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THE ISHAM REPRINTS.

No. 2.



NEWES OUT OF POWLES  
CHURCHYARDE.

BY EDWARD HAKE.

1579.

This work is printed for the subscribers only, and the impression strictly limited to One Hundred and Thirty-One copies, twenty-five being on Large Paper; and six on Vellum. Every copy is numbered and signed by the editor.

*Charles Edmonds.*

Small Paper, No. *91.*

# Newes out of Powles Churchyarde.

WRITTEN IN ENGLISH SATYRS.

BY EDWARD HAKE,

M. P. FOR NEW WINDSOR.

TEMP. QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ACCURATELY REPRINTED FROM THE EXCESSIVELY RARE

EDITION OF 1579 IN THE POSSESSION OF

SIR CHARLES E. ISHAM, BART.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, AND EXTRACTS FROM

THE AUTHOR'S OTHER WORKS,

BY CHARLES EDMONDS,

EDITOR OF THE "ISHAM SHAKESPEARE," "THE POETRY  
OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN," ETC.



LONDON:

HENRY SOTHERAN, BAER AND CO.

1872.

*43  
Isham  
reprints*

PR 2283  
.H2 N4  
1872

CHISWICK PRESS :—PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,  
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.



## INTRODUCTION.

**W**HEN it is considered that one of the most erudite and experienced of our poetical critics (Mr. J. Payne Collier) has declared of the present production (in his "Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language") that "there is no more rare or more curious work in our language, that only a single copy of it is known, and that, although mentioned by later bibliographers, it was unknown to Ritson;" and further, that "nobody has yet pretended to give a notion of its contents," I may perhaps be thought not unreasonable in selecting it for No. 2 of the "Isham Reprints." But when Mr. Collier published this opinion in 1865, neither he nor the literary world in general could have dreamt that two years afterwards it would be the good fortune of the present editor to light upon so unexpected and precious a mine of early English literature as he did in Sept. 1867, when he discovered in the lumber-room at Sir Charles Isham's ancient family mansion, Lamport Hall, near Northampton, not only a second copy of this work in perfect condition, but also many other rare,

and several altogether-unknown publications of the same era.

This work, however, has other recommendations besides its rarity, differing in this respect from many other pieces of our early poets which, apparently on this account alone, have had the honour of a reprint. The author's object was a highly creditable one, and reflects lustre on his courage no less than on his talents. It was no light thing in that despotic age to attack vice in high places,—to inveigh, as he fearlessly and forcibly does in the course of his "Eight Satyrs," not only against the smaller sinners, such as bawds, usurers, brokers, and others of a similar discreditable class,—not only against those of a more educated one, such as physicians, apothecaries, and surgeons, counsel and attorneys, whose vengeance he might have set at defiance,—but it was far more perilous to attack openly powerful church dignitaries for their rapacity and idleness, and great judges for their corruption and partialities in the administration of justice. The Star Chamber was no idle institution—its power was continually put in requisition; troublesome critics being committed to the prisons, and obnoxious writings to the flames, with the ruthlessness natural to offended ecclesiastics in all ages.

This strong feeling, however, on the part of our author was a perfectly consistent one. Not only in this, but in all his other works, there is apparent a strain of high-mindedness and hatred of wrong which cannot but interest us in his favour; and whether as a humble student of the law, or as under-steward, and eventually Mayor of, and Member of Parliament for, Windsor, we find him equally ardent in his pursuit of reform. But that his praiseworthy exposures would draw down upon him

the ill will of those attacked was only to be expected; and we consequently find in his works (particularly in his Address to his Patron, the Earl of Leicester, printed at the beginning of the present work) continual allusions to the persecutions he was obliged to endure at their hands.

The particulars of Hake's life, like those of many other literary men of that early period, are but scanty, and are to be gleaned more from remarks in his own works than from the information of others. Notwithstanding that he was a voluminous author, as well as a busy public man, the only biographical dictionaries into which he has gained admission are the "*Nouvelle Biographie Générale*," edited by Dr. Hoefer, published by Didot, in Paris, 1855-66, 46 vols. 8vo.; the "*Dictionary of Biographical Reference*," by L. B. Phillips, 1 vol. 1871; and Allibone's "*Critical Dictionary of English and American Authors*," 3 vols. 1859-71; but in all these the notices are brief and unsatisfactory. It is true that a very imperfect account of his works is given in Ritson's "*Bibliographia Poetica*," and he is briefly alluded to by Warton in his "*History of English Poetry*." T. Park, also, in his supplement to the *Harleian Miscellany*, Vol. IX., where he reprints Hake's "*Commemoration*," devotes a few lines to him, which are marked by that ingenious critic's usual inexactitude. In Nichols's "*Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*," and in Brydges's "*Restituta*," as I shall show on subsequent pages, are extracts from some of his works, but they throw but little light on his personal history. His parentage is unknown, but that he was respectably connected is evidenced by the dedication of his "*Commemoration*" to "*M. Edwarde Eliotte, Esquier*,"

who held the important office of “ the Queenes Maiesties Surueyour of all her Honours Manours, Landes and possessions within her highnes County of Effex,” and whom he designates his cousin.

His schoolmaster was John Hopkins, a clergyman of Suffolk, and the metrical associate of Sternhold; the pair being famous as having (with others), produced the worst version possible of the Psalms of David. He was brought up to the profession of the law, and resided, as is proved by allusions in his works, in Gray’s Inn and Barnard’s Inn; but as my researches in the original books of entry belonging to those venerable seats of law and learning have failed to discover the name of Edward Hake, it is presumable that he was not a member of, but only a resident in, those Inns of Court. That he was a regular law-practitioner is proved by references in his “ Commemoration,” wherein he apologizes not only for “ spendyng his time, or at the least, some parte of the same in things by semblaunce, so far discrepaunte from his profession,” but speaks with apparent disgust of his “ vocation, which,” he says, “ indeede resteth in the study, or rather a meane place of practise of y<sup>e</sup> cōmon lawes of this Realme.” And in the Address before his “ Newes,” he also reveals a portion of his personal history, though there he speaks of his practising in the Court of Chancery. After repudiating the notion of his being induced by the mere hope of profit to publish a new edition of the latter work, he modestly confesses his opinion of its imperfections, by saying that it is unworthy to “ carye away commendation amongst the better sort of english Poetes of our tyme: And indeede, it is a matter that I stryue nothing at all to attaine vnto: For if I did, I woulde frequent the meanes, which are



reading and practise, neyther whereof, I haue bene acquainted with to any purpose since the first three yeeres which I spent in the Innes of Chauncery: being now aboute a dosen of yeeres passed." His "Touchestone for this time present," published in 1574, shows that at that date he was married and settled in the country.

Of his progress in life no direct information has reached us. We first hear of him in 1567, by the entry in the Stationers' books of his "Newes out of Pavles Churcheyarde;" and that he had acquired, as early as 1573, by this work, and by his translation of "The Imitation of Christ," (neither of which had been published later than 1568,) and probably by other literary productions, some celebrity as an author, is evidenced by his being introduced as a competent scholar and poet into a passage in "The Rewarde of Wickednesse," a poetical work, composed in imitation of the "Mirror of Magistrates," by Richard Robinson of Alton, and published in the later of these years. In this very rare book, (a copy of which was found by the editor in company with the original of the present reprint, and so many other literary treasures, in the now-famous lumber-room at Lamport Hall,) he is thus spoken of:—

"Let Studley, Hake, or Fulwood take,  
That William hath to name,  
This piece of worke in hande, that bee  
More fitter for the same."

As this John Studley and William Fulwood, whose Christian name is here so quaintly expressed, were both accomplished scholars — the former, who had been educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, having transfused unusual poetic power

into his translation of the "Agamemnon" (published in 1566), and three other of Seneca's tragedies, besides being the author of other pieces which excited the admiration of his contemporaries; and the latter having produced (in 1568) an ingenious work, which is also one of the first specimens of a "Complete Letter-Writer," entitled "The Enimie of Idleness," partly in prose and partly in verse, and which was popular enough to run through several editions—Hake's admission into such respectable company is a sufficient proof of his having attained what he certainly deserved, if only for his perseverance and conscientiousness, a certain degree of notoriety as well as reputation.

About twenty years afterwards we find him Mayor of New Windsor, as the borough was then distinguished from Old Windsor, and in that capacity, in 1586, pronouncing what is called "An Oration conteyning an Expostulation," on the occasion of the birthday of Queen Elizabeth. Unfortunately, the Corporation accounts for Windsor, from the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth till 1635, and the churchwardens' accounts until 1615, are lost, but some extracts from them have been preserved in Ashmole's MSS. (No. 1126), now at Oxford, which have been made use of in the valuable work, entitled "Annals of Windsor," 2 vols. royal 8vo. 1861, by Messrs. Tighe and Davis. From these it appears that for many years Hake had discharged the duties of deputy-steward for Mr. John Reddish. In May, 1576, and in Sept. 1579, he had received the appointments to that office, though probably they were not carried out at the time; for he agreed to serve for seven years without fee, and afterwards (Sept. 1584) to be paid 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum. On the 16th Sept.

1576, he was supplying the place of the recorder; and in June, 1578, he is described as one of the bailiffs.

In the 24th Eliz. (1581 or 2) he is paid 16s. "for drawing a Booke of Statutes & orders for this Towne," in endeavours to obtain a new Charter, which, however, was not granted till the commencement of the reign of James I. In the 27th Eliz. (1584 or 5) an act, hitherto unprinted, was passed for paving the town; and a new market-house was also proposed; in all which movements, Hake, then Mayor, took an active part. On 7th Jan., 1585-6, he renewed the motion for the market-house.

On the 10th August, 1586 (28th Eliz.), "The Queen being at Windsor was received there in state by the Corporation; when she was addressed by Edward Hake, Mayor, and was presented by him with a petition in writing, in behalf of the said town." And on the 7th Sept. following, the Queen's birthday, he delivered in the Guildhall a long and laudatory oration. In return for both which loyal proceedings the Queen, on her departure from this town eleven weeks after, sent him her gracious thanks.

On the 21st Dec., 1586 (29th Eliz.), we find that "at the pitifull Complaint of divers of the Commonalty of this Towne for the redrefs of the smalnes of the market bushell, Edward Hake, gentleman, then Maior, travailed to Greenewich and thence to Westminster divers journies till he found the Clarke of the Market, carrying with him the brazen Gallon, and obteyned the amending of the Bushell."

On the 10th Oct., 1588, (30th Eliz.) Hake was elected (his colleague being Henry Neville, Esq.), a Member for Windsor to the Parliament summoned for the 12th

Nov. This dignity he enjoyed but a short time; the Parliament being dissolved the 29th March following: nor was he re-elected. What part he took in the debates is unknown, the Commons' Journals between the 18th March, 1580-1, and 19th March, 1603-4, being wanting; neither does any parliamentary speech of his appear elsewhere. In Browne Willis's *Notitia Parliamentaria* his name is misprinted Huke. The last that we hear of him is in 1604, when was published his "*Golds Kingdome*," including also an oration, intended to have been delivered at Windsor, to King James I. shortly after his accession. Whether Hake filled any office at this time is uncertain; nor have I been able to trace the date of his death or his place of burial.

Whatever rank our author may now hold as a writer, it is certain that he possessed sufficient literary talent, combined with more worldly-wise qualifications, to enable him to rise in the world. But after all, his steady advance from the poor position of a practitioner of the law to the dignified one of Mayor of a royal borough, as well as its parliamentary representative, can only be explained by the fact of his having obtained some powerful patron who found it to his own interest to forward that of his protégé, and this advantage we know Hake possessed in the person of the great Earl of Leicester, to whom he dedicates the present work. And that this eminent and ambitious nobleman should show favour to a man like Hake, whose talents and religious feelings had been openly displayed in his first publication is not at all remarkable. Leicester, from politic rather than, it is to be presumed, from religious considerations, had put himself forward as the head and protector of the Puritan party, and to promote his and their views it was necessary to obtain the services of agents distin-

guished both for energy and ability. In Hake they found combined most of the qualities required in a religious partizan, namely, literary skill, fearlessness, profound religious convictions, a rabid hatred of Papists, and irrepressible activity. These qualifications, not often possessed by the same individual, pointed him out as the very man for Leicester's purpose, for it is difficult to conceive that many men could be found, who though enjoying the present protection of so powerful a statesman would wantonly raise up a host of enemies in all classes of society by violently attacking not only their vices and follies (which from being a general charge might have been passed over with contempt) but, what was altogether unpardonable, their religious faith,—without a deep-seated conviction that they were advancing the cause of morality and truth, and without an innate courage which would enable them to set consequences at defiance.

But whatever might have been the interested motives of Leicester and Burghley in advocating the claims of the Puritans,—and their spoliation of Church property might give some sort of clue to them,—England undoubtedly owes them a deep debt of gratitude for their opposition to the encroachments of the Roman Catholics. And this conduct is the more praiseworthy when we recollect that not only was the Queen suspected of no very violent aversion to the tenets of the Roman Catholic church, but that her hostility to the Puritans was evinced on every possible occasion. Moreover it was high time that some persons of high official influence should interpose for the sake of advancing the progress of morality by giving an impetus to protestant teaching. The assertions of Hake, in several of his works, particularly in his "Touchestone for this Time present," are

confirmed by many contemporary writers; and in our own day, (to cite no others,) Mr. Marsden, in his "History of the Puritans," thus alludes to it: "The state of England in regard to moral and religious culture was at this time deplorable. The number of the Romish clergy who had resigned their preferments at the Reformation appears almost incredibly small. Including bishops, abbots, heads of colleges, and other dignitaries, as well as the beneficed clergy, no writer can muster up two hundred and fifty: Bishop Burnet reduces them to one hundred and ninety-nine; and D'Ewes's 'Journal,' a still better authority, to one hundred and seventy-seven—a number altogether insignificant when distributed among the ten thousand parishes of England and Wales. It would be something more than charity to suppose that such numbers of the Romish clergy accommodated themselves at once to a change so great and sudden without violence to their consciences." It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that so strong a partizan as Hake should express himself with so much vehemence against a state of things which he knew to be fraught with danger to Protestantism and Protestants.

Without claiming for Hake any higher rank as a poet than that of an easy rhymester, who was able to clothe sensible common-places in the trappings of verse, we may still, I think, without impropriety, assign to him the merit of being one of our *earliest professed Satirists*. This controverts the assertion of Thomas Warton, who, from the nature of his poetic tastes, leant more to the splendid scenes described by the poets of chivalry, romance, and love, than to the more homely pictures of domestic life and manners, drawn, as these were for the most part, by versifiers inferior to their poetic rivals in



genius and learning, no less than in imagination and fancy. Nor should this in any way surprize us. The highest order of poetic genius, whose vocation it is to depict scenes of the supernatural or romantic, the picturesque and the beautiful—to elevate our common nature, and evolve its nobler qualities by a subtle exhibition of its capabilities for the heroic, the grand, and the good—and to soften us by its perfect control over the gentler passions and affections—revolts from wasting its powers and energies in the sterile and ungrateful regions of Satire, the sole objects of which are not the Elevated but the Degraded—a delineation of crimes unredeemed by noble extenuations—meanesses without the excuse of necessity, and follies palliated by no spark of generosity, brilliancy, or elegance.

To proceed : Warton asserts that “ Satire, specifically so called, did not commence in England till the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. We have seen, indeed,” continues he, “ that eclogues and allegories were made the vehicle of satire, and that many poems of a satirical tendency had been published long ago. And here the censure was rather confined to the corruptions of the clergy than extended to popular follies and vices.” He then goes on to say that “ the first professed English satirist, to speak technically, is Bishop Joseph Hall,” of whose satires he thinks so highly as to dedicate upwards of thirty pages to them.

But to this assertion of Hall’s priority just exception may be taken, for he had been preceded by John Skelton, who died in 1529; by William Roy, author of “ Rede me and be nott Wrothe,” published in 1528; and by other writers many years before; as well as, and more recently by the elder Sir Thomas Wyatt, who died in 1542, and of

whom Thomas Warton himself, in another place, in his notice of this eminent man's works, declares, "that he may justly be deemed the first polished English satirist, and that he mistook his talents when, in compliance with the mode, he became a sonneteer," and of whom Dr. Joseph Warton, in his essay on Alex. Pope, asserts that he was the first writer of satires worth notice; by GEORGE GASCOIGNE, who produced, in 1576, his "Steele Glas, a Satyre," lashing man's vices and follies, and exhibiting what is perhaps more interesting to us, a curious and valuable picture of the manners, life, and commercial morality of that age; by JOHN DONNE, a volume of whose satires in MS., dated 1593, is still in existence; and by THOMAS LODGE. To this latter celebrated author, indeed, Dr. Drake, in his valuable work, entitled "Shakespeare and his Times," erroneously ascribes the honour of being the first who published in our language a collection of satires so named; the "Fig for Momus included in Satyres, Eclogues, etc.," according to him giving Lodge precedence as a writer of professed satires. Yet these were not published till 1595, when he was about forty years of age. And further, the satirical works of Marston, entitled "The Metamorphosis of Pigmaliions Image, and Certain Satyres," as well as his "Scourge of Villanie," were printed in 1598. But an earlier *cenfor morum* was Robert Crowley, who published in 1550 his "One and Thyrtye Epigrammes" (really thirty-three), directed against as many abuses current with the vulgar; and which, I think, induced Hake to fly at higher game in his "Newes." Crowley's work has just been edited by Mr. J. M. Cowper; but want of space precludes further notice of it.

CHARLES EDMONDS.

Bull St., Birmingham, July, 1872.





## ACCOUNT OF HAKE'S WORKS.

### I.

#### NEWES OUT OF PAVLES CHURCHEYARDE, A TRAPPE FOR SYR MONYE, 1567.

Though no edition with this date is now extant, one undoubtedly then appeared. This is clear, not only from the author's own apologetic address prefixed to the re-impression in 1579, wherein he declares that he had originally published it twelve years before, and to use his own additional expression, "first made and set forth, even as I maye saye in my childishe yeeres," but from the entry in the Stationers' Register, under the date of 1567, where it is licensed to Henry Denham; and Turberville's allusion to it in a work published in 1568 is a further corroboration.

### II.

#### NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCHYARDE.

Now newly renewed and amplified according to the accidents of the present time, 1579. and otherwise entituled, *syr Nummus*. etc. Black Letter. [Octavo. 64 leaves.]

This is the edition now reprinted, and which on the evidence given above may without impropriety be designated the *second* impression. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, however, in his "Handbook," without adducing any authority for the assertion, curtly describes it as the *third*.

But as this gentleman in his description of the preceding edition substitutes "*ten*" for "*twelve*" years, it is plain that this part of his labours has not undergone such a revision as so important a science as Bibliography demands.

Only two copies are known; the one formerly in the possession of Richard Heber, and Sir Charles Isham's, at Lamport Hall.

The work consists of a dialogue between Bertulph and Paul as they walk in the aisle of the Cathedral, divided into eight Satyrs, levelled against the corruptions existing among the various classes of society. The following is a list of their subjects:—

Satyr I. Complains that Sir Nummus had taken up his abode, not with industrious and conscientious ministers, but with bishops, deans, &c.

Satyr II. Relates to the miseries of suitors in courts of justice, to the corruption and partiality of judges, and to the greediness of counsel and attorneys.

Satyr III. Is devoted to the tricks and practices of physicians.

Satyr IV. Discourses on the abuses of apothecaries and surgeons, the sumptuary laws then in force, and other topics.

Satyr V. Inveighs against extravagant living and consequent bankruptcy, and unlawful Sunday sports.

Satyr VI. Is, among other points, a protest against the use of St. Paul's Cathedral as a place of assignation and conversation, even during prayer.

Satyr VII. Makes an onslaught upon bawds; also upon brokers who advance money to spendthrifts, making part of it consist in goods, which the borrowers are obliged to sell at a loss.

Satyr VIII. Continues the same subject, against covetousness and usurers.

In addition to the information which the author, in the Address to the Reader, gives concerning himself—as I have mentioned on a preceding page—John Long's Address to "the City of London," prefixed, is curious as containing a list of some of Hake's works. All these can be identified with the exception of the first, which is designated, perhaps metaphorically, a "great conquest of sinne." This was, probably, like the "*Newes*," a very early work; and like the original impression of that production possibly every copy has perished. It might be assumed that by this expression was meant the first issue of the "*Newes*;" but the way in which the work is spoken of in the last quatrain seems to negative this supposition. The address also of "The Author to the Carping

and scornfull Sicophant" shows that he had recently triumphed over the malice of his enemies, and had attained the position he had long striven for—probably the Under-Stewardship of New Windsor. The tone of this address, replete with allusions to himself, is so bitter as to demonstrate that if the author could sharply rebuke vice in the abstract he was equally ready to attack from personal motives.

St. Paul's Cathedral was much injured by fire 4th June, 1561. A sermon was preached at Paul's Cross soon afterwards by Pilkington, Bishop of Durham, in which he severely blamed the profanation of the edifice by fighting, brawling, and assemblies of idle people. This occasioned a libellous work by a Papist, entitled "An Addicion, with an Appologie, to the Causes of burnynge of Paules Church, the which Causes were vttered at Paules Crosse by the reuerend Bishop of Duresme viii. Junii 1561;" which again was replied to by another tract, entitled "The burnynge of Paules Church in London in the yeare of oure Lord 1561;" wherein (sign. Giiii.) we have the following remarks on the scandalous practices in the Cathedral:—"No place hais bene more abused than Pauls hais bene, nor more against the receyving of Christes Gospell: wherfore it is more marvaile that God spared it so longe, rather than that he overthrewe it nowe. From the toppe of the steple downe within the grounde no place hais bene free. From the toppe of the spire at Coronations, or other solemne triumphes, some for vain glory used to throw themselves downe by a rope, and so killed themselves vainly to please other mens eyes. At the battlementes of the Steple fundrye times were used their popishe Antems to call upon their Goddes with torch and taper in the Eveninges. In the top of one of the pinacles is Lollers towre, where manye an innocent foule hais bene by theym cruellye tormented and murdered. In the middest alley was their longe Censer reachinge from the rose to the ground, as though the Holy Ghost came in their censeng down in likenes of a Dove. On the Arches though comenly men complaine of wrong and delayed judgemente in Ecclesiasticall causes, yet because I wyll not judge by here saye I passe over it, savyng onely for such as have bene condemned there by Annas and Caiphas for Christes cause, as innocently as any Christians coude be. For their images hanged on every walle, pillar, and doore, with their pilgrimages and worshippinge of them, I will not stand to rehearse them, because they can not be unknowen to all men that have seene London, or hearde

of them. Their massing and many altars wyth the rest of their Popythe serveyce which he so much extolles, I passe over, because I aunswered them afore. *The South Alley* for Ufurye and Poperye, *the North* for *Simony*, and *the Horse faire* in the middest for all kind of bargains, metinges, brawlinges, murthers, conspiracies, and *the Font* for ordinary paimentes of money, are so well knowen to all menne as the begger knowes his dishe." The Simony and chaffering for Benefices, slightly alluded to above is more particularly described in the Satires of Bishop Hall; "*Virgidemiarum*," Lib. ii. Sat. 7, Lond. 1597. Chaucer, in the Prologues to his *Canterbury Tales*, when describing the *Parson*, has an evident allusion to the same thing.

Several other publications appeared on the same subject, but none of them were effectual; and the nave of the church continued for many years afterwards the resort of persons who had nothing else to do, and who met there to discuss the news of the day, or for less innocent purposes. But this profanation of the church was an old grievance, for, according to Rymer's *Fœdera*, as early as A.D. 1371, the forty-fifth year of Edward III., we find the King complaining to the Bishop of London of many abuses in his cathedral, which were practised with the Bishop's connivance; that the refectory of the canons was become the eating-place and office of mechanics and the lurking-place and receptacle of whoremongers (*hodiè facta sunt Cœnacula et Tristega Mechanicorum, ac multa Penetralia conductitia et Receptacula Scortatorum*) etc. He also denounces other enormities which, he says, royal decency forbids him to particularize. See Dugdale's "*History of St. Paul's*," wherein it is also mentioned that King Charles I. erected at his own charge, at the west end of the church, "that most magnificent and stately portico, with Corinthian pillars, which was intended to be an ambulatory for such as usually by walking in the body of the church disturbed the solemn service in the quire."

This profanation of the sacred edifice is also alluded to in the humorous tracts of Thomas Dekkar. In his "*Dead Terme, or Westminster's Complaint for Long Vacations and Short Termes*," 4to. London, 1608, St. Paul's steeple is introduced as describing the company walking in the body of the church beneath:—"At one time, in one and the same ranke, yea, foote by foote, and elbow by elbow, shall you see walking, the Knight, the Gull, the Gallant, the Upstart, the Gentleman, the Clowne, the Captaine, the Appel-Squire, the Lawyer, the Ufurer, the Cittizen, the

Bankerout, the Schollar, the Beggar, the Doctor, the Ideot, the Ruffian, the Cheater, the Puritan, the Cutthroat, the Hye-Men, the Low-Men, the True Man, and the Thiefe; of all Trades and Professions some, of all Countryes some. Thus, whilst Devotion knees at her Prayers doth Profanation walke under her nose in contempt of Religion." In the same author's "Gul's Horne-book," 4to. London, 1609, we have a whole chapter on "How a gallant should behave himselfe in Powles-Walkes."

This making, however, of St. Paul's Cathedral a place of public resort may be accounted for by the absence, in those times, of convenient places of assembly—a want which seems never to have attracted the attention it deserved. Our ancestors contented themselves with grumbling instead of remedying defects. So little, too, was the real public welfare understood, that in the year 1580, Queen Elizabeth, on the plea that the excessive increase of the City of London was a detriment to other towns, issued a proclamation forbidding any new buildings to be erected within three miles of the gates of the city, upon pain of imprisonment of the builders, and forfeiture of the materials.

## III.

## THE SLIGHTS OF WANTON MAYDES.

This tract of Hake's, which is mentioned by John Long in his verses prefixed to "Newes out of Powles Churchyarde," is apparently not now extant. An allusion seems to be made to it by George Turberville in his "Plaine Path to perfect Vertue," 1568, in the following passage; which at the same time, proves that the "Newes" had come out anterior to that date:—

I neither write the Newes of Poules,  
Of late fet out to sale,  
Nor Meting of the London Maides,  
For now that fish is stale.

On this subject Mr. Payne Collier, in his Bibliographical Catalogue, observes: the fact is that "A mery metyng of Maydes in London" had been entered by H. Denham in 1567, and an answer to it, under the title of "A letter sente by the Maydes of London to the vertuous Matrons," was registered in the same year: their popularity perhaps induced Turberville to say that the "fish" (i.e. *Hake*) was then "stale."

Or it may be intended for a work licensed to W. Griffith, in 1566, entitled "A mooste delectable cōference betwene the wedde lyfe and the fingle. By Henry Hake." It is possible that Henry may be an error for Edward, as the entering-clerks at Stationers' Hall in those early times were both ignorant and careles, frequently obscuring matters extremely interesting to a literary posterity.

## IV.

THE IMITATION, OR FOLLOWING OF CHRIST, AND THE CONTEMNING OF WORLDLY VANITIES: At the first written by Thomas Kempise, a Dutchman, amended and polished by Sebastianus Castalio, an Italian; and Englished by E. H. Seene and allowed, &c. Dedicated to Thomas duke of Norfolk. H. Denham, 1567. [Octavo.]

This title is copied from Herbert's edition of Ames's "Typographical Antiquities." A copy of the above impression was sold at the White Knights sale, No. 2248, for 12s.; and at Heber's, pt. 1, for 6s. 6d.; but I have not been able to see it, nor do I know its present possessor.

It has been asserted that an edition appeared in 1584, and also that another without date exists; but both these statements seem to be without authority.

## V.

THE IMITATION OR FOLLOWING OF CHRIST, AND THE CONTEMNING OF WORLDLY VANITIES: Wherevnto, as springing out of the same roote, we haue adioyned another pretie treatise, entituled, The perpetuall reioyce of the Godly, euen in this lyfe. Ephesians. 5. Be ye followers of God as deere children, and walke in loue, euen as Christ hath loued vs, &c. Seene and



allowed according to the order appointed Anno. 1568. Imprinted at London by Henry Denham. Black Letter. [Octavo.]

The name of the translator, Edward Hake, appears at the end of the Dedication to "Thomas Duke of Norfolk, Earle Marshall of Englande," &c. The arms of this nobleman, a lion rampant, furrounded by the garter, are accompanied by the following verses:—

"If Lyons force that Rampaunt yeeldes the fame?  
 Or Norfolk's grace that beares the worthy minde?  
 If Princely race that brings the crowne of fame?  
 Or due desert that hath the fame assignde?  
 Sole Prince, sole Duke, sole paterne of renoune,  
 Tis great Iehoue that yeeldes immortal crowne.

Like as the Lyon, rampaunt, doth  
 descric his worthy force,  
 So Norfolk's grace by constant life  
 portendeth great remorse."

This nobleman was the fourth duke, and son of that brilliant and unfortunate Henry, Earl of Surrey—one of the brightest ornaments of the House of Howard—whose iniquitous execution, which took place January 21, 1547, during the lifetime of his father, was the last tyrannical act of Henry VIII. Nor was the above fourth Duke, Surrey's son, who succeeded his grandfather, July 18, 1554, more happy in his end than his father, for, being attainted of high treason for his communication with Mary, Queen of Scots, he was beheaded on June 2, 1572, aged only 35; when all his honours became forfeited. This nobleman was not, like most of his family, a Roman Catholic, at least so he declared at the place of execution, where he said, "I have not been popishly inclined ever since I had any taste for religion; but was always averse to the popish doctrine, and embraced the true religion of Jesus Christ, and put my whole trust in the blood of Christ, my blessed Redeemer and Saviour. Yet I must own that some of my servants and acquaintance were addicted to the Romish religion." This may account for so determined a Protestant as Hake having dedicated the above work to him. Yet a few years after Hake found a new and more powerful patron in the person of the Earl

of Leicester, the determined but secret enemy of the Duke of Norfolk, who owed his ruin to the insidious advice of his rival. Nor was his eldest son, Philip Earl of Arundel, more fortunate, for he also fell a victim to the artifices of Leicester and Walsingham, dying after trial for high treason in confinement in the Tower, 19th November, 1595, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. A youthful portrait of the above-named Duke, by Holbein, is published in Chamberlaine's edition of "Holbein's Portraits of the Court of Henry VIII."

The copy of this work in the British Museum had been successively in the possession of Humphrey Chambers, 1656, of W. Herbert, and of the late Duke of Suffex. The first treatise consists of A—T in eights, but leaf B iv is wanting. The second extends from A to D iv in eights. Included are (to fill up the sheet) "Florentii Volufani Ode," and other verses. A fine copy of this edition, in morocco, was sold for 4*l.* 8*s.* in Dr. Bliss's sale.

## VI.

A TOUCHESTONE FOR THIS TIME PRESENT, expressly declaring such ruines, enormities, and abuses as trouble the Church of God and our Christian common wealth at this daye. Wherevnto is annexed a perfect rule to be obserued of all Parents and Scholemaisters, in the trayning vp of their Schollers and Children in learning. Newly set forth by *E. H.* Imprinted at London by Thomas Hacket, and are to be solde at his Shop at the greene Dragon in the Royall Exchange. 1574. [Black Letter. Octavo.]

The copy of this curious work in the Bodleian Library seems to be the only one known. It consists of 52 leaves. After the title, and occupying three leaves, begins on A 2 an "Epistle dedicatorie," in prose: "To his knowne friende mayster Edward Godfrey Merchaut." Then follows on sheet B, ending on reverse of E 2, "A Touchestone for this time present," in prose; and after this "A Compendious fourme of Education," etc., "gathered into Englishe meeter by Edward Hake," which begins on E 3, and concludes at



the end of sheet G. This last part is an abridged translation of a Latin tract, "De pueris statim ac liberaliter instituendis."

The rarity of this work and the nature of its contents must be my excuse for the length of the extracts.

"Looke what is good, the same wee deride, contempne & refuse, and contrariwise, whatsoever is euil, if it bring eyther pleasure or profite, the same doo we wishe for, pursue and embrace : Auarice, wee account good & honest desire : Usury (the sōne of Auarice) we account lawful trade : Excesse we cal bountie : whoredom, pleasure : swearing, Jolity : pride, Brauery : decept, policy : robbing, shifting : and (what should I more say) vice we account vertue, & vertue precise foolishnesse. We seeke for new fashions, we desire new lawes, new rules and newe orders, and yet no man (al this while) hath minde of a newe life : no man seeketh to renewe the same, nor yet to amend the olde." (Sig. B.)

In this strain the author proceeds till he enters upon the real grievance, which is, (as might be expected,) the Papiſts, in the following abusive terms :—

"And so the Temple of God, the Lordes house, Christ his Congregation, the very true spouse of our fauour, lyeth ruinous, al to rent & deformed. Alas, no faith, is left to fasten the worke to the corner stone, no moisture remaineth to knip vp the frame with the foundation, Christ Jesus, our only rocke, our only foundatiō, our only head and chiefe corner stone. Loue is cold, faith is dead : trueth is naught set by. And that same smal number which would faine bee doing in the daungerous worcke, are eyther daunted by their enemies, or discouraged by their felowes : The zeale of Iosiah is gon, & Demas triumpheth : Amasiah & Diotriphes doo beare vp their villanous breasts against the Lord & his people : Demetrius is busy, & Simon Magus doeth florish : that hard it is to thinke whether the number is greater of feareful souldiers, faint workmen, & feeble Christians, or the boldnes of the aduersary more vniuersal, or in tirāny more abōding. How rageth, how roareth, how thundreth, howe threateth, how whispereth, how braggeth y<sup>e</sup> Babilonical strumpet, y<sup>e</sup> Romish Dragō, that bloodthirsty Ciclops, Minotaure, & horrible mōster : how bustle her couetus chāpions : howe swel her vilanous rable of rakehel Termagants : how rage beyond y<sup>e</sup> seas her bloody Bishops : how crake the crew of her coalequēchy Cardinals : whose destructiō & horrible fal, although I know to aproche, & to be as it were begoon : Yet I do lament (& so may al true English hearts)

that our finnes are fo greuous, as by the occasion thereof, the lord doth deny in the time of fo chaste, fo wise, fo godly, zelous, & fo learned a Prince (as is our most drad soueraigne Ladye *Queene Elizabeth*, whose life with ioyned harts & hands let vs cry, cry vnto y<sup>e</sup> Lord to lengthen) within this Realme of Englād tobring to perfectiō that which he hath begon : to abolish from her people al remnants of popery, & to supplant the hipocritical & vnlearned minifterye." (Sheet B 4 recto.)

After deploring the decay of "those true workmen, who were fo stout, fo zealous, fo artificial, & fo wise," he contrasts them with their successors, the greatest part of whom (he says), "are more careful in building of Pluralities, Trialities, Totquots, and Non residens, than in furthring of this sacred, spiritual and diuine Temple of the Lorde."

He accuses a great number of them of inordinate eating & drinking; "epicuryous in the hamperying of their owne bodies," but neglectful of their flocks. He goes on thus: "Yea, I woulde to God, that the number were not great of suche Godlesse Hipocrites, suche vnlearned loyterers, and verye pieuishe pelting Parasites, which for liuing sake haue intruded and thrust them selues into the Church: who, if they were not cloathed with the counterfaite title of bountifull housekeepers, shoulde haue nothing at al wherewith to couer their blockishnesse, nor to hide their blindnesse, nor to cloake their lewdenesse and trecherye: whereby they shoulde incurre the iust reward of their naughtines, euen ignominy and reproche." (B 7.)

"Would God (I saye) that the holye house were not pestered at this daye with such hipocrites and damnable sort of luskish loytering Lubbers, who (notwithstanding their great blockishnes their palpable ignorance & extreme want of learning) doo keepe within their clāmes the liuelyhood of true pastors, and painful laborers: which sustaine Ruffiās, to begger ministers: which maintaine routes of rakehel Roisters, to decrease the nūber of honest poore christians: which not only thēselues are contented to stop the roomes of learned preachers, but also deuishly doo bring in most horrible crewes of cursed Chaplins, & notorious numbers of monstrous vnlearned Sicophants, which take the fleece, & starue the flocke:" etc.

He then goes on to accuse civil magistrates of coldness in God's work, of support of "false worckemen, cursed hyrelings, and professed enemyes to the trueth." He deplores also the evils arising

from feeble discipline, which is "a vizare vnto feareful Magistrates, and a prepofterous shift vnto partial Judges."

Here is a reference to the perils incurred by the denouncer of such iniquities; "Who is not afraid and loath" (says he) "to displeafe? yea, and (that worfe is) who dareth to speake and is not punished? who sinneth and is not pardoned? Alas, so mightely preuayleth sinne at this daye, that as wee wil not say, that to sinne, it is not dangerous: so, must wee needes saye and affyrme, that to bee an accusar of sinne and wickednesse, is the most daungerous thing in the world." He then alludes to some matter of this kind, which he says "is so fresh amongst some, that it cannot be forgotten."

But his attacks on parents for negligence in the education of their children, are equally vehement. "Children" (he says) "by nature are euyl, and being euyl, they are by example of Parentes made worfe. No loue towardes God, no honour of children to their Parentes, nor feare of Parentes in their Children is sought for, had, or regarded at all. If I should speake of the educatiō of daughters, (wherof in this third place I should writ) the veye Pagans, Infidels, and Turckes, would stand vp against vs. I can not tell whether through sorrowe, I should crye out and bewayle them, or for shame commit them to scilence: so immoderate in apparell, so lasciuious in talke, so bolde in behauiour, and so vnseemely in iecture is the vniuersall state, almost as well of wiues as of damosels. And that which most of all should be regarded: I meane the prouident care of parents ouer their daughters in their young and tender years: that is altogether neglected and set a syde. No sooner is the daughter of age of vnderstanding, but shee straightwaye and therewithall learneth the highe path to whoredome, and the principles of vanity and lewdenesse. Eyther shee is altogether kept from exercises of good learning, and knowledge of good letters, or else shee is so noufeled in amorous bookes, vaine stories and fonde trifeling fancies, that shee smelleth of naughtinesse euen all hir lyfe after, as a vessel which being once seasoned, doth neuer forgo the sent of the first licour."

He then contrasts them, to their disadvantage of course, with many Pagan ladies and early Christians. "But even" (continues he) "that same small number which haue any knowledge at all, doe so greatlye abuse it, that much better were it they should vnlearne that againe which they haue alreadie learned, then miserably to abuse it as they doo, or at the leaste wise (as we see them)

to make equalle Pampheticall trifles with wholefome Doctrine and tryall of lyfe." (C. v.)

He complains that after reading "pernicious, vmchaste and godlesse bookes," they accompany in pleasures and banquets, "young amorous Roiffers, & mischieuous varlettes," etc. "On the other fyde, it is to be lamented (as a case too too grieuous) such parents as doe bring vp their daughters in learning, do it to none other ende but to make them companions of carpet knightes & giglots, for amorous louers. If their intent were otherwise, how woulde they dare so ouer curiously, and carefully to maintaine and keepe them, at the least wise to wincke at them (as they almost euery where doe) in that vaine & vngodly practise of daunfing? vaine & vngodly I say, only in respect of the present abuse of the same, which the very Pagans at all times and in all ages abhorred. . . O good God, sayth a certaine writer, what shaking, what bragging, what wringing of handes, what whifperings, what treading vpon the toes, what vncleanly handlings, gropings, kissings, and a very kindling of lecherye, doth their assotiate that trade and occupation of daunfing? . . . There was neuer heard of any that could hop, skip, & tourne on the toe (as they terme it) that would scarcely come to y<sup>e</sup> church without carying. . . And it is a world to see, with what demurennes, some that bee Parentes doo sit in beholding the straunge Jestures, footing and countenance of theyr curious fantastical Daughters: yea, oftentimes, when the selfe same skill is the cause of defiling theyr bodyes and vtter losse of theyr honestye and good name."

But, "after shee hath once attained Vnto the knowledge of Daunfing, shee neuer afterward returneth backe to better thinges, shee quite and cleane forsaketh vertue, and for the most part, biddeth honestye adewe. Then shee must haue scope, then shee must haue her apparel after the fashion, then shee must haue paintings, Lickinges, Combinges, Playtinges, Pitchinges, and all kinde of newe fashioned Trimminges: yea, then shee must haue walkinges, Feastinges, and watchinges, and al kinde of pleasure that maketh perfect the trade of a strumpet."

He then compares, again to our disadvantage, our marriage ceremonies with those of the Egyptians, the Massagetes who lived in "Tubbes and Tunnes (wives & daughters, sons & fathers together), the Bragmans," etc., followed by bitter complaints of the bad bringing up of sons, of the unnecessary license given them when children—"the ouer great neishnes and dilicacye that by

Parentes is infused into their little sonnes"—their contempt of superiors and excess of apparel—"their malapart boldnes and libertye," and proneness to quarrelling & fighting.

He then, in a strain of considerable eloquence, calls upon his country as "thou Realme of Englande, thou olde Briutish Nation, whome sometimes Forrein Peoples have honoured for thy pietye,"—to contrast her blessings and peaceable state with those of neighbouring nations—to remember the goodness of God and Christ—to bring up children in a better manner, etc.; and thus leads up to what was, perhaps, his primary object in writing the book—the second part of it, entitled, "A COMPENDIOUS FOURME OF EDUCATION."

As the Epistle Dedicatory contains personal allusions not found elsewhere, I have ventured to transcribe it in full; but, before doing so, I will make a remark on a subject which will no doubt strike every reader—namely, the ludicrous irregularity in the orthography of certain words. This is common to most books of the period; but here we have "plees" and "place," to designate the same thing, within twenty words of each other; besides "their" and "theyr," and numerous other variations. When this is the case with works, which were no doubt, to some extent, superintended by their authors through the press, how can we wonder at the defects in the quarto plays of Shakespeare, which were surreptitiously executed? I say "to some extent," for every one conversant with such matters is aware how often the matured orthography of an author is altered by the caprice or conceit of the compositor.

"To Maister Iohn Harlowe his approoued friende.

"After that the right honourable the Lord Chiefe Iustice of the common plees had permitted vnto me the othe of an Attourney, thereby admitting me into the number of Attourneys in the common place, it was perswaded vnto me by certain good friends of mine, for that the name of an Attourney in the common place is now adayes growen into contempt, whether in respect of the multitude of thē, whiche is great besides an huge rable of Pettipractizers, or rather Petifoggers, dispersed into euerye corner of this Realme, or whether in respect of their loose and lewde dealinges, which are manifolde, Or whether in both those respects I knowe not: I say, it was for this cause perswaded vnto me, to dedicate a litle time wholly and altogether to my professed studies of the common Lawes, that I might therby the better enable my selfe to do good in that calling. Wherevpon, resoluing my selfe determinately to



followe that purpose, I thought it conuenient to seclude from me all those forreine exercises which might any wayes seeme to repugne, or to be (as it were) *a proposito aliena*.

“But (as in those my studies prefixed) being tied vnto solytarinesse in the Countrey, which for my lot, hath hapned vnto me by marriage, after a while I perceiued that, wanting (as I there did) the benefite of mine accustomed conference, it was impossible for me, without some exercise of the minde to cōtinue, or with profite to go forwarde in the same. In which respect, I contented my selfe (betwixt whiles and for recreation sake) to resort vnto mine accustomed exercise, but so, as (if it might be) some profite might redound thereof vnto others.

“And happening by good lucke vpon a certaine Latine booke intituled, *De pueris statim ac liberaliter instituendis*, I gathered compendiously out of the same, (as not being able to allowe my selfe time enough from my said studies, to accomplish the part of a Translatour) such certaine summary documents as might seeme sufficient to frame an orderly and good forme of education; which also I haue turned into English meter, and that for these two causes especially: First, for that profe requireth a more exact labour then meeter doth, and could not haue been enterprised without going through the whole booke, whervnto my small allowance of time (as is aforefayde) coulde not be answerable. Secondly; because meeter vnto the vnlearned (whom I heartily wish to be followers of this booke) doth seeme a great deale more pleasaunt then profe, and doth mitigate (as it were) the harshnes of the matter.

“Which litle booke I do offer vnto you (my approued friend) as a token of my good wyll, in whom, as in my selfe, I do perceiue a special loue not onely vnto this, but also vnto euery other good forme of education: as being trained vp (together with me your poore scholefellow) with the instructions of that learned and exquisite teacher *Maister Iohn Hopkins*, that worthy Schoolemaister, nay rather, that most worthy parent vnto all children committed to his charge of education: Of whose memory if I should in such an oportunity as this is, be forgetful, I might iustly be accompted the most vnthankefull person in the world, considering that I haue franckly tasted of his goodnes in this behalfe: that (if it be not vnseemely so to wishe) would to God I had liued at his feete euen dayes and yeres longer then I did. But to returne, in respect onely of good wyll and loue, I send vnto you these few quaiers, praying you to accept the same in equal part, resorting indifferentlye

vnto the consideration of those common affections of loue, which are wont rather patiently to beare reproche, than any wayes to lye hyd and vnknown vnto the party so beloued. Wherein I rest.

“Your owne assuredlye EDWARDE HAKE.”

This work is, as is specified, a collection of directions for the education of youth, carried on in a series of lively dialogues between Philopas and Chrisippus. It abounds in sensible remarks, and, as might be expected, in severe denunciations of the folly of parents. I have room for a few stanzas only :—

“They pinche and crooke their bodies in,  
the little corps they straine  
With garments far vnmeete such age,  
and to be thought as vaine.  
They cocke them vp with coates of pryde  
they vse them for their squires,  
They make them Cockneies in their kind  
and Apes in their attires.

\* \* \* \*

“Moreouer parents there be some  
which when (in tender age)  
They heare their children likde for ought,  
they streight their state presage.  
This child saith one wil proue wel learnd :  
then sayth the father, sure,  
I will for him some Prebende or  
some Prouostship procure.  
Or else I trust to see him rise  
to tipe of high degree :  
To be some Judge, some man of lawe,  
or man of dignitie.”

## VII.

A COMMEMORATION OF THE MOST  
PROSPEROUS AND PEACEABLE RAIGNE  
OF OUR GRATIOUS AND DEERE SOU-  
ERAIGNE LADY ELIZABETH BY THE

GRACE OF GOD OF ENGLAND, FRAUNCE AND IRELANDE, QUEENE &c. Now newly fet fourth this .XVII. day of Nouember, beying the first day of the .XVIII. yeere of her Maiesties sayd Raigne. By EDW. HAKE. Gent. Imprinted at London by William How, for Richard Johnes, dwellynge without Newgate, ouer agaynst S. Sepulchers Church. (1575.) Black Letter. [Octavo.] *British Museum.* (Grenville Collection.)

This work consists of 20 leaves—A B in eights, and C in fours. A copy sold at Perry's sale for 11*l.* 11*s.*; at Sir Mark Sykes's for 12*l.* 12*s.*; and at Sotheby's, in 1857, for 13*l.* 13*s.* Heber's copy sold for only 4*l.* 5*s.* This had been Bindley's, at whose sale it produced 9*l.* 9*s.* It is reprinted by Thomas Park in his supplement to the Harleian Miscellany, vol. ix. p. 123, *et seqq.*; but with a very inadequate notice of the author.

It is dated from Barnard's Inn, and dedicated "To the worshipfull, his verie louing Cowfen M. Edwarde Eliotte Esquier, the Queenes Maiesties Surueyour of all her Honours Manours, Landes and possessions within her highnes County of Effex." The Poem occupyes fifteen pages, consisting of 384 lines in quatrains; followed by three pages of an address, "To all the Queenes highnes most honourable Counfaylers," in seven-line stanzas. Then appears, in prose, "A Meditation wherin the godly English geueth thanks to God for the Queenes Maiesties prosperous government," etc. "which," says the author, "was imparted vnto mee by a learned and worshipfull gentleman, very necessary to bee runne vnto in the end of our reivyfinge," &c. This occupyes twelve pages, the lower half of the last one displaying a woodcut of the royal arms.

The author, in his Dedication, gives us to understand that he is induced by his cousin and a learned friend, to whom he had shewn his poem, to publish it, hoping thereby "to prouoke the pen of some renowned Homer, and to prepare the hearts of all her Highnes Subjectes to a farther and deeper consideration of Gods exceeding and superabundant mercies; that in the thankfulnes and sinceritie of their hartes they might (not for one day superficially, but for ever) kepe holy unto the Lord the commemoration of the most prosperous and peaceable raigne of the same our gracious and dere sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth."



In contrasting the quiet happiness of England with the wars and miseries prevailing in foreign countries, he thus speaks:—

“Thine english people, Lord, dwell safe:  
 with them doth peace abide,  
 With them doth live a loving Quéene  
 who like a Mother raignes,  
 And like a chosen sacred Impe  
 immortall glory gaine.  
 Her handes shée holdes not forth to warre,  
 her hart doth rest in peace:  
 Shée Joyes to see her peoples wealth  
 and wayles their harmes increase.  
 Thy gospelles fownde shée sendes abroad:  
 shée stoppes no wholesome Spring:  
 But popishe Puddles dammes shée up  
 which noysome humours bring.”

This difference he attributes not to any tyrannical propensity on the Queen's part, but to the influence of her milder virtues; and he thus compliments her on her personal charms:—

“Of fleshe the feeblest sexe by kinde,  
 of face not Junos feere;  
 But mylde Susanna in her lookes,  
 and Hester in her cheere”

But she is no less particular, according to him, in guarding popular rights and in dispensing strict justice. His stout Protestantism, which is indeed conspicuous in every piece he wrote, is again shown thus:—

“Before her raigne, bereft of peace,  
 bereft of outward joy,  
 Pursued to death by Romishe beastes,  
 still seeking her annoy;  
 Whose foamy frothy murthrous jawes,  
 with stomacks stuf with guile,  
 Each day devis'd her graces death  
 and sacred state to foyle.”

As she has thus been blessed by Jehove, she should, he says, ever be

thankful; as well as for the benefits derived from good counsellors and upright judges. He then turns to the Church, praying that the Queen may, "with judgment sound and pure, remove from thence debate," as well as choose the best preachers; and, lastly, exhorts her to redress the evils of the commonwealth, and remove unworthy dispensers of the law who are likely to give trouble in troublous times; thereby evidently glancing at judges with Popish proclivities.

In the course of his address "to all the Queenes Highnes most honourable Counsaylers," he beseeches them to beware of foreign fraud in the following sensible terms. The concluding couplet is worthy of being written in letters of gold; for how often has England not had occasion to regret the non-observance of its advice:—

"Beware of foreign fraude, and false pretended love,  
Accept good will, but secret woorks prevent;  
So joy [join?] in league, that close compacts you prove,  
So live in peace, as you to warre were bent;  
Yeeld trust, but try for feare ye do repent:  
Geve heede to peace, but live not unpreparde,  
The strongest state the longest time is sparde."

He further calls upon them to purge society of some of its grossness; that being, as he thus deploras, beyond the power of his pen even adequately to describe:—

"To tax the trades that wickedness findes out,  
To touch the lives that lewdnesse hath begonne,  
To blasf the pride that runnes the realme throughout,  
To preach the spoyles that private gaine hath wonne,  
To shew the shifts that poore men have undone,  
O noble wightes! and honourable all;  
No pen of mine hath force or ever shall"

His hatred to Roman Catholics is shown on every possible occasion, as thus in the penultimate stanza; he evidently considering them at the bottom of all the troubles of the time:—

"Herein the bloody papists do conspire,  
And begging broodes of bankrupts in their kind  
Do take the course to set our peace on fire,  
By fawning force a filthy fetch to finde,  
A few to raise with riches ill assign'd;  
Though thousands thence do reap their endlesse neede,  
Whence hate for love in consequence doth breede,

“ Herein, to fine, the fewest fortes do right,  
 Herein the lawes that godlynefs have fixt,  
 Herein, the peace appearing in our fight,  
 By private heades with wickednefs are mixt ;  
 And this our peace hath dangers drawne betwixt.  
 Herein, therefore, to finde redrefse with fpeede  
 Shall make your names ‘ true noble ’ ftill indeede !  
 In moft humble wife,

EDWARD HAKE.”

## VIII.

A IOYFULL CONTINUANCE OF THE COMMEMORATION OF THE MOST PROSPEROUS AND PEACEABLE REIGNE OF OUR GRATIOUS AND DEARE SOUERAIGNE LADY ELIZABETH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD OF ENGLANDE, FRAUNCE, AND IRELANDE QUEENE. . . . Nowe newly enlarged with an exhortation applyed to this prefent tyme. Set fourth this XVII day of Nouember beyng the fyrft day of the XXI yeere of her maiefties faid reigne. By Edw. Hake Gent. Hereunto is added a Thankefgiuing of the godly for her Maiefties profperitie hitherto ; with an earneft defire of the long continuance of the fame to Gods glory and our comfort. Imprinted at London by Richard Iohnes, and are to be fould at his fhop without Newgate [1578]. [Octavo. 24 leaves.]

Of this work only one copy is known, which is preferved in the Library of Lambeth Palace. It is perfect with the exception of A i, that being the title-page. The bulk of the book confifts of a reprint of the “ Commemoration ” printed in 1575. The following is the collation :—Title, 1 page. An Exhortation to all the Queenes Maiefties faythful and obedient Subiects, confideratly to be perufed of the fame.” 7 pp. (A 1-4) finishing with this

notice:—"The Printer to the Reader. By following of the old copy (gentle Reader) of Anno. 18. of her M. raigne, there is a fault escaped in the accompt of this present 21. yeere: which with thy pen, I pray thee amende, viz. in the fift Lease for 17. reade 20. and for 18. (in the margent of that lease) reade 21." Then follows the "Commemoration" as in the former edition; A—C iv.

But the above-named error is not the only one connected with the date of this work, which has been assigned by bibliographers, who seldom verify dates on strict chronological principles, to the year 1579; but as the twenty-first year of Q. Elizabeth's reign commenced 17 November, 1578, it should properly bear this latter date.

The following seems the only extract worth quoting, as it has personal applications:—

"It was in my mynde to haue continued a yeerely remembraunce of the premises, at such tyme as I fyrst set fourth this sayd Pamphlet, being then the xvij. yeere of her Maiesties reigne: or at the least, to haue continued the same vntil some good wyter had bin knownen to haue dipped his penne in this kynde of Argument: But (much to my trouble, and litle to my comfort) I haue bene helde backe by other busineses occasioned necessarily, though not profitable, in ye vocation wherein I liue. And the tyme being now instant, wherein these thyngs ought rather to be put forth, then enterprised and begonne, I am constrayned with grieve of mynde, to leave vndone that which I haue bene hytherto as desirous to accomplishe as I am and haue bene willing to enjoy the benefites of so excellent a gouernement in common with my brethren.

"It is not a slight and vulgare thing (my deare brethren and countrymen) that a royall personage shoulde be first afflicted, & then advanced: fyrst humbled, and then exalted: fyrst brought downe to the gates of death, and then agayne set vp in the wayes of lyfe, and in the throne of principalitie and rule. This is the order of the Lordes schoole, this is the course of the almightie, and these are the onely wayes of the highest. By whome foeuer hee pleaseth to worke his worke, in those he expresseth the good tokens of his election. And hath he not dealt so with our Elizabeth?"

He then complains of the "vnrecouerable wickednes of the people of this tyme and Nation"—of the praçices of the Queen's enemies, rebellion, Popish plots, &c.

## IX.

## DAUIDS SLING AGAINST GREAT GOLIAH.

A sword againſt the feare of Death. A battell between the Deuill & the Conſcience. The dead mans ſchoole. A lodge for Lazarus. A retraite from Sin. By E. H. London, by Henry Denham, 1580. [16mo.]

The only authority for the exiſtence of this work, which is from the initials attributed to Edward Hake, is Maunſell's Catalogue.

## X.

AN ORATION conteyning an Expoſtulation As well with the Queenes Highneſſe faithfull Subiects for their want of due conſideration of Gods bleſſings enjoyed by meanes of her Maieſtie: As alſo with the vnnaturall engliſh for their diſloyaltie and vnkindneſſe towards the ſame their Soueraygne. At the firſt pronounced vpon the Queenes Maieſties Birthday, in the Guyldhall of the Burrowe of Newe Windſore, by Edward Hake of Grayes Inne Gent. then Mayer of the ſame Burrowe: And now newly inprinted this xvij. day of Nouember, in the xxx. yeere of the Queenes Highneſſe moſt happie Raigne. Imprinted at London for Edward Aggas. [1587.] Black Letter. [Quarto. 16 leaves, A—D.]

This Oration, ſpoken on the Queen's Birthday, 7th September, 1586, was according to the Registers of the Stationers' Company, liſenſed to Edw. Aggas, 30th October, 1587, in which year it was no doubt printed. It is introduced by an Addreſs by Hake to "The right Noble and vertuous his ſinguler good Lady, the Lady Anne Counteſſe of Warwicke,"—(wife of Ambroſe Dudley, elder brother of the Earl of Leiceſter, and created Lord Liſle and Earl of Warwick in 1562)—in which he regrets that he has no better means of ſhewing his reſpect for "ſo noble a Lady, as by whom (I

confesse) both in my sicknesse and my health I haue bene often reuiued and singularly comforted."

The only copy of this work now known is in the Library of Lambeth Palace. It is, however, reprinted in the second volume of Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*.

## XI.

## THE TOUCHE-STONE OF WITTES. 1588.

Though Warton, in his description of the "Mirror of Magistrates," the first edition of which appeared in 1559, quotes Hake's opinion as a contemporary writer upon it, as found in his "Touche-stone of Wittes," a work "chiefly compiled," according to our great poetic critic, "with some slender additions from William Webbe's "Discourse of English Poetry," published in 1588; he speaks of him as "a forgotten writer," and as "one of whom he knows but little more than that he wrote also "A Touche-stone for this Time present." But to this slight notice we are indebted for the only record we possess of this work of Hake's (the Touche-stone of Wittes); for though a copy had undoubtedly been seen by Warton, it has escaped the subsequent researches of our most ardent bibliomaniacs; resembling in this respect the fate of that curious poetic tract of 32 leaves, printed in 1601, entitled "No Whippinge nor Trippinge but a kinde friendly Snippinge," which, notwithstanding a copy of it had apparently been used by Malone, had never been seen by Warton nor by any succeeding bibliographer till another (and perhaps the only surviving one) had been disinterred at Lamport Hall by the present editor, who has no hesitation, from the most direct internal evidence, in fathering it upon Nicholas Breton.

## XII.

OF GOLDS KINGDOME, AND THIS VN-  
helping Age. Described in sundry Poems  
intermixedly placed after certaine other Poems of  
more speciall respect: And before the same is an  
Oration or speech intended to haue bene deliuered  
by the Author hereof vnto the Kings Maiesty. *Ipsē*



*licet venias Musis comitatus Homere, Si nihil at-  
tuleris, ibis Homere foras.* Though *Homer*, thou do  
come thy selfe with Muses waiting on thee, Yet  
*Homer*, if thou nothing bring, then *Homer*, God be  
with thee. *Animus virtutis studiosus adinuenit artem  
Carminum ad laudandum bona: ad vituperandum  
vero vitiosa.* *Arist. De poetica lib. i.* [Emblematical  
Woodcut.] Imprinted at London by Iohn Windet  
dwelling at Paules Wharfe at the signe of the Crosse-  
keyes, and are there to be sold. 1604. Black  
Letter. [Quarto, 33 leaves.]

The copy in the British Museum is imperfect, containing only  
24 leaves. [A to F 4.] It had belonged to Heber, who purchased  
it from Longman's Bibl. Anglo-Poetica, at 3*l.* 3*s.*, and then paid  
Lewis 13*s.* for the binding. It produced at his sale 1*l.* 13*s.* One  
at Bindley's sale, apparently perfect, brought 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, and G.  
Chalmers's copy, in 1842, 13*l.*

This volume comprises a singular intermixture of poems on  
varied subjects in various measures, with a few prose pieces, advert-  
ing to royal personages, to courtiers, to prelates, to judges, to  
lawyers, &c., and to the author's leading topic, the potency and  
undue influence of gold. The circumstances under which it was  
composed are stated in the following dedication in the latter part  
of the book :—

“ *To the right worshipfull his very kind and curteous friend Edward  
Vaugban Esquire, Deputy Officer of the Office of the Pipe of the  
Kings Maiesties Eschequer.*

“ Good Sir,

“ My occasions staying me so long in London this last vacation,  
as that according to the bill of Certificat there died about 19  
hundreth of the Plague in one weeke: Although I then thought  
it not fit to employ that time in any serious Study, yet I was vn-  
willing to passe it wholly ouer without some exercise of my Pen.  
Whereupon resorting to a few odde trifles which I had penned  
about a yeare or two sithens, I added euery day for diuerse dayes  
together sundry others vnto them. And causing my man to



write them out after me, in the end I found the whole thereof to arise vnto a proportion of a litle Booke: which (thus written as it is) I send vnto you, as a token of my assured goodwill, being ready from time to time to expresse the same by better meanes as I shall be enabled thereunto. And whereas in one or two places of the booke I haue made mention of outragious fees, let that light where it will: As for you, you are knowne to be a giuer of fees: But an extreame exacter of fees I am perswaded in my heart you neuer were, nor euer will be. And so with my best wishing vnto you, I cease: This First of Januarie 1603.

“Your true and hearty welwiller,  
“E. HAKE.”

This Edward Vaughan was author of a litle work, (not mentioned by Lowndes, and recently in my possession,) and one in which it appears Sir W. Herbert had a part, printed by A. Islip, London, 1594, entitled “Ten Introductions: How to Read, and in Reading how to Understand; and in Understanding, how to beare in mind all the Bookes, Chapters, and Verses, contained in the Holie Bible.” In the Preface is a feeling allusion to the families “which the last years Plague hath ruinated, deprived, and desolated.”

The following verses in “Golds Kingdome” relate to the state of uncertainty in which the kingdom was placed by the death of the Queen, with a high compliment to the efficient administration of justice in the city of London.

“Of the most commendable and honourable gouernement of the City of London, in the late times of the sicknesse and decease of the most gracious and renowned Queene Elizabeth.

“Feare, horror trembling, and dismay of heart  
Were each where seene upon reports that went  
That our late Queene lay sicke. O dreadfull smart  
Redoubled still as new reports were sent.  
Most men to flit and change their foiles were bent,  
But where to feate or where to be secure,  
Alas, alas, no casting could procure.

“The vpland man, thought safest in the Towne,  
The townes man thought him best that was at large,  
And he that earst fate warme in long furd gowne,  
Could well haue brookt the steering of a barge.  
Not one of other then would take the charge,

But each suspecting other, all dismayd,  
Not for defence, but for destruction stayd.

“ O London then (to thy still lasting fame)  
So prudently thy Gouvernement was set,  
As that how euer newes then went and came,  
Nought could thy graue foresight or compasse let  
Wifedome and courage so in thee were met,  
As that the Peacefull had his quiet rest,  
And few men feard that they should be oppress.

“ No troupes by day nor lurkings in the night  
Could gather head, but streight they were descryde:  
Each officer so held his course aright,  
As that no doubtfull person durst abide.  
And for the care that was at water-side,  
It was to all great ioy to vnderstand  
What rules were there for setting men on land.

“ In fine, when certainty of death was knowne  
Of her our Queene, did hurly burly rise?  
No none at all: A bud then straight way blowne  
On selfe same stalke did London well suffice  
To measure all things with an vpright Size.  
The keyes were kept for him [King James] who did succeed,  
And nought was heard that discrepance might breed.

“ Then I as one partaker of that Good,  
Who with my wife and family did stay  
Within the City where I vnderstood  
Th’ occurrents of those times and Cities sway,  
Found cause of sweete content whereas I lay,  
Obseruing there the orders of that place,  
Which with my heart I highly did imbrace.”

As the “Oration” included in this volume contains little but the usual adulation address'd to soveraigns on their accession to the throne, and has already been reprinted in Brydges's “*Restituta*,” vol. iii. p. 269, it seems unnecessary to repeat it here. But it is amusing to observe that the author, who never loses an opportunity of self-laudation, manages, while alluding to the king's share in the government, and the “equity of the Common Lawes of England and of the High Court of Chancery,” to call His Majesty's attention to “a plaine and open Treatise thereof in English,” which

he has written, and of which he begs the king's perusal. This has apparently never been printed.

I will now give a few specimens of the poems in "Golds Kingdome," some of which contain passages of considerable merit. They are preceded by the following stanzas, showing the ruling features of the author's mind—his zeal for religion—his yearning for the reformation of abuses in Church and State, as well as in the legal profession, all of which bore heavily on the people,—tempered by a profound veneration for the office of the sovereign. From its heading, "Humble Petitions of good subiects to their good King against the Parliament," and from the ideas expressed in it, it is evident that his hopes for reform centred entirely in the new ruler:—



Conferme Religion as the Arke of God :  
 Preferue the places where the same shall rest :  
 Then lawes for life, and maners as the Rod,  
 Wherewith offence of Sinne must be suppress,  
 So shall the land assuredly be blest.  
 But frie Spirits are not for that charge,  
 Nor such as seeke their profits to enlarge.

"Next, for the Common-wealth (as is begun)  
 Take off oppressions from the Subiects backe,  
 And to the Commons do not alwayes runne  
 For every thing that Common wealth doth lacke,  
 For so poore Subiects still shall go to wracke,  
 And yet must Subiects Cæsars duties pay :  
 No faithfull Subiect will thereof say nay.

"As for the Lawyers faults and griefes thereby,  
 The peoples plaints suffice to make them knowne,  
 And how huge monstrous fees on Suters lye,  
 Which Officers and Clarkes claime as their owne :  
 But if you aske *quo iure* they are growne  
 The man (say they) must sell who first did buy :  
 A case to be redrest as cause shall lie.

"In brieve, the sores & sicknesses that are  
 In Englands state, which grieved men will shew  
 In Parliament, will moue the Princes care  
 To finde the fountaines whence the same doe flow,  
 And fountaines found, to purge them all arow.

The God of heauen preferue our blessed King,  
 That he to Church and Realme true peace may bring.  
 Aftra Deo nil maius habent, Nil Cæfare Terra:  
 Sic Cæfar Terras, vt Deus Aftra regat."

*"No gold no goodnesse.*

" **O** Gold that goest in and out,  
 That rul'st and raignest at thy will,  
 O thou that bringest things about,  
 Why art thou absent from vs still?  
 But O our God, O where art thou  
 That suffrest Gold to conquer now?

" You earthly men who vnto men  
 Nought giue where you can nothing take,  
 I speake to you, regard me then,  
 Your Gold and Goods your God you make:  
 For where as Gold is, you are won,  
 But where Gold is not, you haue done.

" Be honest, learned, skilfull, wise,  
 Be what thou canst, if Gold thou want,  
 Thou maist lie still, thou shalt not rise,  
 For nothing proues where Gold is skant:  
 For Gold it is that doth the deed,  
 But nothing prospers where is need.

" What, shall I then lie downe and die?  
 Alas I cannot when I would:  
 Or shall I fit me downe and crie  
 And with my teares my grieue vnfold?  
 Lament and crie, do what thou wilt,  
 Thy cause is lost for lacke of Gilt.

" Yet say I not that all men looke  
 To be rewarded for their deed:  
 But this I say, that few men brooke  
 To helpe a man that is in need.  
 For though he write with Homers inke,  
 Yet go he shall before he drinke."

*“The same complaining of his want of friends.*

“**W**AKING in my bed I wept  
 And silently complaind,  
 The cares that on me crept  
 All hope of sleepe restraind,  
 I called on my hap,  
 I cried on my chaunce,  
 Will none stand in the gap?  
 Will none my state aduance?  
 My woe that neuer ends,  
 My want that neuer dies,  
 My state that neuer mends,  
 My soule that euer cries,  
 All these are but the loome  
 That warpeth vp my death,  
 All these preface my doome,  
 The losse of later breath.  
 But is there not a Ioy  
 That worldly Ioy excels,  
 That helpeth all annoy  
 And worldly woe expels?  
 There is no doubt, God graunt it me  
 So shall those woes extinguisht be.”

*“Droupe and die,  
 Looke vp and liue.*

“**B**E drouping N. and die my dearest friend:  
 For who regardeth him whose ioyes do end?  
 Looke vp and liue, make shew of greatest store:  
 If litle thou possesse, make shew of more:  
 Be modest, simple, bashfull in thy deed,  
 Assure thy selfe of nothing thou shalt speed:  
 But stout vaunt parler stirring in the State  
 Will haue his passage through a Princely Gate.”

*Answer.*

“Ah God my God, and must it needes be thus?  
 Will nothing come by plaine and simple course?  
 Must Nature change her selfe and loose her Ius?  
 Must humble mind be proud? Nay (which is worse)

Must vertue feruile be to stalcke vpon the Stage?  
 Ah Lord my God, how grieuous is this Age?  
 Ile neuer liue to make such fained shoves:  
 Ile rather liue where peace of Conscience growes.  
*Natura pauca, opinio multa requirit."*

*"A carefull Debtor.*

**I** Live in debt, yet loue not to do so,  
 I pay no debt, but not because I would not:  
 Tis debts disease that breedeth all my woe,  
 It kills my heart (alas) because I could not.  
 But hence I go to seeke some change of soyle  
 Whereby to pay my debt with bodies toyle."







**Newes out of Powles**

*Churchyarde*

**Now newly renewed and amplified**  
according to the accidents of the  
present time, 1579.

*and*

**Otherwise entituled, s<sup>r</sup> Nummus.**

**Written in English Satyrs. Wherein**

is reprooued excessiue and vnlawfull see=  
king after riches, and the euill  
spending of the same.

Compyled by E. H. Gent.

*Seene and allowed according to the  
order appointed.*

Horatius.

*Aetas parentum peior auis, tulit*

*Nos nequiores, mox daturos*

*Progeniem vitiosorem.*


**Well get thy goods, and spend them well:  
well gotten, keepe the same.**

**Beware of hoorde, hoorde hate doth bring,  
and bile reprochfull name.**

*Non mordet qui monet,*

*Non vulnerat, sed sanat.*



 *To the high and Honora-*

ble , and his especiall good Lorde,  
Lorde Robert Dudley , Earle of Leycester,  
Baron of Denbigh, and Knight of the most  
*noble order of the Garter* , high Stewarde  
of her Maiesties Burrow of new Wind-  
fore, Edw. Hake, vndersteward there,  
wistheth dayly preservation with  
increase of honoz to Gods  
glory.

*Sith grace hath graffed in your Noble brest,  
Farre grater gifts then tipe of mundane glee:  
Sith high renowme, your Honour, & the rest,  
To Vertue yeeld, and counteruayled bee  
With great effect of Vertues worthy vew:  
I make it bolde for vertues ayde to sew.  
And though my gift (as slender to the shoe)  
Vnworthy seeme to shrowde himselfe as nowe  
In blessed Bay from force of deadly foe :  
Yet Vertue may your Lordships pitie bowe  
To fense the Booke beset with deadly hate,  
For that the same explanes the present state,  
And sets to vew the vices of the time  
In Nouell Verse and Satyrs sharpe effect  
Still drawne along and pend in playnest rime  
For sole intent good liuing to erect :  
And sinne rescinde which rifely raignes abroad  
In peoples harts full fraught with sinfull loade.*

A .ii. Sith

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Sith so (I say) therefore your Noble hart  
Let grace so guide and bend to Vertues bayte,  
That Satirs these (though seeming somewhat tart)  
May shielded be from such as lie in waite  
The same to shend and bring to fowle decaye:  
To deadly shame, and mortall malice aye.  
So shall your Lordship shewe your selfe to bee  
Sole vertues stay, and friend vnto the good:  
So hate to sinne shal men apparaunt see,  
And loue set forth to saue the sinfull bloud.  
And so shall I encourage in my paine,  
Proceede, and set my Pen to Booke againe.  
And euer pray the liuing God of might  
Your Lordship so to guide by gift of grace,  
That you may stande accepted in his sight  
VVhilst here you liue, and in the ende a place  
Receiue with such as vertues path haue traste:  
And liue with them that vertue haue imbraste.*

Your Lordships most  
*humbly at commaund-  
ment. Edw. Hake.*

## To the Gentle Reader.



I pleaseth the Printer, (Gentle Reader, as thou see-  
ist) after twelue yeeres sci-  
lence, to hale againe into the  
lighte, this my litle booke of  
englishe Satyrs, which else mighte haue  
soonge vnto it selfe, Ecce nunc in puluere  
dormio: what his gaine shalbe, I knowe  
not: and I am perswaded, that gaine is not  
the onely, no noꝝ the chiefest ende hee re-  
specteth. But on the other part, what I shal  
gaine that am the Authoz of the booke, none  
can be so ignoraunt, but hee maye easilye  
ghesse. Once, money I gaine none at this  
time, either for wꝛiting altering oꝝ corꝛec-  
ting of the same: & hereof I stand so cléere,  
that bothe I and my booke may be bould to  
exempt our selues from the reache of mine  
owne Argument which consisteth in the  
reproouing of those who (by male engine) lie  
in wait for sic Nummus. And thus much be  
spoken to preuent the obprobry & reproche  
that this way might be rayled against me.

As for prayse and commendation, if the  
sharpnes of my Satyrs were not matter  
sufficient to settle me against the expecta-  
tion thereof: yet I am not so farre from  
Judgement I thanke God, but that I

## To the gentle Reader.

know (in part) what is lackinge (as well in the inuention as in the verse of the booke,) that shoulde carye away commendation amongst the better sort of english Poetes of our tyme: And indeede, it is a matter that I stryue nothing at all to attaine vnto: For if I did, I woulde frequent the meanes, which are reading and practise, neither whereof, I haue bene acquainted with to any purpose since the first thre yeeres which I spent in the Inn of Chauncery: being now aboue a dosen of yeeres passed. And so longe is it sithens these Satyres were first made and set foorth, euen (as I maye saye) in my childishe yeeres, whereof notwithstanding verie lytle or nothing I repent mee. Only I wishe that all that I haue wrytten & published heretofore were by me reuised, and that I might haue licence and laylure to runne them ouer againe, hereby to make them a little moze substanciall if my habilitie serued thereto: which being once done and perfozmed, how forwarde I woulde bee from then scoozth in setting forth of bookes, shoulde appeare vnto the worlde by the continuance of my silence. For (to speake a truthe) it is not meete we shoulde cloye the worlde with  
to many



To the gentle Reader.

to many bookes of weake handling: especially, whyles the learned trauailes and profitable labours of worthe wryters are fayne to keepe the doore (as I maye terme it) or, which is more, to lie buried in silēce.

But touching this my booke: I haue not abridged it of any one Satyre that was in the first edytion thereof, neyther haue I added vnto it any other whole Satyre: But I haue enlarged here and there one, and haue corrected y<sup>e</sup> whole booke in many places. I confesse I coulde haue beene willing to haue increased the number by ij. or iij. Satyres at the least: Namely of vnder-shreues and Bayliffs one: And of Informers and Sompners or Apparitours other twoo. Which offycers (if they all so be) how they abuse the Subiects and people of this Realme at this daye, by intollerable Extortions bytheries trecheries and decepts, what whole Shier, and in euerye Shier, what Cytie Towne or Village, is not hable haboundauntly to declare? But these, together with the exquisite handling of mine allowable Argument, I muste be contented to omitte, as neyther hauninge laysure, nor (through want of laysure) skill sufficient to accomplishe the same: For I

A.iiij.

tell



## To the gentle Reader.

tell you, it is no matter of meane ymportance, firste to searche and sytte owte the wenches and wyles, shyfts, practises and deceytes that the lewde sorte of this people (which I feare me are the greater number of them) doe vse to gette money with. And then hauing so searched and sitted them owte from nooke to crooke, to sette foorth the same in apt and conuenient discourse:

For which causes (gentle Reader) be contented and affoord me thine indyfferent Iudgement in this that I haue alreadye done: And if thou finde therein any matter of reprehension moze sytte to haue bene handled by men of grauer Censure and moze agreeable callinge: Forasmuche as it reacheth no farther then to the reproving of vice, and the same also wytten in that age of mine, when as vice (withoute the grace of God) mighte rather haue drawen me to her league, then haue had me for hir enemye: I thinke thou mayest well enough (without endaungeringe of Justice) assent to my request, and so I hope thou wylt do. Fare well.



*Ad authorem, Ioannes Long*

Londoniensis minister.

*Q*uærit opes hominū mens improba, querit honores:  
Sed quid diuitiæ? quid decus omne valent?

*Insidiis quæruntur opes, quæruntur honores:*

*Ista breui fugiunt, & peritura volant.*

*Perge tuos igitur fœlici tramite gressus:*

*Sistere ne retrahat Zoilus istud opus.*

*Insidias ostende virum, quos nulla mouere*

*Heu pietas poterit: queis pador omnis abest.*

*Sic tu Nestoriæ traduces stamina vitæ*

*Haké, tuam famam sydera summa canent.*



# *The same to the Citie*

of London.

**A** Great conquest of sinne hath made  
a Student Edward Hake.

**O** London learne foꝛ to beware,  
from sinne arise and wake.

**O**f wanton Haydes he did also,  
the sights a late detest:

Learne to be wise, and looke to them,  
the worst alwayes suspect.

Hee hath redulde to vulgare tongue  
the Imitation true

And following of our Captaine Chyiste,  
good living to renue.

A Touchestone foꝛ the present tyme  
hee eke set foꝛth of late,

Wherein the rupnes of the Churche  
with zeale he doth debate.

A brief memorizall of our Quene  
and of her blessed raigne

He also wote in dewe discourse  
first once and then againe.

At length these newes are now come foꝛth  
wherein thy sinnes he shoves.

Repent (therefoꝛe) and call for grace  
of God eche thing that knowes.

*F F N I S.*

## *The Author to the Carping and scornfull Sicophant.*

**A**S plated Finne of slender flying Dare  
Wherwith the Seaman cuts the crooked waue,  
As scant of force tattaine the happy boare  
When check of tyde back beares the mighty Raue :  
So I (no lesse) long lodgde on mounting surge,  
Was kept aloofe by cankerd captives gurge.

Though true intent did flyce the streame so swift,  
Sea beaten Bark could scantly yet obtaine  
The boare tyll now: by subtile Zoyls drift  
And Vipers tongue that beat my Boate amaine.

What then? perforce, and maugre Momus head,  
I lhy on Strond, as free from daungers dead.

Let Sicophaunts and Minotaurus broode,  
Let Ciclops feere, and subtile Tiren bagges,  
With grinning Satwes and gasping gyddy moode  
So shake their eares, and shut their shameles bagges.

I force them not, no; Neutrall, Papist, no;  
Aile Janus Jacks: t. eir league doo I abhor.

Thou Papist, thou, false harted to thy Prince,  
That wouldste bereaue her grace of princely potore,  
To thee I say that checking, doost conuince  
(As seemeth thee) my poynaunt poore deuotore:  
For that thou deemst me dampned by thy doom,  
Stand back fir Brock, let Bandoq take thy room.

Shall brockysh Badger beare as now the sway,  
Or Shepberdes Dog that bringeth in the Sheepe?  
Shall woolluich mates that woont the same to slay,  
Rebuke the Whelpe? no, no, take thou no kepe.

To my poore potore yle bark thee from the fold,  
And shepberdes shall rebayte thee to thy holde.

Wher.

## To the carping and

Therefore, withdraw thy raging spoyle by day  
And see thou lurck (at least) within thy caue  
Whyle Sunne is by, for feare of Hunters pray:  
What tyme thy craft is not of force to saue.  
And eke at night, beware ift be thy hap,  
And keepe thy foote from slipping Hunters trap.

And now to thee thou double faced drudge,  
That plyes thy selfe so plyaunt vnto chaunge,  
And vnder hand dooste beare thy face so Budge:  
Thou Tyme sclaue thou, y<sup>t</sup> sayst my pen doth raunge:  
To thee I say (for that thou moanst my case)  
Restraine thy tongue, least I descry thy face.

Thy hooded head that doth two faces beare,  
I see how closely vnderhand it nods,  
And triple tongue that byds me ware this geare,  
Least chaunge should come. But twene vs. ij. be ods.  
And therefore (Janus) once againe I say,  
So charme your tongue, least I take hood away.

And last of all, I turne my tale to thee,  
Thou nunquam sanus byle reprochfull mate,  
And carping carelesse cankerd churle, whom hee  
That writes ech where, reprobues with worthy hate.  
For that thou belklt with belly bursten paunch,  
Gaint them that haps from ydle hoare to launch.

To thee, to thee my flytting Muse auerres,  
And bound by Dathe of fayth, I doo auotue  
That neyther hate nor harbraynd toy inferres  
This worke of myne which I doo publysh nowe.  
Nor meede at all, though where it bringerh gaine,  
It pleaserh some for to requite my paine.

For

## *Scornefull Sicophant.*

For well thou wotste, if thyrlty were my minde  
To bend the same to wynde by gaynfulme trade,  
Then would I wryte the thing that Authours finde  
A gaine within : and whereby Sommes be made.

I m eane vaine iestes to stirre vp filthy game.

But I protest my harte doth hate the same

And onely seekes how to sequester sinne,  
And Sathans dryfts that driue men downe to hell:  
My thoughts be cleere, my conscience cleane within.  
Thus knotweth God, that eche ones thought can tell.

Therefore, beware and let thy carping lye.

Else, sure my pen my gyltlesse hart shall trye.

And to conclude, to all that wysh me well,  
And loue by tongue, do vtter to my face,  
I make request that rancour they depell  
And let their verdict to the Trueth geue place.

Else, let them cease to beare of friend the name.

For I refuse to take them for the same.

Once (sure I am) with quipping querks herein,  
I haue not meant to taunt, or check the good,  
Nor (rayling bent) I flounders doo begin:  
Though trueth I say, to such as wyll be wood.

For gyltie man findes eche thing to his shame.

Where good men can their owne offences blame.

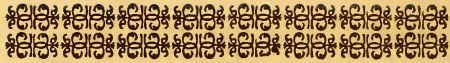
But well, for fine and finall ende I saye  
To all such Snakes as lye by stealing pace  
And boughing Curs that bark and winde away,  
I holde it best that they no more deface

An open trueth : for then, as they deserue,

Embarkt I lye to launch when tyme shall serue.

FINIS.





**Ad authorem Ric. Ma-**  
thæus, Londoniensis minister.

**T***Vus probatur à pijs labor bonus:  
Qui quod pium est non diligit,  
Noli putare vincere hunc virum tibi:  
Huic sit loquela libera.  
Quis Zoilum fugit pius? Tu nec potes:  
Bonis mali nam detrahunt.  
Tibi beata sit precor solatio  
Vita ea, Deus quam tunc dabit,  
Cum tua fides Christo ut facit des obuiam  
Regno patris summi sui.*



*The*





*The Noueltie of this*

Booke.

**S**uch Noueltie as time doth bring,  
I yeelde in meeter heere:  
Euen newes that to the Godly hart  
may noysome newes appeere.  
But yet what then? such is the state  
of this our present time,  
That now no daye doth passe without  
some new deuised crime.

*FINIS.*



¶ The Glory of the Honorable, is  
the feare of God.



*The Beare doth beare me now in hand  
that Noble is thy race.  
The vertues of thy worthy minde,  
shewve forth the gifts of grace.*



## The first Satyr.

**A**S late I walked by and downe,  
in Dowles for my repast,  
And there (as many woont to doo)  
about the Church had traste  
Long tyme alone to view the rowte,  
and great confused noyse,  
With pleasaunt chat (a world to see)  
at length I heard a voyce.  
And casting backe mine eye, I spyde  
a pretie wymblye lad,  
Who saluing of his mate, dyd aske  
what newes were to be had.  
His fellowe (lyke a gentle swaine,  
and ioly headed chylde)  
Conioyned handes, and sighing, sayde  
a slaue hath me beguilde.  
But scarcely had he spoken this,  
oz eare his faithfull leere  
Faste claspte his arme, and him besought,  
to be of better cheere:  
And let not chaunce (quoth he) afright,  
noz so molest your minde,  
As thus to seeme a Wight that hath  
his woonted ioy resygnde.

Auθhor.

B.i.

Tell

*Newes out of Powles*

Bertulph. Tell tell, quoth Bertulph (so he hight)  
By whome you are beguylde  
And eke what cause and cruel chaunce  
your comfort hath exylde.

Paule. O friende (sayde Paule) full soone would I  
expresse to thee my grieffe,  
But so peruersely falles it forth  
that I see no reliefe.  
But yet sith thou so vrgent arte  
and earnest of the case,  
I graunt thereto if thou attende  
and walke about the place.  
Content is pleasde, quoth Bertulph tho,  
and then they walckte pleere,

Aucthor. And I perceyuing all their talcke,  
approched very neere:  
And soyning close vnto their side,  
I walckt with equall pace  
(Without offence as I suppose  
their talcke had such a grace.)

Paule. Then Paule began with visage pale  
and handes conioyned fast,  
To settle forth him selfe to speake,  
and thus he spake at last.  
The highest God that sittes aboute  
For aye in heavenly Throne,  
That Prince of might that rules the hea-  
and Welkin weeldes alone, (uens  
He

## Churchyarde

He knowes if I do fallſely ſpeake,  
or (mooued through affect)  
If I through hate or fauor, lye  
in any one reſpect.  
But firſt, befoze my tale begyn,  
Ile tell you howe the ſlaue  
Hath many one beguyled earſt  
that ſought the ſame to haue.  
His name alſo I wyll not ſticke  
to tell you with the reſt.  
And to be ſhort, He Nummus hight  
(a paſſing proper gueſt,  
He lodgeth ofte with Marchauntmen  
and eke with men of Lawe,  
And lightly where he hoſteth, there  
are people kept in awe.  
Ile eke declare howe that as he  
doth often men beguyle,  
Euen ſo him ſelſe is often catcht,  
with fraude and filthy wyle.  
And howe ofte tymes by force they wreſt  
and wing him to their handes  
And howe from ſooles he often fyes  
and breakes his tynſell bandes,  
Now, whyles p<sup>r</sup> Paule was ſpeaking thus, Au<sup>thor</sup>.  
his mate gan me elppe.  
He knewe my minde, I gaue a becke,  
he wyoked with his eye

*Newes out of Powles*

And helde his synger on his mouth,  
suspecting soze the man :  
He thought that fancies led his braine,  
his visage lookte so wan  
And wordes so boyde of woonted sence.  
But yet (foz that he hight,  
And promilde had to heare the ende)  
his best he kept aright.

Paule.

And forth proceeded Paule at large.  
This Nummus nowe (quoth he)  
Is straightly watchte, and hardly kept  
with men of each degree.  
He wanteth none to wayte for him,  
although he scapt from mee.  
The Laytie and the Clergie bothe,  
if haply him they see :  
Will talke with Vobis eare he parte,  
theyle plucke a Crowe with him.  
Theyle shut him vp, or sende him forth,  
some greater gaine to wyn.  
Or else to worke their neighbors woe,  
by waginge sutes at Lawe,  
To bring them selues in ptease and price,  
and to be had in awe.

Clergie.

But as for Clergie, some of them,  
they knowe his nature well,  
They knowe his false corrupting force,  
with him they will not mell,

Except



## Churchyarde

Except it be where neede requires,  
and for a iust intent.  
And surely some, though not the swaye,  
right so to gaine are bent.  
Although that some againe doo seeke  
excessiuely the same,  
And some do hoozde it vp in stoze,  
to their rebuke and shame.  
But (if I should vp'rightly speake)  
Their lyuinges are so lopt,  
That from th'inferiour Clergie men,  
long since Syr Nummus hopt.  
I meane not pompous Prelates here,  
nor Chaplens of degreé,  
These flaunting fellowes by your leaué,  
will haat ift had maye bee  
I meane, I meane pooze Ministers,  
some plaste and some disperst ;  
Whome powling Patrons and such lyke,  
haue greeuously amerst.  
And yet forsoothe our Baldockes bleate,  
and say they keepe no chéere.  
They catche Syr Nummus from them still,  
and yet would haue him héere.  
But well they are no small fooles nowé,  
that robbe the Clergies méede.  
Wherfoze to sylence were I best,  
such wordes may rancoz byeede,



*Newes out of Powles*

And here you must aduert it well,  
that iustly men maye seeke  
foꝛ Nummus to releeuē their neede,  
if so their fancie leeke.  
And also how that they right well  
the same may styll retaine,  
So that they doo not hoord him vp  
foꝛ sole intent to gaine.  
But such as I shall here recite,  
cannot without offence  
The same oꝛ seeke, oꝛ keepe, oꝛ spend  
what so be their pretence.  
Bicause their mindes are all peruerse :  
they spende foꝛ spyte oꝛ gaine :  
And thꝛough the lust of lawlesse hoords,  
the same doo they retaine.  
And what are they that seeke it so ?  
Euen most men now a dayes.  
In Countrey, Citie and each where  
they finde sinister wayes  
To obtaine the same, and spende it yll,  
oꝛ elle to keepe it woꝛse :  
And euer aye their mindes are bent  
to fyll their farsed Purse.  
But nowe, foꝛ that the scope is large  
where we may finde them out,  
And time but thꝛot, I rather meane  
to leaue the Country rout,

And

## Churchyarde

And medle with our Townish lads  
in London sole precinct,  
Except (as neede) the Suburbs must  
be with the Citie Linckt.

Wheras, when I haue reckned vp  
of them the most estates,  
Then tell howe many kindes of folcke  
ne lyue within the rates

And bounds of honest seeking stoze,  
of spending well the same,  
Of closely couching vp their hoozd  
as bedlem bugs to tame.

Why sy? (quoth Bertulph) now me thinks      Bertulph.  
you talke not of the man

That seru'de you of that stuttish touch  
of late I wot neare whan.

○ Friende (quoth Paule) is this the faith      Paule.  
and this thy late behest?

I stickt not to begin my tale  
at thy alone request:

And thou therefore didst promise mee  
thy silent eare to giue.

And yet thou interruptst my tale.

Howe should I thee beleue?

Of friendly faith attende a while,  
and marke me to the ende:

Then shalt thou thinke that I disclose  
to thee as to a Friende.      Finis.

*Newes out of Powles*



The second Satyr.

Paule.

**A**S promise p̄sseth me to show  
my minde to thee at large:  
Euen so t'oblerue due order is,  
belonging to my charge.  
Harcke therfoze (first) how Nummus doth  
beguile eche kinde of men:  
Howe it throughth foze and byle effect  
doth noysome humoz blen:  
His beautie (first) and pregnant show,  
and then his mighty foze,  
Enchaunteth so the peoples hartes:  
that (boyde of all remorse)  
They fawne & gaze, they watch and pry,  
they leaze and est forlweare,  
They worke the thing that wicked is,  
they curle, they ban and teare  
the blessed name of great Iehoue,  
and all to wynn the same:  
They put in vze, they practise still  
to get the golden hame.  
And first beholde our men of law:  
let them haue chiefest place,  
Sith by the lawes, eche common weath  
doth runne his rightfull race.

Men of  
Lawe.

And

## Churchyarde

And for that Lawes accounted are,  
eche where the chiefest staye :

Let Lawiers then be principall,  
and first within my playe.

But as for Judges now to iudge,  
my iudgement will not saye :

Judges.

I wote full well, their prayle was spread  
by me this other daye.

And Trueth it is, our Iudgement seates  
such Wyent heades possesse,

As former dayes for men of choyle,  
had neuer such I guesse.

What then ? no sort, no one degree,  
no place, no function so

Uprightly standes, but with the good  
some wicked weede doth growe.

With vertues league, some vice doth lynk  
and forme of godly betw

Of equall makes with men of troth,  
some Hypocrites vntrue.

I knowe friend Bertulph, some there be  
whose hands regarde no meede,

Whose hartes Dye no deceypt at all,  
from whome no harmes proceede.

And sure I am, when cause of troth,  
befoze such men is tryde,

With simple troth, they Justice yeelde,  
and iustly do decyde.

But

*Newes out of Powles*

But nowe, although with these there syt  
no one that doth dissent  
Though all of them in publicque place  
doo sing Amefme lentent  
Yet vnderhande perhaps there are  
that nowe and then deuoure  
The sugred lappe that Iustice yeeldes:  
And where they lyst to lowze  
For spyte or gayne, or priuate wreke,  
there Iustice course is stayde.  
And where they lyst to smoothen troth,  
there, right is cleane dismayde.  
Such such there be (or haue bin come)  
who when they rule alone,  
When scope & course hath hoyt them vp  
and set them chiefe in Throne  
From Censors sight, and priuate made  
their swaye and supreme place:  
Then then they wyng & wrong the right,  
then then they truth deface.  
Ah Bertulph, be there not thinke you,  
In place of Iustice lette  
Some fained sortes of fawning Spreeetes  
that course of Iustice lette?  
That frame a semblaunce sound and good,  
that iuste and holy seeme,  
And yet in harte are fraught with guyle,  
and ofte vniustly deeme?

I feare

## Churchyarde

I feare I feare me falsehod luckes  
in lappes of learned syle  
I feare me Nummus oft peruertes  
in some that go for wyle:  
So then, some chiefe and some besides  
so smally ponder meede,  
That where they lye in common swaye,  
there, Justice doth proceede.  
But some againe where place hath made  
their powres distinct, I feare  
Of popish willes, through grutch or gaine  
with much enoyme do beare.  
And hence, from hence I feare me come  
these cryes of common sort  
That oft lament and oft aspyme  
their Iudgement to be tort.  
One here bewayles his wofull case  
and wisheth him vnborne,  
Another cryes with wyinging handes,  
alas, I am forlorne  
My sute thus long depended hath:  
The Lawe is on my syde,  
And yet in harde delayes I lye  
true Iudgement to abyde.  
Another thus: he friended is,  
the Iudge doth loue him well  
And me (as poore and needie) they  
doo dayly thus depell



*Newes out of Powles*

Two hundredeth myles and more I come:  
My Wife at home (alas)  
Lyes with my Children halfe forepynde:  
(A lamentable case.)  
My goods are spent, which labor brought,  
through long and carefull toyle:  
The Lawe hath lycct vp all my wealth  
for which I dyd turmoyle.  
Oh, I can haue no Law nor right,  
ne Honey haue I nowe:  
I must go beg, my goodes be gone,  
to lyue I knowe not howe.  
These eares of mine abhorred haue,  
mine eyes haue wet my plants.  
My hart hath yernd in Iudgement true,  
to see such wofull wants.  
Tys harde to laye, Ile holde my peace.  
But if these playnts be true,  
Syr Nummus swayeth there with some,  
(a worthy cause to rue.)  
But vnto him that highest lyts,  
and sees eche secrete yll,  
With prayer I commytte the same,  
t'amende it at his wyll.  
And nowe to Lawiers that do parle,  
and pleade in cause of right,  
To such as for Syr Nummus wyll  
turne darknesse into lyght,

Practisers  
at the Law.

And



## Churchyarde

And lyght into obscured sence,  
and arſuerſie turne eche thing:  
To ſuch wyll I procede as now,  
and to my matter bying.  
I wyll not ſpeake of fine deuife,  
noꝝ ſowle deceyptfull claufe,  
In Leaſes, wyls, and other lyke,  
but wyeking of the Lawes  
And ſoding of the Clyent foꝝth:  
foꝝ though that fraude abound,  
And though by falſely framing ſo,  
eche where are beggers ſounde:  
Yet I as nowe will blaſon foꝝth,  
and geue you well to ſee,  
Howe theſe men ioyne in matters falſe,  
retayned foꝝ a fee.  
And ſo foꝝ Nummus long delaye  
a pooꝝe and needy ſoule,  
To fleeſe and flea the ſimple wꝝetche,  
to pylfer and to powle:  
To thꝝed him cleane from all his wealth,  
and then perhaps relent,  
And waxe full colde to ayde his right,  
when Nummus all is ſpent.  
Pea lykewiſe tys in doubtte with ſome,  
when Nummus ſo doth fayle,  
If they thꝝough byꝝbe of thother ſyde,  
let not the lute to quayle.

*Newes out of Powles*

A Fee of Forma pauperis ?  
no no it hath no sent.  
Such formall Fees finde smal reliefe  
they buy no lande ne rent.  
My friend (therfore) if you haue nought  
wherewith to see me styll  
But formes and howes, Take formes a-  
for Counsaile if you wyll. (gaine  
But what sayde I ? was promise made  
to paint such practise heere ?  
No no: If so, I must relent:  
Great matter doth appeare  
Therein: and therefore will I leaue  
them to the worldly bewes:  
I meane the false and subtil ones,  
I speake not of the true,  
Nor such as are affected well  
(as many there are such  
Although the false in number doo  
exceede them very much.)  
But well, go too: this gotten good  
howe is it spent I praye ?  
Forsooth, no poore man must haue lande:  
for so wyll they allaye  
And practise, that in tyme they wyll  
gette all into their handes,  
And turne the poore men headlong forth  
of all both house and landes.

## Churchyarde

A shame it were and great reproche  
to see a pooze man dwell,  
Or haue a house not farre from theirs:  
their Noses hate the smell.  
And long (no doubt) their Noses be,  
right mischeuous of Sent:  
For that which once was lande demeaſne,  
is holden nowe for rent.  
They smell it forth, though farre it be:  
they haue a vengeaunce hooke:  
Both Parſnage and ought besides  
theyle haue by hooke or crooke.  
Their Princely Places stately be,  
their houses buylt for aye,  
Their Turrettes vp aloft are rayſde,  
foundations diepe they laye.  
So thus (no doubt) and farre more yll,  
they let sy Nummus wagge,  
Reſeruing still some mightie Masse  
to rust within the bagge.  
And here you see what wayte they laye  
and eke what wayes they vse  
To get this pelke: and gotten, see  
how they the same abuse.  
The next are Petypractisers  
and Petyfogging mates:  
Pea, Clarkes, Attozneyes, such of them  
as lyue of lewde debates,

Attorneyes  
and Pety-  
practisers.

Ethe

*Newes out of Powles*

Each honest calling towards Lawe,  
So pressed is from Sile,  
That hardly can an honest man  
With honesty aryle.  
And twise as hardly may he stande,  
To stoppe eche strayned thylte.  
Such force hath falsehood, moze thi truth,  
So deadly can they lyfte.  
What crewes of greedy griping crewes,  
What fowle infecting rowte,  
Good Lord, what store of gleaning Jacks  
Disperfed are throught out?  
Can Lawes reliefe be easily got,  
Or gotten, can't do ease,  
Where such great troupes of hybing fits  
Must fyrt by Nummus cease?  
Of trueth such traines, of truthles mates  
Such heapes of monstres dwell  
Tweene playnts and fynall Judgements  
That greater woes in hell (seate,  
If hell were as the Poets wyte,  
I thinke coulde not be felt.  
Care Sutes haue ende, such chardge, such  
As make my harte to melt. (toyle,  
But whence aryle these rauening rowtes?  
Whence spring they? Sure from guyle  
And of disdaine to bulgare state,  
Wherein their Parents toyle.

Well,

## Churchyarde

Well, these be they, that what for tale  
and what for fallshod great,  
Doo taynt the Realme with stryfes, & stop  
the waye to Justice seate.

That make the iuyce of Justice sowre,  
that turne the Lawes to wreake,  
That make true Judgemēt taste like gall,  
that nought but fallshod speake.

That liue and lustily lashe out  
in purchase or in pride  
More largely then of Countrey States  
doth any State beside.

But here to shew what prowling means,  
what pranckes this pylfering lozt  
Doo vse to gette sy Nummus with,  
and so holde by their pozte :

This this to doo, were to to harde.  
Naye, this were such a woorkke  
As if one only man should please  
to fight against the Turcke.

But greater, yea farre greater t'were  
to clense this Chanell cleane.

I thinke Augæus Oxestalles were  
to this a woorkke but meane.

I knowe good Judges haue begoonne  
and waded verie farre

I knowe that some, to helpe these hurtes,  
right godly carefull are.

C.i.

But

*Newes out of Powles*

But new found Clerckes and Officers  
So pzeale with might and mayne,  
That (Hydra like) one head cut of,  
foz eary head spyngs twayne.  
Good Lord, shall these wandying Spriets  
aye walcke abroade at wyll ?  
Shall Nūmus no where start, but streight  
these Catchpolles catch him styll ?  
Shall no mannes eye that lyues this day,  
beholde a better state ?  
Ah, out alas, and shall this rowte  
feede alwayes of debate ?  
Why then, what man shall lyue in peace ?  
whose porcion shall he fast ?  
Whose land and lyuing shall be free  
where these men once are plast ?  
And where almost, or in what Soyle  
do not these Monsters swarme ?  
What coast friend Bertulph can you name  
where these men do not harme ?  
I knowe in thistame calling are  
a sort of seemely Wights  
That lyue in peace, and further peace,  
that so their Countrey dights  
With sounde examples of good life,  
with Justice and with truth,  
That scarce from any state of men  
a better lyfe enluth.

And



## Churchyarde

And in this speache of mine, I meane  
and eke do comprehende  
Not only Clerckes and Pratisers  
But also do intende  
That Countaylers haue equall praise  
and higher praise in deede  
By howe much they in higher place  
and higher thinges proceede.  
But these, all these are nowe so matcht  
and ouerwayde with swarmes :  
That seeld and seldome can they helpe  
to keepe the good from harmes.  
I wishe to God some Theseus  
might giue a choppe oz twayne  
And rather then these heads should stand,  
to choppe and choppe againe.  
Nowe, wheras Bertulph here perhaps  
you looke I should declare  
How this great Rabble rakes for coyne,  
and howe they Nummus snare :  
I tell you as I tolde you earst,  
this is too much for me :  
The pennies of twenty skilfull men  
for this would needefull be.  
In brieft, yet thus I dare affyrme  
that these superfluous traynes  
In Lawyers state, vse fowle deceytes  
t'inlarge their priuate gaynes.

C. li. Which



*Newes out of Powles*

Which gotten once, is lewdly spent  
in pompe and prowde araye,  
To whose fowle rapine seely wightes  
are ofte and ofte a praye.  
I leaue them as I lefte the rest,  
I touche and go my wayes.  
This thort discourse shewes well enough  
howe here syz Nummus swayes.  
Finis.



The thyrde Satyr.

Paule.

**A**duert we nowe who else there be  
that grasping gape for gaine,  
And let vs place them in the cue  
amongst this greedy traine.

Whisitons.

Whisitons take the seconde roome,  
for worthy so they be:  
They stately stalcke, and beare a port  
in London now we see.  
With reuerence and worship great,  
with cap and eake with knee,  
Wee must belesche his Maisterchip  
our Patient to see.

And

## Churchyarde

And what of this ? will this suffice ?

No: Nummus doth the deede.

Vnguentum Aureum or such lyke  
will make him runne with speede.

Go Symon go, or Gilbert else,  
go cast my footecloth on ?

No neede to byd the Doctoꝝ go,  
he will be gone anon.

And when hees there, with solempne face  
and graue deuised pozte

He frames his talke for to perswade  
or else for to dehozte

As lyketh him best: he both can doo,  
and both so finely frame,

That Nummus shall be hymned streight.

¶ passing pretie game ?

Who would not blushe to see such frawde,  
and such fine framed knacks ?

Who would not hate the fallehoode hyle  
of these so pieuish Iackes ?

And (soothly if I should affirme)

I heare so much deceat

Of theirs in progging after gaine,  
as tongue can not repeat.

And (as of course) I doo demaunde  
howe they doo spend the same ?

Forsooth, I heare no good they doo :

No man can iustly blame

## *Newes out of Powles*

Ought accuse them of good déedes.  
But this my selke can saye,  
That most thereof that I see spent,  
is on apparell gape.  
For but of late, ene thus I heard  
a worthy Doctor say :  
My matters frame not as I would,  
He worke some other way.  
I see these wéedes be not to weare.  
He henceforth so prouide,  
That I will haue a pretie Page  
about the Towne to ride.  
He haue a footecloath, and each thing  
belonging to the same :  
My felow Doctor hath the lyke,  
and passing flyes his name.  
A Gowne with graundcape will I haue,  
a swinging Veluet Cap,  
A Coate according verie braue :  
and then ist be my hap,  
With mighty lookes, and learning such  
as God hath giuen me,  
He hooke sye Nummus to my handes,  
and make the Ruddockes like  
For feare almost into my purse.  
He leaue my simple gate,  
He rather frame my selke to ride  
lyke one of high estate.

And

## Churchyarde

And what? were these but scoffing words?

Yes sure, hee (earnest bent)

Hath so purueyde, that now he hath  
euen all for that intent.

And thus you see with how great care  
they seeke t'enrich their store,

You see the pride that they mayntaine  
through this excessiue loze.

And (well I wote) none other meanes  
of spence at all I see,

But only such as wicked are:

(if any else there be.)

Wherefore, it seemes they hoozde it vp  
and hyde it from the Sunne:

They couer't close, and lock it fast  
tyll moze thereto be wonne.

They giue small almes as I can heare,  
for beggars barcke apace,

And say that they of all men woost  
relieue their wofull case:

Their pride is great, and high they looke  
for feare of waxing lowe:

They le giue no place to any man  
where ere they hap to go.

I well recorde a pretie tale  
alluding to a truthe:

I force not much to tell it you.

Harke how the same ensuthe?

## *Newes out of Powles*

A Ciuillian, Or a Cano-  
nist, or both. Once hapt it (through a fowle mischance)  
that great debate did ryle  
Betweene a Doctor in the Law  
(for so th' example lyes)  
And Doctor (eke) of Physick, who  
should haue the vpper hande  
In each assembly where they met  
to walke, to syt or stande.  
The Lawyer layed for him selfe  
and sayde well to the case,  
Physition dyd full wisely to  
and with a goodly grace :  
Alledging well (euen both of them)  
lyke handsome learned men.  
But nought could be agreed vpon.  
So fell the matter then,  
That they vnto the Pretor would  
for to decyde the same.  
They made relation of the case  
and finely gan it frame.  
The Pretor when he heard the dolts  
contend about a Straw,  
Was soone content to iudge the same,  
and askte the man of Law  
Who went vnto the Gallowes first,  
the Hangman or the Chiefe ?  
Who for most was of both them two  
and which was there the chiefe ?

The

## Churchyarde

The Hangman quoth the Lawyer tho,  
foz he doth kyll the man :  
The Hangman he must go before,  
the Cheefe must follow. Than  
Quoth Pyetoz harke. This is my minde  
and iudgement in the case.  
Phisitition he must go befoze,  
and Lawyer giue him place.  
Why then (quoth Bertulph) by your tale Bertulph.  
Phisititions men doo kyll.  
And Lawyers liue by robbing men,  
and so their Cofers fyll.  
Whereby with pride emboste they swell,  
and whereby (raging) they  
Taduauce themselues to honoys tye  
vnlawfull meanes assay.  
Hea sure (quoth Paule) and so they doo Paule.  
a number of them now.  
But as foz our Phisititions,  
their cunning knoweth how  
Al well to kyll, as to purloyne :  
they are expert in all. Such are  
the euyl  
fort.  
And foze not (so that Nummus come)  
which way their staffe doo fall.  
One hath a Potion foz to serue  
and cure eche kinde of grieke,  
Heele sell a quart foz fortie pence.  
This fellow is the chiefe  
A Potion  
to cure all  
kinde of  
diseases and  
griefes.

And



*Newes out of Powles*

And finest chyld in casting of  
mens waters when they néede.  
Héele byd the healthy get him home  
and make his Wyll with spéede.  
Although he liue from that tyme long,  
without all kinde of paine.  
Héele make him doubt and dreadd his life,  
and all for filthy gaine.

‡*Carnif-  
cis potius  
Medici  
quàm no-  
mine dig-  
nus.*

‡He wyll perswade that men haue lyu'de  
in whozdomme and excellence,  
Where neuer raigned fond affect,  
and whozedome much the lesse.  
Another is so Doltlyke scéne  
and learnedly beguyldé,

That when he seeth your brine, he  
wyll say you be with childe  
Although you be a man: for sure  
but hittie misse he  
And so full many of them play,  
so Bullardlike they be.

¶ Paule, quoth Bertulph, giue mée leaue  
to interrupt you here.

For by your patience, yle requite  
the tale you tolde whyle ere.

Content quoth Paule (and with good wyll)

I am right well apayde  
To heare thy tale: my talke shall cease  
tyll thou thy minde haue sayde.

There



## Churchyarde

There dwelt (sometime) where I was born Bertulph.  
a perfitte cunning man,  
A good Phisition well befeene:  
and so it happed than,  
That he should ryde abroade to see  
a Patient of his.  
He had a man that roade with him  
(a ioly Knaue ywis.)  
The Doctor draue his Hoyle apace  
and roade with mery cheere.  
He longed soze to see the place  
where Nummus should appeere.  
But as he pricked forth in haste,  
by chaunce he did espie  
A sozt of Felons in a Carte  
adiudged there to die.  
And musing what y<sup>e</sup> prease should meane,  
he sent his man with speede,  
To knowe the cause of all the crowde:  
his man perkoznde the deede.  
And posting, soone he did perceyue  
the Theeues to hanging prest.  
He turnd his Hoyle at sight thereof:  
To slye, he thought it best.  
And so he dyd with sturdie pace,  
He gallopt on his way.  
And as a man halfe skarde, he fled  
as nought might make him stay.

His

*Newes out of Powles*

His Maister lowdly alkte the cause  
why he dyd ryde so fast.  
O Maister saue your selke (quoth he)  
I bise you make good haste.  
The Doctoꝝ swallowde vp with feare,  
Spurde Cut and made away.  
And tyll he came within a myle,  
his Horse did neuer stay.  
But when hée came vnto himselfe,  
he called backe his man  
And him demaunding cause of grieke,  
the fellowe thus began.  
O Maister, thanke we God (quoth he)  
foꝝ this our good escape :  
Else surely had we swinged both  
within an hempen Tape.  
Foꝝ yonder, where the ptease was so,  
I sawe threé handsome men  
Which foꝝ the death of only one,  
were to be hanged then.  
But when I sawe that they (foꝝ one)  
were all adiudgde to dye,  
No néede to byd mee haste me thence,  
no néede to byd mée flye :  
Foꝝ well I wyll, if you were séene  
which haue a number slaine,  
You should haue bene trust vp in haste  
and neare returnde againe.

The

## Churchyarde

The Doctoꝝ being thus infoꝝmde,  
knew not what best to say.  
He thought as chyldish him to take  
and lightly him to way.  
Wylse man you are no doubt, (quoth he)  
the Vicar of saint Fooles  
Go thriue you: foꝝ you haue bene taught  
in some well learned schooles.  
Shyewde soole quoth Paule, I warrāt you, Paule.  
but fooles and chyldꝝen oft  
Doo tell the truth: foꝝ all men know  
their tongues are very soft.  
But well, no doubt, yet some there be  
in London (whome I know)  
That both do gette syꝝ Nummus well,  
and well the same bestowe.  
That leade no doubt a vertuous lyfe,  
and lyue in Godly feare:  
That goodes to get by meanes peruerse  
at all times wylł foꝝbeare.  
Of those I haue not talcked here,  
noꝝ of the honest soꝝt.  
But such as (galled) seeme to kicke,  
herein I doo exhoꝝt  
To keepe their patience when they see  
their faults reproued heere:  
Foꝝ sure I am that in my tale  
gainst good doth nought appeere.

And

*Newes out of Powles*

And so I leaue them to the Lorde,  
and bid them all adue.

My tongue in order must recorde  
such things as do ensue.

Finis.

The fourth Satyr.

Apotheca-  
ries & Sur-  
geons.  
Paule.

**T** Apothecarie here I leaue,  
which so for Nummus tugges,  
That he y<sup>e</sup> people noyes with pelte,  
and filthy skincking drugges.

So let I passe the Surgeon,  
who with his fowle decepte,  
Doth hooke sy<sup>r</sup> Nummus to his handes  
and takes him at recepte.

The pelting patches will presume  
to practise Phisick, and  
Will minister lyke learned men  
in places of the Land.

Let go such Squibs: I know them not.  
Yet people do complaine:  
And well I wote, they vse such wayes  
for meare intent to gaine.

A rablement of raskall Roges  
as if weeld harrow hell,

I thinke we should not finde the lyke  
in Plutoes house to dwell.

But

## Churchyarde

But let them packe, He passe them ore.

Perhaps there many be  
Both honest, good, and expert men,  
they shall goe by for me.

And now yle turne me to my tale,  
and (as my course doth tende)

To euill sort of Marchaunt men  
the sequele wyll I bende.

Marchant  
men.

Lets see (I praye) howe they turmoyle  
and fixe their whole intent

To catche s<sup>r</sup> Nummus by the coate.

Let's see how they be bent  
And sole additted vnto gaine.

One runnes me to the Indies,  
To Gynnie, Spaine, and Calcut :

Not the  
deede but  
the intent  
is to be  
misliked.

where he such chaffare findes,  
As (there although it cost him small)  
wyll bring him here a pounce :

Pea, ten perhaps, or else they lye  
which in such welth abounde.

Another skuds me oze the Seas,  
and fully fraught with toyes,  
He brings them into London, where  
at length he welth enioyes.

The people are so fondly bent,  
theyle chaunge their Cheese for chalck.

And for such pelting pieuissh trash,  
theyle let good chaffare walck.

Ⓛ

*Newes out of Powles*

*Pueros puerilia decent.* **D** foolishe, sonde and doltishe momes,  
oh men deuoyde of wit,

**D** Capons cramde with barly cozne :  
howe farre are stoness vnfit  
For such pylde paltling pieuishe Cokes ?  
howe yll bestowde is welth

A Foole  
wyl not  
giue his  
bable for  
the Tower  
of London.

**D**n such new fangled fondishe foltes  
which chaunge the same for pelth ?

**O**ne bringes mee oze a painted Priest,  
another bringes a Nunne,

And shops are fraught with toys, where-  
are English people wonne. (with

Another grounded well in wealth,  
(acquainted with the gypse)

Doth bring vs in such daynties, as  
the man can best deuise.

Some else there be, and many such  
(chiefe Marchaunts in the Towne)

That for our Peacocks plumes doo bring  
and sylcks the streame adowne :

They knowe the Lawes doo lymit where,  
and what such should be worne,

And they such Lawes to execute,  
haue estloones office bozne.

And yet for that their gaine is such  
and wealth so great therby,

They must forbear, and wincking walk.

The Lawes must lawlesse lye :

And



## Churchyarde

And Warlets vaunt about the streate,  
lyke men of high estate :  
Their Hosen strowting forth with silcke,  
and plumes vpon their pate.  
The Kaskalles now must roame abroade  
lyke men of honest port :  
And Strumpets stately in attire  
lyke Ladies must resoꝛt  
To places where them selues thinke best  
without all kinde of doubt :  
They customde are about the Towne  
and shall be boꝛne out.  
It seemeth so vndoubtedly :  
foꝛ nothing is amended.  
Although the Lawes haue sharply set  
and punishment extended.  
Powe, other some bagaries fetch  
abroade I wote ner where,  
And they bꝛing in most pleasaunt spice  
with Hops and other geare :  
These make fine mouthed Gentlemen.  
foꝛ who but Marchaunts now ?  
Who wallow moze in wealth than they  
lyke peeres I wote ner how ?  
Pea, who are they but Marchauntmen  
that haue the costly fare ?  
Who now in banquets with these men  
are able to compare ?

Such as  
bring them  
in for in=  
tent afore=  
sayde are  
to be bla=  
med.

If speake  
not of the  
trade but  
of the cor=  
ruption of



## *Newes out of Powles*

the trade &  
abuse of the  
same.

Although  
they haue  
money in  
such price,  
yet euill  
gotten  
goodes shall  
be ill spent.

For such straunge store of diuers meates  
and dishes finely wrought?

Who hath the lyke? no man besides.

Welnigh it costes them nought,

They sell so deare and take such gaine,  
that well they may asoorde

To set fine Marchpanes and such lyke  
vpon their seruants boorde.

Thus may we see these kinde of men  
how they for Nummus prodde:

A man would thinke that soothly they  
take Nummus for a Godde.

They labor so with might and maine,  
they so besturre their stumpes,

They exercise such awkward wayes  
to bying it in by lumps.

They scratch, they scrape, they mise, they  
at night when they should rest, (muse

They searche their senses and bethinke  
howe to obteyne it best.

And ah alas, some do deuise  
to let it out for gaine:

Such gaine as at the length will bying  
to them infernall paine.

And (not content with fowle deceit  
that they in sale do vse)

Some of them do in lone alas  
their countrymen abuse.

Let

## Churchyarde

Let Preachers crye and tell them ont,  
but nothing will preuayle :

They flocke, they floute, and iest at it.

They bid them kisse their tayle.

They haue no shame, but (brasen falde)  
they sticke not it to call

A gainefome Occupation.

And so the people fall

From honest state, to plaine bankcrowte  
through such their Wooluist wayes.

The Commons neare were so opprest  
as in these wofull dayes.

They hooke, they hawke for Nummus so,  
they cogge, they foyst and powle,

They lay such snares by hoking meanes,  
that thus they Nummus towle.

A thousande meanes sinistre, they  
account and call exchaunge,

Although thereby be men vndone :  
the case is verie straunge.

And wofull tys no doubt to seee  
how lightly they do way

Th'account which must be made by them  
to God another day.

They are right wise in worldly wytte :  
surpassing is their braine.

But oh, they do applie the same  
to nothing else but gaine.

D.ii.

And

A lamentable  
case.

## *Newes out of Powles*

And when they haat, how is it spent ?

Attende a whyle, and you  
Shall haue it layde before your eyes  
and set vnto the bew.

This day, my Lorde his speciall friende  
must dyne with him (no naye)

His Partners, Friendes and Aldermen :  
wherefoze he must puruaye

Both Capon, Swan, and Hernshoe good,  
fat Bitture, LARCKE and Quayle :

Right Plouer, Snype, and Woodcock fine  
with Curlew, Wype and Rayle :

Stonetiuets, Teale, and Petteales good,  
with Bulkerd fat and plum,

Fat Phealaunt Dowt, and Plouer base  
foz them that after come.

Stent, Stockard, Stampine, Tāterueale,  
and Wigeon of the best :

Puyt, Partrich, Blackbirde and  
fat Shoueler with the rest.

Two Warrants eke he must prouide  
to haue some Wenlon fat,

And meanes hēele make for red Déere too,  
(there is no nay of that.)

And néedefully he must prouide  
(although we speake not ont)

Both Peacock, Crane, and Turkicock,  
and (as such men are wont.)

## Churchyarde

He must foresee that he ne lacke  
colde bakemeates in the ende :  
With Custards, Tarts, and Florentines,  
the bancquet to amende.  
And (to be short and knit it vp)  
he must not wanting see  
Straunge kindes of fysh at second course  
to come in their degreé.  
As Pozpelle, Seale and Salmond good  
with Sturgeon of the best  
And Turbot, Lobster, with the lyke  
to furnish out the feast.  
All this theyle haue, and else much moze,  
lydes Marchpane and greene Chéele,  
Stewde wardens, Pyunes, & sweete con-  
with spiced Wine like Lees. (serues  
Grieneginger, Sucker, Suger Plate,  
and Harmaladie fine : (bread.  
Blauncht Almonds, Peares and Ginger  
But Peares should we assigne  
And place before (as mete it is)  
at great mens boordes: for why,  
Rawe frutes are first in service styll,  
Else Seruing men doo lye.  
But now me thinkes, one quijs me vp  
and spurs a question héere.  
He sayes (forsooth) that I mislike  
to haue men keepe good chéere.

*Newes out of Powles*

In deede, the stomack ouerchardgde  
and man full gorgde with meate,  
Doth make the minde and inwarde man  
vnfit for reason's seate.  
For chaunge no doubt annoyes the man,  
and meate not well indewde,  
Doth make the same scant halfe a man  
if reason be renewde.  
And what of this? Shoulde this refozmde,  
house kéeping now depell?  
No sure, for hospitalitie  
becomth them very well.  
But that this chiere is alway such,  
I plainely do deny.  
Some feast great men for frendship sake,  
and let the pooze go by.  
They rather doot to oppresse the pooze,  
and by such frendship got,  
The pooze haue nought within their hands  
which they get to them not.  
For what through frendship welth & force  
no one enioyes the thing,  
That (if they lyke) some will not soone  
into their clouches bring.  
But goods yll gotte, are euyl spent.  
And howe can they bestowe  
Their welth on pooze and Preachers true  
Which through deceit did growe?

## Churchyarde

No fie, t'were shame and fowle reproche  
t'auē beggers at their bozde :  
An't seemes (some thinke) all yll bestowde  
that's spent t'encrease Gods worde.  
Foz (worse then this) some cannot byde  
t'auē beggers at their gate,  
Foz not repine when Preachers lyue  
in meane and simple state.  
O Labirynths of lothsome lust,  
O hellish humane harts,  
O heakly belching hely gods  
that thus their stoze conuarts :  
O lumpishe Lukkes, that lieffer had  
to haue of Viands stoze :  
To winne the Rytchman, then to fcede  
the begger at their doze.  
O stony harts, that moze esteeme  
a Monckey tyde with chaine,  
Then their pooze byother, foz whose sake  
Chyiste Iesus sufferde paine.  
O wicked Wights of wooluith kinde,  
which so the Lambes deuowze,  
And crackly cram themselues with spoyle  
of needy soules each howze.  
And (moze then this:) foz how doth walck  
Sir Nummus day by daye ?  
How trudgeth it to buy the Wife  
and Daughte fine arraye ?

D.iiij.

They



*Newes out of Powles*

They must not go as other doo.  
Wherefore, they must devise  
To haue them knowne from comon sort  
by some newfangled guise.  
T'is meete therefore, as they do not  
with courtlyke Dames compare,  
Euen so they should from townish wiues  
their garments new repaire.  
And so (fozsooth) his wife must haue  
prepared out of hand,  
Gaye garments of the finest stufte  
that is within the land.  
She must haue Partlet, Square & Lace,  
with Chaine about hir neck:  
She must haue costly kinde of chaunge,  
and all thinges at hir beck.  
Hir Daughte'r also must be clad  
well lyke a Ladies seere,  
And all to walcke about the streate  
with hir true Louer deere.  
What tho? Fozsooth, he must not wed  
but with some wealthy man,  
And one that must be grounded ryche,  
though honest when he can.  
And thus I say (aswell t'is seene)  
saye Parnell must be pranckt  
And walcke at wyll: whereby it haps  
oft tymes that she is banckte.

And



## Churchyarde

And all through meanes euen of hir Sire  
which so consumes his good,  
And ioyes therein, moze then to giue  
the hungrie wretch his foode.  
Chaunce some men see good déedes they do.  
But in good sooth not I  
(Though many naught) can vnderstand,  
T'were sinne on them to lye.  
And nowe, as some you see to scrape  
by vyle sinistre wayes:  
So may you see them spend as yll  
in these our later dayes.  
I meane for so much as they spend.  
But well haue we to weete,  
Their hoozdng and their Chesting vp  
is all as farre vnmeete  
As this their spence and filthy trade,  
as this their prowling guise,  
As this their building all for gaine  
and profite to aryle:  
As this their hatefull vyle contempt  
of poore and needy Wights:  
As this their robbing and their stealth.  
As these their sinfull flights.  
The poore complaine and wanting, crye  
through hunger halfe forepinde:  
And some through want, about them haue  
their fainting bzeath resignd.

And

*Newes out of Powles*

And yet their Coffers farced lye.  
Their Bags are filde at full.  
But wote you what? it is reseru'de  
Foz Tib his pretie Trull,  
And Dick his Boy that dappart ladde :  
which foz his sake, perchance  
Euen both of them, when he is gone,  
wyl make sy Nummus daunce.  
But alwayes this is not the cause  
of such their spitefull hood.  
Foz certis I thinke they neuer looke  
at all to come aboord  
In crooked Charons ugly Boate :  
Or else perhaps they thinke  
(As long they haue) the Pope shall purge  
and saue them all foz chinke.  
And in the meane time weene they best  
to couer't close and fine,  
And bring more toot, t'increase the heape.  
This iudgement is of mine.  
Else thinges amisse, befoze exprest,  
shold nere so yll remaine,  
But soone they would refoyme them well  
and make them streight againe.  
Which so to do, God graunt them grace,  
And cleanse their fylthie mindes :  
That Auarice maye once decay  
which so their body bindes,

And

## Churchyarde

And subiect makes to vyle deuise,  
to Usurie and deceate,  
That naught they are, and wyll persist  
tyll grace do blow retreat.  
I ende with them : protesting styl  
I touch no good man heere,  
But such as throug these words of mine  
shall wꝛathfull bent appeere.  
For sure I am that many iust,  
and men vpright remaine,  
Exempted from this talke of mine.  
Who neuer yet with staine  
Or spot of beastly Usurie  
or vile notorious vice,  
Were once corrupted or infect.  
which are discrete and wise.  
And (truth it is) they nill disdaine  
at this troth telling tale.  
And for the rest, let them adue,  
my tongue must further vale.  
Finis.

## The fift Satyr.

**T**is straunge to see what small account  
men nowe a dayes do make :  
How slightly they let slip the paine  
of Wymstone burning lake.  
Howe

*Newes out of Powles*

How fondly they perswade them selues  
(at least how they suppose)  
That grieufully death shall neuer strike,  
That eyne shall neuer close.  
O sottish sinfull brittle age.  
O mad and blockish Home.  
O doltish foole, and wilfull wretch  
that here dost hope for home  
And dwelling aye vnto thy selfe.  
Howe art thou wilfull blinde?  
I tell thee, I, thou hence shalt sit  
lyke dust blowne forth with winde.  
Let wearish wimpled age growe on:  
let head be hoarie white,  
And olde be thou: yet at the last  
blackwinged death shall smite.  
But what is he can promise heere  
him selfe to liue a day?  
No doubt not one. Death vnawares  
shall take our life away.  
And when we thinke vs surest, then  
most often doth he strike.  
O then why do we lynchre on  
to sleepe sluggerds lyke?  
O, why should men thus mucker vp  
such falsely gotten gaine?  
O, why should they by wicked wayes  
seeke wealth for to obtaine?

But

## Churchyarde

But soft a while, what neede these words? Banck-  
as good to holde my peace: rottes.

For loe how Banckrottes ginne for gaine  
to put them selues in prease.

Shall fraude lye hid vnfriended now?

Shall fowle Decept be gon?

Shall Wylie want? No, harcke a while,  
and you shall heare anon.

Some men there be that heare a porte,  
and liue lyke to the best.

That feast, y<sup>t</sup> flow, that chop, that chaūge,  
and practise with the rest.

That Office beare, and worthy seeme  
through welth to weelde the charge.

That laue, that spende, & bargaines make,  
that keepe their trade at large.

That warie worke, and winde to them  
good credite in the ende.

That get such friendes as wyl not sticke  
a thousand pound to lende.

Oft more oft lesse: almost as much  
as they can well demaunde.

For why, their credite now is such,  
that they may men commaunde.

But what of this? Euen this forsooth,

Theyle shut vp doore anon,

Theyle giue vp office, trade and all:  
farewell, they will be gone.

I haue  
made a dyf-  
ference be-  
twene the  
wilfull and  
the cōtrarie.

When

*Newes out of Powles*

When they haue gote the most they can,  
they wyll become banckrowte,  
They wyll no longer styfeled be  
amongst the honest rowte.  
They can no longer hyde the trade  
which honest men do vse.  
They keepe at home amongst their bags,  
Theyle honesty refuse.  
Theyle lurking lye lyke Théeke in denne,  
lyke Diane vpon the spoyle.  
Theyle grease their lips, & fat their paũch,  
with honest Marchaunts toyle.  
O dreynie dregges of dampishe caue,  
O fowle infernall fiendes,  
O tryple stinged Vipers broode,  
O haggess of hellishe mindes.  
O Cyclops such as skyll deuoure  
the sheepe of fozeine foldes,  
O blockish beastes with rauine gozde :  
that lurcke within their holdes.  
Shall dukkie drosse of Dytis caue  
denie infecting death ?  
Shall Orcus spare with skalding skortch  
to noye their vitall bzeath ?  
No sure, the pitchie burning pit,  
and Limboes flaming Lake  
Shall polpe them vp, except they yeelde  
the goodes which they did take.



## Churchyarde

Or else to powze requite the same,  
But this they neuer thinck:  
For marck how they do still bestowe  
this beastly gotten chinck.  
And here I must aduertise you  
that some besides there b̄ie  
Which oft by meanes becom bankrowte  
(as dayly we may see.)  
For some excēde and so abounde  
in Epicureous fare,  
That so at length they bankrowte be  
and bring them selues full bare.  
And other some through great excelle  
and p̄owde surpassing charge,  
In h̄aue arraye do bring them selues  
into Cock lozrels Barge.  
When ere sawe you their Dames so nice,  
and wiues so richly clad?  
When wilt you Women ere so p̄oude,  
or Hulbandes ere so mad?  
Where are Matrones now become?  
Where are Hulbands graue?  
Where are y<sup>e</sup> Wiues that tooke such care  
their honesty to saue?  
Woulde Matrones walcke or Wiues dis-  
with syluer shining browes (creet  
From street to street? no, rather they  
would keepe within their howse.

Would

*Newes out of Powles*

Would Matrons skud to common games  
and prancke in earie pteale?

No, tys to byle, I loath to tell.

Ile therefore holde my peace.

Tys this, tys this, y<sup>t</sup> Banckrowts byeede.

This byings the wise yll name.

The husband thus is bare through spence,  
and wife naught by the same.

And nowe you see a difference  
twéene him that banckrowte is

Of byle intent, and him that falles  
through great excelle of his.

But both of these perhaps a lyke  
by fraude haue Nummus gote,

Though both in care and wanting pine  
lyng not lyke dolefull note.

And nowe, (as to my promise made  
at fyrst when I began)

Fooles and  
Koysters.

Ile place sy<sup>r</sup> Nummus caught by Fooles  
and Koysters now and than.

A wise man dyes, and welthy leaues  
his sonne in goodes and lands.

The young man (when he is of age)  
takes all into his handes.

And streight to Court, o<sup>r</sup> Innes of Court,  
he goes to leade his lyfe)

Where franck he is, and youthfull bent  
fo<sup>r</sup> why, haas Nummus rylfe.

## Churchyarde

Or else, if not : So he han lande  
or ought that's Money worth,  
He shall not want of Marchauntmen  
fine slicks to set him forth.  
For Money will they stick at all  
to lende him at his neede.  
As long as ought he doth possesse,  
theyle neuer cease to feede  
My yonker and yong Maister so.  
And he (when once he sees  
The bydle layde vpon his necke)  
is loath much time to leese.  
For why, he wisht it long befoze :  
And sith he doth espie  
The matter wholly in his handes,  
why should he longer lye  
Lyke blunt John Whohall all at home ?  
No fie, heele haste him now.  
Both lybertie and Chinck ynough  
himselke he will allow.  
And streightway (else the world is hard)  
He meetes with Copesmates, such  
As to exalt and set him forth,  
at all will nothing grutch.  
And hée forsooth must foremost be  
in euery braue attempt.  
Who eare be one, yong Maister must  
at no time be exempt.

E.i. Heele

*Newes out of Powles*

Heele be the chiefe within the Maske  
and chiefe in bancquet: hee  
Shall lye exalted to the Sunne,  
Euen to the tenth degreé.  
And now and then (else scapes he well)  
heele haue a spytt at Dice.  
He wantes no mates to bring him too't  
by sight and fine deuice.  
He must haue walkinges in the night:  
he must be braue and fine.  
He must be of the hoggh no doubt.  
He neuer must repine  
Although it be to sit it oute  
all night in costly game.  
And (more then this) he must not stick  
to paye for all the same.  
And when he seemely seemeth once,  
and thinks well of himselfe,  
Then, then no doubt he is stir'd vp  
to spende this noysome pelke.  
And then (I saye) with posting speede  
he must be gaylie dect  
In colours of his Ladie, and  
therein not ought neglect  
That's incident to euery sute:  
Of chaunge he must haue store,  
And frame himselfe full featly then  
to euery lusty loze.

And

## Churchyarde

And doubtlesse then he is so drownde  
in pleasure and in pride,  
That nought at all may him withdraue :  
It hath bene often tride.  
Yea, though at length he feele great smart  
through that he made away :  
Yet is his minde so hawtie then,  
that he can make no stay.  
For wote you what, vse custome brings,  
and yonger thus doth say :  
Shall I make spare whyle ought is left  
and so lyue wanting? Naye,  
It were a shame and great reproche,  
if I that euer haue  
As yet lyu'de lyke a Gentleman,  
should now lyue like a slaue.  
And so my chylde no chaungling is,  
tyll all be spent and gone :  
And till his mates him needie leaue  
and comfortlesse alone.  
From which time forth if ought he haue,  
whereof may Nummus tyle :  
He will lyue shifting til't be gone.  
Then forth of Towne he flies  
And keepe the high way side (perchaunce)  
to lyue by theft and spoyle :  
Till Tyborne twitch him by the neck  
and Hangman giue the foyle.

*Newes out of Powles*

So that's the ende of all his wealth  
and ending of the man.  
But goods perhaps were euill gote :  
and who can maruaile than  
Though that the same were all consumde  
in filthy vaine expence ?  
And who will doubt that gallowes should  
such Dingthrifts recompence ?  
But one thing I do here lament  
and tys most wicked sure,  
Tys noysome, vyle and beastly trade,  
yet most of all in vye.  
A Gentleman his childe doth sende  
t'apply his studies here,  
With hope to haue him do the same  
as daylie doth appere,  
The youth oft tymes declyneth streight  
as apt to youthly guise :  
And lets his minde to make him haue  
with all he may deuise.  
The Citizen when that he sees  
the huite so brauely bent,  
Doth closely search the yong mans state,  
and learnes the whole extent  
Of all his possibilitie,  
which knowne, he will not spare  
For friendship sake vnto the same  
of loane to let his ware.

The



## Churchyarde

The yong man hauing welth at wyl  
and all thinges at request,  
Byds booke adue, and cuts it out  
as hzauelie as the best.

How hyle this is, let all men iudge.  
how oft it comes to passe,

The yongmen brought to naught therby,  
are witnesses alas.

Oh, where is loue oz feare of God ?

Wher's faith for to be found ?

Wher's friendship, truth and honestie ?

Where doth not fame resound

The heastly pzanckes of wicked men ?

Wher's one that thinks of God ?

Wher's one that doubts oz feareth ought  
the sharpnesse of his rod ?

How few be there that tread the pathes  
oz trace Dame vertues steps ?

How many rather be there now  
that quite from vertue leps ?

O wofull case: the best almost  
do much account it now

If they from vile notozious faultes  
at any time do bow.

How talke our tatlers of the truth  
and Scripture still discusse ?

How lyue they quite contrarie yet  
for all their talking thus ?

*Newes out of Powles*

How earnest bent are men as now  
to heare the worde of God?  
(I meane professors of the trueth.)  
How farre yet liue they od?  
They crisie Lord Lord, and God be prayde:  
but streight within an howze,  
That heate of theirs is colde as stone.  
Such heate hath made them sowze.  
O thou good God and Father kinde:  
were not thy mercies great,  
Thou wouldst destroy these men with fire  
from thy supernall seat.  
O heauenlie Prince of glorie: and  
O thou alone Iehoue,  
Thou God of grace, oh louing Christ,  
yond whome we can not roaue  
O raunge aright: yond whome no man  
can perfitte blisse attaine:  
Thou only one, and all in one,  
yond whome doth nought remaine:  
Giue grace vnto thy wandring sheepe.  
Fetch home the same againe,  
Sith blood of thine hath them rediēde  
from sharpe infernall paine.  
Graunt graunt (O God) thy holy sp̄eete  
to guide, defend and keepe  
All such as in most lothsome sinne,  
are yet not falne a sheepe.

Shauē

## Churchyarde

Saue thine elect from noysome trade  
of worldly minded men :  
Let not the custome of the worlde  
their lyfe with vices blen.  
From place to place, from street to street,  
from house to house, alas :  
Pea, and well nigh from man to man  
doth sinfull lyuing passe.  
Not words preuaile, nor preaching ought,  
can turne the peoples harts :  
No kinde of thing can moue their minds.  
O, death is their delarts,  
O, Hell their hire, and burning flame,  
is guerdon of their diedes :  
No one almost in hart doth heare  
the true repentaunt seedes.  
O, horroz doth possesse my heade,  
And whyle through towne I trace,  
Deepe cutting cares annoy my hart,  
to see such want of grace.  
No sparckle, iote oz small remaine,  
no signe of godly feare,  
No badge at all of chrissten men  
doth any person weare  
Or keepe almost throughout the Towne,  
O, what a case is this,  
Not one to finde that feareth God,  
but all to do amisse ?

*Newes out of Powles*

And all to wander from good lyfe  
(full few alas exempt)  
And all to worke that wicked is  
and heastly vile attempt?  
O God, howe often do I wishe  
to be deuided cleane  
From all the dealings in the worlde,  
and to God only leane?  
How often do I seeke some trade,  
and solitarie lyfe.  
How fayne would I depart the place  
where sinnes be now so ryfe.  
The world doth tempt, & nought remains  
in his due practise now:  
Eche kinde of trade corrupted is,  
alas, I know not how.  
Nothing almost is exercisde  
without some vile deceit:  
Fraude, fallshood, theft and pilftring, oft  
in matters are of weyght.  
The worldlings wéene & thinke no doubt  
there is none other place  
But ground and graue, and so they runne  
and kéepe their woonted race.  
What helpen teares oz wayling grieke?  
what ought at all preuayles  
Gods worde sincere? They kéepe they?  
they haue set vp they? sayles (course:

## Churchyarde

Of deadly Annes and hatefull hellish lyfe.

They runne and will not stay.

They keepe themselues in darksom holes.

They hate to see the day.

Looke looke throughout their dealings all,  
and you shall nothing finde

But couen, craft, and fylthy loze,

They haue good lyfe resignde.

Lets sift & searche our selues throughout.

Lets rippe our inwarde man :

Let's way our selues eué with our selues,

And we shall see vs than,

And finde our selues but dyosse and death  
and fowle infected Swine.

Most vglome shapes, and creatures, such  
as I can not define.

What faith in bargaines can be found ?

What stoze of othes must bee

In eche compact ? And yet in ende

what fallehod do we see ?

Not Marchaunt vseth onely fraude :

noz men of greatest méede.

But eche one now that bargaine makes,

hath fallehod in his déede.

How oft and daylie haps it now

that chyldzen do begin

Where Parents ended, and do ende

where Parents did begin ?

The

*Newes out of Powles*

The parents beggers first began,  
They ende great men of wealth.  
The sonne begins a welthy man :  
and endes his lyfe by stealth,  
Oz wofull wanting simple state.  
How oft comes this to passe ?  
Tys daylie seene of common course,  
it happeth still alas.  
Shall welth that's woonne by fraude, be  
shall riches such descende (kept ?  
From heire to heire ? No no, such welth  
shall quickly haue an ende.  
It cannot hide, noz prosper well.  
But who doth that regarde ?  
Who yet for welth most vyle decept  
at any tyme hath sparde ?  
No one well nigh : (the world is such.)  
And here doth come to minde  
The passing pryde in common sort  
which now eche where we finde.  
Such is their rage, and fowle affect,  
that though their bellies want :  
Their backs must brauely clothed be :  
apparell nothing scant.  
For what cause else they do reserue  
eche where the Saboth day,  
But for to sette about the streates  
in passing braue array ?

The



## Churchyarde

The welthy sort excéede their state,  
and meane degreé the same :  
The common sort wyll do the lyke.  
So all goes out of frame :  
And Ropsters ruffle all about  
and tolle the Bylbow blade,  
And to maintaine such hyle excellé,  
beholde what shifts he made ?  
Such cogging, soyking, collening :  
such fylching, theft and guile :  
Such pelting, pylfring, pieuish dyfts,  
as are almost to hyle  
And beakly to be named once.  
He theréfoze silent bée :  
For sure I am such lyfe of theirs  
all men may plainly see.  
Ther's hothel baytes, & whozing dēnes :  
Ther's lurcking strumpets lodge :  
Ther's stufte eche where for lusty Swash  
for Simkin, Dick, and Hodge.  
Looke looke the Lanes about the Towne,  
and searce eche corner throughe :  
And you shall finde I doubt not I  
of broken ware ynough :  
Corrupt at least much seemes to be :  
so brightly shine the browes,  
So pickt & pranckt, so lyckt and trimde  
is Banckrowtes pretie spowse.

Search

*Newes out of Powles*

Search Tauernes throug, and typling  
eche Saboth day at mozne: (bowzes,  
And you shall thinke this geare to be  
ene too too much forborne.

Take care a whyle to bew the Skowtes,  
and wanton walking trulles:

And you shall see howe suffraunce nowe  
good lyfe awayward pulles.

What should I saye? Marke eche where  
and you shall vnderstande (well,

And plainely see how sinne is sparde  
and cloked vnder hande.

Beare bay-  
ting on the  
Saboth  
day.

What elle but gaine and Honey gote  
maintaines each Saboth day

The bayting of the Beare and Bull?

What brings this brutish play?

What is the cause that it is borne,  
and not controlled ought,

Although the same of custome be,  
on holy Saboth wrought?

Now sure I thinke tys gaine or spite,  
gainst good and godly lyfe:

It seemes it is t'pnuagle men,  
whyles Gods worde is so tyfe:

I cannot any where perceyue  
where gaine is gotten well:

I can not see where well tys spent,  
I thinke no man can tell

## Churchyarde

O iustlie saye, here goeth one  
(foz most part now I meane)  
That iustly lyues and leades his lyfe :  
that doth to vertue leane.  
But well, to God I leaue this geare,  
I haue bene somewhat long :  
He turne my tale to other talke :  
He sing some other song.  
Finis.

## The fyxt Satyr.

*W*hat thinke you (Bertulph) of this place Powles  
(this Church of Powles I meane) Church  
How thinke you of th'abuses here, abused.  
In talke and tales vncleane,  
In fearefull oathes and vile compactes,  
in vaine expence of winde,  
In vilely spending tyme therein,  
in ydle chat to finde  
Men occupyde at prayer time,  
and other tymes vnmeete,  
In toyes, and diuers noysome trades ?  
(As thou thy selke dost wéete.)  
And soothly tell mee, what thou déemst,  
and how it séemes to thée,  
In place reseru'de to heare Gods worde,  
such Chaos vyle to see ?

*Newes out of Powles*

Bertulph. Of truth, to shew my minde therin  
(at least what I haue seene)  
The tyme (as now) wyll not permit :  
tys to farre spent I weene.  
Againe, sith you haue well begonne  
of Nummus to intreate,  
T'were pitie (sure) that want of tyme  
should let you to repeate  
Such things againe with hiefe discourse,  
of well proposed Theame :  
Returne therfoze, and make some ende  
of this thy faithfull dreame.  
And I at elle appointed time  
(foz time it doth demaunde)  
Will nothing sayle, in eche respect,  
wherein you shall commaunde.

Paule. Well, well (quoth Paule) so shall it be.  
He ende my tale begonne.  
He not be long : giue silent eare,  
the same shall soone be donne.  
And now, besides the great abuse  
that I whileare did name,  
Here in this Temple (day by daye)  
themselues do likewise frame

Gentlemē. A number of our fozraine feeses  
and men of grounded welth,  
Dur cawtie countrey Gentlemen  
to wyn this noysome pelth.

The

## Churchyarde

The fertile soyle that foyslon bynges  
of goodly sheaued graine,  
The Meadow ground that plenty yeeldes  
of Haye throught little paine,  
And ranckly springing pasture, which  
doth fat the fleeced sheepe,  
Will not suffice their greedy mindes,  
noꝝ them contented keepe.  
Not gaine inough by gainesome trade,  
to them will now arise,  
Noꝝ welth inough can quench their thirst:  
too much will not suffice  
Oꝝ stay their lust: styll lust they moze.  
Not highly raysted rents  
Not lofty fines can humoꝝ purge,  
noꝝ extreame whole extents  
Can styll their hungrie gaping gullis,  
noꝝ staunch their fowle desire.  
They are so fell, that moze they haue,  
the moze they do require.  
Their Graūdāres great, of lōg time since,  
their Aunceltoꝝ of yore,  
With sole reuenewes of their lands,  
haue maintaīde euermoze  
Right worthy portes, forgetting nought  
the stay of their good name:  
Well gote they welth, in bountie, and  
well spent they still the same.

They

*Newes out of Powles*

They neuer (most of them I meane)  
encrocht on neighbors ground,  
Nor ere inclosde vniustly ought,  
They lye'd within the bound  
Of Charitie and reasons lawe,  
contented with their owne.  
They fedde within their Tedure still :  
fowle fraude was then vnknowne,  
At least the fraude that's nowe in vze.  
They neare enhaunst their rentes,  
Nor found such beastly practises  
as this byle age inuents.  
Their own suffilde : they sought no moze,  
they lye'de well of the same :  
Yet lye'de they not vnto themselues,  
as their successors frame.  
They well could hyde that beggers should  
haue comfozt at their gate :  
They were cōtent, though that they dwelt  
by men of meane estate.  
But now not so. That Age is spent,  
and Charitie withall :  
These men are not contented now :  
to spoyle eche one doth fall.  
They racking stretch their liuing so :  
such wooluish wayes they frame,  
That through fine force, & pilkering shifts,  
twise doubled are the same.

And



## Churchyarde

And double twice decayed yet  
howsekeeping is no doubt.  
They liue lyke Misers to them selues.  
Their neighbours rounde about  
Of poore estate may not approche  
noz come within their gates :  
Sometimes perhaps for fashion sake  
they doe inuite their Hates,  
And such as doe the lyke to them :  
oz else by whome dooth rype  
Some hope of gayne oz getting ought.  
And thus their bountie lyes.  
But this not all: for wote you what ?  
They shame not now to say  
That beggers doe so eate them vp,  
that they no longer maye  
Be able to keepe ope their doozes,  
noz howsekeeping maintaine.  
Perhaps they lie some other trade  
where lyes some greater gainne.  
And soe they doe, for when they haue  
once gotten to their handes  
By purchase, fraude, and subtile meane  
their néedy neighbours landes  
About them rounde (whereby of trueth  
they come to great decaye)  
Then shut they doozes & howsehold bzeake  
they turne their men away.

F.i.

And

## *Newes out of Powles*

And hither come they tag and ragge :  
here must the gaine be had :  
Here be their charges verie slight :  
yet pelting twise as bad  
As eare it was. The Countrie house  
is broken vp through charge,  
The lands are let, and fines are raylde :  
whereby comes in at large  
Graund sumes of Coine : which gottē once  
is straight to London brought  
To bying increale. (O hellish trade)  
and thus the meanes are wrought.  
In bancke is layde the mightie Masse :  
the gaine whereof may bee  
Enough to maintaine them at ease,  
May thalke thereof we see  
Doth well suffice : for but one man  
oz two at most they haue.  
And they themselues doe Tables haunt,  
and so sic Nummus laue.  
And at a meane and slender price,  
themselues, their men and all,  
Haue meate and drinke euen of the best  
well serued at their call :  
And with reuenewes of the stock,  
right richly are they clad.  
And so from thence their byaung state  
and all the rest is had.

Asurers are  
Caterpil-  
lers in a co-  
mon wealth

The

## Churchyarde

The stocke as whole reserved still.  
and oft (such is the trade)  
That fro the graund stock flowes so much  
as petie stockes are made.  
And here the caterpillers haunt.  
In Powles forsooth they vse  
To spende the day to make their mart  
and hearken after newes.  
Was euer seene such state confusde,  
such monstrous kinde of men,  
Such vomite, ruffize, Dunghill drosse ?  
what man can tell me when  
such watch, such ward, such winking wiles  
were euer put in vse  
In time to foze, or such foule fraude  
fit Nummus to procure ?  
In faith, and by my sauing health,  
full hardly can I finde  
A man amongst a number now  
of vncorrupted minde,  
And such a one as hope of gaine  
will not procure to sinne.  
I think full fewe be lyuing now  
whome meede may nothing winne :  
O? whome that wealth may neuer winde  
from Gods prescribed lawe.  
O earth, O sinne, O Sathans thralles:  
Howe doe we still withdraue

*Newes out of Powles*

The grace and loue of God from vs ?  
O how doe we regarde  
More, noysome coyne, then helth of soule  
or hope of good rewarde ?  
I thinke if I could perleuere  
one Month in this my tale,  
I scantly should the halfe discerie  
Of fraude, (for why) in sale  
And eche compact, the sole regarde  
of gaine is alway had :  
And thirst of stoz, eache where almost  
doth make the people mad.  
O where are bits to bying them in,  
and lawes to lay their rage ?  
O where is faith, or feare of God  
in this presumptuous age ?  
Eache one dooth liue as lyketh him best,  
the lawes doe lye for gayne.  
Besides deceit and vile deuise,  
dooth nothing now remaine  
Within the harts of English men,  
farre fled is all remozle :  
All loue of God, all feare of plague,  
and Keyfers mightie force.  
How prodde our Papistes priuily ?  
How doe these men purcuaye ?  
How prowle the Caytiues now about,  
for Nummus day by daye ?

Papistes.

Here

## Churchyarde

Here, in this Church a walck there is  
where Papistes doe frequent  
To talke of newes among themselues :  
and oft the time is spent  
In glad recounting of their state :  
which though not at the best,  
Yet ioy they still to see how men  
in ayde thereof be prest.  
And now comes one and cheeres them vp,  
he telles them with great ioy,  
That Pope and Spaniard soynded be,  
Gods people to annoy.  
By Solempne protestation comes  
an other by and by  
He tels how that in Flaunders still,  
the Gospellers doe dye  
For sole professing of the truth :  
and with a cheerefull face,  
He shewes how fast the Sheepe are slaine,  
abroade in eary place.  
And what great townes are now besieged  
and Cities rounde about.  
And how Gods worde decays apace,  
euen all the worlde throughtout.  
Another new sonde fellow comes,  
and he beginnes to tell  
How Popishe Champions landed are,  
and Irish men rebell.

The Pa-  
pistes  
walke in  
Powles.

The walke  
is in the  
south Ile.

*Newes out of Powles*

How holpe fathers blessing brought  
in Bishops sacred breste,  
Hath made the lande befoze profane,  
nowe holy as the reste.  
And how that Stukeley lost his life,  
among Barbariens late,  
A Marquesse of the Romish marke,  
O too vntimely fate :  
His part (alas) was yet to play  
in places neerer hande.  
He ment and bent his forces he,  
against the Irish lande :  
But what this Marquesse left vndone,  
Mack Morice he contryu'd :  
And hotly gan pursue the charge,  
But ah, it neuer thryu'd.  
For Martyrlyke he lost his head,  
a losse (in deede) to wayle :  
Sith the holy Father, through this losse,  
of his intent dooth sayle.  
Great Sacks of newes are poured forth  
in that same worthy walke.  
And knauish knackes are there deuilde  
whilst that they stately stalck  
About the place lyke honest men,  
and subiects true of hart.  
From that same place doe rumoys rise  
Gods truth to ouerthwart.

Haue you  
not seene  
the knacke  
to knowe  
knaues by,  
compiled by  
many kna-  
ues?

From



## Churchyarde

From that same place doe slaunders come  
and vile reprochful lyes

Against Gods word and Preachers true.

From that same corner lyes

Lewde scoffing iestes and taunting tales :

there doe these Rebels coyne

Their suttle dyfts and noysome tales.

Yea, there doe they consioyne,

And cleaue like burrez with solemne bow  
the truth for to resist.

And doubt thers none, for why ? I thinke  
that they will so persist.

Untill that Sathan snatch them hence,  
the Graundfire great of lyes :

And till through want of vitall breath,  
they may no moze deuise.

What kinde of men be these (I praye) Bertulph.  
that thus themselues in bye ?

What, are they open foes profess  
that by these meanes procure

The slaunder of the certaine truth  
and teachers of the same,

O? Ipoctites that couertly  
the Ghospell doe diffame ?

Once, Bertulph, tys well knowne to thee Paule.  
that small restraint there is

For papistes tongues that proudly prate,  
(how ere they gabbe amisse.)

F.iiiij.

They

*Newes out of Powles*

They talke from feare of check at large.  
But yet of them there hée  
That please amongst professors true,  
and well with them agrie.  
For why, their lyuings so doe lye,  
that but they seemed such,  
They neuer coulde aspire so high,  
noz yet obtaine so much  
As now they doe. O Ianus Jacks  
and double faced Dogs?  
O wylie wincking wyzard Woolues,  
O grunting groyning Hogs?  
These men (I say) forswear them selues  
(As periuurde Papistes do.)  
They graunt the Queene is supreme head  
and murmure at it to.  
But what of that, fine filed heads  
well fraught with trim deuise  
And ciuile sleights, without remorse,  
suche scruples count vnwise.  
And so through sharpe and wylie wits,  
And through farre fetching braines,  
They mount aloft to honours tipe,  
and come by greatestt gaines.  
And these be they that vnder hande  
the trueth do still annoy,  
And let the working of the worde  
in such as might enioy

The

## Churchyarde

The sweetest salve of sauing health.  
Such lay the lothsome snares,  
And when good seede is sowne, forthwith  
Such men sowe noysome tares.  
Yea, such I say (as to my tale)  
lay waite by wylie wayes  
For Nummus: and to get the same,  
are prest at all assays.  
These be supporting purueyours  
for Papistes nowe suppress  
These ranckly feede the pamperd Swyne  
bptalled in their nest.  
These foyslon bring, and brokers set  
through bend of popishe crew,  
And these men foster Balamites  
To whome reuenge is dew.  
These men are sole abettoys of  
the curled Priests of Baall:  
And these men hauelings doe suffulke,  
which else wolde haue a fall.  
It meruaile though they cranckly crowe  
well lodged in their cage?  
With prouen pyckt, yst meruaile now,  
That thus the Tigars rage?  
What neede haue they to yelde thēselues  
vnto their lawfull Queene?  
For what intent should subiectes they  
at any time be seene?

They

*Newes out of Powles*

They want nothing, no pleasant lodge :  
of viands they abounde,  
Both Wenison, Wine, and finest cates.  
almoste that may be founde  
They doe enjoy : yea, and such store  
as true report doth saye,  
That (rather than the pooze shoulde haat)  
they cast their scraps awaye.  
And in good sooth, their welth is such  
and dainty fare so ryfe,  
That worldlings wil not blame their wit  
to leade such captiue lyfe.  
And fooles they were if they woulde not  
be persecuted so :  
Yea some of them so sore be hurt  
that broade they ryde and go.  
They walke and wallow at their will :  
they hawke and hunt yfeere  
With such as haue the charge of them :  
they quaffe and make good chéere,  
Set Cock on hoope, with hoape that once,  
a daye shall paye for all :  
Meane time they wil not die through care  
noz from their treason fall.  
Why Pawle (quoth Bertulph) mercy will  
perhaps so pierce their hart,  
That through the mercye of the Prince  
they will to trueth conuart.

Bertulph.

Ray

## Churchyarde

May Bertulph, tys so farre, that they  
with mercye shoulde be wonne,  
That vauntingly they bragge and saye  
bounde dutie will haue done  
All that is done: and (thus) they crake  
that if the Quéene by lawe  
Or conscience coulde them gyltie dampne,  
she woulde not stande in awe  
To send them to their doome: noꝝ to  
restraine their tongues so loose.  
Thus bleate the Popish Balamites,  
thus creakes the Romishe goose.  
And what, should mercie here be shewde,  
oꝝ can the same pꝛeuasle?  
No no, as long as mercy is,  
their tongues shall neuer quaille,  
Noꝝ harte obdured once relent:  
noꝝ common state be sounde.  
For how can gentle salue doe good  
oꝝ cure the festred wounde?  
How can the body be in health,  
that is with Biles infect?  
Or Trée sprig well that hath dead spraires  
vnlesse you doe resect  
The bꝛaunches of? What man so mad  
will shewe himselke to bee,  
As ought to hope foꝝ leaues oꝝ fruite  
to come from rotten Trée?

Paule.

I meane  
those of the  
only that  
haue bene  
distained  
with the  
bloude of  
the Lordes  
Saintes.

How

*Newes out of Powles*

How can the state of Christ his flock,  
be fenced from decay:  
Unlesse the higher powers doe cast  
the stumbling stocks away?  
How can the Lord of truth be pleade,  
when such false Prophets liue?  
How will he like to haue them kept  
his liely Lambes to grieue?  
And doubt the Tiraunts now to say  
that time shall come againe  
Wherein the blessed Saints of God  
by them shall suffer paine?  
No no, they feare not to protest,  
that where they put to death  
Of late but few, for eazye such  
shall twentie loose their breath  
In time to come. O bloudie heastes  
and foule infected Swine?  
But these be they for whom (no doubt)  
men scrape and so purloine:  
For whome these factozs haue such care  
and passing great regard:  
For whom they powle the Preachers true  
these Monsters to reward.  
And hate of theirs so haynous is,  
their rancoz hath such force  
Against the Chospell of the Lorde,  
that (voyde of all remozse)

They



## Churchyarde

They est procure Pluralities  
For vile disguised Jacks.  
They glad and ioy, to see the Church  
Sustaine such wofull lacks.  
And they againe, a Priestling sort,  
attyzed in theyr kinde :  
Doe creepe into Cathedrall Celles,  
theyr charge they haue assignde,  
To be dischargde per auters mains,  
themselues will liue at ease,  
They force not what become of flock,  
So they sit Nummus seale.  
And Nummus do they seise in deede,  
which seised buyldes no Schooles :  
For makes no stockes for men decayde,  
no Bertulph so playes fooles.  
But here you may not take me so  
as if I did defale  
Without respect, the good with hadde  
in eache Cathedrall place.  
Much lesse that I depraued haue  
all Preachers so attyzde  
In Priestlish weedes, as Popelings were,  
and as theyr state requyzde.  
Po: farre and farre, be this from me,  
for why I knowe right well :  
That in these Priestlish weedes there are,  
full many that excell.

Raye

*Newes out of Powles*

Naye Bertulph naye, then blame haue I  
if to my wordes be meante :  
Foz some of these attyred thus,  
in peacefull wise are bent :  
And hzawle not with their bzethzen, who  
neglecte oz cleane refuse :  
And therefore great vniustice t'were,  
such Preachers to accuse.  
Although I wishe (that's all I maye,)  
that Preachers might be knowne  
From Popish Jacks in weedes and words  
a thing confused growne.  
But husht, Ile haste me to the shoze :  
Ile thonne such mounting waues.  
Ile leaue this Sea foz to be swomme  
of tryple tongued Naues.

FINIS.

The seauenth Satyr.

Paule.

**N**Ow harken Bertulph to the ende  
of this my present tale.  
I am enforst my floting Boate  
to shoze from course to hale.  
The time runnes on, the day is spent,  
The night awayward pulles,  
And endlesse scope of my pretence,  
downe prested pallate dulles.

Q

## Churchyarde

∅ endlesse powze, ∅ wellspring, whence  
all wisdom wisely flowes :  
∅ God, whose grace doeth guide the good,  
in whome all bounty growes :  
Thou knowst the harts, & seeest the raynes  
yea, thinwarde thoughts of men  
Doe open lye befoze thy face :  
Thou knowst how, where and when  
Ech thing hath, is, or shall be done  
or else committed : thou  
Haste perfitte betwe and insight good  
which waye mans hart doth bow.  
Thou, thou, I say, sole God of might,  
beholdst the harts of men,  
What they pretend, what yll they worke :  
so iustly iudge me then,  
And shut thy mercy from my soule,  
if slaundrouly my lyps  
Doe ope at all : or if my tongue  
of vaine presumption skypes  
From this to that, or rashly run  
more then the truth doth vige,  
Or more then that through extreame rage  
and foze of sinfull surge  
I am constra inde with diepe remozse  
and moaning plaint to tell.  
∅, oh, how many brothell Batwdes  
within the towne doe dwell ?

How

*Newes out of Powles*

How many filthy scudding scowtes,  
besturre their crooked stumpes ?  
For gaine, for gaine, olde mother B  
how shee still lympling lumps,  
And proddes about with ackwarde pace  
vnto her beafully haunt ?  
How doe these subtile groyning Soves  
pooze sely girles enchaunt,  
And oft abet the loued spouse  
to start from husbands bed ?  
Beholde I saye, how by these Batodes,  
are women captiue led  
And simple maydes vnto the spoyle.  
Beholde and see their trade,  
See, see, what wply winking thiftes,  
by cliffe browde beasts are made.  
Of course and custome, common Innes  
they watch with warie eye  
If that at any tyme they may  
(as oft they do) espye  
The countrey maides that come from far,  
as straungers to the towne :  
Whome still the Trottes doe tittle so,  
that straight all shame layde downe.  
They yelde the selues as captiue queanes,  
vnto some whozish caue :  
Where trotting Trade for filthye gaine  
doth byrge them to behaue

Full

## Churchyarde

Full soone themselues vile strumpet lyke  
to lyue by whozithe trade :  
And the hir selfe doth let them forth  
that gaine by them be made.  
But (out alas) the Maidens mindes  
and comming was tobtaine  
Some seruice where to spend their times  
as seruaunts to remaine.  
D ardent force of flaming sinne.  
D rage, D riot, D  
That euer such should be sustainde  
oz once on grounde should goe ?  
Beholde beholde how good mens wyues  
Inuegled are by them ?  
Behold howe seruaunts they support ?  
Beholde how they doe hem  
And hooke to them throughe crooked guile  
And vndercreating craft,  
Great store of Truls ? Beholde I say  
how often is berast  
By them alas the fruitfull wise,  
of her moste louing mate :  
And husband bearing honest port,  
of wise in that same rate.  
Beholde also how honest Maides  
and seruaunts they entyce  
To whoredome, theft, and filching by  
their diuillish vile deuice.

G. j.

But

## *Newes out of Powles*

But wher are these? how should we know  
where such lewde Loffels lodge?  
Where is their haunt, & where are they  
accustomde thus to dodge?  
Rounde, round about the Citie walles.  
Within and eke without.  
The Alleys, Lanes, yea open streates,  
and places all about  
Are now replenisht with such stufte,  
and filthy broken ware.  
And (wo begone) the Officers  
thereof doe take no care.  
For if they did, how durst the Drabs  
and Callets be so bolde  
As limpe about in lawlesse times  
oz take into theyr holde  
Pong fillock Jylles, and batwie Jacks  
at inconuenient tides:  
And still retaine for stozeware some  
within their house besydes?  
How durst the Dunghils daunce about  
with blinde bagaries so,  
And with close colours leade their trulls  
where that they list to go?  
Behold, behold, how canoyled queane  
and craftie crooked crib  
Doth vnder vile and lewde pretence,  
(most like a luttie gib)



## Churchyarde

Pretende to place in seruice still  
yong maydens here and there,  
And maidens hauing refuge such,  
beholde how they ne feare.  
To pilfer, filch, and to purloyne  
from Maister and from Dame,  
And in the ende to giue the slip  
and serue no moze the same.  
Which all doth spring from wimpled B:  
and olde deceitfull Bawde,  
And how to her the gaine doth rise,  
which shee by theft so drawde  
Besides reuenues of the taile,  
and fozeine filched good :  
Beholde how thus lyke carrein Crow,  
shee liues by filthy foode.  
An other sorte of them aduert  
some olde, some yong yfere,  
That walke about with Bristles, Pins,  
with Tape and other geere.  
But well, sith that the campos be wyde,  
wherein as now I walck :  
I leaue them here, intending once,  
at large therein to stalck  
And seuer places by themselues,  
with styles and parting stakes :  
And as I can, to my pooze skill,  
rescind the noysome byakes.

*Newes out of Powles*

For treating now of broking Bawdes,  
and filthie Panders, I  
Haue cause therein full many such  
vile persons to descrie.  
For why the husband now is prest,  
to put his wife for gaine  
Unto hir choise to be an whoze,  
or honest still remaine.  
And so it is: else how coulde they  
thus Trumpet like attyze  
And let them out? tys too too true,  
they let their wiues to hire.  
O great excelle, how long could I  
retaine your eares herein,  
If I but briefely shoulde discourse?  
(So great a scope hath sinne.)  
But as I sayde, so shall it be:  
I leaue it to my pen,  
Which (graunting God) hereafter shall  
at large dilate it: when  
Both time shall yeelde hir selfe thereto  
and minde (as onely bent  
Upon the same) shall beate at full,  
with persite true intent.  
Meane time, with one thing moze, I ende  
which (sith the day is past)  
Ile comprehend in briefest wordes:  
and this shall be the last.

Whereas

## Churchyarde

Whereas befoze, of byoking Bawdes  
my former tale was tolde,

Of Byokers likewise now to tell  
my Pen shall be so holde.

Brokers.

Foz why, their deedes be damnable :  
and they in number so

Doe still increase, that day by day  
by them decepts doe grow

In such aboundance, that (alas)

I feare, I feare as now,

All dread of plagues cleane set apart,  
to fraude mens mindes doe bow :

Sequestred cleane from Godly loue,  
and so from Godly feare,

That rich to pooze, where gaine doth lye,  
will rauine nought forheare.

And (out alas) where heretofore,  
(pickt forth by thirst of gaine)

Within the Towne, of Byokers, they  
did thirtie such ordaine,

Or thereabouts, shewde wylde Mates  
and wittie wincking Colts

(Although in wisedome sure I think,  
they shoude them selues but dolts)

To vse the trade of byoking, and  
discreetly so the same,

That if the worlde should bewe the Act,  
they might be voyde of blame :

B.iiij.

Whereas

## *Newes out of Powles*

Whereas (I say) of late this act  
decreed was for intent,  
That Boking trade might practizd be  
by men so well ybent,  
That reason ruling them therein,  
(though Gods worde doth forbid,  
And cleane condemne all loane for gaine)  
their fact might so lye hid.

I speake of  
the intent as  
it hath kalne  
out Athens  
such order  
made.

Now now alas, (O sinfull fact)  
the Magistrates, herein,  
Not so content for to dispence  
with such an haynous sinne,  
Doe altogither cleane neglect  
by them such order made:  
Whereby whole hundzeds now doe liue  
by beastly boking trade.

And in such sort doe they demeane  
themselues, and so deuise,  
That horrible it is to tell  
which way their gaine doth rise.

\* Gentlemē,  
when they  
can get no  
Money of  
loane. are  
glad to  
take wares  
whereof  
Money  
maye be  
made.

Our gentlemen in these our dayes  
(as soothly goes report)

In time of neede, to Marchantmen  
are woonted to resort

\* And take of loane such wares, as they  
best like of: yieliding theare

Themselues to bandes, and suraunce good  
to paye for all the ware,

Which

## Churchyarde

Which whē they haue with thirsting hope  
once taken to their handes,  
Foz ware, scant halfe may they obtaine  
foz to discharge their handes :  
And so perforce constrained are  
to sue for brokers ayde,  
By whom they thinke to saue themselues :  
And so the goodes are layde  
In brokers handes : who handle them  
so handsomly I trowe,  
That all the gaine that may be had,  
doth to the Broker growe.  
Foz (at the least) one part thereof  
he kiepes vnto his share :  
And yet vnto the gentleman  
he yeeldeth for his ware  
Perhaps muche more then he himselte  
coulde haue obtainte therfore.  
He nicks him, and besides he takes  
a crowne in earle scoze  
Foz payment of his paines therein.  
O execrable crime ?  
Were euer seene such subtile shifts  
in any former time,  
As are in this our present age ?  
what should I thinke therein ?  
No doubt, no doubt, that men as now  
doe snoztig sleepe in sinne.

Note the  
subtiltie of  
the Mar-  
chaunt  
which dete-  
reth his  
wares in  
such sort,  
and that al-  
so for vsurie

*Newes out of Powles*

The Lethargie of some such yll  
doth risely raigne abroad.  
They are downe prest w<sup>t</sup> monstrous sins  
and yet sustaine the loade.  
What craft is coynded day by day?  
what fraude afresh is founde?  
What new deuise and straunge deceyte  
doth in this age abounde?  
I feare, I feare, true dealing now  
depyded is with men.  
I feare me they doe practise Faith  
and Truth but now and then.  
But (as vnto my former tale.)  
Is this the worst they vse?  
Will Broker vse this onely theft  
and other fraude refuse?  
No no, the varlet vengeablye  
can coyne more noysome dyfts:  
He hath his bouget fraught with fraude,  
and Foxie knauith thifts.  
Well scapes the dettor, if he doe  
thée partz thereof obtaine.  
Nay, oftentimes hies glad to take  
one onely part againe.  
For broker when he hath the goodes,  
at laylure will repay  
The same by pecemeale: and perhaps  
for all his foule delay,

The



## Churchyarde

The detter shall be glad to take  
on quarter of the same.  
If this be well, (as true it is)  
then nothing's out of frame :  
And all may be right well forborne,  
as it hath bene full long.  
But hapt the same to Magistrates,  
they would redresse the wrong,  
And not set light by suche deceyt :  
noꝝ wincking, let it lye.  
Had they such losse, they would I saye  
redresse full soone espye.  
But who cares ought, so gaine be had,  
and wares be made away ?  
They utter by such meanes their wares.  
Why then, what hurt haue they ?  
They shall be payde, who care do leese,  
and gaine shall they by lone.  
Although the detter loose the halfe,  
yet theyle take héeде to one.  
And oftentimes (such is the sayth  
of these vile byoaking knaues)  
When they haue gotte the dettoꝝ goodes,  
they wyll lyke roging slaues  
Some of them shewe a payꝛe of héeles :  
the Rakehells wyll be gone.  
Theyle runne away with goodes and all,  
though lyfe lye thereupon.

And

*Newes out of Powles*

And doubtlesse, many of them doe  
So practize now a dayes,  
That they come bp and rise to welth,  
By such vngodly wayes.  
Some of them vse such priuie shifts,  
and such close couched wyles,  
That they come bp and heare good port  
And only liue by guyles.  
And other some so flauishe be  
and cutthroate cullion leeke,  
That when they haue a bootie gotte,  
theyle streightwaye giue the gléeke,  
And pack away. As, now and then  
is brought into their handes  
A Chaîne of Golde, a Tablet or  
Some bracelet golden bandes  
By Gentlemen to lay to pawne  
For Nummus when they néede:  
Which, whē they haue once in their handes,  
theyle pack away with spéede.  
I tell you Bertulph, on my sayth,  
if I should now dilate  
The vile deceite of Brokers, and  
so set to bew their state,  
You scantly could abide to héer't,  
so horrible it is.  
But thus we must consider ont,  
and so I ende with this.

Where

## Churchyarde

Where that the state corrupted is  
by them that beare the swaye,  
There meaner people will peruert  
and bring it to decaye.

If Maiestrate doe winne with fraude,  
the commons will the same.

If Magistrate must winck for feare,  
then all goes out of frame.

And so I ende till time renue  
this tale of mine begonne.

I tell you trueth, there resteth yet  
much moze ere it be done.

But here you haue vnto my best,  
declared (as I can)

How Nummus is awayted for  
by mosste men now and than :

And how the same is put to vse  
most wicked now a dayes :

And how it is by men abusde  
in spending many wayes.

You eke haue hearde expressed here,  
how often times it is

For hoozde kept close and cofferd vp.

I haue delated this.

Now resteth that I doe declare  
how hée hath harmed mee.

But this (as I intende) hereaf-  
ter shall dilated hée :

*Newes out of Powles*

Foz (doubtlesse) herein doth consist  
a thing importing wayte,  
To shew how Nummus doth deceiue  
by Sathans subtile sleight.  
And sith I doe entende at large  
of this (God graunting grace)  
To wryte hereafter, now I ende:  
and (with erected face)  
Unto my God great thankes I yeelde,  
that so hath beene his will  
To guide my tongue the thing to speake  
wherein doth rest such ill.  
And praye we hartily vnto him  
to mitigate the paine  
And plague which foz our monstrous lyfe  
as due doth now remaine.

*Amen.*

The

*Churchyarde*

The.viii.and last Satyr.

*The Author.*

Though Muse haue made his finall end,  
and Penne haue runne his race,  
Yet carefull custome causeth me  
to waile the want of grace.  
And quaking quill renewes the plaint  
that lurkes in pensue breast  
Commixt with cares that flow from head  
full fraught with great vnrest.  
The time backe beates mine idle braine  
that labour ginnes to leaue :  
And rage of sinne returnes the grieke  
my silent pawse to reauē.  
How shall I safely seeke the shoare ?  
How may I thun the seas,  
Untill that Triton blow retreatē  
and mounting waue appeas ?  
The dawning day doth keepe aloofe,  
and Loades man loseth ayne :  
The ryffe rock doth lye in wayte  
my beaten barke to maime.  
And yet when daye shall once discrye  
the daunger of the surge,  
Then shall my puppe due course obserue  
and glide through crooked gurge.

Deane

*Newes out of Powles*

Meane time betost with great turmoyle,  
and tempests bitter flawe,  
Ile keepe my selfe amid the streame :  
and yet a while withdrawe  
My Pen from port of quiet pawse.  
For time doth vige me so :  
The time alas infect with sinne.  
Yea time wherein doth grow  
The rage of sinne and ryots foze,  
the raumping Serpents guile,  
With all deceit that maye he founde :  
yea sinne almost to vile  
To be exprest or set to bewe.  
But such is Sathans foze :  
Such are the harts of banquisht thralles,  
cleane frustrate of remozce.  
Call call to minde you carelesse crewe :  
Lay custome now a side :  
And let your fayth with faithlesse frutes  
herein a while be tride.  
Confirme the lyse that you doe leade  
And ratifie the same.  
And then lets see how wilfully  
you wander worthy blame.  
First Auarice, what foze it hath,  
what curled cancre tis,  
What running rot and curelesse wounde,  
to men apparaunt is.

The canker  
of couetous-  
nes is cause  
of all euill.

What



## Churchyarde

What great enoym this sin hath wrought  
what thirsting hath procurede,  
The block, the tree, the beggers bagge  
such sequeale hath inurde :  
And yet how ryfely now it raignes,  
how graft in greedy mindes,  
How grounded tis in peoples harts,  
a proofe our liuing findes.  
No one abandons beaſtly trade,  
nor maketh ſtaye at all  
To practise fraude and filching loze  
ſo gaine therby may fall.  
The rich doth laye his goods for gaine,  
and gapeth ſtill to gett  
The ſubſtance of the needie ſoule  
that gote the ſame by ſwett.  
The needie (not vnlike) deuile  
and ſeeke by ſubtile diſts  
To ſcrape for coyne, and gaine to winne,  
do ſeeke vngodly ſhifts.  
So charitie excluded is :  
and loue is kept aloofe.  
And right is wronged through rewarde,  
as falleth ſtill in proofe :  
And Mercie about the Towne  
is maintaind as a trade :  
And equitie to eaſe the wrong,  
in matters dares not wade.

But

## *Newes out of Powles*

But well, the Sinne shall not be hid  
nor cloked from the bew.

I will explaine the practise here  
in wordes that doe enlewe.

The Cormoraunt that coucheth vp  
and crams his cankerd bags,  
Doth giue to hood his gotten coyne :  
and bowte the towne he lags.

To Broker doth he bende his course :  
or happily vnto him

The Broker hannes and weanes a mate  
for purpose very trim.

And twene them two are craftes conueyd  
and fory falthode wrought.

Twene them are traps so framed, that  
thereby is Nummus caught.

O God, what gaine doth guilefull gnuiffe  
by loane of Nummus raise ?

How doth he nick the debter now  
by hault exacting wayes ?

Ten pwndes in hundzed, nothing is.  
and twentie is but small.

For halfe in halfe full oftentimes  
in loane among doth fall.

A liely man constraiind of late  
to borowe for his neede,  
Repaired vnto a Marchant man  
to borowe on his deede

The

## Churchyarde

The Marchant (as it is of course)  
had Money none to lende:  
But wares he proferd willingly,  
and Dettoꝝ in the ende  
The same became: and tooke to loane  
as much as did amount  
To thirty poundes of currant coyne  
by Marchantmans account.  
Which wares so taken vp to loane,  
to Broker are they brought:  
The Broker to the Marchaunt he  
(of whome the same were bought)  
Full falsely doth retorne them streight:  
who now twise gaynes thereby:  
For fyrste he sould and now eftsoones  
the same agayne doth buye,  
So that when this our siely soule  
should rayse thereof the summe:  
Aboue the pryce of twenty pounde,  
the credit will not come,  
For ten in thirty could vouchsafe,  
the Creditoꝝ to haue  
For recompence in Usurie.  
O carelesse cankerd slaue,  
O cawty cutthroate, cullion, wretch,  
O Caterpyllers Feere,  
O miserable Murtherer,  
Canst thou abyde this geare?

H.i.

¶ The

*Newes out of Powles*

¶ The time is now at hande wherein  
thou straight account shalt make :  
Wherin thou shalt Hell fire gain  
for gaine that thou didst take.  
O Uferer, thou Sathans thall,  
and Butcher of the Fiende,  
Thy Golde shall be transfornde to muck :  
thy plagues shall neuer ende.  
But as thou doost thy Dcker vse  
t'oppresse thy neighbour hiere :  
Euen so the scorching flames of Hell  
thy caytife corps shall déere.  
Thy rusty hoozde ascendes the skie :  
thy dettozs harne doth mount  
Unto the high supernall seate  
to call thée to account.  
Thou greedy Gleade, thou hūgry Hawke,  
thou starueling Vultures mate,  
How darste thou thus by rauine seeke  
to maintaine thine estate ?  
¶ I see how thou canst soare aloft  
like hungry Hawke telpye  
And catching Kite, when pray shal spring,  
for beste game bent to flye.  
¶ I see thy subtle lagging pace,  
and craftie colourde guile :  
¶ I see thy false dissembling sleight :  
¶ I see thy playted wile.

Thou

## Churchyarde

Thou hast deuiled by the Month,  
foz gaine to let thy ware :  
Thy money eke from month to month,  
thou canst right well fozeare.  
But foz eche shilling (Caytife thou)  
in surplysage wilt take  
A penie: and of twentie shil-  
lings, twentie pennies make :  
And (in that rate) foz forty ponde,  
so lent out: in a yere,  
Thou wilt receiue twice forty pounds,  
Of lawfull Honey cleere.  
Thou wienst to welter here foz aye,  
and wallowe in thy welth :  
Thou neuer thinkst to see the daye  
to part from this thy pelth.  
But I will tell thee Cozmozant,  
thou sell and egre droane :  
Eche pennie shall accountaunt be  
which thou hast let in loane.  
And though as now the law be thine  
to laye beneath thy foote :  
Yet then the suryes by decree  
shall rende thy hart at roote :  
When as the libell of thy lust  
and baylitwick abusde,  
shall thee condempne to Limboe pit  
and scalding lake confusde.

*The Author vpon the Booke,  
in the defence of the gouerne-  
ment of the Citie.*

**T**wo sortes of men repaire vnto this Booke.  
The one to carpe and cauell at my wordes :  
The other through delyght, thereon doth looke :  
And reading it, true iudgement well afordes.

He deemeth straight (when haply I reprove)  
That mine intent is vices to remoue.

But nowe, tappeale and satisfie the minde  
Of such as rashly ronne with open mouth  
At my reproofe which often here they finde,  
I thus much say to them in my behoue.

I meane, I touch, I quip no priuate man  
For hate, ne spite since first my worke began,

Nor yet doo I (with chylidish rage stirrd vp)  
Seeke to deface a worthy common state  
Of such as seildome drinke of unfull Cup  
By matter such as I doo here debate.

For I protest, I knowe no matter why  
I should so doo : sith no man can deny

That in the Towne are diuers sortes of men  
By whome the vertuous are supported styl :  
With whome the wicked may at no tyme blen  
Their noysome drifts, nor work the thing thats yll :

By whome the poore and needie are sustainde :

And eke with whom true zeale hath styl remainde.

I meane both Iudge, Whittion, Latwyer and  
The Marchaunt (whom euen all I must commend)  
With other else which in my Booke do stande.

I say, of them there be whome to defende

I neede not here. Their Iyues auoyde the blame,  
And through good Iyse, they wyne immortall fame.

*FINIS.*



*Gentle Reader, for the fillinge*

vp of emptie pages, this letter written by the Author to his friende lying at the point of death is inserted.



Ir, howe and in what wise euery man shoulde beare him selfe towarde his friende in time of health, in time of prosperitie and strengthe, moſte men knowe: yea, ſuche is the vntruſte that is in man, moe men can ſpeake plauſibly in time of good happe, as we terme it, then in time of ſikneſſe iudge vprightly. Alas, in time of ſikneſſe and in aſſaultes of death (wherin the bodye is not moze greuouſly oppreſſed then the minde diuerſly diſtracted and the ſoule mightely aſſaulted) how ſewe doe conſider, or at the leaſt wiſe, do apply them ſelues to the relief of the pooze afflicted ſoule, to the ſtrengthning of the feeble mynde, and to the repelling of thoſe bytter temptations and aſſaults of the common enemies of man kinde, the olde Serpente, the baينه, wicked and vnconſtant worlde, and the fraile, peruerſe and rebellious fleſh which alwayes doe attend and attempt the ſicke enfeeble

A letter vnto his friende

and oppressed person? Surely, were it not that God in time of such extremitye dothe mightelie comfozte and confirme such as be his in the promises of his mercye, in the death of his deare Iesus, and in the merytes of his passion: it is not possible but that sickness shoulde be intollerable, death horryble, Hel victorious, the bodye liuing, to be a terror to the mynde, and the mynde so terrified and brought to desperation, to be the perpetual dampnatioun of the bodye and soule.

Which thing considered, and from my verye harte remembred, I cannot choose but in this blessed battaile, and I truste (though somewhat sharpe and egre) yet most happy confycte wherunto (as a fellowe souldyer, and adopted brother) you are called for your tryall, I cannot choose I saye, but, to the increase of your courage, endeuoure to make plaine vnto you in all that I maye, the fruit of affliction and the commoditie of death: imparting with you such weapons as for mine owne store, the Lorde our Captaine hath allotted vnto me, to the ende, that being conueniently appoynted, you may resist and auoyde at all assaies, and become holde, valiaunt, constant and perseuerable to the death. Touching which death, notwithstanding

lying at the point of death.

ding it be grieuous to the fraile flesh, yet is it moſte ioyfullye to be receyued as an vndoubted ende of all grieſe, for why? it is the beginning of Joye and perpetuall tryumph whereupon a certaine godly man wyrteth. If thou haddeſt a good conſcience, thou woldeſt not flye death. And againe, why haſte thou pleaſure in that wretched body, whoſe felowſhippe doth nothing els but violently withdrawe and deteine thee from the kingcome of euerlaſting glorie? ¶ Couſen: what elſe but a place of exile is the miſerable bodie to the Soule? And to what thinge elſe maye this our lyfe moze aptly be compared, then to an hozlwaiſe or ſtage playe where men do aſſemble to behoulde ſondrye feates, and where euerye man labourerh in all that he maye, to winne praiſe, promotion and authoriſtye after the ende of his tragicall part: God onelye is permanent immortall & euerlaſtinge: All thinge elſe are tranſitorye and ſubiecte to cozruption. They be conſtituted cozruptible and mortall, and muſt be conſumed of time, and haue their endes bycozruption. The Sunne ſhall paſſe, for it was made but for mans ble. The Moone, and the ſtarres ſhall periſh, for they were created but for the neceſſitye of man. Heauen and  
H.iiij. earth

A letter vnto his friende

earth shall decaye, for they conteine but a place of exile and prison for the body of man: yea, the body of man also shall perish, for it is but as an enemy to exercyse the soule, and to make it apte to apprehend by fayth, the Joyes of heauen and crowne of immortalitye. Moste certaine (I saye) it is that the frayle body shalbe resolued to earth, & there shall sleepe till the soule returne vnto it, and tyll the members be restored to their right places. Wherefore, si the earth and corrupti- on is the ende of the bodye: yea, the end of all things that were made & created, and that the same ende of the bodye is the beginning of lyfe, wishe for death, wishe for a peaceable departure, and finding the same, imbrace it: saying in your hart: Come Lord, come Ie- sus, make haste and tary not: Come Lorde that I maye be one with thee and coheyre of the kingdome purchaled with thy pccious bloud. Deere Colen and beloued in the Lorde, lette not longe sicknesse discourage you, neyther be you in anywise perplexed or greued with the lowe state and constitutio of your body: And in and aboue all thinges, let not hyndraunce in worldly affayres dis- quyet you. As you haue begonne, so further the will of the Lord, and be ready to receiue  
what-

lying at the poynte of death.

whatsoever he wil lay vpon you. For the greatest affliction & misery that man may or doth suffer in this lyfe, is not worthe the leaste of those treasures which God will bestowe vpon him in the lyfe to come, which is durable, permanent, glorious & altogether full of blessednes. And assure your selfe (for so God hath promised, and wyl not goe one iote from his worde) that he wyl laye no more vpon you, then by his grace and strengthe you shalbe able to beare, althoughe he seeme somewhat sharply to correct you, and somewhat seuerely to deale with you : for who is he whome the Lorde chasteneth not ? Surely, surely, whome he loueth, the same dothe he chasten, & in him is he delighted as the father in his son, offering himself vnto him as a deere father to his sonne: whereas if we refuse chastyceiment, we are no sonnes, but bastards, and not inheritable by any right. Ioseph was afflicted and deliuered by y<sup>e</sup> Lorde. Dauid was chastised, and he acknowledged the Lorde and founde reliefe in his Soule. Tobias was corrected, and he founde health. Iob was tryed & was made perfect. What shoulde I say, euen all the Appostles, all the Prophets : yea, and all the good men that euer were, haue bine tryed by affliction, chosen



A letter vnto his friende

len by persecutō, and crowned by patience, abydinge the wpll and pleasure of God. Wherefoze, be strong in the Lord, & desire of him in your hart y<sup>e</sup> his will may be wrought in you, & that you may with a glad hart receyue whatsoeuer his Maiesty shal lay vpon you. Assure your selfe that this your present sickness is either foꝛ punishment of sinne, foꝛ exercise of your faith, oꝛ to y<sup>e</sup> death. And therfoze, if it be foꝛ punishment, beseeche him to giue you patience and assure your selfe vpon repentance, to haue fr̄e & full remission in Christ: If it be foꝛ tryall, giue him thanks: & if it be to the death, reioise in it, & thinke it is y<sup>e</sup> greatest gift that euer he gaue you in this world, being the very passage to the heauenlye and Angelicall Paradise. And pray euen from the bottom of your hart, that neyther the loue of the woꝛlde, noꝛ the feare of the same death, may distracte you from the desire of it. Be not carefull to leaue your kinsfolkes, friends, and acquaintaunce, let it not greēue you to part from your goods, noꝛ haue any loue depending vpon any earthly thinge whatsoeuer. As foꝛ your kinsfolkes and woꝛldly friendes, at your Graue they wil leaue you, and within a while after foꝛget you: and shortly after that, shall dye them-



lying at the poynte of death.

themselues, and be forgotten themselues also. Your goods wilbe sawning vpon other men, all done as the breath shalbe out of your body: and euen as they serued you, so are they readye to serue an other, and perhaps to his perdition, without the speciall grace of God. To conclude, lift vp your harte, & cal together your wits, which are disperled and diuersely affected to things which are corruptible, and fall not from God, for things that are so deceptfull and vaine. A battaile must be, no question: No triumphe is obtained without fyghte, neyther any Garlande giuen, but to him that manfully standeth in the Lorde. If any sorow be found in death, it ariseth but of our owne infyrme or desperate feare: for death is but a swyfte fyghte or passage of the soule fro the corruptible bodye, rather to be desyred then to be fled from of men. God is the rewarder of this conflict, & heauen is the eternal stipend. Wherefore, let these giftes prouoke you to esteeme this battaile the lighter: for chéerefully shall you passe after death, into y<sup>e</sup> pleasant Campes of heauē, which place is conuenient for those y<sup>e</sup> haue minded heauēly things. The saints of heauē wil receiue you as a friendly cōpaniō of theirs into y<sup>e</sup> portalles of cléerenes, wher-  
as

A letter vnto his friende

as you shall finde verye glorious abyding. Thus shall you (at the last) come fro greuous cares and from large continuing troubles into a peceable rest and mansion of quietnes. In the Paradise aboue or like place of pleasure among the departed Saints, shall be your continuance, hauing all the heauens at your pleasure. A celestiall song will be vttered at those recreations, and so swete melodies as are able to mooue the Starres. With the Saints, I say, departed hence shall you lyue, and with them shall you raigne in heauen with your Redéemer: so much glorie hereafter shall you haue, and so much heauenlye honour. What shoulde I saye? In that place is eternall pleasure, and a lyfe replenished with perpetuall felicity: yea, in that place shall the glorye of the Godhead be reuealed vnto you, and séene with your very eyes: euen with those your eyes of fleshe, which from the foundations of the worlde hath bene hidde from mankinde in this his mortalitye. Fynallye, there shall you wayte vpon the Lambe, your Sauiour Iesus, who surely loues you and reioyleth that he hath saued you. Good Coulen, assure your self that in this blessed place you muste needes bee. And that as surely as your Sauioure lyued here

lying at the poynte of death.

here vpon the earth, so surely you must and shall raigne with him in the heauens. For there is hée, there is that Sauour your head who can not nor will not be separated from any of his members. As for the weight of Synne, howe heauey, howe haynous, howe huige and burthenfome soeuer it be, caste it all vpon him, for therfore he dyed, and not for small sinnes onely, but for all the sinnes that mankinde hath committed, doth or shal committe from the begynninge of the wolde to the ende of the same. It is his onely and greate gloze to be a Sauour. And for that cause is he ascended to the heauens in our flesh, and will in no wise deceyue those pooze seely ones vpon the earth that cling vnto him for helpe and saluation. And where as (haply) you may feare, because of the weakenes of your fayth, which nowe in your extreame and laste battayle) if so to be the Lorde haue appoynted it vnto you) is diuersly assayled and assaulted: Be of good comfozte and plucke by your courage, for that meeke Sauour wyl not caste you of: no, he will not caste of his seely creature though he be hable to touche but the hemme of his vesture. It is toulde vs in the sacred scriptures that he will not quenche

A letter vnto his friend,

quenche the smoking flaxe nor breake the  
brysted Reed. **D**, he is gentle, & will make all  
perfect that in the pooze soule of mā is vnper-  
fect. He knoweth and hath felt how harde a  
thing it is for pooze man, to stande vpon his  
legs, when he hath to deale with those ghost-  
ly and ghastly enemies: Sathan, the world,  
and the flesh: but especially in the Agonye of  
death. **D** how well acquainted, is he with  
those conflicts? Feare not, Cowle, feare not:  
If your faith be but as a graine of Musterd-  
seed, you shalbe saued. That Saviour hath  
said it. And as for those wounds and skarres  
that these bloody enemies haue made or shal  
make in your feeble soule, that heauenly Sa-  
maritane shall binde them vp againe, and  
shall supple them with the oyle of his grace,  
so that they shall not hinder you a whit. He  
will in no wise disdayne you, no: although  
you were as fowle as a Leaper. For what  
are they but sins? what are they (I say) but  
fowle and lothsome sinnes that his precious  
bloud hath washed and shall wash away in  
mankinde, so longe as mankinde shall haue  
place and abyding in the Tabernacle of sin-  
ful flesh? He knoweth, yea, he knoweth and  
that througely, what pooze man is & where-  
of he is made. And as he knoweth him, so he  
pitttieth

lying at the poynte of death.

pittieth him, and thereof hath giuen him a  
a sure and euerlasting Testimony: For he  
hath dyed for him: he hath dyed, (I saye) for  
man, that man might liue with him for euer  
be saued. In him therefore be comforted, and  
vpon him only repose your whole confidēce,  
to the last gaspe of your life: say vnto him, if  
not with a lowde and strong voice, yet softly  
in your sick soule. *Lozde Iesu receyue my  
spirit. Come Lord and make haste. Into thy  
hands Lozde I commend my spirit. &c.* And  
so saying, waight patiently when he shall  
come vnto you, and put a finall end to  
your happy conspyte. To the same  
*Lozde, being God in Trinite, y,  
with the father and the holy  
Ghost, be all honoz praise  
and glozy eternally.  
Amen.*



*Imprinted at London by John  
Charlewood, and Richard  
Ihones.*



CHISWICK PRESS:—REPRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,  
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.

1869.

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