A

DICTIONARY

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE:

IN WHICH

The WORDS are deduced from their ORIGINALS,

AND

ILLUSTRATED in their DIFFERENT SIGNIFICATIONS

BY

EXAMPLES from the beſt WRITERS.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

A HISTORY of the LANGUAGE,

AND

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, A. M.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quæcunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et ſæpe pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur.
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ:
Obſcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit et deſerta vetuſtas. HOR.

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MDCCLV.

Our life here ſhort of wit the great dulnes
The heuy ſoule troubled with trauayle,
And of memorye the glaſyng brotelnes,
Drede and vncunning haue made a ſtrong batail
With werines my ſpirite to aſſayle,
And with their ſubtil creping in moſt queint
Hath made my ſpirit in makyng for to feint.
And ouermore, the ferefull frowardnes
Of my ſtepmother called obliuion,
Hath a baſtyll of foryetfulnes,
To ſtoppe the paſſage, and ſhadow my reaſon
That I might haue no clere direccion,
In tranſlating of new to quicke me,
Stories to write of olde antiquite.
Thus was I ſet and ſtode in double werre
At the metyng of feareful wayes tweyne,
The one was this, who euer liſt to lere,
Whereas good wyll gan me conſtrayne,
Bochas taccomplisb for to doe my payne,
Came ignoraunce, with a menace of drede,
My penne to reſt I durſt not procede.

Forteſcue was chief juſtice of the Common-Pleas, in the reign of king *Henry* VI. He retired in 1471. after the battle of Tewkesbury, and probably wrote moſt of his works in his privacy. The following paſſage is ſelected from his book of the *Difference between an abſolute and limited Monarchy.*

HYT may peraventure be marvelid by ſome men, why one Realme is a Lordſhyp only *Royall*, and the Prynce thereof rulyth yt by his Law, callid *Jus Regale*; and another Kyngdome is a Lordſchip, *Royal and Politike*, and the Prince thereof rulyth by a Lawe, callyd *Jus Politicum & Regale*; ſythen thes two Princes beth of egall Aſtate.

To this dowte it may be anſweryd in this manner; The firſt Inſtitution of thes twoo Realmys, upon the Incorporation of them, is the Cauſe of this diverſyte.

When Nembroth by Might, for his own Glorye, made and incorporate the firſt Realme, and ſubduyd it to hymſelf by Tyrannye, he would not have it governyd by any other Rule or Lawe, but by his own Will; by which and for th' accompliſhment thereof he made it. And therfor, though he had thus made a Realme, holy Scripture denyyd to cal hym a Kyng, *Quia Rex dicitur a Regendo*; Whych thyng he dyd not, but oppreſſyd the People by Myght, and therfor he was a Tyrant, and callid *Primus Tyrannorum.* But holy Writ callith hym *Robuſtus Venator coram Deo.* For as the Hunter takyth the wyld beſte for to ſcle and eate hym; ſo Nembroth ſubduyd to him the People with Might, to have their ſervice and their goods, uſing upon them the Lordſchip that is callid *Dominium Regale tantum.* After hym Belus that was callid firſt a Kyng, and after hym his Sone Nynus, and after hym other Panyms; They, by Example of Nembroth, made them Realmys, would not have them rulyd by other Lawys than by their own Wills. Which Lawys ben right good under good Princes; and their Kyngdoms a then moſt reſemblyd to the Kyngdome of God, which reynith upon Man, rulyng him by hys own Will. Wherfor many Cryſtyn Princes uſen the ſame Lawe; and therfor it is, that the Lawys ſayen, *Quod Principi placuit Legis habet vigorem.* And thus I ſuppoſe firſt beganne in Realmys, *Dominium tantum Regale.* But afterward, whan Mankynd was more manſuete, and better diſpoſyd to Vertue, Grete Communalties, as was the Feliſhip, that came into this Lond with Brute, wyllyng to be unyed and made a Body Politike callid a Realme, havyng an Heed to governe it; as after the Saying of the Philoſopher, every Communaltie unyed of many parts muſt needs have an Heed; than they choſe the ſame Brute to be their Heed and Kyng. And they and he upon this Incorporation and Inſtitution, and onyng of themſelf into a Realme, ordeynyd the ſame Realme ſo to be rulyd and juſtyfyd by ſuch Lawys, as they al would aſſent unto; which Law therfor is callid *Politicum*; and bycauſe it is mynyſtrid by a Kyng, it is callid *Regale. Dominium Politicum dicitur quaſi Regimen, plurium Scientia, ſive Conſilio miniſtratum.* The Kyng of Scotts reynith upon his People by this Lawe, *videlicet, Regimine Politico & Regali.* And as Diodorus Syculus ſaith, in his Boke *de priſcis Hiſtoriis*, The Realme of Egypte is rulid by the ſame Lawe, and therfor the Kyng therof chaungith not his Lawes, without the Aſſent of his People. And in like forme as he ſaith is ruled the Kyngdome of Saba, in Felici Arabia, and the Lond of *Libie*; And alſo the more parte of al the Realmys in *Afrike.* Which manner of Rule and Lordſhip, the ſayd Diodorus in that Boke, prayſith gretely. For it is not only good for the Prince, that may thereby the more ſewerly do Juſtice, than by his owne Arbitriment; but it is alſo good for his People that receyve therby, ſuch Juſtice as they deſyer themſelf. Now as me ſeymth, ir ys ſhewyd opinly ynough, why one Kyng rulyth and reynith on his People *Dominio tantum Regali*, and that other reynith *Dominio Politico & Regali*: For that one Kyngdome beganne, of and by, the Might of the Prince, and that other beganne, by the Deſier and Inſtitution of the People of the ſame Prince.

Of the works of Sir *Thomas More* it was neceſſary to give a larger ſpecimen, both becauſe our language was then in a great degree formed and ſettled, and becauſe it appears from *Ben Johnſon*, that his works were conſidered as models of pure and elegant ſtyle. The tale, which is placed firſt, becauſe earlieſt written, will ſhow what an attentive reader will, in peruſing our old writers, often remark, that the familiar and colloquial part of our language, being diſuſed among thoſe claſſes who had no ambition of refinement, or affectation of novelty, has ſuffered very little change. There is another reaſon why the extracts from this authour are more copious: his works are carefully and correctly printed, and may therefore be better truſted than any other edition of the *Engliſh* books of that, or the preceding ages.

A merry ieſt how a ſergeant would learne to playe the frere. Written by maiſter Thomas More in hys youth.

WYSE men alway,
Affyrme and ſay,
That beſt is for a man:
Diligently,
For to apply,
The buſines that he can,
And in no wyſe,
To enterpryſe,
An other faculte,
For he that wyll,
And can no ſkyll,
Is neuer lyke to the.
He that hath laſte,
The hoſiers craſte,
And falleth to making ſhone,
The ſmythe that ſhall,
To payntyng fall,
His thrift is well nigh done.
A blacke draper,
With whyte paper,
To goe to writyng ſcole,
An olde butler,
Becum a cutler,
I wene ſhall proue a fole.
And an olde trot,
That can I wot,
Nothyng but kyſſe the cup,
With her phiſick,
Wil kepe one ſicke,
Tyll ſhe haue ſouſed hym vp.
A man of lawe,
That neuer ſawe,
The wayes to bye and ſell,
Wenyng to ryſe,
By marchaundiſe,
I wiſh to ſpede hym well.
A marchaunt eke,
That wyll goo ſeke,
By all the meanes he may,
To fall in ſute,
Tyll he diſpute,
His money cleane away,

Pletyng

Pletyng the lawe,
For euery ſtrawe,
  Shall proue a thrifty man,
With bate and ſtrife,
But by my life,
  I cannot tell you whan.
Whan an hatter
Wyll go ſmatter,
  In philoſophy,
Or a pedlar,
Ware a medlar,
  In theology,
All that enſue,
Suche craftes new,
  They driue ſo farre a caſt,
That euermore,
They do therfore,
  Beſhrewe themſelfe at laſt.
This thing was tryed
And verefyed,
  Here by a ſergeaunt late,
That thriftly was,
Or he coulde pas,
  Rapped about the pate,
Whyle that he would
See how he could,
  A little play the frere:
Now yf you wyll,
Knowe how it fyll,
  Take hede and ye ſhall here.
It happed ſo,
Not long ago,
  A thrifty man there dyed,
An hundred pounde,
Of nobles rounde,
  That had he layd a ſide:
His ſonne he wolde,
Should haue this golde,
  For to beginne with all:
But to ſuffiſe
His chylde, well thriſe,
  That money was to ſmal.
Yet or this day
I have hard ſay,
  That many a man certeſſe,
Hath with good caſt,
Be ryche at laſt,
  That hath begonne with leſſe.
But this yonge manne,
So well beganne,
  His money to imploy,
That certainly,
His policy,
  To ſee it was a joy,
For leſt ſum blaſt,
Myght ouer caſt,
  His ſhip, or by miſchaunce,
Men with ſum wile,
Myght hym begyle,
  And miniſh his ſubſtaunce,
For to put out,
All maner dout,
  He made a good puruay,
For euery whyt,
By his owne wyt,
  And toke an other way:
Firſt fayre and wele,
Therof much dele,
  He dygged it in a pot,
But then him thought,
That way was nought,
  And there he left it not.
So was he faine,
From thence agayne,
  To put it in a cup,
And by and by,
Couetouſly,
  He ſupped it fayre vp,
In his owne breſt,
He thought it beſt,
  His money to enclofe,
Then wiſt he well,
What euer fell,
  He coulde it neuer loſe.
He borrowed then,
Of other men,
  Money and marchaundiſe:
Neuer payd it,
Up he laid it,
  In like maner wyſe.
Yet on the gere,
That he would were,
  He reight not what he ſpent,
So it were nyce,
As for the price,
  Could him not miſcontent.
With luſty ſporte,
And with reſort,
  Of ioly company,
In mirth and play,
Full many a day,
  He liued merely.
And men had ſworne,
Some man is borne,
  To haue a lucky howre,
And ſo was he,
For ſuch degre,
  He gat and ſuche honour,
That without dout,
Whan he went out,
  A ſergeaunt well and fayre,
Was redy ſtrayte,
On him to wayte,
  As ſone as on the mayre.
But he doubtleſſe,
Of his mekeneſſe,
  Hated ſuch pompe and pride,
And would not go,
Companied ſo,
  But drewe himſelf a ſide,
To ſaint Katharine,
Streight as a line,
  He gate him at a-tyde,
For deuocion,
Or promocion,
  There would he nedes abyde.
There ſpent he faſt,
Till all were paſt,
  And to him came there meny,
To aſke theyr det,
But none could get,
  The valour of a peny.
With viſage ſtout,
He bare it out,
  Euen vnto the harde hedge,
A month or twaine,
Tyll he was faine,
  To laye his gowne to pledge.
Than was he there,
In greater feare,
  Than ere that he came thither,
And would as fayne,
Depart againe,
  But that he wiſt not whither.
Than after this,
To a frende of his,
  He went and there abode,
Where as he lay,
So ſick alway,
  He myght not come abrode.
It happed than,
A marchant man,
  That he ought money to,
Of an officere,
Than gan enquere,
  What him was beſt to do.
And he anſwerde,
Be not aferde,
  Take an accion therfore,
I you beheſte,
I ſhall hym reſte,
  And than care for no more.

I feare

I feare quod he,
It wyll not be,
For he wyll not come out.
The fergeaunt ſaid,
Be not afrayd.
It ſhall be brought about.
In many a game,
Lyke to the ſame,
Haue I bene well in vre,
And for your ſake,
Let me be bake,
But yf I do this cure.
Thus part they both,
And foorth then goth,
A pace this officere,
And for a day,
All his array,
He chaunged with a frere.
So was he dight,
That no man might,
Hym for a frere deny,
He dopped and dooked,
He ſpake and looked,
So religiouſly.
Yet in a glaſſe,
Or he would paſſe,
He toted and he peered,
His harte for pryde,
Lepte in his ſyde,
To ſee how well he freered.
Than forth a pace,
Unto the place,
He goeth withouten ſhame
To do this dede,
But now take hede,
For here begynneth the game.
He drew hym ny,
And ſoftely,
Streyght at the dore he knocked:
And a damſell,
That hard hym well,
There came and it vnlocked.
The frere ſayd,
Good ſpede fayre mayd,
Here lodgeth ſuch a man,
It is told me:
Well ſyr quod ſhe,
And yf he do what than.
Quod he mayſtreſſe,
No harme doutleſſe:
It longeth for our order,
To hurt no man,
But as we can,
Euery wight to forder.
With hym truly,
Fayne ſpeake would I.
Sir quod ſhe by my fay,
He is ſo ſike,
Ye be not lyke,
To ſpeake with hym to day.
Quod he fayre may,
Yet I you pray,
This much at my deſire,
Vouchesafe to do,
As go hym to,
And ſay an auſten frere
Would with hym ſpeke,
And matters breake,
For his auayle certayn.
Quod ſhe I wyll,
Stonde ye here ſtyll,
Tyll I come downe agayn.
Vp is ſhe go,
And told hym ſo,
As ſhe was bode to ſay,
He miſtruſtying,
No maner thyng,
Sayd mayden go thy way,
And fetch him hyder,
That we togyder,
May talk. A downe ſhe gothe,
Vp ſhe hym brought,
No harme ſhe thought,
But it made ſome folke wrothe.
This officere,
This fayned frere,
Whan he was come aloft,
He dopped than,
And grete this man,
Religiouſly and oft.
And he agayn,
Ryght glad and ſayn,
Toke hym there by the hande,
The frere than ſayd,
Ye be diſmayd,
With trouble I underſtande.
In dede quod he,
It hath with me,
Bene better than it is.
Syr quod the frere,
Be of good chere,
Yet ſhall it after this.
But I would now,
Comen with you,
In counſayle yf you pleaſe,
Or ellys nat
Of matters that,
Shall ſet your heart at eaſe.
Downe went the mayd,
The marchaunt ſayd,
Now ſay on gentle frere,
Of thys tydyng,
That ye me bryng,
I long full ſore to here.
Whan there was none,
But they alone,
The frere with euyll grace,
Sayd, I reſt the,
Come on with me,
And out he toke his mace:
Thou ſhalt obay,
Come on thy way,
I have the in my clouche,
Thou goeſt not hence,
For all the penſe,
The mayre hath in his pouche.
This marchaunt there,
For wrath and fere,
He waxyng welnygh wood,
Sayd horſon thefe,
With a miſchefe,
Who hathtaught the thy good.
And with his fiſt,
Vpon the lyſt,
He gaue hym ſuch a blow,
That backward downe,
Almoſt in ſowne,
The frere is ouerthrow.
Yet was this man,
Well fearder than,
Leſt he the frere had ſlayne,
Tyll with good rappes,
And heuy clappes,
He dawde hym vp agayne.
The frere toke harte,
And vp he ſtarte,
And well he layde about,
And ſo there goth,
Betwene them both,
Many a luſty clout.
They rent and tere,
Eche others here,
And claue togyder faſt,
Tyll with luggyng,
And with tuggyng,
They fell downe bothe at laſt.
Than on the grounde,
Togyder rounde,
With many a ſadde ſtroke,
They roll and rumble,
They turne and tumble,
As pygges do in a poke.

So long aboue,
They heue and ſhoue,
Togider that at laſt,
The mayd and wyfe,
To breake the ſtrife,
Hyed them vpward faſt.
And whan they ſpye,
The captaynes lye,
Both waltring on the place,
The freres hood,
They pulled a good,
Adowne about his face.
Whyle he was blynde,
The wenche behynde,
Lent him leyd on the flore,
Many a ioule,
About the noule,
With a great batyldore.
The wyfe came yet,
And with her fete,
She holpe to kepe him downe,
And with her rocke,
Many a knocke,
She gaue hym on the crowne.
They layd his mace,
About his face,
That he was wood for payne:
The fryre frappe,
Gate many a ſwappe,
Tyll he was full nygh ſlayne.
Vp they hym lift,
And with yll thrift,
Hedlyng a long the ſtayre,
Downe they hym threwe,
And ſayde adewe,
Commende us to the mayre.
The frere aroſe,
But I ſuppoſe,
Amaſed was his hed,
He ſhoke his eares,
And from grete feares,
He thought hym well yfled.
Quod he now loſt,
Is all this coſt,
We be neuer the nere.
Ill mote he be,
That cauſed me,
To make my ſelf a frere.
Now maſters all,
Here now I ſhall,
Ende there as I began,
In any wyſe,
I would auyſe,
And counſayle euery man,
His owne craft vſe,
All newe refuſe,
And lyghtly let them gone:
Play not the frere,
Now make good chere,
And welcome euerych one.

A ruful lamentacion (writen by maſter Thomas More in his youth) of the deth of quene Eliſabeth mother to king Henry the eight, wife to king Henry the ſeuenth, and eldeſt doughter to king Edward the fourth, which quene Eliſabeth dyed in childbed in February in the yere of our Lord 1503. and in the 18 yere of the raigne of king Henry the ſeuenth.

O Ye that put your truſt and confidence,
In worldly ioy and frayle proſperite,
That ſo lyue here as ye ſhould neuer hence,
Remember death and loke here vppon me.
Enſaumple I thynke there may no better be.
Your ſelfe wotte well that in this realme was I,
Your quene but late, and lo now here I lye.
Was I not borne of olde worthy linage?
Was not my mother queene my father kyng?
Was I not a kinges fere in marriage?
Had I not plenty of euery pleaſaunt thyng?
Mercifull god this is a ſtraunge reckenyng:
Rycheſſe, honour, welth, and auncestry?
Hath me forſaken and lo now here I ly.
If worſhip myght haue kept me, I had not gone.
If wyt myght haue me ſaued, I neded not fere.
If money myght haue holpe, I lacked none.
But O good God what vayleth all this gere.
When deth is come thy mighty meſſangere,
Obey we muſt there is no remedy,
Me hath he ſommoned, and lo now here I ly.
Yet was I late promiſed otherwyſe,
This yere to liue in welth and delice.
Lo where to commeth thy blandiſhyng promyſe,
O falſe aſtrolagy and deuynatrice,
Of goddes ſecretes makyng thy ſelfe ſo wyſe.
How true is for this yere thy prophecy.
The yere yet laſteth, and lo nowe here I ly.
O bryttill welth, as full of bitterneſſe,
Thy ſingle pleaſure doubled is with payne.
Account my ſorow firſt and my diſtreſſe,
In ſondry wyſe, and recken there agayne,
The ioy that I haue had, and I dare ſayne,
For all my honour, endured yet haue I,
More wo then welth, and lo now here I ly.
Where are our caſtels, now where are our towers,
Goodly Rychmonde ſone art thou gone from me,
At Weſtminſter that coſtly worke of yours,
Myne owne dere lorde now ſhall I neuer ſee.
Almighty god vouchesafe to graunt that ye,
For you and your children well may edeſy.
My palyce byided is, and lo now here I ly.
Adew myne owne dere ſpouſe my worthy lorde,
The faithfull loue, that dyd vs both combyne,
In mariage and peaſable concorde,
Into your handes here I cleane reſyne,
To be beſtowed vppon your children and myne.
Erſt wer you father, and now muſt ye ſupply,
The mothers part alſo, for lo now here I ly.
Farewell my doughter lady Margerete.
God wotte full oft it greued hath my mynde,
That ye ſhould go where we ſhould ſeldome mete.
Now am I gone, and haue left you behynde.
O mortall folke that we be very blynde.
That we leaſt feare, full oft it is moſt nye,
From you depart I fyrſt, and lo now here I lye.
Farewell Madame my lordes worthy mother,
Comfort your ſonne, and be ye of good chere.
Take all a worth, for it will be no nother.
Farewell my doughter Katherine late the fere,
To prince Arthur myne owne chyld ſo dere,
It booteth not for me to wepe or cry,
Pray for my ſoule, for lo now here I ly.
Adew lord Henry my louyng ſonne adew.
Our lorde encreaſe your honour and eſtate,
Adew my doughter Mary bright of hew,
God make you vertuous wyſe and fortunate.
Adew ſwete hart my litle doughter Kate,
Thou ſhalt ſwete babe ſuche is thy deſteny,
Thy mother neuer know, for lo now here I ly.
Lady Cicyly Anne and Katheryne,
Farewell my welbeloved ſiſters three,
O lady Briget other ſiſter myne,
Lo here the ende of worldly vanitee.
Now well are ye that earthly foly flee,
And heuenly thynges loue and magnify,
Farewell and pray for me, for lo now here I ly.
A dew my lordes, a dew my ladies all,
A dew my faithful ſeruauntes euerych one,
A dew my commons whom I neuer ſhall,
See in this world wherfore to the alone,
Immortall god verely three and one,
I me commende. Thy infinite mercy,
Shew to thy ſeruant, for lo now here I ly.

Certain meters in Engliſh written by maſter Thomas More in hys youth for the boke of fortune, and cauſed them to be printed in the begynnyng of that boke.

The wordes of Fortune to the people.

MINE high eſtate power and auctoritie,
If ye ne know, enſerche and ye ſhall ſpye,
That richeſſe, worſhip, welth, and dignitie,
Joy, reſt, and peace, and all thyng fynally,
That any pleaſure or profit may come by,
To mannes comfort, ayde, and ſuſtinaunce,
Is all at my deuyſe and ordinaunce.

Without

Without my fauour there is nothyng wonne.
Many a matter haue I brought at laſt,
To good concluſion, that fondly was begonne.
And many a purpoſe, bounden ſure and faſt
With wiſe prouiſion, I haue ouercaſt.
Without good happe there may no wit ſuffiſe.
Better is to be fortunate than wyſe.
And therefore hath there ſome men bene or this,
My deadly foes and written many a boke,
To my diſprayſe. And other cauſe there nys,
But for me liſt not frendly on them loke.
Thus lyke the fox they fare that once forſoke,
The pleaſaunt grapes, and gan for to defy them,
Becauſe he lept and yet could not come by them.
But let them write theyr labour is in vayne.
For well ye wote, myrth, honour, and richeſſe,
Much better is than penury and payne.
The nedy wretch that lingereth in diſtreſſe,
Without myne helpe is euer comfortleſſe,
A wery burden odious and loth,
To all the world, and eke to him ſelfe both.
But he that by my fauour may aſcende,
To mighty power and excellent degree,
A common wele to gouerne and defende,
O in how bliſt condicion ſtandeth he:
Him ſelf in hunour and felicite,
And ouer that, may forther and increaſe,
A region hole in ioyfull reſt and peace.
Now in this poynt there is no more to ſay,
Eche man hath of him ſelf the gouernaunce.
Let euery wight than folowe his owne way,
And he that out of pouertee and miſchaunce,
Liſt for to liue, and wyll him ſelfe enhaunce,
In wealth and richeſſe, come forth and wayte on me.
And he that wyll be a beggar, let hym be.

THOMAS MORE to them that truſt in Fortune.

THOU that are prowde of honour ſhape or kynne,
That hepeſt vp this wretched worldes treaſure,
Thy fingers ſhrined with gold, thy tawny ſkynne,
With freſh apparyle garniſhed out of meaſure,
And weneſt to haue fortune at thy pleaſure,
Caſt vp thyne eye, and loke how ſlipper chaunce,
Illudeth her men with chaunge and varyaunce.
Sometyme ſhe loketh as louely fayre and bright,
As goodly Uenus mother of Cupyde.
She becketh and ſhe ſmileth on euery wight.
But this chere fayned, may not long abide.
There cometh a cloude, and farewell all our pryde.
Like any ſerpent ſhe beginneth to ſwell,
And looketh as fierce as any fury of hell.
Yet for all that we brotle men are fayne,
(So wretched is our nature and ſo blynde)
As ſoone as Fortune liſt to laugh agayne,
With fayre countenaunce and diſceitfull mynde,
To crouche and knele and gape after the wynde,
Not one or twayne but thouſandes in a rout,
Lyke ſwarmyng bees come flickeryng her aboute.
Then as a bayte ſhe bryngeth forth her ware,
Siluer, gold, riche perle, and precious ſtone:
On whiche the maſed people gaſe and ſtare,
And gape therefore, as dogges doe for the bone.
Fortune at them laugheth, and in her trone
Amyd her treaſure and wauerynge rycheſſe,
Prowdly ſhe houeth as lady and empreſſe.
Faſt by her ſyde doth wery labour ſtand,
Pale fere alſo, and ſorow all bewept,
Diſdayn and hatred on that other hand,
Eke reſtles watche fro ſlepe with trauayle kept,
His eyes drowſy and lokyng as he ſlept.
Before her ſtandeth daunger and enuy,
Flattery, dyſceyt, miſchiefe and tiranny.
About her commeth all the world to begge.
He aſketh lande, and he to pas would bryng,
This toye and that, and all not worth an egge:
He would in loue proſper aboue all thyng:
He kneleth downe and would be made a kyng:
He forceth not ſo he may money haue,
Though all the worlde accompt hym for a knaue.
Lo thus ye ſee diuers heddes, diuers wittes.
Fortune alone as diuers as they all,
Vnſtable here and there among them flittes:
And at auenture downe her giftes fall,
Catch who ſo may ſhe throweth great and ſmall
Not to all men, as commeth ſonne or dewe,
But for the moſt part, all among a fewe.
And yet her brotell giftes long may not laſt.
He that ſhe gaue them, loketh prowde and hye.
She whirlth about and pluckth away as faſt,
And geueth them to an other by and by.
And thus from man to man continually,
She vſeth to geue and take, and ſlily toſſe,
One man to wynnyng of an others loſſe.
And when ſhe robbeth one, down goth his pryde.
He wepeth and wayleth and curſeth her full ſore.
But he that receueth it, on that other ſyde,
Is glad, and bleſth her often tymes therefore.
But in a whyle when ſhe loueth hym no more,
She glydeth from hym, and her giftes to.
And he her curſeth, as other fooles do,
Alas the folyſh people can not ceaſe,
Ne voyd her trayne, tyll they the harme do fele.
About her alway, beſely they preace.
But lord how he doth thynk hym ſelf full wele.
That may ſet once his hande vppon her whele.
He holdeth faſt: but vpward as he ſlieth,
She whippeth her whele about, and there he lyeth.
Thus fell Julius from his mighty power.
Thus fell Darius the worthy kyng of Perſe.
Thus fell Alexander the great conquerour.
Thus many mo then I may well reherſe.
Thus double fortune, when ſhe lyſt reuerſe
Her ſlipper fauour fro them that in her truſt,
She fleeth her wey and leyeth them in the duſt.
She ſodeinly enhaunceth them aloft.
And ſodeynly miſcheueth all the flocke.
The head that late lay eaſily and full ſoft,
In ſlede of pylows lyeth after on the blocke.
And yet alas the moſt cruell proude mocke:
The deynty mowth that ladyes kiſſed haue,
She bryngeth in the caſe to kyſſe a knaue.
In chaungyng of her courſe, the chaunge ſhewth this,
Vp ſtartth a knaue, and downe there falth a knight,
The beggar ryche, and the ryche man pore is.
Hatred is turned to loue, loue to deſpyght.
This is her ſport, thus proueth ſhe her myght.
Great boſte ſhe maketh yf one be by her power,
Welthy and wretched both within an howre.
Pouertee that of her giftes wyl nothing take,
Wyth mery chere, looketh vppon the prece,
And ſeeth how fortunes houſhold goeth to wrake.
Faſt by her ſtandeth the wyſe Socrates.
Arriſtippus, Pythagoras, and many a leſe.
Of olde philoſophers. And eke agaynſt the ſonne
Bekyth h m poore Diogenes in his tonne.
With her is Byas, whoſe countrey lackt defence,
And whylom of their foes ſtode ſo in dout,
That eche man haſtely gan to cary thence,
And aſked hym why he nought caryed out.
I bere quod he all myne with me about:
Wiſedom he ment, not fortunes brotle fees.
For nought he counted his that he might leeſe.
Heraclitus eke, lyſt felowſhip to kepe
With glad pouertee, Democritus alſo:
Of which the fyrſt can neuer ceaſe but wepe,
To ſee how thick the blynded people go,
With labour great to purchaſe care and wo.
That other laugheth to ſee the foolyſh apes,
Howe earneſtly they walk about theyr capes.
Of this poore ſect, it is comen vſage,
Onely to take that nature may ſuſtayne,
Baniſhing cleane all other ſurpluſage,
They be content, and of nothyng complayne.
No nygarde eke is of his good ſo fayne.
But they more pleaſure haue a thouſande ſolde,
The ſecrete draughtes of nature to beholde.
Set fortunes ſervauntes by them and ye wull,
That one is free, that other euer thrall,
That one content, that other neuer full.
That one in ſuretye, that other lyke to fall.
Who lyſt to aduiſe them bothe, parceyue he ſhall,
As great difference between them as we ſee,
Betwixte wretchednes and felicite.

Nowe

Nowe haue I ſhewed you bothe: theſe whiche ye lyſt,
Stately fortune, or humble pouertee:
That is to ſay, nowe lyeth it in your fyſt,
To take here bondage, or free libertee.
But in thys poynte and ye do after me,
Draw you to fortune, and labour her to pleaſe,
If that ye thynke your ſelfe to well at eaſe.
And fyrſt vppon the louely ſhall ſhe ſmile,
And frendly on the caſt her wandering eyes,
Embrace the in her armes, and for a whyle,
Put the and kepe the in a fooles paradiſe:
And foorth with all what ſo thou lyſt deuiſe,
She wyll the graunt it liberally parhappes:
But for all that beware of after clappes.
Recken you neuer of her fauoure ſure:
Ye may in clowds as eaſily trace an hare,
Or in drye lande cauſe fiſhes to endure,
And make the burnyng fyre his heate to ſpare,
And all thys worlde in compace to forfare,
As her to make by craft or engine ſtable,
That of her nature is euer variable.
Serue her day and nyght as reuerently,
Vppon thy knees as any ſeruaunt may,
And in concluſion, that thou ſhalt winne thereby
Shall not be worth thy fervyce I dare ſay.
And looke yet what ſhe geueth the to day,
With labour wonne ſhe ſhall happly to morow
Pluck it agayne out of thyne hande with ſorow.
Wherefore yf thou in ſuretye lyſt to ſtande,
Take pouerties parte and let prowde fortune go,
Receyue nothyng that commeth from her hande.
Loue maner and vertue: they be onely tho.
Whiche double fortune may not take the fro.
Then mayſt thou boldly deſye her turnyng chaunce:
She can the neyther hynder nor auaunce.
But and thou wylt nedes medle with her treaſure,
Truſt not therein, and ſpende it liberally.
Beare the not proude, nor take not out of meaſure.
Bylde not thyne houſe on heyth vp in the ſkye.
None falleth farre, but he that climbeth hye,
Remember nature ſent the hyther bare,
The gyftes of fortune count them borowed ware.

THOMAS MORE to them that ſeke Fortune.

WHO ſo delyteth to prouen and aſſay,
Of waveryng fortune the vncertayne lot,
If that the aunſwere pleaſe you not alway,
Blame ye not me: for I commaunde you not,
Fortune to truſt, and eke full well ye wot,
I haue of her no brydle in my fiſt,
She renneth looſe, and turneth where ſhe lyſt.
The rollyng dyſe in whome your lucke doth ſtande,
With whoſe vnhappy chaunce ye be ſo wroth,
Ye knowe your ſelfe came neuer in myne hande.
Lo in this ponde be ſyſhe and frogges both.
Caſt in your nette: but be you liefe or lothe,
Hold you content as fortune lyſt aſſyne:
For it is your owne fiſhyng and not myne.
And though in one chaunce fortune you offend,
Grudge not there at, but beare a mery face.
In many an other ſhe ſhall it amende.
There is no manne ſo farre out of her grace,
But he ſometyme hath comfort and ſolace:
Ne none agayne ſo farre foorth in her fauour,
That is full ſatisfyed with her behauiour.
Fortune is ſtately, ſolemne, prowde, and hye:
And rycheſſe geueth, to haue ſeruyce therefore.
The nedy begger catcheth an halfpeny:
Some manne a thouſande pounde, ſome leſſe ſome more.
But for all that ſhe kepeth euer in ſtore,
From euery manne ſome parcell of his wyll,
That he may pray therfore and ſerue her ſtyll.
Some manne hath good, but chyldren hath he none.
Some man hath both, but he can get none health.
Some hath al thre, but vp to honours trone,
Can he not crepe, by no maner of ſtelth.
To ſome ſhe ſendeth, children, ryches, welthe,
Honour, woorſhyp, and reuerence all hys lyfe:
But yet ſhe pyncheth hym with a ſhrewde wyfe.
Then for aſmuch as it is fortunes guyſe,
To graunt no manne all thyng that he wyll axe,
But as her ſelfe lyſt order and deuyſe,
Doth euery manne his parte diuide and tax,
I counſayle you eche one truſſe vp your packes,
And take no thyng at all, or be content,
With ſuche rewarde as fortune hath you ſent.
All thynges in this boke that ye ſhall rede,
Doe as ye lyſt, there ſhall no manne you bynde,
Them to beleue, as ſurely as your crede.
But notwithſtandyng certes in my mynde,
I durſt well ſwere, as true ye ſhall them fynde,
In euery poynt eche anſwere by and by,
As are the iudgementes of aſtronomye.

The Deſcripcion of RICHARD the thirde.

RICHARDE the third ſonne, of whom we nowe entreate, was in witte and courage egall with either of them, in bodye and proweſſe farre vnder them bothe, little of ſtature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left ſhoulder much higher than his right, hard fauoured of viſage, and ſuch as is in ſtates called warlye, in other menne otherwiſe, he was malicious, wrathfull, enuious, and from afore his birth, euer frowarde. It is for trouth reported, that the duches his mother had ſo much a doe in her trauaile, that ſhee coulde not bee deliuered of hym vncutte: and that hee came into the worlde with the feete forwarde, as menne bee borne outwarde, and (as the fame runneth) alſo not vntothed, whither menne of hatred reporte aboue the trouthe, or elles that nature chaunged her courſe in hys beginninge, whiche in the courſe of his lyfe many thinges vnnaturallye committed. None euill captaine was hee in the warre, as to whiche his diſpoſicion was more metely then for peace. Sundrye victories hadde hee, and ſommetime ouerthrowes, but neuer in defaulte as for his owne parſone, either of hardineſſe or polytike order, free was hee called of dyſpence, and ſommewhat aboue hys power liberall, with large giftes hee get him vnſtedfaſte frendeſhippe, for whiche hee was fain to pil and ſpoyle in other places, and get him ſtedfaſt hatred. Hee was cloſe and ſecrete, a deepe diſſimuler, lowlye of counteynaunce, arrogant of heart, outwardly coumpinable where he inwardely hated, not letting to kiſſe whome hee thoughte to kyll: diſpitious and cruell, not for euill will alway, but after for ambicion, and either for the ſuretie or encreaſe of his eſtate. Frende and foo was muche what indifferent, where his aduauntage grew, he ſpared no mans deathe, whoſe life withſtoode his purpoſe. He ſlewe with his owne handes king Henry the ſixt, being priſoner in the Tower, as menne conſtantly ſaye, and that without commaundement or knoweledge of the king, whiche woulde vndoubtedly yf he had entended that thinge, haue appointed that boocherly office, to ſome other then his owne borne brother.

Somme wiſe menne alſo weene, that his drift couertly conuayde, lacked not in helping furth his brother of Clarence to his death: whiche hee reſiſted openly, howbeit ſomwhat (as menne deme) more faintly then he that wer hartely minded to his welth. And they that thus deme, think that he long time in king Edwardes life, forethought to be king in that caſe the king his brother (whoſe life hee looked that euil dyete ſhoulde ſhorten) ſhoulde happen to deceaſe (as in dede he did) while his children wer yonge. And thei deme, that for thys intente he was gladde of his brothers death the duke of Clarence, whoſe life muſt nedes haue hindered hym ſo entendynge, whither the ſame duke of Clarence hadde kepte him true to his nephew the yonge king, or enterpriſed to be kyng himſelfe. But of al this pointe, is there no certaintie, and whoſo diuineth vppon conieftures, maye as wel ſhote to farre as to ſhort. How beit this haue I by credible informacion learned, that the ſelfe nighte in whiche kynge Edwarde died, one Myſtlebrooke longe ere mornynge, came in greate haſte to the houſe of one Pottyer dwellyng in Reddecroſſe ſtrete without Crepulgate: and when he was with haſtye rappyng quickly letten in, hee ſhewed vnto Pottyer that kynge Edwarde was departed. By my trouthe manne quod Pottier then wyll my mayſter the duke of Glouceſter bee kynge. What cauſe hee hadde ſoo to thynke harde it is to ſaye, whyther hee being toward him, anye thynge knewe that hee ſuche thynge purpoſed, or other-

wyſe had anye inkelynge thereof: for hee was not likelye to ſpeake it of noughte.

But nowe to returne to the courſe of this hyſtorye, were it that the duke of Glouceſter hadde of old foreminded this concluſion, or was nowe at erſte thereunto moued, and putte in hope by the occaſion of the tender age of the younge princes, his nephues (as opportunitye and lykelyhoode of ſpede, putteth a manne in courage of that hee neuer entended) certayn is it that hee contriued theyr deſtruccion, with the vſurpacion of the regal dignitye vppon hymſelfe. And for as muche as hee well wiſte and holpe to mayntayn, a long continued grudge and hearte brennynge betwene the quenes kinred and the kinges blood eyther partye enuying others authoritye, he nowe thought that their deuiſion ſhoulde bee (as it was in dede) a fortherlye begynnynge to the purſuite of his inteute, and a ſure ground for the foundacion of al his building yf he might firſte vnder the pretext of reuengynge of olde diſpleaſure, abuſe the anger and ygnoraunce of the tone partie, to the deſtruccion of the tother: and then wynne to his purpoſe as manye as he coulde: and thoſe that coulde not be wonne, myght be loſte ere they looked therefore. For of one thynge was hee certayne, that if his entente were perceiued, he ſhold ſoone haue made peace beetwene the bothe parties, with his owne bloude.

Kynge Edwarde in his life, albeit that this diſcencion beetwene hys frendes ſommewhat yrked hym: yet in his good health he ſommewhat the leſſe regarded it, becauſe hee thought whatſoeuer buſines ſhoulde falle betwene them, hymſelfe ſhould alwaye bee hable to rule bothe the parties.

But in his laſt ſickneſſe, when hee receiued his naturall ſtrengthe ſoo ſore enfebled, that hee dyſpayred all recouerye, then hee conſyderynge the youthe of his chyldren, albeit hee nothynge leſſe miſtruſted then that that happened, yet well forſeynge that manye harmes myghte growe by theyr debate, whyle the yooth of hys children ſhoulde lacke diſcrecion of themſelf and good counſayle, of their frendes, of whiche either party ſhold counſayle for their owne commodity and rather by pleaſaunte aduyſe too wynne themſelfe fauour, then by profitable aduertiſemente to do the children good, he called ſome of them before him that were at variaunce, and in eſpecyall the lorde marques Dorſette the quenes ſonne by her fyrſte houſebande, and Richarde the lorde Haſtynges, a noble man, than lorde chaumberlayne agayne whome the quene ſpecially grudged, for the great fauoure the kyng bare hym, and alſo for that ſhee thooghte hym ſecretelye familyer with the kynge in wanton coumpanye. Her kynred alſo bare hym ſore, as well for that the kynge hadde made hym captayne of Calyce (whiche office the lorde Ryuers, brother to the quene claimed of the kinges former promyſe as for diuerſe other great giſtes whiche hee receyued, that they loked for. When theſe lordes with diuerſe other of bothe the parties were comme in preſence, the kynge liftinge vppe himſelfe and vnderſette with pillowes, as it is reported on this wyſe ſayd vnto them, My lordes, my dere kinſmenne and alies, in what plighte I lye you ſee, and I feele. By whiche the leſſe whyle I looke to lyue with you, the more depelye am I moued to care in what caſe I leaue you, for ſuch as I leaue you, ſuche bee my children lyke to fynde you. Whiche if they ſhoulde (that Godde forbydde) fynde you at varyaunce, myght happe to fall themſelfe at warre ere their diſcrecion woulde ſerue to ſette you at peace. Ye ſe their youthe, of whiche I recken the onely ſuretie to reſte in youre concord, For it ſuffiſeth not that al you loue them, yf eche of you hate other, If they wer menne, your faithfulneſſe happelye woulde ſuffiſe. But childehood muſt be maintained by mens authoritye, and ſlipper youth vnderpropped with elder counſayle, which neither they can haue, but ye geue it, nor ye geue it, yf ye gree not. For wher eche laboureth to breake that the other maketh, and for hatred of ech of others parſon, impugneth eche others counſayle, there muſt it nedes bee long ere anye good concluſion goe forwarde. And alſo while either partye laboureth to be chiefe, flattery ſhall haue more place then plaine and faithfull aduyſe, of whyche muſte needes enſue the euyll bringing vppe of the prynce, whoſe mynd in tender youth infect, ſhal redily fal to miſchief and riot, and drawe down with this noble realme to ruine, but if grace turn him to wiſdom: which if God ſend, then thei that by euill menes before pleaſed him beſt, ſhal after fall fartheſt out of fauour, ſo that euer at length euil driftes dreue to nought, and good p ain wayes proſper. Great variaunce hath ther long bene betwene you, not alway for great cauſes. Sometime a thing right wel intended, our miſconſtruccion turneth vnto worſe or a ſmal diſpleaſure done vs, eyther our owne affeccion or euil tongues agreueth. But this wote I well ye neuer had ſo great cauſe of hatred, as ye haue of loue. That we be al men, that we be chriſten men, this ſhall I leaue for prechers to tel you (and yet I wote nere whither any preachers wordes ought more to moue you, then his that is by and by gooying to the place that thei all preache of.) But this ſhal I deſire you to remember, that the one parte of you is of my bloode, the other of myne alies, and eche of yow with other, eyther of kinred or affinitie, whiche ſpirytuall kynred of affynyty, if the ſacramentes of Chriſtes churche, beare that weyghte with vs that woulde Godde thei did, ſhoulde no leſſe moue vs to charitye, then the reſpecte of fleſhlye conſanguinitye. Oure Lorde forbydde, that you loue together the worſe, for the ſelfe cauſe that you ought to loue the better. And yet that happeneth. And no where fynde wee ſo deadlye debate, as amonge them, whyche by nature and lawe moſte oughte to agree together. Suche a peſtilente ſerpente is amoicion and deſyre of vaine glorye aud ſoueraintye, whiche amonge ſtates where he once entreth crepeth foorth ſo farre, tyll with deuiſion and variaunce hee turneth all to miſchiefe. Firſte longing to be nexte the beſt, afterwarde eg̃all with the beſte, and at laſte chiefe and aboue the beſte. Of which immoderate appetite of woorſhip, and thereby of debate and diſſencion what loſſe, what ſorowe, what trouble hathe within theſe fewe yeares growen in this realme, I praye Godde as well forgeate as wee well remember.

Whiche thinges yf I coulde as well haue foreſene, as I haue with my more payne then pleaſure proued, by Goddes bleſſed Ladie (that was euer his othe) I woulde neuer haue won the courteſye of mennes knees, with the loſſe of ſoo many heades. But ſithen thynges paſſed cannot be gaine called, muche oughte wee the more beware, by what occaſion we haue taken ſoo greate hurte afore, that we eſteſoones fall not in that occaſion agayne. Nowe be thoſe grieſes paſſed, and all is (Godde be thanked) quiẽte, and likelie righte wel to proſper in wealthfull peace vnder youre coſeyns my children, if Godde ſende them life and you loue. Of whyche twoo thinges, the leſſe loſſe wer they by whome thoughe Godde dydde hys pleaſure, yet ſhoulde the realme alway finde kinges and paraduenture as good kinges. But yf you among youre felſe in a childes reygne fall at debate, many a good man ſhall periſh and happely he to, and ye to, ere thys land finde peace again. Wherfore in theſe laſt wordes that euer I looke to ſpeak with you: I exhort you and require you al, for the loue that you haue euer borne to me, for the loue that I haue euer born to you, for the loue that our Lord beareth to vs̃ all, from this time forwarde, all grieues forgotten, eche of you loue other. Whiche I verelye truſte you will, if ye any thing earthly regard, either Godde or your king, affinitie or kinred, this realme, your owne countrey, or your owne ſurety. And therewithal the king no longer enduring to ſitte vp, laide him down on his right ſide, his face towarde them: and none was there preſent that coulde refrain from weping. But the lordes recomforting him with as good wordes as they could, and anſwering for the time as thei thought to ſtand with his pleaſure, there in his preſence (as by their wordes appered ech forgaue other, and ioyned their hands together, when (as it after appeared by their dedes) their hearts wer far a ſonder. As ſone as the king was departed, the noble prince his ſonne drew toward London, which at the time of his deceaſe, kept his houſhold at Ludlow in Wales. Which countrey being far of from the law and recourſe to iuſtice, was begon to be farre oute of good wyll and waxen wild, robbers and riuers walking at libertie vncorrected. And for this encheaſon the

the prince was in the life of his father sente thither, to the end that the authoritie of his presence, should refraine euill disposed parsons fro the boldnes of their formar outerages, to the gouernaunce and ordering of this yong princé at his sending thyther, was there appointed Sir Antony Woduile lord Riuers and brother vnto the quene, a right honourable man, as valiaunte of hande as politike in counsayle. Adioyned wer there vnto him other of the same partie, and in effect euery one as he was nerest of kin vnto the quene, so was planted next about the prince. That drifte by the quene not vnwisely deuised, whereby her bloode mighte of youth be rooted in the princes fauor, the duke of Gloucester turned vnto their destruccion, and vpon that grounde set the foundacion of all his vnhappy building. For whom soeuer he perceiued, either at variance with them, or bearing himself their fauor, hee brake vnto them, some by mouth, som by writing and secret messengers, that it neyther was reason nor in any wise to be suffered, that the yong king their master and kinsmanne, shoold bee in the handes and custodye of his mothers kinred, sequestred in maner from theyr compani and attendance, of which eueri one ought him as faithful seruice as they, and manye of them far more honorable part of kin then his mothers side: whose blood (quod he) fauing the kinges pleasure, was ful vnmetely to be matched with his: whiche nowe to be as who say remoued from the kyng, and the lesse noble to be left aboute him, is (quod he) neither honorable to hys magestie, nor vnto vs, and also to his grace no surety to haue the mightiest of his frendes from him, and vnto vs no little ieopardy, to suffer our welproued euil willers, to grow in ouergret authoritie with the prince in youth, namely which is lighte of beliese and sone perswaded. Ye remember I trow king Edward himself, albeit he was a manne of age and of discrecion, yet was he in manye thynges ruled by the bende, more then stode either with his honour, or our profite, or with the commoditie of any manne els, except onely the immoderate aduauncement of them selfe. Whiche whither they sorer thirsted after their owne weale, or our woe, it wer hard I wene to geste. And if some folkes frendship had not holden better place with the king, then any respect of kinred, thei might peraduenture easily haue be trapped and brought to confusion somme of vs ere this. Why not as easily as they haue done some other alreadye, as neere of his royal bloode as we. But our Lord hath wrought his wil, and thanke be to his grace that peril is paste. Howe be it as great is growing, yf wee suffer this yonge kyng in oure enemyes hande, whiche without his wyttyng, might abuse the name of his commaundement, to ani of our vndoing, which thyng God and good prouision forbyd. Of which good prouision none of vs hath any thing the lesse nede, for the late made attonemente, in whiche the kinges pleasure hadde more place then the parties willes Nor none of vs I beleue is so vnwyse, ouersone to truste a newe frende made of an olde foe, or to think that an houerly kindnes, sodainely contract in one houre continued, yet scant a fortnight, shold be deper setled in their stomackes: then a long accustomed malice many yeres rooted.

With these wordes and writynges and suche other, the duke of Gloucester sone set a fyre, them that were of themself ethe to kindle, and in especiall twayne, Edwarde duke of Buckingham, and Richarde lorde Hastinges and chaumberlayn, both men of honour and of great power. The tone by longe succession from his ancestrie, the tother by his office and the kinges fauor. These two not bearing eche to other so muche loue, as hatred bothe vnto the quenes parte: in this poynte accorded together wyth the duke of Gloucester, that they wolde vtterlye amoue fro the kynges companye, all his mothers frendes, vnder the name of their enemyes. Vpon this concluded, the duke of Gloucester vnderstandyng, that the lordes whiche at that tyme were aboute the kyng, entended to bryng him vppe to his coronacion, accoumpanied with suche power of theyr frendes, that it shoulde bee harde for hym to brynge his purpose to passe, without the gathering and great assemble of people and in maner of open warre, whereof the ende he wiste was doubtuous, and in which the kyng being on their side, his part shoold haue the face and name of a rebellion: he secretly therefore by diuers meanes, caused the quene to be perswaded and brought in the mynd, that it neither wer nede, and also shold be ieopardous, the king to come vp strong. For where as nowe euery lorde loued other, and none other thing studyed vppon, but aboute the coronacion and honoure of the king: if the lordes of her kinred shold assemble in the kinges name muche people, thei shoold geue the lordes atwixte whome and them hadde bene sommetyme debate, to feare and suspecte, leste they shoulde gather thys people, not for the kynges sauegarde whome no manne enpugned, but for theyr destruccion, hauying more regarde to their olde variaunce, then their newe attonement. For whiche cause thei shoulde assemble on the other partie muche people agayne for their defence, whose power she wyste wel farre stretched. And thus shoold all the realme fall on a rore. And of al the hurte that therof shoold ensue, which was likely not to be litle, and the most harme there like to fal wher she left would, all the worlde woulde put her and her kinred in the wyght, and say that thei had vnwyselye and vntrewlye also, broken the amitie and peace that the kyng her husband so prudentelye made, betwene hys kinne and hers in his death bed, and whiche the other party faithfully obserued.

The quene being in this wise perswaded, suche woorde sente vnto her sonne, and vnto her brother being aboute the kynge, and ouer that the duke of Gloucester hymselfe and other lordes the chiefe of hys bende, wrote vnto the kynge soo reuerentelye, and to the queenes frendes, there soo louyngelye, that they nothynge earthelye mystrustynge, broughte the kynge vppe in greate haste, not in good spede, with a sober coumpanye. Nowe was the king in his waye to London gone, from Northampton, when these dukes of Gloucester and Buckyngham came thither. Where remained behynd, the lorde Ryuers the kynges vncle, entendyng on the morowe to folow the kynge, and bee with hym at Stonye Stratford miles thence, earely or hee departed. So was there made that nyghte muche frendely chere betwene these dukes and the lorde Riuers a greate while. But incontinente after that they were oppenlye with greate courtesye departed, and the lorde Riuers lodged, the dukes secretelye with a fewe of their moste priuye frendes, sette them downe in counsayle, wherin they spent a great parte of the nyght. And at their rifinge in the dawnyng of the day, thei sent about priuily to their seruantes in their innes and lodgynges about, geuinge them commaundemente to make them selfe shortely readye, for their lordes wer to horsebackward. Vppon whiche messages, manye of their folke were attendaunt, when manye of the lorde Riuers seruantes were vnreadye. Nowe hadde these dukes taken also into their custodye the kayes of the inne, that none shoulde passe foorth without theyr licence.

And ouer this in the hyghe waye towarde Stonye Stratforde where the kynge laye, they hadde beestowed certayne of theyr folke, that shoulde sende backe agayne, and compell to retourne, anye manne that were gotten oute of Northampton toward Stonye Stratforde, tyll they should geue other lycence. For as muche as the dukes themselfe entended for the shewe of theire dylygence, to bee the fyrste that shoulde that daye attende vppon the kynges highnesse oute of that towne: thus bare they folke in hande. But when the lorde Ryuers vnderstode the gates closed, and the wayes on euerye side besette, neyther hys seruauntes nor hymself suffered to go oute, perceiuyng well so greate a thyng without his knowledge not begun for noughte, comparyng this maner present with this last nightes chere, in so few houres so gret a chaunge marueylouslye misliked. How be it sithe hee coulde not geat awaye, and keepe himselfe close, hee woulde not, leste he shoulde seeme to hyde himselfe for some secret feare of hys owne faulte, whereof he saw no such cause in hym self: he determined vppon the suretie of his own conscience, to goe boldelye to them, and inquire what thys matter myghte meane. Whome as soone as they sawe, they beganne to quarrell with hym, and saye, that hee intended to sette distaunce

beetweene

beetweene the kynge and them, and to brynge them to confusion, but it shoulde not lye in hys power. And when hee beganne (as hee was a very well spoken manne) in goodly wise to excuse himself, they taryed not the ende of his aunswere, but shortely tooke him and putte him in warde, and that done, foorthwyth wente to horsebacke, and tooke the waye to Stonye Stratforde. Where they founde the kinge with his companie readye to leape on horsebacke, and departe forwarde, to leaue that lodging for them, because it was to streighte for bothe coumpanies. And as sone as they came in his presence, they lighte adowne with all their companie aboute them. To whome the duke of Buckingham saide, goe afore gentlemenne and yeomen, kepe youre rowmes. And thus in goodly arraye, thei came to the kinge, and on theire knees in very humble wise, salued his grace; whiche receyued them in very ioyous and amiable maner, nothinge earthlye knowing nor mistrustinge as yet. But euen by and by in his presence, they piked a quarell to the lorde Richard Graye, the kynges other brother by his mother, sayinge that hee with the lorde marques his brother and the lorde Riuers his vncle, hadde coumpassed to rule the kinge and the realme, and to sette variaunce among the states, and to subdewe and destroye the noble blood of the realm. Toward the accoumplishinge whereof, they sayde that the lorde Marques hadde entered into the Tower of London, and thence taken out the kinges treasor, and sent menne to the sea. All whiche thinge these dukes wiste well were done for good purposes and necessari by the whole counsaile at London, saiuing that sommewhat thei must sai. Vnto whiche woordes, the king aunswered, what my brother Marques hath done I cannot saie. But in good saith I dare well aunswere for myne vncle Riuers and my brother here, that thei be innocent of any such matters. Ye my liege quod the duke of Buckingham thei haue kepte theire dealing in these matters fare fro the knowledge of your good grace. And foorthwith thei arrested the lord Richarde and Sir Thomas Waughan knighte, in the kinges presence, and broughte the king and all backé vnto Northampton, where they tooke againe further counsaile. And there they sent awaie from the kinge whom it pleased them, and sette newe seruantes aboute him, suche as lyked better them than him. At whiche dealinge hee wepte and was nothing contente, but it booted not. And at dyner the duke of Gloucester sente a dishe from his owne table to the lord Riuers, prayinge him to bee of good chere, all should be well inough. And he thanked the duke, and prayed the messenger to beare it to his nephewe the lorde Richard with the same message for his comfort, who he thought had more nede of coumfort, as one to whom such aduersitie was straunge. But himself had been al his dayes in vre therewith, and therfore coulde beare it the better. But for al this coumfortable courtesye of the duke of Gloucester he sent the lord Riuers and the lorde Richarde with Sir Thomas Vaughan into the Northe countrey into diuers places to prison, and afterward al to Pomfrait, where they were in conclusion beheaded.

A letter written with a cole by Sir THOMAS MORE to hys doughter maistres MARGARET ROPER, within a whyle after he was prisoner in the Towre.

MYNE own good doughter, our lorde be thanked I am in good helthe of bodye, and in good quiet of minde: and of worldly thynges I no more desyer then I haue. I beseche hym make you all mery in the hope of heauen. And such thynges as I somewhat longed to talke with you all, concerning the worlde to come, our Lorde put theim into your myndes, as I truste he dothe and better to by hys holy spirite: who blesse you and preserue you all. Written wyth a cole by your tender louing father, who in hys pore prayers forgetteth none of you all nor your babes, nor your nurses, nor your good husbandes, nor your good husbandes shrewde wyues, nor your fathers shrewde wyfe neither, nor our other frendes. And thus fare ye hartely well for lacke of paper.

THOMAS MORE, knight.

Two short ballettes which Sir THOMAS MORE made for hys pastime while he was prisoner in the Tower of London.

LEWYS the lost-louer.

EY flatering fortune, loke thou neuer so fayre,
Or neuer so plesantly begin to smile,
As though thou wouldst my ruine all repayre,
During my life thou shalt me not begile.
Trust shall I God, to entre in a while.
Hys hauen or heauen sure and vniforme.
Euer after thy calme, loke I for a storme.

DAUY the dycer.

LONG was I lady Lucke your seruing man,
And now haue lost agayne all that I gat,
Wherfore whan I thinke on you nowe and than,
And in my mynde remember this and that,
Ye may not blame me though I beshrew your cat,
But in fayth I blesse you agayne a thousand times,
For lending me now some laysure to make rymes.

At the same time with Sir *Thomas More* lived *Skelton*, the poet laureate of *Henry* VIII. from whose works it seems proper to insert a few stanzas, though he cannot be said to have attained great elegance of language.

The prologue to the Bouge of Courte.

IN Autumpne whan the sonne in vyrgyne
By radyante hete enryped hath our corne
Whan Luna full of mutabylyte
As Emperes the dyademe hath worne
Of our pole artyke, smylynge halfe in scorne
At our foly, and our vnsteofastnesse
The time whan Mars to warre hym dyd dres,
I calynge to mynde the greate auctoryte
Of poetes olde, whiche full crattely
Vnder as couerte termes as coulde be
Can touche a trouth, and cloke subtylly
With fresshe vtteraunce full sentencyously
Dyuerse in style some spared not vyce to wryte
Some of mortalitie nobly dyd endyte
Whereby I rede, theyr renome and theyr fame
Maye neuer dye, but euermore endure
I was sore moued to a forse the same
But ignoraunce full soone dyde me dyscure
And shewed that in this arte I was not sure
For to illumine she sayd I was to dulle
Aduysynge me my penne awaye to pulle
And not to wryte, for he so wyll atteyne
Excedyng ferther than his connynge is
His heed maye be harde, but feble is brayne
Yet haue I knowen suche er this
But of reproche surely he maye not mys
That clymmeth hyer than he may sotinge haue
What and he flyde downe, who shall him saue?
Thus vp and downe my mynde was drawen and cast
That I ne wyste what to do was beste
So sore enwered that I was at the laste
Enforsed to slepe, and for to take some reste
And to lye downe as soone as I my dreste
At Harwyche porte slumbrynge as I laye
In myne hostes house called powers keye

Of the wits that flourished in the reign of *Henry* VIII. none has been more frequently celebrated than the earl of *Surry*; and this history would therefore have been imperfect without some specimens of his works, which yet it is not easy to distinguish from those of Sir *Thomas Wyat* and others, with which they are confounded in the edition that has fallen into my hands. The three first are, I believe, *Surry*'s; the rest, being of the same age, are selected, some as examples of different measures, and one as the oldest composition which I have found in blank verse.

Description of Spring, wherein eche thing renewes, save only the lover.

THE soote season that bud, and bloome fourth bringes,
With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale,
The Nightingall with fethers new she singes;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale: