These fowre things
here folowyng Mayster Thomas More wrote
in his youth for his pastime.

A merly see how a sargeant would
learne to playe the ferre. Witten
by maister Thomas More in his youth.

Whan an hatter
Wyll go farer,
In philosophy,
By a pedlar,
War a atelar;
In theale,
Al that entele,
Suche craftes new,
They brue to farce a caff,
That euermore,
They bortherfe,
Bothe they the melie at laff.
This thing was told
And berseped,
Here by a sargeant late,
That thisty was,
He could not,
Rapped about the pate,
Whyle that he wolde
He see how he could,
In goddes name play the ferre:
Now shal you wyl,
Knowe how it tell,
Take here and ye shall here.
It happe to,
Hot long a go,
A thisty man there stede,
An hunderd pounde,
Of nobles rounde,
What had he lape a fide:
His sonehe wolde,
Should have this golde,
For to beginne with all:
But to salfke
His chylde, well thystle,
That money was to stial.

Pet or this day
I hawe hard cap,
That many a man certelle,
Path with good caff,
Becyve a laff,
That path begonne with leffe.
But this yppername,
So well beganne,
His money to imploy,
That certalu,
His policy,
To see it was a toy.
For lest sum blaff,
Syrge over caff,
His tippe by mishanche,
Pen with sum wyle,

Whyle
Aught him beggey,  
And with his substance,  
For to put out,  
All maner doubt,  
He made a good purvey,  
For every where,  
For his owne part,  
And take an other way:  
First sapye and well,  
Therof much beire,  
He bagged it in a pot,  
But then he thought,  
That way was nought,  
And there he left it not,  
So was he faine,  
From hence againe,  
To purtie in a cup,  
And by and by,  
sweepefly,  
He supplie it sapye by,  
In his owne best,  
He thought it best,  
His money to enclose,  
Then wil he well,  
Whatsoever fell,  
He could it never lose.  
He beloved then,  
Of her men,  
Money and marchandise  
Never paid it,  
Up he said it,  
A like maner wyle.  
Yet on the gere,  
That he would were,  
He sought not what he spent,  
So it were nynce,  
As for the price,  
Could him not miscontent.  
With lacyl lorte,  
And with refors,  
Of false company,  
Lunytry and play,  
Will many a day,  
He lived mereely,  
And men had twozne,  
Some man is borne,  
To have a lucky howse,  
And so was he,  
For such degree,  
The gat and suche honour,  
That without doubt,  
When he went out,  
A sergeant well and saye,  
Was rep saye,  
On him to wande  
as sone as on the magne,  
Such doublede,  
Dit his mckenese,  
Hate such poump and pride,  
And would not go,  
Companied to,  
But drew himself aside,  
To saint baltherine,  
Stright as a line,  
He gate him at a tyde,  
For devotion,  
Dy somoone,  
There would be never abyde,  
There spent he fast,  
Till all was past,  
And to him came there menye,  
To aske thep tyde,  
But none could get,  
The vallor of a peny,  
With hisage stout,  
He bare it out,  
Guen into the herte hede,  
A month or twozne,  
Ull he was faine,  
To laye his gownde to pledge,  
Than was he there,  
In greater feare,  
Than ever that he came thither,  
And would as saye,  
Depart againe,  
But that he will not whither,  
Than after this,  
To a frende of his,  
He went and there abode,  
Where as he lay,  
So sick alway,  
He thought not come abyde,  
If it hapned that,  
A merchant man,  
That he ought money to,  
Of an officere,  
Than gar enquire,  
What him was best to do,  
And he anwerde,  
He not aferde,  
Take an accion therefore,  
You behelde,  
I shall hym celde,  
And than resce; no more.  
I fear quod he,  
It will not be,  
For he will not come out.  
The sergeant said,  
He not aferde,  
It shall be brought about.  
In many a game,  
I like to the game,  
Have I here well in hze,  
And for your sake,  
Let me be bake,  
But if I do this cured.  
This part they borde,  
And fourth then gath,  
A pace this officere,  
And go; a day.
Thus much at my despze,
Toucheth to do,
As go hym to,
And lay an assen fryste,
Would with hym speke,
In matters breake,
So his ample certayn.
Quod he wyl,
Stonde he were still,
Wyl I come downe agayn.
Up is the go.
And told hym so,
As he was bode to saye.

Romancer thyng,
Said a maiden go thy way,
And ferche him hider,
That we togyther,
Say talk. Now she goth,
Up the hym brought,
No harme she thought,
But it made some tolke to oth.
This officer,
This spyned freere,
Whan he was come aloft,
He dopped than,
And grete this man,
Religiously and oft.
And to agayn,
Knyght glad and sayn,
Take hym there by the hande,
The freere than sayd,
He be dismayed,
With trouble I understand.
In dere quod he,
I hart with me,
Bene better than it is.
Sc quod the freere,
We of good dere,
Pet till it after this,
For Chister take,
Loke that you take,
So thought within your hee.
God may tourn all,
And to be hall,
I trust into the best.
But I would now,
Comen with you,
In counsayl if you please,
Stelys nat,
Of matters that,
Shal set your heart at ease.
Downe went the mape,
The merchant take,
How say a gentle freere,
Chirches sayng,
That peme hyng,
I long full loze to here.
Whan there was none,
But they alone,
The freere with ungl grace,
Said, I tell the,
Come on with me,
And out he toke his mace:
Thou haste obey,
Come on thy way,
I haue the in my cloutche,
Thou goest not hence,
For all the persone,
The mayde hath in his pouche,
This marchante there,
For want and here,
He wanting welpgh wood,
Said byson these.
A With a mischefe,  
Who hath caughe the thy good,  
And with his till,  
Upon the lyft,  
He gave hym such a blow,  
That backward bowe,  
Almost in towne,  
The freke is overthow,  
Pet was this man,  
Well feard to,  
Let he the freke had slayn,  
elyl with good rappes,  
And heavy clappes,  
He daide hym by agayne.  
The freke eke harte,  
And by he harte,  
And well he layde about,  
So to there goth,  
Between thom both,  
Hany a lity cloute.  
They rent andtere,  
The other there,  
And clane togyber fast,  
elyl with lugginge,  
And with tugging,  
They fell downe bothe at lass,  
Than on the grounde,  
Togyber rounde,  
With many a sadde stroke,  
They roll and rumble,  
They turne and rumble,  
As pygges do in a poke.

B So longe above,  
They heare and thone,  
Togider that at lass,  
The mape and wayle,  
To breake the freke,  
Hed them byward fast,  
And what they trye,  
The captynes le,  
Both waiting on the place;  
The frekes good,  
They pulled a good,  
Adowne about his face,  
While he was blinde,  
The wenches bynhide,  
Lent him leyd on the flage,  
Many a soule,  
About the noile,  
With a great bagloose,  
The wayse came yet,  
And with her fete,  
She holpe to hepe him bowne;  
And with her rockes,  
Many a knocke,  
She gave hym on the crowne.  
They laid his mane,  
About his face,  
That he was wood for payne;  
The frye frappe,  
Cate many a swappe,  
elyl he was full nggh slayne.  
Up they hym lif,  
And with pil thift,  
Heding a long the spee,  
Downe they hym throwe,  
And sayd adewe,  
Commande vs to the spee.  
The freke arose,  
But I suppose,  
Amased was his hed,  
He thokke his cares,  
And from grete feare,  
He thought hym well a fled,  
Wood he now lost,  
As all this cost,  
We be never the nere.  
All more he the,  
That cauised me,  
To make my false a freke;  
How matter is all,  
Here now I sta.  
Once there as I began,  
In any wayle,  
I would anyse,  
And countysle every man;  
His owne craft be,  
All newe refuals,  
And lightly let them gone;  
Play not the freke,  
Now make good every,  
And welcome every chone.

Finis.

Wapster Thomas More in his youth devysed in his fathers house 
in London, a goode hanging of lyne paynted cloth, with lyne pag-
geantues and verses ouer of every of those pageantues which verses 
expressed and declared, what they images in those pageantues rep-
resented: and also in those pageantues were paynted, the thynges that 
the verses ouer them dyd (in effecte) declare, whiche verses here fol-
lowe.
In the first pageant was painted a bopy playing at the top of a ymage
And our this pageant was written as followeth.

Childhood,

I am called Childhood, in play is all my mynde,
To cast a coppe, a coake and a hall.
A coppe can I set, and dpyue it in his kynde.
But would to god these hastyfull booke's all,
Were in a lyke berynt to powder small.
Thin myght I rede my lyre always in play:
Which lyre god sendeth me to myne ending day.

In the second pageant was painted a goodly free, the young man, ry
Dyng upon a goodly horse, havynge an harowe in his lyke, and a
Hale of grayhoundes folowing hym. And under the horse's feet was
Panted the same bopy, that in the first pageante was playing at the
top of the pyre. And our this second pageant the writing was thus.

Childhood.

Manhood I am therefore I me delight,
To hunt and haue, to nourish by and reade,
The grayhound to the course, the harowe to the lyght,
And to be lyke a good and lusty reade.
These thynges become a very man in deede,
Yet thy: let this bopy his pewche game watter,
But what no lyser, his reason is no better.

In the thyrde pageant was painted the goodly young man in the
Second pageant leyng on the grounde. And oppon him to his ladde
Venus goddess of love, and by her oppon this man God the lyke god
Cupidde. And our this thyrde pageant, this was the writing that foloweth.

Venus and Cupyde,

who soone kneweth the streng'h power and myght,
Of Venus and me her lyttle sonne Cupyde,
Thou Manhood Halte a mygourr bene a ryght,
By be subdued for all thy great pryde,

If pye in darte percy the tender pye,
Now thyn whom ere despypedst children small,
Shall ware a childe a gapne and be my chyll.

In the fourth pageant was painted an olde age father sittynge in a
chyrge. And leyng under his feet was painted the ymage of Venus &
Cupidde, that were in the third pageant. And our this fourth pageant
the scripature was thus.

Cage.

Olde Age and I, with loikes, swyne and hope,
Of our short lyfe, the last and best part.
A wise and discrete, the publicke wele therefore.
I help to rule to my labour and smart,
Therefore Cupide withdrawe thy icy dart,
Chargeable matters shall of love appeale,
Thy childe, thy game and pyle bypresse,

In the fift pageant was painted an image of Death, and under
his fete lay the olde man in the fourth pageante, And aboue this fift
pageant, this was the saying.

C fift.

Though I besoule my chapse and my shape,
Yet there is none in all this world weye,
That may my power withstande or escape,
Therefore faze father greatly magnified,
Descende from your chapse, set a fart your pyde,
Where to tender (though it be to your pyne)
To ane fole, some of your wise chapse.

In the fift pageant was painted lady Fame, And under her fete was
the picture of Death, that was in the fift pageant. And over this fift
pageant the writing was as foloweth.

C Fame.

Fame I am called, marquall you nothing,
Though with ronges am compassed all rounde
For in boose of people is my chiste lyuing,
Oer uel death, thy power I confounde.
When thou a noble man hast brought to grounde
Wagey thy teeth to lyue cause hym shall I,
Of people in perpetuall memory.

In the seveth pageant was painted the image of Tyne, and under
his fete was lyeng the image of Fame that was in the fift pageant.
And this was the scripture over this seveth pageant.

C Tyne.

I whom thou seest with houspoge in bande,
I am named tyne, the lord of every house,
I shall in space destroy both see and lande.
O morall same, how darest thou man honoure,
By naming of his name, an endlesse glowe.
Who may in the world have a name eternall,
When I shall upproces destroy the world and all.

In the eigth pageant was pictured the image of lady Eternite, stee
lying in a chapse under a sumptuous cloth of estate, crowned with an
imperial.
imperial crown. And under her feet lay the picture of Time, that was in the seventh pageant. And above this eight pageant, was it written as followeth.

Eternity.
We needeth not to boast, I am Eternity,
The very name signifyeth well,
That myne empyre infinite shalbe.
Thou mostall time everman can tell,
Art nothing els but the mobilite,
Of sone and more changyng in every degre,
When they shall leue theye course thou shall be brought,
For all thy pride and boldyng into nought.

In the ninth pageant was painted a Poet sitting in a charrie. And oth-er this pageant were there written these verses in Latin followyng:

The Poet.
Has fictas quemcung, inm patre spectaculai figuras,
Sed mira veros quas putat arte homines.
Ille potest veris animum sic pascere rebus,
Vt piciis oculos poscit imaginibus.
Nam videbit vti fragilis bona lubrica mundi,
Tam cito non veniant, quam cito preteruent.

Gaudia laus et honor, celeri pede omnia cedunt,
Qui manet excepto semper amore dei.

Ergo homines, levibus iamiam diffidite rebus,
Nulla receffuro sper adhibenda bona,
Qui dabit eternam nobis pro munere vitam,
In permanensuro poteie vota deo.

A +iful lamentaciō, (written by master Thomas Morze in his youth) of the death of queene Elizabete, mother to King Henry the eight, wife to king Henry the sixeth, sister to daughter to king Edward the fourth, which queene Elisabeth dyed in childbed in February in the yere of our lorde 1503, in the 13 year of the raigne of king Henry the seveneth.

ye that put your trust and confidence,
In worldly joy and frable prosperite,
That sol yere as ye should never hence,
Remember death and take here upon me.

Example I think there may no better be,
your selte wotte well that in this regime was I,
your queene but late and to now here I yse.

Conservate
A was I not borne of olde worthy lineage?
was not my mother queene my father kyng?
was I not a kingses sire in marriage?
Had I not plenty of every pleasant thyng?
Mercifull god this is a strange reckenyng:
Rychelle, honour, welth, and auncestre:
Hath me to taken and to nowere I ly.

If worship myght haue kept me, I had not gone.
If myght myght haue me laced, I neede not lere.
If money myght haue holpe, I lackedy none.
But God good God what vayleth all this gere.
When deth is come that mighty messenger,
Obye we must there is no remedy,
We hath he commonyed, and to nowhere I ly.

yet was I late promysed otherwyses,
This pere to lye in welth and delice,
To where to commity the bloudyng promys,
O taise astrology and decreature,
Of goodes secrete makynge thy felke so wyse.
How true is for this pere the prophesie.
The pere yet taker, and to nowhere I ly.

Oh bystille welth, ay full of bitternesse,
Thy single pleasure doubled is withayne.
Account my sorrow, and my distresse,
In sondry wyse, and reckethe there agaynes,
The toy that I have had, and I sake wyne,
Fors all my honoure, endured yet haue I,
Whose wo then welth, and to nowhere I ly.

Where are our Castell, now where are our Toweres,
Goodly Rychnonde seone art thou gone from me,
At westminster that costly wolde of yours,
Myne owne dere lord, now shall I never see.
Almighty god vouchsafe to grant that ye,
Fors you and your children well may edep.
My patyce bylde is, and to nowhere I ly.

A dew myne owne dere souse, my worthy lord,
The faithfull love, that dyd by both consygn,
In mariage and peaceable conceide,
Into your handes there I cleane rhyme,
To be bestowed upon your children and myne.
Cefi wer you father, so now must ye supply,

The
The motheres part also, for to nowhere I ly.

Farewell my daughter lady Margarete,
God wotte full oft it greued hath my mynde,
That ye should go where we should selome mete,
How am I gone, and haue left you behynde,
O mostall folke that we be very blynde,
That we leste seare, full oft it is most nye,
From you depart I ly, and to nowhere I ly.

Farewell Madame my lodes worthy mother,
Comfort your soune, and be ye of good chere,
Take all a wort, for it will be no other.
Farewell my daughter Katherine late the fere,
To prince Arthure myne owene chylde so dere,
It boote not for me to wepe or cry,
Pray for my soule, for to nowhere I ly.

Adew lord Henry my louing soune adew,
Our lode encreace your honour and estate,
Adew my daughter Mary bright of bow,
God make you vertuous wpe and forfate,
Adew sweete hart my little daughter Kate,

Thou shalt sweete babe suche is thy de суди,
Thy mother never knoue, for to nowhere I ly.

Lady Cicily Anne and Katheryne,
Farewell my wellbeloved sistres thre,
Lady Buzet other sistre myne,
Lo the end of worldly vanite,
Now well are ye that earthly foly flee,
And hevenly thynges storne and magnific,
Farewell and pray for me, for to nowhere I ly.

Adew my lodes, adew my ladys all,
Adew my faithfull seruantes every chone,
Adew my commons whom I never shall,
See in this word wherfo to the alone,
I thank all god veryly tigre and one,
I me commende to thy infinite mercy,
Shew to thy seruant, for to nowhere I ly.

Certain meters in english written by master Thomas Hove in his youth for the boke of Fortune, and causd them to be printed in the beginynge of that boke.
The words of fortune to the people.

Ine hight estate power and autotisie,
If ye ne know, enterche and ye shall spee,
That richesse, worship, welth, and dignite,
Joy, rest, and peace, and all thing lyuely,
That any pleasure or profit may come by,
To mannes comfort, ayde, and sustaynance,
Is all at my deuyles and ordinaunce.

Without my sauour there is nothinge boonne.

Many a matter have I brought at tay,
To good conclusion, that fondly was begonne.
And many a purpose, bounden sure and tay
With wise prudence, I have overcast.
Without good happye there may no wye suffisse.
Better is to be fortunate than wyse.

And therefore thare some men bene of this,
My deadly foes and written many a boke,
To my dispayre. And other cause there up,
But for me like not friendly on them toke.
Thus lykely the for they take that once tooke,

The pleasant grapes, and gan to dey them,
Because he left and yet could not come by them.

But let them wryte theyr labour is in bayne,
For well ye wrote, myth, honour, and richesse,
Much better is than penury and payne.
The nedye wryteth that lingereth in distress,
Without myne helpe is ever comforlesse,
A very burdenious and loth,
To all the world, and eke to him selfe both.

But he that by my sauour may ascende,
To mightie power and excellent degree,
A common wele to gouern, and defende,
In houblt condicion standeth he;
Him self in honour and sciene,
And ouer that, may forthe and encrease,
A regton hole in topfull rest and pace.

Now in this pointe there is no more to say,
Eche man hath of him self the gouernaunce.
Let every wight than folowe his owne way.
And he that out of povertees and mischaunce,
Lift for to live and uplyf hym selfe enchaunce,
In wealthe & richesse, come to thowth and wapte on me.
And he that wylle be a beggar, let hym be.

C Thomas Hoze to them that trust in fortune.

The wight that art prodode of honour, shape of kynde,
That hepett up this wretched worlds treaute,
Thy fingers thyned with golde, thy tawne kynde,
With freshe apparele garnished out of meate,
And weenest to have fortune at thy pleasure,
Cale of thyne eye, and loke how clippe chaunce,
Alloth the men with chaunge and barpaunce.

Sometime the loke hast lonely saye and bright,
As gode blythe Venus mother of Cupide,
She beeketh and the similich on every wight.
But this chere sayned may not long abide,
There commeth a cloude, and farewell all our pykke,
Like serpent the beginneth to swel,
And lookest as fierce as any turpe of hell.

Yet for all that we bothe men are sayned,
(So wretched is our nature and so bynde)
As soon as fortune lid to laugh a saide,
With sayre counenace and discruffull mynde,
To crowde and knele and gape after the wynde,
Not one of saide but thousandes in a rout,
Lyke swarmping bees come tickeryng her aboutes.

Then as a bapte styngeth sothher ware,
Siluer, golde, richy perle, and precious stone:
In whiche the malede people gale and bare.
And gape therfore, as dogges doe for the bone.
Fortune at them laugheth, and in her trone
And her treasure and waptyng oxcell
Proudly the boweth as lady and emprelle.

Fate by her spede doth very Labour sand,
Pale were also, and Sowall bewept,
Didayn and hatred on that other hand,
She resiles to the frool to sleep with treapple kept,
His eyes to open and loryng as he slept,
Before her standeth aunger and envy,
Flattery, deceit, mischief and tyrany.

About her comme they all the world to begge,
He seeketh land, and he to pass would bying,
This tope and that, and all not worth an egg,
He would in love prosper above all lyng;
He kneelth downe and would be made a kyng,
He foreseeth no to he may money have,
Though all the world accompte hym for a knaue.

Lo thus se e divers heddes, divers wittes,
Fortune alone as divers as they all,
Unstable here and there among them wittes;
And at aventure done one her gifts fall,
Catch who so may the thoweth great and small.
Not to all men, as commeth some or dewe,
But for the most part, all among a lieve.

And yet her brotell gifts long may not last,
He that gave them, loked pride and hye.
She withlyght about and plucketh away as fast,
And geneth them to another by and by.
And thus from man to man continually,
She wiceth to give and take, and lily tole,
One man to wynynge of another's loss.

And when the robbeth one, downe goth his pyde,
He wepe the and wapeth and curseth her full soye.
But he that rescueth it, on that other pyde,
Is glad, and bleest her often tymes therefore.
But in a while when she loves hyrn no more,
She gypeth from hym, and her gifts to,
And she her curseth as other cooles do.

As the solfe people can not cease,
He boyd her trayne, till they the harme do se,
About her alwayn, besely they peace.
But lord how he doth think hyrn self full wise.
That may set once his hande uppon her wake,
He holdeth fast, but upwarde as he strieth,
She whippeth her whole about, and there she lyeth.

Thus
Thus fell Julius from his mighty power.
Thus fell Darus, the worthy king of Perse.
Thus fell Alexander, the great conqueror.
Thus many more then I may well rehearse.
Thus double fortune, when the leaf erreis;
Her streett, favour fro them that in her trust
She steech their wey and levyeth them in the dust.

She codeinly enhanceth them a lost,
And sodeynly mischeueth all the flocke.
The head that late lay easely and full soft,
In stede of ryvinge lyeth after on the blocke.
And yet alas, the most cruel and pride mocke:
The depe nouthe that ladesst killed hauie,
She byngeth in the casle to bylle a knaue.

In chaungynge of her course, the chaunge the both this,
Up stant a knaue, and downe there saith a knyght,
The beggar ryche, and the ryche man poore is.
Hatred is turned to love, love to despight.
This is her sport, thus proveeth the her myghte.
Great bothe the makeith of one be by her power,
Welthie and wretche both within an house.

Poversee that of her giftes wyll nothing take,
With mercy there, lookest upon the yerre,
And seeth howe lustenes houstaff goeth to wyke,
Felt by her handeth the wyde Socrates.
Arystipus, Pythagoras, and many a leste.
Of olde Philosophers, and she agaynst the sonne.
Seyt hyt poore Diogenes in his sonne.

With her is Byas, whose country lackt defence,
And whytrom of their foes code do in dout.
That eche man hastely ganto cary thence,
And asked hym why he nought caryed out.
Here quod he all myne with me about.
Wisdom he ment, for lustenes broyle fees.
For nought he counted his that he might leste

Heraclitus eke, lyft fellowship to kepe
With glad poversee, Democritus alio.
Of which the lyf is never ceas but tope,
To see how thickly the blinded people go.

with
With labour great to purchase care and wo,
That other laugheth to see the foolish apes,
Howe earnestly they walke about their tapes.

Of this poor sect, it is comen blace,
Only to take that nature may sufisme,
Banning cleane all other surplisage,
They be content, and of nothing complaine.
No nygarde she is of his good to sayne,
But they make pleasure have a thousande fades,
The secrete daughtes of nature to behold.

Set fortunes servauntes by them and ye wull,
That one is free, that other ever shall,
That one content, that other never full.
That one in stature, that other lyke to fall.
Who lyk to advise them bothe, parcely we shall,
As great difference between them as we see,
Verities in chechednes and felicite.

Nowe haue I thowed you bothe: these whiche ye lyk,
Graffte fortune, or humble povertie:
That is to say, nowe lyeth it in your lyt,
To take here bondage, or free libertie.

But in thy spare and ye do alter us,
Draw you to fortune, and labour her to please,
If that ye thynke your selke to well at eale.

And lyk, upon the lovely shall she smile,
And friendly on the eale her wandering eyes,
Enbrace the in her armes, and so a while,
But the and kepe her in a fooles paradise:
And sooth with all what so thou lyt devise,
She well the grant it liberally parhappes:
But for all that beware of alter clapes.

Reckon you neuer of her favoure sure:
Pemmyn clouds as easilly trace an hare,
Ol in depe lande cause fishes to endure,
And make the burning syre his heat to spare.
And all thyg to glde in compase to soylare,
As her to make by craft ox engines stable,
That of her nature is ever variable.
Serve her day and night as reverently,
Upon thy knees as any servant may,
And in conclusion, that thou shalt winne thereby
Shall not be worth thy service I dare say.
And looke yet what the gender the to day,
With labour winner the day happily to sprowne
麸 it againe out of thy hande with sorrow.

Wherefore pithoul in suretye leste to flinde,
Take poverties parte and let providence go,
Receive nothing that commeth from her hande:
Your manner and Hector they be onely tho.
Whiche double fortune may not tak: the fro,
Thee mayst thou boldly depe her turning chaunce,
She can the next her lyder now auance.

But and thou wyll nedes medle with her treasure,
Trust not therein, and spend it liberally.
Bere are the not prooude, nor take not out of measure,
Byde not thyne house on h. pth yp in the skew.
None fallith patre, but he that climbeth hie,
Remember nature sent the byther bare,
The gytes of fortune count them bozowed ware.

C Thomas More to them that seke fortune.

Who so deypesth to proouen and assay,
Of waueryng fortune the uncertaine lot.
In that the auntowere please you not alway,
Blame ye not mercie I commandee you not.
Fortune to trust, and she full welly wot,
I have of her no byrdle in my lid,
She remeth loose, and turneth where the lyft.

The rolling dyse in whome your sowe both stande,
With whole unhappie chaunce ye be soo woth,
Ye knowe your sowe came neuer in myn hande.
Lo in this ponde be lythe and stroges both.
Car in your nett; but be you lyke a clothe,
Hole you content as fortune lyte alwaye:
For it is your owne kistynge and not myne.

And though in one chaunce fortune you offend,
A grudge not there at, but beare a merry face.
In many a other the shall it amende.
There is no man to fare out of her grace,
But he sometime hath comfort and solace.
He none againe to fare sooth in her favour,
That is full satisfied with her behavioure.

Fortune is slately, solenme, prode, and hye,
And yche lisle gueeth, to haue seruice thereforse.
The nedy begger cachteth an halfpeny:
Some manne a thousande poundes, some lelles some more.
But for all that, she keepeth ever in woe,
From euery manne some parcel of his wyle,
That he may pray therefor and serue her wyl.

Some manne hath good, but chyldren hath he none.
Some man hath both, but he can get none health.
Some hath a thrive, but up to honours beone,
Can he not crepe, by no manner of steele.
To some the lendeth, children, yches, tseleth,
Honour, wood and wood, and reverence all his lyfe:
But yet the prucheth hym with a thrice wode wyle.

C
Then for as much as it is fortune's guylp
To graunt no manne all theyng that he will axe,
But as her selte lust oxder and deuyce,
Do the every manne his parte divide and far,
I count to ye oue the one trusse up your packets,
And take no thing at all, ox be content,
With suche rewarde as fortune hath you sent.

The manner the booke of fortune.

All theynges in this boke that ye shall rede,
Doe as ye lyse, there shall no manne you bynde,
Them to beleue as surely as your cred.
But notwithstanding certes in my mynd,
I durst well brewe, as true ye shall them lynde,
In every poynct eche anwerc by and by,
As are the judgementes of Astronome.

Thus endeth the preface to the booke of fortune.