SKELTON

A SELECTION FROM THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN SKELTON

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

BY

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PREFACE

This selection, which contains four of the most interesting and representative poems of John Skelton, is intended primarily for the student of early Tudor literature. But it is hoped that it may not be without interest to the general reader, who has hitherto had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the works of this quaint, racy, and vigorous writer, except in the edition of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, published in 1843, which has long been out of print. That "thoroughly satisfactory" edition (as it has justly been called) has supplied much of the material of the present volume, with considerable rearrangement and omission, some additions, and a few corrections. The text has been adopted without alteration, except the omission of a few passages which would have rendered the book unsuitable for
general use. While endeavouring scrupulously to acknowledge all real obligations to Dyce in the Notes, the editor has not thought it necessary to disclaim credit for explanations and illustrations which would naturally have occurred to himself had he been working without the invaluable assistance of that great scholar.

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INTRODUCTION

I. LIFE OF SKELTON

1. Birthplace.—John Skelton was born probably either in Cumberland or Norfolk, the balance of evidence inclining to the latter. Wood (Ath. Oxon.) says that he was “originally, if not nearly, descended from the Skeltons of Cumberland.” Fuller (Worthies) assigns him to Norfolk for two reasons: (1) “because an ancient family of his name is eminently known long fixed therein”; (2) “because he was beneficed at Diss.” Tanner (Biblioth.) thinks he was a native of Diss, “being son of William Skelton and Margaret his wife, whose will was proved at Norwich, Nov. 7, 1512.” But Dyce points out that this cannot have been the father, though it may have been a near relation of the poet, as the will, otherwise full and explicit, does not contain the name of John Skelton, and there is some reason for supposing that his mother’s name was Johanna. Among his modern biographers, Mr. Sidney Lee (Dict. Nat. A
Biogr.) leans to Norfolk as his birthplace, while the late Dr. Henry Morley (Eng. Writ.) leaves it an open question between Cumberland and Norfolk. Perhaps Skelton's Latin verses, in which he eulogises Norwich as *patrice specie pulcerrima*, and the fact that he was appointed rector of Diss, may be allowed to outweigh the occasional use of Northern words and his sympathy with the Borderers in their feuds with the Scots.

2. Date of Birth.—There is no direct evidence as to the date of his birth, but it is conjecturally fixed at about the year 1460.

3. Education.—He was probably educated first at Cambridge, which he expressly calls his *alma parens* and credits with having given him *primam mammam eruditionis*, and he has been identified with "one Scheklton," who, according to Cole (*Ath. Cant. MS.*), took the degree of M.A. at Cambridge in 1484. Wood (*Ath. Oxon.*) on the authority of a MS. of Bale's *De Scriptoribus Anglicis* among the Selden MSS. in the Bodleian Library, states that he was educated at Oxford, and styles him *Oxoniae Poeta laureatus*. This must have been subsequent to his residence at Cambridge, as Caxton, in his preface to *The boke of Eneydos*, published in 1490, speaks of him as "late created poete laureate in the vnyuersite of Oxenforde," a degree to which, according to Skelton himself, he was "auaunsid by hole consent of theyr senate." (The laureateship at this time was merely an academic title bestowed, with a
wreath of laurel, on any graduate who had distinguished himself in rhetoric and versification.) In 1493 he was admitted ad eundem gradum at Cambridge, under the title of Poeta in partibus transmarinis atque Oxon. Laurea ornato. The foreign university referred to in the words partibus transmarinis was probably Louvaine, as a copy of Latin elegiacs composed in his honour by Robert Whittington in 1519 (quoted by Dyce, I. xvi.—xix.) is addressed to him as Louaniensis poeta, though it appears the registers of that university contain no record of the fact. In 1504–5 Skelton was allowed by the University of Cambridge uti habitu sibi concesso a Principe, which was probably a distinctive dress of white and green, with the word Calliope embroidered in letters of silk and gold. He tells us himself, in his poems against Garnesche, “a kyng to me myn habyte gaue,” and speaks of wearing “wyght and grene, the kynges colours.” In a short poem written in answer to the question, “Why were ye Calliope embrawdred with letters of golde?” he says that he wears her name “enrolde with silke and golde.” Barclay, in the Prologe to his Egloges, probably refers to Skelton when he contrasts the green robe of the “Poete laureate” with his own black habit as a monk. This dress, and Skelton’s frequent use of the title regius orator, seem to point to the fact that he was not only an ordinary “poet laureate” but also appointed royal laureate or court poet to Henry VIII. Here perhaps may be mentioned
Professor Hales' ingenious suggestion (Milton's *Areopagitica*, ed. Hales, p. 99), that Skelton is meant by Milton when he speaks of one "whom Harry the 8, nam'd in merriment his Vicar of hell." (Hell = Dis = Diss).

4. Career as Courtier.—The second period of Skelton's life was probably spent in more or less close attendance at Court. During this period he produced, in the capacity of Court poet, various official compositions, prose and verse, in English and Latin, and in the "Bowge of Courte," described his personal experiences at Court in an allegorical form. About 1498 he was appointed "creaunerer," or tutor, to the young Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., then a boy of seven. The date may be conjectured from the facts (1) that, in the year 1500, Erasmus mentions Skelton as holding that position, and (2) that Skelton took holy orders in 1498, passing through the successive stages of subdeacon, deacon, and priest with such celerity (March 31, April 14, and June 9) as to suggest that it was done for some special purpose, such as qualifying for the position of royal tutor. In this capacity he boasts that he taught the young prince to spell, and "gaue hym drynke of the sugryd welle of Eliconyg waters crystallyne, aqueintyng hym with the Musys nyne." To instruct his royal pupil in "all the demenour of princely astate," he composed a treatise entitled *Speculum Principis*, now lost. It was in the dedication of an ode *De Laudibus Britanniae* to
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Prince Henry that Erasmus eulogises Skelton as unum Britannicarum literarum lumen ac decus, and speaks of monstrante fontes vate Skeltono sacros. An interesting account of the circumstances which led to the composition of the ode is given by Erasmus (Dyce, I. xxiv.) and paraphrased by Ten Brink (Eng. Trans. iii. 108).

5. IMPRISONMENT.—In 1502 Skelton seems to have fallen into disgrace, if he is to be identified with the John Skelton who, on June 10 of that year, was committed to prison by order of the King in Council. The cause is as unknown as that of the banishment of Ovid to Tomi, but, as Dyce says, in those days of extra-judicial imprisonment he might have been incarcerated for a very slight offence. In the Easter Term of the same year a widow named Johanna Skelton, supposed to be his mother, was fined £3 6s. 8d. by writ of Privy Seal. The cause, the connection between the two penalties, if any, and the identification of the offenders, are equally uncertain.

6. LIFE AS PARISH PRIEST.—The theory of Skelton’s imprisonment receives colour from the fact that he seems immediately after to have withdrawn from Court and entered upon the duties of rector of Diss, in Norfolk. In 1504 he witnessed the will of Mary Cowper as “Master John Skelton, Laureat, Parson of Disse.” In 1506 he signed, as rectore de Dis, “a deuoute trentale for old John Clarke, sometyme the holy patriarke of Dis,” who died, according to the piece, Anno
Domini MD. Sexto. In 1507 he wrote in Latin elegiacs a lamentation over the city of Norwich, which was "almost utterly defaced" by two great fires which broke out in that year. In 1511 he witnessed another will for one of his parishioners, and in 1513 wrote a Chorus de Dis super triumphali victoria contra Gallos—i.e., the Battle of the Spurs. And at his death in 1529 he was still, at any rate, the titular Rector of Diss, as we see from the institution of his successor.

According to Wood (Ath. Oxon.), at Diss, and in the diocese, "he was esteemed more fit for the Stage, than the Pew or Pulpit," a judgment amply borne out by the epigrams and epitaphs he has left on some of his parishioners, and by the unsavoury stories, of which, whether true or not, he would scarcely have been made the hero without something in his character and conduct to make the cap fit. His dual nature is well described by Ten Brink (Eng. Trans., iii. 110): "Skelton was certainly not worse than most of his colleagues, and probably better than many of them. He had, however, peculiar ideas about many things, a peculiar temperament, which was but little fitted for the life of an ecclesiastic, and he was not the man to put any control upon himself, or to keep his views always under cover. Skelton was not without religious feelings, or without faith as a Christian; but his faith was mixed with a goodly amount of scepticism, his interests were mainly directed to secular concerns,
and if he possessed reverence for the saints, it often took a peculiar form of expression. Above all, Skelton was one of the humanists, full of enthusiasm for classical culture, full of reverence for the sovereign importance of learning, and fully conscious of being a richly endowed and eminently learned son of the Muses. Self-denial, a secluded life, and asceticism were foreign to his nature; he was fond of giving free play to his thoughts in poetry, and somewhat in his actions as well. The discordance between his inner nature and his position in life, between his Humanity and his Christianity, must often have forced itself upon him; his humour must have helped him over his difficulty, but his humour is often but little pleasant, and much too negative in colouring."

For living with a woman whom he had secretly married, but had not dared publicly to acknowledge as his wife, through fear of the strict rule concerning the celibacy of the clergy, Skelton was suspended by his diocesan, Richard Nix, bishop of Norwich. According to Bale and Fuller, the charge was brought against him by the Dominicans in revenge for the attacks he had made upon them in his writings. There is no evidence to show the length or extent of the suspension, but his marriage has been assigned as one reason for his taking sanctuary at Westminster just before his death. A more pleasing incident during the latter part of his life is the presentation, by a bevy of ladies, of a "garland of
laurel” at Sheriff Hutton Castle, in Yorkshire, where his patroness, the Countess of Surrey, was visiting her father-in-law, the Duke of Norfolk, the conqueror at Flodden Field. The garland, which the poet complacently celebrates in some 1600 lines, was embroidered with gold and various silks “grene, rede, tawny, whyte, blak, purpill, and blew,” by the Countess of Surrey, and ten ladies of her suite, each of whom is complimented in a special set of verses. In the same poem Skelton tells us that he sometimes resided at the College of the Bonhommes at Ashridge, near Berkhampstead, “that goodly place to Skelton moost kynde,” expressing an opinion that “a pleasaunter place than Ashrige is, harde were to fynde.”

7. ATTACK ON WOLSEY.—The relations between Wolsey and Skelton appear at first to have been those of patron and obsequious admirer. Several poems are dedicated to “my Lorde Cardynals right noble grace” in the most eulogistic terms, and in one he is coupled with his royal master as worthy of equal reverence, and reminded of some ecclesiastical preferment which he had apparently promised his protégé. But some cause or other, now unknown, soon changed the language of adulation into that of the fiercest invective and vituperation in Why come ye nat to Courte and Speke, Parrot, in which Skelton assails his powerful and dangerous enemy with a boldness truly astonishing. Such recklessness could, of course,
have but one result. Wolsey sent out his myrmidons to arrest the satirist, who was compelled to take refuge from his vengeance at Westminster under the protection of his old acquaintance, the abbot Islip, by whom he was generously sheltered till his death.

8. **Death and Burial (1529).**—According to Wood (*Ath. Oxon.*), "our Poet, dying in his Sanctuary, was buried in the Chancel of the Church of St. Margaret within the City of Westminster, in fifteen hundred twenty and nine (21 Hen. 8). Over his Grave was this Inscription soon after put; *Johannes Skeltonus Vates Pierius hic situs est. Animam egit XXI. Junii an. Dom. MDXXIX."

II. REFERENCES TO SKELTON IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

Bale, in his list of the works of Alexander Barclay (1476–1552), mentions *Contra Skeltonum, Lib. I.*, which is now lost. But in *A brefe addicion* to *The Ship of Fools* (ed. Jamieson, ii. 331) Barclay makes an allusion to Skelton, which is still extant, in the words:

> It longeth nat to my scyence nor cunnynge  
> For Phylyp the Sparowe the (Dirige) to synge.

In his Fourth Eclogue he makes an obvious, though less direct attack on his rival, as one of
"a shamfull rable of rascolde poetes," who has been "decked as Poete laureate, when stinking Thais made him her graduate." In the old jest-book called _A C. Mery Talys_, printed by John Rastell (n.d.), "mayster Skelton" figures as the hero of one tale (ed. Hazlitt, pp. 62–65), and in _Mery Tales, Wittie Questions, and Quicke Answeres_, printed by H. Wykes in 1567, we have "the beggers aunswere to mayster Skelton the poete" (ed. Hazlitt, p. 23). Thomas Churchyard (about 1520–1604), in a copy of verses prefixed to Marshe's edition of Skelton (1568), classes him with Homer, Virgil and Ovid, with Dante, Petrarch and Marot, with Chaucer, Langland, Surrey, Vaux, Phaer, and Edwards, as:

A poet for his arte,
Whoes judgment suer was hie,
And had great practies of the pen,
His works they will not lie;
His terms to taunts did lean,
His talke was as he wraet,
Full quick of witte, right sharp of words,
And skilfull of the staet;
Of reason riep and good,
And to the haetfull mynd,
That did disdain his doings still,
A skornar of his kynd.

"Dr. Skelton, in his mad merry veine," plays a leading part in several comic stories, more or less fabulous, and is frequently associated with John
Scogan, whose adventures, of a similar character, were popular in the sixteenth century. Gabriel Harvey, in his controversy with Thomas Nash, says that “Sir Skelton and Master Scoggin were innocents” compared with Nash.

Scogan and Skelton (1600) is the title of a play by Richard Hathwaye and William Rankins, mentioned in Henslowe’s Diary, and the two are introduced, “in like habits as they lived,” in Ben Jonson’s masque, The Fortunate Isles, and figure as “the chiefe Aduocates for the Dogrel Rimmers” in a piece entitled The Golden Fleece, by Sir William Vaughan. In The Downfall of Robert, Earle of Huntingdon, by Anthony Munday (1601), Skelton acts the part of Friar Tuck.

William Webbe, in his Discourse of English Poetrie (1586), speaks of Skelton (ed. Arber, p. 33) as “a pleasant conceyted fellowe, and of a very sharpe wytte, exceeding bolde, and would nyppe to the very quicke where he once sette holde.” Puttenham (Arte of English Poesie, ed. Arber, p. 76) describes him as “a sharpe Satirist, but with more rayling and scoffery then became a Poet Lawreat, such among the Greekes were called Pantomimi, with us Buffons, altogether applying their wits to Scurrilities and other ridiculous matters”; and again (ib. p. 97), as “a rude rayling rimer, and all his doings ridiculous.”

Francis Meres, in his Palladis Tamia (1598), shamelessly plagiarises Puttenham (1589) in the words “Skelton (I know not for what great
worthiness surnamed the Poet Laureate), [Puttenham, ed. Arber, p. 74, “I wot not for what great worthines surnamed the Poet Laureat”) applied his wit to scurrilities and ridiculous matters; such among the Greeks were called *Pantomimi*, with us, buffoons” (Arber’s “English Garner,” ii. 95). Other references in less known books may be found in Dyce, I. lxxxv.–lxxxviii.

Among later writers, Michael Drayton (1563–1631), in the preface to the *Eclogues*, “ineptly characterised as “pretty” *Colyn Cloute*, which he ascribed to Scogan. Edward Phillips wrote of Skelton’s “loose, rambling style” (*Dict. Nat. Biogr.*). Pope’s line (“Sat. & Ep.” v. 38), “And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote,” is better known, though not less unjust, than his remark (Spence, *Anecdotes*, p. 87), “Skelton’s poems are all low and bad, there is nothing in them that is worth reading”; against which may be set (“Notes on Shakspeare’s Plays from English History,” King John I. i.) Coleridge’s description of “Phyllyp Sparowe” as “an exquisite and original poem.”

III. SKELTON’S WORKS

A. EXTANT

As almost all the first editions of Skelton’s poems have perished, it is impossible to determine their exact chronological sequence, and the order adopted in the following classification is
arbitrary, being in the main determined by the arrangement in Dyce's edition. Some of the poems, too, are of such a heterogeneous character as to defy exact classification under a single heading—e.g. "Phyllyp Sparowe" is partly an elegy, partly a satire, and partly an encomium.

1. Elegies.

a. Serious.—Probably his earliest extant composition is the elegy Of the death of the noble prince, Kynge Edwarde the forth, who died in 1483. It contains eight stanzas, each of twelve lines, with the rime-formula $ab\ ab\ bc\ bc\ cd\ cd$, and each ending with the refrain $Et\ [quia]\ ecce\ nunc\ in\ pulvere\ dormio$. The elegy Vpon the doulourus dethe and mucho lamentable chaunce of the most honorable Erle of Northumberlande (i.e., Henry Percy, the fourth earl, who was murdered in a riot in 1489), from internal evidence seems to have been written soon after the event. It is composed in seven-line stanzas, with the rime-formula $a\ ba\ bb\ cc$.

b. Playful. "Phyllyp Sparowe," primarily purporting to be a lamentation for the death of a pet sparrow put in the mouth of Jane or Johanna Scroupe, a boarder at the nunnery of Carowe, near Norwich, contains also The Commendacions, an elaborate eulogy of "that most goodly mayd," and ends with an adicyon, which is also inserted, and probably first appeared, in the "Garlande of Laurell." For further information see the notes to the poem in this volume.
2. Satires.

a. Lampoons: (a) personal, (β) national.

(α) Personal. The lampoon with its wildly alliterative inscription, Skelton Laureate agaynst e a comely coystrowne, that euryously chawntyd and curryshly countred, and madly in hys musyklksy mokkyshly made agaynst e the ix. Musys of polytyke poems and poettys matryculat, is a violent invective of ten stanzas, with the same rime-formula as the elegy on the Earl of Northumberland, directed against some musician who has offended him. A shorter pasquinade, beginning Womanhod, wanton, ye want, addressed to "mastres Anne, that wonnes at the Key in Temmys strete," contains only four stanzas in the same metre. The four poems, Against Garnesche, were composed by order and for the amusement of the king, who pitted his "laureate" in a contest of scurrilous vituperation against his gentleman-usher, Sir Christopher Garnesche, much as the buffoons Sarmentus and Cicirrhus have a bout of Billingsgate to amuse the travellers during the famous journey to Brundusium (Hor. "Sat." I. v. 51–69). Similar "flytings" are quoted between the Scotch Dunbar and Kennedy, the Italian Luigi Pulci and Matteo Franco, and the French Sagon and Marot (Dict. Nat. Biogr.).

Against venomous tongues enpoisoned with sclauder and false detractions, &c., though nominally impersonal, may be classed here as a direct attack upon some anonymous opponent,
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But if that I knew what his name hight,
For clatering of me I would him sone quight.

It is written in irregular rimeing hendecasyllabic couplets, freely interspersed with quotations from the Vulgate and scraps of doubtful latinity.

[Ware the Hauke] is a furious diatribe against "a lewde curate, a parson benefyced," who hawked in Skelton’s church at Diss. It consists of some three hundred lines written in the "Skeltonian" metre.

The Epitaphie on two of his parishioners, John Clarke and Adam Uddersall, nicknamed respectively Jailbird and All-a-Knave, is a mixture of Skeltonians with Latin macaronic hexameters, divided into half lines and rimeing, full of reckless profanity and abuse.

(3) National. Against the Scottes is an insolent epinicion over the battle of Flodden, in which James the Fourth was slain in 1513, written "with mixture of aloes and bytter gall." It consists in the main of irregular tetrameter couplets, with an episode of Skeltonian dimeters, ending with an envoy of Skeltonians addressed: Vnto divers people that remord this ryminge agaynst the Scot Jemmy. Caudatos Anglos, &c.," and is a counterblast against one Dundas, a Scotchman, who, in a Latin epigram quoted at the beginning of the satire, "rymes and railes that Englishmen haue tailes" (Cf. Baring-Gould’s “Red Spider”).

Howe the douty Duke of Albany, lyke a cowarde
knyght, ran awaye shamfully, with an hundred thou-
sande tratlande Scottes and faint harted Frenclemen, 
bèside the water of Twede, celebrates in some five 
hundred vituperative Skeltonians the discomfiture 
of the Regent of Scotland in his invasion of the 
Borders in 1523.

b. Social Satires.—The most notorious of these, 
which perhaps suggested to Pope his too sweeping 
epithet, is the "Tunnyng of Elynour Rummynge." 
It describes, with Rabelaisian realism, for the 
amusement of the king and the courtiers, the 
drunken scenes which followed the brewing of 
some "nuppy ale" by the heroine, who kept a 
village ale-house at Leatherhead, near the royal 
palace of Nonsuch. Hither flock all the women 
of the neighbourhood, those who have no money 
bringing articles of household use or personal 
apparel to pledge for a draught of the mighty 
home-brewed. The maner of the world now a 
dayes, a conventional threnody over the abuses of 
the times, of doubtful authenticity, consists of some 
two hundred trochaic tripodies, each beginning with 
an anacrusis, (Só | mány | pointed | cáps . | ), 
arranged in riming triplets, each triplet followed by 
the refrain "Sawe I never." The Boke of Three 
Foolés is a prose paraphrase of part of Brandt's 
Narren-Schiff, beginning with three seven-line 
stanzas summarising the three fools afterwards 
described—the man who marries for money, the 
envious, and the voluptuous.

c. Political Satires.—Colyn Cloute is primarily
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directed against the abuses of the Church, but incidentally and indirectly attacks Wolsey. It was probably circulated originally in manuscript, as the victims of the satire would not “suffre this boke By hoke ne by croke Prynted for to be” (v. 1239). In Speke, Parrot, Skelton makes a more direct attack on Wolsey. It is the poet himself who speaks under the thin disguise of “the popegay ryall” (i.e., the Court Laureate in his gorgeous dress), whom “that pereles prynce that Parrot dyd create” made “of nothynge by his magistye,” and to whom “my ladye maystres, dame Philology,” gave a gift “to lerne all language, and it to spake aptely.” The poem itself is a thing of shreds and patches, probably put together at different times, but under the wild and whirling words, the polyglot jargon, may be traced with increasing directness unmistakeable innuendoes against the great Cardinal. He appears as “Vitulus in Oreb,” “our Thomasen,” “Og, that fat hog of Basan,” “Judas Scarioth,” “Jerobesethe,” “ower soleyne seigneour Sadoke,” “ower solen syre Sydrake,” and “Moloc, that mawmett,” whom no man dare withsay. We are told that “Bo ho doth bark well, but Hough ho he rulyth the ring”; “as presydent and regente he rulythe every deall”; “he caryeth a kyng in his sleve, yf all the worlde fayle”; “of Pope Julius cardys he ys chefe cardynall”; “hys woluyys hede gapythe over the crowne.” Among the evils of England are reckoned “so many nobyl bodyes vndyr on dawys
hedd"; "so mangye a mastyfe curre, the grete
grey houndes pere"; "so rygorous rueling in a
prelate specially"; "so fatte a magott, bred of a
flesshe flye"; "suche pollaxis and pyllers, suche
mulys trapte with gold." Even his encourage-
ment of the study of Greek is censured as causing
sciolism and preventing thoroughness in the
scholastic subjects of Latin and logic. "Greece
fari so occupyeth the chayre, That Latinum fari
may fall to rest and slepe." Latin grammars are
neglected, "Priscian's head is broken," and
children that can scarcely construe a verse of
"Pety Caton" rehearse the comedies of Plautus,
and meddle with the Declamations of Quinti-
lian.

In Why Come Ye Nat to Courte, probably written
about 1522, all disguise is laid aside, and the
attack upon Wolsey is renewed with invective
of the most personal and acrimonious character.
The satire is an answer to the question implied
in the title, giving the reasons why the poet does
not go to Court. "To whyche Court?" he scorn-
fully asks; "to the Kynges Courte, or to Hampton
Court?"

d. Theological Satires. — A Replycacion agaynst
certayne yong Scoters abiured of late, &c., is a com-
position, partly in prose, partly in Skeltonical
verse, "remordyng dyuers recrayed and moche
vnresonable errours of certayne sophysticate
scolers and rechelesse yonge heretykes" of the
University of Cambridge, who had preached "howe
It was idolatry to offer to ymages of our blessed lady, or to pray and go on pilgrimages, or to make oblacions to any ymages of sayntes in churches or els where.” It begins with a Latin dedication to Wolsey, couched in the most obsequious and even fulsome terms.


a. Meditations.—Some sixty short Skeltonians, containing trite reflections on death, are written Upon a deedmans hed, that was sent to hym from an honorable jentyllwoman for a token. The text “how every thing must haue a tyme” is expanded into four Chaucerian seven-line stanzas in the spirit of the third chapter of Ecclesiastes. Woffully araid is an appeal by Christ to the sinner in the memory of his sufferings upon the cross. Beginning and ending with the short stanza, Woffully araid, My blode, man, For the ran, It may not be naid; My body bloo and wan, Woffully araid,” it contains five stanzas, four with ten lines and one with nine, each (except the fifth) ending with the refrain “Woffully araid.” The first four lines of each stanza are irregular riming hexameters, the next three riming trimeters, the last two riming tetrameters (aaaa bbb cc), each hexameter having two rimes before the medial caesura—an elaborate but effective rhythm. (“Off sharpe thorne I haue worne || a crowne on my hede.”)

b. Prayers.—These are represented by three prayers (1) to the Father of Heauen, (2) to the Seconde Parson, (3) to the Holy Gooste, each con-
taining two eight-line stanzas with the rime-formula ab ab be be.

c. Hymns.—In the Garlande of Laurell Skelton mentions Vexilla regis as one of his compositions. It contains eleven seven-line stanzas, each ending with the refrain, “Now syngle we, as we were wont, Vexilla regis prodeunt.” In character it resembles Woffully araid, but the metre is less complicated, consisting of three tetrameters followed by four dimeters, riming aaa be cb.

4. Ballads.—Some half-dozen poems are grouped together under the title of Dyuers Baletys and Dyties solacyous, but only two are strictly ballads, the remaining four being addresses to ladies, either satirical or erotic, and reflections on the mutability of Fortune, all composed in the Chaucerian seven-line stanza. Of the two ballads proper, the first (reprinted in Ward’s “English Poets,” i. 186), with the refrain, “Lullay, lullay, lyke a chylde, Thou slepyst to long, thou art begylde,” describes how the drowsy lover lost his sweetheart through ill-timed security. The other, entitled, from the refrain, Manerly Margery, Mylk and Ale, is mentioned by the poet in the Garlande of Laurell, 1198, as one of his compositions. It is apparently directed against some rustic beauty who has “made moche of her gentyll birth” to reject her village admirers, without remaining inexorable to more scholarly suitors. A ballad, lamenting his troubles at the end of his life, was published in the Athenæum,
November 1873, from a MS. formerly belonging to Heber.

5. Allegorical Poems.
   a. Allegorico-satiric.—*The Bouge of Courte* is an allegorical satire on the seven sins of Court life, written in the Chaucerian seven-line stanza. It is largely influenced by Barclay's "Shyppe of Fooles" and Brandt's "Narren-Schiff."

   b. Allegorico-dramatic.—*Magnyfyeence* (cf. Pollard's "English Miracle Plays," pp. 106, 113) is considered by critics to dispute with Sir David Lindsay's "Satire of the Three Estates" the claim of being the finest English Morality extant. It may possibly have been written about 1517, not long before "Colyn Cloute" (*Ten Brink*).

6. Panegyrics.—(a) of self; (b) of others.

   a. Two short poems, one in English riming dimeters, the other in Latin hexameters, answer the question, probably asked by some jealous rival, "Why were ye Calliope embrawdred with letters of golde?"

   a. and b. The *Garlande of Laurell* combines eulogy of himself with lyrical addresses to the ladies who weave his chaplet. For the circumstance which led to its composition, see the "Life of Skelton." It is chiefly valuable as containing a list of the poet's works, many of which are now lost.

7. Latin Verses.

These are chiefly dedications, elegies, lampoons, or paraphrases of his shorter poems, in elegiacs,
hexameters, or leonine hexameters, full of false quantities, bad Latin, inept alliteration, and artificial conceits.

B. LOST WORKS.

The title, and in some cases the character, of many of Skelton’s writings, now lost, may be recovered from the Garlande of Laurell, where “Occupacyoun redith and expoundyth sum parte of Skeltons bokes and baladis with ditis of plesure,” though the list there given is by no means complete, “in as moche as it were to long a proces to reheirse all by name that he hath compylyd.” Among works probably didactic may be classed “the Boke of Honorous Astate,” “the Boke how men shulde fle synne,” “Royall Demenaunce worshyp to wynne,” “the Boke to speke well or be styll,” “the Boke to lerne you to dye when ye wyll,” “of Soueraynte a noble pamphelet,” and the Speculum Principis—the last of which, at any rate, he composed when he was “the Duke of Yorkis creauncer” (afterwards Henry VIII.) for the young prince “to bere in his honde, therein to rede, and to vnderstande all the demenour of princely astate.” More technically educational must have been his “New Gramer in Englysshe compylyd,” and perhaps his “Diologgis of Ymagynacioun,” if by the latter we are to understand imaginary dialogues, something like the Colloquia of Erasmus, only in English. Two dramatic works, now lost, are mentioned in the Garlande of Laurell, “of
Vertu the souerayne enterlude," and a comedy called \textit{Achademos}, while the existence of a third, entitled \textit{The Nigramansir}, is vouched for by Warton, who affirms that he saw a copy—a thin quarto printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1504—in the possession of William Collins, the poet, at Chichester. If this is true—and Warton's description is so minute and detailed as to make the theory of fabrication exceedingly improbable—this unique exemplar has unfortunately disappeared. (Warton, "Hist. E. P." ii. 360; Dyce, p. xcix; Ten Brink, "Eng. Lit.," Eng. Trans., iii. 127; Morley, "Eng. Writ.," vii. 180). "Prince Arturis Creacyoun" must have been a Court ode on the occasion of creating Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VIII., Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester in 1489. "The Boke of the Rosiar" may be the same as \textit{A Lawde and Praye made for our souereigne Lord the Kyng}, a poem to commemorate the accession of Henry VIII., beginning, "The Rose both White and Rede In one Rose now dothe grow." It was discovered in manuscript among the public Records, and printed by Dyce immediately after his preface, which was in type before it was found (Dyce, i., pp. ix.-xi.). "The Tratyse of Triumphis of the Rede Rose," which is stated to contain "many storis . . . that vnremembred longe tyme remayned," may have been an historical poem something like Drayton's "Barons' Wars." "Of the Bonehoms of Ashrigge besyde Barkamstede," probably refers to a complimentary poem
in honour of the college of the Bonhommes at Ashridge, where the poet was hospitably entertained. "The False Fayth that now goth, which dayly is renude," may be some polemic against heresy in the spirit of A Replycacion &c.; but it is more probable that "a deuoute Prayer to Moyses hornis, metrifyde merely, medelyd with scornis," was a profane gibe, like his Deuoute Trentale, than a sacred poem. Unmistakeable lampoons are his "Recule against Gaguyne of the Frenshe nacyoun," an attack upon Robert Gaguin, Minister-General of the Maturines, who was sent in 1490 by Charles VIII. as ambassador to England, and his "Apollo that whirllid vp his chare," which caused its victims "to snurre and snuf in the wynde . . . to skip, to stampe, and to stare," and which Skelton, afterwards repenting of his severity, begged Fame to erase from her books. "Johnn Iue, with Tofurth Jack," may be an invective against one John Ive, who, on the trial of a woman for heresy in 1511, was stated to have taught her those opinions at the end of the reign of Edward IV. (Dyce, ii. 329). It is doubtful whether "Good Aduysement, that brainles doth blame," should be classed as satiric or didactic. It probably partook of both characters. Among humorous poems must have been "The Balade of the Mustarde Tarte," "The Murnyng of the mapely rote," and his "Epitomis of the myller and his ioly make"; while some idea of the character of the following poem may be gathered
from the summary given by Skelton himself, "The vmblis of venyson, the botell of wyne: To fayre maistres Anne that shuld haue be sent, He wrate thereof many a praty lyne, Where it became, and whether it went, And how that it was wantonly spent." The "paiauntis that were played in Joyows Garde," refer not, as Collier thought, to pageants composed by Skelton and played at Arthur's Castle, but, as the context shows, to some escapade of gallantry in which "a do cam trippyng in" through a "muse" in a mud wall, to the wrath of the parker. Erotic poems were "The Repete of the Recule of Rosamundis bowre," "The Mayden of Kent callid Counforte," "Of Louers testamentis and of there wanton wyllis," "How Tollas louyd goodly Phyllis," and possibly the unintelligible "Antomedon of Loues Meditacyoun" (where Dyce conjectures Automedon). Sacris Solemniiis is coupled with Vexilla regis as a 'contemplacyoun," while "of Castell Aungell the fenestral" cannot be classified without further information. There remain only the translations. "Of Tullis Familiars the translacyoun," and "Diodorus Siculus of my translacyon Oute of fresshe Latine into owre Englysshe playne," are both mentioned with approval by Caxton in his preface to The boke of Eneydos compyled by Vyrgyle (1490), where he says, "For he hath late translated the epystlys of Tulle, and the boke of dyodorus syculus, and diuerse other werkes oute of latyn in to englysshe, not in rude and olde langage, but
in polysshed and ornate termes craftely, as he that hath redde vyrgyle, ouyde, tullye, and all the other noble poetes and oratours, to me vnknownen." In honour of Margaret, Countess of Derby, and mother of Henry VII., "owt of Frenshe into Englysshe prose, Of Mannes Lyfe the Pere-grynacioun, He did translate, enterprete, and disclose"—a version of Deguilleville's "Pelerinage de la Vie humaine." It is probable that many of these lost works were never printed, but circulated in manuscript.

IV. LITERARY CHARACTERISTICS

Skelton was peculiarly the product of the period which he represents. It has been—well described as "an age of intellectual and social awakening; of chaotic opposition between old and new, between ecclesiasticism and secularism, between religiosity and sensuousness." His writings exhibit all the conflicting features of an age of transition. He might be paradoxically described in a series of antitheses. In one respect he is imitative, in another original. His spirit, like his language, is partly mediæval, partly modern. Paganism and Christianity are frankly combined, with no sense of incongruity, in his writings and his conduct. Now he appears as a religious mystic, then as an uncompromising realist; at one time as a serious moralist, at another as a ribald buffoon. He began his career as a courtier,
the tutor of a prince, and the official composer of State poems; he ended his days as the fearless and outspoken champion of the common people against tyranny and oppression in high places. At first the humble dependent and obsequious admirer of Cardinal Wolsey, he became his most virulent and audacious assailant. After dedicating a furious invective against some young Cambridge Wyclifites to "the reverend prelates and noble doctors of our mother holy Church," he contributed largely to the progress of the Reformation in England by his scathing satire on the corruption of the prelates and the abuses of the Church. Even his style shows the same contradictions, in its extraordinary combination of pedantic classicalism with racy vernacular.

It is not difficult to trace the influence of previous or contemporary writers or movements on particular poems. "Colyn Cloute" reproduces the spirit of Langland and the author of "Peres the PloughmansCrede." Chaucer's "Hous of Fame" suggested the motive of the "Garlande of Laurell." Lydgate's "Falles of Princes" suggested the spirit of the elegy on Edward IV., and the form, as well as the spirit, of the elegy on the Earl of Northumberland. The dramatic movement, which, in the course of its development, had reached the phase of the Moralities and the Interludes, influenced the production of the extant Morality "Magnyfycence," and the lost Interludes "Nigramansir," "Virtue," and "Achademios." Of
contemporary writers Dunbar exercised the greatest influence on Skelton. His "Dirige to the King at Stirling" may have suggested the parody of the Roman Burial Service in "Phyllyp Sparowe," and the poems against Garnesche reflect the influence of "The Flyting of Dunbar and Kennedy." "The Bowge of Courte" owes its framework to Brandt's "Narren-Schiff," or its paraphrase, Barclay's "Shyppe of Fools." The influence of the Oxford Humanists and the New Learning inspired "Colyn Cloute." The aims of Colet and his companions in the reform of the Church, as described by Green ("Short History," p. 310), read like an analysis of Skelton's satire. "Why Come Ye Nat to Courte?" may be regarded as attacking through Wolsey the social abuses which are described in the "Utopia."

With this variable factor of external influences from predecessors and contemporaries was combined the more or less constant factor of the poet's individuality, arising from national character, personal temperament, education, and social circumstances, producing a result which, if not exactly original, may well be called unique in English literature. The moral seriousness of the English people found expression in his elegies and religious poems, their hatred of injustice and oppression, in "Colyn Cloute" and "Why Come Ye Nat to Courte?" The English satirical spirit breathes in his lampoons and invectives, the English fervid but exclusive patriotism in his
paens. Personal vanity is the mainspring of such an astonishingly egotistic composition as the "Garlande of Laurell," and is conspicuously prominent in all his utterances. The sensuousness of much of his work may be due partly to the artistic temperament, partly to the influence of the Renaissance in its "return to the senses and to natural life." The choleric spirit which characterises many of his writings may be only another manifestation of vanity in its sensitiveness to slights and affronts, imaginary or real. Wit, humour and irony would have made him almost the rival of Swift in satire had it not been for a certain want of restraint, which expresses itself in the fatal fluency of his language and the licentious freedom of his favourite metre. His education and distinctions at the two Universities account for the pedantry, the ostentatious learning, and the classical reminiscences which abound in his poems, as well as being the immediate cause of his translations and Latin verses. His early life at Court has left its influence on the "Bowge of Courte" and many of his official odes, while his life as parish priest at Diss may have affected his style by making him acquainted with the rustic phrases and idioms which he combines so effectively with his learned language. It may also have inspired him with sympathy for the sufferings of the labouring classes, as a similar experience inspired Swift in Ireland.

Skelton was not one of our great poets, indeed
Hallam denies him the title altogether. He had vigour and versatility, a lively fancy, mordant humour, and considerable power of characterisation, expressed in copious diction, with an occasional dainty grace and indefinable charm of phrase and rhythm. But his vigour often degenerated into intemperate violence. His versatility led him into a wide range of subject and treatment, which prevented the highest attainment in any one department. His fancy never rose to the level of the poetic imagination, and often betrayed him into the wildest vagaries. His humour was too often marred by ribaldry, secrurity and profanity. His characterisation is static rather than dynamic: there is no dramatic evolution of the character by action. His occasional daintiness of expression is outweighed by an unchastened and undiscriminating volubility. Too often he seems (to use a famous phrase) "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

In fact, his merit is comparative rather than absolute. He is distinctly above the level of his contemporaries, except Dunbar, but that level is not high. Among minnows he was not even a Triton. He is interesting rather to the historian, the antiquarian, and the student of literature, than to the general reader. The historian will find in his satires original and contemporary evidence of the social and political condition of England at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The antiquarian will find the daily life of our
ancestors under the Tudors, especially the manners and customs of the common people, depicted with coarse but effective realism in "Elynour Rummyng" and in frequent allusions here and there among the other poems. The student of the English language will find his works a storehouse of unique and obsolete words and phrases for the illustration and explanation of difficult passages in other writers. The student of literary development will see in him the typical representative of an age of transition, sensitive to the dying forces of the Chaucerian decadence, yet keenly responsive to the Italian influences which were changing the face of European literature—a ready reagent in the analysis of literary tendencies.

In two respects Skelton has left his mark on English literature. He supplied the pseudonym of Colin Clout under which, in the "Shepheard's Calender," Spenser identified himself with his attack upon the corruptions of the Church and his sympathy with the lower orders. He invented the characteristic metre called after his name, which has been often imitated but never used with the same effect. "It was in lines of varying accentuation, but chiefly iambic, and usually, though not always, six-syllabled, with end-rimes double, triple, quadruple, or more, that danced forward in little shifting torrents—a rustic verse, as he called it, that served admirably to express either a rush of wrath or the light freaks of playfulness" (Morley). D'Iserlai (quoted by Dyce)
JOHN SKELTON

says of it: "The Skeltonical short verse contracted into five or six, and even four syllables, is wild and airy. In the quick-returning rhymes, the playfulness of the diction, and the pungency of new words, usually ludicrous, often expressive, and sometimes felicitous, there is a stirring spirit which will be best felt in an audible reading. The velocity of his verse has a carol of its own. The chimes ring in the ear, and the thoughts are flung about like coruscations." Its origin was probably derived from the popular ballads, the lilt of the rhythm and the recurrence of the rime being adapted to catch the folk-ear and assist the memory. Its effect was to act as "a powerful solvent of the stiff, tight, traditional metre of the fifteenth century" (Gosse).

V. LANGUAGE

Skelton's language represents the transition from late Middle English to early Modern English, his earlier writings—for example, the "Bowge of Courte"—still retaining many characteristics of the older period, while the later poems, such as "Why Come Ye Nat to Courte?" show the influence of the Renaissance in a more latinized vocabulary and less antiquated style. The presence of many forms and phrases peculiar to Northern English lends colour to the theory which connects the poet with Cumberland. The fact that the two dictionaries found most useful in compiling the
Glossary were the "Promptorium, Parvulorum" (about 1440) and Palsgrave's "L'Eclaircissement de la langue Française" (1530), indicates the limits within which his vocabulary ranges. His spelling agrees in the main with that of Palsgrave, with some peculiarities of his own. On the whole, it is fairly regular, and need present no difficulty to the ordinary reader, who is advised not to trouble himself about it, but, on the other hand, not to regard it as eccentric and erroneous because it differs from modern spelling, but rather as probably more correct from an etymological point of view. The student who wishes to examine it more minutely will have to trace each word from its origin in accordance with the principles of English etymology, and will generally be rewarded for his trouble by finding some good reason for spelling which at first seems arbitrary. The derivation of such words as seem to embody some interesting etymological fact is generally given in the Glossary, but it has not been thought necessary to do this in the case of ordinary words, for which those who wish to know more about them may consult Skeat's "Etymological Dictionary."
TEXT

THE BOWGE OF COURTE
PHYLLYP SPAROWE
COLYN CLOUTE
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?
HERE BEGYNNETH A LYTELL TREATYSE.

NAMED

THE BOWGE OF COURTE.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE BOWGE OF COURTE.

In autumne, whan the sonne in Virgine A
  By radyante hete enryped hath our corne; B
Whan Luna, full of mutabylyte, A
  As emperes the dyademe hath worne B
Of our pole artyke, smylynge halfe in sconie 8
At our foly and our vnstedfastnesse; C
The tyme whan Mars to werre hym dyde dres; C

I, callynge to mynde the greate auctoryte
  Of poetes olde, whyche full craftely,
Vnder as couerte termes as coude be,
  Can touche a trouth and cloke it subtyly
Wyth fresshe vtteraunce full sentencyously;
Dyuerse in style, some spared not vyce to wryte,
Some of moralyte nobly dyde endyte;

Wherby I rede theyr renome and theyr fame
  Maye neuer dye, bute euermore endure:
I was sore moued to aforce the same,
But Ignorance full soone dyde me dyscure,
And shewed that in this arte I was not sure;
For to illumyne, she sayde, I was to dulle,
Auysynge me my penne awaye to pulle,

And not to wryte; for he so wyll atteyne
Excedynge ferther than his connyng is,
His hede maye be harde, but feble is his brayne,
Yet haue I knowen suche er this;
But of reproche surely he maye not mys,
That clymmed hyer than he may fotynge haue;
What and he slyde downe, who shall hym saue?

Thus vp and down my mynde was drawen and cast,
That I ne wyste what to do was beste;
So sore enwered, that I was at the laste
Enforsed to slepe and for to take some reste:
And to lye downe as soone as I me dreste,
At Harwyche Porte slumbrynge as I laye,
In myne hostes house, called Powers Keye.

Methoughte I sawe a shyppe, goodly of sayle,
Come saylynge forth into that hauen brood,
Her takelynge ryche and of hye apparyle:
She kyste an anker, and there she laye at rode.
Marchauntes her borted to see what she had lode:
Therein they founde royall marchaundyse,
Fraghted with plesure of what ye coude deuyse.

But than I thoughte I wolde not dwell behynde;
Amonge all other I put myselfe in prece.
Than there coude I none aquentaunce fynde:
There was moche noyse; anone one cryed, Cese!
Sharpely commaundynge eche man holde hys pece:
Maysters, he sayde, the shyp that ye here see,
The Bowge of Courte it hyghte for certeynte:

The owner therof is lady of estate,
Whoos name to tell is dame Saunce-pere;
Her marchaundyse is ryche and fortunate,
But who wyll haue it muste paye therfore dere;
This royall chaffre that is shyppped here
Is called Fauore, to stonde in her good grace.
Than sholde ye see there pressynge in a pace

Of one and other that wolde this lady see;
Whiche sat behynde a traues of sylke fyne,
Of golde of tessel the fynest that myghte be,
In a trone whiche fer clerer dyde shyne
Than Phebus in his spere celestynye;
Whoos beaute, honoure, goodly porte,
I haue to lytyll connynge to reporte.

But, of eche thynge there as I toke hede,
Amonge al other was wrytten in her trone,
In golde letters, this worde, whiche I dyde rede,
Garder le fortune, que est mauelz et bone!
And, as I stode redynge this verse myselfe allone,
Her chyef gentylwoman, Daunger by her name,
Gaue me a taunte, and sayde I was to blame

To be so pert to presse so proudly vppe:
She sayde she trowed that I had eten sause;
She asked yf euer I dranke of saucys cuppe.
And I than softly answered to that clause,  
That, so to saye, I had gyuen her no cause.  
Than asked she me, Syr, so God thé spede,  
What is thy name? and I sayde, it was Drede.

What mouyd thé, quod she, hydder to come?  
Forsoth, quod I, to bye some of youre ware.  
And with that worde on me she gaue a glome  
With browes bente, and gan on me to stare  
Full daynnously, and fro me she dyde fare  
Leuynge me stondynge as a mased man:  
To whome there came an other gentylwoman;

Desyre her name was, and so she me tolde,  
Sayenge to me, Broder, be of good chere,  
Abasshe you not, but hardly be bolde,  
Auaunce yourselfe to aproche and come nere:  
What though our chaffer be neuer so dere,  
Yet I auyse you to speke, for ony drede:  
Who spareth to speke, in fayth he spareth to spede.

Maystres, quod I, I haue none aquentaunce,  
That wyll for me be medyatoure and mene;  
And this an other, I haue but smale substaunce.  
Pece, quod Desyre, ye speke not worth a bene:  
Yf ye haue not, in fayth I wyll you lene  
A precyous jewell, no rycher in this londe;  
Bone Auenture haue here now in your honde.

Shyfte now therwith, let see, as ye can,  
In Bowge of Courte cheuysaunce to make;  
For I dare saye that there nys erthly man
THE BOWGE OF COURTE

But, an he can Bone Auenture take,
There can no fauour nor frendshyp hym forsake;
Bone Auenture may brynge you in suche case
That ye shall stonde in fauoure and in grace.

But of one thynge I werne you er I goo,
She that styreth the shyp, make her your frende.
Maystres, quod I, I praye you tell me why soo,
And how I maye that waye and meanes fynde.
Forsothe, quod she, how euer blowe the wynde,
Fortune gydeth and ruleth all oure shyppe:
Whome she hateth shall ouer the see boorde skyp;

Whome she loueth, of all plesyre is ryche,
Whyles she laugheth and hath luste for to playe;
Whome she hateth, she casteth in the dyche,
For whan she frouneth, she thynketh to make a fray:
She cheryssheth him, and hym she casseth awaye.
Alas, quod I, how myghte I haue her sure?
In fayth, quod she, by Bone Auenture.

Thus, in a rowe, of martchauntes a grete route
Suwed to Fortune that she wold be theyre frynde:
They thronge in fast, and flocked her aboute;
And I with them prayed her to haue in mynde.
She promysed to vs all she wolde be kynde:
Of Bowge of Court she asketh what we wold haue;
And we asked Fauoure, and Fauour she vs gaue.

Thus endeth the Prologue; and begynneth the Bowge of Courte breuely compyled.
DREDE.

The sayle is vp, Fortune ruleth our helme,
    We wante no wynde to passe now ouer all;
Fauoure we haue tougher than ony elme,
    That wyll abyde and neuer from vs fall:
    But vnder hony ofte tyme lyeth bytter gall;
For, as me thoughte, in our shyppe I dyde see
Full subtyll persones, in nombre foure and thre.

The fyrste was Fauell, full of flatery,
    Wyth fables false that well coude fayne a tale;
The seconde was Suspecte, whiche that dayly
    Mysdempte eche man, with face deedly and pale;
    And Haruy Hafter, that well coude picke a male;
With other foure of theyr affynyte,
Dysdayne, Ryotte, Dyssymuler, Subtylte.

Fortune theyr frende, with whome oft she dyde daunce;
    They coude not faile, thei thought, they were so sure;
And oftentymes I wolde myselfe auance
    With them to make solace and pleasure;
    But my dysporte they coude not well endure;
They sayde they hated for to dele with Drede.
Than Fauell gan wyth fayre speche me to fede.

FAUELL.

Noo thynge erthely that I wonder so sore
    As of your connynge, that is so excellent;
Deynte to haue with vs suche one in store,
    So vertuously that hath his dayes spente;
Fortune to you gyftes of grace hath lente:
Loo, what it is a man to haue connynge!
All erthly tresoure it is surmountynge.

Ye be an apte man, as ony can be founde,
To dwell with vs, and serue my ladyes grace;
Ye be to her yea worth a thousande pounde;
I herde her speke of you within shorte space,
When there were dyuerse that sore dyde you manace;
And, though I say it, I was myselfe your frende,
For here be dyuerse to you that be vnkynde.

But this one thynge ye maye be sure of me;
For, by that Lorde that bought dere all mankynde,
I can not flater, I muste be playne to the;
And ye nede ought, man, shewe to me your mynde,
For ye haue me whome faythfull ye shall fynde;
Whyles I haue ought, by God, thou shalt not lacke,
And yf nede be, a bolde worde I dare cracke.

Nay, naye, be sure, whyles I am on your syde,
Ye maye not fall, truste me, ye maye not fayle;
Ye stonde in fauoure, and Fortune is your gyde,
And, as she wyll, so shall our grete shyppe-sayle:
Thyse lewde cok wattes shall neuermore preuayle
Ageynste you hardely, therfore be not afrayde:
Farewell tyll soone; but no worde that I sayde.

Than thanked I hym for his grete gentylnes:
But, as me thoughte, he ware on hym a cloke,
That lyned was with doubtfull doublenes;
Me thoughte, of wordes that he had full a poke;
His stomak stuffed ofte tymes dyde reboke:
Suspycyon, me thoughte, mette hym at a brayde,
And I drewe nere to herke what they two sayde.

In Faythe, quod Suspecte, spake Drede no worde of me?
   Why, what than? wylte thou lete men to speke?
He sayth, he can not well accorde with thé.
Twyst, quod Suspecte, goo playe, hym I ne reke.
   By Cryste, quod Fauell, Drede is soleyne freke:
What lete vs holde him vp, man, for a whyle?
Ye soo, quod Suspecte, he maye vs bothe begyle.

And whan he came walkynge soberly,
   Wyth whom and ha, and with a croked loke,
Me thoughte, his hede was full of gelousy,
   His eyen rolynge, his hondes faste they quoke;
And to me warde the strayte waye he toke:
God spede, broder! to me quod he than;
And thus to talke with me he began.

Suspycyon.

Ye remembre the gentylman ryghte nowe
   That commaunde with you, me thought, a party space?
Beware of him, for, I make God auowe,
   He wyll begyle you and speke fayre to your face:
Ye neuer dwelte in suche an other place,
For here is none that dare well other truste;
But I wolde telle you a thynge, and I durste.

Spake he a fayth no worde to you of me?
   I wote, and he dyde, ye wolde me telle.
I haue a fauoure to you, wherof it be
  That I muste shewe you moche of my counselle:
  But I wonder what the deuyll of helle
He sayde of me, whan he with you dyde talke:
By myne auyse vse not with him to walke.

The soueraynst thynge that ony man maye haue,
  Is lytyll to saye, and moche to here and see;
For, but I trusted you, so God me saue,
  I wolde noo thynge so playne be;
  To you oonly, me thynke, I durste shryue me
For now am I plenarely dysposed
To shewe you thynges that may not be disclosed.

DREDE.

Than I assured hym my fydelyte,
  His counseyle secrete neuer to dyscure,
Yf he coude fynde in herte to truste me;
  Els I prayed hym, with all my besy cure,
  To kepe it hymselfe, for than he myghte be sure
That noo man erthly coude hym bewreye,
Whyles of his mynde it were lockte with the keye.

By God, quod he, this and thus it is;
  And of his mynde he shewed me all and some.
Farewell, quod he, we wyll talke more of this:
  Soo he departed there he wolde be come.
  I dare not speke, I promysed to be dome:
But, as I stode musyne in my mynde,
Haruy Hafter came lepyng, lyghte as lynde.
Upon his breste he bare a versynge boxe;
   His throte was clere, and lustely coude fayne;
Me thoughte, his gowne was all furred wyth foxe;
   And euer he sange, Sythe I am no thynge playne.
To kepe him frome pykyng it was a grete payne:
He gased on me with his gotyshe berde;
When I loked on hym, my purse was half aferde.

Syr, God you saue! why loke ye so sadde?
   What thynge is that I maye do for you?
A wonder thynge that ye waxe not madde!
   For, and I studye sholde as ye doo nowe,
My wytte wolde waste, I make God auowe.
Tell me your mynde: me thynke, ye make a verse;
I coude it skan, and ye wolde it reherse.

But to the poynte shortly to procede,
   Where hathe your dwellynge ben, er ye cam here?
For, as I trowe, I haue sene you indede
   Er this, whan that ye made me royall chere.
Holde vp the helme, loke vp, and lete God stere:
I wolde be mery, what wynde that euer blowe,
Heue and how rombelow, row the bote, Norman, rowe!

Prynces of yougthe can ye synge by rote?
   Or shall I sayle wyth you a felashyp assaye;
For on the booke I can not synge a note.
   Wolde to God, it wolde please you some daye
A balade boke before me for to laye,
And lerne me to synge, Re, my, fa, sol!
And, whan I fayle, bobbe me on the noll.
Loo, what is to you a pleasure grete,
   To haue that connynge and wayes that ye haue!
By Goddis soule, I wonder how ye gete
   Soo greate pleasyre, or who to you it gaue:
Syr, pardone me, I am an homely knaue,
To be with you thus perte and thus bolde;
But ye be welcome to our householde.

And, I dare saye, there is no man here inne
   But wolde be glad of your company:
I wyyste neuer man that so soone coude wynne
   The fauoure that ye haue with my lady;
I praye to God that it maye neuer dy:
It is your fortune for to haue that grace;
As I be saued, it is a wonder case.

For, as for me, I servued here many a daye,
   And yet vnneth I can haue my lyuynge:
But I requyre you no worde that I saye;
   For, and I knowe ony erthly thynge
That is agayne you, ye shall haue wetynge.
And ye be welcome, syr, so God me saue:
I hope here after a frende of you to haue.

DREDE.

Wyth that, as he departed soo fro me,
   Anone ther mette with him, as me thoughte,
A man, but wonderly besene was he;
   He loked hawte, he sette eche man at noughte;
His gawdy garment with scornys was all wrought;
With indygnacyon lyned was his hode;
He frownded, as he wolde swere by Cockes blode;
He bote the lyppe, he loked passynge coye;
His face was belymmed, as byes had him stounge:
It was no tyme with him to jape nor toye;
Enuye hathe wasted his lyuer and his lounge,
Hatred by the herte so had hym wrounge,
That he loked pale as asshes to my syghte:
Dysdayne, I wene, this comerous crabes hyghte.

To Heruy Hafter than he spake of me,
And I drewe nere to harke what they two sayde.
Now, quod Dysdayne, as I shall saued be,
I haue grete scorne, and am ryghte euyll apayed.
Than quod Heruy, why arte thou so dysmayde?
By Cryste, quod he, for it is shame to saye;
To see Johan Dawes, that came but yester daye,

How he is now taken in conceyte,
This doctour Dawcocke, Drede, I wene, he hyghte:
By Goddis bones, but yf we haue som sleyte,
It is lyke he wyll stonde in our lyghte.
By God, quod Heruy, and it so happen myghte;
Lete vs therfore shortly at a worde
Fynde some mene to caste him ouer the borde.

By Him that me boughte, than quod Dysdayne,
I wonder sore he is in suche conceyte.
Turde, quod Hafter, I wyll thé no thynge layne,
There muste for hym be layde some pretys beyte;
We tweyne, I trowe, be not withoute dysceyte:
Fyrste pycke a quarell, and fall oute with hym then,
And soo oufface hym with a carde of ten,
Forthwith he made on me a prowde assawte,
   With scornfull loke meuyd all in moode;
He wente aboute to take me in a fawte;
   He frounde, he stared, he stampped where he stoode.
I loykd on hym, I wende he had be woode.
He set the arme proudly vnder the syde,
And in this wyse he gan with me to chyde.

DISDAYNE.

Remembrest thou what thou sayd yester nyght?
   Wylt thou abyde by the wordes agayne?
By God, I haue of thé now grete dyspyte;
   I shall thé angre ones in euery vayne:
It is greate scorne to see suche an hayne
As thou arte, one that cam but yesterdaye,
With vs olde seruauntes suche maysters to playne.

I tell thé, I am of countenaunce:
   What weneste I were?  I trowe, thou knowe not me.
By Goddis woundes, but for dysplesaunce,
   Of my querell soone wolde I venged be:
But no force, I shall ones mete with thé;
Come whan it wyll, oppose thé I shall,
What someuer auenture therof fall.

Trowest thou, dreuyll, I saye, thou gawdy knaue,
   That I haue deynte to see thé cherysshed thus?
By Goddis syde, my sworde thy berde shall shawe;
   Well, ones thou shalte be chermed, I wus:
Naye, strawe for tales, thou shalte not rule vs;
We be thy betters, and so thou shalte vs take,
Or we shall thé oute of thy clothes shake.
Wyth that came Ryotte, russhyenge all at ones,
   A rusty gallande, to-ragged and to-rente;
And on the borde he whyrled a payre of bones,
   Quater treye dews he clatered as he wente;
Now haue at all, by saynte Thomas of Kente!
And euer he threwe and kyst I wote nere what:
His here was growen thorowe oute his hat.

Thenne I behelde how he dysgysed was:
   His hede was heuy for watchynge ouer nyghte,
His eyen blereed, his face shone lyke a glas;
   His gowne so shorte that it ne couer myghte
His rumpe, he wente so all for somer lyghte;
His hose was garded wyth a lyste of grene,
Yet at the knee they were broken, I wene.

His cote was checked with patches rede and blewe;
   Of Kyrkeby Kendall was his shorte demye;
And ay he sange, In fayth, decon thou crewe;
   His elbowe bare, he ware his gere so nye;
His nose a droppinge, his lyppes were full drye;
And by his syde his whynarde and his pouche,
The deuyll myghte daunce therin for ony crowche.

Counter he coude O lux vpon a potte;
   An eestryche fedder of a capons tayle
He set vp fresshely vpon his hat alofte:
What reuell route! quod he, and gan to rayle
What sholde I tell more of his rebaudrye?
I was ashamed so to here hym prate:
He had no pleasure but in harlotrye.
Ay, quod he, in the deuylls date,
What arte thou? I sawe the nowe but late.
Forsote, quod I, in this courte I dwell nowe.
Welcome, quod Ryote, I make God auowe.

RYOTE.
And, syr, in fayth why comste not vs amonge,
To make the mery, as other felowes done?
Thou muste swere and stare, man, al daye longe,
And wake all nyghte, and slepe tyll it be none;
Thou mayste not studye, or muse on the mone;
This worlde is nothynge but ete, drynke, and slepe,
And thus with vs good company to kepe.

Plucke vp thyne herte vpon a mery pyne,
And lete vs laugh a placke or tweyne at nale:
What, loo, man, see here of dyce a bale!
A brydelynge caste for that is in thy male!
Now haue at all that lyeth vpon the burde!
Fye on this dyce.

Haue at the hasarde, or at the dosen browne,
Or els I pas a peny to a pounde!
Now, wolde to God, thou wolde leye money downe!
Lorde, how that I wolde caste it full rounde!
Ay, in my pouche a buckell I haue founde;
The armes of Calyce, I haue no coyne nor crosse!
I am not happy, I renne ay on the losse.
DREDE.

Gone is this knaue, this rybaude foule and leude;
   He ran as fast as euer that he myghte:
Vnthryftynes in hym may well be shewed,
   For whome Tyborne groneth both daye and nyghte.
   And, as I stode and kyste asyde my syghte,
Dysdayne I sawe with Dyssymulacyon
Standynge in sadde communicacion.

But there was poyntyng and noddyng with the hede,
   And many wordes sayde in secrete wyse;
They wandred ay, and stode styll in no stede:
   Me thoughte, alwaye Dycsmular dye deuyse;
   Me passynge sore myne herte than gan agryse,
I dempte and dreed theyr talkynge was not good.
   Anone Dycsmular came where I stode.

Than in his hode I sawe there faces tweyne;
   That one was lene and lyke a pyned goost,
That other loked as he wolde me hauue slyyne;
   And to me warde as he gan for to coost,
   Whan that he was euen at me almoost,
I sawe a knyfe hyd in his one sleue,
   Wheron was wryten this worde, Myscheue.

And in his other sleue, me thought, I sawe
   A spone of golde, full of hony swete,
To fede a foole, and for to preue a dawe;
   And on that sleue these wordes were wret,
   A false abstracte cometh from a fuls concrete:
His hode was syde, his cope was roset graye:
   Thyse were the wordes that he to me dyde saye.
DYSSYMULATION.

How do ye, mayster? ye loke so soberly:
As I be saued at the dreedefull daye,
It is a perylous vyce, this enuy:
Alas, a connynge man ne dwelle maye
In no place well, but foles with hym fraye!
But as for that, connynge hath no foo
Saue hym that nought can, Scrupture sayth soo.

I knowe your vertu and your lytterature
By that lytel connynge that I haue:
Ye be malygned sore, I you ensure;
But ye haue crafte your selfe alwaye to saue:
It is grete scorne to se a myspronude knaue
With a clerke that connynge is to prate:
Lete theym go lowse theym, in the deuylles date!

For all be it that this longe not to me,
Yet on my backe I bere suche lewde delynge:
Ryghte now I spake with one, I trowe, I see;
But, what, a strawe! I maye not tell all thynge.
By God, I saye there is grete herte brennynge
Betwene the persone ye wote of, you;
Alas, I coude not dele so with a Jew!

I wolde eche man were as playne as I;
It is a worlde, I saye, to here of some:
I hate this faynynge, fye vpon it, fye!
A man can not wote where to be come:
I wys I coude tell,—but humlery, home;
I dare not speke, we be so layde awaye,
For all our courte is full of dysceyte.
Now, by saynte Fraunceys, that holy man and frere,

I hate these wayes agayne you that they take:
Were I as you, I wolde ryde them full nere;
And, by my trouthe, but ye an ende they make,
Yet wyll I saye some wordes for your sake,
That shall them angre, I holde thereon a grote;
For some shall wene be hanged by the throte,

I haue a stoppynge oyster in my poke,
Truste me, and ye it come to a nede:
But I am lothe for to reyse a smoke,
Yf ye coude be otherwyse agrede;
And so I wolde it were, so God me spede,
For this maye brede to a confusyon,
Withoute God make a good conclusyon.

Naye, see where yonder stondeth the teder man!
A flaterynge knaue and false he is, God wote;
The dreuyll stondeth to herken, and he can:
It were more thryft, he boughte him a newe cote;
It will not be, his purse is not on flote:
All that he wereth, it is borowed ware;
His wytte is thynne, his hode is threde bare.

More coude I saye, but what this is ynowe:
Adewe tyll soone, we shall speke more of this:
Ye muste be ruled as I shall tell you howe;
Amendis maye be of that is now amys;
And I am your, syr, so haue I biys,
In euery poynte that I can do or saye:
Gyue me your honde, farewell, and haue good daye.
Sodaynly, as he departed me fro,
  Came pressyng in one in a wonder araye:
Er I was ware, behynde me he sayde, Bo!
  Thenne I, astonyed of that sodeyne fraye,
  Sterte all at ones, I lyked no thynge his playe:
For, yf I had not quyckely fledde the touche,
He had plucte oute the nobles of my pouche.

He was trussed in a garmente strayte:
  I haue not sene suche an others page;
For he coude well vpon a casket wayte;
  His hode all pounsed and garded lyke a cage;
  Lyghte lyme fynger, he toke none other wage.

Harken, quod he, loo here myne honde in thyne;
To vs welcome thou arte, by saynte Quyntyne.

DISCEYTE.

But, by that Lorde that is one, two, and thre,
  I haue an errande to rounde in your ere:
He tolde me so, by God, ye maye truste me,
  Parte remembre whan ye were there,
  There I wynked on you,—wote ye not where?
In A loco, I mene juxta B:
Whoo is hym that is blynde and maye not see!

But to here the subtylte and the crafte,
  As I shall tell you, yf ye wyll harke agayne;
And, whan I sawe the horsons wolde you hafte,
  To holde myne honde, by God, I had grete payne;
  For forthwyth there I had him slayne,
But that I drede mordre wolde come oute:
Who deleth with shrewes hath nede to loke aboute.
DREDE.

And as he rounded thus in myne ere
   Of false collusyon confetryd by assente,
Me thoughte, I see lewde felawes here and there
   Came for to slee me of mortall entente;
   And, as they came, the shypborde faste I hente,
And thoughte to lepe; and euen with that woke,
Caughte penne and ynke, and wrote this lytyll boke.

I wolde therwith no man were myscontente;
   Besechynge you that shall it see or rede,
In euery poynte to be indyfferente,
   Syth all in substaunce of slumbrynge doth procede:
   I wyll not saye it is mater in dede,
But yet oftyme suche dremes be founde trewe:
Now constrewe ye what is the resydewe.

Thus endeth the Bowge of Courte.
HERE AFTER FOLLOWETH THE BOKE OF

PHYLLOYP SPAROWE,

COMPILED BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE LAUREATE.

Place ho,
Who is there, who?
Di le xi,
Dame Margery;
Fa, re, my, my,
Wherfore and why, why?
For the sowle of Philip Sparowe,
That was late slayn at Carowe,
Among the Nones Blake,
For that swete soules sake,
And for all sparowes soules,
Set in our bederolles,

Pater noster qui,
With an Ave Mari,
And with the corner of a Crede,
The more shalbe your mede.

When I remembre agayn
How mi Philyp was slayn,
Neuer halfe the payne
Was betwene you twayne,
Pyramus and Thesbe,
As than befell to me:
I wept and I wayled,
The tearys downe hayled;
But nothynge it auayled
To call Phylyp agayne,
Whom Gyb our cat hath slayne.

Gib, I saye, our cat
Worrowyd her on that
Which I loued best:
It can not be exprest
My sorowfull heuynesse,
But all without redresse
For within that stounde,
Halfe slumbrynge, in a sounde
I fell downe to the grounde.

Vnneth I kest myne eyes
Towarde the cloudy skyes:
But whan I dyd beholde
My sparow dead and colde,
No creatuer but that wolde
Haue rewed vpon me,
To behold and se
What heuynesse dyd me pange;
Wherewith my handes I wrange,
That my senaws cracked,
As though I had ben racked,
So payned and so strayned,
That no lyfe wellnye remayned.

I syghed and I sobbed,
For that I was robbed
Of my sparowes lyfe.
O mayden, wydow, and wyfe,
Of what estate ye be,
Of hye or lowe degre,
Great sorowe than ye myght se,
And lerne to wepe at me!
Such paynes dyd me frete,
That myne hert dyd bete,
My vysage pale and dead,
Wanne, and blewe as lead;
The panges of hatefull death
Wellnye had stopped my breath.

_Heu, heu, me,_
That I am wo for thé!

Ad Dominum, cum tribularer, clamari:
Of God nothyng els craue I
But Phyllypes soule to kepe
From the marees deepe
Of Acherontes well,
That is a flode of hell;
And from the great Pluto,
The prynce of endles wo;
And from foule Alecto,
With vysage blacke and blo;
And from Medusa, that mare,
That lyke a fende doth stare;
And from Megeras edders,
For rufflynge of Phillips fethers,
And from her fyry sparklynges,
For burnynge of his wynges;
And from the smokes sowre
Of Proserpinas bowre;
And from the dennes darke,
Wher Cerberus doth barke,
Whom Theseus dyd afraye,
Whom Hercules dyd outraye,
As famous poetes say;
From that hell hounde,
That lyeth in cheynes bounde,
With gastly hedes thre,
To Jupyter pray we
That Phyllyp preserued may be!
Amen, say ye with me!

Helpe nowe, swete Jesus!
*Levavi oculos meos in montes*:
Wolde God I had Zenophontes,
Or Socrates the wyse,
To shew me their deuyse,
Moderatly to take
This sorow that I make
For Phyllip Sparowes sake!
So feruently I shake,
I fele my body quake;
So vrgently I am brought
Into carefull thought.
Like Andromach, Hectors wyfe,
Was wery of her lyfe,
Whan she had lost her ioye,
Noble Hector of Troye;
In lyke maner also
Encreaseth my dedly wo,
For my sparowe is go.

It was so prety a foile,
It wold syt on a stole,
And lerned after my scole
For to kepe his cut,
With, Phyllyp, kepe your cut!
   It had a veluet cap,
And wold syt vpon my lap,
And seke after small wormes,
And somtyme white bred crommes;
And many tymes and ofte
Betwene my brestes softe
It wolde lye and rest;
It was propre and prest.

Somtyme he wolde gaspe
Whan he sawe a waspe;
A fly or a gnat,
He wolde flye at that;
And prytely he wold pant
Whan he saw an ant;
Lord, how he wolde pry
After the butterfly!
Lorde, how he wolde hop
After the gressop!
And whan I sayd, Phyp, Phyp,
Than he wold lepe and skyp,
And take me by the lyp.
Alas, it wyll me slo,
That Phillyp is gone me fro!

   Si in i qui ta tes,
Alas, I was euyll at ease!
   De profun dis cla ma vi,
Whan I sawe my sparowe dye!

   Nowe, after my dome,
Dame Sulpicia at Rome,
Whose name registred was
For ever in tables of bras,
Because that she dyd pas
In poesy to endyte,
And eloquently to wryte,
Though she wolde pretende
My sparowe to commend,
I trowe she coude not amend
Reportynge the vertues all
Of my sparowe royall.
For it wold come and go,
And fly so to and fro;
And on me it wolde lepe
When I was aslepe,
And his fethers shake,
Wherewith he wolde make
Me often for to wake,
* * * * * *
He dyd nothyng perde
But syt vpon my kne:
Phyllyp, though he were nyse,
In him it was no vyse;
Phyllyp had leue to go
To pyke my lytell too;
Phillip myght be bolde
And do what he wolde;
Phillip wolde seke and take
All the flees blake
That he coulde there espye
With his wanton eye.
O pe ra,
La, soll, fa, fa,
Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto corde meo.
Alas, I wold ryde and go
A thousand myle of grounde!
If any such might be found,
It were worth an hundreth pound
Of kynge Cresus golde,
Or of Attalus the olde,
The ryche prync of Pargame,
Who so lyst the story to se.
Cadmus, that his syster sought,
And he shold be bought
For golde and fee,
He shuld ouer the see,
To wete if he coulde brynge
Any of the ofspryng,  
Or any of the blode.
But whoso vnderstode
Of Medeas arte,
I wolde I had a parte
Of her crafty magyke!
My sparowe than shuld be quycke
With a charme or twayne,
And playe with me agayne.
But all this is in vayne
Thus for to complayne.

I toke my sampler ones,
Of purpose, for the nones,
To sowe with stytchis of sylke
My sparow whyte as mylke,
That by representacyon
Of his image and facyon,
To me it myght importe
Some pleasure and comforte
For my solas and sporte:
But whan I was sowing his beke,
Methought, my sparow did speke,
And opened his prety byll,
Saynge, Mayd, ye are in wyll
Agayne me for to kyll,
Ye prycke me in the head!
With that my nedle waxed red,
Methought, of Phyllyps blode;
Myne hear ryght vpstode,
And was in suche a fray,
My speche was taken away.
I kest downe that there was,
And sayd, Alas, alas,
How commeth this to pas?
My fyngers, dead and colde,
Coude not my sampler holde;
My nedle and threde
I threwe away for drede.
The best now that I maye,
Is for his soule to pray:
_A porta inferi_,
Good Lorde, haue mercy
Vpon my sparowes soule,
Wryten in my bederoule!
_Au di vi vo cem_,
Japhet, Cam, and Sem,
_Mag nifi cat_,
Shewe me the ryght path?
To the hylles of Armony,
Wherfore the birdes yet cry
Of your fathers bote,
That was sometyme afloat;
And nowe they lye and rote;
Let some poetes wryte
Deucalyons fode it hyght:
But as verely as ye be
The naturall sonnes thre
Of Noe the patryarke,
That made that great arke,
Wherin he had apes and owles,
Beestes, byrdes, and foules,
That if ye can fynde
Any of my sparowes kynde,
God sende the soule good rest!
I wolde haue yet a nest
As pretty and as prest
As my sparowe was.
But my sparowe dyd pas
All sparowes of the wode
That were syns Noes fode,
Was neuer none so good;
Kynge Phylyp of Macedony
Had no such Phylyp as I,
No, no, syr, hardly.
That vengeaunce I aske and crye,
By way of exclamacyon,
On all the hole nacyon
Of cattes wylde and tame;
God send them sorowe and shame!
That cat specyally
That slew so cruelly
My lytell pretty sparowe
That I brought vp at Carowe.
   O cat of carlyshe kynde,
The fynde was in thy mynde
Whan thou my byrde vntwynde!
I wold thou haddest ben blynde!
The leopardes sauage,
The lyons in theyr rage,
Myght catche thé in theyr pawes,
And gnawe thé in theyr iawes!
The serpentes of Lybany
Myght stynge thé venymously!
The dragones with their tonges
Might poyson thy lyuer and longes!
The mantycors of the montaynes
Myght fede them on thy braynes!
   Melanchates, that hounde
That plucked Acteon to the grounde,
Gaue hym his mortall wounde,
Chaunged to a dere,
The story doth appere,
Was chaunged to an harte:
   So thou, foule cat that thou arte,
The selfe same hounde
Myght thé confounde,
That his owne lord bote,
Myght byte asondre thy throte!
   Of Inde the gredy grypes
Myght tere out all thy trypes!
Of Arcady the beares
Myght plucke awaye thyne eares!
The wylde wolfe Lycaon
   Byte asondre thy backe bone!
Of Ethna the brennynge hyll,
That day and night brenneth styl,
Set in thy tayle a blaze,
That all the world may gase
And wonder vpon thé,
From Occyan the greate se
Vnto the Iles of Orchady,
From Tyllbery fery
To the playne of Salysbery!
So trayterously my byrde to kyll
That neuer ought thé euyll wyll!

Was neuer byrde in cage
More gentle of corage
In doynge his homage
Vnto his souerayne.
Alas, I say agayne,
Deth hath departed vs twayne!
The false cat hath thé slayne:
Farewell, Phyllyp, adew!
Our Lorde thy soule reskew!
Farewell without restore,
Farewell for euermore!

And it were a Jewe,
It wolde make one rew,
To se my sorow new.
These vylanous false cattes
Were made for myse and rattes,
And not for byrdes smale.
Alas, my face waxeth pale,
Tellynge this pyteyus tale,
How my byrde so fayre,
That was wont to repayre,
And go in at my spayre,
And crepe in at my gore
Of my gowne before,
Flyckerynge with his wynges!
Alas, my hert it stynges,
Remembrynge pretty thynges!
Alas, myne hert it sleth
My Phyllyppes dolefull deth,
Whan I remembre it,
How pretely it wolde syt,
Many tymes and ofte,
Vpon my fynger aloft!
I played with him tyttell tattyll,
And fed him with my spattyl,
With his byll betwene my lippes;
It was my pretty Phyppes!
Many a pretty kusse
Had I of his swete musse;
And now the cause is thus,
That he is slayne me fro,
To my great payne and wo.

Of fortune this the chaunce
Standeth on varyaunce:
Oft tyme after pleasaunce
Trouble and greuaunce;
No man can be sure
Allway to haue pleasure:
As well perceyue ye maye
How my dysport and play
From me was taken away
By Gyb, our cat sausage,
That in a furyous rage
Caught Phyllyp by the head,
And slew him there starke dead

Kyrie, eleison,
Christe, eleison,
Kyrie, eleison!

For Phyllyp Sparowes soule,
Set in our bederolle,
Let vs now whysper
A Pater noster.

Lauda, anima mea, Dominum!

To wepe with me loke that ye come,
All maner of brydes in your kynd;
Se none be left behynde.
To mornyng loke that ye fall
With dolorous songes funerall,
Some to synge, and some to say,
Some to wepe, and some to pray,
Euerie byrde in his laye.
The goldfynche, the wagtayle;
The ianglynge iay to rayle,
The fleckyd pye to chatter
Of this dolorous mater;
And robyn redbrest,
He shall be the preest
The requiem masse to synge,
Softly warbelynge,
With helpe of the red sparow.
And the chattrynge swallow,
This herse for to halow;
The larke with his longe to;
The spynke, and the martynet also;
The shouelar with his brode bek;
The doterell, that folyshe pek,
And also the mad coote,
With a balde face to toote;
The feldefare, and the snyte;
The crowe, and the kyte;
The rauyn, called Rolfe,
His playne songe to solfe;
The partryche, the quayle;
The plouer with vs to wayle;
The woodhacke, that syngeth chur
Horsly, as he had the mur;
The lusty chauntynge nyghtyngeale;
The popyngay to tell her tale;
That toteth oft in a glasse,
Shal rede the Gospell at masse;
The mauys with her whystell
Shal rede there the pystell.
But with a large and a lange
To kepe iust playne songe,
Our chaunters shalbe the cuckoue,
The culuer, the stockedowue,
With puwyt the lapwyng,
The versycle shall syng.

The bitter with his bumpe,
The crane with his trumpe,
The swan of Menander,
The gose and the gander,
The ducke and the drake,
Shall watche at this wake;
The pecocke so prowde,
Bycause his voyce is lowde,
And hath a glorious tayle
He shall syng the grayle;
The owle, that is so foule,
Must helpe vs to houle;
The heron so gaunce,
And the cormoraunce,
With the fesaunte,
And the gaglynge gaunte,
And the churlysshe chowgh;
The route and the kowgh;
The barnacle, the bussarde,
With the wilde mallarde;
The dyuendop to slepe;
The water hen to wepe;
The puffin and the tele
Money they shall dele
To poore folke at large,
That shall be theyr charge;
The semewe and the tytmose;
The wodcocke with the longe nose;
The thrustyl with her warblyng;
The starlyng with her brablyng;
The roke, with the ospraye
That putteth fysshes to a fraye;
And the denty curlewe,
With the turtyll most trew.

At this *Placebo*
We may not well forgo
The countrynes of the coe:
The storke also,
That maketh his nest
In chymneyes to rest;
Within those walles
No broken galles
May there abyde
Of cokoldry syde,
Or els phylosophy
Maketh a great lye.
   The estryge, that wyll eate
An horshowe so great,
In the stede of meate
Such feruent heat
His stomake doth freat ;
He can not well fly,
Nor synge tunably,
Yet at a brayde
He hath well assayde
To solfe aboue ela,
Ga, lorell, fa, fa ;
\textit{Ne quando}
\textit{Male cantando},
The best that we can,
To make hym our belman,
And let hym ryng the bellys ;
He can do nothyng ellys.
   Chaunteclere, our coke,
Must tell what is of the clocke
By the astrology
That he hath naturally
Conceyued and caught,
And was neuer tought
By Albumazer
The astronomer,
Nor by Ptholomy
Prince of astronomy,
Nor yet by Haly;
And yet he croweth dayly
And nightly the tydes
That no man abydes,
With Partlot his hen.

The byrde of Araby,
That potencyally
May neuer dye,
And yet there is none
But one alone;
A phenex it is
This herse that must blys
With armatycke gummies
That cost great summes,
The way of thurifycation
To make a fumigation,
Swete of reflary,
And redolent of eyre,
This corse for to sence
With greate reuerence,
As patryarke or pope
In a blacke cope;
Whyles he senseth [the herse],
He shall synge the verse,
* * * * * * * * * *

Libera me,
In de, la, soll, re,
Softly bemole
For my sparowes soule.
Plinni sheweth all
In his story naturall
What he doth fynde
Of the phenyx kynde;
Of whose incyneracyon
There ryseth a new creacyon
Of the same facyon
Without alteracyon,
Sauyng that olde age
Is turned into corage
Of fresshe youth agayne;
This matter trew and playne,
Playne matter indede,
Who so lyst to rede.

But for the egle doth flye
Hyest in the skye,
He shall be the sedeane,
The quere to demeane,
As prouost pryncypall,
To teach them theyr ordynall;
Also the noble fawcon,
With the gerfawcon,
The tarsell gentyll,
They shall morne soft and styll
In theyr amysse of gray;
The sacré with them shall say
Dirige for Phyllyppes soule;
The goshauke shall haue a role
The queresters to controll;
The lanners and the marlyons
Shall stand in their morning gounes;
The hobby and the muskette
The sensers and the crosse shall fet
The kestrell in all this warke
Shall be holy water clarke.
And now the darke cloudy nyght
Chaseth away Phebus bryght,
Taking his course toward the west,
God sende my sparoes sole good rest!

* Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine *

Fa, fa, fa, my, re, re,
A por ta in fe ri,
Fa, fa, fa, my, my.

* Credo videre bona Domini *

I pray God, Phillip to heuen may fly!

* Domine, exaudi orationem meam *

To heuen he shall, from heuen he cam!

* Do mi nus vo bis cum *

Of al good praieers God send him sum!

* Oremus *

* Deus, cui proprium est misereri et parcere *

On Phillips soule haue pyte!
For he was a pretie cocke,
And came of a gentyll stocke.
And wrapt in a maidenes smocke,
And cherysshed full dayntely,
Tyll cruell fate made him to dy:
Alas, for dolefull desteny!
But whereto shuld I
Lenger morne or crye?
To Jupyer I call,
Of heuen emberyall,
That Phyllyp may fly
Aboe the starry sky,

* Amen, amen, amen!*
That now commeth to mynde;
An epytaphe I wold haue
For Phyllyppes graue:
But for I am a mayde,
Tymerous, halfe afrayde,
That neuer yet asayde
Of Elyconys well,
Where the Muses dwell;
Though I can rede and spell,
Recounte, reporte, and tell
Of the Tales of Caunterbury,
Some sad storyes, some mery;
As Palamon and Arcet,
Duke Theseus, and Partelet;
And of the Wyfe of Bath,
That worketh moch scath
Whan her tale is tolde
Amonge huswyues bolde,
How she controlde
Her husbandes as she wolde,
And them to despyse
In the homylyest wyse,
Brynge other wyues in thought
Their husbandes to set at nought:
And though that rede haue I
Of Gawen and syr Guy,
And tell can a great pece
Of the Golden Flece,
How Jason it wan,
Lyke a valyaunt man;
Of Arturs rounde table,
With his knightes commendable,
And dame Gaynour, his quene,
Was somewhat wanton, I wene:
How syr Launcelote de Lake
Many a spere brake
For his ladyses sake;
Of Trystram, and kynge Marke,
And al the hole warke
Of Bele Isold his wyfe,
For whom was moch stryfe;

* * * * *

And of syr Lybius,
Named Dysconius;
Of Quater Fylz Amund,
And how they were sommonde
To Rome, to Charlemayne,
Vpon a great payne,
And how they rode eche one
On Bayarde Mountalbon;
Men se hym now and then
In the forest of Arden:
What though I can frame
The storyes by name
Of Judas Machabeus,
And of Cesar Julious;
And of the loue betwene
Paris and Vyene;
And of the duke Hannyball,
That made the Romaynes all
Fordrede and to quake;
How Scipion dyd wake
The cytye of Cartage,
Which by his vnmerciful rage
He bete downe to the grounde:
And though I can expounde
Of Hector of Troye,
That was all theyr ioye,
Whom Achylles slew,
Wherfore all Troy dyd rew;
And of the loue so hote
That made Troylus to dote
Vpon fayre Cressyde,
And what they wrote and sayd,
And of theyr wanton wylles
Pandaer bare the bylles
From one to the other;
His maisters loue to further,
Somtyme a presyous thyng,
An ouche, or els a ryng;
From her to hym agayn
Somtyme a prety chayn,
Or a bracelet of her here,
Prayd Troylus for to were
That token for her sake;
How harteyle he dyd it take,
And moche therof dyd make;
And all that was in vayne,
For she dyd but fayne;
The story telleth playne,
He coulde not optayne,
Though his father were a kyng,
Yet there was a thyng
That made the male to wryng;
She made hym to syng
The song of louers lay;
Musyng nyght and day,
Mournyng all alone,
Comfort had he none,
For she was quyte gone;
Thus in conclusyon,
She brought him in abusyon;
In earnest and in game
She was moch to blame;
Disparaged is her fame,
And blemysshed is her name,
In maner half with shame;
Troylus also hath lost
On her moch loue and cost,
And now must kys the post;
Pandara, that went betwene,
Hath won nothing, I wene,
But lyght for somer grene;
Yet for a speciall laud
He is named Troylus baud,
Of that name he is sure
Whyles the world shall dure:
Though I remembre the fable
Of Penelope most stable,
To her husband most trew,
Yet long tyme she ne knew
Whether he were on lyue or ded;
Her wyt stood her in sted,
That she was true and iust
For any bodely lust
To Ulixes her make,
And neuer wold him forsake:
Of Marcus Marcellus
A proces I could tell vs;
And of Anteocus;
And of Josephus
*De Antiquitatibus*;
And of Mardocheus,
And of great Assuerus,
And of Vesca his queene,
Whom he forsoke with teene,
And of Hester his other wyfe,
With whom he ledd a plesaunt life;
Of kyng Alexander;
And of kyng Euander;
And of Porcena the great,
That made the Romayns to sweat:
Though I haue enrold
A thousand new and old
Of these historious tales,
To fyll bougets and males
With bokes that I haue red,
Yet I am nothyng sped,
And can but lytell skyll
Of Ouyd or Virgyll,
Or of Plutharke,
Or Frauncys Petrark,
Alcheus or Sapho,
Or such other poetes mo,
As Linus and Homerus,
Euphorion and Theocritus,
Anacreon and Arion,
Sophocles and Philemon,
Pyndarus and Symonides,
Philistion and Phorocides;
These poetes of auncyente,
They ar to diffuse for me:
    For, as I tofore haue sayd,
I am but a yong mayd,
And cannot in effect
My style as yet direct
With Englysh wordes elect:
Our naturall tong is rude;
And hard to be enneude
With pullysshed termes lusty;
Our language is so rusty,
So cankered, and so full
Of frowardes, and so dull,
That if I wolde apply
To wryte ornatly,
I wot not where to fynd
Termes to serue my mynde.
    Gowers Englysh is olde,
And of no value told;
His mater is worth gold,
And worthy to be enrold.

In Chauser I am sped,
His tales I haue red:
His mater is delectable,
Solacious, and commendable;
His Englysh well alowed,
So as it is enprowed,
For as it is employd,
There is no Englysh voyd,
At those dayes moch commended,
And now men wold haue amended
His Englysh, whereat they barke.
And mar all they wark:

Chaucer, that famus clerke,
His termes were not darke,
But plesaunt, easy, and playne;
No worde he wrote in vayne.

Also Johnn Lydgate
Wryteth after an hyer rate;
It is dysluse to fynde
The sentence of his mynde,
Yet wryteth he is in kynd,
No man that can amend
Those maters that he hath pende;
Yet some men fynde a faute,
And say he wryteth to haute.

Wherfore hold me excused
If I haue not well perused
Myne Englyssh halfe abused;
Though it be refused,
In worth I shall it take,
And fewer wordes make.

But, for my sparowes sake,
Yet as a woman may,
My wyt I shall assay
An epytaphe to wryght
In Latyne playne and lyght,
Wherof the elegy
Foloweth by and by:

*Flos volucrum formose, vale!*
*Philippe, sub isto*
*Marmore jam recubas,*
*Qui mihi carus eras.*
*Semper erunt nitido*
Radiantia sidera caelo;
Impressusque meo
Pectore semper eris.
Per me laurigerum
Britonum Skeltonida vatem
Hae cecinisse licet
Ficta sub imagine texta
Cujus eras volucris,
Preistanti corpore virgo:
Candida Nais erat,
Formosior ista Joanna est;
Docta Corinna fuit,
Sed magis ista sapit.
Bien men souient.

THE COMMENDACIONS.

Beati im ma cu la ti in via,
O gloriosa fœmina!
Now myne hole imaginacion
And studyous medytacion
Is to take this commendacyon
In this consyderacion;
And vnder pacyent tolleracyon
Of that most goodly mayd
That Placebo hath sayd,
And for her sparow prayd
In lamentable wyse,
Now wyll I enterpryse,
Thorow the grace dyuyne
Of the Muses nyne,
Her beautye to commende,
If Arethusa wyll send
Me enfluençe to endyte,
And with my pen to wryte;
If Apollo wyll promye
Melodyously it to deuyse
His tunable harpe stryngges
With armony that synges
Of princes and of kynges
And of all pleasing thynges,
Of lust and of deuyght,
Thorow his godly myght;
To whom be the laude ascrybed
That my pen hath enbybed
With the aureat droppes,
As verely my hope is,
Of Thagus, that golden flod,
That passeth all erthly good;
And as that flode doth pas
Al floodes that euer was
With his golden sandes,
Who so that vnderstandes
Cosmography, and the streymes
And the floodes in straunge remes,
Ryght so she doth excede
All other of whom we rede,
Whose fame by me shall sprede
Into Perce and Mede,
From Brytons Albion
To the Towe of Babilon.
    I trust it is no shame,
And no man wyll me blame,
Though I regester her name
In the courte of Fame;
For this most goodly floure;
This blossome of fresshe coulour.
So Jupiter me socour,
She floryssheth new and new
In bewte and vertew:

_Hac claritate gemina_
_O gloriosa fiëmina,_
_Retribue servò tuo, vivifica me!_
_Labia mea laudabit te._

But enforced am I
Openly to askry,
And to make an outcry
Against odious Enui,
That euermore will ly,
And say cursedly;
With his ledder ey,
And chekes dry;
With vysage wan,
As swarte as tan;
His bones crake,
Leane as a rake;
His gummes rusty
Are full vnlusty;
Hys herte withall
Bytter as gall;
His lyuer, his longe
With anger is wronge;
His serpentes tonge
That many one hath stonge;
He frowneth euer;
He laugheth neuer,
Euen nor morow,
But other mennes sorow
Causeth him to gryn
And rejoyce therin;
No slepe can him catch,
But euer doth watch,
He is so bete
With malyce, and frete
With angre and yre,
His foule desyre
Wyll suffre no slepe
In his hed to crepe;
His foule semblaunt
All displeasaunte;
Whan other ar glad,
Than is he sad;
Frantike and mad;
His tong neuer styll
For to say yll,
Wrythyng and wringynge,
Bytyng and styngynge;
And thus this elf
Consumeth himself,
Hymself doth slo
Wyth payne and wo.
This fals Enuy
Sayth that I
Vse great folly
For to endyte,
And for to wryte,
And spend my tyme
In prose and ryme,
For to expres
The noblenes
Of my maistres,
That causeth me
Studious to be
To make a relation
Of her commendation;
And there agayne
Enuy doth complayne,
And hath disdayne;
But, yet certayne
I wyll be playne,
And my style dres
To this prosses.

Now Phebus me ken
To sharpe my pen,
And lede my fyst
As hym best lyst,
That I may say
Honour alway
Of womankynd!
Trouth doth me bynd
And loyalte
Euer to be
Their true bedell,
To wryte and tell
How women excel.
In noblenes;
As my maistres,
Of whom I thynk
With pen and ynk
For to compyle
Some goodly style;  
For this most goodly floure,  
This blossome of fresh colour,  
So Jupyter me scooure,  
She flourissheth new and new  
In beaute and vertew:  
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina,
Legem pone mihi, domina, in viam justificationum tuarum!  
Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum.

How shall I report  
All the goodly sort  
Of her fetures clere,  
That hath non erthly pere?  
Her fauour of her face  
Ennewed all with grace,  
Confort, pleasure, and solace,  
Myne hert doth so enbrace,  
And so hath rauyshed me  
Her to behold and se,  
That in wordes playne  
I cannot me refrayne  
To loke on her agayne:  
Alas, what shuld I fayne?  
It wer a plesaunt payne  
With her aye to remayne.

Her eyen gray and stepe  
Causeth myne hert to lepe;  
With her browes bent  
She may well represent
Fayre Lucre, as I wene,
Or els fayre Polexene,
Or els Caliope,
Or els Penolope;
For this most goodly floure,
This blossome of fresshe coloure,
So Jupiter me socoure,
She florisheth new and new
In beautye and vertew:
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fæmina,
Memor esto verbi tui servo tuo!
Servus tuus sum ego.

The Indy saphyre blew
Her vaynes doth ennew;
The orient perle so clere,
The whytnesse of her lere;
The lusty ruby ruddes
Resemble the rose buddes;
Her lyppes soft and mery
Emblomed lyke the chery,
It were an heuenly blysse
Her sugred mouth to kysse.

Her beautye to augment,
Dame Nature hath her lent
A warte vpon her cheke,
Who so lyst to seke
In her vysage a skar,
That semyth from afar
Lyke to the radyant star,
All with fauour fret,
So properly it is set:
She is the vyolet,  
The daysy delectable,  
The columbine commendable,  
The ielofer amyable;  
[For] this most goodly floure,  
This blossom of fressh colour,  
So Jupiter me succour,  
She florysheth new and new  
In beaute and vertew:

Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fiemina,
Bonitatem fecisti cum servo tuo, domina,
Et ex præcordiis sonant præconia!

And whan I perceyued
Her wart and conceyued,
It cannot be denayd
But it was well conuayd,
And set so womanly,
And nothynge wantonly,
But ryght conuenyently,
And full congruently,
As Nature cold deuyse,
In most goodly wyse;
Who so lyst beholde,
It make the louers bolde
To her to sewe for grace,
Her fauoure to purchase;
The sker upon her chyn,
Enhached on her fayre skyn,
Whyter than the swan,
It wold make any man  
To forget deadly syn
Her fauour to wyn;
For this most goodly floure,
This blossom of fressh coloure,
So Jupiter me socoure,
She flouryssheth new and new
In beaute and vertew:

_Hae claritate gemina_

_O gloriosa faëmina,_

Defecit in salutatione tua anima mea;

Quid petis filio, mater dulcissima? babæ!

Soft, and make no dyn,

For now I wyll begyn
To haue in remembraunce
Her goodly dalyaunce,
And her goodly pastaunce:
So sad and so demure,
Behauynge her so sure,
With wordes of pleasure
She wold make to the lure
And any man convuert
To gyue her his hole hert.
She made me sore amased
Vpon her whan I gased,
Me thought min hert was crased,
My eyne were so dased;
For this most goodly flour,
This blossom of fressh colour,
So Jupyer me socour,
She flouryssheth new and new
In beauty and vertew:

_Hae claritate gemina_

_O gloriosa faëmina,_
Quomodo dilexi legem tuam, domina!
Rexcutant vetera, nova sint omnia.
And to amende her tale,
Whan she lyst to auale,
And with her fyngers smale,
And handes soft as sylke,
Whyter than the mylke,
That are so quyckely vayned,
Wherwyth my hand she strayned,
Lorde, how I was payned!
Vnneth I me refrayned,
How she me had reclaymed,
And me to her retayned,
Enbrasynge therwithall
Her goodly myddell small
With sydes longe and streyte;
To tell you what conceyte
I had than in a tryce,
The matter were to nyse,
And yet there was no vyce,
Nor yet no villany,
But only fantasy;
For this most goodly floure,
This blossom of fressh coloure,
So Jupiter me succoure,
She floryssheth new and new
In beaute and vertew:
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fëmina,
Iniquos odio habui!
Non calumnientur me superbi.
But wherto shulde I note
How often dyd I tote
Vpon her pretty fote?
It raysed myne hert rote
To se her treaede the grounde
With heles short and rounde.
She is playnly expresse
Egeria, the goddesse,
And lyke to her image,
Emportured with corage,
A louers pylgrimage;
Ther is no beest sauage,
Ne no tyger so wood,
But she wolde chaunge his mood,
Such relucent grace
Is formed in her face;
For this most goodly floure,
This blossom of fresshe coloure,
So Jupiter me succour,
She flouryssheth new and new
In beaute and vertew:

_Hac claritate gemina_

_O gloriosa foemina,
Mirabilia testimonia tua!_

_Sicut novellae plantationes in juventute sua._

So goodly as she dresses,
So properly she presses
The bryght golden tresses
Of her heer so fyne,
Lyke Phebus beames shyne.
Wherto shuld I disclose
The garterynge of her hose?
It is for to suppose
How that she can were
Gorgiously her gere;
Her fresshe habylementes
With other implementes
To serue for all ententes,
Lyke dame Flora, quene
Of lusty somer grene;
For this most goodly floure,
This blossom of fressh coloure,
So Jupiter me socoure,
She florisheth new and new
In beautye and vertew:

_Hac claritate gemina_

_O gloria _fæmina_,

_Clamavi in toto corde, exaudi me!_

_Misericordia tua magna est super me._

* * * * *

Wolde God myne homely style
Were pullysshed with the fyle
Of Ciceros eloquence,
To prase her excellence!
For this most goodly floure,
This blosom of fressh coloure,
So Jupiter me succoure,
She flouryssheth new and new
In beaute and vertew:

_Hac claritate gemina_

_O gloria _fæmina_,

_Principes persecuti sunt me gratis!_

_Omnibus consideratis,_

_Paradisus voluptatis_

_Hac virgo est dulcissima._
My pen it is vnable,
My hand it is vnstable,
My reson rude and dull
To prayse her at the full;
Goodly maystres Jane,
Sobre, demure Dyane;
Jane this maystres hyght
The lode star of delyght,
Dame Venus of all pleasure,
The well of worldly treasure;
She doth excede and pas
In prudence dame Pallas;
[For] this most goodly floure,
This blossome of fresshe colour,
So Jupiter me socoure,
She floryssheth new and new
In beaute and vertew:
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa fæmina!

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine!

With this psalme, Domine, probasti me,
Shall sayle ouer the see,
With Tibi, Domine, commendamus,
On pylgrimage to saynt Jamys,
For shrympes, and for pranys,
And for stalkynge cranys;
And where my pen hath offendyd,
I pray you it may be amendyd
By discrete consyderacyon
Of your wyse reformacyon;
I haue not offended, I trust,
If it be sadly dyscust.
It were no gentle gyse
This treatyse to despyse
Because I haue wrytten and sayd
Honour of this Fayre mayd;
Wherefore shulde I be blamed,
That I Jane haue named,
And famously proclaimed?
She is worthy to be enrolde
With letters of golde.

Car elle vault.

Per me laurigerum Britonum Skeltonida vatem
Laudibus eximiis merito haec redimita puella est:
Formosam cecini, qua non formosior ulla est;
Formosam potius quam commendaret Homerus.
Sic juvat interdum rigidos recreare labores,
Nec minus hoc titulo tersa Minerva mea est.
Rien que playseret.

Thus endeth the boke of Philip Sparow, and here foloweth
an adicyon made by maister Skelton.

The gyse now a dayes
Of some ianglynge iayes
Is to discommende
That they cannot amend,
Though they wold spend
All the wyttes they haue.
What ayle them to deprauenge
Phillip Sparowes graue?
His Dirige, her Commendacyon
Can be no derogacyon,
But myrth and consolacyon
Made by protestacyon,
No man to my-scontent
With Phillyppes enterement.

Alas, that goodly mayd,
Why shuld she be afrayde?
Why shuld she take shame
That her goodly name,
Honorableely reported,
Sholde be set and sorted,
To be matriculate
With ladyes of estate?

I coniure thé, Phillip Sparow,
By Hercules that hell dyd harow,
And with a venemous arow
Slew of the Epidaures
One of the Centaures,
Or Onocentaures,
Or Hipocentaures;
By whose myght and mayne
An hart was slayne
With hornes twayne
Of glytteryng gold;
And the apples of gold
Of Hesperides withhold,
And with a dragon kept
That neuer more slept,
By marcyall strength
He wan at length;
And slew Gerion
With thre bodyes in one;
With myghty corage
Adauntid the rage
Of a lyon sauage;
Of Dyomedes stable
He brought out a rable
Of coursers and rounses
With leapes and bounses;
And with mighty luggyng,
Wrestlyng and tuggyng,
He plucked the bull
By the horned skull,
And ofred to Cornucopia;
And so forth per cetera:
Also by Ecates bower
In Plutos gasly tower;
By the ugly Eumenides,
That neuer haue rest nor ease;
By the venemous serpent,
That in hell is neuer brent,
In Lerna the Grekes fen,
That was engendred then;
By Chemeras flames,
And all the dedly names
Of infernall posty,
Where soules fyre and rosty;
By the Stygyall flood,
And the streames wood
Of Cocitus botumles well;
By the feryman of hell,
Caron with his beerd hore,
That roweth with a rude ore
And with his frownsid fore top
Gydeth his bote with a prop:
I coniure Phylyp, and call
In the name of kyng Saul;
*Primo Regum* expresse,
He bad the Phitonesse
To wytchcraft her to dresse,
And by her abusyons,
And dampnable illusyons
Of marueylus conclusyons,
And by her superstickeyons,
And wonderfull condityons,
She raysed vp in that stede
Samuell that was dede;
But whether it were so,
He were *idem in numero,*
The selfe same Samuell,
How be it to Saull dyd he tell
The Philistinis shuld hym ascry,
And the next day he shuld dye,
I wyll my selfe dyscharge
To lettred men at large:
But, Phylyp, I coniure thee
Now by these names thre,
Diana in the woodes grene,
Luna that so bryght doth shene,
Procerpina in hell,
That thou shortly tell,
And shew now vnto me
What the cause may be
Of this perplexite!

*Inferias, Philippe, tuas Scroupe pulchra Joanna*
*Instanter petiit : cur nostri carminis illam*
*Nunc pudet ? est sero ; minor est infamia vero.*
Than suche as haue disdayned
And of this worke complayned,
I pray God they be payned
No worse than is contayned
In verses two or thre
That folowe as you may se.

_Luride, cur, livor, volucris pia funera damnas?
Taliate rapiunt rapiunt quae fata volucrem!
Est tamen invidia mors tibi continua._
HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LITEL BOKE CALLED

COLYN CLOUTE

COMPILED BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE LAUREATE.

Quis consurget mecum adversus malignantes? aut quis stabit mecum adversus operantes iniquitatem? Nemo, Domine!

What can it auayle
To dryue forth a snayle,
Or to make a sayle
Of an herynges tayle;
To ryme or to rayle,
To wryte or to indyte,
Eyther for delyte
Or elles for despyte;
Or bokes to compyle
Of dyuers maner style,
Vyce to reuyle
And synne to exyle;
To teche or to preche,
As reason wyll reche?
Say this, and say that,
His hed is so fat,
He wotteth neuer what
Nor wherof he speketh;
He cryeth and he creketh,
He pryeth and he peketh,
He chydes and he chatters,
He prates and he patters,
He clytters and he clatters,
He medles and he smatters,
He gloses and he flatters;
Or yf he speake playne,
Than he lacketh brayne,
He is but a folke;
Let hym go to scole,
On a thre foted stole
That he may downe syt,
For he lacketh wyt;
And yf that he hyt
The nayle on the hede,
It standeth in no stede;
The deuyll, they say, is dede,
The deuell is dede.

It may well so be,
Or els they wolde se
Otherwyse, and fle
From worldly vanyte.
And foule couetousnesse,
And other wretchednesse,
Fyckell falsenesse,
Varyablenesse,
With vnstablenesse,

And if ye stande in doute
Who brought this ryme aboute,
My name is Colyn Cloute.
I purpose to shake oute
All my connyng bagge,
Lyke a clerkely hagge;
For though my ryme be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely rayne beaten,
Rusty and moughte eaten,
If ye take well therwith,
It hath in it some pyth.
For, as farre as I can se,
It is wronge with eche degre:
For the temporalte
Accuseth the spiritualte;
The spirituall agayne
Dothe grudge and complayne
Upon the temporall men:
Thus eche of other blother
The tone agayng the tother:
Alas, they make me shoder!
For in hoder moder
The Churche is put in faute;
The prelates ben so haut,
They say, and loke so ly,
As though they wolde fly
Aboue the sterre skye.

Laye men say indeede
How they take no hede
Theyr sely shepe to fede,
But plucke away and pull
The fleces of theyr wull,
Vnethes they leue a Locke
Of wull amonges theyr flocke;
And as for theyr connynge,
A glommynge and a mummynge,
And make therof a iape;
They gaspe and they gape
All to haue promocyon,
There is theyr hole deuocyon,
With money, if it wyll hap,
To catche the forked cap:
Forsote the they are to lewd
To say so, all beshrewd!

What trow ye they say more
Of the bysshoppes lore?
How in matters they be rawe,
They lumber forth the lawe,
To herken Jacke and Gyll,
Whan they put vp a byll,
And iudge it as they wyll,
For other mennes skyll,
Expoundyng out theyrr clauses,
And leue theyrr owne causes:
In theyrr prouynciall cure
They make but lytell sure,
And meddels very lyght
In the Churches ryght;
But ire and venire,
And solfa so alamyre,
That the premenyre
Is lyke to be set a fyre
In theyrr iurisdictions:

Through temporall afflictions:
Men say they haue prescriptions
Agaynst spirituall contradictions,
Accomptynge them as fyctions.
And whyles the heedes do this,
The remenaunt is amys
Of the clergy all,
Bothe great and small.
I wot neuer how they warke,
But thus the people barke;
And surely thus they say,
Bysshoppes, if they may,
Small houses wolde kepe,
But slumbre forth and slepe,
And assay to crepe
Within the noble walles
Of the kynges halles,
To fat theyr bodyes full,
Theyr soules lene and dull,
And haue full lytell care
How euyll theyr shepe fare.

The temporalyte say playne,
Howe bysshoppes dysdayne
Sermons for to make,
Or suche labour to take;
And for to say trouth,
A great parte is for slouth,
But the greatest parte
Is for they haue but small arte
And ryght sklender connyng
Within theyr heedes wonnyng.
But this reason they take
How they are able to make
With theyr golde and treasure
Clerkes out of measure,
And yet that is a pleasure.
Howe be it some there be,
Almost two or thre,
Of that dygnyte,
Full worshipfull clerkes,
As appereth by theyr werkes,
Lyke Aaron and Ure,
The wolfe from the dore
To werryn and to kepe
From theyr goostly shepe,
And theyr spirittuall lammes
Sequestred from rammes
And from the berded gotes
With theyr heery cotes;
Set nought by golde ne grotes;
Theyr names if I durst tell.
   But they are loth to mell,
And loth to hang the bell
Aboute the cattes necke,
For drede to haue a checke;
They ar fayne to play deuz decke,
They ar made for the becke.
How be it they are good men,
Moche herted lyke an hen:
[Theyr lessons forgotten they haue
That Becket them gaue:]
Thomas manum mittit ad fortia,
Spernit damna, spernit opprobria,
Nulla Thomam frangit injuria.
But nowe euery spirittuall father,
Men say, they had rather
Spende moche of theyr share
Than to be combred with care:
Spende! nay, nay, but spare;  
For let se who that dare
Sho the mockysshe mare;  
They make her wynche and keke,  
But it is not worth a leke:
Boldnesse is to seke  
The Churche for to defend.
Take me as I intende,  
For lothe I am to offende
In this that I haue pende:  
I tell you as men say;  
Amende whan ye may,  
For, usque ad montem Sare,  
Men say ye can not appare;  
For some say ye hunte in parkes,  
And hauke on hobby larkes,  
And other wanton warkes,  
Whan the nyght darkes.

What hath lay men to do  
The gray gose for to sho?  
Lyke houndes of hell,  
They crye and they yell,  
Howe that ye sell
The grace of the Holy Gost:
Thus they make theyr bost  
Through owte euery cost,  
Howe some of you do eate
In Lenton season fleshe mete,  
Fesauntes, partryche, and cranes;  
Men call you therfor prophanes;  
Ye pycke no shrympes nor pranes,  
Saltfysshe, stocysshe, nor heryn.
It is not for your werynge;
Nor in holy Lenton season
Ye wyll netheyry benes ne peason,
But ye loke to be let lose
To a pygge or to a gose,
Your gorge not endewed
Without a capon stewed,

And howe whan ye gyue orders
In your prouinciall borders,
As at Sitientes,
Some are insufficientes,
Some parum sapientes,
Some nihil intelligentes,
Some valde negligentes,
Some nullum sensum habentes,
But bestiall and vntaught;
But whan thei haue ones caught
Dominus vobiscum by the hede,
Than renne they in euery stede,
God wot, with dronken nolles;
Yet take they cure of soules,
And woteth neuer what thei rede,
Paternoster, Ave, nor Crede;
Construe not worth a whystle
Nether Gospell nor Pystle;
Theyr mattyns madly sayde,
Nothynge deuoutly prayde;
Theyr lernynge is so small,
Theyr prymes and houres fall
And lepe out of theyr lyppes
Lyke sawdust or drye chyppes.
I speke not nowe of all,  
But the moost parte in generall.

Of suche vagabundus  
Speketh *totus mundus*;

Howe some syngle *Lactabundus*

At euery ale stake,

With, welcome hake and make!

By the brede that God brake,

I am sory for your sake.

I speke not of the good wyfe,

But of theyr apostles lyfe;

*Cum ipsis vel illis*

*Qui manent in villis*

*Est uxor vel ancilla,*

Welcome Jacke and Gylla!

Of suche Paternoster pekes

All the worlde spekes.

In you the faute is supposed

For that they are not apposed

By iust examinacyon

In connyng and conversacyon;

They haue none instructyon

To make a true constructyon:

A preest without a letter,

Without his vertue be gretter,

Doutlesse were moche better

Vpon hym for to take

A mattocke or a rake.

Alas, for very shame!

Some can not declyne their name;

Some can not scarsly rede,
And yet he wyll not drede
For to kepe a cure,
And in nothyng is sure;
This Dominus vobiscum,
As wyse as Tom a thrum,
A chaplayne of trust
Layth all in the dust.

Thus I, Colyn Cloute,
As I go aboute,
And wandrynge as I walke,
I here the people talke.

Men say, for syluer and golde
Myters are bought and solde;
There shall no clergy appose
A myter nor a crose,
But a full purse:
A strawe for Goddes curse!
What are they the worse?
For a symonyake
Is but a hermoniake;
And no more ye make
Of symony, men say,
But a chylde play.

Ouer this, the foresayd laye
Reporte howe the Pope may
An holy anker call
Out of the stony wall,
And hym a bysshopp make,
If he on hym dare take
To kepe so harde a rule,
To ryde vpon a mule
With golde all betrapped,
In purple and paule belapped;
Some hatted and some capped,
Rychely and warme bewrapped,
God wot to theyr great paynes,
In rotchettes of fyne Raynes,
Whyte as morowes mylke;
Theyr tabertes of fyne silke,
Theyr styrops of myxt gold begared;
There may no cost be spared;
Theyr moyles golde dothe eate,
Theyr neyghbours dye for meate.

What care they though Gil sweate,
Or Jacke of the Noke?
The pore people they yoke
With sommons and citacyons
And excommunycacyons,
About churches and market:
The bysshop on his carpet
At home full softe dothe syt.

This is a farly fytyt,
To her the people iangle,
Howe warely they wrangle:
Alas, why do ye not handle
And them all to-mangle?
Full falsely on you they lye,
And shamefully you ascrye,
And say as vntruely,
As the butterflye
A man myght saye in mocke
Ware the wethercocke
Of the steple of Poules;
And thus they hurte theyr soules
In sclauderyng you for truthe:
Alas, it is great ruthe!
Some say ye syt in trones,
Lyke prynces *aquilonis,*
And shryne your rotten bones
With perles and precyous stones;
But howe the commons grones,
And the people mones
For prestes and for lones
Lent and neuer payd,
But from day to day delayde,
The commune welth decayde.
Men say ye are tonge tayde,
And therof speke nothynge
But dyssymulyng and glosyng.
Wherfore men be supposyng
That ye gyue shrewd counsell
Agaynst the commune well,
By poollynge and pyllage
In cytyes and vyllage,
By taxyng and tollage,
Ye make monkes to haue the culerage
For couerynge of an olde cottage,
That commytted is a collage
In the charter of dottage,
*Tenure par servyce de sottage,*
And not *par servyce de socaye,*
After olde seygnyours,
And the lerning of Lytelton tenours:
Ye haue so ouerthwarted,
That good lawes are subuerted,
And good reason peruerted.
Relygous men are fayne
For to tourne agayne
_In secula seculorum,_
And to forsake theyr corum,
And _vagabundare per forum_,
And take a fyne _meritorum_,
_Contra regulam morum_,
_Aut blacke monachorum_,
_Aut canonicorum_,
_Aut Bernardinorum_,
_Aut crucifixorum_,
And to synge from place to place,
Lyke apostataas.

And the selfe same game
Begone ys nowe with shame
Amongest the sely nonnes :
My lady nowe she ronnes,
Dame Sybly our abbesse,
Dame Dorothe and lady Besse,
Dame Sare our pryoresse,
Out of theyr cloyster and quere
With an heuy chere,
Must cast vp theyr blacke vayles,

What, Colyne, thiere thou shales !
Yet thus with yll hayles
The lay fee people rayles.

And all the fawte they lay
On you, prelates, and say
Ye do them wrong and no ryght
To put them thus to flyght ;
No matyns at mydnyght,
Boke and chalys gone quyte;
And plucke awaye the leedes
Evyn ouer theyr heedes,
And sell away theyr belles,
And all that they haue elles:
Thus the people telles,
Rayles lyke rebelles,
Redys shrewdly and spelles,
And with foundacyons melles,
And talkys lyke tytyuelles,
Howe ye brake the dedes wylles,
Turne monasteris into water milles,
Of an abbay ye make a graunge;
Your workes, they saye, are straunge;
So that theyr founders soules
Haue lost theyr beade rolles,
The mony for theyr masses
Spent amonge wanton lasses;
The Diriges are forgotten;
Theyr founders lye there rotten,
But where theyr soules dwell,
Therwith I wyll not mell.
What coulde the Turke do more
With all his false lore,
Turke, Sarazyn, or Jew?
I reporte me to you,
O mercyfull Jesu,
You supporte and rescue,
My style for to dyrecte,
It may take some effecte!
For I abhorre to wryte
Howe the lay fee dyspyte
You prelates, that of ryght
Shulde be lanternes of lyght.
Ye lyue, they say, in delyte,
Drowned in deliciis,
In gloria et divitiis,
In admirabili honore,
In gloria, et splendore
Fulgurantis hastæ,
Viventes parum caste:
Yet swete meate hath soure sauce,
For after gloria, laus,
Chryst by cruelte
Was nayled vpon a tre;
He payed a bytter peneyon
For mannæ redemcyon,
He dranke eysell and gall
To redeme vs withall;
But swete ypocras ye drynke,
With, Let the cat wynke!
Iche wot what eche other thynk;
Howe be it per assimile
Some men thynke that ye
Shall haue penalte
For your iniquyte.
Nota what I say,
And bere it well away;
If it please not theologys,
It is good for astrologys;
For Ptholome tolde me
The sonne somtyme to be
In Ariete,
Ascendent a degre,
Whan Scorpion descendynge,
Was so then pretendynge
A fatall fall of one
That shuld syt on a trone,
And rule all thynges alone.
Your teth whet on this bone
Amongest you euerychone,
And let Collyn Cloute haue none
Maner of cause to mone:
Lay salue to your owne sore,
For els, as I sayd before,
After *gloria, laus*,
May come a soure sauce;
Sory therfore am I,
But trouth can neuer lye.
With language thus poluted
Holy Churche is bruted
And shamfully confuted.
My penne nowe wyll I sharpe,
And wrest vp my harpe
With sharpe twynkyng trebelles,
Agaynst all suche rebelles
That laboure to confounde
And brynge the Churche to the grounde;
As ye may dayly se
Howe the lay fee
Of one affynyte
Consent and agre
Agaynst the Churche to be,
And the dygnyte
Of the bysshoppes see.
And eyther ye be to bad,
Or els they ar mad
Of this to reporte:
But, vnder your supporter,
Tyll my dyenge day
I shall bothe wryte and say,
And ye shall do the same,
Howe they are to blame
You thus to dyffame:
For it maketh me sad
Howe that the people are glad
The Churche to deprane;
And some there are that raue,
Presumynge on theyr wyt,
Whan there is neuer a whyt,
To maynteyne argumentes
Agaynst the sacramentes.
Some make epylogacyon
Of hyghe predestynacyon;
And of resydeuacyon
They make interpretacyon
Of an aquarde facyon;
And of the prescience
Of dyuyne essence;
And what ipostacis
Of Christes manhode is.
Suche logyke men wyll chop,
And in theyr fury hop,
When the good ale sop
Dothe daunce in theyr fore top;
Bothe women and men,
Suche ye may well knowe and ken,
That agaynst preesthode
Theyr malyce sprede abrode,
Raylynge haynously
And dysdaynously
Of preestly dygnytes,
But theyr malygnytes.

And some haue a smacke
Of Luthers sacke,
And a brennyng sparke
Of Luthers warke,
And are somewhat suspecte
In Luthers secte;
And some of them barke,
Clatter and carpe
Of that heresy arte
Called Wicleuista,
The deuelysshe dogmatista;
And some be Hussyans,
And some be Arryans,
And some be Pollegians,
And make moche varyans
Bytwene the clergye
And the temporaltye,
Howe the Church hath to mykel,
And they haue to lytell,
And bryng in materialites
And qualifyd qualityes
Of pluralites,
Of tryalytes,
And of tot quottes,
They commune lyke sottes,
As commeth to theyr lottes;
Of prebendaries and deanes,
Howe some of them gleanes
And gathereth vp the store
For to catche more and more;
Of persons and vycaryes
They make many outcryes;

And thus the loselles stryues,
And lewdely sayes by Christ
Agaynst the selly preest.
Alas, and well away,
What ayles them thus to say?
They mought be better aduysed
Then to be so dysgysed:
But they haue enterprysed,
And shamfully surmysed,
Howe prelacy is solde and bought,
And come vp of nought;
And where the prelates be
Come of lowe degre,
And set in maieste
And spirituall dygnyte,
Farwell benygnyte,
Farwell symplicite,
Farwell humylyte,
Farwell good charyte!

Ye are so puffed wyth pryde,
That no man may abyde
Your hygh and lordely lokes:
Ye cast vp then your bokes,
And vertue is forgotten;
For then ye wyll be wroken
Of euery lyght quarell,
And call a lorde a iauell,
A knyght a knaue ye make;
Ye bost, ye face, ye crake,
And vpon you ye take
To rule bothe kynge and kayser;
And yf ye may haue layser,
Ye wyll brynge all to nought,
And that is all your thought:
For the lordes temporall,
Theyr rule is very small,
Almost nothyng at all.
Men saye howe ye appall
The noble blode royall:
In ernest and in game,
Ye are the lesse to blame,
For lordes of noble blode,
If they well vnderstode
How connynyng myght them auance;
They wold pype you another daunce:
But noble men borne
To lerne they haue scorne,
But hunt and blowe an horne,
Lepe ouer lakes and dykes,
Set nothyng by polytykes;
Therfore ye kepe them bace,
And mocke them to theyr face;
This is a pyteous case,
To you that ouer the whele
Grete lordes must crouche and knele,
And breke theyr hose at the kne,
As dayly men may se,
And to remembraunce call,
Fortune so turneth the ball
And ruleth so ouer all,
That honoure hath a great fall.
   Shall I tell you more? ye, shall.
I am loth to tell all;
But the communalte yow call
Ydolles of Babylon,
De terra Zabulon,
De terra Neptalym;
For ye loue to go trym,
Brought vp of poore estate,
Wyth pryde inordinate,
Sodaynly vpstarte
From the donge carte,
The mattocke and the shule,
To reygne and to rule;
And haue no grace to thynke
Howe ye were wonte to drynke
Of a lether bottell
With a knauysshe stoppell,
Whan mamockes was your meate,
With moldy brede to eate;
Ye cowde none other gete
To chewe and to gnawe,
To fyll therwith your mawe;
Loggyng in fayre strawe,
Couchyng your dousy heddes
Somtyme in lousy beddes.
Alas, this is out of mynde!
Ye growe nowe out of kynde:
Many one ye haue vntwynde,
And made the commons blynde,
But *qui se existimat stare,*  
Let hym well beware  
Lest that his fote slyp,  
And haue suche a tryp,  
And falle in suche dekay,  
That all the worlde may say;  
Come downe, in the deuyll way!  
      Yet, ouer all that,  
Of bysshops they chat,  
That though ye round your hear  
An ynche aboue your ear,  
And haue *aurae patentes*  
And *parum intendentes,*  
And your tonsors be croppyd,  
Your eares they be stopped;  
For maister *Adulator,*  
And doctour *Assentator,*  
And *Blandior blandiris,*  
With *Mentior mentiris,*  
They folowe your desyres,  
And so they blere your eye,  
That ye can not espye  
**Howe the male dothe wrye.**  
      Alas, for Goddes wyll,  
Why syt ye, prelates, styl,  
And suffre all this yll?  
Ye bysshops of estates  
Shulde open the brode gates  
Of your spirituall charge,  
And com forthe at large,  
**Lyke lanternes of lyght,**  
In the peoples syght,
In pullpettes awtentyke,  
For the wele publyke  
Of preesthode in this case;  
And alwayes to chase  
Suche maner of sysmatykes  
And halfe heretykes,  
That wolde intoxicate,  
That wolde conquinate,  
That wolde contaminate,  
And that wolde vyolate,  
And that wolde derogate,  
And that wolde abrogate  
The Churchis hygh estates,  
After this maner rates,  
The which shulde be  
Both franke and free,  
And haue theyr lyberete,  
As of antiquyte  
It was ratefyed,  
And also gratifyed,  
By holy synodalles  
And bulles papalles,  
As it is res certa  
Conteyned in Magna Charta.

But maister Damyan,  
Or some other man,  
That clerkely is and can  
Well scrypture expounde  
And hys textes grounde,  
His benefyce worthe ten pounde  
Or skante worth twenty marke,  
And yet a noble clerke,
He must do this werke; 
As I knowe a parte, 
Some maisters of arte, 
Some doctours of lawe, 
Some lernde in other sawe, 
As in dyuynyte, 
That hath no dygnyte 
But the pore degre 
Of the vnyuersyte; 
Or els frere Frederycke, 
Or els frere Dominike, 
Or frere Hugulinus, 
Or frere Agustinus, 
Or frere Carmelus, 
That gostly can heale vs; 
Or els yf we may 
Get a frere graye, 
Or els of the order 
Vpon Grenewyche border, 
Called Obseruaunce, 
Or a frere of Fraunce; 
Or els the poore Scot, 
It must come to his lot 
To shote forthe his shot; 
Or of Babuell besyde Bery, 
To postell vpon a kyry, 
That wolde it shulde be noted 
Howe scripture shulde be coted, 
And so clerkley promoted; 
And yet the frere doted. 
But men sey your awtoryte, 
And your noble se,
And your dygnyte,  
Shulde be imprynted better  
Then all the freres letter;  
For if ye wolde take payne  
To preche a worde or twayne,  
Though it were neuer so playne,  
With clauses two or thre,  
So as they myght be  
Compendyously conueyde,  
These wordes shuld be more weyd,  
And better perceyued,  
And thankfullerlye receyued,  
And better shulde remayne  
Amonge the people playne,  
That wold your wordes retayne  
And reherce them agayne,  
Than a thousand thousands other,  
That blaber, barke, and blother,  
And make a Walshmans hose  
Of the texte and of the glose.

For protestatyon made,
That I wyll not wade  
Farther in this broke,  
Nor farther for to loke  
In deuysynge of this boke,  
But answere that I may  
For my selfe alway,  
Eyther analogice  
Or els categorice,  
So that in diuinite  
Doctors that lerned be,  
Nor bachelers of that faculte
That hath taken degree
In the vniuersite,
Shall not be obiecte at by me.
    But doctour Bullatus,
*Parum litteratus,*
*Dominus doctoratus*
At the brode gatus,
Doctour Daupatus,
And bacheler *bacheleratus,*
Dronken as a mouse,
At the ale house,
Taketh his pyllyon and his cap
At the good ale tap,
For lacke of good wyne;
As wyse as Robyn swyne,
Vnder a notaryes synge
Was made a dyuyne;
As wyse as Waltoms calfe,
Must preche, a Goddes halfe,
In the pulpyt solempnely;
More mete in the pyllory,
For, by saynt Hyllary,
He can nothyng smatter
Of logyke nor scole matter,
Neyther *syllogisare,*
Nor *enthymemare,*
Nor knoweth his elenkes
Nor his predicamens;
And yet he wyll mell
To amend the gospell,
And wyll preche and tell
What they do in hell;
And he dare not well neuen
What they do in heaven,
Nor how farre Temple barre is
From the seuen starrys.

Nowe wyll I go
And tell of other mo,
*Semper protestando*
*De non impugnando*
The foure ordores of fryers,
Though some of them be lyers;
As Lymyters at large
Wyll charge and dyscharge;
As many a frere, God wote,
Preches for his grote,
Flatterynge for a newe cote
And for to haue his fees;
Some to gather chese;
Loth they are to lese
Eythor corne or malte;
Somtyme meale and salte,
Somtyme a bacon flycke,
That is thre fyngers thycke
Of larde and of greace,
Theyr couent to encreace.

I put you out of doute,
This can not be brought aboute
But they theyr tonges fyle,
And make a plesaunt style
To Margery and to Maude,
 Howe they haue no fraude;
And somtyme they prouoke
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at Nowe
Their dewtyes to withdrawe,
That they ought by the lawe
Theyr curates to content
In open tyme and in Lent:
God wot, they take great Payne
To flatter and to fayne;
But it is an olde sayd sawe,
That nede hath no lawe.
Some walke aboute in melottes,
In gray russet and heery cotes;
Some wyl neyther golde ne grotes;
Some plucke a partrych in remotes,
And by the barres of her tayle
Wyll knowe a rauen from a rayle,
A quayle, the raile, and the olde rauen:
Sed libera nos a malo! Amen.
And by Dudum, theyr Clementine,
Agaynst curates they repyne;
And say propreli they ar sacerdotes,
To shryue, assoyle, and reles
Dame Margeries soule out of hell:
But when the freare fell in the well,
He coud not syng himselfe therout
But by the helpe of Christyan Clout.
Another Clementyne also,
How frere Fabian, with other mo,
Exivit de Paradiso;
Whan they agayn theder shal come,
De hoc petimus consilium:
And through all the world they go
With Dirige and Placebo.
But nowe my mynd ye vnderstand,
For they must take in hande
To prech, and to withstande
Al maner of abiections;
For bysshops haue protections,
They say, to do corrections,
But they haue no affections
To take the sayd dyrections;
In such maner of cases,
Men say, they bere no faces
To occupye suche places,
To sowe the sede of graces:
Theyr hertes are so faynted,
And they be so attaynted
With coueytous and ambycyon,
And other superstycyon,
That they be deef and dum,
And play scylens and glum,
Can say nothynge but mum.

They occupye them so
With syngyng *Placebo*,
They wyll no farther go:
They had leuer to please,
And take their worldly ease,
Than to take on hande
Worsshepfully to withstande
Such temporall warre and bate,
As nowe is made of late
Agaynst holy Churche estate,
Or to maynteyne good quarelles.
The lay men call them barrelles
Full of glotony
And of hypocrysy,
That counterfaytes and payntes
As they were very sayntes:
In matters that them lyke
They shewe them polytyke,
Pretedyng grauyte
And sygnyoryte,
With all solemnyte,
For theyr indempnyte;
For they wyll haue no losse
Of a peny nor of a crosse
Of theyr predyall landes,
That cometh to theyr handes,
And as farre as they dare set,
All is fysshe that cometh to net:
Butldyng royally
Theyr mancyons cyryously,
With turrettes and with toures,
With halles and with boures,
Stretchynge to the starres,
With glasse wyndowes and barres;
Hangynge aboute the walles
Clothes of golde and palles,
Arras of ryche aray,
Fresshe as flours in May;
Wyth dame Dyana naked;
Howe lusty Venus quaked,
And howe Cupyde shaked
His darte, and bent his bowe
For to shote a crowe

And howe Parys of Troy
Daunced a lege de moy,
Made lusty sporte and ioy
With dame Helyn the quene;
With suche storyes bydene
Their chambers well besene;
With triumphes of Cesar,
And of Pompeyus war,
Of renowne and of fame
By them to get a name:
Nowe all the worlde stares,
How they ryde in goodly chares,
Conueyed by olyphantes,
With lauryat garlantes,
And by vyncornes
With their semely horns;
Vpon these beastes rydyng,
Naked boyes strydyng,
With wanton wenches winkyng.
Nowe truly, to my thynkyng,
That is a speculacyon
And a mete meditacyon
For prelats of estate,
Their courage to abate
From worldly wantonnesse,
Theyr chambres thus to dresse
With suche parfetnesse
And all suche holynesse;
How be it they let downe fall
Their churches cathedrall.
Squyre, knyght, and lorde,
Thus the Churche remorde;
With all temporall people
They rune agaynst the steple,
Thus talkynge and tellyng
How some of you are mellyng;

It is a besy thyng
For one man to rule a kyng
Alone and make rekenyng,
To gouerne ouer all
And rule a realme royall
By one mannas verrey wyt;
Fortune may chaunce to flyt,
And whan he weneth to syt,
Yet may he mysse the quysshon:
For I rede a preposycyon,
Cum regibus amicare,
Et omnibus dominari,
Et supra te pravare;
Wherfore he hathe good vre
That can hymselfe assure
Howe fortune wyll endure.
Than let reason you supporte,
For the communalte dothe reporte
That they haue great wonder
That ye kepe them so vnder;
Yet they meruayle so moche lesse,
For ye play so at the chesse,
As they suppose and gesse,
That some of you but late
Hath played so checkemate
With lordes of great estate,
After suche a rate,
That they shall mell nor make,
Nor vpon them take,
For kyngle nor kayser sake,
But at the playsure of one
That ruleth the roste alone.

Helas, I say, helas!
Howe may this come to passe,
That a man shall here a masse,
And not so hardy on his hede
To loke on God in forme of brede,
But that the parysshe clerke
There vpon must herke,
And graunt hym at his askyng
For to se the sacryng?

And howe may this accorde,
No man to our souerayne lorde
So hardy to make sute,
Nor yet to execute
His commaundement,
Without the assent
Of our presydent,
Nor to expresse to his person,
Without your consentatyon
Graunt hym his lycence
To preas to his presence,
Nor to speke to hym secretly,
Openly nor preuyly,
Without his presydent be by,
Or els his substytute
Whom he wyll depute?
Neyther erle ne duke
Permytted? by saynt Luke,
And by swete saynt Marke,
This is a wonderous warke!
That the people talke this,
Somewhat there is amysse:
The deuil cannot stop their mouthes,
But they wyl talke of such vncouthes,
All that euere they ken
Agaynst all spirituall men.
  Whether it be wrong or ryght,
Or els for dyspyght,
Or howe euere it hap,
Theyr tonges thus do clap,
And through suche detractyon
They put you to your actyon;
And whether they say trewly
As they may abyde therby,
Or els that they do lye,
Ye knowe better then I.
But nowe debetis scire,
And groundly audire,
In your convenire,
Of this premenire,
Or els in the myre
They saye they wyll you cast;
Therfore stande sure and fast.
  Stande sure, and take good fotyng,
And let be all your motyng,
Your gasyng and your totyng,
And your parcyall promotyng
Of those that stande in your grace;
But olde seruauntes ye chase,
And put them out of theyr place.
Make ye no murmuracon,
Though I wryte after this facion;
Though I, Colyn Cloute,
Among the hole route
Of you that clerkes be,
Take nowe vpon me
Thus copyously to wryte,
I do it for no despyte.
Wherfore take no dysdayne
At my style rude and playne;
For I rebuke no man
That vertuous is: why than
Wreke ye your anger on me?
For those that vertuous be
Haue no cause to say
That I speke out of the way.
Of no good bysshop speke I,
Nor good preest I escrye,
Good frere, nor good chanon,
Goode nonne, nor good canon,
Good monke, nor good clercke,
Nor yette of no good werke
But my recountyng is
Of them that do amys,
In speking and rebellyng,
In hynderyng and dysauaylyng
Holy Churche, our mother,
One agaynst another;
To vse suche despytyng
Is all my hole wrytyng;
To hynder no man,
As nere as I can,
For no man haue I named:
Wherfore sholde I be blamed?
Ye ought to be ashamed,
Agaynst me to be gramed,
And can tell no cause why,
But that I wryte trewly.

Then yf any there be
Of hygh or lowe degre
Of the spiritualte,
Or of the temporalte,
That dothe thynke or wene
That his consycence be not clene,
And feleth hymselfe sycke,
Or touched on the quycke,
Suche grace God them sende
Themselfe to amende,
For I wyll not pretende
Any man to offende.

Wherfore, as thynketh me,
Great ydeottes they be,
And lytell grace they haue,
This treatyse to depraue;
Nor wyll here no prechyng,
Nor no vertuous techyng,
Nor wyll haue no resytyng
Of any vertuous wrytyng;
Wyll knowe none intellygence
To refourme theyr neglygence,
But lyue styll out of facyon,
To theyr owne dampuacyon.
To do shame they haue no shame,
But they wold no man shulde them blame:
They haue an euyl name,
But yet they wyll occupy the same.
With them the worde of God
Is counted for no rod;
They counte it for a raylyng,
That nothyng is auaylyng;
The prechers with euyll hayling:
Shall they daunt vs euyll hayling:
That be theyr praylates?
Not so hardy on theyr pates!
Herke, howe the losell prates,
With a wyde wesaunt!
Auaunt, syr Guy of Gaunt!
Auaunt, lewde preest, auaunt!
Auaunt, syr doctour Deuyas!
Prate of thy matyyns and thy masse,
And let our maters passe:
Howe darest thou, daucocke, mell?
Howe darest thou, losell,
Allygate the gospell
Agaynst vs of the counsell?
Auaunt to the deuyll of hell!
Take hym, wardeyne of the Flete,
Set hym fast by the fete!
I say, lyeutenaunt of the Toure,
Make this lurdeyne for to loure;
Lodge hym in Lytell Ease,
Fede hym with beanes and pease!
The Kynges Benche or Marshalsy,
Haue hym thyder by and by!
The vyllayne precheth openly,
And declareth our vyllany;
And of our fre symplenesse
He sayes that we are rechelesse,
And full of wylfulnesse,  
Shameles and mercylesse,  
Incorrigible and insaciate;  
And after this rate  
Agaynst vs dothe prate.

At Poules Crosse or els where,  
Openly at Westmynstere,  
And Saynt Mary Spytell,  
They set not by vs a whystell:  
At the Austen fryers  
They count vs for lyers:  
And at Saynt Thomas of Akers  
They carpe vs lyke crakers,  
Howe we wyll rule all at wyll  
Without good reason or skyll;  
And say how that we be  
Full of parcyalyte;  
And howe at a pronge  
We tourne ryght into wronge,  
Delay causes so longe  
That ryght no man can fonge;  
They say many matters be born  
By the ryght of a rambes horne.  
Is not this a shamfull scorne,  
To be teared thus and torne?

How may we thys indure?  
Wherfore we make you sure,  
Ye prechers shall be yawde;  
And some shall be sawde,  
As noble Ezechyas,  
The holy prophet, was;  
And some of you shall dye,
Lyke holy Jeremy;
Some hanged, some slayne,
Some beaten to the brayne;
And we wyll rule and rayne,
And our matters mayntayne
Who dare say there agayne,
Or who dare dysdayne
At our pleasure and wyll:
For, be it good or be it yll,
As it is, it shall be styll,
For all master doctour of Cyuyll,
Or of Diuine, or doctour Dryuyll
Let hym cough, rough, or sneuyll;
Renne God, renne deuyll,
Renne who may renne best,
And let take all the rest!
We set not a nut shell
The way to heuen or to hell.
       Lo, this is the gyse now a dayes!
It is to drede, men sayes,
Lest they be Saduces,
As they be sayd sayne
Whiche determyned playne
We shulde not ryse agayne
At dredefull domis day;
And so it semeth they play,
Whiche hate to be corrected
When they be infected,
Nor wyll suffre this boke
By hoke ne by croke
Prynted for to be,
For that no man shulde se
Nor rede in any scrolles
Of theyr dronken nolles,
Nor of theyr noddy polles,
Nor of theyr sely soules,
Nor of some wytyles pates
Of dyuers great estates,
As well as other men.

Now to withdrawe my pen,
And now a whyle to rest,
Me semeth it for the best.

The forecastell of my shyp
Shall glyde, and smothenly slyp
Out of the wawes wod
Of the stormy flod;
Shote anker, and lye at rode,
And sayle not farre abrode,
Tyll the cost be clere,
And the lode starre appere:

My shyp nowe wyll I stere
Towarde the porte salu
Of our Sauyour Jesu,
Suche grace that he vs sende,
To rectyfye and amende
Thynge that are amys,
Whan that his pleasure is.

Amen!

*In opere imperfecto,*
*In opere semper perfecto,*
*Et in opere plusquam perfecto!*
HERE AFTER FOLOWETH A LYTELL BOKE,

WHICHE HATH TO NAME

WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

COMPILED BY MAYSTER SKELTON, POETE LAUREATE.

The relucent mirror for all Prelats and Presidents, as well spirituall as temporall, sadly to loke vpon, deuised in English by Skelton.

All noble men, of this take hede,
And beleue it as your Crede.

To hasty of sentence,
To ferce for none offence,
To scarce of your expence,
To large in neglygence,
To slacke in recompence,
To haute in excellence,
To lyght [in] intellegence,
And to lyght in credence;
Where these kepe resydence,
Reson is banysshed thence,
And also dame Prudence,
With sober Sapyence.
All noble men, of this take hede,  
And beleue it as your Crede.

Than without collusyon,  
Marke well this conclusyon,  
Thorow suche abusyon,  
And by suche illusyon,  
Vnto great confusyon  
A noble man may fall,  
And his honour appall;  
And yf ye thynke this shall  
Not rubbe you on the gall,  
Than the deuyll take all!  
All noble men, of this take hede,  
And belieue it as your Crede.

_Hæc vates ille._  
_De quo loquuntur mille._

WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

For age is a page  
For the courte full vnmete,  
For age cannat rage,  
Nor basse her swete swete:  
But whan age seeth that rage  
Dothe aswage and refrayne,  
Than wyll age haue a corage  
To come to court agayne.  
But  
Helas, sage ouerage  
So madly decayes,
That age for dottage
Is reckoned now adayes:
Thy ag (a graunt domage)
Is nothynge set by,
And rage in areage
Dothe rynne lamentably.

So
That rage must make pyllage,
To catche that catche may,
And with suche forage
Hunte the boskage,
That hartes wyll ronne away;
Bothe hartes and hyndes,
With all good myndes:
Fare well, than, haue good day!

Than, haue good daye, adewe!
For defaute of rescwe,
Some men may happily rew,
And some theyr hedes mew;
The tyme dothe fast ensew,
That bales begynne to brew:
I drede, by swete Iesu
This tale wyll be to trewe;
In faythe, dycken, thou krew,
In fayth, dicken, thou krew, &c.

Dicken, thou krew doubtlesse;
For, trewly to expresse,
There hath ben moche excess,
With banketynge braynlesse,
With ryotynge rechelesse,
With gambaundynge thryftlesse,
With spende and wast witlesse,
Treatinge of trewse restlesse,
Pratyng for peace peaslesse.
The countrynge at Cales
Wrang vs on the males:
Chefe counselour was carlesse,
Gronynge, grouchyng, gracelesse;
And to none entente
Our talwod is all brent,
Our fagottes are all spent,
We may blowe at the cole:
Our mare hath cast her fole,
And Mocke hath lost her sho;
What may she do therto?
An ende of an olde song,
Do ryght and do no wronge,
As ryght as a rammes horne;
For thrifte is threde bare wonne,
Our shepe are shrewdly shorne,
And trouth is all to-torne;
Wysdom is laught to skorne,
Fauell is false forsworne,
Iauell is nobly borne,
Hauell and Haruy Hafter,
Iack Trauell and Cole Crafter,
We shall here more herafter;
With pollynge and shauynge,
With borowynge and crauynge,
With reuynge and rauynge,
With swerynge and starynge,
Ther vayleth no resonynge,
For wyll dothe rule all thynge,
Wyll, wyll, wyll, wyll, wyll, wyll,
He ruleth alway styll.
Good reason and good skyll,
They may garlycke pyll,
Cary sackes to the myll,
Or pescoddes they may shyll
Or elles go rost a stone:
There is no man but one
That hathe the strokes alone;
Be it blacke or whight,
All that he dothe is ryght,
As right as a cammocke croked.
This byll well ouer loked,
Clerely perceuye we may
There went the hare away,
The hare, the fox, the gray,
The harte, the hynde, the buck:
God sende vs better luck!
God sende vs better lucke, &c.
   Twit, Andrewe, twit, Scot,
Ge heme, ge scour thy pot;
For we haue spente our shot:
We shall haue a \textit{tot quot}
From the Pope of Rome,
To weue all in one lome
A webbe of lylse wulse,
\textit{Opus male dulce}:
\* \* \* \* \* \*
For, whyles he doth rule,
All is worse and worse;
\* \* \* \* \*
For whether he blesse or curse,
It can not be moche worse.
From Baumberow to Bothombar
We haue cast vp our war,
And made a worthy trewe,
With, gup, leuell suse!
Our mony madly lent,
And mor madly spent:
From Croydon to Kent,
Wote ye whyther they went?
From Wynchelsey to Rye,
And all nat worth a flye;
From Wentbridge to Hull;
Our armye waxeth dull,
With, tourne all home agayne,
And neuer a Scot slayne.
Yet the good Erle of Surray,
The Frenche men he doth fray,
And vexeth them day by day
With all the power he may;
The French men he hath faynted,
And made theyr hertes attaynted:
Of cheualry he is the floure;
Our Lorde be his soccoure!
The French men he hathe so mated,
And theyr courage abated,
That they are but halfe men;
Lyke foxes in theyr denne,
Lyke cankerd cowardes all,
Lyke vrcheons in a stone wall,
They kepe them in theyr holdes,
Lyke henherted cokoldes.
But yet they ouer shote vs
Wyth crownes and wyth scutus;
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

With scutis and crownes of gold
I drede we are bought and solde;
It is a wonders warke:

They shote all at one marke,
At the Cardynals hat,
They shote all at that;
Oute of theyr stronge townes
They shote at him with crownes;
With crownes of golde enblased
They make him so amased,
And his eyen so dased,
That he ne se can
To know God nor man.

He is set so hye
In his ierarchy
Of frantycke frenesy
And folysshe fantasy,
That in the Chambre of Starres
All maters there he marres;
Clappyng his rod on the borde,
No man dare speke a worde,
For he hathe all the sayenge,
Without any renayenge;

He rolleth in his recordes,
He sayth, How saye ye, my lordes?
Is nat my reason good?
Good euyn, good Robyn Hood!
Some say yes, and some
Syt styl as they were dom:
Thus thwartyng ouer thom,
He ruleth all the roste
With braggynge and with bost;
Borne vp on euery syde
With pompe and with pryde,
With, trompe vp, alleluya!
For dame Philargerya
Hathe so his herte in holde,
He loueth nothyng but golde;

Adew, Philosophia,
Adew, Theologia!
Welcome, dame Simonia,
With dame Castrimer gia,
To drynke and for to eate
Swete ypocras and swete meate!
To kepe his flesshe chast,
In Lent for a repast
He eateth capons stewed,
Fesaunt and partriche mewed,
Hennes, checkynges, and pyrges;

This is a postels lyfe!

Helas! my herte is sory
To tell of vayne glory:
But now vpon this story
I wyll no further ryme
Till another tyme,
Tyll another tyme, &c.
What newes, what newes?
Small newes the true is,
That be worth ii. kues;

Gup, Guiliam Trauillian,
With, iast you, I say, Jullian!
Wyll ye bere no coles?

* * * * *

What here ye of Lancashyre?
They were nat payde their hyre;
They are fel as any fyre.

What here ye of Chesshyre?
They haue layde all in the myre;
They grugyd, and sayde
Their wages were nat payde;
Some sayde they were afayde
Of the Scottysche hoste,
For all theyr crack and bost,
Wylde fyre and thonder;
For all this worldly wonder,
A hundred myle a sonder
They were whan they were next;
That is a trew text.

What here ye of the Scottes?
They make vs all sottes,
Poppynge folysshe dawes;
They make vs to pyll strawes;
They play their olde pranckes,
After Huntley bankes:
At the streme of Banockes burne
They dyd vs a shrewde turne,
Whan Edwarde of Karnaruan
Lost all that his father wan.

What here ye of the Lorde Dakers?
He maketh vs Jacke Rakers;
He sayes we ar but crakers;
He calleth vs England men
Stronge herted lyke an hen;
For the Scottes and he
To well they do agre,
With, do thou for me,
And I shall do for thé.
Whyles the red hat doth endure,
He maketh himselfe cock sure;
The red hat with his lure
Bryngeth all thynges vnder cure.

But, as the worlde now gose,
What here ye of the Lorde Rose
Nothynge to purpose,
Nat worth a cockly fose:
Their herties be in thyr hose.
The Erle of Northumberlande
Dare take nothyngge on hande:
Our barons be so bolde,
Into a mouse hole they wolde
Rynne away and crepe,
Lyke a mayny of shepe;
Dare nat loke out at dur
For drede of the mastyue cur,
For drede of the bochers dogge
Wold wyrry them lyke an hogge.

For and this curre do gnar,
They must stande all a far,
To holde vp their hande at the bar.
For all their noble blode
He pluckes them by the hode,
And shakes them by the eare,
And brynge[s] them in suche feare;
He bayteth them lyke a bere,
Lyke an oxe or a bull:
Theyr wyettes, he saith, are dull;
He sayth they haue no brayne
Theyr astate to mayntayne;
And maketh them to bow theyr kne
Before his maieste.

Juges of the kynges lawes,
He countys them foles and dawes;
Sergyantes of the coyfe eke,
He sayth they are to seke
In pletynge of theyr case
At the Commune Place,
Or at the Kynges Benche;
He wryngeth them suche a wrenche,
That all our lerned men
Dare nat set theyr penne
To plete a trew tryall
Within Westmynster hall;
In the Chauncery where he syttes,
But suche as he admyttes
None so hardy to speke;
He sayth, thou huddypeke,
Thy lernynge is to lewde,
Thy tonge is nat well thewde,
To seke before our grace;
And openly in that place
He rages and he raues,
And calis them cankerd knaues:
Thus royally he dothe deale
Vnder the kynges brode seale;
And in the Checker he them cheks;
In the Ster Chambre he noddis and beks,
And bereth him there so stowte,
That no man dare rowte,
Duke, erle, baron, nor lorde,
But to his sentence must accorde;
Whether he be knyght or squyre,
All men must folow his desyre.

What say ye of the Scottysh kynge?
That is another thyng.
He is but an yonglyng,
A stalworthy stryplyng:
There is a whyspring and a whipling,
He shulde be hyder brought;
But, and it were well sought,
I trow all wyll be nought,
Nat worth a shyttel cocke,
Nor worth a sowre calstocke.
There goth many a lye
Of the Duke of Albany,
That of shulde go his hede,
And brought in quycke or dede,
And all Scotlande owers
The mountenauncce of two houres.
But, as some men sayne,
I drede of some false trayne
Subtelly wrought shall be
Vnder a fayned treatee;
But within monethes thre
Men may happily se
The trechery and the prankes
Of the Scottysshe bankes.

What here ye of Burgonyons,
And the Spanyarde onyons?
They haue slain our Englishmen
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

Above threscore and ten:
For all your amyte,
No better they agree.
   God saue my lorde admyrell!
What here ye of Mutrell?
There with I dare nat mell.
   Yet what here ye tell
Of our graunde counsell?
I coulde say some what,
But speke ye no more of that,
For drede of the red hat
Take peper in the nose;
For than thyne heed of gose.

*   *   *   *   *

But there is some trauaurse
Bytwene some and some,
That makys our syre to glum;
It is some what wronge,
That his berde is so longe;
He morneth in blacke clothynge.
I pray God saue the kynge!
Where euer he go or ryde,
I pray God be his gyde!
Thus wyll I conclude my style,
And fall to rest a whyle,
And so to rest a whyle, &c.

Ones yet agayne
Of you I wolde frayne,
Why come ye nat to court?—
To whyche court?
To the kynges courte,
Or to Hampton Court?—
Nay, to the kynges court:
The kynges courte
Shulde haue the excellence;
But Hampton Court
Hath the preemynence,
And Yorkes Place,
With my lorde's grace,
To whose magnificence
Is all the confluwence,
Sutys and supplycacyons,
Embassades of all nacyons.
Strawe for lawe canon,
Or for the lawe common,
Or for lawe cyuyll!
It shall be as he wyll:
Stop at law tancrete,
An abstract or a concrete;
Be it soure, be it swete,
His wysdome is so dyscrete,
That in a fume or an hete,
Wardeyn of the Flete,
Set hym fast by the fete!
And of his royall powre
Whan him lyst to lowre,
Than, haue him to the Towre,
Saunz aulter remedy,
Haue hym forthe by and by
To the Marshalsy,
Or to the Kynges Benche!
He dyggeth so in the trenche
Of the court royall,
That he ruleth them all.
Why come ye nat to courte?

So he doth the vndermynde,
And suche sleyghtes dothe fynde,
That the kynges mynde
By hym is subuered,
And so streatly coarted
In credensynge his tales,
That all is but nutshailes
That any other sayth;
He hath in him suche fayth.

Now, yet all this myght be
Suffred and taken in gre,
If that that he wrought
To any good ende were brought;
But all he bringeth to nought,
By God, that me dere bought!
He bereth the kyng on hand,
That he must pyll his lande,
To make his cofers ryche;
But he laythe all in the dyche,
And vseth suche abusyoun,
That in the conclusyoun
All commeth to confusyon.
Perceyue the cause why,
To tell therought playnly,
He is so ambyuous,
So shamles, and so vicyous,
And so supersticyous,
And so moche obluyous
From whens that he came,
That he falleth into a caeciam,
Whiche, truly to expresse,
Is a forgetfulnesse,
Or wylfull blyndnesse,
Wherwith the Sodomites
Lost theyr inward syghtes,
The Gommoryans also
Were brought to deedly wo,
As Scripture recordis:
A cæcitate cordis,
In the Latyne synge we,
Libera nos, Domine!

But this madde Amalecke,
Lyke to a Mamelek,
He regardeth lorde
No more than potshordes;
He is in suche elacyon
Of his exaltacyon,
And the supportacyon
Of our souerayne lorde,
That, God to recorde,
He rul eth all at wyll,
Without reason or skyl l:
How be it the primordyall
Of his wretched originall,
And his base progeny,
And his gresy genealogy,
He came of the sank royall,
That was cast out of a bochers stall.

But how euer he was borne,
Men wolde haue the lesse scorne,
If he coulde consyder
His byrth and rowme togeder,
And call to his mynde
How noble and how kynde
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

To him he hathe founde
Our souereyne lorde, chyfe grounde
Of all this prelacy,
And set hym nobly
In great auctoryte,
Out from a low degre,
Whiche he can nat se:
For he was parde
No doctor of deuinyte,
Nor doctor of the law,
Nor of none other saw;
But a poore maister of arte,
God wot, had lytell parte
Of the quatriuials,
Nor yet of triuials,
Nor of philosophy,
Nor of philology,
Nor of good pollycy,
Nor of astronomy,
Nor acquaynted worth a fly
With honorable Haly,
Nor with royall Ptholomy,
Nor with Albumasar,
To treate of any star
Fyxt or els mobyll;
His Latyne tonge dothe hobbyll,
He doth but cloute and cobbill
In Tullis faculte,
Called humanyte;
Yet proudly he dare pretend
How no man can him amende:
But haue ye nat harde this,
How an one eyed man is
Well syghted when
He is amonge blynde men?
    Than, our processe for to stable,
This man was full vnable
To reche to suche degre,
Had nat our prynce be
Royall Henry the eyght,
Take him in suche conceyght,
That he set him on heyght,
In exemplfyenge
Great Alexander the kynge,
In writynge as we fynde ;
Whiche of his royall mynde,
And of his noble pleasure,
Transendynge out of mesure,
Thought to do a thynge
That perteyneth to a kynge,
To make vp one of nought,
And made to him be brought
A wretched poore man,
Whiche his lyuenge wan
With plantyng of lekes
By the dayes and by the wekes,
And of this poore vassall
He made a kynge royall,
And gaue him a realme to rule,
That occupyed a showell,
A mattoke, and a spade,
Before that he was made
A kynge, as I haue tolde,
And ruled as he wolde.
Suche is a kynges power,
To make within an hower,
And worke suche a myracle,
That shall be a spectacle
Of renownme and worldly fame:
In lykewyse now the same
Cardynall is promoted,
Yet with lewde condicyons cotyd,
As herafter ben notyd,
Presumcyon and vayne glory,
Enuy, wrath, and lechery,
Couetys and glotony,
Slouthfull to do good,
Now frantick, now starke wode.

Shulde this man of suche mode
Rule the swerde of myght,
How can he do ryght?
For he wyll as sone smyght
His frende as his fo;
A prouerbe longe ago.

Set vp a wretch e on hye
In a trone triumphantlye,
Make him a great astate,
And he wyll play checke mate
With ryall maieste,
Counte him selfe as good as he;
A prelate potencyall,
To rule vnder Bellyall,
As fierce and as cruell
As the fynd of hell.
His seruauntes menyall
He dothe reuyle, and brall,
Lyke Mahounde in a play;
No man dare him withsay:
He hath dispyght and scorne
At them that be well borne;
He rebukes them and rayles,
Ye horsons, ye vassayles,
Ye knaues, ye chorles sonnys,
Ye rebads, nat worth two plummis,
Ye raynbetyn beggers reigged,
Ye recrayed ruffyns all ragged!
With, stowpe, thou hauell,
Rynne, thou iauell!
Thou peuysshe pye pecked,
Thou losell longe necked!
Thus dayly they be decked,
Taunted and checked,
That they ar so wo,
They wot not whether to go.
No man dare come to the speche
Of this gentell Lacke breche,
Of what estate he be,
Of spirituall dygnyte,
Nor duke of hye degre,
Nor marques, erle, nor lorde;
Whiche shrewdly doth accorde,
Thus he borne so base
All noble men shulde out face,
His countynaunce lyke a kayser.
My lorde is nat at layser;
Syr, ye must tary a stounde,
Tyll better layser be founde;
And, syr, ye must daunce attendaunce,
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

And take pacient sufferance,
For my lordes grace
Hath nowe no tyme nor space
To speke with you as yet.
And thus they shall syt,
Chuse them syt or flyt,
Stande, walke, or ryde,
And his layser abyde
Parchaunce halfe a yere,
And yet neuer the nere.
This daungerous dowsypere,
Lyke a kynges pere
And within this xvi. yere
He wolde haue ben ryght fayne
To haue ben a chapleyne,
And haue taken ryght gret payne
With a poore knyght,
What soeuer he hyght.
The chefe of his owne counsell,
They can nat well tell
Whan they with hym shulde mell,
He is so fyers and fell ;
He rayles and he ratis,
He calleth them doddypatis ;
He grynnes and he gapis,
As it were iack napis.
Suche a madde bedleme
For to rewle this reame,
It is a wonders case :
That the kynges grace
Is toward him so mynded,
And so farre blynded,
That he can nat parceyue
How he dothe hym disceyue,
I dought, lest by sorsery,
Or suche other loseery,
As wychecraft, or charmyng;
For he is the kynges derlyng,
And his swete hart rote,
And is gouerned by this mad kote:
For what is a man the better
For the kynges letter?
For he wyll tere it asonder;
Wherat moche I wonder,
How suche a hoddypoule
So boldely dare controule,
And so malapertly withstande
The kynges owne hande,
And settys nat by it a myte;
He sayth the kyng doth wryte
And writeth he wottith nat what;
And yet for all that,
The kynghe his clemency
Despensyth with his demensy.

But what his grace doth thinke,
I haue no pen nor inke
That therwith can mell;
But wele I can tell
How Frauncis Petrarke,
That moche noble clerke,
Wryteth how Charlemayn
Coude nat him selfe refrayne,
But was rauysht with a rage
Of a lyke dotage:
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

But how that came about,
Rede ye the story oute,
And ye shall fynde surely
It was by nycromansy,
By carectes and coniuracyon,
Vnder a certeyne constellacion,
And a certayne fumygacion,
Vnder a stone on a golde ryng,
Wrought to Charlemayn the king,
Whiche constrained him forcebly
For to love a certayne body
Above all other inordinatly.
This is no fable nor no lye;
At Acon it was brought to pas,
As by myne auctor tried it was.
But let mi masters mathematical
Tell you the rest, for me they shal;
They haue the full intellygence,
And dare vse the experyens,
In there absolute consciens
To practyue suche abolete sciens;
For I abhore to smatter
Of one so deuyllysshe a matter.

But I wyll make further relacion
Of this isagogicall colation,
How maister Gaguine, the crownycler
Of the feytis of war
That were done in Fraunce,
Maketh remembraunce,
How Kynge Lewes of late
Made vp a great astate
Of a poore wretchid man,
Wherof moche care began.
Iohannes Balua was his name,
Myne auctor writeth the same;
Promoted was he
To a cardynalles dygnyte
By Lewes the kyng aforesayd,
With hym so wele apayd,
That he made him his chauncelar
To make all or to mar,
And to rule as him lyst,
Tyll he cheked at he fyst,
And agayne all reason
Commyted open trayson
And against his lorde souerayn;
Wherfore he suffred payn,
Was hedyd, drawen, and quarterd,
And dyed stynkingly martered.
Lo, yet for all that
He ware a cardynals hat,
In hym was small fayth,
As myne auctor sayth:
Nat for that I mene
Suche a casuelte shulde be sene,
Or suche chaunce shulde fall
Vnto our cardynall.
Allmyghty God, I trust,
Hath for him dyscuss
That of force he must
Be faythfull, trew, and iust
To our most royall kynge,
Chef e rote of his makynge;
Yet it is a wyly mouse
That can bylde his dwellinge house
Within the cattes eare
Withouten drede or feare.
It is a nyce reconynge,
To put all the gouernynge,
All the rule of this lande
Into one mannys hande:
One wyse mannys hede
May stande somwhat in stede;
But the wyttys of many wyse
Moche better can deuyse,
By theyr cyrcumspection,
And theyr sad dyrrrection,
To cause the commune weale
Longe to endure in heale.
Christ kepe King Henry the eyght
From trechery and dysceyght,
And graunt him grace to know
The faucon from the crow,
The wolfe from the lam,
From whens that mastyfe cam!
Let him neuer confounde
The gentyll greyhownde:
Of this matter the grownde
Is easy to expounde,
And soone may be perceyued,
How the worlde is conueyed.

But harke, my frende, one worde
In ernest or in borde:
Tell me nowe in this stede
Is maister Mewtas dede
The kynges Frenshe secretary,
And his vntrew aduersary?
For he sent in writynge
To Fraunces the French kyng
Of our maisters counsel in eueri thing:
That was a peryllous rekenyng!—
Nay, nay, he is nat dede;
But he was so payned in the hede,
That he shall neuer ete more bred.
Now he is gone to another stede,
With a bull vnder lead,
By way of commissyon,
To a straunge iurisdictyon,
Called Dymingis Dale,
Farre byyonde Portyngale,
And hathe his pasport to pas

*Ultra Sauromatas*,
To the deyll, syr Sathanas,
To Pluto, and syr Bellyall,
The deyyls vycare generall,
And to his college conuentuall,
As well calodemonyall
As to cacodemonyall
To puruey for our cardynall
A palace pontifycall,
To kepe his court prouncyall,
Vpon artycles iudicyall,
To contende and to stryue
For his prerogatyue,
Within that consystory
To make sommons peremtory
Before some prothonotory
Imperyall or papall.
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE? 167

Vpon this matter mistycall
I haue tolde you part, but nat all :
Herafter perchaunce I shall
Make a larger memoryall,
And a further rehersall,
And more paper I thinke to blot,
To the court why I cam not;
Desyring you aboue all thynge
To kepe you from laughynge
Whan ye fall to redynge
Of this wanton scrowle,
And pray for Mewtas sowle,
For he is well past and gone;
That wolde God euerychone
Of his affynyte
Were gone as well as he!
Amen, amen, say ye,
Of your inward charitye;
   Amen,
Of your inward charitye.
   It were great rewth,
For wrytynge of trewth
Any man shulde be
In perplexyte
Of dyspleasure;
For I make you sure,
Where trouth is abhorde,
It is a playne recorde
That there wantys grace;
In whose place
Dothe occupy,
Full vngracyously,
Fals flatery,
Fals trechery,
Fals brybery,
Subtyle Sym Sly,
With madde foly;
For who can best lye,
He is best set by.
Than farewell to the,
Welthfull felycite!
For prosperitye
Away than wyll fle.
Than must we arte
With pouer:
For mysery,
With penury,
Myserably
And wretchydly
Hath made askrye
And outcry,
Folowynge the chase
To dryue away grace.
Yet sayst thou percase,
We can lacke no grace,
For my lordes grace,
And my ladies grace,
With trey duse ase,

* * * * *
Some haute and some base,
Some daunce the trace
Euer in one case:
Marke me that chase
In the tennys play,
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?  169

For synke quater trey
Is a tall man:
He rod, but we ran,
Hay, the gye and the gan!
The gray gose is no swan;
The waters wax wan,
And beggers they ban,
And they cursed Datan,
*De tribu Dan,*
That this warke began,
*Palam et clam,*
With Balak and Balam,
The golden ram
Of Flemmyng dam,
Sem, Iapheth, or Cam.

But howe comme to pas,
Your cupbord that was
Is tourned to glasse,
From syluer to brasse,
From golde to pewter,
Or els to a newter,
To copper, to tyn,
To lede, or alcumyn?
A goldsmyth your mayre;
But the chefe of your fayre
Myght stande nowe by potters,
And suche as sell trotters:
Pytchars, potshordis,
This shrewdly accordis
To be a cupborde for lordys.

My lorde now and syr knyght,
Good euyn and good nyght!
For now, syr Trestram,
Ye must weare bukram,
Or canues of Cane,
For sylkes are wane.
Our royals that shone,
Our nobles are gone
Amonge the Burgonyons,
And Spanyardes onyons,
And the Flanderkyons.
Gyll swetis, and Cate spynnys,
They are happy that wynnys ;
But Englande may well say,
Eye on this wynnyng all way !
Now nothynge but pay, pay,
With, laughe and lay downe,
Borowgh, cyte, and towne.
   Good Sprynge of Lanam
Must counte what became
Of his clothe makynge :
He is at suche takynge,
Though his purse wax dull,
He must tax for his wull
By nature of a newe writ ;
My lordys grace nameth it
A quia non satisfacit :
In the spyght of his tethe
He must pay agayne
A thousande or twayne
Of his golde in store ;
And yet he payde before
An hunderd pounde and more,
Whiche pyncheth him sore.
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

My lordis grace wyll brynge
Downe this hye sprynge,
And brynge it so lowe,
It shall nat euer flowe.

Suche a prelate, I trowe,
Were worthy to rowe
Thorow the streytes of Marock
To the gybbet of Baldock:
He wolde dry vp the stremys
Of ix. kinges realmys,
All ryuers and wellys,
All waters that swellys;
For with vs he so mellys
That within Englane dwellys,
I wolde he were somwhere ellys;
For els by and by
He wyll drynke vs so drye,
And suck vs so nye,
That men shall scantly
Haue peny or halpeny.
God saue his noble grace,
And graunt him a place
Endlesse to dwell
With the deuyll of hell!
For, and he were there,
We neede neuer feere
Of the fendys blake:
For I vndertake
He wolde so brag and crake,
That he wolde than make
The deuyls to quake,
To shudder and to shake,
Lyke a fyer drake,  
And with a cole rake  
Brose them on a brake,  
And bynde them to a stake,  
And set hell on fyer;  
At his owne desyer.  
He is suche a grym syer,  
And suche a potestolate,  
And suche a potestate,  
That he wolde breke the braynes  
Of Lucyfer in his chaynes,  
And rule them echone  
In Lucyfers trone.  
I wolde he were gone;  
For amonge vs is none  
That ruleth but he alone,  
Without all good reason,  
And all out of season:  
For Folam peason  
With him be nat geson;  
They growwe very ranke  
Vpon euery banke  
Of his herbers grene,  
With my lady bryght and shene;  
On thyr game it is sene  
They play nat all clene,  
And it be as I wene.  
But as touchynge dyscrecyon,  
With sober dyrectyon,  
He kepeth them in subiectyon:  
They can haue no protectyon  
To rule nor to guyde,
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

But all must be tryde,
And abyde the correctyon
Of his wylfull affectyon.
For as for wytte,
The deuyll spede whitte!
But braynsyk and braynlesse,
Wytles and rechelesse,
Careles and shamlesse,
Thriftles and gracelesse,
Together are bended,
And so condyscended,
That the commune welth
Shall neuer haue good helth,
But tatterd and tuggyd,
Raggyd and ruggyd,
Shauyn and shorne,
And all threde bare wore.
Suche gredynesse,
Suche nedynesse,
Myserablenesse,
With wretchydnesse,
Hath brought in dystresse
And moche heuynesse
And great dolowre
Englande, the flowre
Of relucent honowre,
In olde commemoracion
Most royall Englyssh nacion.
Now all is out of facion,
Almost in desolacion;
I speke by protestacion;
God of his misera

1010
1020
1030
1040
Send better reformacyon!
   Lo, for to do shamfully
He iugeth it no foly!
But to wryte of his shame,
He sayth we ar to blame.
What a frensy is this,
No shame to do amys,
And yet he is ashamed
To be shamfully named!
And ofte prechours be blamed,
Bycause they haue proclaimed
His madnesse by writynge,
His symplenesse resytyng,
Remordynge and bytyng,
With chydyng and with flytyng,
Shewynge him Goddis lawis:
He calleth the prechours dawis,
And of holy scriptures sawis
He counteth them for gygawis,
And putteth them to sylence
And with wordis of vyolence,
Lyke Pharao, voyde of grace,
Dyd Moyses sore manase,
And Aron sore he thret,
The worde of God to let;
This maumet in lyke wyse
Against the churche doth ryse;
The prechour he dothe dyspyse,
With crakynge in suche wyse,
So braggynge all with bost,
That no prechour almost
Dare speke for his lyfe
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE? 175

Of my lordis grace nor his wyfe,  
For he hath suche a bull,  
He may take whom he wull,  
And as many as him lykys;  
May ete pigges in Lent for pikys,  
After the sectes-of heretykis,  
For in Lent he wyll ete  
All maner of flesshe mete  
That he can ony where gete;  
With other abusyons grete,  
Wherof for to trete  
It wolde make the deuyll to swete,  
For all privileged places  
He brekes and defaces,  
All placis of relygion  
He hathe them in derisyon,  
And makith suche proofyson  
To dryue them at diuisyon,  
And fynally in conclusyon  
To brynge them to confusyon;  
Saint Albons to recorde  
Wherof this vngracyous lorde  
Hathe made him selfe abbot,  
Against their wylles, God wot.  
All this he dothe deale  
Vnder strength of the great seale,  
And by his legacy,  
Whiche madly he dothe apply  
Vnto an extrauagancy  
Pyked out of all good lawe,  
With reasons that ben rawe.  
Yet, whan he toke first his hat,
He said he knew what was what;
All iustycye he pretended,
All thynges sholde be amended,
All wronges he wolde redresse,
All iniuris he wolde represse;
All periuris he wolde oppresse;

And yet this gracelesse elfe,
He is periured himselfe,
As playnly it dothe appere,
Who lyst to enquer
In the regestry
Of my Lorde of Cantorbury,
To whom he was professedd
In thre poyntes expressed;
The fyrst to do him reverence,
The seconde to owe hym obedience,
The thirde with hole afectyon
To be vnnder his subjectyon:
But now he maketh objectyon,
Vnder the protectyon
Of the kynges great seale,
That he setteth neuer a deale
By his former othe,
Whether God be pleased or wroth.
He makith so proude pretens,
That in his equipolens
He iugyth him equiualent
With God omnipotent:
But yet beware the rod,
And the stroke of God!

The Apostyll Peter
Had a pore myter
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

And a poore cope
When he was creat Pope,
First in Antioche;
He dyd neuer approche
Of Rome to the see
Weth suche dygnyte.

Saynt Dunstane, what was he?
Nothynge, he sayth, lyke to me:
There is a dyuersyte
Bytwene him and me;
We passe hym in degre,
As legatus a latere.

Ecce, sacerdos magnus,
That wyll hed vs and hange vs,
And streitly strangle vs
And he may fange vs!
Decre and decretall,
Constytucyon prouincyall,
Nor no lawe canonicall,
Shall let the preest pontyficall
To syt in causa sanguinis.
Nowe God amende that is amys!
For I suppose that he is
Of Ieremy the whyskynge rod,
The flayle, the scourge of almighty God.

This Naman Sirus,
So fell and so irous,
So full of malencoly,
With a flap afore his eye,

Or els his surgions they lye,
For, as far as they can spy
By the craft of surgery,
It is *manus Domini*.
And yet this proude Antiochus,
He is so ambicious,
So elate, and so vicious,
And so cruell hertyd,
That he wyll nat be conuertyd;
For he setteth God apart,
He is nowe so ouerthwart,
And so payned with pangis,
That all his trust hangis
In Balthasor, whiche heled
Domingos nose that was wheled;
That Lumberdes nose meane I,
That standeth yet awrye;
It was nat heled alderbest,
It standeth somwhat on the west;
I meane Domyngo Lomelyn,
That was wont to wyn
Moche money of the kynge
At the cardys and haserdynge:
Balthasor, that heyld Domingos nose

Now with his gummys of Araby
Hath promised to hele our cardinals eye;
Yet sum surgions put a dout,
Lest he wyll put it clene out,
And make him lame of his neder limmes:
God sende him sorowe for his sinnes!
Some men myght aske a question,
By whose suggestyon
I toke on hand this warke,
Thus boldly for to barke?
And men lyst to harke,
And my wordes marke,
I wyll answere lyke a clerke;
For trewly and unfayned,
I am forcebly constrayned,
At Iuuynals request,
To wryght of this glorious gest,
Of this vayne gloryous best,
His fame to be encrest
At euery solempne feest;
Quia difficile est
Satiram non scribere.
Now, mayster doctor, howe say ye,
What soeuer your name be?
What though ye be namelesse,
Ye shall nat escape blamelesse,
Nor yet shall scape shamlesse:
Mayster doctor in your degre,
Yourselfe madly ye ouerse;
Blame Iuuinall, and blame nat me:
Maister doctor Diricum,
Omne animi vitium, &c.
As Iuuinall dothe recorde,
A small defaute in a great lorde,
A lytell cryme in a great astate,
Is moche more inordinate,
And more horible to beholde,
Than as ye other a thousand folde.
Ye put to blame ye wot nere whom;
Ye may weare a cockes come;
Your fonde hed in your furred hood,
Holde ye your tong, ye can no goode:
And at more conuenyent tyme
I may fortune for to ryme
Somwhat of your madnesse;
For small is your sadnesse
To put any man in lack,
And say yll behynde his back:
And my wordes marke truly,
That ye can nat byde thereby,
For *smegma non est cinnamomum*,
But *de absentibus nil nisi bonum*.
Complayne, or do what ye wyll,
Of your complayne it shall nat skyl:
This is the tenor of my byl,
A daucock ye be, and so shalbe styll.
Notes followed by (D.) are taken from Dyce; those by (S) from Skoat. The figures introducing each paragraph refer to the lines of the poem. The letters B. P. C. and W. are the initials, respectively, of the four poems of Skelton which are here annotated.

THE BOWGE OF COURTE

The bowge of courte, defined by Minsheu as "a liuery of bread and drinke, or other things of the Princes bounty, ouer and aboue the diet." Cotgrave has "Avoir bouche à Court. To eat and drink scot-free; to have budge-a-Court, to be in ordinary at Court." Cf. Ben Jonson, the Masque of Augurs, I., i. (ed. Gifford and Cunningham, vol. vii. p. 410), "Groom. Speak, what is your business? Notch. To fetch bouge of court, a parcel of invisible bread and beer for the players."

1. *in Virgine.* The sun enters Virgo about August 22. Virgo is frequently represented with an ear of corn in her hand to denote harvest.


35. *Powers Keye.* "Key, a Place or Wharf, to Land or to Ship off Goods at; the Number of which in *England* is settled by Act of Parliament, or appointed by the King." *Dictionarium Rusticum,* 1726.

36-38. Dyce quotes from Wordsworth's Sonnets:
A goodly vessel did I then espy
Come like a giant from a haven broad;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high."


69. Daunger, disdain. Cf. The Romaunt of the Rose, 1524, "Of daunger and of pryde also."

94. And this another—i.e. is another reason.

95. Not worth a bene. Cf. Chaucer, Troilus, III. 1167, "Swich arguments ne been nat worth a bene." To reck, or count, a bean is a common phrase in Chaucer.

134. Fauell, the personification of flattering and deceitful speech, a prominent character in Piers the Plowman, where he is described as having "faire speche" (II. 41), "fikel speche" (II. 78), and riding on "a flaterere" (II. 155).


173. cok wattes. Cf. Skelton, Against venemous tongues, "Than ye may commaunde me to gentil Cok wat." Magnificence, 1206, "What canest thou do but play cocke wat?" (D.) Dyce suggests that it may be another form of cockward—i.e., cuckold.

175. but no worde that I sayde—i.e., disclose nothing that I have said. Cf. 276, "But I requyre you no worde that I saye."

188. holde him vp, cajole, flatter. Cf. Hoccleve, De Reg. Prin., 600, "They held hym up with her flatrye." Roister Doister, I. i. 49, "Holde vp his yea and nay."

198. party space. Dyce suggests prayt, pretty.

226. all and some, the whole matter. Common in Chaucer, Palsgrave, under Adverbs of Howe moche, gives "All and some tout entièremen."

231. lyghte as lynde. Cf. Piers the Plowman, I. 154, "Was neuere leef vpon lynde lizter." Chaucer, C. T., E. 1211, "Be ay of chere as light as leef on linde." Adam Bel, &c. (Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry, II. 154), "lyght as lefe on lynde."

232. versynge boxe. Does it mean a dice-box? (D)

235. Sythe I am no thynge playne, the commencement of some song. (D)

ib. *row the bote, Norman, rowe!* A fragment of an old song, the origin of which is thus recorded by Fabyan: “In this xxxii. yere [of King Henry the Sixth] Jhon Norman foresaid, upon the morowe of Simon and Judes daie, thaccustomed day when the newe Maior vsed yerely to ride with greate pompe vnto westminster to take his charge, this Maior firste of all Maiors brake that auncient and olde continued custome, and was rowed thither by water, for the whiche ye Watermen made of hym a roundell or song to his greate praise, the whiche began: *Rowe the bote Norman, rowe* to thy lemmam, and so forth with a long processe.” (D.)

253. *Prynces of yougthe,* probably the title or first words of some old song. Dyce quotes from Skelton’s Garlande of Laurell, 897, where he calls Lady Anne Dakers “Princes of yowth, and flowre of goodly porte.”

254. *shall I sayle wyth you,* probably another old song.

ib. *a felashyp,* of good fellowship. Dyce quotes from the Interlude of the iii. Elementes, "Then a feleshyp let vs here it." (Hazl. Dodsl. I. 49.)


276. *I requyre you no worde.* Cf. 175.

301. *Dawes.* The daw is a common type of stupidity in our early writers; albeit one of the cleverest of birds.

(See Skeat's note on Chaucer, C. T., C. 651.) Stubbes, Anatomie of Abuses (ed. Turnbull, p. 149), "By continuall use whereof it is growne to this perfection, that at euery other worde you shal heare either woundes, bloud, sides, heart, nailes, foot, or some other part of Christes blessed body sworne by."

315. outface hym with a carde of ten. "A common phrase, which we may suppose to have been derived from some game (possibly primero) wherein the standing boldly upon a ten was often successful. A card of ten meant a tenth card, a ten. . . . I conceive the force of the phrase to have expressed, originally, the confidence or impudence of one who with a ten, as at brag, faced, or outfaced one who had really a faced card against him" (Nares). "The phrase of a card of ten was possibly derived, by a jocular allusion, from that of a hart of ten, in hunting, which meant a full-grown deer; one past six years of age." (Ib.) Cf. Shak., Shr., II. 407, "Yet I have faced it with a card of ten." Ben Jonson, New Inn, I. i. (ed. Gifford and Cunningham, V. 315), "As aces, duces, cards of ten, to face it Out in the game, which all the world is."

321. arme vnder the syde. Cf. Roister Doister, III. iii. (ed. Arber, p. 47), where Merygreke is teaching Ralph to have "a portely bragge," "That is a lustie brute, handes vnder your side man."

329. suche maysters to playe. Palsgrave has "I playe the lorde or the mayster. Je fais du grant seigneur."


350. His here was growen thorowe oute his hat. Cf. Barclay's Argument of the first Egloge, "At diuers holes his heare grewe through his hode." Heywood's Dialogue, "There is a nest of chickens which he doth brood That will sure make his hayre growe through his hood." Ray's Proverbs (ed. 1768), p. 57, "His hair grows through his hood. He is very poor, his hood is full of holes." (D.) Ib. Scottish Proverbs, p. 293.

light for somer rood this worthy man." Dekker, The Honest Whore, Pt II. (Mermaid ed., p. 235), "Oh! it's summer, it's summer; your only fashion for a woman now is to be light, to be light." Phyllyp Sparowe, 719, "lyght for somer grene." Bale, Kynge Johan (ed. Collier), p. 34, "Yt is now sommer and the heate ys without mesure, And among us he may go lyght at his owne pleasure."

359. Kyrkeby Kendall. Kendal, or Kirkby in Kendal, was early famous for the manufacture of cloth of various colours, particularly green. Here the word Kendall seems equivalent to "green." So too in Hall's Chronicle, where we are told that Henry the Eighth, with a party of noblemen, "came sodainly in a moryng into the Quenes Chambre, all appareled in shorte cotes of Kentshe Kendal, ... like outlawes, or Robyn Hodes men." (D.)

360. In fayth, decon thou crewe. The commencement of some song; quoted again by our author in A deuoute trentale for old John Clarke, v. 44, and in Why come ye nat to Courte, v. 63. (D.)

361. he ware his gere so nye—i.e., according to Dyce, he wore his clothes so near, so thoroughly; according to Warton, "his coat-sleeve was so short."

364. The devyll myghte daunce therin for ony crowche—i.e., the devil might dance in his pouch without fear of meeting any money. Many coins had the stamp of a cross on one side. Dyce quotes from Massinger, The Bashful Lover (ed. Gifford, 1813), iv. 398, "The devil sleeps in my pocket; I have no cross To drive him from it." Our old dramatists are never weary of punning upon the two meanings of the word; e.g., Chapman, Alphonsus (ed. Pearson, III. 203), "The English Angels took their wings and fled; My crosses bless his Coffers." Shak. A. Y. L., II. iv. 14, "I should beare no crosse if I did beare you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purse." Ben Jonson, Every Man, IV. vii., "Mat. You have no money? Bob. Not a cross, by fortune." (The ancient penny, according to Stow, had a double cross with a crest stamped on it, so that it might easily be broken in the midst, or in the four quarters. Gifford.) Middleton, Blurt, II. i. 74, "Dandy. If you will, Sir, you shall coin me into a shilling. Hip. I shall lay too heavy a cross upon thee then." Ray's English Proverbs (ed. 1768), p. 184, "He hath never a cross to bless himself withal."
365. O lux. O lux beata Trinitas was an ancient hymn, "which," says Hawkins, "seems to have been a very popular melody before the time of King Henry VIII." Hist. of Music, ii. 354. (D.)

366. What, revel route! Here "route" is, of course, a verb. What, let revel roar! (D.)

375. the deuylles date. Cf. l. 455, and Piers the Plowman, II. 112, "In þe date of þe deuil."

386. upon a mery pyne. Palsgrave (Adverbs Howe, Comment), has "Upon a mery pynne, De Hayt, as il a le cuer de hayt." Cf. The Four Elements (Hazl. Dodsl., I. 45), "Now, set thy heart on a merry pin." Cowper, John Gilpin, "The calender, right glad to find His friend in merry pin."

387. a plache. Dyce suggests plucke, comparing Thersytes (Pollard's Eng. Mir. Plays, p. 143, l. 515), "Darest thou trye mysteries with me a plucke"; and a line of an old song, "A stoup of bere vp at a pluk."

390. A brydelynge caste. An expression which I am unable to explain. It occurs (but applied to drinking) in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, II. ii., "Let's have a bridling cast before you go." (D.) Halliwell (Dict. of Archaic and Provincial Words) explains it as "a parting turn or cast." Cf. The Hye Way to the Spytel Hous, 372 (Hazlitt's Early Pop. Poetry, iv. 43), "on the galowes make a tomlyng [tumbling] cast."

393. the donen browne is used sometimes to signify thirteen; as in a rare piece entitled A Brown Dozen of Drunkards, &c., 1648, 4to, who are thirteen in number. But in our text "the donen browne" seems merely to mean the full dozen: so in a tract (Letter from a Spy at Oxford) cited by Grey in his notes on Hudibras, vol. ii. 375: "and this was the twelfth Conquest, which made up the Conqueror's brown Dozen in Number, compared to the twelve Labours of Hercules." (D.)

398. The armes of Calyce, a common asseveration at this period. Cf. Skelton, Magnyfycence, 685, "By the armes of Calys, well conceyued!" Royster Doister, IV. vii. (ed. Arber, p. 73), "Soft, the Armes of Caleys, I haue one thing forgot." Ib. III. iv. (p. 51), "By the armes of Caleys it is none of mine." Is the phrase a reference to the large store of ordnance kept at Calais? Cf. Harrison's Elizabethan England (Camelot Series), p. 225, "it was commonly said after the loss of Calais that England should never recover the store of ordnance there left and lost."


509. *Lyghte lyme fynger*. Cf. l. 231, "lyghte as lynde." Cotgrave has "*Avoir les mains crochuès*. To be a light-fingered, or long-fingered filcher; every finger of his hand to be as good as a lime-twig." For another explanation, see Glossary *Lyme*.


PHYLLYP SPAROWE

Must have been written before the end of 1508; for it is mentioned with contempt in the concluding lines of Barclay's Ship of Fools, which was finished in that year. (D.) The lines are:

"It longeth nat to my scyence nor cunnynge
For Phylyp the Sparowe the (Dirige) to synge."

The form of the poem was doubtless suggested by the third ode of Catullus, on the death of Lesbia's sparrow, which begins

Lugete, o Veneres Cupidinesque
et quantumst hominum venustiorum.

passer mortuus est meæ puellæ,
passer, deliciæ meæ puellæ.

It has many points in common with Ovid, Amores II. vi.

Psittacus, Eois imitatrix ales ab Indis,
occidit : exequias ite frequenter, aves ;
which Statius (Silvæ, II. iv.) imitated in his Psittacus Atedii Melioris,

Psittace, dux volucrum, domini facunda voluptas,
humanæ sollers imitator, Psittace, linguae,
quis tua tam subito præclusit murmura fato?

Dyce also refers to Herrick's Upon the Death of his Sparrow, an Elegy (Hesperides, Morley's Universal Library, p. 82), and the verses entitled Phyllis on the Death of her Sparrow, attributed to Drummond.

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1. Placebo. The Placebo was the office for the dead at Vespers, which began Placebo domino in regione viventium, Psalm cxvi. 9 (Vulgate cxiv). Cf. Roister Doister, III. iii. (Arber, p. 85), Placebo dilexi. For similar refrains borrowed from the Roman liturgy Dyce refers to the Court of Love (Skeat's Chaucerian and other Pieces, p. 445), and to Reynard the Fox (ed. Arber, p. 11), "tho
begonne they *placebo domino,*” at the funeral of Coppe, Chanticleer’s daughter.

3. *Dilexi,* the first word of Ps. cxiv. (Vulg.), *Dilexi quoniam exaudiet Dominus vocem orationis mea.* With this psalm, immediately after the single verse quoted on *Placebo,* v. 1, the Office for the Dead began.

5. *Fa, re, my, my.* Cf. B. 258; P. 533.

7. Philip, or Phip, was a familiar name given to a sparrow from its note being supposed to resemble that sound. (D.). Cf. Lyly, Mother Bombie, III. iv. (ed. Fairholt, II. iii), "To whít to whoo, the owle does cry; Phip, phip, the sparrowes as they fly." Shak., K. J., I. 231, "*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip. *Bast.* Philip! sparrow."

8. *Carowe* was a nunnery in the suburbs of Norwich . . . during many ages a place of education for the young ladies of the chief families in the diocese of Norwich, who boarded with and were taught by the nuns. The fair Jane or Johanna Scroupe of the present poem was, perhaps, a boarder at Carow. (D.)

9. *Nones Blake*—i.e., Black Nuns, Benedictines. (D.)


27. *Gyb our cat.* "A Gib, or a Gib Cat." A male cat. An expression exactly analogous to that of a *Jack-ass,* the one being formerly called Gib, or Gilbert, as commonly as the other Jack. *Tomcat* is now the usual term, and for a similar reason. *Tibert* is said to be the old French for *Gilbert,* and appears as the name of the cat, in the old story-book of Reynard the Fox. Chaucer, in the Romaunt of the Rose, gives ""Gibbe, our cat,"" as the translation of "*Thibert le cas,*" v. 6204 (Nares). Coles has "*Gib,* a contraction for *Gilbert,*" and "a Gib-cat, *catus, felis mas.*" Cf. Gammer Gurt-on’s *Needle* (Hazl. Dodsl., III. p. 181 seq.). Shak., Haml., III. iv. 190; I. H. iv., I. ii. 83.

66. *Ad Dominum,* &c., Ps. cxx. 1 (Vulg.).

70. *Acherontes well*—i.e., Acheron’s well. So, after the fashion of our early poets, Skelton writes *Zenophontos* for *Xenophon, Eneidos* for *Eneis, Achilleidos* for *Achilleis,* &c. (D.)

97. *Levavi oculos meos in montes,* Ps. cxxi. 1 (Vulg.).


"They saw a maid who thitherward did runne,
To catch her sparrow which from her did swerue,
As shee a black-silke Cappe on him begunne
To sett, for foile of his milke-white to serue."

143. Si iniquitates, Ps. cxxx. 3 (Vulg.). The whole verse reads
Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine: Domine, quis sustinebit? The
first antiphon in the Roman Burial Service.
145. De profundis clamavi, Ps. cxxx. 1 (Vulg.). This Psalm
immediately follows the above antiphon in the Burial Service.
148. Dame Sulphicia. There were several Roman poetesses of
this name: (1) Sulphicia, probably granddaughter of Servius Sul-
picius, who wrote five elegies, purporting to be love-letters ad-
dressed to Cerinthus, included in the fourth book of Tibullus;
(2) a writer of amatory poems highly commended by Martial
(x. 35), as castos et pios amores, lusus, delicias, facetiasque; (3) the
reputed authoress of 70 hexameters called a Satira De statu rei-
publicae temporibus Domitiani, cum edito philosophos urbe exegisset.
184. La, soll, fa, fa, cf. B. 258; P. 5, 533.
185. Confitebor tibi, Domine, in toto corde meo, Ps. cxi. 1 ;
Ps. cxxx. viii. 1 (Vulg.).
186. ryde and go. A sort of pleonastic expression which re-
peatedly occurs in our early writers. (D.)
191. Attalus. There were three kings of Pergamus of this
name proverbial for their wealth. The third left his kingdom to
the Romans (B.C. 134). Cf. Hor. Od., I. i. 12, Attalicis condici-
onibus; II. xviii. 5, Attali regiam.
193. the story, may refer to Pliny, N. H., vii. 39, where it is
stated that the second Attalus gave 100 talents for a single picture
194. Cadmus was sent out, with his brothers Phoenix and Cilix,
to search for their sister Europa, who had been carried off by
Zeus. Ovid, Met. III. 3 seq.
213. Whyte as mylke, cf. the quotation from Sidney's Arcadia,
v. 120. (D.)
239. A porta inferi, an antiphon in the Roman Burial Service,
the response being Erue, Domine, animam ejus. Cf. Roister Doister
(ed. Arber, III. iii. 61), "A porta inferi, who shall your goodes
possesse?"
243. Audivi vocem, another antiphon in the Officium Defun-
torum, Audivi vocem de caelo dicentem mihi Beati mortui qui in Domino
moriuntur, Rev. xiv. 13. Cf. Roister Doister (ed. Arber, III. 71),
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"Audivi vocem. All men take heede by this one gentleman.' Also

Cam." Cf. A C. Mery Talys (ed. Hazlitt, p. 98), "Noye had
three sons, Sem, Came, and Japhete."

245. Magnificat, St. Luke, I. 46 (Vulg.).

(quoted by Ward, Eng. Dram. Lit., I. p. 68), "'here certaynely,
The hillis of hermonye." The Four P.P. (Hazl. Dodsl., I.
334), "On the hills of Armenia, where I saw Noe's ark." Ac-
cording to the Vulgate, Gen. viii. 4, the ark rested super montes
Armeniae.

248. birdes. The reading of Kele's ed., "bordes," is perhaps
the true one . . . and qy. did Skelton write, "'Whereon the bordes
yet lye"? (D.) Cf. Maundevile's Voiage and Travaile, 1839,
p. 148, "And there besyde is another Hille, that men clepen
Ararath . . . where Noes Schipp rested, and zit is upon that
Montayne" (Hazl. Dodsl., I. 334).

nimbis tollentibus aequor navigio montem ascendit," with Mayor's note.

290. Lybany, Libya.

294. Mantycors. "Another maner of bestes ther is in ynde
that ben callyd manticora, and hath visage of a man, and thre
huge grete teeth in his throte, he hath eyen lyke a ghoote and
body of a lyon, tayll of a Scorpyon and voys of a serpente in
such wyse that by his swete songe he draweth to hym the
peple and deuoureth them. And is more delyuerer to goo than
is a fowle to flee." Caxton's Mirroure of the world, 1480. (D.)
Cf. Sylvester's Du Bartas, his Diuine Weekes and Workes, The
sixt day of the first week, "Then th' Unicorn, th' Hyæna tearing-
tombs, 'Swift Mantichor, and Nubian Cephus coms: Of which
last three, each hath (as heer they stand) Man's voice, Man's
visage, Man-like foot and hand." Pliny, 8, 21, 30, §75; 8, 30,
45. § 107.

in tergo vulnera fecit.

311. Lycaon, King of Arcadia, changed by Jupiter into a wolf.

319. Iles of Orchady, the Orkneys, insulas quas Orcadas vocant,
(Tac. Agr. 10), spelt Orchades in Minsheu.
320. Tyilbery, Tilbury, on the north bank of the Thames, opposite Gravesend.

379. Kyrie, eleison, (κύριε ἐλέησον), "Lord, have mercy," a form of invocation in ancient Greek liturgies, and still used in the Roman Burial Service.

386. Lauda, anima mea, Dominum, Ps. cxlvi. 1 (Vulg.).


403. red sparow, reed-sparrow. Cf. R. Holme's Ac. of Armory, 1688, "The Red Sparrow, or Reed Sparrow." (D.)

409. The doterell, "a bird said to be so foolishly fond of imitation, as to suffer itself to be caught, while intent upon mimicking the actions of he Fowler." (Nares.) "The dotterel (Fuller tells us) is avis γελωτοκοιός, a mirth-making bird, so ridiculously mimical that he is easily caught, or rather catcheth himself by his over-active imitation. As the Fowler stretcheth forth his arms and legs, stalking towards the bird, so the bird extendeth his legs and wings, approaching the Fowler till he is surprised in the net." (Gifford, on Ben Jonson, The Devil is an Ass, II. i.)

415. playne songe, "the simple notes of an air, without ornament or variation; opposed to descant, which was full of flourish and variety." (Nares.) Cf. v. 427.

426. a large and a longe, characters in old music: one large contained two longs, one long two breves, &c. (D.) Cf. The Armonye of Byrdes Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry, III. 191, "Shall be my song On briefe and long." Middleton, More Dissemblers, &c., V. i. 32. "Crot. Will you repeat your notes then? I must sol fa you; Why, when, sir? Page. A large, a long, a breve, a semi-breve, A minim, a crotchet, a quaver, a semiquaver."

428. the cuckowe. Cf. Shak., M. N. D., III. i. 120, "The plain-song cuckoo gray."


434. Menander, means here Maander: but I have not altered the text; because our early poets took great liberties with classical
names; because all the eds. of Skelton's *Spke, Parrot*, have "Alexander, a gander of Menanders pole," v. 178; and because the following passage occurs in a poem by some imitator of Skelton (*The Image of Ipocrisy*, Part Third), "Wotes not wher to wander, Whether to Meander, Or vnto Menander." (D.)

449. The route and the rough. The Rev. J. Mitford suggests that the right reading is "The knout and the rough—i.e., the knot and the ruff. (D.)

455. Money-dele, refers to the custom of giving doles to the poor at funerals. Cf. Roister Doister (ed. Arber, III. iii. 64), "I will crie halfepenie doale for your worshyp." Brand, Pop. Ant., II. 288.

463. That putteth fysshes to a fraye. It was said that when the osprey, which feeds on fish, hovered over the water, they became fascinated and turned up their bellies. (D.) Cf. Shak., Cor., IV. vii. 33, "As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it By sovereignty of nature." Two Noble Kinsmen, I. i. 138, "as ospreys do the fish, Subdue before they touch."


489. Ne quando, from the Officium Defuncrorum, Ps. vii. 2, Ne quando rapitau ut leo animam meam, dum non est qui redimat, neque qui salvum faciat.

493. ryng the bellys. D. quotes from Withals's *Dict.*, p 178 (ed. 1634), "Sit campanista, qui non vult esse sophista, Let him bee a bellringer, that will bee no good Singer."

495-499. Cf. Chaucer, C. T., B. 4043, "Wel sikerer was his crowing in his logge, Than is a clokke, or an abbey orlogge. By nature knew he ech ascensioun Of equinoxial in thilke toun."


503. Ptholomy, Claudius Ptolemy of Pelusium in Egypt (about
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504. Astronomy—i.e., Astrology, as frequently in our old writers. Cf. Shak., Sonn., 14, 2.


518. phenex. Cf. the description of the phœnix in Sylvester's Du Bartas (The fift Day of the first Week), "With Incense, Cassia, Spiknard, Myrrh, and Balm, By break of Day shee builds (in narrow room) Her Vrn, her Nest, her Cradle, and her Toomb." Tacitus, Ann., vi. 28.

524. refilary. D. suggests refelayre, which is probably the right reading. Halliwell (Dict. of Arch. & Prov. Wds.) gives "Re-

532. Libera me, the opening phrase of the Responsory in the Roman Burial Service, Libera me, Domine de morte aeterna, &c.

533. de, la, soll, re. Cf. B. 258; P. 5.

534. bemole, a term in music, B molle, soft or flat (Halliwell), D. quotes from a poem by W. Cornishe, printed in Marshe's edition of Skelton (1568), "I kepe be rounde and he by square, The one is bemole and the other bequare."

536. Plinie, Hist. Nat., x. 2. (D.)

558. tarsell gentyll, the male goshawk. Skelton uses the term in its exact meaning, for in the fifth line after this he mentions, in order of merit, the female "the goshauke." (D.) Cf. Shak., Rom., II. ii. 159, "O, for a falconer's voice, To lure this tassel-gentle back again!" on which Steevens remarks: "The tassel or tiercel (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the goss-
hawk; so called because it is a fierce or third less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. This species of hawk had the epithet gentle annexed to it, from the ease with which it
was tamed, and its attachment to man." Cotgrave gives the same explanation of tiercelet, but Tardif, in his Book of Falconry (quoted by Singer), says that the tiercel has its name from being one of three birds usually found in the aerie of a falcon, two of which are females, and the third a male, hence called tiercelet, or the third. So Turbervile, Booke of Falconrie. Minsheu (Guide into the Tongues, 1627) and Phillips (New World of Words, 1720) agree with Cotgrave.


575. Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine. The first words of a constantly recurring refrain after Psalms and other passages of Scripture in the Office of the Dead and in the Burial Service. Cf. l. 1238, and Ralph Roister Doister (ed. Arber), III. iii. 63; Rede me and be not wrothe (ed. Arber, p. 36); "A due, gentle dominus vobiscum, With comfortable ite missa est. Requiem aeternam is now vndon."


581. Domine, exaudi orationem meam! the first clause of Ps. cii. 1.

583. Dominus vobiscum, with the words Et cum spiritu tuo, a common phrase in the Roman liturgy, answered by the congregation. Cf. the quotation in note on l. 575, and A Pore Helpe (Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry, III. 264), "teachethem dominus vobis With his et cum spiritu tuo."

586. Deus, cui proprium, &c., the beginning of the prayer used in the Roman Burial Service, introduced by the word oremus.

616. Palamon, Arcet, Theseus, characters in Chaucer's Knightes Tale, Partelet the name of the hen in the Nonne Prestes Tale.


631. the Golden Fleece, How Jason it wan. "A boke of the hooe lyf of Jason was printed by Caxton in folio, n.d. (about 1475), being a translation by that venerable typographer from the

636. Gaynour—i.e., Guinevere, spelt Guenever in Malory's Morte d'Arthur.

638. syr. Launcelote de Lake. The Book of Sir Launcelot du Lake forms part of the Morte d'Arthur.


656. Bayarde, properly a bay horse, but used for a horse in general. (Nares.) Called here Mountalbon, because Reynawde had a castle in Gascoigne called Mountawban. "I," says Reynawde, relating a certain adventure, "mounted vpon Bayarde and my brethern I made to mount also thone before and the two other behynde me, and thus rode we al foure vpon my horse bayarde." (D.)

658. Arden. According to the romance Bayard was given up by Reynawde to Charlemagne, who ordered him to be thrown into the Meuse with a millstone round his neck. He, however, miraculously escaped, and "entred in to the great forest of Ardeyn . . . and wit it for very certayn that the folke of the countrey saien, that he is yet aluye within the wood of Ardeyn."


673. *Hector of Troye*, as in Lydgate's *Troy Book* (Ten Brink, II. 225), and Caxton's *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye* (ib., III. 38). D. quotes from Hawes, *Pastime of Pleasure*, "Of the worthy Hector that was all theyr ioye."


716. *Kys the post*, a common phrase for "to be shut out." Cf. Heywood, *Woman Killed with Kindness*, III. ii. 163, "When he comes late home he must kiss the post." V. Nares, s.v.


734. *Marcus Marcellus*, probably M. Claudius Marcellus, five times consul, and conqueror of Syracuse in the Second Punic War. He was defeated by Hannibal near Venusia, and slain. Skelton may have read his life in Plutarch's Lives, which first appeared in a Latin version by several hands at Rome about 1470, and formed the basis of various Spanish and Italian translations.


739. *Mardocheus* ... *Assuerus*. "Even scripture history was turned into romance. The story of Esther and Ahasuerus, or of Amon or Haman, and Mardocheus or Mordecai, was formed into a fabulous poem." (Warton, quoted by D.) Ahasuerus and Mordecai appear as Assuerus and Mardocharus in the Vulgate.
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741. Vesca—i.e., Vashti.
746. Euander, Verg. Ἐν., viii. 51 seq.
747. Porcena, Livy II. 9 seq.
762. Eupliorion, a grammarian and poet, born at Chalcis in Euboea about B.C. 274, became librarian of Antiochus the Great. He wrote heroic poems, and his epigrams were imitated by some of the Latin poets.
766. Philisiton, an actor and writer of mimes in the time of Augustus.

ib. Phorocides—i.e., Pherecydes.
825-843. The elegy proper seems to consist of the first two elegiac couplets, *Flos volucrum ... semper eris.* Then follow three hexameters, *Per me ... corpore virgo* (vv. 834-839), quite distinct from the epitaph, forming Skelton's subscription to the first part of the poem:—"through me, Skelton, the laureate of England, the fair maiden, to whom the bird belonged, is permitted to have sung these words composed under an assumed character." (Virgo should, of course, be virginem, but Skelton's Latinity is not unimpeachable.) Then follows a complimentary elegiac couplet in praise of Joanna's beauty and wit.


845. *Beati immaculati in via,* the first clause of the first verse of Ps. cxix. According to the Roman service for the burial of infants, as much as is needed of the first three sections of this psalm is said, whilst the corpse is being carried to the church.

860. Arethusa. Skelton recollected that Vergil had invoked this Nymph as a Muse: *Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede abovem.* Ecl. x. i. (D.)

864. *it to.* D. suggests "to it."

875. Thagus. The sand of the Tagus was supposed to contain gold. Cf. Ovid, Am., I. 15, 34, *auriferi ripa beata Tagi.*

886. Persæ and Medæ—i.e., Persia and Media.

900. *Retribue servo tuo, vivifica me! The first clause of Ps. cxix. (called the 118th Psalm in the Roman Burial Service), v. 17. "The various portions into which the Psalm is divided begin with the verses which Skelton has parodied, both here, and before, and after."* (S.) This begins the section called Gimel.
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901. Labia mea laudabunt te, Ps. lxxiii. 3.
905. odyous Enui. D. compares Ovid's description of Envy, Met. II. 775 seq., and Piers the Plowman, V. 76 seq.
996. Legem pone, &c. The first clause of Ps. cxix. 33 (beginning the section called HE). The Vulgate has Domine, and omits in.
997. Quemadmodum, &c. Ps xlili. i.
1014. gray. "This seems to have been the favourite colour of ladies’ eyes in Chaucer's time, and even later." (S. on Chaucer, C. T., Prol. 152)
1019. Polexene—i.e., Polyxena, the daughter of Priam, celebrated by Lydgate in his Warres of Troy, and by others. (D.)
1029. Memor esto, &c. Ps. cxix. 49 (beginning section ZAIN).
1030. Servus tuus sum ego, Ps. cxix. 125.
1031. Indy, probably not "Indian," but "azure," as D., who compares Skelton, Garlande of Laurell, 478, "saphiris indy blew"; Magnyfycence, 1571, "The streynes of her vaynes asazure inde blewe." Cotgrave has "Indé: m. Indico; light Blue, Blanket, Azure." Chaucer renders indes et perses (Rom. Rose, 63) by "inde and pers."
1053. ielofer, is perhaps what we now call gillyflower; but it was formerly the name for the whole class of carnations, pinks, and sweetwilliams. (D.)
1061. Bonitatem fecisti, &c., Ps. cxix. v. 65, beginning section TETH (Vulg. has Domine).
1090. Defecit, &c., Ps. cxix. v. 81, beginning section CAPH. Hence (as S. remarks), D. unnecessarily changes salutare tuum of the old eds. into salutatione tua.
1091. Quid petis, &c. Cf. Hor. Ep., I. iv. 8, Quid voveat dulci nutricula maius alumno? Persius, II. 31-40; Seneca, Ep. 60 (quoted by Casaubon), Etiamnum optas quod tibi optavit nutrix aut padagogus aut mater? As S. remarks, the line is probably intended for a hexameter, but has two false quantities.
1100. make to the lure. A metaphor from falconry. "Lure is
that whereto Faulconers call their young Hawks, by casting it up in the aire, being made of feathers and leather, in such wise that in the motion it looks not unlike a fowl." Latham's Faulconery, 1658. (D.)  

1114. Quomodo dilexi, &c., Ps. cxix. 97, beginning section MEM.  

1115. Recedant vetera, &c. Cf. i Cor. v. 17, vetera transierunt: ecce facta sunt omnia nova.  

1116. To amende her tale, to increase her number, or list, of perfections. (S.)  

1117-1126. "I take auale to be put for auale herself—i.e., to condescend. I think the defect only arises from a sudden change of construction; the poet was going to say, 'when she was pleased to condescend, and with her fingers small, &c., to strain my hand,' when he suddenly altered it to wherwyth my hand she strayned. The sense is clear, though the grammar is at fault. But there is certainly some deficiency in ll. 1124, 1125, which hardly agree.' (S.) They might perhaps be transposed to follow 1117.  

1143. Iniquos odio habui, the first clause of Ps. cxix. 113, beginning section SAMECH.  


1153-1155. D. gives up the passage as unintelligible. S. explains "like her image, depicted (as going with courage on a lover's pilgrimage'); i.e., going to meet Numa."  

1168. Mirabilia testimonia tua! The first clause of Ps. cxix. 129 (section PHE).  

1169. Sicut novella, &c. Ps. cxliv. 12, beginning with the words Quorum filii.  

1192. Clamavi, &c. Ps. cxix. 145 (section COPH).  


1215. Principes, &c. Ps. cxix. 161 (section SIN).  

1239. Domine, probasti me, the first words of Ps. cxxxix.  

1240. Shall sayle. "There is no nominative. Possibly, they shall sail; the they being implied in the preceding eis. Yet it looks as if Skelton makes three of the Psalms to be the pilgrims." (S.)  

1242. saynt Jamys—i.e., of Compostella. "The body of Saint James the Great having, according to the legend, been buried at Compostella in Galicia, a church was built over it. Pilgrims flocked to the spot; several popes having granted the same in-
duligences to those who repaired to Compostella, as to those who visited Jerusalem." (D.) Cf. Piers the Plowman, A., iv. 106, 110; B., Prol. 47 (with Skeat's note); Chaucer, C. T., Prol. 466; Four P. P. (Hazl. Dodsl., I. p. 336). From Weever, Funeral Monuments, p. 172 (quoted by Hazlitt), we learn that "the Italians, yea, those that dwell neare Rome, will mocke and scoffe at our English (and other) pilgrims that go to Rome to see the Pope's holiness, and St. Peter's chaire, and yet they themselves will runne to see the reliques of Saint Iames of Compostella in the kingdom of Galicia in Spaine, which is above twelve hundred English miles."

1243. "Skelton suggests contemptuously that all one gets by going to Spain is the opportunity of catching shrimps, &c. The mention of cranes is made, perhaps, only for the sake of the rime. But the whole passage is obscure." (S.) Cranes are contrasted with shrimps and prawns in C. 207-209.

1260. Car elle vault, "for she is worthy." Vault, the old form of vault (Lat. valet).

An adicyon. "Though found in all the eds. of Phyllyp Sparowe which I have seen, it was not, I apprehend, originally published with the poem. It is inserted (and perhaps first appeared) in our author's Garlande of Laurell, where he tells us that some persons "take greuaunce, and grudge with frownyng countenaunce," at his poem on Philip Sparrow—alluding probably more particularly to Barclay." (D.)

1291. Hercules that hell dyd harow—i.e., lay waste, plunder, spoil—overpower, subdue—Hercules having carried away from it his friends Theseus and Pirithous, as well as the dog Cerberus. The harrowing of hell was an expression properly and constantly applied to our Lord's descent into hell, as related in the Gospel of Nicodemus." (D.)

1293. Epidaures, if not corrupt as D. suggests, may possibly have some reference to the serpents connected with the worship of Aesculapius at Epidaurus, "of the Epidaures" depending on "with a venemous arrow." Cf. serpens Epidaurus, Hor. Sat., I. iii. 27.

1295. Onocentaures. Minshew, Guide into the Tongues, 1627, defines the Onocentaure as "a beast whose upper part resembles a man, and the neather part an Asse." D. refers to Aelian, De Nat. Anim., xvii. 9.
1296. *Hipocentaures*, "people of Thessalie having their fore-parts like men, and their hinder parts like horses." (Minsheu.)

1298. *An hart*—i.e., the Arcadian stag, with golden antlers and brazen feet. Its capture was one of the twelve labours of Hercules.

1301. *appels of gold*—i.e. the golden apples guarded by the Hesperides and the dragon Ladon on Mt. Atlas. It was one of the labours of Hercules to fetch these.

1307. *Gerion*, the monster with three bodies, whose oxen Hercules was commanded by Eurystheus to fetch. Cf. Lucr., v. 28, *trifectora tergemini vis Geryonae*; Hor. Od., II. xiv. 7, *ter amplum Geryonen.*

1311. *lyon sauvage*—i.e., the Nemean lion.


1318. *bull . . . Cornucopia.* "The bull means Achelous, who, during his combat with Hercules, assumed that shape:

\[ \text{rigidum fera dextera cornu} \]
\[ \text{dum tenet, infregit; truncaque a fronte revellit.} \]
\[ \text{Naides hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,} \]
\[ \text{sacravunt; divesque meo bona Cópia cornu est.} \]

Ovid, Met., ix. 85." (D.)

1322. *Ecates*—i.e., Hecate's (*'Εκάτη*).

1328. *Lerna*, the marsh near Argos, haunted by the hydra, or water-snake, slain by Hercules.

1330. *Chemeras*—i.e., Chimæra's, a fire-breathing monster of Lycia, destroyed by Bellerophon.


1344. *Primo Regum*—i.e., 1 Samuel xxviii. 7. The title of the book in the Vulgate is *Liber Primus Samuelis, quem nos Primum Regum dicimus.* D. quotes from Lydgate, Fall of Prynces, "*Primo regnum as ye may playnly reade.*"

1345. *Phitonesse*—i.e., the Pythoness, the witch of Endor.

"Pythonesse, a woman hauing a spiritt of diuination, a Wizard, a

1366. Proserpina. Proserpina was sometimes identified with Hecate. Hence we have in these lines an allusion to the triple character of the goddess Diana (diva triformis, Hor. Odes, III. xxii. 4), who was called Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate in Hades.
This powerful and original poem must have been circulated in MS., probably for a considerable time, before it was given to the press; for from a passage towards the conclusion, v. 1239, we learn that those against whom its satire was directed would not "suffer it to be printed." In Colyn Cloute Skelton appears to have commenced his attacks on Wolsey. (D.)

"Colyn Cloute represented in his poem the poor Englishman of the day, rustic or town-bred. The name blends the two forms of life: Colyn is from colonus (tiller of the soil), whence clown; Cloute, or Patch, sign of a sedentary calling, stands for the town mechanic, such as Bottom the Weaver, and his 'crew of patches, base mechanicals.'" (Morley, Eng. Writ., vii. 187.)

Quis consurget, &c. Ps. xciv. 16, where the Vulgate has mihi for mecum.

Nemo, Domine! St. John viii. ii.

1. auayle To dryue forth a snayle. D. quotes from Gentylnes and Noblyte (attributed without grounds to Heywood), "In effect it shall no more auayle Than with a whyp to dryfe a snayle."

16. hed is so fat. "Fat-headed" is a common provincialism for "stupid." Cotgrave has "Grosse teste. Il a une grosse teste. He is a joulthead or jobernoll; he hath more head than wit; he hath a dull, heavy, or gross head of his own."

36. The devyll is dede. Heywood has six Epigrams on this proverbial expression. Ray gives, "Heigh ho, the Devil is dead." Proverbs, p. 55, ed. 1768. (D.)

51. connyng bagge—i.e., bag, store, of knowledge or learning. (D.)

57. take well—i.e., understand. Palsgrave has, "I take, I understande. It is well taken: cest bien entendu.'
67. The tone—i.e., the one. "A trace of the neuter that in the earlier use as an article is seen in M. E. the ton, the tother, for that on 'that one,' that other." Emerson, Hist. Eng. Lang., p. 331.

89. the forked cap—i.e., the mitre. D. quotes from Barclay's Ship of Fools (ed. Paterson, 1874, II. p. 279), "No wyse man is desyrous to obtayne The forked cap without he worthy be."


97. put vp a byll. Cowell, Interpreter (1637), defines a bill as "a declaration in writing, that expresseth either the griefe and the wrong that the complainant hath suffered, by the partie complained of, or els some fault that the partie complained of hath committed against some law or statute of the Commonwealth. This bill is sometimes offered up to Justices errants in the generall assises: sometime, and most of all, to the Lord Chancelor of England. . . ."

104. meddels, should perhaps be meddel (plur.). The MS. has medlythe.

107. solfa so alamyre. Alamire is the lowest note but one in Guido Areline's scale of music. Gayton, in his Notes upon Don Quixote, 1654, says (metaphorically) that Maritornes "plaid her part so wel, that she run through all the keyes from A-la-mi-re to double Gammut." (D.)

108. premenyre—i.e., præmunire. "Pramunire is taken either for a writ or for the offence whereupon this writ is granted. . . . The Church of Rome, under pretence of her supremacy and the dignity of Saint Peter's chaire, grew to such an incroaching that there could not be a benefice (were it Bishoprick, Abbathy, or other) of any worth here in England, the bestowing whereof could escape the Pope by one meanes or other. In so much, as for the most part hee granted out Mandates of Ecclesiastical livings, before they were voide to certaine persons by his bulls, pretending therein a great care to see the Church prouided of a Successor before it needed." Cowell, The Interpreter (1637). Statutes were made against those who "purchase or pursicw or
do to be purchased, or pursuied in the Court of Rome, or elsewhere any such translations, processes and sentences of excommunication, Bulls, Instruments, or any other things, &c.," in the reigns of Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV. The penalties were "perpetuall banishment, forfeiture of their lands, tenements, goods, and cattells."

110. jurisdictions. "Out of which statutes have our professors of the common lawe wrought many dangers to the Jurisdiction Ecclesiasticall, threatening the punishment contained in the statute anno 27. Edw. 3. and 38. ejusdem, almost to every thing that the court Christian dealeth in. . . ." Cowell, l. c.


152. Ure—i.e., Hur. Aaron and Hur. are several times mentioned together—e.g., Ex. xvii. 12; xxiv. 14.


163. hang the bell. D. quotes from Heywood, Dialogue, &c. "And I will hang the bell about the cats necke: For I will first breake and ioperd the first checke." The episode of the rats proposing to bell the cat is well told in the prologue to Piers the Plowman. Ray, Eng. Prov. (ed. 1768), p. 85, gives "Who shall hang the bell about the cat's neck?"

166. deuz decke, apparently some game of cards, deuz = deuce, and deck being often used for a pack of cards, as in Shak., Hen. VI., III. v. i. 44.

169. herted lyke an hen, as we say "chicken-hearted." The phrase recurs in W. 273. The hen was symbolical of cowardice. Cf. Shak., All's Well, II. iii. 224. "Lord have mercy on thee for a hen!" Ralph Roister Doister, IV. vii. 60, "the best hennes to grece"


190-192. "Amend when ye may, for it is said by everybody, even as far as Mount Seir, that ye cannot be worse than ye are." The Latin words are a quotation from the Vulgate, "Et circuit de Baala contra occidentem, usque ad montem Seir." Jos. xv. 10. (D.)

194. hauke on hobby larkes—i.e., hawk at larks with a hobby.
The hobby was one of the smallest kinds of hawks used by falconers, and was employed in "daring" larks—i.e., frightening them by hovering over them, so that they cowered on the ground and were caught with nets. Cf. Skelton, Magnyfycence, 1358, "I haue an hoby can make larkys to dare"; ib. 1581, "I wolde hauke whylest my hede dyd warke, So I myght hobby for suche a lusty larke." From the context in these three passages it is evident that it was a cant phrase for illicit amours. v. Glossary.

198. The gray gose for to sho. Cf. The Parliament of Byrdes (Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry, III. 179), "who wyll smatter what euery man doose Maye go helpe to shoo the goose." Stubbes, Anatomie of Abuses (ed. Pickering, 1836), p. 128, "if this liquour bee wantyng, then farewel cliente, he maie go shooe the goose, for any good successe he is like to haue of his mattei." D. quotes from Hoccleve, Poems (ed. 1796), p. 13, "Ye medle of al thyng, ye moot shoo the goos." Also from Heywood's Epigrams, "Of common medlers. He that medleth with all thyng, may shoe the gosling."

224. Sitientes is the first word of the Introit of the Mass for Passion Sunday ("Sitientes, venite ad aquas, dicit Dominus," &c., Isaiah lv. 1.) (D.)


243. pry mes—i.e., the office for prime, the first canonical hour, succeeding to lauds.

ib. houres, prayers repeated at certain times of the day, such as matins and vespers. Bale, Kynge Johan (ed. Collier), p. 17, "With your latyne howrs, serymonyse, and popetly playes."


284. Tom a thrum. Cf. Skelton, Against garnesche, "God sende you wele good spede, With Dominus vobiscum! Good Latyn for Jake a thrum, Tyll more matyr may cum;" Magnyfycence, 1444, "Ye, of Jacke a thrommys bybyll can ye make a glose?"

310. ryde vpon a mule, probably refers to Cardinal Wolsey. In Singer's edition of Cavendish's Life of Wolsey (1827) is an etching from an old MS. representing Cardinal Wolsey and his suite in progress, in which Wolsey is riding on a mule and his attendants on horseback.
316. *fyne Raynes*—i.e., fine linen from Rennes in Brittany. Cf. Magnyfycence, 2042, "Your skynne that was wrapped in shertes of Raynes."


319. D. thinks the line should read "Theyr styrops with golde begarded." Marshe's ed. has "of mixt golde begarded." MS. "with golde be gloryd."


347. *prynces aquilonis,* from Ezekiel xxxii. 30, "*ibi principes Aquilonis omnes.*" (Vulg.) Cf. Piers Plowman, I. 118 (with Skeat's note).

365-368. A difficult passage, given up by D. It may possibly refer to the dissolution of the smaller monasteries by Wolsey, and the appropriation of their funds to the establishment of colleges. V. Creighton's Cardinal Wolsey (Twelve English Statesmen), pp. 140-143. It would then be paraphrased, "Ye make monks smart in order to repair some old cottage, which is now entered as a college in the charter of dotage"—i.e., perhaps, the permission which Wolsey obtained in 1524 from Pope Clement VII. to convert the monastery of St. Frideswyde at Oxford into a college (Creighton, p. 141), or the like. Cf. the beginning of John Inglesant. For *culerage,* cf. the last lines of Piers of Fullham (Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry, II. 15), "An erbe is called of all this rage, In owre tong called culrige."

369. *sottage,* sottishness, inserted partly for the sake of the rime, partly for the play upon *socage.*

370. *socage.* "Soccage signifieth in our Common Law a tenure of Lands by or for certaine inferior or husbandly services to bee performed to the Lord of the Fee." (Cowell, Interpreter, s.v.)

371. *seygnyours.* "Seignior . . . particularly it is used for the Lord of the fee, or of a mannor." (ib.)

372. *Lytelton tenours.* "Littleton was a Lawyer of great account living in the dayes of King Edward the fourth. . . . He wrote a booke of great account, called Littletons Tenures." (ib.)
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378. *In secula seculorum*, the last clause of the Gloria Patri, &c., 1 Tim. i. 17 (Vulg.). Cf. *culorum* in Skeat’s glossary to Piers Plowman. Here it probably means “secular pursuits.”

381. *fyne meritorum*, seems to mean “payment for services rendered.”

383. *blacke monachorum*—i.e., the Benedictines.

385. *Bernardinorum*—i.e., the Cistercian order.


451. *gloria, laus*. At the Service of the Mass for the Dead the response before the Gospel is “*Gloria tibi Domine,*” and after, “*Laus tibi Christe.*”


459. *Let the cat wynke*. Cf. Elynour Rummyng, 303, “Theyr thrust was so great, They asked neuer for mete, But drynke, styll drynke, And let the cat wynke.” D. quotes from The Worlde and the Chylde (1522), “Manhode. Now let vs drynke at this comnaunt For that is curtesy. Folye. Mary mayster ye shall haue in hast. Aha syrs let the catte wyncke.”

460. *Iche wot*, seems to mean here “each knows,” not “I know.” (D.) But may not the line mean “I know what every second man thinks?” For “each other” v. Morris and Kellner, Historical Outlines, § 255.

461. *per assimile*—i.e., in like manner, viz., as in vv. 450-457. Perhaps with reference to Luke xvi. 24 (Vulg.), “*receptisti bona in vita tua, et Lazarus similiter mala.*”


473. *Scorpion*. Cf. Chaucer, House of Fame, 948, “Til that he saw the Scorpione, Which that in heven a sign is yit,” with reference to the fall of Phaethon.
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474. pretendynge, portending. Here Skelton seems to allude to Wolsey; and from these lines perhaps originated the story of our poet having prophesied the downfall of the Cardinal. (D.)

551-555. Wiclufista, Hussyans, Arryans, Pollegians, refer to the followers of Wicliffe, Huss, Arius, and Pelagius.

565. tot quoties. Cf. W. 125, "We shall have a tot quot From the Pope of Rome." D. quotes from Barclay, Ship of Fools, "Then yf this lorde haue in him fauour, he hath hope To haue another benefyce of greater dignitie, And so maketh a false suggestion to the pope For a tot quot, or else a pluralitie." Halliwell explains it as "a general dispensation."

629. over the whole. Here the reading of the MS. "be on the whole" seems preferable. It will then refer to the wheel of Fortune, so graphically described in The Kinge's Quair of James I. of Scotland. (Skeat's Specimens of English Literature, pp. 43-46.) Cf. l. 634, below.

637. ye, shall. Yea, I shall.

641, 642. Matt. iv. 15, Terra Zabulon, et terra Nephthalim. (Vulg.)

666. 1 Cor. x. 12, Itaque qui se existimat stare, videat ne cadat. (Vulg.)

672. in the dewayll way, in the way to the devil—i.e., "bad luck to you!" Cf. Chaucer, C. T., A. 3134, "Our Hoste answere: 'tel on, a devel wey! '" S. quotes from Polit. Songs, ed. Wright, Camd. Soc., p. 254, "Hundred, chapitle, court, and shire, Al hit goth a devel way." Palsgrave has "In the twenty dyeull way, Au nom du grant diable." In Hormanni Vulgaria quoted by D.) it is represented by the Latin malum!

677, 678. Isaiah xlii. 20, qui apertas habes aureas, nonne audies? (Vulg.)


710. hygh estates, dignitaries. Cf. Mark vi. 21, "lords, high captains, and chief estates."

722. Damyan, the name of the squire in the Merchant's Tale, Chaucer, C. T., E. 1772 seq.

748, 749. Grenewyche . . . Observance. "A grant of Edward the Fourth to certain Minorites or Observant Friars of the order of St. Francis of a piece of ground which adjoined the palace at Greenwich, and on which they had begun to build several small mansions, was confirmed in 1486 by a charter of Henry the
Seventh, who founded there a convent of friars of that order, to consist of a warden and twelve brethren at the least; and who is said to have afterwards rebuilt their convent from the foundation." (D.)

754. Babwell besyde Bery. When by an order of Pope Urban the Fourth, the Grey Friars were removed out of the town and jurisdiction of Bury St. Edmund, in 1263, "they retired to a place just without the bounds, beyond the north gate, called Babwell, now the Toll-gate, which the abbot and convent generously gave them to build on; and here they continued till the dissolution." Tanner's Not. Mon., p. 527, ed. 1744. (D.)


780. make a Walshmans hose—i.e., twist it and turn it to suit their purpose. Nares (who gives a wrong explanation) quotes from the Mirr. for Mag. :

"The laws we did interpret, and statutes of the land,
Not truly by the text, but newly by a glose:
And words that were most plaine, when they by us were skan'd,
We turned by construction to a Welch-man's hose."
Skelton uses the phrase again in the Garlande of Laurell, 1238, "It is no foly to vse the Walshe-mannys hose." D. refers to the synonymous phrase "shipman's hose"—e.g., Jewel's Defence of the Apologie, &c., p. 465, ed. 1567, "how the Scriptures be like to a Nose of Waxe, or a Shipmans Hose: how thei may be fashioned, and plied al manner of waies, and serue al mennes turnses."

797. Bullatus. Conington on bullatis nuginis, Pers. v. 19, says "bullatus ordinarily means 'furnished with bullæ,' but it may mean 'formed like a bubble,' 'swelling.'"

800. the brode gatus. Means, perhaps, Broadgates Hall, Oxford, on the site of which Pembroke College was erected. (D.)

801. Daupatus, daw-pated, stupid. Cf. B. 301, and Doctour Doubble Ale (Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry, III. 305), "doctours dulpatis."


818, 819. *syllogisare . . . enthymemare*—i.e., construct syllogisms and enthymemes. An enthymeme is a contracted syllogism, one of the two premises being suppressed.

829. *the seuen starrys,* Amos v. 8; Rev. i. 16, 20.

832. *Semper protestando,* &c., seems to mean "ever protesting about not attacking"—i.e., that I do not mean to attack.

834. *foure ordores*—i.e. (1) The Minorites, Franciscans, or Gray Friars; (2) The Dominicans, Black Friars, Friars Preachers, or Jacobins; (3) The Augustine or Austin Friars; (4) The Carmelites or White Friars. For more information, see Massinger, Hist. of Reformation, ch. vii., or Skeat's note on Peres the Plowman's Crede, l. 153.

854, 855. *Maude . . . fraude.* As we find the name "Mawte" in our author's *Elynuor Rummyng,* and as in the second of these lines the MS. has "fawte" (i.e., fault), the right reading is probably "To Margery and to Mawte, Howe they haue no fawte." (D.)


861. *In open tyme*—i.e., in the time when no fasts are imposed. (D.)

864. *olde sayd sawe.* Palsgrave has "Ould sayd sawe—proverbe s, m." Cotgrave, "Proverbe: m. A proverb, adage, old said saw, short, and witty saying." Cf. Roister Doister, I. i. 5.


874. *Dudum . . . Clementine.* The Clementines are the decretals of Pope Clement V., who died 1314, published by his
successor. *Dudum* alludes to *Clement*, lib. iii., tit. vii., cap. ii., which begins "*Dudum à Bonifacio Papa octauo prædecessore nostro,*" &c. (D.)

875–878. The general sense is that the friars claim the right from the regular clergy of being regarded as *sacerdotes* for the purpose of hearing confession and giving absolution, in accordance with the decretal of *Clement V.*, referred to above. This decretal, after providing for the licensing of duly elected friars for the above purposes by the *Pralati et Rectores parochialium Ecclesiarum*, sets forth that if they refuse to license, the Pope himself, in the exercise of his apostolic authority, confers upon the friars the power of hearing confessions, imposing penances, and giving absolution.

879–881. The story alluded to in this passage appears to be nearly the same as that which is related in a comparatively modern ballad, entitled, "*The Fryer Well-fitted: or, A Pretty Jest that once befel, How a Maid put a Fryer to cool in the Well.*" (D.) The ballad tells how the Friar told the Maid that he could sing her out of Hell, of which she was afraid, but afterwards could not sing himself out of the Well, into which he had fallen.

881. *Chrystian Clout*, seems to be a generically name for a country girl, answering to the masculine *Colin Clout*. Cf. Christian Custance in *Roister Doister*. Skelton uses it as part of the refrain in his short poem, *Manerly Margery Mylk and Ale*, in combination with "*Jak of the vale.*"

882–884. Some corruption, if not considerable mutilation of the text, may be suspected here. There seems to be an allusion to *Clement*, lib. v. tit. xi. cap. i., which begins, "*Exivi de paradiso, dixi, rigabo hortum plantationum, ait ille cœlestis agricola,*" &c. (D.)

885–888. The transposition of these two couplets would bring the rimes together and improve the sense.


953. *a lege de moy*. The phrase occurs again in *Elynour Rummyng*, 587, "*She made it as koy As a lege de moy.*" D. quotes a similar expression, a *Tattle de Moy*, from *Mace,*
Musick's Monument, 1676, "a New Fashion'd Thing, much like a Seraband."

991. Refers to Cardinal Wolsey.

1000. amicar. D. quotes from a MS., Medulla Gramatice, "Amico, to be frend."

1002. pravare. The MS. reading is grassari. D. explains pravare as "to play the tyrant," from the following entries in the Ortus Vocabulorum: "Pravo . . . pravum facere, or to shrewe," and, "Tirannus, shrewe or tyrande."

1014. played so checkmate. In allusion to the King's being put in check at the game of chess. (D.) Cf. Poems by George Cavendish (Singer's Wolsey, p. 534), "Promotyng such to so hyghe estate As unto prynces wold boldly say chek-mate."


1020. one—i.e., Wolsey.

1025. not so hardy on his hede—i.e., cannot be so bold as to look on the sacramental wafer without the parish clerk's allowing him also to witness the ceremony of consecration. For the phrase, cf. 1154, and Morte d'Arthur (quoted by D.), "Not soo hardy, sayd syr launcelot, vpon payne of thy hede."

1059. convenire, apparently means "meetings," "assemblies."

1070. pretenuire. Cf. l. 108.

1090. Cf. Pope, Prol. to the Satires, 283, "Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow, That tends to make one worthy man my foe."

1154. Not so hardy on their pates. Cf. l. 1025.


1171. Lytell Ease, the pillory, stocks, or bilboes. Also a small apartment in a prison where the inmate could have very little ease. "A streite place in a prisone called littell ease," Elyot, 1559, in v. Arca. The little ease at Guildhall, where unruly apprentices were confined, is frequently mentioned by our early
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writers. (Halliwell.) Cf. Middleton, The Family of Love, III. i. 9, "How dost thou brook thy little-ease thy trunk?"

1184. Poules Crosse. For a picture of "that curious antique structure, the Preaching Cross, which for centuries existed in the vacant space at the north-east corner of St. Paul's churchyard," see Chambers's Book of Days, I. 423.

1186. Saynt Mary Spytell. Cf. Stow's Survey of London (ed. Morley, p. 435), "St. Mary, without Bishopsgate, was an hospital and priory, called St. Mary Spittle, founded by a citizen of London for relief of the poor, with provision of one hundred and eighty beds there for the poor; it was suppressed in the reign of King Henry VIII."

1187. set not by vs a whystell—i.e., value us not at a whistle, care not a whistle for us. Cf. Lydgate, The prohemy of a mariage, "For he set not by his wretie a whistel." (D.)


1190. Saynt Thomas of Akers. Cf. Stow, p. 263 (Cheap Ward), "Next thereunto westward is the Mercers' Chapel, sometime an hospital, intituled of St. Thomas of Acon, or Acars, for a master and brethren, 'Militia hospitalis,' &c., saith the record of Edward III., the 14th year." Ib. p. 435.

1196. at a pronge. Cf. Magnyfycence, 506 "I haue bene about a pratye pronge," where D. explains it to mean "prank" (Dutch pronk). But it would seem rather to be explained by Prompt. Parv. "PRONG. Erumpna"—i.e., ærumna. The connexion between "prong" and "labour" is seen by Cooper's Thesaurus, "Ærumna. A forke or crooked staffe wherewith men did cary trusses on their backes; and by translation painfull labour, care and heauinesse of minde." Palsgr. has "Pronge propreté z, f.," which does not seem to help the present passage. Perhaps, taking "prong" in the sense of "point," we may refer to Palsgrave's "At a poynte, a vng ponnt."


1208. Ezechias. Ought to be "Isaias"; for, according to a
Jewish tradition, Isaiah was cut in two with a wooden saw by order of King Manasseh. (D.) [In his *corrigenda* D. proposes to read *Isaias* from the MS. "I say was."]

1262. *the portesalu*—i.e., the safe port. Skelton has the term again in his Garlande of Laurell, v. 541. Compare Hoccleve, Poems, p. 61 (ed. 1796), "whether our taill Shall soone make us with our shippes saill To *port salu,*" where the editor observes, "*Port salu* was a kind of proverbial expression, and so used in the translation of *Cicero de Senectute,* printed by Caxton." (D.)
WHY COME YE NAT TO COURTE?

This poem appears to have been produced (at intervals, perhaps) during 1522 and part of the following year. (D.)

43. *a graunt domage*, = grand dommage, "a great pity."

63. Cf. B. 360.

74. *The countrynge at Cales*. The allusion seems to be to the meeting between Henry the Eighth and Francis in 1520, when Henry went over to Calais, proceeded thence to Guisnes, and met Francis in the fields between the latter town and Ardres. (D.) Cf. Creighton, Cardinal Wolsey, p. 61, seq. For countrynge, v. Gloss, s.v.


95. *Cole Crafter*. Cf. "cole-prophet," = false prophet (Nares, s.v.).

109. *rost a stone*. D. quotes from Heywood, "I doe but roste a stone In warming her."

111. *hathe the strokes*. Cf. Cavendish, Life of Wolsey (ed. Singer, 1827), p. 146, "wherein the cardinal bare the stroke."

117. *There went the hare away*. A proverbial expression. Cf. Kyd's Spanish Tragedy (III. xii. 24), "Here's the King—nay, stay; And here, ay here—there goes the hare away," where Schick (Temple Dramatists) explains "there is the game I want to hunt; that's where the game lies," comparing Gosson, School
of Abuse (ed. Arber, p. 70), "Hic labor, hoc opus est, there goeth the hare away."

119. the buck. Qy. does Skelton, under these names of animals, allude to certain persons? If he does, "the buck" must mean Edward Duke of Buckingham, who, according to the popular belief, was impeached and brought to the block by Wolsey's means in 1521; so, in an unprinted poem against the Cardinal, "thow seem hedes be of choppyd As thowe did serue the Buckke." (D.) Cf. Roy, Rede me, &c. (ed. Arber), p. 50.


128. lylse wulse—i.e., linsey-woolsey,—an evident play on the Cardinal's name. (D.)

136. Baumberow — i.e., Bamborough in Northumberland. Bothombar is not known.

139. gup, leuell suse! "Gup" is frequently used by Skelton, like "jayst," as an exclamation addressed to horses—e.g., "Gup, morell, gup!" Leuell suse is apparently the same as "levelsice," another name for "level-coil," a rough game, formerly much in fashion at Christmas, in which one hunted another from his seat. See Halliwell, s.v., and Gifford and Cunningham's notes on Ben Jonson, Tale of a Tub, III. ii. (vol. vi. p. 173), "Young justice Bramble has kept level coyl Here in our quarters."

145. nat worth a flye. A common phrase—e.g., Chaucer, C. T., A. 4192; B. 1361; F. 1132.

150. Erle of Surrey. This nobleman, Thomas Howard (afterwards third Duke of Norfolk), commanded, in 1522, the English force which was sent against France, when Henry the Eighth and the Emperor Charles had united in an attack on that kingdom. (D.) Cf. Creighton, Cardinal Wolsey, pp. 90, 91.

185. Chambre of Starres—i.e., Star-Chamber. Sir Thomas Smith, Commonwealth of England, 1565, says, "This court began long before, but tooke augmentation and authority at that time that Cardinall Wolsey Archbishop of Yorke was Chancellour of England, who of some was thought to haue first devised that Court." The judges of this court in the time of Sir Thomas Smith were "the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, all the Kings Maiesties Council, the Barons of this Land" (ed. 1635, pp. 214-222).

194. Good euyn, good Robyn Hood, was, as Ritson observes, a
proverbial expression; "the allusion is to civility extorted by fear." Robin Hood, i. lxxxvii. (D.)

198. rul\textit{eth all the roste}. To "rule the roast" is to preside at the board, to assign what shares one pleases to the guests; hence it came to mean "to domineer," in which sense it is commonly used in our old authors. See Nares. (Skeat's Specimens of English Literature, 1394-1579, p. 470.)

202. \textit{With, trompe vp, alleluya}—\textit{i.e.,} says War
ton, "the pomp in which he celebrates divine service." Compare Wager's \textit{Mary Magdalene}, 1567, "Ite Missa est, with pipe vp Alleluya." (D.)

203. \textit{Philargerya—\textit{i.e.,} \textit{φιλαργυρία}, argent\textit{i amor, pecuni\textit{a} cupiditas.} She was one of the characters in Skelton's lost drama, \textit{The Nigramansir}. (D.)


217. \textit{In Lent for a repast.} D. quotes from Roy's satire against Wolsey, \textit{Rede me, and be nott wrothe} (ed. Arber, p. 57), "Wat. Whatt abstinence vseth he to take? Itf. In Lent all fysshe he doth forsake Fedde with partriges and plovers."

232. \textit{worth ii. kues.} Cf. Skelton, Magnyficence, 36, "that lyberte was not worthe a cue." A cue is explained by Nares to be "a small portion of bread or beer; a term formerly current in both the English universities, the letter q being the mark in the buttery books to denote such a piece." See the rest of the article for the derivation.

238, 239. \textit{Gup . . . iast.} Cf. note on l. 139.

240. \textit{bere no coles.} To "carry coals" is a very common phrase for putting up with insults, submitting to any degradation. Nares explains the origin "that in every family, the scullions, the turn-spits, the carriers of wood and coals, were esteemed the very lowest of the menials." For a collection of exx. see the notes on Rom. I. i. 1, "Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals," in Furness's Variorum Edition.

248. \textit{layde all in the myre.} Cf. Roister Doister, II. iii. 6, "With turnyng of a hande, our mirth lieth in the mire."

254. \textit{Wylde fyre}, the same as "Greek fire," a combustible or explosive compound for military purposes. Palsgrave has "Wylde fyre—feu sauaine x, m.; feu gregois x, m." See Way's exhaustive note in Prompt. Parv. s.v. "Wyylde Fyyr."

261. \textit{Pophyuge follysshe dawes.} Cf. Skelton, A Replycacion, &c.,
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39, "Lyke pratyng poppyng dawes." Halliwell gives "Popping. Blabbing, chattering." West, quoting from Acolastus, 1540, "this felowe waxeth all folyshe, doth utterly or all togyther dote, or is a very poppyng foole."

264. Huntley bankes. Cf. Skelton, laudatos Anglos, 58, "That prates and prankes On Huntley bankes"; Against the Scottes, 149; Howe the douty Duke of Albany, &c., 19. In all these passages, according to D., Skelton uses a Scottish name at random.

269. Lorde Dakers—i.e., Lord Dacre of Naworth, Warden of the Western Marches. According to Creighton (Cardinal Wolsey), he was admirably adapted to work with Wolsey in his policy of crippling Scotland by border forays. In Sept. 1522, when Albany invaded England with 80,000 men, Dacre, though really defenceless, induced him, by a combination of boldness and diplomacy, to withdraw (Creighton, p. 92). It is probably with reference to this incident that Skelton most unjustifiably charges him with complicity with the Scots.

270. Jacke Rakar. Cf. Skelton, Against Garnesche (D. i. 123), 109, "Ye wolde be callyd a maker, And make moche lyke Jake Rakar;" Speke, Parrot, 165; Roister Doister, II. i. 28. D. thinks he was an imaginary person, whose name had become proverbial. [Jakes-raker ?]

273. an hen, proverbial for cowardice. C. 169.


283. Lorde Rose—i.e., Thomas Manners, Lord Roos, Warden of the East Marches towards Scotland, and afterwards Earl of Rutland. He is mentioned by Hall as keeping the borders against Scotland with Dacre and "doing valiantly." (D.)

285. cockly fosse—i.e., a tangled, ravelled, fringe. For cockly the New Eng. Dict. quotes from Act 5 & 6 Edw. VI. (1552), "Clothes cockely, pursy, bandy, squally, or rowy, or evil burled." Fose is the Scotch fas, A.S. fas, fringe, frequently used in old Scotch poetry for a thing of little value. See Jamieson, s.v. Fasse, who quotes from Douglas, Virgil, 96, 17, "skant worth ane fas." For this explanation of fose I am indebted to my friend Mr. R. L. Dunbabin, M.A.
286. Their hertes be in thyr hose. Cf. Skelton, A Replycacion, &c., 107, "Your hertes then were hosed." D. quotes from Prima Pastorum, Towneley Mysteries, "A, thy hert is in thy hose." Ray (ed. 1768), p. 292, gives "His heart is in his hose" as a Scotch proverb "Of flayit Persons."

287. The Erle of Northumberlante—i.e., Henry Algernon Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland. In 14 Henry VIII. he was made warden of the whole Marches, a charge which for some reason or other he soon after resigned. . . . This nobleman, who encouraged literature, and appears to have patronised our poet, died in 1527. (D.)

294, 295. mastyue cur . . . bochers dogge. In Speke, Parrot, 478, 480, Wolsey is called a "braggyng bocher," and a "mastyfe curre," and in Roy's Rede me, &c. (ed. Arber), p. 57, his father is said to have been "a butcher by his occupacion." "Contemporary slander, wishing to make his fortunes more remarkable or his presumption more intolerable, represented his father as a man of mean estate, a butcher by trade. However, Robert Wolsey's will shows that he was a man of good position, probably a grazier and wool merchant, with relatives who were also well-to-do." (Creighton, Cardinal Wolsey, p. 18.)

313. Sergyantes of the coyfe. "Lawyers were originally priests and of course wore the tonsure; but when the clergy were forbidden to intermeddle with secular affairs, the lay lawyers continued the practice of shaving the head, and wore the coif for distinction's sake. It was at first made of linen, and afterwards of white silk." British Costume, p. 126 (quoted by S. on Piers Plowman, Prol. 210).

316. Commune Place—i.e., Court of Common Pleas. Cf. Lydgate, London Lyckpeny, 4, "Vnto the common place I yode thou."

322. Westmynster hall. "In this hall he [Henry III.] ordained three judgment-seats; to wit, at the entry on the right hand, the Common Pleas, where civil matters are to be pleaded, specially such as touch lands or contracts; at the upper end of the hall, on the right hand, or south-east corner, the King's Bench, where pleas of the crown have their hearing; and on the left hand, or south-west corner, sitteth the lord chancellor, accompanied with the master of the Rolls and other men, learned for the most part in the civil law, and called masters of the chancery, which
have the King's fee." Stow, Survey of London (ed. Morley) p. 420.

343. the Scottyskynge—i.e., James V., 1513-1542.
354. the Duke of Albany. This passage refers to the various rumours which were afloat concerning the Scottish affairs in 1522, during the regency of John Duke of Albany. (D.)
374. Mutrell, is Montreuil; and the allusion must be to some attack intended or actual on that town, of which I can find no account agreeing with the date of the present poem. (D.) Cf. Hye Way to the Spytte Hous, 325 (Hazlitt's Early Pop. Poetry, iv. 41), "In Muttrell, in Brest, &c."
381. Take peper in the nose, an old phrase for taking offence. Palsgrave has "I take peper in the nose. They use no suche maner of speaking, but in the stade thereof use je me couerce, or je me tempeste, or suche lyke." Cf. Nares, s.v., who quotes from Ozell's Rabelais, "Of a testy fuming temper, like an ass with crackers tied to his tail, and so ready to take pepper in the nose for yea and nay, that a dog would not have lived with them."
391. go or ryde. A common phrase in early writers. Cf. Towneley Mysteries, Sacrifice of Isaac, "To do your will I am ready, Wheresoeuer ye go or ride."
401. Hampton Court—i.e., the palace of Wolsey, "which he had built as his favourite retreat, and had adorned to suit his taste." (Creighton, Cardinal Wolsey, p. 116.)
407. Yorkes Place. The palace of Wolsey, as Archbishop of York, which he had furnished in the most sumptuous manner: after his disgrace, it became a royal residence under the name of Whitehall. (D.)
409. Embassades. "All ambassadors of foreign potentates were always dispatched by his discretion, to whom they had always access for their dispatch. His house was also always resorted and furnished with noblemen, gentlemen, and other
persons, with going and coming in and out, feasting and banqueting all ambassadors diverse times, and other strangers right nobly." Cavendish, Life of Wolsey (ed. 1827), p. 112. (D.)

422. the Flete. "A famous prison in London, so called (as it seemeth) of the River, upon the side whereof it standeth. Unto this none are usually committed, but for contempt to the King and his Lawes, or upon absolute commandement of the King, or some of his Courts, or lastly upon debt, when men are unable or unwilling to satisfie their Creditours." (Cowell, Interpreter.)

427. Saunz aulter—i.e., sans autre.

429. Marshalsy. "Marshalsæ, is the court of the Marshall, or (word for word) the seat of the Marshall. It is also vsed for the prison in Southwark, the reason whereof may be, because the Marshall of the Kings house was wont, perhaps, to sit there in judgement." Minsheu, The Guide into Tongues (1625). Cf. Stow, Survey of London (ed. Morley), p. 375.

430. Kynges Benche. "Next [in Southwark] is the gaol or prison of the King's Bench," &c. Ib. Cf. Hye Way to the Spyttel Hous, 331 (Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry, iv, 41), "they haue in pryson be, In Newgat, the Kynges Benche, or Marchalse."


472. A cæcitate cordis, from the Litany, "From all blindness of heart, &c. . . . Good Lord, deliver us."

475. Amalecke—i.e., Wolsey. Cf. Numbers xxiv. 20, "Amalek was the first of the nations; but his latter end shall be that he perish for ever."

476. Mamelek—i.e., Mameluke. D. quotes from The Image of Ipocrisy, "And crafty inquisitors Worse then Mamalokes."

490. sunk royall, royal blood, where royal is applied derisively. We find the same phrase, spelt saunke realle, in Morte Arthure, ed. Perry (Early Eng. Text Soc.), l. 179. (S.)

511, 512. quatriuiuals . . . triuials. The trivials were the first three sciences taught in the school—viz., Grammar, Rhetoric, and Logic; the quatriuiuals were the higher set—viz., Astrology (or Astronomy), Geometry, Arithmetic, and Music (D.) Cf. Hallam, Literature of Europe (ed. 1882), l. p. 3, who quotes the memorial lines:

Gramm. loquitur: Dia. vera docet; Rhet. verba colorat;
Mus. canit; Ar. numerat; Geo. ponderat; Ast. colit astra. Milton, Areopagitica (ed. Hales), p. 14, l. 21, calls them "the seven liberall Sciences."


526. humanity—i.e., the study of Latin. Cf. Jamieson, Scot. Dict. (ed. 1808), "HUMANITY, s. A term, in the academical phraseology of S., appropriated to the study of the Latin language. The class in Universities, in which this is taught, is called the Humanity Class, and the teacher, the Professor of Humanity."


571-574. Here Skelton mentions all the Seven Deadly Sins. See Piers the Plowman, ed. Skeat (Clar. Press), note to l. 62 of Passus v. (S.)

585. play checke mate. In allusion to the King's being put in check at the game of chess. (D.) Cf. The Kinge's Quair, 168, 169 (Skeat's Specimens of Eng. Lit., p. 46), "Help now my game, that is in poynt to mate." "Thou has fundin stale." Cf. C. 1014.

594. Mahounde. In none of the early miracle-plays which have come down to us is Mahound (Mahomet) a character, though he is mentioned and sworn by. (D.) Steevens, in a note on Termagant (Haml., III. ii. 13), says that Mahound is often found with Termagant in the old romances—e.g., Guy of Warwick, where the Soudan swears "So help me Mahoun of might, And Termagant, my God so bright."

608. decked, perhaps means "sprinkled," as most of the edd. explain the word in The Tempest, I. ii. 183, where (e.g.) Malone says "To deck, I am told, signifies in the North, to sprinkle. See Ray's Dict. of North Country Words, in verb to deg and to deck." See the note in Furness' Variorum Ed.

642. a poore knyght. "He [Wolsey] fell in acquaintance with one Sir John Nanphant, a very grave and ancient knight, who had a great room in Calais under King Henry the Seventh. This knight he served, and behaved him so discreetly and justly,
that he obtained the especial favour of his said master; inso-
much that for his wit, gravity, and just behaviour he committed
all the charge of his office unto his chaplain." Cavendish, Life
of Wolsey, p. 70, ed. 1827. (D.) Cf. Creighton, Cardinal Wolsey,
pp. 19, 20.

668. *tert it asonder.* D. quotes from Roy's satire on Wolsey,
Rede me, and be not wrothe. "'His power he doth so extende,
That the Kynge's letters to rende, He will not forbeare in his
rage.'" [Ed. Arber, p. 105.]

764. *How Frauncis Petrarke,* &c. D. quotes the story at length
ed. 1601. Charlemagne was so passionately enamoured of a
certain lady that he spent all his time with her to the neglect of
his kingdom. On her death he had the body embalmed, arrayed
in purple, and decked with jewels, and shut himself up with the
dead woman, embracing her and talking to her as if she were
alive. Seeing his infatuation, one of his counsellors prayed
earnestly to heaven that he might be delivered, and at last
received an answer that the cause was hidden under the dead
woman's tongue. Searching during the King's absence he found
there a jewel in a small ring, which he removed, and for a time
carried about, but finding that the King's passion was now trans-
ferred from the corpse to himself, he cast it into a marsh at Aix,
where the King henceforth dwelt till his death.

703. *Acon*—i.e., Aix la Chapelle. "'Acon in Almayne whyche
is a moche fayr cytee, where as kyng charles had made his
paleys moche fayr and ryche and a ryght deuoute chapel in
thonour of our lady, wherein hymself is buryed.'" Caxton,
History and Lyf of Charles the Grete, &c., 1485, sig. b 7. (D.)

715. *Gaguine.* Robert Gaguin was minister-general of the
Maturines, and enjoyed great reputation for abilities and learn-
ing. He wrote various works; the most important of which is
his *Compendium supra Francorum gestis* from the time of Pharamond
to the author's age. In 1490 he was sent by Charles the Eighth
as ambassador to England, where he probably became personally
acquainted with Skelton. (D.) In the Garlande of Laurell, 1187,
in enumerating his own compositions Skelton mentions "'The
Recule ageinst Gaguyne of the Frenshe nacyoun,'" which is now
lost.

723. *Johannes Balua.* Cardinal Balue was confined by order
of Louis XI. in an iron cage at the Castle of Loches, in which
durance he remained for eleven years. But there is no truth in
Skelton's assertion that he "was hedyd, drawen, and quartered,"
v. 737; for though he appears to have deserved that punishment,
he terminated his days prosperously in Italy. (D.) Cf. Scott,
Quentin Durward.

732. cheted at the fyst. A metaphor from falconry. The hawk
was said to check "when she forsakes her proper game, and flies
at crows, pyes, or the like, that crosseth her in her flight." Gent.
Rec. ii. 62 (Halliwell, s.v.). The fist is, of course, the hand
of the falconer.

753-755. mouse . . . cattes eare. D. quotes the same proverb
from The Order of Foles, a poem attributed to Lydgate; "An
hardy mowse that is bold to breede In cattis eers;" and from
Heywood, Dialogue, &c., "I haue heard tell, it had need to be
A wylie mouse that should breed in the cat's eare." S. adds
Reliquiae Antiquæ, ii. 73, and Lyly's Euphues (ed. Arber),
p. 233.

774. mastyfe. Cf. l. 294.

776. greyhounde—i.e., Henry VIII., in allusion to the royal
arms. (D.) Cf. Speke, Parrot, 480, "So mangye a mastye
here, the grete grey houndes pere."

784. maister Mewtas. John Meautis was secretary for the
French language to Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth.
It appears from Rymer's Fædæra that he was allowed, in con-
sideration of his services, to import Gascon wine and to dispose
of it to the best advantage; and that he was occasionally
employed on business with foreign powers. (D.)

795. vnnder lead—i.e., with a leaden seal. A "bull" was so
called from bulia, the leaden seal affixed to an edict. Cf. Hey-
wood, The Pardoner and the Frere (Pollard's English Miracle
Plays), 91, "Graunded by the pope in his bulles under lede."

798. Dymingis Dale—i.e., Dimsdale, either in Durham or York-
shire. It was apparently supposed to be haunted by witches.
D. quotes from Thersytes [Hazl. Dodsl., I. 425], "all other
witches that walke in dymminges dale."

801. Sauromatas, the Sarmatians, a great Slavic people, between
the Vistula and the Don, the scene of Ovid’s banishment, who
twice (Tr. III. iii. 6; v. i. 74) uses the phrase Inter Sauromatas,
but not, as far as I can find, Ultra Sauromatas.
880. Marke me that chase. Cf. Cotgrave (s.v. Chasse), "Marquez bien cette chasse. Heed well that passage, marke well the point, whereof I have informed you." (D.) A "chase" was a point at the game of tennis, beyond that struck by the adversary. See Halliwell, s.v.
885. Hay, the gye and the gan. In one of his copies of verses Against Venemous Tongues, Skelton has, "Nothing to write, but hay the gy of thre," where there seems to be some allusion to the dance called heydegueis. In the present passage probably there is a play on words: gye may mean 'goose'; and gan "gander." (D.)
889, 890. Datau De tribu Dan. Dathan and Abiram were the sons of Eliab (Numb. xvi. 1), who belonged to the tribe of Zebulon (ib. i. 9).
894, 895. Golden ram Of Flemmyng dam. Perhaps refers to the order of the Golden Fleece, instituted by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. Charles V., as representative of the house of Austria, would be grand master in 1522.
896. Sem, Iapheth, or Cam. Cf. P. 244.
898. Cupbord. Cf. Cavendish, Life of Wolsey (ed. 1827), p. 195, "There was a cupboard made, for the time, in length, of the breadth of the nether end of the same chamber, six desks high, full of gilt plate, very sumptuous, and of the newest fashions"; where Singer notes that "these cupboards or rather sideboards of plate were necessary appendages to every splendid entertainment. The form of them somewhat resembled some of the old cumbersome cabinets to be found still in ancient houses on the Continent. There was a succession of step-like stages, or desks, as Cavendish calls them, upon which the plate was placed."
905. A goldsmith your mayre. D. quotes from Stow's Survey, "A.D. 1522 ... Maior, Sir John Mundy, Goldsmith."
916. Cane—i.e., Caen, in Normandy. (D.)
918, 919. Royals ... Nobles. Cf. the same play upon words in Shak. Rich. II., V. v. 67, "Groom. Hail royal prince! King
Richard. Thanks, noble peer; The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear,” with Clark and Wright's note.


930. Spryng of Lynam—i.e. Langham in Essex. In the Expenses of Sir John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk, we find, under the year 1463, “Item, Apylton and Sprynge off Lynam owthy my mastyr, as James Hoberd and yonge Apylton knowyth wele [a blank left for the sum].” Manners and Household Expenses of England, &c., p. 180, ed. Roxb. It seems probable, however, from the early date, that the person mentioned in the entry just cited was the father (or some near relative) of the Spring noted by Skelton. But Stow certainly alludes to the clothier of our text, where he records that, during the disturbances which followed the attempt to levy money for the King's use in 1525, when the Duke of Norfolk inquired of the rebellious party in Suffolk “what was the cause of their disquiet, and who was their capitaine? . . . one John Greene a man of fiftie yeeres olde answered, that pouertie was both cause and capitaine. For the rich clothiers Spring of Lynam and other had giuen ouer occupy-\nde, whereby they were put from their ordinarieworke and liuing.' Annales, p. 525, ed. 1615. (D.)

947. sprynge, “of a tre or plante (springe or yonge tre, P.), Planta, plantula.” Prompt. Parv. There is, of course, a punning allusion to Sprynge of Lynam, v. 930. The figure changes in "flowe," v. 949.

952. Marock—i.e., Morocco, the Strait of Gibraltar. Cf. Chaucer, C. T., B. 464, "Thurghout the see of Grece un-to the strayte Of Marrok."

953. gybet of Baldock. Cf. Speke, Parrot, 75, "The iebet of Baldock was made for Jack Leg." D. quotes from the Voiage and Travaile of Sir J. Maundevile, p. 51 (ed. 1725), "And in Caldee the chief Cytee is Baldak."

978. fyer drake—i.e., a fiery dragon. Cf. Drayton, Nymphidia (Morley’s Universal Library, p. 206). "By the hissing of the snake, The rustling of the fire-drake."

980. brake, an old instrument of torture, described in Malone's Shakespeare, ix. 44. (Halliwell, s.v.) D. quotes from Pals-
grave, "I Brake on a brake or payne bauke as men do mysdoers to confesse the trouthe."

987. breke the braynes—i.e., drive mad. Cf. Roister Doister, IV. iv. (ed. Arber, p. 64), "Shall I so breake my braine To dote vpon you, and ye not loue vs againe?" Dryden, The Hind and the Panther, II. 443, "Both play at hard-head till they break their brains."

996. Folam peason—i.e., Fulham Peas. (D.) Fullams, or Fullams, were a kind of false dice (v. Nares, s.v.). Cf. Chapman, Monsieur d'Olive (ed. Pearson, p. 232), "The Goade, the Fulham, and the Stop-kater-tre." But it is doubtful whether there is any allusion to these in the present passage.

1014. The deuyll spede whitte. Cf. Magnyfycence, 1017, "Teuyt, teuyt, where is my wit! The deuyll spede whyt!" Perhaps whitte may be explained by Prompt. Parv. "Wyte, or delyvyr, or swyfte. Agilis, velox."


1086. privileged places. So in Speke, Parrot, 496, Skelton complains of "So myche sayntuary brekyng, and preuylegidde barrydd."

1094. Saint Albons. Wolsey, at that time Archbishop of York and Cardinal, was appointed to hold the abbacy of St. Alban's in commendam; and is supposed to have applied its revenues to the expensive public works in which he was then engaged, the building of his colleges at Oxford and Ipswich, &c.—a great infraction, as it was considered, of the canon law. (D.) Cf. Creighton, Cardinal Wolsey, p. 83.

1105. his hat. "Wherefore he obtained first to be made Priest Cardinal, and Legatus de latere; unto whom the Pope sent a Cardinal's hat, with certain bulls for his authority in that behalf." Cavendish, Life of Cardinal Wolsey (ed. 1827), p. 91, seq.

1117. Lorde of Cantorbrey—i.e., Warham. "After which solemnization done, and he being in possession of the Archbishoprick of York, and Primas Angliae, thought himself sufficient to compare with Canterbury; and thereupon erected his cross in the court, and in every other place, as well in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and in the precinct of his jurisdiction as elsewhere. And forasmuch as Canterbury claimeth supe-riority and obedience of York, as he doth of all other bishops
within this realm, forasmuch as he is *primas totius Angliae*, and therefore claimeth, as a token of an ancient obedience, of York to abate the advancing of his cross, in the presence of the cross of Canterbury; notwithstanding York, nothing minding to desist from bearing of his cross in manner as is said before, caused his cross to be advanced and borne before him, as well in the presence of Canterbury as elsewhere." Ib. p. 89.

1126. *great seale*—i.e., as Lord Chancellor. "Wherefore remembering as well the taunts and checks before sustained of Canterbury, which he intended to redress, ... he found the means with the king, that he was made Chancellor of England; and Canterbury thereof dismissed." Ib. p. 92. Singer, in a note on the passage, shows that Cavendish was misled by false information, and that Wolsey did not use any indirect means to supersede Archbishop Warham. Sir Thomas More says that the Archbishop resigned the office, which he had strenuously endeavoured to lay down for some years," and that the Cardinal of York "by the King's Orders" succeeds him. Ammonius, writing to Erasmus, says that the Archbishop "has laid down his post, which that of York, after much importunity, has accepted of, and behaves most beautifully."


1144. *Saynt Dunstane*, Archbishop of Canterbury, died 988 A.D. Like Wolsey, he was an ecclesiastic, a statesman, and virtually prime minister under Edgar. See the article in Chambers' Book of Days, I. 653-655. (May 19.)


1151-1153. *hed vs and hange vs ... fange vs*. D. quotes from Sir D. Lyndsay's Satyre of the Three Estaitis, Part II., "Sum sayis ane king is cum amang us, That purposis to hede and hange us: Thare is na grace, gif he may fang us, But on an pin." Works, ii. 81. ed. Chalmers.

1161. *Jeremy the whyskyne rod*. Perhaps a mistake for Isaiah, e.g. x. 5, "*Va Assur, virga furoris mei et baculus ipse est, in manu eorum indignatio mea.*" "Whyskynge" may be explained by Bailey's "To Whisk, to brush or cleanse with a Whisk," which is defined as "a Brush made of Osier Twigs."

NOTES


1172. Antiochus. Cf. Chaucer, C. T., B. 3765-3820. The point of the comparison is not merely the pride of Antiochus, but the disease with which it was punished.


1187. Domyngo Lomelyn. In The Privy Purse Expenses of King Henry the Eighth are several entries, relating to payments of money won by this Lombard from the King at cards and dice, amounting, in less than three years, to above £620. (D.)

1213. difficile est Satiram non scribere. Juvenal, i. 30.

1224. Omne animi vitium. The full quotation is: "omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se crimen habet, quanto maius qui peccat habetur." Juvenal, viii. 140.

1232. cockes come. Cf. Minsheu, s.v. Cocks-combe. "Englishmen use to call vain and proud braggards, and men of meane discretion and judgement, COXCOMBES, Gal. Coqueplumets. Because naturall Idiots and Fools haue, and still doe accustome themselves to weare in their Cappes, Cockes feathers or a hat with a necke and head of a cocke on the top, and a bell thereon, &c., and thinke themselves finely fitted and proudly attired therewith."

1243. smegma non est cinnamomum, apparently means that the "smegma" used by Wolsey is very different from the "holy anointing oil" made by Moses of "sweet cinnamon" for anointing Aaron and his sons, Exodus xxx. 23.
ABBREVIATIONS EMPLOYED.

B. = Bowge of Courte.
C. = Colyn Cloute.
P. = Phyllyp Sparowe.
W. = Why Come Ye Nat to Courte?
D. = Dyce.
B. S. = Bowdler Sharpe.

ABJECTIONS, objections. C. 892.
AROLETE, obsolete. W. 710.
Cotgrave, "Abus: m. An abuse; deceit, imposture, disappointment, fallacy, gullery."
ADAUNTID, tamed. P. 1310. V. Halliwell, s.v
AFORECE, attempt. B. 17.
AGAYNE, against. B. 278; P. 963; C. 1216.
ALCUMYN, a mixed metal, supposed to be produced by alchymy. W. 904. Prompt. Parv., "ALKAMYE metalle (alkamyn, P.) Al-kamia." V. Nares, s.v.
ALLYGATE, allege. C. 1164.
AMYSYSE, amice—properly the first of the six vestments common to the bishop and presbyters. (D.) P. 560.
AN, AND, if. B. 28, 102.
APAYED, satisfied. B. 298; W. 728. Palsgrave, "l APAY, I conten or suffye. Je me contente. . . I am well apayed: je suis bien con tent."
APOSTATAAS, apostates. C. 388. Apostata, as an English word, continued in use long after the time of Skelton. (D.)

APPARE, become worse. C. 192. Palsgrave, "I APPAYRE or waxe worse. Jempire."

APPLY, set oneself to. P. 780. Palsgrave, "I APPLYE me, I haste me to do a thing. Je maunce." Cf. Roister Doister, IV. v. 47, "Because to bee his wife I ne graunt nor apply."

APPOSE, assign. C. 293. Lat. apponno

APPOSED, questioned, examined. C. 267. Bacon, Essays, xxii. 70.

AQARDE, perverse. C. 525. Palsgrave, "Awkwarde frowarde—m. peruers, f. peruerse."


ARMATYCKE, aromatic. P. 520.

ARTYKE, northern. B. 5.


ASKRYE, clamour. W. 867.

ASSAWTE, assault. B. 316.

ASTATE, estate, state, rank, dignity. W. 308; person of high rank, W. 584, 720, 1227.

ASTROLOGYS, astrologers. C. 468.

AUALE, condescend. P. 1117. Palsgrave, "I AVALE, as the water dothe whan it goeth downewarde or ebbeth. Janale."

AUAUNCE, advance. B. 88, 143; C. 619.

AUNCYENTE, antiquity. P. 767.


AUYSE, advise. B. 21, 90.


AWTENTYKE, authentic. C. 698. Palsgrave, "Awtentyke—m. et f. autentique s."


BALE, trouble. W. 60.

BANKETYNGE, banqueting. W. 68.

BARNACLE, the bernacle goose, Branta Leucopsis. B. S. Found in the northern seas, and rarely so far south as the Mediterranean; once believed to grow from barnacle shells. V. Brewer, Dict. Phrase and Fable, s.v. Brand, Pop. Ant., III. 361.
Basse, kiss. W. 34. Palsgrave, "'I basse or kysse a person. Je baise.'"

Be, been. W. 536.

Beade rolle, list of persons to be prayed for. C. 424. Spelt bederolle, P. 12; bederoule, P. 242. Tyndale, Obedience of Christian Man (Skeat's Specimens of Eng. Lit., p. 171), "fetteth here a masse-peny, there a trentall, yonder dirige-money, and for his beyderoule, with a confession-peny."


Begared (i.e., begarded), faced, bordered, adorned. C. 319. "Guards" were trimmings, facings, &c. on a dress. V. Nares, s.v.

Belymmed, disfigured. B. 289.

Ben, be. C. 71.

Bended, banded. W. 1019. Palsgrave, "'Bende of men—route s, f.'

Bene, bean. B. 95. Prompt. Parv. "'Bene corn. Faba.'"

Bent, arched. P. 1016.

Bereth on hand, makes believe. W. 449. Palsgrave, "'I beare in hande, I threp upon a man that he hath done a dede or make hym byleve so.'

Beseñe, arrayed, adorned. B. 283; C. 957. Palsgrave, "'I am besene, I am well or yvell appareylled'

Beshrewd, cursed. C. 91.


Bete, inflamed. P. 930. To bete, beet, or bait is used in various dialects for kindling or mending a fire. V. Eng. Dial. Dict., s.v.

Beet. Beet.

Beyte, bait. B. 312.

Blaber, babble. C. 779. Palsgrave, "'I blaber, as a chylde dothe or he can speake.'"

Blake, black. W. 972.

Blo, livid. P. 75. Palsgrave, "'Blo, blewe and grene coloured, as ones body is after a drie stroke.'"


Bobbe, strike. B. 259. Palsgrave, "'Bobet on the heed—coup de poing z, m.'"

Bones, dice. B. 346.


Borde, jest. W. 782. Prompt. Parv. "'Boorde, or game. Ludus, jocus.'"
BOSKAGE, thicket, wood. W. 50.
BOTE, bit. B. 288; P. 305.
BOUGETS, budgets. P. 752. Cotgrave, "Bougette, f. A little coffer or trunk of wood, covered with leather, wherewith the women of old time carried their jewels, attires, and trinkets, at their saddle-bows, when they ride into the Countrey; now Gentlemen call so, both any such Trunk; and the Box, or till of their Cabinets, wherein they keep their money; also, a little male, pouch, or budget."

BOWGE, an allowance of meat and drink for the officials in attendance at court. B. passim. From Fr. bouche. Cotgrave, "Avoir bouche à Court. To eat and drink scot-free; to have budge-a-Court, to be in ordinary at Court."

BRABLYNG, chattering. P. 461. Properly quarreling. Palsgrave, "Brablyng, thwartlyng or quarellyng."


BRENNETH, burns. P. 314. Brennynge, P. 313; C. 544; Brent, P. 1327.

BROKE, brook. C. 784.

BROOD, broad. B. 37.

BROSE, bruise. W. 980. Palsgrave, "I brose with a stroke or with a fall. Je frosse."

BRUTED, reported, talked of. C. 489.

BURDE, board. B. 391.

BY AND BY, at once. P. 825; W. 428. Cotgrave, "Tantost. Anon, forthwith, immediately, presently, incontinently, by and by."

BYDENE, together. C. 956. Often used in poetry in various significations as an expletive or rime-word. V. Halliwell, and Eng. Dial. Dict., s.v. bedene.

BYES, bees. B. 289.


CACODEMONYALL, consisting of evil angels. W. 807.
CALODEMONYALL, consisting of good angels. W. 806.


CAMMOCKE, crooked branch or tree, Bacon's "knee-timber" (Ess. 13).
Glossary

W. 114. Halliwell (s.v.) quotes from Lyly, Mother Bombie, "As crooked as a cammocke."

Can, know. B. 448; P. 755; W. 1234.

Can, Caen. W. 916.

Canues, canvas. W. 916.


Carpe, explained by the various reading of the MS.—"clacke of us."


Celestyné, celestial. B. 61.

Chaffer, chaffre, merchandise. B. 54, 89.


Cherméd, quelled (as if by a charm). B. 340. Cf. Roister Doister, IV. iii. 117, "I shall thee and thine so charme." Lyly, Mother Bombie, II. i. (ed. Fairholt, vol. ii. p. 94), "I thinke I have charm'de my young master, a hungrie meale, a ragged coate, and a dry cudgell, have put him quite beside his love."


Clause, end, conclusion. B. 74. Cotgrave, "Clause: f. A Clause, Period, conclusive sentence or conclusion."

Clergy, learning. C. 293. Cotgrave, Clergie: f. Learning, skill, science, clarkship."

Cloute, cobble. W. 524. Cotgrave, "Rateceler. To clout, or coble a shoee, &c."

Coarted, constrained. W. 438. Palsgrave, "I COARCTE, I con-strayne."

Cockes, a corruption of God's. B. 287.
Cold, could. P. 1071.
Cole rake, an implement for carrying fuel and stirring the fire. W. 979. Sherwood, "A COALE RAKE. Fourgon." Cotgrave, "Fourgon: m. An Oven-fork (tearmed in Lincolnshire, a fruggin) where-with fuel is both put into an Oven, and stirred when it is (on fire) in it."
Combred, encumbered. C. 178.
Commende, communed, conversed. B. 198. W. de Worde's ed. (Univ. Libr. Camb.) has commened. (D.) Palsgrave has the spellings comen, comuned, and communyed in the same articles, s.v. I COMEN.
Commune well, common weal. C. 361.
Conceyte, conceyght, favour, good opinion. B. 302, 310; W. 538.
Confetryd, confederated. B. 527.
Connynge (adj.), learned. B. 445, &c.
Conquinate, pollute. C. 705.
Coost, coast, move. B. 431. Palsgrave, "I coste a countrey or a place, I ryde, or go, or sayle about it."
Corage, heart. P. 325, 545.
Cormoraunce, cormorant. P. 445.
Corum, quorum. C. 379. Properly justices of the peace, "of whom some vpon speciall respect are made of the Quorum, because some businesse of importance may not bee dealt in without the presence or assent of them, or one of them; they are called of the Quorum, because the King in their commission thus chuseth or chargeth them, Quorum vos, A, B, C, D, E, F, unum esse volumus, for the special trust in them reposed." Minsheu, Guide into Tongues. Cf. Shak., Merry Wives, I. i. 6, "justice of peace and coram."
COTED, quoted. C. 757; noted, marked. W. 569.
COUENT, convent. C. 849.
COUGHT, caught. P. 499.
COUNTENAUNCE, credit, estimation. A. 330. Cowell, Interpreter (1637), ""Countenaunce, seemeth to be used for credit or estimation."
COURAGE, heart, affections. C. 975.
COYFE, coif, a close hood for the head, worn by legal functionaries. W. 313. Cf. note, and for illustrations taken from a contemporary painted table and from a tomb, v. Fairholt, Costume in England, p. 278.
CRABES, crab. B. 294. German Krebs.
CRACKE, boast. B. 168 (vb.); W. 253 (vb.).
CRAKE, creak. P. 912; boast, C. 604.
CRAKERS, noisy talkers. C. 1191.
CRAKYNGE, vaunting. W. 1070.
CRANYS, cranes. P. 1244.
CRASED, broken. P. 1105. Palsgrave, "I CRASE, as a thynge dothe that is made of britell stuffe. Je casse."
CREDENSYNGE, believing. W. 439.
CREKETH, boasts. C. 19. Vide CRAKE.
CROSE, crosier. C. 294.
CROSSE, piece of money, many coins being marked with a cross on one side. B. 398; C. 931. Spelt crowche, B. 364.
CROWCHE, vide CROSSE.
CULUER, the ring-dove. P. 429. A.S. culsvre, culfer.
CURE, care. B. 221; W. 281.
CUT, Kepe, be clean (of birds). P. 118-9.

DAUCOCKE, simpleton. C. 1162; W. 1248. See Notes p. 185.
DAUNGEROUS, arrogant. W. 636. Hormanni Vulgaria, "I can not away with suche daungorous felowes. Ferre non possum horum
supercilium, vel superciliosos, arrogantes, fastuosos, vel arrogantiam, aut fastum talium." (D.)

DAYNNOUSLY, disdainfully. B. 82.

DECKED, sprinkled, bespattered. W. 608. Cf. Tempest, I. ii. 183, "deck'd the sea with drops full salt" (with the note in Furness's Variorum Edition).

DEFAUTE, default. W. 56.

DEMEANE, manage, conduct. P. 553.

DEMENSY, madness. W. 679.

DEMPTE, deemed. B. 426.

DEMYE, vest, waistcoat. B. 359.

DENTY, dainty. P. 464.

DEPARTED, parted. P. 329.

DEPRAUE, vilify, defame. P. 1274; C. 515, 1134.


DIFFUSE, difficult. P. 768. Palsgrave, "Dyffuse, harde to be understande—m. et. f. diffuse s."


DOME, dumb. B. 229; judgment. P. 147.

DOMIS DAY, doomsday. C. 1235.


DOWSYPERE, nobleman. W. 636. Originally one of the Douze-Pairs of France. Vide Halliwell, s.v. DOZEPERS.

DREDE, dieded. B. 426.


DUKE, leader, lord. P. 665.

DUR, door. W. 293.

DYFFUSE, v. diffuse. P. 806.


DYSCHARGE, unburden. P. 1360.


DYScust, determined. W. 748.

DYSGYSED, disfigured. B. 351, misbehaved. C. 582.

GLOSSARY


ELA, the highest note in the scale of music. P. 437.

ELENKES, elenchus (in logic). C. 820.

ELYCONYS, Helicon's. P. 610.

EMBASSADES, embassies. W. 412.

ENBYBED, imbued. P. 872.

ENDewed, digested. C. 216. Palsgrave, "I endewe, asahaukedoihe her gorge. Je digere."

ENHACHED, inlaid. P. 1078. Fr. hacker, to cut.

ENNEUDE, painted with the last and most brilliant colours. P. 775.

ENNEWED, P. 1003. ENNEW, P. 1032. Palsgrave, "I ENNEWE, I set the laste and freshest colour upon a thyng, as paynters do whan their worke shall remayne to declare their connyng. Je renouuelle."

ENPROVED, proved, tryed. P. 793. Perhaps an error for esprowed, the n coming from employed in the next line. Cotgrave, "Esprouvé. Proved, tryed; approved, experimented; attempted, hazarded, assailed; searched, sounding."

ENTERPRYSED, intermeddled. C. 583. Cotgrave gives as one meaning of entrepreneur, "intermedler in other mens controversies."

ENWERED, wearied. B. 31.

EPLOGACYON, opinion. C. 521. Perhaps a latinized form of the Greek Epilogismus, which is defined by Phillips, New World of Words (1720), as "a Computation, a reckoning, or casting up, a deliberating or weighing in Mind. In some Writers, the Vote or Opinion of Physicians, when consulted about a Cure."

EQUIPOLENS, equality of power. W. 1131.

ESCRYE, call out against. C. 1093. Cotgrave, "Escrier aucun. To exclaim, cry out on, call upon one."

EVERYCHONE, every one. C. 479.

EXEMPLEYYENGE, following the example of W. 540.

EYGH, eighth. W. 537. So fift, sext, &c.

EYRE, air, scent. P. 525.

EYSELL, vinegar. C. 456. Hamlet, V. i. 264.

FACE, bluff. C. 604. Palsgrave, "I face one downe in a mater, though he have good cause to be angry, I beare hym in hande he hath none. Je renoualle."


JOHN SKELTON

FAUELL, deceitful flattery. B. 134; W. 92.
FAUOUR, beauty. P. 1002, 1048.
FAUTE, fault, P. s11. FAWTE, C. 404; B. 318.
FAYNE, sing in falsetto. B. 233. Cf. Agaynste a comely Coystrowne, 53, "He techyth them so wysely to solf and to fayne, That neyther they synge we prycke songe nor playne."
FEDDER, feather. B. 366.
FENDE, fiend. P. 77. FENDYS, fiends. W. 972.
FLYTE, on, afloat, flowing, full. B. 488.
FONDE, foolish. W. 1233.
FOR, against, P. 79, 81; notwithstanding, C. 99; B. 90; on account of, C. 137.
FORCE, no, no matter. B. 334. Palsgrave, "I force nat, I care nat for a thing."
FORDREDE, much afraid. P. 667.
FRAYNE, ask, inquire. W. 397. A.S. fregnan; G. fragen; Lat. precare.
FRERE, friar. B. 470; C. 739, &c.
FRESSHE, gay, smart. P. 1180; B. 367 (adv.). Prompt. Parv. distinguishes two meanings of fresche, (1) new, (2) holy, galaunt, gay. Palsgrave has (1) "Fresshe, newe—noucau," and (2) "Fresshe, gorgyouse, gay or well besene." B. 12 probably comes under meaning (1).
FRET, wrought, adorned. P. 1048. Palsgrave, "I FRETTE, as a garment or jevell of gold is frette or wrought. Je fringotte."
FRETE, gnaw, devour, P. 58; gnawed, P. 931. FREAT, P. 482. A.S. freelan.
FRO, from. B. 82.
FROWARDES, frowardness. P. 779. Perhaps a mistake for frowardnes. The Catholicon Anglicum gives "a frowardnes."
FROWSID, wrinkled. F. fronct. P. 1340. Cotgrave, "Fronser. To gather; plait, fold, wrinkle, crumple, frumple."
Glossary


Fyle, smooth, polish. C. 852.


Gaglyxge, cackling. P. 447. Palsgrave, "I GAGYLL, as a goose dothe."

Gambaundyne, gambolling. W. 70. Cotgrave, "Gambader. To turn heels over head, make many gambols, fetch many frisks, shew tumbling tricks."

Garded, faced, trimmed. B. 356, 508.


Ge heme, go home. W. 123. Intended to ridicule the Scotch ga hame.

Gere, dress. P. 1179.

Gerfawcon, the gyr-falcon, Hierofalco candicans. B. S. "More huge than then any other kinde of Falcon." (Turbervile.) P. 557. Catholicon Anglicum, "a GERFAUCON; herodius."


Gete, got. B. 262.

Glome, sullen look, frown. B. 80. Palsgrave, "Glumme, a sowerloke —rechigne s, f."

Glommynge, looking gloomy, sour. C. 83.

Gloses, flatters. C. 25. Palsgrave, "I GLOSE. Je flatte."

Glum, see Glose. C. 906.


Gators, caw, crop. "that part of the Hawk which first receiveth the meat." (Latham’s Faulconry, quoted by D.) C. 216.


Gratiffyed, freely given. C. 717.

Graunge, barn, "farm-house and granary on an estate belonging to a feudal manor, or a religious house" (Skeat). C. 421.
JOHN SKELTON


GRAYLE, the Graduale in the Roman Catholic service. P. 441. Prompt. Parv. "GRAYLE, boke. *Gradale, vel gradalis.*' A grayle is a service book containing the responses, or gradalia, so called because they are sung in gradibus, or by course." (Way.)

GRE, taken in, taken kindly, in good part. W. 444. Palsgrave, "I take in worthe, or I lake in good worthe. Je prends en gré."


GROUNG, thoroughly. C. 1068. Halliwell quotes groundely from the State Papers.

GRUGYD, grumbled. W. 249. See GROUCHYNG.

GYPES, of Inde. P. 307. The Prompt. Parv. distinguishes "GRYFFOWN, beest, *Grifo, grifes;" from "Grype, byrde. *Vultur.*" The Manipulus Vocabulorum gives "A GRYPE, Gryps, *ipis;" and the Cath. Angl. "a *GRIPE; griphes, vultur;" showing (as Way says) that the two words are often confounded. For a description of the fabulous creature, half eagle and half lion, see Way's note in the Prompt. Parv., *s.v.* GRYFFOWN. Skelton's "Of Inde the Grypes," Du Bartas' "Indian Griffin," Burton's (*Anat. Mel.* i. 489) "Gryphes in Asia," are all probably the same creature, the semi-fabulous bird of which the name-form "Giffon" is still retained by science for a species of vulture.

GYGAWIS, gewgaws, trifles. W. 1060. M.E. *ginegone.* (For the history of the word, see Skeat's *Etym.* Dict., *s.v.* GEWGAW.)

HAFTE, cheat. B. 521. "Hafter and haftyng are common in Skelton. In Hormanni *Vulgaria,* ed. 1530 (quoted by D.), "hafter" is rendered by *captator, callidus,* and ("hafter of kynde") *versutice, ingenite homo;* "haftyng" by *dolus malus. "Hafter" occurs in Doctour Doubble Ale (Hazlitt's Early Popular Poetry, III. 313).

HAGGE, perhaps regarded as the masculine form of A.S. *hagtesse,* a
witch. C. 52. It occurs twice again in Skelton, once as "courtly haggys," and then as "Scottyshe hag," in both passages being probably masculine. In Piers Plowman, B.-text, V. 191, "sire Heruy" is compared to a "blynde hagge."

Hake, loiterer, loafer. C. 252. Ray gives among North Country Words, "To hake, to sneak or loiter." In Hunter's Hallam Gloss is "A haking fellow, an idle loiterer." (D.)

Hardeiy, confidently, B. 87; assuredly, B. 174; P. 272.

Hauell, rascal, scoundrel. W. 94, 604.

Heary, hairy. C. 159.

Hente, seized, grasped. B. 530.

Herbers, gardens. W. 1000. Prompt. Parv. "Herbere, supra in Grene Place." Cath. Angl. "an Herber; herbarium." Ortus Vocabulorum, "Herbarium, an herber, ubi crescent herbe, vel ubi habundant, or a gardyn." "In Thomas of Erceldoune, ed. Murray, p. 10, is a description of a herbere in which grew pears, apples, dates, damsons, and figs, where the meaning is evidently a garden of fruit trees." (Heritage.) Not the same as arbour, though the two are sometimes confounded. See Way's note in the Prompt. Parv., s.v. Erbare.

Here, hair. P. 689.

Herken, listen to. C. 96. Herke, C. 1028.

Hermoniake, perhaps refers to the Hermians, "a sect of hereticks in the second century, who held that God was corporeal." (Bailey, vol. ii. 1731.) C. 299.


Herte brennynge, heart-burning. B. 460.

Historious, historical. P. 751.

Hobby, the male bird of Falco Subbuteo. B. S. "A sort of hawk, that preys upon Doves, Larks, &c." (Dictionarium Rusticum, 1726.) P. 567. The female used, in falconry, to be called the "Jacke." See Note, C. 1. 194.


Hode, hood. B. 428, 490, 508.

Privily, closely, secretly, covertly, hiddenly, underhand, in hugger mugger.”

Hold, wager. B. 475. Palsgrave, "I holde, as one holdeth a wager. Je gaige." Ralph Roister Doister, I. iii. 27, "I holde a grote."


Homelyest, sauciest, pertest. P. 625. Palsgrave, "Homely, saucye, to perte—m. malapert s. malaperte s."

Horshowe, horse-shoe. P. 479.

Hummyest, sauciest, pertest. P. 625. Palsgrave, "Homely, saucye, to perte—m. malapert s. malaperte s."

Hyddypake, simpleton. W. 326. See Doddypatis.

Hydder, hither. B. 78.

Hyght, is called. P. 253, 1225; W. 643. The sole survivor of an inflected passive in English. See Emerson, Hist. Eng. Lang., p. 33.

Hyghnte, called (ptcp.). B. 49, 294, 303, &c.

Iangle, babble, chatter. C. 332. Palsgrave, "I Jangyll. Je babille, je cacquette and je jangle. She jangleth lyke a jaye: elle jangle or cacquette comme vng jay."

Ianglynge, chattering. P. 396, 1269. See IANGLE.

Iape, jest, joke. C. 84.

Iast, gee up! (an exclamation addressed to horses). W. 239.


Importe, impart. P. 216.

Indyfferente, impartial. B. 535.

Intoxicate, poison. C. 704. Lat. toxicum, poison.

Ipostacis, hypostasis. C. 528. "Used by the early Greek Christian writers to denote distinct substance or subsistence of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in the Godhead, called by them three hypostases, and by the Latins persona, whence the modern term persons applied to the Godhead." (Imp. Diet.)

Irous, angry, passionate. W. 1164. Palsgrave, "Irouse angerfull—m. ireux, f. ireuse, s." Gavin Douglas, En. II. 413, has "irus woundris" for gemitum atque ira.

Isagogical, introductory. W. 714. Isagogical (Grk. εισαγωγή, lead into) is a theological term denoting that department of study which is "introductory" to exegesis. So isagogical colation may mean a comparison (i.e., between Balue and Wolsey), "introductory" to the exegesis, or interpretation, of Wolsey's character and conduct.
Kayser, emperor. W. 621.

Keke, kick. C. 182.


Kest, cast. P. 37, 230.

Kestrell, Cerchneis tinnunculus. B. S. Considered in falconry an inferior kind of hawk. P. 569.


Kynde, nature. C. 663.

Kyry, a Kyrie eleison. C. 755. Grk. κύριε ἐλέησον, "Lord, have mercy."


Lay fee, lay-possessions, hence laity (originally "people of lay fec"). C. 403, 449, 498. Cf. The Plowmans Tale (Skeat's Chaucerian and other Pieces), II. 685, "What bisshopes, what religiouns Han in this lande as moch lay-fee." Tb. 111. 741, "Therwith they purchase hem lay-fee In londe."


Layne, conceal. B. 311. Cath. Angl. "to Layne; Absconderes, celare, & cetera; vbi to hide" (with Herrtage's note).

Layser, leisure. C. 607.

slawe" (with Herrtage's note). Prompt. Parv. "LYDER, or wyly.
Cautus" (where the MS. has LEDER). A.S. Lýpre, base, sordid; bad.

LEGACY, legatine power. W. 1100.
LENF, lend. B. 96. A.S. láēnan.
LERNE, teach. B. 258. Palsgrave, "I LERNE one a lesson, or a thynge that he knoweth nat. Je enseigne."
LETTE, hinder. B. 184.
LEUER, rather. C. 911.
LEWDE, ignorant. B. 173; W. 327; vile, C. 90. A.S. laēwede, layman, Lat. laicus.
LODE, laden. B. 40. For loden. Palsgrave, "This horse is nat halfe laden."
LOSELL. C. 1155, 1163, &c. See LORELL.
LOSELRY, worthlessness. W. 661.
LOUNGE, lungs. B. 291. See LONGE.
LUMBER, rumble. C. 95. Palsgrave, "I LUMBER, I make a noyse above ones heed. Je fais bruyt."
LURDEYNE, worthless fellow. C. 1170. See LORELL.
LUST, pleasure. B. 869. LUSTE, desire. B. 114.
LUSTY, fair, pleasant. P. 776.
LYFANY, Libya. P. 290.
LYMË FYNGER, thievish, pilfering. B. 509. Huloet, "Lyme fingred whyche wyll touche and take or carye awaye anye thynge they handle, limax. By circumlocution it is applied to suche as wyll fynde a thynge or it be lost" (Cath. Angl. s.v. LYME FOR BYRDYS, ed. Herrtage).
LYMYTERS, friars licensed to beg within certain districts. C. 836. Chaucer, C. T., A. 209.
LYSTE, edge, border. B. 356. Cath. Angl. "a LYSTE; forago, partisna. Anything edged or bordered was formerly said to be listed." (Herrtage, s.v.)
MALE, bag, wallet, pouch. B. 138, 390; P. 752. Palsgrave, "Male or wallet to putte geare in—malle."
The verb "mammocked" occurs in Shakespeare, Cor. I. iii. 71.
MANASE, menace. W. 1064.
MAREES, marsh, fen. P. 69. Prompt. Parv. "MARYCE of a fen (or myre or moore). Mariscus, labina." Palsgrave, "Maresse, palustre s, f.; marescaige s, m."
MARLYONS, merlins. P. 565. Palsgrave, "Marlyon a hauke—esmerillon, s, m."
MARTYNET, martin. P. 407. Palsgrave, "Martynet a byrde—martinet s, m." Cotgrave, "Martinet: m. A Martlet, or Martin (bird)."
MASED, amazed, confounded. B. 83.
MAUYS, the song-thrush, Turdus musicus. B. S. As distinguished, perhaps, from the missel-thrush, T. viscivorus. B. S. P. 424.
MELL, meddle. C. 162, 417, 430, 822; W. 208, 375. Cath. Angl. "to MELLE; vbi to menge or entermet"; "to MENCE; commiscere, &c."
MEUYD, mooved. B. 317. Palsgrave, "I MEUE or styrrre by anger. Je esmuns."

MEW, moult. W. 58. Cotgrave, "Muer. To mew, to cast the head, coat, or skin."

MEWED, cooped up. W. 219. Prompt. Parv. "MEUE, or cowle. Saginariurn." Cotgrave, "MUE: 'a Mue or coope wherein fowl is fattened."

MO, more. P. 760; C. 831. A.S. mā. Used of number.

MOBBLE, moveable. W. 522.

MONE, moon. B. 383.


MORNE, mourn. P. 559; 595.

MORNING, mourning (adj.). P. 566.

MORNYNGE, mourning (subs.). P. 390.


MOUTH, might. C. 581.


MOYLES, mules. C. 321.

MUMMYNGE, mumbling, muttering, murmuring. C. 83. Prompt. Parv. "MUMMYNGE, Mussacio, vel mussatns." The exact meaning seems to be expressed by Cooper's definition of Musso (The-saurus, s.v.), "To mutter betwene the teeth, as they doe that dare not speake."

MUR, cold in the head. P. 419. Manipulus Vocabulorum, "ye MURRE, grauedo." Huloet, "Murre or reume in the heade, gravedo."

MUSKETE, musket, a falconer's term for male sparrow-hawk. Only the female used (in falconry) to be called "Sparrow-hawk." Acci.-biter Nisus. B. S. P. 567. Minsheu, "a MUSKET, the male of a Sparrow-hauke."

MUSSE, mouth. P. 362. Still used provincially.


MYSCHEUE, mischief. B. 434.

MYSDEMPTE, misdeemed. B. 137.
Glossary


Napis, iack, jackanapes. W. 651. "Put for Jack o' apes, with the insertion of u in imitation of the M.E. au (really equivalent to on), and for the avoiding of hiatus, so that the word meant "a man who exhibited performing apes" (Skeat, Et. Dict., s.v. JACK).

Ne, not. B. 30, 186, &c.

Neder, nether. W. 635. Cf. Shak., Macb. V. i. 88, "Better far off than near, be ne'er the near." M.E. neer, ner, comparative of negh, nigh.

Neuen, name, speak. C. 826. Nevene in Chaucer (e.g. C. T., G. 821).

Icel. nefna.

Next, nearest. W. 257.


Nones, for the, for the nonce. P. 211, &c. "Originally for then anes, for the once; where then is the dat. of the def. article (A.S. þám), and anes (once) is an adv. used as a sb." (Skeat.)

Nutshales, nutshells. W. 440.


Nys, is not. B. 101. Originally ne is.

Nyse, toying, dallying. P. 173.

Obsolete, absolute, absolved. W. 709.

Obstruct, abstract. W. 418.


... I pray you be nat angrye thoughe I have occupyed your knyfe a lytell."

Olyphantes, elephants. C. 964.

On lyue, alive. P. 728.

Ony, any. B. 90, 155, 277, &c.

Ordynall, ritual. P. 555.


Cotgrave, "Monilles: m. Necklaces, Tablets, Bouches, or Ouches;
any such Ornaments for the neck." Herrtage (Cath. Angl. s.v.) quotes from Lydgate "'an ouche or a broche." In the Authorised Version (e.g., Ex. xxviii. 11), the word seems to mean the setting of the jewel.

OUER, besides. C. 303.

OUERAGE, over-age, excessive age. W. 39.

OUERSE YOURSELFE, miscalculate, misjudge. W. 1221. Palsgrave, 
"I overse myselfe, I advyse nat well before what shulde come after. Je advise mal, or je me suis mal advisé, or je ne ay point regard au temps aduenir." Cf. More, Utopia (ed. Lumby, p. 78, l. 4), "'ashamed (which is a verie folishe shame) to be counted anye thing at the firste oversene in the matter" (where it is wrongly explained in the glossary "neglected").


ought, owed. P. 323.

OUTRAYE, vanquish, overcome. P. 87. Dyce proves this meaning by several passages from Lydgate.

PARDE, verily. W. 505. Fr. par dieu.


pas, stake. B. 394. Perhaps with reference to an old game at dice, called Passage, described in the Compleat Gamester, ed. 1721, p. 67. (See Halliwell, s.v.)

Pas, excel. P. 151, 266. Palsgrave, "I passe in goodnesse, or excede. Je surmonte."

PASTAUNCE, pastime. P. 1096.

PAULE, pall, "a mantle worn as an ensign of jurisdiction by the sove-reign pontiff, and granted by him on their accession to patriarchs, primates, and metropolitans, and sometimes, as a mark of honour, to bishops." (Imp. Dict.) C. 312. A.S. pel, purple cloth.

PAYNE, trouble, B. 236; penalty, P. 654.

PAYNTES, feigns. C. 922. Cf. Elynour Rummyng, 584, "began to paynty, as though she would faynty."

PEASON, peas. C. 213. A.S. pis, plur. of pisa, from Lat. pisan. The sing. pea is a late formation, developed through mistaking the sing. pease for plur. Emerson, Hist. Eng. Lang., § 316.
GLOSSARY

PEK, contemptible fellow. P. 409; C. 264. Cf. huddypeke.

PENCYON, payment. C. 454. Lat. pensionem.

PERCASE, perhaps. W. 871.

PERDE, verily. P. 171. See PARDE.

PERSONS, parsons. C. 572.

PEUYSSHE, silly. W. 605. Cf. Thersytes, 60, "thou pevysshe ladde." Ralph Roister Doister, III. iii. 73, "madde pieuishe elues."

PLENARELY, fully. B. 216.


POLE, sky. B. 5. Lat. polus.

POLLYNGE, defrauding. W. 97. POOLLYNGE, C. 362. Palsgrave, "I POLLE one, I get his monaye or any other thyng from him by sleyght. Je extorcionne."

PONYNGAY. P. 421. Palsgrave, "Popyniaye a hyr—a pa pe gan It z, m."

Pope, paroquet z, m." It is quite impossible to determine what bird old English writers meant when they spoke, specifically, of the popinjay as an English bird.

POSE, rheum, defluxion. W. 1192. Baret, "The poze, mur, or cold taking, grauado." Huloet, "Pose a syckenes in the heade distyllinge like water, called a catarre or reaume. Coryza."

POSTEL, apostle. W. 223.

POSTELL, comment. C. 755. Minsheu, "a POSTILL, Glose, a componacious Exposition."


POTESTATE, potentate. W. 986. Minsheu, "a POTESTATE, a chiefe Officer, a principall Magistrate."

POTESTOLATE, apparently a variation of the above, coined by Skelton. Dyce takes it to mean "'legate." W. 985.

POUNSED, pinked. B. 508. Palsgrave, "I POWNCE a cuppe, or a pece, as goldesmythes do." Man. Voc., "to POUNCE, insculpere."

PRACTYUE, practise. W. 710.


PRECE, press, throng. B. 44. Palsgrave, "I put forthe my selfe in prease amongst my betters. Je me ingere."

PREDICAMENS, predicaments (in logic). C. 821.

PREDYALL, paying "predial tithes," i.e., of "things arising and
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growing from the ground; as Corn, Hay, Fruit, &c." (Phillips).
C. 932.
PRESE, press. B. 71. See PREAS.
Prest, ready, full-dight, furnished, prepared; prompt, near at hand; quick, nimble, fleet, aright."
PRESTES, ready-money advances. C. 352. Cotgrave, "Prest: m. A
loan, or lending of mony."
PRETENDE, attempt. P. 154. Still used provincially.
PRETENDYNGE, portending. C. 474. D. quotes from Barclay's Ship
of Foes, "What misfortune, adversitie, or blame, Can all the
planets to man or childe pretende?"
PRIMORDYALL, first beginning. W. 486. Cotgrave, "Primordial:
m. ale: f. Original, of an Offspring, first rising, beginning from."
PROCES, story, account. P. 735. PROCESSE, W. 533. Spelt prosses,
P. 969.
PROPRE, pretty. P. 127. PROPERLY, P. 1171. Cotgrave, "Propre ...
handsome, seemly, comely."
PROSSES, see PROCES.
PROTHONOTORY, prothonotary, "in the Roman Catholic Church
originally one of seven officers charged with registering the acts of
the church, lives of the martyrs, &c.; now one of twelve, constituting a college, who receive the last wills of cardinals, make
informations and proceedings necessary for the canonization of
saints, &c." (Imp. Dict.)
PULLYSSHED, polished. P. 776, 1205. Spelt pulched in Peres the
Ploughmans Crede, 160.
PUSKYLED, pustuled. W. 1192. From Fr. pustule, Lat. pustula, by
substitution of k for t.
PWYT, lapwing. P. 430. Vanellus vanellus. B. S. Still provincially
called the peewit from its cry.
PYE, magpie. W. 606.
PYKYNGE, picking, stealing. B. 236.
PYLLYON, head-dress. C. 805. D. quotes from Barclay, Fourth Egloge,
"Mercury shall geue thee giftes manyfolde, His pillion, scepter,
his winges, and his harpe." Also, Cavendish, Life of Wolsey,
p. 105 (ed. 1827), "upon his head a round pillion." Lat. pileus.
Epistola. For the apheresis, cf. bishop from episcopus.
GLOSSARY

QUERE, choir. P. 553; C. 396. Prompt. Parv. ""QUEERE. Chorus."
QUOD, quoth. B. 78, &c.
QUYCKE, alive. P. 205; W. 356.
QUYCKELY, lively. P. 1121.
RAGE, romp. W. 33. Cf. Chaucer, C. T., A. 257. "And rage he coude, as it were right a whelpe."
REBAUDRYE, ribaldry. B. 372.
RECHELESS, reckless. C. 1178.
RECLAYMED, tamed, subdued. P. 1125. A metaphor from hawking. Palsgrave, "I reclayme a hauke of her wyldenesse. Je reclayme." Dictionarium Rusticum (1726). "In Falconry, a Partridge is properly said to Reclaim, when she calls back her young Ones; and to reclaim a Hawk, is to tame or make her gentle and familiar."
RECRAYED, recreant. W. 603.
RELES, release. C. 877.
REMES, realms. P. 882.
REMORDE, censure. C. 983; W. 1055. Cotgrave, "Remordre. To bite again; also, to carp at, or find fault with."
REMOTES, retired places. C. 869.
RENAYENGE, contradicting. W. 190.
RENNE, run. B. 399; C. 233, 1224, &c. A.S. rennan.
REPORTE ME, appeal. C. 434. Palsgrave, "I REPORTE me to one for recorde, Je me raporte. I reporte me to hym whether it be so or nat."
RESYDEUACYON, recidivation, backsliding. C. 523. Cotgrave, "Re-
cidive: f. A recidivation, relapse."
REUELL ROUTE, revelry. B. 368. Roister Doister, I. i. 20.
or spoylyn. Spolio, rapio."
REW, have compassion. P. 42, 336. Palsgrave, "I REWE, I pytie or
have compassion on one."
REWTH, pity. W. 838.
stondyng. Bitalassum."
ROSET, russet. B. 440. Cotgrave, "ROUSSET. Russet, brown, ruddy
inclining to a dark red."
ROSTY, roast. P. 1333.
ROTCETTLES, rochets, surplices. C. 316.
ROUGH, eructate. C. 1223. Palsgrave, "I rowte, I belche, as one
doeth that voydeth wynde out of his stomacke. Je roucte."
ROUND, whisper. B. 513, 526. Palsgrave, "I rounde one in the
eare. Je surorcille."
ROUNSES, hackneys, nags. P. 1314. O.F. roncin. Cf. Chaucer,
C. T., A. 390 (with Skeat's note).
ROUTE, company, multitude. B. 120; C. 1084. Palsgrave, "Route a
company—rovtte s, f."
ROWME, room, place, office. W. 495.
ROWTE, see ROUGH. W. 338.
RUSSET, see ROSET. C. 867.
RYBAUDE, see REBADS. B. 414.
RYNNE, see RENNE. W. 45, 291.

SACRE, saker, a hawk. P. 561. "The 3rd in esteem, next the Falcon and
Gerfalcon, but difficult to be manag'd; being a Passenger or Pere-
grine Hawk whose Eyrie has not as yet been discovered by any; but
they are found in the Islands of the Levant. She is somewhat
longer than the Haggard Faulcon, her Plume rusty and ragged, the
sear of her Foot and Beak like the Lanner; her Pounches short;
however she has great strength, and is hardy to all kind of Fowl."
See Dictionarium Rusticum (1726). Falco sacer. The male bird was
called "sakaret" in falconry.
SACRYNG, consecration. C. 1030. Prompt. Parv. "SACRYNGE of the
masse. Consecracio." Scot, Discoverie of Witchcraft (1585), "at
saccaring of masse hold your teeth together."
SAD, serious. P. 1097; W. 766. SADDE, B. 239, 420.
SADLY, seriously. P. 1250.
SADNESSE, gravity, sobriety, seriousness. W. 1238.
especially of Kings; in which sense we also use the word Blood
Royal."
SAWE, saying, branch of learning. C. 734; W. 508. SAWIS, texts.
W. 1059. A.S. sagfi.
SAYNE, called, C. 1232; say, W. 359. (In C. 1232, le sayd sayne means
"are said to have been called.")
SCATH, harm, mischief. P. 619. Palsgrave, "Scathe domage—dam-
maige." Cotgrave, "Offense: f. Offence, hurt, scath, harm, wrong,
injury, damage." A.S. skafa.
SCOLE, school, instruction. P. 117; C. 29.
SCUTUS, scutes, i.e., French coins, worth half an English noble. W.
golde, wherof two shuld alway be worth an Englyssne noble."
So called, according to Du Cange, "quod in ea descripta essent
Franciae insignia in scuto." Ital. scudo; Fr. écu.
SEDEANE, sub-dean. P. 552. Spelt sodene in Piers Plowman, A-text,
150; suddene, B-text, 172; southdene, C-text, 187.
SEKE, TO, wanting, deficient. C. 184; W. 314, 329.
SELY, simple, harmless. C. 77, 391, 578; foolish, C. 1246.
SEMLAUNT, semblance, appearance. P. 936.
"to SENCE; thurifiare." Cotgrave, "Encenser. To cense, or
perfume with Frankincense."
SENTENCE, meaning. P. 807.
SET by, esteem, regard. W. 674, 1127. Palsgrave, "I set by one, I
estyme hym, or regarde hym."
SHALE, to be knock-kneed, walk with shambling gait, go crookedly.
C. 401. Palsgrave, "I shayle, as a man or horse dothe that
goth croked with his legges."
"A shayle, with the knees togyther, and the fete outwarde, A eschays."
SHENE, shine (vb.), P. 1365; beautiful (adj.), W. 1001. A.S. sciene,
beautiful. G. schöen.
SHOTE, cast. C. 1257.
SHQUELAR, shoveller, a kind of duck, "remarkable for the length and
terminal expansion of the bill." P. 408. Prompt. Parv. "SCHO-
VELERD, or popler, byrd. Populus."
SHREW, evil. C. 360.
SHREWDLY, badly. W. 618, 910.
SHREWDES, evil men. B. 525.
SHRYVE, confess. B. 215.
SHULE, shovel. C. 648.
SHYPBORDE, plank. B. 530.
Sleeth, slayeth. P. 351.
Sleue, sleeve. B. 433.
Slo, slay. P. 141, 947.

SOLACIOUS, amusing. P. 791.
SOLAS, amusement. P. 218. Chaucer, C. T., A. 798, "Tales of best sentence and most solas."
Solf, sing the notes of the scale in their proper pitch. P. 415, 487. Cf. Piers Plowman, C. viii. 31, "can ich nother solfy ne syngle."

SOUNDE, swoon. P. 35. Palsgrave, "I sowany, I fall downe in a sownde for fayntnesse."
SOWRE, acrid. P. 82. Palsgrave, "Sower of smellyng—m. sur s, f. surre s."

SPAYRE, opening in dress, "either at the neck or at the sides, like pocket-holes, as seen in mediaeval costume" (Way). P. 345. Prompt. Parv. "SPEYR, of a garment. Clinicum" (with Way's

SPED, versed. P. 754, 788.


STED, place. B. 423; P. 1352; C. 233; W. 783, 794

STERTE, started. B. 502.

STOUND, time, moment. P. 34; W. 623. G. stunde.


STYLE, story, account. C. 437. Palsgrave, "Style a processe—stile s, m." See PROCES.

STYRETH, steers. B. 107.

SUGRED, sweet. P. 1040.


SYMONYAKE, one who is guilty of simony. C. 298. Cotgrave, "Simoniaque. A Simonist; one that selleth, or buyeth Church preferments," &c.

SYNODALLES, synodals, "a name sometimes given to constitutions made in provincial or diocesan synods." (Imp. Dict.) C. 718.


TABERTES, tabards. C. 318. "In the Coventry Mysteries, p. 244, Annas is represented as a bishop in a scarlet gown, over which is 'a blew tabbard furryd with whyte.' In Sharp's Dissertation on Pageants, p. 28, a similar garment, used for a bishop in a mistery, is called a 'taberd of scarlet.' " (Skeat, Piers Plowman, C. vii. 203.)


TALWOD, firewood. W. 79. Palsgrave, "Tallwodde pacte wodde to make bylettes of—taille s, f." "It is a long kind of shide riven out of the tree, which shortened is made into billets." Cowell, The Interpreter, 1637.


TAX, pay tax. W. 935.

TEARED, vexed, irritated. C. 1203. Perhaps the same word as the obsolete verb tarre, which was weak. Halliwell quotes from Wilbraham to the effect that it is still used in Cheshire, and is found in a MS. translation of the Psalms by Wicliffe, "They have terrid thee to ire."

TEDER, other. B. 484. The teder stands for "that other," as in Dickens "the tother," and "the totherest" (Great Expectations).


TESSEW, tissue. B. 59.

THAN, then. B. 43, 45, &c.

THANKFULLERLYE, more thankfully. C. 773.


THEDER, thither. C. 885.

THELOGYS, theologians. C. 467.


THIS, thus. P. 366. "Skelton, like many of our old poets, uses this for thus." (D.)


THRESTYL, throttle or thrush—here, perhaps, for missel-thrush, as distinguished from mauys q.v.. P. 460.

THURIFICATION, burning incense. P. 522.

THWARTYNG OUER, overthwarting, perversely controlling. W. 197. Palsgrave, "I thwarte with one, I contrarye him in his sayenges or doynges. Jaduere." See OUERTHWART.

TO, too. W. 3, &c.

TONGE TAYDE, tongue-tied. C. 356.

TONSORS, tonsures. C. 679.


TO-RAGGED, utterly ragged. B. 345. For to- as a prefix with the meaning "in pieces," see Morris' Historical Outline of English Accidence (revised by Kellner and Bradley), § 334.
Glossary

To-rent, torn in pieces. B. 345. See To-ragged.


To-torne, torn to pieces. W. 90. See To-ragged.

Tought, taught. P. 500.

Trauarse, thwarting contrivance. W. 384. Cotgrave, "Traverse: f. . . . also a cross, cross blow, thwart, cuff, misfortune, trouble, disturbance, let, bar, hinderance, in the course of a sute or business."


Trebelles, trebles. C. 493. Cath. Angl. "a Trebylle; precentus" (which seems to mean "preliminary flourish." Cf. Cooper, Thesaurus, 1578, "Praecentio. That is played or songen at the beginning of a song or ballade: the florishe").

Trone, throne. B. 60, 65, &c.


Tryptalites, three benefices united. C. 564.


Trussed, tucked. B. 505. Palsgrave, "I trusse up, or tucke up, as a woman trusseth up her gowne. Je retrouse." Cotgrave, "Troussere. To truss, tuck, pack, bind, or girt in, pluck, or twitch up."

twynkyng, tinkling. C. 493.

twyst, tush! B. 186.


Tytmose, titmouse. Parus. P. 458. "Titmouse, plural titmice. has been influenced by mouse, mice, the original ending—mase, 'small bird,' having lost its meaning to the folk-mind." Emerson, Hist Eng. Lang., p. 272.

Tytyuelles, gossips. C. 418. Cotgrave, "Coquette: f. A pratling, or proud gossip; a fisking, or sliperous minx; a cocket, or tatling housewife, a titifill, a flebergeb."


Vnethes, scarcely. C. 80. A.S. uneaþe, with difficulty.

Vnlusty, unlovely. P. 915.

Vntwynde, destroyed. P. 284; C. 664. Used metaphorically like undone.


Vre, luck. C. 1003. D quotes from Palsgrave, "Evr happe or lucke with his compounds boneur and maleur." Distinct from ure in inure, &c. See Skeat, Et Dict., s.v. INURE.


Ware, were. C. 341.

Warely, churlishly. C. 333. Palsgrave, "Warely, nygardly, seiche-ment." (Prompt. Parv. "WARELY, or slyly. Caute," but this meaning does not suit the context.)

Warke, work. C. 119, 545, 1050, &c.

Waw^es, waves. C. 1255. Prompt. Parv. "Wawe of the see or other water. Flustrum."


GLOSSARY

Wene, think themselves. B. 476. See Wende.

Werne, warn. B. 106.


Wete, know. P. 198.

Wetynge, knowledge, intelligence. B. 278.


Whipling, whistling (in contempt). Jamieson, "To Wheeple. To make an ineffectual attempt to whistle; also, to whistle in a low and flat tone." For whistling=contempt, cf. Wiccliffe, Jer. xix. 8, "i shal sette this cite in to stoneing and in to whistling."

Whom, hum! B. 191.

Whynarde, hanger, sword. B. 363. Jamieson, "Whinger, Whingar. A sort of hanger, which seems to have been used both at meals, as a knife, and in broils." Hudibras, "And out his nut-brown whinyard drew."

Withsay, speak against. W. 595. A.S. wið often has the sense of "against." Cf. withstand.


Wonder, wondrous. B. 241, 273, 499. Spelt wonders, W. 170. Regularly used as adjective in M.E. The A.S. noun wundor is frequently used as an adjectival prefix—e.g., wundor-dæd, wonderful deed.


Wolde, worth while (in the phrases "a world to see," "a world to hear"), B. 464. Baret, "It is a world to heare. Audire est operae pretium." Shak., Much Ado, III. v. 38.

Worrowyd, worried. P. 29 (where it is used reflexively worrowyd her). Prompt. Parv. "Wyrwyn (wyrwyn, S. worowen, P.) Strangulo, suffoco." "The old sense was to seize by the throat, or strangle." (Skeat.)

Worlde, good part. P. 317. Palsgrave, "I take in worthes, or I take in good worthre. Je prens en gré, and je supporte."

Wrest, tighten. C. 492. A "wrest" was an instrument for tightening the strings of a harp." Shak., Troil., III. iii. 23. A.S. wræstan,
twist. Palsgrave, "Wrest for a harpe—broche de harpe." (Prompt.
Parv. apparently understands it as "strike the strings," giving
"Wreste, of an harpe or other lyke. Plectrum." "Wreston.
Plecto.")

WRETE, written. B. 438.
WROKEN, avenged. C. 600. A.S. wrecan. Stratmann quotes the
form from The Story of Genesis and Exodus (Norfolk or Suffolk,
about 1250).

WRONGE, wrung. P. 919.
WUS, I, I wis. B. 340. M.E. i-wis (A.S. gewiss), certainly, an
adverb afterwards mistaken for a verb.

WYNCHE, kick. C. 182. Palsgrave, "I WYNCHE, as a horse dothe.
Je regymbe." Cotgrave, "Regimber. To wince, kick, spurn,
strike back with the feet."

WYRRY, worry. W. 296. See WORROWYD.
WYS, I, I wis, certainly. B. 467. See WUS, I.


YAWDE, hewed, cut down. C. 1206. D. quotes "To Yaw, to hew,"
from Glossary appended to A Dialogue in the Devonshire Dialect,
1837.

YE, yea. B. 189. Anglian geæ, gee, yes.
YNOWE, enough. B. 491, &c. A.S. genôg.

YPOCRAS, hippocras. C. 458; W. 215. "HIPPOCRAS a kind of
artificial wine made of Wite-wine or Claret, several sorts of Spice,
&c." Dictioneriwm Rusticum, 1726.
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