













THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN SKELTON:

PRINCIPALLY ACCORDING TO THE EDITION

OF THE

REV. ALEXANDER DYCE

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN SKELTON.

# MAGNYFYCENCE,

A GOODLY INTERLUDE AND A MERY,

DEUYSED AND MADE BY

MAYSTER SKELTON, POET LAUREATE.\*

---

*These be the Names of the Players :*

FELYCYTE.	FOLY.
LYBERTE.	ADUERSYTE.
MEASURE.	POUERTE.
MAGNYFYCENCE.	DYSPARE.
FANSY.	MYSCHEFE.
COUNTERFET COUNTE-	GOODHOPE.
[NAUNCE].	REDRESSE.
CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE.	[SAD] CYRCUMSPEC CYON.
CLOKYD COLUSYON.	PERSEUERAUNCE.
COURTLY ABUSYON.	

\* From the ed. printed by Rastell, n. d.;—in which the above list of characters is placed at the end of the drama.

POEMS OF SKELTON.

---

MAGNYFYCENCE.

*Felicite.* AL thyngys contryuyd by mannys  
reason,

The world enuyronnyd of hygh and low estate,  
Be it erly or late, welth hath a season,  
Welth is of wysdome the very trewe probate ;  
A fole is he with welth that fallyth at debate :  
But men nowe a dayes so vnhappely be vryd,  
That nothyng than welth may worse be enduryd.  
To tell you the cause me semeth it no nede,  
The amense therof is far to call agayne ;  
For when men by welth, they haue lytyll drede <sup>10</sup>  
Of that may come after ; experyence trewe and  
playne,  
Howe after a drought there falleth a showre of  
rayne,

And after a hete oft cometh a stormy colde.  
 A man may haue welth, but not, as he wolde,  
 Ay to contynewe and styll to endure ;  
 But yf prudence be proued with sad cyrcumspec-  
 cyon,  
 Welthe myght be wonne and made to the lure,  
 If noblenesse were aquayntyd with sober dyrec-  
 cyon ;  
 But wyll hath reason so vnder subieccyon,  
 And so dysordereth this worlde ouer all, 20  
 That welthe and felicite is passynge small.  
 But where wonnys Welthe, and a man wolde wyt ?  
 For welthfull Felicite truly is my name.

*Lyberte.*<sup>1</sup> Mary, Welthe and I was apoynted to  
 mete,

And eyther I am dysseyued, or ye be the same.

*Fel.* Syr, as ye say, I haue harde of your fame ;  
 Your name is Lyberte, as I vnderstande.

*Lyb.* Trewe you say, syr ; gyue me your hande.

*Fel.* And from whens come ye, and it myght  
 be askyd ?

*Lyb.* To tell you, syr, I dare not, leest I sholde  
 be maskyd 30

In a payre of fetters or a payre of stockys.

*Fel.* Here you not howe this gentyلمان mockys ?

*Lyb.* Ye, to knackyngge ernyst what and it  
 preue ?

<sup>1</sup> *Lyberte*] Enters, probably, towards the end of the preceding speech.

*Fel.* Why, to say what he wyll, Lyberte hath leue.

*Lyb.* Yet Lyberte hath ben lockyd vp and kept in the mew.

*Fel.* In dede, syr, that lyberte was not worthe a cue :

Howe be it lyberte may somtyme be to large,  
But yf reason be regent and ruler of your barge.

*Lyb.* To that ye say I can well condyssende :  
Shewe forth, I pray you, here in what you intende.

*Fel.* Of that I intende to make demonstracyon,  
It askyth lesure with good aduertysment.

Fyrst, I say, we owght to haue in consydera-  
cyon,

That lyberte be lynkyd with the chayne of coun-  
tenaunce,

Lyberte to let from all maner offence ;  
For lyberte at large is lothe to be stoppyd,  
But with countenaunce your corage must be  
croppyd.

*Lyb.* Then thus to you—

*Fel.* Nay, suffer me yet ferther to say,  
And peraduenture I shall content your mynde.

Lyberte, I wot well, forbere no man there may,  
It is so swete in all maner of kynde ;

Howe be it lyberte makyth many a man blynde ;  
By lyberte is done many a great excesse ;

Lyberte at large wyll oft wax reklesse :  
Perceyue ye this parcell ?

*Lyb.* Ye, syr, passyng well :

But, and you wolde me permyt  
 To shewe parte of my wyt,  
 Somwhat I coulde enferre,  
 Your consayte to debarre,  
 Vnder supportacyon  
 Of pacyent tolleracyon

*Fel.* God forbyd ye sholde be let  
 Your reasons forth to fet ;  
 Wherfore at lyberte  
 Say what ye wyll to me.

*Lyb.* Brefly to touche of my purpose the  
 effecte ;

Lyberte is laudable and pryuylegyd from lawe,  
 Judycyall rygoure shall not me correcte— 70

*Fel.* Softe, my frende ; herein your reason is  
 but rawe.

*Lyb.* Yet suffer me to say the surpluse of my  
 sawe ;

What wote ye where vpon I wyll conclude ?  
 I say, there is no welthe where as lyberte is sub-  
 dude ;

I trowe ye can not say nay moche to this ;  
 To lyue vnder lawe, it is captyuyte ;  
 Where drede ledyth the daunce, there is no ioy  
 nor blysse ;

Or howe can you proue that there is felycyte,  
 And you haue not your owne fre lyberte  
 To sporte at your pleasure, to ryn and to ryde ? 80  
 Where lyberte is absent, set welthe asyde.



*Hic intrat* MEASURE.

*Meas.* Cryst you assyste in your altrycacyon !

*Fel.* Why, haue you harde of our dysputacyon ?

*Meas.* I parceyue well howe eche of you doth  
reason.

*Lyb.* Mayster Measure, you be come in good  
season.

*Meas.* And it is wonder that your wyld in-  
solence

Can be content with Measure presence.

*Fel.* Wolde it please you then—

*Lyb.* Vs to informe and ken—

*Meas.* A, ye be wonders men !

90

Your langage is lyke the penné  
Of hym that wryteth to fast.

*Fel.* Syr, yf any worde haue past  
Me other fyrst or last,  
To you I arecte it, and cast  
Therof the reformacyon.

*Lyb.* And I of the same facyon ;  
Howe be it, by protestacyon,  
Dyspleasure that you none take,  
Some reason we must make.

100

*Meas.* That wyll not I forsake,  
So it in measure be :  
Come of, therefore, let se ;  
Shall I begynne or ye ?

*Fel.* Nay, ye shall begynne, by my wyll.

*Lyb.* It is reason and skyll,  
We your pleasure fulfyll.

*Meas.* Then ye must bothe consent  
 You to holde content  
 With myne argument ;  
 And I muste you requyre  
 Me pacyently to here.

*Fel.* Yes, syr, with ryght good chere.

*Lyb.* With all my herte intere.

*Meas.* Oracius to recorde, in his volumys olde,  
 With euery condycyon measure must be sought :  
 Welthe without measure wolde bere hymselfe to  
 bolde,

Lyberte without measure proue a thyng of  
 nought ;

I ponder by nomber, by measure all thyng is  
 wrought,

As at the fyrst orygynall by godly opynyon, 120  
 Whych prouyth well that measure shold haue  
 domynyon :

Where measure is mayster, plenty dothe none  
 offence ;

Where measure lackyth, all thyng dysorderyd is ;

Where measure is absent, ryot kepeth resydence ;

Where measure is ruler, there is nothyng amyse ;

Measure is treasure : howe say ye, is it not this ?

*Fel.* Yes, questyonlesse, in myne opynyon,  
 Measure is worthy to haue domynyon.

*Lyb.* Vnto that same I am ryght well agrede,  
 So that lyberte be not lefte behynde. 130

*Meas.* Ye, lyberte with measure nede neuer  
 drede.

*Lyb.* What, lyberte to measure then wolde ye  
bynde?

*Meas.* What ellys? for otherwyse it were  
agaynst kynde:

If lyberte sholde lepe and renne where he lyst,  
It were no vertue, it were a thyng vnblyst;  
It were a myschefe, yf lyberte lacked a reyne,  
Where with to rule hym with the wrythyng of a  
rest:

All trebyllys and tenours be rulyd by a meyne;  
Lyberte without measure is acountyd for a beste;  
There is no surfet where measure rulyth the feste;  
There is no excesse where measure hath his  
helthe;

Measure contynwyth prosperyte and welthe. 142

*Fel.* Vnto your rule I wyll annex my mynde.

*Lyb.* So wolde I, but I wolde be lothe,  
That wonte was to be formyst, now to come be-  
hynde:

It were a shame, to God I make an othe,  
Without I myght cut it out of the brode clothe,  
As I was wonte euer at my fre wyll.

*Meas.* But haue ye not herde say, that wyll is  
no skyll?

Take sad dyreccyon, and leue this wantonnesse. 150

*Lyb.* It is no maystery.

*Fel.* Tushe, let Measure procede,  
And after his mynde herdely your selfe adresse;  
For, without measure, pouerte and nede  
Wyll crepe vpon vs, and vs to myschefe lede;

For myschefe wyll mayster vs, yf measure vs  
forsake.

*Lyb.* Well, I am content your wayes to take.

*Meas.* Surely, I am ioyous that ye be myndyd  
thus.

Magnyfycence to mayntayne, your promosyon  
shalbe.

*Fel.* So in his harte he may be glad of vs. 160

*Lyb.* There is no prynce but he hath nede of  
vs thre,

Welthe, with Measure and plesaunt Lyberte.

*Meas.* Nowe pleasyth you a lytell whyle to  
stande;

Me semeth Magnyfycence is comynge here at  
hande.

*Hic intrat MAGNYFYCENCE.*

*Magn.* To assure you of my noble porte and  
fame,

Who lyst to knowe, Magnyfycence I hyght.

But, Measure my frende, what hyght this mannys  
name?

*Meas.* Syr, though ye be a noble prynce of  
myght,

Yet in this man you must set your delyght;

And, syr, this other mannys name is Lyberte. 170

*Magn.* Welcome, frendys, ye are bothe vnto me:  
But nowe let me knowe of your conuersacyon.

*Fel.* Pleasyth your grace, Felycyte they me  
call.

*Lyb.* And I am Lyberte, made of in euery  
nacyon.

*Magn.* Conuenient persons for any prynce  
ryall.

Welthe with Lyberte, with me bothe dwell ye  
shall,

To the gydyng of my Measure you bothe com-  
myttyng :

That Measure be mayster, vs semeth it is syttyng.

*Meas.* Where as ye haue, syr, to me them as-  
sygnd,

Suche order, I trust, with them for to take, 180

So that welthe with measure shalbe conbynd,

And lyberte his large with measure shall make.

*Fel.* Your ordenaunce, syr, I wyll not forsake.

*Lyb.* And I my selfe hooly to you wyll inclyne.

*Magn.* Then may I say that ye be seruauntys  
myne,

For by measure, I warne you, we thynke to be  
gydyd ;

Wherin it is necessary my pleasure you knowe,

Measure and I wyll neuer be deuydyd

For no dyscorde that any man can sawe ; 189

For measure is a meane, nother to hy nor to lawe,

In whose attemperaunce I haue suche delyght,

That measure shall neuer departe from my syght.

*Fel.* Laudable your consayte is to be acountyd ;

For welthe without measure sodenly wyll slyde.

*Lyb.* As your grace full nobly hath recountyd,  
Measure with noblenesse sholde be alyde.

*Magn.* Then, Lyberte, se that Measure be your  
gyde,

For I wyll vse you by his aduertysment.

*Fel.* Then shall you haue with you prosperyte  
resydent.

*Meas.* I trowe, good fortune hath annexyd vs  
together, 200

To se howe greable we are of one mynde ;  
There is no flaterer, nor losyll so lyther,  
This lynkyd chayne of loue that can vnbynde.  
Nowe that ye haue me chefe ruler assyngned,  
I wyll endeuour me to order euey thyng  
Your noblenesse and honour consernyng.

*Lyb.* In ioy and myrthe your mynde shalbe in-  
largyd,

And not embracyd with pusyllanymyte ;  
But plenaryly all thought from you must be dys-  
chargyd,

If ye lyst to lyue after your fre lyberte : 210  
All delectacyons aquayntyd is with me,  
By me all persons worke what they lyst.

*Meas.* Hem, syr, yet beware of Had I wyste !  
Lyberte in some cause becomyth a gentyll mynde,  
Bycause course of measure, yf I be in the way :  
Who countyth without me, is caste to fer behynde  
Of his rekenyng, as euydently we may  
Se at our eye the worlde day by day ;  
For defaute of measure all thyng dothe excede.

*Fel.* All that ye say is as trewe as the Crede ; 220  
For howe be it lyberte to welthe is conuenyent,

And from felycyte may not be forborne,  
 Yet measure hath ben so longe from vs absent,  
 That all men laugh at lyberte to scorne ;  
 Welth and wyt, I say, be so threde bare worne,  
 That all is without measure, and fer beyonde the  
 mone.

*Magn.* Then noblenesse, I se well, is almoste  
 vndone,

But yf therof the soner amendys be made ;  
 For dowllesse I parceyue my magnyfyence  
 Without measure lyghtly may fade, 230  
 Of to moche lyberte vnder the offence :  
 Wherfore, Measure, take Lyberte with you hence,  
 And rule hym after the rule of your scole.

*Lyb.* What, syr, wolde ye make me a poppynge  
 fole ?

*Meas.* Why, were not your selfe agreed to the  
 same,  
 And now wolde ye swarue from your owne ordyn-  
 aunce ?

*Lyb.* I wolde be rulyd, and I myght for shame.

*Fel.* A, ye make me laughe at your inconstaunce.

*Magn.* Syr, without any longer delyaunce,  
 Take Lyberte to rule, and folowe myne entent. 240

*Meas.* It shalbe done at your commaundement.

*Itaque* MEASURE *exeat locum cum* LIBERTATE, *et*  
*maneat* MAGNYFYCENCE *cum* FELICITATE.

*Magn.* It is a wanton thyng this Lyberte ;  
 Perceyue you not howe lothe he was to abyde

The rule of Measure, notwithstandinge we  
Haue deputyd Measure hym to gyde ?

By measure eche thyng e dully is tryde :

Thynke you not thus, my frende Felycyte ?

*Fel.* God forbede that it other wyse sholde be !

*Magn.* Ye coulde not ellys, I wote, with me  
endure.

*Fel.* Endure ? no, God wote, it were great  
payne ;

250

But yf I were orderyd by iust measure,

It were not possyble me longe to retayne.

*Hic intrat FANSY.*

*Fan.* Tusche, holde your pece, your langage is  
vayne.

Please it your grace to take no dysdayne,

To shewe you playnly the trouthe as I thynke.

*Magn.* Here is none forsyth whether you flete  
or synke.

*Fel.* From whens come you, syr, that no man  
lokyd after ?

*Magn.* Or who made you so bolde to interrue  
my tale ?

*Fan.* Nowe, *benedicite*, ye wene I were some  
hafter,

Or ellys some iangelynge Jacke of the vale ;

260

Ye wene that I am dronken, bycause I loke  
pale.

*Magn.* Me semeth that ye haue dronken more  
than ye haue bled.



*Fan.* Yet amonge noble men I was brought vp  
and bred.

*Fel.* Nowe leue this iangelynge, and to vs ex-  
pounde

Why that ye sayd our langage was in vayne.

*Fan.* Mary, vpon trouth my reason I grounde,  
That without largesse noblenesse can not rayne ;  
And that I sayd ones, yet I say agayne,  
I say without largesse worshyp hath no place, <sup>260</sup>  
For largesse is a purchaser of pardon and of grace.

*Magn.* Nowe, I beseche thé, tell me what is  
thy name?

*Fan.* Largesse, that all lordes sholde loue, syr,  
I hyght.

*Fel.* But hyght you, Largesse, encreâce of  
noble fame?

*Fan.* Ye, syr, vndoubted.

*Fel.* Then, of very ryght,  
With Magnyfyence, this noble prynce of myght,  
Sholde be your dwellynge, in my consyderacyon.

*Magn.* Yet we wyll therin take good delybera-  
cyon.

*Fan.* As in that, I wyll not be agaynst your  
pleasure.

*Fel.* Syr, hardely remembre what may your  
name auauunce. 260

*Magn.* Largesse is laudable, so it be in measure.

*Fan.* Largesse is he that all prynces doth  
auauunce ;

I reporte me herein to Kynge Lewes of Fraunce.

*Fel.* Why haue ye hym named, and all other refused?

*Fan.* For, syth he dyed, largesse was lytell vsed.

Plucke vp your mynde, syr; what ayle you to muse?

Haue ye not welthe here at your wyll?

It is but a maddyng, these wayes that ye vse:

What auayleth lordshyp, yourselfe for to kyll

With care and with thought howe Jacke shall haue Gyl?

290

*Magn.* What? I haue aspyed ye are a carles page.

*Fan.* By God, syr, ye se but fewe wyse men of myne age;

But couetyse hath blowen you so full of wynde,  
That *colica passio* hath gropyd you by the guttys.

*Fel.* In fayth, broder Largesse, you haue a mery mynde.

*Fan.* In fayth, I set not by the worlde two Dauncaster cuttys.

*Magn.* Ye wante but a wylde flyeng bolte to shote at the buttes:

Though Largesse ye hyght, your langage is to large;

For whiche ende goth forwarde ye take lytell charge.

*Fel.* Let se, this checke yf ye voyde canne. 300

*Fan.* In faythe, els had I gone to longe to scole,  
But yf I coulde knowe a gose from a swanne.

*Magn.* Wel, wyse men may ete the fysshe,  
when ye shal draw the pole.

*Fan.* In fayth, I wyll not say that ye shall  
proue a fole,

But ofte tymes haue I sene wyse men do mad  
dedys.

*Magn.* Go, shake the dogge,<sup>1</sup> hay, syth ye wyll  
nedys!

You are nothyng mete with vs for to dwell,  
That with your lorde and mayster so pertly can  
prate:

Gete you hens, I say, by my counsell; 309

I wyll not vse you to play with me checke mate.

*Fan.* Syr, yf I haue offended your noble estate,  
I trow I haue brought you suche wrytyng of  
recorde,

That I shall haue you agayne my good lorde:  
To you recommendeth Sad Cyrcumspeccyon,  
And sendeth you this wrytyng closed vnder sele.

*Magn.* This wrytyng is welcome with hartly  
affeccyon:

Why kepte you it thus longe? howe dothe he?  
wele?

*Fan.* Syr, thanked be God, he hath his hele.

*Magn.* Welthe, gete you home, and commaunde  
me to Measure; 318

Byd hym take good hede to you, my synguler  
tresure.

<sup>1</sup> the dogge] Qy. "thé, dogge?" but see notes.

*Fel.* Is there ony thyng elle your grace wyll commaunde me ?

*Magn.* Nothyng but fare you well tyll sone ;  
And that he take good kepe to Lyberte.

*Fel.* Your pleasure, syr, shortely shall be done.

*Magn.* I shall come to you myselfe, I trowe,  
this afternone.<sup>1</sup>

I pray you, Larges, here to remayne,  
Whylest I knowe what this letter dothe contayne.

*Hic faciat tanquam legeret litteras tacite. Interim superveniat cantando COUNTERFET COUNTE-NAUNCE suspenso gradu, qui, viso MAGNYFYCENCE, sensim retrocedat ; at tempus post pusillum rursus accedat COUNTERFET COUNTE-NAUNCE prospectando et vocitando a longe ; et FANSY animat<sup>2</sup> silentium cum manu.*

*C. Count.* What, Fansy, Fansy !

*Magn.* Who is that that thus dyd cry ?

Me thought he called Fansy.

330

*Fan.* It was a Flemynghe hyght Hansy.

*Magn.* Me thought he called Fansy me behynde.

*Fan.* Nay, syr, it was nothyng but your mynde :  
But nowe, syr, as touchyng this letter—

*Magn.* I shall loke in it at leasure better :  
And surely ye are to hym beholde ;  
And for his sake ryght gladly I wolde  
Do what I coude to do you good.

<sup>1</sup> *after none*] Here Felycyte goes out.

<sup>2</sup> *animat*] Qy. "animet?"

*Fan.* I pray, God kepe you in that mood!

*Magn.* This letter was wryten ferre hence. 340

*Fan.* By lakyn, syr, it hathe cost me pence  
And grotes many one, or I came to your presence.

*Magn.* Where was it delyuered you, shewe vnto  
me.

*Fan.* By God, syr, beyonde the se.

*Magn.* At what place nowe, as you gesse?

*Fan.* By my trouthe, syr, at Pountesse;  
This wrytynge was taken me there,  
But neuer was I in gretter fere.

*Magn.* Howe so?

*Fan.* By God, at the see syde, 350  
Had I not opened my purse wyde,  
I trowe, by our lady, I had ben slayne,  
Or elles I had lost myne eres twayne.

*Magn.*<sup>1</sup> By your soth?

*Fan.* Ye, and there is suche a wache,  
That no man can scape but they hym cache.  
They bare me in hande that I was a spye;  
And another bade put out myne eye,  
Another wolde myne eye were blerde,  
Another bade shaue halfe my berde; 360  
And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke,  
And wolde haue made me Freer Tucke,  
To preche out of the pylery hole,  
Without an antetyme or a stole;

<sup>1</sup> *By your soth*] Ed. prefixes "*Fansy*" to these words, and omits the prefix to the next speech.

And some bade sere hym with a marke :  
To gete me fro them I had moche warke.

*Magn.* Mary, syr, ye were afrayde.

*Fan.* By my trouthe, had I not payde and  
prayde, .

And made largesse as I hyght,  
I had not ben here with you this nyght ;  
But surely largesse saued my lyfe,  
For largesse stynteth all maner of stryfe.

370

*Magn.* It dothe so sure nowe and than,  
But largesse is not mete for euery man.

*Fan.* No, but for you grete estates :  
Largesse stynteth grete debates ;  
And he that I came fro to this place  
Sayd I was mete for your grace ;  
And in dede, syr, I here men talke,  
By the way as I ryde and walke,  
Say howe you excede in noblenesse,  
If you had with you largesse.

380

*Magn.* And say they so in very dede ?

*Fan.* With ye, syr, so God me spede.

*Magn.* Yet mesure is a mery mene.

*Fan.* Ye, syr, a blannched almonde is no bene.  
Measure is mete for a marchauntes hall,  
But largesse becometh a state ryall.  
What, sholde you pynche at a pecke of otes,  
Ye wolde sone pynche at a pecke of grottes.  
Thus is the talkynge of one and of oder,  
As men dare speke it hugger mugger ;  
A lorde a negarde, it is a shame,  
But largesse may amende your name.

390

*Magn.* In faythe, Largesse, welcome to me.

*Fan.* I pray you, syr, I may so be,  
And of my seruyce you shall not mysse.

*Magn.* Togyder we wyll talke more of this:  
Let vs departe from hens home to my place.

*Fan.* I folow euen after your noble grace. 400

*Hic discedat MAGNIFICENS cum FANSY, et intrat*<sup>1</sup>  
COUNTERFET COUNTENAUNCE.

*C. Count.* What, I say, herke a worde.

*Fan.* Do away, I say, the deuylls torde!

*C. Count.* Ye, but how longe shall I here  
awayte?

*Fan.* By Goddys body, I come streyte:  
I hate this blunderyng that thou doste make.

*C. Count.* Nowe to the deuyll I thé betake,  
For in fayth ye be well met.

Fansy hath cachyd in a flye net  
This noble man Magnyfycence,  
Of Largesse vnder the pretence. 410

They haue made me here to put the stone:

But nowe wyll I, that they be gone,

In bastarde ryme, after the dogrell gyse,

Tell you where of my name dothe ryse.

For Counterfet Countenaunce knowen am I;

This worlde is full of my foly.

<sup>1</sup> *intrat*] Qy. "intret?"—This stage-direction is not quite correct, for *Count. Count.* enters as *Fansy* is going off, and detains him till v. 406.

I set not by hym a fly,  
 That can not counterfet a lye,  
 Swere, and stare, and byde therby,  
 And countenaunce it clenly, 420  
 And defende it manerly.  
 A knaue wyl counterfet nowe a knyght,  
 A lurdayne lyke a lorde to fyght,<sup>1</sup>  
 A mynstrell lyke a man of myght,  
 A tappyster lyke a lady bryght:  
 Thus make I them wyth thryft to fyght,  
 Thus at the laste I brynge hym<sup>2</sup> ryght  
 To Tyburne, where they hange on hyght.  
 To counterfet I can by praty wayes:  
 Of nyghtys to occupy counterfet kayes, 430  
 Clenly to counterfet newe arayes,  
 Counterfet eyrnest by way of playes:  
 Thus am I occupied at all assayes;  
 What so euer I do, all men me prayse,  
 And mekyll am I made of nowe adays:  
 Counterfet maters in the lawe of the lande,  
 Wyth golde and grotes they grese my hande,  
 In stede of ryght that wronge may stande,  
 And counterfet fredome that is bounde;  
 I counterfet<sup>3</sup> suger that is but founde; 440  
 Counterfet capytaynes by me are mande;  
 Of all lewdnesse I kyndell the brande;

<sup>1</sup> *to fyght*] Qy. "to flyght"—scold (a word used elsewhere by Skelton), or "to syght?" see next line but two.

<sup>2</sup> *hym*] Compare v. 1275.

<sup>3</sup> *I counterfet*, &c.] This line seems to be corrupt.



Counterfet kyndnesse, and thynke dyscayte ;  
 Counterfet letters by the way of sleyght ;  
 Subtelly vsynge counterfet weyght ;  
 Counterfet langage, fayty bone geyte.  
 Counterfetynge is a proper bayte ;  
 A counte to counterfet in a resayte ;  
 To counterfet well is a good consayte.  
 Counterfet maydenhode may well be borne, 450  
 But counterfet coynes is laughyng to scorne ;  
 It is euyll patchynge of that is torne ;  
 Whan the noppe is rughe, it wolde be shorne ;  
 Counterfet haltynge without a thorne ;  
 Yet counterfet chafer is but euyll corne ;  
 All thyng is worse whan it is worne.  
 What, wolde ye, wyues, counterfet  
 The courtly gyse of the newe iet ?  
 An olde barne wolde be vnder set :  
 It is moche worthe that is ferre fet. 460  
 What, wanton, wanton, nowe well ymet !  
 What, Margery Mylke Ducke, mermoset !  
 It wolde be masked in my net ;  
 It wolde be nyce, though I say nay ;  
 By Crede, it wolde haue fresshe aray,  
 And therefore shall my husbande pay ;  
 To counterfet she wyll assay  
 All the newe gyse, fresshe and gaye,  
 And be as praty as she may,  
 And iet it ioly as a iay : 470  
 Counterfet prechyng, and byleue the contrary ;  
 Counterfet conscyence, peuysshe pope holy ;

Counterfet sadnesse, with delynge full madly ;  
 Counterfet holynes is called ypocrysy ;  
 Counterfet reason is not worth a flye ;  
 Counterfet wysdome, and workes of foly ;  
 Counterfet countenance euery man dothe occupy  
 Counterfet worshyp outwarde men may se ;  
 Ryches rydeth out, at home is pouerte ;  
 Counterfet pleasure is borne out by me : 480  
 Coll wolde go clenly, and it wyll not be,  
 And Annot wolde be nyce, and laughes, tehe  
     wehe ;  
 Your counterfet countenance is all of nysyte,  
 A plummed partrydge all redy to flye :  
 A knokylbonyarde wyll counterfet a clarke,  
 He wolde trotte gentyly, but he is to starke,  
 At his cloked counterfetyng dogges dothe  
     barke ;  
 A carter a courtyer, it is a worthy warke,  
 That with his whyp his mares was wonte to  
     yarke ;  
 A custrell to dryue the deuyll out of the derke, 490  
 A counterfet courtyer with a knaues marke.  
 To counterfet this freers haue lerned me ;  
 This nonnes nowe and then, and it myght be,  
 Wolde take in the way of counterfet charyte  
 The grace of God vnder *benedicite* ;  
 To counterfet thyr counsell they gyue me a fee ;  
 Chanons can not counterfet but vpon thre,  
 Monkys may not for drede that men sholde  
     them se.

*Hic ingrediatur FANSY properanter cum CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE, cum fame multo adinvicem garrulantes : tandem, viso COUNTERFET COUNTENAUNCE, dicat CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE.*

*Cr. Con.* What, Counterfet Countenaunce !

*C. Count.* What, Crafty Conueyaunce ! 500

*Fan.* What, the deuyll, are ye two of aquayntaunce ?

God gyue you a very myschaunce !

*Cr. Con.* Yes, yes, syr, he and I haue met.

*C. Count.* We haue bene togyder bothe erly and late : [longe ?

But, Fаны my frende, where haue ye bene so

*Fan.* By God, I haue bene about a praty pronge ;

Crafty Conueyaunce, I sholde say, and I.

*Cr. Con.* By God, we haue made Magnyfyence to ete a flye.

*C. Count.* Howe coulde ye do that, and [I] was away ?

*Fan.* By God, man, bothe his pagent and thyne he can play.

*C. Count.* Say trouth ? 511

*Cr. Con.* Yes, yes, by lakyn, I shall thé warent, As longe as I lyue, thou haste an heyre parent.

*Fan.* Yet haue we pyckyd out a rome for thé.

*C. Count.* Why, shall we dwell togyder all thre ?

*Cr. Con.* Why, man, it were to great a wonder, That we thre galauntes shoide be longe asonder.

*C. Count.* For Cockys harte, gyue me thy hande.

*Fan.* By the masse, for ye are able to dystroy  
an hole lande.

*Cr. Con.* By God, yet it muste begynne moche  
of thé. 520

*Fan.* Who that is ruled by vs, it shalbe longe  
or he thee.

*C. Count.* But, I say, kepest thou the olde name  
styll that thou had?

*Cr. Con.* Why, wenyst thou, horson, that I  
were so mad?

*Fan.* Nay, nay, he hath chaunged his, and I  
haue chaunged myne.

*C. Count.* Nowe, what is his name, and what  
is thyne?

*Fan.* In faythe, Largesse I hyght,  
And I am made a knyght.

*C. Count.* A rebellyon agaynst nature,  
So large a man, and so lytell of stature!  
But, syr, howe counterfetyd ye? 530

*Cr. Con.* Sure Surueyaunce<sup>1</sup> I named me.

*C. Count.* Surueyaunce! where ye suruey,  
Thryfte hathe lost her cofer kay.

*Fan.* But is it not well? howe thynekst thou?

*C. Count.* Yes, syr, I gyue God auowe,  
Myselfe coude not counterfet it better.

But what became of the letter,

That I counterfeyted you vnderneath a shrowde?

<sup>1</sup> *Sure Surueyaunce, &c.*] Ed. gives this line to *C. Count.*,  
and the next speech to *Cr. Con.* Compare v. 652.

*Fan.* By the masse, odly well alowde.

*Cr. Con.* By God, had not I it conuayed, 540  
Yet Fandy had ben dysceyued.<sup>1</sup>

*C. Count.* I wote, thou arte false ynoughe for  
one.

*Fan.* By my trouthe, we had ben gone :  
And yet, in fayth, man, we lacked thé  
For to speke with Lyberte.

*C. Count.* What is Largesse without Lyberte ?

*Cr. Con.* By Mesure mastered yet is he.

*C. Count.* What, is your conueyaunce no better ?

*Fan.* In faythe, Mesure is lyke a tetter,  
That ouergroweth a mannes face, 550  
So he ruleth ouer all our place.

*Cr. Con.* Nowe therefore, whylest we are to-  
gyder,—  
Counterfet Countenance, nay, come hyder,—  
I say, whylest we are togyder in same—

*C. Count.* Tushe, a strawe, it is a shame  
That we can no better than so.

*Fan.* We wyll remedy it, man, or we go ;  
For, lyke as mustarde is sharpe of taste,<sup>2</sup>  
Ryght so a sharpe fandy must be founde  
Wherwith Mesure to confounde. 560

*Cr. Con.* Can you a remedy for a tysyke,  
That sheweth yourselfe thus spedde in physyke ?

*C. Count.* It is a gentyll reason of a rake.

<sup>1</sup> Qy. Dyscryued ?

<sup>2</sup> *taste*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this ?

*Fan.* For all these iapes yet that ye make—

*Cr. Con.* Your fansy maketh myne elbowe to ake.

*Fan.* Let se, fynde you a better way.

*C. Count.* Take no dyspleasure of that we say.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, and you be angry aud ouerwharte,

A man may beshrowe your angry harte.

*Fan.* Tushe, a strawe, I thought none yll. 570

*C. Count.* What, shall we iangle thus all the day styll?

*Cr. Con.* Nay, let vs our heddes togyder cast.

*Fan.* Ye, and se howe it may be compast,

That Measure were cast out of the dores.

*C. Count.* Alasse, where is my botes and my spores?

*Cr. Con.* In all this hast whether wyll ye ryde?

*C. Count.* I trowe, it shall not nede to abyde.

Cockes woundes, se, syrs, se, se!

*Hic ingrediatur CLOKED COLUSYON cum elato aspectu, deorsum et sursum ambulando.*

*Fan.* Cockes armes, what is he?

*Cr. Con.* By Cockes harte, he loketh hye; 580  
He hawketh, me thynke, for a butterflye.

*C. Count.* Nowe, by Cockes harte, well abyden,  
For, had you not come, I had ryden.

*Cl. Col.* Thy wordes be but wynde, neuer they  
haue no wayght;

Thou hast made me play the iurde hayte.

*C. Count.* And yf ye knewe howe I haue  
mused,

I am sure ye wolde haue me excused.

*Cl. Col.* I say, come hyder : what are these  
twayne ?

*C. Count.* By God, syr, this is Fansy small  
brayne ;

And Crafty Conuayaunce, knowe you not hym ? 590

*Cl. Col.* Knowe hym, syr ! quod he ; yes, by  
Saynt Sym.

Here is a leysse of ratches to renne an hare :

Woo is that purse that ye shall share !

*Fan.* What call ye him, this ?

*Cr. Con.* I trowe, that he is.

*C. Count.* Tushe, holde your pece.

Se you not how they prece

For to knowe your name ?

*Cl. Col.* Knowe they not me, they are to blame.

Knowe you not me, syrs ?

600

*Fan.* No, in dede.

*Cr. Con.* Abyde, lette me se, take better hede ;

Cockes harte, it is Cloked Colusyon.

*Cl. Col.* A, syr, I pray God gyue you con-  
fusyon !

*Fan.* Cockes armes, is that your name ?

*C. Count.* Ye, by the masse, this is euen the  
same,

That all this matter must vnder grope.

*Cr. Con.* What is this he wereth, a cope ?

*Cl. Col.* Cappe, syr ; I say you be to bolde.

*Fan.* Se, howe he is wrapped for the colde : 610  
Is it not a vestment ?

*Cl. Col.* A, ye wante a rope.

*C. Count.* Tushe, it is Syr Johnn Double cloke.

*Fan.* Syr, and yf ye wolde not be wrothe—

*Cl. Col.* What sayst ?

*Fan.* Here was to lytell clothe.

*Cl. Col.* A, Fansy, Fansy, God sende thé  
brayne !

*Fan.* Ye, for your wyt is clokod for the rayne.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, lette vs not clatter thus styll.

*Cl. Col.* Tell me, syrs, what is your wyll. 620

*C. Count.* Syr, it is so that these twayne  
With Magnyfyence in housholde do remayne ;  
And there they wolde haue me to dwell,  
But I wyll be ruled after your counsell.

*Fan.* Mary, so wyll we also.

*Cl. Col.* But tell me where aboute ye go.

*C. Count.* By God, we wolde gete vs all thyder,  
Spell the remenaunt, and do togyder.

*Cl. Col.* Hath Magnyfyence ony tresure ?

*Cr. Con.* Ye, but he spendeth it all in mesure. 630

*Cl. Col.* Why, dwelleth Mesure where ye two  
dwell ?

In faythe, he were better to dwell in hell.

*Fan.* Yet where we wonne, nowe there wonneth  
he.

*Cl. Col.* And haue you not amonge you Ly-  
berte ?

*C. Count.* Ye, but he is a captyuyte.



*Cl. Col.* What, the deuyll, howe may that be?

*C. Count.* I can not tell you: why aske you me?

Aske these two that there dothe dwell.

*Cl. Col.* Syr, the playnesse you tell me.<sup>1</sup>

*Cr. Con.* There dwelleth a mayster men calleth

Mesure—

640

*Fan.* Ye, and he hath rule of all his tresure.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, eyther let me tell, or elles tell ye.

*Fan.* I care not I, tell on for me.

*C. Count.* I pray God let you neuer to thee!

*Cl. Col.* What the deuyll ayleth you? can you not agree?

*Cr. Con.* I wyll passe ouer the cyrcumstaunce,  
And shortly shewe you the hole substaunce.

Fansy and I, we twayne,

With Magnyfyence in housholde do remayne,

And counterfeted our names we haue

650

Craftely all thynges vpryght to saue,

His name Largesse, Surueyaunce myne:

Magnyfyence to vs begynneth to enclyne

Counterfet Countenaunce to haue also,

And wolde that we sholde for hym go.

*C. Count.* But shall I haue myne olde name  
styl?

*Cr. Con.* Pease, I haue not yet sayd what I  
wyll.

<sup>1</sup> *Syr, the playnesse you tell me*] Ed. prefixes *Crafty Con.* to these words, and omits the prefix to the next line.—*Qy.*, for the rhyme,—“you me tell?”

*Fan.* Here is a pystell of a postyke !

*Cl. Col.* Tusshe, fonnysse Fansy, thou arte frantyke.

Tell on, syr, howe then ?

660

*Cr. Con.* Mary, syr, he tolde vs, when  
We had hym founde, we sholde hym brynge,  
And that we fayled not for nothyng.

*Cl. Col.* All this ye may easely brynge aboute.

*Fan.* Mary, the better and Measure were out.

*Cl. Col.* Why, can ye not put out that foule freke ?

*Cr. Con.* No, in euery corner he wyll peke,  
So that we haue no lyberte,  
Nor no man in courte but he,  
For Lyberte he hath in gydyng.

670

*O. Count.* In fayth, and without Lyberte there  
is no bydyng.

*Fan.* In fayth, and Lybertyes rome is there  
but small.

*Cl. Col.* Hem ! that lyke I nothyng at all.

*Cr. Con.* But, Counterfet<sup>1</sup> Countenaunce, go  
we togyder,

All thre, I say.

*O. Count.* Shall I go ? whyder ?

*Cr. Con.*<sup>2</sup> To Magnyfycence with vs twayne,  
And in his seruyce thé to retayne.

*O. Count.* But then, syr, what shall I hyght ?

<sup>1</sup> *But, Counterfet, &c.*] Ed. omits the prefix to this speech.

<sup>2</sup> *Cr. Con.*] Ed. " *Cl. Col.*"

*Cr. Con.* Ye and I talkyd therof to nyght. 680

*Fan.* Ye, my fansy, was out of owle flyght,

For it is out of my mynde quyght.

*Cr. Con.* And nowe it cometh to my remembrance:

Syr, ye shall hyght Good Demeynaunce.

*C. Count.* By the armes of Calys, well conceyued!

*Cr. Con.* When we haue hym thyder conuayed,

What and I frame suche a slyght,

That Fansy with his fonde consayte

Put Magnyfyence in suche a madnesse,

That he shall haue you in the stede of sadnesse, 690

And Sober Sadnesse shalbe your name?

*Cl. Col.* By Cockys body, here begynneth the game!

For then shall we so craftely cary,

That Measure shall not there longe tary.

*Fan.* For Cockys harte, tary whylyst that I come agayne.

*Cr. Con.* We wyll se you shortly one of vs twayne.

*C. Count.* Now let vs go, and we shall, then.

*Cl. Col.* Nowe let se quyte you lyke praty men.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *praty men*] Here *Fansy*, *Crafty Conueyaunce*, and *Counterfet Countenaunce*, go out.

*Hic deambulat.*

To passe the tyme and order whyle a man may  
talke

Of one thyng and other to occupy the place ; 708

Then for the season that I here shall walke,

As good to be occupyed as vp and downe to trace

And do nothyng ; how be it full lytell grace

There cometh and groweth of my comyng,

For Clokyd Colusyon is a perylous thyng.

Double delyng and I be all one ;

Craftyng and haftyng contryued is by me ;

I can dyssemble, I can bothe laughe and grone ;

Playne delyng and I can neuer agre ; 709

But dyuysyon, dyssencyon, dyrysyon, these thre

And I am counterfet of one mynde and thought,

By the menys of myschyef to bryng all thynges  
to nought.

And though I be so odyous a geste,

And euery man gladly my company wolde  
refuse,

In faythe yet am I occupyed with the best ;

Full fewe that can themselfe of me excuse.

Whan other men laughe, than study I and muse,

Deuysyng the meanes and wayes that I can,

Howe I may hurte and hynder euery man :

Two faces in a hode couertly I bere, 720

Water in the one hande, and fyre in the other ;

I can fede forth a fole, and lede hym by the eyre ;

Falshode in felowshyp is my sworne brother.

By cloked colusyon, I say, and none other,

Comberaunce and trouble in Englande fyrst I  
began ;

From that lorde to that lorde I rode and I ran,  
And flattered them with fables fayre before theyr  
face,

And tolde all the myschyef I coude behynde theyr  
backe,

And made as I had knowen nothyng of the case ;  
I wolde begyn all myschyef, but I wolde bere no  
lacke : 730

Thus can I lerne you, syrs, to bere the deuyls  
sacke ;

And yet, I trowe, some of you be better sped  
than I

Frendshyp to fayne, and thynke full lytherly.

Paynte to a purpose good countenance I can,  
And craftely can I grope howe euery man is  
mynded ;

My purpose is to spy and to poynte euery man ;

My tonge is with fauell forked and tyned :

By Cloked Colusyon thus many one is begyled.

Eche man to hynder I gape and I gaspe ;

My speche is all pleasure, but I styngge lyke a  
waspe : 740

I am neuer glad but whan I may do yll,

And neuer am I sory but whan that I se

I can not myne apyetyte accomplysse and  
fulfyll

In hynderaunce of welthe and prosperyte ;

I laughe at all shrewdenes, and lye at lyberte.

I muster, I medle; amonge these grete estates  
I sowe sedycyous sedes of dyscorde and de-  
bates :

To flater and to flery is all my pretence  
Amonge all suche persones as I well vnder-  
stonde

Be lyght of byleue and hasty of credence; 750

I make them to startyll and sparkyll lyke a  
bronde,

I moue them, I mase them, I make them so  
fonde,

That they wyll here no man but the fyrst tale:  
And so by these meanes I brewe moche bale.

*Hic ingrediatur* COURTLY ABUSYON *cantando*.

*Court. Ab.* Huffa, huffa, taunderum, taunderum,  
tayne, huffa, huffa!

*Cl. Col.* This was properly prated, syrs! what  
sayd a?

*Court. Ab.* Ruddy bully, ioly rutterkyn, heyda!

*Cl. Col.* *De que pays este vous?*

*Et faciat tanquam exiat beretrum cronice.*<sup>1</sup>

*Court. Ab.* Decke your hofte and couer a  
lowce.

*Cl. Col.* *Say vous chaunter Venter tre dawce?*

*Court. Ab.* Wyda, wyda. 761

Howe sayst thou, man? am not I a ioly rutter?

<sup>1</sup> *exiat beretrum cronice*] Qy. "*exuat* (or rather, *exueret*)  
*barretum* (i. e. pileum) ironice?"

*Cl. Col.* Gyue this gentyelman rome, syrs,  
stonde vtter!

By God, syr, what nede all this waste?

What is this, a betell, or a batowe,<sup>1</sup> or a buskyn  
lacyd?

*Court. Ab.* What, wenyst thou that I knowe  
thé not, Clokyd Colusyon?

*Cl. Col.* And wenyst thou that I knowe not  
thé, cankard Abusyon?

*Court. Ab.* Cankard Jacke Hare, loke thou be  
not rusty;

For thou shalt well knowe I am nother durty nor  
dusty.

*Cl. Col.* Dusty! nay, syr, ye be all of the lusty,  
Howe be it of scape thryfte your clokes smelleth  
musty: 771

But whether art thou walkynge in faythe vn-  
faynyd?

*Court. Ab.* Mary, with Magnyfycece I wolde  
be retaynyd.

*Cl. Col.* By the masse, for the cowrte thou art  
a mete man:

Thy slyppers they swap it, yet thou fotys it lyke  
a swanne.

*Court. Ab.* Ye, so I can deuyse my gere after  
the cowrtly maner.

*Cl. Col.* So thou arte personable to bere a  
prynces baner.

<sup>1</sup> batowe] Qy. "batone?" [or "botowe," boot?]

By Goddes fote,<sup>1</sup> and I dare well fyght, for I  
 wyll not start.

*Court. Ab.* Nay, thou art a man good inough  
 but for thy false hart.

*Cl. Col.* Well, and I be a coward, ther is mo  
 than I. 790

*Court. Ab.* Ye, in faythe, a bolde man and a  
 hardy.

*Cl. Col.* A bolde man in a bole of newe ale in  
 cornys.

*Court. Ab.* Wyll ye se this gentylman is all in  
 his skornys?

*Cl. Col.* But are ye not auysed to dwell where  
 ye spake?

*Court. Ab.* I am of fewe wordys, I loue not to  
 barke.<sup>2</sup>

Beryst thou any rome, or cannyst thou do ought?  
 Cannyst thou helpe in fauer that I myght be  
 brought?

*Cl. Col.* I may do somewhat, and more I thynke  
 shall.

<sup>1</sup> *By Goddes fote, &c.*] Here the prefixes to the speeches are  
 surely wrong: but as I am doubtful how they ought to be  
 assigned, I have not ventured to alter them. Qv.

"*Court. Ab.* By Goddes fote, and I dare well fyght, for I  
 wyll not start.

*Cl. Col.* Nay, thou art a man good inough but for thy false  
 hart.

*Court. Ab.* Well, and I be a coward, ther is mo than I.

*Cl. Col.* Ye, in faythe, a bolde man and a hardy;

A bolde man in a bole of newe ale in cornys.

*Court. Ab.* Wyll ye se," &c

<sup>2</sup> *barke*] Qv. "crake?" C.



Here cometh in CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE, poynt-  
yng with his fynger, and sayth, Hem,  
Colusyon!

*Court. Ab.* Cockys harte, who is yonde that for  
thé dothe call?

*Cr. Con.*<sup>1</sup> Nay, come at ones, for the armys of  
the dyce! 790

*Court. Ab.* Cockys armys, he hath callyd for  
thé twyce.

*Cl. Col.* By Cockys harte, and call shall agayne:  
To come to me, I trowe, he shalbe fayne.

*Court. Ab.* What, is thy harte pryckyd with  
such a prowde pynne?

*Cl. Col.* Tushe, he that hath nede, man, let  
hym rynne.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, come away, man: thou playst  
the cayser.

*Cl. Col.*<sup>2</sup> By the masse, thou shalt byde my  
leyser.

*Cr. Con.* Abyde, syr, quod he! mary, so I  
do.

*Court. Ab.* He wyll come, man, when he may  
tende to.

*Cr. Con.* What the deuyll, who sent for thé? 800

*Cl. Col.* Here he is nowe, man; mayst thou  
not se?

<sup>1</sup> *Cr. Con.*] Ed. "*Cl. Col.*" Compare the next line, and  
v. 796.

<sup>2</sup> *Cl. Col.*] Ed. "*Court. Ab.*"

*Cr. Con.* What the deuyll, man, what thou  
menyst?

Art thou so angry as thou semyst?

*Court. Ab.* What the deuyll, can ye agre no  
better?

*Cr. Con.* What the deuyll, where had we this  
ioly ietter?

*Cl. Col.* What sayst thou, man? why dost thou  
not supplye,

And desyre me thy good mayster to be?

*Court. Ab.* Spekest thou to me?

*Cl. Col.* Ye, so I tell thé.

*Court. Ab.* Cockes bones, I ne tell can 810

Whiche of you is the better man,

Or whiche of you can do most.

*Cr. Con.* In fayth, I rule moche of the rost.

*Cl. Col.* Rule the roste! ye, thou woldest<sup>1</sup>

As skante thou had no nede of me.

*Cr. Con.* Nede! yes, mary, I say not nay.

*Court. Ab.* Cockes ha[r]te, I trowe thou wylte  
make a fray.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, in good faythe, it is but the gyse.

*Cl. Col.* No, for, or we stryke, we wyll be ad-  
uysed twyse.

*Court. Ab.* What the deuyll, vse ye not to  
drawe no swordes? 820

*Cr. Con.* No, by my trouthe, but crake grete  
wordes.

<sup>1</sup> *ye, thou woldest*] Qy., for the rhyme, "thou woldest, ye?"

*Court. Ab.* Why, is this the gyse nowe adayes?

*Cl. Col.* Ye, for surety, ofte peas is taken for  
frayes.

But, syr, I wyll haue this man with me.

*Cr. Con.* Conuey yourselfe fyrst, let se.

*Cl. Col.* Well, tarry here tyll I for you sende.

*Cr. Con.* Why, shall he be of your bende?

*Cl. Col.* Tary here: wote ye what I say?

*Court. Ab.* I waraunt you, I wyll not go away.

*Cr. Con.* By Saynt Mary, he is a tawle man. 830

*Cl. Col.* Ye, and do ryght good seruyce he can;  
I knowe in hym no defaute

But that the horson is prowde and hawte.

*And so they<sup>1</sup> go out of the place.*

*Court. Ab.* Nay, purchase ye a pardon for the  
pose,

For pryde hath plucked thé by the nose,

As well as me: I wolde, and I durste,

But nowe I wyll not say the worste.

*COURTLY ABUSYON alone in the place.*

What nowe, let se,

Who loketh on me

Well rounde aboute,

Howe gay and howe stoute

That I can were

Courtly my gere:

840

<sup>1</sup> they] i. e. Cloked Colusyon and Crafty Conueyaunce.

My heyre bussheth  
 So plesauntly,  
 My robe russheth  
 So ruttyngly,  
 Me seme I flye,  
 I am so lyght,  
 To daunce delyght ;  
 Properly drest,  
 All poynte deuysel,  
 My persone prest  
 Beyond all syse  
 Of the newe gyse,  
 To russhe it oute  
 In euery route :  
 Beyond measure  
 My sleue is wyde,  
 Al of pleasure,  
 My hose strayte tyde,  
 My buskyn wyde,  
 Ryche to beholde,  
 Gletterynge yn golde.  
 Abusyon  
 Forsothe I hyght :  
 Confusyon  
 Shall on hym lyght,  
 By day or by nyght  
 That vseth me ;  
 He can not thee.  
 A very fon,  
 A very asse,

850

860

870

Wyll take vpon  
 To compasse  
 That neuer was  
 Abusyd before ;  
 A very pore  
 That so wyll do,  
 He doth abuse 880  
 Hym selfe to to,  
 He dothe mysse vse  
 Eche man take a fe <sup>1</sup>  
 To crake and prate ;  
 I befoule his pate.  
 This newe fonne iet  
 From out of Fraunce  
 Fyrst I dyd set ;  
 Made purueaunce  
 And suche ordenaunce, 890  
 That all men it founde  
 Through out Englonde :  
 All this nacyon  
 I set on fyre  
 In my facyon,  
 This theyr desyre,  
 This newe atyre ;  
 This ladyes haue,  
 I it them gaue ;  
 Spare for no coste ; 900  
 And yet in dede

<sup>1</sup> *Eche man take a fe*] There seems to be some corruption of the text here. [Qy. "each man to akuse,?" C.]

It is coste loste  
 Moche more than nede  
 For to excede  
 In suche aray :  
 Howe be it, I say,  
 A carlys sonne,  
 Brought vp of nought,  
 Wyth me wyll wonne  
 Whylyst he hath ought ;  
 He wyll haue wrought  
 His gowne so wyde  
 That he may hyde  
 His dame and his syre  
 Within his slyue ;  
 Spende all his hyre,  
 That men hym gyue ;  
 Wherfore I preue,  
 A Tyborne checke  
 Shall breke his necke.

910

920

*Here cometh in FANSY, craynye, Stow stow !*

All is out of harre,  
 And out of trace,  
 Ay warre and warre  
 In euery place.  
 But what the deuyll art thou,  
 That cryest, Stow, stow ?

*Fan.* What, whom haue we here, Jenkyn  
 Joly ?

Nowe welcom, by the God holy.

*Court. Ab.* What, Fansy, my frende! howe  
doste thou fare?

*Fan.* By Cryst, as mery as a Marche hare. <sup>930</sup>

*Court. Ab.* What the deuyll hast thou on thy  
fyste? an owle?

*Fan.* Nay, it is a farly fowle.

*Court. Ab.* Me thynke she frowneth and lokys  
sowre.

*Fan.* Torde, man, it is an hawke of the towre;  
She is made for the malarde fat.

*Court. Ab.* Methynke she is well becked to  
catche a rat.

But nowe what tydynges can you tell, let se.

*Fan.* Mary, I am come for thé.

*Court. Ab.* For me?

*Fan.* Ye, for thé, so I say. 940

*Court. Ab.* Howe so? tell me, I thé pray.

*Fan.* Why, harde thou not of the fray,  
That fell amonge vs this same day

*Court. Ab.* No, mary, not yet.

*Fan.* What the deuyll, neuer a whyt?

*Court. Ab.* No, by the masse; what sholde I  
swere?

*Fan.* In faythe, Lyberte is nowe a lusty spere.

*Court. Ab.* Why, vnder whom was he abydyng?

*Fan.* Mary, Mesure had hym a whyle in  
gydyng,

Tyll, as the deuyll wolde, they fell a chydyng <sup>950</sup>  
With Crafty Conuayaunce.

*Court. Ab.* Ye, dyd they so?

*Fan.* Ye, by Goddes sacrament, and with other mo.

*Court. Ab.* What neded that, in the dyuyls date?

*Fan.* Yes, yes, he fell with me also at debate.

*Court. Ab.* With thé also? what, he playeth the state?

*Fan.* Ye, but I bade hym pyke out of the gate, By Goddes body, so dyd I.

*Court. Ab.* By the masse, well done and boldely.

*Fan.* Holde thy pease, Measure shall frome vs walke. 960

*Court. Ab.* Why, is he crossed than with a chalke?

*Fan.* Crossed! ye, checked out of consayte.

*Court. Ab.* Howe so?

*Fan.* By God, by a praty slyght,  
As here after thou shalte knowe more :  
But I must tary here; go thou before.

*Court. Ab.* With whom shall I there mete?

*Fan.* Crafty Conueyaunce standeth in the strete,  
Euen of purpose for the same.

*Court. Ab.* Ye, but what shall I call my name?

*Fan.* Cockes harte, tourne thé, let me se thyne  
array : 971

Cockes bones, this is all of Johnn de gay.

*Court. Ab.* So I am poynted after my consayte.

*Fan.* Mary, thou iettes it of hyght.

*Court. Ab.* Ye, but of my name let vs be wyse.

*Fan.* Mary, Lusty Pleasure, by myne aduyse,  
To name thyselpe, come of, it were done.



*Court. Ab.* Farewell, my frende.

*Fan.* Aduē, tyll sone.<sup>1</sup>

Stowe, byrde, stowe, stowe! 980

It is best I fede my hawke now.

There is many euyll faueryd, and thou be foule ;

Eche thyng is fayre when it is yonge : all hayle,  
owle!

Lo, this is

My fansy, I wys :

Nowe Cryst it blysse !

It is, by Jesse,

A byrde full swete,

For me full mete :

She is furred for the hete 990

All to the fete ;

Her browys bent,

Her eyen glent :

From Tyne to Trent,

From Stroude to Kent,

A man shall fynde

Many of her kynde,

Howe standeth the wynde

Before or behynde :

Barbyd lyke a nonne, 1000

For burnyng of the sonne ;

Her fethers donne ;

Well faueryd bonne.

Nowe, let me se about,

<sup>1</sup> *tyll sone*] Here *Courtly Abusyon* goes out.

In all this rowte  
 Yf I can fynde out  
 So semely a snowte  
 Amonge this prese:  
 Euen a hole mese —  
 Pease, man, pease! 1010  
 I rede, we sease.  
 So farly fayre as it lokys,  
 And her becke so comely crokys,  
 Her naylys sharpe as tenter hokys!  
 I haue not kept her yet thre wokys,  
 And howe styll she dothe syt!  
 Teuyt, teuyt, where is my wyt?  
 The deuyll spede whyt!  
 That was before, I set behynde;  
 Nowe to curteys, forthwith vnkynde; 1020  
 Somtyme to sober, somtyme to sadde,  
 Somtyme to mery, somtyme to madde;  
 Somtyme I syt as I were solempe prowde;  
 Somtyme I laughe ouer lowde;  
 Somtyme I wepe for a gew gaw;  
 Somtyme I laughe at waggyng of a straw;  
 With a pere my loue you may wyne,  
 And ye may lese it for a pynne.  
 I haue a thyng for to say,  
 And I may tende therto for play; 1030  
 But in faythe I am so occupied  
 On this halfe and on euery syde,  
 That I wote not where I may rest.  
 Fyrst to tell you what were best,

Frantyeke Fansy-seruyce I hyght ;  
 My wyttys be weke, my braynys are lyght :  
 For it is I that other whyle  
 Plucke downe lede, and theke with tyle ;  
 Nowe I wyll this, and nowe I wyll that ;  
 Make a wyndmyll of a mat ; 1040  
 Nowe I wolde, and I wyst what ;  
 Where is my cappe ? I haue lost my hat ;  
 And within an houre after,  
 Plucke downe an house, and set vp a rafter ;  
 Hyder and thyder, I wote not whyder ;  
 Do and vndo, bothe togyder ;  
 Of a spyndell I wyll make a sparre ;  
 All that I make, forthwith I marre ;  
 I blunder, I bluster, I blowe, and I blother ;  
 I make on the one day, and I marre on the other ;  
 Bysy, bysy, and euer bysy, 1051  
 I daunce vp and downe tyll I am dyssy ;  
 I can fynde fantasyes where none is ;  
 I wyll not haue it so, I wyll haue it this.

*Hic ingreditur FOLY, quatiendo crema<sup>1</sup> et  
 faciendo multum, feriendo tabulas  
 et similia.*

*Fol.* Maysters, Cryst saue euerychone !  
 What, Fansy, arte thou here alone ?

<sup>1</sup> *crema*] If this be the right reading, I am unacquainted with the word. It can hardly be a misprint for "*cremia*:" qu. "*crembalum*?" [Or, "*crebro*?" C.]

*Fan.* What, fonnysse Foly! I befole thy face.

*Fol.* What, frantyke Fandy in a foles case!

What is this, an owle or a glede?

By my trouthe, she bathe a grete hede. 1060

*Fan.* Tusshe, thy lypes hange in thyne eye:  
It is a Frenche butterflye.

*Fol.* By my trouthe, I trowe well;  
But she is lesse a grete dele  
Than a butterflye of our lande.

*Fan.* What pylde curre ledest thou in thy  
hande?

*Fol.* A pylde curre!

*Fan.* Ye so, I tell thé, a pylde curre.

*Fol.* Yet I solde his skynne to Mackemurre,  
In the stede of a budge furre. 1070

*Fan.* What, fleyest thou his skynne euery yere?

*Fol.* Yes, in faythe, I thanke God I may here.

*Fan.* What, thou wylte coughe me a dawe for  
forty pens?

*Fol.* Mary, syr, Cokermowthe is a good way  
hens.

*Fan.* What? of Cokermowth spake I no worde.

*Fol.* By my faythe, syr, the frubyssher hath  
my sworde.

*Fan.* A, I trowe, ye shall coughe me a fole.

*Fol.* In faythe, trouthe ye say, we wente to-  
gyder to scole.

*Fan.* Ye, but I can somewhat more of the letter.

*Fol.* I wyll not gyue an halfepeny for to chose  
the better. 1080

*Fan.* But, broder Foly, I wonder moche of one  
 thyng,  
 That thou so hye fro me doth sprynge,  
 And I so lytell alway styll.

*Fol.* By God, I can tell thé, and I wyll.  
 Thou art so feble fantastycall,  
 And so braynsyke therwithall,  
 And thy wyt wanderynge here and there,  
 That thou cannyst not growe out of thy boyes  
 gere;  
 And as for me, I take but one folysshe way,  
 And therefore I growe more on one day 1090  
 Than thou can in yerys seuen.

*Fan.* In faythe, trowth thou sayst nowe, by God  
 of heuen!  
 For so with fantasyes my wyt dothe flete,  
 That wysdome and I shall seldome mete.  
 Nowe, of good felowshyp, let me by thy dogge.

*Fol.* Cockys harte, thou lyst, I am no hogge.

*Fan.* Here is no man that callyd thé hogge nor  
 swyne.

*Fol.* In faythe, man, my brayne is as good as  
 thyne.

*Fan.* The deuyls torde for thy brayne!

*Fol.* By my syers soule, I fele no rayne. 1100

*Fan.* By the masse, I holde thé madde.

*Fol.* Mary, I knewe thé when thou waste a  
 ladde.

*Fan.* Cockys bonys, herde ye euer syke an-  
 other?

*Fol.* Ye, a fole the tone, and a fole the tother.

*Fan.* Nay, but wotest thou what I do say?

*Fol.* Why, sayst thou that I was here yesterday?

*Fan.* Cockys armys, this is a warke, I trowe.

*Fol.* What, callyst thou me a donnyshe crowe?

*Fan.* Nowe, in good faythe, thou art a fonde gest.

*Fol.* Ye, bere me this strawe to a dawys nest.

*Fan.* What, wenyst thou that I were so folysshe and so fonde? 111

*Fol.* In faythe, ellys is there none in all Englonde.

*Fan.* Yet for my fansy sake, I say,  
Let me haue thy dogge, what soeuer I pay.

*Fol.* Thou shalte haue my purse, and I wyll haue thyne.

*Fan.* By my trowth, there is myne.

*Fol.* Nowe, by my trowth, man, take, there is myne; <sup>1</sup>

And I beshrowe hym that hath the worse.

*Fan.* Torde, I say, what haue I do?  
Here is nothyng but the bockyll of a sho, 1120  
And in my purse was twenty marke.

*Fol.* Ha, ha, ha! herke, syrs, harke!  
For all that my name hyght Foly,  
By the masse, yet art thou more fole than I.

*Fan.* Yet gyue me thy dogge, and I am content;  
And thou shalte haue my hauke to a botchment.

<sup>1</sup> *myne*] Qy., for the rhyme, "my purse?"

*Fol.* That euer thou thryue, God it forfende!  
 For, Goddes cope, thou wyll spende.  
 Nowe take thou my dogge, and gyue me thy  
 fowle.<sup>1</sup>

*Fan.* Hay, chysse, come hyder! 1130

*Fol.* Nay, torde, take hym be tyme.

*Fan.* What callyst thou thy dogge?

*Fol.* Tusshe, his name is Gryme.

*Fan.* Come, Gryme, come, Gryme! it is my  
 praty dogges.

*Fol.* In faythe, there is not a better dogge for  
 hogges,

Not from Anwyke vnto Aungey.

*Fan.* Ye, but trowest thou that he be not  
 maungey?

*Fol.* No, by my trouthe, it is but the scurfe and  
 the scabbe.

*Fan.* What, he hathe ben hurte with a stabbe?

*Fol.* Nay, in faythe, it was but a strype 1140

That the horson had for etynge of a trype.

*Fan.* Where the deuyll gate he all these hurtes?

*Fol.* By God, for snatchynge of puddynge and  
 wortes.

*Fan.* What, then he is some good poore mannes  
 curre?

*Fol.* Ye, but he wyll in at euery mannes dore.

*Fan.* Nowe thou hast done me a pleasure grete.

*Fol.* In faythe, I wolde thou had a marmosete.

<sup>1</sup> fowle] Qy. a line wantynge to rhyme with this?

*Fan.* Cockes harte, I loue suche iapes.

*Fol.* Ye, for all thy mynde is on owles and apes.  
But I haue thy pultre, and thou hast my catell. 1150

*Fan.* Ye, but thryfte and we haue made a  
batell.

*Fol.* Remembrest thou not the iapes and the  
toyes —

*Fan.* What, that we vsed whan we were boyes?

*Fol.* Ye, by the rode, euen the same.

*Fan.* Yes, yes, I am yet as full of game  
As euer I was, and as full of tryfys,  
*Nil, nihilum, nihil, anglice* nyfys.

*Fol.* What canest thou all this Latyn yet,  
And hast so mased a wandrynge wyt? 1159

*Fan.* Tushe, man, I kepe some Latyn in store.

*Fol.* By Cockes harte, I wene thou hast no  
more.

*Fan.* No? yes, in faythe, I can versyfy.

*Fol.* Then, I pray thé hartely,  
Make a verse of my butterfly;  
It forseth not of the reason, so it kepe ryme.

*Fan.* But wylte thou make another on Gryme?

*Fol.* Nay, in fayth, fyrst let me here thyne.

*Fan.* Mary, as for that, thou shalte sone here  
myne:

*Est snavi snago* with a shrewde face *vilis imago*.<sup>1</sup>

*Fol.* Grimbaldus gredy, snatche a puddyng tyl  
the rost be redy. 1170

<sup>1</sup> *Est snavi, &c.*] Between this line and the next, ed. has  
‘*Versus.*’



*Fan.* By the harte of God, well done!

*Fol.* Ye, so redely and so sone!

*Here cometh in CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE.*

*Cr. Con.* What, Fansy! Let me se who is the tother.

*Fan.* By God, syr, Foly, myne owne sworne brother.

*Cr. Con.* Cockys bonys, it is a farle freke:  
Can he play well at the hoddypeke?

*Fan.* Tell by thy trouth what sport can thou make.

*Fol.* A, holde thy peas; I haue the tothe ake.

*Cr. Con.* The tothe ake! lo, a torde ye haue.

*Fol.* Ye, thou haste the four quarters of a knaue. 1180

*Cr. Con.* Wotyst thou, I say, to whom thou spekys?

*Fan.* Nay, by Cockys harte, he ne reckys,  
For he wyll speke to Magnyfycence thus.

*Cr. Con.* Cockys armys, a mete man for vs.

*Fol.* What, wolde ye haue mo folys, and are so many?

*Fan.* Nay, offer hym a counter in stede of a peny.

*Cr. Con.* Why, thynkys thou he can no better skyl?

*Fol.* In fayth, I can make you bothe folys, and I wyll.

*Cr. Con.* What haste thou on thy fyst? a kes-  
teryll?

*Fol.* Nay, I wys, fole, it is a doteryll. 1190

*Cr. Con.* In a cote thou can play well the  
dyser.

*Fol.* Ye, but thou can play the fole without a  
vyser.

*Fan.* Howe rode he by you? howe put he to  
you?<sup>1</sup>

*Cr. Con.* Mary, as thou sayst, he gaue me a  
blurre.

But where gatte thou that mangey curre?

*Fan.* Mary, it was his, and nowe it is myne.

*Cr. Con.* And was it his, and nowe it is thyne?  
Thou must haue thy fansy and thy wyll,  
But yet thou shalt holde me a fole styll.

*Fol.* Why, wenyst thou that I cannot make thé  
play the fon? 1200

*Fan.* Yes, by my faythe, good Syr Johnn.

*Cr. Con.* For you bothe it were inough.

*Fol.* Why, wenyst thou that I were as moche  
a fole as thou?

*Fan.* Nay, nay, thou shalte fynde hym another  
maner of man.

*Fol.* In faythe, I can do mastryes, so I can.

*Cr. Con.* What canest thou do but play cocke  
wat?

*Fan.* Yes, yes, he wyll make thé ete a gnat.

<sup>1</sup> you] Qy., for the rhyme, "you there?"

*Fol.* Yes, yes, by my trowth, I holde thé a  
grote,  
That I shall laughe thé out of thy cote.

*Cr. Con.* Than wyll I say that thou haste no  
pere. 1210

*Fan.* Nowe, by the rode, and he wyll go nere.

*Fol.* Hem, Fandy! *regardes, voyes.*

*Here FOLY maketh semblaunt to take a  
lowse from CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE  
showlder.*

*Fan.* What hast thou founde there?

*Fol.* By God, a lowse.

*Cr. Con.* By Cockes harte, I trowe thou lyste.

*Fol.* By the masse, a Spaynysshe moght with  
a gray lyste.

*Fan.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Cr. Con.* Cockes armes, it is not so, I trowe.

*Here CRAFTY CONU[EX]AUNCE putteth  
of his gowne.*

*Fol.* Put on thy gowne agayne, for nowe thou  
hast lost.<sup>1</sup>

*Fan.* Lo, Johnn a Bonam, where is thy brayne?  
Nowe put on, fole, thy cote agayne. 1221

*Fol.* Gyue me my grote, for thou hast lost.

*Here FOLY maketh semblaunt to take  
money of CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE,  
saynge to hym,*

Slyt thy purse, dawe, and do no cost.

<sup>1</sup> for nowe thou hast lost] Qy., for the rhyme, "for thou hast lost nowe?"

*Fan.* Nowe hast thou not a prowde mocke and  
a starke?

*Cr. Con.* With, yes, by the rode of Wodstocke  
Parke.

*Fan.* Nay, I tell thé, he maketh no dowtes  
To tourne a fole out of his clowtes.

*Cr. Con.* And for a fole a man wolde hym take.

*Fol.* Nay, it is I that foles can make ;  
For, be he cayser or be he kyng, 1230  
To felowshyp with Foly I can hym brynge.

*Fan.* Nay, wylte thou here nowe of his scoles,  
And what maner of people he maketh foles?

*Cr. Con.* Ye, let vs here a worde or twayne.

*Fol.* Syr, of my maner I shall tell you the  
playne.

Fyrst I lay before them my bybyll,  
And teche them howe they sholde syt ydyll,  
To pyke theyr fyngers all the day longe ;  
So in theyr eyre I synge them a songe,  
And make them so longe to muse, 1240  
That some of them renneth strayght to the stuse ;  
To thefte and bryboury I make some fall,  
And pyke a locke and clyme a wall ;  
And where I spy a nysot gay,  
That wyll syt ydyll all the day,  
And can not set herselfe to warke,  
I kyndell in her suche a lyther sparke,  
That rubbed she must be on the gall  
Bytwene the tappet and the wall. 1249

*Cr. Con.* What, horson, arte thou such a one?

*Fan.* Nay, beyonde all other set hym alone.

*Cr. Con.* Hast thou ony more? let se, procede.

*Fol.* Ye, by God, syr, for a nede,

I haue another maner of sorte,

That I laugh at for my dysporte;

And those be they that come vp of nought,

As some be not ferre, and yf it were well sought:

Suche dawys, what soeuer they be,

That be set in auctorite,

Anone he waxyth so hy and prowde,

1260

He frownyth fyersly, brymly browde,

The knaue wolde make it koy, and he cowde;

All that he dothe, muste be alowde;

And, This is not well done, syr, take hede;

And maketh hym besy where is no nede:

He dawnsys so longe, hey, trolly loly,

That euery man lawghyth at his foly.

*Cr. Con.* By the good Lorde, truthe he sayth.

*Fan.* Thynkyst thou not so, by thy fayth?

*Cr. Con.* Thynke I not so, quod he! ellys haue

I shame,

1270

For I knowe dyuerse that vseth the same.

*Fol.* But nowe, forsothe, man, it maketh no  
mater;

For they that wyll so bysely smater,

So helpe me God, man, euer at the length

I make hym<sup>1</sup> lese moche of theyr strength;

<sup>1</sup> *hym*] Compare v. 427, p. 22. Perhaps these inconsistencies may have arisen from contractions in the MS.

For with foly so do I them lede,  
That wyt he wantyth when he hath moste nede.

*Fan.* Forsothe, tell on: hast thou any mo?

*Fol.* Yes, I shall tell you, or I go,  
Of dyuerse mo that hauntyth my scolys. 1280

*Cr. Con.* All men beware of suche folys!

*Fol.* There be two lyther, rude and ranke,  
Symkyn Tytyuell and Pers Pykthanke;  
Theys lythers I lerne them for to lere  
What he sayth and she sayth to lay good ere,  
And tell to his sufferayne euery whyt,  
And then he is moche made of for his wyt;  
And, be the mater yll more or lesse,  
He wyll make it mykyll worse than it is:  
But all that he dothe, and yf he reken well, 1290  
It is but foly euery dell.

*Fan.* Are not his wordys cursydly cowchyd?

*Cr. Con.* By God, there be some that be  
shroudly towchyd:

But, I say, let se and yf thou haue any more.

*Fol.* I haue an hole armory of suche haburdashe  
in store;

For there be other that foly dothe vse,  
That folowe fonde fantasyes and vertu refuse.

*Fan.* Nay, that is my parte that thou spekest  
of nowe.

*Fol.* So is all the remenaunt, I make God  
auowe;

For thou fourmest suche fantasyes in theyr mynde,  
That euery man almost groweth out of kynde. 1301

*Cr. Con.* By the masse, I am glad that I came hyder,

To here you two rutters dyspute togyder.

*Fan.* Nay, but Fandy must be eyther fyrst or last.

*Fol.* But whan Foly cometh, all is past.

*Fan.* I wote not whether it cometh of thé or of me,

But all is foly that I can se.

*Cr. Con.* Mary, syr, ye may swere it on a boke.

*Fol.* Ye, tourne ouer the lefe, rede there and loke,

Howe frantyke Fandy fyrst of all 1310

Maketh man and woman in foly to fall.

*Cr. Con.* A, syr, a, a! howe by that!

*Fan.* A peryllous thyng, to cast a cat Vpon a naked man, and yf she scrat.

*Fol.* So how, I say, the hare is squat!

For, frantyke Fandy, thou makest men madde;

And I, Foly, bryngeth them to *qui fuit* gadde,

With *qui fuit* brayne seke I haue them brought

From *qui fuit aliquid* to shyre shakynge nought.

*Cr. Con.* Well argued and surely on bothe sydes: 1320

But for thé, Fandy, Magnyfycence abydes.

*Fan.* Why, shall I not haue Foly with me also?

*Cr. Con.* Yes, perde, man, whether that ye ryde or go:

Yet for his name we must fynde a slyght.<sup>1</sup>

*Fan.* By the masse, he shall hyght Consayte.

*Cr. Con.* Not a better name vnder the sonne :  
With Magnyfyence thou shalte wonne.

*Fol.* God haue mercy, good godfather.

*Cr. Con.* Yet I wolde that ye had gone rather ;  
For, as sone as you come in Magnyfyence syght,  
All mesure and good rule is gone quyte. 1331

*Fan.* And shall we haue lyberte to do what  
we wyll ?

*Cr. Con.* Ryot at lyberte russheth it out styll.

*Fol.* Ye, but tell me one thyng.

*Cr. Con.* What is that ?

*Fol.* Who is mayster of the masshe fat ?

*Fan.* Ye, for he hathe a full dry soule.

*Cr. Con.* Cockes armes, thou shalte kepe the  
brewhouse boule.

*Fol.* But may I drynke therof whylest that I  
stare ?

*Cr. Con.* When mesure is gone, what nedest  
thou spare ? 1340

Whan mesure is gone, we may slee care.

*Fol.* Nowe then goo we hens, away the mare !<sup>2</sup>

CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE *alone in the place.*

*Cr. Con.* It is wonder to se the worlde aboute,  
To se what foly is vsed in euery place ;

<sup>1</sup> *slyght*] Ed. "shyfte." Compare v. 687, p. 33, and v. 964, p. 46, where "slyght" (sleight) is the rhyme to "consayte."

<sup>2</sup> *the mare*] Here *Foly* and *Fansy* go out.



Foly hath a rome, I say, in euery route,  
 To put, where he lyst, Foly hath fre chace;  
 Foly and Fansy all where, euery man dothe face  
 and brace;

Foly fotyth it properly, Fansy ledyth the dawnee;  
 And next come I after, Crafty Conueyaunce.

Who so to me gyueth good aduertence, 1350

Shall se many thyngys donne craftely:

By me conueyed is wanton insolence,

Pryuy poyntmentys conueyed so properly,

For many tymes moche kyndnesse is denyed

For drede that we dare not ofte lest we be spyed;

By me is conueyed mykyll praty ware,

Somtyme, I say, behynde the dore for nede;

I haue an hoby can make larkys to dare;

I knyt togyther many a broken threde.

It is great almesse the hungre to fede, 1360

To clothe the nakyd where is lackynge a smocke,

Trymme at her tayle, or a man can turne a socke:

What howe, be ye mery! was it not well con-  
 ueyed?

As oft as ye lyst, so honeste be sauyd;

Alas, dere harte, loke that we be not perseuyd!

Without crafte nothyng is well behauyd;

Though I shewe you curtesy, say not that I craue,<sup>1</sup>

Yet conuey it craftely, and hardely spare not for  
 me,

<sup>1</sup> *craue*] Qy., for the rhyme, "craued?" unless something be wanting.

So that there knowe no man but I and she.

Thefte also and pety brybery 1370

Without me be full oft aspyed :

My inwyt delynge there can no man dyscry,

Conuey it be crafte, lyft and lay asyde :

Full moche flatery and falsehode I hyde,

And by crafty conueyaunce I wyll, and I can,

Saue a stronge thefe and hange a trew man.

But some man wolde conuey, and can not skyll,

As malypert tauernars that checke with theyr  
betters,

Theyr conueyaunce weltyth the worke all by wyll ;

And some wyll take vpon them to conterfet  
letters, 1380

And therwithall conuey hymselfe into a payre of  
fettters ;

And some wyll conuey by the pretence of sad-  
nesse,

Tyll all theyr conueyaunce is turnyd into mad-  
nesse.

Crafty conueyaunce is no chyldlys game :

By crafty conueyaunce many one is brought vp  
of nought ;

Crafty Conueyaunce can cloke hymselfe frome  
shame,

For by crafty conueyaunce wonderful thynges  
are wrought :

By conuayaunce crafty I haue brought

Vnto Magnyfyce[nce] a full vngracyous sorte.

For all hokes vnhappy to me haue resorte. 1390

*Here cometh in MAGNYFYCENCE with LYBERTE  
and FELYCYTE.*

*Magn.* Trust me, Lyberte, it greueth me ryght  
sore

To se you thus ruled and stande in suche awe.

*Lyb.* Syr, as by my wyll, it shall be so no more.

*Fel.* Yet lyberte without rule is not worth a  
strawe.

*Magn.* Tushe, holde your peas, ye speke lyke  
a dawe;

Ye shall be occupied, Welthe, at my wyll. [skyll.

*Cr. Con.* All that ye say, syr, is reason and

*Magn.* Mayster Suruayour, where haue ye ben  
so longe?

Remembre ye not how my lyberte by mesure  
ruled was?

*Cr. Con.* In good faythe, syr, me semeth he  
had the more wronge. 1400

*Lyb.* Mary, syr, so dyd he excede and passe,  
They droue me to lernynge lyke a dull asse.

*Fel.* It is good yet that lyberte be ruled by  
reason.

*Magn.* Tushe, holde your peas, ye speke out  
of season:

Yourselfe shall be ruled by lyberte and largesse.

*Fel.* I am content, so it in measure be.

*Lyb.* Must mesure, in the mares name, you  
furnysshe and dresse?

*Magn.* Nay, nay, not so, my frende Felycyte.

*Cr. Con.* Not, and your grace wolde be ruled  
by me.

*Lyb.* Nay, he shall be ruled euen as I lyst. 1410

*Fel.* Yet it is good to beware of Had I wylt.

*Magn.* Syr, by lyberte and largesse I wyll that  
ye shall

Be gouerned and gyded: wote ye what I say?  
Mayster Suruayour, Largesse to me call.

*Cr. Con.* It shall be done.

*Magn.* Ye, but byd hym come away  
At ones, and let hym not tary all day.

*Here goth out CRAFTY CONUAYAUNCE.*

*Fel.* Yet it is good wysdome to worke wysely  
by welth.

*Lyb.* Holde thy tonge, and thou loue thy helth.

*Magn.* What, wyll ye waste wynde, and prate  
thus in vayne? 1420

Ye haue eten sauce, I trowe, at the Taylers Hall.

*Lyb.* Be not to bolde, my frende; I counsell  
you, bere a brayne.

*Magn.* And what so we say, holde you content  
withall.

*Fel.* Syr, yet without sapyence your substaunce  
may be smal;

For, where is no mesure, howe may worshyp  
endure?

*Here cometh in FANSY.*

*Fan.* Syr, I am here at your pleasure;  
Your grace sent for me, I wene; what is your  
wylt?

*Magn.* Come hyther, Largesse, take here  
Felycyte.

*Fan.* Why, wene you that I can kepe hym longe  
styll?

*Magn.* To rule as ye lyst, lo, here is Lyberte!

*Lyb.* I am here redy. 1431

*Fan.* What, shall we haue welth at our gydyng  
to rule as we lyst?

Then fare well thryfte, by hym that crosse kyst!

*Fel.* I truste your grace wyll be agreabyll

That I shall suffer none impechment

By theyr demenaunce nor losse repryuable.

*Magn.* Syr, ye shall folowe myne appetyte and  
intent.

*Fel.* So it be by mesure I am ryght well con-  
tent.

*Fan.* What, all by mesure, good syr, and none  
excesse?

*Lyb.* Why, welth hath made many a man  
braynlesse. 1440

*Fel.* That was by the menys of to moche lyberte.

*Magn.* What, can ye agree thus and appose?

*Fel.* Syr, as I say, there was no faute in me.

*Lyb.* Ye, of Jacke a thrommys bybyll can ye  
make a glose.

*Fan.* Sore sayde, I tell you, and well to the  
purpose:

What sholde a man do with you? loke you vnder  
kay?

*Fel.* I say, it is foly to gyue all welth away.

*Lyb.* Whether sholde welth be rulyd by lyberte,  
Or lyberte by welth? let se, tell me that. 1449

*Fel.* Syr, as me semeth, ye sholde be rulyd  
by me.

*Magn.* What nede you with hym thus prate  
and chat?

*Fan.* Shewe vs your mynde then, howe to do  
and what.

*Magn.* I say, that I wyll ye haue hym in  
gydyng.

*Lyb.* Mayster Felycyte, let be your chydyng,  
And so as ye se it wyll be no better,  
Take it in worthe suche as ye fynde.

*Fan.* What the deuyll, man, your name shalbe  
the greter,  
For welth without largesse is all out of kynde.

*Lyb.* And welth is nought worthe, yf lyberte be  
behynde.

*Magn.* Nowe holde ye content, for there is none  
other shyfte. 1460

*Fel.* Than waste must be welcome, and fare  
well thryfte!

*Magn.* Take of his substaunce a sure inuentory,  
And get thou<sup>1</sup> home togyther; for Lyberte shall  
byde,  
And wayte vpon me.

*Lyb.* And yet for a memory,  
Make indentures howe ye and I shal gyde.

<sup>1</sup> *thou*] Qy. "you?" see note on v. 1275, p. 59.

*Fan.* I can do nothyng but he stonde besyde.

*Lyb.* Syr, we can do nothyng the one without the other.

*Magn.* Well, get you hens than, and sende me some other.

*Fan.* Whom? lusty Pleasure, or mery Consayte? 1470

*Magn.* Nay, fyrst lusty Pleasure is my desyre to haue,

And let the other another<sup>1</sup> awayte,

Howe be it that fonde felowe is a mery knaue;

But loke that ye occupye the auctoryte that I you gaue.

[*Here goeth out FELYCYTE, LYBERTE, and FANSY.*

*MAGNYFYCENCE alone in the place.*

For nowe,<sup>2</sup> syrs, I am lyke as a prynce sholde be;

I haue welth at wyll, largesse and lyberte:

Fortune to her lawys can not abandune me,

But I shall of Fortune rule the reyne;

I fere nothyng Fortunes perplexyte;

All honour to me must nedys stowpe and lene;

I synge of two partys without a mene; 1481

I haue wynde and wether ouer all to sayle,

No stormy rage agaynst me can peruayle.

Alexander, of Macedony kyng,

That all the oryent had in subieccyon,

<sup>1</sup> *another*] Qy. "another time?"

<sup>2</sup> *For nowe, &c.*] In ed. this speech is given to *Fansy*.

Though al his conquestys were brought to reken-  
yngē,

Myght seem ryght wel vnder my proteccyon  
To rayne, for all his marcyall affeccyon ;  
For I am prynce perlesse prouyd of porte,  
Bathyd with blysse, embracyd with comforte. 1490

Syrus, that soleme syar of Babylon,  
That Israell releysyd of theyr captyuyte,  
For al his pompe, for all his ryall trone,  
He may not be comparyd vnto me.

I am the dyamounde dowllesse of dygnyte :  
Surely it is I that all may saue and spyll ;  
No man so hardy to worke agaynst my wyll. -  
Porcenyā, the prowde prouoste of Turkey lande,  
That ratyd the Romaynes and made them yll rest,  
Nor Cesar July, that no man myght withstande,  
Were neuer halfe so rychely as I am drest : 1501  
No, that I assure you ; loke who was the best.

I reyne in my robys, I rule as me lyst,  
I dryue downe th[e]se dastardys with a dynt of  
my fyste.

Of Cato the counte acountyd the cane,  
Daryus, the doughty cheftayn of Perse,  
I set not by the prowdest of them a prane,  
Ne by non other that any man can rehersse.  
I folowe in felycyte without reue[r]sse,  
I drede no daunger, I dawnce all in delyte ; 1510  
My name is Magnyfycence, man most of myght.  
Hercules the herdy, with his stobburne clobbyd  
mase,



That made Cerberus to cache, the cur dogge of  
hell,

And Thesius, that prowde was Pluto to face,  
It wolde not become them with me for to mell:  
For of all barones bolde I bere the bell,  
Of all doughty I am doughtyest duke, as I deme;  
To me all prynces to lowte man be sene.<sup>1</sup>

Cherlemayne, that mantenyd the nobles of Fraunce,  
Arthur of Albyan, for all his brymme berde, <sup>1520</sup>  
Nor Basyan the bolde, for all his brybaunce,  
Nor Alerycus, that rulyd the Gothyaunce by swerd,  
Nor no man on molde can make me aferd.

What man is so maysyd with me that dare mete,  
I shall flappe hym as a fole to fall at my fete.

Galba, whom his galantys garde for a gaspe,  
Nor Nero, that nother set by God nor man,  
Nor Vaspasyan, that bare in his nose a waspe,  
Nor Hanyball agayne Rome gates that ranne,  
Nor yet Cypyo, that noble Cartage wanne, <sup>1530</sup>  
Nor none so hardy of them with me that durste  
crake,

But I shall frounce them on the foretop, and gar  
them to quake.

*Here cometh in COURTLY ABUSYON, doynge  
reuerence and courtesy.*

*Court. Ab.* At your commaundement, syr, wyth  
all dew reuerence.

<sup>1</sup> *be sene*] Qy., "may beseme?" C.

*Magn.* Welcom, Pleasure, to our magnyfyence.

*Court. Ab.* Plesyth it your grace to shewe what  
I do shall?

*Magn.* Let vs here of your pleasure to passe  
the tyme withall.

*Court. Ab.* Syr, then with the fauour of your  
benyngge sufferance

To shewe you my mynde myselfe I wyll auance,  
If it lyke your grace to take it in degre.

*Magn.* Yes, syr, so good man in you I se, 1540  
And in your delynge so good assuraunce,  
That we delyte gretly in your dalyaunce.

*Court. Ab.* A, syr, your grace me dothe extole  
and rayse,  
And ferre beyond my merytys ye me commende  
and prayse;

Howe be it, I wolde be ryght gladde, I you assure,  
Any thyng to do that myght be to your pleasure.

*Magn.* As I be saued, with pleasure I am sup-  
prysyd

Of your langage, it is so well deuysed;  
Pullyshyd and fresshe is your ornacy.

*Court. Ab.* A, I wolde to God that I were halfe  
so crafty, 1550

Or in electe vtteraunce halfe so eloquent,  
As that I myght your noble grace content!

*Magn.* Truste me, with you I am highly  
pleasyd,

For in my fauour I haue you feffyde and seasyd.  
He is not lyuyng your maners can amend;

Mary, your speche is as pleasant as though it  
were pend;

To here your comon, it is my hygh comforte;  
Poynt deuise all pleasure is your porte.

*Court. Ab.* Syr, I am the better of your noble  
reporte;

But, of your pacyence vnder the supporte, 1560  
If it wolde lyke you to here my pore mynde —

*Magn.* Speke, I beseche thé, leue nothyng  
behynde.

*Court. Ab.* So as ye be a prynce of great  
myght,

It is semyng your pleasure ye delyte,  
And to aqueynte you with carnall delectacyon,  
And to fall in aquayntaunce with euery newe  
facyon;

And quyckely your appetytes to sharpe and  
adresse,

To fasten your fansy vpon a fayre maystresse,  
That quyckly is enuyued with rudyes of the rose,  
Inpurtured with fetures after your purpose, 1570  
The streynes of her vaynes as asure inde blewe,  
Enbudded with beautye and colour fresshe of  
hewe,

As lyly whyte to loke vpon her leyre,  
Her eyen relucant as carbuncle so clere,  
Her mouthe enbawmed, dylectable and mery,  
Her lusty lyppe's ruddy as the chery:  
Howe lyke you? ye lacke, syr, suche a lusty  
lasse.

*Magn.* A, that were a baby to brace and to  
basse!

I wolde I had, by hym that hell dyd harowe,  
With me in kepyngge suche a Phylp sparowe! <sup>1580</sup>  
I wolde hauke whylest my hede dyd warke,  
So I myght hobby for suche a lusty larke.

These wordes in myne eyre they be so lustely  
spoken,

That on suche a female my flesshe wolde be  
wroken;

They towche me so thorowly, and tykyll my con-  
sayte,

That weryed I wolde be on suche a bayte:

A, Cockes armes, where myght suche one be  
founde?

*Court. Ab.* Wyll ye spende ony money?

*Magn.* Ye, a thousande pounde.

*Court. Ab.* Nay, nay, for lesse I waraunt you  
to be sped, 1590

And brought home, and layde in your bed.

*Magn.* Wolde money, trōwest thou, make suche  
one to the call?

*Court. Ab.* Money maketh marchauntes, I tell  
you, over all.

*Magn.* Why, wyl a maystres be wonne for  
money and for golde?

*Court. Ab.* Why, was not for money Troy bothe  
bought and solde?

Full many a stronge cyte and towne hath ben  
wonne

By the meanes of money without ony gonne.  
 A maystres, I tell you, is but a small thyng; ;  
 A goodly rybon, or a golde rynge,  
 May wyne with a sawte the fortresse of the  
 holde; 1600

But one thyng I warne you, prece forth and be  
 bolde.

*Magn.* Ye, but some be full koy and passynge  
 harde harted.

*Court. Ab.* But, blessyd be our Lorde, they  
 wyll be sone conuerted.

*Magn.* Why, wyll they then be intreted, the  
 most and the lest?

*Court. Ab.* Ye, for *omnis mulier meretrix, si  
 celari potest.*

*Magn.* A, I haue spyed ye can moche broken  
 sorowe.

*Court. Ab.* I coude holde you with suche talke  
 hens tyll to morowe;

But yf it lyke your grace, more at large  
 Me to permyt my mynde to dyscharge,  
 I wolde yet shewe you further of my consayte. 1610

*Magn.* Let se what ye say, shewe it straye.

*Court. Ab.* Wysely let these wordes in your  
 mynde be wayed:

By waywarde wylfulnes let eche thyng be con-  
 uayed;

What so euer ye do, folowe your owne wyll;  
 Be it reason or none, it shall not gretely skyll;  
 Be it ryght or wronge, by the aduyse of me,

Take your pleasure and vse free lyberte ;  
 And yf you se ony thyng agaynst your mynde,  
 Then some occacyon of quarell ye must fynde,  
 And frowne it and face it, as thoughe ye wolde  
 fyght, 1620

Frete yourselfe for anger and for dyspyte ;  
 Here no man, what so euer they say,  
 But do as ye lyst, and take your owne way.

*Magn.* Thy wordes and my mynde odly well  
 accorde.

*Court. Ab.* What sholde ye do elles? are not  
 you a lorde?

Let your lust and lykynge stande for a lawe ;  
 Be wrastyng and wrythyng, and away drawe.  
 And ye se a man that with hym ye be not pleased,  
 And that your mynde can not well be eased, 1629  
 As yf a man fortune to touche you on the quyke,  
 Then feyne yourselfe dyseased and make your-  
 selfe seke :

To styre vp your stomake you must you forge,  
 Call for a candell and cast vp your gorge ;  
 With, Cockes armes, rest shall I none haue  
 Tyll I be reuenged on that horson knaue !  
 A, howe my stomake wambleth ! I am all in a  
 swete !

Is there no horson that knaue that wyll bete ?

*Magn.* By Cockes woundes, a wonder felowe  
 thou arte ;

For ofte tymes suche a wamblynge goth ouer my  
harte ;

Yet I am not harte seke, but that me lyst 1640

For myrth I haue hym coryed, beten, and blyst,

Hym that I loued not and made hym to loute,

I am forthwith as hole as a troute ;

For suche abusyon I vse nowe and than.

*Court. Ab.* It is none abusyon, syr, in a noble  
man,

It is a pryncely pleasure and a lordly mynde ;

Suche lustes at large may not be lefte behynde.

*Here cometh in CLOKED COLUSYON with  
MEASURE.*

*Cl. Col.* Stande styll here, and ye shall se

That for your sake I wyll fall on my kne.

*Court. Ab.* Syr, Sober Sadnesse cometh, wher-  
fore it be ? 1650

*Magn.* Stande vp, syr, ye are welcom to me.

*Cl. Col.* Please it your grace, at the contem-  
placyon

Of my pore instance and supplycacyon,

Tenderly to consyder in your aduertence,

Of our blessyd Lorde, syr, at the reuerence,

Remembre the good seruyce that Measure hath  
you done,

And that ye wyll not cast hym away so sone.

*Magn.* My frende, as touchynge to this your  
mocyon,

I may say to you I haue but small deuocyon ;

Howe be it, at your instaunce I wyll the rather  
Do as moche as for myne owne father. 1661

*Cl. Col.* Nay, syr, that affeccyon ought to be  
reserued,

For of your grace I haue it nought deserued ;  
But yf it lyke you that I myght rowne in your  
eyre,

To shewe you my mynde I wolde haue the lesse  
fere.

*Magn.* Stande a lytell abacke, syr, and let hym  
come hyder.

*Court. Ab.* With a good wyll, syr, God spede  
you bothe togyder.

*Cl. Col.* Syr, so it is, this man is here by,  
That for hym to laboure he hath prayde me  
hartely ;

Notwithstandynge to you be it sayde, 1670  
To trust in me he is but dyssayued ;  
For, so helpe me God, for you he is not mete :  
I speke the softlyer, because he sholde not wete.

*Magn.* Come hyder, Pleasure, you shall here  
myne entent :

Mesure, ye knowe wel, with hym I can not be  
content,

And surely, as I am nowe aduysed,  
I wyll haue hym rehayted and dyspysed.  
Howe say ye, syrs ? herein what is best ?

*Court. Ab.* By myne aduysed with you in fayth  
he shall not rest.



*Cl. Col.* Yet, syr, reserued your better aduysement,  
ment, 1690

It were better he spake with you or he wente,  
That he knowe not but that I haue supplied  
All that I can his matter for to spede.

*Magn.* Nowe, by your trouthe, gaue he you  
not a brybe?

*Cl. Col.* Yes, with his hande I made hym to  
subscribe

A byll of recorde for an annuall rent.

*Court. Ab.* But for all that he is lyke to haue  
a glent.

*Cl. Col.* Ye, by my trouthe, I shall waraunt  
you for me,

And he go to the deu[y]ll, so that I may haue  
my fee,

What care I? 1690

*Magn.* By the masse, well sayd.

*Court. Ab.* What force ye, so that ye be payde?

*Cl. Col.* But yet, lo, I wolde, or that he wente,  
Lest that he thought that his money were euyll  
spente,

That ye wolde loke on hym, thoughe it were not  
longe.

*Magn.* Well cannest thou helpe a preest to  
synge a songe.

*Cl. Col.* So it is all the maner nowe a dayes,  
For to vse suche haftynges and crafty wayes.

*Court. Ab.* He telleth you trouthe, syr, as I you  
ensure.

*Magn.* Well, for thy sake the better I may endure 1700

That he come hyder, and to gyue hym a loke  
That he shall lyke the worse all this woke.

*Cl. Col.* I care not howe sone he be refused,  
So that I may craftely be excused.

*Court. Ab.* Where is he ?

*Cl. Col.* Mary, I made hym abyde,  
Whylest I came to you, a lytell here besyde.

*Magn.* Well, call hym, and let vs here hym  
reason,  
And we wyll be comonyng in the mene season.

*Court. Ab.* This is a wyse man, syr, where so  
euer ye hym had. 1710

*Magn.* An honest person, I tell you, and a sad.

*Court. Ab.* He can full craftely this matter  
bryng aboute.

*Magn.* Whylest I haue hym, I nede nothyng  
doute.

*Hic introducat COLUSION MESURE, MAGNYFY-  
CENCE aspectant[e] vultu elatissimo.*

*Cl. Col.* By the masse, I haue done that I can,  
And more than euer I dyd for ony man :  
I trowe, ye herde yourselfe what I sayd.

*Mes.* Nay, indede ; but I sawe howe ye prayed,  
And made instance for me be lykelyhod.

*Cl. Col.* Nay, I tell you, I am not wonte to fode  
Them that dare put theyr truste in me ; 1720  
And therof ye shall a larger profe se.

*Mes.* Syr, God rewarde you as ye haue deserued :

But thynke you with Magnyfycence I shal be reserued?

*Cl. Col.* By my trouth, I can not tell you that ;  
But, and I were as ye, I wolde not set a gnat  
By Magnyfycence, nor yet none of his,  
For, go when ye shall, of you shall he mysse.

*Mes.* Syr, as ye say.

*Cl. Col.* Nay, come on with me :  
Yet ones agayne I shall fall on my kne 1730  
For your sake, what so euer befall ;  
I set not a flye, and all go to all.

*Mes.* The Holy Goost be with your grace.

*Cl. Col.* Syr, I beseche you, let pety haue some  
place  
In your brest towardes this gentylman.

*Magn.* I was your good lorde tyll that ye beganne  
So masterfully vpon you for to take  
With my seruauentys, and suche maystryes gan  
make,  
That holly my mynde with you is myscontente ;  
Wherfore I wyll that ye be resydent 1740  
With me no longer.

*Cl. Col.* Say somewhat nowe, let se, for your  
selfe.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *let se, for your selfe]* Qy., for the rhyme, "for your selfe, let se?"—unless "for your selfe" was intended to form the commencement of the next verse.

*Mes.* Syr, yf I myght permytted be,  
I wolde to you say a worde or twayne.

*Magn.* What, woldest thou, lurden, with me  
brawle agayne ?

Haue hym hens, I say, out of my syght ;  
That day I se hym, I shall be worse all nyght.

[*Here MESURE goth out of the place.*<sup>1</sup>

*Court. Ab.* Hens, thou haynyarde, out of the  
dores fast !

*Magn.* Alas, my stomake fareth as it wolde cast !

*Cl. Col.* Abyde, syr, abyde, let me holde your  
hede. 1750

*Magn.* A bolle or a basyn, I say, for Goddes  
brede !

A, my hede ! But is the horson gone ?

God gyue hym a myscheffe ! Nay, nowe let me  
alone.

*Cl. Col.* A good dryfte, syr, a praty fete :  
By the good Lorde, yet your temples bete.

*Magn.* Nay, so God me helpe, it was no grete  
vexacyon,

For I am panged ofte tymes of this same facyon.

*Cl. Col.* Cockes armes, howe Pleasure plucked  
hym forth !

<sup>1</sup> *Here Mesure goth out of the place*] To this stage-direction ought to be added—"with *Courtly Abusyon*, who, as he carries him off, exclaims." See what *Clokyd Colusyon* says a little after,

"Cockes armes, howe Pleasure plucked hym forth!"  
Pleasure is the assumed name of *Courtly Abusyon*.

*Magn.* Ye, walke he must, it was no better worth.

*Cl. Col.* Syr, nowe me thynke your harte is well eased. 1760

*Magn.* Nowe Measure is gone, I am the better pleased.

*Cl. Col.* So to be ruled by measure, it is a payne.

*Magn.* Mary, I wene he wolde not be glad to come agayne.

*Cl. Col.* So I wote not what he sholde do here :  
Where mennes belyes is mesured, there is no chere ;  
For I here but fewe men that gyue ony prayse  
Vnto measure, I say, nowe a days.

*Magn.* Measure, tut ! what, the deuyll of hell !  
Scantly one with measure that wyll dwell.

*Cl. Col.* Not amonge noble men, as the worlde  
gothe : 1770

It is no wonder therfore thoughe ye be wrothe  
With Mesure. Where as all noblenes is, there I  
haue past :

They catche that catche may, kepe and holde fast,  
Out of all measure themselfe to enryche ;  
No force what thoughe his neyghbour dye in a  
dyche.

With pollynge and pluckyng out of all measure,  
Thus must ye stuffe and store your treasure.

*Magn.* Yet somtyme, parde, I must vse  
largesse.

*Cl. Col.* Ye, mary, somtyme in a messe of  
vergesse,

As in a tryfyll or in a thyng of nought, 1790  
 As gyuyng a thyng that ye neuer bought :  
 It is the gyse nowe, I say, ouer all ;  
 Largesse in wordes, for rewardes are but small :  
 To make fayre promyse, what are ye the worse ?  
 Let me haue the rule of your purse.

*Magn.* I haue taken it to Largesse and Lyberte.

*Cl. Col.* Than is it done as it sholde be :  
 But vse your largesse by the aduyse of me,  
 And I shall waraunt you welth and lyberte.

*Magn.* Say on ; me thynke your reasons be  
 profounde. 1790

*Cl. Col.* Syr, of my counsayle this shall be the  
 grounde,  
 To chose out ii. iii. of suche as you loue best,  
 And let all your fansyes vpon them rest ;  
 Spare for no cost to gyue them pounce and peny,  
 Better to make iii. ryche than for to make many ;  
 Gyue them more than ynoughe and let them not  
 lacke,  
 And as for all other let them trusse and packe ;  
 Plucke from an hundred, and gyue it to thre,  
 Let neyther patent scape them nor fee ; 1799  
 And where soeuer you wyll fall to a rekenyng,  
 Those thre wyll be redy euen at your bekenyng,  
 For then <sup>1</sup> shall you haue at lyberte to lowte ;  
 Let them haue all, and the other go without :  
 Thus ioy without mesure you shall haue.

<sup>1</sup> then] Qy. "them?"

*Magn.* Thou sayst truthe, by the harte that  
God me gaue!

For, as thou sayst, ryght so shall it be :  
And here I make thé vpon Lyberte  
To be superuysour, and on Largesse also,  
For as thou wylte, so shall the game go ;  
For in Pleasure, and Surueyaunce, and also in  
thé, 1810

I haue set my hole felycyte,  
And suche as you wyll shall lacke no promocyon.

*Cl. Col.* Syr, syth that in me ye haue suche  
deuocyon,

Commyttynge to me and to my felowes twayne  
Your welthe and felycyte, I trust we shall  
optayne

To do you seruyce after your appetyte.

*Magn.* In faythe, and your seruyce ryght well  
shall I acqyte ;

And therefore hye you hens, and take this ouer-  
syght.

*Cl. Col.* Nowe, Jesu preserue you, syr, prynce  
most of myght!

*Here goth CLOKED COLUSYON awaye,  
and leueth MAGNYFYCENCE alone  
in the place.*

*Magn.* Thus, I say, I am enuyronned with  
solace ; 1820

I drede no dyntes of fatall desteny.  
Well were that lady myght stande in my grace,  
Me to embrace and loue moost specyally :

A Lorde, so I wolde halse her hartely,  
So I wolde clepe her, so I wolde kys her swete !

*Here cometh in FOLY.*

*Fol.* Mary, Cryst graunt ye catche no colde on  
your fete !

*Magn.* Who is this ?

*Fol.* Consayte, syr, your owne man.

*Magn.* What tydynges with you, syr ? I befole  
thy brayne pan.

*Fol.* By our lakyn, syr, I haue ben a hawkyng  
for the wylde swan. 1830

My hawke is rammysse, and it happed that she  
ran,

Flewe I sholde say, in to an olde barne,  
To reche at a rat, I coude not her warne ;  
She pynched her pynyon, by God, and caught  
harme :

It was a ronner ; nay, fole, I warant her blode  
warme.

*Magn.* A, syr, thy iarfawcon and thou be  
hanged togyder !

*Fol.* And, syr, as I was comynge to you hyder,  
I sawe a fox sucke on a kowes ydder,  
And with a lyme rodde I toke them bothe to-  
gyder.

I trowe it be a frost, for the way is slydder : 1840  
Se, for God auowe, for colde as I chydder.

*Magn.* Thy wordes hange togyder as fethers  
in the wynde.



*Fol.* A, syr, tolde I not you howe I dyd fynde  
A knaue and a carle, and all of one kynde ?

I sawe a wethercocke wagge with the wynde ;  
Grete meruayle I had, and mused in my mynde ;  
The houndes ranne before, and the hare behynde ;  
I sawe a losell lede a lurden, and they were bothe  
blynde ;

I sawe a sowter go to supper or euer he had  
dynde.

*Magn.* By Cockes harte, thou arte a fyne mery  
knaue. 1850

*Fol.* I make God auowe, ye wyll none other  
men<sup>1</sup> haue.

*Magn.* What sayst thou ?

*Fol.* Mary, I pray God your maystershyp to  
saue :

I shall gyue you a gaude of a goslynge that I  
gaue,

The gander and the gose bothe grasyng on one  
graue ;

Than Rowlande the reue ran, and I began to  
raue,

And with a brystell of a bore his berde dyd I  
shaue.

*Magn.* If euer I herde syke another, God gyue  
me shame.

*Fol.* Sym Sadylgose was my syer, and Daw-  
cocke my dame : 1859

<sup>1</sup> men] Qy. "man?"

I coude, and I lyst, garre you laughe at a game,  
Howe a wodcocke wrastled with a larke that was  
lame :

The bytter sayd boldly that they were to blame ;  
The feldfare wolde haue fydded, and it wolde not  
frame ;

The crane and the curlewe therat gan to grame ;  
The snyte snyueled in the snowte and smyled at  
the game.

*Magn.* Cockes bones, herde you euer suche  
another ?

*Fol.* Se, syr, I beseche you, Largesse my  
brother.

*Here FANSY cometh in.*

*Magn.* What tydynges with you, syr, that you  
loke so sad ?

*Fan.* When ye knowe that I knowe, ye wyll  
not be glad. 1870

*Fol.* What, brother braynsyke, how farest thou ?

*Magn.* Ye, let be thy iapes, and tell me howe  
The case requyreth.

*Fan.* Alasse, alasse, an heuy metyngel !

I wolde tell you, and yf I myght for wepyngel.

*Fol.* What, is all your myrthe nowe tourned to  
sorowe ?

Fare well tyll sone, adue tyll to morowe.

*Here goth FOLY away.*

*Magn.* I pray thé, Largesse, let be thy sob-  
byngel.

*Fan.* Alasse, syr, ye are vndone with stelyng  
and robberyng!

Ye sent vs a superuysour for to take hede: 1879  
Take hede of your selfe, for nowe ye haue nede.

*Magn.* What, hath Sadnesse begyled me so?

*Fan.* Nay, madnesse hath begyled you and  
many mo;

For Lyberte is gone and also Felycyte.

*Magn.* Gone? alasse, ye haue vndone me!

*Fan.* Nay, he that ye sent vs, Clokyd Colusyon,  
And your payntyd Pleasure, Courtly Abusyon,  
And your demenour with Counterfet Counten-  
aunce,

And your suruayour,<sup>1</sup> Crafty Conueyaunce,  
Or euer we were ware brought vs in aduersyte,  
And had robberyd you quyte from all felycyte. 1890

*Magn.* Why, is this the largesse that I haue  
vsyd?

*Fan.* Nay, it was your fondnesse that ye haue  
vsyd.

*Magn.* And is this the credence that I gaue to  
the letter?

*Fan.* Why, coulde not your wyt serue you no  
better?

*Magn.* Why, who wolde haue thought in you  
suche gyle?

<sup>1</sup> *suruayour*] Ed. "superuysour:" compare v. 1414, p. 66:  
v. 652, p. 31, &c. *Cl. Col.* has just been made "superuy-  
sour:" see v. 1808, p. 85.

*Fan.* What? yes, by the rode, syr, it was I all  
 this whyle  
 That you trustyd, and Fansy is my name;  
 And Foly, my broder, that made you moche game.

*Here cometh in ADUERSYTE.*

*Magn.* Alas, who is yonder, that grymly lokys?

*Fan.* Adewe, for I wyll not come in his clokys.<sup>1</sup>

*Magn.* Lorde, so my flesshe trymblyth nowe  
 for drede!

1901

*Here MAGNYFYCENCE is beten downe,  
 and spoylyd from all his goodys  
 and rayment.*

*Aduer.* I am Aduersyte, that for thy mysdede  
 From God am sent to quyte thé thy mede.  
 Vyle velyarde, thou must not nowe my dynt with-  
 stande,

Thou must not abyde the dynt of my hande:  
 Ly there, losell, for all thy pompe and pryde;  
 Thy pleasure now with payne and trouble shalbe  
 tryde.

The stroke of God, Aduersyte I hyght;  
 I pluke downe kynge, prynce, lorde, and knyght,  
 I rushe at them roughly, and make them ly full  
 lowe,

1910

And in theyr moste truste I make them ouer-  
 throwe.

Thys losyll was a lorde, and lyuyd at his lust,  
 And nowe, lyke a lurden, he lyeth in the dust:

<sup>1</sup> *clokys*] Here *Fansy* goes out.

He knewe not hymselfe, his harte was so hye ;  
 Nowe is there no man that wyll set by hym a flye :  
 He was wonte to boste, brage, and to brace ;  
 Nowe dare he not for shame loke one in the face :  
 All worldly welth for hym to lytell was ;  
 Nowe hath he ryght nought, naked as an asse :  
 Somtyme without measure he trusted in golde, <sup>1920</sup>  
 And now without mesure he shal haue hunger  
 and colde.

Lo, syrs, thus I handell them all  
 That folowe theyr fansyes in foly to fall :  
 Man or woman, of what estate they be,  
 I counsaile them beware of Aduersyte.  
 Of sorowfull seruauntes I haue many scores :  
 I vysyte them somtyme with blaynes and with  
 sores ;  
 With botches and carbuckyls in care I them knyht ;  
 With the gowte I make them to grone where  
 they syt ;  
 Some I make lyppers and lazars full horse ; <sup>1930</sup>  
 And from that they loue best some I deuorse ;  
 Some with the marmoll to halte I them make ;  
 And some to cry out of the bone ake ;  
 And some I vysyte with brennyng of fyre ;  
 Of some I wryng of the necke lyke a wyre ;  
 And some I make in a rope to totter and walter ;  
 And some for to hange themselfe in an halter ;  
 And some I vysyte to <sup>1</sup> batayle, warre, and mur-  
 ther,

<sup>1 to</sup> Qy. "with?" compare vv. 1927, 1934. [Rather change "vysyte" to *ynsyte*, incite. C.]

And make eche man to sle other ;  
To drowne or to sle themselfe with a knyfe ; 1940  
And all is for theyr vngracyous lyfe.  
Yet somtyme I stryke where is none offence,  
Bycause I wolde proue men of theyr pacyence.  
But, nowe a dayes, to stryke I haue grete cause,  
Lydderyns so lytell set by Goddes lawes.  
Faders and moders, that be neclygent,  
And suffre theyr chyldren to haue theyr entent,  
To gyde them vertuously that wyll not remembre,  
Them or theyr chyldren ofte tymes I dysmembre ;  
Theyr chyldren, bycause that they haue no  
mekenesse ; 1950  
I vysyte theyr faders and moders with sekenesse ;  
And yf I se therby they wyll not amende,  
Then myschefe sodaynly I them sende ;  
For there is nothyng that more dyspleaseth God  
Than from theyr chyldren to spare the rod  
Of correccyon, but let them haue theyr wyll ;  
Some I make lame, and some I do kyll ;  
And some I stryke with a fransey ;  
Of some of theyr chyldren I stryke out the eye ;  
And where the fader by wysdom worshyp hath  
wonne, 1960  
I sende oft tymes a fole to his sonne.  
Wherfore of Aduersyte loke ye be ware,  
For when I come, comyth sorowe and care :  
For I stryke lordys of realmes and landys,  
That rule not by mesure that they haue in theyr  
handys,

That sadly rule not theyr howsholde men ;  
I am Goddys preposytour, I prynt them with a  
pen ;

Because of theyr neglygence and of theyr wanton  
vagys,

I vysyte them and stryke them with many sore  
plagys.

To take, syrs, example of that I you tell, 1970  
And beware of aduersyte by my counsell,  
Take hede of this caytyfe that lyeth here on  
grounde ;

Beholde, howe Fortune of <sup>1</sup> hym hath frounde !  
For though we shewe you this in game and play,  
Yet it proueth eyrnest, ye may se, euery day.

For nowe wyll I from this caytyfe go,  
And take myscheffe and vengeaunce of other mo,  
That hath deseruyd it as well as he.

Howe, where art thou? come hether, Pouerte ;  
Take this caytyfe to thy lore. 1980

*Here cometh in POUERTE.*<sup>2</sup>

*Pouer.* A, my bonys ake, my lymmys be sore ;  
Alasse, I haue the cyatyca full euyll in my hyppe !  
Alasse, where is youth that was wont for to skyppe ?  
I am lowsy, and vnlykyng, and full of scurffe,  
My colour is tawny, colouryd as a turffe :  
I am Pouerte, that all men doth hate,  
I am baytyd with doggys at euery mannys gate :

<sup>1</sup> of] Qy. " on? "

<sup>2</sup> *Pouerte*] And *Aduersyte* goes out.

I am raggyd and rent, as ye may se ;  
 Full fewe but they haue enuy at me.  
 Nowe must I this carcasse lyft vp : 1990  
 He dynyd with delyte, with Pouerte he must sup.  
 Ryse vp, syr, and welcom vnto me.

*Hic accedat ad levandum MAGNYFYCENCE,  
 et locabit eum super locum stratum.*

*Magn.* Alasse, where is nowe my golde and fe?  
 Alasse, I say, where to am I brought?  
 Alasse, alasse, alasse, I dye for thought!

*Pouer.* Syr, all this wolde haue bene thought  
 on before :

He woteth not what welth is that neuer was sore.

*Magn.* Fy, fy, that euer I sholde be brought in  
 this snare !

I wenyd ones neuer to haue knowen of care.

*Pouer.* Lo, suche is this worlde! I fynd it wryt,  
 In welth to beware, and that is wyt. 2001

*Magn.* In welth to beware, yf I had grace,  
 Neuer had I bene brought in this case.

*Pouer.* Nowe, syth it wyll no nother be,  
 All that God sendeth, take it in gre ;  
 For, thoughe you were somtyme a noble estate,  
 Nowe must you lerne to begge at euery mannes gate.

*Magn.* Alasse, that euer I sholde be so shamed !  
 Alasse, that euer I Magnyfyence was named !

Alasse, that euer I was so harde happed, 2010  
 In mysery and wretchydnesse thus to be lapped !

Alasse, that I coude not myselfe no better gyde !  
 Alasse, in my cradell that I had not dyde !



*Pouer.* Ye, syr, ye, leue all this rage,  
 And pray to God your sorowes to asswage :  
 It is foly to grudge agaynst his vysytacyon.  
 With harte contryte make you supplicacyon  
 Vnto your Maker, that made bothe you and me,  
 And, whan it pleaseth God, better may be.

*Magn.* Alasse, I wote not what I sholde pray !

*Pouer.* Rem[e]mbre you better, syr, beware  
 what ye say, 2021

For drede ye dysplease the hygh deyte.  
 Put your wyll to his wyll, for surely it is he  
 That may restore you agayne to felycyte,  
 And brynge you agayne out of aduersyte.  
 Therfore pouerte loke pacyently ye take,  
 And remembre he suffered moche more for your  
 sake,

Howe be it of all synne he was innocent,  
 And ye haue deserued this punysshment.

*Magn.* Alasse, with colde my lymmes shall be  
 marde ! 2030

*Pouer.* Ye, syr, nowe must ye lerne to lye  
 harde,

That was wonte to lye on fetherbeddes of  
 downe ;

Nowe must your fete lye hyer than your  
 crowne :

Where you were wonte to haue cawdels for your  
 hede,

Nowe must you monche mamockes and lumpes  
 of brede ;

And where you had chaunges of ryche aray,  
 Nowe lap you in a couerlet full fayne that you  
 may ;

And where that ye were pumped with what that  
 ye wolde,

Nowe must ye suffre bothe hunger and colde :  
 With courtely sylkes ye were wonte to be drawe ;  
 Nowe must ye lerne to lye on the strawe ; 2041  
 Your skynne that was wrapped in shertes of  
 Raynes,

Nowe must ye be stormy beten<sup>1</sup> with showres  
 and raynes ;

Your hede that was wonte to be happed moost  
 drowpy and drowsy,

Nowe shal ye be scabbed, scuruy, and lowsy.

*Magn.* Fye on this worlde, full of trechery,  
 That euer noblenesse sholde lyue thus wretchydly!

*Pouer.* Syr, remembre the tourne of Fortunes  
 whele,

That wantonly can wynke, and wynche with her  
 hele. 2049

Nowe she wyll laughe, forthwith she wyll frowne ;  
 Sodenly set vp, and sodenly pluckyd downe :

She dawnsyth varyaunce with mutabylyte ;

Nowe all in welth, forthwith in pouerte :

In her promyse there is no sykernesse ;

All her delyte is set in doublenesse.

*Magn.* Alas, of Fortune I may well complayne !

<sup>1</sup> *stormy beten*] Perhaps "storm ybeten."

*Pouer.* Ye, syr, yesterday wyll not be callyd  
agayne :

But yet, syr, nowe in this case,  
Take it mekely, and thanke God of his grace ;  
For nowe go I wyll begge for you some mete ; <sup>2060</sup>  
It is foly agaynst God for to plete ;  
I wyll walke nowe with my beggers baggys,  
And happe you the whyles with these homly  
raggys.

*Discedendo dicat ista verba.*

A, howe my lymmys be lyther and lame !  
Better it is to begge than to be hangyd with  
shame ;  
Yet many had leuer hangyd to be,  
Then for to begge theyr mete for charyte :  
They thynke it no shame to robbe and stele,  
Yet were they better to begge a great dele ;  
For by robberyng they rynne to *in manus tuas*  
quecke, <sup>2070</sup>  
But beggyng is better medecyne for the necke ;  
Ye, mary, is it, ye, so mote I goo :  
A Lorde God, howe the gowte wryngeth me by  
the too !

*Here MAGNYFYCENCE dolorously maketh his  
mone.*

*Magn.* O feble fortune, O doulfull destyny !  
O hatefull happe, O carefull cruelte !  
O syghyng sorowe, O thoughtfull mysere !  
O rydlesse rewthe, O paynfull pouerte !

O dolorous herte, O harde aduersyte!  
 O odyous dystresse, O dedly payne and woo! <sup>2079</sup>  
 For worldly shame I wax bothe wanne and bloo.  
 Where is nowe my welth and my noble estate?  
 Where is nowe my treasure, my landes, and my  
     rent?  
 Where is nowe all my seruauntys that I had here  
     a late?  
 Where is nowe my golde vpon them that I spent?  
 Where is nowe all my ryche abylement?  
 Where is nowe my kynne, my frendys, and my  
     noble blood?  
 Where is nowe all my pleasure and my worldly  
     good?  
 Alasse, my foly! alasse, my wanton wyll!  
 I may no more speke, tyll I haue wept my fyll.

[*Here cometh in LYBERTE.*]

*Lyb.* With ye, mary, syrs, thus sholde it be. <sup>2080</sup>  
 I kyst her swete, and she kyssyd me;  
 I daunsed the darlynge on my kne;  
 I garde her gaspe, I garde her gle,  
 With, daunce on the le, the le!  
 I bassed that baby with harte so free;  
 She is the bote of all my bale:  
 A, so, that syghe was farre fet!  
 To loue that louesome I wyll not let;  
 My harte is holly on her set:  
 I plucked her by the patlet;  
 At my deuyse I with her met;

My fansy fayrly on her I set ;  
 So merely syngeth the nyghtyngale !  
 In lust and lykyng my name is Lyberte :  
 I am desyred with hyghest and lowest degre ;  
 I lyue as me lyst, I lepe out at large ;  
 Of erthely thyng I haue no care nor charge ;  
 I am presydent of prynces, I prycke them with  
 pryde : <sup>1</sup>

What is he lyuynge that lyberte wolde lacke ?  
 A thousande pounce with lyberte may holde no  
 tacke ; 2110

At lyberte a man may be bolde for to brake ;  
 Welthe without lyberte gothe all to wrake.  
 But yet, syrs, hardely one thyng lerne of me :  
 I warne you beware of to moche lyberte,  
 For *totum in toto* is not worth an hawe ;  
 To hardy, or to moche, to free of the dawe ;  
 To sober, to sad, to subtell, to wyse ;  
 To mery, to mad, to gyglyng, to nyse ;  
 To full of fansyes, to lordly, to prowde ;  
 To homly, to holy, to lewde, and to lowde ; 2120  
 To flatteryng, to smatteryng, to to out of harre,  
 To clateryng, to chatteryng, to shorte, and to  
 farre ;

To iettyng, to iaggyng, and to full of iapes ;  
 To mockyng, to mowynge, to lyke a iackenapes :  
 Thus *totum in toto* groweth vp, as ye may se,  
 By meanes of madnesse, and to moche lyberte ;

<sup>1</sup> *pryde*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this?

For I am a vertue, yf I be well vsed,  
And I am a vyce where I am abused.

*Magn.* A, woo worthe thé, Lyberte, nowe thou  
sayst full trewe!

That I vsed thé to moche, sore may I rewe. 2130

*Lyb.* What, a very vengeaunce, I say, who is  
that?

What brothell, I say, is yonder bounde in a mat?

*Magn.* I am Magnyfycence, that somtyme thy  
mayster was.

*Lyb.* What, is the worlde thus come to passe?

Cockes armes, syrs, wyll ye not se

Howe he is vndone by the meanes of me?

For yf Measure had ruled Lyberte as he began,

This lurden that here lyeth had ben a noble man.

But he abused so his free lyberte,

That nowe he hath loste all his felycyte, 2140

Not thorowe largesse of lyberall expence,

But by the way of fansy insolence;

For lyberalyte is most conuenient

A prynce to vse with all his hole intent,

Largely rewardyng them that haue deseruyd,

And so shall a noble man nobly be seruyd:

But nowe adayes as huksters they hucke and they  
stycke,

And pynche at the payment of a poddyngge prycke;

A laudable largesse, I tell you, for a lorde,

To prate for the patchyngge of a pot sharde! 2150

Spare for the spence of a noble, that his honour  
myght saue,

And spende c. s̄. for the pleasure of a knaue!  
 But so longe they rekyn with theyr reasons amysse,  
 That they lose theyr lyberte and all that there is.

*Magn.* Alasse, that euer I occupied suche  
 abusyon!

*Lyb.* Ye, for nowe it hath brought thé to con-  
 fusyon :

For, where I am occupied and vsyd wylfully,  
 It can not contynew longe prosperously ;  
 As euydently in retchlesse youth ye may se, <sup>2159</sup>  
 Howe many come to myschefe for to moche lyberte;  
 And some in the worlde theyr brayne is so ydyll,  
 That they set theyr chyldren to rynne on the  
 brydyll,

In youth to be wanton and let them haue theyr  
 wyll ;  
 And they neuer thryue in theyr age, it shall not  
 gretly skyll :

Some fall to foly them selfe for to spyll,  
 And some fall <sup>1</sup> prechyng at the Toure Hyll ;  
 Some hath so moche lyberte of one thyng and  
 other,

That nother they set by father and mother ;  
 Some haue so moche lyberte that they fere no  
 synne,

Tyll, as ye se many tymes, they shame all theyr  
 kynne. 2170

I am so lusty to loke on, so freshe, and so fre,

<sup>1</sup> *fall]* Qy. "fall to?"

That nonnes wyll leue theyr holynes, and ryn  
 after me ;  
 Freers with foly I make them so fayne,  
 They cast vp theyr obedyence to cache me agayne,  
 At lyberte to wander and walke ouer all,  
 That lustely they lepe somtyme theyr cloyster  
 wall.

*Hic aliquis buccat in cornu a retro  
 post populum.*

Yonder is a horson for me doth rechate :  
 Adewe, syrs, for I thynke leyst that I come to late.<sup>1</sup>  
*Magn.* O good Lorde, howe long shall I indure  
 This mysery, this carefull wrechydnesse ? 2180  
 Of worldly welthe, alas, who can be sure ?  
 In Fortunys frendshyppe there is no stedfast-  
 nesse :  
 She hath dyssayuyd me with her doublenesse.  
 For to be wyse all men may lerne of me,  
 In welthe to beware of herde aduersyte.

*Here cometh in CRAFTY CONUEYAUNCE, [and]  
 CLOKED COLUSYON, with a lusty laughter.*

*Cr. Con.* Ha, ha, ha ! for laughter I am lyke  
 to brast.

*Cl. Col.* Ha, ha, ha ! for sporte I am lyke to  
 spewe and cast.

*Cr. Con.* What hast thou gotted in faythe to  
 thy share ?

<sup>1</sup> late] Here *Lyberte* goes out.



*Cl. Col.* In faythe, of his cofers the bottoms are bare.

*Cr. Con.* As for his plate of syluer, and suche trasshe, 2190

I waraunt you, I haue gyuen it a lasshe.

*Cl. Col.* What, then he may drynke out of a stone cruyse?

*Cr. Con.* With, ye, syr, by Jesu that slayne was with Jewes!

He may rynse a pycher, for his plate is to wed.

*Cl. Col.* In faythe, and he may dreme on a daggeswane for ony fether bed.

*Cr. Con.* By my trouthe, we haue ryfled hym metely well.

*Cl. Col.* Ye, but thanke me therof euery dele.

*Cr. Con.* Thanké thé therof, in the deuyls date!

*Cl. Col.* Leue thy pratyngge, or els I shall lay thé on the pate.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, to wrangle, I warant thé, it is but a stone caste. 2200

*Cl. Col.* By the messe, I shall cleue thy heed to the waste.

*Cr. Con.* Ye, wylte thou clenly cleue me in the clyfte with thy nose?

*Cl. Col.* I shall thrust in thé my dagger —

*Cr. Con.* Thorowe the legge in to the hose.

*Cl. Col.* Nay, horson, here, is my gloue; take it vp, and thou dare.

*Cr. Con.* Torde, thou arte good to be a man of warre.

*Cl. Col.* I shall skelpe thé on the skalpe; lo,  
seest thou that?

*Cr. Con.* What, wylte thou skelpe me? thou  
dare not loke on a gnat.

*Cl. Col.* By Cockes bones, I shall blysse thé,  
and thou be to bolde.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, then thou wylte dyngge the  
deuyll, and thou be not holde. 2210

*Cl. Col.* But wottest thou, horson? I rede thé  
to be wyse.

*Cr. Con.* Nowe I rede thé beware, I haue  
warned thé twyse.

*Cl. Col.* Why, wenest thou that I forbere thé  
for thyne owne sake?

*Cr. Con.* Peas, or I shall wrynge thy be in a  
brake.

*Cl. Col.* Holde thy hande, dawe, of thy dagger,  
and stynt of thy dyn,

Or I shal fawchyn thy flesshe, and scrape thé on  
the skyn.

*Cr. Con.* Ye, wylte thou, ha[n]gman? I say,  
thou cauell!

*Cl. Col.* Nay, thou rude rauener, rayne beten  
iauell!

*Cr. Con.* What, thou Colyn cowarde, knowen  
and tryde!

*Cl. Col.* Nay, thou false harted dastarde, thou  
dare not abyde! 2220

*Cr. Con.* And yf there were none to dysplease  
but thou and I,

Thou sholde not scape, horson, but thou sholde dye.

*Cl. Col.* Nay, iche shall wrynge thé, horson, on the wryst.

*Cr. Con.* Mary, I defye thy best and thy worst.

[*Here cometh in COUNTERFET COUNTENAUNCE.*<sup>1</sup>]

*C. Count.* What, a very vengeaunce, nede all these wordys?

Go together by the heddys, and gyue me your swordys.

*Cl. Col.* So he is the worste brawler that euer was borne.

*Cr. Con.* In fayth, so to suffer thé, it is but a skorne.

*C. Count.* Now let vs be all one, and let vs lyue in rest,

For we be, syrs, but a fewe of the best. 2230

*Cl. Col.* By the masse, man, thou shall fynde me resonable.

*Cr. Con.* In faythe, and I wyll be to reason agreable.

*C. Count.* Then truste I to God and the holy rode,

Here shalbe not great sheddyng of blode.

*Cl. Col.* By our lakyn, syr, not by my wyll.

*Cr. Con.* By the fayth that I owe to God, and I wyll syt styll.

<sup>1</sup> *Here cometh, &c.*] Ed., besides omitting this stage-direction, leaves the two following lines unappropriated.

*C. Count.* Well sayd: but, in fayth, what was your quarell?

*Cl. Col.* Mary, syr, this gentyلمان called me iauell.

*Cr. Con.* Nay, by Saynt Mary, it was ye called me knaue.

*Cl. Col.* Mary, so vngoodly langage you me gaue. 2240

*C. Count.* A, shall we haue more of this maters yet?

Me thynke ye are not gretly acomberyd with wyt.

*Cr. Con.* Goddys fote, I warant you, I am a gentyلمان borne,

And thus to be facyd I thynke it great skorne.

*C. Count.* I can not well tell of your dysposycyons;

And ye be a gentyلمان, ye haue knauys condycyons.

*Cl. Col.* By God, I tell you, I wyll not be out facyd.

*Cr. Con.* By the masse, I warant thé, I wyll not be bracyd.

*C. Count.* Tushe, tushe, it is a great defaute: The one of you is to proude, the other is to haute. Tell me brefly where vpon ye began. 2251

*Cl. Col.* Mary, syr, he sayd that he was the pratyer man

Then I was, in opynyng of lockys;

And, I tell you, I dysdayne moche of his mockys.

*Cr. Con.* Thou sawe neuer yet but I dyd my parte,

The locke of a caskyt to make to starte.

*C. Count.* Nay, I know well inough ye are  
bothe well handyd

To grope a gardeuyaunce, though it be well  
bandyd.

*Cl. Col.* I am the better yet in a bowget.

*Cr. Con.* And I the better in a male. 2260

*C. Count.* Tushe, these maters that ye moue  
are but soppys in ale :

Your trymynge and tramynge by me must be  
tangyd,

For, had I not bene, ye bothe had bene hangyd,  
When we with Magnyfycence goodys made cheuy-  
saunce.

*Magn.* And therfore our Lorde sende you a  
very wengaunce !

*C. Count.* What begger art thou that thus doth  
banne and wary ?

*Magn.* Ye be the theuys, I say, away my  
goodys dyd cary.

*Cl. Col.* Cockys bonys, thou begger, what is  
thy name ?

*Magn.* Magnyfycence I was, whom ye haue  
brought to shame.

*C. Count.* Ye, but trowe you, syrs, that this is  
he ? 2270

*Cr. Con.* Go we nere, and let vs se.

*Cl. Col.* By Cockys bonys, it is the same.

*Magn.* Alasse, alasse, syrs, ye are to blame !

I was your mayster, though ye thynke it skorne,

And nowe on me ye gaure and sporne.

*C. Count.* Ly styll, ly styll nowe, with yll  
hayle!

*Cr. Con.* Ye, for thy langage can not thé auayle.

*Cl. Col.* Abyde, syr, abyde, I shall make hym  
to pysse.<sup>1</sup>

*Magn.* Nowe gyue me somewhat, for God sake  
I craue!

*Cr. Con.* In faythe, I gyue thé four quarters  
of a knaue. 2280

*C. Count.* In faythe, and I bequethe hym the  
tothe ake.

*Cl. Col.* And I bequethe hym the bone ake.

*Cr. Con.* And I bequethe hym the gowte and  
the gyn.

*Cl. Col.* And I bequethe hym sorowe for his  
syn.

*C. Count.* And I gyue hym Crystys curse,  
With neuer a peny in his purse.

*Cr. Con.* And I gyue hym the cowghe, the  
murre, and the pose.

*Cl. Col.* Ye, for *requiem æternam* groweth forth  
of his nose:

But nowe let vs make mery and good chere.

*C. Count.* And to the tauerne let vs drawe  
nere. 2290

*Cr. Con.* And from thens to the halfe strete,  
To get vs there some freshe mete.

<sup>1</sup> *pysse*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this?

*Cl. Col.* Why, is there any store of rawe  
motton?

*C. Count.* Ye, in faythe, or ellys thou arte to  
great a glotton.

*Cr. Con.* But they say it is a queysy mete;  
It wyll stryke a man myscheuously in a hete.

*Cl. Col.* In fay, man, some rybbys of the mot-  
ton be so ranke,  
That they wyll fyre one vngracyously in the  
flanke.

*C. Count.* Ye, and when ye come out of the  
shoppe,  
Ye shall be clappyd with a coloppe, 2300  
That wyll make you to halt and to hoppe.

*Cr. Con.* Som be wrestyd there that they  
thynke on it froty dayes,  
For there be horys there at all assayes.

*Cl. Col.* For the passyon of God let vs go  
thyther!<sup>1</sup>

*Et cum festinatione discedant a loco.*

*Magn.* Alas, myne owne seruauntys to shew me  
such reproche,  
Thus to rebuke me, and haue me in dyspyght!  
So shamfully to me theyr mayster to aproche,  
That somtyme was a noble prynce of myght!  
Alasse, to lyue longer I haue no delyght!  
For to lyue in mysery it is herder than dethe: 2310

<sup>1</sup> *thyther*] Qy. a line wanting to rhyme with this?

I am wery of the worlde, for vnkyndnesse me  
sleeth.

*Hic intrat DYS-PARE.*

*Dys.* Dyspare is my name, that aduersyte doth  
folowe :

In tyme of dystresse I am redy at hande ;  
I make heuy hertys with eyen full holowe ;  
Of faruent charyte I quenche out the bronde ;  
Faythe and goodhope I make asyde to stonde ;  
In Goddys mercy I tell them is but foly to truste ;  
All grace and pyte I lay in the duste.  
What lystest thou there lynngrynge, lewdly and  
lothsome ?

It is to late nowe thy synnys to repent ; 2320  
Thou hast bene so waywarde, so wranglyng, and  
so wrothsome,  
And so fer thou arte behynde of thy rent,  
And so vngracyously thy dayes thou hast spent,  
That thou arte not worthy to loke God in the face.

*Magn.* Nay, nay, man, I loke neuer to haue  
parte of his grace ;

For I haue so vngracyously my lyfe mysusyd,  
Though I aske mercy, I must nedys be refusyd.

*Dys.* No, no, for thy synnys be so excedynge  
farre,

So innumerable and so full of dyspyte,  
And agayne thy Maker thou hast made suche  
warre, 2330

That thou canst not haue neuer mercy in hys syght.



*Magn.* Alasse, my wyckydnesse, that may I  
wyte!

But nowe I se well there is no better rede,  
But sygh and sorowe, and wysse my selfe  
dede.

*Dys.* Ye, ryd thy selfe, rather than this lyfe for  
to lede ;

The worlde waxyth wery of thé, thou lyest to  
longe.

*Hic intrat MYSCHEFE.*

*Mys.* And I, Myschefe, am comyn at nede,  
Out of thy lyfe thé for to lede :

And loke that it be not longe

Or that thy selfe thou go honge 2340

With this halter good and stronge ;

Or ellys with this knyfe cut out a tonge

Of thy throte bole, and ryd thé out of payne :

Thou arte not the fyrst hymselfe hath slayne.

Lo, here is thy knyfe and a halter ! and, or we go  
ferther,

Spare not thy selfe, but boldly thé murder.

*Dys.* Ye, haue done at ones without delay.

*Magn.* Shall I myselfe hange with an halter ?

• nay ;

Nay, rather wyll I chose to ryd me of this  
lyue

In styckyng my selfe with this fayre knyfe. 2350

*Here MAGNYFYCENCE wolde slee hymselfe  
with a knyfe.*

*Mys.*<sup>1</sup> Alarum, alarum ! to longe we abyde !

*Dys.* Out, harowe, hyll burneth ! where shall I  
me hyde ?

*Hic intrat GOODHOPE, fugientibus DYSPAYRE et  
MYSCHEFE : repente GOODHOPE surripiat illi  
gladium, et dicat.*

*Good.* Alas, dere sone, sore combred is thy  
mynde,

Thyselve that thou wolde sloo agaynst nature and  
kynde !

*Magn.* A, blessyd may ye be, syr ! what shall  
I you call ?

*Good.* Goodhope, syr, my name is ; remedy  
pryncypall

Agaynst all sautes of your goostly foo :

Who knoweth me, hymselfe may neuer sloo.

*Magn.* Alas, syr, so I am lapped in aduersyte,  
That dyspayre well nyghe had myscheued me ! <sup>2360</sup>  
For, had ye not the soner ben my refuge,  
Of dampnacyon I had ben drawen in the luge.

*Good.* Vndoubted ye had lost yourselfe eter-  
nally :

There is no man may synne more mortally  
Than of wanhope thrughe the vnhappy wayes,  
By myschefe to breuyate and shorten his dayes :  
But, my good sonne, lerne from dyspayre to  
flee,

<sup>1</sup> *Mys.*] Ed. "*Magn.*"

Wynde you from wanhope, and aquaynte you  
with me.

A grete mysadventure, thy Maker to dyspleas,  
Thyselfe myscheuyng to thyne endlesse dysease !  
There was neuer so harde a storme of misery, <sup>2371</sup>  
But thrughe goodhope there may come remedy.

*Magn.* Your wordes be more sweter than ony  
precyous narde,  
They molefy so easely my harte that was so  
harde ;

There is no bawme, ne gumme of Arabe,  
More delectable than your langage to me.

*Good.* Syr, your fesycyan is the grace of God,  
That you hath punysshed with his sharpe rod.  
Goodhope, your potecary assygned am I :  
That Goddes grace hath vexed you sharply, <sup>2380</sup>  
And payned you with a purgacyon of odyous  
pouerte,

Myxed with bytter alowes of herde aduersyte ;  
Nowe must I make you a lectuary softe,  
I to mynyster it, you to receyue it ofte,  
With rubarbe of repentaunce in you for to rest ;  
With drammes of deuocyon your dyet must be  
drest ;

With gommes goostly of glad herte and mynde,  
To thanke God of his sonde, and comforte ye shal  
fynde.

Put fro you presumpcyon and admyt humylyte,  
And hartely thanke God of your aduersyte ; <sup>2390</sup>  
And loue that Lorde that for your loue was dede,

Wounded from the fote to the crowne of the  
hede :

For who loueth God can ayle nothyng but good ;  
He may helpe you, he may mende your mode :  
Prosperyte to<sup>1</sup> hym is gyuen solacyusly to man,  
Aduersyte to hym therwith nowe and than ;  
Helthe of body his besynesse to acheue,  
Dysease and sekenesse his conscyence to dys-  
cryue,

Afflyccyon and trouble to proue his pacyence,  
Contradyccyon to proue his sapyence, 2400  
Grace of assystence his measure to declare,  
Somtyme to fall, another tyme to beware :  
And nowe ye haue had, syr, a wonderous fall,  
To lerne you hereafter for to beware withall.  
Howe say you, syr? can ye these wordys  
grope?

*Magn.* Ye, syr, nowe am I armyd with good-  
hope,

And sore I repent me of my wylfulness :  
I aske God mercy of my neglygence,<sup>2</sup>  
Vnder goodhope enduryng euer styll,  
Me humbly commyttyng vnto Goddys wyll. 2410

*Good.* Then shall you be sone delyuered from  
dystresse,

For nowe I se comyng to youwarde Redresse.

<sup>1</sup> to] Qy. "by?"

<sup>2</sup> neglygence] Qy., did Skelton write, for the rhyme, "neglygesse?"

*Hic intrat REDRESSE.*

*Red.* Cryst be amonge you and the Holy Goste!

*Good.* He be your conducte, the Lorde of myghtys moste!

*Red.* Syr, is your pacyent any thyng amendyd?

*Good.* Ye, syr, he is sory for that he hath offendyd.

*Red.* How fele you your selfe, my frend? how is your mynde?

*Magn.* A wrechyd man, syr, to my Maker vnkynde.

*Red.* Ye, but haue ye repentyd you with harte contryte?

*Magn.* Syr, the repentaunce I haue, no man can wryte. 2420

*Red.* And haue ye banyshed from you all dyspare?

*Magn.* Ye, holly to goodhope I haue made my repare.

*Good.* Questyonlesse he doth me assure  
In goodhope alway for to indure.

*Red.* Than stande vp, syr, in Goddys name!  
And I truste to ratyfye and amende your fame.  
Goodhope, I pray you with hartly affeccyon  
To sende ouer to me Sad Cyrcumspeccyon.

*Good.* Syr, your requeste shall not be delayed.

*Et exeat.*

*Red.* Now surely, Magnyfyence, I am ryght  
well apayed 2430

Of that I se you nowe in the state of grace ;  
Nowe shall ye be renewd with solace :  
Take nowe vpon you this abylyment,  
And to that I say gyue good aduysement.

MAGNYFYCENCE *accipiat indumentum.*

*Magn.* To your requeste I shall be confyrm-  
able.

*Red.* Fyrst,<sup>1</sup> I saye, with mynde fyrme and  
stable

Determyne to amende all your wanton excesse,  
And be ruled by me, whiche am called Redresse :  
Redresse my name is, that lytell am I vsed  
As the worlde requyreth, but rather I am re-  
fused: 2440

Redresse sholde be at the rekenynge in euery  
accompte,  
And specyally to redresse that were out of ioynthe :  
Full many thynges there be that lacketh redresse,  
The whiche were to longe nowe to expresse ;  
But redresse is redlesse, and may do no correc-  
cyon.

Nowe welcome forsoth, Sad Cyrcumspeccyon.

*Here cometh in SAD CYRCUMSPECCEYON, sayenge,*

*Sad Cyr.* Syr, after your message I hyed me  
hyder streyght,

<sup>1</sup> *Fyrst, &c.*] Ed. leaves this speech unappropriated.

For to vnderstande your pleasure and also your  
mynde.

*Red.* Syr, to accompte you the contynewe of  
my consayte,

Is from aduersyte Magnyfycence to vnbynde. <sup>2450</sup>

*Sad Cyr.* How fortunéd you, Magnyfycence,  
so far to fal behynde?

*Magn.* Syr, the longe absence of you, Sad Cyr-  
cumspeccyon,

Caused me of aduersyte to fall in subieccyon.

*Red.* All that he sayth, of trouthe doth pro-  
cede;

For where sad cyrcumspeccyon is longe out of  
the way,

Of aduersyte it is to stande in drede.

*Sad Cyr.* Without fayle, syr, that is no nay;

Cyrcumspeccyon inhateth all rennyng astray.

But, syr, by me to rule fyrst ye began. <sup>2459</sup>

*Magn.* My wylfulness, syr, excuse I ne can.

*Sad Cyr.* Then ye repent you of foly in tymes  
past?

*Magn.* Sothely, to repent me I haue grete  
cause:

Howe be it from you I receyued a letter,<sup>1</sup>

Whiche conteyned in it a specyall clause

That I sholde vse largesse.

*Sad Cyr.* Nay, syr, there a pause.

<sup>1</sup> a letter] Qy. some corruption? This line ought to rhyme  
with the preceding line but one.

*Red.* Yet let vs se this matter thorowly ingrossed.

*Magn.* Syr, this letter ye sent to me, at Pountes was enclosed.

*Sad Cyr.* Who brought you that letter, wote ye what he hyght?

*Magn.* Largesse, syr, by his credence was his name. 2470

*Sad Cyr.* This letter ye speke of, neuer dyd I wryte.

*Red.* To gyue so hasty credence ye were moche to blame.

*Magn.* Truth it is, syr; for after he wrought me moch shame,

And caused me also to vse to moche lyberte,

And made also mesure to be put fro me.

*Red.* Then welthe with you myght in no wyse abyde.

*Sad Cyr.* A ha! fansy and foly met with you, I trowe.

*Red.* It wolde be founde so, yf it were well tryde.

*Magn.* Surely my welthe with them was ouerthrow.

*Sad Cyr.* Remembre you, therefore, howe late ye were low. 2480

*Red.* Ye, and beware of vnhappy abusyon.

*Sad Cyr.* And kepe you from counterfaytynge of clokyd colusyon.

*Magn.* Syr, in goodhope I am to amende.



*Red.* Vse not then your countenaunce for to counterfet.

*Sad Cyr.* And from crafters and hafters I you forfende.

*Hic intrat PERSEUERAUNCE.*

*Magn.* Well, syr, after your counsell my mynde I wyll set.

*Red.* What, brother Perceueraunce! surely well met.

*Sad Cyr.* Ye com hether as well as can be thought.

*Per.* I herde say that Aduersyte with Magnyfycence had fought.

*Magn.* Ye, syr, with aduersyte I haue bene vexyd ;

2490

But goodhope and redresse hath mendyd myne estate,

And sad cyrcumspeccyon to me they haue annexyd.

*Red.* What this man hath sayd, perceyue ye his sentence? <sup>1</sup>

*Magn.* Ye, syr, from hym my corage shall neuer flyt.

*Sad Cyr.* Accordynge to treuth they be well deuysyd.

*Magn.* Syrs, I am agreed to abyde your orde-  
naunce,

<sup>1</sup> *sentence*] Qy. some corruption? This line ought to rhyme with the preceding line but one. [Qy. "consayte?" C.]

Faythfull assuraunce with good peraduertaunce.

*Per.* Yf you be so myndyd, we be ryght glad.

*Red.* And ye shall haue more worshyp then  
euer ye had.

*Magn.* Well, I perceyue in you there is moche  
sadnesse, 2500

Grauyte of counsell, prouydence, and wyt ;

Your comfortable aduyse and wyt excedyth all  
gladnesse.

But frendly I wyll refrayne you ferther, or we  
flyt,

Whereto were most metely my corage to knyht :

Your myndys I beseche you here in to expresse,

Commensynge this processe at mayster Redresse.

*Red.* Syth vnto me formest this processe is  
erectyd,

Herein I wyll aforse me to shewe you my mynde.

Fyrst, from your magnyfycence syn must be  
abiectyd,

In all your warkys more grace shall ye fynde ; 2510

Be gentyll then of corage, and lerne to be kynde,

For of noblenesse the chefe poynt is to be lyberall,

So that your largesse be not to prodygall.

*Sad Cyr.* Lyberte to a lorde belongyth of  
ryght,

But wylfull waywardnesse muste walke out of the  
way ;

Measure of your lustys must haue the ouersyght,

And not all the nygarde nor the chyncherde to  
play ;

Let neuer negarshyp your noblenesse affray ;  
 In your rewardys vse suche moderacyon 2519  
 That nothyng be gyuen without consyderacyon.

*Per.* To the increse of your honour then arme  
 you with ryght,

And fumously adresse you with magnanymyte ;  
 And euer let the drede of God be in your syght ;  
 And knowe your selfe mortall, for all your dyg-  
 nyte ;

Set not all your affyaunce in Fortune full of gyle ;  
 Remember this lyfe lastyth but a whyle.

*Magn.* Redresse, in my remembraunce your  
 lesson shall rest,

And Sad Cyrumspeccyon I marke in my mynde ;  
 But, Perseueraunce, me semyth your probleme  
 was best ;

I shall it neuer forget nor leue it behynde, 2530  
 But hooly to perseueraunce my selfe I wyll bynde,  
 Of that I haue mysdone to make a redresse,  
 And with sad cyrcumspeccyon correcte my van-  
 tonnesse.

*Red.* Vnto this processe brefly compyld,  
 Comprehendng the worlde casuall and transytory,  
 Who lyst to consyder shall neuer be begyld,  
 Yf it be regystryd well in memory ;  
 A playne example of worldly vaynglory,  
 Howe in this worlde there is no seke[r]nesse, 2539  
 But fallyble flatery enmyxyd with bytternesse ;  
 Nowe well, nowe wo, nowe hy, nowe lawe degre,  
 Nowe ryche, nowe pore, nowe hole, nowe in  
 dysease,

Nowe pleasure at large, nowe in captyuyte,  
 Nowe leue, nowe lothe, now please, nowe dys-  
 please,

Now ebbe, now flowe, nowe increase, now dys-  
 crease ;

So in this worlde there is no sykernesse,  
 But fallyble flatery enmyxyd with bytternesse.

*Sad Cyr.* A myrroure incleryd is this interlude,  
 This lyfe inconstant for to beholde and se ;

Sodenly auausyd, and sodenly subdude, 2550

Sodenly ryches, and sodenly pouerte,

Sodenly comfort, and sodenly aduersyte ;

Sodenly thus Fortune can bothe smyle and frowne,

Sodenly set vp, and sodenly cast downe ;

Sodenly promotyd, and sodenly put backe,

Sodenly cherysshyd, and sodenly cast asyde,

Sodenly commendyd, and sodenly fynde a lacke,

Sodenly grauntyd, and sodenly denyed,

Sodenly hyd, and sodenly spyed ;

Sodenly thus Fortune can bothe smyle and frowne,

Sodenly set vp, and sodenly cast downe. 2561

*Per.* This treatyse, deuysyd to make you dys-  
 porte,

Shewyth nowe adayes howe the worlde com-  
 beryd is,

To the pythe of the mater who lyst to resorte ;

To day it is well, to morowe it is all amyse,

To day in delyte, to morowe bare of blysse,

To day a lorde, to morowe ly in the duste ;

Thus in this worlde there is no erthly truste ;

To day fayre wether, to morowe a stormy rage,  
 To day hote, to morowe outragious colde, 2570  
 To day a yoman, to morowe made of page,  
 To day in surety, to morowe bought and solde,  
 To day maysterfest, to morowe he hath no holde,  
 To day a man, to morowe he lyeth in the duste ;  
 Thus in this worlde there is no erthly truste.

*Magn.* This mater we haue mouyd, you myrthys  
 to make,

Precely purposyd vnder pretence of play,  
 Shewyth wysdome to them that wysdome can  
 take,

Howe sodenly worldly welth dothe deokay,  
 How wysdom thorowe wantonnesse vanysshyth  
 away, 2580

How none estate lyuyng of hymselfe can be sure,  
 For the welthe of this worlde can not indure ;  
 Of the terestre rechery we fall in the flode,  
 Beten with stormys of many a frowarde blast,  
 Ensordyd with the wawys sauage and wode,  
 Without our shyppe be sure, it is lykely to brast,  
 Yet of magnyfyce oft made is the mast ;  
 Thus none estate lyuyng of hym can be sure,  
 For the welthe of this worlde can not indure.

*Red.* Nowe semeth vs syttyng that ye then  
 resorte 2590

Home to your paleys with ioy and ryalte.

*Sad Cyr.* Where euery thyng is ordenyd after  
 your noble porte.

*Per.* There to indeuer with all felycyte.

*Magn.* I am content, my frendys, that it so be.

*Red.* And ye that haue harde this dysporte  
and game,

Jhesus preserue you frome endlesse wo and  
shame!

Amen.

26 ↓

## COLYN CLOUTE.\*

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITEL BOKE CALLED COLYN  
CLOUTE, COMPYLED BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE  
LAUREATE.

*Quis consurget mecum adversus malignantes?  
aut quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniqui-  
tatem? Nemo, Domine!*

WHAT can it auayle  
To dryue forth a snayle,  
Or to make a sayle  
Of an herynges tayle;  
To ryme or to rayle,  
To wryte or to indyte,  
Eyther for delyte  
Or elles for despyte;  
Or bokes to compyle  
Of dyuers maner style,  
Vyce to reuyle  
And synne to exyle;  
To teche or to preche,  
As reason wyll reche?

10

\* From the ed. by Kele, n. d., collated with the ed. by Kytson, n. d., with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, and with a MS. in the Harleian Collection, 2252. fol. 147.

Say this, and say that,  
 His hed is so fat,  
 He wotteth neucr what  
 Nor wherof he speketh ;  
 He cryeth and he creketh,  
 He pryeth and he peketh,  
 He chydes and he chatters,  
 He prates and he patters,  
 He clytters and he clatters,  
 He medles and he smatters,  
 He gloses and he flatters ;  
 Or yf he speake playne,  
 Than he lacketh brayne,  
 He is but a fole ;  
 Let hym go to scole,  
 On a thre foted stole  
 That he may downe syt,  
 For he lacketh wyt ;  
 And yf that he hyt  
 The nayle on the hede,  
 It standeth in no stede ;  
 The deuyll, they say, is dede,  
 The deuell is dede.

It may well so be,  
 Or els they wolde se  
 Otherwyse, and fle  
 From worldly vanyte,  
 And foule couetousnesse,  
 And other wretchednesse,  
 Fyckell falsenesse,

20

30

40



Varyablenesse,

With vnstabilnesse.

And if ye stande in doubte

Who brought this ryme aboute,

My name is Colyn Cloute.

I purpose to shake oute

All my connyng bagge,

Lyke a clerkely hagge;

For though my ryme be ragged,

Tattered and iagged,

Rudely rayne beaten,

Rusty and moughte eaten,

If ye take well therwith,

It hath in it some pyth.

For, as farre as I can se,

It is wronge with eche degre:

For the temporalte

Accuseth the spiritualte;

The spirituall agayne

Dothe grudge and complayne

Vpon the temporall men:

Thus eche of other blother

The tone agayng the tother:

Alas, they make me shoder!

For in hoder moder

The Church is put in faute;

The prelates ben so haut,

They say, and loke so hy,

As though they wolde fly

Aboute the sterry skye.

Laye men say indede  
 How they take no hede  
 Theyr sely shepe to fede,  
 But plucke away and pull  
 The fleces of theyr wull,  
 Vnethes they leue a locke 80  
 Of wull amonges theyr flocke ;  
 And as for theyr connynge,  
 A glommynge and a mummynge,  
 And make therof a iape ;  
 They gaspe and they gape  
 All to haue promocyon,  
 There is theyr hole deuocyon,  
 With money, if it wyll hap,  
 To catche the forked cap :  
 Forsothe they are to lewd 90  
 To say so, all beshrewd !

What trow ye they say more  
 Of the bysshoppes lore ?  
 How in matters they be rawe,  
 They lumber forth the lawe,  
 To herken Jacke and Gyll,  
 Whan they put vp a byll,  
 And iudge it as they wyll,  
 For other mennes skyll,  
 Expoundyng out theyr clauses, 100  
 And leue theyr owne causes :  
 In theyr prouynciall cure  
 They make but lytell sure,  
 And meddels very lyght  
 In the Churches ryght ;

But *ire* and *venire*,  
 And *solfa* so *alamyre*,  
 That the *premenyre*  
 Is lyke to be set a fyre  
 In theyr iurisdiccions

110

Through temporall afflictions :  
 Men say they haue prescriptions  
 Agaynst spirituall contradictions,  
 Accomptynge them as fycions.

And whyles the heedes do this,  
 The remenaunt is amys  
 Of the clergy all,  
 Bothe great and small.

I wot neuer how they warke,  
 But thus the people barke ;<sup>1</sup>

120

And surely thus they say,  
 Bysshoppes, if they may,  
 Small houses wolde kepe,  
 But slumbre forth and slepe,  
 And assay to crepe

Within the noble walles  
 Of the kynges halles,

To fat theyr bodyes full,  
 Theyr soules lene and dull,  
 And haue full lytell care

130

How euyll theyr shepe fare.

The temporalyte say playne,  
 Howe bysshoppes dysdayne  
 Sermons for to make,

<sup>1</sup> *barke*] So MS. Eds. "carke." Qy. "carpe?" Compare  
 v. 549.

Or suche labour to take;  
 And for to say trowth,  
 A great parte is for slouth,  
 But the greatest parte  
 Is for they haue but small arte  
 And ryght sklender connyng 140  
 Within theyr heedes wonnyng.  
 But this reason they take  
 How they are able to make  
 With theyr golde and treasure  
 Clerkes out of measure,  
 And yet that is a pleasure.  
 Howe be it some there be,  
 Almost two or thre,  
 Of that dygnyte,  
 Full worshypfull clerkes, 150  
 As appereth by theyr werkes,  
 Lyke Aaron and Ure,  
 The wolfe from the dore  
 To werryn and to kepe  
 From theyr goostly shepe,  
 And theyr spirituall lammes  
 Sequestred from rammes  
 And from the berded gotes  
 With theyr heery cotes;  
 Set nought by golde ne grotes, 160  
 Theyr names if I durst tell.

But they are loth to mell,  
 And loth to hang the bell  
 Aboute the cattes necke,  
 For drede to haue a checke;

They ar fayne to play deuz decke,  
 They ar made for the becke.  
 How be it they are good men,  
 Moche herted lyke an hen :  
 Theyr lessons forgotten they haue 176  
 That Becket them gaue :

Thomas *manum mittit ad fortia*,  
*Spernit damna, spernit opprobria*,  
*Nulla Thomam frangit injuria*.

But nowe euey spirituall father,  
 Men say, they had rather  
 Spende moche of theyr share  
 Than to be combred with care :  
 Spende ! nay, nay, but spare ;

For let se who that dare 180  
 Sho the mockysshe mare ;  
 They make her wynche and keke,  
 But it is not worth a leke :

Boldnesse is to seke  
 The Churche for to defend.

Take me as I intende,  
 For lothe I am to offende  
 In this that I haue pende :

I tell you as men say ;  
 Amende whan ye may, 180

For, *usque ad montem Sare*,<sup>1</sup>  
 Men say ye can not appare ;  
 For some say ye hunte in parkes,  
 And hauke on hobby larkes,  
 And other wanton warkes,

<sup>1</sup> *Sare*] Other eds. "fare." MS. "sciire." (Perhaps Skelton wrote "Seir"—and in the next line "appeire.")

Whan the nyght darkes.

What hath lay men to do

The gray gose for to sho?

Lyke houndes of hell,

They crye and they yell,

Howe that ye sell

200

**T**he grace of the Holy Gost:

Thus they make theyr bost

Through owte euery cost,

Howe some of you do eate

In Lenton season fleshe mete,

Fesauntes, partryche, and cranes;

Men call you therfor prophanes;

Ye pycke no shrympes nor pranes,

Saltfysse, stocfysse, nor heryng,

210

It is not for your werynge;

Nor in holy Lenton season

Ye wyll netheyr benes ne peason,

But ye loke to be let lose

To a pygge or to a gose,

Your gorge not endewed

Without a capon stewed,

Or a stewed cocke,

To knowe whate ys a clocke

Vnder her surfled smocke,

220

And her wanton wodicocke.

And howe whan ye gyue orders

In your prouinciall borders,

As at *Sitientes*,

Some are *insufficientes*,

Some *parum sapientes*,

Some *nihil intelligentes*,  
 Some *valde negligentes*,  
 Some *nullum sensum habentes*,  
 But bestiall and vntaught ; 230  
 But whan thei haue ones caught  
*Dominus vobiscum* by the hede,  
 Than renne they in euery stede,  
 God wot, with dronken nolles ;  
 Yet take they cure of soules,  
 And woteth neuer what thei rede,  
 Paternoster, Ave, nor Crede ;  
 Construe not worth a whystle  
 Nether Gospell nor Pystle ;  
 Theyr mattyns madly sayde, 240  
 Nothyng deuoutly prayde ; ✓  
 Theyr lernynge is so small,  
 Theyr prymes and houres fall  
 And lepe out of theyr lyppes  
 Lyke sawdust or drye chyppes.  
 I speke not nowe of all,  
 But the moost parte in generall.  
 Of suche vagabundus  
 Speketh *totus mundus* ;  
 Howe some synge *Lætabundus* 250  
 At euery ale stake,  
 With, welcome hake and make !  
 By the brede that God brake,  
 I am sorry for your sake.  
 I speke not of the good wyfe,  
 But of theyr apostles lyfe ;

*Cum ipsis vel illis*  
*Qui manent in villis*  
*Est uxor vel ancilla,*  
 Welcome Jacke and Gylla !  
 My prety Petronylla,  
 And you wyll be stylla,  
 You shall haue your wylla.  
 Of suche Paternoster pekes  
 All the worlde spekes.

260

In you the faute is supposed,  
 For that they are not apposed  
 By iust examinacyon  
 In connyng and conuersacyon ;  
 They haue none instructyon  
 To make a true constructyon :  
 A preest without a letter,  
 Without his vertue be gretter,  
 Doutleesse were moche better  
 Vpon hym for to take  
 A mattocke or a rake.  
 Alas, for very shame !  
 Some can not declyne their name ;  
 Some can not scarsly rede,  
 And yet he wyll not drede  
 For to kepe a cure,  
 And in nothyng is sure ;  
 This *Dominus vobiscum,*  
 As wyse (as Tom a thrum,  
 A chaplayne of trust  
 Layth all in the dust.

270

280



Thus I, Colyn Cloute,  
 As I go aboute,  
 And wandrynge as I walke,  
 I here the people talke. 290  
 Men say, for syluer and golde  
 Myters are bought and solde ;  
 There shall no clergy appose  
 A myter nor a crose,  
 But a full purse :  
 A strawe for Goddes curse !  
 What are they the worse ?  
 For a symonyake  
 Is but a hermoniake ;  
 And no more ye make 300  
 Of symony, men say,  
 But a chyldes play.  
 Ouer this, the foresayd laye  
 Reporte howe the Pope may  
 An holy anker call  
 Out of the stony wall,  
 And hym a bysshopp make,  
 If he on hym dare take  
 To kepe so harde a rule,  
 To ryde vpon a mule 310  
 With golde all betrapped,  
 In purple and paule belapped ;  
 Some hatted and some capped,  
 Rychely and warme bewrapped,  
 God wot to theyr great paynes,  
 In rotchettes of fyne Raynes,

Whyte as morowes mylke ;  
 Theyr tabertes of fyne silke,  
 Theyr styrops of myxt gold begared ;  
 There may no cost be spared ;  
 Theyr moyles golde dothe eate,  
 Theyr neyghbours dye for meate.

328

What care they though Gil sweate,  
 Or Jacke of the Noke ?

The pore people they yoke  
 With sommons and citacyons  
 And excommunycacyons,  
 About churches and market :

The bysshop on his carpet  
 At home full softe dothe syt.

330

This is a farly fyt,  
 To here the people iangle,  
 Howe warely they wrangle :  
 Alas, why do ye not handle  
 And them all to-mangle ?

Full falsely on you they lye,  
 And shamefully you ascrye,  
 And say as vntruely,  
 As the butterflye)

A man myght saye in mocke  
 Ware the<sup>1</sup>wethercocke

340

Of the steple of Poules ;  
 And thus they hurte theyr soules  
 In sclauderyng you for truthe :  
 Alas, it is great ruthe !

Some say ye syt in trones,

<sup>1</sup> MS. "Wasa."

Lyke prynces *aquilonis*,  
 And shryne your rotten bones   "  
 With perles and precyous stones ;  
 But how the commons grones,       364  
 And the people mones  
 For prestes and for lones  
 Lent and neuer payd,  
 But from day to day delayoe,  
 The commune welth decayde,  
 Men say ye are tonge tayde,  
 And therof speke nothyng  
 But dyssymulyng and glosyng.  
 Wherfore men be supposyng  
 That ye gyue shrewd counsell       368  
 Agaynst the commune well,  
 By poollyng and pyllage  
 In cytyes and vyllage,  
 By taxyng and tollage,  
 Ye make monkes to haue the culerage  
 For couerynge of an olde cottage,  
 That commytted is a collage  
 In the charter of dottage,  
*Tenure par seruyce de sottage*,  
 And not *par seruyce de socage*,       378  
 After olde seygnours,  
 And the lerning of Lytelton tenours :  
 Ye haue so ouerthwarted,  
 That good lawes are subuerted,  
 And good reason peruerted.  
     Relygous men are fayne  
 For to tourne agayne

*In secula seculorum,*  
 And to forsake theyr corum,  
 And *vagabundare per forum,*  
 And take a fyne *meritorum,*  
*Contra regulam morum,*  
*Aut blacke monachorum,*  
*Aut canonicorum,*  
*Aut Bernardinorum,*  
*Aut crucifixorum,*  
 And to syng from place to place,  
 Lyke apostataas.

And the selfe same game  
 Begone ys nowe with shame  
 Amongest the sely nonnes :  
 My lady nowe she ronnes,  
 Dame Sybly our abbesse,  
 Dame Dorothe and lady Besse,  
 Dame Sare our pryoresse,  
 Out of theyr cloyster and quere  
 With an heuy chere,  
 Must cast vp theyr blacke vayles,  
 And set vp theyr fucke sayles,  
 To catch wynde with their ventales—  
 What, Colyne, there thou shales !  
 Yet thus with yll hayles  
 The lay fee people rayles.

And all the fawte they lay  
 On you, prelates, and say  
 Ye do them wrong and no ryght  
 To put them thus to flyght ;

No matyns at mydnyght,  
 Boke and chalys gone quyte ;  
 And plucke away the leedes 410  
 Evyn ouer theyr heedes,  
 And sell away theyr belles,  
 And all that they haue elles :  
 Thus the people telles,  
 Rayles lyke rebelles,  
 Redys shrewdly and spelles,  
 And with foundacyons melles,  
 And talkys lyke tytyuelles,  
 Howe ye brake the dedes wylles,  
 Turne monasteris into water milles, 420  
 Of an abbay ye make a graunge ;  
 Your workes, they saye, are straunge ;  
 So that theyr founders' soules  
 Haue lost theyr beade rolles,  
 The mony for theyr masses  
 Spent amonge wanton lasses ;  
 The *Diriges* are forgotten ;  
 Theyr founders lye theyr rotten,  
 But where theyr soules dwell,  
 Therwith I wyll not mell. 430  
 What coulde the Turke do more  
 With all his false lore,  
 Turke, Sarazyn, or Jew ?  
 I reporte me to you,  
 O mercyfull Jesu,  
 You supporte and rescue,  
 My style for to dyrecte,

It may take some effecte!  
 For I abhorre to wryte  
 Howe the lay fee dyspyte 440  
 You prelates, that of ryght  
 Shulde be lanternes of lyght.  
 Ye lyue, they say, in delyte,  
 Drowned *in deliciis,*  
*In gloria et divitiis,*  
*In admirabili honore,*  
*In gloria, et splendore*  
*Fulgorantis hastæ,*  
*Viventes parum caste :*  
 Yet swete meate hath soure sauce, 450  
 For after *gloria, laus,*  
 Chryst by cruelte  
 Was nayled vpon a tre ;  
 He payed a bytter pencyon 7v  
 For mannes redemcyon,  
 He dranke eysell and gall  
 To redeme vs withall ;  
 But swete ypocras yè drynke,  
 With, (Let the cat wynde !  
 Iche wot what yche other thynk ; 460  
 Howe be it *per assimile*  
 Some men thynke that ye  
 Shall haue penalte  
 For your iniquyte.  
*Nota* what I say,  
 And bere it well away ;  
 If it please not theologys,

It is good for astrologys ;  
 For Ptholome tolde me  
 The sonne somtyme to be 470  
*In Ariete,*  
 Ascendent a degre,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whan Scorpion descendyng,  
 Was so then pretendyng  
 A fatall fall of one  
 That shuld syt on a trone,  
 And rule all thynges alone.  
 Your teth whet on this bone  
 Amongest you euerychone,  
 And let Collyn Cloute haue none<sup>2</sup> 480

<sup>1</sup> *Ascendent a degre*] This passage seems to be corrupted. MS. "Assendente a *dextre*:" (and compare the Lansdown MS. quoted below.)

<sup>2</sup> *haue none*] MS. has "alone;" and omits the seventy-eight lines which follow. Among the *Lansdown MSS.* (762. fol. 75) I find the subjoined fragment:

" Som men thynke that ye  
 shall haue penaltie  
 for your Inyquytie  
 Note well what to saye  
 yf yt please the not onely  
 yt is good for astrollogy  
 ffor tholomy tolde me  
 the sonn somtyme to be  
 In a Signe called ariotte  
 assendam ad dextram  
 when Scorpio is descendyng  
 affatuall fall of one  
 that syttys now on trone  
 and rewles all thynges alone

Maner of cause to mone :  
 Lay salue to your owne sore,  
 For els, as I sayd before,  
 After *gloria, laus,*  
 May come a soure sauce ;  
 Sory therfore am I,  
 But trouth can neuer lye.

With language thus poluted  
 Holy Church is bruted  
 And shamfully confuted. 490  
 My penne nowe wyll I sharpe,  
 And wrest vp my harpe  
 With sharpe twynkyng trebelles,  
 Agaynst all suche rebelles  
 That laboure to confounde  
 And bryng the Church to the grounde ;  
 As ye may dayly se  
 Howe the lay fee  
 Of one affynyte  
 Consent and agre 500  
 Agaynst the Church to be,  
 And the dygnyte  
 Of the bysshoppes see.

your tethe whet on this bone  
 Amonge you enery chone  
 And lett colen clowte alone.

The profecy of Skelton  
 1529."

(The name originally written "*Skylton.*")



And eyther ye be to bad,  
 Or els they ar mad  
 Of this to reporte :  
 But, vnder your supporte,  
 Tyll my dyenge day  
 I shall bothe wryte and say,  
 And ye shall do the same,  
 Howe they are to blame  
 You thus to dyffame :  
 For it maketh me sad  
 Howe that the people are glad  
 The Churche to depraue ;  
 And some there are that raue,  
 Presumynge on theyr wyt,  
 Whan there is neuer a whyt,  
 To maynteyne argumentes  
 Agaynst the sacramentes.

Some make epylogacyon  
 Of hyghe predestynacyon ;  
 And of resydeuacyon  
 They make interpretacyon  
 Of an aquarde facyon ;  
 And of the prescience  
 Of dyuyne essence ;  
 And what ipostacis  
 Of Christes manhode is.  
 Suche logyke men wyll chop,  
 And in theyr fury hop,  
 When the good ale sop  
 Dothe daunce in theyr fore top ;

Bothe women and men,  
 Suche ye may well knowe and ken,  
 That agaynst preesthode  
 Theyr malyce sprede abrode,  
 Raylynge haynously  
 And dysdaynously  
 Of preestly dygnytes,  
 But theyr malygnytes.

540

And some haue a smacke  
 Of Luthers sacke,  
 And a brennyng sparke  
 Of Luthers warke,  
 And are somewhat suspecte  
 In Luthers secte ;

And some of them barke,  
 Clatter and carpe  
 Of that heresy arte  
 Called Wicleuista, *Wyclif*  
 The deuelysshe dogmatista ;

550

And some be Hussyans,  
 And some be Arryans,  
 And some be Pollegians,  
 And make moche varyans  
 Bytwene the clergye  
 And the temporaltye,  
 Howe the Church <sup>1</sup> hath to mykel,  
 And they haue to lytell,

560

<sup>1</sup> *Howe the Church, &c.*] This passage in MS. stands thus:

“ Some sey holy chyrche haue to mykell  
 Som sey they haue tryalytes

And bryng in materialites  
 And qualyfyed qualytes ;  
 Of pluralytes,  
 Of tryalytes,  
 And of tot quottes,  
 They commune lyke sottes,  
 As commeth to theyr lottes ;  
 Of prebendaries and deanes,  
 Howe some of them gleanes  
 And gathereth vp the store 570  
 For to catche more and more ;  
 Of persons and vycaryes  
 They make many outcryes ;  
 They cannot kepe theyr wyues  
 From them for theyr lyues ;  
 And thus the loselles stryues,  
 And lewdely sayes by Christ  
 Agaynst the sely preest.  
 Alas, and well away,  
 What ayles them thus to say ? 580  
 They mought be better aduysed  
 Then to be so dysgysed :  
 But they haue enterprysed,  
 And shamfully surmysed,

And some sey they brynge pluralites  
 And qualifie qualites  
 And also tot cotte  
 They talke lyke sottes  
 Makyng many owte cryes  
 That they cannot kepe ther wyffes  
 And thus the losselles stryvys."

Howe prelacy is solde and bought,  
 And come vp of nought;  
 And where the prelates be  
 Come of lowe degre,  
 And set in maieste  
 And spirituall dyngnyte, 590  
 Farwell benygnyte,  
 Farwell symplicite,  
 Farwell humylyte,  
 Farwell good charyte!

Ye are so puffed wyth pryde,  
 That no man may abyde  
 Your hygh and lordely lokes:  
 Ye cast vp then your bokes,  
 And vertue is forgotten;  
 For then ye wyll be wroken 600  
 Of euery lyght quarell,  
 And call a lorde a iauell,  
 A knyght a knaue ye make;  
 Ye bost, ye face, ye crake,  
 And vpon you ye take  
 To rule bothe kynge and kayser;  
 And yf ye may haue layser,  
 Ye wyll brynge all to nought,  
 And that is all your thought:  
 For the lordes temporall, 610  
 Theyr rule is very small,  
 Almost nothyng at all.  
 Men saye howe ye appall  
 The noble blode royall:

In earnest and in game,  
 Ye are the lesse to blame,  
 For lordes of noble blode,  
 If they well vnderstode  
 How connyng myght them auauance,  
 They wold pype you another daunce : 620  
 But noble men borne  
 To lerne they haue scorne,  
 But hunt and blowe an horne,  
 Lepe ouer lakes and dykes,  
 Set nothyng by polytykes ;  
 Therefore ye kepe them bace,  
 And mocke them to theyr face :  
 This is a pyteous case,  
 To you that ouer the whele  
 Grete lordes must crouche and knele, 630  
 And breke theyr hose at the kne,  
 As dayly men may se,  
 And to remembraunce call,  
 Fortune so turneth the ball  
 And ruleth so ouer all,  
 That honoure hath a great fall.

Shall I tell you more ? ye, shall.  
 I am loth to tell all ;  
 But the communalte yow call  
 Ydolles of Babylon,  
 De terra Zabulon,  
 De terra Neptalym ;  
 For ye loue to go trym,  
 Brought vp of poore estate,

With pryde inordinate,  
 Sodaynly vpstarte  
 From the donge carte,  
 The mattocke and the shule,  
 To reygne and to rule ;  
 And haue no grace to thynke  
 Howe ye were wonte to drynke  
 Of a lether bottell  
 With a knauyssh stoppell,  
 Whan mamockes was your meate,  
 With moldy brede to eate ;  
 Ye cowde none other gete  
 To chewe and to gnawe,  
 To fyll therwith your mawe ;  
 Loggyng in fayre strawe,  
 Couchyng your drousy heddes  
 Somtyme in lousy beddes.  
 Alas, this is out of mynde !  
 Ye growe nowe out of kynde :  
 Many one ye haue vntwynde,  
 And made the commons blynde.  
 But *qui se existimat stare*,  
 Let hym well-beware  
 Lest that his fote slyp,  
 And haue suche a tryp,  
 And falle in suche decay,  
 That all the worlde may say,  
 Come downe, in the deuyll way !  
 Yet, ouer all that,  
 Of bysshops they chat,

650

660

670

That though ye round your hear  
 An ynche aboue your ear,  
 And haue *ures patentes*  
 And *parum intendentes*,  
 And your tonsors be croppyd,  
 Your eares they be stopped ;  
 For maister *Adulator*,  
 And doctour *Assentator*,  
 And *Blandior blandiris*,  
 With *Mentior mentiris*,  
 They folowe your desyres,  
 And so they blere your eye,  
 That ye can not espye  
 Howe the male dothe wrye.

Alas, for Goddes wyll,  
 Why syt ye, prelates, styll,  
 And suffre all this yll?  
 Ye bysshops of estates  
 Shulde open the brode gates  
 Of your spirituall charge,  
 And com forthe at large,  
 Lyke lanternes of lyght,  
 In the peoples syght,  
 In pullpettes awtentyke,  
 For the wele publyke  
 Of preesthode in this case ;  
 And alwayes to chase  
 Suche maner of *symatykes*  
 And halfe heretykes,  
 That wolde intoxicate,

That wolde conquinatē,  
 That wolde contaminate,  
 And that wolde vyolate,  
 And that wolde derogate,  
 And that wolde abrogate  
 The Churchis hygh estates,  
 After this maner rates,  
 The which shulde be  
 Both franke and free,  
 And haue theyr lyberte,  
 As of antiquyte  
 It was ratefyed,  
 And also gratifyed,  
 By holy synodalles  
 And bulles papalles,  
 As it is *res certa*  
 Conteyned in *Magna Charta*.

716

720

But maister Damyan,  
 Or some other man,  
 That clerkely is and can  
 Well scrypture expounde  
 And hys textes grounde,  
 His benefyce worthe ten pounce,  
 Or skante worth twenty marke,  
 And yet a noble clerke,  
 He must do this werke ;  
 As I knowe a parte,  
 Some maisters of arte,  
 Some doctours of lawe,  
 Some lernde in other sawe,

730



As in dyuynyte,  
 That hath no dygnyte  
 But the pore degre  
 Of the vnyuersyte ;  
 Or els frere Frederycke,  
 Or els frere Dominike, 740  
 Or frere Hugulinus,  
 Or frere Agustinus,  
 Or frere Carmelus,  
 That gostly can heale vs ;  
 Or els yf we may  
 Get a frere graye,  
 Or els of the order  
 Vpon Grenewyche border,  
 Called Obseruaunce,  
 Or a frere of Fraunce ; 750  
 Or else the poore Scot,  
 It must come to his lot  
 To shote forthe his shot ;  
 Or of Babuell besyde Bery,  
 To postell vpon a kyry,  
 That wolde it shulde be noted  
 Howe scripture shulde be coted,  
 And so clerkley promoted ;  
 And yet the frere doted.

But men sey your awtoryte, 760  
 And your noble se,  
 And your dygnyte,  
 Shulde be imprynted better  
 Than all the freres letter ;  
 For if ye wolde take payne

To preche a worde or twayne,  
 Though it were neuer so playne,  
 With clauses two or thre,  
 So as they myght be  
 Compendyously conueyde, 770  
 These wordes shuld be more weyd,  
 And better perceyued,  
 And thankfullerlye receyued,  
 And better shulde remayne  
 Amonge the people playne,  
 That wold your wordes retayne  
 And reherce them agayne,  
 Than a thousand thousande other,  
 That blaber, barke, and blother,  
 And make a Walshmans hose 780  
 Of the texte and of the glose.

For protestatyon made,  
 That I wyll not wade  
 Farther in this broke,  
 Nor farther for to loke  
 In deuysynge of this boke,  
 But answeare that I may  
 For my selfe alway,  
 Eyther *analogice*  
 Or els *categorice*, 790  
 So that in diuinite  
 Doctors that lerned be,  
 Nor bachelers of that faculte  
 That hath taken degre  
 In the vniuersite,  
 Shall not be obiecte at by me.

But doctour Bullatus,  
*Parum litteratus,*  
*Dominus doctoratus*  
 At the brode gatus,  
 Doctour Daupatus,  
 And bachelor *bacheloratus,*  
 Dronken as a mouse,  
 At the ale house,  
 Taketh his pyllyon and his cap  
 At the good ale tap,  
 For lacke of good wyne;  
 As wyse as Robyn swyne,  
 Vnder a notaryes sygne  
 Was made a dyuyne;  
 As wyse as Waltoms calfe,  
 Must preche, a Goddes halfe,  
 In the pulpyt solempnely;  
 More mete in the pyllory,  
 For, by saynt Hyllary,  
 He can nothyng smatter  
 Of logyke nor scole matter,  
 Neyther *syllogisare,*  
 Nor *enthymemare,*  
 Nor knoweth his elenkes,  
 Nor his predicamens;  
 And yet he wyll mell  
 To amend the gospell,  
 And wyll preche and tell  
 What they do in hell;  
 And he dare not well neuen

800

810

820

What they do in heuen,  
 Nor how farre Temple barre is  
 From the seuen starrys.

Nowe wyll I go 830  
 And tell of other mo,  
*Semper protestando*  
*De non impugnando*  
 The foure ordores of fryers,  
 Though some of them be lyers ;  
 As Lymyters at large  
 Wyll charge and dyscharge ;  
 As many a frere, God wote,  
 Preches for his grote,  
 Flatteryng for a newe cote 840  
 And for to haue his fees ;  
 Some to gather chese ;  
 Loth they are to lese  
 Eyther corne or malte ;  
 Somtyme meale and salte,  
 Somtyme a bacon flycke,  
 That is thre fyngers thyeke  
 Of larde and of greace,  
 Theyr couent to encrease.

I put you out of doute, 850  
 This can not be brought aboute  
 But they theyr tonges fyle,  
 And make a plesaunt style  
 To Margery and to Maude,  
 Howe they haue no fraude ;  
 And somtyme they prouoke

Bothe Gyll and Jacke at Noke  
 Their dewtyes to withdrawe,  
 That they ought by the lawe  
 Theyr curates to content  
 In open tyme and in Lent:  
 God wot, they take great payne  
 To flatter and to fayne;  
 But it is an olde sayd sawe,  
 That nede hath no lawe.  
 Some walke aboute in melottes,  
 In gray russet and heery cotes;  
 Some wyl neyther golde ne grotes;  
 Some plucke a partrych in remotes,  
 And by the barres of her tayle  
 Wyll knowe a rauen from a rayle,  
 A quayle, the raile, and the olde rauen:  
*Sed libera nos a malo! Amen.*  
 And by *Dudum*, theyr Clementine,  
 Agaynst curates they repyne;  
 And say propreli they ar *sacerdotes*,  
 To shryue, assoyle, and releas  
 Dame Margeries soule out of hell:  
 But when the freare fell in the well,  
 He coud not syng himselfe therout  
 But by the helpe of Christyan Clout.  
 Another Clementyne also,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Another Clementyne also, f.c.*] I suspect some corruption here. In MS. the passage stands thus;

"*Another clementyn how frere faby and mo Exivit,*" &c.

How frere Fabian, with other mo,  
*Exivit de Paradiso* ;  
 Whan they agayn theder shal come,  
*De hoc petimus consilium* :  
 And through all the world they go  
 With *Dirige* and *Placebo*.

But nowe my mynd ye vnderstand,  
 For they must take in hande 890  
 To prech, and to withstande  
 Al maner of abiectiions ;  
 For bysshops haue protections,  
 They say, to do corrections,  
 But they haue no affections  
 To take the sayd dyrections ;  
 In such maner of cases,  
 Men say, they bere no faces  
 To occupye suche places,  
 To sowe the sede of graces : 900  
 Theyr hertes are so faynted,  
 And they be so attaynted  
 With coueytous and ambycyon,  
 And other superstycyon,  
 That they be deaf and dum,  
 And play scylens and glum,  
 Can say nothyng but mum.

They occupye them so  
 With syngyng *Placebo*,  
 They wyll no farther go : 910  
 They had leuer to please,  
 And take their worldly ease,

Than to take on hande  
 Worsshpefully to withstande  
 Such temporall warre and bate,  
 As nowe is made of late  
 Agaynst holy Church estate,  
 Or to maynteyne good quarelles.  
 The lay men call them barrells  
 Full of glotony 920  
 And of hypocrysy,  
 That counterfaytes and payntes  
 As they were very sayntes :  
 In matters that them lyke  
 They shewe them polytyke,  
 Pretendyng grauyte  
 And sygnyoryte,  
 With all solempnyte,  
 For theyr indempnyte ;  
 For they wyll haue no losse 930  
 Of a peny nor of a crosse  
 Of theyr predyall landes,  
 That cometh to theyr handes,  
 And as farre as they dare set,  
 All is fysshe that cometh to net :  
 Buyldyng royally  
 Theyr mancyons curyously,  
 With turrettes and with toures,  
 With halles and with boures,  
 Stretchyng to the starres, 940  
 With glasse wyndowes and barres ;  
 Hangyng aboute the walles

Clothes of golde and palles,  
 Arras of ryche aray,  
 Fresshe as flours in May ;  
 Wyth dame Dyana naked ;  
 Howe lusty Venus quaked,  
 And howe Cupyde shaken  
 His darte, and bent his bowe  
 For to shote a crowe 950  
 At her tyrlly tyrlowe ;  
 And howe Parys of Troy  
 Daunced a lege de moy,  
 Made lusty sporte and ioy  
 With dame Helyn the quene ;  
 With suche storyes bydene  
 Their chambres well besene ;  
 With triumphes of Cesar,  
 And of Pompeyus war,  
 Of renoune and of fame 960  
 By them to get a name :  
 Nowe all the worlde stares,  
 How they ryde in goodly chares,  
 Conueyed by olyphantes,  
 With lauryat garlantes,  
 And by vnycornes  
 With their semely hornes ;  
 Vpon these beestes rydyng,  
 Naked boyes strydyng,  
 With wanton wenches winkyng. 970  
 Nowe truly, to my thynkyng,  
 That is a speculacyon



And a mete meditacyon  
 For prelates of estate,  
 Their courage to abate  
 From worldly wantonnesse,  
 Theyr chambres thus to dresse  
 With suche parfetnesse  
 And all suche holynesse ;  
 How be it they let downe fall  
 Their churches cathedrall.

Squyre, knyght, and lorde,  
 Thus the Church remorde ;  
 With all temporall people  
 They rune agaynst the steple,  
 Thus talkyng and tellyng  
 How some of you are mellyng ;  
 Yet softe and fayre for swellyng,  
 Beware of a quenes yellyng.  
 It is a besy thyng  
 For one man to rule a kyng  
 Alone and make rekenyng,  
 To gouerne ouer all  
 And rule a realme royall  
 By one mannes verrey wyt ;  
 Fortune may chaunce to flyt,  
 And whan he weneth to syt,  
 Yet may he mysse the quysshon :  
 For I rede a preposycyon,  
*Cum regibus amicare,*  
*Et omnibus dominari,*  
*Et supra te pravare ;*

990

990

1000

Wherfore he hathe good vre <sup>l. n</sup>  
 That can hymselfe assure  
 Howe fortune wyll endure.  
 Than let reason you supporte,  
 For the communalte dothe reporte  
 That they haue great wonder  
 That ye kepe them so vnder;  
 Yet they meruayle so moche lesse, 1010  
 For ye play so at the chesse,  
 As they suppose and gesse,  
 That some of you but late  
 Hath played so checkemate  
 With lordes of great estate,  
 After suche a rate,  
 That they shall mell nor make,  
 Nor vpon them take,  
 For kynge nor kayser sake,  
 But at the playsure of one 1020  
 That ruleth the roste alone.

Helas, I say, helas!  
 Howe may this come to passe,  
 That a man shall here a masse,  
 And not so hardy on his hede  
 To loke on God in forme of brede,  
 But that the parysshe clerke  
 There vpon must herke,  
 And graunt hym at his askyng  
 For to se the sacryng? 1030

And howe may this accorde,  
 No man to our souerayne lorde

So hardy to make sute,  
 Nor yet to execute  
 His commaundement,  
 Without the assent  
 Of our presydent,  
 Nor to expresse to his person,  
 Without your consentatyon  
 Graunt hym his lycence 1040  
 To preas to his presence,  
 Nor to speke to hym secretly,  
 Openly nor preuyly,  
 Without his presydent be by,  
 Or els his substytute  
 Whom he wyl depute?  
 Neyther erle ne duke  
 Permytted? by saynt Luke,  
 And by swete saynt Marke,  
 This is a wonderous warke! 1050  
 That the people talke this,  
 Somewhat there is amysse:  
 The deuil cannot stop their mouthes,  
 But they wyl talke of such vncouthes,  
 All that euer they ken  
 Agaynst all spirituall men.

Whether it be wrong or ryght,  
 Or els for dyspyght,  
 Or howe euer it hap,  
 Theyr tonges thus do clap, 1060  
 And through suche detractyon  
 They put you to your actyon;

And whether they say trewly  
 As they may abyde therby,  
 Or els that they do lye,  
 Ye knowe better then I.

But nowe *debetis scire*,  
 And groundly *audire*,  
 In your *convenire*,  
 Of this premenire,  
 Or els in the myre

1070

They saye they wyll you cast ;  
 Therefore stande sure and fast.

Stande sure, and take good fotyng,  
 And let be all your motyng,  
 Your gasyng and your totyng,  
 And your parcyall promotyng  
 Of those that stande in your grace ;  
 But olde seruauntes ye chase,  
 And put them out of theyr place.

1080

Make ye no murmuracyon,  
 Though I wryte after this facion ;  
 Though I, Colyn Cloute;  
 Among the hole route  
 Of you that clerkes be,

Take nowe vpon me  
 Thus copyously to wryte,  
 I do it for no despyte.

Wherfore take no dysdayne  
 At my style rude and playne ;  
 For I rebuke no man  
 That vertuous is: why than

1090

Wreke ye your anger on me?  
 For those that vertuous be  
 Haue no cause to say  
 That I speke out of the way.

Of no good bysshop speke I,  
 Nor good preest I escrye,  
 Good frere, nor good chanon,  
 Good nonne, nor good canon,  
 Good monke, nor good clercke,  
 Nor yette of no good werke:

1100

But my recountyng is  
 Of them that do amys,  
 In speking and rebellyng,  
 In hynderyng and dysauaylyng  
 Holy Churche, our mother,  
 One agaynst another;

To vse suche despytyng  
 Is all my hole wrytyng;  
 To hynder no man,

1110

As nere as I can,  
 For no man haue I named:  
 Wherefore sholde I be blamed?  
 Ye ought to be ashamed,  
 Agaynst me to be gramed,  
 And can tell no cause why,  
 But that I wryte trewly.

Then yf any there be  
 Of hygh or lowe degre  
 Of the spiritualte,  
 Or of the temporalte,

1120

That dothe thynke or wene .  
 That his consyence be not clene,  
 And feleth hymselfe sycke,  
 Or touched on the quycke,  
 Suche grace God them sende  
 Themselſe to amende,  
 For I wyll not pretende  
 Any man to offende.

1130

Wherfore, as thynketh me,  
 Great ydeottes they be,  
 And lytell grace they haue,  
 This treatyse to depraue ;  
 Nor wyll here no prechyng,  
 Nor no vertuous techyng,  
 Nor wyll haue no resytyng  
 Of any vertuous wrytyng ;  
 Wyll knowe none intellygence  
 To reſourme theyr neglygence,  
 But lyue styll out of facyon,  
 To theyr owne dampnacyon.  
 To do shame they haue no shame,  
 But they wold no man shulde them blame :  
 They haue an euyl name,  
 But yet they wyll occupy the same.

1140

With them the worde of God  
 Is counted for no rod ;  
 They counte it for a raylyng,  
 That nothyng is auaylyng ;  
 The prechers with euyll haylyng :  
 Shall they daunt vs prelates,

1150

That be theyr pry mates ?  
 Not so hardy on theyr pates !  
 Herke, howe the losell prates,  
 With a wyde wesaunt !  
 Auaunt, syr Guy of Gaunt !  
 Auaunt, lewde preest, auaunt !  
 Auaunt, syr doctour Deuyas !  
 Prate of thy matyns and thy masse, 1166  
 And let our maters passe :  
 Howe darest thou, daucocke, mell ?  
 Howe darest thou, losell,  
Allygate the gospell  
 Agaynst vs of the counsell ?  
 Auaunt to the deuyll of hell !  
 Take hym, wardeyne of the Flete,  
 Set hym fast by the fete !  
 I say, lyeutenaunt of the Toure,  
 Make this lurdeyne for to loure ; 1170  
 Lodge hym in Lytell Ease,  
 Fede hym with beanes and pease !  
 The Kynges Benche or Marshalsy,  
 Haue hym thyder by and by !  
 The vyllayne precheth openly,  
 And declareth our vyllany ;  
 And of our fre symplenesse  
 He sayes that we are rechelesse,  
 And full of wylfulnesse,  
 Shameles and mereylesse, 1180  
 Incorrigible and insaciate ;  
 And after this rate  
 Agaynst vs dothe prate.

At Poules Crosse or els where,  
 Openly at Westmynstere,  
 And Saynt Mary Spyttell,  
 They set not by vs a whystell :  
 At the Austen fryers  
 They count vs for lyers :  
 And at Saynt Thomas of Akers 1199  
 They carpe vs lyke crakers,  
 Howe we wyll rule all at wyll  
 Without good reason or skylly;  
 And say how that we be  
 Full of parcyalyte ;  
 And howe at a pronge  
 We tourne ryght into wronge,  
 Delay causes so longe  
 That ryght no man can fonge ;  
 They say many matters be born 1200  
 By the ryght of a rambes horne.  
 Is not this a shamfull scorne,  
 To be teared thus and torne  
     How may we thys indure ?  
 Wherfore we make you sure,  
 Ye prechers shall be yawde ;  
 And some shall be sawde,  
 As noble Isaias,  
 The holy prophet, was ;  
 And some of you shall dye, 1210  
 Lyke holy Jeremy ;  
 Some hanged, some slayne,  
 Some beaten to the brayne ;



And we wyll rule and rayne,  
 And our matters mayntayne  
 Who dare say there agayne,  
 Or who dare dysdayne  
 At our pleasure and wyll :  
 For, be it good or be it yll,  
 As it is, it shall be styll, 1220  
 For all master doctour of Cyuyll,  
 Or of Diuine, or doctour Dryuyll,  
 Let hym cough, rough, or sneuyll ;  
Renne God, renne deuyll,  
 Renne who may renne best,  
 And let take all the rest !  
 We set not a nut shell  
 The way to heuen or to hell.

Lo, this is the gyse now a dayes !  
 It is to drede, men sayes, 1230  
 Lest they be Saduces,  
 As they be sayd sayne  
 Whiche determyned playne  
 We shulde not ryse agayne  
 At dredefull domis day ;  
 And so it semeth they play,  
 Whiche hate to be corrected  
 Whan they be infected,  
 Nor wyll suffre this boke  
 By hoke ne by croke 1240  
 Prynted for to be,  
 For that no man shulde se  
 Nor rede in any scrolles

Of theyr dronken nolles,  
 Nor of theyr noddly polles,  
 Nor of theyr sely soules,  
 Nor of some wytles pates'  
 Of dyuers great estates,  
 As well as other men.

Now to withdrawe my pen,  
 And now a whyle to rest,  
 Me semeth it for the best.

1256

The forecastell of my shyp  
 Shall glyde, and smothely slyp  
 Out of the wawes wod  
 Of the stormy flod ;  
 Shote anker, and lye at rode,  
 And sayle not farre abroad,  
 Tyll the cost be clere,  
 And the lode starre appere :  
 My shyp nowe wyll I stere  
 Towarde the porte salu  
 Of our Sauyour Jesu,  
 Suche grace that he vs sende,  
 To rectyfye and amende  
 Thynges that are amys,  
 Whan that his pleasure is.

1260

Amen !

*In opere imperfecto,*  
*In opere semper perfecto,*  
*Et in opere plusquam perfecto !*

1270

*Colinus Cloutus, quanquam mea carmina multis  
 Sordescunt stultis, sed puevinate sunt rare cultis,  
 Pue vinatis altisem divino flamine flatis.  
 Unde meâ refert tanto minus, invida quamvis  
 Lingua nocere parat, quia, quanquam rustica  
 canto,  
 Undique cantabor tamen et celebrabor ubique,  
 Inclita dum maneat gens Anglica. Laurus honoris,  
 Quondam regnorum regina et gloria regum,  
 Heu, modo marcescit, tabescit, languida torpet!  
 Ah pudet, ah miseret! vetor hic ego pandere plura  
 Pro gemitu et lacrimis: præstet peto præmia  
 pæna.\**

\* These verses, not in eds., follow the poem of *Colyn Cloute* in the Harleian MS. The corruptions in the second and third lines (distinguished by Roman letter) have baffled the ingenuity of the several scholars to whom I submitted them.

A reviewer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (Sept. 1844, p. 246,) would cure this corrupted passage as follows:

*Colinus Cloutus, quanquam mea carmina multis  
 Sordescunt stultis; sed paucis sunt data cultis,  
 Paucis ante alios divino flamine flatis.*

A RYGHY DELECTABLE TRATYSE VPON A GOODLY  
GARLANDE OR CHAPELET OF LAURELL,\*

BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE LAUREAT, STUDYOUSLY  
DYUYSED AT SHERYFHOTTON CASTELL, IN THE FORESTE  
OF GALTRES, WHEREIN AR COMPRYSYDE MANY AND  
DYUERS<sup>o</sup> SOLACYONS AND RYGHY PREGNANT ALLECTYUES  
OF SYNGULAR PLEASURE, AS MORE AT LARGE IT DOTHT  
APERE IN THE PROCES FOLOWYNGE.

*Eterno mansura die dum sidera fulgent,  
Æquora dumque tument, hæc laurea nostra virebit:  
Hinc nostrum celebre et nomen referetur ad astra,  
Undique Skeltonis memorabitur alter Adonis.*

ARECTYNG my syght towarde the zodyake,  
The sygnes xii for to beholde a farre,  
When Mars retrogradant reuersyd his bak,  
Lorde of the yere in his orbicular,  
Put vp his sworde, for he cowde make no warre,  
And whan Lucina plenary did shyne,  
Scorpione ascendyng degrees twyse nyne;

\* From Faukes's ed. 1523, collated with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568, (in which it is entitled *The Crowne of Lawrell*,) and with fragments of the poem among the Cottonian MSS. Vit. E.X. fol. 200. The prefatory Latin lines are from Faukes's ed., where they are given on the back of the title-page, and below a woodcut portrait headed "*Skelton Poeta*," (see *List of Editions*, in Appendix to *Account of Skelton*, &c.): they are not in Marshe's ed. nor in MS.

In place alone then musynge in my thought  
 How all thyng passyth as doth the somer  
 flower,  
 On euery halfe my reasons forthe I sought, 10  
 How oftyn fortune varyeth in an howre,  
 Now clere wether, forthwith a stormy showre;  
 All thyng compassyd, no perpetuyte,  
 But now in welthe, now in aduersyte.

So depely drownyd I was in this dumpe,  
 Encraumpysshed so sore was my conceyte,  
 That, me to rest, I lent me to a stumpe  
 Of an oke, that somtyme grew full streyghte,  
 A myghty tre and of a noble heyght,  
 Whose bewte blastyd was with the boystors  
 wynde, 20  
 His leuis loste, the sappe was frome the rynde.

Thus stode I in the frytthy forest of Galtres,  
 Ensowkid with sylt of the myry mose,  
 Where hartis belluyng, embosyd with distres,  
 Ran on the raunge so longe, that I suppose  
 Few men can tell now where the hynde calfe  
 gose;  
 Faire fall that forster that so well can bate his  
 hownde!  
 But of my purpose now torne we to the grownde.

Whylis I stode musynge in this medytatyon,  
 In slumbrynge I fell and halfe in a slepe; 30

And whether it were of ymagynaeyon,  
 Or of humors superflue, that often wyll crepe  
 Into the brayne by drynkyng ouer depe,  
 Or it procedyd of fatall persuacyon,  
 I can not wele tell you what was the occasyon ;

But sodeynly at ones, as I me aduysed,  
 As one in a trans or in an extasy,  
 I sawe a paulyon wondersly disgysede,  
 Garnysshed fresshe after my fantasy,  
Enhachyde with perle and stones preciously, <sup>40</sup>  
 The grounde engrosyd and bet with bourne golde,  
 That passyng goodly it was to beholde :

Within it, a prynces excellente of porte ;  
 But to recount her ryche abylyment,  
 And what estates to her did resorte,  
 Therto am I full insuffyeyent ;  
 A goddesse inmortal she dyd represente ;  
 As I harde say, dame Pallas was her name ;  
 To whome supplied the royall Quene of Fame.<sup>1</sup>

*The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.*

Prynces moost pusant, of hygh preemynence, <sup>50</sup>  
 Renownyd lady aboute the sterry heuyn,  
 All other transcendyng, of very congruenee

<sup>1</sup> *Quene of Fame*] Opposite this line MS. has a marginal note, partly illegible, and partly cut off, "*Egida concussit p . . . dea pectore porta . . .*"

Madame regent of the scyence seuyn,  
 To whos astate all noblenes most lenen,  
 My supplicacyon to you I arrect,  
 Whereof I beseche you to tender the effecte.

Not vnremembered it is vnto your grace,  
 How you gaue me a ryall commaundement  
 That in my courte Skelton shulde haue a place,  
 Bycause that his tyme he studyously hath  
 spent 60  
 In your seruyce; and, to the accomplysshe-  
 ment  
 Of your request, registred is his name  
 With laureate tryumphe in the courte of Fame.

But, good madame, the accustome and vsage  
 Of auncient poetis, ye wote full wele, hath bene  
 Them selve to embesy with all there holl corage,  
 So that there workis myght famously be sene,  
 In figure wherof they were the laurell grene;  
 But how it is, Skelton is wonder slake,  
 And, as we dare, we fynde in hym grete lake: 70

For, ne were onely he hath your promocyon,  
 Out of my bokis full sone I shulde hym rase;  
 But sith he hath tastid of the sugred pocion  
 Of Elyconis well, refresshid with your grace,  
 And wyll not endeuour hymselfe to purchase  
 The fauour of ladys with wordis electe,  
 It is sittynge that ye must hym correct.

*Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.*

The sum of your purpose, as we ar æduysid,  
 Is that our seruaunt is sum what to dull ;  
 Wherin this ansuere for hym we haue comprisid,  
 How ryuers rin not tyll the spryng be full ; 81  
 Better a dum mouthe than a brainles scull ;  
 For if he gloryously pullishe his matter,  
 Then men wyll say how he doth but flatter ;

And if so hym fortune to wryte true and plaine,  
 As sumtyme he must vyces remorde,  
 Then sum wyll say he hath but lyttill brayne,  
 And how his wordes with reason wyll not  
 accorde ;  
 Beware, for wrytyng remayneth of recorde ;  
 Displease not an hundreth for one mannes  
 pleasure ; 90  
 Who wryteth wysely hath a grete treasure.

Also, to furnishe better his excuse,  
 Ouyde was bannished for suche a skyll,  
 And many mo whome I cowde enduce ;  
 Iuuenall was thret parde for to kyll  
 For certayne enuectyfys, yet wrote he none ill,  
 Sauynge he rubbid sum vpon the gall ;  
 It was not for hym to abyde the tryall.

In generrall wordes, I say not gretely nay,  
 A poete somtyme may for his pleasure taunt, 100



Spekyng in parablis, how the fox, the grey;  
 The gander, the gose, and the hudge oliphaunt,  
 Went with the pecok ageyne the fesaunt;  
 The lesarde came lepyng, and sayd that he must,  
 With helpe of the ram, ley all in the dust.

Yet dyuerse ther be, industryous of reason,  
 Sum what wolde gadder in there coniecture  
 Of suche an endarkid chapiter sum season;  
 How be it, it were harde to construe this  
 lecture;  
 Sophisticatid craftely is many a confecture; 110  
 Another manes mynde diffuse is to expounde;  
 Yet harde is to make but sum fawt be founde.

*The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.*

Madame, with fauour of your benynge sufferance,  
 Vnto your grace then make I this motyue;  
 Whereto made ye me hym to auauance  
 Vnto the rowme of laureat promotyue?  
 Or wherto shulde he haue that prerogatyue,  
 But if he had made sum memoryall,  
 Wherby he myght haue a name inmortal?

To pas the tyme in slowthfull ydelnes, 120  
 Of your royall palace it is not the gyse,  
 But to do sumwhat iche man doth hym dres:  
 For how shulde Cato els be callyd wyse,  
 But that his bokis, whiche he did deuyse,  
 Recorde the same? or why is had in mynde  
 Plato, but for that he left wrytynge behynde,

For men to loke on? Aristotille also,  
 Of phylosophers callid the princypall,  
 Olde Diogenes, with other many mo,  
 Demostenes, that oratour royall; 130  
 That gaue Eschines suche a cordyall,  
 That bannished was he by his propōsicyoun,  
 Ageyne whome he cowde make no contradic-  
 cyoun?

*Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.*

Soft, my good syster, and make there a pawse :  
 And was Eschines rebukid as ye say?  
 Remembre you wele, poynt wele that clause ;  
 Wherefore then rasid ye not away  
 His name? or why is it, I you praye,  
 That he to your courte is goyng and commynge,  
 Sith he is slaundred for default of konnyng? 140

*The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.*

Madame, your apposelle is wele inferrid,  
 And at your auauntage quikly it is  
 Towchid, and hard for to be debarrid ;  
 Yet shall I answeere your grace as in this,  
 With your reformation, if I say amis,  
 For, but if your bounte did me assure,  
 Myne argument els koude not longe endure.

As towelhyng that Eschines is remembred,  
 That he so sholde be, me semith it sittynge,  
 All be it grete parte he hath surrendred 150

Of his onour, whos dissuasyue in wrytyng  
 To corage Demostenes was moche excitynge,  
 In setting out fresshely his crafty persuacyon,  
 From whiche Eschines had none euacyon.

The cause why Demostenes so famously is brutid,  
 Onely procedid for that he did outray  
 Eschines, whiche was not shamefully confutid  
 But of that famous oratour, I say,  
 Whiche passid all other; wherfore I may  
 Among my recordes suffer hym namyd, 160  
 For though he were venquesshid, yet was he not  
 shamyd:

As Ierome, in his preamble *Frater Ambrosius*,  
 Frome that I haue sayde in no poynt doth vary,  
 Wherein he reporteth of the coragius  
 Wordes that were moch consolatory  
 By Eschines rehersed to the grete glory  
 Of Demostenes, that was his vtter foo:  
 Few shall ye fynde or none that wyll do so.

*Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.*

A thanke to haue, ye haue well deseruyd,  
 Your mynde that can maynteyne so apparently;  
 But a grete parte yet ye haue reseruyd 171  
 Of that most folow then consequently,  
 Or els ye demeane you inordinatly;  
 For if ye laude hym whome honour hath opprest,  
 Then he that doth worste is as good as the best.

But whome that ye fauoure, I se well, hath a  
name,

Be he neuer so lytell of substaunce,

And whome ye loue not ye wyll put to shame;

Ye counterwey not euynty your balaunce;

As wele foly as wysdome oft ye do auaunce: 180

For reporte ryseth many deuerse wayes:

Sume be moche spokyn of for makynge of frays;

Some haue a name for thefte and brybery;

Some be called crafty, that can pyke a purse;

Some men be made of for their mokery;

Some carefull cokwoldes, some haue theyr  
wyues curs;

Some famous wetewoldis, and they be moche  
wurs;

Some liddersons, some losels, some noughty  
packis;

Some facers, some bracers, some make great  
crackis;

Some dronken dastardis with their dry soules; 190

Some sluggyssh slouyns, that slepe day and  
nyght;

Ryot and Reuell be in your courte rowlis;

Maintenaunce and Mischeffe, theis be men of  
myght;

Extorecyon is counted with you for a knyght;

Theis people by me haue none assignement,

Yet they ryde and rinne from Carlyll to Kente.

But lytell or nothyng ye shall here tell

Of them that haue vertue by reason of cunnyng,  
Whiche souerenly in honoure shulde excell; 199

Men of suche maters make but a mummyng,  
For wysdome and sadnesse be set out a sun-  
nyng;

And suche of my seruantes as I haue promotyd,  
One faute or other in them shalbe notyd:

Eyther they wyll say he is to wyse,

Or elles he can nought bot whan he is at scole;  
Proue his wytt, sayth he, at cardes or dyce,  
And ye shall well fynde he is a very fole;

Twyshe, set hym a chare, or reche hym a  
stole,

To syt hym vpon, and rede Iacke a thrummis  
bybille,

For truly it were pyte that he sat ydle. 210

*The Quene of Fame to Dame Pallas.*

To make repungnaunce agayne that ye haue  
sayde,

Of very dwte it may not well accorde,

But your benyngge sufferaunce for my discharge  
I laid,

For that I wolde not with you fall at discorde;

But yet I beseche your grace that good recorde  
May be brought forth, suche as can be founde,  
With laureat tryumphe why Skelton sholde be  
crownde;

For elles it were to great a derogacyon

Vnto your palas, our noble courte of Fame,  
That any man vnder supportacyon

Withoute deseruyng shulde haue the best  
game :

If he to the ample encrease of his name  
Can lay any werkis that he hath compyld,  
I am contente that he be not exylide

Frome the laureat senate by force of proscryp-  
cyon ;

Or elles, ye know well, I can do no lesse  
But I must bannysse hym frome my iury-  
diccyon,

As he that aquentyth hym with ydilnes ;  
But if that he purpose to make a redresse,  
What he hath done, let it be brought to syght ; 230  
Graunt my petycyon, I aske you but ryght.

*Dame Pallas to the Quene of Fame.*

To your request we be well condescendid :

Call forthe, let se where is your clarionar,  
To blowe a blaste with his long breth extendid ;  
Eolus, your trumpet, that knowne is so farre,  
That bararag blowyth in euery mercyall warre,  
Let hym blowe now, that we may take a vewe  
What poetis we haue at our retenewe ;

To se if Skelton wyll put hymselfe in prease  
Amonge the thickeste of all the hole rowte ; 240

Make noyse enoughe, for claterars loue no peas ;  
 Let se, my syster, now spede you, go aboute ;  
 Anone, I sey, this trumpet were founde out,  
 And for no man hardely let hym spare  
 To blowe bararag tyll bothe lis eyne stare.

*Skelton Poeta.*

Forthwith there rose amonge the thronge  
 A wonderfull noyse, and on euery syde  
 They presid in faste ; some thought they were to  
 longe ;  
 Sume were to hasty, and wold no man byde ;  
 Some whispred, some rownyd, some spake, and  
 some cryde, 250  
 With heuyng and shouyng, haue in and haue  
 oute ;  
 Some ranne the nexte way, sume ranne abowte.

There was suyng to the Quene of Fame ;  
 He plucked hym backe, and he went afore ;  
 Nay, holde thy tunge, quod another, let me haue  
 the name ;  
 Make rowme, sayd another, ye prese all to  
 sore ;  
 Sume sayd, Holde thy peas, thou getest here  
 no more ;  
 A thowsande thowsande I sawe on a plumpe :  
 With that I harde the noyse of a trumpe,

That longe tyme blewe a full timorous blaste, 260  
 Lyke to the boryall wyndes whan they blowe,

That towres and townes and trees downe caste,  
 Droue clowdes together lyke dryftis of snowe ;  
 The dredefull dinne droue all the rowte on a  
     rowe ;  
 Some tremblid, some giruid, some gaspid, some  
     gasid,  
 As people halfe peuysshe, or men that were  
     masyd.

Anone all was whyste, as it were for the nonys,  
 And iche man stode gasyng and staryng vpon  
     other :

With that there come in wonderly at ones  
 A murmur of mynstrels, that suche another <sup>270</sup>  
 Had I neuer sene, some softer, some lowder ;  
 Orpheus, the Traciane, herped meledyously  
 Weth Amphion, and other Musis of Archady :

Whos heuenly armony was so passynge sure,  
 So truely proporsionyd, and so well did gree,  
 So duly entunyd with euey mesure,  
 That in the forest was none so great a tre  
 But that he daunced for ioye of that gle ;  
 The huge myghty okes them selfe dyd auauance,  
 And lepe frome the hylles to lerne for to daunce :

In so moche the stumpe, whereto I me lente, <sup>281</sup>  
 Sterte all at ones an hundrethe fote backe :  
 With that I sprange vp towarde the tent  
 Of noble Dame Pallas, wherof I spake ;  
 Where I sawe come after, I wote, full lytell lake



Of a thousande poetes assembled togeder :  
But Phebus was formest of all that cam theder ;

Of laurell leuis a cronell on his hede,  
— With heris encrisped yalowe as the golde,  
Lamentyng Daphnes, whome with the darte of  
lede 290

Cupyde hath stryken so that she ne wolde  
Concente to Phebus to haue his herte in  
holde,

But, for to preserue her maidenhode clene,  
Transformyd was she into the laurell grene.

Meddelyd with murnynge the moost parte of his  
muse,

O thoughtfull herte, was euermore his songe !  
Daphnes, my derlynge, why do you me refuse ?  
Yet loke on me, that louyd you haue so longe,  
Yet haue compassyon vpon my paynes  
stronge : 300

He sange also how, the tre as he did take  
Betwene his armes, he felt her body quake.

Then he assured into this exclamacyon  
Vnto Diana, the goddes inmortall ;  
O mercyles madame, hard is your constellacyon,  
So close to kepe your cloyster virgynall,  
Enhardid adyment the sement of your wall !  
Alas, what ayle you to be so ouerthwhart,  
To bannysshe pyte out of a maydens harte ?

Why haue the goddes shewyd me this cruelte,  
 Sith I contryuyd first principles medycynable?  
 I helpe all other of there infirmite, 311  
 But now to helpe myselfe I am not able;  
 That profyteth all other is nothyng profytable  
 Vnto me; alas, that herbe nor gresse  
 The feruent axes of loue can not repress!

O fatall fortune, what haue I offendid?  
 Odious disdayne, why raist thou me on this  
 facyon?  
 But sith I haue lost now that I entended,  
 And may not atteyne it by no medyaeyon,  
 Yet, in remembraunce of Daphnes transforma-  
 cyon, 320  
 All famous poetis ensuyng after me  
 Shall were a garlande of the laurell tre.

This sayd, a grate nowmber folowyd by and by  
 Of poetis laureat of many dyuerse nacyons;  
 Parte of there names I thynke to specefye:  
 Fyrste, olde Quintiliane with his Declama-  
 cyons;  
 Theocritus with his bucolycall relacyons;  
 Esiodus, the iconomicar,  
 And Homerus, the fresshe historiari;

Prynce of eloquence, Tullius Cicero, 330  
 With Salusty ageinst Lucius Catelyne,  
 That wrote the history of Iugurta also;

Ouyde, enshryned with the Musis nyne ;  
 But blessed Bacchus, the pleasant god of wyne,  
 Of closters engrosyd with his ruddy flotis  
 These orators and poetes refreshed there throtis ;

Lucan, with Stacius in Achilliedos ;

Percius presed forth with problemes diffuse ;  
 Virgill the Mantuan, with his Eneidos ; 839  
 Iuuenall satirray, that men makythe to muse ;  
 But blessed Bacchus, the pleasant god of  
 wyne,

Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotes  
 These orators and poetes refreshed their throtes ;

There Titus Lyuius hymselfe dyd auauance

With decadis historious, whiche that he mengith  
 With maters that amount the Romayns in sub-  
 stance ;

Enyus, that wrate of mercyall war at lengthe ;  
 But blessyd Bachus, potencial god of strengthe,  
 Of clusters engrosid with his ruddy flotis 349  
 Theis orators and poetis refreshed there throtis ;

Aulus Gelius, that noble historiari ;

Orace also with his new poetry ;  
 Mayster Terence, the famous comicar,  
 With Plautus, that wrote full many a comody ;  
 But blessyd Bachus was in there company,  
 Of clusters engrosyd with his ruddy flotis  
 Theis orators and poetis refreshed there throtis ;

Senek full soberly with his tragediis ;  
 Boyce, recounfortyd with his philosophy ;  
 And Maxymyane, with his madde ditiis, 360  
 How dotyng age wolde iape with yonge foly ;  
 But blessyd Bachus most reuerent and holy,  
 Of clusters engrosid with his ruddy flotis  
 Theis orators and poetis refreshed there throtis ;

There came Johnn Bochas with his volumys  
 grete ;  
 Quintus Cursius, full craftely that wrate  
 Of Alexander ; and Macrobius that did trete  
 Of Scipions dreame what was the treu probate ;  
 But blessyd Bachus that neuer man forgate,  
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotis 370  
 These orators and poetis refreshid ther throtis ;

Poggeus also, that famous Florentine,  
 Mustred ther amonge them with many a mad  
 tale ;  
 With a frere of Fraunce men call sir Gagwyne,  
 That frownyd on me full angerly and pale ;  
 But blessyd Bachus, that bote is of all bale,  
 Of clusters engrosyd with his ruddy flotis  
 Theis orators and poetis refreshid there throtis ;

Plutarke and Petrarke, two famous clarkis ;  
 Lucilius and Valerius Maximus by name ; 380  
 With Vincencius *in Speculo*, that wrote noble  
 warkis ;

Propercius and Pisandros, poetis of noble fame ;  
 But blissed Bachus, that mastris oft doth frame,  
 Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotis  
 Theis notable poetis refresshid there throtis.

And as I thus sadly amonge them auysid,  
 I saw Gower, that first garnissed our Eng-  
 lysshe rude,  
 And maister Chaucer, that nobly enterprysyd  
 How that our Englysshe myght fresshely be  
 ennewed ;  
 The monke of Bury then after them ensuyd, <sup>390</sup>  
 Dane Johnn Lydgate: theis Englysshe poetis  
 thre,  
 As I ymagenyd, repayrid vnto me,

Togeder in armes, as brethern, enbrasid ;  
 There apparell farre passynge beyonde that I  
 can tell ;  
 With diamautis and rubis there tabers were  
 trasid,  
 None so ryche stones in Turkey to sell ;  
 Thei wantid nothyng but the laurell ;  
 And of there bounte they made me godely chere,  
 In maner and forme as ye shall after here.

*Mayster Gower to Skelton.*

Brother Skelton, your endeuorment 400  
 So haue ye done, that meretoryously  
 Ye haue deseruyd to haue an enplement

In our collage aboue the sterry sky,  
 Bycause that ye encrease and amplyfy  
 The brutid Britons of Brutus Albion,  
 That welny was loste when that we were gone.

*Poeta Skelton to Maister Gower.*

Maister Gower, I haue nothyng deserued  
 To haue so laudabyle a commendacion:  
 To yow thre this honor shalbe reserued,  
 Arrectinge vnto your wyse examinacion 410  
 How all that I do is vnder refformation,  
 For only the substance of that I entend,  
 Is glad to please, and loth to offend.

*Mayster Chaucer to Skelton.*

Counterwayng your besy delygence  
 Of that we beganne in the supplement,  
 Enforcid ar we you to recompence,  
 Of all our hooll collage by the agreement,  
 That we shall brynge you personally present  
 Of noble Fame before the Quenes grace,  
 In whose court poynted is your place. 420

*Poeta Skelton answeyryth.*

O noble Chaucer, whos pullisshyd eloquence  
 Oure Englysshe rude so fressshely hath set out,  
 That bounde ar we with all deu reuerence,  
 With all our strength that we can brynge about,  
 To owe to yow our seruyce, and more if we  
 mowte!

But what sholde I say? ye wote what I entende,  
Whiche glad am to please, and loth to offende.

*Mayster Lydgate to Skelton.*

So am I preuentid of my brethern tweyne  
In rendrynge to you thankkis meritory,  
That welny nothyng there doth remayne 430  
Wherwith to geue you my regraciatory,  
But that I poynt you to be prothonatory  
Of Fames court, by all our holl assent  
Auaunced by Pallas to laurell preferment.

*Poeta Skelton answeyth.*

So haue ye me far passynge my meretis extollyd,  
Mayster Lidgate, of your accustomed  
Bownte, and so gloriously ye haue enrollyd  
My name, I know well, beyonde that I am  
able,  
That but if my warkes therto be agreable,  
I am elles rebukyd of that I intende, 440  
Which glad am to please, and lothe to offende.

So finally, when they had shewyd there deuyse,  
Vnder the forme as I sayd tofore,  
I made it straunge, and drew bak ones or twyse,  
And euer they presed on me more and more,  
Tyll at the last they forcyd me so sore,  
That with them I went where they wolde me  
brynge,  
Vnto the pauylyon where Pallas was syttyng.

Dame Pallas commaundid that they shold me  
conuay

Into the ryche palace of the Quene of Fame; 450  
There shal he here what she wyl to hym say

When he is callid to answeere to his name :

A cry anone forthwith she made proclame,  
All orators and poetis shulde thider go before,  
With all the prese that there was, lesse and  
more.

Forthwith, I say, thus wandrynge in my thought,

How it was, or elles within what howris,

I can not tell you, but that I was brought

Into a palace with turrettis and towris,

Engolerid goodly with hallis and bowris, 460

So curiously, so craftely, so connyngly wrowght,  
That all the worlde, I trowe, and it were sought,

Suche an other there coude no man fynde ;

Wherof partely I purpose to expounde,

Whyles it remanyth fresshe in my mynde.

With turkis and grossolitis enpauyd was the  
grounde ;

Of birrall enbosid wer the pyllers rownde ;

Of elephantis tethe were the palace gatis,

Enlosenged with many goodly platis

Of golde, entachid with many a precyous stone ; 470

An hundred steppis mountyng to the halle,

One of iasper, another of whalis bone ;



Of dyamauntis pointed was the rokky wall ;  
 The carpettis within and tappettis of pall ;  
 The chambres hangid with clothes of arace ;  
 Enuawtyd with rubies the vawte was of this  
 place.

Thus passid we forth, walkynge vnto the pretory,  
 Where the postis wer enbulyoned with saphiris  
 indy blew,  
 Englasid glittering with many a clere story ;  
 Iacinctis and smaragdis out of the florth they  
 grew : 480

Vnto this place all poetis there did sue,  
 Wherin was set of Fame the noble Quene,  
 All other transcendynge, most rychely besene,

Vnder a gloryous cloth of astate,  
 Fret all with orient perllys of Garnate,  
 Encrownyd as empresse of all this worldly fate,  
 So ryally, so rychely, so passyngly ornate,  
 It was excedyng byyonde the commowne rate :  
 This hous enuyrowne was a myle about ;  
 If xii were let in, xii hundreth stode without. 490

Then to this lady and souerayne of this palace  
 Of purseuantis ther presid in with many a  
 dyuerse tale ;  
 Some were of Poyle, and sum were of Trace,  
 Of Lymerik, of Loreine, of Spayne, of Port-  
 yngale,

Frome Napuls, from Nauern, and from Roun-  
 ceuall,  
 Some from Flaunders, sum fro the se coste,  
 Some from the mayne lande, some fro the Frensche  
 hoste :

With, How doth the north? what tydyngis in the  
 sowth?

The west is wyndy, the est is metely wele ;  
 It is harde to tell of euery mannes mouthe ; 600  
 A slipper holde the taile is of an ele,  
 And he haltith often that hath a kyby hele ;  
 Some shewid his salfecundight, some shewid his  
 charter,  
 Some lokyd full smothely, and had a fals quarter ;

With, Sir, I pray you, a lytyll tyne stande backe,  
 And lette me come in to delyuer my lettre ;  
 Another tolde how shyppes wente to wrak ;  
 There were many wordes smaller and gretter,  
 With, I as good as thou, Ifayth and no better ;  
 Some came to tell treuth, some came to lye, 610  
 Some came to flater, some came to spye :

There were, I say, of all maner of sortis,  
 Of Dertmouth, of Plummouth, of Portismouth  
 also ;

The burgeis and the ballyuis of the v portis,  
 With, Now let me come, and now let me go :  
 And all tyme wandred I thus to and fro,

Tyll at the last theis noble poetis thre  
Vnto me sayd, Lo, syr, now ye may se

Of this high courte the dayly besines ;  
From you most we, but not longe to tary ; 520  
Lo, hither commyth a goodly maystres,  
Occupacyon, Famys regestary,  
Whiche shall be to you a sufferayne accessary,  
With syngular pleasurs to dryue away the  
tyme,  
And we shall se you ageyne or it be pryme.

When they were past and wente forth on there  
way,  
This gentilwoman, that callyd was by name  
Occupacyon, in ryght goodly aray,  
Came towarde me, and smylid halfe in game ;  
I sawe hir smyle, and I then did the same ; 530  
With that on me she kest her goodly loke ;  
Vnder her arme, me thought, she hade a boke.

*Occupacyoun to Skelton.*

Lyke as the larke, vpon the somers day,  
Whan Titan radiant burnisshith his bemis  
bryght,  
Mountith on hy with her melodious lay,  
Of the soneshyne engladid with the lyght,  
So am I supprysed with pleasure and delyght  
To se this howre now, that I may say,  
How ye ar welcome to this court of aray.

Of your aqueintaunce I was in tymes past, 548  
 Of studyous doctryne when at the port salu  
 Ye fyrste aryuyd ; whan broken was your mast  
 Of worldly trust, then did I you rescu ;  
 Your storme dryuen shyppe I repaired new,  
 So well entakeled, what wynde that euer blowe,  
 No stormy tempeste your barge shall ouerthrow.

Welcome to me as hertely as herte can thynke,  
 Welcome to me with all my hole desyre !  
 And for my sake spare neyther pen nor ynke ;  
 Be well assurid I shall aquyte your hyre, 550  
 Your name recountynge beyonde the lande of  
 Tyre,  
 From Sydony to the mount Olympyan,  
 Frome Babill towre to the hillis Caspian.

*Skelton Poeta answeryth.*

I thanked her moche of her most noble offer,  
 Affyaunsynge her myne hole assuraunce  
 For her pleasure to make a large profer,  
 Enpryntyng her wordes in my remembraunce,  
 To owe her my seruyce with true perseueraunce.  
 Come on with me, she sayd, let vs not stonde ;  
 And with that worde she toke me by the honde.

560

So passyd we forthe into the forsayd place,  
 With suche communycacyon as came to our  
 mynde ;  
 And then she sayd, Whylis we haue tyme and  
 space

To walke where we lyst, let vs somewhat fynde  
 To pas the tyme with, but let vs wast no wynde,  
 For ydle iangelers haue but lytill braine ;  
 Wordes be swordes, and hard to call ageine.

Into a felde she brought me wyde and large,  
 Enwallyd aboute with the stony flint,  
 Strongly enbateld, moche costious of charge : 570  
 To walke on this walle she bed I sholde not  
 stint ;

Go softly, she sayd, the stones be full glint.  
 She went before, and bad me take good holde :  
 I sawe a thowsande yatis new and olde,

Then questionyd I her what thos yatis ment ;  
 Wherto she answeyrd, and breuely me tolde,  
 How from the est vnto the occident,  
 And from the sowth vnto the north so colde,  
 Theis yatis, she sayd, which that ye beholde,  
 Be issuis and portis from all maner of nacyons ; 580  
 And seryously she shewyd me ther denominacyons.

They had wrytyng, sum Greke, sum Ebrew,  
 Some Romaine letters, as I vnderstode ;  
 Some were olde wryten, sum were writen new,  
 Some carectis of Caldy, sum Frensshe was full  
 good ;

But one gate specyally, where as I stode,  
 Had grauin in it of calcydony a capytall A ;  
 What yate call ye this? and she sayd, Anglia.

The beldyng therof was passyng commendable ;  
 Wheron stode a lybbard, crownyd with golde  
 and stones, . 590

Terrible of countenaunce and passyng formyd-  
 able,

As quikly towchyd as it were flesshe and bones,  
 As gastly that glaris, as grimly that gronis,  
 As fersly frownyng as he had ben fyghtyng,  
 And with his forme foote he shoke forthe this  
 wrytyng :

*Formidanda nimis Jovis ultima fulmina tollis :<sup>a</sup>  
 Unguibus ire parat loca singula livida curvis  
 Quam modo per Phæbes nummos raptura Celæno ;  
 Arma, lues, luctus, fel, vis, fraus, barbara tellus ;  
 Mille modis erras odium tibi quærere Martis :<sup>600</sup>  
 Spreto spineto cedat saliunca roseto.*

Then I me lent, and loked ouer the wall :

Innumerable people presed to euery gate ;  
 Shet were the gatis ; thei might wel knock and  
 cal,

And turne home ageyne, for they cam al to late.

I her demaunded of them and ther astate :  
 Forsothe, quod she, theys be haskardis and  
 rebawdis,

Dysers, carders, tumblars with gambawdis,

<sup>a</sup> Cacosinthicon<sup>1</sup> ex industria. [Side Note.]

<sup>1</sup> Cacosinthicon] Properly "Cacosyntheton."

Furdrers of loue, with baudry aqeinted,  
 Brainles blenkardis that blow at the cole, 610  
 Fals forgers of mony, for kownnage atteintid,  
 Pope holy ypocrytis, as they were golde and  
 hole,  
 Powle hatchettis, that prate wyll at euery ale  
 pole,  
 Ryot, reueler, railer, brybery, theft,  
 With other condycyons that well myght be left :

Sume fayne themselfe folys, and wolde be callyd  
 wyse,  
 Sum medelynge spyes, by craft to grope thy  
 mynde,  
 Sum dysdanous dawcokkis that all men dispyse,  
 Fals flaterers that fawne thé, and kurris of  
 kynde  
 That speke fayre before thé and shrewdly  
 behynde ; 620  
 Hither they come crowdyng to get them a name,  
 But hailid they be homwarde with sorow and  
 shame.

With that I herd gunnis russhe out at ones,  
 Bowns, bowns, bowns ! that all they out cryde ;  
 It made sum lympe legged and broisid there  
 bones ;  
 Sum were made peuysshe, porisshly pynk iyde,  
 That euer more after by it they were aspyid ;  
 And one ther was there, I wondred of his hap,  
 For a gun stone, I say, had all to-iaggid his cap,

Raggid, and daggid, and cunnyngly cut; 630

The blaste of the brynston blew away his  
brayne;

Masid as a marche hare, he ran lyke a scut;

And, sir, amonge all me thought I saw twaine,

The one was a tumblar, that afterwarde againe

Of a dysour, a deuyll way, grew a ientilman,

Pers Prater, the secund, that quarillis beganne;

With a pellit of peuisshenes they had suche a  
stroke,

That all the dayes of ther lyfe shall styck by  
ther rybbis :

Foo, foisty bawdias ! sum smellid of the smoke ;

I saw dyuers that were cariid away thens in  
cribbis, 640

Dasyng after dotrellis, lyke drunkardis that  
dribbis ;

Theis titiuyllis with taumpinnis wer towchid and  
tappid ;

Moche mischefe, I hyght you, amonge them ther  
happid.

Sometyme, as it semyth, when the mone light

By meanys of a grosely endarkyd clowde

Sodenly is eclipsid in the wynter night,

In lyke maner of wyse a myst did vs shrowde ;

But wele may ye thynk I was no thyng prowde

Of that auenturis, whiche made me sore agast.

In derkenes thus dwelt we, tyll at the last 650



The clowdis gan to clere, the myst was rarifid :  
 In an herber I saw, brought where I was,  
 There birdis on the brere sange on euery syde ;  
 With alys ensandid about in compas,  
 The bankis enturfid with singular solas,  
 Enrailid with rosers, and vinis engrapid ;  
 It was a new comfort of sorowis escapid.

In the middis a coundight, that coryously was  
 cast,  
 With pypes of golde engusshing out stremes ;  
 Of cristall the clerenes theis waters far past,  
 Enswymmyng with rochis, barbellis, and bremis,  
 Whose skales ensilured again the son beames  
 Englisterd, that ioyous it was to beholde.  
 Then furthermore aboute me my syght I reuolde,

Where I saw growyng a goodly laurell tre,  
 Enuerdurid with leuis contynually grene ;  
 Aboue in the top a byrde of Araby,  
 Men call a phenix ; her wynges bytwene  
 She bet vp a fyre with the sparkis full kene  
 With braunches and bowghis of the swete olyue,  
 Whos flagraunt flower was chefe preseruatyue

Ageynst all infeccyons with cancour enflamyd,  
 Ageynst all baratows broisiours of olde,

*a* *Oliva speciosa in campis.* [*Side Note.*]

*b* *Nota excellentiam virtutis in oliva.* [*Side Note.*]

It passid all bawmys that euer were namyd,  
 Or gummis of Saby so derely that be solde :  
 There blew in that gardynge a soft piplyng  
 colde  
 Enbrethyng of Zepherus with his pleasant wynde ;  
 All frutis and flowris grew there in there kynde.

Dryades there daunsid vpon that goodly soile,  
 With the nyne Muses, Pierides by name ; 680  
 Phillis and Testalis, ther tressis with oyle  
 Were newly enbybid ; and rownd about the  
 same  
 Grene tre of laurell moche solacyous game  
 They made, with chapelletes and garlandes  
 grene ;  
 And formest of all dame Flora, the quene

Of somer, so formally she fotid the daunce ;  
 There Cintheus sat twynklyng vpon his harpe  
 stringis ;  
 And Iopas his instrument did auaunce,  
 The poemis and storis auncient inbryngis  
 Of Athlas astrology, and many noble thyngis, 690  
 Of wandryng of the mone, the course of the sun,  
 Of men and of bestis, and whereof they begone,

What thyng occasionyd the showris of rayne,  
 Of fyre elementar in his supreme spere,  
 And of that pole artike whiche doth remayne  
 Behynde the taile of Vrsa so clere ;

Of Pliades he prechid with ther drowsy chere,  
 Immoysturid with mislyng and ay droppying dry,  
 And where the two Trions a man shold aspy,

And of the winter days that hy them so fast, 700  
 And of the wynter nyghtes that tary so longe,  
 And of the somer days so longe that doth last,  
 And of their shorte nyghtes; he browght in his  
 songe

How wronge was no ryght, and ryght was no  
 wronge :

There was counteryng of carollis in meter and  
 verse

So many, that longe it were to reherse.

*Occupacyon to Skelton.*

How say ye? is this after your appetite?

May this contente you and your mirry mynde?

Here dwellith pleasure, with lust and delyte;

Contynuall comfort here ye may fynde, 710

Of welth and solace no thyng left behynde;

All thyng conuenable here is contryuyd,

Wherewith your spiritis may be reuyid.

*Poeta Skelton answeyeth.*

Questionles no dowte of that ye say;

Jupiter hymselfe this lyfe myght endure;

This ioy excedith all worldly sport and play,

Paradyce this place is of syngular pleasure:

O wele were hym that herof myght be sure,

And here to inhabite and ay for to dwell !  
 But, goodly maystres, one thyng ye me tell. 720

*Occupacyon to Skelton.*

Of your demawnd shew me the content,  
 What it is, and where vpon it standis ;  
 And if there be in it any thyng ment,  
 Wherof the answer restyth in my handis,  
 It shall be losyd ful sone out of the bandis  
 Of scrupulus dout ; wherfore your mynde dis-  
 charge,  
 And of your wyll the plainnes shew at large.

*Poeta Skelton answeyth.*

I thanke you, goodly maystres, to me most  
 benynge,  
 That of your bounte so well haue me assurid ;  
 But my request is not so great a thyng, 730  
 That I ne force what though it be discourid ;  
 I am not woundid but that I may be cured ;  
 I am not ladyn of liddyernes with lumpis,  
 As dasid doterdis that dreme in their dumpis.

*Occupacyon to Skelton.*

Nowe what ye mene, I trow I coniect ;  
 Gog gyue you good yere, ye make me to  
 smyle ;  
 Now, be your faith, is not this theeffect  
 Of your questyon ye make all this whyle,  
 To vnderstande who dwellyth in yone pile,

And what blunderar is yonder that playth didil  
diddil? 740

He fyndith fals mesuris out of his fonde fiddill. \*

*Interpolata, quæ industriosum postulat inter-  
pretem, satira in vatis adversarium.*

*Tressis agasonis species prior, altera Davi :  
Aucupium culicis, limis dum torquet ocellum,  
Concipit, aligeras rapit, appetit, aspice, muscas !  
Maia quæque fovet, fovet aut quæ Jupiter, aut  
quæ<sup>a</sup>*

*Frigida Saturnus, Sol, Mars, Venus, algida Luna,  
Si tibi contingat verbo aut committere scripto,  
Quam sibi mox tacita sudant præcordia culpa !  
Hinc ruit in flammis, stimulus hunc urget et  
illum,*

*Invocat ad rixas, vanos tamen excitat ignes, 750  
Labra movens tacitus, rumpantur ut ilia Codro.*

17. 4. 7. 2. 17. 5. 18.

18. 19. 1. 19. 8. 5. 12.

His name for to know if that ye lyst,  
Enuyous Rancour truely he hight :  
Beware of hym, I warne you ; for and ye wist

<sup>a</sup> Nota Alchimiam et 7 metalla. [Side Note.]

How daungerous it were to stande in his lyght,  
 Ye wolde not dele with hym, though that ye  
 myght,  
 For by his deuellysshe drift and graceles prouision  
 An hole reame he is able to set at deuysion :

For when he spekyth fayrest, then thynketh he  
 moost yll ;  
 Full gloriously can he glose, thy mynde for to  
 fele ; 760  
 He wyll set men a feightyng and syt hymselfe  
 styll,  
 And smerke, lyke a smythy kur, at sperkes of  
 steile ;  
 He can neuer leue warke whylis it is wele ;  
 To tell all his towchis it were to grete wonder ;  
 The deuyll of hell and he be seldome asonder.

Thus talkyng we went forth in at a postern gate ;  
 Turnyng on the ryght hande, by a windyng  
 stayre,  
 She brought me to a goodly chaumber of astate,  
 Where the noble Cowntes of Surrey in a  
 chayre  
 Sat honorably, to whome did repaire 770  
 Of ladys a beue with all dew reuerence :  
 Syt downe, fayre ladys, and do your diligence !

Come forth, ientylwomen, I pray you, she sayd ;  
 I haue contryuyd for you a goodly warke,

And who can worke beste now shall be asayde ;  
 A cronell of lawrell with verduris light and  
 darke

I haue deuysed for Skelton, my clerke ;  
 For to his seruyce I haue suche regarde,  
 That of our bownte we wyll hym rewarde :

For of all ladyes he hath the library, 780  
 Ther names recountyng in the court of Fame ;  
 Of all gentylwomen he hath the scruteny,  
 In Fames court reportyng the same ;  
 For yet of women he neuer sayd shame,  
 But if they were counterfettes that women them  
 call,  
 That list of there lewdnesse with hym for to brall.

With that the tappettis and carpettis were layd,  
 Whereon theis ladys softly myght rest,  
 The saumpler to sow on, the laxis to enbraid ; 789  
 To weue in the stoule sume were full preste ;  
 With slaiis, with tauellis, with hedellis well  
 drest,

The frame was browght forth with his weuyng  
 pin :

God geue them good spede there warke to begin !

Sume to enbrowder put them in prese,  
 Well gydyng ther glowtonn to kepe streit theyr  
 sylk,

Sum pirlyng of goldde theyr worke to encrese

With fingers smale, and handis whyte as mylk ;  
 With, Reche me that skane of tewly sylk ;  
 And, Wynde me that botowme of such an hew,  
 Grene, rede, tawny, whyte, blak, purpill, and  
 blew. 800

Of broken warkis wrought many a goodly thyng,  
 In castyng, in turnyng, in florissyng of  
 flowris,

With burris rowth and bottons surffillyng,  
 In nedill wark raysyng byrdis in bowris,  
 With vertu enbesid all tymes and howris ;  
 And truly of theyr bownte thus were they bent  
 To worke me this chapelet by goode aduysemente.

*Occupacyon to Skelton.*

Beholde and se in your aduertysement  
 How theis ladys and gentylwomen all  
 For your pleasure do there endeuourment, 810  
 And for your sake how fast to warke they fall :  
 To your remembraunce wherfore ye must call  
 In goodly wordes plesauntly comprysid,  
 That for them some goodly conseyt be deuysid,

With proper captacyons of beneuolence,  
 Ornatly pullysshid after your faculte,  
 Sith ye must nedis afforce it by pretence  
 Of your professyoun vnto vmanyte,  
 Commensyng your proces after there degre, 815  
 To iche of them rendryng thankis commendable,  
 With sentence fructuous and termes couenable.



*Poeta Skelton.*

Auaunsynge my selfe sum thanke to deserue,  
 I me determynd for to sharpe my pen,  
 Deuoutly arrectyng my prayer to Mynerue,  
 She to vowchesafe me to informe and ken ;  
 To Mercury also hertely prayed I then,  
 Me to supporte, to helpe, and to assist,  
 To gyde and to gouerne my dredfull tremlyng  
 fist.

As a mariner that amasid is in a stormy rage,  
 Hardly bestad and driuen is to hope 830  
 Of that the tempestuows wynde wyll aswage,\*  
 In trust wherof comferte his hart doth grope,  
 From the anker he kuttyth the gabyll rope,  
 Committyth all to God, and lettyth his shyp ryde ;  
 So I beseke Ihesu now to be my gyde.

*To the ryght noble Countes of Surrey.*

After all duly ordred obeisaunce,  
 In humble wyse as lowly as I may,  
 Vnto you, madame, I make reconusaunce,  
 My lyfe endurynge I shall both wryte and say,  
 Recount, reporte, reherse without delay 840  
 The passynge bounte of your noble astate,  
 Of honour and worshyp which hath the formar  
 date :

Lyke to Argyua by iust resemblaunce,  
 The noble wyfe of Polimites kynge ;

Prudent Rebecca, of whome remembraunce  
 The Byble makith; with whos chast lyuyng  
 Your noble demenour is counterwayng,  
 Whos passyng bounte, and ryght noble astate,  
 Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

The noble Pamphila, quene of the Grekis londe,  
 Habillimentis royall founde out industriously;  
 Thamer also wrought with her goodly honde <sup>852</sup>  
 Many diuisis passyng curiously;  
 Whome ye represent and exemplify,  
 Whos passyng bounte, and ryght noble astate,  
 Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

As dame Thamaris, whiche toke the kyng of  
 Perce,  
 Cirus by name, as wrytith the story;  
 Dame Agrippina also I may rehearse  
 Of ientyll corage the perfight memory; <sup>860</sup>  
 So shall your name endure perpetually,  
 Whos passyng bounte, and ryght noble astate,  
 Of honour and worship it hath the formar date.

*To my lady Elisabeth Howarde.*

To be your remembrauncer, madame, I am  
 bounde,  
 Lyke to Aryna, maydenly of porte,  
 Of vertu and konnyng the well and perfight  
 grounde;  
 Whome dame Nature, as wele I may reporte,

Hath fresshely enbewtid with many a goodly  
 sorte  
 Of womanly feturis, whos florysshing tender age  
 Is lusty to loke on, plesaunte, demure, and sage :

Goodly Creisseid, fayrer than Porexene, 871  
 For to enuyue Pandarus appetite ;  
 Troilus, I trowe, if that he had you sene,  
 In you he wolde haue set his hole delight :  
 Of all your bewte I suffyce not to wryght ;  
 But, as I sayd, your florissHING tender age  
 Is lusty to loke on, plesaunt, demure, and sage.

*To my lady Mirriell Howarde.*

Mi litell lady I may not leue behinde,  
 But do her seruyce nedis now I must ;  
 Beninge, curteyse, of ientyll harte and mynde, 880  
 Whome fortune and fate playnly haue discust  
 Longe to enioy plesure, delyght, and lust :  
 The enbuddid blossoms of roses rede of hew  
 With lillis whyte your bewte doth renewe.

Compare you I may to Cidippes, the mayd,  
 That of Aconcyus whan she founde the byll  
 In her bosome, lorde, how she was afrayd !  
 The ruddy shamefastnes in her vysage fyll,  
 Whiche maner of abasshement became her not  
 yll ;  
 Right so, madame, the roses redde of hew 890  
 With lillys whyte your bewte dothe renewe.

*To my lady Anne Dakers of the Sowth.*

Zeuxes, that enpicturid fare Elene the quene,  
 You to deuyse his crafte were to seke ;  
 And if Apelles your countenaunce had sene,  
 Of porturature which was the famous Greke,  
 He coude not deuyse the lest poynt of your  
 cheke ;  
 Princes of yowth, and flowre of goodly porte,  
 Vertu, conyng, solâce, pleasure, comforte.

Paregall in honour vnto Penolepe,  
 That for her trowth is in remembraunce had ;  
 Fayre Diianira surmountyng in bewte ; 201  
 Demure Diana womanly and sad,  
 Whos lusty lokis make heuy hartis glad ;  
 Princes of youth, and flowre of goodly porte,  
 Vertu, connyng, solace, pleasure, comforte.

*To mastres Margery Wentworthe.*

With margerain ientyll,  
 The flowre of goodlyhede,  
 Enbrowdred the mantill  
 Is of your maydenhede.  
 Plainly I can not glose ; 210  
 Ye be, as I deuyne,  
 The praty primrose,  
 The goodly columbyne.  
 With margerain iantill,  
 The flowre of goodlyhede,

Enbrowderyd the mantyll  
 Is of yowre maydenhede.  
 Benynge, corteise, and meke,  
 With wordes well deuysid ;  
 In you, who list to seke, 920  
 Be vertus well comprysid.  
 With margerain iantill,  
 The flowre of goodlyhede,  
 Enbrowderid the mantill  
 Is of yowr maydenhede.

*To mastres Margaret Tylney.*

I you assure,  
 Ful wel I know  
 My besy cure  
 To yow I owe ;  
 Humbly and low 930  
 Commendynge me  
 To yowre bownte.  
 As Machareus  
 Fayre Canace,  
 So I, iwus,  
 Endeuoure me  
 Your name to se  
 It be enrolde,  
 Writtin with golde.  
 Phedra ye may 940  
 Wele represent ;  
 Intentyfe ay  
 And dylygent,

No tyme myspent ;  
 Wherfore delyght  
 I haue to whryght  
     Of Margarite,  
 Perle orient,  
 Lede sterre of lyght,  
 Moche relucent ;  
 Madame regent  
 I may you call  
 Of vertues all.

860

*To maystres Iane Blenner-haiset.*

What though my penne wax faynt,  
 And hath smale lust to paint?  
 Yet shall there no restraynt  
 Cause me to cese,  
 Amonge this prese,  
 For to encrese  
 Yowre goodly name.

960

I wyll my selfe applye,  
 Trust me, ententify,  
 Yow for to stellyfye ;  
 And so obserue  
 That ye ne swarue  
 For to deserue  
 Inmortall fame.

Sith mistres Iane Haiset  
 Smale flowres helpt to sett  
 In my goodly chapelet,  
 Therefore I render of her the memory  
 Vnto the legend of fare Laodomi.

970

*To maystres Isabell Pennell.*

By saynt Mary, my lady,  
Your mammy and your dady  
Brought forth a godely babi!

My mayden Isabell,  
Reflaring rosabell,  
The flagrant camamell;

The ruddy rosary,  
The souerayne rosemary,  
The praty strawbery;

The columbyne, the nepte,  
The ieloffer well set,  
The propre vyolet;

Enuwyd your colowre  
Is lyke the dasy flowre  
After the Aprill showre;

Sterre of the morow gray,  
The blossom on the spray,  
The freshest flowre of May;

Maydenly demure,  
Of womanhode the lure;  
Wherfore I make you sure,

It were an heuenly helth,  
It were an endeles welth,  
A lyfe for God hymselfe,

To here this nightingale,  
Amonge the byrdes smale,  
Warbelynge in the vale,

Dug, dug,

Iug, iug,

990

990

1000

Good yere and good luk,  
 With chuk, chuk, chuk, chuk !

*To maystres Margaret Hussey.*

Mirry Margaret,  
 As mydsomer flowre,  
 Ientill as fawcoun  
 Or hawke of the towre ;  
     With solace and gladnes,  
 Moche mirthe and no madnes,  
 All good and no badnes,

1010

So ioyously,  
 So maydenly,  
 So womanly  
 Her demenyng  
 In euery thyng,  
 Far, far passyng  
 That I can endyght,  
 Or suffyce to wryght  
 Of mirry Margarete,

As mydsomer flowre,  
 Ientyll as a fawcoun  
 Or hawke of the towre ;

1020

    As pacient and as styll,  
 And as full of good wyll,  
 As fayre Isaphill ;  
 Colyaunder,  
 Swete pomaunder,  
 Good cassaunder ;  
 Stedfast of thought,



Wele made, wele wrought ; 1030  
 Far may be sought  
 Erst that ye can fynde  
 So corteise, so kynde  
 As mirry Margarete,  
 This midsomer flowre,  
 Ientyll as fawcoun  
 Or hawke of the towre.

*To mastres Geretrude Statham.*

Though ye wer hard hertyd,  
 And I with you thwartid  
 With wordes that smartid, 1040  
 Yet nowe doutles ye geue me cause  
 To wryte of you this goodli clause,  
 Maistres Geretrude,  
 With womanhode endude,  
 With vertu well renwde.

I wyll that ye shall be  
 In all benyngnyte  
 Lyke to dame Pasiphe ;  
 For nowe dowlles ye geue me cause  
 To wryte of yow this goodly clause, 1050  
 Maistres Geretrude,  
 With womanhode endude,  
 With vertu well renude.

Partly by your councell,  
 Garnished with lawrell  
 Was my fresshe coronell ;  
 Wherfore doutles ye geue me cause

To wryte of you this goodly clause,  
 Maistres Geretrude,  
 With womanhode endude,  
 With vertu well renude.

1060

*To maystres Isabell Knyght.*

But if I sholde aquyte your kyndnes,  
 Els saye ye myght  
 That in me were grete blyndnes,  
 I for to be so myndles,  
 And cowde not wryght  
 Of Isabell Knyght.

It is not my custome nor my gyse  
 To leue behynde  
 Her that is bothe womanly and wyse,  
 And specyally which glad was to deuyse  
 The menes to fynde  
 To please my mynde,

1070

In helpyng to warke my laurell grene  
 With sylke and golde :  
 Galathea, the made well besene,  
 Was neuer halfe so fayre, as I wene,  
 Whiche was extolde  
 A thowsande folde

By Maro, the Mantuan prudent,  
 Who list to rede ;  
 But, and I had leyser competent,  
 I coude shew you suche a presedent  
 In very dede  
 Howe ye excede.

1080

*Occupacyon to Skelton.*

Withdrawe your hande, the tyme passis fast ;  
 Set on your hede this laurell whiche is wrought ;  
 Here you not Eolus for you blowyth a blaste ?  
 I dare wele saye that ye and I be sought :  
 Make no delay, for now ye must be brought <sup>1090</sup>  
 Before my ladys grace, the Quene of Fame,  
 Where ye must breuely answeere to your name.

*Skelton Poeta.*

Castyng my syght the chambre aboute,  
 To se how dully ich thyng in ordre was,  
 Towarde the dore, as we were comyng oute,  
 I sawe maister Newton sit with his compas,  
 His plummet, his pensell, his spectacles of glas,  
 Dyuysynge in pecture, by his industrious wit,  
 Of my laurell the proces euery whitte.

Forthwith vpon this, as it were in a thought, <sup>1100</sup>  
 Gower, Chawcer, Lydgate, theis thre  
 Before remembred, me curteisly brought  
 Into that place where as they left me,  
 Where all the sayd poetis sat in there degre.  
 But when they sawe my lawrell rychely wrought,  
 All other besyde were counterfete they thought

In comparyson of that whiche I ware :  
 Sume praysed the perle; some the stones  
 bryght ;

Wele was hym that therevpon myght stare ;  
 Of this warke they had so great delyght, 1110  
 The silke, the golde, the flowris fresshe to  
 syght,  
 They seyde my lawrell was the goodlyest  
 That euer they saw, and wrought it was the best.

In her astate there sat the noble Quene  
 Of Fame: perceyunge how that I was cum,  
 She wonderyd me thought at my laurell grene ;  
 She loked hawtly, and gaue on me a glum :  
 Thhere was amonge them no worde then but  
 mum,  
 For eche man herkynde what she wolde to me  
 say ;  
 Wherof in substaunce I brought this away. 1120

*The Quene of Fame to Skelton.*

My frende, sith ye ar before vs here present  
 To answeere vnto this noble audyence,  
 Of that shalbe resonde you ye must be content ;  
 And for as moche as, by the hy pretence  
 That ye haue now thorow preemynence  
 Of laureat triumph, your place is here reseruyd,  
 We wyll vnderstande how ye haue it deseruyd.

*Skelton Poeta to the Quene of Fame.*

Ryght high and myghty princes of astate,  
 In famous glory all other transcending,  
 Of your bounte the accustomed rate 1130

Hath bene full often and yet is entending  
 To all that to reason is condiscending,  
 But if hastyue credence by mayntenance of myght  
 Fortune to stande betwene you and the lyght :

But suche euydence I thynke for to enduce,  
 And so largely to lay for myne indempnite,  
 That I trust to make myne excuse  
 Of what charge soeuer ye lay ageinst me ;  
 For of my bokis parte ye shall se,  
 Whiche in your recordes, I knowe well, be  
 enrolde, 1140  
 And so Occupacyon, your regester, me tolde.

Forthwith she commaundid I shulde take my  
 place ;  
 Caliope poynted me where I shulde sit :  
 With that, Occupacioun presid in a pace ;  
 Be mirry, she sayd, be not aferde a whit,  
 Your discharge here vnder myne arme is it.  
 So then commaundid she was vpon this  
 To shew her boke ; and she sayd, Here it is.

*The Quene of Flame to Occupacioun.*

Yowre boke of remembrauns we will now that  
 ye rede ;  
 If ony recordis in noumbyr can be founde, 1150  
 What Skelton hath compilid and wryton in dede

Rehersyng by ordre, and what is the grownde,  
 Let se now for hym how ye can expounde ;  
 For in owr courte, ye wote wele, his name can  
     not ryse  
 But if he wryte oftener than ones or twyse.

*Skelton Poeta.*

With that of the boke losende were the claspis :  
 The margent was illumynid all with golden  
     railles  
 And byse, enpicturid with gressoppes and waspis,  
 With butterflyis and fresshe pecoke taylis,  
 Enflorid with flowris and slymy snaylis ;     1160  
 Eauyuid picturis well towchid and quikly ;  
 It wolde haue made a man hole that had be ryght  
     sekely,

To beholde how it was garnysshyd and bounde,  
 Encouerde ouer with golde of tissew fyne ;  
 The claspis and bullyons were worth a thousande  
     pounde ;  
 With balassis and charbuncles the borders did  
     shyne ;  
 With *aurum musicum* euery other lyne  
 Was wrytin : and so she did her spede,  
 Occupacyoun, immediatly to rede.

*Occupacyoun redith and expoundyth sum parte  
of Skeltons bokes and baladis with ditis of  
plesure, in as moche as it were to longe a proces  
to rehearse all by name that he hath complyd,  
&c.*

Of your oratour and poete laureate <sup>a</sup> 1170

Of Englande, his workis here they begynne :

*In primis* the Boke of Honourous Astate ;

Item the Boke how men shulde fle synne ;

Item Royall Demenaunce worshyp to wynne ;

Item the Boke to speke well or be styll ;

Item to lerne you to dye when ye wyll ;

Of Vertu also the souerayne enterlude ; <sup>b</sup>

The Boke of the Rosiar ; .Prince Arturis Crea-  
cyoun ; *See of Item vll*

The False Fayth that now goth, which dayly is  
renude ;

Item his Diologgis of Ymagynacyoun ; 1180

Item Antomedon <sup>1</sup> of Loues Meditacyoun ;

<sup>a</sup> Honor est benefactivæ operationis signum: Aristotiles.  
Diverte a malo, et fac bonum: Pso. Nobilis est ille quem  
nobilitat sua virtus: Cassianus. Proximus ille Deo qui scit  
ratione tacere: Cato. Mors ultima linea rerum: Horat.  
[*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Virtuti omnia parent: Salust. Nusquam tuta fides: Vir-  
gilius. Res est solliciti plena timoris amor: Ovid. Si volet  
usus, quem penes, &c.: Horace. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Antomedon*] Qy. "Automedon?"

Item New Gramer in Englysshe compylid ;  
 Item Bowche of Courte, where Drede was be-  
 gyled ;

<sup>a</sup> His commedy, Achademios callyd by name ;  
 Of Tullis Familiars the translacyoun ;  
 Item Good Aduyement, that brainles doth blame ;  
 The Recule ageinst Gaguyne of the Frenshe  
 nacyoun ;  
 Item the Popingay, that hath in commenda-  
 cyoun  
 Ladyes and gentylwomen suche as deseruyd,  
 And suche as be counterfettis they be reseruyd ;

<sup>b</sup> And of Soueraynte a noble pampholet ; 1191  
 And of Magnyfycence a notable mater,  
 How Cownterfet Cowntenaunce of the new get  
 With Crafty Conueyaunce dothe smater and  
 flater,  
 And Cloked Collucyoun is brought in to clater  
 With Courtely Abusyoun ; who pryntith it wele  
 in mynde  
 Moche dowblenes of the worlde therin he may  
 fynde ;

*a* Non est timor Dei ante oculos eorum: Psalmo. Concedat laurea linguæ: Tullius. Fac cum consilio, et in æternum non peccabis: Salamon. [*Side Note.*]

*b* Non mihi sit modulo rustica papilio: Vates. Dominare in virtute tua: Pso. Magnificavit eum in conspectu regum: Sapient. Fugere pudor, verumque, fidesque: In quorum subiere locum fraudesque, dolique, Insidiæque, et vis, et amor sceleratus habendi: Ovid. Filia Babylonis misera: Psalmo. [*Side Note.*]



Of manerly maistres Margery Mylke and Ale ;  
 To her he wrote many maters of myrthe ;  
 Yet, thoughe I say it, therby lyith a tale, 1200  
 For Margery wynshed, and breke her hinder  
 girth ;  
 Lor, how she made moche of her gentyll birth !  
 With, Gingirly, go gingerly ! her tayle was made  
 of hay ;  
 Go she neuer so gingirly, her honesty is gone  
 away ;

Harde to make ought of that is nakid nought ;<sup>a</sup>  
 This fustiane maistres and this giggisse gase,  
 Wonder is to wryte what wrenchis she wrowght,  
 To face out her foly with a midsomer mase ;  
 With pitche she patchid her pitcher shuld not  
 crase ;  
 It may wele ryme, but shroudly it doth accorde,  
 To pyke out honesty of suche a potshorde : 1211

*Patet per versus.*

*Hinc puer hic natus ; vir conjugis hinc spoliatus<sup>b</sup>*  
*Jure thori ; est fœtus Deli de sanguine cretus ;*  
*Hinc magis extollo, quod erit puer alter Apollo ;*  
*Si quæris qualis ? meretrix castissima talis ;*  
*Et relis, et ralis, et reliqualis.*

<sup>a</sup> De nihilo nihil fit: Aristotiles. Le plus displeysant pleiser puent. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Nota. [*Side Note.*]

A good herynge of thes olde talis ;  
 Fynde no mo suche fro Wanflete to Walis.

*Et reliqua omelia de diversis tractatibus.*

<sup>a</sup> Of my ladys grace at the contemplacyoun,  
 Owt of Frenshe into Englysshe prose, 1220  
 Of Mannes Lyfe the Peregrynacioun,  
 He did translate, enterprete, and disclose ;  
 The Tratyse of Triumphis of the Rede Rose,  
 Wherein many storis ar breuely contayned  
 That vnremembred longe tyme remayned ;

The Duke of Yorkis creauncer whan Skelton was,  
 Now Henry the viij. Kyng of Englonde,  
 A tratyse he deuysid and browght it to pas,  
<sup>b</sup> Callid *Speculum Principis*, to bere in his honde,  
 Therin to rede, and to vnderstande 1230  
 All the demenour of princely astate,  
 To be our Kyng, of God preordinate ;

<sup>c</sup> Also the Tunnyng of Elinour Rummyng,  
 With Colyn Clowt, Iohnn Iue, with Ioforth  
 Iack ;

<sup>a</sup> Apostolus: Non habemus hic civitatem manentem, sed futuram perquerimus. Notat bellum Cornubiense, quod in campestribus et in patentioribus vastisque solitudinibus prope Grenewiche gestum est. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Erudimini qui iudicatis terram: Pso. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>c</sup> Quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniquitatem? Pso. Arrident melius seria picta jocis: In fabulis Æsopi. [*Side Note.*]

To make suche trifels it asketh sum konnyng,  
 In honest myrth parde requyreth no lack ;  
 The whyte apperyth the better for the black,  
 And after conueyauns as the world goos,  
 It is no foly to vse the Walshemannys hoos ;

The vmbelis of venyson, the botell of wyne,<sup>a</sup> 1240  
 To fayre maistres Anne that shuld haue be sent,  
 He wrate therof many a praty lyne,  
 Where it became, and whether it went,  
 And how that it was wantonly spent ;  
 The Balade also of the Mustarde Tarte  
 Suche problemis to paynt it longyth to his arte ;

Of one Adame all a knaue, late dede and gone,—<sup>b</sup>  
*Dormiat in pace*, lyke a dormows !—  
 He wrate an Epitaph for his graue stone, 1249  
 With wordes deuoute and sentence agerdows,  
 For he was euer ageynst Goddis hows,  
 All his delight was to braule and to barke  
 Ageynst holy chyrche, the preste, and the clarke ;

Of Phillip Sparow the lamentable fate,  
 The dolefull desteny, and the carefull chaunce,

<sup>a</sup> Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinæ: Virgilinus.  
 Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetæ: Horace. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Adam, Adam, ubi es? Genesis. Resp. Ubi nulla re-  
 quies, ubi nullus ordo, sed sempiternus horror inhabitat: Job.  
 [*Side Note.*]

Dyuysed by Skelton after the funerall rate ;  
 Yet sum there be therewith that take greuance,  
 And grudge therat with frownyng counte-  
 nauce ;

\* But what of that ? hard it is to please all men ;  
 Who list amende it, let hym set to his penne ; <sup>1260</sup>

For the gyse now adays  
 Of sum iangelyng iays  
 Is to discommende  
 That they can not amende,  
 Though they wolde spende  
 All the wittis they haue.

What ayle them to deprauē  
 Phillippe Sparows graue ?  
 His *Dirige*, her Commendacioun  
 Can be no derogacyoun, 1270  
 But myrth and consolacyoun,  
 Made by protestacyoun,  
 No man to myscontent  
 With Phillippis enterement.

Alas, that goodly mayd,  
 Why shulde she be afrayd ?  
 Why shulde she take shame  
 That her goodly name,  
 Honorably reportid,  
 Shulde be set and sortyd, 1280  
 To be matriculate  
 With ladyes of astate ?

I coniure thé, Phillip Sparow,  
By Hercules that hell did harow,  
And with a venomows arow  
Slew of the Epidawris  
One of the Centawris,  
Or Onocentauris,  
Or Hippocentauris ;  
By whos myght and maine 1290  
An hart was slayne  
With hornnis twayne  
Of glitteryng golde ;  
And the apples of golde  
Of Hesperides withholde,  
And with a dragon kepte  
That neuer more slepte,  
By merciall strength  
He wan at length ;  
And slew Gerione 1300  
With thre bodys in one ;  
With myghty corrage  
Adauntid the rage  
Of a lyon sauage ;  
Of Diomedis stabyll  
He brought out a rabyll  
Of coursers and rounsis  
With lepes and bounsis ;  
And with myghty luggyng,  
Wrastelynge and tuggyng, 1310  
He pluckid the bull  
By the hornid scull,

And offred to Cornucopia ;

And so forthe *per cetera* :

Also by Hectates bowre

In Plutos gastly towre ;

By the vgly Eumenides,  
That neuer haue rest nor ease ;

By the venemows serpent  
That in hell is neuer brente,

1320

In Lerna the Grekis fen  
That was engendred then ;

By Chemeras flamys,  
And all the dedely namys  
Of infernall posty,  
Where soulis fry and rosty ;

By the Stigiall flode,  
And the stremes wode  
Of Cochitos bottumles well ;

By the feryman of hell,  
Caron with his berde hore,  
That rowyth with a rude ore,  
And with his frownsid fortop  
Gydith his bote with a prop :

1330

I coniure <sup>1</sup> Phillippe, and call,  
In the name of Kyng Saull ;  
*Primo Regum* expres,  
He bad the Phitones  
To witche craft her to dres,  
And by her abusious,

1340

<sup>1</sup> *coniure*] Qy. "*coniure thé*?" as before and after.

And damnable illusiouns  
 Of meruelous conclusiouns,  
 And by her supersticiouns  
 Of wonderfull condiciouns,  
 She raysed vp in that stede  
 Samuell that was dede ;  
 But whether it were so,  
 He were *idem in numero*,  
 The selfe same Samuell,  
 How be it to Saull he did tell 1350  
 The Philistinis shulde hym askry,  
 And the next day he shulde dye,  
 I wyll my selfe discharge  
 To letterd men at large :

But, Phillip, I coniure thé  
 Now by theys names thre,  
 Diana in the woddis grene,  
 Luna that so bryght doth shene,  
 Proserpina in hell,  
 That thou shortely tell, 1360  
 And shew now vnto me  
 What the cause may be  
 Of this perplexyte !

*Inferias, Philippe, tuas Scroupe pulchra Jo-  
anna* <sup>a</sup>

*Instanter petiit: cur nostri carminis illam  
Nunc pudet? est sero; minor est infamia vero.*

<sup>a</sup> Phillyppe answeryth. [Side Note.]

Then such that haue disdaynyd  
 And of this worke complaynyd,  
 I pray God they be paynyd  
 No wors than is contaynyd  
 In verses two or thre  
 That folowe as ye may se:

1370

*Luride, cur, livor, volucris pia funera damnas?  
 Talia te rapiant rapiunt quæ fata volucrem!  
 Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua:*

The Gruntyng and the groynninge of the gron-  
 nyng swyne; <sup>a</sup>

Also the Murnyng of the mapely rote;  
 How the grene couerlet sufferd grete pine,  
 Whan the flye net was set for to catche a cote,  
 Strake one with a birdbolt to the hart rote; <sup>1380</sup>  
 Also a deuoute Prayer to Moyses hornis,  
 Metrifyde merely, medelyd with scornis;

<sup>b</sup> Of paiauntis that were played in Ioyows Garde;  
 He wrate of a muse throw a mud wall;  
 How a do cam trippying in at the rere warde,  
 But, lorde, how the parker was wroth with all!  
 And of Castell Aungell the fenestrall,

<sup>a</sup> Porcus se ingurgitat cæno, et luto se immergit: Guarinus Veronens. Et sicut opertorium mutabis eos, et mutabuntur: Pso. c. Exaltabuntur cornua justi: Psalmo. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Tanquam parieti inclinato et maceriæ depulsæ: Psalmo. Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido: Ovid. [*Side Note.*]



Glittryng and glistryng and gloryously glasisd,  
It made sum mens eyn dasild and dasid ; 1399

The Repete of the recule of Rosamundis bowre,<sup>a</sup>  
Of his pleasaunt paine there and his glad  
distres

In plantyng and pluckyng a propre ieloffer  
flowre ;

But how it was, sum were to recheles,  
Not withstandyng it is remedeles ;

What myght she say ? what myght he do therto ?  
Though Iak sayd nay, yet Mok there loste her  
sho ;

How than lyke a man he wan the barbican <sup>b</sup>

With a sawte of solace at the longe last ;

The colour dedely, swarte, blo, and wan  
Of Exione, her lambis <sup>1</sup> dede and past, 1400

The cheke and the nek but a shorte cast ;

In fortunis fauour euer to endure,  
No man lyuyng, he sayth, can be sure ;

<sup>a</sup> *Introduxit me in cubiculum suum: Cant. Os fatuæ<sup>2</sup> ebullit stultitiam. Cant. [Side Note.]*

<sup>b</sup> *Audaces fortuna iuvat: Virgilius. Nescia mens hominum sortis<sup>3</sup> fatique futuri: Virgilius. [Side Note.]*

<sup>1</sup> *lambis*] Marshe's ed. "lambe is," — which may be the right reading. MS. defective here.

<sup>2</sup> *fatuæ*] Altered purposely by Skelton from "*fatuum*" of the Vulgate, *Prov. xv. 2.* (not *Cant.*)

<sup>3</sup> *sortis, &c.*] "*fati sortisque futuræ.*" *Æn. x. 501.*

<sup>a</sup> How dame Minerua<sup>1</sup> first found the olyue tre,  
*she red*

And plantid it there where neuer before was  
none; *vnscred*

An hynde vnhurt hit by casuelte, *not bled*

Recouerð whan the forster was gone; *and sped*  
The hertis of the herd began for to grone, *and*  
*fled*

The howndes began to yerne and to quest; *and*  
*dred* 1409

With litell besynes standith moche rest; *in bed*

<sup>b</sup> His Epitomis of the myller and his ioly make;  
How her ble was bryght as blossom on the  
spray,

A wanton wenche and wele coude bake a cake;  
The myllar was loth to be out of the way,  
But yet for all that, be as be may,

Whether he rode to Swaffham or to Some,  
The millar durst not leue his wyfe at home;

*a* Oleæque Minerva inventrix: Georgicorum. Atque agmina cervi pulverulenta [fuga] glomerant: Æneid. iv. [*Side Note.*]

*b* Duæ molentes in pistrino, una assumetur, altera relinquetur: Isaias.<sup>2</sup> Foris vastabit eum timor, et intus pavor: Pso.<sup>3</sup> [*Side Note.*]

<sup>1</sup> *How dame Minerua, &c.*] The words which I have printed in Italics destroy both sense and metre. But they are found in both eds. MS. defective here.

<sup>2</sup> *Isaias*] *Matt.* xxiv. 41.

<sup>3</sup> *Pso.*] *Deut.* xxxii. 25, where "Foris vastabit eos *gladius*, et, &c."

With, Wofully arayd,<sup>1</sup> and Shamefully betrayd,<sup>a</sup>  
 Of his making deuoute medytacyons ;  
*Vexilla regis* he deuysid to be displayd ; 1420  
 With *Sacris solemniss*, and other contempla-  
 cyouns,  
 That in them comprisid consyderacyons ;  
 Thus passyth he the tyme both nyght and day,  
 Sumtyme with sadnes, sumtyme with play ;

Though Galiene and Dioscorides,<sup>b</sup>  
 With Ipocras, and māyster Auycen,  
 By there phesik doth many a man ease,  
 And though Albumasar can thé enforme and  
 ken

What constellacions ar good or bad for men, 1429  
 Yet whan the rayne rayneth and the gose wynkith,  
 Lytill wotith the goslyng what the gose thynkith ;

He is not wyse ageyne the streme that stryuth ;<sup>c</sup>  
 Dun is in the myre, dame, reche me my spur ;

<sup>a</sup> Opera quæ ego facio ipsa perhibent testimonium de me:  
 In Evang. &c. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Honora medicum ; propter necessitatem creavit eum altissimus, &c. Superiores constellationes influunt in corpora subjecta et disposita, &c. Nota. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>c</sup> Spectatum admisse,<sup>2</sup> risus teneatur amor? Horace. Nota. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Wofully arayd*] See vol. i. p. 165.

<sup>2</sup> *Spectatum admisse, &c.*] "*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?*" A. P. 5. Qy. Is the barbarous alteration of this line only a mistake of the printer?

Nedes must he rin that the deuyll dryuith ;  
 When the stede is stolyn, spar the stable dur ;  
 A ientyll hownde shulde neuer play the kur ;  
 It is sone aspyed where the thorne prikkith ;  
 And wele wotith the cat whos berde she likkith ;

<sup>a</sup> With Marione clarione, sol, lucerne,  
*Graund juir*, of this Frenshe prouerbe olde, <sup>1440</sup>  
 How men were wonte for to discern  
 By candelmes day what wedder shuld holde ;  
 But Marione clarione was caught with a colde  
                   colde,                   (*anglice* a cokwolde,  
 And all ouercast with cloudis vnkynde,  
 This goodly flowre with stormis was vntwynde ;

<sup>b</sup> This ieloffer ientyll, this rose, this lylly flowre,  
 This primerose pereles, this propre vyolet,  
 This columbyne clere and fresshest of coloure,  
 This delycate dasy, this strawbery pretely set,  
 With frowarde frostis, alas, was all to-fret ! <sup>1450</sup>  
 But who may haue a more vngracyous lyfe  
 Than a chyldis birde and a knauis wyfe ?

<sup>c</sup> Thynke what ye wyll  
 Of this wanton byll ;

<sup>a</sup> Lumen ad revelationem gentium: Pso. clxxv. [*Side Note.*] [Luc. ii. 32.]

<sup>b</sup> Velut rosa vel liliū, O pulcherrima mulierum, &c.: Cantat ecclesia. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>c</sup> Notate verba, signata mysteria: Gregori. [*Side Note.*]

By Mary Gipey,  
*Quod scripsi, scripsi:*  
*Uxor tua, sicut vitis,*  
*Habetis in custodiam,*  
*Custodite sicut scitis,*  
*Secundum Lucam, &c.*

1460

Of the Bonehoms of Ashrige besyde Barkamstede,  
 That goodly place to Skelton moost kynde,  
 Where the sank royall is, Crystes blode so rede,  
 Wherevpon he metrefyde after his mynde ;  
 A pleasaunter place than Ashrige is, harde  
 were to fynde,

As Skelton rehersith, with wordes few and playne,  
 In his distichon made on verses twaine ;

*Fraxinus in clivo frondetque viret sine rivo,<sup>a</sup>*  
*Non est sub divo similis sine flumine vivo ;*

The Nacyoun of Folys he left not behynde ;<sup>b</sup> 1470  
 Item Apollo that whirlid vp his chare,  
 That made sum to snurre and snuf in the wynde ;  
 It made them to skip, to stampe, and to stare,  
 Whiche, if they be happy, haue cause to beware  
 In ryming and raylyng with hym for to mell,  
 For drede that he lerne them there A, B, C, to  
 spell.

<sup>a</sup> Nota penuriam aquæ, nam canes ibi hauriunt ex puteo altissimo. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Stultorum infinitus est numerus, &c.: Ecclesia. Factum est cum Apollo esset Corinthi: Actus Apostolorum. Stimulos sub pectore vertit Apollo: Virgilius. [*Side Note.*]

*Poeta Skelton.*

With that I stode vp, halfe sodenly afrayd ;  
 Suppleyng to Fame, I besought her grace,  
 And that it wolde please her, full tenderly I  
 prayd,

Owt of her bokis Apollo to rase. 1480

Nay, sir, she sayd, what so in this place  
<sup>a</sup> Of our noble courte is ones spoken owte,  
 It must nedes after rin all the worlde aboute.

God wote, theis wordes made me full sad ;  
 And when that I sawe it wolde no better be,  
 But that my peticyon wolde not be had,  
 What shulde I do but take it in gre ?

<sup>b</sup> For, by Juppiter and his high mageste,  
 I did what I cowde to scrape out the scrollis,  
 Apollo to rase out of her ragman rollis. 1480

<sup>c</sup> Now hereof it erkith me lenger to wryte ;  
 To Occupacyon I wyll agayne resorte,  
 Whiche redde on still, as it cam to her syght,  
 Rendrynge my deuisis I made in disporte  
 Of the Mayden of Kent callid Counforte,  
 Of Louers testamentis and of there wanton wyllis,  
 And how Iollas louyd goodly Phillis ;

<sup>a</sup> Fama repleta malis pernicibus evolat alis, &c. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Ego quidem sum Pauli, ego Apollo: Cor<sup>m</sup>. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>c</sup> Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella: Virgilius. Nec,  
 si muneribus certes, concedet Iollas: 2. Bucol. [*Side Note.*]

Diodorus Siculus of my translacyon

Out of fresshe Latine into owre Englysshe  
playne,

Recountyng commoditis of many a straunge  
nacyon ;<sup>a</sup> 1500

Who redyth it ones wolde rede it agayne ;

Sex volumis engrosid together it doth containe :

But when of the laurell she made rehersall,

All orators and poetis, with other grete and  
smale,

A thowsande thowsande, I trow, to my dome,<sup>b</sup>

*Triumphā, triumphā!* they cryid all aboute ;

Of trumpettis and clariouns the noyse went to  
Rome ;

The starry heuyn, me thought, shoke with the  
showte ;

The grownde grouid and tremblid, the noyse  
was so stowte :

The Quene of Fame commaundid shett fast the  
boke ; 1510

And therwith sodenly out of my dreame I woke.

<sup>a</sup> Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus: Horace.<sup>1</sup>

[*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Millia millium et decies millies centena millia, &c.:  
Apocalipsis. Virtute<sup>2</sup> senatum laureati possident: Eccle-  
siastica. Cauti'. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>1</sup> Horace] Persius, V. 52.

<sup>2</sup> Virtute] Faukes's ed. (which alone has these marginal  
notes) "Vite." The reference "Cauti'" I do not understand.

My mynde of the grete din was somdele amasid,  
 I wypid myne eyne for to make them clere ;  
 Then to the heuyn sperycall vpwarde I gasid,  
 Where I saw Ianus, with his double chere,  
 Makynge his almanak for the new yere ;  
 He turnyd his tirikkis, his voluell ran fast :  
 Good luk this new yere ! the olde yere is past.

\* *Mens tibi sit consulta, petis? sic consule menti ;*  
*Æmula sit Jani, retro speculetur et ante.* 1520

*Skeltonis alloquitur librum suum.*

*Ite, Britannorum lux O radiosa, Britannum*  
*Carmina nostra pium vestrum celebrate Catullum !*

*Dicite, Skeltonis vester Adonis erat ;*

*Dicite, Skeltonis vester Homerus erat.*

*Barbara cum Latio pariter jam currite versu ;*

*Et licet est verbo pars maxima texta Britanno,*

*Non magis incompta nostra Thalia patet,*

*Est magis inculta nec mea Calliope.*

*Nec vos pœniteat livoris tela subire,*

*Nec vos pœniteat rabiem tolerare caninam,* 1530

*Nam Maro dissimiles non tulit ille minas,*

*Immunis nec enim Musa Nasonis erat.*

*Lenuoy.*

Go, litill quaire,

Demene you faire ;



Take no dispare,  
Though I you wrate  
After this rate  
In Englysshe letter ;  
So moche the better  
Welcome shall ye  
To sum men be :  
For Latin warkis  
Be good for clerkis ;  
Yet now and then  
Sum Latin men  
May happely loke  
Vpon your boke,  
And so procede  
In you to rede,  
That so indede  
Your fame may sprede  
In length and brede.  
But then I drede  
Ye shall haue nede  
You for to spede  
To harnnes bryght,  
By force of myght,  
Ageyne enuy  
And obloquy :  
And wote ye why ?  
Not for to fyght  
Ageyne dispyght,  
Nor to derayne  
Batayle agayne

1540

1550

1560

Scornfull disdayne,  
 Nor for to chyde,  
 Nor for to hyde  
 You cowardly ;  
 But curteisly  
 That I haue pende  
 For to deffend,  
 Vnder the banner  
 Of all good manner,  
 Vnder proteccyon  
 Of sad correccyon,  
 With toleracyon  
 And supportacyon  
 Of reformacyon,  
 If they can spy  
 Circumspectly  
 Any worde defacid  
 That myght be rasid,  
 Els ye shall pray  
 Them that ye may  
 Contynew still  
 With there good wyll.

1570

1580

*Ad serenissimam Majestatem Regiam, pariter cum  
 Domino  
 Cardinali, Legato a latere honorificatissimo, &c.*

*Lautre Enuoy.*

*Perge, liber, celebrem pronus regem venerare  
 Henricum octavum, resonans sua præmia laudis.*

*Cardineum dominum pariter venerando salutes,  
 Legatum a latere, et fiat memor ipse precare* 1590  
*Prebendæ, quam promisit mihi credere quondam,  
 Meque suum referas pignus sperare salutis  
 Inter spemque metum.*

Twene hope and drede  
 My lyfe I lede,  
 But of my spede  
 \*Small sekernes :  
 Howe be it I rede  
 Both worde and dede  
 Should be agrede 1600  
 In noblenes :  
 Or els, &c.

ADMONET SKELTONIS OMNES ARBORES DARE LOCUM VIRIDI  
LAURO JUXTA GENUS SUUM.

*Fraxinus in silvis, altis in montibus ornus,  
Populus in fluviis, abies, patulissima fagus,  
Lenta salix, platanus, pinguis ficulnea ficus,  
Glandifera et quercus, pirus, esculus, ardua pinus,  
Balsamus exudans, oleaster, oliva Minervæ,  
Juniperus, buxus, lentiscus cusptide lenta,  
Botrigeria et domino vitis gratissima Baccho,  
Ilex et sterilis labrusca perosa colonis,  
Mollibus exudans fragrantia thura Sabæis  
Thus, redolens Arabis pariter notissima myrrha, 10  
Et vos, O coryli fragiles, humilesque myricæ,  
Et vos, O cedri redolentes, vos quoque myrti,  
Arboris omne genus viridi concedite lauro!*

*Prennees en gre      The Laurelle.*

\* These Latin lines, with the copy of French verses which follow them, and the translations of it into Latin and English, are from Faukes's ed.—where, though they have really no connexion with *The Garlande of Laurell*, they are considered as a portion of that poem, see the colophon, p. 244; collated with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568,—where they occur towards the end of the vol., the last three placed together, and the first a few pages after.—Marshe's ed. "Admonitio *Skeltonis* ut omnes *Arbores viridi Laureo* concedant."

## EN PARLAMENT A PARIS.

*Iustice est morte,*  
*Et Vergyte sommielle ;*  
*Droit et Raison*  
*Sont alez aux pardons :*  
*Lez deux premiers*  
*Nul ne les resuelle ;*  
*Et lez derniers*  
*Sount corrupus par dons.*

## OUT OF FRENSE INTO LATYN.

*Abstulit atra dies Astræam ; cana Fides sed*  
*Somno pressa jacet ; Jus iter arripuit,*  
*Et secum Ratio proficiscens limite longo :*  
*Nemo duas primas evigilare parat ;*  
*Atque duo postrema absunt, et munera tantum*  
*Impediunt nequeunt quod remeare domum.*

## OWT OF LATYNE INTO ENGLYSSHE.

Justyce now is dede ;  
 Trowth with a drowsy hede,  
 As heuy as the lede,  
 Is layd down to slepe,  
 And takith no kepe ;  
 And Ryght is ouer the fallows  
 Gone to seke hallows,  
 With Reason together,  
 No man can tell whether :

No man wyll vndertake  
The first twayne to wake ;  
And the twayne last  
Be withholde so fast  
With mony, as men sayne,  
They can not come agayne.

10

*A grant tort,  
Foy dort.*

Here endith a ryght delectable tratyse vpon a  
goodly Garlonde or Chapelet of Laurell, dyuysed  
by mayster Skelton, Poete Laureat.

## SPEKE, PARROT.\*

THE BOKE COMPILED BY MAISTER SKELTON, POET LAUREAT,  
CALLED SPEAKE, PARROT.

[*Lectoribus auctor recipit*<sup>1</sup> *opusculi hujus auxesim.*  
*Crescet in immensum me vivo pagina præsens ;*  
*Hinc mea dicetur Skeltonidis aurea fama.*

*Parot.*]

My name is Parrot, a byrd of paradyse,  
By nature deuysed of a wonderous kynde,  
Dyentely dyeted with dyuers dylycate spyce,  
Tyl Euphrates, that flode, dryueth me into  
Inde ;<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Lucanus.<sup>2</sup> Tigris et Euphrates uno se fonte resolvunt.  
[*Side Note.*]

\* From the ed. by Lant of *Certayne bokes compyled by mayster Skelton, &c.*, n. d., collated with the same work ed. Kyng and Marche, n. d., and ed. Day, n. d.; with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568; and with a MS. in the Harleian Collection, 2252. fol. 133, which has supplied much not given in the printed copies, and placed between brackets in the present edition. The marginal notes are found only in MS.

<sup>1</sup> *recipit*] MS. "*recepit.*" The next two lines are given very inaccurately here in MS., but are repeated (with a slight variation) more correctly at the end of the poem. The Latin portions of the MS. are generally of ludicrous incorrectness, the transcriber evidently not having understood that language.

<sup>2</sup> *Lucanus*] See *Phar.* iii. 256. But the line here quoted is from Boethii *Consol. Phil.* lib. v. met. 1.

Where men of that countrey by fortune me  
 fynd,  
 And send me to greate ladyes of estate ;  
 Then Parot must haue an almon or a date :

<sup>a</sup> A cage curiously caruen, with syluer pyn, 10  
 Properly paynted, to be my couertowre ;  
 A myrroure of glasse, that I may toote therin ;  
 These maidens ful mekely with many a diuers  
 flowre  
 Freshly they dresse, and make swete my  
 bowre,  
 With, Speke, Parrot, I pray you, full curtesly  
 they say ;  
 Parrot is a goodly byrd, a prety popagey :

<sup>b</sup> With my becke bent my lyttyl wanton eye,  
 My fedders freshe as is the emrawde grene,  
 About my neck a cyrculet lyke the ryche rubye,  
 My lyttyll leggyes, my feet both fete and clene,<sup>20</sup>  
 I am a mynyon to wayt vppon a quene ;  
 My proper Parrot, my lyttyl prety foole ;  
 With ladyes I lerne, and go with them to scole.

Hagh, ha, ha, Parrot, ye can laugh pretyly !  
 Parrot hath not dyned of al this long day :

<sup>a</sup> Topographia, quam habet hæc avicula in deliciis. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Delectatur in factura sua, tamen res est forma fugax. [*Side Note.*]



Lyke your pus cate, Parrot can mute and cry  
 ° In Lattyn, in Ebrew, Araby, and Caldey ;  
 In Greke tong Parrot can bothe speke and say,  
 As Percÿus, that poet, doth reporte of me,  
*Quis expedit psittaco suum chaire ?* 30

Dowse French of Parryse Parrot can lerne,<sup>b</sup>  
 Pronounsynge my purpose after my properte,  
 With, *Perliez byen*, Parrot, *ou perlez rien* ;  
 With Douch, with Spanysh, my tong can agre ;  
 In Englysh to God Parrot can supple,  
 Cryst saue Kyng Henry the viii., our royall kyng,  
 The red rose in honour to florysh and sprynge !

With Kateryne incomparable, our ryall quene also,<sup>c</sup>  
 That pereles pomegarnet, Chryst saue her noble  
 grace !

Parrot, *saves*<sup>1</sup> *habler Castiliano*, 40

<sup>a</sup> *Psittacus a vobis aliorum nomina disco: Hoc per me didici dicere,*<sup>2</sup> *Cæsar, ave.* [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> *Docibilem se pandit in omni idiomate. Polichronitudo Basileos.* [*Side Note.*]

<sup>c</sup> *Katerina universalis vitii ruina, Græcum est. Fidasso de cosso, i. habeto fidem in temet ipso. Auctoritate[m] inconsultam taxat hic. Lege Flaccum, et observa plantatum diabolium.* [*Side Note.*]

<sup>1</sup> *saves*] So MS. Eds. "*sauies*:"—"habler" ought to be "*hablar*;" but throughout this work I have not altered the spelling of quotations in *modern* languages, because probably Skelton wrote them inaccurately.

<sup>2</sup> *dicere*] In Martial thus:

"*Psittacus a vobis aliorum nomina discam:*

*Hoc didici per me dicere, Cæsar, ave.*" xiv. 73.

With *fidasso de cosso* in Turkey and in Trace ;  
*Vis consilii expers*, as techith me Horace,  
*Mole ruit sua*, whose dictes ar prenaunte,  
*Souentez foys*, Parrot, *en souenaunte*.

“My lady maystres, dame Philology,  
 Gaue me a gyfte in my nest whan I laye,  
 To lerne all language, and it to spake aptely :  
 Now *pandêz mory*, wax frantycke, some men saye,  
 Phroneses for Freneses may not holde her way.  
 An almon now for Parrot, dilycatly drest ; 50  
 In *Salve festa dies*, *toto* theyr doth best.

<sup>b</sup>*Moderata iuvant*, but *toto* doth excede ;  
 Dyscressyon is moder of noble vertues all ;  
*Myden agan* in Greke tonge we rede ;  
 But reason and wyt wantyth theyr prouyncyall  
 When wylfulness is vycar generall.  
*Hæc res acu tangitur*, Parrot, *par ma foy* :  
*Ticez vous*, Parrot, *tenez vous coye*.

Besy, besy, besy, and besynes agayne !  
*Que pensez voz*, Parrot ? what meneth this besynes ? 60

<sup>a</sup> Sæpenumero hæc pensitans psittacus ego pronuntio.<sup>1</sup> Aphorismo, quia paronomasia certe incomprehensibilis. [*Side Note*.]

<sup>b</sup> Aptius hic loquitur animus quam lingua. Notum adagium et exasperans. [*Side Note*.]

<sup>1</sup> *pronuntio*] Probably not the right reading. The MS. seems to have either “pō sio” or “pō fio.”

*Vitulus* in Oreb troubled Arons brayne,  
 Melchisedeck mercyfull made Moloc mercyles ;  
 To wyse is no vertue, to medlyng, to restles ;  
 In mesure is tresure, *cum sensu maturato* ;  
*Ne tropo sanno, ne tropo mato.*

Aram was fyred with Caldies fyer called Ur ;  
 Iobab was brought vp in the lande of Hus ;  
 The lynage of Lot toke supporte of Assur ;  
 Iereboseth is Ebrue, who lyst the cause dyscus.  
 Peace, Parrot, ye prate, as ye were *ebrius* : 70  
 Howst thé, *lyuer god van hemrik, ic seg* ;  
 In Popering grew peres, whan Parrot was an eg.

What is this to purpose? Ouer in a whynny meg !  
 Hop Lobyn of Lowdeon wald haue e byt of  
 bred ;  
 The iebet of Baldock was made for Jack Leg ;  
 An arrow vnfethered and without an hed,  
 A bagpype without blowynge standeth in no  
 sted :  
 Some run to far before, some run to far behynde,  
 Some be to churlysshe, and some be to kynde.

*Ik dien* serueth for the erstrych fether, 80  
*Ik dien* is the language of the land of Beme ;  
 In Affryc tongue *byrsa* is a thonge of lether ;  
 In Palestina there is Ierusalem.  
*Colostrum* now for Parot, whyte bred and  
 swete creme !

Our Thomasen she doth trip, our Ienet she doth  
shayle :  
Parrot hath a blacke beard and a fayre grene  
tayle.

Moryshe myne owne shelve, the costermonger  
sayth ;  
Fate, fate, fate, ye Irysh water lag ;  
In flattryng fables men fynde but lyttyl fayth :  
But *moveatur terra*, let the world wag ; 90  
Let syr Wrigwrag wrastell with syr Delarag ;  
Euery man after his maner of wayes,  
*Parabe une aruer*, so the Welche man sayes.

Suche shredis of sentence, strowed in the shop  
Of auneyent Aristippus and such other mo,  
I gader together and close in my crop,  
Of my wanton conseyt, *unde depromo*  
*Dilemmata docta in pædagogio*  
*Sacro vatum*, whereof to you I breke :  
I pray you, let Parot haue lyberte to speke. 100

But ware the cat, Parot, ware the fals cat !  
With, Who is there? a mayd? nay, nay, I  
trow :  
Ware ryat, Parrot, ware ryot, ware that !  
Mete, mete for Parrot, mete, I say, how !  
Thus dyuers of language by lernyng I grow :  
With, Bas me, swete Parrot, bas me, swete swete ;  
To dwell amonge ladyes Parrot is mete.

Parrot, Parrot, Parrot, praty popigay !

With my beke I can pyke my lyttel praty too .  
 My delyght is solas, pleasure, dysporte, and pley ;  
 Lyke a wanton, whan I wyll, I rele to and  
 froo : 111

Parot can say, *Cæsar, ave*, also ;  
 But Parrot hath no fauour to Esebon :  
 Aboue all other byrdis, set Parrot alone.

*Ulula*, Esebon, for Ieromy doth wepe !  
 Sion is in sadnes, Rachell ruly doth loke ;  
 Madionita Ietro, our Moyses kepyth his shepe ;  
 Gedeon is gon, that Zalmane vndertoke,  
 Oreb *et* Zeb, of *Judicum* rede the boke ;  
 Now Geball, Amon, and Amaloch, — harke,  
 harke ! 120

Parrot pretendith to be a bybyll clarke.

O Esebon, Esebon ! to thé is cum agayne  
 Seon, the regent *Amorræorum*,  
 And Og, that fat hog of Basan, doth retayne,  
 The crafty *coistronus Cananæorum* ;  
 And *asylum*, whilom *refugium miserorum*,  
*Non fanum, sed profanum*, standyth in lyttyll  
 sted :

*Ulula*, Esebon, for Iepte is starke ded !

Esebon, Marybon, Wheston next Barnet ;  
 A trym tram for an horse myll it were a nyse  
 thyng ; 130

Deyntes for dammoysels, chaffer far fet :

Bo ho doth bark wel, but Hough ho he rulyth  
the ring ;

From Scarparry to Tartary renoun therin doth  
spryng,

With, He sayd, and we said, ich wot now what  
ich wot,

*Quod magnus est dominus Judas Scarioth.*

Tholomye and Haly were cunnyng and wyse

In the volvell, in the quadrant, and in the  
astroloby,

To pronostycate truly the chaunce of fortunys  
dyse ;

Som trete of theyr tirykis, som of astrology,

Som *pseudo-propheta* with chiromancy : 140

Yf fortune be frendly, and grace be the guyde,  
Honowre with renowne wyll ren on that syde.

*Monon calon agaton,*

*Quod Parato*

*In Græco.*

Let Parrot, I pray you, haue lyberte to prate,

For *aurea lingua Græca* ought to be magny-  
fyed,

Yf it were cond perfytely, and after the rate,

As *lingua Latina*, in scole matter occupied ;

But our Grekis theyr Greke so well haue ap-  
plyed, 150

That they cannot say in Greke, rydyng by the  
 way,  
 How, hosteler, fetch me my hors a botell of hay!

Neyther frame a silogisme in *phrisesomorum*,  
*Formaliter et Græce, cum medio termino* :  
 Our Grekys ye walow in the washbol *Argolico-  
 rum* ;  
 For though ye can tell in Greke what is  
*phormio*,  
 Yet ye seke out your Greke in *Capricornio* ;  
 For they<sup>1</sup> scrape out good scription, and set in  
 a gall,  
 Ye go about to amende, and ye mare all.

Some argue *secundum quid ad simpliciter*, 180  
 And yet he wolde be rekenyd *pro Areopagita* ;  
 And some make distinctions *multipliciter*,  
 Whether *ita* were before *non*, or *non* before *ita*,  
 Nether wise nor wel lernid, but like *herma-  
 phrodita* :

Set *sophia* asyde, for euery Jack Raker  
 And euery mad medler must now be a maker.

*In Academia* Parrot dare no probleme kepe ;  
 For *Græce fari* so occupyeth the chayre,  
 That *Latinum fari* may fall to rest and slepe,

<sup>1</sup> *they*] Qy. "ye" here—or "they" in the three preceding lines?

And *sylogisari* was drowned at Sturbrydge  
 fayre; 170  
 Tryuyals and quatryuyals so sore now they  
 appayre,  
 That Parrot the popagay hath pytye to beholde  
 How the rest of good lernyng is roufled vp and  
 trolde.

*Albertus de modo significandi,*

And *Donatus* be dryuen out of scole;  
 Prisians hed broken now handy dandy,  
 And *Inter didascolos* is rekened for a fole;  
 Alexander, a gander of Menanders pole,  
 With *Da Cansales*, is cast out of the gate,  
 And *Da Rationales* dare not shew his pate. 180

*Plauti* in his comedies a chyld shall now reherse,  
 And medyll with Quintylyan in his Declama-  
 cyons,  
 That Pety Caton can scantly construe a verse,  
 With *Areto in Græco*, and such solempne salu-  
 tacyons,  
 Can skantly the tensis of his coniugacyons;  
 Settynge theyr myndys so moche of eloquens,  
 That of theyr scole maters lost is the hole  
 sentens.

Now a nutmeg, a nutmeg, *cum gariopholo,*

For Parrot to pyke vpon, his brayne for to  
 stable, 180



Swete synamum styekis and *pleris cum musco!*<sup>1</sup>  
 In Paradyce, that place of pleasure perdurable,  
 The progeny of Parrottis were fayre and fauor-  
 able ;  
 Nowe *in valle* Ebron Parrot is fayne to fede :  
 Cristecrosse and saynt Nycholas, Parrot, be your  
 good spede !

The myrroure that I tote in, *quasi diaphanum,*  
*Vel quasi speculum, in ænigmate,*  
*Elencticum,* or ells *enthymematicum,*  
 For logicions to loke on, somewhat *sophistice* :  
 Retoricyons and oratours in freshe humanyte,  
 Support Parrot, I pray you, with your suffrage  
 ornate, 200  
 Of *confuse tantum* auoydyng the chekmate.

But of that supposicyon that callyd is arte  
*Confuse distributive,* as Parrot hath deuysed,  
 Let euery man after his merit take his parte,  
 For in this processe Parrot nothing hath sur-  
 mysed,  
 No matter pretendyd, nor nothyng enterprysed,  
 But that *metaphora, allegoria* with all,  
 Shall be his protectyon, his panys, and his wall.

<sup>1</sup> *pleris cum musco*] Ed. of Kynge and Marche, "*pleris com musco.*" Eds. of Day, and Marshe, "*pleris commusco.*" Instead of "*pleris,*" the Rev. J. Mitford proposes "*flarnis*" (*species placentæ*).

For Parot is no churlish chowgh, nor no flekyd  
pye,

Parrot is no pendugum, that men call a  
carlyng,

Parrot is no woodecocke, nor no butterfly, 210

Parrot is no stameryng stare, that men call a  
starlyng ;

But Parot is my owne dere harte and my dere  
derling ;

Melpomene, that fayre mayde, she burneshed his  
beke :

I pray you, let Parrot haue lyberte to speke.

Parrot is a fayre byrd for a lady ;

God of his goodnes him framed and wrought ;

When Parrot is ded, she dothe not putrefy :

Ye, all thyng mortall shall torne vnto nought,  
Except mannes soule, that Chryst so dere  
bought ; 220

That neuer may dye, nor neuer dye shall :

Make moche of Parrot, the popegay ryall.

For that pereles prynce that Parrot dyd  
create,

He made you of nothyng by his magistye :  
Poynt well this probleme that Parrot doth prate,  
And remembre amonge how Parrot and ye  
Shall lepe from this lyfe, as mery as we be ;  
Pompe, pryde, honour, ryches, and worldly lust,  
Parrot sayth playnly, shall tourne all to dust.

Thus Parrot dothe pray you 230  
 With hert most tender,  
 To rekyn with this recule now,  
 And it to remember.

*Psittacus, ecce, cano, nec sunt mea carmina Phæbo  
 Digna scio, tamen est plena camena deo.*

*Secundum Skeltonida famigeratum,  
 In Piereorum catalogo numeratum.*

*Itaque consolamini invicem in verbis istis, &c.  
 Candidi lectores, callide callete; vestrum fovete  
 Psittacum, &c.*

[*Galathea.*<sup>a</sup>

Speke, Parrotte, I pray yow, for Maryes saake,  
 Whate mone he made when Pamphylus loste hys  
 make.

*Parrotte.*

My propire Besse, 240  
 My praty Besse,  
 Turne ones agayne to me: <sup>t</sup>  
 For slepyste thou, Besse,

<sup>a</sup> Hic occurrat memoriæ Pamphilus de amore Galathesæ.

[*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> In ista cantilena<sup>1</sup> ore stilla plena abjectis frangibulis et aperit. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>1</sup> In ista cantilena, &c.] Grossly corrupted. The Rev. J. Mitford proposes "*ore stillanti.*" MS. has "*eperit.*"

Or wakeste thow, Besse,  
 Myne herte hyt ys with thé.

My deysy delectabyll,  
 My prymerose commendabyll,  
 \* My vyolet amyabyll,  
 My ioye inexplicabill,  
 Now torne agayne to me.

259

I wylbe ferme and stabyll,  
 And to yow seruyceabyll,  
 And also prophytabyll,  
 Yf ye be agreabyll  
 To turne agayne to me,  
 My propyr Besse.

<sup>b</sup> Alas, I am dysdayned,  
 And as a man halfe maymed,  
 My harte is so sore payned!  
 I pray thé, Besse, vnfayned,  
 Yet com agayne to me!

260

Be loue I am constreynd  
 To be with yow retayned,  
 Hyt wyll not be refrayned:

<sup>a</sup> Quid quæritis tot capita, tot census? [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Maro: Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella, Et fugit ad salices, &c. [*Side Note.*]

I pray yow, be reclaymed,  
 And torne agayne to me,  
 My propyr Besse.

Quod Parot, the popagay royall.

*Martialis cecinit carmen fit mihi scutum :—  
 Est mihi lasciva pagina, vita proba.]*<sup>1</sup>

*Galethea.*

Now kus me, Parrot, kus me, kus, kus, kus :  
 Goddys blessing lyght on thy swete lyttyll  
 mus!<sup>a</sup> 270

*Vita et anima,  
 Zoe kai psyche.*

*Concumbunt Græce. Non est hic sermo pudicus.*<sup>b</sup>

*Ergo Attica dictamina °  
 Sunt plumbi lamina,*

<sup>a</sup> Zoe kai psyche. Non omnes capiunt verbum istud, sed quibus datum est desuper. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Aquinates.<sup>2</sup> [*Side Note.*]

<sup>c</sup> Sua consequentia magni æstimatur momenti Attica sane eloquentia. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Est mihi lasciva pagina, vita proba]* “*Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba est.*” *Ep.* i. 5.

<sup>2</sup> *Aquinates]* Has crept into the text in eds., and is not clearly distinguished from the text in MS. But it is certainly a marginal note—meaning Juvenal, from whom “*Concumbunt Græce,*” &c. is quoted: see *Sat.* vi. 191.

*Vel spuria vitulamina:  
Avertat hæc Urania!*

[*Amen.*]

*Amen, Amen,*  
And set to a D,  
And then it is, Amend  
Our new found A, B, C.

*Cum cæteris paribus.*

[*Lenuoy primere*

Go, litell quayre, namyd the Popagay, 290  
Home to resorte Jerobesethe perswade;  
For the cliffes of Scaloppe they rore wellaway,  
And the sandes of Cefas begyn to waste and  
fade,  
For replicacion restles that he of late ther  
made;  
Now Neptune and Eolus ar agreed of lyclyhode,  
For Tytus at Dover abydythe in the rode;

Lucina she wadythe among the watry floddes,  
And the cokkes begyn to crowe agayne the  
day;

*Le tonsan de Jason* is lodgid among the shrowdes,  
Of Argus revengyd, recover when he may; 290  
Lyacon of Libyk and Lydy hathe cawghte hys  
pray:

Goe, lytyll quayre, pray them that yow beholde,  
In there remembraunce ye may be inolde.

Yet some folys say that ye arre ffurnysshyd with  
 knakkes,  
 That hang togedyr as fethyrs in the wynde;  
 But lewdlye ar they lettyrd that your lernyng  
 lackys,  
 Barkyng and whyning, lyke churlysshe currys  
 of kynde,  
 For whoo lokythe wyselye in your warkys may  
 fynde  
 Muche frutefull mater : but now, for your defence  
 Agayne all remordes arme yow with paciens. 300

*Monostichon.*

*Ipse sagax æqui ceu verax nuntius ito.  
 Morda puros mal desires. Portugues.  
 Penultimo die Octobris, 33°.*

*Secunde Lenuoy.*

Passe forthe, Parotte, towardes some passengere,  
 Require hym to convey yow ovyr the salte fome;  
 Addressyng your selfe, lyke a sadde messengere,  
 To ower soleyne seigneour Sadoke, desire hym  
 to cum home,  
 Makyng hys pylgrimage by *nostre dame de  
 Crome* ;  
 For Jerico and Jerssey shall mete togethyr assone  
 As he to exployte the man owte of the mone.  
 With porpose and graundepose he may fede hym  
 fatte,

Thowghe he pampyr not hys paunche with the  
grete seall : 310

We haue longyd and lokyd long tyme for that,  
Whyche cawsythe pore suters haue many a  
hongry mele :

As presydent and regente he rulythe every  
deall.

Now pas furthe, good Parott, ower Lorde be your  
stede,

In this your journey to prospere and spede !

And thowe sum dysdayne yow, and sey how ye  
prate,

And howe your poemys arre barayne of pol-  
yshed eloquens,

There is none that your name woll abbrogate

Then nodypollys and gramatolys of smalle in-  
tellygens ;

To rude ys there reason to reche to your  
sentence : 320

Suche malyncoly mastyvys and mangye curre  
dogges

Ar mete for a swyneherde to hunte after hogges.

*Monostichon.*

*Psittace, perge volans, fatuorum tela retundas.*

*Morda puros mall desers. Portugues.*

*In diebus Novembris,*



*Le dereyn Lenveoy.*

Prepayre yow, Parrot, breuely your passage to  
take,

Of Mercury vndyr the trynall aspecte,  
And sadlye salute ower solen syre Sydrake,  
And shewe hym that all the world dothe con-  
iecte,

How the maters he mellis in com to small  
effecte;

For he wantythe of hys wyttes that all wold rule  
alone; 329

Hyt is no lytyll bordon to bere a grete mylle stone :

To bryng all the see into a cheryston pytte,  
To nombyr all the sterrys in the fyrmament,  
To rule ix realmes by one mannes wytte,  
To suche thynges ympossybyll reason cannot  
consente :

Muche money, men sey, there madly he hathe  
spente :

Parrot, ye may prate thys vndyr protestacion,  
Was neuyr suche a senatour syn Crystes incarna-  
cion.

Wherfor he may now come agayne as he wente,  
*Non sine postica sanna*, as I trowe, 339  
From Calys to Dovyr, to Caunterbury in Kente,  
To make reconyng in the resseyte how Robyn  
loste hys bowe,

To sowe corné in the see sande, ther wyll no  
crope growe.

Thow ye be tauntyd, Parotte, with tonges attayntyd,  
Yet your problemes ar preignaunte, and with  
loyalte acquayntyd.

*Monostichon.*

*I, properans, Parrot[e],<sup>1</sup> malas sic corripe linguas.*

*Morda puros mall desires. Portugues.*

*15 kalendis Decembris,*

34.

*Distichon miserabile.*

*Altior, heu, cedro, crudelior, heu, leopardo!*

*Heu, vitulus bubali fit dominus Priami!*

*Tetrastichon,—Unde species Priami est digna  
imperio.*

*Non annis licet et Priamus sed honore voceris:*

*Dum foveas vitulum, rex, regeris, Britonum;*

*Rex, regeris, non ipse regis: rex inclyte, calle;*

*Subde tibi vitulum, ne fatuet nimium.*

351

God amend all,

That all amend may!

Amen, quod Parott,

<sup>1</sup> *Parrot[e]* Must be considered here as a Latin word, and a trisyllable ---.

The royall popagay.

*Kalendis Decembris,*

34.

*Lenvoy royall.*

Go, propyr Parotte, my popagay,  
 That lordes and ladies thys pamflett may behold,  
 With notable clerkes : supply to them, I pray,  
 Your rudenes to pardon, and also that they wolde  
 Vouchesafe to defend yow agayne the brawlyng  
 scolde, 360  
 Callyd Detraxion, encankryd with envye,  
 Whose tong ys attayntyd with slaundrys obliqui.

For trowthe in parabyll ye wantonlye pronounce,  
 Langagys diuers, yet vndyr that dothe reste  
 Maters more precious then the ryche jacounce,  
 Diamounde, or rubye, or balas of the beste,  
 Or eyndye sapher with oryente perlys dreste :  
 Wherfor your remorde[r]s ar madde, or else  
 starke blynde,  
 Yow to remorde erste or they know your mynde.

*Distichon.*

*I, volitans,<sup>1</sup> Parrote, tuam moderare Minervam :*  
*Vix tua percipient, qui tua teque legent.* 371

<sup>1</sup> *volitans*] MS. "*vtilans*"—not, I think, a mistake for "*ru-tilans*:" compare *ante*, "Psittace, perge, *volans*," p. 262 and "I, properans, Parrot," p. 264.

*Hyperbato[n].*

*Psittacus hi notus seu Persius est puto notus,  
Nec reor est nec erit licet est erit.*<sup>1</sup>

*Maledite soyte bouche malheureuse !*

34.

*Laecture de Parott.*

O my Parrot, O unice dilecte, votorum meorum  
omnis lapis, lapis pretiosus operimentum  
tuum !

*Parrott.*

*Sicut Aaron populumque, sic bubali vitulus, sic  
bubali vitulus, sic bubali vitulus.*

Thus myche Parott hathe opynlye expreste :  
Let se who dare make vp the reste.

*Le Popagay sen va complayndre.*

Helas ! I lamente the dull abusyd brayne,  
The enfatuate fantasies, the wytles wylfulnes  
Of on and hothyr at me that haue dysdayne :  
Som sey, they cannot my parables expresse ;  
Som sey, I rayle att ryott recheles ;

390

<sup>1</sup> Thus corrected by a reviewer in *Gent. Mag.*

*Pittacus hic notus seu Persius est puto notus,  
Nec reor est, nec erit, nec licet est, nec erit.*

Some say but lityll, and thynke more in there  
 thoughte,  
 How thys prosses I prate of, hyt ys not all for  
 nowghte.

O causeles cowardes, O hartles hardynes !  
 O manles manhod, enfayntyd all with fere !  
 O connyng clergie, where ys your redynes  
 To practyse or postyll thys prosses here and  
 there ?

For drede ye darre not medyll with suche gere,  
 Or elles ye pynche curtesy, trulye as I trowe,  
 Whyche of yow fyrste dare boldlye plucke the  
 crowe.

The skye is cloudy, the coste is nothyng clere ;  
 Tytan hathe truste vp hys tressys of fyne  
 golde ;

Iupyter for Saturne darre make no royall chere ;  
 Lyacon lawghyth there att, and berythe hym  
 more bolde ;

Racell, rulye ragged, she is like to cache colde ;  
 Moloc, that mawmett, there darre no man withsay ;  
 The reste of suche reconyng may make a fowle  
 fraye.

*Dixit, quod Parrott, the royall popagay.*

*Cest chose maleheure[u]se,  
 Que mall bouche.*

*Parrotte.*

*Jupiter ut nitido deus est veneratus Olympo ;*

*Hic coliturque deus.*

400

*Sunt data thura Jovi, rutilo solio residenti ;*

*Cum Jove thura capit.*

*Jupiter astrorum rector dominusque polorum ;*

*Anglica scepra regit.*

*Galathea.*

I compas the conveyaunce vnto the capitall  
Of ower clerke Cleros, whythyr, thydyr, and  
why not hethyr?

For passe a pase apase ys gon to cache a molle,  
Over Scarpary *mala vi*, Monsyre cy and  
sliddy:

Whate sequele shall folow when pendugims  
mete togethyr?

Speke, Parotte, my swete byrde, and ye shall  
haue a date,

410

Of frantyeknes and folysshnes whyche ys the  
grett state?

*Parotte.*

Difficile hit ys to ansswere thys demaunde ;

Yet, aftyr the sagacite of a popagay, —

Frantiknes dothe rule and all thyng commaunde ;

Wylfulnes and braynles no[w] rule all the  
raye ;

Agayne ffrentike frenesy there dar no man sey  
nay,

For ffrantiknes, and wyfulnes, and braynles en-  
sembyll,

The nebbis of a lyon they make to trete and  
trembyll;

To jumbyll, to stombyll, to tumbyll down lyke  
folys,

To lowre,<sup>1</sup> to droupe, to knele, to stowpe, and  
to play cowche quale, 420

To fysshe afore the nette, and to drawe polys;

He make[th] them to bere babylls, and to  
bere a lowe sayle;

He caryeth a kyng in hys sleve, yf all the  
worlde fayle;

He facithe owte at a flusshe, with, shewe, take  
all!

Of Pope Julius cardys he ys chefe cardynall.

He tryhumfythe, he trumpythe, he turnythe all  
vp and downe,

With, skyregalyard, prowde palyard, vaunte-  
perler, ye prate!

Hys woluyshede, wanne, bloo as lede, gapythe  
ouer the crowne:

Hyt ys to fere leste he wolde were the garland  
on hys pate,

Peregall with all prynces farre passyng his  
estate; 430

<sup>1</sup> lowre] Qy. "lowte?"

For of ower regente the regiment he hathe, *ex  
qua vi*,  
*Patet per versus, quod ex vi bolle harvi.*

Now, Galathea, lett Parrot, I pray yow, haue hys  
date ;

Yett dates now ar deynte, and wax verye  
scante,

For grocers were grugyd at and groynyd at but  
late ;

Grete reysons with resons be now reprobicante,  
For reysons ar no resons, but resons currant :  
Ryn God, rynne Devyll ! yet the date of ower  
Lord

And the date of the Devyll dothe shrewlye accord.

*Dixit, quod Parrott, the popagay royall.*

*Galathea.*

Nowe, Parott, my swete byrde, speke owte yet  
ons agayne, 440

Sette asyde all sophyms, and speke now trew  
and playne.

*Parotte.*

So many morall maters, and so lytell vsyd ;

So myche neue making, and so madd tyme  
spente ;

So myche translacion in to Englyshe confused ;

So myche nobyll prechyng, and so lytell amend-  
ment ;



So myche consultacion, almoste to none entente ;  
 So myche provision, and so lytell wytte at nede ;—  
 Syns Dewcalyons flodde there can no clerkes rede.

So lytyll dyscressyon, and so myche reasonyng ;  
 So myche hardy dardy, and so lytell manly-  
 nes ; 450

So prodigall expence, and so shamfull reconyng ;  
 So gorgyous garmentes, and so myche wrechyd-  
 nese ;

So myche portlye pride, with pursys penyles ;  
 So myche spente before, and so myche vnpayd  
 behynde ;—

Syns Dewcalyons flodde there can no clerkes  
 fynde.

So myche forcastyng, and so farre an after dele ;  
 So myche poletyke pratyng, and so lytell  
 stondythe in stede ;

So lytell secretnese, and so myche grete counsell ;  
 So manye bolde barons, there hertes as dull as  
 lede ;

So many nobyll bodyes vndyr on dawys hedd ;  
 So royall a kyng as reynythe vppon vs all ;— 461  
 Syns Dewcalions flodde was nevyr sene nor shall.

So many complayntes, and so smalle redresse ;  
 So myche callyng on, and so smalle takyng  
 hede ;

So myche losse of merchaundyse, and so remedy-  
 les ;

So lytell care for the comyn weall, and so  
myche nede ;

So myche dow3tfull daunger, and so lytell  
drede ;

So myche pride of prelattes, so cruell and so  
kene ;—

Syns Dewcallyons flodde, I trowe, was nevyr  
sene.

So many thevys hangyd, and thevys never the  
lesse ; 470

So myche prisonment ffor matyrs not worthe  
an hawe ;

So myche papers weryng for ryghte a smalle  
exesse ;

So myche pelory pajauntes vndyr colower of  
good lawe ;

So myche towrnyng on the cooke stole for  
euery guy gaw ;

So myche mokkyshe making of statutes of  
array ;—

Syns Dewcallyons flodde was nevyr, I dar sey.

So braynles caluys hedes, so many shepis  
taylys ;

So bolde a braggyng bocher, and flesshe sold  
so dere ;

So many plucte partryches, and so fatte quaylles ;

So mangye a mastyfe curre, the grete grey  
houndes pere ; 480

So bygge a bulke of brow auntlers cabagyd  
that yere ;

So many swannes dede, and so small revell ;—  
Syns Dewcalyons flodde, I trow, no man can  
tell.

So many trusys takyn, and so lytyll perfyte  
trowthe ;

So myche bely joye, and so wastefull banquet-  
yng ;

So pynchyng and sparyng, and so lytell profyte  
growthe ;

So many howgye howsys byldyng, and so small  
howseholding ;

Suche statutes apon diettes, suche pyllyng and  
pollyng ;

So ys all thyng wrowghte wylfully withowte reson  
and skylle ;—

Syns Dewcalyons flodde the world was never so  
yll. 490

So many vacabondes, so many beggers bolde ;

So myche decay of monesterics and of relygious  
places ;

So hote hatered agaynste the Chyrche, and  
cheryte so colde ;

So myche of my lordes grace, and in hym no  
grace ys ;

So many holow hartes, and so dowbyll faces ;

So myche sayntuary brekyng, and preuylegidde  
barrydd ;—

Syns Dewcalyons flodde was nevyr sene nor  
lyerd.

So myche raggyd ryghte of a rammes horne ;

So rygorous revelyng<sup>1</sup> in a prelate specially ;

So bold and so braggyng, and was so baselye  
borne ; 500

So lordlye of hys lokes and so dysdayneslye ;

So fatte a magott, bred of a flesshe flye ;

Was nevyr suche a ffylty gorgon, nor suche an  
epycure,

Syn[s] Dewcalyons flodde, I make thé faste and  
sure.

So myche preuye wachyng in cold wynters  
nyghtes ;

So myche serchyng of loselles, and ys hymselfe  
so lewde ;

So myche coniuracions for elvyshe myday sprettes ;

So many bullys of pardon puplysshyd and  
shewyd ;

So myche crossyng and blyssyng, and hym all  
beshrewde ;

Suche pollaxis and pyllers, suche mvlys trapte  
with gold ;— 510

Sens Dewcalyons flodde in no cronycle ys told.

<sup>1</sup> *revelyng*] So MS. *literatim*,—meant for “ruelyng” (ruling).

*Dixit, quod Parrot.*

*Crescet in immensum me vivo Psittacus iste ;  
Hinc mea dicetur Skeltonidis inelyta fama.*

Quod Skelton Lawryat,  
*Orator Regius.*

34.]

HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LYTELL BOKE, WHICHE  
HATH TO NAME

WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE ?\*

COMPYLED BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE LAUREATE.

The relucēt mirror for all Prelats and Presidents,  
as well spirituall as temporall, sadly to loke  
vpon, deuised in English by Skelton.

All noble men,<sup>1</sup> of this take hede,  
And beleue it as your Crede.

To hasty of sentence,  
To ferce for none offence,  
To scarce of your expence,  
To large in neglygence,  
To slacke in recompence,  
To haute in excellence,

\* From the ed. by Kele, n. d., collated with that by Wyght, n. d., with that by Kytson, n. d., and with Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

<sup>1</sup> *All noble men, &c.*] These twenty-eight introductory lines, which are found in all the eds. of this poem, are also printed, as a distinct piece, in the various editions of *Certaine boke compyled by Myster Skelton, &c.*, n. d., and in Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

To lyght [in] intellegence,  
 And to lyght in credence; 10  
 Where these kepe resydence,  
 Reson is banysshed thence,  
 And also dame Prudence,  
 With sober Sapyence.  
 All noble men, of this take hede,  
 And beleue it as your Crede.

Than without collusyon,  
 Marke well this conclusyon,  
 Thorow suche abusyon,  
 And by suche illusyon, 20  
 Vnto great confusyon  
 A noble man may fall,  
 And his honour appall;  
 And yf ye thynke this shall  
 Not rubbe you on the gall,  
 Than the deuyll take all!  
 All noble men, of this take hede,  
 And beleue it as your Crede.

*Hæc vates ille,*  
*De quo loquuntur mille.* 30

## WHY COME YE NAT TO COURT?

For age is a page  
 For the courte full vnmete,  
 For age cannat rage,  
 Nor basse her swete swete :

But whan age seeth that rage  
 Dothe aswage and refrayne,  
 Than wyll age haue a corage  
 To come to court agayne.

But

Helas, sage ouerage  
 So madly decayes,  
 That age for dottage  
 Is reconed now adayes :

40

Thus age (a graunt damage)  
 Is nothyng set by,  
 And rage in arerage  
 Dothe rynne lamentably.

So

That rage must make pyllage,  
 To catche that catche may,  
 And with suche forage  
 Hunte the boskage,  
 That hartes wyll ronne away ;  
 Bothe hartes and hyndes,  
 With all good myndes :  
 Fare well, than, haue good day !

80

Than, haue good daye, adewe !  
 For defaute of rescew,  
 Some men may happely rew,  
 And some theyr hedes mew ;  
 The tyme dothe fast ensew,  
 That bales begynne to brew :  
 I drede, by swete Iesu,  
 This tale wyll be to trew ;

60



In faythe, dycken, thou krew,  
 In fayth, dicken, thou krew, &c.

Dicken, thou krew doutlesse ;  
 For, trewly to expresse,  
 There hath ben moche excesse,  
 With banketynge braynesse,  
 With ryotyng rechelesse,  
 With gambaudyng thryftlesse,  
 With spende and wast witlesse,  
 Treatinge of trewse restlesse,  
 Pratyng for peace peaslesse.

78

The cuntryng at Cales  
 Wrang vs on the males :  
 Chefe counselour was carlesse,  
 Gronyng, grouchyng, gracelesse ;

And to none entente  
 Our talwod is all brent,  
 Our fagottes are all spent,

80

We may blowe at the cole :  
 Our mare hath cast her fole,  
 And Mocke hath lost her sho ; .

What may she do therto ?

An ende of an olde song,  
 Do ryght and do no wronge,  
 As ryght as a rammes horne ;  
 For thrifte is threde bare worne,  
 Our shepe are shrewdly shorne,  
 And trouthe is all to-torne ;

90

Wysdom is laught to skorne,  
 Fauell is false forsworne,

Iauell is nobly borne,  
 Hauell and Haruy Hafter,  
 Iack Trauell and Cole Crafter,  
 We shall here more herafter ;  
 With pollynge and shauynge,  
 With borowyng and crauyng,  
 With reuyng and rauyng,  
 With sweryng and staryng,      100  
 Ther vayleth no resonyng,  
 For wyll dothe rule all thyng,  
 Wyll, wyll, wyll, wyll, wyll,  
 He ruleth alway styll.  
 Good reason and good skyll,  
 They may garlycke pyll,  
 Cary sakes to the myll,  
 Or pescoddes they may shyll,  
 Or elles go rost a stone :  
 There is no man but one      110  
 That hathe the strokes alone ;  
 Be it blacke or whight,  
 All that he dothe is ryght,  
 As right as a cammocke croked.  
 This byll well ouer loked,  
 Clerely perceuye we may  
 There went the hare away,  
 The hare, the fox, the gray,  
 The harte, the hynde, the buck :  
 God sende vs better luck !      120  
 God sende vs better lucke, &c.  
 Twit, Andrewe, twit, Scot,  
 Ge heme, ge scour thy pot ;

For we haue spent our shot :

We shall haue a *tot quot*

From the Pope of Rome,

To weue all in one lome

A webbe of lylse wulse,

*Opus male dulce:*

The deuyll kysse his cule !

130

For, whyles he doth rule,

All is warse and warse ;

The deuyll kysse his arse !

For whether he blesse or curse,

It can not be moche worse.

From Baumberow to Bothombar

We haue cast vp our war,

And made a worthy trewse,

With, gup, leuell suse !

Our mony madly lent,

140

And mor madly spent :

From Croydon to Kent,

Wote ye whyther they went ?

From Wynchelsey to Rye,

And all nat worth a flye ;

From Wentbridge to Hull ;

Our armye waxeth dull,

With, tourne all home agayne,

And neuer a Scot slayne.

Yet the good Erle of Surray,

150

The Frenche mien he doth fray,

And vexeth them day by day

With all the power he may ;

The French men he hath faynted,  
 And made theyr hertes attaynted:  
 Of cheualry he is the floure;  
 Our Lorde be his soccoure!  
 The French men he hathe so mated,  
 And theyr courage abated,  
 That they are but halfe men;  
 Lyke foxes in theyr denne,  
 Lyke cankerd cowardes all,  
 Lyke vrcheons in a stone wall,  
 They kepe them in theyr holdes,  
 Lyke henherted cokoldes.

160

But yet they ouer shote vs  
 Wyth crownes and wyth scutus;  
 With scutis and crownes of gold  
 I drede we are bought and solde;  
 It is a wonders warke:  
 They shote all at one marke,  
 At the Cardynals hat,  
 They shote all at that;  
 Oute of theyr stronge townes  
 They shote at him with crownes;  
 With crownes of golde enblased  
 They make him so amased,  
 And his eyen so dased,  
 That he ne se can  
 To know God nor man.  
 He is set so hye  
 In his ierarchy  
 Of frantycke frenesy

170

180

And folysshe fantasy,  
That in the Chambre of Starres  
All maters there he marres ;  
Clappyng his rod on the borde,  
No man dare speke a worde,  
For he hathe all the sayenge,  
Without any renayenge ; 190  
He rolleth in his recordes,  
He sayth, How saye ye, my lordes ?  
Is nat my reason good ?  
Good euyn, good Robyn Hood !  
Some say yes, and some  
Syt styll as they were dom :  
Thus thwartyng ouer thom,  
He ruleth all the roste  
With braggyng and with bost ;  
Borne vp on euery syde 200  
With pompe and with pryde,  
With, trompe vp, alleluya !  
For dame Philargerya  
Hathe so his herte in holde,  
He loueth nothyng but golde ;  
And Asmodeus of hell  
Maketh his membres swell  
With Dalyda to mell,  
That wanton damosell.  
Adew, Philosophia, 210  
Adew, Theologia !  
Welcome, dame Simonia,  
With dame Castrimergia,

To drynke and for to eate  
 Swete ypocras and swete meate!  
 To kepe his flesshe chast,  
 In Lent for a repast  
 He eateth capons stewed,  
 Fesaunt and partriche mewed,  
 Hennes, checkynges, and pygges;      220  
 He foynes and he frygges,  
 Spareth neither mayde ne wyfe:  
 This is a postels lyfe!

Helas! my herte is sory  
 To tell of vayne glory:  
 But now vpon this story  
 I wyll no further ryme  
 Tyll another tyme,  
 Tyll another tyme, &c.

What newes, what newes?      230  
 Small newes the true is,  
 That be worth ii. kues;  
 But at the naked stewes,  
 I vnderstande how that  
 The sygne of the Cardynall Hat,  
 That inne is now shyt vp,  
 With, gup, hore, gup, now gup,  
 Gup, Guilliam Trauillian,  
 With, iast you, I say, Jullian!  
 Wyll ye bere no coles?      240  
 A mayny of marefoles,  
 That occupy theyr holys,  
 Full of pocky molys.

What here ye of Lancashyre?  
 They were nat payde their hyre;  
 They are fel as any fyre.

What here ye of Chesshyre?  
 They hane layde all in the myre;  
 They grugyd, and sayde  
 Theyr wages were nat payde; 250  
 Some sayde they were afrayde  
 Of the Scottysshe hoste,  
 For all theyr crack and bost,  
 Wylde fyre and thonder;  
 For all this worldly wonder,  
 A hundred myle asonder  
 They were whan they were next;  
 That is a trew text.

What here ye of the Scottes?  
 They make vs all sottes, 260  
 Poppynge folysshe dawes;  
 They make vs to pyll strawes;  
 They play their olde pranckes,  
 After Huntley bankes:  
 At the streme of Banockes burne  
 They dyd vs a shrewde turne,  
 Whan Edwarde of Karnaruan  
 Lost all that his father wan.

What here ye of the Lorde Dakers?  
 He maketh vs Jacke Rakers; 270  
 He sayes we ar but crakers;  
 He calleth vs England men  
 Stronge herted lyke an hen;

For the Scottes and he  
 To well they do agre,  
 With, do thou for me,  
 And I shall do for thé.

Whyles the red hat doth endure,  
 He maketh himselfe cock sure ;  
 The red hat with his lure  
 Bryngeth all thynges vnder cure.

280

But, as the worlde now gose,  
 What here ye of the Lorde Rose ?  
 Nothyng to purpose,  
 Nat worth a cockly fose :

Their hertes be in thyr hose.  
 The Erle of Northumberlande  
 Dare take nothyng on hande :

Our barons be so bolde,  
 Into a mouse hole they wolde  
 Rynne away and crepe ;  
 Lyke a mayny of shepe,  
 Dare nat loke out at dur  
 For drede of the mastyue cur,  
 For drede of the bochers dogge  
 Wold wyrry them lyke an hogge.

290

For and this curre do gnar,  
 They must stande all a far,  
 To holde vp their hande at the bar.  
 For all their noble blode

300

He pluckes them by the hode,  
 And shakes them by the eare,  
 And brynge[s] them in suche feare ;



He bayteth them lyke a bere,  
 Lyke an oxe or a bull:  
 Theyr wyttes, he saith, are dull;  
 He sayth they haue no brayne  
 Theyr astate to mayntayne;  
 And maketh them to bow theyr kne  
 Before his maieste. 310

Juges of the kynges lawes,  
 He countys them foles and dawes;  
 Sergyantes of the coyfe eke,  
 He sayth they are to seke  
 In pletynge of theyr case  
 At the Commune Place,  
 Or at the Kynges Benche;  
 He wryngeth them suche a wrenche,  
 That all our lerned men  
 Dare nat set theyr penne 320  
 To plete a trew tryall  
 Within Westmynster hall;  
 In the Chauncery where he syttes,  
 But suche as he admyttes  
 None so hardy to speke;  
 He sayth, thou huddypeke,  
 Thy lernynge is to lewde,  
 Thy tonge is nat well thewde,  
 To seke before our grace;  
 And openly in that place 330  
 He rages and he raues,  
 And cals them cankerd knaues;  
 Thus royally he dothe deale

Vnder the kynges brode seale ;  
 And in the Checker he them cheks ;  
 In the Ster Chambre he noddis and beks,  
 And bereth him there so stowte,  
 That no man dare rowte,  
 Duke, erle, baron, nor lorde,  
 But to his sentence must accorde ; 340  
 Whether he be knyght or squyre,  
 All men must folow his desyre.

What say ye of the Scottysh kyng ?  
 That is another thyng.  
 He is but an yonglyng,  
 A stalworthy stryplyng :  
 There is a whyspring and a whipling,  
 He shulde be hyder brought ;  
 But, and it were well sought,  
 I trow all wyll be nought, 350  
 Nat worth a shyttel cocke,  
 Nor worth a sowre calstocke.  
 There goth many a lye  
 Of the Duke of Albany,  
 That of shulde go his hede,  
 And brought in quycke or dede,  
 And all Scotlande owers  
 The mountenaunce of two houres.  
 But, as some men sayne,  
 I drede of some false trayne 360  
 Subtelly wrought shall be  
 Vnder a fayned treattee ;  
 But within moncthes thre

Men may happely se  
 The trechery and the pranks  
 Of the Scottyssh banks.

What here ye of Burgonyons,  
 And the Spaiyardes onyons?  
 They haue slain our Englisshmen  
 About threscore and ten:

370

For all your amyte,  
 No better they agre.

God saue my lorde admyrell!  
 What here ye of Mutrell?  
 There with I dare nat mell.

Yet what here ye tell  
 Of our graunde counsell?  
 I coulde say some what,  
 But speke ye no more of that,  
 For drede of the red hat  
 Take peper in the nose;  
 For than thyne heed of gose,  
 Of by the harde arse.

380

But there is some trauarse  
 Bytwene some and some,  
 That makys our syre to glum;  
 It is some what wronge,  
 That his berde is so longe;  
 He morneth in blacke clothyng.  
 I pray God saue the kyng!  
 Where euer he go or ryde,  
 I pray God be his gyde!

390

Thus wyll I conclude my style,  
 And fall to rest a whyle,  
 And so to rest a whyle, &c.

Ones yet agayne  
 Of you I wolde frayne,  
 Why come ye nat to court?—  
 To whyche court?  
 To the kynges courte, 400  
 Or to Hampton Court?—  
 Nay, to the kynges court:  
 The kynges courte  
 Shulde haue the excellence;  
 But Hampton Court  
 Hath the preemynence,  
 And Yorkes Place,  
 With my lordes grace,  
 To whose magnifycence  
 Is all the conflewence, 410  
 Sutys and supplycacyons,  
 Embassades of all nacyons.  
 Strawe for lawe canon,  
 Or for the lawe common,  
 Or for lawe cyuyll!  
 It shall be as he wyll:  
 Stop at lawe tancrete,  
 An obstract or a concrete;  
 Be it soure, be it swete,  
 His wysdome is so dyscrete, 420  
 That in a fume or an hete,  
 Wardeyn of the Flete,  
 Set hym fast by the fete!

And of his royall powre  
 Whan him lyst to lowre,  
 Than, haue him to the Towre,  
*Saunz aulter* remedy,  
 Haue hym forthe by and by  
 To the Marshalsy,  
 Or to the Kynges Benche ! 430  
 He dyggeth so in the trenche  
 Of the court royall,  
 That he ruleth them all.  
 So he dothe vndermynde,  
 And suche slēyghtes dothe fynde,  
 That the kynges mynde  
 By hym is subuerted,  
 And so streatly coarted  
 In credensynge his tales,  
 That all is but nutshales 440  
 That any other sayth ;  
 He hath in him suche fayth.

Now, yet all this myght be  
 Suffred and taken in gre,  
 If that that he wrought  
 To any good ende were brought ;  
 But all he bringeth to nought,  
 By God, that me dere bought !  
 He bereth the kyng on hand,  
 That he must pyll his lande, 450  
 To make his cofers ryche ;  
 But he laythe all in the dyche,  
 And vseth suche abusyoun,

That in the conclusyoun  
 All commeth to confusyon.  
 Perceyue the cause why,  
 To tell the trouth playnly,  
 He is so ambicyous,  
 So shamles, and so vicyous,  
 And so supersticyous, 460  
 And so moche obliuyous  
 From whens that he came,  
 That he falleth into a *cæciam*,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whiche, truly to expresse,  
 Is a forgetfulnesse,  
 Or wylfull blyndnesse,  
 Wherwith the Sodomites  
 Lost theyr inward syghtes,  
 The Gommoryans also  
 Were brought to deedly wo, 470  
 As Scrypture recordis :  
*A cæcitate cordis,*  
 In the Latyne synge we,  
*Libera nos, Domine !*

But this madde Amalecke,  
 Lyke to a Mamelek,  
 He regardeth lordes  
 No more than potshordes ;  
 He is in suche elacyon  
 Of his exaltacyon, 480  
 And the supportacyon  
 Of our souerayne lorde,  
 That, God to recorde,

<sup>1</sup> *a cæciam*] Eds. "*Acisiam*." Compare v. 472.

He ruleth all at wyll,  
 Without reason or skylle:  
 How be it the primordyall  
 Of his wretched originall,  
 And his base progeny,  
 And his gresy genealogy,  
 He came of the sank royall, 490  
 That was cast out of a bochers stall.

But how euer he was borne,  
 Men wolde haue the lesse scorne,  
 If he coulde consyder  
 His byrth and rowme togeder,  
 And call to his mynde  
 How noble and how kynde  
 To him he hathe founde  
 Our souereyne lorde, chyfe grounde  
 Of all this prelacy, 500  
 And set hym nobly  
 In great auctoryte,  
 Out from a low degre,  
 Whiche he can nat se:  
 For he was parde  
 No doctor of deuinyte,  
 Nor doctor of the law,  
 Nor of none other saw;  
 But a poore maister of arte,  
 God wot, had lytell parte 510  
 Of the quatriuials,  
 Nor yet of triuialis,  
 Nor of philosophy,

Nor of philology,  
 Nor of good pollycy,  
 Nor of astronomy,  
 Nor acquaynted worth a fly  
 With honorable Haly,  
 Nor with royall Ptholomy,  
 Nor with Albumasar, 520  
 To treat of any star  
 Fyxt or els mobyll ;  
 His Latyne tonge dothe hobbyll,  
 He doth but cloute and cobbill  
 In Tullis faculte,  
 Called humanyte ;  
 Yet proudly he dare pretende  
 How no man can him amende :  
 But haue ye nat harde this,  
 How an one eyed man is 530  
 Well syghted when  
 He is amonge blynde men ?

Than, our processe for to stable,  
 This man was full vnable  
 To reche to suche degre,  
 Had nat our prynce be  
 Royall Henry the eyght,  
 Take him in suche conceyght,  
 That he set him on heyght,  
 In exemplyfyenge 540  
 Great Alexander the kynge,  
 In writynge as we fynde ;  
 Whiche of his royall mynde,



And of his noble pleasure,  
Transcendynge out of mesure,  
Thought to do a thyng  
That perteyneth to a kyng,  
To make vp one of nought,  
And made to him be brought  
A wretched poore man, 560  
Whiche his lyuenge wan  
With plantyng of lekes  
By the dayes and by the wekes,  
And of this poore vassall  
He made a kyng royall,  
And gaue him a realme to rule,  
That occupyed a showell,  
A mattoke, and a spade,  
Before that he was made  
A kyng, as I haue tolde, 560  
And ruled as he wolde.  
Suche is a kynges power,  
To make within an hower,  
And worke suche a myracle,  
That shall be a spectacle  
Of renowme and worldly fame :  
In lykewyse now the same  
Cardynall is promoted,  
Yet with lewde condicyons cotyd,  
As herafter ben notyd, 570  
Presumcyon and vayne glory,  
Enuy, wrath, and lechery,  
Couetys and glotony,

Slouthfull to do good,  
Now frantick, now starke wode.

Shulde this man of suche mode  
Rule the swerde of myght,  
How can he do ryght?  
For he wyll as sone smyght  
His frende as his fo ;  
A prouerbe longe ago.

580

Set vp a wretche on hye  
In a trone triumphantlye,  
Make him a great astate,  
And he wyll play checke mate  
With ryall maieste,  
Counte him selfe as good as he ;  
A prelate potencyall,  
To rule vnder Bellyall,  
As ferce and as cruell  
As the fynd of hell.

590

His seruauntes menyall  
He dothe reuyle, and brall,  
Lyke Mahounde in a play ;  
No man dare him withsay :  
He hath dispyght and scorne  
At them that be well borne ;  
He rebukes them and rayles,  
Ye horsons, ye vassayles,  
Ye knaues, ye churles sonnys,  
Ye rebads, nat worth two plummis,  
Ye raynbetyn beggers reiagged,  
Ye recrayed ruffyns all ragged !

600

With, stowpe, thou hauell,  
 Rynne, thou iauell!  
 Thou peuysshe pye pecked,  
 Thou losell longe necked!  
 Thus dayly they be decked,  
 Taunted and checked,  
 That they ar so wo,  
 That wot not whether to go.

610

No man dare come to the speche  
 Of this gentell Iacke breche,  
 Of what estate he be,  
 Of spirituall dygnyte,  
 Nor duke of hye degre,  
 Nor marques, erle, nor lorde;  
 Whiche shrewdly doth accomde,  
 Thus he borne so base  
 All noble men shulde out face,  
 His countynance lyke a kayser.  
 My lorde is nat at layser;  
 Syr, ye must tary a stounde,  
 Tyll better layser be founde;  
 And, syr, ye must daunce attendaunce,  
 And take pacient sufferaunce,  
 For my lordes grace  
 Hath nowe no tyme nor space  
 To speke with you as yet.  
 And thus they shall syt,  
 Chuse them syt or flyt,  
 Stande, walke, or ryde,  
 And his layser abyde

620

630

Parchaunce halfe a yere,  
And yet neuer the nere.

This daungerous dowsypere,  
Lyke a kynges pere ;  
And within this xvi. yere  
He wolde haue ben ryght fayne  
To haue ben a chapleyne, 640  
And haue taken ryght gret payne  
With a poore knyght,  
What soeuer he hyght.  
The chefe of his owne counsell,  
They can nat well tell  
Whan they with hym shulde mell,  
He is so fyers and fell ;  
He rayles and he ratis,  
He calleth them doddypatis ;  
He grynnes and he gapis, 650  
As it were iack napis.  
Suche a madde bedleme  
For to rewle this reame,  
It is a wonders case :  
That the kynges grace  
Is toward him so mynded,  
And so farre blynded,  
That he can nat parceyue  
How he doth hym disceyue,  
I dought, lest by sorsery, 660  
Or suche other loselry,  
As wycheecraft, or charmyng ;  
For he is the kynges derlyng,

And his swete hart rote,  
 And is gouerned by this mad kote :  
 For what is a man the better  
 For the kynges letter ?  
 For he wyll tere it asonder ;  
 Wherat moche I wonder,  
 Howe suche a hoddypoule 670  
 So boldely dare controule,  
 And so malapertly withstande  
 The kynges owne hande,  
 And settys nat by it a myte ;  
 He sayth the kyng doth wryte  
 And writeth he wottith nat what ;  
 And yet for all that,  
 The kyng his clemency  
 Despensyth with his demensy.

But what his grace doth thinke, 680  
 I haue no pen nor inke  
 That therwith can mell ;  
 But wele I can tell  
 How Frauncis Petrarke,  
 That moche noble clerke,  
 Wryteth how Charlemayn  
 Coude nat him selfe refrayne,  
 But was rauysht with a rage  
 Of a lyke dotage :  
 But how that came aboute, 690  
 Rede ye the story oute,  
 And ye shall fynde surely  
 It was by nycromansy,

By carectes and coniuracyon,  
 Vnder a certeyne constellation,  
 And a certayne fumygacion,  
 Vnder a stone on a golde ryng,  
 Wrought to Charlemayn the king,  
 Whiche constrayned him forcibly  
 For to loue a certayne body 700  
 Aboue all other inordinatly.  
 This is no fable nor no lye ;  
 At Acon it was brought to pas,  
 As by myne auctor tried it was.  
 But let mi masters mathematical  
 Tell you the rest, for me they shal ;  
 They haue the full intellygence,  
 And dare vse the experyens,  
 In there absolute consciens  
 To practyue suche abolete sciens ; 710  
 For I abhore to smatter  
 Of one so deuylysshe a matter.

But I wyll make further relacion  
 Of this isagogicall colation,  
 How maister Gaguine, the crownycler  
 Of the feytis of war  
 That were done in Fraunce,  
 Maketh remembraunce,  
 How Kynge Lewes of late  
 Made vp a great astate 720  
 Of a poore wretchid man,  
 Wherof moche care began.  
 Iohannes Balua was his name,

Myne auctor writeth the same ;  
 Promoted was he  
 To a cardynalles dygnyte  
 By Lewes the kyng aforesayd,  
 With hym so wele apayd,  
 That he made him his chauncelar  
 To make all or to mar, 730  
 And to rule as him lyst,  
 Tyll he cheked at the fyst,  
 And agayne all reason  
 Commyted open trayson  
 And <sup>1</sup> against his lorde souerayn ;  
 Wherfore he suffred payn,  
 Was hedyd, drawen, and quarterd,  
 And dyed stynkingly marterd.  
 Lo, yet for all that  
 He ware a cardynals hat, 740  
 In hym was small fayth,  
 As myne auctor sayth :  
 Nat for that I mene  
 Suche a casuelte shulde be sene,  
 Or suche chaunce shulde fall  
 Vnto our cardynall.  
 Allmyghty God, I trust,  
 Hath for him dyscust  
 That of force he must  
 Be faythfull, trew, and iust 750  
 To our most royall kyng,

<sup>1</sup> *And*] Perhaps ought to be thrown out. Compare v. 1062.

Chefe rote of his makyng;
 Yet it is a wyly mouse
 That can bylde his dwellinge house
 Within the cattes eare
 Withouten drede or feare.
 It is a nyce reconyng,
 To put all the gouernyng,
 All the rule of this lande
 Into one mannys hande :
 One wyse mannys hede
 May stande somewhat in stede ;
 But the wyttys of many wyse
 Moche better can deuysel,
 By theyr cyrcumspection,
 And theyr sad dyrrection,
 To cause the commune weale
 Longe to endure in heale.
 Christ kepe King Henry the eyght
 From trechery and dysceyght,
 And graunt him grace to know
 The faucon from the crow,
 The wolfe from the lam,
 From whens that mastyfe cam !
 Let him neuer confounde
 The gentyll greyhownde :
 Of this matter the grownde
 Is easy to expounde,
 And soone may be perceyued,
 How the worlde is conueyed.

760

770

780

But harke, my frende, one worde  
 In earnest or in borde :



Tell me nowe in this stede  
 Is maister Mewtas dede,  
 The kynges Frenche secretary,  
 And his vntrew aduersary?  
 For he sent in writyng  
 To Fraunces the French kyng  
 Of our maisters counsel in eueri thing:  
 That was a peryllous rekenyng!— 790  
 Nay, nay, he is nat dede;  
 But he was so payned in the hede,  
 That he shall neuer ete more bred.  
 Now he is gone to another stede,  
 With a bull vnder lead,  
 By way of commissyon,  
 To a straunge iurisdiction,  
 Called Dymingis Dale,  
 Farre byyonde Portyngale,  
 And hathe his pasport to pas 800  
*Ultra Sauromatas,*  
 To the deuyll, syr Sathanas,  
 To Pluto, and syr Bellyall,  
 The deuyls vycare generall,  
 And to his college conuentuall,  
 As well calodemonyall  
 As to cacodemonyall,  
 To puruey for our cardynall  
 A palace pontifycall,  
 To kepe his court prouyncyall, 810  
 Vpon artycles iudicyall,  
 To contende and to stryue

For his prerogatyue,  
 Within that consistory  
 To make sommons peremtory  
 Before some prothonotory  
 Imperyall or papall.  
 Vpon this matter mistycall  
 I haue tolde you part, but nat all :  
 Herafter perchaunce I shall 820  
 Make a larger memoryall,  
 And a further rehersall,  
 And more paper I thinke to blot,  
 To the court why I cam not ;  
 Desyring you aboue all thyng  
 To kepe you from laughynge  
 Whan ye fall to redynge  
 Of this wanton scrowle,  
 And pray for Mewtas sowle,  
 For he is well past and gone ; 830  
 That wolde God euerychone  
 Of his affynyte  
 Were gone as well as he !  
 Amen, amen, say ye,  
 Of your inward charyte ;  
                     Amen,  
 Of your inward charyte.  
     It were great rewth,  
 For wrytynge of trewth  
 Any man shulde be 840  
 In perplexyte  
 Of dyspleasure ;

For I make you sure,  
 Where trouth is abhorde,  
 It is a playne recorde  
 That there wantys grace;  
 In whose place  
 Dothe occupy,  
 Full vngraciously,  
 Fals flatery, 850  
 Fals trechery,  
 Fals brybery,  
 Subtyle Sym Sly,  
 With madde foly;  
 For who can best lye,  
 He is best set by.  
 Than farewell to thé,  
 Welthfull felycite!  
 For prosperyte  
 Away than wyll fle. 860  
 Than must we agre  
 With pouerte;  
 For mysery,  
 With penury,  
 Myserably  
 And wretchydly  
 Hath made askrye  
 And outcry,  
 Folowyng the chase  
 To dryue away grace. 870  
 Yet sayst thou percase,  
 We can lacke no grace,

For my lordes grace,  
 And my ladies grace,  
 With trey duse ase,  
 And ase in the face,  
 Some haute and some base,  
 Some daunce the trace  
 Euer in one case :  
 Marke me that chase 898  
 In the tennys play,  
 For synke quater trey  
 Is a tall man :  
 He rod, but we ran,  
 Hay, the gye and the gan !  
 The gray gose is no swan ;  
 The waters wax wan,  
 And beggers they ban,  
 And they cursed Datan,  
*De tribu Dan,* 899  
 That this warke began,  
*Palam et clam,*  
 With Balak and Balam,  
 The golden ram  
 Of Flemmyng dam,  
 Sem, Iapheth, or Cam.

But howe comme to pas,  
 Your cupboard that was  
 Is tourned to glasse,  
 From syluer to brasse, 900  
 From golde to pewter,  
 Or els to a newter,

To copper, to tyn,  
To lede, or alcumyn?  
A goldsmyth your mayre ;  
But the chefe of your fayre  
Myght stande nowe by potters,  
And suche as sell trotters :  
Pytchars, potshordis,  
This shrewdly accordis  
To be a cupborde for lordys.

910

My lorde now and syr knyght,  
Good eyn and good nyght !  
For now, syr Trestram,  
Ye must weare bukram,  
Or canues of Cane,  
For sylkes are wane.  
Our royals that shone,  
Our nobles are gone  
Amonge the Burgonyons,  
And Spanyardes onyons,  
And the Flanderkyns.  
Gyll swetis, and Cate spynnys,  
They are happy that wynnys ;  
But Englande may well say,  
Fye on this wyunnyng all way !  
Now nothyng but pay, pay,  
With, laughe and lay downe,  
Borowgh, cyte, and towne.

920

Good Sprynge of Lanam  
Must counte what became  
Of his clothe makynge :

930

He is at suche takynge,  
 Though his purse wax dull,  
 He must tax for his wull  
 By nature of a newe writ ;  
 My lordys grace nameth it  
*A quia non satisfacit :*  
 In the spyght of his tethe  
 He must pay agayne  
 A thousande or twayne  
 Of his golde in store ;  
 And yet he payde before  
 An hunderd pounce and more,  
 Whiche pyncheth him sore.  
 My lordis grace wyll brynge  
 Downe this hye sprynge,  
 And brynge it so lowe,  
 It shall nat euer flowe.

940

Suche a prelate, I trowe,  
 Were worthy to rowe  
 Thorow the streytes of Marock  
 To the gybbet of Baldock :  
 He wolde dry vp the stremys  
 Of ix. kinges realmys,  
 All ryuers and wellys,  
 All waters that swellys ;  
 For with vs he so mellys  
 That within Englande dwellys,  
 I wolde he were somewhere ellys ;  
 For els by and by  
 He wyll drynke vs so drye,

960

960

And suck vs so nye,  
 That men shall scantly  
 Haue peny or halpeny.  
 God saue his noble grace,  
 And graunt him a place  
 Endlesse to dwell  
 With the deuyll of hell!  
 For, and he were there, 870  
 We nede neuer feere  
 Of the fendys blake :  
 For I vndertake  
 He wolde so brag and crake,  
 That he wolde than make  
 The deuyls to quake,  
 To shudder and to shake,  
 Lyke a fyer drake,  
 And with a cole rake  
 Brose them on a brake, 880  
 And bynde them to a stake,  
 And set hell on fyer,  
 At his owne desyer.  
 He is suche a grym syer,  
 And suche a potestolate,  
 And suche a potestate,  
 That he wolde breke the braynes  
 Of Lucyfer in his chaynes,  
 And rule them echone  
 In Lucyfers trone. 890  
 I wolde he were gone ;  
 For amonge vs is none

That ruleth but he alone,  
 Without all good reason,  
 And all out of season :  
 For Folam peason  
 With him be nat geson ;  
 They growwe very ranke  
 Vpon euery banke  
 Of his herbers grene, 1000  
 With my lady bryght and shene ;  
 On theyr game it is sene  
 They play nat all clene,  
 And it be as I wene.

But as touchynge dyscrecyon,  
 With sober dyrectyon,  
 He kepeth them in subiectyon :  
 They can haue no protectyon  
 To rule nor to guyde, 1010  
 But all must be tryde,  
 And abyde the correctyon  
 Of his wylfull affectyon.  
 For as for wytte,  
 The deuyll spede white !  
 But braynsyk and braynesse,  
 Wytles and rechelesse,  
 Careles and shamlesse,  
 Thriftles and gracelesse,  
 Together are bended  
 And so condyscended, 1020  
 That the commune welth  
 Shall neuer haue good helth,



But tattered and tuggyd,  
Raggyd and ruggyd,  
Shauyn and shorne,  
And all threde bare worne.  
Suche gredynesse  
Suche nedynesse,  
Myserablenesse,  
With wretchydnesse, 1030  
Hath brought in dystresse  
And moche heuynesse  
And great dolowre  
Englande, the flowre  
Of relucēt honowre,  
In olde commemoracion  
Most royall Englyssh nacion.  
Now all is out of facion,  
Almost in desolation ;  
I speke by protestacion : 1040  
God of his miseracyon  
Send better reformacyon !  
Lo, for to do shamfully  
He iugeth it no foly !  
But to wryte of his shame,  
He sayth we ar to blame.  
What a frensy is this,  
No shame to do amys,  
And yet he is ashamed  
To be shamfully named ! 1050  
And ofte prechours be blamed,  
Bycause they haue proclamed

His madnesse by writyng,  
 His symplenesse resytyng,  
 Remordyng and bytyng,  
 With chydying and with flytyng,  
 Shewyng him Goddis lawis :  
 He calleth the prechours dawis,  
 And of holy scriptures sawis  
 He counteth them for gygawis,      1060  
 And putteth them to sylence  
 And <sup>1</sup> with wordis of vyolence,  
 Lyke Pharao, voyde of grace,  
 Dyd Moyses sore manase,  
 And Aron sore he thret,  
 The worde of God to let ;  
 This maumet in lyke wyse  
 Against the churche doth ryse ;  
 The prechour<sup>r</sup> he dothe dyspyse,  
 With crakyng in suche wyse,      1070  
 So braggyng all with bost,  
 That no prechour almost  
 Dare speke for his lyfe  
 Of my lordis grace nor his wyfe,  
 For he hath suche a bull,  
 He may take whom he wull,  
 And as many as him lykys ;  
 May ete pigges in Lent for pikys,  
 After the sectes of heretykis,  
 For in Lent he wyll ete      1080  
 All maner of flesshe mete

<sup>1</sup> And] Perhaps ought to be thrown out. Compare v. 735.

That he can ony where gete ;  
 With other abusions grete,  
 Wherof for to trete  
 It wolde make the deuyll to swete,  
 For all priuileged places  
 He brekes and defaces,  
 All placis of relygion  
 He hathe them in derisyon,  
 And makith suche prouisyon 1090  
 To dryue them at diuisyon,  
 And fynally in conclusyon  
 To bringe them to confusyon ;  
 Saint Albons to recorde  
 Wherof this vngracyous lorde  
 Hathe made him selfe abbot,  
 Against their wylles, God wot.  
 All this he dothe deale  
 Vnder strength of the great seale,  
 And by his legacy, 1100  
 Whiche madly he dothe apply  
 Vnto an extrauagancy  
 Pyked out of all good lawe,  
 With reasons that ben rawe.  
 Yet, whan he toke first his hat,  
 He said he knew what was what ;  
 All iustyce he pretended,  
 All thynges sholde be amended,  
 All wronges he wolde redresse,  
 All iniuris he wolde repressse, 1110  
 All periuris he wolde oppresse ;

And yet this gracelesse elfe,  
 He is periured himselfe,  
 As playnly it dothe appere,  
 Who lyst to enquire  
 In the registry  
 Of my Lorde of Cantorbury,  
 To whom he was professed  
 In thre poyntes expressed ;  
 The fyrst to do him reuerence, 1120  
 The seconde to owe hym obedyence,  
 The thirde with hole affectyon  
 To be vnder his subiectyon :  
 But now he maketh obiectyon,  
 Vnder the protectyon  
 Of the kynges great seale,  
 That he setteth neuer a deale  
 By his former othe,  
 Whether God be pleased or wroth.  
 He makith so proude pretens, 1130  
 That in his equipolens  
 He iugyth him equiualent  
 With God omnipotent :  
 But yet beware the rod,  
 And the stroke of God !  
     The Apostyll Peter  
 Had a pore myter  
 And a poore cope  
 Whan he was creat Pope,  
 First in Antioche ; 1140  
 He dyd neuer approche

Of Rome to the see  
 Weth suche dygnyte.  
 Saynt Dunstane, what was he?  
 Nothyng, he sayth, lyke to me:  
 There is a dyuersyte  
 Bytwene him and me;  
 We passe hym in degre,  
 As *legatus a latere*.

*Ecce, sacerdos magnus,* 1150  
 That wyll hed vs and hange vs,  
 And streitly strangle vs  
 And he may fange vs!  
 Decre and decretall,  
 Constytucion prouincyall,  
 Nor no lawe canonicall,  
 Shall let the preest pontyficall  
 To syt *in causa sanguinis*.  
 Nowe God amende that is amys!  
 For I suppose that he is 1160  
 Of Ieremy the whyskyng rod,  
 The flayle, the scourge of almighty God.

This Naman Sirus,  
 So fell and so irous,  
 So full of malencoly,  
 With a flap afore his eye,  
 Men wene that he is pocky,  
 Or els his surgions they lye,  
 For, as far as they can spy  
 By the craft of surgery, 1170  
 It is *manus Domini*.

And yet this proude Antiochus,  
 He is so ambitious,  
 So elate, and so vicious,  
 And so cruell hertyd,  
 That he wyll nat be conuertyd;  
 For he setteth God apart,  
 He is nowe so ouerthwart,  
 And so payned with pangis,  
 That all his trust hangis 1190  
 In Balthasor, whiche heled  
 Domingos nose that was wheled;  
 That Lumberdes nose meane I,  
 That standeth yet awrye;  
 It was nat heled alderbest,  
 It standeth somewhat on the west;  
 I meane Domyngo Lomelyn,  
 That was wont to wyn  
 Moche money of the kyng  
 At the cardys and haserdyng: 1190  
 Balthasor, that helyd Domingos nose  
 From the puskylde pocky pose,  
 Now with his gummys of Araby  
 Hath promised to hele our cardinals eye;  
 Yet sum surgions put a dout,  
 Lest he wyll put it clene out,  
 And make him lame of his neder limmes:  
 God sende him sorowe for his sinnes!

Some men myght aske a question,  
 By whose suggestyon 1200  
 I toke on hand this warke,  
 Thus boldly for to barke?

And men lyst to harke,  
 And my wordes marke,  
 I wyll answere lyke a clerke ;  
 For trewly and vnfayned,  
 I am forcebly constrayned,  
 At Iuuynals request,  
 To wryght of this glorious gest,  
 Of this vayne gloryous best,

1210

His fame to be encrest  
 At euery solempne feest ;

*Quia difficile est  
 Satiram non scribere.*

Now, mayster doctor, howe say ye,  
 What soeuer your name be ?

What though ye be namelesse,  
 Ye shall not escape blamelesse,  
 Nor yet shall scape shamlesse :

Mayster doctor in your degre,

1220

Yourselfe madly ye ouerse ;

Blame Iuuinall, and blame nat me :

Maister doctor Diricum,

*Omne animi vitium, &c.*

As Iuuinall dothe recorde,

A small defaute in a great lorde,

A lytell cryme in a great astate,

Is moche more inordinate,

And more horyble to beholde,

Than any other a thousand folde.

1230

Ye put to blame ye wot nere whom ;

Ye may weare a cockes come ;

Your fonde hed in your furred hood,  
 Holde ye your tong, ye can no goode :  
 And at more conuenient tyme  
 I may fortune for to ryme  
 Somwhat of your madnesse ;  
 For small is your sadnesse  
 To put any man in lack,  
 And say yll behynde his back :      1240  
 And my wordes marke truly,  
 That ye can nat byde thereby,  
 For *smegma non est cinnamomum*,  
 But *de absentibus nil nisi bonum*.  
 Complayne, or do what ye wyll,  
 Of your complaynt it shall nat skyl :  
 This is the tenor of my byl,  
 A daucok ye be, and so shalbe styl.

*Sequitur Epitoma*  
*De morbilloso Thoma,*  
*Necnon obscæno*  
*De Polyphemo, &c.*

*Porro perbelle dissimulatum*  
*Illum Pandulphum, tantum legatum,*  
*Tam formidatum nuper prælatum,*  
*Ceu Naman Syrum nunc elongatum,*  
*In solitudine jam commoratum,*  
*Neapolitano morbo gravatum,*  
*Malagmate, cataplasmate stratum,*  
*Pharmacopolæ ferro foratum,*



*Nihilo magis alleviatum,*  
*Nihilo melius aut medicatum,* 10  
*Relictis famulis ad famulatum,*  
*Quo tollatur infamia,*  
*Sed major patet insania ;*  
*A modo ergo ganea*  
*Abhorreat ille ganeus,*  
*Dominus male creticus,*  
*Aptius dictus tetricus,*  
*Fanaticus, phreneticus,*  
*Graphicus sicut metricus*  
*Autumat.* 20

*Hoc genus dictaminis*  
*Non eget examinis*  
*In centiloquio*  
*Nec centimetro*  
*Honorati*  
*Grammatici*  
*Mauri.*

DECASTICHON VIRULENTUM IN GALERATUM LYCAONTA  
 MARINUM, &c.

*Proh dolor, ecce, maris lupus, et nequissimus ursus,*  
*Carnificis vitulus, Britonumque bubulcus iniquus,*  
*Conflatus vitulus vel Oreb, vel Salmane vel Zeb,*  
*Carduus, et crudelis Asaphque Datan reprobatus,*  
*Blandus et Achitophel regis, scelus omne Britan-*  
*num,*  
*Ecclesias qui namque Thomas confundit ubique,*  
*Non sacer iste Thomas, sed duro corde Goleas,*

*Quem gestat mulus,—Sathane, cacet, obsecro, culus  
Fundens asphaltum, precor! Hunc versum lege  
cautum;*

*Asperius nihil est misero quum surget in altum.* 10

APOSTROPHA AD LONDINI CIVES (CITANTE MULUM ASINO  
AUREO GALERATO) IN OCCURSUM ASELLI, &c.

*Excitat, en, asinus mulum, mirabile visu,  
Calcibus! O vestro cives occurrite asello,  
Qui regnum regemque regit, qui vestra gubernat  
Prædia, divitias, nummos, gazas, spoliando!*

*Dixit alludens, immo illudens, paradoxam de  
asino aureo galerato.*

xxxiiii.

*Hæc vates ille,  
De quo loquuntur mille.*

## SKELTON, LAUREATE, &amp;c

HOWE THE DOUTY DUKE OF ALBANY,\* LYKE A COWARDE  
 KNYGHT, RAN AWAYE SHAMFULLY, WITH AN HUNDRED  
 THOUSANDE TRATLANDE SCOTTES AND FAINT HARTED  
 FRENCHEMEN, BESIDE THE WATER OF TWEDE, &c.

REIOYSE, Englande,  
 And vnderstande  
 These tidinges newe,  
 Whiche be as trewe  
 As the gopell :  
 This duke so fell  
 Of Albany,  
 So cowardly,  
 With all his hoost  
 Of the Scottyshe coost,  
 For all theyr boost,  
 Fledde lyke a beest ;  
 Wherfore to ieste  
 Is my delyght  
 Of this cowarde knyght,  
 And for to wright  
 In the dispyght  
 Of the Scottes ranke  
 Of Huntley banke,

10

\* From Marshe's ed. of Skelton's *Workes*, 1568.

Of Lowdyan, 20  
 Of Locryan,  
 And the ragged ray  
 Of Galaway.

Dunbar, Dundee,  
 Ye shall trowe me,  
 False Scottes are ye :  
 Your hartes sore faynted,  
 And so<sup>1</sup> attaynted,  
 Lyke cowardes starke,  
 At the castell of Warke, 30  
 By the water of Twede,  
 Ye had euill spede ;  
 Lyke cankerd cures,  
 Ye loste your spurres,  
 For in that fraye  
 Ye ranne awaye,  
 With, hey, dogge, hay !  
 For Sir William Lyle  
 Within shorte whyle,  
 That valiaunt knyght, 40  
 Putte you to flyght ;  
 By his valyaunce  
 Two thousande of Fraunce  
 There he putte backe,  
 To your great lacke,  
 And vtter shame  
 Of your Scottysse name.

<sup>1</sup> so; Qy. "sore?"

Your chefe cheftayne,  
 Voyde of all brayne,  
 Duke of all Albany, 50  
 Than shamefuley  
 He reculed backe,  
 To his great lacke,  
 Whan he herde tell  
 That my lorde amrell  
 Was comyng downe,  
 To make hym frowne  
 And to make hym lowre,  
 With the noble powre  
 Of my lorde cardynall, 60  
 As an hoost royall,  
 After the auncient manner,  
 With saint Cutberdes banner,  
 And saint Williams also ;  
 Your capitayne ranne to go,  
 To go, to go, to go,  
 And brake vp all his hoost  
 For all his crake and bost,  
 Lyke a cowarde knyght,  
 He fledde, and durst nat fyght, 70  
 He ranne away by night.

But now must I  
 Your Duke ascry  
 Of Albany  
 With a worde or twayne  
 In sentence playne.

Ye duke so doutty,  
 So sterne, so stoutty,

In shorte sentens, 80  
 Of your pretens  
 What is the grounde,  
 Breuely and rounde  
 To me expounde,  
 Or els wyll I  
 Euydently  
 Shewe as it is;  
 For the cause is this,  
 Howe ye pretende  
 For to defende  
 The yonge Scottyshe kyng, 80  
 But ye meane a thyng,  
 And ye coude bryng  
 The matter about,  
 To putte his eyes out  
 And put hym downe,  
 And set hys crowne  
 On your owne heed  
 Whan he were deed.  
 Such trechery  
 And traytory .00  
 Is all your cast;  
 Thus ye haue compast  
 With the Frenche kyng  
 A fals rekenyng  
 To enuade Englande,  
 As I vnderstande:  
 But our kyng royall,  
 Whose name ouer all,  
 Noble Henry the eyght,

Shall cast a beyght, 110  
 And sette suche a snare,  
 That shall cast you in care,  
 Bothe Kyng Fraunces and thé,  
 That knowen ye shall be  
 For the moost recrayd  
 Cowardes afrayd,  
 And falsest forsworne,  
 That euer were borne.

O ye wretched Scottes,  
 Ye puaunt pypottes, 120  
 It shalbe your lottes  
 To be knytte vp with knottes  
 Of halters and ropes  
 About your traytours throtes!  
 O Scottes pariured,  
 Vnhaply vred,  
 Ye may be assured  
 Your falshod discured  
 It is and shal be  
 From the Scottish se 130  
 Vnto Gabione!  
 For ye be false echone,  
 False and false agayne,  
 Neuer true nor playne,  
 But flery, flatter, and fayne,  
 And euer to remayne  
 In wretched beggary  
 And maungy misery,  
 In lousy lothsumnesse

And scabbed scorffynesse, 140  
 And in abhominacion  
 Of all maner of nacion,  
 Nacion moost in hate,  
 Proude and poore of state.  
 Twyt, Scot, go kepe thy den,  
 Mell nat with Englyshe men ;  
 Thou dyd nothyng but barke  
 At the castell of Warke.

Twyt, Scot, yet agayne ones,  
 We shall breke thy bones, 150  
 And hang you vpon polles,  
 And byrne you all to colles ;  
 With, twyt, Scot, twyt, Scot, twyt,  
 Walke, Scot, go begge a byt  
 Of brede at ylke mannes hecke :  
 The fynde, Scot, breke thy necke !  
 Twyt, Scot, agayne I saye,  
 Twyt, Scot of Galaway,  
 Twyt, Scot, shake thy dogge,<sup>1</sup> hay !  
 Twyt, Scot, thou ran away. 160

We set nat a flye  
 By your Duke of Albany ;  
 We set nat a prane  
 By suche a dronken drane ;  
 We set nat a myght  
 By suche a cowarde knyght,  
 Suche a proude palyarde,

<sup>1</sup> *thy dogge*] Qy. " thé, dogge ? " but see notes.



Suche a skyrgaliarde,  
 Suche a starke cowarde,  
 Suche a proude pultrowne, 170  
 Suche a foule coystrowne,  
 Suche a doutty dagswayne ;  
 Sende him to F[r]aunce agayne,  
 To bring with hym more brayne  
 From Kynge Fraunces of Frauns :  
 God sende them bothe myschauns !

Ye Scottes all the rable,  
 Ye shall neuer be hable  
 With vs for to compare ;  
 What though ye stampe and stare? 180  
 God sende you sorow and care !  
 With vs whan euer ye mell,  
 Yet we bear away the bell,  
 Whan ye cankerd knaues  
 Must crepe into your caues  
 Your heedes for to hyde,  
 For ye dare nat abyde.

Sir Duke of Albany,  
 Right inconueniently  
 Ye rage and ye raue, 190  
 And your worshyp depraue :  
 Nat lyke Duke Hamylcar,  
 With the Romayns that made war,  
 Nor lyke his sonne Hanyball,  
 Nor lyke Duke Hasdruball  
 Of Cartage in Aphrike ;  
 Yet somewhat ye be lyke

In some of their condicions,  
 And their false sedycions,  
 And their dealyng double,  
 And their weywarde trouble:

200

But yet they were bolde,  
 And manly manyfolde,  
 Their enemyes to assayle  
 In playn felde and battayle ;  
 But ye and your hoost,  
 Full of bragge and boost,  
 And full of waste wynde,  
 Howe ye wyll beres bynde,  
 And the deuill downe dyngge,  
 Yet ye dare do nothyngge,  
 But lepe away lyke frogges,  
 And hyde you vnder logges,  
 Lyke pygges and lyke hogges,  
 And lyke maungy dogges.

210

What an army were ye ?  
 Or what actyuyte  
 Is in you, beggers braules,  
 Full of scabbes and scaules,  
 Of vermyne and of lyce,  
 And of all maner vyce ?

220

Syr duke, nay, syr ducke,  
 Syr drake of the lake, sir ducke  
 Of the donghyll, for small lucke  
 Ye haue in feates of warre ;  
 Ye make nought, but ye marre ;  
 Ye are a fals entrusar,

And a fals abuser,  
 And an vntrewe knyght ;  
 Thou hast to lytell myght 230  
 Agaynst Englande to fyght ;  
 Thou art a graceles wyght  
 To put thy selfe to flyght :  
 A vengeaunce and dispight  
 On thé must nedes lyght,  
 That durst nat byde the sight  
 Of my lorde amrell,  
 Of chiualry the well,  
 Of knighthode the floure  
 In euery marciall shoure, 240  
 The noble Erle of Surrey,  
 That put thé in suche fray ;  
 Thou durst no felde derayne,  
 Nor no batayle mayntayne  
 Against our st[r]onge captaine,  
 But thou ran home agayne,  
 For feare thou shoulde be slayne,  
 Lyke a Scottyshe keteryng,  
 That durst abyde no reknyng ;  
 Thy hert wolde nat serue thé : 250  
 The fynde of hell mot sterue thé !

No man hath harde  
 Of suche a cowarde,  
 And such a mad ymage  
 Caried in a cage,  
 As it were a cotage ;  
 Or of suche a mawment

Caryed in a tent;  
 In a tent! nay, nay,  
 But in a mountayne gay, 260  
 Lyke a great hill  
 For a wyndmil,  
 Therin to couche styll,  
 That no man hym kyll;  
 As it were a gote  
 In a shepe cote,  
 About hym a parke  
 Of a madde warke,  
 Men call it a toyle;  
 Therin, lyke a royle, 270  
 Sir Dulkan, ye dared,  
 And thus ye prepared  
 Youre carkas to kepe,  
 Lyke a sely shepe,  
 A shepe of Cottyswolde,  
 From rayne and from colde,  
 And from raynning of rappes,  
 And suche after clappes;  
 Thus in your cowardly castell  
 Ye decte you to dwell: 280  
 Suche a captayne of hors,  
 It made no great fors  
 If that ye had tane  
 Your last deedly bane  
 With a gon stone,  
 To make you to grone.  
 But hyde thé, sir Topias,

Nowe into the castell of Bas,  
 And lurke there, lyke an as,  
 With some Scotyshe [l]as, 290  
 With dugges, dugges, dugges:  
 I shrewe thy Scottishe lugges,  
 Thy munpynnys, and thy crag,  
 For thou can not but brag,  
 Lyke a Scottyshe hag:  
 Aduē nowe, sir Wrig wrag,  
 Aduē, sir Dalyrag!  
 Thy mellyng is but mockyng;  
 Thou mayst giue vp thy cocking,  
 Gyue it vp, and cry creke, 300  
 Lyke an huddypeke.

Wherto shuld I more speke  
 Of suche a farly freke,  
 Of suche an horne keke,  
 Of suche an bolde captayne,  
 That dare nat turne agayne,  
 Nor durst nat crak a worde,  
 Nor durst nat drawe his swerde  
 Agaynst the Lyon White,  
 But ran away quyte? 310  
 He ran away by nyght,  
 In the owle flyght,  
 Lyke a cowarde knyght.  
 Aduē, cowarde, aduē,  
 Fals knight, and mooste vntrue!  
 I render thé, fals rebelle,  
 To the flingande fende of helle.

Harke yet, sir duke, a worde,  
 In earnest or in borde :  
 What, haue ye, villayn, forged, 320  
 And virulently dysgorged,  
 As though ye wolde parbrake,  
 Your auauens to make,  
 With wordes enbosed,  
 Vngraciously engrosed,  
 Howe ye wyll vndertake  
 Our royall kyng to make  
 His owne realme to forsake ?  
 Suche lewde langage ye spake.  
 Sir Dunkan, in the deuill waye, 330  
 Be well ware what ye say :  
 Ye saye that he and ye,—  
 Whyche he and ye? let se ;  
 Ye meane Fraunces, French kyng,  
 Shulde bring about that thing.  
 I say, thou lewde lurdayne,  
 That neyther of you twayne  
 So hardy nor so bolde  
 His countenaunce to beholde :  
 If our moost royall Harry 340  
 Lyst with you to varry,  
 Full soone ye should miscary,  
 For ye durst nat tarry  
 With hym to stryue a stownde ;  
 If he on you but frounde,  
 Nat for a thousande pounce  
 Ye durst byde on the grounde,

Ye wolde ryn away rounde,  
 And cowardly tourne your backes,  
 For all your comly crackes, 360  
 And, for feare par case  
 To loke hym in the face,  
 Ye wolde defoyle the place,  
 And ryn your way apace.  
 Though I trym you thys trace  
 With Englyshe somewhat base,  
 Yet, *saue voster grace*,  
 Therby I shall purchase  
 No displesaunt rewarde,  
 If ye wele can regarde 360  
 Your cankarde cowardnesse  
 And your shamfull doublenesse.

Are ye nat frantyke madde,  
 And wretchedly bestadde,  
 To rayle agaynst his grace,  
 That shall bring you full bace,  
 And set you in suche case,  
 That bytwene you twayne  
 There shalbe drawen a trayne  
 That shalbe to your payne? 370  
 To flye ye shalbe fayne.  
 And neuer tourne agayne.

What, wold Fraunces, our friar,  
 Be suche a false lyar,  
 So madde a cordylar,  
 So madde a murmurar?  
 Ye muse somewhat to far;

All out of ioynt ye iar :  
 God let you neuer thriue !  
 Wene ye, daucockes, to driue 380  
 Our kyng out of his reme ?  
 Ge heme, ranke Scot, ge heme,  
 With fonde Fraunces, French kyng :  
 Our mayster shall you brynge  
 I trust, to lowe estate,  
 And mate you with chekmate.

Your braynes arr ydell ;  
 It is time for you to brydell,  
 And pype in a quibyble ;  
 For it is impossible 390  
 For you to bring about,  
 Our kyng for to dryue out  
 Of this his realme royall  
 And lande imperiall ;  
 So noble a prince as he  
 In all actyuite  
 Of hardy merciall actes,  
 Fortunate in all his faytes.<sup>1</sup>

And nowe I wyll me dresse 400  
 His valiaunce to expresse,  
 Though insufficient am I  
 His grace to magnify  
 And laude equiualeently ;  
 Howe be it, loyally,  
 After myne allegyaunce,  
 My pen I wyll auauance

<sup>1</sup> *faytes*] Qy. "factes?"



To extoll his noble grace,  
 In spyght of thy cowardes face,  
 In spyght of Kyng Fraunces,  
 Deuoyde of all nobles, 410  
 Deuoyde of good corage,  
 Deuoyde of wysdome sage,  
 Mad, frantyke, and sauage ;  
 Thus he dothe disparage  
 His blode with fonde dotage.

A prince to play the page  
 It is a rechelesse rage,  
 And a lunatyke ouerage.  
 What though my stile be rude ?  
 With trouthe it is ennewde : 420  
 Trouth ought to be rescude,  
 Trouthe should nat be subdude.

But nowe will I expounde  
 What noblenesse dothe abounde,  
 And what honour is founde,  
 And what vertues be resydent .  
 In our royall regent,  
 Our perelesse president,  
 Our kyng most excellent :

In merciall prowes 430  
 Lyke vnto Hercules ;  
 In prudence and wysdom  
 Lyke vnto Salamon ;  
 In his goodly person  
 Lyke vnto Absolon ;  
 In loyalte and foy

Lyke to Ector of Troy ;  
 And his glory to increas,  
 Lyke to Scipiades ;  
 In royal mageste 440  
 Lyke vnto Ptholome,  
 Lyke to Duke Iosue,  
 And the valiaunt Machube ;  
 That if I wolde reporte  
 All the roiall sorte  
 Of his nobilyte,  
 His magnanymyte,  
 His animosite,  
 His frugalite,  
 His lyberalite, 450  
 His affabilite,  
 His humanyte,  
 His stabilite,  
 His humilite,  
 His benignite,  
 His royall dignyte,  
 My lernyng is to small  
 For to recount them all.

What losels than are ye,  
 Lyke cowardes as ye be, 460  
 To rayle on his astate,  
 With wordes inordinate !

He rules his cominalte  
 With all benignite ;  
 His noble baronage,  
 He putteth them in corage

To exployte dedes of armys,  
 To the damage and harmys  
 Of suche as be his foos ;  
 Where euer he rydes or goos, 470  
 His subiectes he dothe supporte,  
 Maintayne them with comferte  
 Of his moste princely porte,  
 As all men can reporte.

Than ye be a knappishe sorte,  
*Et faitez a luy grant torte,*  
 With your enbosed iawes  
 To rayle on hym lyke dawes ;  
 The fende scrache out your mawes !

All his subiectes and he 480  
 Moost louyngly agre  
 With hole hart and true mynde,  
 They fynde his grace so kynde ;  
 Wherwith he dothe them bynde  
 At all houres to be redy  
 With hym to lyue and dye,  
 And to spende their hart blode,  
 Their bodyes and their gode,  
 With hym in all dystresse,  
 Alway in redynesse 490  
 To assyst his noble grace ;  
 In spyght of thy cowardes face,  
 Moost false attaynted traytour,  
 And false forsworne faytour.

Auaunte, cowarde recrayed !  
 Thy pride shalbe alayd ;

With sir Fraunces of Fraunce  
 We shall pype you a daunce,  
 Shall tourne you to myschauns.

I rede you, loke about ;  
 For ye shalbe driuen out  
 Of your lande in shorte space :  
 We will so folowe in the chace,  
 That ye shall haue no grace  
 For to tourne your face ;  
 And thus, Sainct George to borowe,  
 Ye shall haue shame and sorowe.

500

*Lenuoy.*

Go, lytell quayre, quickly ;  
 Shew them that shall you rede,  
 How that ye are lykely

510

Ouer all the worlde to sprede.  
 The fals Scottes for dred,  
 With the Duke of Albany,  
 Beside the water of Twede  
 They fledde full cowardly.

Though your Englishe be rude,  
 Barreyne of eloquence,  
 Yet, breuely to conclude,

Grounded is your sentence  
 On trouthe, vnder defence

520

Of all trewe Englyshemen,  
 This mater to credence  
 That I wrate with my pen.

SKELTON LAUREAT, OBSEQUIOUS ET LOYALL.<sup>1</sup>

TO MY LORDE CARDYNALS RIGHT NOBLE GRACE, ETC.

*Lenuoy.*

Go, lytell quayre, apace,  
 In moost humble wyse,  
 Before his noble grace,  
 That caused you to deuise  
 This lytel enterprise ;  
 And hym moost lowly pray,  
 In his mynde to comprise  
 Those wordes his grace dyd saye  
 Of an ammas gray.

*Ie foy enterment en sa bone grace.*

<sup>1</sup> *Skelton Laureat, obsequious et loyall*] Perhaps these words are a portion of the superscription to the *Lenuoy* which follows. The *Lenuoy* itself does not, I apprehend, belong to the poem on the Duke of Albany. See *Account of Skelton, &c.*

A LAWDE AND PRAYSE MADE FOR OUR SOUEREIGNE  
LORD THE KYNG.<sup>1</sup>Candida, pu-  
nica, &c.

THE Rose both White and Rede  
 In one Rose now dothe grow ;  
 Thus thorow every stede  
 Thereof the fame dothe blow :  
 Grace the sede did sow :  
 England, now gaddir flowris,  
 Exclude now all dolowrs.

Nobilis Hen-  
ricus, &c.

Noble Henry the eight,  
 Thy loving souereine lorde,  
 Of kingis line moost streight,  
 His titille dothe recorde :  
 In whome dothe wele acorde  
 Alexis yonge of age,  
 Adrastus wise and sage.

<sup>1</sup> *A lawde and prayse made for our souereigne lord the kyng*] Such (in a different handwriting from that of the poem) is the endorsement of the MS., which consists of two leaves, bound up in the volume marked *B. 2. 8*, (pp. 67-69,) among the Records of the Treasury of the Receipt of the Exchequer, now at the Rolls House. [Printed for the first time by Dyce, from a manuscript discovered by Mr. W. H. Black.] Qy. is this poem the piece which, in the catalogue of his own writings, Skelton calls "The Boke of the Rosiar," *Garlande of Laurell*, v. 1178, vol. ii. 221?

Astrea, Justice hight,

Sedibus æ-  
theriis, &c.

That from the starry sky  
Shall now com and do right,  
This hunderd yere scantly  
A man kowd not aspy  
That Right dwelt vs among,  
And that was the more wrong :

Right shall the foxis chare,  
The wolvis, the beris also,  
That wrowght have moche care,  
And browght England in wo :  
They shall wirry no mo,  
Nor wrote the Rosary  
By extort trechery :

Arcebit vul-  
pes, &c.

Of this our noble king  
The law they shall not breke ;  
They shall com to rekening ;  
No man for them wil speke :  
The pepil durst not creke  
Theire grevis to complaine,  
They browght them in soche paine :

Ne tanti re-  
gis, &c.

Therfor no more they shall  
The commouns ouerbace,  
That wont wer ouer all  
Both lorde and knight to face ;  
For now the yeris of grace  
And welthe ar com agayne,  
That maketh England faine.

Ecce Plato-  
nis secla, &c.

Rediit jam pulcher Adonis, &c. Adonis of freshe colour,  
 Of yowthe the godely flour,  
 Our prince of high honour,  
 Our paves, our succour,  
 Our king, our emperour,  
 Our Priamus of Troy,  
 Our welth, our worldly joy ;

Anglorum radians, &c. Vpon vs he doth reigne,  
 That makith our hartis glad,  
 As king moost soueraine  
 That ever Englund had ;  
 Demure, sober, and sad,  
 And Martis lusty knight ;  
 God save him in his right !  
 Amen.

*Bien men souient.*<sup>1</sup>

*Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida  
 vatem.*

<sup>1</sup> *Bien men souient*] These words are followed in the MS. by a sort of flourished device, which might perhaps be read—

“*Deo (21) gratias.*”



POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO SKELTON.



POEMS

ATTRIBUTED TO SKELTON.

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VERSES PRESENTED TO KING HENRY THE SEVENTH AT THE  
FEAST OF ST. GEORGE CELEBRATED AT WINDSOR IN THE  
THIRD YEAR OF HIS REIGN.\*

O MOSTE famous noble king! thy fame doth spring and  
    spreade,  
Henry the Seventh, our soverain, in eiche regeon;  
All England hath cause thy grace to love and dread,  
    Seing embassadores seche fore protectyon,  
For ayd, helpe, and succore, which lyeth in thie electyone.  
England, now rejoyce, for joyous mayest thou bee,  
To see thy kyng so floreshe in dignetye.

This realme a season stooode in greate jupardie,  
    When that noble prince deceased, King Edward,  
Which in his dayes gate honore full nobly;

---

\* Ashmole, who first printed these lines from "*MS. penes  
Arth. Com. Anglesey, fol. 169,*" thinks that they were proba-  
bly by Skelton: see *Order of the Garter*, p. 594.

After his decease nighe hand all was marr'd;  
 Eich regione this land dispised, mischefe when they hard:  
 Wherefore rejoyse, for joyous mayst thou be,  
 To see thy kyng so floesh in high dignetye.

Fraunce, Spayne, Scoteland, and Britanny, Flanders also,  
 Three of them present keepinge thy noble feaste  
 Of St. George in Windsor, ambassadors comyng more,<sup>1</sup>  
 Iche of them in honore, bothe the more and the lesse,<sup>2</sup>  
 Seeking this grace to have thie noble begeste:  
 Wherefore now rejoise, and joyous maiste thou be,  
 To see thy kyng so florishing in dignetye.

O knightly ordere, clothed in robes with gartere!  
 The queen's grace and thy mother clothed in the same;  
 The nobles of thie realme riche in araye, aftere,  
 Lords, knights, and ladyes, unto thy greate fame:  
 Now shall all ambassadors know thie noble name,  
 By thy feaste royal; nowe joyeous mayest thou be,  
 To see thie king so florishinge in dignetye.

Here this day St. George, patron of this place,  
 Honored with the gartere cheefe of chevalrye;  
 Chaplenes synging processyon, keeping the same,  
 With archbushopes and bushopes beseene nobly;  
 Much people presente to see the King Henrye:  
 Wherefore now, St. George, all we pray to thee  
 To keepe our souveraine in his dignetye.

---

<sup>1</sup> *more*] The rhyme requires "mo."

<sup>2</sup> *lesse*] The rhyme requires "leste."

THE EPITAFFE OF THE MOSTE NOBLE AND VALYAUNT  
 JASPAR LATE DUKE OF BEDDEFORDE.\*

BYDYNGE al alone, with sorowe sore encombred,  
 In a frosty fornone, faste by Seuernes syde,  
 The wordil beholdynge, wherat moch I wondred  
 To se the see and sonne to kepe both tyme and tyde,

\* The old ed. is a quarto, n. d. Above these words, on the title-page, is a woodcut, exhibiting the author (with a falcon on his hand) kneeling and presenting his work to the king. On the reverse of the last leaf is Pynson's device.

If not really written by Smert, (or Smart,) the duke's falconer, (see stanza 3, and the subscription at the conclusion, "*Smerte, maister de ses ouzeaus,*") this curious poem was not, at all events, as the style decidedly proves, the composition of Skelton, to whom it was first attributed by Bishop Tanner.

I now print it from a transcript of the (probably unique) copy in the Pepysian library,—a transcript which appears to have been made with the greatest care and exactness; but I think right to add, that I have not had an opportunity of seeing the original myself.

Jasper Tudor, second son of Owen Tudor by Katherine widow of King Henry the Fifth, was created Earl of Pembroke, in 1452, by his half-brother, King Henry the Sixth. After that monarch had been driven from the throne by Edward, Jasper was attainted, and his earldom conferred on another. He was again restored to it, when Henry had recovered the crown; but being taken prisoner at the battle of Barnet, he lost it a second time. After the battle of Bosworth, Henry the Seventh not only reinstated Jasper (his uncle) in the earldom of Pembroke, but also created him Duke of Bedford, in 1485; subsequently appointed him Lieutenant of Ireland for one year, and granted to him and his

The ayre ouer my hede so wonderfully to glyde,  
 a And howe Saturne by circumference borne is aboute;  
 Whiche thynges to beholde, clerely me notyfyde,  
 One verray God to be therin to haue no dowte.

And as my fantasy flamyd in that occupacyon,  
 Fruteles, deuoyde of all maner gladnes,  
 Of one was I ware into greate desolacyon,  
 To the erthe prostrate, rauynge for madnes;  
 By menys so immoderate encreased was his sadnes,  
 That by me can not be compyled  
 His dedly sorowe and dolorous dystres,  
 Lyfe in hym by deth so ny was exiled.

Hym better to beholde, so ferre oute of frame,  
 Nerre I nyghed, farsyd with fragyllite;  
 Wherwith Smerit I perceyued he called was by name,  
 Which ouer haukes and houndes had auctoryte;  
 Though the roume vnmete were for his pouer degre,  
 Yet fortune so hym farthered to his lorde;  
 Wherefore him to lye in soch perplexite,  
 What it myghte mene I gan to mysylfe recorde.

I shogged him, I shaked him, I ofte aboute him went,  
 And al to knowe why so care his carayn hyued;

heirs male the office of Earl Marshal of England with an annuity of twenty pounds. The duke married Katherine, daughter of Richard Wydevile Earl Rivers, and widow of Henry Stafford Duke of Buckingham. He died 21st Dec. 1495, and, according to his own desire, expressed in his will, was buried in the abbey of Keynsham, where he founded a chantry for four priests to sing mass for the souls of his father, his mother, and his elder brother Edmond Earl of Richmond. He left no children except a natural daughter. See Sandford's *Geneal. Hist.* p. 292. ed. 1707.

a Color Ficcio. [*Side Note.*]

His temples I rubbyd, and by the nose him hente;  
 Al as in vayne was, he coude nat be renyued;  
 He waltered, he wende, and with himsilfe stryued,  
 Such countenaunce contynuyng; but or I parte the place,  
 Vp his hede he caste; whan his woful goste aryued,  
 Those wordes saynge with righte a pytous face:

O sorowe, sorowe beyonde al sorowes sure!  
 All sorowes sure surmountyng, lo!<sup>a</sup>  
 Lo, which payne no pure may endure,  
 Endure may none such dedely wo!  
 Wo, alas, ye inwrapped, for he is go!  
 Go is he, whose valyaunce to recouthe,  
 To recouthe, all other it dyd surmounte.

Gone is he, alas, that redy was to do  
 Eche thyng that to nobles required!<sup>b</sup>  
 Gone is he, alas, that redy was to do  
 Eche thyng that curtesye of him desyred!  
 Whose frowarde fate falsely was conspyred  
 By Antraphos vnasured and her vngracyous charmys;  
 Jaspas I mene is gone, Mars son in armys.

He that of late regnyd in glory,  
 With grete glosse buttylly glased,<sup>c</sup>  
 Nowe lowe vnder fote doth he ly,  
 With wormys ruly rente and rasyd.  
 His carayne stynkyng, his fetures fasyd;  
 Brother and vncler to kynges yesterday,  
 Nowe is he gone and laste vs as mased;  
 Closed here lyeth he in a clote of clay:  
 Shall he come agayne? a, nay, nay!  
 Where is he become, I can nat discusse:  
 Than with the prophet may we say,  
*Non inuentus est locus eius.*

<sup>a</sup> Metricus primus. Color. repeticio. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> Metricus secundus. C. recitacio simplex. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>c</sup> M. iii. C. narracio. [*Side Note.*]

Restyng in him was honoure with sadnesse,  
 Curtesy, kyndenesse, with great assuraunce,  
 \* Dispysynge vice, louynge alway gladnesse,  
 Knyghtly condicyons, feythful alegeaunce,  
 Kyndely demenoure, gracyous vterance;  
 Was none semelyer, feture ne face;  
 Frendely him fostered quatriuial aliaunce;  
 Alas, yet dede nowe arte thou, Jaspas, alas!

Wherfore sorowe to oure sorowe none can be founde,  
 Ne cause agayne care to mollyfy oure monys:

‡ Alas, the payne!  
 For his body and goste,  
 That we loued moste,  
 In a graue in the grounde  
 Deth depe hath drounde  
 Among robel and stonys:  
 Wherfore complayne.

Complayne, complayne, who can complayne;  
 For I, alas, past am compleynte!

To compleyne wyt can not sustayne,  
 \* Deth me with doloure so hath bespraynte;

For in my syghte,  
 Oure lorde and knyghte,  
 Contrary to righte,  
 Deth hath ateynte.

As the vylest of a nacyon,  
 Deuoyde of consolacyon,  
 By cruel cruceyacyon,  
 He hath combryd hym sore;  
 He hath him combryd sore,

*a* Metricus quartus et retrogradiens. Color. discripcio.  
 [*Side Note.*]

*b* Metricus quintus. [*Side Note.*]

*c* M. vi. M. vii. C. iteracio. [*Side Note.*]



That Fraunce and Englonde bere byfore  
 Armyes of both quarteryd,  
 And with *hony soyle* was garteryd,  
 Se howe he is nowe marteryd!  
 Alas for sorowe therfore,  
 Alas for sorowe therfore!  
 Oute and weleaway,  
 For people many a score  
 For him that yel and rore,  
 Alas that we were bore  
 To se this dolorous day!

With asshy hne compleyne also, I cry,  
 Ladyes, damosels, mynyonat and gorgayse;  
 Knyghtes aunterus of the myghty monarchy,  
 Complayne also; for he that in his dayes  
 To enhaunce wonte was your honoure, youre prayse,  
 Now is he gone, of erthly blysse ryfyld;  
 For dredeful Deth withouten delayse  
 Ful dolorously his breth hath stifild.

Terys degoutynge, also complayne, complayne,  
 Houndes peerles, haukes withoute pereialyte,  
 Sacris, faucons, heroners hautayne; *a*  
 For nowe darked is youre pompe, your prodogalyte,  
 Youre plesures been past vnto penalyte;  
 Of with your rich caperons, put on your mourning hodes;  
 For Iaspar, your prynce by proporcyon of qualyte,  
 Paste is by Deth those daungerous flodys.

He that manhode meyntened and magnamynite,  
 His blasynge blys ncwe is with balyes blechyd; *b*  
 Through Dethes croked and crabbed cruelte,  
 In doloure depe nowe is he drowned and drechyd;

---

*a* C. transsumpcio. [Side Note.]

*b* M. viii. [Side Note.]

His starynge standerde, that in stoures strechyd  
 With a sable serpent, nowe set is on a wall,  
 His helme heedles, cote corseles, woful and wrechyd,  
 With a swerde handeles, there hange they all.

Gewellys of late poysyd at grete valoyre,  
 He ded, they desolate of every membre,  
 Stykyng on stakes as thynges of none shaloyre;  
 For the corse that they couched cast is in sendre  
 \* By cruel compulsyon caused to surrendre  
 Lyfe vp to Deth that al ouerspurneth:  
 O, se howe this worlde tourneth!  
 Some laugheth, some mourneth:  
 Yet, ye prynces precyous and tendre,  
 Whyle that ye here in glory soiourneth,  
 The deth of our mayster rue to remembre.

O turmentoure, traytoure, torterous tyraunte,  
<sup>b</sup> So vnwarely oure duke haste thou slayne,  
 That wyt and mynde are vnsuffycyaunte  
 Agayne thy myschyf malyce to mayntayne!  
 We that in blysse wonte were to bayne,  
 With fortune flotyng moste fauourably,  
 Nowe thorow thrylled and persyd with payne,  
 Langoure we in feruente exstasy.

O murtherer vnmesurable, withouten remors,  
 Monstruus of entrayle, aborryd in kynde,  
 \* Thou haste his corse dystressed by force,  
 Whos parayle alyne thou can not fynde!  
 Howe durst thou his flesh and spyryte vntynde,  
 Dissendynge fro Cyzyle, Jerusalem, and Fraunce?  
 O bazalyke bryboure, with iyes blynde,  
 Sore may thou rue thy vtterquidaunce!

---

*a* M. ix. [*Side Note.*]

*b* C. exclamacio. [*Side Note.*]

*c* C. reprobacio. [*Side Note.*]\*

Thou haste berafte, I say, the erthly ioye  
 Of one, broder and vncle to kynges in degre,  
 Lynyally descendyng fro Eneas of Troye,  
 Grete vncle and vncle to prynces thre,  
 Brother to a saynte by way of natyuyte,  
 Vncle to another whom men seketh blyne,  
 Blynde, croked, lame, for remedies hourly;  
 Thus God that bromecod had gyuen a prerogatyue.

And yet thou, dolorous Deth, to the herte hast him stynged:  
 Wenest thou, felon, such murther to escape?  
 I say, the brewstors of Wales on the wyl be reuenged<sup>a</sup>  
 For thy false conspiracy and frowarde fate:  
 We his seruantes also sole disconsolate  
 Haste thou lafte; so that creatures more maddyr  
 In erthe none wandreth atwene senit and naddy.

Wherfore, to the felde, to the felde, on with plate and male,  
 Beest, byrde, foule, eche body terrestyal!<sup>b</sup>  
 Seke we this murtherer him to assayle;  
 Vnafrayde ioyne in ayde, ye bodyes celestyal;  
 Herry saynt, with iyes faynte to the also I cal,  
 For thy brothers sake, help Deth to take, that al may on him  
 wonder;  
 For and he reyne, by drift sodeyne he wil ech kynd encumbre.

*Dethe.*

Fouconer, thou arte to blame,  
 And oughte take shame  
 To make suchie pretense;<sup>c</sup>  
 For I Deth hourly  
 May stande truly  
 At ful lawful defence:

<sup>a</sup> C. newgacio. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> M. x. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>c</sup> M. xi. C. prosopopeya. [*Side Note.*]

Deth hath no myghte,  
 Do wronge no righte,  
 Fauoure frende ne fo,  
 But as an instrumente  
 At commaundemente  
 Whether to byde or go.

I am the instramente  
 Of one omnipotente,  
 That knowest thou fyrme and playne;  
 Wherefore fro Dethe  
 Thy wo and wreth  
 I wolde thou shulde reteyne,  
 And agayne God  
 For thy bromecod  
 Batayle to darayne.

Than, if it be ryghte, most of myght, thy godhed I acuse,  
 \*For thy myght contrary to right thou doste gretly abuse;  
 Katyffes vnkind thou leuest behind, paynis, Turkes, and  
 Lewis,  
 And our maister gret thou gane wormes to ete; wheron gretly  
 I muse:  
 Is this wel done? answer me sone; make, Lorde, thyn  
 excuse.

Dyd thou disdayne that he shuld rayne? was that els the  
 cause?  
 In his rayne he was moste fayne to mynester thy lawes;  
 Than certayn, and thou be playn and stedfaste in thy sawes,  
<sup>b</sup>Euery knyght that doth right, ferynge drede ne awes,  
 Of thy face bryghte shall haue syghte,  
 After this worldly wawes:

*a* M. xii. C. Introductio. [*Side Note.*]

*b* M. xiii. C. onomotopeya. [*Side Note.*]

Than, gode Lorde, scripture doth record, verefieng that  
 cause,  
 That our bromcod with the, gode God, in heuen shal rest and  
 pause.

For first of nought thou him wrought of thy special grace,  
 And wers than nought him also boght in Caluery in that  
 place;  
 Thou by thought oft he were broght with Satanas to trace,<sup>a</sup>  
 Yet, Lorde, to haue pyte thou oght on the pycture of thy  
 face.

We neyther he dampned to be, willyngly thou wilt nought; <sup>b</sup>  
 Yet dampned shal he and we be, if thy mercy helpe nought:  
 Discrecion hast thou gyuen, yde [Lorde?]; what wold we  
 more ought?  
 After deth to lyue with the, if we offende nought.

There is a cause yet of oure care, thou creatoure alofte,  
 That thy gospel doth declare, whiche I forgete noughte;  
 Howe vnwarly our welfare fro vs shal be broughte  
 By Deth that none wyl spare, Lorde, that knowe we  
 noughte: <sup>c</sup>  
 In syn drowned if we dare, and so sodenly be coughte,  
 Thau of blysse ar we bare; that fylleth me ful of thoughte.

Thou knowest, Lorde, beste thysylfe,  
 Man is but duste, stercorye, and fylthe,  
 Of himsylfe vnable,  
 Saue only of thy specyall grace,  
 A soule thou made to occupye place,  
 To make man ferme and stable; <sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> M. xiiii. C. probacio. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>b</sup> M. xv. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>c</sup> M. xvi. [*Side Note.*]

<sup>d</sup> C. degressio. M. xvii. [*Side Note.*]

Which man to do as thou ordeyned,  
 With fendes foule shal neuer be payned,  
 But in blysse be perdurable;  
 And if he do the contrarye,  
 After this lyfe than shal he dye,  
 Fendes to fede vnsaciable;  
 For which fendys foule thou made a centre,  
 In which centre thou made an entre,  
 That such that to breke thy commaundementes wolde auenter  
 Theder downe shulde dessende;  
 But oure maister, whan Deth hym trapte,  
 In pure perseueraunce so was wrapte,  
 That thou inuisyble his speryte thyder rapte  
 Where thy sheltrons him shal defende.

If we nat offende,  
 He wyl purchase  
 A gloryous place  
 At oure laste ende;

To se his face  
 a We shal assende,  
 By his grete grace,  
 If we nat offende.

Thou haste ennapored, I say, alofte  
 The soule of Jaspas, that thou wroughte,  
 Seruyce to do latrial:  
 And why, Lorde, I dyd the reprove,  
 Was for perfyte zele and loue,  
 To the nat preiudicyal;  
 For, Lorde, this I knowe expresse,  
 This worldly frute is bytternesse,  
 Fareyd with wo and payne,  
 Lyfe ledyng dolorously in distresse,  
 Shadowed with Dethes lyknesse,  
 As in none certayne.

Yet, me semeth so, thou art non of tho that vs so shuld begyle:  
 He is nat yet ded; I lay my hed, thou hast him hid for a while;

And al to proue who doth him loue and who wil be vnkynd,<sup>a</sup>  
 Thou hast in led layde him abed, this trow I in my mynd;  
 For this we trow, and thou dost know, as thy might is most,  
 That him to dye, to lowe and hye it were to grete a lost.

And he be dede, this knowe I very right;  
 Thou saw, Lorde, this erth corrupt with fals adulacyon,  
 And thought it place vnmete for Jaspas thy knyght;  
 Wherfore of body and soule thou made seperacyon,<sup>b</sup>  
 Preantedate seyng by pure predestynacyon  
 Whan his lyfe here shulde fyne and consum;  
 Wherfore, Lorde, thus ende I my dolorous exclamacyon,  
 Thy godenes knewe what was beste to be done.

As a prynce penytente and ful of contricion,  
 So dyed he, we his seruauntes can recorde: <sup>c</sup>  
 And that he may haue euerlastyng fruicyon,  
 We the beseche, glorious kyng and lorde!  
 For the laste lesoun that he dyd recorde,  
 To thy power he it aplied, sayng *tibi omnes*,  
 As a hye knyghte in fidelyte fermely moryd,  
*Angeli celi et potestates*;  
 Wherwith payne to the hert him boryd,  
 And lyfe him lefte, gyuyng deth entres.

Whiche lyfe, in comparyson of thyne,  
 Is as poynt in lyne, or as instant in tyme;  
 For thou were and arte and shal be of tyme,  
 In thy silfe reynyng by power diuine,  
 Makyng gerarcyus thre and orders nyne,  
 The to dcifye:  
 Wherfore we crye,  
 Suffer nat Jaspas to dye,

<sup>a</sup> C. neugacio. [Side Note.]

<sup>b</sup> C. excusacio. [Side Note.]

<sup>c</sup> M. xviii. C. conclusio. [Side Note.]

But to lyne;  
 For eternally that he shal lyue  
 Is oure byleue.

And than [?] moste craftely dyd combyne  
 Another heuen, called cristalline,  
 \* So the thyrde stellyferal to shyne  
 Aboue the skye:  
 Wherfore we crye,  
 Suffer nat Jaspar to dye,  
 But to lyue;  
 For eternally that he shal lyue  
 Is oure byleue.

Moreouer in a zodiake pure and fyne  
 Synys xii. thou set for a tyme,  
 And them nexte, in cercle and lyne,  
 Saturne thou set, Iupiter, and Mars citryne,  
 Contect and drye:  
 Wherforc we crye,  
 Suffer nat Jaspar to dye,  
 But to lyue;  
 For eternally that he shal lyue  
 Is oure byleue.

Than, to peryssh, thoroughryll, and myne  
 The mystes blake and cloudes tetryne,  
 Tytan thou set clerely to shyne,  
 The worldes iye:  
 Wherfore we crye, *vt supra*.

Yet in their epycercles to tril and twyne,  
 Retrograte, stacyoner, directe, as a syne,  
 Uenus thou set, Mercury, and the Mone masseline;  
 Nexte fyre and ayre, so sotyl of engyne,



The to gloryfye:  
 Wherfore we crye,  
 Suffer nat Jaspas to dye,  
 But to lyue;  
 For eternally that he shal lyue  
 Is oure byleue.

Water, and erth with braunch and vine;  
 And so, thy werkes to ende and fyne,  
 Man to make thou dyd determyne,  
 Of whome cam I:  
 Wherfore I cry and the supplye,  
 Suffer nat Jaspas to dye,  
 But to lyue;  
 For eternally that he shal lyue  
 Is oure byleue.

With him, to comford at all tyme,  
 Thou ioyned the sex than of frayle femynyne,  
 Which by temptacyon serpentyne  
 Theyre hole sequele broughte to ruyn  
 By ouergrete folye:  
 Wherfore we crye,  
 Suffer not Jaspas to dye,  
 But to lyue;  
 For eternally that he shal lyue  
 Is oure byleue.

Than, of thy godenes, thou dyd enclyne  
 Flesh to take of thy moder and virgyne,  
 And vs amonge, in payne and famyne,  
 Dwalte, and taughte thy holy doctryne  
 Uulgarly:  
 Wherfore we crye,  
 Suffer nat Jaspas to dye,  
 But to lyue;  
 For eternally that he shal lyue  
 Is oure byleue.

Tyl a traytoure, by false couyne,  
 To Pylat accused the at pryme;  
 So taken, slayne, and buryed at complyne,  
 Rose agayne, of Adam redemyng the lyne  
 By thy infynyte mercy:  
 For whych mercy,  
 Incessantly we crye,  
 And the supplye,  
 Suffer nat our lorde to dye,  
 But to lyue;  
 For eternally that he shal lyue  
 Is oure byleue.

Kynges, prynces, remembre, whyle ye may,  
 \* Do for yoursilfe, for that shal ye fynde  
 Executours often maketh delay,  
 The bodye buryed, the soule sone oute of mynde;  
 Marke this wel, and graue it in youre mynde,  
 Howe many grete estates gone are before,  
 And howe after ye shal folowe by course of kynde:  
 Wherfore do for youresilfe; I can say no more.

Though ye be governours, moste precious in kynde,  
 Caste downe your crounes and costely appareyle,  
 Endored with golde and precyous stones of Ynde,  
 For al in the ende lytyl shal auayle;  
 Whan youre estates Deth lyketh to assayle,  
 Your bodyes bulgyng with a blyster sore,  
 Than withstande shal neyther plate ne mayle:  
 Wherfore do for youresilfe; I can say no more.

There is a vertue that moost is anaunsed,  
 Pure perseueraunce called on the porayle,  
 By whome al vertues are enhaunsed,  
 Which is not wonne but by diligente tranayle:

Ware in the ende; for and that vertue fayle,  
 Body and soule than are ye forlore:  
 Wherefore, if ye folowe wyll holsom counsaile,  
 Do for youresilfe; I can say no more.

Kynges, prynces, moste souerayne of renoune,  
 Remembre oure maister that gone is byfore:  
 This worlde is casual, nowe vp, nowe downe;  
 Wherefore do for yoursilfe; I can say no more.

Amen.

*Honor tibi, Deus, gloria, et laus!*

*Smerte, maister de ses ouzeaus.*

## ELEGY ON KING HENRY THE SEVENTH.\*

. . . . orlde all wrapped in wretchydnes,  
 . . . . hy pompes so gay and gloryous,  
 . . . . easures and all thy ryches  
 . . . . y be but transytoryous;  
 . . . . to moche pyteous,  
 . . . . e that eche man whylom dred,  
 . . . . by naturall lyne and cours,  
 . . . . s, alas, lyeth dede!

. . . . ryall a kyng,  
 . . . . ianer the prudent Salamon;  
 . . . . sse and in euery thyng,  
 . . . . io Crysten regyon,  
 . . . . not longe agone,  
 . . . . his name by fame spr[e]de;  
 . . . . te nowe destytute alone,  
 . . . . as, alas, lyeth dede!

---

\* From an imperfect broadside in the Douce Collection, now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. This unique piece formerly belonged to Dr. Farmer, who has written on it, "Qu. the author of this Elegy? Per *J. Skelton*, tho' not in his works?" to which Douce has added, "The Doctor is probably right in what he says concerning the Elegy on Henry the Seventh, which is a singular curiosity."

At the top of the original is a woodcut, representing the dead king, lying on a bed or bier, crowned and holding his sceptre; on one side the royal arms, on the other the crown resting on a full-blown rose, which has the king's initials in its centre.

Henry died April 21st, 1509: see note, vol. iii. p. 170.

. . . . ater we wretchyd creatures,  
 . . . . es and tryunphaunt maiestye,  
 . . . . pastymes and pleasures,  
 . . . . thouten remedye;  
 . . . . o wyll the myserable bodye  
 . . . . n heuy lede,  
 . . . . lde but vanyte and all vanytye,  
 . . . . h alas, alas, lyeth dede!

. . . . is subgetes and make lamentacyon  
 . . . . o noble a gouernoure;  
 . . . . ayers make we exclamacyon,  
 . . . . de to his supernall toure:  
 . . . . dly rose floure,  
 . . . . yally all aboute spred,  
 . . . . ated where is his power?  
 . . . . alas, alas, lyeth dede!

Of this moost Crysten kynge in vs it lyeth not,  
 His tyme passed honour suffyeyent to prayse;  
 But yet though that that thyng envalue we may not,  
 Our prayers of suertye he shall haue alwayes;  
 And though that Atropose hathe ended his dayes,  
 His name and fame shall euer be dred  
 As fer as Phebus spredes his golden rayes,  
 Though Henry the Seuenth, alas, alas, lyeth dede!

But nowe what remedye? he is vncoverable,  
 Touchyd by the handes of God that is moost just;  
 But yet agayne a cause moost comfortable  
 We haue, wherin of ryght reioys we must,  
 His sone on lyue in beaute, force, and lust,  
 In honour lykely Traianus to shede;  
 Wherefore in hym put we our hope and trust,  
 Syth Henry his fader, alas, alas, lyeth dede!

And nowe, for conclusyon, aboute his herse  
 Let this be grauyd for endeles memorye,

With sorowfull tunes of Thesyphenes verse;  
 Here lyeth the puyssaunt and myghty Henry,  
 Hector in batayll, Vlyxes in polecy,  
 Salamon in wysdome, the noble rose rede,  
 Creses in rychesse, Julyus in glory,  
 Henry the Seuenth ingraued here lyeth dede!

## VOX POPULI, VOX DEL.\*

Mr. Skeltone, pocte.

To the Kinges moste Exellent Maiestie.

I PRAY yow, be not wrothe  
 For tellyng of the trothe;  
 For this the worlde yt gothe  
 Bothe to lyffe and lothe,  
 As God hymselfe he knothe;  
 And, as all men vndrestandes,  
 Both Iordeshipes and landes  
 Are nowe in fewe mens handes;  
 Both substance and bandes  
 Of all the hole realme  
 As most men exteame,  
 Are nowe consumyd cleane

---

\* *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*] From MS. 2567 in the Cambridge Public Library, collated with MS. Harl. 367, fol. 130. The latter, though it contains a very considerable number of lines which are not found in the former, and which I have placed between brackets, is on the whole the inferior MS., its text being greatly disfigured by provincialisms.

This poem, which is assigned to Skelton only in the Cambridge MS., was evidently composed by some very clumsy imitator of his style. The subject, however, renders it far from uninteresting.

From the fermour and the poore  
 To the towne and the towre;  
 Whiche makyth them to lower,  
 To see that in their flower  
 Ys nother malte nor meale,  
 Bacon, beffe, nor veale,  
 Crocke mylke nor kele,  
 But readye for to steale  
 For very pure neade.  
 Your comons saye indeade,  
 Thei be not able to feade  
 In their stable scant a steade,  
 To brynge vp nor to breade,  
 Ye, scant able to brynge  
 To the marckyt eny thyng  
 Towardes their housekeping;  
 And scant have a cowe,  
 Nor to kepe a poore sowe:  
 This the worlde is nowe.  
 And to heare the relacyon  
 Of the poore mens communycacion,  
 Vndre what sorte and fashyon  
 Thei make their exclamacyon,  
 You wolde have compassion.  
 Thus goythe their protestacion,  
 Sayeng that suche and suche,  
 That of late are made riche,  
 Have to, to, to myche  
 By grasyng and regratinge,  
 By poulyng and debatyng,  
 By roulyng and by dating,  
 By checke and checkematyng,  
 [With delays and debatyng,  
 With cowstomes and tallynges,  
 Forfayttes and forestallynges];  
 So that your comons saye,  
 Thei styll paye, paye  
 Most willyngly allwaye,  
 But yet thei see no staye

Of this outrage araye:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei*;  
 O most noble kyng,  
 Consydre well this thyng!

## 2.

And thus the voyce doth multiplye  
 Amonge your graces commonaltye:  
 Thei are in suche greate penvry  
 That thei can nother sell nor bye,  
 Suche is theirre extreame povertye;  
 Experyence dothe yt verefye,  
 As trothe itselffe dothe testefye.  
 This is a marveilous myserye:  
 And trewe thei saye, it is no lye;  
 For grasyers and regraters,  
 Withe to many shepemasters,  
 That of erable grounde make pastures,  
 Are thei that be these wasters  
 That wyll vndoo your lande,  
 Yf thei contynewe and stande,  
 As ye shall vnderstand  
 By this lytle boke:  
 Yf you yt overloke,  
 And overloke agayne,  
 Yt wyll tell you playne  
 The tenour and the trothe,  
 Howe nowe the worlde yt gothe  
 Withe my neighbour and my noste,<sup>1</sup>  
 In every countre, towne, and coste,  
 Within the circumvisions  
 Of your graces domynyons;  
 And why the poore men wepe  
 For storyng of suche shepe,  
 For that so many do kepe

---

<sup>1</sup> *my noste*] i. e. mine host.



Suche nombre and suche store  
 As never was seene before:  
 [What wolde ye any more?]  
 The encrease was never more.  
 Thus goythe the voyce and rore:  
 And truthe yt is indeade;  
 For all men nowe do breade  
 Which can ketche any laude  
 Out of the poore mans hande;  
 For who ys so greate a grasyer  
 As the landlorde and the laweare?  
 For at every drawing daye  
 The bucher more must paye  
 For his fattig ware,  
 To be the redyare  
 Another tyme to crave,  
 When he more shepe wold have;  
 And, to elevate the pryce,  
 Somewhate he must ryce  
 Withe a sinque or a sice,  
 So that the bucher cannot spare,  
 Towardes his charges and his fare,  
 To sell the very carcas bare  
 Vnder xij<sup>s</sup> or a marke,  
 [Wiche is a pytyfull werke,]  
 Besyde the offall and the flece,<sup>1</sup>  
 The flece and the fell:  
 Thus he dothe yt sell.  
 Alas, alas, alas,  
 This is a pitious case!  
 What poore man nowe is able  
 To have meate on his table?  
 An oxe at foure ponde,  
 Yf he be any thyng rounde,  
 Or cum not in their grounde,

---

<sup>1</sup> *the flece*] A line, which rhymed with this, has dropt out.

Suche labourer for to waste:  
 This ys the newe caste,  
 The newe cast from the olde;  
 This comon pryce thei holde;  
 Whiche is a very ruthe,  
 Yf men myght saye the truthe.  
 The comons thus dothe saye,  
 They are not able to paye,  
 But *miserere mei*:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei*;  
 O most noble kyng,  
 Consydre well this thyngel!

## 3.

Howe saye you to this, my lordes?  
 Are not these playne recordes?  
 Ye knowe as well as I,  
 This makes the comons crye,  
 This makes theym crye and wepe,  
 Myssevsing so their shepe,  
 Their shepe, and eke their beves,  
 As yll or wourse then theaves:  
 Vnto a comonwealthe  
 This ys a very stealthe.  
 But you that welthe this bete,  
 You landlordes that be grete,  
 You wolde not pay so for your meate,  
 Excepte your grasing ware so sweate,  
 Or elles I feare me I,  
 Ye wold fynde remedye,  
 And that right shortlye.  
 But yet this extremyte,  
 None feles yt but the comynaltie:  
 Alas, is there no remedye,  
 To helpe theym of this myserye?  
 Yf there shuld come a rayne,  
 To make a dearthe of grayne,  
 As God may send yt playne  
 For our covetous and disdayne,

I wold knowe, among vs all,  
 What ware he that shuld not fall  
 And sorowe as he went,  
 For Godes ponyshment?  
 Alas, this were a plage<sup>1</sup>  
 For poverties pocession,  
 Towardes theire suppression,  
 For the greate mens transgression!  
 Alas, my lordes, foresee  
 There may be remeadye!  
 For the comons saye,  
 Thei have no more to paye:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei*;  
 O most noble kyng,  
 Consydre well this thyng!

## 4.

And yet not long agoo  
 Was preachers on or twoo,  
 That spake yt playne inowe  
 To you, to you, and to you,  
 Hygh tyme for to repent  
 This dyvelishe entent  
 [Of covitis the convente]:  
 From Scotland into Kent  
 This preaching was bysprent;  
 And from the easte frount  
 Vnto Saynet Myghelles Mount,  
 This sayeng dyd surmount  
 Abrode to all mens cares,  
 And to your graces peeres,  
 That from piller vnto post  
 The powr man he was tost;  
 I meane the labouring man,  
 I meane the husbandman,  
 I meane the ploughman,

---

<sup>1</sup> *plage*] A line wanting to rhyme with this.

I meane the playne true man,  
 I meane the handcrafteman,  
 I meane the victualing man,  
 Also the good yeman,  
 That some tyme in this realme  
 Had plentye of kye and creame,  
 [Butter, egges, and chesse,  
 Hony, vax, and besse]:  
 But now, alacke, alacke,  
 All theise men goo to wracke,  
 That are the bodye and the staye  
 Of your graces realme allwaye!  
 Allwaye and at leinghe  
 Thei must be your streinghe,  
 Your streinghe and your teme,  
 For to defende your realme.  
 Then yf theise men appall,  
 And lacke when you do call,  
 Which way may you or shall  
 Resist your encmyes all,  
 That over raging streames  
 Will vade from forreyn reames?  
 For me to make judiciall,  
 This matter is to mystycall;  
 Judge you, my lordes, for me you shall,  
 Yours ys the charge that governes all;  
 For *vox populi* me thei call,  
 That makith but reberssall  
*De parvo*,<sup>1</sup> but not *de* totall,  
*De locis*, but not locall:  
 Therefore you must not blame  
 The wight that wrot the same;  
 For the comons of this land  
 Have sowen this in their sande,  
 Plowing yt withe their hande;  
 I founde it wheare I stande;

---

<sup>1</sup> *parvo*] *MS. C.* "paruie." *MS. Harl.* "parvū." Qy.  
 "parvis?"

And I am but the hayne  
 That wryttes yt newe agayne,  
 The coppye for to see,  
 That also learneth me  
 To take therby good hede  
 My shepe howe for to fede;  
 For I a shepherd am,  
 A sorye poore man;  
 Yet wolde I wyshe, my lordes,  
 This myght be your recordes,  
 And make of yt no dreame,  
 For yt ys a worthy realme,  
 A realme that in tymes past  
 Hath made the prowdest agast.  
 Therefore, my lordes all,  
 Note this in especiall,  
 And have it in memoryall  
 [With youre wysse vnyversall,  
 That nether faver nor effection,  
 Yowe grawnt youre protection  
 To suche as hath <sup>1</sup> by election  
 Shall rewle by erection,  
 And doth gett the perfection  
 Of the powre menes refection;  
 Wiche ys a grett innormyte  
 Vnto youre grasys commynalte;  
 For thay that of latt did supe  
 Owtt of an aschyn cuppe,  
 Are wonderfully sprowng vpe;  
 That nowght was worth of latt,  
 Hath now a cubborde of platt,  
 His tabell furnyscheyd tooe,  
 With platt besett inowe,  
 Persell gylte and sownde,  
 Well worth towo thousande pounde.

---

<sup>1</sup> *To suche as hath, &c.*] There appears to be some corruption here.

With castinge cownteres and ther pen,  
Thes are the vpstart gentylnen;  
Thes are thay that dewowre  
All the goodes of the pawre,  
And makes them dotysche davys,  
Vnder the cowler of the kenges lawys.  
And yett another decaye  
To youre grasys seetes alwaye;  
For the statte of all youre marchantmen  
Vndo most parte of youre gentyllmen,  
And wrape them in suche bandes  
That thay haue halle ther landes,  
And payeth but halfe in hande,  
Tyll thay more vnderstownde  
Of the profett of there lande,  
And for the other halfe  
He shalbe mayd a calfe,  
Excepte he haue gud frendes  
Wiche well cane waye bothe endes;  
And yet with frendes tooe  
He shall haue mvche to doe;  
Wiche ys a grett innormyte  
To youre grasys regallyte.  
Lett marchantmen goe sayle  
For that ys ther trwe waylle;  
For of one c. ye haue not ten  
That now be marchantes ventring men,  
That occupi grett inawnderes,  
Forther then into Flandes,  
Flawnderes or into France,  
For fere of some myschance,  
But lyeth at home, and standes  
By morgage and purchase of landes  
Owt of all gentyllmenes handes,  
Wiche showld serve alwaye your grace  
With horse and men in chasse;  
Wiche ys a grett dewowre  
Vnto youre regall pawre.  
What presydenste cane they shewe,  
That fowre skore yeres agooe,

That<sup>1</sup> any marchant here,  
 Above all charges clere,  
 In landes myght lett to hyre  
 To thowsant markes by yere?  
 Other where shall ye fynde  
 A gentyllman by kynde,  
 But that thay wyll ly in the wynde,  
 To breng hyme fer behynde,  
 Or elles thay wyll haue all,  
 Yf nedes thay hyme forstall?  
 Wiche ys the hole decaye  
 Of your marchantmen, I saye,  
 And hynderes youre grasys costome  
 By the yere a thowsant pawnde,  
 And so marryth, the more petye,  
 The comonwelth of yche sytte,  
 And vndoth the cowntre,  
 As prose [?] doth make propertie:  
 This matter moſt spesyally  
 Wolde be loked one quiclye.  
 Yett for ther recreation,  
 In pastime and procreation,  
*In tempore necessitatis,*  
 I wysche thay myght haue grattis  
 Lysens to compownde,  
 To purchasse fortie pownde  
 Or fyfte at the moste,  
 By fyne or wrytte of post;  
 And yf any marchantman,  
 To lyve his occupieng then,  
 Wolde purchasse any more,  
 Lett hyme forfett it therfore.  
 Then showld ye se the trade  
 That marchautmen frist mayde,  
 Whyche wysse men dyd marshall,  
 For a welth vnyversall,

---

<sup>1</sup> *That*] *Qy. dele?*

Yche man this lawe to lerne,  
 And trewly his goodes to yerne,  
 The landlord with his terme,  
 The plowghtman with his ferme,  
 The kneght wyth his fare,  
 The marchant with his ware,  
 Then showld increse the helth  
 Of yche comonwelthe],  
 And be not withe me wrothe  
 For tellyng you the trothe;  
 For I do heare yt everye daye,  
 How the comons thus do saye,  
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei wold paye:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei*;  
 O most noble kyng,  
 Consydre well this thyng!

## 5.

But, howe, Robyn, howe!  
 Whiche waye dothe the wynde blowe?  
 Herke! hercke! hercke!  
 Ys not here a pytious werke,  
 The grounde and the cheiffe  
 Of all this hole myscheiffe?  
 For our covetous lordes  
 Dothe mynde no nother <sup>1</sup> recordes,  
 But framynge fynes for fermes,  
 Withe to myche, as some termes,  
 Withe rentes and remaynders,  
 Withe surveye and surrenders,  
 Withe comons and comon ingenders,  
 Withe inclosyers and extenders,  
 Withe horde vp, but no spenders;  
 For a comonwealthe  
 Whiche is a verye stealthe.

---

<sup>1</sup> *no nother*] i. e. none other. *MS. Harl.* "noe other."



Prove it who shall  
 To make therof tryall,  
 Thus goithe theire dyall:  
 I knowe not whates a clocke,  
 But by the coutre cocke,  
 The mone<sup>1</sup> nor yet the pryme,  
 Vntyli the sonne do shyne;  
 Or els I coulde tell  
 Howe all thynges shulde be well.  
 The compas may stand awrye,  
 But the carde wyll not lye:  
 Hale in your mayne shete,  
 This tempest is to grete.  
 [For pawre men dayly sees  
 How officers takes their fees,  
 Summe yll, and some yet worse,  
 As good right as to pike there purse:  
 Deservethe this not Godes curse?  
 There consyenes ys sooe grett,  
 Thaye fere not to dischare,<sup>2</sup>  
 Yf it were as moche more,  
 Soe thay maye haue the stowre.  
 Thus is onre we[l]the vndone  
 By synguler commodome;  
 For we are in dyvision,  
 Bothe for reght and religion;  
 And, as some saythe,  
 We stagger in our faythe:  
 But excepte in shortt tyme  
 We drawe by one lyne,  
 And agre with one accorde,  
 Bothe the plowghman and the lorde,  
 We shall sore rewe  
 That ever this statte we knewe.]

---

<sup>1</sup> *mone*] So both *MSS.* But qy. "none?"

<sup>2</sup> *dischare*] There is some error here; and perhaps a line or more has dropt out.

The comons so do saye,  
 Yf thei had yt, thei wold paye:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei;*  
 O most noble kyng,  
 Consydre well this thyng!

## 6.

Thus runnes this rumour about  
 Amongest the hole route;  
 Thei can not bryng aboute  
 How this thyng shuld be,  
 Yt hathe suche high degree:  
 The coyne yt is so scante,  
 That every man dothe wante,  
 And some thincke not so scace,  
 But even as myche to base.  
 Our merchauntmen do saye,  
 Thei fynde it day by daye  
 To be a matter straunge,  
 When thei shulde make exchange  
 On the other side the sea,  
 Thei are dryven to their plea;  
 For where oure pounce somtyme  
 Was better then theirs by nyne,  
 Nowe ours, when yt comes forthe,  
 No better then theirs is worthe,  
 No, nor scant soo good;  
 Thei saye so, by the roode.  
 Howe maye the merchauntman  
 Be able to occupye than,  
 Excepte, when he comes heare,  
 He sell his ware to deare?  
 He neades must have a lyveng,  
 Or elles, fye on hys wynneng!  
 This coyne by alteracion  
 Hathe brought this desolacyon,  
 Whiche is not yet all knowen  
 What myscheiffe it hathe sowen.

Thei saye, Woo worthe that man  
 That first that coyne began,  
 To put in any hedde  
 The mynde to suche a rede,  
 To come to suche a hiere  
 For covetous desyre!  
 I knowe not what it meanethe;  
 But this thei saye and deamythe,  
*Væ illi per quem scandalum venit!*  
 For this wyll axe greate payne  
 Before it be well agayne,  
 Greate payne and sore  
 To make it as it was before.  
 The comons thus do saye,  
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei would paye:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei;*  
 O most noble kynge,  
 Consydre well this thinge!

## 7.

This matter is to trewe,  
 That many man dothe rewe  
 These sorowes doo ensue;  
 For poore men thei doo crye,  
 And saye it is awrye;  
 Thei saye thei can not be herde,  
 But styll from daye defferde,  
 When thei have any sute,  
 Thei maye goo blowe their flute:  
 This goithe the comon brute.  
 The riche man wyll come in;  
 For he is sure to wyne,  
 For he can make his waye,  
 With hande in hande to paye,  
 Bothe to thicke and thynne;<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> *thynne*] A line, or perhaps more, has dropt out here.

Or els to knowe theire pleasure,  
 My lorde is not at leysure; <sup>1</sup>  
 The poore man at the durro  
 Standes lyke an Island curre,  
 And dares not ons to sturre,  
 Excepte he goo his waye,  
 And come another daye;  
 And then the matter is made,  
 That the poore mau with his spade  
 Must no more his farme invade,  
 But must vse some other trade;  
 For yt is so agreed  
 That my ladye mesteres Mede <sup>2</sup>  
 Shall hym expulce with all spede,  
 And our master the landlorde  
 Shall have yt all at his accorde,  
 His house and farne agayne,  
 To make therof his vttermost gayne;  
 For his vantage wylbe more,  
 With shepe and cattell it to store,  
 And not to ploughe his grounde no more,  
 Excepte the fermour wyll aryere  
 The rent hyere by a hole yeare:  
 Yet must he have a fyne too,  
 The bargayne he may better knowe;  
 Which makes the marcket now so deare  
 That there be fewe that makes good cheare;  
 For the fermour must sell his goose,  
 As he may be able to paye for his house,  
 Or els, for non payeng the rent,  
 Avoyde at our Lady daye in Lent:  
 Thus the poore man shalbe shent;

---

<sup>1</sup> *My lorde is not at leysure*] A line borrowed from Skelton's *Why come ye nat to Courte*, v. 622. vol. ii. 297.

<sup>2</sup> *mesteres Mede*] The writer, perhaps, recollected that Skelton had mentioned "mayden Meed" in *Ware the Hauke*, v. 149. vol. i. 178.

And then he and his wyffe,  
 With their children, all their lyffe,  
 Doth crye oute and ban  
 Vpon this covetous man.  
 I sweare by God omnyotent,  
 I feare me that this presedent  
 Wyll make vs all for to be shent.  
 Trowe you, my lordes that be,  
 That God dothe not see  
 This riche mans charitie  
*Per speculum ænigmatæ?*  
 Yes, yes, you riche lordes,  
 Yt is wrytten in Cristes recordes,  
 That Dives laye in the fyere  
 With Belsabub his sire,  
 And Pauper he above satte  
 In the seate of Habrahams lappe,  
 And was taken from thys Troye,  
 To lyve allwaye with God in ioye  
 The comons thus do saye,  
 Yf thei had yt, thei wold paye:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei;*  
 O most noble kyng,  
 Consydre well this thyng!

## 8.

The prayse no les is worthe,  
 Godes worde is well sett forthe:  
 Yt never was more preached,  
 Nor never so playnlye taught;  
 Yt never was so hallowed,  
 Nor never so lytle followed  
 Bothe of highe and lowe,  
 As many a man dothe trowe;  
 For this ys a playne perscripcion,  
 We have banyshed superstycion,  
 But styll we kepe ambycion;  
 We have sent awaye all cloysterers,  
 Bnt styll we kepe extorcyoners;

We have taken theire landes for theire abuse,  
 But we convert theym to a wourse vse.  
 Yf this tale be no lye,  
 My lordes, this goythe awrye;  
 Awrye, awrye ye goo,  
 With many thinges moo,  
 Quyte from the highe waye.  
 The comons thus do saye,  
 Yff thei hadd yt, thei wold paye:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei;*  
 O most noble kyng,  
 Consydre well this thinge!

## 9.

Off all this sequell  
 The faute I can not tell:  
 Put you together and spell,  
 My lordes of the councell.  
 I feare all be not well,  
 Ambycion so dothe swell,  
 As gothe by reporte,  
 Amonge the greatest sorte;  
 A wonderfull sorte of selles,  
 That *vox populi* telles,  
 Of those bottomlesse welles,  
 That are este, weast, and so furthe,  
 Bothe by southe, and also northe,  
 Withe riche, riche, and riche,  
 Withe riche, and to myche,  
 The poore men to begyle,  
 Withe sacke and packe to fyle,  
 [With suche as we compownd  
 For an offys ij thowsant pownde:  
 Howe maye suche men do reght,  
 Youre pawre men to requytt  
 Owtt of there trowbell and payne,  
 But thay most gett it agayne  
 By craft or such coarsyon,  
 By bryberey and playne extorsyon?]

With many ferrelys moo,  
 That I could truly shewe:  
 There never was suche myserye,  
 Nor never so myche vserye.  
 The comons so do saye,  
 Yf we had ytt, we wold paye:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei;*  
 O most noble kynge,  
 Consydre well this thyng!

## 10.

And thus this ile of Brutes,  
 Most plentyfull of frutes,  
 Ys sodenlye decayede;  
 Poore men allmost dysmayde,  
 Thei are so overlaid:  
 I feare and am afrayde  
 Of the stroke of God,  
 Whiche ys a perelous rodde.  
 Praye, praye, praye,  
 We never se that daye;  
 For yf that daye do come,  
 We shall dyssever and ronne,  
 The father agaynst the sonne,  
 And one agaynst another.  
 By Godes blessed mother,  
 Or thei begynne to hugger,  
 For Godes sake looke aboute,  
 And staye betymes this route,  
 For feare thei doo come oute.  
 I put you out of doubte,  
 There ys no greate trust,  
 Yf trothe shuld be discuste:  
 Therfore, my lordes, take heade  
 That this gere do not brede  
 At chesse to playe a mate,  
 For then yt is to late:  
 We may well prove a checke,  
 But thei wyll have the neke;

Yt is not to be wondered,  
 For thei are not to be nombred.  
 This the poore men saye,  
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei wolde paye:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei;*  
 O most noble kyng,  
 Consydre well this thinge!

## 11.

Yt is not one alone  
 That this dothe gronte and grone,  
 And make this pytyous mone;  
 For yt is more then wonder,  
 To heare the infynyte nombre  
 Of poore men that dothe shewe  
 By reason yt must be soo.  
 Thei wishe and do coniecter  
 That my lordes grace and protector,  
 That cheiffe is nowe erector  
 And formost of the ryng,  
 Vnder our noble kyng,  
 That he wold se redresse  
 Of this moste greate excesse,  
 For yt stondes on hym no lesse;  
 For he is calde doubteles  
 A man of greate prowesse,  
 And so dothe beare the fame,  
 And dothe desyre the same;  
 His mynde thei saye is good,  
 Yf all wold followe his moode.  
 Nowe for to sett the frame,  
 To kepe styll this good name,  
 He must delaye all excuses,  
 And ponnyshe these greate abuses  
 Of these fynes and newe vses,  
 That have so many muses;  
 And first and pryncipallye  
 Suppresses this shamfull vsurye,



Comonlye called husbondrye;  
 For yf there be no remeadye  
 In tyme and that right shortlye,  
 Yt wyll breade to a pluresye,  
 Whiche is a greate innormytie  
 To all the kynges comynaltye;  
 For there is no smale nombre  
 That this faute dothe incombred:  
 Yt is a wordly wondre.  
 The comons thus do saye,  
 Yf thei had yt, thei wolde paye:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei;*  
 O most noble kyng,  
 Consydre well this thyng!

## 12.

Nowe, at your graces leysour,  
 Yf you wyll see the seisor  
 Of all the cheffe treasure,  
 Heapyd without measure,  
 Of the substance of your realme,  
 As yt were in a dreame,  
 I wyll make an esteame,  
 In the handes of a fewe,  
 The trothe you to showe,  
 Howe this matter dothe goo;  
 For I wyll not spare  
 The trothe to declare;  
 For trothe trulye ment  
 Was never yet shent,  
 Nor never shent shalbe;  
 Note this text of me,  
 Yt may a tyme be framed  
 For feare some shuld be blamed,  
 But yt wyll not be shamed;  
 Yt is of suche a streinghe,  
 Yt wyll overcome at leinghe.  
 Yff nowe I shall not fayne,  
 The trothe to tell you playne

Of all those that do holde  
 The substance and the golde  
 And the treasure of this realme; <sup>1</sup>  
 And shortlye to call,  
 Allmost thei have all;  
 Att least thei have the trade  
 Of all that may be made:  
 And fyrst to declare  
 By a bryeffe what thei are,  
 To make shorte rehearsall,  
 As well spyrytuall as temporall;  
 The laweare and the landelorde,  
 The greate reave and the recorde,—  
 The recorde I meane is he  
 That hathe office or els ffee,  
 To serve our noble kyng  
 In his accomptes or recknyng  
 Of his treasure surmonttyng,—  
 Lorde chauncellour and chauncellours,  
 Masters of myntes and monyers,  
 Secondaryes and surveyours,  
 Auditors and receivours,  
 Customers and comptrollers,  
 Purvyours and prollers,  
 Marchauntes of greate sailes,  
 With the master <sup>2</sup> of woodsales,  
 With grasyers and regraters,  
 With Master Williams of shepe masters,  
 And suche lyke comonwelthe wasters,  
 That of erable groundes make pasters,  
 [And payemasters suche as bythe  
 With Trappes your golden smythe,]

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<sup>1</sup> *realme*] A line wanting, to rhyme with this.

<sup>2</sup> *master*] *MS. Harl.* "maisteres:" but perhaps some particular individual is alluded to; compare the second line after.

With iij or iiij greate clothiars,  
 And the hole lybell of lawyars:  
 Withe theise and their trayne,  
 To be bryeffe and playne,  
 Of their to, to myche gayne  
 That thei take for their payne,  
 Yt is knowen by ceirten sterres  
 That thei may mayntayne your graces warres  
 By space of a hole yeare,  
 Be yt good chepe or deare,  
 Thoughe we shulde withstande  
 Both Fraunce and Scotlande,  
 And yet to leave ynough  
 Of money, ware, and stuffe,  
 Both in cattell and corne,  
 To more then thei were borne,  
 By patrymonye or bloode  
 To enherytte so myche goode.  
 By cause thei be so base,  
 Thei wylbe neadye and sace;  
 For *quod natura dedit*  
 From gentle blode them ledyth;  
 And to force a chorlish best  
*Nemo attollere potest:*  
 Yet rather then thei wold goo before,  
 Thei wolde helpe your grace with somewhat  
                   more,  
 For thei be they that have the store;  
 Those be they wyll warraunt ye,  
 Though you toke never a peny  
 Of your poere comynaltie.  
 This is trewe vndoubtelye,  
 I dare affyrme it certeynlye;  
 For yf this world do holde,  
 Of force you must be bolde  
 To borowe their fyne golde;  
 For thei have all the store;  
 For your comens have no more;

Ye may it call to lyght,  
 For yt is your awne right,  
 Yf that your grace have neade:  
 Beleve this as your Creade.  
 The poore men so do saye,  
 Yf thei had yt, thei wold paye  
 With a better wyll then thei:  
*Vcx populi, vox Dei ;*  
 O most noble kyng,  
 Consyder well this thyng!

## 13.

O worthiest protectour,  
 Be herin corrector!  
 And you, my lordes all,  
 Let not your honor appall,  
 But knocke betymes and call  
 For theise greate vsurers ail;  
 Ye knowe the pryncypall:  
 What neadith more rehersall?  
 Yf you do not redresse  
 By tyme this coveteousnes,  
 My hed I hold and gage,  
 There wylbe greate outrage;  
 Suche rage as never was seene  
 In any olde mans tyme.  
 Also for this perplexyte,  
 Of these that are most welthye,  
 Yt ware a deade of charyte  
 To helpe theym of this pluresie:  
 Yt comes by suche greate fyttes  
 That it takes awaye their wyttes,  
 Bothe in their treasure tellynge,  
 Or els in byeng and sellynge.  
 Yf thei of this weare eased,  
 Your grace shuld be well pleased,  
 And thei but lytle deseased  
 Of this covetous dropsye,  
 That brynges theym to thys pluresie,

Bothe the pluresye and goute,  
 Vncurable to be holpe [out],  
 Excepte your grace for pytie  
 Provyde this foresaid remeadye;  
 As doctors holde opynyon,  
 Both Ambros and Tertulian,  
 Withe the Swepestake and the Mynyon,  
 The Herte and the Swallowe,  
 And all the rest that followe,  
 Withe the Gallye and the Roo  
 That so swyffte do goo,  
 Goo, and that apase,  
 By the Henry Grace,  
 The Herrye and the Edwarde,—  
 God sende theym all well forwarde,  
 Withe all the hole fleete!  
 Whose counsell complete  
 Saithe it is full mete  
 That greate heddes and dyscreate  
 Shulde loke well to their feate.  
 Amen, I saye, so be ytt!  
 As all your comons praye  
 For your long healthe allwaye.  
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei wold paye  
 [With a better wyll then thay]:  
*Vox populi, vox Dei,*  
 Thus dothe wrytte, and thus doth saye,  
 With this psalme; *Miserere mei;*  
 O most noble kyng,  
 Consyder well this thyng!

ffinis quothe Mr. Skelton, Poete Lawriate.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *ffinis quothe Mr. Skelton, Poete Lawriate*] Instead of these words. *MS. Harl.* has,

“ God saue the kenge  
 Finis quod vox populi vox dei.”

## THE IMAGE OF IPOCRYSY.\*

Vpon . . . . .	In which how shamelessly
Of the cruell clergy[?],	They do . . . . . and aye
And the proude prelacy[?],	Ther concyens testyfy
That now doo looke so hie,	The poppe[!] : . . . . .
As though that by and by	Curte[?] . . . . .
They wold clymbe and flye	The rest of B . . . . .
Vp to the cloudy skye:	markes,
Wher all men may espye,	That be heresyarkes,
By fals hipocrysy	Which do com[yt?] ther
Thei long haue blered the eye	warkes,
Of all the world well nye;	As one that in the darke ys,
Comytting apostacie	And wotes not wher the
Against that verytye	marke ys,
That thei can not denye:	Do take the kites for larkes.

---

\* *The Image of Ipcrysy*] Is now printed from *MS. Lansdown* 794. The original has very considerable alterations and additions by a different hand: the first page is here and there illegible, partly from the paleness of the ink, and partly from the notes which Peter Le Neve (the possessor of the MS. in 1724) has unmercifully scribbled over it. I give the title here as it stands at the end of the First Part.

Hearne and others have attributed this remarkable production to Skelton. The poem, however, contains decisive evidence that he was not its author: to say nothing of other passages,—the mention of certain writings of Sir Thomas More and of “the mayde of Kent” (Elizabeth Barton), which occurs in the Third Part, would alone be sufficient to prove that it was the composition of some writer posterior to his time.

Suche be owr primates,  
 Our bisshopps and prelates,  
 Our parsons and curates,<sup>1</sup>  
 With other like estates  
 That were shaven pates;  
 As monkes white and blacke,  
 And channons that cane  
     chatte,  
 Glottons ffayre and fatt,  
 With ffriers of the sacke,  
 And brothers of the bagg,  
 As nymble as a nagg,  
 That cane bothe prate and  
     bragg,  
 To make the pulpett wagge  
 With twenty thousand lyes,  
 Do make the blind eate flyes,  
 And blere our symple eyes,  
 To make vs to beleve  
 God morowe is god eve;  
 For pleynly to be breve,  
 So nye they do vs dreve,  
 That we, to our great greve,  
 Must sey that white is blacke,  
 Or elles they sey we smacke,  
 And smell we wote not what:  
 But then beware the catt;  
 For yf they smell a ratt,  
 They grisely chide and chatt,  
 And, Haue him by the jack,  
 A fagott for his backe,  
 Or, Take him to the racke,  
 And drowne hyme in a sacke,  
 Or burne hyme on a stake!

Lo, thus they vndertake  
 The trothe false to make!  
 Alas, for Christ his sake!  
 Is the sounelight darke,  
 Or ignoraunc[e] a clarke,  
 Bycawse that thei hath powre  
 To sende men to the Towre,  
 The simple to devowre?  
 If they lyst to lowre,  
 Ys suger therfor sowre?  
 Dothe five and three make  
     flour?  
 As well I durst be bolde  
 To sey the ffier were colde.  
 But yet they worke muche  
     worse,  
 When they for blissinge  
     cowrse;  
 For Father Friska jolly,  
 And *Pater* Pecke a lolly,  
 That be all full of folly,  
 Doo fayne them seem holy,  
 For ther monopoly,  
 And ther private welthe,  
 That they haue take by  
     stelthe;  
 And in the churche they  
     lurke,  
 As ill as any Turke,  
 So proudely they vsurpe,  
 Besyde the spritt of Christ,  
 The office of a pryste  
 In any wise to take,  
 As thoughe it were a iape,

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<sup>1</sup> *Our parsons and curates*] This line (now pasted over in the MS.) has been obtained from a transcript of the poem made by Thomas Martin of Palgrave.

<p>To runne in att the rove;          For some of them do prove          To clyme vpp ere they knowe          The doore from the wyndowe;          They may not stoope alowe,          But backe bend as a bowe;          They make an owtwarde              showe,          And so forthe one a rowe,          As dapper as a crowe,          And perte as any pye,          And lighte as any ffly.          At borde and at table          They be full servysable,          Sober and demure,          Acquayntans to allure,          Wher they may be sure<sup>1</sup>          By any craft or trayne          To fyshe for any gayne,<sup>2</sup>          Or wayt for any wynnynge,—          A prestly begynnynge!          For many a hyerlinge,          With a wilde fyerlinge,          Whan his credyte is most,          With mikell brag and bost          Shall pryck owt as a post,          Chafyng lyke myne hoste,          As hott as any toste,          And ride from cost to cost,          And then shall rule the rost.</p>	<p>And some avaunced be          For ther auncente,          Thoughe ther antiquitye          Be all innequitye;          Yett be they called          To the charge of the fald,          Because they be balled,          And be for bisshoppes stalled.          And some kepe ther stations          In owtwarde straunge na-              tyons,          Lernynge invocatyons,          And craftye incantatyons;          And so by inchantment          Gette theyr avauncement.          And some by fayned favour          For honour or for havour,          By voyses boughte and solde,          For sylver and for golde,          For lande, for rente or ffee,          Or by authoritye          Of menn of hye degree,          Or for some qualitye,          As many of them bee,          For ther actyvitee,          Ther practyse and industrye,          Sleyght, craft, and knavery,          In matters of bawdery,          Or by helpe of kynne,          An easy liffe to wynne.</p>
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<sup>1</sup> *Wher they may be sure*] Followed by a deleted line, now partly illegible,—

“ . . . . . wayte to haue wynnynge.”

<sup>2</sup> *To fyshe for any gayne*] Followed by a deleted line which seems to have been,—

“ With shotinge or with singinge.”



I swere by Saincte Mary,  
 He that thus dothe cary  
 Is a mercenary,  
 Yea, a sangunary,  
 A pastore for to pull  
 Of bothe skynne and wolle.  
 Thoughe Christ be the doer,  
 They force not of his loer,  
 They sett therby no stoore;  
 Ther study is for moore:  
 And I tell youe therfore  
 That they ther tyme temper  
 With a provisoo *semper*  
 An other way to enter,  
 For love of wordely good,  
 Not forcinge of the flode  
 Of hyme that bledd the roode;  
 It is not for ther moode.  
 They make deambulacyons  
 With great ostentations,  
 And loke for salutations  
 On every mannes face,  
 As in the merkett place  
 To saye, God saue your  
 grace!  
 Thus in churche and che-  
 pingē,  
 Wher they may haue me-  
 tingē  
 With lordes and with ladyes,  
 To be called Rabyes:  
 Nowe God saue these dadyes,  
 And all ther yonge babyes!  
 The holy worde of God

Is by these men forbod;  
*Pater noster* and Creede  
 They vtterly forbeede  
 To be said or songe  
 In our vulgar tonge.  
 Ohe Lorde, thou hast great  
 wronge  
 Of these that shoulde be  
 trustye,  
 Whiche sey the breade is  
 musty,  
 And with ther lawe vnlusty  
 Make it rusty and dusty!  
 But I do thinke it rustye  
 For lacke of exercyse:  
 Wherfore they be vnwise  
 That will the lawe despise,  
 And daylye newe devyse,  
 So dyvers and so straunge,  
 Which<sup>1</sup> chaunge and re-  
 chaunge  
 Of fastinges and of feestes,  
 Of bowes<sup>2</sup> and behestes,  
 With many of ther<sup>3</sup> iestes,  
 As thoughe lay men wer  
 bestes;  
 As many of vs bee,  
 That may and will not see,  
 Nor ones cast vpp an eye,  
 These jugglinges to espye;  
 For this that nowe is vsed  
 Is este ageyne refused,  
 Chaunged or mysused,  
 That we be still abused:

<sup>1</sup> Which] Qy. "With?"

<sup>2</sup> bowes] Qy. "vowes?"

<sup>3</sup> of ther] Qy. "other?"



As many as ther bee  
 In faythe and charitee.  
 But nowe by fals abvsyon,  
 The clergy by collution,  
 Without good conclution,  
 Haue broughte vs to confu-  
 tion,  
 And made an illution:  
 By great inyquytie,  
 Avaunt themselves to be  
 No lesse then godes, yee,  
 Of equall authoritye;  
 Whiche, by ipocrysye,  
 To exalt ther dignytie,  
 Call vs the leudd lay ffee,  
 Men of temporalitee;  
 But they pretend to bee  
 A people eternall,  
 Of powr supernall:  
 I fere me, infernall;  
 For they that be carnall,  
 Idolaters to Buall,  
 And nothings gostely at all,  
 Be named spirituall;  
 Fo so we must them calle,  
 As we aye do and shall,  
 What happe soever falle.  
 Ther successyon may not dye,  
 But lyve eternallye;  
 For, without question,  
 Perpetuall succession  
 They haue from one to other,  
 As childer of ther mother;

Yea, they kepc all in store  
 That other hadd afore,  
 And daylye gather more.  
 Lo, thus the people rore,  
 As on a fistred sore  
 Of matter most vnpure,  
 That thei ar dryven to indure  
 Tyll God himself send cure!  
 That as you be possessors,  
 So be yee successors  
 Vnto your predecessors:  
 And yet ye be questors,  
 And hoorders vppe of testers;  
 Ye daylye cache and gather  
 Of mother and of father,  
 And of no man rather  
 Then of your poore brother,  
 And of euery other;  
 Yea, all that comes is gayne,  
 You passe of no mans payne,  
 Whiche ye allwey reteyne,  
 Who ever grudge or playne,  
 It may not ont agayne;  
 Noughte may be remitted  
 That to youe is commytted;  
 Ye be not so lighte witted.  
 The people thinke it true  
 That ye possession sue  
 To haue an easy life,  
 Without debate or strife,  
 To lyve without a wife,  
 Lordely<sup>1</sup> and at ease,  
 Without payne or disease,

<sup>1</sup> *Lordely, &c.*] On the outer margin of the MS., opposite this verse, are the following lines, partly cut off by the binder;

“Thes be the knavysh  
 knackes that ever w . . .  
 o . . .  
 ffor Javelles and for J[ackes].”

Your belly god to please,  
 And worldly welth to haue:  
 Ye do your heedes shave,  
 To make youe sure and save  
 In every wind and wave,  
 That wolde as sone rave  
 As ones to chippe <sup>1</sup> an heare  
 So farre aboute your eare,  
 Or suche an habite weare,  
 With a polled heade,  
 To fayne yourselves deade;  
 But for possessions sake  
 That ye suche rules take,  
 And bynde youe to the brake,  
 That ye maye not forsake  
 Durynge all your lyves:  
 So well is he that thrives.  
 Thus be youe spirituall;  
 And yett ye do vs call  
 But lewde and temporall;  
 And that is for that we  
 So weake and simple be,  
 To put oure possession  
 From oure succession  
 And heires lyniall  
 Or kynne collateral,  
 That be menn temporall,  
 And so from lyne to lyne;  
 For ech man for his tyme  
 Sayes, While it is myne,  
 I will give while I maye,  
 That, when I am away,  
 They shall both singe and  
     saye,  
 And for my soules helthe  
     pray,

Tyll it be domes day:  
 So, after this array,  
 Alake and well away!  
 We oure landes straye,  
 And other goodes decay;  
 Wherat ye langhe and play:  
 And natheles allwey  
 We dayly pay and pay,  
 To haue youe to go gaye  
 With wonderfull araye,  
 As dysardes in a play.  
 God wolde it were imprented,  
 Written and indentyd,  
 What youe haue invented!  
 So great diversyte  
 Nowe in your garmentes be,  
 That wonder is to se;  
 Your triple cappe and crowne,  
 Curtle, cope, and gowne,  
 More worthe then halfe a  
     towne,  
 With golde and perle sett,  
 And stones well iffrett;  
 Ther can be no bett;  
 And for no price ye lett,  
 How far of they be fett.  
 Oh ye kynde of vipers,  
 Ye beestly bellyters,  
 With Raynes and Cipres,  
 That haue so many miters!  
 And yett ye be but mychers.  
 Youe weere littell hattes,  
 Myters, and square capps,  
 Decked with flye flappes,  
 With many prety knackes,  
 Like Turkes of Tartary,

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<sup>1</sup> *chippe*] Qy. "clippe?"

Moores, or men of Moscovye,	Your shoes wroughte with
Or lyke bugges of Arraby,	gold,
With ouches and bosses,	To tredd vpon the molde;
With staves and crosses,	Wandring, as Vandals,
With pillers and posses,	In sylke and in sandals,
With standers and banners,	Ye kepe your holy rules,
Without good life or manners:	As asses and inules;
Then hane youe gay gloves,	For on your cloven cules
That with your hand moves,	Will ye never sytt
Wroughte with true loves,	But on a rich carpett;
And made well, for the nones,	And nowe and then a fitt,
With golde and precious	After the rule of Bennett,
stones:	With, dythmunia vennett,
Ye blisse vs with your bones,	A gaye a vott gennett,
And with your riche ringes,	With Gill or with Jennyt,
That quenes and kinges,	Wyth Cycely or Sare;
At your offringes,	Yf thei come wher they are,
Shall kisse with knelinges;	Thei lay one and not spare,
Which your mynykyns	And never look behind them,
And mynyon babbes,	Wher soever they ffynd them;
Your closse chambred	For whan that thei be hett,
drabbes,	And Asmodeus grett,
When masse and all is done, <sup>1</sup>	They take, as thei can gett,
Shall were at afternone:	All fyshe that comes to nett,
Your curtells be of sylke,	For lust fyndes no lett <sup>2</sup>
With rochetes white as	Tyll hys poyson be spett;
mylke;	Be she fyne or feat,
Your bootes of righte sattyne,	Be she white or jett,
Or velvett crymosyne;	Long or short sett,

<sup>1</sup> *When masse and all is done*] Followed by a deleted line;

—“The paynes to release.”

<sup>2</sup> *For lust fyndes no lett*] Occupies the place of the following three deleted lines;

“be she ffayre or fowle  
for vnderneath an amys  
alyke ther hart is.”

Do she smyle or skowle,  
 Be she flayr or fowle,  
 Or owgly as an owle;  
 For vnderneath a cowle,  
 A surplyse or an amys,  
 Can no man do amys;  
 Ye haïse them from harmes  
 With blessinges and charmes,  
 While the water warmes,  
 In your holy armes,  
 Broging in ther barmes,  
 Devoutly to clipe it,  
 To caste her with a tryppyt,  
 With, lusty Sir John, whip it  
 Vnderneath your tippitt,  
*Prætextu pietatis,*  
*Quam contaminatis*  
*Sub jugo castitatis,*  
 Your burning heate to cease,  
 And expell your disease,  
 Vnder pretens of pease,  
 The paynes to release  
 Of poore sely sowles,  
 That hide be in holes  
 As hote as any coles.  
 Ye cappes haue and capes,  
 With many other iapes,  
 To cover with your pates;  
 As hoodes and cowles,  
 Like horned owles,  
 With skapplers and cootes,  
 Courtbies and copes,  
 White knotty ropes,  
 With other instrumentes,  
 Straunge habilimentes,  
 And wanton vestementes,  
 And other implementes,  
 As tyrantes haue in tentes:  
 But what therby ment is,

Or what they signifye,  
 I cane not tell, not I,  
 Nor you vndowtedlye  
 Can shew no reason whie.  
 Ye make it herisy  
 And treason to the kinge,  
 Yf we speke any thinge  
 That is not to your lykyng;  
 The truth may not be spoken,  
 But ye will be wroken:  
 Yett marke and note this  
 tokén;  
 Yf Gods worde ones open,  
 Which wyll er long perdye,  
 Then shall we here and se  
 In Cristianitye,  
 Whether youe or we  
 The very traytours be.  
 But, by the Trynite,  
 It wonder is to me  
 To se your charite  
 And hospitalite  
 So littell to the poore;  
 And yet vpon a hoore  
 Ye passe for non expence,  
 As thoughte it non offence  
 Were in the sighte of God;  
 Youe fray not of his rod;  
 Yone loue your bely cod;  
 For them that haue no nede  
 Ye dayly feest and fede:  
 I thinke it be to dreede  
 Lest here you haue your  
 mede.  
 Ye drawe and cast lottes,  
 In hattes and in pottes,  
 For tottes and for quottes,  
 And blere vs with your  
 blottes,

<p>And with your mery poppes:          Thus you make vs sottes,          And play with vs boopepe,          With other gambaldes like,          To pill oure Lordes sheepe,          Your honour for to kepe,          Vsinge great excesse,          Which I pray God repressé,          And soone to sende redresse!          For no man can expresse          The wo and wretchednesse          Youe on oure neckes do lye,          By your grett tyrannye,          Your pride and surquedrye,          That ye do openlye:          But that youe secretly          Practyse pryvylye,          May not be tolde,—and why?          Lest it be herysye,          And than by and by          To make a faggott frye.          For we can not deny,          And treuth doth playne dys-              crye,          And all wysemen espye          That all the falt doth lye          Vpon oure owne foly,          That ye be so iolye,          For with oure owne goodes</p>	<p>We fether vppe oure<sup>1</sup> hoodes.          Youe sanguinolently,          Your mony is so plenty,          That youe make no deynty          Of twenty pound and twenty,          So youe may haue entry;          And then youe laughe and              skorne          To se vs were the horne,          Ridinge here and liether,          Goinge ther and thiether,          Lyke cokold foles together,          In colde, wynde, and in              wether,          For woll, for ledd, and lether;          And yet do not consydre          We wer an oxes fether:          This is a prety bob,          Oure hedes for to gnob<sup>2</sup>          With suche a gentill job:          And we oure selves rob          Of landes temporall,          And jvelles great and smalle,          To give youe parte of all          In almes perpetuall,          To make our heyres thrall          For your hye promotyon,          Through our blynde devo-              tion</p>
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<sup>1</sup> *oure*] Qy. "youre?" but compare 6th line of next column. In the following line, "*sanguinolently*" should perhaps be printed as Latin,—"*sanguinolenti*."

<sup>2</sup> *Oure hedes for to gnob*] Followed by two deleted lines;

"And make vs such a lob  
 To vse one lyke a lob."

And small <sup>1</sup> intellygens,	With all remorse and sens
But that our conseyens,	Of harty penytens.
Laden with offens,	This cane not be denyed:
And you vs so incense,	Your jugglynge is espied,
When we be going hens,	Your mayster is vutyed,
To make soch recompens,	Which is the prince of pride;
By gyvyng <sup>2</sup> yowe our pens,	For you on neyther syde
Our land, goodes, and rentes,	Can suffre or abyde
For that holy pretens,	To here the troth tryed,
Havyng ffull confydens	Which ye intend to hide
That be a safe defens:	With vehement desyre,
So do we styll dyspens	As hote as any fire.

Thus endeth the ffirst parte of this present treatyse, called  
the Image of Ipocrysy.

Alake, for Christes might,	Both frend and foo they
These thinges go not aughte!	smyte
Oure lanterns give no lighte,	Wyth prison, deth, and
All bisshopps be not brighte:	flight;
They be so full of spyte,	So dayly they do fyght
They care not whom they	To overturne the ryght:
byte,	So we be in the plyte,

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*And small, &c.*

. . . . .  
*To make soch recompens]*

This passage is substituted for two deleted lines;

“To your possessyon  
Without discretion.”

*By gyvyng, &c.*

. . . . .  
*Of harty penytens]*

This passage is substituted for three deleted lines;

“S . . . fonde affection  
To cure correccion  
Without protection.”



That, losing of oure sight,  
 We know not black from  
     whyght,  
 And be thus blinded quyte,  
 We know not day from nyght.  
 But, by my syres soule,  
 The true Apostell Paule  
 Wrott, as we may see  
 In Tyto and Tymothe,  
 Who should a bisschoppe be:  
 A man of holy liffe,  
 The husbonde of one wiffe;  
 That vseth not to strife,  
 Or strike with sworde or  
     knyff,  
 Nor that at any tyme  
 Suspected is of cryme,  
 But wise and provident,  
 Colde and contynent,  
 But never vnuolent;  
 That when he eat or drinke,  
 Slepe, awake, or wiuke,  
 Doth styll on measure thinke,  
 And therof vse a messe,  
 To put away excesse,  
 Kepe hyme lowe and chast;  
 That he make no wast  
 By prodigalite  
 Or sensualitye,  
 A waster for to be,  
 But, after his degree,  
 With liberallite  
 Kepe hospitallite;  
 He must be sadd and sage,  
 Vsinge non outrage,  
 But soberly with reason  
 To spende in tyme and season,  
 And so to kepe his meason;  
 He may in no wise streke,  
 But suffer and be meke,  
 Shamefast and discrete,  
 Temperat, dulce, and swete,  
 Not speakinge angerly,  
 But soft and manerly;  
 And, in any wise,  
 Beware of covetyse,  
 The rote of all ill vice;  
 He must be liberall,  
 And thanke oure Lorde of all;  
 And, as a heerde his sheepe,  
 His childer must he kepe,  
 And all his family  
 In vertu edyfy,  
 Vnder disciplyne  
 Of holsome doctryne,  
 With dew subiection,  
 That non obiection  
 Be made vnto his heste  
 Of most or of leste;  
 For thus he doth conclude,  
 As by simylitude,  
 Howe he that cane not skill  
 His housholde at his will  
 To governe, rule, and teche,  
 Within his power and reach,  
 Oughte to haue no speache  
 Of cure and diligence,  
 Of suche premynence,  
 Within the church of God;  
 And eke it is forbode  
 That he no novice be,  
 Lest with superbite  
 He do presume to hye,  
 And consequently  
 Fall vnhappely  
 Into the frenesy  
 Of pride and of evyll,  
 Lyke Lucyfer, the devyll;



Howe euery thinge is solde  
 For sylver and for golde:  
 The craft can not be told,  
 What is and hath bene done  
 By Antychryst of Rome;  
 For thens the sourdes springe  
 Of every naughty thinge,  
 Hide vnderneath the whynge  
 Of the Sire of Synne;  
 At whom I will begynn  
 Somwhat for to speake,  
 And playnly to iutreate  
 Of this furly freake,  
 That sitteth in his seat,  
 Devouringe synne as meatte,  
 Whiche he and his do eate  
 As they may catch and  
 geate:<sup>1</sup>

They spare not to devower  
 Cyty, towne, and tower,  
 Wherat no man may lower;  
 For be it swete or sower,  
 Or be it good or yll,  
 We must be muett still,  
 The lustes to fulfill  
 Of that cocodryll,  
 Which at his only will  
 May ech man save or spyll.  
 This wicked man of warr  
 So hault is that he darr,  
 As he lyste, make and marr,  
 His owne lawe to prefarr  
 About the worde of God;  
 It passeth Godes forbod  
 That ever it should be;

A man to clyme so hy,  
 By reason of his see,  
 To clayme auctoritye  
 About the Deyte,  
 It is to hy a bost,  
 And synne one of the most  
 Ageynst the Holy Gost,  
 That is not remissable:  
 For as for the Bible,  
 He taketh it for a ridle,  
 Or as a lawles libe,  
 Which, to the hy offence  
 Of his conscience,  
 He dare therwith dispence,  
 And alter the sentence;  
 For wher God do prohibitt,  
 He doth leve exhibite,  
 And at his lust inhybyte;  
 And wher God doth com-  
 maunde,  
 Ther he doth countermaunde;  
 After his owne purpose  
 The best text to turne and  
 glose,  
 Like a Welshe manes hose,  
 Or lyke a waxen nose:  
 But wyse men do suppose  
 That truth shall judge and  
 trye,  
 For lyars can but lye.  
 He is so hault and taunt,  
 That he dare hyme avaunt  
 All erthly men to daunt;  
 And faynes to give and  
 graunt,

<sup>1</sup> *geate*] Followed by a deleted line;

“Be it by colde or heate.”

In heaven above or hell,  
 A place wherin to dwell,  
 As all his lyars tell,  
 Which he doth dayly sell,  
 After his devise,  
 If men come to his prise;  
 It is his marchaundyse;  
 For, as ye will demaunde,  
 He can and may commaunde  
 A thowsande, in a bande,  
 Of angells out of heaven,  
 To come throughe the leven,  
 And make all thinge even,  
 His biddinges to obey,  
 Which beares the greatist  
     swaye,  
 Your soules to convey  
 Frome all decaye  
 Out of the fendes wey;  
 But provided alwey,  
 That ye first mony paye;  
 At the appoynted daye  
 Ye present, if it maye;  
 Then, vnder thi petycion,  
 Thou gettest true remysson,  
 From synnes the absolution,  
 By this his owne commysson,  
 By bryve or els by bull,  
 To fill his coffers full;  
 Ye may aske what ye wull.  
 Alas, ye be to dull  
 To se this lorde of losse,  
 The fo of Christes crosse,  
 This hoore of Babilon,  
 And seede of Zabulon,  
 The enemy of Christ,  
 The devels holy pryst,  
 And very Antechrist,  
 To revell and to ride,

Like the prince of pride,  
 That of euery syde  
 Warres the worlde wyde,  
 Whom no streughe may  
     abide—  
 The devill be his guyde!  
 For loke in his decrees,  
 And ye shall finde out lyes,  
 As thik as swarme of byes,  
 That throughe the worlde  
     flyes,  
 Making parsemonyes  
 Of Peters patrimonyes,  
 But great mercymonyes  
 Of his seremonyes,  
 To smodder vs with smoke:  
 For, when he wilbe wroke,  
 No man may bere his stroke;  
 So hevy is his yoke,  
 To Christes full vnlike,  
 That saide his yoke is swete,  
 His burthen lighte and meete  
 For all men that be meke,  
 To suffer and to bere,  
 Without drede or fere:  
 But Popes afterwarde,  
 That never had regard  
 Which ende shoulde go fore-  
     warde,  
 Haue drawn vs bakwarde,  
 And made the yoke so harde  
 By false invented lawes,  
 As thoughe lay men were  
     dawes,  
 And dome as any stone,  
 With sivile and canon  
 To serve God and Mammon;  
 Righte and wronge is one.  
 Serche his decretalles

And bulles papalles,  
*Et, inter alia,*  
 Loke in his *palia*  
 And *Bacchanalia*,<sup>1</sup>  
 With his extravagantes  
 And wayes *vagarantes* :  
 His lawes *arrogantes*  
 Be made by truwantes  
 That frame his finctions  
 Into distinctions,  
 With cloutes of clawses,  
 Questyons and cawses,  
 With Sext and Clementyne,  
 And lawes legantyne :  
 His county pallantyne  
 Haue coustome colubryne,  
 With codes viperyne  
 And sectes serpentyne :  
 Blinde be his stores  
 Of interrogatores  
 And declaratores,  
 With lapse and relapse,  
 A wispe and a waspe,  
 A clispe and a claspe,  
 And his after clappes ;  
 For his paragraffes  
 Be no cosmograffes,  
 But vnhappy graffes,  
 That wander in the warrayne,  
 Fruteles and barayne,  
 To fede that foule carryne,  
 And dignite papall ;  
 With judges that scrape all,  
 And doctours that take all,

By lawes absynthyall  
 And labirynthyall :  
 His tabellions  
 Be rebellions ;  
 His laweres and scribes  
 Live only by bribes ;  
 His holy advocates  
 And judges diligates  
 Haue robbed all estates,  
 By many inventions  
 Of sundry suspentions,  
 Subtile subventions,  
 Crafty conventions,  
 Prevy preventions,  
 And evell exemptions ;  
 So hath his indictions  
 And his interdctions,  
 With croked commyssions,  
 Colde compromysions,  
 Cursed conditions,  
 Hevy traditions,  
 Elvisbe inibitions,  
 And redy remissions :  
 Then hathe he inductions  
 And colde conductions ;  
 His expectatyves  
 Many a man vnthrives ;  
 By his constitutions  
 And his subtitutions  
 He maketh institutions,  
 And taketh restitutions,  
 Sellinge absolutions,  
 And other like pollutions :  
 His holy actions

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<sup>1</sup> *palia* . . . *Bacchanalia*] It would seem from the context that the right reading is "Palilia." The MS. has "Bacchanallia."

Be satisfactions  
 Of false compactions:  
 He robbeth all nations  
 With his fulminations,  
 And other like vexations;  
 As with abiurations,  
 Excomunciations,  
 Aggravations,  
 Presentations,  
 Sequestrations,  
 Deprivations,  
 Advocations,  
 Resignations,  
 Dilapidations,  
 Sustentations,  
 Adminystrations,  
 Approbations,  
 Assignations,  
 Alterations,  
 Narrations,  
 Declarations,  
 Locations,  
 Collocations,  
 Revocations,  
 Dispensations,  
 Intimations,  
 Legittimations,  
 Insinuations,  
 Pronunttiations,  
 Demonstrations,  
 Vacations,  
 Convocations,  
 Deputations,  
 Donations,  
 Condonations,  
 Commynations,  
 Excusations,  
 Declamntions,  
 Visitations,

Acceptations,  
 Arrendations,  
 Publications,  
 Renunttiations,  
 Fatigations,  
 False fundations,  
 And dissimulations,  
 With like abbominntions  
 Of a thowsand fashions:  
 His holy vnions  
 Be no comunnyons:  
 His trialitees  
 And pluralytyes  
 Be full of qualitees;  
 His tottes and quottes  
 Be full of blottes:  
 With quibes and quaryes  
 Of inventataries,  
 Of testamentaries,  
 And of mortuaries,  
 By sutes of appeales,  
 And by his ofte repeales,  
 He oure mony steales.  
 I speake not of his sessions,  
 Nor of his confessions  
 Olde and avricular,  
 Colde and caniculer;  
 Howe the cubiculer,  
 In the capitular,  
 With his pylde spitler,  
 Playde the knavyculer  
 Vnderneath a wall:  
 I may not tell youe all,  
 In termes speciall,  
 Of pardon nor of pall,  
 Nor of confessionall;  
 For I feare, yf he call  
 The sentence generall,  
 I mighte so take a fall,

And haue his bitter curse,  
 And yett be not the wurse,  
 Save only in my purse,  
 Because I shoulde be fayne  
 To by my state agayne  
*Ex leno vel ex lena,*  
*Aut pellice obscæna,*  
*Res certe inamæna:*  
*Papisticorum scena,*  
*Malorum semper plena;*  
 For all the worlde rounde  
 He falsely doth confounde  
 By lawes made and founde,  
 By thyr devyse vnsownde,  
 With no steadfast grounde,  
 But with fayned visions  
 And develyshе devisions,  
 With basterde religions:  
 Thus this cursed elfe,  
 To avauce his pelfe,  
 Falsely fayne[s] hymeself  
 To be *semidcus*:  
 No, yone Asmeodeus,  
 Ye are Amoreus,  
 The sonne of Chanaan;  
 O thou monstrous man,  
 And childe of cursed Chan,  
 Arte thou halfe god, halfe  
 man?  
 Gup, leviathan,  
 And sonne of Sattan,  
 The worme *letophagus*,  
 And sire to Symonde Magus!  
 O porter Cerberus,  
 Thou arte so monstrous,  
 Soo made and myschevous,  
 Proude and surquedrous,  
 And as lecherous  
 As Heliogabalus

Or Sardanapalus!  
 Hatefull vnto God,  
 And father of all falsehoode,  
 The poyson of prestoode,  
 And deth of good knight-  
 hoode,  
 The robber of riche men,  
 And murderer of meke men,  
 The turment of true men  
 That named be newe men,  
 The prince of periury,  
 And Christes enemy,  
 Vnhappy as Achab,  
 And naughty as Nadab,  
 As crafty as Caball,  
 And dronken as Naball,  
 The hope of Ismaell,  
 And false Achitofell,  
 The blissinge of Bell,  
 And advocate of hell;  
 Thou hunter Nembroth,  
 And Judas Iscarioth,  
 Thou bloody Belyall,  
 And sacrificise of Ball,  
 Thou elvishe ipocrite,  
 And naughty neophite,  
 Thou pevishe proselite,  
 And synefull Sodymite,  
 Thou gredy Gomorrite,  
 And galefull Gabaonite,  
 Tho[u] hermofrodite,  
 Thou arte a wicked sprite,  
 A naughty soismatike,  
 And an heritike,  
 A beestely bogorian,  
 And devill meridian,  
 The patrone of proctors,  
 And dethe of trewe doctours,  
 The founder of faytors,

And trust of all traytours,  
 The shender of sawes,  
 And breaker of lawes,  
 The syre of serdoners,  
 And prince of pardoners,  
 The kinge of questors,  
 And rule of rogestors,  
 The eater of frogges,  
 And maker of goddes,  
 The brother of brothells,  
 And lorde of all losells,  
 The sturrur of stoores,  
 And keper of hoores  
 With gloriouse gawdes,  
 Amonge trusty bawdes,  
 The father ef foles,  
 And ignoraunce of scoles,  
 The helper of harlettes,  
 And captayne of verlettes,  
 The cloke of all vnthriftes,  
 And captayne of all cay-  
 tifes,  
 The leader of truwantes,  
 And chefe of all tyrauntes,  
 As hinde as an hogge,  
 And kinde as any dogge,  
 The shipwrake of Noye,—  
 Christ saue the and Sainct.

Loy!

Arte thou the hiest pryst,  
 And vicar vnto Christ?  
 No, no, I say, thou lyst:  
 Thou arte a cursed creakar,  
 A crafty vpprepar;  
 Thou arte the devils vicar,  
 A pryve purse pikar,  
 By lawes and by rites  
 For sowles and for sprites:  
 O lorde of ipocrites,

Nowe shut vpp your wick-  
 ettes,  
 And clape to your click-  
 ettes,—  
 A farewell, kinge of creak-  
 ettes!

For nowe the tyme falles  
 To speake of cardinalles,  
 That kepe ther holy halles  
 With towres and walles:  
 Be they not carnalles,  
 And lordes infernalles?  
 Yea, gredy carmalles,  
 As any carmarante;  
 With ther coppentante  
 They loke adutante:  
 For soth, men say they be  
 Full of iniquite,  
 Lyvinge in habundance  
 Of all worldly substance,  
 Wherin they lodge and ly,  
 And wallowe beasteally,  
 As hogges do in a sty,  
 Servinge ther god, ther belly,  
 With chuettes and with gelly,  
 With venyson and with tartes,  
 With confytes and with fartes,  
 To ease ther holy hartes.  
 They take ther stations,  
 And make dyambulations  
 Into all nations,  
 For ther visitations,  
 Callinge convocations,  
 Sellinge dispensations,  
 Givinge condonations,  
 Makinge permutations,  
 And of excomunycations  
 Sell they relaxations;  
 For they, in ther progresse,



With Katern, Mawde, and Besse,	Altho they haue soteh chere As they cann well desyre,
Will vse full great excesse,	And as they will requier;
Withowt any redresse;	For why, it doth appere,
And all men they oppresse	The hartes ar sett on fyer
In syty, towne, and village;	Of chanon, monke, and fryer,
From olde and yong of age	That daylye dothe aspyre, <sup>1</sup>
They robbe and make pyllage,	By bulles vnder ledd,
Thyr lusts for to aswage,	How they should be fedd;
Which they extorte by mighte	It is therfore great skill
As in the churches righte;	That every Jacke and Gyll
They may not lese a fether:	Performe the Popes will,
But God, that lyveth ever,	Hys purse and panch to fill;
Graunt that they never	For, as I erst haue tolde,
Haue power to come hether!	There lyves not suche a
For wher they ones arive,	solde
So cleane they do vs shryve,	That dare ons be so bold,
That I swere by my life,	From shorne ne yet from
The contry ther shall thrive	polde,
Yeres tenn and ffive	Nor monye, meate, nor golde,
After them the worse:	From soch men <sup>2</sup> to withholde,
Men give them Godes curse	Ther favour boughte and
To shute within ther purse;	solde,
Both lernyd and lewde	That take a thowsand ffolde
Wolde they were beshrewed,	More then that Judas did:
They never mighte come nere	The trouth can not be hid;
For to visitt here,	For it is playnly kid

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<sup>1</sup> *aspyre*] Followed by a deleted line (inserted above with a slight variation);

“Thyr hartes ar so on fyer.”

<sup>2</sup> *soch men*] Originally “them.” This line is followed by three deleted lines (inserted above,—the first two slightly altered);

“Mony meat or golde  
But be they shorne or polde  
Ther lyves not suche a scolde.”

Judas for his dispense  
 Sold Christ for thirty pence,  
 And did a foule offence,  
 His Lorde God so to tray;  
 And they in likewise say,  
 After Judas way,  
 What will ye give and pay,  
 As the matter falles,  
 For pardonnes and for pallos,  
 And for confessionalles?  
 We may have absolucion  
 Without restytutyons,  
 And at oure owne election  
 Passe without correction,  
 Besydes Christes passion  
 To make satisfaction;  
 We feare for non offence,  
 So they haue recompence:  
 By great audacitees  
 They graunt capacitees;  
 For heaven and for hell  
 They mony take and tell:  
 So thus they by and sell,  
 And take therof no shame,  
 But laughe and haue good  
     game,  
 To all oure souls bane:  
 God helpe, we be to blame  
 Sutch lordes to defame;  
 Yett, by the common fame,  
 Some bisshops vse the same,  
 In Christes holy name  
 Soules to sell and bye:  
 My mynde is not to lye,  
 But to write playnye

Ageynst ipocresye  
 In bisshopp or in other,  
 Yea, thoughe it were my  
     brother,  
 My father or my mother,  
 My syster or my sonne;  
 For, as I haue begonne,  
 I will, as I haue donne,  
 Disclose the great outrage  
 That is in this Image;  
 For he that feles the pricke,  
 And theron groweth sycke,  
 May with the gald horse kike;  
 For, as I erst haue said,  
 Oure bisshops at a brayd  
 Ar growne so sore afrayde,  
 And in the world so wide  
 Do vse sutch pompe and  
     pride,  
 And rule on euery syde,  
 That none may them abide:  
 Of no prince, lord, nor duke,  
 They take will a rebuke;  
 All lay men they surmount,  
 Makinge non accompte,  
 Nor caste no reckonyng  
 Scarcely of a kinge:  
 This is a wonder thinge;  
 They stande so suer and  
     fast,  
 And be nothings agast;<sup>1</sup>  
 For that bloody judge  
 And mighty sanguisuge,  
 The Pope that is so huge,  
 Is ever ther refuge;

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<sup>1</sup> *agast*] Followed by a deleted line;

“But fede whilst they do brast.”

So be the cardinalles  
 Ther sner defence and walles,  
 With whom they stifly stande  
 By water and by lande,  
 To gett the overhande  
 Of all the world rounde,  
 Wher profitt may be founde:  
 They be so many legions,  
 That they oppresse regions  
 With boke, bell, and candell,  
 Any kinge to handell,  
 As they haue many one:  
 For triall herevpon  
 I take of good Kinge John,  
 Whom by the bitinge  
 Of ther subtill smytinge,  
 First by acytinge,  
 And after interditinge,  
 By fulmynations  
 Of excommunications;  
 For by ther holy poores  
 They stored vpp stoores,  
 And kepte suche stvrre with  
     hores,  
 And shut vpp all churche  
     doores  
 For ther princely pleasure,  
 They lyve so owt of measure,  
 Till they might haue leasure,  
 Ther lieg lorde and kinge  
 So base and lowe to bringe;  
 Which was a pyttevs thyng,  
 That he with wepinge yees,  
 Bowinge backe and thies,  
 And knelinge on his knees,  
 Must render vpp his fees,  
 With kingly diguytees,  
 Septer, crowne, and landes,  
 Into ther holy handes:

Alas, howe mighte it be  
 That oure nobilittee  
 Could then no better se?  
 For theyrs was the fault  
 Oure prelates were so haulte;  
 Their strength then was to  
     scke  
 Ther liege lorde to kepe;  
 They durst not fight ne strike,  
 They feared of a gleke,  
 That, no day in the weke,  
 For any good or cattell,  
 Durst they go to battell,  
 Nor entre churche ne chap-  
     pell  
 In syxe or seven yere,  
 Before Christ to appere,  
 And devine seruice here  
 In any hallowed place,  
 For lacke of ther good grace;  
 Ther was no tyme nor space  
 To do to God seruice,  
 But as they wolde devise;  
 Their lawes be so sinystre,  
 That no man durst minystre  
 The holy sacramentes  
 Till they hadd ther intentes  
 Of landes and of rentes,  
 By lawes and by lyes;  
 To inriche ther sees,  
 The blind men eat vpp flees;  
 For by ther constitutions  
 They toke restitutions  
 Of cyties and of castells,  
 Of townes and bastells,  
 And make ther prince pike  
     wastells,  
 Till they rang out the belles,  
 And did as they wold elles,

Like traytours and rebelles,  
 As the story telles.  
 But Jesu Christ hymeself,  
 Nor his appostells twelffe,  
 Vnto that evrsyd else  
 Did never teach hym so  
 In any wise to do,  
 For lucre or advayle,  
 Ageynst thyr kyng to rayle,  
 And lieg lorde to assayle,  
 Within his owne lande  
 To put hym vnder bande,  
 And take brede of his hande:  
 The Lorde saue sutch a flock  
 That so could mowe and mock  
 To make ther kinge a block,  
 And eke ther laughinge  
                   stocke!  
 They blered hym with a  
                   lurche,  
 And said that he must wurche  
 By counsell of the church;e;  
 Wherby they ment nothinge  
 But to wrest and wringe,  
 Only for to bringe  
 Ther liege lorde and kinge  
 To be ther vnderlinge:  
 Alas, who euer sawe  
 A kinge vnder awe,  
 Ageynst all Gods lawe,  
 All righte and consience,  
 For doinge non offence  
 To make sutch recompence?  
 They gave ther lorde a laske,  
 To purge withall his caske,  
 And putt hym to no taske,  
 But as they wold hyme aske:

This was a midday maske,  
 A kinge so to enforce  
 With pacyence perforce.  
 Take hede therefore and  
                   watche,  
 All ye that knowe this tatche,  
 Ye make not sutch a matche;  
 Loke forth, beware the  
                   katche,  
 Ye fall not in the snatche  
 Of that vngratiovs pacthe,  
 Before the rope hym racthe,  
 Or Tyburne dothe hym  
                   strache.  
 But who so preache or prate,  
 I warne yone, rathe and late  
 To loke vpp and awake,  
 That ye do never make  
 Your maister nor your mate  
 To sytt without your gate;  
 Take hede, for Christes sake,  
 And knowe your owne estate,  
 Or ye be tardy take;  
 Yea, lest it be to late  
 To trust on hadd I wist,  
 Imasked in a myst,—  
 As good to ly bypist;  
 For these hie primates,  
 Bysshops and prelates,  
 And popeholy legates,  
 With ther pild pates,  
 Dare conquer all estates:  
 They do but as they will;  
 For, be it good or ill,  
 We must be muett still:  
 Why lay men can not se,  
 It is the more pite.

Thus endeth the Seconde Parte of this present treatyse,  
 called the Image of Ipocresy.

Of prechers nowe adayes  
 Be many Fariseyes,  
 That leue the Lordes layes,  
 And prechie ther owne wayes;  
 Wherof nowe of late  
 Hathe risen great debate;  
 For some champe and chaffe  
 As hogges do iu draffe,  
 And some cry out apase  
 As houndes at a chase,  
 Whiche for lacke of grace  
 The playne truthe wold de-  
 fase.

So busely they barke,  
 An other in the darke,  
 That is a busarde starke,  
 And cane not se the marke,  
 Wondereth at this warke,  
 And therefore taketh carke  
 Bycause he is no clarke.  
 Some be soft and still  
 As clappes in a mill,  
 And some cry and yell  
 As sprites do in hell;  
 Some be here and ther,  
 And some I wote not wher;  
 Some holde vpp, yea and nay,  
 And some forsake ther lay;  
 Some be still and stey,  
 And hope to haue a daye;  
 Some wote not what to say,  
 But dout whether they may  
 Abide or rune away;  
 Ther wittes be so weake,  
 They say they dare not  
 spenke,  
 They be afrayd of heate;

Some be sycke and sadd,  
 For sorrowe almost madd;  
 I tell youe veryly,  
 Ther wittes be awry,  
 They peyne themselves  
 greatly  
 To haue the trowth go by;  
 Some on bokes dayly pryde,  
 And yett perceyve not reason  
 whie;  
 Tho some affirme, some do  
 deny,  
 With nowe a trowth and then  
 a ly,  
 To say one thinge openly,  
 And an other prively;—  
 Here be but youe and I;  
 Say to me your mynd playn-  
 lye,  
 Is it not open heresy?  
 Thus say they secretly,  
 Whisperinge with sorrowe  
 That they deny to morowe.  
 Ther tales be so dobbel,  
 That many be in trobble,  
 And doubt which way to take,  
 Themselves sure to make:  
 A lorde, it makes me shake!  
 For pyty that I quake.  
 They be so colde and horse,  
 That they haue no forse,  
 So they be preferred,  
 Tho all the rest were marred.  
 Thus the people smatter,  
 That dayly talke and clatter,  
 Oure preachers do but flatter,  
 To make themselves the fatter,

And care not thoughe the  
     matter  
 Were clerely layde a watter.  
 Douse men chatt and chide it,  
 For they may not abid it;  
 The Thomistes wold hide it,  
 For *littera occidit*.  
 Thus these sismatickes,  
 And lowsy lunatickes,  
 With spurres and pricketes  
 Call true men heretickes.  
 They finger ther fiddles,  
 And cry in quinibles,  
 Away these bibles,  
 For they be but ridles!  
 And give them Robyn Whode,  
 To red howe he stode  
 In mery grene wode,  
 When he gathered good,  
 Before Noyes floodd!  
 For the Testamentes  
 To them, they sey, sente is,  
 To gather vpp ther rentes,  
 After ther intentes:  
 Wherby it by them ment is,  
 That lay men be but lowtes;  
 They may not knowe the  
     clowtes,  
 Nor dispute of the doubttes,  
 That is in Christes lawe;  
 For why, they never sawe  
 The bagg nor the bottell  
 Of oure Arrestotie,  
 Nor knowe not the toyes  
 Of Doctore Averroyes;  
 It is no play for boyes,  
 Neyther for lay men;  
 But only for schole men,  
 For they be witty men,  
 As wise as any wrenne,  
 And holy as an henne.  
 For Doctoure Bullatus,  
 Though *parum literatus*,  
 Will brable and prate thus;  
 Howe Doctoure Pomaunder,  
 As wise as a gander,  
 Wotes not wher to wander,  
 Whether to Meander,  
 Or vnto Menander;  
 For of Alexander,  
 Irrefragable Hales,  
 He cune tell many tales,  
 Of many parke pales,  
 Of butgettes and of males,  
 Of Candy and of Cales,  
 And of West Wales.  
 But Doctoure Dorbellous  
 Doth openly tell vs  
 Howe they by and sell vs:  
 And Doctoure Sym Sotus  
 Cann goo-tely grope vs;  
 For he hathe rad Scotus,  
 And so the dawe dotus  
 Of Doctour Subtyles;  
 Yea, three hundreth myles,  
 With sutch crafty wyles  
 He many men begiles,  
 That never kewe an vnce  
 At full of Master Dunce.  
 Then Doctoure Bonbardus  
 Can skill of Lombardus;  
 He wonnes at Malepardus,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Malepardus*] The abode of Reynard according to the famous old romance: "reynart had many a dwellyng place,

With Father Festino,  
 And Doctoure Attamino,  
*Dudum de camino,*  
 With ther *consobrino,*  
*Capite equino*  
*Et corde asinino;*  
*Hi latent in limo*  
*Et in profundo fimo,*  
*Cubantes in culino*  
*Cum Thoma de Aquino,*  
*Tractantes in ima*  
*De pelle canina*  
*Et lana caprina.*  
 Then Doctoure Chekmate  
 Hath his pardoned pate,  
 A man yll educate;  
 His harte is indurate,  
 His heade eke edentate;  
 His wittes be obfuscate,  
 His braynes obumbrate,  
 Oure questions to debate;  
 For thoughe cam but late,  
 His cause is explicate  
 With termes intricate,  
 I note wherof conflate;  
 And therefore must he make  
 His bull and antedate.  
 Then Doctour Tom-to-bold  
 Is neyther whote nor colde,  
 Till his coles be solde;  
 His name may not be tolde

For syluer nor for golde;  
 But he is sutch a scolde,  
 That no play may hym holde  
 For anger vnbepest,  
 Yf his name were wist;  
 Ye may judge as ye list;  
 He is no Acquiniste,  
 Nor non Occanist,<sup>1</sup>  
 But a mockaniste;  
 This man may not be myste,  
 He is a suer sophiste,  
 And an olde papist.  
 But nowe we haue a knyghte:<sup>2</sup>  
 That is a man of mighte,  
 All armed for to fighte,  
 To put the trouthe to flighte  
 By Bowbell pollecy,  
 With his poetry  
 And his sophestry;  
 To mocke and make a ly,  
 With quod he and quod I;  
 And his appologye,  
 Made for the prelacy,  
 Ther hugy pompe and pride  
 To coloure and to hide;  
 He maketh no nobbes,  
 But with his diologges  
 To prove oure prelates goddes,  
 And lay men very lobbes,  
 Betinge they[m] with bobbes,  
 And with ther ow[n]e rodde;

---

but the castel of *maleperduys* was the beste and the fastest burgh that he had, ther laye he inne whan he had nede and was in ouy drede or fere." Sig. a 8. ed. 1481.

<sup>1</sup> *Occanist*] So written, it would seem, for the rhyme, properly "Occamist."

<sup>2</sup> *a knyghte*] i. e. Sir Thomas More.

Thus he taketh payne  
 To fable and to fayne,  
 Ther myscheff to mayntayne,  
 And to haue them rayne  
 Over hill and playne,  
 Yea, over heaven and hell,  
 And wheras sprites dwell,  
 In purgatorye holles,  
 With whote ffer and coles,  
 To singe for sely soules,  
 With a supplication,  
 And a confutation,  
 Without replication,  
 Havinge delectation  
 To make exclamation,  
 By way of declamation,  
 In his Debellation,<sup>1</sup>  
 With a popishe fasshion  
 To subvert oure nation:  
 But this daucok doctoure  
 And purgatory proctoure  
 Waketh nowe for wages,  
 And, as a man that rages  
 Or overcome with ages,<sup>2</sup>  
 Disputith *per ambages*,  
 To helpe these parasites  
 And naughty ipocrites,  
 With legendes of lyes,  
 Fayned fantasies,  
 And very vanyties,  
 Called veryties,  
 Vnwritten and vnknownen,  
 But as they be blowne

From lyer to lyer,  
 Invented by a ffryer  
*In magna copia*,  
 Brought out of Vtopia  
 Vnto the mayde of Kent,<sup>3</sup>  
 Nowe from the devill sent,  
 A virgyne ffayre and gent,  
 That hath our yees blent:  
 Alas, we be myswent!  
 For yf the false intent  
 Were knowen of this witche,  
 It passeth dogg and bitche:  
 I pray God, do so mutche  
 To fret her on the itche,  
 And open her in tyme!  
 For this manly myne  
 Is a darke devyne,  
 With his poetry,  
 And her iugglery,  
 By conspiracy  
 To helpe our prelacy,  
 She by ypocresye,  
 And he by tyranny,  
 That causeth cruelly  
 The simple men to dye  
 For fayned herisye:  
 He saythe that this nody  
 Shall brenne, soule and body,  
 Or singe his palanody,  
 With feare till he pant,  
 To make hym rccreante  
 His sayinges to recante,  
 So as he shalbe skante

<sup>1</sup> *his Debellation*] i. e. Sir Thomas More's *Debellacyon of Salem vnd Byzance*.

<sup>2</sup> *ages*] i. e. age is.

<sup>3</sup> *the mayde of Kent*] i. e. Elizabeth Barton.



Able for to loke  
 In writinge or in booke,  
 That treatithe of the rote  
 Or of the base and fote  
 Of ther abhomynation:  
 He vsethe sutch a fasshion,  
 To send a man in station  
 With an evill passion  
 To his egression,  
 Before the procession  
 Slylye for to stalke,  
 And solempeny to walke,  
 To here the preacher talke,  
 Howe he hath made a balke;  
 And so the innocent,  
 For feare to be brent,  
 Must suffer checke and  
     checke,  
 His faccott on his necke,  
 Not for his life to quecke,  
 But stande vpp, like a bosse,  
 In sighte at Paules crosse,  
 To the vtter losse  
 Of his goode name and fame:  
 Thus with great payne and  
     shame  
 He kepeth men in bandes,  
 Confiskinge goods and landes,  
 And then to hete ther handes  
 With faccottes and with  
     brandes,  
 Or make them be abjure:  
 These thinges be in vre;  
 Youe leade vs with the lure  
 Of your persecution  
 And cruell execution,  
 That the fyry fume  
 Oure lyves shall consume  
 By three, by two, and one;

Men say ye will spare none  
 Of hye nor lowe degre,  
 That will be eneme  
 To your ipocrese,  
 Or to your god the bele;  
 For who dare speake so felle  
 That clerkes should be simple,  
 Without spott or wrinkell?  
 Yett nathelesse alwey  
 I do protest and saye,  
 And shall do while I may,  
 I never will deny,  
 But confesse openly,  
 That punnysshement should  
     be,  
 In every degre,  
 Done with equite;  
 When any doth offende,  
 Then oughte youe to attende  
 To cause hyme to amend,  
 Awaytinge tyme and place,  
 As God may give youe grace,  
 To haue hyme fase to fase,  
 His fautes to deface,  
 With hope to reconcyle hyme;  
 But not for to begile hym,  
 Or vtterly to revile hyme,  
 As thoughe ye wold excile  
     hyme;  
 For then, the trouth to tell,  
 Men thinke ye do not well.  
 Ye call that poore man  
     wretch,  
 As thoughe ye hadd no  
     retche,  
 Or havinge no regarde,  
 Whiche ende should go for-  
     warde:  
 Ye be so sterne and harde,

Ye rather drawe backwarde,  
 Your brother so to blinde,  
 To grope and sertche his  
     mynde,  
 As thoughe youe were his  
     frinde,  
 Some worde to pike and  
     finde,  
 Wherby ye may hyme blinde;  
 With your popishe lawe  
 To kepe vs vnder awe,  
 By captious storyes  
 Of interrogatoryes:  
 Thus do ye full vnkindly,  
 To feyne yourselves frindley,  
 And be nothinge but fyndly.  
 I tell youe, men be lothe  
 To se youe wode and wrothe,  
 And then for to be bothe  
 Th' accuser and the iudge:  
 Then farewell all refuge,  
 And welcom sanguisuge!  
 When ye be madd and angry,  
 And an expresse enemy,  
 It is ageynst all equitye  
 Ye shoulde be iudge and  
     partye:  
 Therefore the kinges grace  
 Your lawes muste deface;  
 For before his face  
 Youe should your playntes  
     bringe,  
 As to your lorde and kinge  
 And iudge in euery thinge,  
 That, by Godes worde,  
 Hathe power of the sworde,  
 As kinge and only lorde,  
 So scripture doth recorde;  
 For her within his lande

Should be no counterband,  
 But holy at his hande  
 We shoulde all be and  
     stande,  
 Both clerkes spirituall,  
 And lay men temporall:  
 But youe make lawe at will,  
 The poore to plucke and pill,  
 And some that do no yll,  
 Your appetites to fill,  
 Ye do distroy and kill.  
 Lett Godes worde try them,  
 And then ye shall not frye  
     them;  
 Yea, lett the worde of God  
 Be euery mannes rode,  
 And the kinges the lawe  
 To kepe them vnder awe,  
 To fray the rest with ter-  
     roure,  
 They may reuoke ther er-  
     roure:  
 And thus, I say agayne,  
 The people wolde be fayne  
 Ye prelates wolde take  
     payne  
 To preache the gospell  
     playne;  
 For otherwise certayne  
 Your labour is in vayne;  
 For all your crueltye,  
 I knowe that you and we  
 Shall never well agree.  
 Ye may in no wise se  
 Sutch as disposed be  
 Of ther charitye  
 To preachi the verytye;  
 Ye stope them with decrees,  
 And with your veritees,

Vnwritten, as ye saye;  
 Thus ye make them stay:  
 But God, that all do may,  
 I do desire and pray,  
 To open vs the day,  
 Which is the very kaye  
 Of knowledge of his way,  
 That ye haue stolen awaye!  
 And then, my lordes, perfay,  
 For all your popishe play,  
 Not all your gold so gay,  
 Nor all your riche araye,  
 Shall serve youe to delaye  
 But some shall go astraye,  
 And lerne to swyme or sinke;  
 For truly I do thinke,  
 Ye may well wake or wynke,  
 For any meat or drinke  
 Ye geitt, without ye swynke.  
 But that wold make youe  
     wrothe;  
 For, I trowe, ye be lothe  
 To do eyther of both,  
 That is, yourself to cloth  
 With labour and with  
     sweate  
 And faste till youe eate  
 But that youe erne and  
     geate;  
 Like verlettes and pages,  
 To leue your parsonages,  
 Your denns and your cages,  
 And by<sup>1</sup> dayly wages:  
 God blesse vs, and Sainct  
     Blase!  
 This were a hevy case,

A chaunce of ambesase,  
 To se youe broughte so base,  
 To playe without a place:  
 Now God send better grace!  
 And loke ye lerne apase  
 To tripe in trouthes trace,  
 And seke some better chaunce  
 Yourselves to avaunce,  
 With sise synke or synnes;  
 For he laughe[s] that wynnes,  
 As ye haue hetherto,  
 And may hereafter do;  
 Yf ye the gospell preche,  
 As Christ hymself did teche,  
 And in non other wise  
 But after his devise,  
 Ye may with good advyse  
 Kepe your benefise  
 And all your dignite,  
 Without malignite,  
 In Christes name, for me;  
 I gladely shall agre  
 It ever may so be.  
 But this I say and shall,  
 What happ soeuer fall,  
 I pray and call  
 The Kinge celestiaall,  
 Ones to give youe grace  
 To se his wordo haue place;  
 And then within shorte space  
 We shall perceyve and se  
 Howe euery degre  
 Hath his auctorite  
 By the lawe of Christ,  
 The lay man and the prest,  
 The poore man and the lorde;

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<sup>1</sup> *by*] i. e. buy,—acquire, earn.

For of that monocorde  
 The scripture doth recorde;  
 And then with good accorde,  
 In love and in concorde  
 We shall together holde;  
 Or elles ye may be bolde,  
 For heate or colde  
 Say ye what ye will,  
 Yt were as good be still;

For thoughe ye glose and  
 frase  
 Till your eyes dase,  
 Men holde it but a mase  
 Till Godes worde haue place,  
 That doth include more  
 grace  
 Then all erthly men  
 Could ever knowe or ken.

Thuse endith the thirde parte of this present treatise called  
 the Image of Ypocresye.

Nowe with sondry sectes  
 The world sore infectes,  
 As in Christes dayes  
 Amonge the Pharisees,  
 In clothinge and in names;  
 For some were Rhodyans,  
 And Samaritans,  
 Some were Publicanes,  
 Some were Nazarenes,  
 Bisshops and Essenes,  
 Preestes and Pharisees;  
 And so of Saducees,  
 Prophetes and preachers,  
 Doctours and teachers,  
 Tribunes and tribes,  
 Lawers and scribes,  
 Deacons and levytes,  
 With many ipocrites;  
 And so be nowe also,  
 With twenty tymes mo  
 Then were in Christes dayes  
 Amonge the Pharisees:  
 The Pope, whom first they  
 call  
 Ther lorde and principall,  
 The patriarke withall;

And then the Cardinall  
 With tytles all of pride,  
 As legates of the side,  
 And some be cutt and  
 shorne  
 That they be legates borne;  
 Then archebisshops bold,  
 And bisshops for the folde,  
 They metropolitannes,  
 And these diocysanyes,  
 That haue ther suffraganyes  
 To blesse the prophanyes;  
 Then be ther curtisanes  
 As ill as Arrianes  
 Or Domicianes,  
 Riall residentes,  
 And prudent presidentes;  
 So be their sensors,  
 Doughty dispensors,  
 Crafty inventors,  
 And prevy precentors,  
 With chaplaynes of honour  
 That kepe the Popes  
 bower;  
 Then allmoners and deanes,  
 That geit by ther meanes

The rule of all reames;  
 Yett be ther subdeanes,  
 With treasurers of trust,  
 And chauncelours iniust,  
 To scoure of scab and rust,  
 With vicars generalls,  
 And ther officialles,  
 Chanons and chaunters,  
 That be great avaunters;  
 So be ther subchaunters,  
 Sextons and archedeakons,  
 Deakons and subdeakons,  
 That be ypodeakons,  
 Parsonnes and vicars,  
 Surveyors and sikers,  
 Prevy pursepikers,  
 Provostes and preachers,  
 Readers and teachers,  
 With bachilers and maysters,  
 Spenders and wasters;  
 So be ther proctors,  
 With many dull doctors,  
 Proude prebendaryes,  
 Colde commissaries,  
 Synfull secundaries,  
 Sturdy stipendaries,  
 With olde ordinaryes,  
 And penytencyaryes,  
 That kepe the sanctuaries;  
 So be ther notaries,  
 And prothonotaries,  
 Lawers and scribes,  
 With many quibibes,  
 Redy registers,  
 Pardoners and questers,  
 Maskers and mummers,  
 Deanes and sumners,  
 Apparatoryes preste  
 To ride est and weste;

Then be ther advocates,  
 And *parum* litterates,  
 That eate vpp all estates,  
 With wyly visitors,  
 And crafty inquisitors,  
 Worse then Mamalokes,  
 That catche vs with ther  
     crokes,  
 And brenne vs and oure  
     bokes;  
 Then be ther annivolors,  
 And smalle benivolers,  
 With chauntry chapleynes,  
 Oure Ladyes chamberleynes;  
 And some be Jesu Christes,  
 As be oure servinge pristes,  
 And prestes that hane cure  
 Which hane ther lyvinge  
     sure,  
 With clerkes and queresters,  
 And other smale mynisters,  
 As reders and singers,  
 Bedemen and bellringers,  
 That laboure with ther lippes  
 Ther pittaunce out of pittes,  
 With Bennet and Collet,  
 That bere bagg and wallett;  
 These wretches be full wely,  
 They eate and drinke frely,  
 Withe *salve, stella cæli,*  
 And ther *de profundis*;  
 They lye with *immundis*,  
 And walke with *vacabundis*,  
 At good ale and at wyne  
 As dronke as any swynne;  
 Then be ther grosse abbottes,  
 That observe ther sabbottes,  
 Fayer, ffatt, and ffull,  
 As gredy as a gull,

And ranke as any bull,  
 With priors of like place,<sup>1</sup>  
 Some blacke and some  
     white,  
 As channons be and monkes,  
 Great lobyes and lompes,  
 With Bonhomes and brothers,  
 Fathers and mothers,  
 Systers and nonnes,  
 And littell prety bonnes,  
 With lictors and lectors,  
 Mynisters and rectors,  
 Custos and correctors,  
 With papall collectors,  
 And popishe predagoges,<sup>2</sup>  
 Mockinge mystagoges,  
 In straunge array and robes,  
 Within ther sinagoges;  
 With sectes many mo,  
 An hundreth in a throo  
 I thinke to name by roo,  
 As they come to my mynde,  
 Whom, thoughe they be vn-  
     kind,  
 The lay mens labor finde;  
 For some be Benedictes  
 With many maledictes;  
 Some be Cluny,  
 And some be Plumy,  
 With *Cistercyences*,  
*Grandimontences*,  
*Camaldulences*,  
*Premonstratences*,  
*Theutonyences*,  
*Clarrivallences*,

And *Basilientes*;  
 Some be Paulines,  
 Some be Antonynes,  
 Some be Bernardines,  
 Some be Celestines,  
 Some be Flamynes  
 Some be Fuligines,  
 Some be Columbines,  
 Some be Gilbertines,  
 Some be Disciplines,  
 Some be Clarines,  
 And many Augustines,  
 Some Clarissites,  
 Some be Accolites,  
 Some be Sklavemytes,  
 Some be Nycolites,  
 Some be Heremytes,  
 Some be Lazarites,  
 Some be Ninivites,  
 Some be Johannytes,  
 Some be Josephites,  
 Some be Jesuytes,  
*Servi* and *Servytes*,  
 And sondry Jacobites;  
 Then be ther Helenytes,  
 Hierosolymites,  
 Magdalynites,  
 Hieronimytes  
 Anacortes,  
 And Scenobites;  
 So be ther Sophrans,  
 Constantinopolitanes,  
 Holy Hungarians,  
 Purgatorians,  
 Chalomerians,

<sup>1</sup> *place*] Should perhaps be "plite"—or there may be some omission in the MS. after this line.

<sup>2</sup> *predagoges*] Qy. "pædagogos?"

And Ambrosians;  
 Then be ther Indianes,  
 And Escocyanes,  
 Lucifrans,  
 Chartusyanes,  
 Collectanes,  
 Capusianes,  
 Hispanians,  
 Honofrianes,  
 Gregorianes,  
 Vnprosiannes,  
 Wincelanes,  
 With Ruffianes,  
 And with Rhodianes;  
 Some be Templers,  
 And Exemplers,  
 Some be Spilters,  
 And some be Vitlers,  
 Some be Scapellers,  
 And some Cubiculers,  
 Some be Tercyaris,  
 And some be of St. Marys,  
 Some be Hostiaris,  
 And of St. Johns frarys,  
 Some be Stellifers,  
 And some be Ensefers,  
 Some Lucifers,  
 And some be Crucyfers,  
 Some haue signe of sheres,  
 And some were shurtes of  
     heres,  
 Some be of the spones,  
 And some be crossed to  
     Rome,  
 Some daunte and daly  
 In Sophathes valley,  
 And in the blak alley  
 Wheras it ever darke is,  
 And some be of St. Markis

Mo then be good clarkes,  
 Some be Mysiricordes,  
 Mighty men and lordes,  
 And some of Godes house  
 That kepe the poore souse,  
*Minimi* and Mymes,  
 And other blak devines,  
 With Virgins and Vestalles,  
 Monkes and Monyalles,  
 That be conventualles,  
 Like frogges and todes;  
 And some be of the Rhodes,  
 Swordemen and knightes,  
 That for the [faith] fightes  
 With sise, sinke, and quatter.  
 But nowe never the latter  
 I intend to clatter  
 Of a mangye matter,  
 That smelles of the smatter,  
 Openly to tell  
 What they do in hell,  
 Wheras oure ffryers dwell  
 Everich in his sell,  
 The phane and the prophane,  
 The croked and the lame,  
 The mad, the wild, and tame,  
 Every one by name:  
 The formest of them all  
 Is ther Generall;  
 And the next they call  
 Ther hie Provinceall,  
 With Cvstos and Wardyn  
 That lye next the gardeyn;  
 Then oure father Prior,  
 With his Subprior  
 That with the covent comes  
 To gather vpp the cromes;  
 Then oure fryer Donche  
 Goeth by a crouche,

And slouthfull ffryer Slouche	Frier Furderer
That bereth Judas pouche;	And ffrier Murderer,
Then ffryer Domynike	Frier Tottiface
And ffryer Demonyke,	And ffrier Sottiface,
Fryer Cordiler	Frier Pottiface
And ffryer Bordiler,	And frier Pockyface,
Fryer Jacobine,	Frier Trottapace
Fryer Augustyne,	And ffrier Topiace,
And ffryer Incubyne	Frier Futton
And ffryer Succubine,	And ffrier Glotton,
Fryer Carmelyte	Frier Galiard
And ffryer Hermelite,	And ffrier Paliard,
Fryer Mynorite	Frier Goliard
And ffryer Ipocrite,	And ffrier Foliard,
Frier ffranciscane	Frier Goddard
And ffrier Damiane,	And ffrier Foddard,
Frier Precher	Frier Ballard
And ffrier Lecher,	And ffrier Skallard,
Frier Crusifer	Frier Crowsy
And ffrier Lusifer,	And ffrier Lowsy,
Frier Purcifer	Frier Sloboll
And ffrier <i>Furcifer</i> ,	And ffrier Bloboll,
Frier Ferdifer	Frier Toddypoll
And ffrier <i>Merdfifer</i> ,	And ffrier Noddypoll,
Fryer Sacheler	Frier flaphole
And ffryer Bachelor,	And ffrier Claphole,
Fryer Cloysterer	Frier Kispott
And ffrier Floysterer,	And ffrier Pispott,
Frier <i>Pallax</i>	Frier Chipchop
And ffrier <i>Fallax</i> ,	And ffrier Likpott,
Frier <i>Fugax</i>	Frier Clatterer
And ffrier <i>Nugax</i> ,	And ffrier flatterer,
Frier <i>Rapax</i>	Frier Bib, ffrier Bob,
And ffrier <i>Capax</i> ,	Frier Lib, ffrier Lob,
Frier <i>Lendax</i>	Frier Fear, ffrier Fonde,
And ffrier <i>Mendax</i> ,	Frier Beare, ffrier Bonde,
Frier <i>Vorax</i>	Frier Rooke, ffrier Py,
And ffrier <i>Nycticorax</i> ,	Frier Flooke, ffrier Flye,
Fryer <i>Japax</i> ,	Frier Spitt, ffrier Spy,



Frier Lik, ffrier Ly,  
 With ffrier We-he  
 Found by the Trinytye,  
 And frier Fandigo,  
 With an hundred mo  
 Could I name by ro,  
 Ne were for losse of tyme,  
 To make to longe a ryme:  
*O squalidi laudati,*  
*Fædi effeminati,*  
*Falsi falsati,*  
*Fuci fucati,*  
*Culi cacati,*  
*Balbi braccati,*  
*Mimi merdati,*  
*Larvi larvati,*  
*Crassi cathaphi,<sup>1</sup>*  
*Calvi cucullati,*  
*Curvi curvati,*  
*Skurvi knavati,*  
*Spurci spoliati,*  
*Hirci armati,*  
*Vagi devastati,*  
*Devii debellati,*  
*Surdi sustentati,*  
*Squalidi laudati,*  
*Tardi terminati,*  
*Mali subligati,*  
*Inpii conjurati,*  
*Profusi profugi,*  
*Lapsi lubrici,*  
*Et parum pudici!*  
 Oth ye drane bees,  
 Ye bloody flesheflees,  
 Ye spitefull spittle spyes,

And grounde of herisees,  
 That dayly without sweat  
 Do but drinke and eate,  
 And murther meat and meat,  
*Ut fures et latrones!*  
 Ye be *incubiones*,<sup>2</sup>  
 But no *spadones*,  
 Ye haue your *culiones*;  
 Ye be *histriones*,  
 Beastely *balatrones*,  
*Grandes thrasones*,  
*Magni nebulones*,  
 And *cacodæmones*,  
 That [eat] vs fleshe and  
 bones  
 With teeth more harde then  
 stones;  
 Youe make hevye mones,  
 As it were for the nones,  
 With great and grevous  
 grones,  
 By sightes and by sobbes  
 To blinde vs with bobbes;  
 Oh ye false faytours,  
 Youe theves be and tratours,  
 The devils dayly wayters!  
 Oh mesell Mendicantes,  
 And mangy Obseruauntes,  
 Ye be *vagarantes!*  
 As persers *penitrantes*,  
 Of mischef *ministrantes*,  
 In pillinge *postulantes*,  
 In preachinge *petulantes*,  
 Of many *sycophantes*,  
 That gather, as do antes,

<sup>1</sup> *cathaphi*] Qy. "cataphagi" (voraces)?

<sup>2</sup> *incubiones*] Properly "incubones."

In places wher ye go,  
 With *in principio*  
 Runnyng to and ffro,  
 Ye cause mikle woo  
 With hie and with loo;  
 Wher youe do resorte,  
 Ye fayne and make reporte  
 Of that youe never harde,  
 To make foles aferde  
 With visions and dremes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Howe they do in hevens,  
 And in other remes  
 Beyonde the great stremes  
 Of Tyger and of Gange,  
 Where tame devils range,  
 And in the black grange,  
 Thre myle out of hell,  
 Where sely sowles dwell,  
 In paynes wher they lye,  
 Howe they lament and cry  
 Vnto youe, holy lyars,  
 And false fflatteringe ffriers,  
 For *Dirige* and masses;  
 Wherwith, like very asses,  
 We maynteyn youe and your  
     lasses;  
 But in especiall  
 Ye say, the sowles call  
 For the great trentall;  
 For some sely sowles  
 So depe ly in holes  
 Of ffier and brennyng coles,  
 That top and tayle is hid;  
 For whom to pray and bid

Thens to haue them rid,  
 Ye thinke it but a foly;  
 Althoughe the masse be holy,  
 The fendes be wyly;  
 Till masse of *scale cæli*,  
 At Bathe or at Ely,  
 Be by a ffrier saide  
 That is a virgine mayde,  
 These sowles may not away,  
 As all yow ffriers say;  
 So trowe I without doubte  
 These sowles shall never out;  
 For it is *rara avis*,  
 Ye be so many knaves;  
 I swere by crosses ten,  
 That fewe be honest men;  
 So many of youe be  
 Full of skurrilite,  
 That throughly to be sought  
 The multitude is noughte:  
 Ye be nothings denty;  
 Ye come among vs plenty  
 By coples in a peire,  
 As sprites in the heire,  
 Or dogges in the ffayre;  
 Where yow do repayre,  
 Ye ever ride and rune,  
 As swifte as any gūne,  
 With nowe to go and come,  
 As motes in the sonne,  
 To shrive my lady nonne,  
 With humlery hum,  
*Dominus vobiscum!*  
 God knoweth all and some,

---

<sup>1</sup> *dremes*] I suspect the author wrote "*swevens*," and that "*dremes*," a gloss on the word, crept by mistake into the text.

What is and hath bene done,  
 Syns the world begone,  
 Of russett, gray, and white,  
 That sett ther hole delighte  
 In lust and lechery,  
 In thefte and trecherey,  
 In lowsy lewdenes,  
 In syune and shrodenes,  
 In crokednes acurst,  
 Of all people the worste,  
 Marmosettes and apes,  
 That with your pild pates  
 Mock vs with your iapes:  
 Ye holy caterpillers,  
 Ye helpe your wellwillers  
 With prayers and psalmes,  
 To deuoure the almes  
 That Christians should give  
 To meyntheyne and releve  
 The people poore and nedy;  
 But youe be gredy,  
 And so great a number,  
 That, like the ffler of thunder,  
 The worlde ye incomber:  
 But hereof do I wonder,  
 Howe ye preache in prose,  
 And shape therto a glose,  
 Like a shipmans hose,  
 To fayne yourse[l]ves ded,  
 Whiche nathelesse be fed,  
 And dayly eate oure bred,  
 That ye amonge vs beg,  
 And gett it spite of oure hede:  
 It wonder is to me,  
 Howe ye maye fathers be  
 Your sede to multiply,

But yf yow be *incubi*,  
 That gender gobolynes:  
 Be we not bobolynes,  
 Sutch lesinges to beleve,  
 Whiche ye amonge vs  
 dry[ve]?  
 Because ye do vs shrive,  
 Ye say we must youe call  
 Fathers seraphicall  
 And angelicall,  
 That be fantasticall,  
 Brute and bestiall,  
 Yea, diabolicall,  
 The babes of Beliall,  
 The sacrificse of Ball,  
 The dregges of all durte,  
 Fast bounde and girte  
 Vnder the devils skyrte;  
 For *pater Priapus*,  
 And *frater Polpatus*,  
 With *doctor Dulpatus*,  
*Suffultus fullatus*,<sup>1</sup>  
*Pappus paralyticus*,  
 And *pastor improvidus*,  
 Be false and frivolus,  
 Proude and pestiferous,  
 Pold and pediculous,  
 Rauke and ridiculous,  
 Madd and meticulous,  
 Ever invidious,  
 Never religious,  
 In preachinge prestigous,  
 In walkinge prodigious,  
 In talkinge sedicious,  
 In doctrine parnicious,  
 Haute and ambicious,

---

<sup>1</sup> *fullatus*] Qy. "fulcratus?"

Fonde and supersticious,  
 In lodginge prostibulus,  
 In beddinge promiscuous,  
 In counsell myschevous,  
 In musters monstrous,  
 In skulkinge insidicious,  
 Vnchast and lecherous,  
 In excesse outragious,  
 As sicknesse contagious,  
 The wurst kind of edders,  
 And stronge sturdy beggers:  
 Wher one stande and teaches,  
 An other prate and preches,  
 Like holy horseleches:  
 So this rusty rable  
 At bourd and at table  
 Shall fayne and fable,  
 With bible and with bable,  
 To make all thinge stable,  
 By lowringe and by lokinge,  
 By powrynge and by potinge,  
 By standinge and by stop-  
     inge,  
 By handinge and by ffotinge,  
 By corsy and by crokinge,  
 With their owne pelf promo-  
     tinge,  
 With ther eyes alweyes to-  
     tinge  
 Wher they may haue sho-  
     tinge  
 Ther and here ageyne:  
 Thus the people seyne,

With wordes true and playne,  
 Howe they jest and ioll  
 With ther nody poll,  
 With rownynge and rollinge,  
 With bowsinge and bollinge,  
 With lillinge and lollinge,  
 With knyllinge and knollinge,  
 With tillinge and tollinge,  
 With shavinge and pollinge,  
 With snyppinge and snatch-  
     inge,  
 With itchinge and cratchinge,  
 With kepinge and katchinge,  
 With wepinge and watchinge,  
 With takinge and catchinge,  
 With peltinge and patchinge,  
 With findinge and fatchinge,  
 With scriblinge and scratch-  
     inge,  
 With ynkinge and blatchinge;  
 That no man can matche  
     them,  
 Till the devill fatche them,  
 And so to go together  
 Vnto their denne for ever,  
 Wher hens as they never  
 Hereafter shall dissever,  
 But dy eternally,  
 That lyve so carnally;  
 For that wilbe ther ende,  
 But yf God them sende  
 His grace here to amend:  
 And thus I make an ende.

Thus endeth the ffourthe and laste parte of this treatise,  
 called the Image of Ypocresy.

*The grudge of ypocrites conceyved ageynst the auctor of this treatise.*

These be as knappishe  
knackes

As ever man made,  
For javells and for iackes,  
A jymiam for a iade.

Well were we, yf we wist  
What a wight he were

That sturred vpp this myst,  
To do vs all this dere:

Oh, yf we could attayne hym,  
He mighte be fast and sure  
We should not spare to payne  
hym,

While we mighte indure!

*The awnswer of the auctor.*

*Ego sum qui sum,*  
My name may not be told;  
But where ye go or come,  
Ye may not be to bold:

For I am, is, and was,  
And ever truste to be,  
Neyther more nor las  
Then asketh charite.

This longe tale to tell  
Hathe made me almost  
horse:

I trowe and knowe right well  
That God is full of force,

And able make the dome  
And defe men heare and  
speake,

And stronge men overcome  
By feble men and weke:

So thus I say my name is;  
Ye geit no more of me,  
Because I wilbe blameles,  
And live in charite.

Thuse endith this boke called the Image of Ypocresye.

## THE MANER OF THE WORLD NOW A DAYES.\*

So many poynted caps  
 Lased with double flaps,  
 And so gay felted hats,  
     Sawe I never:  
 So many good lessons,  
 So many good sermons,  
 And so few devocions,  
     Sawe I never.

So many gardes worne,  
 Jagged and al to-torne, 10  
 And so many falsely forsworne,  
     Sawe I never:  
 So few good polycies  
 In townes and cytyes  
 For kepinge of blinde hostryes  
     Sawe I never.

So many good warkes,  
 So few wel lerned clarkes,  
 And so few that goodnes markes,  
     Sawe I never: 20

---

\* Was *Imprinted at London in Flete Strete at the signe of the Rose Garland by W. Copland*, n. d. This piece (of the original impression of which I have not been able to procure a sight) is now given from *Old Ballads*, 1840, edited by J. P. Collier, Esq., for the Percy Society.

Such pranked cotes and sleeves,  
So few yonge men that preves,  
And such encrease of theves,  
Sawe I never.

· So many garded hose,  
Such cornede shoes,  
And so many envious foes,  
Sawe I never:

So many questes sytte  
With men of smale wit, 30  
And so many falsely quitte,  
Sawe I never.

So many gay swordes,  
So many altered wordes,  
And so few covered bordes,  
Sawe I never:

So many empti purses,  
So few good horses,  
And so many curses,  
Sawe I never. 40

Such bosters and braggers,  
So newe fashyoned daggers,  
And so many beggers,  
Sawe I never:

So many propre knyves,  
So well apparrelled wyves  
And so yll of theyr lyves,  
Saw I never.

So many cockolde makers,  
So many crakers, 50  
And so many peace breakers,  
Saw I never:

So much vayne clothing  
With cultyng and jagging,  
And so much bragginge,  
Saw I never.

So many newes and knackes,  
 So many naughty packes,  
 And so many that mony lackes,  
     Saw I never:

60

So many maidens with child  
 And wylfully begylde,  
 And so many places untilde,  
     Sawe I never.

So many women blamed  
 And rightuously defaimed,  
 And so lytle ashamed,  
     Sawe I never:  
 Widowes so sone wed  
 After their husbandes be deade,  
 Having such hast to bed,  
     Sawe I never.

70

So much strivinge  
 For goodes and for wivinge,  
 And so lytle thryvyng,  
     Sawe I never:  
 So many capacities,  
 Offices and pluralites,  
 And chaunging of dignities,  
     Sawe I never.

80

So many lawes to use  
 The truth to refuse,  
 Suche falshead to excuse,  
     Sawe I never:  
 Executers havinge the ware,  
 Taking so littel care  
 Howe the soule doth fare,  
     Sawe I never.

Amonge them that are riche  
 No frendshyp is to kepe tuche,  
 And such fayre glosing speche  
     Sawe I never:

90



So many pore  
 In every bordoure,  
 And so small soccoure,  
     Saw I never.

So proude and so gaye,  
 So riche in araye,  
 And so skant of money,  
     Saw I never: 100

So many bowyers,  
 So many fletchers,  
 And so few good archers,  
     Saw I never.

So many chepers,  
 So fewe biers,  
 And so many borowers,  
     Sawe I never:

So many alle sellers  
 In baudy hóles and sellers, 110  
 Of yonge folkes yll counsellers,  
     Sawe I never.

So many pinkers,  
 So many thinkers,  
 And so many good ale drinkers,  
     Sawe I never:

So many wronges,  
 So few mery songes,  
 And so many yll tonges,  
     Sawe I never. 120

So many a vacabounde  
 Through al this londe,  
 And so many in pryson bonde,  
     I sawe never:

So many citacions,  
 So fewe oblacions,  
 And so many newe facions,  
     Sawe I never.

So many fleyng tales,  
 Pickers of purses and males, 180  
 And so many sales,  
 Saw I never:

So much preachinge,  
 Speaking fayre and teaching,  
 And so ill belevinge,  
 Saw I never.

So much wrath and envy,  
 Covetous and glottony,  
 And so litle charitie,  
 Sawe I never: 140

So many carders,  
 Revelers and dicers,  
 And so many yl ticers,  
 Sawe I never.

So many lollers,  
 So few true tollers,  
 So many baudes and pollers,  
 Sawe I never:  
 Such treachery,  
 Simony and usury, 150  
 Poverty and lechery,  
 Saw I never.

So many avayles,  
 So many geales,  
 And so many fals baylies,<sup>1</sup>  
 Sawe I never:  
 By fals and subtyll wayes  
 All England decayes,  
 For more envy and lyers<sup>2</sup>  
 Sawe I never. 160

---

<sup>1</sup> *baylies*] Qy. "bayles?"

<sup>2</sup> *lyers*] Qy. "lyes?"

So new facioned jackes  
 With brode flappes in the neckes,  
 And so gay new partlettes,  
     Sawe I never:  
 So many sluttеше cookes,  
 So new facioned tucking hookes,  
 And so few biers of bookes,  
     Saw I never.

Sometime we song of myrth and play,  
 But now our joy is gone away, 170  
 For so many fal in decay  
     Sawe I never:  
 Whither is the welth of England gon?  
 The spiritual saith they have none,  
 And so many wrongfully undone  
     Saw I never.

It is great pitie that every day  
 So many brybors go by the way,  
 And so many extorcioners in eche cuntrey  
     Sawe I never. 180  
 To thé, Lord, I make my mone,  
 For thou maist healpe us everichone:  
 Alas, the people is so wo begone,  
     Worse was it never!

Amendment  
 Were convenient,  
 But it may not be;  
 We have exiled veritie.  
 God is neither dead nor sicke;  
 He may amend al yet, 190  
 And trowe ye so in dede,  
 As ye beleve ye shal have mede.  
 After better I hope ever,  
 For worse was it never.

Finis.\* J. S.

---

\* [The above poem] may, after all, be Skelton's; but, at

any rate, it is only a *rifacimento* of the following verses,—  
found in *MS. Sloane*, 747. fol. 88, and very difficult to decipher:

“ So propre cappes  
So lytle hattes  
And so false hartes  
Saw y never.

So wyde gownes  
In cytees and townes  
And so many sellers of bromys  
Say I never.

Suche garded hnoes [hose]  
Suche playted shoes  
And suche a pose  
Say y never.

Dowbletes not[?] syde  
The syde so wyde  
And so moche pride  
Was never.

So many ryven shertes  
So well appareld chyrches  
And so many lewed clerkes  
Say I never.

So fayre coursers  
So godely trappers  
And so fewe foluers  
Say y never.

So many fayere suerdes  
So lusty knyghtes and lordes  
And so fewe covered bordes  
Say I never.

So joly garded clokes  
So many clyppers of grottes  
And go vntyde be the throtes  
Say I never.

So many wyde pu[r]ces  
 And so fewe gode horses  
 And so many curses  
     Say y never.

Suche bosters and braggers  
 And suche newe facyshyout daggers  
 And so many cursers  
     Say I never.

So many propere knyffes  
 So well apparelld wyfes  
 And so evyll of there lyfes  
     Say I never.

The stretes so swepyng  
 With wemen clothyng  
 And so moche sweryng  
     Say I never.

Suche blendyng of legges  
 In townes and hegges  
 And so many peggess  
     Say I never.

Of wymen kynde  
 Lased be hynde  
 So lyke the fende  
     Say I never.

So many spyes  
 So many lyes  
 And so many thevys  
     Say I never.

So many wronges  
 So few mery songges  
 And so many ivel tonges  
     Say I neuer.

So moche trechery  
 Symony and vsery  
 Poverte and lechery  
     . Say I never.

So fewe sayles  
 So lytle avayles  
 And so many jayles  
     Sawe y never.

So many esterlynges  
 Lombardes and flemynges  
 To bere away our wynynges  
     Sawe I never.

Be there sotyll weys  
 Al Englande decays  
 For suche false Januayes  
     Sawe I neuer.

Amonge the ryche  
 Where frenship ys to seche  
 But so fayre glosynge speche  
     Sawe I never.

So many poore  
 Comynge to the dore  
 And so litle socour  
     Sawe I never.

So prowde and say [gay?]  
 So joly in aray  
 And so litle money  
     Sawe I never.

So many sellers  
 So fewe byers  
 And so many marchannt taylors  
     Sawe I never.

Executores havyngre mony and ware  
 Than havyngre so litle care  
 Howe the pore sowle shall fare  
                   Sawe I never.

So many lawers vse  
 The truthe to refuse  
 And suche falsehed excuse  
                   Sawe I never.

Whan a man ys dede  
 His wiffe so shortely wed  
 And havyngre suche hast to bed  
                   Sawe I neuer.

So many maydens blamed  
 Wrongefully not defamed  
 And beyenge so lytle ashamyd  
                   Sawe I never.

Relygiousse in cloystere closyd  
 And prestes and large <sup>1</sup> losed  
 Beyenge so evyll disposyd  
                   Sawe I never.

God sane our sovereygne lord the kyngre  
 And alle his royal spryngre  
 For so noble a prince reyny[n]ge  
                   Sawe I never."

---

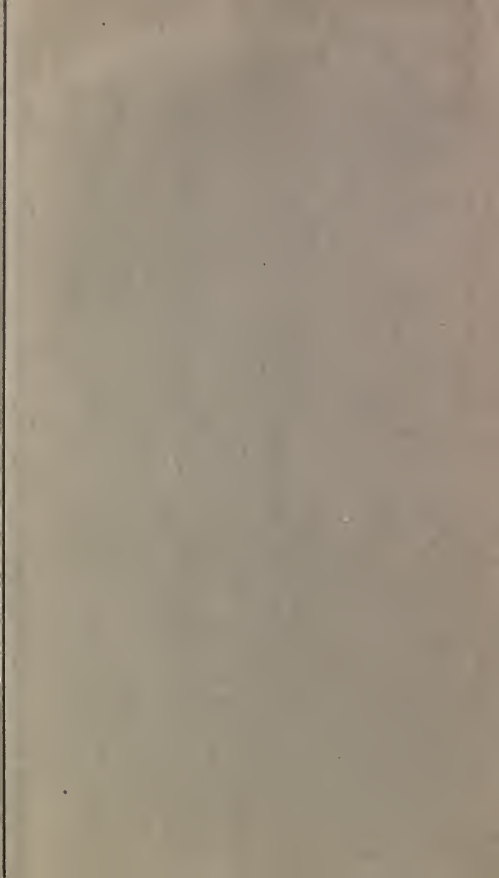
<sup>1</sup> *and large*] Qy. "at large?" but it is by no means certain that "large" is the reading of the MS.











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