

A

DICTIONARY

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE:

IN WHICH

The WORDS are deduced from their ORIGINALS,

AND

ILLUSTRATED in their DIFFERENT SIGNIFICATIONS

BY

EXAMPLES from the best WRITERS.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

A HISTORY of the LANGUAGE,

AND

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

By SAMUEL JOHNSON, A. M.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

*Cum tabulis animum certioris fumet honesti:
Audebit quæcumque partum splendoris habebunt,
Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur.
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ:
Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
Quæ prisca memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas.*

HOR.

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A. Millar; and R. and J. Dodsley.

MDCCLV,

Our life here short of wit the great dulnes
The heuy soule troubled with trauayle,
And of memorye the glasyng brotelnes,
Drede and vncunning haue made a strong batail
With werines my spirite to assayle,
And with their subtil creping in most queint
Hath made my spirit in makyng for to feint.

And ouermore, the ferefull frowardnes
Of my stepmother called obliuion,
Hath a baityll of fortyefulnes,
To stoppe the passage, and shadow my reason
That I might haue no clere direction,
In translating of new to quicke me,
Stories to write of olde antiquite.

Thus was I set and stode in double werre
At the metyng of feareful wayes tweyne,
The one was this, who euer list to lere,
Whereas good wyll gan me constryne,
Bochas raccomplish for to doe my payne,
Came ignoraunce, with a menace of drede,
My penne to rest I durst not procede.

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

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

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

When Nembroth by Myght, for his own Glorye, made and incorporate the first Realme, and subduyd it to hymself by Tyrannye, he would not have it governyd by any other Rule or Lawe, but by his own Will; by which and for th' accomplishment thereof he made it. And therfor, though he had thus made a Realme, holy Scripture denyd to cal hym a Kyng, *Quia Rex dicitur a Regendo*; Whych thyng he dyd not, but oppreslyd the People by Myght, and therfor he was a Tyrant, and callid *Primus Tyrannorum*. But holy Writ callith hym *Robustus Venator coram Deo*. For as the Hunter takyth the wyld beste for to scie and eate hym; so Nembroth subduyd to him the People with Might, to have their service and their goods, using upon them the Lordshyp that is callid *Dominium Regale tantum*. After hym *Belus* that was callid first a Kyng, and after hym his Sone *Nytus*, and after hym other Panyms; They, by Example of Nembroth, made them Realmys, would not have them rulyd by other Lawys than by their own Wills. Which Lawys ben right good under good Princes; and their Kyngdoms a then most resemblyd to the Kyngdome of God, which reynith upon Man, rulyng him by hys own Will. Wherfor many Crystyn Princes usen the same Lawe; and therfor it is, that the Lawys sayen, *Quod Principi placuit Legis habet vigorem*. And thus I suppose first beganne in Realmys, *Dominium tantum Regale*. But afterward, whan Mankynd was more manfuete, and better disposyd to Vertue, Grete Communalities, as was the Feliship, that came into this Lond with Brute, wyllyng to be unyed and made a Body Politike callid a Realme, havyn an Heed to governe it; as after the Saying of the Philosopher, every Commualtie unyed of many parts must needs have an Heed; than they chose the same Brute to be their Heed and Kyng. And they and he upon this Incorporation and Institution, and onyng of themselves into a Realme, ordeynyd the same Realme so to be rulyd and justysyd by such Lawys, as they al would assent unto; which Law therfor is callid *Politicum*; and bycause it is mynystrid by a Kyng, it is callid *Regale*. *Dominium Politicum dicitur quasi Regimen, plurimum Scientia, sive Consilio ministratum*. The Kyng of *Scotts* reynith upon his People by this

Lawe, videlicet, *Regimine Politico & Regali*. And as *Diodorus Syculus* saith, in his Boke *de prificis Historiis*, The Realme of Egypte is rulid by the same Lawe, and therfor the Kyng therof chaungith not his Lawes, without the Assent of his People. And in like forme as he saith is ruled the Kyngdome of Saba, in *Felici Arabia*, and the Lond of *Libie*; And also the more parte of all the Realmys in *Afrike*. Which manner of Rule and Lordshyp, the sayd *Diodorus* in that Boke, praystith grete-ly. For it is not only good for the Prince, that may thereby the more fewerly do Justice, than by his owne Arbitriment; but it is also good for his People that receyve therby, such Justice as they desyer themselves. Now as me feymth, it ys shewyd openly ynough, why one Kyng rulyth and reynith on his People *Dominio tantum Regali*, and that other reynith *Dominio Politico & Regali*: For that one Kyngdome beganne, of and by, the Might of the Prince, and that other beganne, by the Desier and Institution of the People of the same Prince.

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

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

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

Pletyng the lawe,
 For euery strawe,
 Shall proue a thrifty man,
 With bate and strife,
 But by my life,
 I cannot tell you whan.
 Whan an batter
 Wyll go smatter,
 In philofophy,
 Or a pedlar,
 Ware a medlar,
 In theology,
 All that enfue,
 Suche craftes new,
 They driue fo farre a cast,
 That euermore,
 They do therfore,
 Befhrewē themfelfe at laft.
 This thing was tryed
 And veriefyed,
 Here by a fergeaunt late,
 That thriftly was,
 Or he coulede pas,
 Rapped about the pate,
 Whyle that he would
 See how he could,
 A little play the frere :
 Now yf you wyll,
 Knowe how it fyll,
 Take hede and ye fhall here.
 It happed fo,
 Not long ago,
 A thrifty man there dyed,
 An hundred pounde,
 Of nobles rounde,
 That had he layd a fide :
 His fonne he wolde,
 Should haue this golde,
 For to beginne with all :
 But to fuffife
 His chylde, well thrife,
 That money was to fmal.
 Yet or this day
 I have hard fay,
 That many a man certeffe,
 Hath with good caft,
 Be ryche at laft,
 That hath begonne with leffe.
 But this yonge manne,
 So well beganne,
 His money to imploy,
 That certainly,
 His policy,
 To fee it was a joy,
 For left fum blaft,
 Myght ouer caft,
 His fhipe, or by mifchaunce,
 Men with fum wile,
 Myght hym begyle,
 And minifh his fubftaunce,
 For to put out,
 All maner dout,
 He made a good puruay,
 For euery whyt,
 By his owne wyt,
 And toke an other way :
 Firft fayre and wele,
 Therof much dele,
 He dygged it in a pot,
 But then him thought,
 That way was nought,
 And there he left it not.
 So was he faine,
 From thence agayne,
 To put it in a cup,
 And by and by,
 Couetoufly,
 He fupped it fayre vp,
 In his owne beft,
 He thought it beft,
 His money to enclofe,

Then wift he well,
 What euer fell,
 He coulede it neuer lofe.
 He borrowed then,
 Of other men,
 Money and marchaundiſe :
 Neuer payd it,
 Up he laid it,
 In like maner wyfe.
 Yet on the gere,
 That he would were,
 He reight not what he ſpent,
 So it were nyce,
 As for the price,
 Could him not mifcontent.
 With luſty ſpote,
 And with reſort,
 Of ioly company,
 In mirth and play,
 Full many a day,
 He liued merely.
 And men had ſworne,
 Some man is borne,
 To haue a lucky howre,
 And ſo was he,
 For fuch degre,
 He gat and fuche honour,
 That without dout,
 Whan he went out,
 A fergeaunt well and fayre,
 Was redy ſtrayte,
 On him to wayte,
 As ſone as on the mayre.
 But he doubtleffe,
 Of his mekenefſe,
 Hated fuch pompe and pride,
 And would not go,
 Companied fo,
 But drewe himſelf a fide,
 To ſaint Katharine,
 Streight as a line,
 He gate him at artyde,
 For deuocion,
 Or promociō,
 There would he nedes abyde.
 There ſpent he faft,
 Till all were paſt,
 And to him came there meny,
 To aſke theyr det,
 But none could get,
 The valour of a peny.
 With viſage ſtout,
 He bare it out,
 Euen vnto the harde hedge,
 A month or twaine,
 Tyll he was faine,
 To laye his gowne to pledge.
 Than was he there,
 In greater feare,
 Than ere that he came thither,
 And would as fayne,
 Depart againe,
 But that he wift not whither.
 Than after this,
 To a frende of his,
 He went and there abode,
 Where as he lay,
 So ſick alway,
 He myght not come abrode.
 It happed than,
 A marchant man,
 That he ought money to,
 Of an officer,
 Than gan enquire,
 What him was beſt to do.
 And he anſwerde,
 Be not aferde,
 Take an accion therfore,
 I you behefte,
 I fhall hym reſte,
 And than care for no more.

T H E H I S T O R Y O F T H E

I feare quod he,
 It wyll not be,
 For he wyll not come out.
 The fergeaunt said,
 Be not afrayd.
 It thall be brought about.
 In many a game,
 Lyke to the fame,
 Hauē I bene well in vre,
 And for your sake,
 Let me be bake,
 But yf I do this cure.
 Thus part they both,
 And foorth then goth,
 A pace this officere,
 And for a day,
 All his array,
 He chaunged with a frere.
 So was he dight,
 That no man might,
 Hym for a frere deny,
 He dopped and dooked,
 He spake and looked,
 So religiously.
 Yet in a glaffe,
 Or he would paffe,
 He toted and he peered,
 His harte for pryde,
 Lepte in his fyde,
 To see how well he freered.
 Than forth a pace,
 Unto the place,
 He goeth withouten shame
 To do this dede,
 But now take hede,
 For here begynneth the game.
 He drew hym ny,
 And softely,
 Streight at the dore he knocked:
 And a damfell,
 That hard hym well,
 There came and it vnlocked.
 The frere sayd,
 Good spede fayre mayd,
 Here lodgeth such a man,
 It is told me:
 Well syr quod she,
 And yf he do what than.
 Quod he maytresse,
 No harme doutleffe:
 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 fike,
 Ye be not lyke,
 To speake with hym to day.
 Quod he fayre may,
 Yet I you pray,
 This much at my desire,
 Vouchesafe to do,
 As go hym to,
 And say an auften frere
 Would with hym speke,
 And matters breake,
 For his auayle certayn.
 Quod she I wyll,
 Stonde ye here styll,
 Tyll I come downe agayn.
 Vp is she go,
 And told hym so,
 As she was bode to say,
 He mistrustyng,
 No maner thng,
 Sayd mayden go thy way,
 And fetch him hyder,
 That we togyder,
 May talk. A downe she gothe,

Vp she hym brought,
 No harme she thought,
 But it made some folke wrothe.
 This officere,
 This fayned frere,
 Whan he was come aloft,
 He dopped than,
 And grete this man,
 Religiously and oft.
 And he agayn,
 Ryght glad and sayn,
 Toke hym there by the hande,
 The frere than sayd,
 Ye be dismayd,
 With trouble I understande.
 In dede quod he,
 It hath with me,
 Bene better than it is.
 Syr quod the frere,
 Be of good chere,
 Yet shall it after this.
 But I would now,
 Comen with you,
 In counsayle yf you please,
 Or ellys nat
 Of matters that,
 Shall set your heart at ease.
 Downe went the mayd,
 The marchaunt sayd,
 Now say on gentie frere,
 Of thys tydyng,
 That ye me bryng,
 I long full fore to here.
 Whan 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 obay,
 Come on thy way,
 I have the in my clouche,
 Thou goest not hence,
 For all the pense,
 The mayre hath in his pouche.
 This marchaunt there,
 For wrath and fere,
 He waxyng weynygh wood,
 Sayd horsen thefe,
 With a mischefe,
 Who hath taught the thy good.
 And with his silt,
 Vpon the lyft,
 He gaue hym such a blow,
 That backward downe,
 Almost in sowne,
 The frere is ouerthrow.
 Yet was this man,
 Well fearder than,
 Left he the frere had slayne,
 Tyll with good rappes,
 And heuy clappes,
 He dawde hym vp agayne.
 The frere toke harte,
 And vp he starte,
 And well he layde about,
 And so there goth,
 Betwene them both,
 Many a lusty clout.
 They rent and tere,
 Eche others here,
 And claue togyder fast,
 Tyll with luggyng,
 And with tuggyng,
 They fell downe bothe at last.
 Than on the grounde,
 Togyder rounde,
 With many a sadde stroke,
 They roll and rumble,
 They turne and tumble,
 As pygges do in a poke.

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

A rufull lamentacion (written by master Thomas More in his youth) of the deth of queene Elisabéth mother to king Henry the eight, wife to king Henry the seuenth, and eldest daughter to king Edward the fourth, which queene Elisabéth dyed in childbed in February in the yere of our Lord 1503. and in the 18 yere of the raigene of king Henry the seuenth.

O Ye that put your trust and confidence,
 In worldly ioy and frayle prosperite,
 That so lyue here as ye should neuer hence,
 Remember death and loke here vpon me.
 Ensauple I thinke there may no better be.
 Your selfe wotte well that in this realme was I,
 Your queene but late, and lo now here I lye.
 Was I not borne of olde worthy linage?
 Was not my mother queene my father kyng?
 Was I not a kinges fere in marriage?
 Had I not plenty of euery pleasaunt thyng?
 Mercifull god this is a straunge reckenyng :
 Rycheffe, honour, welth, and auncestry?
 Hath me forsaken and lo now here I ly.

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

Yet was I late promised otherwyfe,
 This yere to liue in welth and delice.
 Lo where to commeth thy blandishyng promyse,
 O false astrolagy and deuyatrice,
 Of goddes secretes makyng thy selfe so wyfe.
 How true is for this yere thy prophesy.
 The yere yet lasteth, and lo now here I ly.

O bryttil welch, as full of bitterneffe,
 Thy single pleasure doubled is with payne.
 Account my sorow first and my distresse,
 In fondry wyfe, and recken there agayne,
 The ioy that I haue had, and I dare layne,
 For all my honour, endured yet haue I,
 More wo then welth, and lo now here I ly.

Where are our castels, now where are our towers,
 Goodly Rychmonde sone art thou gone from me,
 At Westminster that costly worke of yours,
 Myne owne dere lorde now shall I neuer see.
 Almighty god vouchesafe to graunt that ye,
 For you and your children well may edely.
 My paylce byided is, and lo now here I ly.

Adew myne owne dere spouse my worthy lorde,
 The faithfull loue, that dyd vs both combyne,
 In mariage and peasable concorde,
 Into your handes here I cleane relyne,
 To be bestowed vpon your children and myne.
 Erst wer you father, and now must ye supply,
 The mothers part also, for lo now here I ly.

Farewell my daughter lady Margerete.
 God wotte full oft it greued hath my mynde,
 That ye should go where we should seldome mete.
 Now am I gone, and haue left you behynde.
 O mortall folke that we be very blynde,
 That we least feare, full oft it is most nye,
 From you depart I fyrst, and lo now here I lye.

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

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

Lady Cicily Anne and Katherine,
 Farewell my welbeloued sisters three,
 O lady Briget other sister myne,
 Lo here the ende of worldly vanitee.
 Now well are ye that earthly foly see,
 And heuently thynges loue and magnify,
 Farewell and pray for me, for lo now here I ly.

A dew my lordes, a dew my ladies all,
 A dew my faithful seruantes euerych one,
 A dew my commons whom I neuer shall,
 See in this world wherfore to the alone,
 Immortall god verely three and one,
 I me commende. Thy infinite mercy,
 Shew to thy seruant, for lo now here I ly.

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

The wordes of Fortune to the people.

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

Without my fauour there is nothyng wonne.
 Many a matter haue I brought aſt,
 To good concluſion, that fondly was begonne.
 And many a purpoſe, bounden ſure and laſt
 With wife prouiſion, I haue ouercast.
 Without good happe there may no wit ſuffice.
 Better is to be fortunate than wyfe.

And therefore hath there ſome men bene or this,
 My deadly foes and written many a boke,
 To my diſpraye. And other cauſe there nys,
 But for me liſt not friendly on them loke.
 Thus lyke the fox they fare that once forſoke,
 The pleaſaunt grapes, and gan for to deſy them,
 Becauſe he lept and yet could not come by them.

But let them write theyr labour is in vayne.
 For well ye wote, myrth, honour, and richeſſe,
 Much better is than penury and payne.
 The nedy wretch that lingereth in diſtreſſe,
 Without myne helpe is euer comfortleſſe,
 A wery burden odious and loth,
 To all the world, and eke to him ſelſe both.

But he that by my fauour may aſcende,
 To mighty power and excellent degree,
 A common wele to gouerne and deſende,
 O in how bliſt condicion ſtandeth he:
 Him ſelf in hunour and felicite,
 And ouer that, may farther and increaſe,
 A region hole in ioyfull reſt and peace.

Now in this poynt there is no more to ſay,
 Eche man hath of him ſelſe the gouernaunce.
 Let euery wight than folowe his owne way,
 And he that out of pouertee and miſchaunce,
 Liſt for to liue, and wyll him ſelſe enhaunce,
 In wealth and richeſſe, come forth and wayte on me.
 And he that wyll be a beggar, let hym be.

THOMAS MORE to them that truſt in Fortune.

THOU that are proude of honour ſhape or kynne,
 That hepeſt vp this wretched worldes treaſure,
 Thy fingers ſhrined with gold, thy tawny ſkyne,
 With freſh apparyle garniſhed out of meaſure,
 And wenſt to haue fortune at thy pleaſure,
 Caſt vp thyne eye, and loke how ſlipper chaunce,
 Illuſteth her men with change and varyaunce.

Sometyme ſhe loketh as louely fayre and bright,
 As goodly Uenus mother of Cupyde.
 She beckett and ſhe ſmileth on euery wight.
 But this chere fayned, may not long abide.
 There cometh a cloude, and farewell all our pryde.
 Like any ſerpent ſhe beginneth to ſwell,
 And looketh as fierce as any fury of hell.

Yet for all that we brole men are fayne,
 (So wretched is our nature and ſo bynde)
 As ſoone as Fortune liſt to laugh agayne,
 With fayre countenaunce and diſceitfull mynde,
 To crouche and knele and gape after the wynde,
 Nor one or twayne but thouſandes in a rout,
 Lyke ſwarming bees come flickeryng her aboute.

Then as a bayte ſhe bryngeth forth her warc,
 Siluer, gold, riche perle, and precious ſtone:
 On whiche the maſed people gaſt and ſtare,
 And gape therefore, as dogges doe for the bone.
 Fortune at them laugheth, and in her trone
 Amyd her treaſure and waueryng rycheſſe,
 Prowdly ſhe houeth as lady and empreſſe.

Faſt by her ſyde doth wery labour ſtand,
 Pale ſere alſo, and ſorow all bewept,
 Diſdayn and hatred on that other hand,
 Eke reſties watche fro ſlepe with traunayle kept,
 His eyes drowſy and lokyng as he ſlept.
 Before her ſtandeth daunger and enuy,
 Flattery, dyſceyt, miſchiefe and tyranny.

About her cometh all the world to begge.
 He aſketh lande, and he to pas would bryng:
 This roye 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.
 Lo thus ye ſee diuers heddes, diuers wittes.
 Fortune alone as diuers as they all,

Vnſtable here and there among them flittes:
 And at auenture downe her gittes fall,
 Catch who ſo may ſhe throweth great and ſmall
 Not to all men, as cometh ſonne or dewe,
 But for the moſt part, all among a fewe.

And yet her brorell gittes long may not laſt.
 He that the gaue them, loketh proude and hye.
 She whirleth about and plucketh away as faſt,
 And geueth them to an other by and by.
 And thus from man to man continually,
 She veſt to geue and take, and ſilly toſſe,
 One man to wyning of an others loſſe.

And when ſhe robbeth one, down goth his pryde.
 He wepeth and wayleth and curſeth her full fore.
 But he that receueth it, on that other ſyde,
 Is glad, and bleſth her often tymes therefore.
 But in a whyle when ſhe loueth hym no more,
 She glydeth from hym, and her gittes to.
 And he her curſeth, as other fooliſh do,

Alas the folyſh people can not ceaſe,
 Ne voyd her trayne, tyll they the harme do ſele.
 About her alway, beſely they prece.
 But lord how he doth thynk hym ſelf full wele.
 That may ſet once his hande vpon her whele.
 He holdeth faſt: but vpward as he ſlieth,
 She whippeth her whele about, and there he lyeth.

Thus fell Julius from his mighty power.
 Thus fell Darius the worthy kyng of Perſe.
 Thus fell Alexander the great conquerour.
 Thus many mo then I may well reherſe.
 Thus double fortune, when ſhe liſt reuerſe
 Her ſlipper fauour fro them that in her truſt,
 She ſteeth her wey and leyeth them in the duſt.

She ſodeinly enhaunceth them aloſt.
 And ſodeynly miſcheueth all the flocke.
 The head that late lay eaſily and full ſoft,
 In ſlede of pylows lyeth after on the blocke.
 And yet alas the moſt cruell proude mocke:
 The deyny mowth that ladyes kiſſed haue,
 She bryngeth in the caſe to kyſſe a knaue.

In chaungyng of her courſe, the chaunge ſhewth this,
 Vp ſtarrth a knaue, and downe there ſalth a knight,
 The beggar ryche, and the ryche man pore is.
 Hatred is turned to loue, loue to deſpyght.
 This is her ſport, thus proueth ſhe her myght.
 Great boſte ſhe maketh yf one be by her power,
 Welthy and wretched both within an howre.

Pouertee that of her gittes wyl nothing take,
 Wyth mery chere, looketh vpon the prece,
 And ſeeth how fortunes houſhold goeth to wrake.
 Faſt by her ſtandeth the wyſe Socrates.
 Arriftippus, Pythagoras, and many a leſe.
 Of olde philoſophers. And eke agaynſt the ſonne
 Bekyth h m poore Diogenes in his tonne.

With her is Byas, whoſe countrey lackt defence,
 And whylom of their foes ſtode ſo in dout,
 That eche man haſtely gan to cary thence,
 And aſked hym why he nought caryed out.
 I bere quod he all myne with me about:
 Wiſedom he ment, not fortunes brotle fees.
 For nought he counted his that he might leeſe.

Heraclitus eke, liſt felowſhip to kepe
 With glad pouertee, Democritus alſo:
 Of which the fyrſt can neuer ceaſe but wepe,
 To ſee how thick the bynded people go,
 With labour great to purchaſe care and wo.
 That other laugheth to ſee the foolyſh apes,
 Howe earnestly they walk about theyr capes.

Of this poore ſect, it is comen vſage,
 Onely to take that nature may ſuſtayne,
 Baniſhing cleane all other ſurpluſage,
 They be content, and of nothyng complayne.
 No nygarde eke is of his good ſo fayne.
 But they more pleaſure haue a thouſande ſolde,
 The ſecrete draughtes of nature to behokie.

Set fortunes ſeruauntes by them and ye wull,
 That one is free, that other euer thrall,
 That one content, that other neuer full.
 That one in ſuretye, that other lyke to fall.
 Who liſt to aduife them bothe, perceyue he ſhall,
 As great difference between them as we ſee,
 Betwixte wretchednes and felicite.

Nowe haue I shewed you bothe: these whiche ye lyst,
Starely fortune, or humble pouertee:
That is to say, nowe lyeth it in your lyst,
To take here bondage, or free libertee.
But in thys poynte and ye do after me,
Draw you to fortune, and labour her to please,
If that ye thynke your selfe to well at ease.

And fyrst vpon the lovely shall she smile,
And frendly on the cast her wandering eyes,
Embrace the in her armes, and for a while,
Put the and kepe the in a foolers paradife:
And fourth with all what so thou lyst deuise,
She wyll the graunt it liberally parhappes:
But for all that beware of after clappes.

Recken you neuer of her fauoure sure:
Ye may in cloudes as easily trace an hare,
Or in drye lande cause fishes to endure,
And make the burnyng fyre his heate to spare,
And all thys worlde in compacke to forsare,
As her to make by craft or engine stable,
That of her nature is euer variable.

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

Wherefore yf thou in furetye lyst to stande,
Take pouerties parte and let proude fortune go,
Receyue nothing that commeth from her hande.
Loue maner and vertue: they be onely tho.
Whiche double fortune may not take the fro.
Then mayst thou boldly desye her turnyng chaunce:
She can the neyther hynder nor auance.

But and thou wyll nedes medle with her treasure,
Trust not therein, and spende it liberally.
Beare the not proude, nor take not out of measure.
Bylde not thyne house on heyth vp in the skye.
None falleth farre, but he that climbeth hie,
Remember nature sent the hyther bare,
The gystes of fortune count them borrowed ware.

THOMAS MORE to them that seke Fortune.

WH O 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 wor,
I haue of her no brydle in my fist,
She renneth loose, and turneth where she lyst.

The rolyng dyse in whome your lucke doth stande,
With whose vnhappy chaunce ye be so wroth,
Ye knowe your selfe came neuer in myne hande.
Lo in this ponde be sythe and frogges both.
Cast in your nette: but be you liete or lothe,
Hold you content as fortune lyst assyue:
For it is your owne fisyng and not myne.

And though in one chaunce fortune you offend,
Grudge not there at, but beare a mery face.
In many an other she shall it amende.
There is no manne so farre out of her grace,
But he sometyme hath comfort and solace:
Ne none agayne so farre fourth in her fauour,
That is full satisfied with her behaiour.

Fortune is stately, solemne, proude, and hie:
And rycheffe geueth, to haue seruyce therefore.
The nedy begger catcheth an halspeny:
Some manne a thousande pounce, some lesse some more.
But for all that she kepeth euer in store,
From euery manne some parcell of his wyll,
That he may pray therfore and serue her styll.

Some manne hath good, but chyldren hath he none.
Some man hath both, but he can get none health.
Some hath al thre, but vp to honours trone,
Can he not crape, by no maner of steth.
To some she sendeth, children, ryches, welthe,
Honour, woorshyp, and reuerence all hys lyfe:
But yet she pyncheth hym with a shrewde wyfe.

Then for asmuch as it is fortunes guyse,
To graunt no manne all thyng that he wyll aze,

But as her selfe lyst order and deuyse,
Doth euery manne his parte diuide and tax,
I counsayle you eche one trusse vp your packes,
And take no thyng at all, or be content,
With such rewarde as fortune hath you sent.

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

The Description of RICHARD the thirde.

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

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

THE HISTORY OF THE

wyfe had anye inkelynge thereof: for hee was not likeliye to speake it of noughte.

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

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

But in his last sicknesse, when hee receiued his naturall strengthe soo fore enfebled, that hee dyspayred all recouerye, then hee confyderynge the youthe of his chyl-dren, albeit hee nothyng lesse mistrusted then that that happened, yet well forseyng that manye harmes myghte growe by theyr debate, whyle the yooth of hys children shoulde lacke discrecion of themself and good counsayle, of their frendes, of whiche either partye shold counsayle for their owne commodity and rather by pleasaunte aduise too wynde themselfe fauour, then by profitable aduertisemente to do the children good, he called some of them before him that were at variaunce, and in especyall the lorde marques Dorsette the quenes sonne by her fyrste housebande, and Richarde the lorde Haftynges, a noble man, than lorde chaumberlayne agayne whome the quene speciallye gruded, for the great fauoure the kyng bare hym, and also for that shee thoughte hym secrete-lye familyer with the kyng in wanton coumpanye. Her kynred also bare hym fore, as well for that the kyng hadde made hym captayne of Calyce (whiche office the lorde Ryuers, brother to the quene claimed of the kinges former promyse as for diuerse other great giftes whiche hee receyued, that they looked for. When these lordes with diuerse other of bothe the parties were comme in presence, the kyng listynge vppe himselfe and vnder-sette with pillows, as it is reported on this wyse sayd vnto them, My lordes, my dere kinsmenne and allies, in what plighe I lye you see, and I feele. By whiche the lesse whyle I looke to lye with you, the more depelye am I moued to care in what case I leaue you, for such as I leaue you, suche bee my children lyke to fynde you. Whiche if they shoulde (that Godde forbydde) fynde you at varyaunce, myght happe to fall themselfe at warre ere their discrecion woulde serue to sette you at peace. Ye se their youthe, of whiche I reckon the onely suretie to reste in youre concord, For it suffieth not that al you loue them, yf eche of you hate other, If they wer menne, your faithfulnessse happelye woulde suffice. But childehood must be maintained by mens authoritye, and slipper youth vnderpropped with elder counsayle, which neither they can haue, but ye geue it, nor ye geue it, yf ye gree not. For wher eche laboureth to breake that the other maketh, and for hatred of ech of others parson, impugnech eche others counsayle, there must it neede bee long ere anye good conclusion goe forwarde. And also while either partye laboureth to be chiefe, flattery shall haue more place then plaine and faithfull aduise, of whyche muste needes ensue the euyl bring-ing vppe of the prynce, whose mynd in tender youth

infest, shal redilye fal to mischief and riot, and drawe down with this noble realme to ruine, but if grace turn him to widom: which if God send, then thei that by euill menes before pleased him best, shal after fall farthest out of fauour, so that euer at length euil driftes dreue to nought, and good pain wayes prosper. Great variaunce hath ther long bene betwene you, not alway for great causes. Sometime a thing right wel intended, our misconstruccion turneth vnto worfe or a smal displeasure done vs, eyther our owne affection or euil tongues agreueth. But this wote I well ye neuer had fo great cause of hatred, as ye haue of loue. That we be al men, that we be christen men, this shall I leaue for prechers to tel you (and yet I wote nere whither any preachers wordes ought more to moue you, then his that is by and by gooyng to the place that thei all preache of.) But this shal I desire you to remember, that the one parte of you is of my bloude, the other of myne allies, and eche of yow with other, eyther of kindred or affinitie, whiche spirytuall kynred of affynyty, if the sacramentes of Christs church, beare that weyght with vs that woulde Godde thei did, shoulde no lesse moue vs to charitye, then the respecte of fleshye consanguinitey. Oure Lorde forbydde, that you loue together the worfe, for the selfe cause that you ought to loue the better. And yet that happeneth. And no wher fynde wee so deadlye debate, as amonge them, whiche by nature and lawe moste oughte to agree together. Suche a pestilente serpente is amonion and desyre of vaine glorye and soueraintye, whiche amonge flates where he once entreth crepeth forth so farre, tyll with deuision and variaunce hee turneth all to mischief. Firste longynge to be nexte the best, afterwarde egall with the beste, and at laste chiefe and aboue the beste. Of which immoderate appetite of woorschip, and thereby of debate and dissencion what losse, what sorowe, what trouble hath within these fewe yeares grown in this realme, I praye Godde as well forgeate as wee well remember.

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

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

With these wordes and writynges and suche other, the duke of Gloucester sone set a fyre, them that were of themselves ethe to kindle, and in especiall twayne, Edward duke of Buckingham, and Richarde lorde Hastings and chaumberlayn, both men of honour and of great power. The tone by longe succession from his ancestrie, the tother by his office and the kinges fauor. These two not bearing eche to other so muche loue, as hatred bothe vnto the queenes parte: in this poynte accorded together wyth the duke of Gloucester, that they wolde vtterlye amoue fro the kynes companye, all his mothers frendes, vnder the name of their enemies. Vpon this concluded, the duke of Gloucester vnderstandyng, that the lordes whiche at that tyme were aboute the kyng, intended to bryng him vppe to his coronacion, accompanied with suche power of theyr frendes, that it should bee harde for hym to bryng his purpose to passe, without the gathering and great assemblie of people and in maner of open warre, whereof

the ende he wiste was doubtfull, and in which the kyng being on their side, his part should haue the face and name of a rebellion: he secretly therefore by diuers meanes, caused the queene to be perswaded and brought in the mynd, that it neither wer nede, and also should be ieopardous, the king to come vp strong. For where as nowe euery lorde loued other, and none other thing studyed vppon, but aboute the coronacion and honoure of the king: if the lordes of her kinred should assemble in the kinges name muche people, thei should geue the lordes atwixte whome and them hadde bene sommetyme debate, to feare and suspecte, lest they should gather thys people, not for the kynes sauegarde whome no manne enpugned, but for theyr destruccion, hauyng more regarde to their olde variaunce, then their newe attonement. For whiche cause thei should assemble on the other partie muche people agayne for their defence, whose power the wyfte wel farre stretched. And thus should all the realme fall on a rore. And of al the hurte that therof should ensue, which was likely not to be litle, and the most harme there like to fall wher the left would, all the worlde would put her and her kinred in the wyght, and say that thei had vnwyselye and vntrewlye also, broken the amitie and peace that the kyng her husband so prudentelye made, betwene hys kinne and hers in his death bed, and whiche the other party faithfully obserued.

The queene being in this wise perswaded, suche woordes sente vnto her sonne, and vnto her brother being aboute the kyng, and ouer that the duke of Gloucester hymselfe and other lordes the chiefe of hys bende, wrote vnto the kyng so reuerentelye, and to the queenes frendes, there too louyngelye, that they nothyng earthelye mystruftyng, broughte the kyng vppe in greate haste, not in good speede, with a sober companye. Nowe was the king in his waye to London gone, from Northampton, when these dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham came thither. Where remained behynd, the lorde Ryuers the kynes vncl, entending on the morowe to follow the kyng, and bee with hym at Stonye Stratford miles thence, earely or hee departed. So was there made that nyghte muche friendly chere betwene these dukes and the lorde Riuers a greate while. But incontinent after that they were openlye with greate courtesye departed, and the lorde Riuers lodged, the dukes secretlye with a fewe of their moste prouye frendes, sette them downe in counsaile, wherin they spent a great parte of the nyght. And at their risinge in the dawnyng of the day, thei sent about priuily to their seruantes in their innes and lodgynges about, geuyng them commaundement to make them selfe shortlye readye, for their lordes wer to horsebackward. Vppon whiche messages, manye of their folke were attendaunt, when manye of the lorde Riuers seruantes were vnreadye. Nowe hadde these dukes taken also into their custodie the kayes of the inne, that none should passe forth without theyr licence.

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

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

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

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

THOMAS MORE, knight.

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

Lewys the lost-louer.

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

DAUy the dycer.

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

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

The prologue to the Bouge of Courte.

IN Autumpne when the sonne in vyrgyne
By radyante hete enryped hath our corne
When Luna full of mutabylte
As Emperes the dyademe hath worne
Of our pole artyke, smytynge halfe in scorne
At our foly, and our vnsteafastnesse
The time when Mars to warre hym dyd dres,
I calyng to mynde the greate auctoryte
Of poetes olde, whiche tull crately
Vnder as couerte termes as coulede be
Can touche a trowth, and cloke subtylly
With freshe vtteraunce full sentencyously
Dyuerse in style some spared not vyce to wryte
Some of mortalitie nobly dyd endyte

Whereby I rede, they reame and theyr fame
Maye neuer dye, but cuermore endure
I was fore moued to a forse the same
But ignorance full soone dyde me dyscure
And shewed that in this arte I was not sure
For to illumine the sayd I was to dullie
Aduysynge me my penne awaye to pulle
And not to wryte, for he so wyll atteyne
Excedyng ferther than his conynge is
His heed maye be harde, but feble is brayne
Yet haue I knowen sliche er this
But of reproche surely he maye not mys
That clymmeth hyer than he may forynge haue
What and he flyde downe, who shall him saue?

Thus vp and downe my mynde was drawn and cast
That I ne wyfte what to do was beste
So fore enwred that I was at the laiste
Enforced to slepe, and for to take some reste
And to lye downe as soone as I my dreste
At Harwyche porte slumbryng as I laye
In myne hostes hous called powers keye

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

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

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