THE ENGLISH WORKS OF SIR THOMAS MORE

VOLUME THE FIRST

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MCMXXXI
THESE FOWRE THINGES

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

(1) A mery jest how a sergeant would learne to playe the frece.
Written by maister Thomas More in his youth.

Wyse men alway,
Affyrm and say,
That best is for a man:
Diligently,
For to apply,
The busines that he can,
And in no wyse,
To enterpyse,
An other faculte,
For he that wyll,
And can no skyll,
Is never lyke to the,
He that hath latfe,
The hosiers crafe.
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 wrytyng scole,
An olde butler,
Becum a cutler,
I wene shall prove a foile,
And an olde troe,
That can god wot,
Nothyng but kysse the cup,
With her phisick,
Wil kepe one sicke,
Til she have soused hym up.
A man of lawe,
That never sawe,

The wayes to bye and sell,
Wenynge to ryse,
By marchaundise,
I pray god spede hym well.
A marchaunt eke,
That wyll goo seke,
By all the meanes he may,
To fall in suite,
Tyll he dispute,
His money cleane away.
Pletynge the lawe,
For every strawe.
Shall prove 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,
Waxe a medlar,
In theology,
All that ensue,
Suche craftes new,
They drive so farre a cast,
That evermore,
They do therfore,
Beshrewc themselfe at last.

1 known.
3 thrue.

9 This thing was tryed
And verefyed,
Here by a serjeant late,
That thriftily was,
Or he could pas,
Rapped about the patce,
Whyle that he would
See how he could,
In goddess name play the freere:
Now yt you will,
Knowe how it fyll,
Take heede and ye shall here.

It happeth so,
Not long a go,
A thryff man there dyed,
An hundred pounde,
Of nobles ronde,
That had he layd a side:
His sonne he wolde,
Should have this golde,
For to beginne with all:
But to suffise
His chylde, well thryse,
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 impoy,
That certaynly,
His policy,
To see it was a joy.
For lest sum blast,
Myght over cast,
His ship, or by mischaunce,
Men with sum wil,
Myght hym begyle,
And minish his substance,
For to put out,

All maner doubt,
He made a good purray,
For every whyt,
By his owne wyte,
And toke an other way:
First fayre and wele,
Therof much dele,
He dyged it in a pot,
But then hin 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,
Covetously,
He supped it fayre up,
In his owne brest,
He thought it best,
His money to enclose,
Then wist he well,
Whatever fell,
He could it never lose.
He borrowed then,
Of other men,
Money and merchandise:
Never payd it,
Up he laid it.
In like maner whyte,
Yet on the gener,
That he would wreke.
He rote not what he spent,
So it were nyce,
As for the price,
Could him not miscontent.
With lustie spore,
And with resort,
Of joly company,
In mirth and play,
Full many a day,
He lived merelich.

And men had sworne,
Some man is borne,
To have a lucky howre,
And so was he,
For such doctrine,
He gat and suche honour,
That without dout,
When he went out,
A serjeant well and fayre,
Was redye strayte,
On him to wande,
As soone as on the mayre.
But he doubtesse,
Of his mekenesse,
Hated such pompe and pride,
And would not go,
Companied so,
But drewe himself a side,
To saint Katherine,
Strayght as a line,
He gate him at a ryde,
For devotion,
Or promocioun,
There would he nedes abyde.
There spent he fast,
Till all was past,
And to him came there menye,
To asken theyr det,
But none coude get,
The valour of a penye,
With visage stout,
He bare it out,
Even unto the harde henge,
A mony 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 fayre,
Depart again,
But that he wist not whither,
Than after this,

It happeth than,
A marchant man,
That he ought money to,
Of an officere,
Than gan enquire,
What him was best to do,
And he answerede,
Be not aferde,
Take an accion therfore,
I you beheste,
I shall hyme rede,
And than care for no more.

I feare quod he,
It wyll not be,
For he wyll not come out,
The serjeant sayd,
Be not afered,
It shalle be brought about,
In many a game,
Lyke to the same,
Have I bene well in ure,
And for your sake,
Let me be bake,
But yt 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 freere.
So was he dight,
That no man might,
So religiously. He goeth in straight. To see how well he hym for a frere deny, There lodgeth such a man, And yf he do what than. Every wight to fordcr. Sir quod she. It longeth for our order, Yet in a place, Or he would passe, He torted 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 in goddes name, To do this dede, But now take hede, For here begynneth the game.

He drew hym ny, And softly, Streyght at the dore he knocked: And a damsell, That hard hym well, There came and it unlocked. The frere sayd, God 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 douleses: It longeth for our order, To hurt no man, But as we can, Every 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, Vouchsafe to do, As go hym to, And say an austen fryte, Would with hym speke, And matters breake, For his avayle cetrayn. Quod she I wyll, Stonde ye here still, Tyll I come downe agayn. Up is she go, And told hym so, As she was bode to say. He mistrustyng, No maner thyng. Sayd mayden go thy way, And fetche hym hyder, That we togyder, May talk. Adowne she gothe, Up she hym brought, No harme she thought, But it made some folke wrothe.

This officere, This fayned frere, When he was come aloft, He dopped than, And gret this man, Religiously and oft. And he agayn, Ryght glad and fayyn, 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. Sir quod the frere,  

Be of good chere, Yet shall it after this. For Christes sake, Loke that you take, No thought within your best : God may tourne all, And so he shall, I trust unto the best. But I would now, Comen with you, In counsayle yt you please, Or ellys rat 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 sere to here.

Whan there was none, But they alone, The frere with evyll grace, Sayd, I rest the, Come on with me, And out he toke his mace: Thou shalt obey, 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 waxynge welygh wood, Sayd horson thefe, With a mischefe,

Who hath taught the thy good, And with his fist, Upon the lyst, He gave hym such a blow, That backward downe, Almost in sowne, The frere is overthrow. Yet was this man, Well fearder than, Lest he the frere had slayne, Tyll with good rapps, And hevy clappes, He dawde hym up agayne. The frere toke harte, And up he starte, And well he layde about, And so there goth, Betwene them both, Many a lusty cloure. They rent and tere, Eche others here, And clave togyder fast, Tyll with luggyn, And with tuggyn, They felled 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 above, They heve and shove, Togider that at last, The mayd and wyfe, To breake the strife, Hyed them upward fast. And whan they spy, The captaynes lye, Both waltring on the place, The freres hood,
They pulled a good,
Adowne about his face.
Whyle he was bylynde,
The wenche behynde,
Lent him leyde on the flore,
Many a joule,
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 gave hym on the crowne.
They layd his mace,
About his face,
That he was wood for payne :
The fyre frappe,
Gate many a swappe,
Tyll he was full nygh slayne.
Up they hym lift,
And with yll thrift,
Hedlyng a long the stayre,
Downe they hym threwe,
And sayd adewe,
Commaunde us to the mayre.

To make my selfe a freere.

Now masters all,
Here now I shall,
Ende there as I began,
In any wyse,
I would avyse,
And coumsayle every man,
His owne craft use,
All newe refuse,
And lyghtly let them gone :
Play not the freere,
Now make good chere,
And welcome every chone.

Finis.

(II) Mayster Thomas More in his youth devised in his fathers house in London, a
goodly hangynge of fyne paynted clote, with nyne pageantyns, and verses over of euyry
of those pageantyns: which verses expressed and declared, what the ymage s in those
pageantyns represented: and also in those pageantyns were paynted, the thynges that
the verses over then dysd (in effecte) declare, whiche verses here folowe.

In the first pageant was painted a boy playing at the top and sparyge. And over
this pageant was written as foloweth.

Chyldhod.
I am called Chyldhod, in play is all my mynde,
To cast a coyte, a cokstele, and a ball,
A topppe can I set, and dryve it in his kynde.
But would to god these barefull bookez all.

Were in a fyre brent to pouder small,
Than myght I lede my lyfe alwayes in play:
Which lyfe god sende me to myne endyng day.

In the second pageant was paynted a goodly freske yonge man, rydlynge upon a
goodly horse, havynge an hawke on his fyste, and a bras of grayhoundes folowynge
hym. And under the horse fete, was paynted the same boy, that in the fyrst pageant
was playynge at the top and sparyge. And over this second pageant the wryntyng
was thus.

Manhood.
Manhood I am therefore I use delight,
To hunt and hawke, to nourishe up and fede,
The grayhounde to the course, the hawke to the flyght,
And to bestryde a good and lusty stede.
These thynges become a very man in dede,
Yet thynketh this boy his pevishe game swetter,
But what no force, his reason is no better.

In the thrird pageant, was paynted the goodly younge man, in the seconde pageant
lyng on the grene. And upon hym stode ladye Venus goddes of love, and by her
upon this man stode the lytle god Cupyde. And over this thrird pageant, this was
the wryntyng that foloweth.

Venus and Cupyde.
Who so ne knoweth the strenghe power and myght,
Of Venus and me her lytle sonne Cupyde,
Thou Manhood shalt a myrroure ben a ryght,
By us subdued for all thy great pryde,
My fyry dart perceth thy tender syde,
Now thou whiche erst despyseth children small,
Shall waxe a chylyde agayne and be my thrall.

In the fourth pageant was paynted an olde sage father sittynge in a chayre. And
lyng under his fete was painted the image of Venus and Cupyde, that were in the
third pageant. And over this fourth pageant the scripture was thus.

Age.
Olde Age am I, with lokkes, thynne and hore,
Of oure short lyfe, the last and best part.
Wyse and discrete: the publike wele therefore,
I help to rule to my labour and smart,
Therefore Cupyde withdrawe thy fyry dart,
Chargable matters shal of love oppresse,
The childish game and ydle byssinesse.
In the fifth pageant was paynted an ymage of Death: and under bys fete lay the olde man in the fourth pageant. And above this fift pageant, this was the saying.

Deth.

Though I be foule ugly lene and mysshepe,
Yet there is none in all this worlde wyde,
That may my power withstande or escape,
Therefore saie father greatly magnified,
Discende from your chayre, set a part your pryde,
Witsafe1 to lend (though it be to your payne)
To me a fole,2 some of your wise brayne.

In the sixt pageant was painted lady Fame. And under her fete was the picture of Death that was in the fifth pageant. And over this sixt pageant the wryting was as followeth.

Fame.

Fame I am called, marvayle you nooth,
Though I with tonges am compassed all rounde
For in voyce of people is my chiefe lyving.
O cruel death, thy power I confounde,
When thou a noble man hast brought to grounde
Maury thy teeth to lyfe cause hym shall I,
Of people in perpetuell memory.

In the seuenth pageant was painted the ymage of Tyne, and under bys fete was lying the picture of Fame that was in the sixt pageant. And this was the scripture over this seuenth pageant.

Tyme.

I whom thou seest with barylege in hande,
Am named tyne, the lord of every howre,
I shall in space destroy both see and lande.
O simple fame, how darest thou man honoure,
Promissing of his name, an endlesse flower,
Who may in the world have a name eternall,
When I shall in processt destroy the world and all.

In the eights pageant was pictured the ymage of lady Eternitie, setting in a chaye under a sumpis as is the of estate, crowned with an imperial crown. And under her fete by the picture of Fame, that was in the seuenth pageant. And above this eights pageant was it written as foloweth.

Eternitie.

Me nedeth not to bost, I am Eternitie,
The very name signifieth well,
That myne empire infinite shall be.
Thou mortall Tyne every man can tell,
Art nothing els but the mobilite,
Of some and none chaungynge in every degr,
When they shall leve theyr course thou shalt be brought,
For all thy pride and boysting into nought.

In the nyne pageant was painted a Poet sitting in a chayre. And over this pageant were there written these verses in latin folowynge.

The Poet.

Has fictas quemcunque tuvar spectare figuras,
Sed mira veros quas putat arte homines,
Ille porest veris, animum sic pascere rebus,
Ut pictis oculos passit imaginibus.
Namque videbit uti fragilis bona lubrica mundi,
Tam cito non veniunt, quam cito pretentum,
Gaudia laus & honor, celeri pede omnia cedunt,
Qui manet excepto semper amore dei?
Ergo homines, levibus iamiam diffidite rebus,
Nulla recessuro spes adhibenda bona,
Qui dabit eternam nobis pro munere vitam,
In permanuero ponite vota deo.

[III.]. A rulful lamentaciō (written by master Thomas More in his yenthe) of the deth of queene Elisabeth mother to king Henry the eight, wife to king Henry the seveth, & eldest daughter to king Edward the fourth, which queene Elisabeth dyed in childbed in February in the yer of our lord 1537 & in the 18. yer of the raigne of king Henry the seveth.

O ye that put your trust and confidence,
In worldly joy and fraye prosperite,
That so live here as ye should never hence,
Remember death and looke here upon me,
Embrace I thynke there may no better be.
Your selte were well that in this realme was I,
Your queene but here, and to 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 every pleasaut thyng?  
Mercifull god this is a straunge reckenyng:  
Rychesse, honour, welth, and ancesstry  
Hath me forsaken and lo now here I ly.

If worship myght have kept me, I had not gone.  
If wyt myght have me saved, I neded not fere.  
If money myght have holpe, I lacked none.  
But O good God what sayleth all this erre.  
When deth is come thy mighty messangere,  
Obey we must there is no remedy,  
Me hath he summoned, and lo now here I ly.

Yet was I late promised otherwyse,  
This yere to live in welth and delice.  
Lo where to commyn thy blandisyng promise,  
O false astrology and devynatrice,  
Of goddes secretes makynge 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, ay full of bitternesse,  
Thy single pleasure doubled is with payne.  
Account my sorow first and my distresse,  
In sondry wyse, and reckon there agayne,  
The joye that I have had, and I dare sayne,  
For all my honour, endured yet have I,  
More wo thethen welth, and lo now here I ly.

Where are our Castels, now where are our Towers?  
Goodly Rychmond sone art thou gone from me,  
At westminster that costly worke of yours,  
Myne owne dere lorde now shal I never see.  
Almighty god vouchsafe to graunt that ye,  
For you and your children well may edify.  
My palyce bylded is, and lo now here I ly.

Adew myne owne dere spouse my worthy lorde,  
The faithfull love, that dyd us both combyne,  
In marriage and peaseable concorde,  
Into your handes here I cleene resyne.

To be bestowed upon your children and myne,  
Erst wert you father, & now must ye supply.  
The mothers part also, for lo now here I ly.

Farewell my daughter lady Margarete,  
God wotte full oft it grieved hath my mynde,  
That ye should go where we should seldome mete.  
Now am I gone, and have left you behynde,  
O mortall folkes that we be very blinde,  
That we least feare, full oft it is most nye,  
From you depart I first, and lo now here I ly.

Farewell Madame my lorde worthy mother,  
Comfort your sonne, and be ye of good chere,  
Take all a worth, for it will be no nother.  
Farewell my daughter Katherine late the fere,  
To prince Arthur myne owne chylde so dere,  
It boosteth not for me to wepe or cry,  
Pray for my soule, for lo now here I ly.

Adew iord Henry my luyng sonne adew.  
Our lorde encrese your honour and estate,  
Adew my daughter Mary bright of hew.  
God make you vertuous wyse and fortunate.  
Adew sweete hart my little doughter Kate,  
Thou shal sweete babe suche is thy desteny,  
Thy mother never know, for lo now here I ly.

Lady Cicly 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 folke flee,  
And hevenly thynges love and magnify,  
Farewell and pray for me, for lo now here I ly.

Adew my lorde, adew my ladys all,  
Adew my faithfull servauntes every chone.  
Adew my commons whom I never shall,  
See in this world wherfore to the alone,  
Immortal god verely three and one,  
I me commendeth thy infinite mercy,  
Shew to thy servant, for lo now here I ly.

1 wife.  
2 every one.
(IV.) Certain meters in English written by Master Thomas More in his youth for the boke of Fortune, and caused them to be printed in the begynnynge of that boke.

The wordes of Fortune to the people.

Mine high estate power and auctoritie,
If ye ne know, ensetche and ye shall spyc,
That richesse, worship, welth, and dignitie,
Joy, rest, and peace, and all thyng synally,
That any pleasure or profite may come by,
To mannes comfort, ayde, and sustaunaunce,
Is all at my devyse and ordinauncc.

Without my favour there is nothyng wonne.
Many a matter have I brought at last,
To good conclusion, that fondly was begonnc.
And many a purpose, bounden sure and fast
With wise provision, I have overcast.
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 displasye, And other cause there nys, 1
But for me list not friendly on them loke,
Thus lyke the fox they fere that once forsokc,
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 riches.
Much better is than penury and payne.
The nedy wretch that lingereth in distresse,
Without myne helpe is ever comfortlesse,
A very burden odious and loth,
To all the world, and eke to him selfe both.

But he that by my favour may ascende,
To mighty power and excellent degree,
A common wele to governe and defende,
O in how blist condicion standeth he :
Him self in honour and felicite,
And over that, may forther and encrease,
A region hole in joyfull rest and peace.

1 is not.

Now in this poynte there is no more to say,
Eche man hath of him self the governaunce.
Let every wight than folowe his owne way.
And he that out of povetee and mischaunce,
List for to live, and wyll hym selfe enhance,
In wealth & 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 art prowde of honour shape or kynne.
That heepst up this wretched worldes treasure,
Thy fingers shrined with gold, thy tawny skynne,
With fresh apparayle garnished out of measure.
And wenest to have fortune at thy pleasure,
Cast up thyne eye, and loke how slipper chaunce,
Illudeth eye, and loke how slipper chaunce.

Sometyme she loketh as lovely fayre and bright,
As goodly Venus mother of Cupyde.
She becketh 2 and she smyleth on every wight.
But this chere fayned, may not long abide.
There commeth 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 broteth 4 men are fayne,
(So wretched is our nature and so blislyde)
As soone as Fortune list to laugh agayne,
With fayre countenaunce and discerftull mynde.
To crouche and knele and gape after the wynde,
Not one or twayne but thousandes in a rout,
Lyke swarmynge bees come flickeryng her aboute.

Then as a bayte she byngeth forth her ware,
Silver, gold, riche perle, and precious stone : 5
On whiche the mased people gaze and starre,
And gape therefore, as dogges doe for the bone.
Fortune at them laugheth, and in her trone
Amyd her treasure and wavingry rychesse,
Proudly she loveth 6 as lady and empressse.

1 is not. 2 deceiveth. 3 certain. 4 broteth. 5 preside.
Fast by her syde doth very Labour stand,
Pale Fere also, and Sorow all bewept,
Dislayn and Hatred on that other hand.
Eke restles watche fro sleepe with traveyle kept,
His eyes drowsy and lokyng as he slept.
Before her standeth Daunger and Envy,
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 love prosper above all thinge;
He kneelth downe and would be made a kyng:
He forceth1 not so he may money have,
Though all the world accompt hym for a knave.

Lo thus ye see divers heddes, divers wittes.
Fortune alone as divers as they all,
Unstable here and there among them flitte:
And at aventure 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 few.

And yet her brotell giftes long may not last.
He that she gave them, loketh prowde and hye.
She whirleth about and plucketh away as fast,
And geveth them to an other by and by.
And thus from man to man continually,
She useth to geve and take, and slily tosse,
One man to winnyng of an others losse.

And when she robbeth one, downe goth his pryde.
He wepeth and wayleth and curseth her full sore.
But he that receveth it, on that other syde,
Is glad, and bleeth her often tymes therefore.
But in a whyle when she lovethe hym no more,
She glydeith from hym, and her giftes too.
And he her curseth as other fooles do.

Alas the folyshe people can not cease.
Ne voyd her trayne,2 tyl they the harme do fele.
About her alway, besely they preace.3
But lord how he doth thynk hym self full wele.
That may set once his hande upon her whole.
1 custe. 2 wilde. 3 freem.

He holdeth fast: but upwarde as he flieth,
She whippeth her whole 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 rehearse.
Thus double fortune, when she lyst reverse
Her slipper favour fro them that in her trust,
She fleeth her way and leyeth them in the dust.

She sodeynly enhanceth them a loft.
And sodeynly mischeveth all the flocke.
The head that late lay easily and full soft,
In stede of pylows lyth after on the blocke.
And yet alas the most cruel proud mocke:
The deynyt mouth that ladyes kissed have,
She bryngeth in the case to kysse a knave.

Thus whan she changith her uncertayn course,4
Up startth a knave, and downe there falth a kyng.
The beggar ryche, and the ryche man pore is.
Hatred is turned to love, love to despight.
This is her sport, thus proveoth she her myght.
Great bose she maketh yf one be by her power,
Welthy and wretched both within an howre.

Povertie that of her giftes wyl nothing taky,
Wyth mery chere, looketh uppon the preace.2
And seeth how fortunes houshold goeth to wrake.
Fast by her standeth the wyse Socrates.
Arristippus, Pythagoras, and many a lese.3
Of olde Philosophers. And eke agaynst the sonne
Bekyth4 hym poore Diogenes in his tonne.

With her is Byas, whose countre y 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 caried out.
I bere quod he all myne with me about:
Wisdome he ment, nor fortunes brotge fees.
For nought he counted his that he might leese.6

1 See p. 247. 2 strong. 3 les. 4 stepe. 5 i.e. poverty. 6 les.
Heraclitus eke, lyst felowship to kepe
With glad povertie, Democritus also:
Of which the fyrst can never 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 foolysch apees,
Howe earnestly they walke about theyr japes.

Of this poore sect, it is comen usage,
Onely to take that nature may sustayne,
Banishing cleane all other surplussage,
They be content, and of nothing complayne.
No mygarde eke is of his good so fayne,
But they more pleasure have a thousande folde,
The secrete draughtes of nature to beholde.

Set fortunes servauntes by them and ye wull,
That one is free, that other ever thrall,
That one content, thnt other never full.
That one in suretye, that other lyke to fall.
Who lyst to advise them bothe, parcseyve he shall,
As great difference betwene them as we see,
Betwixte wretchednes and felicite.

Nowe have I shewed you bothe: chese where ye lyst,
Stately fortune, or humble povertie:
That is to say, nowe lyeth 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 thinke your selfe to well at ease.

And fyrst, upon the3 lovely shall she smile,
And frendly on the east her wandering eyes,
Embrace the in her armes, and for a while,
Put the and kepe the in a fooles paradise:
And foorth with all what so thou lyst devise,
She wyl the graunt it liberally parhappes:
But for all that beware of after clippes.

Recken you never of her favoure sure:
Ye may in clowds as easily trace1 an hare,
Or in drye lande cause fishes to endure,
And make the burnyng fyre his hearte to spare,
And all thys worlde in compare to forfarto,5

As her to make by craft or engine stable,
That of her nature is ever variable.

Serve her day and nyght as reverently,
Uppon thy knees as any servaunt may,
And in conclusion, that thou shalte winne thereby
Shall not be worth thy servyce I dare say.
And looke yet what she gyveneth to day,
With labour wonne she shall happily to morow
Pluck it agayne out of thyne hande with sorow.

Wherefore fy thou in suretye lyst to stande,
Take povertys parte and let prowdle fortune go,
Receyve nothing that commeth from her hande:
Love maner1 and vertue: they be onely tho.2
Whiche double fortune may not take the fro.
Then mayst thou boldly defye her turnyng chaunce:
She can the neyther hynder nor avaunce.

But and thou wylt nedes medle with her treasure,
Trust not therein, and spende it liberally.
Boare the not proude, nor take not out of measure.
Bylde not thyne house on heyth3 up in the skye
None falles farte, but he that climeth hye,
Remember nature sent the hyther bare,
The gyftes of fortune count them borowed ware.

Thomas More to them that seke fortune.
Whoso delytech to proven and assay,
Of waverling fortune the uncertayny 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 have of her no bylyde in my fiste,
She renneth loose, and turneth where she lyst.

The rollyng dyse in whome your lucke doth stande.
With whose unhappy chaunce ye be so wroth,
Ye knowe your selfe came never in myne hande.
Lo in this ponde be fysehe and frogges both.
Cast in your nete: but be you litle or lothe,
Holdye you content as fortune lyst assynye:
For it is younne fishynge and not myne.

1 maner, his moral excellence. 2 these. 3 poynte. 4 lyght. 5 renneth.
And though in one chaunce fortune you offend,
Grudge not then at, but beare a mery face.
In many an other she shall it amend.
There is no manne so farre out of her grace.
But he someryme hath comfort and solace:
Ne none agayn so farre foorth in her favour,
That is full satisfied with her behaviour.

Fortune is stately, solemne, prowde, and hye:
And rychesse geveth, to have servyce therefore.
The nedy begger catcheth an halfpenny:
Some manne a thousande pounde, some lesse some more.
But for all that she kepeth ever in store.
From every manne some parcel of his wyll,
That he may pray therfore and serve 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 up to honours trone,
Can he not crepe, by no maner of stelth.
To some she sendeth, children, ryches, welthe,
Honour, woorshyp, and reverence all hys lyfe:
But yet she pyncheth hym with a shrowde 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 devyse,
Dothe every manne his parte divide and tax,
I counsayle you eche one trusse up 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 beleve, as surely as your crede.
But notwithstanding certes in my mynde,
I durst well swere, as true ye shall them fynde,
In every poynyt eche answere by and by.
As are the judgementes of Astronomye.

Thus endeth the preface to the boke of fortune.
The play is done, be shalt go walk a knave in his old age? Now thou thinkst thy self was enough whiles thou art proud in thy player's garment, and forgettest that when thy play is done, thou shalt go forth as pore as be.

(2) (R.H.15):

Then wouldest not for shame, that men should think thee so mad, to enoys a poor souls, for playing the lord one night in an overdate.

The same figure is found, in both Latin and English, in Richard III (66.F.12) in a series of similes:

For at the consecration of a bishop, every man waneth well by the paying for his bullis, that he purpose to be one, and though he pay for nothing else. And yet must he twice asketh whether he will be bishop or no, and be must twice say nayes, and at the third time take it as compelled ther write by his owne will. And in a stage play all the people know right well, that he that playeth the sodrawayme is because a wouter. Yet if one should can so lytell good, to shewe out of nature what acquaintance he hath with him, and calleth him by his owne name which he standeth in his magistrates, one of his tormentors might hap to break his head, and worthy for morings of the play. And so they said that these matters be Kynges games, as it were stage players, and for the more part placed upon scakespeare. In which pore men be but the toilers on. And they that wise be, will wade no further. For they that some time step up and play with them, when they cannot play their parts, they disorder the play and de themselves no good.

In the similes of the stage play, More is thinking of an elaborate passage in the Necromantia of Lucian that he himself had translated from the Greek into Latin in 1505, when he and Erasmus were working on Lucian together. An English verse-translation was printed along with More's Latin by his brother-in-law, John Rastell, before 1530. The relevant passage in the verse-translation will be found in the Notes under 66.G.6.

I would summarise my conclusions as follows: that More was the author of both the English and the Latin versions of Richard III; that neither is merely a translation of the other; that the two are not separated by a long interval. It is significant that each is dated c.1513 by its editor.

In the second volume of this edition, The Dialogue Concerning Tyndale, the Notes are prefaced by an introduction on punctuation, spelling and language. I have not thought it advisable to traverse the same ground again in the present volume.

A Merry Jest [References to Richard Jones (printer fl. 1564-1602) are to his edition of the Merry Jest].

First Page

B.2. The business that he can: the business or faculty that he is master of, and knows. Cf. B.6. B.4. Faculty: business or craft: literally, the capacity to do a thing with ease or facility. Cf. 77.B.15. C.8.

B.6. Can no skill: has no "faculty" or special knowledge. Cf. "the skill of geography." Dec. (O.E.D.). Cf. 71.B.10. See also Early Tudor Drama, p. 194: "He also allowed himself money for one Humfrey Dyke ... which caused not himself to be a mariner nor gunner,

B.7. to play: to prosper, succeed, thrive.

C.4. an old trot: "an old trot with ne'er a smooth in her head." (Taming of the Shrew, I. 2, 20).


D.10. playing the law: pleading the law.

D.14. a fat and chary: with debate and strike.


E.4. drive too far for a cast. Cf. Hamlet, II. 1, 15: "to cast beyond one's-crest."


PHILOLOGICAL NOTES

H.2. with god cast: by shrewd calculation or contriving.

H.7. Figures: [Richard Jones: he can].

Fifth Page

A goodly hanging of five painted cloths, with some pageants. The subject of More's "device" in an extension of his own manner of the themes of Persia's Jewish, a love poem in five cantos wherein are shown the successive triumphs and overthrow of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time and Eternity. The theme lent itself as a series to tapestry work and was to reproduced more than once. The second, third and fourth of a series of six Triumphs may be seen at South Kensington, and the third, fourth and fifth of a duplicate set at Hampton Court. Four sets are recorded in inventories taken on the death of Henry VIII. [Kendrick: Catalogue of Tapestries (Victoria and Albert Museum), and W. G. Thomson, History of Tapestry]. The series designed by More was in nine parts, the conventional number being five or six, and it was executed in painted cloth. The additional panels are the first (behind), the second (youth) and the ninth (the Poet).
Fifth Page.
A.1. top and dumpy: top and whip or scourge.
A.5. boy: quail.
B.11. peevish: foolish, trilling, silly.

Sixth Page.
A.4. Chargable matters shall of love apprise.
The childish game and sissy business: Weighty affairs shall suppress or crowd out the idle game and business of love.
C.8.
B.3.

Seventh Page.
A.8. A fearful lamentation . . . of the death of queen Elisabeth: This, as the refrain "Lo, now here I lie" indicates, is better utilised by Richard Hill (Balliol MSS. No. 354). A Lamentation of Queen Elisabeth.
Elisabeth of York, wife of Henry VII, died in February 1502-3, in childbirth. More was then in his twenty-fifth year.

Eighth Page.
A.2. My mother queen, my father king: Elisabeth was daughter of Edward IV and Elisabeth Woodvill. See More's Richard III, passim.
A.3. fire in marriage: fire, companion: also used of the relationship of parent and child.
A.11. wayeth: availeth.
B.3. Yet was I late promised otherwise: the divinations of an astrologer, whom apparently the Queen had consulted, had proved false.
B.9. Godly Richard: Parts of Henry's palace on the Green at Richmond-on-Thames still remain. At the time of the Queen's death the building was new.
C.9. At Westminster: Henry the Seventh's Chapel was then being built. The Queen's body, first buried in one of the side chapels, was subsequently removed to the new chapel and placed in Torrigiano's famous tomb.

Ninth Page.
A.2. Margaret: about to become the Queen of James IV of Scotland; hence the reference to the Queen's grief at their approaching separation.
B.1. Take all aoard: take things as they come.
B.3. My daughter Katherine: Katherine of Aragon, the girl-widow of Prince Arthur who had died in the preceding year.
B.6. Lord Henry: afterwards Henry VIII.
B.8. My daughter Mary: afterwards Queen of France and Duchess of Suffolk.
B.10. My little daughter Kate: the newly-born babe.
C.3. Cinyly, Anne and Katherine: the Queen's sisters. For fuller references see the opening paragraph of More's Richard III, where the Queen's fourth sister Bridget is alluded to as a man at Darnford.
D.8. the bide of Fortune: see Introduction, p. 16.

Tenth Page.
B.1. foully: foolishly.
C.8. bit: loachhome.

Eleventh Page.
A.3. embrance: advance.

PHILOLOGICAL NOTES

Fifth Page.
C.2. knave: dancer or stouped.
C.8. fitches: likening.
D.3. mad: dazed or stupefied.
D.4. gate: wait expectantly. See X.L.C.6. Fons mae inhabit: they gape after my goods). (Plautus: Mil. 3.4.120.)
D.6. twer: here, here, here: are favourite words of More; hence the sense is that of sitting on high-biding her time. Cf. 91.D.5.

Twelfth Page.
A.1. reciess watch: sleeplessness.
A.7. toy: trifle.
A.10. be before this: he cares not.
B.4. at advenine: indiscriminately, by chance.
C.4. One man to cunning of an instant base: gain to one man at the expense of another.
D.4. - trapped: snare, trap.
But lord how he each think . . . . and there he forth:
These lines graphically describe the figure of Fortune's wheel with its clinging victims which forms the frontispiece of the Book of Fortune.

Thirteenth Page.
B.4. In changing of her course, the change strewd this: This awkward line is found only in Rassell, who evidently disliked More's rhyme, course, part is. Balliol 354 reads: Thus when the change is naturant course, which is supported by Wyer's text.
C.6. And die against the sun:
Belysh hym parte: Dignity in its turn.
Belysh: sews, bends or crouches. W. C. Hazlett spoile this picture, in an amusing way, by reading botch. See XI.B.7.
C.8. Byas: This anecdote of the philosopher Bysa, one of the seven sages of Greece, was apparently proved from More's Paradise of CXC., "Neque non saepe laudabo sapiemem illi Baniem,
He is the tenor, qui numeratur in septem: cuius cum patriam Prienem episcopus hostis,
ceterique ita fugitiva ut multa de suis rebus secum apportionant,
or quodam ad quem ut idem ipse faceret: "Ego, inquit, falsus: non omnino
Ipsi habeas Ludibrida forunzae ne suas quidem patris, quae nos appallemus etiam bona"
(Ad Memoriam Brutum). I owe this note to Professor J. A. K. Thomson.

Fourteenth Page.
A.4. Of this poor sect: the philosophers.
A.10. The secrets draughts of nature: the secrets or hidden designs of Nature.
D.3. true: track, follow.
D.6. to forfar: to perish.

Fifteenth Page.
B.1. manner: good manners, i.e. virtue.
C.1. Thomas More to them that take fortune: i.e. to those who use the Book of Fortune.
D.1. The rolling dye: The Book of Fortune is a dice game. The French editions bore the title "Le Livre de Passezamus des Des.

Sixteenth Page.
C.8. He meant that the book of fortune: This amusing marginal note illustrates the editorial caution of William Russell.

P.1. Giovanni Pico della Mirandola, b. 1463, d. 17 Nov. 1494, friend of Lorenzo de' Medici and of Polizian, a most brilliant and daring humanist, who, greatly influenced by Savonarola, gave his last years to religious contemplation and preaching. His Life and Works were published shortly after his death by his nephew, Giovanni Francisco Pico, and from this work, More, probably about 1505, made his translation. It was printed (c. 1510) by More's brother-in-law, John Rastell, and reprinted by Wynkyn de Worde, probably piratically. The text in this—William Russell's—volume follows.