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# THE SHIP OF FOOLS

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER BARCLAY



VOLUME SECOND

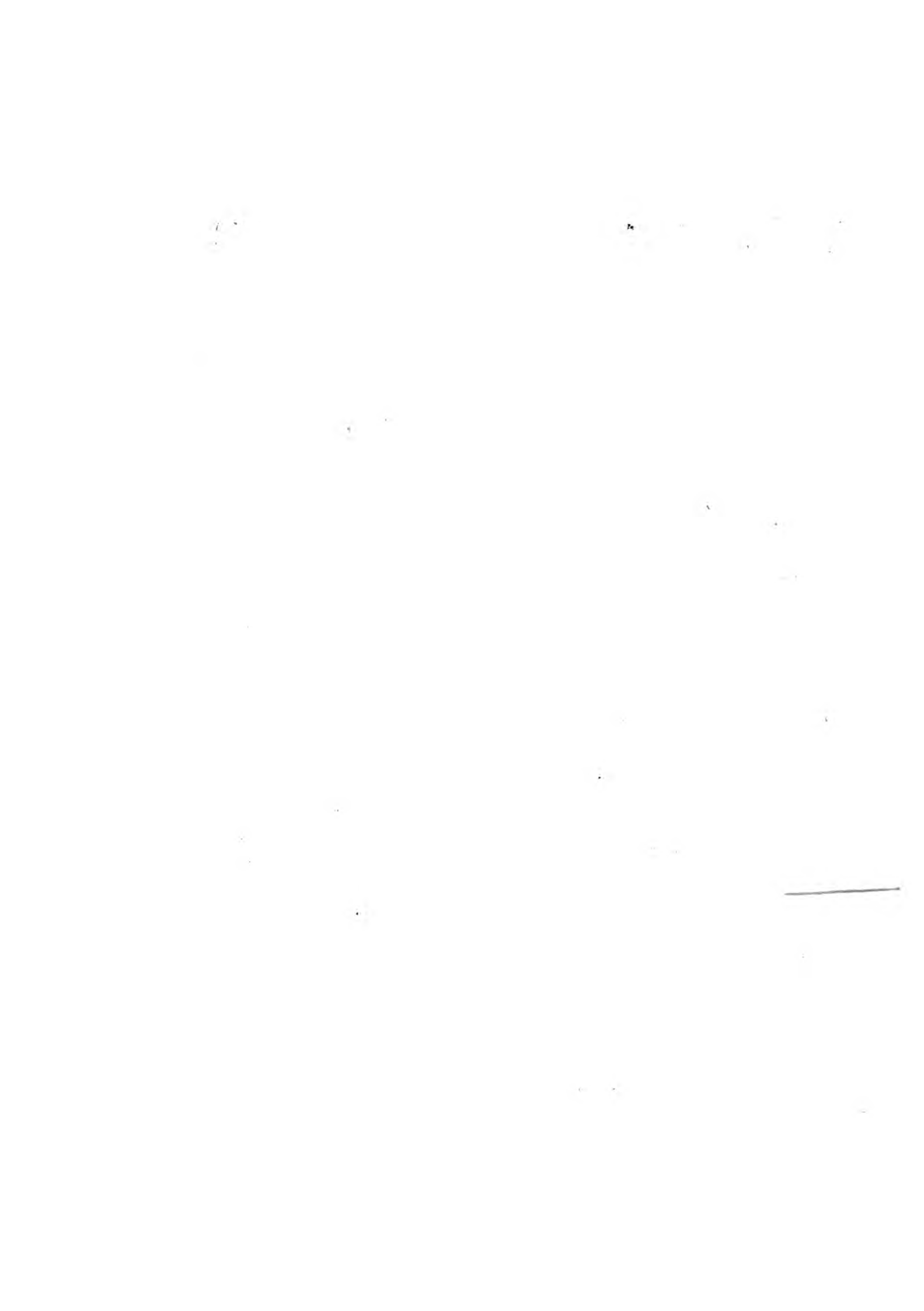


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Of the yre immoderate, the wrath and  
great lewdnes of wymen.



For wrathfull men I purposyd to ordayne  
A slowe Asse theyr hastynes to asswage  
But nowe must they forgo that beste agayne  
For wymen clayme the same by theyr great rage  
Theyr furour passyth, in dede and in langage  
All men in erth : none may with them compare  
He is well happy whiche may of them be ware.

## 2 *Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.*

---

My balade bare of frute and eloqueuce  
And I also with all my herte and mynde  
Wolde wymen lawde and prayse with reuerence  
And namely suche as ar founde true and kynde  
But of that sort, but fewe a man shall fynde  
So the yll cause, and theyr nature cruell  
To say the trouth doth me constrayne and bynde  
And of theyr vyces somewhat brefely to tell

I haue longe louyd, loue nowe, and euer shall  
Them to commende that in vertue haue delyte  
And that ar good and chaste namely of all  
But bad, that full of wrath ar, and despyte  
It is conuenient of theyr madnes to wryte  
And theyr condycions repreue without all drede  
So am I bolder and redyer to endyte  
For no wyse woman shall these rebukes rede

The mother of Graccus. Cornelia prudent  
Chaste and discrete, and of beauty souerayne  
Shall nat my Balade rede : for intent  
Was euer in vertue, hir honour to mentayne  
No godly woman, that doth from synne refrayne  
Shall I disprayse but rather them defende  
Therefore in my wordes I shall boldly and playne  
Lawde iust and good, and the yll discommende

She that hath bene brought vp in honestye  
Fedyngge hir mynde with wysdome and prudence  
And kept hir gode name in youth by chastyte  
The fere of God alway in hir presence

*Of the wrath and great lewanes of wymen. 3*

---

Suche ren nat lyghtly to vyle synne and offence  
And doth no thyng, but gode and commendable  
O that suche one is worthy reuerence  
Better than all golde, than ryches more lawdable

A woman iust and to goodnes inclyned  
If wrath and yre hir husbonde do inflame  
With hir good counsell shall mytigate his mynde  
And peas his wrath, an example of the same  
We haue by kynge Assuerus by name  
Whiche commaundyd all the hebreans to be slayne  
But his Quene hester worthy of dede and fame  
With hir fayre wordes apeasyd hym agayne

The kynge Dauyd despysed by Naball  
That wronge purposyd to punysshment hastely  
Yet was he apaysyd by a woman lyberall  
Abygayll by name, whiche very womanly  
Causyd hym that yre to temper by and by  
His hande withdrawynge, and swerde of punysshment  
So good wymen counsell well and rightwysely  
But yll gyue counsell after the worst intent

Salomon the wyse infect with the foly  
Of wymens counsell and blynde aduysement  
To his great hurte fell to Idolatry  
Renounsynge the seruyce of god omnyotent  
Of womans tunge : who can the malyce stent  
Forsoth no man : for all theyr felycyte  
Is set in spekyng of wordes imprudent  
For in theyr tunge is all theyr cruelte



#### 4 *Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.*

---

Theyr cruell tunge is sharper than a dart  
Therwith they labour to brynge men to yll name  
And with the same they stryke some to the herte  
With thoughtfull wounde, no thyng can hele the same  
They neuer haue done, and yet haue they no shame  
Without occasyon to chyde with noyse and cry  
In cruell wordes is all theyr myrth and game  
Sawynge theyr sede of chatrynge lyke the pye

O god aboue: o kynge moste glorious  
Of heuen and erth the whiche hast rauysshyd hell  
Delyuer vs from the tungys venemous  
Of frowarde wymen, cursyd and cruell  
For a thousande mo myscheuys than man can tell  
Procede of theyr mad and disordred langage  
One woman chydynge makyth gretter yell  
Than sholde an hundreth pyes in one cage

The pore husbonde with some is so bested  
That he no rest hath one houre of the day  
Nor in the nyght whan he is in his bed  
There she hym techyth a brawlynge crede to say  
And if he there ought vnto hir denay  
She gronyth grutchynge, with hir complayntis styll  
Ye foure dayes after let hym do what he may  
He shall hir nat asswage tyll she hath chid hir fyll

Thus is hir chydynge to this pore man great wo  
Moreouer in woman is gyle and sotyltye  
And secrete malyce whiche none can take hir fro  
And for that she wolde fayne commendyd be

*Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.* 5

---

She hym commaundeth as moche more wyse than he  
In hir owne conceyt despysynge his doctryne  
And if hir husbonde to any thyng agre  
By no maner mean wyll she therto inclyne

She wyll that no thyng be perfourmyd of his wyll  
All must be rulyd after hir folysshe mynde  
And that in thynges, wherin she hath no skyll.  
So oft the husbonde fawtles great hurte doth fynde  
And also lossys whiche his herte sharply bynde  
By the lewde dedys and langage of his wyfe  
And though a womans wordes be but wynde  
Yet of them growe bothe : murder losse and stryfe

Right so Amphyon of Thebes myghty kyng  
For the offences : and selfe wyll of his wyfe  
Bycause he dyd hir wyll in euery thyng  
For his owne foly at laste he lost his lyfe  
Wordes amonge wymen is comon and ryfe  
And fere of shame, from many gone is quyte  
So one Calphurnia in a case playntyfe  
Hir bare tayle shewyd to the iuge in despyte

But for to speke of womans wrath and yre  
No beste in erthe to wrath is so inclynde  
As she : hir wrath in hete passyth hote fyre  
No tunge can tell the rancour of hir mynde  
This wrath in woman is rotyd so by kynde  
That if she be onys set in hir madnesse  
She passyth all the cruell bestis of Inde  
The bere the wolf fell lyon, and the lyones.

## *6 Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.*

---

The cruell Tyger to woman is nat lyke  
Whiche whan hir whelpis from hir den taken be  
Rangyth about in furour them to seke  
For madnes gnawynge and terynge stocke and tre  
A wrathfull woman is yet more mad than she  
Cruell Medea doth us example shewe  
Of womans furour great wrath and cruelte  
Whiche hir owne children dyd all to pecis hewe

Progne also may be to vs example  
Whiche sode hir owne childe after she had hym slayne  
The story in Ouyde is wryten longe and ample  
But if Juuenall had nat wryten playne  
Of wymen the wrath, theyr cruelte and trayne  
The same shulde nowe haue wryten ben by me  
But foly it is to wryte the same agayne.  
Therefore I leue it for cause of breuyte

The herte of woman is ay deuysynge scornys  
Disceyt and cautele falshode lesynge and gyle  
It is more sharpe than knyfe, pryckynge as thornes  
If she be pacient: it lastyth but a whyle  
Hir stomacke swellyth by bytter gall and vyle  
Hir body full of rancour and madnes  
But where she settyth, man by worde to reuyle  
From hir stynkynge mouth commyth all vnhappynes

No maner vyce shall she vntouchyd leue  
She troubleth maners of men that ar lawdable  
And of theyr gode name doth falsly them bereue  
She troubllyth right and peas most profytable

*Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen. 7*

---

Brakyng hir fayth by synne abhomynable  
The bed defylyng, Dean can nat withdrawe  
Them from that vyse theyr mynde is so vnstable  
They take theyr pleasour in synne agaynst the lawe

She that hir mynde doth to this vyce subdue  
Gyuyng hir body to this mys gouernaunce  
To husbonde, nor to none other man is true  
Yet kepeth she a solem countenaunce  
As none were lyke hir in Englonde nor in Fraunce  
In all vertues, and knowyng nought of syn  
But if that she were well sought she is perchaunce  
A wolfe or gote within a Lammys skyn

A woman is lyke a clyster laxatyf  
In manns purs voydyng that is within  
If man shulde euer be rulyd by his wyfe  
Hir proude aparayle sholde make his thyrst full thyn  
As well can some spende as theyr good man can wyn  
And moche faster, but if that coyne do fayle  
She labowryth nat to get it without syn  
But craftely to forge it with hir tayle

I fynde in the worlde that there be thynges thre  
Right harde to knowe, the fourth that no man may  
Knowe nor perceyue, first, whan a byrde doth fle  
Alonge in the ayre : no man can spye hir way  
The way of a Shyp in the se thoughe it be day  
Harde is to se whiche way the shyp hath gone  
The thirde harde thyng as I have oft heard say  
Is the way of a serpent ouer a stone

## 8 *Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.*

---

But the fourth way that of all hardest is  
Of yonge man is, in youthes lustynes  
A vycyous womans way is lyke to this  
Whiche after hir synne and great vnhappyness  
Fedyth hir with mete of blynde delyciousnes  
Than wypyth hir mouth and sayth in audyence  
With mynde assured and past all shamefastnes  
I haue nat commytted yll, synne nor any offence

Thre other thynges on erth I fynde certayne  
Whiche troubleth the grounde and also the see  
The fourth nouthen see nor londe may well sustayne  
The firste is a churle that hath a bonde man be  
And so by fortune come vnto hye degre  
The seconde is a fole whan he is dronke and full.  
The thirde a wrathfull woman, full of cruelte  
He that hir weddyth, hath a crowe to pull

Yet is the fourth wors and more eleuate  
That is a hande mayde lowe of hir lynage  
Promotyd from a begger and so come to estate  
Succedyng hir lady as heyr in herytage  
Of suche procedeth moche malyce and outrage  
Disdayne great scorne, vilany and debate  
For the frenche man, sayth in his langage  
No thyng is wors than a churle made a state

I wolde fayne cesse of womans gyle and treason  
And theyr great falshode whiche none can well defende  
I nought wyll speke, howe some by mortall poyson  
Theyr husbandes bryng to sodayne deth and ende

*Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen. 9*

---

Examples habunde : who lyst therto intende  
Of Agrippina, and Poncia wode of mynde  
Whiche on theyr husbondes dyd mortall hande extende  
Of many suche we may in wrytynge fynde

What shall I wryte the cursyd cruelte  
Of the susters of Danaides echone  
Fyfty in nomber, whiche by iniquyte  
Slewe all their husbondes reseruyd one alone  
O chast luces, alas where art thou gone  
From theyr presence all wymen ner, the chace  
Thou art belouyd, nowe almost of none  
And bawdy tays hath nowe thy rowme and place

Fals Clytymnestra cruell of hir dede  
May trouble the hertis of all men on the grounde  
And cause them of other suche to take hede  
Whose manyfolde malyce doth mynde of man confounde  
The prudent Porcia to fewe men nowe is bounde  
Or associat by the way of mariage  
This Porcia kept hir body chast and sounde  
Trewre to hir husbonde Cato the great sage

The Chast Sabyn is nat weddyd nowe a dayes  
To many men : as she was wont to be  
I meane that fewe inclyne, nowe to hir wayes  
Wherfore I say that well happy is he  
That hath a woman kepyng hir honeste  
Pacient of mynde, in suche is great confort  
She is a Jewell that louyth chastyte  
It is pyte that so fewe, be of that sort

10 *Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.*

---

Ye gentyll wymen, and other great and small  
Be nat displeasyd with these true cours sentences  
For certaynly I haue nat wryten all  
The vyce of wymen theyr synnes nor offences  
If I had red all the lyberall sciences  
And all my lyfe shulde there about intende  
Yet coude I neuer wryte all inconuenyences  
By wymen done, nor theyr malyce comprehende

But whyle I lyue the good shall I commende  
And them exalt at euery tyme and season  
I may haue leyser ynoughe therto tyntende  
Syns of them is no plenty but great geason  
But suche folys as ar voyde of all reason  
And shame to all wymen by theyr mys gouernaunce  
As powlynge yre disceyte sclaunder and treason  
Them shall I blame with wrathfull countenanne

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

Ye wrathfull wymen by vyce lesynge your name  
Correct your selfe, and labour ye with payne  
In your lyuyng for to deserue no blame  
Assay with mekenes to get your name agayne  
By that mean may ye, all your wyll obtayne  
Let chastyte you gyde and pacience  
For to be frowarde, (it is a thyng in vayne  
Vnto hym to whom ye owe obedyence

The lawe commaundyth you to do reuerence  
Vnto your spousys with honour and mekenesse

*Of the wrath and great lewdnes of wymen.* 11

---

And nat displease hym by your wylfull offence  
As hasty langage disceyte and vnkyndnes  
If ye lyue well than shall God sende riches  
To you in erth, with welth and ioy mundayne  
And if ye fortune to fall in to lewdnes  
These great gyftis shall ye iustly lese agayne



## Of the great myght and power of Follys.



Blynde folly hath hir tentis abroad displayde  
In every place, from them no felde is fre.  
With hir madnes, the worlde is hole dismayde  
She hath all men in hir captyuyte  
But namely suche as ar of moste degre  
Of most riches power lynage and myght  
Vnder hir standard submyt them selfe to fyght

*Of the great myght and power of folys. 13*

---

Thou folysshe man trustynge in thy ryches  
Therby contendinge to haue preemynence  
Howe be it that thou art gyuen to viciousnes  
And none so bolde to shewe the thy offence  
The more thou errest in thy blynde negligence  
For if that thou be hye of rowme and name  
If thou offende the more shall be thy shame

Thoughe all thy wordes be full of folysshenes  
And all thy dedys to no good ende do come  
Yet wylt thou be reputyd in ryches  
Bebefore all other and also in wysdome  
O howe oft tymes (of these folys) wyll some  
Commende them self and lawde their glorious name  
Whan they se that none other wyll do the same

These folys them boste of dedys of valyaunce  
And worthy actis done by them in batayle  
Howe be it that lawde wherby man doth auauance  
Hym self by his owne mouth is of but small auayle  
And vyle before men of wysdome and counsayle  
But suche fowlys that of eche hatyd be  
Them self may commende by gode auctoryte.

These Folys say that londe is fortunate  
Whiche is gouernyd, by ryche Prynce or kyng  
But better is that londe whiche longyth to a state  
Whiche is induyd with wysdome and cunnyng  
Workynge by counsell in euery maner thyng  
For who that rayneth in wysdome and vertue  
The great Vlixes shall scantly hym subdue

14 *Of the great myght and power of folys.*

---

A wyse Prynce gydeth hymselfe by reason  
And his Realme by Justyce and equyte  
Ordeynynge eche thyng, accordynge to the season  
Nowe with rygour : and oft by benygnyte.  
Nat beyng parcyall to hye nor lowe degre  
No coyne nor brybe can change or turne his mynde  
But so he iugeth as lawe and right doth bynde

Suche louty vertue, next god omnypotent  
And grace hym gydeth with godly chastyte  
Wherby his Realme becommyth excellent  
His londe increasyng in great prosperyte  
His counsell discrete and full of grauyte  
Graciously gydeth the subiectis on his grounde  
And so departynge this Prynce in heuyn is crownde

Well is that londe and ioyous may it be  
Whiche is defendyd by suche a noble estate  
But wo be that londe, whose crowne of royalte  
Is gyuen to a childe, whose counsell drynketh late  
Gyuen to the wombe, to Ryot and debate  
Suche frowarde counsell shall blynde his innocence  
And cause hym decay from his hye excellence

A fole promotyd to riches and renowne  
Syttyng in his stage or chayre of rowme royall  
Blyndeth iustyce tournynge the lawes vp set downe  
By vyle rewardes and gyftis temporall  
Another by fauour, letteth true iustyce fall  
Damyng innocence by fals iniquyte  
Thus falsly ouerthrowen is iust symplycyte

Justyce ought be wayed in an euyne balance  
By egall mesure, all fauour set a syde  
Nat rygorously for wrath or displeasaunce  
The fere of god ought a iuges mynde to gyde  
But moche I fere lyst the fals sede abyde  
In erthe yet : of them whiche by fals polecy  
Vnto deth iuged Susanna wrongfully

And of Andronicus whiche hath Onias slayne  
Thoughe both be dede, the sede of them abyde  
Wherof fals traytours begyn to growe agayne  
Infectyng falsly the worlde on euery side  
Maystershype, and money euery thyng doth gyde  
Bynadab by gyftis hath broke his othe alas  
Tryphon by the same disceyued Jonathas

In hope of brybes men of great dignyte  
Blyndyth the lawes, and some doth oft betray  
Theyr kyng and countrey sellyng theyr honeste  
Example of Jugurtha whiche oft by Rome dyd say  
Whyle he frome it departyd on a day  
O Rome Rome, who that had store of golde  
By thy owne gyders, thou falsly sholde be solde

Trust me (on grounde, no maner man we fynde  
Of so great wrath malyce nor rancoure  
But the holy Crosse shall mytygate his mynde  
All men doth it great worshype and honour  
Money ouer man is like a conquerour  
No herte so stronge whiche it doth nat ouercome  
It is preferred both vertue and wysdome

16 *Of the great myght and power of folys.*

---

Whan many labours it leuyth nought vndone  
It all ouercomyth with hye and lowe degre  
And shortly to speke for a conclusyon  
It thousandes blyndeth of men of dignyte  
With dyuers folyes, whiche they themself nat se  
Thus doth the number of Folys rayne so wyde  
Ouer all the worlde: that no man can them gyde.

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

O noble prynces, in worshyp decorate  
Infix your myndes to vertue and prudence  
Remember it is more dishonour to a state  
Than to a sympyll man to fall to vyle offence  
And where as of God ye haue preemynence  
Aboue lowe people, labour with full intent  
To pass them in vertue, and so with dylygence  
Lerne to lyue by the rede Rose redolent

Though that we Brytons be fully separate  
From all the worlde as is sene by euydence  
Wallyd with the se, and longe ben in debate  
By insurreccion yet God hath made defence  
By his prouysion ordeyned us a prynce.  
In all vertues most noble and excellent  
This prynce is Harry clene of conscience  
Smellynge as the Rose ay freshe and redolent

Drawe nere ye Prynces of myndes eleuate  
Meknes may ye lerne beynge in his presence  
And godly wysdome as hath apered late  
In dyuers dedys done, by his excellence

*Of the great myght and power of folys. 17*

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Subduynge without blode great inconuenyence  
Punysshynge the proude, louynge the innocent  
Wherfore to his dedys gyue your aduertence  
Folowyng the smell of the Rose redolent

By his reygne is all Englonde lawreat  
With godly peas nat nedyng great defence  
Murdred is Mars, and with woundes sawciate  
The bondys of peas hath dryuen the tyrant hens  
Banysshed is batayle by his magnyficence  
And peas confermyd by god omnypotent  
The blynde Venus chefe grounde of neglygence  
Is exyled from the rede Rose redolent

In hym is iustyce with petye sociate  
Vpon the poor he spareth no expence  
Nor on the Church after lyke maner rate  
Promotyng men of wysdome and science  
Seruyng his maker with loue and reuerence  
Wherfore O englonde be true of thy intent  
With faythfull herte do hym obedyence  
Thanke god whiche hath the Rose vnto the sent

## Of the vayne cure of Astronomy.



He is forsoth of purpose vayne and blynde  
Of mynde mysbeleuyng and without aduysement  
Whiche stedfastly thynkyth in his mynde  
To knowe thynges to come playne and euydent  
Onely by the sterrys of the fymament  
Yet churlys voyde of cunnyng and wysdome  
Ar nowe a dayes Astronomyers become

Here call we to our folysshe company  
Suche folys as labour and stody with great payne  
To iuge the planetis, by theyr Astronomy  
And other craftis without profyte and vayne  
Come hyther Astronomyers haue ye no disdayne  
Ye planetystis and wytches, and other of this sort  
Whiche honour the sterres onely : as your confort

Suche iuge the dedys of men both more and les  
Expoundynge the sterres by theyr vayne iugement  
They labour wenyng by theyr folysshnes  
To knowe the secrete of god omnypotent  
On this vayne stody so set is theyr intent  
That what so euer they in the sterres se  
Without all dout they thynke the same shall be

On the sterrys is all theyr felycyte  
And in the planetis ar they full dilygent  
And than vtter with great audacyte  
All that the same do showe or represent  
The preuy workynges of euery element  
And secrete causys of other bodyes aboue.  
They note to knowe to what effect they moue

Some gase vpon the wandrynge of the mone  
Another deuysyth the cours of Phebus clere  
Gasyng on the Sonne at mornynge nyght or none  
And by other planetis shewyth what doth apere  
Howe some of them whan they do gyde the yere  
Engendreth plenty pleasour myrth and ioy  
And howe some other doth man and beste destroy



Some techyth what thyng sad Saturne doth manace  
And what cruell Mars doth note and signifye  
Some expoundyth Venus with hir pleasaunt face  
Howe she men bryngyth oft tyme to vylany  
Another is in hande to trete of Mercury  
Howe eche of these planetis doth men predestynate  
And howe Jupiter theyr wrath doth mytygate

These folys say that in theyr bokes they fynde  
That men borne vnder the constellacion  
Of Saturne : to theft and robberyng ar inclynyd  
Yet fynde we suche true ofte by probacion  
And gode and iust without all decepcion  
They say that children of Mars without fayle  
Shall be disposyd and full gyuen to Batayle

Yet fynde we often by playne experience  
That suche as vnder this planete borne be  
Ar nat inclyned after theyr sentence  
But gyuen ay to peas and tranquyllyte  
Right so by Venus we often tymes se  
That though she dispose hir children vnto lust  
And bodely pleasour, yet ar they : chast and iust

Thus it aperyth both playne and openly  
That it is foly to gyue great confydence  
To the vnsure science of Astronomy  
Wherfore haue done Just man, note this sentence  
A man of wysdome vertue and science  
If he the wayes of vyces set asyde  
Shall gyde the sterres, and they shall hym nat gyde

Thynke well the sterris and eche elyment  
The hole firmament and planetis euerychone  
Stande in the handes of god omnyotent  
None can them gyde saue this hye lorde alone  
Therefore mad man, let thy foly be gone  
Wylt thou knowe the secretis of thy creatour  
Leue of thy blyndnes, thy foly and furour

Takest thou this labour and charge vpon the  
As who sayth god whiche reyneth eternall  
Wolde shewe his secretis and godly pryuytye  
By sterre or planete to any man mortall  
Wherfore it is best me thynke that we leue all  
Vnto the iugement and wyll of god aboue  
Whiche gydeth all: howe euer the sterris moue

He by his myght hath made the fyrmament  
With all the sterres and planetis of the same  
Whiche at his wyll ar euer obedyent  
And he them rulyth, therefore what hurt or shame  
What mysfortune aduersyte or blame  
Can all the planetis to man or childe pretende  
If god moste glorious by his myght vs defende

Thus is it foly, voyde labour and vanyte  
To gyue great credence vnto Astronomy  
It is great Foly also in certaynte  
To trust vnto fortune, to byrth or desteny  
A vertuose lyuer may all the same defye  
Lyue well and than trust surely to goddes grace  
The sterris ne fortune shall in the haue no place.

THE NUOY OF BARKLAY.

Leue of your foly, whiche labour this science  
And let this your clokyd errour be refusyd  
Vnto the sterris gyue nat to great credence  
For many one therby hath ben abusyd.  
And many one haue stodyed sore and musyd  
To wryte Pronosticacions, whiche haue be founde  
Of none effect, and than falsly excusyd  
For suche shewe before after as they ar bounde.

Of the folysshe descripcion and inquisicion  
of dyuers contrees and regyons.



Who that is besy to mesure and compace  
The heyn and erth and all the worlde large  
Describynge the clymatis and folke of euery place  
He is a fole and hath a greuous charge  
Without auantage, wherfore let hym discharge  
Hym selfe, of that fole whiche in his necke doth syt  
About suche folyes dullynge his mynde and wyt.

## 24 *Of the folysse descripcion and inquisicion*

---

That fole, of wysdome and reason doth fayle  
And also discession labowrynge for nought.  
And in this shyp shall helpe to drawe the sayle  
Which day and nyght infixeth all his thought  
To haue the hole worlde within his body brought  
Mesurynge the costes of euery royalme and lande  
And clymatis, with his compace, in his hande

He coueytyth to knowe, and compryse in his mynde  
Euery regyon and euery sundry place  
Whiche ar nat knowen to any of mankynde  
And neuer shall be without a specyall grace  
Yet suche folys take pleasour and solace  
The length and brede of the worlde to mesure  
In vayle besynes, takynge great charge and cure

They set great stody labour and besynes  
To knowe the people that in the east abyde  
And by and by theyr mesures after dres  
To knowe what folke the west and north part gyde  
And who the sowth, thus all the worlde wyde  
By these folys is meated by ieometry  
Yet knowe they scant theyr owne vnwyse body

Another labours to knowe the nacions wylde  
Inhabytynge the worlde in the North plage and syde  
Metynge by mesure, countrees both fyers and mylde  
Vnder euery planete, where men sayle go or ryde  
And so this fole castyth his wyt so wyde  
To knowe eche londe vnder the fymament  
That therabout in vayne his tyme is spent

Than with his compace drawyth he about  
Europe, and Asye, to knowe howe they stande  
And of theyr regyons nat to be in dout  
Another with Grece and Cesyll is in honde  
With Apuly, Afryke and the newe fonde londe  
With Numydy and, where the Moryans do dwell  
And other londes whose namys none can tell

He mesureth Athlant, calpe, and cappadoce  
The see of Hercules garnado and Spayne  
The yles there aboute shewynge all in groce  
Throwynge his mesure to Fraunce and to Brytayne  
The more and lesse, to Flaundes and almayne  
There is no yle so lytell that hath name  
But that these Folyes in hande ar with the same

And regyons that ar compasyd with the se  
They besely labour to knowe and vnderstande  
And by what cause, nature or propertye  
These doth flowe, nat ouercouerynge the londe  
So he descrybyth his cercle in his honde  
The hole worlde: leuyng no thyng behynde  
As in the Doctrynes of Strabo he doth fynde

Whiche wrote in bokes makynge declaracion  
Somtyme hym groundynge vpon auctoryte  
Howe eche Royalme and londe had sytuacion  
Some in brode felde some closyd with the see  
But ye geometryans that of this purpose be  
Ye ar but folyes to take suche cure and payne  
Aboute a thyng whiche is fruteles and vayne

## 26 *Of the folysshe descripcion and inquisicion*

---

It passyth your reason the hole worlde to discus  
And knowe euery londe and countrey of the grounde  
For though that the noble actour plinius  
The same purposyd, yet fawty is he founde  
And in Tholomeus great errors doth habounde  
Thoughe he by auctoryte makyth mencyon  
Of the descripcion of euery regyon

Syns these actours so excellent of name  
Hath bokes composyd of this facultye  
And neuer coude parfytely perfourme the same  
Forsoth it is great foly vnto the  
To labour about suche folysshe vanyte  
It is a furour also one to take payne  
In suche thynges as prouyd ar vncertayne

For nowe of late hath large londe and grounde  
Ben founde by maryners and crafty gouernours  
The whiche londes were neuer knowen nor founde  
Byfore our tyme by our predecessours  
And here after shall by our successours  
Parchaunce mo be founde, wherin men dwell  
Of whome we neuer before this same harde tell

Ferdynandus that late was kynge of spayne  
Of londe and people hath founde plenty and store  
Of whome the bydyng to vs was vncertayne  
No christen man of them harde tell before  
Thus is it foly to tende vnto the lore  
And vnsure science of vayne geometry  
Syns none can knowe all the worlde perfytely

THE NUOY OF BARKLAY.

Ye people that labour the worlde to mesure  
Therby to knowe the regyons of the same  
Knowe firste your self, that knowledge is moste sure  
For certaynly it is rebuke and shame  
For man to labour. onely for a name  
To knowe the compasse of all the worlde wyde  
Nat knowynge hym selfe, nor howe he sholde hym gyde



Of hym that wyll nat se his owne folysshe-  
nes: and that stryueth agaynst his  
strenger.



The folysshe Marcia dyd with Apollo stryue  
But he ouercome : loste sone the victory.  
And for his foly was fleyd beinge alyue  
For that he comparyd to ioyous Armony.  
His foulysshe Bagpype voyde of al melody.  
Yet kept he styll his Bagpype in his honde :  
Nat willynge his foly to knowe nor vnderstonde.

*Of hym that wyll nat se his folysshenes. 29*

---

Ouer al the worlde eche folysshe Creature.  
If he by his foly, or neglygence offende.  
Hath suche condicion within hym by nature  
That to mennys mockes nought wyl he intende.  
Nor knowlege his foly, nor stody hym to amende.  
But as one obstynate, continue in his synne.  
O folysshe Marcia : for this thou lost thy skynne.

This folysshe Marcia with Phebus dyd contende.  
Comparynge with hym in songe of Armony  
But for that Marcia cowde nat his part defende  
He fleaed was alyue moche pyteously.  
To whose example we se that comonly  
Many mad brayned and blynde Foles ar alyue  
Which voyde of reason, with prudent men dar stryue.

And ebery fole that is voyde of dyscressyon  
At al tymes thynketh hymself wyse and prudent.  
Though he be destytute of wysedom and of reason.  
Suche ar so blynde that they can nat aduyse.  
Howe men by mockes and scornes them despyce.  
Lawghinge to derision theyr maners and lewde dede.  
Yet se they nat the foles erys vpon theyr hede.

Thys fole thus lawghed to scorne and derision  
Taketh al in sporte lawhinge with them also.  
Nat thynkyng hym contemned for his mad condicion,  
Lewde, and disordred. but where so euer he go  
He best is content with them that so wyl do.  
He loueth to be flatered and clawed by the sleue  
That thyng that he wolde here : he gladly doth beleue.

30 *Of hym that wyll nat se his folysshenes.*

---

Who that hym prayseth in scorne and in mockage.  
And in derision doth magnify his name  
Anone he enclyneth vnto that lewde langage :  
Auaunsinge hymselfe and presumynge on the same  
Stryuyng with his better to his rebuke and shame.  
So hangith on his sholders hys pype contynually  
Wherby men may his lewdnes notefy.

If suche a fole haue patrymony and londe  
Or in his Coffres great treasour and riches  
He shall haue frendes and felawys at honde  
To egge hym forwarde vnto vnhappynes  
And sawynge in hym sede of moche vnthryftynes  
And than to spoyle hym : and leue hym pore and bare  
Wherby he after must lyue in payne and care

Wastfull youth oft spendeth, all his hole substaunce  
On suche Felawys folowyng alway theyr mynde  
Rennyng hedely to vngracious gouernaunce  
But whan of his good no more is left behynde  
And he theyr falshode and preuy gyle doth fynde  
He than auysyth hym of his olde estate  
Begynnyng to spare, but than it is to late

So whan he by them is brought to pouertye  
Hauynge no thyng his bodye to sustayne  
Than all his frendes away fast from hym fle  
As trayters vntreue leuyng the Fole in payne  
Than cryeth he on god, and sore doth hym complayne  
With wofull wordes, mournynge with herte full faynt  
And than forthynkyth : but late is his complaynt

But who that in his costes is so ryfe  
That he that spendyth within a yere or twayne  
Whiche were ynoughe the dayes of his lyfe  
With honest rule his body to mayntayne  
He is a fole spendynge his good in vayne  
But they on whome he so his good doth spende  
Shall more to his money, than to his loue intende

Wherof precedyth pouerty and contempt  
Scorne and derisyon nede and aduersyte  
And from all honour these folys ar exempt  
That thus wast theyr good in prodygalyte  
For who that is of small power and degre  
And with his betters wyll in expence stryue  
Without all dout that Fole shall neuer thryue

And also folys that stryueth in the lawe  
Agaynst an estate them passynge in ryches  
Shall theyr owne flesshe vnto the bonys gnawe  
Or he that is voyde of reason and wytles  
And dare presume by his presumptuousnes  
Agaynst a man of hie wysdome and lore  
He shall byde a fole, euen as he was before.

Ye folys voyde of wysdome and scyence  
That wyll presume with cunnyng men to stryue  
And ye feble Folys that by your insolence  
Thynke you more stronge than any man a lyue  
And ye pore Folys whiche labour to contryue  
Mean to ouercome suche as better ar than ye  
I you ensure that ye shalt neuer thryue  
But outhere be brought to shame or pouerte

32 *Of hym that wyll nat se his folysshenes.*

---

And thou that art a courter or a knaue  
Or a bonde chorle, and all thy hole lynage  
Thynke well thou shalt but small profyte haue  
To stryue with thy mayster come of hye parage  
I fynde it moste for mannys auauntage  
Within his bondes his body to preserue  
And nat in riches, strength wysdome nor langage  
To stryue agaynst the streme, lyst he in swymmynge sterue

Of folys that vnderstonde nat game and  
can no thyng take in sport, and yet  
intermyt them with Folys.



Who that with Folys or children wyll play  
Or meddyll with suche as wyt and reason want  
He ought them to suffer folowyng their way  
And them endure, as for that small instant  
Lyst for his maners mad and ignorant  
I call hym hyther to gyde the helme and sayle  
If the shyp brake, the les is his auayle

34 *Of folys that vnderstonde nat game*

---

That man shall one be of our folysshe sort  
Whiche without wysdome and aduysement  
Wyll besely with folys and children sport  
And can nat them indure with meke intent  
And mad he is that wyll in mynde assent  
To haue ado or accompany with boyes  
And can nat suffer theyr folysshnes and toyes

He is a Fole also, that hath great game  
Whan childe or dronkard blamyth one absent  
If he can nat also indure the same  
And quenche madnes with wordes pacyent  
For without dout who that wyll be present  
And conuersaunt with caytyfs in theyr bourdes  
Or els with children, must suffer theyr lewde wordes

Yet some ar besy on euery man to rayle  
With voyde wordes, and talys mad and vayne  
With scornes and mockes behynde eche mannys tayle  
And yet disdayneth to abyde the same agayne  
Theyr madnes doth theyr myndes so constrayne  
That with euery Fole they gladly haue to do  
And can nat suffer what doth belonge therto

He that wyll labour a beast to hunt or chace  
With his pleasour must take payne and besynes  
Folowyng the same about from place to place  
His lynes, colers, and lesshes he must dres  
And often also abyde, full great hardnes  
So he that wyll by yll worde man ouerturne  
Must holde hym sure, lyst he vnwarly spurne

One worde in sporte spokyn, another lyke requyrys  
Rayle with a Fole, or childe that can nat gyde  
Hym selfe by reason, thy sportis lyke, desyres  
He is a fole whiche can it nat abyde  
For lyke wyll haue lyke, if thou be by the syde  
Or in the company of Fole or innocent  
To suffer theyr foly thou moste be pacyent

A fole hastely rendreth yll for yll  
And oft for good, and loue most profytable  
They render hatered malyce and yll wyll  
Whiche is a thyng wronge and intollerable  
Yet this nature in folys abydeth stable  
That seldome or neuer, they goodnes pay agayne  
They other scorne, of scornys hauynge disdayne

With suche Folys none wyse ought intermyt  
But coueyt amonge wyse men to be conuersaunt  
And so they do, but Folys voyde of wyt  
Takyth theyr rowme amonge other ignoraunt  
The company of folys to folys is pleasaunt  
For it is a prouerbe, and an olde sayd sawe  
That in euery place lyke to lyke wyll drawe

A precious stone wrappyd in myre and fen  
Lesyth his colour and semyth nat of pryce  
Right so one good, amonge vnthrifty men  
Distayneth his name, with theyr yll name and vyce  
And doth to hym selfe great wronge and preiudice  
For eche man is reputyd of the same sort  
As is the company wherto he doth resort



Wherefore me thynke it best, for euery creature  
To auoyde the bandes and mad enormyte  
Of suche Folys whiche can no man endure  
By theyr blynde pryde and desyre of dignyte  
They coueyt to gouerne both hye and lowe degre  
No dolour troubleth a Folys mynde so sore  
As whan a man of reason is set hym before

If twenty men be in one company  
Som of hye byrth, some wyse, some lyberall  
If one fole be amonge them certaynly  
He thynkes hym selfe moche wyser than they all  
Thus shortly to speke, a folysse man rurall  
If he a churle, a fole and vnthrift be  
The more he lokyth to come to hye degre

Suche folys promotyd haue no pacience  
To suffer theyr folawes, so hye set is theyr mynde  
And to theyr betters they haue no reuerence  
They can nat them endure, they ar so blynde  
So by experience as we often fynde  
A fole thoughe he neyther haue wysdome nor cunnyng  
Yet thynketh hym selfe aboute all worldly thyng

Hereof the Bybyll examples doth expres  
Howe the fals Aman (howe beit he was vnwyse)  
Had dyuers statys of wysdome and riches  
To hym obeynge, and yet dyd them despyse  
But for that Mardocheus wolde nat ryse  
Out of his place to do to hym honour  
His mynde was fyllyd with malyce and dolour

In so moche that he wolde haue had hym slayne  
For this small faut, but god gaue remedy  
To mardocheus for to escape his trayne  
And so fals Aman his treason dyd aby  
And hanged was, for Mardocheus worthely  
And that before Mardocheus face and iyene  
By the persuasion of Hester noble quene

But of this proces to drawe vnto conclusyon  
What man that intendeth for to lyue quyety  
And wyse to be callyd without abusyon  
Let hym auoyde mad and folysshe company  
But if he nedys wyll vnto suche aply  
Let hym mekely endure theyr game and sport  
Els shall he be one of this my folysshe sort.

THE NUOY OF BARKLAY.

O wyse man thou ought lewde company auoyde  
For it is dayly prouyd by experyence  
That with a thyng corrupt, a sounde thyng is distroyed  
Right so good men oft fall in to great offence  
And iugyd yll, though they gyde them by prudence  
And that for hauntyng of company diffamyd  
For thoughe one be gyuen to godly innocence  
As is his company right so shall he be namyd.

Of them that wylfully offende nat takynge  
hede to the ende, and hurtyth euery  
man nat thynkynge to haue their  
malyce rendryd agayne.



That fole castyth a dart into the ayre  
And gasyth after it without aduysement  
Of the fallynge downe therof nat beyng ware  
Whiche labouryth with dedys and wordes vyolent  
To get many foes hurtyng the innocent  
And lokyth nat agayne lyke to endure  
One yll turne requyreth, another be thou sure

Here touche I folys, and men without counsell  
Whiche puttyth many vnto besynes and payne  
And them sore greuyth by theyr dedys cruell  
Nat thynkyng to be seruyd with the same agayne  
That fole forsoth is of a frantyeke brayne  
Whiche other men wyll hurt rebuke and blame  
And wyll nat suffer of them agayne the same

Consyder man, oft tyme within thy mynde  
The wronge that thou woldest do to thy neyghbour  
Whether thou myght in thy herte paciently fynde  
The same to suffer of hym without rancour  
Malyce or yll wyll, wrath or displeasour  
For thou oughtest nat do to any creature  
That thyng whiche thou of hym wolde nat endure

He that wyll other men thurst by violence  
In to a sak by extorcion and wronge  
Must in lyke maner arme hym with pacyence  
And suffer some blowys nowe and than amonge  
To one yll turne another doth belonge  
He that is besy euery man to displeas  
Or to indamage shall neuer lyue in eas

One namyd Peryllus a workman excellent  
A bull of bras forgyd by his subtylte  
Wherin a Tyrant myght put men to tourment  
Deuysynge deth of moste payne and cruelte  
But this workman to proue his faculte  
Was by that Tyrant put to deth in lyke wyse  
As he for other dyd ordayne and deuyse

O vnwyse Fole whome madnes doth abuse  
 Howe darest thou be so hardy for to do  
 That to another whiche thy selfe wolde refuse  
 Of hym to be done, to the, yet some do so  
 Makyng a pyt to others hurte and wo  
 Wherin hymselfe is destroyed at the last  
 And some in theyr owne snarys ar taken fast

So cursyd Aman in lyke wyse dyd ordayne  
 For Mardocheus a maner of tourment  
 Wheron he hoped to haue hangyd hym in payne  
 His lyfe consumyng with suche punysshement  
 But the ende happened nat after his intent  
 For at the last Aman hym selfe with care  
 Was hangyd vp, and that in his owne snare

On wronge and malyce yll wyll and iniury  
 All moste all men hath nowe set theyr intent  
 Wherfore let wyse men for them fynde remedy  
 For thoughe that it be a thyng conuenyent  
 To trust to other, yet be thou prouydent  
 Of mannys gyle falshode and sotelte  
 So mayst thou escape oft tymes, aduersyte

Suche men as put to moche confydence  
 In other vnknowen, often great damage wyn  
 Suffryng losse and hurt by theyr owne neglygence  
 For whan thou lokest vpon the vtter skyn  
 Thou knowyst full lytell what trust is within  
 For oft vnder flowres lurketh the serpent  
 So paynted wordes hydeth a fals intent

Be nat a gest thou man who euer thou art  
To suche as louynge outwarde thou seest apere  
Malyciously within, and of enuyous hart  
He byddeth the ete and drynke, and make good chere  
With loue as farre as thou canst se or here.  
But whan suche traytours most swetly on the smyle  
Than ar they besyest the falsely to begyle

Vnder fayre wordes pleasaunt and lyberall  
And smylynges fals and disceyuable  
Suche beryth venym to poyson the withall  
Auoyde suche men: thou wyse man and laudable  
Theyr dedes ar so fals and so abhomynable  
That whan thou gyuyst vnto them moste credence  
They shall the brynge to moste inconuenyence

Ye: oft he lawygheth as he were true and gode  
Grauntyng thy wordes what euer thyng thou say  
Whiche in his mynde: wolde fayne se thy herte blode  
And of thy secrete counsell the bewray  
Beware of suche men as moche as thou may  
For amonge swete herbys oft growyth stynkyng wedes  
All flateryng caytyfs ar nat true in theyr dedes

But whan these caytyfes hath hurt a mannys name  
Or done hym in body or goodes preiudice  
They thynke he ought nat to render them the same  
Thoughe it may be done by lawe and by iustyce  
But certaynly who that hym doth exerceyce  
In doynge other losse, hurt, or greuaunce  
Shall lyue a fole and dye by some myschaunce

## THENUOY OF BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

O men malycious fals and iniuryous  
Whiche set your myndes fals meanes to deuyse  
To hurte your neyghbours by malyce odyous  
And thynke nat to be seruyd in lyke wyse  
Ye ar abusyd therin I you promyse  
For he that here to his neyghbour is cruell  
And doth hym in dede or worde, hurt or despyce  
Shall outhere be rewardyd here, or els in hell.

Of foles without prouysion : that prouyde  
nought in the somer to lyue by in the  
wynter nor in youth to lyue by in  
age.



Who that maketh for hymselfe no purueaunce.  
Of fruyt and corne in somer season clere.  
Whan of the same is store and habundaunce  
Shal after lyue in hunger all the yere  
Sowkyng his fyngers lyke as the Bere doth here.  
And he that in youth wyl nought for hym prouyde  
In age must the paynes of pouertye abyde.



Amonge our Folyes I number hym for one  
 Whiche lyueth ydylly and in slewthfulnes  
 Makynge in the somer no prouysion  
 To auoyde the wynters, payne and colde hardnes  
 What man wyll nat curse and dispraise his madnes  
 Whiche at no tyme wyll for hym self prouyde  
 Of sustenance, in nede hym selfe to gyde

He that begynneth without aduysement  
 Can nat prouyde that thyng that is to come  
 Nor scantly that whiche must be done present  
 Thus ar his dedys done all without wysedome  
 Of this company yet fynde I other some  
 Whiche nought wyll saue them self to fynde with all  
 But all out wastyth, by Ryot prodygall

These folys of theyr myndes ar so blynde  
 That nought they saue to theyr owne vtylyte  
 On wyse prouysion they set no thyng theyr mynde  
 But if they be dryuen by extreme necessyte  
 As hunger thrist colde, or other aduersyte  
 So oft whan suche ar vexed with moste nede  
 The wolde prouyde, but than they can nat spede

A fole of propertye that is neglygent  
 For thyng to come prouydeth nought atall  
 But on one daye settyth all his intent  
 So in that space if any nede do fall  
 To hym. he shall vpon his neyghbour call  
 For helpe and socour, and sore to hym complayne  
 And aske relefe whiche he shall nat obtayne

Whan suche folys haue theyr wombes full  
They force no more, ne take no farther thought  
Theyr vayne myndes to farther thynges is dull  
Saue on that whiche from hande to mouth is brought  
But he is wyse, and of reason wantyth nought  
Whiche here hym gydeth by vertue and wysdome  
And so prouydeth for the tyme to come

Wherby his wyfe, his children and ofsprynke  
May without care outhr besynes or payne  
With honestye haue theyr fode and theyr lyuyng  
Without occasion theyr good name to distayne  
I count hym wyse that thus doth set his brayne  
And in the Somer can make suche purueaunce  
Wherby all his may haue theyr sustenaunce

And that in wynter, and the hardest of the yere  
But hym I count moche folysshe and vnwyse  
And voyde of reason, whiche makyth styll good chere  
And by no men wyll the tyme to come aduyse  
But folys folowe moste comonly this gyse  
To slepe all Somer whan the season is moste clere  
And labour in the hardest season of the yere

Suche no thyng labour, ne to no worke intende  
But to ydylnes, a vyce yll and damnable  
That whiche is gotten vnwysely thus they spende  
So that whan wynter comys they ar nat able  
To haue one lofe of brede vpon theyr table  
Nor other thyng theyr hunger to asswage  
An ydell man is worthy suche wage

In wynter he abydeth a lyfe myserable  
 Whiche in the Somer prouydyd hath no thyng  
 That to his vse is nede and profytable  
 Who that in July whyle Phebus is shynyng  
 About his hay is nat besy labouryng  
 And other thynges whiche ar for his auayle  
 Shall in the wynter his negligence bewayle

And who that can nat hym selfe wysely prouyde  
 Of wode and vytayle and other sustenaunce  
 Shall in the wynter nat knowe where to abyde  
 For colde and hunger with other lyke greuaunce  
 Lerne man of the symple Emet purueaunce  
 Whiche gathers and puruays euery thyng in season  
 Shame is to man of beste to lerne reason

For euery thyng god hath a tyme puruayde  
 And gyuen reason to man hym selfe to gyde  
 By good prouysion, if that his mynde be layde  
 Vnto the same, and sleuth to set asyde  
 But that yonge man that wyll in age abyde  
 Without prouysion, wherby he myght hym fede  
 Shall worthely in his age dye for nede

Of that Fole who shall haue compassion  
 Whiche by his Foly, great slouth and neglygence  
 Vpon hym selfe intendyth to haue none  
 But all out wastyth by immoderate expence  
 So to conclude in brefe and short sentence  
 That fole hath nat the way hym selfe to gyde  
 Whiche in due season can nat eche thyng prouyde

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY.

O blynde man vnwyse, wastynge and neclygent  
Lerne of the Emet to labour craftely  
And in thy youth to be so dilygent  
Wherby in age, thou lyue mayst easely  
For he that wyll nat his mynde therto aply  
In youth and Somer to labour without fere  
In age and wynter shall lyue in penury  
And sowke his clawys for hanger lyke the bere.

Of great stryuers in the lawe for thynges  
of nought.



He is a fole, whether it be man or wyfe  
Whiche hym delyteth in iugement and lawe  
And euer contendyth in discorde and in stryfe  
In small tryfys, and scantly worth a strawe  
Suche, theyr owne flesshe vnto the bonys gnawe  
And labour by theyr sotelty and gyle  
To blynde iustyce, and the lawes to defyle.

A cause conuenient doth me bynde and constrayne  
To blame mo Folys: and that in myghty nomber  
Whiche I haue suffred tyll this tyme to remayne  
To se if they wolde waken from theyr slomber  
Suche ar mad Folys whiche other men inconber  
With besy pledynge, wherby them selfe ar brought  
By longe contynuaunce vnto the poynt of nought

For small occasion for lytell thyng or nought  
Vnwyse men stryue deuysynge falshode and gyle  
Nowe euery fole hath set his mynde and thought  
To seke the extreme of lawe, but though they smyle  
At the begynnyng, after within a whyle  
Theyr laughynge shall turne to sorowe and damage  
And onely the lawyers catchyth the auantage

Yet ar these folys ioyous in theyr mynde  
They norysse stryfe without ende, them amonge  
And some by falshode can crafty meanes fynde  
By fals delays theyr mater to prolonge  
Suche Folys drawyth the lawe thus wyse a longe  
To that intent that by rightwyse iugement  
Transgressours sholde nat haue worthy punysshement

These folys that thus theyr maters doth diffarre  
Shall in that space theyr owne goode waste and spende  
To that purpose theyr neyghbour also to marre  
So ar they both made beggers at the ende  
Than must they to some agrement condisceude  
Theyr cause and mater discussed neuer the more  
O mad Folys so sholde they haue done before

Some suffer them selfe for default of aparaunce  
To be outlawyd, and other some suspendyd  
Out of the Church for hys mysgouernaunce  
And yet nought caryth, therfro to be defendyd  
Howe beit they myght: and haue theyr mater endyd  
Suche assay by falshode to prouoke the lawe  
And than it fle, and them therfro withdrawe

But suche Folys that thus so besely  
Pursue the lawe, with stryfe and brawlynge vayne  
Consyder nat that they ren in great enuy  
Amonge theyr neyghbours whiche shall them pay agayn  
With theyr owne malyce and gyle to theyr great payne  
But in the mean space the lawyers a made ryche  
Leuyng these Folys and theyr mater in the dyche

Thou besy fole intende vnto this clause  
That euery lawyer shall gyue more aduertence  
To mony and gyftis than vnto thy cause  
For after he hath set thy wordes and sentence  
In his fat boke, fyllyd with offence  
And there pryckyd with his couetous pen  
Thou neuer shalt thryue whyle thy name is therin

Yet thou vnwysely art redy to intende  
Vnto thy cause, and though it fortune be  
Skant worth a grote, yet gladly wylt thou spende  
Thy hole good theron so sekyng pouerte  
For howe beit that the lawes ought be fre  
Yet sergeaunt at turney promoter Juge or scribe  
Wyll nat fele thy mater without a preuy brybe

Therefore thou acloyest with money or rewarde  
The kepars of the lawe to make them to the bounde  
In so moche that thoughe thy mater be but harde  
Yet money shall make it haue moche better sounde  
And to be playne that case hath euer best grounde  
That is best anyntyd with maystershyps and golde  
Thoughe it be false it strongly is vpholde

And without dout the lawyers dyligence  
Is in his pledynge euer moste substancyall  
Whan of thy purse he hath had experyence  
And knowyth thy hande to hym fre and lyberall  
Wherefore we often vnto our mater call  
From far places men of greatest disceyt  
And fayrest wordes to prolonge our debate

And with theyr fayre and paynted eloquence  
To glose our mater in wordes of no substaunce  
So that Juge that by way of innocence  
Gyde the lawe in Just and right balaunce  
Of suche pleders is led the blynde mannys daunce  
So that they playnly proue before his syght  
The right to be wronge, and the wronge to be right.

THENUOY OF BARKLAY.

O men malycious thus besy in the lawe  
For euery mater and thyng of nought to stryue  
I reade you your myndes from suche stryfe withdrawe  
And from suche falshode as ye oft contryue



Or I ensure you ye shall neuer thryue  
But wast your goodes therwith to get enuy  
Lyuyng in discorde whyle ye ar a lyue  
And at the ende your wylfulnes defye

Alas mad Fole, and man vnmerciable  
What menest thou thy neyghbour to oppresse  
And for thyng of nought to be so vengeable  
To put both thy self and hym to besynes  
Wastyng your goodes about vnhappynes  
Leue man thy malyce and mytygate thy mynde  
For who that can lyue in peas and quyetnes  
Shall welth and rest both loue and riches fynde

Where as that Fole that is alway inclynde  
To stryfe and pledyng for thyng of none auayle  
And none occasion: labours the lawe to blynde  
Becomynge a begger at last for his trauayle  
And at the laste shall euery man assayle  
This Fole with malyce, for his accostomyd stryfe  
So that his foly he shall mone and bewayle  
And so be wery of his wretchyd lyfe.

Of foles abhomynable in fowle wordes  
of rybawdry.



The lothsome wordes that nowe adayes we vse  
And shamefull commonynge, full of wantonnes  
Ar wont good maners to infect and abuse  
Indusyng yll maners, yll lyfe and viciousnes  
With countenaunces and dedes of vnhappynes  
For as the wyse man sayth in a parable  
Fowle wordes infectyth maners commendable

In our tyme nowe both waman childe and man  
Without number worshyp with humbyll reuerence  
The festis abhomynable of vyle grobyan  
With all theyr myght honour and theyr dylygence  
Compassynge his auters with lawdes and insence  
With wordes and vsys, Fowle and abhomynable  
Suche men myscheuous to hym ar acceptable

To his vyle temple renneth yonge and olde  
Man, woman, mayden, and with them many a childe  
And bere with them insence as I before haue tolde  
Worshyppyng his festis with theyr langage defylde  
And wordes from whiche all goodnes is exylyd  
And with vyle langage of rybawdry the grounde  
Whose yl example doth sympyll youth confounde

Shamefastnes is exylyd and all his hole lynage  
And in his place is vylenes byd behynde  
Vngoodly maners, vngoodlyer langage  
Whiche ar the clene destruccion of mankynde  
Lo here a fole, that with suche vyce is blynde  
A vyle swyne, and foule ledyth by the ere  
His bestely lyfe of this vyle beste to lere

These Folyes also ar in suche an outrage  
To ryng the bell of theyr mad rybawdry  
That men may knowe theyr lyfe by theyr langage  
Wherby they vtter theyr lewdnes openly  
Thus all the Shyppes of our folysshe company  
Ar led by the wawes of this see mundayne  
By the foule swyne folowyng hir lyfe and trayne

Lyst our Folys of theyr right cours myght fayle  
Or by great charge brake or els be drowned  
The swyne of the se them draweth at hir tayle  
And them nat suffreth to synke or stryke on grounde  
But if all the Folys that of this sort ar founde  
Sholde drynke no ale nor wyne durynge this yere  
We nedyd nat to fere, that they sholde be moche dere

But these Folys the trouth to determyne  
Bycause the sowe so doth hir pygges multiply  
Therefore they folowe the maners of the swyne  
In rybawde wordes full of shame and vylany  
Suche maners in this tyme doth men best magnify  
And them promotyth moche rather than wysedome  
O where ar honesty and shamefastnes become

They ar exyled and haue no rowme nor place  
In erth at this season with hye nor lowe dere  
But suche as vse rybawde wordes voyde of grace  
Ar nowe promotyd sonest to dignyte  
And howe be it that they moche vnworthy be  
Who that of his langage is moste obhomynable  
Is taken in the court as man moste commendable

The hogge promotyd out of the myre and dust  
Vyle and vngoodly of body and vsage  
Promotyth and admyttyth men after his lust  
The vylest settinge moste hye vpon his stage  
And some ar so past shame in theyr langage  
So fowle and lothly, that they moste comenly  
Haue all theyr wordes in viciouse rybawdry

So that if mad Horestes myght them se  
Hauynge respect vnto theyr lothlynes  
He myght well say they were more mad than he  
And wonder on theyr langage full of viciousnes  
For all theyr delyte is in delyciousnes  
Glotomy and drynke, but he hath gayest name  
Whiche rybawde wordes can mengle with the same

Thus who that offreth the Fende suche sacrafyce  
With rybawde wordes, foule and abhomynable  
Gyuyng occasion to youth to fall to vyce  
Suche in his dedes is greatly reprouable  
And shall as a fowle both pore and myserable  
Shamefully lyue without moche better ende  
Before his deth if he hym nat amende.

THE NUOY OF BARKLAY.

Man vse thy tunge in myrth and honeste  
And laude thy maker therwith with reuerence  
To that intent god gaue it vnto the  
And nat to vse it is incouenyence  
In rybawde wordes is great synne and offence  
And to youth great example, and damage  
But thoughe thou be clene of dede and conscience  
Yet men shall the Juge after thy langage.

## Of the abusion of the spiritualte.



Here must I yet another barge ordayne  
For many folys of the spiritualte  
Whiche to the intent to auoyde labour and payne  
In theyr meane youth take on them this degre  
But after whan they a whyle prestis haue be  
To haue forsaken the worlde they repent  
Where firste they sholde better haue prouyd theyr intent

Yet somewhat here remayneth of my charge  
 Whiche must be touchyd and here of very right  
 Amonge our Folys haue a sympyll barge  
 And that is this, As moche as I haue insyght  
 Euery man laboures nowe with all theyr myght.  
 Vnto the order of presthode to promote  
 His sonne : howe beit he be a very sote

If he be folysshe or of his wyt vnstable  
 Mysshapyn of his face, his handes or his fete  
 And for no besynes worldly profitable  
 For the holy Church than thynke they hym most mete  
 And so thou rurall churle, a man may wete  
 Thou woldest nat thy sone haue preste for this intent  
 To serue and to pleas our lorde omnyotent

But to the intent to lyue in eas and rest  
 And to auoyde all worldly besynes  
 And in his lust to fede hym with the best  
 Contynuyng in vyce, and moche vnhappynes  
 Suche Folys haue theyr myndes on ryches  
 On cursyd lucre pleasour ioy and welth  
 Carynge nought at all for theyr soulys helth

They care nought for wysdome vertue nor doctryne  
 Cursyd mony troubleth the goodly sacryfyce  
 And to the same theyr mynde they so inclyne  
 That it them ledyth to eche vnhappy vyce  
 And yet they thynke them self to exercyse  
 By way of wysdome and gouernaunce laudable  
 Thoughe they be worthy a bagpype and a bable

The order of presthode is troubyd of eche fole  
The honour of religion euery where decays  
Suche caytyfs and courters that neuer were at scole  
Ar firste promotyd to presthode nowe adays  
O Numa Numa thou folowyd nat suche wayes  
In thy olde Temples suche folys to consecrate  
But suche as were wyse, and with vertue decorate

And suche as had in cunnyng be brought vp  
Godly of maners and of lyfe laudable  
But nowe blynde Folys nought knowyng saue the cup  
Falshode and flatery ar brought out of the stable  
Sreyght to the auter, and without any fable  
Mo prestes ar made than lernyd men or clerkes  
As it aperyth playne by theyr folysse warkes

From the kechyn to the quere and so to a state  
One yester day a courter is nowe a prest become  
And than haue these folys theyr myndes so eleuate  
That they disdayne men of vertue and wysdome  
But if they haue of golde a myghty some  
They thynke them abyll a man to make or marre  
And ar so presumptuous, and proude as Lucifarre

O godly order O prestly innocence  
O laudable lyfe wysdome and humylyte  
Alas why haue we you put from our presence  
And you exylyd with godly grauyte  
Our lyfe is nowe led in all enormyte  
And all by our foly and amasyd ignoraunce  
The prelatis ar the cause of this mys gouernaunce



O cursyd hunger of syluer and of golde  
For your loue and desyre immoderate  
To folys and boyes presthode is nowe solde  
And to men myscheuous fyllyd with debate  
The godly honour longynge to a state  
Replete with wysdome cunnyng and grauyte  
Ar nowe nat ordred right as they ought to be

O folys cursyd, o men moche miserable  
Say say what Furour your myndes doth constrayne  
To this holy order whiche is to you damnable  
If ye in vertue your lyues nat mentayne  
Away with this mynde withdrawe your fete agayne  
Assay your lyfe longe before or ye begyn  
For it is damnable to man ensuyng syn

Yet certaynly I fynde by euydence  
That in the worlde is no sort of degre  
Whiche is more gyuen to inconuenyence  
Than ar suche Folys of this spirituale  
O where is chastnes and dame humylyte  
Alas they ar dede and nat with vs aquayntyd  
But flatteryng falshode hath our facis payntyd

Alas our order is fallen in errour  
The path is left wherin we ought vs kepe  
With what relygion do we our lorde honour  
Alas the Shepherd is lewder, than the shepe  
This great disorder causyth my herte to wepe  
Alas what lewdness is cloked vnder cowlys  
Who can expresse the foly of these folys

O holy orders of Monkes and of Freres  
And of all other sortes of relygion  
Your straytnes hath decayed of late yeres  
The true and perfite rule of you is done  
Fewe kepyth truly their right profession  
In inwarde vesture, dyet, worde, or dede  
Theyr chefe stody is theyr wretchyd wombe to fede

O holy Benet with god nowe glorifyed  
O glorious Austen, o Francis decorate.  
With mekenes, the placis that ye haue edefyed  
Ar nowe disordred and with vyces maculate  
Enuy, Pryde, Malyce, Glotony and debate  
Ar nowe chefe gyders in many of your placis  
Whiche grace and vertue vtterly out chasys

These holy faders rehersyd afore by name  
Composed rules holy and laudable  
For men religious, to lyue after the same  
Whiche nowe but lytell to them ar agreable  
But in theyr lyfe from them moche variable  
O holy Benet Francis and Augustyne  
Se howe your children despyseth your doctryne

But to speke shortly and in generall  
We fynde but fewe suche prestis now certayne  
As moyses in the olde lawe first of all  
To serue in goddes Temple dyd ordayne  
But vnwyse men rasshe, and mad of brayne  
Becomyth prestis onely for couetyse  
Gouernynge the Church in a disordred wyse

Loke who that nowe of mynde is eleuate  
 And that gentyllman that mysshapen and wytles is  
 Shall be made a preste, and after a prelate  
 To gyde the Church, full bacwardly I wys  
 But suche as here the same doth gyde amys  
 And in theyr lyfe them selfe nat gydyth well  
 May after theyr deth abyde rewarde in hell

THENUOY OF BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

Ye that ar gyders of goddes heritage  
 Be in your dedes to hym faythfull and true  
 Instruct his flocke with vertuous langage  
 And good example to goodnes and vertue  
 Teche them the wayes of lewdnes to eschewe  
 Rather with your workes than payntyde eloquence  
 For the rude pepyll moste gladly them subdue  
 To that thyng wherof they se experyence

Expell couetyse, and desyre of dignyte  
 Beware of Venus, hir dartis are damnable  
 Take nat on you the order and degre  
 Of presthode: without that ye be somewhat able  
 For this is often prouyd without fable  
 That whan the Shepherde is folysshe outhur blynde  
 Vnto his mayster he is nat profitable  
 Nor to his flocke: as he shall after fynde

The greattest rote of all mys gouernaunce  
 That nowe is vsyd amonge the comonte  
 Procedith of folysshe prestis ignoraunce  
 Whiche haue no wysdome way nor faculte

To hele such shepe as they playne scabbyd se  
And straynge abrode without aduysement  
They let them alone: so spiritually they dye  
Wherfore the kepar is worthy of punysshement

The cause why so many prestis lackyth wyt  
Is in you bysshops, if I durst trouth expresse  
Whiche nat consyder what men that ye admyt  
Of lyuyng cunnyng person and godlynes  
But who so euer hym self therto wyll dresse  
If an angell be his brokar to the scribe  
He is admyttyd howe beit he be wytles  
Thus solde is presthode for an vnhappy brybe

Of the prowde and vayne bostynge  
of Folyes.



My hande is very my wyt is dull almoste  
Fayne wolde I rest to refresshe my wyt agayne  
But a folysshe bande, that vse them selfe to bost  
Of thyng nat done by them in wordes vayne  
To wryte theyr lewdnes doth me bynde and constraayne  
For some them bost in Phesyke and the lawys  
Or in dedes of war: howe beit they ar but dawes

Here had I purpoysd as I before haue sayde  
To haue stynt my tonge and seased for a whyle  
Or of my boke here a conclusion made  
And so these folys no farther to reuyle  
But than aduysement dyd me beholde : and smyle  
Saynge that my purpose was intendyd in wayne  
And I but euen in the myddes of my payne

This worde to me was halfe a disconfort  
For almoste wery was I of my trauayle  
With that of Folys I sawe a myghty sort  
Of dyuers sortis and dyuers aparayle  
Some rayde as knyghtes in whyte harnes and mayle  
And other as Doctours, and gyders of some scoles  
But euer me thought that they sholde be but folys

Some other Crowned as Poetis lawreat  
And other as Doctours expert in medycyne  
Of whose maners condicions and estate  
And stately bostynge of strength and of doctryne  
Here shall I wryte, who lyst therto inclyne  
And first I proue that euery day we se  
That bostynge Folys leste of theyr dedes be

Some is a knyght hym bostygne of his londes  
With his gylt sporys, and other cognysance  
Another a Doctour and the lawys vnderstonde  
And sene all the scolys of Italy and Fraunce  
The knyght hym bostyth and boldely dare auauance  
Of his olde lynage, nobles and auncetry  
Recountynge the discent of all his progeny

Ye in so moche that oft he hath no shame  
 Hym selfe of the stocke of the Romayns senatours  
 Or of some kynges progeny to name  
 Els other whiche hath ben myghty conquerours  
 And yet perchaunce his first progenytours  
 Came first of all vnto theyr chiefe estate  
 By fals extorcion, oppression or discayte

Suche folys ar proude of suche noblenes  
 Whiche they haue neuer nether cowde obtayne  
 By theyr owne vertue theyr strength or theyr boldnes  
 But in the gettynge therof for to be playne  
 Noblenes is gotten with dilygence and payne  
 By iustyce vertue strength and rightwysnes  
 And nat by rygour oppression or ryches

Say folye by what vertue or worthynes  
 Hast thou deseruyd this renowe specyall  
 Or what hast thou done wherby this noblenes  
 Wheron thou bostest, is thus vnto the fall  
 If it were sought I trowe no thyng atall  
 Saue that thou lust suche folysse wordes to fayne  
 Wherby thy foly and pryde aperyth playne

Lo sayth a fole I haue be longe in warre  
 In straunge countrees and far beyonde the se  
 To dyuers Nacions my dedys knowen ar  
 Both spayne and Egypt and Fraunce spekes of me  
 In so many countrees in warrys haue I be  
 That all the people of Est, west, North and South  
 My name and laudys haue onely in theyr mouth

But yet perchance this fole that thus hym bostis  
Was neuer in war nor out of his owne londe  
Some other as Doctours come from strange costis  
Coueytynge that name though they nought vnderstonde.  
With euery folysshe thyng they ar in honde  
Spekyng vayne wordes without wysdome and prudence  
Yet count they them wyse and of parfyte eloquence

They boste theyr stody and vant of theyr cunnyng  
With stately wordes proude loke and countenaunce  
And thoughe suche fols lernyd haue no thyng  
With theyr solem pryde they defende theyr ignoraunce  
As none were wyser in all the scolys of fraunce  
If they can reken and tell eche bokes name  
They thynke them self great doctours by the same

So lede they foly about fast by the hande  
Bostynge theyr laudes and name in euery place  
Howbeit theyr owne dedes on se or on lande  
Were neuer so noble suche lawdes to purchase  
But to be short proude fols ar in that case  
Rotyd by nature that them they moste auaunt  
In that wherin they ar moste ignoraunt

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

Desyst ye fols your bostynge wordes and vayne  
Let other men commende your honestye  
And godly lyfe, for it is foly playne  
To prayse your selfe though that ye worthy be  
Than moche gretter shame is it to lye  
Bostynge that thyng the whiche ye neuer had  
In cunnyng strength lynage or degre  
Of all bostynge this namely is moste bad.



But yet men olde of our predecessours  
In theyr olde prouerbes often comprehende  
That he that is amonge shrewyd neyghbours  
May his owne dedes lafully commende  
Syns his yll wyllers wyll nat therto intende  
Also I fynde that there thre sortes be  
Of people lyuynge, whiche may themselfe defende  
In lesynge, for they haue auctoryte to lye

The first is pylgrymes that hath great wonders sene  
In strange countres, suche may say what they wyll  
Before tho men that hath nat also ben  
In those same places, and hath of them no skyll  
The seconde ar men aged suche may bost theyr fyll  
Without repugnaunce. And men of hye degre  
Before theyr seruauntis may playne say what they wyll  
Yet ar they nought but folys if they lye

## Of carde players and dysers.



The damnable lust of cardes and of dyce  
And other gamys prohybyte by the lawe  
To great offencis some folys doth attyce  
Yet can they nat them self therfro withdrawe  
They count theyr labour and los nat worth a strawe  
Carynge nought els: therin is theyr delyte  
Tyll thryft and helth from them be scapyd quyte

Lo yet agayne of Folys assemblyth mo  
 Vnto my shypys in hope of auauntage  
 But oft it hapnyth or they depart and go  
 Theyr lust them turneth to losse and great damage  
 By theyr lewde gamys furour and outrage  
 Suche ar great gamners hauynge small substance  
 Whiche often fall to great losse and myschance

Sayth poetis that in hell ar Furies thre  
 The folys to punyssh that ar sende to the same  
 For theyr nat lyuyng here in equyte  
 It nedyth nat them here to count by name  
 The fourth Fury is encresyd by this game  
 Whiche (than the other) is more furious and bad  
 For here in erth it makyth folys mad

But of men gyuen vnto this furiousnes  
 Of vnsure game, chefe cause of stryfe and wo  
 And moche losse: somewhat I shall expresse  
 But first I say some ar so gyuen therto  
 That where so euer they labour ryde or go  
 If they be onys inflamyd with the game  
 To theyr destruccion theyr mynde is on the same

In hope to get (that they haue lost) agayne  
 All theyr hole pleasour is set to throwe the dyse  
 So of one losse oft tymes make they twayne  
 Wherby oftime they ren in preiudyce  
 And get occasion of theft and other vyce  
 But thre dyse rennyng square all of one sort  
 To suche Folys is chefe confort ioy and sport

Suche folowe this game stryuyngē nyght and day  
Tournyngē the dyse somtyme by polecy  
Them falsly settingē assayngē if they may  
Some vyle auantage for to obtayne therby  
But than if they nat set them craftely  
Anone begynneth brawlyngē and debate  
Blasfemyngē and othes the pot about the pate

Exces of watchyngē doth players great damage  
And in that space oft Venus doth them blynde  
Makyngē them hoore longe or they come to age  
Also this game troubleth oft theyr mynde  
With wrath them makyngē vnstable as the wynde  
Theyr mynde it disclosyth theyr wyt infextyngē to  
It also theyr reasons troubyth with inwarde wo

A couetous herte by game is kept in fere  
And styrred to yre euer whan it can nat wyn  
Whiche yre vnto the stomake doth great dere  
Besyenge the mynde pryuely within  
The wyt thus troubyd of wysdome is but thyn  
And so the more that wrath doth hym inflame  
The more backwardē and lewdly goeth his game

These folys vngracious of theyr gouernaunce  
Care for no thyngē : theyr lust is fyxed fast  
On vnsure fortune : and hir vncertayne chaunce  
Whiche them promotyth to beggers at the last  
Watchyngē without season tyll theyr wyt be past  
Ye two nyghtes or thre as folys voyde of grace  
No thyrst nor hunger can moue them from that place

But in the mean season if that any discorde  
Amonge them fall, the woundes of god ar sworne  
His armys, herte and bonys, almoste at euery worde  
Thus is our sauour amonge these caytyfs torne  
And wordes of malyce myschefe and great scorne  
They throwe to god renounsynge oft his name  
Whan that mysfortune doth bacwarde gyde theyr game

These folys in furour vpon our lorde thus cry  
As if he caryd for theyr myscheuous game  
Or whan they for theyr lossys ar sory  
That god aboue sholde also be the same  
But whyle these Folys blasfeme thus christes name  
The wymen and maydes, whiche is abhomynable  
In game and othes to men ar euen semblable

There is almoste no maner of degre  
Man, childe, woman, pore man, or estate,  
Olde or yonge, that of this game ar fre  
Nor yet the clargy, both pore preste and prelate  
They vse the same almoste after one rate  
Whan by great los they brought ar in a rage  
Right fewe haue reason theyr madnes to asswage

I wyll nat say but it is commendable  
For recreaseion somtyme to vse suche sport  
So it be done in season and tyme laudable  
And amonge persons mekely of one sort  
And nat for lucre, but pleasour and confort  
Without all othes and with perfyte pacyence  
In losse and gayne, in suche game is none offence

But yet the Lucre that is won therby  
Is nat allowed ne by the lawes approbate  
For to be gotten true and rightwysely  
For god almyghty doth suche yll getters hate  
And theyr wronge gamys also, causynge debate  
Enuy and murder, and euen for the same cause  
They ar prohybyte also by the lawes

And to be playne great inconuenyences  
Procedyth to many by this vnlawfull game  
And by the same oft youth doth sue offences  
To his destruccion and all his frendes shame  
For whan all theyr good is wastyd by the same  
Often some by foly fallyth to be a thefe  
And so ende in shame sorowe and myschefe

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY.

Consyder ye players the great losse and damage  
That comyth of this game vsyd vnlauffully  
Firste of it comyth no maner auantage  
But if one put hym firste in ieoperdy  
And that small lucre that gotten is therby  
Though thou about the same hast moche payne  
Thynke well that it is gotten wrongfully  
The lawe the byndeth: it to restore agayne

Wherfore me thynke that man doth surest play  
That with this madnes medlyth nat atall  
But in his cofres his moyney kepis alway  
For that is sure howe euer the cardes fall

Or other game as Tables dyse or ball  
And better a lytell sure than moche in fere and dout  
Better haue one birde sure within thy wall  
Or fast in a Cage than twenty score without

This game also oft causeth wrath and othes  
And malyce where erst was loue and amyte  
And moche falshode, whiche god almyghty lothes  
With fals forswerynge disceyt and cruelte  
It causeth by watchyng also infirmyte  
So men by it (los) of goodes and body fynde  
Wherfore let euery man suche foly fle  
There was neuer wyse man that set theron his mynde.

Of folys oppressyd with theyr owne folly.



Of folys I wot there is great company  
Within my boke in fygures and scripture  
But in this Shyp namely ar there many  
Whiche theyr owne folly can by no meane endure  
Suche in this Barge shall of a rowme besure  
Thoughe they haue rowme I can graunt them no rest  
For with the Asse they rudely ar opprest



Within my shyp : and also on euery syde  
 Ar so many folys saylynge before the wynde  
 So swyftly that me thynke they wyll nat byde  
 But sone depart, and so leue me behynde  
 The faute and cause is in my sleuthfull mynde  
 But the slowe Asse hye on my backe doth skyp  
 And warnyth me so enter I the shyp

The shyp I enter, and worthy am therto  
 Amonge my folys my self may clayme a place  
 For my great slouth in eche dede that I do  
 But neuertheles I am nat in that case  
 To occupy great rowme before eche manns face  
 A lytell and strait corner for me is best  
 That I may slepe therin and take my rest

I coueyt nat to be in places wyde  
 I am content with a corner of straitnes  
 Vpon the hatchys I coueyt nat to byde  
 For there is to moche labour and besynes  
 And also the Asse betokenynge sleuthfulnes  
 Sholde haue to moche space on me to tred  
 If I at large about by it were led

Yet in my sleuth if I coude be pacient  
 And folowe the Asse without all repugnaunce  
 But alway redy at his commaundement  
 I sholde be put to moche lesse greuaunce  
 And so haue hope to scape this perturbaunce  
 My membres fre, from suche wo and payne.  
 But well I fell my trust is but in vayne

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But this one thyng my herte and mynde doth glad  
And in my payne is the moste chefe confort  
That mo companyons by the same Asse ar lad.  
Of my condicion lyuyng, and lyke sort  
Whose owne folly, whiche they take for a sport  
By longe contynuaunce themself doth sore oppres  
Tournynge theyr myrth to wo and wretchydnes

These ar they whiche wyll nat aply theyr mynde  
To wyse mennys counsell and aduysement  
Wherby they myght both welth and profyte fynde  
If to suche counsell they gladly wolde assent  
These ar suche folys as furious of intent  
By wrath ar dryuen to dyuers great offence  
For none occasion, without reason and prudence

These ar suche Folys as by stryfe and debate  
And other suche whiche lewdly by enuy  
And no cause gyuen theyr neyghbours hurt and hate  
And so to malyce theyr cursyd myndes aply  
These ar suche Folys as suffer paciently  
For lacke of betynge theyr children folowe vyce  
To theyr great shame, theyr losse and preiudyce

These ar they that by malyce at all hours  
Ar cruell and greuous, and put to losse and payne  
Suche as they ouer may : both straunges and neyghbours  
By cursyd lesynges whiche they iniustly fayne  
These ar they that of all men haue disdayne  
With dronken dryuyls gyuen hole to glotony  
These ar the felawes of this mad company

Moreouer into my Shyp shall they ascende  
 That ar streght shoed whiche them doth sharply greue  
 But yet they se nat therto, it to amende  
 Suche ar they that on no goodnes wyll byleue  
 All wastynge folys whiche to theyr great myscheue  
 Sell and waste theyr londes suche ar of this sort  
 And they that more spende than theyr londes may support

These ar mad Folys and abhomynable  
 And cursyd of god : that ar bawdes to theyr wyues  
 Lettynge them to hyre, and thoughe that profytable  
 This way they thynke, yet right fewe of them thryues  
 These ar mad Folys that lewde ar of theyr lyues  
 Knowynge what payne is ordeyned for eche syn  
 Yet moue they nat, but styll abyde therin

These ar proude beggers, and other stately folys  
 Sclanderers lyers, and Jurours of the syse  
 Phesicians and lawyers, that neuer went to scolys  
 And fals Tauerners that reken one pot twyse  
 Tapsters and hostlers that folowe that same gyse  
 These ar fals offycers that lyue vpon brybes  
 As excheters officials Counstables and scribes

Folys of these sortis and mo than I can tell  
 For theyr myslyuyng and great enormyte  
 Of the slowe Asse shal be tred downe to hell  
 If they nat mende them self before they dye  
 But in the mean tyme shall they be here with me  
 In my folys Shyp, on se rowynge with payne  
 If they amende, depart they shall agayne

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY.

O folys oppressyd with your mysgouernaunce  
Amende your lyfe expell this your offence  
Ye can nat excuse your self by ignoraunce  
Ye ar taught to leue your inconenyence  
By godly Prechers men of hie prudence  
Also the punysshement whiche god doth often sende  
To other Folys shulde moue you to amende.

Of the extorcion of knyghtis, great  
offycers, men of war, scribes and prac-  
tysers of the lawe.



Whyle knyghtes and scribes exchetours and constables  
And other offycers whiche haue auctoryte  
Vnder the kyng: as Shryfs by fayned fables  
Catches a rurall man rude, and of symplycite  
If he haue money, These theues so cruell be  
That what by crakyng thretenyng and extorcion  
They spoyle this pore man, so that sympyll is his porcion

To our folysshe Shyp I sommon and assyte  
Constables scribes lawyers and Sowdyours  
Exchetours Sheryfs, and knyghtes that haue delyte  
To abuse theyr offyces, by falshode and rygours  
They gyue me occasion to blame theyr errorrs  
And for that in theyr charge they often tryp  
By false abusion, they shall be in my shyp

Hast hyther I requyre, my Nauy is a flote  
Longe tary hurtyth, for hawsyd is the sayle  
The anker wayed, within borde is the bote  
Our shyp decked after a homely aparayle  
By suche passyngers I loke for none auayle  
But fere displesour, bycause I shall be trewe  
Yet shall I so. ensue what may ensue

Good offycers ar good and commendable  
And manly knyghtes that lyue in rightwysenes  
But they that do nat ar worthy of a bable  
Syns by theyr pryde pore people they oppres  
My mayster kyrkham for his perfyte mekenes  
And supportacion of men in pouertye  
Out of my shyp shall worthely be fre

I flater nat I am his true seruytour  
His chaplayne and bede man whyle my lyfe shall endure  
Requyrynge god to exalt hym to honour  
And of his Prynces fauour to be sure  
For as I haue sayd I knowe no creature  
More manly rightwyse wyse discrete and sad  
But thoughe he be good, yet other ar als bad

They shall vnnamyd my shyppis haue in cure  
 And other offycers who so euer they be  
 Whiche in extorcion and falshode them inure  
 Hopynge by the same to come do dignyte  
 And by extorcion to augment theyr degre  
 Mansell of Otery for powlynge of the pore  
 Were nat his great wombe, here sholde haue an ore

But for his body is so great and corporate  
 And so many burdens his brode backe doth charge  
 If his great burthen cause hym to come to late  
 Yet shall the knaue be Captayne of a barge  
 Where as ar bawdes, and so sayle out at large  
 About our shyp to spye about for prayes  
 For therupon hath he lyued all his dayes

But hym I leue, and so retourne agayne  
 Namly to speke of the vnrightwysenes  
 Of knyghtes and fals scribes whiche fully set theyr brayne  
 To brynge pore people into gretter wretchydnes  
 Than they were erst and so them to oppresse  
 For playnly to speke fals knyghtes and scribes be  
 Of one maner lyuyng practyse and faculte

The scribe in wrytyng with his disceytfull pen  
 Syttyng in his syege acloyde with couetyse  
 By subtyl wordes spoylyth the symple men  
 Whiche come to hym, desyryng right iustyce  
 The knyght in warre is gyuen to the same vyce  
 Robbyng and spoylyng by feldys: preuely  
 But the scribe oppressyth the pore men openly

The knyght in warre in tyme of frost or rayne  
Or the colde snowe as man masyd with rage  
Subduyth his body to ieopardye or payne  
Damyng his soule for brybynge auantage  
The iniust scribe ensuys the same vsage  
Defylyng his soule with his pen and black ynke  
Whose couetyse causyth his soule in hell to synke

The cursyd hunger of syluer and of golde  
After one maner doth these two so inflame  
That for the Lucre therof theyr soules ar solde  
The one a thefe without all fere and shame  
In tyme of warre in spoylyng hath his game  
Murdryng men and brennyng towne and vylage  
Nought sekyng but Lucre by spoylyng and pyllage

The pore chorle vnexpert and innocent  
Suspectyng nought for his true symplycyte  
Is by this scribe compellyd by falshode vyolent  
To pay for his pennys tyll he a begger be  
Thus lyue knyghtis and scribes after one degre  
Oppressyng the pore, them puttyng to great payne  
Vnto them self by falshode gettyng gayne

Eche of them askyth Lucre and wynnynge  
Nought caryng whether it be wronge or right  
Thus cursyd is the sort that haue theyr lyuyng  
In robbyng pore people by violence and myght  
But if they had Iustyce and mercy in theyr syght  
Theyr offyces mynstryng by lawe and equyte  
Both of god and man rewardyd sholde they be



Who that is rightwyse good, men shall hym commende  
 And lawde his name, and his dedes magnyfye  
 The knyght is ordeyned by manhode to defende  
 Wydowhode and age from wronge and iniury  
 With fatherles children, and suche as lyue in penury  
 And with dynt of swerde to defende the comon welth  
 Expellynge theuys, sauynge true mannys helth

The scribe is ordeyned hymself to exercyse  
 To wryte with his pen iust lawes and verytable  
 And shewe by his craft the rule of right iustyce  
 But nowe theyr dedys ar moche varyable  
 For knyghtes and scribes by wayes disceyuable  
 By the swerde and pen right cursydly intende  
 Them to oppres, whome they ought to defende

As wydowes pore men and children pryuate  
 Of Father and mother and feble men by age  
 By suche oppression they increase theyr estate  
 And by successyon of all theyr hole lynage  
 Alas the childe oft forgoys his heritage  
 Without: right longe or he be of discession  
 And all by fals knyghtis spoylynge and oppression

In erth no gyle, nor falshode is doutles  
 Nor yll that is to scribes comparable  
 But touchynge thoppression and vnhappynes  
 Of other offycers it is innumerable  
 And namely sowdeours ar nowe moste vengeable  
 And other courters: that scant the kynges way  
 Of theyr spoylynge may be quyte by nyght or day

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What shall I wryte of powlynge customers  
And spoylynge serchers Baylyfs and Constables  
Sergeauntis and catchpollis and other offycers  
Whiche with others plate garnysshe gay theyr tables  
Theyr howsys stuffed with brybes abhomyables  
Suche by oppression become thus excellent  
Contynuyng in falshode for lacke of punysshement

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

Ye knyghtes vnrightwyse and offycers iniust  
Auoyde your extorcion done by cruelte  
Auoyde this desyre, mad and myscheuous lust  
Whiche ye haue in spoylynge of the comonte  
Better is for you to lyue in pouertye  
So plesynge god with vndefyled name  
Than by oppression to come to hye degre  
And than after deth be damnyd for the same

## Of folysshe messangers and Pursuyuauntis.



I am a swyft Pursuyuaunte or messengar  
None in the worlde swyfter as I wene  
Here am I come from londes strange and far  
Yet can I nat (drynkyng) voyde my botell clene  
Tyll in the foles Shyppes I haue ben  
And to the chefe delyuered vp this byll  
Shypman (tyll I enter) let thy shyp stande styll

I had purposyd nat to haue tane on honde  
To cary in my shyp any messangers  
Or pursuyuauntis that occupy on londe  
For I myself and all my maryners  
Kepe on the see, with our folysshe partners  
So far from londe, and rowynge with suche payne  
That no messenger may vs reuoke agayne

Yet some of them coueyt to haue place  
To them assigned within a folysshe barge  
And with our folys to be so moche in grace  
Of all theyr messages to haue the cure and charge  
To this intent to ren euer out at large  
With letters or Charters, about dyuers londes  
Somtyme in theyr mouth and somtyme in theyr hondes

Somtyme other wyse them hydynge pryuely  
To kepe them sure, from moystnes of the rayne  
And so to go without all ieopardy  
In his iourney and salue to come agayne  
But some of these folys take vpon them payne  
To execute more, than is in theyr message  
To theyr owne scorne, and lordes great damage

But yet oft tyme (Howbeit theyr promes)  
Was in all hast to theyr message to entende  
They it prolonge by ouer moche dronkennes  
Taryenge theyr charge, and bryngynge nought to ende  
By theyr slowe paas, thus he that dyd them sende  
Thynkyth his mater well done and brought to pas  
But by theyr prolongynge it is euyne as it was

And often these messangers so wysely them gouerne  
 That whyle they sholde be in hande with theyr mesage  
 They range about to eche alehous and tauerne  
 With the swete wyne they great hete to asswage  
 Tyll he be brought into the dronken rage  
 Than opyns he his letter it redynge twyse or thryse  
 And all for this purpose newe lesynges to deuyse

His letter he openyth as fals and past all shame  
 To knowe the secrete therof to this intent  
 With his fals tunge to glose vpon the same  
 And oft in his message he is so neglygent  
 To lese his letters, and so as imprudent  
 He can nat that shewe that men to hym commyt  
 Retournynge without answeere so folysshe is his wyt

A true messenger and of parfyte dilygence  
 Is moche worthy, and greatly commendable  
 For lyke as in Somers feruent vyolence  
 The colde wynde and snowe to man is delectable  
 And as to men wery : rest is moche comfortable  
 So a messenger spedy faythfull and parfyte  
 Retournynge to his lorde doth hym as great delyte

Suche true messangers no man wyll discommende  
 That is of wysdome mynde pacient, or doctryne  
 But folysshe messangers here I comprehende  
 Whiche in theyr message to folysshe wordes inclyne  
 More tendynge to theyr botell full of ale or wyne  
 Than to theyr message, for this is prouyd playne  
 That sende a fole forth. and so comys he agayne

Suche folys haue theyr mawes so feruent  
In hete by rennyng, and excessyue langage  
Fyllyd with foly : That no drynke can it stent  
Nor with moystnes that feruent hete asswage  
But a faythfull man that doth truly his message  
Is to be lawdyd. But we dayly proued se  
That wyse wyll do wysely, and folys as they be.

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY THE ACTOUR.

Ye follysshe messangers gyuen to neglygence  
To slouth and ryot in your besynes  
Reduce your myndes to parfyte dilygence  
So may ye to your lordes do confort and gladnes  
Be true in his myssage, gyue you to secretnes  
If ye do nat I Barclay, shall certayne  
For eche of you my folys lyueray dres  
That is a hode to kepe you from the rayne

Of folishe Cokes and buttelers and other  
offycers of howsholde that wast theyr  
maysters good without mesure.



Lo nowe comys a sort by dosyns multiplyed  
Vnto my shyp : of dyuers cokes and buttelers.  
A rowme to them may nat be well denyed  
Nor to all other suche howsholde offycers  
These folys hast fast to be my maryners  
Rowynge with suche myght that all the se fomes  
Suche increas our Nauy, by vylenes of other wombes

This sort of seruauntes whome thou dost here espy  
Gyuen to theyr wombe by lust obhomynable  
Of meat and drynke and superflwe glotony  
Ar to theyr maysters but lytell profytable.  
Oft Cokes and butlers ar so disceyuable  
Of nature, to theyr mayster and folowe this offence  
That nought they set by his losse by theyr expence

These folys reuelynge on theyr maysters coste  
Spare no expence, nought carynge his damage  
But they as Caytyfs often thus them boste  
In theyr glotony with dissolute langage  
Be mery companions and lusty of cowrage  
We haue our pleasour in deynty mete and drynke  
On whiche thyng only we alway muse and thyinke

Ete we and drynke we therfore without all care  
With reuyll without mesure as longe as we may  
It is a royall thyng thus lustely to fare  
With others mete, thus reuell we alway  
Spare nat the pot another shall it pay  
Whan that is done spare nat for more to call  
He merely slepys the whiche shall pay for all

Thus fewe or none of kepars shall we fynde  
Trewe in theyr dedys, and after one intent  
Though maysters to theyr seruauntis be full kynde  
Agayne is the seruaunt fals and fraudelent  
So howsholde seruauntes though they seme innocent  
And without falshode before theyr lordes face  
They wast all and more in another place



Whan mayster and maystres in bed ar to rest  
 The bordes ar spred, the dores open echone  
 Than farys the Coke and Butteler of the best  
 Other both togyther, or eche of them alone  
 With wyne and ale tyll all the best be gone  
 By galons and potels they spende without care  
 That whiche theyr lorde for his owne mouth dyd spare

They ar nat content amonge them selfe to spende  
 Theyr maysters goodes in suche lyke glotony  
 But also for other glotons they do sende  
 And strange dronkardys to helpe out theyr vylany  
 By whose helpe they may the vessellis make dry  
 And he that hath way to drynke at eche worde  
 Amonge these Caytyfs is worshyppyd as a lorde

Amonge these wasters is no fydelyte  
 They haue no hede nor care ne aduertence.  
 Of the great losse, and the cause of pouertye  
 Growynge to theyr lorde by this wastfull expence  
 But hym begyle behynde his backe and presence  
 The mayster or lorde lyng in his bed  
 Full lytell knowys howe his howsholde is led

But whyle the seruauntes fals ryot thus ensue  
 Wastyng theyr maysters good and hole substance  
 The mayster thynkes his seruauntes good and true  
 But if it fortune after by some chaunce  
 That the mayster haue a desyre or plesaunce  
 Of his best drynke with his louers to haue some  
 The vessell empty shall yelde nought but bom bom

Than shall the lorde perceyue the great disceyte  
Of his wastfull seruauntes and theyr fals abusion  
But his perceyuyng than is all to late  
So it apereth that great collusion  
Comyth vnto many, and extreme confusion  
By vntrue seruauntes as Cokes and butlers  
And by all other housholde offycers.

I thinke it shame to wryte in this my boke  
The great disceyte gyle and vnclenlynes  
Of any scolyon, or any bawdy Coke  
His lorde abusynge by his vnthryftynes  
Some for the nonys theyr meat lewdly dres.  
Gyuyng it a tast to swet to salt or stronge  
Bycause the seruauntes wolde eat it them amonge

This company, and bende vngracious  
Ar with no pety mouyd, nor yet care  
They wast: and ete theyr mayster out of hous  
Deuourynge his good, tyll he be pore and bare  
And with what meates so euer the lorde shall fare  
If it be in the kechyne or it come to the hall  
The coke and scolyon must taste it first of all

In euery dysshe these caytyfs haue theyr handes  
Gapyng as it were dogges for a bone  
Whan nature is content fewe of them vnderstandes.  
In so moche that as I trowe, of them is none  
That dye for age: but by glotony echone  
But suche folys were nat theyr hasty lokes  
To my folysshe shyp sholde chosen be for Cokes

## THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

In this shyp myght I compryse or comprehende  
Seruauntis of euery craft and facultye  
Whiche in lewde ryot theyr maysters goodes spende  
Bryngynge them therby to carefull pouertye  
But as for this tyme they shall passe by for me  
Syns by theyr maysters folysse neglygence  
They haue occasion so ryotous to be  
By great cause gyuen of inconuenyence.

But to you seruauntis I tourne my pen agayne  
Exortynge you to your maysters to be true  
And nat thus to spende and wast his good in vayne  
And so to harde nede therby hym to subdue  
Lewde felawshyp se that ye euer eschewe  
Beware of ryot, be content wyth your degre.  
For who that agaynst his mayster is vntrewe  
In his owne labour is seldome sen to thye.

Of the arrogance and pryde of rude men  
of the countrey.



The rustycall pryde of carles of the londe  
Remaynyth nowe, whiche I intende to note  
Whiche theyr owne pryde nat se nor vnderstonde  
Wherfore they coueyte with me to haue a bote  
And so they shall, but whan they ar a flote  
Let them me pardon, for I wyll take no charge  
Of them : but them touche and let them ren at large

Of husbonde men the lyfe and the nature  
 Was wont be rude and of symplycyte  
 And of condicion humble and demure  
 But if a man wolde nowe demande of me  
 Howe longe agone is syns they thus haue be  
 I myght well answere it is nat longe agone  
 Syns they were symple and innocent echone

And so moche were they gyuen to symplenes  
 And other vertues chefe and pryncipall  
 That the godly trone of fayth and rightwysnes  
 Had left great townes lordes and men royall  
 And taken place amonge these men rurall  
 All vertues : stedfastnes iustyce and lawe  
 Disdayned nat these pore cotis thekt with strawe

There was no disceyt nor gyle of tymes longe  
 Amonge these men : they were out chasyd and gone  
 For iustyce (as I haue sayd) was them amonge  
 And of longe tyme there kept hir chayre and trone  
 Of brynnynge Auaryce amonge these men was none  
 No wrongfull lucre nor disceytful auauntage  
 Infect the myndes of men of the vyllage

That is to say they knewe none vsury  
 No hunger of golde dyd theyr myndes confounde  
 They knewe no malyce : nor pryde of theyr body  
 Nor other vyces that trowbleth nowe the grounde  
 They coueyted nat to greatly to abounde  
 In proude aparayle, lyke Cytezyns excellent  
 But theyr hole lyfe was symple and innocent

But nowe the lyfe of eche carle and vyllayne.  
Is in all maners chaungyd euen as clene  
As if the trone moste noble and souerayne  
Of rightwysenes : amonge them had neuer bene  
Of theyr olde vertues nowe is none in them sene  
Wherby they longe were wont themself to gyde  
Theyr lyfe is loste and they set hole on pryde

Theyr clothes stately after the courters gyse  
Theyr here out busshynge as a foxis tayle  
And all the fassions whiche they can deuyse  
In counterfaytynge they vse in aparayll  
Party and gardyd or short to none auayle  
So that if god sholde theyr bodyes chaunge  
After theyr vesture theyr shape sholde be full strange

Thus is theyr mekenes and olde symplycyte  
Tournyd by theyr foly to arrogance and pryde  
Theyr rightwysenes, loue and fydelyte  
By enuy and falshode nowe ar set asyde  
Disceyt and gyle with them so sure doth byde  
That folke of the towne of them oft lerne the same  
And other newe yllis causynge reprofe and shame

Theyr scarsnes nowe is tournyd to couetyse  
They onely haue golde and that, in abundaunce  
Theyr vertue is gone, and they rotyd in vyce  
Onely on riches fixed is theyr plesaunce  
Fye Chorles amende this mad mys gouernaunce  
What mouyth you vnto this thyrst feruent  
Of golde : that were wont to be so innocent

What causeth you thus your lyfe to change  
 To cursyd malyce from godly innocence  
 Nowe Carles ar nat content with one grange  
 Nore one ferme place, suche is theyr insolence  
 They must haue many, to support theyr expence  
 And so a riche, vylayne proude and arrogant  
 Anone becomyth a couetous marchant

Than labours he for to be made a state  
 And to haue the pryuelege of hye nobles  
 Thus churlys becomyth statis nowe of late  
 Hye of renowne without all sympylnes  
 But it is great foly and also shame doutles  
 For Carles to coueyt this wyse to clym so hye  
 And nat be pleasyd with theyr state and degre

TENUOY OF BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

Fye rurall carles awake I say and ryse  
 Out of your vyce and lyfe abhomynable  
 Namely of pryde, wrath, enuy and couetyse  
 Whiche ye insue, as they were nat damnable  
 Recouer your olde mekenes, whiche is most profytable  
 Of all vertues, and be content with your degre  
 For make a carle a lorde, and without any fable  
 In his inwarde maners one man styll shall he be.

Of the contempt and dispysynge of  
pouertye.



In this our tyme we pouertye out chase  
From vs, but ryches doth euery man content  
The pore is oppressyd to grounde in eche place  
He onely is mocked and countyd imprudent  
As it were a naturall fole, or innocent  
He that is pore, and wyse, must hym submyt  
Vnto a riche fole whiche in a trone shall syt.



I cary of folys within this present barge  
A marueylous nomber and almoste infynyte  
Whiche on vayne ryches only haue theyr charge  
And hath on it more pleasour and delyte  
Than in good vertues that myght theyr soule profyte  
They set more store the peny to posses  
Than of good, maners, worshyp, or holynes

All men forsaketh in this tyme to sustayne  
The weght and burthen of godly pouerte  
The cursyd hunger of ryches doth constrayne  
The hertis of men and that of eche degre  
Good lyuers of no valour countyd be  
If they lacke riches, theyr goodnes to support  
To theyr company none forsyth to resort

They that haue honoured wysdome here before  
And loued vertue, and in the same procede  
In this our tyme promotyd ar no more  
To lawde and honour whiche ought to be theyr mede  
To rightwyse men nowe no man taketh hede  
But onely they haue bribes in plente  
That ar moste riche and hyst in degre

But syns it is so that plenty and abundaunce  
Of vayne riches and blynde and frayle treasour  
Doth them that hath the same lyghtly auauce  
To loue, to frendshyp, to lawdes and honour  
And he that lackyth the same is in dolour  
Therefore all men more gladly it ensue  
Than lawdable lyfe gode maners or vertue

The worlde rennyth on suche chaunce nowe adayes  
That none by vertue riches can attayne  
But who that wyll be riche must folowe nowe suche wayes  
Firste must he flater and of honour haue disdayne  
He spare must none othes though they be fals and vayne  
And that he hath sayde by and by forsake.  
Nowe swere and promes, anone them both to brake

He must promes and vowe both to god and man  
And neuer care nor force to kepe the same  
By falshode or brybynge get what he can  
His wordes and dedes both without fere and shame  
By cruell delynge he must hym get a name  
Nought must he care for synne nor vyolence  
Nouther present nor past, styll redy to offence

He must with rauysshynge clawes exercyse  
Vsury, rubbynge from people innocent  
Brybes and spoylynges and tyme therfore deuise  
He must bere talys faynyd and fraudelent  
And with the lyes trouble myndes pacient  
And into the erys of good men and laudable  
He droppyth venym by wordes vengeable

O damnable lyfe pollutyd all with vyce  
O deuylysshe maners alas we may complayne  
The worlde is wrappyd in suche syn by couetyse  
Whiche doth all vertue and godlynes distayne  
All thyng is solde, for frayll treasour and vayne  
Laufull and vnlaufull vertue lawe and right  
Ar solde for money whiche blyndyth mannys syght

Were nat blynde treasour and vnhappy ryches  
 Many one for theyr synnes and offence  
 Sholde worthely haue dyed in wretchydnes  
 And other escapyd for theyr innocence  
 The peny damnyth: somtyme gyuyng sentence  
 So that oft tymes in tyme of iugement  
 It reddyth murdrers and Theues fro punysshement

Thus synnes greuous escapyth quyte and fre  
 By money, whiche is so good an aduocate  
 That it man reddyth what euer his trespas be  
 From deth and peryll if it come nat to late  
 It gettyth loue of pore man and estate  
 It wolues and Foxis delyuereth from tourment  
 And hangeth vp, doues and Lambes innocent

The ryche by oppressyon augmentyth theyr ryches  
 Whiche is at last to theyr owne great damage  
 Lyke as the Bybyll playnly doth expres  
 Howe Achab wolde haue had the herytage  
 Of Nabeth: descendyng to hym by his lynage  
 Wherefore this Naboth rightwysly withstode  
 The kynges wyll and that by reason gode

Where as this rightwyse man full wretchydly  
 By this ryche kyng, by oppression playne  
 And his Quenes falshode was damnyd wrongfully  
 For his denyenge, and so with stonys slayne  
 For whiche thyng this kyng after had payne  
 By wretchyd deth whiche god to hym dyd sende  
 Of extorcioners this is the comon ende

Thus the pore onely for theyr symplycite  
Is tred vnder fote by suche as haue myght  
Thus bagges must be had of pure necessitye  
For without them no man can haue his right  
But whan the golden age the worlde dyd lyght  
And rayned amonge men, than was pouerte  
Of great lawde and glory with men of eche degre

Than was theyr fode scas, theyr lyuyng lyberall  
Theyr labour comon, they knewe no couetyse  
All thyng was comon than amonge them all  
The lawe of nature from them expellyd vce  
Without violence or rygour of iustyce  
But none of all these our firste progenytours  
Theyr myndes blyndyd with gatherynge great treasours

But thoughe by ryches nowe men be enhaunced  
Yet in tyme past men haue by pouertye  
In lawde and glory theyr royalmes hye auaunsyd  
And come therby vnto so great dignyte  
That theyr hye name and fame can neuer dye  
Rome was firste pore, and pore was the senate  
And in Rome pore was many a great estate

Yet were they nobly disposyd to batayle  
So that whyle they lyuyd in theyr symplenes  
No other Nacion agayne them coude preuayle  
But after whan they gaue theyr myndes to ryches  
Oft strange Nacions them sharply dyd oppres  
By this example it apereth openly  
That to a good warrour ryches is ennemy

The noble Curius in scarsnes and vertue  
Rulynge in Rome, at the Romayns desyre  
Dyd the Samnytyens manfully subdue  
And the Ausonyans vnto the same empyre  
With all other that durst agaynst Rome conspyre  
Of whome many for his souerayne wysdome  
Of theyr frewyll dyd subiect to hym become

What man doth nat Publicola commende  
Whiche by scarsnes deseruyd hath honour  
And heuenly worshyp whiche none can comprehende  
Hystoryan, Poet, nor other oratour  
We lawde Fabricius a mean Conquerour  
Whiche the rewardes of Pyrrhus dyd despyse  
Wherby men knewe he louyd no couetyse

Yet led this Fabricius his lyfe in scarsyte  
With lytell riches to hym moche acceptable  
Regulus also a man of great dignyte  
For his suffysaunce reputyd is laudable  
In small substance he thought to lyue most stable  
Thus is that man both wyse and excellent  
That with ynoughe can holde hym selfe content

The firste begynnyng and origynall  
Of all the worlde was firste in scarsyte  
Therby were Cytees byldyd first of all  
And kynges establyd in theyr royalte  
With theyr kyngdomes. and men of eche degre.  
Pouerte of all the lawes was Inuentryce  
Mother vnto vertue, confonderes of vyce

By scarsyte Grece hath gotten suche a name  
Of laude and worshyp̄ whiche neuer shall decay  
That all the worlde hole, spekyth of the same  
But howe the lordes thereof lyued alway  
In stedfast vertue somewhat shall I say  
The iust Arystydes inuentour of iustyce  
Was euer pore, nat gyuen to couetyse

Epamynundas also lyued in vertue  
And he beyng Duke possessyd small ryches  
Yet neuer kynge nor Prynce coude hym subdue  
By suffysaunce suche was his worthynes  
The noble Poet homerus eke : doutles  
Whyle he described the sore ruyne of Troy  
Was pore, and set on couetyse no ioy

Socrates with godly wysdome decorate  
Set neuer his mynde on ryches or treasour  
Yet was neuer kynge so ryche nor estate  
Than was more worthy than he was of honour  
In all the worlde is no thyng at this houre  
So proude nor hye whiche hath nat first of all  
Had chefe begynnyng of a Ryuer but small

The worthy Cyte callyd Tarp̄e by name  
Of small begynnyng is nowe made excellent  
Rome hath also farre sprede abrode hir fame  
Thoughe it were byldyd (as lerned men assent)  
Of symple Shepherdes pore and innocent  
O what a Cyte, and what a se royall  
Hath had first name of pore men and rurall

Where as the cursyd hunger of ryches  
 Hath oft these Cytees destroyed and lost agayne  
 Hath nat the Romayns byd oft great wretchydnes  
 And for Couetyse oppressyd in great payne  
 For the same vyce Cartago hath certayne  
 Suffred ruyne by fortune miserable  
 Where as puerte brynges men to ende laudable

Alas why Coueyt we so faruently  
 Exces of ryches as men myndles and blynde  
 Syns it so many hath brought to mysery  
 Yet ryches gotten is vnsure as the wynde  
 Dyd nat proude Cersus therby destruccion fynde  
 Endynge in payne great wo and wretchydnes  
 By the immoderate and lewde loue of ryches

Wherefore let men of eche sort of degre  
 Loue pouertye as thyng moste commendable  
 For suerly ryches is nought but vanyte  
 Rulyd by chaunce vncertayne and vnstable  
 And to the Hauer oftentyme damnable  
 For a ryche man settinge theron his mynde  
 Shal into heuen right hardly passage fynde

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY.

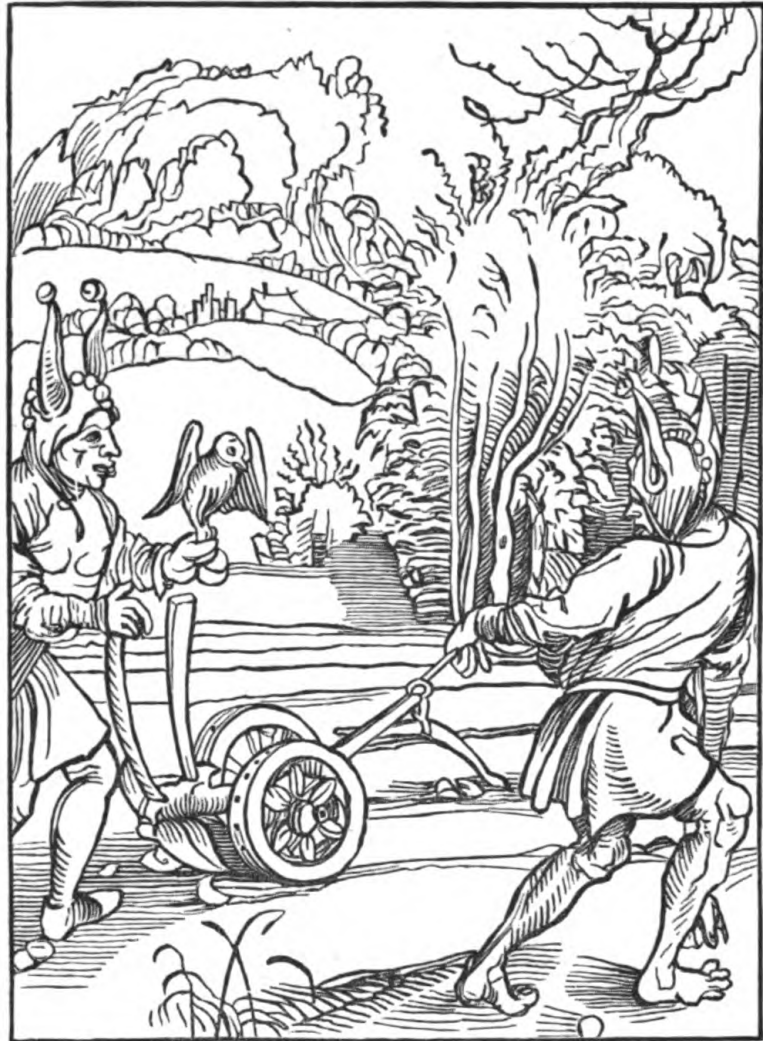
Withdrawe your myndes men from to great ryches  
 Set nat your thought vpon vnsure treasour  
 Rede howe the Gospell examples doth expres  
 Of the pouertye of Christe our sauour.

Thoughe he of all was lorde and creatour  
And seconde parson of the holy Trinite  
Yet he for vs hath suffred great dolour  
And in all his lyfe wylfull pouerte.

Wherfore blynde man make clere thy ignoraunce  
Take here example by god omnyotent  
Holde thou thy selfe content with suffysaunce  
Voluntary scarsnes is a vertue excellent  
That folowed the fathers of the olde testament  
And also the discyple and Apostles in the newe  
But to pouertye thoughe thou wylt nat consent  
Than kepe thou mesure, and couetyce eschewe



Of them that begyn to do well and con-  
tynue nat in that purpose.



Vnto this Plough of Folys many ren  
Begynnyng to labour with dyligence and payne  
But they wyll nat contynue longe therin  
But shortly after cast of theyr worke agayne  
No maruayle. for so volage is theyr brayne  
That without reason they gyue moche gretter hede  
As wytles Folys the bare Coko do fede

First whan the Carle takys his ploughe in honde  
He is so besy therwith and dylygent  
As if that he wolde Ere out his londe  
Vpon one day or he leue of, or stent  
To the first labour men ar lest insolent  
But I shall tell the if thou gyue audyence  
Of this my meter what is the chefe sentence

Some men ar lyuyng that for awhyle begyn  
To lyue well ynoughe and outwarde represent  
For to contynue in good lyfe without syn  
Entrynge the way of vertue excellent  
But shortly after chaungyd is that intent  
They come nat vnto the top of the Mountayne  
Wherin is vertue and good moste souerayne

These ar those Folyes that taketh hastely  
The ploughe in hande, as for a cours or twayne  
And than agayne it leuyth by and by  
These well deserue for theyr vnstable brayne  
In our lewde barges for to be put to payne  
And besy labour, and alway to trauayle  
To rowe our barges and hye to hawse the sayle

The wyse man in descripcion of vertue  
Hath set the same on the hyght of a hyll  
Whiche vnto heuen a certayne way doth shewe  
To suche men as with theyr full myndes wyll  
To that hyghe top theyr hole iourney fulfyll  
But to this hyll, fewe ar that go forwarde  
But many thousandes wolde clymbe therto bacwarde

They ar suche that set all theyr hole lyknyges  
On ryches pleasour and euery dedely synne  
And onely muse on these lowe worldly thynges  
As if man myght hie goodnes by them wynne  
Whiche haue no grace nor vertue them within  
These men that ar of mynde thus varyable  
To the children of Israell ar moste comparable

Whiche whan they were delyuered of destres  
And out of Egypt, and past that cruell payne  
By hande of moyses, suche was theyr wylfulnes  
That oft they wysshyd that they were there agayne  
And all for hunger of one day or scant twayne  
They rather wolde vytayle in sore captyuyte  
Than with small penaunce, haue plesaunt lybertye

These worldly thynges to Egypt I compare  
Wherin mankynde abyde in bondage  
Oft by his foly suffrynge great payne and care  
But whan theyr mynde is red from this outrage  
And they delyuered, and all theyr hole lynage  
Forsakyng the worlde, for vertue moste souerayne  
Than for small hardnes anone they turne agayne

Alas these people of myndes ar so rude  
That they had leuer be in captyuyte  
Of Faro the Fende, and his blynde seruytude  
Than in Christis seruyce lyuyng in lybertye  
But though the way of Christis seruyce be  
Harde to be kept by blynde and frayle mankynde  
Parseuer, and thou shalt a Crowne in heuen fynde

But many (alas) retourne agayne to vyce  
And bacwarde agayne go to theyr olde offence  
And he that the seruyce of god dyd exercyse  
In mekenes vertue and lowe obedyence  
Is fallyn nowe to all inconuenyence  
Alas the state of them is moche vnsure  
Whiche chaunge good for yll agayne nature

The quakyng seke in bed lyenge prostrate  
Halfe dede halfe lyuyng, by some mortall wounde  
And of all his myghtis of manhode clene pryuate  
Can nat be hole, but if plasters be bounde  
Vnto his grefe to clens it by the grounde  
Purgynge it by suche playsters mundifycayue  
And than it closynge by playsters sanatyue

And corrosyues, somtyme he must endure  
To purge that flesshe whiche is putrefyed  
Kepyng and obseruyng good dyet alway sure  
But by this way whan his payne is modfyed  
His wounde nere hole, fresshe and claryfyed  
Withdrawe he his playsters for a day or twayne  
His sore reneweth and rottyth than agayne

And oft becomyth wors than it was before  
Corruptyng the flesshe and skyn on euery syde  
Right so it fortunes by a gostely sore  
In vertue we ought perseuerantly abyde  
Whiche to the heuenly regyon shall vs gyde  
It nought auayleth thysel to boste and cry  
That thou haste somtyme lyued rightwysly

O Brether in Christ conioyned by byleue  
Our blynde presumpcion doth vs sore abuse  
Trust of longe lyfe our soules oft doth greue  
We haue playne warnynge and yet we it refuse  
Vnwarely we wander, and no thyng we muse  
On deth : but despyse his furour intretable  
Whiche sure shall come, though tyme be varyable

Man dye thou shalt : this thyng thou knowest playne  
But as for the tyme, howe, where, and whan  
These ar and shall be kept vncertayne  
Fro the, and me, and almoste from euery man  
Thus dye thou must prouyde it if thou can  
We all must therto, olde, yonge, yll and goode  
Our lyfe styll passyth as water of a flode

Ly, stande, or go, ete, slepe, or drynke  
Or in what so euer thyng thou the exercyse  
Yet deth cometh thoughe thou nat theron thynke  
But for that we dye in suche varyable wyse  
Thou this day : if suche a chaunce doth ryse  
Thy neyghbour shall folowe outhere first or last  
Therefore on hope all men theyr myndes cast

On hope to lyue set mortall men theyr mynde  
Thoughe they be seke yet thynke they nat to dye  
So this vayne hope doth them disceyue and blynde  
If deth them stryke in that infirmyte  
Ye and also we often tymes may se  
That deth is lyke to men opprest in age  
And to yonge children and men of hye corage

Thy earnest is layde, the bargaen must abyde  
It may nat be broke, but where as synne doth growe  
And a pore wretche in vicious lyfe mysgyde  
Suche wretches thynke that deth is neuer to slowe  
And many one in vyce habounde and flowe  
Alway thoughe they that dye in synne mortall  
(As Dauyd sayth) dye must ruffull deth of all

Deth is (as I haue sayd) so intreatable  
That all he consumeth, as his wyll doth aply  
Thoughe one in beauty be incomparable  
In strength or riches, thoughe god hym magnyfye  
It nought auayleth : at last yet must he dye  
Prolongyd is no tyme, if furour the submyt  
Of cruell deth, thou must obey to it

Thy strength decays, and thy breth wexeth short  
Thy vaynes labours, and be somewhat colde  
Thy body wexeth styf without comfort  
Anone thy beauty pleasaunt, semeth olde  
Thy vysage chaungynge by lokes manyfolde  
Somtymes Pale with colour chaungeable  
Somtyme as lede, from deth scant varyable

Thy herte quaketh thy vaynes lesyth myght  
Corrupt blode doth thy colour putryfye  
Thy throte hurtlyth, thy wordes, and thy syght  
Theyr naturall offyce shall vnto the denye  
With suche passions all mortall men shall dye  
For lyfe shall fayle whan deth shall take his place  
No man of lyfe can charter here purchase

O deth howe bytter is thy remembraunce  
 And howe cruell is it thy paynes to indure  
 To them that in erth settyth theyr plesaunce  
 On wretchyd ryches, vnstable and vnure  
 And on vayne pleasours: yet euery creature  
 Must from this riches (though they be loth) depart  
 Whan deth them woundeth with his mortall dart

It is thyng Follyshe to trouble and encomber  
 That man that restyth and slepyth quyety  
 His tyme was come, and we in the same slomber  
 Shall be opprest: god wot howe sodaynly  
 We all must therto, there is no remedy  
 It hath to many ben profyte, and gladnes  
 To dye or theyr day to auoyde this wretchydnes

And ende the myseries, and labours of this lyfe  
 And many one as wery of this short lyfe and payne  
 Them selfe hath murdred with theyr owne hande and knyfe  
 And some with poyson also them selfe hath slayne  
 With snare, with water or with some other trayne  
 The cause why they them selfe haue thus destroyd  
 Was worldly payne and mysery to auoyde

Yet better were it lyue a lyfe miserable  
 Than thus to dye, yet so haue nat they thought  
 But naturall deth to some is profytable  
 To suche as therby out of bondage ar brought  
 And paynfull Pryson, In all the worlde is nought  
 Concernynge payne, dole wo and mysery  
 But that deth fyndeth therefore a remedy.

Deth with his fote doth worldly thynges tred  
O howe many that hath ben in captyuyte  
And bytter Pryson doth deth clene quyte and red  
By it all fetters and Chaynes lowsyd be  
All worldly tourment all payne and cruelte  
Is red by deth: and they that sholde haue bene  
In payne contynuall, by deth ar quyted clene

Deth is delyuered, and from fortune lyberall  
It tourneth downe the Castels and the toures  
Of kynges Prynces and other men royall  
With lyke cruelte of payne and sodayne shoures  
As pore mennys howsis lyuyng in doloures  
For deth hym selfe behaueth in one rate  
And in lyke mesure to begger and estate

And thoughe that fortune cruell and vniust  
Exalt yll lyuers and rightwyse men oppres  
Deuydyng honour and ryches where hir lust  
Deth all the same doth order and redres  
With egall payne by weght of rightwysnes  
There is no prayer, rewarde, nor myght that may  
Of deth prolonge one houre of the set day

This dredfull deth of colour pale and wan  
To pore and ryche in fauour is egall  
It spareth neyther woman childe nor man  
But is indifferent both to great and small  
For as sayth Flaccus, Poet heroycall  
With one fote, it stryketh at the dore  
Of kynges palaysys, and of the wretched pore



It caryth nought for Pryde, ne statelynes  
 Nor myght, as we se oft by experyence  
 It is nat peasyd with treasour nor ryches  
 With cunnyng of Retoryke ne glosyd eloquence  
 To Pope and Begger it hath no difference.  
 With throte lyke wyde on echone doth he gape  
 None can his clawes auoyde, fle, nor escape

Yet he nat grauntyth to any creature  
 As symple man great Lorde or Prynce souerayne  
 Of dethes hour, to be stedfast and sure  
 To euery man his comyng is sodayne  
 Except to them that ar condemned playne  
 Whiche by theyr foly lewdely prouoke theyr tyme  
 By theft or murder or ellys some other cryme

It maketh no force: there is no difference  
 Whether thou dye yonge or els in extreme age  
 For this is sure eche creature shall hense  
 Both state and Begger shall pas the same passage  
 Lyue an hundryth wynter increasyng thy lynage  
 Yet to thy lyfe deth, ende shall set and gyue  
 But fewe ar that nowe one hundreth wynter lyue

And than at last: whether he by lefe or lothe  
 His wretchyd Carcas shall the voyde graue fulfyll  
 And many one also to his ende gothe  
 (As wery of his lyfe) at his desyre and wyll  
 No man hath fauour (of deth) to byde here styll  
 The father dede: the sone shall after hastely  
 And oft dyes the sone before the Father dye

One after other, out of this lyfe we shall  
Syster and brother, neuewe syre and dame  
Tyll at the last from lyfe we gone be all  
And the elementis pourgyd by fyry flame  
To mourne for deth therfore thou art to blame  
Or crye for the dede, and dolefully to wepe  
Thy cryenge (fole) shall nat wake hym of that slepe

Thynge worldly that to man is delectable  
This deth disdaynes, ne no commaundement  
Can turne nor fere hym : his promys is so stable  
His cruell daunce no man mortall can stent  
Nor lede his cruell cours after his intent  
The pope nor Emperour, if they be in his hande  
Hath no maner myght his sore cours to withstande

The bysshop, lorde, the Pore man, lyke a state  
Deth in his daunce ledyth by the sleue  
He oft causeth men them self to fatygate  
And wery in his daunce, longe or they wolde byleue  
But thoughe his besy coursys doth them greue  
He gyuys no space to man to stande nor syt  
But sue the trompe tyll he come to the pyt

There neuer was man of so great pryde ne pompe  
Nor of suche myght, youth nor man of age  
That myght gaynsay the sounde of dethes trompe  
He makes man daunce and that without courage  
As well the state as man of lowe lynage  
His cruell cours is ay so intretable  
That mannys myght to withstande is nat able

Whan thou art dede, what profyte or auayle  
 Hast thou in toubes hye ryche and excellent  
 That Corps that lackes all suche gay aparayle  
 Shall be ouercouered with the fymament  
 The blynde, Arthemisia yet was of this intent  
 A sumtuous tounge and ryche to edefye  
 By wayne opynyon hir name to magnyfye

This tounge was shynynge with syluer and pure golde  
 So gayly couched and set with precious stone  
 Alayd with asure and coloures manyfolde  
 That of the seuen wonders of kyngdomes echone  
 That ar vnder Son : that rekened is for one  
 Yet this gay tounge abyll for any kyng  
 To hir pore soule profyted no thyng

Chemnys also as dyodorus sayes  
 Byldyd a speere hye and wonderous  
 To bere remembraunce of his tyme and dayes  
 This speere was costely dere and sumptuous  
 And of quantyte so great and marueylous  
 That a thousande men and. iii. hundreth fulfyde  
 In twenty yeres coude it skantly bylde

The brother of the sayd chemnys in lyke wyse  
 Brought all his Royalme vnto pouertye  
 Whyle he another lyke speere dyd deuyse  
 For his wayne tounge, so that his comonte  
 And other workmen after one degre  
 Were longe compellyd in this worke to ete  
 Herbs and rotis for lacke of other mete

One Rodopis callyd by suche a name  
Byldyd suche another vayne sepulture  
The riche Amasis also dyd the same  
But what was this, els but a vayne pleasure  
It is great Foly to any creature  
To make so great expences and trauayle  
About vayne thynges that ar of none auayle

So great expences, suche Folysshe coste and vayne  
Is done on toubes and all by pompe and pryde  
That this my shyp can it scarsly contayne  
But the soulys helth (alas) is set asyde  
Whiche euer sholde lyue and without ende abyde  
And the caryon and fylth: is magnyfyed  
By suche vayne toubes that nowe ar edefyed

Beholde a toumbe and precious sepulture  
Thought it be gay: aduyse what is within  
A rottyn caryon vyler than all ordure  
By this proude toumbe the soule no welth can wynne  
But is Damnyd if the body dyed in synne  
So is it Foly great coste and vanyte  
To vse in Toubes suche curyosyte

Euery grounde vnto god is sanctyfyed  
A rightwyse man that well doth lyue and dye  
Shall in hye heuen in soule be glorifyed  
In what euer grounde his wretchyd Carcas lye  
But where a toumbe is byldyd curyously  
It is but cause of Pryde to the ofsprynge  
Helpynge the soule right lytell or no thyng

## THE NUOY OF BARCLAY.

Man kepe thy body from synne exces and cryme  
And if thou fall aryse shortly agayne  
Be euer redy, proude thy deth by tyme  
For dye thou shalt that one thyng is certayne  
And oft deth stelyth on man by cours sodayne  
He warneth none, but who that dyes in syn  
Dyes worst of all, and sure is of hell payne  
Thus is it peryll longe to abyde therin

Vnto an Archer deth may I well compare  
Whiche with his dart stryketh somtyme the marke  
That is last age delyuerynge them from care  
Of mundayne thought, and payne of worldly warke  
Somtyme he shotyth ouer : as he were darke  
Of syght, and somtyme to short : or els asyde  
But well is hym that takyth thought and carke  
At euery season his dartis to prouyde.

## Of Folyes that despyse god.



Whan that man synneth or therto doth assent  
Thoughe god be of moche mercy and great pacience  
Suffrynge hym escape without punysshement  
And often is nat hasty to punyssh eche offence  
Yet thou blynde Fole voyde of all prudence  
He gyueth nat the his berde to draw and brast  
For euery synne he punyssheth first or last.

What man myght suffer with mynde pacient  
 These folys that stryue agaynst theyr creatour  
 With wordes despysynge our lorde omnypotent  
 And hym denyenge as nat theyr gouernour  
 Both day and nyght increasyng their error  
 All goddes preceptis these folys thus confounde  
 With vicious wordes whiche doth theyr soules wounde

They vtter wordes, full of all folysshenes  
 Agaynst the Father of heuen they hym nat drede  
 No more than he were, of no myghtynes  
 Lyke to mankynde, or come of mannys sede  
 Of his great power they haue no fere nor hede  
 Nor yet aduertyce his rightwyse iugement  
 Ne that yll doers ar worthy punysshement

What menest thou by god the Father eternall  
 Howe takest thou hym, howe countest thou his lawe  
 Whiche by thy presumption foule and infernall  
 Dare be so bolde his berde this wyse to drawe  
 By his hye myght thou countest nat a strawe  
 And than whan god, by mercy and pyte  
 A whyle the suffreth for thy dede to go fre

And doth nat punyssh this synne in contynent  
 Therefore thou thynkest that god hath pardoned the  
 Bycause the lyghtnyng or thounder vyolent  
 And other tempestous stormes whan they be  
 Ouertourneth downe an oke or other tre  
 And suffreth the and thy hows to be vnbrent  
 Thus thynkest thou : the pardonyd by god omnypotent

O people of cursyd hope and confydence  
What ioy haue ye : or what a lewde delyte  
Without amendement alway to sue offence  
And more to offende, bycause ye haue respyte  
Is godes Iustyce (thynke ye) decayd quyte  
Nay god is more rightwyse than creature terrene  
All thyng he seys, no thyng can stop his iyen

Thynkest thou that thy lyfe shall euer endure  
That thou mayst haue longe tyme our lorde to pray  
And in thy last age of pardone to be sure  
O fole vnruyld lay this lewde mynde away  
Trust nat to lyfe, for vnsure is thy day  
We all must dye : but he that styll doth syn  
In hope of longe lyfe he often dyes therin

God suffreth the oftymes to offende  
And folowe thy wyll and sensualyte  
To proue if thou thy lewde lyfe wylt amende  
Expellynge thy carnall and blynde fragilyte  
But if thou contynue in thy iniquyte  
The more space that thou hast had before  
Thy payne and tourment shall after be the more

Alas suche ar infect with great offence  
That thus on synne infix alway theyr mynde  
They haue no wysdome grate, goodnes, ne prudence  
But kepe theyr herte in darke error and blynde  
That to true byleue it no thyng is inclyned  
Whan synfull error is set in theyr intent  
They god despyse, and his commaundement



These follys in maner nought care for goddes myght  
 Whiche by his worde hath made eche element  
 The sonne: the mone, the derkenes and the lyght  
 The day, the nyght, the sterrys and firmament  
 Whiche knowys all tymes eche hour and eche moment  
 Both the tyme past and tyme that is to come  
 Our lyfe and deth he knowys by his wysdome

O man miserable: o wretchyd creature  
 Sholdest thou agaynst thy souerayne lorde rebell  
 Whiche to thyntent: that thou sholde nat endure  
 Eternall deth. sende to tourment cruell  
 His onely son to red thy soule fro hell  
 The whiche also with his blode hath the bought  
 Therefore loue hym, and turne this frowarde thought

Thou art nat so redy to gyue the to penaunce  
 And to set thy mynde on vertue parfytely  
 Forsakyng thy synne and olde mys gouernaunce  
 But god is als redy to take the to mercy  
 Thus mayst thou thynke both sure and stedfastly  
 That if thou for thy synnes mourne and wayle  
 God shall the here, and quyte the thy trauayle

But who that hath herte harde in suche a wyse  
 And rotyd in suche malyce and furour  
 That by the same by worde he dare despyse  
 His god, his maker, his helth and sauour  
 By synne, contempt or lyuyng in errour  
 Suche (but if he chaunge his intent)  
 Is damnyd, to endure infernall punysshement.

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY.

O people proude, and of goodnes ignoraunt  
Encline your myndes sore blyndyd by offence  
Mollyfy your hertis that ar harde as adamant  
Expell ye this pryde and stately insolence  
Presume ye no more in worde, nor conscience  
Your lord, defender, and maker to despyse  
For who that doth, shall outhere here or hence  
At last be rewardyd, and that in ferefull wyse.

Of Blasphemers and sweres of the name  
of god, and of his Sayntis.



Nowe commyth to cours to wryte of the errours  
Of men abhominable, of women mayde and childe  
Whiche agaynst Christ ar newe tourmentours  
His skyn terynge, wors than Iowes it defyld  
O man myscheuous by whome Christ is reuyld  
Thou worthy art to dye in soule and in body  
That Iuge that it suffreth sore shall it abyde.

O Myrthles myse of eloquence barayne  
Cast out thy terys and mourne without mesure  
For from sore waylynge my selfe can nat refrayne  
Nor as I thynke none erthly creature  
Consyderynge howe men in malyce them inure  
If there were reason within harde stele or flynt  
From carefull terys I wot they coude nat stynt

If beste had reason, wyt, or mannys brayne  
To note and aduyse mannys mysgouernaunce  
Without all dout I thynke it wolde complayne  
For mannys synne, and wylfull ignoraunce  
Therefore all ye that haue wyll and pleasaunce  
To rede of the Folys of this iniquyte  
Expell hie corage, and than come wepe with me

For certaynly, I trowe no man coude wryte  
The vyce nowe vsed, agaynst all ordynaunce  
Nor yet that rede, whiche other men indyte  
Without sore waylynge, and terys in habundaunce  
For well I wot my herte is in greuaunce  
Whan I consyder and wryte, thus wyse of syn  
Seynge howe the worlde defylyd is therin.

But though I haue had great dilygence with payne  
Before this, to blame blynde Folys abhomynable  
Yet this my labour almoste was tane in vayne  
For none to this present sort ar comparable  
These folys in theyr dedys ar so detestable  
That all synne and vyce vnder the firmament  
Theyr vicious hertis can nat pleas nor content

Yet seke they wors : agaynst our lorde aboue  
 By theyr yll tunge they tourment newe with payne  
 And though he onys dyed in erth for mannys loue  
 These caytyfs hym tourment nowe in heuen agayne  
 These folys (with newe sperys) set theyr brayne  
 To wounde, our lorde, whiche, can do hym no grefe  
 Saue that he seyth man seke his owne myschefe

Agaynst Christ they cast and throwe great othys  
 Blasphemynge agaynst dyuyne commaundement  
 Wordes of Enuy whiche god almyghty lothys  
 They throwe agayne hym as trayters vyolent  
 O cursyd creatures, with armour impotent  
 That lorde that dyed to red them out of payne  
 They haue good wyll to tere his herte agayne

The one blasphemys by christis hede and brayne  
 Grutchynge and grennynge for symple thyng or nought  
 Another Caytyfe, or myscheuous vylayne  
 By all his holy membres, to swere hath lytyll thought  
 Another by the blode wherwith he hath vs bought  
 His Face his herte, or by his crowne of thorne  
 Wherwith (for them) his skyn was rent and torne

Another out vomytis wordes execrable  
 Agaynst our lordes holy woundes fyue  
 His handes his fete and his crosse venerable  
 Wheron he dyed to make mankynde a lyue  
 That fole that grettest othes can contryue  
 Blasphemynge god, men hym moste magnyfye  
 Thus newe agayne our lorde they crucyfye

O cruell Caytyfs tyrantis and tourmentours  
O blynde blasphemers, o men brought vp in vyce  
O ye fals folowers, and inherytours  
Of the cruell Iowes myschefe and malyce  
To moche immoderate madnes doth attyce  
Your myndes amasyd by othes to tourment  
The sayntis of heuen : and god omnypotent

O ye blasphemers : o tourmentours vnkynde  
Alas what mean ye your maker thus to tere  
Syns in the Gospell we playnly wryten fynde  
That no creature lyuyng ought to swere  
By ought that god made, no nat by a here  
Of his owne hede, our othes ought to be  
(As christ vs techyth) onely (nay) and (ye)

But nowe in our othes is god omnypotent  
With all his membres and sayntis euerychone  
All that god made, and euery sacrament  
The fere of payne (alas) is from vs gone  
Our hertis harder than flynt or marbell stone  
Alas we tere our Lord that hath vs bought  
By our blasphemynge, and that for thyng of nought

The tables, tenys, cardis, or the dyce  
Ar chefe begynnyng of this vnhappynes  
For whan the game wyll nat well aryse  
And all the players troubled by dronkenes  
Than suche Caytyfs as ioy in this exces  
At eche worde labour our sauour to tere  
With othes abhomynable whiche they vngoodly swere

Alas these folys repute it but a game  
To cast suche wordes agayne theyr creatour  
Them selfe forswerynge, blasphemynge christis name  
And he that is moste gyuen to this errour  
Is nowe reputyd moste worthy of honour  
He shall no rule in court nor kechen bere  
(As this tyme goys) but he can crake and swere

The yonge (alas) this vyce doth here and lere  
With stody intentyf, and parfyte, aduertence  
Of suche as ar olde : to blaspheme, and to swere  
The name of god without all reuerence  
In so moche that they thynke it none offence  
To swere the holy Masse, that othe is nowe so ryfe  
In mouth of man, mayden childe and wyfe

It was onys ordeyned by constytucion  
As I haue harde, that both symple men and hye  
Sholde onely swere by that occupacion  
The whiche theyr Faders dyd vse and occupy  
But nowe eche sweryth the Mas comonly  
Whiche is the prestis seruyce and besynes  
So mennys others theyr Fathers doth expres

Alas no honour, laude nor reuerence  
Is had nowe vnto that blessyd sacrament  
But boyes, and men without all difference  
Tere that holy body of god omnypotent  
As it were iowes to his passion they assent  
In euery bargayne, in ale hous and at borde  
The holy Mas is euer the seconde worde

And than these houndes can suche excusys fynde  
As to theyr soules without dout ar damnable  
Saynge it is gode to haue the masse in mynde  
And the name of god, and his sayntis honourable  
O erytykes. o houndes abhomynable  
That is a thyng whiche god almyghty lothys  
To take his name in thy foule mouth by othys

Yet doest thou so, there is no maner place  
Nor no order or state that of this vyce is fre  
For whiche (alas) god hath withdrawyn his grace  
And oft vs chastyth with plage of cruelte  
With dyuers dethes, and moche aduesyte  
For this vyce, Iuges ordayne no punysshement  
Therefore is it punysshyd by god omnytpotent

With tempest thunder, lyghtnyng hete or colde  
With murder by pestylence or els by some batayle  
And sore diseasys, and paynys manyfolde  
We oft by hunger haue cause also to wayle  
The corne destroyed by wynde lyghtnyng or hayle  
Of suche punysshement we wretchys worthy be  
For god suffreth nat our synnes to go fre

Sennacheryb as the bybyll doth expres  
Nychanor and fyers Antyochus also  
Hath shamely dyed for this vnhappynes  
Nat only they: but many thousandes mo  
And in our dayes I fere lyst payne and wo  
Be to vs sende by ryghtwyse punysshement  
For swerynge in vayne, by god omnytpotent



O father almyghty our god and creatour  
In thy hye maiesty syttyng in thy trone  
With blessyd Iesu thy sone our sauour  
And o holy goste whiche ar thre in one  
O god graunt thy grace to this our regyon  
Pardon vs synners differ thy vengeaunce  
Thoughe we deserue it by our mys gouernaunce

O glorious godhed of mercy infynyte  
Consyder howe mankynde is prone alway to vyce  
Graunt vs good lord layser and respyte  
Out of our slombryng sinnes to aryse  
Let thy great mercy excell thy hye iustyce  
For if thy iustyce sholde put vs to vttraunce  
We sholde be damnyd for our mys gouernaunce

If thou good lorde denye vs to socour  
On whome may we wretches for socour cry or call  
Alas on none, therefore let our errour  
And synfull dedes clene from thy presence fall  
Bryng vs vnto thy realme celestyall  
Where in thy presence we may set our plesaunce  
And so haue pardon of our mys gouernaunce.

THE NUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Alas ye swerers mourne, for ye haue cause  
Wasshe ye away your synne with syghes depe  
For if I sholde vtter my mynde in one clause  
I say your vnkyndnes causeth me to wepe  
What god hath done for you ye take no kepe  
But tere his body by swerynge hym in vayne  
Thoughe he as a good Shepherd, dyed for his shepe  
That is for you, yet wolde ye hym sle agayne

Alas blasphemer, of christ thou hast the name  
And callyd art christen, so made by sacrament  
But sothly that name is to thy vtter shame  
Syns thou thy god, and sauour dare tourment  
O iuges iuges ordayne ye punysshement  
For eche blasphemer wors than is an hell hounde  
For if ye do nat our lorde omnypotent  
Shall vs with our synnes by right iustyce confounde

Of the plage and indignacion of god, and  
folys that fere nat the same.



Some folys meruayle and thynketh it great wonder  
Whan god vs stryketh for our yll and offence  
With tempest, hete, sekenes, lyghtenyng or thunder  
Hunger or colde, outhere sodayne pestylence  
But certaynly his hye magnyfycence  
Vs worthely punyssheth for our iniquyte  
For vertue alas is gone from eche degre.

*Of the plage and indignacion of god. 137*

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O folys abusyd whome folly doth diffame  
Say what auauntage what profyte or what mede  
Is it to you to haue christis name  
Whan ye nat folowe his lyfe in worde nor dede  
Of his preceptis alas we take no hede  
Yet we repute vs condigne in our corage  
To be callyd christen, and christes herytage

Who that in vyce his dayes doth meyntayne  
May bere the name of christ our sauour  
But than his name he chalangeth in vayne  
And tyll he amende led in a blynde errour  
So we (alas) often forget our creatour  
Abusyng and brakeynge his hyghe commaundement  
Nat carynge the decrees of faders auncient

We take christes name, but his doctryne we deny  
And from his way (alas) we sore declayne  
And to all ylles our myndes we aply  
Whiche often doth vs bryng to perelous ruyne  
We ioy of the name, and the true fayth deuyne  
Trustyng therby to eschewe euerlastyng payne  
But godly workes we abhor and disdayne

Iustyce and hir lawes ar banysshyd from eche place  
Myrrule amasyd hir braunches doth extende  
All vertuouus doctryne away from vs we chase  
Thus goth the worlde aprochyng to the ende  
Our fayth oftyme doth from hir chayre discende  
She is nat so parfyte as she in tyme hath be  
Nor yet hir two systers hope and charyte

138 *Of the plague and indignacion of god,*

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Alas we dayly without all drede commyt  
Moche cursyd vyce somtyme by ignoraunce  
Somtyme by malyce, somtyme for lacke of wyt  
As wors than the turke, in our mys gouernaunce  
Thus dame mysrule so ledes vs in hir daunce  
That our blynde youth with to moche lybertye  
Subdueth our bodyes to all enormyte

So all mankynde with vyce is violate  
Both yonge and olde stronge feble and ympotent  
The ryche, the pore, the vylayne and estate  
That they rebell agaynst our lorde omnyotent  
Howbeit our lorde as a father pacyent  
Sayth man if thou my lawes kepe and loue  
I shall the lede to my hye Royalme aboute

But if thou by malyce selfe wyll or neglygence  
Dispyse my lawes reputynge them but vayne  
Thou shalt nat escape ay fre for thyne offence  
Without correccion punysshement and payne  
Yet we blynde men of these wordes haue disdayne  
To this great promes alas we nought intende  
Ne labour nat our errours to amende

Suche is our foly we thynke nat to amende  
But styll procede in our olde mys gouernaunce  
We ar so blyndyd we note no thyng the ende  
Wherfore our lorde, by Iustyces balance  
Of suche offenders oft taketh vengeaunce  
With dyuers plagis, and punysshement terryble  
As pockes, pestylence, and other yll horryble

Though mercy sauour, yet god of his iustyce  
With dyuers plages sundry sorys and sekenes  
And dredfull dolours punyssheth vs for vyce  
Suche is the order of his hyghe rightwysnes  
Whan men contynue in theyr vnhappynes  
His swerde of vengeaunce vpon them to extende  
And that namely whan they wyll nat amende

Cruell Mars somtyme vs thretenyth with batayle  
Somtyme our bodyes infect with pestylence  
The corne somtyme distroyed with rayne or hayle  
Than hunger men consumyth without all difference  
This worthely we indure for our offence  
With sore diseasys that neuer were sene before  
But yet our synnes increasyth euer more

Somtyme our fode with hete is all to brent  
Somtyme by colde abyde we moche payne  
Some hath with thunder theyr bodyes all to rent  
Now frost, nowe snowe, lyghtenyng, tempest, or rayne  
Some with thunder boltis theyr bodyes smyt in twayne  
Some murdred, some hanged some hedyd, some drownde  
And all for offence, and synne done on the grounde

The dyuers dethes whiche dayly we indure  
And dyuers chaunces whiche dayly on vs fall  
I trowe there is none erthly creature  
That hath the brayne to comprehende them all  
Though that his dayes were nere perpetuall  
And often se we tokens of ferefull punysshement  
By sygnes and sterres of the clere fyrmament

140 *Of the plage and indignacion of god.*

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We ought these paynes with mekenes to indure  
And nat to grutche therfore, nor god to blame  
For our lewde lyfe forsoth doth them procure  
And for our synnes ar we worthy of the same  
Some nacions haue ben dryuen out in shame  
From theyr owne londe wandrynge in payne and stryfe  
Whiche sothly was for theyr disordred lyfe

Wherfore thou man thynke sure in thyne intent  
That synne accostomed, by order of iustyce  
Of god aboue, cryeth for punysshement  
Other here or els in hell: for euery vyce  
Hath suche rewarde, wherfore let vs be wyse  
And shortly amende our olde mysgouernaunce  
Lyst god rightwysely take on vs vengeaunce

BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

O man clere thy syght, beholde thy owne offence  
And mende for the loue of god omnypotent  
For if thy synne stynke alway in his presence  
Iustyce shall nat let the auoyde his punysshement  
And though mercy be nat to the moch vyolent  
Nat suffrynge vengeaunce shortly on the to fall  
Yet mende betyme be nat ouer neglygent  
Beware the ende for that oft payth for all.

Of folysshe exchanges scorsynges and  
permutacions.



Who that hath a nedy iourney for to ryde  
And for a bagpype his hors wyll sell. playnly  
He is a fole and lewdly doth hym gyde  
And no auantage shall he obtayne therby.  
So hapnyth it to hym moste comonly  
Whiche for frayle pleasour of one day or twayne  
Forsaketh heuen, sure of euerlastyng payne



Some Folys yet shall of a rowme be sure  
Within this shyp a lowe or els a hye  
Suche ar they that greuous charges wyll indure  
Subduynge theyr bodyes to labour besely  
Theyr shulders with burthyns chargynge heuely  
In worldly curys sore labourynge in vayne  
Therby hereafter to byde infernall payne

They laboure here so sore for wretchyd goodes  
That whan theyr body departyth from this lyfe  
Theyr soule is plungyd in infernall flodys  
So what auayleth them to be so actyfe  
In worldly labour, so thoughtfull or pensyfe  
Here in this erth all other to excell  
And after toren by cruell houndes of hell

He that here labours in erth for frayle ryches  
Suffreth more sorowe and payne contynually  
Than he that lyueth alone in wyldernes  
And hym in goddes seruyce doth aply  
Abydyng in fastynge, and praynge deuoutly  
So worldly wretchys (as it apereth playne)  
Take here sore labour to wynne euerlastynge payne

Who that serueth god with parfyte dylygence  
Shall in this lyfe auoyde moche worldly wo  
And be rewardyd in heuen whan he goth hens  
Where as he that serueth this worlde shall nat so  
Yet of this sort fynde we right many mo  
That to haue ryches all besynes employ  
Rather than to get in heuen eternall ioy

Mysrule, wast, falshode, and also couetyse,  
With other vyces as pryde or statelynes  
Vs sorer labours causeth to exercyse  
Than vertue doth : or godly holynes  
For them fewe men wyll take great besynes  
Easy is the way to vyce and men are prone  
To folowe that cursyd way almoste echone

Before our syght it dayly apereth playne  
What great labours, what charge and besynes  
Proude people indure theyr pryde for meyntayne  
With dyuers garnamentis presentynge statelynes  
Onely on clothyng bestowyng theyr ryches  
Suche set all vertuous besynes asyde  
And onely labour for to meyntayne theyr pryde

Somtyme suche dare set theyr lyfe in ieopardy  
Nat feryng Iustyce, but the lawe to violate  
For to meyntayne theyr statelynes therby  
By proude apparayle, nat mete for theyr estate  
Right so Couetyse after lyke maner rate  
By ardaunt desyre of hir blynde iniquyte  
Draweth men to peryls both of londe and se

To dyuers peryls men boldly them subdue  
In hope frayle ryches to purchace and obtayne  
But for the loue of goodnes or vertue  
Right fewe or none wyll put them selfe to payne  
For money man sayles the troublous se of spayne  
And moche of the worlde he compasyth about  
Of ieopardy and peryll without all maner dout

Who that by couetyse is drawen and opprest  
Is neuer at eas ne quyetnes of mynde  
By nyght nat takynge slepe ne naturall rest  
With fyry ropys this fury so doth them bynde  
They fere no flode, no colde, tempest, or wynde,  
There is no labour nor colde that can them dere  
The hunger of golde them maketh without fere

O man commyttynge thy lyfe vnto the streme  
Alas note well thy desyrous vanyte  
Howe thou the auenterest in holowe beame  
To pas the see in contynuall ieopardye  
And all this thou doest of gode to haue plentye  
But for the loue of god thy creatour  
Thou skarsly woldest endure a symple shoure

Some for vayne ryches folowes another vyce  
Watchynge by myght in wynter sharpe and colde  
To encreas his purse, by cardes or by dyce  
There syttynge in paynes and peryls manyfolde  
Such sle them selfe longe tyme or they be olde  
And waste theyr youth without all auauntage  
Theyr soule submyttynge to Lucyfers bondage

What shall I say or of the maners wryte  
Of dronkardes or glotons Whiche without mesure  
Onely in theyr wombes set theyr hole delyte  
Corruptynge and chargynge them self beyonde nature  
So whan the body can nat suche rule indure  
Theyr lyfe they ende and oft by deth sodayne  
And for this labour rewardyd with hell payne

What shall I say of the paynfull fantasy  
Whiche he abydeth and suffreth day and nyght  
Whiche for his wyfe taketh thought and ielowsy  
Hir alway ferynge, thoughe she be in his syght  
Howe by those Folyes whiche settyth all theyr myght  
By force of Armys to be Uenus champyon  
Rather than to wyn the heuenly regyon

What shall I wryte of the mad mysgouernaunce  
And vayne labour whiche men vpon them take  
Some watchynge in reuell and some to ren and daunce  
Some for worldly pleasour both day and nyght to wake  
But nought wyll we suffer for god almyghtyes sake  
In whose seruyce we rest at ende myght fynde  
We labour here for deth as bestis blynde

We seke our destruccion : for symple ioy mundayne  
Our myndes ar so blynde : and we so prone to yll  
That heuen we chaunge for euerlastynge payne  
In good workes haue we no pleasour nouthur skylle  
Deuyne preceptis we seldome tyme fulfyll  
Banysshid is vertue decayed is holynes  
And moche of the worlde ensue vnthryftynes

Let wyse men stody (therfore) to obtayne  
Vertue though the way be in diffyculte  
For thoughe that one neuer infyx his brayne  
To vyce, yet shall the way full esy be  
But certaynly wors than a fole is he  
Whiche wyll in stede of heuenly blyssydnes  
Bye worldly pleasour, endynge in wretchydnes

## THE NUOY OF BARCLAY.

Remember Fole it is great hurte and losse  
For worldly pleasour to lese ioy eternall  
Remember also howe god dyed on the crosse  
Shedyng his blode the to redeme withall  
This payne he suffred for the and for vs all  
Consyder his sorowes, be kynde to hym agayne  
Lese nat ne change nat his ioy celestyall  
For folysshe pleasour, or frayll and worldly payne

Of folysshe children y<sup>t</sup> worshyp nat their  
fader and moder.



Them also I repute for Folyss blynde  
Whiche haue no honour worshyp ne reuerence  
To father and mother, but ar to them vnkynde  
And nat consyder what payne and dyligence  
What labour, thought, great costis, and expence  
Theyr parentis had for them in theyr yonge age  
But they rewarde the same with great outrage

That foule is full of all vnhappynges  
And suerly worthy of euerlastynge payne  
Whiche for his frendes loue and great kyndnes  
Rewardeth them with vnkyndnes agayne  
But hym I iuge a gretter fole certayne  
Whiche on his children bestowys all his substaunce  
And lyues hym selfe (for nede) in harde penaunce

And where as he myght his age well relefe  
With his owne goodes at euery tyme of nede  
There lyeth he gronyng, in payne wo and myschefe  
His vnkynde children takynge of hym no hede  
And where he labowred right sore his son to fede  
Sparynge from hym selfe to fynde hym to the scole  
In age his son hym taketh for a fole

And where as he ought his father to honour  
To worshyp and loue by dyuyne commaundement  
The vnkynde caytyf wyll do hym no socour  
But suffreth hym abyde both pore and indigent  
And often this Caytyf with handes violent  
As past all grace shame or godly fere  
With strokes doth his Father hurt and dere

Or suffreth hym vtterly to dye for lacke  
Or els hym dryueth vnkyndly to the colde  
With a cowpyll of croches a walet on his backe  
Whan he hath spoyld hym of that he wolde  
So whan the Father is tedyous and olde  
His children thynke he lyueth alto longe  
Oft wysshynge hym to be drownyd outhur honge



There is no pyte that can suche wretches moue  
Aenst theyr Faders wo and paynfull age  
They shewe hatered for fauour and hye loue  
O folysshe Fader consyder in thy corage  
Thy to great pyte thy olde and blynde dotage  
Whiche to thy sonne hast gyuen suche store of gode  
Whiche the dede wyssheth nat grauntynge the thy fode

He suffreth the to lyue with hunger harde bested  
And god wot howe glad wolde he be in his mynde  
If thou by cruell deth were from hym red  
Yet is his owne lyfe vnstable as the wynde  
And shortly shall dye leuyng that gode behynde  
And for his vylayne, and frowarde vnkyndnes  
His soule berest euerlastynge blessydnes

And that worthely, for after my sentence  
He well deserueth an yll and shamefull ende  
Whiche wyll nat honour, with loue and reuerence  
His fader and mother as his myght may extende  
And also all them of whose blode he doth discende  
And who that agaynst his parentis wyll rebell  
Is sothly worthy to haue a roume in hell

And oft it is sene by examples euydent  
That short space they lyue and shamefully they dye  
Whiche to theyr parentis ar nat obedyent  
And suffreth them lyue in nede and penury  
Disdaynynge them to honour and worshyp reuerently  
Examples in the Bybyll we haue in sondry wyse  
Howe they haue endyd that doth theyr faders despyse



The goodly Absolon of beauty excellent  
Of pleasaunt fygure thoughe he so goodly were  
For beyng vnto his Fader inobedyent  
And his purposynge hym and all his to dere  
And to rob his Royalme, was hangyd by the here  
By sodayne chaunce and goddes punysshement  
And with thre sperys his herte in sonder rent

For that Cham discovered his faders pryete  
As in contempt hauynge of hym disdayne  
Was he nat cursyd by goddes maiesty  
And bonde to his bretherne whiche was to his great payne  
Thoughe Sennacheryb by his owne sonnes were slayne  
They hopynge to obtayne his royalme for theyr mede  
Yet none of them theyr fader dyd succede

Balthasar kynge somtyme of Babylon  
In sorowfull yeres longe lyued worthely  
For his proude mynde and fyers transgression  
Agaynst his father, for that he cruelly  
Dismembred hym : but sothly if that I  
Sholde all suche wretches paynes comprehende  
In this my boke, I neuer sholde haue ende

The bybyll recordeth howe Toby auntyent  
Approchyng to deth almost in dethys hour  
Gaued his dere sone speciall commaundement  
With all reuerence his mother to honour  
Salomon therefore of sapyence the flour  
Hauynge no respect to his hye excellence  
Vnto his mother dyd humble reuerence

Erectyng hym vp from his hye rowme royall  
To mete his mother, and set hir by his syde  
On his right hande as chefe and pryncipall  
By whose example all children ought them gyde  
Humbly to theyr parentis without all grutche or pryde  
But fewe alas nowe wyll vnto this intende  
Whiche causyth them sore repent it at the ende

If Corylaus had nat ben obedyent  
Vnto his moder and fered hir. certayne  
By Rome he sholde haue suffred punysshement  
And by his foly longe lyued in great payne  
The Bybyll also recordeth to vs playne  
Howe the sonnes of Rechab had great preemynence  
For hauynge to theyr fader loue and obedyence

Were they nat lauded by god omnyotent  
Yes certaynly but the chefe cause wherfore  
Was for they folowed the commaundement  
Of Rechab theyr fader, denyenge nat his lore  
So shall I conclude shortly and say no more  
That he that to Fader or moder is vnkynde  
Shall here in erth his soule to fendes bynde

BARCLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Thou vnkynde childe and inobedyent  
Thynke what thy Fader and Moder dyd for the  
Remember what goodes they haue on the spent  
Or they coude brynge the vnto thy degre  
Endeuer the to them kynde agayne to be  
For all the kyndnes that thou canst shewe: certayne  
Nor all thy worshyp nor thy humylyte  
Can neuer be abyll them to rewarde agayne

Be nat therfore childe vnto them vylayne  
But take thou example of Christ our sauour  
Howe he alway thoughe he were god souerayne  
His carnall moder benyngly dyd honour  
And Joseph also whiche after the errour  
Of the blynde Jewes to hym was fader sayde  
Yet is he god and gracious gouernour  
Lyke to the Fader before the worlde was made

But thou aged man that seest thy dayes fade  
Thy strength decay, and thy colour fro the fall  
Thynke well that whan thou all thy good hast layde  
Vpon thy children to auaunce them with all  
Whan thou hast nede perchaunce none of them shall  
Socour thy nede, but from theyr hous the cast  
Therefore I aduyse the, nede nat on them to call  
But whyle thou lyst to holde sure that thou hast.

Of the claterynge and bablynge of prestis  
and clerkes in the quere.



Of folys yet : may we great number se  
In the holy querys of chirches small and great  
Whose communycacyon is voyde of honestye  
But on vayne talys theyr myndes clene ar set  
That goddes seruyce is oft hyndred and let  
By suche iapes and dedys of farre and nere  
Whiche they as Folys recount within the quere

I haue before touchyd the great enormyte  
The foly, and disorder, without all reuerence  
Whiche in the chirche dayly we may se  
Amonge lay folys, whiche better were be thens  
But nowe shall I touche another, lyke offence  
And that is of Folys whiche in the quere habounde  
Nat saynge the seruyce of god as they ar bounde

But dyuers toyes and Iapis varyable  
They spred abrode, encombrynge the seruyce  
And namely with theyr tunge wherwith they bable  
Eche one to other, as if they toke aduyse  
And counsell togyder theyr cartis to deuyse  
Vnto our shyppes theyr company to cary  
For loth they be to longe fro them to tary

O goddes temple, o godly ordynaunce  
By holy faders ordeyned to gyde the same  
None labours you to support nor auaunce  
But to decay they suffer, vnto theyr shame  
The godly costomes ar tourned vnto game  
The Seremonyes somtyme kept stedfastly  
Ar nowe defyled by Iestis of vylany

The constitucions ordeyned right holely  
In tyme past by Faders wyse and auncyent  
Holy Chirches honour to meyntayne therby  
Ar halfe abusyd, none suys theyr, right intent  
The seruyce also of god omnyotent  
Is nowe mysusyd: as playnly doth apere  
Nat in the Chirche so moche as in the quere

There be no tydynges nor neweltees of warre  
Nor other wonders done in any strange londe  
What euer they be and come they neuer so farre  
The prestis in the quere at first haue them in honde  
Whyle one recountyth, the other, to vnderstonde  
His fayned fable harkeneth to the glose  
Full lytell aduertynge howe the seruyce goes

The bataylys done perchaunce in small brytayne  
In fraunce or Flaunders or to the worldes ende  
Ar tolde in the quere (of some) in wordes vayne  
In myddes of Matyns in stede of the Legende  
And other gladly to here the same intende  
Moche rather than the seruyce for to here  
The rector Chori is made the messenger

He rennyth about lyke to a pursuyuant  
With his whyte staffe mouynge from syde to syde  
Where he is lenynge talys ar nat skant  
But in one place nat longe doth he abyde  
So he and other them selfe so lewdly gyde  
Without deuocion, by theyr lewde neglygence  
That no thyng can bynde theyr tunges to sylence

And in the mornynge whan they come to the quere  
The one begynneth a Fable or a hystory  
The other lenyth theyr erys it to here  
Takyng it in stede of the Inuytory  
Some other maketh respons antym and memory  
And all of fables and Iestis of Robyn hode  
Or other tryfys that skantly ar so gode

With tryfys they begyn and so oft tyme they ende  
Recountynge nueltees, they waste theyr tyme therin  
And where as they ought the seruyce to intende  
Of god almyghty : they spende the tyme in syn  
And other some, vnto the quere doth ren  
Rather for lucre and cursyd couetyse  
Than for the loue of the dyuyne seruyce

The peny them prycketh vnto deuocyon  
But that is outwarde nat rotyd in the harte  
But better were auoyde this hye promocion  
And surer, from the quere to stande a parte  
Than thyder to presume, and if that thou aduert  
Thy owne order and therof the excellence  
So shalt thou nat gyde the in goddes hye presence

I thynke it better more mete and profytable  
To stande afarre without the Chirche and quere  
Than there to be, and so to that bable  
That for thy noyse none can the seruyce here  
And if thou thynke thy talys and wanton chere  
Or wordes superflue ar to our lorde pleasaunt  
Thou art abusyd and greatly ignoraunt

But certaynly the prestis that thus lyue  
Disordred in the hous of god our creatour  
Doth yll example vnto lay people gyue  
By theyr mysrule to sue the same errour  
But to them selfe do they great dishonour  
And sclaunder to the Chirche, so that moste comonly  
All prestis (of laymen) ar moche the lesse set by

O folysshe preste vsynge suche fables vayne  
And cursyd customes: thynkest thou therby  
Of god any mede or meryte to obtayne  
Nay god is nat pleased with suche lewde foly  
It is conuenient our lorde to magnyfye  
With parfyte prayer loue reuerence and honour  
And nat with iapys and talys of no valour

THE NUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Ye prestis and clerkes amende your myslyuyng  
Defyle nat the Churche with wordes of vanyte  
Remember: there is tyme and place for euery thyng  
As tyme of myrth, and tyme of grauyte  
In euery place ye ought discrete to be  
That men may commende your vertue and goodnes  
But namely in churche vse wordes of honestye  
That is no place for talys, but for holynes



## Of eleuate pryde, and bostynge.



That lawde is vyle the whiche doth procede  
From manns owne mouth vtred in wordes vayne  
Of suche foly no wyse man taketh hede  
But by discession, doth hym selfe refrayne  
But pompe and pryde whiche doth all men disdayne  
Engendreth folys: whiche thynkyng to excell  
All other in erth: at last fall downe to hell.

Besyde our folys rehersyd here before  
In dyuers barges almost innumerable  
Yet stately pryde makyth the number more  
Whiche is a vyce so moche abhomynable  
That it surmountyth without any fable  
All other vyces in furour and vylenes  
And of all synne is it rote and maystres

The noblest hertis by this vyce ar acloyed  
It is confounder, of mekenes and vertue  
So by the same is many one destroyed  
In soule and body whiche them to it subdue  
Wherefore let the wyse his statelynes eschewe  
For it hath be sene is sene, and euer shall  
That first or last foule pryde wyll haue a fall

The first inuentour of this vnhappy vyce  
As doth the scripture playne expres and tell  
Was lacyfer, whiche to hym dyd attyce  
A cursyd nomber both stately and cruell  
In mynde intyndyng his maker to excell  
Or els if he coude come to his intent  
For to be egall with god omnyotent

Thus of all synnes pryde was the first of all  
Bygon by Lucifer, but god omnyotent  
Percyuyng his folly made hym and his to fall  
From heuen to hell to paynes violent  
In horryble shape: before so excellent  
Shynyng in heuen before the angels all  
Thus had his folysshe pryde a greuous fall

But to be short. and to retourne agayne  
Vnto my auctour: suche as ar stryke with pryde  
Vse for to bost them self with wordes vayne  
To spred theyr fame theyr name and lawes wyde  
And though that they vngraciously them gyde  
Yet as mad men they bost they vaunt and raue  
And of that whiche they neuer deserued haue

Lo sayth a fole attached with this vyce  
I haue ben norsshed at the vnyuersyte  
In dyuers contrees and stodyes of great pryce  
Both in these partyes and eke beyonde the se  
At bonony, Parys and Padway haue I be  
Wherfore I ought to haue preemynence  
And the chefe place with lawde and reuerence

Another bostyth hym self that he hath ben  
In Grece at scolys and many other londe  
But if that he were aposyd well I wene  
The grekes letters he skant doth vnderstonde  
But thou vayne boster if thou wylt take on honde  
To stody cunnyng and ydylnes despyse  
The royalme of Englonde myght for the suffyse

In englonde is sufficyent discyplyne  
And noble men endued with scyence  
And if thou lyst to aply to theyr doctryne  
Thou mayst lerne wysdome and noble eloquence  
Haunt them that haue therin preemynence  
And to theyr Instruccion with all thy mynde intende  
It is no great boste to haue sene the worldes ende

But syns mad pryde Enmy to all vertue  
Subdueth the worlde vnder baner brode displayde  
Thoughe folys obey, let wyse men it eschewe  
For Lucyfer, as I before haue sayde  
Corrupt with this vyce, had heuen to him denayde  
And as first actour of this infectyfe sore  
Was dryuen downe to hell with his, for euer more

And nowe hym folowe men, children and wymen  
Fallynge from erth for this myscheuous pryde  
To infernall flodes and that darke dredefull den  
Where without ende in payne they must abyde  
This fende with his felawes layeth on euery syde  
Theyr nettis of pryde wherwith they goostly quell  
Foles without nomber, drawynge with them to hell

Let man haue wysdome and beautye souerayne  
Strength, vertue, cunnyng, honour and ryches  
And this one vyce shall all the same dystayne  
Defylyng worship by his proude statelynes  
But namely this pryde is lady and maystres  
Ouer womankynde, whiche playnly without fayle  
Apereth by theyr lokes, and stately apparayle

Whiche wymen whan that they on pryde do muse  
The same representynge outward in theyr habyte  
Both yonge and olde of men they sore abuse  
Whan theyr frayle beautye doth mennes hertes byte  
And to be playne: in pryde, wymen haue such delyte  
That if some were as they ar almost all  
The pryde in them at last sholde haue a fall

As I haue sayde. whan wymen set theyr mynde  
Them selfe to garnysshe by thys stately pryde  
Men that ar wyse, make they as folys blynde  
Nat knowyng howe by reason them to gyde  
As dyd Iudith: whiche whyle she dyd abyde  
Were the Tent of Holofernes capytayne  
By hir feble hande he wretchydly was slayne

And all by reason that he was so inflamyd  
By hir fayre shape, hir clothyng, and beautye  
Yet was this Iudith of lyuyng nat dyffamyd  
But yonge and olde euer kept hir chastyte  
And in lyke wyse Iesabell, whan that she  
Thought by hir beautye Iehu to betray  
By pryde she payntyd hir face to make hir gay

Betray I say, to pardon hir offence  
Agaynst the wyll of god omnypotent  
Whiche myght haue turnyd to inconuenyence  
To noble Iehu, by goddes punysshement  
These thynges consydered wysdome with voyce prudent  
Both lowde and shyll (sayth) cryeng to mankynde  
From womans pryde and beauty drawe thy mynde

Of all erthly thynges enclyne nat to theyr gyle  
For with theyr iyen replete with wantonnes  
Pure hertes and chaste they enfect and defyle  
But suche as ar gyuen to vertue and goodnes  
To mesure and mekenes expellynge statelynes  
They worthy ar of lawdes for theyr humylyte  
For seldome or neuer they breke theyr chastyte

If Barsabe throughe hir blynde neglygence  
In bathynge had nat discoueryd hir beauty  
Dauyd had nat fallen to that cruell offence  
Of murder, engendred by vyle auoutry  
But to be playne, and for to speke shortly  
Thousandes ar disceyued and brought to wofull fall  
By pryde, and eke they folys abyde withall

But god almyghty dispyseth and doth hate  
These stately folys blyndyd with ignoraunce  
Whose myndes ar so hye and eleuate  
That they nat se theyr owne mys gouernaunce  
Wherfore our lorde oft taketh vengeaunce  
Of theyr abusyon, and with infernall payne  
Whiche is rewarde to fowle pryde and disdayne

O that he is happy whome this vnthryfty syn  
Of pryde or vayne glory with his hasty furour  
Hath nat subdued, ouercome, nor entred in  
Nor the vayne desyre, of ryches nor honour  
And happy is he whiche thynketh euery hour  
Of howe great valour is the royalme celestyall  
Beynge ware of pryde by Lucyfers fall

Suche one nat forsyth of honour no hye name  
Nat carynge in this worlde to haue preemynence  
Nor other exces longynge vnto the same  
Whiche ar attysers of men to all offence.  
But proude folys voyde of wysdome and scyence  
By vayne pryde stodyeth all other to excell  
And than at the last they fall downe vnto hell

Of proude Lucyfer thus they assay the fall  
Receyunge a rewarde for theyr statelynes  
Drownynge theyr proude hertis in flodes infernall  
Where payne is eternall, wo, and bytternes  
More tedyous than all tunges can expres  
This is of pryde rewarde at the last ende  
A thyng of the hiest thus nedes moste descende

Presumptuous pryde hath euer a shamefull ende  
So haue they that coueyt other to excell  
As we of Chore : Datan : and Abiron fynde  
Whiche by pryde agaynst Moyses dyd rebell  
Wherfore they and theyrs alyue sanke downe to tell  
Thus well is hym that foloweth vertue  
And that with mekenes can stately pryde subdue.

THENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

O men meke your myndes : ensue humylyte  
And also ye wymen, refuse your statelynes  
For certaynly the more hyghe that ye be  
The more ye ought to gyue you to mekenes  
For pryde is the rote of all vnhappynes  
Supporter of vyce, and enmy to vertue  
Therefore it is sayd (and true it is doutles)  
That pryde goth before, but shame do it ensue

AN EXCLAMACION AYENST PRYDE.

O pryde despytous, o hasty tyranny.  
Infernall fury with venym maculate  
Fy on thy fraylte, out on the I cry  
For with thy venym thou hast intoxicate

So many kynges, so many a great estate  
Thou man destroyest, if thou may hym subdue  
Wherfore we ought the to desprayse and hate  
Thou goest before But shame doth the ensue

By the is Lucyfer damned eternally  
Expulsed to payne, from goddes hyghe presence  
And all mankynde endureth mysery  
For that thou causyd hym by thy offence  
Of pryde: to desyre to haue suche excellence  
To knowe gode and yll, that all mankynde myght rewe  
Tyll Aue: for Eue had made a recompence  
Thus, o blynde pryde ay shame doth the ensue

The pryde of them that byldyd Babylon  
Was nat asswagyd without great vengeaunce  
The kyng transformyd from mannys fassyon  
Vnto a brute bestis shape and countenaunce  
Dyd nat Agar hir selfe also auaunce  
By pryde despysynge hir lady bycause she knewe  
Hir selfe conceyued, but hir mysgouernaunce  
Was sharply punysshed, and shame dyd it ensue

But shortly to drawe me to a conclusyon  
Thou hast made thousandes to ende in care and wo  
By the, had moab payne and confusion  
Holofernes, Aman, Nichanor, and Pharao  
Balthasar, Anthiochus, Herode and many mo  
In the olde testament and also in the newe  
But shortly to speke, and farther nat to go  
Pryde goeth before, and shame doth ensue



## Of vsurers, and Okerers.



Vnto our shyp let them come hastely  
Whiche by theyr ardent desyre of frayle ryches  
Theyr myndes set on deuourynge vsury  
These ar the theues that by theyr cruelnes  
Spoyle the pore people and greuouly oppres  
They boste theyr gaynes they bye they sell agayne  
Spoylynge and oppressynge, on gyle is all theyr brayne.

A Shamfull sort of Folys doth remayne  
Wors than all other spoken of before  
Whose synfull lyfe and fals disceytfull trayne  
I shall reuyle with wordes sharpe and sore  
This sort is vtter ennemy to the pore  
Full of lyes, couetyse gyle, and foule vylenes  
Content with no treasour, nor innumerable ryches

The power of the lawe ought sharpely to chastyce  
With extreme rygour and mortall punysshement  
This sort infectyf that foloweth this vyce.  
This rauenyng sort worthy paynes violent  
Agaynst our lordes dyuyne commaundement  
By theyr vnmekenes, the pore oft maketh bare  
Of londe and goodes, than leuyng them in care

These wretchyd folys of mynde ar made so dull  
That with theyr money gotten all by fals vsury  
Of corne and vytayle they stuff theyr howses full  
Therby to ingender nede, and paynfull penury  
Vnto the pore, that they may wyn therby  
So of all vytayle these wretches get plentye  
To sell it derer, whan some great darth shalbe

These vsurers alone haue all the store  
Of wyne and vytayle, whiche sothly myght suffyse  
Many without nomber, of Cytezyns, ryche and pore  
No punysshement they drede ne fere in any wyse  
But lyue the men that theyr maker doth despyse  
No feruent lyghtnyng, ne thunder vyolent  
Can cause these wretches theyr vsury to stent

But by all synne, and in all vnlefulnes  
 These wretches labour and syngulerly gyue hede  
 To multiply theyr foule and vyle ryches  
 They brynge forth hunger them selfe they onely fede  
 Suffrynge the pore (alas) to sterue for nede  
 This sorte, thus, to the pore is so cruell  
 That for lacke of petye many one they quell

Thoughe the Iewes lyue in errour and derknes  
 Gyuen to vsury (as lobourynge men oft sayes)  
 Yet ar they more gyuen to pytye and mekenes  
 And almes: than christen men ar nowe adayes  
 In vsury we ensue the Iewes wayes  
 And many other synnes fowle and abhomynable  
 Rennyng without mesure whiche is intollerable

For his vsury, the Iewe is out exyled  
 From christen costes yet of vs many one  
 With the same vyce is infect and defyled  
 The pore by the ryche is etyn to the bone  
 Almes is banysshed, pytye is there none  
 Cruell crauyng spoyleth them that erst had nought  
 The pore is vexyd and to a begger brought

The weyke hath the weyght, the worlde so doth fare  
 The spere of extorcyon persyth through his syde  
 He that nere is naked shall be made fully bare  
 He skant hath rowme in any place to byde  
 But these vsurers, whome gylefull gayne doth gyde  
 Desyreth no plenty of corne vpon the grounde  
 But onely that theyr owne garners may habounde

These caytyfs wysshe the felde baryne in this wyse  
To theyr owne profyte and others great greuaunce  
That hunger and darth may by the same aryse  
But for bycause that they haue habundaunce  
They laugh anone and haue a great plesaunce  
If there be skant of corne and of vytayle  
By mouryn, lyghtnyng, tempest, rayne or hayle

These wretchyd folys for theyr owne auantage  
Dayly desyre, and fayne wolde here or se  
A hole comontye to haue losse and damage  
But to conclude: those men vyle caytyfs be  
That seke lucre, enhaunsynge theyr degre  
Or that wyll gather ryches by couetyse  
Or fals vsury, to others preiudyce

Some gladly lene to haue wynnynge therby  
And some fell dere bycause the payment  
Is set to longe day: yet thynke they verely  
Nat to perysse the dyuyne commandement  
Thoughe that suche folys thynke them innocent  
If that they nat mende a rowme they haue in hell  
But in the mean space in my shyp shall they dwell

BARCLAY TO THE FOLYS.

O mysbyleuers, o men wytles and blynde  
Gyue nat your myndes to gylefull vsury  
And thou of the chirche reuoke also thy mynde  
Frome the fowle synne of cursyd symony  
And ye marchauntis: that greatly occupy  
Expell this vyce, for sore is the offence  
Your ryches shall moche the soner multiply  
If pytye of the pore be ay in your presence

Of the vayne hope that Foles hath to  
succede to herytage possession and  
ryches.



Some ar that hope and hath gode trust alway  
Others goodes by succession to attayne  
Lokyng, and gapyng, hourly nyght and day  
Whan they shall perysse and dye by chaunce sodayne  
But this they often tymes wysse in vayne  
For suche as they moste gladly dede wolde haue  
Etyth of that gose that graseth on theyr graue

Who may endure those Follys ignoraunce  
Whose myndes the feruour of wretchyd couetyse  
Maketh mad, and follysse, to such extreme vtraunce  
That the hole worlde myght say they ar vnwyse  
Of suche mad foles this is the comon gyse  
Contynually to gape for the succession  
Of others goodes, ryches and possessyon

Of heyres this is the comon vse in dede  
Theyr parentis deth to wysshe and to desyre  
To the londe and ryches the soner to succede  
And often by venemous treason they conspyre  
But syth the ruler of the heuenly Impyre  
In no mannys handes putteth deth ne desteny  
Oft se we these follys before the other dye

I say to suche as others deth loke fore  
It often happeneth, as we may dayly se  
That lyghtly they theyr self departe before  
Wherfore thou fole fyllyd with all iniquyte  
Say : is it nat great folly and shame to the  
And also madnes, to wysshe thy frende damage  
Or deth : for his vyle goode and herytage

A frende lyuyng is a ryches excellent  
Therefore I say he is a fole doutles  
That in his herte wolde gladly be content  
To se hym dede for lyuelode or riches  
Therefore fole expell this errour and blyndnes  
For this thy hope is full of vanyte  
What knowest thou whan thou thy self shall dye

Deth the assayleth and foloweth hestely  
Thy lyfe shortnyth whether thou slepe or wake  
Thy selfe shall dye : there is no remedy  
And if thou before canst no prouysion make  
Vpon his backe the dull Asse shall the take  
And to our shyp the lede through fen and myre  
For this thy folysshe hope and vayne desyre

It is great foly whan thou art farre in age  
To loke dayly whan a yonge childe shall dye  
Hopynge to succede hym vnto his herytage  
Howbeit thou nerer art to thy deth than he  
Yet this vayne hope doth fede and norysshe the  
By the whiche hope though many confort haue  
Yet oft it doth his mayster sore discayue

Hope man confortyth makynge hym glad and fayne  
Ought to obtayne whan that he doth intende  
But from vayne hope thou oughtest to refrayne  
For it disayueth his mayster at the ende  
So if thou wylt my purpose comprehende  
Whether thou be olde, yonge, or of myd age  
Set nat thy trust to moche on herytage

For though thou be yonge : as I before haue sayd  
Thy ioyntis stronge in youthes lustynes  
Thy colour quycke, and pleasaunt lyke a mayde  
Thy skyn smoth, and thy herte full of boldles  
Yet deth dayly steleth slyely on the : doutles  
Both yonge and olde must go the same passage  
Thus is it foly to hope on herytage

Oft mourneth the Fader, the sonnes deth sodayne  
Thus dyeth the yonge oft tyme before the olde  
Dyd nat Pryamus right pyteously complayne  
His sonnes dede whyle they were yonge and bolde  
Them to haue lyued though he right gladly wolde  
Whyle absolon hoped by treason to obtayne  
His faders kyngdome : he wretchydly was slayne

Pale deth and cruell, as it is often sene  
Maketh hym thy heyre by his stroke mortall  
Whome thou supposyd, and thought sholde neuer haue bene  
So lytell knoweth these folys what may fall  
For this is dayly sene and euer shall  
That god almyghty, owner of euery thyng  
Chosyth heyres at his pleasour and lykyng

THE NUOY OF THE ACTOUR.

Ye wytles men, full blyndyd with errour  
Set nat vayne hope on worldly herytage  
But only on god : lyue after his pleasour  
And so infourme your ofsprynge and lynage  
It is a vayne hope, a madnes and outrage  
On worldly thynges to hope contynually  
Hauynge small hope within thy dull carage  
Of heuen : where thou myght byde perpetually



Of folys that kepe nat the holy daye.



He that doth nat the holy day honour  
With due deuocyon, lawde, and reuerence  
But rather intendyth to couetous labour  
Vayne talys, sportis, or other lyke offence  
Suche ought of dutye and very congruence  
To clym as companyon vp to the cart of Apys  
Whiche (eche day lyke) aplyeth nought but apis.

Alas for shame, howe wretchedly mankynde  
Wandryth in the way of obscure darkenes  
They haue no wysdome, ne parfytenes of mynde  
To knowe the cours of godly ryghtwysnes  
Though god of his grace, and infynyte goodnes  
To true christen men hath grauntyd hym to knawe  
By the holy doctryne of his precept and lawe

And thoughe they be chosen to god and his kyngdome  
As men elect, callyd to the royalme celestyall  
Yet of vs christen men (alas) ar some  
That of his doctryne worshyp nought at all  
We let his lawes clene from our myndes fall  
Our holy fayth despysed half: and defyled  
Hir honour decayes: the fere of payne exyled

The fader of heuen gaue a commendement  
To moyses wryten in tables of harde stone  
Deuydyd in Ten preceptis, to this intent  
Mankynde to reduce whiche had mysgone  
Amonge the whiche preceptis this was one  
The sabbot to Worshyp and sanctyfy alway  
The seuenth day of the weke called the sonday

This day was ordeyned in the olde testament  
After worldly werke done all the weke before  
To worshyp and to honour our lord omnyotent  
And bysshops it conferme, and yet besyde this more  
They haue decreed and ordred by holy lore  
Other festis of sayntis in heuen gloryfyed  
To be on theyr dayes halowed and magnyfyed

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These dayes were ordeyned for men to exercyse  
Them selfe in prayer, goodnes and vertue  
Our lorde and his sayntis to honour : and lyke wyse  
Of worde and dede all excesse to eschewe  
But for that we more gladly vs subdue  
To worldly tryfys, and bodely pleasour  
We vyolate the fayth by our wylfull errour

Those laudable costomes we defyle and vyolate  
By the holy lawes (alas) we set no thyng  
But on the holy day, mad ryot and debate  
Troubleth the seruyce of the almyghty kynge  
The holy day we fyle with eche vylefull thyng  
As fat festis and bankettis sausyde with glotony  
And that from mornynge to nyght, contynually

The heuenly festis ar wasshyd with dronkenes  
And whan quyete rest is gyuen to mankynde  
By the holy day : from worldly besynes  
These dronken dastardes set nat theyr mynde  
On churche nor prayer, but drynke tyll they be blynde  
And on the holy day, we dayly se that men  
Soner to the tauerne than to the churche ren

The tauerne is open before the churche be  
The pottis ar ronge as bellys of dronkenes  
Before the churche bellys with great salemnyte  
There here these wretches theyr Matyns and theyr masse  
Who lysteth to take hede shall often se doutles  
The stallys of the tauerne stuffyd nere echone  
Whan in the churche stallys he shall se fewe or none

There one drynketh fastyng without discession  
Another deuoureth drynkyng out his iyen  
This lyfe they lede: and that before or one  
Of all the sort hath at the churche bene  
But besyde this vyce: it euery day is sene  
That on the holy day suche workes we tende to  
Whiche on the workyng day scantly we wolde do

Alas man it is a great shame certaynly  
Whyle the prest precheth the deuyne commaundement  
For the to aply vnto bestly glotony  
Or whyle any seruyce of god omnypotent  
Is done in the churche, me thynke in myne intent  
It is great shame to the to take more hede  
To fede thy foule wombe: than thy soule to fede

And nat to the churche nor auter for to come  
Without thou erst be dronken so bestely  
That whan thou art there outhert thou dombe  
Or els in prayeng thou bokest vnmanerly  
Spuyng vp thy prayers: god wot vndeououtly  
And where the hole weke thou keptest sobernes  
Thou worshyppest the holy day with dronkenes

It passeth my myght, I thynke none can ne may  
Wryte all the folyes synnes and offence  
Whiche nowe ar vsed vpon the holy day  
For some folowe Idelnes slouth and neglygence  
Some vse gamys: grounde of great inconuenyence  
Som bete the stretis, and to rybawdry  
On the holy day moste namely them aply

178 *Of folys that kepe nat the holy daye.*

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Some slauder, some lye, what shall I say more  
We se some more besy about theyr marchaundyse  
Than they haue ben all the hole weke before  
Thus on the holy day forborne is no vyce  
These folys aply nat them in the seruyce  
Of god, but the sabbot defyle with vylany  
Wherby theyr soulys they dam eternally.

THE NUOY OF THE ACTOUR.

Cesse fule, and leue of worldly besynes  
Vpon the holy day, and rest of the labour  
Of thy handes aplyenge the hole to holynes  
With worde and dede to lawde thy creatour  
Sanctify the sabbot : so sayth our sauour  
From terrene Lucre that day withdrawe thy mynde  
For with clene herte thy maker to honour  
On the holy day : the scripture doth the bynde

Of folys that repent of that they haue  
gyuen.



He is a Fole : and voyde of wyt certayne  
That mourneth for that whiche is past remedy  
And by no mean may reuoked be agayne  
For vayne cure suche one vexeth contynually  
Moreouer that man is folyshe certaynly  
Whiche gyueth his frende ought and after doth rej ent  
Suche lesyth the meryte : the gyft in vayne is spent

If thou lyst to gyue : and to be lyberall  
 I shall the shewe what thyng it is in dede,  
 It is a vertue right great and pryncipall  
 Of loue, and pytye, if that the same procede  
 And if it be nat done for fere and drede  
 But of a herte true, stedfast, faythfull and fre  
 It gendreth confort, and grounde of amyte

Who gyueth his frende with mery countenance  
 Gyft or rewarde : and who so euer he be  
 That a straunge man doth worthely auanncce  
 With condigne rewarde, by lyberalyte  
 It may be proued and sayde forsuth that he  
 Is worthy lawdes and an excellent fame  
 And for his goodnes of vertue to haue name

But he is a fole and full of vylany  
 Whiche to his louer gyueth ought at all  
 And than agayne repentyth by and by  
 Full of sorowe that he was so lyberall  
 He is also a fole and a man rurall  
 Whiche gyueth with mynde neyther good ne glad  
 With lokes pale : and countenance sore and sad

And for that this displeasour doth hym dere  
 His frende : he soone out braydeth of the same  
 Hym self (for malyce) drawynge by the here  
 So hath this fole, by malyce and yll name  
 His rewarde lost, for it rebuked and shame  
 And no meruayle : for no man that hath skyll  
 Shall thanke hym for goodnes done agaynst his wyll

Yet is he moche wors and lewder of intent  
Whiche whan he hath gyuen a thyng for goddes sake  
Of his dede, or gyft anone hym doth repent  
Thynkyng that god wyll no recompence make  
Of that rewarde whiche to the pore they take  
For that he ne sendeth to euery fole agayne  
Alway, and lyghtly for one gyft thre or twayne

Suche folys for lucre, gayne and auauntage  
To haue great gyftis and dowble of valour  
Wolde gyue small gyftis: and that with glad courage  
But loth they ar to departe with great treasour  
Be sure thou fole that god our creatour  
Shall nat thy rewardes ne gyftis accept atall  
But thou gyue them with fre herte and lyberall

Wenest thou blynde man that god omnyotent  
Careth ought for the small gyftes of mankynde  
Thou art abused if thou be of that intent  
God onely marketh the gode wyll of thy mynde  
And in thy gyftis deuout if he the fynde  
For thy gode wyll and god deuocyon  
He shall to the graunt the heuenly region

Thus he that of goodnes and lyberalyte  
With mery face and cherefull countenance  
Gyuyth to his frende that hath necessitye  
And to other men good of theyr gouernaunce  
By almes and pytye: his dede shall hym auaunce  
To worthy laudes, and thankes manyfolde  
And vnto a gode name: which better is than golde



Those rewardes euer ar namely commendable  
 And best of all, that gyuen ar with glad mynde  
 But yet is he moche vyle and reprouable  
 Whiche euer is takynge : remaynyng styl vnkynde  
 In all the worlde nought vyler can I fynde  
 Nor wors, than is a fals vnkynde vylayne  
 Yet many thousaundes ensue that bestly trayne

A man that is good hauynge wysdome, skyll and wyt  
 Lyghtly rewardeth his frendes true kyndnes  
 Than moste the other indeuer hym to quyte  
 The same agayne with thanke, and faythfulnes  
 But if thou wylt gyue, for to haue thanke doutles  
 It moste be done with mery loke and mynde  
 Els shalt thou neyther thanke, ne meryte fynde

THE NUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

Whether thou wylt gyue rewarde gyft or present  
 To god or man, it must be gladly done  
 And with gode wyl : els thy rewarde is spent  
 And loste vtterly, with meryte small or none  
 Therefore consyder with thy selfe alone  
 To whome thou gyyest : for that is wyt and skyll  
 And if thou worthy and wyse fynde the person  
 Than gyue thy gyft with glad loke and good wyl

So shall thy kyndnes rewarde be agayne  
 But all is lost that thou dost gyue to fynde  
 Four sortis of people : the first is a vylayne  
 Or chorle, for agayne thou shalt hym proue vnkynde

The seconde a childe, for his forgetfull mynde  
Expellyth kyndnes, the thirde a man in age  
The fourth a woman varyable as the wynde  
Beynge of hir loue vnstable and volage

## Of the vyce of slouth.



The Papy sede betokenyng slouthfulnes  
Is sawen in the worlde and fast doth multiply  
The synne of slouth all mankynde doth oppres  
But namely seruauntis them self therto aply  
Despysynge labour, slepyng contynually  
But olde and yonge gyue them to this offence  
Chalangynge theyr wagis : they voyde of dilygence

Though that vyle slouth sprenklyd with dedely slomber  
Be destroyer and confounder of mankynde  
And in all vyce constrayneth hym to slomber  
Yet many it folowe, and on it set theyr mynde  
If thou take hede, thou clere and playne shalt fynde  
That damnable slouth is so corrupt a vyce  
That of his foule rote all yllys doth aryse

Of slouthys bosom out spryngeth euey yll  
And who that attachyd is with this offence  
No vertuous dede he gladly shall fulfyll  
But slepyth ay in Idelnes and blynde neglygence  
Bytwene hym and the lame is lytell difference  
For both, in maner, lyueth in lyke case  
Nat vsynge theyr membres but slepynge in one place

A slouthfull man is nere of that nature  
That if he lay besyde a fyre brennynge  
For to be brent: he rather wolde endure  
Than take the payne hym selfe in any thyng  
For to relefe by rysynge or mouynge  
Thus is he a Fole, and worthy wretchydnes  
To gyue other example, of his lewde sleuthfulnes

A slouthfull creature is as vnprofytable  
As smoke or dust, is for a mannys iyen  
Or as a molle, or vant mete and able  
For to do profyte within a garden grene  
For in no goodnes besyed is he sene  
Saue for to slepe, and watche the fyre alway  
Besy in no thyng, but in vayne sport and play

Amonge all other the slouthfull man onely  
 Withstandeth hym selfe so mad and blynde is he  
 In Idelness lyeng styll contynually  
 By that prouysyon to purchase pouertye  
 But happy is he whiche hath felycyte  
 To vse his ioyntis in workes iust and gode  
 With labour of his handes gettynge his dayly fode

But our sauour oft taketh punysshement  
 By godly iustyce and very rightwysenes  
 And that oft tyme with hell payne and tourment  
 On them that lyue alway in slouthfulnes  
 But them that labour in lawfull besynes  
 He largely rewardeth, and wryte doth testyfy  
 That an Idell man to ete is nat worthy

The vyce of slouth full harde is to asswage  
 Or to subdue: therefore before our dayes  
 By it was brought moche peryll and damage  
 Into the worlde. and that by dyuers wayes  
 For as Juuenall the noble Poete sayes  
 Amonge the Romayns dyd growe and sprynge therby  
 The rote of couetyse, pryde and lechery,

And sothly slouth and wretchyd Idylnes  
 By wayes remys and dranynge neglygence  
 Of all other synne is rote and maystres  
 Yonge hartis attysyth to many a sore offence  
 The noble Dauyd, a man of hie prudence  
 Whyle he submyttyd hymselfe to Idylnes  
 Synned in adultery and murder: by blyndenes

Whyle Rome was gyuen to labour and dylygence  
They wan Cartago, as it is wryten playne  
But afterwarde by slouth and neglygence  
That noble Cyte anone they lost agayne  
For whan the romaynes were voyde of care and payne  
Of batayle and labour, and other besynes  
They gaued theyr bodyes to slouth and ydelnes

They had no warre to exercyse theyr myght  
To them obeyed small, great, lowe and hye  
Enmy was none agayne whome they myght fyght  
Than gaued the youth them selfe to lechery  
Whiche lost theyr force, theyr myght and strength therby  
Amonge them selfe than began they to conspyre  
This wyse decayed theyr excellent impyre

For whyle the romayns straunge regions dyd assayle  
Expellynge faynt slouth, and nedy Idelnes  
By dedes of Armes and boldenes of batayle  
Therin they subdued theyr hye cowragyousnes  
But after by slouth vyle lust dyd them oppres  
And (alas) so sore they gaued them to the same  
That vtterly they loste theyr glorious name

THE NUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Lerne by example o man for to beware  
Of faynt Idelnes and of neglygence  
Suffer nat that slouth take the in hir snare  
For she is rote of all synne and offence  
Gyue the therfore to perfyte dylygence  
Be alway doynge, but se thy dede be gode  
For as I sayde before in a sentence  
An Idell man is nat, worthy of his fode.

Of straunge Folys and infydels as sarasyns  
paynems, turkes and suche lyke.



Hytherto I haue me indeuered to reпреue  
The folys of our fayth : for theyr enormyte  
But nowe shall I touche wretches of mysbyleue  
Expressynge theyr foly by theyr infydelyte  
But thoughe these Heretykes greatly vnworthy be  
With vs christen men to be : for theyr blynde slomber  
In error: yet ar they of this our folysse number

O God aboue : howe moche abundaunt number  
Of folys rayneth, from the right way wandrynge  
By mysbyleue, wherin they slepe and slomber  
Leuyng the right lawe of god in euery thyng  
These ar fals Sarasyns, fals of theyr lyuyng  
And other mysbyleuers by blyndnes voyde of grace  
Whiche in our Shyppis loketh to haue a place

Of these fals forayns renneth so great a bonde  
Vnto our shyppis that the great company  
Of them, ouerspredeth both the brode se and londe  
For of them all nat one, is fautles verely  
These folys ar Forayns : and this is the cause why  
For from the folde of god they falsly them withdrawe  
And the trewe fayth, despysynge goddes lawe

It were moche better these wretchys to despyse  
And styll to leue them in theyr blynde darkenes  
What haue I to do with the myscheuous gyse  
Of them whome errour so blyndly doth oppres  
For they ar so blyndyd in theyr vayne wyckydnes  
That they wyll be helyd by no medycyne  
Nor from theyr vayne Idolatry declyne

I sholde them passe ouer, for there is no doctryne  
No gode monyson nor good aduysement  
That can them moue, ne cause them to inclyne  
Vnto the holy fayth of our lorde omnyotent  
But as blynde bestis, of one cursed assent  
In the lewde lawes, they onely haue delyte  
Of theyr fals mayster, diceytfull Mahumyte



But touchynge the nomber and the horrible bende  
 Of these blynde folys : they ar so infynyte  
 That a small volume can nat well comprehende  
 Theyr foly. who sholde the hole togyther wryte  
 Therefore after my wyt, my laysar, and respyte  
 Of theyr sectis onely I shall make mensyon  
 For breuyte leuyng theyr fyrst inuencion

The cursyd Iewes despysynge christis lore  
 For theyr obstynate, and vnrightwyse cruelte  
 Of all these folys must nede be set before  
 The nacion of Turkes next to them shall be  
 The sarrazyns next whose infydelyte  
 Is groundyd so blyndly on mahumetis lawe  
 That no instruccion can them fro it withdrawe

The whiche errour as I in wrytyng fynde  
 Two partis of the worlde : as afryke and asye  
 With mysbyleue full wretchydly doth blynde  
 And of europe great part and quantyte  
 Whiche in our shyp caryed shall nedes be  
 The houndes of Tartary ar of this sect also  
 With other londes and Ilys many mo

The Scithians and also they of Sarmatyke  
 And they of Boeme, by fendes fraudulent  
 Ar led and blyndyd with an errour lyke  
 Despysynge the lawes of god omnyotent  
 Many ar the londes and Iles adiacent  
 Whiche with lyke errour ar blyndyd and infect  
 The owgly Mauryans ar also of this sect

These with other lyke ar Folys, and blynde dawes  
Hauynge the chefe shyp of foly and errour  
For that they folowe vayne doctryne and fals lawes  
But namely they that be of suche furour  
Wylfully to forsake god theyr creatour  
On fals enchaument whyle they theyr myndes set  
In the deuelysshe scoles: of Praga and Tolet

Nygromancians, and fals wytches also  
Ar of this sort, folowynge lyke offence  
Nat onely they that wytche craftis do  
But they also that gyue to them credence  
Or them supportyth with fauour or defence  
For all suche Caytayfs as vnto them assent  
Byleue nat truly on god omnyotent

It were to moche and to longe a labour  
To rehers all those folys innumerable  
Whiche worshyp Idollys and lyue in lyke errour  
As vayne sacrifices, and lawes execrable  
Whiche by theyr iugement moche abhomynable  
Agaynst the holy fayth of Christ dare object  
That it is fals, vayne, and of small effect

Amonge these sayde folys plunged in hell payne  
I may assemble those wretched houndes of hell  
Whiche by dispayre with theyr owne handes ar slayne  
By rope, water, knyfe, or other deth cruell  
But of these mysbyleuers more to wryte or tell  
Or to them enuoy, theyr errour to counsayle  
It were but foly, and, payne without auayle

Of the ruyne, inclynacion and decay of  
the holy fayth catholyke, and dymyn-  
ucion of the Empyre.



O christen Prynces gyders of Christendome  
Whiche ought our fayth with manhode to defende  
I you exort, by reason and wysdome  
And hyghe discessyon in mynde to comprehende  
The fall therof, and besely to intende  
It to defende with your labour dilygent  
Leuyng me the hode, that I shewe here present

Whyle I remember the sore ruyne and deokay  
Of our christen fayth, and our parfyte byleue  
Howe it decreaseth to damage euery day  
The causers therof I nedes must repreue  
Whiche slouthfull suffraunce sothly me so doth greue  
That with wete chekes by teres thicke as hayle  
I am constrayned this, harde chaunce to bewayle

My dolefull teres may I nat well defarre  
My stomake strykyng with handes lamentable  
For none with Trumpet nor sounde betokenyng warre  
This hurt out chaseth, ne furour vengeable  
Thoughe vnto Prynces the dede were honorable  
To chace out this hurt and inconuenyence  
Alas yet therto none doth his dilygence

No man is so dull, nor so cruell of hert  
Thoughe that his herte were harder than the stone  
But that this dolefull chause sholde cause it smert  
And with inwarde syghes sore to complayne and mone  
Seynge thus saynt Petyrs holy chare or trone  
And the fayth decresynge playne in our presence  
By slouth of statis and thoughtles neglygence

The holy chayr, and apostolyke See  
Lyeth in decay, plungyd in fere and dout  
And Rome the hede, and chefe of christentye  
Thretenyth ruyne : and all the londe about  
Tremblyng for fere of the vnchristen rout  
Of cursyd Turkes and other infydelys  
Thus is our fortune led forth on feble whelys

All christen Royalmes, and christis comonte  
 Wandreth, and ar cast in case full miserable  
 Flowynge, and swymmynge in the tempestous se  
 And wawes of fere, abasshyd and vnstable  
 Nat onely our fayth, and lawes honorable  
 Decreasethe dayly : but also trouth to say  
 All holy ordynaunce we dayly se decay

But estatis as kynges, and other men royall  
 By theyr blynde slouth and ferefull neglygence  
 Ar to be blamyd, for they be cause of all  
 For though that they be our shelde and defence  
 Hauynge in theyr handes, as is sene by euydence  
 The armour, and dartis : of warre and chyualry  
 These peryls they beholde : fyndynge no remedy

None taketh helme, spere, ne other armour  
 With manly courage, and bolde audacyte  
 These peryls to preuent and to socour  
 Wherfore o Rome : I fere thy lybertye  
 Shall by thy enmyes be reft away fro the  
 And thou be brought to bondage payne and care  
 If that thy gyders be nat both wyse and ware

Defence of our fayth by slouth is left behynde  
 Saynt Peters shyp is cast from syde to syde  
 And all to shaken with tempest wawes and wynde  
 Without respyte in eas and rest to abyde  
 The fayth of Christ whiche all mankynde doth gyde  
 Vnto the hye Royalme and see celestyall  
 Declyneth sore, ferynge ruyne and fall

Suche frowarde Nacions, as ar of mysbyleue  
Prepareth armour in theyr mad crueltye  
Agaynst the churche, the same to hurt and greue  
And it to subdue to sore captuyte  
Whiche churche quaketh ferynge this ieopardye  
And skant goth fre, but if no ayde be founde  
I fere sore lyst it shall be throwen to grounde

The turke on euery syde doth it assayle  
Despysynge the fayth: demynysshynge the same  
Whiche cruell tyrant (alas) if he preuayle  
Shall of them morder that worshyp christis name  
The fals Prophete, fyllyd with synne and shame  
(I mean Mahumet) by his lawes damnable  
Hath subuertyd people almost innumerable

His Sectis infectyf he hath out cast and spred  
Nere ouer the worlde, and namely firste of all  
The Arabyens by his fals lawes ar led  
Next by his venym dedely and mortall  
Asye the more obeyeth (as bonde and thrall)  
Vnto his lawes, and so in maner lyke  
To his fals lawes obey they of Afryke

The Soldan of Egypt and Royalmes of Tartary  
Ar of his sect, and the fals Turke also  
Whiche to our fayth is mortall ennemy,  
Our marchys, marrynge as moche as he may do  
And moche of them annexeth his vnto  
Warrynge dayly on christen royalmes adiacent  
Whiche with his owne was wont to be content

196 *Of the ruine, inclynacion and decay*

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The londe of Trace, large in a marueylous wyse  
With the royalmes of Septemtrion echone  
Longynge to his fader : coude nat his mynde suffyse  
We lost haue the Nacions of lybye : echone  
Asia the lesse : from vs is reft and gone  
Whiche in tyme past was true obedyent  
To the holy lawes of Faders auncyent

Of Europe moche haue we lost and forgone  
Alas the excellent royalme of Hungarye  
By this fals Turke had : vtterly, ben vndone  
If it had nat hym resystyd noblye  
And in lyke maner the men of Dalmacye  
With bloody Batayle and woundes wyde and depe  
Cessyth nat they Royalme, from the fals Turke to kepe

But in theyr dredefull paynes and dolour  
Theyr dayly warre and manly resystence  
Seldome, or neuer, haue they ayde or socour  
Of christen Sowdyours, to be at theyr defence  
Thus by our slouth, and wylfull neglygence  
Our fayth sore fadeth (alas) we it despyse  
Suffrynge our enmyes to enter in this wyse

Alas no thyng increasyth nowe a dayes  
Vnto our fayth our londes to augment  
But euery thyng continually decayes  
And namely our fayth and vertue excellent  
Who is so stuburne of stomake or intent  
Whiche coude nat this dolefull fortune sore bewayle  
Rendynge his here his face and apparayle

Forsoth I thynke so harde hertyd is none  
But bysyde these forsayd losses or damage  
From vs alas the Ilys of Grece ar gone  
Whiche longe tyme kept our fayth and our vsage  
The Traciens from vs ar reft by the outrage  
Of the Turkes : Obeyinge to theyr ydolatry  
So doth Achynus, and eke Masedony

We Sparta haue lost, by this fyers tyrant  
The cruell Turke, and Tessaly also  
With his swete Laundes goodly and pleasaunt  
We haue lost Thebe, and dyuers Cytees mo  
With dyuers mo Iles as Mysia : both the two  
And Constantynoble that Cyte excellent  
Vnto the Turke nowe is made obedyent

This noble Cyte, worthy and lawdable  
Condigne to be gouernyd by an emperour  
Vnto the noble Rome moste lyke and comparable  
Is nowe in thraldome, bereft his olde honour  
And also the fayth of christ our sauour.  
What shall I wryte farther of the ruyne  
And fall of our fayth, and holy lawe dyuyne

To christen men it is great vylany  
And shame : to suffer our fayth thus to decay  
The Turke hath all won : by his tyranny  
Yet that, his mynde contentyth by no way  
But yet more ouer he stodyeth euery day  
Nat cessynge his Army and Batayle to renewe  
Vs and our landes in lyke wyse to subdue



198 *Of the ruyne, inclynacion and decay*

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The noble Cecyle is dayly in great dout  
Istria : pannony, and also, Lumberdy  
And dyuers other Nacions there about  
As Sycyll, the Stiryans Venyce and Italy  
These Ilys, and regions quakyth continually  
The royalme of Naplys lyueth also in dout  
Of the fals Turke besegeyng it about

The royalme of Denmarke with his hyll ethnay  
As men sayth, brennyng alway with flamyng fyre  
Scantly escapyth the Ieopardous affray  
Of these fals Turkes, and theyr cruell Impyre  
Agaynst all christen royalmes they conspyre  
But namely subdue they vnto captiuyte  
Suche royalmes as ioynge vnto theyr marchys be

O holy Rhodes thou nedys moste entende  
With thy noble knyghtis thy manhode and vertue  
The fayth and Crosse of Christ for to defende  
And to ouerthrowe, and manly to subdue  
The Turkes, and theyr lawes moche vntreue  
O noble place thou moste the payne abyde  
Though thou assayld be sore on euery syde

Bagiazit a Prynce moche proude and pyteles  
With his wylde people full of crudelyte  
Prepareth armour our to people oppres  
By batayle horryble, dayly contendyth he  
Our costes to bryng into captiuyte  
And onely that purpose fyxeth in his hert  
Our holy fayth, by rygour, to subuert

He is throughe persyd with fury serpentyne  
With madnes enuyroned : and that on euery syde  
Rauynge in his rage, as Bacchus god of wyne  
So that no christen man dare hym abyde  
For with dolefull deth, and bloody woundes wyde  
He them sore vexeth, but suche as he doth kepe  
And saue on lyue : he layth in pryson depe

With no maner blode this thyrst is facyate  
Vnto these Turkes, whiche neuer ar content  
With cruell Batayle they bete agaynst the yate  
Of our christen Royalmes, with strokes vyolent  
Wherefore o Rome, o Cyte excellent  
O flour of our fayth, o Peters holy chear  
Be ware : for why great cause thou hast to fear

Beholde this Sect vomyteth out madnes  
Enflamyd by the fende with furour infernall  
Our holy fayth, and the, also doutles  
By ferefull rygour for to make bonde and thrall  
The wolfe (alas) sore wastyth ouerall  
The Innocent folde, of christ our sauyour  
Drownynge the sheepe in drede, wo, and dolour

They al deuour, no man is founde so bolde  
Them to withstande, thus without resystence  
They flee both man, and woman, yonge and olde  
Hauynge no respect to godly Innocence  
Yet we, alas, by slouth and neglygence  
Plungyd in the wawes of voluptuosyte  
Make no resystence to this calamyte

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Of men and harnes whiche longeth to batayle  
We haue ynoughe : and capytayns excellent  
With strength ynough, bolde corage and counsayle  
We lacke no thyng that is expedyent  
As wyt, and wysdome, wyse practyse and prudent  
But yet suffer we, these turkes to procede  
And them to resyst haue we no care nor hede

We lese our fayth (alas) and wyllyngly  
To our great shame (forsoth) and dishonour  
The cause is : for that slouth doth occupy  
The mynde of euery kynge and gouernour  
Our states slomber, both kynge and emperour  
And Palynurus the hede of christente  
And chefe lodes man : slepyth in his See

Thy people Peter in ryches abundaunt  
Slepyth in lyke wyse, and in lyke neglygence  
As if that they were blynde and ignoraunt  
Of this great peryll and inconuenyence  
Our holy fayth without faut or offence  
Without helpe lyeth open : to the Turkes hande  
To be defyled, no man doth hym withstande

None lettyth this cruell ennemy to rage  
By royalmes and Cytees, but as we se playnly  
Theyr owne selfe they subdue vnto bondage  
And ferefull deth wyllynge and gladly  
Therefore this turke (alas) moche cruelly  
Where euer he comys, by batayle violent  
Demynyssheth the fayth of god omnypotent

And that as a conquerour valyent and stronge  
But doutles I suppose in myne intent  
That the greuous synnes raynynge vs amonge  
Be the chefe causers of this sore punysshement  
We it deserue : therefore god hath it sent  
As scourge and penaunce for our vyciousnes  
And that by due order of his rightwysnes

We worshyp ryches, therto we vs subdue  
To golde and treasour we make our sacryfyce  
Our fayth is exyled (alas) so is vertue  
With vs abydeh no thyng, but synne and vyce  
The execrable hunger of golde and couetyse  
And the vayne pleasour of Folys fraudelent  
Subduyth our bodyes to worthy punysshement

The heuenly vergyn from vs is dryuen hens  
I meane that iustice is blynde in christente  
Or out of the grounde, disdaynynge our presence  
With hir thre systers, strength or audacyte  
Prudence and temperaunce also exylyd be  
Charyte is banysshid also from eche place  
For whose absence, alas we haue no grace

All christen Royalmes ar thus corrupt with syn  
And gyuen in so moche to slouth and ydelnes  
That eche man stodyeth part of some royalme to wyn  
Suffreng the Turkes our fayth thus to oppres  
In tyme past, Rome lanterne of worthynes  
Chose four Sisters, of Cytees pryncipall  
Felawes of the fayth, and in honour egall

The firste was Jerusalem in holynes shynynge  
 The seconde Alexander so callyd first of all  
 After the name of that moste noble kynge  
 The thirde Antyoche, a place or hold royall  
 The fourth Constantynoble whiche euery man dyd call  
 Newe Rome, and onely bycause of the lykenes  
 But nowe, mysbyleuers, doth all the same oppres

These Cytees nowe ar take from vs away  
 By the fals enmyes, of our godly byleue  
 Besyde all this yet ryseth euery day  
 Newe sectis of gentyles our costes for to greue  
 And fals prophetis whiche dayly doth repreue  
 And defyle our fayth in as moche as they may  
 Yet fewe, or none at all doth them gaynsay

So blynde ar our hertis, opressyd in derkenes  
 And also our iyen, this peryll wyll nat se  
 Therefore we ar worthy to suffer this distres  
 Suche is our lyfe, and our fragylyte  
 And though we be drowned in depe aduersyte  
 Vnto vs denyeth Christ socour for to sende  
 For that we nat purpos our lyues to amende

The Turke to his Idols hath gretter reuerence  
 And more deuocion, to his fals lawe and doctryne  
 Than we christen men without obedyence  
 Haue to our true fayth, and holy lawe dyuyne  
 Concorde and peas ar fall into ruyne  
 Vnmekenes vs pleasyth: disceyt and vsury  
 The pore, and good we, oppres by rebbery

Neyghbour agayne neyghbour, the son agayne nature  
Agaynst the Fader, and echone nowe adayes  
Anothers londes desyreth to procure  
By falshode, oppressyon, or suche disceytfull wayes  
The states ar vexyd by foule dyscorde and frayes  
But yet both they and men of lowe degre  
Seke but theyr pryuate profyte and owne vtylyte

Euery man seketh but for his owne auayle  
Wherby our fayth decayeth dayly so  
Wherfore it is no marueyle without fayle  
Though we our townes and Cytees thus forgo  
Lesynge our royalmes, to our great payne and wo  
And namely suche as were most auncyent  
Best groundyd in the fayth of christ omnyotent

No thyng is left : nought doth to vs remayne  
Anone the Turke shall with his hoste cruell  
Enter on our costes to our great losse and payne  
Yet labour we nat his furour to expell  
But namely suche as other doth excell  
In byrth and ryches, strength and audacyte  
Labour leste to chalange and defende our lybertye

The yate is open : The way is open made  
Wherfore o Rome. o Rome moste excellent  
I fere me sore lyst thy honour shall fade  
Thou skant shalt escape, nor fle the punysshement  
The storme on the comyth cruell and vyolent  
A kynge the byldyd and eft a counsellour  
Encreased thy name, and brought the to hnour

Than had this Cyte so hye a name royall  
 That through the worlde it spred abrode his fame  
 And also vp vnto, the Heuen Imperyall  
 Than after was it subgett vnder the name  
 Of an emperour, to honour and nat shame  
 Yet after it was agayne admyttyd fre  
 But nowe may it fere, agayne in seruytude to be

No man resistyth agaynst this vyolence  
 Our fayth also demynysshyth euery day  
 By culpable synne, and our noyson offence  
 Whiche at the ende hath greuous payne alway  
 O christen Prynces therfore do that ye may  
 Our fayth to socour, out of captyuyte  
 Sauynge your owne londes, your lyfe and lybertye

O worthy prynces and lordes Italyen  
 Ye stoberne Flemynges and ye of Pannony  
 O subtyle Lumberdes, Spanyardes and Frenchmen  
 And o holy Fader the Pope moste specyally  
 Lay to your handes by strength and polycy  
 Our fayth to defende, and helpe ye shall nat want  
 Throwe out your dartis with handes tryumphant

Expell your wrath, set statelynes asyde  
 Be stedfast in fayth: keep ay in humylyte  
 Let constance and peas amonge you ay abyde  
 With knot perpetuall of loue and amyte  
 Haue one assent, in concorde all agre  
 Ioyn hande to hande, prepare you vnto warre  
 Take soone your armour, and no more tyme diffarre

If peas be with vs, concorde and amyte  
We may from our costis the cruell turke expell  
And so kepe our fayth in stedfast lybertye  
One hope we haue, our ennemyes to quell  
Whiche hope is stedfast if we ourself do well  
For Henry the eyght replete with hye wysdome  
By iust tytyll gydeth our Septer of kyngdome

This noble Prynce begynnyth vertuously  
By iustyce and pyte, his roylme to meyntayne  
So that he and his : without mo company  
May succour, our sores by his manhode souerayne  
And get with his owne hande Jerusalem agayne  
He passyth Hercules in manhode and courage  
Hauynge a respect vnto his tender age

He passeth Achylles in strength and valyance  
His fame nere as great, but as for his larges  
And lyberalyte, he shewyth in countenaunce  
That no auaryce can blynde his rightwysnes  
Couetyse hath left behynde hym his ryches  
Vnto the hyghe possessyon, of lyberalyte  
Whiche with the same shall kepe, our lybertye

Let go Pompeius : and Camyllus also  
And Sylla, for none of them wyll I commende  
This Prynce I prayse alonely and no mo  
Whiche is moste abyll our fayth for to defende  
He is moste worthy by honour to ascende  
Vnto a noble Diademe Imperyall  
So is my hope, that he hereafter shall



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Than shall he our fayth establysshe and make sure  
Defendynge the Church and christis herytage  
There shall no Turke be abyll to indure  
His rampynge Lyons rorynge in theyr rage  
Nor none of all the Sarrazyns lynage  
Thus may our Prynce be shelde of christendome  
By strength and ryches, but namely by wysdome

His armys victorious shall spred abrode theyr fame  
Ouer all the worlde, for he may wyn agayne  
Jerusalem: and the Crosse within the same  
With the holy tounge: for this is my trust certayne  
That if he begyn: he nought shall do in vayne  
For god and his sayntis shall helpe hym for to fyght  
Saynt george our patrone shall eke augment his myght

But o englysshe states I humbly you requyre  
Vnto your kynge of hert and mynde be true  
Submyt your selfe gladly to his empyre  
So shall ye lyghtly your enemyes subdue  
And syth that all Christen prynces doth eschewe  
Labour and payne, for the holy faythes defence  
In the name of god do ye your dyligence

Though Aufony slepe and also Italy  
The kynges of Sycyll and also of Fraunce  
And they of the Church for none of them truly  
Defendyth the fayth, but labour to auance  
Theyr proper londes, suche is theyr gouernaunce  
That christen kynges this wyse togyder fyght  
Suffrynge the fayth decay before theyr syght

They knowe the cause, hauynge power and myght  
Yet wyll they nat the holy fayth defende  
Therefore lede ye your Host of men forth right  
These Turkes to subdue. If ye so condisceude  
Than be ye sure Christ shall you socour sende  
Of angels heuenly to your ayde and defence  
And brake theyr Tentis with his hande and presence

The noble Henry of Englonde is at hande  
Of kynges noblest, of worthy auncetrye  
Whiche shall you helpe to wyn the holy lande  
And brynge these tyrantis vnto Captyuyte  
Enuy who wyll: none rightwyser than he  
Is in the worlde nor of more noblenes  
Nor more habundant in treasour and ryches

His maiestye presentyth a kynges countenaunce  
His maners honest, and full of noblenes  
He seketh nat his kyngdome to auauance  
By gyle disceyte: nor other lyke falsnes  
His mynde nat elate with scornfull statelynes  
But in the playne path of goodnes lawe and right  
The fere of god alway before his syght

As longe as this noble Prynce shall be our gyde  
With vs all honour godnes and ioy shall growe  
With perfyte peas about on euery syde  
In welth and ryches we shall habounde and flowe  
And if there be any of stasis hye or lowe  
Whiche by yll counsell wolde cause hym to mysdo  
God graunt them no myght, no space ne tyme therto

There is no Prynce of greater excellence  
I trowe none lyuyng of hye nor lowe degre  
Wherefore let them do hym obedyence  
As to theyr hede : and moste of dignyte  
Obey to hym Prynces than trust I ye shall se  
That by his manhode, and counsell souerayne  
All that his lost, we shall : soone wyn agayne

And ye christen Prynces who so euer ye be  
If ye be destytute of a noble Capytayne  
Take Iamys of Scotlonde for his audacyte  
And proued manhode if ye wyll laude attayne  
Let hym haue the forwarde, haue ye no disdayne  
Nor indignacion, for neuer kynge was borne  
That of ought of warre can shewe the vnycorne

For if that he take onys his spere in hande  
Agaynst these Turkes strongly with it to ryde  
None shall be abyll his stroke for to withstande  
Nor before his face so hardy to abyde  
Yet this his manhode increasyth nat his pryde  
But euer sheweth he mekenes and humylyte  
In worde and dede to hye and lowe degre

In prudence pereles is this moste comely kynge  
And as for his strength and magnanymyte  
Concernyng his noble dedes in euery thyng  
One founde or grounde lyke to hym can nat be  
By byrth borne to boldnes and audacyte  
Vnder the bolde planet of Mars the champion  
Surely to subdue his enemyes echone

Mars hath hym chosyn : all other set asyde  
To be in practyse of Batayle without pere  
Saue ryches lacketh his manfull myght to gyde  
He hath nat plentye of all thyng as is here  
The cause is that stormes in season of the yere  
Destroyeth the corne engendrynge so scarsnes  
Whiche thyng moche hurteth this Prynces worthynes  
Let hym be formest, than dout ye nought at all  
For onely his loke (so bolde is his courage)  
The turkes pryde shall make decay and fall  
Lyke to a Lyon in dedes he shall rage  
Thus he beyng gyde the fury shall asswage  
Of the fals Turkes : so that they shall be fayne  
Our christen londes to vs to yelde agayne  
If the Englysshe Lyon his wysdome and ryches  
Conioyne with true loue, peas and fydelyte  
With the Scottis vnycornes myght and hardynes  
Than is no dout but all hole christente  
Shall lyue in peas welth and tranquylyte  
And the holy londe come into christen hondes  
And many a regyon out of the fendes bondes

THE NUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

O worthy estatis of Christendome echone  
Consyder your power and your habylyte  
Let slombrynge slouth away fro you be gone  
Fere nat to fyght for your lyfe and lybertye  
Let eche man do after his power and degre  
To withstande the Turke and the fayth to defende  
If we manly fyght : and all in one agre  
Than without dout god shall vs socour sende.

## Of flaterers and glosers.



He that wyll flater a hors of hye corage  
Clappyng or touchyng : if that he stande to nye  
May happen to haue the fote on his vysage  
To his great hurt : and who that subtylly  
Wyll flater an estate to get some good therby  
He often at the last is cast out of faour  
For flaterynge pleaseth no wyse man of honour

Our folys yet increasyth more and more  
But as for those that nowe themselfe present  
I thought to haue set them in a shyp before  
Where as ar seruauntis fals and fraudelent  
But by no meane wyll they therto consent  
They coueyt a shyp for them selfe to attayne  
Therefore for them this shyp I nowe ordayne

Great lordes seruauntis, wyll nedes sayle apart  
Alone by them self they coueyt for to be  
For they ne can well vse theyr craft and art  
Of gyle and flateringe amonge the comontye  
And if that ye wyll knowe what men these be  
They ar fals flaterers fyllyd full of gyle  
And fowle corrupcion : as is a botche or byle

A crafty flaterer, as nowe is many one  
With grettest lordes coueytis alway to dwell  
Also they labour to knowe eche thyng alone  
Yet can they nought kepe secrete in counsell  
But with the comon Folys for that they wyll nat mell  
I ordoyne to them this Barge here present  
Lyst theyr fraude myght be theyr owne impedymnt

The kynges Court nowe adayes doth fede  
Suche faynyng flaterers : and best they ar in grace  
As chefe with theyr lorde, by lyes gettyng mede  
Some with a fals herte, and a payntyng face  
In his lordes seruyce to haue chefe rowme and place  
Into his lordes crys yetyth secretly  
Lyes venemous, debate to multiply

Another can pyke vp the fethers properly  
 Of his maysters clothys if they syt nat right  
 He maketh them yet for to syt more awry  
 To take occasion them clenlyer to dyght  
 Another ay bydeth in his maysters syght  
 Nat to his profyte, but to his charge and coste  
 But to support hym, if he do crake or boste

These faynyng flaterers theyr lordes thus begyle  
 Yet ar theyr lordes therwith right well content  
 They laughe out lowde if that theyr lorde do smyle  
 What euer he sayth they to the same assent  
 And in so moche ar they fals and fraudelent  
 That if theyr mayster say that the crowe is whyte  
 They say the same, and haue therin delyte

They flater theyr lorde with wordes fayre and gay  
 And vayne roundynges to cause hym to byleue  
 That all is trouth whiche they vnto hym say  
 Another hym stryketh and claweth by the sleue  
 Another with fals talys his neyghbour doth greue  
 Vnto a ryche man accusyng hym falsly  
 To syt at his dysshe and get some mete therby

Thus cause these flaterers, malyce and discorde.  
 The ryche oft desyreth suche lyes for to here  
 Eche flaterer is in chefe rowme with his lorde  
 Whan a symple seruaunt must nedes stande arere  
 The playne man hungreth, the lyer hath the chere  
 No man in Court shall nowe a lyuyng fynde  
 Without that he can bowe to euery wynde

The tre that bowyth to no wynde that doth blowe  
In stormes and tempest is in moste ieoperdy  
And often with sodayne blastis ouerthrowe  
Therefore these flaterers to eche wynde aply  
And he that can, vpholde his maysters lye  
With ye and nay, and helpe hym if he tryp  
Obteyneth nowe grettest honour and worshyp

Many one in flaterynge cometh to great honour  
The cause is : for grettest statis nowe a dayes  
To be disceyued ar glad, and haue pleasour  
In a dowble tunge beleuyng that it sayes  
None is nowe beloued, but suche as vse the wayes  
Of adulacion, and that can secretely  
Whysper and rounde thynges ymagyned falsly

And they that haue lerned to forge tydynges newe  
Ar most made of if they haue the scyence  
By flaterynge wordes to make them to seme true  
None settyth by seruauntis of faythfull dilygence  
But for that punysshement foloweth eche offence  
We dayly se these flaterers harde bested  
And by theyr owne gyle, they vnder fote ar tred

THENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Amende fals flaterers : it is a folysse sport  
And vayne besynes, for a small wretchyd mede  
Folys in theyr lyes to flater and support  
And whan all is done nat to be sure to spede  
Thou shalt fynde truly : if thou take gode hede  
That at the ende flaterers ar nought set by  
But he that is playne, to flater hauyuge drede  
At last shall be rewar dyd well and worthely



Of tale berers and Foles of lyght credence  
vnto the same.



He is lyght myndyd, and voyde of all prudence  
Whiche alway is wont, without aduysment  
To all vayne talys sone to gyue credence  
Aplyenge his erys therto: with full intent  
For why these brybours fals and fraudelent  
And bablynge lyers, by wordes wors than knyfe.  
Amonge men sawe debate and greuouse stryfe.

These folys present I sholde haue callyd skant  
Vnto my shyp to rowe amonge the mo  
But that the Shyp before can them nat want  
So these two sortis wyll nedis togyther go  
For thoughe the flaterer hym selfe behauyth so  
By fayned talys good lyuers oft to greue  
They ar as lewde that wyll the same byleue

He is a fole that his erys wyll inclyne  
Lyghtly : to his wordes that is of suche vsage  
Newe talys and tydynges dayly to ymagyne  
And that apereth superflue of langage  
For he showeth tokyns of foly and dotage  
Whiche gyueth his erys to here suche wordes vayne  
As myght his neyghbours honestye distayne

A fole is ay lyght, and hasty of credence  
With erys open to eche tale that is newe  
Wherof oft groweth great inconuenyence  
But a wyse man suche talys can eschewe  
Nat them byleuyng but if he knowe them true  
He is nat hardy the whiche one stryketh sore  
Behynde his backe : nat warnyng hym before

For who that is vnwarely strykyn so  
Can for the same no helpe ne socour fynde  
No more can he fynde remedy therto  
That of taleberers is sclandred thus behynde  
But nowe is he a mayster that hath suche wyly mynde  
A rightwyse man with fals wordes to diffame  
And many vngoodly gyue credence to the same

But who so euer vsyth this adulacion  
 Or that to vayne wordes gyueth to sone credence  
 Ar trayters, and full of abhomynacion  
 Cursyd and iniust stynkyng in the presence  
 Of god almyght : for by the same offence  
 Is sawen the sede of stryfe : and mortall wo  
 Amonge great statis : and comontye also

Therefore that man that quyetly wolde lyue  
 And rightwysely : with name of honestye  
 To flaterynge talys must nat his eryl gyue  
 For a fals tunge fulfyllyd with iniquyte  
 By mortall venym infecteth eche degre  
 Brekyng the bonys (god wot) of many one  
 Howbeit the tunge within it hath no bone

By this vyce : the honour of hym that is absent  
 Though it were gotten by way moste vertuouus  
 Is hurt and distayned by worde malyuolent  
 Of it cometh many a vyce full peryllous  
 And it often tymes by wayes iniuryous  
 Jugement gyueth on man in his absence  
 Fals and iniustly by to hasty credence

By this maner, iustyce and lawe is vyolate  
 Vnto the absent moche noysom, harde and sore  
 Whan he is falsly accusyd by some state  
 Or some other man, nat assytyd before  
 Howe can he defende his cause well : whan no more  
 Tary is made, but forth right the sentence  
 Vnwysely is gyuen by to hasty credence

The wretchyd Aman byleuyng hastely  
By Mardocheus the talys to hym tolde  
Wolde hym haue put to deth vnrightwysly  
If the Quene hester durst nat haue ben so bolde  
The kyng to asswage, by wordes sad and colde  
Wherby fals Aman in paynfull shame and care  
Anone was hanged : and that in his owne smare

Ouer hasty credence without aduysement  
Sende Saulis sone : myphiboseth by name  
Great care and sorowe by paynfull punysshement  
The noble Alexander most excellent of fame  
Wolde neuer inclyne his erys vnto the same  
For well he wyst to what inconuenyence  
They fall : that ar to hasty of credence.

ALEXANDER BARCLAY THE TRANSLATOUR.

Consyder man wheder thou be lowe or hye  
What thyng thou herest, before thou thynke it true  
For flaterers ay speke fayrest whan they lye  
Or whan they lyst to brynge vp talys newe  
Beware of them : Theyr company eschue  
They shall the cause to fall to suche offence  
That all thy lyfe thou shalt it after rue  
To them, if thou be hasty of credence

Therefore do thou as doth the god palfrey  
Whan they begyn to clawe the by the sleue  
Flyng with thy helys : and dryue them so away  
And with sharpe wordes be bolde them to repreue

Stop fast thy erys, or els fro them remeue  
For be thou sure : to speke in short sentence  
Mo men are marryd, than any wolde byleue  
And greuously offende by to hasty credence

Of falshode, gyle, and disceyte, and suche  
as folowe them.



The vayne and disceytfull craft of alkemy  
The corruptynge of wyne and other merchandyse  
Techyth and shewyth vnto vs openly  
What gyle and falshode men nowe do exercyse  
All occupyers almost, suche gyle dyuyse  
In euery chaffar, for no fydelyte  
Is in this londe, but gyle and subtylte

O well of muses : o pleasaunt castaly  
O susters nyne, with lowe benygnyte  
I you beseke my wyt to multiply  
By hundred folde, and tunges of lyke plente  
Graunt to me strength to wryte the subtylte  
The fraude, and disceyt, whiche is by gylefull wayes  
Amonge all chraftis vsed nowe adayes

Without a hundred tunges great wysdome and respyte  
Contynuall labour : and stody without ende  
None can theyr gyles ne all theyr falshode wryte  
Nor all fals folys in balade comprehende  
So many be that thus theyr lyues spende  
That all the shyppes ne galays vnto Spayne  
Nor myghty Carakes can nat them well contayne

So they that ar abrode fast about may range  
Rowynge on the see : myself theyr lode and gyde  
In dyuers contres farre and londes straunge  
And spred theyr namys about on euery syde  
But dyuers ar the sortis, that the worlde wyde  
In euery part doth infect and defyle  
By fraudes fayned, and fals myscheuous gyle

Firste fals loue disceyuyth and doth greue  
Both age : and youthe both wylde and prodygall  
Lernyd and lewde : if that they it byleue  
For vnder his tunge is hyd venym mortall  
Frendes and felawes faynyng and fals with all  
Also shalt thou fynde that of suche maner be  
To speke fayre wordes mengled with sotylte

Suche in theyr hertis haue no fydelyte  
And often we se that wycked and fals counsell  
Disceyueth many by fals lyberalyte  
Disceyfull wordes, dissymuled as gospell  
Doth many abuse and from theyr right expell  
And no maruayle, for almoste euery man  
To his pryuate profyte intendeth what he can

None is that caryth for comon auauntage  
Thus comon welth sore fallyth into decay  
But ouerall, men ar fals of theyr langage  
By lyes auaylynge them selfe all that they may  
Brother begylyth brother as we se euery day  
And the sonne the Fader desceyueth oft also  
But though he can nat : yet is his mynde therto

No bondes of loue, amonge men nowe doth byde  
Fals gyle vs gydeth, blyndyd is conscyence  
And suche as within the cloyster doth abyde  
Fyle theyr relygion oft by the same offence  
Faynyng them sayntis whan they ar in presence  
With ypocresy payntyng theyr countenaunce  
So clokyng and hydyng theyr yll mys gouernaunce

Some shyne without : and as swete bawme they smell  
But yet theyr hertis ar fyllyd with falsnes  
And within the skyn more yll than man can tell  
As gyle and disceyte, iust men therwith toppres  
And wolues rauysshyng full of vnthryftynes  
Bere shepes skynnes showyng nat that they be  
Foxys within : shewyng out symplycyte



By suche falshode, they many one begyle  
 In vniust coyne, is founde also abusyon  
 And disceyt : whiche doth all the worlde defyle  
 By clyppynge and wasshyng, and lyke dymynusyon  
 Bysyde all this, yet in many a regyon  
 Suche folys stody to mengle and multiply  
 Eche sort of metall men do disceyue therby

And in theyr wretchyd ryches to abounde  
 The clyp, they coyne, and that : counterfayt metall  
 And the right kynde of golde they oft confounde  
 They sell precious stones nat true ne naturall  
 But counterfayt (for true) men to begyle withall  
 The coyne by falshode also oft lacketh weyght  
 Thus ouer the worlde is nought but gyle and sleight

What shall I wryte of gyle and sotylyte  
 Vsed in weyght nomber, tale and mesure  
 Howe they bye with one, large, or weyghtye  
 And sell by a les : theyr conscyence is so obscure  
 Marchaundys also in gyle them them selfe inure  
 By dyuers wayes makynge them to seme plasaunt  
 True men to disceyue that therin ar ignoraunt

That whiche is nought they make seme good and fyne  
 But to touche a teuerners hye experyence  
 Howe lyghtly the knaue can brewe a bowle of wyne  
 As who sayth that he hath the craft and scyence  
 'To amende that thyng that goddes hye prudence  
 Hath made parfyte, but he his owne to saue  
 By newe brewyd wyne, men bryngeth to theyr graue

In no man is trust, for euery man by gyle  
And preuy falshode hath suche a craftynes  
His occupacion by fraudys fals to defyle  
Reputyng hym selfe wyse for suche disceytfulnes  
Thus is there no craft, pore, ryche, more or les  
But all ar vpholden with gyle and sotelye  
Whiche falshode causeth that many neuer thye

But if I sholde tarry so longe here to expres  
All the fals wayes and gyle done wrongfully  
In eche occupacion, and euery besynes  
It were to longe : therfore I say shortly  
That he is happy whiche lyueth perfytely  
Voyde of all fraude : but the trouth to reporte  
In worde and dede, but fewe be of that sort

THE NUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Thou that hast to do with worldly besynes  
Outher occupacyon, in court or marchaundyse  
Kepe clene thy conscyence, beware disceytfulnes  
All fraude and gyle take hede that thou despyce  
Than shalt thou to welth, ryches and honour ryse  
And if thou be fals : beware of pouertye  
Besyde hell payne, for Christ sayth in this wyse  
That in his owne mesure eche man shall serued be

## Of the falshode of Antichrst.



We haue before, a shyp sende forth to see  
Swyft and, well stuffed with many a subtyll rout  
But of lyke folys, yet many one there be  
On our shyp sydes, clymmynge rounde about  
I speke with pacyence : for why I am in dout  
Lyst this company, of proude speche : yll and haut  
With theyr sharpe dartis my feble shyp assaut

But if thou aske who they ar that me incomber  
And what be theyr maners and conuersacion  
Of whens they ar and howe great is theyr number  
Of whome I intende to make declaracyon  
Vnto thy questyons this is my relacion  
And fynall answere, that they that thus me greue  
Ar fals Christen men, nat perfyte of byleue

And fals Prophetis, nat folowyng the right  
Whiche with fals hertis vnperfyte of credence  
Nat duly worshyp the lawe of god almyght  
Nor his holy doctryne, with worthy reuerence  
And other suche as varye the true sence  
Of goddes lawes, expoundyng other wyse  
Than it in the text clere and playnly lyes

Suche counterfayte the kayes that Jesu dyd commyt  
Vnto Peter: brekyng his Shyppis takelyng  
Subuertynge the fayth, beleuyng theyr owne wyt  
Agaynst our perfyte fayth in euery thyng  
So is our Shyp without gyde wanderyng  
By tempest dryuen, and the mayne sayle of torne  
That without gyde the Shyp about is borne

I mean that euery fals interpretour  
And vniust Prophete accordyng in assent  
Defyle the lawes of Christ our sauour  
And also the fayth, but suche in theyr intent  
Whan theyr owne selfe by errour fraudelent  
Ar all corrupt, with synne agaynst the lawe  
They stody: yet mo to theyr errour to drawe

Many they disceyue, by theyr myscheuous lore  
Of theyr fals lawes castynge abrode the sede  
Yet greuous paynes of Hell byde them therfore  
But suche Hell houndes therof wyll take no hede  
But certaynly all our byleue and crede  
The whiche is able to saue vs from hell payne  
To vs is gyuen in wordes clere and playne

In our lawe ar founde no wordes disceyuable  
No fals abusyon, nor obscure hardnes  
But many folys of mynde abhomynable  
For an hye name, for honour and ryches  
Or for vayne pryde and fals presumptuousnes  
To shewe theyr cunnyng, they men blynde and abuse  
Makyng the playne lawe, obscure, darke and diffuse

They holy scriptures rehers moche other wyse  
Than the holy goost them vttred first of all  
The cause is that pryde them vexeth to aryse  
To some hye Rowme, and a glory pryncypall  
O blynde fole awake and to remembraunce call  
The prophetis saynge. confermyd by the lawe  
And so from errour thy synfull mynde withdrawe

Were it nat ynoughe for the to vnderstonde  
The holy lawes : passynge in that scyence  
But yet presumptuously to take on honde  
To turne frowardly, the true and rightwyse sence  
Chaungynge our fayth, by thy fals neglygence  
Whiche fayth was sende from god omnyotent  
By the holy gost to our faders auntyent

They seme in handes to bere a fals balance  
Whiche falsly techyth the lawe of god almyght  
Some poyntis thynke they heuy and worthy penaunce  
And other some make they but small and lyght  
By glose thus turne we the lawe agaynst right  
Thus they that our faythis doctryne wolde confounde  
Before Antichrist set tentis here on grounde

They set no tentis agayne hym for to fyght  
But agaynst his comynge they ordayne great treasour  
Other to subdue : for to encreas his myght  
Them drawynge to his infaciable errour  
Many one assembleth as to a conquerour  
Obeynge and berynge his cursed cognysaunce  
Assaynge for to put our fayth to harde vttraunce

Whiche trayters also them besely doth hast  
With Antichrist theyr mayster and theyr lorde  
Theyr cursed lawes to spred abrode and cast  
Ouer all the worlde, for to infect concorde  
Bryngynge theyr fals goddes with them at one accorde  
Suche folys ar nat drawen by scourge of punysshement  
But to Antichrist of theyr owne mynde thassent

To be of his garde they yelde them wyllyngly  
But some shall obey for meney and treasour  
Whome he by lyberall gyftis crafty  
Shall so attyce hym lowly to honour  
Suche foles shall he bye and brynge to his errour  
Se here howe money theyr soules shall defyle  
But some shall he wyn by sotylte and gyle

Some by fals myracles and some by punysshement  
Shall this fals Tyraunt to his seruyce procure  
But than by the myght of god omnypotent  
This wycked Nauy longe tyme shall nat endure  
But whyle these Folys shall thynke them selfe most sure  
Theyr shypys shall dryue and shortly at the last  
By myght of god they all shall ryue and brast

Togyther shall they fall vnto the pyt of hell  
And suche be releued as they put vnto payne  
Antichristis Charettes and Cartis shall cesse theyr yell  
And the true lawe and fayth sprynge vp agayne  
But in the mean space, alas we may complayne  
For the shyp of Peter in stormes and tempest  
Is throwen and cast clene destytute of rest

The Mast nowe meuyth the taklynge and the sayle  
O god wythsaue the wayke shyp to socour  
From the fals Herytikes that dayly it assayle  
With great violence and manyfolde rygour  
For with fals Doctryne, conteynyng great error  
The holy scriptures some labour to expounde  
But the true fayth full pyteously is drowned

Thus fals Antichrist, the fayth of Christ to stent  
Into the wyde worlde his messangers doth sende  
As swyft Currours, onely for that intent  
His Tentis to prepare, his Army to defende  
And to cause the Chrysten to hym to confydence  
By the fals sede of error that they sawe  
Before his comynge agaynst our fayth and lawe

But thre maner thynges I fynde that be certayne  
Whiche ar well worthy for to be notyd here  
For they our fayth support, defende and meyntayne  
The firste is the wysdome and great grace that apere  
From a Bysshops mouth by doctryne playne and clere  
But ouer the worlde if that poynt were well sought  
For the most part it slepeth and is set at nought

The seconde is of Bokes store and abundaunce  
Whorin ar the lawes of Christ our sauour  
Whiche rottyth nowe, the cause why in substaunce  
Is for they haue no iust interpretour  
Of the holy lawes, nor good exposytour  
The thyrde is Doctryne, wysdome, and scyence  
But that nowe decayeth by slouth and neglygence

And if that a man haue cunnyng parfytely  
Labourynge by it to make men leue theyr vyce  
The rude commontye shall set no thyng hym by  
Therefore we nowe our selfe moste exercyse  
In cunnyng to wyn coyne: by blynde Couetyse  
Or some other blyndnes and conceytis newe  
Whiche neyther sleyth vyce, ne shewyth vs vertue

Of bokis is plenty ynoughe in euery place  
And some but pore theyr Shoppes haue stuffyd full  
But fewe or none haue pleasour nor solace  
The same to stody theyr myndes ar so dull  
The ryche stodyeth, all, from the pore to pull  
Disdaynyng to set his mynde on gode doctryne  
For none saue the pore doth nowe therto inclyne



Suche as ar noble and excellent of fame  
To rede in bokes of wysdome haue great scorne  
The noble and holy lawe this wyse is lame  
And wytty Pallas so by the here is torne  
I mean that wysdome hir greuous fall doth morne  
For they that to hir doctryne moste aplly  
Can get no laude, but malyce and enuy

No mede ne rewarde is gyuen to wysdome  
Thus is the labour of stody lost in vayne  
By suche neglygence, alas the tyme is come  
That fals Prophetis our holy fayth distayne  
They all shall turne if fauour them meyntayne  
And if they that preche for mede and vyle rewarde  
Shall them supportyth : our case shall be full harde

THENUOY.

O ye that to Antichrist disciples be  
Or fore messangers the chrysten to accloy  
Corruptyng the lawes by your iniquyte  
Alas what may I vnto you nowe enuoy  
Your wycked errour your soules shall destroy  
Wherfore I pray you your herte therfro withdrawe  
Els shall ye haue Hell payne destytute of ioy  
For none ar saued that corrupt goddes lawe.

Of hym that dare nat vtter the trouth for  
fere of displeasour or punysshement.



Who euer he be, that for loue, fere or mede  
For fauour, thretnynge or suche lyke accydence  
Sayth nat the trouth lyke as it is in dede  
But stoppeth his mouth, and kepeth so sylence  
To please the people allowynge theyr offence  
And sparynge theyr fautes, it playnly doth apere  
Suche to Antichrist is frende and messenger

232 *Of hym that dare nat utter the trouth*

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Many hath a mynde redy prompt and clere  
To knowlege, and to preche the very lawe dyuine  
And to say the trouth lyke as it doth apere  
But oft, suche, by flatery or thretenynge declyne  
From the way of trouth and verytable lyne  
And so holy trouth and godly veryte  
By fere they leue, disdaynyng it to se

Sothly I may say they vnderstonde nat right  
That for loue or fere : dare nat the trouth expres  
But hydeth it away from mannys syght  
Doutynge displeasour of them that haue ryches  
Thus is the power of wordly wretchydnes  
More in theyr myndes than the commaundement  
And chefe preceptis of god omnypotent

Why sholde he fere to preche and to expres  
The lawes of god gyuen vnto mankynde  
To whome our lorde of his great goodnes  
Hath sende chefe gyftis : as reason of his mynde  
With wyt and wysdome : the way therof to fynde  
To fayne or to lye to hym it is great foly  
Whiche hath the reason the trouth to fortyfy

But for that flaterynge so many doth ouercome  
And rewardes, lettyth the trouth for to apere  
Therefore the Fole, that sholde say trouth is dum  
Hackynge his wordes that no man may them here  
And if he knowe that any one is nere  
Infect and scabbyd, he dare no worde let slyp  
But layeth his fynger anone before his lyp

But suche a wyse man as <sup>\*</sup>Vyrgyll doth discrybe  
Is stedfast, fereles, constant ferme and stable  
Nat lettynge, nor leuyng for fauour, loue, nor brybe  
The trouth to shewe, and blame the reprobable  
Ponderynge the furour of them that ar culpable  
And blamyng the same, playne and openly  
For veryte and trouth nat doutynge for to dye

The wyse man to vtter the trouth is nat aferde  
Thugh he sholde be closyd within the bull of brás  
Of Phalaris, the tyraunt : or if a naked swerde  
Henge ouer his necke his lyfe so to oppres  
For he that is wyse perfytely : doutles  
Hath so establysshid his mynde the trouth to say  
That daunger of deth can hym no thyng affray

No lorde nor man of hye ne lowe degre  
Nor thretnynge wordes, ne other punysshement  
Can cause suche one in any poynt to lye  
He showyth out the lawes of god omnypotent  
In wordes playne, nat fals ne fraudelent  
Nat feryng to touche the foly and errour  
Of Pope nor prelate, kynge ne emperour

Saynt Johnn the baptyst our lordes messenger  
Withdrew he selfe into secrete wyldernes  
Nat wyllynge amonge the people to apere  
For theyr vayne grutchis and wylfull frowardnes  
Yet dyd he euer the very trouth expres  
As true messenger, the worlde to despyse  
Therefore had he grace our sauour to baptyse

234 *Of hym that dare nat utter the trouth.*

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He that doth one with pleasaunt worde correct  
And colde pacyence that he may condescende  
To lerne the wayes his vices to abiect  
And take example his lyuyng to amende  
Vnto thy wordes though he nat than intende  
But the beholde with lokes sharp and harde  
Yet tyme shall come whan he shall the rewarde

If he in hym haue any droppe of grace  
He shall conuerte, rewardyng thy counsell  
Therfor I say who euer is in that case  
For worldly ryches, the trouth nat playne to tell  
Puttyng bodely profyte before eternall well  
Suche shall dye a Fole blynde and ignoraunt  
And may to Antichrist be callyd pursuyuaunt.

THENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLY.

O precher thou deth ought rather to endure  
Than for loue, fauour, fere or punysshement  
The veryte to cloke, or make the trouth obscure  
Or to hyde the lawes of god omnypotent  
And if that any vnto thy deth assent  
For prechyng trouth: receyue it patiently  
So hath many sayntis theyr blode and lyues spent  
Rather than they wolde hyde veryte, or lye

Of folys that withdrawe and let other  
to do good dedes.




He that wyll walke in the ryght way of vertue  
And worshyp trowth iustyce and rightwysnes  
And stody all pleasours mundayne to eschewe  
Subduynge the flesshe and fende with his falsnes  
Oft tymes suche one shall fynde contraryousnes  
And byde and endure losse with aduersyte  
By enuy of them that lewde and wycked be

He is a naturall Fole : and eke a daw  
And all his blode corrupt with folysshnes  
Whiche labours to let, hynder and withdrawe  
Good men and iust from dedes of goodnes  
I wyll nat say, but some, there be doutles  
That assay to folowe good maners and vertue  
By stedfast lyfe, all synne for to subdue

But than thou fole : with all thy force and myght  
Withdrawest hym backwarde full malyciously  
Assaynge to hurt his wyll to good and right  
Whiche he purposyd to kepe continually  
Thou hym withdrawest : this is the reason why  
That a Fole hath chefe pleasour and confort  
To haue all other lyke hym of the same sort

A fole is glad his number to augment  
And euer is besy them namely to pursue  
To hate and manace with malyce vyolent  
Whiche iustly lyue in goodnes and vertue  
But vyce hym pleasyth, for that doth he insue  
A fole fast stodyeth to hym to drawe echone  
Lyst he of foly myght bere the name alone

He gyueth counsell fals and reprobable  
With all his myght to hym attysynge mo  
Or els them trouiblyth by wordes moch vnstable  
Whiche ar iust men, euer wyllynge good to do  
A prysoner lyenge longe in payne and wo  
Hath consolacion and great confort certayne  
To haue many mo be partnes of his payne



Therefore if any whiche hath that gyft of grace  
For to, despise this worldes wretchydnes  
Withdrawyng hym selfe to some solytary place  
Anone this Fole lyuyng in viciousnes  
Cryeth out, and blamyth suche parfyte holynes  
This iust man condemnyng by wrongfull iugement  
Bycause his lyuyng is nat after his intent

Suche frowarde folys all goodnes thus defyle  
By wordes iniurious, and oft we here and se  
That with suche wordes the good men they reuyle  
Sayng one to other, lo yonder same is he  
Whiche without make thynketh hym wyse to be  
Secretnes he loueth, and theder is he gone  
Nought can hym pleas, saue that whiche is alone

In christ and his sayntes he lyueth in dispayre  
All worldly pleasour despysyng vtterly  
He loueth nat to come in open ayre  
But lorkyth in cornes by fals Ipocrysy  
But we with our felawes lyue alway merely  
And though we in erth oft tymes do amys  
Yet hope we hereafter to come to heuyns blysse

Who that hym gydeth by reason and wysdome  
Folowyng the way of parfyte righwysnes  
Intendyng therby vnto hie heuen to come  
Shall here suche wordes of foly and lewdnes  
Spoken of these folys lyuyng in viciousnes  
And no meruayle, for thou shalt neuer se  
That synners shall with vertuous men agre



238 *Of folys that let others to do good dedes.*

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Alas thus conuersacyon worldly or mundayne  
Is moche noysom, and so great preiudyce  
That oft of vertue it maketh man barayne  
And hym corruptyth with many a greuous vyce  
And synners labour with all theyr myght to attyse  
Vnto theyr lyuyng, corrupt and detestable  
Suche as of lyuyng ar vertuous and laudable

Therefore if vertue, good lyfe and honestye  
By thy selfwyllyd, and owne malyciousnes  
Can nat haue place ne rowme to be in the  
Yet trouble thou nat by thy vngraciousnes  
Suche as ar good and lyue in rightwysnes  
Fauour the good, and suffer hym procede  
That is in the way of vertue and good dede

ALEXANDER BARCLAY TO THE FOLYS.

Amende thy lyfe man : expell thou thy offence  
Submyttyng thy selfe vnto the true doctryne  
Of godly wysdome ensuyng hir prudence  
Wherin is groundyd scripture and lawe dyuyne  
But if that thou wylt nat therto inclyne  
By thy owne malyce and wylfull frowardnes  
Yet hynder them nat, that go after the lyne  
Of good instruccion, and vertuous goodnes.

Of the omyssyon or leuyng of  
good warkes.



It is nat ynoughe to bere a lampe in hande  
But also thou must haue oyle and lyght therin  
By whiche saynge : this thyng I vnderstande  
That, man nat onely ought for to leue all syn  
But also to do good : suche shall heuyn wyn  
Heuyns yatis shall be opened to them anone  
Whiche do good dedys, after vyce fro them is gone

O hertis of men in wylfull errour drowned  
 And through neglygence oppressyd sore in payne  
 Though your yll lyuyng hath brought you to the grounde  
 Seke the way of helth: and so ryse vp agayne  
 But playne I se whiche causeth me complayne  
 The myndes of all men beryed in derknes  
 None feryth punysshement of goddis rightwysnes

Alas mannes lyfe graffyde in synne and vyce  
 Contynuyth in vylenes, we plunge in the see  
 Our woundyd hertis: disdaynyng to aryse  
 Out of the slomber of our iniquyte  
 Alas man it is but small auayle to the  
 The deuylles lawes, and vyces to eschewe  
 Without thou withall sue goodnes and vertue

So to do good dedes it is a thyng laudable  
 As the Churche of god to support and meyntayne  
 In paynge tythes to be true and verytable  
 And in thy yonge age from vyces to abstayne  
 Folowyng vertue in dedes true and playne  
 And nyght and day to set thy mynde and wyll  
 All other poyntis of the lawe to fulfyll

But than in age for to go out of kynde  
 Thy lyfe defylyng with lewde mysgouernaunce  
 It lytell auaylyth as I thynke in my mynde  
 A whyle to lyue well, in suche inconstance  
 What helpeth it a whyle to haue a short plesance  
 The stedfast fayth for to folowe by vertue  
 And nat in the same alway to contynue

At last whan god shall iuge all mankynde  
And that the trompes sounde shall them vp call  
Vnto his iugement : nat leuyng one behynde  
Than shall there be made a count in generall  
And eche man shall showe out his dedes all  
Bothe great, and small, receyuyng theyr rewarde  
Some of great ioy : and some of paynes harde

He that wyll there haue ioy of god almyght  
Must haue his Lampe clere and yllumynate  
And of gode dedes shewyng abroad the lyght  
But whan the Lampe here is voyde or maculate  
And in the kyndlyng therof is slowe or late  
As wyllynge to do well, whan his lyue dayes ar wore  
He often is disceyued, and abusyd right sore

He is vnware, and clene without wysdome  
That doth no good dedes longynge to charyte  
Tyll the extreme houre of bytter deth do come  
So moche hopyng, and trustyng euer is he  
In hope of recouerayng from his infyrmyte  
That nought he caryth those wordes that Christ shall say  
Sharply to synners at Domys dredefull day

But if a wyse man by deth sodaynly fall  
Whiche caryth to prepare his ende before he dye  
His deth ought to be rewed nowght atall  
Syth he here hath lyuyd well and vertuously  
And sende his good dedes of pyte and mercy  
Before deth to make for his soule purueaunce  
O well is hym that hath suche remembraunce

By vertuous dede to prouyde a place before  
 With god in the glorious heuen Imperyall  
 Where as is lyfe that last shall euer more  
 Euerlastyng lyght, and ioy perpetuall  
 But that blynde fole shall haue a greuous fall  
 Whiche nat inclyneth to vertue nor wysdome  
 Nor any good dede tyll his last ende be come

Suche folys hath nought but foly them within  
 Whiche vnto the ferefull day of iugement  
 If they sholde lyue, wolde alway lyue in syn  
 Nat dredyng infernall payne ne punysshement  
 But whan this blynde wretche hath thus his dayes spent  
 The grounde hath his Carkas, there his Corps must dwell  
 His sory soule beryed in the paynes of hell

Alas we folowe mortall thynges here  
 Vnsure incertayne : and all without wysdome  
 And as by our folysshe maners doth appere  
 We despyse prouysyon for the tyme to come  
 These worldly chargis doth folys thus ouercome  
 Fewe hath theyr myndes on god ne gode, stedfast  
 Thus meruayle nat, if god despyse them at the last

THENUOY OF THE TRASLATOUR.

O christen soules if ye wyll haue the syght  
 Of glorious god in his Royalme celestyall  
 Whan ye haue syn ouercome by godly myght  
 Ye most you indeuer to do good dedes withall

The lampe of thy soule clerely bren than shall  
And at heuen gates knocke, and thou shalt come in  
For that is rewarde, with ioy eternall  
To them that do good : fleynge from wretchyd syn

But those wretchyd folys whose lampes lackyth lyght  
By remysse myndes, slouth, or wylfull neglygence  
May nat well clayme of our sauour to haue syght  
Nor to haue Rowme or place in his presence  
Therefore to my wordes, o man gyue aduertence  
Do vertuous dedes, and also vyce refrayne  
Than without dout for this thy hye prudence  
Thou shalt in heuen a glorious place obtayne

## Of the rewarde of wysdome.



Two wayes lyeth before eche manns syght  
Of the whiche wayes man nedys one must holde  
The one lyeth leftwarde, the other lyeth right  
At whose ende we oft may se a crowne of golde  
But at the leftis, ende, ar erys many folde  
In sygne of Foly, and many folys be  
Whiche leftwarde go, sekyng captuyte

O Follys of pardon I you requyre and pray  
And vnto you I shall also gyue the same  
Take no displeasour with that that I shall say  
And though my balade your maners touche or blame.  
Nowe shall I wryte what laude what mede and fame  
Ar gyuen to wysdome vertue and rightwysnes  
And what is rewarde moste mete for viciousnes

Many ar whiche greatly desyreth an hie name  
And famous honour, or tytyll of dignyte  
Some ar desyrous, to spred abrode theyr fame  
To be callyd Doctours, or maysters of degre  
Moste clere in wysdome of the vnyuersyte  
But these names coueyt they nat for this intent  
The christen to infourme, that of wyt ar indigent

Nor in holy doctrine them self to occupy  
As in scripture or lawes of Christ our sauour  
Or other godly techynge our fayth to fortyfy  
But onely they ar drawen and led to this errour  
For desyre of fame, vayne lawde, and great honour  
Suche walke in the way that is on the left syde  
On rockes and clyffis and hyghe mountayns of pryde

They leue the right way of goodnes and vertue  
Of iustyce and wysdome, hauynge no thought atall  
Howe they myght ignoraunt myndes with them endue  
And fede them with that sauour delycious and royall  
And other with theyr wordes hie and retorycall  
Theyr sentences paynt in fauour for to come  
Or therby to purchase a name of hie wysdome



But sothly all worldly wysdome and prudence  
Vsyd here in erth, is before god almyght  
Of none effect, and all worldly scyence  
Is but as foly in that hye lordes syght  
Thus many one beleue that they go right  
And towarde the right hande vnto the way of helth  
By theyr vayne pleasours, lust and worldly welth

They suppose to walke in the way of rightwysnes  
Whiche bryngeth man by gode labour contynuall  
Vnto the endles ioy, and seat of blessydnes  
Of the hye kyngdome and place celestyll  
But neuertheles, ignoraunt foly with hir pall  
So blyndeth theyr myndes, that they nat vnderstande  
Mean to kepe duly the path on the right hande

That way is harde, streyght, and full of diffyculte  
Whiche mankynde ledyth to the heuenly regyon  
But that way is brode, easy and playne to se  
Whiche ledeth man to Hellys depe donygon  
Therefore thou must stablysshe thy intencion  
(If thou wylt be partyner of heuenly ioy and chere)  
To despyse vayne pleasour whyle thou art lyuynge here

Thou art vnwyse, if that thou set thy thought  
To wyn heuenly ioy by worldly pleasour  
Or to take that thyng whiche thou neuer bought  
Or aske rewarde where thou dyd no labour  
And surely he whiche lyueth in errour  
Folowyng his foly in vyce without all shame  
Shall haue iust rewardes accordynge to the same

Also the wyse that lyueth rightwysely  
Shall nat depart without rewarde and mede  
But be rewardyd right well and worthely  
With gyftis of heuen, whiche sothly shall excede  
In valour, all the worlde in lenght and brede  
This ioy that I of speke, so passynge in valour  
Is the holy presence of Christ our sauour

So Plato dyd folysshe company eschewe  
And all other folyes procedynge of the same  
Walkynge in the way of goodnes and vertue  
Wherby he wan, laude and immortall fame  
But nowe worldly wysdone hath so corrupt the name  
That none it makyth happy vertuous nor wyse  
But hym that with hert and mynde doth it despyse

THENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLY

Lerne man, lerne, wysdome to vnderstonde  
For trust me though that the way of viciousnes  
And dedely synne, lyenge on the left hande  
Seme full of pleasour and wanton lustynes  
At the ende is dolour wo and wretchydnes  
Mysery vexacion and euerlastynge payne  
And if sodayne deth in this way the : oppres  
To late shall it be for retourne agayne

Auoyde thou therefore this left and frowarde way  
For a short pleasour take nat eternall payne  
Go on the right hande in as moche as thou may  
And whan thou art there retourne thou nat agayne

And though the path be nat moche smothe and playne  
But full of sharpe thornes whiche shall the hurte and noy  
Yet at the ende, thou shalt come to certayne  
A heuenly castell replete with myrth and ioy

## Of the despysynge of mysfortune.



He is a fole and greatly reprouable  
Whiche seyth and felyth suerly in his mynde  
That all his dedes ar moche infortunable  
And where euer he go agaynst hym is the wynde  
But in his mysfortune yet is he so blynde  
That he is improuydent, abydyng wyllingly  
Despysynge (thoughe he myght) for to fynde remedy

250 *Of the despysynge of mysfortune.*

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The greuous fallys of men from theyr degre  
The frayle chaunsys, and aduersyte sodayne  
And of vnsure fortune the mutabylyte  
Whiche we se dayly, shewyth vnto vs playne  
That in all thynges that to men apertayne  
Is no constance, trust or confydence  
Nor sure degre, or stable permanence

For these vayne thynges the whiche we outwarde se  
Syns they ar so caduke in condicion frayle  
Can none make perfyte in true felycyte  
But that somtyme he may fynde cause to wayle  
Nor no man by preuate wysdome or counsayle  
Nor strength, or labour can make a warke so fast  
But that it shall perysshe and decay at the last

But here I purpose of suche a Fole to wryte  
To whom eche fortune is aduers and contrary  
And yet hath he chefe pleasour and delyte  
With all his mynde and herte for to apply  
To thynges of fortune, that contynually  
Of cruell chauncis he hath but lytell hede  
Trustynge afterwarde moche better for to spede

He is nat ware, but bare without wysdome  
That can nat consyder surely in his mynde  
That whan one yll is past : as bad may after come  
If he hym ieparde to suche lyke storme and wynde  
Let suche nat thynke it thyng against kynde  
Nor any meruayle if theyr shyp without ore  
Mast or sayle, be downyd rent and tore

If any mysfortune happen on the to fall  
At the begynnyng of thyng that thou wolde do  
If thou go farther may fortune that thou shall  
Haue after that same, other yllys many mo  
For wyse men sayth, and oft it fallyth so  
As it is wryten and sayd of many one  
That one myshap fortuneth neuer alone

An yll fortune growyth alway more and more  
The ende oft is greuous : and euer vncertayne  
And if thou hast had one mysfortune before  
Another lyke sone, may after fall, agayne  
Thou mayst se example before the clere and playne  
By dyuers changes whiche playnly thou mayst se  
By fallys contynuall, full of aduersyte

Thus fortune floweth oft synkyng at the last  
And playne shall perysshe if thou the space abyde  
Thus happy is he that is of mynde stedfast  
Doyng his deuoyr the same ay to prouyde  
So muste he do whiche hath desyre to abyde  
In suertye and rest : for dayly thou mayst se  
Howe ferefull fortune sodaynly crepys on the

Who that dare auenture or ieparde for to rowe  
Vpon the se swellyng by wawes great and hye  
In a weyke vessell, had nede that wynde sholde blowe  
Styll, soft, and cawme, lyst that he, fynally  
And also his shyp : stande in great ieopardy  
Throwyn with the flodes on the se depe and wyde  
And drowned at the last : or rent the syde fro syde

And also he whiche hath no craft nor skyll  
 And dare aenture on the wylde se to rowe  
 By his rasshe mynde his mad brawne and self wyll  
 No meruayle is if the wawes hym ouer flowe  
 And if he than escape and be nat clene ouerthrowe  
 If he after dare ieoparde hym selfe agayne  
 To the same peryll : he is a fole certayne

But he is wyse, and so men may hym call  
 Whiche hath nat alway his trust and confydence  
 In vnsure fortune and chaunsys inequall  
 And of the same can beware by prudence  
 That man is haphy, and shall fle the violence  
 And furour of the see, though it moche roughly moue  
 And with his shyp enter the heuenly port aboute

THE NUOY & C.

Beware of mysfortune, ye men, in that ye may  
 And in that thyng that comyth vnfortunate  
 Procede nat : but your mynde drawe ye away  
 And if by good fortune that ye be eleuate  
 To some hye rowme conuenient for a state  
 Whyle ye ar there, ye ought you euen to bere  
 For myshape prouydyng both erly and late  
 And than if it come ye nede nat greatly fere

We haue late sene some men promotyd hye  
 For whose sharpnes all men fered theyr name  
 But for they toke on them than theyr degre  
 Myght nat support : they fell down in great shame

But well myght they haue contynued without blame  
If they had kept them within theyr boundes well  
By right and iustyce : but oft full yll they frame  
That wyll be besy with to hye thynges to mell



Of bacbyters of good men and of them  
y<sup>t</sup> shal disprayse this warke.



Oft so it hapneth that he that is vnwyse  
With his lewde tunge, and mouth full of enuy  
Doth wyse men and iust sclander and despise  
About the Cattis necke suche men a bell doth tye  
Thynkyng that theyr dedes may be kept secretly  
And to haue no name therof they thynke echone  
But yet the dogge cryeth, stryken with the bone

Nowe shall wyse men enioy and haue pleasaunce  
With inwarde myrth and also outwarde sport  
With mery lokes of chere and of countenaunce  
Seynge that we haue gathred so great a sort  
Of folys in one boke : To rede to theyr confort  
The wyse men shall enioy : and they that loue vertue  
That we by craft haue forged this Nauy newe

Our shyp sayleth nat abrode vnto presence  
Vnto the rebuke of vertuose men and wyse  
For in suche is small faut, synne, or offence  
Wherefore no man ought them blame or despise  
We coueyte nat to perysshe theyr fame in any wyse  
But pray god in ioy to contynue them a lyue  
And that yll lyuers may mende, or neuer thryue

Amende may they well if they lyst to take hede  
For here haue we gyuen them holsome medecyne  
To rule theyr lyfe, also we haue in dede  
Vnto them gyuen, of maners, good doctryne  
Who lyst them to rede, and to them to inclyne  
If he be wyse : he shall auoyde doutles  
The clowdes of synne : and nettis of folysshnes

Suche I commende as ar worthy great honour  
But other be whiche sore I hurt and blame  
By my wrytynge : for theyr mysbehauour  
Syns that of Folys they well deserue the name  
Yet may they nat (without theyr owne great shame)  
Dispraise my wrytynge boldly by any way  
Nor rasshly yll wordes ayenst the same to say

Yet dout I nat<sup>r</sup>: but surely knowe it well  
 That some shall be whiche ayenst my wrytynge  
 With harde and frowarde wordes shall rebell  
 And it contynue, and hurt in euery thyng  
 But if that suche be wyse men and cunnyng  
 They shall my youth pardone, and vnchraftynes  
 Whiche onely translate, to eschewe ydelnes

But if some other be troubled by enuy  
 As brybours to barke agaynst my besynes  
 They ought to cesse, for my boke certaynly  
 I haue compyled, for vertue and goodnes  
 And to reuyle foule synne and viciousnes  
 At first begynnynge lyke as I toke the charge  
 Requyringe pardon if I haue ben to large

To wryte playne trouth was my chefe mynde and wyll  
 But if any thynke that I hyt hym to nere  
 Let hym nat grutche but kepe hym coy and styll  
 And clawe were it itchyth so drawynge hym arere  
 For if he be hasty, it playnly shall apere  
 That he is fauty, gylty, and culpable  
 So shall men repute hym worthy of a bable

But be they angry or be they well apayde  
 This thyng oft prouyd is by experyence  
 He that is gylty thynketh all that is sayde  
 Is spokyn of hym, and touchynge his offence  
 I fele well the hyssynge and malyuolence  
 Of some enuyours whiche doth my warke disdayne  
 But my playne Balade comfortyth me agayne

Suche Folyes namely agaynst my boke shall barke  
As nought haue in them but synne and viciousnes  
Leuyng all besynes vertuous and good warke  
And gyuyng them selfe to slouth and ydylnes  
Horace the poet doth in his warke expres  
That both wyse and vnwyse dyuers warkes wryte  
Some to gode : and pleasour, and some but small profyte

But if my warke be nat moche delactable  
Nor gayly payntyd with termys of eloquence  
I pray that at lest it may be profytable  
To bryng men out of theyr synne and olde offence  
Into the noble way of good intellygence  
I care nat for folysshe bacbyters, let them passe  
The swete Cymball is no pleasour to an asse

Melodyous myrth to bestis is vncouthe  
And the swete graffis of wysdome and doctryne  
Sauoureth no thyng within a folys mouthe  
Whiche to the same disdayneth to inclyne  
Cast precious stones or golde amonges swyne  
And they had leuer haue dreggis fylth or chaffe  
No meruayle : for they : were norysshed vp with draffe

Therefore o reders I you exort and pray  
Rede ouer this warke well and intentyfly  
Expell hie mynde, put statelynes away  
Barke nat therat : loke nat theron awry  
With countenance pale expressyng your enuy  
If ought be amyse : of that take ye no hede  
Tend to the best than shall ye haue the mede

Be pleased withall, and if that ye ought fynde  
Nat ordred well, and as it ought to be  
Whiche may displeas or discontent your mynde  
In wantonnes, or in to and grauyte  
Or sharply spoken with to great audacyte  
Vnto your correccion all hole I do submyt  
If ought be amys it is for lacke of wyt.

THE NUOY OF BARCLAY.

Ye folys enuyous detractynge eche good dede  
Expell your malyce, and, yre, and ougly syn  
And to your selfe, and your owne warke take hede  
Howe yll infect and foule ye ar within  
Correct your selfe : so sholde ye first begyn  
And than teche other to vertue to aply  
And nat by malyce on them to grutche and gryn  
Or behynde theyr backe them sclander by enuy

Of immoderate vylenes, in maners, vsyd  
at the table.



It is thyng lafull : and nat vncommendable  
To touche the yll maners, the foule and lothsome wayes  
Whiche dyuers folys nowe vsyth at the table  
Whiche ar so past all shame, that nowe a dayes  
But fewe or none, there honest wordes sayes  
Of pleasaunt norture they haue no care nor hede  
But bestely intende as swyne theyr wombe to fede

I thought that I had fyllyd suffyciently  
 This boke with folys : and men persuyng syn  
 And endyd my rebukes : but yet one company  
 (Of other folys doth) vnto my nauy ryn  
 Cryeng with lowde voyce : captayne abyde, haue in  
 I kest an Anker : and restyng at that worde  
 Sende forth a bote : them to receyue abrode

But vnderstonde ye what company they be :  
 I you ensure that fewe of all the sort  
 Ar gyuen greatly to disceyt or sotylte  
 In couetyse, or gayne haue fewe of them comfort  
 But they echone that to this shyp resorte  
 Ar lothsome Folys of norture clene pryuate  
 Fedynge at theyr mete : euyng after swynys rate

In shamefull vse : voyde of all shamefastnes  
 All theyr hole dedes : ar without reuerence  
 But lyke to vnresonable bestis in vylenes  
 Bytwene them and swyne as lytell difference  
 They spare no coyne, no coste, nor yet expence  
 But brede, and mete, dayntynges, bere, ale, and wyne  
 They drynke, and deuour, lyke wyse as it were swyne

The first of this sort whome I intende to blame  
 Ar suche as intende theyr lothsome wombe to fede  
 Or theyr face be wasshyd or handes : and the same  
 Do they or they say theyr Aue, or theyr Crede  
 As for theyr Pater noster : of it take they no hede  
 And for the great gyftis that they of god obtayne  
 They render no gracis ne thankes to hym agayne

Theyr lypis ar foule, dryuelynge on euery syde  
Within theyr handes is vyle fylth and ordure  
Theyr noses droppynge, in vylenes is theyr pryde  
Theyr iyen rawky, and all theyr face vnpure  
By suche vylenes disfygure they nature  
Theyr chekis dyrtly : Theyr tethe by rustynes  
Blacke, foule, and rottyn, expressyth theyr vylenes

No honestye, maner, norture nor clenlynes  
Is in these wretchys, for they the same disdayne  
He is kynge of dronkardes and of dronkenes  
Reputyd of them : the whiche is moste vylayne  
As gruntynge and drynkynge, rebokynge vp agayne  
And that can excyte his felawes to glotony  
Techynge them the bowles and pottis to occupy

Some drynkes : some quaxes the canykyn halfe full  
And some all out, chargynge hym in suche wyse  
That the wyne semyth for to ryue his skull  
That he hath no power from the borde to ryse  
Than bokes he all vp after the comon gyse  
(So longe he drynkyth) yet other haue no shame  
Seynge all the table couered with the same

Than drynke they about, euery fole to other  
In order : but he that doth forsake the pot  
Shall no more be taken as felawe frende and brother  
But cast out of company, callyd fole and sot  
The other stryue drynkynge, echone by lot  
It nought auayleth these caytyfs to reuyle  
Shewynge howe this vse theyr soulys doth defyle



It weryeth the bodye, by anger and syknes  
 Styrynge it to wrath, to fyghtyng and varyaunce  
 Nought is wors than contynuall dronkenes  
 For dyuers sores, great sekenes and greuaunce  
 Procedyth therof by longe contynuaunce  
 It lowsyth the body, troublynge eche ioynt and vayne  
 The wyt it wastyth, blyndynge the mynde and brayne

O cursyd maners, o vse abhomynable  
 O bestelynes, agaynst nature humayne  
 Whether is become the reuerence of the table  
 The moderate honour of it is lost agayne  
 Where is Curius and abstynence souerayne  
 Where is olde Persymony wont to be so gode  
 Where is the olde mesure of mannys lyfe and fode

Where is the bryght worshyp therof nowe become  
 Where is the clenlynes, and maners euerychone  
 Of the borde or table, vsed amonge some  
 Of our fore Faders that nowe ar dede and gone  
 But we vse nought but bestelynes alone  
 In worde and dede corrupt with vylany  
 In stede of good talkynge vse we rybawdry

Gone is the honour and costomes moderate  
 Measure is despysyd: ryght so is honestye  
 With hye and lowe: both pore man and estate  
 Yet at the table another vse we se  
 Whiche is vnlauffull, and ought nat vsed be  
 That folys at the borde haue oft the hiest stage  
 The boy lokes to syt before a man of age

Thus is no order obseruyd at the table  
Honestye hath the hiest place no more  
But eche man is reputyd honorable  
After his ryches, his treasour and his store  
The vyle Churle shall syt and drynke before  
Thus at the table is gyuen all honour  
Nat after vertue, but after vayne treasour

To mannys maners no respect they haue  
They take gode and yll almoste indifferently  
A gentyl man somtyme is set beneth a knaue  
Without honestye, and moche vnreuerently  
But whan these bestis hath set them selfe thus hye  
In handlynge or tastynge, mete, bere, ale, or wyne  
Them selfe behaue they moche bestelyer than swyne

One swalloweth into his throte a soppe or twayne  
Another drunkard, goth to, so hastely  
That all together he castyth vp agayne  
Another with fyngers foule and vnmanerly  
Tossyth vp the mete, or lyftyth it a hye  
Vnto his foule nose holdyng it to wete  
If it may lyke hym : and if the sent be swete

Some drynketh, the lycour on euery syde rennyng  
Of his vyle mouth pollute : foule and horryble  
Some whan the cuppis ar empty hyely synge  
Some voyde mo cuppis than man wolde thynke possyble  
And other some, galons : so that theyr ioyntis ar feble  
They vomtyng agayne, rorynge vnmanerly  
Troublyng the ayre, with barkyng, noyse and cry

Some synge, and reuell as in bacchus sacryfyce  
 As rauysshid with furour, whiche Bacchus doth blynde  
 Theyr myndes : attysynge them vnto euery vyce  
 And loke whome this sort moste vngoodly can fynde  
 He shall the borde haue ruled by his mynde  
 He brastyth a glasse or cup at euery worde  
 So that the drynke ouercouereth all the borde

Some pull from theyr felawes with hande rauysshynge  
 And from that mease that nere to them doth syt  
 They taste the swetttest and best of euery thyng  
 Thus Sardanapalus : whiche onely dyd comyt  
 His mynde to vyle lust : without reason or wyt  
 Hath nowe many felawes : whome lust, corrupt and vyle  
 Fedyth and whome lackynge of mesure doth defyle

Suche ar best pleasyd with thynges Immoderate  
 But what man can wryte all vylenes of the table  
 And all the folyes vsyd in dyuers rate  
 Syns wyse men lyue nat all in way semblable  
 Theyr lyuyng and maners ar greatly varyble  
 For euery Nacyon at table hathe his gyse  
 Some we commende, and other some despyse

The grekis Latyns, and the men of Almayne  
 In theyr behauour many other thynges vse  
 Agaynst the vse of Englonde, Fraunce or spayne  
 The Turkes and Paynymys haue also in them mysuse  
 And men of ynde these wayes afore, refuse  
 Hauynge other maner : yet other them despyce  
 Thus euery Nacion lyuyng hath his gyse

Mennys maners ar moche dyuers and varyable  
Theyr wyll vnlyke in pleasour and solace  
Eche royalmehath fedyngedyuers at the table  
And dyuers is theyr lyfe almost in euery place  
Yet ought they all with herte and mynde to embrace  
Wyse talkyngge, and maners longyngge to honeste  
Auoydyngge foule wordes, and bestyalyte

The swynes lyuyngge we all ought to eschewe  
In worde and dede we ought to auoyde excesse  
With communycacion, of goodnes, and vertue  
Folowyngge the way of honest clenlynesse  
And with all our herte, our mynde, and lowe mekenes  
Yelde thankes and gracis to god omnypotent  
For suche goodes, as he : vnto vs hath sent

We ar nat borne into this worlde here  
Alway to ete, as bestis vnreasonable  
And euery houre : to vse suche bestely chere  
Ouerchargyngge nature by vse abhomynable  
But to refresshe vs by wayes mesurable  
Our lyfe and body togyder to preserue  
And hour of melys, by dyete to obserue

That mete and drynke shall do all men moste gode  
That is receyued without superflue exces  
To confort the body, and to norysshe the blode  
Our soule is a spyryt as scripture doth expres  
Wherfore it may nat rest in place of drynes  
So must we our blode norysshe and meyntyne  
For in the same our spyryte doth remayne

266 *Of immoderate vylenes vsyd at the table.*

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But in euery thyng is ordre and mesure  
By to great exces, and superfluyte  
The soule and lyfe, may by no mean indure  
And in lyke wyse by to great scarsyte  
But this we fynde that many one, mo dye  
By glotony, excesse, and lyuyng bestyall  
Than by hunger, knyfe, or deth naturall

In lordes courtis were wont vsyd to be  
Gode maners, worthy, honest and commendable  
Wherby all other myght lerne honestye  
But nowe ar the maners there no thyng laudable  
But corrupt, and foule, but namely at the table  
In dronken glotony is theyr chefe, sport and game  
And rybaude wordes without all fere and shame

Norture fro them by suche vyce is exyled  
Theyr olde name, and fame of honestye  
Ar vnder fote, so worshyp is exylyd  
Nat onely from the court and men of hye degre  
But also from the symple comontee  
Both yonge and olde, vsyth suche excesse  
At tables, without maners of honest clenlynes.

THENUOY OF BARCLAY.

Ye men vnmanerde, to whome intellygence  
And wysdome ar gyuen, by the Prynce celestyall  
It is to you shame, that no maner difference  
Is bytwene your lyfe, and maners, bestyall  
And that at the table in chefe and pryncypall  
It is an olde saynge that man ought of dutye  
Behaue hym on hyll, lyke as he wolde in hall  
Vsyng and accostomyng hym to honestye

Of folys disgysyd with vysers and other  
counterfayte apparayle.



Democritus laughed to scorne and dyd despy se  
These folysse games and worldly vanyte  
And suche folys as oft them selfe disgyse  
By counterfayt vysers exprssyng what they be  
But other wyse Cynicus a man of grauyte  
Oft tyme bewayled the bytter and harde chaunce  
Seynge in the worlde of folys suche abundaunce

If Democritus sholde nowe agayne be borne  
Or in our tyme, if he lyued : doutles  
He sholde, the men nowe lyuyng laugh to scorne  
For theyr dyuers synnes and wylfull folysshenes  
And Crassus also, for all his great sadnes  
Sholde laugh to scorne, our folysse lyfe and wayes  
Thoughe he neuer laughed but onys in all his dayes

But namely sholde he laughe : if that he myght se  
The wayes of men in this our tyme lyuyng  
Howe they with vyers dayle disgysed be  
Them selfe difformyng almost in euery thyng  
Whan they ar disgysyd to them it is semyng  
That no syn is gret : nor soundyng to theyr shame  
Syns theyr foule vyers therof can cloke the fame

To euery yll : theyr lewde lyfe doth them drawe  
They wander ragyng more madly in theyr vyce  
Than doth suche people as forsake goodes lawe  
Whan to theyr ydols they make theyr sacrifyce  
Whose names to tell as for nowe I despise  
But as for these Folys, arayed in theyr rage  
They kepe almost eyn suche lyke vsage

The one hath a vyser vgly : set on his face  
Another hath on, vyle counterfayte vesture  
Or payntyth his vysage with fume in suche case  
That what he is hym selfe is skantly sure  
Another by pryde his wyt hath so obscure  
To hyre the busshe of one that late is dede  
Therwith to disgyse his folys dotyng hede

Some counterfayte theyr tethe in a strayinge wyse  
Some for a mocke hath on gowne of whyte  
And other some in straunge londes gyse  
Aray them selfe, eche after his delyte  
And other some besyde theyr vayne habyte  
Defyle theyr faces : so that playne trowth to tell  
They ar more fowle, than the blacke Deuyll of hell

Than cary they theyr instrumentis musycall  
About : of theyr louers wyllynge to be sene  
And theyr wanton hertis for to disceyue withall  
But happy is she that can her selfe kepe clene  
From these mad folys : for all that euer they meane  
Is vnder theyr deuyls clothyng as they go  
The deuyllys workes for to commyt also

They disceyue myndes chaste and innocent  
With dyuers wayes whiche I wyll nat expres  
Lyst that whyle I labour this cursyd gyse to stynt  
I myght to them mynyster example of lewdnes  
And therefore in this part I shall say les  
Than doth my actour : and that in dyuers clauses  
Whiche is nat done without suffycyent causes

Many one whiche hath nat done amys  
All the hole yere : but kept hym from all vyce  
Fallyth vnto synne : whan this disgysynge is  
For some in baudy wordes them exercyce  
To venus warkes yonge wymen to attyce  
But all theyr maners : if that I sholde shewe playne  
It were to longe : and labour without gayne



These folys that them selfe disgyseth thus  
In theyr lewde gestis doth outwarde represent  
The frowarde festis of the Idoll Saturnus  
And other disceytfull, goddes and fraudelent  
Or els rather : forsoth in myne intent  
That they ar wyckyd spiritis I byleue  
Sende out of hell (to erth) mankynde to greue

With dyuers fassyons they hyde the same vysage  
Whiche god hath made vnto his owne lykenes  
And gyuen to Adam and all his hole lynage  
For to remember his excellent goodnes  
But these lewde wretchys by theyr folysshnes  
Defylyth nature, hauynge a chefe pleasaunce  
For to disfygure theyr shape and countenaunce

Yet haue they no fere of god : ne drede of shame  
Them selfe to disfygure this wyse agaynst kynde  
But besyde this : some them selfe fayneth lame  
Some counterfayt them as they were fully blynde  
And yonge gentylnen wyll nat abyde behynde  
Some them disgyse euyne as the other do  
And so go forth as folys amonge the mo

Some goeth on four disfourmed as a bere  
Some fayne them coked, and some impotent  
Some with theyr fyngers theyr iyen abroad blere  
And yet that is wors : and worthy punysshment  
These folys disgysed moste set theyr intent  
On hyst dayes, and most solemne also  
In suche disfygured maner for to go

As is christis feste or his Natyuyte  
At Ester, and moste speciall at wytsontyde  
Whan eche creature sholde best disposyd be  
Settynge all worldly vanytees asyde  
Than Venus stryfes accompanied with pryde  
Ar led by daunsynge, and other them disgyse  
These holy festis alas thus they despyse

Whan the bytter passyon of Christ our sauour  
Sholde be remembred : these wretchyd folys ryn  
To theyr disgysynge, vanyte and errour  
To seke occasyon therby of dedely syn  
Thus lytell they coueyt the heuenly ioy to wyn  
With Crist our sauour alas suche ryse to late  
For worldly synne them holdyth in one state

Therefore let these Folys auoyde this mad mysuse  
And folowe the right way of vertuous grauyte  
Let them these lewde disgysynges clene refuse  
For nought is therin : saue worldly vanyte  
It is vnlefull, It can none other be  
Where god made man eche creature to excell  
Than man to make hym selfe a deuyll of hell

I haue harde that a certayne man was slayne  
Beynge disgysyd as a Fowle fende horryble  
Whiche was anone caryed to hell payne  
By suche a fende. whiche is nat impossyble  
It was his right it may be so credyble  
For that whiche he caryed with hym away  
Was his vysage : and his owne leueray

THENUOY OF ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

Man be content with thy owne nature  
As god hath made the of shape and countenance  
Diffourme nat thy body, thy vysage or fygure  
Nor yet in vesture : in play, disgyse or daunce  
Art thou nat made to goddes owne semblaunce  
Than certaynely thou art greatly to blame  
By the blynde pryde of thy mysgouernaunce  
Presumptuously to counterfayt the same

## The description of a wyse man.



A man that is gode: endued with sapience  
Repreuyth dedys nat good ne commendable  
He chastyseth wordes: wherof myght growe offence  
And that to the ere haue sounde abhomynable  
But vnto the soule his wordes ar profytable  
He techyth vertue: hauynge inwarde regarde  
To his owne dedys: or he procede forwarde

He auoydeth all yll and worldly vanyte  
Sekynge and louynge the harde way of goodnes  
And his hole lyfe in that way ordreth he  
In euery thyng auoydyng great excesse  
The noble virgyll in wrytynge doth expresse  
A wyse man describyng his poyntis nere echone  
What maner man, in our tyme lyueth none

Of Socrates the hyghe maieste souerayne  
In this part had the hyghest degre  
And went moste nere the hie name to attayne  
For in his maners and lyuyng lyke was he  
To suche a man : as we may wryten se  
In the crafty Poesye of excellent virgyll  
This worthy Socrates was ruler of his wyll

Within his boundys kepyng alway the same  
He holly of hymselfe dependyd stedfastly  
So constant and parfyt that none coude hym blame  
Except it were by malyce and enuy  
He was prouydent : gode and eche thyng wolde aply  
Vnto the best : nat doynge to any creature  
But that : whiche gladly he wolde agayne indure

And euery man that is in suche case  
Of this goodnes to kepe the godly way  
Within his herte hath many gyftis of grace  
Shynynge as bryght as is the sonny day  
His owne dedes doth he iuge by rightwyse way  
Nat caryng for the grutches of the rude commonte  
Takyng euyng lyke welth and aduersyte

By his prouysyon he euer is safe and sure  
From outwarde thynges his mynde doth he abstayne  
He hath no brybes of any creature  
To fauour syn, or yll men to meyntayne  
He euer is fre: lyberall: true and playne  
With stedfast mynde, he vayne desyre doth hate  
Desyrynge no thyng: but that is moderate

He all is foundyd in parfyte stablenes  
Nat gyuyng hym selfe to rest in any wyse  
Before he can by good prouysion dresse  
All thyng that to his lyuyng may suffyce  
A pryuat profyte, he alway doth despyse  
In respect of the wele of a hole comonte  
Conioynge thyng honest with his vtylyte

He euery day doth some thyng, great or small  
Aparteynyng to goodnes, laude and honestye  
O wolde god that suche fortune myght vs fall  
That in this our tyme, suche men myght with vs be  
And that men endued with wyt and grauyte  
Myght teche the same, to magnify doctryne  
And that the ignoraunt wolde to theyr lore inclyne

We ought nat sothly to meruayle in this case  
That of the folysshe folke a sort innumerable  
Multyplyeth thus almoste in euery place  
The cause is playne, for certis without fable  
Wysdome is banysshed, as thyng nat profytable  
Out of the worlde with woundes on euery syde  
We graunt no place to hir with vs to byde

Who that wyll labour in this our wretchyd tyme  
To lyue in wysdome vertue and goodnes  
Is clene dispysyd of them that lyue in cryme  
Gyuen to all synne and all vnthryftynes  
They call hym folysshe, rude and full of madnes  
But he that can fraude crafty : and gylefull wayes  
Hath name of nobles, and wysdome nowe adayes

Gode Aristydes for all his rightwysenes  
In this our tyme sholde nat be of great pryse  
Fabricius and Curius, for all theyr hye goodnes  
Sholde be despysyd : and Cato sad and wyse  
Sholde nowe be mocked of suche as lyue in vyce  
For it is sayde, aud prouyd true and verytable  
That folys hath no pleasour but onely in they bable

Of noble Plato : what sholde the sect dyuyn  
Do amonge men that nowe adayes ar borne  
They sholde for all theyr wysdome and doctryne  
Of suche folys be laughed vnto scorne  
And if they trouth vttred : be all to rent and torne  
For the lawde and glory of this tyme nowe present  
Ar gyuen vnto folys : men fals and fraudelent

The company of men that lackyth wyt  
Is best exaltd (as nowe) in euery place  
And in the chayr, or hiest rowme shall syt  
Promotyng none : but suche as sue theyr trace  
They ryches thynke moste speciall gyft of grace  
But whan a Fole is thus become a state  
He shall with his foly good myndes violate

If the noble royalme of Englonde wolde auauance  
In our dayes : men of vertue and prudence  
Eche man rewardeynge after his gouernaunce  
As the wyse with honour and rowme of excellence  
And the yll with greuouse payne for theyr offence  
Than sholde our famous laude of olde obtayned  
Nat bene decayed, oppressyd and thus distayned

If men of wysdome were brought out of the scolys  
And after theyr vertue set in moste hye degre  
My shyp sholde nat haue led so many folys  
Both of men temporall, and of the spiritualyte  
Whiche in the wawes of the tempestuous se  
Of this wretchyd worlde moche payne and wo abyde  
For lacke of wyt, and reason, them to gyde

But none doth iuge hym selfe for his offence  
With godly wysdome none doth endue his mynde  
None parfytely wyll serche his conscyence  
Suche fautis expellynge as he therin doth fynde  
These worldly pleasours, alas mankynde doth blynde  
So sore : that if the worlde hole were sought  
Fewe sholde be founde that lyue ryght as they ought

And therefore in wordes both of sadnes and sport  
With folysse Cotis and hodes I haue disgysed  
Of these Folys a great and meruaylous sort  
Lyke as my mayster Brant had first deuysyd  
But of these Folys though good men be despysyd  
And had as Folys, no meruayle is truly  
For in a folys syght hye wysdome is foly



But though these folys repute men of wysdome  
As wors than they : yet let them lyue and do  
As virgyll techyth, wysely, and they shall come  
To heuen whan that theyr soule shall hens go  
They nought shall knowe of mysery nor wo  
And for theyr lyfe ledynge here in rightwysnes  
Shall be theyr rewarde the heuenly blyssydnes

Thoughe wysemen here, of folys be opprest  
Had in derysion : and kept in lowe degre  
For this theyr trouble eternall ioy and rest  
In goddes hye presence to them rewarde shall be  
Wherfore o man I warne and counsell the  
Prepare thy selfe to wysdome and prudence  
Do thou hir honour with loue and reuerence

Wysedome shall men auauunce vnto honour  
So Barclay wyssheth and styll shall tyll he dye  
Parfytely pray to god our creatour  
That vertuous men and wyse may haue degre  
(As they ar worthy) of lawde and dygnyte  
But namely to his frende bysshop by name  
Before all other desyreth he the same

Whiche was the first ouersear of this warke  
And vnto his frende gaue his aduysement  
It nat to suffer to slepe styll in the darke  
But to be publysshyd abrode : and put to prent  
To thy monycion my bysshop I assent  
Besechynge god that I that day may se  
That thy honour may prospere and augment  
So that thy name and offyce may agre

Thy name to worshyp and honour doth accorde  
As borne a bysshop without a benefyce  
Thy lyuyng small: thy name is of a lorde  
And though thou nowe be stryke with couetyse  
That vyce shall slake in the if thou aryse  
(As I suppose) and lyberalyte  
Shall suche fortune for the by grace deuise  
So that thy name and offyce shall agre

But if that fortune to thy goodnes enuye  
As though she wolde: the nat honour to attayne  
Yet let hir passe: and hir fraylenes defye  
For all hir gyftis ar frayle and vncertayne  
If she nat smyle on the but haue disdayne  
The to promote to welth and dignyte  
To olde acquayntaunce be stedfast true and playne  
Than shall thy goodnes and thy name agre

Let pas the worlde for nought in it is stable  
The greater Baylyf the sorer is his payne  
Some men that late were callyd honorable  
Dyd theyr promosyon after sore complayne  
No wyse man is desyrous to obtayne  
The forked cap without he worthy be  
As ar but fewe: but be thou glad and fayne  
That thy good name and maners may agre

In this short balade I can nat comprehende  
All my full purpose that I wolde to the wryte  
But fayne I wolde that thou sholde sone assende  
To heuenly worshyp and celestyall delyte

280 *The description of a wyse man.*

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Than sholde I after my pore wyt, and respyt,  
Display thy name, and great kyndnes to me  
But at this tyme no farther I indyte  
But pray that thy name and worshyp may agre.

Of folys that dispysse wysdome and Phylo-  
sophy and a commendacion of the same.



With dolefull dolour : it sorowd ought to be  
That nowe adayes the wysdome and doctryne  
Of wyse men, iust, and full of grauyte  
Is nought set by : but fallyth to ruyne  
But folys that to wysdome wyll nat inclyne  
Spyttyth for despyte on hym the whiche is wyse  
And all his dedys doth vtterly despysse

The rude commontye, that wyt and wysedome lacke  
 Labouryth with all the power that they may  
 Wyse men and gode: to thyrst into a sacke  
 For vnder fote of Folys without nay  
 Phylosophy lyeth, oppressyd nyght and day  
 Folys it repute nought worth ne profytable  
 They haue delyte: in men to them semblable

Who euer he be that purposyth in mynde  
 The holy Toure of wysdome to attayne  
 And coueytyth his rest in it to fynde  
 Despysynge worldly welth and ioy mundayne  
 He must both hande and tunge fro synne refrayne  
 Obseruyng his body in grace by chastyte  
 And than of wysdome receyued shall he be

Phylosophy doth mannys mynde compace  
 With syghtis and iyen replete with holynes  
 To man it gyueth right many gyftis of grace  
 As eloquence: and waye of rightwysnes  
 It man confortyth oppressyd in sadnes  
 By holy doctryne, and it doth socour fynde  
 For all yll mouynges, and fantasies of mynde

It techyth man to all vertues to inclyne  
 It shewyth the way for to lyue vertuously  
 And by suche lore and vertuous doctryne  
 It techyth them that truly it aply  
 The heuenly way: vnto the sterres a hye  
 We sadnes and sorowe may fle by this wysdome  
 And greuous chaunces or fallys by it ouercome

The father of heuen our lorde omnypotent  
Of his great grace and infynyte goodnes  
Hath sende this scyence to people innocent  
To shewe them the way of grace and rightwysnes  
All hir aparayle agreyth to holynes  
Therwith she offreth frely to cloth mankynde  
Sawynge hir sede of vertue in theyr mynde

She coueryth hir hede with vale of chastyte  
Hir body clothyd with pall of the same sort  
The rosys purpyll of fayre humylyte  
Spredyth the grounde where as she doth resort  
Wherfore let euery wyse man haue confort  
Onely in wysedomys presence and seruyce  
For where she rayneth subdued is euery vyce

She fedeth man with the dylycious drynke  
Of parfyte wysdome : all vyce therby to fle  
And vnto hym that euer on hir doth thynke  
She grauntyth honour of parfyte lybertye  
Whyle she is gyde the herte and mynde are fre  
For she expellyth : vyce and mysgouernaunce  
Whiche ar rote of mysfortune and mychaunce

She gyueth laudes to all them that hir loue  
And by hir doctryne and worthy sapyence  
The wyse ascendyth to the hye heuen aboue  
And to iust lyuers : and men of innocence  
Heuen yates she opyns theyr dedes to recompence  
Thus wysdome is chefe gyder of our lyfe  
In blyssyd rest : slakyng debate and stryfe

None lyueth so fyers, nor so cruell tyrant  
 But that noble wysedome by parfyte pacyence  
 Shall hym ouercome : but he that wyt doth want  
 For lacke of wysedome oft fallyth to offence  
 There is no lorde ne Prynce of excellence  
 That can well gyde his scepter and kyngdome  
 Without the helpe and counsell of wysedome

Wysdome is moder of fayth : and of iustyce  
 And all goodnes doth of it growe and sprynge  
 But yet moste people nowe insuyth vyce  
 Fulfyllynge theyr folysshe lust in euery thyng  
 They foly folowe, but wysedome and cunnyng  
 They clene dispysse : hauynge scorne and enuy  
 At suche god men as them to it aply

But leue this foly, o wretchyd men alas  
 And both yonge and olde fast spede you to obtayne  
 The godly gyftis of excellent pallas  
 Endeuour your selfe to drynke of hir fountayne  
 But o disciples of wysdome : spare no payne  
 To help your moder : for if ye be to slacke  
 The rude comontye shall thrust hir in a sacke

A LEMENTACION OF BARCLAY FOR THE RUYNE AND  
 FALL OF WYSDOME.

O synfull season : sore drownyd in derkenes  
 O wylfull foly o thou proude ignoraunce  
 Howe longe shall ye mankynde thus wyse oppres  
 That none almost in wysdome hath pleasaunce

But men myslyuyng in mad mysgouernaunce  
Ar so with statis in fauour loue and grace  
That with them wysdome can haue none acquayntaunce  
But clene exyled and foly in hir place

Alas the tyme : that wyse men of mekenes  
Sholde be despysyd : yet fallen is that chaunce  
Nought is set by : saue treasour and ryches  
Playne trouth is foly : and pouertye penaunce  
Boldnes and bostyng ledyth all the daunce  
Venus all techyth for to insue hir trace  
Fals flatery the most part doth auauance  
But gone is wysdome and foly in hir place

Foule falshode hath confoundyd faythfulnes  
The newe disgyses hath left Almayne and Fraunce  
And come to Englonde : and eche vnclenlynes  
Doth lede vs wretchys, we make no purueaunce  
Agaynst our ende whan deth shall with his launce  
Consume this lyfe : we may bewayle this case  
Our wordes ar folysshe : so is our countenaunce  
Thus gone is wysdome, and foly in hir place

Who can rehers eche sort of folysshenes  
That vs mysgydeth through our mysordynaunce  
Lust is our Lady : and glotony maystres  
Sobernes is gone : and stately arrogaunce  
Hath mekenes slayne : alas this is greuaunce  
Vnto my herte : expellynge all solace  
O glorious god direct this perturbaunce  
That wysdome may agayne obtayne hir place



A concertacion or stryuyngge bytwene  
vertue and voluptuosyte : or carnall lust.



Beholde here man dyrect thy syght to se  
For in this balade I shall vnto the shewe  
The stryfe of vyce and voluptuosyte  
Had in contempt of goodnes and vertue  
But do thou so that vertue may subdue  
Foule carnall lust whose pleasour is but vayne  
Firste full of myrth: endyngge in bytter payne

Whyle Hercules lay slepyng (as I rede)  
Two wayes he sawe full of diffyculte  
The one of pleasour : at ende gyuyng no mede  
The other of vertue auaunsyng eche degre  
But of both these two wayes whan that he  
Had sought the state : the ende, and the strayghtnes  
The way he entred of vertue and goodnes

Therefore o reder that hast wyll to inclyne  
To souerayne vertue that is incomperable  
Thy mynde aplyenge stedfast to hir doctryne  
Ouer rede this balade for it is profytable  
And though thou thynke it but a fayned fable  
Yet red it gladly : but if thou be to haut  
Fle from it fast and fynde in it no faut

We pardon requyre where as we do offende  
Grauntyng the same to other vsyng to wryte  
None doth so well but some may it amende  
But namely if it be done without respyte.  
None without leyser : can voyde of fauꝝ endyte  
And mannys wyt, as dayly doth apere  
Somtyme is dull : somtyme parfyte and clere

With wordes playne : I viciousnes confounde  
Oppressyng men with fals flatryng semblaunt  
And throwyng Venus tentis to the grounde  
But vertue I lawde : as goodnes moste plesaunt  
Whiche with hir wepen most stronge and tryumphaut  
Subduyth vyce : and all suche as hir loue  
With hir she ledyth to the hye royalme aboue

Therefore let euery man, mayde, childe, and wyfe  
In theyr yonge age to vertue them inclyne  
Lernynge of hir the way to lede theyr lyfe  
As of maysteres moste holsome in doctryne  
Who hir insuys assayeth no ruyne  
For hir rewarde is sure, and eternall  
In erth here : and in the royalme celestyall

Thus shall he lyue in perpetuyte.  
But let echone auoyde the viciousnes  
To hym promysyd by voluptuosyte  
Hir warkes ar all oppressyd with blyndnes  
And where as she can wanton youth oppres  
She hym so rotyth in slouth and neglygence  
That nede shall cause hym fall to all offence

Lust brakyth the mynde : and as we often se  
It blyndyth the vnderstondynge and the wyt  
From mannys hert it chasis chastyte  
All mortall venym hath the chefe rote in it  
None can be helyd that hath hir byt  
But noble blode she most of all doth blynde  
Whiche more on hir : than vertue haue theyr mynde

Therefore yonge men gyue aduertence and hede  
Here shall ye se : and so shall feble age  
What yll of worldly pleasour doth procede  
And howe she bryngeth some men to great damage  
Than shall ye here what good and auauntage  
What welth what rest, what honour and ryches  
Comys to mankynde by vertue and goodnes

The obiection of lust blamyng vertue.



Lo gorgays galantis : lo galantis here am I  
Lo here fayre lust : full enmy to vertue  
Clothyd in laurer : in sygne of victory  
The large worlde I hole to me subdue  
My stremynge standardes alayd with sundry hewe  
In tryumphe shynyth bryghter than the sonne  
I all the worlde to my Emyre haue wonne

290 *The obiection of lust blamyng vertue.*

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All fragaunt floures most pleasaunt : gay and swete  
Whose sundry sortis no lyuyng man can tell  
Vnto my pleasour ar spred vnder my fete  
That all the ayre enioyeth of the smell  
The vyolet that in odour doth excell  
About in bosom by me alway I bere  
The same oft tyme inlasyd with my here

All my vesture : is of golde pure  
My gay Chaplet, with stonys set  
With couerture : of fyne asure  
In syluer net my here up knet  
Soft sylke bytwene lyst it myght fret  
My purpyll pall, ouercouereth all  
Clere as Christall : no thyng e gall

My wanton face : louers to embrace : my wanton iye  
In suche a case : shewe them solace : that none ar fre  
So louers be subiet to me : in euery plame  
My hye beautye : voyde of bounte : doth them inlace  
To hunt to chace : to daunce : to trace : what one is he  
That beryth face : or hath that grace : on londe or se  
In lyke degre hym selfe to se : my pleasaunt pace  
Is lyght as fle : thus none that be : can me compace

I cast my pleasours : and hony swete  
Ouer all the worlde none can beware  
Nor loke so surely vnto his fete  
But that I tangle hym in my snare  
Whan I with youth can mete  
With reason nat well replete  
In lust I cause hym flete  
Of grace barayne and bare

What man is he that can beware  
Whan I my nettis abroad display  
Namely to youth I me repare  
I blynde theyr hertis sorest alway  
I take no thought ne care  
Howe euer the worlde fare  
No season fre I spare  
Frome pleasour : nyght nor day

With harpe in hande, alway I stande  
Passyng eche hour : in swete pleasour  
A wanton bande : of euery lande  
Ar in my tour, me to honour  
Some of voloure, some bare and poure  
Kynges in theyr pryde, syt by my syde  
Euery fresshe flour, of swete odour  
To them I prouyde, that with me byde

Whan the stature, of my fygure  
With golde shynyng, is hye standyng  
They that inure, in my pleasure  
With herte wandryng, moche swetely synge  
Garlandes of golde, to me offryng  
And me beholde with countenance  
Smylyng, laughyng : eche wanton thyng  
On myrth musyng, lernyng to daunce

Mo men me honour : for my pleasaunce  
Than worshyp the mother of the hye kyng  
I shewe them myrth, she harde penaunce  
I pleasaunt lust : She chast lyuyng

292 *The obiection of lust blamyng vertue.*

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Who euer they be, that folowe me  
And gladly fle : to any standarde  
They shall be fre : nat sek nor se  
Aduersyte : nor paynes harde

? may

No poynt of payne, shall he sustayne  
But ioy souerayne, whyle he is here  
No frost ne rayne, there shall distayne,  
His face by payne, ne hurt his chere

He shall his hede, cast to no drede  
To get the mede, and lawde of warre  
Nor yet haue nede, for to take hede  
Howe batayles spede, but stande a farre

Nor yet be bounde, to care the sounde  
Of man : or grounde : or trumpet shyll  
Strokes that redounde, shall nat confounde  
Nor his mynde wounde : but if he wyll

Who wyll subdue, hym to insue  
My pleasours newe : that I demayne  
I shall hym shewe : way to eschewe  
Where hardnes grewe : and to fle payne

The swetnes of loue he shall assay  
But suche as my pleasours hate and dispyse  
In hardnes lyue and bytter payne alway  
In dolour drowned, and that in greuous wyse  
Endynge theyr lyfe after a wretchyd gyse  
By couetyse, abstaynyng their pleasour  
Chaungynge swetnes for bytter payne and sour

By pleasaunt lust I callyd am ouer all  
Prynces pereles and glorious goddes  
Of me procedyth pleasour : as is egall  
To come of a hye and noble Empres  
In me is myrth and songes of gladnes  
And vnder my dayes and hours fortunate  
Age hath first rote to holde vp his estate

The lusty Parys, by whome the ryche troy  
Gauē place to grece, as subiect to the same  
In my seruyce had pleasour and great ioy  
So that by me he spred abrode his fame  
Those pleasours folowyng of whan I haue the name  
And that remayneth in my auctoryte  
And proude Cleopatra : was seruytour to me

There is no londe inclosyd with the se  
But that they all haue folowyd my counsell  
As Afryke, Numyde the other I let be  
I wyll nat tary theyr namys for to tell  
But fewe or none ar bytwene heuen and hell  
In hethynes nor yet in chrystente  
But yonge outhur olde they all obey to me

My deynteous dartis about full brode I cast  
Amonge all Nacions vnto the worldes ende  
The Phylosophers that were in tymes past  
As Epicurians to me dyd condisceude  
All theyr hole sect my quarell doth defende  
For all theyr sect to this clause dyd assent  
That lust and pleasour was gode most excellent



294 *The obiection of lust blamyng vertue.*

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Without corporall labour : my goodes shall profyte  
Of mete and drynke I haue welth and excesse  
I haue my pleasour, my ioy and my delyte  
In deynty dysshes and swete delyciousnes  
I lede nat lyfe in peryll and hardnes  
Vnder heuy helme, in felde from any towne  
Nat on harde strawe : but soft and costely downe

If ioy, and pleasour, dyd me nat ay insue  
And lusty myrthe, with corporall pleasaunce  
So myghty kynges wolde nat them subdue  
Vnto my tentis, whose myght shall me auauance  
That all the worlde vnder my gouernaunce  
Shall it submyt, and dwellers of the same  
Shall bere about the badges of my name

It is longe past syns that men first dyd thus  
Subdue theyr myndes and bodyes vnto me  
The myghty kyng callyd Sardanapalus  
Left dedes that longyd vnto his royalte  
Folowyng my pleasour and voluptuosyte  
And rome victorious at last by hye courage  
Yeldyd it selfe mekely to my bondage

Eas welth and rest to me alway is best  
Vnto my seruauntis I gyue the same  
And where as nature aperyth goodlyest  
I am moste besy the herte for to inflame  
With fyry brondes to Venus plesaunt game  
No colde ne hunger to yonge men shall I gyue  
But plesaunt rest : whyle they with me do lyue

*The obiection of lust blamyng vertue. 295*

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My lyfe I lede in ioyfull Idylnes  
Nat let nor troubled by any aduersyte  
Therefore o youth that art in lustynes  
And age also that of bad maners be  
Tourne hyther your faces beholdynge my beaute  
And you indeuer your erys to inclyne  
To my preceptis, folowynge my doctryne

The tyme passyth dayly fro mankynde  
Our dayes of lyfe longe whyle can nat indure  
Therefore on pleasour establysshe we our mynde  
For in my mynde no erthly creature  
After this lyfe of pleasour shall be sure  
Therefore be we mery the time that we ar here  
And passe we our tyme alway in lusty chere

The answere of vertue agens this obiection  
of voluptuosyte.



O Lothsome lust : o mad mys-gouernour  
Of all mankynde, and rote of euery vyce  
With thy barayne balade, and corporall pleasour  
Howe darest thou greue me thus in any wyse  
Thy wordes ar vayne : thy myght I clene despyse  
How dare thy cowarde herte me thus assayle  
Syns thou, the bostest : vnmete vnto batayle

Haue done and answer : disceytfull trayteres  
Howe darest thou wretchyd men this wyse abuse  
Or them disceyue by thy chraft of falsnes  
Why doth mankynde on thy vayne pleasours muse  
Why doth the worlde goodnes and grace refuse  
Rennyng to thy foly, subduyng them in care  
As fysshe or byrde to panter, net or snare

Why lawdest thou thy lust and pleasour vayne  
Thy wandryng wayes in syn and bestlynes  
Who that the folowys, shall at the ende certayne  
Fynde no honour, but payne and great distres  
Thy faythfull felawe is bestyall dronkenes  
Thy pursuyuaunt is dredfull worldly shame  
Fleyng about to spred abrode thy name

Shame them subdueth that them submyt to the  
Thy beautye blyndyd is by mysgouernaunce  
I say nat nay, but fayre thou art to see  
And alway wrappyd in halters of pleasaunce  
Thy iyen wanton, with wanton countenaunce  
Thy here glystryng or shynyng as golde bryght  
That many thousande destroyed is by thy syght

Thy purpyll garlandes couchyd with precious stone  
Pure and resplendaunt is all thy apparayle  
Aleyed gayly with perles many a one  
Of purpyll colour of Tyre is thy mantayle  
With precious stones beset as thycke as hayle  
Thy gyrdyls gay, and rynges pleasaunt to se  
But what is this : but worldly vanyte

Thou art nat armyd, nor to no warre dost go  
But standest naked, and all thy body bare  
As chefe champyon vnto blynde Cupido  
Suche feble men that lacke wyt to beware  
Attysest thou falsly into thy snare  
The bowe of Venus, and dartis lye by the  
Hedyd with shame, myshap and pouertye

In thy one hande is the myscheuous dart  
Of fleshly lust : and pleasour corporall  
Wherwith thou sharply strykest to the hart  
The olde, the yonge : the pore and pryncipall  
Thy other hande bereth in it venym mortall  
Vnto the whiche if man nat well attende  
With all yll shall he be poysoned at the ende

Of thy fayre forehede : the beauty and bryghtnes  
And all the fassyon, and shape that is in the  
Defyled and blyndyd is, by viciousnes  
And fleshely lust clene voyde of chastyte  
In thy vayne wordes is nought of honestee  
Thou canst no skyll of honest sport ne game  
But rybaude wordes, soundyngge all to shame

Thou art distroyer of all mankynde  
But namely to suche : as sue thy trayne  
The wyt thou dullyst, troubyngge thy mynde  
The honest name doste thou distayne  
Thou bryngest man to infernall payne  
Wastyngge his goodes by wayes prodygall  
But his last ende, alas is worst of all

By the, in the worlde true loue is maculate  
By the, dull slouth doth pyteously oppres  
The lusty bodyes of many a great estate  
Thou ar destroyer of vertue and nobles  
And youth descendyd of byrth of worthynes  
Whan they theyr myndes to thy precept inclyne  
To nought they vanysshe, so fallynge in ruyne

By the, we greuous sores oft sustayne  
Infyrmytees, sore peryls and mortall  
By the, the soule is drowned depe in payne  
In hell, amonge the fendys infernall  
Thou makest man slouthfull and dull withall  
To chast hartis art thou mortall ennemy  
The wyttis blyndyng, or wastyng vtterly

Thou wretchyd lust dost stynt abate and swage  
The strength of man, and his audacyte  
Thou bryngest lowe the lusty hye corage  
Of manly youth in his prosperite  
Thou art the mete of all aduersyte  
And cursyd fode of payne, wo, and doloure  
Both to the pore, and men of great honoure

Of the hath mortall sorys oft theyr rote  
And sore sekenes, where to no man mortall  
Can fynde no socour, no remedy, nor bote  
But for to speke of the, in generall  
Recount all yll: and thou art grounde of all  
Thou art the well, of eche disordred thyng  
Of whose hede, vyle glotony doth spryng

Thou makest youth suche as thou dost attyse  
 To lese the vertue of manhode and boldnes  
 Theyr hertis dullynge with ferefull cowardyse  
 Thou makest age to grow in viciousnes  
 Thou makest many to wander in derknes  
 Of vicious lyfe, attysynge by thy gyle  
 Nought chaste thou techyst : but thyng vnpure and vyle

Thou hast no reason : ne stedfastnes of mynde  
 Of wysdome the purest grayne is fro the gone  
 No parfyte wyt shall man within the fynde  
 Of reasons sad, thou certaynly hast none  
 And thoughe at the first thou shewe vnto echone  
 Pleasour : and hope vnto honour to ascende  
 Thou them disceyuest falsly at the ende

The hande of many great laude sholde haue obtayned  
 By worthy tryumphe, auaunsynge so theyr name  
 If thou haddest nat theyr hye purpose distayned  
 Them by thy gyle withdrawynge from the same  
 So by thy mean obscured is theyr fame  
 And by thy venym thou hast intoxicate  
 The noble hertis : of many a great estate

Thou hast ouerthowe the wallys of noble Troy  
 The Parthyans, and dwellers of Asy  
 By thy deuowrynge lust haue lost their ioy  
 And many a Cyte by the, on grounde doth lye  
 The Cytees of Grece with wallys strong and hye  
 Ly nowe on grounde the wallys with gras ouergrowe  
 The Attyke royalmes by the ar nowe full lowe

By the was Sodome and other Cytees drowned  
And that in nomber mo than I can name  
Hath ben destroyed, and made euyne with the grounde  
Corynth (by the) was lost with swerde and flame  
And moche parte of Egypt was the same  
Tarent also, Assyria and eke Trace  
Thou hast destroyed: and that, in wofull case

What nedyth here to name the royalmes all  
Or all those Cytees and places excellent  
Whiche thou hast made from theyr honour to fall  
By punysshement of our lorde omnyotent  
Some drowned, and some with fyre of heuen brent  
But to be playne we dayly se doutles  
That all thy seruauntis ende in wretchydnes

But better is my state, my fortune and degre  
For all my seruauntis that vnto me inclyne  
Shall haue rewarde of ioy and blysse with me  
Whiche ioy, in heuen abydeth me and myne  
Vnto vs grauntyd by the grace dyuine  
By pacyent labour I pore men here auance  
To worldly welth, and good in abundaunce

The yatis of heuen to man ar opened wyde  
And he receyued in ioy that neuer shall cesse  
So that I be his helper and his gyde  
To lede hym theder by way of rightwysnes  
My way his harde, and full of besynes  
But at the ende I haue a restynge place  
Wherin is lyfe euerlastynge and solace



Stronge Hercules that myghty champyon  
 And Julius Cesar an Emperour royall  
 And Alexander whose felawe found was none  
 Consyderynge well his wyt and dedys all  
 These hath renowne that neuer can stynt nor fall  
 For that they euer obeyed vnto me  
 And many mo by me brought to degre

I haue auaunsysd to glorious lawde and name  
 Poule that was consull of the Impyre romayne  
 Whiche dyuers Nacions wan encresynge his fame  
 To the sayde romaynes, triumphe and laude souerayne  
 And thoughe they suffred peryll and great payne  
 Yet hath the loue, and mede of me vertue  
 Nat suffred them harde chargis to eschewe

By me the honour of the hye eloquence  
 Of Cicero : and : his parfyte polecy  
 Ar spred abrode, shynynge : for excellence  
 And noble Virgyll the Prynce of Poetry  
 The romayne lynage by vers dyd magnify  
 He and Homerus : with Poetis euerychone  
 Hath won theyr glory and laude by me alone

Arystotyll ensuyng my iust commaundement  
 Hath made his name, and laudes immortall  
 And also Plato moste noble and excellent  
 The Phylosophers all other, great or small  
 Hauynge no name, in goodes temporall  
 Hath left the worlde, with all his vanyte  
 And at the ende great honour had by me

I clere the wyt, the speche I fortyfye  
With sadnes reason, and pleasaunt eloquence  
I man conferme, augment and edefye  
With honour, laude, and knowlege of science  
And to expres my myght in brefe sentence  
None may here wyn, but by my socour  
Lawde, fame, ne helth, ryches nor honour

In the is pryde : and all thy wanton wyll  
Is set on ryot and wretchyd lechery  
All vicious wordes doth from thy mouth dystyll  
Thy hole delyte in lust and rybawdry  
But as for hym that wyll to me aply  
I shall by vertue brynge hym to rightwysnes  
And than to glory by wysdome and ryches

I shewe my seruauntis true iustyce and pyte  
In the hye Heuen sure fixyd is my mynde  
My hous is kept ay clene by chastyte  
My god is hye : and who that wyll hym fynde  
For to be lyght : his lust must leue behynde  
And so by labour, and parfyte dilygence  
He may attayne that place of excellence

In vertue, is besy, and dylygent labour  
For no good comys of slouthfull ydelnes  
But swet and payne, at ende shall fynde pleasour  
And parfyte rest : is ende of besynes  
And he that walkes the way of holynes  
And lyues in worshyp, ought to be glad and fayne  
This quyet rest by my helpe to obtayne

So whether thou lust to wyn name of honour  
 By wyt, or warre : by wysdome or by myght  
 Or in a Cyte for to be councellour  
 Or els by lawe to gyue eche man his right  
 Let me vertue alway be in thy syght  
 Than shalt thou by my mean, the way prouyde  
 In euery case howe, thou mayst best the gyde

Who that for loue of vertue speciall  
 Endureth labour, swet, payne and besynes  
 The endles pleasour of ioy celestyall  
 Shall be rewarde to hym for his hardnes  
 Vertue alone is of suche worthynes  
 That gyde it ought and, gouerne euery thyng  
 And gode gyftis, parte, as is to it lykyng

But thou fals lust and pleasour corporall  
 All men disceyuest that vnto the inclyne  
 Thou first art swete, at last more soure than gall  
 Thou many thousandes hast brought vnto ruyne  
 And namely suche as of most noble lyne  
 Discendyd ar : for gettyng theyr degre  
 Defyle theyr byrth : and auntyent name by the

Thou art so fyers : so hasty and cruell  
 That no wylde beste : no : nat the mighty bere  
 Can haue respyte within his den to dwell  
 Thy cruell clawes so fyersly doth him tere  
 That on his skyn remayned skant a here  
 Thou sholdest his skyn I trowe rent of also  
 Ne had the Lyon : him socoured in his wo

Therefore ye men (whyle ye haue tyme and space)  
Expell vayne lust and pleasour corporall  
Whiche dedely yll is barayne of all grace  
And rote or sparcle to kyndell synnes all  
Therefore to Christ for grace se that ye call  
Wherby ye may all carnall lust subdue  
And plant in your myndes goodnes and vertue

So shall your hertis sauour the true doctryne  
And blessyd fayth of Christ our sauour  
Whiche fayth shall brynge you to the syght dyuyne  
Of goddes presence, and celestyall pleasour  
But worldly welth, as riches and honour  
Shall in this lyfe be part of your rewarde  
Where as vayne lust endyth in paynes harde

The vnyuersall shyp and generall Barke  
or barge  
Wherin they rowe: that yet hath had no  
charge.



Within my shyp ar folys innumerable  
My shypys dyuers forgyd here before  
With furious Folys, in foly p̄durable  
But nat the les yet here I forge more  
And if perchaunce some one hath had no ore  
Nor place before: condigne for his degre  
In this great Carake nowe shall he rowe with me

Here shall Jacke, charde, my brother Robyn hyll  
With Myllers and bakers that weyght and mesure hate  
All stelynge taylers : as Soper : and Manshyll  
Receyue theyr rowme : bycause they come to late  
The foulest place is mete for theyr estate  
A rowme for rascoldes hard by the pompe shall be  
That stynkyng placis and knaues may agre

Come to Companions : ren : tyme it is to rowe  
Our Carake fletis : the se is large and wyde  
And depe Inough : a pleasaunt wynde doth blowe  
Prolonge no tyme, our Carake doth you byde  
Our felawes tary for you on euery syde  
Hast hyther I say ye folys naturall  
Howe oft shall I you vnto my Nauy call

Ye haue one confort ye shall nat be alone  
Your company almoste is infynyte  
For nowe alyue ar men but fewe or none  
That of my shyp can red hym selfe out quyte  
A fole in felawes, hath pleasour and delyte  
Here can none want, for our proclamacion  
Extendyth farre : and to many a straunge nacyon

But to be playne, and speke as intende  
All men ar folys that can nat them selfe gyde  
Thus all the worlde may I well comprehende  
Except a fewe : whome I may set a syde  
All hole Asia ; though it be longe and wyde  
And farre from vs, and all nat of our lawe  
Yet ar they redy our sayles vp to drawe

From the farre Costis and hote of Lybia  
The Mawryans and eke the men of ynde  
And all the dwellers almost of Africa  
The Lumbarde nacion vntreue of dede and mynde  
All these within our shyp wyll placis fynde  
So may the dwellers of Cecyle and almayne  
Of Italy Fraunce, Flaunders, Grece, and Spayne

The Pycardes, Normans and Neapolytayns  
Come in great clusters, our Nauy to augment  
So doth Venycians, Gascowns and Romayns  
And lytell Brytayne is all of lyke assent  
And also the great by ryches excellent  
Whiche nowe is callyd plentyfull in Englonde  
Comyth to our shyp, with Wales, and Scotlande

The out yles all dyspersyd here and there  
In the mayne se : also come in one bonde  
So many comys that certaynly I fere  
Within my shyp they all can nat well stonde  
Hyther comys also the dwellers of Irelonde  
Denys and Mawrys, Patryke, and Mackmure  
In mantels preckyde, for lacke of precious furre

In Englonde is no Cyte, nor shyre towne  
Boroughe ne vyllage howe pore so euer it be  
Nor noble Palays of suche a great renoune  
But some maryners sende must they vnto come  
But to be shorte and fle proluxyte  
There is no Nacyon, ne regyon vnder sonne  
But all or some, to this my shyp doth ronne

Both yonge and olde, pore man, and estate  
The folysshe moder : hir doughter by hir syde  
Ren to our Nauy ferynge to come to late  
No maner of degre is in the worlde wyde  
But that for all theyr statelynes and pryde  
As many as from the way of wysdome trye  
Shall haue a rowme and place within my shyp

My folysshe felawes therfore I you exort  
Hast to our Nauy, for tyme it is to rowe  
Nowe must we leue eche sympyll hauen and porte  
And sayle to that londe where folys abounde and flowe  
For whether we aryue, at London or Brystowe  
Or any other Hauen within this our londe  
We folys ynowe, shall fynde alway at hande

No speciall place wyll I chose for our rode  
But at auenture : where the wynde shall vs dryue  
But whyle we wretchys, thus sayle and rowe abrode  
On this depe se, our foly doth de pryue  
Our soule from helth : and lond of men alyue  
So that in the wawes of this tempestous se  
Oftyme we lyue, in doutfull ieopardye

Our frayle bodyes wandreth in care and payne  
And lyke to botes trowbled with tempest sore  
From rocke to rocke cast in this se mundayne  
Before our iyen beholde we euer more  
The deth of them that passed ar before  
Alas mysfortune vs causeth oft to rue  
Whan to vayne thoughtis our bodyes we subdue



By dyuers chauncis ren we to ieopardy  
 And of our lyfe, god wot we ar vnsure  
 Oft of our chauncis we seke no remedy  
 But wander forth : our reason moche obscure  
 Tempest we suffer : sore fallys we indure  
 And to our iournay, so symple hede we take  
 That in the se, and Rockis our shyppis brake

A farre of Scylla : the rorynge we may here  
 Yet by our foly, our myndes ar so cruell  
 That to the peryls (alas) we drawe vs nere  
 And some so wander without gyde or counsell  
 That in the hourlyng pyttis of ferefull hell  
 Theyr shyppis brake, and there alway remayne  
 Within that gulf, in endles wo and payne

We wander in more dout than mortall man can thynke  
 And oft by our foly, and wylfull neglygence  
 Our shyp is in great peryll for to synke  
 So sore ar we ouercharged with offence  
 We se the daunger before our owne presence  
 Of straytis rockis, and bankis of sonde full hye  
 Yet we procede to wylfull ieopardye

We dyuers Monsters within the se beholde  
 Redy to abuse or to deuour mankynde  
 As Dolphyns, whallys, and wonders manyfolde  
 And oft the Marmaydes songe dullyth our mynde  
 That to all goodnes we ar made dull and blynde  
 The wolues of these oft do vs moche care  
 Yet we of them can neuer well beware

We se Polyphemus that foule and great Geant  
In his dredefull den, mankynde also to dere  
Whome great vlixes both bolde and valyant  
Myght for his lokes drede : and quake for fere  
A thousande Monstres ar mo, mankynde to tere  
And to deuour, and brynge vnto hell pyt  
Yet we (alas) our selfe to them submyt

About we wander in tempest and tourment  
What place is sure, where Foles may remayne  
And fyx theyr dwellynge sure and parmanent  
None certaynly : The cause therof is playne  
We wander in the se, for pleasour bydyng payne  
And though the hauen of helth be in our syght  
Alas we fle from it with all our myght

Alas, therefore dayly we must indure  
Great payne and wo : and well we it deserue  
For he that of rest (whan he lyst) may be sure  
And wyll none haue : he worthy is to sterue  
We loue no wysdome : ne tende nat to obserue  
Hir lore, and lawes : ne way of ryghtwysnes  
But arme our selfe with foly and falsnes

Alas, alas the vyle and vayne goddes  
Of folysshnes : and worldly vanyte  
Hath made vs drynke : so of hir cup doutles  
That all our wyttes and reasons blyndyd be  
A wysdome wysedome great pyte it is to se  
Howe fewe to thy preceptis nowe inclyne  
Thy name decays : and fallys to ruyne

Alas dere bretherne, alas thou wretchyd man  
O frowarde stocke to thy creatour vnkynde  
Expell thy foly : aply all that thou can  
To folowe wysdome with all thy myght and mynde  
What ioy hast thou to wander in the wynde  
In vyce and errour, without good wyll to stent  
Cesse man : and seke the : place ay permanent

Set foly : errour (and vanyte asyde)  
Fle from the wayes : of suche as sue offence  
Labour to obtayne a place : ay to abyde  
Without ende before goddes hye presence  
Lyst that hell monsters by furyous violence  
Swalowe vp thy soule to payne from ioy and blys  
Whyle in this lyfe thou errest or goest amys

The vnyuersall shyp of crafty men,  
or laborers.



A company gathryd togyther in a rout  
Of folysshe men, and blynde by ignoraunce  
Rowe nowe in botis my shyppis all about  
Suche men ar they that get theyr sustenaunce  
With labour of hande, and lewde of gouernaunce  
But suche as labour truly for theyr fode  
I wyll nat blame, but them repute as gode

Haste hyther laborers : our sayles ar a loft  
Our shyp fleys swyftly by myght of ore  
But first of all ye folys that labour soft  
And lese the tyme, makynge your maysters pore  
In this shyp present shall ye be set afore  
And than suche as spende theyr wage in dronkenes  
For dronken workmen come neuer to ryches

But why these Folyes vnto my shyp I call  
For to be short this is the reason why  
For as the state of all men mortall  
And eche other thyng chaungyth contynually  
Without condicion, stable : certaynly  
So is the state of labourers, disceyuable  
And moche vnsure, and also chaungeable

The speciall vyce comon amonge them all  
Is that eche seruaunt fayne wolde a mayster be  
Yet in his craft he knoweth nought atall  
But is a Fole therin : and so shall dye  
And many worke men : as we may dayly se  
Wandreth as folys : in slouth and ydelnes  
Hurtyng their wages by theyr folysshnes

One laboureth fast for lytell or for nought  
His felawe to put to los or hurte therby  
Yet he hym selfe to pouertye is brought  
By his yll wyll, his hatred and enuy  
And for that this vyce his herte contynually  
Vexyth and troubleth, for nought he offreth forth  
That worke or thyng that is great treasure worth

Yet this foule abuse and malyce enuyous  
Of laborynge men: oft tyme doth them oppres  
With pouertye, to all mankynde odyous  
If one sell for lytell another sellys for les  
Tyll both be opprest with pouertes hardnes  
Echone despyseth his pryuate auantage  
To do another displeasour and damage

Some make theyr ware iniust and disceyuable  
Sellynge it forth for small and lytell pryce  
The trouth appereth playne and verytable  
For in gode ware the pryse doth ay aryse  
But contrary if thou the trouth aduyse  
Where a great thyng for lytell pryce is bought  
It sygnyfyeth that it is stolen, or nought

All suche as ceueyt the byers to begyle  
With flaterynge wordes fals and dysceyuable  
Disceyuyng other, disceyue them selfe the whyle  
And all other ar greatly reprobable  
Whiche make theyr warke nat true and profitable  
But counterfayte and pleasaunt to the iye  
And nought in profe: men to abuse therby

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The pryse of eche ware decayeth euery day  
And yet the ware is skantly worth the pryse  
Amonge all marchauntis, skant and vneth we may  
Fynde one or two that trouth do ercyse  
But all ar blyndyd so by couetyse  
That nought they force of fals disceyfulnes  
So that they, may therby obtayne riches

Thus so great chaungis : and mutablyte  
Styreth the hertis of labourynge men to yre  
That the most part abyde in pouertye  
And to be short, echone of them conspyre  
Agaynst other by malyce, hote as fyre  
In all theyr hertis none, other thyng doth rayne  
Saue enuy malyce, hatered and disdayne

What nede is it in wordes to be large  
Or all the vyce of chrafty men to wryte  
The payne were longe, and great sholde be the charge  
And to the same I haue to small respyte  
For if that any haue pleasour and delyte  
In this our tyme to be constant and wyse  
The comontye shall hym hate and despyse

Therefore I leue them in theyr folysshnes  
Yet praynge god that they may ones amende  
And so increas in trouth and rightwysnes  
That I may haue cause theyr goodnes to commende  
Who iustly lyueth iustly also shall ende  
And who that in his craft is iust and true  
Shall proue in ryches, and prospere in vertue

## Of Follys that ar ouer worldly.



Oft whyle man labours for to ascende  
By fortune frayle alway forwarde  
And whyle alway he doth intende  
For his sore labour to haue rewarde  
Than is his fortune so sharpe and harde  
To leue his fote, at his moste nede  
And let hym slyp in mortall fere and drede



Who that lenyth on braunchys frayle  
Or taketh his holde by leuys lyght  
Can fynde therby but small auayle  
But to the grounde descende downe right  
And though the braunches be stronge and wyght  
Whan thou begynnest to slyp or slyde  
In thy degre harde is to abyde

And though the braunches be hole and sounde  
And be to wayke the to sustayne  
Yet shalt thou downe come to the grounde  
So if a man take care and payne  
To lyue in vertue, and good souerayne  
Yet all this shall be nought set by  
But if they be gyded craftely

The strongest braunche or boughe shall fayle  
Without good wysdome if man ascende  
But vnto the top if thou preuayle  
Yet ought thou to thy fete intende  
Eche thyng is prouyd at the ende  
Therefore man ought hym euen to bere  
In hiest rowmes is greatest fere

In clymmynge vp man hath great payne  
But whan he at the hiest is  
Hauynge great hope there to remayne  
In welth and pleasour ioy and blys  
Yet of the frute small part is his  
For by one blast of wynde sodayne  
In one instant he fallys agayne

If one be in a rowme a hye  
Men that ar lowe seme to hym small  
But to say trouth and veryte  
Yet may theyr stature be egall  
In lyke wyse though a man royall  
Despyse them lyuyng in pouerte  
Of one metall yet both they be

This worlde all hole goeth vp and downe  
It ebbes and flowes lyke to the se  
Wexyng and waynyng lyke the mone  
Nowe in welthe and in prosperyte  
Eft in aduers and frowarde pouerte  
But that man folowes hie wysdome  
Whiche takys all thynges lyke as they come

Thoughe some in treasour and welth abounde  
Thynkyng them self wyse men alone  
Yet whan that they ar brought to grounde  
They and the pore: is all but one  
And thoughe thou suerly marke the bone  
Of begger, and hym, that kynge hath bene  
Small difference shalt thou fynde bytwene

After the day cometh the nyght  
So after pleasour oft comys payne  
He is in prudence, but porely pyght  
That can nat both in lyke sustayne  
But if I shall be true and playne  
No erthly thyng makes more debate  
Than a vyle chorle come to a state

Whan suche a vilayne rude of his mynde  
A hye is set on a myghty tre  
To gentyll blode can he nat be kynde  
Yet he forgettis his owne degre  
But thoughe the thycke leuys let none se  
Howe moche myschefe suche go about  
Yet at the last it wyll come out

If dethys ax the tre downe throwe  
And if theyr riches as leuys lyght  
Away fro them on grounde do flowe  
Than all theyr falshode is out in syght  
But whyle the tre may stande vp right  
The leuys of ryches hangynge about  
To lorellys often the lorde moste lowt

The noble fawcons ar oft opprest  
The Egle blyndyd, and byrdes small  
Ar spoyled and dryuen from theyr nest  
Whan the gredy kyte wyll rule all  
But if the kyte than after fall  
By aduers fortune: or his iniquyte  
The fawcons may well haue ioy to se

Thus well is hym that can attende  
To take his holde by braunchys stronge  
Whan he purposeth vp to ascende  
And in the top to byde there longe  
Without wysdome it shall be wronge  
For who that clymmes by stately pryde  
For greuous wyndes can nat abyde

Therefore man who so euer thou be  
That hast mynde and concupyscence  
To brynge the into hye degre  
Or in the seruyce of kyng or prynce  
If thou be brought to excellence  
Kepe petye styll before thy iyen  
Vse iustyce, mekenes, and prudence  
Remembrynge euer what thou hast ben

To get loue do thy dylygence  
And if thou wylt haue amyte  
To auncient blode, do reuerence  
Thoughe it be but of lowe degre  
Prouyde the in prosperite  
For mysfortune : for it is sene  
That fortune hath no certaynte  
So thynke thou euer what thou hast bene

Serue god thy maker aboue all thyng  
And next that with thy herte and mynde  
Be true and loyall vnto thy kyng  
And to his subiectis iust and kynde  
Let auaryce by no way the blynde  
Than myght thou fall or thou wolde wene  
So that no faut in the men fynde  
Care nat to be as thou hast bene

A brefe addicion of the syngularyte of  
some newe Folys.



Here maketh myne Autour a specyall mencion  
Of ypocrytis nat parfyte of byleue  
And suche as abuseth theyr relygyon  
But I shall nat so sharply them repreue  
I am full lothe religious men to greue  
Or discontent : for if I so do wolde  
A myghty volume coude nat their vyces holde

*Of the syngularyte of some newe Folyes.* 323

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I leue theyr pryde: I leue theyr couetyse  
I woll nat touche theyr malyce nor enuy  
Nor them that Venus toyes exercyse  
I woll nat blame, nor touche openly  
It were but foly, syth is no remedy  
But if I sholde vpon me take the payne  
A newe labour I sholde begynne agayne

I them nat touche that cunnyng men disdayne  
There were none ende in blamyng all the folys  
The maners, rude, vngoodly, and vylayne  
And assys erys clokyd vnder cowlys  
Knowyng no thyng, contemnyng yet the scolys  
All these to touche and sondry vyces mo  
It were to sore a charge and payne to do

I wyll nat say that they vse any syn  
Yet oft, forsoth they folowe nat the way  
Of the relygyon that they haue entred in  
Though they the name and, habyte nat denay  
Yet of theyr lyfe full harde it is to say  
But often at ende it proueth euydent  
That vnder floures lurketh the serpent

The wolfe or Foxe is hyd within the skyn  
Of the symple shepe pore and innocent  
Mekenes without: but pryde is hyd within  
The wordes fayre: but fals is theyr intent  
No sort by falshode, or wayes fraudelent  
May soner disceyue good folke by any way  
Than the wyckyd sort of ypocrytis may

Hange vp the scapler : the amys cowle and frocke  
 Or other habyte of eche relygyon  
 Vpon a tre clene dede, or rottyn stocke  
 Suche ar those folys that haue professyon  
 Leuyng theyr right rule in eche condicion  
 They bere the habyte the vesture or the wede  
 And eke the name, without the thyng in dede

And if that one lyue well and vertuously  
 In way of grace : lyke as he ought to go  
 The remanent assayle hym with enuy  
 And hym oppres with greuous payne and wo  
 Vntyll he folowe lyke as the other do  
 And leue his way of godly ryghtwysnes  
 Folowyng theyr lyfe full of all viciousnes

The gode ar good and worthy reuerence  
 And whan the Shepherde is ware and dyligent  
 Rulyng hym selfe by vertue and prudence  
 Than grace and goodnes soner shall augment  
 Amonge the flocke by example euydent  
 But if the Shepeherde by foly hurte his name  
 Moste comonly the flocke shall do the same

Whan that the hede hath no diseas nor payne  
 Than all the membres greatly the sounder be  
 But if the hede be seke or sore certayne  
 Than ouer the body goeth that infyrmyte  
 But to be playne we dayly here and se  
 That the comontye, in theyr behauour  
 Ar suche as is theyr lorde and gouernour

Alas what lewde relygion do they take  
Or of what sort is theyr professyon  
That of theyr wombes vyle theyr goddes make  
As wytles bestis, voyde of discredysson  
Thus it appereth that theyr ingressyon  
Into relygion is more for welth and eas  
Than by harde penaunce, our sauour to pleas

Thoughe men relygious be countyd in the lawe  
As dede and gone out of this lyfe actyue  
That saynge surely is scantly worth a strawe  
For suche dedys oft tymes they contryue  
That it appereth playne that they ar alyue  
But as for that : a part it shall be layde  
At eche season : trouth ought nat to be sayde

A heuenly lyfe is to be monke or frere  
Yet is it nat ynoughe to bere the name  
Suche must they be in lyfe as they apere  
In outwarde habyte : accordynge to the same  
Than sholde none haue occasion them to blame  
For certaynly no vertuous man there is  
That wyll hym blame that hath nat done amys

For he that is of god without all dout  
Wyll be full redy and besy nyght and day  
The workes of god almyght to go about  
The deuylls seruaunt kepyth another way  
In lust and pleasour walkynge whyle he may  
Seruyng his mayster : and yet in euery place  
He fayneth vertue outwarde in his face



Of suche a vyle and wretchyd ypocryte  
 And of his maners playnly as they be  
 At this conclusion brefly shall I wryte  
 As it is founde in good auctoryte  
 Leuyng my auctour for his prolyxite  
 And to playne speche, and eke to lyberall  
 For to be drawen in langage maternall

By these poyntis the whiche I shall expres  
 Those ypocrytis shall openly apere  
 Whiche outwarde fayne vertue and holynes  
 In worde and dede : where men may se or here  
 But whan that they haue brought them selfe arere  
 And out of syght, and others audyence  
 They ar moche wors than, other in offence

They outwarde in face present humylyte  
 As if they were holy and parfyte of lyuyng  
 Yet wolde they nat of men despysyd be  
 They fayne them pore : yet wyll they lacke no thyng  
 Touchyng theyr habyte, vesture or clothyng  
 They wyll the same in costely maner dresse  
 Without all care thought, trouble or besynesse

They loke to be fed, well and delyciously  
 Without labour, therin is no delyte  
 Some men they flater, but other they enuy  
 And other some, they cruelly bachyte  
 Some men to malyce, by falshode they excyte  
 As dogges they byte some in playne audyence  
 For synne : though they commyt the same offence

As Foxis full of falshode and of gyle  
By sotelte they all theyr workes gyde  
They boldly, other for statelynes reuyle  
Yet as proude Lyons, ar they accloyd with pryde  
And whyle that they in company abyde  
They shewe them outwarde as Lambes innocent  
Lyke rauysshyng wolues yet ar they of intent

They wyll be Iuges without auctoryte  
And wytnesses without knowlege, or syght  
They wyll be Doctours of passynge grauyte  
Without processe in stody day, or nyght  
And to be short, by Iugement vnright  
They oft accuse good men, them to oppres  
Theyr selfe yet bare of vertue and goodnes

These ar the tokyns and sygnes euydent  
Whiche in ypocrytis men may note and se  
Also the religyous sholde be obedyent  
And euer perseuer in fayre humylyte  
Beynge content with wylfull pouerte  
Enclynyng euer with all his dilygence  
His chastyte, to kepe by abstynence

But nowe hath entred into relygyon  
In stede of mekenes and obedyence  
Pryde and disdayne, and fals rebellyon  
Yll wyll, enuy, and other lyke offence  
Wylfull pouertye, expellyd haue they thence  
And all ar gyuen vnto worldly ryches  
Whiche they out wast about vnthryftynes

But of theyr chastyte for to be playne  
 It for to kepe is great diffyculte  
 Where glotony and dronkenes doth rayne  
 But where as is abstynence, and scarsyte  
 It may be kept, and best contynued be  
 The flesshe agaynst the reason doth rebell  
 But well is hym that the ardent hete may quell

But these wretchys haue moche gretter hede  
 Theyr wombe to fede tyll they be full as swyne  
 As for theyr soule they labour nat to fede  
 With godly wordes or holsome discyplyne  
 The greatest part to glotony inclyne  
 Whiche is the rote of Venus insolence  
 Nowe Iuge ye where is theyr contynence

By flattery fayre I loke to haue no mede  
 Theyr lyfe is godly that kepe theyr order true  
 And of theyr right professyon taketh hede  
 Passynge theyr lyfe in goodnes and vertue  
 And that the fendes workes wyll subdue  
 And eke the Fende, fader of all iniquyte  
 By sobernes subduynge theyr sensualityte

Here purpose I no farther to procede  
 Let euery man chose for hym selfe a place  
 As he shall in this boke ouerse or rede  
 For hym moste mete : man knoweth best his case  
 And here shall I by goddes helpe and grace  
 Drawe all my Nauy, to hauyns for to rest  
 For fere of wynter stormes and tempest

Wysdome hath gyuen me this commaundement  
My wyt is wery : my hande and hede also  
Wherfore I gladly with all my herte assent  
And lepe a borde, amonge the other mo  
But in my iournay : if that I haue mysgo  
By bytynge wordes or scarsnes of scyence  
I yelde me vnto men of more prudence

It is no meruayle (the trouth playnly to say)  
Syth I a mayster without experyence  
Of worldly thynges, haue erred from the way  
By ignoraunce, or slouthfull neglygence  
Let none be wroth for blamyng his offence  
For if his lyfe fro synne be pure and clere  
No maner hurt is sayde agaynst hym here

Within a myrrour, if thou beholde thy chere  
Or shap of face : if thy colour be pure  
Within the myrrour to the it shall apere  
But if that thou be foule of thy fygure  
The glas shall shewe the same I the insure  
Yet blame thou nat the myrrour for the same  
But thy owne shap thou ought rebuke and blame

The myrrour showys eche man lyke as they be  
So doth my boke, for who that is in syn  
Shall of his lyfe, the fygure in it se  
If he with good aduertence loke therin  
But certaynly his reason is but thyn  
For his yll lyfe if he my boke despyse  
For them I laude that vertue exercyse

Let nat the redar be discontent with this  
 Nor any blame agayne me to obiect  
 Though that some wordes be in my boke amys  
 For though that I my selfe dyd it correct  
 Yet with some fautis I knowe it is infect  
 Part by my owne ouersyght and neglygence  
 And part by the prynters nat perfyte in science

And other some escaped ar and past  
 For that the Prynters in theyr besynes  
 Do all theyr workes hedelynge, and in hast  
 Wherefore if that the redar be wytles  
 He shall it scorne anone by frowardnes  
 But if the reder wyse, sad and discrete be  
 He shall it mende : laynge no faut to me

It is ynoughe if my labour may be sene  
 Of lernyd men, and theyr mynde to content  
 For nought is pleasaunt before a Foly's iyen  
 And to be playne it was nat myne intent  
 At my begynnynge to Foly's to assent  
 Ne pleas theyr myndes by sparynge of theyr vyce  
 But it to shewe : and that in playnest wyse

Therefore let Foly's haue theyr wordes vayne  
 Whiche nought can do, but without reason chat  
 All others dedes, by lewde tunge to distayne  
 And if theyr belyes be full, and chekis fat  
 Let Clerkes speke, and they haue scorne therat  
 They knowe no thinge : yet wolde, they fayne haue prayse  
 And theyr owne dedes onely doth them please

With suche Folys I ende my besynes  
Whiche all thyng blame, and vtterly dispysse  
Yet all theyr lyfe they passe in ydylnes  
Or in theyr bely fedynge in bestely wyse  
But this I fynde, that no man can deuise  
A thyng so crafty, so good and excellent  
Or yet so sure : that may eche man content

What warke is that : that may eche man content  
No worldly thyng : forsoth I trowe the same  
Thoughe Virgyll were a poet excellent  
Afore all other, shynynge in lawde and fame  
Yet some there were whiche dyd his warkes blame  
Jerome with other Doctours certaynly  
Cowde nat theyr warkes defende well from enuy

Holde me excusyd : for why my wyll is gode  
Men to induce vnto vertue and goodnes  
I wryte no Iest ne tale of Robyn hode  
Nor sawe no sparckes ne sede of vyciousnes  
Wyse men loue vertue, wylde people wantones  
It longeth nat to my scyence nor cunnyng  
For Phylp the Sparowe the (Dirige) to synge.

[This curious astrological diagram to the year 1503, is prefixed to ten supplementary leaves of verses (not translated by Barclay) in the Latin edition of the Ship, dated August, 1497. It bears this title:—"De Corrupto ordine uiuendi pereūtibus. Inuentio noua. Sebastiani Brant."]



The verses that follow are chiefly descriptive of the great empires of antiquity, and among them occur twenty lines entitled "Figura celi, M.CCCC.III.," in which the conjunction of planets, as pictured in the cut, is predicted to be of evil omen to the German nation.]

A conclusyon of this Boke with a Balade  
of the translatur in the honoure of  
the blessyd Virgyn Mary, moder of god.





O Moder mary flour of all womankynde  
 In beauty passynge eche ertly creature  
 In whome the Fende no thought of synne coude fynde  
 O blessyd moder remaynyng Mayden pure  
 O lemyng lampe in lyght passynge nature  
 Moste clere Crystall by clene virgynyte  
 O holy moder, and virgyne most demure  
 Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

O well of mercy : o godly graffe of grace  
 Bryght as the mone, and porte of Paradyse  
 In whome Chryst Jesu elect his dwellyng place  
 Chosen as the son, O rose passynge all pryce  
 Plantyd in Ann without consent of vyce  
 O noble fruyte spronge of a barayne tre  
 Syns to thy son : thou art our medyatryce  
 Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

O ceder tre growyng in Lybany  
 O rod of Jesse, and spouse of Salomon  
 O well of water lastyng eternally  
 O gardayne, closyd, o flees of gedeon  
 O cyte of god, and sempiternall trone  
 Of god elect for thy humylyte  
 To the I call : o Lady here my mone  
 Direct our lyfe, in this tempestous se

O Mary, myrroure clere and immaculate  
 O tour of Dauyd : with Pynacles without pere  
 O pleasaunt olyue, with vertue decorate  
 Pyller of fayth, whyle thou wast lyuyng here

O heuenly starre, of gardyns fountayne clere  
O plesaunt Lyly moste goodly in beautye  
Compalyd rounde with the sharpe thorne and brere  
Direct our lyfe in this tempestous se

Hayle moder of mercy : Hayle myrrour of mekenes  
Hayle Quene of blysse : hayle sterre celestyall  
Hayle hope of synners, eternall Emperes  
Whiche by the fruyt of thy closet virgynall  
Mankynde hast wasshyd from synne orygynall  
Lowse of our bondes, and make vs synners fre  
From paynfull pyt and dongeon infernall  
Gydyng our lyfe in this tempestous se

O Quene vs red out, of captyuyte  
On the we call, in the our confort is  
That by thy prayer to the hye Trinyte  
All shall be pardonyd that we haue done amys  
Syns thou art in eternall ioy and blys  
Our mediatryce : before the deyte  
Our hope is sure : that thou wylt neuer mys  
Our lyfe to gyde in this tempestous se

O glorious Lady : o Quene most excellent  
Howe may I synner thy lawdes comprehend  
My synfull mouth is nat suffycyent  
Worthy nor able thy goodnes to commende  
My wyt ne reason coude nat therto extende  
Thoughe euery member of myne were tungen thre  
Yet is my trust that thou wylt euer intende  
To gyde vs synners in this tempestous se

Syns synners stray here in this se mundayne  
 In dyuers synnes, by errour and fraylnes  
 By thy bryghtnes reduce our way agayne  
 Shewe vs thy lyght to clere our thicke derknes  
 And to subdue the Prynce of viciousnes  
 With all his pompes, his pryde and vanyte  
 And come to heuen by way of rightwysnes  
 Thou gydyng vs in this tempestous se.

O blessyd Moder, set hie in goddes trone  
 In ioy and blysse surmountyng mannes mynde  
 Syns by thy fruyte we saued ar echone  
 And heuen yatis opened to mankynde  
 Graunt that we dayly by the may socour fynde  
 Of soule and body in eche aduersyte  
 Let thy lyght. Lady. the Fende subdue and blynde  
 And gyde vs wretches in this tempestous se

Thou art the Sterre, blasynge with bemys bryght  
 About these worldes wawes so violent  
 Our synnes darke encleryng with thy lyght  
 Mannys mediatryce to god omnyotent  
 Wherfore to the, o Lady I present  
 This symple Boke thoughe it vnworthy be  
 But pore and symple and moche ineloquent  
 Rudely composyd in this tempestous se

O blessyd virgyn, O resplendaunt lanterne  
 Defende my Shyp from the malyciousnes  
 Of fals enuy, withsaue it to gouerne  
 From stroke of storme : as most holy patrones

My soule and body : to the also Empres  
And all my workes I submyt besekynge the  
That the foule Fende me neuer may oppres  
Whyle I here wander in this tempestous se

And after whan my soule is seperate  
From this mortall body, and clot of clay  
With thy holy presence, o moder immaculate  
From me expell the ougly fende away  
O moder of mercy syns thou well may  
Thy sonnes presence purchase for me  
By thy ayde and socour that I may say  
That I haue escapyd this stormy se.

Our Shyp here leuyth the sees brode  
By helpe of God almyght and quyetyly  
At Anker we lye within the rode  
But who that lysteth of them to bye  
In Flete strete shall them fynde truly  
At the George : in Richarde Pynsonnes place  
Prynter vnto the Kynges noble grace.

Deo gratias.



Richard Pynson

## GLOSSARY.

*C. refers to Caswood's edition.*

- A, II., 50, 13, C., are.  
 ABHyme, I., 135, 12, abyss.  
 ABRODE, II., 270, 24, widely distended.  
 ABUSION, I., 212, 8, abuse.  
 ABYDE, I., 284, 2, endured.  
 ABYE, II., 37, 4, expiate.  
 ACLOYEST, II., 51, 1, overloadeth.  
 ACLOYDE, II., 82, 23, overloaded.  
 ADAMOND, I., 120, 27, C. adamant.  
 ADUYSE, II., 29, 18, see.  
 ADUERTENCE, II., 92, 16, attention.  
 ADUESYTE, II., 133, 12., C. aduersitie.  
 ALAYD, II., 289, 5, mixed.  
 ALESTAKE, I., 305, 14, a stake set up before an alehouse as a sign.  
 ALL TO, I., 288, 9; II., 139, 15; II., 139, 17; II., 194, 24, entirely, altogether.  
 AMYS, II., 324, 1, amice.  
 ANN, II., 333, 5, Anna the prophetess. *See* Luke, ii. 36.  
 ANY, II., 292, 2, C. my.  
 APAYDE, I., 101, 5, satisfied, pleased.  
 APAYRED, I., 35, 8, impaired.  
 APOSE, I., 288, 18, oppose.  
 ARERE, I., 297, 26, backward, behind.  
 ASSHE, I., 141, 17, and I., 169, 25, C. aske.  
 ASSYTE, II., 81, 1, cite.  
 ATONS, I., 104, 13, C. at once.  
 ATONYS, I., 160, 21, C. at once.  
 AT TURNEY, II., 50, 27, C. attorney.  
 ATTYSE, I., 296, 6, entice.  
 ATTYRSERS, II., 163, 25, enticers.  
 ATTYSYNGE, I., 239, 2, enticing.  
 AUAUNT, II., 67, 20, boast.  
 AUAUTAGE, I., 206, 12, C. auantage.  
 AUAYLE, II., 81, 12, advantage.  
 AUOUTRY, II., 163, 4, adultery.  
 AUTERS, I., 221, 20, C. aulters.  
 AUYCEN, I., 262, 6, Avicenna.  
 AYENST, II., 255, 28, C. against.  
 BABYLL, I., 133, 5, bauble.  
 BAGGES, II., 103, 3, badges.  
 BAYLYES, I., 64, 1, C. Bayliffes.  
 BEAWLYS, I., 144, 23, roaring out.  
 BECKE I., 146, 4, bow, salute.  
 BEDE MAN, II., 81, 23, one employed in praying for another.  
 BENDE, II., 93, 15, C. bande.  
 BESEKE, II., 112, 8, beseech.  
 BETERS, I., 296, (title), those who walk up and down.  
 BETTER, I., 217, 20, C. bitter.  
 BEWARE the ende is the leste poynt of his charge, I., 30, 28, C. Not viewing the greatest point of his charge.  
 BLABERYNGE, I., 144, 23, talking idly.  
 BLASINGE, I., 36, 19, blazoning.  
 BLASYNGE I., 240, 10, setting or spreading forth; II., 335, 9, blazing.  
 BLYNDNES, I., 216, 22, C. blinde.  
 BOCARDO, I., 144, 20, a term in logic.  
 BOCsome, I., 169, 23, obedient.  
 BOKEST, II., 177, 18, boke, to vomit.  
 BOLDLES, II., 172, 25, C. boldnes.  
 BONDE, II., 189, 8, C. bande.  
 BOTE, II., 299, 24, help.  
 BOTH, II., 15, 28, C. before.  
 BOURDES, I., 7, 8, jokes, jests, games.  
 BRAST, II., 123, 6, break.

- BRASTYTH, II., 264, 6, bursteth.  
 BRAYNE, II., 166, 7, C. gayne.  
 BRAWNE, II., 252, 3, (misprint for) brayne.  
 BRENNYNGE, II., 83, 13, burning.  
 BRONDES, I., 149, 2, torches, II., 294, 26, C. brandes.  
 BROUGH, I., 202, 20, C. brought.  
 BRÛBOURS, I., 64, 1, robbers, beggars.  
 BRYNNYNGE, II., 96, 19, burning.  
 BURDEWS, I., 128, 15, Bordeaux.  
 BUSSHES, I., 37, 23, beards.  
 BYD, II., 106, 3, invited.  
 BYDE, II., 226, 3, wait.  
 BYDETH, II., 212, 5, remaineth.  
 BYDYNGE, II., 311, 12, enduring.  
 BYTE, I., 302, 5, smart.
- CADUKE, II., 250, 9, frail, crazy.  
 CAME, I., 109, 21, C. come.  
 CANELL, I., 222, 7, kennel.  
 CARAGE, II., 173, 21, measure, quality.  
 CARAKE, II., 306, 7, a large ship.  
 CARE, II., 292, 13, think about; II., 310, 27, concern.  
 CAREFULL, II., 94, 4, sorrowful.  
 CARKE, II., 122, 15, care.  
 CARTIS, II., 228, 10, chariots.  
 CARYTH, II., 50, 4, C. careth.  
 CAST, I., 284, 6, intend, contrive.  
 CAUSE, I., 202, 11, C. not cause.  
 CAUTELL, I., 168, 10, Cautele, I., 284, 4, a cunning trick.  
 CAUVELOUS, I., 49, 5, artfully cautious.  
 CERSUS, II., 106, 12, C. Cræsus.  
 CERTAYNE, II., 248, 3, certainly.  
 CESYLL, II., 25, 4, C. Sicil.  
 CEUEYT, II., 315, 15, C. couete.  
 CHAFFAR, II., 219, 6, merchandise.  
 CHARETTES, II., 228, 10, chariots.  
 CHARGE, I., 231, 26, trouble.  
 CHERE, II., 292, 8, countenance; 295, 14, entertainment.  
 CHRAFTY, I., 185, 2, C. politike.  
 CLYST, I., 22, 14, Broadclyst, Devonshire.
- COMMODYTE, I., 127, 3, complaisance.  
 COMON, I., 287, 22, C. commen commune.  
 COMPACE, II., 290, 22, encompass.  
 COMPALYD II., 333, 23, hedged.  
 COMPASE, I., 292, 4, circle.  
 CONFYDENCE, II., 228, 26, C. geue confidence.  
 COPYNTANKE, I., 38, 13, copatain, a conical hat.  
 CORNES, I., 170, 1; II., 237, 18, C. corners.  
 COSTOMER, I., 43, 24, one who collects customs or duties.  
 COTIS, II., 96, 14, cottages.  
 COUNTRE, I., 298, 16, encounter.  
 COURS, II., 10, 2, C. course.  
 COUERTURE, II., 290, 10, covering.  
 COY, II., 256, 17, quiet.  
 CRAFTELY, I., 204, 17, C. warely.  
 CRAFTY, I., 193, 14, C. holsome, skilfully made, I., 199, 1, C. prudent; I., 200, 9, C. prouident; II., 274, 13, skilful.  
 CRAKARS, I., 12, 16, braggarts.  
 CRAKE, II., 132, 7, brag or boast.  
 CRAKYNGE, II., 80, 6, boasting.  
 CRAUYS, I., 271, 6, C. creuis, the craw-fish or lobster.  
 CUNNYNGE, I., 261, 25, knowledge.  
 CURIUS, II., 262, 12, Dentatus Curius, celebrated for his frugality.
- DAMNYD, II., 102, 24, condemned to death.  
 DECKE, I., 38, 12, trimmed; applied to "slut."  
 DEFYE, II., 52, 4, reject.  
 DEMAYNE, II., 292, 18, manage.  
 DEPARTE, II., 181, 11, part.  
 DERE, I., 227, 19, injure, hurt; injury.  
 DERE, I., 270, 11; II., 55, 16, C. degree.  
 DESPYTOUS, II., 164, 23, very angry.  
 DEMYNGE, I., 154, 27, judging.  
 DEUYSE, I., 74, 18, C. iudise; judge.

- DEYNTEOUS, II., 293, 22, full of dainties.  
 DIFFAMYD, II., 37, 20, of bad fame.  
 DISCEYFULL, I., 245, 18, C. disceytfull.  
 DISCEYUABLE, II., 84, 12, deceitful.  
 DISSYMULED, II., 221, 4, dissembled.  
 DISTAYNE, II., 101, 25, stain.  
 DO, II., 82, 4, C. to; II., 108, 7, (misprint for) to.  
 DODART, I., 47, 5, an old, infirm, confused person.  
 DOMAS, I., 20, 12, C. damas.  
 DOME, I., 150, 15, C. dombe.  
 DORTOR, I., 294, 21, dormitory.  
 DOTYSSHE, I., 86, 8, foolish.  
 DRANYNGE, II., 186, 23, draining.  
 DREDE, II., 292, 9, fear.  
 DRENT, I., 90, 5, drowned.  
 DRES, II., 24, 17, direct.  
 DRESSE, II., 63, 9, apply; II., 275, 10, prepare.  
 DRUYDANS, I., 292, 8, "Druidæ de quibus, Julius Cæsar, in comment." (*Marginal note.*)  
 DRYUYLS, II., 77, 27, C. driuels.  
 DYGHT, II., 212, 4, clean.  
  
 EARNEST, II., 115, 1, deposit money given to bind a bargain, or on hiring a servant.  
 EDEFYE, II., 120, 5, build.  
 EDITYED, I., 6, 9, C. edified.  
 EFT, II., 203, 27, again.  
 EGALL, II., 293, 3, equal.  
 EKE, II., 326, 6, also.  
 ENIOYNGE, I., 54, 3, C. seking.  
 ENJOYE, I., 151, 4, C. joye.  
 ENTENDE, II., 87, 23, attend.  
 ENUYE, II., 279, 9, envy.  
 ERE, I., 58, 27, C. care; plough.  
 ERCESE, II., 315, 25, C. exercise.  
 ESTATE, II., 14, 16, a wealthy person.  
 EXCHETERS, II., 78, 21, executors.  
  
 FACYATE, II., 199, 8, (misprint for) sacyate.  
 FARO, II., 110, 24, C. Pharao.  
 FASYNGE, I., 43, 23, C. facing; bragging.  
 FATYGATE, II., 119, 17, fatigued.  
 FELL, II., 169, 16, (misprint for) sell.  
 FEN, II., 35, 22; FENN, I., 157, 11, mud, mire.  
 FEREFULL, I., 218, 17, full of fear.  
 FERME, I., 159, 23, rent; II., 98, 4, farm.  
 FLEE, II., 199, 24, (misprint for) slee.  
 FLETE, II., 290, 29, float.  
 FOLAWES, II., 36, 16, C. felowes.  
 FORCE, I., 278, 21, care, regard.  
 FORGE, II., 306, 4, invent.  
 FORKED CAPPE, II., 279, 22, the mitre.  
 FOR IT REBUKED, II., 180, 26, C. with great rebuke.  
 FORS, I., 51, 6, same as Force.  
 FOROUR, I., 79, 3, C. furour.  
 FORSYTH, II., 100, 14, C. forceth; endeavoureth; II., 163, 22, esteemeth, careth for.  
 FORTHYNKE, I., 278, 20, grieve, repent.  
 FOUL, I., 52, 8, C. foole.  
 FOYSON, I., 11, 2, abundance.  
 FRAGAUNT, II., 290, 1, fragrant.  
 FRANTYFE, I., 149, 13, C. frantike.  
 FRAME, II., 253, 3, to set about a thing.  
 FYERS, I., 165, 9, C. fierce.  
 FYNDE, I., 304, 18, supply.  
  
 GAFFYS, I., 123, 4, C. graffes; grafts.  
 GARDED, I., 36, 19; GARDYD, II., 97, 12, girded or surrounded with a hem.  
 GAYLE, I., 27, 18, jail.  
 GEASON, II., 10, 12, scarce.  
 GESTIS, II., 270, 2, gestures.  
 GET, I., 63, 20, C. jet, "wantonly to goe in and out with the legs," to strut or walk proudly.  
 GETTERS, I., 146, 28, swaggerers, braggers.



- GETTETH, I., 143, 27, C. cometh.  
 GLOSE, I., 58, 28, comment; II.,  
 51, 16, interpret.  
 GOD, II., 217, 23, good.  
 GODE, I., 100, 7, C. goode.  
 GOODES, I., 234, 7, C. goodnes.  
 GOOSTLY, II., 161, 13, spiritually.  
 GORGAYS, II., 289, 1, C. gorgious.  
 GRAFFYD, II., 240, 8, grafted.  
 GRE AT, II., 34, 8, C. great.  
 GREE, I., 155, 11, agree.  
 GREUAUNCE, II., 262, 4, injury.  
 GRENNYNGE, II., 130, 16, roaring.  
 GROTZ, I., 100, 6, C. grotes.  
 GROUNDE, II., 292, 14, an old  
 musical term for an air on which  
 variations and divisions were to  
 be made. *Nares*.  
 GRUTCHYNGE, I., 145, 10, grumbling,  
 grudging.  
 GYDERS, II., 15, 21, straps to draw  
 together the open parts of armour.  
 GYLEFULL, II., 169, 23, C. wilfull.  
 GYSE, I., 287, 12, fashion.  
 GYUYS, I., 184, 23, C. geuen.  
  
 HACKYNGE, II., 232, 25, stammer-  
 ing.  
 HANT, I., 195, 11, follow.  
 HAP, I., 140, 14, C. chance.  
 HAPHY, II., 252, 12, C. happy.  
 HAUT, II., 224, 6; II., 287, 13,  
 proud.  
 HE, I., 16, 7, C. ye.  
 HEDELYNGE, II., 330, 10., C.  
 speedely.  
 HELL JUGE THY REWARDE, I., 27, 7,  
 C. hell thy just rewarde.  
 HERE, I., 177, 12, hair.  
 HIS, I., 42, 5, C. my; II., 208, 7,  
 C. is.  
 HONYNGTON, I., 22, 14, Honiton.  
 HORLE, I., 109, 28, C. whirle.  
 HOURLYNGE, II., 310, 12, C.  
 hurling; rumbling.  
 HURTE, I., 141, 24, C. heart.  
 HURTYTH, II., 115, 24, closes or  
 clashes together with noise.  
  
 INCOUENYENCE, I., 238, 14, C. in-  
 conuenyence.  
 INFACIABLE, II., 227, 11, (misprint  
 for) insaciabile.  
 INFECT, I., 5, 13, infected; I., 126,  
 8, contagious.  
 INFECTYFE, II., 161, 16, contagious.  
 INFEXTYNGE, II., 71, 13, C. infecting.  
 INTREATABLE, II., 114, 6, not to be en-  
 treated; II., 115, 8, C. intollerable.  
 INURE, II., 291, 19, apply them-  
 selves to, serve.  
 IT, I., 187, 28, C. he.  
 IYEN, II., 125, 7, eyes.  
  
 JAPES, II., 153, 6, jests.  
 JEOPADOUS, I., 194, 5, C. jeopardous.  
 JONATHAS, I., 77, 4., 1 Mach. xii.  
 (*marginal note*), general of the  
 Jews, brother to Judas Macca-  
 beus, treacherously seized and put  
 to death by Tryphon.  
 JOWELL, I., 120, 22, C. jewell.  
  
 KEPE, I., 226, 12, care.  
 KEST, II., 260, 6, C. cast.  
 KYNDE, II., 240, 22, nature,  
 natural disposition.  
  
 LACHESYS, I., 188, 27, Lachesis.  
 LACKYNGE, II., 264, 14, want.  
 LAURER, II., 289, 3, laurel.  
 LEASING, (or Lesyng), I., 196, 12,  
 lie.  
 LEFE, I., 103, 6, agreeable; II.,  
 118, 22, leave.  
 LEFTE, I., 188, 27, (misprint for)  
 leste.  
 LEMMAN, I., 244, 18, mistress.  
 LEMYNGE, II., 332, 5, shining.  
 LESE, I., 140, 17, lose.  
 LESHES, I., 221, 23, thongs or  
 strings by which dogs are led.  
 LESYNGE, II., 6, 18, lie.  
 LESYNGYS, I., 53, 3, lies.  
 LESYTH, II., 115, 22, loseth.  
 LET, I., 90, 7, hindered: I., 194,  
 20, leave off.

- LETTYD**, I., 297, 5, hindered.  
**LEUER**, I., 48, 1, rather.  
**LEUERAY**, II., 271, 28, C. liueray.  
**LEWDE**, I., 52, 5, ignorant, lay, untaught, useless. *Later*, vile, base, wicked.  
**LEWDNES**, I., 127, 5, unlawfulness.  
**LODESMAN**, II., 200, 14, pilot, guide.  
**LONGYNGE**, II., 60, 5, belonging.  
**LORELLYS**, II., 320, 14, worthless fellows.  
**LOTHLY**, I., 168, 23, loathsome.  
**LOUT**, I., 105, 13; **LOUTE**, I., 146, 4, bend, bow.  
**LOWDE**, I., 130, 28, C. lowe.  
**LOWE**, I., 68, 11, C. alowe.  
**LUSTY**, II., 293, 8, pleasant.  
**LUSTYNES**, II., 295, 3, gaiety.  
**LYCYNUS**, I., 139, 9. Licinus, the extravagant governor of Gaul.  
**LYGHTLY**, I., 68, 21, quickly; II., 171, 17, commonly, easily.  
**LYKE**, II., 263, 21, please.  
**LYST**, II., 255, 15, please.  
**LYUYNGE**, I., 187, 21, C. leauing.  
**LUCRES**, II., 9, 9, Lucretia.  
  
**MADE**, I., 248, 21, C. mad.  
**MAKE**, II., 237, 12, companion.  
**MAWES**, II., 89, 1, stomach.  
**MARS, PRESTIS OF**, I., 292, 12, "De quibus Virgilius, II., Georgicorum." (*Marginal note.*)  
**MAS**, II., 132, 13, C. sacrament, 19, eucharist; 28, offering; II., 133, 3, our Lord.  
**MASYD**, II., 83, 2, stupified.  
**MATERS**, I., 216, 20, C. mates.  
**MEAN**, II., 104, 12, temperate.  
**MEANES**, I., 199, 22, C. no meanes.  
**MEASE**, II., 264, 9, mess.  
**MEDE**, I., 134, 15, reward.  
**MEKE**, II., 164, 15, make meek.  
**MELL**, II., 211, 19, mix.  
**MEN**, II., 45, 18, C. mean.  
**MERY**, I., 188, 18, fair.  
  
**MESUES**, I., 262, 4, Joannes Mesue; there were several famous Arabic physicians of this name.  
**MESURE**, I., 188, 18, moderate; II., 262, 23, moderation.  
**METE**, I., 155, 16, fitting.  
**MEWE**, I., 222, 6, stable.  
**MOCHE**, I., 112, 26, C. great.  
**MONYSYON**, II., 189, 23, monition.  
**MORYAGE**, I., 248, 23, C. mariage.  
**MOST**, I., 217, 19, C. must.  
**MOSTE**, I., 6, 8, C. more.  
**MOWES**, I., 212, 10, mocks, scornful grins.  
**MUNDAYNES**, I., 159, 3, worldly.  
**MYGHT**, II., 144, 16, C. night.  
**MYSCHÉ**, I., 253, 27, C. mischief.  
**MYSE**, II., 129, 1, muse.  
**MYSHAPÉ**, II., 252, 21, mishap.  
**MYSORDYNAUNCE**, II., 285, 22, misorder, disorderly proceedings.  
  
**NARRYNGE**, I., 182, 11, gnarring, gnarling, snarling.  
**NAY**, II., 282, 4, denial.  
**NER**, II., 9, 10, never.  
**NILICOLYANS**, I., 135, 23, Egyptians.  
**NONS**, I., 154, 27, occasion.  
**NORTURE**, I., 249, 11, nurture, train.  
**NOTHERS**, I., 112, 24, C. an others.  
**NOY**, II., 248, 2, annoy, hurt.  
**NOYSON**, II., 204, 10, C. noysome.  
  
**OCCUPY**, II., 169, 26, use, trade.  
**OCCUPYERS**, II., 219, 5, tradesmen.  
**OF**, II., 164, 7, (misprint for) at; II., 195, 11, of (misprint for) all.  
**OKERERS**, II., 166, (title) usurers.  
**ONE**, I., 199, 23, C. no.  
**ON LYUE**, II., 199, 7, alive.  
**OR**, I., 143, 3, C. are.  
**OR**, II., 60, 13, that.  
**ORDAYNE**, II., 57, 1, order.  
**ORTHLY**, I., 231, 11, C. earthly.  
**OTHERS**, II., 132, 21, C. othes.  
**OUER**, II., 77, 24, C. ouercome.  
**OVERSENE**, I., 178, 1, mistaken.  
**OUR**, I., 182, 2, C. your.

- PALFRAY, II., 217, 23, palfrey.  
 PANTER, II., 297, 7, net or snare.  
 PAPPY, II., 184, 1, poppy.  
 PARAGE, II., 32, 4, parentage, kindred.  
 PARCYTE, I., 9, 24, smallness.  
 PARTNES, II., 236, 28, C. partners.  
 PARTY, II., 97, 12, parti-coloured.  
 PARYSSHYNCS, I., 160, 20, C. parishoners.  
 PAYNE, II., 316, 10, labour.  
 PEAS, II., 3, 8, appease.  
 PENS, I., 100, 6, C. pence.  
 PERDURABLE, II., 306, 3, everlasting.  
 PERTUREAUNCE, II., 285, 27, trouble.  
 PERYSSHE, II., 255, 12, injure.  
 PHERYSON, I., 144, 20, a term in logic.  
 PLAGE, II., 24, 23, C. place.  
 PLAGE, II., 136, (title), afflictive judgment or calamity.  
 PLAME, II., 290, 17, C. place.  
 PLEASAUNCE, II., 92, 26, pleasure.  
 PODALIRIUS, I., 262, 4, Podaleirius, skilled in medicine.  
 POLLERS, I., 12, 17, robbers.  
 POMPE, I., 19, 2, poop.  
 POTELS, II., 92, 6, a measure of two quarts.  
 POULE, II., 302, 9, Paulus Emilius.  
 POWLYNGE, I., 64, 3, robbing, cheating.  
 PRACTYSE, I., 158, 25, artifice.  
 PRECKYD, II., 308, 21, decorated.  
 PRECYAN, I., 144, 12, Priscian.  
 PROUE, II., 316, 21, thrive.  
 PROUYSICION, I., 121, 23, C. provision.  
 PROUERTYE, I., 304, 15, C. pouertie.  
 PRYMME, I., 250, 1, C. paramour.  
 PRYUATE, II., 84, 15, deprived.  
 PURUEAUNCE, II., 285, 16, provision.  
 PYGHT, II., 319, 24, placed.  
 PYKERS, I., 15, 21, thieves.  
 PYLLYNGE, I., 254, 11, peeling.  
 QUAKES, II., 261, 15, C. quates.  
 QUAYNT, I., 211, 14, acquaint, inform.  
 QUELL, II., 168, 7, kill.  
 RAMPYNGE, II., 206, 4, rushing.  
 RAWKY, II., 261, 4, rawlike.  
 RAY, I., 35, 16, striped cloth; I., 303, 26, dress.  
 READ, I., 193, 14, C. rede.  
 READE, I., 26, 28, counsel, (C.'s reading) "Take counsaile of learned and expert men before."  
 REBOKYNGE, II., 261, 12, belching.  
 RED, II., 307, 18, rid, deprive.  
 REDE, I., 151, 1, advice.  
 REDDYTH, II., 102, 10, C. riddeth.  
 REDUCE, II., 175, 18, bring back.  
 REFUSE, II., 164, 16, deny.  
 REMYS, II., 186, 23, remiss.  
 RENOWE, II., 66, 16, C. renowme.  
 REPREFE, I., 32, 21, C. repriefe; reproof.  
 REPUGNYNGE, I., 283, 4, repugnant.  
 RESPYT, II., 280, 1; RESPYTE, II., 316, 11, respect.  
 RETED, I., 44, 12; I., 116, 11, C. rooted.  
 REUYLDE, I., 288, 9, revealed; shown.  
 REWED, II., 241, 24, regretted.  
 ROWME, II., 212, 24, place.  
 RODE, II., 309, 15, harbour.  
 ROTE, II., 293, 7, root.  
 ROUNDYNGE, I., 221, 4, a kind of dance.  
 ROUNDYNGES, II., 212, 16, whispers.  
 ROUSE, I., 91, 14, hedges.  
 ROUT, II., 224, 2, company.  
 ROWNE, I., 161, 14, C. rowme.  
 ROWME, II., 13, 6, place.  
 ROYALLUE, I., 199, 11, C. realme.  
 RUTHFULLY, I., 68, 27, C. ruefully.  
 RYUE, II., 261, 17, split.  
 SAD, I., 109, 16, serious, sober.  
 SALUE, II., 87, 18, C. safe.  
 SAUOUR, II., 139, 1, (misprint for) fauour.  
 SCAS, II., 103, 8, C. scarce.  
 SCANT, II., 84, 27, scarce.  
 SCAPLER, II., 324, 1, scapulary.

- SCARSNESS, II., 97, 22, sparingness.  
 SCONSYENCE, I., 136, 15, C. conscience.  
 SCORSYNGES, II., 141, (title) exchanges.  
 SCOSYTH, I., 159, 25, C. choseth.  
 SECTOURS, I., 117, 7, executors.  
 SEKE, II., 111, 8, C. sicke.  
 SEMBLAUNT, II., 287, 23, appearance.  
 SEMBLABLE, II., 264, 18, like.  
 SENE, I., 109, 16, learned.  
 SENTENCE, II., 109, 7, meaning.  
 SERUAUTES, I., 238, 7, C. seruautes.  
 SET BY, I., 198, 24, treated with consideration.  
 SHELDE, I., 114, 15, shield.  
 SHENT, I., 22, 17, abashed.  
 SHRAPE, I., 47, 16; I., 105, 22, C. scrape.  
 SHYLL, II., 162, 20, shrill.  
 SLAKE, II., 279, 5, subside.  
 SLE, I., 198, 9, C. slay.  
 SLUT, I., 38, 12, an apron, (Halliwell.) Used by Barclay as synonymous with Copyntanke.  
 SMARE, II., 217, 7, C. snare.  
 SO, I., 177, 14, C. se.  
 SOFT, II., 314, 3, easily.  
 SOLYM, I., 135, 19, Jerusalem.  
 SOME ar that thynke the pleasoure and ioy of theyr lyfe, I. 54, 1, C. Some there are that haue pleasure al their life.  
 SOPPE, II., 263, 15, C. suppe.  
 SORTES CURRIT, I., 144, 19, a term in logic.  
 SOTE, I., 112, 22, fool.  
 SOTHLY, II., 112, 21, truly.  
 SPARCLE, I., 194, 1, spark.  
 SREYGHTE, II., 59, 12, C. straight.  
 STAGE, II., 262, 27, position.  
 STAKE, I., 299, 18, alestake, *q.v.*  
 STATE, II., 8, 24, personage of high rank.  
 STENT, I., 31, 12, allotted portion; II., 89, 3, stop.  
 STERE, I., 291, 4, C. sterne.  
 STERUE, II., 32, 8, perish.  
 STRAUNGES, II., 77, 24, C. strangers.  
 STRENGER, II., 28, (title), C. stronger.  
 STRYKETH, II., 212, 18, stroketh.  
 STUYS, I., 178, 21, C. And as the open stues they are set on warke.  
 STYNT, II., 65, 2, stopped.  
 SUBTYLL, II., 224, 2, fine.  
 SUCHE, I., 208, 2, C. so.  
 SUETH, I., 183, 6, followeth.  
 SULPICE, I., 144, 12, Sulpicius.  
 SUPERFLUE, II., 215, 11, superfluous.  
 SUPPORTYTH, II., 230, 14, C. support.  
 SURMOUNTYNGE, II., 335, 2, surpassing.  
 SUSTERS, II., 201, 27, C. sisters.  
 SUYNGE, I., 60, 13, C. shewing.  
 SWERES, II., 128, (title), C. swearers.  
 SYEGE, II., 82, 23, seat.  
 SYLLABIS, I., 144, 27, C. syllables.  
 SYSE, I., 27, 17, assise.  
 TABLES, II., 131, 22, backgammon.  
 TACHYD, I., 58, 11, blemished, spotted.  
 TANE, II., 87, 1, taken.  
 TARY, I., 194, 13, delay.  
 TAYS, II., 9, 12, Thais.  
 TELL, II., 164, 12, C. hell.  
 TEND, II., 257, 28, attend.  
 THE, I., 183, 24, C. in.; II., 44, 21, (misprint for) they.  
 THEDER, I., 154, 25, thither.  
 THEE, I., 75, 4, thigh.  
 THEKT, II., 96, 14, thatched.  
 THEY, I., 255, 29, C. thy; II., 276, 14, C. theyr.  
 THOLOMEUS, I., 20, 22, C. Ptolomeus.  
 THOUGHT, II., 121, 16, C. though.  
 THYE, II., 94, 16; II., 223, 7, thrive.  
 THYNKE, I., 172, 15, C. thinge.

- THRYST, II., 7, 16, C. thrift.  
 TOPPRES, II., 221, 25, C. to oppresse.  
 TO RENT, I., 302, 16, quite or completely, or all rent—to, an intensive prefix.  
 TO TORE, I., 305, 4, similar to To rent.  
 TOUR, II., 291, 12, castle.  
 TOWLYNGE, I., 64, 1, beating with an oaken stick.  
 TRACE, II., 276, 25, track, path.  
 TRAYNE, I., 227, 13, knot; I., 245, 15, deceit; II., 116, 19, stratagem.  
 TROUGH, I., 245, 4, through.  
 TRYPHON, I., 77, 5, Tyrian general. See Jonathas.  
 TUYCION, I., 25, 24, C. tuition.  
 TYDE, I., 304, 17; II., 113, 6, time, season.  
 UNCHRAFTY, I., 272, 16, C. unwittie.  
 VANT, II., 185, 24, a winter trap for birds.  
 VARYABLE, II., 114, 7, 18, different.  
 VAYLE, II., 24, 14, C. vayne.  
 VEN, I., 120, 4, C. ben.  
 VENGEABLE, II., 52, 7, revengeful, cruel.  
 VERMAYLL, I., 196, 17, red.  
 VNETH, II., 315, 24, uneth, uneasily.  
 VNMERCIABLE, II., 52, 5, merciless.  
 VNTRETABLE, I., 165, 8, not to be entreated.  
 VNWARE, I., 177, 19, unaware.  
 VOLAGE, I., 126, 11, changeful, light, giddy.  
 VOLOURE, II., 291, 13, C. valour.  
 VOYDE, II., 86, 4, make empty.  
 VYLAYNE, II., 323, 10, wicked.  
 WARE, I., 246, 15, sensible; II., 250, 22, aware.  
 WAREN, I., 134, 25, cunning.  
 WARY, I., 305, 12, abuse, curse.  
 WAWES, I., 206, 26, waves.  
 WAY, I., 155, 15, away.  
 WAY, I., 295, 15, C. away.  
 WAYTE, I., 290, 12, know.  
 WENE, II., 86, 2, think.  
 WENYD, I., 138, 27, C. wened; thought, supposed.  
 WERAY, I., 70, 27, same as Wary.  
 WERE, II., 162, 6, (misprint for) Nere.  
 WETE, I., 150, 4, know.  
 WHAN, II., 293, 12, C. whom.  
 WODE, I., 116, 10, C. wood; mad, furious.  
 WOMBE, I., 12, 27, belly.  
 WORDLY, II., 232, 12, C. worldly.  
 WORLDLY, I., 287, 28, (misprint for) wordly; C. world.  
 WORTHELY, I., 247, 7, wrathfully.  
 WYGHTE, II., 318, 5, strong.  
 WYNTER, I., 42, 7, C. wynters.  
 WYTCHE, I., 195, 15, C. wretches.  
 WYNNYNGE, II., 83, 22, gain.  
 YATE, II., 203, 22, gate; Scottish, yat, yett.  
 YCHE, I., 43, 25, I.  
 YE, I., 138, 1, yea.  
 YETYTH, II., 211, 27, C. putteth.  
 YLL, I., 112, 14, C. euill.  
 YMPORTABLE, I., 139, 23, intolerable.  
 YORDAN, I., 297, 26, chamber pot.  
 YOUR, I., 184, 3, C. our.  
 YOWLYNGE, I., 297, 24, C. howling.  
 YPOCRAS, I., 262, 7, Hippocrates.  
 YRESSHE GAME, I., 21, 20, a game similar to backgammon.  
 YROUS, I., 184, 23, irate.

CHAPTER I. of the ORIGINAL EDITION, and of the  
LATIN and FRENCH VERSIONS of the  
SHIP of FOOLS.

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1.—Chapter I. of the original text of the Ship of Fools,  
as given in Zarncke's edition.

VON VNNUTZEN BUCHERN.

Den vordantz hat man mir gelan  
Dann jch on nutz vil bücher han  
Die jch nit lyfz, vnd nyt verstan

Das jch sytz vornan jn dem schyff  
Das hat worlich eyn sundren gryff  
On vrsach ist das nit gethan  
Vff myn libry ich mych verlan  
Von büchern hab ich grossen hort  
Verstand doch drynn gar wenig wort  
Vnd halt sie dennacht jn den eren  
Das ich jnn wil der fliegen weren  
Wo man von künsten reden dut  
Sprich ich, do heym hab jchs fast gut  
Do mit losz ich benügen mich  
Das ich vil bücher vor mir sych,  
Der künig Ptolomeus bstelt  
Das er all bücher het der welt  
Vnd hyelt das für eyn grossen schatz  
Doch hat er nit das recht gesatz  
Noch kund dar vsz berichten sich  
Ich hab vil bücher ouch des glich  
Vnd lys doch gantz wenig dar jnn  
Worvmb wolt ich brechen myn synn  
Vnd mit der ler mich bkümbren fast

Wer vil studiert, würt ein fantast  
 Ich mag doch sunst wol sin eyn here  
 Vnd lonen eym der für mich ler  
 Ob ich schon hab eyn groben synn  
 Doch so ich by gelerten bin  
 So kan ich jta sprechen jo  
 Des tütschen orden bin ich fro  
 Dann jch gar wenig kan latin  
 Ich weysz das vinū heysset win  
 Gucklus ein gouch, stultus eyn dor  
 Vnd das ich heysz domne doctor  
 Die oren sint verborgen mir  
 Man säh sunst bald eins mullers thier

2.—Chapter I. of Locher's Latin version :—

DE INUTILIBUS LIBRIS.

Inter precipuos pars est mihi reddita stultos  
 Prima : rego docili vastaque vela manu.  
 En ego possideo multos, quos raro libellos  
 Perlego : tum lectos negligo : nec sapio.

Primus in excelsa teneo quod naue rudentes  
 Stultiuagosque sequor comites per flumina vasta :  
 Non ratione vacat certa : sensuque latenti :  
 Congestis etenim stultus confido libellis  
 Spem quoque nec paruam collecta volumina praebent :  
 Calleo nec verbum : nec libri sentio mentem.  
 Attamen in magno per me seruantur honore :  
 Pulueris et cariem, plumatis tergo flabellis.  
 Ast vbi doctrine certamen voluitur : inquam  
 Aedibus in nostris librorum culta supellex  
 Eminent : et chartis viuo contentus opertis :  
 Quas video ignorans : et vano lumine solor.  
 Constituit quondam diues Ptolomeus : haberet  
 Vt libros toto quesitos vndique mundo :  
 Quos grandes rerum thesauros esse putabat :  
 Non tamen archanelegis documenta tenebat :

Quis sine non poterat vite disponere cursum.  
En pariter teneo numerosa volumina, tardus  
Pauca lego : viridi contentus tegmine libri.  
Cur vellem studio sensus turbare frequenti ?  
Aut tam sollicitis animum confundere rebus ?  
Qui studet, assiduo motu, fit stultus et amens.  
Seu studeam : seu non : dominus tamen esse vocabor  
Et possum studio socium disponere nostro :  
Qui pro me sapiat : doctasque examinet artes.  
At si cum doctis versor : concedere malo :  
Omnia : ne cogar fors verba latina profari.  
Theutonicos iuter balbos sum maximus auctor :  
Cum quibus incassum sparguntur verba latina :  
O vos doctores : qui grandia nomina fertis :  
Respicite antiquos patres : iurisque peritos :  
Non in candidulis pensebant dogmata libris :  
Arte sed ingenua sitibundum pectus alebant.  
Auriculis asini tegitur sed magna caterua.

3.—Chapter I. of the French version of Pierre Riviere,  
1497.

DES LIURES INUTILZ.

Le premier fol de la nef suis  
Les voiles regis de man main  
A liures auoir me deduys  
Lesquelz ie ne voy soir ne main  
De ceulx que iay leuz faiz dedain  
Ou ne les entenz. somme toute  
Tel cuyde bien scauoir qui doubte.

Le premier suis en la nauire  
Les cordes ie tourne ie vire  
Ie suis des compaignons vagans  
Ie suis des grans folz nauigans  
Sur la mer du monde parfonde  
En sens et raison mal me fonde  
Et suis bien fol de me fier  
Et mon cueur et corps dedier



En la multitude des liures  
Combien que aux esperitz deliures  
Ne donne pas petit espoir  
Iapete tous les iours de veoir  
Liures : lesquelz ne puis aprendre  
Ne la substance deulx comprendre  
Toutefois bien les contregarde  
Et en tout honneur ie les garde  
De pouldre et dimmundicite  
Car par grant curiosite  
Souuent mes poulpitres baloye  
La ou de doctrine tournoye  
Tous les iours disputacion  
Ma maison et ma mansion  
Est de liures resplendissante  
Desquelz veoir ouuers me contente  
Me confortant veoir seulement  
Mes grans volumes vainement  
Sans en comprendre mot en somme.

Ptolomeus qui fut riche homme  
Constitua quon luy serchast  
Par le monde et quon luy trouuast  
Lesquelz quant ilz furent tous quis  
Pour grant tresor les maintenoit  
Et toutesfois il ne tenoit  
Lenseignement ne la doctrine  
De la sapience diuine  
Combien que sans celle ne peust  
Quelques liures que lors il eust  
Riens de la vie disposer  
Ne chose de bien composer  
Qui luy fust pour lors incolume  
Comme leu iay en maint volume  
Ou ie regarde bien petit  
Et en passe mon appetit  
De veoir seullement la verdure  
Dont est taincte la couerture  
Car ce seroit a moy folie  
De mectre tant mon estudie

Es liures et leurs diuers sens  
Que apres ien troublasse mon sens  
Car cil qui trop scauoir procure  
Et trop es liures met sa cure  
En deuient souuent incense  
Aussi chacun est dispense  
Soit bien lettre scauant ou non  
De porter de seigneur le nom.

Item ie puis en mon lieu mectre  
Quelcun soit en prose ou en metre  
Qui prendra bein la pacience  
Daprendre pour nous deux science  
Et se pres clercs et litterez  
Me voy ie leur concederez  
Leur dire soit tart ou matin  
Affin de ne parler latin  
Et que deulx ne soye repris  
De ce que iay si mal appris.

O docteurs qui le nom auez  
De scauoir et riens ne scauez  
Pour euitier tous vituperes  
Contemplez que iadis noz peres  
Dont les corps sont mors et periz  
Qui furent es droiz si peritz  
Leur grant science ne comprendrent  
En ces beaulx liures ains laprindrent  
Dung bon et desireux courage  
Sans auoir lesprit si vollage  
Comme les clercs de maintenant  
Dont leur est bien appartenant  
Porter par choses non pareilles  
Des asnes les grandes oreilles

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