Earle of Mirandula.

A Thou must with the prophet stande and kepe watche.

The viii. rule.
Enforce thy self not onely to stande,
Enquench the devils might,
But over that take baunamely on hande
To banquish him and put him into flight,
And that is what the same dede thought of light,
By where he would have thee with taine contracte:
Thou takest occasion of some good vertuous acte.

Sometime he secretely calleth in thy minde,
Some laudable dede to thire thee to prude,
As baunglozy maketh many a man blinde,
But let humilitie be thy sure guide,
Thy good worke to god let it be applide
Think it not shine, but a gift of his,
Of whose grace undoubtedly all goodness is.

The viii. rule.

In time of battelie to put thy self in peace,
As thoughe thou shouldst after that victorie
Enjog for ever a perpetual peace:
For god of his goodnesse and liberall mercy
May grant thee gift, and else thy proude enemy,

Centoumed and rebuked by thy battalie,
Shall thee no noxce happily for ever shame affalle.

But when thou maist once the triumphe obtaigne,
Prepare thy selfe and trimme thee in thy grace,
As thou shouldst incontinent light again,
For if thou be ready, the devil with thee faile,
Wherein in any wise to euer thou the beare,
That thou remember and have ever in memorie,
In victory battalie, in battalie victorie.

The ix. rule.

If thou choose thy selfe well sened and sure,
Against every false suggestion of vice,
Consider these glasse may no distresse endure,
And great adventures oft curse the dace:
To passe not to farre therefore and yebelwise,
But once in age of hewe the occations of sinne,
For he that such peril shall perisse therein.

The x. rule.

In all temptation withstande the beginning,
The cursed infantes of wretche Bablon,
To suffer them warre is a jeoparous thing,

Beseate
Twelve rules of John Picus

A Deate out their bynes therefore 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 more and more.

The x. rule.

Though in the time of the battle and warre,
The conflict seeme bitter harpe and souze,
Yet consider, it is more pleasure soure,
Ouer the devill to be a conquerour,
Then is in the bole of thy beastly pleasure,
Of vertue more toy, the conscience hath within,
Then outwarde the body of all his filthy sinnen.

In this point many men erre for negligence:
For they compare not the hope of the victor,
To the sensual pleasure of their concupiscence,
But like rude beasts in unadvisedly,
Lacking discretion they compare and apply,
Of their soule sinnen, the voluptuous delight
To the laborous travaile of the conflict and fight.

And yet alas, he that oft hath knowne,
What grief it is by long experience,

Of his cruel enemy to be overthorowen,
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,
Inglorious victory triumph and conquest.

The xii. rule.

Though thou be tempted, despair thee nothing,
Remember the glorious apostle saint Paul,
Whom he had sene god in his parfit being,
Left such relation should his heart xtolle.
His stede was suffred rebellion against the soule.

This did almighty god of his goodnesse provide,
To prevent his servaunt fro the daunger of pride.

And here take hede that he whom god did love,
And for his most especial beloved chose,
Ranithed into the third heaven aboue,
Yet stood in peril lest pride might him depose,
Well ought we then our heartes fense and close,
Against being loss, the mother of reprieve,
The very crop and roote of all mithie.

Against this pompe and wretched worlds glorie,

Consider
Earle of Mirandula.

Consider how Christ the lord for our sake forborne,
Humbled himselfe for vs unto the crosse,
And promised us death within one house,
Shal ye bereue, weake riches and honowre,
And bring ye downe full lowe bothe small and great,
To bite careen and wretched woumesmeate.

The twelve weapons of spiritual battle, which every manne should have at hand when the pleasure of a sinnefull temptation commeth to his minde.

The pleasure little and short.
The followers grieue and heauinesse.
The losse of a better thing.
The death at our hande and beware.

The pleasure little and short.

Onluder we the pleasure that thou hast,
Stand in it in touching or in wanton light,
In vainse smell or in thy licentious talk,
Of falsely in whatsoever delight,
Corrupted is thy wretched appetite,
Thou shalt it finde, when thou hast it cast,
Little, simple, short, and sodainly past.

The followers grieue and heauinesse.

If good wozke if thou with labour do,
The labour goth, the goodnes both remayne,
If thou do evil with pleasure ioned thereto,
The pleasure, which thine evil wozke both contayne,
Glides his way, thou mayst him not reestaine,
The evil then in thy best cleaeth behinde,
With grudge of heart, and heauines of minde.

The losse of a better thing.

When thou labourest thy pleasure for to bye,
Upon the price looke thou thy well advise,
Thou lessest thy soule therfore even by and by,
To thy moste brest despisous enemies,
Of madde marchant, of foolish marchandise,
To bye a trefle, of childishe reckening,

And
And pape therefore so verre a precious thing.
This life a dreame and a shadowe,
This wretched life, the truth and confidence
Of whole continuance makest thy soulde to crepe,
This perceiued well by experience,
Sithe that houre, in which it did beginne,
It holdeth on the course, and will not lerne,
But falleth runneth on, and passeth all,
As doth a dreame or shadow on the wall.
Death at our hande and beware.
Consider well that ever night and dayes,
While that we basely proude and care
For our dispatche, rust and place,
For pleasant melody and dainty fare,
Death stealthly on full slit and beware.
He lieth at hande, and shall by enterprise,
We were not base done, nor in what manner wise.
Fear of impudent departing,
If thou shouldst god offend, thinke howe therefore,
Thou were tooothwith in very jeopardy a case:
For happily thou shouldst not live an houre more
Thy lerne to cleene, and though thou hadst space,
Yet peradventure shouldst thou lacke the grace,
Well ought we then be seere to done offence,
Impudent lest we departen hence.
Eternal奖励 eternal payne.
Thou seest this woe is but a thore we fare,
See thou behauve thee wisely with thine hoose,
Hence must thou nede depart naked and bare,
And after thy desert looke to what cost
Thou art conuerte at such time as thy good,
From this wretched carcass shall disuer,
Be it tope of paine, endure it shall for ever.
The nature and dignitie of man.
Remember how God hath made thee reasonable,
Lyke unto his ymage and figure,
And for thee suffered paines intolerable,
That he his angel never would endure:
Regarde O man thine excellent nature,
Thou hast with angell art made to benigne all,
For very shame be not the devils thyall.
The peace of a good mynde.
Why lovest thou so this boults woules to dye,
Take all the deceit, take all the fantasie,
Take every game, take every wanton tope,
Take
Earle of Mirandula.

A Take euer sporte, that menne can thee devise, And among them alle on warrante. Thou shalt no pleasure comparable finde To thinwarde gladnes of a vertuous munde.

C The great benfites of god. Beside that god thee bought and forred both, Many a benifite hast thou receivd of his, Though thou have moved him often to be wroth, Yet he the kepeth and brought thee up to this, And dayly calleth upon thee to his blisse, How woulde thou then to hym unlouing bee, That euer had bee so lousyng unto thee.

C The painefull crosse of Chyst.

By than thou in flame of the temptation friest, Thynke on the very lamentable paine, Thynke on the pitous crosse of woorful Chyst, Thynke on his bloody bet out at every paine, Thynke on his precious heart carued in twayne, Thynke howe for thy redemption all was bought, Let him not lefe that he so eere hath bought.

C The vitnes of martyes and example of saintes.

Sinnese to withsande sape not thou lackes might, Suche allegarions foly it is to be,

C The vitnes of saintes and maerties constaut right,

Shall the of sowthfull cowardis accuse, God will the helpe, if thou do not refuse.

If other haue bande of this thou maist estone,
Nothing impossible is that hath bene done.

C The twelue properties or condicions of a lover.

O love one alone, and contempte al other for that one.
To thinke him unhappy, that is not with his loue.
To abourne humilitie for the pleasure of his loue.

D To suffer all thing, though it were death, to be with his loue.
To despise alfo to suffer shame harme for his loue, and to thinke that hurt loue.
To be with his issue euer, as he maye, is not in deede, yet in thought.
To loue all thing that pertayneth unto his loue.
To couete the praise of his loue, and not to suffer any dispraise.
To belieue of his loue al thinges excellent, and to despise that all folk should thinke the same.
To wepe ofte with his loue, in presence for to, in absence for to see.
To languish euer and euer to burnynge the desire of his loue.
To serue his loue, nothing thinking of any reward or profite.

C The
Twelve rules of Iohn Picus

The first point is to love but one alone.
And for that one all other to forswake.
For who so loveth many, lovethe none:
The flood of that is in many channels take,
In either of them shall selle streams make,
The love that is divided among many,
Unneth sufficeth that every part have any.

So thou that hast thy love sette into god,
In the remembrance this empyent and grave.
As he in soueraine dignitie is odde,
So will he in love no parting fetomes haue:
Love him therefore with all that he three gaine,
For body, soule, witte, cunning, minde and thought,
Parte will he none, but either all or nought.

The second point is,
Of his love to the sight and company.
To the lover so gladde and pleasant is,
That who so hath the grace to come thereby,
He judgeth him in peritio and bliss.

And who so of that company doth the misse,
Lust he in neuer to prosperous estate,
He thinketh him wretched and infirrinate.

So shoulde the lover of God eseme that he,
Which all the pleasure hath, mirth, and delight.
That in this world is possible to be,
Yet still the time that he may once resewe,
Unto that blessed toyfull heavenly part,
Where he of god most haue the glorious sight,
Is boide of peritiope and lure delight.

The third point of a perit lover is,
To make him frede to see that all thing bene,
Appointed wel, and nothing let a mispe.
But all well fashioned, proper, goodly, cleene,
That in his course there be nothing fene,
In speache, apporthe, gesture, looke or face,
That may offend or marre any grace.

So thou that wilt with god great into famoure,

Garnish
Earle of Miranda,

A Garnish thy selfe up 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 glade vpon thy body pro walke,
But with faire vertue to adorne thy soule.

Thus shouldest thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf- faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf-faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf-faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf-faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf-faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf-faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf-faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf-faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf-faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf-faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf-faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
For whom if thou be neuer so wo be sad,
Yet thou shalt suf-faine be not adrad,
Half the doyleur grief and aduerstee,
That he already suffered harte for the.

Thus shouldst thou, that louest god also
In thine harte with soueraine and be glad
For in to suffer trouble and paine and wo;
A Lo in lyke maner the louver of god shoude,
At the least in suche wise as he myght,
If he may not in suche wise as he would,
Be present with god, and consentaunt alwaie:
For certes who solde he may pursue,
Though all the world woulde hym thereto beruene,
To beare his body in earth, his minde in heuen.

C. The viii. propertee.

There is no page or centuam moste or least,
That doth upon his louver atteande and waite,
There is no little wone me no simple belf,
He none so small a trile or conceyte,
Late, girdle, point, or proper glowe straite,
But that if to his louver it have bene nere,
The louver hath it precious, let, and dere.

S. So every reliue, image, or picture,
That doth pertaine to goddes magnificence,
The louver of god shoude with al belye
Have it in louver, honoure, and reverence,
And specially gene them presemance,
Whiche daily done his blessed bodye purshe,
The queyrce reliues, the ministers of his churche.

C. The viii. propertee.

A very louver aboue all earthly thing
Counselth and longely evermoze to here
Honoure, laude, commendation and passer,
And every thyng that may the same cery
Of this louver he maye in no manere
Endure to here that thereof mighten hary,
Or any thyng downe in to the contrary.

The louver of god should counselt in like wise
To here his honour, woostive, laude, and praise,
Whose soueraine goodnes none heart may compasse,
Whom hell, earth, and all the heauen obasse,
Whose pereite louver ought be no manere waise
To suffer the cursed wodes of blaspheyme,
Or any thing spoken of god buerentely.

C. The ix. propertee.

A very louver beleueth in his mynde,
On whom to ever he hath his heart Iverse,
That in that person menne mape nothing finde,
Buthonorable, woostive, and excellent,
And eke for mounting tarre in his entere
A I'll other that he hath known by sight or name,
And woulde that ev'ry manne should thinke the same.

Of god likewise so wonderfull and he
All thing esteem and judge his lover ought.
So reverence, wooshippe, honour, and magnific.
That all the creatures in this world I woulde
In comparison should he sette at wught,
And glad be if he might the meanes devise,
That all the worlde would thinke in likewise.

C The r. propersee.
The lover is of colour dead and pale,
There will no step en to his eyes at all,
He savoureth neither meat, wine, nor ale,
He mindeth not what menne about him talke,
But este he, drinke he, sitte, lyce downe or walke,
He burneth ever as it were with a fire
In the fervent heate of his desire.

Here should the lover of god ensample take
To have him continually in remembrance,
With him in prayer and meditacion wake,
While other playe, feuell, sing, and dance,
C Done earthly hope, dispose, or joyne pleasure
Should him delight, or any thing remove
His aedent minde from god his heavenly love.

C The xi. propersee.
Diversely passioned is the lovers hart,
Now pleasant hope, now dread and grievours tere,
Now perit bliss, now bitter sorrow smart,
And whether his love be with him or els where,
Off from his eyes there fallith many a tere
For very joy, when they together bee,
When the be lundzed for aduerstite.

Lyke affection felte the best
Of gods lover in prayer and meditacion,
Whan that his love liketh in him reth,
With inward gladnes of pleasauant contemplation,
Out breake the teares for joy and delteation:
And whan his love lift eth to parte him fro
Out breake the teares againe for paine and woe.

C The xii. propersee.
A very lover will his love obaye,
His love it is, and all his appetite
To payne himselfe in all that ever he maye.
That person, in whom he seth hath his delight
Diligently to serve both the day and night,
For bere love, without any regard
To any profite, giver done, or reward.

So thou likewise, that hast thine heart set
Uphave to God, to well thyself endure.
So studiously that nothing make the set
Not for his service any will dillexer:
Freely loose the thou serve that thereto neuer
Trufl of reward or profite done the bynede:
But onely faithfull heart, and louinge munde.

Wageles to serve three things maie be more,
First if the service selfe be desierable,
Second if the whom that we serve and love,
Bere bere good and bere amiable.
The delye of reason be wercurable
Without the gaping after any more,
To suche as have done muche for us before.

Serve God for love then, not for hope of meede,
What service maie to desierable bee,
As where all turneth to thre owne speede:
Who is to good, so louely eke as her,
Who hath all readye done muche for thee,
As hee that first thee made, and on the roode,
Efte thee redeemed with his precious blode.

A praier of Picus Mirandula unto God
Oh holy God of death, full matester,
Truely one in three, and thee in one,
Whose Angels serve whole worke all creatures bee,
Which heaven and earth directest, all alone,
We thee beseech good Lord, with most full mone,
Space vs twiches, and wash ye away our guilt,
That we be not by thy wile anger split.

In straite balaunce of rigorous judgement
If thou shouldest our sinne ponder and wape:
Who able were to bare the punishment
The whole engine of all this world I fale,
The engine that endureth shall so ape,
With suche examination might not stande
Space of a moment in thine angry hande.

Who
Earle of Mitandula.

A who is not bozne in sinne originally,
who bothe not actuall sinne in sundry wise:
But thou good lorde art he that sparest all,
with pitious mercy tempering justice:
For as thou dost rewardes by devise
Above our merite, so dost thou dispence
Thy punishment farre under our offence.

Moxe is thy mercy farre then all our sinne,
To gene them also that unworthy bee,
Moxe godly is, and moxe mercy therein,
Howbeit, worthy enough are they pardes,
Be they never so unworthy whom that bee
List to accept, which where so ever he taketh,
Whom he unworthy findeth worthy maketh.

wherefore good lorde that are mercifull art,
Unto thy grace and soueraigne dignitie,
we fely weatches eere with humble heart,
Our sinne for great, and our malignitie,
with piteous eyes of thy benignitie,
Frendely looke on vs once, shine downe we bee,
Seruantes of sinners whether it liketh thee.

Sinners if thou our crime beholde certaine,
Our crime the worke of our uncorrecpte mynde,
But if thy gisted thou beholde againe,
Thy gisted noble wonderfull and kinde,
Thou shalt by then thesame partones finde,
which are to thee and haue be long space,
Seruantes by nature, childe ben by thy grace.

But this thy goodnes wangeeth vs alas,
For we whom grace had made thy children here,
Are made thy gilty folke by our trespace,
Sine hath by gity made this many a pere,
But let thy grace, thy grace that hath no pere,
Of our offence surmounten all the pleace,
That in our sinne thine honour may encrace.

For though thy wisedome, though thy soueraigne poitore,
May other wise appeac sufficiently,
As thinges whiche thy creatures every howse,
All with one voice declare and refite,
Thy goodnes, yet thy singular mercy,
Twelve rules of John Picus Earle of Mirandula.

A Thy piteous heart, thy gracious indulgence
Nothing so dearly the weth as our offence,

What but our synne hath showed that mighty love,
Which able was thy dreadfull mageste,
To drawe downe into earth fro heauen aboue,
And crucifie God, that we pooze woerthes woe.
Should from our filthy sinne plenishd bee,
With bloode and water of thine owne side,
That stemmed from thine blessed woundes wide.

B Thy love and pitie thus O heavenly king,
Our evil maketh matter of thy goodnes,
O love, O pitie our wealthie aie proiving,
O goodnes serving thy servauntes in distress,
O love, O pitie wel nigh now thankles
O goodnes mightie gracious and wise,
And yet almost vanquishd with our bye.

Grant thus praise, such heat into mine heart,
That to this love of thine may be egall.
Grant me fro Satanas service to affare,
With whom mine eueth so long to have be thyall.

Grant me good lord, and creator of all,
The flame to quenche of all sinnefull desire,
And in thy loues sette all mine heart a fire.

That when the journe of this deadly life
My selfe good hath finished, and thence
Departed must: without his flesly wise,
A lone into his lordes high presence
He maye thee finde, O well of indulgence,
In thy lordeship nor as a lord: but rather
As a very tender loving father.

Amen.