

A Thou must with the prophete stande and kepe watche,

¶ The.vii rule.

Enforce thy self not onely for to stande,
 Unuainquithed against the devils might,
 But ouer that take baiauntly on hande
 To bairquith him and put him vnto flight,
 And that is whan of the same dede thought oz sight,
 By whiche he would haue thee with sinne contracte:
 Thou takest occasion of some good vertuous acte.

Sometime he secretely casteth in thy minde,
 Some laudable dede to stirre thee to pride,
 As vainglozy maketh many a man blinde;
B But let humilitie be thy sure guide,
 Thy good worke to god let it be applide
 Thinke it not thine, but a gift of his,
 Of whose grace vndoubtedly all goodnes is,

¶ The.viii.rule.

In time of battaile so put thy self in preace,
 As though thou shouldest after that victorie
 Enjoy for euer a perpetual peace:
 For god of his goodnes and liberall mercy
 May graunt thee gift, and eke thy proude enemy,
C Contounded and rebuked by thy battaile,
 Shall thee nomoze happely for very shame assalle.

But when thou maist once the triumphe obtaine,
 Prepare thy self and trimme thee in thy geare,
 As thou shouldest incontinent fight again,
 For if thou be ready, the deuil wil thee feare,
 Wherefore in any wise so euen thou thee beare,
 That thou remember and haue euer in memoire,
 In victorie battaile, in battaile victorie.

¶ The.ix.rule.

B If thou thurise thy selfe well fensed and sure,
 Against euery sortie suggestion of vice,
 Consider teale glasse may no distres endure,
 And great aduentures oft curse the dice:
 Feoparde not to farte ther efore and ye be wise,
 But euer moze eschew the occasions of sinne,
 For he thati onch peril shall perithe therein.

¶ The.x.rule.

In all temptacion withstaunde the beginning,
 The cursed infantes of wretched Babdon,
 To suffer them wace is a leopardous thing,

A Beate oute their braynes ther efoze at the stone,
 Perilous is the canker, that catcheth the bone,
 To late commeth the medicine, if thou let the soze,
 By long continuance encrease moze and moze:

(The. xi. rule.

Though in the time of the battaile and warre,
 The conflict seme bitter sharpe and sowze,
 yet consider, it is moze pleasure farre,
 Duer the deuill to be a conqueroure,
 Then is in the vse of thy beastly pleasoure,
 Of vertue moze ioy the conscience hath within,
B Then outwarde the body of all his filthy sinne.

In this point many men erre for negligence:
 For they compare not the ioye of the victoꝝ,
 To the sensuall pleasure of their concupiscence,
 But like rude beastes vnadvisedly,
 Lacking discrecion they compare and apply,
 Of their foule sinne the voluptuous delight
 To the laborous trauaile of the conflict and fight.

And yet alas he that oft hath knowne,
 what grieffe it is by long experience,
C Of his cruel enemy to be ouerthrowne,
 Should once at the least wise do his diligence
 To proue and assay with manly defence,
 what pleasure there is, what honour peace and rest,
 In glozious victoꝝ triumphe and conquest.

(The. xii. rule.

Though thou be tempted, dispaire thee nothing,
 Remember the glozious apostle saint Poule,
 whan he had sene god in his partit being,
 Lest such reuelacion should his heart extolle.
 His flethe was suffred rebell against the soule,
D This did almightie god of his goodnes prouide,
 To pꝛeserue his seruaunt fro the daunger of pride.

And here take hede that he whom god did loue,
 And for his most especial bessell chole,
 Rauished into the thirde heauen aboue,
 yet stode in peril lest pride might him depose,
 well ought we then our heartes fence and close,
 Against baing loꝝ, the mother of reꝛief,
 The very crop and roote of al mischief.

Against this pompe and wretched woꝝldes glosse,

Consider

A Consider howe Christ the lozde soueraine powere,
 Humbled himselfe for vs vnto the crosse,
 And peraduenture death within one hoire,
 Shal vs bereue, wealthe riches and honoure,
 And bring vs downe full lowe bothe small and great,
 To vile carcin and wretched woymes meate.

The twelue weapons of spirituall battayle, which euery
 manne shoulde haue at hand when the pleasure of a
 sinnefull temptacion commeth to his minde.

S The pleasure litle and thozte
 The folowers grieffe and
 heauinesse.
 The losse of a better thyng,
 This life a dreame and a
 shadowe.
 The death at our hande and
 vnware,

The feare of impenitente departing.
 Eternal ioye, eternall payne,
 The nature and dignitie of man,
 The peace of a good minde,
 The great benefites of God,
 The painefull crosse of Christ,
 The witnes of martirs,
 and example of santes.

The twelue weapons haue we moze at length
 declared as foloweth.

C The pleasure litle and thort.
Consider wel the pleasure that thou hast,
 Stande it in touching oz in wanton sight,
 In vaine smell, oz in thy licozous tast,
 Oz finally in whatsoeuer delite,
 Occupied is thy wretched appetite,
 Thou shalt it finde, when thou hast al cast,
 Little, simple, thort, and sodainly past.

The folowers grieffe and heauinesse.
 Any good worke if thou with labour do,
 The labour goth, the goodnes doth remayne,
If thou do euill with pleasure ioyned thereto,
 The pleasure, whiche thine euill worke doth contayne,
 Glideth his way, thou maist him not restraine,
 The euill then in thy brest cleaueth behynde,
 with grudge of heart, and heaumes of minde.

The losse of a better thing.
 When thou labozest thy pleasure for to bye,
 Upon the price looke thou thee well aduise,
 Thou sellest thy soule therfore euen by and by,
 To thy mosse bitter dispiteous enemies,
 O madde marchaunt, O foolish marchandise,
 To bye a trefle, O childishe reckening,

And

A And paye therfore so deere a precious thing.

Chis life a dreame and a shadowe,
 This wretched life, the trust and confidence
 Of whose continuance maketh vs bolde to synne,
 Thou perceivest well by experience,
 Sith that houre, in tohich it did beginne,
 It holdeth on the course, and will not linne,
 But fast it runneth on, and passen shall,
 As dothe a dreame oz shadow on the wall.

Death at our hande and vnware,
 Consider well that euer night and daye,
 While that we besily prouide and care
 For our disport reuill myzth and playe,
 For pleasaunt melody and daintie fare,
 Death stealeth on full slyly and vnware.
 He lieth at hande, and shall vs enterprize,
 We wote not howe soone, noz in what maner wise.

Feare of impenitent departing.
 If thou thouldest god offende, thinke howe therfore,
 Thou wer efoozthwith in very ieopardous care:
 For happily thou shouldest not liue an houre more
 Thy sinne to clense, and though thou hadst space,
 yet paraduventure shouldst thou lacke the grace,
 well ought we then be ferde to done offence,
 Impenitent lest we departen hence.

Eternall rewarde eternall payne.
 Thou seest this worlde is but a thozowe fare,
 See thou behaue thee wisely with thine hooff,
 Hence must thou nedes departe naked and bare,
 And after thy desert looke to what cooff
 Thou art conuaided at such time as thy gooff
 From this wretched carcas shall disseuer,
 Be it ioye oz paine, endure it shall for euer.

The nature and dignitie of man.
 Remember how God hath made thee reasonable,
 Lyke vnto his ymage and figure,
 And for thee suffered paines intollerable,
 That he for angel neuer would endure:
 Regarde O man thine excellent nature,
 Thou that with angell art made to bene egall,
 For very shame be not the devils thrall.

The peace of a good mynde.
 Why louest thou so this brotly worlde's ioye,
 Take all the mirth, take all the fantastes,
 Take every game, take every wanton toye,

A Take every spozte, that menne can thee denie,
 And among them all on waerantise
 Thou shalt no pleasure comparable finde
 To thinwarde gladnes of a vertuous minde.

The great benefites of god.

Beside that god thee bought and fourmed both,
 Many a benefite hast thou receiued of his,
 Though thou haue moued him often to be wroth,
 yet he thee kept hath and brought thee by to this,
 And dayly calleth vpon thee to his blisse,
 How maist thou then to him vnloving bee,
 That euer hath bene so louyng vnto thee?

The painefull crosse of Christ.

B when thou in flame of the temptation friest,
 Thinke on the very lamentable paine,
 Thinke on the piteous crosse of woeful Christ,
 Thinke on his bloode bet out at euery vaine,
 Thinke on his precious heart carued in twayne,
 Thinke howe for thy redemption all was wrought,
 Let hym not leese that he so deere hath bought.

The witnes of martirs and example of saintes.

Sinne to withstande saye not thou lackest myght,
 Suche allegacions foly it is to vse,

C The witnes of saintes and martirs constaunt sight,
 Shall thee of slouthfull cowardise accuse,
 God will thee helpe, if thou do not refuse,
 If other haue bande oz this: thou maist esttione,
 Nothing impossible is that hath bene done.

The twelue properties oz condicions of a louer.

S I loue one alone, and contempne al other for that one.

To thinke him vnhappy, that is not with his loue.

To adourne himself for the pleasure of his loue.

B To suffer all thyng, though it were death, to be with his loue:

To desyre also to suffer shame harme for his loue, and to thyinke that hurt
 swete.

To be with his loue euer, as he maye, if not in dede, yet in thought.

To loue all thyng that pertayneth vnto his loue.

To coueit the praise of his loue, and not to suffer any dysprasse.

To belene of his loue al thynges excellente, and to desyre that al folk should
 thyinke the same.

To wepe often with his loue, in presence for ioy, in absence for sorow,

To languish euer and euer to burne in the desire of his loue.

To serue his loue, nothing thinking of any rewarde oz profite.

The

The twelue propertees we haue at length moze
openly expresse in Balade, as it foloweth,

S The first point is to loue but one alone,
And for that one all other to forsake,
For whoso loueth many, loueth none:
The floode that is in many channels take,
In eche of them shall feble streames make,
The loue that is deuided among many,
Unneth suffiseth that euery part haue any.

B So thou that hast thy loue sette vnto god,
In thy remembraunce this emprint and grane,
As he in soueraine dignitie is odde,
So will he in loue no parting felowes haue:
Loue him therfore with all that he thee gaue,
For body, soule, witte, cunnynge, minde and thought
Parte will he none, but either all or nought.

The. ii. propertee.

Of his loue lo the sight and company
To the louer so gladd and pleasaunt is,
That whoso hath the grace to come thereby,
He iudgeth him in perfit ioy and blisse,
C And whoso of that company dothe misse,
Liue he in neuer so prosperous estate,
He thinketh him tormented and infortunate.

So shoulde the louer of God esteeme that he,
which all the pleasure hath, mirth and disport
That in this worlde is possible to be,
yet tyll the tyme that he may once resort,
vnto that blessed ioyfull heavenly port,
Where he of god maye haue the glozious sight,
Is boide of perfit ioye and sure delight.

D **T**he. iii. propertee.

The third point of a perfit louer is,
To make him freche to see that al thing bene,
Appointed wel, and nothing set a mis,
But all well fashioned, proper, goodly, clene,
That in his parsonne there be nothing sene,
In speache, appataile, gesture, looke or pace,
That may offende or murther any grace.

So thou that wilt with god geat into fauour,

A Garnish thy selfe bp in as goodly wise,
 As comely be, as honest in behauour,
 As it is possible for thee to deuise,
 I meane not hereby, that thou shouldest arise,
 And in the glasse vppon thy body prouole,
 But with faire vertue to adourne thy soule.

¶ The.iiii. propertee.

If loue be strong, hate, mightie, and feruent,
 There maye no trouble, grief, or sorow fall,
 But that the louer would be well content
 All to endure, and thinke it eke to small,
 Though it wer death, so he might there withall
 The ioyfull presence of that parson get,
 On whom he hath his heart and loue yset.

Thus should of god the louer be content
 Any distres or sorow to endure,
 Rather then to be from god absent,
 And glad to die, so that he maye be sure
 By his departing hence for to procure,
 After this valey darke, the heauenly light,
 And of his loue the glorious blessed light.

¶ The.v. propertee.

¶ Not onely a louer content is in his hart,
 But coueteth eke, and longeth to sustaine
 Some labour, incommoditee, or smart,
 Losse, aduersitee, trouble, grief, or paine,
 And of his sorowe ioyfull is and faine,
 And happy thinketh himself, that he may take
 Some misadventure for his louers sake.

Thus shouldest thou, that louest god also
 In thine heart with, coueit and be glad
 For him to suffer trouble paine and wo:
 For whom if thou be neuer so wo bestad,
 Yet thou ne shalt sustain be not adrad,
 Half the dolour grief and aduersitee,
 That he already suffred hath for thee.

¶ The.vi. propertee.

The parasite louer longeth for to be
 In presence of his loue bothe night and daye,
 And if it happly so be fall that he
 May not as he would: he wil yet as he maie
 Euer be with his loue, that is to saie,
 Where his heauy body nil be brought,
 He wil be conuert saunt in munde and thought.

A Lo in lyke maner the louer of god shoulde,
 At the least in suche wise as he maye,
 If he may not in suche wise as he would,
 Be present with god, and conuersaunt alwaye:
 For certes who so list, he maye puruay,
 Though all the worlde woulde him theresto bereuen,
 To beare his body in earth, his minde in heuen.

C The. vii. propertee.

There is no page or seruaunt moſte or leſt,
 That doth vpon his loue attende and waite,
 There is no little worſme no ſimple beſt,
 Ne none ſo ſmall a trifile or conceyte,
B Laſe, girdle, point, or proper gloue ſtraite,
 But that if to his loue it haue bene nere,
 The louer hath it precious, lief, and dere.

So euery relique, ymage, or picture,
 That doth pertaine to goddes magnificence,
 The louer of god ſhoulde with al beſy cure
 Haue it in loue, honour, and reuerence,
 And ſpecially geue them preeminence,
 whiche daily done his bleſſed bodye wurche,
 The quicke reliques, the miniſters of his church.

C The. viii. propertee.

A very louer aboue al earthly thing
 Coueiteth and longeth euer moze to here
 Honour, laude, commendacion and praſſing,
 And euery thyng that may the ſame cleere
 Of his loue he maye in no manere
 Endure to here that theresto mighten vary,
 Or any thyng ſoone in to the contrary.

The louer of god ſhould coneit in like wiſe
 To here his honour, woozſhip, laude, and praife,
B whole ſoueraigne goodnes none heart may comprize,
 whom hell, earth, and all the heauen obaiſe,
 whoſe perfite louer ought by no maner waife
 To ſuffer the curſed wordes of blaſphemy,
 Or any thing ſpoken of god vnreuerently.

C The. ix. propertee.

A very louer beleueth in his mynde,
 On whom ſo euer he hath his heart ſbente,
 That in that perſon menne maye nothing finde,
 But honorable, worthye, and excellent,
 And eke ſurmoutyng farre in his entent

A All other that he hath knowen by sight or name,
And woulde that euery manne should thinke thesame.

Of god likewise so wonderfull and hie
All thing esteeme and iudge his louer ought.
So reuerence, woozshippe, honour, and magnifie,
That all the creatures in this worlde I wrought
In comparison should he sette at nought,
And glad be if he might the meane deuise,
That all the worlde would thincken in likewise.

C The .x. propertee.

The louer is of colour dead and pale,
There will no slepe in to his eyes stalke,
He sauoureth neither meate, wine, nor ale,
He mindeth not, what menne about him talke,
But este he, drinke he, sitte, lye downe or walke,
He burneth euer as it were with a fire
In the feruent heate of his desire.

Here should the louer of god ensauple take
To haue him continually in remembraunce,
With him in prayer and meditacion wake,
Whyle other playe, reuil, sing, and daunce,
None earthly ioye, dispozte, or bayne pleasaunce
Should him delite, or any thyng remoue
His ardent minde from god his heauenly loue.

C The .xi. propertee.

Diuerfly passioned is the louters hart,
Now pleasaunt hope, now dread and grieuous fere,
Now perlit blisse, now bitter sorowe smart,
And whither his loue be with him or els where,
Of it from his eyes there falleth manya tere
Foz very ioy, when they together bee,
When thei be sundzed foz aduersitee.

D Lyke affeccions feleth eke the brest
Of gods louer in prayer and meditacion,
Whan that his loue liketh in him rest,
With inward gladnes of pleasaunt contemplacion,
Out bzeake the teares foz ioy and delectacion:
And whan his loue list est to parte him fro
Out bzeake the teares againe foz paine and woe.

C The .xii. propertee.

A very louer will his loue obaye,
His ioye it is, and all his appetite
To payne himselfe in all that euer he maye

Chat

A That parson, in tohome he sette hath his Delite
 Diligently to serue bothe daye and nighte
 For verie loue, without any regarde
 To any profite, gwer done, oz rewarde.

So thou likewise, that haste thine hearte I sette
 Upwarde to God so well thy selfe endeuer,
 So studioulye that nothing maie thee lette
 Not for his seruice any wise disseuere:
 Freelye looke eke thou serue that thereto neuer
 Truste of rewarde oz profite dooe thee bynde:
B But onelye faithfull hearte and louinge munde.

Wageles to serue thre thinges maie vs moue,
 Firste if the seruice selfe be desirable,
 Seconde if thei tohom that we serue and loue
 Bee verie good and verie amiable,
 Thirde lye of reason bec we seruifable
 withoute the gapping after any more,
 To suche as haue done muche for vs before.

Serue God for loue then, not for hope of meede,
 what seruice maie so desirable bee,
C As where all turneth to thynne owne spede:
 who is so good, so louelye eke as hee,
 who hath all readye done so muche for thee,
 As hee that firste thee made: and on the roode,
 Este thee redemed with his precious bloode.

A praier of Picus Mirandula vnto God
 O holy God of dreadfull maiestee,
 Werely one in thre, and thre in one,
 whome Angels serue whose worke all creatures bee,
 whiche heauen and earth directest all alone,
D we thee beseeche good Lorde with wofull mone,
 Spare vs wretches, and walsh awaye our gilt,
 That we be not by thy iuste anger spilt.

psal, 74.

In strait balance of rigorous iudgement
 If thou shouldest our sinne ponder and wape:
 who able were to beare thy punishment:
 The whole engine of all this worlde I saie,
 The engine that enduren shall for aye,
 with suche examinacion might not stande
 Space of a moment in thine angry hande.

A who is not bozne in sinne originall:
 who dothe not actuall sinne in sundry wise:
 But thou good lozde art he that sparest all,
 with pitious mercy tempering iustice:
 For as thou dost rewardes vs deuise
 Aboue our merite, so dost thou dispence
 Thy punishment farre vnder our offence.

More is thy mercy farre then all our sinne,
 To geue them also that vnwozthy bee,
 More godly is, and more mercy therein,
 Howbeit, wozthy ynough are thei pardee,
 Be thei neuer so vnwozthy:whom that hee
 List to accept,whiche where so euer he taketh,
 whom he vnwozthy findeth wozthy maketh.

wherefoze good lozde that aye mercifull art,
 Unto thy grace and soueraine dignitee,
 we sely wretches crye with humble heart,
 Our sinne forgeat, and our malignitee,
 with piteous eyes of thy benignitee,
 frendely looke on vs once, thine owne we bee,
 Seruauntes of sinners whither it liketh thee.

Sinners if thou our crime beholde certaine,
 Our crime the worke of our vncozteple mynde,
 But if thy giftes thou beholde againe,
 Thy giftes noble wonderfull and kinde,
 Thou shalt vs then thesame parsones finde,
 which are to thee and haue be long space,
 Seruauntes by nature, children by thy grace.

But this thy goodnes wzingeth vs alas,
 For we, whom grace had made thy children dere,
 Are made thy guilty folke by our trespase,
 Sinne hath vs guilty made this many a yere,
 But let thy grace, thy grace that hath no pere,
 Of our offence surmounten all the pzeace,
 That in our sinne thine honour may encrease.

For though thy wisdom, though thy soueraigne powre,
 May other wise appeare sufficiently,
 As thinges whiche thy creatures euer y howre,
 All with one voice declare and testifie,
 Thy goodnes, yet thy singular mercy,

A Thy piteous heart, thy gracious indulgence
Nothing so clerely sheweth as our offence.

What but our synne hath shewed that mighty loue,
whiche able was thy dreadfull magestee,
To drawe downe into earth fro heauen aboue,
And crucifie god, that we pooze wretches wee,
Should from our filthy sinne yclensed bee,
with bloode and water of thine owne side,
That streamed from thy blessed woundes wide.

B Thy loue and pitie thus O heauenly king,
Our euill maketh matter of thy goodnes,
O loue, O pitie our wealth aie prouiding,
O goodnes seruing thy seruauntes in distress,
O loue, O pitie wel nigh now thankles
O goodnes mightie gracious and wise,
And yet almost vainquished with our vyce.

Graunt I thee praie, suche heat into mine heart,
That to this loue of thine may be egal:
Graunt me fro Sathanas seruice to astart,
with whom me rueth so long to haue be thzall
C Graunt me good lozde, and creatour of all,
The flame to quenche of all sinnefull desire,
And in thy loue sette all mine heart a fire.

That whan the iorney of this deadly life
My selfy goost hath finished, and thence
Departen must: without his fleshy wife
Alone into his lozdes high pzelence
He maye thee finde: O well of indulgence,
In thy lozdeship not as a lozde: but rather
As a very tender louing father.

D

Amen.