# Coronation Ode of King Henry VIII ${ }^{1}$ Thomas More, 1509 

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IN SVSCEPTI DIADEMATIS DIEM HENRICI
OCTAVI, ILLVSTRISSIMI AC FAVS-
TISSIMI BRITANNIARVM REGIS,
AC CATHERINAE REGINAE EIVS
FELICISSIMAE, THOMAE MORI
LONDONIENSIS CARMEN
GRATVLATORIVM.

SI qua dies unquam, si quod fuit Anglia tempus, Gratia quo superis esset agenda tibi, Haec est illa dies niueo signanda lapillo, Laeta dies fastis annumeranda tuis. Meta haec seruitij est, haec libertatis origo, Tristitiae finis, laetitiaeque caput. Nam iuuenem secli decus O memorabile nostri Vngit, et in regem praeficit ista tuum. Regem qui populi non unius usque, sed orbis Imperio dignus totius unus erat.
Regem qui cunctis lachrymas detergat ocellis, Gaudia pro longo substituat gemitu. Omnia discussis arrident pectora curis, Vt solet excussa nube nitere dies. Iam populus uultu liber praecurrit amoeno, Iam uix laetitiam concipit ipse suam.

Gaudet, ouat, gestit, tali sibi rege triumphat, Nec quicquam nisi rex quolibet ore sonat.

Nobilitas, uulgi iamdudum obnoxia faeci, Nobilitas, nimium nomen inane diu,

Nunc caput attollit, nunc tali rege triumphat, Et merito causas unde triumphet, habet. Mercator uarijs deterritus ante tributis, Nunc maris insuetas puppe resulcat aquas.

ON THE CORONATION DAY OF HENRY
VIII, MOST GLORIOUS AND BLESSED KING
OF THE BRITISH ISLES, AND OF
CATHERINE HIS MOST HAPPY QUEEN, A POETICAL EXPRESSION OF GOOD WISHES BY THOMAS MORE OF LONDON

IF EVER there was a day, England, if ever there was a time for you to give thanks to those above, Exordium this is that happy day, one to be marked with a pure white stone and put in your calendar.
This day is the [end] of our slavery, the beginning of our freedom, the end of sadness, the source of joy,
for this day consecrates a young man who is the everlasting glory of our time and makes him your king-
a king who is worthy not merely to govern a single people but singly to rule the whole world-
such a king as will wipe the tears from every eye and put joy in the place of our long distress.
Every heart smiles to see its cares dispelled, as the day Shines bright when clouds are scattered.
Now the people, freed, run before their king with bright faces. Their joy is almost beyond their own comprehension.
They rejoice, they exult, they leap for joy and celebrate their having such a king. "The King" is all that any mouth can say.
The nobility, long since at the mercy of the dregs of the population, the nobility, whose title has too long been without meaning,
now lifts its head, now rejoices in such a king, and has proper reason for rejoicing.
The merchant, heretofore deterred by numerous taxes, now once again plows seas grown unfamiliar.

Congaudent omnes pariter pariterque rependunt Omnes uenturo damna priora bono.

Leges inualidae prius, imo nocere coactae, Nunc uires gaudent obtinuisse suas. Iam quas abdiderat caecis timor ante latebris, Promere quisque suas gaudet et audet opes.

Iam iuuat $O$, potuit tot furum si qua tot uncas Tam circumspectas fallere praeda manus.

Non iam diuitias ullum est (magnum esse solebat) Quaesitas nullo crimen habere dolo.

Non metus occultos insibilat aure susurros, Nemo quod taceat, quodue susurret, habet. Iam delatores uolupe est contemnere, nemo Deferri, nisi qui detulit ante, timet. Conueniunt igitur simul aetas, sexus, et ordo, Causaque non ullum continet ulla domi,

Quo minus intersint, dum sacris rite peractis, Rex init auspicijs regna Britanna bonis.

Quacunque ingreditur, studio conferta uidendi Vix sinit angustam turba patere uiam.

Opplenturque domus, et pondere tecta laborant. Tollitur affectu clamor ubique nouo,

Nec semel est uidisse satis, loca plurima mutant, Si qua rursus eum parte uidere queant.

Ter spectare iuuat: quid ni hunc spectare iuuaret, Quo natura nihil finxit amabilius?

Mille inter comites excelsior omnibus extat, Et dignum augusto corpore robur habet.

Nec minus ille manu est agilis, quam pectore fortis, Seu res districto debeat ense geri, Seu quum protentis auide concurritur hastis, Seu petat oppositum missa sagitta locum.

Laws, heretofore powerless--yes, even laws put to unjust ends-now happily have regained their proper authority.
All are equally happy. All weigh their earlier losses against the advantages to come.
Now each man happily does not hesitate to show the possessions which in the past his fear kept hidden in dark seclusion.
Now there is enjoyment in any profit which managed to escape the many sly clutching hands of the many thieves.
No longer is it a criminal offense to own property which was honestly acquired (formerly it was a serious offense).
No longer does fear hiss whispered secrets in one's ear, for no one has secrets either to keep or to whisper.
Now it is a delight to ignore informers. Only exinformers fear informers now.
The people gather together, every age, both sexes, and all ranks. There is no reason why they should lurk in their homes
and not take part while the king, after completion of the proper ceremonies, undertakes, amid happy auspices, the rule of Britain.
Wherever he goes, the dense crowd in their desire to look upon him leaves hardly a narrow lane for his passage.
The houses are filled to overflowing, the rooftops strain to support the weight of spectators. On all sides there arises a shout of new good will.
Nor are the people satisfied to see the king just once; they change their vantage points time and time again in the hope that, from one place or another, they may see him again.
Three times they delight to see him-and why not? This king, than whom Nature has [shaped] nothing more deserving of love.
Among a thousand noble companions he stands out taller than any. And he has strength worthy of his regal person.

Praise for
Bodily Gifts
His hand, too, is as skilled as his heart is brave, whether there is an issue to be settled by the naked sword, or an eager charge with leveled lances, or an arrow aimed to strike a target.

Ignea uis oculis, Venus insidet ore, genisque Est color, in geminis qui solet esse rosis. Illa quidem facies alacri ueneranda uigore Esse potest tenerae uirginis, esse uiri. Talis erat, Nympham quum se simulauit Achilles. Talis, ubi Aemonijs Hectora traxit equis.

O si animi praestans una cum corpore uirtus
Cerni, natura non prohibente, queat.

Imo etiam uultu uirtus pellucet ab ipso, Est facies animi nuncia aperta boni,

Quam matura graui sedeat prudentia mente, Quam non solliciti pectoris alta quies,

Quoque modo sortem ferat, et moderetur utranque, Quanta uerecundae cura pudicitiae.
Quam tranquilla fouet placidum clementia pectus, Quam procul ex illo fastus abest animo, Principis egregius nostri (quas fingere non est) Prae se fert certas uultus et ipse notas.

At qua iustitia est, regnandi quas habet artes, Prosequitur populum qua pietate suum,

Haec facile ex uultu fiunt illustria nostro, Haec sunt ex nostris conspicienda bonis. Quod sic afficimur, quod libertate potimur, Quodque abiere timor, damna, pericia, dolor, Quod rediere simul, pax, commoda, gaudia, risus, Eximij uirtus principis inde patet.

Eneruare bonas immensa licentia mentes Idque etiam in magnis assolet ingenijs. At quamuis erat ante pius, mores tamen illi Imperium dignos attulit imperio.

Nam bona quae pauci sera fecere senecta, Protinus in primo praestitit ille die. Illico correptos inclusit carcere, quisquis Consilio regnum laeserat ante malo. Qui delator erat, uinclis constringitur arctis, Vt mala quae multis fecerat, ipse ferat.

There is fiery power in his eyes, [Venus] in his face, and such color in his cheeks as is typical of twin roses.
In fact, that face, admirable for its animated strength, could belong to either a young girl or a man.
Thus Achilles looked when he pretended to be a maiden, thus he looked when he dragged Hector behind his Thessalian steeds.
Ah, if only nature would permit that, like his body, the outstanding excellence of his [soul] be visible to the eye.
Nay but in fact his virtue does shine forth from

Praise for
Virtues of the Soul his very face; his countenance bears the open message of a good heart,
revealing how ripe the wisdom that dwells in his judicious mind, how profound the calm of his untroubled breast,
how he bears his lot and manages it whether it be good or bad, how great his care for modest chastity.
How serene the clemency that warms his gentle heart, how far removed from arrogance his mind,
of these the noble countenance of our prince itself displays the indubitable signs, signs that admit no counterfeit.
But his justice, the skill he has in the art of ruling, his sense of responsibility in the treatment of his people-
these can easily be discerned from our faces, these must be perceived from the prosperity we enjoy.
In that we are treated thus and are gaining our liberty, in that fear, harm, danger, grief have vanished,
while peace, ease, joy, and laughter have returnedtherein is revealed the excellence of our distinguished prince.
Unlimited power has a tendency to weaken good minds, and that even in the case of very gifted men.

Praise for
But howsoever dutiful he was before, his crown Achievements has brought our prince a character which deserves to rule,
or he has provided promptly on his first day such advantages as few rulers have granted in extreme old age
He has instantly arrested and imprisoned anyone who by plots had harmed the realm.
Whoever was an informer is closely fettered and confined, so that he himself suffers the woes which he imposed on many.

Ad mercaturas aperit mare: si quod ab illis Durius exactum est ante, remisit onus.

Despectusque diu magnatum nobilis ordo, Obtinuit primo pristina iura die. Ille magistratus et munera publica, uendi Quae sueuere malis, donat habenda bonis. Et uersis rerum uicibus feliciter, ante Quae tulit indoctus praemia, doctus habet.

Legibus antiquam (nam uersae euertere regnum Debuerant) subito uimque decusque dedit.

Omnis cumque prius prorsus descisceret ordo, Protinus est omnis redditus ordo sibi.

Quid quod in his etiam uoluit rescindere quaedan Vt populo possit commodus esse suo, Quae tamen ante suo nouit placuisse parenti? Sic patriam, ut decuit, praetulit ille patri. Nec miror: quid enim non principe fiat ab illo, Cui cultum ingenuis artibus ingenium est,

Castalio quem fonte nouem lauere sorores, Imbuit et monitis Philosophia suis? Nominibus populus multis obnoxius omnis Regi erat: hoc unum pertimuitque malum.

At rex, hinc metui quum posset, posset et inde Congerere immensas, si uoluisset, opes,

Omnibus ignouit: securos reddidit omnes, Sollicitique malum substulit omne metus. Ergo alios populi reges timuere, sed istum, Per quem nunc nihil est quod timeatur, amant.

Hostibus O princeps multum metuende superbis. O populo princeps non metuende tuo. Illi te metuunt: nos te ueneramur, amamus. Illis, noster erit, cur metuaris, amor. Sic te securum, demptoque satellite tutum, Vndique praestabunt, hinc amor, inde timor.

Extera bella quidem, coeat si Gallia Scotis, Sit tantum concors Anglia, nemo timet.

Our prince opened the sea for trade. If any overharsh duties were required of the merchants, he lightened their load.
And the long-scorned nobility recovered on our prince's first day the ancient rights of nobles.
He now gives to good men the honors and public offices which used to be sold to evil men.
By a happy reversal of circumstances, learned men now have the prerogatives which ignoramuses carried off in the past.
Our prince without delay has restored to the laws their ancient force and dignity (for they had been perverted so as to subvert the realm).
And although formerly each rank in the state was changing character completely, now at once every rank is restored.
What if, in the hope of being kind to his people, he decided to retract certain provisions of the law
which he knew his father had approved? In this he placed, as he should, his country before his father.
This preference does not surprise me; what could lie beyond the powers of a prince whose natural Praise for gifts have been enhanced by a liberal education, Learning
a prince bathed by the nine sisters in the Castalian fount and steeped in philosophy's own precepts?
The whole people used to be, on many counts, in debt to the king, and this in particular was the evil they feared.

Achievements
But our king, though he could have inspired fear in this way and could have gathered from this source immense riches, if he had wished to do so,
has forgiven the debts of all, and rendered all secure, removing all the evil of distressing fear.
Hence it is that, while other kings have been feared by their [people], this king is loved, since now through his action they have no cause for fear.
O prince, terror to your proud enemies but not to your own people,
it is your enemies who fear you; we revere and love you. Our love for you will prove the reason for their fear.
And thus it is that, in the absence of sycophants, your [people's] love and your enemies' fear will hedge you round in peace and safety.
As for wars beyond the borders - if the French, for instance, join with the Scots - no one is afraid, provided that England is not divided.

At procul intestina aberunt certamina: nam quae Semina, quas causas unde oriantur, habent?
Primum equidem de iure tuae tituioque coronae Quaestio iam non est ulla, nec esse potest. Quae certare solet iam tu pars utraque solus, Nobilis hanc litem soluit uterque parens.

Ast magis abs te etiam est populi procui ira, tumultus
Impia ciuilis quae solet esse caput.
Ciuibus ipse tuis tam charus es omnibus unus, Vt nemo possit charior esse sibi.
Quod si forte duces committeret ira potentes, Soluetur nutu protinus ha tuo.

Tanta tibi est maiestatis reuerentia sacrae, Virtutes merito quam peperere tuae. Quae tibi sunt, fuerant patrum quaecunque tuorum. Secula prisca quibus nil habuere prius. Est tibi namque tui princeps prudentia patris. Estque tibi matris dextra benigna tuae. Est tibi mens auiae, mens reiligiosa paternae. Est tibi materni nobile pectus aui. Quid mirum ergo, nouo si gaudeat Angiia more, Cum qualis nunquam rexerat ante, regat?

Quid quod laeticia haec, quae uisa est non potuisse Crescere, coniugio creuit adaucta tuo?

Coniugio, superi quod decreuere benigni, Quo tibi, quoque tuis consuluere bene. Llla tibi coniunx, laetus communia tecum Quam uidit populus sceptra tenere tuus, Cuius habent tantam coelestia numina curam, Vt thalamis ornent, nobilitentque tuis. Illa est, quae priscas uincat pietate Sabinas, Maiestate sacras uicerit hemitheas.

Illa uel Alcestes castos aequarit amores, Vel prompto superet consilio Tanaquil. Illo ore, hoc uultu, forma est spectabilis illa, Quae talem ac tantam sola decere potest.

Eloquio facunda cui Cornelia cedat, Inque maritali Penelopeia fide.

And internal strife there will not be, for what cause, what reason, is there to provoke it?
Most important, concerning your right and title to the crown, there is no opposition, nor can there be.
You, all by yourself, represent both sides of the quarrel which usually arises; the fact that both your parents were high-born disposes of this problem.
And anyway the anger of the people, a wicked thing, common source of civil disturbance, is even more remote from you.
To all your subjects you are so dear that no man could be dearer to himself.
But if perchance wrath were to bring powerful chieftains to war, your nod will promptly put an end to that wrath,
such reverence for your sacred majesty have your virtues justly created.
And whatever virtues your ancestors had, these are yours too, not excelled in ages past.
For you, sire, have your father's wisdom, you have your mother's kindly strength,
the devout intelligence of your paternal grandmother, the noble heart of your mother's father.
What wonder, then, if England rejoices in a fashion heretofore unknown, since she has such a king as she never had before?
And then there is the fact that this joy, apparently as great as it could be, was increased by your

Praise of the
Queen marriage-
a marriage which the kindly powers above arranged and in which they planned well for you and yours.
In her you have as wife one whom your people have been happy to see sharing your power,
one for whom the powers above care so much that they distinguish her and honor her by marriage with you.
She it is who could vanquish the ancient Sabine women in devotion, and in dignity the holy, half-divine heroines of Greece.
She could equal the unselfish love of Alcestis or, in her unfailing judgment, outdo Tanaquil.
In her expression, in her countenance, there is a remarkable beauty uniquely appropriate for one so great and good.
The well-spoken Cornelia would yield to her in eloquence; she is like Penelope in loyalty to a husband.

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Illa tibi princeps multos deuota per annos, Sola tui longa mansit amore mora.
Non illam germana soror, nec patria flexit, Non potuit mater, non reuocare pater.

Vnum te matri, te praetulit illa sorori.
Te patriae, et charo praetulit illa patri.
Illa tibi felix populos, hinc inde potentes
Non dissoluenda iunxit amicitia.
Regibus orta quidem magnis, nihioque minorum est Regum, quam quibus est orta, futura parens. Hactenus una tui nauem tenet ancora regni, Vna, sat illa quidem firma, sed una tamen.
At regina tibi sexu foecunda uirili Vndique firmatam perpetuamque dabit. Proueniunt illi magna ex te commoda, rursus Ex illa ueniunt commoda magna tibi: Non alia ulla fuit certe te digna marito. Illa non alius coniuge dignus erat.

Anglia thura feras, sacrumque potentius omni Thure, bonas mentes innocuasque manus, Connubium ut superi hoc, sicut fecere, secundent, Vt data coelesti sceptra regantur ope,

Vtque ipsis gestata diu haec diademata, tandem Et natus nati gestet, et inde nepos.

This lady, prince, vowed to you for many years, through a long time of waiting remained alone for love of you.
Neither her own sister nor her native land could win her from her way; neither her mother nor her father could dissuade her.

It was you, none other, whom she preferred to her mother, sister, native land, and beloved father.
This blessed lady has joined in lasting alliance two nations, each of them powerful.
She is descended from great kings, to be sure; and she will be the mother of kings as great as her ancestors.
Until now one anchor has protected your ship of statea strong one, yet only one.
But your queen, fruitful in male offspring, will render it on all sides stable and everlasting.
Great advantage is yours because of her, and similarly is hers because of you.
There has been no other woman, surely, worthy to have you as husband, nor any other man worthy to have her as wife.

England! bring incense, and an offering more potent than all incense-loyal hearts and innocent hands,
that heaven, as it has made this marriage, may bless it, that the scepter may be swayed with the help of heaven that gave it,
and that these crowns may long be worn by these two, and may at length be worn by their son's son and their descendants thereafter.

## Endnote

${ }^{1}$ Epigram 19, in volume 3.2, Latin Poems, of The Complete Works of St. Thomas More, eds. C. H. Miller, L. Bradner, C. A.Lynch, and R. P. Oliver (Yale UP, 1984), pp. 100-113.

