

These folwre thinges

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

A mery leff how a sergeant would
learne to playe the frere. Written
by maister Thomas More in hys
pouth.

Wise men alway,
Aspyre and say,
That best is for a man:
Diligently,
For to apply,
The busines that he can,
And in no wyse,
To enterpise,
An other faculte,
For he that wyll,
And can no skyll,
Is neuer lyke to the.
He that hath laste,
The hosters craftre,
And falleth to making thone,
The synthe that shall,
To paynting fall,
His thrist 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 sole.
And an olde troi,
That can god wot,
Bothyng but hysse the cup,
With her phistick,
Will kepe one sick,
Tyll she haue souled hym by.
A man of lawe,
That neuer saue,
The wayes to bye and sell,
Whenyng to ryse,
By marchaundise,
I pray god spede hym well.
A marchaunte eke,
That wyll goo seke,
By all the meanes he may,
To fall in lute,
Tyll he dispute,
His money cleane away.
Pletyng the lawe,
For euery strawe,
Shall proue a thristy man,
With bate and striffe,
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 dize so farre a cast,
That euermore,
They do therfore,
Wethewe themselfe at last.
This thing was tryed
And berefyed,
Here by a sergeant late,
That thristly was,
Or he coude pas,
Kapped about the pate,
Whyle that he would
See how he could,
In goddes name play the frere:
Poty yf you wyll,
Knowe how it spyll,
Take hede and ye shall here.
It happed so,
Not long a go,
A thristy man there dyed,
An hundred ponde,
Of nobles rounde,
That had he layd a side:
His sonne he wolde,
Should haue this golde,
For to begynne toith all:
But to suffice
His chylde, well thriste,
That money was to smal.
Yet or this day
I haue hard say,
That many a man certesse,
Wath with good cast,
Werche at last,
That hath begonne with lesse.
But this yonge manne,
So well beganne,
His money to imploy,
That certainly,
His pollicy,
To see it was a toy.
For lest sum blaff,
Myght ouer cast,
His thip, or by mischaunce,
Wen with sum wile,

A 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 sayre and welc,
 Therof much deie,
 He dryged 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,
B And by and by,
 Couetously,
 He supped it sayre by,
 In his owne brest,
 He thought it best,
 His money to enclose,
 Then wist he well,
 What ever fell,
 He coude it neuer lose.
 He borrowed then,
 Of other men,
 Money and marchaundise
 Neuer payd it,
 Up he laid it,
 In like maner to vse.
C Yet on the gere,
 That he would were,
 He rought not what he spent,
 So it were nyce,
 As for the price,
 Could him not miscontent.
 With lussy sports,
 And with resorts,
 Of toly company,
 In miry and play,
 Full many a day,
 He liued merely.
C And men had swozne,
 Some man is bozne,
D To haue a lucky howze,
 And so was he,
 For such degre,
 He gat and suche honour,
 That without dout,
 When he went out,
 A sergeaunt well and sayre,
 Was redy fraye,
 On him to wayte,
 As sone as on the mayre.
 For he doubtlese,
 Of his mekenesse,
 Hated such pompe and pryde,
 And would not go,

Companied so,
 But drewe himself a side,
 To saint Katherine,
 Streight as a line,
 He gate him at a tyde,
 For deuocion,
 By p. omocion,
 There would he neuer abyde.
 There spent he fast,
 Till all was pass,
 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 into the harde hedge,
 A month or twaine,
 Tyl 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 agayne,
 But that he wist not whyther.
 Than after this,
 To a frende of his,
 He went and there abode,
 Where as he lay,
 So sick alway,
 He myght not come abode.
C It happed than,
 A marchant man,
 That he ought money to,
 Of an officere,
 Than gan enquire,
 What him was best to do.
 And he answerde,
 He not aserde,
 Take an accion therfore,
 I you behesse,
 I shall hym reffe,
 And than care for no moze.
C I feare quod he,
 It wyll not be,
 For he wyll not come out.
 The sergeaunt said,
 We not afraid,
 It shall be brought about.
 In many a game,
 Like to the same,
 Haue I bene well in bye,
 And for your sake,
 Let me be bake,
 But yf I do this cure.
C Thus part they both,
 And foryth then gath,
 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 religiousely.
 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.
Chan forth a pace,
Bunto the place,
 He goeth in goddes name,
 To do this dede,
 Put now take hede,
 For here begynneth the game.
Che drew hym ny,
 And sofiely,
 Streight at the doze he knocked:
 And a damsell,
 That hard hym well,
 There came and it vnlocked.
 The frere sayd,
 God spede sayre mayd,
 Here lodgeth such a man,
 It is told me:
Cwell say quod she,
 And yf he do what than.
 Quod he maystresse,
 No harme doutelesse:
 It longeth for our order,
 To hurt no man,
 But as we can,
 Every wight to forder.
 With hym truly,
 If ayne speake would I.
 Sir quod she by my say,
 He is so like,
 Ye be not lyke,
 To speake with hym to day.
 Quod he sayre may,
 Yet I you pray,
Dhis much at my desyre,
 Touchelafe to do,
 As go hym to,
 And say an auster fyre.
 Would with hym speke,
 And matters breake,
 For his auayle certayn.
 Quod she I wyl,
 Stonde ye here still,
 Tyll I come downe agayn.
 Up is she go.
 And told hym so,
 As she was bode to say.
 He mistrustynge,

No maner thyng,
 Sayd mayden go thy way,
 And ferche him hyder,
 That we togyder,
 May talk adowne the gothe,
 Up the hym brought,
 No harme she thought,
 But it made some folke wyrothe.
Chis officere,
 This sayned frere,
 When he was come aloft,
 He dopped than,
 And grete this man,
 Religiousely and oft.
 And he agayn,
 Myght glad and sayn,
 Toke hym there by the hande,
 The frere than sayd,
 Ye be dismayd,
 With trouble I vnderstande.
 In deor quod he,
 It hath with me,
 Were better than it is.
 Say quod the frere,
 Be of good chere,
 Yet shall it after this.
 For Christes sake,
 Loke that you take,
 No thought within your brest:
 God may tourne all,
 And so he shall,
 I trust vnto the best,
 But I would now,
 Comen with you,
 In counsaile yf you please,
 Or ellys nat
 Of matters that,
 Shall set your heart at ease.
Cdowne went the mayd,
 The marchaunt sayd,
 Now say an gentle frere,
 Of thys tydyng,
 That ye me bynyng,
 I long full soze to here.
CWhen there was none,
 But they alone,
 The frere with euyl grace,
 Sayd, I rest the,
 Come on with me,
 And out he toke his mace:
 Thou shalt obey,
 Come on thy way,
 I haue the in my clouche,
 Thou goest not hence,
 For all the pense,
 The mayre hath in his pouche.
Cthis marchaunt there,
 For wythand fere,
 He warring welnygh wood,
 Sayd hozson these,

A With a mischefe,
 Who hath raught the thy good,
 And with his fist,
 Upon the lyft,
 He gaue hym such a blow,
 That backward downe,
 Almost in towne,
 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,
B And so there goth,
 Betwene them both,
 Many a lassy cloute:
 They rent and tere,
 Eche others here,
 And clace togpyder fast,
 Tyll with luggyng,
 And with tuggyng,
 They fell downe bothe at last.
 Than on the grounde,
 Togpyder rounde,
 With many a sadde stroke,
 They roll and rumble,
 They turne and tumble,
 As pygges do in a poke.
C So long aboute,
 They hene and thoue,
 Togider that at last,
 The mayd and wyfe,
 To breake the strife,
 Dyed them vpyward fast.
 And whan they spye,
 The captaynes ipe,
 Both waltring on the place,
 The freres hood,
 They pulled a good,
 Adowne about his face.
 Whyle he was blynde,
D The wenche behynde,

Went hym leyd on the floze,
 Many a soule,
 About the noule,
 With a great batpdoze.
 The wyfe came yet,
 And with her fete,
 She holpe to kepe hym dotone,
 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 fryze frappe,
 Gate many a swappe,
 Tyll he was full nygh slayne.
 Up they hym lift,
 And with yll thzist,
 Hedlyng a long the straze,
 Downe they hym thzewe,
 And sayd adewe,
 Commaunde vs to the mayze.
E The frere arose,
 But I suppose,
 Amased was his hed,
 He shoke his eares,
 And from grete feares,
 He thought hym well a fled.
 Quod he now lost,
 Is all this cost,
 We be neuer the nere.
 All mote he the,
 That caused me,
 To make my selte a frere.
F Now masters all,
 Here now I shall,
 Ende there as I began,
 In any wyse,
 I would auyse,
 And counsaile every man,
 His owne craft vse,
 All newe refuse,
 And lyghtly let them gone:
 Play not the frere,
 Now make good chere,
 And welcome every chone.

Finis.

Master Thomas More in his youth deuyled in hys fathers house
 in London, a goodly hangyng of fyne paynted clothe, with nyne pa-
 geauntes, and verles ouer of euery of those pageauntes: which verles
 expressed and declared, what the ymages in those pageauntes repre-
 sented: and also in those pageauntes were paynted, the thynges that
 the verles ouer them dyd (in effecte) declare, whiche verles here fo-
 lowe.

Childhode

A In the first pageant was painted a boy playing at the top & squyrge
And ouer this pageant was wryten as foloweth.

C Chyldehod.

I am called Chyldehod, in play is all my mynde,
To cast a coyte, a coketele, and a ball.
A toppe can I set, and dryue it in his kynde.
But would to god these hateful booke all,
Were in a fyre bzent to powder small.
Ehan myght I lede my lyfe alwayes in play:
Whiche lyfe god sende me to myne endyng day.

B In the second pageant was paynted a goodly freshe yonge man, ry-
dyng vppon a goodly horse, hauynge an hawke on his syde, and a
brase of grayhoundes folowynge hym. And vnder the horse fete, was
paynted the same boy, that in the fyrst pageante was playnge at the
top & squyrge. And ouer this second pageant the wrytyng was thus.

C Hanhod.

Hanhod I am therefore I me delyght,
To hunt and hawke, to nourish: by 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 thyketh this boy his penithe game swetter,
C But what no force, his reason is no better.

In the thyrde pageant, was paynted the goodly yonge man, in the
seconde pageant lyeng on the grounde. And vppon hym stode ladye
Venus goddes of loue, and by her vppon this man stode the tytle god
Cuppyde. And ouer this thyrde pageant, this was the wrytyng that fo-
loweth.

C Venus and Cuppyde.

whoso ne knoweth the streng: h power and myght,
Of Venus and me her tytle sonne Cuppyde,
Thou Hanhod shalt a myrrour bene a tyght,
By vs subdued for all thy great pryde,
D My fyry dart perceeth thy tender syde,
Now thou whiche erst despystedst chyldezen small,
Shall waxe a chylde agayne and be my thral.

In the fourth pageant was paynted an olde sage father sittynge in a
chayre. And lyeng vnder his fete was painted the ymage of Venus &
Cuppyde, that were in the thyrde pageant. And ouer this fourth pageant
the scripture was thus.

C Age.

Olde Age am I, with lokkes, thynne and hoze,
Of our short lyfe, the last and beu part.

A Wyse and discrete: the publike wele therofore,
I helpe to rule to my labour and smart,
Therofore Cuppde withdrawe thy fyrry dart,
Chargeable matters shall of loue oppresse,
Thy childish game and ydle bysynesse.

In the fyfth pageaunt was paynted an ymage of Death: and vnder
hys fete lay the olde man in the fourth pageaunte. And aboute this fyfth
pageant, this was the saying.

Deth.

Though I be foule by gyrene and mysshape,
yet there is none in all this worlde wyde,
That may my power withstande or escape,
Therofore sage father greatly magnifyed.
Discende from your chayre, set a part your pryde,
With safe to lende (though it be to your payne)
Come a fole, some of your wyse byayne.

In the sixt pageant was painted lady fame. And vnder her fete was
the picture of Death that was in the fyfth pageant. And ouer this sixt
pageaunt the wrytynge was as foloweth.

Fame.

Fame I am called, maruayle you nothing,
Though with tonges am compa:ted all rounde
For in voyce of people is my chiete liuyng,
O cruel death, thy power I confounde.
When thou a noble man hast brought to grounde
Haugry thy teeth to lye cause hym shall I,
Of people in perpetuall memozy.

In the seuenth pageant was painted the ymage of Tyme, and vnder
hys fete was lyeng the picture of fame that was in the sixt pageant.
And this was the scripture ouer this seuenth pageant.

Tyme.

Whom thou seest with horryloge in hande,
Am named tyme, the lord of euery howze,
I shall in space destroy both see and lande.
O simple fame, how darrest thou man honoure,
Promysing of his name, an endlesse flowze,
Who may in the world haue a name eternall,
When I shall in proces destroy the world and all.

In the eyght pageant was pictured the ymage of lady Eternitee, sit-
tyng in a chayre vnder a sumptuous clothe of estate, crowned with an
imper:all

A imperial crown. And vnder her fete lay the picture of Time, that was in the seventh pageant. And about this eight pageant, was it written as followeth.

Eternitee.

He needeth not to boast, I am Eternitee,
The very name signifyeth well,
That myne empyre infinite shalbe.
Thou mortall Tyme every man can tell,
Art nothing els but the mobilitie,
Of sonne and mone chaungyng in every degre,
When they shall leue theyr courie thou shalt be brought,
B For all thy pride and boistyng into nought.

In the nyynth pageant was painted a Poet sitting in a chayze. And ouer this pageant were there written these verses in latin folowynge.

The Poet.

*Has fictas quemcunq; iuuat spectare figuras,
Sed mira veros quas putat arte homines.
Ille potest veris, animum sic pascere rebus,
Vt pielis oculos poscit imaginibus.
Namq; videbit vti fragilis bona lubrica mundi,
Tam cito non veniunt, quam cito pretereunt,
Gaudia laus & honor, celeri pede omnia cedunt,
Qui manet excepto semper amore dei.
Ergo homines, leuibus iamiam diffidite rebus,
Nulla recessuro spes adhibenda bono,
Qui dabit eternam nobis pro munere vitam,
In permansuro ponite vota deo.*

D A ruful lamentacio (written by master Thomas More in his youth) of the deth of quene Elisabeth mother to king Henry the eight, wiife to king Henry the seventh, & eldest daughter to king Edward the fourth, which quene Elisabeth dyed in childbed in February in the yere of our lord. 1503. & in the 18. yere of the raigne of king Henry the seventh.



Ye that put your trust and confidence,
In worldly toy and trayle prosperite,
That so lyue here as ye should neuer hence,
Remember death and loke here vppon me.
Ensauple I thynke there may no better be.
your selve wotte well that in this realme was I,
your quene but late, and lo now here I lye.

A Was I not borne of olde woorthy 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 rechenyng:
Rychesse, honour, welth, and auncestry:
Hath me forlaken and lo now here I ly.

If woorthip myght haue kept me, I had not gone.
If wytt myght haue me saued, I neded not fere.
If money myght haue holpe, I lacked none.
But O good God what bayleth all this gere.
When deth is come thy mighty messangere,
B Obey we must there is no remedy,
He hath he summoned, and lo now here I ly.

yet was I late promised othertwyle,
This yere to liue in welth and delice.
Lo where to commeth thy blandisshyng promyse,
O false astrolagy and deuyatrice,
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.

C O byttill 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 toy that I haue had, and I dare sayne,
For all my honour, endured yet haue I,
Hore wo then welth, and lo now here I ly.

Where are our Castels, now where are our Towres,
Goodly Rychmonde sone art thou gone from me,
At westminster that costly worke of yours,
D Myne owne dere lozde now shall I neuer see.
Almighty god vouchesafe to graunt that ye,
For you and your children well may edefy.
My payre bylded is, and lo now here I ly.

Adeu myne owne dere spouse my woorthy lozde,
The faithfull loue, that dyd vs both combyne,
In marriage and peasable conorde,
Into your handes here I cleane resyne,
To be bestowed vppon your children and myne.
Erst wer you father, & now must ye supply,

A The mothers part also, for lo now here I ly.

Farewell my daughter lady Margarete,
God wotte full oft it greued hath my mynde,
That ye should go where we should seidome 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 fyrt, and lo now here I lye.

Farewell Madaine 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 daughter Katherine late the fere,
To prince Arthur myne owne chyld so dere,
It booteth not for me to wepe oz cry,
Pray for my soule, for lo now here I ly.

Adeu lord Henry my louyng sonne adeu,
Our lorde encrease your honour and estate,
Adeu my daughter Mary bright of hew,
God make you vertuous wyfe and fortunat.
Adeu swete hart my litle daughter Kate,
Thou shalt swete babe suche is thy desteny,
Thy mother neuer know, for lo now here I ly.

Lady Cicely Anne and Katheryne,
Farewell my welbeloued sisters thre,
O lady Bizet other sister myne,
Lo here the ende of worldly vanitee,
Now well are ye that earthly folly flee,
And heuenly thynges loue and magnify,
Farewell and pray for me, for lo now here I ly.

D A deu my lordes, a deu my ladies all,
A deu my faithfull seruauntes euery chone,
A deu my commons whom I neuer shall,
See in this world wherfoze to the alone,
Immortall god verely thre and one,
I me commende to thy infinite mercy,
Shew to thy seruant, for lo now here I ly.

Certain meters in english wrytten by master Thomas More in hys
youth for the boke of Fortune, and caused them to be printed in the be-
gynnyng of that boke.

The wordes of fortune
to the people.

Mine high estate powert and auctoritie,
If ye ne know, enserche and ye shall spye,
That richesse, worshop, welth, and dignitie,
Joy, rest, and peace, and all thyng synally,
That any pleasure oz profit may come by,
To mannes comfort, ayde, and sustnaunce,
Is all at my deuyle and ordinaunce.

Without my fauour there is nothyng wonne,
Many a matter haue I brought at lait,
To good conclusion, that fondly was begonne,
 And many a purpose, bounden sure and fast
 with wise pzeuision, I haue ouercast.
 without good happe there may no wit suffice,
 Better is to be fortunate than wyse.

And therefore hath there some men bene oz this,
 My deadly foes and writte a many a boke,
 To my dyspzaile. And other cause there nys,
 But for me list not frendly on them toke.
 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 ever comfortlesse,
 A wery burden odious and loth,
To all the woorld, and eke to him selfe both.

But he that by my fauour may ascende,
 To mighty potwert and excellent degre,
 A common wele to gouerne and defende,
 In how best condicion standeth he;
 Him self in honour and felicity,
 And ouer that, may forthwar and encrease,
 A region hole in ioy, wil rest and p:ace.

Now in this poynt there is no more to say,
 Eche man hath of him selfe the gouernaunce.

¶ Let every wight than folowe his owne way,
And he that out of pouertee and mis haunce,
List for to liue, and wyl hym selfe enhaunce,
In wealth & richesse, come tozth and wayte on me.
And he that wyl be a beggar, let hym be.

¶ Thomas More to them that
trust in fortune.

Thou that art proude of honour shapē or kynne,
That hepest by this wretched worldes treasure,
Thy fingers shyned with gold, thy tawny skynne,
With fresh apparayle garnished out of measure,
And wenest to haue fortune at thy pleasure,
Cast by thyne eye, and loke how slipper chaunce,
Fludeth her men with chaunge and varyaunce.

Sometyme she loketh as louely fayre and bright,
As goodly Venus mother of Cuppyde.
She becketteth and she smilcth 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 loketh as fierce as any fury of hell.

yet for all that we bzotle 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 swarmpng bees come flickeryng her aboute.

¶ Then as a bayte she byngeth forth her ware,
Silver, gold, riche perle, and precious stone:
On whiche the mased people gafe and stare,
And gaze ther efore, as dogges doe for the bone.
Fortune at them laugheth, and in her trone
Amyd her treasure and waueryng rychesse,
Proudly she houeth as lady and emperesse.

¶ Fast by her syde doth wery Labour stand,
Pale face also, and Sorow all bewept,
Disdayn and Hatted on that other hand,

A Like restless watche fro slepe with trauaile kept,
His eyes drowsy and loking as he slept,
Before her standeth Daunger and Enuy,
Flattery, Dylceyt, Mischete and Tiranny.

About her commeth all the world to begge,
He asketh lande, and he to pas would byng,
This toye and that, and all not worth an egge:
He would in loue prosper aboute 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.

15 Lo thus ye see diuers heddes, diuers wittes,
Fortune alone as diuers as they all,
Unstable here and there among them flittes:
And at auenture downe her gittes fall,
Catch who so may she throweth great and small
Not to all men, as commeth soune oz dewe,
But for the moit part, all among a fewe.

And yet her brotell gittes long may not last,
He that she gaue them, loketh proude and hye.
She whirleth about and plucketh away as fast,
C And geueth them to an other by and by.
And thus from man to man continually,
She vseth to geue and take, and sily tolle,
D 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 soze.
But he that receueth it, on that other syde,
Is glad, and blesteth her often tymes ther efoze,
But in a whyle when she loueth hym no moze,
D She glydeth from hym, and her gittes to,
And he her curseth as other fooles do.

Alas the folyth people can not cease,
He 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 vppwarde as he stieth,
She whippeth her whele about, and there he lyeth.

Thus

¶ 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 leueth them in the dust.

She sodeinly enhaunceth them a loft,
And sodeynly mischeueth all the flocke,
The head that late lay easily and full soft,
In stede of pylowg lyeth after on the blocke,
¶ And yet alas the most cruell proude mocke:
The deynnty mouoth that ladyes kissed haue,
She byngeth in the case to kysse a knaue.

In chaungyng of her course, the chaunge sheweth this,
Up starteth a knaue, and downe there fallth a knyght,
The beggar ryche, and the ryche man poore is,
Hatred is turned to loue, loue to despyght,
This is her sport, thus proueth she her myght,
Great booste she maketh yf one be by hat power,
Welthy and wretched both within an houre.

¶ Pouertee that of her giftes wyl nothing take,
Wylth inery chere, looketh yppon the piece,
And seeth how fortunes household goeth to wrake,
Fast by her standeth the wyle Socrates,
Arctippus, Pythagoras, and many a lesse,
Of olde Philosphers, And eke agaynst the sonne
Wekyth hym 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 caryd out,
I bere quod he all myne with me about:
Wisedom he ment, not fortunes broyle fees,
For nought he counted his that he might leese,

¶ Heraclitus eke, yst felowship to kepe
With glad pouertee, Democritus also:
Of which the fyrst can neuer cease but wepe,
To see how thicke the blynded people go,

A With labour great to purchase care and wo,
That other laugheth to see the foolys apes,
Howe earnestly they walke about theyr tapes.

Of this poore sect, it is comen blage,
Onely to take that nature may sustayne,
Banishing cleane all other surpluse,
They be content, and of nothyng complayne.
No nygarde eke is of his good so fayne,
But they moze pleasure haue a thousande folde,
The secreete draughtes of nature to beholde.

B Set fortunes seruauntes by them and ye wull,
That one is free, that other euer thral,
That one content, that other neuer full.
That one in suretye, that other lyke to fall.
Who lyst to aduise them bothe, perceyue he shall,
As great difference betoene them as we see,
Berwirte wretchednes and felicitye.

Nowe haue I shewed you bothe: these whiche ye lyst,
Stately fortune, or humble pouertee:
That is to say, nowe lyeth it in your lyst,
To take here bondage, or free libertee.
C 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 lyst, 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 foolys paradise:
And forth with all what so thou lyst deuise,
She wyll the graunt it liberally perchappes:
D But for all that beware of alter clappes.

Recken you neuer of her fauoure sure:
ye may in clouds as easily trace an hare,
Or in dype 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,

A Serue her day and nyght as reuerently,
Upon thy knees as any seruaunt may,
And in conclusion, that thou shalt winne thereby
Shall not be worth thy seruyce I dare say.
And looke yet what she geueth the to day,
With labour wonne she shall happily to morow
Pluck it agayne out of thyne hande with sorow.

Wherefore yf thou in suretye lyst to stande,
Take potterties parte and let proude fortune go,
Receyue nothyng that commeth from her hande:
B Loue maner and vertue: they be onely tho.
Whiche double fortune may not take the fro.
Then mayst thou boldly detype her turnyng chaunce:
She can the neyther hynder nor auance.

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 h. yth vp in the skye.
None falleth fatre, but he th it climbeth h. yth,
Remember nature sent the hyther bare,
The gytes of fortune count them bozowed ware.

C Thomas More to them that
seke fortune.

Who so delyteth to prouen and assay,
Of waueryng 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 bypde in my fist,
D She renneth loose, and turneth where she lyst.

The rollyng dyse in whome your lucke doth stande,
With whose vnhappy chaunce ye be so wozoth,
ye knowe your selfe came neuer in myne hande.
So in this ponde be fythe and frogges both,
Cast in your nette: but be you liefse oz lothe,
Holde you content as fortune lyst adyue:
For it is your owne fishyng and not myne.

And though in one chaunce fortune you offend,

A 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:
He none agayne so farre forth in her fauour,
That is full satisfied with her behauiour.

Fortune is stately, solemne, proude, and hye:
And she geueth, to haue seruyce therofore.
The needy begger catcheth an halpenny:
Some manne a thousande pounde, some lesse some moze.
B But for all that she kepeth euer in store,
From every manne some parcell of his wyll,
That he may pray therofore and serue her styl.

Some manne hath good, but chyldzen hath he none,
Some man hath both, but he can get none health.
Some hath al thre, but vnto honours throne,
Can he not crepe, by no maner of stekth,
To some she sendeth, chyldzen, ryches, welthe,
Honour, woorthyp, and reuerence all hys lyfe:
But yet she pyncheth hym with a shrewde wyfe.

C Then for asmuch as it is fortunes gyfte,
To graunt no manne all thyng that he wyll aske,
But as her selfe lyst order and deuyle,
Dothe every manne his parte diuide and take,
I counsayle you eche one trusse vp your packes,
And take no thyng at all, oz be content,
With suche rewarde as fortune hath you sent.

He meaneth
the booke of
fortune.

All thynges in this booke that ye shall rede,
Doe as ye lyst, there shall no manne you bynde,
Them to beleue, as surely as your crede.
D But notwithstanding certes in my mynde,
I durst well swere, as true ye shall them fynde,
In every poynt eche answer by and by,
As are the iudgementes of Astronomie.

*Thus endeth the preface to the
booke of fortune.*