though ten times in the fludde they sowled be.  
 That of it selfe it profites not, although it here be done,  
 With purpose to amende the life, that after is to come.  
 Wherefore in auncient time it was not giuen any man,  
 Before he had confessed Christ, with mouth expressing than  
 The fayth that in his heart lay hid declaring all and some,  
 And how forgiuenesse here of sinne, from Christ doth freely come.  
 Ascribing nothing to the déedes, of man and merites vaine,  
 Not trusting to the soude deuice, of superstitious braine.  
 But now bicause this Popish state, in Christ doth not beléeue,  
 It doth not teache that onely he, doth freely sinnes forgéue.  
 But wanders through the stonie wayes, and ditches blinde to hell,  
 And through the thornes to follow him, the people doth compell,  
 Besides with foolish toys he hath desilde this baptisme quight,  
 To make the estimation more, of mans deseruing right.  
 A number great of crosses first, he makes and lustilye,  
 He blowes out sprights, commaunding them with cruell words to flye.  
 The foole beléeues the infantes yong, with sprights to be posselt,  
 Whom faythfull christian people here begat, and parents blest,  
 Then thrustes he salt into their mouth, annoynting all the while,  
 The infantes tender eyes, and eares, with stincking spittle vile.  
 This done his oyle and creame he takes, and with discretion small,  
 Annoyntes the shoulders of the Childe, and eke his brest withall.  
 The Crytome then he calleth for, wherein he salt doth souldre  
 The little soule : and makes him in his hande a Taper houlde.  
 And that he may the better grow, he listes him up on hie,  
 Herein least that he should be thought to dote and runne awrie.  
 And onely with these trifles to delude the people blinde,  
 Then wondrous signes of holy things, he fayneth in his minde.  
 Who will not now make more account, of these same trifles vaine,  
 The solemne order of the Priest, and toys of mortall braine :  
 Then of the gracious gift of God, and merites of his sonne,  
 Who with precious bloud redéemde us all from death to come.

Especially

*A number of  
crosses made.*

*Infants possess  
with spirits.*

*Salt is thrust  
in their  
mouths.*

*Chrism.*

*A taper is  
placed in the  
child's hand.*

# The popish kingdome.

*None understand the Latin phrase.*

The Supper.

Especially when all the rowte, that standes about him rounde,  
Knotes neuer a worde of all that he, in latine phrase doth sounde.  
But onely heares a habling noyse, and earnestly doe marke,  
The outwarde shew of all his deedes, and ceremonies darke.

So playe they with the supper that our Lorde did sanctifie,  
Wherby we might be mindefull of his death continuallie.  
Unto the strengthening of our fayth, and our ascertained wealth,  
As pledges of our happie state, and euerlasting health.  
To shew that with his death he hath our sinnes defaced quight,  
And with his precious blood hath made us in his fathers sight  
Both cleane and free from euery spot, and euery crime withall,  
And made us righteous here and iust, and free from deadly fall.  
Which hope is by this supper still, made new and fresh againe,  
And by the worde and blessed signe, doth written still remaine,  
Both in our feeble eyes and heartes, wherby we euermore,  
May prayse the Lorde and Jesus Christ his onely sonne therefore.  
And thankfull be with ioyfull heartes, for all these mercies kinde,  
United altogether with, one heart and friendly minde.

To nourish this affection still, and eke in memorie  
Alwayes to keepe this great good will, and labour worthilie.

*God commanded bread and Wine to be receiued of all as mystical tokens of his body and blood. Mass. They know not why so called.*

He hath commaunded bread and wine to be receyde of all,  
As of his blessed body and blood, the tokens mysticall.  
But O Good God, what monstrous things, hath here this papacie  
About this supper sainde? what follyes and iniquitie?  
First hath he altered quight the name, and Masse he calls the same,  
Which what it signifies, if it be Greeke or Latine name,  
Or rather from the Hebreue fetcht, himselfe he cannot tell,  
Nor all his court about the same, are yet resolued well.

Then six or seauen shamefull things, deuised by his braine,  
He hath commaunded to beleue, mistaking scriptures plaine.  
As that the substance here of bread, by force of wordes and might,  
Is chaungde into the bodie of Christ, and in the selfe same plight  
The wine is turnd into his blood that nothing doth remaine,  
Of bread and wine, when once the Priest his words hath spoken plaine:  
But onely collour, smell, and taste, and least that any man  
Unlearned here perhaps might doubt, himselfe declareth than,

*Transubstantiation.*

Into

Into what kinde of bodie this breade, is chaunged and transformde,  
And eke into what kinde of bloud, the blessed wine is turnde.

The body as it here was of the Virgine Marie borne,  
As it with whips was scourged here, and on the crosse was torne.  
His bloud as from his precious side, upon the grounde was shed,  
And though this sacrament be euery day, and houre solemnized,  
And Christ thus eaten euermore, yet doth he not decaye,  
But unconsumde of shape and forme, remayneth one alway.

Besides although the little Cake, a sunder broken be,  
Into a thousande peeces, or as small as small may be:  
Yet euery little pece is Christ, and that most perfitie,  
With skin, and flesh, and bloud, and bones, and all his quantitie.

That no ungodly man defiles, this holpe blessed thing,  
And that the wicked man as well, doth Christ from heauen bring  
Into the breade, as doth the man that liueth most upright,  
Beside that Christ doth not withdraw himselfe from any wight.

And that as well the ill as good and saythlesse people vaine,  
Even as the saythfull him doe eate, though not with equall gaine.  
That his same body goeth not downe, as other meate doth go,  
But chaunged into him it is, that doth receaue it tho.

Besides as soone as in the mouth it comes, so sodainelye  
Away it goes (not torne with teeth) into the heauens hie,  
That in this breade which here we see, and little compasse small,  
Lies Christ that suffred for our sinnes, and God that filleth all.

And that in many places here, at once at that same tide  
He is, and present therewithall, through all the worlde beside.

That this same body uttered many wordes and phrales sit,  
While as among his well dispolde disciples he did sit.  
And euen there transformde to bread, while as he talking stode,  
And eaten of his people strayte, as other kinde of soode.

Besides he plainely doth affirme, that euery Priest that is,  
Doth in his massing offer Christ, and that this sacrifice  
Is euen as much in weight with him, that all the worlde doth giue,  
As was his bitter death when on, the painefull crosse he dyde.

Moreouer twelue commodities, he also doth resight,  
That euery skilfull Priest receyues, and euery housled wight.

*The wicke as  
well as good  
receiue Christ.*

*Twelue com-  
modities.*

## The popish kingdome.

And euery one that present is, while as the Masse is sayde,  
And marketh with attentiu eares, how well Sir John hath prayde.  
Besides he teacheth that the Masse, doth profit equallye,  
Aswell the men aliue, as those that long ago did dye.  
And last of all he from the people, pluckes the cuppe away,  
*One kind.* And under one kinde lies as much as under both, doth lay.  
Because no body here doth liue, but blood must needes be there,  
For blood can any life possesse, without the bodie here.  
As if that Christ the maister of the worlde knew not of this,  
But in his owne appoyntment shoulde for lacke of knowledge mis.  
And are not these same wondrous things, and learnings passing great,  
When Christ did neuer will the same, nor hereof did intreate ?  
To this he patcheth merites to, the Priestles deseruing hy,  
And euery one that heares the Masse, and euery slander by.  
For nothing in the Papacie, without desertes is donne,  
Nor must be wrought : sith for a rule, it generally doth conne.  
That all our health dependeth of our workes and our good deedes,  
No place hath sayth nor glorie giuen, to Christ from whome procedes  
Our happie state and blessed life, nor onely to the grace  
Of God they haue respect, that doth of mercy us embrace.  
Who causeth Masse or doth it say, doth merite wondrously,  
The like doe they that doe it heare, and marke attentiuely.  
Who neyther heares nor understandes a word thereof at all,  
But standeth onely in the Church, as painted on a wall,  
With merites great rewarded is, and all his sinnes thereby,  
Forgiuen quite the hope whereof, doth make him looke full hye  
*Sacring bell.* Hea if the bell to sacring toule, and farre from thence thou bee,  
And cannot come but earnestly doe with the same to see.  
A merite great you gotten haue, thus playne it doth appere,  
The supper serueth for desertes, with papistes euery where.  
Their trust is alwayes in the Masse, to this they onely lye,  
In euery thing that toucheth them, and euery ieoperdye.  
And is not this a goodly crewe ? they are perswaded still,  
What daye they heare or see a Masse, to haue no kinde of ill.  
Thus comes it here to passe that I, did lately say and wright,  
They put not all their trust in Christ, but in their proper might.

And



And in their owne good workes, as in their doings they expresse,  
Being full of incredulitie, and all ungodlinesse.

Halfe opens heauen gates, and doth deliuer men from hell,

Halfe healeth all the diseases, and doth sicknesse expell.

Halfe doth relieue the burnded minde, and sinnes defaceth quight.

Halfe pleaeth him that guides the skies, and giues the heauens bright.

Halfe pluckes the sinfull soules from out the Purgatorie fire,

Halfe comforteth th' afflicted sort, and makes them to aspire.

Halfe washeth cleane the minde, and makes the guiltie conscience cleere,

Halfe doth obtaine the grace of God, and keepe his fauour heere,

Halfe driueth wicked Devils hence, and ouerthrowes the feendes,

Halfe bringeth Angels good from hie, & makes them sayth full freendes.

Halfe doth defende the trauayler, from daunger and disease,

Halfe doth preserue the sayling ship amid the raging seas.

Halfe giueth store of corne and graine, and helpeth husbandree.

Halfe blesteth euery such as seekes in welthie state to bee.

Halfe gets a man a pleasant wife, and gettes the mayd his mate,

Halfe helpes the Captaine in the fiede, and furthereth debate.

Halfe also doth allwage the heat that in the heart doth raigne, [taine.

Halfe doth defende the pleasant grapes, and vineyards doth main-

Halfe helpes the hunter with his horne, and makes the dog to runne,

Halfe lendeth store of sport and game into their nettes to come.

Halfe molifieth the angrie mindes, and driueth rage away,

Halfe brings the wofull Louers to their long desired day.

Halfe doth destroy the witches works & makes their charmings vaine,

Halfe caueth good deliuerance, and helpes the womans paine.

Halfe makes thy prayers to be heard, and giueth thy request,

Halfe driues away the greedie Woolfe, that doth the sheepe molest,

Halfe makes the murraine sor to cease, and stocke to thrive apace,

Halfe makes thy iourney prosper well, wher soeuer thou turnst thy face.

Halfe ouerthrowes thine enmies force, and doth resist his might,

Halfe driues out Kobyn good fellow, and bugs that walke by night.

Halfe plague and hunger doth expell, and ciuill mutense,

Halfe makes a man with quiet minde, and conscience cleere to die.

Halfe useth many slouthfull knaues, and lubbers for to feede,

Halfe brings in dayly gaine, as doth the Sowers arte at neede.

*Power of the  
Maf.*

## The popish kingdome.

In masse is all their trust & strength, all things through Masse are don,  
In all their griefes and miseries, to Masse they streightwayes ron.  
Such force hath lewde perswasion here, in teaching men awrie,  
That our good workes are onely they that gaine the heauens hie.  
By this so many aultars in the Churches up did rise,  
By this the number growes so great of Priestes to sacrifice.  
From hence arose such shamefull swarmes of Monkes w' great excellē,  
Whom profite of this Masse doth keepe in slouthfull ydlenesse.  
For this same cause such mightie kings, and famous Princes hie,  
Ordayned Masses for their soules, and Priestes continuallie,  
With great reuenues yearely left and euerlasting see,  
An easie way to ioy, if it with scriptures might agrée.  
Streight after these, the welthie men tooke up this fassie baïne,  
And built them Chappels euery one, and Chaplaynes did retaine  
At home, or in their parishe Church, where Masse they dayly loong,  
For sauegarde of their family, and of their children yoong.  
Both for their friendes aliue, and such as long before did die,  
And in the Purgatorie flames tormented sore doe lie.  
Christ in his Supper giues himselfe to us assuredly,  
And all his vertuous déedes on us bestowes, and doth apply,  
His merites and his hie desertes with us he common makes,  
His grace and mercies euery one, extended for our sakes.  
We this receyue, and nothing giue, nor can we giue againe,  
But onely faythfull louing heartes, and thankfull for his paine.  
These men by meritorious workes, and solemne chaunting chéere,  
With Masses make him recompence, and satisfie him héere.  
Thus much the Pope peruerteth hath, the giftes of God deuine,  
With dreames and sond deuice of man, and cursed countermine:  
That no where nowe appeares the hope of sinnes forgien quight,  
By Christ and life obtayned here, and Sathan put to flight.  
To these two Sacraments, that Christ himselfe appoynted héere,  
They adde fīue others, that more cause of merits inay appéere.  
Which though they neyther tokens bée of Gods assured loue,  
Which they ne can being not confirme with promise from about:  
Yet dare he boldly promise here, to such as take them right,  
The grace and labour of the Lorde, and eke the holy spright.

*Chapels, chap-  
lains.*

*Others.  
Five Sacra-  
ments.*

He doth confirme the children yong, without examining,  
 Or try all of their sayth, or of their woonted handling.  
 He teacheth that the holy ghost may be receyved, and had  
 At handes of euery Priest, that is, as well of good as bad.  
 Not putting difference betwixt Christes Legates truly sent,  
 And wicked Simon, damned for his mischieuous intent.  
 With Creame their foreheads doth he mark, the people laughing there,  
 And those whome thus he marked hath he striketh on the eare.  
 Then Godfather and Godmother is readie streight at hande,  
 To binde the noynted forehead, like a wound, with linnen bande.  
 Which he enforced is to weare eight dayes continuallie,  
 With pleasure great to euery one that keepest him companie.  
 And after taken of againe, his forehead washed cleene,  
 So that no holy Chrisme thereon, for to remaine be seene.

*Confirmation.**He marks with  
cream their  
foreheads &  
strikes their  
ears.*

What should I here remember how, what crimes & haynous things  
 Confession takes away? and eke what helpe contrition brings  
 And satisfacion for our faultes? to shield our soules from paine,  
 It must buy out our mildēdes all, to their purloynning gaine.  
 For all things still he doth impute, to dēdes of mortall men,  
 Not knowing perfitte sayth in Christ, nor teaching it to them.  
 But rather doth destroy it quite, accounting wickedlēe,  
 Our Sauour Christ but as a man, and Cypher here to bēe.  
 Undoubtedly the flocke of Christ doth euermore confesse  
 Their sinnes, and for the same repentes with griefe and heauinesse:  
 For maketh any righteoulesse hereof, not iustifide  
 Doth seeke to be, no more than in the lawe or death beside.  
 For any other raunsome for their sinnes do thinke to pay,  
 But onely Christ, whose precious death doth take them all away.  
 The Pope contrary cleane to this, doth teach in plaine decree,  
 And doth commaund with dreadfull lawe, all faults confess to bēe  
 Unto the Priest at Easter time, or of necessitie,  
 When as the fatall houre is come, and day wherēin to die.  
 And that sincerely here and plaine, what hath bene thought or done,  
 Else can no sinnes forgien bēe, nor absolution come.  
 Where now appēces th' unfayned hope of sinnes forgien quight  
 By Christ, and euerlasting life, and Sathan put to flight?

*Penance.**Confession.**Pope orders  
confessions at  
Easter.*

Who

# The popish kingdome.

Who can declare what harmes the people haue receyde by this,  
How many it hath drawne from Christ and euerlasting blis ?  
What scruple unto consciences, and trouble it doth bring :  
For as they can not call to minde, eche fault and wicked thing  
That they haue done, whereby they may confessed thereof bee :  
So can they not beleue, that they forgiuen are and free.

*Abolution.*

Besides with mumbling in a tongue unknowne, he pardons all,  
And hath no worde, to heare him out, and stay his faith withall.  
But blindly will this teacher blind haue all things credited,  
A guide of all ungodlinesse, with doltishe fancies led.  
He absolution also giues, by merites for to come,  
And such as long agoe are past, and presently are done.  
Not onely of their owne, but bought with money other wheare.  
Unto the merites eke of Christ, his death and passion deare,  
He ioynes the merites here of Saints, and makes them all as one,  
Perswading our redemption, not wrought by Christ alone.

*Pilgrimages.*

In fine a satisfaction for all sinnes it doth suffice,  
If to the Romish Chest you throw your money any wise.  
Or unto Abbeyes giue your goods, or else your welth applie,  
In building solemne synagoggs, and loctie towres hie.  
Or gad about in Pilgrimage, to visite holy shrines,  
Or say your Aue Mary euery houre fortie times,  
And bid the blessed Virgin still good morow manerly,  
Or what soeuer else your Priest doth bid you orderly.

*Procession at  
Spires.*

I well remember once at Spires I saw a wondrous sight  
Of people, in the evening late, with crosse and torches bright.  
The Crosse afore them borne, and all their faces couered,  
With backs all bare they passed throw, the streets and markets led,  
Commaunded for to beat them selues with whips and scourges there,  
And truely here they trifled not, nor did themselues forbere.  
The bloud sprang out a pace, and eke their hacke did swell and wheale  
With multitude of stripes, that scarce the Surgeon them could heale.  
Thus would they wipe away their sinnes, and fully satisfie.  
Is not this same a madnesse grosse, and shamefull iniurie,  
Brought in into this world with speede, and beastly wickednesse,  
Of this unthamefast popishe state, that truth doth still oppresse ?

Thinkt

Thinkst thou that with this doctrine here, they trust in Christ aboute ?  
 Or takest thou them for Catholikes, which name they chiefly loue ?  
 The godly Ministers at first, did put to penance still,  
 Such as were excommunicate, and openly did yll.  
 That discipline might in the Church be had continuallie,  
 Least that the heathen should suppose that eche iniquitie  
 Might there be done unpunished, and that the others all,  
 By their example might beware, how they hereafter fall.  
 And also that such punishment might please againe the mindes,  
 Of those that were offended with these former wicked crymes :  
 Not that the sinnes forgien were of God with penance such,  
 For lawes of God and mans decrees doe differ very much.  
 And with one sort of penance here, they are not both content,  
 For God and man are pleased both alyke with one intent.  
 Mens mindes with punishment are pleased, and fully satisfide,  
 But God is onely pleased in Christ, and nothing else beside.  
 Through pure and perfecte faith, the Lorde that made both earth & skies,  
 Releaseth euerlasting paynes, and neuer ceassing cries.  
 But of this present life he doth release the punishment,  
 To such as onely trust in him, and vertuously are bent.  
 They bid that men should in their owne good workes haue all their hope,  
 And trust to merites of the Saints, and pardons of the Pope.  
 Christ hath not fully satisfide, they thinke assuredly,  
 And doubt not for to preach the same in audience openly.  
 Which serueth surely to their gaine, for hereof doth arise,  
 Their maiestie, their passing welth, and Lordly liberties  
 So likewise doth annealing last, take veniall sinnes away,  
 While as for helpe unto the Saints, deuoutly they doe pray.  
 They alwayes are agaynst the Lord, and Christ that here was slaine  
 For our offences, and our faults, with agonie and paine.  
 And with their pompe and prowde desertes they cary downe to hell,  
 The foolish flocke that doth beleue whatsoeuer they doe tell.  
 What ancor doe they flie unto in all aduersitie,  
 In famine, pestilence, and warres, and euery ieopardie ?  
 Looke well about thee now, and giue attentue eyes and eares,  
 For here the perfecte fayth and trust of euery man appeares.

*Prayers to  
Saints.*

*Refuge.*

What

## The popish kingdome.

What hope there is in any man, herein is plainly spyde,  
The heart of euery creature here, by this is truely tryde.  
Who trustes in God alone, and thinke him mercifull to bee,  
And eke almightie, call on him in all aduersitée.  
And unto him he onely flies in feare and dreadfull wo,  
As by his worde he oftentimes commaundeth us to do.  
But whither flies this Papacie? in whom put they their trust?  
In all things rather than in Christ, or in his father iust.  
Denying him to be their God, and helper at their néede.  
Nor that all things in heauen and earth, doth from his handes procéde.  
For if they did not in their heartes this openlye denie  
They would in all their troubles here, to him for succour flie.  
And all their things into his handes they would commit alway,  
Not seeking Mediators here, nor speachmen for to pray.  
Contented onely here with one, whole grace and fauour great  
For us we may be well assurde, doth euermore intreat.  
But with one perfitte God alone, they can not well away,  
Their chiefeest trust and hope, they in the Virgín Marie lay.  
Shee pleaseth God, and with hir childe, in armes continually  
Delighteth him, and what she askes, he neuer doth deny.  
Shee is the Queene of heauen bright, and with a beck can do  
Whatsoeuer shee determinde is, and giues hirselfe unto.  
Shee is the happier starre on seas, and port of perfitte rest,  
And surest ancor for to stay the ship in seas opprest.  
Shee is the light of all the world, and mother here of grace,  
That doth of God forgiuenesse get, and doth our sinnes deface.  
Shee keepeth those that worship hir in heart continually,  
From handes of euery wicked sprite, and deuils tyranny,  
And with hir gowne shee couers Kings, and Popes, and people all,  
From wrath of God, and vengeance due, that on their heads would fall.  
The gate of heauen eke is shee, and euerlasting life,  
The onely life of all the worlde, and ende of all our strife.  
Shee is the hope of euery man, and chiefe defendresse héere,  
Shee shewes us Iesus Christ, when as before hir we appéere.  
Shee also in the dreadfull howre of death doth us defende,  
Shee blesteth all the life of man, and fortune good doth sende

Wherfore

The Worship  
of the virgín  
Marie.

Wherefore to hir in euery place, with all their heartes they call,  
 Shee helpeth children at their bookes, and giues them wits withall.  
 Shee helpes yong maides to husbandes both of liuing faire and face,  
 Shee helpes the wofull tutor, to obtaine his Ladies grace.  
 And unto maryed folkes, shee giues faire children here with soy,  
 And in their travaile keepe the wiues, from daunger and annoy.  
 She healeth aged men of coughes, and shortnesse of their breath,  
 And brings them in their latter dayes unto a happie death.  
 Shee helpes the husband man with seede, and sendes him raine ynough,  
 Shee filles his barne with corne and hay, and guideth well his plough.  
 The shipman seekes hir ayde in seas, in daunger great and paine,  
 The wandring Marchant trustes by hir to haue his wished gaine.  
 The greddie craftes man trusteth still a good succelle to haue,  
 By hir that is the Ladie of the worlde, and all doth saue.  
 To hir they doe commend themselues, and all their familie,  
 That get themselues beyond the seas for feare of ieopardie.  
 What should I euery thing resight, in euery matter shee  
 Is calde upon, and alwayes thought the onely ayde to bee.  
 Shee is all in all, and heares and sees what can be done or thought,  
 And gouernes all in euery place where as this sayth is taught.

*She helps  
 Louers & giues  
 children to the  
 married.*

*heals coughs &  
 shortnes of  
 breath.*

*She is all in all.*

Right acceptable unto God, and holiest sure of all  
 The Virgin is, whom euermore the worlde shall blessed call:  
 Yet neuer ought shee for to haue such estimation heere,  
 Nor powre deuine, without the worde of God and scriptures cleere.  
 For if shee haue such force, and can do all that hath bene tolde,  
 What doth remaine to Christ the King, that Scepter chiefe doth holde?  
 Adde more to this that Popish priestes these fanctes sonde do saue,  
 Without the Prophets warrant, or the Apostles teaching plaine.  
 Who seeeth not here that they ne doe in God put all their trust,  
 That framde the earth and heauen hie, with perfit measure iust?  
 And that they make no account of Christ, who here ascended hie,  
 Whereby he might relieue the worlde and all things here supplie?  
 They rather in our Ladie trust, and still to hir do call,  
 If any daunger them oppresse, or mischiese great do fall.  
 Hir doe they paint and libely carue, and giue hir prayle tho,  
 In Churches hie and euery house whereloeuer you come or go.

*Her they carue,  
 paint, & pray  
 to.*

## The popish kingdome.

To hir they weeping, sob and sigh, and howle, and mourne, and all,  
 To hir they certaine prayers giue, that here the Course they call,  
 And sundrie other seruices, but used commonly  
 As most of weight, the Rosaries do flourish wondrously,  
 Deuiled first and made by Monkes, a kind of men that bee  
 The authors still of wickednesse, and all iniquitée.  
 They under cloke of worshipping the Virgin haue assignde  
 A certaine foolish felowship, whom weekeley they do binde,  
 To offer up these Rosaries, unto the Virgin pure,  
 And neuer faile this seruice great, as long as they endure.  
 An other kinde of Monkes there is, by office sanctified,  
 That nothing haue to doe with Christ, nor any Saint beside,  
 But serue the Virgin Marie here, as onely of hir traine,  
 And wisely sure they are aduilde, for so they more doe gaine :  
 Than if they should account themselues Christes seruantes here to be,  
 And onely labour to aduaunce his name and dignitie.  
 True fayth continually is poore, and liues in simple case,  
 Ungodlinesse procureth gaine, and wealth in euery place.  
 The Virgin more on solemne dayes appoynted festiuall,  
 Is highly worshipt of hir folke, and hauen Papistes all.  
 Hir Image doe they brauely decke with sumptuous show to sight,  
 Hir aultar set about with bowes, and Lampes, and Candles bright.  
 Eche man his Candle present hath, that burneth thorow the yeare,  
 And Franckensence in euery place doth smoke, and singing cleare  
 With Organs in the Church resoundes, the people brings in pence,  
 And on the aultar offer all with wondrous reuerence.  
 Such honors are not here bestowde on Christ in any place,  
 He is not thought to do so much, nor of so great a grace :  
 Or counted of his nature else for to be more leuere,  
 Than to bouchsafe to looke upon our déedes and prayers here.  
 Besides they keepe our Ladies fast at sundrie solemne tymes,  
 Instructed by a turning wheele, or as the lot assignes.  
 For euery Sexten hath a wheele, that hangeth for the viewe,  
 Markt round about with certaine dayes, unto the birgin dewe.  
 Which holy through y<sup>e</sup> pere are kept, from whence hangs down a thred,  
 Of length sufficient to be toucht, and to be handled.

*Rosary.*

*They decorate  
hir image &  
altar.*

*Organs.*

*Sextons wheel*



Now when that any seruant of our Ladies commeth hère,  
 And seekes to haue some certaine day by lotte for to appere,  
 This Serten turnes the wheele about, and bids the stander by,  
 To holde the thred whereby he doth, the time and season try:  
 Wherein he ought to keepe his fast, and euery other thing,  
 That decent is, or longing to our Ladies worshipping.  
 Who doth so much for Christ, or who for him doth take such paine,  
 To whome if that they light a tyle, his mother hath fix againe.  
 The second place in euery thing, he hath or else the last,  
 For no man doth his hole affiaunte here upon him cast.  
 The popish sorte and people all, by name doe know him here,  
 But all their trust and confidence, they set another where.

*Mode of using  
the wheel.*

For onely to the Virgin here, they dare themselues commit,  
 For underneath hir sole defence, they quietly can sit:  
 But unto others saintes they flye, whom God hath long agoe  
 Receyued from this present worlde, unto his stately throne:  
 That after all their cares and toyles, with misery opprest,  
 Deliuered from the worlde, they might haue euerlasting rest.  
 But these men from the skies doe bring them downe to earth againe,  
 Depriuing them of rest, and putting them to worldely paine.  
 For yet (they say) they carefull are for mortall men beside,  
 None otherwise than God, or Christ, that all the worlde doth guide:  
 And that they mediatours are, and aduocates for man,  
 Before the Lorde and helpe us here, by all the meanes they can  
 Deliuering us from punishment, and our deserued fall,  
 And that they heare the prayers of all such as to them call.  
 As if that Christ unable were, to doe all this alone,  
 Who made himselte our aduocate, before his fathers throne.  
 These things they sayne and doe inuent, without both fayth and minde.  
 That stedfast can they neuer stande, nor safetie here can finde.  
 As he cannot that puttes not all his trust in God alone,  
 And in the faythfull labiour, of all our hope the stone.  
 Therefore they worship saintes with hymnes, & songs and musike swéete  
 With Altars fayre and Churches built, in euery towne and stréete,  
 In fieldes abroad and parishes, in villages about,  
 So that no corner can be founde, nor place appeare without:

Worship of  
Saintes.

*They bear the  
prayers of such  
as call.*

But

# The popish kingdome.

But picture painted of some saint, there gorgeously doth shine,  
Or caruen Image worshipped, with reuerence diuine.

*Each has his  
day allowed.*

And ech one hath his daye a lowde, whereon they doe beleue,  
That from the earth departing here, the skies did them receue.  
An other holy day they haue, when church or aultar here,  
Is dedicated unto them, with pompe and lustie chere.

*Dedication  
day.  
Churches  
strawed with  
flowers.  
The altar is  
clothed.*

The Churches for their sakes are stratwde, with pleasant flowers sweet  
And euery piller garnished with bowes and braunches meete.  
The aultar also couered is, with clothes of value great,  
The Tabernacles opned are, and saintes are shewde in seat,  
Fayre guilt and finely overlayde, with siluer sumptuously,  
The grounde with Turkey carpettes spred, and hangde with tapestry,  
Perfumed all with franckenscence, and ebery pleasaunt thing,  
That may prouoke deuocion, and money in to bring.

Reliques.

Their bones they also up do digge, and sepulchres destreye,  
Contrarie quight to mans decrees, and will of God on hye:  
Whereby a greater gaine may come, and wickednesse aryle,  
And that they may beguile the worlde, and bleare the peoples eyes,  
And all in Golde these bones they set, and rounde with silber binde,  
And clode in Chrystall to delude, th' unlearned simple minde.

*Their bones  
are set in gold  
& silver &  
closed in crystal*

Here faine they many miracles, and of their liues they preache,  
And all their good and gracious workes, continually they teache.  
Not to the honoring of Christ, nor that the people might,  
By folowing of their vertuous life be brought to liue upright:  
But for to bring them from the truth, unto idolatrie,  
And for to picke their purses here, and them to follies tie.  
For this they bring them forth abroad, and on the aultar show,  
For this they carie them about, with many a curley low:  
And offer them to any man, for money here to kisse,  
Nor onely in this wretched case, they are content with this:  
To haue their bones in siluer clode, and fondely to perswade,  
Men unto supersticion, with this same foolish trade:

But also forth they shew their clothes, their clokes, their socks, their  
Their napkins, shooes, and sillie shirtes, their heare, their skin, their tose.  
And eke the Virgin Maries milke, (so farre they be from shame,)

*S. Laurence.*

And coales whereon saint Laurence lay, whyle as he broylde in flame.

¶

Pea more than this, they shew the Hare, whereon our labiour lay,  
 Amid the maunger when he first, was borne with ioyfull day.  
 And eake his coate that cruell couldiours, woulde not here deuide,  
 The nayles and dredfull poynted speare, that perst his tender side.  
 From whence sprange out the warrish bloud, and cartloides great beside  
 Of that same crosse that long time since was in the river spide:

*The Hay on  
 which our  
 Lord lay.*

*Passion em-  
 blems.*

Whereof in euery famous Church some pēces doe appeare  
 Besides the siders that about their neckes doe many weare :  
 And sundrie other thinges they shew, which here for to resight,  
 Time suffers not, nor leysure doth permit me here to wright. [lie  
 Thou wonder wouldst how these same things, so many yeres should  
 And in what place they founde them first, and how they came therēbie.

But lawfull is it not to aske, to doubt thereof is sinne :  
 For all things are most truly done, and no deceit therein.  
 Besides they promise pardon here, of faulte and trespasse quight,  
 And merites great of waight to such, as came to see this sight.  
 So vile deceyvers of the worlde, borne here to faine and lie,  
 To leade the people into hell, and keepe them from the skie.

To euery saine they also doe, his office here assine,  
 And fourtene doe they count of whom, thou mayst haue ayde deuine.  
 Among the which our Ladie still, doth hold the chiefest place,  
 And of hir gentle nature helpes, in euery kinde of case.

*Helpers.*

Saint Barbara lookes that none without the body of Christ doe dye,  
 Saint Cathern labours learned men, and giues them wiselome hie :  
 And teacheth to resolue the doubtles, and alwayes giueth ayde,  
 Unto the scolding Sophister, to make his reason stayde.

*S. Barbara.*

*S. Catharine.*

Saint Appolin the rotten tēeth doth helpe when sore they ake,  
 Otilia from the bleared eyes, the cause and grieue doth take.  
 Rooke healeth skabbes and maungines, with pockes and skurfe & skall,  
 And cooleth raging Carbuncles, and hyles and botches all.

*S. Appolin.*

There is a saine whose name in verbe cannot declared be,  
 He serues against the plague and ech infectiue maladie.  
 Saint Valentine beside to such, as doe his power dispise  
 The falling sicknelle sendes, and helpes the man that to him cries.

*S. Valentine.*

The raging minde of furious folkes doth Vitus pacifie  
 And doth restore them to their witte, being calde on speedillie.

*S. Vitus.*

Erasmus

# The popish kingdome.

- S. Erasmus.* Erasmus heales the Collicke and the griping of the guttes,  
*S. Laurence.* And Laurence from the backe and from the shoulders sicknelle puttes.  
*S. Blase.* Blase drives away the quinsy quight, with water sanctifide,  
 From every Christian creature here, and every beast beside.  
*S. Leonard.* But Leonerd of the prisoners doth, the handes a sunder pull,  
 And breakes the prison doores and chaines, wherwith his Church is full.  
*S. Peruel.* The quartane ague and the reast, doth Peruel take away,  
*S. John.* And Iohn preserbes his worshippers, from pryson every day.  
*S. Benet.* Which force to Benet eke they giue, that helpe enough may bee,  
 By saintes in every place: what dost thou here omitted see?  
*S. Mark.* From dreadfull unprovided death, doth Marke deliuer his,  
 Who of more force than death himselte, and more of value is.  
*S. Anne.* Saint Anne giues wealth and liuing great, to such as love hir most,  
 And is a perite sinder out, of things that haue beene lost.  
 Which vertue likewise they ascribe, unto an other man,  
*S. Vincent.* Saint Vincent, what he is I cannot tell, nor whence he came.  
*S. Susan.* Against reproche and infamy, on Susan doe they call,  
*S. Romanus.* Romanus dribeth sprites away, and wicked devills all.  
*Bp. Wolfgang.* The Byshop Wolfgang heales the goute, S. Wendlin kepes the sheepe.  
*S. Wendlin.* With shepheardes, and the Dren satte, as he was woont to keepe.  
*S. Anthony.* The bristled hogges doth Antonie preserue and cherish well,  
 Who in his life tyme alwayes did in woodes and forrestes dwell.  
*S. Gertrude.* Saint Gartrude ridde the house of Myle, and killeth all the Kattes,  
*Bp. Huldreich.* The like doth Bishop Huldreich with his earth, two passing Cattes.  
*S. Gregory.* Saint Gregorie lookes to little boyes, to teache their a. b. c,  
 And makes them for to love their bookes, and schollers good to be.  
*S. Nicholas.* Saint Nicolas keepe the Mariners, from daunger and diseas  
 That beaten are with boystrous waves, and toss in dredfull seas.  
*S. Christopher.* Great Chrystopher that painted is with body big and tall,  
 Doth euen the same, who doth preserue, and keepe his serbants all,  
 From fearefull terrours of the night, and makes them well to rest,  
 By whom they also all their life, with diuers ioyes are blest.  
*S. Agatha.* Saint Agathæ defendes thy house, from fire and fearefull flame,  
*S. Florian.* But when it burnes, in armour all doth Florian quench the same.  
*S. Urban.* Saint Urban makes the pleasant wine, and doth preserue it still,  
 And spourging, vessels all with Must continually doth fill.

Iudocus doth defende the corne, from myldeawes and from blaff,  
 And Magnus from the same doth driue the Grasshopper as fast  
 Thy office George is onely here, the horseman to defende,  
 Great Kinges and Noble men with pompe, on thee doe still attende.  
 And Loye the smith doth looke to horse, and smithes of all degree,  
 If they with Iron meddle here, or if they Golde smithes bee.  
 Saint Luke doth euermore defende, the paynters facultie,  
 Phisitions eke by Cosme and his fellow guided be.

*S. Iudocus.*  
*S. Magnus.*  
*S. George.*

*S. Loy.*

*S. Luke.*  
*S. Cosme.*

Who can remember all the saintes, to whome the popish sort,  
 In all theyr troubles here with prayer, as unto God resort?  
 For Christ they doe suppose is madde, and slouthfully doth liue,  
 Regarding naught but all his minde to idlenesse doth giue.

Yet here it doth not unto them, a thing sufficient seeme,  
 To worship all these saintes at home, that they so much esteeme,  
 For that they can in euery place, nor will shew all their might,  
 Though equally they in the heauens shine with glorie bright:  
 But into countrie farre they go, as they haue bowde before,  
 Or of their voluntarie willes, to seeke their fauour more:  
 And hear to them their offerings great, with free and earnest minde,  
 Supposing at their handes therefore, more fauour for to finde.  
 Some thither are constrainede to runne, by wicked sprites and ill,  
 And in their hande a staffe they take, or else some crooked bill:

*Pilgrimages.*

Or whatsoeuer in their handes, they at that houre had,  
 Wherein they were compelled thus, with woondrous rage to gad.  
 Of weapons such at Ratson are, there thousandes to be seene,  
 As monuments of people madde, whereto all naked cleene  
 With thirst and hunger some haue gone, our Ladie for to see,  
 Enough cannot this wickednesse, and madnesse called bee.

*Ratson.*

There are that leaue their owne assayres, and businesse that doth fall,  
 To them in common wealth, theyr men, their wife, and children all,  
 And runne abrode on pilgrimage, with daunger great and paine,  
 To purge their sinnes and by desarts, the heauens for to gaine.  
 For why the Prince of errours all, the better to deface  
 True godlynesse hath promised, not here in euery place  
 Forgiuenesse of our sinnes, but in some Churches great alone,  
 Which poore and rich, and yong and olde, doe credit euery one.

Therefore

## The popish kingdome.

Therefore unto the holy lande, Ierusalem to see,  
Or unto Compostel they runne, and passe the Pyrannee,  
Or else to Rome the Ladie chiefe, of pardons euermore,  
Who alwayes hath hir coffers stuf with merites great in store:  
And doth dispence with euery man, that willing is to paye,  
And for the same hath trauailed, from countrie farre away.  
The blessed Virgin Marie, is in sundrie places sought,  
But most at Aquisgran except he better hath it thought:  
That fūfull is and wearie of Christ, to Englande for to go,  
Whereas shee can doe many things, and rules and raigneth so:  
That they account it vanitie, to call upon the highest,  
And take him for a blockehead here, that trusteth unto Christ.  
Likewise hath euery other saint, a countrie of his owne,  
Where most he shoves his miracles, and listeth to be knowne:  
And where he heares the prayers best, of such as money giue,  
Unto the ydle Monkes and Priestles, that in the Churches liue.  
Ech one for his degré doth giue, none thinkes he well hath wrought,  
*Their offerings.* Except some offering méete for his estate he there hath brought:  
Whereby such store of precious stones, and costly clothes you spie,  
And giftes of Golde and siluer great, but Basons specially:  
And Chalises, and Crostes bigge, beset with pearle and stone,  
That from the Indians blacke are bought, or got in seas alone.  
There glitters greene the Esmerald, that blasing burneth bright,  
The Carbuncle there sweetly shoves, the pleasant Camnes waight:  
There shines the purple Iacinét sayre, great store of Saphires there,  
With Diamondes, Jaspers, Chrysolites, and Agats doe appere:  
And all the precious stones that in the worlde are to be seene,  
That long ago the giftes of kinges, and Princes great haue béene.  
There Candles stande as great as men may well in armes embrace,  
And number great of Tapers small, that burne in euery place,  
And rounde about hange Images, of ware that likenesse haue,  
Of Children, women, men, and sheepe, and swine, and horkes braue,  
With sundrie other likenesses, that here were long to tell,  
As signes of diuers daungers by this saint escaped well.  
Who can declare the malling weedes? the ships of Franckenlence?  
Their reliques, and their costly shrines, with hie magnificence?

Their

Their Banners and their other things, that in the Westrie lye ? }  
 The gistes that to these saines are due, ech man giue willingly. }  
 Nor any man restrained is, by néede or pouertie,  
 So that they be their aduocates, and kéepes them from anoye,  
 And leades, them when their life shall ende, to euerlasting ioye.  
 Who doth not see that they doe more, in them then Christ beléue.  
 To whome they scarce in all their liues one halfe peny doe géue.  
 Few Churches also in the worlde, there are that beare his name,  
 But saines haue Churches swarming thicke, in euerie streete and lane.  
 Christ still doth keepe his poore estate, but Paule and Peter there,  
 In wealth doe Croesus farre surmount, and eke in costly gere.  
 The ymage of our Ladie doth King Salomon excell,  
 And painted James with Midas may in show be matched well.

Yet all their trust is not in saines, whom though they worship all,  
 Yet dare they not commit their liues, into their handes to fall :  
 So that no ankar holde they haue, but hange amid the skie,  
 And downward list they not to fall, nor can they upwarde flie :  
 But tost and tumbled here and there, with blastes of boystrous windes,  
 They haue no place to rest or stay, their wauering doubtfull mindes.  
 By their good déedes they onely thinke, the heauens for to take,  
 And in themselues good hope they haue, if prayers long they make :  
 And tire their tongues with mumbling vaine, and endlesse pattering,  
 Or Coocoolike continually, one kinde of musike sing.  
 A merit great they count it here, to kéepe their fasting dayes,  
 And eate no flesh, nor egges, nor milke, nor whitemeate any wayes.  
 But fill their bellies full of fishe, of euery daintie kinde,  
 For these good déedes they thinke that God will leaue his angrie minde :  
 And places in the heauens giue, whereas he will them blesse,  
 With méete rewardes for authors such, of so great righteoufnesse.  
 And if they almoſe giue and breade, to such as are in néede,  
 Or ragged clothes, they strayte suppose to haue heauen for their méede.  
 If any thing to Monkes they giue, or on the Church bestow,  
 Or of their proper charges builde a Chappell fayre of show :  
 And finde a Prest to sing a Masse, therein continually,  
 Than looke they wondrously aloft, and surely thinke thereby,

Merites.

*They eat no  
flesh.*

## The popish kingdome.

Aboue the heauens bright in soye for euermore to liue,  
The Lorde himselſe can ſcarſe deuise a iuſt rewarde to giue,  
If they to holy places go, and for religion ſake,  
Vnto the ymage of ſome ſaint, they painfull iourneys make,  
Into the coaſtes of Syria, or deſart places great,  
Of Egypt, they doe ſure ſuppoſe, that for this worthie ſeate,  
They are abſolde from all their ſinnes, as cleere and free beſide,  
As is the dogge from duſkith fleas, amid the ſommer tide.  
For to their merites ſo they truſt, and ſwell ſo much withall,  
That no man able is to make, their loſtie minde to fall.  
Thence ioyfully they doe returne, beſet with Skallop ſhelles,  
Their cloakes and hattes hangde rounde about, as if it were with belles  
With Images of leade and tinne, which they in every coaſt,  
Doe blaſe abroad, and of their great deſertes and merites boaſt.  
All things they here for merites doe, and all that in them lies,  
They ſeeke in every thing to haue, ſome merite to ariſe:  
For by the ſame they think their ſinnes, are here forgiven quight,  
And that they finde the certaine way, that leades to heauen right.  
Wherefore if of their owne they want, as they haue little ſtore  
They go and buy of other men, that commonly haue more.  
But ſpecially of Monkes that haue the merites chiefe to ſell,  
Sufficient both to keepe themſelues, and other men from hell.  
I ſaw a Gallie paintedonce, that was both large and tall,  
That driven forth with pleaſant windes, and happie courſe withall,  
The raging ſeaſ and waves of this ſame tomling worlde did cut,  
And ſayled out to heauen gates, that preſently were ſhut.  
Hir fraught was onely Friers and Monkes, and on the ſpardeckes hie,  
Were all the chiefeſt members of the wicked papacie.  
The people with their Saren Priettes, even at the poynt to drowne,  
Amid the wilde and woſfull ſeaſ, were ſwimming up and downe,  
And holding up their wearie handes, with plaint and pitious crie,  
They calde upon the holy Monkes, that in the Galley lye.  
The Monkes caſt over borde their ores, and out their Cables threw,  
And catching diuers in this ſort, a ſew to ſhip they drew,  
Whereby that none without the ayde, of Monkes are ſabde you ſee,  
But drowned in the Stygian ſtreames, and helliſh waters bee.

*They return  
beſet with  
scallop ſhells.*



All such as are not Monkes or Sabeld by their merites heare,  
Or in their ship, and this makes fooles to buy their merites deare.

Nor yet the minde is satisfide, nor heart in quiet lyes,  
Of such as seeke to liue by workes, and Christ do thus despise.  
Wherefore the Pope them Pardons sels, & graunts them grace at will, *Pardons  
are sold.*

And giues for golde the déedes of Saints, to purge away their ill.

No foole the Pope that by his fraude such treasure great inioyes,  
But fooles are they that him beleue, and giue their goodes for toyes.

According to the Proverbe thus, the cloth must still be thorne,  
Least it should hap to be consumed with mothes, and all to torne.

In Christ alone they will not trust, therefore they worthilie  
Doe buy such lyes, and for the same do giue such prizes hie :

And know not where to set their foote, but here and there do ronne,  
And alwayes doubt in euery thing, if they enough haue donne.

This birthing hath the people spoylde, and euery realme beside,

And of the Pope the hungrie mawe hath fully satisfide,

Who useth euermore to sell the reigne of heauen hie,

To euery man that offers golde, and willing is to buie.

Amid the Church there placed standes a Chest with yron bound,

Made fast behinde with Chaynes of force, unto some Piller round :

A narrow mouth it hath, wherein a Testorne scarce will go.

Then furnish they the Pulpet with some bawling frier tho'.

Or others that are voyde of shame, and care not what they say,

Who may extoll their Pardon there, and shewe what men shall pay,

Perfwading euery man, that hath regard the skyes to gaine,

And for to haue their sinnes releast with little price and paine,

And for to haue the soules drawne out of flame departed heare,

Of father, mother, grandfire, wife, or any kinsman deare:

That they remember well the Box, and money fast do bring,

For them and theirs, not letting slip so hie and great a thing.

Who would not here preferbe himselke, and set at libertie,

Both him and his with sunmes, from wrath of him that rules the skie,

If these deceyuers tolde the truth, with earneste minde and will,

And did not with these falsehoodes, both the soule and bodie kill?

The people thus perfwaded all, bring in their pence apace,

And giues their money unto them, that néere the Boxe haue place.

Who

## The popish kingdome.

Who, lest suspicion might arise of sugling or deceit,  
Do with their Seales and writing both, confirme this pardon great:  
And take the name of such as buy, and those for whom they buie.  
Both of the men that liue, and such as long before did die,  
The man reioyceing goeth his way, unskilful of the guile,  
Though both himse lfe and eke his soule he therewith doth beguile.  
They on the other side do laugh, enjoying thus their pray,  
And neyther here the liuing, nor the dead a whit do way.

Herein where doth the hope appeare, of sinnes forgüen quight  
By Christ, and life obtayned here, and Sathan put to flight?

Perhaps thou thinkest now their heartes are fully satisfide,  
And that so many merites bought, no further they provide.  
Thou art deceyude: in euery Church are painted Tables founde.  
That fastned are unto the walles, or to the pillars rounde.  
Wherein the Virgin Marie sayre is counterfeited right,  
Or else the Sauour liuely drawne, appeares before the sight.  
Their Images are also made, and carben cunninglie,  
Where written haue the holy members of the Papacie,  
Whosoouer doth before this Image here devoutly pray,  
And on his Beades the Pater and the Aue Mary say,  
He hath forgibene lfe of his sinnes, and pardon of his paine,  
Which pardon doth for many yeares in vertue full remaine.  
To this on euery side they runne, and worship reuerentlie,  
While as with hodie prostrate on the ground, in dust they lie.  
Is not this same the worshipping of Idols very plaine  
Forbidden, by the worde of him that guides the starrie raigne?

If that the thunder chaunce to rore, and stormie tempest shake,  
A woonder is it for to see the wretches howe they quake,  
Howe that no sayth at all they haue, nor trust in any thing,  
The Clarke doth all the Belles forthwith at once in Stéeple ring:  
With wondrous sound and deeper farre, than he was woont before,  
Till in the loftie heauens darke, the thunder bray no more.  
For in these Christned belles they thinke, doth lie such powre & might,  
As able is the tempest great, and storme to banquish quight.  
I sawe my selfe at Numburg once, a towne in Toring coast,  
A Bell that with this title holde, hir selfe did proudly boast,

Tables and  
Images.

Belles  
ring during  
Thunderstorms.

Ratio. diuino.

By name I Mary called am, with sound I put to flight  
The thunder crackes, and hurtfull stormes, and euery wicked spright,  
Such things when as these Belles can do, no wonder certainlie  
It is, if that the Papiskes to their tolling alwayes flie.

*Title on a Bell.*

When haile, or any raging storme, or tempest comes in sight,  
Or thunder boltes, or lightning fierce that ebery place doth smight:  
Besides they Candles up do light, of vertue like in all,  
And willow branches hallow, that they Palmes do use to call.

*They also light  
Candles, & wil-  
low branches  
hallow.*

This done they verily heluee, the tempest nor the storme,  
Can neyther hurt themselues, nor yet their cattell, nor their corne.  
But some there be, and not a few, that dare not well commit  
Their liues to this, but underneath the scarres they seeke to sit.  
For there (they say) the lightning can no kinde of creature smight,  
Nor fall upon the feeble corse of any fearefull wight.

*Some hide un-  
der stairs.*

There are that hide themselues in Caves, and under ground do lie,  
When as they heare the rocing sound, and rumbling in the skie.  
Where here appeares the confidence, and trust unto the hiest?  
And hope in all adueritie cast wholly upon Christ?

*Some in Caves.*

Where doe they here commit themselues, and all that they possesse,  
Unto the will of God, as in theyr wordes they do expresse?  
Are not these Papiskes Catholikes, and men appoynted well,  
That are defended in the stormes, by sounde of brazen Bell?  
And steps of stayres, and braunches burnt, w'flames encompast round,  
And Candel light, and Caves, & dennes made underneath the ground?  
Such Gods, and such defenders here, the heathen woont to haue,  
To whom in all their daunger they did flie themselues to saue,

Besides they doe beluee their sinnes to be forgiuen quight,

*Holy water.*

By taking holy water here, whereof if there do light  
But one small drop, it dribeth out the hellishe devils all,  
Then which there can no greater grieke unto the kēend befall.  
Therefore they oftentimes do hurle and cast abroad the same,  
Both on the people, and themselves, and Papiskes chief of name:  
Whose learning is about the rest, with willing mindes prepare,  
To take the drops upon their handes, and heads, uncovered bare:  
And euer more amidst the Church, and in the Porch beside,  
There standes a Sprinckle, and a stocke, wherewith they may provide,

*Holy Water  
stana.*

To

# The popish kingdome.

To driue away the fearefull kēende, and to resist their strife,  
And for to wash away the sinnes, and faultes of wicked life.  
This water also caryed is into their houses all,  
Wherewith they sprinckle chambers, beds, and euery rotten wall.  
No man doth passe his thresholde, but before he goes abroade,  
Him selfe, and all his garments are, with holy water stroade.  
The use thereof is very great, almost in euery thing,  
And wonder none when as it doth such force and vertue bring.  
The common people also licke up salt, unto this ende,  
And giue it to their children, and their cattell, to defende  
And keepe them, that the Deuill haue no power to do them harme,  
Nor any mischiefe on them light, nor any curled charme.  
What neede haue these same men of Christ, that with so little paine,  
Can do such wondrous workes, and to such matters great attaine?  
They driue out sprites, and wipe away eche sinfull crime and fault,  
With little drops of water cleare, or eating up of sault.

*The common  
people lick up  
salt.*

Munkry.

Yet fully trust they not to this, nor therewith are content,  
But desperation many of them doth wretchedly torment,  
Because they finde not here sufficient comfort perfitelie  
Agaynst theyr sinnes, the paynes of hell, and wrath of God on hie:  
Therefore to Monkry after all, do sūe this people blinde,  
Supposing that herein consistes the perfitte peace of minde,  
And that our sinnes with foolish Cowles, and déedes are done away,  
That unto euerlasting life it is the surest stay.  
If bound unto their treble bowe, they keepe their fasting dayes,  
And prayers long appoynted them, and other foolish playes,  
And all their life long from the use of tender bathes they sūe,  
And in their seuerall Sels, as do the Monkes Carthusian lie.  
But others in their aged yeares, and treadie now to die,  
Especially the learnde and rich, and kings and princes hie:  
Do sūe unto S. Fraunces Cowle, as men beside their minde,  
Wherby of all their sinnes they thinke forgibenesse for to finde:  
None otherwise than if at Font they tooke their Christendome,  
And horne anew to righteoulnesse, and perfitte life should come.  
So with this sacred wéede, they thinke most surely to appeare  
Before the face of God, with hope most vaine deceyued heare.

*Carthusian  
Monks.*

Though

Though all their tyme before were spent in beastly wickednesse,  
 Without the Lorde and Christ, by whom we onely life possesse.  
 Nowe tell me, doth this fayth and hope seeme Catholicke to bée,  
 And with the perfit worde of God and scriptures to agré? Funerals.  
 Yet do not all these Saints abaile, nor merits dearly colde,  
 For mans good workes, nor Pardons, Masse, nor all that I haue tolde,  
 They doubt as yet if that their sinnes be clearely put away,  
 Or whether God his angrie moode, and furie, doth allay:  
 Euen as the Turkes and Infidels before haue alwayes donne,  
 And euery wicked nation, and people under Sonne.  
 For looke howe they doe ende their life, their sinnes they do confesse Confession &  
absolution.  
 Unto the Priest, and are absolude from all their wickednesse:  
 According to their Pardons bought, which if they chaunce to lacke,  
 Their merits and their own good workes, are cast upon their backe,  
 And all the paynes and punishments that hath upon them light,  
 In recompence whereof, their sinnes are them forgiuen quight.  
 Besides the very bodie of Christ, they take into their matwes,  
 Agaynst the Debill, and of hell the tooth and gréedie sawes:  
 Whereby they also may be safe from that infernall paine  
 Of Purgatorie flame, that they themselues doe falsly saine.  
 Yet more, the Saints being calde to helpe, they are anneald at length,  
 A medicine not to be dispilde, of vertue great and strength  
 Agaynst both sinne and raging death the rest I ouerslide,  
 That euery man doth for his soule here carefully prouide.  
 Yet quiet are they not with this, nor can they holdely say,  
 That all their sinnes forgiuen are, and clearely done away,  
 For that the Lorde is pacifide, and pleased with them well,  
 And they deliuered perfitely, from powre of death and hell.  
 They doubt, they tremble and they feare, that something yet remains  
 Of their offences, and the wrath of God with dreadfull paynes.  
 Therefore they will that after death, a solemne obsequie  
 Be made, with Dyrge song both day and night continuallie.  
 Sixe hundred Masses to be sayd, and Tapers burning bright,  
 And Monkes, and Priestes with them to go to grave in doolefull plight,  
 By whose good prayers their hellishe paynes may there releas'd bée,  
 And soules there hence mount to the skie, where naught is else but glée.  
Six hundred  
masses said  
after their  
death.  
They

## The popish kingdome.

They also hier folkes to say the Psalter speedily,  
And money unto Churches giue, and to their poberty.  
And unto Monkes and other Priestes, who dayly have this gaine,  
With prayers and merits to set free the guiltie soule from paine:  
And bring them to eternall ioy, to this belongs alwayes,  
That they at euery leuennights ende, and euery thirtie dayes,  
And at the ende of euery yeare, doe here commaund and will,  
Their offrings, and their ceremonies, to be obserbed still.  
So little trust and hope they haue eternall life to gaine,  
Or to obtaine his labour, that doth guide the starrie raigne.  
For ignoraunt of Christ they are, and of his office hie,  
His merits here, and wherefore on the Crosse so painfullie  
He suffred death, and rose againe, O miserable men,  
That wauer still, and haue no certaine hope nor sayth in them,  
What ende is dewe? what recompence doth here remaine behinde  
But onely iust damnation, for this their doubtfull minde?  
But all the popishe sort doth doubt, and teach men eke to doubt,  
If we be righteous, if our sinnes be cleerely blotted out:  
If that the father labour us, and through his onely sonne,  
Hath made us heare his heyres of euerlasting life to come.  
And thinkest thou these are Catholikes? or Church of Christ aright,  
That hearken not to Christ, but ouerthrow his triumph quight,  
And eke his death, and rather had to euery creature lie,  
Than unto him that hath the rule of euerything from hie?  
I had as lieue the Turkish lawe and doctrine to professe,  
As with the papist to beleue, that teach such wickednesse.  
What matter is it whether set thou solowest in thy workes,  
For papistes do no more beleue in Christ, than do the Turkes.  
The sayth of both is sonde and baine, and both alike in howe,  
The name alone of Christ and all his doings here do knowe.  
In worship, life, and sayth, they doe his powre and force deny,  
And do dispise his benifites, and call them cleerely by.

*The Papists  
disbelieve in  
Christ.*

*The fourth Booke.*

**A**S Papistes doe beleue and teach the baynest things that bee,  
 So with their doctrine & their sayth, their life doth iump agré.  
 Their feasts & all their holidayes they kepe throughout the  
 Are full of vile Idolatrie, and heathenlike appeare: [yeare  
 Wherby though they do nothing teach, but should their doctrine hide,  
 (Which yet in volumes more than one, may openly be spide)  
 Thou easily mayst knowe whether true Catholikes they bee,  
 And onely trust in Christ, and keepe th'assured veritée.  
 Be therefore here a perfitte Judge, and all things warely way,  
 With equall ballance, for before thine eyes I here will lay  
 Most plainly, though not all (for who is able that to tell,)  
 But such as best are knowne to vs in Germanie that dwell.  
 And first betwixt the dayes they make no little difference,  
 For all be not of vertue like, nor like preheminance.  
 But some of them Egyptian are, and full of leopardée,  
 And some againe beside the rest, both good and luckie bee.  
 Like difference of the nightes they make, as if th'almightie king,  
 That made them all, not gracious were to them in euery thing.  
 Beside they giue attentiu eare to blinde Astronomars,  
 About th'aspects in euery howre of sundrie shining stars:  
 And vnderneath what Planet euery man is borne and bred,  
 What good or euill fortune doth hang ouer euery hed.  
 Hereby they thinke assuredly to know what shall befall,  
 As men that haue no perfitte sayth nor trust in God at all:  
 But thinke that euery thing is wrought and wholly guided here.  
 By moouing of the Planets, and the whirling of the Speare.  
 No vaine they pearle nor enter in the bathes at any day,  
 Nor pare their napes, nor from their hed do cut the heare away:  
 They also put no childe to nurse, nor mend with dounge their ground,  
 Nor medicine do receyue to make their crased bodieis sound,  
 Nor any other thing they do, but earnestly before  
 They marke the Moone how she is placde, and standeth euermore:  
 And

*Papists' Feasts  
 and Holidays  
 are idolatrous  
 and heathen-  
 like.*

*They don't trust  
 in Christ alone.*

Con. 26. q. 7.  
 Si quis. Non  
 obser. Quis.  
 q. 2. Nos pla-  
 net. Sed &  
 illud q. 5.  
 Non liceat.

*They attend to  
 the Aspects of  
 the Stars, and  
 think folk's for-  
 tunes are ruld  
 by the Planets.*

*They'll not be  
 bled, bathe, or*

*take medicine,  
 without looking  
 to the Moon's  
 place.*

# The popish kingdome.

And euery planet howe they rise, and set in eche degreé,  
Which things vnto the perfitte sayth of Christ repugnant bée.  
Which first I shoue, least in my course I should be driuen plaine,  
To call to minde these foolishe toys, now to my theame againe.

Aduent.

*On Christmas  
eve, boys and  
girls knock at  
euery door,  
with the in-  
mates a happy  
year, and get  
fruit and pence  
from them.*

Three weekes before the day whereon was borne the Lorde of grace,  
And on the Thursday Boyes and Girles do runne in euery place,  
And bounce and beate at euery doore, with blowes and lustie snaps,  
And crié, the aduent of the Lorde not borne as yet perhaps.

And wishing to the neighbours all, that in the houses dwell,  
A happie yeare, and euery thing to spring and prosper well:  
Here haue they peares, and plumbs, & pence, ech man giues willingly,  
For these three nightes are alwayes thought, vnfortunate to bée:  
Wherein they are afrayde of Sprites, and cankred witches spight,  
And dreadfull deuils blacke and grim, that then haue chiefest might.

*Wanton girls  
try to find out  
their husbands'  
names by  
Onions,*

In these same dayes young wanton Gyrls that meete for mariage bée,  
Doe search to know the names of them that shall their husbandes bée.  
Foure Dnyons, siue, or eight, they take and make in euery one,  
Such names as they do fante most, and best do thinke vpon.

*and their bus-  
bands' natures  
by Faggots.*

Thus néere the Chimney them they set, and that same Dnyon than,  
That first doth sproute, doth surely heare the name of their good man.

Their husbandes nature eke they seeke to know, and all his guise,  
When as the Sunne hath hid himselfe, and left the starrie skies,  
Vnto some woodstake do they go, and while they there do stande,  
Eche one drawes out a faggot sticke, the next that commes to hande,  
Which if it streight and euen be, and haue no knots at all,  
A gentle husband then they thinke shall surely to them fall.

But if it fowle and crooked be, and knottie here and there  
A crabbed churlish husband then, they earnestly do feare.  
These things the wicked Papistes beare, and suffer willingly,  
Bicause they neyther do the ende, nor fruites of faith espie:  
And rather had the people should obey their foolish lust,  
Than truely God to know, and in him here alone to trust.

Christmasse  
daye.

Then comes the day wherein the Lorde did bring his birch to passe,  
Whereas at midnight vp they rise, and euery man to Masse.

*Some think all*

This time so holy counted is, that diuers earnestly  
Do thinke the waters all to wine are chaunged sodainly:



In that same houre that Christ himselfe was borne, and came to light,  
And vnto water streight againe, transformde and altred quight.

*the wine is  
turnd to water,  
and back againe.*

There are beside that mindfully the money still do watch,  
That first to aultar commes, which then they priuily do snatch.  
The Priestes least other should it haue, takes oft the same away,  
Whereby they thinke throughout the yeare to haue good lucke in play,  
And not to lose: then straight at game till daylight do they strue,  
To make some present prooffe how well their hallowde pence wil thriue.

*Others watch  
for altar-  
money.*

Threë Masses euery Priest doth sing vpon that solemne day,  
With offerings vnto euery one, that so the more may play.

*3 Masses are  
sung;*

This done, a wooden childe in clowtes is on the aultar set  
About the which both boyes and gyrles do daunce and trymly set,  
And Carrols sing in prayle of Christ, and for to helpe them heare,  
The Organs aunswere euery verse, with swëete and solemne cheare.  
The Priestes doe rore aloude, and round about the parentes stande,  
To see the sport, and with their voyce do helpe them and their hande.  
Thus woont the Coribants perhaps vpon the mountaine Ide,  
The crying noyse of Iupiter new borne with song to hide,  
To daunce about him round, and on their brasen pannes to beate,  
Least that his father finding him should him destroy and eate.

*and a wooden  
Child dressd up,  
set on the altar.  
Boys and Girls  
daunce and sing  
round it,  
the Priests  
roar, and the  
Parents clap.*

Then followeth Saint Stephens day, whereon doth euery man,  
His horses saunt and course abroad, as swiftly as he can.  
Untill they doe extrêemely sweate, and than they let them blood,  
For this being done vpon this day, they say doth do them good,  
And keepesthem from all maladies and sicknesse through the yeare,  
As if that Steuen any time tooke charge of horses heare.

*Saint Steuen.  
Dec. 26.  
Horses are gal-  
lopt till they  
sweat, to keep  
em well all the  
yeare.*

Next Iohn the sonne of Zebedee hath his appoynted day,  
Who once by cruell tyrants will, constrayned was they say  
Strong poyson bp to drinke, therefore the Papistes doe helëue,  
That who so puts their trust in him, no poyson them can grëue.  
The wine beside that halowed is, in worship of his name,  
The priestes doe giue the people that bring money for the same.  
And after with the selfe same wine are little manchets made,  
Agaynst the boystrous winter stormes, and sundrie such like trade.  
The men vpon this solemne day, do take this holy wine,  
To make them strong, to do the maydes to make them faire and fine.

*Saint Iohn.  
Dec. 27.*

*Priests hallow  
wine, and sell  
it, and make  
Manchets with  
it, against  
stormes.*

Then

# The popish kingdome.

Childermasse.  
Dec. 28.

Then comes the day that calles to minde the cruell Herodes strike,  
Who seeking Christ to kill, the king of euerlasting life,  
Destroyde the little infants yong, a beast vnmercifesse,  
And put to death all such as were of two yeares age or lesse.  
To them the Anfull wretchesse crie, and earnestly do pray,  
To get them pardon for their faultes, and wipe their sinnes away.  
The Parentes when this day appeares, doe beate their children all,  
(Though nothing they deserue) and seruants all to beating fall,  
And Monkes do whip eche other well, or else their Prior great,  
Or Abbot mad, doth take in hande their bréeches all to beat:  
In worship of these Innocents, or rather as we see,  
In honour of the curled king, that did this crueltée.

Parents beat  
their children,  
seruants and  
Monks beat  
one another.

Newyeares  
day.  
Gifts are made  
to every one.

The next to this is Newyeares day, whereon to euery frende,  
They costly presents in do bring, and Newyeares giftes do sende.  
These giftes the husband giues his wife, and father eke the childe,  
And maister on his men bestowes the like, with fauour milde.  
And good beginning of the yeare they wishe and wishe againe,  
According to the auncient guise of heathen people vaine.

For 8 days no  
man asks a  
debt.  
Great feasting  
goes on.

These eight dayes no man doth require his dettes of any man,  
Their tables do they furnish out with all the meate they can:  
With March paynes, Tartes, & Custards great, they drink with staring  
They rowte and reuell, féede and feast, as merry all as Eyes: [eyes,  
As if they should at th'en trance of this newe yeare hap to die,  
Yet would they haue theyr bellies full, and auncient friendes allie.

Twelue day.  
January 6.

The wise mens day here soloweth, who out from Persia farre,  
Brought gifts and presents vnto Christ, conducted by a starre.  
The Papistes do heléue that these were kings, and so them call,  
And do affirme that of the same there were but three in all.

Every set of  
friends choofes  
a King, and  
has a feast.

Here sundrie friendes togither come, and méete in companie,  
And make a king amongst themselues by voyce or destinie:  
Who after princely guise appoyntes, his officers alway,  
Then vnto feasting doe they go, and long time after play:  
Upon their bordes in order thicke the daintie dishes stande,  
Till that their purles empty be, and creditors at hande.

Children choofe  
a Prince too.

Their children herein follow them, and choosung princes here,  
With pompe and great solemnité, they méete and make good chere:  
With

With money eyther got by stealth, or of their parents est,  
 That so they may be traynde to knowe both ryot here and theft.  
 Then also euery houtholder, to his abilitie,  
 Doth make a mightie Cake, that may suffice his companie :  
 Herein a pennie doth he put, before it come to fire,  
 This he deuides according as his houtholde doth require,  
 And euery peece distributeth, as round about they stand,  
 Which in their names vnto the poore is giuen out of hand :  
 But who so chaunceth on the peece wherein the money lies,  
 Is counted king amongst them all, and is with showtes and cries  
 Exalted to the heauens vp, who taking chalke in hande,  
 Doth make a crosse on euery beame, and rafters as they stande :  
 Great force and powre haue these agaynst all iniuries and harmes  
 Of curled deuils, sprites, and bugges, of confurings and charmes.  
 So much this king can do, so much the Crosse brings to passe,  
 Made by some seruant, maide, or childe, or by some foolish alle.  
 Twise sixe nightes then from Christmasse, they do count with diligence,  
 Wherein eche maister in his house doth burne vp Franckensence :  
 And on the Table settes a loafe, when night approacheth nere,  
 Before the Coles, and Franckensence to be perfumed there :  
 First bowing downe his heade he standes, and nose and eares, and eyes  
 He smokes, and with his mouth receyue the fume that doth arise :  
 Whom followeth streight his wife, and doth the same full solemnly,  
 And of their children euery one, and all their family :  
 Which doth preserue they say their teeth, and nose, and eyes, and eare,  
 From euery kind of maladie, and sicknesse all the yeare.  
 When euery one receyued hath this odour great and small,  
 Then one takes vp the pan with Coales, and Franckensence and all,  
 An other takes the loafe, whom all the rest do follow here,  
 And round about the house they go, with torch or tapet cleve,  
 That neither bread nor meat do want, nor witch with dreadful charme,  
 Haue powre to hurt their children, or to do their cattell harme.  
 There are that threé nightes onely do perfourme this foolish geare,  
 To this intent, and thinke themselues in safetie all the yeare.  
 To Christ dare none commit himselfe. And in these dayes beside,  
 They iudge what weather all the yeare shall happen and betide:

A scribing

*Every householder makes a big cake, and puts a penny in it. It's cut up,*

*and the man who gets the penny, is King, and is lifted up to the roof to make crosses on the rafters, against spirits.*

*At night, Frankincense is burnt, and all the family smoke their noses and eyes in it, to keep 'em sound.*

*Then they carry the pan in procession round the house, to keep witches off.*

*They foretell the year's weather too.*

# The popish kingdome.

*Young men  
dress-up, go  
singing thro the  
streets with  
Pipers.*

Ascribing to ech day a month, and at this present time,  
The youth in euery place doe flocke, and all appareld fine,  
With Pyppars through the stréetes they runne, and sing at euery dore,  
In commendation of the man, rewarded well therefore:  
Which on themselues they do bestowe, or on the Church, as though  
The people were not plagude with Roges and begging Friers enough.  
There Cities are, where boyes and gyrles togither still do runne,  
About the stréete with like, as soone as night beginnes to come,  
And bring abroad their wassell bowles, who well rewarded bée,  
With Cakes and Cheese, and great good cheare, and money plentioullée.

*Saint Agnes.  
Jan. 21.*

*Is kept at  
Rome solemnly.*

Then commes in place saint Agnes day, which here in Germanie,  
Is not so much esteénde, nor kept with such solemnité:  
But in the Popish Court it standes in passing hie degré,  
As spring and head of wondrous gaine, and great commodité.  
For in saint Agnes Church vpon this day while Masse they sing,  
Two Lambes as white as snowe, the Nonnes do yearely vse to bring:  
And when the Agnus chaunted is, vpon the aultar hie,  
(For in this thing there hidden is a solemne mysterie)

*2 snow-white  
lambes are  
offerd on the  
altar,  
  
then put to  
grass and  
shorn; and  
their wool is  
made into  
narrow Palls,*

They offer them. The seruants of the Pope when this is done,  
Do put them into Pasture good till shearing time be come.  
Then other wooll they mingle with these holy fleeces twaine,  
Whereof being sponne and drest, are made the Pals of passing gaine:  
Thrée fingers commonly in bredth, and wrought in compasse so,  
As on the Bishops shoulders well they round about may go.  
These Pals thus on the shoulders set, both on the backe and brest,  
Haue labels hanging something lowe, the endes whereof are drest,  
And typte with plates of weightie lead, and besture blacke at ayde,  
And last of all to make an ende, with knots are surely stayde.

*with labels  
tipt with lead.*

Diopfull day of Agnes, and to Papistes full of gaine,  
D precious worthie Lambes, D wooll most fortunate againe.  
D happie they that spin and weaue the same, whose handes may touch  
This holy wooll, and make these Pals of price and vertue such.  
For by the same the Bishops haue their full authoritie,  
And Metropolitanes are forced, these dearely for to buie.  
Bestowing sometime eight, or ten, yea thirrie thousand crownes,  
Ere halfe the yeare be full expirde, for these same pelting gownes.

*These Palls  
Bishops and  
Archbishops are  
forc'd to buy at  
high prices.*

He can they vse the Pall that was their predecessors late,  
 Nor play the Bishop, nor receyue the Primates hie estate,  
 Till that he get one of his owne: with such like subtiltie,  
 The Pope doth all men powle, without respect of Simonie.

Perchauce such force doth not in these same holy Lambes remaine,  
 Nor of it selfe the wooll so much, nor all the weauers paine,  
 As these same powlers seeme to say: for thus these palles being wrought,  
 Are streight waies to S. Peters Church by hands of Deacons brought,  
 And vnderneath the aultar all the night they buryed lie,  
 Among saint Peters reliques and saint Paules his fellow bie.  
 From hence the sacred iuyce they draw, and powre celestially,  
 As if the holy ghost should giue these Clarkes his vertue all.

*The Palls are put under the altar in St. Peter's, among his relics, for one night, and thence are thought to draw heavenly power.*

Strauunge Reliques sure, and bodies eke of passing landitie,  
 That to such lowlye clokes can giue so great authoritie.  
 Who would not more esteeme you nowe then when you here did liue,  
 When as no clokes at all you did vnto your Bishops giue,  
 Nor fed so many paunches great, nor shauen companies,  
 With foule illusions and deceptes and shamelesse suttelties?

*Foul deceits!*

Nowe silver do you giue and heapes of golde togither rake  
 From euery realme, and for a denne of theeues prouision make.  
 Farre be it from me that I should thus of you beleue or say:

But what so holy in this worlde hath bene, or is this day,  
 That this same wicked Papacie doth not conuert to gaine?  
 Thy'almightie Lord himselfe aboue in safetie cannot raigne.

*What holy thing haue'n't the Papists turn'd to gain?*

Nowe here the Papistes do declare from whom at first did spring,  
 The vse of this same pelting Pall, and this vnseemely thing.  
 And here a thousand lyes they make, from auncient fathers olde,  
 They say the first inuention came, ne dare they yet be bolde  
 To burthen Peter with the same, for feare they saint in prooffe,  
 But do reiect, not probably, yet farther of alooffe.

Such folly and ambition great, whereat you wonder may.

For Linus he that Peter first succeeded as they say,  
 And gupped next the sea of Rome, first tooke this same in hande,  
 That woollen garment might in steede of lynnene Ephod stande.  
 But where was Agnes at this tyme? who offered vp and how,  
 The two white Lambes? where then was Masse as it is vled now?

*They say these Palls were instituted by St. Peter's successor.*

## The popish kingdome.

Pea where was then the popish state, and dreadfull Monarchie?  
 Sure in saint Austens time, there were no Palles at Rome to see:  
 When Bishops all had equall powre, although as stories tell,  
 The romishe Bishop did the reast in worthinesse excell.  
 Thus Papistes neuer count it shame, nor any fault to lie,  
 So they may get great summes of golde, and rayse their kingdome hie.

Candelmasse.  
 Feb. 2.

*Big Tapers are  
 blest in Church,  
 then lighted,  
 put out, and  
 kept to light  
 against  
 thunder,  
 devils, and  
 spirits that  
 walk by night.*

Then comes the day wherein the virgin offred Christ vnto  
 The father chiefe, as Moyles law commaunded hir to do.  
 Then numbers great of Tapers large, both men and women beare  
 To Church, being halowed there with pomp, & dreadfull words to heare.  
 This done, eche man his Candell lightes, where chiefeest seemeth hie,  
 Whose taper greatest may be scene, and fortunate to bee:  
 Whose Candell burneth cleare and bright, a wondrous force and might  
 Doth in these Candels lie, which if at any time they light,  
 They sure beleue that neyther storme nor tempest dare abide,  
 For thunder in the skies be heard, nor any devils spide,  
 For fearefull sprites that walke by night, nor hurts of frost or haile,  
 How easily can these fellowes all these hurly hurlyes quail?  
 That needlesse is it nowe to put their trust in Christ alone,  
 Or to commit all things to him that sittes in chiefeest throne.

Blase. Feb. 3.

*The Holy-  
 Water man.  
 Barrels of it  
 are drawn  
 thro' one of his  
 bones.*

Then followeth good sir Blase, who doth a wahren Candell giue,  
 And holy water to his men, whereby they safely liue.  
 I diuers Barrels oft haue scene, drawne out of water cleare,  
 Through one small blessed bone of this same holy martyr heare:  
 And caryed thence to other townes and Cities farre away,  
 Ech superstition doth require such earnest kinde of play:  
 But in the meane time noman seekes for Christ and God aboute,  
 For dare content themselues to haue his fauour and his loue.

Shrouetide  
 (Shrove Tues-  
 day varies  
 from Feb. 3 to  
 March 9),  
 Is a regular  
 Carnival,  
 Drinking and  
 feasting go on  
 for 4 days,  
 with cards,

Now when at length the pleasant time of Shrouetide comes in place,  
 And cruell fasting dayes at hande approch with solemne grace:  
 Then olde and yong are both as mad, as ghestes of Bacchus feast,  
 And foure dayes long they ripple square, and seede and neuer reast.  
 Downe goes the Hogges in euery place, and puddings euery wheare  
 Do swarme: the Dice are shakte and tost, and Cardes apace they teare:  
 In euery house are showtes and cryes, and mirth, and reuell route,  
 And daintie tables spred, and all be set with ghestes aboute:

With

With Iundric playes and Christmalle games, & feare and shame away,  
 The tongue is set at libertie, and hath no kinde of stay.  
 All thinges are lawfull then and done, no pleasure passed by,  
 That in their mindes they can devise, as if they then should die:  
 The chiefest man is he, and one that most deserveth prayse,  
 Among the rest that can finde out the fondest kinde of playes.  
 On him they looke and gaze vpon, and laugh with lustie cheare,  
 Whom boyes do follow, crying foole, and such like other geare.  
 He in the meane time thinkes himselfe a wondrous worthy man,  
 Not moued with their wordes nor cries, do whatsoeuer they can.  
 Some sort there are that runne with stauces, or fight in armour fine,  
 Or shew the people foolish toys, for some small péce of wine.  
 Eche partie hath his fauourers, and saythfull friendes enowe,  
 That readie are to turne themselues, as fortune list to bowe.  
 But some againe the dreadfull shape of deuils on them take,  
 And chase such as they méete, and make poore boyes for feare to quake.  
 Some naked runne about the stréetes, their faces hid alone,  
 With visars close, that so disguilde, they might be knowne of none.  
 Both men and women chaunge their wéede, the men in maydes aray,  
 And wanton wenches dress like men, doe trauell by the way,  
 And to their neighbours houses go, or where it likes them best,  
 Perhaps vnto some auncient friend or olde acquainted ghest,  
 Unknowne, and speaking but fewe wordes, the meate deuour they vp,  
 That is before them set, and cleane they swinge of euery cup.  
 Some runne about the stréets attyrde like Monks, and some like kings,  
 Accompanied with pompe and garde, and other stately things. [lucke,  
 Some hatch yong fooles as hennes do egges with good and speedie  
 Or as the Goose doth vse to do, or as the quacking ducke.  
 Some like wilde beastes doe runne abroad in skinnes that diuers bée  
 Arayde, and eke with lothsome shapes, that dreadfull are to see:  
 They counterfet both Beares and Woolues, and Lions fierce in sight,  
 And raging Bulles. Some play the Cranes with wings & silts vp right.  
 Some like the filthy forme of Apes, and some like fooles are dress,  
 Which best beséeme these Papistes all, that thus kéepe Bacchus feast.  
 But others beare a torde, that on a Cushion soft they lay,  
 And one there is that with a flap doth kéepe the flies away.

*mirth, and  
 revels.  
 Every one does  
 as he likes,*

*and the best  
 man is he who  
 finds out the  
 filliest games.*

*Some men get  
 up fights;*

*some dress like  
 Devils;*

*some run about  
 naked.*

*Girls dress like  
 men, and go  
 and feast at  
 neighbours'  
 houses.*

*Some folk dress  
 up like wild  
 beasts, or*

*cranes or apes.*

# The popish kingdome.

I would there might an other be an officer of those,  
Whose roome might serue to take away the scent from euery nose.  
Some others make a man all stuf with straw or ragges within,  
Apparayled in dublet faire, and hosen passing trim :  
Whom as a man that lately dyed of honest life and fame,  
In blanket hid they beare about, and streightwayes with the same  
They hurle him vp into the ayre, not suffering him to fall,  
And this they doe at diuers tymes the Citie ouer all.

*Some make a  
Guy, and toss  
him in a  
blanket.*

*They dance  
lewedly.*

I shew not here their daunces yet, with filthy lectures in ad,  
Nor other wanton sportes that on these holydayes are had.  
There places are where such as hap to come within this dore,  
Though olde acquainted friendes they be, or neuer seene before  
And say not first here by your leaue, both in and out I go,  
They binde their handes behinde their backes, nor any difference tho  
Of man or woman is there made, but Balcons ringing great,  
Before them do they daunce with ioy, and sport in euery street.  
There are that certaine prayers haue that on the Tuesday fall,  
Against the quartaine Ague, and the other Feuerys all.

*They tie folk's  
hands behind  
their backs,  
and dance be-  
fore them,  
jingling basins.*

But others than lowe Dnyon seede, the greater to be seene,  
And Persley eke, and Lettys both, to haue them alwayes greene.  
Of truth I loth for to declare the foolish toyes and trickes,  
That in these dayes are done by these same popish Catholickes :  
If knowe lie deepe vpon the ground, and almost thawing bee,  
Then fooles in number great thou shalt in euery corner see :  
For balles of snow they make, and them one at another cast,  
Till that the conquerde part doth yeelde and run away at last.  
No Matrone olde nor sober man can freely by them come,  
At home he must abide that will these wanton fellowes shonne.

*If there's  
snow, they pelt  
one another  
with snow-  
balls.*

*Rich men and  
their families,  
in waggons  
with fast  
horses, and 100  
jingling bells  
round their  
necks, gallop  
madly thro the  
streets.*

Besides the noble men, the riche, and men of hie degre,  
Least they with common people should not seeme so mad to bee,  
There wagons finely framde before, and for this matter meete,  
And lustie horse and swift of pace, well trapt from head to teete  
They put therein, about whose necke and euery place before,  
A hundred jingling belles do hang, to make his courage more.  
Their wiues and children therein set, behinde themselues do stande,  
Well armde with whips, and holding fast the bridle in their hande,

With



With all their force throughout the streets and market place they run,  
 As if some whirlwinde mad, or tempest great from skies should come.  
 As fast as may be from the streets, th' amazed people flye,  
 And giues them place while they about doe runne continually.  
 Hea sometime legges or armes they breake, and horse and carte and all  
 They ouerthrow, with such a force, they in their course doe fall.  
 Much lesse they man or childe doe spare, that meetes them in the waye,  
 For they content themselues to vse this madnesse all the daye:  
 But euen till midnight holde they on, their pastimes for to make,  
 Whereby they hinder men of sleepe, and cause their heades to ake.  
 But all this same they care not for, nor doe esteeme a heare,  
 So they may haue their pleasure still, and foolish wanton geare.

*This madnes  
 goes on up to  
 midnight.*

The Wednesday next a solemne day, to Church they early go,  
 To sponge out all the foolish deedes by them committed so,  
 They money giue, and on their heddes, the Priestes doth ashes lay,  
 And with his holy water washeth all their sinnes away:  
 In woondrous sort against the veniall sinnes doth profite this,  
 Yet here no stay of madnesse now, nor ende of follie is,  
 With mirth to dinner straight they go, and to their wonted playe,  
 And on their deuills shapes they put, and sprightish sonde araye.  
 Some sort there are that mourning go, with lantarnes in their hande,  
 While in the day time Titan bright, amid the skies doth stande:  
 And seeke their throftide Bachanals, still crying euery where,  
 Where are our feastes become? alas the cruell fates appere.  
 Some beare about a herring on a staffe, and lowde doe core,  
 Herrings, herrings, skincking herrings, puddings now no more.  
 And hereto ioyne they foolish playes, and doltish doggrel rimes,  
 And what beside they can inuent, belonging to the times.  
 Some other beare vpon a staffe their fellowes horsed hie,  
 And carie them vnto some ponde, or running riuer nie,  
 That what so of their foolish feast, doth in them yet remaine,  
 May vnderneath the fload be plungde, and washt away againe.  
 Some children doe intise with Nuttes, and peares abrode to play,  
 And singing through the towne they go, before them all the way.  
 In some place all the youthfull flocke, with minstrels doe reaire,  
 And out of euery house they plucke the girles, and maydens fayre.

*Ashwednes-  
 day  
 (varies from  
 Feb. 4 to  
 March 10).*

*Priests lay  
 ashes on folk's  
 heads, and  
 wash all their  
 sins away with  
 holy water.  
 But still they go  
 on with their  
 larks.*

*They carry  
 about a herring  
 on a staff, and  
 sing doggrel  
 rymes; or  
 borne a man,  
 and beare him  
 into a pond.*

*Others pull*

And

# The popish kingdome.

*girls out, har-  
ness em in a  
plough,*

*and driue em  
thro the streets  
and some  
stream;  
and then sup  
and dance.*

*Even on Sun-  
day they drink  
and dice.*

Lent.

*For 40 days  
(Ash-Wensday  
the 1st) only  
salt-fish,*

*onions, browne  
bread and leeks  
are eaten.*

*The Images  
in Churches  
are covered up,  
and painted  
cloths shewn  
declaring God's  
wrath.*

*Care Sunday.  
Passion or  
Carle Sunday,  
the 5th in Lent.*

And them to plough they straitwayes put, with whip one doth them hit,  
Another holdes the plough in hande, the Winstrell here doth sit  
Amidde the same, and drounken songes, with gaping mouth he sings,  
Whome foloweth one that sowes out lande, or ashes fondely flings.

When thus they through the streets haue plaide, the man y<sup>e</sup> guideth all  
Doth driue both plough & maydens through some ponde or riuer small:  
And dabbled all with dirt, and wringing wette as they may bee,  
To supper calles, and after that to daunting lustilée.

The follie that these dayes is vsde, can no man well declare,  
Their wanton pastimes, wicked actes, and all their franticke fare.

On Sunday at the length they leaue, their mad and foolish game,  
And yet not so, but that they drinke, and dice away the same.

Thus at the last to Bacchus is this day appoynted cleare,

Then (O poore wretches) fastings long approaching doe appeare :

In fourtie dayes they neyther milke, nor fleshe, nor egges doe eate,  
And butter with their lippes to touch, is thought a trespasse great :

Both Ling and saltfish they deuoure, and fish of euery sorte,  
Whose purse is full, and such as liue in great and welthie porte :

But onyans, browne bread, leekes and salt, must poore men dayly  
And fry their oten cakes in oyle. The Pope deuilde this law [gnaw  
for sinnes, th'offending people here from hell and death to pull,  
Belkeuing not that all their sinnes, were earst forgien full.

Yet here these wofull soules he helpes, and taking money fast,  
Doth all things set at libertie, both egges and flesh at last.

The Images and pictures now are couerde secretlie,

In euery Church, and from the beames, the rooke and rafters hie

Hanges painted linnen clothes that to the people doth declare,

The wrath and furie great of God, and times that fasted are.

Then all men are constrainde their sinnes, by cruell law to tell,  
And threatned if they hide but one, with dreadfull death and hell.

From hence no little gaines vnto the Priestes doth still arise,  
And of the Pope the shambles doth appeare in healtly wise.

Now comes the Sunday forth, of this same great and holy fast,  
Here doth the Pope the shriuen blesse, absolving them at last,  
From all their sinnes, and of the Jewes the law he doth alow,  
As if the power of God had not sufficient bene till now.

Or that the law of Moyses here, were still of force and might,  
 In these same happie dayes, when Christ doth raigne w' heauenly light.  
 The boyes with ropes of straw doth frame an ugly monster here,  
 And call him death, whom from the towne, with crowd & solemn chere  
 To hilles and valleyes they conuey, and villages thereby,  
 From whence they stragling doe retorne, well beaten commonly.  
 Thus children also beare with speares, their Cracknelles round about,  
 And two they haue, whereof the one is called Sommer stout:  
 Apparalde all in greene, and drest in youthfull fine arape,  
 The other Winter, clad in mosse with heare all hoare and grape:  
 These two together fight, of which the Palme doth Sommer get,  
 From hence to meate they go, and all with wine their whistles wet.  
 The other toys that in this time, of holly fastes appeare,  
 I loth to tell, nor order like, is vbled euery wheare.

*All folk are  
 absold.  
 The boys draw  
 a guy of Death  
 into the country.*

*They haue 2  
 guys of Sum-  
 mer and Win-  
 ter, and make  
 Summer beat  
 Winter.*

Here comes that worthie day wherein, our sauior Christ is thought,  
 To come vnto Ierusalem, on asses shoulders brought:  
 When as againe these Papistes sonde, their foolish pageantes haue,  
 With pompe and great solemnitie, and countnaunce wondrous graue.  
 A wooden Ass they haue, and Image great that on him rides,  
 But vnderneath the Asses seete, a table broade there slides,  
 Being borne on wheeles, which ready drest, and al things meete therefore  
 The Ass is brought abroad and set before the Churches doore:  
 The people all do come and bowes of trees and palmes they here,  
 Which things against the tempest great, the Parson coniures there,  
 And straytwapes downe before the Ass, vpon his face he lies,  
 Whome there an other Priest doth strike with rodde of largest size:  
 He rising vp, two lubbours great vpon their faces fall,  
 In straunge attire and lothsomely, with silthie tune they ball:  
 Who when againe they risen are, with stretching out their hande,  
 They poynt vnto the wooden knight, and singing as they stande  
 Declare that that is he that came, into the worlde to saue,  
 And to redēme such as in him their hope assured haue:  
 And euen the same that long agoe while in the streate he roade,  
 The people mette, and Oliue bowes so thicke before hym stroade.  
 This being sounge, the people cast the braunches as they passe,  
 Some part vpon the Image, and some part vpon the Ass.

*Palme Sun-  
 day  
 (varies from  
 March 15 to  
 April 18).*

*They set a  
 wooden Ass,  
 ridden by an  
 image, on  
 wheels, before  
 the Church  
 door.*

*Folk bring  
 boughs.*

*Two lubbers  
 sing that the  
 Image is Christ,  
 and*

*the people cast  
 their boughs on  
 the Image.*

Before

# The popish kingdome.

*The Ass is drawn into the Church, and folk pick up the boughs to protect them from storms.*

*(Some rich men hire this Ass and take it about-withem.)*

*After dinner boys drag the Ass about the streets, and get money and eggs for it; half of which goes to the Priest.*

*Maundy Thursday. (Day before Good Friday).*

*For 3 days the bells are still, and then rung lowdly. 3. Midnight ser-vices are held in Church, the lights are put out, and a*

Before whose feete a wondrous heape, of bowes and braunches ly,  
 This done, into the Church he strayght, is drawne full solemnly :  
 The shauen Priestes before them marche, the people follow fast,  
 Still striving who shall gather first the bowes that downe are cast :  
 For falsely they beleue that these, haue force and vertue great,  
 Against the rage of winter stormes, and thunders flashing heate.  
 Are Idoles worshipt otherwise, are these not wicked things ?  
 Euen I my selfe haue earst behelde, both wise and mightie Kings  
 Desilde with this religion vile, that on their knees haue kneelde,  
 Vnto these stockes, and honour due to God, to them did yelde.  
 In some place wealthie Citizens, and men of sober chere  
 For no small summe doe hire this Ass, with them about to bere,  
 And manerly they ble the same, not suffering any hy,  
 To touch this Ass, nor to presume vnto his presence ny :  
 For they suppose that in this thing, they Christ doe highly serue,  
 And well of him accepted are, and great rewardes deserue.  
 If any man shall happe to thinke, them Asses here in this,  
 I sure beleue he is not much deceyde, nor thinke amiss.  
 When as the Priestes and people all haue ended this the sport,  
 The boyes doe after dinner come, and to the Church resort :  
 The Serten pleade with price, and looking well no harme be done,  
 They take the Ass, and through the stréetes, & crooked lanes they rone,  
 Whereas they common verses sing, according to the guise,  
 The people giuing money, breade, and egges of largest cise.  
 Of this their gaines they are compelde, the maister halfe to giue,  
 Least he alone without his portion of the Ass shoulde liue.  
 From Thursday then till Easter come, the fondest topes haue place  
 Wherin these cathlikes thinke themselues, great men of wondrous grace  
 First threé dayes space the belles are wilde, in silence for to lie,  
 When from the toppes of hawtie towres, with clappers lowd they drie.  
 The boyes in euery street doe runne, and noyses great they make,  
 While as in calling men to Church their wooden clappers shake.  
 Threé nightes at midnight by they rise, their Mattens for to heare,  
 Appoynted well with clubbes and staues, and stones in order theare :  
 The Serten straightrayes putteth out the candles speedely,  
 And straigh the Priest with rustie throte, alowde begins to cry.

Then

Then furious rage begins to spring, and hurlyburly rise,  
 On petwes and delkes and leates they bounce, & beate in dredfull wise:  
 Thou wouldst suppose they were posselt, with sprighes and deuills all,  
 Or fury such as forceth them, that vpon Baccus call.

*regular shindy  
 follows,*

Some beaten downe with clubbes and staues, amongst the petwes do ly  
 And others almost brainde with stones, or wounded mortally.  
 Well serues the darckenesse for these deedes, and thereto doth agréé,  
 The fashions like of euery one, that thus enraged bée.

*men being  
 beaten and  
 wounded.*

Here wicked Iudas all to torne, with vile reproches lies,  
 And Marie in the darcke is calde vpon with childish cries.  
 That she be mercifull and helpe, and heale the faultes that bée,  
 And through hir powre deliuer them, from hurt and miserée.

These things vn to these feastes belonges, the candles being light,  
 An Image fastned to a crosse is caried all vpright:

*Then candles  
 are lighted,  
 and a lantern's  
 hung round an  
 image's neck.*

A lantern rounde about his necke, is hangde to shew the way,  
 Are not these popish foolish toyes, a pretie kinde of play?

This day the oyle and glasses of the Bishop hallowed bée,  
 And twise threé times saluting them, he lowly bendes his knée.

*The Bishop's  
 oil and glasses  
 are blest, and  
 the altar-cloths  
 washt.*

The Cannons after doe the same, with laughter wouldst thou faint,  
 And woonder farre to see them make, their spéechelesse glasse a saint.

Their dinner done, from th'aultar all their costly clothes they take,  
 And wash it, rubbing it with bowes, and bromes that they doe make:

Then water on they powre and wine crossewise there on they lay,  
 And to the patron of ech aultar, humbly doe they pray,

That they vouchsafe to looke vpon theyr seruants worshipping,  
 And to alwage the furie great, of Ioue the thundring King.

And here the Monkes their maundie make, with sundrie Solemne rights  
 And signes of great humilitie, and wondrous pleasaunt sights.

*The Monkes  
 make their  
 Maundy, and  
 wash each  
 other's feet.*

Ech one the others fete doth wash, and wipe them cleane and drie,  
 With hatefull minde, and secret frawde, that in their hearts doth lye

As if that Christ with his examples, did these thinges require,  
 And not to helpe our brethren here, with zeale and frée desire,

Ech one supplying others want, in all thinges that they may,  
 As he himselke a seruant made, to serue vs euery way.

Then strait the loaues doe walke, and pottes in euery place they skinke  
 Wherewith the holy fathers oft, to pleasaunt damselfs drinke,

*Then they take  
 to loaf and pot.*

And

# The popish kingdome.

And sure with no dissembling heart, for true as steele they beé,  
And often times they put in prooffe their great fidelitée.

Good friday.  
(varies from  
March 22 to  
April 25).

2 Priests lay  
the Image of  
the Crucifix on  
Turkey carpets,  
and worship  
this wooden  
God.

Two Priestesses the next day following, vpon their shouldders beare,  
The Image of the Crucifix, about the altar neare:  
Being clad in coape of crimozen die, and dolefully they sing  
At length before the steps his coate pluckt of they straight him bring,  
And vpon Turkey Carpettes lay him downe full tenderly,  
With cushions vnderneath his heade, and pillowes heaped hie:  
Then flat vpon the grounde they fall, and kisse both hande and féeete,  
And worship so this wooden God, with honour farre vn méete.  
Then all the shauen sort falles downe, and foloweth them herein,  
As workeimen chiefe of wickednesse, they first of all begin:

The simple folk  
bring gifts,  
sweet to the  
poll-shorn  
crew.

And after them the simple soules, the common people come,  
And worship him with diuers gistes, as Golde, and siluer some:  
And others corne or egges againe, to poulshorne persons swéete,  
And eke a long desired price, for wicked worship méete.

How are the Idoles worshipped, if this religion here  
Be Catholike, and like the Epowes of Christ accounted dere?  
Besides with Images the more, their pleasure here to take.  
And Christ that euery where doth raigne, a laughing stocke to make,

The Priests  
dress and bring  
an image of  
Christ.

An other Image doe they get, like one but newly deade,  
With legges stretcht out at length and handes, vpon his hody spreade:  
And him with pompe and sacred song, they beare vnto his graue,  
His bodie all being wrapt in lawne, and silkes and sarcenet braue,  
The boyes before with clappers go, and silthie noyses make,  
The Serten beares the light, the people hereof knowledge take:  
And downe they knéele, or kissethe grounde, their handes helde by abroad  
And knocking on their breastes they make, this wooden blocke a God:  
And least in graue he shoulde remaine, without some companie,

Singing bread  
is laid with the  
image in the  
grave;

The singing bread is layde with him, for more idolatrie:  
The Priest the Image worships first, as falleth to his turne, [burne:  
And franckenlence and swéete perfumes, before the breade doth  
With tapers, all the people come, and at the barriars stay,  
Where downe vpon their knées they fall, and night and day they pray:  
And violets and euery kinde of flowres about the graue

flowers are  
strewed about it

They straw, and bring in all their gistes, and presents that they haue.

The

The singing men their Dirges chaunt, as if some guiltie soule  
Were buried there, that thus they may, the people better poule.

*and Dirges  
sung.*

On Easter eue the fire all, is quencht in euery place,  
And fresh againe from out the flint, is fetcht with Solemne grace:  
The Priest doth halow this against great daungers many one,  
A brande whereof doth euery man with greedie minde take home,  
That when the fearefull storme appeares, or tempest blacke arise,  
By lighting this he safe may be, from stroke of hurtfull skies:  
A Taper great, the paschall namde, with musicke then they blesse,  
And frantkenlence herein they pricke, for greater holynesse:  
This burneth night and day as signe, of Christ that conquerde hell,  
As if to be this foolish toy, sufficeth this to tell.

*Easter eue.*

*All fires are  
put out; and a  
brand blest, to  
keep off storms.*

*The Paschal  
Taper is burnt  
day and night.*

Then doth the Bishop or the Priest, the water halow straight,  
That for their baptism is referude: for now no more of waight  
Is that they vld the yeare before, nor can they any more,  
Wong children christen with the same, as they haue done before.  
With woondrous pompe and furniture, amid the Church they go,  
With candles, crosses, banners, Chrisme, and oyle appoynted tho:  
Nine times about the font they marche, and on the saintes doe call,  
Then still at length they stande, and straight the Priest begins withall,  
And thrise the water doth he touche, and crosses thereon make,  
Here higge and harbrous wordes he speakes, to make the deuill quake:  
And holsome waters coniureth, and foolishly doth dreffe,  
Supposing holpar that to make, which God before did blesse:

*Water is made  
boly for next  
year's bap-  
tisms.*

*A Proceffion  
marches 9 times  
round the font,  
and the Priest  
hallows the  
Water,*

And after this his candle than, he thrusteth in the floode, [foode:  
And thrise he breathes thereon with breath, that stinckes of former  
And making here an ende, his Chrisme he poureth therebpon,  
The people staring hereat stande, amazed euery one:  
Beléeuing that great powre is giuen to this water here,  
By gaping of these learned men, and such like triding gere.  
Therefore in vessels brought they draw, and home they carie some,  
Against the grieues that to them selues, or to their beastes may come.  
Then Clappers cease, and belles are set againe at libertée,  
And herewithall the hungrie times of fasting ended bée.

*pouring his  
Chrism on it.*

*Folk carry  
some home, and*

*fasting is over.*

*Easter day.*

At midnight then with carefull minde, they vp to mattens ries,  
The Clarke doth come, and after him, the Priest with staring eyes:

# The popish kingdome.

*They take the  
buried Image  
out of the  
grave, put*

The Image and the breade from out the graue (a worthe sight)  
They take, and Angels two they place in vesture white,  
And rounde about ech place appéeres, all boyde of standers by  
Saue onely that the watchmen there, amazed séeme to ly.  
But yet I thinke the trembling of the earth they neuer see,  
Nor of the heauenly messenger, the flaming maiestie.

*another on the  
Altar, and sing  
'Christ is  
risen.'*

An other Image of a Conquerour they forth doe bring,  
And on the aultar place, and then, they lustily doe sing,  
That Gates of hell a sunder burst, and Sathan ouerthrowne,  
Christ from his graue is risen by, and now aliue is knowne.  
Which yet they thinke not so to be, as plainly doth appéere,  
By their Religion, doubtles, and feare, and by their doings here.

*Pageants are  
playd by  
maskers: as  
the 3 Marias  
at the  
Sepulchre.*

In some place soleme sightes and showes, & Pageants sayre are playd,  
With sundrie sortes of maskers braue, in straunge attire arayd,  
As where the Marias thrée doe méete, the sepulchre to see,  
And Iohn with Peter swiftly runnes, before him there to be.  
These things are done with iecture such, and with so pleasaunt game,  
That euen the grauest men that liue, woulde laugh to see the same.

*Feasting begins  
at midnight.*

At midnight strait, not tarying till the daylight doe appéere,  
Some gettes in flesh, and glutton lyke, they séede vpon their chéere.  
They rost their flesh, and custardes great, and egges and radish store,  
And trifles, clouted creame, and chéese, and whatsoeuer more  
At first they list to eat, they bring into the temple straight,  
That so the Priest may halow them with wordes of wondrous waight.

*Friars and  
Priests get fees.*

The Friars besides, & pelting Priestes, from house to house doe roame,  
Receyuing gaine of euery man that this will haue at home.

*Radishes are  
eaten against  
the quartan  
ague.*

Some raddish rootes this day doe take before all other meate,  
Against the quartan ague and such other sicknesse great.

*Papists don't  
believe in life  
by Christ alone.*

What should I shew their forced sayth and great hypocrisie,  
When as of Christ they doe receyue the dredfull misterie?  
Which they ne woulde if that they learde not lightnings of the Pope,  
For none of them beléueth here, nor none of them doth hope  
That they receyue eternall life, and euerlasting seate,  
By death of Iesus Christ, and by his crosse and triumph great.  
For who should teache to them the same, since euery Popes decree,  
Their doctrine, sayth, and all their rightes, to this contrarie be?

Straight



Straight after this, into the fieldes they walke to take the bleswe,  
 And to their woonted life they fall, and bid the reast adewe:  
 Go nowe and laugh the Jewes to scorne, and all the Turkes that bee,  
 For fayth, religion, lawes, and life, and their Idolatree.  
 Sure wondrous wise and good they be, if that thou wilt compare  
 Them with these doltish Papistes here, that blinde and beastly are.

*Then folk fall  
 to their old life  
 again.*

Nowe comes the day wherein they gad abroad, with crosse in hande,  
 To boundes of euery field, and round about their neighbours lande:  
 And as they go, they sing and pray to euery saint aboute,  
 But to our Ladie specially, whom most of all they loue.

*Procession  
 weeke.  
 (Rogation Sun-  
 day is the 5th  
 after Easter  
 Day.)  
 Bounds are  
 beaten.*

When as they to the towne are come, the Church they enter in,  
 And looke what saint that Church doth guide, they humbly pray to him,  
 That he preferue both corne and fruite, from storme and tempest great,  
 And them defend from harme, and send them store of drinke and meat.  
 This done, they to the Tauerne go, or in the fields they dine,  
 Where downe they sit and see a pace, and fill themselues with wine,  
 So much that oftentymes without the Crosse they come away,  
 And miserably they reele, till as their stomacke by they lay.

*Then folk dine  
 and drink at  
 the tavern or  
 in the fields.*

These things three dayes continually are done, with solemne sport,  
 With many Crosses often they vnto some Church resort,  
 Whereas they all do chaunt aloude, wherby there streight doth spring,  
 A bawling noyse, while euery man seekes hyghest for to sing:  
 The Priestes giue eare, this madnesse them doth most of all content,  
 And wine to them that passe the reast, is from the Parson sent.

*This lasts 3  
 days.*

Then comes the day when Christ ascended to his fathers seate,  
 Which day they also celebrate, with store of drinke and meate.  
 Then euery man some birde must eate, I know not to what ende,  
 And after dinner all to church they come, and there attende.  
 The blocke that on the aultar still, till then was seene to stande,  
 Is drawne vp hie about the roofe, by ropes, and force of hande:  
 The Priestes about it rounde do stand, and chaunt it to the skie,  
 For all these mens religion great, in singing most doth lie.  
 Then out of hande the dreadfull shape of Sathan downe they throw,  
 Oft times with fire burning bright, and dasht a lunder tho,  
 The boyes with greedie eyes do watch, and on him straight they fall,  
 And beate him sore with rods, and breake him into peeces small.

*Ascension  
 day  
 (varies from  
 April 30 to  
 June 3).  
 Birds are eaten  
 (as ascenders).  
 The Image on  
 the Altar is  
 heaved above  
 the roof.  
 One of Satan  
 is thrown  
 down, and  
 broken to peeces.*

This

## The popish kingdome.

This done, they wafers downe doe cast, and singing Takes the while,  
With Papers round amongst them put, the children to beguile. [let  
With laughter great are all things done: and from the beames they  
Great streams of water downe to fall, on whom they meane to wet,  
And thus this solemne holiday, and hye renowned feast,  
And all their whole deuotion here, is ended with a feast.

*Water is let  
fall on people  
below.*

Whitfunday  
*(varies from  
May 10 to  
June 13).  
White Pigeons  
are flown.*

Corpus Christi  
day  
*(Thursday  
after Trinity  
Sunday, May  
17 to June 20).*

Hallowd  
bread is borne  
about the  
Church under  
a canopy.

Plays of  
Christ's Passion  
are acted; of  
Ursula and her  
Virgins; St.  
George and  
the Dragon,

*St. Sebastian,*

*St. Katherine,*

*St. Barbara,  
and other  
Pageants.*

*St. John walks  
before the  
Hallowd  
Bread.*

On Whitunday, whyte Pigeons tame, in strings from heauen flie,  
And one that framed is of wood, still hangeth in the skie.

Thou seeest how they with Idols play, and teach the people to,  
None otherwise then little gyrles with Puppets ble to do.

Then doth ensue the solemne feast of Corpus Christi day,  
Who then can shewe their wicked ble, and sonde and foolish play?

The hallowd bread with worship great, in siluer Pix they beare  
About the Church, or in the Citie passing here and theare.

His armes that beares the same, two of the welthiest men do holde,  
And ouer him a Canopey of silke and cloth of golde

Foure others ble to beare aloofe, least that some silthie thing  
Should fall from hie, or some mad birde hir douning thereon should sing.

Christes passion here derided is, with sundrie makkes and playes,  
Faire Urley with hir maydens all, doth passe amid the wayes:

And valiant George, with speare thou killest the dreadfull dragon here;  
The deuils house is drawne about, wherein there doth appere

A wondrous sort of damned sprites, with foule and fearefull looke;  
Great Christopher doth wade and passe with Christ amid the brooke:

Sebastian full of feathred shaftes, the dint of dart doth seele;  
There walketh Kathren with hir sworde in hande, and cruell whéele:

The Challis and the singing Cake, with Barbara is led,  
And sundrie other Pageants playde in worship of this bred,

That please the foolish people well: what should I stande vpon,  
Their Banners, Crofles, Candlestickes, and reliques many on,

Their Cuppes and carued Images, that Priestes with countnance hie,  
Or rude and common people beare about full solemlie?

Saint John before the bread doth go, and poynting towardes him,  
Doth shew the same to be the Lambe that takes away our sinne:

On whome two clad in Angels shape, do sundrie flowers sing,  
A number great of sacring Belles, with pleasant sounde doe ring.

The

The common wayes with bowes are strawde, and euery streete beside,  
And to the walles and windowes all, are boughes and braunches tide.

The Monkes in euery place do roame, the Nonnes abroad are sent,  
The Priestes and schoolemen lowde do rore, some vse the instrument.

The straunger passing through the streete, vpon his knees doe fall:  
And earnestly vpon this bread, as on his God doth call.

*Strangers fall  
on their knees  
to it.*

For why, they count it for their Lorde, and that he doth not take  
The forme of flesh, but nature now of breade that we do bake.

A number great of armed men here all this while doe stande,  
To looke that no disorder be, nor any filching hande :

*Armd men keep  
order, and look  
out for thieues.*

For all the Church goodes out are brought, which certainly would bee  
A bootie good, if euery man might haue his libertée.

This bread eight dayes togither they in presence out do bring,  
The Organs all do then resound, and priestes alowde do sing :

The people flat on faces fall, their handes helde vp on hie,  
Beléeuing that they see their God, and soueraigne maiestie.

*Organs play,  
folk fall on  
their faces, the  
Bread is lifted  
up, &c.*

The like at Masse they doe, while as the bread is lifted well,  
And Challys shewed aloft, when as the Sexten rings the hell.

O blessed God, why suffrest thou such wickednesse to raigne,  
And bringst them not into the steppes of fathers olde againe,

Whereof they do so often boast? yet so vnlike them be,  
That doctrine, faith, nor life with theirs, doth any whit agrée.

In Villages the husbandmen about their corne doe ride,  
With many Crosses, Banners, and sir John their Priest beside :

Who in a bag about his necke doth beare the blessed breade,  
And oftentyme he downe alightes, and Gospell lowde doth reade.

*Priests ride  
thro' the corn,  
and read the  
Gospel to keep  
off storms.*

This surely keepes the corne from winde, and raine, and from the blast:  
Such sayth the Pope hath taught, and yet the Papistes holde it fast :

Not taken from the Gospell, nor the worthy doctors olde,  
But from the minde of man, and from blinde reason mistresse holde.

Straight after this comes Vrbane in, the Vintners God deuine,  
Whose day if that it pleasant be, and Sunne abroad do shine,

*Saint Vrbane  
(May 25).*

Good lucke to them they count it then, and Bacchus holinesse,  
His Image and his Church they decke, and curiously do dresse,

*He's the Vint-  
ners' God, and  
has cups and  
bowls hung  
round his neck.*

About his necke both cups and bowles they hang in order rounde,  
And fast vpon his head a crowne of vine leaues is wounde.

Then

# The popish kingdome.

*They drink to him till they're drunk.*

Then him to Tauerne doe they bring, or to some tipling house,  
With lustie traine, and vnto him they quaffe and drinke carrouse :  
Who for bicause he pledges none, as one that is not drie,  
In his behalfe they pledge themselues, and that so handsomly,  
Till mystes before their eyes appears, and legges do waxe full weake,  
Their face doth flame, their head doth nod, & scarce a word they speake.

*But if it's a bad day, they shy him into the river.*

But if the day be clowdie nowe, or giuen vnto raine,  
On him they list not to bestow such honour, nor such paine,  
Poore knaue into some ryuer than, they cast him cruellie,  
And all to-rouse him in the streame, or durtie let him lie.  
And if this madnesse be not such, as may be laught at well,  
What thing should moue vs for to laugh, I surely can not tell.

*Vitus (June 15). Hens are offerd to him. Why?*

The next is Vitus sodde in Dyle, before whole ymage faire,  
Both men and women bringing hennes for offring do repaire :  
The cause whereof I doe not know, I thinke for some diseale,  
Which he is thought to driue away from such as him do please.

*John Baptist (June 24). Bonfires burn; youths and girls dance all day with flowers in their hands.*

Then doth the ioyfull feast of John the Baptist take his turne,  
When bonfires great with loftie flame, in euery towne doe burne :  
And yong men round about with maides, doe daunce in euery strēete,  
With garlands wrought of Motherwort, or else with Meruain sweete,  
And many other flowres faire, with Violets in their hands,  
Whereas they all do fondly thinke, that whosoever standes,  
And thoro' the flowres beholds the flame, his eyes shall feele no paine.  
When thus till night they daunced haue, they through the fire amaine  
With striuing mindes doe runne, and all their hearbes they cast therein,  
And then with wordes deuout and prayers, they solemnely begin,  
Desiring God that all their illes may there consumed bee,  
Whereby they thinke through all that yeare, from Agues to be free.

*At night they run thro the fires.*

Some others get a rotten wheele, all worne and cast aside,  
Which couered round about with strawe, and tow, they closely hide :  
And caryed to some mountaines top, being all with fire light,  
They hurle it downe with violence, when darke appears the night :  
Resembling much the Sunne, that from the heauens downe should fall,  
A straunge and monstros sight it seemes, and fearefull to them all :  
But they suppose their mischiefes all are likewise throwne to hell,  
And that from harmes and daungers now, in safetie here they dwell.

*Others run a wheel stufft with blazing straw and tow down a mountain.*

Wheretoever

Whereloeuer Huldryche hath his place, the people there brings in,  
 Both Carpes, and Pykes, and Mulletts fat, his fauour here to win.  
 Amid the Church there sitteth one, and to the aultar nie,  
 That selleth fish, and so good chéepe, that euery man may buie :  
 For any thing he loleth here, bestowing thus his paine,  
 For when it hath beene offred once, tis brought him all againe,  
 That twise or thrise he selles the same ; vngodlinesse such gaine  
 Doth still bring in, and plentifully the kitchin doth maintaine.  
 Whence comes this same religion newe ? what kind of God is this  
 Same Huldryche here, that so desires, and so delightes in fishe ?  
 Which neuer any heathen God, in offering did receaue,  
 Nor any thing vnto the Jewes the Lorde hereof did leaue.  
 Much folly and iniquitie, in euery place they shewe,  
 But we the chiefest will declate, and write but of a fewe.

The blessed virgin Marias feast, hath here his place and time,  
 Wherein departing from the earth, she did the heauens clime :  
 Great bundels then of hearbes to Church, the people fast doe heare,  
 The which against all hurtfull things, the Priest doth hallow theare.  
 Thus kinde they and nourish still, the peoples wickednesse,  
 And vainely make them to beleue, whatsoeuer they expresse :  
 For sundrie witchcrafts, by these hearbs ar wrought, & diuers charmes,  
 And cast into the fire, are thought to driue away all harmes,  
 And euery painefull grieke from man, or beast, for to expell,  
 Farre otherwise than nature, or the worde of God doth tell.

To belly cheare yet once againe doth Martin more encline,  
 Whom all the people worshippeth, with rosted Geese and wine :  
 Both all the day long and the night, now ech man open makes  
 His vessels all, and of the Must oft times the last he takes,  
 Which holy Martyn afterwarde, alloweth to be wine,  
 Therefore they him vnto the skies extoll, with prayce deuine :  
 And drinking deepe in tankardes large, and bowles of compasse wide,  
 Pea by these sees the Schoolemaisters haue profite great beside :  
 For with his scholers euery one, about do singing go,  
 Not praying Martyn much, but at the Goose reioyceing tho,  
 Whereof they oftentimes haue part, and money therewithall,  
 For which they celebrate this feast, with long and musicke all.

Saint Huldryche  
 (Ulric, July 4).  
 Fish are offerd  
 to him.

A man sits near  
 the altar, and  
 sells the same  
 fish over and  
 over again to  
 the offerers.

Assumption  
 of the Virgin  
 Marie  
 (Aug. 15).  
 Folk bring  
 bundles of  
 Herbs to  
 Church, to be  
 blest by the  
 priest. These  
 serue as  
 charms.

Martyn  
 (Nov. 11).  
 Roast geese are  
 eaten, and  
 wine drunk.

Schoolmasters  
 go about sing-  
 ing with their  
 boys.

Saint

# The popish kingdome.

Nicholas  
(Nov. 13).  
*Mothers hide  
gifts in their  
children's shoes,  
&c., and say  
St. Nicholas  
brought em.*

Saint Nicholas money hide to giue to Maydens secretlie,  
Who, that he still may vse his woonted liberalitie  
The mothers all their children on the leue doe cause to fast,  
And when they euery one at night in senselesse sleepe are cast :  
Both Apples, Nuttes, and peares they bring, and other things beside,  
As caps, and shooes, and petticotes, which secretlie they hide,  
And in the morning found, they say, that this saine Nicholas brought:  
Thus tender mindes to worship Saints and wicked things are taught.

Catheryn  
(Nov. 25).

What should I tell what Sophisters, on Cathrins day deuise ?  
Or else the superstitious toys that Maisters exercise.

Andrew  
(Nov. 30).  
*All Louers  
court him.*

To Andrew all the louers, and the lustie wooers come,  
Beléeuing through his ayde and certaine ceremonies done,  
(While as to him they presentes bring, and confure all the night)  
To haue good lucke, and to obtaine their chiefe and swéete delight.

Church holy-  
day.  
*The anniver-  
sary of each  
church's dedi-  
cation.  
The church is  
deckt with  
boughs.*

The dedicatoin of the Church is pcerely had in minde,  
With worship passing Catholicke, and in a wondrous kinde :  
From out the steeple hie is hangde, a Crosse and banner sayre,  
The pauement of the temple strowde, with hearches of pleasant ayre,  
The Pulpets and the aultars all that in the Church are seene,  
And euery pewe and pillar great, are deckt with boughes of gréene :  
The tabernacles opned are, and Images are drest,  
But chiefly he that patron is, doth shine aboue the rest :

*A board stands  
full of Pardons*

A borde there standes wheron their Bulles and pardons thicke they lay,  
That giuen are to euery one that keepes this holy day :

*for every one*

The Idoll of the Patron eke, without the doore doth stande,  
And beggeth fast of euery man, with pardons in his hande :  
Who for bicause he lackes his tongue, and hath not yet the skill  
In common peoples languages, when they speake well or ill :  
He hath his owne interpretor, that alwayes standeth by,

*who'll buy em.*

And vnto euery man that commeth in or out doth cry :  
Desiring them the Patrone there, with giftes to haue in minde,  
And Popishe pardons for to buie, release of sinnes to finde.

*Harlots and  
their Bastards  
come ; and all  
the neighbours*

The Priest doth other Priestes procure, and willety euery knaue,  
His harlot for to bring, and all the swarme of Bastards that they haue :  
On euery side the neighbours come, and such as dwell not nere,  
Come of their owne good willes, and some required to be there.

And

And euery man his weapon hath, their swordes, and launces long,  
 Their axes, curriars, pyktolets, with pykes and darts among.  
 The yong men in their best array, and trimmest maydes appeare,  
 Both Jeasters, Roges, and minstrels with their instruments are heare.  
 The Pedler doth his packe vntrusse, the Host his pots doth fill,  
 And on the table bread and drinke doth set for all that will:  
 For eyther of them their heape deceyues, for of the others all,  
 To them th'aduantage of this least, and gaine, doth chiedy fall.  
 The seruice done, they eyther to the tauerne fast doe flie,  
 Or to their neighbours house, whereas they seee vnreasonable:  
 For sixe or seuen courses, they vnto the table bring,  
 And for their suppers may compare with any heathen king.  
 The table taken vp, they rise, and all the youth apace,  
 The Minstrell with them called go to some conuenient place:  
 Where when with Bagpipe hoarce, he hath begon his Musicke fine,  
 And vnto such as are preparde to daunce hath giuen signe,  
 Comes thither streight both boyes and gyrles, and men that aged bee,  
 And marved folkes of middle age, there also comes to see,  
 Old wrinkled haggess, and youthfull dames, that minde to daũce aloft,  
 Then sundrie pastimes do hegin, and filthie daunces oft:  
 When Drunkardes they do lead the daunce with fray and bloody fight,  
 That handes, and eares, and head, and face, are torne in wofull plight:  
 The streames of bloud runne downe the armes, and oftentimes is seene  
 The carkasse of some ruffian slaine, is left vpon the greene.  
 Here many for their louers swéete, some daintie thing doe buie,  
 And many to the tauerne go, and drinke for companie,  
 Whereas they foolish songs do sing, and noyles great do make:  
 Some in the meane while play at Cardes, and some the Dice do shake.  
 Their custome also is, the Priest into the house to pull:  
 Whom when they haue, they thinke their game accomplished at full:  
 He farre in noyle excéedes them all, and eke in drinking drie  
 The cuppes, a prince he is, and holdes their heades that speewing lie,  
 And that with such attendaunce good, that often therewithall  
 His stomacke turnes, for which his neighbours like and loue him all:  
 Whom if the lyquor that he taltes doe hap to handle so,  
 As on his feeble legges vnto his house he can not go:

*armed; trim  
youths and  
maidens,  
jesters, pedlers,  
and pots of  
drink.*

*After seruice,  
grand feasting  
and suppers go  
on.*

*Then the young  
folk dance,*

*and old bags  
too,*

*the Drunkards  
leading and  
fighting.*

*Lovers buy  
their sweet-  
hearts fairings.*

*Cards and Dice  
are playd.  
The Priest is  
head reueller,  
and looks after  
the speewing  
Drunkards.*

*When the Priest*

# The popish kingdome.

*can't walk,  
he's carrid  
home on horse-  
back.*

But céele and stagger here and there, as oftentymes is séene,  
They friendly set him on a horse, and home they cary him cléene :  
To shewe their thankfull hearts againe, this Catholike aray,  
Is alwayes vsed vpon this feast, and venerable day.

*All soule day  
(Nov. 2).*

For soules departed from this life, they also carefull bée,  
The shauen sort in numbers great, thou shalt assembled see,  
Where as their seruice with such spéede, they mumble out of hande,  
That none, though well they marke, a worde thereof can vnderstande,  
But soberly they sing, while as the people offering bée,  
For to releaué their Parents soules that lie in misérée.  
For they beléue the shauen sort, with dolesull harmonie,  
Do draw the damned soules from hell, and bring them to the skie :  
Where they but onely here regarde, their belly and their gaine,  
And neuer troubled are with care of any soule in paine.

*Folk giue fees  
to free their  
parents' souls ;*

Their seruice thus in order sing, and payde for Masse and all,  
They to the Tauerne streightwayes go, or to the Parsons hall,  
Where all the day they drinke and play, and pots about do walke,  
Whereas these Cathlicke fathers haue suche lewde and beastly talke,  
As doutlesse would abhorred be, in any stinking stewes,  
And such as any ruffian would, ashamed be to vse.

*then drink in  
the tavern, or  
the Parson's  
hall, where he  
talks beastli-  
ness.*

These are their chiefe solemnities, and orders all the yeare,  
Which with the popish sayth in all agréeing doth appeare :  
And doth declare thou séest the mindes of these same holy men,  
What vertues great they haue, and what religion lyes in them.

*Churches.*

The like their temples teach, drest vp in more than Pagan guise,  
That shines with wicked furniture, before the peoples eyes,  
As Idols, aultars, pictures lewde, with armes of men prophane,  
And Banners, Crosses, burning Lampes, & lightes that alwaies flame  
Before the Virgins Image sayre, and bread in secret put,  
That round about with yron grates, and Chauncell close is shut :  
That surely not vnworthily the Turkes beléue and say,  
The Papistes are Idolaters, and haue no perfitte way  
In seruing God, who yet account themselues assuredly,  
The very Spoule and Church of Christ, that cannot runne awry.

*They barve  
Idols, always-  
flaming lights,  
&c.*

*The Turks  
rightly call em  
Idolaters.*

*Funerals.*

Séest thou how in their life they doe beléue, and when they die,  
How doubtfull they ? that shauelings seeke their owne commoditie,

Regarding



Regarding not what hadde vnto the simple people falles:  
 For if that any woulde neglect, the woonted funeralles,  
 Their singing and their roaring vaine, and onely here commit  
 Himselfe to God, his heyre should be constrainde to furnish it,  
 And punisht sore if any thing herein shall wanting bee,  
 Of all the toyes that doth belong, to such solemnité.  
 Thinkst thou they carefull are that soules, the heauens doe attaine,  
 And Purgatorie scape, or rather for their filthy gaine?  
 Some where for children is the like, whom yet they doe confesse,  
 For to be iust, and innocent, and dye in blessednesse:  
 Their parentes for their funeralles, constrained are to pay,  
 Least of the Popish tyranny, should any part decay.  
 No sayth not perfit godlinesse doth any where appeare,  
 But fraude, and craftie coulourings, and such deceitfull geare.

Beholde againe their prayers and the bookes they occupie,  
 Wherewith to God, and to the saintes, they pray continually:  
 And to the Angells vnto the like: which superstitious kinde,  
 They doe not reade with any sprite, or zealousnesse of minde:  
 No cause prouoketh them to praye, this onely them assinde,  
 To babble much, for otherwise woulde want no wordes nor minde,  
 Ne shoulde they neede so many prayers, appoynted them to say,  
 Nor thus to tire their wéeried tongue, with mumbling all the day.  
 Likewise before the heapes of bones, prepared for the same  
 They stande, and to the spirits and soules in graue, they prayers frame:  
 And for their good estate they pray, that meASURE none they know,  
 Of foolishnesse, nor wicked déedes doe euer cease to flow:  
 To Church they come with beades of bone, or of some other thing,  
 Whose middles pierced through are tide, and ioy ned with a string:  
 Thus fastned, fittie Rosaries, they still account the same,  
 And thirle so many Palters they accustomed are to name.  
 With these vnto our Ladie, and to God, and to his saintes,  
 They number all their babbling wordes, and all their tedious plaintes.  
 So that they number onely seeke, not caring for the minde:  
 That woman holpest is by much, and of deuoutest kinde,  
 Whose beades vnto hir foote doe reach, and eake whole maydens so  
 Drest vp with hir in like attire, vnto the Church doe go.

*The rites are  
held only for  
Shauelings'  
gain.*

*Even for inno-  
cent children  
parents are  
forced to pay.*

Prayers.

*Are not prayd  
with zeal,  
only babbled*

*and mumbled*

*Papists haue  
Rosaries of  
bone-beads on  
a string,*

*and count their  
babblings by  
em.  
The holiest  
woman is she  
who has beads  
to her foot.*

Besides

# The popish kingdome.

Charmes.

Besides for Charmes and Sorceries, in all things they excell,  
Both Dardan and the Witches soule, that by Mæotis dwell.

The reason is, that yet to trust in God they haue no skill,  
Nor will commit themselues vnto th'almightie fathers will.

*When a woman's brought to bed, they purify the place from spirits.*

If any woman brought abed, amongst them haps to lie,  
Then euery place enchaunter lyke, they cleanse and purifie:  
For feare of sprighthes least harme she take, or caried cleane away,  
Be stolne from thence, as though she than in greatest daunger lay,  
When as hir trauailes ouerpast, and ended well hir paine,  
With rest and sleepe she seekes to get, hir strength decayde againe.  
The like in trauailes harde they vse, and mariages alwell,  
And eke in all things that they buy, and euery thing they sell.

*Charms hang about euery Papis's neck.*

About these Catholikes neckes and hands, are alway hanging charmes,  
That serue against all miseries, and all vnhappie harmes:  
Amongst the which, the threating writ of Michael maketh one,  
And also the beginning of the Gospell of Saint Iohn:

*Crosses drawn with blood, &c.*

But these alone they doe not trust, but with this same they haue,  
Theyr barbcrous wordes, & crosses drawne with blood, or painted braue.  
They swordes enchaunt, and horses strong, and flesh of men they make  
So harde and tough, that they ne care, what blowes or cuttes they take  
And vsing Necromancie thus, them selues they safely keepe,

*keep men from hurt by bows.*

From bowes, or guns; & from the woolues their cattell, lambes & sheepe:  
No iourney also they doe take, but charmes they with them beare;  
Besides in glistering glasses sayre, or else in christall cleare

*They shut up spirits in crystal as charms.*

They sprighthes enclose, and as to Prophets true, so to the same  
They go, if any thing be stolne, or any taken lame,  
And when theyr Kine doe giue no milke, or hurt, or bitten sore,  
Or any other harme that to these wretches happens more.

Holydayes.

*Folk drefs fine, and walk in the streets or the fields.*

Now last behold how they do keepe, their Sabboth daies throughout,  
First in the morning finely drest, they set the strêtes about:

With garments fondly iagde and cut, and prowde and lofty pace,  
And rappres long about them girt, their great and chieftest grace.

Some others walke into the fields, or else at euery gate,  
They talke and laugh, and thus begin the day to celebrate.

*Others drink as long as they can stand.*

An other sort together come, and drinking hande to hande,  
They quaffe so long, till none of them be able for to stande:

Pea oftentimes they in their seates, with drinke are strangled quight,  
And yeelding vp their dronken ghostes, doe bid their mates godnight.

But few of them doe care for Masse, though euery one doe saye,  
And thinke it holiest is, nor to the Church they go to praye :

But eyther breakefastes long they make, at home when they arise,  
Or drinke vntill the euening starre, begin to shine in skies.

Or else before the Church doore prate, or in the marketted.

Now when their dinner once is done, and that they well haue fed,

To play they go, to casting of the stone, to runne, or shoothe,  
To tolle the light and windie ball, aloft with hande or foote :

Some others trie their skill in gonnes, some wrestle all the day,  
And some to schooles of fence do go, to gaze vpon the play :

An other sort there is that doe not loue abroad to roame,

But for to passe their time at cardes, or tables still at hoame:

Some vse to sit before their doores, and backbite euery man,  
Or netwes deuise, or some debate, and strife whereas they can.

The God of wine doth neuer want, in all their sportes and play,

Who when he once hath toucht the braine, & drawne the minde away,

Of euery worde ariseth blowes, their manhood to assay,

So that no sunday shalt thou see, without some dronken fray.

And thus of custome endeth still, this solemne festiuall,

With dronkenesse, a plague vnto the braine and members all.

To Ensong are they called straight, by toling of the bell,

But from their place they list nor stirre, being occupied so well :

They forward with their game doe go, and Church and seruice all,  
Commit vnto the schoolemaisters, or Vicar generall.

Some others to their Ladies lues, being amorous all the while,

Or frame deceytes or subtilties, yong maydens to beguile,

The wanton youth to daunsing goes, and wickedly doe draw,

The maydes in ring, and wantonnesse hath neyther bondes nor law.

And least the youth their pleasure full of whoredome should not take,

In euery Citie common stewes, they maintaine and they make:

And Bawdes they suffer openly, and cherish them withall,

Of whome no slender price doe here receyue nor profit small:

These Catholickes and holy men, and Church of Christ on hie,

The same that all the worlde reforme, and heritiks destroy.

*Few go to church.*

*After dinner they play at foot-ball, and wrestle,*

*or fence.*

*Others play cards, or backbite.*

*All drink.*

*No Sunday is without a drunken fray.*

*Evensong.*

*Some court girls,*

*dance, and go further.*

*Stewes.*

*The Papis Priestes keep Brothels and Bawds, in every city.*

# The popish kingdome.

To these doe come all those whom here their filthy lust prouokes,  
 Both countrie men, and forriners, and poore and welthie folkes.  
 Whatsoeuer they be that haue not yet, the yoke of mariage tride,  
 No kinde of shame doth driue them hence, nor any care beside.  
 For lawfull here they doe it see, and not to be dispide,  
 But with the Popish sort to be, an exercise deuilde.

*To these  
 Brothels come  
 all unmarried  
 folk.*

*If any married  
 ones are caught  
 there, they get  
 i'thrasht.*

Sometime it also haps, that married men doe here resort,  
 But not without their punishment, if once the youthfull sort  
 Perceue that they doe thither come, for this they dearely pay,  
 And oftentimes are vbled ill, and beare the blowes away:  
 But at this same the rulers laugh, and nothing doe it waye,  
 For Papistes, whordome doe allow, and count it but a playe.  
 For of the polshorne Priestes they learne, and them they follow still,  
 That lawes are not of any force to remedie this ill:

*Papists allow  
 every kind of  
 vice.*

The lawe Scatinian is extinct, and Iulian laught at now,  
 The Papistes, euery kinde of vice, and wickednesse allow:  
 And not alonely in themselues, they doe the same permit,  
 But also vnto all that list, with Golde to purchase it.

*What Apostle  
 said they could  
 take the hire of  
 whores, and  
 yet be ser-uants  
 of God?*

But here I faine woulde vnderstande, what straunge Apostle hee,  
 That gaue vnto the Christian sort, this wanton libertée?  
 That where they freely might enioye, and haue them openlye,  
 And they themselues to take the hire of beastly letcherie?  
 And notwithstanding this to be true Catholickes in fine,  
 The perfitt seruants here of God, and Church of Christ deuine?  
 Of their religion, life, and deedes, learne thou their sayth at full,  
 That they with emptie shadow thee not into errour pull.

*Their excuse is,  
 that men 'ud  
 otherwise rape  
 maidens.*

This was the guise of Corynth great, and Cyprus eke of olde,  
 While darcknesseraind, and Sathan foule, his scepture there did holde:  
 But with a worthie cloake they couer now this whoredome vile,  
 Least that the youth should happe both maydes and matrons to defile.  
 Who would not muse to see the witte of these same catholickes,  
 Their sharpe inuentions, and deuise, in all their proper trickes?  
 This thing coulde Moyses not perceue, that all things else did see,  
 Who wilde that whoremongers shoulde none among the people see:  
 And banishte all the harlottess quight, as God did him aduise,  
 For Paule it saw being lifted vp, about the starrie skies:

Deut. 23.

1. Cor. 5. 6.

7. 10.

Who did forbid that any man, his members framde of right,  
 To be the dwelling place of Christ, and of the holy spright:  
 Should vnto Harlots giue, and make the same thereby to be,  
 The body of a hore, this staine and blot commaunded he }  
 To be excluded farre from saintes, and such as christned be. }  
 But they haue nothing for to doe, with Moyles nor with Paule,  
 Nor any honest things they will obey, nor lawes at all.  
 Themselues they pardon and forgiue, dispensing wondrouslye,  
 As men that onely here posselt the keyes of heauen hye.

Heb. 13.  
 Gal. 5.  
 Ephe. 5.  
 1. Thes. 4.

*Papists don't care for Mojes or Paul: they pardon themselves.*

I many things doe ouer passe, nor haue they euery where,  
 Their customes like, for euery realme hath his deuiled gere:  
 Pea both in Cities great, and in the villages thereby,  
 There are that doe such doltish dreames, defende maliciously,  
 That quight contrary are to Christ, and to religion right,  
 Which neyther canst thou easily knowe, nor well in verbe resight.

*But if we say these Papists are not members of Christ,*

Now when these Popish lothsome limmes, by no meanes we can see  
 In life nor in their trauaile here, the limmes of Christ to bee,  
 Nor can in any wise imbrace, the sonde religion vaine,  
 And shamefull orders to the worlde, of God contrarie plaine,  
 Nor doctrine of so wicked sayth, to Christian people giue,  
 But rather as the Apostles teach, doe simply seeke to liue,  
 Reiecting toys and mans deuce, as which we surely know,  
 To be detested of that Prince, that lightnings downe doth throw:  
 We here are called Heritykes, and worthe thought to bee,  
 Of halter, sword, consuming fire, and ech extremitée.  
 We punisht are, our houses sealde, or from our countrie farre  
 We banisht be, or else opprest at home with ciuill warre:  
 Whereas the dreadfull Souldiour doth consume, and cleane deuours,  
 The goodes that here hath gotten bene, by toyle and paine of ours.  
 These things these Catholikes attempt, when in so many yeares,  
 By scriptures sure they cannot plant, this foolish sayth of theirs:  
 For ours with scriptures ouerthrow, that now they seeke to make  
 The Prince of hell and Christ to ioyne in one, and partes to take.  
 For (all ashamde) they plaine percepue, that long they cannot stande,  
 With this religion and this life, if once doe come in hande,  
 The worde of God, the heauenly light, and that abroad doe shine,  
 The twelue Apostles doctrine, and that blessed court denine.

*we're called Heretics, and punisht or banisht,*

*and lose our goods.*

*Tho' they see they can't stand against God's word and light,*

¶ For

# The popish kingdome.

*they won't con-  
fess they've  
errd,*

*but hate us Re-  
formers, and  
pour out our  
blood.*

*It's often been  
agreed that  
Papist and  
Protestant  
should keep his  
own faith, but  
the Papists  
won't be true  
to this compact.*

*If we take  
arms to protect  
ourselves, the  
Papists say it's  
the Gospel's  
fault, declare  
the Gospel's  
Turkish,*

*and they hell-  
ishly defame its  
Preachers.*

For good it seemeth yet to them (such is their wisdom hie,  
To graunt that they haue erd in any thing or gone awrie.  
For shame it is that learned men, and such as famous bee,  
For Hitar and for Crossar staues, amongst the Chrissantée  
Christ nor the Apostles sayth to know, that perfit is and iust,  
But to be ledde with dreames of men, whome none may safely trust.  
From hence procéedeth all their grieffe, and all their cruell hate,  
That with effusion of our bloud, they stablish their estate :  
And will not here be pacified by any other meanes,  
Except we do alow and like, their lewde and monstrous dreames :  
And altogether runne in one, like flockes for company,  
To false and wicked worshipping, and vile idolatry :  
And knowledge them for Lordes of sayth, and rulers of vs all,  
Although they teache no doctrine of the King celestiall.

Wht hath it bene agréed that eyther part shoulde freely vse  
Their owne religion, seruing God as best they list to chuse :  
And neyther part the other for to trouble or molest,  
With warres or hookes, that Germany might liue in peace or rest.  
But Papistes can no peace abide, continually they write,  
And both with wordes, and wretched déedes, most cruelly doe bite :  
Not onely vs, which might (perhaps) be well enough endurde,  
But also Gods most holy worde, and gospell here assurde.  
If tumults on our partes arise, or any great ado,  
Or if our men doe armour take, being forced therebnto,  
And by the law of armes doe burne, and spoyle their enemie,  
And take the pillage of their foes, immediately they crie :  
The wicked Gospell worketh this, beholde in what a plight  
These fellows liue, the Deuill brought this Gospell first to light :  
It Turkish is, and not the same, that Luke wrought long ago :  
And spightfully they slaunder it, with many raylings mo :  
As if that any Preacher here, did euer this alow,  
Or any did by worde of Christ, such crueltie auow.

They know full well themselues that none of ours did euer teache,  
To vse such violence, nor this bn to the people preache :  
Yet with their vile infectiue tongues, and mouthes enuenemde tho,  
With popson that in hellish lakes, and Stygian streames doth flo,

The

The Gospell of the Lorde they doe, most spightfully defame,  
 And herewithall the Ministers and Preachers of the same.  
 But who can Princes gouerne here, or any meanes deuise,  
 To keepe them in, from vsing force against their enimies?  
 Why doe they not as well diswade their Catholikes, and blame  
 Them for their force and crueltie, that doe the very same?  
 And holdely euery where destroy, and euery man molest,  
 Yea euen their very friendes at home, that faine woulde liue at rest.  
 What kinde of Gospell teache those men, that euen openly  
 With bitter wordes and bookes perswade men to such cruelty?  
 Are these to any man vnknowne? doth Fraunce and Italy  
 Not openly declare the same, and plainely testify?  
 Do not the pulpettes of the Pope, perswade this martiall might,  
 And pardons euery man hys sinnes that in their quarrell fight?  
 But sure the wallet them beguiles, that hanges behinde their backe,  
 And better others faultes they see, than what themselues doe lacke:  
 Accounting here for catholikes, themselues and all their traine,  
 And others all as heritickes, and wicked people plaine:  
 Wherefore the chiefeest members of this holy popish state,  
 Their ceremonies and their dayes, they yearely consecrate.  
 Their foolish sayth and beastly life, I openly doe shoue,  
 That all the worlde may vnderstande, and euery man may know,  
 That neyther Christ nor perfit sayth, they any whit doe way,  
 But onely seeke to looke aloft, and holdely for to say,  
 That they the booke of Peter are, and holy Catholickes,  
 And we vnhappie castawayes, and curled heritickes.  
 But wherein are they Catholickes? bicause they solow here  
 The truth? but what they solow and beleue, doth plaine appere.  
 So it is that in number they and countries vs excell,  
 So mayst thou both the Turkes and Moors, call Catholickes as well.  
 Herewith I iudge that euery man, that hath an vpright heart,  
 Doth vnderstande how iust our cause hath bene for to depart  
 From this their monstrous sayth, and from their lewde ydolatreé,  
 And for to shonne these popish members all of ech degré:  
 As men that neyther Christ doe know, nor euer seeke to finde,  
 Nor suffer such as woulde, but keepe them still in darcknesse blinde.

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

s

*The Papiſts*

*persuade men  
to persecute us.  
The Pope  
pardons those  
who fight us.*

*They don't care  
for Christ, but  
only to claim  
that they are  
holy, and we  
curled heretics.*

*If they are  
Catholicks, so  
are Turkes and  
Moors.*

*Let all true  
men see how  
right we've  
been in giving  
up this mon-  
strous Popish  
faith!*







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FINIS.

Favites Eſcaped, corrected and embodied in the text.









